

Poetry Series

Nikhil Parekh
- poems -

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Nikhil Parekh(27/08/1977)

[Note - Currently I seek a traditional publisher for the publication of my 46 varied Books in the Print form, which can be read in their entirety through; Tumblr, Inc in the United States at – , webpage. My style of Poetry / literature is unique and has never ever been written before or experimented on the mortal planet by any mortal, though my Poetry / literature is normal and natural. GOD’S grace on me. i am nothing in front of GOD. i am nothing in front of GOD’S holy messengers. So any victorious publisher who may want to publish my Poetry in Paperback without Financial Expenditure to me, can directly communicate with me at the address, nikhilparekh99@ or indianpoetnikhilparekh@].

Nikhil Parekh, (born August 27,1977) , from Ahmedabad, India - is a Love Poet and 10 time National Record holder for his Poetry with the Limca Book of Records India - , which is India's Best Book of Records, also Ranked 2nd in the World officially to Guinness Book of World Records. He is an author of - ' LONGEST BOOK written by a mortal - COLLECTED POETRY ', which has a Print Length of 5254 pages on the Amazon Kindle.

The Poet's style of Poetry / literature is unique and has never ever been written before or experimented on the mortal planet by any mortal. Though his Poetry / literature is normal and natural.

The 10 National Records held by Parekh with the Limca Book of Records India are for -

(1) Being the First Indian Poet to be published/featured in McGill English Dictionary of Rhyme which is the World's Number 1 English Rhyming Dictionary-for his poem: Come Lets Embrace our New Religion

(2) Being the First Indian Poet to have won Poet of the Year Award at the Canadian Federation of Poets which is Canada's National Poetry Body endorsed by Governor General of Canada

(3) Being the First Indian Poet to be published in a Commonwealth Newsletter for his poem on AIDS which is 'Aids doesn't kill. Your Attitude kills.

(4) Being the First Indian Poet to win an EPPIE award for best poetry e-book

(5) Writing the most number of letters to and receiving the most number of replies from World Leaders and World Organizations.

(6) Being the First Indian Poet to be Goodwill Ambassador to the International Goodwill Treaty for World Peace - .

(7) Being the First Indian Poet whose Poems have been made into Films at - The World's largest video sharing website.

(8) Being the 1st Indian Poet to be featured for his Poetry Book - 'Love versus Terrorism- Poems on Anti Terror, Peace', at - The World's most popular ebook community and largest website for reading books on mobile phones.

(9) Being the first Indian Poet whose video reciting a Poem on Nelson Mandela, has been placed at the official website of the Government of South Africa.

(10) Having authored LONGEST BOOK written by a mortal - COLLECTED POETRY - which is of Print Length 5254 pages and currently has approximately 1.15 million words, financially selling in the Kindle Store United States at -

The Indian Poet has authored thousands of Poems on – God, Peace, Love, Anti Terrorism, Friendship, Life, Death, Environment, Wildlife, Mother, Father, Children, Parenthood, Humanity, Social Cause, Women empowerment, Poverty, Lovers, Brotherhood. His Books and Poems have had millions of viewers and downloads on the Internet.

47 varied Books written by the Poet include – 1 God (volume 1 to volume 4) , The Womb (volume 1 to volume 2) , Love Versus Terrorism (Part 1 to Part 2) , You die; I die – Love Poems (Part 1 to Part 16) , Life = Death (volume 1 to volume 10) , The Power of Black (volume 1 to volume 2) , If you cut a tree; you cut your own mother, Hide and Seek (part 1 to part 8) , Longest Poem written by Nikhil Parekh – Only as Life. These Books comprise of nearly a 7000 pages of his Poetry, have approximately 1.15 million words in them, contain about 2160 of his differently titled Poems and almost a 187000 lines – in their totality.

The Poet's Poetry has had the patronization of several World Leaders including

the Queen of England. Join thousands of the poet's fans and friends at -

"Indifference"-The Greatest "Difference";

It was infact the very sting of preposterously venomous
"Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest solitary
"Difference"; in my otherwise overwhelmingly royal existence,

It was infact the very graveyard of acrimoniously sadistic
"Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest melancholic
"Difference"; in my otherwise unsurpassably wealthy existence,

It was infact the very thorn of brutally infidel "Indifference"; which
actually caused the biggest castrated "Difference"; in my otherwise
boundlessly opulent existence,

It was infact the very vacuum of deplorably imperiling "Indifference";
which actually caused the biggest devastating "Difference"; in my
otherwise fathomlessly abundant existence,

It was infact the very pyre of ominously extinguishing "Indifference";
which actually caused the biggest cold-blooded "Difference"; in my
otherwise limitlessly embellished existence,

It was infact the very jinx of hideously sacrilegious "Indifference";
which actually caused the biggest hapless "Difference"; in my
otherwise unceasingly star-studded existence,

It was infact the very dagger of intolerably perverted "Indifference";
which actually caused the biggest tormenting "Difference"; in my
otherwise ubiquitously respected existence,

It was infact the very leech of sardonically unbearable "Indifference";
which actually caused the biggest penalizing "Difference"; in my
otherwise inimitably flourishing existence,

It was infact the very ghost of disastrously maiming "Indifference";
which actually caused the biggest dastardly "Difference"; in my
otherwise perfectly blessed existence,

It was infact the very hell of truculently lambasting "Indifference";

which actually caused the biggest wretched "Difference"; in my otherwise indisputably impeccable existence,

It was infact the very stink of heartlessly massacring "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest frigid "Difference"; in my otherwise unconquerably contemporary existence,

It was infact the very gutter of ruthlessly salacious "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest demented "Difference"; in my otherwise spectacularly nomadic existence,

It was infact the very dungeon of atrociously ribald "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest lethal "Difference"; in my otherwise ornamentally mollified existence,

It was infact the very blackness of sordidly impeaching "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest annihilating "Difference"; in my otherwise voluptuously unparalleled existence,

It was infact the very rags of obstreperously victimizing "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest iconoclastic "Difference"; in my otherwise immeasurably fortune 500 existence,

It was infact the very prison of diabolically incarcerating "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest desensitizing "Difference"; in my otherwise magically Midas touch existence,

It was infact the very nightmare of excruciatingly agonizing "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest crippling "Difference"; in my otherwise powerfully worshipped existence,

It was infact the very rust of inconsolably decaying "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest livid "Difference"; in my otherwise wondrously tranquil existence,

And it was infact the very drudgery of egregiously devilish "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest betraying "Difference"; in my otherwise unfathomably fulfilled existence

Nikhil Parekh

1 And 100

When I turned 1; I incoherently mumbled threadbare gibberish; although was blossoming every unfurling minute into an entrenchment of unfathomably never-ending newness,

At 100 I still found myself incoherently mumbling threadbare gibberish; but each word of mine irrevocably led me towards; the valley of remorsefully ghastly and torturously inclement death.

When I turned 1; I found even the most vibrantly opalescent of colors as immaculately satiny white; although was blooming with the scent of symbiotic mankind more ardently as each day unfurled into enchantingly exotic night,
At 100 I still found even the most vibrantly opalescent of colors as immaculately satiny white; but each perception of mine truculently led me towards; the gutterline of squalidly indescribable and baselessly massacring death.

When I turned 1; I gave an inquisitively blank stare at everything alien; although was fascinatingly painting the barren palette of this colossal Universe; with majestically fructifying shades of my innocuous artistry,

At 100 I still found myself giving an inquisitively blank stare at everything alien; but each stare of mine irretrievably led me towards; the corpse of lethally penalizing
and grotesquely vicious death.

When I turned 1; I got thunderously astounded at even the most mercurial speck of sound and light; although was fulminating into a cloudburst of unrelenting energy as each instant unveiled into a wholesome minute,

At 100 I still found myself thunderously astounded at even the most mercurial speck of sound and light; but each astonishment of mine perniciously led me towards; the hell of diabolically savage and horrendously abusive death.

When I turned 1; I felt mystically overawed at even the most ethereally meek rays of the evening Sun; although was transcending above the realms of Omnipotent heaven; to be the absolute favorite of Almighty Lord,

At 100 I still found myself mystically overawed at even the most ethereally meek rays of the evening Sun; but each exhilarated sensation of mine ominously led me towards; the graveyards of discordantly dilapidated and vindictively crucifying death.

When I turned 1; I exploded into a mountain of uncontrollable giggles at witnessing even an insipid replica of my reflection in the scintillating mirror;

although was spawning into a wave of ebulliently flirtatious timelessness,
At 100 I still found myself exploding into a mountain of uncontrollable giggles at
witnessing even an insipid replica of my reflection; but each laughter of mine
insatiably led me towards; the train of horrifically sardonic and lecherously
pulverizing death.

When I turned 1; I inevitably stumbled on every step that I tread in my
illusionary quest to reach the sky; although was diffusing a wave of
unsurpassably benign
graciousness; embracing the religion of humanity wherever I went,
At 100 I still found myself stumbling at every step that I tread in my illusionary
quest to reach the sky; but each step of mine intransigently led me towards; the
gallows of salaciously nonchalant and parasitically gloomy death.

When I turned 1; I got overwhelmingly petrified at even the most parsimonious
outrage of people around me; although was uniting more prolifically every
second with all stupendously enthralling goodness of the celestial atmosphere,
At 100 I still found myself overwhelmingly petrified at even the most
parsimonious outrage of people around me; but each scream of mine immutably
led me towards;
the shadows of gruesomely despicable and tyrannically traumatizing death.

When I turned 1; I inconsolably cried as sordidly blackened night approached;
although was paving a path of ubiquitously unassailable and blazing
righteousness
with my sacredly innocent wails,
At 100 I still found myself inconsolably crying as sordidly blackened night
approached; but each cry of mine intractably led me towards; the pigstacks of
abhorrently stinking and criminally vengeful death.

When I turned 1; I groped in utterly collapsing darkness about various aspects of
life even as incredulously brilliant rays of light wholesomely encapsulated the
trajectory of fathomless sky;
although was the most eternally sparkling mate of angels in the heavenly
cosmos,
At 100 I still found myself groping in utterly collapsing darkness about various
aspects of life even as incredulously brilliant rays of the light wholesomely
encapsulated the trajectory of fathomless sky; but each wavering of mine cold-
bloodedly led me towards; the shattered glasses of invidiously sinister
and insanelly dolorous death.

And when I turned 1; I found even the most nimbly subservient entity around me as an unfathomably towering monster; although was embarking onto the road
to triumphantly unending existence with the fires of enchantment slowly entering into my nostrils,
At 100 I still found even the most nimbly subservient entity around me as an unfathomably towering monster; but each bewildered sensation of mine incorrigibly led me towards; the dungeons of disparagingly disconsolate and gruesomely gory death.

Nikhil Parekh

1 God

There were several colors in this world; some were as black as the hideous reptile; while some were pearly and sparkling white,

There were several tunes in this world; some were as sweet as the nightingale; while some were as hoarse and discordant as the horse,

There were several seasons in this world; some were as hot as the blistering sun; while some were placid reflections of the serene night,

There were several hair in this world; some were as fiery as flamboyant flames of the fire; while some were honey and golden brown,

There were several fishes in this world; some were as tiny as shells; while some were monstrously huge as the shark,

There were several dwellings in this world; some were as fortified as raw iron; while some were languidly drooping down like the pigeon feather,

There were several eyes in this world; some were sizzling incessantly in unseething passion; while some were as uncouth as dry ice,

There were several cars in this world; some were as swanky as the dungeon full of diamonds; while some had no engine at all,

There were several entities in this world; some were as pretentious as the peacock; while some slept timidly like black mice,

There were several cheek's in this world; some had boundless tufts of black beard; while some were as effeminate as the queen's garden,

There were several waters in this world; some swirling as turbulently as the ocean; while some flowed like molten butter melting down,

There were several smiles in this world; some were as spurious as the cunningly astute businessman; while some were humanitarian and ready to assist at all times,

There were several perfumes in this world; some were as mesmerizing to inhale as the scarlet rose; while some caused you to vomit out the food you had

consumed for morning breakfast,

There were several roads in this world; some were blissful carpets of satin to transgress upon; while some were embedded profusely with acrid thorns,
There were several dreams in this world; some were as ghastly as savage massacre; while some were as exotic as heavenly paradise,

There were several clothes in this world; some were as gaudy as the resplendent rainbow; while some were rustically entwined roots,

There were several religions in this world; some believed in burying man after his death; while some charred him to raw ash after he left breath,

There were several languages in this world; some were as primordial as mystical Sanskrit; while some were contemporary and Oriental English,

There were several bodies in this world; some were as tall as the lanky tree; while some hardly grew above the kitchen sink,

And there were several forms of Almighty Lord; some were called 'Christ', some 'Allah', some 'Buddha', some 'Bhagwan', but from centuries unprecedented; since the time this earth of ours evolved; and even before; there has been just one Creator; Just ONE GOD.

Nikhil Parekh

1 God - Poems On God, Creator - Volume 1

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This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 1 of the Book titled - 1 God - Poems on God, Creator (522 pages) .

A Profound Dedication

A ramification of the innumerable Omnipotent fragrances of life that I've smelt by the grace of God-I'm grateful to him for enlightening me about his chapters of invincible creation and considering me worthy enough to describe his unparalleled splendor, in a few words and in the shape of this book. A salient tribute to his undefeated power.

Prologue

The compilation of poems depicts the Omniscient Creator in his infinite unconquerable shapes and forms. Goes to irrefutably prove that there is just one Creator, you choose to call him by whatever name-and for everyone one of us till the time we live. This book is a perpetual dedication to Almighty Lord. It quintessentially portrays the splendor of the Almighty Creator in his infinite forms. Goes to victoriously prove at every step, that no matter how hard the devil tries to annihilate the planet-an inconspicuous tap of the Lord's finger makes him crumble to his very last non-existent frigid roots.

About the Book

Poems depicting the 'Omnipotent' glory of the Creator in an infinite forms that the poet could ever conceive. Natural and uninhibited outpourings of the heart these poems transport the reader into a world of spirituality and magnificence of Godhead. Every poetic piece shows Parekh's unparalleled love for the Almighty and immortalizes the Omnipresent aura of the Lord in a boundless ways and shapes. This spiritually enriched compendium of poems is for all those who've timelessly admired the miraculous prowess and powers of God at each stage of their lives. Those who've lived each instant of their lives

worshipping his Omniscient grace irrespective of the most murderous hell descending around. The poetic imagery brilliantly transcends over every inhibition of caste, creed, color and religion and goes to perpetually prove that all living beings are one and blessed in his fathomless sacrosanct light of truth. The poems depict Parekh's oneness in mind, body and spirit with the Creator.

CONTENTS

1. GOD HIMSELF
2. ALLAH
3. ALLAH, BHAGWAN, CHRIST, BUDDHA
- 4.1 GOD
5. ONE GOD
6. HE WAS EVERY PERSON'S CREATOR
7. OUR INVINCIBLE CREATOR-SUN GOD
8. MY CREATOR
9. THE OMNIPRESENT CREATOR IS OURS.
10. THE OMNISCIENTLY UNPARALLELED LORD
11. GOD-THE BEST AND GREATEST POET OF ALL
12. ULTIMATE MASTER
13. OMNIPOTENT ALMIGHTY
14. WHEN ALMIGHTY LORD SPOKE
15. THE ULTIMATE SIR
16. BY THE GRACE OF GOD
17. MY BEST FRIEND- THE LORD ALMIGHTY.
18. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO EMULATE THE CREATOR
19. UNCONQUERABLY AND SOLELY THE OMNISCIENT LORD!
20. THE LORD WAS PERPETUALLY WATCHING YOU!
21. MAN AND GOD
22. INFRONT OF THE OMNIPRESENT ALMIGHTY LORD.
23. THE ULTIMATE GIFTS OF THE ALMIGHTY LORD
24. BEYOND MAN
25. HOW WOULD YOU CHOOSE TO WELCOME GOD ON DIWALI?
26. IF THIS HEAD WOULD EVER BOW DOWN
27. MY FAITH IN GOD -WHEN I FELT I WAS DYING
28. YOU WERE NOTHING
29. PRAYING FOR FORGIVENESS- TO GOD AND HIS HOLY MESSENGERS
30. GOD BLESS ALL
31. BLESS ME WITH LOVE.
32. THROUGH THEM.
33. THE SKY OF UNCONQUERABLE LOVE.
34. SERVICE TO THE DIVINE!

35. SOLE PLUS POINT
36. IT WAS GOD WHO INSPIRED ME TO BE A POET.
37. RULING OVER EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART.
38. BURY ME NEAR THE MOSQUE OF MY CREATOR.
39. TABLETS OF IMMORTAL LOVE.
40. GIVE ME JUST ONE CHANCE O! OMNIPOTENT ALMIGHTY LORD
41. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO LEAVE YOU O! GOD!
42. THE MOSQUE OF MY OMNIPOTENT CREATOR.
43. THE ONLY WAY TO ATTAIN GOD.
44. DON'T EXPECT FROM HUMAN BEINGS.
45. WITHOUT LIFE
46. GOD AND THE DEVIL
47. THERE WAS NO MAN BORN PERFECT
48. THINK OF THE ALMIGHTY CREATOR
49. JUST ME AND MY CREATOR
50. TO APPEASE THE ALMIGHTY CREATOR

1. GOD HIMSELF

He whom you can explicitly see is not God,
And he who was the strongest; without the most minuscule form appearing even
in flaming sunlight; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can profoundly feel is not God,
And he who was entirely ungraspable; without even leaving an untidy footprint
after majestically traversing on soil; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but
God himself.

He whom you could magnificently create is not God,
And he who exists in an incomprehensibly fathomless myriad of forms; was not
one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can profusely imagine is not God,
And he who remains perpetually obscure even after floating in each particle of
the exotic atmosphere; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can vividly dream about is not God,
And he who propelled every brain to think beyond corridors of the unbelievably
extraordinary; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can coin your destiny with is not God,
And he who was maneuvering the lives of boundless at the mere tip of his little

finger; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can cremate is not God,
And he who was immortally living; since unprecedented centuries ago even
before this earth was created; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God
himself.

He whom you can admire is not God,
And he who was bestowing an everlasting labyrinth of beauty every unfurling
second; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can wholeheartedly cry for is not God,
And he who was incessantly replacing tears of all mankind with omnipresent
smiles; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can bid a celestial adieu is not God,
And he who was spawning countless for every entity withering; was not one of
God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can fabulously describe is not God,
And he was all Omniscient; having already embodied the scriptures of holy
tomorrow even before the world had begun; was not one of God's infinite
disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can devotedly chant till times beyond eternity is not God,
And he who irrefutably steered every lip on this globe; to propagate the essence
of benevolent existence; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can belligerently fight for is not God,
And he who evolved the most marvelously wonderful species of creation called
'Man'; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you perpetually kept close to your chest was not God,
And he who made every single heart throb for the person it loved; was not one of
God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you witnessed blossoming was not God,
And he who stood taller than the Sun; to illuminate every miserably darkened
cranny of trembling soil; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

2. ALLAH

He was the one who maneuvered my tongue; bestowed upon me the ability to eloquently speak,

He was the one who made me smile; emphatically displaying my armory of white teeth to the world,

He was the one who produced empathy in my eyes; made them profoundly glisten in the morning light,

He was the one who made me rambunctiously chatter; bounce in the true fervor of life,

He was the one who made me sneeze; burst into infinite chortles of uninhibited laughter,

He was the one who engendered me to sweat; tremble innocuously with infinite goose bumps creeping up inadvertently on my naked skin,

He was the one who made me dream; fantasize to the most bizarre limits of contemplation,

He was the one who enabled me to traverse on earth; put my feet firmly on the black soil I tread,

He was the one who made me blush a perfect crimson; as I inevitably winked at a mesmerizing girl,

He was the one who imparted me the skill to voraciously read; pen down intricate lines of exquisite calligraphy,

He was the one who impregnated awesome strength in my knuckles; granted them the tenacity to defend the infirm,

He was the one who made me decipher the minutest of noise; wholesomely relish the blend of tingling sounds in atmosphere,

He was the one who filled my stomach whenever I felt famished; ensured that the right morsels of food occupied its cavities,

He was the one who embodied in me the exuberance to run; inhaling gallons of revitalizing air into my lungs,

He was the one who taught me to judiciously discern between the good and bad; curtail myself from indulging into the nefarious and licentious,

He was the one who waded all circumspection from my mind; whenever I felt besieged by a host of inexplicable dilemmas,

He was the one who instilled astronomical courage in my demeanor; made me stand tall and unflinching against all barricades that confronted me in my way,

He was the one who made me nostalgic; reminisce profoundly the poignant memories of my childhood in my mothers lap,

He was the one who found me the love of my life; made sure that it consolidated into sacrosanct marriage,

He was the one who resurrected my faith in life every unfurling minute; made me imbibe the true spirit of existence,

He was the one who was the blood flowing through my veins; the beating of my heart as it throbbed violently in my chest,

And he was the one whom people of varied races christened as 'GOD'; 'CHRIST'; 'BHAGWAN'; 'CREATOR'; 'ALMIGHTY'; 'LORD'; whom I fondly referred today and till the time I existed; as my 'ALLAH'.

3. ALLAH, BHAGWAN, CHRIST, BUDDHA

Name = You could call him Allah, Bhagwan, Christ, Buddha, or an infinite forms of invincibly Omnipotent goodness.

Age= Ageless. Existing as the most pricelessly Omniscient image in the entire Universe; till even times beyond infinite infinity.

Height= Indomitably towering above all on this brilliantly victorious Universe; till even centuries beyond the definition of time had ceased to exist.

Religion= Every religion that irrefutably leads towards the paradise of sharing; towards the paradise of united fearlessness.

Favorite Color = The color of unshakably Omnipresent and timelessly eternal brotherhood.

Favorite Drink= The drink of simplistically insuperable and gloriously infallible honesty.

Favorite Moment= Every unflinchingly unfurling moment which diffuses the essence of peace and harmoniously mesmerizing symbiotism.

Favorite Attire= Any speck of fabric which royally radiates the fragrance of altruistic truth for times immemorial.

Favorite Animal= Every organism that exists in holistically sparkling unison and unsurpassable camaraderie with its blessed surroundings.

Favorite Quote= Live and Beautifully Let live; and I promise you that every element of prosperity in the cosmos would be yours forever.

Favorite Cities= Every granule of earth breathing in uninhibitedly unadulterated freedom and miraculouslyobeying Nature Divine.

Favorite Route= Every pathway that veritably leads you to inimitably unparalleled goodness.

Favorite Car= Any set of wheels which transports you to the destination of your pristinely majestic heart; without indiscriminately pulverizing even the most infinitesimal organism on ground.

Favorite Time= Any instant when miraculously sacrosanct life spawns out of the aisles of drearily livid nothingness.

Favorite Sport= The game of mischievously enchanting and unending flirtation; which kept even an entity nearing his corpse; as young as the freshly born child.

Favorite Dwelling= Every abode which harbors the wave unbreakably revitalizing companionship in good times and bad; whether it be even an inconspicuously non-existent hole in the ground.

Favorite Scent= The perfume of tirelessly undefeatable proliferation; astoundingly continuing the chapters of my gifted life.

Favorite Soldier= Every soldier who has the tenacity to singularly stand bare-chested against the army of countless perfidious demons; happily embracing death to immortalize the venerated lap of his mother soil.

Favorite Mantra= The mantra of Perpetually impeccable love; celestially coalescing every caste; creed; color and tribe; into a breath of unconquerably regale oneness.

Favorite Eyes= The eyes which waft perennial empathy; for all those miserably deprived and haplessly tyrannized.

Favorite Persona= The persona which sees no evil; hears no evil; speaks no evil; mellifluously smiles to alleviate bereaved humanity; even in the face of maliciously dastardly defeat.

Favorite Word= Life. An entrenchment of unsurpassably spell binding newness and synergistic survival transcending over every conceivable and inconceivable thing in vicinity.

Favorite Therapy= The Balm of aristocratically emollient truth and selfless philanthropism; which wholesomely overrules even the most cancerous of disease; which entirely transcends the most hedonistically murderous of devil.

4.1 GOD

There were several colors in this world; some were as black as the hideous reptile; while some were pearly and sparkling white,

There were several tunes in this world; some were as sweet as the nightingale; while some were as hoarse and discordant as the horse,

There were several seasons in this world; some were as hot as the blistering sun; while some were placid reflections of the serene night,

There were several hair in this world; some were as fiery as flamboyant flames of the fire; while some were honey and golden brown,

There were several fishes in this world; some were as tiny as shells; while some were monstrously huge as the shark,

There were several dwellings in this world; some were as fortified as raw iron; while some were languidly drooping down like the pigeon feather,

There were several eyes in this world; some were sizzling incessantly in unseething passion; while some were as uncouth as dry ice,

There were several cars in this world; some were as swanky as the dungeon full of diamonds; while some had no engine at all,

There were several entities in this world; some were as pretentious as the peacock; while some slept timidly like black mice,

There were several cheek's in this world; some had boundless tufts of black beard; while some were as effeminate as the queen's garden,

There were several waters in this world; some swirling as turbulently as the ocean; while some flowed like molten butter melting down,

There were several smiles in this world; some were as spurious as the cunningly astute businessman; while some were humanitarian and ready to assist at all times,

There were several perfumes in this world; some were as mesmerizing to inhale as the scarlet rose; while some caused you to vomit out the food you had consumed for morning breakfast,

There were several roads in this world; some were blissful carpets of satin to transgress upon; while some were embedded profusely with acrid thorns,

There were several dreams in this world; some were as ghastly as savage massacre; while some were as exotic as heavenly paradise,

There were several clothes in this world; some were as gaudy as the resplendent rainbow; while some were rustically entwined roots,

There were several religions in this world; some believed in burying man after his death; while some charred him to raw ash after he left breath,

There were several languages in this world; some were as primordial as mystical Sanskrit; while some were contemporary and Oriental English,

There were several bodies in this world; some were as tall as the lanky tree; while some hardly grew above the kitchen sink,

And there were several forms of Almighty Lord; some were called 'Christ', some 'Allah', some 'Buddha', some 'Bhagwan', but from centuries unprecedented; since the time this earth of ours evolved; and even before; there has been just one Creator; Just ONE GOD.

5. ONE GOD

It might perhaps take more than an infinite perennially blossoming trees; to make this brutally estranged earth today; a more holistically fantastic paradise to live in and blissfully exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite tantalizingly exuberant nightingales; to make this traumatically lambasted earth today; a more symbiotically compassionate paradise to live in and beautifully exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite magnanimously twinkling stars; to make this miserably sadistic earth today; a more convivially magnetic paradise to live in and synergistically exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite marvelously vivacious rainbows; to make this obnoxiously wretched earth today; a more magnificently royal paradise to live in and unequivocally exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite invincibly overpowering mountains; to make this agonizingly decrepit earth today; a more celestially jubilant paradise to live in and unassailably exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite sensuously bewitching meadows; to make this horrendously dastardly earth today; a more tranquilly enchanting paradise to live in and insuperably exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite romantically bestowing clouds; to make this dreadfully beleaguered earth today; a more holistically vibrant paradise to live in and timelessly exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite vividly boisterous bees; to make this monotonously deadened earth today; a more effulgently mystical paradise to live in and indefatigably exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite globules of tantalizingly artistic rain; to make this vindictively upbraiding earth today; a more exotically triumphant paradise to live in and tirelessly exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite ubiquitously enthralling roses; to make this mercilessly indiscriminate earth today; a more benevolently harmonious paradise to live in and timelessly exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite rays of the flamboyantly fumigating Sun; to make this truculently satanic earth today; a more enthrallingly euphoric paradise to live in and magically exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite arrows of irrefutably priceless justice; to make this sordidly staggering earth today; a more blazingly patriotic paradise to live in and peerlessly exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite playgrounds of uninhibitedly cavorting honey; to make this disparagingly corrupt earth today; a more fearlessly intrepid paradise to live in and unflinchingly exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite mists of perennially fragrant simplicity; to make this spuriously sanctimonious earth today; a more ecstatically handsome paradise to live in and sensuously exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite fireballs of philanthropic courage; to make this delinquently betraying earth today; a more righteously embracing paradise to live in and regally exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite breaths of indomitably indisputable innocence; to make this cannibalistically murderous earth today; a more miraculously mitigating paradise to live in and eternally exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite beats of pricelessly untainted love; to make this savagely parasitic earth today; a more Omnipotently benign paradise to live in and gregariously exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite moments of truthful perseverance; to make this barbarously incarcerating earth today; a more bountifully proliferating paradise to live in and unambiguously exist; once again,

But there has; is; and shall forever be just 'One God'; not only controlling every infinitesimal action; not only impregnably monitoring even the most inconspicuous wish of infinite more than the infinite above for this birth; but for an infinite more births of bliss and marvelous blithe.

6. HE WAS EVERY PERSON'S CREATOR

For every bird gruesomely killed; he had the power to create infinite more fledglings,

For every river dried miserably to a trickle; he had the power to create infinite oceans,

For every tree brutally chopped to the ground; he had the power to create infinite forests,

For every eye inadvertently blinded; he had the power to create infinite with sight,

For every satanic night taking a complete stranglehold on light; he had the power to create infinite brilliant days,

For every tongue which was disdainfully dumb; he had the power to create infinite mouths which could speak and shout,

For every iota of currency furtively stolen; he had the power to create infinite banks looming high and handsome till the heavens,

For every couple who was childless and rendered cruelly unable to procreate; he had the power to create infinite more households bustling with a battalion of toddlers,

For every brain that was wholesomely exhausted; he had the power to create infinite intelligent minds,

For every child disastrously orphaned on the streets; he had the power to create infinite families complete in all respects,

For every blade of grass mercilessly trampled; he had the power to create infinite meadows of lush green crop,

For every skeleton lying disdainfully buried under the coffin; he had the power to create infinite bodies; dancing about in robust health and thunderous fervor,

For every scalp that was balder than the egg; he had the power to create infinite strands of shimmering hair,

For every life lost unwittingly during the tumultuous earthquake; he had the power to create infinite more souls as Kings,

For every slave bound wretchedly to gleaming chains; he had the power to

create infinite crusaders to break open the shackles,

For every throat that was dangerously thirsty; he had the power to create infinite mouths slavering with excess water,

For every watch that had abruptly relinquished to function; he had the power to create infinite clocks ticking at electric speeds,

For every Albino engulfed entirely with a coat of appalling pink skin; he had the power to create infinite beauties with the most charismatic of flesh,

For every house that had been diabolically pulverized to raw dust during war; he had the power to create infinite palaces; blended profusely with glittering gold and silver,

For every demon wandering at will on this earth; he had the power to create infinite angels to valiantly defend the world,

For every heart pathetically broken; he had the power to create and bind infinite having just taken birth,

His power to create was simply unprecedented; his process of evolution was simply boundless and beyond the most unimaginable degree of comprehension; and that is why he was not only mine; but every person's Almighty Creator.

7. OUR INVINCIBLE CREATOR-SUN GOD

Perpetually blinding me to all hopelessness on this gigantic Universe; as I gaped indefatigably like a new born child; towards its infinite streams of unflinching golden and austere light,

Perpetually blinding me to all depression on this boundless Universe; as I ebulliently galloped under its unrelentingly amber goodness; the invincible scepter of its profoundly royal light,

Perpetually blinding me to all venomousness on this endless Universe; as I unabashedly let each of its unconquerably blazing rays; wondrously kiss and heal my inexplicably fluttering chest and soul,

Perpetually blinding me to all manipulation on this untiring Universe; as I let its miraculously healing rays; blissfully perpetuate into even the most obfuscated ingredient of my blood,

Perpetually blinding me to all ugliness on this fathomless Universe; as all I witnessed was exotic life burgeoning to its royal fullest; through its undyingly mellifluous beams of freshness; and until the last point till where its rays stretched,

Perpetually blinding me to all parasites on this dimensionless Universe; as I inherently relished to honestly perspire and break into a billion droplets of perspiration for my bread; under its fierily untamed and crimson light,

Perpetually blinding me to all inequality on this inscrutable Universe; as I profusely admired the unison of its countless rays into a united mass of compassionate togetherness; before eventually falling and illuminating the trajectory of earth divine,

Perpetually blinding me to all greed on this limitless Universe; as I earnestly worshipped its unimaginably altruistic goodness; ubiquitously disseminated in the form of victorious light; to even the remotest cranny of morbidly slithering soil,

Perpetually blinding me to all destiny and tawdry magic on this bewitching Universe; as I learnt to irrefutably sculpt my very own path and life of truth; under the Omnipresent fullness of its philanthropic light,

Perpetually blinding me to all negativity on this undaunted Universe; as I emerged victorious and as the most royal emperor; following the innermost tunes of my heart; under its rays of Omniscient positivity,

Perpetually blinding me to all fear on this unfettered Universe; as each of its divinely undefeated rays; lit lanterns of priceless hope in the wretched blacks of my cowardly eyes; in every direction that I turned under the sky,

Perpetually blinding me to all infidelity on this enamoring Universe; as I wholesomely imbibed that true power was in melodious togetherness; with fingers forever interlocked in the spirit of camaraderie; under its tirelessly roaring inferno of passionate light,

Perpetually blinding me to all hysteria on this unhindered Universe; as each frazzled nerve of my brain celestially savored its euphorically infallible blaze; to forever rise as a civilization of symbiotic newness,

Perpetually blinding me to all balderdash on this ecstatic Universe; as I articulately interweaved every conceivable ingredient of my existence to the hilt

of satisfaction; under its eternally subliming shades of dawn,

Perpetually blinding me to all terrorism on this inexhaustible Universe; as all I could sight were the innumerable flames of uninhibited love; under its swelteringly princely rays which coalesced the entire planet into one; irrespective of the baseless boundaries of caste; creed; color or tribe,

Perpetually blinding me to all despairing blackness on this redolent Universe; as I could sight nothing else but unassailably blistering daylight; till even beyond the horizons; under its divinely unbreakable spell,

Perpetually blinding me to all stagnation on this emollient Universe; as till wherever my vision stretched; all I witnessed was freshness proliferating at the speed of light; under its ardently unbridled cosmos of creativity,

Perpetually blinding me to all death on this unshakable Universe; as all that reached my nostrils was the spirit of undyingly blessed and humanitarian existence; under its vivaciously humming rays of eternal freedom,

Was not just singularly mine; not just singularly yours; but unitedly ours and only ours; very very special and majestically invincible Creator; in the form of the brilliant 'Sun God'.

8. MY CREATOR

For as long as the sun has shone in the cosmos; filtering a path of electric light through the silken puffs of clouds,

For as long as the moon has shimmered amidst a pool of darkness; emitting a stream of mystical silver rays,

For as long as the river has cascaded down the mountain slopes; culminating into a fountain of mesmerizing froth; after blending with the sparkling rocks,

For as long as the deserts have formed whirlpools of sand; with turbulent currents of dust sweeping majestically across every unleashing minute,

For as long as the rose has emanated its enchanting redolence; left its lingering fragrance to wholesomely besiege ones dreary persona,

For as long as raw salt has lived in the sea; rising and falling rampantly with the undulating waves,

For as long as the birds have chirped melodiously on the trees; inundating the nonchalant atmosphere with waves of enthralling music,

For as long as the potbellied turtle has philandered innocuously; nibbling merrily at the fat chunk of green leaves,

For as long as the stars have twinkled in the cloudless sky; granting celestial reprieve from the ominous dark circumventing the earth,

For as long as blistering lava has remained incarcerated in earth's belly; traveling at lightening speeds through a labyrinth of its crevices,

For as long as the chameleon has changed its shades; camouflaged itself perfectly with its vibrant surroundings,

For as long as the rain has plummeted from the sky; drenching scorched slabs of soil with stupendously cool water,

For as long as peacock has danced animatedly; opening its full plumage with violent outbursts of wind in the monsoons,

For as long as the iridescent rainbow has appeared in the sky; presenting a festoon of colors for one to sight,

For as long as the echo has reverberated in the deep valley; permeating bit by bit into its everlasting darkness,

For as long as the virtue of attraction has existed between mammalians; drawing them closer into an intimate embrace, bestowing upon them the power to procreate,

For as long as there has been irrefutable truth; the essence of it hovering alive directions unprecedented,

For as long as the omnipresent aura of love encapsulates us all; bonding us perpetually with the threads of humanity,

And for as long as there has been the first leaf; the first droplet of liquid; the first living being on this earth; there has existed the person whom I am grateful for creating me; the one whom I today know as my first ancestor; my omniscient

Creator.

9. THE OMNIPRESENT CREATOR IS OURS.

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire wealth on this fathomlessly exhilarating planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! vapidly greedy and pernicious man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire strength on this timelessly bewitching planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! vindictively stabbing and cold-blooded man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire sparkle on this beautifully eclectic planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! salaciously pulverizing and malicious man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire desires on this wonderfully untainted planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! devastatingly delinquent and victimizing man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire talent on this stupendously charming planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! treacherously crucifying and wanton man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire virility on this perennially fructifying planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! unbelievably murderous and massacring man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire freedom on this jubilantly galloping planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! satanically perverted and idiosyncratic man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire fame on this ubiquitously vivid planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! tyrannically assassinating and incarcerated man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire versatility on this tirelessly proliferating planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! chauvinistically distorted and maniacal man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire robustness on this amazingly emancipating planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! truculently

lambasted and squelched man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire prosperity on this interminably insuperable planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! barbarously bohemian and diabolical man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire fragrance on this fearlessly patriotic planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! lecherously parasitic and impoverished man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire optimism on this triumphantly unbridled planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! ominously cowardly and cannibalistic man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire vibrancy on this beautifully silken planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! hedonistically betraying and venomous man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire celebration on this timelessly sparkling planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! sadistically carnivorous and vituperative man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire enigma on this miraculously mitigating planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! cadaverously grotesque and oblivious man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire sensuality on this bountifully burgeoning planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! greedily beheading and uncouth man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire population on this romantically everlasting planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! abominably monstrous and sinful man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire love on this symbiotically blissful planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! dangerously abhorrent and diseased man,

But remember and please do always keep this nailed into your sanctimoniously prejudiced head; that ever since the time that this earth was evolved and right till the moment that it continues to harmoniously exist; the Omnipotent Lord was; is and shall forever be; as much mine and everybody else's; as he was

yours,

O! yes; the Omnipresent Creator was equally of each trace of living civilization that symbiotically thrives on this boundless Universe; the Omnipresent Creator is irrefutably and immortally of all of us; the Omnipresent Creator is ours

10. THE OMNISCIENTLY UNPARALLELED LORD

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this fathomlessly exultating earth; which was even an infinitesimal iota more fearlessly stronger; than your very own impregnable self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this resplendently tireless earth; which was even an obfuscated iota more charismatically handsome; than your very own nimble self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this romantically unfettered earth; which was even a parsimonious iota more robustly burgeoning; than your very own nubile self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this beautifully jubilant earth; which was even an oblivious iota more triumphantly blazing; than your very own flamboyant self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this spell-bindingly untainted earth; which was even a disappearing iota more inimitably eclectic; than your very own astounding self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this interminably victorious earth; which was even a transient iota more mellifluously mollifying; than your very own truthful self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this vivaciously blessed earth; which was even an ephemeral iota more unflinchingly intrepid; than your very own enigmatic self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this poignantly fascinating earth; which was even a fugitive iota more irrefutably sacrosanct; than your very own venerated self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this compassionately mesmerizing earth; which was even a minuscule iota more innovatively brilliant;

than your very own extemporizing self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this unendingly virile earth; which was even an evanescent iota more tenaciously tangy; than your very own determined self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this unceasingly emollient earth; which was even an infidel iota more pungently artistic; than your very own vivid self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this unsurpassably redolent earth; which was even an ethereal iota more unshakably affluent; than your very own opulent self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this everlastingly proliferating earth; which was even an obliterated iota more insuperably magnetic; than your very own alluring self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this unabashedly blessed earth; which was even a miserly iota more celestially satisfied; than your very own blessed self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this unbelievably pristine earth; which was even a non-existent iota more harmoniously hungry; than your very own symbiotic self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this stupendously ameliorating earth; which was even a feckless iota more philanthropically benevolent; than your very own synergistic self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this vibrantly proliferating earth; which was even a diminutive iota more amazingly virile; than your very own endowed self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this peerlessly limitless earth; which was even a measly iota more tranquilly mollified; than your very own placid self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this ubiquitously egalitarian earth; which was even an abstemious iota more sensuously fiery; than your very own ignited self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this eternally captivating earth; which was even a deteriorating iota more immortally uniting; than your very own loving self,

For you; me and all of us living beings were; are and shall forever continue to be; pricelessly and incomparably equal on the trajectory of this boundlessly divine planet; whilst if there was anybody who could blow countless of us away in just a singleton draught of inconspicuous breath; then he was none else but the Omnisciently unparalleled Lord.

11. GOD-THE BEST AND GREATEST POET OF ALL

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the fathomlessly swirling ocean; whose majestic waves touched the highest epitome of the golden sky everytime—before eventually dissipating into ebullient froth,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the sensuously unabashed clouds; oozing with profoundly unconquerable virility upon the lap of ravishing brown earth,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the triumphantly blazing sands of the desert; which inevitably tantalized countless a discerning traveler on the prowl,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the inscrutably enthralling forests; whose boundless branches and rustic leaves—whispered innumerable a tale of wisdom and priceless companionship,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the fantastically impregnable mountains; whose unparalleled apogees crafted new and revolutionary definitions of unflinching solidarity—in good times and bad,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of altruistic blood flowing through each living vein; which timelessly marked a new era of the unassailably brilliant religion of humanity,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the vividly shimmering rainbow in endless cosmotic space; whose each beam unsurpassably stupefied robotic existence—to ultimate heights of adventure,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of triumphantly virgin lightning; which wondrously perpetuated every emaciated pore on soil; with

amazingly rejuvenating and enigmatic life,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of insuperably flamboyant sunrise; which put every tangible and intangible insinuation of misery; deprivation and depression to celestial rest,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the impeccably twinkling stars; which magically paved a path for each staggering organism; in the heart of the ghoulishly insidious midnight,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of jubilantly enthralling dawn; which spell-bindingly broke the carcinogenic crutches of haplessly maiming darkness—with the rays of bountiful freedom,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of white ice melting to evolve the perennially sacrosanct Ganges waters; which healed even the most inexplicably traumatized of wounds with their undefeatable purity,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the divinely milky moon; which recited countless a surreal fairy tales; and royally befriended every child brutally orphaned by the strokes of victimizing destiny,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the first cry of the new-born infant; which miraculously brought even the most blood-shot of enemies closer and closer; into the bonds of eternally spawning friendship,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of freshly formed ponds of monsoon water; in which a countless bodies met and beautifully mate; proliferating into an infinite more of their innocuously wonderful kind,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of voluptuous green blades of grass; which sprouted with uninhibited ardor from virtually every piece of mud—to tickle each despicably frazzled and bereaved foot sole into absolute utopia,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the mystically amber horizon; where the handsomely setting Sun forever gave hope of an entire new and Omnipotent dazzling tomorrow,

Is being written every unleashing second of time by the Omnipresent Lord Almighty; as his infinite creations on the trajectory of this immeasurable earth are the best poetry ever born; and he the BEST and GREATEST POET OF all

HIMSELF.

12. ULTIMATE MASTER

Nobody understood the incomprehensible agony in my mind; the volcanic fountain of disdainful thoughts it was encapsulated with every unveiling minute,

Nobody understood the inexplicable misery blended with my blood; traversing faster than the speed of white light as I tread on the surface of this colossal earth,

Nobody understood the wretched dreams I had even while wandering under brilliant sunshine; the insurmountable fatigue experienced by my conglomerate of frigid nerves,

Nobody understood the insane madness which destroyed my every fantasy which was stupendously beautiful; converted my blissful existence into inconspicuous bits of threadbare ash,

Nobody understood the thunderous growling of my stomach; inspite of it being inundated till the brim with a battalion of salubriously appetizing food,

Nobody understood the irascible pounding on my heart; the tumultuous fury permeating it belligerently from all sides,

Nobody understood the unsurpassable repertoire of effusive desire welling up prolifically in my soul; the uncanny wavering it underwent every unfurling moment of the day,

Nobody understood the horrendously wavering apathy in my voice; the fire balls of blood enigmatically encompassing my eyes,

Nobody understood the frantic bouts of desperation I experienced in a single night; the deplorable gloom which surfaced cyclonically on my tongue; just as I opened my mouth to talk,

Nobody understood the cowardice in my foot steps; the incredulously augmented fear in my stride; although I trespassed directly beneath the storm and completely bare-chested,

Nobody understood the relentless string of dilemma's I was confronted with; the overwhelming myriad of infinite questions my mind asked me inevitably each

moment,

Nobody understood the blood curling screams that punctured through the slim walls of my intricate eardrum; rendering me deaf even in the midst of the most deafening commotion and boisterously blaring traffic,

Nobody understood the fathomless island of needles fulminating in my brain; the piquantly sizzling potpourri of lunatic ideas that devastated me in sheer helplessness; standing like an infant on cold ground,

Nobody understood the unrelenting tyranny with which my body was whipped in freezing air; the invisible barricades of thorns; that kept cropping as I alighted my each step,

Nobody understood the cloudburst of crimson blood that poured on my countenance in turbulent spurts; the acrimoniously pugnacious battlefield of emotions that kept dreaming my last ounce of vital strength,

Nobody understood the mystical emptiness that engulfed my diminutive body; the satanically gleaming swords which kept ripping through my throat as time gradually unveiled,

Nobody understood the gruesome blackness which capsized me even at the onset of sweltering afternoon; the ocean of perspiration which indefatigably kept dribbling down my persona without the slightest of control or holistic respite,

Nobody understood the unprecedented blariness that entrenched my vision; the alarmingly hopeless light that awaited me with hands fully outstretched; even as the world outside walked at regular pace,

But there was indeed a person who understood me above all else in this Universe; and although I didn't possess the power to witness his Omniscient grace; Nevertheless I still considered him my best friend; an entity to whom I would always bow down in timid submission; a sacrosanct idol I would always keep praying to; as my 'Ultimate Master'; my 'Supreme Creator'.

13. OMNIPOTENT ALMIGHTY

He didn't need overwhelmingly lengthy articles written about him; to proclaim his glory sanctimoniously all around the globe,

He didn't need an armory of praise from a spurious bunch of individuals; to

escalate his persona to the pinnacle of supremacy,

He didn't need television interviews to depict his supernatural powers; the miracles he could perform within lightening fractions of seconds,

He didn't need a cavalcade of cars following him; ploughing their way unceremoniously through innocent pedestrians to declare his raw power,

He didn't need an ocean of flowers everyday at his doorstep; to enlighten his spirits and drown him into a cocoon of enchantment,

He didn't need a battalion of bodyguards guarding his visage; armed gunmen trying to sequester him from all the evil in this world,

He didn't need an ambience of voluptuous clouds to relax in; mesmerizing fairies dancing around him and kissing his feet,

He didn't need a flurry of photographers clicking him umpteenth times in a single minute; trying to salvage the best of his face in different shades of light,

He didn't need jug fulls of water and mystical wine to be served every hour; the most sumptuous cuisine to be brought before him to eat sizzling fresh from the frying pan,

He didn't need groups of mavericks inexorably shouting slogans to propagate him; defending religion at the cost of infinite lives,

He didn't need a letter of introduction every time he tread on this earth; professionals in the media savvy world to announce every move he was about to make,

He didn't need a new and embellished space craft every morning; to transport him to the most fascinating places in this Universe; have ravishing cocktails with every Nation's Prime Minister,

He didn't need a Mountain replete with bombastic gold and silver; dungeons impregnated with fathomless bundles of currency showered upon him incessantly as the clock ticked,

He didn't need a wardrobe inundated with garish clothes; golden cufflinks and chains to adorn his body at the crack of every dawn,

He didn't need a cruise ride of the Atlantic every night; with stars shimmering in the cosmos propelling him fantasize to the most unprecedented limits and dream,

He didn't need traditionally attired attendants hovering indefatigably around his demeanor; fanning his face to ruthlessly massacre the last mosquito humming morbid tunes,

He didn't need slippers lined with resplendent silver to walk in the Bedroom; a bed studded with fabulous diamonds to nestle and blissfully sleep,

He didn't need a fleet of impeccable priests to engulf him and divulge to him his destiny to unveil; analyze his palms to intricately prognosticate the future life he had to be lead,

And he didn't need any glamour and glitteratti; any pomp or gaiety to appease; any spurious propaganda to uplift his soul;

For a single word of his was enough to destroy; and at the same time create this entire planet; a single step of his was enough to give shape to what he had created; a single breath of his was enough to give life to his unfathomable creation; he was the most invincible form of a human being; HE was infact none other THAN OMNIPOTENT ALMIGHTY.

14. WHEN ALMIGHTY LORD SPOKE

When the garden of ravishingly crimson roses spoke; the acrimoniously miserly thorn fell completely silent,

When the colossal dungeon replete with delectable honey spoke; the vial of heinous poison fell completely silent,

When the battalion of mesmerizing nightingales spoke; the hideously soaring wailing vultures fell completely silent,

When the overwhelmingly scintillating diamond spoke; the morbid pond incessantly buzzing with pertinent mosquitoes fell completely silent,

When the sparkling pair of astoundingly fresh vegetables spoke; the decayed bread with fungus coated all over; fell completely silent,

When the gargantuan mountain towering towards the naked patches of sky

spoke; the lecherously hidden hole in the ground fell completely silent,

When the boundlessly swirling ocean waters spoke; the horrendously scorching granules of the acrid desert fell completely silent,

When the majestically striped tiger thunderously spoke; the fleet of menacing scorpions and lethal reptiles fell completely silent,

When the incomprehensibly huge fortified ship spoke; the deplorably broken boat sinking inevitably towards the bottom fell completely silent,

When infinite pages profusely blended with literature spoke; the wholesomely abashing fingerprint embodied on the wall fell completely silent,

When the magnificently embellished aircraft zipping into space spoke; the pretentiously dying and lazily crawling worm fell completely silent,

When the well inundated with frosty and sacrosanct cow milk spoke; the glass of profoundly diseased water fell completely silent,

When the insurmountably fragrant leaves of pure saffron spoke; the most ghastliest of stench emanating in the atmosphere fell completely silent,

When the brilliantly flamboyant Sun spoke; the sulking camouflage of appalling darkness fell completely silent,

When the supremely silken conglomerate of royal pearls spoke; the diabolically corrugated skin of the cannibalistic crocodile fell completely silent,

When the blazing cup of ecstatically rejuvenating tea spoke; the snobbishly shivering cold fell completely silent,

When the ingeniously crafted articulate mater key spoke; the countless hurdles and doors blocked beyond the point of despair; fell completely silent,

When the tantalizing aroma of delicious food spoke; the abominable pangs of bizarre starvation fell completely silent,

And when the Omnipotent grace of Almighty Lord spoke; the satanically savage and brutal devil fell completely silent.

15. THE ULTIMATE SIR

We all must have called someone or the other spuriously as SIR during our lives;
in our insatiable desire to reach the zenith of prosperity,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably marvelous Creator; on whose divine
fingertips; danced the entire planet towards the path of unflinching
righteousness.

We all must have called someone or the other lackadaisically as SIR during our
lives; in our mission to shrug inexplicable poverty and be the stupendous best,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably majestic Creator; who evolved every bit
of mesmerizing beauty; wandering bountifully on this colossal Universe.

We all must have called someone or the other abhorrently as SIR during our
lives; in our yearning to catapult to overwhelming stardom and glitterati,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably perennial Creator; on whose sacrosanct
decisions; revolved the inevitable chapters of celestial life and death.

We all must have called someone or the other malevolently as SIR during our
lives; in our greed to holistically survive; extract the optimum from the corridors
of the hideously manipulative society,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably immortal Creator; on whose revered
shoulders rested the weight of this entire planet; blended with love; compassion
and mystically blooming forest.

We all must have called someone or the other pompously as SIR during our lives;
in our relentless struggle to grant the most opulently tantalizing food to our
impoverished stomachs,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably invincible Creator; who spawned
countless civilizations deluged with brilliant sunlight; within the single wink of his
eye.

We all must have called someone or the other sinfully as SIR during our lives; in
our unrelenting conquest of attaining astronomical power and fame,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably unconquerable Creator; who gave
infinite organisms a chance to exist in symbiotic harmony; with every single of
his supremely everlasting breath.

We all must have called someone or the other worthlessly as SIR during our
lives; in our intransigently augmenting search for pleasure; seduction and
alluring happiness,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably Omnipotent Creator; melanged land with
unsurpassably towering mountains as well as tantalizingly tangy sea bed soil.

We all must have called someone or the other viciously as SIR during our lives;
in our endless march forward to metamorphose each of our wishes into an
absolute reality,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably Omniscient Creator; who created man as
the most ingenious being on this enamoring planet; showered stringent
thunderbolts of lightening from the sky when the earth headed towards
devastating malice.

We all must have called someone or the other baselessly as SIR during our lives;
in our never ending aspiration of stuffing our pockets with glittering gold coin,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably impregnable Creator; who instilled the
beats of heavenly love in every heart alive; merged every religion named his
inconspicuous molecules; into the religion of impeccable humanity.

And we must have called someone or the other lecherously as SIR during our
lives; in our irrevocable urge to sail above the abundantly sparkling skies,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably Omnipresent Creator; who magnificently
articulated the destinies of boundless alive; saw to it that the planet perpetually
maintained its equilibrium of good and evil; with truth and mankind eventually
and forever outnumbering the bad.

16. BY THE GRACE OF GOD

Live like an grandiloquent eagle; soaring handsomely through the vivaciously
bubbling crimson clouds,

Live like the mountains basking in the glory of perennially shimmering sunlight;
intrepidly confronting every obstacle without their head flinching the slightest,

Live like the rhapsodically tangy waves of the ocean; clashing with rejuvenated
fervor every instant against the chain of enigmatically mesmerizing rocks,

Live like the impeccable pigeon; retiring for a blissful nights sleep in its
delectable nest; under the magnificently resplendent blanket of glittering stars,

Live like the belligerent soldier whose heart was more molten than candle wax;
but who preferred to decimate his head; rather than bowing it to anyone other
than his motherland,

Live like the marvelously glowing jewel; that radiated its light full blossom; even
in the most satanically gory tunnel of treacherous darkness,

Live like the exuberantly enthralling cloud of dawn; perpetuating every thoroughly dwindling entity with a rejuvenated gusto; to propel tirelessly ahead in life,

Live like the bountifully sprawling fruits of Nature's creation; proliferating millions of its kind as the hour unveiled to fill the day,

Live like the road that never ends; indefatigably weaving its path towards an island of overwhelming mysticism and astounding enchantment,

Live like the butterfly which stays perpetually ebullient; frolicking into a festoon of smiles even while incarcerated infinite feet beneath the earth,

Live like the Mother who knows nothing but sacrifice; enduring the severest agony conceivable on human planet; to spawn the most wonderful creation of Almighty Lord,

Live like the fire whose flames never die; triggering insurmountable infernos of untamed passion; even as torrential cloudbursts of rain ferociously pelted down,

Live like the leaves that never withered; clinging resiliently to the body of their master; even as the most heinous of devil tried to ruthlessly massacre them with his foot,

Live like the rose which immortally diffused its divinely scent; no matter how hard the acrimonious thorns tried to gobble it in their acerbic swirl,

Live like the irrefutably powerful lion of the jungle; reigning supremely over your priceless conscience for centuries unprecedented,

Live like the immaculately beautiful princess; spreading the most wonderful word of God; from deep within your heart to even the most remotely obsolete corner of this Universe,

Live like the soul which impregnated a wave of ingratiating vitality; in every organism who had reached the premature brink of hopeless extinction,

Live like the blessed couple of true lovers; being wholesomely oblivious to the manipulatively monotonous realms of the spuriously surviving society,

And most importantly live life to the most unfathomable limits; rejoicing and

basking in Princely glory till perhaps beyond what your breath could perceive;
but always do remember and chant this till the time you die; that live life by the
grace of God.

17. MY BEST FRIEND- THE LORD ALMIGHTY.

My mother could never ever become my friend; too busy in her household chores
and pursuing the passions of her life; always looking upon me as her newborn
child; even though I catapulted to the greatest of heights,

My father could never ever become my friend; able to view nothing else but the
colossal edifices of the robotic corporate empire before his eyes all night and
day; with an occasional pat here and there on my head; too busy earning for the
inevitable needs of the gargantuan family,

My sister could never ever become my friend; profoundly engaged in her own
family and the crankiness of impetuous youth; with most of our conversations
eventually resulting into the most thunderously demented of squabbles,

My grandfather could never ever become my friend; staunchly following his age
old rigidly tyrannical ideologies; which I thoroughly detested and severely shirked
to follow,

My grandmother could never ever become my friend; being the ultimate apostle
of orthodoxy and implementing only what the scriptures said; whilst I was one
who solely listened to my passionate heart's commands,

My brother could never ever become my friend; as pangs of inconsolable
jealously radiated in gay abundance from our persona's; in order to become the
favorite child of our revered parents,

My wife could never ever become my friend; as we virtually digressed in every
opinion; being the indefatigably scowling and blasphemously blaming north pole
and south pole; contained in a single house,

My children could never ever become my friend; as they were just irascible
infants; whose unendingly hysterical shrieks made me plead an unfathomable
times on my knees; let alone whisper the word sanctity,

My uncle's and aunts could never ever become my friend; as they were profusely
party circuit; those same very sanctimonious shows of meaningless drudgery;
that I spat upon even in the wildest of my dreams,

My neighbors could never ever become my friend; as they lead life like a frigidly dysfunctional robotic clock; whilst every instant of my impoverished life; was enshrouded with unabashed sensuousness and spontaneity,

My colleagues could never ever become my friend; timelessly plotting schemes to bury me alive in my corpse; in their parasitically unceasing quest of escalating to the pinnacle of blood soaked success,

My surroundings could never ever become my friend; as they too in their salaciously inebriated and adulterated state; stabbed me a zillion times to adopt the path of untruthful commercialism; whilst I eternally wanted to mélange each beat of my heart with the rudiments of nature divine,

My countrymen could never ever become my friend; as nearly each one of them endlessly ran after the currency coin; time and again at the cost of the soil which they inhabited; whilst I perpetually considered the beats of love to be above every dimension and money on this blessed planet,

My teachers could never ever become my friend; because there was always this stringent definition of respectability that came in between; our openheartedly divulging the innermost secrets of our hearts,

My profession could never ever become my friend; as I couldn't play even the most infinitesimal of games with it; had to bow down before it like the ultimate power before granting it that unassailably meticulous touch; so that the world accepted it and I symbiotically survived,

My great ancestors and far off siblings/kin could never ever become my friend; as I hardly knew anything of them other than their names; and it wasn't my habit to entrust unshakable blind faith; into the most unchartered of territories,

My servants could never ever become my friend; as I never considered them as servants in the first place; whilst they unstoppably reminded me of the same ghastly discrimination of this barbaric society; by licking dirt right in front of my eyes although I severely reprimanded them,

My very own breath could never ever become my friend; as I had the most insane of panic attacks with each inhalation of mine; overtly skeptical and unsure of whether another of its kind would find way into my nostrils or not,

Yet. I wasn't ever desperate and alone. Yet I wasn't ever devastated and

betrayed. Yet I wasn't ever paralyzed and depressed. As I forever had the hands of my best friend: 'The Lord Almighty' to soothe my brow; to uninterruptedly and unabashedly talk to; in my times of duress and exultation; in my times of life and death; who made me feel closer and closer to my mission of ameliorating all sick and deprived humanity; who made me feel the most unconquerably priceless organism alive.

18. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO EMULATE THE CREATOR

To emulate a bird was very easy; as all you had to do was spread your arms wide; pretend to flap them in mighty draughts of air; standing on the pinnacle of the gorgeous valley,

To emulate a lion was very easy; as all you had to do was open your mouth wide; run in the midst of the densely foliated jungle; emanating thunderously roaring sounds,

To emulate an ant was very easy; as all you had to do was crawl painstakingly on the floor; miserably edge towards the loaf of freshly baked bread kept delectably on the kitchen table,

To emulate the horse was very easy; as all you had to do was vibrantly gallop in the sprawling fields of paddy; making a pathetically neighing noise every once a minute,

To emulate a snake was very easy; as all you had to do was adorn yourself in gruesomely black leather; slither enigmatically on the floor as the mystical rays of moonlight; illuminated the pool of darkness,

To emulate a dog was very easy; as all you had to do was diffuse a hoarsely barking sound; wag your posterior in ecstatic jubilation at witnessing your loved ones,

To emulate a pig was very easy; as all you had to do was greedily gobble mammoth chunks of food; wildly slurp any liquid or juice lying haphazardly spilled before you,

To emulate a Kangaroo was very easy; as all you had to do was bounce ebulliently in space with supremely spongy springs attached to your feet; gleefully leap to places you wanted to frequent; instead of traversing by naked foot,

To emulate a scorpion was very easy; as all you had to do paint lethal venom on your nails; point them diabolically at unsuspecting strangers that confronted you in your way,

To emulate the fish was very easy; as all you had to do was swim euphorically under the sea; nimbly swishing your hands and legs; with a cylinder of fresh oxygen strapped adroitly to both your slender shoulders,

To emulate a cockroach was very easy; as all you had to do was remain unwashed for boundless weeks; keep incessantly loitering around the public lavatory; inhaling the scent that wafted with stupendous relish,

To emulate a chimpanzee was very easy; as all you had to do was to scream hysterically each time you were struck by an urge to whisper; jump acrobatically from one branch of the tree to the other; in search of fleshy fruits,

To emulate an elephant was very easy; as all you had to do was inflate your persona like a colossal gas balloon; tread triumphantly on the soil of the jungle as the largest organism existing in the rampant outgrowths,

To emulate the mosquito was very easy; as all you had to do was infuriatingly buzz in everyone's ear you met; exasperate people beyond the point of frustration with your monotonously boring tunes,

To emulate the grass hopper was very easy; as all you had to do was embellish your entire island of skin with emerald green; camouflage your visage brilliantly within the lanky stalks of grass on the hills; sleep in stark open with a festoon of iridescent stars shining; clinging to the leaf,

To emulate the Bat was very easy; as all you had to do was adorn yourself in a hideous cloak of ominous black; stick astoundingly close to the mortuary wall with repugnant fire blazing in your eyes; a menacing desire to kill lingering furtively in your heart,

To emulate the donkey was very easy; as all you had to do was stand erect in the middle of the crowded street with your shaven scalp; outrageously kick your heels at anyone who ventured to come even frugal inches by your side,

To emulate the cat was very easy; as all you had to do was cunningly manipulate your every move; greedily guzzle the bottle of pure milk which the mother had kept stored for her new born infant,

but it was simply impossible to emulate the Almighty Creator; as first and foremost you would have to evolve all of the abovementioned; instill signs of palpable life on this incomprehensibly vast planet; when infact you didn't even know the slightest to create your very own being?

19. UNCONQUERABLY AND SOLELY THE OMNISCIENT LORD!

For your most rustically bohemian accent; which cacophonically inundated every conceivable speck of the atmosphere with; disdainfully stinging melancholy,

For your most hoarsely impoverished state; when all that indefatigably rattled in your pockets was nothing but lackadaisically sacrilegious stone; with the planet not paying you a single penny for even the most ecstatically brilliant of your artistry,

For your most eccentrically reclusive habits; those countless baths and sensuality that you bizarrely indulged after the heart of perilous midnight; and then slept like a wastrel hog all blazingly optimistic day,

For your most painstaking bouts of nothingness; when you did nothing else but inexplicably stare at fathomless bits of open sky; till times immemorial,

For your most devastatingly impudent of tempers; wherein you simply hurled everything around you in vicinity into the realms of disdainful oblivion; stamping your foot as violently as untamed lightening in the sky,

For your most distinctively different ideologies from the entire planet; which irrefutably and tirelessly proclaimed that the greatest religion on earth was the religion of humanity; which granted egalitarian importance to the unnecessary killing of an inconspicuous ant and man; alike,

For your most excruciating principles; wherein you were prepared to sacrifice your life this very instant; rather than digress even an infinitesimal iota from whatever you'd diligently promised,

For your most precariously tottering pathways of righteousness; which 10 times out of 10 found themselves buried an infinite feet beneath threadbare mud; haplessly unable to thrive in today's world of prejudiced deceit and abhorrent malice,

For your most resolutely interminable beliefs; that there was nothing such as destiny in shaping an organism's life; as philanthropic hard work was all that

escalated you to the absolute pinnacles of infallible success,

For your most uninhibitedly open beliefs; which wholeheartedly advocated that more sparkling invincible than sanctimoniously conventional marriage; was the compassionately humanitarian relationship of symbiotic friendship,

For your most stinkingly unclothed body; whose each deplorably unwashed ingredient was miserably enveloped; with an infinite layers and tons of acrimoniously squelching grime,

For your most worthlessly unabashed habit of forgetfulness; wherein at times you forgot your very own name; so obsessively engrossed in the inscrutably tantalizing mists of fantasy,

For your most unbearably informal eating habits; wherein you demonically gobbled the entire meal of the day in just one go; preferring to remain horribly emaciated the rest of the day,

For your most foolishly intrepid patriotism; as you entered the boundless battlefield of salaciously jeopardizing manipulation; diminutively naked against countless diabolical perpetrators of violently cold-blooded hatred and lies,

For your most egregiously stabbing candor; wherein the absolute truth that you always chose to fearlessly utter; could very well give the first and last heart-attack; to just about anyone whose parasitic guilt was exposed,

For your most unflinching belief in the law of fecund proliferation; wherein you procreated limitless more like your very own on planet divine; without even a sordid penny in your pocket; and with the unstoppable laughter of the entire planet to heartlessly bear,

For your most incessantly unshakable proclamation to the planet; to selflessly serve every fraternity of despairing living kind in order to reach the Almighty Lord; rather than wasting innumerable hours and donations to polish and pray in front of his stone idol,

For your most immutably priceless ideal; that the power of Immortal Love was the most inimitably Omnipotent power on earth; when virtually everyone else on the globe today felt; that the currency coin was the other name of God,

For your most fanatically dedicated days; wherein you refrained to budge even an inch from your dwelling; endlessly writing and majestically absorbed in the

craft of perennial poetry; whereas the planet outside boisterously tick-tocked from 9 to 9 earning fathomless currency coin,

O! Yes; even if after all this; there was anyone who would still accept you for whatever you were in today's sleazily monstrous planet; then it wasn't your Father; Mother; Grandfather; Grandmother; Brother; Sister; Beloved; Wife or an infinite more relations of the likes; but it was forever; unconquerably and solely the Omniscient Almighty Lord.

20. THE LORD WAS PERPETUALLY WATCHING YOU!

You might utter an infinite abuses on eternally spell-binding creation; in the most nonchalantly decaying of gutter pipe; where there dared not creep even the most parsimoniously uninterested of soul,

You might abominably execute an infinite dastardly lies; in the realms of meaninglessly menacing wilderness; where there dared not creep even the most ethereally lackadaisical of soul,

You might indiscriminately massacre an infinite innocent scalps; in the invidiously asphyxiating blackness of solitary midnight; where there dared not creep even the most fecklessly cowardly of soul,

You might sadistically wail an infinite tunes of death; in the aisles of demonically terrorizing hell; where there dared not creep even the most transiently anomalous of soul,

You might parasitically suck an infinite droplets of new-born blood; in the ominously thwarted labyrinths of the ominously cold-blooded dungeons; where there dared not creep even the most fugitively mercurial of soul,

You might sacrilegiously manipulate an infinite lives like lifeless commodities; in a despicably dying mist of nothingness; where there dared not creep even the most parsimoniously invisible of soul,

You might intransigently ridicule an infinite maimed and blind children; in the deserts of hopelessly crucifying boredom; where there dared not creep even the most inconspicuously intangible of soul,

You might abhorrently bombard an infinite civilizations of newness; in the midst of devastatingly pin-drop sleep and cadaverous silence; where there dared not creep even the most penuriously deteriorating of soul,

You might satanically poison an infinite elements of altruistic simplicity; in the worthlessly livid vacuum that profanely existed between heaven and hell; where there dared not creep even the most incomprehensibly invisible of soul,

You might malevolently steal an infinite moments of happiness from the symbiotic; in the graveyards of fetidly exacerbated extinction; where there dared not creep even the most despairingly disappearing of soul,

You might torturously blind an infinite pristinely enchanting of eyes; in the hideously moonless blackness; where there dared not creep even the most ephemerally obfuscated of soul,

You might emotionlessly famish an infinite organisms of quintessential water and food; in the coffins of ruthlessly asphyxiating depression; where there dared not creep even the most despondently obsolete of soul,

You might deliriously incarcerate an infinite winds of philanthropic goodness; in the maniacally murderous tunnels of debauchery; where there dared not creep even the most inaudibly impoverished of soul,

You might heartlessly sell an infinite mothers including your very own; to earn those extra despicably worthless wads of currency; in the intolerably ribald nakedness of dusk; where there dared not creep even the most diminutively insipid of soul,

You might venomously besmirch an infinite brilliantly unfettered spirits of triumph; in the criminally uninhabited lanes of cannibalistic hatred; where there dared not creep even the most unrecognizably fluttering of soul,

You might unforgivably traumatize and hunt an infinite forests and priceless wildlife; in the indistinguishably ghoulish cry of the jinxed owl; where there dared not creep even the most indecipherably measly of soul,

You might barbarously close an infinite holistically impregnable breaths; in the gallows of cold-bloodedly excoriating prison; where there dared not creep even the most non-existent meaningless of soul,

You might lethally perpetuate the poison of betrayal in an infinite immortally passionate hearts; in the mortuaries of the deplorable devil; where there dared not creep even the most conceivably impoverished of soul,

And do whatever you wanted to; do wherever you wanted to; do whenever you wanted to; but remember O! disastrously greedy man; that if not anybody on this fathomlessly inscrutable Universe; but the Omnipotent Lord Almighty was perpetually watching you and simultaneously ever other organism like you!

21. MAN AND GOD

Man pathetically stumbled on every step that he tread; taking Herculean loads of time to find his footing amidst the perilously slippery landscapes, God unassailably controlled even the most infinitesimal movement of every entity; tangible or intangible on the trajectory of this fathomless earth; majestically and all the time.

Man profoundly concentrated only at one thing at a time; sporadically fantasizing every now again; into an entrenchment of insatiable wilderness, God unshakably controlled even the most mercurial thought that diffused from the minds of every organism; on the canvas of this bountifully resplendent Universe.

Man committed an unsurpassable ocean of fallacies in his lifetime; inevitably erring when the winds of difficulty crept in an iota too harshly for the nimbly ingratiating body, God irrefutably controlled even the most parsimonious traces of destiny of every organism; being the overwhelmingly impeccable entrenchment of righteousness in its soul.

Man ludicrously wilted as the horrifically ghastly impediments in his way; intensified their pressure an infinitesimal trifle, God regally controlled even the most inconspicuous trace of strength of every organism; philanthropically endowing it with an insurmountable tenacity to massacre all evil with the sword of eternally scintillating humanity.

Man unwittingly wilted under the truculent pressure of the savagely acrimonious society; clambering the ladder of blatantly gory lies right since the very first cry of life, God Omnisciently controlled even the most diminutive cry of every organism; metamorphosing its salaciously abusive demeanor into a fathomless paradise of patriotic truth.

Man disastrously failed at umpteenth occasions of mystical life; spending many an indefatigable night in the dungeons of disparagingly inexplicable gloom,

God Omnipotently controlled even the most insipid longing of every organism; blazingly deluging its existence with an unending fireball of gloriously exhilarating optimism.

Man wholesomely shut his eyes at the downfall of midnight; sequestering himself in the impregnable delights of his abode to thoroughly wade off the onslaught of the mercilessly wandering devil,

God resplendently controlled even the most ethereal dreams of every organism; ingratiatingly embellishing its soul and conscience with a garland of perpetually ubiquitous togetherness.

Man hopelessly sweated under the tyrannically treacherous rays of the Sun; disdainfully gasping for rejuvenating air in a civilization enshrouded with insidiously ghastly pollution,

God Omnipresently controlled even the most ephemeral breaths of every organism; bestowing it with a splendidly synergistic resilience; to lead a fathomless more lifetimes.

And man incessantly kept aimlessly strolling between the lanes of companionship and malicious betrayal; vacillating like an extinguishing matchstick to the whiplashes of unforgiving destiny,

While God immortally controlled even the most evanescent beat of every organism; flooding its survival with the waterfall of love; love and nothing else but everlastingly enchanting love.

22. INFRONT OF THE OMNIPRESENT ALMIGHTY LORD.

Even the most stinkingly rich; royally sleeping all day and sensuous night; on an unsurpassable ocean of sumptuously glistening gold and silver,

Even the most invincibly untamed; decimating countless civilizations of the innocent at a singleton stroke of their finger; as they detonated their nuclear firepower,

Even the most unassailably brilliant; able to perceive and paint even the most infinitesimal iota of this fathomless Universe; in a minuscule cranny of their endowed brains,

Even the most unflinchingly fearless; treading rampantly unabashed and wholesomely naked; through the most truculently asphyxiating devils and maelstroms,

Even the most obsessively perfectionist; who not only triumphantly accomplished the most acrimoniously monumental tasks in their lifetime; but made them a quintessential ingredient of their breath,

Even the most perennially white-skinned; who put the even the most obfuscated shades of black to bawdy shame; as they alighted only a single toe; at the most unceremoniously unearthly hour of midnight,

Even the most enigmatically tantalizing; reinvigorating cisterns of redolently victorious life in the most deadened of carcasses; with their inimitably spell binding and inexhaustible cosmos of virility,

Even the most ardently artistic; metamorphosing even the most insouciantly feckless bits of mud; into an astounding labyrinth of timelessly ameliorating forms and shapes,

Even the most amazingly athletic; who could mold even the most inconspicuous bone of their body to any given situation; whether it be passing through an invisible drainpipe; or whether it be walking on a thread which was an infinite feet above soil; and that too with grease on their barefoot,

Even the most brilliantly robotic; who deciphered through the most abstrusely contemporary of technology and puzzles; like merrily crunching almonds for morning breakfast,

Even the most fantastically eccentric; euphorically expending every unfurling instant of their life; to their very own desires and wishes; fathomless kilometers away from the fabric of the conventionally mechanized society,

Even the most rhapsodically effervescent; bustling into the full fervor of existence; indefatigably trying to touch the highest epitome of the clouds; every unfurling minute of bountiful life,

Even the most perpetually patriotic; altruistically ready to behead the very last bone of their skull; for deliberating even an ounce of their deceitfully incarcerated motherland,

Even the most unceasingly philanthropic; majestically entwining their fingers with every echelon of horrendously deprived mankind; insuperably ensuring the mantra of 'Live and Let Live' in every direction that they tread,

Even the most unconquerably magical; evolving an unlimited entrenchment of

vibrantly unshakable life; out of inanely decrepit nothingness,

Even the most blazing World Leaders; tirelessly extemporizing the complexion of this drearily strangulated planet; dexterously controlling its reigns on their slender fingertips,

Even the most victorious healers; magically transforming even the most deadliest of disease; pain and debilitation; into a paradise of compassionately emancipating freshness; with their limitless cornucopia of medicines and balms,

Even the most inexhaustibly friendly; who couldn't walk a step further on the trajectory of blessed earth; without synergistically amalgamating with infinite more of their living kind; irrespective of caste; creed; color or spurious tribe,

Even the most mellifluously vivacious; eternally transforming even the most morbidly deadened arenas of the atmosphere; into a heaven of spell bindingly enamoring togetherness,

Were all the most sinfully castrated of beggars; were all the most inconspicuously non-existent of mosquitoes; were all the most unsolicitedly swarming pieces of shit; were all the most pulverized bits of obsolescence; were all the most tawdrily disappearing of parasites; were all the most emotionlessly crumbling of fools; were all the most raucously wailing strands of the corpse; were all the most insensitive ingredients of meaninglessness; in front of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord.

23. THE ULTIMATE GIFTS OF THE ALMIGHTY LORD

Both were extraordinarily equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most handsomely unassailable cisterns of fantastic life; or whether it be the coffins of the most gruesomely asphyxiating death,

Both were celestially equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most magnetically inebriating fields of Omnipotent life; or whether it be the mortuaries of the most deplorably debilitating death,

Both were enchantingly equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most vivaciously emollient chapters of Omnipresent life; or whether it be the hell of the most gorily pulverizing death,

Both were fabulously equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most resplendently ubiquitous caverns of spell binding life; or whether it be the

gallows of the most horrendously perverted death,

Both were astoundingly equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most jubilantly effervescent caravans of majestic life; or whether it be the pigstalks of the most venomously maddening death,

Both were pricelessly equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most poignantly symbiotic winds of unassailable life; or whether it be the claws of the most torturously cannibalistic death,

Both were unbelievably equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most iridescently patriotic grasslands of victorious life; or whether it be the jails of the most hideously massacring death,

Both were triumphantly equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most eternally proliferating cradles of effulgent life; or whether it be the shadows of the most perilously apocalyptic death,

Both were royally equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most optimistically enlightening skies of vivid life; or whether it be the carcasses of the most fetidly depriving death,

Both were sacredly equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most tantalizingly virile shapes of artistic life; or whether it be the doldrums of the most amorphously crucifying death,

Both were wonderfully equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most impeccably virgin pearls of egalitarian life; or whether it be the madhouses of the most deliriously dogmatic death,

Both were sensuously equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most divinely truthful fabric of synergistic life; or whether it be the maelstroms of the most satanically annihilating death,

Both were fragrantly equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most inimitably reinvigorating thunder of undefeated life; or whether it be the thorns of the most diabolically silencing death,

Both were unshakably equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most unconquerably inimitable expression of fructifying life; or whether it be the stones of the most emotionlessly penalizing death,

Both were magnanimously equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most brilliantly unfettered rainbows of ecstatic life; or whether it be the holes of the most ominously disappearing death,

Both were heroically equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most ecumenically endowing ingredients of unsurpassable life; or whether it be the expurgations of the most sadistically incarcerated death,

Both were incredulously equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most bountifully sparkling mirrors of undauntedly righteous life; or whether it be the stench of the most horrifically stagnating death,

Both were regally equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most passionately spawning beats of immortally faithful life; or whether it be the dungeons of the most criminally indescribable death,

Both were incomparably equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most inscrutably enigmatic seas of fathomlessly frosty life; or whether it be the scarecrows of the most vindictively aggrieved death,

And both would forever and ever and ever remain ebulliently equal; blessed and beautiful; for on them both was the sole control of the Omniscient Creator; for both of them were; are and would forever remain bestowed upon all living kind alike; as the ultimate gifts of the Almighty Lord.

24. BEYOND MAN

Beyond morbid exteriors of vulture egg; lie immaculate pearls in the shell of oyster,

Beyond frigid feathers of peacock; lie steel wings of the fighter jet,

Beyond soiled persona of bathroom slippers; lies a compactly juxtaposed shoe,

Beyond scantily fortified blades of table fan; lies the colossal silhouette of wind mill,

Beyond threadbare moulds of lackluster tin; lies ostentatious biscuits of gold,

Beyond the surreal demeanor of black ant; lies the invincible dinosaur,

Beyond dilapidated realms of broken hut; lies the articulately synchronized

palace,

Beyond despicable light of the sodium bulb; lies the dazzling brilliance of sun,

Beyond scarce trickle of crystal mountain stream; lies the magnanimous ocean,

Beyond mundane display of the century old type-pad; lies the hi-tech computer,

Beyond cloistered interiors of diminutive timepiece; lies the gargantuan clock tower,

Beyond revered portrayal in exquisite sculpture; lies the true stalwart,

Beyond extravagant dreams of suffering; lies the real pain,

Beyond variegated leaves of Christmas tree; lie sprawling meadows of untamed green,

Beyond the monotony of onerous work; lies impeccable truth imbibed in soul,

Beyond fledglings of tender fur; lies the menacing panther,

Beyond petite footsteps while treading on silk; lie violent kicks dismantling ground,

Beyond pilfering minute quantities of currency note; lies the cold blooded serial killer,

Beyond garrulous talk of shrewd businessman; lies the innocuous cry of a baby,

Beyond frugal droplets of languid rain; lies tumultuous avalanches of snow cascading down,

Beyond the jelly fish fluttering in a shallow tank; lies Grey whale inhaling exorbitantly in the ocean,

Beyond a volley of disdainful abuse hurtling rampantly from mouth; lies sacrosanct preaching,

Beyond parables of venomous hatred; lies compassionate anecdotes of love,

Beyond frivolous dispositions towards alien; lies the life bestowing mother,

And beyond sheer intelligentsia; contemporary inventions of man; lies the omnipotent Creator.

25. HOW WOULD YOU CHOOSE TO WELCOME GOD ON DIWALI?

With the footprints of brotherhood that you left when you embraced one and all-
OR With venomous bellows of nonchalant smoke which diabolically tarnished his pristine atmosphere?

With the song of peace that you hummed from the innermost realms of our heart-OR With inexplicable misery that you inflicted upon boundless with the hideous noise of bombs exploding on every nook; corner and street?

With the magical wand of your friendship which transcended over every caste; creed; religion and tribe-OR With hurling cacophonous rockets at each other with the angst to kill ostensibly radiating from your bloodshot eyes?

With the ardor in your breath to exist in a perfect symbiosis with your fellow human being and the environment-OR With umpteen number of your sleazy bedlam bulbs that you stuck to innocent trees to torture their body-on spurious pretext of illuminating the air around?

With a fresh dawn of creativity in your veins to evolve tomorrows of new-found hope-OR With garishly parasitic rolling fire-balls which caused many a car and innocuous life to explode in flames; as it unwittingly trespassed their way?

With a noble spirit to part with your wealth for the assistance of all those rendered roofless- OR With spitting incoherent abuses on his priceless environment as your sinister looking cracker floundered to burst?

1.

HOW WOULD YOU CHOOSE TO WELCOME GOD ON DIWALI?

With the feeling of being just a piece of nothing in front of his Omnipresent aura-
OR With mercilessly beheading trees left; right and center; in order to pave a clear way to welcome spurious dignitaries who wanted bangs and smoke?

With the sacred vow of eternal companionship you took for every of his created living beings-OR With simmering vindication in your soul as you torched the virgin sands of time with worthless sparklers swaying insidiously in your palms?

With due obeisance in your eyes for his unshakably Omnipotent fragrance-OR
With innumerable holes that you'd dug in the belly of his earth; just in order to erect your shops selling bombs and explosives of the most denigrating degree?

With the oneness of his creation proudly sparkling from every inch of your persona-OR With every of your valiant bone sadistically succumbing to the commands of the devil-who simply couldn't wait for you to ignite his amorously deafening bomb?

With resolving to make the mantra of 'live and let live' the rhythm of your life-OR
With playing the filthiest of politics to burn one sect of the society into flames; and become the sanctimonious unsung hero of others; to leapfrog towards your

blood-stained throne?

With being a harbinger of peace to unite every bereaved soul into a valley of love-OR With indulging into vandalism of the highest order; as you banged explosive shells into breathing grass to release the inexplicable frustration of your fists?

2.

HOW WOULD YOU CHOOSE TO WELCOME GOD ON DIWALI?

With simple 'diyas (lamps) ' of love; compassion; truth in your homes and all across your heart- OR With dousing the entire harmless street with petrol and then lighting the matchstick to witness it disintegrate into bits of worthless nothingness and flames?

With a scepter of righteousness in your chest and unflinching stride which shunted all lies- OR With a manipulatively farcical bunch of friends who laughed till death as they viewed millions of bombs produce a diabolical crackle in the heavenly night?

With a mission to conserve and nourish his unbridled environment with your very own breath and till your death- OR With shoeing every helpless bird and animal on the streets as you struck them with misery after misery of demonic smoke and ear-shattering sound?

With a pledge to follow the Religion of Humanity; the only religion he guided you to follow; till the time you existed-OR With dead human bodies and corpses on your shoulders-which you hadn't deliberately killed; but were a victim of your riotously carefree fire-cracker splurge?

With kneeling down to his Omniscient holy spirit and asking for forgiveness for every of your erroneously human misdeed-OR With devastating every bit of his sacrosanct earth with rancid fire-only to show to the world the multiple varieties of bombs and explosives you'd spent on to make merry in the dead?

Well. Well. Well. I'll leave you to answer these questions on your own- as we've all been blessed with a conscience; heart; soul and spirit to immortally love; by the same God who is one for all of us.

And whilst you do so; All I'll do is pray to him; that you take the right decision this time and everytime; as we gear up to celebrate a very happy Diwali and prosperous New Year.

26. IF THIS HEAD WOULD EVER BOW DOWN

Not even an infinitesimal trifle in front of the greatest of Mountains; the most indomitably towering and unconquerably intrepid of their Herculean epitomes,

Not even a diminutive trifle in front of the greatest of Philosophers; the most sacredly learned and pricelessly inimitable of their sermons on the chapters of symbiotic existence,

Not even a mercurial trifle in front of the greatest of Forests; the most majestically untamed and insuperably parading of their indomitable lions,

Not even an evanescent trifle in front of the greatest of Warriors; the most scintillatingly patronizing and fearlessly infallible of their impregnable swords,

Not even an ethereal trifle in front of the greatest of Oceans; the most fabulously triumphant and unflinchingly undulating of their glorious waves,

Not even an oblivious trifle in front of the greatest of Roses; the most sensuously inebriating and marvelously unbridled of their pristine scent,

Not even an abstemious trifle in front of the greatest of Seductresses; the most evocatively tantalizing and supremely glistening of their beautifully embellished bellies,

Not even a vespered trifle in front of the greatest of Magicians; the most fantastically resplendent and wonderfully emollient of their intriguing tricks,

Not even an infidel trifle in front of the greatest of Artists; the most poignantly heartfelt and gloriously uninhibited of their boundless creations,

Not even an inconspicuous trifle in front of the greatest of Moon; the most resplendently effervescent and exhilaratingly enlightening of its supernatural shine,

Not even a parsimonious trifle in front of the greatest of Currency Coin; the most supremely accentuated and royally comforting of its indispensably brilliant glitter,

Not even an oblivious trifle in front of the greatest of Institution; the most splendidly fabulous and unsurpassably eclectic of its innovative teaching patterns,

Not even an obsolete trifle in front of the greatest of Politicians; the most manipulatively uncanny and unsparingly pulverizing of their brutal ways,

Not even a disappearing trifle in front of the greatest of Castles; the most gorgeously adorned and indefatigably unassailable of their ardently inimitable thrones,

Not even a vacillating trifle in front of the greatest of Destiny Lines; the most irrefutably unfurling and inevitably emollient of their enigmatic pathways,

Not even a feckless trifle in front of the greatest of Nightingales; the most unbelievably serendipitous and holistically purifying of astounding melodies,

Not even a fugitive trifle in front of the greatest of Hearts; the most Immortally unshakable and passionately mellifluous of their perpetual beats,

Not even an extinguishing trifle in front of the greatest of Lives; the most synergistically truthful and limitlessly altruistic of their vivid ideologies,

Not even an unmentionable trifle in front of the greatest of Tornadoes; the most unrelentingly unstoppable and timelessly unimpeachable of their virgin winds,

But if ever this head had to bow down in front of anyone of this spell bindingly fathomless Universe; then it would be and forever be none other than; the invincibly sacred feet of my Mother who bore me in her divinely womb for 9 painstaking months and the grace of the perpetually Omnipotent Almighty Lord; who bestowed upon me breath to live and wholesomely created me.

27. MY FAITH IN GOD -WHEN I FELT I WAS DYING

With every majestic sunset making way for the Immaculate moon; that astoundingly depicted the multifarious shades of this Universe—which was a gift from the Omnipotent Creator,

With every draught of exuberant wind; that evolved into a whole new mist of rhapsodic excitement; out of sheer and insipid nothingness,

With every dainty petal of the poignant rose; that permeated a scent of oneness in the otherwise monotonously subjugated atmosphere,

With every vivacious stroke of the mesmerizing rainbow; that charmed the entire Universe; fraught with its own inexplicably unsolicited misery,

With every infinitesimal speck of the atmosphere; that invincibly clung to the bodies of us living beings; befriending an entire Universe of solidarity—from its own realms of isolation and despair,

With every step that marched forward to maintain the royal equilibrium of life;

ensure that life went on despite anything and everything; but only by the grace of God,

With every flight of unbridled fantasy; that made even the most inconspicuously ordinary of living being; catapult beyond the definitions of desire,

With every squeak that escaped the throat; triumphantly piercing the bizarre sullenness and silence of the atmosphere with a desire to be embraced by one and all,

With every sensuously tantalizing night; that unfurled into the morning of a bountifully optimistic and brilliant dawn,

With every solemn pledge of goodwill in the graveyard; that bedazzled the ghastly silence of remorseful death; with a new found longing to disseminate love and life,

With every rumble of inscrutable thunder in the sky; that brought alongwith it the optimistic promise of rain; an infallible reason to cheer in the aisles of ecstasy,

With every inimitably righteous footprint left on soil; that carved an entire pathway of unflinching goodness; love and peace; as the quintessential elements to lead life with,

With every idea that uninhibitedly germinated from the brain; blossoming into boundless sparks of freshness; to unite the entire planet into the religion of love,

With every affable outgrowth that joyously leapt out of soil; instantaneously engulfed with the blessed rays of the Sun; after an equally compassionate cuddling by mother soil,

With every handshake executed between people of all race; religion and color; paving way for the most immortal and unassailable religion of humanity,

With every lump of frigidly asphyxiating snow; that perseveringly labored its way to becoming the most adorable stream of love; as its eventual outcome,

With every step traversing on the road not taken; permeating robotic chunks of the atmosphere with tantalizing splashes of adventure,

With every anecdote of failure that strengthened one's resolve to succeed all the

more; metamorphosing every bit of morbid ash into an opportunity to holistically survive,

My faith in God grew; as irrespective of whatever has happened or would happen from now on; I know it would be for the good—

As God is my faith; God is my life- God gives me the power to symbiotically survive with one and all till the time he commanded-

And whenever he decides to take me away from this earth of his; I sincerely pray from my heart and soul to him; to be able to utter his name in poetry and song; when I felt I was dying.

28. YOU WERE NOTHING

Whether you were stinkingly rich; or whether you spent your entire lifetime begging discordantly on the bizarrely impoverished streets; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be majestically equal,

But one thing was for unconquerably sure; that in front of his Omnipotently Supreme grace; you were nothing but a coffin of frigidly crumbling and egregiously disoriented matchsticks.

Whether you were indomitably overpowering; or whether you slithered like a maim dog to catch even the most strident parts of your shadow; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be spell bindingly equal,

But one thing was for immutably sure; that in front of his Royally Unshakable empire; you were nothing but a dustbin orphaned with inconspicuously lackadaisical flies.

Whether you were innovatively brilliant; or whether you slept like a dumb tubelight even under the most flamboyantly exhilarating of Sun; for the Lord Almighty you and other every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be bountifully equal,

But one thing was for irrefutably sure; that in front of his Omnipresently iridescent paradise; you were nothing but a carcass of ethereally rotting bones.

Whether you were as white as a sensuously silken angel; or whether you chugged like hedonistically black charcoal even in the blackness of the wholesomely obfuscated night; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be resplendently equal, But

one thing was for unchallengably sure; that in front of his unassailably fathomless aura; you were nothing but a molecule in the mist of nothingness; that was never going to be born.

Whether you were taller than impregnably charismatic Everest peaks; or whether you shorter than the preposterously tiny ant's eggs; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be inimitably equal,

But one thing was for irrevocably sure; that in front of his unshakably boundless form; you were nothing but a measly droplet of stray water; rapidly drying even before the day could unveil out.

Whether you were an everlasting apostle of blissfully symbiotic peace; or whether you stared in decrepit haplessness all your life towards abysmal sky; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be regally equal,

But one thing was for invincibly sure; that in front of his Perpetually Omniscient fragrance; you were nothing but a trashcan of disillusioned invectives; disastrously trembling under your unsavory grave.

Whether you were like a stupendously boisterous bee; or whether you castrated each unraveling instant of your life in the corpses of treacherously remorseful loneliness; for the Lord Almighty you and every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be fantastically equal,

But one thing was for insuperably sure; that in front of his magnanimously bestowing heart; you were nothing but a gutter of repugnantly untreated sewage; rotting like waif feces without the slightest integrity of your own.

Whether you conversed in the most aristocratically impregnable of English; or whether you dolorously stagnated in the dungeons of illiteracy with belligerent rats; for the Lord Almighty you and every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be celestially equal,

But one thing was for triumphantly sure; that in front of his unlimitedly divine form; you were nothing but a puff of nonchalant dust; disintegrating into a billion particles of meaninglessness with the tiniest draught of breeze.

Whether you were greatest leader of devout religious spirituality; or whether the womb that bore you 9 months was that of a wastrel prostitute; for the Lord Almighty you and every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be harmoniously equal,

But one thing was for unendingly sure; that in front of his Victoriously Ebullient

Kingdom; you were nothing but a fecklessly diseased ghost; cadaverously wandering without the slightest of entity or coruscated form.

And whether you were the most immortally cherished lover; or whether you were horribly maimed and blinded since the very first cry of inscrutable life; for the Lord Almighty you and every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be beautifully equal,

But one thing was for irretrievably sure; that in front of his Glory of limitless righteousness and truth; you were nothing but a parsimoniously slaving lacunae of dirt; drowning more and more rapidly into the mortuary of hopelessly evaporating hell.

29. PRAYING FOR FORGIVENESS- TO GOD AND HIS HOLY MESSENGERS

My love for you; was my sole religion; transcending over every other discrepancy of caste; creed; color; tribe and humbly endeavoring to unite the entire planet with the best religion of them all; The Religion of Humanity,

My obeisance towards you; was my sole enrichment to live; imbibe the true fragrance of existence in perfect symbiosis with every speck of your fathomlessly wonderful environment,

My salutations towards you; were my sole honor to survive amidst a pack of wolves; be unwavering in my stride and mission of goodness; even as the cannibals of greed converged upon me from all ends,

My prayers imploring you; were my sole directions in this truncated lifetime; doing my destined job to my very best by your grace; and then leaving everything else upon your Omnipotent stride to decide,

My speaking your name; was my sole blessedly enlightened moment of life; making me oblivious to every diabolical dagger thrust towards me; and rising with infallible truth- with the first rays of sunrise,

My remembering your divine light; was my sole lantern of happiness amidst the bemoaning blackness that tightened its vice like grip; empowering me to tower above every color; and yet emerge victorious with the color of love,

My faith in you; was my sole pillar of strength; metamorphosing every diminutively trembling bone of mine to march on the path of righteousness; carving a history of love out of sheer and vapid nothingness,

My perception of you; was the sole end of my imagination; as you owned the entire Universe and beyond; and everything good in this life commenced and blissfully ended with the boundaries you gave me to live,

My embracing your living Mosque, Temple, Church, Monastery; was my sole moment of fulfillment that absolved me of even the most inadvertently committed of my sins; and evolved a brand new path of vibrant life,

My asking your mercy; was the sole boon of my beleaguered twilight; as I could now exuberantly mélange shoulder to shoulder with the world outside; and only bow my head at your Omniscient feet,

My visualizing your sky; earth and the atmosphere that lay in between; was the sole poetry that radiated from my countenance; as my humane ability to cognize started and ended with whatever you limited me to see,

My following your Omnipresent light; was the sole path that I tread on in this devout survival; letting every uninhibited ounce of positive energy in my heart; to escape into sacrosanct wisps of the atmosphere,

My intensity to become one with your light; was the sole essence of everything humanitarian that I executed as the days unveiled; earnestly attempting my very best to unite all living kind; into an earth of love,

My belief in whatever you had destined was for the good; was the sole principle on which I placed the roots of my life; which again was the most wondrously mesmerizing gift to traverse upon earth; from your heavens,

My poems for you; were the sole reason that I always felt as if in compassionate paradise amongst the most usurping of humans; but your Omnipotent aura of love ruling my conscience over one and all,

My yearning to be in perpetual bewilderment of your majestic Universe; was my sole expression to flourish on planet divine; entwining my palms in unflinching unity with my fellow mates in duress,

My worshipping you from the innermost realms of my heart; was the sole ritual of holiness that I performed till I quit breath; loving you and your invincibly unparalleled ways in the best manner that you taught me to,

Therefore O! Lord Almighty and your holy messengers; I hereby pray to you to forgive me for even the most inadvertently committed of my misdeed;

And if you cannot pardon me; then give me death this very instant in whatever form you may choose to; But please don't be angry with me; Please don't stop loving me-for without your love; I'd be as good as ghastly dead; and yet with breath.

30. GOD BLESS ALL

God bless all those with a philanthropic disposition; wholeheartedly lending their magnanimous palms; to uplift impoverished humanity,

God bless all those disseminating the essence of perpetual peace; endeavoring their very best; to metamorphose this parasitic world once again; into a blissful paradise,

God bless all those righteously marching forward; achieving their ultimate dream of symbiotically surviving; with countless more of celestial living kind,

God bless all those endowed with charismatic art in their blood; propagating its mesmerizing enthrallment to every gloomily darkened arena; of this fathomless planet,

God bless all those with poignant innocence in their eyes; embracing the stupendous harmony in the atmosphere; with a passion to share existing perennially in their souls,

God bless all those benevolently diffusing the religion of humanity; propelling indiscriminately barbaric fanatics to blend synergistically with; egalitarian mankind,

God bless all those who unequivocally harbored the tyrannized in their times of distress; carrying the treacherously orphaned to their dwellings of compassionate comfort,

God bless all those soaring uninhibitedly without fear in their diminutive bodies; imparting Herculean strength and solidarity to urchins; devastatedly shattered in life,

God bless all those relentlessly fulfilling the duty for which they were created on this Universe; without complaining the slightest about their spuriously sanctimonious pains,

God bless all those intrepidly marching ahead in every conquest of life; resiliently transcending over the unfathomable mountain of difficulties that came their way; propagating the euphoria to live through their ingratiating smiles,

God bless all those profusely admiring the incomprehensible beauty of this Universe; igniting the candle of blooming happiness; in every household submerged with inexplicable despair,

God bless all those candidly divulging the inner most realms of their conscience; spreading the winds of irrefutably unconquerable honesty,

God bless all those dancing in unprecedented joy; treating each day of life as a whole new chapter of newness and profoundly exhilarated excitement,

God bless all those sparkling divinely in their ardor to save the earth; intransigently working all night and day; to scrap even the most inconspicuous iota of evil
forever from lecherous soil,

God bless all those surreally fantasizing in corridors of fantastic paradise; paving a path of enamoringly captivating enchantment in a land of monotonous savagery; and malice,

God bless all those tinkling in melodiously robust laughter; enlightening the complexion of the invidiously sinister night; with prolific cheer and unprecedented charm,

God bless all those ideally surviving as harbingers of humanity; proving a messiah of peace and prosperity for; the disastrously tottering and deprived,

God bless all those bonding immortally in the chords of invincible love; radiating a stream of passionate belonging in every quarter of soil they tread,

Over and above all; God bless all those existing celestially above the clouds; and affording the same to every humanitarian entity breathing on the trajectory of this gigantic globe.

31. BLESS ME WITH LOVE.

Every speck of my eye frantically wanted to sight it; insatiably yearning to witness its gloriously unfathomable and emphatically commiserating contours,

Every ingredient of my blood intransigently wanted to cherish it; relentlessly desiring to coalesce with its wonderfully resplendent essence of timelessly miraculous mankind,

Every pore of my skin desperately wanted to feel it; ebulliently unite with its rhapsodically bountiful swirl; till times beyond infinite infinity,

Every contour of my lip sensuously wanted to caress it; everlastingly imbibe its charismatically Omnipotent sweetness; the supremely invincible melody in its kiss,

Every space of my ear indefatigably wanted to hear it; perennially assimilate its wonderfully impregnable goodness; unassailably blend with benign fascination in its gregarious voice,

Every crevice of my spine unrelentingly wanted to possess it; impregnably bond with its eternally Omniscient aura; to forever cascade like the stream of uninhibitedly royal humanity,

Every line of my palm incorrigibly wanted to drift with it; perpetually make it the ultimate elixir to lead life; perpetually make it the ultimate destiny to symbiotically exist for a countless more lifetimes,

Every globule of my sweat tirelessly wanted to flirt with it; tantalizingly philander with its marvelously enchanting spirit; every unfurling minute of the day; as well as through the winds of the charming night,

Every toe of my foot incessantly wanted to tickle it; frolic in the aisles of unparalleled desire with its river of spell binding togetherness; be an integral part of its wave of unending compassion,

Every dimple on my cheek irrevocably wanted to admire it; blush like a freshly embellished and pristine bride; as its winds of enthrallingly ecstatic vivacity; were all that transcended over the entire planet,

Every chord of my brain irretrievably wanted to fantasize about it; be forever profusely overwhelmed by its astoundingly artistic dexterity; its unsurpassably rejuvenating myriad of forms,

Every goose-bump on my belly fantastically wanted to dance with it; be gloriously titillated by its unprecedented fireball of thunderous sensuousness; be miraculously blessed by its Omnipotent mantra of mankind,

Every hair on my countenance irrefutably wanted to intermingle with it; replenish a whole new civilization of bountiful beauty; with each of its magically endowing and princely elements,

Every cringe on my forehead insatiably wanted to encapsulate it; beautifully feeling its harmoniously synergistic imagery; accepting it as the only and sole preaching to lead vibrantly euphoric life,

Every undulation of my eyelashes uncompromisingly wanted to savor it; flutter every now and again for its impeccably holistic soul; for its timelessly proliferating township of boundlessly everlasting beauty,

Every iota of my conscience synergistically wanted to harness it; unflinchingly march forward towards the path it drifted; saluting its victoriously blazing spirit for centuries unprecedented,

Every cranny of my nostril inexhaustibly wanted to breathe it; exhale its incredulously mesmerizing panacea for Global peace; metamorphose every disastrously beleaguered life into the epitome of sparkling prosperity with its divinely grace,

Every beat of my heart unconquerably wanted to bond with it; let its rhythm of Omnipresent jubilation; be the only reason to be forever alive,

Therefore I humbly pray to you O! Almighty Creator to bless each aspect of my existence with it; replenish each of my devastatingly frazzled senses with its immutable magic; and let those words 'IT', be nothing else but immortal love in my penurious life.

32. THROUGH THEM.

Through them; even the most acridly blistering rays of the fiery midday Sun; seemed like angels of enchantingly whispering tranquility,

Through them; even the most morbidly remorseful sewage leaking sordidly from the gutters; seemed like waterfalls of epitomizing harmony; wonderfully coalescing with the fabric of eternal mankind,

Through them; even the most discordantly thundering of treacherous monsters; seemed like messiahs of blissfully celestial peace,

Through them; even the most abominably gruesome scents; seemed like a cloudburst of stupendously poignant fragrance; majestically diffusing a fountain of vivacious resplendence to every traumatically parched entity around,

Through them; even the most pathetically morose graveyards; seemed like fathomless skies of Omniscient beauty and benign grace; regally spawning into a civilization of newness every unfurling instant of the sweltering day,

Through them; even the most insanely lunatic madmen; seemed like harbingers of heavenly peace and humanity; disseminating an unfathomable entrenchment of compassion on every step that they transgressed,

Through them; even the most sullenly decaying carcasses; seemed like philanthropically scintillating rays of the tenacious Sun; filtering a path of astronomically aristocratic courage through corpses; of manipulative malice,

Through them; even the most lugubriously insidious morons; seemed like a rhapsodically exuberant breeze of unrelentingly endowing smiles,

Through them; even the most invidiously bizarre thorns; seemed like hives of unsurpassably uniting honey; spell bindingly propagating a wave of unbelievable melody in the lives of all those horrendously deprived,

Through them; even the most acrimoniously twisted paths; seemed like fortresses of irrefutably ingratiating solidarity; sequestering one and all; irrespective of caste; creed and spurious color; beautifully alike,

Through them; even the most salaciously diabolical of demons; seemed like bloomingly mesmerizing gardens of spiritual charisma; ubiquitously parading towards the path of impregnable righteousness,

Through them; even the most forlornly dilapidated spaces; seemed like winds of ebulliently enthralling ecstasy; voluptuously titillating every beleaguered traveler who inadvertently came their way,

Through them; even the most ominously impoverished and drought terrorized lands; seemed like miraculously replenishing oceans; marvelously appeasing every infinitesimal desire of your estranged soul,

Through them; even the most preposterously ugly bodies; seemed like seductively silken visages of unflinching truth; magnificently deluging every

wavering conscience with rays of unconquerably Omnipotent enlightenment,

Through them; even the most ludicrously feckless tycoons; seemed like godfathers of symbiotic relationships; perennially bonding with their fabulously impeccable kin,

Through them; even the most monotonously tick-tocking clockworks; seemed like a paradise of bountifully tingling mysticism; wholesomely liberating you of your rebelliously frazzled mind,

Through them; even the most lackadaisically frozen bloodstreams; seemed like infernos of magnetically captivating beauty; indefatigably yearning to blissfully bond with the heavens; vivid and unassailably divine,

Through them; even the most horrifically charred and perpetually dead organisms; seemed like a relentlessly proliferating whirlpool of invincible breath; timelessly healing with its Omnipresent sensuousness,

And through them; even the most agonizingly lambasted of hearts; seemed like unconquerable stars of priceless togetherness; triumphantly blazing forward with the blessings of the Almighty Lord,

Such were the eyes of immortal love; forever metamorphosing even the most inexplicably penalizing of pain into jubilant happiness; forever existing as God's most glorious creation; forever symbolizing the unshakable path towards freedom and mankind.

33. THE SKY OF UNCONQUERABLE LOVE.

If you asked me how tall was it; I would perhaps miserably stutter; faltering an umpteenth number of times; before I could even emanate an inconspicuous whisper,

If you asked me how vivacious was it; I would perhaps stumble like ninepins on obdurate ground; ludicrously bedazzled by that extra tinge of somberly radiant light,

If you asked me how fragrant was it; I would perhaps have to frantically rummage through the records of a several thousand years; and yet eventually find myself enshrouded by dungeons of inexplicably horrendous blackness,

If you asked me how boisterous was it; I would perhaps have to furiously

contemplate for hours immemorial; laboriously delving into the most inscrutably esoteric realms of my beleaguered mind,

If you asked me how piquant was it; I would perhaps gasp for fresh air literally relinquishing the last breath of my life; maniacally ripping apart my hair for an answer; that simply wasn't to be,

If you asked me how charismatic was it; I would perhaps nonchalantly stare into disgusting space for countless more births of mine; worthlessly dithering towards a horizon that irrefutably didn't have any end,

If you asked me how conspicuous was it; I would perhaps grope wildly in an entrenchment of insane dreariness; wholesomely obfuscated for direction in the island of diabolical hell,

If you asked me how harmonious was it; I would perhaps incoherently dither on the footsteps of utter devastation; lunatically running a marathon in the ungainly wild; that would never end,

If you asked me how formidable was it; I would perhaps commence to miserably slither on the ghastly ground; ghastily metamorphosing every dream of my blissfully ravishing sleep; into a perpetually gory nightmare,

If you asked me how phlegmatic was it; I would perhaps excoriate all my hair apart in bizarre frustration; lambasting my scalp till eternity; in quest of the most sagacious of answer,

If you asked me how vivacious was it; I would perhaps pathetically stagger towards obsolete wisps of lackadaisical nothingness; eventually landing into the menacing gutters of horrific starvation,

If you asked me how immaculate was it; I would perhaps nervously flutter under the morbidly sullen carpet of the penalizing night; almost getting mercilessly straddled in the graves of tyrannical discomfort,

If you asked me how redolent was it; I would perhaps insipidly crumble into a dustbin of infinitesimal ash; preposterously disappearing into oblivion; in trying to salvage for the most veritable of solutions,

If you asked me how fast was it; I would perhaps abhorrently drift my neck in boundless directions; in the end collapsing like a pack of soggy cards; to coalesce with maliciously vindictive soil,

If you asked me how turbulent was it; I would perhaps gnaw even the last strand of my nails in utter nonchalance; stare like an imperturbable idiot into the hostile depths of the unending well,

If you asked me how melodious was it; I would perhaps blast every sanctimonious sound in my throat to juxtapose with meaningless infinity; lecherously sinking deeper and deeper into cold blooded earth,

If you asked me how rhetoric was it; I would perhaps lugubriously slip even on the most formidably handsome of grounds; profusely bleeding in exasperated confusion even in the most brilliantly bestowing of sunlight,

If you asked me how euphoric was it; I would perhaps unsteadily waver in absolutely despondent submission; trouncing every shade of overwhelming jubilation with despicable doom,

But if you asked me to execute it; then I would unequivocally unite the entire planet in its stupendously compassionate threads of priceless humanity; for it was none other than the garland of spell binding creation; the sky of unconquerable love.

34. SERVICE TO THE DIVINE!

Service to all those gruesomely blinded; unable to sight even an infinitesimal iota of their reflection in the most brilliant of sunlight; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those pathetically maimed; disastrously stumbling for life on each step; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those mentally bereaved; wholesomely immune to the wonderfully bountiful beauty around; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those abominably orphaned; uncouthly bereft of the ones they solely loved and adored; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those tyrannically lambasted; brutally kicked from all quarters of the treacherous society; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those saddeningly deaf; devastatingly unable to hear even the most thunderous sound that uttered from their throat; is irrefutably true service to the

divine,

Service to all those miserably dumb; groping till times immemorial in a whirlpool of ghastly darkness; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to those inexplicably gloomy; wandering maniacally with the whiplash of barbaric destiny upon their shoulder; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those penuriously widowed; bearing the savagery of the vindictive world after the departure of their mates; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those disdainfully oppressed; being unrelentingly condemned by spuriously bombastic and diabolical power leaders; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those remorsefully lonely; existing for the remainder of their lives in dungeons of ominous morbidity and obsolescence; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those ludicrously crumbling; being pulverized every instant at the hands of the satanic devil for ostensibly no fault of theirs; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those indefatigably rotting; stagnating under the onslaught of the evil in the corridors of pernicious hell; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those unfathomably shivering; blending prematurely with threadbare soil without a roof to harbor their heads; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those penalizingly enslaved; devilishly forced to lick the dirt all sweltering day and sullen night; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those insidiously crippled; slithering without arms and feet on ditheringly cold ground; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those precariously famished; extinguishing into nothingness as the winds of tumultuously torturous starvation took complete control; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to the staggeringly impoverished; surviving in gutters of malicious hatred well below the poverty line; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those viciously injured; with agonizing blood oozing from their immaculate veins indiscriminately refraining to cease the slightest; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Over and above all; Service to all mankind; irrespective of caste; creed; religion and color alike; is irrefutably true service to the divine

35. SOLE PLUS POINT

You bestowed upon him just the steering wheel; and the very next instant he lecherously demanded for the entire showroom of glittering grandiloquent cars; to drive on a fresh wheel every new minute,

You bestowed upon him just a minuscule stone; and the very next instant he salaciously demanded for the entire mountain with astoundingly towering peaks; so that he stood on the epitome to rule the whole planet,

You bestowed upon him just a tiny jewel; and the very next instant he barbarically demanded for the entire wealth of this earth; to eat; walk and sleep on a platter of unequivocal gold,

You bestowed upon him just a globule of water; and the very next instant he insidiously demanded for the entire ocean of boisterously tangy salt; to solely sail on its handsomely undulating waves,

You bestowed upon him just a robust fruit; and the very next instant he ruthlessly demanded the entire forest of unfathomable delicacy; to placate even the wholesomely dead bowels of his impudent stomach,

You bestowed upon him just a solitary roof; and the very next instant he tyrannically demanded all the castles in this Universe; to harbor his unsurpassable plethora of heinous misdeeds,

You bestowed upon him just a stringent voice; and the very next instant he snobbishly demanded all the blissful melody on this planet; to indefatigably appease even the most remotest of sordid wax; incarcerated in his bohemian eardrum,

You bestowed upon him just a beautiful dream; and the very next instant he invidiously demanded for the land of ravishingly bountiful paradise; profusely

titillating even the most infinitesimal chords; of his lackadaisically sensuous appetite,

You bestowed upon him just a stream of vital blood; and the very next instant he dreadfully demanded the scalp of every other living being; to immortalize his so called spurious of existence; to make him unequivocally; the strongest organism alive,

You bestowed upon him just a compassionate stone to sleep; and the very next instant he sordidly demanded all mesmerizing fur and scintillating satin in this world to be at his feet; so that he could indiscriminately trample and play with it,

You bestowed upon him just an inconspicuous fragrance; and the very next instant he worthlessly demanded the fairies from the cosmos to descend down and unrelentingly dance in front of him; so that he swayed in the aisles of voluptuous desire for centuries immemorial,

You bestowed upon him just a tumbler of rain from the sky; and the very next instant he diabolically demanded the entire entrenchment of rhapsodically vivacious clouds; so that he could evolve the destiny of countless; while majestically sailing in free space,

You bestowed upon him just a quintessential fabric; and the very next instant he sardonically demanded the skins of all those fabulously impeccable and exotic; so that he could appear ostentatiously beautiful for infinite more births yet to unveil,

You bestowed upon him just an impoverished smile; and the very next instant he thunderously demanded every speck of tinkling laughter on this globe; so that he could never ever plummet into the web of despicable doom; even after veritable death,

You bestowed upon him just a wing to fly; and the very next instant he domineeringly demanded the entire expanse of fathomless sky; to be heralded as the most unassailable conqueror of all times,

You bestowed upon him just an inconsequential dream; and the very next instant he senselessly demanded the memory of all intelligent beings on this earth; so that he never forget his nonchalant identity; even if hell rained down torrentially from the vast sky,

You bestowed upon him just an offbeat breath; and the very next instant he insanely demanded the lives of all those immaculate existing; to pompously inundate his lungs with unsurpassable carpets of air; to last him a countless lifetimes,

You bestowed upon him just a lackluster heartbeat; and the very next instant he truculently demanded the perpetual fireball of love in this entire Universe; so that he lived life like an unconquerable king; even as his grave of horrific despair waited for him; on his every dwindling stride,

For although Man is such and even worse at times; eventually it is this very greed of his that becomes his sole plus point; in distinguishing him starkingly and forever; from the Almighty Divine.

36. IT WAS GOD WHO INSPIRED ME TO BE A POET.

The fathomless skies; unendingly inspired me to 'Fantasize'; perceive an infinite kilometers beyond the realms of the extraordinary; into the most enigmatically tantalizing entrenchment of the inexplicably unknown,

The unabashed tree leaves; inexhaustibly inspired me to 'Dance'; shrug even the most infinitesimal ounce of apprehension entrapped in my frazzled veins; and then to exude in unparalleled ebullience with the vivacious breeze,

The spell binding dew-drops; indefatigably inspired me to 'Aspire'; unstoppably quench the most languidly incarcerated arenas of my soul; with the royal richness of sacredly replenishing mother nature,

The virgin seashores; unrelentingly inspired me to 'Gallop'; let the miraculously tangy froth of the ravishingly unfettered ocean poignantly strike me on my bare chest; thereby curing me of the most disastrously incurable of my disease,

The unassailable Sun; undyingly inspired me to 'Conquer'; forever trounce the most ghastliest shade of devil on this boundless planet; with the scepter of intrinsic righteousness in my bountifully blessed soul,

The majestic grass blades; uncontrollably inspired me to 'Siesta'; relax even the most unsurpassably agitated of my senses and soul; upon the compassionately magical cushion of divinely mother nature,

The unflinching Moonlight; inevitably inspired me to 'Romance'; perennially

intertwine even the most intricate of my wandering senses; with the undauntedly silken princess of my dreams,

The ecstatic Rainbow; unceasingly inspired me to 'Unite'; transcend above each idiosyncrasy of caste; creed; religion and color on this unlimited Universe; to perpetually bond every organism alive into the threads of insuperable humanity,

The voluptuous clouds; timelessly inspired me to 'Evolve'; uninterruptedly discover an infinite more infallible new shades to my very ownself; and then to sweep over the miserably estranged world today; with a storm of unprecedented love,

The bewildering midnight blackness; unlimitedly inspired me to 'Procreate'; impregnate the seeds of my magnetically virile creation; to further proliferate into a brand new and innocuously sparkling human-race,

The sensuous waterfalls; untiringly inspired me to 'Purify'; profoundly annihilate even the most obsolete insinuations of negativity lingering in my persona; with the most Omnipotent rejuvenating elixir of life,

The resplendent stars; limitlessly inspired me to 'Adventure'; deciphering countless bits of happiness from the chapters of inscrutable life; in the horizons of wondrously twinkling existence,

The fearless mountains; eternally inspired me to 'Protect'; sequester each of those hapless infirm; debilitated and helpless; into the amiable fronds of warmth in my philanthropic chest,

The scintillating deserts; doggedly inspired me to 'Persevere'; uncomplainingly run for a boundless kilometers under the acrimonious mid-day; in my search for the ultimate heavens of truth and symbiotic justice,

The exuberant sea-waves; interminably inspired me to 'Sketch'; the innumerable ebbs and tides; the countless shades of existence; in the terrestrial drama of man and effulgent life,

The mystically pristine roots; unboundedly inspired me to 'Retrospect'; fervently delve into even the most evanescent thread of my past; trace my ancestral rudiments to an infinite years before my very first breath,

The refreshingly unbridled wind; everlastingly inspired me to 'Philosophize'; correlate the sermons of everyday pragmatic life; to the tunes; cadence and unfathomable energy of the triumphant atmosphere,

The jubilant horizons; unremittingly inspired me to 'Love'; dedicate every beat of my heart to the immortal fabric of humanity and priceless mankind; till the very last breath of my inevitably truncated life,

And it was the Omnisciently unconquerable God who inspired me to forever be a 'Poet'; perpetually appreciate each of his unimaginably beautiful creations as above; and then ubiquitously disseminate their beauty through the power of the ever-pervading and mightily written; poetic verse.

37. RULING OVER EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART.

It might be throbbing unrelentingly in pain; after witnessing the pathetically windling state of mother nature; the infinite invidious atrocities inflicted upon her belly; by salaciously robotic man,

It might be throbbing indefatigably in ecstasy; after witnessing the pristinely untamed roar of the ocean; as magical tangy froth swirled in unison; to the first cry of exuberant dawn,

It might be throbbing unabatedly in remorse; after witnessing the lifelessly decrepit skeleton of a human; brutally suspended in the center of the street; by insane powerhouses of corruption and wealth,

It might be throbbing untiringly in desire; after witnessing the sensuously vivacious woman step unclothed out of the waterfall; and into the inscrutable wilderness of the moonless night,

It might be throbbing unstopably in contempt; after witnessing the indescribably humiliation still suffered by those infirm and deprived women; at the mercilessly marauding feet of the rich,

It might be throbbing uncontrollably in mystique; after witnessing the most diminutive of whisper rebound effortlessly from the highest apogees of the valley; before eventually culminating into an unconquerable echo,

It might be throbbing extraordinarily in vindication; after witnessing the completely idiosyncratic and barbaric discrimination meted upon even new born

children; in the name of so-called spurious religion and
creed,

It might be throbbing intransigently in euphoria; after witnessing the evolution of
the miraculously resplendent rainbow; from the core of absolute nothingness and
unsparingly sweltering Sun in the afternoon sky,

It might be throbbing unflinchingly in belligerence; after witnessing countless
innocuous trees being ruthlessly insulted and castrated; to
give way to disdainful corporate houses of emotionless concrete,

It might be throbbing fierily in excitement; after witnessing triumphantly virgin
droplets of rain; unabashedly cascade and timelessly impregnate; fathomless
kilometers of barren soil,

It might be throbbing uninterruptedly in grief; after witnessing the full fury of
nature; as just a few milliseconds of the earthquake brought the mightiest of
civilizations toppling down; formed mountain and ocean from the absolute
graveyards of nowhere,

It might be throbbing unimaginably in victory; after witnessing just a single ray
of truth; everlastingly towering over even the most boundless mortuaries of
satanic manipulation and bawdy lies,

It might be throbbing unlimitedly in hopelessness; after witnessing the
unattended cry of millions of orphaned children; which were enough
to shake the roots of any civilization; but yet miserably floundered to awaken the
sanctimonious sleep of those grown up and enriched,

It might be throbbing fervently in enchantment; after witnessing the most
bewildering twists; turns and trysts with destiny; the inexplicably spine-chilling
adventures of the chapter called life,

It might be throbbing fearlessly in renaissance; after witnessing the oppressed
being unsparingly mutilated even further; by cold-blooded politicians sinking
their non-existent foundations deeper and deeper
into innocent blood,

It might be throbbing poignantly in selflessness; after witnessing that the richest
and the poorest on this gigantic earth; blended in a few globules of parsimonious
mud; after veritable death,

It might be throbbing undauntedly in misery; after witnessing the criminal exploitation of impeccable women; chauvinistically treating them as infinitesimal shit; in certain strata of even the 21st century,

It might be throbbing tirelessly in love; after witnessing the dream mate of its inborn choice; standing right in front of it and perennially kissing it with the sunshine of life,

It might be throbbing ardently in nostalgia; after witnessing those same very places; those same very pinches of sacred soil; where it'd lived its entire childhood; gleefully cavorted behind the snow laden hills of time,

It might be throbbing wondrously in life; after witnessing those unending puffs of infallibly exultating breeze; that pricelessly infiltrated into the chest; every conceivable and unfurling instant of the day,

But throb as much as it might want for anybody; anything; anyplace on this spectacularly proliferating earth; if there was anyone who entirely ruled; governed and sat like an unshakable royal prince on every beat of my heart; then it was only the omnipresently blessing Almighty Creator.

38. BURY ME NEAR THE MOSQUE OF MY CREATOR.

Whether you choose to barbarously butcher my impoverished body into an infinite pieces of orphaned flesh and bone; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely mollifying death,

Whether you choose to brutally pulverize my limp body by driving a boundless bulldozers over each of its inflated contours; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely liberating death,

Whether you choose to ruthlessly rip apart every organ of my stagnant body- to play sadistically with it under the unsparingly venomous midnight; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely silencing death,

Whether you choose to cannibalistically submerge my lifeless body into an ocean of hedonistically fuming acid; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely placating death,

Whether you choose to gruesomely feed my worthless body as the sole meal to your ferociously famished dogs; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely blissful death,

Whether you choose to maniacally bludgeon my feelingless body with the most acrimonious of cleavers—just to release the extra ounce of energy thwarting in your bones; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely still death,

Whether you choose to demonically stab my expressionless body with the utmost narcissism and with a countless blood stained knives; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely restful death,

Whether you choose to pugnaciously slander my penurious body-hurling every conceivable expletive at it hanging it upside down in the absolute center of the world; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely finishing death,

Whether you choose to wretchedly defecate every perceivable waste of yours on my unflinching body; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely transcending death,

Whether you choose to vindictively strangulate my neck till my eyes popped and bounced limitless kilometers outside; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely blessing death,

Whether you choose to salaciously spit on my stony body in unison with the entire unceasing globe; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely irretrievable death,

Whether you choose to sardonically crunch each bone of my fetid body—to relish the parsimoniously fine chowder that evolved; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely ameliorating death,

Whether you choose to indulge into an infinite controversies regards the status of my hapless body—the opulence it had hidden on this timeless planet; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely absolving death,

Whether you choose to let loose every wildly stinging scorpion on earth upon my unnerved body; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely healing death,

Whether you choose to viciously hurl my decaying body into the land of the devilishly rampaging dinosaurs; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely wonderful death,

Whether you choose to deliriously stamp upon my evanescent body with the whole Universe-till I puked out whatever little fluid left inside; after my inevitably

veritable and wholesomely inebriating death,

Whether you choose to bombard my speechless body with the most atrocious bombs and nuclear missiles of your time; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely resting death,

Whether you choose to abominably dissect my orphaned body—scientifically analyze and criticize each of its oblivious part; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely uniting death,

And do whatever you choose after my veritable death—I really don't give a damn to even the most indescribably sinful of your actions O! parasitic man—but please do me just one ultimate favor of burying me in whatever form you have me after your mutilation-somewhere near the mosque of my Omnipotent Creator.

39. TABLETS OF IMMORTAL LOVE.

Tablets of overwhelmingly fabulous scent; to conquer acrimoniously debilitating headache; miraculously soothe and rejuvenate the traumatized nerves of scalp,

Tablets of nostalgically rhapsodic and impeccable childhood; to conquer murderously diabolical monotony; impregnate mystically reinvigorating dimensions to sordid life,

Tablets of unflinchingly intrepid patriotism; to conquer horrifically impeaching traitors; annihilating them with swords of irrefutable righteousness; to teach them the ultimate lessons of their life,

Tablets of enthrallingly mesmerizing beauty; to conquer despicably grotesque ugliness; treacherously dilapidated stagnation rotting in the aisles of salaciously miserable hell,

Tablets of euphorically exotic and ravishing wind; to conquer the curtainspread of dolorously derogatory depression; trigger optimistic beams of desire in the unfathomably satanic sonority; of the lecherous night,

Tablets of vivaciously resplendent rainbows; to conquer the dungeon of deplorably painstaking silence; blissfully perpetuate the gory cocoon of remorse with; fountains of ebulliently jubilant cheer,

Tablets of melodiously fascinating sound; to conquer the barbarically corrugated gutter of rambunctiously blood sucking noise; the voices of indiscriminately

abhorrent terror spread all around,

Tablets of insatiably jubilating charisma; to conquer the corpse of dreadfully pathetic remorse; ignite the light of eternal happiness in all those deliberately dwindling towards a ominous extinction,

Tablets of poignantly bountiful compassion; to conquer the hideously profuse and ailing wounds of disdainful malice; coalescing one and all alike; in the mesmerizing cistern of humanity,

Tablets of enchantingly blissful fantasy; to conquer daggerheads of lunatic mania; transit the unsurpassably frazzled demeanor; into one with resplendently twinkling sleep,

Tablets of wonderfully magical and Omnipotent rain; to conquer the acridly sweltering heat of the tyrannically lambasting deserts; replenish all those impoverishedly famished with miraculous blessings; of the majestic Almighty Lord,

Tablets of tantalizingly divine and benign smiles; to conquer the inexplicably unrelenting agony of the imprisoned soul; unfurl into a cloud of vivacious timelessness,

Tablets of exuberantly exhilarating speed; to conquer the graveyard of lackadaisical laziness; resurgently bond in waves of uninhibited solidarity; to blaze on the path towards truth and philanthropic triumph,

Tablets of astoundingly procreating evolution; to conquer the obsolete walls of morbidly forlorn oblivion; spawn an incomprehensible civilization of tingling newness on even; the most nonchalantly nondescript pathways of existence,

Tablets of mischievously flirtatious and naughty winking; to conquer the venomous savagery of the abominable corporate world; romance like a prince in the aisles of unequivocally unprecedented desire,

Tablets of Omnisciently fabulous and discerning sight; to conquer the blanket of worthlessly ghastly darkness; emerge out as the most priceless messiah of humanity and adding a celestial sparkle to all brutally devastated lives,

Tablets of unassailably glittering and unshakable truth; to conquer heinously pernicious well of malevolently stinking lies; filter the Sun of Omnipresent hope; in all those despairingly crippling lives,

Tablets of invincibly ecstatic and heavenly breath; to conquer the ludicrously dithering deathbed of disparaging death; ubiquitously disseminate the tonic of pricelessly grandiloquent life; every time the planet earth was once again; marvelously born,

And tablets of immortally glorious and impregnable love; to conquer the insidiously sinister chapter of betrayal; irrefutably sign every page in the textbooks of vibrant life; with the spirit of Godly togetherness; the most sacred endowment of Almighty God.

40. GIVE ME JUST ONE CHANCE O! OMNIPOTENT ALMIGHTY LORD

Give me just one chance O! Omnipotent Almighty Lord; making me the richest of the richest man on this fathomless Universe; give me just one chance to be in the shoes of the richest men you've created ever since this earth was born:

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth for granting equality to all those haplessly naked urchins; shivering under the tawdry municipality gutterpipe,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to forever ensure that no orphan wailed and begged miserably on the streets; existed with my name as his father till its very last blessed breath,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth for the amelioration of all those suffering from inexplicable disease; granting them the best medical aid available under the dazzling Sun,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to perpetually ensure that every boy or girl born on this earth; got the full and profound right to robust education; equally amongst the sanctimonious high society,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to forever ascertain that if there were anything to rule the strongest of civilization; democracy; country; land or any organisms life; it was none else than priceless humanity,

And if at all; my inevitably erring human nature made me falter even the most infinitesimal trifle on any step; asking you for a second chance; please give me a death which was more diabolical than the most torturous of deaths; that very moment itself.

1.

Give me just one chance O! Omniscient Almighty Lord; making me the richest of the richest man on this fathomless Universe; give me just one chance to be in the palaces of the richest men you've created ever since this earth was born:

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to compassionately unite all those disastrously differentiated by vagaries of caste; creed; color and religion; under the undauntedly glittering roof of the paradise of Immortal Love,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to wondrously mitigate the suffering of all those old parents; men and debilitating women; who were unsparingly kicked in all quarters; by their very own offsprings alive,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to erect Mosques; Churches; Temples and Monasteries of exquisite world record shapes and size; in which an infinite billion homeless could take blissful refuge and your blessings alike,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to rekindle and enlighten the most gorgeous lamps of desire; in every miserably divested hutment and deliriously asphyxiated life,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to magically transport even the most faintest of cry and deprived form; to its ultimate destination and yearning; in the chapter of its destined life,

And if at all; my inevitably erring human nature made me falter even the most insouciant freckle on any step; asking you for a second chance; please give me a death which was more penalizing than the most ghastily tormenting of deaths; that very moment itself.

2.

Give me just one chance O! Omniscient Almighty Lord; making me the richest of the richest man on this fathomless Universe; give me just one chance to be in the palaces of the richest men you've created ever since this earth was born:

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to let the most feebly subjugated voice reach itself and every bit of righteousness in it; to the remotest corner of this ecstatically unsurpassable Universe,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to eradicate even the most ethereal ounce of satanically unbearable politics on this globe; forever make sure that no anarchist parasite ruthlessly sucked and thrived on innocent blood,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to invincibly fortify every flailing dwelling on earth with the pearls of brotherhood; to further spawn a perennial civilization of undefeated living kind,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to timelessly scrap every besmirched fabric of inhumanity and crime; forever ensure the lanes of fearless paradise for each impeccable footstep that traversed mother soil,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to insuperably embolden the alphabets of justice; forever annihilating every biased powerhouse of manipulative deceit; which brought about nothing else but inconsolable tears and curses of many,

And if at all; my inevitably erring human nature made me falter even the most evanescent figment on any step; asking you for a second chance; please give me a death which was more cold-blooded than the most unthinkably morbid of deaths; that very moment itself.

3.

Give me just one chance O! Infallible Almighty Lord; making me the richest of the richest man on this fathomless Universe; give me just one chance to be in the palaces of the richest men you've created ever since this earth was born:

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to put an unbreakably permanent ban on the use of nuclear arms; vicious weaponry and any substance that brutally imperiled bountiful living kind; dissolving the very roots of non-existent war in their unborn corpses of malice,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to plant an infinite trees and blades of rejuvenating grass; upon every piece of lamenting barren soil; so barbarously traumatized by commercially robotic man today,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to heal even the most spat upon wounds on this unending earth; and replenish them with the most inimitably unconquerable fragrance of friendship instead,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to royally support every single need of all those who were unfortunately blind; irrefutably see to it that they had their equal say in the day-to-day working of the society; see to it that they existed as unparalleled kings; if not with sight,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to forever nullify each atrocity meted out towards the enchantingly blessed girl child; vindictively trying to kill her right in the womb itself; to senselessly insane and perverted men trading her divine flesh for few wads of currency and wine,

And if at all; my inevitably erring human nature made me falter even the most evaporating speck on any step; asking you for a second chance; please give me a death which was more unforgivable than the most treacherously sadistic of deaths; that very moment itself.

41. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO LEAVE YOU O! GOD!

Like it was impossible for the Sun to leave the fathomless sky; ever dream of coming down to settle and snore on the earth; even once during the tenure of its endlessly blazing lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the epitome to leave the towering mountain; ever dream of coming down to the ground and see ordinary sized human life; even once during the tenure of its unceasingly impenetrable lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the Shark to leave the gigantic ocean; ever dream of coming to inhale fresh air on the virgin shores; even once during the tenure of its indefatigably princely and salty lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the roots of the tree to leave the compassionate soil; ever dream of coming to plush interiors of the corporate empire; even once during the tenure of its ebulliently moistened lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the cactus to leave the majestic deserts; ever dream of coming to tranquilly enamoring ripples of the seasonal pond; even once during the tenure of its ecstatically sweltering lifetime,

Like it was impossible for blackness to leave the bewildering night; ever dream of

coming to the first golden rays of pristinely burgeoning dawn; even once during the tenure of its voluptuously ingratiating lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the diamond to leave the insuperable king's crown; ever dream of coming to the preposterously fetid and cacophonous rivulets of the gutter; even once during the tenure of its astoundingly sparkling lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the destiny lines to leave the royally endowed palms; ever dream of coming to the clinically monitored scientist's palette; even once during the tenure of their inexplicably exhilarating lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the pearl to leave the confines of the princely oyster; ever dream of coming to breathe the unabashed freshness of the atmosphere; even once during the tenure of its gloriously untainted lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the fantasy to leave the inscrutably enthralling brain; ever dream of coming to the terrestrial globe of maiming reality; even once during the tenure of its bountifully vivacious lifetime,

Like it was impossible for immortal love to leave the passionately altruistic heart; ever dream of coming to the sadistically manipulative weighing machines of gold and silver; even once during the tenure of its perpetually blessed lifetime,

Like it was impossible for innocence to leave the uninhibitedly ordinary child; ever dream of coming to the mercilessly horn-rimmed glasses of the politician cum robotic business tycoon; even once during the tenure of its pricelessly undefeated lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the birds to leave the fathomless openness of the sky; ever dream of coming to walk left-right alongside articulate man; even once during the tenure of their triumphantly euphoric lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the lion to leave the infallibly kingly forests; ever dream of coming to stingily clad and spaced human abode; even once during the tenure of its overpoweringly flamboyant lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the crabs to leave the unperturbed sea shores; ever dream of coming to spin a web between monstrously blocked walls; even once during the tenure of their effervescently intrepid lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the stars to leave the boundless cosmos; ever dream of coming to rejoice beside earthworms and enchanting dewdrops; even once

during the tenure of their optimistically twinkling lifetimes,

Like it was impossible for breath to leave the amiably living nostrils; ever dream of coming to the innumerable hapless corpses lying askew in the dolorous graveyard; even once during the tenure of its invincibly fiery lifetime,

Like it was impossible for truth to leave the unassailably unfettered droplets of blood; ever dream of coming to the amorphous form of the parasitic ghost; even once during the tenure of its unflinchingly scintillating lifetime,

It was similarly impossible for me to leave my poetry and you O! Omnipotent God; ever dream of coming to this commercially mundane planet—who did nothing but ridicule my sensitivity; even once during the tenure of my romantically liberating lifetime.

42. THE MOSQUE OF MY OMNIPOTENT CREATOR.

Neither and ever in front of my very own mother; who'd borne me 9 excruciating months in her womb; compassionately safeguarding me even today; a 28 yrs later; against the most infinitesimal trace of the devil,

Neither and ever in front of my very own father; who'd indefatigably worked round the clock; unsparingly abrading the heels of his soles against the merciless corporate tarmac; in order to lavishly attend to each of my minuscule needs,

Neither and ever in front of my very own sister; who'd herself undergone countless an ordeal; just in order to ensure that there always illuminated a smile on my face; and my parents as well as the world only looked at me,

Neither and ever in front of my very own grandmother; who'd astoundingly awakened several a time in the wee hours of midnight; to cater to my every eccentric demand; ecstatically run with my baby legs for unending a distance; with only the moon as savior and her ailing sight,

Neither and ever in front of my very own grandfather; who'd torrentially showered every conceivable gift on this planet upon my childish demands; many a time using droplets of his blood when his treasury of currency coin had disastrously exhausted,

Neither and ever in front of my very own brother; who'd never left a single stone unturned in his endless search for me; as I timelessly wandered in fantasy

amidst a sea of humans; at every perceivable direction of sound,

Neither and ever in front of my very own uncle; who'd tirelessly spent every instant of his life; trying to keep me in the most euphoric of spirits; alleviate the inexplicable graves of depression that had sunk deep down into my soul,

Neither and ever in front of my very own aunt; who'd loved and adored me more than her own children; proudly introducing me to her friends and the rest of the world; as the inimitable and very best,

Neither and ever in front of my very own pet; who'd wagged his tail more ardently than the fierily mid-day Sun; everytime the nimble sound of my intricate feet tinkered near his ever-alert ears,

Neither and ever in front of my very own shadow; who'd incorrigibly followed me since the first cry of ebullient life; unflinchingly agglutinated to me like a faithful soldier; irrespective of my sporadic moods and abuse,

Neither and ever in front of my very own niece; who'd virtually exhausted every of her rhapsodic effort; to mischievously transform each tear-drop that dribbled from my eye; into a fountain of perennially fructifying love,

Neither and ever in front of my very own cousin; who'd built countless a castle with me on the glistening sea shores; being always there as my best friend; when everyone else in the world had uncouthly abandoned me,

Neither and ever in front of my very own dwelling; who'd invincibly sequestered me from the most ferocious of maelstrom and disaster; infallibly braved the most extreme wilderness of the sadistic night; whilst I slept in its interiors like an unparalleled crown prince,

Neither and ever in front of my very own neighbor; who'd arrived by my side at the faintest of my cry; be it in the wee hours of night or when atrocious bombs rained left-right-center in wartime; who turned up when some of my closest of blood-relations had deserted me,

Neither and ever in front of my very own heart; who'd perpetually stayed the closest to my inexplicably trembling chest; timelessly entwining every beat of my ordinarily destitute life with the spirit of immortal love,

Neither and ever in front of my very own daughter; who'd forever given me infinite reasons to smile and remain alive; with her divinely inarticulate

mumbling; which knew no barriers of caste; creed; religion; status or tribe,

Neither and ever in front of my very own in-laws; who'd tolerated my every indescribable idiosyncrasy; shunting every aspect of my anomalous behavior with an unbreakable wall of silence,

Neither and ever in front of my very own wife; who'd impregnably stood by my side in my times of good and bad; not inspiring me the slightest but yet and nevertheless resigning to her fate; and accepting me the way that I was,

But. If at all I wholeheartedly laughed; cried; sang; danced; joked; proliferated; sketched; poeticized; fantasized; liberated; evolved; adventured; slept; triumphed; flirted; wailed; whistled; lived and died; in front of somebody; then it was none else than the mosque of my Omnipotent Creator.

43. THE ONLY WAY TO ATTAIN GOD.

They indefatigably tried to win his heart; spuriously appease him by laying all the innocent flowers of this world at his perpetual feet; after barbarously plucking the same from their nimbly priceless roots,

They tirelessly tried to win his heart; worthlessly appease him by laying an ocean of impeccable animal blood at his majestic feet; after indiscriminately slaughtering countless a goat and half asleep sheep,

They unstoppably tried to win his heart; meaninglessly appease him by laying all the currency note in this world at his infallible feet; after cadaverously burying their hands and feet an infinite feet into innocuous feelings and blood,

They irrevocably tried to win his heart; thoughtlessly appease him by laying all the milk in this world at his sacrosanct feet; after hideously extracting each droplet; from the belly of the holistic cow,

They unceasingly tried to win his heart; wantonly appease him by laying all screaming prostitutes in this world at his eternal feet; after satanically disrobing them right in front of their mother's; sisters and aunts,

They unrelentingly tried to win his heart; sanctimoniously appease him by laying all robust trees in this world at his Omnipresent feet; after brutally slaying the same; with their swords of diabolical hate,

They insatiably tried to win his heart; senselessly appease him by laying all

children skulls in this world at his bountiful feet; after hedonistically disassociating them from jubilantly mischievous neck,

They endlessly tried to win his heart; idiosyncratically appease him by laying all the dreams of this world at his unparalleled feet; after asphyxiating the last ounce of fantasy from every brain; as they subjected it to cold-blooded betrayal,

They inexhaustibly tried to win his heart; inveterately appease him by laying each dwelling of this world at this royal feet; after ruthlessly divesting every harmonious organism of a roof over its head,

They unlimitedly tried to win his heart; spinelessly appease him by laying every conceivable epitome of this world at his inimitable feet; after monstrously bombarding and beheading immaculately towering mountains of snow,

They perennially tried to win his heart; nonsensically appease him by laying every droplet of water in this world at his ever-pervading feet; after venomously evaporating the lap of mother nature; of all its quintessential moisture and oils,

They inexorably tried to win his heart; fecklessly appease him by laying every source of sight in this world at his unconquerable feet; after insanely ripping apart eyeballs from countless untainted twinkling faces; in the name of religious sacrifice,

They irretrievably tried to win his heart; purposelessly appease him by laying every covering of silken skin in this world at his Omnipotent feet; after cannibalistically knifing through unsuspectingly infantile; raw bone; flesh and blood,

They continuously tried to win his heart; mindlessly appease him by laying each morsel of food in this world at his blessed feet; after wantonly forcing every mouth to vomit whatever existed in the intestine; since the very first cry of birth,

They intransigently tried to win his heart; bawdily appease him by laying every color of this world at his venerated feet; after disastrously decimating the very roots of happiness from every replenished and gifted form of life,

They implacably tried to win his heart; amorphously appease him by laying every piece of cloth in this world at his Omniscient feet; after sacrilegiously disrobing infinite organism of their intrinsic integrity and pride,

They timelessly tried to win his heart; wrongly appease him by laying every feminine scalp in this world at his everlasting feet; after blasphemously murdering the girl child right in the mother's womb,

They undyingly tried to win his heart; insensitively appease him by laying every bit of sunshine that fell on the world at his undefeated feet; after viciously submerging every perceivable quarter of earth; into a corpse of manipulatively victimizing blackness,

Yet. Simply no avail. As they all were eventually dragged to the land of inconsolably wailing hell; where they were made to pay an infinite times more; for each of their wickedly executed and indescribably dastardly sins,

Whilst the Omnipotent Creator wrote paradise for the newborn child even as it emanated its very first breath; as it spread its uninhibitedly miraculous palms to embrace all; irrespective of any religion; caste; creed or kind; into its unconquerable heaven of magically immortal love-Thereby apprizing infinite of its predecessors that the only way to attain God in totality was not 'Blood and Sinful Sacrifice' but 'Immortal Love'.

44. DON'T EXPECT FROM HUMAN BEINGS.

Sing with them; wholesomely blending even the most insouciant of your innermost tunes; with the ecstatically mesmerizing melody of their lives,

Dance with them; matching the untamed exhilaration in their bones; step for step and with the most unabashed of fervor; under the inscrutably majestic beams of the midnight moon,

Eat with them; deriving unsurpassable gratification in the fact; that replenishing morsels of food were being symbiotically shared from the same plate; with the fingers occasionally intertwining with each other,

Adventure with them; intransigently weaving through the most eccentrically twisted and unexplored pathways; which spell-bindingly portrayed the glorious uncertainties of the chapter called life,

Shake hands with them; uninhibitedly letting even the most infinitesimal folds of the compassionate palm; unite in a sky of eternally invincible friendship,

Worship with them; prostrating before every form of temple; mosque; church or monastery; in unfathomably profound admiration of the Lord; in an infinite of his

forms,

Defend with them; standing unflinchingly and fearless under the most blistering of Sun; unitedly protecting your sacrosanct motherland; against the most indescribably vindictive of attack,

Sermonize with them; disseminating the essence of several learning incidences in your life to the oppressed and depressed masses; fearlessly voicing the righteously befriending tunes of your soul,

March with them; perennially ensuring that each of your united steps; led solely towards the enrichment and magnificent fulfillment of every fraternity; of God's priceless living kind,

Sleep with them; beautifully surpassing even the most sacrilegious ruthlessness of the night; in the comfort of their ardently comforting breath,

Fantasize with them; unveiling even the most obfuscated arenas of your brain; to the fathomless paradise of beauty prevalent in every ingredient of air around you; and the victorious puff of breath entering your lungs,

Admire with them; insatiably appreciating the unlimited bountifulness of God's creation; which eclectically spawned in even the most invisible particle of soil; as well as the gigantic skies,

Frolic with them; mischievously flirting and clambering up the freshly rain soaked hills; blissfully transiting back into those magical memories of pristine childhood,

Win with them; forever trouncing even the most infidel insinuation of the devil from every cranny of this boundless earth; with the scepter of impregnable truth; inherently ingrained in your blood,

Romance with them; letting each wondrously passionate beat of your heart entwine with theirs; in a garland of unimpeachably redolent oneness,

Sketch with them; capturing even the most oblivious shades of venerated mother nature; depicting her unparalleled glory and virility; thereby giving true meaning to your sheets of barren nothingness,

Deliberate with them; endlessly arguing on myriad issues and elements of unlimited living kind; trying to reach to the most efficacious consensus; which brought about the most fructifying upheaval of all deprived,

Marry with them; celestially interlocking even the most ephemeral aspect of your existence with theirs; to royally give birth to an infinite more of your noble kind,

And do whatever you wanted to; but if ever you wanted to expect anything; then don't expect from them -the 'Human Being'; for that always had the possibility of shattering your heart into a countless irretrievable gory pieces-instead for this and to guaranteedly fulfill your every desire; just turn to the Creator of All—
The Omnipotent Creator Divine.

45. WITHOUT LIFE

Without him I was indeed a Sun; but without my fiery set of flamboyant rays,

Without him I was indeed a tree; but without my entire conglomerate of green leaves and resplendent petals,

Without him I was indeed a panther; but without my ferociously deafening roar,

Without him I was indeed a mammoth book; but without my grandiloquent set of alphabets and words,

Without him I was indeed a fire; but without my dynamically sizzling repertoire of golden flames,

Without him I was indeed a lock; but without my power and invincible grace to protect the blissful dwelling,

Without him I was indeed a mountain; but without my handsome summit; which once upon a time used to tower handsomely towards the open sky,

Without him I was indeed a bar of chocolate; but without my sweetness and delectable charisma; rotting fetidly in an obsolete heap,

Without him I was indeed a pair of rubicund lips; but without my voluptuously seductive and congenial smiles,

Without him I was indeed an ocean; but without my flurry of ravishingly mesmerizing and supremely salty waves,

Without him I was indeed a cloud; but without my globules of life yielding and sparkling rain,

Without him I was indeed a house; but without my inevitable network of fortified doors and transparent windows,

Without him I was indeed a rose; but without my stupendously alluring perfume and Kingly redolence which I used to waft every second across this boundless Universe,

Without him I was indeed a car; but without my steering wheel; maneuvering wildly towards the valley of death as each moment unfurled by,

Without him I was indeed a butterfly; but without my hinges of opalescent wings; lying dilapidated in a remote heap; well cloistered away from blatant sight,

Without him I was indeed a desert; but without my glistening fleet of unsurpassable sands and the long line of ambling camels; which used to mark my existence,

Without him I was indeed a road; but without any direction; slithering helplessly on the ground; trying to search for my mooring under the devil's breath,

Without him I was indeed a diamond; but without my scintillating radiance and tenaciously omnipotent shine,

Without him I was indeed a mouth; but without my speech and decaying in mute oblivion for the remainder of my tyrannized life,

Without him I was indeed an eye; but without my tears; staring lifelessly and for times greater than eternity into satanic space,

Without him I was indeed a stone; but without my ability to produce thunderous noise,

Without him I was indeed a clown; but without any ability to make people leap in ecstatic melody and leap,

Without him I was indeed a sleep; but without my dreams and unprecedented realms of tantalizing fantasy,

Without him I was indeed a palm; but without my battalion of profoundly embossed and divinely destiny lines,

Without him I was indeed a heart; but without my overwhelming reservoir of passionately palpitating beats,

Without him I was indeed a soul; but without my conscience or knowing the slightest about the spirit of my existence,

And without God I was simply a Man; who although appeared to be normally breathing on the streets; but was irrefutably shivering and without life.

46. GOD AND THE DEVIL

God was the colossal hive of sweet honey; while the minuscule bits of impurity in it was the gruesome devil,

God was the insurmountably ravishing eye; while the small traces of blindness in it was the ghastly devil,

God was the boundless ocean; while the adulterated bits of oil entrapped in it was the horrendous devil,

God was the fathomless river of crimson blood circulating in the body; while the disdainful infection lingering in it was the obnoxious devil,

God was the holistically glistening sweat oozing from the armpits; while the ostentatious wisps of scent spuriously emanating from it was the satanic devil,

God was the magnanimously foliated tree; while the parasites sucking its succulent juice was the nefarious devil,

God was the crystalline expanse of sapphire blue skies; while the vicious streaks of tumultuous lightening was the salacious devil,

God was the immaculate cluster of eggs splendidly sandwiched in the delectable nest; while the snake ready to gobble it surreptitiously was the barbaric devil,

God was the brilliantly tenacious light; while the envelop of perpetual darkness was the hideous devil,

God was the magnificently enchanting and redolent lotus; while the disastrously withering leaves was the heinous devil,

God was the voluptuous sheath of silken black hair; while the abhorrent globules of white dandruff loitering aimlessly within was the perilous demon,

God was the rejuvenating freshness that encompassed every tangible entity in entirety; while the sporadic bouts of laziness that invidiously crept in at times; was the deplorable devil,

God was the impeccable body of pearly white Moon; while the transient coat of clouds that pertinently kept obscuring it was the abominable devil,

God was anecdotes of astoundingly conjuring magic; while the moment it abruptly disappeared was the pernicious devil,

God was the satiny carpet of incomprehensibly large desert sands; while the scorching pangs of thirst generated within was the ominous devil,

God was the unrelenting string of wonderfully Omnipotent thoughts; while those few instants of raunchy perception was the sinister devil,

God was astronomical fortitude and sagacious character; while the stinking tale of blatant lies was the deplorable devil,

God was all the philanthropic humanity which immortally existed; while the sanctimonious religion it was bifurcated into was the despicable devil,

God was the harmoniously pouring out blissful sleep; while the abashing abuse scattered stingily in it was the savage devil,

And God was enigmatically beautiful life palpitating turbulently every minute; while the wickedly wandering mind inching towards unprecedented disaster; was the diabolical devil.

47. THERE WAS NO MAN BORN PERFECT

There is no tree born on this earth which does not shed its leaves; remains inundated with complete foliage even in austere autumn and tumultuous storm,

There is no pond born on this earth which does not evaporate a trifle during blistering summer; swells towards the summit of the clouds even under fiery rays of the Sun,

There is no road born on this earth which does not get sordid as vehicles pass

by; regains its sparkling and virgin complexion even as truck loads of dust traverses in disdain,

There is no flower born on this earth which does not wither; blossoms perennially even in rampant massacre and thunderous rain,

There is no muscle born on this earth which does not dwindle; remains as bulging as the colossal mountain even as perilous and old age crept in,

There is no sound born on this earth which keeps on reverberating for decades on the trot; does not lower its decibel and intensity even an iota after emanating from the mouth,

There is no bird born on this earth which keeps on soaring incessantly in the air; without showing any signs of plummeting towards the ground; drifting off to blissful sleep,

There is no eye born on this earth which does not effusively cry; remains as stoical as white ice even in bizarre affliction and inexplicable distress,

There is no cheek born on this earth which does not blush; remains as morbid as the dead corpse even when voraciously tickled by the person whom it passionately loved,

There is no fist born on this earth which incessantly keeps punching to win mighty battles that came its way; remains as hard as obdurate stone even when viciously attacked by a battalion of bombs and acerbic sword,

There is no star born on this earth which keeps on shimmering even in dazzling daylight; tries to conquer even against the most blistering ray of the Sun,

There is no lip born on this earth which does not purse; remains as horrendous as sooty charcoal even when kissed blazingly by the person of its dreams,

There is no soil born on this earth which keeps on producing fathomless clusters of tantalizing fruit; doesn't succumb like infinite others in its fraternity to the onslaught of uncouth drought,

There is no mouth born on this earth which does not yawn; keeps locked as tight as the prison door as each day unveils itself into chilly night,

There is no dog born on this earth which does not wag its bushy tail; remains

dumb and impassive even after sighting its master,

There is no mosquito born on this earth which does not sting; rests as harmoniously as the immaculate angel even when surrounded by bodies of robust flesh and rubicund demeanor,

There is no pen born on this earth which keeps on indefatigably writing; embosses volumes after volumes of books even after the last fraction of ink in its body is completely exhausted,

There is no mother born on this earth who does not care for her new born child; strangulates her baby; infact the very blood which she had painstakingly spawned,

And there is no man born on this earth who is absolutely perfect; achieving astronomical heights by the mere swish of his little finger; executing each aspect of life to envious perfection; and if indeed there is one such individual who actually had the power to metamorphose the entire Universe into enchanting paradise; then he wasn't even the slightest resemblance of man; for he was infact OMNIPRESENT GOD.

48. THINK OF THE ALMIGHTY CREATOR

When you were exploring the mountains; think of the snow clad slopes; the colossal heights and exhilaration yet to be achieved,

When you were exploring the ocean; think of the resplendent scores of fish swimming around with uninhibited glee; the vivacious charisma of the frothy waters which struck you in boisterous tandem every minute,

When you were exploring the sky; think of the satiny conglomerate of clouds circumventing your body; the infinite number of fairies and angels residing blissfully in cosmotic space,

When you were exploring the forests; think of the astounding fraternity of beasts that you were about to encounter; the boundless numbers of mystical webs which the spider had spun at every wooded inlet,

When you were exploring the corn fields; think of the farmer who had assiduously planted these countless saplings; the sporty grasshopper which played hide and seek between the weeds,

When you were exploring the dungeons; think of the perennial darkness that lingered around; the enigmatically hooded serpent that sat majestically perched on the gargantuan pile of glittering gold,

When you were exploring the swanky office; think of the spuriously smiling boss sitting camouflaged behind the revolving chair; the incomprehensible number of files and computers functioning to optimum ability all round the clock,

When you were exploring the brain; think of the incredulously charged up cells; the unfathomably exhaustive reservoir of memory and imagination that enabled a lean and rickety bodied man; to rule the entire world,

When you were exploring the royal palace; think of the kings and queens who must have adorned the diamond studded throne on their day; the legendary legacy they bequeathed to their siblings even centuries after their death,

When you were exploring the roads; think about the incessant vehicle smoke that arose; the countless battalions of cars, scooters; the innocent pedestrians that trespassed unceasingly at every hour of the day and with every trickle of the night,

When you were exploring the gutters; think about the indefatigable number of squalid cockroach; the fat and parasitic leech which furtively oozed out from all corners to feast on innocuous blood and flesh,

When you were exploring the dictionary; think of the unsurpassable number of words that you were going to browse through; the stupendously enamoring meaning that each page conveyed to enlighten your dreary senses,

When you were exploring the temple; think of the sacrosanct idols which were embodied inside; the omnipotent aura which they generated as you sedately passed them by,

When you were exploring the century old Banyan tree; think of the host of palpable organisms who had made it their dwelling place; the enchantingly entwined roots that dangled freely to give bored people a hearty swing,

When you were exploring the magnificently alluring building; think of the synchronized configuration of handsome bricks which fortified it from the outside; the labyrinth of rooms and space which incorporated its strong belly,

When you were exploring the caves replete with frozen ice-cream; think of the

slender icicles that were suspended languidly from the ceiling; the enormous amounts of titillating snow that that besieged every iota of free space,

When you were exploring the pugnacious battlefield; think of the valiant soldiers which beheaded their scalps for the sake of their country; fought audaciously against all odds to ensure that their countrymen slept blissfully under the quilts,

When you were exploring the handsomely sparkling glass; think of all those individuals who must have admired their reflections in the same; staring with profound fervor at their mesmerizing images which inadvertently unveiled,

When you were exploring the ship; think of the rubicund complexioned captain; the spell binding way in which it dexterously weaved through the fathomless sea,

When you were exploring the hand; think of the intricate lines bifurcating the palm in several directions; the captivating mounts embossed pompously on the same parting stupendous meaning and significance to life,

When you were exploring the nest; think of the dainty kingfisher who inhabited it; the clusters of delectable eggs which would soon hatch into innocuous beaked fledglings; flooding the atmosphere with their incoherent chirps,

When you were exploring the album of photographs; think of the moments when they might have been snapped; the exhilaration and the profound ecstasy with which the teenagers must have danced and smiled; while being captured by the contemporary camera,

When you were exploring the embellished candle; think of the intoxicating illumination it provides at night; the slim ray of magnificent crimson that adds a smile to every life,

When you were exploring the lions den; think of the kingly beast that had irrefutably occupied it since times immemorial; the princely striped animal that paraded through the wild jungle; with every other insect worshipping its feet,

When you were exploring the medieval attic; think of the incorrigibly dusty pile of books stashed in realms of despondency; the charming utensils of pure bronze which were once used for cooking vegetables in olden times,

When you were exploring the government; think of all the ministers who manipulated decisions at electric speeds; meticulously ruled the country with

supreme efficacy and pride,

When you were exploring the barbers shop; think of the unending array of gleaming blades and reinvigorating perfume; the sensitively swishing voices as pairs of scissors fine trimmed barbaric roots of unruly hair,

When you were exploring the glamorous stage; think of all the actors and actresses who transgressed it in inimitable style; the astounding glitterati that engulfed their bodies as they wandered in front of the world in gay abandon,

When you were exploring the kitchen; think of all the recipes lingering in the tantalizing air; the lanky pile of piquant spices which superfluously beamed in the refrigerator,

When you were exploring the tailors cubicle; think of the all the loosely stitched cloth sprawled around; the inconspicuous bits of fabric which evoked you to inevitably sneeze,

When you were exploring the garden; think of the armory of redolent roses that ubiquitously diffused their passionate aroma; the gawky blades of parrot green grass which tickled the body beyond unprecedented limits,

When you were exploring the lips; think of the voluptuous sensuality encompassing them; the insatiable urge they conjured to be ferociously kissed,

When you were exploring the tall chimney; think of the exhaustive plumes of black smoke that arose every second; the innocent soot deposited on the walls as the air silently crept out,

When you were exploring the eye; think of the beautiful film of tears it produced every few seconds; the inexorable spell it cast upon when deeply stared into,

When you were exploring the leather belt; think of the uncannily slithering reptile with its fangs stretched apart; mercilessly massacred and astutely sheared for glorious skin,

When you were exploring the school; think of the impeccable children inhabiting its classrooms; the youth of tomorrow who would be solely instrumental in evolving the face of unveiling mankind,

When you were exploring the steep valley; think of the thunderous echo resonating against the rocks; the incessant singing of the flamingoes which

descended down with vibrant ability and grace,

When you were exploring the bunch of corrugated keys; think of the maze of locks which they would decipher through; the invincible surfaces of iron that they opened with supremely nonchalant ease,

When you were exploring the hordes of sheep; think of the robust pieces of fur that they had the prowess to yield; the compassionate warmth which the wool would generate in time of horrendously freezing winter,

When you were exploring the marshy swamps; think of the ominously menacing alligator; the fleet of olive green crocodiles languishing on the banks as the mid day Sun reached the pinnacle of its fury,

When you were exploring the song; think of the myriad of tunes which composed it; the heavenly cadence in its beats which conjured you into deep sleep,

When you were exploring the foamy bath; think of the fabulous bodies which splashed in it; the rejuvenating essence it imparted to the bleary senses to live throughout the day,

When you were exploring the paintings; think of the artist who had sculptured them; flooding the barren sheet of canvas with vivacious strokes of vibrantly rich color,

When you were exploring the heart; think of the person for whom it turbulently throbbed; the sole entity for whom it had dedicated its life to exist for,

And when you were exploring life; think of the person who had instilled blood in your veins; breath in your nose; the tenacity to survive in your arms; the power to unflinchingly move in your feet; the ability to discerningly sight in your crystalline eyes; the person who had bestowed upon you the ability to eloquently sing and speak; the person who was exactly responsible for what you were today; think of the Almighty Creator.

49. JUST ME AND MY CREATOR

No ornaments of gold needed; to embellish my body,

No chunks of land needed; for me to tread blissfully on this earth,

No flames of fire needed; to warm me and illuminate my night,

No streams of water needed; to wash myself and rejuvenate my senses to the pinnacle of ecstasy,

No island of Sun needed; to impart warmth to my life,

No strawberry sweets needed; to placate my dying taste buds,

No rainbow in the sky needed; to vivaciously glimmering my eyes,

No sparkling slabs of glass needed; in which I could sight my reflection,

No salt needed; to add pinches of exotic taste to my food,

No grandiloquent watch needed; to accurately apprise me of every second unleashing,

No enchanting music needed; to pacify my agitated senses,

No tantalizing dance needed; to wake me up from dreary sleep,

No gaudy clothes needed; to sequester me from bizarre cold,

No morsels of rice and curd needed to appease my insatiable hunger,

No spurious armory of smiles needed; to unrelentingly shower upon me droplets of pure rain,

No tears of empathy needed; to sympathize with me in my times of affliction and distress,

No books of literature needed to; enrich my knowledge about the historical times,

No cherries and wine needed; to entertain me beyond the point of no control,

No draughts of cool air needed; to wipe of the sweat trickling down my nape,

No bundles of currency needed; to execute all my desires to lavishly spend,

No bombastic attention needed; to escalate me to the corridors of supreme fame,

No cushions of grass needed; to shield my feet from a ground laid with acerbic thorns,

No blood needed; to circulate in my body granting me the tenacity to gush forward,

No ideals needed; to chisel a new and philosophical chapter in life,

No lights needed; to guide me ahead after stringently breaking through the darkness of the gruesome night,

No palaces needed; to serve me oligarchic cuisine; with the triangular crown placed fancily on my head,

No bones needed; to fortify my body; grant me the resilience to fight against the uncouth society,

No garlands needed; to felicitate me sanctimoniously; loud speakers announcing my presence in every road and street,

No dreams needed; to tingle the chords of rampant imagination; place me in a paradise of lost fairies,

No love needed; to maneuver me into a world of passionate romance; ignite unburned desires of my soul,

No breath needed; to peacefully meditate; carry on the chapter of harmonious existence,

just me and my CREATOR; staring profoundly at each Other; with my head knelt in meek submission in His lap; and the omnipotent power in His palms; besieging my heart with perennial happiness; putting me to an eternal sleep; with the world failing miserably this time to disturb me.

50. TO APPEASE THE ALMIGHTY CREATOR

No amount of wealth was enough to appease him; the boundless dungeons impregnated with glittering gold and silver; proved to be wholesomely futile,

No amount of cloth was enough to appease him; the colossal fields of blossoming cotton; the mountain of tenacious jute lying limp in the warehouses; proved to be gruesomely useless,

No amount of literature was enough to appease him; the gargantuan bundles of spell binding history; the innumerable number of scriptures portraying legendary times proved to be of simply no use,

No amount of water was enough to appease him; the supremely colossal assemblage of salty ocean waters; every globule of liquid lying scattered on this earth; proved to be overwhelmingly miserly,

No amount of sand was enough to appease him; the mammoth lands of the desert; the chunks of mud sprawled loosely all around the globe; proved to be infinitesimally incomplete to gain his attention,

No amount of ostentation was enough to appease him; the fathomless battalion of mermaids embellished with exotic flower buds; the fabulous perfume emanating in abundance from their bodies proved to be a profoundly lost chance,

No amount of light was enough to appease him; the tremendously unsurpassable blazing island of Sun; the enormous festoon of artificial silvery rays; proved a power too less to captivate his attention,

No amount of cars were enough to appease him; the entire fleet of swanky automobiles lines royally in front of the palace; every motorized engine loitering on the trajectory of this planet; proved to be more minuscule than the red ant to grab his eyes,

No amount of speech was enough to appease him; the most eloquently woven sentences; the most delectable of voices floating in every cranny of the earth; proved utterly hopeless to drift his intense concentration,

No amount of plants were enough to appease him; the entire outgrowth of the vivaciously wild jungle; the unprecedentedly huge garden of roses enticing all with their fragrance; proved too wild to waver his Omnipotent nose,

No amount of power was enough to appease him; the Herculean strength in the bulging muscles of the boxer; the astronomical resilience that the entire township put up in coalition; proved more diminutive than the frigid straw in front of his Omniscient aura,

No amount of flattery was enough to appease him; the unsurpassable myriad of amicable phrases; infinite slaves kneeling down on his feet in meek obeisance;

proved too insipid to conjure his attention,

No amount of heroism was enough to appease him; the entire galaxy of brilliantly scintillating stars; ostentatiously dressed angels walking animatedly and in voluptuous twists on the ramp; proved to be frivolous and morbid to evoke his tingling excitement,

No amount of color was enough to appease him; the stupendously vivid shades of the rainbow; the billions of grandiloquent paintings embossed on the cave walls; proved too bland to match his irrefutably resplendent complexion,

No amount of space was enough to appease him; the vast expanse of azure blue sky; the incomprehensible winds of euphoric atmosphere; proved just a tiny whisker in front of his invincible power,

No amount of victory was enough to appease him; the brutal assassination of millions to become the emperor; winning the mightiest of battles that came in the way; proved too inconspicuous to lure his vision towards you,

No amount of seniority was enough to appease him; the entire ministry spearheaded by the esteemed president; the government ruling the entire world; proved too infinitesimal in front of his impregnable power,

No amount of bloodshed was enough to appease him; the innumerable anecdotes of indiscriminate slaughter; the uncouth slaying of innocent heads in the quest of achieving territories beyond the greatest; proved an absolutely horrendous effort to try and make him wink,

And you didn't even have to emulate a sagacious saint or meditate incessantly in order to imprison his attention; In fact all one needed to do was to live harmoniously in synergy with nature; propagate the virtue of immortal love to as far and distant as one could; spread the essence of equality in whomsoever one encountered; and then you would see it for yourself; that what the most biggest of things had failed to have an impact; just a small little word called 'Love', was enough in order to appease the Almighty Creator.

The End

Nikhil Parekh

1 God - Poems On God, Creator - Volume 2

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This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 2 of the Book titled - 1 God - Poems on God, Creator (522 pages) .

A Profound Dedication

A ramification of the innumerable Omnipotent fragrances of life that I've smelt by the grace of God-I'm grateful to him for enlightening me about his chapters of invincible creation and considering me worthy enough to describe his unparalleled splendor, in a few words and in the shape of this book. A salient tribute to his undefeated power.

Prologue

The compilation of poems depicts the Omniscient Creator in his infinite unconquerable shapes and forms. Goes to irrefutably prove that there is just one Creator, you choose to call him by whatever name-and for everyone one of us till the time we live. This book is a perpetual dedication to Almighty Lord. It quintessentially portrays the splendor of the Almighty Creator in his infinite forms. Goes to victoriously prove at every step, that no matter how hard the devil tries to annihilate the planet-an inconspicuous tap of the Lord's finger makes him crumble to his very last non-existent frigid roots.

About the Book

Poems depicting the 'Omnipotent' glory of the Creator in an infinite forms that the poet could ever conceive. Natural and uninhibited outpourings of the heart these poems transport the reader into a world of spirituality and magnificence of Godhead. Every poetic piece shows Parekh's unparalleled love for the Almighty and immortalizes the Omnipresent aura of the Lord in a boundless ways and shapes. This spiritually enriched compendium of poems is for all those who've timelessly admired the miraculous prowess and powers of God at each stage of their lives. Those who've lived each instant of their lives worshipping his

Omniscient grace irrespective of the most murderous hell descending around. The poetic imagery brilliantly transcends over every inhibition of caste, creed, color and religion and goes to perpetually prove that all living beings are one and blessed in his fathomless sacrosanct light of truth. The poems depict Parekh's oneness in mind, body and spirit with the Creator.

CONTENTS

1. TILL THE TIME HE COMMANDED
2. BOTH THE HANDS OF MY CREATOR
3. THE GODDESS OF LOVE
4. FORGIVE ME
5. THE LORD'S MOST FAVORITE CHILD.
6. JUST THE SAME AS THE PREVIOUS BEAT.
'RE ALL HUMANS.
8. WHY DID I LIVE?
9. GOD LOVES ALL
10. ONLY IF I WOULD
11. IMMORTALLY DEAD
12. THE BEST WAY TO TACKLE LIFE
13. LIFE IS AS OMNIPOTENT AS GOD
14. WHEN I REALIZED
15. HE WAS OUR CREATOR
16. THE PHOTO OF MY GOD
17. THERE WAS GOD TO PROTECT ME
18. YOU WERE MY CREATOR
- 19.1 MILLION GODS
20. AN ABSOLUTE WINNER
21. SUN GOD
22. PLEASE DO CONSULT THE CREATOR
23. SEEKING SOLACE
24. PLEASE DON'T FORGET TO PRAY
25. THE BEST WAY TO PAY HIM BACK
26. ABSOLUTELY USELESS
27. FORGIVE ME O! LORD
28. HOW COULD YOU EVER EXPECT?
29. AFTER EVERY DEVIL THERE IS GOD
30. HE WAS THE CREATOR
31. FULLY ENGROSSED
32. CUT
33. DO SOMETHING
34. NO STOPPAGES

35. TEARS MIGHT HAVE DRIED FROM MY EYES
36. FOREVER GOD
37. THE RHYTHM OF THE CREATOR DIVINE
38. THE FLAME OF TRUTH
39. HAPPENING EVERYWHERE
40. INFINITESIMALLY MOLECULAR LIFE
41. RATIO AND PROPORTION
42. WERE YOU SLEEPING?
43. I INCONSOLABLY DIED
44. PROGRAMMED
45. THE CREATOR WAS EVERYWHERE
46. IT WAS GOD WHO CAME INTO MY LIFE
47. TO PRAY TO GOD WAS OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE
48. THE MOSQUE OF MY CREATOR
49. GOD SITTING ON YOUR SHOULDER
50. HOW WOULD LIFE EVER REALIZE?

1. TILL THE TIME HE COMMANDED

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would dance; please the entire world incessantly with his tantalizingly swishing movement,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would speak; pacifying the infinite myths of people existing on this globe; with the prudent essence of his knowledge,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would write; inundating boundless number of blank paper with exquisite literature,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would sight; admiring all the mesmerizing beauty that was prevailing and embedded on this planet,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would perspire; working all day under the sweltering Sun; running for countless kilometers on the trot in heart of the gruesomely chilly night,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would love; flooding every part of the still atmosphere with the poignant fire of his romance,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would sleep; relishing the blissful calm of the breeze; the mystical enchantment of the prolifically star studded darkness,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would valiantly fight; shedding his blood without the slightest of hesitation for the sake of his sacrosanct motherland,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would smile; impart the essence of equality and unbiased brotherhood to as far and wide as possible amongst tangible mankind,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would bathe; drenching every pore of his skin with supremely ravishing water; splashing tons of it around in ecstatic frolic on little children,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would sing; captivating this monotonously strangulated world with the delectable cadence in his voice,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would run; conquering impregnable milestones at every single step he took; wave the flag of amicable victory on each chunk of visible soil,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would dig; building a dwelling for himself as well as for all those who wandered in inexplicable affliction without a roof under the colossal sky,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would joke; making overwhelmingly sad people laugh with his astoundingly hilarious and comic banter,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would earn; assimilating the entire wealth that could ever have existed on land; disseminating it judiciously amongst people who badly needed it to resurrect their lives,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would yawn; relaxing on the lush green meadows in due admiration of the Sun God; reciting a flurry of vivid tales to mercilessly orphaned children starving to loneliness without their parents,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would exotically dream; perceiving the most wonderful objects which he had evolved; the unsurpassably beautiful garden which he had spawned for human kind to live and enjoy,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would thunderously cry; sharing

the grief of others with a sense of equality; providing his shoulder for them to lean upon in their time of unprecedented distress,

And till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would placidly live; inhaling in air every unfurling second; trying his Herculean best to maintain this planet of his as the ultimate paradise; trying his best to metamorphose all the evil hovering into a fantasy that he the 'Creator' would really cherish; a fantasy that God had given birth to this molecule of his; to wholesomely satisfy.

2. BOTH THE HANDS OF MY CREATOR

Even if the entire world kicked me brutally in my rear; not accepting me for my aberrant behavior and eccentric way of living,

Even if the entire world considered me as an untouchable; repelling a thousand meters away from me; complaining about foul stench,

Even if the entire world perceived me as horrendously black; a profoundly appalling sight to confront with even in the blackest of night,

Even if the entire world thought me to be an imbecile buffoon; not possessing the ability to converse eloquently; stuttering miserably at every word I spoke,

Even if the entire world conceived me to be cold ice; lazily staring into open space without moving a single finger in the day,

Even if the entire world banged me incorrigibly hard in the stomach; kept me famished for fortnights on the trot under the sweltering fire ball of Sun,

Even if the entire world banished me from every religion; stripping me of my rustic attire; incarcerating each part of my body in hideously gleaming chains,

Even if the entire world laughed at me incessantly for my indigenous and village like voice; vehemently condemned me for not adhering to the norms of the supremely sophisticated society,

Even if the entire world refrained to talk to me; sneering at me scornfully for not following a spurious chain of religious policies,

Even if the entire world spat at me for growing an abysmally long beard; not walking on the roads with my arms and legs perfectly aligned and in excellent synchronization,

Even if the entire world whipped me for choosing an unconventional path of writing poetry; not marching towards office at the stringent unfurling of 9 'O' clock in the morning; interacting with an ambience overwhelmingly laden with glamour and stupendous gaiety,

Even if the entire world tenaciously opposed my virtue of speaking the most bitter of truth; lying naked on the streets when I could I have easily earned millions by uttering a string of blatant lies,

Even if the entire world furtively chalked policies to defeat me; plotting nefarious schemes to over topple me behind my back,

Even if the entire world addressed me by a volley of incoherent abuse; flooding my innocent ears with nothing else but indiscriminate tunes of malice,

Even if the entire world rejected me for my stubborn ideals; ubiquitously propagating all mankind,

Even if the entire world orphaned me; shutting their doors savagely on my face with the onset of chill and shimmering twilight,

Even if the entire world stood like an invincible fortress in my way; not letting me and my beloved breathe the slightest; strangulating us with their barbaric norms and ways,

Even if the entire world discarded me like a pack of burnt matchsticks; placing me in a remote iron prison high on the summit of the mountains,

And inspite of all this; I would still be the happiest man on this earth; would feel the most blessed of all; as I had both the hands of my creator harboring me from all sides; seeing to it and immortally ensuring that each fantasy of mine converted itself into a veritable reality.

3. THE GODDESS OF LOVE

You'll find her in the frothy waves of the ocean; which fall and rise ebulliently with the most minuscule draught of wind,

You'll find her in the silken conglomerate of pearly clouds; floating smoothly in the sky,

You'll find her in the mesmerizing rose petals; having an evanescent coat of scintillating dew drops,

You'll find her in the vivaciously swirling trees; shedding their leaves sporadically with changing seasons,

You'll find her in the fleet footed nimble rabbit; prowling innocuously around the farm with its abnormally round eyes,

You'll find her in the dazzling sunrays; which fall incessantly on the earth until murky dusk,

You'll find her in the queenly peacock; spreading its feathers to a full blossom at the onset of torrential monsoons,

You'll find her in the golden fish whistling adroitly through deep ocean waters; incorporating an army of incongruous bubbles in its path,

You'll find her in the winged birds soaring high in the sky; chirping in animation at the unveiling of twilight,

You'll find her in the shimmering spires of the historical monument; which glisten profoundly under natural light,

You'll find her in the mystical reptile; slithering its way non-invasively through the marshy swamps,

You'll find her in the flocculent buds of freshly born cotton; sprawled in incoherent heaps on the soil,

You'll find her in the milky peninsula of moon; nestling in equanimity with deleterious wisps of air,

You'll find her in the rubicund complexioned radish; with nodules of ingratiating brown projecting in abundance,

You'll find her in the viciously fluttering web of spider; having an intricate network of finely intermingled threads,

You'll find her in the boisterously bouncing frog; croaking innocently in puddles of tainted water,

You'll find her in the newly born infant; wailing out uninhibitedly towards its mother,

You'll find her in the rustically humming bumblebees; which were unrelentingly busy round the clock in producing tones of sweet honey,

You'll find her incarcerated in the hard shell of coconut; wherein lies the succulent layer of ravishing pulp,

You'll find her in grizzly bears inhabiting the mountains; traversing harmlessly with several flakes of snow on their backs,

You'll find her in the yellow lilies; having vivid shoots of red sprouting from its oval shaped core,

You'll find her in the silver crested dolphin diving in and out of the undulating sea; spraying gallon of tingling droplets as an aftermath,

You'll find her in tubules of delectable mushroom; protruding in perfect harmony from the moist land,

You'll find her in crystalline water evacuated from the belly of earth; ubiquitously quenching insatiable urges of thirst,

You'll find her in the solitary oasis lying forlorn in the desert; yet scintillating magnificently in daylight,

You'll find her in globules of lukewarm milk; oozing profusely from the swollen teats of mother cow,

You'll find her in thunderous snores permeating the stillness of night; wafting from the mouth of an individual in deep slumber,

You'll find her in the persevering camel; impeccably traversing through scorching deserts; inadvertently moving its hunched back,

You'll find her in blood red cherries; ingratiatingly dangling from branches of the tall tree,

You'll find her in the droplets of salty sweat trickling down ones persona; after a good days-tenacious work,

You'll find her in the profoundly blushing cheek; which got aggrandized by a frivolous poke to the ribs,

You'll find her in the tender palm of a fairy; with infinite lines terminating into incommensurate forks,

You'll find her in the belligerent eyes of a soldier; unafraid to sacrifice his life for the nation,

You'll find her in the pouch bellied kangaroo; racing at swashbuckling speeds through the dense forests,

You'll find her in the conglomerate of green leaves; cascading from the roof of the hollow mountain cavern,

You'll find her in the bubbling broth being made in freezing winter; providing some respite from the irrevocable cold,

You'll find her in the nocturnal shadows; diligently staying riveted to the silhouettes of their masters,

You'll find her in the enamoring mass of black hair; settling down with stupendous grace on the angular shoulder,

You'll find her in the virgin oyster embedded at fathomless depths of the ocean; untouched the slightest by the adulterated ambience of land,

You'll find her in the grandiloquent inscriptions of the palace; the resplendent fountains rising high in the air,

You'll find her in the cow dung cakes adhering to indigenous village walls; shielding the dwelling from acrimonious rays of the sun,

You'll find her in the philanthropic nurse at the hospital; who altruistically serves all those in pain and bizarre affliction,

You'll find her in the spongy blades of grass; thoroughly cushioning the skull from a direct and unscrupulous contact with the stony ground,

You'll find her in the vibrant shades of root color; which the artist uses to inundate his barren sheet of canvas,

You'll find her in rotund bar of brown chocolate; which impregnates the tongue with an irrefutably sweet taste,

You'll find her in melting white water streams; gushing incessantly from the summit of the snow clad mountains at the onset of steaming summer,

You'll find her in finely sliced stem of coriander; which imparts substantial taste to the most lackluster of food,

You'll find her embossed in the sacrosanct scriptures of religious books; all that literature written which circumvents immortal peace,

You'll find her invincibly imprisoned in lips, which smile; generating the essence of life in the nondescript atmosphere,

You'll find her embedded in incongruous recesses of the soil; harboring a fleet of terrestrial organisms in their cozy warmth,

You'll find her squirting as untainted latex; gradually extruding from the stalk of pliable rubber tree,

You'll find her residing in the glittering harp; whose chords produced a mystically melodious tune when dexterously struck,

You'll find her incorporated in the furry mattress; with a jugglery of woolen threads extruding out,

You'll find her embodied in the knotted handkerchief; tossed exuberantly in the air; tickling the cluster of eyelashes as it fell,

You'll find her in the congenial glowworm philandering through the bushes; emitting an iridescent radiance to illuminate the night,

You'll find her in the hapless slippers of the old grandmother; chivalrously distributing sweets amongst young children; recounting to them innumerable tales
of the obsolete past,

You'll find her in long trousers of flannel cloth; stitched with fibers of simplicity and care,

You'll find her in pots chiseled of rustic clay; molded articulately with bohemian tribal palms,

You'll find her in twinkling stars scattered to unfathomable distances in the cosmos; glistening amicably in the murderous blackness,

You'll find her in the sapphire veils sequestering the woman's eyes; obliterating her from heinous evil prevalent in the world,

You'll find her in the century old fossil impregnated with a pellucid demeanor; silently yet effusively portraying the tale of existence before a thousand years,

You'll find her in the parachute bobbing indolently under the breeze; gently hovering down on the earth,

You'll find her in crusty flakes of snow; affably clinging to the glass pane window of the dwelling,

You'll find her in the cheeks of a newly born offspring; the scarlet tinge they acquire when he profusely cries,

You'll find her in the bedraggled beard of an old man; nictitating enchantingly with the clean wind,

You'll find her in the sacerdotal bells dangling low in the temple; giving out mesmerizing sounds when conscientiously strung,

You'll find her in vibrant colors of the gorgeous rainbow; announcing its presence when water tumbled from the sky in dazzling brightness,

You'll find her in the saliently thick veins of emerald green betel leaf; diffusing a ravishing aroma when meticulously chewed,

You'll find her in the heavily dunloped toddler pram; which sways rhythmically; thereby putting the infant into a celestial calm,

You'll find her in trunk of the mammoth elephant; inhaling bucket fulls of water from the river; sprinkling the same with rambunctious noises over the unsuspecting parrots,

You'll find her protuberant neck of a pigeon; swelling it all the more blatantly with the arrival of winter,

You'll find her in drifting weeds of algae; engendering a flurry of incoherent ripples on the surface of the forlorn stream,

You'll find her in pot bellied ducks; discordantly croaking with their flaccid and yellow beaks hoisting small fish from the lake,

You'll find her in the sneeze that turbulently hisses past slimy nostrils; transforming the supremely sophisticated into natural humans,

You'll find her in all items of edible food; satiating the hunger of millions of bowels perishing due to opprobrious poverty,

You'll find her in the juicy watermelon; yielding tantalizingly red water when astutely squeezed,

You'll find her in the bushy squirrel scampering up and down the tree; onerously gnawing at chunks of stolen jackfruit,

You'll find her in the mischievous faced chimpanzee; perfectly emulating the actions of his civilized counterparts on the bustling street,

You'll find her in the cup of steaming filter coffee; which grants loads of reprieve from the insurmountable cold,

You'll find her in the compassionate mascara circumventing the eyes; granting them with that thoroughly effeminate look which they vehemently desired,

You'll find her in all those benevolent leaders; who chalk egalitarian policies for both the affluent and indigent alike,

You'll find her in the tears which sporadically flow down the cheek; which culminate at instants of astronomical felicity,

You'll find her in sparkling waterfalls plummeting down the slope; creating an ingratiating gurgling sound after kissing the earth,

You'll find her in appetizing candy cones overflowing with sweet raspberry; instantly pacifying even the most pernicious of personalities,

You'll find her in the jagged oars of a boat; securely maneuvering the bleary eyed passengers to the shore,

You'll find her in raw chunks of mud; which discharge an exquisite redolence soon after the first spell of rain,

You'll find her in plain strings which the sister ties to her brother on his wrist; symbolizing a perpetual bond of unbiased love,

You'll find her in the soft toys that a child incessantly plays with; fomenting unprecedented smiles on his lips,

You'll find her in underground cloistered tunnels; which provide unsurpassable reprieve to millions during times of pugnacious war,

You'll find her in the nascent seed; which later gives birth to the gigantic sized tree,

You'll find her in nostalgic memories of the past; making an adult reminiscent about his boisterous childhood,

You'll find her in the pulp of ripened banana; producing a fabulous flavor when masticated,

You'll find her in every incommensurate footprint on this earth; depicting the presence of a tangibly breathing entity,

You'll find her in the blood circulating through your veins; instilling the energy to exist with the unfurling of each second,

You'll find her in the eyes of your beloved; prompting you to audaciously leap into the sea of adventure,

You'll find her in every heart throbbing beside you; intensely reinvigorating the spirit to uninhibitedly live,

And you didn't need to spend a single penny to purchase her; a moment to applaud her; for all you needed to do was to profusely blend with nature and humanity; and you'll find her automatically,

For she was none other than the supremely omnipresent 'GODDESS OF LOVE'.

4. FORGIVE ME

Forgive me for inadvertently trampling over scores of tiny ants; crawling unnoticed on the cold floor,

Forgive me for spitting foamy saliva indiscreetly on the streets; on formation of excess liquid in the palette of my mouth,

Forgive me for banging my fists in tandem against the wall; clenching my teeth in raw indignation on being intimidated,

Forgive me for driving at lightening speeds through the solitary streets; bouncing in the drivers seat while listening to pulsating music,

Forgive me for indiscriminately pouncing on the petulant mosquito; buzzing incessantly in the vicinity of my eardrum,

Forgive me for not listening to my mother; when she stringently admonished to get up at the crack of evanescent dawn,

Forgive me for being insatiably greedy; when it came to extracting wealth from this uncouth world,

Forgive me for indulging in licentious thoughts; possessing feeble control over the unprecedented realms of my mind,

Forgive me for sipping opulent wine; drowning myself wholesomely into domains of tantalizing fantasy,

Forgive me for skipping my morning prayers; in the bustle to reach office and commence work at fast pace,

Forgive me for snoring like a demon all night; permeating the still air with an indefatigable volley of cacophonous sounds,

Forgive me for attending bombastic parties; blending profusely with a conglomerate of people with spurious smiles,

Forgive me for swaying rampantly on the streets; inhabiting the discotheques till wee hours of night,

Forgive me for overhearing candid conversations; in my unrelenting curiosity to envisage activities behind close doors,

Forgive me for leaving squalid footprints as I walked; caressing the immaculately polished floor with dirt lining the periphery of my toes,

Forgive me for plucking resplendent flowers from their stalks; dismantling the moist earth by digging voraciously with my hands,

Forgive me for being overwhelmingly stubborn; standing steadfast with my baseless opinions; refraining to listen to others,

Forgive me for using abashing expletives; rebuking innocuous individuals in proximity; for no apparent fault of theirs,

Forgive me for ridiculing eminent personalities; making a travesty of the remarkable deeds they executed in their lives,

Forgive me for loitering aimlessly in space; becoming oblivious to the essence of life for some part of the day,

Over and above all forgive me O! lord for the plethora of misdeeds I have committed in my life as a human being; instead bless me with loads of fortitude to propagate double the happiness of all what I have destroyed.

5. THE LORD'S MOST FAVORITE CHILD.

Celebrate the voluptuously cascading rain; with an unsurpassable flurry of nubile vixens; compassionately matching step to step; of your ebulliently dancing stride,

Celebrate the eternally Omnipotent dawn; with mellifluously impeccable cisterns of honey; unabashedly dribbling across every conceivable pore of your nimbly impoverished body,

Celebrate the sensuously inebriating night; with a plethora of handsomely untainted bonfires; whose unflinchingly golden flames; kissed the farthestmost corner of the fathomlessly enamoring sky,

Celebrate the uninhibitedly liberating holidays; with unlimitedly enthralling labyrinths of adventures; which gave bountifully fresh birth to every dying pore of your skin; every unfurling instant of destined lifetime,

Celebrate philanthropically ameliorating victory; with celestially beautiful smiles; which made you as well everyone around you feel; the most inimitably priceless

organism on this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe,

Celebrate invincibly venerated motherhood; with perennially unconquerable compassion; which granted the most poignant fortresses of solidarity; to the majestically newborn child,

Celebrate fantastically unfettered paradise; with unceasingly iridescent caravans of spell binding fantasy; which timelessly escalated you to the footsteps of the Omnipresent divine,

Celebrate unbelievably tranquil loneliness; with magically unhindered enchantment; which inexorably mitigated you of even the most infinitesimally non-existent of your worries,

Celebrate indomitably fearless oneness; with the mantra of ubiquitously unparalleled humanity; which made you feel that there was nothing else but miraculously undefeated heaven; on even the most disappearing step that you nimbly tread,

Celebrate incredulously invincible Everest; with the most ravishingly costliest oceans of shimmering champagne; which seductively sparked an inferno of unendingly untamed desire in even the most obliviously crumbling of your bones,

Celebrate wonderfully replenishing sleep; with an endlessly fructifying festoon of jubilant dreams; which refreshed the innermost dormitories of your soul; to spawn into an infinite civilizations of newness; the very next rays of glistening dawn,

Celebrate perpetually egalitarian brotherhood; with the sky of fathomlessly bonding and unshakable unity; which perpetuated in you the temerity; to peerlessly behead even the most sacrilegiously assassinating of devil,

Celebrate panoramically effulgent beauty; with unstoppably ardent cloudbursts of appreciation; which evaporated even the most hedonistically frazzled of your nerves; into wisps of insouciantly vanishing oblivion,

Celebrate amazingly earnest candidness; with the ever-pervadingly righteous soil of brilliant honesty; which imparted you the most insuperably royal wings to fly; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

Celebrate triumphantly benign lips; with an everlastingly unflinching kiss of

imperceptible passion; which rekindled in you a fresh desire to exist; even when a countless feet beneath your hideously veritable grave,

Celebrate gloriously golden sweat; with a tireless cavalcade of salutations towards the Omnisciently showering sky; which acted as your sole savior in every tangible and intangible sphere of synergistically destined life,

Celebrate ecstatically tantalizing breath; with a fearlessly never-ending hug; which made you feel quintessentially closer; to your incomparably magnetic rudiments,

Celebrate victoriously unmatched heartbeat; with a Universe of fervent gregariousness; which forever coalesced every element of your survival; symbiotically with every fraternity; caste; creed; religion and tribe,

And celebrate every instant of optimistically blessed life; with the beats of immorally Omnipresent love; which granted you a permanent place in the most unassailable thrones of heaven; and which made you this very unfurling moment; the Lord's most favorite child.

6. JUST THE SAME AS THE PREVIOUS BEAT.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Omnipresent Lord; that whenever my lips opened; they whispered something for enlightening the lives of countless orphaned children; they radiated something which was stunningly new; they sang something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by own self; on the trajectory of this spell-bindingly royal planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Insuperable Lord; that whenever my fingers opened; they wrote something to trigger a smile on the faces of all those tyrannically molested; they wrote something which was inimitably new; they wrote something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by very own self; on the trajectory of this wonderfully philanthropic planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Omnipotent Lord; that whenever my eyes opened; they radiated something to perpetuate compassion in every haplessly devastated echelon of humanity; they radiated something which was supremely new; they radiated something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this unbelievably redolent planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Impregnable Lord; that whenever my veins opened; they oozed something which perennially bonded every conceivable sect of living

kind alike; they oozed something which was rhapsodically new; they oozed something which had never ever been replicated before; and by neither my very own self; on the trajectory of this everlastingly bountiful planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Undefeated Lord; that whenever my shoulders opened; they projected something which gave unflinchingly fearless conviction to every coward lurking in inexplicable trauma; they projected something which was incredulously new; they projected something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this timelessly celestial planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Unshakable Lord; that whenever my hair opened; they wafted something which permeated a gorge of unprecedented sensuousness in every robotically prejudiced cranny of the earth; they wafted something which was ingeniously new; they wafted something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this limitlessly enthralling planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Ever-pervading Lord; that whenever my toes opened; they tinkled something which induced a forest of unceasingly enthralling adventure in every nefariously prejudiced entity alive; they tinkled something which was brilliantly new; they tinkled something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this pristinely unlimited planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Omniscient Lord; that whenever my nostrils opened; they exhaled something which engendered pricelessly invincible life in every lugubriously stagnating corner of this earth; they exhaled something which was victoriously new; they exhaled something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this fragrantly ebullient planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Infallible Lord; that whenever my throat opened; it sang something to miraculously alleviate the pain of all those uncontrollably shivering and suffering; it sang something which was eternally new; it sang something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this triumphantly poignant planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Unimpeachable Lord; that whenever my fists opened; they highlighted something which diffused the sheer essence of altruistic humanity and not spurious destiny; they highlighted something which was majestically new; they highlighted something which had never ever been

replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this boundlessly burgeoning planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Benign Lord; that whenever my ears opened; they captured something which redefined the virtue of baselessly manipulative sensitivity hideously sunk into the world today; they captured something which was regally new; they captured something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this endlessly captivating planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Unassailable Lord; that whenever my armpits opened; they sweated something which ubiquitously disseminate the scent of victoriously honest perseverance; they sweated something which was marvelously new; they sweated something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this gigantically blessed planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Fearless Lord; that whenever my skin-pores opened; they sparked something which metamorphosed every trifle of morose impotency into an untamed cloudbursts of rekindling virility; they sparked something which was unimaginably new; they sparked something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this fantastically unbridled planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Almighty Lord; that whenever my brain opened; it fantasized something which perennially brought paradise and cheer to every quarter of this miserably cannibalistic earth; it fantasized something which was resplendently new; it fantasized something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this blissfully fructifying planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Indomitable Lord; that whenever my chest opened; it embraced something which tirelessly needed the cradle of selfless compassion; it embraced something which was uninterruptedly new; it embraced something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this magnetically rejuvenating planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Multi-Faceted Lord; that whenever my bones opened; they imbibed something which was the most undying epitome of universally undaunted courage; they imbibed something which was aristocratically new; they imbibed something which had never ever been

replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this handsomely unfettered planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Victorious Lord; that whenever my teeth opened; they masticated something which was the most panoramically symbiotic creation of nature divine; they masticated something which was effervescently new; they masticated something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this effulgently proliferating planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Celestial Lord; that whenever my conscience opened; it liberated something which was the most unimpeachable apogee of truth; it liberated something which was undauntedly new; it liberated something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this fantastically inscrutable planet.

But please irrefutably ensure O! Everlasting Lord; that whenever my heart opened; it definitely did throb something which united every single organism on this commercially cadaverous earth into threads of altruistic friendship; but every beat that it throbbed was just the same as the previous beat; indefatigably wanting to assimilate only love; love and nothing else but immortal love; from every entity alive and every corner of this wonderfully emollient planet.

7. WE'RE ALL HUMANS.

There wasn't a brain born on this fathomlessly enchanting Universe; which came without its share of imbecile eccentricities; at times meandering into the aisles of wholesomely decrepit meaninglessness,

There wasn't a lip born on this boundlessly captivating Universe; which came without its share of inexplicable sadness; at times solely embracing the most unprecedented apogees of lugubrious doom,

There wasn't a throat born on this endlessly enthralling Universe; which came without its share of rambunctious cacophony; at times wafting into the bitterest tunes of hedonistic oblivion,

There wasn't a finger born on this limitlessly emollient Universe; which came without its share of ludicrous anomalies; at times preposterously sketching the entire resplendently enamoring planet; wretchedly and incongruously upside down,

There wasn't a foot born on this invincibly panoramic Universe; which came

without its share of delirious stamping; at times meting its entire frustration upon blissful soil; till the last granule of mud was frigidly pulverized,

There wasn't an eye born on this wonderfully ameliorating Universe; which came without its share of impoverished tears; at times inconsolably sobbing towards hysterical doom; even under the most blazingly unfettered rays of brilliant sunlight,

There wasn't a chest born on this enigmatically Herculean Universe; which came without its share of deplorable fearfulness; at times inscrutably trembling towards the most pathetically dwindling of corpse; at the tiniest whisker of sound,

There wasn't a stomach born on this pristinely uninhibited Universe; which came without its share of intermittently irascible gas; at times expurgating into the most pugnaciously fetid bellows of air; even whilst resting amidst perennially environmental bliss,

There wasn't a mind born on this bountifully fructifying Universe; which came without its share of unexplainable illiteracy; at times helplessly staring at the most sagaciously pragmatic things; even though trained to unsurpassable epitomes of meritoriously royal education,

There wasn't a mouth born on this gloriously untainted Universe; which came without its share of ungainly abuse; at times bursting into an uncontrolled volley of thwarted malice; just the very next instant after uttering the name of the Omnipotent Lord,

There wasn't a bone born on this pricelessly inimitable Universe; which came without its share of dastardly weakness; at times bizarrely crouching an infinite feet beneath its shell; although the barbarous enemy was a million kilometers apart; and yet to arrive,

There wasn't a skin born on this gregariously compassionate Universe; which came without its share of penurious sweat; at times culminating into an ocean of disdainfully salty water; when tension rode high and unprecedented even on the tip of freezing Everest,

There wasn't a neck born on this triumphantly fearless Universe; which came without its share of restless turning; at times darting into a billion directions every instant; as if non-existent hell had rained down on planet divine,

There wasn't an ear born on this victoriously burgeoning Universe; which came without its share of anomalous insensitivities; at times pretending to be ostentatiously deaf to even the most agonizingly tyrannized cries of living kind,

There wasn't an eyelash born on this handsomely regal Universe; which came without its share of surreptitious flashing; at times unnecessarily flirting with the fairer sex at gay abandon; immediately after tying the immortal nuptial thread with godly wife,

There wasn't a persona born on this unabashedly liberated Universe; which came without its share of maiming depression; at times writhing for countless hours on obdurate floor; desperately crying for no ostensible reason or rhyme,

There wasn't a spine born on this undauntedly magnetic Universe; which came without its share of mysterious trembling; at times reverberating more ferociously than the devastating earthquake; at just a nimble touch of the nubile finger,

There wasn't a heart born on this gigantically spell-binding Universe; which came without its share of irregular throbbing; at times skipping an infinite beats in a single instant; to directly reach the penultimate beat of veritable death,

There wasn't a nostril born on this timelessly blossoming Universe; which came without its share of inexorable gasping; at times feeling indescribably asphyxiated for poignant breath; even in the most celestially iridescent of atmosphere,

And there wasn't an organism born on this unlimitedly redolent Universe; which came without its share of humanitarian errors; at times forgetting its own name and holistic identity; even though blessed in every aspect of its existence by the Omnipresent Lord,

Simply because; we're all humans; and try as hard as we could; we can never ever come even an infinitesimal fraction close to him; can never ever even dream to emulate his impregnable perfectionist ways; can never ever challenge his unassailable ways of human creation; can never ever become the Omniscient God.

8. WHY DID I LIVE?

Why did I live? Well perhaps for tirelessly witnessing the unabashedly innocuous

giggles of my new born baby daughter; who had freshly descended from the lap of the Omnipotent Lord.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for endlessly viewing the fathomlessly barren fields; sprout into the most resplendently fructifying fruits of an optimistic tomorrow.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for stupendously appeasing even the most infinitesimal cranny of my pathetically parched throat; with the spell bindingly tantalizing raindrops of heavenly mother nature.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for uninhibitedly releasing every lugubriously frazzled ounce of energy in my skin; as I tirelessly danced under golden rays of the royal Sunset; for times immemorial.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for incorrigibly agglutinating to the venerated lap of my godly mother; fearlessly sharing all my agonies and ecstasies in the fronds of her compassionately divinely palms.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to interminably fantasize about the boundlessly enamoring beauty of this eternal universe; to sensuously cavort and mate with the most voluptuously titillating women alive.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to imbibe the ideals of unconquerably egalitarian truth and non-violence; to act as an harbinger of unceasing peace for every caste; creed; fraternity and color of humanity.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to tirelessly procreate my very own clan; impregnably ensuring that the chapter of the Omniscient lord's creation forever burgeoned; as I passionately contributed my very best.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for wholeheartedly laughing each bone of my body out; at the various parodies and enthusing inexplicabilities that the colossal atmosphere around me; had to harmoniously offer.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for perennially embracing every of my fellow comrade; which the uncouthly barbarous world had unforgivably shunted; and who was now one quintessential ingredient of my very own blood.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to unflinchingly salute the Omnipresent Sun as it arose every morning at jubilantly effulgent dawn; to let its undefeated glory pave a path of peerless righteousness in every conceivable pore of my body.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to sight how handsomely gifted was my nimbly impoverished form in the incredulously scintillating mirror; all by the grace of the unassailably wonderful Lord.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to invincibly sleep like a freshly born infant; unshakably snapping my lips shut; at the ominously sacrilegious crackle of midnight.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for intransigently peering into the silken blue tufts of the bountiful sky; assimilating inspiration of a countless more lifetimes into my soul; as I ardently appreciated its majestic aura.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to unceasingly fall into the most poignantly humanitarian of relationships; timelessly explore the unfathomably fantastic vagaries of the human mind.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to earn every iota of wealth ever conceived on planet earth; so that I could exist as the most royally unfettered Kind; and simultaneously afford the same right to every living organism on this blessed planet.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to be inscrutably tantalized by the umpteenth sounds of the gloriously triumphant forest; feel the sensitivity of the rhapsodically undying wind created unparalleled tremors of desire in every nubile pore of my flesh.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to unforgivingly massacre every trace of the hedonistically massacring devil on the trajectory of this globe; metamorphose this beleaguered earth once again into the most victoriously fertile paradise.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to forever bid an irrevocable adieu to a thing called spuriously sanctimonious destiny; evolve a destiny whose foundations rested on righteously persevering hard work; instead.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to bond every passionately volatile beat of my heart; with the immortal beats of insuperably gratifying love which were prevalent in even the most evanescent ounce of the atmosphere.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to unrelentingly relish the unbelievably fiery puff of passionate air that resurgently rushed into my nostrils every single instant; which was my sole source of all desire on this untiring Universe.

And why did I live? Definitely because the unconquerably Almighty Creator wanted me to; this very moment and till every other moment that he ordered me to symbiotically live; as the complete control over my first and very last breath; was his; his and forever and inimitably his.

9. GOD LOVES ALL

As much as he loved the rich; he wholeheartedly embraced his impoverished counterparts decaying in inexplicable pain,

As much as he loved the handsomely tall; he rejoiced with his astoundingly diminutive children; wholesomely oblivious to bright light,

As much as he loved the formidably strong; he caressed all those tottering towards inevitably extinction; with poignant equanimity in his Omnipotent eyes,

As much as he loved the grandiloquent castles; he loomed his Omnipresent shadow large; on the gloomy hutments; with life tumultuously acrimonious every unleashing second,

As much as he loved the sacrosanct Christians; he wholeheartedly showered his blessings on the Hindus, Muslims, Buddhist, and virtually the most infinitesimal of tribe existing on this planet,

As much as he loved the rhapsodic oceans; he sent inclement cloud showers of rain; on the soil of the horrifically scorching deserts,

As much as he loved the impeccably fair; he hoisted all those deluged with tyrannical misery and doom; bountifully showering upon the most hideously sooty organism alive,

As much as he loved the insatiably romantic; he remained like an invincible shadow with all those heart broken; and devastated with the sword of insidious betrayal,

As much as he loved stupendously fragrant rose; he ensured that the disdainfully slithering cockroach; replenished its stomach; with the blossoming gifts of forest wilderness,

As much as he loved the sagacious saints; he blissfully commiserated with the rustically common man; being his guiding light to prosperity; on every path he tread,

As much as he loved the robustly elegant; he equally rewarded all those
framework of mere skeletons; with the fruits of ravishingly beautiful existence,

As much as he loved the euphorically drifting clouds; he inhabited each quarter
of chocolate brown mud; stretching fathomless kilometers beyond the trajectory
of this planet,

As much as he loved the philosophically learned; he stood like an impregnable
fortress with his innocent children; as they alighted their each step in life,

As much as he loved the vivaciously flamboyant rainbow; he lend his
Omnipresent arms to the birds incarcerated brutally inside their cages,

As much as he loved compassionate fireballs of heat; he imparted his
Omnisciently healing touch to frozen avalanches of ice; gruesomely isolated and
shivering like new born mice,

As much as he loved the hawk eyed flamingoes; he became the heart and soul of
those without the tiniest iota of sight; maneuvering them towards the ultimate
of their dreams; uplifting them towards all the benevolent goodness in life,

As much as he loved the dynamically fulminating island of Sun; he was
perennially present in the neglectedly oblivious realms of the ethereal horizons,

As much as he loved the surreally fantasizing; he was always there to assist his
pragmatically innocuous beings; in their times of bizarre distress,

As much as he loved spawning countless new each unfurling instant; he was
there comfortingly smiling by your side; as you got ready to blend with inevitable
death,

O! yes; the immortally Omnipotent soul of Almighty Lord throbs in every heart;
GOD LOVES ALL.

10. ONLY IF I WOULD

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; unequivocally
disseminate the stupendously grandiloquent essence of blissful peace; in every
dwelling besieged with satanic bloodshed,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; philanthropically act as a

harbinger of irrefutably righteous and eternally sparkling humanity; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; uninhibitedly sacrifice every iota of my poignantly crimson blood; to handsomely alleviate my benign comrades; in overwhelmingly inexplicable pain,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; indefatigably mitigate my fellow compatriots in devastating distress; harbor all religions and tribes alike; under the most royally majestic roof of priceless humanity,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; placate the astronomical pangs of hunger in all those despairingly staggering; with the resplendently twinkling fruits of compassionate sharing and care,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; light the Omnipotent lantern of impregnable love; in every treacherously betrayed and innocuous soul; alike,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; unflinchingly transcend over all diabolical malice rampantly massacring blissful life; metamorphose every element of distressing pain; into a magical wand of mesmerizing benevolence,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; torrentially diffuse a cloudburst of bountifully ecstatic melody; envelop all those haplessly impoverished; in magnanimous swirls of rhapsodically enchanting fantasy,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; perpetually annihilate all spuriously stinking differentiation of the bombastically rich and the bizarrely poor; miraculously replace salacious misery; with unassailable cisterns of global unity,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; march indefatigably on the invincibly sacred pathways of glittering truth; patriotically perpetuate every web of hideously ghastly lies; with the timeless glow of the impeccable conscience,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; unsurpassably waft the fragrance of marvelously emollient perseverance; to perennially overshadow the morbid ghastly winds; of worthless commercialism,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; become the celestially

maneuvering light; of all those devastatingly without sight; having nothing but evil hurricanes of blackness; wholesomely camouflaging every cranny of their sight,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; pacify even the most minuscule apprehension of the horrendously maimed and destitute; with the ointment of unprecedented sharing; with the ultimate splendor of humanity,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; magically embrace all those brutally orphaned infants tottering on the viciously dusty streets; hoist them from the despicably abhorrent garbage bins; and make them the beats of my serene chest,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; boundlessly proliferate enigmatic life on every lane that I nimbly tread; forever ensure that no organism with an innocent heart got pulverized by the wastrel demons,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; ubiquitously inculcate a wave of spell binding literacy in every human alive; decimating every root of ostracizing depravation and uncouth malice,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; blossom into a sky of tantalizing newness every unfurling minute of the day; bequeath a princely legacy of unfathomable happiness; upon all those breathing and synergistically alive,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; find the most gratifying love of everybody's life; transform every space of malevolent enmity under the stars; into a gloriously euphoric paradise,

And give the reins of the entire world to me O! Almighty Lord; only if I would; die a countless deaths every unleashing second; only to immortally ensure that each of my passionately cascading breaths instilled a fathomless new lives; in all those immaculate about to blend with winds of insidious oblivion.

11. IMMORTALLY DEAD

If mercilessly gouging both my eyes meant that; nobody on this boundless planet would ever be born pathetically blind once again; then gouge them this very minute and without the slightest of circumspection; O! Almighty Lord,

If ruthlessly snatching all my wealth meant that; nobody on this fathomless

planet would ever be born disastrously poor once again; then snatch it away this very minute and without the tiniest of skepticism; O! Almighty Lord,

If barbarically decimating both my arms and legs meant that; nobody on this infinite planet would ever be born treacherously maim once again; then decimate them

this very minute and without the most insipid of comprehension; O! Almighty Lord,

If murderously extricating all my repertoire of charismatic smiles meant that; nobody on this timeless planet would ever be born morbidly impoverished once again; then extricate them this very minute and without the most infinitesimal of deliberation; O! Almighty Lord,

If ominously pulverizing all my voluptuously exotic beauty meant that; nobody on this fascinating planet would ever be born lecherously ugly once again; then it this very minute and without the most minuscule of contemplation; O! Almighty Lord,

If satanically emptying my stomach even of its last morsel of tantalizing food meant that; nobody on this everlasting planet would ever be born devastatingly hungry once again; then empty it this very minute and without the most frigid of speculation; O! Almighty Lord,

If diabolically numbing the chords of melody in my throat meant that; nobody on this gigantic planet would ever be born ludicrously dumb once again; then numb them this very minute and without the most evanescent of thought; O! Almighty Lord,

If invidiously tricking my senses into a dungeon of venomously lethal scorpion meant that; nobody on this bountiful planet would ever be born manipulatively cheated once again; then trick them this very minute and without the most ethereal of pondering; O! Almighty Lord,

If salaciously exploiting every iota of my ravishingly titillating flesh meant that; nobody on this endless planet would ever be born tyrannically mutilated once again; then exploit it this very minute and without the most diminutive of rumination; O! Almighty Lord,

If heinously stealing all my ability to magically discern the cadence of piquant sound meant that; nobody on this enchanting planet would ever be born horrendously deaf once again; then steal it this very minute and without the

most inconsequential of cogitation; O! Almighty Lord,

If insidiously poisoning every element of my robustly scarlet blood with debilitating disease meant that; nobody on this mesmerizing planet would ever be born brutally incapacitated once again; then poison it this very minute and without the most inconspicuous of musing; O! Almighty Lord,

If horrifically inflicting my flamboyantly glimmering eyeballs with an unfathomable ocean of despairing tears meant that; nobody on this blistering planet would ever be born pathetically lamenting once again; then inflict them this very minute and without the most minutest of pensiveness; O! Almighty Lord,

If cannibalistically snapping every iota of my spell binding memory meant that; nobody on this marvelous planet would ever be born insanely lunatic once again; then snap it this very minute and without the most lackadaisical of reflection; O! Almighty Lord,

If deplorably annihilating all job opportunities for me even though I brilliantly dazzled meant that; nobody on this gorgeous planet would ever be born staggeringly unemployed once again; then annihilate them this very minute and without the most capricious of thinking; O! Almighty Lord,

If savagely destroying every trace of my resplendently twinkling reflection meant that; nobody on this majestic planet would ever be born disparagingly orphaned once again; then destroy it this very minute and without the most remotest of afterthoughts; O! Almighty Lord,

If maliciously inebriating my patriotic will power to unflinchingly fight meant that; nobody on this glorious planet would ever be born nonchalantly sluggish once again; then inebriate it this very minute and without the most infinitesimal of brooding; O! Almighty Lord,

If manipulatively corrupting my righteous conscience with dungeons of blood sucking depravation meant that; nobody on this magical planet would ever be born ungainly guilty once again; then corrupt it this very minute and without the most ephemeral of consideration; O! Almighty Lord,

If devilishly massacring every puff of my blissfully cascading breath meant that; nobody on this perpetual planet would be ever be born tragically dead once again; then massacre it this very minute and without the most obsolete of mulling; O! Almighty Lord,

And if uncouthly betraying my perennially throbbing heart meant that; nobody on this invincible planet would ever be born remorsefully lonely once again; then betray it this very minute and without the most faintest of deliberation; O! Almighty Lord,

For if just extinguishing a single life of mine; could astoundingly proliferate into a countless more celestial lives; bequeath upon the world its lost quota of jubilant happiness; then I would feel the most privileged organism O! Almighty Lord; to be immortally dead.

12. THE BEST WAY TO TACKLE LIFE

The best way to tackle depression; was to start running rampantly; with the moonlight to guide you wherever you went,

The best way to tackle dreariness; was to splash your eyes infinite times with sea water; let the rejuvenating spray take complete control of your agonized nerves,

The best way to tackle fear; was to stare unrelentingly into the eyes of the devil; without flinching the slightest,

The best way to tackle pimples cropping up on the skin; was to scrub your face thoroughly with fresh riverside mud; commence work as soon as possible; leaving the rest upon time to heal,

The best way to tackle hysterical sorrow; was to laugh uncontrollably as if nothing happened; blend yourself wholesomely with the pragmatic present,

The best way to tackle boredom; was to frantically whistle any tune that struck your mind; stringently piercing the silence of the night,

The best way to tackle shyness and reservations; was to take a stroll every morning on the 200th floor of the building; letting the pugnacious rays of the sun; sizzling every pore of your petrified skin,

The best way to tackle a financial crisis; was presuming yourself to be the richest man in your fantasy; continuing to work with all that you were endowed with; to irrefutably succeed,

The best way to tackle the boss's insults and plethora of rebukes; was to pay heed to them with one ear; and let them pass away like non-existent wisps of

smoke from the other,

The best way to tackle the hideous looking burglar, was to welcome him with a glass of chilled coke and smiles; depicting to him that you weren't a trifle perturbed by his vicious onslaught into the house,

The best way to tackle a sore throat; was to sing at the top of your lungs any tune that struck your heart; drowning yourself completely in the rhapsody of the sound; thereby converting your affliction into a beautiful asset,

The best way to tackle a stream of negativity lingering inevitably in your mind; was to resolutely iterate that you were going to win; the first thing as you woke up at the blossoming of dawn,

The best way to tackle the incessant stammering you did in front of your beloved; was to stand tall to your full height; hold back your breath for long seconds of time; before you audaciously blurted out 'I love you'; with fire blazing in your eyes,

The best way to tackle the stormy sea; was to swim against the choppy waves with insurmountable fervor; greet each swirl of water as it rose with a yell catapulting you to victory,

The best way to tackle your tears from oozing every second; was to resiliently drink them clenching your teeth; as soon as they arose,

The best way to tackle the uncouth world; was to be least affected by the lecherous society; keep surging ahead relentlessly; till the last iota of your mission was accomplished,

The best way to tackle the wildly swishing cricket ball; was to whip it left, right and center; with swashbuckling strokes of your bat,

The best way to tackle pain; was to turn a blind eye to it whenever it happened; considering yourself unsurpassably lucky in comparison to those who had already died,

The best way to tackle your urge to keep living immortally; was to realize that there wasn't a single household in the entire universe; with all its members breathing alive,

And the best way to tackle life; was to execute your daily tasks to the pinnacle of

your ability; help as many people as you encountered on the streets in some way or the other; and then leave the rest to the Almighty Creator.

13. LIFE IS AS OMNIPOTENT AS GOD

Life is as sweet as a chocolate; go and greedily crunch it,

Life is as ravishing as the choppy ocean; go and swim in it,

Life is as dense as the deciduous forest; go and voraciously philander in it,

Life is as perspicuous as the scintillating mirror; go and sight your reflection in it,

Life is as green as the sprawling grasses; go and exuberantly roll in it,

Life is as impeccable as frosty cows milk; go and perseveringly gulp it,

Life is as fragrant as the mesmerizing scarlet rose; go and smell it,

Life is as warm as the cozy quilt; go and comfortably snuggle in it,

Life is as voluptuous as brown chunks of mud; go and ebulliently plough it,

Life is as vivid as the rainbow in the cosmos; go and surreptitiously perceive it,

Life is as surreal as blissful heaven; go and inexorably fantasize about it,

Life is as contemporary as the swanky car; go and drive it,

Life is as slippery as the slimy oyster shells; go and intensely feel it,

Life is as thorny as the gigantic cactus; go and prick it,

Life is as poignant as green chili; go and tenaciously chew it,

Life is as heavy as the mammoth boulder; go and skillfully hoist it,

Life is as strong as the formidable fortress wall; go and wrestle with it,

Life is as grandiloquent as the bombastic palace; go and languish in it,

Life is as brilliant as the dazzling sun; go and bask directly beneath it,
Life is as dark as the cloistered well; go and dip your persona in it,
Life is as enchanting as the placid moon; go and profoundly admire it,
Life is as blistering as the scorching deserts; go and run unrelentingly in it,
Life is as beautiful as the dainty fairy; go and gently caress it,
Life is as incredulous as the conventional aircraft; go and fly high in it,
Life is as comic as the circus clown; go and tumultuously laugh with it,
Life is as steep as the lanky mountain; go and adroitly clamber it,
Life is as tingling as the gushing mountain stream; go and uninhibitedly bathe in it,
Life is as intricate as the mothers womb; go and worship it,
Life is as horrendous as the swirling whirlpool; go and audaciously confront it,
Life is as enigmatic as the meticulously spun spiders web; go and entangle it,
Life is as simple as a line drawn on the floor; go and vigorously enjoy it,
Life is as savage as a sword; go and fight valiantly with it,
Life is as vibrant as the majestic peacock spreading its feathers; go and supremely relish it,
Life is as romantic as the person you care for; go and incorrigibly love it,
Life is as sacrosanct as the omnipotent creator; go and wholesomely lead it.

14. WHEN I REALIZED

The first time I saw a blind man groping wildly in daylight; I felt like running away; profoundly appalled by the pathetic sight,
Although the next instant when I realized that I had eyes; was bestowed upon by the creator with pellucid sight; I maneuvered him benevolently to cross the

crowded street.

The first time I saw a dumb man; trying to convey messages frantically waving his arms; I felt asphyxiated for breath; almost swooned heavily on the ground, Although the next instant when I realized that I had a tongue; I opened my mouth whenever he wanted to speak; to portray his message articulately to the world.

The first time I saw a maimed woman slithering helplessly on the ground; I felt globules of water well up my eyes, started to cry hysterically, Although the next instant when I realized that I had a robust body; spurts of exhilaration circulating rampantly through my veins; I hoisted her deftly on my shoulders; transported her safely to her destination.

The first time I saw a grizzly haired old man with an abysmally shriveled skin; the cane stick he held shivering uncontrollably in his hands; I almost puked out the meal I had consumed for breakfast, Although the next instant when I realized that I had enough skin on my knuckles; I solidly entwined my palms in his; commanded him immediately to emancipate his walking stick.

The first time I saw a deaf girl who didn't budge an inch even after hearing the obstreperous horns of the train behind; I collapsed in a bedraggled heap; witnessing her sheer numbness to sound, Although the next instant when I realized that I could decipher the most intricate of sound; I snatched her far away from the path of the stridently blaring train.

The first time I saw a mad man incoherently banging his fists against acrid glass; trespassing naked through the civilized streets; I cursed destiny under my breath for making him imbecile, Although the next instant when I realized that I had a sagacious mind of my own; I draped him in somber clothes; placed him immediately under psychiatric care.

The first time I saw a leper begging with an empty container on the road; I let out a gasp; sobbing profusely in my heart, Although the next instant when I realized that I possessed immaculate skin; I decided to scrape it from my body; to graft the same on him as he inevitably needed it.

The first time I saw an injured man lying under a conglomerate of debris and wrought iron; I felt gasps of nervous exhaustion feverishly escaping my nostrils,

Although the next instant when I realized that I had raw energy incarcerated in my tenacious bones; I utilized it wholeheartedly for extricating him; against all odds from the rubble.

And the first time I saw the acrimonious world; with blood sucking individuals marauding freely around; the corrupt society depriving the destitute; I thought of ending life there itself,

Although the next instant when I realized that the creator had blessed me with astronomical knowledge; the prudent ability to distinguish between the good and evil; I decided to fight audaciously; with my heart taking two beats at a time till I was successful in changing the complexion of this earth.

15. HE WAS OUR CREATOR

He was the towering pinnacle of the mountain; while we were all minuscule bits of stone strewn all around the surface in tandem,

He was the spiraling flame of fire towards the sky; while we were all obsolete wisps of smoke gasping for breath in vicinity,

He was the blistering island of majestic sun; while we were all his infinite rays,

He was the entire opulence in the universe; while we were just his proprietors to judiciously dispense it,

He was the entire assemblage of sea water rising high with turbulent storms; while we were his boundless fish that sank to the bottom,

He was the mammoth boulder of scintillating diamond; while we were the glow he emanated; soon to fade in dying light,

He was the fortified and invincible wall of the fortress; while we were his half burnt and red bricks,

He was the colossal battlefield which stretched till eternity; while we were his valiant soldiers fighting to protect our country,

He was the vast desert with golden brown sands; while we were his thorny cactus; that defended his territory,

He was the countless sheep wandering around the globe; while we were the droplets of frosty milk which he yielded for survival,

He was the tree that sky rocketed beyond all limits of comprehension in the cosmos; while we were his succulent and energy imparting fruits,

He was the gargantuan beehive that inhabited every corner of this earth; while we were the rivulets of honey that oozed from his surface intermittently,

He was the solitary lotus mesmerizing all in the pond; while we were his several petals floating nimbly on the surface of transparent water,

He was the singular and biggest animal in the world; while we were many of his timid mice; which he had procreated to evolve earth,

He was the longest biscuit of sugar ever found on the planet; while we were unfathomable sweetness he produced; to titillate the atmosphere,

He was the most melodious bird flying towards unsurpassable victory; while we were all his different tunes and moods,

He was the all the heat that existed in the world; while we were all his multiple globules of sweat dribbling down in synchronized harmony,

He was the robust mass of flesh marching a billion steps at a time; while we were his conglomerate of bones which assumed different shapes; proportions and color,

And he was the first father of this Planet; the very first entity who put his foot on this earth; the first person to propagate language all around; the first individual to segregate wild mass of water and land into enchanting continents; and the deity from whom all of us molecules spawned and evolved; he was our Creator.

16. THE PHOTO OF MY GOD

Ordinarily I would have fallen on every step I took; stumbling scornfully on every pebble I encountered in my way; as I hadn't slept a wink since a hundred nights,

But today I had the capacity to traverse barefoot even till the peak of the Himalayas; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have sat completely dumbfounded; relinquishing all capacity to embody a single alphabet on the sheet of paper; as my fingers had violent traces of deadly cancer,

But today I had the capacity to compile boundless volumes of ethnic literature in just a single day; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have failed miserably in the exams; scoring an obnoxious zero in every section that I answered; as I wasn't even apprised the slightest as to which subject was I appearing for,

But today I wrote all the answers at lightening speeds; handing over the answer sheet to my examiner even before he gave me the questions; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have gasped for words; looked like a perfect idiot in front of people; as my half chopped tongue; miserably faltered to utter a word further,
But today I held millions thronging in the audience with my spell binding speech; drowning them in the eloquence of my songs; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have sunk to the bottom of the ocean blending with the tiny fish; as the ship was struck by a tumultuous storm,
But today I swam gallantly against the treacherous waves; with a broad smile encompassing the contours of my face; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have been pulverized to inconspicuous bits of dust; as the car I was traveling in; plunged head on into the deep gorge,
But today I swerved it through the winding lanes of the hill; conquered the zenith of the mountain escaping without a scratch; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have been a scattered pair of bones; sprawled in infinite directions; as I jumped from the edge of the 100th floor,
But today I stood on the ground with my shoulders upright; started playing cricket immediately after landing on the soil; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have broken down into a billion droplets of sweat on witnessing the marching army; with the adrenaline circulating violently in my body; and the hair on my scalp standing up in trepidation; viewing the gleaming swords,
But today I massacred the entire battalion of warriors single handed; with the nonchalant ease of a sleeping prince; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

And ordinarily I would have hesitated several times on proposing to the girl I

loved; falling in a timid stupor on her feet in front of her parents; every time I felt like whispering the same,
But today I banged the door of her home after midnight; revived the man sleeping dormant in me for years; screamed in her ear; as well as to the entire world; that I loved her; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket

17. THERE WAS GOD TO PROTECT ME

There were lids to protect my eyes; shield them against the most turbulent of storm and dust,

There were lips to protect my teeth; accentuate their beauty as they flirtatiously smiled,

There was flesh to protect my bones; ensure that they stayed in perfect synchronization; and my demeanor looked robust and fine,

There was hair to protect my scalp; comfort it against body blows and buzzing fly,

There was stomach to protect my food; churn exquisite dishes from all over the continent into one stream,

There was an obdurate skull to protect my brain; thereby facilitate me to evolve ideas at lightening speeds,

There were nails to protect my fingers and toes; see to it that I defended myself in the acrid times of war,

There were clothes to protect my body; save me from bitter cold and the tiniest of embarrassment,

There were shoes to protect my feet; engendering me to walk even on the smoldering embers of scarlet fire,

There were mesmerizing flamingoes to protect my happiness; prevent me from entering into clouds of gloom,

There was rain to protect my thirst; keep my throat always moist and incredulously tender,

There was a tongue to protect my speech; make me speak the most perfect of

words at the most perfect of times,

There was sweat to protect my skin; stop it from drying into a shriveled and an inconspicuous heap,

There were Sun and Moon to protect my perception of time; depict to me exactly every hour I walked on the surface of this earth,

There were mystical lines on my palm to protect my destiny; mold and harness the purpose of my existence,

There was house to protect my family; impart it with the security it overwhelmingly desired in times of fear and night,

There was beloved to protect my heart; hamper it from getting trapped into the aisles of irrevocable frustration,

There was mother to protect my senses; see to it that all my dreams manifested themselves into reality,

And there was God to protect my life; save me from all difficulties and barricades whichever came my way; see to it that I blissfully breathed & lived my full quota of life; till the purpose I had taken birth for on his land; was fully satisfied.

18. YOU WERE MY CREATOR

Even if you crippled me for life; horrendously maiming both my arms and feet,

Even if you made me blind; snatching inevitable centers of vision from my body,

Even if you kicked me at every corner of life; making me taste the dirt on the dusty streets,

Even if you stripped my flesh off; whipping me incessantly with the brutal strokes of destiny,

Even if you made me dimly stutter; not enabling me to express myself the slightest,

Even if you snatched my dreams; inundating all my nights with ghastly perceptions of the devil,

Even if you made me walk on sizzling embers of fire; scorching the soles of my foot to unprecedented limits,

Even if you chopped my body into infinite pieces; fed each of them to the satanically wandering vultures,

Even if you stole the smiles from my face; engulfing me in the appalling corridors of gloom for the entire of my life,

Even if you left a battalion of ferocious lions; thundering their way towards me; to pulverize me to mincemeat,

Even if you inflicted upon me the most incurable of deadly disease; killing me every second with tumultuous pain,

Even if you failed me miserably; making me dither abysmally in every sphere of life,

Even if you compelled me to beg on the streets; starve and shiver in agonizing cold of the winter night,

Even if you made people around me spit their saliva on my face; thrash me on my cheek to unleash their personal frustration,

Even if you showered only me with acrimonious acid; while you pelted upon others droplets of mesmerizing rain,

Even if you made me pathetically stumble at every step I took; always kept me sulking at the bottom of the mountain; while in fact my mates had conquered it several number of times,

Even if you made me slither helplessly on the ground; unable and extremely weak to utter even the most tiniest of sound,

And even if you flooded my mind with negative thoughts; trying your level best to make me hate you; let me tell you that although you might have succeeded on all the previous occasions; but this time you would miserably fail; for I will always love you; and each beat of my heart; each word that I spoke; each breath that I inhaled; would immortally say; that you were the person i adored the most; you were my Creator.

19.1 MILLION GODS

When I was in office; I felt as if somebody was trying to wring my neck each second; pummeling me down forcefully towards the ground,
While when I stepped outside; people seemed so pleasant; and the majestic rays of the Sun left me open mouthed in a spell bound stupor.

When I was in office; I felt as if I was being whipped in each corner of my skin; with barbaric belts of commercialism,
While when I stepped outside; the roads on which pedestrians walked seemed like golden honey; and the chirping of vivacious birds; put my mind to an eternal rest.

When I was in office; the air around me felt overwhelmingly heavy; with the appalling sight of check books and paper; putting me in a state of perpetual gloom,
While when I stepped outside; the scent of the mesmerizing rose tickled me voraciously; casting over my dreary senses a spell of surreal enchantment.

When I was in office; the ambience seemed so nonchalant and dull; despite the most glorious of lights flashing around,
While when I stepped outside; I had the time of my life; with the creamy moonlight; playing hide 'n' seek with my eyes.

When I was in office; the steps heading to my cabin; seemed more taller than the Himalayas; with me having to make Herculean efforts to clamber the same,
While when I stepped outside; I had a desire to run every moment; and my legs bounced relentlessly even in the middle of the night.

When I was in office; my reflection in the mirrors appeared as of a ghost; with my facial contours gruesomely distorted and twisted,
While when I stepped outside; I could sight my face in every eye; and the color of my cheeks metamorphosed from pallid and fragile; to as blazing as the flaming Sun.

When I was in office; the food served seemed to be harder than stone; with the disdainful voice of my boss; the bombastic wisps of smoke emanating from his cigar; annihilating the slightest of my desire to eat,
While when I stepped outside; I felt fresh pangs of hunger reverberate in my stomach; and tore through the slices of scarlet apple in my dish; with renewed energy and gusto.

When I was in office; the desire to love in my body died a stifled and miserable

death; with telephone calls from clients all day; driving me beyond the threshold of frustration,

While when I stepped outside; I mischievously flirted with every girl I encountered on the street; and in the end found myself lost in the breath of my beloved; and the softness of her caress putting me off to blissful sleep.

When I was in office; thoughts incorrigibly refrained to enter my mind; with the same monotonous figures of profit and loss stabbing me perniciously from all sides,

While when I stepped outside; there was a deluge of fantasy in my brain; and the most beautiful sights on this planet stimulated me beyond the point of no control.

And when I was in office; every individual seemed like a diabolical devil; with perceptions of him slaying me augmenting every minute,

While when I stepped outside; each entity I laid my eyes upon; seemed innocent and lovable; seemed passionate and romantic; in fact to candidly convey it; seemed like 1 million Gods.

20. AN ABSOLUTE WINNER

As long as the tree had clusters of leaves covering its naked body; it was in state of perennial bliss; relaxing splendidly in the shade; well sequestered from the acerbic sunshine,

As long as the watery eyeball had a fold of brown skin covering its body; it slept and awoke without the slightest of effort; as when it leisurely wanted,

As long as the bird had an ensemble of ruffled feathers covering her body; she displayed astronomical audacity of soaring high against the most freezing of winds,

As long as the bricks had a fortified coat of cement covering their body; they felt like the strongest entities existing on this earth; having the tenacity to resist even the most tumultuous of earthquake,

As long as the raw bones had a blanket of skin covering their body; they grew and nourished at will; relished the comfort of always being in placid cool; while their covering absorbed all of the sweltering heat,

As long as the sky had a cocoon of clouds covering its body; it was in stupendous rhapsody; being able to rampantly fantasize at will; without the world staring at

it; unrelentingly into its eyes,

As long as the conglomerate of yolk and rich protein had a shell of obdurate white covering its body; it harnessed and sprouted perfectly; eventually evolving into a handsome and delectable fledgling with the passage of time,

As long as the barren skull had a shock of curly hair covering its body; it euphorically thrust itself forward; even to confront the most mightiest of blows; feeling relatively safe under the spongy cushion sticking out from it; all night and day,

As long as the flower had a consortium of redolent petals covering its body; it swayed flirtatiously with each draught of wind; twinkled merrily under the star studded midnight,

As long as the swirling ocean had infinite granaries of salt to cover its body; it resembled a majestic prince; with scores of vivid fish and aquatic life inhabiting its salubrious waters,

As long as the teeth had a sheen of enamel to cover their body; they uninhibitedly became ready to chew virtually anything; ranging from unripe plums to the hardest of steel circulating in the markets,

As long as the candle had an enclosure of emerald glass to cover its body; it burnt flamboyantly with passionate intensity; even in the midst of a cyclonic storm,

As long as the golden ink had the capsule of fountain pen to cover its body; it oozed out harmoniously in sporadic intervals; inundating blank sheets of paper with exquisite lines of calligraphy,

As long as white electricity had boundless tunnels of plastic to cover its body; it ran at lightening speeds without any skepticism of hurting anyone; and yet at the same time illuminating the entire township with brilliant light,

As long as the child had its mother to cover its tiny body; it bounced boisterously; mischievously smiling and discovering a host of new things every second,

As long as the heart had love to cover its throbbing body; it simply refused to quit beating; continued to live and exist immortally beyond the definition of time,

And as long as a human being had God to cover his body; he didn't face any difficulty whatsoever in leading life; and inspite of being encapsulated with hordes of barricades and dilemmas; he always emerged an absolute winner under the sacrosanct cover of the Almighty Creator.

21. SUN GOD

Some called it a blazing volcano; sizzling every nook and cranny of the earth with its fiery rays,

Some called it fulminating lava erupting at swashbuckling speeds; charring everything that came its way into infinitesimal bits of invisible ash,

Some called it an ocean of swirling fire; with its omnipotent power to penetrate trough the most gruesome of prevailing darkness,

Some called it a majestic lion fully charged up; roaring indefatigably till everything around it was in blissful calm,

Some called it a vivacious and golden crystal of smothering coal; able to cure even the most inexplicable of disease loitering on this earth,

Some called it a flaming and a supremely transparent mirror; having the incredible power of gobbling all other shadows on this planet except its own,

Some called it a battlefield of the highest degree; simply invincible to defeat; even by the most valiant battalion of soldiers,

Some called it an angry cloud that never rained; evaporating every trace of evil from the gloomy trajectory of ground,

Some called it an amber bowl of boiling honey; causing even the most impregnable of entity staring into it to inevitably wink,

Some called it a cascading waterfall of blistering energy; taking the demon by tumultuous force in its impetuous wrath,

Some called it an inland of unprecedented courage; impregnating even the weakest body standing beneath it; with daunting strength and fortitude,

Some called it the King of all eggs always shining; fomenting boundless number

of mammalian eggs to hatch into innocuous fledglings; providing them with the most conducive quantity of heat,

Some called it a dazzling fountain of bubbling acid; which left no scope at all for misery; till the time it grandiloquently glowed all day,

Some called it the most unadulterated body ever created; with every soul on this globe; unanimously revering it for the irrefutable sanctity it possessed,

Some called it a flamboyantly shimmering spoon; which looked after each and every object breathing; saw to it that everyone was sumptuously fed,

Some called it a scintillating sword; having the prowess to wholesomely annihilate the one it wanted with its marvelously gleaming edge,

Some called it the ultimate savior in times of unwarranted distress; igniting rays of hope with its omnipresent light,

Some called it an immeasurable diamond; with its unsurpassable depth; defeating the worst of chilly night,

Different people living in different tribes christened it by countless names and opinions; absolutely astounded by the strength of its unconquerable beams, But I will always call and worship it as my undefeated God; my loving and immortally adorable Sun God.

22. PLEASE DO CONSULT THE CREATOR

For a faint idea about the road; the places it leads to; consult the rustic and aboriginal tourist guide,

For a faint idea about the body; a first hand knowledge of its intricate parts; consult the specialist and prudent doctor,

For a faint idea about the cosmos; a glimpse into the history of stars; consult the hi-tech and contemporary astronaut,

For a faint idea about the battlefield; the weapons used in pugnacious war; consult the intrepid warrior,

For a faint idea about the garden; the fraternity of plants protruding from its ripened soil; consult the bushy haired gardener,

For a faint idea about the building; its majestic elevation towering splendidly towards the sky; consult the dexterous and skillful architect,

For a faint idea about the computer; a sagacious browsing through its fundamentals; consult the software prodigy,

For a faint idea about the scores of birds; the sounds they emanated while singing in melodious cadence; consult the dedicated ornithologist,

For a faint idea about medieval history; the vacillations of the kingly empire; consult the monk sitting beneath the gigantic tree,

For a faint idea about your destiny; the meaning of all those infinite bifurcation's on your palm; consult the prudent and mystical palmist,

For a faint idea about the ocean; the preposterously huge sharks lurking around in gay abandon; consult the domineering and bespectacled captain,

For a faint idea about the bus; the routes it travels on and stops; consult the pot-bellied and uniformed conductor,

For a faint idea about the solvents bubbling in the laboratory; the innumerable equations scribbled rampantly on the blackboard; consult the ingenious scientist,

For a faint idea about the paintings; the mesmerizing shapes sketched and evolved within the canvas; consult the gullible and unshaven artist,

For a faint idea about poetry; the inexplicable meaning embedded within the royal verse; consult the innovative and indefatigably writing writer,

For a faint idea about shimmering jewels; the grandiloquent chains of pearls scintillating wildly behind transparent glass; consult the wiry bodied and lanky goldsmith,

For a faint idea about catching the panther; explicitly divulging the name of the animal by merely viewing its remote footprints; consult the savage and sprint footed African hunter,

For a faint idea about solving mind boggling puzzles of arithmetic; cracking every riddle encapsulated within the school textbooks; consult the stern and stringent voiced teacher,

For a faint idea about love; romancing in the aisles of unsurpassable desire and emotion; consult your enchanting beloved,

For a faint idea about interacting with the acrimonious society; consult your mother; richly experienced in adeptly dealing with the same,

But for a complete idea about life; its share of good and gruesomely evil; its blissful rise and unpredictable pit-falls; the spirit of survival and letting one simultaneously exist; the origin of religion segregating entire mankind; the inevitable urge to procreate and continue this Universe;

Don't ask me; for I cant even give you a faint idea; all I can say is that for pacifying your present anxieties and whatever that may futuristically arise, please do consult the Creator.

23. SEEKING SOLACE

When I felt that the pace of life was overwhelmingly hectic; I sought solace in the blissful backdrop of the mystical valley,

When I felt that my legs were indefatigably tired; I sought solace in the king poster bed; tucking them cozily under the frilled mattress,

When I felt that each bone impregnated in my body hurt like a thousand corpses; I sought solace in the rejuvenating pool of herbal liquid,

When I felt that my tongue had lost all sensation of taste and aroma; I sought solace in a bunch of stupendously seductive grapes dangling in the dense forests,

When I felt that my scalp was being attacked by infinite battalions of red ant and termite; I sought solace under the waterfall of medicated shampoo; to wholesomely annihilate the last scrap of dirt from its very roots,

When I felt that my fingers simply refrained to write; I sought solace in clouds of soft and impeccable cotton; gently caressing each strand and thereby giving maximum ecstasy to my starved flesh,

When I felt that my brain had lost all its ability to perceive; monotonously trapped in the disparaging issues of the commercial world; I sought solace in a stream of red wine; gulping down the ravishing elixir; to stimulate my dead cells

enjoying immortal sleep,

When I felt that my feet had gone horrendously numb; transforming into mammoth slabs of frozen ice; I sought solace in front of the crackling fire; imparting my soles the revitalization to leap in animated exultation and gallop,

When I felt that I was getting insanely bored; with pangs of uncanny frustration creeping up slowly into my soul; I sought solace on the boisterous floor of the vivacious disco; swinging my body to a billion beats of pulsating music,

When I felt that the sweltering rays of Sun were piercing with pungent hostility into my skin; I sought solace in the dainty interiors of my timid and little hut,

When I felt that the storm of hunger was brewing up incorrigibly in my stomach; I sought solace in shimmering plates inundated with appetizing morsels of pure curd and steaming rice,

When I felt that the stillness of atmosphere was severely taking its toll on my senses; I sought solace with the melodiously whistling bird,

When I felt that my heart beat was on the verge of extinction; the throbbing which was once prolifically violent in my chest; now not heard at all; I sought solace in the arms of my beloved; feeling her breath trigger off my smothering passions once again,

When I felt that the rotten stench of obnoxious vehicle smoke virtually strangulating the last ounce of air suspended in my lungs; I sought solace in a garden of fragrant lotus; with the tingling odor adding a smile perpetually to my face,

When I felt that planet earth had become too claustrophobic to exist; with every single space jammed by hordes of people and machinery; I sought solace in the dark dungeons; where the slithering serpent captivated me wholesomely with its charm and dance,

When I felt that the dust from the deserts was irascibly irritating my eyes; I sought solace in the heart of the ocean; where the frothy foam and fish entrenched me with insurmountable exhilaration,

When I felt that scores of stinging mosquitoes from the city perilously intruded upon and spoilt my every night; I sought solace on the top of the mountain; where the air was; pristine and fresh, and where I was in talking distance with

the stars,

When I felt that the darkness of the satanic night was casting its evil spell upon me from all sides; I sought solace in the invincible lap of my mother,

And when I felt that my faith in mankind was gradually dwindling; with an insatiable urge to flee this Universe forever burning high and handsome in my persona every second; I sought solace in front of the reator; kneeling in submissive stupor on his feet; to experience the rays of encouragement; the omnipotent power to survive.

24. PLEASE DON'T FORGET TO PRAY

Even if you didn't remember to wash your body early in the morning; slept cozily in your bed even after the Sun brilliantly crept up in the sky,

Even if you didn't behave nicely with your wife; castigating her incessantly for her scores of inadvertent failures,

Even if you didn't speak eloquently with your boss; howling at him a volley of horrendous abuse; giving a taste of his own medicine,

Even if you didn't drive your vehicle to synchronized speed limits; swerving it like a wild panther let loose from the tyranny of the jungles,

Even if you didn't sort your food meticulously with an array of shimmering spoons and forks; savagely tore through the chunks of fruit with untamed passion,

Even if you didn't say 'hello' every time you received a phone; barked a thunderous expletive; before eventually slamming down the receiver,

Even if you didn't wear clothes to cover your skin; ran stark naked on the streets; loudly proclaiming to the world that you were unrestricted and wholesomely free,

Even if you didn't study for the examinations; engrossed yourself thoroughly in earning money through a series of nefarious means instead,

Even if you didn't write or speak a single word in the entire day; pretended yourself to be the greatest; expecting people to perceive your every demand; by simply looking into your emphatic eyes,

Even if you didn't budge an inch after the disastrous earthquake struck the entire nation; remained as stoical as ice to the inexplicable suffering happening all around,

Even if you didn't switch on the lights of your house as the last rays of day had entirely faded away; incorrigibly resolved to remain in perennial darkness and gloom; spreading the same as far and wide as you could,

Even if you didn't drink water every time you felt thirsty; instead pacified the scorching chords of your throat with oligarchic wine,

Even if you didn't respect your elders; treated small children in your neighborhood with profound hostility,

Even if you didn't pay your bills for the month; remained sunk in your own world of voluptuous fantasy all day and night,

Even if you didn't eat pure vegetarian food to appease your famished bowels; annihilated innocent animals instead to add taste to your lackluster tongue,

Even if you didn't sit peacefully at one place for dedicated long hours; fidgeted about beating the bush with your impetuous palms instead,

Even if you didn't adhere to each of your promises; betrayed the person whom you loved; not being able to accept the increasing pressures of mankind,

Even if you didn't admire the enchanting melody of the singing birds; profusely patronized the voice of the hideous vultures instead,

And even if you lead life unconventionally; metamorphosing each blissful moment into veritable hell; acting upon your fancy whims and eccentricities,

Please don't forget to pray to God; worship him in whatever form you had the prowess to conceive him,

For let me tell you; that you might be considering yourself very unique; self made persons having the supreme ability to implement each of your liquid thoughts into action; but without his blessings you were all simply broken strands of matchsticks orphaned on the ground; and before the last flame on your body dies a ghastly death; C'mon get down on your heels; and fold your hands in front of the Creator.

25. THE BEST WAY TO PAY HIM BACK

The best way to pay him back for giving me precious sight; was to help all those staggering haphazardly in the darkness with their eyes wholesomely blinded,

The best way to pay him back for inundating my treasury with overwhelming gold and infinite biscuits of silver; was to disseminate it judiciously amongst all those impoverished; and who really needed it,

The best way to pay him back for stashing my warehouses and stomach with the most delectable of food; was to feed everyday all those famished since ages; orphans, destitute and the old on the brink of ghastly death,

The best way to pay him back for curing me of inexplicable disease; vanquishing all my pain with a single caress of his magical fingers; was to do my best in saving as many lives as possible all around; provide my shoulder for the weak to lean upon,

The best way to pay him back for the robust blood he circulated incessantly through my veins; was to donate an infinitesimal fraction of the same; to those who desperately needed it,

The best way to pay him back for the mesmerizing voice that he had bestowed upon me with; was to sing as unrelentingly as I could far and wide across the globe; try and mollify the sorrow prevailing in hidden quarters of the streets,

The best way to pay him back for making me as strong as an ox; with raw muscle bulging bombastically from my demeanor; was to use it to protect all those infirm and weak woman; who were being deprived by the lecherous society,

The best way to pay him back for endowing me with a splendidly ingenious brain; was to utilize all my knowledge accumulated to evolve ideas to save perishing mankind,

The best way to pay him back for inundating my driveway with a battalion of swanky cars; was to take all orphaned children for a whirlwind ride; trigger off tingling smiles on their dead faces,

The best way to pay him back for embedding every space of my cupboard with incredulous suits and dresses; was to cover as many shivering bodies as I could;

with heaps of cloth and compassionate warmth,

The best way to pay him back for showering upon me with thousands of lines of poetry; was to recite them to all those bereaved and in bizarre affliction; when every other medicine had miserably failed to have the slightest of impact,

The best way to pay him back for giving me a tinkling smile; making sure that I didn't cry even once in my entire life; was to spread the essence of the same to all those just about to die,

The best way to pay him back for giving me a sixth sense to prognosticate mystical happenings; was to admonish people before hand; of the possible dangers that might be lurking around their visage,

The best way to pay him back for flooding my wells with sparkling water; impregnating every open space in my house with streams of voluptuous froth; was to pacify the thirst the every person I encountered on the roads; the villagers scorching under sweltering heat of the Sun; bearing the brunt of acrimonious drought,

The best way to pay him back for giving me such a caring and adorable mother; who attended to even the most minuscule of my commands; was to embrace all those children suffering on the streets; starting each day of theirs with begging bowls scintillating in their palms,

The best way to pay him back for imparting me the love of my life; was seeing to it that no heart in this world ever broke; trying without respite to blend once again; shattered souls together,

The best way to pay him back for giving me breath; seeing to it that it robustly flowed every hour, every minute, every second; was to procreate several more on my own; continuing the revered chapter of his existence,

And the best way to pay him back for giving me life; charting my destiny to be not less than a hundred years; was to diligently serve all the afflicted; in fact serve to the most optimum of my ability; all mankind.

26. ABSOLUTELY USELESS

To quench a scorched travelers thirst; all that was required was a tiny well with sparkling water,

The entire ocean with its boundless number of volcanic waves; the infinite

assemblage of salty liquid proved to be absolutely useless.

To appease a famished beggars hunger; all that was required was the minuscule little cluster of appetizing cherries,
The entire tree with its innumerable branches; the tons of green foliage protruding out in surplus abundance from towering heights; proved to be absolutely useless.

To construct an impoverished man's dwelling; all that was required was frugal chunks of earth scattered around the placid pond,
The entire desert with its unfathomable territory of sand; the countless billions of slippery granules impregnated in its heart; proved to be absolutely useless.

To pacify the infants incessant crying; all that was required was the passionate embrace of the holy mother,
The entire armory of traditionally embellished attendants; the toys worth millions of rupees from every part of the continent; proved to be absolutely useless.

To provide rest to a priest having walked unrelentingly since the last 10 days; all that was required a clean slab of stone; with rustic chirping of the sparrows putting him to eternal rest,
The entire palace; adorned with a festoon of ostentatious lights; golden couches sprawling all around; proved to be absolutely useless.

To illuminate the life of a blind man; was just a shoulder he could lean upon; share his inconsolable tale of bizarre distress,
The entire street flooded with brilliant lights; dazzling flames of ferocious fire escalating high towards the sky; to be absolutely useless.

To add a smile to the life of a bird; all that was required was to leave it in free space; where it could soar high and handsome under the blanket of stars and moon,
The entire zoo with silver cages; the contemporary shelter enveloped with chains; proved to be absolutely useless.

To trigger off enormous jubilation in the eyes of the dog; engender its tail to unceasingly wag; all that was required was to place its master in front of his body,
The entire dungeon stashed with biscuits of gold; the colossal pile of shimmering bones lined with meat; proved to be absolutely useless.

To satisfy the last desire of a dying man; with his breath being limited only to a

few more seconds; all that was required was his loved ones engulfing him and supporting him from all sides,
The entire reception to felicitate him for his life time achievements; the grandiloquent extravaganza with stringent music blaring in his respect; proved to be absolutely useless.

And to make me live; blissfully exist on the surface of this earth; all that was required was the captivating perception of my omnipotent God; the unprejudiced and revered face of my mother; and the flames of sizzling romance emanating from the body of my beloved,
The entire Universe with its riches; the fascinating and marvelous scenery it had to offer; the flamboyantly sculptured jets transporting me virtually to even the remotest part of the jungles; proved to be absolutely useless.

27. FORGIVE ME O! LORD

Forgive me for inadvertently trampling over scores of tiny ants; crawling unnoticed on the cold floor,

Forgive me for spitting foamy saliva indiscreetly on the streets; on formation of excess liquid in the palette of my mouth,

Forgive me for banging my fists in tandem against the wall; clenching my teeth in raw indignation on being intimidated,

Forgive me for driving at lightening speeds through the solitary streets; bouncing in the drivers seat while listening to pulsating music,

Forgive me for indiscriminately pouncing on the petulant mosquito; buzzing incessantly in the vicinity of my eardrum,

Forgive me for not listening to my mother; when she stringently admonished to get up at the crack of evanescent dawn,

Forgive me for being insatiably greedy; when it came to extracting wealth from this uncouth world,

Forgive me for indulging in licentious thoughts; possessing feeble control over the unprecedented realms of my mind,

Forgive me for sipping opulent wine; drowning myself wholesomely into domains of tantalizing fantasy,

Forgive me for skipping my morning prayers; in the bustle to reach office and commence work at fast pace,

Forgive me for snoring like a demon all night; permeating the still air with an indefatigable volley of cacophonous sounds,

Forgive me for attending bombastic parties; blending profusely with a conglomerate of people with spurious smiles,

Forgive me for swaying rampantly on the streets; inhabiting the discotheques till wee hours of night,

Forgive me for overhearing candid conversations; in my unrelenting curiosity to envisage activities behind close doors,

Forgive me for leaving squalid footprints as I walked; caressing the immaculately polished floor with dirt lining the periphery of my toes,

Forgive me for plucking resplendent flowers from their stalks; dismantling the moist earth by digging voraciously with my hands,

Forgive me for being overwhelmingly stubborn; standing steadfast with my baseless opinions; refraining to listen to others,

Forgive me for using abashing expletives; rebuking innocuous individuals in proximity; for no apparent fault of theirs,

Forgive me for ridiculing eminent personalities; making a travesty of the remarkable deeds they executed in their lives,

Forgive me for loitering aimlessly in space; becoming oblivious to the essence of life for some part of the day,

Over and above all forgive me O! lord for the plethora of misdeeds I have committed in my life as a human being; instead bless me with loads of fortitude to propagate double the happiness of all what I have destroyed.

28. HOW COULD YOU EVER EXPECT?

How could you ever expect tangy butter; to taste sweet instead of delivering its poignant aroma?

How could you ever expect the mesmerizing nightingale; to growl like a tiger instead of incessantly singing melodious tunes?

How could you ever expect the redolent rose; to diffuse a stinking odor instead of its blissful fragrance?

How could you ever expect the dazzling demeanor of sun; to emit darkness instead of profoundly spraying its bright light?

How could you ever expect the hideously venomous reptile; to hiss a stream of glistening honey instead of lethal poison?

How could you ever expect the obdurate shell of coconut; to yield incongruous stones instead of a jet of sparkling water?

How could you ever expect the sacrosanct cow; to ooze obnoxious sewage instead of salubrious milk?

How could you ever expect the blistering volcano; to spew cool perfume instead of fulminating into rivulets of steaming lava?

How could you ever expect the irascible mosquito to; sleep peacefully instead of buzzing its discordant cacophony in hollow realms of intricate ear?

How could you ever expect bedraggled conglomerate of unwashed scalp hair; to sprinkle scintillating pearls instead of flakes of abhorrent dandruff?

How could you ever expect a slime coated fish; to audaciously march on the streets instead of gliding like a silken angel through choppy territories of water?

How could you ever expect mammoth chunks of white ice; to provide you with loads of passionate warmth instead of freezing every iota of your tender skin?

How could you ever expect crackling flames of flamboyant fire; to provide you reprieve from scorching heat instead of gruesomely charring you?

How could you ever expect stars; to twinkle in the day instead of mystically shimmering and illuminating the night?

How could you ever expect the potbellied tortoise; to gallop at electric speeds; instead of languishing lazily in a sludge of squalid water?

How could you ever expect the cloistered tunnel; to inundate you with gaping light instead of engulfing you in a pool of ghastly darkness?

How could you ever expect piquant chili powder; to soothe your raw wounds instead of engendering you to scream at the top of your lungs; the instant you applied it?

How could you ever expect the slippery banana skin; to assist you while walking instead of sending you hurtling head on towards the mud sprawled ground?

How could you ever expect the diabolical dinosaur; to fondly caress you instead of pulverizing you to inconspicuous grains of saw dust?

And therefore how could you ever expect Man who was prone to committing a plethora of errors; to emulate the omniscient creator; instead of leading life timidly; having being bestowed upon the status of being one out of his infinite disciples?

29. AFTER EVERY DEVIL THERE IS GOD

After every gruesome night; there rises the brilliant day; with the sun dazzling profoundly in the sky,

After every storm; there descends a celestial stillness; that impregnates the ambience with unprecedented peace,

After every anecdote of horrendous pain; there is unparalleled joy; signs of triumph and ecstatic jubilation,

After every turbulent wave that rises to astronomical heights in the sea; there is sedate water; which languidly floats towards the shores,

After every savage slope of the treacherous mountain there lies the sweet valley; inundating the atmosphere with its mysticism and charm,

After every whirlwind accompanied with gusty currents of wild wind; there is plain dust; which meekly settles on all quarters of exposed surface,

After every bout of epidemic fever; there lies immunity to infection compounded with sporadic spurts of robust health,

After every spell of frozen winter; there lies enchanting summer; with infinite springs of molten liquid cascading down,

After every winding road aligned with a plethora of acerbic barricades; there lies the impeccably straight lane,

After every shrub of the acrimoniously thorny cactus; lies the crimson and fragrant rose,

After every ominous black cloud ready to pelt down thunderous rain; there lies the crystal blue network of clear sky,

After every island of adulterated fertilizer crop; there lies the innocuous and tall tree,

After every dark space in the colossal cosmos; there lies the resplendently twinkling star,

After every little inconspicuous mosquito hovering in the air; there lie infinite molecules of golden sawdust shimmering in the sunshine,

After every hell exiting on this globe; there lies the mesmerizing ocean of paradise,

After every incidence of miserable failure in life; there lies loads of unsurpassable success,

After every lie spoken with blatant audacity; there lies the perpetual truth,
After every horrendous dream throughout the course of the night; there lies the serene morning,

After every parable of overwhelming hatred; there lies immortal and unbiased love,

And after every diabolical demon confronted on this earth; there lies the omniscient Creator.

30. HE WAS THE CREATOR

If I was a minuscule brick looking as inconspicuous as a mosquito; sandwiched between several of my kind,
He was the entire building; towering domineeringly over the crowded and

bustling street.

If I were a diminutive stalk of grass sprouting from the soil; buckling down with paramount ease under feeble draughts of wind,
He was the entire space of fecund land; sprawling over thousands of kilometers.

If I were a obscure wave rising in the sea; falling intermittently with the positioning of the enchanting moon,
He was the entire ocean; which was incongruously colossal in size; incorporating a fleet of animate organisms in its belly.

If I were a small mound of clay lying dilapidated beside the hill; with irregular strands of thread camouflaging my persona,
He was the gigantic mountain; with profoundly accentuated summits; standing formidably against the most tenacious of storm.

If I were an ephemeral ray of light falling on the earth; miserably unable to make the slightest of indentation in illuminating the atmosphere,
He was the magnanimous sun brilliantly scintillating in the sky; radiating his omnipotent essence far and wide.

If I were a disdainful cockroach loitering indolently around the lavatory seat; with sporadic incidences of devouring small ants,
He was the entire jungle; impregnated with ferocious beasts; breeding the primordial dinosaur thundering his way through the mangled green.

If I were a crisp note of currency; incessantly relishing my prospects of spending exorbitantly,
He was the entire money which floated in this world; the conglomerate of opulent banks overflowing with cash.

If I were a contemporary computer; having a battalion of intricate chips in my brain,
He was the stupendous power; governing my mind as well as adroitly maneuvering the world.

If I were an mystical astrologer; scientifically predicting the fortune of some of my clients,
He was the one who sculptured the life of millions existing; impeccably wrote my destiny; without a trace of blemish.

If I were a globule of water lying solitary on the forlorn street; being ruthlessly

kicked by passing pedestrians,
He was the entire expanse of vast sky; which pelted thunderously blissful
droplets of rain.

He was the one who had procreated the first human; from which later were
spawned millions inhabiting this globe; the very reason that I was here breathing
fresh air in my lungs today,
And Let me tell you I was just an ordinary man residing amongst infinite
numbers like myself; while he was the omniscient Creator.

31. FULLY ENGROSSED

While both my eyes were busy seeking possibilities to survive in this mercenary
world; discerning the good and bad scattered overwhelmingly around,
Infinite eyes of his were fully engrossed in protecting me even from the tiniest of
shadow of evil; seeing to it that I existed in perpetual happiness.

While both my hands were busy building a house for me and my beloved to live;
fetching bricks; and vigorously molding a mountain of cement and stone,
Infinite hands of his were fully engrossed protecting our dwelling from
unrelenting storm and rain; blessing us with the prowess of evolving several
more like us in mankind.

While both my feet were busy conquering territories; running unfathomable
distances to explore the entire globe and discover,
Infinite feet of his were fully engrossed in wading off all the impediments that I
might perniciously confront in my expedition; impregnating loads of strength and
conviction in every step I take.

While both my ears were busy in deciphering the enigmatic tunes of this
commercial continent; trying to reach out to the sounds of victory and
unprecedented prosperity,
Infinite ears of his were fully engrossed in sequestering me from morbid voices of
the corpse; ensuring that I heard nothing else but incessant rhymes from the
heaven, while marching at lightening speeds towards my goal.

While both my fingers were busy in composing poetry; metamorphosing every
dream of mine into embossed reality; capturing the beauty of the entire cosmos
in each of my minuscule alphabets,
Infinite fingers of his were fully engrossed in stirring the chords of my
imagination; profoundly triggering my mind to envisage what no one else could
have ever thought about or conceived on this earth.

While both my shoulders were busy in bearing the weight of my mother; carrying her inexorably over the treacherous sea's as she had relinquished all power to walk,

Infinite shoulders of his were fully engrossed urging me to unceasingly surge forward; making me emerge successful in my mission of saving both of our lives; more importantly take my mother to a place where she could blissfully meditate.

While both my lips were busy announcing to the world my right to live; my unstinted belief in passionate love and harmonious peace,

Infinite lips of his were fully engrossed in silencing my critics; pacifying my unruly adversaries with the omnipotent power of his speech.

While both my nostrils were busy inhaling indispensable amounts of air; facilitating me to dance merrily and with uninhibited abandon; embracing all human kind,

Infinite nostrils of his were fully engrossed in evolving all the moisture I required to live; flooding each aspect of my life with the scent of invincible happiness.

And while both my heart and soul were busy in pursuing their unending reservoir of dreams; throbbed fervently for the person they adored and loved,

Infinite hearts of the creator were fully engrossed in imparting me with vivacious beats; instilling the very element of existence that propelled me to be the way I am; fomenting me to imagine to stupendous limits; and stand unflinching to encounter any individual on this planet with all the Herculean power; I possessed today.

32. CUT

In order to cut the fabulous ribbon; I used a pair of majestically glistening scissors,

In order to cut the unruly weeds of rampantly sprawling grass; I used the irascibly groaning and obsolete lawn mower,

In order to cut the pencil into an articulately molded tip; I used a conventionally shimmering sharpener,

In order to cut the acrimoniously piercing sunshine; I used a pair of voluptuously seductive sunglasses,

In order to cut the incorrigibly extruding parasitic tree; I used an incredulously

lanky handled axe of pure rosewood,

In order to cut the atmosphere overwhelmed with inexplicable sadness; I used my repertoire of inherently fulminating jokes and laughter,

In order to cut the intransigently hard coconut shell; I used an astronomically fortified hammer,

In order to cut the fathomless sheet of plain paper; I used a cutter dexterously embodied into boundless corrugations on its handsome periphery,

In order to cut the perniciously sinister buds of hair protruding obnoxiously from my cheeks; I used a grandiloquent razor functioning on passionate sparks of white electricity,

In order to cut the painstakingly marathon period of time; I profusely absorbed myself in relentlessly augmenting fantasy; which made me wholesomely oblivious to the indefatigable minutes of an hour,

In order to cut the colossal edifice tyrannizing the soil with its horrendously infiltrating foundations; I used a mammoth bulldozer charging menacingly towards the mountain of lame bricks,

In order to cut the dangerously swirling stormy waves; I used an intrepidly advancing boat; compounded with Herculean muscle in my rubicund bones,

In order to cut the insurmountably stinking ambience of horrifically rotting fish; I used a gorgeously efficacious scent; extracted from the tantalizingly crimson garden of rose,

In order to cut the unfathomable layer of ghoulishly threatening glass; I used a bland looking chunk of robust stone,

In order to cut the unsurpassable bitterness embedded on my tongue; I used a waterfall of ingratiatingly ravishing honey,

In order to cut the incomprehensible networking of perilously smudged lines; I used a stupendously immaculate rubber,

In order to cut the ominously escalating automobile speed; I voraciously used the twin pairs of reassuring brakes,

In order to cut the unbelievably dolorous silence; I used my austerely permeating and ebullient whistle,

In order to cut the perfidious love mercilessly killing me every instant; I used the disastrously dying beats of my heart,

But I simply didn't have anything at all to cut the thread of precious existence; as the irrefutable right to this cut solely belonged to the person who had evolved each part of my body in the first case; the person whom I remembered for infinite times in a single day as my Omnipotent Creator.

33. DO SOMETHING

Do something; that wholesomely metamorphoses the complexion of the dreadfully dreary atmosphere; enlightening it with fireballs of overwhelmingly insatiable euphoria,

Do something; that perennially culminates into a marvelously bountiful fantasy; enthrallingly mesmerizing one and all alike; with your wonderfully ravishing touch,

Do something; that alleviates tumultuously bereaved humanity from dungeons of disparaging desperation; filtering a beam of benign hope in their obviously shattered lives,

Do something; that thunderously fulminates into a mountain of unassailable felicity; bestowing a wave of rhapsodically unprecedented jubilation; upon all those savagely wandering and in agonizing strife,

Do something; that perpetually grants blissful freedom to your sacred motherland; annihilates even the most infinitesimal trace of uncouth diabolism; for countless more births yet to unveil,

Do something; that celestially augurs well for the unleashing future; evolving an intriguingly everpervading township of friendship; and divine solidarity,

Do something; that innocuously pacifies the murderously estranged soul; diffuses a wave of triumphant melody in every ingredient of the ominously vindictive blood,

Do something; that casts a spell of everlasting righteousness upon the corpse of remorsefully salacious lies; irrefutably coalescing the gargantuan planet; in

threads of priceless mankind,

Do something; that inherently evokes enchanting fantasy in every space of derogatory hell; harmoniously deluging lambasted lives with spurts of; unequivocally vivacious charisma,

Do something; that triggers a ray of unconquerably Omnipotent hope; in all those dwellings horrendously besieged with ghastly solitude,

Do something; that enthusiastically infiltrates an ocean of tingling excitement; on the faces of all those aimlessly dwindling in the graveyard of commercially monotonous melancholy,

Do something; that miraculously transforms even the most lugubriously deadened of seeds; into flowers pristinely blossoming under golden rays of; profoundly exotic sunlight,

Do something; that unrelentingly showers a downpour of heavenly goodness; upon even the most diminutively capricious cranny of this earth; decaying towards nonchalant emptiness,

Do something; that eternally bonds ardently palpitating hearts in entrenchments of impregnable sharing and sensuousness; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Do something; that forever instills a smile on the faces of all those miserably orphaned; encapsulating them like your very own; in the swirl of compassionately unending timelessness,

Do something; that envelops every arena of this devastatingly coldblooded planet; with the Sun of intrepidly unflinching patriotism; an unparalleled tenacity to laugh even in the face of the most inexplicable of adversity,

Do something; that magically ameliorates the trauma of destitute urchins to the most unsurpassable limits; propels them on an indefatigable mission to defend the cause of sparkling honesty,

Do something; that philanthropically unites all human irrespective of caste; creed; color and spurious belief handsomely alike; in the religion of Omniscient humanity,

And in order to immortalize all the above 'do something's', into unshakable reality; all the Almighty Creator could say was; do love; preach love and witness

nothing else; but divinely love.

34. NO STOPPAGES

There were towering faces of unassailably domineering mountains; to stop the unrelentingly untamed maelstrom of wind,

There were unfathomably stringent bars of antiseptic carbolic; to stop the intransigently uncouth flow of pertinent germs and disease,

There were dazzling rays of the blazingly sweltering Sun; to stop the ferociously torrential onslaught of tumultuously cyclonic rain,

There were unsurpassable curtain spreads of seductively tantalizing night; to stop the acrimoniously persevering rays of the barbarically excoriating day,

There were gargantuan chunks of dried lumber and stone; to stop the flow of the vociferously bubbling and incorrigibly relentless stream,

There were clouds of majestically sparkling hope; to stop the insidiously advancing dungeon of haplessly penalizing depression,

There were exhilarating expeditions of intrepid adventure; to stop the mundanely vicious attack of bizarrely crippling monotony,

There were perennially invincible rays of uninhibited freedom; to stop the diabolically salacious whirlwinds of despicable imprisonment,

There were an incomprehensible festoon of vivaciously bustling smiles; to stop the rampantly vindictive onslaught of dolorously lambasting depression,

There were deluging hosepipes of rapturously exuberant water; to stop the plethora of hostile fumes from charring all in surrounding vicinity; to infinitesimally insipid ash,

There were bountifully resplendent meadows of everlasting green grass; to stop the ominously perfidious attack of penuriously lackadaisical drought,

There were whirlpools of irrefutably candid honesty; to stop the painstakingly lecherous advent of blatantly derogatory and hideous lies,

There were indefatigable cloudshowers of miraculously Omniscient innovation; to stop the murderously menacing shadow of heinously delinquent stagnation,

There were rainbows of Omnipresently shimmering faith and solidarity; to stop the invidiously infiltrating and satanically pulverizing devil,

There were formidably tenacious enclosures of Herculean strength; to stop the perilously ungainly convicts from eloping in the aisles of miserably maiming violence; once again,

There were waterfalls of astoundingly reinvigorating freshness; to stop the acridly horrendous dust storms of prejudice; from brutally lambasting your sacredly crimson blood,

There were tirelessly diffusing buckets of incomprehensible breath; to stop the remorsefully sullen blankets of the dreadful corpse; from ruthlessly asphyxiating priceless survival,

There were fountains of philanthropically immortal love and humanity; to stop the dwindling inferno of wicked betrayal; from stepping even an infinitesimal iota inside,

But there was nothing on or beyond this astronomically aristocratic Universe to stop the chapter of life; to stop the gloriously sacrosanct chapter of proliferation; to stop existence from reigning marvelously supreme for centuries unprecedented,

And if indeed there was somebody then it was not mundane human or his unending list of sleazy contraptions; as the reigns of this entire planet; danced solely to the tunes of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord; were solely his and would remain his forever; to execute.

35. TEARS MIGHT HAVE DRIED FROM MY EYES

Tears might have dried from my eyes with the rapid unfurling of time; and the winds of the tumultuous maelstrom ferociously sweeping past my impoverished facial contours,

But I still melt into miserably icy nothingness; slithering like a hopeless shadow on the ground; without the fireballs of justice in your irrefutably Omnipotent voice.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as the seasons galloped by; and the waves

of bizarre manipulation took their toll on me; to lead contemporary life,
But I still metamorphose into insipidly infinitesimal ash; wailing incessantly
towards the corridors of fathomless eternity; without the marvelously majestic
radiance on your bountiful cheeks.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as the Sun took its blazingly fiery toll over
the entire Universe; and an unfathomable mountain of responsibility thrust on
my shoulders compelled me to slog like a monotonous bull,
But I still shatter into an infinite pieces of meaninglessness; vengefully abhorring
even the most gloriously fascinating of my bodily contours; without the
unconquerable valley of sacrosanct righteousness; in your silken palms.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as the nights sped into blossoming days;
and the insatiably unending pace of life commanded me to safeguard my
persona; from the salaciously hostile pack of wolves,
But I still perennially lambaste myself with whiplashes of treacherous suffering;
shrinking to a mere whisker of my original self; without your unflinchingly
charismatic ideals of divine mankind.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as the fortnights unbelievably accelerated
into marathon years; and the burden to replenish my disastrously famished
stomach; so overwhelming that thoughts refrained to enter my ruthlessly
tyrannized brain,
But I still remain cripplingly awake all throughout the tenure of the savage night;
dreaming of nothing but ghastly death; without your impeccable sky of
blessings that sprouted from your; gloriously immaculate soul.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as the fireball of Sun every dawn sizzled
tenaciously; and the inevitable urge to sequester my kin; took astronomically
limitless proportions in my brain,
But I still feel more devastated than the remorsefully sullen corpse; stabbing my
persona with knives of desperation at the slightest of excuse; without your
wand of Omnipresently royal humanity.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as the tumultuous intensity of the air
outside torrentially caressed me all the time; and the norms of this
conventionally mundane society kicked me brutally; if I cried,
But I still feel like a gruesomely decimated piece of shit; wasting each moment of
robustly vital life; without your incredulously magnetic and timeless touch.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as I was born again after a countless
births; and the horrendously augmenting robotism of this planet; rendering each

part of my dwindling body; to just an unemotional machine,
But I still feel like a solitary warrior perennially oozing blood in the midst of the ominously excoriating battlefield; barbarically dying every instant although possessing fountains of mystical breath; without your aroma of ingratiating oneness and stupendously ever-pervading charm.

And tears might have dried from my eyes as fleeting minutes sped into wholesomely new civilizations of tomorrow; with each element of my penurious visage extraordinarily busy; in acclimatizing to the devilish dust around,
But I still indefatigably pledged to end priceless life; with each beat of my heart transforming into a skeleton of worthless hatred; without your perpetually poignant principles of humanity; your unassailable belief in the religion of unshakable mankind.

36. FOREVER GOD

Forever truth; unassailably enriching the fabric of this sensuously eclectic Universe; with the everlasting inferno of bounteous righteousness,

Forever selflessness; bountifully enlightening the life of every bereaved organism; embracing him in the aisles of symbiotic paradise,

Forever beauty; panoramically enveloping the trajectory of this pricelessly benign planet; with astoundingly vibrant charisma and timeless graciousness,

Forever unity; perpetuating a wave of unconquerably triumphant solidarity; amongst every caste; creed; sect and color of the; marvelously diversified society,

Forever patriotism; irrevocably driving even the most infinitesimal iota of insanely perfidious drudgery from the complexion of this; fathomlessly enchanting globe,

Forever compassion; entrenching every miserably beleaguered entity with the eternally enamoring mantra; of Omnipotent mankind,

Forever enchantment; metamorphosing even the most ethereal speck of aggrieved tyranny; into a cosmos of philanthropically resplendent happiness,

Forever innovation; with the impregnable waves of unendingly spell binding discovery; victoriously transcending over even the most ephemeral gutter of obsoletely decaying stagnation and treacherous monotony,

Forever heavenliness; with even the most transient insinuations of venomously dastardly crime; perpetually disappearing from the periphery of this gorgeously vivid earth,

Forever innocence; with every manipulatively prejudiced organism on this unsurpassable planet; miraculously transforming into an insuperably impeccable child; once again,

Forever illumination; the perennially undefeated rainbow of divinely peace; reigning supreme in the hearts and souls of one and all in this world; handsomely alike,

Forever goodness; with even the most parsimonious footprints of the maliciously decrepit devil; vanquishing in the mortuaries of insipidly feckless nothingness,

Forever prosperity; with every human and animal beautifully existing in a spell of egalitarian synergism; without the tiniest trace of derogatory politics; and for infinite more births yet to unfurl,

Forever camaraderie; bonding even the most acrimoniously belligerent and alien entities; in the spirit of immaculately godly friendship,

Forever freedom; with the wings of majestically ebullient uninhibitedness; wholesomely replacing every graveyard of ignominious incarceration and debasingly depraving slavery,

Forever tranquility; with the garden of fantastically fascinating serenity; wonderfully paving its way through every iota of bedraggled bedlam on this endlessly enigmatic Universe,

Forever desire; with the penalizing coffin of forlorn loneliness extinguishing from its very non-existent roots; to make way for effulgently mischievous flirtation all day and opalescent night,

Forever rhapsody; with the clouds of astoundingly synergistic virility always ensuring; that the chapter of sacrosanct proliferation blossomed tirelessly and even beyond the end of veritable time,

And if this list of forever goodness and humanity continued till infinite infinity; then forever there will be coruscated unity; then forever there will be unshakable harmony; then forever there will be blessedly pristine paradise; then forever

there will be victorious belonging; O! Yes then forever there will be Omnipresent God.

37. THE RHYTHM OF THE CREATOR DIVINE

If you truly consider life to be an extraordinarily tangy ocean of profound mysticism; feasting in its panoramically bounteous essence for times immemorial,

Then for you to condemn veritable death; was the greatest insult to the insuperable Lord Almighty; infact the most derogatorily appalling sin.

If you truly consider life to be an iridescent bed of roses; spawning into an entrenchment of stupendously enthralling newness every unfurling minute of the day,

Then for you to castigate veritable death; was the greatest insult to the perpetual Lord Almighty; infact the most ignominiously gruesome sin.

If you truly consider life to be a vivaciously versatile artist; majestically paving each of your way to drift you towards the clouds of insatiably untamed prosperity,

Then you for you to lambaste veritable death; was the greatest insult to the Omniscient Lord Almighty; infact the most insidiously decrepit sin.

If you truly consider life to be a marvelously magical civilization of happiness; ebulliently metamorphosing your every unfinished dream into an unconquerably eternal reality,

Then for you to crucify veritable death; was the greatest insult to the ever-pervading Lord Almighty; infact the most unimaginably dastardly sin.

If you truly consider life to be an unending festoon of glorious enchantment; enlightening every ingredient of your countenance with its immortal graciousness,

Then for you to abuse veritable death; was the greatest insult to the everlastingly proliferating Lord Almighty; infact the most flagrantly truculent sin.

If you truly consider life to be an exhilarating odyssey to limitless enchantment; basking in its benevolently timeless splendor every time you had an impulse to magnificently breathe,

Then for you to frown at veritable death; was the greatest insult to the unshakable Lord Almighty; infact the most hedonistically savage sin.

If you truly consider life to be a flower blossoming into profusely magical

happiness; miraculously healing the agonies of one and all alike on this boundless planet; with the chivalrous elixir of humanity,
Then for you to shirk from veritable death; was the greatest insult to the impregnable Lord Almighty; infact the most treacherously bellicose sin.

If you truly consider life to be a seductively embellished fairy; tantalizing you towards an unassailable paradise of benign heavenliness and the divine,
Then for you to spit at veritable death; was the greatest insult to the Omnipotent Lord Almighty; infact the most venomously maligned sin.

If you truly consider life to be the ultimate blessing; the most fructifying symbolism of every entity trespassing on this enchantingly triumphant earth,
Then for you to bludgeon death; was the greatest insult to the Omnipresent Lord Almighty; infact the most baselessly prejudiced sin.

If you truly consider life to be a patriotically blistering success; the most uninhibitedly royal mission that every organism was sent on the Universe to wholeheartedly achieve,
Then for you to massacre veritable death; was the greatest insult to the perennial Lord Almighty; infact the most grotesquely pugnacious sin.

For when God made earth and organism; he irretrievably swung the pendulum of life and death in unrestrictedly egalitarian unison; spell bindingly replacing withering death with sparkling life every instant; yet inevitably ensuring that there was death every now and again; so that his Universe symbiotically existed,

Therefore take both life and veritable death in your stride O! penurious Human; let forever everything on this globe exist as the most fantastically vibrant rhythm of the Creator Divine.

38. THE FLAME OF TRUTH

All disdainfully salacious lechery assassinated forever and ever and ever; not even a minuscule speck of it on the trajectory of this wonderfully gifted planet,

All acrimoniously bawdy prejudice decimated forever and ever and ever; not even a parsimonious speck of it on the complexion of this marvelously panoramic planet,

All derogatorily baseless lies pulverized forever and ever and ever; not even an ethereal speck of it on the periphery of this majestically unassailable planet,

All raunchily egregious indiscriminations swiped forever and ever and ever; not even an evanescent speck of it on the circumference of this regally exotic planet,

All truculently hedonistic insanity thrashed forever and ever and ever; not even an ephemeral speck of it on the fabric of this benevolently tranquil planet,

All stupidly fretful obsessions massacred forever and ever and ever; not even an obsolete speck of them on the cradle of this fantastically blessed planet,

All mercilessly lambasting crime extinguished forever and ever and ever; not even a transient speck of it on the garden of this beautifully enchanting planet,

All remorsefully nonchalant laziness eradicated forever and ever and ever; not even a fugitive speck of it on the citadel of this invincibly proliferating planet,

All diabolically marauding politics vanquished forever and ever and ever; not even an inconspicuous speck of it on the mirror of this resplendently arcane planet,

All horrendously maiming pain liberated forever and ever and ever; not even an insipid speck of it on the playground of this iridescently scented planet,

All venomously lethal rampaging extradited forever and ever and ever; not even an infidel speck of it on the leaf of this pristinely burgeoning planet,

All tyrannically barbarous imprisonment exonerated forever and ever and ever; not even a feckless speck of it on the entrenchment of this marvelously glorious planet,

All brutally maniacal idiosyncrasies exonerated forever and ever and ever; not even an oblivious speck of them on the lap of this sacredly gorgeous planet,

All invidiously ghastly poverty expurgated forever and ever and ever; not even a disappearing speck of it on the borders of this triumphantly ebullient planet,

All meaninglessly ominous perversions trampled forever and ever and ever; not even a dingy speck of them on the pathways of this spell bindingly spectacular planet,

All depravingly ignominious cowardice squelched forever and ever and ever; not even a vanishing speck of it on the turnstiles of this astoundingly unfathomable planet,

All coldbloodedly abhorrent disease torched forever and ever and ever; not even an invisible speck of it on the waves of this rhythmically benign planet,

All disastrously despicable slavery removed forever and ever and ever; not even an infinitesimal speck of it on the meadows of this convivially bonding planet,

All miserably asphyxiating drudgery trounced forever and ever and ever; not even a measly speck of it on the pedestal of this timelessly bestowing planet,

All threadbarely incarcerating monotony defeated forever and ever and ever; not even a remote speck of it on the grasslands of this indomitably towering planet,

All nonsensically vindictive pompousness exonerated forever and ever and ever; not even a fleeting speck of it on the winds of this aristocratically fabulous planet,

And if you had commenced to think that the above and infinite more was because the God's from the cosmos had exclusively descended from the cosmos to do the needful; then you're in for the most rudest shock of your life,

For it was none other than the flame of eternal truth in each of our soul's; that the Lord had so congenitally gifted us with; which if we started to wholeheartedly use; then the devil would hide its tail and disappear from the entrenchment of this vibrantly miraculous planet; forever and ever and ever.

39. HAPPENING EVERYWHERE

Intriguingly great ideas usually might happen in the bathroom; with the tranquilly expurgating experience; triggering the very best of the boundless human brain,

Exotically enigmatic mysteries usually might happen in the forests; with the unfathomably resplendent camouflage; casting a spell of unconquerable excitement upon the dolorous atmosphere,

Unbelievably handsome fantasies usually might happen on the mountaintops; with the panoramically vivacious cistern of clouds; surreally enchanting one and all in their majestic canopy,

Tantalizingly evoking scents usually might happen in the kitchen; with the scrumptiously sizzling delicacies; enticing even the most inconspicuous bud

of the robust tongue,

Spectacularly effulgent radiations usually might happen in the garden; with the festoon of magnificently redolent roses; swaying to the unassailably princely tunes of the exotic wind,

Eternally sensuous echoes usually might happen in the gorge; with the insurmountably mystical well of blackness; dancing in fascinatingly reverberating claps of euphoric thunder,

Vibrantly exuberant palpitations usually might happen in the trees; with the serenely drifting leaves; whistling like a newborn child to enlighten the fabric of the insipidly withering night,

Magically enthusing mantras usually might happen in caves; with the glorious carpet of enthralling darkness; perpetuating a civilization of profound reverence till times immemorial,

Uninhibitedly tangy mischief usually might happen in the sea; with the insuperably undulating waves; fulminating into a cloudburst of unequivocally untamed exhilaration,

Uncannily ebullient brazenness usually might happen on the rocks; with the pristinely naked thunderclaps of breeze; handsomely annihilating even the most mercurial of traumatized apprehension; forever and ever and ever,

Indomitably unflinching patriotism usually might happen on the battlefield; with an irrevocable entrenchment of blistering bravery; engulfing even the most indolently useless in its insatiable swirl,

Beautifully pearly sedation usually might happen in the night; with its ubiquitously moonlit milkiness; graciously blessing every compassionate being for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Exorbitantly unlimited style usually might happen on the catwalk; with an incomprehensible array of lascivious models; imperially portraying the most skimpiest of scintillating trends,

Unshakably timeless evolution usually might happen in the mother's womb; with her limitless rivulets of inimitable nourishment and care; invincibly harnessing even the most diminutive elements of freshly born life,

Loquaciously unrelenting garrulousness usually might happen in the beehive; with intransigent swarms of busy bees; ecstatically humming their way through cocoons of wonderful life and honey,

Impeccably celestial unison usually might happen on the meadows; with exotic hordes of symbiotically harmonious cattle; disseminating the essence of mesmerizing solidarity and peace,

Intricately scrupulous meticulousness usually might happen on the clock tower; with the robotically synchronized needles unstoppably surging forward; to tirelessly unravel the most accurate unfurling of time,

Brilliantly optimistic hope usually might happen on the Sun; with the Omnipotently dazzling rays; decimating even the most parsimoniously ethereal devil; from its very insidiously ghastly roots,

Passionately alluring flirtation usually might happen in the eyes; with the clandestinely winking eyelashes; paving open a fathomless township of surreptitious activity; for the feckless Casanova,

But immortally Omniscient love; undefeatedly happens everywhere; with its perpetually blessing wings of compassionate godliness; caressing every humanitarianly throbbing heart on this everlasting Universe; throughout every unleashing second of gifted life; and even after the mortuaries of veritable death.

40. INFINITESIMALLY MOLECULAR LIFE

None was miserably black and dolorously decrepit; None was immaculately pristine and white,

None was preposterously diminutive and sanctimoniously stunted; None was limitlessly tall and unfathomable,

None was devastatedly dithering and lugubriously decrepit; None was impreguably unflinching and aristocratic,

None was truculently impoverished and treacherously incarcerated; None was unsurpassably opulent and dictatorial,

None was manipulatively bawdy and stupidly licentious; None was irrefutably truthful and sparkling,

None was diabolically pernicious and parasitically murderous; None was spell bindingly magnanimous and philanthropic,

None was discordantly cacophonous and disdainfully hoarse; None was gorgeously mellifluous and rhapsodic,

None was insanely coldblooded and hilariously delirious; None was patriotically immortal and blazing,

None was grotesquely distorted and hedonistically ugly; None was bountifully resplendent and sacrosanct,

None was gauntly livid and sordidly pallid; None was ebulliently twinkling and synergistic,

None was hysterically sobbing and traumatically agonized; None was exuberantly happy and unparalleled,

None was obnoxiously dumb and unimaginably shy; None was flamboyantly blistering and unconquerable,

None was abhorrently naïve and disastrously oblivious; None was astoundingly eclectic and Omnipotent,

None was lecherously maim and unimaginably slaving; None was indomitably galloping and supernatural,

None was penuriously betraying and libiduously camouflaging; None was compassionately cozy and adorable,

None was raunchily marauding and indiscriminately dividing; None was innocently newborn and iridescent,

None was lackadaisically stoical and laconically deserted; None was boisterously bubbling and vivacious,

None was stupendously embellished and jubilantly marvelous; None was indigently emaciated and threadbare,

O! Yes; For the Omnisciently Almighty Lord; everyone organism breathing and alive; irrespective of caste; creed; color; stature and tribe; was insuperably equal; was just a palpable piece of infinitesimally molecular life.

41. RATIO AND PROPORTION

The ratio of HEDONISM: HAPPINESS perhaps on this fathomless Universe; might have pathetically dwindled to a preposterously abominable; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of ESTRANGEMENT: EQUALITY perhaps on this boundless Universe; might have abysmally faltered to an acrimoniously pugnacious; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of POLITICS: PEACE perhaps on this mesmerizing Universe; might have sadistically extinguished to an acridly bellicose; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of SALACIOUSNESS: SAGACIOUSNESS perhaps on this colossal Universe; might have disastrously deteriorated to an insipidly threadbare; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of CHAUVINISM: CHEERFULNESS perhaps on this gigantic Universe; might have pruriently withered to an aridly lackadaisical; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of MALICE: MYSTICISM perhaps on this unfathomable Universe; might have obnoxiously stumbled to an dolorously decrepit; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of WAR: WIND perhaps on this fathomless Universe; might have vengefully reduced to a flagrantly atrocious; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of VINDICTIVENESS: VERSATILITY perhaps on this spell binding Universe; might have remorsefully evaporated to a savagely infinitesimal; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of TRAVESTY: TRUTH perhaps on this unending Universe; might have insanely massacred to a indescribably abashing; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of BANE: BLOOM perhaps on this limitless Universe; might have sardonically butchered to a fretfully nonchalant; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of DISASTER: DREAMS perhaps on this unconquerable Universe; might have sordidly slithered to a raunchily beleaguered; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of POVERTY: PROSPERITY perhaps on this unsurpassable Universe;

might have gruesomely disappeared to a delinquently despondent; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of UNEMPLOYMENT: UNINHIBITEDNESS perhaps on this gregarious Universe; might have treacherously shattered to a bawdily slaving; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of ABHORRENCE: ABLUTION perhaps on this timeless Universe; might have egregiously crumbled to a uxoriously incarcerated; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of JINX: JUBILATION perhaps on this enchanting Universe; might have disdainfully converted to a disparagingly dastardly; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of BETRAYAL: BREATH perhaps on this boundless Universe; might have painstakingly debilitated to a derogatorily dreary; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of LASCIVIOUSNESS: LOVE perhaps on this triumphant Universe; might have tawdrily sunk to a baselessly cannibalistic; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

But the ratio of the CREATURE: CREATOR; was; is and will forever be an Omnipotently majestic; ZERO: INFINITY; till the time he commanded this earth to be; and even beyond the most ephemerally fugacious speck of space.

42. WERE YOU SLEEPING?

Were you sleeping when countless infants were being ruthlessly orphaned; left to beg on the discordantly hapless streets; with their limbs horrendously maimed by the treacherously barbarous society?

Were you sleeping when countless soldiers were being invidiously molested; as diabolically castrated traitors imperiled them at their every step; with swords of indescribably macabre corruption?

Were you sleeping when countless trees were being cold-bloodedly slaughtered; as the hell of relentless greed insidiously transcended the paradise of symbiotically amiable bonding?

Were you sleeping when countless pilgrims were being torturously torched; as maliciously prejudiced perpetrators of mankind uncontrollably assassinated in the name of spurious religion; caste; creed and tribe?

Were you sleeping when countless entities were wandering aimlessly unemployed

and illiterate; as the bane of dreadfully ignominious condemnation disastrously spread its meaningless roots worldwide?

Were you sleeping when countless grasslands of exhilarating peace; were being satanically squandered by truculently dictatorial powerhouses of hedonistic bloodshed and vindictively insane savagery?

Were you sleeping when countless consecrations of one God were being salaciously pulverized to morosely inconspicuous ash; as capriciously baseless fanatics erected a citadel of their own God upon the same?

Were you sleeping when countless voices of mellifluously ingratiating innocence; were tyrannically devoured in the grotesque cacophony of remorsefully lambasting commercialism and monotonous malice?

Were you sleeping when countless woman were being tawdrily traded; as ominously lethal beheaders of flesh weighed them in pans of sinister gold; after deleteriously excoriating every bit of their sacrosanct vermilion?

Were you sleeping when countless immaculate sheep were being sleazily annihilated in the penalizing abattoirs; as man callously smacked his imbecile lips with replenishments of pricelessly bountiful blood?

Were you sleeping when countless urchins were being dastardly sodomized; as powerhouses of atrocious weaponry; used helplessly nimble skin a sardonic retreat for their zanily whimsical outbursts?

Were you sleeping when countless sparkling eyes were being gruesomely blinded; as unfathomable jailhouses of lechery descended upon planet earth; from every conceivable quarter?

Were you sleeping when countless inevitably decrepit and invalid were being thrashed left; right and brutal center; as the brazenly impetuously tried to expedite their miserably faltering pace; even at the cost of vivaciously blissful life?

Were you sleeping when countless tons of abominably abhorrent abuse raunchily crept into the fabric of the civilized world; as man intransigently hunted down his counterpart man; on the non-existent pretext of survival of the fittest?

Were you sleeping when countless terrorists licentiously marauded harmoniously holistic households; maniacally looted; squandered; decimated and transformed

all harmlessly immaculate; into a corpse of frightfully repugnant blood?

Were you sleeping when countless diminutive were being indefatigably whipped by the agonizingly aggrieved whip of poverty; as the sanctimoniously rich used biscuits of pure gold to feed their abnormally wild dogs?

Were you sleeping when countless infirm were being poked and ludicrously manhandled; as those with vividly gleaming biceps; fecklessly demonstrated their frigidly infidel power?

Were you sleeping when countless children implacably screamed and waved for help from under the drowning waters; as pompously passing politicians showered garlands of ostentatiously floral sympathy; instead of altruistically plunging in and saving lives?

And if the answer to the above is yes; then how the hell can you blame the Almighty Creator for inflicting misery upon the trajectory of this mesmerizing earth; how the hell can you blame it on the mortuaries of crippling destiny for heinously puncturing existence; how the hell can you blame today's modern times for all that was pathetically dwindling?

For the Omnipotent lord had given you and every other being of your kind enough strength to conquer the most ferocious of devil; incarcerate even the most unforgivably illicit of atrocity; but you still had all the guts to blame him; instead of nimbly admitting it that you were cowardly sleeping?

43. I INCONSOLABLY DIED

Buried under an unfathomable forest of diabolically perpetuating thorns; I still managed to rise up like a handsome prince; unfettered by the livid bruises gorily fretting on every element of my persona,

Buried under an unsurpassable mountain of truculently asphyxiating dust; I still managed to rise up like a silken butterfly; not bothered even an infinitesimal trifle about the obnoxiously adulterated mud which had now become an integral part of my intestine,

Buried under an unrelenting corpse of macabre ghosts; I still managed to rise up like a resplendently blissful rainbow; blazing like triumphant dynamite through the fathomless expanse of crystalline blue sky,

Buried under a incomprehensibly preposterous dustbin of ungainly shit; I still

managed to rise up like a mystically vibrant cloud; unperturbed by the disdainfully slandering slime incorrigibly sticking to my nubile skin,

Buried under a graveyard of coldbloodedly invidious and stinking bones; I still managed to rise up like a royally fragrant rose; disseminating the scent of eternal righteousness to the most fathomless quarter of this rhapsodically heavenly planet,

Buried under a pernicious jailhouse of venomously abhorrent scorpions; I still managed to rise up like an ingratiatingly panoramic cistern; astoundingly pacifying even the most tumultuously aggrieved sorrow; with the sounds of unparalleled optimism,

Buried under an insurmountably feckless cauldron of prurient abuse; I still managed to rise up like a majestically iridescent eagle; engendering an untamed gorge of impregnable exuberance in even the most mercurially fugitive cranny of this; timeless planet,

Buried under an intransigently crippling sea of horrifically miserable blood; I still managed to rise up like a bountifully eclectic whirlwind; harmoniously enlightening incredulous shades of magnificently articulate versatility; in the lives of all those lunatically shattered,

Buried under an indescribably malignant sandstorm of prejudiced ignominy; I still managed to rise up like a patriotically victorious soldier; instilling an unassailable wave of uninhibited freedom; in every slave being unreasonably lambasted,

Buried under a tyrannically thrashing volcano of scurrilous monotony; I still managed to rise up like a spell bindingly rejuvenated paradise; spreading a wave of insuperably unprecedented happiness; on even the most clandestinely barren path that I tread,

Buried under a crematorium of chauvinistically relentless dictatorship; I still managed to rise up like thunderbolts of enriching lightening; igniting the lugubriously lackadaisical flames of every dwindling abode; with the philanthropically charismatic elixir of my soul,

Buried under an ominously sordid gutter of remorsefully agonizing malice; I still managed to rise up like a brazenly intrepid adventurer; bringing a smile to the lips of countless ruthlessly orphaned; as I drifted with them into an unending entrenchment of fantasy and mesmerizing odyssey,

Buried under a vindictively hedonistic mortuary of abysmally derogatory lies; I still managed to rise up like an ebulliently unconquerable Sun; ubiquitously wafting the rays of timeless happiness; in every despicably estranged life,

Buried under a ballistically frivolous battalion of emaciated panthers; I still managed to rise up like a bountifully blessed dream; fomenting every drearily insipid and baselessly tortured mind to tirelessly fantasize,

Buried under an indiscriminately jinxed battlefield of squelching crime; I still managed to rise up like undauntedly enchanting moonshine; compassionately warming the complexion of the tawdrily blackened night with; magnetically celestial jubilation,

Buried under an endlessly victimizing juggernaut of uncouthly barbarous ghosts; I still managed to rise up like a benign harbinger of glorious humanity; limitlessly spreading the fragrance of an unshakably united existence; in one and all symbiotically alike,

Buried under an ever augmenting web of disdainfully heinous corruption; I still managed to rise up like an unflinchingly blessing wind; wholesomely silencing the most dogmatic voices of sinfully penalizing atrocity; with the sounds of irrefutably sparkling truth,

Buried under an insane mortuary of bellicose lifelessness; I still managed to rise up like an arrow of perennial bravery; handsomely inculcating the virtue of innocuously embellished solidarity in all those chopping necks; on spurious pretexts of religion and tribe,

But buried under the worthless plank of insidiously maiming betrayal O! Lord; I had not even the most capricious of strength left in me to survive; as without the immortal love of my priceless beloved; I died; I died; I inevitably and inconsolably died.

44. PROGRAMMED

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to diffuse resplendent shade; was the gregariously blooming and enchantingly exuberant tree,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to disseminate Omnipotent light; was the aristocratically flamboyant and blisteringly blossoming Sun,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to generate rhapsodically unlimited

tanginess; was the boundlessly ebullient and triumphantly undulating Ocean,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to fulminate into a paradise of eternal sensuousness; was the ravishingly titillating and celestially egalitarian dewdrop,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to mystically enthrall even the most alien creature; was the enigmatically uncanny and convivially compassionate forest,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to spawn into a civilization of sacrosanct vivaciousness; was impeccably invincible and blessed mother's milk,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to waft into stupendously enamoring redolence; was the poignantly crimson petal and unconquerably majestic rose,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to effulgently bond one and all in the bonds of humanity alike; was the everlastingly perpetual spirit of timeless camaraderie and companionship,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to stand as the most unflinching citadel even as hell gorily reverberated from each cranny of this fathomless planet; was the blissfully melanging and unassailably fragrant religion of mankind,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to expunge a valley of vivid boisterousness; was the astoundingly sweet and eclectically buzzing honey bee,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to culminate into regally inebriating melody; was the beautifully emerald crested and innocuously mellifluous nightingale,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to radiate into peacefully mesmerizing rhythm; was the marvelously cavorting and miraculously cascading waterfall,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to pulverize even the most diminutive trace of devil into insipidly worthless nothingness; was the voice of pricelessly unconquerable and victoriously unfettered truth,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to seductively dance with the beats of the moonlit night; was the panoramically animated and ingratiatingly nimble footed peacock,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to rejuvenate even the most sordidly

dreary soles; was the unsurpassably tranquil and gloriously placating grass meadow,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to magnificently quell all lunatically prejudiced bloodshed; was the ubiquitously shimmering and timelessly bountiful wand of; simplicity and peace,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to sustain impreguably sparkling life; was the whirlwind of eloquently endless and perennially bestowing breath,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to indefatigably coalesce with the beats of profoundly magical love; was the passionately thundering and innocently volatile heart,

And programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to unrelentingly write altruistic poetry; was the inconspicuously nimble palm that protruded from my impoverished body; was the 2 centimeters of brain that lay placidly in my skull; was my every ingredient of humble blood; breath and soul; was; is and will always remain by his Omnipotent grace; only me.

45. THE CREATOR WAS EVERYWHERE

Be it the grandiloquently colossal castle; or the fetidly stinking gutter hosting a fleet of obnoxious cockroaches,

Be it the mystically shimmering Moon; or the sweltering sands of the mammoth desert,

Be it the fathomless expanse of the azure blue sky; or the minuscule nest of the piquant beaked woodpecker,

Be it the stupendously scented rose; or the yellow mushroom decaying to oblivion in the heart of the hills,

Be it the enigmatically deep and uncannily marvelous dungeon; or the contemporary match box shaped town square,

Be it the festoon of resplendently twinkling stars in the cosmos; or the clammy interiors of the dingy little and sordid hut,

Be it the electric paced stallion galloping through rubicund farmlands; or the potbellied tortoise traversing with Herculean effort on the hard ground,

Be it the astronomically huge ocean impregnated with flocks of blue whales; or the small trace of saliva lying desolate in the obsolete attic,

Be it the tumultuous streaks of pugnacious white lightning; or the diminutive beehive camouflaged sedately amidst the trees,

Be it the conventionally advanced computer; or the clerk who hardly knew how to sign,

Be it the impeccable tufts of cotton sprouting in blissful tandem from the fields; or the solitary rope suspended morbidly from the ceiling,

Be it the incredulously fast paced aircraft kissing the air faster than the speed of light; or the hunch backed camel yawning embarrassingly under the gargantuan cactus,

Be it the mountain laden with astonishingly scintillating jewels from all round the continent; or the droplet of blood oozing down the skin,

Be it the most invincible man trespassing on this earth; or the astoundingly small infant who had just emitted its first cry,

Be it the densely inhabited jungle with majestically roaring lions; or the soft toy of plastic standing on just a brick,

Be it the delectable meal of spell binding caramel chocolates; or the nail embedded pathetically in the broken wall,

Be it the superlatively rosy tongue chattering incessantly all throughout the brilliant day; or the stone which lay in perpetual silence beneath the lanky grass,

Be it the island which perennially received the most tenacious rays of the Sun; or the blind man's world completely obfuscated from the slightest trace of visible light,

Be it the balloon pompously inflated with incomprehensible amounts of air; or the morose tyre lying completely squashed like frigidly white ice,

Be it the entire army marching valiantly towards inevitable victory; or the impoverished beggar begging for alms every minute,

Be it the glittering gold watch ticking indefatigably round the clock; or the placidly still statue which didn't speak or move at all,

Be it the loudest echo ever heard on this globe; or the inaudible whisper dying before it even came out,

Be it the thunderously domineering shadow of the towering edifice; or the ethereal shadow blending every now and then with the dolorous darkness,

Be it the revered interiors of the adorable dwelling; or the utterly disgusting and abhorrent steps leading to your mundane office,

Be it the crackling flames of fire that leapt ebulliently towards the coalition of emerald clouds; or the shivering piece of freezing snow dangling from the Christmas tree,

Be it the assembly of magnificently radiating mirrors bundled up in an enamoring heap; or the distorted strand of moustache floating like an insipid speck in the atmosphere,

Be it the most remarkable of memory that could conceive every possible situation to unfurl on the trajectory of this planet; or the mockingly dumb worm writhing on brown soil,

Be it the impregnable gates leading to the presidential rooms; or the inconspicuous little matchstick feeling soggy and despondently gloomy after the rains,

Be it the unbelievably big bed stuffed with ravishingly compassionate softness and warmth; or the acrimonious thorn awaiting surreptitiously for innocent flesh,

Be it the ingratiatingly sweet voice of the voluptuous nightingale; or the pertinent mosquito brooding in the profoundly hollow well,

Be it the most formidable stick in the bodyguard's hands; or the finely pulverized pulp of ripe banana,

Be it the overwhelmingly blissful paradise harboring the angels; or the timidly remorse voice of hell,

Be it the longest fabric ever woven and beautifully stitched; or the threadbare string of dilapidated shells orphaned mercilessly on the sea shores,

Be it the heart beating turbulently engulfed in the flames of unrelenting passion;
or the incongruous follicle of hair sadly detached and lying as still as the mud,

Be it the ingenious key able to crack through the labyrinth of intricate lock; or
the ludicrous buffoon who kept falling even before he could rise,

Be it the luscious periphery of seductively alluring lips; or the bland water
incarcerated in small jugs of wood,

Be it the awesome congregation of inscrutably swirling waves crashing splendidly
against the rocks; or the dismally melting jelly in the austere heat of blazing
afternoon,

Be it the unfathomable peak of Mount Everest; or the limp marble rolling on flat
soil,

Be it the animatedly leaping Kangaroo with its pack of siblings in its bulging
pocket; or the perpetually still photograph hanging in the sleazy dressing room,

Be it the exorbitantly costly shoes adorned by the King as he walked on the
streets; or the nakedly petite foot coalescing with dust each time it kicked,

Be it the poignantly sharp kitchen knife ripping apart through vegetables with
nonchalant ease; or the blunt sand with no taste of its at all,

Be it the rivulets of perspiration dribbling tantalizingly through exotic skin; or the
brutally wounded territories of bruise that were left uncouthly unattended,

Be it the beautifully embellished crown of the blue blooded prince; or the
mortifying bed about to split into splinters on which the laborer slept,

Be it the most skillful doctor's clinic which was inundated with a host of
invaluably countless medicines; or the doorstep of the patient attacked by a
mysteriously inexplicable disease,

Be it the wholesomely fascinating magician conjuring mind boggling tricks on the
stage; or the ordinary soldier who wasn't acquainted the slightest with the art of
bombastic sophistication,

Be it the handsomely heroic stag staring at its reflection in the mesmerizing
persona of transparent water; or the horrendously ugly eunuch smoking his life

into relentless oblivion,

Be it a man following staunch religion all day and every single night; or the furtive castaway who didn't know what was God at all,

Be it the most invincible of abode above ground; or the evanescent corpse buried boundless feet beneath,

You name it and he was there; and you didn't have to walk marathon miles to reach the temple; church; mosque; or monastery to worship him; you could very well close your eyes and pray to him wherever you wanted; for the Almighty Creator was Omnipresent; the creator was everywhere.

46. IT WAS GOD WHO CAME INTO MY LIFE

I was just a minuscule bird perched on a single leaf; with the forest in the backdrop disastrously charred to raw ash; nobody in a million kilometers of vicinity to listen to my croaky voice,

It was God who came into my life; made it a mesmerizing garden to wander about and exist.

I was just a soggy matchstick staggering every minute into appalling darkness; ready to wholesomely relinquish my last iota of light,

It was God who came into my life; not only igniting it into a ball of pugnacious flames; but making them escalate high and handsome towards the sky.

I was just a bleary eye; abysmally squinted and closed towards daylight; sparsely able to discriminate between profound shades of black and white,

It was God who came into my life; not only elevating my vision to perspicaciously clear; but imparting it the virtue to explicitly differentiate between the good and horrendously bad.

I was just an arid desert smothering in the boisterous agony of the diabolical day; burnt to unprecedented limits with each stroke of the flamboyant Sun,

It was God who came into my life; inundated its parched surface with an ocean of sweet water; transformed it into a colossal meadow of green grass to gleefully philander and celestially sleep.

I was just a frigid bee in my empty hive; counting the seconds left for life to finish completely; so that I could take birth as a King again,

It was God who came into my life; not only deluging my dwelling with a mountain of honey; but evoking me to swarm rambunctiously with boundless of

my time.

I was just a stone deaf and a perpetually dumb beggar; shivering uncontrollably on the streets; without a single piece of garment to engulf my body,
It was God who came into my life; not only seated me on the magnificently embellished throne; but blessed me with the prowess to disseminate all my wealth prudently amongst veritably needy mankind.

I was just a broken thorn; shattered shoddily into infinite pieces on the scalding ground; awaiting ruthless vehicles every unleashing minute to trespass me; crush me forever into obsolete wisps of oblivion,
It was God who came into my life; made a brilliantly sparkling sword; ready to defend myself against the most incomprehensible of evil gallivanting around.

I was just a gruesomely distorted nib; trembling as the most infinitesimal draught of wind struck me in my belly,
It was God who came into my life; not only metamorphosed me into a lanky feather tipped pen; but propelled me to emboss fathomless pages of spell binding literature that became the irrefutable spirit of times.

I was just a bedraggled cloud without the tiniest of emotion or empathy; blown away uncouthly into wilderness with the thunderously tumultuous storm,
It was God who came into my life; found me the love of my dreams; coalesced me into immortal threads of impregnable romance for times immemorial.

And I was just a ghastly corpse loitering in the air without an entity of my own; waiting to be barbarically devoured and destroyed,
It was God who came into my life; changed me into a robust human deluging my chest with divinely breath; giving me a right to lead life; giving me an opportunity to tread on his paradise; giving me a chance to blissfully survive.

47. TO PRAY TO GOD WAS OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE

To write good things was of paramount importance; what you wrote the literature with; what hand you used; was utterly inconsequential,

To admire magnificent beauty was of paramount importance; which eye you admired it with; the aperture you kept while profoundly appreciating it; was utterly inconsequential,

To smell the ravishing rose was of paramount importance; how you sniffed it; which nostril did you use; was utterly inconsequential,

To swim in the voluptuous ocean was of paramount importance; which hand and foot you used to splash about in the poignantly tangy waves; was utterly inconsequential,

To eat appetizing morsels of food was of paramount importance; what side of the mouth did you use to finely pulverize the tantalizing chunks; was utterly inconsequential,

To trample the venomously heinous scorpion was of paramount importance; whether you used your right foot or left foot to indiscriminately squelch the irate monster; was utterly inconsequential,

To sleep blissfully in the star studded night was of paramount importance; whether you slept directly beneath the opalescent moon or whether you slept in your enviously cozy dwelling; was utterly inconsequential,

To reach the pinnacle of the impregnable mountain was of paramount importance; whether you clambered up with boots or conquered it barefoot; was utterly inconsequential,

To make the mercilessly orphaned child laugh was of paramount importance; whether you made him smile by indigenously poking out your tongue or whether you achieved the same by singing ingratiating rhymes; was utterly inconsequential,

To expurgate the disdainfully inflated bowels in the morning was of paramount importance; whether you did that hiding behind the conglomerate of foliated trees or whether you evacuated the dirt sitting on the plush lavatory seat; was utterly inconsequential,

To remember the person you adored was of paramount importance; whether you did that writing eloquently long letters or whether you managed to accomplish the same by chanting her name incessantly in your mind; was utterly inconsequential,

To wash your body scrupulously everyday was of paramount importance; whether you did that standing under the contemporary Jacuzzi of the five star hotel; or whether you scrubbed your skin under the rustic waterfall cascading down the mountain; was utterly inconsequential,

To construct a fortified place to live was of paramount importance; whether you erected the dwelling dressed in immaculate shirt and stringently pressed tie; or

whether you slapped granules of raw cement on the wall bare chested; was utterly inconsequential,

To assassinate the hideous man eater shark was of paramount importance; whether you did that by adulterating its mammoth slices of meat; or whether you permeated its satanically thick skin with a battalion of grey bullets; was utterly inconsequential,

To emulate philanthropic ideals of your ancestors was of paramount importance; whether you imbibed them by reading through exorbitantly costly textbooks; or whether you got apprised of the same through experiences in real life; was utterly inconsequential,

To respect your mother was of paramount importance; whether you incessantly knelt down on her feet; or whether you hardly saw her when you were overseas and cherished her in your every prayer; was utterly inconsequential,

To convey the most sagaciously prudent message to the world was of paramount importance; whether you divulged the same screaming hysterically at the top of your voice; or whether you were able to disseminate the same in mollified whispers; was utterly inconsequential,

To drink salubrious water boundless times in a day was of paramount importance; whether you sipped it delectably from the amicable champagne glass; or whether you gulped it ferociously from the lap of the turbulently gushing country river; was utterly inconsequential,

And to pray to God was of paramount importance; whether you folded hands and sought solace; or whether you clasped your palms openly towards the heavens for forgiveness; or whether you maneuvered them dexterously across your chest in the form of a sacrosanct cross; was utterly inconsequential.

48. THE MOSQUE OF MY CREATOR

I saw it everyday from my window; profoundly admiring its magnificent spires towering supremely high towards the sky,

I stared at it unrelentingly for marathon hours; meticulously absorbing its stupendous grandeur; the shimmering steps that led to the shrine,

I dreamt about it all throughout the night; fantasizing incessantly about blending my life with the omnipotent aura it generated,

I indefatigably counted the number of devotees entering its sacrosanct chambers; prayed to the creator to satisfy all that they had ever wanted,

I clasped both my hands in meek submission; knelt down on my toes to wholesomely drown in the sounds of melodiously jingling bells,

I snapped countless photographs of it with my contemporary camera; capturing its alluring charm in poignantly brilliant sunlight; as well as under placid rays of the Silver moon,

I kissed its floor passionately; stood for fathomless days on the trot in front of its Divine idol; lost in the eternal ramifications which continuously radiated,

I spoke about it to every stranger I encountered; trying to spread its immortal magic in as many individuals who were thoroughly oblivious to its enchanting spirit,

I tried to perceive it in the most wonderful form that was ever conceivable; epitomizing its marvelous beauty to the pinnacle of my incomprehensible imagination,

I cleaned its ambience umpteenth number of times in a day with austere antiseptic; ensuring that the even the last particle of obnoxious dust was completely annihilated from its very roots,

I studied tirelessly in its incredulously cool interiors; letting the waves from the sagacious deities overwhelmingly illuminate and cleanse my mind,

I benevolently donated large sums of money; provided all that I could to appease the diabolical hunger of the tyrannized urchins aimlessly sobbing around its periphery,

I perspired like a bull in front of its gate; amicably welcoming all who wanted to pay homage to the Gods,

I sprinkled perfumed water on the idols every dawn; embellished each statue embedded inside with a resplendently fragrant festoon of lotus flowers,

I embossed infinite lines of enigmatic poetry every unleashing minute; in my modest attempt to portray its Omniscient essence all throughout the colossal globe,

I tied a bunch of pious threads on my fist; disseminated the same along with sacred vials containing ash to scores of followers thronging its territories every hour,

I intractably refrained to erase it from my memory; even when I left its premises embarking on a voyage for transient instants of time,

I didn't spend even a single second in the day without cognizing its spell binding beauty; inexorably stimulating every iota of my brain to serve the Almighty in the best possible way,

And yet when I got up from my sleep in the sunny morning; the very first thing that I did even before splashing water on my face; was to add a pinch of its holy dust to my eyes; visit the most adorable and revered 'MOSQUE OF MY ALLAH, THE MOSQUE OF MY CREATOR'.

49. GOD SITTING ON YOUR SHOULDER

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the greatest?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the best?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most supreme?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most beautiful?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most talented?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most gifted?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most intelligent?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most artistic?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the fastest?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the richest?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the biggest?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most creative?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most articulate?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the strongest?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most passionate?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were with the most excellent of destinies? Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were so enchanting?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were smiling immortally?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were always successful?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the greatest of lovers?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

And do all of you want to know as to why you were living without any trace of death hovering around your persona?

Well let me tell you again; that it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

50. HOW WOULD LIFE EVER REALIZE?

How would the rose ever realize that it was profusely scented; unless and until it witnessed a pile of fetid garbage diffusing its unbearable stench towards plain sky?

How would satiny cotton ever realize that it was voluptuously soft; unless and until it witnessed a mountain of thorns; barbarically ripping apart through innocuous flesh?

How would the river ever realize that it was a stupendous reservoir of life; unless and until it witnessed the acrimoniously dry desert; scorching blissful souls to minuscule embers of burning coal?

How would the rocket ever realize that it was astoundingly fast; unless and until it witnessed the overwhelmingly pot-bellied tortoise painstakingly crawling towards the finishing line?

How would the sighted ever realize that they were profoundly endowed by the Creator; unless and until they witnessed the blind stumbling at every step; even under the most flamboyantly brilliant sunlight?

How would the rain ever realize that it was incredibly mystical; unless and until it witnessed the acerbic swords of monotonously sweltering drought; ruthlessly swipe traces of celestial civilization?

How would the diamond ever realize that it was enchantingly glittering; unless and until it witnessed the obsolete dilapidation of the dungeons; rotting with a trace of daylight since centuries unprecedented?

How would the aged man ever realize that he was exorbitantly lucky; unless and until he witnessed the freshly born infant being indiscriminately capsized by the jaws of ultimate death?

How would the cave ever realize that it was entrenched with divinely peace; unless and until it witnessed the rambunctiously boisterous hustle-bustle of the city; the unruly mobs of different tribes fighting spuriously for blood; in the name of God?

How would the summit of the mountain ever realize that it was incomprehensibly tall; unless and until it witnessed the rock bottom ground; not able to rise even an inch ever since the planet was created?

How would the ocean of love ever realize that it was irrefutably immortal; unless and until it witnessed the chapter of perfidiously lecherous betrayal?

How would the crackling flames of fire ever realize that they were unfathomably rejuvenating; unless and until they witnessed avalanches of uncouth ice; freeze the most robust of souls alive?

How would the indefatigably throbbing heart ever realize that it was passionate; unless and until it witnessed lifeless skeletons suspended insidiously from the lackadaisically barren ceiling?

How would the lion ever realize that he was the indomitable king of the jungle; unless and until he witnessed the rabbit hiding for mercy behind the untamed wilderness of the bushes?

How would beauty ever realize that it was ravishingly marvelous; unless and until it witnessed the most hideously distorted form of living kind?

How would the insurmountably wealthy ever realize that he was rich; unless and until they witnessed the beggar incessantly begging on the impoverished streets?

How would the literate ever realize that they were commendably knowledgeable; unless and until they witnessed the slave signing his most cherished document of freedom; with his bohemian thumb?

How would palpable breath ever realize that it was most indispensable trace of existence; unless and until it witnessed the coffin not able to budge even a diminutive iota; incarcerated boundless feet beneath the surface of black mud?

And how would life ever realize that it was the most Omnipotent of all virtues in this fathomless Universe; unless and until it witnessed the seal of inevitably gory death?

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

1 God - Poems On God, Creator - Volume 3

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This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 3 of the Book titled - 1 God - Poems on God, Creator (522 pages) .

A Profound Dedication

A ramification of the innumerable Omnipotent fragrances of life that I've smelt by the grace of God-I'm grateful to him for enlightening me about his chapters of invincible creation and considering me worthy enough to describe his unparalleled splendor, in a few words and in the shape of this book. A salient tribute to his undefeated power.

Prologue

The compilation of poems depicts the Omniscient Creator in his infinite unconquerable shapes and forms. Goes to irrefutably prove that there is just one Creator, you choose to call him by whatever name-and for everyone one of us till the time we live. This book is a perpetual dedication to Almighty Lord. It quintessentially portrays the splendor of the Almighty Creator in his infinite forms. Goes to victoriously prove at every step, that no matter how hard the devil tries to annihilate the planet-an inconspicuous tap of the Lord's finger makes him crumble to his very last non-existent frigid roots.

About the Book

Poems depicting the 'Omnipotent' glory of the Creator in an infinite forms that the poet could ever conceive. Natural and uninhibited outpourings of the heart these poems transport the reader into a world of spirituality and magnificence of Godhead. Every poetic piece shows Parekh's unparalleled love for the Almighty and immortalizes the Omnipresent aura of the Lord in a boundless ways and shapes. This spiritually enriched compendium of poems is for all those who've timelessly admired the miraculous prowess and powers of God at each stage of their lives. Those who've lived each instant of their lives

worshipping his Omniscient grace irrespective of the most murderous hell descending around. The poetic imagery brilliantly transcends over every inhibition of caste, creed, color and religion and goes to perpetually prove that all living beings are one and blessed in his fathomless sacrosanct light of truth. The poems depict Parekh's oneness in mind, body and spirit with the Creator.

CONTENTS

1. I SPOKE ALLAH
2. GOD KNOWS IT FOR SURE
3. THE VERY FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE
4. BUT REMEMBER O! MATE
5. END & START
6. REACH OUT TO HUMANITY, GOD WILL REACH OUT TO YOU
7. THE CERTIFICATE OF LIFE
8. GOD LOVES ALL THOSE HEART'S
9. COUNTLESS TIMES BETTER THAN THEE
10. LIVE LIFE HIGHER THAN THE CLOUDS
11. LOVE IS THE MOST SACRED FORM OF GOD

12. EVEN BEFORE I COULD TAKE BIRTH
13. MAKE ME ONE OF YOUR DISCIPLE
14. WHEN I TOUCHED YOUR OMNIPRESENT FEET
15. EVEN IF I HAD TO DIE EVERY MOMENT
16. HOW COULD YOU EVER CALL
17. A GIFT CALLED LIFE
18. BURY ME ALIVE
19. PLEASE DON'T SHOW ME DEATH
20. ONE OF MY FELLOW KIND
21. MY TALK HAD NO END
22. EVEN AS THE NIGHT FALLS
23. TO WIN THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE
24. YOU RESEMBLED THE CREATOR DIVINE
25. UNASSAILABLY RIGHT
26. VICTORY SHALL FOREVER BE
27. THE CHILD OF THE LORD
28. FALLING FOREVER IN LOVE
29. BUT REMEMBER
30. FORGIVE ME
31. SOLELY ARDENT WINNERS.
32. UNTIL YOU VERITABLY DIE!

33. YOU ONLY TELL ME WHAT TO DO; O! ALMIGHTY LORD.
34. NOBODY IS A SLAVE OF ANYBODY.
35. JUST ONE WISH
36. DRESSED FOR LOVE
37. HEAVENLY POETRY
38. THE BEATS OF IMMORTAL LOVE
39. HOW THE HELL CAN YOU SAY?
40. HOW COULD YOU EVER DREAM
41. A PERSON LIVES
42. THE GREATEST LOVE
43. FOOTSTEPS
44. TODAY- THE MOST CURSED DAY
45. GOD IMMORTALLY LOVES
46. A PARASITE FROM A PARADISE
47. WHO THE HELL WERE YOU?
48. THE WHO IS AFRAID OF DEATH
49. IF THERE WAS ANYBODY
50. ONLY ONE DOOR

1. I SPOKE ALLAH

I spoke a blatantly incorrigible 'NO'; when the unconventional society manipulatively cajoled me to leave my poetry and do an obnoxiously mundane office job instead,

I spoke a congenial 'PLEASE'; when I wanted to be wholesomely with my beloved; wanted to uninhibitedly admire her and infact she wanted to mélange with the glittering and star studded party,

I spoke a pathetically morose 'SORRY'; when I had committed a blunder at home; broken my neighbors glass pane; with the obdurate cricket ball I was tossing wildly in my hands,

I spoke an audaciously domineering 'EXCUSE ME'; when I was being irascibly poked in the cumbersomely long queue; and each time I as I felt my number had finally arrived at the ticket counter; somebody else barged in forcibly; disrupting all my fun,

I spoke a compassionate 'THANK YOU'; when the things I insatiably desired; were delivered at lightening speeds on my feathered doorstep,

I spoke an inevitable 'YES'; when the girl of my dreams; the divinely charisma of

my perceptions; invited me to embark on a shopping spree of the contemporarily fabulous city,

I spoke a supremely cordial 'HELLO'; when I met a person for the first time in my life; didn't know the slightest as regards his uncanny persona,

I spoke an inadvertently embarrassing 'IDIOT'; when the imbecile donkey standing in the middle of the street; intractably refused to budge an inch to the side; no matter how stringently I blew the horn of my monstrous automobile,

I spoke an overwhelmingly agitated 'STOP'; when the battalion of sordid mosquitoes hovering around my ear; unrelentingly buzzed a flurry of pertinently discordant tunes,

I spoke an ebulliently exhilarated 'RUN'; when my friend was just about to commence the race; the bellicose pistol shots punctured still carpets of air triggering its start,

I spoke a superlatively commanding 'SLEEP'; to the innocuously stubborn child; who kept playing with his toy; even well past after wee hours of the midnight,

I spoke a mischievously flirtatious 'HI'; at witnessing a voluptuous damsel on the solitary streets; that is after she winked at me with a tantalizingly playful nod of her head,

I spoke a timidly submissive 'PARDON ME'; when I couldn't catch the indispensable words which the professor blurted; the very sentences which could surely arrive in the next day's deplorable exam paper,

I spoke a tumultuously volatile 'I LOVE YOU'; when the only girl I loved; the queen of my hearts seemed to be drifting far away from me into a land of alien paradise,

I spoke a thunderously loud 'SHUT UP'; when a cheeky intruder kept interrupting my conversation; disturbed my astronomical bouts of concentration; when I was blissfully communicating with my Omniscient Creator,

I spoke an infuriatingly abashing 'RASCAL'; when the men I had stationed to guard my mother from perilously lurking evil; were found dreamily dozing in the peak of brilliant afternoon; with a basket of peeled banana skins loitered sloppily around their feet,

I spoke a tearfully dolorous 'BYE'; when my beloved was going for a few days to her maternal home; and an ocean of agony oozed out poignantly from my heart and eye,

I spoke a convivially eloquent 'BON APPETITE'; when I sat with my friend fir nocturnal dinner; with an appetizing fleet of sumptuous delicacies lying right before me; sizzling ravishingly into my eyes,

I said an inexorably euphoric 'ENJOY'; when I saw the impetuously flamboyant youngster dancing rampantly on the dance floor; swishing his body in nimble harmony with the seductive moonlight,

I said an unprecedentedly formal 'NICE TO MEET YOU'; when my brief discourse with the Minister ended; and I had manipulatively extracted from his mouth the exact string of words I had actually dreamt of,

And I spoke a mystically Omnipotent 'ALLAH'; every morning as I jolted off from heavenly sleep; every night as I bid farewell to the world for a short time; and all those moments when I was confronted with inexplicable quandaries in life; when life seemed to be a gruesomely unfathomable turmoil.

2. GOD KNOWS IT FOR SURE

You might have consumed the most overwhelmingly delectable food today; but who knows the very next day it might perhaps expurgate out entirely with unprecedented fervor from your impoverished body,

You might have worn the most pricelessly impeccable of clothes today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps become indescribably sordid; with particles of malicious dust and preposterously worthless grime floating in the atmosphere,

You might have adorned the most tantalizingly profound mascara today; but who knows the very next day it might perhaps resemble amorphous nothingness; obnoxiously blended with remorsefully decrepit sweat from all sides,

You might have sprinkled the most exquisitely designer and redolent perfume today; but who knows the very next day it might perhaps dissolve into vapid oblivion; being entirely massacred by the whirlpool of irascible smoke and adulteration in the malevolently prejudiced society,

You might have ardently inflated the most exuberantly robust balloons today; but

who knows the very next day they might perhaps reduce to grotesquely ludicrous
peas of their original selves; being iconoclastically subjugated by the whiplash of
storm; wind and rain,

You might have smoked the most aristocratically opulent cigars today; but who
knows the very next day they might perhaps be nothing but tawdry specks
of infinitesimally horrendous ash,

You might have driven the most insurmountably luxurious cars today; but who
knows very next day they might perhaps become an acrimoniously indiscernible
wreckage; suffering the aftermath of gory accident on their polished fronts,

You might have written on the most exotically white paper today; but who knows
the very next day it might perhaps metamorphose into baseless guttural shit;
brutally lambasted by heinously hedonistic dust; blowing from all sides,

You might have philandered on the most pristinely embellished slopes of grass
today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps transit into slained
battlefields of vindictive blood; with countless laying down their lives in their
quest to save the planet,

You might have slurped wine from the most royally sculptured glasses today; but
who knows the very next day they might perhaps gruesomely disorient
themselves into fretfully shattered bits of meaninglessness; egregiously dropping
on the obdurate floors,

You might intransigently scrubbed your body with the most efficaciously effusive
antiseptic today; but who knows the very next day it might perhaps stink more
insidiously than a pigstark; innocuously tripping into the inadvertently open farm
gutter,

You might have relished the most contemporarily swanky watches on your wrist
today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps cease to function
even an evanescent tick; as the bewitching battery conked and miserably
stuttered without regrets,

You might have brandished the most eternally scintillating swords today; but who
knows the very next day they might perhaps develop flagrantly hapless
innuendo's of rust; as an appalling gloom of forlorn moisture unexpectedly set in,

You might have slept on the most handsomely expensive sheets of silk today;

but who knows the very next day they might perhaps become dreadfully tottered and ominous rags; with moths and rats salaciously devouring them from every construable end,

You might have bathed under the most ravishingly effulgent waterfalls today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps evaporate into wisps of disparagingly decaying nothingness; under the unendingly truculent tenacity of the ferocious Sun,

You might have miraculously memorized every perceivable scripture of medieval past today; but who knows the very next day it might perhaps desert you like light deserting the night; as you suffered from inexplicably delirious aphasia of the highest degree,

You might have irrefutably cleansed your conscience of all its cannibalistic guilt today; but who knows the very next day it might be perhaps irretrievably seduced once again; by bawdy vixens lasciviously exposing their flesh,

You might have breathed the most extraordinarily puristic and holistic air today; but who knows the very next day the fangs of uncannily barbarous death; might perhaps irrevocably asphyxiate your existence without the tiniest of forewarning,

But if you earnestly dedicated every beat of your heart to the paradise of immortal love today; then not only me but God knows it for sure; that you would continue to exist as the most blessed organism forever and ever and ever; without any question of 'Perhaps' intervening in between.

3. THE VERY FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE

Till the time I didn't have a dwelling of my own; I indefatigably kept craving for one in my every wish; irretrievably fantasizing about those moments when the roof above my head would be of compassionate wood; instead of the endlessly impersonal and fathomless sky,

But the instant the Omnipotent Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a castle even better; such was the greedily goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have a car of my own; I tirelessly kept craving for that majestically four wheeled monster; that magnanimously blissful comfort which would save the heels of my feet from getting wholesomely extinct, But the instant the insuperable Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of an aircraft even better;

such was the worthlessly goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have quintessential currency notes of my own; I irrevocably kept craving for those glorious bundles of paper; which had the power to celestially mollify my uncontrollably reverberating hunger; in the uncouth world today,

But the instant the invincible Almighty Lord gave them to me; I felt they were nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a world treasury even better; such was the frigidly goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have a watch of my own; I dogmatically kept craving for that exquisite designer dial; which would save me the tyranny of everytime looking at the position of the blistering Sun and ghoulish Moon,

But the instant the inimitable Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a politically domineering clock even better; such was the meaninglessly goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have a bathtub of my own; I immutably kept craving for those superbly antiseptic silken foam baths; those splashes of exotically perfumed water that would save me rolling unrelentingly in the criminally unsolicited gutters,

But the instant the unparalleled Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a limitless ocean even better; such was the insanely goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have a jewel of my own; I inexorably kept craving for those moments when there would an infallible twinkle on my skin; and my disdainfully tottered rags would metamorphose into the aisles of mesmerizing paradise,
But the instant the fathomless Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a boundless rainbow even better; such was the hedonistically goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have an integrity of my own; I unceasingly craved for those priceless times; when I would walk with my head held high; arm in arm with every conceivable echelon of the conventionally civilized society,

But the instant the Omnipresent Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a perpetual heavenliness even better; such was the bizarrely goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have breath of my own; I intractably craved for those cherished moments; when I would inhale iridescently blessed air from the atmosphere; deluge the impoverished periphery of my strangulated lungs with

triumphantly impregnable

breeze,

But the instant the Omniscient Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a countless lives even better; such was the tawdrily goddamned parasite in me!

And Till the time I didn't have love of my own; I unstoppably craved for those winds of unconquerable ecstasy; those heavens of immortal blessings that would transform me into the most ebullient organism alive; for infinite more births of mine,

But the instant the perennial Almighty Lord gave it to me; it was the very first time in my life when I relinquished every other craving; handsomely contented; miraculously mitigated and forever liberated; O! Yes it was the very first time in my life that the salaciously goddamned parasite in me; forever died!

4. BUT REMEMBER O! MATE

You might be ripped apart to an infinite pieces of nothingness; by the bawdily conventional and disdainfully ostracizing society outside,

You might be dragged through the aisles of living mortuaries worse than hell; by the scurrilously decrepit and bizarrely baseless society outside,

You might be mercilessly thrashed with whiplashes of ignominiously vengeful abhorrent all day; by the diabolically parasitic and sadistically sinister society outside,

You might be brutally pierced in your tongue and till the very last bone of your philanthropic spine; by the disgustingly dramatic and pompously pulverizing society outside,

But remember O! mate; irrespective of whatever on this commercially sinful earth today; for every benevolent sharing of yours; for every truthful ramification of your soul; for every symbiotic desire that you nurtured and diffused; there were the greatest of God's saluting you; there were the greatest of God's proclaiming you as the most pricelessly insuperable in the cosmos and terrestrial trajectory; alike.

1.

You might be salaciously hurled into a dungeon of vindictively stabbing scorpions without a cloth on your body; by the criminally unforgiving and monstrously

remorseful outside,

You might be cold-bloodedly divested of quintessential water for marathon days; by the forlornly prejudiced and tyrannically hideous society outside,

You might be made ludicrously infertile; by the murderously insane and pathetically quavering society outside,

You might be buried a boundless feet beneath your veritable grave for displaying unflinchingly patriotic bravery; by the treacherously satanic and haughtily maudlin society outside,

But remember O! mate; irrespective of whatever on this amorphously cadaverous earth today; for every harmoniously mellifluous sermon of yours; for every passionately uninhibited cry of your soul; for every wound that you altruistically healed of your suffering compatriots; there were the greatest of God's saluting you; there were the greatest of God's proclaiming you as the most pricelessly perpetual in the cosmos and terrestrial trajectory; alike.

2.

You might be hedonistically stripped of even the most infinitesimal bone of your body; by the horrendously egregious and tawdrily truculent society outside,

You might be surreptitiously administered venom in every morsel of food that you consumed; by the miserably impoverished and barbarously damned society outside,

You might be gruesomely blinded since the very first cry of your pristine birth; by the lethally lascivious and lackadaisically lecherous society outside,

You might be made a pennilessly feckless whisker of unceasingly flagrant parody; by the indiscriminately ribald and unsolicitedly tempestuous society outside,

But remember O! mate; irrespective of whatever on this senselessly robotic earth today; for every philanthropically handsome yearning of yours; for every indefatigably humanitarian fantasy lingering profoundly in the whites of your eyes; for every orphan whom you unequivocally embraced till the very last breath of your life; there were the greatest of God's saluting you; there were the greatest of God's proclaiming you as the most pricelessly inimitable in the cosmos and terrestrial trajectory; alike.

3.

You might be subjugated and molested with a trillion agonies in a single minute;
by the violently unsparing and vituperatively delirious society outside,

You might be kept austere aloof from even the most ephemeral trace of light;
by the heartlessly shriveled and demonically corrupt society outside,

You might be made to bleed to death right in front of your divinely parents eyes;
by the cunningly cannibalistic and pervertedly incarcerated society outside,

You might be zaniily sacrificed as an offering to the Creator on the spuriously
maniacal altar; by the tirelessly rotting and unsurpassably demented society
outside,

But remember O! mate; irrespective of whatever on this manipulatively
balderdash earth today; for every compassionately truthful cry of your heart; for
every step that you alighted to miraculously ameliorate the dreadfully estranged
planet; for every optimistically synergistic enlightenment that you disseminated
in the haplessly dying corpses; there were the greatest of God's saluting you;
there were the greatest of God's proclaiming you as the most pricelessly
unconquerable in the cosmos and terrestrial trajectory; alike.

5. END & START

From exactly the point where the thought process of the miserably decrepit night
ended; started the optimistic imagination of brilliantly Omnipotent and blessedly
purifying; daylight,

From exactly the point where the thought process of obnoxiously dogmatic lies
ended; started the Omnipresent imagination of handsomely ebullient and
insuperably righteous; truth,

From exactly the point where the thought process of obsolete desolation ended;
started the vivacious imagination of uninhibitedly free and effulgently majestic;
happiness,

From exactly the point where the thought process of vindictively disparaging
drought ended; started the Omnipotent imagination of unceasingly rejuvenating
and quintessentially euphoric; rain,

From exactly the point where the thought process of the salaciously marauding

parasite ended; started the ubiquitous imagination of sacredly rhapsodic and priceless bonding; humanity,

From exactly the point where the thought process of barbarously incarcerating slavery ended; started the patriotic imagination of limitlessly wonderful and gloriously eternal; freedom,

From exactly the point where the thought process of dastardly worthless abuse ended; started the prolific imagination of astoundingly spell binding and beautifully burgeoning; procreation,

From exactly the point where the thought process of meaninglessly rotting chicanery ended; started the fragrant imagination of everlastingly embracing and celestially insuperable; honesty,

From exactly the point where the thought process of haplessly tortured loneliness ended; started the pristine imagination of compassionately embracing and unflinchingly united; togetherness,

From exactly the point where the thought process of demonically murderous nightmare ended; started the royal imagination of exhilaratingly stupefying and charismatically redolent; fantasy,

From exactly the point where the thought process of hedonistically uxorious ugliness ended; started the garnished imagination of amazingly nubile and resplendently exotic; beauty,

From exactly the point where the thought process of maliciously vagrant illiteracy ended; started the discerning imagination of sagaciously enlightening and altruistically magical; benevolence,

From exactly the point where the thought process of devastatingly terrorizing politics ended; started the iridescent imagination of eclectically vivid and panoramically mitigating; artistry,

From exactly the point where the thought process of sinfully insidious betrayal ended; started the triumphant imagination of perennially melanging and unbreakably peerless; friendship,

From exactly the point where the thought process of nonchalantly sadistic oblivion ended; started the blissful imagination of jubilantly enamoring and tantalizingly coalescing; melody,

From exactly the point where the thought process of sardonically lambasting devilishness ended; started the fecund imagination of unsurpassably Samaritan and enchantingly ameliorating; goodness,

From exactly the point where the thought process of diabolically prejudiced perfidiousness ended; started the perpetual imagination of immortally unstoppable and aristocratically earnest; love,

From exactly the point where the thought process of ghoulishly fretful death ended; started the benign imagination of unassailably victorious and Omnipresently evolving; life,

And from exactly the point where the thought process of every worthlessly conceivable and inconceivable; every fecklessly living and non-living; every molecular human and insect; on this earth had ended; started the Omniscient imagination of the unendingly spawning and boundlessly unconquerable; Almighty Lord.

6. REACH OUT TO HUMANITY, GOD WILL REACH OUT TO YOU

Reach out to the mystically panoramic trees; and exuberantly frolicking wind will reach out to every frenetically beleaguered pore of your body; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the exotically burgeoning clouds; and mystically tantalizing globules of rain will reach out to every brutally emaciated cranny of your persona; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the indomitably towering mountains; and invincibly compassionate companionship will reach out to every inexplicably shivering bone of your body; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the uninhibitedly ecstatic nightingales; and inimitably mellifluous sound will reach out to every disastrously bereaved footstep of yours; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the majestically undulating ocean; and unsurpassably rhapsodic tanginess will reach out to every heartlessly rotting image in your brain; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the freshly born blissful child; and unassailably regale heavenliness will reach out to every forlornly parasitic cranny of your soul; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the flamboyantly Omnipotent Sun; and tirelessly blessing rays of optimistic enlightenment will reach out to every cold-bloodedly bloodshot ingredient of your eyes; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the iridescently twinkling rainbow; and unflinchingly peerless vivaciousness will reach out to every lugubriously dilapidated muscle of your countenance; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the royally swaying roses; and innocuously unadulterated fragrance will reach out to every derogatorily prejudiced hair of your persona; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the lap of the wonderfully sacred mother; and insurmountably incomparable selflessness will reach out to every delinquent dream of yours; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the tantalizingly effulgent night; and an unfathomable gorge of glorious enchantment will reach out to every dreadfully extinguishing reflection of yours; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the marvelously shimmering dewdrops; and unbelievably charismatic artistry will reach out to every unceremoniously mangled nail of yours; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to altruistically blazing patriotism; and incomprehensibly sacred immortality will reach out to every iota of your crimson blood; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to quintessentially fructifying soil; and magnificently sparkling fruits of creation will reach out to every monotonously surreptitious attitude of yours; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the ebulliently whistling air; and unlimitedly unceasing freedom will reach out to every hedonistically tormented of your stride; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to exhilaratingly emollient forest; and a cosmos of fathomlessly priceless adventure will reach out to every dementedly ungainly virtue of yours;

will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the spirit of egalitarian symbiotism; and the breaths of effulgently mesmerizing life will reach out to every pathetically dying beats of your conscience; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the passionately thundering heart; and the winds of Omnipresently immortal love will reach out to every aspect of your murderously satanic existence; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to every fraternity of humanity and plentiful living kind handsomely alike; and the Omniscient Almighty Lord will reach out to every radiation of your worthlessly molecular survival; will wholeheartedly reach out to you.

7. THE CERTIFICATE OF LIFE

The voluptuously swaying nightingales; magnanimously awarded me with the certificate of blissfully serene singing,

The fathomlessly sluggishly ambling and pot-bellied tortoise; uninhibitedly awarded me with the certificate of non-invasively phlegmatic laziness,

The boundlessly sweltering terrain of the unbelievably scorching desert; deservedly awarded me with the certificate of unrelentingly hard-earned perspiration,

The candidly reflecting and irrefutably unflinching mirror; philanthropically awarded me with the certificate of gloriously majestic truth,

The resplendently rain soaked peacock; celestially awarded me with the certificate of vivaciously enamoring dance,

The insatiably impeccable avalanche of gargantuan ice; bounteously awarded me with the certificate of astoundingly unnerved coolness,

The cocoon of crimson clouds in limitless sky; rhapsodically awarded me with the certificate of inimitably unparalleled sensuousness,

The unequivocally flirtatious squirrel; enchantingly awarded me with the certificate of unsurpassably inscrutable and timeless frolic,

The peerlessly parading and towering lion; unabashedly awarded me with the

certificate of pricelessly exhilarating majesty,

The regally scarlet and poignant wonderful rose; marvelously awarded me with the certificate of undauntedly Samaritan scent,

The Spartan robes of immaculate white; chivalrously awarded me with the certificate of amazingly unbiased simplicity,

The tirelessly undulating and effulgently arcane sea; brilliantly awarded me with the certificate of unendingly effusive tanginess,

The ubiquitously overpowering dinosaur; intrepidly awarded me with the certificate of indomitably Herculean and endless strength,

The exuberantly flapping kites in clear sky; unlimitedly awarded me with the certificate of indefatigably nervous energy,

The mischievously batting eyelids; pristinely awarded me with the certificate of blessedly symbiotic flirtation,

The mystically vacillating and transiently titillating rainbows; graciously awarded me with the certificate of eclectically burgeoning diversity,

The intransigently functioning globe outside; courteously awarded me with the certificate of sagaciously punctilious pragmatism,

The aristocratically nubile maiden with a uncontrollably passionate heart; gregariously awarded me with the certificate of perennially fructifying love,

And the Omnipotent Almighty Lord not only unassailably awarded me with the certificate of fearlessly charismatic life; but impregnated the quintessential tenacity in all of the above and infinite more to be able to benevolently honor me; to award me with spell binding certificates.

8. GOD LOVES ALL THOSE HEART'S

God loves all those fearlessly impeccable eyes; which teach countless other haplessly despairing eyes; the virtues of pricelessly synergistic humanity,

God loves all those perennially smiling lips; which teach countless other despairingly desolate lips; to uninhibitedly diffuse into an unsurpassable of perennial happiness,

God loves all those philanthropically bestowing palms; which teach countless other gruesomely maligned palms; the art of unflinchingly peerless camaraderie,

God loves all those poignantly unbiased streams of blood; which teach countless other indiscriminately massacring streams of blood; to timelessly bond in the religion of invincibly emollient humanity,

God loves all those bounteously eclectic fingers; which teach countless other cold-bloodedly butchering fingers; to patriotically parade as an unassailable fireball of compassionate united strength,

God loves all those enchantingly enthralling shadows; which teach countless other murderously ambiguous shadows; to eternally waft the fabric of celestially blessing contentment,

God loves all those selflessly sacrificing bones; which teach countless other cursedly rotting bones; to inexhaustibly march forward with untamed fervor for their brutally estranged motherland,

God loves all those spell bindingly evolving brains; which teach countless other deliriously frozen brains; to culminate into unsurpassable whirlpools of blissful fantasy and insatiable ingenuity,

God loves all those simplistically endowing feet; which teach countless other squalidly pulverizing feet; to holistically blend and walk with the winds of insuperably glorious righteousness; till the very end of their lives,

God loves all those magnanimously mitigating shoulders; which teach countless other turgidly blasting shoulders; to indefatigably uplift every fraternity of pessimistically decimated and helplessly maimed living kind,

God loves all those innocuously fluttering ears; which teach countless other devilishly hearing ears; to drift solely towards the tunes of triumphantly emollient goodness,

God loves all those resplendently sensitive skins; which teach countless other parasitically blood-coated skins; to be insuperably tantalized by the unbelievably panoramic treasures of infinite mother nature,

God loves all those Omnipotently preaching tongues; which teach countless other ignominiously slandering tongues; to sing the hymns of perennially everlasting

equality and ubiquitous brotherhood,

God loves all those harmoniously contented stomachs; which teach countless other rapaciously macabre stomachs; to incredulously relish the fruits of divinely nature without uncouthly spilling blood; in every leaf and house,

God loves all those mischievously frolicking chins; which teach countless other despondently beleaguered chins; to timelessly cavort in the aisles of inimitably glorious innocence and with the full fervor of mystical life,

God loves all those benevolently ebullient silhouettes; which teach countless other treacherously murdering silhouettes; to irrefutably follow the principles of priceless perpetual humanity,

God loves all those vividly burgeoning eyelashes; which teach countless other amorphously morbid eyelashes; to iridescently twinkle into the unparalleled effulgence of uninhibitedly liberated existence,

God loves all those eternally fructifying nostrils; which teach countless other ferociously cannibalistic of nostrils; the quintessentially sacrosanct mantra of live and let live,

And God loves all those passionately thundering hearts; which teach countless other fretfully extinguishing hearts; to immortally bond in the fragrance of unflinching friendship; to immortally love; love and only love.

9. COUNTLESS TIMES BETTER THAN THEE

A mountain of ideas always proliferating; picking up swashbuckling currents of speed as the minutes unveil,

A blanket of mesmerizing beauty laden voluptuously on earth; on which slept the most beautiful fairies of the sky,

A playground of innocent children; shouting and dancing gleefully in the aisles of rustic childhood,

A garland of poignant emotions; arrows of volatile passion stinging thunderously through the atmosphere,

A nest of daunting courage; the fortitude to stand tall and withstand the mightiest of disaster,

A cloud of unrelenting fantasy; the incredulously exotic essence of imagination taking complete control,

A river of empathy with perennial flow; gently caressing every fraternity of the varied society with astronomical compassion and care,

A beam of Sunlight which brilliantly filtered through morbid space; profoundly illuminated every unveiling dawn,

A garden of incomprehensibly fragrant lotus; the enchanting odor which pierced through each pore of the skin,

A jungle inundated with delectably fresh fruits; from which oozed infinite juices and salubrious nutrition of Mother Nature,

A vivacious rainbow of optimistic hope; which thoroughly overwhelmed all despair and helplessness in monotonous life,

A shadow of enigmatic mysticism; which left the soul inevitably searching for the real meaning of tangible existence,

A minuscule footprint drawn incoherently in the sands; making nostalgic remembrances of the past deluge like a whirlpool in the mind,

A tornado of relentless vacillations; which kept creeping at every cranny to add to the spice and handsome ardor of breath,

A valley reverberating with fabulously melodious sounds; the unsurpassable charisma of past life candidly reflected,

A gateway of invincible triumph; valiantly conquered victory in each path that inexplicably unfurled before clear sight,

A beehive of incessant turmoil; exploring and discovering the most alluring things strewn across the trajectory of this boundless planet,

A bridge of immortal love; divinely bonding the mind; body and soul with the threads of insatiable longing,

A soil to indefatigably struggle for existence; survive amongst a pack of savage wolves hovering around with fire in their eyes,

Is how I have always desired my life to be O! Almighty Lord; and I thank you from the inner most recesses of my heart; for blessing this molecule of yours; with one countless times better than thee.

10. LIVE LIFE HIGHER THAN THE CLOUDS

I didn't want to overrule anybody; make philanthropically blissful entities my slaves,

I didn't want to supercede anybody; make my wishes come true at the cost of peoples happiness,

I didn't want to overshadow anybody; make only presence felt all throughout the globe; when my fellow counterparts were crippled and needed all the support,

I didn't want to dominate anybody; ask individuals to emancipate; just to satisfy my insatiably gargantuan desire to become the king,

I didn't want to petrify anybody; display to the world the worthless power of my pompously inflated muscles,

I didn't want to slap anybody; in order to save my cheeks the tiniest of tyranny that could occur because of the wind,

I didn't want to snatch food from anybody; only to appease the sanctimonious buds of taste that lingered every minute on my preposterously fat tongue,

I didn't want to wake up anybody; just because I wanted to snore thunderously even well past after brilliant sunlight,

I didn't want to abuse anybody; meting my personal frustrations on innocuous souls who hadn't committed the remotest of crime,

I didn't want to rob anybody; simply to placate my unrelenting ardor of becoming overnight rich; inundating my hollow treasury with biscuits of diamond and glittering gold,

I didn't want to pinch anybody; just to pacify the pertinently peevish tendencies lurking irately in my mind,

I didn't want to scold anybody; blurt out murderously stringent tunes; simply to

quench my perennial longing to shout,

I didn't want to force anybody; profusely exercise my chauvinist characteristics;
in order to prove that I perpetually reigned supreme,

I didn't want to blind anybody; just to get back the pathetically diminishing vision
of both my rotund eyes,

I didn't want to laugh at anybody; jeer a person to unprecedentedly
embarrassing heights; just to supremely satisfy my swollen ego,

I didn't want to intimidate anybody; speak in ostentatious slang; simply because
I knew that the person beside me was entirely oblivious even to his own name,

I didn't want to drown anybody; just because I wanted to remain floating; inhale
in infinite mouthfuls of celestially fresh air,

I didn't want to bite anybody; just because I wanted to smother the niggling
sensation in my conglomerate of decayed teeth,

I didn't want to kill anybody; just because I felt that I was veritably dying; had
an immortal wish to be always breathing and full of vibrant life,

All I wanted is O! Omnipotent Lord; was to live life higher than the clouds; and
offer the same with irrefutable equality to all my blessed fellow beings.

11. LOVE IS THE MOST SACRED FORM OF GOD

Love is a cloudburst of emotions; a torrential downpour of feelings from the inner
most core of the heart,

Love is a rainbow of mesmerizing colors; effusively portraying the insatiably
volatile urges of existence,

Love is a fathomless art; encompassing the most exotic elements of bountiful
creation,

Love is an immortal seed; which blossoms into a festoon of blissfully invincible
relationships,

Love is an ocean of benevolence; which propagates its ubiquitous essence all
across the territories of this colossal Universe,

Love is a tantalizing fountain; which showers its droplets of philanthropic gratitude; uninhibitedly on all who happen to trespass its sacred grace,

Love is infinite beams of the profusely ecstatic Sun; shimmering a path of optimistic hope in the lives of those deluged with inexplicable despair,

Love is a melodious song; which enralls and profoundly captivates even the most remotely alien; in the swirl of its enchanting cadence,

Love is an overwhelmingly turbulent storm; which thoroughly incarcerates even the most prejudiced of individuals in the aura of its poignant form,

Love is an impregnable bridge; getting more and more fortified; with the thunderously throbbing intensity of fervent breath,

Love is a stupendously fragrant flower; dissipating its unbiased scent in every disastrously impoverished soul,

Love is a harbinger of peace; a bird which unrelentingly soars high in the clouds of supremely incredulous freedom,

Love is an ingratiating fantasy; which never ends; culminating into a celestial paradise of insurmountable harmony,

Love is a magical wand; which heals the most ghastliest of wounds; with the divinely ointment of its Omniscient caress,

Love is a perennially sparkling waterfall; which cascades down into a pool of blissfully everlasting contentment,

Love is an overwhelmingly precious jewel; which keeps on indefatigably scintillating; even after the most inconspicuous trace of light; fades gruesomely forever,

Love is an arrow of unsurpassable victory; possessing the tenacity to permeate through the hearts of even the most diabolical of monsters,

Love is a candle; which inexorably burns; illuminating the most morbidly gloomy ambience; with the formidable glow of compassionate mankind,

Love is a Mother; who induces her intimately caring virtue in each child of the

Almighty Creator,

Love is an idol of heavenly prosperity; proliferating at astounding speeds; once introduced in the most rawest of its forms,

Love is an irrefutably sacred phrase; worshipped by people from all fraternities; since centuries immemorial,

Love is a resplendently alluring star; which radiates marvelous glory of truly benign existence,

Love is an island of pure honey; wholeheartedly embracing those shivering in tyrannical agony; within the corridors of its rejuvenating warmth,

Love is a priceless gift; which even all the assimilated power and wealth on this planet; miserably failed to purchase,

Love is an relentless epic; encapsulating the most fabulously exotic rhyme on the trajectory of this earth,

Love is the most sacred form of God; instilling Omnipotent beams of unshakable unity in every organism; inhaling air under blue sky,

Over and above all; Love is the sole reason why every single entity on this earth exists; infact the very beginning of passionately palpitating signs of vital life.

12. EVEN BEFORE I COULD TAKE BIRTH

Even before I could open my lips; he had already decided what was I going to speak; the synchronized order in which I would utter each word,

Even before I could hoist my foot; he had already decided which portions of earth I would tread on; the intricate path I would weave towards victory,

Even before I could open my wardrobe; he had already decided the garments I would adorn; the most minuscule of attire I would use to engulf myself lavishly from head to toe,

Even before I could let my mind loose; he had already decided my dream; the exotic fairies that I would perceive floating delectably in the colossal Universe,

Even before I could manipulate my fingers; he had already decided what I was

going to write; inundate countless sheets of blank paper with incomprehensible verses of pure literature,

Even before I could open my eyes; he had already decided what I would sight; profoundly admire all the enchanting things that he had evolved in this world,

Even before I could turn the pages of the textbook; he had already decided the route of my career; the ensemble of degrees and accolades which I would be bestowed upon in this lifetime of mine,

Even before I could feel hungry; he had already decided the food I would consume; the morsels of sumptuous fruit I would masticate in relish in order to appease my gluttony,

Even before I could contemplate time; he had already decided the hour which I would blissfully sleep; the hour which I would be as awake as the vivaciously chirping bird,

Even before I could lift color; he had already decided the exquisite shapes I would embody on the canvas; capturing the spell binding beauty of the gargantuan gorge with the rustic strokes of my bushy paint brush,

Even before I could raise my hands to fight; he had already decided the unsurpassable territories that I would conquer; the number of diabolical demons which I would trample with the Herculean strength circulating in my arms,

Even before I could strain my ears; he had already decided the sounds I would hear; the infinitesimal voices of tinkling feet that would flood my soul with unprecedented happiness,

Even before I could love; he had already decided the girl whom I was going to marry; the woman who would make my life; in all respects solid and blissfully complete,

Even before I could pray; he had already decided the wishes I would ask for; the things I desired to fervently possess by my bedside,

Even before I could start to work; he had already decided the color of my sweat; the amount of effort I would have to put in; in order to metamorphose all my dreams into veritable reality,

Even before I commenced from my dwelling; he had already decided the places I

would frequent; the roads I would transgress in the course of my adventurous expedition,

Even before I could admire my reflection; he had already decided the supremely dainty contours of my face; the perfect physiognomy that a human could ever have been endowed with,

Even before I could take my last breath; he had already decided the space in heaven which I would occupy; the balance and equilibrium of all the good and bad that I had committed on this earth,

And even before I could take birth; he had already decided the number of breaths I would take in this life; the actual and exact path it would take; the real route of my destiny.

13. MAKE ME ONE OF YOUR DISCIPLE

If you were the redolent rose; shooting delectably from ravishing crusts of brown soil,

Then please bestow upon me your scent; flooding the most intricate of my senses with your stupendous fragrance.

If you were the colossal sky; profusely embedded with a cocoon of magnificently silken clouds,

Then please shower upon me droplets of enchanting rain; drenching my persona wholesomely with tantalizing globules of fresh water.

If you were the gigantic tree; prolifically impregnated with succulently delicious cherries and a cluster of salubrious fruit,

Then please drop a berry or two in my lap; making me relish the unsurpassably mesmerizing taste of mother nature.

If you were the mountain; completely engulfed by a blanket of incredulously white and crystalline snow,

Then please melt upon me your stream of sparkling liquid; profoundly titillating every pore of my frigid and lackluster skin.

If you were the celestial body of flaming Sun; blazing in flamboyant fervor all throughout the blistering day,

Then please besiege me with your festoon of fiery rays; generating waves of euphoric passion in my dreary demeanor.

If you were the resplendent battalion of marvelously shimmering stars; scattered in immortal harmony on the map of the boundless cosmos,
Then please allure me in the beam of your unending charm; the inscrutable enigma in your poignant shine.

If you were a mammoth elephant; having invincible fortitude embodied in your tusks and legs,
Then please impart me with a little skill to defend myself; sharing just few secrets of your mind boggling strength.

If you were the sacrosanct cow; being worshipped ubiquitously for your incomprehensible prowess to bless mankind,
Then please give me a few droplets of your holy milk; supremely rejuvenate my every morning with the adorable river of your pious energy.

If you were an astute Businessman; cunningly manipulating every move in the industry; stashing your warehouses with exorbitant wealth and unparalleled affluence,
Then please elucidate me with some tricks of your trade; giving me a chance to fight for my survival in this ruthlessly selfish world.

If you were the sweltering sands of golden desert; harboring billions of tons of sand and vivacious cactus,
Then please impart me with minuscule fractions of your tumultuously compassionate heat; to illuminate and enlighten my gruesomely frozen night.

If you were the royally oligarchic castle; harboring infinite numbers of supremely majestic rooms,
Then please give me some space to live however minuscule; to sequester my head from the tyranny of the satanic devil; the bitterness of the gorgeously voluptuous night.

If you were the frozen slab of benevolent ice; dribbling painstakingly as the afternoon augmented its pace,
Then please tell a chunk of yours to be my pillow; when I was struck disastrously by the brunt of disastrous drought.

If you were the melodious nightingale perched blissfully on the hills; captivating the hearts of all ages with your seductive voice,
Then please recite to me just one of your tunes; flooding my life and soul with unprecedented happiness.

If you were the ocean with vivaciously swirling waves; rising and falling incessantly before clashing against the rugged chain of cold rocks,
Then please splash a trifle on my obscurely tiny window; evoking fathomless tremors of sheer exultation to creep up poignantly down my spine.

If you were a girl with hazel shades of eye; an unprejudiced heart throbbing violently in your impeccable chest; a desire to audaciously fight against whatever odds that confronted you in your path,
Then please spare a moment of yours in my life; making me feel that I had good friend to lean upon.

If you were a mother who loved her child immensely; unrelentingly devoting every unfurling minute of yours in harnessing his innocuous blood and flesh,
Then please take me in your lap just once; teach me how to discerningly discriminate between all the good and ominously bad.

And if you were Almighty God; diffusing your omnipotent aura in every little cranny of this Universe; holding it upright on the nail tip of your tiny finger,
Then please make me one of your disciple out of the countless already existing; give me the power to fight every hurdle; embody in me the tenacity to lead life; and over and above all bestow upon me the philanthropic ability to serve all mankind.

14. WHEN I TOUCHED YOUR OMNIPRESENT FEET

When I shook hands with your Omnipotent grace; I felt as if I had shaken hands with the entire world,

When I ran with you on the shimmering sea shores; I felt as if I had run in harmony with the entire world,

When I conversed with you sitting on the opalescent cushion of velvety stars; I felt as if I had conversed with the entire world,

When I played hide and seek with you amidst the pugnacious body of fulminating Sun and black clouds; I felt as if I had played with the entire world,

When I ate food with you perched delectably on the sprawling tree leaf; I felt as if I had eaten food with the entire world,

When I wrote a letter to you profoundly lost in an ocean of surreal fantasy; I felt

as if written letters to the entire world,

When I eloped with you after midnight to admire flamboyant fish swimming in the resplendent stream; I felt as if I had eloped with the entire world,

When I gallivanted on the horse with you at enchanting dawn; I felt as if I had gallivanted freely with the entire world,

When I whispered mysteriously in your omniscient ears; I felt as if I had whispered in the ears of the entire world,

When I smiled at your supremely sacrosanct visage; I felt as if I had smiled at the entire world,

When I admired your magnificently royal demeanor; I felt as if I had admired the demeanor of the entire world,

When I sketched your unfathomably fabulous aura; I felt as if I had sketched the entire world,

When I relished your immortal caress over my serenely closed eyelids; I felt as if I had relished the caress of the entire world,

When I stared unrelentingly at your spell binding countenance; I felt as if I had stared at the entire world,

When I inundated your towering body with festoons of roses and reinvigorating scent; I felt as if I had inundated the entire world,

When I sat for indefatigable number of hours in the presence of your revered company; I felt as if I had sat placidly with the entire world,

When I slept in the entrenchment of your stupendously alluring and sacred shadow; I felt as if I had slept in blissful synchrony with the entire world,

When I stood like an invincible fortress by your divinely form; audaciously prepared to take away any evil upon my miniscule stature before it tried to creep towards your Godly form; I felt as if I had stood ground for the entire world,

When I perceived your ingratiatingly boundless form incessantly in the top most compartments of my mind; I felt as if I had conceived each and every entity existing in the entire world,

When I cried uncontrollably as you abruptly disappeared without the slightest of intimation; I felt as if I had cried for the entire world,

When I left my destiny wholesomely in your palms; I felt as if I had left the destiny of the entire world,

And when I touched your omnipresent feet; kissing your divine toes for being blessed upon with the unflinching prowess to fight life; I felt as if I had touched the feet of the entire world; the entire and colossal Universe.

15. EVEN IF I HAD TO DIE EVERY MOMENT

Even if I had to cry tears of savage blood; with hysterical agony pouring turbulently from my cheeks,

Even if I had to chew biscuits of obdurate steel; ripping my teeth apart into infinite pieces,

Even if I had to trespass on a blanket of acrimonious thorns; with the uncouth needles piercing brutally through my supple feet,

Even if I had to speak indefatigably without the slightest of rest; harbor an armory of satanic blisters on my rubicund tongue,

Even if I had to hear the most abashing of abuse; had to tolerate the most tumultuously screeching sound,

Even if I had to perceive the most horrendously ghastliest of dreams; wail inexorably all throughout the night in the agony of my ghoulish conceptions,

Even if I had to pound my fists against the Herculean mountain; disintegrating my tender bones into fathomless small bits,

Even if I had to count all the stars in the cosmos every night; with the slightest error of mine leading to ruthless crucification of my blissful entity,

Even if I had to run for millions of kilometers on the trot; with the pugnacious rays of Sun and the frigidness in my bones stopping me relentlessly at every step,

Even if I had to remain starved for decades unprecedented; with the pangs of

insatiable hunger in my stomach augmenting like a volcano every unleashing second,

Even if I had to sleep every night in the Lion's den; with a pack of hostile wolves encircling me the instant I closed my eyes,

Even if I had to clamber up the snow clad cliffs barefoot; with the last bone in my body rattling uncontrollably towards certain death,

Even if I had to write till unsurpassable eternity; with the last ounce of enthusiasm and tenacity wholesomely evacuating from my bones,

Even if I had to stare inexorably in flaming wisps of inclement fire; with the moisture in my intricate eye disastrously evaporating into remote oblivion,

Even if I had to be whipped tirelessly by swords coated with lethal scorpion; with each pore of my skin whimpering in meek submission,

Even if I had to drink snake venom every dawn instead of impeccable milk; diabolically torture the mass of delicate intestines and food trapped in my stomach,

Even if I had to traverse naked on the boisterous streets; becoming the object of unimaginable ridicule in every section of the pretentious society,

And even if I had to die a gory death every moment; and still lead life in accordance with the laws of existence,

I wouldn't mind it all O! Lord; as long as I achieved the goal I was striving for; and my insurmountable urge to become the invincible King of poetry; was wholesomely satisfied.

16. HOW COULD YOU EVER CALL

How could you ever call a miserly auto rickshaw an aircraft; just because it increased its speed to a threadbare maximum; every once in a while?

How could you ever call a diminutive stone as a colossal mountain; just because it punctured a hole through the transparent shard of window glass when hurled forcefully?

How could you ever call an inconspicuous mosquito a diabolical demon; just

because it stung you acrimoniously; greedily sucked only a few drops of scarlet blood?

How could you ever call an amalgamation of several colors a rainbow in the sky; just because they faintly resembled the vivaciously striped festoon which appeared when it rained in sunlight?

How could you ever call an infinitesimal candle flame as the flaming body of Sun; just because it imparted tiny bits of brightness to stingily illuminate the morbid night?

How could you ever call a small house lizard as a dangerously venomous reptile; just because it swished its tongue a little; slithered nimbly before leaping on its insect prey?

How could you ever call a minuscule bud of sordid cotton an immaculately long shirt embedded with golden beads; just because it gave a timid effect of soft cloth?

How could you ever call a single alphabet as the gargantuan compendium of the priceless dictionary; just because it was used to commence many words of the oligarchic English language?

How could you ever call a hut as the grandiloquently adorned castle; just because it had a door to enter and leave as the palace did?

How could you ever call an innocuously rotund turtle a hostile crocodile; just because it had a serrated green shell engulfing its portly body?

How could you ever call a frugally single day as an entire decade; just because it had impregnated in it the cardinal constituents of time?

How could you ever call a miserly chunk of robust meat as the entire body; just because it oozed scarlet blood; had some lifeless hair extruding from its ghastly surface?

How could you ever call a tiny feather as the ominously hovering and big beaked vulture; just because it produced an unnoticeable draught of wind when forcefully flapped in plain air?

How could you ever call an obscurely shining pearl as the resplendently tenacious Moon in the sky; just because it glimmered a trifle of white rays; sporadically

enlightened the atmosphere every now and again?

How could you ever call a broken piece of oar as the boundlessly fathomless ship; just because it produced ripples in the water when gently struck?

How could you ever call a dingy bottle of red ink as the crimson blood circulating in the veins; just because it was scarlet in color; flowed smoothly on any surface when kept?

How could you ever call a shattered and a disdainfully battered strand of glass as the entire eye incarcerated behind the fluttering lids; just because it portrayed a profusely hazy reflection of the person trying to peer into it?

How could you ever call the spuriously crying film actress as the sacrosanct mother who nurtured her child with her own milk; just because she evoked sanctimonious sympathy behind the silver screen?

And how could you ever call Man as the Omnipotent Creator; just because he had millions imprisoned in his wholesomely corrupt treasury; had countless people running around him at the slightest of his command not because of any respect; but to grab his biscuits of silver; to grab his sinfully earned money?

17. A GIFT CALLED LIFE

In order to augment the glory of the crystalline sky; God inundated it with a festoon of enchantingly misty clouds,

In order to augment the glory of the lanky tree; God flooded its barren surface with a blanket of fresh green leaves,

In order to augment the glory of the fleshy palm; God embellished its surface with a myriad of fascinating lines bifurcated into islands and forks,

In order to augment the glory of the plain atmosphere; God deluged its gloomy ambience with sizzling rays of brilliant sunlight,

In order to augment the glory of the colossal ocean; God imparted its boundless surface with a cavalcade of ravishingly frosty waves,

In order to augment the glory of fecund territories of brown soil; God embodied its surface with a wide fraternity of salubrious crop,

In order to augment the glory of the voluptuously fathomless jungles; God placed a battalion of majestic lions on its rustled paths,

In order to augment the glory of the towering mountains; God embedded their treacherous slopes with compassionate balls of white snow,

In order to augment the glory of the redolently scarlet rose; God granted its demeanor with a seductively exotic scent,

In order to augment the glory of the delectably hidden nest; God filled its empty persona with a cluster of stupendously charming and innocuous eggs,

In order to augment the glory of the placid night; God blessed its shivering persona with amicably twinkling stars,

In order to augment the glory of the gorgeously unsurpassable valley; God lit up its dolorous space with a boisterously pepped up and a stringent echo,

In order to augment the glory of the innocuously wandering cow; God imparted it with the prowess of oozing life yielding and sacrosanct milk,

In order to augment the glory of cascading rain; God impregnated the cosmos with a spell binding and vivacious rainbow,

In order to augment the glory of mammoth stacks of diamonds and gold; God triggered their periphery with a mesmerizing and perennial shine,

In order to augment the glory of the blind bat; God granted it with the astounding ability to stick wherever it wanted; to sleep upside down,

In order to augment the glory of the blossoming shoots of bountiful grass; God overwhelmed its tips with tantalizingly alluring dewdrops,

In order to augment the glory of true love; God gave it the highest priority on his agendas of this unfathomable Universe; granted it the virtue of being supremely immortal,

And in order to augment the glory of every human; God swamped his dead body with an armory of passionate heart beats; flooded his dormant lungs with gargantuan bellows of fresh breath; bestowed upon him the most wonderful gift existing on this planet; a gift that we all know today as life.

18. BURY ME ALIVE

Even before you could drag her hands towards the acerbically gleaming knife;
slice my fingers into infinite pieces,

Even before you could drop a stone on her dainty head; smash my skull into a
million fragments,

Even before you could deprive her of inevitable glasses of water; gruesomely
extricate my throat of its last bit of poignant saliva,

Even before you could maneuver the pin surreptitiously towards her spell binding
eyes; blind me for countless births of mine to yet unveil,

Even before you could make her trip inadvertently over the cold floor; hurl me
uncouthly from the summit of the colossal mountain like a chunk of lifeless
matchstick,

Even before you could make her forget a single anecdote of her overwhelmingly
precious life; make me wander like an insane lunatic; oblivious to all mankind,

Even before you could make her grapple a trifle in the placid swimming pool;
drown me ruthlessly to the rock bottom of the fathomless ocean,

Even before you could make the tiniest of tear drop ooze from her mesmerizing
eyes; flood my entire destiny with unfathomable sorrow and treacherous malice,

Even before you could make her falter in her stupendously emphatic speech;
convert me into pathetically dumb; barbarically chopping my tongue into
incomprehensible number of minuscule bits,

Even before you could furtively capsize her transiently tinkling laughter; sew my
lips satanically with the threads of irrevocable terror,

Even before you could rob a single hair from her alluring scalp; make me
completely bald; with my head sparkling a ghastly white under dim beams of
moonlight,

Even before you could deprive her of even a diminutive fraction of celestial sleep;
savagely rip away all the bliss engulfing my persona; thrusting me into an ocean
of unsurpassable complications,

Even before you could keep her hungry for more than a single minute; starve me miserably for unimaginable number of decades,

Even before you could think of destroying her divinely dwelling; mercilessly pulverize each of my bones to more than a billion pulp,

Even before you could snap an inconspicuous strand of hair from her voluptuous eyelash; assassinate both my supple lids from deep within their very fragile roots,

Even before you could tamper the slightest with her ability to seductively sing; transform my voice into one more hoarser than the obnoxiously black crow,

Even before you could trespass the most infinitesimal with her tumultuous exuberance; exhaust all the energy and blood from my vast conglomerate of veins,

Even before you could cause the faintest of panic in her heart; make my beats race faster than the volcano erupting and profusely blazing through the atmosphere,

And even before you could evolve the wildest perception of taking her breath away O! Almighty Lord; bury me alive a thousand feet beneath my corpse; till the time you wanted this planet to continue.

19. PLEASE DON'T SHOW ME DEATH

Show me clusters of obnoxious cockroaches; crawling miserably towards the dingy and thoroughly fetid bathroom seat,

Show me an ocean of vicious scorpions; ready to pounce upon and pugnaciously strangulate their prey,

Show me a mountain of garbage emanating a stupendously ghastly odor; repugnantly wading off the tiniest of soul trying to trespass its stinking persona,

Show me a gruesomely deadly spider; oozing overwhelming amounts of poison from its morbidly corrugated tentacles,

Show me a garden of rebellious thorns; fervently awaiting to rip apart the last ounce of breath from my daintily tender body,

Show me an insurmountably distorted mask; with its ghoulish skull like demeanor driving away all zeal and enthusiasm from the conglomerate of my veins,

Show me an open mouthed fleet of hostile sharks; probing menacingly forward with their knife like jaws ready to pulverize the most strongest of entity into diminutive mincemeat,

Show me a pool of satanic blood; acrid strands of glass extruding from innocuous sheets of flawless skin,

Show me a well inundated with diabolical toothed rats; wild chimpanzees snaring their teeth to snap apart blissful traces of life,

Show me the dilapidated box of empty coffin; waiting ardently for a dead body to occupy its solitarily obsolete space,

Show me the wretched visage of the completely squelched building; with plush chunks of colored glass and silken upholstery poking out like pathetically small worms,

Show me a badly injured person; oozing blood from his body like an uncontrollably rampant fountain,

Show me a wholesomely blind man; staggering and floundering abominably on every step that he took on brilliantly illuminated ground,

Show me a wounded battalion of tigers; snarling perilously through the foliated outgrowths of the unimaginably treacherous jungle,

Show me a sac replete with colorless stones; clanging deafeningly against each other with tumultuous ill will and ominous hatred,

Show me an orphaned infant shivering hysterically in the freezing winds; with the crimson blood in his veins virtually frozen to small cubicles of white ice,

Show me fathomless sheets of torn fabric; with infinite dots of blood and sordid mucus adhering to it vehemently from all sides,

Show me the unprecedentedly gory scene of the vivacious battlefield; deluged from all sides with hoarsely crying warriors; ruthlessly cut hands and feet

loitering dismally in a stream of thick blood,

Show me terribly crumpled bits of incoherent paper; flooded with script that was incomprehensibly abusive,

Show me a woman weeping sadly; as she passionately missed her husband while he was away for just a brief interval of time,

Show me a castle profusely occupied by brutal demon horns; wickedly vicious snake skins suspended listlessly from the hollow ceiling,

Show me a deplorably broken mirror; reflecting a flurry of lifeless images; further exacerbating the condition of the already dull atmosphere,

Show me an insane lunatic; crazily thrashing his head countless number of times against the obdurate wall; trying to crunch every bone of his body with every bang to the brick,

Show me an ambience entrenched with deathly blackness; permeating my impeccable countenance like infinite arrows coated with malice,

Show me the devil; towering tall and colossal towards the sky; ready to assassinate my scalp into unsurpassable no of tiny bits; at the slightest provocation he received,

And O! Lord please show me anything which might be horrendously obnoxious; anything which might be most despondently displeasing to the eye; anything which might be horrifically corrupt and detrimental to celestial society; but please don't show me death; don't show me perpetual demise.

20. ONE OF MY FELLOW KIND

I wanted one foot on the summit of freezing Everest; and the other foot on rock hard slabs of civilized ground,

I wanted one foot in insurmountably blazing infernos of forest fire; and the other foot on an pristine island of divinely white ice,

I wanted one foot on a mesmerizing blanket of verdant grass; and the other foot on a savage battlefield of belligerently acrid thorns,

I wanted one foot on a paradise of bountifully rhapsodic joy; and the other foot on anecdotes of placidly solitary gloom,

I wanted one foot on a stupendously boisterous hive of poignantly swarming bees; and the other foot on the graveyard which harbored nothing but clouds of celestial peace,

I wanted one foot on a Godly festoon of salubriously rubicund fruits; and the other foot on miniscule pints of inexplicable illness,

I wanted one foot on a supremely benevolent platform of uninhibited humanity; and the other foot on remotely rare spurts of flirtatious mischief,

I wanted one foot on an irrefutable idol of sacred truth; and the other foot on a shallow ocean of blatantly glaring lies,

I wanted one foot on a profusely redolent carpet of voluptuous rose; and the other foot on the flimsily open lid of the fetid dustbin,

I wanted one foot on a boundless township of immortal romance; and the other foot on the wildly philandering horse which traversed past the neighboring girl's doorstep,

I wanted one foot on a field of opulently glistening fabric; and the other foot on diminutive rags of tottered jute,

I wanted one foot on lanes inundated with melodiously sweet sugarcane; and the other foot on a pinch of piquantly passionate ocean salt,

I wanted one foot on an electric paced galloping air-plane; and the other foot on the potbellied tortoise which thought infinite times before taking even a single step,

I wanted one foot on a tantalizingly relentless chain of seductive fantasy; and the other foot on profoundly pragmatic thought which brought me back into the mainstream of day-to-day life,

I wanted one foot on the mystical valley reverberating thunderously with heavenly sound; and the other foot on the unimaginative road strewn with bits of paper and regular traffic,

I wanted one foot on the unsurpassably towering giant's scalp; and the other foot

on the mousetrap delectably sandwiched in the cloistered interiors of the dilapidated household,

I wanted one foot on the pungently sharp scintillating sword; and the other foot on the tremendously blunt coconut which kept sinking deeper as I tossed it about,

I wanted one foot on a majestic desert basking in the glory of princely sunlight; and the other foot on evanescent shades of the diabolically treacherous night,

I have wished a life like this O! Almighty lord; right since the time I emitted my first cry; and would feel the most privileged if you bestowed a life such as this; to perhaps if not me; then atleast one of my fellow kind.

21. MY TALK HAD NO END

When I met the gardener; all I ended up talking with him was; a battalion of wild shrubs and creepers dangling in tandem from the century old dilapidated wall,

When I met the businessman; all I ended up talking with him was; a myriad of astutely commercial plans; a stupendously manipulative analysis of the present day stock market,

When I met the tennis champion; all I ended up talking with him was; the handsome strokes he executed in the marathon game; the astounding dexterity with which he maneuvered the ball all round the court of voluptuous grass,

When I met the clouds; all I ended up talking with them was; the incredulously exotic showers of turbulent rain which caressed earth full throttle; the heavenly reprieve they gave our soil from the tyranny of scorching summer,

When I met the pig; all I ended up talking with him was; the daily heaps of gruesomely stinking garbage; the insatiable gluttony he felt every single unleashing minute of the day,

When I met the convict; all I ended up talking with him was; the murky side of life; the uncouthly satanic ocean of blood in which he found himself inevitably drowning in as time unveiled,

When I met the priest; all I ended up talking with him was; the sacrosanct repertoire of scriptures embossed in the Bible; the mystical balance between good and the repulsively bad in daily life,

When I met the politician; all I ended up talking with him was; the nonchalant list of boring policies he planned to evolve over a period of time; the relentless list of portfolio's which he had ushered to his ministers; putting me to sleep right before his bulging eyes,

When I met the soldier; all I ended up talking with him was; an unending tale of daunting war; the insurmountable tenacity he had displayed while indefatigably fighting for his home soil,

When I met the dancer; all I ended up talking with him was; the latest trends in contemporary disco; the seductively tantalizing styles which he implemented to keep his audience fully boisterous; even after wee hours of yawning midnight,

When I met the avalanche of augmenting snow; all I ended up talking with him was; the bizarre cold experienced perennially at all times; the overwhelming agony of being mutilated by austerely cold winds from left; right and center,

When I met the eunuch; all I ended up talking with it was; the unsurpassable sorrow with which it was bestowed upon this life; the perpetual longing in its heart to take birth in infinite lives; again as man,

When I met the doctor; all I ended up talking with him was; the stringently obnoxious odor of potent medication; the ingeniously life yielding drugs which had just arrived in the conventional market,

When I met the housewife next door; all I ended up talking with her was; the boundless chores of duty to be fulfilled each day; the irascible humming of her children which kept her wide awake all night,

When I met the author; all I ended up talking with him was; his countless ocean of innovative ideas; the names of his publishers and the names of his cherished books,

When I met the robust complexioned grandfather; all I ended up talking with him was; the fathomless string of his life time experiences; the nostalgic reminisces of his innocuous youth; which fomented a passionate flurry of silver tears to well up his eyes,

When I met the bald man; all I ended up talking with him was; the inexplicable tyranny that had confronted him when he was young; the step by step account of how he had lost his precious shock of scintillating black hair,

When I met the girl of my dreams; all I ended talking with her was; a mind-boggling chain of fantasies rampantly circulating in my mind; a paradise on which I inherently wanted both of us to exist for centuries unprecedented,

When I met the mother who had born me; all I ended talking with her was; the days when I was a mischievous child; the colossal tunnel of fairy tales I used to intriguingly listen sandwiched invincibly secure; within deep recesses of her belly,

While it was only when I met the Creator; that I talked without the slightest of restraint and inhibition; talked for times unending about what I felt was my perception of life; talked virtually about anything I felt like discussing on this majestically boundless planet; and it was here that for the first time; MY TALK WAS INFINITE, MY TALK HAD NO END.

22. EVEN AS THE NIGHT FALLS

Hands sandwiched well beneath slabs of freezing ice; exploring the fabulous chill to the most unprecedented limits,

Feet transgressing through meadows of voluptuous green grass; stupendously relishing the glistening dew drops protruding enchantingly from the stalks,

Tongue seductively slurping tantalizing mountains of ice-cream; placidly resting in astronomical pleasure soon thereafter,

Eyes glimpsing the majestically alluring waves of the ocean; sweeping like an exotic whirlpool through a myriad of mesmerizing sights in this gigantic Universe,

Neck dancing rampantly under milky beams of moonlight; gyrating delectably with drifting draughts of exuberant breeze,

Hair trembling in tumultuous euphoria on scalp; as more than a billion droplets of water tumbled in vivacious frenzy from the sky,

Ears profoundly listening to the astoundingly melodious sound of the nightingale; entirely oblivious to the disdainful cacophony of the outside world,

Nails weaving mystical paths through a planet deluged with silk; absorbing the tingling softness in its most overwhelming state of compassion,

Nose profusely inhaling the scent of scarlet rose; wholesomely engulfed by an island of sedative flower and scent,

Teeth compassionately suckling on cubes of blissful sugarcane; inundating the barren palette of mouth with rejuvenating showers of untamed ecstasy,

Eyelids nictitating flirtatiously in the aisles of incomprehensible desire; mischievously reminiscing nostalgic sequences of innocuous childhood,

Throat humming indefatigably about a conviction to fight life; emanating boisterous tunes as the persona arose from the ashes,

Belly coated with toppings of appetizing cheese; impregnating a sensation more titillating than misty cocoons of smoke grey clouds,

Shadow fluttering tranquilly on obscure ground; enticing an ocean of dreams as it daintily maneuvered,

Sweat that has an oligarchic golden color; dribbling thunderously down my arms in anxious anticipation,

Toes on reinvigorating embers of sizzling fire; flooding my impoverished demeanor with loads of indomitable resilience and relaxing warmth,

Bones embodied with spurts of robust energy; imparting a resurgent tenacity to ebulliently bounce forward in true life,

Soul that leaves its impression even centuries after its disappearance; ubiquitously propagating the essence of philanthropic benevolence in the life of every human being,

And a heart that palpitates only for love till the time it lives; and even decades thereafter; is how I want each part of my body to be O! Lord; to win and emerge unflinchingly unnerved; even as the night falls.

23. TO WIN THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE

In order to win the clouds; you had to become a fathomless foliage of stupendously enchanting green,

In order to win the mouse; you had to become succulent chunks of tantalizing

cheese,

In order to win the deserts; you had to become boundless oceans of fabulously sparkling water,

In order to win the giant; you had to become appetizing morsels of heavenly food; compounded with celestially rejuvenating sleep,

In order to win the dog; you had to become the meaty persona of ravishing bone,

In order to win the soaring bird; you had to become the amicably cozy nest; harboring its festoon of scintillating eggs; as well as providing it a dwelling to spend the insurmountably hideous night,

In order to win the dreary eye; you had to become an island of mesmerizing beauty; assume the demeanor of all those it wholesomely revered and cherished,

In order to win the sacrosanct hooded serpent; you had to become a bowl of impeccably shimmering milk,

In order to win the tree; you had to become exuberant draughts of profusely reinvigorating breeze,

In order to win the lips; you had to become a poignantly emphatic and tumultuously alluring smile,

In order to win the night; you had to become an enigmatically lingering whisper; which propelled beads of untamed excitement to creep up on the skin,

In order to win the coffin; you had to become a perpetually still dead body, relinquishing even the most minuscule trace of life,

In order to win the spider; you had to become a grandiloquent web; woven with threads of exquisitely voluptuous silk,

In order to win the lotus; you had to become the boisterously buzzing bee; seducing it to the most unprecedented limits; hovering incessantly round its famished grace,

In order to win the devil; you had to become its ingratiatingly immaculate prey,

In order to win the dictator; you had to become his unfathomably obedient and timidly humble slave,

In order to win the mind; you had to become its relentlessly augmenting fantasy; proliferating beyond the boundaries of pragmatic control,

In order to win the lungs; you had to become handsome bucketfuls of exhilarating air; imparting them the irrefutably formidable tenacity to survive,

In order to win the heart; you had to become its beats; passionately palpitating each unfurling minute of divinely bestowed life,

But in order to win the love of your life; you simply didn't need to do anything at all; for if the Almighty Creator had granted it in your destiny; then it would incarcerate you in its immortal swirl for times immemorial; even if you miserably failed to hear beyond your own voice; even if you were completely blind in the most Omnipotent of light.

24. YOU RESEMBLED THE CREATOR DIVINE

When you wholeheartedly smiled; you resembled the unconquerably Omnipotent rays of Sun; in poignantly fathomless sky,

When you mischievously cavorted; you resembled the enigmatically spell binding rustle of the majestic forests; profusely soaked in resplendently enchanting moonlight,

When you relentlessly fantasized; you resembled shades of compassionate crimson; prolifically abounding the voluptuously rain bearing cloud,

When you uninhibitedly danced; you resembled the waterfalls perennially cascading from the pristine slopes of the Himalayas; miraculously placating every traumatically dreary throat with their untainted exuberance,

When you uncannily slithered; you resembled the mystically sacrosanct serpents; devoutly guarding the timelessly sparkling treasures; abreast the statue of the Omniscient Lord,

When you flirtatiously philandered; you resembled the ebulliently bubbling bumble bee; gloriously playing hide-n-seek with the marvelously outstretched petals; of the fabulously inebriating lotus,

When you inscrutably hummed; you resembled the bountiful blades of grass ingratiatingly embellished with golden dew; peerlessly gazing under priceless rays of the beautiful afternoon,

When you royally winked; you resembled the unbelievably impeccable festoon of twinkling stars in the cosmos; profoundly enlightening the trajectory of morbidly monotonous and indiscriminating earth,

When you altruistically embraced; you resembled the infernos of unassailably righteous patriotism; fearlessly blazing their way through a world of acrimoniously vindictive and cold-blooded hostility,

When you ardently yearned; you resembled the absolute epitome of impregnable Everest; uncontrollably trembling all night; to be handsomely kissed by the first beams of tantalizing dawn,

When you celestially snored; you resembled fantastically virgin shores laden with immaculately charismatic pearls; brilliantly shimmering in the unparalleled elixir of life,

When you restlessly discovered; you resembled the amazingly proliferating fields of hazel corn; sprouting into an unprecedented gorge of freshness; every unraveling minute of the blessed day,

When you philanthropically mitigated; you resembled a heavenly flower disseminating its fragrance to one and all; irrespective of caste; creed; tribe; religion; regally and alike,

When you nimbly shied; you resembled the divinely adorned bride; trying to hide her blushing cheeks; deeper and deeper into her innocuously silken veil,

When you inadvertently yawned; you resembled the satiny carpet of languidly ambling autumn wind; symbiotically quenching the disastrously frazzled nerves of the decrepitly staggering traveler,

When you ingeniously proliferated; you resembled the magnetically undulating waves of emerald sea; indefatigably dancing to the tunes of inimitable freshness; till infinite more births yet to unveil,

When you iridescently sang; you resembled the unfathomably seductive cluster of blissful nightingales; mollifying even the most diabolically dreaded of

monsters; with the fervently untamed effervescence in their voice,

When you passionately breathed; you resembled the ultimate gifts of vividly exhilarating life; eternally spawning into a civilization of oneness and peace; as every morning wonderfully transcended over sonorous night,

But when you perpetually loved; you resembled the Omnipresent Creator Divine; who knew of no religion other than the religion of oneness; unity and invincible mankind; who knew of no other power greater on this planet of his except love; to love; love and timelessly bless in its indomitable shine.

25. UNASSAILABLY RIGHT

If you thought that the entire world was your majestic stage; and you could exuberantly dance on its enigmatically marvelous platform; for centuries immemorial,

If you thought that the entire world was your resplendent stage; and you could uninhibitedly frolic on its bountifully fantastic landscape; till even beyond the aisles of infinite infinity,

If you thought that the entire world was your priceless stage; and you could unrestrictedly sleep in its celestially spell binding cradle; till infinite more births of yours yet to unveil,

If you thought that the entire world was your vivacious stage; and you could indefatigably learn in its philanthropically symbiotic lap; for decades unprecedented,

If you thought that the entire world was your eclectic stage; and you could unrelentingly fantasize in its blessed mists; for a zillion minutes,

If you thought that the entire world was your proliferating stage; and you could unstoppably kiss in its compassionate embrace; till the time mother earth synergistically existed,

If you thought that the entire world was your mesmerizing stage; and you could artistically discover on its incredibly tantalizing trajectory; for an unfathomable gorge of endless hours which none had the power to conceive,

If you thought that the entire world was your royal stage; and you could uncontrollably rejoice in its waterfalls of perennially enchanting love; for as long

as the clock of life inscrutably ticked,

If you thought that the entire world was your patriotic stage; and you could unflinchingly adventure in its ship of intrepidly limitless ecstasy; till tireless fortnights galore,

If you thought that the entire world was your ingratiating stage; and you could harmoniously mélange in its swirl of invincibly unshakable brotherhood; till even beyond the veritable definitions of time,

If you thought that the entire world was your scintillating stage; and you could victoriously blaze in its spirit of sacrosanct mankind; for instants unsurpassable,

If you thought that the entire world was your pristine stage; and you could unceasingly exult in its rainbow of untainted desire; for a fathomlessly more euphoric nights,

If you thought that the entire world was your undefeated stage; and you could sensuously fulminate in its mountain of ardently unparalleled yearning; till entrenchments beyond the construable reach of voice,

If you thought that the entire world was your divinely stage; and you could titillate every slaverling ingredient of your skin in its fountain of unblemished happiness; for as long as breath remained as the sole panacea for leading life,

If you thought that the entire world was your emollient stage; and you could quench your every benign yearning in its Sun of Omnipotent success; till even after the last trace of strength had extradited from your bones,

If you thought that the entire world was your inimitable stage; and you could ecstatically innovate in its fabric of supreme selflessness; till even the most mercurial decibel of sound palpitated in the atmosphere,

If you thought that the entire world was your unconquerable stage; and you could innocuously paint its vividly flocculent canvas; as long as there was Sun and Moon with equal equanimity in sapphire sky,

If you thought that the entire world was your miraculous stage; and you could immortally bond in its romantically impeccable paradise; for days and nights incomprehensible,

Then what you are thinking is unassailably right; if only you could add BY THE

GRACE OF GOD to each of your holistically Samaritan thoughts; O! Yes all that you are thinking is more than a 100 % true reflection of your humanitarian soul; by the grace of the Creator Divine.

26. VICTORY SHALL FOREVER BE

Every maelstrom of unendingly truculent misery was whiplashed upon you by the hedonistic devil; as he salaciously marauded with his fingers soaked in innocent blood,

God was irrefutably a beam of Omnipotent righteousness; who not only blessed you with the insurmountable power to conquer all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,
Giving supreme liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would be pathetically decimated to inconspicuous ash; and victory shall forever be of unassailably majestic truth.

Every corpse of ghoulishly ungainly torture and invidiousness was thrust upon you by the parasitic devil; as he indiscriminately trampled left; right and center; with brutally lascivious hunger lingering in his eyes,

God was irrefutably a Sun of unconquerably princely hope; who not only blessed you with the unsurpassable power to behead all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,
Giving uninhibited liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would be transformed into wisps of insipid nothingness; and victory shall forever be of invincibly glorious truth.

Every spirit of cadaverous desperation and malice was jinxed upon you by the savage devil; as he unsparingly plodded forward to devour all organisms alive, God was irrefutably the sky of fathomless beauty and ingratiating enchantment; who not only blessed you with the unflinching power to vanquish all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,

Giving unrestricted liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would crumble into disdainful oblivion; and victory shall forever be of altruistically patriotic truth.

Every hell of preposterously raunchy sin and bawdiness was thrashed upon you by the hideous devil; as he dogmatically barked the tunes of abhorrently despicable lies,

God was irrefutably a religion of symbiotically Omnipresent mankind; who not only blessed you with the peerless power to destroy all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,

Giving unparalleled liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would wholesomely reduce into graveyards of parsimonious nothingness; and victory shall forever be of pristinely unblemished truth.

Every whirlwind of indescribably penalizing lechery and sodomizing torment was slapped upon you by the devastating devil; as he insanely burnt till the last bone of his spine in the coffins of unrelenting hatred,
God was irrefutably an Omniscient harbinger of everlasting peace; who not only blessed you with inimitable fortitude to blow away all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,
Giving undaunted liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would be charred to inconsequential ash; and victory shall forever be of gloriously immortal truth.

Every speck of acrimoniously cancerous and destructive disease was stabbed upon you by the incarcerating devil; as he intransigently sulked in the gallows of coldbloodedly rotten death,
God was irrefutably the priceless cosmos of perpetually royal fructification; who not only blessed you with the unchallengeable prowess to massacre all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,
Giving unstoppable liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would dissolve into the dustbins of extinction; and victory shall forever be of blazingly impeccable truth.

Every trace of orphaned wailing and hapless loneliness was tainted upon you by the ignominious devil; as he exhaled scorpions of remorseful prejudice even in deep sleep,
God was irrefutably a timelessly vivacious rainbow of desire and fearless hope; who not only blessed you with the insuperable ardor to finish all evil; but created infinite more of your kind every unfurling minute of the night and day,
Giving uncontrollable liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would lose every element of his existence; and victory shall forever be of immaculately bountiful truth.

27. THE CHILD OF THE LORD

Child of the Omnipotently everlasting Sun; was the gloriously ecstatic and flamboyantly pristine ray,

Child of the blissfully voluptuous cloud; was the ecstatically mesmerizing and

seductively fragrant globule of water,

Child of the enchantingly exotic lotus; was the ever-pervading meadow of
celestially bountiful and spell binding fragrance,

Child of the enigmatically proliferating forest; was the panoramically motley
entrenchment of; vividly uninhibited nature and philandering animal,

Child of the ardently towering mountain; was the indomitably united civilization
of brilliantly unfettered strength,

Child of the resplendently milky moon; was the fantastically fathomless pond
of euphorically twinkling shine,

Child of the innovatively blessed mind; was the untamed whirlpool of rapaciously
surreal and joyously unblemished dreams,

Child of the seductively clandestine night; was the unparalleled cavern of
impreguably unending and fascinatingly miraculous sensuousness,

Child of the insuperably true artist; was the timeless wind of magically bestowing
and eternally fructifying poetry,

Child of the unflinchingly altruistic soldier; was the sword of unassailably
scintillating and pricelessly inimitable patriotism,

Child of the infallibly unrelenting optimism; was the unshakably undaunted
epitome of astoundingly redolent and perpetually blossoming success,

Child of the vibrantly soaring butterfly; was the jubilantly emollient and
majestically radiant hill of mystically ingenious frolic,

Child of the uncontrollably fluttering shadow; was the abysmally tranquil cave; of
enticingly glorious and bounteously benign mysticism,

Child of the immutably egalitarian mirror; was the arrow of perennially spawning
and limitlessly invincible righteousness,

Child of the royally embossed lexicon; was the astonishingly eclectic
treasurehouse of convivially perspicacious and pragmatically opulent words,

Child of the ingratiatingly princely breath; was the chapter of unconquerably

sparkling and iridescently tireless life,

Child of selflessly bonding symbiotism; was the philanthropically undefeatable religion of pricelessly benign and rhapsodically heavenly humanity,

Child of the insatiably thundering heart; was the victorious paradise of fathomlessly abounding and immortally divine love,

And Child of the Omnipresently Almighty Lord; was the inscrutably stupefying shell of this entire Universe; on which organism of every size; shape and color for him was wonderfully alike; on which he holistically coalesced one and all in the mantra of mankind; on which he showered love; love and only endless love; on which he fearlessly paraded as the Ultimate master for times till even beyond infinite infinity; and till the moment he liked.

28. FALLING FOREVER IN LOVE

If you've forever dreamt of a life without the slightest of apprehension; ecstatically rejoicing in the aisles of unfettered desire; for times immemorial,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without the slightest of bloodshed and crime; tranquilly swaying in the lap of sacredly divine peace; every unfurling minute of the day and enchanting night,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without acrimoniously frigid monotony; timelessly spawning into miraculously reinvigorating newness; with the first rays of the Golden Sun; at spell bindingly Omnipotent dawn,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without pugnacious backlashes; the winds of unparalleled triumph uninhibitedly kissing you on your every step; in your spells of sleep and ardent awakening; alike,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without venomously upbraiding salaciousness; the streams of impeccable amity and oneness; heavenly embracing you from every construable side,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without cannibalistically hedonistic prejudice; the arms of eternally glorious freedom hoisting you closer and closer; to the grace of the Omnisciently Almighty Lord,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without manipulatively ballistic vengeance; the profoundly sublime waves of altruistic simplicity; perpetuating the inner most

chords of your truthful soul,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without preposterously pernicious poverty; the skies of ubiquitously unending prosperity and happiness; becoming the congenital mantra of your truncated existence,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without menacingly diabolical stagnation; the whirlwinds of fantastically emollient innovation; exuberantly whistling past your nape as each night unraveled into the brilliantly optimistic day,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without dolorously obsolete boredom; the rainbow of everlastingly blissful humanity; becoming the sole elixir of your blessed survival,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without raunchily cold-blooded insanity; the fireballs of compassionately unstoppable yearning to unassailably ignite; the pathetically dwindling lantern of your survival,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without avariciously rancid nothingness; the ingratiating cisterns of propitious excitement; always keeping you effulgently young and alive,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without decrepit nonchalance and flagrant debauchery; an atmosphere of ebulliently sparkling truth; overruling every emaciated ingredient of your crimson blood,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without disparaging desecration and abhorrent war; beautifully existing with every echelon of living kind; till infinite more births of yours,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without deliriously self inflicted misery; metamorphosing even the most bellicose entity that you caressed; into the mists of fragrantly unconquerable paradise,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without despicably torturous imprisonment; every recess of your impregnably passionate heart; fulminating into an cloudburst of marvelously untainted expression,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without lethally aggrieved adulteration; a citadel of irrefutably glistening honesty handsomely blossoming from every conceivable pore of mother earth,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without perilously betraying infidelity; the insuperably enamoring bonds of unflinching camaraderie; unshakably entwining with every breath that you effusively exhaled,

And if you've forever dreamt of a life that doesn't just remain a dream; shattering even the most inconspicuous ray of hope that tumultuously lingered in your euphorically bubbling countenance,

Then here's your chance O! Mate to transform each of your benign dream into the sky of veritable reality; here's your chance to become God's most pricelessly blessed organism till the time this earth existed and even beyond; here's your chance to be the closest to the divine; by blending every beat of your heart; soul and immaculate conscience,

Falling forever and ever and ever; into the river of immortally Omnipresent and timelessly exultating love.

29. BUT REMEMBER

You might choose to help the disparagingly shambling mountaintops; or you might choose to commiserate with all those heartlessly orphaned in the invidiously cold-blooded garbage bins,

You might choose to help the flagrantly disoriented lunatic; or you might chose to sow the seeds of fructifying virility on acrimoniously bellicose and barren soil,

You might choose to help the mercilessly adulterated ocean; or you might choose to compassionately embrace all those truculently lambasted by mortuaries of bizarre betrayal,

You might choose to help the plebeian brutally maimed by the onslaught of derogatory politics; or you might choose to optimistically mitigate the lives of all those despicably rotting in dungeons of blindness; since the time they shouted their first cry,

You might choose to help the rapidly vanishing rainbow; or you might choose to inundate the commercial atmosphere thoroughly depleted of empathy; with the fragrance of everlasting humanity,

You might choose to help the egregiously wounded lion; or you might choose to illuminate the lanterns of unassailably mesmerizing humanity; in the corpses abhorrently blood-sucking war,

You might choose to help the one-legged beggar; or you might choose to become an immutably altruistic messiah of the religion of priceless mankind,

You might choose to help ominously trampled and butchered roses; or you might choose to perennially venerate every holistic mother whom you encountered in your way,

You might choose to help every suicidal element of the diabolically estranged society; or you might choose to coalesce every tribe; sect and color of this iridescently exhilarating Universe; into the scent of enchanting mankind,

You might choose to help every star lividly falling from fathomless sky; or you might choose to stand like an insuperable fortress beside every despairing destitute; who was being hedonistically tortured for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

You might choose to help the indigently nervous and frigidly quavering shadow; or you might choose to bring the cradle of untainted innocence to every dwelling besieged with manipulatively dastard prejudice,

You might choose to help ghoulishly stale and sullen space; or you might choose to hoist every unwanted infant on this gigantic Universe; upon your magnanimous shoulders till the time you breathed your very last,

You might choose to help the hopelessly asphyxiating eunuch; or you might choose to become the ultimate ambassador of unconquerably limitless peace; on the trajectory of this boundless Universe,

You might choose to help civilizations uprooted after nonsensical bombardment and ghastly war; or you might choose to perseveringly evolve a pathway of indomitably unparalleled truth; with the streams of your very own euphoric blood,

You might choose to help the ignominiously incarcerated slave; or you might choose to liberate the floodgates of your passionate heart; allowing every devilishly monotonous life to share your tributaries of selfless love,

You might choose to help the fish uncontrollably slaving without water; or you might choose to precociously innovate unsurpassable cisterns of miraculous freshness; on every step that you tread,

O! Yes; Help in whatever way you could and whomsoever on this bountifully resplendent planet that you philanthropically wanted to; but remember that every single of your divinely benevolent deeds would metamorphose into inconspicuously frigid shit; the instant you bombastically proclaimed to the world that you were indeed the one who did them; you were the one who had alleviated countless organism; of their misery and horrific pain,

For you were just an infinitesimally molecular mediator of the Lord Almighty sent on this planet to do humble deeds; while it was the Creator himself; who not only decided as to whom you were going to help; in what capacity you were going to help; who needed your help the most; and who was indeed destined to receive your help; but bestowed upon you the unflinching power to forever succeed and help.

30. FORGIVE ME

Forgive me for inadvertently trampling over scores of tiny ants; crawling unnoticed on the cold floor,

Forgive me for spitting foamy saliva indiscreetly on the streets; on formation of excess liquid in the palette of my mouth,

Forgive me for banging my fists in tandem against the wall; clenching my teeth in raw indignation on being intimidated,

Forgive me for driving at lightening speeds through the solitary streets; bouncing in the drivers seat while listening to pulsating music,

Forgive me for indiscriminately pouncing on the petulant mosquito; buzzing incessantly in the vicinity of my eardrum,

Forgive me for not listening to my mother; when she stringently admonished to get up at the crack of evanescent dawn,

Forgive me for being insatiably greedy; when it came to extracting wealth from this uncouth world,

Forgive me for indulging in licentious thoughts; possessing feeble control over the unprecedented realms of my mind,

Forgive me for sipping opulent wine; drowning myself wholesomely into domains of tantalizing fantasy,

Forgive me for skipping my morning prayers; in the bustle to reach office and commence work at fast pace,

Forgive me for snoring like a demon all-night; permeating the still air with an indefatigable volley of cacophonous sounds,

Forgive me for attending bombastic parties; blending profusely with a conglomerate of people with spurious smiles,

Forgive me for swaying rampantly on the streets; inhabiting the discotheques till wee hours of night,

Forgive me for overhearing candid conversations; in my unrelenting curiosity to envisage activities behind close doors,

Forgive me for leaving squalid footprints as I walked; caressing the immaculately polished floor with dirt lining the periphery of my toes,

Forgive me for plucking resplendent flowers from their stalks; dismantling the moist earth by digging voraciously with my hands,

Forgive me for being overwhelmingly stubborn; standing steadfast with my baseless opinions; refraining to listen to others,

Forgive me for using abashing expletives; rebuking innocuous individuals in proximity; for no apparent fault of theirs,

Forgive me for ridiculing eminent personalities; making a travesty of the remarkable deeds they executed in their lives,

Forgive me for loitering aimlessly in space; becoming oblivious to the essence of life for some part of the day,

Over and above all forgive me O! Lord for the plethora of misdeeds I have committed in my life as a human being; instead bless me with loads of fortitude to propagate double the happiness of all what I have destroyed.

31. SOLELY ARDENT WINNERS.

Hatred Vs Hatred. Both of them deliriously lost; apart from them being the most haplessly growling failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that;

those who dared compare them; unrelentingly roamed in the lavatories of the hideously asphyxiating devil.

Prejudice Vs Prejudice. Both of them flagrantly lost; apart from them being the most vindictively gruesome failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; barbarously tortured every conceivable pore of their bodies with the sword of the salacious devil.

War Vs War. Both of them devastatingly lost; apart from them being the most truculently ghoulish failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; licked the boots of the atrociously cannibalistic devil; clean of the last iota of grime.

Lies Vs Lies. Both of them pathetically lost; apart from them being the most derogatorily tyrannical failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; wholeheartedly let the parasitic devil shoot them right in the whites of their innocuous eyes.

Chauvinism Vs Chauvinism. Both of them bawdily lost; apart from them being the most diabolically disoriented failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; immutably followed the sacrilegiously inane footsteps of the devil; till infinite infinity.

Infertility Vs Infertility. Both of them horrendously lost; apart from them being the most tawdrily disgruntled failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; hopelessly invited the raunchily plundering devil; right into the heart of their compassionate nocturnal quilt.

Crime Vs Crime. Both of them ridiculously lost; apart from them being the most preposterously dastardly failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; inevitably deteriorated into the despicably marauding fists of the rebuking devil.

Terrorism Vs Terrorism. Both of them egregiously lost; apart from them being the most ominously maiming failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; were inexorably gobbled by the shadow of the remorsefully sulking devil.

Perversion Vs Perversion. Both of them heartlessly lost; apart from them being the most sadistically silencing failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; lost even the most infinitesimal iota of their blissful senses; to the lethally massacring devil.

Extinction Vs Extinction. Both of them deplorably lost; apart from them being the most incomprehensibly victimizing failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; intransigently sniffed the rancid stench of the loquaciously foolhardy devil for times immemorial.

Blackness Vs Blackness. Both of them maliciously lost; apart from them being the most satanically glaring failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; got brutally kicked in their hindside; by the torturously jinxed devil.

Infidelity Vs Infidelity. Both of them malevolently lost; apart from them being the most profanely bemoaning failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; got indiscriminately chopped to inconspicuous mincemeat; by the uncontrollably maniacal devil.

Inhumanity Vs Inhumanity. Both of them treacherously lost; apart from them being the most lugubriously goddamned failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; were bitten to lividly harried oblivion; by the inconsolably rabid devil.

Rape Vs Rape. Both of them vapidly lost; apart from them being the most bizarrely shameful failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; suffered perennial imprisonment in the coffins of hell; where the unabashedly cruel devil reigned supreme.

Cowardliness Vs Cowardliness. Both of them indefinitely lost; apart from them being the most garrulously dislocated failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; irrevocably drowned in the ocean of the tyrannically lambasting devil; forever and ever and ever.

Madness Vs Madness. Both of them disconsolately lost; apart from them being the most inexplicably demented failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; incorrigibly clung to the non-existent impotent caricature of the devil; like a freshly born eunuch.

Monotony Vs Monotony. Both of them miserably lost; apart from them being the most cynically dissolving failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; indispensably wailed the tunes of the licentiously lamenting devil; till even beyond the very last breath of their lives.

Politics Vs Politics. Both of them dolorously lost; apart from them being the most

vituperatively intolerable failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; were left absolutely free; in the graveyard of the savagely crucifying devil.

Whilst Love Vs Love. Both of them were the solely ardent winners; apart from them being the most pricelessly Omnipotent magicians in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; perpetually transcended and consecrated the definition of the word 'Comparison'; perpetually resided in the heavenly lap of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord.

32. UNTIL YOU VERITABLY DIE!

You might hide an infinite feet beneath the frostily undulating waves of the ocean; or entirely camouflage every single bone of your shivering silhouette within the untamed wilderness of the tropically unabashed forest,

You might hide in the most infinitesimally blackened corners of ghastly midnight; or seek dastardly refuge behind the bars of the most unassailably diabolical prison,

You might hide fretfully beneath an unsurpassably Herculean mountain of mud; or obfuscate even the tiniest trace of your demeanor from worldly eyes; fearfully crawling into the interiors of the artificially look alike corpse,

You might hide behind the most imperturbably thorny cactuses of the fathomless desert; or impregnate every conceivable pore of your naked skin with the most tenaciously invincible jackets of steel,

You might hide on the most intangibly remotest islands of obsolescence; or keep unrelentingly rolling in acrimoniously sweltering sand; until every part of your nimble body looked no different from those threadbare granules of mud,

You might hide in the most farthestmost dungeons of the haplessly extinct mortuary; or try and escape as far as possible from the trajectory of earth; an infinite miles beyond the clouds in the contemporary spacecraft,

You might hide in the most invisibly claustrophobic vents of the miserably deflated gutterpipe; or try and spend the remainder of your life a countless kilometers behind; unconquerably thick walls of snow,

You might hide in the wholesomely flabbergasted horizons of nothingness; or enter your entire form into the body of such a scepter; which could defend you

against the most mightiest forces and enemies on earth,

You might hide in the myriad colors of the rainbow praying your very best for the shades to wholesomely overpower you; or live your entire life in deceitful disguise; disdainfully slithering in the squalid swamps alongwith the alligators,

You might hide amidst the already lifeless carcasses of dead men and women; or run faster than the speed of white lightening; to fly to the most safest place on this enigmatic Universe,

You might hide in the tallest grasses which waved their green stalks till eternity; or keep endlessly darting for unconquerable shelter here and there; till the last puff of breath exhausted in your lungs,

You might hide amidst the roots of insuperably century old tree; or cunningly sink beneath innumerable layers of unshakable iron; which could unflinchingly withstand the onslaught of every superpower on planet earth,

You might hide in the most inconsequentially forgotten events of the oblivious attic; or scream your lungs hoarse for every comprehensible source of help; on this magnetically fructifying planet,

You might hide in the comfortable hollows of the gigantically impenetrable dinosaur's ear; or bury yourself in dreadful shame under a hillock of fetid feces; of the flaccidly squandering pig,

You might hide in the lap of your perpetually venerated mother; or cry a boundless tears every single minute; asking for more time and space in your life,

You might hide in the most obscured caverns of the demonically echoing well; or hire every single organism on earth to guard you 24 X 7; with the power of your unlimitedly scintillating wealth,

You might hide in the deepest fronds of slippery satin; or abashedly cover every contour of your face and form with the most embellished of veil; just like a newly wedded nubile bride,

You might hide in the mortuaries of hell bribing the sadistically massacring devil for transient refuge; or keep adroitly absconding from place to another; so that not even the most diminutive of your footprints could be irrefutably traced,

And go wherever you desperately wanted to; do whatever you eclectically wanted to; hide as much as you salaciously wanted to; but remember O! impoverished man; that whenever your moment to leave this planet as chosen by the Almighty Lord arrives; death will chase you; strangulate you; completely finish you; irrespective of your caste; creed; status; color or tribe; until the last puff of breath exhausts in your lungs; and until you veritably die.

33. YOU ONLY TELL ME WHAT TO DO; O! ALMIGHTY LORD.

On one hand you say; that I should indefatigably worship my parents; more than I could've worshipped the greatest of Gods,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who pulverized and ruthlessly massacred Mother Nature for simply no ostensible reason or rhyme; nor should I ever dare do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they mercilessly massacred trees and mother nature; just to spuriously clean their dwellings of untamed wild and natural outgrowths.

On one hand you say; that I should interminably worship my parents feet night and day; no matter how much hell ruthlessly rained upon planet divine,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who consider haplessly orphaned children as pieces of worthless shit; nor should I ever dare do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they disdainfully discarded every other wailing child on this Universe except their very own; based on the spurious pretext that their child was the most beautiful of them all.

On one hand you say; that I should limitlessly worship even the tiniest reflection of my parents; make it the sole mantra and breath of my impoverished destined life,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who in this free planet who despicably made others hoarsely scrub their lavatories and floors; nor should I ever dare do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they made countless slave for them all throughout their existence; at times dictating even uneducated innocent youth to extricate the last bit of grime from beneath their lavatory seat; and then justifying their unbearable actions by paying few wads of currency note.

On one hand you say; that I should dedicatedly worship my parents for whatever

they were; howsoever they were; just for bringing me blissfully onto this victoriously unbridled planet,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who fetidly discriminate between one religion/caste/creed and the other; nor should I ever dare to do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they vehemently and wholeheartedly ostracized other religions and tribes as terrorists; proclaiming their own religion to be the most celestially unconquerable and blessed of them all.

On one hand you say; that I should tirelessly worship my parents above all existing truth and righteousness on this planet; till even after I exhaled my very last breath,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who shrewdly manipulate their way in life to the absolute top; nor should I ever dare to do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they sacrilegiously lied at several occasions with living kind and society; for invincibly adding that extra bit of glimmer to their already hoisted flag of unfettered success.

On one hand you say; that I should perpetually worship my parents; taking even the most intangible word that they uttered; as the ultimate command of my truncated existence,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who refrain from philanthropically reaching out to despairing humanity; nor should I ever dare to do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they unnecessarily splurged countless of their wealth in sanctimonious society formalities; parties; their own children's marriages; without benevolently donating even a bygone penny for the betterment and amelioration of penuriously strangulated mankind.

On one hand you say; that I should unstoppably worship even the most obfuscated footprint left by my parents on soil; make it the sole path of heavenly enlightenment in my humble life,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who heartlessly believed in adhering to the principles of baselessly tyrannizing formality; nor should I ever dare do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they let the perverted norms of formality in this world; force their very own children to pursue things on this earth that they

never desired or wanted.

On one hand you say; that I should relentlessly worship even the most oblivious wrinkle on my parent's forehead; find the ultimate destinations and epitomes of my life; in the unassailable whites of their eyes,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who ruthlessly and deliberately killed innocuous organisms and insects without a pang of hunger in their stomachs; nor should I ever dare to do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they barbarously killed countless ants; flies; bees; rats; cockroaches and the likes within their house; so that it exactly resembled like the spic and span aisles of infallible paradise.

On one hand you say; that I should unflinchingly worship even the last iota of spit which my parents wafted; savoring it as the most priceless blessing upon me on this fathomlessly enchanting earth,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who clearly heard every cry of despair from the planet and yet remained silent; nor should I ever dare to do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; who infact at times; wholesomely heard the inexhaustibly maiming wails of humanity; but yet closed their doors impregnably shut; partly because of the fear that they'd land up behind bars if they helped; and partly because their routine sleep was too dear for them to lose.

On one hand you say; that I should eternally worship even the most inconspicuous globule of sweat of my parents; treasuring it as the most inimitably unconquerable good luck charm of my life,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who solely propagated the axiom of 'Live Like a king' and not 'Live and Let live like a king'; nor should I ever dare to do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; who infact at times; couldn't selfishly see anyone else but their own kin and themselves in the mirror of the world; and who tirelessly wanted only these few to 'Live like a King'.

34. NOBODY IS A SLAVE OF ANYBODY.

Nobody is a slave of anybody; emotionlessly slaving to even the most infinitesimal commands of the master; being incarcerated within chains of sadistic malice; whilst robustly exuberant blood fulminated in his veins,

Nobody is a puppet of anybody; indefatigably dancing to the music of sacrilegious prejudice; pathetically maneuvered like melting ice; towards the mortuaries of the cold-blooded devil,

Nobody is a commodity of anybody; being raunchily sold and repackaged within the next few minutes; just to earn a tawdrily decrepit armory of cannibalistically greedy notes,

Nobody is a shadow of anybody; incorrigibly sticking to the most anomalous form of venomously parasitic living being; just to mollify the most unthinkably perverted of whims,

Nobody is a lynchpin of anybody; being incessantly hammered for no ostensible reason or rhyme; just to tickle the funny bone of the rich man; whose demonic throne was solely and profusely soaked in innocent blood,

Nobody is a follower of anybody; blindly accepting even the most idiosyncratic ideologies of the opposite man; just because he was sanctimoniously adorned in a brilliantly white robe,

Nobody is a student of anybody; meaninglessly imbibing the principles of existence within the 4ft X 4 ft classroom and amidst a robotically dictatorial pile of books; when infact the true mantra of life was timelessly learnt by leaving the body and soul wholesomely uninhibited and reverberating with the symbiotic surroundings,

Nobody is a leftover of anybody; being worthlessly kicked into the furthest corners of the unbearably fetid dustbin; after tirelessly appeasing the satanic gluttony of the so called; blasphemous master,

Nobody is a reflection of anybody; blandly portraying his beautifully rubicund face on every wall and mirror; whenever the other wretchedly febrile organism wanted to sight his own face; but was afraid of witnessing his abysmally gory contours,

Nobody is a waiter of anybody; serving the most tantalizingly ecstatic dishes at the most mercurial kick to the rear; whilst himself famishing the last bone down his spine into the tunnels of spiteful nothingness,

Nobody is a sweeper of anybody; uxoriously cleaning and licking the last iota of grime from the master's shoe; and then dementedly entering his bathroom to clean his lividly soiled lavatory seat,

Nobody is a flatterer of anybody; seamlessly praising even the most dingily misanthropic deeds ever committed on all mankind; just to ensure himself a diminutive roof over his worthlessly molecular head,

Nobody is a pathway of anybody; senselessly laying himself on the most acrimoniously vindictive battalion of abject thorns; so that the feet of the other living being perennially tread on royal silk; whenever he chose to limp or walk,

Nobody is a prey of anybody; entirely sacrificing even the most inconspicuous element of his life to the devil's command; simply to superstitiously increase the age of his every sibling,

Nobody is a dwelling of anybody; foolishly trying to accommodate even the most merrily triumphant of living being in his body; unacceptably making all living kind go to pathetic sleep; even before it could learn to walk on its own feet,

Nobody is an experiment of anybody; wantonly allowing even the most evanescent pore of his body; to be perpetuated with an infinite medicines and sinister contraptions; for the so called amelioration of human kind,

Nobody is a whore of anybody; criminally surrendering every ounce of venerated flesh bestowed upon by the Almighty; just to titillate the already pugnaciously impotent hairs on the male chauvinists skin,

Nobody is a breath of anybody; sinfully ending his very own priceless life; just in order to rejuvenate and bless another organisms despondently venomous body; which was already chosen by the heavens to irrefutably die,

Everybody works shoulder to shoulder with everybody. But we all are; have been and shall always be; slaves, commodities; puppets; experiments; breaths; preys; pathways; flatterers; sweepers; waiters; leftovers; students; followers; shadows and an infinite more; of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord.

35. JUST ONE WISH

If God gave them just one wish; then the gruesomely blind; would irrefutably ask for majestically glorious mirrors of explicit sight,

If God gave it just one wish; then the treacherously scorched desert; would irrefutably ask for cloudbursts of tumultuously rhapsodic and bountiful rain,

If God gave them just one wish; then the devastatingly dumb; would irrefutably ask for stupendously captivating melody; drifting like an angel from his deprived mouth,

If God gave them just one wish; then the disastrously dying; would irrefutably ask for blooming anecdotes of a blissful life,

If God gave it just one wish; the abominably stinking gutter; would irrefutably ask for ingratiating scent and stupendously royal charm,

If God gave it just one wish; then the overwhelmingly distraught spider crippled badly on soil; would irrefutably ask for silvery strands of fathomlessly mesmerizing web,

If God gave it just one wish; then the perpetually still and ghastly corpse; would irrefutably ask for perennial waterfalls of euphoric life,

If God gave it just one wish; then the truculently shattered mirror; would irrefutably ask for being a scintillating blanket of glass once again; shimmering in the aisles of insatiable desire and grandiloquent opulence,

If God gave it just one wish; then the pathetically devastated and frigidly soggy branch; would irrefutably ask for astoundingly proliferating into a handsome flurry of intoxicating green leaves; mystically blending with the winds,

If God gave them just one wish; then the irrevocably stone deaf; would irrefutably ask for even the most infinitesimally sensitive wave of sound; to tantalizingly tingle each of their saddened senses,

If God gave them just one wish; then the agonizingly stumbling maim; would irrefutably ask for robust pairs of astutely galloping legs; transporting them triumphantly; to the ultimate zenith of enthralling paradise,

If God gave it just one wish; then the acrimoniously bitter cactus; would irrefutably ask for a mountain of resplendent silk; to wholesomely camouflage its murderously sinister persona,

If God gave it just one wish; then the insurmountably rusty knife; would irrefutably ask for piquantly pepped up sharpness; slicing with astronomical ease through the most obdurately stony vegetable skin,

If God gave him just one wish; then the profusely castigated artist; would

irrefutably ask for every cranny of this monotonously lackadaisical planet; to be enshrouded with the magic of his ebullient craftsmanship,

If God gave it just one wish; then the invidiously strangulate lip; would irrefutably ask for an unsurpassable ocean of celestially endowing smiles,

If God gave them just one wish; then the incomprehensibly old and withering; would irrefutably ask for those euphoric moments of their lives which they cherished the most; a blissful place to eternally rest in wonderful heaven,

If God gave it just one wish; then the nostalgically magnificent photograph; would irrefutably ask to marvelously rejoice all those beautifully enchanting moments; till times beyond immortal reality,

If God gave it just one wish; then the uncouthly kicked beggar on the streets; would irrefutably ask for boundless treasuries; overflowing with fabulous silk and a sky showering glittering diamonds on every step that he tread,

And if God gave me just one wish; then my impoverishedly betrayed heart; would irrefutably ask for love; love; and only impregnable love; invincibly making me laugh in the face of bizarre adversity; achieving the most fulfilling mission of my destined life.

36. DRESSED FOR LOVE

Dressed for the enchanting garden; I wore uninhibitedly sagging flannel trousers; rampantly encapsulating persona with a blanket of ravishingly green leaf,

Dressed for the valiant battle; I wore armors of invincible steel; unflinchingly enveloped my entire body with swords of scintillatingly intrepid courage,

Dressed for the pulsating discotheque; I wore skimpy sweatshirts and headbands; entrenching even the most infinitesimal follicle of my hair; with exotically rustic and wild gypsy straw,

Dressed for diving in the undulating ocean; I wore an ostentatiously raunchy two piece swimsuit; liberating my senses to be astoundingly unruly; to be handsomely unbelievable and natural,

Dressed for gallivanting through the mystical forests; I wore a brazenly exhilarating leopard skin; insurmountably tingling even the most diminutive element of my visage with the astronomically aristocratic freshness of mother

nature,

Dressed for nocturnal bedtime; I wore a nonchalantly floating silken robe; stringently applying intransigently repellent balms all over my body; to sequester myself from the horde of perniciously pertinent mosquitoes,

Dressed for ravenously heavenly supper; I wore an impeccably humble apron of ivory white; smacking my slavering lips and tongue with chilled soda; to tantalizingly foment my gargantuan appetite,

Dressed for the mesmerizing magic show; I wore a wizardly cloak of celestially conjuring voluptuousness; embellishing my drearily penurious looks with charismatically resplendent vanity powder,

Dressed for ragged mountaineering; I wore an unfathomable cascade of machismo denim; resiliently punctuating even the most inconspicuous bone of my sagging body with punches of ingratiating euphoria,

Dressed for the poignantly princely marriage; I wore fascinating garlands of sensuously iridescent rose; beautifully adorning every patch of my shivering skin with gorges of spell bindingly amiable friendship,

Dressed for ebulliently exhilarating adventure; I wore a frolickingly kangaroo outfit; vibrantly assimilating all marvelously intoxicating melody of the benign atmosphere; in my unequivocally wandering stride,

Dressed for regally sagacious school; I wore twin sets of meticulously ironed trousers; overwhelming my inherently laggard visage with the mantra of holistically mortal righteousness,

Dressed for receiving the magnanimously scintillating trophy; I wore a majestically crimson blazer; drowning my nimbly trembling demeanor in the aisles of gloriously aristocratic Oligarchy,

Dressed for the fetidly acrimonious gutters; I wore a graveyard of derogatorily sullen tomatoes; remorsefully melanging every ingredient of my form with the walls of frantically sinful desperation,

Dressed for the triumphant birthday party; I wore an unimaginable festoon of vividly cheerful balloons; magnificently substituting each of my monotonously traumatized senses with the everlasting eternal elixir of; youthful joyousness,

Dressed for the abhorrently corporate meeting; I wore a brutally asphyxiating formal suit which almost wringed my subtle neck; salaciously draping my harmoniously symbiotic personality; with viciously slandering slang,

Dressed for the chapter of wonderfully victorious life; I wore the philanthropically Omnipotent color of the Sun and the Moon; fabulously coalescing every ingredient of my serene conscience with the; fruits of gorgeously fructifying nature,

And dressed for immortally sacrosanct love; I wore the perpetually charming blessings of the Almighty Divine; wholesomely relinquishing everything else on this fathomless Universe; except his unconquerable order to serve all Omnipresent humanity; except his sacredly enamoring wish to proliferate countless more of my kind.

37. HEAVENLY POETRY

It was my incessant inspiration; to diffuse into an unfathomable valley of goodness; perpetually coalesce with my bountiful rudiments; irrespective of the contemporarily bombastic slang and slime,

It was my tireless inspiration; to float in the aisles of untamed sensuousness; assimilate all fathomless beauty of this resplendent Universe; in every ingredient of my agonizingly famished blood,

It was my unrelenting inspiration; to embrace the winds of timeless fantasy; let the spirit of euphorically rhapsodic existence; take wholesome control upon my countenance from all sides,

It was my limitless inspiration; to blazingly surge forward in the chapter of vibrantly enthralling life; gloriously emerge as a triumphant winner in every direction that I even remotely conceived to tread,

It was my boundless inspiration; to poignantly break the heinous shackles of crippling monotony; uninhibitedly liberate each of my senses to blend with the unparalleled ecstasy of this Omnipotent cosmos,

It was my unprecedented inspiration; to unfurl into an insatiable civilization of creativity every unfurling instant of the day; fabulously decipher the enigmatic meanings of survival; with the silken dexterity of an embellished prince,

It was my indefatigable inspiration; to coin new benchmarks on even the most

diminutive step that I transgressed; digressing from conventionally treacherous turgidity; to sparkingly enhance the fireballs of optimism in every tomorrow,

It was my profuse inspiration; to unstoppably reminisce the caverns of mischief of my innocuous childhood; Omnisciently cherish the compassionate lap of my divinely mother; for infinite more births of mine,

It was my undaunted inspiration; to philanthropically serve all bereaved humanity till the very last breath of mine; assiduously persevere all day and twinkling night; to unite all religion; caste; creed and tribe; handsomely alike,

It was my incorrigible inspiration; to romantically philander in the meadows of eternally tantalizing seduction; till even centuries immemorial after I died,

It was my indomitable inspiration; to resiliently pursue the innermost tunes of my soul; tirelessly march on the path of celestial righteousness; even as the most salaciously ghastly impediment dared to come my way,

It was my enchanting inspiration; to bask in the glory of Omnipotently fascinating scent; let the fragrance of unbiased togetherness be my sole companion till the absolute end of my time,

It was my benign inspiration; to magnanimously assist all those in truculently traumatic pain; shower the smiles of my visage; forever upon their uncontrollably shivering bodies,

It was my formidable inspiration; to unflinchingly bounce forward even as vindictive thorns of hell torrentially pelted from open sky; to maintain a wave of spell binding phlegmatism even in the face of the most tyrannically lambasting disaster,

It was my fathomless inspiration; to unendingly fantasize all mesmerizing goodness that lay embellished on this planet; absorb even the most ethereal iota of happiness that lingered abundantly on this marvelous planet,

It was my unbelievable inspiration; to blossom into an iridescent paradise of beauty as the minutes unveiled; transcend past the barriers of threadbare spuriousness in all aspects of exotic life,

It was my ubiquitous inspiration; to synergistically enthrall one and all alike; with the tunes of captivatingly enthralling vivaciousness and charismatic grace,

It was my immortal breath; to not only majestically lead this; but every artistically eclectic life; of a countless more lifetimes,

O! Yes; it was God's most pricelessly precious gift bestowed perennially upon my heart; it was the most fascinating thing that could have ever happened to me in my life; it was my reflection that I sighted every dawn in my mirror; it was my HEAVENLY POETRY.

38. THE BEATS OF IMMORTAL LOVE

Enigmatic were the beats of the heavenly waterfall; pelting in ecstatic unison on the chain of fathomlessly mesmerizing rocks,

Melodious were the beats of the enchanting lotus; charismatically swaying in the rhapsodically tangy breeze that enveloped the air from all sides,

Ravishing were the beats of the seductive clouds; boundlessly tantalizing the colossal Universe with their compassionately vivid sensuousness,

Fabulous were the beats of the fecund bees; tirelessly disseminating into an ocean of unfathomably beautiful honey; as the Sun blazed to its most unprecedentedly profound radiance in azure sky,

Blissful were the beats of the rustling trees; vivaciously casting a mist of ardently endless desire; even in the heart of the most dolorously deadened night,

Tantalizing were the beats of the poignant sea; exotically swirling to indefatigably blend with silken carpets of timelessly endowing sky,

Fascinating were the beats of the majestic eagle; beautifully flapping its royal wings till times beyond eternity; celestially embracing the heavenly winds,

Symbiotic were the beats of melanging mankind; where all organism irrespective of caste; creed and spurious tribe; iridescently coalesced into the religion of unconquerably scintillating humanity,

Triumphant were the beats of the patriotic soldier; unflinchingly confronting even the most ghastly acrimonious impediment with an innocuous smile,

Truculent were the beats of the unforgiving cyclone; disastrously devastating even the most infinitesimal speck of holistic life in vicinity; to preposterously threadbare shit,

Exuberant were the beats of the opalescent butterfly; mischievously fluttering its wings; under the Omnipotently dazzling rays of the afternoon Sun,

Nonchalant were the beats of the lugubrious tortoise; lackadaisically snoring on swampy soil; even as an unsurpassable battalion of panthers ferociously roared in from all sides,

Blistering were the beats of the glistening desert; unrelentingly flaming full throttle; every unfurling minute of the sweltering day and even in the entrenchment of tranquilly serene midnight,

Holistic were the beats of the divinely saint; unfurling each shade of his philanthropically magnanimous life; to the service of eternally endowing and scintillating mankind,

Invincible were the beats of mesmerizing friendship; ebulliently evolving into a mist of unbreakable togetherness; to jubilantly unveil into the astronomically aristocratic colors of vivid life,

Exhilarating were the beats of intrepid adventure; blossoming into overwhelmingly thunderous newness; as every lane led into the echoes of the uncannily unknown,

Ingratiating were the beats of the dancing peacock; tantalizing even the most appallingly gruesome corpse of grizzly blood; to wholesomely blend with the magically regale rhythm of mother nature,

Piquant were the beats of uninhibited candidness; propelling untamed fires to erupt into the timidly grandiloquent soul; diffusing a cloudburst of effusive poignancy in even the most insipid arena of the atmosphere,

Miraculous were the beats of Omniscient breath; gloriously instilling life in even the most blood soaked corpses of the devil; proving the most fantastic panacea to lead the chapter of mystically undulating life,

And Immortal were the beats of Godly love; bonding every organism; caste; creed; color and stature on the trajectory of this gigantic planet; into the mantra of unshakable oneness; into the paradise of wonderful sharing; into the fragrance of everlastingly united existence.

39. HOW THE HELL CAN YOU SAY?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed mesmerizing empathy in your resplendently twinkling eyes?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed poignantly crimson blood in your exuberantly unflinching veins?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed unequivocally explicit voice in the chords of your enchantingly bountiful throat?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed robustly triumphant ardor in your gloriously magnanimous palms?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed an ingratiatingly heavenly charisma in your patriotically blazing stride?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed euphorically everlasting smiles upon your innocuously rubicund lips?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed rhapsodically vivacious charisma in your ebulliently cascading hair?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed unparalleled piquancy in each of your poignantly intricate senses?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed insatiably untamed whirlpools of spell binding fantasy; in even the most infinitesimal corridors of your ecstatically wandering brain?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed unparalleled muscle in your tenaciously resilient arms?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed indispensable morsels of food in your harmoniously bouncing and innocuous stomach?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed a cistern of tantalizingly enigmatic seduction on even the most diminutively obsolete step that you transgressed?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had

bestowed an unconquerable wave of enlightening optimism in even the most inconspicuously insipid of your majestic reflection?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed an unsurpassable entrenchment of divinely sensitivity in the vicinity of your wonderfully intimate and amiable ears?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed an unshakable sky of benevolently scintillating humanity upon your intrepidly philanthropic shoulders?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed irrefutably unassailable truth in the walls of your Omnisciently priceless conscience?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed an unfathomable cloud of titillating sensuousness in even the most ethereal element of your regale persona?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed an Omnipotent waterfall of breath in your marvelously seductive and profoundly aristocratic nostrils?

And how the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed a perpetually invincible fountain of love; in the beats of your immortally palpitating heart?

40. HOW COULD YOU EVER DREAM

Can you ever dream of comparing the infinitesimally frigid rivulet with the colossally undulating expanse of the ravishing oceans?

Can you ever dream of comparing the pathetically minuscule puff of cloud with the entire expanse of incomprehensibly fathomless and voluptuously blue sky?

Can you ever dream of comparing the disdainfully shriveled petal; with the unsurpassably redolent and panoramically profound depth of the glorious valley?

Can you ever dream of comparing the parsimoniously kicked speck of dirt; with the unfathomably towering and unassailable majestic silhouette of the mountain?

Can you ever dream of comparing the miserably orphaned leg of the insipid spider; with the insatiably unending and spell binding wilderness of the unrelentingly untamed forests?

Can you ever dream of comparing the ethereally slippery granule of impoverished sand; with the majestically insurmountable and regally enamoring landscapes of the overwhelmingly enamoring deserts?

Can you ever dream of comparing the preposterously capricious strand of solitary brown; with the sensuously sprawling and bountifully fascinating entrenchment of the unbelievably limitless meadows?

Can you ever dream of comparing the fugitively sleazy fantasy; with the ingratiatingly vast and boundless cradle of rhapsodically mesmerizing paradise?

Can you ever dream of comparing the inconspicuously threadbare alphabet with the unlimited volume of the extraordinarily embellished and astonishingly eclectic dictionary?

Can you ever dream of comparing the nonchalantly lifeless chunk of rotting photograph; with the regally tantalizing and poignantly marvelous ocean of spell binding memories?

Can you ever dream of comparing the gruesomely squelched brick; with the Orientally majestic and boundlessly Kingly impressions of the impregnable castle?

Can you ever dream of comparing the lugubriously livid blade of the destroyed fan; with the incredulously fantastic and relentlessly enchanting whirlpool of uninhibitedly ebullient breeze?

Can you ever dream of comparing the dingily raunchy bulb; with the Omnipotently grandiloquent and optimistically flamboyant rays of the blazing Mid-Day Sun?

Can you ever dream of comparing the embarrassingly sporadic blush on the cheek; with the ubiquitously everlasting and resplendent fountain of eternal happiness?

Can you ever dream of comparing the pompously devastated treasury of cheap gold; with the unshakably undefeated and pricelessly fascinating paradise of symbiotically melanging mankind?

Can you ever dream of comparing the voice of the frigidly irate ant; with the flamboyantly towering and handsomely galloping prow of the princely panther?

Can you ever dream of comparing the infantile yolk in the brutally whipped egg; with the voluptuously soaring and charismatically flapping fleet of seductive eagles?

Can you ever dream of comparing the stray puff of evanescent breath; with the Omnisciently unbelievable and vibrantly felicitating chapter of perpetually endowing life?

And therefore how could you ever dream of comparing penuriously corrupt man; spurious religion; caste; creed; color and discriminating tribe; with the Omnipresent grandeur and immortally sacrosanct spirit of the; Lord Divine.

41. A PERSON LIVES

A person eats; because of the insatiable hunger of his stomach; the unrelenting pangs of famished gluttony; playing cats and dogs with his impoverished intestines,

A person sleeps; because of the overwhelming dreariness circumventing his eyelids; the insurmountable tiredness enveloping his feet and each of his exhausted senses,

A person desires; because of his intriguingly restless mind; wandering in umpteenth number of exotic directions; in a single complete minute,

A person kills; because of the insane lunatic freely philandering in some part of his countenance; his delirious desire to avenge the uncouth massacres that struck his beloved,

A person gallops; because of the ardent tenacity in the muscles of his feet; his irrevocable yearning to achieve the most exuberant targets in life,

A person sings; because of the unfathomable melody trapped in the agonized chords of his throat; an eternal yearning lingering in his soul; to blend with all the ravishingly beautiful on this colossal planet,

A person laughs; because of the ebullient state of fantasy he rhapsodically enjoys; all the good things that stir up revolutionary miracles in his life,

A person cries; because of horrendous pain engulfing his dwindling visage; the inexplicable trauma embedded in each ingredient of his veins,

A person trusts; because of the innermost voice of his conscience; incessantly urging him to blossom into immortal bonds of friendship,

A person hates; because of ghastly circumstances which compel him to slither miserably on cold ground; while his fellow compatriots snored in the aisles of opulent luxury and salacious lechery,

A person embraces; because of the fulminating agony in his chest; the piece of restlessly inconspicuous caricature that he was rendered; when he lived life in realms of disgusting isolation,

A person evolves; because of the mesmerizing mysticism of this fathomless planet; the intricately ingenious dormitories of his brain; perpetuating to create astounding paradise,

A person procreates; because of the inevitable mechanisms of his fertile persona; his intransigent urge to leave his mark upon the planet; even after he died,

A person devastates; because of the things most cherished to his heart deserting him in his face; metamorphosing his every ambition of life into infinitesimal bits of threadbare chowder,

A person angers; because of bizarre provocation to his impeccable senses; the uncannily miserable feeling of losing his invincible stranglehold on things which were his tireless slave,

A person possesses; because of his incomprehensible feeling to care; his inherently augmenting virtue to defend his mate in every pain,

A person shares; because of the uninhibited spirit of freedom encapsulating his demeanor; the irrevocable longing in each of his veins to benevolently donate till the time he celestially exists,

A person loves; because of the immortal beating of his philanthropic heart; the inferno of unsurpassable attraction; that made him incessantly feel in the land of the divine,

And a person lives; only because God wants him to; till the time God wants him

to; and for countless more births till God wants him to take birth again,

Romantically discovering and exploring; more importantly disseminating the irrefutably sacred essence of humanity; enlightening each cranny of earth with the Omnipotent light of life.

42. THE GREATEST LOVE

The greatest copyright on this Universe; protecting your philanthropically holistic work; from even the most diminutive insinuation of the salacious devil,

The greatest fantasy on this Universe; transcending over the realms of the stupendously extraordinary; metamorphosing all your dreams into a veritable reality,

The greatest light on this Universe; inundating every cranny of deplorably dwindling soil; with irrefutably Omnipotent light,

The greatest fragrance on this Universe; disseminating the spirit of immortal mankind; ensuring that earth forever remained a blissful paradise,

The greatest mirror on this Universe; explicitly depicting the sins and intricacies; of your past; present and mystically future life,

The greatest mountain on this Universe; vanquishing the most deadliest of diabolical attack; with a silent stroke of his little finger,

The greatest brain on this Universe; incredulously evolving and spawning countless of living kind; bountifully blessing them with the prowess to bask in the aisles of everlasting success,

The greatest savior on this Universe; frequenting those who needed him the most; alleviating them of their misery and inexplicable pain,

The greatest ocean on this Universe; quenching the scorching thirst of fathomless; with his Omnipresent ointment of love; his melody that was unfathomably divine,

The greatest truth on this Universe; scrapping blatant lies from its very non-existent; sowing the seeds of impregnable honesty; in every conceivable tribe,

The greatest star on this Universe; enriching the ghastly silence of the solitary

night; with his Omniscient rays of enchanting moonlight,

The greatest destiny on this Universe; majestically maneuvering the lives of those horrifically impoverished; towards Oligarchic royalty and intransigent bliss,

The greatest map on this Universe; astoundingly bifurcating every single iota of land and water; into voluptuously mesmerizing tangible kind,

The greatest knowledge on this Universe; deluging shattered lives wandering maniacally towards suicide; towards the spirit of perennially benevolent times,

The greatest blessing on this Universe; replenishing the life of even the most infinitesimally weak; with unprecedented richness and unparalleled joy,

The greatest dwelling on this Universe; harboring the insurmountably rich; and the disgustingly deprived in his compassionately heavenly swirl; alike,

The greatest power on this Universe; pulverizing the ominously satanic to ludicrous ash; within the single wink of his unconquerable eyes,

The greatest sky on this Universe; showering infinite breathing molecules to lead a harmoniously symbiotic life; bonding their souls with unsurpassable charisma; in every birth he granted them life,

And the greatest love on this Universe; uniting each heart alive with the spirit of uninhibited sharing; the irrevocable spirit to keep serving humanity and be alive,

Was just a minuscule description of my Almighty Lord; who kept bestowing me air to live till the time I committed good deeds upon this earth; squelching me like a pertinent mosquito; the instant I tried to greedily manipulate his benign humanity; and yet dream of being immortally alive.

43. FOOTSTEPS

The footsteps of hatred were as dim as the setting Sun; having no entity of their own; as they lingered ludicrously between dusk and starry twilight,

The footsteps of lies were as squalid as the overripe fruit; abhorrently stinking with a fleet of inconspicuous insects; devouring them to insipid nothingness,

The footsteps of discrimination were as dark as the pathetically dilapidated dungeons; melting into bizarre oblivion; even as the flamboyant Sun; blazed in

passionate agony outside,

The footsteps of treachery were as maim as the disastrously skeletal witch;
reducing to infinitesimal ash as each instant unveiled,

The footsteps of violence were as ethereal as the mosquito's shadow;
diminutively retreating into their cocoon; with the lone draught of united breeze,

The footsteps of slavery were as horrendous as the claustrophobic gutters; with
even the most dirtiest of pigs; irrevocably refusing to follow their path,

The footsteps of communalism were as frigid as the falling leaf; blending
ridiculously with disdainful charcoal; even before they could alight a single inch
from celestial earth,

The footsteps of suicide were as cowardly as the devilish scorpion; which ejected
the ultimate sting of its life; yet retracting countless kilometers back into
shivering soil,

The footsteps of manipulation were as helpless as those behind the sordid prison
bars; eating their lips in invidious frustration; as the blissful bounced and
triumphed outside,

The footsteps of condemnation were as neglected as countless number of tiny
parasites; being pulverized to a miserable death; even before they were born,

The footsteps of nonchalance were as insidiously sinister as baseless cigar
smoke; which ate you like a devastating scarecrow from each of your intricate
insides,

The footsteps of prejudice were as disdainful as the lavatory cockroach; feasting
on raw feces; when an appetizing aroma of food fervently awaited them before
their eyes,

The footsteps of laziness were as brittle as dolorously shattered glass; distorting
the most ravishing of caricatures; into hideously funny clowns,

The footsteps of ill will were as haplessly trapped; as the body of a robust
human; in the jaws of the preposterously gigantic whale,

The footsteps of terrorism were as decaying as horrifically rotting carrion; being
ruthlessly ripped apart into a fathomless segments; by ominous vultures

indefatigably hovering around,

The footsteps of brutality were as feeble as miserly soot; crumbling and deplorably squandering into an infinite bits; even while the wind blew a trifle outside,

The footsteps of betrayal were as worthless as the rolling stones; orphaned and kicked at all quarters of this planet; by every tangible who transgressed on mud,

The footsteps of torture were as murky as the haze that engulfed mockingly at dawn; evaporating into an island of nothingness; with a single stroke of righteousness,

But the footsteps of love; were a wave that immortally bonded one an all on this Universe alike; an unconquerable force to harmonious prosperity; or to simply put it; the only footsteps which were heard in every cranny of God's planet; even before they tread.

44. TODAY- THE MOST CURSED DAY

Ordinarily the soles of my feet didn't bleed an infinitesimal trifle; even as I traversed over a blanket of a billion acrimoniously venomous thorns, But today; the 3rd of April; they just disdainfully crumbled an infinite feet beneath soil; as the sound of your invincibly triumphant and gloriously impeccable footsteps; had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the hair on my skin didn't relent an inconspicuous iota; even as the most diabolical of dinosaurs and war; indiscriminately paraded around my persona, But today; the 3rd of April; they just shriveled into pathetic oblivion at the tiniest insinuation of flaccid wind; as your uninhibitedly untamed valley of sensuousness; had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the blood in my veins didn't quaver an evanescent bit; even as the most unsparingly hedonistic apocalypses of the devil perpetuated into my soul, But today; the 3rd of April; it just metamorphosed into a grotesquely frigid white; as your brilliantly unhindered compassion; had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the hollows of my ears didn't flutter an ethereal inch; even as unbelievably thunderous roars of vindictive lightening; flashed left; right and

center from the belly of the murderously ballistic sky,
But today; the 3rd of April; they just miserably withered to each of my
commands; as your inimitably divinely and beautifully unparalleled voice; had
disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the bones of my demeanor didn't rattle an infidel centimeter; even as
the coffins of inevitable death scurrilously slandered at me a countless times,
But today; the 3rd of April; they just dissolved into fecklessly meaningless pulp
at the sound of my very own voice; as your Omnipotently everlasting tenacity;
had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the whites and blacks of my eye didn't wince a mercurial fraction;
even as the belligerently intolerable rays of the afternoon Sun unceasingly
pierced inside from all quarters,
But today; the 3rd of April; they just wholesomely blinded to the faintest of my
reflection; as the miraculously mitigating contours of your face; had disappeared
forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the cadence of my voice didn't tremble a diminutive whisker; even as
there was nothing else but iconoclastically satanic vultures plucking mouthfuls of
my flesh; with gay abandon all throughout the night,

But today; the 3rd of April; it just transformed into a cadaverously stony silence;
as the Omnipresent smile of your magical lips; had disappeared forever from the
horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the spirit of my conscience didn't stagger a minuscule hairline; even as
the entire planet beside me embraced manipulative prejudice; to catapult to the
pinnacle of spuriously lackadaisical success,
But today; the 3rd of April; it just dissipated into a zillion pieces of nothingness
even before it could becaressed; as your trail of perennially blessing
righteousness had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the beats of my heart didn't betray a parsimonious speck; even as
egregiously perverted treachery had become everyone's morning cup of tea,
But today; the 3rd of April; they converted entirely into lifelessly delinquent
stone although torrential rainshowers of love pelted all across; as your
charismatically immortal shadow had disappeared forever from the horizons of
my veritable sight.

And ordinarily the air of my nostrils didn't stutter an abstemious ounce; even as
the mortuaries of hell personally descended to incarcerate me into doldrums of

inane nothingness,

But today; the 3rd of April; it evaporated a countless kilometers beyond the land of decaying oblivion; although I was impregnated with robust blood; body and bone; as your pristinely unimpeachable and Unconquerably mellifluous spirit; had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

45. GOD IMMORTALLY LOVES

God unsurpassably loves all those rays of the Sun which atleast try their 100 % to blisteringly shine; blaze the trajectory of this earth with intrepidly peerless enlightenment; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God limitlessly loves all those Mountains which atleast try their 100 % to unflinchingly defend; compassionately sequester billions of haplessly impoverished in their wonderfully impregnable belly; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God timelessly loves all those clouds which atleast try their 100 % to shower tantalizing droplets of water; tirelessly inundate traumatically pulverized spaces of land with spellbindingly charismatic rain; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God fathomlessly loves all those trees which atleast try their 100 % to waft into celestially tranquil shade; resplendently enamor even the most infinitesimally dreary bones of the frenetically beleaguered traveler with unparalleled coolness; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God immeasurably loves those bricks which atleast try their 100 % to solidify the colossal edifice; become a quintessentially unshakable ingredient of the foundation even in the worst of apocalypses and for times immemorial; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unconquerably loves all those winds which atleast try their 100 % to unequivocally liberate; grant the wings of magically uninhibited freedom to every organism besieged with manipulatively asphyxiating prejudice; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unprecedentedly loves all those women who atleast try their 100 % to give birth to countless more of her kind; contribute their very best in inexhaustibly continuing the chapters of priceless procreation; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God boundlessly loves all those philanthropist's who atleast try their 100% to holistically mitigate every fraternity of despairingly tyrannized humanity; selflessly embrace every deprived orphan in their swirl of unassailable humanity; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God insurmountably loves all those flowers which atleast try their 100 % to ubiquitously disseminate the scent of fragrant brotherhood; miraculously rejuvenate delinquently dying corpses towards the paradise of effulgently harmonious newness; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God endlessly loves all those granules of soil which atleast try their 100% to burgeon into ebulliently triumphant fruit; beautifully mollify the treacherously emaciated intestines of every bereaved organism; with the endowment of nature divine; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unfathomably loves all those artist's who atleast try their 100% to indefatigably evolve; brilliantly capture the beauty of this unlimitedly panoramic earth; in the singularly bucolic sheet of their barren canvas; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unbiasedly loves all those rainbows which atleast try their 100% to incredibly stupefy the lives of all those cancerously crucified; for just transiently truncated intervals of time; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unceasingly loves all those waves of the ocean which atleast try their 100% to poignantly enrich the lives of one and all; with the majestically untainted fervor of pristinely untamed froth; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unshakably loves all those teachers who atleast try their 100 % to sagaciously educate every gutter of disparagingly lecherous illiteracy; with the principles of symbiotically emollient existence; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unendingly loves all those meadows which atleast try their 100 % to diffuse into mischievously unfettered frolic; metamorphose every vicariously corrupt politician into an innocent child once again; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God eternally loves all those bones which atleast try their 100 % to persevere towards the aisles of gloriously unhindered righteousness; diffuse the true sweat of dazzlingly synergistic existence; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to

unveil.

God unstoppably loves all those paths which atleast try their 100 % to infallibly progress towards Samaritan prosperity; fearlessly face a countless devils on the way; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God perpetually loves all those breath's which atleast try their 100 % to perpetuate a whole new civilization of passionate togetherness and royal camaraderie; every time they exhaled; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

And God immortally loves all those heart's which atleast try their 100% to unabashedly love; unchallengably coalesce in bonds of everlastingly redolent unity; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

46. A PARASITE FROM A PARADISE

Overwhelmed by sedation; in the realms of fathomlessly enchanting fantasy,
Floating on a blanket of clouds; with a festoon of seductive fairies dancing
incessantly around me,
Embracing the voluptuous coat of verdant grass full throttle; rampantly rolling in
the stupendous blades till times immemorial,
Perceiving the most incredulous objects in this Universe; surging astronomically
forward than the spirit of times,
Tell me where is death; Tell me where is pain; More importantly Tell me O!
Almighty lord; why have people made this blissful planet of yours; a parasite
from a paradise.

Sniffing the mesmerizing aroma of heavenly nectar; boisterously leaping behind
the swarming bees,
Blending majestically with the Sunshine; basking under in the glory of milky
beams of exotic moon,
Admiring the resplendent blanket of glittering stars; philandering like a prince on
the summit of velvety ice,
Saluting the birds soaring high in the ephemeral evenings; profoundly lost in the
cadence of the Queenly nightingale,
Tell me where is death; Tell me where is pain; More importantly Tell me O!
Almighty lord; why have people made this blissful planet of yours; a parasite
from a paradise.

Galloping through the fields of blossoming corn; indefatigably cuddling the
innocuous sheep sleeping on the hills,

Gyrating fervently in the music of the morning cuckoo; splashing euphorically in an unfathomable ocean of tangy water,
Daintily caressing the Oligarchic oyster; seductively swishing the body under the ravishing waterfall that enigmatically cascaded from the mountain,
Feasting on a celestial meal of rhapsodically fresh cherries; lying in mute silence on the shimmering carpet of sea sands,
Tell me where is death; Tell me where is pain; More importantly Tell me O! Almighty lord; why have people made this blissful planet of yours; a parasite from a paradise.

Placing the arms in the lap of insurmountably bountiful nature; chasing squirrels as they slithered in sheer ecstasy up the corrugated tree,
Voraciously coating the entire body with a slurry of tantalizingly wet rain mud; gasping in dumbfounded astonishment as the mirage loomed larger in the golden desert soil,
Listening with rapt attention to the incredulously animated chirping of the amicable parrot; gallivanting beside the fire as its royal flames crackled in the midst of marvelous midnight,
Savoring exuberantly cool coconut with rubicund pair of lips; transiting into a rejuvenating reverie; boundless decades before this Universe was first created,
Tell me where is death; Tell me where is pain; More importantly Tell me O! Almighty lord; why have people made this blissful planet of yours; a parasite from a paradise.

47. WHO THE HELL WERE YOU?

The flower while diffusing its scent didn't think even once, as to whether its fragrance was going to be inhaled by the savage beasts or by an impeccable human,

The clouds while pelting sheets of crystal rain didn't think even once, as to whether the water would drench a person who was ominously black or pure white,

The trees while shedding fruit didn't think even once as to whether the resins toppling would be consumed by road side beggar or the jeweled prince seated handsomely on the crown,

The fire while blazing full throttle didn't think even once, as to whether its flames would shelter the naked or the fully clothed; in the freezing night,

The moon shimmering majestically didn't think even once as to whether its

profound glow would illuminate the house of a 'Hindu' or an orthodox 'Islam',

The river flowing perennially didn't think even once, as to whether its waters would pacify the thirst of a blind man or a girl with golden eyes,

The bees while making tones of sparkling honey didn't think even once, as to whether a mother would apply the same on her infants lips or red ants would crawl greedily from all sides,

The wind as it gustily blew didn't think even once, as to whether its harmonious flow cooled the most sophisticated or granted solace to those behind prison bars in sweltering summer,

The feather tipped pen as it wrote didn't think even once, as to whether it was held in the hands of the sanctimonious priest or a true writer embossing boundless lines of literature with his own blood,

The wet soil sprawled over million kilometers of territory didn't think even once, as to whether it was going to be used in construction of the grandiloquent castle or to raise walls of the dingy seaside hut,

The oxygen circulating freely in air didn't think even once, as to whether its was going to instill new life in the lungs of a criminal or revive the dying prime-minister,

The tufts of immaculate cotton sprouting in fields didn't even think once, as to whether they were going to be stitched for the body of a King or would softly caress the one legged orphan,

The panoramic landscapes of Nature didn't even think once, as to whether their beauty would drown the mightiest entity or harbor the hideous beaked vulture,

The enchanting cuckoo while singing didn't think even once, as to whether its voice would appease the soldiers marching through the border or put off the ungainly burglars to tranquil sleep,

The silver granules of sweat while dribbling didn't think even once, as to whether to ooze from the armpits of a Business tycoon or roll from the bedraggled laborer working on the rooftop,

The heart while throbbing didn't think even once, as to whether it was beating in the chest of a tall man or people born as dwarfs since birth,

The passion in love didn't think even once, as to whether it was embracing the stinkingly rich or the individual trespassing in tottered trousers,

The Creator while evolving the Universe didn't think even once, as to whether there would be man or woman, the rich or poor, the black or white, the tall or short, the language of English or mystical Sanskrit,

THEN WHO THE HELL WERE YOU TO DISCRIMINATE, ATTACH
BASELESS VALUES TO SOCIETY AND CASTE, RIP APART THE
ENTIRE HUMAN KIND INTO SEGMENTS OF DIFFERENT COLOR?

48. HE WHO IS AFRAID OF DEATH

He who is afraid of stark darkness; is never accepted by brilliant daylight,

He who is afraid of inexplicable pain; is never accepted by perennial joy,

He who is afraid of barbaric betrayal; is never accepted by passionate fantasy
and sizzling romance,

He who is afraid of fulminating lava and blistering heat; is never accepted by
rosy winter with moist ice cascading freely from the skies,

He who is afraid of an ocean of augmenting tears; is never accepted by amicable
smiles,

He who is afraid of the fathomless expanse of a yawn; is never accepted by
boisterous energy,

He who is afraid of profound emptiness and more than a million hours of
boredom creeping in; is never accepted by flowing time,

He who is afraid of ghastly accidents occurring uncannily on the streets; is never
accepted by electric paced race,

He who is afraid of overwhelming work and rivers of perspiration dribbling out; is
never accepted by frolic play,

He who is afraid of ghosts and appalling horror; is never accepted by the
stupendous angel,

He who is afraid of blatant lies; is never accepted by the definitions of impeccable truth,

He who is afraid of abashing abuse and an armory of unheard expletives; is never accepted by the sweet melody in sound,

He who is afraid of the blanket cover of horrendous black; is never accepted by sparkling white,

He who is afraid of scorching thirst; is never accepted by gushing rivers of white water,

He who is afraid of licentious desires and the chapter of procreation; is never accepted by the domains of any religion,

He who is afraid of violent whirlpools and tumultuous storms; is never accepted by the pleasant evening,

He who is afraid of the hissing reptile; is never accepted by the chimneys of glittering gold,

He who is afraid of crumbling in shambles on the ground; is never accepted by the twin pair of robust legs,

He who is afraid of wholesome silence; is never accepted by the virtue of eloquent speech,

He who is afraid of clusters of hideous fungus; is never accepted by the rubicund fruit,

He who is afraid of tyrannical slavery; is never accepted by the royal and stupendously embellished throne,

He who is afraid of indiscriminate massacre and bloodshed; is never accepted by immortal laughter,

He who is afraid of decaying stench and dilapidated cobweb; is never accepted by the incredulously fragrant rose,

He who is afraid of the new born infant; is never accepted by the prudently sagacious adult,

He who is afraid of undulating and harsh sands of the desert; is never accepted by pure satiny silk,

He who is afraid of infinite shards of broken glass; is never accepted by the handsomely scintillating mirror,

He who is afraid of unprecedented starvation; is never accepted by ravishing morsels of tantalizing food,

He who is afraid of mind boggling enigmas; is never accepted by the perfectly synchronized solution,

He who is afraid of the unsurpassable depth of the valley; is never accepted by the plain terrain and rustic roads,

He who is afraid of the rotten pile of disparaging garbage; is never accepted by the sacrosanct and holy Ganges,

He who is afraid of the colossal and pugnacious battlefield; is never accepted by the apostle of peace,

He who is afraid of stringently blaring music and an ambience of wandering wolves; is never accepted by the pious temple,

He who is afraid of the devil and the towering giant; is never accepted by the Omnipotent creator,

And he who is afraid of death and the morbid silhouette of corpse; is never accepted by mesmerizing life.

49. IF THERE WAS ANYBODY

There were some who hated office; for being murderously monotonous; invidiously trespassing against their blissful lives and compassionately adorable families,

There were some who hated war; for being diabolically destructive; evolving civilizations of newness; at the cost of countless rivers of innocent blood,

There were some who hated the day; for being acrimoniously blistering; savagely crippling the flow of uninhibitedly untamed fantasy; in their surreally exotic minds,

There were some who hated the cuckoo; for devilishly disturbing their celestial morning sleep; ruthlessly jarring them from their ingratiatingly nocturnal slumber and rhapsodic bedcover delights,

There were some who hated the buildings; for satanically obstructing their panoramically pristine view; for lecherously asphyxiating them of veritably glorious air and exhilarating exuberance,

There were some who hated the dungeons; for disastrously camouflaging their blissfully innocuous persona; with violent whirlpools of ghastly blackness,

There were some who hated the rain; for vindictively playing spoil sport in their pragmatically routine activities; impeding their electric pace; to triumphantly surge forward in vibrant life,

There were some who hated the gutters; for obnoxiously infiltrating the tranquil serenity of their dwellings; with horrendously preposterous scent,

There were some who hated the mountains; for perilously hovering in the way of their handsomely majestic flight; engendering them to crash like insipid mincemeat; against the treacherously demonic slopes,

There were some who hated the clock; for indefatigably tick tocking all night and brilliant day; not letting them rest even an inconspicuous trifle; to wholesomely shrug the astronomical perseverance of the previous day,

There were some who hated the ice; for indiscriminately numbing the poignantly scarlet blood in their veins; abominably jeopardizing their progress towards an impregnably scintillating victory,

There were some who hated the jungles; for worthlessly marauding upon precious space; constricting the blissful development of the contemporary civilization; with its uncouthly rampant maze of creepers and beasts,

There were some who hated the graveyards; for perpetuating their ambience with ghoulishly cursed doom; when an organism could be very well be burnt as well; after abdicating its last iota of breath,

There were some who hated destiny; for the inexplicable twists and agonizingly painstaking turns; which treacherously inhibited them in their blazingly steady course of dazzling life,

There were some who hated children; for their rambunctiously unruly behavior; ominously corrupting the spurious somberity; of their aristocratically rich cigar smoke; vixen and opulent wine,

There were some who hated truth; for explicitly landing them in an unfathomable ocean of trouble; when they could have easily saved their ungainly trembling skins; under the blanket of derogatory lies,

There were some who hated the night; for enveloping them with disdainfully sultry blackness; more importantly forcing them to close commercial shop; and thereby horrifically restrict the flow of gold coin and silver,

There were some who hated love; for intrepidly trespassing against the fabric of conventionally tyrannical humanity; pulverizing their spurious corpse of rules and regulations to non-existent skeleton chowder,

There were some who even hated breath; for sporadically intervening them in their so called brilliantly innovative thought process; cursing their robotically conventional bodies with eternal rest,

And if there was anybody who hated the word hate with irrefutable hatred; then it was none other than Almighty Lord himself; for we humans were mere mortals portraying even the tiniest of our disgust to the most appalling limits; while his Omnipotent fingers were miraculously the ones; which metamorphosed all hatred forever into the sky of immortal love.

50. ONLY ONE DOOR

When the waves of depression uncontrollably transcended above conceivable limits; not being placated by even the most rhapsodically tantalizing cloud of ebullient happiness,

When the dungeons of misery gruesomely exacerbated to limits beyond bizarre recognition; with the most impeccable harbingers of humanity dithering to make the slightest of; philanthropic indentation,

When the prisons of diabolical insanity vindictively proliferated all the time; and the most melodiously enchanting sagaciousness pathetically staggered to cause even an; inconspicuously infinitesimal difference,

When all routes leading to blissful prosperity had perpetually closed; being tyrannically whipped by whirlwinds of devilishly horrendous discontent,
There was only one door in the entire Universe; which still had perennially unassailable light; there was only one door which still harbored one and all

irrespective of caste; creed and spurious religion alike; O! yes it was indeed a door; which irrefutably led to the Omnisciently sacred feet of Almighty Lord.

1.

When disastrous ugliness had taken an incorrigibly rebellious stranglehold over the entire planet; and the most exotically fragrant of bountiful beauty; wholesomely stumbling to perpetuate in; even a minuscule fraction,
When tears of immaculately innocent flowed like unfathomable oceans of anguish; and even the most formidably prudent panaceas despicably failing to comfort them even an inconspicuous iota,
When pugnacious thunderbolts of ominous fire rained ferociously from fathomless carpets of sky; and even the most heavenly winds of compassion ghastily dithering to quell them; even a remotely obsolete dimension,
When gutters of crime and stench had embedded their roots horrifically into sagacious soil; and even the most Herculean of stalwarts; being blown apart to ludicrous dust by the most insipid of their voices,
There was only one door in this Universe; which immortally glimmered with vibrant hope and humanity; there was only door that majestically treated even the most devastatedly maimed as the ultimate crown prince; O! yes it was indeed a door; which irrefutably led to the invincibly Omnipotent aura of the Almighty Lord.

2.

When the orphanages of poverty massacred countless innocuous in their satanically demonic swirl; and even the most astoundingly fresh chapters of evolution;
nonchalantly succumbing in their benign mission,
When every holistic dwelling on this planet gorily collapsed under the treacherous might of murderous manipulation; and even the most benevolent wings of peace; being shattered to disdainfully rotting dust,
When rivers acrimoniously flowed with waters of pricelessly wailing blood; and even the most salubriously eternal fruits of creation; lugubriously drying in their footsteps of alleviating perpetual mankind,
When thunderbolts of indiscriminate terror pelted unsparingly upon all those blissfully humanitarian; and the fortress of united solidarity reverberated like an infant; under the onslaught of the cold blooded devil,
There was only one door in this Universe; which unrelentingly radiated with the charisma of celestially panoramic existence; there was only one door which uninhibitedly sequestered you in its compassionately poignant swirl; O! yes it

was indeed a door; which irrefutably led to the impregnably ever pervading paradise of the Omnipresently Almighty Lord.

3.

When boundless impeccable living were uncouthly lambasted for ostensibly no fault of theirs; and even the most scintillatingly articulate pathways of glorious success; now retracting like a mouse into its incarcerated shell,
When a savagely insidious carpet of darkness lecherously besieged the sparkling eyes; and even the most enlightening beams of profound optimism; despairingly faltering in their progress to trigger hope once again,
When the innermost dormitories of the soul and conscience harbored nothing but a dustbin of blatant lies; and even the most patriotic swords of truth; incessantly failing to chop acerbic badness from its very roots,
When derogatory traps of barbarically snared their fangs on every step that the innocent tread; and even the most mightiest powerhouses of fortitude; disgustingly deviating in their way to assist penalized humanity,
There was only one door in this Universe; which unflinchingly supported the cause of divine righteousness; there was only door which infinite organisms knocked even in the middle of the whipping midnight; O! yes it was indeed a door; that irrefutably led to the marvelously forgiving chamber of the unconquerable Almighty Lord.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

1 God - Poems On God, Creator - Volume 4

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This Book which has 80 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 4 of the Book titled - 1 God - Poems on God, Creator (522 pages) .

A Profound Dedication

A ramification of the innumerable Omnipotent fragrances of life that I've smelt by the grace of God-I'm grateful to him for enlightening me about his chapters of invincible creation and considering me worthy enough to describe his unparalleled splendor, in a few words and in the shape of this book. A salient tribute to his undefeated power.

Prologue

The compilation of poems depicts the Omniscient Creator in his infinite unconquerable shapes and forms. Goes to irrefutably prove that there is just one Creator, you choose to call him by whatever name-and for everyone one of us till the time we live. This book is a perpetual dedication to Almighty Lord. It quintessentially portrays the splendor of the Almighty Creator in his infinite forms. Goes to victoriously prove at every step, that no matter how hard the devil tries to annihilate the planet-an inconspicuous tap of the Lord's finger makes him crumble to his very last non-existent frigid roots.

About the Book

Poems depicting the 'Omnipotent' glory of the Creator in an infinite forms that the poet could ever conceive. Natural and uninhibited outpourings of the heart these poems transport the reader into a world of spirituality and magnificence of Godhead. Every poetic piece shows Parekh's unparalleled love for the Almighty and immortalizes the Omnipresent aura of the Lord in a boundless ways and shapes. This spiritually enriched compendium of poems is for all those who've timelessly admired the miraculous prowess and powers of God at each stage of their lives. Those who've lived each instant of their lives

worshipping his Omniscient grace irrespective of the most murderous hell descending around. The poetic imagery brilliantly transcends over every inhibition of caste, creed, color and religion and goes to perpetually prove that all living beings are one and blessed in his fathomless sacrosanct light of truth. The poems depict Parekh's oneness in mind, body and spirit with the Creator.

CONTENTS

1. A BIG NO
2. 100 BONES
3. THE GREATEST CONCESSION
4. IS THIS WHY?
5. NO CLOUDS
6. WASN'T IT UNIMAGINABLY STRANGE?
7. THE ONLY ROUTE TO HEAVEN
8. ENTIRELY NAKED.
9. PERPETUAL COMMAND
10. INFRONT OF
11. YOU COULD YET MAKE HIM HAPPY
12. WAKE ME UP ONLY IF
13. THE ART WAS ALWAYS YOURS
14. A HUMBLE PRAYER-BLESS ME
15. THE KING OF POETRY
16. BEFORE
17. STYLE
18. PLEASE BESTOW UPON ME
19. ITS POSSIBLE; BECAUSE IT IS NATURAL
20. WHEN YOU CAME INTO MY LIFE
21. GOD PLEASE BLESS ME WITH SLEEP
22. YOU WEREN'T CONDEMNING THE BLACK CAT. YOU WERE
INFACCT CONDEMNING GOD WHO EVOLVED IT IN THE FIRST
PLACE
23. THE LAST THING I DID BEFORE GOING OFF TO SLEEP
24. HE WAS EVERY PERSON'S CREATOR
25. IF YOU REALLY HAD THE URGE TO CLEAN SOMETHING
26. WHAT HE ACTUALLY CONSIDERED MAN
27. HE WAS THE ONE
28. TONES
29. IS THERE ANY POINT
30. AFTER DEATH
31. I COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE
32. COLLISIONS

33. A PLACE IN HEAVEN
34. DON'T MAKE ME
35. BLESS MY HEART
36. DON'T MAKE ME INSENSITIVE
37. FIRST AND LAST
38. THE DAY
39. STRIP
40. CAN YOU?
41. BUT IT IS MY HUMBLE PLEA!
42. AT YOUR DOORSTEP
43. LET TRUE LOVE REMAIN IMMORTAL
44. IMMORTAL HUMANITY
45. YET. AND UNBELIEVABLY YET.
46. I WAS DEFINITELY PROUD
47. START AND END
48. PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME RICH!
49. THE LORD WAS WATCHING YOU
50. WHY DO YOU?
51. WHEN YOU WERE THERE BY MY SIDE
52. GOD GIFTED BRAIN.
53. IF ITS FROM YOUR HEART
54. FOREVER.
55. THE GREATEST OFFERING
56. PRICELESSLY EQUAL
57. HOW DOES IT REALLY MATTER
58. NOT THE TINIEST OF DIFFERENCE AT ALL
59. UNASSAILABLE LORD ALMIGHTY
60. UNPREPARED
61. EVEN IF YOU PLACED
62. OMNISCIENTLY AMELIORATING GOD.
63. NO WEALTH; NO WORSHIPPING REQUIRED
64. IN ORDER TO PERPETUALLY ATTAIN 'GOD'
65. BROKEN HEART
66. THE CREATOR WAS PRESENT IN EACH HEARTBEAT OF IMMORTAL LOVE
67. THE HEAVEN OF IMMORTAL LOVE.
68. GREEDY FOR THAT ETERNAL BLACKNESS
69. ONCE AGAIN BACK IN THE CREATOR'S HEAVEN
70. ATTAINING HEAVEN FROM YOUR CORPSE IN HELL
71. FOR ANYTHING & EVERYTHING—ANYTIME & ANYWHERE
72. IRRESPECTIVE OF WHETHER YOU GET YOUR GIRL'S LOVE OR NOT
73. WHO'S BOTHERED THE TINIEST OF DEATH
74. FROM EARTHLY JAIL TO HEAVEN

75. ULTIMATE DESTINATION

76. I WAS ARDENTLY DYING TO DIE

77. I FINALLY WON

78. HOW HIS PLANET BEHAVED AS THE WIND BLEW

79. I'D KEEP LOVING YOU; TILL THE END OF THIS LIFE

80. EVERY DAY- A NEW GIFT FROM THE OMNISCIENT CREATOR

1. A BIG NO

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to sight the wonderfully resplendent island of milky moon?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to romantically philander and enthrallingly admire; the stupendously magical contours of the Sun soaked hills?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to relish the tantalizingly ravishing waves; of the exuberantly tangy and undulating sea?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to profusely feast on the unfathomably grandiloquent festoon of golden dewdrops; majestically caressing the voluptuous strands of morning grass?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to wholeheartedly enjoy under the tantalizingly seductive and torrential cloudshowers of; exotically marvelous rain?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to witness unsurpassable flocks of blissful sheep; royally sprint in the ebulliently timeless meadows?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to ecstatically surge and bountifully blend; with the charismatically ravishing winds that confronted you in your way?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to repay back your divinely mother; for the pricelessly aristocratic energy that she perpetually embedded; in each of your impoverished veins?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to substitute the death of your royally blessed beloved?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to award the patriotically valiant soldier; a compensation equivalent to his immortally slained life?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to purchase back the smiles of all those children; orphaned in sordidly stinking dustbins; right from the very first cry of their birth?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to bask in the glory of the stupendously reinvigorating rainbow; let its magnanimous boisterousness take complete control over your frazzled senses?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to incredulously relish your profoundly impeccable rudiments; the trail of inscrutable enigma that you celestially reminisced; on your expedition of tracing your very first ancestor?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to sleazily confiscate truth in your impoverished palms; buy it in unsurpassable quantities every day; although with gruesome blackness camouflaging your soul and heart?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to witness your child uninhibitedly smile; inundate every miserably incarcerated cranny of your chained existence; with unendingly jubilation and melodious happiness?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to transcend past the corridors of divine meditation; wholesomely coalesce your spirit with all mankind; one and synergistically alike?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to unequivocally enlighten the candle of blissfully compassionate hope; in every dwelling besieged with traumatically tyrannized agony?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to perennially inhale euphorically resplendent air into your puristically humanitarian lungs; quintessentially enshroud your dwindling existence; with thunderbolts of vibrant life?

And is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to invincibly dedicate each beat of your heart to the person you irrefutably adored; and I ask you once again; that is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to fall in IMMORTAL LOVE?

For all of you who say YES to the above; I can only convey to you what the Almighty Lord has ordered me to do; that the questions above are unconquerably priceless; and the heavenly answer to all of them is indeed and forever will be; a BIG NO.

2.100 BONES

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast mitigate a 100 people from the aisles of inexplicably traumatic suffering during your entire lifetime; not to erect an infinite ghoulish palaces of yours; upon their innocently unblemished blood,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast save a 100 innocuous orphans from drowning in the satanic waters during your entire lifetime; not to viciously sell them to your infinite viciously devilish agents; so that they could tawdrily trade them for their nubile skin,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast grow a 100 holistically bountiful trees during your entire lifetime; not to ruthlessly massacre infinite blissful lives; just to appease the spuriously petulant itching in your sinister eyes,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast evolve a 100 abodes for the tremblingly oppressed during your entire lifetime; not to pave infinite battlefields of unrelentingly pugnacious war; deluging every cranny of the celestial planet with indiscriminately vengeful bloodshed,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast enlighten a 100 despicably shattered faces with a smile during your entire lifetime; not to squalidly replenish infinite bombastic swimming pools of yours with tears of the devastatingly deprived,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast disinfect a 100 km of land of all its malicious parasite during your entire lifetime; not to uncouthly trample your chariot of derogatory gunpowder; over an infinite ebulliently new born infant lives,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast thank a 100 people for their benevolent graciousness during your entire lifetime; not to scurrilously slander infinite impeccable children; for ostensibly no reason nor rhyme,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast light the lantern of spell binding compassion in a 100 despairingly extinguishing households during your entire lifetime; not to mercilessly keep infinite a fragrant flower at the hideously venomous nozzle of

your gunpoint,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast sagaciously educate a 100 illiterate during your entire lifetime; not to heartlessly snatch away even the most infinitesimally fleeting happiness; from infinite symbiotically majestic lives,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast behead a 100 repugnant devils during your entire lifetime; not to ominously asphyxiate the throats of infinite divinely lactating mothers; for nonsensically immortalizing your own; treacherous kind,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast ameliorate a 100 wounded soldiers of your sacred motherland during your entire lifetime; not to lecherously bury infinite a living organism countless feet beneath their grave; even as their emanated the first cries of euphoric life,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast sing a 100 songs of unassailable unity during your entire lifetime; not to horrifically maim infinite a mellifluous voice; with the truculently sordid wings of your corpulently corruptive authority,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast march a 100 unflinching footsteps for uplifting your heavenly homesoil during your entire lifetime; not to insanely sell even the tiniest robe of your divinely mother; to infinite luridly barking parasites,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast bend a 100 times in due obeisance of nature's panoramic charisma during your entire lifetime; not to preposterously keep towering like a chauvinistically self centered flagpole; luridly crippling infinite blissful bodies; their bread and brime,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast uninhibitedly melange with a 100 different tribes during your entire lifetime; not to lethally diffuse bombs of acridly whipping discrimination; amongst infinite civilizations worldwide,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast free a 100 torturously excoriated of your comrades from clutches of despondent slavery during your entire lifetime; not to lasciviously sculpture an infinite bars of macabre prison; with unending shrieks of the amiably immaculate,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast feed a 100 unfathomably emaciating stomachs during your entire lifetime; not to perniciously infiltrate the morsels of infinite haplessly staggering; with your worthless spit,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast splash the lives of a 100 infertile with vivaciously ingratiating color during your entire lifetime; not to invidiously stash your own dungeons with bloodstained carcasses of your; infinite egregiously crucified prey,

And God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast throb a 100 times for the spirit of life; unshakable love and timeless humanity during your entire lifetime; not to betrayingly steal infinite an heart; so that you could exist for an unstoppable more lives.

3. THE GREATEST CONCESSION

At times no concessions; even when you stop the desperately strangulated teenager; from committing heinously unforgivable suicide,

At times no concessions; even when you unflinchingly break the backbone of disparagingly coldblooded crime; metamorphosing every bit of terrorizing loneliness into the aisles of triumphantly resplendent freedom,

At times no concessions; even when you stand like invincible fortress to sequester the miserably bereaved widow; from lasciviously scurrilous gestures of the conventionally ostracizing society,

At times no concessions; even when you wholeheartedly embrace the disastrously orphaned urchin; compassionately nourishing him with every ingredient of your scarlet blood; while the world outside brutally lambasted at gay abandon,

At times no concessions; even when you exhausted even the most infinitesimal iota of your jubilant happiness; to regally replenish the lives of all those savagely breathing under the sordidly treacherous gutter pipes,

At times no concessions; even when you irrefutably supported the cause of eternally sparkling truth; with every step that you tread; ruthlessly excoriating your flesh like a billion macabre thorns,

At times no concessions; even when you altruistically sacrifice your very own profoundly loved ones; for the sake of liberating your timelessly fragrant and revered motherland,

At times no concessions; even when you desecrate evil from its very non-

existent roots; celestially disseminate the essence of eternally symbiotic humanity,

At times no concessions; even when you enlighten unconquerable lamps of ebullient hope; in all those dwellings incarcerated within chains of mordantly disparaging despair,

At times no concessions; even when you selflessly shatter every conceivable bone of your intrepid body; to save the innocuous infant from perniciously insidious drowning,

At times no concessions; even when you benevolently donate every penny of your hard earned wealth; just to see the most pricelessly unassailable smile; on the miserably chapped lips of the disheveled beggar boy,

At times no concessions; even when you treacherously bleed to extinction; in the process of becoming the voice of the tyrannically divested; indefatigably fighting for their cause till your last breath,

At times no concessions; even when you fearlessly confronted the traitors army singlehandedly; incessantly chanting the name of your mothersoil; as they truculently pulverized every ingredient of your handsome countenance,

At times no concessions; even when you uncontrollably shiver in morbidly freezing blackness; just to ensure that every single space of your philanthropic dwelling was inhabited by; witheringly decrepit mankind,

At times no concessions; even when you entirely abandoned each of your fantastically tantalizing dreams; magnanimously dedicating every pore of your body; to the Samaritan service of your respected nation,

At times no concessions; even when you charred your visage to insipidly threadbare ash; frantically attempting to save the mystical forests from torching under the salacious tumult of adulterated fire,

At times no concessions; even when you chivalrously stripped every cranny of your poignant flesh; to passionately embrace the dreary traveler; who was just a pair of grotesquely emaciated bones,

At times no concessions; even when you tirelessly march on your mission to make every person on this earth; prosperous; employed and literate; although fangs of devastatingly forlorn cancer viciously stabbed your intricate veins and

blood,

At times no concessions; even as you unfurled into the immortally vibrant colors of goodness and unassailable love; austerely crippling your every inevitable desire; so that the planet continued to exist as a gorgeously charismatic paradise,

O! Yes at times no concessions given to you for doing even the absolute best you could for every construable fraternity of mankind; for invincibly protecting countless lives even as you expunged your very last breath; for being an implacably truthful harbinger of humanity at every path you took timeless stride,

As the greatest concession given to you perpetually by Lord Almighty; was the carpet of vivaciously gifted and fantastically supreme life.

4. IS THIS WHY?

Preposterously stinking politics; unsurpassable civilizations disastrously confounded with the indescribably sordid devil of heinous corruption,

Obnoxiously abhorrent dirt; countless orphaned without even a leaf to cover their shivering skins; while their rich counterparts triumphantly danced in palaces superfluously overflowing with silk and ecstatic gold,

Baselessly derogatory lies; unfathomable numbers of innocent organisms being devoured like pieces of infinitesimally threadbare shit; by diabolical maelstroms of manipulation,

Mercilessly alien ruthlessness; with even the most capricious iota of celestial empathy being replaced by tirelessly indiscriminating bloodshed and barbaric massacre,

Is this why Almighty Lord had created us so bountifully; magnanimously blessed us with two sacredly heavenly eyes; an enchantingly blissful festoon of vibrant eyelashes; that ebulliently danced till the very end of our time?

1.

Intransigently hovering parasites; unsparingly sucking even after the last droplet of blood had exhausted in the impeccably snoring child,

Ominously truculent dictatorship; where black demons uncouthly chopped hands

and feet into a boundless pieces; at even the most inadvertently harmless of their mistakes,

Gorily disparaging darkness; where baseless powerhouses profoundly enlightened their own spacecrafts; shutting the last dormitories of hope and optimistic light for the deprived,

Sanctimoniously sleazy hierarchy; venomously forcing the true artist to shed tears of penalizing blood over his unassailably divine masterpieces; as the already established greats indefatigably shot him into the aisles of remorseful nothingness,

Is this why Almighty Lord had created us so resplendently; Omnisciently blessed us with two perfectly robust arms; and majestically eclectic fingers raring to vivaciously splash the dolorous atmosphere with colors of astounding existence?

2.

Treacherously unforgiving raunchiness; where even sacrosanct mothers bawdily traded their flesh; for just a few trash wads of crinkled paper; with monotonous numerals galore,

Salaciously lethal robberies; where even the most overpoweringly opulent truculently snatched away indispensable morsels of food; from the already shattered plates of the bizarrely deprived,

Deliberately languid unconsciousness; although the atmosphere ubiquitously brimmed with euphorically exhilarating and jubilant activity,

Invidiously acrimonious morbidity; with people not even allowing the tragically departed; a mercurial iota of space to be buried in their very own patriotically heavenly soil,

Is this why Almighty Lord had created us so ingratiatingly; Omnipotently blessing us with two tenaciously resilient legs; with a pricelessly regale shadow unflinchingly following us; all flamboyant day and compassionate night?

3.

Disastrously crippling unemployment; with ostentatiously pompous cigarette smoke; impious slang and unfathomably endless oceans of wine; meaninglessly massacring the innocently illiterate,

Ignominiously squelching poverty; with innumerable immaculate infants
mushrooming up on treacherously livid gutter water; instead of beautifully
privileged mother's milk,

Satanically slitting apart each other's throats; as even those related by blood
brutally fought every unfurling moment of their lives; in the spuriously
nonchalant and worthless rat race; to be the best,

Vindictively adulterating environment; with even the most pragmatically
educated; heinously perpetuating the celestial air with atom bombs and nuclear
gas; sowing the seeds of dreadfully prejudiced war wherever there was immortal
love,

Is this why Almighty Lord had created us so bloomingly; invincibly blessing us
with two pairs of charismatically crimson lips; and a fantastically unsurpassable
brain which even the most contemporary of computers; miserably dithered to
emulate.

5. NO CLOUDS

When I looked up at the sky in my states of penalizingly noxious prejudice; with
my fists overwhelmingly raring to pulverize all around me; into inconspicuously
threadbare shit,
All I could see was clouds with vindictive streaks of manipulatively beguiling
violet; threateningly seeming to brutally strangulate the very fabric of enchanting
existence.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of lecherously augmenting discontent;
with even the most replenishing of riches failing to trigger the slightest jubilation
in my preposterously greedy life,
All I could see was clouds with cataclysmically malicious streaks of dirty grey,
perniciously adulterating the impeccable fountain of mesmerizing existence.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of remorseful anguish; with my
persona treacherously abandoning even the most humanitarian sects of the
blissfully sagacious society,
All I could see was clouds with thunderous reverberations of gory red; raining
down unrelentingly cold-blooded downpours of diabolical hell.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of indefatigably castigating rebuke;
with my tongue lambasting sardonically heinous abuse at even the most

bountifully blooming entity that it encountered in its way,
All I could see was clouds with decaying tinges of lugubriously decaying yellow;
insidiously plotting every unfurling second of the day to baselessly pulverize
melodiously exotic existence.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of raunchy uxoriousness; being
irrevocably drawn towards sleazily derogatory smoke; vixen and wine,
All I could see was clouds with thunderbolts of perfidiously white lightening;
intractably bent upon metamorphosing every aspect of glorious existence into
mists of meaningless chowder.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of horrifically debilitating insanity; with
every cranny of my countenance maniacally marauding even the most holistic
ingredient of the spell bindingly rhapsodic atmosphere,
All I could see was clouds with pugnacious battlefields of ghastly brown;
salaciously trying their best to corrupt the ingratiatingly majestic charisma of
vibrant existence.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of tasteless exasperation; tirelessly
fuming and fretting at even the most fantastically reinvigorating shades of my
inexorably fantasizing mind,
All I could see was clouds with abominably lackadaisical grains of chalky
turquoise; surreptitiously planning to nondescriptly imprison; the regally soaring
colors of ebulliently euphoric existence.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of treacherous nonchalance; slithering
like an infidel insect in the marshes of desperation; without the tiniest of mission
or ambition in vivacious life,
All I could see was clouds with sordid maelstroms of disparagingly dolorous
black; torturously thrashing and uprooting the tree of marvelously aristocratic
existence.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of satanic disbelief; not trusting even
the most blazing inferno of patriotically perpetual truth,
All I could see was clouds with inconspicuous traces of ephemeral blue;
venomously poisoning the sacrosanct demeanor of existence to abscond towards
the graveyards of non-existent death.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of criminal hatred; parasitically sucking
innocent blood; just in order to spuriously titillate the already scrumptiously
rejuvenated trajectories of my skin,
All I could see was clouds with tyrannical prisons of cheating green; miserably

eluding eternally iridescent existence of its; profoundly bountiful passion and graciousness.

But when I looked up at the sky in my states of perennially unassailable love; harboring nothing else but the spirit of timeless companionship in my heart; for every caste; creed; religion and organism; royally alike, I saw no clouds at all; not even the most mercurial trace of devilish savagery around; as all that stared into my innocuous eyes was the Omnipotent light of the Sun; which immortally enlightened me to live and let live; forever and ever and ever.

6. WASN'T IT UNIMAGINABLY STRANGE?

Wasn't it incredibly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to tawdrily abuse; ghastily desecrate the fabric of impeccability to the most unprecedented limits?

Wasn't it astoundingly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to filthily spit; ignominiously taint the spotless cradle of earth; with insouciantly foul saliva?

Wasn't it unbelievably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to abhorrently curse; cadaverously meting out your personal frustration upon another of the Lord's superior living being?

Wasn't it inexplicably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to lugubriously yawn; permeate a civilization of slandering laziness into every conceivable bit of the atmosphere; thereby?

Wasn't it unsurpassably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to fervently lick dirt; in order to mollify the insurmountable whirlpool of perverted fantasy that rampantly circulated in your brain?

Wasn't it limitlessly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to blurt incoherently fetid balderdash; crippling every form of beauty and ecstatic life with your insanely meaningless talk?

Wasn't it unceasingly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to uncouthly gobble the most innocuous of living organisms; augmenting to the ultimate crescendo of sadistic pleasure as

you knifed through innocent flesh and bone?

Wasn't it inexhaustibly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to deliriously gape at even the most infinitesimal trace of naked skin; at innocent boys and girls; half your age?

Wasn't it unfathomably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to indiscriminately scream your lungs out; not perturbed the tiniest by the uncontrollably bleeding eardrums of the newborn infant sleeping right in your arms?

Wasn't it uncannily strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to proclaim irrefutably ultimate death to a truthful living being; bound by several political constraints when you were the judge?

Wasn't it interminably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to mercilessly ridicule all those bereaved old men and women; blowing them like frigid matchsticks with your profusely alcoholic breath?

Wasn't it incomprehensibly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to disgustingly challenge every form of spell binding righteousness; spin unstoppable webs of maliciously manipulative drudgery?

Wasn't it indefatigably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to command the haplessly infirm to deplorably slave for you; forever remain crushed under your unabashedly bohemian foot; whilst you sky-rocketed to the epitome of Everest?

Wasn't it stupendously strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to doggedly rebuke your very own invincibly venerated parents; squandering every bit of their hard earned riches; on your idiosyncratic desires; vixen and bawdy wine?

Wasn't it tirelessly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to wretchedly exploit the honest with your glib tongue; and then spuriously proclaim that as the spirit of 'Survival of the Fittest'?

Wasn't it intolerably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to inhale severely contaminated prejudice; whilst ominously roaming through the lanes of robotically lame commercialism?

Wasn't it unspeakably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to spell; announce and expatiate upon the meaning of worthless 'Death'; wherein the true essence of existence lay profoundly perpetual in sensuous breath?

Wasn't it unlimitedly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to wholesomely crucify the Sun of optimism in every righteous eyeball; with your words of wantonly opprobrious negativity?

Yes; that very same pristine orifice of pink; that very same beautiful mouth; which you didn't perhaps; but definitely used an infinite times in a single lifetime; whilst awake as well as sleeping; to speak; idolize; worship; the name of your unassailably Omnipresent Creator.

7. THE ONLY ROUTE TO HEAVEN

Start & End even the most destructively terrorizing moment of yours; solely with the tributaries of pristinely unsurpassable and eternally enamoring love; encircling every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most treacherously penalizing moment of yours; solely with a cosmos of benevolently unparalleled and inimitably priceless love; perpetuating every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most diabolically sacrilegious moment of yours; solely with a fantasy of beautifully unbridled and timelessly enthralling love; unassailably enveloping every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most devilishly betraying moment of yours; solely with a civilization of unimaginably profound and perennially ebullient love; unconquerably cascading into every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most deplorably blackened moment of yours; solely with an atmosphere of perpetually fructifying and indomitably redolent love; uninhibitedly bonding with every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most inexplicably dogmatic moment of yours; solely with a valley of fathomlessly celestial and insuperably ameliorating love; bountifully breathing in every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most heinously bludgeoning moment of yours; solely with

a forest of unbelievably intrepid and ecstatically virile love; undefeatedly blossoming in every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most atrociously incarcerating moment of yours; solely with a sky of triumphantly euphoric and spell-bindingly ever-pervading love; infallibly kissing every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most inexorably asphyxiating moment of yours; solely with a cistern of incredulously virgin and perpetually mollifying love; unflinchingly permeating into every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most bizarrely carcinogenic moment of yours; solely with a rainbow of resplendently exotic and poignantly philanthropic love; brilliantly enlightening every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most torturously cannibalistic moment of yours; solely with a stream of unendingly vivacious and jubilantly effulgent love; celestially engulfing every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most vindictively unsparing moment of yours; solely with a meadow of sensuously tranquil and tantalizingly exhilarating love; magically incorporating every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most tawdrily divesting moment of yours; solely with a cloudburst of endlessly fructifying and blissfully blessed love; invincibly drenching every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most beguilingly abhorrent moment of yours; solely with a squall of spectacularly enigmatic and unshakably iridescent love; marvelously consecrating every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most traumatically indiscriminate moment of yours; solely with a caravan of quintessentially enchanting and ubiquitously mitigating love; exultatingly replenishing every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most venomously prejudiced moment of yours; solely with a Sun of fearlessly illuminating and Omnipresently dominating love; tirelessly frolicking with every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most haplessly extinguishing moment of yours; solely with a Wind of universally fascinating and undauntedly spawning love; inscrutably whispering to every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most inevitably deathly moment of yours; solely with a cavern of immortally bestowing and effulgently evolving love; Omnisciently entwining with every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

For if you wanted to be forever in heaven after and even before horrifying death; for if you wanted to forever triumph in even the most infinitesimal synergistic aspect of life; for if you wanted to forever remain as one of God's most favorite disciples; then there is no other route except the above that'll ensure you the same; not just for one but an infinite more of your infinite lifetimes.

8. ENTIRELY NAKED.

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this amazing Universe; who dressed to the most enthrallingly contemporary of their ability; just to visit the gaudily draped shopping malls,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this mesmerizing Universe; who dressed to the most pompously corporate of their ability; just to visit the corridors of the sanctimoniously plush office,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this spell binding Universe; who dressed to the most bountifully majestic of their ability; just to visit enchantingly aristocratic castle,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this unsurpassable Universe; who dressed to the most supremely patriotic of their ability; just to visit the sacredly fearless ground of the battlefield,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this insuperable Universe; who dressed to the most fantastically redolent of their ability; just to visit the beautifully celestial gardens,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this triumphant Universe; who dressed to the most surreally rustic of their ability; just to visit the unbelievably articulate artist,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this limitless Universe; who dressed to the most impregnably adventurous of their ability; just to visit the sensuously exhilarating forests,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this inexhaustible Universe; who dressed to the most exuberantly tangy of their ability; just to visit the timelessly undulating oceans,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this unending Universe; who dressed to the most philanthropically benign of their ability; just to visit the inimitably Omnipotent temple,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this indefatigable Universe; who dressed to the most passionately peppy of their ability; just to visit the vividly pulsating discotheque,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this endless Universe; who dressed to the most unabashedly licentious of their ability; just to visit the tawdrily throbbing pub,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this ecstatic Universe; who dressed to the most unassailably subliming of their ability; just to visit the absolute epitome of priceless Mount Everest,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this colossal Universe; who dressed to the most mellifluously ebullient of their ability; just to visit the incessantly chattering and melodiously sugar coated beehive,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this spectacular Universe; who dressed to the most stupendously intriguing of their ability; just to visit the incredulously enigmatic magician,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this egalitarian Universe; who dressed to the most scantily mortifying of their ability; just to visit the compassionately silken and reinvigorating waterfalls,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this righteous Universe; who dressed to the most pugnaciously cannibalistic of their ability; just to visit the despicably abhorrent underworld Don,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this handsome Universe; who dressed to the most candidly unbiased of their ability; just to visit the unfathomably benevolent mirror of truth,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this uncanny Universe; who dressed to the most ferociously spirited of their ability; just to visit the domineeringly bare breasted lioness,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this resplendent Universe; who dressed to the most traditionally laconic of their ability; just to visit the bounteously effervescent village,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this gargantuan Universe; who dressed to the most impeccably venerated of their ability; just to visit the Omnipresently bestowing feet of the immortal mother,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this charismatic Universe; who dressed to the most divinely vibrant of their ability; just to visit the perpetually jubilant fortress of unassailable life,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this luminescent Universe; who dressed to the most bizarrely dilapidate of their ability; just to visit the forlornly morbid and fetid graveyard,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this exhilaratingly Universe; who dressed to the most studiously innocuous of their ability; just to visit the fervently holistic and learned school,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this piquant Universe; who dressed to the most tantalizing sensuous of their ability; just to visit the bodies of their immortal lovers,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this inebriating Universe; who dressed to the most athletically robust of their ability; just to visit the emphatically tenacious interiors of the overwhelmingly flexible gym,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this concord Universe; who dressed to the most irrefutably deserving of their ability; just to visit the footsteps of their brilliantly persevering and infallibly flawless father,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this untamed Universe; who dressed to the most buoyantly uninhibited of their ability; just to visit the firmament of blessedly blue and pristine sky,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this ravishing Universe; who dressed to the most aridly unceasing of their ability; just to visit the fathomless sands of the swelteringly sulking desert,

And then there was of course me; an diminutively impoverished slave of Lord

Almighty; who lay without the most infinitesimal of cloth and entirely naked amidst the intoxicatingly fragrant dewdrops of grass; just to pen and keep on indefatigably penning a countless lines of perennially fructifying poetry; which were an infinite times more than a infinitely perceivable infinite.

9. PERPETUAL COMMAND

Neither were the most emphatically beautiful of yours crystalline eyes; in anyways or could ever dream even an infinitesimal iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most lusciously resplendent of your charismatic lips; in anyways or could ever dream even a minuscule iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most pristinely impeccable of your artistic fingers; in anyways or could ever dream even an ethereal iota; of being of solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most divinely inimitable of your spell-binding expressions; in anyways or could ever dream even an infidel iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most exuberantly galloping of your unflinching legs; in anyways or could ever dream even a fugitive iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most truthfully emollient of your righteous soul; in anyways or could ever dream even an evanescent iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most enchantingly bestowing of your magnanimous voice; in anyways or could ever dream even an ethereal iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most intriguingly insuperable of your fathomless brain; in anyways or could ever dream even a livid iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most poignantly unconquerable of your priceless bloodstreams; in anyways or could ever dream even a disappearing iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most redolently sculptured of your bountiful neck; in anyways or could ever dream even a translucent iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most triumphantly jubilant of your robust Adams apple; in anyways or could ever dream even a nonchalant iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most ebulliently unshakable of your celestial bones; in anyways or could ever dream even an inane iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most fantastically revitalizing of your ardent sweat; in anyways or could ever dream even an obfuscated iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most philanthropically handsome of your majestic shoulders; in anyways or could ever dream even an obliterated iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most invincibly patriotic of your bedazzling shadow; in anyways or could ever dream even a bleary iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most impregably blazing of your infallible brawn; in anyways or could ever dream even a vacillating iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most eternally indispensable of your aristocratic breath; in anyways or could ever dream even a dilapidated iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most immortally passionate of your Omnipotent heartbeats; in anyways or could ever dream even a lackadaisical iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most Omnipresently royal of your astounding victory; in anyways or could ever dream even a non-existent iota; of being solely and forever yours,

And neither were the most pricelessly unfathomable of your inexhaustible worldly possessions; in anyways or could ever dream even a meaningless iota; of being solely and forever yours,

For even the most diminutive ingredient of your persona; and all what you had; have or will ever dare the capacity to possess; is of the Omniscient Almighty Creator; and is solely destined to timelessly execute and dance to his; and only his and none else's PERPETUAL COMMAND.

10. INFRONT OF

I would always remain disastrously poor; although I had assimilated all unfathomable wealth of this unending Universe; in front of the Omnipotent aura of the bountifully bestowing; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain witheringly weak; although I had accumulated all Herculean power of this colossal planet; in front of the marvelous splendor of the invincibly ever-pervading; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain utterly devastated; although I had blissfully acquired all poignant prosperity of this gigantic earth; in front of the Omnisciently eternal radiance of the unshakable; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain dolorously subjugated; although I had all rhapsodic happiness of this gregarious planet to my credit; in front of the perennially endowing entrenchment; of the gloriously unconquerable; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain as sordid as disdainful charcoal; although I had in my insurmountable repertoire all scents of this magnanimous world; in front of the perpetually stupendous bliss of the miraculously healing; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain enshrouded in prisons of inexplicably bizarre darkness; although I had the most brilliantly ecstatic beams of hope of this entire planet encapsulated in my palms; in front of the majestically Omnipotent light of the everlasting; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain insidiously maimed; although I had symbiotically harbored all opulent goodness of this mesmerizing world; in front of the magically overpowering shadow of the unassailably fascinating; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain despicably morose; although I had gathered all ingratiatingly rhapsodic melody of this boundless Universe; in front of the irrefutably divine illumination of the resplendent; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain horrendously ungainly; although I had truthfully carved a special place for myself on this fathomless earth; in front of the stupendously supreme tunes of the impregnably towering; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain diminutively ugly; although I had blended with every speck of ebullient beauty on the trajectory of this mystical globe; in front of the unbelievably vibrant kaleidoscope of colors; of the undefeated; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain licking the dust; although I had triumphantly won over every continent on this regally aristocratic Universe; in front of the unsurpassably blossoming form of the royally grandiloquent; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain ludicrously minuscule; although I had reached the ultimate epitome of all glittering heights on this astronomical earth; in front of the astoundingly tireless proliferation of the ubiquitously charismatic; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain devastatingly tyrannized; although I had triumphantly hoisted the flag of my victory over every arena of this colossal world; in front of the handsomely humanitarian religion of the incomprehensibly enamoring; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain mercilessly frigid; although I had unflinchingly won the compassionate warmth of every single soul on this exuberantly blooming planet; in front of the timeless grace of the wonderfully mesmerizing; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain gruesomely blind; although I had the vision of all on this endless Universe in my tiny fists; in front of the vivaciously Omnipresent blessings of the pristinely poignant; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain vindictively bleeding; although I had in my blood all intransigent tenacity of this limitless globe; in front of the immaculately benign fragrance of the sagaciously enlightening; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain frantically sleepless; although I had beautifully enveloped every part of my countenance with the tranquility of this boundless world; in front of the unparalleled benevolence of the celestially inimitable; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain infinite kilometers beneath my corpse; although I had the exhilarating air of every organism's lungs incarcerated in my chest; in front of the impeccably uninhibited stride of the unrelentingly effulgent; Almighty Creator,

And I would always remain ominously plagued by a heart attack; although I had earned the passionate love of the unlimited planet in each of my beats; in front of the heavenly immortal essence of togetherness of the brilliantly best; Almighty Creator.

11. YOU COULD YET MAKE HIM HAPPY

God simply didn't need anything; as his Omnipotent aura towered gloriously over every quarter; of this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe,
You could yet make him happy; by uninhibitedly embracing his organisms in inexplicably traumatic pain; nourishing them in your compassionately philanthropic swirl.

God simply didn't need anything; as his unconquerably bountiful majesty; unrelentingly ruled even the most infinitesimal of space on this; blissfully endowing planet,
You could yet make him happy; by gregariously nourishing his underprivileged children with your own blood; never letting them feel that they were disastrously orphaned on this gigantic globe and all alone.

God simply didn't need anything; as his overpoweringly unassailable scent; ingratiatingly perpetuated through even the most obsoletely remote corner of this; fathomless earth,
You could yet make him happy; by being a benign harbinger of all humanity irrespective of caste; creed and spurious religion alike; altruistically harnessing his maimed destitute; with your very own breath.

God simply didn't need anything; as his everlastingly Omniscient radiance; profoundly illuminated even the most remorsefully darkened arenas on the trajectory of this world,
You could yet make him happy; by patriotically blazing ahead for your sacrosanct motherland; ubiquitously disseminating the mantra of perennial righteousness; to all those disdainfully withering in the web of; ghastly lies.

God simply didn't need anything; as his marvelously Omnipresent radiance; timelessly enlightened every cranny of this gigantically enchanting earth; whether it be gruesomely debilitating night or the brilliantly sweltering day,
You could yet make him happy; by wholeheartedly diffusing the humble ideals of priceless existence; to all his tyrannized molecules; groping in despondently ungainly wilderness.

God simply didn't need anything; as his invincibly supreme silhouette; irrefutably overshadowed the coagulated power on this Herculean Universe; like the sky handsomely overshadows the diminutive flies,
You could yet make him happy; by indefatigably patronizing the religion of mankind to the most boundless parts of this spell binding Universe; and till the time you breathed your last breath.

God simply didn't need anything; as his resplendently Omnipotent form;
perpetually ensured that the chapter of holistic life; astoundingly proliferated on
this earth for times immemorial,
You could yet make him happy; by selflessly lending your shoulder to all those
agonizingly blind; transport them to the aisles of unshakable safety; and thereby
igniting a smile back; in their impoverished lives.

God simply didn't need anything; as his fabulously impregnable contours
blissfully marked the commencing of every new era; his ever bestowing palms
were the very reason that countless living were still alive,
You could yet make him happy; by eternally uniting with all his tumultuously
bereaved tribes; celestially maneuvering them towards the corridors of
unflinching success; wrapped forever in the waves of incomprehensible solidarity.

God simply didn't need anything; as his immortally undefeated persona
relentlessly ensured; that unsurpassable new replaced every inevitably dying and
dithering life,
You could yet make him happy; by compassionately liberating the chords of your
gorgeously throbbing heart; to shower upon all his miserably unfortunate
children; the torrentially unending cloudshowers of love; love and only unbiased
love.

12. WAKE ME UP ONLY IF

Wake me up only if; the light of the Omnipotent Sun glimmered; with brilliantly
untamed flamboyance outside,

Wake me up only if; uninhibited torrents of impregnable love; pelted with
indefatigable frenzy; from fathomless sky,

Wake me up only if; all horrendously manipulative ugliness; metamorphosed into
a planet of perpetually priceless mankind,

Wake me up only if; heinous crime wholesomely ceased to exist on the trajectory
of this planet; the innocuous were no more subjected to tyrannical malice,

Wake me up only if; inexplicably traumatized agony; miraculously
metamorphosed into a festoon of; charismatically jubilant smiles,

Wake me up only if; the Moonbeams showered their pristine seduction upon the
periphery of this bedraggled earth; without the slightest iota of adulterated
prejudice,

Wake me up only if; an unfathomable festoon of poignant roses; ubiquitously disseminated the scent of graciously voluptuous timelessness; to every cranny of this bountifully everlasting Universe,

Wake me up only if; rhapsodic cisterns of spell binding wind; euphorically swiped all horrifically disgruntled gloom; perpetuated all lugubriously languid with the profound ebullience to lead life,

Wake me up only if; majestic rivulets of oneness oozed harmoniously; handsomely blending with the eternal fabric of symbiotically supreme living kind,

Wake me up only if; the soil outside ravishingly sprouted with the fruits of magical creation; the chapter of invincible existence; enchantingly proliferated at every space inundated with ominous grief,

Wake me up only if; the stars radiantly twinkled in exuberantly princely unison; ingratiatingly placating the souls of one and all truculently bereaved; alike,

Wake me up only if; marvelously titillating beauty unveiled on every step that I transgressed; making me entirely oblivious to the diabolical vagaries; of this savagely commercial planet,

Wake me up only if; all morbidly sullen depression; scintillatingly transformed into a perennially bestowing entrenchment; of blissful smiles,

Wake me up only if; rainbows of magnificently regale prosperity insatiably lingered on every contour of this colossal planet; enshrouding every element of disparagingly despairing existence with the rays of; gloriously ecstatic freedom,

Wake me up only if; the irrefutably sacred spirit of perseverance; prevailed unflinchingly; across even the most laggard heart on this fathomless planet,

Wake me up only if; the unequivocally unassailable mantra of truth reigned unshakably supreme; with the corpse of hideously nonchalant lies; disappearing forever into the mists of worthless nothingness,

Wake me up only if; waves of unconquerably patriotic freedom compassionately encircled the earth from all sides; with every organism profusely exercising its right of; tirelessly benign existence,

Wake me up only if; all mercilessly satanic bloodshed refrains to happen forever;

with every orphaned child amiably cuddling once again; in the lap of its sacrosanct mother,

Wake me up only if; every entity listened to nothing else; but the impeccably beautiful voice of his; undefeatably pious conscience,

Wake me up only if; a river of enthrallingly vibrant melody flowed outside my bedroom window; when every dawn greeted me wonderfully with the Omniscient scent of; ever pervading humanity,

Wake me up only if; every passionately palpitating heart on this aristocratically fascinating Universe; bonded with threads of immortally unending love,

Most importantly O! Almighty Lord; wake me up only if; you had the power to wake up my beloved from the realms of surreally ethereal heaven; so that we embarked upon our mission to wake up all those disastrously decaying; flooding our each night with so much love; that we always remained awake forever and ever and ever.

13. THE ART WAS ALWAYS YOURS

The more stringently you tried to attempt it; the more abominably it ran away from you; eluding you like the wail of the surreptitiously wailing fox,

The more austerely you searched for it; the more abhorrently it shirked you; cold bloodedly kicking you on your; intricately silken hindside,

The more incorrigibly you wanted it; the more salaciously it whipped you; pugnaciously repelling you till realms beyond infinite infinity; to wander in a land of worthless nothingness,

The more indefatigably you chased it; the more viciously it stabbed you; sporadically appearing right before your eyes; but unfortunately never being only yours,

The more intractably you tried to follow it; the more venomously did it fox you; rendering you gasping for breath and life; as you miserably staggered upon every step,

The more intransigently you stared at it; the more manipulatively it got more and more inconspicuous in size; literally blinding you to grope in a tunnel of gruesomely hapless darkness,

The more forcefully you tried to evolve it; the more ludicrously it jeered you; making meaningless mockery of your charismatic persona; in front of the entire Universe outside,

The more stubbornly you tried to assimilate it; the more smoothly it vanished from your impregnably clenched fists; handsomely soaring abreast the satiny clouds; while you spat angrily at your very own reflection,

The more resolutely you tried to capture it; the more rebelliously it slapped you; as you pathetically swooned for times immemorial upon treacherously cold ground,

The more greedily you tried to savor it; the more triumphantly it escaped from your mind for infinite more yet to come; leaving you to stagnate; in a ghastly corpse of remorseful morbidity,

The more possessively you tried to embrace it; the more congenially it blended with every other entity on this fathomless planet; except your ardently yearning soul,

The more obsessively you tried to chant it; the more heinously it slipped from the very center of your tongue; dumbing you perpetually; to bear the tyranny of the murderously savage world outside,

The more irretrievably you tried to cherish it; the more it started to fade like an obsolete mirage from the whites of your eye; as you ridiculously ended up relinquishing the last iota of breath; for its priceless sake,

The more fervently you tried to pray for it; the more it made sure that it would reside in another dwelling and not yours; submerging you forever in whirlpools of disastrously gory darkness,

The more iteratively you tried to make it a fanatic part of your religion; the more it deserted you like the flames desert the crumbling matchstick; making sure that your entity coalesced only with raw dust,

The more tirelessly you tried to conquer it; the more irascibly surreptitious it became; enticing you like a nubile princess beside its seductive grace; before eventually making you taste maliciously stinking pig skin on the obdurate ground,

The more insanely you tried to make it an integral element of your breath; the more violently it shrugged your shivering visage; hatefully hurling you back to the very place; where you belonged before you were born,

The more cleverly you tried to bond it with every of your lackadaisically penurious beats; the more it dolorously dulled even the most infinitesimal trace of energy in your chest; as you asked the Lord to condone you from; devastatingly penalizing death,

It was unfortunately unlike other things in life; which when you tried the hardest for; would eventually and forever be yours,

For all you had to do was uninhibitedly open the chords of your mind; heart and soul; breathe naturally in symbiotic conjunction with God's bountiful Universe; and Lo! Behold; the greatest artist poured out from your beautiful countenance; and the art that had always beguiled you previously; was now and timelessly; always yours.

14. A HUMBLE PRAYER-BLESS ME

Bless me with the strength to plough through undulating stretches of fecund land,

Bless me with the agility to clamber up serrated skin of tall pine tree,

Bless me with the profound courage to encounter nefarious criminals head on,

Bless me with the ability to discriminate between the sacrosanct and horrendously bad,

Bless me with the nostalgia to reminiscence blissful anecdotes of past and; unveiling future,

Bless me with the prowess of eloquent speech; for communication with the society,

Bless me with the capacity of rescuing urchins trembling in the arms of fast approaching death,

Bless me with belligerent qualities of becoming a true warrior for my revered nation,

Bless me with a keen eyesight to help a plethora of citizens traversing the roads;
with strips of black on their eyes,

Bless me with extravagant bulge of body muscle; to stand as a rock between
the victimized and lecherous,

Bless me with the stupendous power to stay awake at night; facilitating me to
cover all those shivering with a woolen quilt,

Bless me with bountiful opulence; instigating me to feed famished masses with
twin meals of rice,

Bless me with a celestial smile; pacifying hordes of people in times of disastrous
calamity,

Bless me with a chivalrous disposition; making it easier for me to part with
my possessions,

Bless me with a down to earth attitude; rendering me versatile to empathize with
a myriad of penurious masses,

Bless me with the power to walk barefoot in the blistering heat; donating my
leather boots to those struck with leprosy,

Bless me with an intricate mind deciphering enigmas; chalking out philanthropic
policies for traumatized prisoners,

Bless me with the dexterity to commence my day with a plain glass of water;
relinquishing appetizing meals served on silver,

Bless me with truck loads of unprejudiced love; imparting it to all those
who indispensably need it,

Bless me with the energy to innovate and create; showering a battalion of
contemporary comfort on my impoverished counterparts,

Bless me with the art of holding back my effusive tears; instead offering
tumultuous comfort to the bereaved,

Over and above all O! LORD bless me with the power to sustain life; succeeding
in my endeavor to make planet earth a better place to live.

15. THE KING OF POETRY

Even if you failed me in mathematics; giving me the lowest marks in the entire school; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me while clambering the mountain slopes; making me stumble on the very first step itself; It still wouldn't hurt me at all Even if you failed me while talking to colleagues; stuttering miserably on every word I spoke; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in Business; making me incur losses worth millions of rupees; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in making my food; wherein all I managed to prepare was sooty charcoal from the fields laden with infinite vegetables; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in building a house of my own; with all bricks hurtling down towards me before I laid them; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in finding the most precious of my gifts; with the entire team of detectives I hired simply unable to trace them; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in the battlefield; with a river of blood diffusing rampantly from my skin; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me while I was swimming; drowning me uncouthly for marathon hours before I reached the surface; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me while leaping from the sky; with the strings of my parachute failing to unwind; and the bones of my body shattering into a million pieces; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in my flirtatious activities; with scores of girls on the street ridiculing me; when in fact I desperately wanted their friendship; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in front of my parents; with them condemning my work as a lazy tribute to the soil; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me at reaching office early everyday; with my tyre getting

punctured midway although I started hours before time; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me at snapping photographs; with people thrashing me black and blue for portraying them as decayed fruits; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me at swallowing medicines; with every attempt of mine to gulp resulting in disastrously puking out the same; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in procuring my livelihood; with every attempt of mine to earn finding me placed in the beggars seat; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in wearing my own clothes; with my shirt inevitably getting torn the instant I tried to fit it over my shoulders; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me while sleeping; jolting me off from my slumber every second with an armory of horrifying dreams; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in all quarters of life; making me despicably succumb and lick raw mud; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

And as I told you O! lord I wouldn't mind it the least if you snatched away everything from me; failed me horrendously in every sphere of life; but please see to it that I kept writing poetry till the time I relinquished my last breath; make me the king of poetry

16. BEFORE

Before the pinnacle of mount Everest; there was a plethora of barricades to be confronted,

Before plummeting down to the bottom of the fathomless ocean; one had to face a battalion of wild sharks,

Before winning the coveted title of wrestling champion; there was the arduous endeavor of toning a jugglery of muscle,

Before harnessing the art of devouring glass; one had to learn to incessantly consume obdurate food,

Before swimming against choppy waters of the perennial river; one had to

acquire skills of floating in the shallow pool,

Before adroitly sketching articulate forms of scenic beauty; one had to know the art of blending color,

Before reciting mesmerizing notes of melodious music; one had to be aware of the cadence of sound,

Before running at swashbuckling speeds in torrential showers of rain; one had to assimilate the vigor to walk,

Before tumultuously bursting into fits of sporadic laughter; one should know how to smile,

Before constructing the grandiloquent Taj Mahal of juxtaposed brick; one must have the skill to build a compact wall,

Before driving a high powered bike through the mountain roads; it was indispensable to possess the prowess of synchronized balance,

Before sculpturing ornate statues to scented wax; one should incorporate the technique of molding clay,

Before beheading a person in war with pugnacious swishes of the scepter; one must have the profound courage to hold one,

Before gliding down the picturesque valley strapped to parachute strings; one should master the ingredients of adventure,

Before encountering the ominous panther head on; one must develop a compassion for the animate beast,

Before gulping down pints of frozen water; one should savor the taste of Luke warm milk,

Before witnessing stupendous parables of jubilation; one must trespass through the tyranny of sorrow,

Before sleeping blissfully on a mattress of silken gold; one should inevitably perspire under the blistering heat of the sun,

Before transiting to realms of uninvited old age; one must experience the

exuberance of resplendent youth,

Before dancing in the aisles of passionate romance; one should thoroughly mature in responsibility,

And before the commencing the activities of each day; one must indispensably worship the deity he believes in; praying for celestial solace from the Creator.

17. STYLE

Abruptly crisp; sonorously manipulative; Astutely target oriented; was the style of the checkered suit businessman,

Vibrant breezy; Beautifully serene; Stupendously animated; was the style of the gigantic trunk oak tree,

Boisterously escalating; Tenaciously clashing; Fabulously salty; was the style of the boundlessly undulating ocean,

Impeccably innocent; Entirely oblivious to vagaries of monotonous life; as innocuous as the virgin sea shores; was the style of the freshly born and incessantly sleeping child,

Viciously wicked; Perilously threatening; Furtively clever; was the style of the acerbic tailed & lethally venomous scorpion,

Bountifully colossal; Blissfully serene; Dynamically fluttering; was the style of the unfathomable expanse of azure sky,

Overwhelmingly verbose; Inundated with countless alphabets; Encompassing every word on this planet; was the style of the leather bound and enchantingly embellished dictionary,

Tangily seductive; Voluptuously enticing; Ravishingly beautiful; was the style of the young maiden,

Blatantly deplorable; Thunderously smelly; Obnoxiously fat; was the style of the garbage coated and pretentiously inflated pig,

Magically smooth; Uninhibitedly unrestricted; Handsomely buoyant; was the style of the wide spread and majestically gliding eagle,

Brilliantly flamboyant; Omnipotent & supremely enthusing; Sizzling the entire Universe in the swirl of its austerely fiery rays; was the style of the Kingly Sun,

Disdainfully dirty; Mischievously poking; Large eyed and petrified; was the style of the gargantuan rat sleeping peacefully on a bar of immaculate cheese,

Gorgeously sweet; Insurmountably tantalizing; Heavenly scented; was the style of the incomprehensibly spongy and cherry tipped triangular cake,

Pertinently harassing; Relentlessly irate; Perniciously and incorrigibly permeating; was the style of the inconspicuously diminutive mosquito,

Preposterously large; Heinously diabolical; Mammoth jawed and cannibalistic; was the style of the stoically silver shark,

Rambunctiously busy; Rampantly darting around; Mystically diffusing delectable globs of golden honey; was the style of the electric paced and diving bumble bee,

Poignantly sharp; Celestially tasting; Astronomically reinvigorating; was the style of the profusely aromatic morning tea,

Unsurpassably slippery; Wildly woven; Intractably sticky; was the style of the splendidly captivating and criss-crossed spider web,

Stringently barking; Irrefutably loyal; Blessed with an astounding prowess to smell even the most obscure of footprints; was the style of the fur coated sheep dog,

Unimaginably blessed; Engendering a person to march forward all his life; Vivaciously pouring tears of happiness and sadness at times; was the style of the effusively turbulent eye,

Infectiously sweet; Crunchy & Delicious; Incredulously exotic; was the style of the raw crystals of scintillating white sugar,

Tumultuously freezing; More transparent than any mirror; Shimmering ingratiatingly under milky moonlight; was the style of the mountain of white ice,

Astoundingly cozy; Wonderfully compassionate; Exquisitely sheltering naked skin from inclement cold; was the style of the richly evolved and meticulously stitched satiny quilt,

Insurmountably heavy; Extraordinarily abraded demeanor; Remaining as stoical as dead even in bizarre affliction; was the style of the bulky grey stone boulder,

Magnificently striped; Dispersed into shades of mesmerizing beauty; Tremendously fascinating; was the style of the opalescent rainbow,

Abusively dirty; Repugnant to virtually all mankind; Abhorrently white sandwiched between glowing follicles of scalp hair; was the style of pugnacious dandruff,

Deadly disastrous; Inexorably earth shattering; Unprecedentedly devastating; was the style of the cold blooded and killer earthquake,

Melodiously cascading; Clashing into a billion globules of sparkling froth; Gorgeously caressing the periphery of black rock; was the style of the profoundly exuberant and gurgling waterfall,

Unflinchingly brave; An intrepid adventurer; Compromising on nothing but the traitors scalp; was the style of the true soldier,

Love without discrimination; Unquestionably sacrosanct visage; Thoughts about her child solely lingering in her mind; was the style of the Divinely mother,

Incessantly on the prowl; Ruthlessly assassinating innocent heads for meager bundles of currency; Traces of humanity evaporated into remote oblivion; was the style of the cold blooded criminal,

Inevitably smiling; Instilling life in morbidly dead veins; Heaps of talcum powder irrevocably sticking to his face; was the style of the comically attired circus clown,

Opulently glimmering; Overpowering everything in vicinity by the tenacious power in its shine; Coined as the richest source of human survival; was the style of the fat bodied gold coin,

Deluged with blissful scent; Beyond perceptions of captivating beauty; Sprouting like a magician from a pond of dirty water; was the style of the prolifically redolent and pink lotus,

Dolorously dull; Strangulated with gruesomely contemptuous malice; Aligned with a massive battalion of blood sucking termites; was the style of the

impreguably hostile prison cell,

Rosily pink; Intransigently titillating; Chattering infinite times in a single day;
was the style of velvety soft lips,

A glistening thirst quencher; Pacifying scorched chords of the throat beyond the
mightiest of perception; Guzzled by every palpable being till the time he exists
and even in times of after life; was the style of pure and plain spring water,

Bombastically sleazy; Nictitating with a festoon of garish lights; A clandestine
retreat for heartthrobs after midnight; was the style of the indefatigably
pulsating country discotheque,

Continuously ticking; Accurately depicting various shades of life; Portraying to all
the immense value of time; was the style of the towering and century old
grandfather clock,

Lifelessly still; Nostalgically reminiscent; Placid yet profusely demonstrative; was
the style of the decade old and dusty photograph,

Exorbitantly mounted; Embossed with several lines; The ultimate chapter of
destiny; was the style of the scarlet complexioned rubicund palm,

Infinitesimally tiny; Blended with a rectangle and square; Kissing the key
umpteenth number of times in a day; was the style of the intricately dainty
enigmatic keyhole,

Supremely tantalizing; Astonishingly curled; Flirtatiously flashing; was the style
of the gentle and beautiful eyelashes,

Vehemently stinking; Freely available all day; Enticing an armory of flies the
instants it caressed the ground; was the style of colorlessly trapped saliva,

Astoundingly incarcerating; Playfully rollicking; Acrobatically jumping; was the
style of the adorable and honey crested dolphin,

Satanically awesome; Taller than the skies; Ghoulishly growling; was the style of
the savagely stepping devil,

Perpetually invisible; Able to cast its wicked spell over innocent human beings;
Lighter than the lightest of thread; was the style of the lecherously minded
ghost,

Standing like a pillar in times of distress; Helping without the slightest of expectation; Praying for her brothers safety in whatever arena he stepped; was the style of the unprejudiced sister,

And Passionately free; Invincible to all powers of this globe; Immortally existing since centuries unprecedented; Divinely blending palpitating hearts together; was the style of love; infact the style of the Omnipresent Creator.

18. PLEASE BESTOW UPON ME

Please bestow upon me the status of being a jeweler; owning a palatial shop embodied with scintillating diamonds and gold,
Only if i had the heart to embellish all those earlobes which were bare; all fingers with an urge to dispense justice; with beads of exotic white pearls.

Please bestow upon me the status of being a soldier; cherished awards and amulets adorning my bedroom mantelpiece,
Only if I possessed the tenacity to valiantly fight; was ready to relinquish life any minute; for the sake of my country.

Please bestow upon me the status of being a Poet; penning down infinite lines of mystical verse,
Only if I propagated the immortality of love; the spirit of humanity; the essence of life through my Poetry.

Please bestow upon me the status of being a King; and my treasury overflowing incessantly with opulent riches,
Only if I had the philanthropic ability to to disseminate the same equally; amongst all the people of my Kingdom.

Please bestow upon me the status of being a Pilot; performing astounding and acrobatic feats; nose-diving in free space,
Only if I safely transported all passengers; without the slightest of scratch from one destination to another.

Please bestow upon me the status of being an Astrologer; impregnated with the incredulous ability of prognosticating the future,
Only if I used the same for saving lives; implemented it prudently for the betterment of mankind.

Please bestow upon me the status of being a wrestler; with bulging muscles

protruding from under my shirt; making me almost an invincible entity to conquer,
Only if I used my omnipotent power to annihilate the demons; vanquish ominous elements endangering the society.

Please bestow upon me the status of being an Artist; sketching mesmerizing shapes with my brush at lightening speeds,
Only if I could utilize my blood to beautify existence; convey the message of those deprived; through my drawings.

Please bestow upon me the status of being a Singer; diffusing enchanting and spell binding tunes from my throat,
Only if I opened my mouth every time my country needed me to speak; put people engulfed with hysterical grief; to blissful sleep with my voice.

And Please bestow upon me the status of being a Human; appeasing my hunger and thirst twice every day,
Only if I worked hard to earn my own bread; walked ahead in tandem with my fellow counterparts; entwining their palms with mine.

19. ITS POSSIBLE; BECAUSE IT IS NATURAL

How was it ever possible when you resolved to remain awake the entire night; keeping your eyelids incorrigibly open,
That after a few minutes you felt besieged by loud yawns; transited into a blissful slumber?

How was it ever possible when you firmly decided not to consume food the whole day; famishing yourself to unprecedented limits,
That after spending the morning hungry; your hand automatically crept towards the refrigerator; wherein was stashed succulent fruit and ravishing slices of raspberry pudding?

How was it ever possible when you pledged not to perspire the slightest; stand as cool and unflinching as an enchanting angel,
That after trespassing for a while under the blazing sun; drops of golden sweat trickled down profusely from your nape?

How was it ever possible when you were resolute about not going to the bathroom for months; preserving all delectable food you had in your stomach,
That after sprinting for a little while on the ground; your bowels felt as if they would erupt; and you meekly hid yourself behind the screen of the Lavatory?

How was it ever possible when you determined not to sneeze come what may;
incessantly inhale gallons of revitalizing breeze,
That the instant a fly buzzed pertinently around your nose; you contorted
miserably; inundated the atmosphere with a deafening roar?

How was it ever possible when you thought that you would never smile; Scowling
at everybody you encountered in the day,
That after witnessing a man parading naked into a business meeting; perceiving
it to be his private bedroom; you thunderously broke into guffaws of
uncontrollable laughter?

How was it ever possible when you were stubborn that you wouldn't imagine;
avert yourself completely from the most minuscule of fantasy,
That after dozing off inadvertently in the afternoon; you immediately started
to romanticize about the girl next door; umpteenth suspense stories deluged
your mind from all quarters?

How was it ever possible when you had taken an oath that you would never
bathe; no matter how much amount of heat infiltrated into your body,
That after remaining unwashed for a full week; and a peculiar stench of Rotten
tomato emanating from your visage; propelled you to dump all your pretentious;
plunge audaciously into the river from the summit of the mountain?

How was it ever possible when you clenched your teeth and said that you weren't
going to open your eyes; even if it meant that you sacrificed your life,
That as soon as you wanted to cross the bustling street; the screeching horns
of vehicles darting towards you at electric speeds; engendered you to lift your
lashes; keep them held stringently till all the commotion had subsided?

How was it ever possible when you whipped your mind infinite times; ordering
it to be patient in all circumstances engulfing it; dictating it to remain as stoical
as placid ice,
That the moment your spouse spilled milk on your immaculate shirt; you howled
as if bringing the entire roof down?

How was it ever possible when you swore on yourself that you would never be
lured by sanctimonious wealth; live life imprisoned in chains of rustic simplicity,
That as soon as your feet struck a pot replete with gold; the glitter of the coins;
the boundless supply of wealth; made you almost blind and oblivious to even
your own voice?

How was it ever possible when you had resolutely decided to act philanthropically all your life; keep benevolently executing tasks to benefit others,
That the second the earthquake rocked the entire city; you were the first one to jump out of the window with your son; without even bothering to disturb your neighbors; with whom you had always made it a point to have morning tea?

How was it ever possible when you had resolved not to scratch; even if you were attacked by a million monsters,
That the moment you were stung by an inconspicuous mosquito; your complexion metamorphosed to a perfect crimson; and you rubbed your skin brutally till it almost bled?

How was it ever possible when you had commanded all bones in your body to stay silent; lie down in tranquil contentment even in the most tumultuous of storm,
That you started to violently dance the minute you heard pulsating music; the fiery flamboyance of your youth pinning all your sagaciousness down?

How was it ever possible when you had decided to stay for marathon days without liquid; even if the chords in your throat charred to a horrifying death,
That you greedily sucked water from the very next stream you confronted; splashing it rampantly all across your parched lips and body?

How was it ever possible when you had intractably appealed to your brain to let your wounds flow; leave them open even if each droplet of blood was exhausted from your body,
That you draped your flesh with spools of white bandage and pungent antiseptic; as it simply got pricked by a needle; let alone the question of blood leaking out?

How was it ever possible when you had pledged to hold your breath; and still continue the chapter of life,
That after stifling your breath only for 30 seconds; you felt loads of It escape noisily down your nostril?

And how was it ever possible when you had prepared yourself for every calamity; trying to stand invincible against the most belligerent of thorns; trying to emulate God,
That after simply walking on the scorching sands; and that too with your shoes strapped tightly on; you fainted in a bedraggled heap with gasps of tiredness and feeble sounds asking for water diffusing from your mouth?

Well the answer to the above was as simple as the uninhibited love of a mother;

the smile of a newly born child, As all of this was possible only because you were just a Human; and for you all this was NATURAL.

20. WHEN YOU CAME INTO MY LIFE

I was just a dead cubicle of ice hanging from the mountains; on the verge of breaking, with every passing draught of wind,
It was only when you came into my life; that I became a sparkling river; flowing boisterously down your slopes.

I was just a lifeless stone waiting to be kicked by the society on the road, staring hopelessly as swanky cars uncouthly trampled me with their wheels,
It was only when you came into my life; that I became a blossoming lotus; spreading my essence far and wide.

I was just a piece of garbage stashed miserably in some inconspicuous corner of the dungeon; nestled far away from the corridors of sunshine,
It was only when you came into my life; that I rose from the ashes; encompassed all tangible and intangible; in the swirl of my passionate flames.

I was just a bottle full of tears lying on the gloomy window sill; increasing in volume; as each second unfurled into a wholesome minute,
It was just when you came into my life; that I became the largest smile; imparting unprecedented happiness to whomsoever I encountered.

I was just a torn rag engulfed with dust hanging from the strings; with the holes in my body getting deeper every dawn,
It was just when you came into my life; that I became a pearl illuminating the darkness with my profound light.

I was just a worm traversing for mercy on the ground; taking shelter like a coward in the earth's belly,
It was only when you came into my life; that I became a splendid bird; flew with rapid strides across the cosmos; breathing pure exhilaration from my beak.

I was just an impoverished leper begging incessantly on the streets; with the pangs of hunger reverberating in my stomach not being satisfied by the most delectable of meal,
It was only when you came into my life; that I became a king; and my heart throbbed violently with richness of your love.

I was just a commodity wandering around without any entity; with different

people I met addressing me by different names,
It was only when you came into my life; that I made my impact felt; punctuated
all sadness existing around me; with brilliant rays of hope.

And I was just a lifeless body entrenched in the coffin; simply inhaling air as I
didn't have the power to die; the power to close my eyes,
It was only when you came into my life; that I got a purpose to live; felt like I
was just born; felt like on the pinnacle of the sky.

21. GOD PLEASE BLESS ME WITH SLEEP

The power in my legs was gradually diminishing; the toes of my foot were chafed
and red at their edges,

The chords of my throat were dreadfully hoarse; the saliva had almost dried up
in my mouth,

The sockets beneath my eyes were puffed and as black as coal; with the eyeball
appearing as if soaked in blood,

The fingers of my palm were leaning heavily towards the ground; unable to rise
an inch despite my most resilient of attempts,

The food in my stomach had slept hours ago; and sensations of hunger had
disappeared into thin oblivion,

The blood in my veins flowed slower than the lazy tortoise; my heart beat
couldn't be heard even through the most intricate of machine,

The mosquitoes hovering around my ears were having a merry time; as I felt too
nimble to order them to go,

The flames of fire leaping up my body were stupefied; as I didn't move the
slightest; try as hard as they could to increase their fury,

The hollow of my arms had refrained to form sweat; as the perfume bottles on
the mantelpiece staring longingly at me to be used,

The pile of electricity bills kept augmenting; as I had neither the capacity to read
them; nor the power to shut the switches at whisker lengths from my palms,

The flesh of my body remained as limp as wax; even when poked by burning

needles,

The alphabets embossed in bold fonts on the walls; appeared as if engulfed by a pool of sea water,

The words emanating from my young and robust mouth; sounded as incoherent as the ghost's speech,

The clothes encompassing my persona fomented people to laugh; as I wasn't even aware that I had worn my pant in the area reserved for my office shirt,

The time in my watch seemed to be well past midnight; although the day had just crept up from the sky,

The lights on the street seemed dim and fading; as I inadvertently crashed my scooter against decaying heaps of garbage,

The figure of my wife appeared to be double; as I started having nightmares of handling two instead of one,

The people sitting around me had started to get tremendously bored; as I yawned thunderously each time I felt provoked to speak,

The lids of my eye incorrigibly fell down; each time I gathered a battalion of attendants to pull them up,

And before I fell on the ground never to rise again;
GOD PUT ME TO REST, GOD PLEASE BLESS ME WITH SLEEP

22. YOU WEREN'T CONDEMNING THE BLACK CAT. YOU WERE
INFACCT CONDEMNING GOD WHO EVOLVED IT IN THE FIRST
PLACE

You weren't condemning the black cat; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the hideous looking and ruffled owl; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the ominously looking alligator; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the dismally wailing eunuch; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the disheveled and bedraggled African spider; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the corrugated and stinking lizard; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the venomous and blood sucking mosquitoes buzzing in the vicinity of your ears; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the thorny and acrimonious cactus extruding from the deserts; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the porcupine with a thousand needles impregnated on its body; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the lethal tailed scorpion awaiting its moment to sting; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the satanic crop of opium which emanated from the mud; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the squalid cockroach wandering around the lavatory seat; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the despicable looking slithering reptile; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the abhorrent and multi-legged octopus; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the blind and hostile bats; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning lava which fulminated in fury from beneath the earth; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the grizzly haired crabs roaming lavishly on the shores; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the orphan lying dilapidated like a bundle of garbage in the dustbin; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

And you weren't condemning man for treading his heavy foot on this earth; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

So the next time beware! when you thought of condemning an entity tangible or intangible; for you would be condemning God who had evolved it in the first place.

23. THE LAST THING I DID BEFORE GOING OFF TO SLEEP

The last thing that a donkey did before going off to sleep; was to kick loads of dust in vicinity; swish its tail wildly in sheer contentment,

The last thing that the whale did before going off to sleep; was to glide gleefully through the dark waters; masticating scores of small fish with stupendous relish; as it eventually settled on the coral reefs for its nocturnal slumber,

The last thing that the lion did before going off to sleep; was to thunderously roar; letting his voice reverberate loud and blaring through the entire forest; licking its paws in complete contentment,

The last thing that the leaves did before sleep; was to sway gently with the breeze; whisper to the wind in the mystical voice their umpteenth tales of the day; as they curled up their surface to seek volumes of cozy comfort,

The last thing that the frog did before going off to sleep; was to jump about in animated exhilaration; croak a trifle in its exhausted voice; letting all insects pass in front of his nose; as it blended its slimy body with the sprouting shoots of lush green grass,

The last thing that the peacock did before going off to sleep; was to spread its kingly feathers to a full plumage; perch up blissfully in its nest on the tree; as it nourished its eggs with gallons of passionate air drifting from its beak,

The last thing that the stars did before going off to sleep; was to tenderly kiss the clouds which swept past; shimmer gingerly; lost in a world of enchanting fantasy,

The last thing that the slave did before going off to sleep; was to serve his master a glass of revitalizing water; tucking himself as far as he could; within his threadbare belongings to face the chilly night,

The last thing that the prince did before going off to sleep; was to sip royal pints of grape wine; fondle the entire ensemble of his opalescent jewels; adding a twinkle to his eye as he stretched his legs into an ocean of laziness,

The last thing that the snake did before going off to sleep; was to wander about rampantly in the wilderness; devouring newly hatched eggs with its vicious teeth; as it crawled in its burrow to evade the freezing snow flakes descending from the sky,

The last thing that the dancer did before going off to sleep; was to frantically gyrate her body; igniting loads of cheer and smiles; as she collapsed like a dead heap on the floor; with her swollen lids incorrigibly refraining to open till the crack of dawn,

The last thing that the tortoise did before going off to sleep; was to poke its neck as far as possible; greedily absorbing the tenacious moonlight; as it turned topsy-turvy on its shell; to feast on the placid cool lingering in the atmosphere,

The last thing that the Bar Man did before going off to sleep; was to swim in a deluge of inebriating whisky; sight his reflection bleary eyed in the same; as he fell on his feet; finally succumbing to the tumult and fatigue he had suffered in the day,

The last thing that the Politician did before going off to sleep; was to make surreptitious phone calls to his contacts spread far and wide; admonishing his guards stringently to be on the vigil all night,

The last thing the mosquito did before going off to sleep; was to incessantly suck blood from the flesh of all those already fast asleep; as it had the biggest laugh of its life waking up everybody; and only then settling into a state of perennially contented rest,

The last thing that the dog did before going off to sleep; was to wag its tail vigorously; daintily suckle at its bowl of milk; as it stuffed its nose deep into the recesses of its masters quilt,

The last thing that the pig did before going off to sleep; was to protrude its nose in a stack of fresh garbage dumped by the neighbors, as it prepared to make its

bed; amidst a pile of soiled paper and unconsumed sandwich,

The last thing that the laborer did before going off to sleep; was to emit the loudest yawn of his life; uninhibitedly curse his boss for making him slog like an ant under the sweltering heat of the Sun; as he splashed water in the scorching mud around; clutching his treasured possession's close to his chest; as he took a vow to never wake up and work again,

And the last thing that I did before going off to sleep; was to thank my God for bestowing upon me such a beautiful life; recount to my mother even the most minuscule of thing that I had undergone in the day; and kiss my beloved on her forehead; before surrendering inevitably to her embrace and thereby give a new definition to the night.

24. HE WAS EVERY PERSON'S CREATOR

For every bird gruesomely killed; he had the power to create infinite more fledglings,

For every river dried miserably to a trickle; he had the power to create infinite oceans,

For every tree brutally chopped to the ground; he had the power to create infinite forests,

For every eye inadvertently blinded; he had the power to create infinite with sight,

For every satanic night taking a complete stranglehold on light; he had the power to create infinite brilliant days,

For every tongue which was disdainfully dumb; he had the power to create infinite mouths which could speak and shout,

For every iota of currency furtively stolen; he had the power to create infinite banks looming high and handsome till the heavens,

For every couple who was childless and rendered cruelly unable to procreate; he had the power to create infinite more households bustling with a battalion of toddlers,

For every brain that was wholesomely exhausted; he had the power to create

infinite intelligent minds,

For every child disastrously orphaned on the streets; he had the power to create infinite families complete in all respects,

For every blade of grass mercilessly trampled; he had the power to create infinite meadows of lush green crop,

For every skeleton lying disdainfully buried under the coffin; he had the power to create infinite bodies; dancing about in robust health and thunderous fervor,

For every scalp that was balder than the egg; he had the power to create infinite strands of shimmering hair,

For every life lost unwittingly during the tumultuous earthquake; he had the power to create infinite more souls as Kings,

For every slave bound wretchedly to gleaming chains; he had the power to create infinite crusaders to break open the shackles,

For every throat that was dangerously thirsty; he had the power to create infinite mouths slavering with excess water,

For every watch that had abruptly relinquished to function; he had the power to create infinite clocks ticking at electric speeds,

For every Albino engulfed entirely with a coat of appalling pink skin; he had the power to create infinite beauties with the most charismatic of flesh,

For every house that had been diabolically pulverized to raw dust during war; he had the power to create infinite palaces; blended profusely with glittering gold and silver,

For every demon wandering at will on this earth; he had the power to create infinite angels to valiantly defend the world,

For every heart pathetically broken; he had the power to create and bind infinite having just taken birth,

His power to create was simply unprecedented; his process of evolution was simply boundless and beyond the most unimaginable degree of comprehension; and that is why he was not only mine; **BUT EVERY PERSON'S ALMIGHTY**

25. IF YOU REALLY HAD THE URGE TO CLEAN SOMETHING

Don't waste your time in spuriously washing your clothes; scrubbing the surplus dirt adhering to your fingers for hours on the trot,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in vigorously shampooing your hair; applying sandalwood balm all across your fatigued body,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in evacuating out the last chunk of dirt imprisoned in the house; dismantling the mountain of obnoxious cobwebs suspended solitarily from the ceiling,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in polishing your shoes till they brilliantly shone; commanding the poor slave every instant to annihilate even the faintest trace of your footprints,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in soaking the table covers in stringent antiseptic; brushing your apron for indefatigable weeks to suck the non existent odor,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in consulting the most prominent of skin specialists; gobbling a battalion of potent vitamins to impart your skin with that immortal glow; you kept dreaming off all night and day,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in rubbing your tongue tenaciously with the serrated stick for marathon minutes at dawn; profusely spraying mammoth bottles of scent into the corridors of your mouth,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in sprinkling bucket full of water to make the windows of your house shine; sucking the dainty river of its precious liquid in order to make your dwelling a darling to sight,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in plucking out the filth between your teeth using the most delectable of ivory toothpick; inundating your armpits with tantalizing perfume every time you wanted to impress upon the woman of your dreams,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in vehemently brushing the roads which led to the temple; licking every step that led to the idol of the Omniscient Creator; for in the first place you'd never be successful; as there was not one path; but irrefutably every lane you tread on; led to the Almighty Lord,
And indeed if you really had the urge to please God; clean something; then first and foremost clean your mind, heart and life instead.

26. WHAT HE ACTUALLY CONSIDERED MAN

For him man was not as disdainfully black as charcoal; or as white as the impeccable crusts of ice-cream,

For him man was not as tall as the mountains; or as weak as the diminutive ant,

For him man was not as rich as the royal king; or as impoverished as the beggar shivering on the streets,

For him man was not as intellectual as the ingenious scientist; or as dumb as the lunatic imprisoned within the corridors of the mental asylum,

For him man was not as strong and tenacious as the towering elephant; or as meek as the minuscule mosquito,

For him man was not as robust as the rubicund apple; or as fragile and rotten as the sprinkled garbage,

For him man was not as sacrosanct as the sagacious saint; or as hideous as the diabolical devil,

For him man was not as fast as the contemporary computer; or as lazy as the pig lying unwashed on the slopes for weeks,

For him man was not as fat as the ostentatiously inflated balloon; or as thin as the neglected strand of the broomstick,

For him man was not as educated as the literary scholar; or as illiterate as the clerk who used his thumb and toe to sign the documents,

For him man was not as beautiful as the mesmerizing fairy; or as satanic as the witch hovering around in the haunted house,

For him man was not as successful as the dynamic Business tycoon; or as maimed as the bleary eyed boy polishing boots on the street,

For him man was not as sharp as the stupendously sighted hawk; or as dark as the baby born perpetually blind,

For him man was not as supernatural as the magician executing astounding tricks; or as normal as the student slogging overwhelmingly hard to pass his examinations,

For him man was not as impeccable as golden honey; or as appalling as the uncouth murderer wandering at will in the open valley,

For him man was not as perfect and meticulous as the invincible angel; or as prone as the inevitably erring teenager,

For him man was not as brilliant as the flamboyant body of the fiery Sun; or as morbid as the corpse slithering on earth,

For him man was not as belligerent as the gleaming knife; or as soggy as salubrious cherries nestling on the cake,

For him man was not as mature and prudent as the owl; or as imbecile as the new born infant,

For him man was not as fragrant as the incredulously voluptuous rose; or as decaying as the dead fish lying still on the shores,

For him man was not as bearded as the dense foliage of the jungle; or as clean shaven as the ducks floating on tepid pools of water,

And for the Creator man was not a 'Hindu', 'Muslim', 'Christian', 'Buddhist'; or one following 'Hinduism', 'Islam', 'Christianity', 'Buddhism'.etc.,

What he actually considered man was an entity which he had evolved as a pair of flesh and bones on this planet; a mouth to speak and two eyes to sight; who had the ability to procreate millions of his kind; who had the unflinching ability to keep his Universe moving; and over and above all one who had the uncanny ability to keep the paradise of his dreams always and immortally alive.

27. HE WAS THE ONE

He was the one for whom my heart throbbed violently; skipping a beat every time in due admiration for his incredibly Omnipotent power,

He was the one for whom my breath flowed; profoundly engrossed in inhaling the gorgeous aura of his amazing creation,

He was the one for whom my feet walked unrelentingly; tirelessly exploring the unfathomably bountiful wonders he had evolved on this earth,

He was the one for whom my ears heard; imbibing each word he spoke; lost in the mysticism pouring profusely from his voice,

He was the one for whom my lips moved; gasping in spell bound consternation while witnessing his invincibly supreme form,

He was the one for whom my eyes stared; overwhelmingly astounded by the magnificent ocean and land he had spawned,

He was the one for whom my hair stood up in utter trepidation on my skin; unburnt fires ignited in my soul at sighting his astronomical ability to conquer the entire Universe,

He was the one for whom my fingers wrote; executing his infinite commands; giving pragmatic shape to each of his mesmerizing dreams,

He was the one for whom I earned wealth; judiciously disseminating the same amongst boundless numbers of his impoverished disciples,

He was the one for whom I slept blissfully; fantasizing about the captivating fairies that he had sent to tantalizingly dance on this earth,

He was the one for whom my mouth spoke; prudently spreading the glorious essence of his unbiased ideals; to as far and distant as I possibly could on the surface of this earth,

He was the one for whom I fought; silencing evil lurking in the society with the Herculean power that he had impregnated prolifically in my arms,

He was the one for whom I loved; wholesomely possessing the girl he had destined to marry me; procreating my progeny and assisting him a trifle in carrying on the chapter of his existence,

He was the one for whom I cried; when he came like a bolt of lightening in my life; and one fine instant suddenly became invisible from my eyes; as he continued on his mission to enlighten other mankind,

He was the one for whom I prayed; incessantly worshipping his deity all day and night; pleading with him not to get angry with me and rest of the irascible humankind,

He was the one for whom I resiliently studied for years; tried to help as many souls as I could with all the knowledge which I had accumulated in my quest towards achieving unparalleled supremacy,

He was the one for whom I desired; drowning myself completely in the unsurpassable beauty that existed on this globe; embracing each entity that he had born to be loved and felt,

He was the one for whom I was struggling every instant; trying to obey his laws of humble existence; his irrefutable policy of survival of the fittest,

And he was the one for whom I was living; the person whom I loved and adored above all; infact all the words scattered on this planet were too frugal to describe him; all expressions and lines that I embodied proved too infinitesimal to portray his Omniscient glory; for he was none other than my ALLAH

28. TONES

When I spoke to a child; my tone was as innocuous as the nimble and newborn rabbit,

When I spoke to the politician; my tone had profound traces of cunningness;

tinges of skillful imagination blended with each word,

When I spoke to the reprimanded burglar; my tone was acrid and harsh; trying to petrify the daylight from his eyes,

When I spoke to the bartender; my tone was voluptuously surreal; demanding him to serve me with delectable pegs of scarlet wine,

When I spoke to the Boss of the Company; my tone was overwhelmingly polite and splendid; flattering him each instant to secure my job,

When I spoke to the taxi driver; my tone was rustic and wandering; instructing him to drift me deep into the hills; poignantly embrace the winds of nature,

When I spoke to the Scientist; my tone had a sea of mysticism and enigma; intriguing him with the dozens of bizarre ideas; circulating rampantly through my mind,

When I spoke to the doctor; my tone radiated with robust and rubicund health; and the air that diffused from my mouth had a piquant odor of raw antiseptic,

When I spoke to the photographer; my tone was enchanting and replete with tumultuous euphoria; enticing him to capture the most mesmerizing of my pose,

When I spoke to the insane terrorists; my tone was barbarically acrid; and I blurted out every possible abuse prevalent on the planet; vehemently condemning them for their scores of misdeeds,

When I spoke to the teacher in the school; my tone was docile and completely submissive; pretending to be a diligent student; when in fact I was most mischievous of the entire batch,

When I spoke to those orphaned on the streets; my tone was sympathetic and comforting; earnestly wishing them all the prosperity that ever hung in the air,

When I spoke to the washerman; my tone was as slippery as soap; as I gave him crisp orders to annihilate the last bit of dirt adhering to my shirt,

When I spoke to the man-working deep in the mines; my tone was in the form of a reverberating echo; trying to blast into his ears the same tunes he was used to; all day and night,

When I spoke to the wildly screeching mad man; my tone was sonorous and domineering; trying to pacify all the false apprehensions; taking their toll unnecessarily on his life,

When I spoke to the dog loitering aimlessly on the streets; my tone was a hoarse bark; trying to communicate with him better; in the only language he imbibed and understood,

When I spoke to my beloved; my tone was bubbling with passion and unprecedented exhilaration; as I tried to ignite the flames of my romance; with infinite times the intensity into her persona,

When I spoke to my mother; my tone resembled the boisterous chimpanzee; totally relieved of mundane and worldly tensions,

But when I tried to speak to God; there erupted no tone of mine at all; I stood transfixed and wholesomely mute in front of his divine demeanor; with my head bent in meek obeisance; and my soul drowned in the melody of his omnipotent tone forever.

29. IS THERE ANY POINT

Is there any point in growing grass which is black; when we know that the blades sprouting from soil are always parrot green,

Is there any point in trying to move the colossal mountain barehanded; when we know its unlikely to budge a single inch,

Is there any point in preventing the scalp hair from growing; when we know that they are inevitably going to crop up despite the most intractable of resistance,

Is there any point in trying to walk upside down; when we know that the aching feet will take over in a short time,

Is there any point in trying to drive the car on mineral water; when we know that all it requires is golden gasoline,

Is there any point in trying to embed the sun forever in the sky; when we know that nightfall is stealthily encroaching,

Is there any point in trying to grow an odorless rose; when we know that the petals have always emanated a mesmerizing aroma,

Is there any point in trying to emboss script on paper with a stick of raw stone;
when we know that its impossible to write without a pen,

Is there any point in trying to swim against ferocious waves of the ocean; when
we know they will fling us violently on the sandy shores,

Is there any point shouting vociferously in the underground dungeons; when we
know the echoes would remain confined to the stolid walls,

Is there any point in trying to remain always young; when we know that the
curse of old age prevails ubiquitously,

Is there any point in fighting the ominous crocodile bereft of a weapon; when we
know the beast would snap us into minuscule fragments with its gigantic teeth,

Is there any point trying to remain dry in the pelting rain; when we know that
the water would inexorably drench us from head to toe,

Is there any point in preventing the gutters from emanating a fetid smell;
when we know they are impregnated with the most obnoxious of sewage,

Is there any point trying to fly a kite in an ambience divested of air; when we
know that it would miserably flounder to hoist from the ground,

Is there any point in trying to trying to extract milk from a hostile vulture; when
we know that it is indeed the sacrosanct cow which delivers the same,

Is there any point in trying to stand on naked electricity and yet wishing to stay
alive; when we know that it would definitely cause instant electrocution,

Is there any point in transgressing the scorching deserts on a handsome horse;
when we know that the only animal which can survive is the hunch backed
camel,

Is there any point in trying to deprive ourselves of eternal love; when we know
that our heart throbs rampantly witnessing the person we love,

Is there any point in trying to resist death; when we know that it is as essential
as living a hundred years,

And is there any point challenging the Almighty; when we know he reigns

supreme over all technology man has imagined; or he can ever try and create.

30. AFTER DEATH

There was a time when I emitted my first cry; with my mother hoisting me high in the air,
Now I lay on the forlorn ground unattended; with scores of black cockroach crawling over my face.

There was a time when my flesh was as rubicund as the crimson rose; with innocuous saliva dribbling from my mouth,
Now I resembled a disheveled heap; with a fleet of pugnacious vultures hovering above my head.

There was a time when I rambunctiously played with an ensemble of contemporary toys; my elders pampering me with crusts of creamy chocolate,
Now people passing viewed me with dismay and utter repulsion; inadvertently showering rotten leftovers of food over my face.

There was a time when I used to voraciously scribble infinite lines of literature; profoundly absorbed in composing verse every day,
Now I was strewn on the tarmac like a decayed parchment; having relinquished all my power of envisage and perceive.

There was a time when I used to dress in ostentatious clothing; overwhelmed to gyrate to the tunes of blaring music,
Now I wasn't even able to hear the slightest of sound; the tiniest of movement; with a blur of darkness camouflaging my eyes.

There was a time when I sporadically laughed and cried; easily provoked by the most impeccable of joke,
Now the blood seemed to have frozen in my veins; and the contours of my face had gone completely lifeless.

There was a time when I used to hold the impregnable hands of my mother; to cross the busy traffic lanes,
Now a fleet of bulky vehicles ran over my body; and I didn't shed even a solitary tear.

There was a time I had insatiable craving for exquisite food; irrevocably longed for fried steak all day,

Now the buds of taste had shriveled on my tongue; and I had been without water for several days.

There was a time when my blood was incessantly boiling in my veins; with the boisterousness of youth prompting me to execute irascible decisions,
Now a series of bones protruded from my wrinkled skin; and It was impossible for me to raise my hands to drive away the most insipid of buzzing flies.

There was a time when I spent each day of my life incorrigibly loving my beloved; spending marathon hours in the day nostalgically reviving our initial romance days,
And now I lay listless and languid on the earth; having thoroughly abnegated worldly pleasures; waiting for the creator to grant me heaven or hell; after my death.

31. I COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE

I couldn't bear to see innocuous children being brutally tormented; orphans being whipped mercilessly by uncouth society,

I couldn't bear to see the crystalline sea waters being polluted by tones of barbaric oil; fishes and the vivacious aquatic life dying as an aftermath,

I couldn't bear to see burglars dexterously ripping wallets of the impeccable pedestrians; indiscriminately marauding the historical heritage of the country,

I couldn't bear to see stray dogs shivering incessantly in chilly currents of wind; occasionally meeting their ends colliding with swanky cars,

I couldn't bear to see hysterical wailing of the lunatics; the mental delirium they were in; for no fault of theirs,

I couldn't bear to see mangled debris scattered incoherently after the car crash; the lifeless bodies being extricated from the interiors,

I couldn't bear to see the old and severely crippled being ridiculed at; the ostentatious society making a blatant travesty of the blind,

I couldn't bear to see bedraggled urchins sleeping on the stony ground; while the handsomely opulent stashed their heads beneath quilts of fur and embroidered satin,

I couldn't bear to see robust birds soaring merrily in the sky plummeting towards the soil; as hunters shot pugnacious arrows in their wings,

I couldn't bear to see irate mobs incinerating people alive; rampant communalism spreading its deleterious roots far and wide,

I couldn't bear to see turbulent earthquakes reverberating the city; leading to the inevitable collapse of high rise buildings,

I couldn't bear to see arid patches of land with the sun blazing to full tenacity; scores of people strewn like dilapidated debris; profoundly deprived of cool water,

I couldn't bear to see children being made to work; slave for inhuman individuals; who rebuked them worse than animals,

I couldn't bear to see lush green blades of grass transiting to a pallid brown; clusters of fruit and leaf withering from the tree,

I couldn't bear to see nuclear missiles decimating blissful townships; the common man made an unsuspecting victim in the power play of politicians,

I couldn't bear to see soldiers succumbing to a ghastly death in war; in valiant attempts to save their motherland,

I couldn't bear to see the illiterate drinking contaminated water; contracting a plethora of lethal disease as a manifestation,

I couldn't bear to see lifeless bodies lying in a heap unattended; with the siblings portraying nonchalance of spending money to cremate them,

I couldn't bear to see a single droplet of blood oozing from the body; the slightest of tribulation and anguish that one could face,

So it is my fervent plea to you O! omnipotent Almighty; to either impregnate in me the courage to witness sorrow; or besiege me in your magnanimous arms; where I can view nothing but immortal love.

32. COLLISIONS

When smoke grey clouds in the cosmos collided with each other, there were monstrous reverberations of brutal thunder; succeeded by rain

showers of inclement rain.

When rustically adorned leaves of the tree collided with each other,
the atmosphere was engulfed with enchanting melody; at the outbreak of dawn.

When saline waves of the ocean collided with each other,
there was Herculean amount of white spray that diffused with vibrant tenacity.

When chrome tipped utensils in the kitchen collided with each other,
there were discordant sounds that unrelentingly pierced; sensitive arenas of
eardrum.

When sedans traversing at whirlwind speeds collided with each other,
the aftermath rendered their princely silhouette to threadbare distortions of junk.

When the rays of 'Sun God' collided with cloistered earth,
the darkness was thoroughly illuminated with beams of perpetual light.

When hands bereft of jewellery collided with each other,
crisp noises of triumph echoed through corridors of nonchalant doom.

When puffs of disdainful smoke collided with pelting showers of water,
traces of obnoxious dirt got annihilated in the fury of rain.

When immaculate globules of fresh milk collided with child lips,
obstreperous cries of the infant were instantly pacified; as he succumbed to the
delights of invincible sleep.

When blatant lies collided with impeccable anecdotes of honesty,
the sacrosanct aura of truth devoured every bit of malpractice; radiating
vociferously with a perennial shine.

When fleet footed mongoose collided with the venomous snake,
the innocuous creature registered a swashbuckling victory over its deadly
counterpart.

When exorbitant hatred collided with a mountain of love,
the harmony in compassion transformed it into a philanthropic entity.

And when the nefarious devil collided with the omniscient persona of GodHead,
he lay massacred in realms of parasitic hell

33. A PLACE IN HEAVEN

I was a handsome youth once,
full of robust energy, always on the prowl,
kicking stone, disheveled weeds in my path,
racing in my automobile at whirlwind speed,
climbing steep corrugated rock with nonchalant ease,
swimming against turbulent currents of sea water,
dancing wildly to high bass tunes of rock music,
consuming rich liquor extracts from large cans of
beer,
screamed extravagantly at the slightest provocation,
was ready to leap down the valley, for the person I loved.

The advancing years painstakingly crept in,
black sheath of hair transformed to grizzly white,
bone mass shrunk beneath tunnels of skin,
teeth enamel lost its sheen, left gaping holes for all to see,
eyeballs sunk in their sockets with cloud formations of cataract,
scalp hair receded to a paltry few with fragile connections to skull,
walking stick now replaced swords used to decimate rabbit skin,
shoulder assembly drooped with wrongdoings of past decades,
a feeling of horrifying dread descended on me,
I had cellars full of gold and currency note,
towering marble palaces, fertile acres of land,
the time to quit this earth was fast approaching,
my thin skinned skeleton would blend with granules of mud,
the chambers of wealth held meager significance,
it was a plethora of humble deeds, that would prove to be a prerequisite,
to ensure me a place in the satiny walls of heaven.

34. DON'T MAKE ME

Don't make me taller than the clouds; protruding my head above realms of
infinite infinity,
That I became oblivious to my fellow compatriots on earth; had to bend beyond
limits of comprehension; to walk abreast their benevolent countenances.

Don't make me fairer than white ice; with an unfathomably glorious aura
radiating profusely from my flesh,
That I miserably dwindled to recognize those with the slightest tinge of black
around me; shrugged my nose in disdain towards the realistic forms of humanity.

Don't make me more ferocious than the fires swirling towards the cosmos;
charring everything in tangible atmosphere to inconspicuous bits of threadbare
ash,
That I ruthlessly swept past my comrades in inexplicable pain; uncouthly forgot
to commiserate with even those; who were solely instrumental for my existence.

Don't make me more mystical than the chapter of existence; entrenched by
waves of stupendously alluring enigma,
That I didn't understand the hearts of innocent children; overruling them with my
torrential downpour of intriguing intricacies.

Don't make me more invincible than the divine; instilling in me the
unprecedented power of conquering every iota of this fathomless planet,
That I started to condemn those frolicking in the lap of their mothers; the very
celestial shrine of sacrosanct essence; wherein I had spent my entire childhood.

Don't make me more prudent than the Sun; possessing even the most
infinitesimal bit of knowledge loitering on this planet,
That I basked in the overwhelming glory of my memory; feeling it worthless to
disseminate the same to my fellow mates in profound despair.

Don't make me more cool than gargantuan avalanches of snow; inundating my
soul with a mountain of gratifying peace,
That I was simply unable to comprehend the whirlwind of insurmountable agony
besieging my loved ones; thoroughly nonplussed by the tragic disasters which
unleashed; right before my eyes.

Don't make me more fragrant than the most scarlet of roses; deluging my
persona with magnanimous scent and voluptuously exotic spray,
That I diabolically kicked every fruit and flower that confronted me in my way;
trampled mother nature under my bohemian feet; instead of blending in its
mesmerizing lap for centuries immemorial.

Don't make me more wealthy than the entire treasury of this Universe; triggering
my pockets to explode with an unbelievable flurry of gold and shimmering silver,
That I relinquished even the tiniest trace of effort from within my veins; slept like
a demon whilst my brothers and sisters; bathed in an unrelenting tornado of
pain.

And don't make me more satisfied than the angels O! Lord; overwhelming my lap
with all the riches of this planet; even before I found my breath to utter them

coherently,

That I didn't feel the slightest need to discover the beautiful gift of love in life; spent countless lifetimes like a dreadful corpse; even after possessing infinite arms; legs and hearts.

35. BLESS MY HEART

Bless my hands with indomitable fortitude; to coin my own destiny; irrespective of the uncouthly treacherous labyrinth of lines on my palms,

Bless my eyes with the tenacity to stay open even in the most acrimonious of storm; so that I relished the true essence of insurmountably exuberant adventure,

Bless my nose with the resilient prowess to tolerate the most ghastliest of odor; making me chivalrously accept the stupendously exotic; as well as the deathly bad,

Bless my feet with the ardor to trespass on a blanket of thorns; construct a palace of grandiloquent gold for my comrades in inexplicable pain; with droplets of my scarlet blood,

Bless my lips with the virtue of celestial smiles; merrily twinkling for times immemorial; even as the blood froze abruptly in my veins,

Bless my voice with a rhapsodically unending melody; inundating the darkest corners of the astronomically colossal Universe with optimistic rays of hope and cheer,

Bless my mind with an unrelenting capacity to fantasize; dreaming about the most mesmerizing sights on this planet; the most marvelously impeccable organisms wandering all around,

Bless my demeanor with a magical enchantment; to harbor disastrously orphaned children; uninhibitedly in the swirl of its amicably compassionate caress,

Bless my blood with insatiable desires; the euphoria to reach untamed heights of passion; proliferating astoundingly as each second unveiled,

Bless my hair with a boisterously blazing fervor; so that they swished majestically under the Omnipotent light of the divinely Sun,

Bless my soul with spirit to exist for centuries unprecedented; so that I always lived life higher than the clouds; and afforded the same for all those who needed my shoulders to lean upon,

Bless my fingers to write infinite words even after they bled; producing an unsurpassable chain of literature; triggering the chords of the obliviously dormant imagination,

Bless my stomach with the simplistic essence of surviving on rustic fruit and water; relinquishing the overwhelmingly spurious pretensions of my pompously inflated tongue,

Bless my dwelling with a wave of perennial contentment; philanthropically harboring every dreary traveler who had inadvertently lost his way,

Bless my shadow with a poignantly healing touch; alleviating the aggrieved instantaneously of their heinous suffering; the instant it softly caressed them,

Bless my paths with irrefutable winds of unflinching courage; which inevitably triggered me to gallop towards my mission of embracing all humanity; one and alike,

Bless my religion with an everlasting and poignant aroma of humanity; perpetuating me pacify all dispute arising out of sanctimoniously preposterous caste and creed,

Bless my breath with a tumultuously passionate ardor to bask in the glory of the present; enjoy each moment of unveiling life to the most unfathomable limits,

Bless my conscience with sacred arrow of invincible righteousness; engendering me to perpetually transgress on the path of truth; come what may,

And bless my heart with immortal love; O! Almighty Lord; for not only this existence; but for infinite more lives of mine; irrespective of the form you decided to create me; irrespective of the soil you made me tread to prove my might.

36. DON'T MAKE ME INSENSITIVE

Don't make me insensitive to the sorrows of the world; make me accept them as a part of the inevitably proceeding chapter of evolution,

Don't make me insensitive to the battalion of hardships; make me accept them as a courageously stepping stone to unprecedented success,

Don't make me insensitive to the flamboyantly blazing rays of the Sun; make me accept them for the intrepid fortitude in their light; filtering a path of invincible victory through a blanket of perpetual darkness,

Don't make me insensitive to the gargantuan avalanches of snow hurtling down; make me accept them for the icy cool they generated; which exotically tingled the scarlet blood down my spine,

Don't make insensitive to the tumultuously galloping time; make me accept its sacrosanct essence; as each cherished second blossomed into a wholesomely satisfying minute,

Don't make me insensitive to the profusely escalating ball of hostile flames; make me accept their compassionate traces of rejuvenating warmth they provided in the invidious chill,

Don't make me insensitive to the infinite cumbersome knots as I alighted each step; make me accept them as eyeopeners; to quell my pompously inflated pride,

Don't make me insensitive to the ghastly blackness; make me accept it as a thoroughly indispensable ingredient of the day,

Don't make me insensitive to the mountain of acridly blood tainted thorns; make me accept them for the unrelenting wave of passion they generated; when poignantly transgressed upon,

Don't make me insensitive to abhorrent abuse; make me accept them as a part of irascibly augmenting temper; a pugnacious outburst of emotions; a testimonial to the fact that no human was perfect,

Don't make me insensitive to enduring challenges; make me accept them as testing footholds; which blossomed eventually into the gift called life,

Don't make me insensitive to tunes of overwhelming boredom; make me accept them as an unavoidable mist; in the onerously Herculean struggle for existence,

Don't make me insensitive to the disdainfully unruly commotion in the crowd;

make me accept my fellow compatriots in their true spirit for survival; their innocuously humanitarian hearts,

Don't make me insensitive to the descending of the insurmountably ferocious storm; make me accept the streaks of vivaciously austere lightening as the unflinching principles to propel forward in life,

Don't make me insensitive to horrendously obnoxious scent; make me accept it as a smell lingering perennially in the atmosphere; along with the stupendously incarcerating odor of the rose,

Don't make me insensitive to the inexorably obsessive chain of thoughts in my mind; make me accept them as a pertinent constituent to constantly show me my worth in life,

Don't make me insensitive to the anecdotes of pernicious betrayal; make me accept them as the sweet poison needed to sustain blissfully bestowed upon life,

Don't make me insensitive to the pathetically fading heartbeats; make me accept them as naturally as I had wholeheartedly welcomed nascent wails of fresh birth,

And don't make me insensitive to the immortal closure of breath O! Almighty Lord; make me accept its unfathomably perilous consequences; so that I realized the value of each preciously transcending moment in life.

37. FIRST AND LAST

You were that astronomical summit of the mountain; on which the dazzling rays of the Sun FIRST fell,

You were that magnificent shore inundated with golden sands; on which the waves of the ocean FIRST collided into bountiful froth,

You were that leaf of the mesmerizing tree; which the astoundingly ravishing breeze FIRST caressed,

You were that chapter of intriguingly enchanting history; which the profoundly divested eyes FIRST had the magnanimous privilege to witness,

You were that iota of voluptuously ravishing soil; on which the very FIRST droplet of rain tantalizingly cascaded; from the vivaciously benevolent sky,

You were that ingratiatingly redolent flower; on which the FIRST bee ever created sat down to hum its volley of poignantly boisterous rhyme; suckle nectar to its ultimate heart's content,

You were that irrefutably sacrosanct footprint; which FIRST trespassed this unfathomably gargantuan planet; leaving your mark for times immemorial,

You were that gorgeously feathered bird; which FIRST evolved the essence of stupendously captivating melody and rhyme,

You were that indomitably unshaken spirit; which FIRST sped past the domains of ethereally fading horizon; to conquer an unprecedented of your own,

You were that innocuously wandering child; whose FIRST breath was enough to melt the most diabolically sinister of devils transgressing around,

You were that alphabet of every marvelously conceivable language; from which commenced the very FIRST sound thundering triumphantly towards the cosmos,

You were that robustly splendid fruit; which blossomed FIRST from the inconspicuous tree; chivalrously proliferating into infinite more of your kind; as time harmoniously unveiled,

You were that star in the boundless expanse of sky; which FIRST appeared in the evening; freeing the profusely asphyxiated earth from the realms of misery and darkness,

You were that shimmering coin of gold on this planet; which FIRST appeared before all other wealth; multiplying amazingly as the second unfurled to lead life as the richest entity alive,

You were that hour of magnificently reinvigorating dawn; which crept with the FIRST beams of stringently fulminating and tenacious light,

You were that growl of the majestically invincible panther; which silenced manipulatively unruly commotion around with your FIRST cry,

You were that astronomically resilient brick of the grandiloquent castle; the FIRST on which rested the mantle of the overwhelmingly glorious mansion,

You were that incredulously beautiful thought in this entire Universe; which

spawned the very FIRST and wonderfully everlasting dream,

And you were the only person existing on this incomprehensibly gigantic globe; whom I FIRST AND LAST loved in my present life; and countless more lives to come.

38. THE DAY

The day the carpet of voluptuous grass; stung like a million acrimonious thorns,

The day the conglomerate of mesmerizing clouds; showered mud instead of grandiloquent rain,

The day the majestic waves in the ocean; blossomed into sickening sugar instead of tangy globules of pungent salty froth,

The day the crystalline islands of eye; oozed satanic blood instead of poignant waterfall of tears,

The day the fiery Sun in the sky; shrunk into a cloud of darkness; instead of emanating brilliantly shimmering light,

The day the astronomical summit of the mountain; metamorphosed into an inconspicuous ant; instead of kissing the royally glowing moon,

The day the princely eagles; commenced to walk like ordinary man; instead of soaring handsomely through the cocoon of satiny clouds,

The day the festoon of exotic leaves; incorrigibly stuck to their origin; instead of exuberantly whistling with the astoundingly enchanting wind,

The day the incredulously captivating rose; remained profusely lackluster; instead of diffusing its marvelous fragrance to every cranny of the atmosphere,

The day the ingratiatingly striped frogs; slept in domains of gloomy tranquility; instead of croaking their hearts out under ferocious cloudbursts of heavenly rain,

The day the timelessly ticking clock; started to move backwards; instead of galloping forward with traces of new found life,

The day the vivacious rainbow in the sky; remained colorless; instead of culminating into a magnificent paradise of color and ravishing charisma,

The day the shade of poignantly crimson blood; started to differ; instead of being immortally same for all tribes on this planet,

The day the rambunctiously buzzing beehives; started to produce belligerent scorpions; instead of a sacrosanct stream of golden honey,

The day the magnanimous nightingale; blurted hoarse tunes of disdainful cacophony; instead of deluging the atmosphere with its melodiously everlasting songs,

The day the golden eyed owl; remained awake all day; instead of guarding its compatriots in the heart of the chilling night,

The day the essence of invincible truth; crumbled like infinitesimal ash towards the ground; instead of conquering the mightiest with the blessings of Almighty Creator,

The day the inevitable reservoir of breath in body; commanded a person to gruesomely die; instead of propelling him to bounce forward to relish every moment of enigmatically unveiling life,

The day the passionately palpitating heart; taught two lovers to cheat; instead of bonding for times immemorial in the threads of unconquerable romance,

That very day; that very hour; that very minute; I was ready to sacrifice everything of mine on this planet; go and perennially rest in the arms of my Creator; even if the devil that day wanted to bestow me with infinite more lives.

39. STRIP

Strip me of my mascara; and I'll fight you with my eyes; with untamed fires blazing in the whites of my revolving eyeballs,

Strip me of my lips; and I'll fight you with my smiles as enchanting as the profusely enigmatic forests,

Strip me of my hair; and I'll fight you with my scalp; as ferocious as the flamboyantly flaming Sun,

Strip me of my rings; and I'll fight you with my tenaciously resilient fingers; tossing you like insipid pancake to fathomless kilometers beyond the sky,

Strip me of my blinks; and I'll fight you with my profoundly piercing stares;
ensuring that you lost your sleep till times beyond eternity,

Strip me of my skin; and I'll fight you to the brink of extinction; with the
overwhelmingly tumultuous fervor in my bones,

Strip me of my chastity; and I'll fight you with the sword of barbarism
rebelliously lurking in every minuscule ingredient of my blood,

Strip me of my blusshon; and I'll fight you with the insurmountably Herculean
strength of my cheeks,

Strip me of my scent; and I'll fight you with the raw rivers of perspiration
trickling in the milky moonlight; on my arms,

Strip me of my honesty; and I'll fight you with the impeccable voice of my
conscience; annihilating your profusely manipulative existence from its very
roots,

Strip me of my voice; and I'll fight you with the poignant grit in my teeth;
chopping off your spurious vain into a horde of infinitesimally timid fragments,

Strip me of my wealth; and I'll fight you with my astoundingly rudimentary
existence; drive you back with my innocuously nascent force; bestowed upon me
by the grace of Almighty God,

Strip me of my clothes; and I'll fight you with the insatiably naked strength of my
impoverished body,

Strip me of my feet; and I'll fight you with the formidable power in my knuckles;
resisting you with every unit of my demeanor synchronized as a whole,

Strip me of my destiny; and I'll fight you with the incredulously majestic shadows
of my persevering life,

Strip me of my brain; and I'll fight you with the irrefutably sacrosanct virtue of
my conviction; impregnating the light of sagaciousness in your mind,

Strip me of my love; and I'll fight you with the thunderously palpitating beats of
my profusely aggrieved heart,

Strip me of my blood; and I'll fight you with the astronomical energy
horrendously trapped in my battalion of veins,

And you can strip me of my life O! satanic devil; but I'll still fight you with the
inevitable power of self defence; and the blessings of my Omnipotent Creator;
from beneath my corpse.

40. CAN YOU?

You had the power to procreate your own progeny; but can you recreate man
after death?

You had the power to construct a gigantic building; but can you provide
compassionate shelter to every tangible organism wandering in inexplicable pain;
on the mud of this Universe?

You had the power to save a single life at a time with your prudently imbibed
prowess of artificial respiration; but can you save the entire planet tottering
precariously towards the brink of absolute extinction?

You had the power to silence an innocuous child; but can you conquer the infinite
battalion of devils trying to metamorphose God's earth into a treacherous
paradise?

You had the power to emboss thousands of exquisite lines; but can you sign for
the boundless illiterate on this globe; for whom the most cherished possession
was their bohemian thumb?

You had the power to silence your critics; but can you pacify the perilously
vindictive storm brewing outside; ready to ruthlessly swipe celestial traces of
blissful civilization?

You had the power to philander merrily through the hills whenever you desired;
but can you free humanity from the vicious stranglehold of brutally augmenting
terrorism?

You had the power to memorize several formulas of arithmetic; but can you
scrupulously recollect the uncanny miseries prevailing in each abode on
this planet?

You had the power to pray till times immemorial; but can you grant every single
wish of God's countless created entities?

You had the power to earn fathomless wealth; but can you substitute the eyes of unsurpassable blind men; with your coins of pompous silver?

You had the power to defeat the mightiest of armies with your contemporary techniques; but can you massacre the voice of your guilty conscience?

You had the power to fantasize even beyond the most unprecedented limits of imagination; but can you perceive what was circulating in the minds of unfathomable people; boisterously busy in tackling monotonous life?

You had the power to handsomely placate your own hunger; but can you fill every plate clattering in domains of desperation for those indispensable morsels of food?

You had the power to stare at your own reflection in the mirror for unbelievable hours on the trot; but can you look at those billions of faces engulfed with satanic droplets of blood; deprived of their sole love in life?

You had the power to dream about the most incredulously mesmerizing objects on earth; but can you bring back a smile to the face of a mother; who had just lost her newly born child?

You had the power to dig a million kilometers beneath soil; but can you heal the insurmountably agonizing trauma which the earth was besieged with; as you ruptured its belly?

You had the power to assassinate unsurpassable number of trees in a single minute with your modern machines; but can you spawn the incomprehensible greenery on this soil; which kept astoundingly proliferating; even after the Sun had disappeared from the horizons?

You had the power to sagaciously advice hordes of profusely afflicted masses; but can you enter their shivering persona; to bear their suffering even an inconspicuous trifle?

And you had the power to be an absolute human till the time you existed in physical form; but can you ever dream of being even an infinitesimal reflection of the Omniscient Creator?

41. BUT IT IS MY HUMBLE PLEA!

I didn't wish to be saved even an infinitesimal iota; if the hands of uncouthly unforgiving destiny; treacherously pushed me from the 200th floor of the astronomically colossal edifice,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that my philanthropic neighbors weren't disturbed the slightest; by my ghastly fall and inevitable cries.

I didn't wish to be saved even an inconspicuous inch; if the palms of inexplicably traumatic destiny; hurtled me face on towards the; overwhelmingly speeding monstrous truck,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the shrubs sprouting blissfully in vicinity; weren't camouflaged the slightest; with my rampantly spurting fountains of crimson blood.

I didn't wish to be saved even a capriciously remote whisker; if the clouds of ominously penalizing destiny; buried me infinite feet beneath my coffin; without ostensibly no fault of mine and when I was in pristine prime of life,
But is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the soil surrounding my grave wasn't affected the slightest by my disdainfully decaying carrion; instead perennially continued to proliferate into a paradise of exhilarating newness.

I didn't wish to be saved even an obviously obsolete trifle; if the winds of salaciously pulverizing destiny; barbarically drowned me to the rock bottom; of the fathomlessly swirling ocean,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the fish swimming merrily beneath; weren't hindered the slightest in their celestial path; by my grotesquely cumbersome caricature.

I didn't wish to be saved even a frigidly diminutive inch; if the vagaries of savage destiny; reduced me to an abominably ludicrous heap; of gruesomely charred and nonchalant ash,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the perpetual fertility of mud enveloping my lifeless countenance; wasn't affected the slightest by my penuriously impoverished human form.

I didn't wish to be saved even a ridiculously nonexistence fraction; if the wings of perfidiously corrupting destiny; chopped me into a boundless pieces of raw bone; before eventually dumping me for the dogs,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the blades of voluptuously nimble grass encapsulating my pathetically disoriented demeanor; weren't terrorized the slightest; by the devastatingly gory remains of

my countenance.

I didn't wish to be saved even an lackadaisically minute iota; if the cloudbursts of vindictively tyrannizing destiny; squeezed every droplet of blood like a ferociously untamed parasite; from each pore of my dwindling body,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the hordes of innocuously impeccable children around weren't perturbed the slightest by my cascading skeleton; instead marched unflinchingly on the path to unequivocal righteousness.

I didn't wish to be saved even a tenderly obscure bit; if the ungainly feet of murderously vengeful destiny; indiscriminately trampled and diabolically annihilated every speck of my poignantly seductive breath,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the chapter of life wasn't condemned the slightest by my sordidly premature demise; instead life indefatigably continued to spawn into bountiful fireballs of ecstatic radiance; with every unfurling instant of time.

And I didn't wish to be saved even a parsimoniously mercurial thread; if the ghastly spirit of ruthless destiny; ominously snapped the fangs of my passionately palpitating heart; into the domains of hell and sadly forever,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the beats of eternally immortal love weren't violated the slightest by my disappearing soul; instead relentlessly continued to bond with beauty; to bond with romantic timelessness and vibrant life.

42. AT YOUR DOORSTEP

Normally I would have swooned to even the most extinguishing reflections of blood; collapsing in a bedraggled heap as I heard the word torturous pain,
But today I fervently guzzled gallons of heinous poison presuming it to be most Omnipotent panache of life; as I was at your immortally magnanimous doorstep
O! Almighty Lord; with your supremely celestial aura towering for times immemorial.

Normally I would have puked out every ingredient of food lingering in my famished stomach; the instant I heard even the tiniest of incoherently disgruntled sounds,
But today I ardently trespassed barefoot on a battlefield of relentlessly lethal thorns presuming it to be a silken carpet of paradise; as I was at your immortally philanthropic doorstep
O! Almighty Lord; with your charismatically enigmatic fragrance making me feel the richest organism alive.

Normally I would have blended with non-existent wisps of obsolete oblivion; the very moment I sighted even the most diminutive of ants being mercilessly squelched; by the monstrously speeding truck,
But today I exuberantly buried myself a countless feet beneath my grave presuming it to be the true elixir of life; as I was at your immortally unassailable doorstep O! Almighty Lord; with your Omniscient eyes casting their rays of bedazzling enchantment; upon the trajectory of this entire planet.

Normally I would have tremblingly stifled every iota of my voice; as even the most capriciously frigid beam of darkness; attempted to take a vicious stranglehold
of the brilliantly sweltering day,
But today I willingly trespassed through the most acrimonious mountains of fire presuming them to be oceans of unprecedented love; as I was at your immortally righteous doorstep O! Almighty Lord; with your stupendously Omnipresent voice; miraculously pacifying the agony of the disastrously impoverished planet.

Normally I would have withered like a pack of nimble matchsticks; as even the most fragile winds of dolorous depression; insidiously chose to drift my way,
But today I greedily devoured a tunnel of pugnaciously hostile scorpion presuming them to be the ultimate fruits of Mother Nature; as I was at your immortally boundless doorstep O! Almighty Lord; with your Omnipresently sacrosanct blessings; astoundingly procreating countless new; upon the circumference of this remorsefully dwindling earth.

Normally I would have brutally asphyxiated to a gory death; even as mere reflections of imprisoned orphans; vacillated on the mammoth silver screen,
But today I obligingly blinded my eyes with swords of blistering iron presuming them to be magical wands of spell binding harmony; as I was at your immortally marvelous doorstep O! Almighty Lord; with your tenaciously scintillating radiance; enlightening every dwelling; besieged with lackadaisical disgrace.

Normally I would have metamorphosed to inconsequentially minuscule ash; as I witnessed even the most diminutive speck of widowed white on destitute bodies,
But today I compassionately shot myself in the center of my head presuming it to be the most mesmerizing gift of blissful creation; as I was at your immortally melodious doorstep O! Almighty Lord; with your magnanimously unconquerable grace; magically granting wish of all those innocently deprived.

Normally I would have dithered like an infertile leaf towards lackluster soil; as I encountered even the most tiniest of whipping; of the haplessly orphaned child,

But today I smilingly placed all my fingers under the heinously slicing butcher knife; as I was at your immortally invincible doorstep O! Almighty Lord; with your grandiloquently luminescent persona; bestowing upon its unfathomable splendor; upon all rich and penuriously devastated; alike.

And normally I would have profusely maimed each cranny of my intricately nimbly senses; as I witnessed even the most ferociously unruly chicken being slaughtered;
for becoming the toast of nocturnal delight,
But today I proudly relinquished even the last traces of my life standing on the corridors of hell presuming it to be gloriously resplendent heaven; as I was at your immortally beautiful doorstep O! Almighty Lord; with your unbelievably divinely smile; making me perpetually feel blessedly alive

43. LET TRUE LOVE REMAIN IMMORTAL

Change irascible hatred; into bountiful winds of benevolence,

Change hideously horrendous entities; into marvelous rainbows inhabiting the animated skies,

Change disgustingly abominable decay; into an overwhelmingly fragrant festoon of pearls; cascading from the cosmos,

Change morbidly debilitating blindness; into stupendously optimistic beams of fresh light,

Change baseless chapters of mocking incoherence; into exquisitely grandiloquent mirrors; as articulate as framework of God's language,

Change perilously obese; into a robust complexioned fountain of blissful health and celestial happiness,

Change the precariously menacing edge of knife; into a golden carpet of profusely glistening silk,

Change the frigidly soggy matchstick melting like a pack of cards; into an audaciously valiant warrior; sacrificing his every belonging for his divinely motherland,

Change the solitarily dilapidated pool of fetid water; into a garden of incredulously rejuvenating and poignant tea leaves,

Change the pertinently buzzing parasitic mosquito; into a charismatically dainty fairy; leaping with exultation on the satiny cushion of paradise,

Change the agonizingly traumatized volcano's; into placid fountains of impeccable peace,

Change the garbage deluged gutter; into a fabulously redolent rose; blossoming into untamed exuberance every unfurling second,

Change the miserably dwindling and hopeless leper; into a royal eagle soaring majestically through crimson clouds,

Change the utterly dilapidated speck of battered stone; into the unfathomably luxurious castle; glistening splendidly under fiery rays of Omnipotent Sun,

Change the cowards who were ungainly dumb; into boisterously delectable and lion hearted humming bees,

Change the viciously twisted pathways; into enchanting tunnels leading to the absolute summit of paradise,

Change the diabolically blood sucking devils; into philanthropically benign beings; disseminating the true splendor of mankind,

Change the perfidiously plotting heart; into a perpetual epitome of ultimate belonging,

Change the manipulatively corrupt and dead soul; into the most wonderful gift called; priceless humanity,

But O! Almighty Lord; let true love; remain immortal forever and ever and ever and ever.

44. IMMORTAL HUMANITY

Give me hands; only to achieve my ultimate mission in life; do my best to alleviate despicable suffering from impoverished mankind,

Give me legs; only to explore every region of this mesmerizing planet; trespass into pathetically dilapidated territories; reaching those shunned from all quarters of society,

Give me eyes; only to absorb the most inconspicuous of beauty lingering profoundly in celestial atmosphere; transport my ailing mates in despair; to their safe abodes by the river side,

Give me voice; only to sing the most mesmerizing rhymes in this Universe; infiltrating my melody into every household; trembling and profoundly deprived of bright light,

Give me brain; only to encapsulate all majestic beauty in each of my dreary senses; evolve ingenious ideas; to metamorphose mother earth into a blissful paradise,

Give me hair; only to profusely relish poignant draughts of breeze on my scalp; bounce with untamed exhilaration with impeccable children left stranded on the streets,

Give me smiles; only to rhapsodically blend with nature's bountiful endowment; instill optimistic rays of hope in the lives of those; without an iota of sight,

Give me fingers; only to write countless lines of spell binding poetry; indefatigably propagate the message of peace; through the sacred essence of my verse,

Give me scent; only to bask in the aisles of romantically tantalizing desire; diffuse my enchanting fragrance to those; withering towards an island of utterly hopeless submission,

Give me phlegmatism; only to blend each cranny of my demeanor prudently with corridors of prudent wisdom; commiserate with destitute in diabolical distress,

Give me memory; only to remember the nostalgic moments of childhood in the lap of my revered mother; recall the desires of this entire planet; to enlighten all to the best of my capacity,

Give me shadows; only to mystically pacify parched acres of blistering soil; gloriously rejuvenate my fellow compatriots from their treacherous onslaught of the nonchalant day,

Give me destiny; only to lead my life to the most exuberant of its diminutive capacity; become indispensably instrumental in shaping the future of those retracting fathomless kilometers backwards; after alighting a single step,

Give me bones; only to rise unflinching to every acrimonious obstacle in life; win many a battle for my friends even against the mightiest of horrific devil,

Give me lips; only to kiss and ignite flames even in the most placid of waters; disseminate the virtue of sharing in each organism; hell bent upon terrorizing the planet,

Give me stomach; only to titillate my gluttony with the most splendidly appetizing morsels of food; feed all the hunger stricken with the meals of their choice; till they gathered enough momentum to fend for themselves,

Give me beauty; only to admire the Omnipotent power of the royally divine; uplift my horrendously distorted comrades from realms of deplorable doom,

Give me soul; only to bond with the person I adored even centuries after my death; unite with the perennial wave of mankind in every birth I took birth as a human again,

And Give me heart O! Lord; only to breathe; live and love my beloved; transform together with her and your blessings; this manipulative globe once again; into a land of benevolence; into a land of immortal humanity.

45. YET. AND UNBELIEVABLY YET.

Neither did it have any color of its own; not even the tiniest tinge of distinguishable recognition; whilst floating in free bits of euphoric space,

Neither did it have any shape of its own; not even the most mercurial form of solidity; being fecklessly blown away like frigid matchsticks; with the slightest draught of powerful wind,

Neither did it have any fragrance of its own; not even the most evanescent scent of blissful triumph; with even the scent of the diminutive grass blade overruling it in all respects,

Neither did it have any identity of its own; suspended like an invisible speck of emptiness; even under the most Omnipotent rays of the sun and the most tenaciously shimmering moonlight,

Neither did it have any dimensions of its own; not even occupying even the most zillionth ounce of space; although proliferating at faster than the speed of

lightening every unfurling minute,

Neither did it have any reflection of its own; miserably floundering to discern even an infinitesimal iota of itself; even when indefatigably staring into the most candidly austere of mirrors,

Neither did it have any friends of its own; as in the first case where was it to be seen even a transient trifle; for it to dare dream of compassionately socializing,

Neither did it have any ambitions of its own; remaining just the same puff of fugitively wandering atmosphere; since centuries and times immemorial,

Neither did it have any magnetism of its own; being worthlessly blown by even the most inconspicuously fragile change on this fathomless Universe; overwhelmed by every nimbly parading footstep in vicinity,

Neither did it have any voice of its own; with even the loudest of its whisper; wretchedly floundering to travel a few millimeters beyond its inexplicably non-existent feet,

Neither did it have any destiny of its own; with its life continuing with the same intensity; shape and form; right since the time this majestic earth was ever evolved,

Neither did it have any desire of its own; maintaining the same composure since decades unprecedented; irrespective of the infinite shades of changing weather; storm; or tantalizing rain,

Neither did it have any ancestral lineage of its own; not even a single organism ever born on this boundless Universe; to lend even the most diminutive insinuation of relationship to it,

Neither did it have any power of its own; infact the very first one to uncontrollably reverberate; even though the patriotic trumpets of war blew an infinite kilometers away,

Neither did it have any influence of its own; with none able discern through its unceasing array of whispering balderdash; on the trajectory of this inexhaustibly emollient earth,

Neither did it have any virility of its own; with just an unceasing stream of impotent air; sporadically tickling and flirting with the haplessly chagrined leaves,

Neither did it have any signature of its own; with even the most mercurial elements of the atmosphere; wholesomely transcending its obsolete swirl,

Neither did it have any freedom of its own; as it existed all its life and for a countless more of its lifetimes; solely within the confines of this spectacularly ever-pervading Universe,

Yet. And unbelievably Yet. Once this very same puff of invisible breath entered the nostrils; it became the most Omnipotent power of the Creator; it became a thing more worshipped than the greatest of any wealth on this earth; it became the most ardently immortal source of all love and relationship; and it existed forever and ever and ever as the most Omnipresent gift of the Almighty Lord Divine.

46. I WAS DEFINITELY PROUD

I was not proud of the appetizing morsels of food before my eyes; but I was definitely proud of the fact; that God had given me a chance to wholeheartedly savor them,

I was not proud of the unprecedented opulence that lay profusely inundated in my treasuries; but I was definitely proud of the fact; that God had given me a chance to benevolently utilize them,

I was not proud of the Herculean power that circumvented my bones; but I was definitely proud of the fact; that God had given me an chance; to defend my impoverished countrymen with the same,

I was not proud of the rhapsodically mesmerizing eyes which lay beneath the sockets of my forehead; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to insatiably drown myself and explore the beauty of this fathomless Universe,

I was not proud of the lightening speed that engulfed the robust framework of my legs; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to gallivant till as far I wanted; run indefatigably for the philanthropic mission that encompassed my soul,

I was not proud of the unrelenting fragrance that besieged my flesh; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to disseminate the

same in ebullient lives transgressing around,

I was not proud of the insurmountable battalion of swanky cars that garlanded my glamorous drive; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; elope with my innocuous fellow mates; to the most enchantingly exciting destinations of tomorrow,

I was not proud of the astoundingly magnificent flurry of eyelashes that embellished my lids; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to wink and congenially philander with the humans of my choice,

I was not proud of the gloriously rubicund lips that formed the magnanimous silhouette of my face; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to smile and frolick in the aisles of untamed desire and perpetual happiness,

I was not proud of the incredulously knotted festoon of fingers that protruded royally from my palms; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to sketch the most majestically enticing shapes in this Universe with the same,

I was not proud of the poignantly passionate streams of blood that flowed turbulently through my veins; but I was definitely proud of the fact God had given me a chance; to shed it uninhibitedly for the entities who wanted it the most,

I was not proud of unfathomable happiness that lingered in my countenance; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me chance; to share it with my fellow comrades in despairing pain,

I was not proud of the grandiloquent ocean of dreams that incessantly floated in my brain; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to metamorphose this manipulative planet once again into an enthralling paradise,

I was not proud of the irrefutable essence of truth enveloping my visage; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to scrap the blatantly abusive virtue of lies forever from this world,

I was not proud of the impeccably fair color entrenching each cranny of my skin; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to enlighten the lives of those in ghastly blackness; with my inherent charisma and

light,

I was not proud of the supremely magical contentment ingrained in my blood; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to benevolently assist the disastrously maimed; to achieve their ultimate ambitions and goals of life,

I was not proud of the compassionately fiery inferno of breath diffusing from my nostrils; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to impregnate optimistic hope in the morbidly lifeless,

I was not proud of the complete family that followed me all night and day in each of my conquest; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to exist amidst such a selfless fraternity of fantastic human beings,

I was not proud of the heart that relentlessly throbbed in my chest; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to immortally love and diffuse its ravishingly royal waves to the most boundless corner of this globe,

And I was not proud of living since decades immemorial; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to love; procreate; discover; endeavor my best to make planet earth a better place to live and let live

47. START AND END

Perennially insuperable happiness STARTS; exactly from the point where the traumatic voices of self inflicting insanity and meaningless frigid depression; ENDS,

Blazingly inimitable triumph STARTS; exactly from the point where the cadaverously ignominious and deliriously forlorn graveyard of betrayal; ENDS,

Enchantingly royal sensuousness STARTS; exactly from the point where the stone of egregiously inane and treacherously decrepit stagnation; ENDS,

Stupendously bestowing literacy STARTS; exactly from the point where the apocalypse of dastardly manipulation and population explosion; ENDS,

Resplendently effulgent scent STARTS; exactly from the point where the gallows of pathetically devastating and monotonously invidious boredom; ENDS,

Unflinchingly fearless martyrdom STARTS; exactly from the point where the venom of grotesquely ludicrous and abjectly derelict cowardliness; ENDS,

Peerlessly unsurpassable beauty STARTS; exactly from the point where the web of diabolically distorted and disgustingly gratuitous politics; ENDS,

Handsomely fructifying titillation STARTS; exactly from the point where the mortuary of baselessly slaving and hedonistically lurid commercialism; ENDS,

Eternally blessing truth STARTS; exactly from the point where the well of abysmally hopeless and haplessly staggering lies; ENDS,

Unconquerably divine poetry STARTS; exactly from the point where the daggerhead of indiscriminatingly torturous and malevolently salacious greed; ENDS,

Timelessly enamoring success STARTS; exactly from the point where the fog of viciously disparaging and endlessly hyperbolic ego; ENDS,

Astoundingly panoramic proliferation STARTS; exactly from the point where the carcass of agnostically hypochondriac and threadbare abstention; ENDS,

Magically heavenly brotherhood STARTS; exactly from the point where the battlefield of demonically cold-blooded and brutally unsolicited slavery; ENDS,

Uninhibitedly priceless freedom STARTS; exactly from the point where the whiplash of satanically corrupt and horrifically incarcerating dictatorship; ENDS,

Perpetually benign melody STARTS; exactly from the point where the cacophonically parasitic and ungainly squelching devil; ENDS,

Ubiquitously regale harmony STARTS; exactly from the point where the war of bawdily infinitesimal and worthlessly murderous power; ENDS,

Timelessly endowing humanity STARTS; exactly from the point where the prison of tyrannically truculent and flagrantly penalizing indiscrimination; ENDS,

Miraculously blessed paradise STARTS; exactly from the point where the tornado of dogmatically rotting and mercilessly annihilating abhorrence; ENDS,

And Immortally Godly love STARTS; exactly from the point where the holocaust of sinfully stuttering and sleazily obfuscated retribution; ENDS.

48. PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME RICH!

If it came at the cost of; massacring countless innocent; in the wrath of derogatorily baseless politics,

If it came at the cost of; entangling the unassailably righteous dormitories of the conscience; in a graveyard of malignant manipulation,

If it came at the cost of; mercilessly marauding over a sea of priceless emotions and camaraderie; incarcerating the spirit of humanity in chains of diabolically inclement torture,

If it came at the cost of; venomously adulterating the fabric of pristinely spell binding mother nature; with monstrously monotonous edifices of bizarrely decrepit commercialism,

If it came at the cost of; violently metamorphosing every bit of blissful sanctity and compassionate brotherhood; into an amorphously agnostic coffin of devilishness,

If it came at the cost of; debasingly victimizing the lap of the sacrosanct mother; with whiplashes of threadbarely insane salaciousness,

If it came at the cost of; indiscriminately lambasting hatred; ghoulishly ghettoizing priceless mankind; into spurious fraternities of caste; creed and feckless color,

If it came at the cost of; chauvinistically treacherous prejudice; the maimed anarchy of a handful of dictators; devastating every ingredient of love from the trajectory of this benevolently emollient planet,

If it came at the cost of; truculently abusing the haplessly old; propelling them to ooze tears of torturous blood; every unfurling minute of the Omnipotently rejuvenating day,

If it came at the cost of; vindictively replacing every rivulet of quintessentially gifted blood in the body; with uxoriously bawdy wine and intransigently unending hatred,

If it came at the cost of; gruesomely overriding the civilization of unsurpassably insuperable harmony; with the scorpions of ill-will and despondently debilitating

disease,

If it came at the cost of; murderously trading innocuously nubile skin; amongst salaciously rampaging and demonically sucking parasites,

If it came at the cost of; invidious violence sowing its lugubriously sinful seeds; on every quarter of his regally timeless and fantastically burgeoning Universe,

If it came at the cost of; ominously weeping betrayal; maliciously creeping into every holistically immaculate and perpetually loving heart,

If it came at the cost of; every anecdote of altruistically immortal bravery; drowning forever and ever and ever into wisps of worthless cigar smoke and lasciviously disappearing wine,

If it came at the cost of; divinely motherhood being immutably rebuked in the center of the town; its triumphantly venerated elements being excoriated apart into disastrous nothingness,

If it came at the cost of; insanely polluting God's symbiotically celestial environment; with obnoxious chemicals and nuclear bombs of the most unimaginably hateful degree,

If it came at the cost of; cannibalistically making the poor more poorer and criminally commemorating the sins of the pompously rich; as the ultimate crescendos of life and unshakable humanity,

Then please leave me exactly the way I was born O! Almighty Lord; without a single cloth or ornament on my impoverished body; without the tiniest of embellishment on my uncontrollably shivering bones; please don't ever give me any wealth; please don't ever make me mighty or rich.

49. THE LORD WAS WATCHING YOU

Although there mightn't be the most bucolic insinuation of light around; with every conceivable ingredient of the atmosphere being gruesomely circumscribed with
a coffin of darkness,

Although every leaf around might have slept an infinite hours ago; with nothing but perpetual stillness being the mantra of the lugubriously sullen evening,

Although every trace of exuberantly ecstatic wind around might have subsided to infinitesimally ethereal dust; with every commercial activity on this fathomless planet coming to an absolute standstill,

Although there might not be the tiniest trace of civilization around; with even the most obsolete shadows of bizarrely treacherous ghosts dogmatically refraining from listlessly floating in free space,

Although the stars might be completely obfuscated in mystical sky; by a viciously thunderous blanket of voluptuously titillating clouds,

Although the enigmatically cavorting spiders around might have transited into unbreakable sleep; with orphaned strands of their royal webs; now disintegrating into a boundless bits of nothingness,

Although the exotically spell binding flowers around might have invidiously crumbled into a disorientedly befuddled heap; with every of their once enchantingly redolent petals now coalescing with wisps of worthlessness,

Although the waves of the ebulliently rhapsodic sea around might have drowned into feckless extinction; with nothing but unimaginably heartless space taking insidious and complete control,

Although even the most subservient element of squelched moisture around might have dried to a ghastly death; with ludicrously imperturbable austerity forever reigning supreme,

Although the uninhibited cries of the newborn around might have horrifically asphyxiated; with even the sound of a mercurial pin irrevocably restraining to come from the ground,

Although the unlimitedly gigantic shadows around might have surreptitiously enveloped every conceivable object in vicinity; with the eyes finding it overwhelmingly difficult to sagaciously discern between the black and scintillatingly white,

Although the innocuously whispering grasshoppers around might have surrendered themselves in mind; body and spirit; to graveyards of horrifically dumb silence,

Although the thunderously resonating echoes around might have pathetically dissolved into a mortuary of decrepit emptiness; resigning to the inevitably

acerbic unveiling of time,

Although the inanely fragile footprints around might have shrunk into the aisles of dastardly oblivion; with agglomerated conviviality being a remorsefully far cry,

Although the spirit of unflinchingly fearless patriotism might have ridiculously dwindled around; with unbelievably peaceful sighs replacing the triumphantly blazing clanging of the impregnable swords,

Although the minute hand and hour hand of the grandfather clock around might have remained irretrievably agglutinated at the same spot; even as time rampantly sped by,

Although every speck of brilliant versatility around might have metamorphosed into a miserably slaving well of abysmal nonchalance; with even the most miraculously galloping inspiration fading under the midday Sun,

Although every breath around might have subsided into the realms of hell even before one could inhale it out; and each wisp of life might have grotesquely died,

O! Yes; Even if the entire earth around might have closed its eyes or come to a perpetually disillusioned standstill: Remember that the most fugitively frigid action of yours was being ardently watched by the Omnipotent Lord Almighty; so watch your step dear mate; and make sure that it treads towards righteousness; righteousness and just immortally humanitarian and symbiotically unconquerable righteousness; whenever you dare to tread.

50. WHY DO YOU?

God blessed you with such magnificently immaculate palms; why do you uncouthly massacre with them; instead of philanthropically uplifting all devastatingly deprived humanity?

God blessed you with such impeccably sparkling eyes; why do you witness the lecherously evil with them; instead of capsizing all bountifully fathomless beauty of this mesmerizing planet; in their poignantly scintillating mirrors of white?

God blessed you with such formidably impregnable teeth; why do you ruthlessly suck innocuous blood with them; instead of profoundly relishing the most voluptuously enchanting fruits of Mother Nature?

God blessed you with such an ingeniously fascinating mind; why do you maniacally pulverize it with swords of tyrannical depression; instead of relentlessly fantasizing about the astronomically benign goodness; in every quarter of this marvelous planet?

God blessed you with such tantalizingly charming lips; why do you purse them in dormitories of abhorrently despicable belligerence; instead of bequeathing all those treacherously orphaned; with an unsurpassable festoon of grandiloquent smiles?

God blessed you with such melodiously captivating voice; why do you cacophonically lambaste the handsome atmosphere with it; instead of unbelievably pacifying the traumatized agony of all those souls; brutally shattered and withering in inexplicable misery?

God blessed you with such stupendously immaculate neck; why do you diabolically drift it towards the satanically ominous; instead of ardently staring at the ravishingly synergistic; blanket of ubiquitously glistening stars?

God blessed you with such boisterously divine ears; why do you incessantly hear only unruly fracas and war with them; instead of profoundly blending them with a seductive blanket of gloriously titillating golden dewdrops?

God blessed you with such intricately silken feet; why do you indiscriminately trample the pathetically infirm with them; instead of wonderfully evolving an unflinching pathway; of irrefutable peace and benevolent righteousness?

God blessed you with such dexterously articulate nails; why do you use them to savagely extricate a dying mans food; instead of crawling with diligent assiduousness towards the pinnacle of invincibly scintillating success?

God blessed you with such a royally towering height; why do you use it to invidiously dominate all whom you encountered in your way; instead of blissfully alleviating the insurmountably crippled and maim; towards their most resplendent dreams of exuberant success?

God blessed you with such emphatically Herculean muscles; why do you use them to barbarically decimate timidly new born infants; instead of patriotically defending your motherland till the very last iota of your rhapsodic breath?

God blessed you with such mystically bedazzling destiny lines; why do you use

them to snatch indispensably vital breath from all those holistically alive; instead of metamorphosing the complexion of staggeringly dilapidated staleness; into the opulently vibrant winds of tomorrow?

God blessed you with such unfathomably overwhelming fortitude; why do you use it for inflicting deliberate pain upon your handsome countenance; instead of standing unequivocally like a formidable fortress; to the celestial service of mankind?

God blessed you with such curvaceously incredulous stomach; why do you mercilessly deluge it with food of the penuriously destitute; instead of harboring insidiously dumped children; in the realms of its compassionately uninhibited swirl?

God blessed you with such enigmatically enamoring shadow; why do you use it to parasitically overshadow the chapter of goodness; instead of letting its fabulously tingling waves; miraculously soothe insanely zany minds?

God blessed you with such irrefutably honest conscience; why do you use it to pioneer the hideously unsurpassable cloud of blatant lies; instead of diffusing Omnipotent truth at every step you tread; at every darkness you profusely enlightened?

God blessed you with such majestically heavenly soul; why do you use it to worthlessly corrupt boisterously endowed civilizations with the winds of manipulative malice; instead of perennially disbursing its essence of timeless peace; to the most remotest cranny of this spell binding planet?

And God blessed you with such passionately pulsating heartbeats; why do you use them to incinerate salacious graves of ludicrously stumbling betrayal; instead of igniting the immortal cloudburst of love; love and only perpetual love.

51. WHEN YOU WERE THERE BY MY SIDE

When I was gruesomely lonely; overwhelmingly enshrouded by mists of perpetual solitude from all sides; I felt as if sinking more profusely beneath my grave; as the minutes rapidly unveiled,
However I sprang up with tumultuous exhilaration to lead life; profoundly staring and mesmerized by the impeccable whites of your eye; when you were there by my side.

When I was perennially devastated; viciously besieged with lackadaisical walls of

ghastly boredom; I felt as if diabolical daggerheads of depression were sapping every ounce of energy from my senses,
However I leaped ebulliently towards the bountifully voluptuous carpet of sky; ravishingly caressing and compassionately relishing the divinely warmth in your palms; when you were there by my side.

When I was loitering aimlessly on cold ground; pugnaciously relinquishing even the tiniest of desire to holistically survive; I felt as if every entity in the planet outside was nothing; but an uncouthly blood sucking parasite,
However I gallivanted in the aisles of vibrantly untamed desire; profusely mesmerized and supremely blending with the enamoring melody in your voice; when you were there by my side.

When I was staggering in the corridors of disdainfully despicable depression; intransigently weeping even as the globe blossomed into marvelous newness outside; I felt as if a painstakingly mammoth mountain of guilt was brutally excoriating my flesh with swords of satanic diabolism,
However I enlightened every path I trespassed on with fireballs of insatiable hope; passionately nibbling your neck and uxoriously coalescing with your volatile senses; when you were there by my side.

When I was perched without a penny in my penurious pockets on the austere acrimonious mountaintops; ferocious rays of blazing Sun gorily exacerbating the famished agony in the dormitories of my nimble stomach; I felt like an inconspicuously non-existent mosquito; being tyrannically lambasted by the devil,

However I raced immutably towards the most handsomely spell binding of victory; flirting mischievously with your heavenly earlobes and pecking your Omnipotent cheeks; when you were there by my side.

When I was slithering languidly on freezing ice; worthlessly counting the incomprehensible number of stars in fathomless cosmos; I felt as if an unsurpassable fleet of savage sharks; were sucking every iota of my enthusiasm,

However I escalated above the walls of blissful eternity; as I held my ears astoundingly close to your tantalizing belly and tickling your ravishing ribs; when you were there by my side.

When I was tossing restlessly in the morbidly remorseful dungeons; voraciously scratching the stinking walls in an attempt to expend my Herculean energy; I felt as if the Universe had ignominiously castigated me for ostensibly no fault of mine; shunning me in entirety till my veritable death,

However I exuberantly galloped to metamorphose each of my philanthropic dreams into reality; bending in due obeisance at your godly feet and clasping your fingers tight; when you were there by my side.

When I was miserably incarcerated behind ominously gleaming bars of the hostile prison; an unfathomable battalion of irascible termites greedily slaving on my innocuous flesh; I felt treacherously weak and dying a countless deaths; even though life was still mine,
However I irrefutably waded past the glorious flags of patriotic victory; incessantly admiring and magnificently transposing with your sagaciously philanthropic philosophies; when you were there by my side.

And when I was ruthlessly unemployed; with every quarter of this murderously conventional society spitting upon me the frustrations of their bedraggled day; I felt as if time had come to a standstill; as I hopelessly bid the world a tearfully defeated goodbye,
However I continued to exist as the richest man alive for infinite more births of mine; immortally bonding with your Omnipresent heart; benevolent blood; and majestically unassailable breath; when you were there by my side.

52. GOD GIFTED BRAIN.

Never ever enter into the brain of the ant; or you'll get haplessly strangulated for brilliantly unfettered freedom; identity and bountiful space,

Never ever enter into the brain of the elephant; or you'll suddenly find yourself a lugubriously disoriented burden to earth; emanating an infinite groans to just alight your foot an inconspicuous inch from the soil,

Never ever enter into the brain of the lion; or you'll develop a sadistically ignominious perceptive for every fraternity of humanity; vomiting a countless times as there was now nothing else but innocent blood in your cannibalistically ominous throat,

Never ever enter into the brain of the scorpion; or you'll inexhaustibly spit at your ownself for being the most poisonous organism on earth; fostering nothing else but unbearable vindication in every wanton ingredient of your body,

Never ever enter into the brain of the nightingale; or you'll initially find yourself to be the most mellifluously enchanting creature on the planet; but soon weep every unfurling instant of your destined time; as the King incarcerated every speck of your untamed sensuousness within the four walls of his mundane

palace,

Never ever enter into the brain of the bumble bee; or you'll feel like licking the nails of your morbid coffin instead; rather than the unrelentingly unsparing stabbing of incongruous buzzing sound,

Never ever enter into the brain of the mosquito; or you'll feel that most treacherously impoverished entity on earth; the most appallingly ridiculed entity on the Universe; was none other than you and only you,

Never ever enter into the brain of the rose; or you'll feel utterly devastated as every now and again your petals withered to coalesce with worthless mud; and an army of profanely parasitic leeches deplorably expurgated on your nubile stem,

Never ever enter into the brain of the clouds; or you'll feel a viciously uncouth pall of deteriorating gloom profoundly perpetuate into the last bone of your spine; and every trifle of felicity gorily metamorphosed into amorphously delirious black,

Never ever enter into the brain of the dog; or you'll want to forever extinguish even the most infinitesimal trace of your existence; rather than hopelessly slaving your entire life to the commands of the eccentrically unruly master,

Never ever enter into the brain of the donkey; or you'll feel that paradise was just an obfuscated illusion of shit; intractably wanting to pulverize your life; as virtually every entity in the world outside; used your name as the most spontaneous abuse,

Never ever enter into the brain of the snake; or you'll feel that there was just nothing else on the trajectory of this unceasing Universe; than pugnaciously asphyxiating lethality,

Never ever enter into the brain of the night; or you'll feel that only demons brutally ruled this sacrosanct earth; with even the most ethereal bit of optimism transforming into a satanic graveyard of flagrantly subjugated desperation,

Never ever enter into the brain of the seed; or you'll find nothing but lecherously blackened labyrinths of squalid mud perennially around you; breathing every blessed moment of your life in criminal darkness; whereas the fruit beautifully reaped all Omnipotent Sunlight,

Never ever enter into the brain of the mountain; or you'll find yourself die a limitless deaths of abhorrent stagnation every unleashing instant; not able to budge an infidel inch from your original creation; whilst sequestering the entire planet in your unflinchingly invincible swirl,

Never ever enter into the brain of the cockroach; or you'll feel the most abjectly sordid organism in this world; inevitably fretting for an infinite lives amidst a gutter of obnoxiously ostracized feces; whilst fresh life astoundingly proliferated at every conceivable step outside,

Never ever enter into the brain of the scarecrow; or you'll feel like a lividly crumbling scapegoat without the tiniest identity of your own; sinfully abandoned only to lure prized prey or ludicrously shoo diminutive insects,

Never ever enter into the brain of the frog; or you'll feel the most grouchily suppressed entity on this endless planet; wailing at the top of your cacophonous lungs; but alas within the cadaverously depraving and slimy walls of the cancerously confining well,

Never ever enter into the brain of the poet; or you'll inexplicably feel circumscribed by a mist of newness and unfathomably agonizing trauma at the same moment; and a majority of the time the latter diabolically ruling the former,

I therefore indefatigably beseech you to never ever enter into the brain of anybody; as howsoever inscrutably alluring the prospect might seem at the outset; the apocalypses of ribald hell would eventually gobble you without the tiniest of innuendo,

Instead if you really wanted to symbiotically triumph and Immortally love on the periphery of this unbelievably endowing Universe; if you really wanted to lead life as the most pricelessly liberated organism of the Omniscient Almighty Lord; then use the same 2 centimeters of insuperable network within your skull with which you were created; use the same 2 centimeters of miraculously creative powerhouse with which you emanated your very first cry; use your own and very own God-gifted brain

53. IF ITS FROM YOUR HEART

Whether it was fainter than the rustling of inconspicuous grass; or whether it perpetually blazed through the mortuaries of depression forever and ever and ever,

Whether it squeaked like a disdainfully disappearing rat; or whether it handsomely reverberated past the norms of the tyrannically conventional society,

Whether it cadaverously sunk an infinite feet beneath lackluster soil even before it could arise; or whether it resembled the everlastingly enamoring effervescence of the timelessly vivacious rainbow in celestial sky,

Whether it was as preposterously weak as the infidel ant; or whether it inimitably silenced even the most infinitesimal trace of diabolism on this Universe in a righteously single cry,

Whether it was more inarticulately mumbling than the winds of grouchily disappointing oblivion; or whether it relentlessly roared like the majestically unflinching lion; till times immemorial,

Whether it gasped and miserably stuttered like a lividly subjugated gutterpipe; or whether it perennially blossomed like the tendrils of the sensuously untamed rose; to blend with the compassionate moisture of the skies,

Whether it croaked like an acrimoniously repugnant frog; or whether it caressed the innermost dormitories of the soul; like a brilliantly undefeated prince,

Whether it irascibly buzzed like the abjectly parsimonious mosquito; or whether it timelessly danced in triumphant delight; like the very first droplets of ubiquitously bonding and eternally fructifying rain,

Whether it rapidly deteriorated into vapid nothingness immediately after it had arisen; or whether it unstoppably marched forward on the path to insuperably blessed success,

Whether it forever bore the imprint of shamefully ludicrous timidity; or whether it ebulliently galloped like an uninhibited kangaroo through the trails of fearlessly enlightening adventure,

Whether it unceasingly seemed like the ethereally dwindling horizons; or whether it vividly enthralled like the extraordinarily pristine oceans of magnanimously rejuvenating froth,

Whether it sounded incoherent jinxed like quaint crusts of severely dilapidated rust; or whether it proliferated into a cosmos of ever-pervading freshness till

moments beyond infinite infinity,

Whether it wobbled in the realms of impoverished uncertainty; or whether it brilliantly glimmered like the Omnipotently flamboyant rays of the Morning Sun,

Whether it disintegrated into a corpse of pathetically disintegrating emptiness; or whether it beautifully melanged with the mists of resplendently sensuous paradise,

Whether it penuriously flickered for a countless lifetimes; or whether it was an unlimited times better than the cadence of the mellifluously gorgeous nightingale,

Whether it was as flaccidly indolent as the stride of the tortoise; or whether it raced like stupendously kingly lightening through the most hideously truculent pathways of horrific despair,

Whether it seemed as non-existent as the dead-mans lifeless carcass; or whether it indomitably towered above every tangible and intangible entity on the trajectory of this unbelievably unassailable planet,

Whether it sounded like the most haplessly pulverized brick of the foundation; or whether it consecrated a whole new civilization of unconquerable goodness; upon its synergistic dissemination into the atmosphere,

Irrespective of whatever; if your voice is altruistically philanthropic; if your voice is tirelessly ardent for every bit of panoramically symbiotic goodness existing on this boundless earth; if your voice is as pristinely sacred as the milk of your divinely mother; most importantly if your voice above everything else is from the innermost dormitories of your benign heart; then it irrefutably and immortally reaches and bonds forever and ever and ever; with the Omnipotent breath of the Creator Divine.

54. FOREVER.

How can you ever expect stupendously emollient nectar to waft out; after the scorpion opened its venomously treacherous mouth; to the fullest of its lethally salacious capacity?

How can you ever expect brilliantly unfettered rays of optimistic light; after uncouthly parasitic darkness had crept in; the chapters of midnight had wholesomely incarcerated the fabric of earth divine?

How can you ever expect the tree to fructify into majestically astounding fruit; after the ruthlessly slandering fire had charred even the most infinitesimal trace of life around; into gruesomely cadaverous charcoal?

How can you ever expect lips to unfurl into a gorgeously tantalizing smile; after the mother who'd so miraculously evolved them in the first place; forever left her terrestrial form to embrace the solitude of heavenly abode?

How can you ever expect the fish to gregariously swim; after every droplet of the fantastically undulating ocean; had evaporated into the aisles of inconspicuously estranged meaninglessness?

How can you ever expect the poet to pen infinite lines of royally enamoring poetry; after every speck of his inimitably eclectic fingers were mercilessly cut into a countless bits of bizarrely ghastly nothingness?

How can you ever expect the bee to buzz into boisterously effulgent happiness; after every flower in vicinity miserably decayed towards the lugubriously sordid ground?

How can you ever expect the nightingale to mellifluously murmur; after every cranny of panoramically divine nature; forever metamorphosed into robotically emotionless jungles of concrete prejudice?

How can you ever expect the mirror to portray the most explicitly unbridled reflection; after it was shattered into a boundless shards of lividly hedonistic haplessness?

How can you ever expect jaggery to taste spell-bindingly sweet; after it was treacherously dipped into the ominously gluttonous shark's mouth; which was replete with nothing else but the heart of the unfathomably salty sea?

How can you ever expect the soldier to hold his higher than the patriotically triumphant heavens; after he had limply surrendered to the enemy camp; without the most ethereal iota of resilience or fight?

How can you ever expect the eagle to regally soar in gloriously unhindered galaxies of sky; after being satanically buried a countless feet beneath despairingly wanton mud?

How can you ever expect the mountains to blossom into unassailably towering

peaks; after being unrelentingly bombarded by profanely debilitating nuclear weaponry and indiscriminately gory war?

How can you ever expect blood to ignite skies of unsurpassable passion in the body; after the perpetual disappearance of the Omnipotently heavenly beloved?

How can you ever expect the brain to unlimitedly fantasize; after being vicariously bludgeoned by the blows of brutally macabre corruption and insanely life-threatening debauchery?

How can you ever expect the pile of despondently disheveled garbage to yield pricelessly iridescent pearls; after being horrendously dumped with a motley of feces from all across the fathomless planet?

How can you ever expect the nostril to breathe into a civilization of unbelievably undefeated and boundless newness; after being diabolically asphyxiated by the mortuary of lies; every unfurling instant of impoverished existence?

How can you ever expect the heart to diffuse into an unimaginably infallible paradise of Immortally loving beats; after being unsparingly betrayed by the sole love and perpetual compassion of its destined life?

But you can forever expect an unshakable place in the Omniscient Lord's heaven; you can forever expect an undeniably redolent abode in the paradise of the Omnipotent Creator Divine; for every altruistically humanitarian deed executed by you within your truncated lifetime; even after you forever abdicated breath; even after you forever quit your robustly physical form; even after you forever and inevitably died.

55. THE GREATEST OFFERING

Even if you placed the entire wealth of this boundless planet before him; it would still hopelessly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the wealth of invincibly benign selflessness; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire power of this fathomless planet before him; it would still haplessly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the power of infallibly redolent truth; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire charisma of this limitless planet before him; it would still lugubriously prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the charisma of inimitably majestic artistry; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire beauty of this endless planet before him; it would still morbidly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the beauty of compassionately philanthropic simplicity; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire sensuousness of this unceasing planet before him; it would still forlornly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the sensuousness of tantalizingly fructifying time; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire fruits of this unsurpassable planet before him; they would still disdainfully prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the fruits of insuperably eclectic creativity; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire triumph of this gargantuan planet before him; it would still obnoxiously prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the triumph of sacrosanct goodness; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire tranquility of this inexhaustible planet before him; it would still abashingly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the tranquility of symbiotic selflessness; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire fragrance of this inscrutable planet before him; it would still vituperatively prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the fragrance of impregnable righteousness; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire benevolence of this timeless planet before him; it would still baselessly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the benevolence of divine simplicity; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire honesty of this tireless planet before him; it would still ludicrously prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the honesty of unbelievably infallible straightforwardness; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire virility of this immeasurable planet before him; it would still pathetically prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the virility of astoundingly mitigating evolution; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire inebriation of this royal planet before him; it would still indolently prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the inebriation of mystically unfettered enchantment; that he perpetually and pricelessly

possessed,

Even if you placed the entire flamboyance of this ecstatic planet before him; it would still vividly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the flamboyance of the Optimistically unassailable Sun; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire blood of this effulgent planet before him; it would still disastrously prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the blood of synergistically unshakable living kind; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire knowledge of this motley planet before him; it would still grotesquely prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the knowledge of Omnipotent life and death; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire breath of this unbreakable planet before him; it would still treacherously prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the breath of everlastingly Omnipresent newness; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire heartbeats of this marvelous planet before him; it would still delinquently prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the heartbeat of Immortally inimitable love; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Contrarily to the above meaningless methods of appeasing him; wherein you tried to weigh him in the spuriously sanctimonious begging bowls of your lascivious wealth; beauty; charm and tawdry power; if you wholeheartedly embraced just one of your fellow living kind in bizarre distress; pain and inexplicable misery; every single day of your destined time,

The Almighty Creator would consider it to be the most Immortally cherished offering from your side; the most symbiotically mesmerizing gift from your soul; the most selflessly indomitable contribution from every of your heartbeat; and this time it would be beautifully at par with whatever he had dreamt of or possessed.

56. PRICELESSLY EQUAL

Neither were you more extravagantly fairer than me; neither were you more pathetically weaker than the most lugubriously dwindling bone down my spine,

Neither were you more bountifully truthful than me; neither were you more disastrously lying than most salaciously perverted ingredient of my blood,

Neither were you more blazingly dynamic than me; neither were you more dolorously cowardly than the most grotesquely ribald germs of fear in my stagnating brain,

Neither were you more eclectically brilliant than me; neither were you more shamefully dwindling than the most asphyxiated corpse of hopelessness in my shriveled persona,

Neither were you more unflinchingly triumphant than me; neither were you more bawdily defeated than the most forlornly crippling of my failures,

Neither were you more effulgently passionate than me; neither were you more treacherously stagnating than the most decaying figment of meaninglessness in my decrepit body,

Neither were you more resplendently surreal than me; neither were you more satanically monotonous than the most lecherously deteriorating of my corporate profiles,

Neither were you more ingeniously evolving than me; neither were you more redundantly parasitic than the most viciously slandering apogees of my rubicund tongue,

Neither were you more royally blessed than me; neither were you more unfortunately lambasted than the most salaciously withering moments of my devastated life,

Neither were you more exuberantly sensuous than me; neither were you more lackadaisically nonchalant than the most preposterously wasting of my moods,

Neither were you more miraculously fertile than me; neither were you more ludicrously impotent than the most onerously slavering of my shattered times,

Neither were you more invincibly honest than me; neither were you more venomously flagrant than the most lividly distorted of my fugitively obliterating shadow,

Neither were you more infallibly faithful than me; neither were you more carnivorously betraying than the most miserably battered of my crumbling

senses,

Neither were you more inimitably talented than me; neither were you more sleazily blanch than the most inanely amorphous of my egregiously estranged nerves,

Neither were you more ecstatically galloping than me; neither were you more indolently stationery than the most faintest of my penuriously diminishing of whispers,

Neither were you more ebulliently redolent than me; neither were you more repugnantly stinking than the most obliviously morbid of my insane carcass of bones,

Neither were you more symbiotically philanthropic than me; neither were you more violently prejudiced than the most perniciously obsessive of my nightmares,

Neither were you more vivaciously unfettered than me; neither were you more ominously incarcerated than the most dangerously chained idiosyncrasies of my indifferently strangulated existence,

And Neither were you more vibrantly living than me; neither were you more perpetually dead than the most hopelessly flailing of my very final breath,

Only because the Omnipotent Creator had created both you and me; and every other of our infinite living kind; even the most infinitesimally disappearing aspect of every one of us alive on planet divine; as forever priceless; inequitably synergistic and wonderfully equal.

57. HOW DOES IT REALLY MATTER

How does it matter even an infinitesimal trifle; whether God created the robust hen first; or sent the salubriously triumphant egg on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a diminutive trifle; whether God created the vivacious plant first; or sent the effulgently mesmerizing seed on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a mercurial trifle; whether God created poignant salt first; or sent the jubilantly frosty sea on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an inconspicuous trifle; whether God created the Omnipotent secretions of love first; or sent the bountifully virile man on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an ethereal trifle; whether God created the eclectic silhouette first; or sent the beautifully resplendent shadow on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an ephemeral trifle; whether God created the immortal heartbeat first; or sent perpetually proliferating compassion on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an evanescent trifle; whether God created the mellifluous song first; or sent fantastically nubile enchantment on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a fugitive trifle; whether God created the blazing Sun first; or sent unflinchingly unassailable optimism on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a fleeting trifle; whether God created perennial paradise first; or sent the altruistically unconquerable Angel on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an abysmal trifle; whether God created tantalizing mystery first; or sent the inscrutably enigmatic night on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a minuscule trifle; whether God created insuperable truth first; or sent majestically pristine victory on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an infidel trifle; whether God created boundless intelligence first; or sent spell bindingly burgeoning innovation on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a nonchalant trifle; whether God created philanthropic fantasy first; or sent royally unsurpassable desire on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a teeny trifle; whether God created uplifting happiness

first; or sent timelessly uniting procreation on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a parsimonious trifle; whether God created the handsome clouds first; or sent panoramically enticing greenery on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a measly trifle; whether God created ubiquitous unity first; or sent Omnipresently blessing peace on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an abstemious trifle; whether God created stupefying fragrance first; or sent the miraculously mitigating rose on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an obfuscated trifle; whether God created inimitable sacredness first; or sent unconquerably virgin milk on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a disappearing trifle; whether God created the humanitarian throat first; or sent the thirst for goodness on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an unmentionable trifle; whether God created intrepid ecstasy first; or sent infallibly reinvigorating inspiration on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an obsolete trifle; whether God created fertile Woman first; or sent potently masculine Man on earth; an infinite births before?

And tell me how does it really matter even a miserly trifle; whether God created something first and something last on earth; as long as he'd created the sky of unshakably immortal love; which united every caste; creed; tribe; race; species; in the religion of impregnable oneness forever and ever and ever; irrespective of being first; or an infinite births even before?

58. NOT THE TINIEST OF DIFFERENCE AT ALL

It would make a world of difference; if you left the fish to exotically swim in the majestically undulating ocean; or the spuriously embellished and parsimoniously asphyxiated aquarium,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the parrot to unequivocally fly in uninhibitedly royal sky; or the treacherously maudlin and brutally sanctimonious

cage,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the rainbow to vivaciously dazzle in the fathomlessly endowing cosmos; or the regally glass-facaded ceiling of your monotonously concrete business-house,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the flower to perennially blossom in unassailably Omnipotent soil; or the grandiloquently pompous and morosely incarcerate vase,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the cactus to unrestrictedly sprawl in the royally boundless and blistering desert; or the austerely dingy pot near the kitchen sink,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the dew drop to fantastically glisten on the pristinely princely grass blade; or the besmirched window of your soiled bathroom,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the lion to gloriously parade in the exuberantly bountiful jungle; or the disparagingly robotized entrenchment of the inclemently scurrilous zoo,

It would make a world of difference; if you left Sunshine to tirelessly blaze every conceivable quarter of symbiotic earth; or the chauvinistically corporatish patio on the sordidly malicious edifice terrace,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the snake to joyously philander amidst the inscrutably untamed creepers of the forest; or the treasury of abhorrently blood soaked and sinful jewels,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the frog to boisterously exult in the freshly rain soaked well; or the egregiously stale sump of vituperatively adulterated chemical water surrounding the lavatory seat,

It would make a world of difference; if you left truth to unconquerably triumph in the realms of the Omnisciently blessed conscience; or miserably stashed beneath the entire truck load of currency coin of this endlessly corrupt world,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the peacock to enchantingly dance in the flirtatiously winking meadow; or the derogatorily cigarette laden courtyard of the butcher's raunchy dwelling,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the owl to intransigently stare in the wilderness of the fabulously tantalizing night; or the mournfully flagrant darkness beneath the treacherous corpse,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the polar bear to ebulliently frolic on the slopes of the innocuously snow clad and grand Everest; or the deterioratingly artificial chill of the match-boxed air-conditioner,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the candle to fearlessly enlighten every cranny of the mystically blackened night; or abysmally cadaverous hollow in the lecherously rusted coffin,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the newborn infant in the insuperably godly breast of its mother; or the wretchedly vindictive cradle beside the despondently harried nurse,

It would make a world of difference; if you left breath to euphorically cascade down the quintessentially life-yielding nostrils; or the worthlessly abject pores of the worthlessly decaying skeleton,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the chameleon in the astoundingly vivid camouflage; or the mechanized stripes of lasciviously parasitic color on the mundanely asphyxiating brick wall,

But it would make not the tiniest of difference ever and at all; if you left the beats of Immortal Love; to throb in the hearts of an organism tall or short; an organism black or white; an organism rich or poor; an organism blind or with sight; an organism fertile or infertile; as long as there was God's blessings upon this Universe; O! Yes, as long as there was God's blessedly bonding and ubiquitously symbiotic life

59. UNASSAILABLE LORD ALMIGHTY

These impoverished eyes were irrefutably mine; but every ray of peerlessly benign goodness that they selflessly radiated; was that of the Omnipotent Lord Almighty,

These impoverished ears were irrefutably mine; but every sound of symbiotically united triumph that they heard; was that of the Insuperable Lord Almighty,

These impoverished lips were irrefutably mine; but every ubiquitously gregarious smile that they emanated into; was that of the boundless Lord Almighty,

These impoverished eyelashes were irrefutably mine; but every divinely unfettered sensuousness that they diffused; was that of the Omniscient Lord Almighty,

These impoverished fingers were irrefutably mine; but every ounce of majestic artistry that they culminated into; was that of the fathomless Lord Almighty,

These impoverished veins were irrefutably mine; but every droplet of synergistically humanitarian blood that they nourished; was that of the undefeated Lord Almighty,

These impoverished feet were irrefutably mine; but every step towards blazingly divine righteousness that they embarked upon; was that of the unparalleled Lord Almighty,

This impoverished brain was irrefutably mine; but every fantasy evolving timelessly untarnished newness; was that of the unconquerable Lord Almighty,

This impoverished tongue was irrefutably mine; but every sound of wonderfully egalitarian oneness that it wafted; was that of the inimitable Lord Almighty,

This impoverished throat was irrefutably mine; but every beautifully victorious globule of water that it holistically slurped; was that of the invincible Lord Almighty,

These impoverished shoulders were irrefutably mine; but every molecule of unsurpassably glorious philanthropism that they hoisted; was that of the limitless Lord Almighty,

This impoverished shadow was irrefutably mine; but every iota of celestially enamoring mollification that it provided; was that of the ever-pervading Lord Almighty,

This impoverished signature was irrefutably mine; but every trace of fearlessly unhindered authority in it; was that of the indomitable Lord Almighty,

This impoverished skin was irrefutably mine; but every speck of pristinely convivial compassion it; was that of the Omnipresent Lord Almighty,

These impoverished nostrils were irrefutably mine; but every puff of magically bonding passion that they inexhaustibly exhaled; was that of the everlasting

Lord Almighty,

This impoverished heart was irrefutably mine; but every beat of Immortal love that it unstoppably palpitated; was that of the perpetual Lord Almighty,

This impoverished conscience was irrefutably mine; but every ingredient of impregnable truth profoundly embellishing it; was that of the miraculous Lord Almighty,

This impoverished sweat was irrefutably mine; but every stream of unimaginably regal honesty that it dribbled into; was that of the perennial Lord Almighty,

And this impoverished body was irrefutably mine; but every ingredient of astoundingly procreating virility which never ever let the Universe come to a horrifically abrupt standstill; was that of the unassailable Lord Almighty

60. UNPREPARED

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of ecstatic scents; as well as the worst of the worst morbidly fetid stinks,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of unsurpassably optimistic illumination; as well as the worst of the worst dolorously asphyxiating darkness,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of triumphant melodies; as well as the worst of the worst torturously ghastly voices of the ghost,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of unflinchingly sparkling victories; as well as the worst of the worst scurrilously ignominious defeats,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of intriguingly exhilarating newness; as well as the worst of the worst bawdily desolate silence of the treacherous coffins,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of ubiquitously synergistic wisdom; as well as the worst of the worst myths of cadaverously pulverizing illiteracy,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of blazingly insuperable heroics; as well as the worst of the worst gallows of abysmally deteriorating dumbness,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of magically volatile sensuousness; as well as the worst of the worst amorphously listless matchboxes of tyrannical monotony,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of uninhibitedly priceless freedom; as well as the worst of the worst of apocalypses of unsparingly lambasting hell,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of opulently majestic rainfall; as well as the worst of the worst of bizarrely strangulating mortuaries of drought,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of compassionately symbiotic camaraderie; as well as the worst of the worst of venomously diabolical parasites of malicious chicanery,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of indomitably towering courage; as well as the worst of the worst of salaciously flagrant dastardliness,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of wholeheartedly unconquerable smiles; as well as the worst of the worst of fretfully tearful and penalizing disasters,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of timelessly endowing royalty; as well as the worst of the worst sordidly begging bowls of haplessly inevitable desperation,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of altruistically benign philanthropism; as well as the worst of worst of parsimoniously lethal and indescribably penurious crime,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of spellbindingly Omnipresent virility; as well as the worst of worst of slaps that tirelessly reverberated the curse of being infertile,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of Immortally unassailable love; as well as the worst of the worst of cannibalistically vituperative betrayal,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of regally emollient life; as well as the worst of the worst of hedonistically massacring and unavoidable death,

But if there was one thing that the Lord didn't prepare you for; or never ever wanted you to prepare yourself: That was to nonchalantly accept the corpse of savagely crippling death; within the heart of his effulgently panoramic creation; within the invincible entrenchment of his endlessly procreating atmosphere; within the melody of unshakable oneness that enshrouded every of his organism and particle of earth alike; within every unbelievably jubilant moment of your blessedly proliferating and destined life

61. EVEN IF YOU PLACED

Even if you placed the Sun beneath infinite coffins of gorily asphyxiating darkness; it still wouldn't lose an infinitesimal trifle of its Omnipotently blazing shine; the power to unassailably enlighten countless haplessly deprived with its majestically golden light,

Even if you placed the Mountain peak beside an ocean of ludicrously stammering ants; it still wouldn't lose a diminutive trifle of its unflinchingly Herculean strength; the peerless magnanimousness to sequester countless devastated in its invincible belly,

Even if you placed the bumble bee in the venomously cynical rattlers den; it still wouldn't lose an ethereal trifle of its unbelievably insuperable sweetness; the celestial cisterns of eternal honey with which it harmoniously coalesced the entire estranged planet,

Even if you placed the newborn infant in the hedonistically truculent witch's cradle; it still wouldn't lose an ephemeral trifle of its pristinely impeccable integrity; the unparalleled charisma to perpetually charm the entire lackadaisically beleaguered Universe,

Even if you placed the fearlessly blistering soldier beside billions of spuriously delinquent lackluster lollipops; he still wouldn't lose an evanescent trifle of his unshakable bravery; the everlasting yearning in his soul to endlessly fight for his venerated motherland,

Even if you placed the idol of insuperably emollient truth in the gutter of derogatorily pulverizing politics; it still wouldn't lose a fugitive trifle of its ubiquitously perennial righteousness; the pricelessly unconquerable Omnipotence that it granted to every soul,

Even if you placed the rose in the indescribably fetid pile of flagrantly rotting garbage; it still wouldn't lose a fleeting trifle of its timelessly impregnable scent;

the fragrance of unbelievably triumphant unity that it wafted to every corner of the limitless globe,

Even if you placed the mother in the land of limitlessly cannibalistic and blood-sucking parasites; she still wouldn't lose a mercurial trifle of her blissfully invincible sacredness; the exuberant spurts of compassionately bountiful life; that she bestowed upon every organism born alive,

Even if you placed the nightingale amidst the unimaginably abhorrent frogs of cacophonous lecherousness; it still wouldn't lose a tiny trifle of its spell-bindingly enamoring voice; the perennially mollifying winds of symbiotic mellifluousness with which it captured every heart alike,

Even if you placed the butterfly in the endless mortuaries of invidiously crippling darkness; it still wouldn't lose a parsimonious trifle of its effulgent boisterousness; the colors of victoriously mischievous frolic which it perpetuated into every speck of the lividly bereaved atmosphere,

Even if you placed the sky of goodness in the dungeon of disparagingly derelict lies; it still wouldn't lose a capricious trifle of its unbreakably ecstatic humanity; the wings of panoramically undefeatable courage that it granted to every conceivable organism on this fathomless planet,

Even if you placed the clock amidst the gallows of horrendously strangulating and stony stillness; it still wouldn't lose an intangible trifle of its magnificently tireless punctuality; unstoppably ticking as the inevitably chapters of life and death; synergistically unfolded on the trajectory of the Lord's earth,

Even if you placed fantasy in the boundlessly sweltering and acrimonious desert; it still wouldn't lose an obsolete trifle of its unfathomably fantastic exhilaration; the mists of fabulous sensuousness on which it floated till times immemorial,

Even if you placed the poet in the mundanely matchboxed and cadaverously incarcerated corporate office; he still wouldn't lose an abstemious trifle of his unsurpassably poignant sensitivity; the stupendously Omniscient ability to create magically mitigating rhyme; out of bizarrely decrepit nothingness,

Even if you placed the rainbow in meaninglessly vindictive chalk; it still wouldn't lose a truncated trifle of its ebulliently fructifying vivaciousness; the profoundly unconquerably color and charm that it handsomely perpetuated into the lives of trillions orphaned and destitute,

Even if you placed mother's milk amidst the entire pugnacious poison of this planet; it still wouldn't lose a disappearing trifle of its Omnipresent holiness; the divinely power to reinvigorate priceless life in the worst of veritably dead,

Even if you placed Immortal love in the hell of indiscriminately massacring betrayal; it still wouldn't lose a penurious trifle of its insuperably royal embrace; the unmatched ardor to let mother earth uninhibitedly proliferate; for an infinite more births yet to unveil,

Even if you placed breath in the wickedly egregious graveyard of death; it still wouldn't lose a minuscule trifle of its incredulously blessing virility; the magically alleviating feeling sensations of life that it permeated; on paradise and pragmatic earth alike,

And even if you placed God in the territories of the vituperatively sadistic and diabolically squelching devil; he still wouldn't lose a small trifle of his Limitlessly unsurpassed glory; the fervency with which he had blessed life to exist till times beyond eternal eternity; and in celestial synergy with the everlasting environment.

62. OMNISCIENTLY AMELIORATING GOD.

In order to delete treacherously malevolent lies forever from this fathomless Universe; one had to just use the scepter of unflinchingly fearless truth,

In order to delete ominously maiming darkness forever from this boundless Universe; one had to just use the infallible light of the triumphantly flaming Sun,

In order to delete vindictively lambasting racism forever from this limitless Universe; one had to just use the altruistically uniting and priceless religion of compassionate humanity,

In order to delete salaciously numbing robotism forever from this bewitching Universe; one had to just use the indefatigably effulgent gorge of timelessly inscrutable adventure,

In order to delete cursedly devastating hunger forever from this timeless Universe; one had to just use the eternally mollifying fruits of perennially consecrating Mother Nature,

In order to delete demonically beheading infidelity forever from this unfettered Universe; one had to just use the magical bond of unassailably humanitarian

friendship,

In order to delete inexplicably hysterical sorrow forever from this Herculean Universe; one had to just use the inimitably impregnable happiness of ubiquitously bountiful creation,

In order to delete lividly cold-blooded nothingness forever from this miraculous Universe; one had to just use the sweet flavor of mystically burgeoning and victorious life,

In order to delete ludicrously wastrel impotency forever from this ecstatic Universe; one had to just use the infinite seeds of stupendously undefeated virility; strewn in gay abundance in every cranny of earth divine,

In order to delete deliriously penalizing mania forever from this eternal Universe; one had to just use the everlasting mantra of unconquerably harmonious symbiotism,

In order to delete abhorrently squelching war forever from this unlimited Universe; one had to just use the spell binding waves of unchallengably quelling peace,

In order to delete satanically demeaning bribery from this unsurpassable Universe; one had to just use the undyingly jubilant fire of majestically victorious honesty,

In order to delete crucifying gallows of hatred forever from this impenetrable Universe; one had to just use the Omnipresent heartbeats of Immortally befriending love,

In order to delete deplorably amorphous cowardice forever from this resplendent Universe; one had to just use the perpetually glistening skin of selflessly passionate unity,

In order to delete the mortuaries of agnostic disbelief forever from this ebullient Universe; one had to just use the peerless monasteries/temples/churches/mosques of unshakable faith,

In order to delete haplessly assassinating despair forever from this untainted Universe; one had to just use the perennially blessed light of poignant conviction,

In order to delete sadistically orphaning death forever from this unparalleled Universe; one had to just use the Omnipotent cradle of freshly born and artistic life,

In order to delete lugubriously morbid wastefulness from this insuperable Universe; one had to just use the ingeniously innovative winds of euphorically evolving fantasy,

But in order to delete the 'Impossibly Impossible'; as well as forever metamorphosing it into an irrefutable 'Possible' on this emancipating Universe; one had to just leave it to the Omnisciently ameliorating God.

63. NO WEALTH; NO WORSHIPPING REQUIRED

No wealth required; not even the most infinitesimal shade of the scintillating currency coin ever needed; which robustly jingled till handsome eternity,

No versatility required; not even the most inconspicuous shade of spell binding talent ever needed; which unassailably cast its own inimitable supremacy; upon every other bit of monotony; satanically thriving on this commercial planet,

No majesty required; not even the most infidel shade of princeliness ever needed; which irrefutably overwhelmed; every ounce of oblivious ordinariness in the fabric of the unceasing atmosphere,

No punctuality required; not even the most ethereal shade of timeliness ever needed; which gave the most resounding slap in the face of preposterously lambasting indolence,

No power required; not even the most transient shade of domination ever needed; which forever massacred the molehill of weakness; like the most hapless of white ants,

No pretension required; not even the most ephemeral shade of gaudiness ever needed; which sneeringly surpassed every trifle of bohemian rusticity; in the boundless Universe,

No victory required; not even the most insouciant shade of unshakable triumph ever needed; which insuperably embedded the flag of jubilation; upon every lugubriously blackened corner of planet earth,

No beauty required; not even the most disappearing shade of astoundingly

miraculous panorama ever needed; which irrefutably crucified all lacklusteriness on boundless earth,

No politics required; not even the most frugal shade of dexterously successfully manipulation ever needed; which inevitably guided the way to the ultimate of a person's dreams; in this fetidly wretched planet today,

No endless incantations required; not even the most evanescent shades of mellifluously subliming rhymes ever needed; which put every element of frazzled desperation to celestial rest,

No impeccable white robes required; not even the most diminutive shades of tirelessly meditative holiness ever needed; which interminably dissolved all blemishes into a coffin of amorphous nothingness,

No scarlet blood required; not even the most obfuscated shades of undefeated crimson passion ever needed; which perpetuated new life in the most cadaverously slaughtering of graveyards,

No clairvoyance required; not even the most impoverished shades of unconquerable Omniscience ever needed; which made every other living being on this earth appear like; lividly vanishing feces,

No authority required; not even the most invisible shades of sanctimoniously silencing superiority ever needed; which made countless others to slave under; just the imperceptible tip of your little finger,

No brilliance required; not even the most dying shades of priceless ameliorating evolution ever needed; which triumphantly snapped the fangs of all doomed stagnation in the world,

No immortality required; not even the most fugitive shades of infallibly everlasting demeanor ever needed; which forever put the word 'death' to indescribable shame,

No worshipping required; not even the most penurious shades of maniacal blind faith ever needed; which was an end to the hideously ghoulish spirit of the agnostic,

Instead. If you really wanted to become a perpetually integral ingredient of the Omnipotent Lord's blood; all you had to do was uninhibitedly leave every element of your body to float in the stream of humanity; and let every of your

heartbeat spontaneously and effortlessly bond with the sky of Omnipresent Love.

64. IN ORDER TO PERPETUALLY ATTAIN 'GOD'

In order to perpetually attain 'Truth' in all its triumphantly glorious entirety; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite unflinchingly righteous flames,

In order to perpetually attain 'Freedom' in all its unassailably mesmerizing ardor; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite storms of pricelessly inimitable candidness,

In order to perpetually attain 'Humanity' in all its blissfully undefeated form; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite pathways of astoundingly vivid oneness,

In order to perpetually attain 'Symbiotism' in all its wondrously ameliorating sparkle; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite forests of unabashedly united compassion,

In order to perpetually attain 'Sainthood' in all its unimpeachably impeccable redolence; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite moments of unparalleled perseverance,

In order to perpetually attain 'Beauty' in all its miraculously reinvigorating shades; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite rustic fields of heavenly simplicity,

In order to perpetually attain 'Success' in all its royally exultating flavors; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite unconquerably austere mirrors of unpeeled honesty,

In order to perpetually attain 'Peace' in all its ubiquitously spell-binding melody; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite epitomes of everlastingly embracing brotherhood,

In order to perpetually attain 'Prosperity' in all its synergistically effulgent cadence; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite innocuously untainted threads of mutual camaraderie,

In order to perpetually attain 'Perfection' in all its brilliantly unmatched tenacity; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite droplets of infallibly unfettered sweat,

In order to perpetually attain 'Solitude' in all its tranquilly bewitching stupor; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite winds of singularly concentrated meditation,

In order to perpetually attain 'Passion' in all its insuperably handsome fervor; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite unabashedly sensuous lanes of tantalizing desire,

In order to perpetually attain 'Contentment' in all its mystically rejuvenating splendor; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite atmospheres of humble sacrifice,

In order to perpetually attain 'Motherhood' in all its timelessly venerated swirl; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite children of unprecedentedly vibrant spontaneity,

In order to perpetually attain 'Enlightenment' in all its profoundly spiritual understanding; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite ladders and steps of jubilantly undying sincerity,

In order to perpetually attain 'Happiness' in all its unshakably charismatic glow; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite candles of irrefutably undiminished straightforwardness,

In order to perpetually attain 'Life' in all its majestically interminable vivacity; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite tunnels of inscrutably tingling adventure,

In order to perpetually attain 'Love' in all its immortally silken grace; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite skies of unceasingly victorious magnetic attraction,

And in order to perpetually attain the essence of 'Godhead' in all its unimaginably impregnable resplendence; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite religions; with each religion belonging to that of unbreakable; unparalleled; and undying humanity.

65. BROKEN HEART

I couldn't take it back to her eyes; those same condemingly besmirched eyes; which had so devastatingly broken it in the first place; relentlessly staring and

flirting with every other object in vicinity,

I couldn't take it back to her feet; those same disdainfully unscrupulous feet; which had so wretchedly broken it in the first place; clandestinely cavorting to every free space on planet earth; with every maiden prince alive,

I couldn't take it back to her hands; those same tawdrily barbarous hands; which had so inconsolably broken it in the first place; endeavoring their very best to asphyxiate it beyond realms of blissful recognition,

I couldn't take it back to her lips; those same derogatorily castigating lips; which had so sordidly broken it in the first place; preferring to indefatigably kiss the gutters instead; even as I stood upright and compassionately abreast,

I couldn't take it back to her voice; that same nefariously ridiculing voice; which had so uncouthly broken it in the first place; laughing till eternity; at even the most brilliantly unimpeachable of my victories,

I couldn't take it back to her nape; that same obnoxiously frivolous neck; which had so disastrously broken it in the first place; tirelessly turning to every conceivable direction; where there was more richness,

I couldn't take it back to her belly; that same bawdily decrepit belly; which had so diabolically broken it in the first place; being the tantalizing vixen of every palace; whilst my arms lay with all the love in the Universe; outstretched,

I couldn't take it back to her nose; that same reproachfully forlorn nose; which had so flagrantly broken it in the first place; blowing out every perceivable speck of its grime on my face; whilst simultaneously inhaling every masculine fragrance from the evening atmosphere,

I couldn't take it back to her ears; those same deliriously opprobrious ears; which had so devilishly broken it in the first place; preferring to ardently listen to every bit insane balderdash on the Universe; whilst closing completely to even the most heart-rendering of my cries,

I couldn't take it back to her brain; that same penuriously castrated brain; which had so ghoulishly broken it in the first place; unstoppably conjuring images of zillions of men rolling in glittering gold; whilst kicking my form which could die for her; just because it was impoverished,

I couldn't take it back to her bosom; that same fecklessly titillating bosom; which

had so indiscriminately broken it in the first place; simply because it couldn't offer an exhilaration greater than true love,

I couldn't take it back to her cheeks; those same insanely bemoaning cheeks; which had so salaciously broken it in the first place; vindictively charring it with their abhorrent redness; for trying to amiably bond with them,

I couldn't take it back to her blood; that same inhumanely pulverizing blood; which had so satanically broken it in the first place; cherishing every powerhouse of politics and terror; whilst baselessly rejecting all my honest sacrifices at the same time,

I couldn't take it back to her shadow; that same unbearably pugnacious shadow; which had so torturously broken it in the first place; trying to lambaste and invidiously overwhelm every shade of my celestial existence,

I couldn't take it back to her spine; that same sadistically frenetic spine; which had so cold-bloodedly broken it in the first place; tyrannically pulverizing it to infinitesimal ash; under the combined weight of it and her one night lover,

I couldn't take it back to her legs; those same falsely alluring legs; which had so cadaverously broken it in the first place; making me run till the horizons of infinity; before falling forever into someone else's arms right in front of my wailing eyes,

I couldn't take it back to her breath; that same spitefully prejudiced breath; which had so indescribably broken it in the first place; preferring to reinvigorate life in a dead stone; whilst every pore of my lifeless skin wanted just an ethereal speck of it; to stay perpetually alive,

I couldn't take it back to her heart; that same venomously assassinating heart; which had so unforgivingly broken it in the first place; immortally bonding its beats with the most obfuscated portion of vacuum instead,

And I couldn't take it to anyone in the entire world; as since it was born it solely belonged and was only hers; so I couldn't even dream of sharing or commiserating it with the outside planet,

Therefore and Now you only tell me; where to take this 'Broken Heart' of mine O! Omnipotent Almighty Lord?

66. THE CREATOR WAS PRESENT IN EACH HEARTBEAT OF IMMORTAL LOVE

Neither was he solely of the intransigently sermonizing Christian; tirelessly prostrating in front of the magnificently embellished idol of 'Jesus Christ',

Neither was he solely of the fanatically resolute Muslim; who indefatigably immersed himself all night and day; into the sacred literature of the 'Quran-e-Sharif',

Neither was he solely of the nimble bodied Hindu; who intractably chanted the name of 'Rama' an infinite times; in a single unabashedly simpleton minute,

Neither was he solely of the altruistically renounced monk; who sat till the absolute end of infinity; in front of the impeccably white statue of 'Gautam Buddha',

But; the Omnipotent Almighty Creator was perennially present in every ingredient of blood; which belonged to all those who ubiquitously disseminated and forever bonded with the spirit of Immortal Love.

1.

Neither was he solely of the irrevocably faithful Christian; who let a boundless opportunities in his life go astray; if they insidiously transgressed against the scriptures of his God,

Neither was he solely of the timelessly kneeling Muslim; who wasn't prepared to leave the insuperable walls of his Mosque; renouncing every worldly pleasure of glorious existence,

Neither was he solely of the selflessly robed Hindu; who never went even an infinitesimal whisker against his stringent culture and tradition; who slept; ate and prayed only on the deserted steps of the quaint temple,

Neither was he solely of the nomadic Buddhist; who relentlessly roamed from one of the deciduous forest to the other; in his perpetual search of the invincible form of 'Buddha',

But; the Omnipresent Almighty Creator was perennially present in every whiff of breath; which belonged to all those who forever undertook upon themselves the mission of healing every despairing life and heart; with the panacea of Immortal Love.

2.

Neither was he solely of the unimpeachably pious Christian; who dedicated every instant of his existence; ardently rotating the venerated rosary through the knots of his hands,

Neither was he solely of the immutably single focused Muslim; who fervently believed that all religions; beliefs; nationalities; led to the ultimate Heaven of 'Allah',

Neither was he solely of the devoutly expressionless Hindu; who experienced the power of the entire Universe; simply by staring at the portrait of his 'Bhagwan'; sculptured in pink stone,

Neither was he solely of the unceasingly silent Buddhist; who tried his very best to assimilate and practice the paths of his undefeated God; the undying imprints of the peace-loving 'Buddha',

But; the Omniscient Almighty Creator was perennially present in every beat of the heart; which belonged to all those who were the unflinchingly fearless harbingers of love; even in the land of the ghoulishly massacring demon.

3.

Neither was he solely of the unfailingly earnest Christian; who spent an infinite of his lifetimes; lighting the candles of his majestic church; in his profound admiration and appreciation of the Lord,

Neither was he solely of the wondrously enchanted Muslim; who uttered the name of 'Allah' at every juncture of life; and even whilst agonizingly abnegating from the heavenly physical form,

Neither was he solely of the passionately olive skinned Hindu; who kept the name of each one in his kin as 'Bhagwan'; to timelessly safeguard himself against every evil spirit and be in due salvation of his God,

Neither was he solely of the beautifully terse Buddhist; who spent every unfurling instant of his life; kissing the holy footprints of the impregnable 'Gautam Buddha',

But; the unassailable Almighty Creator was perennially present in every voice; which belonged to all those who unconquerably sang the song of unbiased

friendship; who unnervingly and forever defended the Universe of Immortal Love

67. THE HEAVEN OF IMMORTAL LOVE.

THERE ARE SOMETHING'S THAT LAST FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER.

Like the unflinchingly fiery blaze of the majestic Sun; which wholesomely beheaded even the most insouciant trace of hideous negativity; with its eternally subliming shine,

Like the sporadically enthusing twinkling of the stars; which provided those inevitably unconquerable beams of hope; in the ghastily asphyxiating blackness of the treacherous midnight,

Like the undauntedly ravishing roar of the ocean; whose each enigmatic wave profoundly blessed the diabolically cold-blooded rocks; with its ecstatically tangy spray,

Like the astoundingly miraculous virility of mother soil; which indefatigably spawned into the most bountiful creations of tomorrow; despite bearing the brunt of war and vindictive nuclear attack; a countless times,

Like the fathomless fantasizing power of the brain; which could perceive in an infinite directions beyond the land of infinity; even though the body was heartlessly circumscribed within the cadaverous iron bars of prison,

Like the unassailably princely perfume of the scarlet rose; which only knew how to disseminate the mantra of perennially fructifying compassion; amongst one and all entities alive,

Like the peerlessly inimitable melody in the nightingale's voice; which left its own awe-inspiring mark even in an atmosphere; which was dolorously plagiarized with the sounds of abhorrent war and prejudice,

Like the glamorously golden dewdrops on the carpet of velvety grass; which incorrigibly clung like a newborn child every wintry night; and then ushered the ultimate utopia; to every drearily lambasted sole that transgressed,

Like the religion of everlasting humanity; which inherently inhabited every single droplet of blood; that unabashedly ran through the veins of symbiotic organism alive,

Like the infallible exultation in the wind; which perpetuated a spirit of ubiquitous triumph; into every lividly beleaguered chest; inconsolably drooping towards its grave,

Like the pragmatic ticking of the clock; which never let the crux of blessed life rapidly deteriorate and die; even after veritable death had mercilessly confiscated poignant breath,

Like the undefeated iridescent charisma of the Moon; which metamorphosed the complexion of the goriest of night; into the throne of celestially venerated queen,

Like the unparalleled vivaciousness of the Rainbow; which triggered the desire to effulgently live; in even a man whose both feet were sinking at a speed faster than light; into his jinxed corpse,

Like the universally insatiable thirst for goodness; that victoriously lingered in every innocuous soul; on the trajectory of this insuperably consecrated earth,

Like the voice of brilliantly unfettered truth; that not only forever massacred the morbid graveyard of wanton lies; but made sure that it never ever could insanely palpitate on the cradle of the planet divine,

Like the invincibly breathtaking epitome of Everest; from which the entire globe looked handsomely alike; irrespective of caste; creed; status; religion; color or spurious tribe,

Like the inscrutably curled lines of the palm; which masterfully depicted the innumerable twists and turns; gave birth to the river of spell-binding destiny in every single organisms life,

Like the ardent breath which synergistically wafted from each nostril; which engendered even the most deadened of ghosts to once again; gallop and royally replenish with spectacularly enthralling life,

And then of course there existed the 'Father & Mother' of all of the above; which bonded all these elements and an infinite more goodness forever together; which was the heaven of 'Immortal Love'

68. GREEDY FOR THAT ETERNAL BLACKNESS

Greedy for that pricelessly invincible blackness that would vanquish very misery

from my otherwise sinfully devastated soul; into wisps of obsolete nothingness,

Greedy for that sacredly ameliorating blackness that would metamorphose me into such an unbreakable state of calm—as unfazed as the blue skies- even as murderous hell rained uncontrollably around,

Greedy for that magically omnipotent blackness that would annihilate every trace of disease from my inexplicably aggrieved physical form—transit me forever and ever and ever into mists of divinely rhapsody,

Greedy for that unflinchingly triumphant blackness that would forever make me one with an infinite more of my kind—that would end every ounce of sadistically commercial strife from the chapter of my sinful life,

Greedy for that unbelievably holy blackness that would eventually make me realize—that all of us who so pompously promote ourselves as ' Iconic I's 'all the time- are just bits of nothing in front of the Almighty Lord,

Greedy for that ubiquitously majestic blackness that would perch me on the ultimate throne of humanity-where I perpetually embraced one and all irrespective of any barriers of caste; creed or the rapaciousness of time,

Greedy for that enchantingly fantastic blackness that would trigger me to fantasize beyond every realm of never-ending happiness-even in a state of morbidly limpid stillness,

Greedy for that ecstatically brilliant blackness that would make me a winner of all hearts and of all times-even as the ghastliest hell made way for the graveyards of prejudiced extinction around,

Greedy for that miraculously quiet blackness that would forever drift me from each tawdry earthly tension—into an infinite gorge where there cascaded only the cloudbursts of untamed love,

Greedy for that unassailably blessing blackness that would kiss my brow with all the bounteousness that God's creations had to offer-without the most mercurial disruption by the blood-sucking human parasite,

Greedy for that eternally prosperous blackness that would ensure my state of perennial contentment for an infinite more years to unveil-enriching every drearily subjugated bone of mine with the power to conquer from even hell and beyond,

Greedy for that enigmatically inimitable blackness that would evoke every robotic pore of my skin to awaken in the land of the unknown-where every stranger that came confronted me; earnestly befriended me for countless a lifetime,

Greedy for that regally resplendent blackness that would reach me to the most cherished mission I dreamt all life-of being a humble slave listlessly suspended from the unshakable chariot of the Gods,

Greedy for that beautifully engulfing blackness that would help me assimilate the fragrance of all unabashed goodness from my life-so that the voice of the devil was subdued forever by the righteousness of the soul,

Greedy for that wondrously mollifying blackness that would uplift my impoverished jugglery of bones to either heaven or hell as destined-but atleast far away from the dreaded savagery of all misanthropic mankind,

Greedy for that astoundingly bestowing blackness that would liberate me of every conceivable sin of a banally monotonous lifetime-so that each new birth commenced with my conscience dancing in the aisles of freedom,

Greedy for that altruistically enamoring blackness that would sweep me forever of my feet-into a land where the most unheard of inscrutable tales would titillate my spine till beyond the threshold of no return,

And I've not the tiniest of inhibitions in revealing that the blackness I'm talking about is that of my veritable grave-that I humbly desire to be just in front of the mosque of my Omnipresent Creator-which eternally palpitated with the oneness of every religion and living being; alike.

69. ONCE AGAIN BACK IN THE CREATOR'S HEAVEN

There were some who ardently waited for all majestic pearls on this fathomless Universe—to become every insouciant line on their destiny palms—and keep perennially shimmering happily everafter,

There were some who irrevocably waited for every leaf of artistic green to grow in their backyards—to timelessly enshroud even the most rapidly deteriorating of their senses with the magical touch of nature divine,

There were some who fervently waited for all the resplendently twinkling stars in sky to become the glint of their eyes—grant them that eternally enamoring spirit

of mischief which forever made them the darling of all crowds,

There were some who tirelessly waited for every bit of beauty on this Universe to ebulliently assimilate into each shadow of their form—so that wherever they went every other form of life miserably dwindled before their invincible charm,

There were some who incorrigibly waited for each ounce of gold and silver on earth to inundate their empty plates—use them as their every conceivable meal with every arising spasm of hunger and thirst,

There were some who unendingly waited for the most bewitchingly enigmatic waterfalls to become the glory of their silhouette—thereby impregnate each dwindling bone of theirs with unbridled darts of passion galore,

There were some who intransigently waited for each wave of the inimitably roaring sea to play with their limp backs—quelling each dastardly apprehension of theirs with the untamed swirl of majestic tanginess,

There were some who endlessly waited for the bedazzling Sun to rise each day from the center of their brains—so that they unconquerably illuminated each path that they tread on with world-record breaking intelligence,

There were some who unsurpassably waited for infinite red roses to perpetually blossom on each step they tread—to feel like the most unparalleled king traversing through the lanes of ultimate utopia,

There were some who limitlessly waited for the boundless power of Everest to bless their arms—so that they pulverized even the mightiest of devils with utter disdain—and with a singleton swish of the thumb,

There were some who unimaginably waited for sheer ambrosia to gorgeously titillate their taste buds—attain the status of Omnipotent Godhead—existing as inconspicuous man on the trajectory of earth,

There were some who unstoppably waited for the most supernatural fabrics to cascade from fructifying sky—the simpleton clothes that eventually became their most impregnable armor to defend the worst of adversity in life,

There were some who unconditionally waited for the miraculous prowess of conquering the ultimate limits of the horizon—so that they forever shook hands with the Sun even after it'd bid adieu to the winds of the globe,

There were some who unrelentingly waited for each trace of melody on the planet to become the music of their ears—timelessly resonate to the beats of God's naturally bounteous creation as it vivaciously unfurled,

There were some who unlimitedly waited for angels in the form of their own offspring—-the 'avatars' of the Lord born out of their own flesh and blood—so that witnessed an uncountable miracles in just their single lifetime,

There were some who inexhaustibly waited for every tangible and intangible honor on earth to be added beside their name—so that they received the most magnificently crisp salutes wherever they went,

There were some who uncontrollably waited for each ingredient of their blood to metamorphose into the winds of the most supremely ageless—so that no death ever dared touch them even at its veritably destined time,

There were some who intractably waited for a countless lovers to uninhibitedly smooch their truncated existence—attain the pleasure and sensuousness of an indefinable more lifetimes in this very happening life,

Whilst I waited and still more passionately waited than ever before for the last day of my life—because after that I knew I would meet all those whom I immortally loved; missed and inconsolably cried for in this life—once again back in the Creator's Heaven

70. ATTAINING HEAVEN FROM YOUR CORPSE IN HELL

A countless times in the name of religion you've cursed a countless impeccable black cat's crossing your way—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most derogatorily punitive hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've ruthlessly drowned a countless girl child to the rock bottom of the ocean—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most sadistically morbid hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've brutally plucked countless a nimble petal for offering to the god's—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most treacherously perverted hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've slit the throat of countless an innocently bleating goat—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most reproachfully vindictive hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've played hideously perverted games of master with countless a truthful slave—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most tawdrily asphyxiating hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've spread the maelstroms of violently abusive fanaticism—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most unsparingly victimizing of hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've made countless bountiful living beings as scapegoats on the sacrificial altar—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most devastatingly pugnacious hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've slandered and shed countless droplets of blood on the other side of your wall—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most destructively malignant hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've wasted a countless hours spuriously meditating- with the devil playing truant in your mind—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most heinously sinister hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've sadistically desecrated countless a church, temple, mosque, monastery—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most raunchily carnivorous hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've barbarously assassinated a countless harbingers who were out to spread the 'religion of humanity'—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most traumatically agonizing hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've meaninglessly fasted and starved a countless benign fellow beings to their living graves—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most despairingly murderous hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've consumed countless a fountains of blood for breakfast; brunch; lunch; dinner—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most blasphemously vapid hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've went to gory war orphaning countless pristine children and wives—and thereby instantaneously found

yourself a most certain place in the most ominously maiming hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've diabolically castrated a countless chapters of prolific procreation preferring marriage of same sex—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most cadaverously disintegrated hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've imprisoned countless a women behind the veils of sickeningly untouchable desperation—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most penuriously lambasting hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've taken a countless livid oaths of stony muteness towards the closest of your kin—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most despicably truculent hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've unabashedly invited a countless evil spirits right into the center of your mind—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most dementedly morose hell,

Can you not spend a just single minute of yours for a just a single beat of immortally uniting love; just this one single time and in the name of that same religion—and still attain the most unassailably blessed heaven from the very midst of your corpse in hell?

71. FOR ANYTHING & EVERYTHING—ANYTIME & ANYWHERE

When I needed just reassurance; I perhaps sought the company of my invincible mother the most—as a single look into her majestically befriending eyes—cleared an infinite complicated webs of an infinite dreaded lifetimes,

When I needed just discipline; I perhaps sought the company of my father the most—as a mere languid walk by his side—inevitably triggered each forlornly stagnating muscle of mine go taut—beyond the most unprecedented degrees of comprehension,

When I needed just enigma; I perhaps sought the company of midnight the most—as even the most obfuscated wisp of blackness engulfing me—transported me into a countless births of my past—and an umpteenth chapters of untamed sensuality,

When I needed just unrestraint; I perhaps sought the company of my sister the

most—as her magnetically uninhibited poise perpetuated me to poignantly share all that I thought I never ever would—at any given space or time,

When I needed just truth; I perhaps sought the company of every new born child the most—as each heartfelt cry of theirs immortalized the spirit of my otherwise parasitically plagiarized existence,

When I needed just faithfulness; I perhaps sought the company of my daintily clad wife the most—as there was a perennial aura of fidelity that most royally radiated—from every bit of stony silence that otherwise enshrouded her,

When I needed just power; I perhaps sought the company of the unflinching Sun the most—staring into its impregnably undying rays and making them my wholesome fire to survive; amidst a pack of ghastly wolves,

When I needed just nostalgia; I perhaps sought the company of my charismatically tinkling grandmother the most—as with every chapter that she heart-renderingly narrated from her biography—I felt more insuperably closer to every thread of my golden past,

When I needed just mischief; I perhaps sought the company of my merrily laughing daughter the most—as she made me feel the most boisterously unabashed entity alive on earth—everytime we hurled raw pancakes of mud in crystal blue sky,

When I needed just humanity; I perhaps sought the company of every different religion around me the most—as I felt that united in a sea of unending color—together we became the most blessedly unconquerable civilization of oneness and of all times,

When I needed just enthrallment; I perhaps sought the company of vivacious nature the most- as I felt life around me inexhaustibly vacillating in an entrenchment of divine ecstasy and eternal freedom of every single organism to survive,

When I needed just adventure; I perhaps sought the company of the undulating sea the most—as with each marvelously tangy wave that crashed against the rocks—I felt a new beginning in the effervescent white froth that rose once again towards the victorious sky,

When I needed just passion; I perhaps sought the company of scarlet blood in my veins the most—as I felt reborn with an infinite untainted muscles of self-

belief-with its every uncurbed journey towards each beat of my heart,

When I needed just beauty; I perhaps sought the company of iridescent stars in sky the most—as they most enchantingly illuminated even the grotesquely stagnating entities on soil—to eventually become the uncrowned jewels of my eye,

When I needed just innocence; I perhaps sought the company of the sacrosanct cow the most—as no matter what ludicrously perverted garbage that the world abandoned her into to consume—all she still had to give to one and all was impeccable milk divine,

When I needed just lavishness; I perhaps sought the company of my whimsical grandfather the most—as he could virtually lay every priceless gift of the Universe at my feet—at even the tiniest of my babyishly false cry,

When I needed just exhilaration; I perhaps sought the company of virgin wind the most—as I felt magically transported to every wonderfully ameliorating footprint of heaven; everytime it sensuously caressed every roused pore of my shivering skin,

When I needed just fantasy; I perhaps sought the company of fathomless azure sky the most; as just sporadically gazing at its immortal open heart—linked me to every triumphantly surreal mist of heaven; even as I pathetically fizzled each day from a robotic 9 to 9,

But for anything & everything; anytime & anywhere, I humbly knelt down only in front of the Lord; praying to him to be by sole guiding light; praying to him to let me remain as his worthless servant for an infinite more lifetimes.

72. IRRESPECTIVE OF WHETHER YOU GET YOUR GIRL'S LOVE OR NOT

Its not about the mortuaries of vapidly deteriorating blackness; but life's all about how invincibly do you light up the same; with the untamed fire of optimism in your fervently righteous eyes,

Its not about those countless anecdotes of murderously betrayal; but life's all about how you metamorphose each one of them into an everlasting lantern of friendship; with each beat of immortal love in your heart,

Its not about the inevitably lecherous bouts of stony solitariness; but life's all about how you jauntily illuminate the same- with the bounteous ardor to survive

in your enthralling voice,

Its not about every path which led to the corpses of monotonous hopelessness;
but life's all about how you spawn beams of newness in the same; with the
unbridled creativity lingering in each of your stride,

Its not about those tears of indescribable anguish that dribble down the cheeks;
but life's all about how you evaporate the same into a cloud of fantasies; with
each of your magically ameliorating smile,

Its not about those disastrously hackneyed destiny lines; but life's all about how
you write your own fortunes; with the perennially sparkling ink of your
undefeated perseverance,

Its not about those eyeballs being dreadfully blinded by the swords of corruption;
but life's all about how you inspire them to shunt all evil; with the flame of
perpetual truth triumphantly transcending every quarter of your soul,

Its not about the bitterness which had arisen out of ruthless discrimination and
disparity; but life's all about how you timelessly unite every conceivable living
kind; in the religion of eternally unconquerable humanity,

Its not about the dungeons of ominous greed which pulverized one and all to
feckless shit; but life's all about how you ubiquitously sow the seeds of altruistic
compassion-which were inherently ingrained in every droplet of your blood,

Its not about the inevitable spurts of devilish laziness that lay a jinx upon the
earth; but life's all about how you substituted the same with the untamed energy
to survive; predominantly exhaling out of your nostrils,

Its not about the unsparing cry of terrorizing war that threatened to rip apart
through the fabric of human kind; but life's all about how you perennially quelled
the same; with the message of peace and brotherhood—radiating from every
cranny of your countenance,

Its not about sinfully lugubrious decay and the inescapable stench that arose; but
life's all about how you sparked the skies of freshness in each element of the
atmosphere; with your unending zeal to adventure; discover and blissfully
create,

Its not about those countless cries of hedonistic torture; but life's all about how
you took away even the tiniest ounce of hysterical pain; with the balm of

unshakable friendship; that you had to offer to one and all,

Its not about the curse of curtailed time crucifying the chapter of existence; but life's all about how you lived each instant to the fullest of its capacity; as if it were your very last instant to survive on planet divine,

Its not about the sadistic devil trouncing every trace of uninhibited happiness; but life's all about how you hoist the flag of victory with every good deed that you executed-by the grace of the Omnipotent God,

Its not about a lost cause which cast its holocaustic shadow upon the entire Universe; but life's all about how you let your own inimitable identity of truth forever prevail; and bless even the worst of your foes,

Its not about the closest to your heart deserting you in the midst of the apocalyptic storm; but life's all about how you spread the oceans of love from your heart all over; and in the goriest face of betrayal,

Its not about the bane of childlessness thwarting the fabric of living kind; but life's all about how you adopt every orphaned child in vicinity; with the unparalleled goodness in even the most obfuscated iota of your creation,

And its not about the fangs of satanic death forever silencing every cry of fresh birth; but life's all about how you live an infinite lives just in a single lifetime of yours; by tirelessly loving each palpable creation of the Almighty Lord; irrespective of whether you could get the love of your girl or not

73. WHO'S BOTHERED THE TINIEST OF DEATH

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm terribly afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those divinely eyes of yours; the unparalleled empathy for every fraternity of living kind enshrouding them; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm uncontrollably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those magical palms of yours; which forever erased every sorrow from the fathomless fabric of mankind; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm indescribably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those benign ears of yours which heard and befriended every voice from the heart on this earth; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm endlessly afraid that I'd never

ever be able to remember those Omnipotent footprints of yours which invincibly lead all forms of altruistic goodness; to the ultimate corridors of utopian heaven,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm unfathomably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those miraculously ameliorating lips of yours—which metamorphosed every insinuation of disparity into a paradise of oneness; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm limitlessly afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those Omniscient lines of your forehead; which poignantly depicted the destiny of every palpitating organism on this Universe; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm unceasingly afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that inimitably unconquerable majesty of your caress—which took all my pains forever and ever and ever; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm terribly afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that eternally enlightening voice of yours—which silenced the mightiest shriek of the devil forever; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm unthinkably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those innumerable miracles that you inexhaustibly spurned out of lifeless air; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm treacherously afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that divinely nose of yours which mischievously cuddled every child irrespective of caste/creed/or color—thereby giving it a brand new life; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm unexplainably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that impregnable freshness that radiated from your countenance; which perpetuated an infinite civilizations of symbiotic togetherness; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm inconsolably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember your Omnipotence fragrance; which gave a whole new direction to every despairingly flailing element of life; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm intransigently afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember your unparalleled magnetic voice—which quelled every idiosyncratically perverted imagery forever; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm irretrievably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember your astounding prowess to blend earth with sky-at a singleton swish of your godly thumb; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm maniacally afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember the unassailable silkiness of your persona—which charmed even the most hideous of devils to fall at your feet; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm overwhelmingly afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that heavenly spontaneity that profusely dribbled from your soul—uninhibitedly embracing one and all on this boundless Universe; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm inescapably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that immortal heart of yours; whose each insuperable beat blessed every cranny of this gigantic Universe with the power of truth; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm inexorably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that unmatched signature of yours—which forever bore the ultimate seal of this entire enchanting planet; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but I'm continuously afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that eternal sparkle in even the most evanescent of your shadow—which bestowed upon the power to royally survive as the richest organism for an infinite more lifetimes; after I die.

74. FROM EARTHLY JAIL TO HEAVEN

Freedom at last in the winds of triumphantly bountiful heaven; where there prevailed not the tiniest iota of blasphemous lies and treachery; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to heal every inexplicable wound- in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the landscapes of brilliantly enlightening heaven; where every conceivable route only led to eternally fructifying happiness; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to wholesomely banish every sin of a countless past lives—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the mists of unconquerably empowering heaven; where there existed only the religion of immortally bonding humanity; with the Omnipotent

light of the Creator to annihilate each dastardly prejudice of the soul—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the arms of fearlessly miraculous heaven; where the most fathomless sums of money were treated like feckless shit; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to inundate each tyrannized persona with boundless love—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the footsteps of immeasurably wondrous heaven; where there existed no pain; no misery; no imperceptible suffering; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to uplift each ingredient of your blood towards the ultimate destination of your life—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the cradle of mellifluously invincible heaven; where there forever ruled only the principles of ubiquitous equality; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to magically vanquish the parasite—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the waves of sensuously emancipating heaven; where even the most wildest of unfinished fantasies were royally replenished; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to scrap the very ruthless definition of monotony—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the whispers of magnetically charismatic heaven; where even the most inconsolably traumatized of tears were metamorphosed into priceless pearls; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to impregnably fortify each dying aspect of existence—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the walls of insuperably fragrant heaven; where every bit of truth which was unflinchingly spoken was given the highest respect; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to perennially terminate all lies—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the corridors of ecstatically undefeated heaven; where grotesque cowardice completely dissolved to sow the seeds of unparalleled Samaritan bravery; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to inexhaustibly inspire one and all alike—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the horizons of everlastingly sacrosanct heaven; where there palpitated inimitable purity in each heart; soul and bounteous conscience; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to pave a way through the most flagrant of storms—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the eyes of unbelievably passionate heaven; where a cloudburst of sensuality reigned supreme in even the most oblivious of leaf; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to proliferate each stagnating body into an infinite—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the cisterns of endlessly mesmerizing heaven; where maiming hopelessness and haplessness were never born; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to lead each benign heart to victory—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the tunes of euphorically infallible heaven; where the melody of unlimited natural creation was the ultimate mantra and panacea of each instant; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to end all devastating war—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the aisles of fantastically ameliorating heaven; where even the most unbearably excruciating of pain dissolved into the wands of love; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to timelessly lead towards unshakable prosperity— in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the wings of indefatigably romantic heaven; where every true lover perpetually became one with its endearing partner; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to forever protect against all evil—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the clouds of blissfully altruistic heaven; where every perceivable greed and satanic desire was forever quelled by the songs of divinely contentment; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to behead every rapacious devil—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the canvas of astoundingly sensitive heaven; where there torrentially rained nothing else but beautifully ravishing poetry; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to forever befriend each emaciated soul—in blessed abundance everywhere,

But unfortunately, Jail and salaciously penalizing jail till the end of destined life; as I got up with a jolt of lightening from my nocturnal sleep; wishing and only wishing for veritable death; to transit me from this earthly jail to Omniscient heaven; once again.

75. ULTIMATE DESTINATION

There were an infinite who lived- solely to become the best businessman of all times; adroitly using all their expertise to evolve astoundingly unbelievable and new ladders of inimitable entrepreneurship,

There were an infinite who lived- solely to become the best magician of all times; making the entire unsurpassable earth disappear as soon as it'd come; in the insurmountably baffled eyes of their spell-bound audience,

There were an infinite who lived-solely to become the best astronaut of all times; indefatigably discovering newer and newer planets alien to common man; and then blending each ingredient of their blood with quaint creatures of bedazzling space,

There were an infinite who lived- solely to become the best athlete of all times; spawning a whole new civilization of invincible fitness; which tackled even the most pernicious impediment of life with a smile,

There were an infinite who lived- solely to become the best doctor of all times; dexterously treat every tangible and intangible disease under the Sun with the miracles of contemporary science; in every quarter of this boundless planet,

There were an infinite who lived- solely to become the best environmentalist of all times; dedicating every unfurling instant of their existence to sowing a countless seeds of newness into virile soil; endeavoring their best to try and conserve the euphoric natural habitat,

There were an infinite who lived- solely to become the best politician of all times; crafting such revolutionary policies—that billions of people were ready to sacrifice their lives for them at a single wave of the infinitesimal thumb,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best Police of all times; annihilating the very dastardly worth of crime from its sacrilegious roots; digesting every ounce of irrational perversion and terror in their hearts; so that their countrymen slept tight and smiled,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best astrologer of all times; being able to prognosticate events due to happen a boundless centuries from now; with an accuracy more unbelievable than the world's greatest computer or electronic device,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best actor of all times; profoundly enrapturing their audiences and fans with such extraordinary finesse

in their expressions; that they became oblivious to their very own existence and the pragmatic unleashing of time,

There were an infinite who lived-solely to become the best sportsman of all times; embracing every aspect of inexplicably enlightening life as it came; bracing for the worst of apocalypses without a trifle of doubt in their hearts,

There were an infinite who lived-solely to become the best parents of all times; compassionately expending each instant of their existence—playing and relishing with their young ones; fearlessly walking them through every stepping stone of precarious life,

There were an infinite who lived-solely to become the best ambassadors of all times; ubiquitously representing the pride and honor of their sacrosanct motherland-and spreading the ideals of peace; prosperity and togetherness; thereby,

There were an infinite who lived-solely to become the best friends of all times; leave such examples of unflinchingly priceless solidarity and loving companionship; which were immortalized till times even beyond infinite infinity,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best musicians of all times; cast a bewitchingly impregnable spell of their captivating melody; to every newborn ear born till centuries unprecedented,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best teachers of all times; trigger a spectacular new human race- majestically perpetuated with the power of enlightened learning; which would philanthropically change the complexion of this disastrously beleaguered earth today,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best poets of all times; philosophize; sermonize and fantasize about the endless chapters of creation; in each of their perpetually blessed poetic lines,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best lovers of all times; immortally carving such an exemplification of their inseparable love; that it continued to be worshipped by every true lovers heart for even an infinite births after their death,

Whilst I lived every moment of my life—because I knew that as inevitably destined- I would definitely die one day; and that day when I relinquished all breath; my lifeless form would then reach its ultimate destination; be eventually

buried right in front of the mosque of my Omnipotent Creator; and then never ever would desire to be born again on the periphery of this manipulatively blood-sucking earth

76. I WAS ARDENTLY DYING TO DIE

Neither was I in a hurry to reach even the most swankiest corporate office; even as countless were ready to work under the faintest swish of my thumb-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to royally soar to the absolute apogee of Everest; even as the most uninhibitedly sensuous wings of flight; inexhaustibly craved for me to wholesomely mount them—only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to own the entire treasury of currency notes on this planet; even as every organism existing laid everything that they ever had or could conceive; in front of my bohemian footsteps-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to endlessly keep snoozing on a profusely diamond studded-silken bed; even as each intangible wall of the unconquerable castle kept indefatigably wailing my name-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to effortlessly run on ferociously undulating sea water; even as each untamed wave metamorphosed itself into unmoving earth in due obeisance; as I tread the nimblest of my foot in utter discordance-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to unabashedly fly in the tantalizingly surreal clouds; even as I zipped to an infinite kilometers high in the ecstatic atmosphere; ruthlessly stomping my feet in disarray-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to sight the most infinitesimal of needle in a haystack; even as the strands of hay themselves stood up in unison to unanimously salute me; thereby easing an exuberant way for my vision to lift the invisible pin-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to endlessly keep interlocking palms with the most famous celebrities and leaders of this Universe; even as they swarmed like a hive of an infinite famished bees; around the most imperceptible of my shadow-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to be unendingly garlanded by every on-looker that

crept my way; even they incorrigibly refused to budge an inch without fondly caressing me-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to everlastingly embed my signature on every tangible and intangible quarter of this planet; even as everything around me and till a boundless distance fasted itself to death; unless I graced it with my breath-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to make passionately unbreakable love to the most beautiful maidens on this earth; even as they themselves and entirely surrendered to even the most obliterated of my whisper-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to break every record existing in the Universe and beyond; even as each ingredient of my blood was being miraculously blessed with the power to conquer the entire planet-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to rule the entire globe—perpetually taking its reigns by storm in my rustic palms; even as each organism itself and fervently wanted me to take complete control of the quality of its destined existence-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to become the strongest of the strongest man on this enchanting earth; even as every opposite enemy camp meekly surrendered and pulverized itself to inconspicuous dust; in the diminutively formed fist of my palm-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to eat the most ravishingly succulent cuisines of this earth; even as each inimitable fruit and tantalizing curry in the atmosphere fell copiously in my lap—only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to decipher the most baffling mysteries of this inexplicable cosmos; even as the most obsolete cranny of my brain was being adroitly programmed to astounding perfection-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to experience sheer and insatiably euphoric utopia; even as the enamoring mists of undefeated paradise themselves descended upon every inch of my abode-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to life to its fullest and most unprecedented capacity; even as the Jin of hope granted me a wish to palpitate in newness till the time I wanted-only this once,

But I was ardently dying to die this very moment itself; not wasting a single

more second as the clock of the world ticked; so that my lifeless body could be buried right in front of my Creator's Omnipotent mosque; right in front of where his Omniscient feet had eternally guided me whilst I was alive.

77. I FINALLY WON

I couldn't ever share my heart with my beloved; as she'd cunningly use all my divulged secrets to vituperatively lambaste me in near future—and for the current moment call me none else but an incoherent cry-baby,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my daughter; as she was too diminutive and small to understand my torrentially inexplicable agonies—and the instant I wailed a trifle more than necessary; she'd definitely seek solace and turn to her unfettered teddy-bears; clay moulds and soft toys,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my sister; as she was too busy sculpting her very own career; standing solitary on the cross-roads of choosing between the conventional society and leading the life of uncanny uniqueness,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my cousins; as they unstoppably ridiculed every form of impoverishment on this planet-and words like 'heart' simply didn't exist within the dictionaries of their abominably jet-speed practicality,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my maternal/paternal uncle's and aunts; as each of them had already their share of sorrows; children and hysteria to counter-and had hides thicker than the dinosaur to even countless oceans of sensitivities and tears,

I couldn't ever share my heart with the uninhibitedly blowing wind; for fear that it'd unwittingly carry my voice to those satanic parasites of humanity out there; fervently waiting to pounce upon the severely infirm and distraught,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my neighbors; as the entire bunch of them were prolific gossip-mongers-who viciously disseminated even the most undigested morsel of food in their stomachs; within seconds to the farthest quarter of the Universe,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my grandfather; as he still existed in those stringently unbearable old-fashioned concepts of his time-and for whom every form of enchanting artistry eventually dissolved into fecklessly languid wind,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my grandmother; as she was the ultimate

icon of practicality— a headmistress who measured and equated everything on this earth in the terms of its respective 'degree' or 'certification' or 'commerciality',

I couldn't ever share my heart with my friends; as they were all like the insipidly transient shades of the chameleon; incorrigibly sticking to me when I was perched on the throne of gold—and deserting me with more heartless disdain the instant I traversed naked on the clamorous streets,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my employer; as all he equated everything on this globe was in terms of the currency coin; ruthlessly trampling over every other trace of an emotion-with his over-sized boots of dreadful manipulation,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my patrons; as the instant they came to know of anything else other than my inimitably priceless talents—they'd instantaneously curb every ounce of sponsorship and invaluable help that came my way,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my fans; as all they insatiably desired to see of me was astounding 'uniqueness' one after another at its unparalleled best-and would only spit and squat at me if I was the slightest defeated,

I couldn't ever share my heart with the walls of my dwelling; as it'd only mean worthlessly beating my skull against virtual nothingness; when I needed a comforting palm to compassionately heal and caress each of my raw wounds,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my teachers; as they'd only sermonize me to study and study all the more harder; in order to overlook and wholesomely forget everything else that was a bothersome thorn in my life,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my doctors; as they'd only prescribe an unending flurry of obnoxious drugs to temporarily mollify my turbulence; secretly wishing that my condition only exacerbated with the best of medication—so that their shop perpetually runs,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my father; as call it 'running the family' or 'the bedazzlement of the corporate world to reach the top'—he would never comprehend the extreme sensitivity of my blood; in his set rules and rigmarole of monotonously routine life,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my mother; as although she'd given me birth-she hadn't the courage to witness and handle my bizarre pain and

sorrow—also was perennially blinded by the magnitude; principles and 24 X 7 work of my father,

And I still and inspite of all this; desperately wanted to get it out of my heart at any cost on this earth-that's when I locked myself in my air-tight chamber; took out the photo of my God from my pocket-inexhaustibly blurted out everything trapped in my soul; heart and conscience and inconsolably cried-and this time whether the world liked it or not; I finally won.

78. HOW HIS PLANET BEHAVED AS THE WIND BLEW

Newborn leaves shivered in anticipation of unbridled romance; fantasizing beyond realms of the extraordinary- in perfect symbiosis with the fathomless expanse of voluptuous sky,

Boundless blades of untamed grass bent a trifle in ecstatic submission; fondly reminiscing their journey till date; on the trajectory of inscrutable planet divine,

Waters in streams sparkled to a profound full radiance; tantalizingly leaping towards the Sun—in their everpervading desire to shake hands with its unassailable yellow,

Countless petals swayed flirtatiously across boundaries of penance; to find their soulmates of everlasting joy; from amidst an unending firmament of blessed atmosphere,

Fish incarcerated in the deepest realms of sinister green ocean water rose to the surface; exuberantly darted in directions as unabashed as the first cry of this earth,

Mountain peaks stood more unflinchingly than ever; accentuating their valor with all the more unflinching candidness -saluting the first beams of the Omnipresent Sun,

Unfathomable scores of bumble bees commenced to spawn honey with a zeal never ever witnessed before; boisterously whispering tales of their exhilarating air-borne journey-cuddling close in their hives of friendship,

Passionate fires spread like white lightening at the most inconspicuous thud of a leaf; stirring the most dolorous bits of atmosphere to crackle into a whole new Universe of undefeated freshness,

The creepers most wretchedly entangled in dungeons of limitlessly plaintive captivity; now stood up straight in unison to chant simplistic mantras of holistic existence,

Bloodstreams frozen due to tawdry indifference and rebuke; now inexhaustibly indulged in the most ardent activity of living uninhibitedly and let live,

The centuries old lifeless tree-trunk suddenly jostled in anticipation of a brand new dawn; dancing once again to the rhythm of densely foliated nature divine and quelling an infinite with its mellifluous shade,

Desperately thwarted caves of gloominess breathed a sigh of heavenly relief; rejoicing their passionate tryst with the world outside; though be it for sporadic moment as destined,

Bygone carcasses rotting times beyond the mortuaries of death- cried tears of ecstasy full throttle; at the silken touch which reinvigorated life in one and all; miraculously alike,

Nightingales hummed their sweetest songs all sensuous night and even in the heart of the sweltering day; perpetually perpetuating the entire planet with solely the religion of unconquerable oneness,

For once even the most discordant notes of the frog struck a chord with every beleaguered heart on the planet; bringing shattered lovers closer to bond with every unshakable sweetness of the soul,

The first showers of thunderous rain not only soaked every perimeter of parched earth; but diffused the fragrance of their magically ameliorating wetness to every entity in atmosphere and across; and till times beyond eternity,

Timeless rainbows in the sky looked like an insuperable captivating fairy; who this time would never disappear; but would continue to be the sparkle of every divinely fantasizing eye on the handsome Universe,

The most irascibly jittery of ants completely forgot to sting and bite; stretching their diminutive armory of feet into a posture of utmost relaxation—to eventually transit into a reverie of tracing their farthest roots,

No. It wasn't God who'd descended on earth for all of the above to happen. But he'd sent just an infinitesimal draught of wind instead upon earth; to witness how his unconquerable planet behaved; AS THE WIND BLEW

79. I'D KEEP LOVING YOU; TILL THE END OF THIS LIFE

I fervently admired you; because you admired God; lived each instant of your life ineffably wonderstruck at the beauty of his limitless creation; the unparalleled charisma that radiated from each element of his atmosphere,

I timelessly sought you; because you sought God; made him your only shoulder to lean upon; in your times of inexplicable duress as well as when you spiraled high and handsome in the clouds of invincible happiness,

I relentlessly imagined you; because you imagined God; let your mind devotedly wander in the realms of his fathomless Omnipotent Light; without the most inconspicuous iota of the devil pillaging in,

I devoutly followed you; because you followed God; choosing the most irrefutably honest pathways of existence; though it meant going through an ordeal more traumatizing than what hell could be,

I uninhibitedly kissed you; because you kissed God; hugging his idol of simpleton medieval stone; but which had the unfathomable power of demolishing and recreating this world an infinite times,

I irrevocably believed you; because you believed God; accepted everything and anything unfurling around you as a part of impoverished destiny; and only in the betterment of this majestic planet and its good,

I inexhaustibly cherished you; because you cherished God; found the ultimate mantra of living life to the fullest and in harmony with mother nature; in every current of wind that enveloped your stride,

I inevitably found you; because you found God; not beyond the horizons beyond your pragmatic reach; but in every bit of compassionately humanitarian goodness that you displayed to each of your fellow living kind,

I quintessentially felt you; because you felt God; in every ounce of the boundless atmosphere and earth around; since it functioned and flourished at solely his eternal commands; and he was its unconquerably Omnipresent Creator,

I unhesitatingly beseeched you; because you beseeched God; asked him above anyone else on this unceasing earth; to grant you with the tenacity to live and let live each inimitably priceless moment of life,

I wholeheartedly trusted you; because you trusted God; looked ardently forward to every optimistic dawn to grant you with the reinvigorated vigor of life; make the beats of your existence dance to the tunes of Creator Divine,

I untiringly related to you; because you related to God; bonding with his unassailably Omniscient spirit for times immemorial; when even the thickest of your family and blood related kin had ruthlessly abandoned you,

I passionately sketched you; because you sketched God; endeavoring your very best to embed even an infinitesimal fraction of his Universe's beauty on the desolate canvas of your heart; till the time he destined you to live,

I crisply saluted you; because you saluted God; humbly nestling those palms against the forehead and towards the ever-pervading heavens; at every single opportunity that you got to thank him for this bountiful life,

I wholeheartedly invited you; because you invited God; as the first and last symbol of unshakable power and splendor- to bless every philanthropic expedition of life; that you commenced upon,

I fearlessly spoke to you; because you spoke to God; confiding in him the most insouciant apprehension of your heart; when the globe outside had turned a brutal deaf ear; and blackmailed you at the slightest opportunity that came their way,

I undyingly worshipped you; because you worshipped God; abnegating the entire material wealth of this planet; if it came in your way of kneeling in due and unhindered obeisance at his Omnipresent feet,

I immortally loved you; because you loved God; abruptly walking out on everything that you'd assimilated and inherently related to you; to forever bond with his heavenly light of impregnable truth,

But believe me. Even if you weren't all of the above and were a non-believer of God from the core of your heart-I would still love you as much.

Because whether you believe in God or not; I resolutely believe that it was only God who's created everything on earth-including atheists like you. And being one of his infinite son's it is my duty to love, respect, adore and befriend each of his creations-though sadly they be against him. And thus I'd keep loving you irrespective; till the end of this lifetime.

80. EVERY DAY- A NEW GIFT FROM THE OMNISCIENT CREATOR

Without resting an infinitesimal iota on the many peaks that were conquered with balms of love and compassion; as life crawled at its own unabashedly spontaneous pace; ahead,

Without basking in the glory of all those adventurous trails that had led to the lion's den; only to march out unscathed and unperturbed by the grace of the Almighty God,

Without whispering much about the insurmountably crackling flames that were subdued into nothingness; as the foot trampled the very source into oblivion, Without paying the tiniest of heed to the most magnanimously committed acts of charity in recent past; wherein personal pleasures were vanquished from all quarters to serve afflicted living kind,

Without murmuring even an insouciant trifle about the grandest of days; when things were served on a bountiful golden platter; even before they were ardently wished,

Without comparing to those pricelessly adorable moments- when life seemed to be perfectly poised like an enamoring prince; on the highest crest of the tantalizing ocean waves,

Without phlegmatically resting on the highest laurels earned in a chosen field of expertise; which lay the mortal pedestal on a red carpet and with the crowds cheering on in rapturous delight,

Without savoring the sweetness of a victory which was molded on the embers of flaming truth; and which paved the way ahead for a whole new mortal civilization of righteousness,

Without aggrandizing the slightest about the earnest perseverance put in; to transform every ounce of fantasy into veritable reality for the globe to admire,

Without curling into the most indigent of hurray for having outwitted every trace of deceit with the power of infallible innocence; that was most adorable to the winds of symbiotically united existence,

Without capitalizing on any previous commercial break that came staid but secure; and which was so quintessential to mollify various desires of impoverished life,

Without fantasizing the least about those succulent meals which titillated the tongue so rhapsodically; before being eventually gobbled with uninhibited gusto to the humane hunger that arose,

Without rekindling the nostalgia that constituted gloriously impeccable childhood; where food, play, toys and rest; replenished sparkling life to its joyous and unbridled best,

Without serenading the persona with all the treasuries of gold earned; which

pampered the greedy humane form to its wishes; before it crumbled into wisps of nothingness when destined by God,
Without opening the closet of the famed circle of luminaries that the form was associated with; whose influence sorted many mortal messes within lightening seconds of time,
Without the most measly of flattering to the present demeanor for having reached this far; transcending every barrier of caste; creed; religion and color with the religion of inimitable humanity,
Without any reference to the wondrous fertility exhibited; the ramification of which was a festoon of freshness that unveiled into a fountain of mesmerizing creativity; by the grace of the Divine,
Without the most parsimonious of congratulation to the astounding grit with which life was led; winning accolades from even the remotest quarters of the planet sublime,
Every day was an unparalleled new gift from the Omniscient Creator. Each Sunrise started fresh. Each morning was a different morning laden with optimism. Every dawn blossomed with jubilant hope to symbiotically survive.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

1 Million Gods

When I was in office; I felt as if somebody was trying to wring my neck each second; pummeling me down forcefully towards the ground,
While when I stepped outside; people seemed so pleasant; and the majestic rays of the Sun left me open mouthed in a spell bound stupor.

When I was in office; I felt as if I was being whipped in each corner of my skin; with barbaric belts of commercialism,
While when I stepped outside; the roads on which pedestrians walked seemed like golden honey; and the chirping of vivacious birds; put my mind to an eternal rest.

When I was in office; the air around me felt overwhelmingly heavy; with the appalling sight of check books and paper; putting me in a state of perpetual gloom,
While when I stepped outside; the scent of the mesmerizing rose tickled me voraciously; casting over my dreary senses a spell of surreal enchantment.

When I was in office; the ambience seemed so nonchalant and dull; despite the most glorious of lights flashing around,
While when I stepped outside; I had the time of my life; with the creamy moonlight; playing hide 'n' seek with my eyes.

When I was in office; the steps heading to my cabin; seemed more taller than the Himalayas; with me having to make Herculean efforts to clamber the same,
While when I stepped outside; I had a desire to run every moment; and my legs bounced relentlessly even in the middle of the night.

When I was in office; my reflection in the mirrors appeared as of a ghost; with my facial contours gruesomely distorted and twisted,
While when I stepped outside; I could sight my face in every eye; and the color of my cheeks metamorphosed from pallid and fragile; to as blazing as the flaming Sun.

When I was in office; the food served seemed to be harder than stone; with the disdainful voice of my boss; the bombastic wisps of smoke emanating from his cigar; annihilating the slightest of my desire to eat,
While when I stepped outside; I felt fresh pangs of hunger reverberate in my stomach; and tore through the slices of scarlet apple in my dish; with renewed energy and gusto.

When I was in office; the desire to love in my body died a stifled and miserable death; with telephone calls from clients all day; driving me beyond the threshold of frustration,

While when I stepped outside; I mischievously flirted with every girl I encountered on the street; and in the end found myself lost in the breath of my beloved; and the softness of her caress putting me off to blissful sleep.

When I was in office; thoughts incorrigibly refrained to enter my mind; with the same monotonous figures of profit and loss stabbing me perniciously from all sides,

While when I stepped outside; there was a deluge of fantasy in my brain; and the most beautiful sights on this planet stimulated me beyond the point of no control.

And when I was in office; every individual seemed like a diabolical devil; with perceptions of him slaying me augmenting every minute,

While when I stepped outside; each entity I laid my eyes upon; seemed innocent and lovable; seemed passionate and romantic; in fact to candidly convey it; seemed like 1 million Gods.

Nikhil Parekh

1: Infinite

Just one of majestically unconquerable truth; to an infinite of baselessly stampeding and murderously masquerading; lies,

Just one of philanthropically perennial victory; to an infinite of dolefully decrepit and disastrously maligned; defeats,

Just one of pricelessly unconquerable humanity; to an infinite of ignominiously slandering and disparagingly dividing; religion,

Just one of eternally emancipating freedom; to an infinite of torturously diabolical and abominably harried; slavery,

Just one of spell bindingly mellifluous rhyme; to an infinite of devilishly eviscerating and atrociously penalizing; monotony,

Just one of the effulgently boisterous child; to an infinite of despicably cadaverous and amorphously dilapidated; graveyards,

Just one of the panoramically life-yielding waterfall; to an infinite of treacherously asphyxiating and libidiously manipulative; matchbox corporates,

Just one of perpetually coalescing oneness; to an infinite of abhorrently deteriorating and venomously segregating; wars,

Just one of euphorically celestial peace; to an infinite of salaciously sodomizing and worthlessly inflated; prejudice,

Just one of the vivaciously resplendent rainbow; to an infinite of dastardly fretful and wretchedly crucifying; boredom,

Just one of the Omnipotently sacrosanct Mother; to an infinite of tawdrily tantalizing and sinfully selling; prostitutes,

Just one of the unflinchingly fearless Peak; to an infinite of baselessly bigot and sullenly extinguishing; cowards,

Just one of the altruistically intrepid martyr; to an infinite of salaciously satanic and penuriously identitiless; traitors,

Just one of pristinely insuperable honesty; to an infinite of debasingly depraving
and vengefully spitting; corruption,

Just one of unassailably burgeoning symbiotism; to an infinite of haplessly
measly
and tyrannically thrashing; droughts,

Just one of the royally ever-pervading lotus; to an infinite of stinkingly criminal
and perniciously beheading; politics,

Just one of the blessedly virile seed; to an infinite of meaninglessly inane
and obviously corpse-like; infertility,

Just one of Omnipresently indomitable breath; to an infinite of flagrantly
strangulating and devilishly divesting; deaths,

Just one of the Omnisciently blazing Sun; to an infinite of indiscriminately
victimizing and hopelessly decimating; darkness,

Just one of selflessly compassionate friendship; to an infinite of scurrilously
rusted and derogatorily derelict; terrorists,

And just one of Immortally extemporizing love; to an infinite of ruefully livid
and satanically assassinating; betrayals

Nikhil Parekh

10 Foot "X" 5 Foot Corpse.

You might indiscriminately trample countless innocent under your bohemian foot every time you chose to walk; but remember O! greedy Man; that howsoever powerful you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that deplorably stinking and deteriorating; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might parasitically manipulate your way up to the entire wealth on this earth; but remember O! murderous Man; that howsoever ever-pervading you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that disgustingly incarcerating and decimating; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might satanically treat every pious mother as your tawdry brothel; but remember O! chauvinistic Man; that howsoever unshakable you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that truculently dilapidated and penalizing; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might ignominiously keep the entire planet on your squalid foot asking them to lick the criminally ghastly grime; but remember O! rotting Man; that howsoever indomitable you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that unbearably asphyxiating and wastrel; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might salaciously sell your mother and sisters in exchange of a few mountains of currency coin; but remember O! slandering Man; that howsoever undefeatable you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that diabolically pulverizing and amorphous; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might deliberately transmit the deathly virus of hiv/aids from your body into that of boundless unwittingly innocent; but remember O! wretched Man; that howsoever shrewd you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that hedonistically disgruntled and sinful; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might render fathomless children orphaned; beheading the scalps of their parents right in front of their innocuous eyes; but remember O! devilish Man;

that howsoever perennial you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that indefatigably trampling and vindictive; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might open your mouth solely to bark an unsurpassable valley of indescribable abuse; but remember O! dogged Man; that howsoever correct you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that wantonly decrepit and castigating; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might deliriously suck every droplet of blood from the veins of existing organism of this Universe; but remember O! vagabond Man; that howsoever insuperable you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that ominously violent and extinguishing; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might chop the head and foot of every priceless animal in the forest just to embellish the walls of your spurious living room; but remember O! unsavory Man; that howsoever ubiquitous you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that pathetically distraught and feckless; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might ruthlessly devastate an infinite civilizations with your bawdy atom bombs; but remember O! dictatorial Man; that howsoever audacious you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that invidiously ribald and victimizing; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might sadistically like to play cricket with the eyeballs of newborn children after cold-bloodedly gouging them; but remember O! uncouth Man; that howsoever victorious you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; sacrilegiously divesting and hideous; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might barbarously nail your very own idiosyncratically traumatic eccentricities upon every pristine face alive; but remember O! venomous Man; that howsoever supernatural you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that atrociously demonic and cynical; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might mockingly blow away every old person you encountered on the streets with the puffs of your unrelentingly rebuking breath; but remember O! tyrannical Man; that howsoever magical you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that brutally strangulating and vituperative; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might lecherously compel every person on earth to hoarsely beg; but remember O! maniacal Man; that howsoever Kingly you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that disparagingly nullifying and sinking; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might bury all those people who didn't obey your worthless commands to an infinite feet beneath lackadaisical soil; but remember O! impoverished Man; that howsoever Gigantic you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that perilously massacring and balderdash; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might shatter a fathomless hearts with your swords of blood-stained hatred and malice; but remember O! penurious Man; that howsoever Omnipotent you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that preposterously rugged and torn; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might lead every moment of your life disseminating only the venom of malicious discrimination into every organism alive; but remember O! licentious Man; that howsoever celestial you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that cannibalistically beleaguered and unsolicited corpse.

And you might snatch the breath of whosoever you wished at gay abandon making use of all your acrimoniously contemporary paraphernalia; but remember O! destitute Man; that howsoever invincible you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that pugnaciously disoriented and flagrant; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

Nikhil Parekh

100 Bones

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast mitigate a 100 people from the aisles of inexplicably traumatic suffering during your entire lifetime; not to erect an infinite ghoulish palaces of yours; upon their innocently unblemished blood,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast save a 100 innocuous orphans from drowning in the satanic waters during your entire lifetime; not to viciously sell them to your infinite viciously devilish agents; so that they could tawdrily trade them for their nubile skin,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast grow a 100 holistically bountiful trees during your entire lifetime; not to ruthlessly massacre infinite blissful lives; just to appease the spuriously petulant itching in your sinister eyes,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast evolve a 100 abodes for the tremblingly oppressed during your entire lifetime; not to pave infinite battlefields of unrelentingly pugnacious war; deluging every cranny of the celestial planet with indiscriminately vengeful bloodshed,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast enlighten a 100 despicably shattered faces with a smile during your entire lifetime; not to squalidly replenish infinite bombastic swimming pools of yours with tears of the devastatingly deprived,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast disinfect a 100 km of land of all its malicious parasite during your entire lifetime; not to uncouthly trample your chariot of derogatory gunpowder; over an infinite ebulliently new born infant lives,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast thank a 100 people for their benevolent graciousness during your entire lifetime; not to scurrilously slander infinite impeccable children; for ostensibly no reason nor rhyme,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast light the lantern of spell binding compassion in a 100 despairingly extinguishing households during your entire lifetime; not to mercilessly keep infinite a fragrant flower at the hideously venomous nozzle of your gunpoint,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast sagaciously educate a 100 illiterate during your entire lifetime; not to heartlessly snatch away even the most infinitesimally

fleeting happiness; from infinite symbiotically majestic lives,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast behead a 100 repugnant devils during your entire lifetime; not to ominously asphyxiate the throats of infinite divinely lactating mothers; for nonsensically immortalizing your own; treacherous kind, God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast ameliorate a 100 wounded soldiers of your sacred motherland during your entire lifetime; not to lecherously bury infinite a living organism countless feet beneath their grave; even as their emanated the first cries of euphoric life,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast sing a 100 songs of unassailable unity during your entire lifetime; not to horrifically maim infinite a mellifluous voice; with the truculently sordid wings of your corpulently corruptive authority,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast march a 100 unflinching footsteps for uplifting your heavenly homesoil during your entire lifetime; not to insanely sell even the tiniest robe of your divinely mother; to infinite luridly barking parasites,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast bend a 100 times in due obeisance of nature's panoramic charisma during your entire lifetime; not to preposterously keep towering like a chauvinistically self centered flagpole; luridly crippling infinite blissful bodies; their bread and brime,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast uninhibitedly melange with a 100 different tribes during your entire lifetime; not to lethally diffuse bombs of acridly whipping discrimination; amongst infinite civilizations worldwide,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast free a 100 torturously excoriated of your comrades from clutches of despondent slavery during your entire lifetime; not to lasciviously sculpture an infinite bars of macabre prison; with unending shrieks of the amiably immaculate,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast feed a 100 unfathomably emaciating stomachs during your entire lifetime; not to perniciously infiltrate the morsels of infinite haplessly staggering; with your worthless spit,

God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast splash the lives of a 100 infertile with vivaciously ingratiating color during your entire lifetime; not to invidiously stash your own dungeons with bloodstained carcasses of your; infinite egregiously

crucified prey,

And God gave you a 100 bones; to atleast throb a 100 times for the spirit of life;
unshakable love and timeless humanity during your entire lifetime; not to
betrayingly steal infinite an heart; so that you could exist for an unstoppable
more lives.

Nikhil Parekh

100 Holes

If there were a 100 holes in the dry ground,
small rivulets of water would get accumulated after seasonal spells of monsoon,
a blend of mice, rabbit, and ant would continue to live in passionate harmony.

If there existed a 100 holes in the ornately sculptured tea kettle,
Sizzling droplets of brown liquid would ooze as if from a lawn sprinkler,
Scalding all in vicinity with boiling showers of freshly made tea.

If there were a 100 holes in well spun office shirt,
There would probably be no need for fans and large coolers,
Natural draughts of air would pierce sweat laden zones of chest,
Thereby compensating the need for artificial contrivances.

If there were a 100 holes in the base of my leather shoe,
Fresh waves of wind would ventilate through my feet,
Hence filtering tension clogged veins inhabiting the body.

If there were a 100 holes in luxury liner floating on ocean water,
Saline liquid from the sea would painstakingly penetrate,
Ergonomically plush interiors of ship would be flooded with water,
The ship made of the strongest wood fibre would sink to the bottom of the ocean.

If there were a 100 holes in the juicy fruit of african apple,
A cluster of worm would nibble its core,
Rendering it as a commodity to be used as a duplication for stone.

If there appeared a 100 holes in the flaming silhouette of Sun,
The light dispersing on earth would be complete with gloom and haze,
Prompting the young to walk with sticks in their hands groping blindly for
direction.

If there were a 100 holes in my heart,
I would drill it with many more still deeper,
Filling them all with reflections of whom I loved,
Keeping them full upto the brim for the remaining quota of years,
I am destined to tread on the soil of earth.

Nikhil Parekh

100 M Sprint

Grey lead escapes gleaming pistol barrel,
10 bullets soar high in the sky,
piercing fluffy carpets of blue clouds,
flooding air patches with dynamite stench,
as 10 heads sport curly hair,
crisscrossed in pools of sweat,
10 shirts of athletic spun cotton,
10 sweat shorts clinging to muscled leg,
10 time pieces wound on wrists,
10 pairs of footwear studded with spikes,
10 bands of multicolored foam,
fitted tightly to throbbing forehead,
10 chains of shining metal,
jingling against heavy chest bone,
10 pairs of eyes converging dead straight,
reflecting uncurbed desires of complete triumph,
10 sets of moist palms,
clenched tightly into blood curling fists,
10 pairs of curved ankles,
knelt towards saw dust race tracks,
10 pairs of pounding hearts,
ready to leap in heated ecstasy,
the 100 m sprint is just about to commence.

Nikhil Parekh

100% Natural

At times an inferno of poignantly towering emotions; while at times a meadow of resplendently blissful tranquility that stretched for times immemorial,

At times an astoundingly prolific bombardment of restlessness; while at times a river of celestially milky and exotically unending enchantment,

At times an untamed volcano of tantalizing voluptuousness; while at times as beautifully heavenly as the mystical mists on the spell bindingly gregarious mountaintops,

At times a ferociously undulating sea of unbelievably ecstatic exhilaration; while at times the majestically sleeping castle of fathomless dreams,

At times an indefatigably reverberating catharsis of the countenance; while at times the ingratiatingly innocuous pearl floating in holistic harmony; at the bottom of blue sea,

At times an impudently overpowering monster transcending over the realms of pragmatic sagaciousness; while at times the boundless fleet of silken birds regally sweeping through the clouds,

At times a passionately never ending fire that Omnipotently enlightened the complexion of this dreary planet; while at times a phlegmatically lazing tortoise; paying an absolute deaf ear to the conventionally turgid society,

At times wave of endlessly swirling and enthralling excitement; while at times a nimble dewdrop sensitively curled; and waiting for the very first rays of; fantastically ephemeral dawn,

At times a blazingly marching patriotic soldier for whom even the ghastliest of death caused no fear; while at times at river of amiably drifting contentment; in complete synergy with the Lord Divine,

At times a profoundly ambiguous wind incessantly vacillating between the limitless shades of vivacious life; while at times the rejuvenating incense sticks of irrefutably sparkling truth,

At times an unrelenting cistern of ebullient happiness; while at times inevitably

entrenched by obfuscated skies of disparaging sadness,

At times a perennial whirlwind of insurmountable rhapsody; while at times a timidly retreating butterfly sandwiched in cocoons of sordid remorsefulness,
At times a fireball of indefatigably uxorious fantasy which never ends; while at times

an impeccably sleeping angel wholesomely oblivious to the unfurling of rapid time,

At times an unparalleled storm which took the entire living race by radically dramatic surprise; while at times a sheepish leaf wilting towards even the most infinitesimal draught of breeze,

At times carving a way of its very own amidst countless others engulfed with baseless rigidity; while at times stooping like an obeisant angel in front of the Almighty divine,

At times an eternally frolicking peacock vividly flirting behind the hills; while at times fretting and fuming in the aisles of treacherously betraying morbidity,

At times an unsurpassable caravan of philanthropic goodness; while at times lured by fabulously eloping and nubile damsels as the bodies euphorically titillated in
the moon soaked night,

O! Yes; at times this; while at times an unfathomable shade of that; but one thing was intransigently undeniable; that whether I lived forever in the paradise of heaven; or whether I forever rotted in the gallows of hell with the word die; my heart was; is
and would always remain 100% natural.

Nikhil Parekh

1000 Feet Below The Earth

there was wet moisture camouflaging the earth,
condensed slices of soil slept in perennial darkness,
tiny bits of stone lay embedded in loose gravel,
radiating worms weaved their way through tunnels of mud,
reptiles slithered harmlessly past dungeons of darkness,
yellow crested frogs danced in abundant ponds of water,
the Sun had never blazed on this part of the world,
sporadic outbursts of moonshine had faded long ago into oblivion,
humid pouches of air blew at sedate velocities,
entwined roots of tree and grass extruded from the mud,
thin wisps of pungent fertilizer cakes caressed the soil,
a plethora of red ant marched boisterously towards their den,
droplets of liquid percolated painstakingly, exhausted from deep journeys of
incessant travel,
a slurry of black oil and grease lay trapped at several patches,
dead mushroom chunks lay buried for decades in obscurity,
there was no adulteration in the mass of clay for millions of kilometers,
the soil was as pure as Gods bathed in rich cow milk,
with nil traces of metal, pesticide, shards of tainted glass,
and surplus amounts of crystal water imprisoned in its core,
catering to infinite numbers of scorched mouths dying in blistering heat,
all this and things more exotic existed,
an approximate thousand feet beneath the surface of mud painted earth.

Nikhil Parekh

12.0 Clock

12.0 Clock. A moment when the voluptuous seduction of ingratiating blackness; enshrouded each frazzled nerve of mine with silken sensuousness,

12.0 Clock. A moment when overwhelmingly enchanting melody; whispered a tale of profound mysticism in my frantically insane and bereaved ears,

12.0 Clock. A moment when a carpet of rejuvenating serenity blissfully infiltrated into my lunatically manipulative life; celestially placating every inexplicably traumatic thought of mine,

12.0 Clock. A moment when the entire Universe outside seemed to be a mesmerizing paradise; with an unfathomable ocean of benign goodness; profusely encapsulating every ingredient of my tyrannically lambasted blood,

12.0 Clock. A moment when the resplendently milky light of the charismatic Moon titillated me till times immemorial; bathing me in a cistern of wonderfully enamoring beauty,

12.0 Clock. A moment when an unsurpassable garden of reinvigorating scent encompassed my disastrously staggering stride; triumphantly urging me to embed the flag of philanthropic victory; on the path of righteous mankind,

12.0 Clock. A moment when tantalizingly cool breeze exuberantly brushed through my dolorously dwindling eyes; transpiring me to fantastically erupt in an unrelenting cocoon of; spell binding fantasy,

12.0 Clock. A moment of unbelievably rapturous delight; when the rustling of the vivacious trees; seemed like the eternal heavens had bountifully descended down,

12.0 Clock. A moment which metamorphosed the complexion of my beleaguered lips to a poignant crimson; triggering in me the insatiable urge to blend with all sensuously exotic beauty around,

12.0 Clock. A moment when aristocratic waves of tranquility; miraculously changed the definition of my haplessly shattering life; to a civilization of perennially blossoming freshness,

12.0 Clock. A moment that blissfully redefined every aspect of my monotonously mundane survival; enlightening each of my hopelessly crippling footsteps; with a reservoir of unconquerably heavenly newness,

12.0 Clock. A moment which regally painted the impoverished kaleidoscope of my dithering existence with an incomprehensible valley of vibrant color; making me wholesomely believe in the harmoniously benevolent principles of; priceless humanity,

12.0 Clock. A moment when the relentless stare of the vividly striped owl; tumultuously evoked me to conceive beyond the realms of the sparkingly extraordinary; diffuse into a flower of innovative freshness; every unfurling minute of my existence,

12.0 Clock. A moment which impregnated my lackadaisically nonchalant life with astronomically unending spice; as the magnificently eclectic frequency of the atmosphere; lit a lantern of love through every vein of my persona,

12.0 Clock. A moment fabulously relieving me of even the most infinitesimal of tensions; deluging the canvas of my beautifully scintillating breath; with ubiquitously untamed euphoria,

12.0 Clock. A moment which royally catapulted me beyond all sinful apprehensions of pragmatic life; as majestically coalesced with the aisles of unending desire; for infinite more births yet to come,

12.0 Clock. A moment when there seemed nothing but the ravishing scent of the unassailably princely rose; as the petals of my lugubriously despairing life; bloomed
full throttle towards the pathways of insurmountable excitement,

12.0 Clock. A moment when the breath that nondescriptly diffused from my nostrils; suddenly incinerated an invincible cloudburst of romantic passion; in the pathetically fading atmosphere,

O! Yes.12.0 Clock. A moment when the stringently conventional society outside snored ludicrously; incarcerated well within the asphyxiating agony of quilts and spurious air-conditioner; while my heart had just commenced to sing the beats of love and life; as it was now fascinating midnight.

Nikhil Parekh

2 Centimeters Of Brain

As much as it could stupendously perceive; it had the power to brutally devastate,

As much as it could magnanimously harbor; it had the power to corrupt the most sagacious of truth,

As much as it could devotionally dedicate; it had the power to conceive the most unprecedentedly lecherous existing on this planet,

As much as it could intriguingly fantasize; it had the power to parasitically drain out every iota of glorious memory,

As much as it could magically evolve; it had the power to swipe traces of blissful civilization; in lightening fractions of seconds,

As much as it could fantastically tantalize; it had the power to disastrously famish the most invincible; for centuries immemorial,

As much as it could unfathomably grasp; it had the power to diabolically relinquish; within a single wink of an eye,

As much as it could reside in perpetual realms of solitude; it had the power to fulminate more treacherously than infinite volcano's trapped beneath the earth,

As much as it could disseminate the fragrance of philanthropic mankind; it had the power to diabolically crush the immaculately impeccable in the swirl of its menacing manipulation,

As much as it could majestically accomplish; it had the power to rampantly deteriorate well beneath the rudiments of its roots,

As much as it could formidably heal; it had the power to gruesomely exacerbate the tiniest of wounds; beyond the corridors of infinite infinity,

As much as it could blossom into an island of enchanting paradise; it had the power to insidiously melt; transcending over boundaries of the most obsolete oblivion,

As much as it could divinely meditate; it had the power to indefatigably swim in

torrential sea deluged with preposterously ominous sharks,

As much as it could overwhelmingly pacify; it had the power to trigger malicious fireballs of discrimination; in religions bonding as united on this earth,

As much as it could bask in the grandiloquent splendor; it had the power to recede immortally into its grave; even though it was animatedly alive,

As much as it could aristocratically relax; it had the power to tumultuously inundate benevolent goodness; with insane mad,

As much as it could ravishingly romance; it had the power to sow the seeds of despairing betrayal; in every heart it met,

As much as it could unbelievably dream; it had the power to drown in cloudbursts of cacophonous manipulation,

As much as it could unsurpassably exist; it had the power to vanish like pathetic devil; before even the winds could transgress in azure sky,

And as much as I called it my mind; believe me it had the ubiquitous power to be anybody's 2 centimeters of brain; entrenched well within the skull and shivering inside.

Nikhil Parekh

2 Hearts

Just because 2 scarlet clouds clashed vehemently with each other in the firmament of fathomless sky; doesn't inevitably apply; that torrential cloudbursts of rain would pelt down in ferocious tandem; left; right and center,

Just because 2 exotically fragrant roses kissed each other under dazzling rays of the Sun and exuberant breeze; doesn't inevitably apply; that even the most remotest cranny of gigantically colossal Universe; was besieged with profusely overpowering scent,

Just because 2 crimson skins poignantly intermingled with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that all disdainful discrimination round the earth; uninhibitedly mélanges with the religion of humanity,

Just because 2 virile seeds romantically juxtaposed with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that every cranny of the famished earth; would blossom into perennial prosperity and unassailable happiness,

Just because 2 undulating waves ebulliently swirled with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that unfathomable fireballs of piquant salt; ubiquitously sprinkled across all disastrously beleaguered quarters of this endless Universe,

Just because 2 fervent helmets crashed with unsurpassable ardor with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that sparks of boundless euphoria flew upon every lackadaisical corner; of the discordantly wailing graveyard,

Just because 2 frigid avalanches of ice beautifully caressed each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that ever iota of acrimoniously sweltering heat; metamorphosed into a astoundingly placated goodness,

Just because 2 philanthropic palms impregably united in threads of profound martyrdom; doesn't inevitably apply; that all barbaric bloodshed on this manipulatively savage planet; transforms into symbiotically glittering harmony,

Just because 2 impeccable eyes indefatigably stared at each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that tumultuous thunderbolts of insatiable compassion; are generated in every morbidly solitary corpse; of the pugnaciously stinking graveyard,

Just because 2 rhapsodic rivers amicably merged with each other; doesn't

inevitably apply; that all murderously fighting tribes across the planet;
bountifully coalesced into strings of perpetually sparkling humanity,

Just because 2 flaming rays intractably adhered to each other; doesn't inevitably
apply; that every pathetically tyrannized speck of blackness on this
astronomically incomprehensible earth; would convert into spell binding light and
righteousness,

Just because 2 ecstatic voices unflinchingly merged with each other; doesn't
inevitably apply; that even the most obviously sordid bout of despondent
silence; culminates into ardently awe inspiring and melodiously enchanting
artistry,

Just because 2 resplendently shimmering pearls bounced against each other;
doesn't inevitably apply; that even the most ghastliest of sinister darkness; is
perennially illuminated with majestically scintillating shine,

Just because 2 intriguingly intrepid brains amalgamated with each other; doesn't
inevitably apply; that every stagnating curtain of disastrously vengeful gloom on
this globe; fulminates into a mountain of invincible freshness,

Just because 2 colossal treasuries chivalrously mixed with each other; doesn't
inevitably apply; that all abominably crippling poverty in the savagely lambasted
atmosphere; culminated into a paradise of gorgeously blazing enthrallment,

Just because 2 humanitarian streams of enthusiastic blood blended with each
other; doesn't inevitably apply; that all horrendously racial discrimination and
parasites on the globe; would incredulously foster the principles of eternal
mankind,

Just because 2 volatile bits of truth rhetorically shook hands with each other;
doesn't inevitably apply; that even the most salaciously bereaved conscience's on
monotonously diabolical soil; blossomed into irrefutably sacrosanct islands of
benevolence,

Just because 2 ingratiating pools of breath synergistically bonded with each
other; doesn't inevitably apply; that even the most devilishly diseased of
organisms; perpetually continued to exist for centuries immemorial,

But Just because 2 passionately palpitating hearts immortally entrenched in the
fireball of unending togetherness; it does inevitably apply; that all dastardly
cowardliness on this earth comes to an abrupt end; all ominously bad is

eventually decimated by the Omnipotent light of love; love and only
unconquerable love.

Nikhil Parekh

24 X 7 X 365

Neither and only when the most astoundingly vivacious of rainbow engulfed each bit of voluptuous sky; with the handsome Sun peeping occasionally to compassionately warm the atmosphere,

Neither and only when the most miraculously mellifluous of nightingale; perpetuated every ingredient of sensuous air; with a tune that immortalized the spirit of a royally united existence,

Neither and only when the most resplendently beaming stars twinkled to their full might; illuminating the fabric of the frigidly dreary night; with the rays of Omnipresent happiness,

Neither and only when the most effulgently bounteous roses; mischievously bloomed under the first rays of the Sun; mesmerizing countless an impoverished nostril on this earth with their scent of insuperable togetherness,

Neither and only when the most poignantly intrepid waves of the ocean majestically clashed against the enigmatic rocks; dissipated into such a froth which reinvigorated life back in each corpse stifled in the morose graveyard,

Neither and only when the most seductively gregarious of leaves uninhibitedly swished in every conceivable direction; to evolve a whole new unconquerable civilization; of just breeze; breeze and exuberantly blessing breeze,

Neither and only when the most unabashedly inimitable globules of rain cascaded from the belly of sky; celestially mollifying the agonizing cry of every obviously thwarted molecule lying limp on cracked soil,

Neither and only when the most inexplicably amorous forests; indefatigably rustled to their heart's content; tickling the carpet of golden dew strewn all around till unassailable eternity,

Neither and only when the most perennially affable clouds formed an invincible cocoon in bald patches of sky; stretching every cognizable horizon of the impoverished brain; to beyond the realms of spell-binding utopia,

Neither and only when the most untamed streaks of white lightning blended with mundane soil; magnificently fomenting each deadened pore of the skin to stand up in electric alacrity; towards the furthestmost point in the heavens,

Neither and only when the most philanthropic streams of blood floated on the boundless Universe; when each religion; caste; creed; sect and tribe; forever melanged into a-singleton impregnable color of humanity,

Neither and only when the most spectacularly pristine puffs of brilliant snow copiously rolled down the hills; growing and growing larger in size till it almost resembled an unfathomable cosmos of unflinching purity,

Neither and only when the most bewitchingly silver of horizons tantalizingly faded from veritable sight; leaving the earth with a desire greater than ever to witness the next princely sunset,

Neither and only when the most divinely virile of seeds sprouted into their very first new leaf; which wondrously captivated every eyeball on this gigantic planet; with its unbreakable mantra of Omnipotent freshness,

Neither and only when the most fearless swords of truth beheaded even the tiniest insinuation of the devil; wholesomely scrapping every bit of demonic bawdiness from earth-with the soul of righteousness,

Neither and only when the most timelessly alluring of mirages drew hordes of organisms from the farthest quarter of the earth; making them ebulliently sing and unrestrictedly sway-in the swirl of unparalleled queenly sand,

Neither and only when the most fierily unblemished breath; triumphantly inundated every conceivable cranny of the atmosphere; with undying gorges of fresh optimism and dazzling hope,

Neither and only when the most unprecedented pulse of sensitivity completely coalesced with every ounce of existence on this globe; spawning an unbelievable firmament of gloriously inseparable brotherhood,

But; I wanted to make unrestricted; unparalleled; unsurpassable love to you O! Beloved; every instant of ethereal dawn/eternal afternoon/sensuous evening and star studded night; which forever remained till the time I survived- as 24 X 7 X 365.

Nikhil Parekh

3 Complete Days,3 Complete Nights

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; I dreadfully shivered; collapsing in utter nervousness on the obdurate ground,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; I forgot to normally blink; stared unrelentingly into open space as if somebody had stabbed me in my chest; the entire world outside had come to an abrupt end,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; I felt all hunger die a ghastly death in my stomach; with my body refusing all food and tepid water,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; the blood flowing through my veins froze midway; with the hair on my body standing up in unfathomable gloom,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; my skull relinquished all memory; floundered to function harmoniously with the commercial world outside; wholesomely lost in the realms of your mesmerizing

fantasy; the compassionate moistness in your breath that used to flow when you were close by my side,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; all words tumbled mumble-jumble from my mouth; with a severely debilitating coma crippling each corner of my brain; and my heart palpitating like a missile about to deafeningly explode,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave

me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; my body started perspiring more than the most tumultuous of storm; an

ocean of tears welled up my eye; poured indefatigably beyond the most sagacious of my control; my soul went berserk with incomprehensible hysteria, And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; my teeth started to inexorably clatter even in the most acerbic of Sunlight; infinite goose-bumps crept up on my palm in morbid exhilaration; everything outside my window seemed to be diabolical and profusely poisoned, And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; all my fantasies and dreams got buried boundless feet beneath the corpse; every part of me started to vehemently hate the society; with a feeling of assassinating every entity traversing on this earth slowly creeping in my persona; as my bouts of boiling anger rose to the peak, And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; I abdicated even the most tiniest of urge to live further; forcefully closed my eyes and breath to blend my heart and soul with the Omnipotent creator, And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Nikhil Parekh

31st December- The Most Envable Bachelor.

The day brought alongwith it; an unsurpassable longing to greet a fantastically new and spellbindingly untainted chapter of beginning,

The day brought alongwith it; a feeling of unconquerably infallible triumph; of surpassing even the most infinitesimal iota of evil; with the winds of an optimistically enlightening tomorrow,

The day brought alongwith it; a profound feeling of untamed nostalgia; as blissful and emotionally chagrined memories of the past; inundated even the most obsolete quarter of the mind at lightening speeds of time,

The day brought alongwith it; an undefeatable resolution of spending a countless more lives engulfed with symbiotic prosperity; with the very priceless life just about to commence within a few hours,

The day brought alongwith it; an adventure of unbridled ecstasy; transcending over even the most ghastliest of pain and inexplicably treacherous disease,

The day brought alongwith it; an unassailable entrenchment of timeless unity; with organisms of every caste; creed and race; romancing and indefatigably gyrating to the beats of vibrant existence; under the iridescent midnight Sunshine,

The day brought alongwith it; the tunes of eternally rhapsodic joy; as the Sun blazed its most indomitably Omnipotent light ever; before humbly sinking in the horizons to celestially illuminate the world tomorrow; with intrepid light,

The day brought alongwith it; an uncannily exultating reverberation in every conceivable pore of the body; which exuberantly braced itself for the Omnipresent goodness of a majestically brand new hour,

The day brought alongwith it; the most effulgently wistful hours of the entire year; with every unfurling instant catapulting you on to the most brilliantly unfettered paradise,

The day brought alongwith it; an intractably overpowering feeling of the present overruling the past like never before; with every tangible chime to the clock; igniting the pulse and soul to an ultimate crescendo of joyous activity,

The day brought alongwith it; an inexhaustible scent of righteous perseverance; the ultimate culmination of all deeds symbiotically executed; into the invincible rays of a bountifully fructifying tomorrow,

The day brought alongwith it; the most ebulliently blessed memories of the past; with every anecdote of revitalizing freshness gushing past at whirlwind speeds through the impoverished brain,

The day brought alongwith it; a Herculean inferno of restlessly unexplored energy; with every single organism of the Universe in an unbelievable rush to add those punctiliously eventful finishing touches,

The day brought alongwith it; a wholesomely changed perspective about the chapter of vivaciously stupefying life; with every ingredient of scarlet blood feeling; that it was just a few inches away from experiencing victorious totality,

The day brought alongwith it; an interminably jubilant resolution of coining newer and newer targets in destined life; with the quintessential mantra being heavenly prosperity and ubiquitously perpetuating the axiom of Live and let Live,

The day brought alongwith it; an unlimited instinct to survive beyond one's projected time; incredulously metamorphosing every infidel protraction into a gorge of impeccable faithfulness,

The day brought alongwith it; a ray of nimbly vespersed hope; of perhaps the veritably dead and inimitably beloved; reinvigorating once again from the horizons once again tomorrow,

The day brought alongwith it; the beats of unfathomably maverick rejoicing; with every tangible and intangible entity on the globe; pouring even the most oblivious crannies of their hearts out; to express nothing else but Immortal love,

The day brought alongwith it; the most fervently unhindered breathing of the year; an extraordinary feeling of accomplishment pounding the intricate chest; of stepping into new dimensions of flamboyant daylight,

And although you might ardently desire for it to be every day of the beautiful year. But sadly; it would still continue to remain the most enviable bachelor; unfurling only just once every single year. Such was the magic of tantalizing magical and perpetually single; 31st December.

31st December—my Ultimate Hero.

Irrespective of whether they were extraordinarily happy; or whether they inconsolably fretted in the aisles of utter desperation—with the gruesome blackness of extinction ominously maiming each of their senses,

Irrespective of whether they were perennially successful; or whether they miserably floundered a countless times even before alighting a single foot—unnecessarily losing it- in their bouts of whimsical fidgetiness,

Irrespective of whether they were unsurpassably rich; or whether they profusely slavered at the most diminutive morsel of food—brutally emaciating since a record number of days and treacherously freezing nights,

Irrespective of whether they were in unconquerable space; or whether they were left to uncouthly stagnate on the fecklessly sordid streets and hackneyed gutter bins of the country's largest slum,

Irrespective of whether they sang a boundless tunes in the praise of the Lord; or whether they sadistically licked up every pint of spit emitted by the vindictively trouncing devil,

Irrespective of whether they bustled as perfectly symbiotic busy-bodies; or whether they aimlessly loitered through the lanes of slandering oblivion—which'd nothing but hoarse regret to offer as a pathetic end-product,

Irrespective of whether they were unassailable magicians; or whether all what they dared touch; sullenly metamorphosed into frigidly incoherent bits of lame dust,

Irrespective of whether they were invincible perfectionists; or whether they perpetually adhered to the famous axiom 'To Err is Human' and immortalized the same with their relentless failures,

Irrespective of whether they were triumphantly persevering; or whether they lazed and endlessly lazed even under the most acrimoniously scorching sun; just because their bones creaked a trifle whilst getting up,

Irrespective of whether they were brilliantly optimistic; or whether they lugubriously crumbled every instant reminiscing the mortuaries of the dreadfully asleep past,

Irrespective of whether they were unflinching patriots; or whether they darted at the speed of lightening for cover; at the tiniest insinuation of the most imperceptible danger,

Irrespective of whether they were blessedly fantasizing; or whether they lecherously circumscribed their entire lives within the constraints of the monotonously clerical corporate office,

Irrespective of whether they were unconquerably truthful; or whether they were brutally trapped in satanically parasitic web of lies—resorting to it inevitably to find that ultimate escape route in today's manipulative world,

Irrespective of whether they existed on the freezing north pole; or whether they compassionately warmed each ingredient of their blood under majestic rays of the Sun; extreme south,

Irrespective of whether they conversed in articulate English; or whether they uninhibitedly recharged the atmosphere with every vibrancy of indigenous language that was spoken under the Sun,

Irrespective of whether they were the perfectly synchronized gentlemen; or whether they resided in rustically mud baked huts—bursting at the seams to accommodate an innumerable more of their kind,

Irrespective of whether they were Christ fearing Christians; or whether they were an equally Bhagwan/Allah/Buddha fearing 'Hindus'/ 'Muslims'/ 'Buddhists' and every other sacred tribe on earth divine,

Irrespective of whether they wholeheartedly celebrated wondrous X-Mas; or whether they zealously indulged in the lights and colors of; 'Holi', 'Diwali', 'Muharram', 'Id' and countless other sacred festivals of the likes,

O! Yes—Irrespective of anything and everything—On the 31st of December every year—all of them joined hands in one insuperable mass together; embraced each other without the tiniest of discrimination -to welcome the newest dawn of all times—the dawn of a joyously happy new year—the first Sunrise of a magical 1st January.

Nikhil Parekh

9 Months

9 months of painstaking labor,
9 months of confinement in Luke warm recesses of womb,
9 months of parasitic nourishment from mother food,
9 months of luxury cushioning in chambers of slime,
9 months of oblivion from vagaries of life,
9 months of proximity with rich mass of intestine,
9 months of blissful sleep sheltered from light,
9 months of swim in bountiful fluid encapsulating body,
9 months of gentle caress by her hands occasionally gliding over inflated part of her belly,
9 months of complete suspension in elastic skin pouch,
9 months of developing skin and formation of calcium bone,
9 months of perpetual ecstasy moving tiny legs and hands,
9 months of incessant heat ensuring future health,
9 months of carrier comfort in perambulators of flesh,
9 months of pitch dark existence with blurred premonitions of beautiful mother,
9 months of perspiration blending profusely with gastric juice,
9 months of anxious wait for an encounter with all living and created,
the time is up; multiple day wait seems concluded,
dazzling light of the sun blinds me in entirety,
compassionate soft hands of my mother raise me to the Almighty,
as I open my eyes; emit my first incoherent scream,
silencing worldly commotion with innocent cries of fresh birth.

Nikhil Parekh

A Big No

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to sight the wonderfully resplendent island of milky moon?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to romantically philander and enthrallingly admire; the stupendously magical contours of the Sun soaked hills?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to relish the tantalizingly ravishing waves; of the exuberantly tangy and undulating sea?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to profusely feast on the unfathomably grandiloquent festoon of golden dewdrops; majestically caressing the voluptuous strands of morning grass?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to wholeheartedly enjoy under the tantalizingly seductive and torrential cloudshowers of; exotically marvelous rain?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to witness unsurpassable flocks of blissful sheep; royally sprint in the ebulliently timeless meadows?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to ecstatically surge and bountifully blend; with the charismatically ravishing winds that confronted you in your way?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to repay back your divinely mother; for the pricelessly aristocratic energy that she perpetually embedded; in each of your impoverished veins?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to substitute the death of your royally blessed beloved?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to award the patriotically valiant soldier; a compensation equivalent to his immortally slained life?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to purchase back the smiles of all those children; orphaned in sordidly stinking dustbins; right from the

very first cry of their birth?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to bask in the glory of the stupendously reinvigorating rainbow; let its magnanimous boisterousness take complete control over your frazzled senses?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to incredulously relish your profoundly impeccable rudiments; the trail of inscrutable enigma that you celestially reminisced; on your expedition of tracing your very first ancestor?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to sleazily confiscate truth in your impoverished palms; buy it in unsurpassable quantities every day; although with gruesome blackness camouflaging your soul and heart?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to witness your child uninhibitedly smile; inundate every miserably incarcerated cranny of your chained existence; with unendingly jubilation and melodious happiness?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to transcend past the corridors of divine meditation; wholesomely coalesce your spirit with all mankind; one and synergistically alike?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to unequivocally enlighten the candle of blissfully compassionate hope; in every dwelling besieged with traumatically tyrannized agony?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to perennially inhale euphorically resplendent air into your puristically humanitarian lungs; quintessentially enshroud your dwindling existence; with thunderbolts of vibrant life?

And is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to invincibly dedicate each beat of your heart to the person you irrefutably adored; and I ask you once again; that is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to fall in IMMORTAL LOVE?

For all of you who say YES to the above; I can only convey to you what the Almighty Lord has ordered me to do; that the questions above are unconquerably priceless; and the heavenly answer to all of them is indeed and forever will be; a BIG NO.

A Born Lover

Perhaps only those with eclectically passionate and tapering fingers; can be spell bindingly enamoring; artists,

Perhaps only those with glamorously flamboyant personalities; can be vividly beautiful and magnetically crowd-pulling; filmstars,

Perhaps only those with apocryphally manipulative demeanors; can be excellently domineering and abhorrently prejudiced; politicians,

Perhaps only those with rapaciously indiscriminating hunger; can be cold-bloodedly massacring and hedonistically treacherous; parasites,

Perhaps only those with mellifluously harmonious voices; can be euphorically everlasting and timelessly bestowing; singers,

Perhaps only those with indefatigably discovering brains; can be astoundingly mesmerizing and effulgently burgeoning; scientists,

Perhaps only those with wholeheartedly altruistic dispositions; can be majestically blissful and inexhaustibly bonding; humanitarian's,

Perhaps only those with ancestrally royal blood flowing through their veins; can be successful benefactors to the magnificently embellished and princely; throne,

Perhaps only those with a cornucopia of bulging muscles protruding from within their shirt; can be insuperably unflinching and peerlessly fantastic; boxers,

Perhaps only those with an uncontrollably ardent longing for the first cries of magically Omnipotent life; can be enigmatically uncanny and blessedly mischievous; children,

Perhaps only those with eternally fructifying warmth; can be immaculately undefeated and Omnisciently symbiotic; mothers,

Perhaps only those with unparalleled yearning for the unfathomably mystical; can be ubiquitously enthralling and enchantingly effulgent; snake-charmers,

Perhaps only those with unbelievably arcane proclivity towards the unknown; can be handsomely aristocratic and timelessly tantalizing; adventurers,

Perhaps only those with synergistically egalitarian attitude towards every living organism alive; can be celestially conserving and fervently dedicated; environmentalists,

Perhaps only those with abominably croaking and livid voices; can be boisterously gawking and hideously slimy; frogs,

Perhaps only those with supremely unassailable confidence in the religion of truth; can be unconquerably towering and impenetrably galloping; lions,

Perhaps only those with a preposterously ungainly dislike for priceless water; can be aridly torching and truculently lambasting; deserts,

Perhaps only those with an irrevocably overpowering mania for decimating ebullient life; can be the coffins of egregiously asphyxiating and cannibalistically excoriating; death,

But blatantly paradoxical to all of the above and an infinite more
"Perhaps"; every entity blessed with a puff of Godly air within its lungs; every entity evolved on this fathomless Universe by the Omnipresent Lord Almighty; every entity irrespective of spurious caste; creed; religion or unceremonious tribe; has; is
and definitely shall forever be; a born lover.

Nikhil Parekh

A Bucket Of Breath

A bucket of stones; to built and resurrect my gruesomely broken dwelling,

A bucket of sparkling water; to clean my unwashed body; annihilate the last iota of dirt incorrigibly adhering to remote corner of my skin,

A bucket of food; to wholesomely appease the overwhelming pangs of hunger in my famished stomach; my volcanic desire to chew,

A bucket of flocculent cotton fluff; to impart me with compassionate warmth in the heart of frozen winter,

A bucket of intractable glue; to coalesce the shattered fragments of distorted glass in which I sighted my heavenly reflection,

A bucket of scintillating pearls; to sustain the vagaries of day to day and uncouthly monotonous life,

A bucket of feather tipped pens; to emboss and evolve infinite lines of spell binding literature,

A bucket of ominously black clouds; showering thunderbolts of tantalizing rain on the trajectory of this scorched planet,

A bucket of antiseptic detergent; to decimate those inconspicuous germs lingering round my immaculate persona,

A bucket of sizzling tea; to profusely reinvigorate and stimulate my every languidly dreary morning,

A bucket of appetizing brown chocolate; to stringently awaken the dormant dormitories of my brain,

A bucket of fortified sticks; granting me that impregnable prowess of defending myself against the most heinously hostile of enemy,

A bucket of dead and stupendously lifeless bones; to make me realize the value of harmoniously precious life,

A bucket of incomprehensibly enigmatic enigmas; to prolifically rekindle my

dying imagination,

A bucket of flabby caps; to wholesomely sequester me from acerbic rays of the flaming Sun,

A bucket of looming watches; to accurately depict to me every unleashing minute of the day,

A bucket of crisp bonded paper; to facilitate me to compile a grandiloquent book harnessed with my very own blood,

A bucket of freshly extracted poignant ocean salt; to deluge my lackadaisical life with loads of seductive vibrancy,

A bucket of uncontrollable love; to flood my impoverished visage with the ecstatic fire to leap;

the turbulent urge to exist amongst a pack of savage wolves on this planet,

And a bucket of breath to inundate my jacket of fragile brown lungs with freshly reinvigorating air; granting me the unprecedented tenacity to survive; granting me an indomitable urge to live my complete quota of destined years.

Nikhil Parekh

A Carpet Of Life

I wore a brilliantly orange cloak of vibrant oranges; when I felt I was ardently surging forward; towards the fireballs of untamed exuberance,

I wore a sedately tranquil apron of celestial dewdrops; when I felt a wave of overwhelming contentment wholesomely enshrouding; every iota of my profusely fatigued countenance,

I wore a seductive cistern of rustling tree leaves; when I felt the bountifully enchanting winds of the astoundingly tantalizing night; tickle me like a new born child,

I wore a mystically fragrant garland of robust roses; when I felt every step of my impoverished existence; unfurling into an unfathomably priceless ocean of virile dreams,

I wore a thunderously poignant tiger skin; when I felt the insatiable inferno of surreptitious carnal desire; transcend its ebullient spell over each of my; devastatingly beleaguered senses,

I wore a titillating cloud of enamoring velvet; when I felt the skies of profoundly enigmatic mysticism; unrelentingly bequeathing upon me; the spell binding rain drops of perennial yearning,

I wore a statue of profusely intrepid earth; when I felt the unflinchingly impregnable mountain of blazing patriotism; scintillating unleash from every pore of my nimble visage,

I wore a piquant shawl of tumultuously fiery chili; when I felt irascibly provoked by the uncouthly savage and acrimoniously conventional society; when the spirit of retribution was all that diffused from my diminutive soul,

I wore a gorgeous sheet of emphatically whistling bells; when I felt jubilantly philandering through the aisles of fascinating romance; euphorically hoodwinking the majestic Sun; before it kissed the horizons goodbye,

I wore a sparkling scarf of innocuously radiating pearls; when I felt as if the entire grandiloquence on this Universe; had divinely blended with each droplet of my effusively scarlet blood,

I wore a dilapidated curtain of threadbare cotton; when I felt invidiously stabbed for centuries immemorial; by dolorously depressing coffins of; bizarre loneliness,

I wore a incredulously slim handkerchief of moisture; when I felt the blistering heat of the treacherously sweltering Sun; disdainfully scorch my demeanor to; gruesomely livid ash,

I wore a compassionately warm mattress of sheepskin; when I felt particles of forlorn remorsefulness infiltrate deep down into my soul; when the avalanches of freezing winter unsparingly endeavored their best; to asphyxiate the last breath out of
my lungs,

I wore boundless helmets of formidable solidarity; when the sky surrounding me rained down globules of penalizing hell; ruthlessly lambasting my body with whirlwinds of maliciously disparaging discontent,

I wore colossal jackets of ravishing watermelon skin; when I felt my mind was going insanely berserk; when I felt that I needed to melodiously placate that extra iota of my; vindictive steam,

I wore a robotic map of pragmatic commercialism; when I felt that I was drifting a trifle too much; towards the world of surreally meaningless and lackadaisical nothingness,

I wore an irrefutably unassailable fortress of truth; when I felt that I was blissfully transiting into impeccable childhood; seeking the most mesmerizing of solace in life; in the feet of my divinely mother,

I wore a stupendously grandiloquent entrenchment of breath; when I felt that I was deliberating dwindling towards my morbidly insidious corpse; when I felt as if I had abnegated all charm to exist,

And I wore an immortal carpet of unconquerable life; when I felt I was falling in sacred love; perpetually entwining every element of my persona with my heavenly
beloved; forever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

A Child Smiles

Only in a world of freedom,
Can a child unfold and bloom.

Only with the Sun piercing right through the dark hut,
Can a child see the wonderful sights of this world.

Only in an ocean of unprejudiced love,
Can a child speak to its heart's content.

Only through the eyes of soft empathy,
Can a child see its true reflection.

Only in surroundings of unadulterated society,
Can a child open its mind wholesomely and dream.

Only when applauded at its tiniest achievement,
Can a child come to know its hidden potential.

Only in lanes without propagation of caste,
Can a child recognize its own identity.

Only in the cradle of happiness,
Can a child fantasize and create.

Only in vicinity of the learned,
Can a child imbibe the essentials of life.

Only in the pages of medieval history,
Can a child understand its ancestors better.

Only in unpolluted waters of the Ganges,
Can a child splash its hands and wholeheartedly swim.

Only without discrimination of gender and status,
Can a child flourish to achieve its goal.

Only in the gentle hands of its mother,
Can a child shield its eyes and sob.

And Only in an atmosphere of complete equality,
Can a child stimulate his urge for learning, prosper and smile.

Nikhil Parekh

A Complete 100 Floors

Scores of squeals inundated the atmosphere; clusters of people hugged each other close in utter pandemonium,

A billion beads of sweat trickled down petrified cheeks; as children took deep breaths in terrified exhilaration,

A heap of vegetables and fresh fruit lay completely squashed; housewives wailed in discordant unison about the scornful creases to their immaculate clothes,

Torn bits of heavily scented paper stuck to the ceiling; fluttering about incessantly with the gallant wind that infiltrated in through the doors,

Infinite bundles of hair stood up in untamed indignation; repugnantly refusing to sit down even after blissful calm had descended,

Boundless plumes of black smoke arose in the vicinity; with the disastrously dry coughing of the aged becoming all the more apparent as the agonizing minutes crept by,

The tiny floor seemed to be in a complete disarray; with a pool of tears blended with faint blood portraying a profoundly ghastly appearance,

The tales of remorse and dismay seemed to be gaining impetus; as the people inside felt escalated to the zenith of feverish excitement,

The lights flickered and faltered badly; with perennial darkness seeming to be a better option when compared to the continuously batting beams of flimsy bulb rays,

A battalion of unruly mosquitoes relished the splendid opportunity; perched and sucking blood with gay abandon from innocuously rubicund skin,

The hair on everyone's scalp seemed to protrude in spiffy animosity; as if freshly coming out from the heart of a swashbuckling war film,

All sense of judiciousness and prudent discerning; had now been replaced by unconquerable waves of morbid terror,

All food in the stomach had died a gruesome death; the most inconspicuous of

desire to consume liquid incorrigibly refrained to arise again,

An innumerable fleet of pedestrians had gathered at the dismal scenario;
expressing their sanctimonious sympathy; trying to mollify frazzled nerves with
their armory of spurious smiles,

The entire network of bones in the body felt as if terribly jolted; the intricate
cartilage inside felt as if it needed rebirth,

The string of useless thoughts which once bothered and circumvented the mind
all night and day; now seemed to be single focused on feasible ways of escape,

The color of skin had metamorphosed to ashen white; the robust river of red
blood had stopped flowing hours ago,

The hearts of those incarcerated inside; palpitated more violently than when they
had just taken birth,

And you'd be astoundingly surprised at knowing the cause of this holocaust; the
disaster which had rendered groups of impeccable humans grappling for their
lives in the middle of brilliant daylight; had fomented more perspiration on the
body than their was scarlet blood and bone,

As a matter of fact it was just a slim wire of soiled rubber which had snapped;
engendering the magnificently colossal lift to plummet like streaks of white
lightening towards the ground,

Bounce with a thunderously deafening thud on its cushioned mountain of soft and
spongy springs; after traversing down a complete 100 floors of the tall building.

Nikhil Parekh

A Contact Lens

It was a semipermeable membrane of curved plastic,
Softened to usable proportions,
Suspended in a pool of viscid tear film,
Enhancing complete visual fitness,
Enriched with optical charisma,
Tailored to a host of curvatures,
Sewn with fibers of crystal gelatin,
Blended with a spectrum of colors,
A maze of wild; sedate; tulip; ravishing designs,
A plastic strip of delightful fashion,
Extinguishing tales of darkened sorrow,
Months and years of faulty vision,
Nerve wrecking tales of groping about in haze,
Impeachable agony of mistaking identities,
Unending oppression of being mutilated,
A lustrous jewel adorning the eye,
An invincible palace of dreams,
Dethroning flashes of black forever,
A tribute to the visual faculty,
My salutations to what a novice knows about,
The scientific way of annihilating visual devastation,
An indispensable product for meaningful existence,
Clinging tightly to the eyeball,
Christened in common parlance as an ultratight and satiny soft Contact Lens

Nikhil Parekh

A Dance In Luxury Cotton

The day was astonishingly bright and Sunny,
brilliant Sunshine kissed bare bricks of the multi-storied edifice,
puffs of white clouds were a meager few, wandering in oblivion,
handsome cranes dipped their beak occasionally in still water of the lake,
diminutive grains of dust glowed in the sun rays,
a fleet of jet crafts left trails of grey smoke,
there was a perfect bliss in the atmosphere,
as I stood at high altitudes from the ground surface,
on the roof top terrace plains of the tall building,
gazed thousands of feet down through my high powered pair of field glasses.

The gigantic structure was surrounded by pure cotton,
Bundles of cushion foam lined its periphery,
There were chunks of velvet and satin quilt,
Fibers of jute and gunny sacks containing unprocessed pulp,
Reinforced with soft crystal balls of spongy Dunlop.

The feelings generated were irresistible,
Waves of eccentric euphoria drowned me in totality,
It was a breathtaking view that one could ever witness,
A marvelously imposing structure, engulfed by a river of rich cotton floss.

That's when I decided to execute this act,
Inhaling cylinders of fresh air inside my lung,
Spread my hands like an eagle, bent my back to full angularity,
Leaped with the strong wind, bereft of elastic camouflage covers of parachute,
Hurtling headlong towards the ground at the speed of light,
Infinite hair on my skin standing upright in exhilaration,
Eventually bouncing on the maze of white cotton sea,
Blended in equanimity with jute, plastic, dunlop and fiber,
Escaped unhurt like a celestial God,
Danced like a maniac losing pressured degrees of respect and control,
As flakes of fragile cotton,
A jugglery of thread and foam leaked from,
All quarters of my wheat complexioned body.

Nikhil Parekh

A Day In The Life Of A Beggar

I shriek at high pitched tones in discordance,
mumbling words unnaturally formed,

stretching minute chords of my vocal tract,
i was a sight to stare on the bustling street,
irregular hair mass pivoting from my scalp,
thick outgrowths of beard stubs sprawled across face,
a breeding place for minuscule street insects,
feeding in comfort, on unwashed dirt,
adorned in threadbare sac, reaching my ankle,
i felt like an official prince of the poor,
being mentally traumatized since i was born,
brutally whipped at all quarters of life,
utterly bereft of a shoulder to droop upon,
looked upon in contempt by all passing me,
a large slate of wood to perch on all day,
cold stone pillows the armory for sleep,
a meager consumption of hard bread and contaminated water,
i spent all my life by the fountain side,
with droplets of misery showered in plenty,
an empty begging container my proudest possession,
dangling from my skeleton shoulders,
i have to make an early exit friends,
there seems to be a traffic jam, luxury cars seem to be the majority,
where in lies the crux of my begging activity

Nikhil Parekh

A Death More Horrific Than What Death Could Ever Be

I didn't know whether to plunge into the well of treacherously vindictive scorpions; or whether to hang myself insanelly upside down from the cadaverously gleaming gallows,

I didn't know whether to chop my skull into an infinite fragments with the merciless butcher knife; or whether to let every conceivable parasite on this boundless planet to uninhibitedly suck blood from my derogatorily diminishing veins,

I didn't know whether to stand bare-chested in the way of the unrelentingly unsparing avalanches; or whether to lecherously drown to the rock bottom of the deep ocean; with an unsurpassable battalion of sinister crabs in my mouth,

I didn't know whether to torch my skin alive in a gutter of insidiously adulterated kerosene; or whether to ruthlessly excoriate every iota of my nimble skin; from the top of my brutally emaciated bones,

I didn't know whether to lethally gouge my eyes with ghoulishly blood coated thorns; or whether to shatter my entire countenance into a countless fragments; sadistically banging my body against the venomously cold-blooded rocks,

I didn't know whether to bury myself alive infinite feet beneath sinking soil; or whether to surrender myself to every construable bit of disparagingly convoluted badness; on the trajectory of this gigantic planet,

I didn't know whether to indefatigably sip vials of hedonistically ghastly poison; or whether to get gored full throttle; by the acrimoniously piercing thorns of the savagely marauding bull,

I didn't know whether to barbarously slash the trembling veins of my palm with perfidiously criminal blades; or whether to make a ludicrously grotesque barbecue of myself for the unscrupulously wandering termites,

I didn't know whether to lividly wither like a despondently crackled leaf; or whether to leap naked fleshed from the pinnacle of the sky; to crunch my every bone with stray pebbles and rocks on earth beneath,

I didn't know whether to let the demons crucify me on the sacrificing altar torturously sucking every speck of my exuberance under the acridly sweltering

Sun; or whether to raunchily take every pistol bullet that hurtled pugnaciously in serene air; right in the center of my head,

I didn't know whether to timelessly incarcerate every cursed breath of mine in chains of isolation; or whether to tirelessly march through a graveyard of sickness; where the ghosts of disease made every instant of my life more crippling than an infinite deaths,

I didn't know whether to lasciviously slit every patch of robustness in my throat with the satanic garden shears; or whether to truculently blast even the most inconspicuous element of sensitivity in my ears with perniciously ribald bombs,

I didn't know whether to indiscriminately inundate every pore of my slaving body with unfathomably unforgivable bitterness; or whether to greedily slurp asphyxiating acid down my throat in incomprehensibly luxurious amounts,

I didn't know whether to forever disappear into the corridors of bawdily nonchalant nothingness; or whether to continuously lick victimizingly threadbare dirt on the lavatory broomstick; like an irascible cockroach all my life,

I didn't know whether to become a live carrion for the egregiously cannibalistic vultures; or whether to surprisingly come in front of a speeding truck; being massacred to a gory absolution without the slightest intimation or respite,

I didn't know whether to limitlessly hurt myself like an uncontrollably prurient imbecile; or whether to jinx myself with the most uxoriously tyrannical spirits of fretfully decimating doom,

I didn't know whether to baselessly howl the last chord of my throat till the threshold of infinite infinity; or whether to perch my diminutive form upon the belligerently flaming pyre; for an irrefutable isolation from the vagaries of this manipulatively prejudiced planet,

I didn't know whether to eat ominously bellicose cyanide for dessert; or whether to forever snap my inconsequential reflection from the periphery of this fathomless earth; devastatingly fading into a corpse of lunatic darkness,

Her loss was so profoundly unbearable that I really didn't know how to die; Her untimely departure was the most irreversible defeat that I had faced in the chapter of my truncated life,

And therefore; all that I intransigently sought for today; was a death more ghistlier than the most horrific of death could ever dream of or could ever be; such a penalizingly lambasting corner in the coffins of diabolical hell; where the absence of her divinely sacrosanct form would never ever make me cry again.

Nikhil Parekh

A Death More Incarcerating

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the walls of my stomach didn't crave for a single morsel of succulently bountiful food; even for an infinite indefatigably painstaking of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the whites and blacks of my eye didn't crave for a single globule of compassionately celestial moisture; even for an infinite limitlessly acerbic of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my intricate veins didn't crave for a single pinch of poignantly crimson blood; even for an infinite boundlessly treacherous of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the periphery of my lips didn't crave for a single innuendo of blissful smile; even for an infinite unsurpassably satanic of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the hollows of my ears didn't crave for a single trace of euphoric sound; even for an infinite uncouthly divesting of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the periphery of my bones didn't crave for a single horizon of strength; even for an infinite salaciously lambasting of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the trajectory of my cheeks didn't crave for a single triumphant blush; even for an infinite ominously debilitating of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the soles of my feet didn't crave for a single cushion of ebullient grass; even for an infinite indiscriminately crippling of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the curvatures of my untamed nails didn't crave for a single uninhibitedly ardent itch; even for an infinite hedonistically massacring of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the passageways of my throat didn't crave for a single ounce of water; even for an infinite tyrannically devastating of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my armpits didn't crave for a single trickle of enchantingly golden sweat; even for an infinite unstoppably penalizing of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my eyelashes didn't crave for a single feather of fantastically unbridled sensuousness; even for an infinite unceasingly slandering of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my tongue didn't crave for a single jet of tantalizingly emphatic saliva; even for an infinite brutally asphyxiating of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my majestic manhood didn't crave for a single draught of spell binding fertility; even for an infinite parasitically obsolete of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my strangulated nostrils didn't crave for a single breath of unlimitedly mesmerizing freshness; even for an infinite diabolically slaying of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the jagged outlines of my teeth didn't crave for a single wholeheartedly reinvigorating bite; even for an infinite disparagingly oblivious of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the apertures of my hindside didn't crave for a single symbiotically ameliorating expurgation; even for an infinite traumatically castigated of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my heart didn't crave for a single beat of unassailably fructifying love; even for an infinite tawdrily truculent of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my conscience didn't crave for a single horizon of everlastingly blessed righteousness; even for an infinite violently unsparing of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my soul didn't crave for a single beam of optimistically enlightened peace; even for an infinite dolorously pulverizing of my lifetimes,

But if the fathomless realms of my brain didn't crave for immortally bestowing poetry even for an infinitesimal single second; I perished to an end more ghastly

than the most forlornly flagrant of hell; a death which was more sadistically
incarcerating; than an infinite of an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

A Death More Treacherous

Till the time you told the mountain to invincibly defend; it felt as if the most pricelessly blessed entity on this fathomlessly enamoring planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a civilization of manipulatively estranged and decrepit politicians; it died a death more treacherous than what the most insidiously ghastliest of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the sea to tantalizingly undulate; it felt as if the most euphorically fascinating entity on this bountifully exhilarating planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a boundlessly sweltering desert; it died a death more diabolical than what the most treacherously torturous of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the star to resplendently twinkle; it felt as if the most blissfully unconquerable entity on this timelessly endowing planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a whirlpool of relentlessly blistering heat; it died a death more morbid than what the most satanically shriveled of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the rose to eternally disseminate royal scent; it felt as if the most poignantly mollified entity on this fathomlessly burgeoning planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a monotonously concrete jungle of bricks; it died a death more sordid than what the most parasitically cannibalistic of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the dog to cacophonically bark; it felt as if the most miraculously mitigated entity on this unbelievably limitless planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a mellifluously voluptuous nightingale; it died a death more hedonistic than what the most demonically truculent of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the soldier to patriotically blaze; he felt as if the most divinely ameliorated entity on this wonderfully enigmatic planet,
But the instant you dictated him to metamorphose into cisterns of languidly squandering sleep; he died a death more savage than what the most perfidiously rampaging of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the mother to altruistically feed; she felt as if the most Omnipotently insuperable entity on this boundlessly exotic planet,
But the instant you dictated her to metamorphose into tawdrily lackadaisical damsel; she died a death more horrific than what the most devastatingly indiscriminate of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the eye to panoramically sight; it felt as if the most sensuously placated entity on this regally entrancing planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into venomously paralyzing blindness; it died a death more pathetic than what the most barbarously terrorizing of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the conscience to irrefutably diffuse the wave of ubiquitously undaunted truth; it felt as if the most triumphantly ebullient entity on this limitlessly eclectic planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a corpse of gorily crucifying and squalidly debilitating lies; it died a death more remorseful than what the most lecherously unworthy of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the nostril to inhale uninhibited air; it felt as if the most blessedly emollient entity on this timelessly enchanting planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into lifelessly amorphous skeleton; it died a death more deplorable than what the most pugnaciously rancid of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the dew-drop to fantastically mesmerize; it felt as if the most unsurpassably kingly entity on this unfathomably majestic planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into uncouthly chauvinistic blood; it died a death more sadistic than what the most deliriously lambasting of death; could ever perceive to be.

And till the time you told the heart to immortally love and let live; it felt as if the most perpetually undefeatable entity on this beautifully redolent planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a mortuary of forlornly cursed betrayal; it died a death more insane than what the most raunchily threadbare of death; could ever perceive to be.

Nikhil Parekh

A Fragment Of Consumption

Unbaked flabby chunks of dough,
With loosely sprawled fine powder,
Molded into round lumps of bulky wheatmeal,
An unyielding deodorant in its primitive form,
Studded with minute recesses clinging to its body,
Awaiting hybrid flames from unburnt firewood,
To nurture it into a ripened swell of burnt complexion,
Compactly stitched at all sections,
With threads of natural glue,
Compressed into delicious sandwiched bread,
Sewn in perfect co-ordination,
With progressively low rising engulfing fusion,
Emanating from the tiny apertures of gas burner,
Enriching and finally deserting it as a
victorious fragment of Consumption

Nikhil Parekh

A Full Day Of Sunshine

A full day of Sunshine provides truck loads of dazzling light,
evaporating traces of imprisoned water with blemishes of grey.

a full day of Sunshine revitalizes dead nerves,
imparting fortified strength to frayed network of shoulder bone.

a full day of Sunshine stringently fumigates households of moisture,
tenaciously baking slip-shod exteriors of feeble edifices.

a full day of Sunshine makes morbid waters of the river sparkle,
instigating animate fauna to creep up uninhibited on the translucent surface.

a full day of Sunshine would decimate clusters of venomous mosquito,
releasing scores of humans from the captive jaws of epidemic.

a full day of Sunshine provides fodder to sprawling acres of green grass,
reinforcing their lack-luster appearance with blossoming stalks of lotus pink.

a full day of Sunshine ensures a ravishing time at the beach,
engulfing shriveled white patches of pale skin with masculine streaks of tan.

a full day of Sunshine is a rare commodity on jagged peaks of the snow clad alps,
initiating fountains of perennial happiness to pour; from the eyes of those
privileged to witness these welcome beams of warmth.

a full day of Sunshine prompts sagged clothes in blended water to dry,
transforming its wet demeanour into crispy texture of uncreased garment.

a full day of Sunshine inspires individuals with premonitions of art,
rendering them versatile enough to scrupulously achieve mounting tasks.

a full day of Sunshine leads to intense perspiration dribbling down,
highlighting the optimistic effects of confronting life.

a full day of Sunshine offers respite from nail biting cold,
a reprieve from abhorrent sins of the previous night,
filtering feckless prejudices into oblivion,
chalking out innovative plans and fresh directions in adventurous life.

Nikhil Parekh

A Game Of Chess

pieces of stone molded to artistic pawns,
royal knights maneuvering handsomely on the board,
sturdy rooks marching straight with dexterous ease,
hunchbacked bishops gliding through diagonal streets,
haughty queen parading on all quarters of the board,
the resolute king taking a step at a time,
minuscule pawns were killed in initial encounter,
infinite permutations kept going on,
the well spun chess cloth shone in yellow bulb light,
automatic clocks ticked with player moves,
giant screen flashed moves to millions of people,
the indoor auditorium brimmed to capacity,
crowd mass took bated breaths, stayed glued to their seats,
the battle on board grew tense,
as the day was divested of passing hours,
his tapered fingers eventually slammed a piece down,
chorused smiles reflected on thousands seated,
as well as the ones witnessing it on silver screen,
the winner proudly shook hands with the ruling
president,
flung the trophy high towards kingdom of the Creator,
grimaced his teeth in exuberance,
to announce his victory in the world of chess,
crowning him as the reigning world chess champion

Nikhil Parekh

A Generation Which Never Loses. We Are Generation Y

Out of the clutches of societal desperation,

Out of the realms of spurious religious conflict,

Out of the gutters of frustratingly penalizing politics,

Out of the traditionally barbarous mindsets of the typical chauvinist,

Out of the tunnels of superficially illiterate darkness,

Out of the battlefields of fanatically baseless bombarding and war,

Out of any brutal offerings of flesh and life to the feet of the Omnipotent God,

Out of the stinkingly deplorable hell of feckless dictatorship,

Out of the monstrously malaise mansions of tyrannical rules and regulations,

Out of the sinister dungeons where definitions of 'caste', 'creed', 'color', remained jailed,

Out of any frigidly exploiting caves of 'tantra', 'yantra', 'mantra' and astrological drama,

Out of any evil spirit trying its maniacal best to forever taint the fabric of humanity,

Out of any impractical preachings which ludicrously seemed applicable only after death,

Out of any anecdote of self inflicted loneliness which only led to dementia at its very best,

Out of mush-mushy candy floss romances which only led to shattering of the heart into an infinite pieces,

Out of the dusty roads of laziness and foolhardy stagnation,

Out of the holocaustic perverted mindset- which massacred at random in the robes of a holy priest,

Out of the non-existent shadows of anarchy—which'd cast a pall of morbid gloom across each aspect of our priceless senses,

Out of the blackness of ignorance which let us breathe only to the song of strangulating death,

We're here. We're back. We're roaring n alive as the generation of the new millennium—as the generation which never loses—as the generation of now— as Generation Y.

Nikhil Parekh

A Gift Called Life

In order to augment the glory of the crystalline sky; God inundated it with a festoon of enchantingly misty clouds,

In order to augment the glory of the lanky tree; God flooded its barren surface with a blanket of fresh green leaves,

In order to augment the glory of the fleshy palm; God embellished its surface with a myriad of fascinating lines bifurcated into islands and forks,

In order to augment the glory of the plain atmosphere; God deluged its gloomy ambience with sizzling rays of brilliant Sunlight,

In order to augment the glory of the colossal ocean; God imparted its boundless surface with a cavalcade of ravishingly frosty waves,

In order to augment the glory of fecund territories of brown soil; God embodied its surface with a wide fraternity of salubrious crop,

In order to augment the glory of the voluptuously fathomless jungles; God placed a battalion of majestic lions on its rustled paths,

In order to augment the glory of the towering mountains; God embedded their treacherous slopes with compassionate balls of white snow,

In order to augment the glory of the redolently scarlet rose; God granted its demeanor with a seductively exotic scent,

In order to augment the glory of the delectably hidden nest; God filled its empty persona with a cluster of stupendously charming and innocuous eggs,

In order to augment the glory of the placid night; God blessed its shivering persona with amicably twinkling stars,

In order to augment the glory of the gorgeously unsurpassable valley; God lit up its dolorous space with a boisterously pepped up and a stringent echo,

In order to augment the glory of the innocuously wandering cow; God imparted it with the prowess of oozing life yielding and sacrosanct milk,

In order to augment the glory of cascading rain; God impregnated the cosmos with a spell binding and vivacious rainbow,

In order to augment the glory of mammoth stacks of diamonds and gold; God triggered their periphery with a mesmerizing and perennial shine,

In order to augment the glory of the blind bat; God granted it with the astounding ability to stick wherever it wanted; to sleep upside down,

In order to augment the glory of the blossoming shoots of bountiful grass; God overwhelmed its tips with tantalizingly alluring dewdrops,

In order to augment the glory of true love; God gave it the highest priority on his agendas of this unfathomable Universe; granted it the virtue of being supremely immortal,

And in order to augment the glory of every human; God swamped his dead body with an armory of passionate heart beats; flooded his dormant lungs with gargantuan bellows of fresh breath; bestowed upon him the most wonderful gift existing on this planet; a gift that we all know today as life.

Nikhil Parekh

A Glass Of Water

I stood for marathon hours under the blistering Sun; accomplishing a battalion of tasks with the arid breeze slapping my cheek,
When I came back home; I instantly pacified my insatiable thirst consuming a glass of cold water.

I ran long distances on a track of consolidated mud; with pumped exuberance bursting through my fragile muscles,
Infinite strands of my hair engulfed by golden sweat; I then submerged my forehead in a glass of water to rejuvenate my pulsating temples.

I clambered up steep slopes of the mountain using the full power of my wrists; with a crunching sound emanating from my bones,
As an inevitable aftermath; I swooned on the ground midway in exhaustion; opened my eyes the instant I was sprinkled with a glass of water.

I rolled ecstatically in a curry of voluptuously wet mud; incorporating my demeanor with streaks of brown blended with abashing black,
Poured a glass of water with vigorous tenacity on the same; to get rid of the disdainful dirt.

I lay unconscious on the ground; after diligently fasting all day; exhaling shallow gasps of breath at intermittent intervals;
Displayed the first signs of recovery; after a glass of water was meticulously impregnated in my body.

My voice sounded pungently shrill and hoarse simultaneously; with blurred notes of music diffusing when I sang,
Although I was cheered with boisterous claps; received a plethora of accolades; when I opened my mouth after drinking a glass of water.

Streams of blood oozed profusely from my wounds; as I lay on the road after a ghastly accident,
The flow however ceased dramatically; after I drenched my bruise in a glass of water.

I wrote unrelentingly under the dim light of the bulb; with my dainty fingers tiring as a manifestation of the onerous effort,
However my hands were as fit as to decimate a brick wall; after revitalizing them with a glass of water.

I lived my life in penurious circumstances; with meager emoluments of affluence to my credit,
However to all who visited my dilapidated dwelling; I never failed to offer a glass of water; gratifying their thirst; prompting them to shower blessings on my impoverished soul.

I commenced my day in brilliant sunlight consuming it with relish; imparting radiant tenacity to my silhouette,
Retired for the night uttering a silent thanks to the Creator for all the goodness he created; admiring the richness embossed in that innocuous looking glass of warm water.

Nikhil Parekh

A Heart For Another Heart.

An eye for another eye; would definitely plunge the entire world into a mortuary of cringing darkness—would definitely make the entire world blind,

A tongue for another tongue; would definitely dumb the entire world into a wall of haplessly delirious silence—would definitely make the entire world mute,

An ear for another ear; would definitely plague the entire world into a unfathomably deep gorge of sadistic nothingness-would definitely make the entire world deaf,

A lip for another lip; would definitely devastate the entire world into a corpse of irrevocably jinxed sadness-would definitely make the entire world flagrantly morose,

A hand for another hand; would definitely plummet the entire world into a carcass of fetidly indescribable hopelessness-would definitely make the entire world beg beyond holistic heights,

A spine for another spine; would definitely incarcerate the entire world into chains of sacrilegiously blackened slavery-would definitely make the entire world denigrated beyond self respect,

A stomach for another stomach; would definitely emaciate the entire world into infinite skulls of reproachful hunger—would definitely make the entire world vindictively starve,

A neck for another neck; would definitely curse the entire world into an inconsolably hideous dungeon of emptiness—would definitely make the entire world a bloodily anarchist battlefield,

A vein for another vein; would definitely devastate the entire world into a demonically sadistic lacunae—would definitely make the entire world plaintively emotionless,

A finger for another finger; would definitely coerce the entire world to cacophonically beg for a lifetime on the streets—would definitely make the entire world a pile of worthlessly rusted brittle pins,

A skin for another skin; would definitely freeze the entire world into a gutter-pipe

of shivering and cloistered hopelessness—would definitely make the entire world crumble even under the strongest of blistering Sun,

A shoulder for another shoulder; would definitely deteriorate the entire world into a slushpile of abysmally pitiful remorse—would definitely make the entire world directionless,

A leg for another leg; would definitely sink the entire world into the marshes of despondently orphaned doomsday—would definitely make the whole world forlornly maimed,

A scalp for another scalp; would definitely lead the entire world into a ghost-town of venomously sordid blackness- -would definitely make the whole world a hallucinated fool,

A bone for another bone; would definitely squelch the entire world beyond the threshold of unimaginable despair—would definitely make the whole world irrevocably maimed,

A tooth for another tooth; would definitely bruise the entire world into dastardly tastelessness—would definitely make the whole world remorsefully bland,

A cheek for another cheek; would definitely distort the entire world into a coffin of crucified ugliness- -would definitely make the entire world a perennially maudlin scarecrow,

A blood-drop for another blood-drop; would definitely metamorphose the entire world into a veritably breathing hell—would definitely make the entire world a reproachfully stinking ghost,

Whist a heart for another heart - would definitely immortalize the entire world into the religion of eternal mankind - make the entire world fall forever and ever and ever without a chance to ever rise up; into the ocean of immortal humanity and love.

Nikhil Parekh

A Heart Palpitating With Mine

I have never seen eyes more mesmerizing than yours; the majestic seduction with which they fluttered under brilliant sunlight,

I have never seen lips more rubicund than yours; the way they smiled unceasingly even in the most bizarre of affliction they were circumvented with,

I have never seen hair more voluptuous than yours; the stupendously ravishing swirl in which they imprisoned every onlooker who transgressed by,

I have never seen a skin more resplendent than yours; the way it immaculately sparkled right since the first ray of ephemeral dawn; to the deathly hour even well past after chilly midnight,

I have never seen a nose more piquant than yours; the astounding ability it was bestowed upon to smell; profusely relish and enjoy each fragrance in the placid atmosphere,

I have never seen sweat more passionate than yours; the astronomically alluring vivacity it was endowed with; to drive away somebody's breath; like a meteor shot from the blue sky,

I have never seen cheeks more flirtatious than yours; titillating me to the most unprecedented limits and even beyond fathomless eternity,

I have never seen a voice more melodious than yours; the ingratiating aura which it radiated profoundly as it rose and fell with the silken clouds drifting in the sky,

I have never seen a shadow more fascinating than yours; the enchanting trail of mysticism it left for centuries incomprehensible; as it lingered on even after the Herculean day had subsided,

I have never seen a smile more gorgeous than yours; the incredulously ecstatic virtue in it; that made it the irrefutable darling of all tribes,

I have never seen a conviction more firmer than yours; the tumultuously resilient ease; with which you rose up dauntingly to every task of life,

I have never seen hands more impeccable than yours; the dainty caress with which they spread their magic to every object they laid oligarchic demeanor on,

I have never seen a stomach more pristine than yours; the overwhelmingly fabulous way in which it nimbly swished; as the moist carpet of grass made you wonderfully yawn,

I have never seen a character more spotless than yours; the insurmountably floating unbiased empathy in your spell binding conscience,

I have never seen a mind more ingenious than yours; relentlessly fantasizing every unleashing minute; perceiving the most celestial of angels infinite feet above the cosmos,

I have never seen blood more crimson than yours; euphorically traversing through your body at lightening speeds; imparting all surrounding you with spurts of boisterous life,

I have never seen ears more enamoring than yours; the delectable string of feathery sounds they had this uncanny ability to decipher; while the world outside just kept delving into monotonous business,

I have never seen breath more fiery than yours; the unsurpassable ardor and tenacity with which it flowed like a fulminating volcano down your nostrils; bonding me inseparably with its royal grace,

And let apart seeing; I am sure that there doesn't exist a heart more compassionate than yours; a heart which loves me above all entities trespassing through this Universe; a heart which has since times immemorial always remained and palpitated with mine.

Nikhil Parekh

A Hearty Breakfast

I coated roasted bread periphery with surplus extracts of cow butter,
stuffed hollow spaces between twin slices with squashed tomato curry,
baked round crystalline egg to fluffy proportion,
crushed a pair of sour lemon to form appetizing juice,
flooded polished interiors of glass with blood red wine,
sliced infinite biscuits of farm fresh radish,
blended chunks of mustard seed in huge jars of ground well water,
dropped sizzling pieces of goat meat in gigantic foils of silver,
ripped open olive green coconut shell with slender butcher knife,
peeled wild skin of fleshy orange after feeble resistance from the fruit,
decorated the slimy surface of exquisite marble,
with bulky slabs of chilly ice-cream,
sprinkled pinches of pure salt on visible patches of spiceless food,
laid a cluster of hybrid grapes in minuscule baskets of cane,
filled miniature soup bowls with clear paste of noodle and garlic powder,
chopped with deft strokes of skill entangled bundles of cauliflower root,
burnt sugar to chocolate brown in low rising flames of electronic stove,
rubbed green chili sticks with volatile force on my lifeless lips,
opened sliding glass panels of the green house roof,
to let in revitalizing draughts of the mountain air,
reclined and sank in the plush upholstery of king sized chair,
to relish the concoctions and recipe which were simply for morning consumption,
listening to enlightening tunes diffusing softly, from plastic pellets of my portable
walkman.

Nikhil Parekh

A Homicidal Beggar

A casual glimpse at the beggars face,
can reveal altogether a new case.
its filled with substantial beauties and charm,
the joy hidden in occasionally occurring sleepy trance.
the bone jarring thoughts of his simplistic mind,
involve no trickery plots like the educated kind.
his hands so shabby look black and soggy,
they cant get the ingredients of an ivory flask.
homicidal tendencies crept in his mind,
he held gleaming knives in his hand,
ripped through bulging pockets of passing bystanders,
laughed like a harmless devil sipping icy mouthfuls
of left over food.
his eyes have an uncanny touch of blue,
they don't envisage great ideas of creation,
instead give realistic clues of hunger at its very best.

Nikhil Parekh

A House With Sea Water

Reacting to wild suggestions of fantasy,
obsessive desires of throbbing heart,
maniacal flow of thoughts going berserk,
impulsive desires gaining momentum,
and rock hard sugarcane stalks melting in dry compartments of my mouth,
i dreamt of the following,
chalking plans to reinforce it at some stage,
as and when,
my feet took complete stranglehold of the soil on which i tread.

a king sized room riveted to tight cane roof,
tall slabs of wall made of white crystal mirrors,
towering columns carved of ultra light metal,
hollow interiors filled with saline sea water,
artificial springs of red liquid cascading down a gallery of rock,
electric grey dolphins gliding with silken comfort,
infinite lotus shrub floating in tranquil peace,
glass aquariums of fish suspended from golden rope,
i would then ride in my sea horse boat,
parading through an ambience of man-made sea,
speeding across undulating currents of condensed salt,
finally plunging myself head on,
into the tap warm waters of my created ocean,
swimming with the underwater fish for as long,
as my breath could last within dark brown jackets of my lungs.

Nikhil Parekh

A Humble Prayer-Bless Me

Bless me with the strength to plough through undulating stretches of fecund land,

Bless me with the agility to clamber up serrated skin of tall pine tree,

Bless me with the profound courage to encounter nefarious criminals head on,

Bless me with the ability to discriminate between the sacrosanct and horrendously bad,

Bless me with the nostalgia to reminiscence blissful anecdotes of past and; unveiling future,

Bless me with the prowess of eloquent speech; for communication with the society,

Bless me with the capacity of rescuing urchins trembling in the arms of fast approaching death,

Bless me with belligerent qualities of becoming a true warrior for my revered nation,

Bless me with a keen eyesight to help a plethora of citizens traversing the roads; with strips of black on their eyes,

Bless me with extravagant bulge of body muscle; to stand as a rock between the victimized and lecherous,

Bless me with the stupendous power to stay awake at night; facilitating me to cover all those shivering with a woolen quilt,

Bless me with bountiful opulence; instigating me to feed famished masses with twin meals of rice,

Bless me with a celestial smile; pacifying hordes of people in times of disastrous calamity,

Bless me with a chivalrous disposition; making it easier for me to part with my possessions,

Bless me with a down to earth attitude; rendering me versatile to empathize with
a myriad of penurious masses,

Bless me with the power to walk barefoot in the blistering heat; donating my
leather boots to those struck with leprosy,
Bless me with an intricate mind deciphering enigmas; chalking out philanthropic
policies for traumatized prisoners,

Bless me with the dexterity to commence my day with a plain glass of water;
relinquishing appetizing meals served on silver,

Bless me with truck loads of unprejudiced love; imparting it to all those
who indispensably need it,

Bless me with the energy to innovate and create; showering a battalion of
contemporary comfort on my impoverished counterparts,

Bless me with the art of holding back my effusive tears; instead offering
tumultuous comfort to the bereaved,

Over and above all O! LORD bless me with the power to sustain life; succeeding
in my endeavor to make planet earth a better place to live.

Nikhil Parekh

A Job Is A Job

Just as your job was to blasphemously abuse every religion that wasn't yours;
my job was to unassailably unite the wretchedly dissipated planet once again into
the religion of Omnipotent humanity,

Just as your job was to cold-bloodedly annihilate forest after jubilant forest for
erecting sinister edifice; my job was to sow an infinite new seedlings of
prosperity every unfurling instant of the day and shimmering night,

Just as your job was to sacrilegiously desecrate every Temple; Mosque; Church
and Monastery as the greatest agnostic alive; my job was to inexhaustibly
pray—humbly bending down to the fervently Omnipresent footsteps of the
Almighty Creator,

Just as your job was to ruthlessly paralyze countless a girl child right itself in the
invincibly sacrosanct womb; my job was to altruistically lend every ounce of my
mind; body and shoulder to those aimlessly shivering orphans without a roof,

Just as your job was to shoot an infinite invidious bullets right into the innocuous
skull; my job was to heal every conceivable wound on the trajectory of this
fathomless earth; with the magical ointment of brotherhood that ran inherently
in each of my ardent veins,

Just as your job was to shrewdly trade everything on this globe for fecklessly
meaningless money; my job was to pen down an infinite lines of mesmerizing
poetry and solely follow my heart—which made me the richest organism alive,

Just as your job was to indiscriminately make fun and endlessly slander every
piece of weakness in this world; my job was to become the selflessly
compassionate walking stick—of all those old; infirm; haplessly staggering and
maimed,

Just as your job was to unthinkable molest and trade your very own mother for a
few sleazy wads of currency; my job was to become that unflinchingly faithful
son of every couple who was banefully childless,

Just as your job was to interminably inundate the reservoirs of ghastly hell with
more and more innocent blood; my job was to spawn paradise at every
conceivable quarter of mother earth out of thin air—solely on the
foundations of unconquerable love,

Just as your job was to baselessly condemn and spit upon every tangible and intangible thing that you felt and sighted; my job was to appreciate and be in due servitude of God's unceasingly effulgent and tirelessly proliferating Universe,

Just as your job was to acrimoniously scrap even the last traces of your inimitably invaluable heritage and kin; my job was to bountifully procreate an innumerable of my own—contributing my own bit towards the chapters of eternal newness and creation,

Just as your job was to flagrantly lie in every tawdrily damned word that you uttered; my job was to perseveringly evolve a whole new civilization of only truth; which was ruled solely by the unsurpassable sky of righteousness,

Just as your job was to sadistically rejoice the morbidly fetid skeleton in every of your breath; my job was to make day-to-day life of every inexplicably thwarted organism; a joyously unfettered celebration,

Just as your job was to pugnaciously maim even the most infinitesimal trace of creative in its very roots; my job was to uninhibitedly let loose every frazzled cranny of my brain—in order to replenish each aspect of my existence with the uncurbed richness of the Lord's creation,

Just as your job was to cast a spell of deplorable doomsday upon every organism rollicking in the true spirit of life; my job was to be the lantern of unparalleled optimism to each uncontrollably shivering form; by the grace of the Omniscient Creator,

Just as your job was to bombard every cognizable corner of the earth with wanton hatred and satanic war; my job was to solely disseminate the ideals of celestial peace and harmony; which was the only religion that every form of God ever taught,

Just as your job was to miserably lull in the graveyards of disastrously asphyxiating solitariness; my job was to ardently voice the sounds of mellifluous undefeated life- -ubiquitously in the ecstatically palpitating atmosphere,

Just as your job was to barbarously behead every new-born on the spuriously sacrificial altar in order to extend your own life; my job was to fearlessly fight till my very last breath—lay my life instantaneously for the sake of the glory of my venerated motherland,

B'cause please understand O! mercilessly pulverizing devil—that every job;
whether indescribably bad or good; is still a job in hand; a job to be done; or as
they've been saying since times immemorial that a job is a job

Nikhil Parekh

A Lifetime

A lifetime of sharing; unveiling the most intricate secrets; overtopping the barriers of the disdainfully acrid society,

A lifetime of poignant emotions; with the inner most recesses of the heart effusively portraying their ultimate even in the heart of chilly night,

A lifetime of caring; compounded with the uninhibited spirit of selfless sacrifice,

A lifetime of frolicking in the aisles of untamed desire; with the winds of doom miserably dwindling to curb the flame of perpetual romance,

A lifetime of belief; with the devil of sinister misconception vanishing completely into wisps of obsolete oblivion,

A lifetime of overwhelmingly exuberant adventure; marching intrepidly; with invincible solidarity to achieve our goals,

A lifetime of mesmerizing fantasy; perennially wound in each others arms in a mystical entrenchment of our own,

A lifetime of respecting our revered ancestors; worshipping the path of impeccably righteous ideals which they so diligently persevered till the time they died,

A lifetime of empathy for our fellow compatriots; transgressing shoulder to shoulder with in their moments of ecstasy and inexplicable sorrow,

A lifetime of staring profoundly into our eyes; no matter what evil tried to infiltrate into the carpets of this blissful world,

A lifetime of philandering like newly discovered lovers; tickling each other till tears of incomprehensible freedom trickled down our eyes,

A lifetime of procreating our own progeny; proudly carrying forward God's most marvelous chapter of existence,

A lifetime of accepting each other; of what we were; and of what we unfortunately couldn't be,

A lifetime of holding hands with each other; confronting the mightiest of obstacle that came our way; with the wave of our immortal love,

A lifetime of understanding each other; discovering the most minuscule of our likes and dislikes to the boundaries beyond sagacious comprehension,

A lifetime of vows and resolutions; to serve each other till the time we relinquish our breath; match each other step for step,

A lifetime of perseverance; an unrelentingly enduring struggle that saw us eventually clamber up the summit of glittering success,

A lifetime of loving each other so insatiably; that the most treacherous of pain metamorphosed into a million smiles,

And most importantly; a lifetime of life; and a lifetime of death; is how I wanted to lead my life with you O! beloved; till the time Almighty Lord wanted us to be.

Nikhil Parekh

A Little Bit Of

A little bit of water to quench my thirst; pacifying smoldering flames in my throat,

A little bit of cloth encapsulating my shriveled demeanor; offering me warmth,

A little bit of shoe covering my chapped feet; facilitating me to execute handsome strides,

A little bit of chocolate rum; to impregnate my body with warmth in shivering cold,

A little bit of stone roof over my head; shielding me from the acerbic sun and pelting rain,

A little bit of hair on my scalp; cushioning my bones from body blows of the iron bludgeon,

A little bit of pungent chili in my mouth; tingling dormant zones of my palette,

A little bit of car to roam about uninhibited; gliding enigmatically through winding lanes of the valley,

A little bit of sunshine filtering through the window; stringently fumigating forlorn memories of the past,

A little bit of steam bath at dawn; reinvigorating exhausted muscles of my body,

A little bit of silver watch wound on my wrist; incessantly highlighting the exact time of the day,

A little bit pencil lead in my hands; prompting me to inundate barren sheets of paper with literature,

A little bit of tear in my crystal eyes; portraying a plethora of effusive emotions,

A little bit of entangled rope; on which I could vigorously roll and swing,

A little bit of sweat dribbling down my chest; revealing signs of exhilaration,

A little bit of greenery besieging my vision; catapulting me into waves of ecstatic jubilation,

A little bit of slimy reptile in my arms; cuddling me with its enchanting charm,

A little bit of camera slung over my shoulder; capturing innumerable objects in proximity,

A little bit of moonshine infiltrating through my skin; accentuating its radiance and
supple complexion,

A little bit of cream butter to smear on roasted bread; to savor the pinnacle of appetizing taste,

A little bit of leather riveted to my hands; enabling me to punch my fists in air,

A little bit of agility in my legs; helping me clamber the steep mountain,

A little bit of tinted glass camouflaging my eye; obliterating my vision from acrid rays of the sun,

A little bit of unscrupulous joke; provoking me to burst into unrestrained pools of laughter,

A little bit of stuffed cotton quilt; for me to blissfully sleep in the treacherous night,

A little bit of blessing from the creator; to assist me in versatile arenas of my life,

And a little bit of love; from the girl I intensely loved,

Is all that I needed to rekindle my soul; making me feel I was wholesomely alive.

Nikhil Parekh

A Modern Kitchen

Round colored balls of crystal glass,
oval shaped mugs of bone china,
engraved impressions of fish on thermos flask,
tiny cutglass bowls for consuming vodka,
heat resistant specimens of pressure cooker,
heavy safety valves curbing escape of steam,
circular rubber rings sewn with fire proof material,
frozen refrigerators cooling a factory of food,
hi-tech microwave boilers nursing unburnt meals,
hollow iron drums storing yearly food grain,
vibrating grinders for softening curd,
tetra burner cooking range warming milk,
large butcher knives for slicing jackfruit,
sleek bottle openers for releasing tin caps,
penta cavities toasters for roasting bread,
large alloyed vessels for baking egg,
tri cylinder apparatus for filtering ground water,
slimy water bowls for wiping utensils,
corrugated iron sticks for grilled barbecue,
well spun coarse cloth for rubbing hands and stain,
shady compartments of exhaust vents,
obliterating traces of harsh light,
tin metal dishwasher scraping stubborn dirt,
cane baskets holding a bunch of spoon and fork,
small couplets filled with
chilli, pepper, salt, coriander seed. etc,
multifold light bulbs fastened to ceiling,
with dedicated housewives preparing mouth watering dishes,
and a pitcher of beer on the granite slab,
is a glimpse of the 20th century modern kitchen.

Nikhil Parekh

A Palace In Still Water

This vast expanse of blue tepid water,
the yellow sun evading the skies,
the beauty all so glamorous,
the shimmering spires of the town.
green pastures, chirping birds,
colored sands at their perennial best,
puts beautiful palace at incisive test.
stalwarts built it firm and strong,
entrepreneurs decorated it with bronze.
water cascading at umpteenth places,
makes it the darling of all races.
garlanded with human emotions,
looks like a fire ablaze at night,
a real treat to the human eye,
with tawny fishes saying goodbye.
the colorful bonanza of gaudy lights,
the orchestra singing to a perfect rhyme,
the ornamental clock tower gives a midnight chime,
blissful silence descends all over,
as i succumb to the delight of invincible sleep.

Nikhil Parekh

A Palace Of Dreams

Spongy toes project awkwardly,
from dark flesh of gentle feet,
waxy liquid in blue bottles,
leather bound books laid in dust,
quintals of paper sheets flying astray,
dingy bulbs cutting dark holes,
flashy portraits stuck to red brick,
antiquated moulds of varnished wood,
ceramic squares of lavatory tiles,
ergonomic bulge of fantasy pillows,
scented sprays, with a blend of antiseptic,
colored tablets of soap, a range of toiletry,
sliding cabinets of solid steel,
thick drapery of rich curtain spread,
shielding stringent rays of sunlight,
solitary vents for cool air,
sprawled water beds with tepid water,
reliable tetra winged ceiling fan,
with switchboard panels pummeled to concrete,
electronic gadgetry on revolving rubber,
black pointed arrows of the giant father clock,
exaggerated crumbling polished wall paint,
tall framework of slanted mirrors,
crisp shirts of pure cotton floss,
grey linen flannels hanging down,
semicircular marble arches with potted plants,
strips of black scotch tape spread wildly,
translucent glass panes of window shutters,
shaven wood scalps of voodoo witchcraft,
the large oak tree at visible heights,
shooting through solid foundations,
with shadows of ecstasy lurking stealthily,
a glittering heap of silver coins,
solid iron doors with heavy bolts,
providing loads of security,
escalating fragrance of tangible comfort,
with a pandemonium of chorused voices,
is all what i have in my room.

A Parasite From A Paradise

Overwhelmed by sedation; in the realms of fathomlessly enchanting fantasy,
Floating on a blanket of clouds; with a festoon of seductive fairies dancing
incessantly around me,
Embracing the voluptuous coat of verdant grass full throttle; rampantly rolling in
the stupendous blades till times immemorial,
Perceiving the most incredulous objects in this Universe; surging astronomically
forward than the spirit of times,
Tell me where is death; Tell me where is pain; More importantly Tell me O!
Almighty lord; why have people made this blissful planet of yours; a parasite
from a paradise.

Sniffing the mesmerizing aroma of heavenly nectar; boisterously leaping behind
the swarming bees,
Blending majestically with the Sunshine; basking under in the glory of milky
beams of exotic moon,
Admiring the resplendent blanket of glittering stars; philandering like a prince on
the summit of velvety ice,
Saluting the birds soaring high in the ephemeral evenings; profoundly lost in the
cadence of the Queenly nightingale,
Tell me where is death; Tell me where is pain; More importantly Tell me O!
Almighty lord; why have people made this blissful planet of yours; a parasite
from a paradise.

Galloping through the fields of blossoming corn; indefatigably cuddling the
innocuous sheep sleeping on the hills,
Gyrating fervently in the music of the morning cuckoo; splashing euphorically in
an unfathomable ocean of tangy water,
Daintily caressing the Oligarchic oyster; seductively swishing the body under the
ravishing waterfall that enigmatically cascaded from the mountain,
Feasting on a celestial meal of rhapsodically fresh cherries; lying in mute silence
on the shimmering carpet of sea sands,
Tell me where is death; Tell me where is pain; More importantly Tell me O!
Almighty lord; why have people made this blissful planet of yours; a parasite
from a paradise.

Placing the arms in the lap of insurmountably bountiful nature; chasing squirrels
as they slithered in sheer ecstasy up the corrugated tree,
Voraciously coating the entire body with a slurry of tantalizingly wet rain mud;

gasping in dumbfounded astonishment as the mirage loomed larger in the golden desert soil,
Listening with rapt attention to the incredibly animated chirping of the amicable parrot; gallivanting beside the fire as its royal flames crackled in the midst of marvelous midnight,
Savoring exuberantly cool coconut with rubicund pair of lips; transiting into a rejuvenating reverie; boundless decades before this Universe was first created,
Tell me where is death; Tell me where is pain; More importantly Tell me O! Almighty lord; why have people made this blissful planet of yours; a parasite from a paradise.

Nikhil Parekh

A Peep Into The Life Of A Eunuch

Panic grips my heart,
As germs of fear enter my blood,
Biting every ounce of enthusiasm,
Every bit of mental strength,
Baffled by the onslaught of those faces,
As I look in sheer disbelief,
At the army of mutilated faces,
In this strange world created by God,
Plunging my whole being into emptiness,
Without a trace of hope; and lord being my saviour.

O! Lord; so beautiful is this world you have made,
Turbulent rivers; high mountains,
Clear blue skies; yellow seas,
Dazzling sights; treacherous heights,
But what form of beauty is this O! Lord,
Unfolding a trauma of ugliness,
The most deplorably dreaded form of a human being,
Circulating spasms of fear in my mind,
Leaving me in second thoughts,
As to what really is mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

A Person Lives

A person eats; because of the insatiable hunger of his stomach; the unrelenting pangs of famished gluttony; playing cats and dogs with his impoverished intestines,

A person sleeps; because of the overwhelming dreariness circumventing his eyelids; the insurmountable tiredness enveloping his feet and each of his exhausted senses,

A person desires; because of his intriguingly restless mind; wandering in umpteenth number of exotic directions; in a single complete minute,

A person kills; because of the insane lunatic freely philandering in some part of his countenance; his delirious desire to avenge the uncouth massacres that struck his beloved,

A person gallops; because of the ardent tenacity in the muscles of his feet; his irrevocable yearning to achieve the most exuberant targets in life,

A person sings; because of the unfathomable melody trapped in the agonized chords of his throat; an eternal yearning lingering in his soul; to blend with all the ravishingly beautiful on this colossal planet,

A person laughs; because of the ebullient state of fantasy he rhapsodically enjoys; all the good things that stir up revolutionary miracles in his life,

A person cries; because of horrendous pain engulfing his dwindling visage; the inexplicable trauma embedded in each ingredient of his veins,

A person trusts; because of the innermost voice of his conscience; incessantly urging him to blossom into immortal bonds of friendship,

A person hates; because of ghastly circumstances which compel him to slither miserably on cold ground; while his fellow compatriots snored in the aisles of opulent luxury and salacious lechery,

A person embraces; because of the fulminating agony in his chest; the piece of restlessly inconspicuous caricature that he was rendered; when he lived life in realms of disgusting isolation,

A person evolves; because of the mesmerizing mysticism of this fathomless planet; the intricately ingenious dormitories of his brain; perpetuating to create astounding paradise,

A person procreates; because of the inevitable mechanisms of his fertile persona; his intransigent urge to leave his mark upon the planet; even after he died,

A person devastates; because of the things most cherished to his heart deserting him in his face; metamorphosing his every ambition of life into infinitesimal bits of threadbare chowder,

A person angers; because of bizarre provocation to his impeccable senses; the uncannily miserable feeling of losing his invincible stranglehold on things which were his tireless slave,

A person possesses; because of his incomprehensible feeling to care; his inherently augmenting virtue to defend his mate in every pain,

A person shares; because of the uninhibited spirit of freedom encapsulating his demeanor; the irrevocable longing in each of his veins to benevolently donate till the time he celestially exists,

A person loves; because of the immortal beating of his philanthropic heart; the inferno of unsurpassable attraction; that made him incessantly feel in the land of the divine,

And a person lives; only because God wants him to; till the time God wants him to; and for countless more births till God wants him to take birth again, Romantically discovering and exploring; more importantly disseminating the irrefutably sacred essence of humanity; enlightening each cranny of earth with the Omnipotent light of life.

Nikhil Parekh

A Pitcher Full Of Gold

I started digging soil with pickaxe of the strongest iron,
loose chunks of mud flew haphazardly,
coagulated sand broke into diffused cakes of brown earth,
snail worms and ant ran for safe enclosures,
the ground was bruised with unrelenting strokes of sharp blade,
interior recesses of land were wet in moisture,
sandwiched layers of soil wept at the invasion,
hot geysers of liquid erupted at great depths from the surface,
as rain showers of sweat ran down my flesh,
after perspiring hours of grueling excavating work.

mammoth intervals of clock time passed by,
the sun peeped at dawn every fresh day,
my palms developed cracks with bleeding pores of skin,
stubby filaments of beard transformed into platelets of wild hair,
rich cotton clothing resembled threadbare rags of a beggar,
eyeballs were transfixed down for infinite intervals of time,
i was severely exhausted,
reserve energies of my body were sapping down,
all of a sudden my axe struck metal,
there followed a ear splitting collision,
shards of gold flew alongwith bits of clay pottery,
my face lit up with glee,
my body was enveloped with waves of jubilation,
i knew i was going to relish luxury meals,
live in silver palaces for a while,
as the century old assemblage of buried yellow coins,
kept cascading through the small aperture made by my
plaintive pickaxe.

Nikhil Parekh

A Place In Heaven

I was a handsome youth once,
full of robust energy, always on the prowl,
kicking stone, disheveled weeds in my path,
racing in my automobile at whirlwind speed,
climbing steep corrugated rock with nonchalant ease,
swimming against turbulent currents of sea water,
dancing wildly to high bass tunes of rock music,
consuming rich liquor extracts from large cans of
beer,
screamed extravagantly at the slightest provocation,
was ready to leap down the valley, for the person I loved.

The advancing years painstakingly crept in,
black sheath of hair transformed to grizzly white,
bone mass shrunk beneath tunnels of skin,
teeth enamel lost its sheen, left gaping holes for all to see,
eyeballs sunk in their sockets with cloud formations of cataract,
scalp hair receded to a paltry few with fragile connections to skull,
walking stick now replaced swords used to decimate rabbit skin,
shoulder assembly drooped with wrongdoings of past decades,
a feeling of horrifying dread descended on me,
I had cellars full of gold and currency note,
towering marble palaces, fertile acres of land,
the time to quit this earth was fast approaching,
my thin skinned skeleton would blend with granules of mud,
the chambers of wealth held meager significance,
it was a plethora of humble deeds, that would prove to be a prerequisite,
to ensure me a place in the satiny walls of heaven.

Nikhil Parekh

A Poem A Day; Keeps The Doctor Away.

For the ravishingly undulating and fathomless oceans; a majestically gliding shark a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the swelteringly impoverished and blistering deserts; a gloriously rejuvenating rainshower a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the mystically ingratiating and voluptuous forests; a royal royally overpowering roar of the lion a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the boundlessly Omnipotent and limitless skies; a regally soaring cloud a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the gorgeously shimmering and immaculate seashores; a magnificently resplendent oyster a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the freshly rain drenched and boisterously bubbling stray ponds; a discordantly croaking frog a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the despicably wailing and disastrously beleaguered beggar; a handsomely robust meal a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the eternally enchanting and enchantingly sweet hive; a rambunctiously frolicking bee a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the ingratiatingly chirping and profusely vivacious sparrow; a marvelously sparkling berry a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the frigidly trembling and brutally frozen avalanches; a ray of unassailably celestial sunshine a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the patriotically blazing and fearlessly unflinching battlefields; a ray of irrefutably unconquerable triumph a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the sagaciously philanthropic and devoutly meditating saint; an entrenchment of spell binding peace a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the manipulatively shrewd and ruthlessly dexterous business tycoon; a succulently appetizing client a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the exuberantly sleazy and seductively raving model; a euphorically tantalizing catwalk a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the morbidly forlorn and ghoulishly derogatory graveyard; an obsolete ghost a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the impeccably glistening and rustically sprawled pebbles; a splendidly cascading waterfall a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the romantically sensuous and poignantly flirtatious philanderer; a charismatically nubile maiden a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the aridly scorched and preposterously singed blades of grass; a bountifully scintillating dewdrop a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the horrendously dithering and despicably sagging nostrils; a puff of ecstatically vibrant breath a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the treacherously betrayed and ominously lambasted heart; a beat of immortal love a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

And for my nimbly penurious and diminutively groping persona; an unfathomably enlightening poem a day; keeps the doctor forever away.

Nikhil Parekh

A Poet, And His Immortal Poetry.

The clouds in the voluptuously fathomless sky were a poet's eternal dream; enveloping boundless bits of barren space with tinges of profusely unending crimson,
While torrential tumblers of enchanting rain cascading down till times beyond bountiful eternity; were his immortally poignant and exuberant poetry.

The seductively titillating roses in the garden were a poet's everlasting dream; perpetuating colossal bits of lackadaisical atmosphere with vividly blossoming color,
While the stupendously Omnipotent fragrance that they emanated; the romantic swirl in which they swished; was his immortally unassailable and wonderful poetry.

The ravishingly undulating waves of the gigantically handsome ocean were a poet's cherished dream; perennially smiling under golden rays of the majestically

Omniscient Sun,
While the resplendently tantalizing froth into which they diffused after clashing against the regale rocks; was his immortally profound and Godly poetry.

The rambunctiously uninhibited hives swarming with chattering bees were a poet's fantastic dream; deluging even the most infinitesimal cranny of the Universe with the poignant elixir of life,
While the beautifully ebullient cisterns of titillating honey that relentlessly oozed from them; was his immortally melodious and exquisitely embellished poetry.

The panoramically animated meadows of green grass were a poet's prized dream; harmoniously rustling with the unbelievably exultating breeze,
While the gregarious festoon of dew drops that they exuded at ethereally mystical dawn; was his immortally fabulous and Omnipotent poetry.

The optimistically divine fireball of Sun was a poet's priceless dream; casting a spell of astoundingly miraculous hope; even in the most drearily beleaguered and diminishing abode,
While the enamoring fountain of blazing rays that it compassionately emanated; was his immortally triumphant and patriotic poetry.

The unshakable shadows of the impeccable conscience were a poet's euphoric dream; metamorphosing even the most devilishly inebriated organism into an

apostle of
mesmerizing peace,
While the path of irrefutably sparkling righteousness that it philanthropically
wafted; was his immortally ingratiating and kingly poetry.

The ecstatically flapping feathers of the spell bindingly amiable nightingale were
a poet's charismatic dream; flooding even the most insipidly lugubrious of
spaces around with astronomically rejuvenating energy,
While the unfathomably glorious river of tunes that unveiled from her
shimmering beak; was his immortally ever-pervading and holistic poetry.

The piquantly rubicund nostrils of the freshly adorned bride were a poet's
insatiable dream; inevitably engendering every other thing in the atmosphere to
remorsefully wither down,
While the unconquerable inferno of magnificently bedazzling breath that
unleashed from them; was his immortally invincible and fascinating poetry.

And the passionately throbbing heart in innocently volatile chest was a poet's
unrelenting dream; irrevocably transcending above every other richness on the
trajectory of this limitless earth,
While the superbly rhythmic sky of beats that it fulminated into every unfurling
instant; was his immortally ubiquitous and priceless poetry.

Nikhil Parekh

A Single Beat.

Just a single smile of her delectably diminutive lips; the heavenly way in which she unveiled those wonderfully impeccable contours,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all traumatically manipulative agony of this planet; the tyrannically lambasting devil who coldbloodedly corrupted the civilization; left; right and full center.

Just a single wink of her marvelously majestic eyelashes; the immaculately celestial empathy that poignantly reflected from them; all sweltering day and enchanting night,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all brutally salacious lechery on this boundless planet; the terrorizing web of bizarre manipulation; which truculently asphyxiated from all sides.

Just a single wave of her immaculately waving palms; that ingratiatingly diminutive fist of hers which she effusively punched through euphoric air,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all morbidly remorseful sadness on this fathomless planet; the diabolically agonizing dungeons of disparaging boredom; which despicably crippled one and all; insidiously alike.

Just a single twinkle of her divinely minuscule feet; the trail of unsurpassably bountiful innocence that she left behind on every step that she holistically tread,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all pugnaciously menacing massacre on this colossal planet; the savage avalanche of blood that barbarically besieged every element of benign goodness in the world outside.

Just a single nod of her infinitesimally sacrosanct forehead; the vivaciously triumphant festoon of ebullience that she diffused; robustly frolicking her pudgy neck,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all acrimoniously penalizing treachery on this gigantic planet; the invidious stem of ominously derogatory lies that had embedded its nails profoundly; into the fabric of the spell binding society.

Just a single blush of her regally charismatic cheeks; the tinge of profusely exuberant scarlet that encapsulated her tiny visage from all sides,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all dolorously decaying despair on this gargantuan planet; the winds of insanely maniacal solitude that gruesomely proliferated; without the slightest of sagacious consent.

Just a single flap of her magically miraculous ears; the inconspicuously Omnipotent lobes of sparkling freshness that dangled from her face,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all vindictive staleness on this endless planet; the pathetically slithering corpse of hideously surreptitious avarice and greed.

Just a single breath of her ubiquitously godly nose; the stupendously Omniscient fireball of vibrant life that it generated; with every mercurial puff of air that it symbiotically exhaled,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all horrendously slandering pain on this unfathomable planet; the riotous abuse of mankind by disdainfully abominable powerhouses of dictatorial greed.

And just a single beat of her Omnipresently unassailable heart; those royally humanitarian reverberations so pricelessly sparkling with timelessly unflinching life,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all ghoulishly perilous death on this perpetual planet; the graveyard of extinction that inevitably snapped the fangs of blissfully enamoring life.

Nikhil Parekh

A Single Devil

A single rotten apple with flies feasting on its succulent body; decays the entire ensemble of robust apples,

A single stain of black dye sprawling rampantly; spoils the beauty of the entire white fabric,

A single hole in its heavy and metallic body; uncouthly drowns the entire ship,

A single stream of venom oozing gently; contaminates the entire river of impeccable milk,

A single bit of sewage smelling fetidly; annihilates the beauty of the entire garden laden with blossoming petals,

A single virus in the blood stream; metamorphoses the individual from ruddy and healthy to insane and sick,

A single particle of dandruff loitering in animosity; pollutes the entire conglomerate of lustrous and shining hair,

A single nail overgrown and dirty; imperils the look of the entire palm embossed with mystical lines,

A single dark cloud in the cosmos; adulterates the entire sky which is blue and crystal clear,

A single town clock running late; delays the life of the entire city; with most of the people yawning as the sun crept up in brilliant afternoon,

A single loophole in the house; entices the entire team of burglars to maraud at will; pilfer stealthily through closed doors at night,

A single crack in the bone; foments the entire leg to walk in contorted pain; limp across the road for mercy,

A single spark of white electricity; electrocutes the entire family; triggering the house to explode in volatile fury,

A single crease in the crisp shirt; debases the entire demeanor which was

otherwise quite sparkling and flawless,

A single snore thunderously emanating; breaks the silence of tranquil and blissful sleep,

A single shiver down the petrified spine; engenders the snake to pierce its lethal fangs and bite,

A single stroke of stringent red; disturbs the harmony of the otherwise splendid marksheet,

A single lie spoken; condemns a person beyond all anecdotes of his honesty,

And a single devil in the mind; not only ruins all the sanctity previously existing; but also finishes a person in mind, body and eternal soul.

Nikhil Parekh

A Single Growl

The inconspicuous little tadpoles kept fluttering their fins; hardly able to make any impact on the violent swirl of water,
While it was only the preposterously huge Blue Whale which gobbled all marine life in vicinity; over-toppled the gargantuan ship; the instant it opened its jaw.

The diminutive stalks of grass swayed pretentiously; being mocked by the wind every unfurling second; as they belted miserably under pressure,
While it was only the thick rooted tree; which not only bore the onslaught of treacherous storm; but also granted loads of compassionate reprieve to the frigid follicles.

The flames of the grandiloquent wax candle appeared insipid and weak; abysmally diminishing with the slightest draught of breeze leaking from the window,
While it was only the blistering fire that leapt high and handsome towards the sky; charring everything that intermingled with its flow; blazing brilliantly in the darkness of the night.

The paltry spray of fountain was delectable to witness; although it subsided completely when the tap was tightly shut,
While it was only the gigantic ocean with undulating waves that swelled and rose; thunderously clashing with the uncouth chain of shining rocks.

The chirp of the sparrow was weak and fragile; hardly making an impact on animate life prevailing in proximity,
While it was only the deafening roar of the majestic lion; that sent an everlasting echo through the entire jungle; put a standstill to all commotion; terrorizing philandering pranksters to the last bone of their spine.

The superficial string of bombs emitted clouds of frigid smoke after exploding; although they pathetically floundered in making any impact on the colossal structure,
While it was only the earthquake that devastated the entire city; sent mighty buildings tumbling on the ground like a pack of plastic cards.

The fairy tale was embodied with a blend of flowery and disdainful spellings; which were futile as they proved too frugal in tickling the mental imagery,
While it was only the comprehensive dictionary which encapsulated every word spoken on the planet; that instantly triggered imagination and put the mind to

immediate work.

The effeminate whispers of the teachers; could hardly pacify the bustling pandemonium in the classroom,
While it was only the stringent shout of the Principal that silenced them in one shot; fomented infinite goose-bumps to creep up their skin.

And the Goldsmith banged his hammer thousands of times; but wasn't able to produce the most minuscule of indentation on the slab of frozen water,
While it was only when the rustic Barbarian thrashed the chunk with his heavy axe; that the ice split into boundless splinters; and crystal water started to painstakingly dribble down.

Nikhil Parekh

A Single Heartbeat Of Hers.

A single smile of hers triggered so much magic; that the entire conglomerate of magicians on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single thought of hers perpetuated so much benevolence; that the entire juggernaut of sagacious philosophers on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single wink of hers propelled so much flirtation; that the entire army of tantalizing seductresses on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single tear of hers engendered so much empathy; that the entire conglomerate of pamperdly wailing children; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single sound of hers fomented so much melody; that the entire arena of eclectically talented musicians on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single clap of hers produced so much exhilaration; that the entire zoo of boisterous bees rhapsodically buzzing on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single belief of hers spawned so much harmony; that the entire ocean of baselessly unending religion on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single stare of hers evolved so much concentration; that the entire string of pompously lecherous meditators on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single step of hers generated so much enchantment; that the entire whirlpool of fantasizers on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single swish of hers incinerated so much passion; that the entire battalion of tantalizing dancers on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single shadow of hers instilled so much enigma; that the entire compendium of fairy tales on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single nod of hers incited so much assurance; that the entire river of promises lingering on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single sketch of hers inspired so much artistry; that the entire flurry of manipulatively greedy artists on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single ingredient of her blood motivated so much life; that the entire jungle of austere antibiotic and balm on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single cheek of hers stimulated so much enthrallment; that the entire blanket of the mystical valley on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single palm of hers radiated so much compassion; that the entire process of contemporarily fast healing on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single soul of hers fulminated so much yearning; that the entire valley of stupendously charismatic gifts on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single breath of hers spurred so much tenacity; that the entire fortress of doctors; nurses; patriots; on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

And a single heartbeat of hers inflamed so much love in my impoverished life; that the entire meadow of countless opulence; wealth; and belonging on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke.

Nikhil Parekh

A Spell Of Immortal Happiness

The joy perpetuated due to water cascading from the heavens was temporary; as it extinguished as soon as it had come; with the light of the flamboyantly sweltering Sun; stringently fulminating all seductive sensuousness,
But the water effusively gushing from your impeccably sacrosanct eyes was rhapsodically eternal; handsomely bestowing upon my disastrously frazzled senses; a
spell of immortal happiness.

The joy triggered due to fragrance of the glorious lotus's was transient; as it soon got wholesomely obfuscated; with whirlwinds of vicious dust pulverizing the stem forever,
But the fragrance emanating from your immaculately diminutive chest was ebulliently enthralling; magnanimously bestowing upon my tyrannically manipulative conscience; a spell of immortal happiness.

The joy incinerated due to vivacious rainbows in the cosmos was ethereal; as it soon got ominously massacred; by an unfathomable carpet of sullen clouds threateningly engulfing it from all sides,
But the rainbows of beauty that formed on your freshly born crimson cheeks were timeless; stupendously bestowing upon my murderously sagging countenance; a
spell of immortal happiness.

The joy evoked due to the trail of the mischievous chimpanzee in the forests was short lived; as it soon got washed into miserable oblivion; with the uncouthly overwhelming floods turbulently besieging it from all over,
But the trail of mesmerizing enigma on your innocuously budding palms was astoundingly divinely; bestowing upon my staggering beleaguered footsteps; a
spell of immoral happiness.

The joy radiating due to fascinating Sunlight filtering from the unsurpassable conglomerate of scarlet clouds was ephemeral; as it soon got diabolically encompassed by the dolorous winds of the ghastly night,
But the light uninhibitedly diffusing from your blissfully godly eyes was perennially triumphant; bestowing upon my hideously faltering stride; a spell of immortal happiness.

The joy stimulated due to the voice of the voluptuous nightingale was momentary; as it soon got brutally annihilated by the roar of the; ferociously

marauding lions,

But the voice singing from your celestially tiny throat; was unbelievably ecstatic; bestowing upon my commercially starved ears; a spell of immortal happiness .

The joy aroused due to the ravishing fruits on the branches was evanescent; as it soon got disdainfully squelched; with the Herculean gale savagely uprooting the tree; with every single of its leaf,

But the fruits of Godly creation merrily sprouting from each cranny of your delectably beautiful skin; were unsurpassably bountiful; bestowing upon my satanically traumatized demeanor; a spell of immortal happiness.

The joy transpired due to the marvelously placid air in the atmosphere was fugitive; as it soon drifted in another direction altogether; with the tumultuously brute force of the stormy winds,

But the air that you indefatigably disseminated from your melodious nostrils was unconquerable ingratiating; bestowing upon my scurrilously wailing soul; a spell of immortal happiness.

And the joy generated due to the love of two blending seeds was fugacious; as it soon got barbarically demolished; with the plant spawning up and then eventually withering with the passing winds,

But the ocean of unassailable love that you forever liberated from your Universally unprejudiced heart was supremely ever-pervading; bestowing upon my devastatingly diminishing life; a spell of immortal happiness.

Nikhil Parekh

A To Z Immortal Love

Alluring; wholesomely luring even the most remotely alien; in its captivatingly spell binding swirl for centuries immemorial,
Auguring; magnificently evolving the most supremely royal destiny; that you would ever encounter on the trajectory of this mesmerizing planet,
Attractive; drifting even the most incorrigibly ruthless heads in its direction; as it magnetically trespassed across voluptuous soil,
Acclimatizing; blossoming beyond the zenith of wonderfully bestowing eternity; even in the most tumultuously ferocious rain; and ungainly storm,
Was the cradle of immortal love; not only bonding two bodies for countless births; but perpetually ensuring that their breaths diffused passionately together; for boundless decades yet to come.

Beautiful; charming even the most languidly dreariest of leaf in the morbid atmosphere; with its stupendous vivacity,
Blooming; sprouting and proliferating incomprehensible more of its kind; as every instant unveiled into a complete minute,
Bountiful; bequeathing upon every impoverished entity; whether rich or indigent; the magic of symbiotic existence; alike,
Blessed; engendering you to feel the richest organism on this Universe; once you made its compassionate beats an indispensable ingredient of your wandering soul,
Was the sky of immortal love; not only showering the rain of passionate goodness upon treacherously trembling soil; but perpetually ensuring that it spawned into a civilization of exuberant enthrallment; as every morning freshly overtook
the previous sinister night.

Captivating; inevitably drawing even the most diabolical of demons to replenish their shattered lives; with its perennial juice,
Camaraderie; affably bonding disgruntled souls in threads of friendship; enshrouding their bodies with divine benevolence,
Compassionate; triggering fireballs of untamed desire even in the heart of the murderously frigid night,
Calisthenics; astoundingly demonstrating that Herculean power can articulately evolve into a tornado of incredulous eloquence,
Was the fortress of immortal love; not only invincibly defending the most sacred manifestations of eternal romance; but perpetually ensuring that they blissfully gallivanted in corridors of unfettered yearning.

Delectable; as nimble as the fleet footed and innocuous rabbit; although it towered above everything else on this fathomless Universe,
Dreamy; rhapsodically fantasizing in the island of gregarious fascination; even as the lecherous indiscriminately sucked blood outside,
Doughty; marvelously facing every acrimonious obstacle that came its way; triumphantly marching past the limits of unparalleled success,
Dimpled; charismatically blushing into a valley of profound ecstasy; as you relentlessly stared at its tantalizingly seductive contours,
Was the ocean of immortal love; not only pacifying the overwhelmingly scorched ground of betrayal; but perpetually ensuring that it spawned into a paradise or irrefutable truth; and unfathomable belonging.

Eloquent; disseminating its magnanimous melody to every barbarically estranged cranny of this unsurpassably gargantuan Universe,
Everlasting; spiraling into a cloud of handsome fragrance beyond infinite infinity; leaving its essence of celestial peace and harmony wherever it went,
Endowed; inundating each iota of lackluster countenances with unbelievable talent and Oligarchic charm,
Emollient; disbursing its heavenly scent to all those arenas of the gargantuan continent; besieged with inexplicable despair and euphemistic pain,
Was the ring of immortal love; not only binding all irrespective of caste; creed; color or race; but perpetually ensuring that they embraced each other in whirlpools of passionate desire; till the time they relinquished their final breath.

Fabulous; stupendously casting its spell of unconquerable enigma; upon every lecherously monotonous soul staggering towards hopeless extinction,
Flowering; redolently springing into petals of optimistic light; to enlighten the lives of those deprived; and defunct of vibrantly melodious life,
Fragrant; ubiquitously disseminating the divinely aroma of brotherhood; in every speck of soil coalesced with; horrendously stinking manipulation and malice,
Fructifying; yielding the most priceless gifts of egalitarian humanity; without the most tiniest of investment or prejudice,
Was the rainbow of immortal love; not only perpetuating dungeons of obnoxious gloom with thunderbolts of perennial hope; but ensuring that every organism black or white; knocked the doors of glittering success; alike.

Grandiloquent; basking in the glorious splendor of resplendent beauty and exotically unfurling newness,
Gyrating; pulsating to the most stupefying tunes of ecstatic excitement; as the crimson fireball of Sun transcended beyond the golden horizons,
Giving; philanthropically donating all elements and celestial virtues; that surged forward to construct the most formidably resilient human kind,

Glittering; shimmering in the aisles of unmatched splendor and grace; to metamorphose all devastating disease; into a profusely Omnipotent garland of happiness,

Was the island of immortal love; not only instilling back euphoric cheer in the eyes of all those miserably shivering and divested; but perpetually ensuring that they intrepidly arose to the occasion called life; granting them a countless bountiful breaths; more to survive.

Highest; superceding everything else that was tangible and intangible; on the bedspread of this overwhelmingly mystifying Universe,

Handsome; majestically portraying each element of gorgeously endowing life; in the most dynamically supreme of its forms,

Heavenly; making every benign entity philandering passionately on this planet; manifest in entirety towards the pinnacle of its ultimate dreams,

Hallmark; the epitome of all achievements and fulfillment in destined life;

distributing its sacrosanct virtue to every despicably devastated entity exhausted of life,

Was the immortal blanket of love; not only sequestering all those maimed and deplorably shivering in the winds of its congenial warmth; but ensuring that they resided as the ultimate kings of prosperity; for infinite more births; yet to come.

Ingratiating; spectacularly unveiling into a myriad of insurmountable brilliance; for all those deluged with disgusting solitude,

Incarcerating; imprisoning everyone all mortal and immortals; in its immaculately divine carpet of rhapsodic joy,

Innocuous; metamorphosing every commercially rotting entity; into realms of holistically sacrosanct childhood; once again,

Invincible; unflinchingly withstanding the most acridly mighty onslaught of the treacherous devil,

Was the fruit of immortal love; not only placating the hunger of all those despairingly decimated; but perpetually ensuring that nobody with a benign heart; never ever

slept a famished night.

Jaunty; forever smiling in a world of magical contentment; away and completely oblivious to the pathetically ludicrous vagaries; of this cold-blooded world,

Jingling; merrily cajoling even the most invidiously frazzled senses; with the profoundly oriental enchantment; in its glorious voice,

Juvenile; exploring and discovering a whole new world of fabulous excitement as each instant unleashed; romancing in the tantalizing clouds of unsurpassable eternity,

Jolly; forever blooming in the unprecedented ardor of existence; dissipating the

true exhilaration of priceless life,
Was the pearl of immortal love; not only filtering divinely bliss through a
hideously distorted web of mangled lies; but perpetually ensuring that the
rudiments of survival; always stayed united above the rest.

Kingly; overshadowing all debris and abhorrent violence on the periphery of this
boundless earth; to emerge irrevocably triumphant in every sphere of inscrutably
seductive life,

Kind; hugging all those baselessly orphaned trembling on the dusty streets;
granting them holistic shelter in its majestic arms,

Karmic; philanthropically spreading the message of brotherhood and sharing;
without expecting the slightest of emolument or salute,

Kaleidoscopic; encompassing multitudinal colors of a purifying existence; swaying
nostalgically in waves of titillating longing; incessantly adding new dimensions
to fatigued life,

Was the immortal Sun of love; not only fumigating the earth to be bereft of
treachery and crime; but perpetually ensuring that the clouds showered globules
of peace; upon every molecule created by the Almighty Lord; alike.

Lascivious; igniting thunderbolts of intimidating desire; even in the heart of the
savagely frozen and sulking pond,

Luminating; radiating the sacred effulgence of humanity to far and wide;
caressing all those severely afflicted with its mesmerizing humanitarian touch,

Loquacious; indefatigably bubbling in the fullest spirit of life; impregnating
countless in the whirlpool of its never-ending enthusiasm,

Lovely; enveloping each grotesquely stumbling organism in the realms of
gregariously convivial fantasy,

Was the immortal mountain of love; not only defending the unequivocally
righteous cause of humanity from even the most infinitesimal trace of evil; but
perpetually ensuring that each contaminated bit of lies; transformed into a cloud
above paradise.

Marvelous; ruling the earth with the reigns of equality; ever since the time it was
created,

Majestic; governing the entire impoverished planet with supreme tranquility and
charm; representing a civilization uninhibitedly encapsulated with gloriously
pulsating life,

Mollifying; mellowing cataclysmically unruly storms; with the enamoring
sweetness in its sound,

Mystical; weaving a trail of compassionate fascination; for every living being to
wholeheartedly trespass upon,

Was the immortal ship of love; not only wading like a resplendent fairy through

the most bizarre of maelstroms; but perpetually ensuring that life on the planet; never came to a ghastly standstill.

Nutritious; instilling scintillatingly sparkling radiance; in every being tottering uncouthly in the dormitories of saddened darkness,
Nostalgic; transiting even the most monotonously ungainly; into realms of playfully Godly childhood,
Nomadic; tirelessly surging from place to place; to shower upon one and all; the blessings of divinely sharing; alike,
Noble; congenially bonding with even the most penurious of organisms slithering on cold soil; quenching the thirst of every bleary eyed traveler; with the nectar in its alluring senses,
Was the immortal tree of love; not only rejuvenating the spirit of despondently dying mankind; but perpetually ensuring that diligent lovers; always remained bonded in bows of solidarity; for immemorial times.

Oligarchic; seated on the most profusely embellished throne of unfathomable prosperity,
Omnipotent; the most powerful spirit domineering one and all; on the crust of this handsomely blessed planet,
Omnipresent; a cloud of unflinching brotherhood that embraced the entire globe in waves of ecstatic rhapsody; to reign supreme even after the sky had blended with threadbare soil,
Omniscient; a poignantly clairvoyant breeze; which mapped your emollient destiny to unfurl; even centuries before you were born,
Was the seed of immortal love; not only sprouting into countless new as each day transcended the sinister night; but perpetually ensuring that the branches of peace; brotherhood; always bloomed till the highest point of the sky.

Princely; casting its royal spell upon diminishing souls; to grant them the most incredulous expedition of their starved lives,
Poignant; passionately philandering through the lanes of sizzling desire; tingling every bit of soil that it tread on; with its spell binding stride,
Piquant; astoundingly bewildering the irascibly pertinent tycoon with the versatility in its footsteps; stinging the devilish with an arrow of candid righteousness,
Pristine; immaculately shimmering in its amazingly virgin glory; not being adulterated even the slightest by the most lethal venom swinging freely around,
Was the fireball of immortal love; not only blazing streaks of flamboyant brilliance in every continent it chose to gallivant in; but perpetually ensured that the beams of an enlightening tomorrow; swept past the haplessly staggering; for centuries unprecedented.

Queenly; ubiquitously propagating the essence of harmony and humanity; to every organism strangulated with hideous malice,
Quintessential; inhabiting the most cardinal positions in an individual's existence; instilling in him the unsurpassably miraculous wonders of this dexterous world,
Qualitative; bestowing upon every disparagingly struggling entity; the most royal dream of his choice,
Quantitative; indefatigably multiplying its wonderfully cascading essence; to envelop ruthlessly disgruntled souls in the waves of; vibrantly everlasting imagery,
Was the disc of immortal love; not only drifting even the most devastated towards the fortress of utmost solidarity; but perpetually ensuring that the walls of unfettered freedom; grew more formidable in strength as each day; unfurled into the
perilous night.

Ravishing; perennially alluring even the morbid of corpses; with its marvelously silken grace and fascinating form,
Realistic; incorrigibly propelling every organism to adhere to its roots; irrespective of all notorious poisoning of the manipulative society,
Resplendent; glistening in a festoon of surreally titillating fantasy; benevolently cajoling and harboring all those without a roof,
Rejuvenating; rekindling and superbly replenishing each derogatorily exhausted iota of the fragile visage,
Was the fountain of immortal love; which not only triggered you to gush forward in every aspect of impoverished life; but perpetually ensured that you never abnegated your innocuously integral smile.

Soothing; pacifying the traumatic agony in your breath; with its seductively gregarious whispers,
Satisfying; placating your every brutally tyrannized nerve; with the magic of its; overwhelmingly heavenly touch,
Stimulating; arousing even the most murkiest of corpses in the graveyard; with the lusciousness in its eternal demeanor,
Sacrosanct; a holy spirit to which even the greatest of God's in the cosmos; bent down in appreciative obeisance,
Was the immortal dwelling of love; not only impregnating in you the fortitude to bond in the religion of humanity; but perpetually ensuring that even the most diminutive of disaster stayed fathomless miles away from you; blooming countenance.

Truthful; intransigently marching upon the path of benign goodness; massacring every trace of salacious evil that confronted it; in its impeccable way,
Tantalizing; evoking you to inevitably continue God's sacred chapter of existence; with infernos of longing dancing ebulliently through your bloodstream,

Tangy; embodying each moment of your morbidly clockwork existence; with the vivaciously euphoric spice of life,

Tinkling; relentlessly fulminating with inexorable energy to relish life; entrenching all those aimlessly loitering in its; magnanimous swirl of compassionate brotherhood,

Was the immortal fabric of love; not only safeguarding you against the freezing winds of winter as well as the acrimonious midday Sun; but perpetually ensuring that man shrug all cannibalism; to exist as a blessed human; once again.

Ubiquitous; perennially showering its elements of peace and unflinching brethren; to mockingly belligerent parts of this colossal planet,

Utopia; the ultimate paradise; pride and prosperity of all those alive; and the irrefutable crown of glory; of those about to yet inhale their very first breath,

Uninhibited; possessing the astronomical freedom to follow the most innermost realms of the pulsating heart; even though the barbarically ruthless society tried to poke it; left; right and center,

Unlimited; endlessly spreading its unconquerable reach to all those; deliberately tottering towards their ominous graves,

Was the flower of immortal love; not only diffusing its stupendously charming fragrance to the farthest point of the globe; but perpetually ensuring that the wings of freedom always soared the highest in the clouds; in tandem and alike.

Voluptuous; a garden of enamoringly seductive rose; that superbly blended with the color of the splendidly rubicund cheeks,

Vast; encompassing every religion; caste and creed; in the titillating wisps of its blazingly everlasting romance,

Vivacious; bubbling with untamed enthusiasm and a spirit that never died; even as death inevitably overtook all shades of life,

Vibrant; astonishingly bedazzling even the most murderous plexus of the sordid night; with the aura of its unbelievably Omnipotent light,

Was the chapter of immortal love; not only flooding the scorched banks of nothingness with pearls of reinvigorating wisdom; but perpetually ensuring that love stayed as the ultimate master; forever and ever and ever.

Wacky; not following any dictatorially rigid direction or form; as it erupted in rampant spurts from the inner most recesses of the violently palpitating heart,

Wealthy; the most opulent treasurehouse on this fantastically fecund Universe;

pricelessly filtering the light of unity in every miserably cloistered house,
Withstanding; undeterred by even the most turbulently ferocious onslaught upon
its spotless grace; even as astronomically formidable civilizations crumbled like a
pack of soggy cards,
Witty; harboring the most uncanny sense of humor on this sprawling earth;
tickling the coward hidden deep within you; with the gutsy elixir of animated life,

Was the idol of immortal love; not only granting all philanthropically benign
wishes of its followers; but perpetually ensuring that they evolved into a
supremely compassionate; humankind.

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X-mas; incessantly celebrating the festival of the happiness; exultating in a world
of happiness; far away from the preposterously diabolical world,
X-rayed; candidly expelling all the share of celestial good and horrific bad; even
in the most remotely minuscule organism,
Xanthic; dynamically dazzling in the most altruistically vibrant colors of life;
alleviating suffering to reach the summit of unfathomable bliss,
Xeroxed; replicating a carbon copy of its immutably sacrosanct ideals in every
birth; which it had romantically coined at the commencement of the very first
life,
Was the sword of immortal love; not only granting wholesome reprieve from the
diabolically slashing demon; but perpetually ensuring that every religion
melanged into the stream of mesmerizing humanity.

Yearning; gyrating in a whirlwind of exotic desire; being the ultimate cry of
the ecstatically crying heart,
Yielding; bequeathing the blissful wave of harmony upon man and animal alike;
to give birth to a vibrantly blessed living kind,
Yardstick; an ultimate milestone of astronomical success for every aspiring
entrepreneur out there; making sure that those who tried their best; did ardently
metamorphose the definitions of stale success,
Youthful; perennially shrugging the leaves of withering and ailing disease; to
escalate into a heaven of glittering newness,
Was the summit of immortal love; not only breaking barriers of spurious caste;
creed and color; but perpetually ensuring that the color of unequivocal sharing
profusely deepened its shades; as each instant galloped into a monumental
minute.

Zealous; fervently pursuing the most sacred things in life; to unfurl into a whole
new world of bountifully unending aspiration,
Zapping; tumultuously stunning the entire world alike; with its unparalleled
honesty and iridescent charm,

Zooming; reaching all those who passionately wanted it; with a velocity more than what; white lightening could ever perceive,
Zillion; lingering countless millions in eternal space; as it preached the religion of oneness; for decades unsurpassable,
Was the candle of immortal love; not only flaming a path of everlasting brightness in drudgedly devastated lives; but perpetually ensuring that man and earth existed in harmonious unison; everytime God gave them an opportunity to do so; for fathomless times.

Nikhil Parekh

A Tribute To My Grandparents

There was a time when we frivolously hid behind the rocks; gallivanted on golden sands of the beach trying to catch each other,
While at the present moment we were sitting beside the fireplace; snuggling our hands deep inside the blanket.

There was a time when we experimented with umpteenth items of food in a single day; gulping each meal with gallons of inebriating beer,
While at the present moment we commenced each morning with a plethora of vitamins; relied on crushed fruit juices for nocturnal supper.

There was a time we spent marathon hours in the sweltering day clambering steep rocks; with our feet bereft of solid footwear,
While at the present moment we thoroughly leaned on our walking sticks for aplomb; were quite content to remain confined to the cozy interiors of our obsolete bedroom.

There was a time when we used to pummel each other in the ribs; violently pluck each other's hair in intense indignation,
While at the present moment we hugged each other tightly at the slightest sign of thunder; shivered uncontrollably at hearing the word "crime";.

There was a time when we bathed under gushing white water streams; flinging our clothes at the tiniest insinuation of rain,
While at the present moment we anxiously waited for supply of fresh water; scrupulously switching on the geyser the night before we took a bath.

There was a time when we incessantly laughed; remained in boisterous spirits even during unearthly hours of dawn,
While at the present moment we appeared as taciturn as meditating saints; nostalgically reminiscing the events and days of our life.

There was a time when we used to wear a host of gaudy clothes; swirling uninhibitedly in the aisles of bombastic glamour, flaunting our fair skin as we transgressed the streets,
While at the present moment we were clad heavily in bulky coats and scarves; trying to save our flesh from the most diminutive draught of cold.

There was a time when we didn't write addresses and phone numbers; priding ourselves in possessing the stupendous ability of remembering them,

While at the present moment we made sure we jotted down the most inconspicuous of detail; the most minuscule of information; so that we didn't forget it the very next minute.

There was a time we could sight invisible lettering at far distances; without using any of the visual contrivances,

While at the present moment we found our eyes camouflaged behind abysmally thick glasses; and had to profusely screw our eyes in order to sight even the most magnified of images.

There was a time when we could snap obdurate sticks of sugarcane into two; with the mere caress of our formidable teeth,

While at the present moment we wore a pair of disdainful braces; thriving on boiled extracts of spongy rice.

There was a time when we deliberately put the decibel level of the music system to its highest; gyrating passionately under the shimmering moon,

While at the present moment we talked in inaudible whispers; shirking as far as possible from sources of obstreperous sound.

There was a time when we were entirely dependent on our parents; reverted to them in times of utter distress and tribulation,

While at the present moment we had grandchildren of our own; a battalion of siblings we had procreated in this vast world.

There was a time when we had just tied the matrimonial thread; with fantasies of unrelenting romance revolving turbulently through our minds,

While at the present moment we lay extremely old and shriveled; waiting to abdicate breath and blend our souls with the Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

A Tribute To The Home Soil

There was heavy consternation in the atmosphere,
we hadn't slept all ruthless night,
the floor marble was biting cold with accumulation of winter dew,
roof plaster was on the point of immediate collapse,
there was an obnoxious stench of vegetable food,
the wall had several crevices, in which resided venomous snake,
dark waters lurked in colossal interiors of adjacent well,
the birds had forgotten to chirp their mystical rhyme,
trapped we were in domains of solitude,
in slipshod ambience of primitive hut,
hands tied in rusty iron shackles,
feet wound tight in brutal cold chain metal,
mouths stuffed with fluffs of unprocessed cotton,
tears rolling down our mud painted cheek,
highlighting streaks of fair skin, within wax coated molecules of dirt.
water seemed a remote possibility,
with meager loafs of bread offered at dispersed intervals of time,
the enemy camp made us prisoner,
held us captive for massacring their men,
with our body fortresses, in which flowed blood of true patriotism,
there was no sunshine filtering through,
our bodies lay limp, gasps for breath had receded down,
we knew we were on the verge of extinction,
as we saluted the flag in unison,
took a pinch of soil in clasped hands,
left for long journeys to heaven, drowned in the
fragrance of our home soil.

Nikhil Parekh

A Tribute To The Nobel Prize - My Humble Salutations.

Poetry written in appreciation of the Nobel Prize; as the world's most coveted honor.

Wondrously transparent was its grandeur- which enamored the world with the charm of invincible substance- for the greatest benefit of the living kind,

Brilliantly optimistic was its presentation- rekindling fresh rays of hope and compassion in a planet usurped within the mortuaries of a meaningless war,

Majestically opulent was its flamboyant demeanor- as it ensured that truth prevailed in its own inimitable aura- and was perseveringly harnessed from its fragrant roots,

Marvelously resplendent was its victorious trail- reaching out to the absolute best and awarding symbiotic humanitarian existence with laurels of humble goodness,

Humanitarianly humble; yet astoundingly mighty were its deeds- as it accredited the true worth of success and insurmountable achievement- with the honor it deserved,

Selflessly sensational were its headlines- as people of all religion; caste; creed and color united under a single roof of unparalleled love- to congratulate a fresh voice of promise,

Gloriously embracing were its altruistic palms- as it unabashedly invited the common man as well as the super celebrity to browse its website- wherein lay the most impeccable pearls of literature on the most fascinating aspects of existence,

Bounteously charismatic were its foundations- which evolved the most idealistic civilization of love; peace; friendship; dignity; integrity; peace and religious equality,

Triumphantly enriching were its medallions- which reinforced faith in the ability to pursue conviction and let it uninhibitedly fructify into the fruits of joyous positivity,

Irrefutably fearless were its decisions- as it poignantly accoladed the most

deserving candidates in their respective fields- wholeheartedly appreciating talent and effort where it royally lay,

Marvelously magnanimous were its ceremonies- where the most intrepid of laureates had their own inimitably natural opinions- on their chosen paths in blessed life,

Honestly unbiased were its intentions- as it ingeniously segregated human fields of achievements into the most outstanding categories- defining peace; love; brotherhood and the betterment of the living kind,

Handsomely benevolent were its goals- as it patronized any form of goodness that lit up besmirched darkness with the profoundly sublime rays of togetherness and humanity,

Magnetically alluring was its charm- as it broke barriers of discomfort - facilitating inspired dialogue between you and the individual they crowned as their esteemed laureate,

Ardently persevering were its ideals- as it embarked on its zealously fulfilling mission of instilling solidarity amidst humanity- with its philanthropic commitment to mankind,

Beautifully bonding was its empowering feel- as what transpired at its prize giving function- was the world feeling more resourcefully enriched with the goodness of creation,

Indeed it was as 'Nobel' as its name which is the 'Nobel Prize'.

It can also be further visited at its website.

And as a true citizen of my sacrosanct motherland India- I, Nikhil Parekh, offer it my humble salutations!

Nikhil Parekh

A True Lover

A true lover isn't one who fanatically chops every part of his fingers for the sake of his magical beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to invincibly fortify her blissful grip upon the limitlessly enchanting canvas of this enamoring planet; instead.

A true lover isn't one who deliriously slices every part of his brain for the sake of his eternal beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to augment her resplendently spell-binding fantasies an infinite times more than planet infinity; instead.

A true lover isn't one who ruthlessly pulverizes every part of his foot for the sake of his bountiful beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to reinforce even the most evanescent element of her nimbly dwindling stride; instead.

A true lover isn't one who tyrannically blinds every part of his eye for the sake of his jubilant beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to unassailably drift her only towards the pathways of panoramically uninhibited righteousness; instead.

A true lover isn't one who diabolically slashes every part of his ear for the sake of his insuperable beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to timelessly discern all those devilish sounds that dared come near her; instead.

A true lover isn't one who sadistically knives every part of his chest for the sake of his redolent beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to compassionately sequester her against all truculent rain and storm; instead.

A true lover isn't one who cadaverously cuts every part of his veins for the sake of his effulgent beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to build bonds of unconquerably symbiotic humanity with her; instead.

A true lover isn't one who indiscriminately massacres every part of his tongue for the sake of his holistic beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to beautifully smother each bit of cynical dryness that insidiously crept into her persona; instead.

A true lover isn't one who hedonistically dries every part of his blood for the sake of his mesmerizing beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to humanitarianly reinvigorate her inevitably deteriorating body systems; instead.

A true lover isn't one who criminally squelches every part of his bones for the sake of his poignant beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to fearlessly reinforce newfound temerity in her; to face even the most uncouthly demonic aspect of life; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who barbarously axes every part of his lips for the sake of his tantalizing beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to make her feel the most desired woman on this fathomless Universe; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who meaninglessly crucifies every part of his arms for the sake of his iridescent beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to unflinchingly persevere with her in every philanthropically egalitarian mission of life; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who treacherously bludgeons every part of his belly for the sake of his ardent beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to cushion her lugubriously dreary scalp in each inexplicably distressing situation of hers; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who unsparingly batters every part of his teeth for the sake of his emollient beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to chew each bit of obdurately slandering cynicism that came her way; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who horrendously beheads every part of his neck for the sake of his ecstatic beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to make her unabashedly swerve in an atmosphere of ubiquitously ameliorating equanimity; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who wretchedly aborts every part of his virility for the sake of his blessed beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to indefatigably unite with her and let the chapters of holistic proliferation continue on this planet for a countless more births yet to unveil; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who sinfully erases every part of his shadow for the sake of his altruistic beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same stupendously mollify each of her acrimoniously agitated senses; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who venomously butchers every part of his nostrils for his fabulous beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to impregnate

inimitable heavens of quintessential breath into each of her dying breath;
instead.

And a true lover isn't the one who idiotically kills every part of his heart for his
priceless beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to immortally bond
her into the passionate beats of unshakably everlasting love; instead.

Nikhil Parekh

A True Man

A true farmer is the one who never forgets his fields; the soil in which his rudiments lie firmly embedded; even in times of uncouth dryness and arid drought,

A true scientist is the one who never forgets his plethora of ingenious inventions; the innumerable number of gifts which he had given mankind; even in times when he was brutally rejected; deserted disastrously by all transgressing beside him,

A true poet is the one who never forgets his enchanting verse; the unfathomable lines of mystical passion which he had evolved with his own blood; even in times when the entire world refrained to buy a single copy of his book; and all his work was decaying like a rotten heap of vegetables in the interiors of the obsolete hut,

A true elephant is the one who never forgets his Herculean strength; the astounding power that reverberated from his body as he strolled; even in times when he lay timidly wounded on the ground,

A true painter is the one who never forgets his drawings; vivaciously stroking his brush on plain canvas all day; even in times when critics just ripped apart his drawings into infinite shreds; the instant they sighted it,

A true prince is the one who never forgets his magnificent castle; the grandiloquent aura which once encompassed his body in majestic entirety; even in times when he was forced to beg on the streets; and his palace had been gruesomely evacuated,

A true teacher is the one who never forgets his essence of impartial knowledge; the diligent times when he spent days and nights under the midnight oil with his scores of his disciples; even in times when the same students spat on his face for scolding them;
ridiculed him to the most unprecedented limits,

A true magician is the one who never forgets his spell binding tricks; the jugglery of enamoring antiques that he possessed in his repertoire after years of assiduous practice; even in times when he failed to captivate the audiences; people hurled footwear and garbage at him instead of fat wads of currency,

A true tree is the one who never forgets its mesmerizing foliage of dense leaves; the boundless number of birds and insects wandering on its periphery; even in times when it was ruthlessly stripped by the onset of delectable autumn; the animals which had once made it their dwelling place; now scorned at it in utter hatred,

A true star is the who never forgets its profound shimmer; the countless centuries for which it shone unrelentingly in the sky; even in times when the conglomerate of hideously black clouds engulfed it from all sides; obscured it wholesomely from the view of this world,

A true dog is the one who never forgets to incessantly wag its tail; barks poignantly as a fleet of strangers encroached upon in the dark; even in times when its master starved it of succulent food; kicked it in its stomach for apparently no reason or rhyme,

A true watch is the one which never forgets to keep on ticking indefatigably; moving its arms voraciously all round the clock; even in times when the entire Universe had slept; and there was nothing but stark darkness after the Sun had blissfully slept in the skies,

A true warrior is the one who never forgets his battlefield; keeps fighting inexorably till the very end; even in times when he knew that it was just a few moments before the opposition captured him; withdrew his last breath from his body,

A true saint is the one who never forgets to meditate; wholesomely drown himself into the Omnipotent perception of Almighty lord; even in times when demons around him trying as hard as possible to disturb his penance and unflinching concentration,

A true doctor is the one who never forgets to treat people suffering from bizarre affliction beside him; applies the ointment of his love on several bruises oozing blood and pain; even in times when the same patients he had treated before were planning to kill him; poison the milk he gulped for morning breakfast,

A true ocean is the one who never forgets its colossal waters; the gigantically swirling waves it generated since times immemorial; even in times when its body shrunk to a mere trickle; the tyranny of pugnacious heat had sucked its frothy spray away,

A true bomb is the one who never forgets its thunderous capacity to explode; fulminate into fathomless plumes of black gas; even in times when water pelted down in tremendous fury from the sky; the showers of monsoon rain played a complete spoilsport,

A true mother is the one who never forgets her child; anxious about its safety all day and year; attending to the most tiniest of his pampered commands; even in times when her baby matured into an impetuous youngster; and now no longer slept in the shade of her compassionate lap,

A true lover is the one who never forgets his beloved; keeps loving her for infinite more births to unveil without expecting the slightest favor; even in times when the acrimonious society stood as a hostile quiver of arrows; chopped his every step even before he put his foot on the ground,

And a true man is the one who never forgets his home soil; kisses the soil he was born on; every night before he slept; every day as he opened his eyes with brilliant light; even in times when the entire planet was undergoing a spurious metamorphosis; with people crazily embracing other religion and land; thinking the same place which had produced them; the same place which nurtured and harnessed their lives; had now become outdated.

Nikhil Parekh

A True Poet

A true poet is the one; who indefatigably fantasizes in the aisles of uninhibited freedom; without caring even an inconspicuous trifle about the conventionally tyrannical society,

A true poet is the one; who romanticizes art even in the most languidly dreariest of stones; relentlessly floating in the planet of harmonious melody,

A true poet is the one; who irrefutably trusts his pen more than anything else on this Universe; intransigently keeps embodying mystical verse; irrespective of a barrage of criticisms; by the incorrigibly cynical society,

A true poet is the one; who nurtures every alphabet with his very own crimson blood; harnessing a bountiful entrenchment of dreams; with every iota of his ravishingly sensuous breath,

A true poet is the one; who frantically gropes in versatile shades of majestic light as well as ominously sinister darkness; to evolve the most fantastically blossoming tomorrow,

A true poet is the one; who philanders with gay abandon even in the most incomprehensibly unassailable of situations; stretching the realms of his fathomless mind; to blend with the sparkling; as well as the esoterically bizarre,

A true poet is the one; who mesmerizes countless with the compassionately poignant cadence in his spell binding voice; as he divulges voluptuous rhyme from the bottom of his soul; and with maximum impact,

A true poet is the one; who has the astronomically intrepid tenacity to confront the most acerbically treacherous of times; dance rhapsodically under pearly beams of moonshine; even as the lecherously corrupt society spat gallons of penniless saliva at his; miserably sagging countenance,

A true poet is the one; who ardently caresses all that is beautiful; with an insatiable fire to endlessly discover resplendent newness; as each second rampantly unfurled into a wholesome minute,

A true poet is the one; who timelessly wanders in lanes of exotically tantalizing enchantment; groping for the ultimate seductress of blooming jubilation,

A true poet is the one; who is not bonded by any caste; creed; religion or society; ubiquitously spawning a civilization of perennially endless excitement; with the unprecedented artistry in his magically exquisite words,
A true poet is the one; who is an unsurpassable idol of piquant sensitivity; yet not being the slightest perturbed by hideous tongues; ignominiously condemning and rebuking; his divinely art,

A true poet is the one; who wakes and sleeps at the moments of his choice; at times dreaming in realms of unconquerable yearning for countless hours on the trot; even as the turgidly pragmatic society lambasted him with lethally venomous swords of diabolical manipulation,

A true poet is the one; who immutably gyrates in the corridors of unfathomable belonging; embracing and philanthropically assimilating all heavenly goodness; lingering profusely on this ebulliently euphoric planet,

A true poet is the one; who enshrouds every vein of his mind and body alike; in a whirlpool of fabulously inscrutable enigma and kaleidoscopic grace,

A true poet is the one; who sights the luminescently embellished canvas of this Universe; in its ultimate epitome; of unparalleled splendor and vivacity,

A true poet is the one; who audaciously dares to venture into uncharted territories where no organism has ever been; despite Herculean vindication by the tumultuously ostracizing society,

A true poet is the one; who sacrifices fathomless births of his; to beautifully evolve his art; more importantly to royally bless every ecstatic wind; of a vibrantly brilliant tomorrow,

A true poet is the one; who incessantly loves his beloved more than anybody else on this world could ever conceive; immortalizing the spirit of his eternal romance; in every line of his; graciously benign poetry,

Over and above all; a true poet is the one; who solely listens to his invincibly throbbing heart and nothing else; perpetually bonding with symbiotic spirit of synergistic existence; metamorphosing every unfinished desire of the benevolent soul; into a charismatically endowing paradise.

Nikhil Parekh

A Valiant Seed

The seed sown in thick dark mud,
accompanies the soil with a slow thud.
blanket covers of soil provide it that salubrious fertility,
piercing through a web of dramatic appearance,
which leads to the dynamic prone world,
giving boisterous and hearty feelings,
and leaving no trace of malice.
the seed comes pops out with sporadic bursts of energy,
greeted by a sudden gush of blindness,
with the sun filtering straight through its eyes,
leaving possible autopsies underived.
obstacles engulf it from all quarters of land,
to subject it to a tough examination,
testing where it actually lies.
its appearance at maturity puristically flamboyant,
mighty storm winds strike it with rebellious force,
ultimately causing it to deteriorate,
fixing the humans on earth a new subsidized rate.

Nikhil Parekh

A Wall Of Blackness- Our Most Sadistic Savior.

It was a wall of hopelessly crippling and deplorable blackness; a wall whose treacherous realms seemed to stretch to even an infinite kilometers beyond the realms of hopeless infinite infinity,

It was a wall of treacherously terrorizing and parasitic blackness; a wall whose foundations were indelibly soaked in unsurpassable mortuaries of pristinely innocuous blood,

It was a wall of tyrannically hedonistic and bigotic blackness; a wall whose cadaverously invidious dimensions couldn't at all be measured; by any of the holistic living kind,

It was a wall of cynically mocking and crucifying blackness; a wall whose stench of disparagingly venomous lies; granted the most torturous of death; even at every exuberantly unfurling instant of life,

It was a wall of vindictively tawdry and sinful blackness; a wall which spelt devastatingly confounded misery; at every conceivable step that we alighted on the trajectory of spell binding earth,

It was a wall of traumatically inexplicable and prurient blackness; a wall which was infact the most veritably unfortunate staircase to the unstoppably massacring devil's graveyard,

It was a wall of ignominiously slandering and victimizing blackness; a wall which asphyxiated us more and more lecherously towards penalizing stagnation; even as we were in the most enchanting prime of life,

It was a wall of indescribably silent and neglecting blackness; a wall which disassociated us in criminal entirety; from every tangible and intangible aspect of the symbiotic earth outside,

It was a wall of despondently livid and incarcerating blackness; a wall which led only to the coffins of the cancerously jinxed past; irrespective of the boundlessly bestowing virility trapped in our stride,

It was a wall of ominously abhorrent and abusive blackness; a wall which sealed even the most inconspicuously optimistic aperture of our life; with whiplashes of irrevocably hapless denial,

It was a wall of insidiously jailing and punitive blackness; a wall which indiscriminately bludgeoned even the last ounce of strength from our holistically effervescent veins,

It was a wall of despairingly delinquent and unsparing blackness; a wall which diabolically curtailed us from relishing even the most oblivious of pleasures on this fathomlessly enriching planet,

It was a wall of ghoulishly non-existent and ribald blackness; a wall which tirelessly pulverized us as a piece of excoriated shit; irrespective of our caste; creed; dignity; color or kind,

It was a wall of chauvinistically inflated and unending blackness; a wall which forever rendered us horribly maimed; and bereft of even the most infinitesimal enlightenment in the chapter of our truncated life,

It was a wall of doggedly dying and morbid blackness; a wall which cast its spell of intolerably strangulating evil upon every of our kind; irrespective of any ostensible reason or rhyme,

It was a wall of tirelessly frustrating and penalizing blackness; a wall which just couldn't be felled by even the most perpetual force of righteousness or united might,

It was a wall of maliciously demeaning and spurious blackness; a wall which made us feel like frigidly deteriorating matchsticks; on the firmament of this boundlessly benign Universe,

It was a wall of truculently fetid and never-ending blackness; a wall which fomented us to horrendously stumble and falter; even on the most infallibly unflinching footsteps of life,

It was a wall of brutally tormenting and devilish blackness; a wall which no fraternity of the living race on planet divine; could ever tolerate even for lightening fractions of time; and which we were gifted with for the remainder of our lives,

It was a wall of disgustingly ghastly and unforgiving blackness; a wall which made us at times lose our faith in the Omnipresent Almighty; wholesomely drowned and wavering in a sea of despairing darkness,

It was a wall of blackness which didn't spare us the slightest at even the most ultimate breath of our lives; it was a wall of blackness which was our irrefutably unconquerable destiny irrespective of what the lines on our palms otherwise said; it was such a wall of blackness which would perpetually stay with us as our most sadistic savior as we were born blind; and to break even an obfuscated portion of it we desperately needed eyesight; which we would never ever get in the destined tenure of our utterly devastated lifetime.

Nikhil Parekh

A Whole New Chapter

Every day as you arose at the crackle of mesmerizing dawn; you blossomed into celestial freshness; wholesomely shirking the hideously monstrous monotony of the previous bedraggled day,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of blissful dawn; you wholeheartedly smiled the smile of your life; as the Omnipotently golden rays of the Sun smooched you in euphoric entirety,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of enchanting dawn; you became oblivious to the treacherously barbarous tyrannies meted upon you; as even the most infinitesimally inane of your senses completely coalesced with the panoramic mists of mother nature,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of effulgent dawn; you insatiably urged to defecate your miserably asphyxiated bowels; mollify your bereaved stomach with delectably fresh fruit and sparkling water,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of rhapsodic dawn; you devoutly resolved never to repeat your mistakes of the past; astoundingly train every of your delinquent nerve; to perennially surge forward to eternal success,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of bountiful dawn; you profoundly reminisced new memories of your majestically uninhibited childhood; when you cared a damn about this manipulative planet; compassionately suckling in the lap of your heavenly mother,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of victorious dawn; you chalked out countless distinct strategies to irrefutably vanquish the indiscriminately rampaging devil; inexhaustibly striving for complete freedom of your mind; body and soul,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of poignant dawn; you found the intensity of scarlet blood in your veins more profuse than ever; to holistically survive in times that were good as well as diabolically bad,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of Omniscient dawn; you felt an inexorable fervor to discover encapsulating every cranny of your persona; alleviating you from the most severest of your wanton depression; into the aisles of timeless proliferation,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of emollient dawn; you uninhibitedly danced with passionately enthralling ardor; letting every egregiously trapped staleness of your countenance; freely cascade out as beautifully fragrant sweat,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of philanthropic dawn; you found a boundless array of never-before flavors titillate the buds of your disparagingly emaciated tongue,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of immaculate dawn; you tirelessly danced the whites and blacks of your emphatically crystalline eyes; to the magically unfurling beams of the pristinely whistling atmosphere,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of regale dawn; you flirted with an unfathomable ocean of supreme sensuality; playing hide-n-seek with the evanescently crimson beams of the new-born Sun,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of mystical dawn; you unraveled the mortifying introvert in you to the most unprecedented of your capacity; peerlessly blazing in the untamed ardor of intrepidly unflinching life,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of jingling dawn; you tread your nimble foot more solidly on earth; more and more invincibly embedding your inimitable rudiments on the landscape of the fathomless globe,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of vivacious dawn; you abdicated all your baseless nervousness; scintillated like a true warrior to defend your maliciously usurped and pricelessly venerated motherland,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of titillating dawn; you felt every pore of your fecklessly limpid skin; intransigently desirous of being mischievously tickled by the winds of miraculously never-ending procreation,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of ecstatic dawn; you felt more closer and closer to your impressions on sacred soil; unrelentingly fantasizing about that moment in which was born your very first ancestor,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of vivid dawn; you obeisantly surrendered even the most diminutive of your breath to the unconquerable illumination of the Sun; letting it weave a whole new chapter of your enrapturing existence,

And still some of you had the guts to say that each new day was fretfully boring;

each new day had nothing to offer which revolutionary new; each new day
brought you closer to your death; each day was just like and nothing but a
pathetic facsimile of
the very previous day!

Nikhil Parekh

A Woman's World

If a man was born out of a woman's divinely womb; after tossing; turning and kicking helplessly for 9 agonizingly marathon months; before tasting the first beams of light of the alien world,

If a man suckled life-yielding milk; comfort; and compassion; from the bosom of a woman; in order to perseveringly fortify each of his bone-to face the ghastly wrath of the parasitic planet outside,

If a man wailed in a woman's eclectically sensitive palms in his times of duress; felt their latent warmth as the most invincible fortress; even as the worst of hell descended on earth,

If a man fervently licked his fingers clean time and again; savoring the most succulently ravishing meals on earth even in his dreams; prepared by the artistically virile woman,

If a man flirted and philandered with a woman in iridescent twilight; in order to grant his veins the most tantalizingly unparalleled exhilaration that ever existed; in order to profoundly realize the glory of his untamed youth,

If a man kissed a woman with every ounce of passion that existed in each ingredient of his blood; in order to perpetually feel the quintessential reason of existence; as two souls royally blended to become one,

If a man took inimitably unflinching pride in introducing a woman as his better-half partner for life; thereby demonstrating his perfect symbiosis with nature and winning the unanimous applause of one and all around,

If a man started to work everyday with reinvigorated vigor to conquer life and its uncanny hardships; thanks to the fearlessly inspiring smile of a woman and the power of faith in her resplendent eyes,

If a man desperately sought a beautiful woman's face amidst a boundless crowd of other men; to enlighten his otherwise wretchedly remorseful evening with the clouds of effervescent desire,

If a man resorted to the sensuous caress of a magnetic woman-shrugging millions of the currency coin; only to feel the ultimate magic of exhaling in princely desire and unconquerably alive,

If a man desperately shouted the name of the woman who brought him to the world even before he remembered God; at the tiniest attack of the salaciously crucifying devil,

If a man squeaked worse than an orphaned rat in front of a woman's door; to forgive him as night fell and he frantically needed a shoulder to cry upon—as the mosquitoes of worldly commercialism chased him down to the last hole,

If a man considered a woman his most eternally unshakable companion; to uninhibitedly blend with his feminist fears and tears; understand his sensitive soul to the hilt-like no-one else could ever comprehend,

If a man needed a woman to trigger an infinite colors and spectrums of desire; in his otherwise robotically routine business night; where all that was otherwise visible was plaintive cigarette smoke; tie; whisky; dubious collapse of stocks; and unbearable strife,

If a man depended on a woman to articulately assemble and sift through his disorganized life; make him feel more responsible in the chapter of existence; as he refreshingly marched forward with a purpose to serve back his own world,

If a man embraced a woman for bondings more immortal than an infinite more physical lives and veritable deaths; totally unfettered as the planet viciously abused him; locked in the arms of her ever-pervading love,

If a man secretly wanted to be fed every morsel of his food by a woman just like in innocuous childhood; in order to forever revel in the love and glory of the very best that life in its most pristinely form; had to ever offer,

If a man wholesomely leaned upon a woman to continue his race and name ahead; intransigently feel that the chapter of life had then eventually revolved a complete circle,

Then why the hell do you call it and rant about it as a 'mans earth'. For whether you agree or don't agree it always has been and always would be a womans world.

Nikhil Parekh

A World Of United Existence

When I wasn't looking at her ravishingly tantalizing hair; the vivaciously marvelous strands of silk on her priceless scalp; that royally swayed with the grandiloquent breeze,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still profusely admired her sacrosanct forehead; the irrefutably indefatigable creases of determination; that euphorically sprawled all over.

When I wasn't looking at her majestically sculptured forehead; the princely way in which it drifted with the enchantingly satiny winds,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still ecstatically admired her piquantly poignant nose; the stupendous exhilaration that she miraculously generated; with every exotic breath of hers.

When I wasn't looking at her boisterously pristine nose; the impeccably charming embellishments of bountiful beauty; that it had inherently adorned,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still unfathomably admired her voluptuously tantalizing lips; the infernos of untamed desire that she triggered; with just a single kiss.

When I wasn't looking at her incredulously seductive lips; the cloud of relentless fascination that they weaved; on even the most dolorously languid winds of the atmosphere that they caressed,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still intransigently admired her wonderfully blushing cheeks; the crimson streaks of celestial passion that they transited into; with just a single run my groping fingers.

When I wasn't looking at her marvelously aristocratic cheeks; the overwhelmingly scarlet tinges of innocence embedded within; that unequivocally made her the most beautiful woman on this Universe,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still intractably admired her beautifully immaculate neck; the extraordinarily sensuous wave of imagination that enveloped her Omniscient grace; from all sides.

When I wasn't looking at her blissfully ingratiating neck; the magnetically queenly charisma that fabulously wafted; every time she delectably maneuvered it; to the tunes of the ebulliently cascading rain,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still uninhibitedly admired her

divinely Omnipotent chest; the unflinching thunderbolts of patriotism in her nimble visage; to wholesomely free her murderously besieged motherland.

When I wasn't looking at her handsomely exotic chest; the oceans of charismatically unending intrigue that overwhelmingly radiated; from her innocently untainted countenance,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still irrevocably admired her tantalizingly rhetoric belly; as she compassionately gyrated it till times immemorial; under the alluringly pearly beams of resplendent moonlight.

When I wasn't looking at her unsurpassably titillating belly; the unstoppable sparks of vibrant electricity emanating; that profoundly enlightened even the most the remorseful of morbid graves,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still incessantly admired her philanthropically heavenly palms; the unprecedented reservoir of gorgeous destiny
lines encapsulated inside; that formidably evolved every aspect of my impoverished existence.

When I wasn't looking at her sagaciously candid palms; the fathomless sea of sparkling humanity; that they altruistically disseminated for centuries immemorial;
and every time this earth was born,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still exuberantly admired her scintillatingly Godly feet; the unshakably glittering path of humanitarian righteousness that they spawned; on every squalid patch of earth they tread.

And when I wasn't looking at her miraculously ubiquitous feet and any element of her demeanor at all; the astronomical benevolence that diffused magically; in every scented word that she spoke,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still immortally admired her gloriously Omnipresent reflections of unassailable love; her unconquerable fragrance of mankind; that eternally transpired the entire planet; towards a township of endless beauty; towards a world of united existence.

Nikhil Parekh

A Writer Is Never Unemployed

A needle is never soft; pierces the elastic periphery of the bombastically inflated balloon with a thunderous bang,

A tree is never symmetrical; has branches of all dimensions and sizes dangling from its severely corrugated body,

A fire is never cold; sizzles the mockingly cold night with its festoon of hostile of rays,

An ice is never solid; metamorphoses itself at astounding speeds into a stream of cold water when caressed by the slightest of heat,

A rose is never stinking; inundates the barren and profoundly gloomy surrounding with the tantalizing aroma wafting unequivocally from its crimson body,

A bird is never walking for long miles on the ground; leans overwhelmingly on its pair of flamboyant wings to impart it with that delectable flight,

A diamond is never dull; punctures the eyes of even the blind with its glitter and scintillating shine,

A mushroom is never clean; extrudes disdainfully from the jungle with tufts of incorrigible dirt; loose specks of worm and deplorable soil,

A demon is never sweet; devours millions of innocent in the swirl of its insatiable desire which never dies or subsides,

A potbellied tortoise is never fast; crawls painstakingly through the leafy meadows chewing grass; while its counterparts execute several rounds of the finishing line,

A man eater leopard is never vegetarian; has an unrelenting zeal for flesh engulfing him every minute; after once relishing the taste of human blood,

A frog is never beautiful; spending its entire life in boundlessly deep interiors of the sordid well; having its coat enveloped with garbage and obnoxious slime,

A scorpion is never innocuous; ardently awaiting to strike its venomous fangs

any minute into impetuously innocent flesh wandering unsuspectingly,

A fired bullet is never harmless; as even though it might miss its intended target;
it nevertheless ricochets against impeccable wildlife,

A Kangaroo is never slow; bounces several strides at a time; even while
harboring clusters of immaculate babies in its bulging belly,

A cow is never unholy; generates new life in all those who consume its
supremely sacrosanct and salubrious milk,

A heart is never silent while it lives; palpitates tumultuously inside the chest;
increasing its pace to unsurpassable limits after sighting the love of its life,

A breath is never dry; besieges the atmosphere around with Herculean loads of
compassionate fervor; triggers the body every minute to run and live,

A life is never disciplined; replete with ups and downs that encompass an entity
unsparingly every second; irrespective of the color he possesses or the religion
he believes in,

A mother is never cruel to her child; no matter how much the infant cries and
kicks her incessantly with its feet,

And a writer is never unemployed; although he might not go to conventional
office from 9 in the morning to an exact 10 in the night; yet the fantasies he
evolved impregnated new hope and charm; in millions others who monotonously
survived.

Nikhil Parekh

A Writer Without A Pen

A writer without a pen; is like a dog deprived of its magnanimously furry tail,
A writer without a pen; is like the jungle woodpecker without a beak,
A writer without a pen; is like a musician without a melodious voice,
A writer without a pen; is like a cluster of fish deprived of saline water,
A writer without a pen; is like the celestial body of Sun bereft of brilliant rays,
A writer without a pen; is like the colossal persona of blackboard without colored chalk,
A writer without a pen; is like the desert without astronomical amounts of scorched sand,
A writer without a pen; is like the cow stripped of its angular horn,
A writer without a pen; is like the exquisite sedan divested of aromatic fuel,
A writer without a pen; is like a red ant without its poignant sting,
A writer without a pen; is like a well laid concrete road without congested traffic,
A writer without a pen; is like a bird without its pair of indispensable wings,
A writer without a pen; is like warm quilt without stuffing if wool,
A writer without a pen; is like a grandiloquent chess board without carved pieces,

A writer without a pen; is like a wrestler without bulging muscles,
A writer without a pen; is like a computer without a plethora of programmed chips,
A writer without a pen; is like the scintillating sword without a sharp edge,
A writer without a pen; is like a rustic panther without its vociferous growl,
A writer without a pen; is like an oyster without immaculate pearl,
A writer without a pen; is like the preposterously huge blue whale without teeth,
A writer without a pen; is like black thunderous clouds in the cosmos without pelting rain,
A writer without a pen; is like sticky puddles of glue without adhesive power,
A writer without a pen; is like a bank vault without crisp notes of currency,
A writer without a pen; is like the sacrosanct Bible without umpteenth parables of holy literature,
A writer without a pen; is like man existing on earth without mystical traces of love,
Therefore it is my vehement plea to all writers treading on the soil of this earth,
Lift the contraption of pen and ink in your philanthropic hands,
Voraciously inundate blank sheets of paper; with infinite lines of effusive literature,
Thereby portraying the power of your thoughts; transmitted with great efficacy by the innocuous pen.

Abbreviations Blood

The conspicuous blood drop of a wounded man,
Can never fill the brim of an eccentric can.
That molecule of indispensable thought,
Has occasionally brought misery; but broth.
When one roams in this dark world of massacre and pain,
He can conquer everything except mercenary gain.
And when comes the real violent flood,
It leaves behind thick greasy blood,
Thoroughly soaking the surface of parched earth,
To give a vindictive human race birth.

Nikhil Parekh

Abcd

To learn the abcd of spell bindingly tangy salt; I went into the heart of ravishingly undulating and frostily untainted; ocean,

To learn the abcd of tantalizing mysteriousness; I strolled through the aisles of the stupendously resplendent and profoundly moonlit; forest,

To learn the abcd of unequivocal uninhibitedness; I stood under the torrentially untamed downpour of pricelessly golden and fantastically untainted; rain,

To learn the abcd of symbiotic simplicity; I went to blissfully admire the magnanimously rejuvenating shadows of the royally invincible and benevolently burgeoning; tree,

To learn the abcd of exotically entrenching timelessness; I sailed through the bountifully silken and fathomlessly everlasting; sky,

To learn the abcd of celestially jingling happiness; I went to the vivacious canvas of the supremely dexterous and unbelievably handsome; rainbow,

To learn the abcd of peerlessly unflinching invincibility; I went to the brilliantly flamboyant epitome of the indomitably unshakable and insuperably united; mountain of mankind,

To learn the abcd of pristinely innocuous boisterousness; I went to the hives of the raucously swarming and indefatigably buzzing; bees,

To learn the abcd of quintessentially construable English; I punctiliously flipped through the pages of the colossally informative and incredulously eclectic; dictionary,

To learn the abcd of mellifluously heavenly music; I went to the impeccable nest of the divinely blessed and ubiquitously inimitable; nightingale,

To learn the abcd of astoundingly vivid imitation; I went to the cage of the miraculously sensitive and timelessly ecstatic; parrot,

To learn the abcd of unrestrictedly eternal mischief; I went to the cradle of the blissfully bouncing and perennially suckling; infant,

To learn the abcd of splendidly arcane uncanniness; I went to the den of the regally hissing and poignantly provoked; serpent,

To learn the abcd of supremely reinvigorating freshness; I frequented the perpetual cascade of the emolliently embellished and resplendently rhapsodic; waterfall,

To learn the abcd of blazingly insuperable patriotism; I spent time with the immortally felicitated and fearlessly altruistic; soldier,

To learn the abcd of supremely unhindered compassion; I profusely drowned myself into the selflessly Omnipotent and bountifully heavenly; lap of my revered mother,

To learn the abcd of scientifically revolutionary healing; I went to the beamingly humanitarian and blessedly versatile; doctor,

But in order to learn the abcd of Immortal Love neither did I go anywhere; neither did I browse through the most gigantic of textbooks to sagaciously discern; as the beats from my heart inevitably leapt out in the planet since the very first cry of my birth; to forever bond with the goddess they already knew since an infinite previous births; to forever be possessed by that goddess till even infinite births even after; this earth ceased to throb and exist.

Nikhil Parekh

Abortion—the Greatest Sin

Abortion. A word that brutally devastates the heart of spell binding imagination; casting a spell of irrevocably endless gloom upon every iota of exhilarating freshness in the atmosphere,

Abortion. A word that is indescribably gory to the most unprecedented limits; dismally silencing priceless life; even before it could take construable roots,

Abortion. A word that profanely imperils God's most sacrosanct chapter of proliferation; horrifically assassinating the rainbows of profound exuberance in life's mystical swirl,

Abortion. A word that perpetuates deliriously ghastly abhorrence amongst all caste; creed and tribe alike; sinfully asphyxiating the mantra of innocuous existence,

Abortion. A word that indefatigably rots in the aisles of murderously cold-blooded hell; snaps every ounce of Samaritan brotherhood from boundlessly bountiful civilizations,

Abortion. A word that decimates even the most unassailable flag of victory to dastardly ash; hedonistically rebels against the Omnipresent Almighty Lord; evoking the most angriest moments from emollient heaven,

Abortion. A word that sends vindictively decrepit chills down till the very last bone of the spine; an unforgivable crime for which even the greatest of God's couldn't grant you reprieve,

Abortion. A word that treacherously jeopardizes holistically burgeoning sanctity; indiscriminately pulverizes stupendously benign goodness to the infinitesimally worthless devil's workshop,

Abortion. A word that fomented dolorous discontentment since the very first shimmer of majestically enchanting dawn; metamorphosing every ingredient of poignantly scarlet blood in the body; to ghoulishly amorphous and heartless shit,

Abortion. A word that salaciously reverberates with unsolicited prejudice; baselessly penalizing the fabric of existence; to mollify meaningless idiosyncrasies of pompously tawdry human beings,

Abortion. A word that pronounces intransigently cannibalistic mercilessness; till the time this earth existed and even beyond,
Abortion. A word that disintegrates into countless fragments of inane worthlessness; diffusing nothing but preposterously unwarranted fear; even amidst the most perpetually deadened of graves,

Abortion. A word that is the most cadaverous of invective upon God's paradise of wonderfully symbiotic creation; diabolically squelching the essence of compassionately synergistic togetherness into mists of perfidiously vanishing desolation,

Abortion. A word that wretchedly penalizes the freshly evolving for ostensibly no fault of theirs; a mortuary of endless decay and wicked diabolism,

Abortion. A word that swipes the uninhibitedly everlasting freedom to live and breathe; torturing the naturally harmonious body to the most bizarrely unprecedented limits,

Abortion. A word that propagates nothing but a disease more truculently debilitating than atrocious cancer; ruthlessly killing the effulgent spirit of holistic survival,

Abortion. A word that not only sucks blessed blood from organisms alive; but tirelessly relishes it; smacking its tyrannical lips in unfathomable contentment,

Abortion. A word that just wasn't there in the dictionary of the God's; a word so deadly that even the most victimizing of hell's trembled to harbor in their sinful repertoire,

Abortion. A word that some females succumbed to today; just to maintain the trim silhouettes of their non-existent stomachs; just to expend more time with the bombastically bawdy high society; just to carve a flamboyantly artificial integrity for themselves in the uxoriously dogmatic professional world; although they very well knew that it would be the greatest sin that they would ever commit not only for this birth; but for an infinite more births of theirs; even after the planet had ceased to exist

Nikhil Parekh

Absolutely Useless

To quench a scorched travelers thirst; all that was required was a tiny well with sparkling water,
The entire ocean with its boundless number of volcanic waves; the infinite assemblage of salty liquid proved to be absolutely useless.

To appease a famished beggars hunger; all that was required was the minuscule little cluster of appetizing cherries,
The entire tree with its innumerable branches; the tons of green foliage protruding out in surplus abundance from towering heights; proved to be absolutely useless.

To construct an impoverished man's dwelling; all that was required was frugal chunks of earth scattered around the placid pond,
The entire desert with its unfathomable territory of sand; the countless billions of slippery granules impregnated in its heart; proved to be absolutely useless.

To pacify the infants incessant crying; all that was required was the passionate embrace of the holy mother,
The entire armory of traditionally embellished attendants; the toys worth millions of rupees from every part of the continent; proved to be absolutely useless.

To provide rest to a priest having walked unrelentingly since the last 10 days; all that was required a clean slab of stone; with rustic chirping of the sparrows putting him to eternal rest,
The entire palace; adorned with a festoon of ostentatious lights; golden couches sprawling all around; proved to be absolutely useless.

To illuminate the life of a blind man; was just a shoulder he could lean upon; share his inconsolable tale of bizarre distress,
The entire street flooded with brilliant lights; dazzling flames of ferocious fire escalating high towards the sky; to be absolutely useless.

To add a smile to the life of a bird; all that was required was to leave it in free space; where it could soar high and handsome under the blanket of stars and moon,
The entire zoo with silver cages; the contemporary shelter enveloped with chains; proved to be absolutely useless.

To trigger off enormous jubilation in the eyes of the dog; engender its tail to

unceasingly wag; all that was required was to place its master in front of his body,

The entire dungeon stashed with biscuits of gold; the colossal pile of shimmering bones lined with meat; proved to be absolutely useless.

To satisfy the last desire of a dying man; with his breath being limited only to a few more seconds; all that was required was his loved ones engulfing him and supporting him from all sides,

The entire reception to felicitate him for his life time achievements; the grandiloquent extravaganza with stringent music blaring in his respect; proved to be absolutely useless.

And to make me live; blissfully exist on the surface of this earth; all that was required was the captivating perception of my omnipotent God; the unprejudiced and revered face of my mother; and the flames of sizzling romance emanating from the body of my beloved,

The entire Universe with its riches; the fascinating and marvelous scenery it had to offer; the flamboyantly sculptured jets transporting me virtually to even the remotest part of the jungles; proved to be absolutely useless.

Nikhil Parekh

Accept Me

Accept me for my candid perceptions; the heart that still palpitated more passionately in my chest than the most tumultuous of thunderstorm,
Accept me for my diminutive stature; the unflinching ability with which I could still face the most threatening of disaster,
Accept me for my incongruously bearded cheeks; the crispness in my voice that still had the power to pacify hordes of; overwhelmingly agitated masses,
Accept me for my flurry of profusely lazy habits; the alacrity with which my mind still functioned after midnight,
Over and above all; accept me for what I was and not what I couldn't be.

Accept me for my ugly contoured face; the exorbitant charisma that still flowed uninhibitedly in each of my tear drop,
Accept me for my insurmountably penurious disposition; the richness that still circumvented my conscience which was greater than any living being on this earth,
Accept me for my disastrously broken leg; the Herculean power that still encapsulated my palms; with which I could take on the mantle of this entire Universe,
Accept me for my disdainfully deafening snoring; the unsurpassable compassion I still generated by indefatigably fantasizing about you all throughout the night,
Over and above all; accept me for what I was and not what I couldn't be.

Accept me for my pathetically fading vision; the unfathomable sense or perception that still reigned supreme; triggering me to see even better than those having complete sight,
Accept me for my inherent virtue of speaking the irrefutable truth; the incomprehensible tenacity I still possessed to face the aftermath of violent death,

Accept me for my unrelenting faith in God; the religion of humanity I still propagated in each continent and free space sprawled over this earth,
Accept me for not bathing scrupulously at the unveiling of ethereal dawn; the holistic purity that still enveloped my mind; body and soul; to make the world a paradise to live,
Over and above all; accept me for what I was and not what I couldn't be.

Accept me for utterly outlandish set of ideals I stringently adhered too; the virtue of benevolence which still reigned stupendously supreme in my animate

countenance,

Accept me for defying the conventionally monotonous society; the twin meals of bread and butter I still earned; in order to blissfully suffice me and my adorable family,

Accept me for choosing the road which was the darkest and the most obsolete; the optimistic beams of hope I still conjured; as I emerged out victorious from the tunnel of despair,

Accept me for staring relentlessly towards the carpet of blue sky; the resplendent festoon of stars that I still got on earth; to majestically illuminate its every enchanting night,

Over and above all; accept me for what I was and not what I couldn't be.

Nikhil Parekh

Acne

Round bumps of red rash developed on my face,
As a handful of mosquitoes stung placid regions of my flesh in unison.

Small protrusions of skin were visible on my face,
An aftermath of fanatic consumption of dairy milk chocolate.

Blotted patches of dirty green crept on my handsome feet,
After dipping it in stagnant water for unsurpassable lengths of time.

Soft crusts of yellow grew in abundance beneath my luscious lips,
As I didn't scrub my face for weeks on the trot.

Illicit corrugations of grey engulfed large portions of my back,
The moment I rolled vociferously in remnant ashes of a dead soul.

Fresh wounds of thin blood were disdainful to spot on my hands,
As I kneaded them against cutters of steel to gain respite from inflamed irritation.

Prominent sty buds cropped on intricate exteriors of my eye,
After violent outbursts of epidemic fever.

Tiny hillocks of skin took birth on my scalp,
As I drenched them in fuming acid instead of tepid water.

Colossal amounts of prickly heat erupted on my chest,
As I waded through blistering currents of the brutal summer.

Minuscule goose-bumps rose with tender tenacity from my body,
As I lay down on cubes of ice, bereft of a cloth camouflaging my flesh.

Throbbing walls of my sensitive heart,
Got reinforced with a cluster of blunt tiny thorns,
Ripping apart capillaries of blood, bellows of gallant oxygen,
When the person I was ready to die for,
The one who meant to me more than what bountiful life could offer,
Left me midway in my quest for conquering unfathomable goals in life.

Nikhil Parekh

Actions

I chopped the mighty cheddar tree into slices of trimmed lumber,
then accomplished the action of aligning dry wood for fire.

i evacuated slippery fish from the lake with coherent dexterity,
then plunged myself into the action of roasting them for night supper.

i traveled at nerve breaking speeds in the lead tipped capsule of spaceship,
engaged myself voraciously in the task of snapping photographs of the moon.

i brutally tore through the skin of the succulent watermelon,
urged myself into the action of devouring blood red chunks of the fruit.

i waded past undulating waters of the sea; landing up marooned on an island,
intensely involved myself in the action of plucking wild banana to survive.

i subtly filled hollow interiors of my pen with fountain ink,
passionately prompting my fingers to perform the action of ornate calligraphy.

i inadvertently slipped from precarious height of the stairs,
wasted no time getting into the action of consuming a pellet of pain killer.

i mounted euphorically on a thoroughbred stallion,
then ardently executed the action of galloping past the mountains.

i chewed a cluster of sapphire green betel leaf,
performed the rustic action of spitting cup fulls of saliva on the street.

i memorized mystical tunes all throughout the cloud covers of murky day,
prolifically drowned myself in the action of composing romantic songs.

i slogged in the blistering heat of the fierce midday Sun,
then succumbing myself to the involuntary action of blissful sleep.

Nikhil Parekh

Acts Of Courage

He walked adroitly on tight strained cotton rope,
Tied at both ends to the tallest precipice of blood stained rock.

He skydived into dark valleys of nothingness,
Without comfort parachutes buckled to rib cage encompassing his body.

He swam incessantly for long days against chilly currents of the Atlantic,
Had occasional meals of cold sea weed and salt water.

He drove his sports car through winding roads of the mountain,
Applied bare minimum of brake; with mounting pressure on the accelerator

He rode fearlessly on striped panther back,
Slept in the night on a bundle of hay with a family of wild fox.

He consumed long shards of unpolished cut glass,
Cracked a joke a few seconds after relishing the ghastly meal.

He plummeted infinite feet below into savage waters of the river,
Pulled out trapped children from smashed interiors of the dismantled bus.

He trespassed through steaming flames of city fire,
Tried to evacuate people gasping for fresh draughts of breath.

He resolved to climb Mount Everest on foot,
Confronted frozen winds and avalanches of ice on his expedition to the top.

He always decided to attempt the virtually impossible,
To blend white clouds of the sky with earth,
And he knew he would succeed,
As with every step he took,
He was there with himself for his miracle rescue.

Nikhil Parekh

Addiction

a dog has overwhelming addiction for raw sticks of bone,
gnaws them with immense fervour,
crushing them to finely powdered calcium with brutal strokes of canine teeth.

the human tongue has an addiction for the slimy texture of water,
swallows mammoth pints of ice water with the ticking clock,
relishing the moist freshness, quenching the thirst for insatiable desire.

a slab of iron has an addiction for acquiring coats of rust,
the monsoon approaches, mighty droplets of rain drench its surface,
transforming its shining body into rusty curled peels projecting out.

the farmer has an addiction for rich cow milk,
deftly kneading the ripened teats,
thereby extracting a fountain of white cream into the empty pail placed below.

the spider has an addiction for spinning webs,
revolves incessantly with sticky juice emanating from its legs,
developing a network of intermingled threads glistening in the golden Sunlight.

some souls have a mounting addiction for tobacco leaf,
chewing it, blowing it into clouds of grey smoke,
rendering their hearts deficient of life bestowing achromatic oxygen.

fishes have addiction for saline ocean water,
move at amazing speeds with their bodies slithering,
gasp for breath, dying within few seconds of isolation from the sea.

all car engines have severe addiction for lubricant oil,
sputter at regular intervals, whine like monsters,
emitting sparks of friction when divested of blood in their veins.

i had a pragmatic addiction to survive,
had to consume many morsels of food and water to achieve the same,
needed crisp currency notes as my sole artillery,
which appeared cumbersome to earn from impoverished hearts residing beside me.

Adopt The Girl Child.

Think about the unbelievably unsurpassable amount of happiness that you'd be perpetuating in her life; by wholesomely freeing her from the clutches of the disdainfully incarcerated orphanage,

Think about the endless odes of blissful love that she'd receive; amidst the philanthropically synergistic members of your unceasingly caring family,

Think about the perennial smiles that would so royally enlighten her tear-strained face; never ever leaving her blessed countenance; when she would uninhibitedly sway in your arms; and towards the fathomless sky,

Think about the egalitarian education and ardent courage that you'd be providing her; granting her the most invincible opportunity to walk shoulder to shoulder with the global machismo society,

Think about the compassionate shelter that you'd be granting to her forlornly impoverished and tiny little persona; being her sole source of quintessential light even in the most murderously blasphemous of night,

Think about the unassailable mountains of respect that you'd be inculcating in her diminutive brain; as you taught her that every religion; caste; creed and organism on this boundless Universe; was pricelessly and inimitably alike,

Think about every step that she walked being moulded with eternal prosperity; as you harnessed it with your euphoric breath; before she even dared to step,

Think about every mundanely treacherous moment of her life being metamorphosed into a paradise of unlimited happiness; as she uninhibitedly poured even the most inconspicuous thing of her heart; near to your unshakable chest,

Think about all those succulently salubrious morsels of food that you'd feed her with all her destined life; never ever letting her fantasize about the world with hunger and ruthless drought,

Think about even the most infinitesimal of her non-invasive desire being quenched to the fullest and even beyond infinite infinity; as you fought the entire acrimoniously ribald planet; to bring all blessed creativity into her innocuously outstretched palms,

Think about the artist that you'd be so unconquerably harnessing in each of her transient senses; with every of your blood; body and inimitably blazing breath,

Think about the insurmountable tenacity that you'd be permeating in her body and soul; to take upon the mantle of all diabolically sacrilegious on this planet; with you forever as her lone savior,

Think about the infallibly interminable identity that you'd be blessing her with; altruistically granting her not only your name and surname; but an inexhaustible ardor to be just her very ownself,

Think about the countless nights that you'd stand invincible guard to her while she impeccably snored; not permitting even the most infidel trace of tawdry profanity touch her divinely skin,

Think about all those unparalleled pleasurable moments when you'd teach her to walk on her own feet; being like the Omnipotent Creator in her life to timelessly guide her towards the heavens of righteousness,

Think about the innumerable lines of Omniscient Poetry; the limitless number of paintings that you'd be sublimed to make upon her Godly aura; and thereby be blessed with the most truthfully effulgent profession on the trajectory of earth divine,

Think about being the sole lantern of fathomless love in her miserably impoverished life; a lantern whose flames would forever erase even the most evanescent of her memory of being venomously orphaned,

Think about all those countless breaths of yours; that you would so heart-renderingly use to magically heal her every inexplicably traumatic wound; miraculously coalescing her ecstatically vibrant form with the cradle of the Omnipresent divine,

Think about being encompassed by an infinite more of her innocent little kind; being addressed by so many names such as 'Father, Mother', 'Grandfather; Grandmother'; as she would wonderfully procreate your tribe in the coming centuries and times,

And if after marriage; both of you are still childless; then just don't think or contemplate any further on anything; just blindfold your eyes with the wand of unconquerable love overruling all; and forever and ever and ever; adopt the

immortally twinkling and divinely little girl child.

Nikhil Parekh

Adorable Sister

Tangily mischievous; yet supremely compatible whenever I needed her the most,

Boisterously bouncing; yet profoundly empathizing with the myriad of difficulties that encountered me in my way,

Incessantly chattering; yet metamorphosing to more silent than a leaf; when I needed to be in perpetual solitude,

Overwhelmingly pampered; yet ready to relinquish the last iota of her riches for saving my life,

Nostalgically childish; yet comprehending all my agonies more sagaciously than the greatest of saints; putting me off to blissful sleep,

Profusely dreaming; yet stirring me completely out of my weird reveries; tumultuously peppering me all the time to march ahead in life,

Crankily agitated; yet triggering me off into an unrelenting festoon of smiles; as I sat devastated in the corridors of gloom,

Insatiably ambitious; yet surrendering herself to incoherent bouts of frolic; to keep my spirits indefatigably soaring higher than the clouds,

Enigmatically nervous; yet standing like an invincible fortress when I came to defending my wave of stupendous integrity,

Inexorably chirpy; yet sitting by my side for hours immemorial as I fervently awaited my examination results to come,

Irrevocably stubborn; yet commiserating and earnestly blending with all what I remarked,

Cheekily extravagant; yet harboring me in realms of secure introversion; when my wounds slit apart with manipulative malice of the extraneous world,

A cyclonic whirlwind; yet waiting with insurmountable patience for me to grace every occasion of her life,

Prudently mature; yet shunning the entire Universe; endeavoring her best to uplift me from my cloistered shell of eccentric recluse,

Nimble statured; yet swirling higher than the most fulminating of volcano's at every heinous finger that dared to stretch even a trifle towards my countenance,

Euphorically artistic; yet confronting an unfathomable battalion of monotonous vagaries in life; so that I remained enchantingly engrossed in the ocean of poetry for centuries unprecedented,

Magnetically glamorous; yet melanging perfectly with the most aboriginally rustic lifestyles; while trespassing with me on a holiday,

Candid tongued; yet pacifying the belligerent agony torrentially exploding in my heart; with her mesmerizing tunes of immortal love,

Are just frugal words; for even if I assimilated all the philanthropic goodness lingering on this planet; it would be still prove a fraction too less; to describe my sacrosanct and adorable sister

Nikhil Parekh

After A Good Nights Sleep

My eyes felt overwhelmingly revitalized; with their focus seeming to be crystal clear,

The network of bones in my body seemed to be well oiled; with that extra ounce of energy incarcerated,

The breath flowing through my nostrils was holistically pure; without the slightest trace of impurity,

Sweat glands under my arms had started producing fresh perspiration,

The mass of curly hair on my palms had stood up alert; with pungent alacrity,

There seemed to be melodious sounds congruously humming in my eardrum; as an aftermath of nocturnal dream,

Scarlet blood circulating through my veins had acquired a lighter tinge; and now flowed with pumped exuberance,

Dried crusts of dirt lined my eyelashes; which I wiped off ecstatically with my nail,

A serene calm now besieged my stomach; after onerous turmoil of the previous day,

Languid yawns now occurred; impregnating my demeanor with robust spurts of exhilaration,

The flesh circumventing my chest glistened all the more profoundly in golden rays of the sun,

New buds of taste had sprouted in clusters on my tongue; producing tantalizing sensations in my mouth,

The fortress of my teeth seemed to be fortified and strong enough; to masticate the hardest of coconut shell,

There was a perfect co-ordination between the mind and brain; a perpetual

harmony which harnessed constructive thought flow,

Bouts of intense infuriation had dwindled substantially, replaced by the tendency to gently caress the grass and care,

The clouds had never seemed so blue before; and the Sun had never seemed as dazzling as I could spot it now,

There was passion to work; gleeful run and perspire profusely in the heat,

My voice reverberated loud and stringently from my throat; blended with a perfect crispness to project authority,

All the laziness now seemed to have vanished into thin oblivion; with the last trace of dreariness thoroughly annihilated,

Mind you there was no mystery behind this; I had slept like a hooded monster last night; with thunderous snores piercing the stillness of air,

And as the first rays of dawn hit my eyes; I possessed unprecedented strength to fulfill my duties; love with reinvigorated vigor the ones I ardently admired.

Nikhil Parekh

After A Tired Day In Office

The Sun had never seemed so brilliant before; with its pungent rays streaming through the eerie darkness,

The winds had never seemed so exciting before; whizzing past my scalp in nervous exhilaration,

The leaves had never seemed so greener before; with the dew drops on their surface shimmering profoundly in the morning light,

The voice of the Nightingale had never seemed so melodious before; drifting me into waves of unparalleled rhapsody,

The river had never seemed so buoyant before; with the swirling waters; culminating into tons of froth as I whistled by,

The meadows of grass had never seemed so blossoming before; with the mystical camouflage drowning me into an ocean of enchantment,

The clouds in the cosmos had never seemed so robust before; with each patch of cotton wool resembling chunks of rejuvenating ice-cream,

The echo in the valley had never seemed so thunderous before; engendering a billion droplets of dry sweat to envelop my body,

The trio of rabbits leaping through the pastures had never seemed so boisterous before; innocently bouncing over the pathway of shriveled twigs,

The children dancing on the dance floor had never seemed so pepped up before; gyrating their bodies to the tunes of vivacious wild life,

The sizzling slices of bread had never seemed so ravishing before; rekindling even the most dormant taste bud down my throat,

The designs embossed on the walls of the caves had never seemed so realistic before; as if events which had happened centuries ago were unfurling bit by bit before my eyes,

The peacock under pelting rain had never seemed so majestic before; with the kingly plumage of its feathers captivating me in complete mind, body and soul,

The boats sailing on the sea had never seemed so magnificent before; with the stars shimmering resplendently in the sky engulfing them with silvery light,
The tears of the new born infant had never seemed so emphatic before; with their mesmerizing softness making my heart leap in exultation,

The ring on my finger had never seemed so glistening before; with the rays emanating from its demeanor adding a glitter to my morbid eyes,

The body of my beloved had never seemed so tantalizing before; with each area on her skin; enticing me to coalesce into an everlasting embrace,

The lap of my mother had never seemed so warm and compassionate before; luring me into invincible and heavenly sleep,

And the photo of my God had never seemed so radiant before; with his omnipotent aura firmly reinstating my lost faith in all mankind,

O! yes after a tired day in the office; slaving more than 12 hours under my pretentious boss's nose; the world outside seemed as if it was recreated again; and things which seemed like wholesomely dead in office hours; now struck me as if they were bouncing and alive; as if they had been just born.

Nikhil Parekh

After Bathing In The First Showers Of Priceless Rain

The most haplessly swishing of arid hair; suddenly metamorphosed into the most ravishingly titillating fronds of supreme ecstasy; after bathing in the first showers of golden rain; that so celestially tumbled from fathomless sky,

The most abjectly chapped lips; suddenly metamorphosed into the most lusciously pink lotus's of voluptuous glory; after bathing in the first showers of priceless rain; that so unabashedly tumbled from enchanting sky,

The most drearily pulverized soles suddenly metamorphosed into the most exhilarating pathways of an intrepidly optimistic tomorrow; after bathing in the first showers of inimitable rain; that so peerlessly tumbled from ebullient sky,

The most deliriously thwarted of brains suddenly metamorphosed into the most spell bindingly intriguing civilizations of sparkling newness; after bathing in the first showers of voluptuous rain; that so majestically tumbled from triumphant sky,

The most exhaustedly flustered of palms suddenly metamorphosed into the most invincibly philanthropic pillars of united strength; after bathing in the first showers of exultating rain; that so uninhibitedly tumbled from infallible sky,

The most demonically constipated of bellies suddenly metamorphosed into the most vivaciously dancing fairies of the tantalizing night; after bathing in the first showers of inscrutable rain; that so poignantly tumbled from ubiquitous sky,

The most morosely sulking eyes suddenly metamorphosed into the most eternally fructifying cisterns of benign happiness; after bathing in the first showers of astounding rain; that so unwontedly tumbled from limitless sky,

The most dismally febrile and shivering teeth suddenly metamorphosed into the most immaculately amazing pearls of exuberance; after bathing in the first showers of royal rain; that so spectacularly tumbled from charismatic sky,

The most lividly deteriorating of pallid skins suddenly metamorphosed into the most miraculously proliferating nests of freshness; after bathing in the first showers of replenishing rain; that so magically tumbled from passionate sky,

The most discriminatingly bigoted of blood suddenly metamorphosed into the most unassailable waterfall of unshakably glorious humanity; after bathing in the

first showers of effulgent rain; that so sensuously tumbled from undefeatable sky,

The most meaninglessly yawning of mouths suddenly metamorphosed into the most insuperably emollient heavens of creative energy; after bathing in the first showers of mesmerizing rain; that so seductively tumbled from resplendent sky,

The most disastrously flabbergasted of bones suddenly metamorphosed into the most handsomely unconquerable apogees of patriotism; after bathing in the first showers of virile rain; that so unrelentingly tumbled from unimpeachable sky,

The most despondently squelched of spines suddenly metamorphosed into the most compassionately electrifying beanstalks of sensitivity; after bathing in the first showers of fecund rain; that so indefatigably tumbled from vibrant sky,

The most barbarously robotic of fingers suddenly metamorphosed into the most invincibly burgeoning lanes of ubiquitous artistry; after bathing in the first showers of gregarious rain; that so unbelievably tumbled from azure sky,

The most pugnaciously commercial of destinies suddenly metamorphosed into the most unfathomably bewildering meadows of salivating desire; after bathing in the first showers of vivid rain; that so copiously tumbled from unending sky,

The most vindictively asphyxiated of ears suddenly metamorphosed into the most serenading labyrinths of intricate intimacy; after bathing in the first showers of ameliorating rain; that so fantastically tumbled from egalitarian sky,

The most dejectedly flailing of necks suddenly metamorphosed into the most excitedly reverberating summits of Everest; after bathing in the first showers of adventurous rain; that so effeminately tumbled from aristocratic sky,

The most pervertedly impotent of personalities suddenly metamorphosed into the most incessantly evolving oceans of godly fertility; after bathing in the first showers of Omnipotent rain; that so uncompromisingly tumbled from erudite sky,

And the most satanically betraying of hearts suddenly metamorphosed into the most perpetually blessing calendars of all-time immortal love; after bathing in the first showers of holistic rain; that so everlastingly tumbled from bountiful sky.

Nikhil Parekh

After Consuming A Barrel Of Wine

He babbled incoherently at innocuous pedestrians traversing through the streets,
Clenched his fist high in the air; barking a malicious volley of rustic expletives,
Spat loads of colored saliva on the ground; blending superbly with the loosely
sprawled mud,
Danced languidly listening to the slightest of music; eventually collapsing in a
bedraggled heap on the ground,
Swayed frivolously at fair skin; only to be slapped with fervor on his bearded
cheek,
Occasionally stumbled badly on sharp pieces of stone; hurtling at fast speeds to
get a taste of disdainful soil,
Scratched his hair in wild rhapsody; with a ravishing hunger in his blood shot
eyes,
Took deep breaths every once a while; as if getting strangulated by bouts of
suffocation,
Wailed passionately; vociferously proclaiming his unrelenting misery and
tyrannical pain,
Was thoroughly oblivious to his boisterous surrounding; lost in realms of sedative
fantasy,
Had lost all appetite for cooked food; relinquished to chew and eat,
Looked waywardly towards the sky; trying to decipher his blurred destiny,
Rebuked his children severely at home; at their most innocuous of provocation,
Kicked acerbically intricate furniture in vicinity; dismantling the sanctity of
household to threadbare junk,

Illegibly scribbled few lines of script; making a ridiculous mockery of calligraphy,
Slapped his wife with tenacity on her ear; for disobeying his dictatorial rules,
Audaciously revealed startling facts about his life; which he had embedded
deep within his heart,
Was saved by the scruff of his neck on umpteenth an occasion; from high
powered cars; and monstrous traffic,
He had completely lost the dignity to speak; the ability to stand firm on his
knees; distinguish the light illuminating air from darkness,
In the end; he collapsed in a disheveled heap on the ground; awaiting the first
rays of brilliant dawn to terminate his sleep; wash all traces of the barrel of red
wine; he had obsessively consumed the previous night

Nikhil Parekh

After Death

There was a time when I emitted my first cry; with my mother hoisting me high in the air,
Now I lay on the forlorn ground unattended; with scores of black cockroach crawling over my face.

There was a time when my flesh was as rubicund as the crimson rose; with innocuous saliva dribbling from my mouth,
Now I resembled a disheveled heap; with a fleet of pugnacious vultures hovering above my head.

There was a time when I rambunctiously played with an ensemble of contemporary toys; my elders pampering me with crusts of creamy chocolate,
Now people passing viewed me with dismay and utter repulsion; inadvertently showering rotten leftovers of food over my face.

There was a time when I used to voraciously scribble infinite lines of literature; profoundly absorbed in composing verse every day,
Now I was strewn on the tarmac like a decayed parchment; having relinquished all my power of envisage and perceive.

There was a time when I used to dress in ostentatious clothing; overwhelmed to gyrate to the tunes of blaring music,
Now I wasn't even able to hear the slightest of sound; the tiniest of movement; with a blur of darkness camouflaging my eyes.

There was a time when I sporadically laughed and cried; easily provoked by the most impeccable of joke,
Now the blood seemed to have frozen in my veins; and the contours of my face had gone completely lifeless.

There was a time when I used to hold the impregnable hands of my mother; to cross the busy traffic lanes,
Now a fleet of bulky vehicles ran over my body; and I didn't shed even a solitary tear.

There was a time I had insatiable craving for exquisite food; irrevocably longed for fried steak all day,
Now the buds of taste had shriveled on my tongue; and I had been without water

for several days.

There was a time when my blood was incessantly boiling in my veins; with the boisterousness of youth prompting me to execute irascible decisions,
Now a series of bones protruded from my wrinkled skin; and It was impossible for me to raise my hands to drive away the most insipid of buzzing flies.

There was a time when I spent each day of my life incorrigibly loving my beloved; spending marathon hours in the day nostalgically reviving our initial romance days,
And now I lay listless and languid on the earth; having thoroughly abnegated worldly pleasures; waiting for the Creator to grant me heaven or hell; after my death.

Nikhil Parekh

After Every Devil There Is God

After every gruesome night; there rises the brilliant day; with the sun dazzling profoundly in the sky,

After every storm; there descends a celestial stillness; that impregnates the ambience with unprecedented peace,

After every anecdote of horrendous pain; there is unparalleled joy; signs of triumph and ecstatic jubilation,

After every turbulent wave that rises to astronomical heights in the sea; there is sedate water; which languidly floats towards the shores,

After every savage slope of the treacherous mountain there lies the sweet valley; inundating the atmosphere with its mysticism and charm,

After every whirlwind accompanied with gusty currents of wild wind; there is plain dust; which meekly settles on all quarters of exposed surface,

After every bout of epidemic fever; there lies immunity to infection compounded with sporadic spurts of robust health,

After every spell of frozen winter; there lies enchanting summer; with infinite springs of molten liquid cascading down,

After every winding road aligned with a plethora of acerbic barricades; there lies the impeccably straight lane,

After every shrub of the acrimoniously thorny cactus; lies the crimson and fragrant rose,

After every ominous black cloud ready to pelt down thunderous rain; there lies the crystal blue network of clear sky,

After every island of adulterated fertilizer crop; there lies the innocuous and tall tree,

After every dark space in the colossal cosmos; there lies the resplendently twinkling star,

After every little inconspicuous mosquito hovering in the air; there lie infinite molecules of golden sawdust shimmering in the sunshine,

After every hell exiting on this globe; there lies the mesmerizing ocean of paradise,

After every incidence of miserable failure in life; there lies loads of unsurpassable success,

After every lie spoken with blatant audacity; there lies the perpetual truth,

After every horrendous dream throughout the course of the night; there lies the serene morning,

After every parable of overwhelming hatred; there lies immortal and unbiased love,

And after every diabolical demon confronted on this earth; there lies the omniscient Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

After Marriage

Before marriage she used to keep me handsomely like a king on her lids; dancing them every now and again to rejuvenate my overwhelmingly harried senses,
While after marriage she hardly opened her eyes; kept sleeping like an untamed monster all day; despite the most passionate of my appeals.

Before marriage she harbored me like the most prized ring on her finger; scrubbing it umpteenth number of times with the ointment of her sensuous love,
While after marriage she locked her ornament in her dilapidated rusty safe; leaving me in the realms of obsolete oblivion to contend with the dust and demons.

Before marriage she possessed me like a cherished rose in vase of her heart; harnessing me with the crimson blood that flowed profusely through her veins,
While after marriage she ruthlessly ripped me apart; left me to decay with the stinking pile of garbage and the sweeper blowing me in nonchalant disdain; with the bristles of his threadbare broomstick.

Before marriage she chanted my name infinite times in a single minute; refraining to commence any activity without its irrefutably sacred presence on her lips,
While after marriage she stared like a complete stranger into my innocuous eyes; austerely asking who I indeed was with an unheard abuse.

Before marriage she offered me a place to sit; even if that meant that she stood for mind-boggling hours on the trot,
While after marriage she sat on top of me with her battalion of fat friends; started to thunderously laugh without the slightest of gasp or respite.

Before marriage she remained starved till the time I didn't eat; famishing her dainty persona to unprecedented limits till the moment I fed her the first morsel of food with my very own fingers,
While after marriage she finished breakfast; lunch; dinner at a single shot; made me run for my life before she decided to set her gigantic intentions on my robust skin.

Before marriage she hummed mesmerizing tunes in my ear before I went off to sleep; blessing my dreary countenance with divinely reinvigoration and celestial peace,
While after marriage she woke me the very next instant with her volcanic flurry

of snores; commanded me to stand guard on the shivering gate to guard her until
she awoke sometime past brilliant afternoon.

Before marriage she bathed under the heavenly springs; adorned her neck with the most stupendously scented flowers; to astonishingly take my breath away from its
very roots,
While after marriage she kept stubbornly lying like a corpse at one place; ordering me to snap the flies wandering past her month long unwashed cheeks.

Before marriage she imprisoned me in her breath like the most precious jewel that ever existed; immortally holding me close to her chest as it rose and fell harmoniously; in blissful tandem with the wind,
While after marriage she blew me away like a speck of inconspicuous dirt; attaching a price tag to my neck for auctioning me in the commercial junkyard.

Before marriage she kept compassionately kissing me till eternity; igniting dormant infernos in my visage to leap upto the fathomless sky,
While after marriage I made a dash for safer havens with my tail beneath my legs; as I sighted the entire jugglery of kitchen forks menacingly tighten in her hands.

And Before marriage she made me feel like the King of the Universe; applauding me insurmountably even for the most blatant blunder that I might have committed,
While after marriage she gave her heart to the stone miserably wailing on the streets; wholesomely kept me only to convert it specially for her; into a fountain of new life.

Nikhil Parekh

After Meeting Her

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my dreams; in the whites of her immaculately sacrosanct eyes; as she glided like a voluptuously euphoric wind; swiping me like a fragrant petal from the complexion of this earth,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my smiles; in the voluptuous contours of her ravishingly rubicund lips; surrendering my impoverished entity wholesomely to her divine senses,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my embarrassment; in the robust pink of her seductively gorgeous cheeks; as I stood awestruck; stupendously fascinated by the glory of her fabulous scent,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my voice; in the realms of her melodiously glorious throat; wholesomely embracing her mesmerizing shadow,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my innocence in her marvelously impeccable eyelashes; blooming in the tantalizing aura that radiated profusely from her skin,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my perceptions in her incredulously fantastic brain; profoundly coalescing with the fountain of excitement that drifted from even the most intricate of her veins,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my strength in her majestically formidable shoulders; which alleviated every fraternity of despicably shivering humanity with indispensable ingredients of philanthropism; in her poignant blood,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my opulence in the magnanimous domains of her benign soul; feeling Omnipotently alive each instant; as I complimented her benevolent stride; step for step,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my exhilaration in her enchantingly royal footsteps; as she galloped like a princess through a valley of exuberantly fantastic adventure,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my enigma in her tumultuously

throbbing pulse; as she swept like an inscrutably titillating whirlwind; through an entrenchment of ebullient resplendence,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my yearning in her insatiably fervent palms; cuddling her magnetically divine skin till times beyond absolute eternity,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my obsession in her compassionately flaming caress; triggering thunderbolts of unsurpassable desire in my countenance; even in the heart of the drearily impoverished night,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my hunger in the ingratiatingly delectable interiors of her magnificent belly; as she swished like an everlasting seductress; with Omniscient moonlight descending fabulously from blue sky,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my aspirations in the astonishingly animated lines of her palm; as she floated like a wonderful fairy; through the corridors of astronomical solidarity,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my belongings in the unbelievably intriguing melody of her voice; enslaving myself in meek obeisance with the profuse sweetness; that enshrouded her from all sides,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my versatility in her stupendously dexterous fingers; as she articulately molded even the most threadbare of clay into bountiful fields of scintillating paradise,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my righteousness in her irrefutably godly conscience; as she slained herself an infinite times; only to be reborn yet again as the idol of perpetual truth and mankind,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my passion in her piquantly passionate blood; melanging each constituent of my persona with the religion of humanity in her magnanimous grace,

And after meeting her; I immortally forgot my reservoir of unending love in her marvelously ecstatic heart; bonding each beat of my penuriously staggering life; with her celestially cascading romance; which had forever become my breath; forever had become mine and only mine.

Nikhil Parekh

After She Left Me

When she was with me; incorrigibly adhering to every element of my disastrously shivering countenance; I had taken her immaculately divine ears for granted; feeling no formality to whisper in them; all the time,
However it was only after she left for the heavens; that I relentlessly spoke about her; insatiably longed all day and night; to make every element of her benevolent soul; forever as mine.

When she was with me; irrevocably clinging to my diminutively stumbling body; I had taken her robustly sparkling lips for granted; feeling no formality to kiss them; all the time,
However it was only after she extinguished for eternity like a timid shadow; that I tumultuously yearned to caress each pore of her marvelously scintillating persona; unrelentingly admire her charismatic grace; till times beyond infinite infinity.

When she was with me; intransigently following me like an irrefutable shadow; I had taken her heavenly palms for granted; feeling no formality in augmenting my grip on them; all the time,
However it was only after she melted in perpetual mind; body and spirit; from the trajectory of this boundless planet; that I inexorably felt like dancing with her tantalizing visage till countless more births descended by; witnessing her magnanimous grace in every object that flooded my hopelessly despairing vision.

When she was with me; compassionately embracing me in whatever situation I confronted; I had taken her compassionately innocuous breath for granted; feeling
no formality to relish the same; all the time,
However it was only after she had wholesomely coalesced with inconspicuous ash; that I incessantly lamented her philanthropically astounding presence; incessantly prayed to the Almighty Lord; to bestow her back in my devastatingly shattered life.

When she was with me; immutably staring into my eyes; whether they horrifically wept or blossomed into a festoon of profoundly transpiring enchantment; I had
taken her poignantly protruding nose for granted; feeling no formality to peck her
on the same; all the time,
However it was only after she had disappeared like a dying mirage; well beyond

the horizons of non-existent oblivion; that I overwhelmingly missed her ecstatically exuberant stride; kept indefatigably pondering over and over again; upon the words that she had enamoringly spoken; when we had last met.

When she was with me; standing by my unfathomable repertoire of ideals; supporting me wholeheartedly in every pursuit of my famished life; I had taken her melodiously ravishing voice for granted; feeling no formality to listen to it; all the time,

However it was only after she had vanished completely above the crescendo of worthless nothingness; that I frantically searched for her tantalizingly inscrutable trail even in the wilderness of the sinister night; oblivious to the dungeon of unsurpassable scorpions on my body; as she became the heart of my every fantasy.

When she was with me; invincibly perched upon my staggering shoulders; boisterously accompanying me even as I transgressed across the most treacherous of

mountains; I had taken her ingratiating warmth for granted; feeling no formality to fondle her skin; all the time,

However it was only after she perpetually evaporated like a droplet of water from soil; that I perennially desired for her spell binding charisma; the insurmountable empathy for mankind; that lingered uninhibitedly in her sacrosanct eyes.

When she was with me; escalating like an untamed thunderbolt of sensuous desire; to passionately trigger off my every dreary dusk; I had taken her celestially magical shadow for granted; feeling no formality to blend with it; all the time,

However it was only after her corpse was covered with an impregnable layer of black mud; that I nostalgically reminisced all those pricelessly golden moments that we had rejoiced together; fanatically longing for her to smooch me on my shriveled; put me

to sleep for the remainder of the lecherously unsuspecting night.

And when she was with me; incomprehensibly love my dejectedly despondent persona; for all the goodness that it inevitably possessed; I had taken her immortally everlasting love for granted; feeling no formality of acknowledging it; all the time,

However it was only after she had abnegated her last iota of wonderful breath; that I died an infinite times every minute; even though handsomely alive; pledged to Almighty Lord; to grant me every birth hereafter; with her never-ending heartbeats; bonded perpetually with mine.

After We Die.

If the acrimonious world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
wretchedly separating our sensuously titillating lips; perennially bonded in the
kiss of effulgently untamed passion,

If the salacious world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
diabolically separating our jubilantly effervescent cheeks; perennially bonded in
the flavor of inseparably righteous togetherness,

If the atrocious world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
truculently separating our resplendently tinkling feet; perennially bonded in the
spirit of indefatigably untainted adventure,

If the demented world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
hedonistically separating our unbelievably tantalizing bellies; perennially bonded
in the most compassionately unsurpassable fires of virility,

If the tyrannically world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
torturously separating our enchantingly holistic nostrils; perennially bonded in
the spell binding euphoria of timelessly infallible existence,

If the carnivorous world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
sadistically separating our gloriously synergistic palms; perennially bonded in
the most inscrutably fructifying winds of destiny,

If the ominous world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
cannibalistically separating our bountifully blossoming napes; perennially bonded
in
the atmospheres of tirelessly unbridled poignancy,

If the delirious world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; tawdrily
separating our immaculately vibrant ears; perennially bonded in the aisles of
celestially unparalleled sensitivity,

If the sacrilegious world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
salaciously separating our intricately seductive spines; perennially bonded in
the whirlpools of unassailably fascinating intrigue,

If the parasitic world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; bawdily
separating our uninhibitedly truthful sweat; perennially bonded in the flames of

limitlessly ardent perseverance,

If the cynical world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
licentiously separating our mischievously unabashed eyelashes; perennially
bonded in the valleys of surreally pristine fantasy,

If the inane world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; devilishly
separating our inscrutably triumphant destiny lines; perennially bonded in the
swirl of fervently unceasing magnetism,

If the foolhardy world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
forlornly separating our invincibly scarlet blood; perennially bonded in the
paradise of impregnably altruistic humanity,

If the amorphous world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
dreadfully separating our gloriously artistic fingers; perennially bonded in a
boundless entrenchment of amiable charisma,

If the lambasting world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
heinously separating our bounteously suckling tongues; perennially bonded in a
fortress of insuperably virile and unabashedly augmenting desire,

If the lecherous world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
horrifically separating our undyingly symbiotic shoulders; perennially bonded in a
civilization of beautifully benign philanthropism,

If the dogmatic world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
profanely separating our nimbly emollient souls; perennially bonded in a festoon
of
unflinchingly fearless camaraderie,

If the unsparing world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
inexorably separating our compassionately heaving chests; perennially bonded in
a meadow of eternally unshakable passion,

If the meaningless world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
satanically separating our immortally priceless heartbeats; perennially bonded in
the caverns of royally undaunted love,

Don't worry; for if not in blessedly unconquerable life; we'll still forever and ever
and ever become one for an infinite more births yet to unveil; as we'd
drag our bodies far far away from the enthrallment of existence; shake hands

with the corpse of death; and then lets see who stops us from being
unconquerably
one; after we die.

Nikhil Parekh

Aftermath's Of Pinching

When i sedately pinched an opalescent balloon filled with tons of gas,
pricked it with ultra thin needles coated with scorpion sting,
gave it a volatile punch in its solar plexus,
the colossal ball of swollen rubber burst with obstreperous bangs,
now resembling deflated skin of threadbare junk.

when i boisterously pinched the shell of juicy water melon,
ripped apart the fruit with adroit strokes of the butcher knife,
kneaded the blood red pulp, applying unrelenting pressure with palms,
squashed the residue in compressed interiors of knotted cloth,
a stream of crimson red juice tumbled directly into scorched regions of my
throat.

when i placidly pinched the striped skin coat of a sleeping leopard,
tickled his upright ears with silken camouflage of Falcon feather,
left a plethora of red ant to wander around his slimy nose,
kicked his rear playfully with swashbuckling strokes of my feet,
the beast roared ferociously, jolted from arena's of blissful sleep,
devoured me like an insect, relishing a meal of soft tender bone.

when i vindictively pinched blissfully asleep tunnels of my heart,
poked my ribs with icy cold vegetable of carrot,
turbulent voices advocated my penchant for everlasting freedom,
a mystical aura radiated from my wheatish face,
i wanted to smile with pumped exuberance for the remaining quota of life,
before blending my ashes with the mundane playground of earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Against The Devil's Whine

Don't fight in the name of Religion; the same Religion which gave you your own identity to impregnably exist in the first place; fervently worship one particular form of Godhead till the last breath of your life,

Don't fight in the name of Color; the same Color which bestowed upon you your very inimitably charismatic personality; amidst billions of different organism on the trajectory of this fathomlessly effulgent Universe,

Don't fight in the name of Blood; the same Blood which perennially perpetuated the feeling of exuberant rebirth in every ingredient of your persona; even as you were just about to embrace the gallows of gory death,

Don't fight in the name of Height; the same Height which timelessly endowed you with your very own blissfully clambering stature; over every conceivable element of feckless mud on planet divine,

Don't fight in the name of Power; the same Power which infallibly bestowed upon you the united conviction; to tackle every insidious adversity with your unflinchingly royal stride,

Don't fight in the name of Nationality; the same Nationality which profoundly enshrouded even the most infinitesimal shades of your personality; with the flag of its majestically unconquerable individuality,

Don't fight in the name of Motherland; the same Motherland which so compassionately bore even the most egregious of your idiosyncrasies not just for 9 months; but for an infinite more enchanting lifetimes,

Don't fight in the name of Superiority; the same Superiority which harmoniously ensured that you timelessly towered like the ultimate prince; alongwith every other organism of your kind,

Don't fight in the name of Heaven; the same Heaven which perpetually ensured that you invincibly burgeoned in the cradle of paradise; where existed nothing else but the unassailably priceless hilt of truth,

Don't fight in the name of God; the same God who miraculously caressed your impoverished existence in an infinite shapes and forms; every unfurling second of your enigmatically sparkling life,

Don't fight in the name of Holy Scripture; the same Holy Scripture which indefatigably and ardently taught you just one thing; that every living organism irrespective of caste; creed; stature and tribe; is wondrously alike,

Don't fight in the name of Democracy; the same Democracy which endlessly allowed you to palpitate in the beat of undefeated freedom; exercise your very own symbiotic right to the most unprecedented of your capacity,

Don't fight in the name of Flesh; the same Flesh which magically aroused every tangible pore of your skin to even the most insouciant vibration of the atmosphere; triggered in you the most sensuously tantalizing sensations of all times,

Don't fight in the name of Signature; the same Signature which represented the true resoluteness of your personality; irrespective of your wealth or stature,

Don't fight in the name of Temple/Mosque/Church/Monastery; the same Temple/Mosque/Church/Monastery; in which you sought indefinite refuge; In your times of inexplicably assassinating duress,

Don't fight in the name of Food; the same Food whose quintessentially synergistic ingredients; eventually became the undyingly resurgent swirl of blood in even the most oblivious of your veins,

Don't fight in the name of Wealth; the same Wealth which so handsomely replenished every perceivable of your mortal need; and put even the most acrimoniously frazzled nerve of yours to bountiful sleep,

Don't fight in the name of Love; the same Love which made you forever feel the most insuperably priceless organism alive; and the closest to the heartbeat of the Omniscient Creator Divine,

Instead; if you really had this impudently boiling urge to fight; then please all of you on planet earth unite together in the religion of eternal humanity; and fight till death AGAINST the name and even the tiniest innuendo of the devil's whine.

Nikhil Parekh

Agony In Bathroom

The newspaper was soiled with moisture and dirt,
long strands of my hair lay thoroughly dismantled,
perfumed cloth of shirt was soaked in pools of sweat,
the nylon vest clung tightly to my broad chest frame,
beads of water trickled down bushy eyebrows,
smudges of condensed vapour adhered to the crystal mirror,
i could see an army of red ant transporting grain,
twin cuckoo birds flying with small pieces of twig and broken straw,
large tablets of carbolic, disinfectant, colored shampoo liquid camouflaged me
from the world,
a solid teak door concealed me from embarrassing gaze,
stingy draughts of air blew from the partially open vent,
hordes of mosquito stung ripe areas of my flesh,
lazy flies buzzed incessantly in the hollow ambience of my eardrum,
my body perspired like torrential rain pelting down,
crisp noises of newspaper shuffling emanated as I read.

there was a shining chain suspended from the roof,
tickling sensitive areas of my nostril,
the minute i anticipated had finally arrived,
the painstaking agony was now on the verge of conclusion,
it was now conducive to flush away the accumulated debris,
consisting of foul Chinese matter which i had consumed the previous night,
i pulled the chain with all my existing might,
gushing rivulets of water flushed the dirt,
infinite bowels in my intestine were now rendered clean,
as i emitted a sigh of relief, a hearty thanks to the Creator,
stripped of natural reserves of energy,
I stepped out of the disdainful interiors of my bathroom.

Nikhil Parekh

Aids Doesn't Kill. Your Attitude Kills.

Compassionately shaking hands with them; wont in anyway enshroud every ingredient of your blood with the most unforgivably cancerous of disease; wont in anyway annihilate you forever and ever and ever from the trajectory of this fathomless Universe,

Profusely intermingling your shadow with theirs; wont in anyway diminish you beyond the threshold of disparagingly dolorous oblivion; wont in anyway obfuscate your integrity with the clouds of tawdry salaciousness,

Tirelessly talking with them; wont in anyway make you the most delinquently inferior organism on this boundless earth; wont in anyway char your inimitably distinctive identity,

Amiably kissing them on their rubicund lips; wont in anyway evaporate every ounce of immunity from your body; wont in anyway transform you into the most treacherously cursed entity alive,

Uninhibitedly fondling their silken hair; wont in anyway jinx you with even the most infinitesimal parasite on this limitless earth; wont in anyway trounce you to your dolorously fetid grave,

Mischievously nibbling at their innocuous ears; wont in anyway numb each of your senses to even the tiniest trace of sound; wont in anyway engulf each brilliant day of yours with hopelessly asphyxiating blackness,

Jubilantly adventuring with them in the inscrutable forests; wont in anyway sap you of untamed powerhouse of effulgent energy; wont in anyway make you an impotent pinch of mud fretting for an infinite lifetimes,

Profoundly staring into the whites of their impeccable eyes; wont in anyway blind you forever from every conceivable iota of pleasure and panoramic light; wont in anyway pulverize you into inanely impoverished nothingness,

Eclectically sketching their harmlessly nimble silhouette; wont in anyway vengefully deteriorate you into a pool of insipid nothingness; wont in anyway render you as the most ignominiously slandered artist alive,

Holistically eating with them in the same bowl; wont in anyway metamorphose you into an ocean of endlessly lambasting tears; wont in anyway inundate the

walls of your stomach with venomously aggrieved poison rather than the celestial fruits of the Creator Divine,

Unflinchingly entwining your fingers into theirs; wont in anyway horrendously deplete you of every ounce of your strength; wont in anyway impede you from symbiotically coalescing with the rest of eternally fructifying living kind,

Sleeping impregnably close to them to shelter them at night; wont in anyway grant you a place in the most vindictively unsparing of hell; wont in anyway prematurely bury you a countless feet beneath your veritable grave,

Flirtatiously tickling their nubile skin; wont in anyway hang you upside down in the most brilliantly blazing of Sunlight; wont in anyway seal every other synergistically untainted option for you in the chapter of resplendent life,

Wholeheartedly embracing them as one of your own kin; wont in anyway perpetuate in you the germs of the most ominously tyrannical of disease; wont in anyway render you satanically crippled for the remainder of your life,

Affably conserving each droplet of their golden sweat in your palms; wont in anyway erase the spell binding destiny lines of your existence; wont in anyway proclaim you as a preposterously shameful misfit for the fabric of society,

Altruistically applying the balm of humanity on their inexplicable wounds; wont in anyway assassinate every bit of harmonious knowledge that you had so wonderfully assimilated since the first cry of birth; wont in anyway torment you even after you died,

Uninhibitedly drinking water from their unfinished glass; wont in anyway transform every ingredient of your Omnipotent blood into unbearably vindictive venom; wont in anyway truculently slain the royal seeds of virility from your endowed life,

Unceasingly enlightening them with the magical artistry in your persona; wont in anyway endanger even the most diminutive shade of existence on the perennial planet; wont in anyway transform you into a sinful eunuch wailing the last words of your life,

Unassailably blending every breath of yours with theirs; wont in anyway defeat you the slightest in any philanthropic quest of your blessed life; wont in anyway abruptly snap the fangs of your miraculously proliferating existence,

Immortally bonding every beat of your heart with theirs; wont in anyway make you the most abhorred criminal of this globe; wont in anyway metamorphose every definition of true love into sadistically betraying hatred,

Paradoxically; whereas doing all the above things with them wont in anyway harm you the tiniest; but their not receiving the same from you would definitely make them die the most ghastliest of death; a death which would not be a result of their suffering from HIV/AIDS, but an extinction which would be the most horrifically gruesome; a death which would be the most perpetually criminal; caused due to opprobrious disdain and neglect by you; you and only you; who was none other than their uncaring fellow human kind.

Nikhil Parekh

Alive

If I perceived myself as a king; then I was indeed perched on the embellished throne; with a festoon of diamonds glittering royally by my side,

If I perceived myself as a panther; then I was indeed the menacing beast on the jungle; trampling rampantly through the dense undergrowths; paving my own inimitable way,

If I perceived myself as a mountain; then I was indeed the summit shimmering magnificently under the flamboyant rays of Sun,

If I perceived myself as a peacock; then I was indeed a pompous bird; blossoming my armory of vivacious feathers ingratiatingly towards the sky,

If I perceived myself as a beggar; then I was indeed the ragamuffin spreading my hands abominably on the streets; waiting for those indispensable coins of currency to flood my scared and impoverished hands,

If I perceived myself as a duck; then I was indeed the appeasingly dimpled monster; floating on the serene surface of tepid water,

If I perceived myself as an infinitesimal speck; then I was indeed the diminutive mosquito; irascibly buzzing around the divinely asleep eardrum,

If I perceived myself as the fortified castle; then I was indeed the invincible walls of iron which shrugged off the most mightiest of attack with nonchalant ease,

If I perceived myself as the grandiloquent Sun; then I was indeed the fountain of mesmerizing rays that illuminated every cloistered cranny of earth,

If I perceived myself as a criminal; then I was indeed the satanic hoodlum intransigently bent upon devastating blissful mankind,

If I perceived myself as dumb; then I was indeed bereft of words and speech; stood like a retarded lunatic when in fact I had a fathomless treasury of eloquence embedded in my soul,

If I perceived myself as a tear; then I was indeed disdainful depression insurmountably augmenting by the unveiling second,

If I perceived myself as a magician; then I was indeed the astoundingly inexplicable conjurer; metamorphosing all chunks of bland mud into biscuits of gold,

If I perceived myself as garbage; then I was indeed the pile of horrendously fetid sewage; lying dilapidated and decaying to rot,

If I perceived myself as a cloud; then I indeed a surreally fabulous fantasy; pelting down showers of flirtatious romance,

If I perceived myself as a needle; then I was indeed the minuscule strand of metal disgustingly poking people in their ribs,

If I perceived myself as darkness; then I was indeed a perpetually solitary ambience; enveloped from all sides by inevitably bizarre grief,

If I perceived myself as sick; then I was indeed suffering from astronomically high fever; with my forehead blazing more than blistering embers of sizzling fire,

If I perceived myself as happy; then I was indeed exuberant; embracing the absolute pinnacle of prosperity uninhibitedly with both arms,

If I perceived myself as a shark; then I was indeed the preposterously huge monster; ready to rip apart innocuous personalities into infinite bits of their original form,

If I perceived myself as fearless; then I was indeed valiantly doughty; ready to confront the most deadliest of catastrophe; without flinching or faltering the slightest,

If I perceived myself as sheep; then I was indeed the fleet footed and daintily nimble animal; celestially existing amongst boundless of my kind,

If I perceived myself as love; then I was indeed a messiah profusely dedicated to propagating its different forms; to far and distant across this colossal Universe,

If I perceived myself as hatred; then I was indeed deceitful anecdotes of malice; snapping the cherished essence of sacrosanct life,

If I perceived myself as truth; then I was indeed an irrefutable idol of honesty; assisting countless individuals trapped in the dungeon of salacious lechery; with optimism seeming an overwhelmingly far cry,

If I perceived myself as ugly; then I was indeed the unfortunate possessor of distorted features; with every organ of my body gruesomely placed and repugantly grotesque,

If I perceived myself as beautiful; then I was indeed gorgeous; with my lips portraying that voluptuously pink and robust tinge,

If I perceived myself as a blabber mouth; then I was indeed an inexorably talkative individual; chattering tirelessly all throughout the day and for marathon hours of the sultry night,

If I perceived myself as a volcano; then I was indeed a fulminating stream of lava; erupting out with brute force from the compassionate belly of soil,

If I perceived myself as a bee; then I was indeed a rambunctiously chattering fly; profoundly engrossed in evolving pools of golden honey,

If I perceived myself as poignantly piquant; then I was indeed the ardent granules of spicy salt; which the swirling waves of the ocean flung with an insatiable intensity upon the shores,

If I perceived myself as blind; then I was indeed without sight; stumbling pathetically on each pebble that came my way; in spite of having emphatic eyes,

If I perceived myself as unlucky; then I was indeed the man with a stone touch; converting each thing I caressed into rock hard boulder; when in fact the stars that shone on my birth were those befitting a prince,

If I perceived myself as thunder; then I was indeed streaks of electric silver lightning ready to strike ground & tremendously terrorize,

If I perceived myself as a candle; then I was indeed the uncertainly flickering flame; deluging the dreary ambience with a beam of vibrant hope and light,

If I perceived myself as a pig; then I was indeed the incomprehensibly fat and greedy beast; ready to gobble virtually whatever that I could lay my hands upon,

If I perceived myself as a fruit; then I was indeed a rubicund sapling; ready to placate the gluttony of those who indispensably wanted food,

If I perceived myself as a reflection; then I was indeed an ethereally appearing shadow; which cropped up in brightness and vanished completely

with dolorously Black light,

If I perceived myself as a bone; then I was indeed a dreadful skeleton; with absolutely not the tiniest trace of energy left in my countenance,

If I perceived myself as smile; then I was indeed an entity wholesomely blended with joy; basking in the unprecedented glory of pure ecstasy,

If I perceived myself as dead; then I was indeed buried unfathomable feet beneath soil; despite having my heart palpitating violently beyond the boundaries of life,

And if I perceived myself as living; then I was indeed having life; irrespective of the unsurpassable battalion of hurdles that confronted me in my way; raring to ubiquitously spread the wonderful essence of my breath; raring to ubiquitously spread the most sacred word of all; called alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Alive As A Ghost

Even though I was in the heart of a crucial business meeting; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her immaculately ravishing eyes; the glow that immortalized their stupendous glory; beyond the corridors of eternity,

Even though I was in the center of the acrimonious battlefield; with arrows and bullets venomously ricocheting from all sides; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her voluptuously smiling lips,

Even though I was eating my meal after a thousand days; desperately trying to rejuvenate my drearily dried intestines; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her celestially tinkling and inscrutable feet,

Even though I was trespassing over a dungeon of hideously lethal reptiles; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except the compassionate warmth which diffused poignantly from her philanthropic palms,

Even though I was being brutally thrashed with barbaric glass; each pore of my skin bleeding towards submission; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her tantalizingly slender neck; which made me insatiably wild,

Even though I was thrown uncouthly from the aircraft; without a parachute strapped on my back; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her charismatically alluring eyelashes,

Even though I was given poison to drink; with each iota of the diabolical liquid treacherously forced into my tiny throat; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except the insurmountable titillation of her majestic belly,

Even though I was scorching miserably; orphaned till times beyond infinity in the midst of the heinously sweltering desert; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her mystically enchanting and incredulously enthralling shadow,

Even though I had a few seconds left before being pulverized by the satanic dinosaur; as his preposterously pernicious form closed upon my chest; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her voluptuously rubicund cheeks,

Even though I was tossed like a matchstick in the sky; after a deadly juggernaut of trucks collided head on with my ribs; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her magnanimously benevolent stride,

Even though I was indiscriminately tyrannized as a slave; lecherously forced to lick the saliva of my master as he vomited pools of it with every sneeze; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her ingratiatingly melodious voice,

Even though I was ripped apart into a countless halves by the savagely speeding tornado; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her tumultuously rhapsodic freedom; the supreme enchantment in her eyes,

Even though I was whipped with waves of despicable desolation; with all the richness of this planet kicking me like a piece of adulterated shit; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her vivaciously bouncing hair,

Even though I was gruesomely burnt alive; with the conventionally murderous society hurling every ounce of petrol in their dwellings upon my impoverished form; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else except her unbelievably rosy and delectable tongue; the gorgeous cadence that wafted from her voice,

Even though I was sinking to the bottom of the gargantuan ocean; with a fleet of rebellious shark darting at whisker lengths from my body; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her seductively charming adams apple,

Even though I was being absorbed by the island of flagrantly devastating hell; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her exquisitely embellished and artistic fingers,

Even though I was being ruthlessly asphyxiated with threadbare rope; a horde of criminals trying their best to slit every portion of my throat; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her astoundingly dangling and surreally fantastic earlobes,

Even though I was staggering on each path of life; licking dust even before I could alight a single foot of mine; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except the tumultuously fiery breath that cascaded beautifully from your nostrils,

And even though I had died centuries ago; without a single trace of me or my rudiments now to be found on this boundlessly majestic Universe; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else except her passionately immortal heartbeats; her immortal love that had kept me ebullient and alive; even as an insipid ghost.

Nikhil Parekh

All A Person Could Take Beneath His Grave

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the perennial love that he'd generated; by compassionately uniting two miserably jilted hearts in the threads of ubiquitously endless romance,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the bountiful love that he'd generated; by standing like an unflinching wall between mother nature and ghastly human kind; and saving it from even the most infinitesimal of heinous scratch,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the magical love that he'd generated; by tirelessly melanging every caste; creed; color and tribe under the flaming Sun; into the religion of pricelessly unconquerable humanity,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the redolent love that he'd generated; by altruistically teaching every fraternity of humanity; that the true essence of all life was benign simplicity,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the triumphant love that he'd generated; by forever trouncing the malady of abhorrent lies; with the sword of his unfettered truth,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the unparalleled love that he'd generated; by giving his name to all those born miserably orphaned; adopting them as his very own kin and children for an infinite lifetimes,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the rhapsodic love that he'd generated; by feeding countless a brutally famished stomach; royally replenishing impoverished need with the inevitable fodder for life,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the ubiquitous love that he'd generated; by saving wondrously innocent and enchanting life; from the venomously unsparing curse of ghoulish war,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the celestial love that he'd generated; by perpetuating the sky of selfless peace; in every of those organism trying to demonstrate superiority via cold-blooded nuclear war,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the immeasurable love that he'd

generated; by becoming the sole voice of those indescribably oppressed; fighting till his last breath to secure them timeless justice,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the astounding love that he'd generated; by enlightening every conceivable space on this planet; with the songs of eternally fructifying compassion,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the unsurpassable love that he'd generated; by spending every moment of his life with those incurably sick and suffering; acting as their sole brethren when the entire world had left them to sulk and die,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the impregnable love that he'd generated; by writing an infinite lines of miraculously ameliorating poetry; all for the betterment of living kind and for majestically depicting even the most inconspicuously glorious of its emotions,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the interminable love that he'd generated; by sacrificing even his very own kin and closest family; if they were amongst those who transgressed against the fabric of brotherhood,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the unbelievable love that he'd generated; by handsomely educating; befriending and further patronizing the girl child; just like
any other ordinary boy,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the undying love that he'd generated; by miraculously illuminating the dulllest fragment of canvas; with every conceivable shade of nature's unlimited paradise,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the magnanimous love that he'd generated; by donating every single ingredient of his wealth and blood; to all those without even a roof on their head to survive,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the indefinable love that he'd generated; by becoming the walking stick of every old man and woman; seeking their blessings further to reinvigorate all mankind,

And all a person could take beneath his grave; was the immortal love that he'd generated; by uniting every beat of his passionate heart; forever and ever and ever with the strings of everlastingly blossoming humanity.

All Blood Is Passionate Red.

You might ruthlessly extract it from people of different Heights from all across this fathomlessly brilliant Universe; cynically pulverizing their intricately blessed veins,

You might sadistically extract it from people of different Weights from all across this boundlessly benign Universe; cadaverously slicing through their astoundingly sensitive veins,

You might unsparingly extract it from people of different Nationalities from all across this timelessly resplendent Universe; brutally rummaging through their inimitably divine veins,

You might lecherously extract it from people of different Skin Colors from all across this limitlessly unceasing Universe; disastrously excoriating through their non-invasively bountiful veins,

You might hideously extract it from people of different Ideals from all across this wonderfully philanthropic Universe; tawdrily biting through their redolently symbiotic veins,

You might demonically extract it from people of different Sensitivities from all across this pricelessly indefatigable Universe; cannibalistically ripping through their jubilantly sculptured veins,

You might hideously extract it from people of different Demeanors from all across this endlessly blossoming Universe; atrociously ripping through their daintily innocuous veins,

You might tyrannically extract it from people of different Beliefs from all across this tirelessly spectacular Universe; parasitically sucking it from their beautifully nubile veins,

You might hedonistically extract it from people of different Brains from all across this indefatigably glorious Universe; wantonly nibbling through their poignantly unfettered veins,

You might chauvinistically extract it from people of different Communities from all across this pungently ecstatic Universe; criminally slandering through their unbelievably ebullient veins,

You might treacherously extract it from people of different Intuitive Instinctiveness from all across this triumphantly unsurpassable Universe; despicably burrowing through their serenely shimmering veins,
You might vengefully extract it from people of different Muscle Power from all across this amazingly inscrutable Universe; vindictively victimizing through their placidly holistic veins,

You might sinfully extract it from people of different Corneal Shades from all across this victoriously effulgent Universe; monstrously trespassing through their wonderfully untainted veins,

You might barbarously extract it from people of different Personalities from all across this inexhaustibly synergistic Universe; blasphemously plundering through their innocuously humble veins,

You might carnivorously extract it from people of different Artistries from all across this unfathomably majestic Universe; devilishly eating through their emolliently unbridled veins,

You might ignominiously extract it from people of different Determinations from all across this pristinely spell-binding Universe; venomously pilfering through their eclectically nimble veins,

You might lasciviously extract it from people of different Continents from all across this philanthropically unlimited Universe; unabashedly digging through their splendidly priceless veins,

You might indiscriminately extract it from people of different Religions from all across this beautifully luminescent Universe; deplorably bombarding through their immaculately unhindered veins,

But eventually you'd find that from everywhere that you had heartlessly extracted; the color of blood was solely red; red and an irrefutable passionate red; and it was impossible for you to trace back its individual origin once you amalgamated the same into an unassailably united mass,

For if it was the Omnipotent Almighty Creator who had decided that all blood on this boundless earth was; is; and irrespective of caste; creed; status and race would forever remain red; then who the hell were you inconspicuous molecular man; who wanted to sleazily divide God's eternally united earth into an infinite parts of prejudice; war and hatred; who the hell were you to worthlessly

discriminate?

Nikhil Parekh

All Blood Is Red. All Bones Are White. All Sweat Is Golden. For It Is Not The Color Of Our Skins, But The Spirit Within.

There might exist eyes; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this fathomlessly eclectic Universe,

There might exist hair; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this boundlessly virile Universe,

There might exist skin; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this mystically resplendent Universe,

There might exist lips; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this unbelievably emollient Universe,

But. All blood is Immortally Red; All bones are Symbiotically White. All sweat is Perseveringly Golden. For it is not the color of our spuriously shriveled skins; but the Omnipotently inexhaustible spirit to live and let live; which is perpetually sacred within.

1.

There might exist eyelashes; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this handsomely majestic Universe,

There might exist desires; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this triumphantly effulgent Universe,

There might exist victory; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this pristinely priceless Universe,

There might exist fantasy; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this magically mitigating Universe,

But. All blood is Poignantly Red; All bones are Celestially White. All sweat is Holistically Golden. For it is not the color of our sporadically extinguishing skins; but the regally Omnipresent spirit to live and let live; which is perpetually sacred within.

2.

There might exist noses; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this ecstatically mesmerizing Universe,
There might exist destiny lines; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this brilliantly undaunted Universe,

There might exist eyebrows; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this unceasingly proliferating Universe,

There might exist brains; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this miraculously blessed Universe,

But. All blood is Unitedly Red; All bones are Impeccably White. All sweat is Timelessly Golden. For it is not the color of our penuriously squeamish skins; but the insuperably Omniscient spirit to live and let live; which is perpetually sacred within.

3.

There might exist shadows; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this victoriously gargantuan Universe,

There might exist freedom; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this unflinchingly intrepid Universe,

There might exist melody; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this perennially virgin Universe,

There might exist beauty; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this unconquerably unfettered Universe,

But. All blood is Inimitably Red; All bones are Heavenly White. All sweat is Gloriously Golden. For it is not the color of our intermittently wailing skins; but the unsurpassably untamed spirit to live and let live; which is perpetually sacred within.

Nikhil Parekh

All Day And Night

The deserts waited all day and night; for fat globules of mesmerizing rain; crystalline streams of water to pacify their overwhelmingly parched belly,

The dog waited all day and night; for a meaty chunk of bone; masticating the sumptuous meat to appease the pangs of hunger thunderously knocking his tiny stomach,

The ocean waited all day and night; for the rampant maelstrom; swirling its vivacious waves high and handsome towards the sky; clashing with stupendous passion against the black chain of rocks,

The beggar waited all day and night; for that inevitable rush of swanky cars; desperately anticipating a flurry of shimmering coin to cascade into his hollow bowl,

The camel waited all day and night; for a thorny shrub to appear before its eyes; perennially rest on dry soil; painstakingly chewing the thorns of its choice,

The shark waited all day and night; for a gigantic ship to sail above its head; so that it could satanically pulverize innocent flesh in its jaws; wretchedly overturning the boat without the slightest of thought or respite,

The valley waited all day and night; for a deafening echo; producing an eerie sound that horrendously jolted the entire planet,

The snow waited all day and night; for blistering sunshine; perpetuating into streams of divinely water; basking in the glory of compassionate warmth and velvety grace,

The doctor waited all day and night; for the speedy recovery of his patients; incessantly praying to the Creator to cure them of inexplicable pain,

The lizard waited all day and night; for a festoon of mosquitoes; greedily gobbling them with untamed relish and unprecedented gusto,

The shoe waited all day and night; for its master to adorn it; audaciously kick it in free space; to generate colossal draughts of exuberant breeze,

The dungeons waited all day and night; for the most minuscule ray of light;

illuminating its dreary caricature with astoundingly optimistic beams of boisterous brightness,

The lips waited all day and night; for an incomprehensibly mystical kiss; triggering waves of vibrant euphoria in their ardently starved and pinkish persona,

The mother bird waited all day and night; for her innocuous cluster of eggs to hatch; the manifestation of her very own blood to soar uninhibitedly through the open sky,

The soldier waited all day and night; for his country to indispensably win; penalize the perilous traitors to the most unfathomable degree; for spreading violent terror in his blissful territory,

The cow waited all day and night; for meadows of bountifully green grass; slowly ambling with its irrefutably sacrosanct form through the carpet of sedate soil,

The bomb waited all day and night; for someone to release its menacingly glistening pin; for it murderously explode into a fountain of unsurpassable devastation,

The writer waited all day and night to be ubiquitously recognized by the world; harmoniously propagate the essence of his work to masses far and distant on this earth,

The dreadfully empty coffin waited all day and night; for a person to breathe his last; occupy its interiors as it savagely sank down to unimaginable depths beneath soil,

And my heart waited all day and night; for the girl of my dreams to say 'I love you'; jump infinite feet far from its imprisoned chest; to profoundly bond with the chords of immortal love; the chords of immortal romance.

Nikhil Parekh

All Hunger Quenched By Rain

Meteors shot from crystal clear sky mass,
leaped down the galaxy at the onset of twilight,
diffusing finally into fluorescent molecules of shiny light.

parrot green buds ripened on live branches of oak tree,
bushy squirrel flesh kissed umpteenth spots in the hollow trunk,
the living pores of hard wood cried,
when scientists passed spasmodic currents of electricity.

the cows bathed in a cascade of chilly ice-cream,
waded their path through paths of thick curry,
leaving trails of footprints triangular in pattern,
coating their white skin with blotches of clay mud.

the sparrows chirped enchanting rhymes in unison,
hoisted fine threads of bamboo sticks to their place of dwelling,
constructing warm network of crisscrossed twigs,
laid round white pearls of egg with nourishing yolk.

there was thunder accompanied with streaks of lightning,
the shooting stars had fallen hours ago,
soft balls of clouds clashed mercilessly,
parched cracks of earth eventually separated,
to devour hungrily torrential sheets of pelting rain.

Nikhil Parekh

All I Could Do!

The hatred in my eyes for her was so hedonistically blazing; that it could veritably and venomously char even the most invincibly unfathomable structure on this planet; to inconspicuous ash within just a single instant,

The hatred in my palms for her was so uncontrollably ferocious; that it could veritably and criminally smash even the most Herculean mountains on this planet; to ludicrously infidel chowder within just a single instant,

The hatred in my shadow for her was so gorily sinister; that it could veritably and diabolically curse even the most fearless organism on this earth who came in its swirl; for an infinite more lifetimes, and within just a single instant,

The hatred in my voice for her was so insatiably demonic; that it could veritably and brutally deafen even the most unstopably cold-blooded thunderstorms on this planet; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my arms for her was so unrelentingly barbarous; that it could veritably and murderously pulverize even the most invincible stone walls on this planet; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my blood for her was so intractably acrimonious; that it could veritably and hideously asphyxiate even the most impregnably uninhibited of atmospheres on this planet; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my tongue for her was so indefatigably lethal; that it could veritably and satanically condemn even the most righteous man on this planet towards the vituperative gallows of death; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my skull for her was so nefariously untamed; that it could veritably and ferociously bang even the most insuperable walls on this planet to pathetic extinction; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my teeth for her was so unbearably delirious; that it could veritably and horrifically squelch even the most obdurate on this planet into ephemerally ludicrous nothingness; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my bones for her was so inexorably untiring; that it could veritably and sadistically cause any organism on this planet to incessantly yelp in inexplicable pain; with just a single nudge; and within just a single instant,

The hatred in my feet for her was so abominably perverted; that it could veritably and sacrilegiously kick even the most amazing superpowers on this planet to the mortuaries of non-existence; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my spine for her was so irretrievably intolerable; that it could veritably and devastatingly crunch even the most ominously blood-stained thorns on this planet to wholesome extinction; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my nails for her was so uncouthly tormenting; that it could veritably and carnivorously make even the most audaciously toughened skins on this planet unstoppably bleed; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my mouth for her was so vindictively unprecedented; that it could veritably and tyrannically gobble even the most pugnaciously treacherous battlefields on this planet; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my nostrils for her was so unsurpassably demented; that it could veritably and truculently exhale the spell of death upon even the most fearless of organisms on this planet; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my brain for her was so torturously unceasing; that it could veritably and profanely devastate even the most fathomless civilizations on this planet with unparalleled genius; and within just a single instant,

The hatred in my soul for her was so reproachfully blood-curling; that it could veritably and parasitically jinx even the most peerlessly truthful dimensions of this planet; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my heart for her was so unforgivably inconsolable; that it could veritably and forever destroy and poison even the most perpetually bonding relationships on this planet; within just a single instant,

But it was really amazing! That inspite of all this; whenever she came infront of me; all I could do was fall in unlimitedly spell bound stupor upon her dainty feet; all I could do was timelessly admire every aspect of her effulgent persona as if the most

unconquerable of Kings were accolading the queens; all I could do was propose each beat of my passionately throbbing heart to her and say I Love You.

Nikhil Parekh

All I Ended Up Doing

I went to the tree to get blessed with scrumptiously robust fruit; but after witnessing it already threadbarely barren to the ghastliest of limits; all I ended up doing was giving it the last iota of meal entrapped within the intestines of my stomach,

I went to the clouds to get blessed with resplendently tantalizing rain; but after witnessing them turn a listlessly lackadaisical blue; all I ended up doing was giving them every droplet of compassionate moisture circulating within the whites of my eyes,

I went to mountain to get blessed with indomitably Herculean strength; but after witnessing its peaks crumbling under the impact of nuclear war; all I ended up doing was giving it every ounce of enthusiasm fulminating in my nimble bones,

I went to the shadow to get blessed with profoundly enamoring mysticism; but after witnessing it torturously slaving without the tiniest of respite; all I ended up doing was giving it every whisper of enthrallment embedded in the pores of my humble persona,

I went to the beehive to get blessed with insatiably unparalleled boisterousness; but after witnessing it metamorphosed into a grotesquely remorseful corpse; all I ended up doing was giving it every grain of unfettered tanginess in my voice,

I went to the Sun to get blessed with brilliantly insuperable enlightenment; but after witnessing it perfidiously invaded by monstrously demeaning spacecrafts; all I ended up doing was giving it every trace of optimism majestically circulating in each of my senses,

I went to the meadow to get blessed with uninhibitedly untainted frolic; but after witnessing it rotting in a jungle of concretely heartless commercialism; all I ended up doing was giving it every memory of my impeccably pristine childhood,

I went to the rainbow to get blessed with vibrantly mesmerizing color; but after witnessing it reduced to an amorphous graveyard as the clouds encircled in; all I ended up doing was giving it every ingredient of happiness effervescently brimming in my veins,

I went to the gorge to get blessed with perpetually blissful silence; but after witnessing it indiscriminately marauded by trumpets of savagely belligerent war; all I ended up doing was giving it every reflection of bliss from the innermost realms of my soul,

I went to the ocean to get blessed with limitlessly ecstatic froth; but after witnessing it shriveled into an obnoxiously sweltering desert; all I ended up doing was giving it every droplet of priceless blood euphorically gurgling under my skin,

I went to the avalanche to get blessed with astoundingly spell-binding coolness; but after witnessing it melting into rivulets of explicitly warm water; all I ended up doing was giving it every granary of refreshing iciness in my laconic countenance,

I went to the eagle to get blessed with unequivocally regale freedom; but after witnessing it lying saddeningly maimed without its wings; all I ended up doing was giving it every centimeter of liberation encompassing my stride,

I went to the soil to get blessed with unbelievably unceasing virility; but after witnessing it treacherously adulterated by salaciously power-hungry living beings; all I ended up doing was giving it every essence of my timelessly bounteous proliferation,

I went to the rose to get blessed with unlimitedly exotic scent; but after witnessing it gruesomely withered to its ashes in the truculently unsparing storm; all I ended up doing was giving it every irrefutably righteous fragrance of my diminutive existence,

I went to the bonfire to get blessed with compassionately insuperable passion; but after witnessing it dying into wisps of ethereally disconsolate oblivion; all I ended up doing was giving it every milligram of my unfettered raw energy,

I went to the castle to get blessed with inherently celestial royalty; but after witnessing it rattled to worse than the pauper's gutterpipe in the devastating earthquake; all I ended up doing was giving it every trifle of my truncated opulence

I went to the clock to get blessed with stringently scrupulous punctuality; but after witnessing its needles having to come to a lividly hopeless standstill; all I

ended up doing was giving it every definition of my honest punctiliousness,

I went to the saint to get blessed with cisterns of philanthropically unflinching righteousness; but after witnessing him entwining hand in hand with the murderously corrupt politicians; all I ended up doing was giving him every bit of selfless truth from the dormitories of my conscience,

And I went to her to get blessed with a sky of immortal love; but seeing that she was pompously rejoicing in someone else's spuriously transient love; all I ended up doing was giving every beat of my unconquerable love to both of them; so that they eternally loved; loved and only loved; and I left for my heavenly abode; to salvage a chance to get her love; if the Creator ever reborn me again; gave me another blessedly beautiful birth.

Nikhil Parekh

All I Ended Up Doing - Part 2

Believe me I had come only to tickle your mischievously drooping eyelashes;
nimble run my fingers through their insurmountably voluptuous charisma; for
just an ethereal second,

But all I ended up doing was staring into the your royally embellished eyes till
times beyond infinite infinity; uninhibitedly exploring the aisles of enchantingly
untainted paradise in their impeccably unassailable whites.

Believe me I had come only to experience your sensuously exotic lips; run my
rampantly emaciated tongue on their startling fronds of vivacious scarlet; for just
a transient second,

But all I ended up doing was perpetually interlocking even the most
infinitesimally quavering of my senses; with their unbelievably bestowing
sweetness; for infinite more births of mine.

Believe me I had come only to dance with you in the sporadically rhapsodic
rain; graze through the tantalizing contours of your regally titillating nape; for
just a fugitive second,

But all I ended up doing was bonding each element of my mind; body and soul
in your everlasting embrace; letting even the tiniest of my desire become your
eternal slave; even centuries after this earth had ceased to exist.

Believe me I had come only to lightheartedly chat with your spell binding grace;
surreptitiously nudge at your seductively ebullient ribs; for just an evanescent
second,

But all I ended up doing was wholesomely drowning into the unconquerably
mellifluous essence of your magnetic voice; tirelessly assimilating your
humanitarian softness; even after the coffin of treacherously asphyxiating death
had sealed the definitions of my life.

Believe me I had come only to smell your supremely inebriating fragrance;
mischievously cavort with the unlocked curls of your hair; for just an ephemeral
second,

But all I ended up doing was becoming a quintessential ingredient of your godly
sweat; letting the spirit of your righteously Omnipotent perseverance; rule my
existence till my countless more destined lifetimes.

Believe me I had come only to clandestinely flirt with your nubile ears;
ecstatically nibble their iridescent lobes; for just a vespered second,

But all I ended up doing was becoming the pearls of unfathomable wisdom that

they indefatigably absorbed; letting their insuperable majesty become the ultimate crown of my impoverished life; and horizons even beyond what my eyes could coherently sight.

Believe me I had come only to sight the infallibly unceasing twinkle in your magnanimous stride; lackadaisically toss with your marvelous shadow; for just an extinguishing second,

But all I ended up doing was becoming your ardently unshakable worshipper; saluting your symbiotically ever-pervading redolence; till unsurpassable more births of mine; even after abrogating my veritable last breath.

Believe me I had come only to take an autograph of your blissfully towering grace; relish your articulately synchronized handwriting; for just a non-existent second,

But all I ended up doing was making your immaculately undefeated signature the lines of my truncated palm; miraculously revolutionize the complexion of this dreadfully estranged planet; with the unflinchingly peerless tenacity of your divinely grace.

And believe me I had come only to temporarily date you; profusely smooch across your euphorically untamed flesh; for just an oblivious second,

But all I ended up doing was not only coalescing every beat of my heart with your wave of Omnipresent mankind; but forever liberating our forms forever and far away from this manipulatively beleaguered planet; into the heavens of sacrosanct marriage and the Creator Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

All I Want Is Everything

All I want is a chain of thick gold adorning my neck,

All I want is a stream of white champagne to incessantly titillate my throat,

All I want is a swanky car that can transport me long distance, at the mere caress of a button,

All I want is a book of spell binding fairy tales, which flood my mind with intrigue and enigma,

All I want is a castle with towering walls, carved all over in delectable sandstone,

All I want is an appetizing meal of vegetable cherry, which makes me slaver till my last drop of saliva is exhausted,

All I want is a silken sheet of floss, draping my body in entirety,

All I want is golden globules of sweat, tingling me exotically as the cascaded down my nape,

All I want is swirling waves of the ocean, splashing their raw salt on my lips as they struck,

All I want is an ensemble of voluptuous reptile, lingering loosely from my scalp,

All I want is silver chained wrist watch, its dainty twinkling resonating in my ears all day long,

All I want is the rubicund apple sprouting from the tip of Mount Everest, bite through its body with gusty fervor,

All I want is a sparkling pillow impregnated with white pearls, the mysticism in their reflection drowning me into their splendor,

All I want is a candle with a perpetual glow, its resplendent radiance illuminating my ghastly night,

All I want is a dream that never ended, took me on a wild journey of waterfalls and snow clad penguins,

All I want is a pot-bellied tortoise, snuggling close to my heart when I was tense,

All I want is an ivory broomstick, which could fly me high and handsome towards blazing portions of the sky,

All I want is sizzling soup of spicy coriander, which caused tears of satisfaction to roll down my cheeks in tandem,

All I want is a robust pigeon perched languidly on the rooftop; fluttering its wings to produce delectable draughts of air,

All I want is immaculate milk; bombastic chunks of cream floating in a silver bowl,

All I want is peanut butter; with its dazzling slices of yellow tingling the most remotest bud of my taste,

All I want is a ravishing watermelon; titillating my tongue beyond the point of no control,

All I want is long sheets of flawless paper; to embed its surface with a million lines of poetry,

All I want is a mind functioning unrelentingly; fantasizing even while in deep sleep,

All I want is a dolphin diving handsomely in the pool; with its glistening fins splashing across my face; sprinkling it with imprisoned droplets of water,

All I want is a multi-legged octopus; spreading its tentacles the instant I gently tapped it,

All I want is a snake leather whip; emanating exotic noises as I dared to slash the warm air with it,

All I want is a dawn encompassing me with its voluptuous coolness; refraining to develop into the hostile day,

All I want is a glass full of dewdrops; to be placed beside my morning plate of bread and breakfast,

All I want is a cat with furry skin; purring across my chest in my times of distress,

All I want is a hunch-backed camel gazing at me amicably; flooding my nostrils with its natural scent,

All I want is a gargantuan brass bell; punctuating the atmosphere with stringent tunes,

All I want is a trouser embossed with golden buttons; as long as the terrain of the Himalayas,

All I want is a crystal globe; that depicted my future as every second unleashed into a wholesome minute,

All I want is a bottle replete with inebriating rum; which overflowed even after I had consumed the last bit of it,

All I want is a road which transited me without walking the slightest; to the place where the Sun met the land,

All I want is a field sprawling over infinite hectares of land; in which there grew only rotund buds of mushroom,

All I want is a word that was the longest; and which didn't exist in the most contemporary of dictionary,

All I want is a dungeon stashed with golden biscuits; with their shine tearing apart all premonitions of poverty and disgrace,

All I want is an academic degree of the highest pedigree and status; without even slogging it a single hour in the day,

All I want is a necklace sewn with a myriad of pearls; attached to innumerable oysters live and breathing alive,

All I want is eyes with lids of the most toughest of steel; ensuring that I didn't become blind even in an atmosphere swirling with pugnacious thorns,

All I want is a bohemian hand; which could snap a mountain of iron bricks in a single stroke,

All I want is a scintillating telephone; on which I could converse for hours without
it being actually connected,

All I want is an enigmatic herb; which could keep me eternally young and with
brilliant black hair even after I crossed 100,

All I want is a spring; which kept on bouncing and rebounding; thereby making
me uncontrollably laugh,

All I want is cocoons of golden brown potatoes; roasted delectably over in
crackling fires,

All I want is clusters of red cherries; with handsome porcupines crawling nimbly
on their surface,

All I want is silver crested stars of the cosmos; to profoundly illuminate my
every night,

All I want is pinnacle of every mountain existing; to rest in meek submission on
my worktable desktop,

All I want is a wild elephant; which swishes tones of water merrily all around with
its trunk,

All I want is a frozen slice of bread; that delectably melts in my mouth
stimulating me profoundly all throughout the day,

All I want is a rainbow dissipated into infinite colors; lingering mystically in my
eyeball,

All I want is a liquid that makes me completely invisible; imparts me with the
power to trespass with supreme ease; even into the house of the president,

All I want is a bird that perches compassionately on my shoulders; drifts me into
a blissful slumber rhyming harmoniously in my ears,

All I want is an army of mosquitoes bereft of venom; tingling each pore of my
skin; with every bite of theirs,

All I want is a shirt sewn with glittering diamonds; which I used as a substitute

for my mirror; whenever I felt the urge to sight my reflection,

All I want is a room so obsolete and remote; that I could distinctly hear even the sound of my breath,

All I want is a ring embedded with a magical stone; that turned my fortunes dramatically; a few hours after wearing it,

All I want is a whale fish as tall as the sky; which would let me marvel each part of its glistening body; feel its royal snout with my bare fingers,

All I want is a pool full of steaming water; with droplets of cascading wine revitalizing each patch of my dead skin,

All I want is an echo reverberating deafeningly through the valley; that reached out to every entity; sprawled across different quarters of the globe,

All I want is a hive of discordantly buzzing humming bees; oozing sweet nectar; slowly caressing my lips on their periphery as it fell,

All I want is a slogan; that encapsulates all sentences ever penned down in this world,

All I want is a key; that decodes with supreme ease through the most impregnable of lock,

All I want is a solvent; that makes me wholesomely invisible the instant I sprinkle it on my skin,

All I want is teeth of obdurate steel; that can crack the most hardest of nut,

All I want is a brimming cup of revitalizing tea; that incorrigibly refrains to get cold; even when I neglect it for days on the trot,

All I want is a plane; that flies on pure spit and water; so that each drop of my saliva is gainfully utilized,

All I want is a gun; that shoots boundless bullets of wild raspberry; the instant I pressed the trigger,

All I want is a greeting card; that sings mesmerizing rhymes and stares into my eyes for real,

All I want is strawberry cake; as long in length as the Himalayas,

All I want is a ball that bounces to the 100th floor; after I nimbly threw it on the ground,

All I want is moustache; which sparkled better than diamonds in day; had more hair in it than my scalp,

All I want is dwelling; that doesn't budge even an inch; even after the mightiest of earthquake; the most tumultuous of bombardment,

All I want is a magic wand; which metamorphoses all chunks of decaying sewage into glittering gold,

All I want is an abuse; that single handedly replicated all evil loitering in this world,

All I want is a ship; that doesn't topple even when attacked by a battalion of hostile sharks,

All I want is robot; that comprehends each desire of mine; without even me uttering a single word,

All I want is passionate fires; which keep circulating inexorably in my blood; even after I became abysmally old,

All I want is a pen; which kept engendering me to write; with the ink in its body augmenting; with each verse of mine,

All I want is tongue; that kept resonating in my mouth; even while in deep sleep,

All I want is ears; which could detect the most inconspicuous of sound; sitting even a million kilometers away from the point where the pin actually dropped,

All I want is a ghost; whom only I could sight at night; hoisting me high and handsome in the cosmos; near my dead ancestors,

All I want is caverns deep down the ocean; with frozen icicles suspended from their roof; voraciously tickling the last breath of mine,

All I want is a blueprint; which can decode the most baffling enigmas of life,

All I want is a field replete with fresh cowdung; collected from all species of animals wandering on this globe,

All I want is a rope; which caught me my prey; as I languidly tossed it in free air,

All I want is a tomato as gargantuan as the dinosaur; which ripped apart into infinite pieces of juice; the moment I sat on it,

All I want is a chair; that transported me right into the realms of paradise; the instant I sat on it,

All I want is a mischievous child; audaciously carrying on the chapter of my existence,

All I want is a girl; who could love me more than myself; make me feel every unfurling second that I was indeed alive,

All I want is true love; bask in its immortal glory for decades immemorial,

Well I think I have bored you enough; caused you to yawn several times; as the list is endless; the entire world is rampantly revolving in my brain, and my fantasies to unveil are tremendously boundless to be contained in this plain text; so let me instead sign off by saying that all I want is everything.

Nikhil Parekh

All I Wanted To Do

I didn't want to gruesomely blind you; ripping apart your eyeballs like ninepins from their fabulously elastic sockets,

All I wanted to do was share your astonishingly gorgeous sight; immortally become the stupendously grandiloquent jewel of your eyes.

I didn't want to ruthlessly massacre your lips; pulverizing their pungent softness to infinitesimal bits of morbidly stinking ash,

All I wanted to do was share your splendidly rejuvenating smile; immortally become the compassionate wave that enveloped your lips.

I didn't want to assassinate your mind; disintegrating each element of your fantastically fathomless mind; to pathetically thirsty desert sands,

All I wanted to do was share your everlasting ocean of fantasy; immortally become the sacrosanct dream that fulminated tirelessly in your glorious brain.

I didn't want to savagely chop your palms; barbarically decimating your fingers to blend with inconspicuous specks of insipid dust,

All I wanted to do was share your immaculately philanthropic benevolence; immortally become the destiny lines of your sacrosanct palms.

I didn't want to diabolically steal the blanket of happiness perpetually lingering in your soul; reduce you to a worthlessly ghoulish ghost hovering around the corpse,

All I wanted to do was share the exhilarating cheer deluging your senses; immortally become the benign goodness; besieging every contour of your majestic countenance.

I didn't want to slice your tongue; tyrannically pull out each iota of your mouth to coalesce with rotting junkyards outside,

All I wanted to do was share the overwhelmingly insatiable euphoria in your sound; immortally become the ingratiatingly captivating melody of your voice.

I didn't want to treacherously maim you; ruthlessly devastate your heavenly feet to countless fragments of cripplingly orphaned coal,

All I wanted to do was share the humanitarian tenacity in your legs; immortally become the path of sagacious righteousness; on which your soles forever tread.

I didn't want to starve you to unprecedented limits; satanically evicting even the

most minuscule iota of food from your robustly titillating stomach,
All I wanted to do was share the blossoming newness sprouting enchantingly in
your belly; immortally become the poignantly crimson blood that cascaded
merrily through your veins.

I didn't want to pugnaciously pluck your rubicund ears; ferociously bludgeon your
daintily dangling lobes to squelch them to disastrously baseless pulp,
All I wanted to do was share the marvelously tinkling reverberations that
enslaved your inherently embellished ears; immortally become the harmoniously
blissful voice that you always heard; all day and stringent night.

I didn't want to lethally poison your heart; gruesomely bombard your impeccably
pristine chest to capricious puffs of smoke; and horrifically shattered stone,
All I wanted to do was share your passionate inferno of romantically seductive
desire; immortally become the glorious love; invincibly incarcerated in each of
your turbulently royal beats.

Nikhil Parekh

All Of Her.

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her ravishingly ecstatic eyelashes; or her vivaciously brazen hair; which timelessly blew towards the eternally blissful cosmos?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her seductively redolent lips; or her philanthropically altruistic palms; which tirelessly disseminated the essence of unprejudiced humanity?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her enigmatically enamoring destiny lines; or her intrepidly dancing feet; which tirelessly bustled with the spell-binding chimes of life?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her piquantly discerning nose; or her merrily flapping ears; which were astoundingly sensitive to even the most infinitesimal whisper of sound?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her selflessly symbiotic veins; or her fearlessly indomitable bones; which weathered even the most sadistically ghastliest of attack?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her indefatigably innovative brain; or her majestically dimpled chin; which timelessly radiated into an unparalleled gorge of invincible pricelessness?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her unabashedly artistic fingers; or her unconquerably golden perspiration; which limitlessly wafted solely the fragrance of divine righteousness?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her sensuously inebriating nape; or her jubilantly chattering tongue; which reverberated to an infinite tunes of ebulliently victorious existence?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her voluptuously nubile skin; or her impeccably sparkling teeth; which masticated not even an infidel iota more than what was profoundly necessary?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her mischievously uninhibited nails; or her unsurpassably enchanting voice; which perennially silenced even the most hedonistically vindictive of maelstroms?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her unfathomably bewitching footsteps; or her lusciously bewildering lips; which ignited insuperably undying fires even in the most hopelessly deadened of waters?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her undauntedly philanthropic chest; or her royally peerless blood; which perpetually diffused the religion of unassailable humanity; in every quarter of this fathomless Universe?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her inimitably proliferating virility; or her triumphantly dancing Adams apple; which triggered unlimited rivulets of mysticism; in even the most tyrannically robotic heartlessness?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her wonderfully tantalizing belly; or her compassionately untainted bosom; which altruistically imparted warmth to every haplessly dying organism?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her victoriously sacrosanct forehead; or her inscrutably tingling shadow; which perpetuated the brain to fathom beyond the realms of infinite infinity?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her effervescently beaming cheeks; or her impeccably undefeated signature; which unceasingly transcended over every trace of the hedonistically devouring devil?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her daintily silken toes; or her emphatically passionate eyes; which harbored unprecedented empathy in them; for every tangible echelon of benign living kind?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her magnetically electric spine; or her fierily unbridled breath; which timelessly nourished the fabric of this enchanting Universe; with the unshakable spirit of humanity?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her beautifully ecstatic saliva; or her ardently throbbing heart; which radiated nothing else but the beats of immortal love; to every perceivable cranny of this unending Universe?

Well I would neither choose this nor choose that; overwhelmingly differentiating and giving more importance to one part of her bountifully venerated body over another; instead I would perpetually and unabashedly choose every part of her stupendously virile form; perpetually choose all of her.

Nikhil Parekh

All That I Could Ever Dream Of

When I lived in the beer bottle; all that I could ever dream of was an ocean of inebriating alcohol; streams of frothy booze putting me to everlasting sleep,

When I lived in the conventional television; all that I could ever dream was a myriad of sleazy characters; uttering a festoon of ostentatious dialogues; trying their best to trigger the gloomy audience into hilarious smiles,

When I lived on the pugnacious fire body of the blazing Sun; all that I could ever dream of was unprecedented heat; sizzling rays of golden light stringently entrenching every iota of my skin,

When I lived in the refrigerator; all that I could ever dream of was frozen crusts of white ice; silver streams of chilled liquid cascading down painstakingly over my naked chest,

When I lived in the steep well; all that I could ever dream of was morbid darkness; the slime coated frog bouncing euphorically; flooding the solitary ambience around with its discordant croaks,

When I lived in the birds nest; all that I could ever dream of was a cocoon of shimmering white eggs; pairs of innocuous young fledglings squealing ecstatically
in new born life,

When I lived in the ocean; all that I could ever dream of was gargantuan loads of salt and frothy spray; scores of delectable fish gliding vivaciously gliding past my nose; spreading unfathomable waves of fantasy in my heart,

When I lived in the veins; all that I could ever dream of was crimson blood; gushing in sheer rhapsody through the conglomerate of tender bone and dainty flesh,

When I lived in the country gutter; all that I could ever dream of was fetid sewage; the horrendously obnoxious stench of decaying garbage infiltrating every instant in my nose,

When I lived in the deserts; all that I could ever dream of was unsurpassable territories of sweltering hot sands; the belligerent thorns of cactus staring in animosity at the travelers who traversed by,

When I lived in the handle of the gleaming butcher knife; all that I could ever dream of was the merciless assassination of several innocent sheep; shearing apart their succulent body in order to appease the demons gluttony,

When I lived in the fields of fathomless cotton; all that I could ever dream of was immaculate pieces of silken cloth; an infinite ensemble of gaudy cloth hung tantalizingly in the showrooms,

When I lived in the voluptuous coagulation of ominous black clouds; all that I could ever dream of was tumultuous streaks of thunder lightening; ferocious droplets of sparkling rain pelting incessantly on the trajectory of this earth,

When I lived in the pristine oyster; all that I could ever dream of was the boundless assembly of glowing pearls; the exorbitant opulence and glamour encapsulating the neck of every princess,

When I lived in the scalp; all that I could ever dream of tons of animated hair drifting in the direction of the breeze; incomprehensible granules of disdainful dandruff feasting merrily on the skull,

When I lived in raw mud; all that I could ever dream of was clusters of grass sprouting out in rampant tandem; the hideous snakes and worms crawling furtively into their respective burrows at night,

When I lived in the automobile tyre; all that I could ever dream of was several bellows of freshly trapped air; electric speeds enveloping me every second as the car galloped into the jagged necklace of hills,

When I lived in the lap of my mother; all that I could ever dream of was my nostalgic childhood; the moments of inexorable mischief that I had executed while pulling her nose; incorrigibly refraining to study when she scolded me,

When I lived in the Omnipotent statue of the Almighty creator; all that I could ever dream of was the entire Universe; the magnificent beauty that he had evolved to admire; the astounding prowess that he had endowed upon every human being to create an entity possessing his own blood,

And when I lived in the heart of my beloved; all that I could ever dream was pure love; drowning in the aisles of her ravishing romance; blending my impoverished soul in the stream of her passionate breath to exist blissfully in this

life; as well as many more lives to come.

Nikhil Parekh

All That I Wanted To See

All that the fish wanted to see; was a colossal assemblage of salty water inundated with a flurry of undulating and tangy waves,

All that the bird wanted to see; was the gigantic expanse of blue sky packed with an voluptuous ensemble of misty clouds,

All that the crocodile wanted to see; was disdainfully garbled slurry of mud; a profoundly sticky track on which people slipped even before they could have walked,

All that the rat wanted to see; was a tunnel engulfed with perennial darkness; a pile blended with sewage; cheese and garbage lying scattered on the streets,

All that the mountain summit wanted to see; was a festoon of ominous clouds; with sometimes glimpses of brilliantly sizzling hot sunshine,

All that the carrot wanted to see; was a blanket of clammy mud; varied piles of debris coalesced perfectly with soil,

All that the miserly caterpillar wanted see; was a trail of fresh farm crops; sprouting in splendid harmony on farm land; for it to nibble and chew,

All that the ducks wanted see; was placid pools of water around; an enchanting serenity lingering profusely in the atmosphere,

All that a starved dog wanted see; was a meaty piece of bone; crumbs of delicious bread left inadvertently on the bakery window,

All that the lizard wanted see; was a battalion of slimy insects pertinently hovering around the artificially dingy and dim light,

All that the mighty elephant wanted to see; was a stream of exotic water; which it could splash with heavenly strokes of its trunk on its parched body,

All that the bull wanted to see; was a fiery red cloth; evoking it to ferociously charge and wade forward unrelentingly,

All that the deserts wanted to see; was thunderous cloudbursts of rain; gargantuan droplets of water majestically caressing their brutally scorched

demeanor,

All that the spider wanted to see; was a valley of silken thread; on which it could rampantly philander and dance under enchanting beams of moonlight,
All that the shivering skin wanted to see; was compassionate rolls of furry cloth; lanky strands of resilient fabric which would protect it from austere chilly winds of winter,

All that the blinded eye wanted to see; was the faces of the ones around who stood by it in times of inexplicable distress; the sacrosanct palms of the mother who gave it birth,

All that the mind wanted to see; was the mesmerizing beauty of this boundless Universe; the stupendously vivacious traces of life that existed in bountiful on this fathomless planet,

All that the vividly striped peacock wanted to see; was royally oligarchic sunset blended astoundingly with frugal globules of rain; fomenting it to spread its wings to a full blossom under the sky,

All that the fleet of irascibly loitering mosquitoes wanted to see; was supple and succulent pockets of ripe skin; inevitably inviting them to perch upon and suckle blood to their hearts content,

All that the badly tied stomach wanted to see; was heaps of appetizing food; transiting it into waves of tumultuous rhapsody and uncontrollable euphoria,

All that the dilapidated dungeons wanted to see; was mammoth boxes of scintillating diamonds and silver permeating their eerie dark and profound gloominess,

All that the elderly grandparents wanted to see; was their little children bouncing with ebullience and fresh signs of robust life,

All that the burnt tongue wanted to see; was tantalizingly pulverized white slabs of freezing ice,

All that the overwhelmingly feverish body wanted to see; was stringent cabinets replete with powerful antiseptic; magically healing its gruesomely ailing parts,

All that the Creator wanted to see; was the earth that he had evolved blissfully functioning; human beings of each race and fraternity embracing each other in

the
spirit of unbiased brotherhood,

And all that I wanted to see; was her ravishing form every second; every minute; every hour; every day; every fortnight; every year; for countless more centuries and births to unveil.

Nikhil Parekh

All That Was Needed

To fill in the crevices of fathomlessly barren sky; all that was needed was an unfathomable conglomerate of ravishingly crimson clouds,

To fill in the crevices of the gigantically corrugated mountain; all that was needed was a fragrant concoction of freshly mesmerizing mud,

To fill in the crevices of the baselessly empty hive; all that was needed was a spell binding waterfall of poignantly harmonious honey,

To fill in the crevices of the lackadaisically sultry edifice; all that was needed was a stream of sparkingly harmonious and rich cement,

To fill in the crevices of meaninglessly insidious lies; all that was needed was the Omnipotently flaming Sun of irrefutable truth,

To fill in the crevices of horrifically debilitating weakness; all that was needed was an inferno of timelessly unassailable strength,

To fill in the crevices of the drearily hollow pen; all that was needed was a gloriously sapphire fountain of artistically aristocratic ink,

To fill in the crevices of the disastrously broken friendship; all that was needed was a perpetually unshakable bond of unflinching trust,

To fill in the crevices of traumatically bizarre agony; all that was needed was an unsurpassable river of everlastingly triumphant happiness,

To fill in the crevices of devastatingly gory bloodshed; all that was needed was a boundless sky of unbreakably scintillating unity,

To fill in the crevices of inexplicably miserable disease; all that was needed was the mantra of eternally celestial compassion,

To fill in the crevices of the truculently scorching desert; all that was needed was bountiful droplets of enchantingly sparkling rain,

To fill in the crevices of the forlornly decaying tree; all that was needed was a flirtatiously frolicking horde of innocuously bushy squirrels,

To fill in the crevices of agonizingly bereaved humanity; all that was needed was an invincible entrenchment of beautifully Omniscient togetherness,

To fill in the crevices of abominably abhorrent prejudice; all that was needed was a unendingly silken fabric of symbiotic existence,

To fill in the crevices of the disparagingly blinded eye; all that was needed was a mirror of unequivocally priceless sight,

To fill in the crevices of the haplessly shattered bone; all that was needed was an impregnable fortress of holistically resilient calcium,

To fill in the crevices of the worthlessly deadened nostril; all that was needed was a mystically enlightening forest of Omnipresent breath,

To fill in the crevices of the ominously besieged conscience; all that was needed was an Omnipotently blazing arrow of undefeatable truth,

And to fill in the crevices of the pathetically shattered and broken heart; all that was needed was a limitless reservoir of love; love and only miraculously heavenly love.

Nikhil Parekh

All That We Could Do

The color of her impeccably radiant eyes had already formed in the womb; with even the most intricately poignant of their shades having taken irrefutably consolidated proportions,

All that we could do was profusely embellish them with the astronomical beauty of this gargantuan Universe; inculcating in them profound empathy towards the religion of humanity.

The shape of her immaculately divine fingers had already formed in the womb; with even the most infinitesimal of nails sprouting up holistically from the nimble edges,

All that we could do was poignantly paint them with the stupendous charisma of this spell binding Universe; impregnate in them the solidarity to confront even the most acrimonious of impediments that dared come their way.

The contours of her amiably princely lips had already formed in the womb; with even the most capriciously evanescent tinges of red piquantly reflecting at her innocuous birth,

All that we could do was indefatigably make them smile; triumphantly caress all bountifully heavenly goodness; that sumptuously encapsulated the enchanting atmosphere.

The pristine curvatures of her resplendent feet had already formed in the womb; with even the most sensitively pointed of her toes taking wholesome proportions,

All that we could do was Omnisciently maneuver them towards the path of scintillating righteousness; teaching her to traverse shoulder to shoulder; with all mankind; one and ubiquitously alike.

The complexion of her robustly blossoming skin had already formed in the womb; with even the most inconspicuously enamoring of her dimples glistening like fireballs of the Sun; as she emanated her first breath,

All that we could do was perpetually ensure that it remained untainted like that for times immemorial; timelessly enshroud her cheeks with all gregarious benevolence that uninhibitedly floated in the atmosphere.

The cadence of her emphatically unblemished voice had already formed in the womb; with even the most incoherently inherent of her expressions magically visible; as she winked open her eyes to salvage the first sights of this planet, All that we could do was pragmatically teach her to use it for philanthropic

humanity; disseminate its ingratiatingly vibrant melody; to each quarter of this Universe enveloped with bizarre solitude.

The trajectory of her immaculately godly ears had already formed in the womb; with even the most inaudible nerves of her lobes; miraculously visible as she gyrated in her cradle to the first sounds of this globe,
All that we could do was perennially ensure that even the slightest trace of diabolism stayed infinite kilometers from her impeccable visage; and all that she could ever hear was the tunes of beautifully egalitarian mankind.

The lines on her Omnipresently innocent palms had already formed in the womb; with even the most ethereal insinuations in her life explicitly highlighted; as she ecstatically bounced in the lap of her grandmother,
All that we could do was celestially drift her towards the lanes of unprejudiced righteousness; evolve her into being the ultimate messiah of all disastrously anguished humanity.

And the rhythm of her heavenly heartbeats had already formed in the womb; with even the most tiny palpitations of her chest throbbing with effervescent intensity; as she diffused her very first breath,
All that we could do was unassailably embody them with the spirit of immortal love; unequivocally ensure that they coalesced with nothing else but sparkling truth
till the time they lived; and even countless births that they exuberantly took life once again; thereafter.

Nikhil Parekh

All We Had To Do

In order to walk; all we had to do was to coherently use our feet and march forward,

In order to write; all we had to do was to hoist the pen; and then nimbly rub its nib against bonded paper,

In order to sleep; all we had to do was shut our eyes; thereby obfuscating ourselves completely from bright light,

In order to talk; all we had to do was open our mouth; then articulately reverberate our tongue in hollow chambers of darkness prevailing,

In order to smile; all we had to do was stretch out luscious lips as far as possible; alongwith a trifle empathy in our eyes,

In order to swim; all we had to do was voraciously move our hand and feet; master the art of holistically floating on the surface,

In order to eat; all we had to do was place appetizing morsels of sundry in our mouth; then masticate the same with sharp incisors of our teeth,

In order to breathe; all we had to do was inhale gallons of unadulterated air; inundating the palpable jacket of our lungs with revitalizing fervor,

In order to punch; all we had to do was clench our fists into a compact ball; then thrust them with tumultuous power towards the wall,

In order to dance; all we had to do was rhythmically sway our bodies; to vibrant tunes of pulsating music,

In order to scratch; all we had to do was use our finger nails incongruously; painstakingly peeling off intricate arenas of our skin,

In order to sing; all we had to do was partially open our mouths; engendering mesmerizing tunes to permeate the atmosphere,

In order to paint; all we had to do was use the brush vivaciously upon the naked body of white canvas,

In order to bathe; all we had to do was to completely submerge our silhouette in colossal pools of gurgling stream water; sprinkling the same with gay abundance on our scalps,

In order to dig; all we had to do was extricate earth with a shovel; pummel the ground incessantly till we achieved the conducive depth,

In order to remember; all we had to do was intensely flex the tendrils of our brain; have loads of conviction in our ability to perceive,

In order to bend; all we had to do was to stoop down on the floor; kneel with our chins adhering to the bare surface,

In order to sneeze; all we had to do was hold pungent pepper close to our nostrils; then wait for the inevitable aftermath to follow,

In order to pray; all we had to do was to perceive all the benevolence existing; visualize the most simplest yet the most enamoring forms of life; worship the most stupendous form of the omnipresent Creator,

And in order to live; all we had to do was philanthropically execute our duties towards the society; incarcerate in our hearts forever the person of our dreams; the person who could love us immortally for decades immemorial.

Nikhil Parekh

Allah

He was the one who maneuvered my tongue; bestowed upon me the ability to eloquently speak,

He was the one who made me smile; emphatically displaying my armory of white teeth to the world,

He was the one who produced empathy in my eyes; made them profoundly glisten in the morning light,

He was the one who made me rambunctiously chatter; bounce in the true fervor of life,

He was the one who made me sneeze; burst into infinite chortles of uninhibited laughter,

He was the one who engendered me to sweat; tremble innocuously with infinite goose bumps creeping up inadvertently on my naked skin,

He was the one who made me dream; fantasize to the most bizarre limits of contemplation,

He was the one who enabled me to traverse on earth; put my feet firmly on the black soil I tread,

He was the one who made me blush a perfect crimson; as I inevitably winked at a mesmerizing girl,

He was the one who imparted me the skill to voraciously read; pen down intricate lines of exquisite calligraphy,

He was the one who impregnated awesome strength in my knuckles; granted them the tenacity to defend the infirm,

He was the one who made me decipher the minutest of noise; wholesomely relish the blend of tingling sounds in atmosphere,

He was the one who filled my stomach whenever I felt famished; ensured that the right morsels of food occupied its cavities,

He was the one who embodied in me the exuberance to run; inhaling gallons of revitalizing air into my lungs,
He was the one who taught me to judiciously discern between the good and bad; curtail myself from indulging into the nefarious and licentious,

He was the one who waded all circumspection from my mind; whenever I felt besieged by a host of inexplicable dilemmas,

He was the one who instilled astronomical courage in my demeanor; made me stand tall and unflinching against all barricades that confronted me in my way,

He was the one who made me nostalgic; reminisce profoundly the poignant memories of my childhood in my mothers lap,

He was the one who found me the love of my life; made sure that it consolidated into sacrosanct marriage,

He was the one who resurrected my faith in life every unfurling minute; made me imbibe the true spirit of existence,

He was the one who was the blood flowing through my veins; the beating of my heart as it throbbed violently in my chest,

And he was the one whom people of varied races christened as 'GOD'; 'CHRIST'; 'BHAGWAN'; 'CREATOR'; 'ALMIGHTY'; 'LORD'; whom I fondly referred today and till the time I existed; as my 'ALLAH'.

Nikhil Parekh

Allah, Bhagwan, Christ, Buddha

Name = You could call him Allah, Bhagwan, Christ, Buddha, or an infinite forms of invincibly Omnipotent goodness.

Age= Ageless. Existing as the most pricelessly Omniscient image in the entire Universe; till even times beyond infinite infinity.

Height= Indomitably towering above all on this brilliantly victorious Universe; till even centuries beyond the definition of time had ceased to exist.

Religion= Every religion that irrefutably leads towards the paradise of sharing; towards the paradise of united fearlessness.

Favorite Color = The color of unshakably Omnipresent and timelessly eternal brotherhood.

Favorite Drink= The drink of simplistically insuperable and gloriously infallible honesty.

Favorite Moment= Every unflinchingly unfurling moment which diffuses the essence of peace and harmoniously mesmerizing symbiotism.

Favorite Attire= Any speck of fabric which royally radiates the fragrance of altruistic truth for times immemorial.

Favorite Animal= Every organism that exists in holistically sparkling unison and unsurpassable camaraderie with its blessed surroundings.

Favorite Quote= Live and Beautifully Let live; and I promise you that every element of prosperity in the cosmos would be yours forever.

Favorite Cities= Every granule of earth breathing in uninhibitedly unadulterated freedom and miraculouslyobeying Nature Divine.

Favorite Route= Every pathway that veritably leads you to inimitably unparalleled goodness.

Favorite Car= Any set of wheels which transports you to the destination of your pristinely majestic heart; without indiscriminately pulverizing even the most infinitesimal organism on ground.

Favorite Time= Any instant when miraculously sacrosanct life spawns out of the aisles of drearily livid nothingness.

Favorite Sport= The game of mischievously enchanting and unending flirtation; which kept even an entity nearing his corpse; as young as the freshly born child.

Favorite Dwelling= Every abode which harbors the wave unbreakably revitalizing companionship in good times and bad; whether it be even an inconspicuously non-existent hole in the ground.

Favorite Scent= The perfume of tirelessly undefeatable proliferation; astoundingly continuing the chapters of my gifted life.

Favorite Soldier= Every soldier who has the tenacity to singularly stand bare-chested against the army of countless perfidious demons; happily embracing death to immortalize the venerated lap of his mother soil.

Favorite Mantra= The mantra of Perpetually impeccable love; celestially coalescing every caste; creed; color and tribe; into a breath of unconquerably regale oneness.

Favorite Eyes= The eyes which waft perennial empathy; for all those miserably deprived and haplessly tyrannized.

Favorite Persona= The persona which sees no evil; hears no evil; speaks no evil; mellifluously smiles to alleviate bereaved humanity; even in the face of maliciously dastardly defeat.

Favorite Word= Life. An entrenchment of unsurpassably spell binding newness and synergistic survival transcending over every conceivable and inconceivable thing in vicinity.

Favorite Therapy= The Balm of aristocratically emollient truth and selfless philanthropism; which wholesomely overrules even the most cancerous of disease; which entirely transcends the most hedonistically murderous of devil.

Nikhil Parekh

Alligator On The Prowl In Full Moon

Round balls of pearly white gas,
with thin wisps of grey cloud floating haphazardly,
as cool as snow drops of ice at night,
assassinating traces of daytime heat,
with crystal beams of singular fluorescent light,
perched high in the galaxy of stars,
revolving at astronomical speeds across the Sun periphery,
being the only source of placid comfort during pitch dark ambience of the night,
the celestial figure of the moon smiled mischievously,
as the hour hand ticked past midnight in city clock tower.

the lethal alligator waded silently through the waters,
biting mighty chunks of dead logwood,
flickering its abraded tail at small cocoons of fish,
squirting blood from its eyeball,
opening its kingly jaw to display an armory of canine teeth.

there were men ahead pedaling a row boat,
consuming large glasses of ravishing gin tonic,
with strong fishing rods levered skillfully in the jungle stream,
they joked, sung, swayed their bodies in the arid air,
little knowing of the deadly monster stealthily encroaching,
the beast sank a few feet beneath the boat,
gave loud snorts toppled it crushing sewn timber to mangled junk,
loud wails besieged the night calm,
the moonlight clearly portrayed torn parts of their bodies,
white waters smudged with fresh human blood,
the birds screeched loudly in the sky,
as the 20 feet long crocodile relished man flesh,
trapped between the cavities of its elephant teeth.

Nikhil Parekh

Always Listening To The Tunes Of My Heart

It suddenly told me to lick the road with my tongue; when I was blissfully driving enchanted by the melody in the air and the surroundings,

It ordered me to eat a blanket of thorns without flinching the slightest; as I was wholesomely lost in my dreams under the enigmatic tree shade,

It told me to soak my head into fetid pools of gutter water; when I was busy sipping voluptuous pints of sugarcane rum in the corridors of the rustic country bar,

It told me to poke my neighbors with sizzling rods of iron; enjoy the agonizing scene that unfurled; as I placidly playing cards with my wife at midnight,

It told me to jump from the aircraft without strapping a parachute on my body; as I lost in due admiration of the cotton cocoon of blue clouds dazzling voluptuously
in the morning light,

It told me to chew balls of steel with stupendous relish; when I was toiling in the fields; waiting anxiously for my crops to reap,

It told me to cut my finger with the gleaming knife; when I was writing a letter to my impeccable beloved,

It told me to cross the street when the lights were still red; brandishing my body against scores of whirlwind vehicles; as I was milking the cow for my morning breakfast,

It told me to hurl out a volley of abashing abuse to the President; when I was infact munching popcorn and watching television,

It told me to bathe in steaming acid use vicious scorpion instead of soap; as I engrossed in bulky files and heaps of paper at office,

It told me to play hide and seek with the diabolical shark; as I blew the ensemble of candles on my birthday cake,

It told me to bash my head umpteenth times against the wall; as I was traversing merrily through the hills; with the girl of my dreams sitting on my

shoulder,

It told me to leap up to the sky and steal all the stars; as I addressing the entire planet on the National network,

It told me to swallow the venomous lizard wandering through the thick jungles; as I was sitting in rapt attention; with my eyes focussed towards the deity I profoundly worshipped,

It told me to gallivant stark naked through the town; as I was assiduously involved in decoding peaceful solutions to war,

It told me to count to the number of words I spoke in the day; as I combing my hair blending it with lots of perfumed coconut oil,

It told me to put my hands in the lions mouth; as I was playing with small children; hugging them close to my chest,

It told me to sleep on a bed of smoldering embers; as I was dancing jubilantly after tasting the first success of my life,

It told me to put a battalion of stinging ants in my clothes; as I was shaking hands compassionately with the Magician outside the train,

It told me to walk backwards till I reached the other side of the globe; as I gauge the unsurpassable depth of the valley,

It was a nefarious monster ordering me to execute at times the weirdest of things existing in this world; when infact there was not the slightest of necessity; nor the slightest of compulsion by Almighty Lord to do so,

And that's when I made one solemn resolve of never being a slave of my mind; never yielding to its irascible desires no matter how strongly it dictated me to do so; as I had from now decided to always listen to the tunes of my heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Am I Unforgivingly Unjust?

Am I uncouthly unjust in asking the Omnipotently golden Sun; to grant me a just a single of its optimistic ray; that would brilliantly illuminate the chapters of my dolorously decaying life?

Am I brutally unjust in asking the fathomlessly frosty ocean; to grant me just a single of its poignantly tangy wave; that would enchantingly rejuvenate my hedonistically tyrannized and monotonously prejudiced senses?

Am I acrimoniously unjust in asking the impregnably boundless mountain; to grant me just a single of its compassionate cave; that would enable me to sequester my uncontrollably slaving form; from the cold-bloodedly freezing night?

Am I ominously unjust in asking the mystically limitless forest; to grant me just a single of its tantalizingly voluptuous whisper; that would wholesomely liberate me from my apocalypses of lividly dastardly nervousness?

Am I truculently unjust in asking the astoundingly vivacious rainbow; to grant me just a single of its effulgently glistening band; that would blissfully embellish my disastrously stagnated life with unstoppably unparalleled enlightenment?

Am I horrifically unjust in asking the ebulliently victorious rose; to grant me just a single pinch of its blessedly charismatic fragrance; that would drift me far away from the world of abominably fretful sin; into a heaven of unshakably silken togetherness?

Am I preposterously unjust in asking the torrentially showering clouds; to grant me just a single droplet of celestially mollifying rain; that would perennially placate the intransigently sadistic scorching in the realms of my impoverished throat?

Am I murderously unjust in asking the unbelievably mellifluous nightingale; to grant me just a single of its eternally symbiotic tune; that would splendidly ameliorate me from my corpses of treacherous desperation; to benevolently blossom in my truncated life?

Am I turgidly unjust in asking the majestically unsurpassable Moon; to grant me just a single of its marvelously pearly beam; that would handsomely engulf my every parasitically beleaguered night with caverns of jubilant ecstasy?

Am I scurrilously unjust in asking the gigantically unceasing atmosphere; to grant me just a single of its exuberantly effervescent wind; that would make me devotedly gallop towards the aisles of uninhibitedly regale freedom?

Am I unfathomably unjust in asking the tirelessly pristine waterfalls; to grant me just a single of their magically sensuous stream; that would amazingly metamorphose even the most infinitesimal bit of abhorrence in my blood into a paradise of symbiotically everlasting freshness?

Am I salaciously unjust in asking the inexhaustibly effervescent ensemble of soil; to grant just a single of its truthfully sacred particle; that would immortalize the egregiously corrupt fabric of my existence with a sky of Omnipresent righteousness?

Am I flagrantly unjust in asking the boundlessly untainted meadow; to grant me just a single whisker of its gloriously unequivocal frolic; that would transit my manipulatively decrepit countenance into realms of impeccably princely childhood?

Am I heinously unjust in asking the timelessly unflinching battlefield; to grant me just a single iota of its peerlessly invincible patriotism; that would instill in me the fortitude to face the ignominiously diabolical and bad?

Am I lividly unjust in asking the fruits of perpetual Mother Nature; to grant me just a single trifle of their burgeoning enthusiasm; that would forever squelch the insect of dastardly laggardness in every despicably evaporating bone of my silhouette?

Am I indiscriminately unjust in asking the supremely venerated cow; to grant me just a single cuplet of its miraculously fructifying milk; that would embody in my frenetically extinguishing form; the Herculean tenacity to stand unperturbed even in the most devilishly unsparing of maelstroms?

Am I venomously unjust in asking the unendingly emollient festoon of air; to grant me just a single puff of its quintessentially vital exhilaration; that would transform me from a cadaverously ostracizing mortuary into a breath of victoriously exultating life?

Am I invidiously unjust in asking the Omnisciently Almighty Lord; to grant me just a single chance of his paradise of infinite chances; which would provide me an opportunity to disseminate benign goodness till the very end of my time; and

thus reverse every of my inadvertently committed sin?

And am I unforgivingly unjust in asking the countless billion rhythms of your unassailable heart O! Beloved; to grant me just a single immortal beat; that would coalesce me forever and forever and ever with the religion of unbreakable humanity; that would make me feel forever and ever and ever the most pricelessly gifted organism alive?

Nikhil Parekh

Amalgamation

The amalgamation of clouds in the cosmos; brings tantalizing tumblers of sparkling rain,

The amalgamation of winds from different directions; brings a tumultuously vivacious and enigmatic storm,

The amalgamation of bedraggled fragments of cloth; evolves a fabulously impeccable garment,

The amalgamation of minuscule pinches of sand loitering aimlessly around; eventually culminates into a majestically handsome and fathomlessly sprawling desert,

The amalgamation of profusely baked bricks; produces a magnanimously fortified and sheltering wall,

The amalgamation of worthless words scattered in the dictionary; blossoms into an emphatically mesmerizing sentence,

The amalgamation of frigidly insipid matchsticks; perpetuates into a royally blazing fire; flaming flamboyantly towards the sky,

The amalgamation of shiny pearls extracted freshly from the oyster; harnesses into a shimmering necklace glowing eye to eye with the crimson Sun,

The amalgamation of infinite waves undulating with ravishing froth; spawns into the boundless ocean; clashing mystically against the chain of scintillating rocks,

The amalgamation of battered looking curled hair; molds into a voluptuous eyelash; stealing your senses like streaks of thunder in the sky,

The amalgamation of variegated crinkly petals; gives rise to an exotic flower; wafting its enchanting fragrance for miles unprecedented,

The amalgamation of several solitary rooms rotting in realms of profound remorse; gives birth to a grandiloquent castle; through which transgressed the jeweled prince,

The amalgamation of countless births as divinely as the heavens; produces Man;

the most incredibly intelligent creation of Almighty Lord,

The amalgamation of unfathomable emotions fulminating rampantly in the soul; triggers the chords of imagination to crop up with a festoon of unbelievable ideas,

The amalgamation of blood from all religions; produces the most indomitable of tribes; marching unflinchingly to knock the corridors of success,

The amalgamation of dusty books lost for centuries in obsolete wisps of neglected nothingness; produces a cherished library fostering a repertoire of incomprehensibly priceless literature,

The amalgamation of varied breaths unanimously as one; produces the most tenacious spirit to survive; confronting an insurmountable battalion of satanic devils without a ripple to the skin,

The amalgamation of unsurpassable sounds together; produces the most astoundingly beautiful song ever conceivable on the trajectory of this vast planet,

And the amalgamation of two passionately palpitating hearts in this Universe; produces the most worshipped gift which we all live and could unhesitatingly relinquish breath this very minute for; a gift which even the greatest of Gods salute as love.

Nikhil Parekh

Ambulance

Wailing sirens echo through the air,
Red rooftop lights flash violently,
A big plus sign is stuck to all its doors,
Metal stretchers adorn the interiors,
Oxygen masks hang from plastic chords,
Along with Megan bottles filled with glucose liquid,
Antiseptic stench spreads all over,
Streaks of blood smudge windows,
Bundles of cotton bandages lay in a heap,
Modern computer displays throbbing heart; blood pressure..etc.,
Walkie-talkie antennas sway in animation,
Plastic face masks are strapped for medical inspection,
Power horns blare incessantly,
The speedometer barks escalating speeds,
Acknowledging bystanders shift away,
Portable refrigerator carries patient food,
Consisting of capsule; injection; pacifying ointment; and mineral water,
Patient groans inundate plush interiors,
Wounded and stabbed at umpteenth places,
Dislocated bones and fight for breath,
Head lying in gory pools of blood,
With nostalgic memories of close kin,
And an overwhelming desire to survive like never before,
As the 10 seater ambulance urgently surges forward through crowded roads of
the city.

Nikhil Parekh

An Absolute Winner

As long as the tree had clusters of leaves covering its naked body; it was in state of perennial bliss; relaxing splendidly in the shade; well sequestered from the acerbic sunshine,

As long as the watery eyeball had a fold of brown skin covering its body; it slept and awoke without the slightest of effort; as when it leisurely wanted,

As long as the bird had an ensemble of ruffled feathers covering her body; she displayed astronomical audacity of soaring high against the most freezing of winds,

As long as the bricks had a fortified coat of cement covering their body; they felt like the strongest entities existing on this earth; having the tenacity to resist even the most tumultuous of earthquake,

As long as the raw bones had a blanket of skin covering their body; they grew and nourished at will; relished the comfort of always being in placid cool; while their covering absorbed all of the sweltering heat,

As long as the sky had a cocoon of clouds covering its body; it was in stupendous rhapsody; being able to rampantly fantasize at will; without the world staring at it; unrelentingly into its eyes,

As long as the conglomerate of yolk and rich protein had a shell of obdurate white covering its body; it harnessed and sprouted perfectly; eventually evolving into a handsome and delectable fledgling with the passage of time,

As long as the barren skull had a shock of curly hair covering its body; it euphorically thrust itself forward; even to confront the most mightiest of blows; feeling relatively safe under the spongy cushion sticking out from it; all night and day,

As long as the flower had a consortium of redolent petals covering its body; it swayed flirtatiously with each draught of wind; twinkled merrily under the star studded midnight,

As long as the swirling ocean had infinite granaries of salt to cover its body; it resembled a majestic prince; with scores of vivid fish and aquatic life inhabiting its salubrious waters,

As long as the teeth had a sheen of enamel to cover their body; they uninhibitedly became ready to chew virtually anything; ranging from unripe plums to the hardest of steel circulating in the markets,
As long as the candle had an enclosure of emerald glass to cover its body; it burnt flamboyantly with passionate intensity; even in the midst of a cyclonic storm,

As long as the golden ink had the capsule of fountain pen to cover its body; it oozed out harmoniously in sporadic intervals; inundating blank sheets of paper with exquisite lines of calligraphy,

As long as white electricity had boundless tunnels of plastic to cover its body; it ran at lightening speeds without any skepticism of hurting anyone; and yet at the same time illuminating the entire township with brilliant light,

As long as the child had its mother to cover its tiny body; it bounced boisterously; mischievously smiling and discovering a host of new things every second,

As long as the heart had love to cover its throbbing body; it simply refused to quit beating; continued to live and exist immortally beyond the definition of time,

And as long as a human being had God to cover his body; he didn't face any difficulty whatsoever in leading life; and in spite of being encapsulated with hordes of barricades and dilemmas; he always emerged an absolute winner under the sacrosanct cover of the Almighty Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

An Act Of Brutality

The road was a desolate patch of tarmac burning,
blotches of dust stuck to side embankments,
disdainful heat waves knifed all those moving,
the sun shone from all quarters of sky carpets,
crows croaked loud for mud vessels of water,
gigantic lizards adapted chocolate brown color of tree stalk,
house interiors baked in increasing intensity of Sun blaze,
multiple mouth cavities craved for transparent liquid,
ground mud sheets burst into cracks, in boiling heat,
the kilometer strip, was inhabited by striped furry dogs,
chasing vehicles as they whistled by,
distant roars of laughter became evident,
as gang of youngsters danced in aisles of the silver Mercedes.
{1}

blaring music echoed through the air,
powerful stench of alcohol floated in the breeze,
radial tyres left trails of scorching sand,
driver compressed gas pedal to full angularity,
innocent dogs chased car at whirlwind speed,
barked their heart out at unruly youth reclined in car seat,
ran abreast of bullet proof doors, for marathon time,
the men then decided they had enough confrontation,
wailing yelps besieged the serene calm,
as car assembly surged forward,
indiscreetly trampling few pounds of helpless dog meat.

Nikhil Parekh

An Earnest Prayer For Every Other Husband On This Earth.

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the general condition of the environment around; and as every source of media proclaimed it to be on the ghastly brink of extinction,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the brand new recipes that she'd voraciously browsed through; in every cook-book that she could lay her effervescent hands upon,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the epidemic that'd taken sinister proportions in the society; the horrendously agonizing anecdotes of several in her invincibly close-knit kin,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the overall weather being one of the most acrimonious in the country; and her plans to liberate at the fastest possible to a cherished utopian land,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the current trends of fashion and opulence in the society; and how miserably divested was she of virtually everything on this vast planet,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; how obsolete she perceived me to be-though I was glowing with hard-earned success; just because I'd tread on the path never ever taken before on this planet divine,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; every move and decision that her revered parents took; at times going to unfathomable depths to solve any familial misunderstandings; whilst I sulked in raw sunshine,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; what an indescribable revolution she would bring in the life of every divested soul alive; by impartially distributing the entire wealth of this planet to all alike,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the gravely unsurpassable amounts of dirt that she'd most tenaciously extricated; from the most obsolete crannies of our already spic-span home,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the inexhaustible

myriad of soap operas-game shows-spell binding documentaries; which she'd watched in each spare moment of hers,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the headlines; gossips; spiritual sayings which she'd read in every bookshop; as reading was one of her alltime favorite pastime,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; all those established celebrities and luminaries; all those upon whom the media was extravagantly onto; silencing all in vicinity whilst listening to her favorite star interview,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; every like and dislike of our kids; wanting them to accomplish only her unfinished dreams; as she considered every of my talents and works as disdainfully imbecile,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; me being a complete misanthrope and wretched misfit for the society; wholesomely lost and absorbed in my own poetically fantasizing musings,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; my ruining every element of her otherwise victorious life; indescribably denigrating me to lifeless ash whilst comparing me to other husbands in her sight,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; fossils; shells; and virtually every mystical and artificial carving on this Universe; going to painstaking depths to study the elaborate etymology of the same,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; her father's once upon a time 9 to 9 unsparing life; the innumerable droplets of sweat that he'd shed to raise her; whilst all I knew in comparison was staring at insouciant bits of blue sky,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the stories that her friends; followers and well wishers had recounted to her; and how desperately did she want to make an enlightenment into every aspect of their bizarrely hapless and solitary lives,

And whilst I appreciated and respected all her talk; O! how I wished and wished and wished; that atleast a line out of the infinite she spoke to me was asking me as to what I did in the entire day; asking me to recite the fervent lines of my poetry on all creations of the Lord; asking me as to how the rhythm of my tender

heart felt?

Anyways; though I knew it was virtually impossible for it to happen this way - naturally and of her own accord in this life; I earnestly pray to you O! Omnipotent Lord; to make it happen in every other impoverished husband's life; so that unlike my sole urge to die this very instant out of sheer indifference; he feels more ardently than ever before; to be reborn again and again and again.

Nikhil Parekh

An Encounter With A Mosquito

It ran miles further as I chased it,
faded from vision like a captivating mirage.

It escaped from my tightly curled fist,
survived the injury, changed its place of habitation.

It buzzed incessantly in vicinity of my bare eardrum,
was quiet as an angel when i scratched my flesh raw in
anger.

It multiplied in numbers in stagnant pools of water,
hissed discordant rhymes of exasperating music.
It perched on stale fruit, squashed remains of brown chocolate,
injected its venom in edible items of uncooked food.

It flew at small heights from the ground,
eluded clouds of smoke leaking from modern repellant coils.

It was a carrier of deadly infections,
stung soft flesh rich and pure with youthful blood.

It prompted patches of allergy to spread on skin,
was resistant to the strongest of medicinal balm.

It had caused me many a torturous night,
wrecked me of tranquil sleep from woolen delights of my cozy quilt.

It had surpassed all my imagination to render it lifeless,
had escaped my clutches on infinite occasions of time.

In the end I chalked a plan of action,
of being bitten, rather than spending a lifetime,
chasing the athletic mosquito in vast space of suspended air.

Nikhil Parekh

An Infinite Lives; An Infinite Deaths

An infinite playgrounds of exuberantly rhapsodic smiles; An infinite coffins of inexplicably aggrieving tears,

An infinite gorges of unprecedentedly unceasing ecstasy; An infinite mortuaries of remorsefully decrepit sullenness,

An infinite skies of celestially everlasting enchantment; An infinite barren slopes of debasingly slithering and demonic scorpions,

An infinite entrenchments of majestically resplendent accolades; An infinite begging bowls of horrendously ghastly impoverishment and threadbare disdain,

An infinite temples of unconquerably Omnipotent heavenliness; An infinite cadaverously traumatic spirits; marauding ghoulishly into the impeccable soul,

An infinite anecdotes of gorgeously perennial prosperity; An infinite crutches of bizarrely debilitating and acrimoniously disastrous leprosy,

An infinite meadows of tantalizingly tingling freshness; An infinite dungeons uxoriously dumped with pugnacious feces and ominously lackluster indolence, An infinite valleys of ingeniously royal inventions; An infinite fecklessly frigid and insipidly sedentary stones; lying crumpled beneath the cacophonically groaning donkey's hide,

An infinite roses of invincibly enamoring scent; An infinite whiplashes of unsavorily brutal dereliction and pathetically subjugating politics,

An infinite castles bounteously overflowing with iridescently mesmerizing cisterns of gold and jubilant silver; An infinite infinitesimal mosquitoes digging their tentacles harder and harder into treacherously rotting shit,

An infinite uninhibitedly fluttering birds impreguably ruling the fathomlessly crystal blue skies; An infinite preposterously diminutive ants; being blown into wisps of ethereal oblivion at the slightest innuendo of wind,

An infinite rainbows of profoundly titillating reinvigoration; An infinite prison bars besmirched with vindictively diabolical prejudice and unendingly malicious ennui,

An infinite winds of blisteringly indomitable victories; An infinite disparagingly disappearing and profane shadows of merciless betrayal,

An infinite oceans of opulently milky pearls; An infinite iconoclastically ragged cobblestones leading to the gallows of unsparing extinction,

An infinite venerated cries of the innocuously newborn; An infinite disheveled grey hair; which mightn't sight yet another dawn,

An infinite Lions patriotically marching with Kingly ease through the paradise of insuperable truth; An infinite insects being indiscriminately trampled by the advancing foot; for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

An infinite scriptures of pricelessly worshipped literature; An infinite hutments of gratuitously salacious illiteracy; existing fathomless kilometers beneath the poverty line,

An infinite fortnights of timelessly blessing sensuousness; An infinite carcasses of ludicrously sordid infertility; inconsolably weeping all the time,

An infinite heavens of ingratiatingly astounding proliferation; An infinite Hell's where only torturously cold-blooded barbarism reigned hedonistically supreme,

An infinite exotically propitious replenishments; An infinite tumultuously torrid deserts of limitlessly sub-servient thirst,

And an infinite unassailably euphoric lives; An infinite despairingly violent and deliriously cruel deaths,

Is what every ingredient of my blood ardently wanted to experience; for the spirit of Immortally unshakable and wonderfully mystical; poetry; poetry and Omnipresently magical Love Poetry.

Nikhil Parekh

An Infinite Times Better

Even the most parsimoniously slaving form of light; is an infinite times better than the endlessly ghoulis mortuary of treacherously asphyxiating darkness,

Even the most infinitesimally diminutive form of strength; is an infinite times better than the endless coffins of remorsefully decrepit fear,

Even the most inconspicuously ethereal form of water; is an infinite times better than the endlessly crucifying and barbarously sweltering sand of the desert,

Even the most nimbly mercurial form of vivaciousness; is an infinite times better than the endlessly ghastly jungles of concretely unemotional monotony,

Even the most fugitively nonchalant form of literacy; is an infinite times better than the endlessly dolorous well of ignominiously lambasting unemployment,

Even the most inconspicuously disappearing form of happiness; is an infinite times better than the endlessly hopeless dungeon of inexplicably besmirched sadness,

Even the most ephemerally silent form of faithfulness; is an infinite times better than the endlessly salacious road to vindictively vituperative betrayal,

Even the most inanely tiny form of dwelling; is an infinite times better than the endlessly whiplashed body aimlessly sauntering on boundless kilometers of lackadaisical mud,

Even the most moderately stingy form of food; is an infinite times better than the endlessly devastating battlefield of baselessly torturous and brutally incarcerating hunger,

Even the most evanescently measly form of fruit; is an infinite times better than the endlessly crucifying gallows of disastrously wretched impotency,

Even the most frugally abstemious form of speech; is an infinite times better than the endlessly obsolete mist of acrimoniously orphaned and preposterously wanton dumbness,

Even the most transiently small form of selflessness; is an infinite times better than the endlessly prejudiced ghosttown of salaciously parasitic greed,

Even the most minutely petite form of compassion; is an infinite times better than the endlessly bereaved icicles of frigidly obfuscated and lugubriously shriveled nothingness,

Even the most prematurely microscopic form of artistry; is an infinite times better than the endlessly tyrannized jail of cold-bloodedly massacring and indiscriminately obnoxious debauchery,

Even the most truncatedly miniature form of honesty; is an infinite times better than the endlessly horrifying apocalypses of flagrantly sordid lies,

Even the most rarely measured forms of humanity; are an infinite times better than the endlessly dogmatic tunnel of rampantly blood-sucking crime,

Even the most fadingly teeny forms of wisdom; are an infinite times better than the endlessly unsolicited feces of lecherously wastrel foolishness,

Even the most restrictedly Spartan form of love; is an infinite times better than the endlessly pulverizing hell of abhorrently malicious and acridly hedonistic betrayal,

Even the most rapidly disappearing form of enchantment; is an infinite times better than the endlessly squelching maelstrom of deliriously pugnacious loneliness,

And even the most laconically wrinkled form of life; is an infinite times better than the endlessly scurrilous and torturously exonerating noose of mercilessly demeaning death.

Nikhil Parekh

An Infinite Times Bigger.

You might have fearlessly adventured through an infinite enigmatic
"Forests" all throughout an infinite resplendent lifetimes of yours; but
always remember that the swirl of the unhindered "Forests" would
still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your
impoverished life,

You might have unflinchingly encountered an infinite treacherously lambasting
waves of the stormy "Ocean" all throughout an infinite effulgent
lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the majesty of the untainted
"Oceans" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than
any form of your diminutive life,

You might have wholeheartedly replenished and relished an infinite fruits
of "Mother Nature" all throughout an infinite symbiotic lifetimes of
yours;
but always remember that the panorama of blissful "Mother Nature";
would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your
truncated life,

You might have inimitably spoken an infinite pearls of blazing "Truth";
all
throughout an infinite triumphant lifetimes of yours; but always remember
that the chapter of unassailable "Truth" would still and forever remain
an
infinite times bigger than any form of your infinitesimal life,

You might have royally inhaled an infinite puffs of the synergistic
"Atmosphere" all throughout an infinite dazzling lifetimes of yours;
but always remember that the enchantment of the tantalizing
"Atmosphere" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger
than any form of your flickering life,

You might have intrepidly walked through an infinite blistering "Fires";
all
throughout an infinite enamoring lifetimes of yours; but always remember
that the tenacity of the infallible "Fire" would still and forever remain
an infinite times bigger than any form of your ethereal life,

You might have victoriously played an infinite types of uncanny

"Games" all
throughout an infinite iridescent lifetimes of yours; but always remember
that the magnetism of the unfathomable "Game" would still and
forever remain
an infinite times bigger than any form of your transient life,

You might have unflinchingly absorbed an infinite rays of Omnipotent
"Sunlight" all throughout an infinite bountiful lifetimes of yours; but
always remember that the propensity of the Omnipresent "Sunlight"
would still and forever an infinite times bigger than any form of your destitute
life,

You might have unceasingly assimilated an infinite words of aristocratic
"Language" all throughout an infinite synergistic lifetimes of yours;
but
always remember that the richness of fathomless "Language" would
still
and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your slaving
life,

You might have unconquerably stared for an infinite hours into the whiteness
of the "Mirror" all throughout an infinite ebullient lifetimes of yours;
but always remember that the candidness of the honest "Mirror"
would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your
subjugated life,

You might have peerlessly conquered an infinite peaks of the indomitable
"Mountain" all throughout an infinite rhapsodic lifetimes of yours; but
always remember that the visage of the invincible "Mountain" would
still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your molecular
life,

You might have fearlessly shed an infinite droplets of priceless
"Blood" all
throughout an infinite blessed lifetimes of yours; but always remember that
the compassion of humanitarian "Blood" would still and forever
remain an
infinite times bigger than any form of your mercurial life,

You might have domineeringly played and slurped at an infinite globules of
crystalline "Water" all throughout an infinite jubilant lifetimes of
yours; but always remember that the inevitability of divine "Water"
would still and

forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your minuscule life,

You might have majestically whipped through an infinite lanes of untamed
"Wilderness" all throughout an infinite effervescent lifetimes of yours;
but

always remember that the inebriation of the ravishing "Wilderness"
would

still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your
parsimonious life,

You might have indefatigably romanced and philandered an infinite moonless
"Nights" all throughout an infinite glorious lifetimes of yours; but
always

remember that the stupor of the celestial "Night" would still and
forever

remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your miserly life,

You might have been an infinite apostles of insuperable "Peace" all
throughout an infinite spell binding lifetimes of yours; but always remember that
the magnificence of heavenly "Peace" would still and forever remain
an infinite times bigger than any form of your faltering life,

You might have unquestionably fertilized an infinite "Women" all
throughout

an infinite ubiquitous lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the
motherhood of Omniscient "Women" would still and forever remain
an

infinite times bigger than any form of your extinguishing life,

You might have effortlessly tolerated an infinite cisterns of glistening
"Sweat" all throughout an infinite lifetimes of yours; but always
remember

that the fragrance of righteously persevering "Sweat" would still and
forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your obsolete life,

And you might have uninhibitedly romanced an infinite Immortal
"Heartbeats"

all throughout an infinite undaunted lifetimes of yours; but always remember
that the fervor of the Godly "Heartbeat" would still and forever
remain and

infinite times bigger than any form of your destined life.

An Island Of Loose Sand

I buried myself deep into an island of loose sand; sprawled in abundance on the solitary street,
Warm moisture clinging to mud; like the vise like grip of a mother,
Blended profusely with an agglomerate of loose stone and fish shell,
Perspiring voraciously in the sweltering heat of the stringent day,
Loads of contaminated debris neatly aligning its periphery,
Frigid particles of soil flying high and handsome in violent puffs of wind,
Rustic chameleons slithering harmlessly past rotund rocks settled in the clay,
Finely crushed sand glittering like an opalescent mirror in the flaming Sun,
Multi legged roots of the uprooted tree; lying obsolete amidst a mountain of earth,
The conglomerate of golden sand shimmered magnanimously in the hostile beams of Sun.

A plethora of earth worms tickled intricate zones of my ear,
Red ants in clambered up my bare chest; stinging my supple flesh,
There was perennial darkness encapsulating my silhouette,
I breathed heavily in a dense ambience of mud and slippery fossil,
There was no scope for vociferous noise; I barely possessed the power to whisper,
Incessantly blending my hands in the mystical wetness; I tumultuously fantasized about lush green lawns on the pastoral slopes,
Ostentatious palaces of pure sandalwood; fighter jets flying at swashbuckling speeds,
Unrelenting rain pelting down showering solid medallions of glistening gold,
I suddenly felt thoroughly exhausted; parched regions of my throat wailed exorbitantly for cool water,
Infinite hours of sleeping under sand had sapped indispensable energy from my bones,
Eventually prompting me to dismantle the web of silver granules,
And as I audaciously stepped out in the brilliant light of the moon,
I was a sight to be ludicrously stared at; evoking a volley of incoherent laughter from the pedestrians,
With every arena of my persona being submerged in disdainful coats of mud,
Obnoxious molecules of sand extruding from a battalion of territories in my body.

Nikhil Parekh

And Still Expect

Could you disastrously empty the sky of its voluptuously crimson clouds; and still expect it to torrentially shower bountifully blissful droplets of sparkling rain?

Could you ruthlessly extricate the battlefield of its valiantly patriotic warriors; and still expect it to bring scintillatingly triumphant freedom for its sacrosanct motherland?

Could you barbarically pulverize the petals of the gorgeously imperial lotus; and still expect it to fulminate into a river of unfathomably enchanting scent?

Could you unabashedly strip the regale Sun of its flamboyantly sizzling rays; and still expect it to profoundly dazzle into an ocean of unassailably beautiful shine?

Could you murderously evict the earth of even the most infinitesimal of seed; and still expect it to salubriously glisten and blossom into the aisles of optimistically burgeoning prosperity?

Could you cold-bloodedly snap the wings of the boisterously soaring bird; and still expect it to exuberantly zip forward in cocoons of jubilantly azure sky and tirelessly fly high?

Could you treacherously evaporate every ounce of water in the limitless oceans; and still expect them to ravishingly undulate into ecstatic waves of rejuvenatingly thunderous froth?

Could you devastatingly bury the glittering diamond infinite feet beneath drearily threadbare mud; and still expect it to unceasingly radiate into a fountain of mesmerizing golden glimmer?

Could you mercilessly thrash the poignantly intricate spinal chord of the infant; and still expect it to unflinchingly gallop towards the skies of eternally triumphant freedom?

Could you preposterously chop the rosy stub of tongue in the mouth; and still expect it to unfurl into the most melodiously spell binding tunes of vivacious existence?

Could you savagely bombard the silken web into a countless incongruously debilitating pieces; and still expect the spider to merrily bounce in the corridors

of insatiably uncontrollable ebullience?

Could you horrendously kill both the celestially compassionate parents; and still expect the child to timelessly bloom and invincibly smile?

Could you treacherously inundate the entire dwelling with acrimoniously jejune and prejudiced cockroaches; and still expect the rainbows of irrefutable truth to unconquerable enlighten; even after the very end of veritable time?

Could you diabolically suck every iota of blood from the harmonious body; and still expect it to intrepidly confront every impediment that vindictively confronted it in its way?

Could you devilishly maraud the resplendently impeccable whites; and still expect the eye to diffuse effulgent empathy; vividly sight beyond the contours of beauty and satiny graciousness?

Could you viciously pluck even the most diminutive blade of grass from the everlasting meadow; and still expect the cows to innocuous graze; romantically philander and exude into cisterns of immaculately divine milk?

Could you lay a gory battalion of blood-coated thorns in even the most ephemeral of his path; and still expect the traveler to dance in the winds of perennial exuberance for times immemorial?

Could you ruthlessly lambaste the stomach with whiplashes of bizarre emaciation; and still expect it to indefatigably languish in the entrenchment of gorgeously blessed replenishment?

Could you crudely lynch a harmlessly symbiotic organism; and still expect it to holistically proliferate countless more of its kind; continue God's chapter of Omnipotent creation till its very last breath?

Could you truculently destroy the impregnable foundations of the towering edifice; and still expect that it relentlessly blazed as the most handsomely highest peak towards; regally crystalline sky?

Could you lasciviously deluge the nimbly placid atmosphere with sleazily tantalizing seductresses; and still expect the impressions of glorious righteousness to reign supreme; on every step that you resolutely tread?

Could you dictatorially assassinate every trace of stringent light; and still expect

the pathetically destitute to find the needle from the incomprehensibly colossal haystack?

Could you deliberately constipate every glorious constituent of your body; and still expect to mitigate every fraternity of tumultuously bereaved mankind?

Could you indiscriminately devour an unsurpassable bucket of ghastly needles; and still expect an aura of unparalleled serenity to linger across your persona; for decades limitless more to come?

Could you heinously masticate the one eyed vultures egg; and still expect the bird to bless you with all marvelously scintillating richness of philanthropically magnanimous life?

Could you insanely nail the silken ears with criminally torching iron bars; and still expect them to effusively decipher even the most mercurial trace of non-existent sound?

Could you grow a desert of penalizingly serrated cactus in your backyard; and still expect to witness exotically pristine angels to spawn at even the most evanescent unveiling of ingratiatingly velvety dawn?

Could you lethally maim the legs of the withering old man; and still expect him to victoriously transcend past the barriers of the 1000 M; marathon race?

Could you baselessly terrorize the sordidly trembling and orphaned urchin; and still expect fireballs of inexorably unending love to euphorically leap from every conceivable element of his hapless countenance?

Could you ominously shatter the mirror into boundless bits of obsolete fragments; and still expect it to irrevocably portray the most candid reflection that darted from your dastardly persona?

Could you unimaginably cut all fingers with the nondescript farmaxe; and still expect the palm to unravel every unleashing instant of the day; into an compassionately overflowing barrage of stupendously raw artistry?

Could you wildly run without a cloth on your body abreast the busy traffic street; and still expect the most eclectic accolades of civilized culture to be bestowed upon you; till the earth lived and countless births beyond your time?

Could you vanquish every compassionate draught of air that cascaded from the

nostril; and still expect the heavens of passionately pulsating life to flower into the mists of fantastically unending desire?

And Could you tyrannically strip life of the immortal love it throbbed every minute for; and still expect it to become the most pricelessly prosperous; aristocratically rise above every other entity on this gargantuan Universe and ardently survive?

Nikhil Parekh

And Then I Met Her

I'd encountered countless women who said they were unimaginably tired—that they'd certainly collapse into an abominable heap; even after getting up from a boundless number of hours of celestial rest and revitalizing sleep,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were brutally emaciated—that the pangs of hunger would certainly kill them; even after gobbling virtually every succulent delicacy on this fathomless earth,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were miserably shy—that they'd certainly swoon in front of the tiniest of mosquito; even after bathing each conceivable pore of their body; mind and soul under the Sun for times immemorial,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were egregiously drowning—that they'd most certainly asphyxiate their last breath under water; even after the endless chain of waves had miraculously and flawlessly transported her to the safe shores,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were sinful untouchables—that their religion would never enable them to *mélange* with the rest of the planet; even after the Lord had himself descended before them and told them that all religions on this earth are equal and one,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were abysmally purposeless—that their life would just evaporate into nothingness as it came; even after each royal stroke of destiny unveiled an infinite vistas of newness and opportunity in front of them,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were dismally directionless—that their existence was like the hackneyed pauper till their grave; even after the Omnipotent light paved a way clearer than their soul on every step they dared tread,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were flagrantly scorched—that their throats would certainly turn to charcoal of thirst; even after merrily guzzling down-infinite a can of fruit beer; wine and spring water on the trajectory of this earth,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were inexplicably thwarted—that

their life would end this very instant of depression; even after every tangible and intangible happiness of existence was copiously fed to them in a golden spoon each minute,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were agonizingly suffocating—that they'd almost forgotten the scent of fresh air; even after inexhaustibly floating in the clouds of desire-where there blew nothing else but the unstoppable wind of euphoric life,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were deplorably incomplete—that they'd dolefully look forward now only to the next birth; even after being blessed with an immaculate husband; children and an unendingly boisterous jugglery of kin,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were hideously exploited—that their livid bodies would now never fetch heaven; even after being worshipped as nothing else but—daughter; wife; mother; aunt and all the conceivable sacred relations that the planet was bound to,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were ignominiously ugly—that they always sequestered their maudlin grotesque face under the cloak to weep; even after ecstatically winning the ultimate glory crown of 'Miss Universe' for every successive year,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were tawdrily second hand—that they wanted to commit suicide rather than being the consolation prizes of their husbands; even after wantonly philandering themselves with every handsome on the globe—whilst their husbands just stared and tolerated in humble submission,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were unfinished wombs—that they unrelentingly cried to seek the blessings of the Creator; even after giving birth to so many a beautiful and bountiful baby girl child,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were irretrievably blind—that they saw nothing else but devilish darkness capsizing their innocence every instant; even after astoundingly differentiating the nth shade of their choice-for the fabric they planned to adorn on top of their skimpy outfit,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were mercilessly abandoned—that they'd been left amidst a pack of savage wolves to find their non-existent way; even after haughtily ordering a countless of their slaves to lick their floors and walls clean of the last speck of grime,

I'd encountered countless women who said they had abruptly ended—that they'd never ever been given a second chance by the chapters of acridly harsh life; even after an infinite heavens of glorious newness had opened at each bit of goodness that they did,

And then I met her—who gave up on everything even before anything opportune could happen to her; even before the tiniest insinuation of happiness could bless her; even before the mantra of goodness and miracle could try and help her; even before she could alight a single foot to try and test her true worth on this Omniscient soil.

Nikhil Parekh

And You Human Being

The Sun was one of the most blazingly Omnipotent entity on this fathomless Universe; yet it never ever said that the earth which it inundated with optimistic light; was lugubriously depressed and dark,

The Rose was one of the most fragrantly spellbinding entity on this boundless Universe; yet it never ever said that the atmosphere which it perpetuated with timelessly humanitarian scent; was flagrantly rotting and obsolete,

The Mountain was one of the most indomitably strong entity on this limitless Universe; yet it never ever said that the infants which it sequestered all night and day; were grotesquely dilapidated and weak,

The Sea was one of the most vivaciously tangy entity on this unsurpassable Universe; yet it never ever said that the shores which it timelessly smooched with pristine froth; were inanely decrepit and beleaguered,

The Rain was one of the most sensuously virile entity on this enamoring Universe; yet it never ever said that the deserts which it metamorphosed into resplendent paradise; were deliriously emaciated and sick,

The Mud was one of the most propitiously spawning entity on this unlimited Universe; yet it never ever said that the tendril which it evolved out of sheer nothingness; was insipidly fragile and juvenile,

The Moon was one of the most charismatically enlightening entity on this unprecedented Universe; yet it never ever said that the night which it majestically illuminated with iridescently milky light; was invidiously appalling and abject,

The Wind was one of the most exuberantly triumphant entity on this unconquerable Universe; yet it never ever said that the leaf which it ecstatically reinvigorated; was remorsefully crinkled and in inexplicable duress,

The Horizon was one of the most unfathomably infinite entity on this Omniscient Universe; yet it never ever said that the human which it unbelievably enthralled with its tantalizing perception; was treacherously robotic and crawling on parsimonious earth,

The Grass was one of the most royally panoramic entity on this eternal Universe;

yet it never ever said that the cattle which it quintessentially fed till times beyond eternity; was vituperatively greedy and parasitic,

The Pearl was one of the most pricelessly celestial entity on this symbiotic Universe; yet it never ever said that the space which it perennially charmed; was threadbarely indolent and idiosyncratic,

The Rainbow was one of the most vividly victorious entity on this blissful Universe; yet it never ever said that the sky which it regally ignited with its unparalleled color; was nonsensically lackadaisical and augmenting towards emptiness,

The Dewdrop was one of the most tantalizingly rhapsodic entity on this gargantuan Universe; yet it never ever said that the feet which it jubilantly tingled; were miserably chapped and dwindling into hopeless fatigue,

The Root was one of the most indispensably formidable entity on this stupendous Universe; yet it never ever said that the tree which it granted solidarity to even in the most vindictive of apocalypses; was fecklessly invisible and lividly limp,

The Destiny Line was one of the most impregnably deciding entity on this magnetic Universe; yet it never ever said that the palm which it granted royally unfettered authority; was egregiously diseased and slaving towards the soil,

The Star was one of the most gloriously opalescent entity on this astounding Universe; yet it never ever said that the blackness through which it convivially perpetuated; was cadaverously hopeless and defunct,

The Nostril was one of the most effusively lifeyielding entity on this infallible Universe; yet it never ever said that the lungs which it perennially perfumed with Omnipotent air; were flagrantly clumsy and wisps of nothingness,

The Snow was one of the most beautifully mollifying entity on this spectacular Universe; yet it never ever said that the slopes which it imperially enveloped with festoons of impeccable white; were infinitesimally barren and sadistically desolate,

And you Human Being; An Inconspicuously oblivious piece of nothingness in front of the Omniscient Lord Almighty; had the baseless temerity to torture; discriminate; abhor; abuse; treat your comrades worse than animals just because they were poor and destitute; just because the color of your skin was white; just because that extra parchment of spurious currency note; aimlessly

squandered from your pompous trouser pocket; just because you felt you'd
meaninglessly coined the axiom:
that the Sun never sets on the british empire, when infact the Creator had
created this earth as pricelessly and incomparably one

Nikhil Parekh

Anecdotes Of Fantasy

When i feel happy and bustling with youth,
the atmosphere sprinkled with petals of palpable emotion,
i embrace semicircular pillars of white stone with a vice like grip.

when i feel besieged with waves of despondence,
inflated bubbles of energy pierced with daggers of revenge,
i stare nonchalantly at clouds swimming in the sky.

when i feel exhausted with mounting tasks of the day,
clothes soaked wet in pools of dripping sweat,
i suspend my feet in salty water of the ferocious sea.

when i feel pangs of hunger striking walls of long intestine,
dreary body frame succumbs to an unnatural siesta,
i stretch my mouth palette wide to swallow large chunks of roasted potato.

when i feel tickled rolling in languid blades of grass,
grey lizards traverse rough barks of live tree wood,
i inhale air in lungs, scream in ecstasy flexing vocal chords deep down my throat.

when my fingers swell with incessant clinging to fountain pen,
mental imagery fluctuates in relation to school text load,
i massage both palms vigorously with herbal turmeric balm.

when i fly in the aircraft at unsurpassable heights from ground,
the flight steward serves tall beer mugs of juice,
i feel like floating in blue air of the bare sky,
with my body strapped firmly to chords of parachute.

when i feel the world frantically running after me,
there exists no peace at all quarters of the city,
i enclose myself in soundproof walls of my submarine,
listen to melodious tunes of Egyptian music.

when i envisage the poor shivering in icy winds of winter,
stunningly rich trading wealth in polished glass walls of the kingly casino,
i feel like distributing minuscule fractions of their affluence,
to my human counterparts on the brink of extinction.

Angels Of The Sky

They floated like inflated gas balloons,
bounced to and fro between the earth and sky,
leapt from amazing height of the castle tower,
drowned deep in remote galleries of the blue ocean,
walked through crackling flames producing blistering heat,
ate needle thorn with coats of salt for evening supper,
drove their cars suspended in air, evading cumbersome jams,
closed their breaths for abnormal hours without traces of suffocation,
transformed the patches of earth on which they tread into sticks of gold,
held out their hands for scorpions to sting,
took bath in fuming acid at the rise of handsome dawn,
inscribed the names of their beloved on flesh with rusty knife,
chewed the hardest of bone with nonchalant ease,
devoured atom bomb shell like flavored candy cakes,
scored cent percent marks in every single grade,
bludgeoned their way, unhurt amidst an ambience of indiscreet gunfire,
swam with the elegance of a white shark through the red sea,
were invisible in the brightest sunlight of the day,
danced all throughout the night without a single spell of enchanting sleep,
they had existed since millions of calendar year,
in secret domains beyond silver grey outlines of the rain cloud,
even before the first sign of life wept on this earth,
some millions years prior to man's creation,
their awesome power was simply unparalleled,
they always wore satin robes of spotless white,
they christened themselves as angels of the sky

Nikhil Parekh

Angry Young Man

I struck my tender fist vociferously against the hard wall,
round globules of indignant anger welled up in my eyes,
mighty pounds of fresh air died a gruesome death in my lungs,
tapered outlines of my toe fingers took a vice like grip of the floor,
crimson blood traveled multiple times faster through my veins,
snow white pearls of my eyes acquired streaks of corrugated scarlet,
dozens of my teeth clenched themselves to form a formidable fortress,
infinite hair on my body stood up in hostile acrimony,
the tiny blob of Adams apple oscillated violently like a parasitic leech,
amber fumes emanated in quick successions from my nostril,
a volley of profound abuse escaped through the luscious envelope of my lips,
gallons of adrenalin flowed intermittently via my kidneys,
feeble muscles of my persona transited to taut balls of anguished fervor,
i gnawed my nails raw of rich calcium,
chewed my thumb for times immemorial,
staring unflinchingly at my adversary who had humiliated me a few hours ago,
had also evaporated traces of exorbitant felicity that i was besieged with.

i couldn't bear it any longer,
my entire silhouette radiated with waves of demonic anger,
prompting me to punch stringently with my rock hard palms,
into the supple core of his solar plexus,
evacuating tons of air trapped in his flatulent belly,
annihilating forever the ostentation he displayed in ridiculing the youth of my
age.

Nikhil Parekh

Any Form Of Life Was Better Than Death

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw countless haplessly orphaned children; being viciously kicked into dustbins of malice; for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw the priceless innocuous female fetus; being brutally assassinated and aborted; right in the very depths of the unassailably Godly womb,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw heartlessly cold-blooded men; ruthlessly felling innumerable a tree; using its blessed branches; trunk and roots; for evolving lifelessly wastrel commodities,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw demonically manipulating politicians; weigh the very essence of unconquerably righteous life; in terms of wantonly decrepit currency coin,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw innocently minor girls being brutally raped; by the diabolically idiosyncratic perversions of sadistic man,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw peerlessly impeccable blood being parasitically sucked from newborn forms; just in order to spuriously enrich and consecrate; the already blessed and bountiful human form,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw boundless wives and children reduced to a cadaverous carcass; as the man of the family simply refrained to budge an inch to earn; cannibalistically guzzling the last drop of wine and vixen; to be found of planet earth,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw beautifully fructifying wildlife being emotionlessly beheaded; just in order to become the exuberant delicacy; of the already replenished palette,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw robustly ebullient organisms doing nothing but just endlessly gazing at fathomless sky; nonsensically proclaiming that their destiny would one day and eventually take them to the absolute epitome of cloud nine,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw one man derogatorily slaving and slaving for another man; wherein the Omnipotent Creator had created all symbiotically equal in the first place,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw millions of innocent being indiscriminately butchered; in the wrath and aftermath of barbarously thwarting bombardment and war,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw satanic terrorists launch an inconsolably pulverizing assault on one particular fraternity of mankind; in the name of sacrifice to the Omnipresent Lord,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw hordes of people blindfoldedly offering their last ounce of wealth to the Omnipotent deity of the Lord; who in the first place owned every speck of the unending Universe; and who wanted them to benevolently donate the same to all suffering living kind instead,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw school going girls and boys begging hoarsely on the obdurately chauvinistic streets; with their parents abhorrently using them to tickle the soft corner of the opulent society,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw women of all ages; right from the age of my daughter; to sister to mother; tawdrily selling their flesh to hedonistically dastardly men; just for securing those two quintessential morsels of food,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw limitless dying unattended on the freezing streets; because of unforgivably ghastly corruption; viciously infiltrating in every echelon of the government and society,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw impudently pretentious brats; telling their life-bestowing parents to clean the stagnating shit in their houses; whilst they themselves deliriously drowned themselves; into barrels of sinfully expensive wine and cigarette smoke,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw the most perpetually faithful of lovers salaciously separate like a miserably broken leaf; at the tiniest of objection from the sanctimoniously turgid society,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw selfishly shriveled man; praying to God for solely impregnating his lungs with a countless breaths; instead of immortally sharing the same in perfect symbiosis with endless numbers of his own kind,

But when I was actually committing suicide. I felt that any form of life was better than death; as I approached my very last breath. For if at all I could endeavor my very best to ameliorate every fraternity of estranged and maliciously cannibalistic living kind; then by the grace of God it could be only while in undefeated life and not the slightest after stonily gory death.

Nikhil Parekh

Are You Ready To Fulfill The Tree's Last Wish?

You unsparingly spat leftovers of your food on its innocent body- -yet the same tree granted you the most tranquil contentment under its branches; as the afternoon glare fiercely torched even the last bone of your creaking spine,

You ruthlessly plucked a plentiful of its leaf without any reason or rhyme- -yet the same tree enamored you with boundless an untold story; as you slumped your entire weight in tiredness; across its majestic trunk,

You barbarously scratched it to express frustration for your penurious life- - yet the same tree healed even the most inexplicably bleeding of your wounds; as you perched in its magical shadow which radiated immortal love,

You inhumanely dug a countless nails into its body to hang your belongings- - yet the same tree stood like an infallible fortress between you and the storm; perpetuating nothing but rejuvenating friendship into every pore of your frigidly shivering skin,

You insidiously drilled a hole through it to keep sight of your enemy- - yet the same tree transformed each of its tears into blessings just for you; to give you new direction and fortitude to righteously pursue chapters of a truthful life,

You venomously reduced it into a practice punching bag as you pummeled its form with your daily morning kicks and blows- - yet the same tree imparted supreme enlightenment to your waveringly beleaguered vision; with its entrenchment of vivacious green,

You insanely emptied all brutal lead in your gun into its unflinching body as it served as the best target range- - yet the same tree provided royal shelter in its top branches to your trembling form; as you hurriedly scampered up to escape the satanic wolves,

You cannibalistically slit its throat an umpteen times to crackle up your night with that quintessential firewood- -yet the same tree welcomed you with the most everlasting embrace of its swishing arms and leaf; as every of your beguilingly merciless kin had deserted you

to die of solitude,

You vindictively defecated; vomited; urinated at its stem; to show you give a damn—yet the same tree blessed and showered you with a festoon of feathers; leaves; raindrops and goodness; with every single draught of gusty wind; and made you feel like an ultimate prince,
You diabolically whipped it with your waist-belt and walking stick to release the volcanic energy of your numb shoulder and palm- -yet the same tree befriended you with kisses of love; as you clung to it like a child when the devastating earthquake struck,

You hurled on it every abuse you'd learnt in the process of your life as you knew it hadn't the power to retaliate- -yet the same tree gave you the ultimate pillow to sleep on every night in its compassionately protruding roots; when the hole in your tattered pockets grew larger by the minute,

You indiscriminately butchered its body many a time to get rid of unkempt weeds that loitered your spurious courtyard- -yet the same tree blossomed once again in due course of time taking its strength from mother earth; only to bless you with that everlasting shade; cool and mid-summer siesta,

You ominously inscribed many an enthralling shape on its body with your knife only to woo your girlfriend to profess- -yet the same tree saw to it that your friendship immortalized into the truest of love; courtesy its now gruesomely bleeding countenance split into livid rags,

You tyrannically subjected it to all kinds of electricity; just to assert how ingeniously you'd proved that it too had life- -yet the same tree gave you a roof for your house when it'd blown away; chivalrously gave you its fruit to eat when your bowels were on the verge of spewing famished blood,

You belligerently stripped it of all its flower every morning to empower your flower shop with its lifeless roots and scent- -yet the same tree gave you that much missing whistle in your monotonous existence; tantalizing you to fantasize about all goodness on this fathomless planet,

You sadistically burnt every bit of its charm on the spurious pretext

that ghosts were stuck to it- -yet the same tree once again evolved into a kingly assortment of flowers; leaves and silken branch; to comfort you in your bizarre sadness and prove that it was nothing but nature's ultimate gift to all mankind,

You greedily snatched its newborn tendrils each day to farcically brush the already shines whites of your teeth- - yet the same tree bore the brunt of every heinous sword; stone and bomb on its naked body; singlehandedly wading off the fanatic mob; invincibly guarding you as you snored,

You unthinkably let countless of it felled down to read your books on lavish paper instead of switching over to e-books- - yet the same tree continued to enlighten your nostrils with its scent of a united earth; as you fancily flipped through your novel pages extracted from its pristine bark,

And even as you were about to criminally extricate it from its very roots to make way for your new dwelling- - the tree only asked you to fulfill its final wish- -that was to plant it at some place else; where it'd once again catch root by the grace of God - continue to bless you with unsurpassable cisterns of luck; happiness; contentment; fantasy; shade and charm as it blossomed up towards blue sky,

So are you ready to forgive it as it had also forgiven you a countless times; Are you ready to fulfill the Tree's one last wish?

Nikhil Parekh

Aromatic Hair Oil

Thick shock of jet black hair,
sprawled languidly on white domes of hard mass,
stuck to skin with offshooting pores,
sprouting from umpteenth prickly roots,
sizzle in hot rays of the Sun,
heating their periphery with flashes of fire,
scorching patches of flesh on which they stand,
with readily absorbed natural solar energy,
hairy follicles shine in radiance,
parted to high degrees of comfort,
compressed by electric hot wind guns,
blowing air over silky strands,
shaping them to angled perfection,
with abundant supply of white allergic powder,
sliding down the black stalks,
filling virgin cavities with white plagued dust,
an obnoxious termite for the natural sheath of black,
an alien relative of disdainful proportion,
resulting in premature wearing of hair mass,
shrinking, shrivelling, withering, the most precious component,
of breathing souls,
the only solution being,
mega sized hollow glass bottles,
tightly corked and transparent,
filled with aromatic hair oil.

Nikhil Parekh

Art And Manipulation

Art immortalizes,
Manipulation wanders in realms of traumatized hell.

Art stupefies,
Manipulation is a balloon of monotony which augments by the unfurling second.

Art mesmerizes,
Manipulation rots in dungeons of stagnation.

Art fortifies,
Manipulation collapses even before it rises from the ground.

Art blossoms,
Manipulation is a vicious whirlwind which always recoils.

Art embraces,
Manipulation strangulates beyond realms of suffocation.

Art showers,
Manipulation salaciously dries every droplet of blood that serenely cascades.

Art tantalizes,
Manipulation annihilates fantasy from its very roots.

Art symbolizes,
Manipulation disdainfully infiltrates irrefutable truth.

Art innovates,
Manipulation puts all dreams to an obnoxious standstill.

Art sings,
Manipulation is the origin of all obstreperous abuse.

Art harbors,
Manipulation ruins the mightiest to raw grains of inconspicuous ash.

Art unites,
Manipulation profoundly dismantles the crux of blissful humanity.

Art enlightens,
Manipulation perpetually fails to break the walls of despair.

Art smiles,
Manipulation brutally sucks the tiniest trace of jubilation in life.

Art entices,
Manipulation repels even the most horrendous battalion of mosquitoes.

Art intoxicates,
Manipulation buries a man breathing celestially beneath his grave.

Art succeeds,
Manipulation rots in corridors of gloom even after amassing unfathomable wealth.

Art blesses,
Manipulation snatches the most cherished people from your life.

Art evolves,
Manipulation puts dismal brakes to the captivating spell of newness and excitement.

Art ignites,
Manipulation spills profuse nonchalance since the first cry of beautiful life.

Art dazzles,
Manipulation extinguishes every trace of light basking in the glory of truth; on the trajectory of this boundless planet.

Art dedicates,
Manipulation insidiously changes color every instant of the day; disappearing brusquely like a deceptive mirage; at the slightest of difficulty.

Art conquers,
Manipulation devastates innocuous angels into lecherous parasites.

Art fulminates,
Manipulation sequesters in horrifically dark vicinities of self imposed doom.

Art epitomizes,
Manipulation melts treacherously into the aisles of nothingness as each minute

unveils.

Art purifies,

Manipulation adds dismal stains to the most sacrosanct of mothers milk.

Art intrigues,

Manipulation satanically massacres your ability to think beyond spurious laws of management.

Art perceives,

Manipulation is an invidiously sinister game; of one man trying to incessantly overtopple the other.

Art personifies,

Manipulation slithers miserably on the devils blood coated footsteps.

Art frees,

Manipulation commences and ends capsized in chains of abominable slavery.

Art reveres,

Manipulation is a blatant expletive which emanates from the hedonistic mouth.

Art romanticizes,

Manipulation extricates every diminutive iota of love trapped compassionately in the veins.

Art exultates,

Manipulation jeopardizes the very roots of spell binding fantasy.

Art teaches,

Manipulation evaporates holistic reminisces; to withered leaves never coming to life again.

Art unveils,

Manipulation chops your wings even before you learn to fly.

Art ameliorates,

Manipulation exacerbates even non existent pain to the most unprecedented limits.

Art defends,

Manipulation surrenders even after reaching the absolute zenith of victory.

Art challenges,
Manipulation trips you into the dungeon of pathetic cowardice for centuries
immemorial.

Art mingles,
Manipulation rips apart the most intimate of friends like obsoletely remote aliens.

Art rehabilitates,
Manipulation poisons the most congenial seeds of love; to beyond the
tenterhooks of extinction.

Art propagates,
Manipulation pulverizes pearls of prudent wisdom before they diffuse from the
rubicund lips.

Art magnifies,
Manipulation shrinks the most impregnable of countenance to a stature less than
the ants.

Art exemplifies,
Manipulation slaughters all power of everlasting rhyme and perspicacious
reasoning.

Art imparts,
Manipulation terrorizes you to relinquish all beyond what you had ever imbibed.

Art consecrates,
Manipulation devastates the most synergistic of relationships to summits of
devilish prejudice.

Art solves,
Manipulation triggers tumult; transforming every utopia into wholesomely
solitary graveyards.

Art charms,
Manipulation sardonically relieves you of overwhelmingly poignant spice in life.

Art bestows,
Manipulation sucks all benevolence; philanthropically entwined in your soul.

And Art is the very reason I could take birth an infinite times,

While O! Almighty Lord; keep manipulation away even from the most decaying
framework of my dead bones; each time I left for my heavenly abode.

Nikhil Parekh

Artillery For Survival

The car ate gallons of golden gasoline spray,
the pen survived on compressed mass of carbon ink.

the lizard devoured species of small insects,
the light bulb shone to swift currents of white electricity.

the birds lived on suspended wind in atmosphere,
the rock crevices hungrily gulped salty sea waves.

the tree sucked moisture from interior core of soil,
triangular ice cubes fed on incessant supply of frozen air.

the pigments of green derived fodder through bright Sunshine,
red crested parrot nibbled spicy chunks of homemade pickle.

the cigarette sticks relied solely on milligrams of lethal tobacco,
thick skinned elephant swallowed a truck load of healthy leaves.

the placid night was cooled by strong beams of the tranquil moon,
the marine octopus relished a meal of long fish and crab.

the wall clock functioned due to meticulous unwinding of chains,
the bumble bee rested in jars of natural honey.

the computer processed data from a configuration of microchips,
exhaustion was accentuated further by infinite beads of sweat dripping down.

the humans existing lived on a cascade of currency,
whilst I occupied the soil, entirely listening to tunes of my heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Artists Are Not Taught; They Are Born

The bird didn't need to be taught how to catch fish; its astounding ability to dive; its lanky beak and the hunger in its dainty stomach; were simply enough fodder to propel it to dip down; capsize the robust meat in its mouth,

The dog didn't need to be taught how to wag its tail; its overwhelming urge to welcome its master; the angular silhouette of its body; was simply enough for it to move the stump of fur protruding from its back,

The clouds didn't need to be taught how to rain; the conglomerate of ominous black coalesced in harmony; the fury fulminating inside; was simply enough fuel to perpetuate themselves into gigantic droplets of crystal water,

The cow didn't need to be taught how to feed her calf; the river of milk oozing from her teats; her famished child nestling close to her body; was simply enough for her to satisfy her baby,

The rose didn't need to be taught how to give scent; the coalition of redolent red petals embodied in its visage; the scores of humming bees kissing its stalk; were simply enough for it to blossom and emanate its blissful fragrance,

The child didn't need to be taught how to walk; the unrelenting urge in him to reach his mother; an uncanny desire burning within him to explore the outside world; was simply enough to rise him on his feet; gallop with long strides and run,

The fish didn't need to be taught how to swim; having seen nothing but water since their birth; swirling waves of the sea as their perennial companion; was simply enough for them to slither their delectable bodies and mystically weave their way forward,

The Lion didn't need to be taught how to hunt; the inexorable gluttony of his stomach; a blood curling desire incarcerated in his flamboyant eyes; was simply enough to make him thunderously growl; run at lightening speeds towards the throat of its prey,

The spider didn't need to be taught how to spin her web; the sea of slimy juice extruding from her tentacles; a furtive desire to be shielded from the acrimonious Sun and the world; were simply enough for it to clamber up the

ceiling and spin its home within seconds,

The cat didn't need to be taught how to catch mice; its clusters of hostile needle teeth; the sense of uncanny adventure lingering profoundly in its hazel eyes; were simply enough for it to pounce on the diminutive rat and rip it apart into soft balls of meat,

The skin didn't need to be taught how to sweat; sweltering rays of the dazzling Sun; an overwhelmingly hard day of work without sitting even a minute on the ground; was simply enough for it to evolve rivers replete with golden perspiration,

The peacock didn't need to be taught how to dance; incessant showers of water cascading in torrents from the sky; an ambience completely enveloped by voluptuous enchantment; was simply enough for it to spread its wings to a full plumage and sway,

The beggar didn't need to be taught how to beg; insatiable pangs of hunger imploding more fierce than a volcano in his stomach; every iota of blood virtually evaporating from his veins; was simply enough to make him open his mouth incoherently and wail for alms,

The scorpion didn't need to be taught how to sting; having spent its entire life besieged with ghastly reptile and ominous wildlife; a splendidly curved tail inundated supremely with lethal poison; was simply enough for it to spread its face into a sneering grin and venomously strike the sleeping rabbit,

The donkey didn't need to be taught how to kick; gruesome loads of sand laden on its tender body; with almost every entity transgressing it making it a point to ridicule it to ultimate limits; was simply enough for it to swish its tail and feet in raw indignation,

The lizard didn't need to be taught how to gobble insects; its enormously slender tongue; the incredulous ability in its fleet footed legs to climb on any wall; was simply enough for it to furtively approach its prey from behind; devour it in a fraction of a second; before the poor worm even knew it was born,

The pair of Man and Woman didn't need to be taught how to procreate their progeny; the inexorable whirlpool of desire circulating rampantly in their bodies; the glimmer of invincible hope floating in their eyes to have somebody resembling

themselves in entirety; was simply enough for them to blend in the aisles of passionate love and give birth to their offspring,

The Omniscient Creator didn't need to be taught how to govern this earth; his omnipresent presence throbbing loudly in every heart; the supernatural power he possessed of creating more than a million for every soul lost; was simply enough for him to sit on the throne of this planet; and rule it as the ultimate king for times immemorial,

And an artist didn't need to be taught how to paint; draw; write; sing; dance; etc.; the indefatigable reservoir of innovation multiplying every instant in the corridors of his brain; the unsurpassable euphoria he experienced in creating marvels out of abstract forms; was simply enough for him to lift the pen; assimilate the entire world in just a piece of naked paper; make the whole Universe of his dreams actually come alive in just a single line; he enigmatically uttered.

Nikhil Parekh

Artists Versus Tycoons

Artists assimilated the vibrantly unfurling beauty of the atmosphere; majestically on the resplendent palette of their lives,
Tycoons traded the same in the spuriously stinking stock markets; savagely marauding their bountiful fragrance in the web of indescribably salacious savagery.

Artists inundated vivaciously enamoring color even in the most dolorously deadened entities; spawning a civilization of ravishing sensuousness on even the most obsoletely decaying step that they tread,
Tycoons ghastily buried live organisms into threadbare mud; erecting castles of their invidiously malicious wealth; upon unfathomably tyrannized blood and skull.

Artists wonderfully absorbed even the most infinitesimal iota of charismatic voluptuousness from the planet around; eternally making it the ravishing mascara of their philandering eyelashes,
Tycoons ruthlessly boiled the same in cauldrons of manipulative malice; beheading man and animal barbarically alike; to bombastically toast for their nocturnal delights.

Artists insurmountably titillated even the coffins of penalizing midnight; with the stupendously enchanting melody in their vividly wandering sounds,
Tycoons mercilessly invaded every speck of this gloriously palpitating Universe; with the overwhelmingly bizarre cacophony of lecherously crippling monotony.

Artists fulminated into an unsurpassable ocean of fantasy with every unveiling minute; tantalizing even the most alien mountains of absolution; with their beautifully mesmerizing footsteps,
Tycoons fretted; fumed; made life an irascibly unforgiving hell for every entity around them; after stepping out of the realms of the dastardly superficial office.

Artists perpetuated a fathomless garden of spell binding fragrance on every single occasion that they exotically kissed mother earth; erupting into the flavor of timeless humanity for times immemorial; and with the consent of the Creator Divine,
Tycoons tirelessly slithered their way through the gutters of crucifying corruption; asphyxiating the breath of countless innocent; in their quest for reaching the epitome of baselessly empty supremacy.

Artists treated every organism alive as an unshakably ubiquitous paradise;

profoundly saluting the scintillating path of compassionate righteousness in every heart throbbing with enamoring life,
Tycoons parasitically lambasted the diminutively poor; uxoriously licked the sordid feet of the domineeringly rich; in their never-ending hunger to possess the ludicrously white collar; for a countless more lifetimes.

Artists irrefutably believed in the sacrosanct cradle of beautiful proliferation; timelessly evolving a township of astoundingly redolent newness in every conceivable direction; that they cast their intoxicating eyes,
Tycoons deliberately impeded God's most cherished process of procreation; on the meaningless pretext that their palaces of sleazily glittering gold; would become a trifle too overcrowded.

And Artists perpetually worshipped nothing else but love; love and perennial love; bonding with its heavenly spirit to immortalize the spirit of ingratiating life on this boundlessly gregarious earth,
While tycoons insidiously broke hearts like a pack of soggy matchsticks; criminally philosophizing an insipidly emotionless environment; sanctimonious cigar smoke; raunchy vixen and wine; as the only mantra to forever survive.

Nikhil Parekh

As All The Heart Ever Knew.

Neither did it know any religion; the most royally invincible epitomes of the venerated Church/Temple/Mosque/Monastery; or the most haplessly oblivious alleys of inexplicably thwarting blindfaith,

Neither did it know any color; the most pricelessly impeccable of scintillating white; or the most perilously bemoaning shades of sadistic black,

Neither did it know any height; the most majestically infallible apogees of unimpeachable victory; or the most despondently skulking and parsimoniously threadbare stones; lying on lackadaisically lugubrious soil,

Neither did it know any beauty; the most voluptuously aristocratic reflections of the perennial castle; or the most hideously grotesque faces; of the devils of cannibalistic hell,

Neither did it know any power; the most demonically menacing of politicians; or the most pathetically mercurial of ants; which got barbarously pulverized by the billions; at the rise of a singleton foot,

Neither did it know any wealth; the most unsurpassably sumptuous treasuries of undefeated glittering gold; or the most lecherously inconsolable beggars; parasitically clinging forever and ever and ever to the fabric of celestial society,

Neither did it know any versatility; the most brilliantly unassailable skies of spell binding talent; or the most nonchalantly immutable of bricks; which dogmatically refrained to budge even an inch forward; even as the ghastliest of hell inclemently rained down on earth,

Neither did it know any scripture; the most victoriously bestowing pages of undefeated literature; or the most despicably besmirched mortuaries of fetidly livid illiteracy,

Neither did it know any boundary; the most insuperably blazing borders of the sanctimoniously dictatorial society; or the most disdainfully dingy confinements of sacrilegiously vindictive jail,

Neither did it know any shape; the most ubiquitously ever-pervading forms of unalterable superiority; or the most inconspicuously dithering and digressing

worms of derogatory hatred,

Neither did it know any culture; the most ostentatiously flavored parties of profusely smoke-laden baselessness; or the most rustically bohemian impressions of the flagrantly uncivilized thumb,

Neither did it know any influential; the most charismatically enchanting of luminaries; or the most hopelessly dumb carrions of inane meaninglessness; which did nothing else but inundate the atmosphere with dastardly stench,

Neither did it know any magic; the most miraculously victorious metamorphosis of all poverty into a cloudburst of torrentially unrelenting currency coin; or the most irately burnt; unproductively infidel and cursed soil,

Neither did it know any fertility; the most indefatigably proliferating chapters of precocious civilization; or the most profanely impotent corpses of bizarrely devastating stagnation,

Neither did it know any fear; the most ominously massacring graveyards of the unsparingly jinxed spirit; or the most wretchedly plagued carcasses of the worthlessly wanton devil,

Neither did it know any victory; the most dynamically resurgent trouncing of the enemy at war; or the most forlornly lamenting losses of the gallows of wickedly annihilating lies,

Neither did it know any fragrance; the most spell-bindingly tantalizing aroma of the poignantly scarlet rose; or the most unbearably melancholic odor of the abominable village gutter,

Neither did it know any language; the most blessedly sacrosanct of virile dialects; or the most vituperatively lambasting tongues of abhorrently truculent contemptuousness

As all the heart ever knew on the trajectory of this fathomlessly iridescent Universe and ever since this earth was conceived and created; was to immortally throb for the unshakably burgeoning spirit of love; love and perpetual love; in fact the only word upon which its dictionary of insatiable passion; started and indefinitely ended.

As I Forever Had Her Support.

Every tree on this fathomlessly enamoring Universe forever went against me; as each time I alighted my foot; it fell on my nimble shoulders; pulverizing me beyond holistic degrees of sagacious comprehension,

Every mountain on this boundlessly victorious Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to clamber its slope; it mercilessly buried me to an infinite feet beneath worthlessly lackadaisical soil,

Every path on this spell bindingly bounteous Universe forever went against me; as each time I dared tread on it; it deliriously bewildered and gobbled me in such a labyrinth of confounding routes; that it was impossible for me to recognize even my very own voice,

Every sea on this inscrutably tantalizing Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to swim in it; it barbarously drowned me to the heartless bottom; before feeding even the most infinitesimal bone of my body to the diabolically emaciated shark,

Every cloud on this beautifully iridescent Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to gaze towards the sky; it inundated every conceivable iota of my eye with unsurpassable tumblers of stinging water; preposterously obfuscating my vision from everytrace of tangible civilization,

Every lip on this fantastically ameliorating Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to compassionately kiss it; all it hurtled was an unceasingly lambasting volley of tawdrily devilish abuse,

Every desert on this stupendously miraculous Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to admire its vastness; it dragged me further and further into inanely salacious meaninglessness; with its beguiling mirages maniacally depriving me of my every ounce of happiness,

Every Sunray on this jubilantly mesmerizing Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to sight it; it made me to inevitably shut my eyes; into a graveyard of haplessly asphyxiating and demonic blackness,

Every particle on this blissfully reinvigorating Universe forever went against me; as each time I stepped out of my closed glass; it collided with the innocuous

whites of my eye with such an intransigent velocity; that I was pathetically rendered blind for a countless more of my lifetimes,

Every color on this timelessly enchanting Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to sketch the vivacious rainbow; every line that I drew on the barren canvas; metamorphosed into sadistically gory blood,

Every word on this perennially bewitching Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to speak it aloud; it brutally transformed into the most venomously ultimate spelling of death,

Every hive on this endlessly fascinating Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to blend with its unbelievable sweetness; an indefatigable army of bees hedonistically knifed through every visible and invisible cranny of my skin,

Every finger on this unfathomably ecstatic Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to symbiotically intertwine my finger with it; it horrifically maimed me; to discordantly beg on the dusty streets,

Every dwelling on this impregnable exhilarating Universe forever went against me; as each time I ventured to seek shelter in it; it vindictively thrust me towards the coffins of the most unsparingly crucifying of hell,

Every soil on this timelessly ebullient Universe forever went against me; as each time I passionately tread upon it; it devoured me into a mortuary of sinfully castrating and maliciously assassinating wantonness,

Every star on this tranquilly everlasting Universe forever went against me; as each time I stepped out in the majestically star-studded evening; a corpse of impoverished blindness was all that my eyes could sight; my only cynical savior for an innumerable more nights,

Every shadow on this amazingly perspicacious Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to seek solace in its silken softness; it strangled me without the tiniest of innuendo and to such a ghastly extent; that my eyeballs gorily danced out till infinite infinity,

Every breath on this limitlessly blessing Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to inhale it in my famished lungs; it became the most

torturously eventual cry of ominously devastating death,

Yet; I forever towered as the most priceless organism alive in the winds of paradise; Yet; I forever existed as the most invincibly blessed man on the trajectory of earth divine; Yet; I forever replenished even the most inconspicuous of my senses with the fruits of eternally resplendent Creation; Yet; I forever stayed away from even the slightest of misery and reigning as the most powerful entity on this Universe; as I forever had her Omnipotent palms immortally entwined in mine; as I forever had hers and only her true support for me; even though none of the world and beyond; was ever mine.

Nikhil Parekh

As If The Most Ultimate Of Kings.

It might have been to viciously slander me; venomously dissolve me like a piece of frigid shit; an infinite kilometers well beneath the murderous corpses of all times,

It might have been to reproachfully lambaste me; treacherously blow me forever and ever and ever away; into the graveyards of lethally stabbing and shriveled oblivion,

It might have been to sadistically comment upon my impoverished form; perennially ensure that it floated like the most lackadaisically frazzled carcass of misery; in between heaven and disparaging hell,

It might have been to decimate me beyond realms of holistic recognition; before devilishly feeding every ounce of my wretchedly decaying carrion; to the hideously scavenging and cold-blooded vultures,

It might have been to wholesomely defeat every trace of my tangible existence; compassionately beseech the most uncouthly truculent demons to excoriate me into a boundless bits of disastrously terrorizing nothingness,

It might have been to wantonly taint even the most unassailably righteous fabric of my harmonious survival; with the pathetically asphyxiating grime of dastardly lies,

It might have been to announce my loss in mind; body and jubilant form; to the trajectory of this fathomlessly enchanting planet; whereas I still exuberantly paraded in the aisles of indefatigably fructifying utopia,

It might have been to ghoulishly bemoan every bit of philanthropic goodness that I divulged into; salaciously dragging my name into the coffins of hedonistically flagrant corruption,

It might have been to deliriously torture every bounteously fantasizing fragment of my brain; with the inconsolably weeping broomsticks of tyrannizing malice,

It might have been to Spartanly order every rabid dog on this poignantly ubiquitous planet; to summon as quickly as possible near my innocuous face; and then

intransigently bite the same as if there wasn't the slightest of sunset,

It might have been to unstoppably ridicule me; make a blatantly intolerable parody about each of my weaknesses; to every organism effulgently breathing on planet divine,

It might have been to satanically deafen even the most infinitesimal of my senses; numb every gloriously conceivable movement of my nimble body; with the cries of outrageously maniacal extinction,

It might have been to unrelentingly drag me to the gallows of heartlessly maiming confinement; impugning me of the highest treason ever committed on earth; which I never ever die or could dream to do,

It might have been to mercilessly pounce upon every imaginable penny of my unflinching perseverance; wickedly burn the same into parasitically sordid flames of lecherous hatred,

It might have been to timelessly jinx every euphorically benign aspect of my existence; with the brutally ominous chains of nothingness and the lull of melancholic debauchery; which suddenly arouse after blissful life,

It might have been to violently molest every ingredient of my unimpeachable virginity; with the acrimoniously fetid dagger-heads of garrulously rancid war,

It might have been to metamorphose every bit of pricelessly inimitable truth in my soul; into the most atrociously degradable mortuary of sinfully beheading lies,

It might have been to perpetually snap the fangs of my symbiotically enthralling existence; and then bawdily suck all lifeless blood from my veins to be the most sanctimoniously strongest organism alive,

And I really didn't have the tiniest of insinuation as to what were your intentions everytime you opened your mouth for uttering my name; but believe me; everytime when you did actually whisper my name in your sensuously unparalleled voice; I felt the most pricelessly insuperable man alive; as if the most ultimate of Kings; on this unshakably limitless earth divine.

As Important

For me to bond with her was as important; as was disseminating flamboyant light all day to the gruesomely staggering earth; for the Omnipotent Sun,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was tirelessly showering bountiful droplets of rain upon dreadfully parched soil; for the voluptuously crimson clouds,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was majestically oozing unfathomable tons of sparkling honey with the exuberant breeze; for the boisterously flirtatious honey bee,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was fulminating the inner most arenas of his heart and soul into an unsurpassable valley of vivacious graciousness; for the celestially wandering artist,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was replenishing itself with quintessentially ingratiating droplets of water; for the traumatically agonized and scorched throat,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was enchanting diffusing into an endless entrenchment of astoundingly spell binding rhyme; for the melodiously blessed nightingale,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was ubiquitously disseminating its scent of poignantly handsome friendship; for the vibrantly ravishing and eternally exotic rose,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was iridescently un unfurling into a river of mystically milky pearls; for the gloriously regale and fascinating stars,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was ubiquitously propagating the message of unconquerably heavenly peace; for the harbingers of egalitarian humanity,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was exultatingly jubilant and cardinally crimson blood; for the intricately sensitive veins,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was intransigently fantasizing in

the realms of fabulously blessed paradise; for the walls of infinite infinity,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was towering as the most unparalleled conqueror; for the irrevocably Herculean and invincibly supreme mountain tips,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was fabulously disintegrating into a countless billion pieces; for the tumultuously descending and poignantly pristine avalanche,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was sporting an immaculate blanket of heavenly mesmerizing fur; for the timelessly humble and innocent sheep,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was portraying an unequivocally candid reflection; for the flamingly eloquent and scintillating mirror,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was gargantuan lakes of virgin water; for the impeccably gliding and heavenly fish,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was romancing in inexorably wonderful titillation; for the charismatically incarcerating eyelashes,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was the art of culminating into rhythmically incanting sound; for the rosily forked and fantastically tangy tongue,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was the unfettered sailing on gigantically stormy ocean waters; for the harmoniously crafted and brimming to capacity; passenger ship,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was the art of indispensably ardent sustenance; for the miserably slaving beggar,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was unraveling into a tale of reinvigoratingly tangy froth after clashing against the shores; for the aristocratically undulating waves,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was tranquil waves of gregariously serene and rejuvenating shade; for the preposterously dreary and horrifically staggering traveler,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was boundless rivers of unblemished mother's milk; for the freshly born and divinely wailing infant,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was enthrallingly ecstatic rainbows to spawn up in the oligarchic cosmos; after it rained euphorically under the dazzlingly profound rays of the midday Sun,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was for the spirit to holistically liberate from the immaculate body; after veritably inevitable and absolute death,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was tears of happiness to flow after witnessing its departed ones; for the wonderfully princely and emphatically eclectic eye,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was bouncing in the aisles of uncontrollably uninhibited and untamed mischief; for the incessantly winking chimpanzee,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was wholesomely freeing every iota of his irrefutably sacrosanct motherland; for the patriotically unflinching and valiantly intrepid soldier,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was the chapter of timelessly magnificent proliferation and opalescently blossoming newness; for the Omnisciently Almighty Lord,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was the dance of perennial glory in torrentially seductive rain; for the majestic winged and blissful peacock,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was inhaling limitless gallons of effulgently Omnipotent air; for the miserably impoverished and diminutive nostril,

And for me to bond with her was as important; as was unleashing into a Universe of unassailably immortal love; for the passionately thundering and compassionately honest heart.

Nikhil Parekh

As Long As

It was perfectly OK; even if you were profusely fastidious about your food; wanted to eat the most flirtatiously rubicund morsels of tantalizing fruit before commencing every of your delectable meal,

It was perfectly OK; even if you were overwhelmingly squeamish about the way you dressed; insatiably desired to embellish your nimble countenance; with the finest fraternity of regale silk that was found on the rustic mountain sheep,

It was perfectly OK: even if you were unfathomably obsessive about the things you liked and abominably disliked; at times even waking a countless night on the incessant trot; to heavenly placate even the most infinitesimal of your desire,

It was perfectly OK: even if you euphorically danced without the slightest rhyme or reason at the crackle of voluptuous midnight; even as the world perpetually snored in immutably forlorn unison,

O! Yes it was perfectly OK even if you executed the most wildest of your idiosyncracies; as long as you indefatigably proliferated God's symbiotically burgeoning living kind; as long as you invincibly stood with every sect of humanity;
till the time you aristocratically emanated your very last breath.

1.

It was perfectly OK: even if you assiduously clambered fathomless nights on the trot; just to mischievously roll every of your luridly beleaguered senses with the ultimate epitome of the freezing Himalayas,

It was perfectly OK; even if you uninhibitedly rolled through marshes of uncouthly untamed wilderness; ardently scratching your frolicking flesh with every conceivable thorn that lay; disdainfully sprawled in vicinity,

It was perfectly OK; even if you unrelentingly chased unruly dogs in fields of hay; jubilantly philandered with chuckling hen as the Sun set in spell binding harmony behind the mesmerizing hills,

It was perfectly OK; even if you sporadically nibbled at chunks of obnoxiously worthless cheese like a new born infant; although you had handsomely swept well past the threshold of eclectic maturity; countless years ago,

O! Yes; it was perfectly OK even if you exuded into the most skittish of your tantrums left; right and wayward center; as long as you perennially bonded with God's most Omnipotent spirit of love; gloriously saluted every religion and color alike; as the religion of divinely mankind.

2.

It was perfectly OK; even if you obsessively waited for torrential drops of rain to thunderous rain to pelt; sadly from the heart of a profanely cloudless sky,

It was perfectly OK: even if you were the first organism on this gargantuan planet to irately soliloquize words grotesquely upside down; paving an esoteric pathway of your very own; which had never ever been replicated on this Universe before,

It was perfectly OK; even if you intransigently wanted the most ephemeral beauty of this unsurpassably unending cosmos before your impeccable eyes all the time; timelessly basking in the glory of nothing else but sensuously ingratiating graciousness,

It was perfectly OK; even if you uniquely chose to transgress through the acridly flaming thorns of truth; while the ostentatiously conventional society danced in the aisles of horrifically derogatory manipulation; outside,

O! Yes; it was perfectly OK even if you drifted every aspect of your life towards the most unimaginable of your whims; as long as you philanthropically mitigated all vindictively assaulted humanity from graveyards of depravation; as long as you made eternally everlasting righteousness the sole mantra of your nimble existence.

3.

It was perfectly OK; even if you ecstatically rollicked in the lap of your revered mother; every unraveling moment of the brilliantly stupendous day; and each wind of the resplendently star studded night,

It was perfectly OK: even if you immutably plucked stoical blades of lackadaisical grass all life; intrepidly staring at phlegmatic puffs of robustly emerald sky to victoriously rejoice,

It was perfectly OK; even if you erred more number of times than you took quintessentially ravishing breath; stuttering like a nonchalant skeleton on every exuberant step that you lamely tread,

It was perfectly OK; even if you profoundly dedicated infinite births of yours solely to the essence of majestic artistry; although there was not an inconspicuous penny in there; and as your robotically mundane mates minted mines of imperially glittering gold; outside,

O! Yes; it was perfectly OK even if you gyrated your uninhibited countenance solely to the tunes of your heart; mind; conscience and no one else; as long as you patriotically dazzle into the rainbows of a vibrantly optimistic tomorrow; as long as you liberate every beat of your heart to love the atmosphere of oneness; to love the atmosphere of Omnipresent human kind.

Nikhil Parekh

As Long As I Had Priceless Hope

I might be currently in hapless shreds; without even the most diminutive coin of currency in my inconspicuously bedraggled pockets,
But as long as I had the jewel of priceless hope in my soul; I reserved the insurmountable tenacity to metamorphose every iota of pain into a paradise of unfettered happiness; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of
the Omnipotent Lord Almighty.

I might be currently begging discordantly on the stony streets; without even a strand of infinitesimal saliva to mellifluously tingle my bereaved throat,
But as long as I had the Sun of optimistic hope in my soul; I reserved the indomitable power to overtopple even the most mightiest of cannibalistic parasites; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the bountiful Lord Almighty.

I might be currently feeding myself on frigid shit from the dustbin cover; without a feather of integrity of my own; as the world relentlessly lambasted my timidly trembling skin,
But as long as I had the star of resplendent hope in my soul; I reserved the Herculean prowess of soaring to the ultimate pinnacles of blazing success; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the inimitable Lord Almighty.

I might be currently exhaling each breath of mine in the traumatically beleaguered gutter pipe; without even the most mercurial strength left in my miserably bloodstained lips; to wholeheartedly smile,
But as long as I had the flower of fragrant hope in my soul; I reserved the invincible dexterity to spawn into a sky of unfathomably exhilarating newness; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the Omnipresent Lord Almighty.

I might be currently staring meaninglessly into orphaned patches of azure sky; without a single roof over my head; to sequester me from acrimoniously truculent storm and rain,
But as long as I had the sea of tangy hope in my soul; I reserved the uncanny mysticism to timelessly charm even the most lugubriously livid particle of the atmosphere; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the unassailable Lord Almighty.

I might be currently yawning in supremely fretful nonchalance; without the slightest of cynosure and glitterati; and with the most venomously lethal mosquitoes hovering around my hopelessly deserted skin,
But as long as I had the garland of ingratiating hope in my soul; I reserved the profound exuberance to convert even the most bizarrely impossible into the sky of impregnable success; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of
the Omniscient Lord Almighty.

I might be currently emaciating with a zillion thorns of brutal dishonesty being treacherously plundered into my intestines; and without the minutest trace of dawn in my every unforgivingly imprisoning night,
But as long as I had the rainbow of pristine hope in my soul; I reserved the untamed ebullience to bare-footedly adventure into the most fathomless crannies of this enchanting Universe; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the ever- pervading Lord Almighty.

I might be currently unemployed at all quarters; without the empathy of a single organism on this boundlessly enamoring Universe,
But as long as I had the spirit of sacred hope in my soul; I reserved the infallible energy to blaze into an infinite philanthropically enlightening tomorrows; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the miraculous Lord
Almighty.

And I might be currently devastated and torturously ripped apart in every aspect of my life; without any ingredient of this Universe getting stirred by the unstoppable beating of my impoverished heart,
But as long as I had the fortress of perpetual hope in my soul; I reserved the uninhibited magnetism to fall into the oceans of immortally gratifying love; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of
unchallengeable Lord Almighty.

Nikhil Parekh

As Long As She Was Sitting Beside Me

How does it matter even if there was no shoe on my feet; incongruous nails portrayed a ghoulish and miserable picture of mine?

How does it matter even if there wasn't a penny in my pocket; the last shelf of my wallet was inundated with nothing else; but pure sand?

As long as she was sitting beside me; the mesmerizing ensemble of hair tickled my starved lips and cheeks.

How does it matter even if my clothes smelt of pugnacious onion; every corner of the garment I wore was replete with stains of obnoxious oil?

How does it matter even if the only scent that emanated from my body was one of dry sweat; the only pillow I had was that composed of truck tyre rubber?

As long as she was sitting beside me; whispering enchanting secrets of her childhood mystically into my ear.

How does it matter even if the watch I wore on my wrists didn't function; there was cowdung coated on my palms instead of the lines of my destiny?

How does it matter even if the tunnels of my eardrum were filled with chunks of loose mud; and I turned a deaf to the voice of the world?

As long as she was sitting beside me; flirtatiously pinching my nose; telling me that I was beautiful.

How does it matter even if the first two teeth of my jaws were broken in a fight; fathomless granules of pertinent dandruff grew mercilessly in my scalp?

How does it matter even if my speech faltered every instant; with my abashing inability to please anybody in the first instant?

As long as she was sitting beside me; drowning me wholesomely into the ocean of fiery passion circulating wildly in her eyes,

How does it matter even if I didn't roam about in bombastic cars; hadn't the capacity to buy even a tricycle with rusty wheels?

How does it matter even if I was gruesomely uncivilized in my actions; not being able to eat with an array of glistening spoon and fork?

As long as she was sitting beside me; entwining her fingers in mine to support me wherever I went.

How does it matter even if I hadn't a roof to live under; kept gazing at the sky for hours immemorial?

How does it matter even if I had no soap to bathe my skin; splashed water on my skin swimming with the fish instead?

As long as she was sitting beside me; making me laugh uncontrollably with her innocuous gestures and the mischievous cadence in her voice.

And how does it matter even if I was the poorest man of this earth; with the Creator blessing everybody else except me with mountains of gold and silver?
And you tell me how does it matter even if I had nobody to believe me; people shunting away from me wherever I put my foot on this soil?

As long as she was sitting beside me; blending her breath entirely with mine; taking an oath to spend infinite more lives with me together.

Nikhil Parekh

As Much As I Loved Her

As much as I loved her lips beyond anything else on this mesmerizing Universe; profoundly enthralled by the voluptuous sheen that encapsulated their royal periphery,

I incessantly prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless them with the tenacity to survive against inexplicable gloom; which I knew was an inevitable impediment at some stage or the other; of everybody's vibrantly synergistic life.

As much as I loved her eyes beyond anything else on this boundlessly beautiful Universe; relentlessly staring into their impeccable whites; as she traversed like a fairy in my barren garden of nothingness,

I indefatigably prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless them with the fortitude to survive against devastatingly crippling tears; which I knew were an inevitable hindrance at some stage or the other; of everybody's rhapsodically blooming life.

As much as I loved her hair beyond anything else on this sparkingly colossal Universe; intransigently drowning in their fabulous glory for times immemorial, I irrevocably prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless them with the resilience to survive against ludicrously withering whiteness; which I knew was an inevitable decay; at some stage or the other; of everybody's bountifully charismatic life.

As much as I loved her voice beyond anything else on this majestic Universe; profusely blending each step of my impoverished existence with the stupendous magic of her heavenly tunes,

I unfathomably prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless it with the solidarity to survive against ridiculously wavering cacophony; which I knew was an inevitable obstacle at some stage or the other; of everybody's ecstatically vivacious life.

As much as I loved her cheeks beyond anything else on this gregariously wonderful Universe; compassionately kissing them under the pearly mysticism of milky moon;

till times beyond veritable eternity,

I tirelessly prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless them with the courage to survive against obnoxiously abominable wrinkles; which I knew were an inevitable barricade at some stage or the other; or everybody's enchantingly blissful life.

As much as I loved her ears beyond anything else on this wonderfully ravishing Universe; suckling heavenly peace from their pricelessly dangling lobes,

I perpetually prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless them with the conviction to survive against mockingly turbid deafness; which I knew was an inevitable hurdle at some stage or the other; in everybody's euphorically galloping life.

As much as I loved her stomach beyond anything else on this congenially symbiotic Universe; being captivated in a tantalizing entrenchment of seductive thrill each

time she nimbly swished her divinely countenance,

I perennially prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless it with the ardor to survive against unprecedented pangs of hunger; which I knew was an inevitable blockade at

some stage or the other; in everybody's celestially blessed life.

As much as I loved her feet beyond anything else on this unsurpassably enigmatic Universe; passionately kissing every mark that they left on bedraggled bits

of soil,

I forever prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless them with the fervor to survive against acrimoniously ghastly thorns; which I knew were an inevitable criminal at some stage or the other; in everybody's sacredly contented life.

As much as I loved her shadow beyond anything else on this fathomlessly mystical Universe; basking in the inscrutably delectable enigma of her gorgeously alluring reflection,

I incorrigibly prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless it with the resolution to survive against ethereally surreptitious extinction; which I knew was an inevitable culprit at some stage or the other; in everybody's wonderfully sprouting life.

And as much as I loved her breath beyond anything else on this gigantically poignant Universe; taking birth a countless more times with the incomprehensibly unparalleled life that she exhaled,

I constantly prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless it with the realization to survive against diabolically sinister death; which I knew was an inevitable end at some stage or the other; in everybody's ubiquitously redolent life.

Nikhil Parekh

As The Lights Changed From Red To Green

A thousand heads surged forward; whizzing at electric speeds past the assemblage of dense trees,

A thousand mouths heaved a sigh of relief; releasing tones of frustrated spit imprisoned inside,

A thousand fists punched free air; pounded the vibrant space around in unmatched exhilaration,

A thousand eyes glistened in happiness; oozing out tears of unsurpassable joy,

A thousand hearts throbbed thunderously; executing several beats at a time,

A thousand legs kicked gallons of loose mud; probed forward in unrelenting euphoria,

A thousand tongues swished in boisterous fervor; expressing tales of new found adventure,

A thousand lips opened in volatile fury; with exultating sounds of complete triumph reverberating loud and clear through the atmosphere,

A thousand watches ticked astoundingly fast; increasing their pace infinite times more than usual,

A thousand armpits diffused an ocean of sweat; with each droplet trickling down; merrily under the austere and blazing Sun,

A thousand fingers rose animatedly towards the heaven; thanking the Almighty lord in unanimous unison,

A thousand ears sprang up in stupendous arousal; regaining back their ability to trace the most minutest of sound; a thing which had relinquished for the last few minutes,

A thousand shirts suddenly started to flutter passionately; gaining momentum with each slap of vivacious breeze,

A thousand pair of hair stood up erect in alacrity on the scalp; with all the

dreariness encompassing them; now disappearing into invisible wisps of oblivion,

A thousand bones commenced to dance in ecstatic jubilation; suddenly retrieving back their energy after long minutes of boring rest,

A thousand veins transported blood faster than the shark; augmenting its supply to the heart; thoroughly charged by the noise of unruly traffic and stridently clanging horns,

A thousand bellows of smoke escalated ferociously towards the sky; as motion began once again with unprecedented ardor,

A thousand wheels gushed forward in uncontrollable anger and respite; as the accelerator was squeezed incorrigibly to its maximum limit,

And strangely but profoundly true; the reason for all the above pandemonium was an almost inconspicuous movement of the traffic bulb; which had just changed from red to green.

Nikhil Parekh

As The Lord Almighty Had Let You Come

Get of the shadows of others; in order to find your very own optimistic Sun of unflinchingly peerless and brilliantly unfettered; light,

Get of the palms of others; in order to find your very own unparalleled entrenchment of beautifully inscrutable and timelessly emollient; destiny lines,

Get of the lips of others; in order to find your very own heaven of inimitably resplendent and unbelievably exuberant; smiles,

Get of the eyes of others; in order to find your very own celestial mirror of candidly discerning and triumphantly enlightening; sight,

Get of the footsteps of others; in order to find your very own pathway of unflinchingly unconquerable and timelessly endowing; truth,

Get of the blood of others; in order to find your very own sky of benevolently supreme and wonderfully indomitable; integrity,

Get of the shoulders of others; in order to find your very own fortress of pricelessly inimitable and unsurpassably Herculean; strength,

Get of the soul of others; in order to find your very own river of boundlessly charismatic and endlessly proliferating; artistry,

Get of the fingers of others; in order to find your very own cradle of unshakably miraculous and unceasingly coalescing; friendship,

Get of the tongue of others; in order to find your very own civilization of blazingly unstoppable and altruistically philanthropic; speech,

Get of the brain of others; in order to find your very own meadows of pricelessly ebullient and fathomlessly innovative; fantasy,

Get of the veins of others; in order to find your very own festoon of marvelously virile and unendingly procreating; fertility,

Get of the sleep of others; in order to find your very own garden of panoramically liberated and magically mollifying; sleep,

Get of the eyelashes of others; in order to find your very own hillock of stupendously immaculate and unfathomably unhindered; mischief,

Get of the stomach of others; in order to find your very own scepter of blisteringly majestic and philanthropically unmatched; identity,

Get of the nails of others; in order to find your very own punch of fearlessly gutsy and intrepidly exhilarating; temerity,

Get of the feet of others; in order to find your very own cosmos of righteously obeisant and ever-pervadingly Omnipotent; salvation,

Get of the ears of others; in order to find your very own atmosphere of astutely articulate and symbiotically perspicacious; perception,

Get of the salvia of others; in order to find your very own bud of scrumptiously illuminating and tantalizingly victorious; taste,

Get of the breath of others; in order to find your very own fragrance of indefatigably evolving and uncannily royal; existence,

Get of the conscience of others; in order to find your very own voice of gloriously everlasting and insuperably Omnipresent; truth,

But forever stay in the hearts of others; immortally bonding with every beat of your compatriots; immortally radiating the essence of unassailably compassionate togetherness; immortally throbbing for even the most infinitesimal speck of benign goodness; immortally existing as a Universe of oneness; as the Lord Almighty had let you come.

Nikhil Parekh

As The Wind Blew

Granules of silver sands drifted into my eye; tormenting them to the threshold of irritation,
Wild draughts of wind blew across my face; almost annihilating all the hair inhabiting my scalp,
Black wisps of clouds hovered disconcertingly close to my persona; circumventing me from all sides,
Scraps of strewn paper; threads of innocuous cotton rose high in the breeze; settled nimbly on my freckled nose,
Frothy waves of the sea struck me with tenacity; diffusing into pearls of ravishing foam,
Gigantic lizards slithered harmlessly on the soil; gallivanting their way upwards into the crevices of the tree,
Rustic leaves of the foliated trees swirled violently; occasionally dropping on the ground with a thud,
Infinite blades of grass got dismantled from their roots; lay massacred in a pathetic heap,
Bountiful amounts of dust adhered to immaculately polished windows; the sparkling exteriors of statues transited to blotted and scarred,
Metallic signboards in the street fluttered turbulently under the midday Sun; belting under pressure,
Fleets of birds in the sky glided ecstatically; without generating effort from their aerodynamic wings,
Scores of rusty iron nails entangled themselves from crevices; rubbed themselves vigorously against sandpaper corrugations of the wall,
The bells in the church chimed incessantly; striking their fangs tenaciously against pallid bronze,
Slender needles of the tower clock revolved haphazardly; displaying erratic fluctuations of time,
Hordes of mice retreated hastily in their burrows; shriveling to half of their original size,
The potbellied tortoise sunk way beneath into its shell; profoundly contented with its perennial warmth,
Steaming coffee cascaded all over into a rampant spray; as I tried to pour it dexterously from the kettle,
A battalion of fish tried to escape from the boisterous waves of the sea; find some respite from the torrential reverberations of the water,
Tightly fitted contemporary caps were swept like rolling pins from scalps; the crisp demeanor of my office shirt developed a plethora of crease,
I simply relinquished all power to open my eyes; hoist my head towards the sky;

and her breath seemed closer to me like never before,
As the wind blew at swashbuckling speeds; inundating the stillness of
atmosphere with the euphoria of vibrant adventure.

Nikhil Parekh

As You Fell Into The Gorge Of Immortal Love

It made you feel as if you were reborn a countless times out of inane nothingness; as the most unassailably euphoric king of all times and with the reins of your compassion brilliantly harnessing the entire planet,

It made you feel as if the Sun never ever dolefully set; with the astoundingly ameliorating brightness of exuberant life; perpetually prevailing over every nook and cranny of this majestic planet,

It made you feel as if there were fires of untamed passion; profoundly rekindling the surface of lividly limp and frigid water; swirling unfettered towards the highest epitome of fathomless blue sky,

It made you feel as if even the most wee hours of morbid midnight; bountifully chanted the mantra of ever-pervading fertility; replenishing each impoverished nerve of existence with the enchantment of creation galore,

It made you feel as if each denomination of currency and wealth on the globe was trapped in your outstretched palms; whereas there was nothing but maimed devastation to confront till boundless kilometers of your visage; in pragmatic reality,

It made you feel as if even the most aridly acrimonious patches of the desert; bloomed perennially with priceless roses and lilies; and unceasing springs of sparkling water; merrily sprouted from each granule of sweltering sand,

It made you feel as if the very definition of inexplicable misery; had forever been erased from the complexion of this boundless earth; although countless of your kind suffered in the agony of horrendous solitariness; just beside your every stride,

It made you feel as if there was nothing but the religion of humanity conquering everything on planet earth; although innumerable spat hostile blood on your face every minute; thoroughly quagmired with the discrepancies of religion; caste; creed and kind,

It made you feel that there was no significance at all of the word 'I' on this motley planet; when infact there was so much to learn and imbibe; from the triumphant goodness lingering in each organisms life,

It made you feel that time had come to an absolute standstill; and the most adorable moments of your childhood and life; came galloping back once again to you; to stay for a countless lifetimes,

It made you feel that irrespective of whether or not you'd achieved even a single stone in your entire lifetime; you still were the richest organism existing; for speaking the truth and just being your very own original impeccable self,

It made you feel the most uncannily inscrutable shivers of adventure; even in the broadest of sweltering daylight; and with the most unscrupulous battalion of cars; traffic and robotically venomous smoke hovering around,

It made you feel as if the form of Omnipotent God could be witnessed on every branch; nook; cranny and pebble on earth; though the irrevocably religious society had confined him only to the constraints of the Church; Monastery; Temple and Mosque,

It made you feel as if each streak of thunderously silver lightning which fell from sky; reborn you for an infinite births and with the most victorious of visage; wherein all it did was to numb you there and then itself to death before your time,

It made you feel as if there was unparalleled sensuality lingering in even the most deadened of corpses; which were nothing but a conglomerate of ghoulishly jinxed bones; fouling in the wretchedly wastrel graveyard,

It made you feel as if the entire world ran on the fingertips of the freshly born child; and it was the sheer power in his Omniscient eyes which could melt any heaven or hell; in fractions of seconds alike,

It made you feel as if the whole planet was nothing but ramifications of compassion; the voluptuous amalgamation of the male and female form; intertwined invincibly in waves of lust; for centuries unprecedented,

It made you feel as if there was nothing beyond your very own breath; as you burnt to a countless tantalizingly excruciating deaths and evolved into a countless forms of benign life; simply in its Omnipotent fire,

O! Yes. That's exactly how you and an infinite like you felt; whilst for the first time as you fell; fell and undyingly kept falling into the gorge of Immortal Love.

Ask My Life

Ask my eyes; how much they missed her ingratiatingly mischievous smile,

Ask my nose; how much it missed her stupendously incarcerating and heavenly fragrance,

Ask my lips; how much they missed her voluptuously tangy tears,

Ask my hands; how much they missed her tantalizingly rubicund cheeks,

Ask my soul; how much it missed her majestically grandiloquent shadow,

Ask my hair; how much it missed the satiny caress of her divinely magical palms,

Ask my ears; how much they missed her incredulously melodious and mesmerizing voice,

Ask my brain; how much it missed her everlasting and profusely poignant festoon of memories and fantasies,

Ask my blood; how much it missed her unrelentingly volcanic desire; the infernos of insatiable passion that she ignited; when she was at whisker lengths from my body,

Ask my tongue; how much it missed the insurmountably delectable outlines of her vivaciously boisterous nape,

Ask my abysmally fading countenance; how much it missed her unprecedented inspiration to propel unflinchingly forward in life,

Ask my signature; how much it missed her unfathomably charming impression; the tinge of her magnanimous authority between each impeccable alphabet,

Ask my bones; how much they missed her mystically intriguing footsteps; the astronomical rejuvenation they imparted to its deteriorating caricature,

Ask my sweat; how much it missed her rhapsodic heat; the flames of unparalleled desire which she evoked with just a single solitary stare,

Ask my stomach; how much it missed her unsurpassably celestial meals; the fathomless myriad of delicacies she prepared within flashes of minuscule seconds,

Ask my beard; how much it missed her euphorically fabulous nails; the astounding rawness with which she trace a trail of seduction through my unruly flesh,

Ask my breath; how much it missed her indomitable ardor to survive; her tenacity to face life; even in the most disastrously acrimonious of times,

Ask my heart; how much it missed her indefatigably throbbing beats; the tumultuous fervor in her pulse; that made me take infinite steps at a time,

And ask my life; how much it missed her immortal love; which was the sole reason that didn't let me die; even after she today; wasn't alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Assemblage Of Heavenly Blue

The sky with its tinge of heavenly blue,
The sky which is coherent and true.
The sky so beautiful with its purplish face,
The sky that can conquer the human race.
The sky so sweet at lemonade,
The sky that can bring the earth an adolescent grade.
The sky that helps at the time of drought,
The sky that causes newborn seeds to sprout.
The sky that can bring crackling floods,
Doing so can shed a lot of blood.
The sky black and swollen near the river bank,
Hungry clusters of flower expecting all they can.
The drops of pelting water all hope for,
The sheets of rain showers already gone.
The sky with its protuberant legs stretched,
The sky that can get a house creshed.

Nikhil Parekh

Astoundingly Sensitive

Immune to the most sacrilegiously lambasting religion; when every ingredient of my pricelessly symbiotic existence; was being barbarously pulverized to inconspicuous ash,

Immune to the most bizarrely unsparing apocalypses of drought; when there wasn't even an infinitesimal droplet of water to quench the insatiably aggrandizing thirst in my throat,

Immune to the most thunderously menacing avalanches; when brutally frigid ice froze the last iota of scarlet blood in my veins,

Immune to the most acrimoniously charring afternoon Sun; when every cranny of my countenance unrelentingly trembled to the last bone down my spine,

Immune to the most turbulently usurping seas; when each of my senses felt ghoulishly asphyxiating to the rock bottom of inanely decrepit nothingness,

Immune to the most horrendously stabbing stench; when the dastardly caravans of ghastly gutter stench; had transcended every bit of ebullient goodness in my synergistically holistic persona,

Immune to the most opprobriously penalizing politics; when the hell of adulteration and corruption; had horrifically maimed me for the remainder of my impoverishedly truncated lifetime,

Immune to the most diabolically roaring lion; when infact he was busy indiscriminately excoriating every bone of my nimble body; at supremely gay abandon,

Immune to the most abjectly terrorizing of depression; venomously paralyzing every tangible and intangible nerve of my flaccidly flailing silhouette,

Immune to the most cold-bloodedly beheading war; when there wasn't the tiniest of roof to compassionately sequester my scalp,

Immune to the most abysmally fetid graveyard of abhorrent lies; when the parasites of salaciously bludgeoning drudgery overruled every dormitory of my brain,

Immune to the most ignominiously slandering of winds; when the corpses of morbidly wastrel frustration; made each instant of my holistic life worse than the rabidly dying dog,

Immune to the most devastatingly demonic sounds; when the wails of the ghost crucified me till infinite infinity; on the perfidiously cold floor,

Immune to the most invidiously scurrilous of atrocities; when the derogatorily debasing debauchery of the corrupt planet; had rendered me penniless to the last strand of hair on my scalp,

Immune to the most hopelessly destroying pangs of hunger; when I lay disdainfully shriveled and abominably hapless; in the mercilessly livid rathole,

Immune to the most lecherously massacring of swords; when my neck slithered for countless hours on barren soil; without a trifle of its compassionately counterpart body,

Immune to the most hedonistically unsurpassable of floods; when I didn't get even a sole second to alight my foot; as unceremoniously besmirched water forever closed the breath in my nostrils,

Immune to the most libidiously haunting betrayal; when even the best of my comrades; cadaverously blinded every aspect of my philanthropic existence; the instant I turned my back,

But astoundingly sensitive to even the most infidel of her celestial footstep; astoundingly sensitive to even the most evanescently fading of her invincible breath; astoundingly sensitive to even the most nimble flutter of her miraculous eyelashes; astoundingly sensitive to even the most faintest whisper of her Immortal Love; was; am and shall forever be; I

Nikhil Parekh

Astoundingly Sensitive - Part 2

If you taught it gruesomely ghastly crime; all it ever learnt was indeed crime;
nothing else but treacherously lambasting and invidious crime,

If you taught it menacingly manipulative politics; all it ever learnt was indeed
politics; nothing else but devastatingly ribald and worthless politics,

If you taught it lethally pulverizing power; all it ever learnt was indeed power;
nothing else but disgustingly lecherous and unforgivable power,

If you taught it indiscriminately dividing bloodshed; all it ever learnt was indeed
bloodshed; nothing else but the most insanely maniacal blotch on mankind called
bloodshed,

If you taught it remorsefully insipid dilapidation; all it ever learnt was indeed
dilapidation; nothing else but the realms of ghoulishly jejune and sordid
dilapidation,

If you taught it malevolently criminal hatred; all it ever learnt was indeed hatred;
nothing else but the lunatically frozen and lugubrious corpses of hatred,

If you taught it ghastily bombarding devastation; all it ever learnt was indeed
devastation; nothing else but bizarrely ungainly and agonizing devastation,

If you taught it truculently devilish obsession; all it ever learnt was indeed
obsession; nothing else but vindictively vociferous and meaningless obsession,

If you taught it morbidly sickening loneliness; all it ever learnt was indeed
loneliness; nothing else but salaciously thrashing and rotting loneliness,

If you taught it lackadaisically wastrel sky staring; all it ever learnt was indeed
sky staring; nothing else but wastefully nonchalant and decaying sky staring,

If you taught it sanctimoniously slavering sin; all it ever learnt was indeed sin;
nothing else but the hell of disastrously charring and brutal sin,

If you taught it barbarically unending war; all it ever learnt was indeed war;
nothing else but the vultures of dreadfully ostracizing and petty war,

If you taught it dolefully dissolute dastardliness; all it ever learnt was indeed

dastardliness; nothing else but demonically cursed and dithering dastardliness,

If you taught it egregiously spurious lies; all it ever learnt was indeed lies;
nothing else but viciously grotesque and dolorously dammed lies,

If you taught it miserably orphaned abuse; all it ever learnt was indeed abuse;
nothing else but licentiously lascivious and discordantly distorted abuse,

If you taught it preposterously ridiculous imitation; all it ever learnt was indeed
imitation; nothing else but sleazily threadbare and inconsequential imitation,

If you taught it bawdily disoriented religion; all it ever learnt was indeed religion;
nothing else but cold-bloodedly diving and fanatically marauding religion,

If you taught it savagely disintegrating tyranny; all it ever learnt was indeed
tyranny; nothing else but ruthlessly puerile and victimizingly venomous tyranny,

If you taught it satanically indescribable snatching; all it ever learnt was indeed
snatching; nothing else but nondescriptly obsolete and flagrant snatching,

If you taught it unfathomably incarcerating greed; all it ever learnt was indeed
greed; nothing else but sardonically opprobrious and disparaging greed,

If you taught it inexplicably debilitating disease; all it ever learnt was indeed
disease; nothing else but heinously crippling and vengeful disease,

If you taught it traumatically dying ostentation; all it ever learnt was indeed
ostentation; nothing else but salaciously notorious and livid ostentation,

If you taught it hideously crucifying torture; all it ever learnt was indeed torture;
nothing else but doggedly excoriating and lascivious torture,

If you taught it severely macabre ghosts; all it ever learnt was indeed ghosts;
nothing else but extinguishingly evanescent and morose ghosts,

If you taught it obnoxiously dolorous stench; all it ever learnt was indeed stench;
nothing else but disdainfully impeding and thwarting stench,

If you taught it unthinkably imbroglio trash; all it ever learnt was indeed trash;
nothing else but severely battering and despondent trash,

If you taught it unsurpassably irate hostility; all it ever learnt was indeed
hostility; nothing else but corpulently debasing and reprimanding hostility,

If you taught it fecklessly inflated pride; all it ever learnt was indeed pride;
nothing else but perilously sinister and ephemerally slithering pride,

If you taught it inconsolably terrorizing sorrow; all it ever learnt was indeed
sorrow; nothing else but punitively fretting and abominable sorrow,
If you taught it pallidly insomniac degeneration; all it ever learnt was indeed
degeneration; nothing else but indigenously corrupt and oblivious degeneration,

If you taught it absurdly demoralizing slang; all it ever learnt was indeed slang;
nothing else but sloppily imprisoning and disappearing slang,

If you taught it horrendously stunting adultery; all it ever learnt was indeed
adultery; nothing else but impudently stripping and poisonously orphaning
adultery,

If you taught it impeachingly derogatory promiscuousness; all it ever learnt was
indeed promiscuousness; nothing else but nefariously expurgating and maiming
promiscuousness,

If you taught it abhorrently unending extinction; all it ever learnt was indeed
extinction; nothing else but castigatingly devilish and slaughtering extinction,
While so astoundingly sensitive was the mind of the infant; that if you taught it
immortally unassailable love; all it ever learnt was indeed love; celestially
forgetting all of the above; harnessing every ingredient of its blood with nothing
else but; the
spirit of perpetually godly and timeless love.

Nikhil Parekh

At Her Doorstep

When I was sleeping blissfully on my bed; she came intermittently in my dreams,

And as I emitted my first thunderous yawn after awakening; the dainty outlines of her visage last night struck me like bolts of lightening.

When I just bathed my disheveled persona; taking stupendous care to evacuate the last bit of dirt adhering to my eardrum,
The scent of her body tingled me beyond the point of no control; and a sly smile crept viciously across the contours of my lips.

When I thought of starting from home; her dwelling seemed far away; with several barricades separating us,
The summit of her building seemed like an ephemeral glimpse of my memory; with a desire to meet her heavily stifled due to the long distance.

When I just kicked my scooter to commence on my expedition; my heart throbbed a little,
And there was a profound glimmer of hope in my eyes; that I might salvage a chance to meet her.

When I hit the streets; traversing leisurely lost in the enchantment of the mystical surroundings,
Her voice seemed to stimulate my nerves; and the ravishing silhouette of her eyelashes propeled me to increase my speed a trifle further.

When I had to stand still in the traffic; with the lights changing brusquely to red, I wildly tried to cognize our last conversation; in the midst of chaotic pandemonium of blaring horns and exhaust smoke.

When I met her friends in the way, I gave a peevish smile; with a tiny wave of my hands,
Tried to visualize the infinite aspects which made my beloved more beautiful than her spuriously attired mate.

When I was extremely near her lawns; the blocks of her edifice now prominently visible to my eye,
The blood in my veins ran faster; and buckets of perspiration trickled down my nape in rapid succession.

And when I reached her doorsteps; the caress of her doorbell at whisker lengths
from my hands,
That was the moment; when I swooned on the floor in sheer ecstasy; and before
I could knock on the wood; her mesmerizing forehead appeared before me; and
her breath bonded perpetually with mine.

Nikhil Parekh

At Her Omnipresent Feet

Not the slightest impressed did I feel; even as every cranny of my countenance; enshrouded itself with the most resplendently shimmering silk,

Not the slightest enchanted did I feel; even as an unsurpassable sky of ingratiatingly mellifluous nightingales; majestically perpetuated caverns of unbelievably rhapsodic melody in my life,

Not the slightest influenced did I feel; even as the most unprecedentedly wise philosophers; uninhibitedly showered the essence of symbiotically ecstatic life; upon my treacherously bereaved soul,

Not the slightest overwhelmed did I feel; even as an endless tornado of glittering gold; landed like a regal prince; right in the heart of my sordidly dilapidated household,

Not the slightest appeased did I feel; even as the most stupendously sweet hives of ebullient honey; timelessly charmed my preposterously cacophonic and truculently scorching throat,

Not the slightest silenced did I feel; even as the magnificently sensuous carpet of voluptuous night; unassailably transited me into wonderfully blissful siesta,

Not the slightest exhilarated did I feel; even as the most impeccably divine fairies descended from the cosmos; to perennially occupy the barren space of my disastrously sagging shoulders,

Not the slightest frolicking did I feel; even as the Omnipotent Sun burgeoned a profound throttle from behind the rain soaked hills; and a cluster of vibrantly innocuous butterflies invited me to dance till times beyond infinite infinity,

Not the slightest intriguing did I feel; even as the most tantalizing of seductresses ecstatically danced in my miserably quavering way,

Not the slightest pragmatic did I feel; even as the most articulately methodical of classrooms; handsomely perpetuated in my tyrannically famished eyes,

Not the slightest adventurous did I feel; even as an unfathomable gorge of fascinating mysticism; enticed me in its ravishingly bountiful belly button; from all sides,

Not the slightest triumphant did I feel; even as every cranny of celestial land on this limitless planet; blessed itself like a royal prince; into the diminutive folds of my clenched fists,

Not the slightest stimulated did I feel; even as every speck of gorgeously titillating beauty on this planet; unrelentingly tickled my flaccid skin with winds of indomitably vibrant desire,

Not the slightest romantic did I feel; even as the regal propensity of exuberant air; compassionately embraced me with eternal rain; on every exhaustedly beleaguered step of mine,

Not the slightest placated did I feel; even as the most scrumptiously fructifying meals on this boundless Universe; ardently waited to kiss my tongue; choosing only me as the sole consumer for countless more births of mine,

Not the slightest enthused did I feel; even as the ingeniously impregnable synchronizations entered my insane brain; rendering me with the insatiable power
to wholesomely metamorphose the complexion of this dastardly earth,

Not the slightest rejuvenated did I feel; even as untamed waterfalls of heavenly prosperity; ubiquitously descended upon my despondently asphyxiated persona,

Not the slightest vivacious did I feel; even as immortal whirlpools of quintessentially emollient breath; bestowed upon me a timeless legacy to exist; celestially transcending all hedonistic pain and pugnacious crime,

Not the slightest eclectic did I feel; even as congenitally inherent artistry copiously exuded from each element of my fantastic demeanor; right since the first time; that I uninhibitedly cried,

Not the slightest tenacious did I feel; even as incomprehensibly inexorable fortresses of unflinching power; left the entire world to be the perpetually scintillating impressions of my nimble stride,

Not the slightest honored did I feel; even as every single bit of imperially aristocratic accomplishment on this gregarious planet; became the immutably perennial jewel of my eyes,

Not the slightest boisterous did I feel; even as an insurmountably relentless mountain of exotic energy; jubilantly crawled into the piquantly intricate

network of my veins,

Not the slightest enamored did I feel; even as the entire fabric of philanthropically synergistic harmony on this Omniscient planet; became the revered necklace of my tireless existence,

Not the slightest certified did I feel; even as the most professionally enviable degrees in this exotic world; unfurled like a pack of vividly rejoicing cards into my outstretched lap,

Not the slightest innovative did I feel; even as the lines of my palms were unbelievably gifted to spawn a river of infinite newness; on every pristinely naked twig of the tree; that they delicately caressed,

But I would feel the richest man on this gargantuan earth O! Almighty Lord; if you gave me death at her pricelessly sacrosanct feet; made irrefutably sure that I breathed my very last breath perhaps premature; but with her Omnipresent palms forever intertwined in mine.

Nikhil Parekh

At Least Once

It really doesn't matter whether you dressed up like a majestically unconquerable prince an infinite number of times; or whether you indolently wandered into the aisles of fecklessness without the most infinitesimal of fabric to drape your trembling form,

It really doesn't matter whether you digested the most scrumptiously tantalizing meals an infinite number of times; or whether you torturously emaciated every single of your intestine; till the last iota of breath that you exhaled,

It really doesn't matter whether you indefatigably sailed in the most swankiest of aircrafts an infinite number of times; or whether you preposterously slithered on obdurately cold-blooded ground; pathetically decaying every day of your existence like a frigidly orphaned leaf,

It really doesn't matter whether you insatiably fantasized about the fathomlessly unending beauty of this Universe an infinite number of times; or whether you deliriously stared into a corpse of jinxed baselessness for centuries immemorial,

It really doesn't matter whether you uninhibitedly danced in the heart of the vivaciously moonlit night an infinite number of times; or whether you withered like an infidel piece of insipid chalk at the most diminutive draught of wind,

It really doesn't matter whether you philanthropically smiled at your every comrade who came your way an infinite number of times; or whether you despicably fretted and fumed in your cocoon of insanely mundane commercialism,

It really doesn't matter whether you restlessly innovated a valley of unsurpassable freshness an infinite number of times; or whether you decrepitably stagnated in the dungeons of hedonistically prejudiced malice,

It really doesn't matter whether you supremely embellished every cranny of your persona with an unfathomable ocean of pearls an infinite number of times; or whether you bathed in disdainful cowdung curry as the minutes painstakingly unveiled by,

It really doesn't matter whether you enchantingly sang till endless eternity for an infinite number of times; or whether you discordantly croaked in the graveyards

of ignominiously rebuking oblivion for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

It really doesn't matter whether you forever stood first in even the most evanescent of tasks that you attempted an infinite number of times; or whether you

disastrously stuttered to nimbly amble a single step,

It really doesn't matter whether you astoundingly nurtured every aspect of your life to irrevocably inimitable perfection an infinite number of times; or whether you callously pillaged and blundered on even the most easiest of lanes that greeted you in your way,

It really doesn't matter whether you made patriotically blazing victory your daily cup of reinvigorating morning tea an infinite number of times; or whether you collapse like a pack of incongruously livid pancakes; morbidly within the realms of your sleep,

It really doesn't matter whether you indefatigably chased newer dimensions of prosperity an infinite number of times; or whether you dastardly discarded every moment of your survival; aimlessly admiring the delinquently irascible ants,

It really doesn't matter whether you philandered amongst the highest echelon of society an infinite number of times; or whether you lackadaisically shriveled in the dungeons of purposelessly solitary oblivion,

It really doesn't matter whether you celestially snored under the rhapsodically voluptuous quilts an infinite number of times; or whether you haplessly salivated on the dusty streets; with the salacious begging bowl outstretched from your unruly bohemian palms,

It really doesn't matter whether you compassionately garnered International acclaim and cynosure of the highest degree an infinite number of times; or whether you insidiously retreated in your shattered cocoon at the tiniest ray of alien light,

It really doesn't matter whether you spawned into a rainbow of invincible versatility an infinite number of times; or whether you lead every unraveling second of your life; like a penuriously middle-class man,

And it really doesn't matter whether you joyously executed an infinite number of things in the odyssey of your enigmatic life for an infinite number times or whether you nonchalantly discarded your every hour into the mortuaries of barren nothingness,

But it is my humble plea to one and all of you on this colossal Universe alike;
that do unassailably dedicate every passionate beat of your heart to the person
you love at least once in your life; do definitely fall and gloriously fructify into the
branches of immortal love; at least once in your entire lifetime.

Nikhil Parekh

At Your Doorstep

Normally I would have swooned to even the most extinguishing reflections of blood; collapsing in a bedraggled heap as I heard the word torturous pain,
But today I fervently guzzled gallons of heinous poison presuming it to be most Omnipotent panache of life; as I was at your immortally magnanimous doorstep
O! Almighty Lord; with your supremely celestial aura towering for times immemorial.

Normally I would have puked out every ingredient of food lingering in my famished stomach; the instant I heard even the tiniest of incoherently disgruntled sounds,
But today I ardently trespassed barefoot on a battlefield of relentlessly lethal thorns presuming it to be a silken carpet of paradise; as I was at your immortally philanthropic doorstep
O! Almighty Lord; with your charismatically enigmatic fragrance making me feel the richest organism alive.

Normally I would have blended with non-existent wisps of obsolete oblivion; the very moment I sighted even the most diminutive of ants being mercilessly squelched; by the monstrously speeding truck,
But today I exuberantly buried myself a countless feet beneath my grave presuming it to be the true elixir of life; as I was at your immortally unassailable doorstep
O! Almighty Lord; with your Omniscient eyes casting their rays of bedazzling enchantment; upon the trajectory of this entire planet.

Normally I would have tremblingly stifled every iota of my voice; as even the most capriciously frigid beam of darkness; attempted to take a vicious stranglehold
of the brilliantly sweltering day,
But today I willingly trespassed through the most acrimonious mountains of fire presuming them to be oceans of unprecedented love; as I was at your immortally righteous doorstep
O! Almighty Lord; with your stupendously Omnipresent voice; miraculously pacifying the agony of the disastrously impoverished planet.

Normally I would have withered like a pack of nimble matchsticks; as even the most fragile winds of dolorous depression; insidiously chose to drift my way,
But today I greedily devoured a tunnel of pugnaciously hostile scorpion presuming them to be the ultimate fruits of Mother Nature; as I was at your immortally boundless doorstep
O! Almighty Lord; with your Omnipresently sacrosanct blessings; astoundingly procreating countless new; upon the circumference of this remorsefully dwindling earth.

Normally I would have brutally asphyxiated to a gory death; even as mere reflections of imprisoned orphans; vacillated on the mammoth silver screen,
But today I obligingly blinded my eyes with swords of blistering iron presuming them to be magical wands of spell binding harmony; as I was at your immortally marvelous doorstep O! Almighty Lord; with your tenaciously scintillating radiance; enlightening every dwelling; besieged with lackadaisical disgrace.

Normally I would have metamorphosed to inconsequentially minuscule ash; as I witnessed even the most diminutive speck of widowed white on destitute bodies,
But today I compassionately shot myself in the center of my head presuming it to be the most mesmerizing gift of blissful creation; as I was at your immortally melodious doorstep O! Almighty Lord; with your magnanimously unconquerable grace; magically granting wish of all those innocently deprived.

Normally I would have dithered like an infertile leaf towards lackluster soil; as I encountered even the most tiniest of whipping; of the haplessly orphaned child,
But today I smilingly placed all my fingers under the heinously slicing butcher knife; as I was at your immortally invincible doorstep O! Almighty Lord; with your grandiloquently luminescent persona; bestowing upon its unfathomable splendor; upon all rich and penuriously devastated; alike.

And normally I would have profusely maimed each cranny of my intricately nimbly senses; as I witnessed even the most ferociously unruly chicken being slaughtered;
for becoming the toast of nocturnal delight,
But today I proudly relinquished even the last traces of my life standing on the corridors of hell presuming it to be gloriously resplendent heaven; as I was at your immortally beautiful doorstep O! Almighty Lord; with your unbelievably divinely smile; making me perpetually feel blessedly alive

Nikhil Parekh

At Your Godly Feet

Profusely embracing the resplendently glistening stars; perpetually feasting in the inimitably unparalleled glory for times immemorial,

Uninhibitedly embracing the fathomlessly blessing skies; letting the exuberantly romantic clouds weave valleys of exhilaration in every bereaved cranny of my diminutive body,

Timelessly embracing the panoramically sensuous meadows; endlessly cavorting with the beautifully golden dewdrops; for centuries unprecedented even after my very last breath,

Irrevocably embracing the magically rejuvenating waterfalls; astoundingly blending each of my deliriously deranged nerves with stupendously unsurpassable ecstasy,

Unassailably embracing the slopes of immaculately mollifying ice; bestowing Omnipotent reprieve to my brutally scorched and pathetically sweltering senses,

Unceasingly embracing opulently inebriating majesty; letting the fabric of silken royalty evolve me into a civilization of magnificently unlimited charisma,

Unstoppably embracing inscrutably tantalizing forests; tirelessly frolicking in the ravishingly euphoric entrenchment of bountifully untainted wilderness,

Unlimitedly embracing peerlessly brilliant rays of the Omnipresent Sun; beautifully enlightening every flagrantly blackened arena of my life with the rays of undefeatedly ebullient optimism,

Immutably embracing ubiquitously egalitarian humanity; melanging even the most infinitesimal ingredient of my crimson blood with the perpetually emollient religion
of pricelessly unconquerable mankind,

Entirely embracing marvelously amber hives of innocuous honey; slowly slurping the miraculously heavenly sweetness till an infinite unfettered births of mine,

Indomitably embracing unflinchingly altruistic patriotism; proudly brandishing every cranny of my penurious countenance; with the armor of honesty to forever serve my motherland,

Unfathomably embracing Omnisciently transcending tranquility; mitigating even the most ethereal speck of my monotonously decrepit persona; with the mists of eternally placating solitude,

Irretrievably embracing uncannily tingling smog's; letting the inexplicably unknown fantastically perpetuate into my manipulatively commercial and torturously turgid soul,

Unprecedentedly embracing the celestially pelting globules of silvery rain; letting every trajectory of my emaciated flesh; effulgently sparkle with the ultimate blessings of Omniscient Almighty God,

Intransigently embracing the caverns of fabulously blooming seduction; galloping through the lanes of unhindered mischief; with countless triumphantly nubile maidens by my impoverished side,

Unrestrictedly embracing the songs of everlastingly regale unity; coalescing every conceivable beat of my existence with the spirit of invincibly compassionate camaraderie,

Victoriously embracing benign goodness in its every construable form; unequivocally enabling the oceans of selflessness to majestically diffuse from each pore of my magnanimously blessed silhouette,

Impreguably embracing quintessentially radiant breath; wonderfully letting whirlpools of charismatically free air; drift into my ephemerally asphyxiating nostrils,

Immortally embracing the chapters of unconquerable love; embossing their unshakable signature upon every beat of my unrelentingly throbbing heart,

But forever and ever and ever at your Omnipotent toes; leading each aspect of my destined life as well as abnegating the very last trace of air in my disdainfully stuttering lungs; solely at your Godly feet O! Divinely Beloved; O! Pristinely Priceless Beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

At Your Timelessly Divine Feet

Give me the most treacherously stagnating of lies; or give me the most triumphantly blazing Sun of gloriously unfettered truth,

Give me the most invidiously crippling of disease; or give me the most spell binding rainshowers of eternally fructifying prosperity,

Give me the most sadistically perverted of insomnia; or give me the most celestially mollifying and perpetually reinvigorating of rest,

Give me the most viciously stoning of torture; or give me the most astoundingly Omnipotent atmosphere of ubiquitous prosperity,

Give me the most obliviously rotting of dilapidation; or give me the most robustly burgeoning mists of unbelievably ecstatic freshness,

Give me the most sinfully massacring coffins of betrayal; or give me the most compassionately invincible valleys of perennially liberating camaraderie,

Give me the most hedonistically delirious of slavery; or give me the perennial wings of freedom to timelessly and unabashedly discover my own identity,

Give me the most hopelessly crucifying of abuse; or give me the most unassailably proliferating of victoriously undying blessing,

Give me the most raunchily diabolical of prejudice; or give me the most impregnably benign spirit to disseminate the mantra of unconquerably symbiotic humanity; till the very last breath of my life,

Give me the most diabolically penalizing of prison; or give me the most pristinely panoramic gorges of stupendous wonderment; to tirelessly enthrall even the most infinitesimal of my senses,

Give me the most flagrantly sacrilegious of deterioration; or give me the most fantastically ameliorating of virility; which instantaneously engendered me to spawn into countless more of my kind,

Give me the most haplessly inexplicable of misery; or give me the most insuperably redolent power to portend even the most inconspicuously fragile element of my enchanting destiny,

Give me the most lethally asphyxiating of venom; or give me the most bountifully heavenly elixir to triumphantly transcend over even the most obfuscated devil in life,

Give me the most lecherously vomiting of monotony; or give me the most benevolently blessed brain; which had the unfathomable temerity to fantasize even beyond the land of infinite infinity,

Give me the most brutally tormenting of cancer; or give me the most infallibly fiery blood in my veins; which possessed the tenacity to overtopple even the mightiest of satanic devils,

Give me the most cadaverously fetid of ghost; or give me the most undefeated form of life in every of my stride; as I galloped towards the ultimate epitomes of venerated paradise,

Give me the most inevitably squelching coffin; or give me the most indomitably perpetual cistern of breath; that lit a fire of unsurpassable hope on every speck of the atmosphere that it fell,

Give me the most perniciously salacious dungeon of tawdry betrayal; or give me the most Immortally untainted sky of limitlessly blessing love,

Give me the most heinously cursed form of orphaned death; or give me the most unconquerably iridescent Universe of life; which none could ever dream to besiege,

And give me whatever you choose to O! Omnipotent Mother; I would still accept it with the most symbiotically effulgent of smile; without the tiniest of angst in my heart; soul and breath; if only you just allowed me to wholeheartedly and open-handedly receive the same at your; timelessly divinely feet

Nikhil Parekh

Atleast Don't Do That Sin

We don't expect astoundingly extraordinary gifts from you; not even the most infinitesimal of bountiful commemorations,
But at least don't mercilessly trample over all the extraordinarily majestic that we tirelessly endeavor to shower upon you; at least don't do that sin to your severely ailing and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect compassionately invincible hugs from you; not even the most diminutive tear-drop of heart-rendering empathy,
But at least don't ruthlessly disown all our invincibly unshakable embraces towards you; at least don't do that sin to your inevitably decrepit and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect brilliantly insuperable victories from you; not even the most fugitive speck of altruistic martyrdom that would do us and our country proud,
But at least don't hedonistically spit on our indomitably unblemished victory of so royally procreating you; at least don't do that sin to your disastrously maimed and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect insurmountably infallible reverence from you; not even the most beguiling trace of sacrosanct dedication and honesty towards us,
But at least don't demonically desecrate over our timeless prayers for your eternal betterment; at least don't do that sin to your penuriously hapless and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect impeccably glorious truthfulness from you; not even the most evanescent trump card of unassailably burgeoning success,
But at least don't barbarously decimate our unshakably perpetual truthfulness for you; at least don't do that sin to your miserably withering and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect the entire wealth on this fathomless Universe from you; not even the most ephemeral castles of unchallengeable solidarity and heavenly ambrosia,
But at least don't insidiously annihilate the castle of royally celestial dreams that we had constructed solely for you; at least don't do that sin to your uncontrollably shivering and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect unceasingly endowing verses of symbiotic poetry from you; not even the most abstemious chunk of priceless humanity towards us,

But at least don't satanically transgress across our perennial love for you; at least don't do that sin to your helplessly staggering and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect everlastingly fragrant sharing from you; not even the most disheveled wisp of support towards us in treacherously cataclysmic apocalypses, But at least don't lecherously chop our hands which wanted to forever exist only to regally protect you; at least don't do that sin to your impoverishedly orphaned and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect blissful rides on your exuberant shoulders; not even the most bedraggled piece of fructifying sublimation from you, But at least don't diabolically torch our lips which knew nothing but to smile only for you; at least don't do that sin to your flagrantly disabled and old parents; dear children.

And we don't expect marvelously reinvigorating fireballs of breath from you; not even the most deteriorating corridor of optimistic light in your eyes for us, But at least don't hedonistically snap the fangs of our life which we lived every unfurling minute solely for you; at least don't do that sin to your despairingly blinded and old parents; dear children

Nikhil Parekh

Atleast Don't Forget

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my innocuously adorable face; explicitly proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as a maligned gutter with streaks of hedonistic black; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my redolently masculine palms; audaciously proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as ghoulishly begging bowls of vindictively victimizing prejudice; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my mischievously twinkling eyes; invidiously proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as disastrously orphaned dustbins of bizarrely amorphous white; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my bountifully silken hair; salaciously proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as parsimoniously abhorrent and frigidly blood-sucking parasites; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my unflinching camaraderie; satanically proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as an obnoxiously fretful corpse of sadistically gory betrayal; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my lusciously rubicund lips; demonically proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as a trashcan of sleazily lackluster and uxoriously forlorn invectives; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my mystically magnetic ears; barbarously proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as egregious molehills of cadaverously stagnating and lugubriously wretched feces; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my insurmountably unceasing devotion; bewitchingly proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as an agonistically murderous reflection of devastating hell; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my tantalizingly seductive sweat; ominously proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as a raucously desolate pool of venomously betraying crime; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my eclectically exotic poetry; beguilingly proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as unprecedentedly threadbare gibberish which eventually lead to the gallows of treacherous extinction; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my mellifluously enchanting voice; unceremoniously proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as a dying pig's dastardly decaying groan; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my symbiotically entwining fingers; flagrantly proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as intolerably tyrannical thorns of apocryphally decrepit manipulation; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my perennially humanitarian smile; lividly proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as a torturously incarcerating death; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my humbly irrefutable truthfulness; ballistically proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as the lecherously maiming mortuary of crime and politics; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my insuperably passionate blood; maliciously proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as the most unholy crucifixion of mystically iridescent life; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my ardently cavorting reflection; dogmatically proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as the most feckless disappearing caricature of grotesquely penalizing nothingness; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my timelessly burgeoning fantasies; sneeringly proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as the most dreadfully tarnished scorpions of frenetically withering communalism; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my immortally bonding breath; ignominiously proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as the most cold-bloodedly lambasting curse of death; instead,

And I really won't mind anything even if you unsparingly decimated me and swept me like a horrific nightmare from the chapter of your celestially venerated

life,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Eternal Beloved; that atleast don't forget the very first time when we proposed the expression of immortal love to each other; the very first time when we bonded our lips into the most perpetually fructifying kiss of life; the very first time when our destinies; eyes; heart and soul had unshakably bonded; the very first moment when we had heavenly met.

Nikhil Parekh

Attaining Heaven From Your Corpse In Hell

A countless times in the name of religion you've cursed a countless impeccable black cat's crossing your way—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most derogatorily punitive hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've ruthlessly drowned a countless girl child to the rock bottom of the ocean—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most sadistically morbid hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've brutally plucked countless a nimble petal for offering to the god's—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most treacherously perverted hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've slit the throat of countless an innocently bleating goat—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most reproachfully vindictive hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've played hideously perverted games of master with countless a truthful slave-and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most tawdrily asphyxiating hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've spread the maelstroms of violently abusive fanaticism—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most unsparingly victimizing of hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've made countless bountiful living beings as scapegoats on the sacrificial altar—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most devastatingly pugnacious hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've slandered and shed countless droplets of blood on the other side of your wall—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most destructively malignant hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've wasted a countless hours spuriously meditating- with the devil playing truant in your mind—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most heinously sinister hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've sadistically desecrated countless a church, temple, mosque, monastery—and thereby instantaneously found

yourself a most certain place in the most raunchily carnivorous hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've barbarously assassinated a countless harbingers who were out to spread the 'religion of humanity'—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most traumatically agonizing hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've meaninglessly fasted and starved a countless benign fellow beings to their living graves—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most despairingly murderous hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've consumed countless a fountains of blood for breakfast; brunch; lunch; dinner—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most blasphemously vapid hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've went to gory war orphaning countless pristine children and wives—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most ominously maiming hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've diabolically castrated a countless chapters of prolific procreation preferring marriage of same sex—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most cadaverously disintegrated hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've imprisoned countless a women behind the veils of sickeningly untouchable desperation—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most penuriously lambasting hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've taken a countless livid oaths of stony muteness towards the closest of your kin—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most despicably truculent hell,

A countless times in the name of religion you've unabashedly invited a countless evil spirits right into the center of your mind—and thereby instantaneously found yourself a most certain place in the most dementedly morose hell,

Can you not spend a just single minute of yours for a just a single beat of immortally uniting love; just this one single time and in the name of that same religion—and still attain the most unassailably blessed heaven from the very midst of your corpse in hell?

Nikhil Parekh

Attire

i wore spiked shoe with projecting porcupine thorn,
tread on the brittle surface of the frozen lake,
breaking the harmony of the agglutinated chunks of ice.

i wore a demon mask having scores of Dracula teeth,
attached a hair wig composed of fiery needle,
roamed in zebra striped suits, traversing the busy streets,
thereby scaring groups of innocent children.

i wore trousers made of threadbare rope,
encapsulated my chest in jackets of rich straw,
held wine jars in my hand containing pure incense stick,
sat down to meditate with routine traffic whistling past my eyes.

i wore a plastic coat made from stale polythene,
triangular cap of cane possessing an army of irregular holes,
nailed a big plus in the center of my broad chest,
catered to a host of patients as the visiting doctor.

i wore a suit stitched in exquisite quality silk,
sparkling boots made of snake python leather,
sprinkled my persona with gallons of whale perfume,
pinned an enchanting red rose to my immaculate tie,
sat with overwhelming peace in the plush interiors of the American coffee shop.

Nikhil Parekh

Audaciously Dare

Only he who knows how to adeptly rebuild the castle perfectly; blending cement; concrete and glass in commensurate proportions; can audaciously dare trample over and break it,

Only he who knows how to dexterously re-stitch the exquisite fabric; weave majestic cloth out of bland tufts of cotton; can audaciously dare to tear it,

Only he who knows how to expertly remold the intricately enigmatic jigsaw puzzle; can audaciously dare to dismantle it,

Only he who knows how to prolifically write infinite numbers of pages; inundate barren fragments of paper with multiple alphabets within seconds; can audaciously dare to rip it apart and dispose it,

Only he who knows how to enchantingly sing; capturing the entire Universe with his mesmerizing voice; can audaciously dare to stop all conversation; stop each voice from flowing,

Only he who knows how to run; conquer invincible summits of the mountain taking boundless strides at a time; can audaciously dare to sleep when the entire world around him slogged and worked,

Only he who knows how to adroitly mend the car brakes; blend them back to perfection within split seconds of time; can audaciously dare to snap them,

Only he who knows how to voraciously swim; wade his way across the most stormy waters and ferociously swirling sea; can audaciously dare to sink to its rock bottom,

Only he who knows how to appreciate even the most minuscule of beauty hovering around in the cosmos; had the incomprehensible power to envisage and perceive the most tantalizing sights that ever existed on this earth close eyed; can audaciously dare to pierce his eyes and go pathetically blind,

Only he who knows how to clean the entire room; annihilate even the most infinitesimal trace of dirt adhering to the walls; can audaciously dare to dirty it,

Only he who knows how to make strangers laugh within seconds; foment them to thunderously chortle at even the smallest joke of his; can audaciously dare to make them cry,

Only he who knows how to stare unrelentingly looking into the heart of the fiery Sun; profoundly admiring its poignant tenacity; can audaciously dare to blink without control,

Only he who knows how to attract any female towards him without the slightest of effort; foment her to love him by merely looking into her eyes; can audaciously dare to betray her,

Only he who knows how to grow countless number of trees; producing tons of salubrious grains round the year from the field mingling raw seeds in robust soil; can audaciously dare to chop one with the axe,

Only he who knows how to meditate incessantly; profusely concentrating on the deity of sacrosanct God; communicating with him whenever he wanted to; can audaciously dare to shout with the satanic devil; every hour after the onset of midnight,

Only he who knows how to convince every entity with the eloquent power of his speech; propagate the message of unfathomable truth and peace ubiquitously all around the Globe; can audaciously dare to speak a string of blatant lies,

Only he who knows how to miraculously heal the body of the most inexplicable of ailment; grant reprieve to the miserably afflicted by the mere caress of his Omnipotent palms; can audaciously dare of poisoning it,

Only he who knows how to recreate the entire planet; by merely opening diminutive portions of his Omniscient mouth; can audaciously dare of completely destroying it,

And only he who knows how to impart new life; procreate millions by the Omnipresent power engulfing his visage; can audaciously dare of abruptly ending it entirely and snatching it.

Nikhil Parekh

Autobiography

i occur in spots of irregular proportions,
i might be black, brown or blue,
i hold great significance in tuning a human being,
i am present right since the first cry of life,
i am indeed a BIRTHMARK.
{1}.

i have undulating rash waves,
i rise and fall with respect to placement of moon,
i am peculiarly salty in taste,
i am a boarding house for fern and fish,
i constitute more than 70 percent of earths surface,
i am the deep blue ocean smashing on rocks.
{2}

i have brown precipices,
i have loose soil cascading down,
i stand like a fortress amidst a cocoon of clouds,
i am a warehouse of museums of minerals,
i don't like people blasting me with explosive,
i am a chain of mammoth shining rock.
{3}

i have multicolored yellow wings,
i posses stripes of scarlet red,
i feed on minuscule ants and grub,
i perch on dark corners of the room,
i love to fly all sunlit day,
i christen myself the butterfly.
{4}

i emit poisonous smoke,
i know i look like rotten egg,
i cause several diseases and pain,
i lie at the rear of a motorized vehicle,
i want to commit suicide,
i am none other than a circular exhaust pipe.

Back In Business.

As soon as the rain came tumbling tempestuously from crimson sky; the acrimoniously scorching desert sands were blissfully back in business,

As soon as tendrils of scrumptiously green grass came upon the treacherously barren slopes; the miserably divested cow was radiantly back in business,

As soon as the spellbindingly boisterous bee came to uninhibitedly philander in the disparagingly lambasted garden; the derogatorily squandered rose was ingratiatingly back in business,

As soon as invincible blankets of iron came to majestically blend with conspicuously frigid mud; the pathetically emaciated iron was astoundingly back in business,

As soon as rhapsodic undulations of sea water came to monotonously nondescript land; the flagrantly slaving fish were celestially back in business,

As soon as untamed whirlpools of ebulliently ravishing breeze came to the lugubriously still atmosphere; the egregiously devastated birds were bountifully back in business,

As soon as exuberantly iridescent rainbows came to the fathomlessly lackadaisical skies; the disastrously dwindling peacocks were euphorically back in business,

As soon as mystically luminescent nightfall came to the torturously bereaved forests; the disdainfully silent snakes were triumphantly back in business,

As soon as fireballs of unlimited compassion came to the fabric of manipulatively estranged planet; the derogatorily deteriorating artist was royally back in business,

As soon as the mists of relentlessly cavorting mischief came to the sonorously morbid atmosphere; the forlornly trembling butterfly was connubially back in business,

As soon as streams of mellifluously vibrant beauty came to every cranny of this murderously bellicose planet; the fantastically fantasizing and holistic brain was gloriously back in business,

As soon as the resplendently twinkling circus came to the ghoulishly beleaguered mortuary; the truculently whipped clowns were enthusiastically back in business,

As soon as winds of luxuriously opulence came to every dilapidated street of this impoverished planet; the hoarsely extradited beggars were victoriously back in business,

As soon as mirrors of unassailably egalitarian selflessness came to this venomously lecherous earth; the traumatically extinguishing flames of truth and pristinely untainted unity; were jubilantly back in business,

As soon as shadows of intriguingly princely silkenness came to the jaggedly corrugated periphery of earth; the dementedly delirious fairies were wholeheartedly back in business,

As soon as the corridors of unshakable hope came to the corpses of horrendously maiming stagnation; the despondently fading beams of enlightenment were unflinchingly back in business,

As soon as fearlessly exotic air came to the gruesomely stuttering jacket of penurious lungs; the diabolically shivering bloodstreams were timelessly back in business,

As soon as undefeated infernos of impeccable integrity came to the politically corrupt civilization; the rapidly sagging Sun of patriotism was unconquerably back in business,

And as soon as fathomless gorge's of immortal love came to the preposterously sinful coffins of ghostly betrayal; the haplessly silent and unfortunate heart was perpetually back in business.

Nikhil Parekh

Balance

The eagle soaring handsomely in the air; balanced itself adroitly on its pair of long wings,

The car traversing like a bullet on the satiny carpet of land; balanced itself beautifully on its armory of splendidly inflated tyres,

The colossal building standing on obdurate soil; balanced itself with nonchalant ease on its tremendously fortified foundations,

The cockroach transgressing mournfully towards the sordid lavatory seat; balanced itself with precision degrees of control on its fleet of multiple legs,

The gigantic tree looming large in the bountiful fields; balanced itself amazingly on its jugglery of slender branches; its entwined ensemble of juicy roots,

The boundless pages of the medieval history book; balanced themselves dexterously on the flimsily serrated thread in the absolute center,

The voluptuously rosy tongue; balanced itself marvelously between the two intricate chambers of mouth,

The impeccably flawless shirt; balanced itself gorgeously on its entire festoon of rotund buttons; its dual pair of languidly suspended sleeves,

The ingeniously crafted tiny brain; balanced itself tranquilly between two synchronized hemispheres,

The sizzling cup of heavenly flavored tea; balanced itself divinely between the edges and the compact bottom of the kingly ivory cup,

The celestial waterfall culminating into an superlatively alluring spray after smashing against the rocks; balanced itself animatedly between the gargantuan cliffs of the indefatigably towering mountain,

The corrugated carpet of road; balanced itself meticulously between a dispersed fraternity of vehicles; ranging from as varied as flamboyantly whirring cars to the impoverished and diminutively squeaky bicycle,

The wooden body of big boat; balanced itself delectably between its pair of

gawky oars and the tumultuous fury of the rustic sea,

The perennial coat of absolute darkness; balanced itself magnificently between the brilliantly illuminated day and the shimmering wall of resplendent twilight,

The stubbornly protruding nose; balanced itself in splendid unison between both the island's of rubicund cheek and the merrily dangling earlobes,

The sacrosanct demeanor of the glistening bell; skillfully balanced itself between the holy interiors of the temple and the air circulating placidly outside,

The countless lines sprawled on the sweaty persona of palm; stupendously balanced themselves between the long knotted fingers and the sturdily sculptured wrist,

The dog inundated with fathomless fur on its skin; balanced its intransigently curved tail between its abraded claws and angled legs,

Every human trespassing on the trajectory of this planet; balanced himself magnificently on his two feet and strong arms,

And every life spawned in this Universe by the Creator; sagaciously balanced itself between its share of enchantingly good and diabolically bad.

Nikhil Parekh

Bald

I didn't need shampoo to clean my scalp; instead a glass of tainted water could excellently do the job,

On the other hand you required tones of bubbly froth to cleanse your hair; evacuate the petulant granules of dandruff neatly entrapped between your follicles.

I didn't need gleaming hair oil to smear on my head; all I had to do was clap it loudly with my bohemian palms,

On the other hand you required swanky ointments; antiseptic creams to keep the conglomerate of your hair well in place.

I didn't need scintillating scissors to use on my scalp; it would appear wholesomely ludicrous even if I held one in close proximity with it,

On the other hand you required a plethora of sharp instruments; pairs of intricate razors; in order to occasionally trim the unruly tentacles of your hair.

I didn't need a brush to part my scalp; as it nimbly obliged to my scrubbing it with a dust cloth,

On the other hand you required a luxuriously serrated comb; to Meticulously entangle the incorrigible knots formed in your long hair.

I didn't need to camouflage my scalp with a taut piece of cloth every time I ventured out; as there was no danger of the wind blowing it away,

On the other hand you required to embellish yourself with a grandiloquent cap; a host of flapping sunshades; in order to ensure that the thin wisps of your hair didn't rip apart with the tenacious breeze.

I didn't need to incessantly browse my hands through my scalp; while attending pompous parties,

On the other hand you required to sporadically run your fingers against your cuticles; making sure that they remained stringently aligned.

I didn't need to wash my scalp after bathing in the saline ocean; instead let it to dry over a natural course of time,

On the other hand it was inevitable for you to stand beneath a steaming shower; to annihilate all the poignant salt trapped in your greasy hair.

I didn't need to consume a battalion of salubrious vitamins to make my scalp glisten; simply standing under the blazing sun itself; granted it an enchanting

shine,

On the other hand you desperately required to procure every tonic available in the market; to impregnate an artificial luster in your lifeless hair.

I didn't need to submerge my scalp into ravishing cologne to get noticed; people profoundly admired the openness of my head wherever I went, On the other hand you used to apply the most enticing of gel on your lackadaisical hair; and yet remained unnoticed.

I didn't need to coat my scalp with black chemicals; intermittently apply a blend of paint and water to keep it in shape, On the other hand you were exorbitantly conscious about the greyness in your hair; painting it with brilliant dye; remained busy all day trying to pluck the insipid strands of white.

Therefore it is my earnest prayer to you O! omnipresent Creator; to create me without hair for the next 100 births; if I fortunately took birth on this soil as man,

For I considered myself infinite times luckier to remain bald; than suffer from the unrelenting tyranny of possessing clusters of bushy hair.

Nikhil Parekh

Bangle Of Love

When I wore a bangle of pointed thorns on my wrists; they got apathetically scarred,
A series of raw bruise developed with the unleashing hour; and ravines of warm blood trickled down my fingers.

When I put on a bangle of live reptile on my hands; it tickled me voraciously,
The venomous creature hissed enchantingly for a while; eventually striking its perfidious fangs indiscriminately in my flesh.

When I wore a bangle of dead frog on my wrists; there wafted an unbearable stench in the atmosphere,
Also the skin in proximity with the contraption developed a plethora of infection; catering to a host of abominable insects.

When I wore a bangle of sea shell on my wrists; it initially imparted me a majestic look,
But the exhilaration soon faded; as a fleet of slimy worm came crawling from the inside recesses.

When I wore a bangle impregnated with ravishing honey on my wrists; it glimmered tenaciously in the midday Sun,
Although after a few hours I found; the obstreperous humming bees encircling it perceiving it to be their hive.

When I wore a bangle of insipid grass on my wrists; the frigid blades tickled me pertinently,
And every now and then; I had to scratch my flesh; executing overwhelming force of my finger nail.

When I wore a bangle of jingling metal on my wrists; it glittered profoundly under the creamy moon,
However it provoked me to the threshold of irritation; as it produced cacophonous noise; every time I moved my hand.

When I wore a bangle of pure gold on my wrists; it incarcerated the attention of several pedestrians,
The penurious could hardly believe their eyes; immediately chalked astute plans of actions to steal it.

When I wore a bangle of elephant teeth on my wrists; it highlighted richness
blended with rustic tradition,
Although I felt pervaded with remorse for the colossal beast; nostalgically
reminisced the agony it must have felt while dying.

And finally when I wore the bangle of our love on my wrists; all my
apprehensions vanished into minute oblivion,
My hands; my persona; and the coordination of my senses all got astronomically
reinvigorated; and they seemed to be gaining strength as each day unveiled into
perilous night.

Nikhil Parekh

Bar Magnet

I took a mammoth slab of bar magnet in my hands,
camouflaged within interiors of colored plastic.

traversing through plush lanes of the city,
sandwiched between hordes of building and shopping malls,
thoroughly illuminated in silver light of the moon,
i walked at euphoric pace clad in thin summer clothing,
with the monstrous iron magnet tightly strangled in my palm.

the events that unfolded were a feast to the eye,
slender pins of needle hurtled towards me,
worn out pieces of rusty metal got firmly riveted,
sign boards of metal got uprooted from their concrete base,
reinforced doors of safe deposit vault tore free from barricade of lock,
gates of wrought iron swung open granting me royal access to the castle,
portable canisters of food landed on my lap breaking the display glass in frenzy,
tall poles of gaudy sodium light developed angular curvatures,
rustic candelabrum danced violently on the mantelpiece,
all metal in proximity swayed infectiously,
I then tried to capture the heart of a young maiden,
Loitered around her for humid hours of the day,
Slept a few feet away through the equally breezy night,
Alas! The gizmo had eluded me this time,
It was blended with the prowess to attract the mightiest on earth,
Although the reigning moment it had miserably flunked,
It hadn't succeeded in capturing her tender heart,
Shattering her arrogance like a pack of playing cards,
Drawing her close within millimeters of my vicinity,
The gigantic bar magnet had failed to strike when it mattered the most,
imprison forever the love I always desired.

Nikhil Parekh

Bath

When i took a bath in red acrylic paint,
my body resembled the sun fading in murky horizons of dusk.

when i drenched myself with coal tar liquid,
snow white patches of my skin transited to ghastly black.

when i sprinkled buckets of rotten vegetable juice in plenty,
i smelt like i had last bathed in innocent childhood.

when i rolled wildly in mud lying in fresh pools of rain,
multiple pores of my body went berserk in heated euphoria.

when i poured large cans of honey extracted from bee-hive,
my body became a breeding place for red ant and worm.

when i swam in white icy waters of the mountain stream,
i shivered incessantly with a plethora of goose-bumps instantly formed.

When I submerged myself in a tank of steaming acid,
soft layers of flesh got denuded of silky hair.

when I engulfed myself in churned green chili juice,
i felt live currents of electricity circulating through my blood.

when I sprayed petrol with high pressured hose,
entangled mass of my intestine vomited settled food granules.

And finally when I stood beneath a shower oozing gold coin,
I felt this bath should go on for decades immemorial.

Nikhil Parekh

Batting Prodigy

He has more centuries than his age,
more international runs than one could imagine,
can execute every definable shot to perfection,
with the straight drive being his favorite,
has hawk eyes sighting 3 ounce leather,
in daylight, and flickering rays of light pole,
dispatching it with utmost ease and brute power,
to deep corners of mammoth sized grounds.
has broken records of all denomination,
prefers to carry the heaviest willow,
pads, gloves, starched white flannels, crash helmet the only make up,
along with spiked shoes, flexible wrist band,
hoisting rising balls for long journeys over jute ropes,
belting terror pace to metal signboards of the fence,
taking evasive action against tantalizing spin magic,
smothering opposition anger with solid batting prowess,
darting like a race car between wickets,
covering the 22 yard pitch with panting breath,
carrying tons of courage and unrelenting desire to succeed,
with an everlasting hunger for runs,
and an insatiable desire to succeed on all tracks,
in chilly cold, and pelting rain,
walking to a thunderous applause in every nation,
endorsing advertisements like a film star,
bearing a thick shock of curly hair,
gifted short stature and brain,
demonstrating sheer class of a sport warrior,
felicitated revolving trophies of ultimate prestige,
hailing from a literary family of Bombay,
compared to legendary Sir Donald,
an absolute nightmare for opposition bowlers,
a devastating hurricane when at his best,
a person of humble simplicity,
a true stalwart of Indian soil,
with millions of fan following his on field fortunes,
always taking guard on the third stump,
is Sachin Ramesh Tendulkar.

Be Captured.

Float in the valleys of eternally ravishing desire; letting each miserably tyrannized nerve of yours; being wholesomely consumed by the sensuously velvet blackness that majestically ruled each inch,

Romance in the clouds of amiably handsome compassion; letting the mellifluously silken puffs of ivory white; rekindle the chords of flirtatiously newborn mischief in your soul,

Fantasize in the forests of unabashedly glorious enigma; letting the stupendously virgin dew drops of mother nature; ignite the ultimate spark in your drearily monotonous life,

Languish in the webs of inexplicably titillating creativity; uninhibitedly expressing every ounce of lazy energy entrapped in your bones; to the most unprecedented limits,

Bask in the sun of blazingly unfettered triumph; letting the rays of unflinching optimism; royally enlighten every pore of your penuriously diminishing existence,

Adventure in the sea of indefatigably roaring exhilaration; letting the waves of exultating freedom; liberate every incarcerated ingredient of your estranged blood,

Create in the cradle of innocuously untamed childhood; letting the unfathomably swirling energy of fresh creation; metamorphose you once again into the spell-binding aroma
of the wondrous birth,

Sleep in the belly of ubiquitously healing Mother Nature; blending even the most latent pore of your skin; with the most ecstatically pristine rudiments of your heritage and creation,

Gallop in the fields of ardently bountiful festivity; gushing past at a speed greater than that of turbulent wind; witnessing the melody of magical creation; ebulliently spawn at every step,

Embrace in the heaven of egalitarian companionship; shrugging even the most infinitesimal of your discrimination; to assimilate the oneness of God's creation in

each pulse of your existence,

Sing in the breeze of brazenly unstoppable evolution; letting the infallible rhapsody in your sound; perpetuate a tingling newness; in an infinite more civilizations yet to arrive,

Scintillate on the apogees of timelessly impregnable freedom; letting every torturously enslaved ingredient of your countenance; perennially shimmer in the undefeated playground of this effulgent Universe,

Dance in the night of unconquerably enthusing bewilderment; wholesomely letting your gauntly impoverished bones; gyrate to the beats of the miraculously uniting Blackness,

Whisper in the wilderness of inscrutably untainted imagination; letting the fragrance of your poignantly cascading breath; melange and become wholesomely one with the vastness of the voluptuous atmosphere,

Flirt through the hillocks of vividly reverberating enthrallment; gleefully entwining your palms with those of every nubile maiden alive; to happily march the walk of spectacular life,

Procreate in the lap of tantalizingly timeless earth; planting the seeds of your unsurpassably endowed virility; to let the chapter of life continue for an infinite more births as alive,

Rationalize on the streets of quintessentially inevitable practicality; letting each deplorably beleaguered and hackneyed sense of yours; get the real ferocious punch of life,

Breathe in the civilizations of candidly untamed openness; letting not even the most invisible insinuation of manipulation or prejudice; set abhorrent fire to your soul,

And then eventually be captured in the unassailable entrenchment of perpetually blessing love; to ensure that this Universe fervently palpitates now; and continues to beautifully do so; forever and ever and ever

Nikhil Parekh

Be Conquered

Let not even the most ferociously blazing rays of the Sun ever conquer you; as you skyrocketed on your indefatigable mission to save bereaved humanity; come what may in your impoverished way,

Let not even the most treacherously parasitic scorpions ever conquer you; as you blazed like the ultimate thunderbolts of righteousness; despite the satanically derogatory stings that perpetuated every cranny of your diminutive countenance,

Let not even the most truculently devastating of earthquakes ever conquer you; as you culminated into a festoon of compassionately amiable belonging; perpetually embracing your compatriots in gorily inexplicable pain; although the earth slipped from beneath your feet,

Let not even the most vindictively swirling oceans ever conquer you; as you innocuously frolicked beyond the moonlit hills with orphaned infants in your gregarious arms; although each wave salaciously tried to asphyxiate the very last iota of breath from your lungs,

But be conquered in mind; body and soul by the winds of immortal love; be conquered in mind; body and soul by the dewdrops of eternal friendship; be conquered in mind; body and soul by symbiotically tantalizing beauty; becoming the robustly redolent shimmer of your eyes.

1.

Let not even the most dictatorially coldblooded chains ever conquer you; as you uninhibitedly liberated every trace of uxoriously fretting slavery on this boundless Universe; with your unassailable mantra to fearlessly survive,

Let not even the most diabolically gargantuan of dinosaurs ever conquer you; as you irrefutably transcended over every speck of ruthless devil on this fathomless planet; with your voice of sacredly Omnipotent truth,

Let not even the most remorseful corpses of stagnating hell ever conquer you; as you ebulliently blended every element of your blessed countenance; with the spirit of goodness for times immemorial,

Let not even the most acrimoniously ghastly thorns ever conquer you; as you

paved your very own path of scintillatingly altruistic patriotism; although the entire planet lambasted you without the tiniest of respite,

But be conquered in mind; body and soul by the mists of immortal love; be conquered in mind; body and soul by the elixir of everlastingly victorious freedom; be

conquered in mind; body and soul by the spirit of sparkling benevolence; becoming the insuperable tenacity of your every stride.

2.

Let not even the most venomously blatant of lies ever conquer you; as you towered as the tallest entity on this Universe; harmoniously disseminating the wave of unflinchingly heavenly togetherness,

Let not even the most horrifically rampaging maelstroms ever conquer you; as you timelessly floated as a celestial harbinger of humanity; euphorically surpassing the indiscriminate boundaries of caste; creed; color; and spuriously sanctimonious tribe,

Let not even the most repugantly ignominious of abuse ever conquer you; as you blissfully enlightened the lives of countless deprived and hapless; with the mellifluously fragrant luminosity in your voice,

Let not even the most invidiously strangulating blackness ever conquer you; as you miraculously radiated into a candle of optimistically burgeoning hope; at the footsteps of every dwindling dwelling,

But be conquered in mind; body and soul by the sky of immortal love; be conquered in mind; body and soul by the strings of divinely peace; be conquered in mind; body and soul by the meadows of enthralling adventure; becoming the heart of your destiny lines.

3.

Let not even the most sordidly decrepit of stench ever conquer you; as you blossomed into a fountain of unrelenting ecstasy; philanthropically becoming the smile of every obsoletely beleaguered face; as the day unfurled into sensuous night,

Let not even the most heinously cataclysmic of nightmare ever conquer you; as you unconquerably diffused the scent of symbiotically priceless existence; to far

and wide across this endless planet,

Let not even the most delinquently dilapidated corruption ever conquer you; as you rhapsodically galloped with your comrades in turbulent pain on your selfless shoulders; although the embers of gruesomely smoldering viciousness sadistically greeted you on every lane you took,

Let not even the most insanely tyrannizing betrayal ever conquer you; as you Omnisciently propagated the mantra of triumphant solidarity; till the very last puff of air that you exhaled,

But be conquered in mind; body and soul by the Universe of ubiquitous love; be conquered in mind; body and soul by the entrenchment of vibrantly mystical life; be conquered in mind; body and soul by the invincible armor of simplicity; becoming the profoundly impregnable embellishment of your passionately beautiful heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Be Fanatic

Be fanatic; but solely for your fabulously glorious art; incessantly drowning in its stupendously ingratiating glory; irrespective of what the uncouth society said,

Be fanatic; but solely for your philanthropic deeds; indefatigably helping all those tormented whom you encountered in your way; with the inherently blossoming benevolence in your palms,

Be fanatic; but solely for your friendship; manifesting it into the most invincible force on this Universe; an unconquerable strength which handsomely mitigated pathetically shivering living kind,

Be fanatic; but solely for your fantasy; unrelentingly dreaming in the aisles of uncurbed desire; instilling fireballs of desire in every entity dithering lackadaisically towards hopeless extinction,

Be fanatic; but solely for the magnificent beauty you witnessed; entrenching yourself profusely in its royal swirl; disseminating its ravishingly enthralling essence; to each gloomy corner of this Universe,

Be fanatic; but solely for the benevolence lingering profoundly in your soul; indefatigably endeavoring your best to metamorphose all lechery on planet earth; once again into a blissful paradise,

Be fanatic; but solely for the blood in your veins; the ubiquitously scarlet color of which united you irrefutably with every religion of this world,

Be fanatic; but solely for the magnanimous smiles on your rubicund lips; the rhapsodically uninhibited joy; which enlightened disastrously impoverished lives with optimistic rays of hope,

Be fanatic; but solely for the enchantingly golden perspiration that dribbled from your body; the scent of supremely satisfying hardwork; proving as a messiah for all those rotting in the land of satanically dilapidated; shortcuts,

Be fanatic; but solely for the unfathomably melodious sounds that uttered from your throat; bonding horrifically devastated souls with the unprecedented harmony in

your voice,

Be fanatic; but solely for the insurmountable fruits of nature you harnessed and cherished; while the manipulative world outside; feasted on sleazy peppermint and whiningly adulterated wine,

Be fanatic; but solely for the Herculean fortitude in your countenance; the unflinching spirit with which you surged forward towards the corridors of prosperity; uplifting your orphaned mates to light a perennial smile to their shattered lives,

Be fanatic; but solely for the unfinished aspirations of your parents; at times achieving the most unsurpassably impossible; to let their souls sleep in eternally celestial rest,

Be fanatic; but solely for the impeccable child philandering in your bones; relentlessly frolicking in the lap of your sacrosanct mother; far away from the manipulatively diabolical vagaries of this planet; and the greedy licking a pile of worthless notes,

Be fanatic; but solely for the incomprehensible power in your wrists; massacring all trace of horrendously stinking evil; forever with your unshakable sword of impregnable righteousness,

Be fanatic; but solely for the ultimate passions engulfing each cranny of your diminutive caricature; rising above the astronomical summits of the towering mountains; to shake hands with the perpetually blazing Sun,

Be fanatic; but solely for your heart; incarcerating in it the soulmate of your dreams resisting all malice; sharing and propagating with her all the goodness you could have ever perceived; since the time you were born on mother earth,

Be fanatic; but solely for your chivalrously advancing footsteps; asking the Almighty to bless you with the magical prowess of transforming each step you tread on; into a paradise for the crumbling world outside,

And be fanatic; but solely for your life; ardently desiring to lead a countless more lives in a single lifetime; provided that you soared above the clouds as each day unveiled into an exotic night; affording the same to all fraternity of God's precious living kind.

Be Prepared

Otherwise don't show me even an infinitesimal fraction of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the redolently scarlet rose right in front of my disastrously famished nose,

Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except inhaling its stupendously perennial and everlastingly mesmerizing fragrance.

Otherwise don't show me even a fugitively distorted shadow of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the intrepidly peerless ocean right in front of my devastatingly monotonous bones,

Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except euphorically swimming in its rhapsodically untamed and timelessly ebullient waves.

Otherwise don't show me even an ethereally oblivious iota of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the impeccably resplendent moon right in front of lugubriously prejudiced eyes,

Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except insatiably absorbing its magically Omnipotent softness; unrelentingly dreaming in its sacrosanct shimmer till times beyond eternal eternity.

Otherwise don't show me even a transiently feckless fraction of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the unbelievably ecstatic clouds right in front of my brutally lambasted and truculently tortured skin,

Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except indefatigably wandering in a civilization of unceasingly exhilarating seduction; in a township of tantalizing igniting lust.

Otherwise don't show me even an evanescently infidel glimpse of it; but if you indeed dared to bring perpetually caring motherhood right in front of my despairingly wailing and staggeringly derelict senses,

Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except bountifully reviving my deplorably estranged childhood; in
its unassailably Godly lap.

Otherwise don't show me even an insipidly obfuscated trace of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the mischievously sun soaked meadow right in front of my

relentlessly fidgeting feet,

Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except uninhibitedly cavorting in its ingratiatingly glimmering and golden dewdrop grass.

Otherwise don't show me even an ephemerally diminishing ray of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the Omnipotently dazzling fireball of Sun right in front of my clammily trembling skin,

Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except inexhaustibly galloping forward in the miraculous festoon of its insuperably optimistic enlightenment.

Otherwise don't show me even a mercurially capricious droplet of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the torrentially blessing thunderbolt of rain right in front of my lifelessly amorphous and extinguishing countenance,

Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except letting each globule of unlimitedly unprecedented happiness; perpetuate an unsurpassable heaven of desire in every desolate corner of my soul.

Otherwise don't show me even the most preposterously dying shadow it; but if you indeed dared to bring stupendously emollient land of paradise right in front of my deliriously disoriented mind,

Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except tirelessly fantasizing and burgeoning into the heavens of Omnipresently blessed freshness.

And otherwise don't show me even the most distraughtly parsimonious trace of her; but if you indeed dared to bring her immortally sacred grace in front of my ardently thundering heart,

Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except forever and ever and ever bonding with her sacrosanct spirit; fearlessly letting the beats in her chest unconquerably transcend over; every cranny of my mind; body and impoverished existence.

Nikhil Parekh

Be Prepared. - Part 2

Have your ears wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to listen to even the most thunderously roaring and passionately ignited of sounds?

Have your lips wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to stretch into even the most infinitesimal of redolently enamoring and blissfully synergistic smiles?

Have your feet wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to crawl even a decrepit inch forward; on the most irrefutably solid of land trajectory?

Has your brain wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to react to even the most treacherously hedonistic of circumstance satanically unfurling right in front of your eyes; ready to pulverize you for the remainder of your life,

Have your fingers wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to feel even the most explicitly pronounced of shapes and forms; indefatigably floating and residing in the fabric of the eternal atmosphere?

Has your skin wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to experience the most ardently uncontrollable sensations of panoramic pleasure and demonically annihilating of pain?

Have your bones wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to budge even a fraction forward in self defense; in order to sequester you from the most ominously sacrilegious of massacring devils?

Have your eyes wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to sight even an evanescent inch forward; even though the next step you alighted could irretrievably lead you to the gorge of morbidly silencing death?

Have your shoulders wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to hoist even an ethereally diminishing of worthless feather; an invisibly amorphous particle sulking remorsefully in the atmosphere?

Has your blood wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to liberate into even the most obviously slavering puddle of royally unfettered passion?

Has your stomach wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to digest even a singleton ounce of quintessential food and water; in order to symbiotically

sustain the chapter of inscrutably endowing life?

Has your neck wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to turn even an ethereal fraction to the most vociferously unstoppable and truculently anguished cry on the soil of this fathomlessly bountiful Universe?

Have your teeth wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to holistically masticate even the most succulently savoring fruits of synergistically ever-pervading and vividly infallible mother-nature?

Have your palms wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to hold even the most ephemerally dying shadows of the people they timelessly adored; loved and possessed?

Have your cheeks wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to blush into even the most tiniest shades of unadulterated crimson; at the most mortifyingly realistic thunderstorms of sensitivity undauntedly caressing them?

Has your identity wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to potently procreate even a parsimoniously fragile living being; of its very own virile kind?

Have your nostrils wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to discern between even the most inimitably nonplussing scents of vibrantly ecstatic life and ghoulishly forlorn blood?

Has your heart wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to throb even an infidel fraction; although the ambience in which it triumphantly prevailed; was perennially charged with the unconquerable electricity of love?

If the answer to the above is "Yes"; then I'd still urge you to unceasingly surge forward by the grace of the Omniscient Almighty God; to embrace every echelon of tyrannized living kind; in your timelessly and insuperably victorious humanitarian swirl,

And if the answer to the above is a "Big No"; then be immediately and irrevocably prepared for the most diabolical of hell; as the Lord had bestowed upon you effulgent life only to "Live and Let Live"; only to bond every beat of your immortal heart with every traumatized element of living kind; only to wholeheartedly serve all estranged humanity till your very last breath; only to eternally share the infinite gifts of his Omnipotent Creation with each of his disciples; and not just to simply and

worthlessly "Live";

Nikhil Parekh

Bearded

I didn't need a pair of scissors; glistening wildly in yellow Sunlight,

I didn't need a knife; protruding gallantly from the slender handle,

I didn't need a hostile blade; with edges as sharp as a savage vulture,

I didn't need after shave cologne; emanating a scent more stupendous than the rose,

I didn't need a pungent slab of aluminum; having its surface as smooth as white ice,

I didn't need a soft sponge; with its body profusely dipped in tingling antiseptic,

I didn't need tablets of colored soap; evolving a bath of bubbles after vigorous scrubbing,

I didn't need high pressured foam; diffusing into a stream of spicy froth the instant I compressed it,

I didn't need long spools of cotton; triangular heaps of bandages to drape across my wounds,

I didn't need shimmering tweezers of pure steel; to scrupulously pluck my hair,

I didn't need sleazy colored dye; with its shade resembling rotten vegetables decaying in the dark,

I didn't need a blow dryer; ejecting out tones of hot air at whirlwind speeds,

I didn't need a barrel of vanity powder; to spuriously illuminate the contours of my face,

I didn't need a bowl of moisturizing cream; to incessantly massage each pore of my skin,

I didn't need sizzling face pads; to caress the breath flowing harmoniously out of my nose,

I didn't need a mirror; to admire my reflection for marathon hours in the
scintillating glass incorporated within,

I didn't even need to waste a single second more in the morning; reaching the
office well before the boss came in,
And the strange thing was; that even if someone donated all the above
contraptions to me completely free; I still would blatantly reject them,

By now you must be at the edge of your seats to know the secret of my
existence; well the answer to this is more simpler than your voice; as I didn't
have even
the slightest of free space on my cheeks; or to put it more succinctly I was
bearded

Nikhil Parekh

Beautiful

The flower on its own looked nonchalant; an inconspicuous entity amidst infinite stalks of lanky grass and wild roots,
Although when I put it in a jar embellished with intriguing designs; plucking it gently from its roots; people admired it profoundly; fervently longed to smell its lingering redolence.

The red pails of wine bubbling in colossal drums of wood; appeared disparaging; inundating the placid air around with a ghastly odor, Although when I poured the same into delectably chiseled glasses; the liquor sparkled magnificently under scintillating rays of the sun; and there was an insatiable urge in my body to consume the same at lightening speeds.

The dusty granules of rice incarcerated in ragamuffin bags looked appalling; a meal to obnoxious to consume,
Although when I spread it commensurately in a plate of shimmering silver; topping the same with ravishing red cherries from the forest; the food suddenly ignited dormant pangs of hunger in my famished stomach.

The opalescent fishes swimming in the ocean appeared pretty infinitesimal; when compared to the preposterously huge sharks and whales,
Although when I placed the innocuous creatures in a grandiloquent aquarium; they seemed stupendously enamouring; instantly averted the eyes the eyes of passing philanderers; to feast on the majestic movement.

The chips of gold impregnated in deep coal mines; looked grotesque; sandwiched in an ambience of hideous black walls all around,
Although when I adroitly extracted the same; molded it into a pendant of glittering yellow; the burglars outside as well as the commoners trespassing; stood nonplussed by its royal splendor.

The ruffled sprouts of cotton stashed in the cloistered godown; looked obnoxious; with incongruous threads lurking from the bundle; engendering all in vicinity to thunderously sneeze,
Although when I knitted the same into a glossy shirt; the fabric sold like hot cakes amongst the people; fetching prices one could never have envisaged.

The century old dial of wristwatch seemed outlandish; a contraption with crusts of disdainful rust,
Although when I entwined the same in an intricate chain of scintillating silver; it

looked incredibly alluring; acquiring the status of being placed in the topmost shelves of the country museum.

The plain slab of ivory appeared absolutely nondescript; resembling sordid chalk powder; concealed beneath a colossal mountain of mud, Although when I washed it stringently with water; chiseled the same into a embellished statue; it was an awe-inspiring sight which unfurled; winning the hearts of the affluent as well as the poor.

The baby lying still without motion looked an island of gloom; with his lids tightly shut giving a dull look to his naked face,
Although when I flocculent silk; tickled his flabby skin making him loudly laugh;
embedded his impeccable ears with a tinkling ornament; the infant looked mesmerizing; an entity to cherish in ones arms till eternity.

And life by itself appeared abysmally drab; minutes unveiling into marathon hours without the slightest trace of activity,
Although when I blended it with the color of adventure; drowned myself into the rhapsody of music; evolved my desires in the arms of my beloved; that was the time it glistened immortally; it really looked beautiful.

Nikhil Parekh

Beautiful Dwelling

For me it was a retreat where I could shout uninhibitedly; without caring a damn about the pretentious society,

For me it was a castle in which I could parade with or without my bombastic fabric; wear the most shriveled and bedraggled attire of my very own choice,

For me it was a tunnel in which I could swim and frolic; applying tons of slippery mud and wild grass on my supple body,

For me it was a hut in which I could dream unrelentingly all day and night; without the slightest barricade or disturbance from the horrendously conventional world,

For me it was an invincible fortress which sequestered my scalp from brilliant sunshine in the day; warded off the tiniest of evil in the perilously shivering night,

For me it was a delectably placid heaven; where I could dance in unprecedented jubilation anytime,

For me it was a sky of mesmerizing fantasy; where I could conceive the most bizarre and wildest of things; and yet find a right to stay blissfully alive,

For me it was an ocean of fathomless enchantment; where I could stay in complete oblivion from the planet; and yet admire it from my colossal balcony,

For me it was a warehouse of appetizing food; a ravishing enclosure to appease my gluttony several times in a single day; and that too masticating the meal of my choice,

For me it was a golden mattress embodied with flocculent buds of raw cotton; where I could walk in my most natural state; without adhering to the stringent norms of gaudy fashion and pompous clothing,

For me it was a voluptuously blossoming garden; where I could leisurely stroll at any stage of the acrimonious day; inundate its interiors with the most wacky perfume of my choice,

For me it was a rainbow of vivacious colors; where I could entertain myself to the

fullest; nostalgically reminisce in the glory of my innocuous childhood; without a soul to interrupt me,

For me it was an asylum where I could behave like an insane lunatic; let the diabolical part of me fulminate to its most overwhelming capacity,

For me it was a laboratory to carry on my ingenious experiments; keep evolving millions of lines of Poetry without actually getting in the way of the intransigently unsparing critics,

For me it was an inevitably precious jewel; which incredulously augmented my existing charm; making me the darling of my sacrosanct wife,

For me it was a sprawling playground scattered with umpteenth number of alluring toys; a place where I could talk to my children with the supreme freedom of a crown prince,

For me it was a divinely temple; wherein I vehemently revered and kept the idol of my God; prayed to it incessantly every morning; before I eventually departed for interacting with the disdainful world,

For me it was a fountain of boisterous activity; with each day bringing in loads of unsurpassable excitement and astonishing fun,

To be succinctly precise; let me instead curtail the lengthy discussion; and sign off ecstatically by just saying; that it was indeed my daintily adorable and beautiful dwelling.

Nikhil Parekh

Beauty In Pure Candlelight

A hard black thread projected few inches,
from the slender body of green complexioned wax,
standing tall and handsome in hollow cavities of curved metal,
firmly riveted to base in a pool of solidified liquid,
swaying mildly in the stormy wind,
blowing with full tenacity from the partially opened window crack,
oozing molten tears every passing second,
as amber flames licked its soft periphery,
diminishing in stature as time zipped in the wall clock,
beautifying the murky dull persona of the winter night,
providing paltry amounts of warm waves,
reinforcing frozen pores of skin with temperate heat,
the black wick thread now burnt in full light,
flooding the pitch dark room with galleries of pure candlelight.

I loved her as much as I feared to die,
she was all that life could ever offer me,
her laugh was as fresh as the new petals blossoming at dawn,
her body sparkled as the dewdrops born from the sweating grass,
Alas! she was no more inhabiting this room,
a tragic accident had snatched her far away from realms of this earth,
her enchanting whispers still flooded my eardrum,
I could envisage her fascinating smile all day,
her petite footsteps echoed in my dreams,
she now existed purely in my memories,
and looked more blissful than ever in the glowing flames of my light green
candle stick.

Nikhil Parekh

Beauty Needs To Be Appreciated

The Sun in the cosmos itself doesn't know the omnipotence in its shine; the blazing yellow circumventing its persona,
Its only when we profoundly admire its tenacity; the blistering heat it imparts to fumigate pallid earth; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The crimson colored rose itself doesn't know the mesmerizing odor it emanates; the voluptuous complexion profusely embedded in its core,
Its only when we cherish its enchanting fragrance; the stupendous sight it portrays when sighted at evanescent dawn; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The star twinkling amidst naked patches of sky itself doesn't know its shine; the radiance that envelops its incongruous silhouette,
Its only when we applaud it for its resplendence; the illumination it provides in the chilly night; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The boundless ocean itself doesn't know about its infinite size; the unfathomable depth it incorporates in its belly,
Its only when we exuberantly praise its swirling waves; ravishing froth striking the shores; scores of glistening white sharks swimming; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The opalescent butterfly itself doesn't know about its multicolored wings; the swishing tentacles extruding from beneath its eyes,
Its only when we acclaim it for its nimble footed flight in the air; the delectable draughts of wind it engenders while flying; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The vivacious reptile itself doesn't know about its hiss; the mystically slithering body it possesses,
Its only when we laud it for its tantalizingly shimmering skin; the remarkably transparent eyes; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The obdurate shell of coconut itself doesn't know about its stone shell; the incredulous heights it projects from on the tall tree,
Its only when we value it for its appetizing juice; the immaculate and sumptuous pulp incarcerated in its walls; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The slime-coated oyster itself doesn't know about its wealth; the loose ferns

agglutinated to its visage,
Its only when we treasure it for its scintillating pearls; the rejuvenating salty
water which ejects when we slice its body; does it come to realize that it is
indeed beautiful.

The newly born infant itself doesn't know about its innocuous heart; the tiny legs
that caress its mother,
Its only when we clap at it for mustering courage to walk; the frivolous smiles it
does when tickled; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

Beauty is a virtue embodied in all of us transgressing through the surface of this
earth; it is a blessing we are all born with,
All though we remain indiscreetly oblivious to it; as we don't admire it,
Beauty is too precious to be neglected; too sacrosanct to be ignominiously
condemned; beauty needs to be appreciated.

Nikhil Parekh

Because

Because it was torrentially raining from fathomless carpets of crimson sky; I was flamboyantly ecstatic; surging forward many a continent; with unprecedented euphoria in my veins,

Because the Sun was brilliantly shimmering; I was full and profound with dazzling enlightenment; to optimistically lead each instant of vivaciously blissful life,

Because the nightingale was melodiously singing; I felt besieged with whirlwinds of tantalizing enchantment; profusely reinvigorating every iota of my beleaguered countenance; with the celestial cadence in the atmosphere,

Because the ocean was ravishingly undulating; I felt philandering on the most exhilarating expedition of my life; handsomely kissing all benign goodness uninhibitedly wandering around; with the fervor of an ebulliently untamed prince,

Because the sheep were innocuously chewing grass on the velvety meadows; I felt as if immaculately bouncing through the turnstiles of supreme innocence; harmoniously assimilating all philanthropic graciousness prevalent on this bountiful planet,

Because the kite was soaring majestically through the silken clouds; I felt unequivocally bereft of even the most infinitesimal of tensions in murderously manipulative life; euphorically galloping forward to embrace the winds of astounding mysticism,

Because perennial rivers of holistic honey dribbled delectably from the hive; I felt like an unassailably priceless prince; romantically enshrouding every cranny of my devastated persona; with fireballs of compassionate yearning,

Because the wind swept the panoramic landscape in tumultuous torrents; I felt unfathomably rhapsodic; boisterously leaping like a new born child; nostalgically reminiscing the most gloriously scintillating moments of my impoverished life,

Because streaks of poignant lightening vividly bludgeoned the misty sky; I felt unsurpassable waves of dynamic patriotism prolifically enshroud my demeanor from all sides; propelling me to relinquish every breath of mine; for the sake of my sacrosanct motherland,

Because the squirrels were fervently bustling through the gregarious kaleidoscope of vibrantly rustling trees; I felt as if existence was endless; chalking my very own path to survive; on every step that I tread,

Because the lions were thunderously roaring; I felt valiantly encapsulated by a wind of unflinching charisma; indefatigably blazing my way forward; on the path of eternal righteousness,

Because the dewdrops were romantically glimmering in the ethereal morning light; I felt like an illuminating beam of fortitude; magnanimously infiltrating into every dwelling entrenched with horrendously inexplicable despair,

Because unconquerably voluptuous scent wafted from the garden of stupendously blossoming roses; I felt as if even the most inconspicuous of misery had wholesomely vanquished from my life; freshly embarking on a trail of gorgeously spell binding newness,

Because the Moon flirted resplendently in the firmament of aristocratic sky; I felt profusely drowned in an enigmatic reservoir of milky fantasy; enthralling every pore of my dead flesh; with the incomprehensible titillation of the starry night,

Because the lids mischievously winked with the beautifully setting Sun; I felt overwhelmingly seduced by nubile maidens whistling in rapturous delight; bequeathing a countless more lives of mine; at their mysteriously pristine feet,

Because my newly born child wailed in immaculately Godly unison; I felt as if the most grandiloquently richest organism alive; marvelously condoning even the most vociferously pertinent of my enemies; yet alive,

Because the shadows inscrutably lengthened with the rampantly fading light; I felt indefatigably stumbling upon a path of innovatively ingenious intrigue; fabulously whispering the innermost desires of my soul; to the radiantly silent leaves,

Because my mother incessantly kept me close to her divinely bosom; I felt the most invincibly blessed man on this gigantic planet; taking birth for times immemorial; only in the impregnable walls of her heavenly womb,

And because the thunderbolts of immortal love perpetually perpetuated into the corridors of my passionately palpitating heart; I felt as if synergistically breathing

till beyond the realms of wonderful eternity; felt as if death could not even make the slightest dent on me; and forever alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Because She Had Made My Food With Love.

It definitely wasn't because of the tantalizingly appetizing aroma that graciously wafted through mundane wisps of nothingness - fomenting a new found hunger to greedily gobble till the very last non - existent bit,

It irrefutably wasn't because of the ravishingly royal appearance that engulfed it with a princely charm to swoon for - the succulent layers of nutrition that made the tongue salivate longingly in anticipation of the tiniest of contact,

It intransigently wasn't because of the fact that the day had been overwhelmingly exhausted and famished - prompting an ecstatic push for the dining table as soon as the footsteps reached the threshold of gregariously sweet home,

It dogmatically wasn't because of the sumptuous fillings of delicately dribbling curry that painstakingly cascaded from the main course - suddenly empowering the desire to symbiotically exist with counterpart man on earth,

It irretrievably wasn't because of the multitude of culinary embellishments that adorned its periphery - making it resemble a platter served in the choicest of castles and to the most magnificently invincible of Kings and Queens on planet earth,

It certainly wasn't because it triggered an optimistically artistic desire of sketching unparalleled beauty around you - with its lavishly grand helpings sensitively strewn and blended raw with rustic fruit,

It intractably wasn't because of its astoundingly rich nutritious value highly recommended by the best in their respective fields - that could wonderfully replenish and gorgeously harness the deteriorating bones of aged existence,

It truly wasn't because its enamoring recipe had won virtually every conceivable International award and felicitation - before pompously filling in the barren recesses of the famished plates laid rather nonchalantly on the dinner table,

It irrevocably wasn't because of hype and mystery enshrouding it that had culminated perseveringly as the day had unveiled - with inconspicuous tid - bits and chatter from family members of what was in store for supper adding exorbitantly to the already charged up atmosphere,

It earnestly wasn't because it had thrown monotonous strictness out of the window - as the most sonorously disciplined of adults - ravenously indulged into tearing it apart into minuscule pieces of digestion - before eventually swallowing it with unabashed glee,

It simply wasn't because it profoundly inspired you to become a poet - interweave and embody verse of the highest perceivable imagination in praise of its compassionate aura; dainty structure; texture and transiently adorable charm,

It sagaciously wasn't because of the impromptu occasion that transpired because of it being gloriously laid - as members of the family rejoiced and reveled in each other's company sitting across the table - as the night unfurled in its majestically voluptuous color,

It obstinately wasn't because of the uninhibited feast that it provided to fantasizing entities around - as they experienced sheer tranquility after having consumed it - pacifying the most ethereal of their apprehensions with the enrichment of taste,

It solidly wasn't because of the spectacular vitality that it permeated the lividly exasperated body with - the same physical form which had decayed into a disheveled heap a little while ago - out of sheer agony and hunger triggered by the parasitic meanness of the mortal world,

It undoubtedly wasn't because of the goodwill and extraordinary hospitality that it successfully generated - even as the uncalled for neighborhood urchins were fantastically drawn towards it and ate it; as if there wasn't going to be a meal in near

future,

It incorrigibly wasn't because of the flattery and the untainted adoration that diligently admired my hard work - to be able to earn such a succulent princely spread of eatery at the fag end of the assiduously hard earned day,

It promisingly wasn't because of that contented handshake that came from the other side as soon as the meal got over - rendering me in indescribable rhapsody as all measly past differences with my friend were now resolved - and this is exactly what a thoroughly reinvigorating meal had the power to do,

It really wasn't because it was a part of that sporadic celebration that happened in moment of joyous triumph - bringing distant family and outsiders irrespective of caste, creed, color and tribe - to relish the marvelously salubrious chunks of home cooked delicacy,

But I merrily had it, relished it, romanticized about it, savored it to absolute glory -
because she had made my food with love.

Nikhil Parekh

Becoming One In Mind; Body And Spirit-As The Sunlight Kissed

As it kissed the frigidly shriveled leaves of the tree; they suddenly simmered with boisterous currents of rhapsodic life; abruptly ending the era of all that was rotten with adulterated man-made filth,

As it kissed the lackadaisically stagnant swamps of water; they suddenly metamorphosed into a fantabulous effervescent river; charming one and all with its undulating ripples of unparalleled ecstasy,

As it kissed the sullenly polluted particles of dust; they suddenly became the most poignantly enthralling breeze of victory; mesmerizing living kind of all ages and shapes with the freshness of priceless life,

As it kissed the rocks miserably eroded with ominous bomb; they suddenly stood with their chests unflinching and high; with an alacrity now undefeated by any sinful artificial man or machine,

As it kissed the parsimonious layers of brutally pulverized soil; they suddenly transformed into an uninhibited womb of procreation; now feeling relieved of all angst; fertilizer and robotized greed,

As it kissed the disdainfully trembling roots of the tree; they suddenly started to glow in anticipation of a fearless next life; forming the most blissful bonds of perpetuity with royal crusts of sacrosanct soil,

As it kissed the lividly lame weeds aimlessly squandering on the ocean; they suddenly sprang up with an untamed leap towards the sky; saluting the Almighty Divine with every euphoric rise of the frosty wave,

As it kissed the silken webs shattered by barbarous prejudices of man; they suddenly coalesced together in the most perfect rhyme of all times; with each of their strand being an everlasting testimonial to the spirit of a united living kind,

As it kissed the sinister dungeons fretting and fuming in labyrinths of dark; they suddenly blazed in the full fervor of optimistic existence; yearning to lead each instant of life with an untiring exuberance to embrace and not to jail,

As it kissed the pockets of clouds scattered into a boundless bits;
they suddenly radiated in the true Omnipotent Light of the Lord;
blessing an infinite raindrops of goodness upon every deplorably estranged
territory of planet divine,

As it kissed the eyeballs submerged into a corpse of gruesome
blackness; they suddenly experienced the unparalleled fieriness to conquer each
aspect of holistic existence; with the rays of compassion; peace; love and truth,

As it kissed the wavering eerie mists of the penalizing night; they suddenly
beamed into a whole new chapter of a brilliantly lit tomorrow; whose rays
enlightened the entire planet to unite in threads of perennial friendship,

As it kissed the non-existent shadow of the raunchily marauding devils; they
suddenly entered the scepter of a new-found blessed life; whose aura of
immortal love vanquished every trace of sin & lies- forever and ever and ever,

As it kissed the umpteen blades of squeamishly fetid moist grass; they suddenly
started to emanate the scent of victory; miraculously rising in unison towards the
heaven- -in the most vibrantly united fortress of green,

As it kissed the irately squabbling religions of Hinduism; Islam;
Christianity; Buddhism- -they suddenly became the most bountifully
unconquerable religion of humanity—a religion which was made for one and all
by the Omnipresent Lord Divine,

As it kissed the woefully wounded- -wailing every moment to somehow escape
the grave; they suddenly levitated into bits of open blue sky; united hand in
hand under just one Omnipotent Light of truth from the
Creator,

As it kissed perverted minds rampantly ravaging the fabric of
impeccable humanity; they suddenly started to resound in the song of
togetherness and calm; charring most insouciant iota of devilry to the invisible
ashes,

And as the 'Sunlight' simultaneously kissed my heart whilst kissing all of the
above; I suddenly became one in mind; body; spirit and till the very last breath
of my existence; with every element of the atmosphere; earth; sky and Universe
around me; and with every single one of them

Beds

When I tried sleeping on a king sized bed of pure gold,
engulfed my persona in quilts embossed with biscuits of exquisite silver,
I took extreme caution while tossing and turning,
my body vehemently refrained to sleep all night,
so as to preserve crisp creases in the rich bricks of dazzling yellow.

When I attempted sleeping on luxury beds embodied in ornate satin,
a mattress of wild musk grass firmly riveted to its face,
with ravishing cologne sprinkled bountifully all over,
and slippery floss tickling numerous zones of my silhouette,
the royal environment of sponge evaporated indispensable traces of sleep.

When I ventured sleeping on colossal beds of pearl soap tablets,
with minute scriptures articulately scribbled all over,
and the fragrance of sea oyster emanating wildly from all quarters,
my body felt fidgety, satisfying itself with abstemious amounts of sleep.

When I dared sleeping on plush beds of dotted panther skin,
the softness in flesh texture sinking me down,
ghastly premonitions of the live beast flooded my mind,
I awakened with panic stricken jolts in middle of the night.

I then made resolute resolves to sleep on bed carpets of solitary road,
with the creamy moon impregnating me with beams of tranquil calm,
mundane noises of vehicular traffic sporadically flooding my ear,
the tepid breeze my passionate companion,
and the pitch dark blackness my quilt for the night,
I instantaneously fell asleep with dreariness of the previous nights now converted
to loud snores.

Nikhil Parekh

Before

Before the pinnacle of mount Everest; there was a plethora of barricades to be confronted,

Before plummeting down to the bottom of the fathomless ocean; one had to face a battalion of wild sharks,

Before winning the coveted title of wrestling champion; there was the arduous endeavor of toning a jugglery of muscle,

Before harnessing the art of devouring glass; one had to learn to incessantly consume obdurate food,

Before swimming against choppy waters of the perennial river; one had to acquire skills of floating in the shallow pool,

Before adroitly sketching articulate forms of scenic beauty; one had to know the art of blending color,

Before reciting mesmerizing notes of melodious music; one had to be aware of the cadence of sound,

Before running at swashbuckling speeds in torrential showers of rain; one had to assimilate the vigor to walk,

Before tumultuously bursting into fits of sporadic laughter; one should know how to smile,

Before constructing the grandiloquent Taj Mahal of juxtaposed brick; one must have the skill to build a compact wall,

Before driving a high powered bike through the mountain roads; it was indispensable to possess the prowess of synchronized balance,

Before sculpturing ornate statues to scented wax; one should incorporate the technique of molding clay,

Before beheading a person in war with pugnacious swishes of the scepter; one must have the profound courage to hold one,

Before gliding down the picturesque valley strapped to parachute strings; one should master the ingredients of adventure,

Before encountering the ominous panther head on; one must develop a compassion for the animate beast,

Before gulping down pints of frozen water; one should savor the taste of Luke warm milk,

Before witnessing stupendous parables of jubilation; one must trespass through the tyranny of sorrow,

Before sleeping blissfully on a mattress of silken gold; one should inevitably perspire under the blistering heat of the sun,

Before transiting to realms of uninvited old age; one must experience the exuberance of resplendent youth,

Before dancing in the aisles of passionate romance; one should thoroughly mature in responsibility,

And before the commencing the activities of each day; one must indispensably worship the deity he believes in; praying for celestial solace from the Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Before Going To Sleep

The race horse inexorably needed red radish; with succulent green leaves,
Before he could fall into a slumber; rest his tired body with paltry hours of
nocturnal sleep.

A fleet of birds impregnated their nests with bountiful fillings of twigs and grass,
Cuddled their offspring with quills of ruffled feather; before retiring for night
sleep.

The pot bellied tortoise receded its head way back in its obdurate shell,
Gulped down handsome pints of water; before shutting his eyes and going to
sleep.

The venomous spider; trapped a plethora of insect in its battalion of arms,
Traversed across the periphery of its silken; before clamping its legs and
falling asleep.

The preposterously huge whale; hunted down gargantuan amounts of small fish,
Transforming the ostentatious silhouette of the luxury ship into pieces of floating
log; before transiting to realms of deep sleep.

Slithering reptiles in the densely cloistered jungle; stung innocuous people by the
campfire,
Stealthily devouring fresh eggs laid by bird mother; before they retreated in their
den to sleep.

The disdainful leech; sucked infinite amount of blood,
Stuck intractably like the strongest of glue; languishing a bit before falling into
a snooze.

Stray donkey's on the road; obstreperously wailed their tale of daily woes,
Stood on their hooves; with their heads lowered down in shame; before
embracing night sleep.

The hunchbacked camel in the desert ambled at languid speeds,
Stored colossal amounts of water in its belly; before he bent down on the sand
to sleep.

Hordes of mosquitoes stung scores of people; mischievously grinned,
Extracting robust blood to gratify their gluttony; before going to sleep.

And an army of humans on this earth; perspired onerously under the Sun all
blistering day,
Earning fodder to sustain precious life; inscribing a place to dwell on the
surface of earth,
Before they eventually retired for the night; to blissfully snore and sleep.

Nikhil Parekh

Before Two Bodies Could Meet.

Before two eyes could perpetually meet; it was tirelessly indispensable that their majestically unfettered and symbiotically convivial empathy; should forever and blissfully meet,

Before two lips could perpetually meet; it was boundlessly indispensable that their sensuously proliferating and timelessly igniting passion; should forever and impregnably meet,

Before two palms could perpetually meet; it was insurmountably indispensable that their beautifully benign and inexhaustibly philanthropic selflessness; should forever and unassailably meet,

Before two bloodstreams could perpetually meet; it was limitlessly indispensable that their celestially unfettered and inimitably brilliant fragrance; should forever and ecstatically meet,

Before two fingers could perpetually meet; it was unceasingly indispensable; that their wonderfully emollient and royally blessing artistry; should forever and triumphantly meet,

Before two skins could perpetually meet; it was irrefutably indispensable; that their pristinely burgeoning and unfathomably astounding mischief; should forever and enchantingly meet,

Before two brains could perpetually meet; it was unconquerably indispensable; that their panoramically liberated and marvelously humanitarian fantasies; should forever and ever-pervadingly meet,

Before two shadows could perpetually meet; it was unsurpassably indispensable; that their fathomlessly mesmerizing and mellifluously mollifying tranquility; should forever and insuperably meet,

Before two shoulders could perpetually meet; it was unlimitedly indispensable; that their magically mitigating and benevolently Herculean strength; should forever and exuberantly meet,

Before two feet could perpetually meet; it was indomitably indispensable; that their spectacularly brazen and uncannily tantalizing adventures; should forever and vividly meet,

Before two ears could perpetually meet; it was poignantly indispensable; that their gloriously untainted and supremely Omnipotent sensitivity; should forever and blessedly meet,

Before two tongues could perpetually meet; it was irrevocably indispensable; that their aristocratically unbridled and jubilantly enlightening melody; should forever and eternally meet,

Before two conscience's could perpetually meet; it was inexorably indispensable; that their miraculously ameliorating and effulgently optimistic truths; should forever and resplendently meet,

Before two eyelashes could perpetually meet; it was immutably indispensable; that their spell-bindingly nubile and beautifully synergistic flirtations; should forever and victoriously meet,

Before two bellies could perpetually meet; it was immeasurably indispensable; that their unbelievably charismatic and magnificently rhapsodic titillations; should forever and unshakably meet,

Before two bones could perpetually meet; it was wholesomely indispensable; that their ebulliently enamoring and untiringly sacrosanct ambitions; should forever and indisputably meet,

Before two breaths could perpetually meet; it was interminably indispensable; that their passionately Omnipresent and unrestrictedly augmenting sensualities; should forever and undefeatedly meet,

Before two hearts could perpetually meet; it was fundamentally indispensable; that their immortally unstoppable and Omnisciently faithful beats; should forever and heavenly meet,

And before two bodies could perpetually meet; it was infallibly indispensable; that their profoundly impeccable and bountifully emancipating souls; should forever and invincibly meet.

Nikhil Parekh

Believable

Unbelievable. Were her gorgeously embellished eyelashes; tantalizing even the most deadened of corpses; with their magnetically flirtatious and celestially nubile swirl,

Unbelievable. Were her lusciously charismatic lips; weaving a tale of unsurpassably unceasing seduction; as they enthrallingly stroked even the most infinitesimal pore of my body,

Unbelievable. Was her majestically unflinching stride; as she unassailably marched on the pathways of Omnipotent humanity; peerlessly facing even the most Herculean of Holocausts that dared come her way,

Unbelievable. Was her incredulously mellifluous voice; perpetuating a wave of ubiquitously divine harmony; in even the most salaciously beleaguered ingredient of the atmosphere,

Unbelievable. Was her blissfully redolent sweat; timelessly radiating the essence of truthfully insuperable perseverance; wonderfully coalesced with quintessentially sacrosanct yearning to euphorically surge forward in life,

Unbelievable. Was her sensuously artistic nape; awakening me like a new-born infant from realms of my invincible sleep; as she magnetically swished it in the profoundly pearly moonlight,

Unbelievable. Were her bounteously dangling ears; triggering infernos of unlimited desire as they royally fluttered; with the passionately untamed and ebullient breeze,

Unbelievable. Were her intricately silken feet; regally purifying every speck of treacherously adulterated soil; that they fearlessly tread upon,

Unbelievable. Were her synergistically emollient palms; perennially bonding with one and all alike; in the unassailable bond of pricelessly impeccable humanity,

Unbelievable. Was her marvelously mollifying shadow; miraculously placating even the most disastrously delirious of my urges; with the balm of timelessly blessing friendship,

Unbelievable. Was her uninhibitedly cavorting silhouette; as she tirelessly bounced like an angel descended from the heavens; on the aristocratically rain soaked hills,

Unbelievable. Was her endlessly fantasizing brain; harnessing the most brilliantly fructifying of camaraderie; out of inconspicuously worthless and decaying bits of lackadaisical space,

Unbelievable. Was her unfathomably titillating belly; as she brilliantly metamorphosed even the most inanely colorless liquid in my veins into poignantly crimson blood; with her enchanting midnight dance,

Unbelievable. Were the immaculately twinkling whites of her eye; radiating an unending ocean of unconquerable honesty; even as unstoppable maelstroms of hell blended with raw soil,

Unbelievable. Was the exhilaratingly rubicund tinge in her cheeks; perpetuating a cistern of never-ending freshness in every bit of fathomless sky and earth,

Unbelievable. Was her infallibly unfettered attitude towards inexplicably arcane life; greeting even the most acridly satanic moment of her destined time; with wholeheartedly ecstatic enthusiasm,

Unbelievable. Was her symbiotically fragrant breath; making me feel as impreguably triumphant and alive as I felt at the very first cry of my life; even when I was inevitably dying,

Unbelievable. Was every of her perpetually bonding heartbeat; invincibly coalescing in wholesome entirety with the spirit of my impoverished existence; even though I was hiding infinite continents apart,

But Believable. Dependable. Reliable. Was her Immortally heavenly love; whose godly scent had not only nurtured me so far in my life; but whose relentlessly sacred belief; whose Omnisciently proliferating timelessness; would forever let me live

as the most pricelessly blessed organism; without an iota of disbelief and for infinite more births of mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Believe It Or Not

Whether you pulverize an invisibly infinitesimal worm;
or whether you torch a vibrantly euphoric commoner;
brutally alive,

Whether you squelch a diminutively pertinent mosquito;
or whether you massacre a patriotic soldier's scalp;
for sleazily placating the diabolical politician's
palette,

Whether you pluck an inconspicuous lotus petal; or
whether you barbarously run your obnoxiously
cold-blooded vehicle over the haplessly wailing beggar
boy,

Whether you squat at a parsimoniously irascible
cockroach; or whether you ruthlessly asphyxiate the
neck of the police officer; simply in order to save
your very own existence,

Believe it or not; in either case you commit the most
salaciously derogatory of crimes; as whatever might
have been their size; shape; color; fraternity or
form; but for the Omnipotent Lord they were both
alike; as they both had exuberant life.....

1.

Whether you dig mercurially chocolate brown mud to
erect your palaces of tawdry filth; or whether you
parasitically suck even the last iota of blood from
the poor man's skin; to raunchily enlighten your
non-existent facial contours,

Whether you smash fugitively new born eggs with your
criminal sword; or whether you treacherously extricate
the kidneys of a helpless man; just in order to
fortify the body of your already robust pet dog,

Whether you step over an petulantly infantile ant

while pompously transgressing towards your dogmatic office; or whether you truculently strip flesh of staggeringly destitute woman; to invidiously warm your every winter night,

Whether you kill the diminishingly small newborn spider to placate the impudent itch in your bohemian palms; or whether you viciously stab the withering old man to death; just in order to devour every single iota of his hard earned wealth,

Believe it or not; in either case you commit the most remorsefully dastardly of crime; as whatever might have been their size; shape; color; fraternity or form; but for the Omnipresent Lord they were both alike; as they both had vivacious life...

2.

Whether you insanely excoriate an obsoletely minuscule seed to fulminate into sanctimoniously depraving laughter; or whether you hedonistically snap the fangs of the eclectic artist forever; so that there remained nothing but abominable bloodshed on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe,

Whether you hack a timid tadpole to the most ruthlessly ribald death thereby releasing your libidinous frustration; or whether you slit the veins of the innocent prisoner; to maliciously corroborate your idiosyncratic supremacy to the world outside,

Whether you ominously emaciate the newborn calf to torturous death just to tease its sacrosanct mother; or whether you insidiously crucify every element of the gentle giant; in order to become the most powerful organism on this colossal earth,

Whether you savagely roast the enchantingly proliferating larvae to tantalize your taste buds for morning breakfast; or whether you licentiously drill

the skull of the spell binding scientist; with
tumultuously torching embers of horrifically rusted iron,

Believe it or not; in either case you commit the most
preposterously indescribable of crime; as whatever
might have been their size; shape; color; fraternity
or form; but for the Omniscient Lord they were both
alike; as they both had majestic life...

3.

Whether you aim for the evanescent sparrow's eye just
in order to diffuse criminal blackness wherever you
went; or whether you deleteriously devoured the
unsuspecting denizens neck in a single gulp; to gorily
replenish your belly for the blazing afternoon,

Whether you poked indefatigably at the harmlessly tiny
crab just to make wholeheartedly decrepit merry with
your sick mates; or whether you tyrannically tonsured
every iota of flesh from the bereaved widow's body; to
hold a sordidly macabre exhibition of shriveled skin,

Whether you crushed an unbelievably insignificant
beetle under your fetidly marauding feet; or whether
you murdered the irrefutably truthful messiah of
humanity; so that manipulation was the only leech that
burgeoned till times immemorial,

Whether you chopped a minutely petite snail into a
billion pieces just to profusely reinvigorate the
edges of your stagnating kitchen cleaver; or whether
you lasciviously snatched air from the lungs of
immaculate school children; to baselessly immortalize
yourself in front of the Lord Almighty,

Believe it or not; in either case you commit the most
ghoulishly dilapidated of crime; as whatever might
have been their size; shape; color; fraternity or
form; but for the insuperable Lord they were both
alike; as they both had fantastic life.

Nikhil Parekh

Believe It Or Not, Part 2

Was it the seductively charismatic smile on your lips; that made me timelessly philander through the hills of; overwhelmingly rhapsodic happiness?

Was it the ingratiating titillation on your majestic eyelashes; that metamorphosed me into a profusely compassionate philosopher; incinerated the hurricane of untamed desire in my eyes; even in the heart of the disastrously deadened night?

Was it the jubilant tinges of poignant crimson on your rubicund cheeks; that tumultuously evoked me to dance relentlessly in the aisles of magnificent yearning;
for times immemorial?

Was it the scarlet streams of blood in your royal veins; that intransigently made me embrace the religion of humanity; blend with all religion; caste; creed and color alike; in invincible reservoirs of mankind?

Was it the marvelously mischievous flirtation in your stride; that made me boisterously bounce in the gardens of fascinatingly nubile youth; perpetually feel that I was that immaculately silken child once again?

Was it the stupendously enchanting melody in your blissful voice; that made me frolic exuberantly under the fathomless carpet of vivacious sky; exhilaratingly enthuse every pore of my countenance; with the golden rain that thunderously pelted down?

Was it the scintillating white in your graciously charming teeth; that made me indefatigably innovate in the lanes of blossoming newness; carve a bountiful niche of my own; to blazingly exist amidst the pack of savage wolves?

Was it the aristocratic river of silver sweat dribbling celestially down your shoulders; that made me patriotically relinquish even the last iota of breath for my revered motherland; exotically relishing every passing wind of mystical life?

Was it the unsurpassable artistry in your honey coated fingers; that made me irrefutably adore and appreciate every element of panoramic beauty on this colossal
Universe; coalesce each cranny of my soul forever with God's endowment of wonderful creation?

Was it the unfathomably unending ecstasy in each quarter of your flesh; that made me romance in the fragrant cisterns of paradise for infinite more births yet to unveil; wholesomely oblivious to the murderously manipulative vagaries of this gruesomely tyrannical society?

Was it the incomprehensible titillation that tantalizingly wafted from your belly; that made me wander like an embellished prince through the lanes of incredulously grandiloquent fantasy; made me unfurl into a festoon of glorious Omnipotence?

Was it the queenly island of lines on your intricately heavenly palms; that handsomely evolved every path of my impoverished destiny; made me diffuse into a fireball of unequivocal righteousness; on every step that I tread?

Was it the insatiable euphoria that drifted from your impeccable chin; that made me fantasize beyond the realms of unprecedented imagination; magnificently transformed my gorily beleaguered persona; into an ocean of honestly divine sagaciousness?

Was it the astounding innocence in your philanthropic eyebrows; that made me fantastically perceive about the most enamoring fruits of creation; march unflinchingly forward with my comrades in impregnably synergistic oneness?

Was it the uninhibitedly divine aroma in your everlasting shadow; that made me a poet fulminating even the most infinitesimally sensitive cranny of my soul; in a glittering castle of Oligarchic writing?

Was it the ravishing vibrancy in your satiny hair; that made me inscrutably wander through the waterfalls of perennial jubilation; incorrigibly dream in the cradle of resplendence; for centuries incomprehensible?

Was it the gregarious essence of sharing in your Godly breath; that made me shrug all my spurious inhibitions; miraculously spawn Omnipresent life; on every territory of this earth that I benevolently tread?

Was it is the immortal tenacity of your beautifully benign heartbeats; that instilled in me not only the ardor to holistically exist in this lifetime; but perpetually unite every sect of living organism; one and alike?

And believe it or not; even if all of the above wasn't; I was still in love with you

O! Beloved; eternally bonding every element of my life with your sacred visage; I was still the only one who irrefutably loved you; more than anyone on this planet; ever could.

Nikhil Parekh

Beloved

In an ambience of rustic jungle trees; with their branches dangling incongruously towards the ground,
In a backdrop of colossal mountains; with their summits sailing handsomely in the clouds,
In a cloistered environment; sequestered partially from the blazing sun,
In an island of marshy swamps; inundated with a plethora of languidly drifting logwood; puddles of muddy slush bountifully dispersed,
Resides the ominous and hideous; serrated skinned alligator.

In an atmosphere of golden dew drops; shimmering vividly under the moon,
In a conglomerate of satiny puffs of sky; stooping effeminately down,
In a mesmerizing lake; circumvented from all sides by the steep valley,
In a stony silence prevailing eternally; with the only sound being evanescent ripples caused by wading birds,
Resides the redolently pink and supremely voluptuous; fragrant lotus.

In a camouflage of broken twigs; and incommensurate stalks of dried grass,
In a compactly hollow space; neatly imprisoned by slender tower walls,
In a whiplash of heavy wind; incessantly blowing in tenacious draughts,
In a congenial warmth; provided indefatigably by the bird mother,
Resides the palpable egg blended with yolk; of the hostile vulture.

In a citadel constructed of savage stone; reinforced with umpteenth bars of strong metal,
In an enclosure of acrimonious glass; scattered in hostile shards all around,
In a jugglery of iron chains; viciously strapped around all parts of the body,
In a room completely obfuscated from the most minuscule beam of light; threadbare chunks of rotten bread being the only solace for nocturnal meal,
Resides the longhaired and diabolically toothed; nefarious convict.

In the vicinity of tubular corals; swirling waves intermittently dismantling the tentacles of potbellied octopus,
In an ingratiating serene provided by the unrelenting froth; gently permeating the sands,
In an ensemble of entwined bushes; with protruding and spongy thorns,
In a myriad of rising bubbles; trying incessantly to reach the surface of gigantic sea,
Resides the scintillating and slime coated; incorrigibly virgin oyster.

In an ocean of honey; with sticky droplets of pure nectar oozing out,
In a network of dilapidated pillars; sometimes profoundly tall trees,
In direct confrontation with stringent light from the sun; uncouthly heating its periphery,
In a constant pandemonium; of cacophonous noise compounded with incoherent buzzing,
Resides the delectably boisterous and poignant; small bodied humming bee.

In a surrounding of indiscriminate violence; massacring of the impeccably innocent,
In the hearts of ruthless assassins; butchering the needy for fat wads of currency,
In a nation with incidences of rampant bloodshed; headed by a fleet of power hungry politicians,
In a world where there are nuclear wars; on the spurious grounds of caste and creed,
Resides a feeling of utter abhorrence; embedded with the perennial virtue of hatred.

In the sacrosanct walls of heaven; emollient with the scent of divinity,
In the dormitories of unprejudiced justice; profusely besieged by equality towards all,
In a land replete with mystical fairies; an immortal paradise to exist forever,
In the visage of omnipotent power; unprecedented empathy towards distressing pain,
Resides the stupendously omnipresent who created this earth; the one whom we christen by the sacerdotal name of creator.

And in the aisles of desire; languishing in the corridor of blissful romance,
In the tunnel of unceasing fascination; juxtaposed with webs of unparalleled imagination,
In a cascade of silken follicles; nimbly caressing her holistic back,
In the cage of uninhibited pleasure; drowning me incredulously in the moistness of her breath,
Resides my ravishing and marvelously enchanting; immaculate beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Beneath Your Heart

Beneath your complexion which appeared blacker than the sootiest of coal; there lay an ocean of impeccable whiteness and exotic calm,

Beneath your lips which looked disastrously cracked at their lackadaisical contours; there lay mesmerizing fountains of luscious exuberance,

Beneath your eyes which appeared perpetually blind; lay encapsulated the astounding beauty of this colossal Universe; with its myriad of forms tantalizing me every unfurling second,

Beneath your hands which looked overwhelmingly indigenous and rustic; there lay the sacrosanct essence of heart rendering sacrifice,

Beneath your forehead which appeared to be more blunt than bedraggled stone; there lay a mountain of invincible ideas; which kept swirling towards cosmic space as the moments unveiled,

Beneath your hair which looked like a gruesomely dead cat's tail; there lay an everlasting tunnel of voluptuous mysticism; a ravishing path on which none had tread,

Beneath your cheeks which appeared like savagely squashed tomato curry; there lay incarcerated the boisterous enchantment of an innocuously new born child,

Beneath your skin which looked like buried boundless feet under the grave; there lay fathomless rainbows from the azure sky; enlightening me profusely on each bit of mud I holistically caressed,

Beneath your armpits which appeared pathetically deluged with obnoxious ponds of sour sweat; there lay embedded the most stupendously fragrant scent on this planet; tickling me beyond the realms of unfathomable fascination,

Beneath your ears which looked more bitten than the satanically ripped shirt; there lay infinite sounds lingering profoundly in this vast world; melodiously enveloping my dreary soul,

Beneath your bones which appeared to be protruding lifelessly into the atmosphere; there lay the indomitable march towards triumph; the ardor to survive in the most treacherously insidious times,

Beneath your tears which looked like a colorlessly horrendous dustbin sprawled in territories of utter dilapidation; there lay a poignantly effusive string of emotions; which wholesomely metamorphosed even the murderously ruthless into
divine angels,

Beneath your conscience which appeared like an inconspicuous mosquito hovering without a purpose of its own; there lay the most irrefutably pious ideals worshipped since decades,

Beneath your palm lines which looked perilously wrecked; there lay the most fabulously alluring destiny that one could ever have seen; an unsurpassable treasury of wealth impossible for ordinary humans to perceive,

Beneath your shadow which appeared infinitesimally timid and obscure; there lay an island of insurmountably enamoring mysticism; on which traversed every enigmatic organism of this Universe,

Beneath your fists which looked incomprehensibly fragile and dainty; there lay embodied Herculean spurts of stamina; an insatiable will to take the mantle of the entire planet,

Beneath your signature which appeared disastrously incoherent; there lay the stamp of the entire globe; the astronomically fortified impression which every entity made during due course of flamboyantly passionate existence,

Beneath your soles which looked profusely cracked like a miserably shattered egg; there lay the footprints of benevolent humanity; a conglomerate of silken roads which led to the most perfect land called paradise,

Beneath your breath which appeared foul and rapidly fading as time unleashed; there lay the miraculously magical prowess of bestowing new life; to countless slithering on their death bed,

And beneath your heart which looked uncouthly tough on the surface; there lay an unprecedented reservoir of perpetual love; which spread its celestial essence not
only this moment; but countless more moments beyond definitions of incessantly ticking time.

Best Friend

The whole world clung to you invincibly when you were prosperous; standing tall in due adulation; of even your most diminutively capricious of achievement,
But the one who unflinchingly supported you when you were dithering towards the corridors of horrendous extinction; was irrefutably; your only and BEST FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you unassailably when you were bloomingly beautiful; enchantingly devouring even the most ethereal sound that you; painstakingly emanated from your mouth,
But the one who impregnably supported you when you were disastrously penurious and withering towards a gory end; was irrefutably; your only and BEST FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you when you were redolently blissful; basking profusely in the glory of; even the most infinitesimal of your drifting senses,
But the one who uninhibitedly supported you when the society maliciously poisoned each of your precious moment; was irrefutably; your only and BEST FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you when you were inundated with an unsurpassable ocean of gold and silver; overwhelmingly appreciating even the most tiniest speck of currency; that you whisked far away from your; bohemian palms,
But the one who formidably supported you when each part of your persona was brutally incarcerated in cloudbursts of devastatingly deadly disease; was irrefutably; your only and BEST FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you when you were rhapsodically ecstatic and unconquerably looming large over the planet; unfathomably willing to relinquish their breath; at even the most inaudible of your commands,
But the one who unequivocally supported you when there wasn't a roof to exist above your head nor an iota of cloth upon your pathetically shivering visage; was irrefutably; your only and BEST FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you when you were incomprehensibly powerful; insatiably yearning to have a glimpse of even the most oblivious of your divinely gestures,
But the one who indefatigably supported you when the entire Universe around was savagely sucking your blood; was irrefutably; your only and BEST FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you when you were ebulliently bouncing in the aisles of paradise; profusely saluting even the most insipidly lugubrious jewel that you flung nonchalantly on threadbare soil,

But the one who perpetually supported you when daggerheads of maniacal depression obsessively asphyxiated you from all sides; was irrefutably; your only and BEST FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you when you were the King of this Universe; intransigently dying to hear even the most ridiculous cadence of your despicably dwindling voice,

But the one who immutably supported you when your philanthropic philosophies were pulverized to raw shit by the monotonous society; was irrefutably; your only and BEST FRIEND.

And the whole world clung to you when you were flamboyantly breathing passionately everlasting fire and disseminating majestically immortal love on every

step; clapping at even the most squeamish saliva that you spat with; languid nonchalance,

But the one who inspiringly supported you when the tyranny of fate had engendered you to plunge into the valley of treacherous death; was irrefutably; your only and BEST FRIEND.

Nikhil Parekh

Between Life And Death

Between the ominous black clouds and the earth; there lies enchanting breeze placidly cooling the atmosphere,

Between wholesome pitch darkness and brilliant Sunlight; there lies the mesmerizing evening; passionately awaiting the night,

Between the summit of colossal mountain and the dusty roads; there lies the delectably gurgling waterfall; dissipating into silken froth,

Between the mammoth tusked elephant and the minuscule ant; there lies the innocuous rabbit; playing hide and seek amidst the labyrinth of bushes,

Between the bombastic Mercedes and the threadbare tricycle; there lies a bike; zipping past the landscapes at lightening speeds,

Between the transparent mirror and mounds of abominable coal; there lies murky coins of silver; incarcerating all in vicinity with their mystical spell,

Between the stupendously exotic rose and the infinitesimal granules of free soil; there lies nimble blades of grass; voraciously tickling trespassers with their tantalizing tendrils,

Between the obstreperously screeching train and the perpetually silent valley; there lies the bubbling river; granting substantial reprieve from the agony of sweltering Sun,

Between hostile thorns of cactus and the sweet curry of pulverized sugar; there lies the robust apple imparting a voluptuous flavor the instant you masticated it,

Between the profusely embellished statue and heap of fetid garbage; there lies the succulent coconut with a pool of tangy water impregnated in its womb,

Between the grandiloquent castle and the shoddily attired iron drainpipe; there lies the seaside hut; with waves of the ocean sporadically against its windows,

Between the melodiously singing nightingale and the discordantly wailing mosquito; there lies the sly fox; whistling harmoniously in open space,

Between the pot bellied giant and the inconspicuous infant; there lies the

impetuous youngster; euphorically wandering around,

Between the bird soaring astronomically high and the slithering lizard; there lies
the opalescent butterfly flirtatiously fluttering its wings,
Between impeccable truth and nefarious evil; there lies the mischievous monkey
playing pranks to appease mankind,

Between the sanctimoniously rich and the bedraggled beggar; there lies the
common man; trying to struggle every unleashing minute for existence,

Between garish velvet and immaculate fibers of white; there lies the grey
squirrel; frantically trying to search its burrow before sunset,

Between immortal love and superficial hatred; there lies philanthropic friendship;
propagating its essence far and wide,

And between new born life and perilously old death; there lie sweet experiences;
which add color to living; a dynamic vibrancy to breath.

Nikhil Parekh

Beware

Beware of the light which barbarously blinds; without the most infinitesimal of insinuation or warning; and for times beyond a whole lifetime,

Beware of the sweetness which stealthily poisons; making you irrevocably insensitive to every benign goodness of the Omnipotent Creator divine,

Beware of the silence which unsparingly devastates; uncouthly trouncing you like a pack of frigid matchsticks; when you thought that the entire planet had come to a celestially tranquil rest,

Beware of the silk which mercilessly strangulates; catching you unsuspectingly in the most mellifluously enchanting of your dreams; and as you felt the heavens of sensuality to the most unprecedented limits in your persona,

Beware of the sand which treacherously sinks; burying you an infinite feet beneath your veritable grave; when you thought that you were rolling on paradise;
in uninhibitedly rhapsodic delight,

Beware of the ice which salaciously chokes; making you perilously gasp for every priceless breath; when you thought that the tempestuous ordeal of acrimoniously sweltering summer had long ended,

Beware of the truth which endlessly burns; irrespective of the fact that you were the only one on the trajectory of the fathomless Universe; unflinchingly galloping on the path of altruistically blazing righteousness,

Beware of the night which satanically dissolves; evaporating you towards the coffins of hell; when you thought that unfathomably voluptuous blackness was the only rhythm of your blood,

Beware of the seductress which furtively beheads; indiscriminately pulverizing you for parsimonious wads of sleazy currency; when you thought that you were floating on the ultimate epitome of tantalizing cloud nine,

Beware of the star which truculently stones; engendering you to dream beyond glittering paradise at the outset; and then perfidiously blending you with inconspicuously belittling ash,

Beware of the dream which salaciously incarcerates; lethally trapping you in dungeons of gory hopelessness; when you thought you were the most blissfully innovative fantasizer on this boundless planet,

Beware of the smile which torturously tears; giving the most triumphantly eternal happiness of your life for just an evanescent instant; and then perpetuating you to horrifically weep for an infinite more lifetimes,

Beware of the power which morosely weakens; manipulatively making you the monarch of the entire world by hook or by crook; and then ruthlessly stripping you of even the most mercurial of your laurel; before limitlessly hanging you from the cadaverous gallows,

Beware of the diamond which demonically impoverishes; rendering you as the most disastrously orphaned organism on this unceasing earth; even as you had the power to purchase anything on your nimble fingertips,

Beware of the brilliance which abjectly devastates; maliciously metamorphosing your delectably natural treasures; into monstrously mechanized and lifeless scientific invention,

Beware of the clarity which forlornly obfuscates; unveiling such explicitly mortifying facts of life; that transits you in a perpetually dogmatic and inexplicably crucifying haze,

Beware of the soul which wretchedly hollows; extinguishing even the most diminutive trace of your persona forever from the entrenchment of this earth; when you thought that you had achieved the most invincible state of "Nirvana";,

Beware of the breath which baselessly kills; drowning you in a world of endlessly strangulating nothingness; when you thought that your compassionate embrace was more impregnably interlocked than the walls of blessed paradise,

And beware of the heart which murderously betrays; bestowing upon you a life more ghastly than a countless disparagingly dastardly deaths; when you thought that you were insuperably perched on the scepter of immortally resplendent love.

Beyond Man

Beyond morbid exteriors of vulture egg; lie immaculate pearls in the shell of oyster,

Beyond frigid feathers of peacock; lie steel wings of the fighter jet,

Beyond soiled persona of bathroom slippers; lies a compactly juxtaposed shoe,

Beyond scantily fortified blades of table fan; lies the colossal silhouette of wind mill,

Beyond threadbare moulds of lackluster tin; lies ostentatious biscuits of gold,

Beyond the surreal demeanor of black ant; lies the invincible dinosaur,

Beyond dilapidated realms of broken hut; lies the articulately synchronized palace,

Beyond despicable light of the sodium bulb; lies the dazzling brilliance of sun,

Beyond scarce trickle of crystal mountain stream; lies the magnanimous ocean,

Beyond mundane display of the century old type-pad; lies the hi-tech computer,

Beyond cloistered interiors of diminutive timepiece; lies the gargantuan clock tower,

Beyond revered portrayal in exquisite sculpture; lies the true stalwart,

Beyond extravagant dreams of suffering; lies the real pain,

Beyond variegated leaves of Christmas tree; lie sprawling meadows of untamed green,

Beyond the monotony of onerous work; lies impeccable truth imbibed in soul,

Beyond fledglings of tender fur; lies the menacing panther,

Beyond petite footsteps while treading on silk; lie violent kicks dismantling ground,

Beyond pilfering minute quantities of currency note; lies the cold blooded serial killer,

Beyond garrulous talk of shrewd businessman; lies the innocuous cry of a baby,

Beyond frugal droplets of languid rain; lies tumultuous avalanches of snow cascading down,

Beyond the jelly fish fluttering in a shallow tank; lies Grey whale inhaling exorbitantly in the ocean,

Beyond a volley of disdainful abuse hurtling rampantly from mouth; lies sacrosanct preaching,

Beyond parables of venomous hatred; lies compassionate anecdotes of love,

Beyond frivolous dispositions towards alien; lies the life bestowing mother,
And beyond sheer intelligentsia; contemporary inventions of man; lies the omnipotent Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Bifurcation Of The Charismatic

The elliptical glittering white nutrition,
With yellow sprawled on the inside,
The fragile adumbrate shell,
With flimsy blend of color and white,
Is the best I have ever known.

The ruffled feathered monster,
With its conspicuously red beak,
The protuberance of its chest,
With the cadence of the sung rhyme,
Is the best I have ever known.

The immaculate white pearl,
With glistening sheen of perpetual freedom,
Hovering on the tenterhooks of extinction,
With the splendour of someone possessed,
Is the best I have ever known.

The hazy ray of virgin moonlight,
With the sweltering heat suspended,
The languid chunks of green grass,
Cacophonous with insipid exhilaration,
Is the best I have ever known.

The sparkle of perennial molten liquid,
Forming crevices of incongruity,
The lustrous melancholy of tumbling water,
Drifting mankind onto precipices of jubilation,
Is the best I have ever known.

Nikhil Parekh

Big Thumb

When I held it dead straight and candidly in free space; people thought I was being overwhelmingly rude and cheeky,

When I sucked it passionately in my mouth; people thought I was just an innocuously overgrown child; unfit to exist in monotonous society,

When I curled it stubbornly to form a fist; people thought I was in an invidiously wild mood to punch and fight,

When I slanted it a trifle towards the left or right; people thought I wanted a brazen and speedy lift,

When I pressed it ardently on scintillating white paper after dipping it in sapphire pools of ink; people thought that I was illiterate; didn't even know how to prudently sign,

When I raised it above my shoulders for incessant lengths of time; people thought that I gruesomely stranded; wanted to abscond to more blissful places than the eerie mist surrounding me,

When I folded it pathetically into boundless knots; people thought that I was disdainfully maim; endeavoring my best against crippled time,

When I tapped it relentlessly on the desk; people thought that I was peevishly irritated; desired to be left in immortal peace and all alone,

When I rubbed it voraciously across my armory of teeth; people thought I had dropped freshly from the rustic village; wasn't acquainted the slightest to contemporary toothbrush and stringent paste,

When I hoisted it vivaciously towards my friends in times of perilous examinations; people thought that I was wishing my comrades all the very best,

When I probed it forward to sprinkle crimson vermilion in the hair of my beloved; people thought I had tied the nuptial thread; bonded myself into the swirl of sacred marriage,

When I ominously hurled in sedate atmosphere; people thought I had intentions of breaking somebody's nose; waded back in petrified terror,

When I obnoxiously pointed it downwards towards Black mud; people thought I was in a mood to contemptuously insult; ridicule sagacious entities to inconspicuous dust,

When I caressed it on colossal slabs of white ice; people thought that I trying to generate tremors of inexplicable excitement in my languidly dreary persona,

When I whole heartedly offered it to kids to play; people thought that I was extremely philanthropic; had this insatiable desire to help human kind,

When I twisted it fervently to capsize the pen; people thought that I was in an uninhibited spree to write,

When I engulfed it wholesomely with colored gloves; people thought that I was involved in heinous crimes; was trying to surreptitiously sequester my trail of vulnerable fingerprints,

When I feverishly bit it umpteenth number of times in the day; people thought that I was encapsulated with incomprehensible anxiety; was waiting for precarious time to rapidly unveil,

When I held it intractably against my lips; people thought I was trying to intimidate them into brutalized silence,

When I amicably waved it towards the chair; people thought that I instructing them to congenially sit and relish in fantasy,

O! My God; although it was just a short stub of fat flesh protruding from my palms; my big thumb was really something to ponder about; my big thumb was incredulously astounding.

Nikhil Parekh

Bind Us Together

The moment she was with me I shouted at her stringently; showing her my fists in indignation,
But I realized it only when she went off to sleep; that I craved to speak to her; missed the bustling noise of her footsteps.

The moment she was with me I teased her unrelentingly; scowled at her making ungainly faces,
But I realized it only when she went out shopping; that I longed for her like anything; desperately craved to hear the melody in her voice.

The moment she was with me I kept scratching my hair; hardly paying attention to the activities she recited of the day,
But I realized it only when she talked the same to her alien friends; that how inquisitive I was to hear it passionately from her mouth.

The moment she was with me I castigated all attempts of hers to tie my shoelace; portraying myself to be a perfect man,
But I realized it only when she went to mothers place; as to how inevitably I needed her; and what a child I became in her absence.

The moment she was with me I shrug the food she made; declaring it to be bland and tasteless,
But I realized it only when she fed the same lovingly to the servants; as to how much I cherished each meal she prepared.

The moment she was with me I revolted vehemently that she snored; not letting me sleep blissfully for even a single minute,
But I realized it only when she slept in the lawns; as to how much I missed her caress; the ardor in her breath that intermingled with mine.

The moment she was with me I protruded my tongue at her for not bathing; admonishing her for flooding my nostrils with a smell like rotten tomato,
But I realized it only when she walked out of the house in anger; that I found the most exotic of perfume to be raw dirt in front of her perspiration.

The moment she was with me I pointed fingers at her eyes; saying that she was horrendously squint,
But I realized it only when she closed them abruptly at me; as to how mesmerizing were her lashes; the poignant empathy that they oozed out every

unfurling
second.

The moment she was with me I told her to dismiss off from my presence; leaving me alone to delve in my world of fantasy,
But I realized it only when she exited; that my dreams ended there and then;
and each pore of my body cried for her in agony.

Therefore this is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Lord; please don't separate us ever,
For she was my blood and I was her breath; and we would die a gruesome death to take birth again as lovers; if you didn't BIND US IN THIS LIFE TOGETHER.

Nikhil Parekh

Bird's Eye View

Pure blood circulating froze midway in my veins,
My heart throbbed 10 beats faster,
Dormant regions of ecstasy catapulted to dizzy heights,
And I moaned rhythmically in sheer disbelief.
Palatial mansions appeared as jewelry boxes,
stone towers I sighted as lead tipped pencil,
steel bridges with tied rope looked as tapered candy,
the golden clock building resembled toy watches kept on showroom
mantelpiece,
a string of snow clad mountains looked like inverted coffee mugs coated with
crushed sugar,
the mighty blue ocean was visible as a tiny patch of pond water,
silver sands of the desert were projected as a few acres of unploughed farm land,

broad streets of the city struck my view as a bunch of crisscrossed matchsticks,
sprawling kilometers of lush green grass was what I could describe as a tiny
patch of kitchen garden,
gigantic tall pine trees duplicated podded plants with fresh shoot of leaves,
slender nosed cars replicated prototype models kept open for sale,
infinitely elongated stretches of cable wire resembled thin strands of human hair,

colossal mass of thunder clouds was stunningly close,
the fire ball of sun seemed a few feet above my head,
passing jet crafts whizzed past at arm lengths from my body,
As I stared down in dumbfounded delight, open mouthed consternation,
from the hundredth floor of the Empire State Building.

Nikhil Parekh

Biscuit Of Black Iron

For me; it was a blissful messiah; as I scribbled boundless lines of exquisitely spell binding literature; with its exotically scintillating nib,
For the butcher; it was his daily bread and butter; as he immaculately sliced hideously distorted bones and meat with its sparkling edge; to optimally gratify his endless repertoire of famished customers,
For the bird; it was an infinitesimal chunk that imparted all the holistic fortification required to her divinely nest; sequestered her innocuous siblings; from gruesomely torrential showers of; tumultuously acrimonious rain,
For the cyclist; it was his ultimate exhilaration to ebulliently lead life; as he insatiably galloped on its shimmeringly rotund strips all night and day; frolicked in the aisles of unprecedented desire; till the time he lived,
For the prisoner; it was his most maniacally depressing stages of existence; as he remorsefully wailed behind its tyrannical monotony; wholesomely helpless to surge even an inch forward,
For the edifice; it was its harmoniously unassailable strength; handsomely blended with glorious ingredients of cement and concrete; magnanimously supporting it
against the most heinous of earthquake; and cataclysmic tornado's,
For the nomad; it was an irascibly pertinent thorn; as it proved to be an ominous misnomer amidst the naturally bountiful foliage; sporadically grazing past the contours of his innocent face and feet; to inflict brutal scabs of viciousness,
For the ship; it was an indispensable angel of incredulously compassionate solidarity; as it held fathomless tons of cargo and kin on its base; churned ahead like a royal prince; unflinchingly even amongst a diabolical battalion of whales and sharks,
For the watch; it was the most glittering tool of success; as it incessantly ticked to candidly divulge scrupulously unveiling time; sagaciously admonished one and all regarding; the cracking of mesmerizing dawn; and the perils of the vindictively sultry night,
For the dog; it was an elusively ghastly witch; as it broke all his gorgeous fortress of teeth; every time he greedily mistook it; for his robustly tantalizing dinner,
For the lake; it was an abhorrently dreaded monster; as it invidiously infiltrated into its satiny bed; horrendously corrupting the celestial synergy; of its blissfully bequeathing soul,
For the diamond; it was the most barbaric giant on earth alive; as it indefatigably yearned for diffusing grandiloquent glitter and voluptuous aura; incarcerated by all humans behind its morbidly dolorous walls,

For the bloodstream; it was a deleteriously gory impediment; as it slowly corroded and dissipated its disgusting toxins; in the poignantly ecstatic and unending balcony of intricate veins,
For the castle; it was a miraculous savior of vivacious life; as it guarded the grandeur all perilous night with its treacherously serrated periphery; while the Kings and Queens snored impregably to their hearts content,
For the singer; it was the most priceless possession of her life; as she timelessly held its sparkling body near her melodious throat; reaching the divinity in her enchanting voice; to spell bound audiences; far and wide across the trajectory of this fathomless planet,
For the teacher; it was the most inevitable tool that he could ever possess; as he controlled countless unruly and rambunctious students; with a single swish of its menacingly bludgeoning swirl,
For the patriot; it was a blessing in blissful disguise; as he majestically held it to confront the most lecherously advancing enemies; beheaded diabolically heinous traitors; with its satanically sharp and shimmering edge,
For the laborer; it was an unfathomably insidious burden; as he fulminated into a river of painstaking perspiration; bearing its disgracefully overwhelming load; upon his nimbly impoverished back,
O! Yes; A blessing in heavenly disguise for some; while the most goriest curse of existence for those frugally remaining; A priceless charm for some; while the most insipid anecdote in life for those synergistically surviving; was the one and only; black
since the very first cry of birth; biscuit of black iron

Nikhil Parekh

Bits And Pieces

I accumulated bits and pieces of exquisite cloth,
took surplus spools of thread and slender bodkin,
stitched them all into a rich long articulate fabric,
which I proudly christened as my silken summer suit.

I amalgamated bits and pieces of pliable rubber,
acquired bountiful amounts of glue from bark of tree,
coagulated the curry of glue and rubber, exposing them to the Sun to dry,
the eventual outcome was as enchanting as twinkling stars in the sky,
what I now held in my palms was a pair of solidly punched and angular
cowboy boots.

I gathered bits and pieces of coastal silver sands,
moulded them deftly with soft pressure of my knotted fingers,
engraving intricate designs on the exterior periphery of structure,
embedding the pure sand walls with a plethora of translucent shells,
the sight for me to witness was a feast to my hungry eyes,
a midget sized sandcastle now stood ornately in vociferous currents of ocean
wind.

I assembled bits and pieces of wine red brick,
prepared a blend of cement and crushed chips of granite,
studded vacant spots on the exterior with pure Italian glass,
laid a colossal drainpipe from head to toe,
the aftermath of which saw me in direct confrontation,
with the magnanimous silhouette of the princely edifice.

And finally when I mixed bits and pieces of my tears with hers,
the liquid was resplendent with a mystical aura,
it made us reminiscent of the times of distress and gruelling agony,
when we lived bifurcated by feckless boundaries of class and status,
we still drank the concoction regularly decades after tying the nuptial chord,
it quenched our thirst like God cures all those afflicted with heinous pain.

Nikhil Parekh

Bizzare Act On Humanity

nightmarish solitude envelops them,
as mindless monsters in flesh encroach upon,
hooded in deadly black witchcraft drapery,
clutching steel tubes with twin nozzles,
incorporating lethal bundles of gunpowder,
angularly carved pointed iron,
brittle green shells pinned at ends,
heaps of razor sharp long shears,
heavy metal gleam of savage crowbar,
brutal wailing of siren bombs,
indiscreet flashing devilish smiles,
a cloudburst of mangled voices,
sharp shots of blood curling fire,
a plethora of hard grey lead flies around,
biting acridly into cool sheaths of cabin air,
making gaping holes into splinter proof glass,
dissipating plush upholstery into threadbare
components,
toppling multiple cutlery with scalding water,
disarming monitoring switchboards of electricity,
horrendous blackness descends all over,
living entities run helter -skelter,
hushed silence pervades all commotion,
a saga of epidemic bestiality,
prompting contorted panic ridden reality,
blotches of blood, strips of cloth lay astrew,
the two winged airbus finally changes course,
as obstreperous demands strike eardrums of the air navigators,

shocked by a network of gun barrel,
ready to explode at instants of denial,
the most bizarre act on humanity,
as the hijackers formally announce their arrival

Nikhil Parekh

Black

Black. A Color which surreptitiously tingles even the most obliviously dormant crannies of your soul; to realms beyond the wisps of eternal eternity.

Black. A Color which triggers an unsurpassable inferno of hidden fires in your naked skin; indefatigably tantalizing your nimble shadow to forever blend with the celestially enamoring fabric of the night.

Black. A Color which inevitably magnetizes you towards even the most infinitesimal speck of your surrounding environment; irrespective of your indelibly vociferous denial to survive.

Black. A Color which engenders you to timelessly discover your ever-pervadingly unbridled creativity; as you ardently gyrate in the passionately undying fabric of the iridescent night.

Black. A Color which stupefies every conceivable patch of the whites of your eye; transfixes you into a state of timelessly eternal bliss; with nothing else but a cloud of everlasting sensuality as your sole savior.

Black. A Color which insatiably augments your desire to inexhaustibly proliferate; inundate every perceivable filament of earth divine with cloudbursts of your untamed virility; with none but amorphous darkness to discover.

Black. A Color which brings out the truest shades of your eclectically vibrant personality; at times unleashing the unfettered animal within you; as you ecstatically slaver and rollick on virgin mud; without a cloth to engulf your uncontrollably shivering skin.

Black. A Color which renders every pore of your impeccable flesh in unlimited bewilderment of the profound feel of boundless depth; transports you into an unending labyrinth of ebulliently perennial desire.

Black. A Color which forever rectifies even the most inconspicuous trace of inconsolably pulverizing misery; coalescing every form of torturous anguish in vicinity with a singleton shade of amazingly mollifying equanimity.

Black. A Color which indefatigably challenges the devil to appear again and again and again; only so that the spirit of triumphantly Omnipotent righteousness; overtopples it beyond dormitories of feasible recognition; everytime.

Black. A Color which forever annihilates even the most evanescent trace of your dolorously beleaguered shadow; encompassing every ingredient of your crimson blood with the undaunted tenacity to holistically survive.

Black. A Color which makes you fearlessly entwine your fingers with the intrepidly unknown; igniting the bonfire of unstoppable adventure in every conceivable corridor of your innocuously pious soul.

Black. A Color which perpetuates even the most extinguishing part of you to fantasize beyond the definitions of the extraordinary; discover the completeness of existence as the flaming Sun sinks well behind the Omnipresent horizons.

Black. A Color which makes you wholesomely forget every tangible idiosyncrasy of caste; creed; tribe or color; as all appeared symbiotically alike under the most celestially ameliorating carpet of the moonless night.

Black. A Color which knew no blazing victory or ghastly defeat; as even the most ethereal trace of war ceased with the descent of the marvelously royal night.

Black. A Color which metamorphoses even the most monotonously robotic part of you into the most seductively mitigating of poet; as you inevitably started to churn fathomless lines of divinely poetry; with every whisper and kiss of the night.

Black. A Color which makes you synergistically neutral to life and death; misery and effulgent happiness; as all you could see; perceive; implement and imbibe; was just darkness; darkness and just timelessly emancipating darkness.

Black. A Color which foments you to exhale the most fervently fiery of your breath; in order to victoriously blaze a stream of optimistically mitigating light; through the tunnel of unendingly embracing darkness.

Black. A Color which facilitates spectacularly untamed lovemaking to the most unconquerable limits; as countless blessed seeds of fertility timelessly permeated the cradle of the atmosphere; with absolutely no hindrance to grow; at an hour always past passionate midnight.

Nikhil Parekh

Black For The Blind.

Black for the blind is the most unassailable form of survival; a color which epitomizes even the most infinitesimal aspect of their lives to the most handsomely unprecedented limits,

Black for the blind is the most bewitching form of beauty; a color which sensuously enshrouds even the most obfuscated of their nerves; with the most supremely tantalizing enigmas of life,

Black for the blind is the only Sun of insuperable optimism; a color which forever paints the canvas of their haplessly barren life; with perennially untamed forests of desire,

Black for the blind is the most blessing Universe of infinite infinity; a color which quintessentially constitutes every tangible and intangible moment of their inexplicably quavering lives,

Black for the blind is the most tastiest form of food and water; a color which equally crucifies and mitigates them in even the most drearily slaving sphere of their lives,

Black for the blind is the most ecstatically unfettered form of meditation; a color which forever liberates them of even the most ghastliest of their misery and unlimited pain,

Black for the blind is the only perception of unending pricelessness; a color which infallibly clings to even the most oblivious of their contours; irrespective of their caste; creed; religion and tribe,

Black for the blind is the most ultimate source of entertainment; a color which engenders them to wonderfully replenish every crevice of their misery with magically unparalleled exultation,

Black for the blind is the only word that culminates into the entire dictionary; a color which most Omnipotently defines even the most evanescent activity of their ardent lives,

Black for the blind is the most invincible scent of righteousness; a color which transcends the goriest trace of devil; with a passionate atmosphere of

unconquerable ubiquitous oneness,

Black for the blind is a fearlessly everlasting celebration; a color which even the greatest of warriors trembled to tread into; whereas with them it remained as rejoicingly during life as after the final insinuations of breath,

Black for the blind is where the most royally blossoming prosperity begins and ends; a color into which the best of gold; silver and happiness metamorphoses into since the very first cry of euphoric life,

Black for the blind is the only Omnipresent God; an invincible form; a divinely color; an undefeated shape; an unshakable power; which perennially rules even the most cloistered ounce of this Universe at its peerless fingertips,

Black for the blind is most gloriously rejuvenating elixir; an inebriating color; which reaches the most tantalizingly seductive crescendo an infinite times; in just one singular lifetime,

Black for the blind is the most undyingly subliming warrior; a color which reigns perpetually supreme over every innuendo; of even the most dramatic victory and defeat,

Black for the blind is the most benign cradle of infancy; youth; adulthood and old age; a color which indelibly refuses to leave them for even an infidel moment in their entire lifetime,

Black for the blind is an inborn spirit of irrefutable worship; a color which requires not the slightest of hymns; prayers; or venerated water to timelessly consecrate it,

Black for the blind is the most Omniscient jewel of the eye; a color which indefatigably stretches beyond sleep and awakening; into a paradise of the unparalleled Creator Divine,

Black for the blind is the most blessed mantra of life; a color which was the sole reflection of their heart; soul and conscience; a color which wholesomely and indefinitely overpowers the color of their blood and breath too,

O! Yes; Black for the blind is the most unassailable soul mate of survival and beyond; a color to which they are immortally married right since the very first whisper of life; irrespective of whether the planet outside complied with or brutally denied

Nikhil Parekh

Blame It

The rain goes on; blame it on the weatherman,
The mud appears dreadfully scorched; blame it on paucity of water,
The cigarette causes hostile cancer; blame it on fillings of noxious tobacco,
The automobile plummets down the valley; blame it on failure of intricate
brake,
The glistening marble looks untidy; blame it on blemishes of dark chocolate,
The luxury liner sinks in the ocean; blame it on gaping holes in its persona,
The man trips over and bruises his nose; blame it on the loose splinters of
stone,
The contemporary computer closes abruptly; blame it on a plethora of nefarious
virus,
The plush cable car hurtles down the mountain; blame it on the frigid wire,
The deadly poison strangulates breath; blame it on the venomous adder,
The demeanor of white paper transits of disdainful yellow; blame it on the
process of perpetual decay,
The knotted hand pains while hoisting loads; blame it on a network of fracture,
The outlines of objects seems to be fading; blame it on diminishing vision,
Immaculate chunks of rosewood develop an army of indentation; blame it on the
belligerent termite,
The fledglings didn't hatch from the shell; blame it on inadequate proportion
of heat,
The body was grotesquely distorted since birth; blame it on the chromosomes,
Infinite fibers of hair were sprawled with dandruff; blame it on the lack of oil,
The lights on the street flickered violently; blame it on weak current,
The eyes inevitably felt dreary with intoxication; blame it on the honey golden
alcohol,
The soul trembled for mercy; blame it on the sins of past life;
And the heart stopped throbbing; relinquishing to beat; blame it on
the compassionate love lost.

Nikhil Parekh

Blankets

When i slept on a razor sharp blanket of thorns,
tiny buds of needle pierced ashen white regions of my flesh,
painstakingly penetrating pliable arenas of supple skin,
prompting my rudimentary blood to ooze,
keeping me awake all throughout long hours of the autumn night.

As I camouflaged my body with a blanket of flower petal,
A mesmerizing fragrance enveloped sultry cocoons of atmosphere,
The aroma settling placidly under cloud covers of dusk,
truckloads of worries evaporated from top compartments of my mind,
And I felt invincibly drowned in bountiful scent of nature.

When I squirmed violently on a blanket of steaming slippery sand,
Minuscule shards of glass and dirt blended with profusely dripping sweat,
There was a feeling of intense abrasion all over my silhouette,
Accompanied with fiery desires to scratch my skin raw,
I suddenly felt soiled with an ocean of dirt,
Stood under the mountain springs to cleanse every iota of my blotted persona.

When I tossed in quiet contentment on a blanket of authentic cheddar cheese,
There came a battalion of red ant to nibble and gnaw,
King sized mice crept stealthily to devour the feast,
I myself felt suddenly hungry, witnessing the creatures relish their meal,
Thoroughly inspired I tore at solid chunks of salted milk,
Swallowing them with profound glee, satisfying my omnipotent gluttony for food.

I spent all day perched on blankets of perpetual love,
Sharing the traumatic agony of all in vicinity,
Catering to unsurpassable needs of my beloved,
Gratifying impoverished souls with chivalrous smiles,
I finally arrived at indispensable conclusions of clinging hard to this blanket,
For the remaining tenure of years I tread my feet as a human on this earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Bless Me With Love.

Every speck of my eye frantically wanted to sight it; insatiably yearning to witness its gloriously unfathomable and emphatically commiserating contours,

Every ingredient of my blood intransigently wanted to cherish it; relentlessly desiring to coalesce with its wonderfully resplendent essence of timelessly miraculous mankind,

Every pore of my skin desperately wanted to feel it; ebulliently unite with its rhapsodically bountiful swirl; till times beyond infinite infinity,

Every contour of my lip sensuously wanted to caress it; everlastingly imbibe its charismatically Omnipotent sweetness; the supremely invincible melody in its kiss,

Every space of my ear indefatigably wanted to hear it; perennially assimilate its wonderfully impregnable goodness; unassailably blend with benign fascination in its gregarious voice,

Every crevice of my spine unrelentingly wanted to possess it; impreguably bond with its eternally Omniscient aura; to forever cascade like the stream of uninhibitedly royal humanity,

Every line of my palm incorrigibly wanted to drift with it; perpetually make it the ultimate elixir to lead life; perpetually make it the ultimate destiny to symbiotically exist for a countless more lifetimes,

Every globule of my sweat tirelessly wanted to flirt with it; tantalizingly philander with its marvelously enchanting spirit; every unfurling minute of the day; as well as through the winds of the charming night,

Every toe of my foot incessantly wanted to tickle it; frolic in the aisles of unparalleled desire with its river of spell binding togetherness; be an integral part of its wave of unending compassion,

Every dimple on my cheek irrevocably wanted to admire it; blush like a freshly embellished and pristine bride; as its winds of enthrallingly ecstatic vivacity; were all that transcended over the entire planet,

Every chord of my brain irretrievably wanted to fantasize about it; be forever

profusely overwhelmed by its astoundingly artistic dexterity; its unsurpassably rejuvenating myriad of forms,

Every goose-bump on my belly fantastically wanted to dance with it; be gloriously titillated by its unprecedented fireball of thunderous sensuousness; be miraculously blessed by its Omnipotent mantra of mankind,

Every hair on my countenance irrefutably wanted to intermingle with it; replenish a whole new civilization of bountiful beauty; with each of its magically endowing and princely elements,

Every cringe on my forehead insatiably wanted to encapsulate it; beautifully feeling its harmoniously synergistic imagery; accepting it as the only and sole preaching to lead vibrantly euphoric life,

Every undulation of my eyelashes uncompromisingly wanted to savor it; flutter every now and again for its impeccably holistic soul; for its timelessly proliferating township of boundlessly everlasting beauty,

Every iota of my conscience synergistically wanted to harness it; unflinchingly march forward towards the path it drifted; saluting its victoriously blazing spirit for centuries unprecedented,

Every cranny of my nostril inexhaustibly wanted to breathe it; exhale its incredulously mesmerizing panacea for Global peace; metamorphose every disastrously beleaguered life into the epitome of sparkling prosperity with its divinely grace,

Every beat of my heart unconquerably wanted to bond with it; let its rhythm of Omnipresent jubilation; be the only reason to be forever alive,

Therefore I humbly pray to you O! Almighty Creator to bless each aspect of my existence with it; replenish each of my devastatingly frazzled senses with its immutable magic; and let those words "IT", be nothing else but immortal love in my penurious life.

Nikhil Parekh

Bless Me With Poetry.

My eyes felt like invidiously smoldering fireballs of tyrannical anguish; although everything around me; euphorically blossomed towards the resplendent corridors of unsurpassable eternity,

My hands felt like pathetically deadened corpses of lugubrious stone; although everything around me; compassionately craved to be benevolently caressed,

My stomach felt like a preposterously famished inferno slithering towards the aisles of nothingness; although everything around me; was an unfathomably replenished and tantalizing bowl of salubrious goodness,

My brain felt like a truculently lambasting dungeon; although everything around me; was blissfully gyrating to the tunes of astoundingly spell binding life,

My bloodstreams felt like frozen avalanches of brutally insipid ice; although everything around me; culminated with incredulously poignant vividness into a rainbow of panoramic aristocracy,

My fingers felt like irascibly rotten and torturously pulverized tomatoes; although everything around me; was an unbelievably gorgeous kaleidoscope of majestically unfurling artistry,

My lips felt like capriciously neglected and agonizingly burnt matchsticks; although everything around me; was an ingratiatingly overwhelming cloud of jubilant sensuousness; fervently waiting to be kissed,

My cheeks felt like gruesomely livid abuses of abhorrently orphaned hatred; although everything around me; was a beautifully embellished and voluptuously embellished bride,

My feet felt like sordidly rotten pancakes of dismally ghastly defeat; although everything around me; was a solely a trail of unassailably victorious footsteps,

My nose felt like an unsurpassable graveyard of horrifically penalizing stench; although everything around me; was a miraculously spawning garden of divinely scent,

My ears felt like abstrusely quaint stones of murderous deafness; although

everything around me; was ecstatically yelling with the unstoppable ardor to gloriously lead stupendously exhilarating life,

My hair felt like derogatorily bald wires of viciously stabbing venom; although everything around me; was ebulliently rustling in the miraculously Omniscient and enamoring breeze,

My skin felt like a vindictively sweating orphanage of unlimited despair; although everything around me; was an aristocratically blissful cloud of ravishing beauty and tranquilly charming graciousness,

My voice felt like a horrendously dumb door of an insanely disheartening mental asylum; although everything around me; was melodiously triggering an island of boundlessly everlasting compassion,

My neck felt like an inconspicuously vandalized piece of soggy shit; although everything around me; was a marvelously titillating landscape of fervently timeless beauty; propelling even the most alien of organism to bend in submissive obeisance,

My conscience felt like a disgustingly arid mountain of heinously sinister lies; although everything around me; was the irrefutably unconquerable shadow of divinely truth,

My breath felt like a traumatically asphyxiating whiplash of ever-augmenting desperation; although everything around me; was a paradise of extraordinarily fructifying air; victoriously galloping forward every unleashing minute of the day,

My heart felt like a profusely bombarded township of betrayal; although everything around me; was a civilization of perennially burgeoning camaraderie; an unshakably palatial mansion of majestically immortal love,

And that is exactly what happened when I didn't pen down the inner most fulminations of my heart for just a single instant; let alone the permutations of an entire day,

It is therefore my humble plea to you O! Almighty Lord; to bless me with impregnable poetry every unfurling minute of the day; so that I not only survive the destined quota of my life; but continue to serve humanity and symbiotically exist for a countless more lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Bless My Heart

Bless my hands with indomitable fortitude; to coin my own destiny; irrespective of the uncouthly treacherous labyrinth of lines on my palms,

Bless my eyes with the tenacity to stay open even in the most acrimonious of storm; so that I relished the true essence of insurmountably exuberant adventure,

Bless my nose with the resilient prowess to tolerate the most ghastliest of odor; making me chivalrously accept the stupendously exotic; as well as the deathly bad,

Bless my feet with the ardor to trespass on a blanket of thorns; construct a palace of grandiloquent gold for my comrades in inexplicable pain; with droplets of my scarlet blood,

Bless my lips with the virtue of celestial smiles; merrily twinkling for times immemorial; even as the blood froze abruptly in my veins,

Bless my voice with a rhapsodically unending melody; inundating the darkest corners of the astronomically colossal Universe with optimistic rays of hope and cheer,

Bless my mind with an unrelenting capacity to fantasize; dreaming about the most mesmerizing sights on this planet; the most marvelously impeccable organisms wandering all around,

Bless my demeanor with a magical enchantment; to harbor disastrously orphaned children; uninhibitedly in the swirl of its amicably compassionate caress,

Bless my blood with insatiable desires; the euphoria to reach untamed heights of passion; proliferating astoundingly as each second unveiled,

Bless my hair with a boisterously blazing fervor; so that they swished majestically under the Omnipotent light of the divinely Sun,

Bless my soul with spirit to exist for centuries unprecedented; so that I always lived life higher than the clouds; and afforded the same for all those who needed

my shoulders to lean upon,

Bless my fingers to write infinite words even after they bled; producing an unsurpassable chain of literature; triggering the chords of the obviously dormant imagination,

Bless my stomach with the simplistic essence of surviving on rustic fruit and water; relinquishing the overwhelmingly spurious pretensions of my pompously inflated tongue,

Bless my dwelling with a wave of perennial contentment; philanthropically harboring every dreary traveler who had inadvertently lost his way,

Bless my shadow with a poignantly healing touch; alleviating the aggrieved instantaneously of their heinous suffering; the instant it softly caressed them,

Bless my paths with irrefutable winds of unflinching courage; which inevitably triggered me to gallop towards my mission of embracing all humanity; one and alike,

Bless my religion with an everlasting and poignant aroma of humanity; perpetuating me pacify all dispute arising out of sanctimoniously preposterous caste and creed,

Bless my breath with a tumultuously passionate ardor to bask in the glory of the present; enjoy each moment of unveiling life to the most unfathomable limits,

Bless my conscience with sacred arrow of invincible righteousness; engendering me to perpetually transgress on the path of truth; come what may,

And bless my heart with immortal love; O! Almighty Lord; for not only this existence; but for infinite more lives of mine; irrespective of the form you decided to create me; irrespective of the soil you made me tread to prove my might.

Nikhil Parekh

Blessed Or Not Blessed

If the whites of my eyes were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but the Omnipotent contours of your magnanimously disseminating face,

If my fingers were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but the charismatically eternal folds of your bountifully redolent palms,

If my feet were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your unceasingly sacrosanct impressions; upon the intrepidly unflinching trajectory of this stupendously mellifluous Universe,

If my blood was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your spirit of timelessly impregnable humanity; the unfathomable ocean of blissful brotherhood that brilliantly drifted from even the most infinitesimal of your senses,

If my scalp was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your wonderfully gregarious and unconquerably divine pat,

If my ears were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your Omnisciently mitigating and inimitably spell binding voice,

If my bones were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your peerlessly Herculean tenacity; to perennially tower up for the cause
of philanthropically divine righteousness,

If my lips were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your eternally resplendent and unshakably embracing smile,

If my throat was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your perpetually unhindered sweetness; which proliferated more indomitably than ever; in the mightiest of storms,

If my eyelashes were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your unequivocally simplistic embellishment; which inexhaustibly glistened as the most priceless imagery; in the fathomlessly never-ending Universe,

If my arms were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your insuperably marvelous sweat; from which radiated the true essence
of majestically truthful perseverance,

If my reflection was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your stupendously unfathomably royalty; your invincibly Omnipresent aura; that sent chills down to the last spine of every tangible and intangible devil,

If my chin was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your unsurpassably endless meadow of pristine mischief; your astoundingly unbeatable ability to enlighten even the most morbidly eviscerating of atmosphere,

If my shoulders were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your spirit of unbelievably Samaritan togetherness; poignantly coalescing every fraternity of living kind,

If my voice was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your sacredly unparalleled ideals; which handsomely liberated the entire treacherously estranged planet; like the wail of a innocuously new born child,

If my persona was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your infallibly fragrant tenacity; to wade through the most cannibalistically parasitic of hurdles; like an unfettered silken prince,

If my conscience was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your everlasting voice of symbiotically humanitarian existence; which uninhibitedly let mother earth proliferate for times beyond infinite infinity,

If my breath was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your unending exhilaration to surge forward towards the heavens of goodness; even after the coffins of veritably pulverizing death,

But irrespective of whether my heart was forever blessed or not to hold just a single thing; its beats would still hold nothing else but the river of your immortal love; the sky of humanitarian godliness which enshrouded everything fathomless kilometers around you and the center of your regale chest

Blessedly Alive

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet fathomless and unfathomably majestic; uncouthly scowled at me; disparagingly disapproving the most celestial of my impeccable gestures,
If you smiled at me just an infinitesimal trifle; triggering untamed fireballs of optimistic desire; in my mind; body and devastatingly dithering spirit.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet gregarious and resplendently bountiful; treacherously plotted against me; to vindictively incarcerate me in; webs of diabolical depravation and manipulative malice,
If you just stood unflinchingly for a minute by my side in brilliantly flamboyant light as well as remorsefully ghastly darkness; transpiring me to metamorphose every wish of my impoverished heart; into an impregnably eternal reality.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet boundless and stupendously magical; barbarically nailed me to my morbidly morose grave; although I rhapsodically galloped forward; in the vibrantly pristine prime of life,
If you just caressed me tenderly on my forehead with your miraculously fragrant palms; propelling me to soar above the clouds of philanthropic fantasy for times immemorial; take a countless more births amidst benign mankind; in this single lifetime of mine.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet ravishing and intriguingly fathomless; didn't crown me with a single accolade; brutally condemning and castigating me; for the most priceless piece of art that diffused from my poignant veins,
If you just said "Well Done" from your invincibly Omnipotent mouth; making me feel the most irrefutably opulent man alive; with all assimilated richness
lingering on this planet; blissfully descending over each of my disastrously despicable senses.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet timeless and marvelously fabulous; ruthlessly kicked me to realms of deplorably nonchalant submission; relentlessly making me lick nothing but threadbare mountains of dirt; from rotting soil,
If you just gave me an inconspicuous iota of space in your divine lap; not only pacifying my tyrannized agony of a countless years; but perpetually ensuring that I unequivocally mitigated the suffering; of all inexplicably shivering mankind.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet boundless and ingratiatingly glorious; satanically spat on my debilitated countenance; worse than a vulture excoriating apart its gruesomely stinking carrion,
If you bequeathed upon me the honor; of feeling just your single breath; which instantaneously transited me into an unconquerably euphoric slumber; making me
wholesomely oblivious to the unsurpassably sinister vagaries; of the commercial world outside.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet infinite and voluptuously majestic; mercilessly stole all my incomprehensible ocean of fantastic dreams; drowning me insidiously into a hurricane of despondently conventional rules and regulations,
If you just winked for an instant with your Omnisciently beautiful eyelids; ebulliently transiting me back into realms of impeccable childhood; when uninhibitedly philandered and frolicked; in the divinely warmth of my only goddess; who was my royal mother.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet perpetual and grandiloquently everlasting; parasitically sucked the last iota of blood from my body; and then left me to die in a dungeon of menacing scorpions; while they rejoiced in
crimson wine and vixen; merrily outside,
If you kissed me just once with your Omnipresently sacred lips; which annihilated the very essence of obsolete sorrow and crippling misery; forever from the chapter of my painstakingly staggering life.

And I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet twinkling and ecstatically gigantic; hated and treated me worse than they could treat their own shit; ominously pulverizing every innocuously benign deed of mine; with bizarre swords of heinous prejudice,
If you just gave me a single heartbeat of your immortally palpitating and enchantingly sacrosanct heart; blessing me with unassailable virtue of shedding my life tirelessly for my immaculately afflicted comrades; and yet towering tall from the ashes; as exuberantly bouncing; and BLESSEDLY ALIVE.

Nikhil Parekh

Blessedly Immortal

If you stretched the already magnanimously inflated balloon beyond a point; it would vindictively burst; perpetuating the incredibly celestial atmosphere with unrelentingly thunderous gasps and treacherously cacophonous moans,

If you stretched the already fathomlessly roaring ocean beyond a point; it would ominously drown quintessentially breathing trajectories of civilization in mortuaries of salt and extravagant froth,

If you stretched the already boundlessly sweltering desert beyond a point; they would acrimoniously scorch the fabric of compassionately moistened existence; into inanely threadbare ash,

If you stretched the already mercilessly overworked body beyond a point; it would traumatically disintegrate into graveyards of treacherously evaporating nothingness,

If you stretched the already fantastically discovering artist beyond a point; he would lamely surrender the unsurpassably endless creative energies of his brain to the doldrums of disparagingly lecherous commercialism,

If you stretched the already vividly iridescent rainbow beyond a point; it would ludicrously distort into a pit of amorphously decrepit meaninglessness,

If you stretched the already patriotically blazing soldier beyond a point; he would lugubriously collapse to blend with lackluster worthlessness; instead of peerlessly marching for his insurmountably sacrosanct mother soil,

If you stretched the already magnanimously milking cow beyond a point; it would start to ooze torturously flagrant blood and worthless water; instead of diffusing into a cistern of inimitably unparalleled milk,

If you stretched the already tirelessly ticking clock beyond a point; it would abruptly cease to function; miserably staggering in the hell of inexplicably maniacal insecurity,

If you stretched the already ferociously roaring lion beyond a point; it would vituperatively vomit out the most scrumptiously tantalizing of its prey; in utterly unbearable frustration,

If you stretched the already spellbindingly blossoming tree beyond a point; it would abhorrently diffuse the stench of bizarre rottenness; nonchalantly shedding its fruit by the dozen; instead of evolving into a heaven of glorious freshness,

If you stretched the already wholesomely blackened night beyond a point; it would waft nothing else but a maelstrom of despairingly penalizing misery; in every symbiotically living organism alike,

If you stretched the already rhapsodically mellifluous nightingale beyond a point; it would culminate into nothing else but dolorously beleaguered cacophony for an infinite more moments yet to unveil,

If you stretched the already earnestly perspiring body beyond a point; it would resort to a plethora of shortcuts to thrive ensure its survival as the fittest; amongst the devilishly cannibalistic pack of wolves,

If you stretched the already intransigently flaming candle beyond a point; it would insipidly melt into a pool of capriciously wanton wax; repulsively shirking away from even the most mercurial trace of light,

If you stretched the already unfathomably embellished castle beyond a point; it would belligerently transform into a corpse of satanically monotonous boredom and inexorable hopelessness,

If you stretched the already beautifully ripened mango beyond a point; it would raucously excoriate apart into a countless bits of meaningless pulp; tirelessly cursing the stupidly bizarre environment around,

If you stretched the already smiling face beyond a point; it would luridly dissolve into livid prejudice; spreading nothing but preposterously castigating enmity around,

It you stretched the already irrefutably righteous conscience beyond a point; it would inadvertently make way for a hurricane of hideously derogatory lies,

But if you stretched the already handsomely breathing spirit of love beyond a point; it would altruistically envelop countless more in its compassionately Godly swirl; it would become a cascade of perennial enlightenment for every organism

symbiotically

existing; it would unconquerably metamorphose even the most evanescent iota of pain into a fountain of resplendently blessed happiness; it would forever and ever and ever become BLESSEDLY IMMORTAL.

Nikhil Parekh

Blessedly Reborn

When I kissed you on your marvelously rubicund lips; I felt as if floating in the bountifully pristine paradise; with every bit of happiness on this fathomless planet; mine and perpetually mine,

When I kissed you on your ingeniously sculptured forehead; I felt as if even the most inconspicuously infidel ingredient of my blood; had forever metamorphosed into a lake of insuperably divine righteousness,

When I kissed you on your daintily artistic fingers; I felt as if even the most insidiously diabolical of monotony on this boundless earth; had transformed into a fountain of perennially unhindered rhapsody,

When I kissed you on your sensuously moistened throat; I felt the most blessed organism on this gargantuan Universe; unsurpassably culminating into a fireball of unceasingly effulgent delight,

When I kissed you on your ebulliently newborn eyelashes; I felt that the entire newness of this miraculously ameliorating planet; was now embedded for times immemorial; profoundly into the dormitories of my soul,

When I kissed you on your tantalizingly nubile belly; I felt as to why was the entire planet unrelentingly engaged in ruthlessly bombarding war; when ultimate victory was just a compassionate caress away,

When I kissed you on your majestically seductive cheeks; I felt as if the most torrentially blessing rainfall was cascading from the Omnipotent skies; magically mitigating me of the most inexplicably cancerous of my disease,

When I kissed you on your astoundingly sensitive ears; I felt as if everything around me had come to an intractable standstill; with the most thunderously demonic screams miserably floundering to have the tiniest of impact on my celestially everlasting reverie,

When I kissed you on your jubilantly ravishing nape; I felt every puff of the atmosphere to be an unbelievably charismatic flower of solidarity; enlightening every aspect of my lugubriously plaintive existence with unlimitedly benign care,

When I kissed you on your optimistically venerated feet; I felt as if my search for the Omniscient divine had ended here itself; with even the most infinitesimally

faulty aspect of my survival now replaced with the infallibly invincible armor of eternal truth,

When I kissed you on your affably glistening armpits; I felt even the most ethereal pore of my skin transcend the aisles of infinite infinity; sing in ever-pervading unison with the laws of pricelessly symbiotic existence,

When I kissed you on your eclectically vivacious shadow; I felt as there was not the most diminutive trace of depression on this limitless planet; as if my body was evolved just to unfathomably fantasize and rest,

When I kissed you on your resplendently enamoring tongue; I felt timelessly philandering in a heaven of incredulously unending enchantment; where my thirst for every pricelessly panoramic thing of life was quenched to the most unprecedented limits,

When I kissed you on your altruistically philanthropic shoulders; I felt closer than ever to every fraternity of unassailable humanity; synergistically blending with its myriad infinite colors of unshakable togetherness,

When I kissed you on your magnificently inebriating chin; I felt cloudbursts of unfettered exhilaration ignite in even the most evanescent of my senses; as I intrepidly galloped through the seas of never-ending adventure,

When I kissed you on your freshly bathed bosom; I felt myself to be the most astoundingly virile man on the trajectory of this unending Universe; proliferating into timelessly endowing newness in just one singularly truncated lifetime,

When I kissed you on your enigmatically euphoric panic-button; I felt the highest apogee of every source of vibrantly palpitating life; plummeting face-on into such a valley of unparalleled excitement; which had simply no end,

When I kissed you on your fierily breathing nostrils; I felt the most passionately impregnable entity alive; even an infinite feet beneath my morbidly delinquent corpse,

And when I kissed you on your immortally victorious heart; I felt as if the Omnipresent Creator had granted me a countless more lives in a single lifetime; as if I had freshly arisen from the graveyard of the most ghastliest of death; to be blessedly reborn.

Blessing You

The water when imprisoned within the crystalline walls of mock glass; profusely abused you for mischievously toying and consuming it,
However the same imparted unprecedented showers of untamed exhilaration; as you left it to cascade freely from the slopes of the mesmerizing Himalayas.

The birds when imprisoned within diabolical bars of circus cage; wept a thousand tears; fervently missing their counterparts soaring merrily amidst the clouds,
However the same inundated your mundane ears with unfathomable melody; as you left them to flap fabulously under the golden carpet of free Sunshine.

The creepers when imprisoned in sleazily artificial pots; cursed you every unveiling second for painstakingly strangulating their immaculate breath;
exposing them to your worthless society,
However the same triggered fireballs of unsurpassable passion in your every night; as you left them to wander rampantly in the mystically moonlit forests.

The lips when imprisoned by your sonorous demeanor and clenched teeth;
pugnaciously rebelled you to the point of despicable extinction,
However when the same blossomed into all the smiles of your celestial life; as you left them to naturally stretch beyond the summits of the gorgeous valley.

The horse when imprisoned in an everlasting myriad of buckles and straddle;
insidiously neighed you the cry of a ghastly death,
However the same transported you to help when you were dying; as you left it to thunderously philander through the honey coated pathways of the hills.

The lid when imprisoned by your irrevocable stubbornness; pledged to make you relinquish your sight; the moments you desired it the most,
However the same won you the ultimate love of your life; as you left it to flirtatiously wink; as Omnipotent light filtered harmoniously from the skies.

The dreams when imprisoned by your mantras of manipulative commercialism;
irrefutably decided to devastate you for murdering their heavenly aura with barbaric malice,
However the same made you the most richest entity on this colossal Universe; as you left them to unrelentingly unleash till times beyond absolute eternity.

The slave when imprisoned within the heinous walls of your lecherous society;
ardently prayed to poison your breath; as he polished the floors of your mansion

with
his tongue while you luxuriously slept,
However the same was the sole warrior who defended you from the most
inconspicuous of evil in air; when you left him to explore a fantastically beautiful
world of his own.

And the heart when imprisoned in chains of the conventional planet; cast a spell
upon all tangible existing to metamorphose them into brutally squashed stones,
However the same blessed you with an infinite lives beyond the most wildest of
your imagination; as you left it to throb for the purpose it was created; for the
purpose it wanted to wholesomely love and embrace.

Nikhil Parekh

Blocked Nose

Ordinarily I would have heard the sound humming several kilometers away; with my lobes flapping lazily in temperate cocoons of air,
But today I snored thunderously expending my lungs to the most unprecedented capacity; even when a battalion of savage panthers roared menacingly into my ears.

Ordinarily I would have smelt food even when in the heart of deep sleep; insatiably drawn towards it like bolts of white lightning plummeting down from the sky,
But today I presumed it to be slabs of ghoulish stone; infinite daggers ready to permeate my skin; as I trespassed past it with tears of exasperation flooding my eyes.

Ordinarily I would have forgiven hordes of pertinent children fiddling around me; entirely overlooking their flurry of innocuously mischievous gestures; as they naughtily plucked my hair,
But today I ran with a broomstick in my hands; shooping them away to the most fathomless limits as they cast the most evanescent of shadow into my sacred territory.

Ordinarily I would have waited for times immemorial to hear the voice of the nightingale; blissfully inhaling mountainfulls of mesmerizing air into the voluptuous jacket of my lungs,
But today I beat my fists left; right and center; almost fractured my palms into countless pieces; waiting in frantic desperation for the bird to arrive.

Ordinarily I would have drifted into a land of insurmountably tantalizing fantasy as I philandered freely in a garden of seductive roses; nimbly caressing the ravishing festoon of crimson petals,
But today I ruthlessly ripped the shrub from its tiniest of root; stashed it uncouthly into the realms of the dilapidated dustbin; for making me deafeningly sneeze.

Ordinarily I would have profoundly engrossed myself into the beauty of the brilliantly dazzling Sun; relentlessly admiring the infinite myriad of its sweltering beams; which magnificently sizzled the gloomy planet,
But today I ran maniacally into the cloistered room; miserably shoved my head under the flimsy blanket; encapsulated my entire caricature with straw; from the

most inconspicuous rays of the outside world.

Ordinarily I would have taken inexorably meticulous care in sorting out the coat of grey; scattered frugally on the trajectory of my leaning scalp,
But today I made myself gruesomely bald; tearing apart the exotic follicles in a single stretch like an insane lunatic; slithering in the corridors of hopeless captivity.

Ordinarily I would have obediently followed each of my boss's commands; stooping humbly in front of his domineering demeanor; enticing him in giving me a robust increment,
But today I kicked him satanically in his backside for not catering to my needs; hurtled the colossal sheaf of papers right into the white's of his eye; along with the stale cup of coffee he stingily fed me for refreshment.

Ordinarily I would have desired that life continued till times unsurpassable; with each minute unveiling into blissful shades of tranquilly placid existence,
But today I wanted to sky rocket to my last day of survival; completely disappear for eternity into traces of cold air; rather than blowing my nose raw; expelling a slurry of alien matter in astronomical tons by the unfurling second; bearing inevitably
with the tyranny of a blocked nose.

Nikhil Parekh

Blood Red Apple Juice

I flung pointed pebbles leaning on the balcony rail,
gnawed incessantly at my soft finger flesh,
poked at entangled knots of hair mixing long fingernails with scalp zone,
spit loads of saliva on pavements of stale concrete,
kicked violently at loose chunks of sand lying unattended,
tore every bit of transparent cloth in close proximity,
trampled on infinite insects that lurked infuriatingly across my way,
devoured solid bones of calcium, crushing them with my teeth,
peeled crisp wall paint in plenty with incoherent strokes of footnail,
ripped triangular caps from compressed bottles of soda drink,
spilled jars containing carbon ink on satiny covers of the bedroom mattress,
plucked masses of grass blades rolling languidly in undulating landscape of the
garden,
transformed pencil ends to distorted junk by repetitive chewing,
added tones of salt to fruit juice before consumption,
pedaled my bicycle till a river of sweat descended down my neck,
revolved my body in clockwise journeys at electric beats of music,
trimmed waste hair emanating sparsely from twin nostrils,
applied scented lotion to the back of palm to revitalize skin,
roamed aimlessly through solitary streets at the onset of midnight.
Weird situations of nil work had made me fidgety,
Obsessions for exorbitant adventure seemed to be fast fading,
I strolled at fast pace across the periphery of my fruit orchard,
Clambered up a tall tree bearing blood red apple,
Snatched it deftly from within its house of Green leaf,
Drank sweet juice charged with small pints of ravishing flavour,
From deep cores within its delicately tender heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Blotches

I sprinkled bountiful water on the cluster of tree leaves; granting their surface a scintillating radiance and shine,
Yet they developed disdainful blotches of dust on their persona; as the rustic wind blew in wild draughts.

I polished the marble with moulds of wax and feathery sponge; continued to do so until it glistened,
Yet it developed a series of blue blotches; as the toddlers unwittingly spilled globules of writing ink.

I wore a crisp cotton shirt entwined with threads of white silk in the morning; meticulously wiping of all the dirt with my snake brush,
Yet it developed a blend of obnoxious blotches; as the tyranny of Sun and perspiration overpowered me in entirety.

I voraciously scrubbed the wall using a lather of antiseptic foam; scrupulously cleansing all the unwanted grime,
Yet it developed infinite blotches and irregular scars minutes later; as the cars traversing blew a load of contaminated gutter water.

I tenaciously rubbed the interiors of the cloistered well using battens of steel; made sure that the grease and stale algae was thoroughly annihilated,
Yet the surface developed blotches of black mud along with a fleet of incorrigible termite; as a few nights passed by.

I rigorously scraped all the mud from the Temple bells; making their demeanor sparkle in the midday Sun,
Yet they developed a plethora of blotches juxtaposed with ghastly stains; as scores of devotees incessantly rang them creating a pandemonium.

I delicately chiseled streaks of condensed clay from my fingernail; to render it with a salubrious complexion,
Yet it developed painted blotches stuffed with trapped particles; a few hours after I consumed my meal of boiled rice.

I stringently brushed my bare bruise with a concoction of medicinal balm and ointment; to eradicate prevailing infection,
Yet it developed hostile blotches; seconds later when it was exposed to acerbic atmosphere.

I adroitly brushed off briquettes of soil from my pet dogs skin; bathing him
in a tub replete with soapy foam,
Yet he developed irrevocable blotches of green on his skin; after rolling
uninhibitedly in the grass.

It was now the turn of my beloved; I made her stand in the most blistering of
fire; the most savage of oceans; the most lecherous of society,
She withstood the test with tumultuous endurance; escaped without a single
indentation on all occasions; facing an army of acrimonious tests in her life,
And the most astounding thing was; she didn't acquire any scars; her heart was
as pure as gold; her character immaculate and her conscience was free of the
remotest of blotch.

Nikhil Parekh

Bomb Blast

The kids somersaulted on the carpet green grass,
digging holes in fresh mud with plastic spade,
Whirling flying saucers that went whizzing past the blueberry tree,
Yelling at full capacity of lung whilst playing games of red Indian.
The housewife bustled through interiors of the kitchen,
Singing favorite notes of Egyptian music,
Chopping pieces of meat with immaculate ease,
Dispatching rotten eggs to safe enclosures of the dustbin,
Preparing appetizing meals of corn with slices of cold meat.
He had reason to be a proud man,
Years of strife before he climbed the ladders of success,
Now bestowed with a blissful little family,
He paced through corridors of the large balcony with the newly born child in his
arms.
All seemed to be going well,
He seemed to have struck a balance between work and perennial fortune,
Before he attended the shrill ringing of the punch button telephone,
A hoarse voice croaked, then burst into guffaws of laughter,
Informing him of death fast approaching,
As several bombs were activated in the red sedan,
Which now sped out of the driveway, carrying his twin children and wife.
He ran like never before, screamed at the top of his nerve wrecked voice,
Tall legs transporting him outside in flash seconds of time,
But for once destiny had played a cruel joke,
There occurred an earth shattering explosion,
Amber balls of fire emanated with smoke,
Pieces of car seat plummeted high in the sky,
The car spun several revolutions before settling on the ground,
He ran to the scene with premature tears welling up his eyes,
To witness the carcass of his family,
Triggered by the brutally inhuman Bomb blast

Nikhil Parekh

Boredom

I viewed television for long hours on the trot,
Flickering images of the screen flooding inert regions of my eye,
I suddenly felt my head throbbing like a thousand needles,
And I shut my eyes with ardent fervor; to avoid getting blatantly bored.

I swam with zealous strokes in sapphire blue waters of the swimming pool,
Floating occasionally with my vision riveted to the placid moon,
The exuberance prevalent at the start was slowly dwindling,
And the very perception of crossing parallel stretches of water,
Rendered me feeling dreadful and bored.

I drove my parrot green automobile at breathtaking speeds,
Manoeuvring dexterously through sharp bends of the valley,
With mesmerizing tunes o music piercing me like steel arrows,
Days sped into ghastly nights; the rally was yet far from accomplished,
And I prayed fervently to god to exit from this utterly boring rigmarole.

I sprawled a bunch of dotted cards on the fur topped desk,
Shuffling them with meticulous precision and care,
With a scintillating bottle of rum lying by my side;
As the vigils of dusk took a stranglehold on day,
the once coherent images; struck me as indecipherably blurred,
twin pairs of my eyes were bored; succumbing gladly to indispensable sleep.

I chanted unrelentingly the mantra of God,
Swaying with robust energy to the omniscient personality of the Creator,
Drowned in totality with the essence of celestial rays,
Fulfilling the imperative quota of duties; towards my counterpart human being,
The ritual slaughtered traces of boredom from my life;
Reinforcing exasperated avenues of my mind with the vastness of spiritual
creation.

Nikhil Parekh

Born Only To

Both of us were born only to play with each other, uninhibitedly philander in the aisles of timeless beauty and insatiable desire; behind the honey soaked meadows of the eternal hills,

Both of us were born only to discover each other; unrelentingly bond ourselves in the mists of untamed sensuousness; as tumblers of torrentially golden rain pelted mystically from the fathomless sky,

Both of us were born only to caress each other; intransigently envelop our nimbly shivering bodies with the winds of perennially augmenting passion; seductively arouse the most morbidly deadened pores of my crimson skin,

Both of us were born only to admire each other; stoop down in due adulation of God's most ravishingly blessed creation; perpetually surging ahead in life under the carpet of golden sunshine,

Both of us were born only to share with each other; amicably exploring all the versatility hidden in our benign souls; ubiquitously disseminating the same to even the most obliviously remote corner of this gigantic Universe,

Both of us were born only to wink at each other; mischievously reminisce the most gloriously cherished memories of our blissful childhood; timelessly gallivant through the aisles of innocently unlimited fantasy,

Both of us were born only to surge forward with each other; triumphantly conquer every obstacle that came our way; to escalate to the summits of philanthropically benevolent success,

Both of us were born only to feed each other; synergistically replenishing our diminutive conscience's; with the fruits of irrefutable truth and heavenly timelessness,

Both of us were born only to support each other; impregably unite in the waves of unassailable solidarity; to scrap even the tiniest trace of invidiously evil from the trajectory of this fathomless earth,

Both of us were born only to inspire each other; spawn a civilization of celestial goodness on every step that we tread; diffuse our unsurpassable repertoire of humanity; to all those disparagingly deprived of jubilant happiness,

Both of us were born only to glorify each other; weave an entrenchment of exotically voluptuous beauty; on even the most infinitesimally disappearing speck of solitude; that confronted us in our ebullient way,

Both of us were born only to defend each other; stand as an invincibly towering fortress in the face of even the most devastatingly crippling disaster; to sequester all innocent humanity from the hands of the vicious devil,

Both of us were born only to listen to each other; bask full throttle in the glory of melodiously enchanting sound; innocuously assimilate even the most minutest cadence of euphoria; from the ingratiatingly Omnipotent atmosphere,

Both of us were born only to embrace each other; interlock our bodies in the sacrosanct swirl of unending passion; to spawn a freshly optimistic tomorrow; with our very own scarlet blood,

Both of us were born only to stare at each other; marvelously decipher the infinite labyrinths of seductive enthrallment; that sprouted bloomingly from the inner most arenas of our heart and soul,

Both of us were born only to kiss each other; perennially intermingle our lips in the handsome fire of an everlasting relationship; profuse devour the sweetness of beautifully resplendent creation,

Both of us were born only to fantasize of each other; unfathomably perceiving the most exotically enamoring ingredients of blessed creation; transpiring the world
to coalesce forever; into the religion of priceless humanity,

Both of us were born only to breathe with each other; majestically exhaling and inhaling ecstatic air together; to humbly proliferate a sea of humanitarian empathy; on every quarter of the globe besieged with tyrannically uncouth commercialism,

And both of us were born only to love each other; immortally bond the beats of our tirelessly beating hearts in the winds of unshakable passion and enigma; till the last moment we lived; and infinite more births yet to come.

Nikhil Parekh

Born To Love

Fantasizers were born to unrelentingly dream; frolic euphorically in a land of surreally fabulous seduction,

Artists were born to vibrantly evolve; diffuse the most poignant infernos fulminating in the profoundly mesmerizing recesses of their soul,

Businessmen were born to dexterously manipulate; shrewdly weave webs of astute give and profitable take,

Birds were born to boisterously chirp; enshroud each arena besieged with insurmountable gloom; with the passionate fervor of life,

Frogs were born to disdainfully croak; creepily bounce in remorsefully stagnant water; with a despondently smug smile entrenching their snouts,

Parrots were born to fantastically emulate; replicate even the most inconspicuous tunes; of their tyrannically uncouth master,

Kings were born to royally rule; govern fathomless civilizations with great vigor and aristocracy; like beads of scintillating pearls cascading from voluptuous sky,

Oceans were born to spray tangy salt and ebullience; undulate into a ravishingly ecstatic fountain of perpetual enthrallment,

Vultures were born to hedonistically pluck at innocent flesh; feast and have the time of their lives; on a mountain of abominably rotting carrion,

Cows were born to yield sacrosanct festoons of impeccable milk; pacify the wails of every new born organism; on the trajectory of this gregariously boundless planet,

Patriots were born to irrevocably defend their motherland; sequester the revered soil on which they tread; from even the most infinitesimal iota of lecherous betrayal,

Stones were born to sulk in ludicrously mock silence; remain more frozen than murderously white ice; even as the world took birth and died outside,

Roses were born to disseminate gorgeous clouds of scent; rekindle the rapidly

extinguishing philanderer in insensitively plodding tycoons,

Sharks were born to irrefutably rule the sea; menacingly churn their way through hordes of small fish and fiercely turbulent rafts of white water,

Rats were born to mischievously munch at tantalizing cheese; infiltrate a myriad of scornful holes in embellished cloth and gargantuan fabric,

Leaves were born to euphorically rustle into mists of everlasting yearning; propel thunderbolts of exultating breeze; which made you soar above the realms of monotonously pragmatic space,

Rainbows were born to mystically enchant; trigger insurmountable cloudbursts of vivacious nostalgia; in your gruesomely commercial persona,

Dogs were born to intransigently bark; pierce the titillating iridescence of the night; with their unfathomably rambunctious flurry of disgruntled sound,

Nostrils were born to inhale and exhale precious air; inevitably carry on the chapter of gloriously exotic existence,

But all of us irrespective of caste; creed; or color; were born to immortally love; proliferate God's incomprehensibly bountiful planet with countless more of our kind; be integral elements of blessedly beautiful creation; be indispensable threads and religions of; unconquerable mankind

Nikhil Parekh

Both Me And My Wife

It was impossible to clap with a single palm; no matter how turbulently I swished it in the air,
So in order that sound be produced and noise be heard; both my palms needed to come abysmally close and strike.

It was impossible to run with a single leg; no matter how much passion I ignited in my eyes,
So in order to win the race with nonchalant ease; both my legs needed to caress the ground; and then sprint like a panther towards the finishing line.

It was impossible to see with one eye; no matter how far I stretched and revolved it without respite,
So in order to sight the entire universe; profoundly admire mesmerizing beauty on this planet; both my eyes needed to move in harmony; and capture living organisms alive.

It was impossible to hear with a single ear; no matter how alert I kept it all throughout the night,
So in order to catch each intricate voice existing; coherently decipher the mystical tunes of life; both my ears needed to pop up in exhilaration; hear the far cries
before anyone else might.

It was impossible to breathe with a single nostril; no matter how hard I tried to avoid being suffocated; even with gusty bellow of wind blowing by,
So in order to blissfully inhale pristine air in vicinity; sleep like a king under the stars; both my nostrils needed to suckle in breeze and blend with the ravishing night.

It was impossible to eat food from only one corner of the mouth; no matter how incorrigibly I tried to use teeth protruding from that side,
So in order to chew the most succulent of meals; digest the most voluptuous of leaf; both my cheeks needed to participate in the process; devouring food; water and sweets with supreme contentment.

It was impossible to write with one finger; no matter the infinite number of times I tried to hoist the jewel studded pen,
So in order to emboss boundless lines of literature; inundate every nook and cranny of white paper with exquisite calligraphy; both my fingers needed to

dance in synchronization; race with pleasure to express their might.

It was impossible to kiss with only one lip; no matter how dexterously I tried to rub it against my beloved,
So in order to trigger off flames of desire; exult in the aisles of fiery romance;
both my lips needed to move in fervor; explore the sweetness and taste of
offered by
life.

And It was impossible for me on my own to evolve another of my kind; no matter how many prayers and penance I offered to the Almighty,
So in order to procreate my progeny; and keep the world forever moving; both me and my wife needed to blend together into chords of perpetual love; to ensure that the world never ended; and there was always someone at some point in time; breathing alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Both The Hands Of My Creator

Even if the entire world kicked me brutally in my rear; not accepting me for my aberrant behavior and eccentric way of living,

Even if the entire world considered me as an untouchable; repelling a thousand meters away from me; complaining about foul stench,

Even if the entire world perceived me as horrendously black; a profoundly appalling sight to confront with even in the blackest of night,

Even if the entire world thought me to be an imbecile buffoon; not possessing the ability to converse eloquently; stuttering miserably at every word I spoke,

Even if the entire world conceived me to be cold ice; lazily staring into open space without moving a single finger in the day,

Even if the entire world banged me incorrigibly hard in the stomach; kept me famished for fortnights on the trot under the sweltering fire ball of Sun,

Even if the entire world banished me from every religion; stripping me of my rustic attire; incarcerating each part of my body in hideously gleaming chains,

Even if the entire world laughed at me incessantly for my indigenous and village like voice; vehemently condemned me for not adhering to the norms of the supremely sophisticated society,

Even if the entire world refrained to talk to me; sneering at me scornfully for not following a spurious chain of religious policies,

Even if the entire world spat at me for growing an abysmally long beard; not walking on the roads with my arms and legs perfectly aligned and in excellent synchronization,

Even if the entire world whipped me for choosing an unconventional path of writing poetry; not marching towards office at the stringent unfurling of 9 'O' clock in the morning; interacting with an ambience overwhelmingly laden with glamour and stupendous gaiety,

Even if the entire world tenaciously opposed my virtue of speaking the most bitter of truth; lying naked on the streets when I could I have easily earned

millions by uttering a string of blatant lies,

Even if the entire world furtively chalked policies to defeat me; plotting nefarious schemes to over topple me behind my back,

Even if the entire world addressed me by a volley of incoherent abuse; flooding my innocent ears with nothing else but indiscriminate tunes of malice,

Even if the entire world rejected me for my stubborn ideals; ubiquitously propagating all mankind,

Even if the entire world orphaned me; shutting their doors savagely on my face with the onset of chill and shimmering twilight,

Even if the entire world stood like an invincible fortress in my way; not letting me and my beloved breathe the slightest; strangulating us with their barbaric norms and ways,

Even if the entire world discarded me like a pack of burnt matchsticks; placing me in a remote iron prison high on the summit of the mountains,

And inspite of all this; I would still be the happiest man on this earth; would feel the most blessed of all; as I had both the hands of my creator harboring me from all sides; seeing to it and immortally ensuring that each fantasy of mine converted itself into a veritable reality.

Nikhil Parekh

Bounce

When I banged a ball of spongy rubber on the ground; it bounced a few times
with insipid fervor,
Rising a few inches from the ground; displaying a thoroughly lackluster
performance.

When I threw a rotund ball of solid stone on polished floor; it bounced negligibly;
producing a thunderous noise when it collided,
Unable to rise even a centimeter above the ground; languidly rolling as if about
to be indiscreetly kicked.

When I released a ball of pure crystal from unprecedented heights of the edifice;
it diffused into infinite splinters of acerbic powder,
There was no question of it bouncing; as it reduced to complete shambles; and
the loss incurred was substantial.

When I hurled a ball of obdurate leather on the silver façade of glass; it zipped
through like a fiery rocket,
Bouncing with nonchalant exuberance after striking the floor; and there was a
rotten fragrance of leather that disparagingly originated.

When I banged a ball of flocculent cotton on the muddy road; it blended
magnificently with the ocean of dirt,
It simply refrained to bounce; and flimsy wisps of satin flakes drifted in the air.

When I banged a ball ornately stitched with a plethora of crimson rose petal;
there was not a trace of the faintest of bounce,
The blissful leaves were squashed into a miserable pulp; and colored juice
dribbled; forming tiny rivulets on the ground.

When I threw a ball of wet mud high in the air; it settled on the ground with a
dull thud,
Umpteenth molecules of loose dirt cascaded all over; and the bounce was
intensely sporadic before it died.

When I voraciously banged a ball of hot iron against car metal; it ripped apart
the intricate demeanor,
Traversing at swashbuckling speeds like a fired bullet; it was too heavy to
bounce and virtually sunk deep.

When I banged a ball of malevolent hatred on the floor; it assassinated alongwith
itself scores of impeccable individuals,
Propagating enmity in races of mixed color; instigating rampant incidences of
uncurbed violence; without bouncing the slightest whisker.

And when I eventually banged the ball of love against the most roughest of
surface; it bounced as high as the sky,
Kept bouncing even after striking the ground several times;
It was the bounce of flexibility; the bounce of perpetual bondage and sharing;
which had its spirits soaring handsome in the clouds; with the Creator to shower
his blessings and perennially protect it.

Nikhil Parekh

Bowl Of Water

There was infectious pus germinating in its body,
long silken ears were flooded with tic,
forehead scalp had paltry hair standing,
hard claw nails were badly uprooted from basal connections,
a concoction of blood and water flowed from its eyes,
deep gashes lined round periphery of furry collared neck,
large smudges of dirt adorned its coat of golden brown,
dried pouches of stomach contained decayed food,
its tail which once wagged incessantly when happy,
was now bruised and withdrawn far between its feeble legs.

the same creature hissed fire once,
gave a volley of barks at the slightest provocation,
guarded the mansion at prime cost of its life,
tore apart to pieces venom snakes and unwanted prey,
slept all night cozily tucked between large gentle feet of its master,
devoured chunks of rabbit meat, gulped gallons of water,
licked all in the family from head to toe at faint rising of dawn each day.

as time elapsed, the onset of old age made it stoop,
it now lay neglected at remote corners of the barn,
gasping for breath, uttering subdued groans of agony,
it already knew death was fast approaching,
all it desired at the moment was just its favorite bowl of water,
be filled with inexpensive liquid pouring in abundance,
from the rusty hand pump a few feet away from its worn out body.

Nikhil Parekh

Brake Fail

When twin rubber brakes of my amber Mercedes abruptly failed,
while i traversed at shooting speeds through meandering curves of the valley,
bulky brake rubber melting in acrimonious rays of the midday Sun,
the car hurtled down vacuum pores of the mountain,
diffusing into infinite splinters,
burying itself a few feet below green waters.

as i kissed the rear of a horse with fuming ends of red coal,
the tamed beast erupted loose from domains of decency,
ran berserk through fecund fields of ripened sugarcane,
tossing me high in the air for a brief discourse with God,
finally somersaulting down with bones broken beneath silky recesses of my skin.

when dirty black carpets of clouds had a brake fail,
macro droplets of rain pelted down with passionate fury,
the titanic mass of sky wept unrelentingly all day and placid night,
submerged all existing on land in lakes of fresh water,
percolating at astounding speeds through innumerable holes in my house roof.

when monstrous waves in the ocean had a failure of brakes,
they overtopped strong ships sailing in water,
crashing with profound rage against strings of jagged rocks,
thoroughly flooding barren regions of shore land mud,
devouring with a devilish intent all in proximity and intimate contact.

when frigid brakes of my heart failed to beat rhythmically,
there was an intense pounding that followed suit,
outrageous bouts of euphoria replaced subtle ways of interaction,
i confronted her in person startling her with my piercing gaze,
mustered the strength to propose the girl i loved after years of sequestering
myself in oblivion.

Nikhil Parekh

Breaking Barriers

In order to reach the stupendously astronomical summit of the mountain; you needed to break the barriers of skepticism,

In order to achieve the unlimited; you needed to break the barriers of pompously inflated ego,

In order to swim intrepidly against the treacherously swirling storm; you needed to break the barriers of curled introversion,

In order to nose dive from the realms of the clouds without a parachute on your skin; you needed to break the barriers of inexplicably lingering fear,

In order to trespass through a blanket of vindictively flaming thorns; you needed to break the barriers of trembling nervousness,

In order to sing in front of the threateningly menacing dinosaur; you needed to break the barriers of profuse timidness,

In order to put your fingers into the sharks mouth; you needed to break the barriers of insurmountable pain,

In order to beg on the boisterously streaming streets; you needed to break the barriers of profound embarrassment,

In order to drink back tears of poignant blood; you needed to break the barriers of devastating sadness,

In order to inundate a barren ocean of paper with infinite lines of supremely spell binding literature; you needed to break the barriers of inferiority complex; embedded in the veins,

In order to meditate relentlessly all night and day in front of the Almighty Lord; you needed to break the barriers of unfathomably overpowering desire,

In order to dig your own grave when infact you were blissfully living; you needed to break the barriers of greedy existence,

In order to talk like an unflinching prince in front of the prolifically augmenting audience; you needed to break the barriers of pertinently incessant

retrospection,

In order to confront the unprecedented battalion of demons singlehanded; you needed to break the barriers of inevitably quavering hopelessness and despair,
In order to masticate the biscuits of obdurately impregnable steel; you needed to break the barriers of helpless apprehension,

In order to survive holistically amidst a planet deluged with barbaric wolves; you needed to break the barriers of pretentiously ostentatious dignity,

In order to breathe in an atmosphere bereft of the most inconspicuous trace of air; you needed to break the barriers of your punctured conscience,

In order to live up perpetually to the occasion called beautiful life; you needed to break the barriers of vehemently thoughtless denial,

And in order to love for times immemorial; immortally coalesce with the web of everlasting romance; you needed to break the barriers of the fluttering heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Breaking The Stumps

In order to break the stumps of the boundless cricket field; all that was required was a brilliantly scarlet and royally red ball,

In order to break the stumps of the dolorously murky sky; all that was required was gloriously rhapsodic rays of flamboyant light,

In order to break the stumps of heinously stagnating depression; all that was required was a philanthropically charismatic smile,

In order to break the stumps of uncouth treachery; all that was required was perpetual empathy; which inundated every soul with unprecedented bliss and celestial happiness,

In order to break the stumps of painstakingly sweaty boredom; all that was required was exuberantly escalating cheer; towering unflinchingly above the blue sky,

In order to break the stumps of morbid blackness; all that was required was an optimistic rays of enchanting light,

In order to break the stumps of insanely maniacal depression; all that was required was astronomical conviction in your abilities; a never ending spirit to surge forward in life,

In order to break the stumps of impoverished malice; all that was required was uninhibited goodwill; the winds of benevolence which embrace one and all; alike,

In order to break the stumps of indiscriminate hatred; all that was required was the sacred virtue of sharing; which made you feel the richest organism on earth; alive,

In order to break the stumps of the hideously tyrannizing glass; all that was required was a diminutive chunk of stone; compounded with a dexterously astute hurl of the palm,

In order to break the stumps of the satanic devil; all that was required was an inconspicuous puff of the irrefutably divine; ordinary mankind uniting in the mission to scrap crime from this planet alike,

In order to break the stumps of the frigidly shivering parasitic ice; all that was required was golden beams of intrepid Sunlight; metamorphosing the ominous avalanche into heavenly streams of harmonious liquid,

In order to break the stumps of baseless fear; all that was required was surmountable faith in your senses; the patriotic warrior lingering intrinsically in your poignant blood,

In order to break the stumps of malevolent disdain; all that was required was transparent voices of the conscience; blessing all with the Omnipotent power to distinguish between the good and bad,

In order to break the stumps of diabolical stinginess; all that was required was a magnanimously open heart; wholeheartedly diffusing the Omnipresent essence of humanity,

In order to break the stumps of self inflicted sorrow; all that was required was a bountifully blooming festoon of crimson rose; sprouting into the majestic winds of a new found beginning,

In order to break the stumps of criminal disease; all that was required was a impeccably benign society; which harbored the most diminutively perspiring entities; for simply what they were,

In order to break the stumps of perilously rotting yesterday; all that was required was an insatiably untamed desire; to blossom into countless more tomorrow's,

And in order to break the stumps of my fervently throbbing heart; all that was required was your immortal love; which gave it the sole reason to beat for centuries immemorial; more importantly a tireless mission to beat for all mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

Bringing A Smile On Your Face

The doctor brought a smile on your face; by his flurry of boisterously potent medicines,

The magician brought a smile on your face; by his fathomless myriad of stupendously enchanting tricks,

The clouds brought a smile on your face; by showering upon your impeccable persona; with glistening globules of euphoric rain,

The farmer brought a smile on your face; by sharing with you a festoon of majestically sparkling rubicund fruit,

The grandiloquent pen brought a smile on your face; by embossing boundless lines of exquisite calligraphy on sheets of your treacherously barren exam paper,

The birds brought a smile on your face; by soaring vivaciously amidst exuberantly blue bits of silver sky,

The waves brought a smile on your face; by dissipating into a cloudburst of poignantly tangy forth; clashing against the chain of cold blooded rocks in overwhelmingly rhapsodic frenzy,

The Sun brought a smile on your face; by playing hide and seek with your immaculately fluttering eyelashes; striking your innocuous eyeballs with its marvelously dazzling light,

The nightingale brought a smile on your face; by its ingratiatingly captivating voice; filtering a path of irrefutable melody in the vicinity of your intricate ears,

The pilot brought a smile on your face; by transporting you through the blissfully ecstatic clouds; with profusely pearly rays of the moon now at whisker lengths from your countenance,

The cow brought a smile on your face; by impregnating your demeanor with astronomical spurts of invincible fortification,

The lotus brought a smile on your face; by dissipating its incredulously rejuvenating fragrance to every corner of your thoroughly flabbergasted bones,

The watchman brought a smile to your face; by guarding you like an unconquerable fortress; while you snored in the realms of mesmerizing fantasy all night,

The bee brought a smile to your face; by inundating your palms with unfathomably gorgeous streams of ebullient honey,

The horse brought a smile to your face; by embarking you upon your exhilarating expedition; of the supremely verdant and enigmatic countryside,

The appetizing morsels of steaming broth brought a smile on your face; by wholesomely placating pangs of hunger fulminating more abnormally than the volcano; every second in your stomach,

The pair of voluptuously seductive lips brought a smile on your face; by igniting infernos of insatiable desire in your body; as they brushed across your chest,

The mother brought a smile on your face; by giving you birth and the tenacity to unflinchingly confront the most diabolical aspect of tyrannical existence,

The Almighty Lord brought a smile on your face; by granting you a right to celestially survive as one of his infinite molecules,

And the Beloved brought a smile on your face; by her irrefutably sacred virtue of immortal love; that kept you always smiling for countless more births even after your death.

Nikhil Parekh

Broken Bonds

If i forgot to tightly seal the projecting water tap,
gallons of liquid would dribble unrelentingly,
there would not be a solitary droplet of liquid in the overhead tank,
and my body would acquire an unwashed disposition all throughout the
sweltering day.

if i obdurately refrained from closing my mouth,
flooding the air with cacophonous webs of my husky voice,
intricate regions of my throat would divested of moisture,
causing me to cough and sputter when i needed my speech the most.

if i intentionally kept the fluorescent bulb on in the day,
with acerbic rays of sunlight filtering through my moistened eyes,
the contrivance would shatter to infinite splinters,
portraying a lackluster appearance when i desired it inevitably in the night.

if i heard deafening tunes of blaring music all day,
with the decibels ricocheting to supreme frequencies of intolerance,
my ears would get immune to the fragility of sound,
being paralyzed to decipher the melodious sound of nocturnal cuckoo.

if i consumed mighty barrels of milk; instead of crystalline water,
quenching irresistible pangs of thirst with pints of artificial milk,
my body would expurgate all the richness,
demanding the perennial gift of nature to be fed immediately.

and if i ran restlessly all stormy night,
without having a siesta in despicable heat of the day,
my legs would collapse midway on the bustling street,
transforming my persona into a temporary coma,
penalizing me just a fraction for breaking bonds with essential rudiments of
nature.

Nikhil Parekh

Broken Heart

I couldn't take it back to her eyes; those same condemingly besmirched eyes; which had so devastatingly broken it in the first place; relentlessly staring and flirting with every other object in vicinity,

I couldn't take it back to her feet; those same disdainfully unscrupulous feet; which had so wretchedly broken it in the first place; clandestinely cavorting to every free space on planet earth; with every maiden prince alive,

I couldn't take it back to her hands; those same tawdrily barbarous hands; which had so inconsolably broken it in the first place; endeavoring their very best to asphyxiate it beyond realms of blissful recognition,

I couldn't take it back to her lips; those same derogatorily castigating lips; which had so sordidly broken it in the first place; preferring to indefatigably kiss the gutters instead; even as I stood upright and compassionately abreast,

I couldn't take it back to her voice; that same nefariously ridiculing voice; which had so uncouthly broken it in the first place; laughing till eternity; at even the most brilliantly unimpeachable of my victories,

I couldn't take it back to her nape; that same obnoxiously frivolous neck; which had so disastrously broken it in the first place; tirelessly turning to every conceivable direction; where there was more richness,

I couldn't take it back to her belly; that same bawdily decrepit belly; which had so diabolically broken it in the first place; being the tantalizing vixen of every palace; whilst my arms lay with all the love in the Universe; outstretched,

I couldn't take it back to her nose; that same reproachfully forlorn nose; which had so flagrantly broken it in the first place; blowing out every perceivable speck of its grime on my face; whilst simultaneously inhaling every masculine fragrance from the evening atmosphere,

I couldn't take it back to her ears; those same deliriously opprobrious ears; which had so devilishly broken it in the first place; preferring to ardently listen to every bit insane balderdash on the Universe; whilst closing completely to even the most heart-rendering of my cries,

I couldn't take it back to her brain; that same penuriously castrated brain;

which had so ghoulishly broken it in the first place; unstoppably conjuring images of zillions of men rolling in glittering gold; whilst kicking my form which could die for her; just because it was impoverished, I couldn't take it back to her bosom; that same fecklessly titillating bosom; which had so indiscriminately broken it in the first place; simply because it couldn't offer an exhilaration greater than true love,

I couldn't take it back to her cheeks; those same insanely bemoaning cheeks; which had so salaciously broken it in the first place; vindictively charring it with their abhorrent redness; for trying to amiably bond with them,

I couldn't take it back to her blood; that same inhumanely pulverizing blood; which had so satanically broken it in the first place; cherishing every powerhouse of politics and terror; whilst baselessly rejecting all my honest sacrifices at the same time,

I couldn't take it back to her shadow; that same unbearably pugnacious shadow; which had so torturously broken it in the first place; trying to lambaste and invidiously overwhelm every shade of my celestial existence,

I couldn't take it back to her spine; that same sadistically frenetic spine; which had so cold-bloodedly broken it in the first place; tyrannically pulverizing it to infinitesimal ash; under the combined weight of it and her one night lover,

I couldn't take it back to her legs; those same falsely alluring legs; which had so cadaverously broken it in the first place; making me run till the horizons of infinity; before falling forever into someone else's arms right in front of my wailing eyes,

I couldn't take it back to her breath; that same spitefully prejudiced breath; which had so indescribably broken it in the first place; preferring to reinvigorate life in a dead stone; whilst every pore of my lifeless skin wanted just an ethereal speck of it; to stay perpetually alive,

I couldn't take it back to her heart; that same venomously assassinating heart; which had so unforgivingly broken it in the first place; immortally bonding its beats with the most obfuscated portion of vacuum instead,

And I couldn't take it to anyone in the entire world; as since it was born it solely belonged and was only hers; so I couldn't even dream of sharing or commiserating it with the outside planet,

Therefore and Now you only tell me; where to take this "Broken Heart" of mine O! Omnipotent Almighty Lord?

Nikhil Parekh

Broken Hearts

In order to resurrect the broken nose; one needed to perform adroit surgery,

In order to recondition broken hair; one needed to scrub them profusely with silken shampoo,

In order to mend the broken mirror; one needed to reinforce it with pellucid strips of glass,

In order to remold the broken mountain; one needed to impregnate it abundantly with giant chunks of loose mud,

In order to reform the broken sentence; one needed to harness it articulately with coherent words,

In order to recharge the broken lake; one needed inundate it open-heartedly with sparkling water,

In order to rehabilitate the broken house; one needed to embed its hollow spaces with commensurately burnt bricks,

In order to refurbish the broken orchard; one needed to plant foliated trees; embody every barren patch of soil with salubrious seedlings,

In order to restore the broken web; one needed to let loose in it an armory of venomous spiders,

In order to revitalize broken eyes; one needed to dip them in a tissue drenched with tangy cologne,

In order to revive the broken mind; one needed to fantasize unrelentingly night and day,

In order to repair the broken nest; one needed to stuff it with a conglomerate of corrugated sticks,

In order to reconstruct the broken watch; one needed to synchronize it meticulously with needles and machinery,

In order to reform the broken city; one needed to work in tandem and perfect

synergy to accomplish this Herculean task,

In order to rebuild the broken bones; one needed to consume astronomical amounts of solid calcium,

In order to rejuvenate the broken senses; one needed to listen to enchanting music; dance animatedly under the resplendent moon,

In order to remake broken clay; one needed to knead it dexterously into marvelous silhouettes,

In order to reshape the broken gutter; one needed to fumigate the fetid rivulets of sewage; under stringent rays of the sun,

In order to rekindle broken relations; one needed to live in harmony with evergreen nature,

And In order to reinstate a BROKEN HEART; one needed to impart it the love it perpetually desired; blend its pulsating beats with the person whom it longed for; the entity whom it uninhibitedly loved.

Nikhil Parekh

Brutally Broken Heart

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the diminutively flickering flame of the obfuscated candle; which intermittently sprang up rays of jubilant hope in the ghastliest of blackness,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on those rare and Spartan globules of water; haplessly trapped amidst the sweltering granules of the desert soil,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the sporadically appearing rainbows in the hazily lit expanse of sky; which cast a spell of uncanny enchantment upon every organism alive,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the enigmatically tantalizing mirages; which inexhaustibly kept the spirit of existence and aspirations alive,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the invisible droplets of blood of their sacred ancestors; which were the most altruistic rays of optimism amidst the profusely blood stained battlefield,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the precariously thin line which ran between insuperable truth and flagrant lies; which gave them the option of relishing both aspects of mundane life,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the fragrance of the seasonal lotus; which suddenly sprouted out of nowhere in the middle of livid slush; and yet miraculously enlightened every frazzled eyeball alive,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the very first droplet of rain which cascaded from sensuously cloudy sky; inexplicably tracing a countless of their past existence in its pristine glimmer,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the ladders of distant friendship; which though being continents and generations apart; always kept them hopeful of hearing a compassionately cheerful voice from the other end,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on that befuddling magicians wand; which appeared only at its own will; but when it did-it

perpetuated in them a brand new fervor to exuberantly exist,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the haphazardly incongruous lines of their palms; which incessantly whetted their appetite for the very best to yet arrive in their severely devastated lives,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the parsimonious trickle of fantasies that time and again tickled their brain; making them experience undisguised utopia—right here on planet earth itself,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the blissfully tranquilizing shadows of serenity; which majestically calmed their nomadically beleaguered soles with the true panacea of life,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the oars of untamed adventure; which at times unflinchingly stood; yet at times pathetically drowned to the rock bottom of worthless clay—as the storm viciously struck out of nowhere,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the cry of every divinely new-born infant; which reached them more invincibly closer and closer to their respective gods and beliefs,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the fabric of unconquerable simplicity; which made them naturally relinquish each sinful desire and be a true comrade to their infinite other mates in unimaginable pain,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the gorge of unprecedented risks; which perennially ignited the spark of their existence; till an infinite boundaries beyond their cognizance,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on their immortal beloved; who became their Omnipotent guiding light in every state of their exultation and limitless duress,

Whilst I spent my entire life; leaning solely on the beats of my brutally betrayed and broken heart; which although perfidiously shattered; still made me breathe like a perfectly symbiotic human—before I ultimately forced my way into my veritable grave

Nikhil Parekh

Bubbles

When I pricked a large bubble impregnated with acid; infinite droplets of fumes flew all over my persona,
Transforming my glowing skin; into complete shambles of pathetic brown; and I emitted a few tears unable to bear the anguish.

When I pricked minuscule bubbles of soap emanating from the bathtub; a pungent spray flew in my eyes,
It was as if someone had hurled tones of chili powder; and the interiors of my eye developed a severe red allergy.

When I pricked rotund bubbles incorporated with honey; sweet globs of liquid fell on my face,
I felt nice in the beginning; but it soon became a disdainful nuisance; as clusters of stinging ants clambered up at fast pace.

When I pricked plastic bubbles looking thoroughly inflated; a sudden gush of stale air rushed across my lips,
There was a deafening roar produced that inundated my ears; and for the next few minutes I was unable to decode sound.

When I pricked bubbles filled with crimson blood; my immaculate clothes acquired blotches of red,
A sickening smell encompassed the ambience; and I felt like vomiting out consumed food; wanting to eliminate the process of death.

When I pricked bubbles compactly filled with frozen ice; tiny nuggets of ice cascaded down my neck,
Umpteenth hair on my body stood up due to impact of the bitter cold; and my teeth started to violently clatter.

When I pricked frothy bubbles wafting out of a stray dogs mouth; a fountain of water gently caressed my face,
A fetid stench arose in the air; and I knew I had an overwhelming chance of contracting deadly rabies.

When I pricked bubbles drifting from the periphery of sizzling hot tea; blistering sprays of water collided with my face,
Scalding sensitive arenas of my silhouette as they trickled down my chest; also

my body smelt of tea leaf for remainder of the day.

When I pricked bubbles generated by the ravishing sea waves; salty foam struck me stringently in my face,
My eyes started to profusely water; with an inevitable sensation to scratch painstakingly developing all throughout.

Eventually when I pricked the colossal bubble of our perennial love; there was a rainfall of fragrant water; that imprisoned us in bonds of immortal embrace,
And there were many more such bubbles which proliferated every unleashing minute; uniting us for the present and many births to unveil in the distant future

Nikhil Parekh

Bury Me Alive

Even before you could drag her hands towards the acerbically gleaming knife;
slice my fingers into infinite pieces,

Even before you could drop a stone on her dainty head; smash my skull into a
million fragments,

Even before you could deprive her of inevitable glasses of water; gruesomely
extricate my throat of its last bit of poignant saliva,

Even before you could maneuver the pin surreptitiously towards her spell binding
eyes; blind me for countless births of mine to yet unveil,

Even before you could make her trip inadvertently over the cold floor; hurl me
uncouthly from the summit of the colossal mountain like a chunk of lifeless
matchstick,

Even before you could make her forget a single anecdote of her overwhelmingly
precious life; make me wander like an insane lunatic; oblivious to all mankind,

Even before you could make her grapple a trifle in the placid swimming pool;
drown me ruthlessly to the rock bottom of the fathomless ocean,

Even before you could make the tiniest of tear drop ooze from her mesmerizing
eyes; flood my entire destiny with unfathomable sorrow and treacherous malice,

Even before you could make her falter in her stupendously emphatic speech;
convert me into pathetically dumb; barbarically chopping my tongue into
incomprehensible number of minuscule bits,

Even before you could furtively capsize her transiently tinkling laughter; sew my
lips satanically with the threads of irrevocable terror,

Even before you could rob a single hair from her alluring scalp; make me
completely bald; with my head sparkling a ghastly white under dim beams of
moonlight,

Even before you could deprive her of even a diminutive fraction of celestial sleep;
savagely rip away all the bliss engulfing my persona; thrusting me into an ocean
of unsurpassable complications,

Even before you could keep her hungry for more than a single minute; starve me miserably for unimaginable number of decades,

Even before you could think of destroying her divinely dwelling; mercilessly pulverize each of my bones to more than a billion pulp,

Even before you could snap an inconspicuous strand of hair from her voluptuous eyelash; assassinate both my supple lids from deep within their very fragile roots,

Even before you could tamper the slightest with her ability to seductively sing; transform my voice into one more hoarser than the obnoxiously black crow,

Even before you could trespass the most infinitesimal with her tumultuous exuberance; exhaust all the energy and blood from my vast conglomerate of veins,

Even before you could cause the faintest of panic in her heart; make my beats race faster than the volcano erupting and profusely blazing through the atmosphere,

And even before you could evolve the wildest perception of taking her breath away O! Almighty Lord; bury me alive a thousand feet beneath my corpse; till the time you wanted this planet to continue.

Nikhil Parekh

Bury Me Near The Mosque Of My Creator.

Whether you choose to barbarously butcher my impoverished body into an infinite pieces of orphaned flesh and bone; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely mollifying death,

Whether you choose to brutally pulverize my limp body by driving a boundless bulldozers over each of its inflated contours; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely liberating death,

Whether you choose to ruthlessly rip apart every organ of my stagnant body- to play sadistically with it under the unsparingly venomous midnight; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely silencing death,

Whether you choose to cannibalistically submerge my lifeless body into an ocean of hedonistically fuming acid; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely placating death,

Whether you choose to gruesomely feed my worthless body as the sole meal to your ferociously famished dogs; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely blissful death,

Whether you choose to maniacally bludgeon my feelingless body with the most acrimonious of cleavers—just to release the extra ounce of energy thwarting in your bones; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely still death,

Whether you choose to demonically stab my expressionless body with the utmost narcissism and with a countless blood stained knives; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely restful death,

Whether you choose to pugnaciously slander my penurious body-hurling every conceivable expletive at it hanging it upside down in the absolute center of the world; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely finishing death,

Whether you choose to wretchedly defecate every perceivable waste of yours on my unflinching body; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely transcending death,

Whether you choose to vindictively strangulate my neck till my eyes popped and bounced limitless kilometers outside; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely blessing death,

Whether you choose to salaciously spit on my stony body in unison with the entire unceasing globe; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely irretrievable death,

Whether you choose to sardonically crunch each bone of my fetid body—to relish the parsimoniously fine chowder that evolved; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely ameliorating death,

Whether you choose to indulge into an infinite controversies regards the status of my hapless body—the opulence it had hidden on this timeless planet; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely absolving death,

Whether you choose to let loose every wildly stinging scorpion on earth upon my unnerved body; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely healing death,

Whether you choose to viciously hurl my decaying body into the land of the devilishly rampaging dinosaurs; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely wonderful death,

Whether you choose to deliriously stamp upon my evanescent body with the whole Universe-till I puked out whatever little fluid left inside; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely inebriating death,

Whether you choose to bombard my speechless body with the most atrocious bombs and nuclear missiles of your time; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely resting death,

Whether you choose to abominably dissect my orphaned body—scientifically analyze and criticize each of its oblivious part; after my inevitably veritable and wholesomely uniting death,

And do whatever you choose after my veritable death—I really don't give a damn to even the most indescribably sinful of your actions O! parasitic man—but please do me just one ultimate favor of burying me in whatever form you have me after your mutilation-somewhere near the mosque of my Omnipotent Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Business Of Love

It was an everlasting business; in which there was not the slightest of obnoxiously adulterated give and take; in which every organism forever philandered on tantalizingly heavenly cloud nine,

It was an enchanting business; in which there was not the slightest of diabolically cold-blooded barbarism; in which the fireball of unassailable truth transcended even the most infinitesimal iota of frigid insanity around,

It was a sensuous business; in which there was not the slightest of disdainful rebuke; in which all that existed was the virtue of altruistic benevolence; for centuries unprecedented,

It was an indomitable business; in which there was not the slightest gutter of slavering fear; in which perennially floated the paradise of unfathomably untainted desire,

It was an unflinching business; in which there was not the slightest of commercial deliriousness; in which the mantra of impeccable symbiotism was the sole messiah to enlighten disastrously beleaguered lives,

It was a unceasing business; in which there was not the slightest insinuation of maliciously devilish loss; in which the fragrance of togetherness compassionately bonded one and all; in the religion of mankind holistically alike,

It was a voluptuous business; in which there was not the slightest innuendo of brutally pulverizing monotony; in which only the magnanimously tranquil mists of prosperity descended upon every living being and its kin,

It was an enamoring business; in which there was not the slightest cranny of desperately embroiled politics; in which the eternal gardens of innocuously bountiful frolic sprouted on every conceivable portion of lackadaisical soil,

It was a perpetual business; in which there was not the slightest wail of the indiscriminately rampaging devil; in which the birds of exuberantly unfettered freedom uninhibitedly soared in pristinely golden sky,

It was an ardent business; in which there was not the slightest of vindictive loophole; in which every ingredient of contumacious retribution was replaced by the sky of spell bindingly burgeoning peace,

It was a record-breaking business; in which there was not the slightest of decrepit stinginess; in which the dimensions of convivially insuperable mankind loomed larger than every construable object on this planet,

It was an undefeatable business; in which there were not the slightest of inexplicably terrorized tears; in which timelessly fructified the aisles of redolent beauty and endlessly serene desire,

It was an ecstatic business; in which there was not the slightest of desolately dilapidated boredom or meaninglessness; in which the stars of unbelievably mesmerizing enthrallment twinkled for infinite more births yet to unveil,

It was a magnetic business; in which there was not the slightest of bizarrely besmirching dereliction; in which inimitably towering precipices of; profoundly artistic sensuousness and glorious success,

It was a resplendent business; in which there was not the slightest of miserable animosity; in which every breathing organism wonderfully blossomed amidst castles of majestically tireless unity,

It was a triumphant business; in which there were not the slightest pendulums of rancid up's and downs; in which the only path that miraculously evolved in front of everyone's eyes; was the one which celestially led to the Omnipotent Divine,

It was a philanthropic business; in which there was the not the slightest trace of hedonistic savagery; in which the voice that wafted from the innermost core of the innocently thundering heart; epitomized a brand new chapter of ebullient existence,

It was a royal business; in which there was not the slightest of invidiously deteriorating lies; in which the rays of brilliantly Omnipresent truth; disseminated from the whites of every immaculately wandering eye,

And how insatiably I wished every unraveling instant of the effulgent day and exhilarating night that each breath of mother earth was inexhaustibly embellished by it; every other business and manipulatively besieged entity on this boundless Universe adopted it; be blessed forever by the pricelessly immortal business of love.

Nikhil Parekh

Busy

The clouds were mystically busy; in showering tantalizing globules of rain; upon fathomless territories of agonizingly parched soil,

The Sun was flamingly busy; in magically sizzling every cranny of this boundlessly congenial Universe; with golden beams of its optimistically enchanting light,

The spiders were fabulously busy; in enamoringly weaving silken strands of webs; euphorically bouncing in the threads; fervently anticipating the prey of their choice,

The fires were swelteringly busy; in charring even the most infinitesimal iota of tenacious logwood; to threadbare bits of minuscule ash,

The clowns were ludicrously busy; in tumultuously evoking a festoon of unfathomable smiles; on the faces of all those besieged with cloudbursts of inexplicable gloom,

The eagles were majestically busy; in enshrouding every bit of drearily insipid space; with exuberant draughts of exotic air,

The snakes were ominously busy; in stealthily waiting for innocuously sparkling skin; ebullient chunks of flesh to venomously infiltrate their murderously sinister fangs; in,

The fortresses were invincibly busy; in compassionately sequestering all those disastrously orphaned and dithering; from the acrimoniously mighty onslaught; of
the turgidly satanic society,

The clothes were amiably busy; in shielding innocently naked skin from vindictively frozen avalanches of wind; as well as tyrannically ferocious rays of; the uncouthly blistering afternoon,

The cars were boisterously busy; in rhapsodically transporting fatigued battalions of passengers; to the most resplendently placating destination of their supreme choice,

The sharks were diabolically busy; in frantically groping for immaculate prey;

metamorphose a profusely robust framework of ravishing flesh and blood; into a devastatingly transposed curry of sheer nothingness,

The dogs were pertinently busy; in dolefully barking; deluging the trajectory of the gloomily treacherous night; with an incomprehensible number of their ghoulish wails,

The ghosts were insidiously busy; in casting the spell of their gorily sinister doom; devouring blissful civilizations; in the swirl of their hideously obfuscated and grotesque countenances,

The eyes were indefatigably busy; in profoundly discerning and imbibing the fathomlessly glorious beauty of this gregariously mystical Universe; paving their way ecstatically forward to coin astoundingly new chapters of existence,

The blood was poignantly busy; in spell bindingly imparting fortitude to each arena of the staggeringly bedraggled body; rejuvenating it to unfurl refreshingly emphatic chapters of; a vividly vibrant tomorrow,

The pigs were disdainfully busy; in excoriating through lugubrious piles of garbage at lightening velocities; ruthlessly gobbling even the most worthlessly stinking piece of shit; that sleazily greeted them in their savage way,

The forests were inscrutably busy; in churning tales of unrelenting mysticism; voluptuously kissing the charismatic blanket of the stupendously glittering night; with seductive fireballs of empathy; and life,

The Gods were Omnisciently busy; in proliferating astronomical spurts of sacred life on the boundlessly beautiful planet; articulately maneuvering the destiny of each organism; rich or lecherously poor; alike,

And my Heart was perpetually busy; in incarcerating the beats of her passionately divine heart; assimilating and immortal bonding with the essence of her unparalleled love; uniting with her philanthropic will; to bless all benign mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

But All That Hardly Mattered

Disillusioned were my distraught eyes; traumatically agonized by all bizarrely inflicted misery that they witnessed umpteenth number of times in a single day,

Disillusioned were my parched lips; insidiously appalled by the gory scent of grotesque manipulation; in every morsel of food that they tasted,

Disillusioned was my beleaguered brain; truculently lambasted by the indefatigable whirlpools of insane corruption and treacherously abhorrent prejudice,

Disillusioned were my dwindling fingers; solely feeling only morbidly robotic space on every speck of atmosphere that they ardently caressed,

But all that hardly mattered to me; as by the Grace of Omnipotent Lord; every beat of my heart bonded more immortally with my beloved with the unfurling of time;

and I found myself wholesomely blended with her shadow of eternally resplendent truth; forever and ever and ever.

1.

Disillusioned were my trembling bones; ghastily collapsing as the winds of parasitically unsparing savagery; struck them from every quarter of this Universe,

Disillusioned were my beleaguered ears; intransigently shutting themselves for centuries immemorial; as all they heard were boundless screams of the innocently

deprived; the only beats that reached them were the sound of the mercilessly marauding devil,

Disillusioned were my flailing arms; as all that they ever got a chance to hoist were corpses grotesquely disproportioned; by frenziedly indiscriminate bloodshed on this satanically uncouth globe today,

Disillusioned were my withering hair; as cold-blooded demons ruthlessly tore on them from everywhere; with the breeze whipping them eventually metamorphosing into cloudbursts of remorseful blood,

But all that hardly mattered to me; as by the Grace of Omnipresent Lord; every beat of my heart bonded more immortally with my beloved with the unfurling of time;
and I found myself in due obeisance on her divinely feet; as she perpetually drifted my soul towards the path of priceless righteousness.

2.

Disillusioned was my asphyxiating neck; as the swords of disdainfully fretful lechery tried their venomous best; to annihilate it into an infinite pieces of undecipherable shit,

Disillusioned were my crumbling palms; as even the most pristine droplets of sacrosanct inspiration that they touched; had been invidiously adulterated by the acrimoniously power hungry society outside,

Disillusioned were my bleeding feet; as every path that they holistically transgressed; had the thorns of malicious hatred ardently awaiting to maim them for a countless more lifetimes,

Disillusioned was my terrified reflection; as the entity I sighted in my mirror of my own conscience; had now been transformed into a murderous ghost; by inevitable circumstances and the emotionless world outside,

But all that hardly mattered to me; as by the Grace of Omniscient Lord; every beat of my heart bonded more immortally with my beloved with the unfurling of time;
and I found myself blissfully assimilating every iota of her heavenly sensuousness; perennially suckling the majestic artistry that bountifully showered from her vivacious bosom.

3.

Disillusioned were my tortured intestines; as even the most infinitesimal granule of fodder that I consumed; was greedily evicted by the spuriously pompous society that vengefully followed my stride,

Disillusioned was my shivering spine; as every draught of air that hit my countenance; had in it the cries of my despairingly penalized siblings; the

barbarically orphaned children of my kind,

Disillusioned were my frigid eyelashes; as the unrelentingly pugnacious war on this colossal planet; had horrifically crippled them of even the slightest of their mischievously flirtatious fluttering,

Disillusioned was my dreary breath; as every ingredient of air that entered my diminutive nostrils; brutally strangulated me towards the last visible nail of my veritably preposterous coffin,

But all that hardly mattered to me; as by the Grace of unconquerable Lord; every beat of my heart bonded more immortally with my beloved with the unfurling of time;

and I found myself tirelessly dancing as her only slave; to the tunes of her everlastingly humanitarian existence.

Nikhil Parekh

But At Least Allow Me

I won't mind it at all if you didn't allow me inside with you; when you went to attend the glamorous party,
But at least allow me to sit outside on the steps; engross myself rhapsodically in your faint tunes; that nimbly floated in the atmosphere.

I won't mind it at all if you didn't offer me a ride behind your flamboyant bike; zipped ahead like an untamed tornado without slackening your speed or respite,
But at least allow me to watch you from my window; pray for you relentlessly to God; asking him to wade off the tiniest of evil that might be transgress viciously across your persona.

I won't mind it at all if you didn't invite me for dinner; when infact you had called even the most bedraggled of beggars to attend the bombastic fiesta,
But at least allow me to collect the left over's of your food; cherish and enjoy your ethereal essence for times immemorial.

I won't mind it at all if you didn't speak my name even once in your entire lifetime; remained profusely lost and captivated in wholesomely surreal fantasy of your own,
But at least allow me to chant yours till the time I died; overwhelmingly remember your fabulous countenance till I inhaled my last breath.

I won't mind it at all if you miserably failed to recognize me even when I passed at whisker lengths from your body; made an insurmountably scornful face; shrugging your nose in disdain towards open space,
But at least allow me to keep a blurred photograph of yours close to my heart; perceive you in the most stupendous forms possible every unleashing minute of the sweltering day.

I won't mind it at all if you spat ruthlessly on my face; kicked me in my rear like a football; trying to hurl me in a hurry towards my ultimate place in the heavens,
But at least allow me to admire the sweat that trickled prolifically from your nape; in your ominous attempts to make me disappear forever from this planet.

I won't mind it at all if you turned your back in dreariness as soon as you saw me; instead talked to unprecedented limits with the other man who was perpetually blind,
But at least allow me to caress your mesmerizing and fleeting shadow; which

lingered transiently for a while; and then thoroughly lost itself in the granules of earth.

I won't mind it at all if you charred my bones to inconspicuous raw ash;
punctured my robust body with a flurry of pugnaciously hostile bullets,
But at least allow me to sketch your enchanting contours on slippery sea soil;
savor your incredulously glorious memories all my life.

I won't mind it at all if you barbarically blinded me; piercing my intricate eyeballs
with gleaming rods of scarlet fire,
But at least allow me to feel the winds that kissed you while drifting; not only
imparting me with the unsurpassable exuberance to lead the day; but to
audaciously face my entire life.

And I won't mind it at all if you didn't give me a position in your heart; blowing
me off like an infinitesimal speck of dirt into obsolete oblivion,
But at least allow me to listen to your passionately palpitating beats; which I had
an irrefutable feeling would someday throb only for me; would someday be
always mine.

Nikhil Parekh

But At Least Don't

Who's ordered you to embrace all humanity; hoist each orphaned child magnanimously upon your rubicund back?

But at least don't mercilessly annihilate innocent like squashed insects; ruthlessly manipulating lives of the immaculate millions in the swirl of your barbaric malice.

Who's ordered you to worship every temple that you encountered on the streets; bowing down diligently to every impoverished beggar wailing incongruously outside?

But at least don't pulverize philanthropic civilizations with your ominously lethal bombs; blowing up the blissful world; in non-chalant wisps of derogatory smoke.

Who's ordered you to indefatigably frolic in the lap of your mother; tirelessly floating in the aisles of impeccable childhood fantasy?

But at least don't impeach treacherously upon the territories of your revered motherland; lecherously molesting the innocuous in chains of utter devastation.

Who's ordered you to dedicate your entire existence for the sake of those in inexplicable pain; apply the uninhibited ointment of your love on despicably oozing blood and wounds?

But at least don't rub salt in those eyes profusely crying; brutally lambasting those with your satanic whip; who had already relinquished breath and died.

Who's ordered you to embellish each life with your unprecedented richness; shower upon an unprecedentedly bountiful blessings upon mankind; while you miserably shivered every instant and died?

But at least don't ridicule those gruesomely maimed and blind; penalize the already deprived with your baseless webs; of manipulatively blood sucking commercialism.

Who's ordered you to transport the disastrously trembling; to places of heavenly comfort; benevolently shouldering their weight upon your lone shoulders?

But at least don't indiscriminately run your car over those impoverishedly sleeping on cold pavements; as you basked in the glory of sleazy wine and princely desire inside.

Who's ordered you to be the ultimate messiah of this planet; metamorphosing every withering soul's dream into a perpetual reality?

But at least don't stand like a demonic impediment in the way of those about to

achieve the pinnacle of success; savagely sabotaging their hard earned share of ardent happiness.

Who's ordered you to bond every passionately throbbing hearts ubiquitously across the Universe; disseminate the essence of immortal love in every philanthropic entity you met?

But at least don't mercilessly break harmoniously blossoming relationships; rendering countless bodies to exist without the slightest of purpose; without the slightest of breath.

Who's ordered you to feed every famished organism on earth with appetizing morsels of food; horrendously starving while your tottering mates marvelously replenished their famished hides?

But at least don't trade their pathetically frugal skeleton of mere bones to tyrannically slave; for overflowing your treasury with a stinking wad of notes.

And who's ordered you to instill the Omnipotent panacea of life in every dead; procreating boundlessdivine with the unsurpassable potential of your countenance?

But at least don't torturously kill and corrupt God's impeccable fleet of organisms; at least don't rise taller than skies; embedding your roots more formidably every instant on the land of innocent blood

Nikhil Parekh

But Atleast Love Me When I'm Alive

I really wouldn't mind it even an infinitesimal trifle; if you salaciously chose to and forever buried my body an infinite feet beneath the surface of tawdrily fetid earth; after my breath had died and my wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an inconspicuous trifle; if you barbarously chose to and forever kept my body in the cold-bloodedly heartless freezer; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an insouciant trifle; if you mercilessly chose to and forever kept my body on the treacherously vulture laden terrace; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a diminutive trifle; if satanically chose to and forever kept chopping my body into a countless pieces of nothingness; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an ethereal trifle; if you diabolically chose to and forever burnt my body on the most vindictively smoldering embers of iron; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an evanescent trifle; if you demonically chose to and forever cemented my body into the asphyxiatingly penurious hollows of the wall; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a teeny trifle; if you sadistically chose to and forever trampled my body with your uncouthly bohemian shoe; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a mercurial trifle; if you intolerably chose to and forever kept submerging my body into the most violently blistering of acid; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a fugitive trifle; if you venomously chose to and forever bombarded my body with the most ruthlessly excoriating of bombs; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a vespered trifle; if you sinfully chose to and forever fed my body to the most pugnaciously stinking of pigs; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an obfuscated trifle; if you ominously chose to and forever spat on my body the most ignominiously ludicrous of your spit; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a teeny trifle; if you tyrannically chose to and forever crushed my body under the most atrociously rampaging bulldozer; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a transient trifle; if you hedonistically chose to and forever kept my body pathetically strangulated in the most wretchedly preposterous of coffin; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an oblivious trifle; if you forlornly chose to and forever stitched every pore of my body with the most horrendously bellicose of thread; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a flickering trifle; if you wickedly chose to and forever plundered my body with an infinite blood-curling nails; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a truncated trifle; if you dementedly chose to and forever dissected every minute cranny of my body to tingle your perverted senses; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a cloistered trifle; if you viciously chose to and forever suspended my body ridiculously upside down from the scorpion studded ceiling; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a pallid trifle; if you horrifically chose to and forever tossed my body to the unsurpassably emaciated sharks; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a non-existent trifle; if you deliriously chose to and forever ate every bone from the skeleton of my body for nocturnal supper; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an invisible trifle; if you criminally chose to and forever kept my body in a region of haplessly disoriented vacuum; where there existed no land or holistic space; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

O! Yes; I really wouldn't mind it even a quavering trifle; if you unforgivably chose and forever did whatever you wanted with every part of my body after my breath had died and wholesome death; whether you torturously crucified me in ghastly hell or stabbed me an infinite times; an infinite kilometers even beyond its amorphous realms,

But atleast love me when I'm alive.

Nikhil Parekh

But I Could Still Love

I might be living on bare chunks of threadbare soil; with hardly a roof to cover my dilapidated scalp,
But I could still perceive infinite kilometers above the sky; to the most unprecedented limits of mesmerizing imagination; in my dreams.

I might be adorned in abysmally tottered clothes; with obnoxious streaks of dirt and disease creeping with sinister effusiveness from my skin,
But I could still relentlessly fantasize about the most innocuously ingratiating complexion on this Universe; drown myself perpetually in a paradise of surreally enchanting silk; in my dreams.

I might be incomprehensibly diminutive in stature; being ridicules beyond boundaries of sagacious control by every individual transgressing on the streets,
But I could still dance indefatigably with the angels in the sky; basking with them inexorably under satiny rays of the Sun; in my dreams.

I might be horrendously blind; with cloud covers of ghastly darkness engulfing me from all sides; even in the most ferocious of sunlight,
But I could still glimpse the most enchanting of angels; incessantly witness the most profoundly Omnipotent light which my sighted counterparts could never even imagine; in my dreams.

I might be inexplicably unfortunate not to get my share of luck in this world; staggering umpteenth number of times as the ruthless society brutally kicked me,
But I could still philander in gay abandon through the interiors of the unfathomably grandiloquent castle; explore the most spell binding places on this planet; in my dreams.

I might be wholesomely lonely; with people preferring the most inconspicuous of job; to my abhorrently repulsive facial contours,
But I could still talk till times immemorial with the entity I desired; incarcerate even the most alien in the swirl of my untamed passion; in my dreams.

I might be an unsurpassably ancient fossil; lying buried for centuries unprecedented beneath layers of obsolete sand,
But I could still gyrate with the most overwhelmingly contemporary form of life; be a part of profusely fascinating and pragmatic present; in my dreams.

I might be an infinitesimally humble personality; withering away worse than a broken leaf at the tiniest draught of gloomy breeze,
But I could still win over the heart of every single organism in this world;
impregnate my irrefutably truthful impression in their eyes for decades unlimited; in my dreams.

And I might be deprive of the love that I had taken birth for on this most wonderful earth of God; being insidiously betrayed by the girl whom I could give my life for,

But I could still love her; not only for this life; but for countless more births even after my death; ebulliently blossom and romance with her in the aisles of insatiable desire; in my dreams.

Nikhil Parekh

But Immortally Fearless Love.

Eternally unshakable "Truth" can only; holistically spawn; astoundingly proliferate; timelessly lead; unassailable diffuse; and impeccable transpire; into nothing else but; Omnipotent "Truth" itself,

Unconquerably righteous "Honesty" can only; enchantingly spawn; unstoppably proliferate; indefatigably lead; majestically diffuse; and beautifully transpire; into nothing else but; enamoring "Honesty" itself,

Pristinely unfettered "Artistry" can only; bountifully spawn; interminably proliferate; irrefutably lead; aristocratically diffuse; and amazingly transpire; into nothing else but; poignant "Artistry" itself,

Pricelessly inimitable "Humanity" can only; stupendously spawn; unabashedly proliferate; magnificently lead; jubilantly diffuse; and resplendently transpire; into nothing else but; ubiquitous "Humanity" itself,

Symbiotically benign "Innovation" can only; brilliantly spawn; undyingly proliferate; insuperably lead; triumphantly diffuse; and beamingly transpire; into nothing else but; ingenious "Innovation" itself,

Iridescently spell binding "Innocence" can only; celestially spawn; unflinchingly proliferate; indomitably lead; royally diffuse; and victoriously transpire; into nothing else but; bounteous "Innocence" itself,

Fantastically unbridled "Passion" can only; synergistically spawn; continuously proliferate; redolently lead; forever diffuse; and uninhibitedly transpire; into nothing else but; unbelievable "Passion" itself,

Altruistically ardent "Bravery" can only; handsomely spawn; compassionately proliferate; fabulously lead; ebulliently diffuse; and ecumenically transpire; into nothing else but; untainted "Bravery" itself,

Well-deservedly truthful "Perseverance" can only; regally spawn; convivially proliferate; Omnisciently lead; emolliently diffuse; and tirelessly transpire; into nothing else but; undefeated "Perseverance" itself,

Unfathomably sparkling "Melody" can only; ecstatically spawn;

seductively proliferate; wholesomely lead; gorgeously diffuse; and indispensably transpire; into
nothing else but; ravishing "Melody" itself,

Invincibly unparalleled "Candor" can only; beautifully spawn;
instantaneously proliferate; serenely lead; magnanimously diffuse; and
quintessentially transpire;
into nothing else but; magnetic "Candor" itself,

Impreguably harmonious "Simplicity" can only; profusely spawn;
undeniably proliferate; vivaciously lead; selflessly diffuse; and inevitably
transpire; into nothing else but; Omnipresent "Simplicity" itself,

Gloriously blazing "Virility' can only; profoundly spawn; unsurpassably
proliferate; vividly lead; serendipitously diffuse; and heavenly transpire; into
nothing else but; unlimited "Virility" itself,

Unceasingly virgin "Mischief" can only; ecstatically spawn;
romantically proliferate; eclectically lead; winningly diffuse; and surreally
transpire; into nothing else but; unhindered "Mischief" itself,

Innocuously mesmerizing "Beauty" can only; fathomlessly spawn;
steadily proliferate;
symbiotically lead; heartily diffuse; and perennially transpire; into nothing else
but; effulgent "Beauty" itself,

Sensuously fiery "Breath" can only; limitlessly spawn; blissfully
proliferate; plausibly lead; universally diffuse; and perpetually transpire; into
nothing else but; voluptuous "Breath" itself,

Fantastically undeterred "Determination" can only; adroitly spawn;
incessantly proliferate; gorgeously lead; effervescently diffuse; and passionately
transpire; into nothing else but; intransigent "Determination" itself,

Magically ameliorating "Holiness" can only; indisputably spawn;
undauntedly proliferate; magnetically lead; robustly diffuse; and divinely
transpire; into nothing else but; unblemished "Holiness";,

But Immortally fearless "Love" has; is and shall forever; mystically
spawn; uncontrollably proliferate; effulgently lead; marvelously diffuse; and
sacredly
transpire; into all of the above and an infinite more than the imperceptible

definitions of enigmatic infinite infinity.

Nikhil Parekh

But It Is My Humble Plea!

I didn't wish to be saved even an infinitesimal iota; if the hands of uncouthly unforgiving destiny; treacherously pushed me from the 200th floor of the astronomically colossal edifice,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that my philanthropic neighbors weren't disturbed the slightest; by my ghastly fall and inevitable cries.

I didn't wish to be saved even an inconspicuous inch; if the palms of inexplicably traumatic destiny; hurtled me face on towards the; overwhelmingly speeding monstrous truck,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the shrubs sprouting blissfully in vicinity; weren't camouflaged the slightest; with my rampantly spurting fountains of crimson blood.

I didn't wish to be saved even a capriciously remote whisker; if the clouds of ominously penalizing destiny; buried me infinite feet beneath my coffin; without ostensibly no fault of mine and when I was in pristine prime of life,
But is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the soil surrounding my grave wasn't affected the slightest by my disdainfully decaying carrion; instead perennially continued to proliferate into a paradise of exhilarating newness.

I didn't wish to be saved even an obliviously obsolete trifle; if the winds of salaciously pulverizing destiny; barbarically drowned me to the rock bottom; of the fathomlessly swirling ocean,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the fish swimming merrily beneath; weren't hindered the slightest in their celestial path; by my grotesquely cumbersome caricature.

I didn't wish to be saved even a frigidly diminutive inch; if the vagaries of savage destiny; reduced me to an abominably ludicrous heap; of gruesomely charred and nonchalant ash,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the perpetual fertility of mud enveloping my lifeless countenance; wasn't affected the slightest by my penuriously impoverished human form.

I didn't wish to be saved even a ridiculously nonexistence fraction; if the wings of perfidiously corrupting destiny; chopped me into a boundless pieces of raw bone; before eventually dumping me for the dogs,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the blades of voluptuously nimble grass encapsulating my pathetically disoriented demeanor; weren't terrorized the slightest; by the devastatingly gory remains of my countenance.

I didn't wish to be saved even an lackadaisically minute iota; if the cloudbursts of vindictively tyrannizing destiny; squeezed every droplet of blood like a ferociously untamed parasite; from each pore of my dwindling body,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the hordes of innocuously impeccable children around weren't perturbed the slightest by my cascading skeleton; instead marched unflinchingly on the path to unequivocal righteousness.

I didn't wish to be saved even a tenderly obscure bit; if the ungainly feet of murderously vengeful destiny; indiscriminately trampled and diabolically annihilated every speck of my poignantly seductive breath,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the chapter of life wasn't condemned the slightest by my sordidly premature demise; instead life indefatigably continued to spawn into bountiful fireballs of ecstatic radiance; with every unfurling instant of time.

And I didn't wish to be saved even a parsimoniously mercurial thread; if the ghastly spirit of ruthless destiny; ominously snapped the fangs of my passionately palpitating heart; into the domains of hell and sadly forever,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to irrefutably ensure; that the beats of eternally immortal love weren't violated the slightest by my disappearing soul; instead relentlessly continued to bond with beauty; to bond with romantic timelessness and vibrant life.

Nikhil Parekh

But Not Without!

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; vanquishing every part of my body into countless bits of; frigidly threadbare ash,
But not without her magically celestial smiles; keeping me immortally happy; even after sadistically ghastly and rotten death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; pulverizing every holistic bone in my persona; topathetically insidious and infinitesimal; squelched mosquito curry,
But not without her immaculately Omnipotent voice; which insatiably propelled me to fantasize beyond realms of bountifully eternal eternity; even after morbidly remorseful and tyrannical death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; brutally smashing the poignantly intricate arenas of my countenance; against the chain of satanically blood coated rocks,
But not without her ravishingly satiny grace; which made me feel like the most blessedly blissful man alive; even after dolorously vindictive and lecherous death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; pugnaciously decimating each iota of my blood and vein; into obsolete wisps of devastated chowder,
But not without her ardently silken shadow; which made me gloriously assimilate the fathomless treasures on this radiantly unfathomable Universe; even after abominably abhorrent and viciously battering death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; heinously deluging even the non-existent parts of my demeanor; with a dungeon of ludicrously crippling darkness,
But not without her seductively majestic stride; which made me perennially yearn for languishing in the arms of flaming passion; even after torturously appalling and gory death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; barbarically exploding my robust body; into unsurpassable corpses of unprecedented suffering,
But not without her gorgeously priceless scent; which made me like an irrefutable prince of ubiquitous philanthropism; even after sardonically penalizing and cursed death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; lambasting every pore of my

skin; with infinite swords of venomously deadly scorpion,
But not without her rustically timeless tradition; which made me handsomely
cling to my humanitarian rudiments for times immemorial; even after atrociously
bitter and debilitating death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; maliciously blending every bit
of my ecstatic jubilation; with inconspicuously perilous ghosts wandering freely in
the island of hell,
But not without her puffs of vibrantly spell binding breath; which made me feel
as if I was reborn a countless times in order to uninhibitedly love; even after
disastrously prurient and cold blooded death.

And take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; snapping the fangs of my
precious existence; without the tiniest of insinuation; horrifically donating my
flesh thereafter to the unsurpassable fleet of diabolical devils,
But not without her unassailably passionate heartbeats; which made me feel
perpetually bouncing and wholesomely dedicated to the cause of spawning
gregariously new life; even after mockingly mortifying and absolute death.

Nikhil Parekh

But Only To Irrefutably Ensure

If someone slaps you viciously on your face; slap him back; but only to irrefutably ensure; that he was never able to slap any innocently celestial cheek; on this boundlessly poignant Universe; once again,

If someone kicks you ominously on your hindside; kick him back; but only to irrefutably ensure; that he was never able to kick any innocuously divine organism; on this colossally bountiful Universe; once again,

If someone bites you diabolically on your flesh; bite him back; but only to irrefutably ensure; that he was never able to bite any frigidly impoverished countenance; on this vivaciously mesmerizing Universe; once again,

If someone spits venom deplorably on your nape; spit back at him; but only to irrefutably ensure; that he was never able to spit abhorrence on any immaculately symbiotic entity; on this marvelously enchanting Universe; once again,

If someone stabs you surreptitiously on your back; stab back at him; but only to irrefutably ensure; that he was never able to stab any impeccably righteous human; on this fabulously compassionate Universe; once again,

If someone ridicules you satanically on your rudiments; ridicule back at him; but only to irrefutably ensure; that he was never able to ridicule any holistically truthful entity; on this gloriously effulgent Universe; once again,

If someone pummels you murderously in your stomach; pummel him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to pummel any intricately harmonious molecule of God; on this ubiquitously benign Universe; once again,

If someone incarcerates you ruthlessly in treacherous bars of heinous slavery; incarcerate him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to incarcerate any uninhibitedly symbiotic existence; on this panoramically fathomless Universe; once again,

If someone yells at you thunderously to deafen all your blissful sense of understanding; yell at him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to yell at any romantically poignant angel; on this bloomingly gigantic Universe; once again,

If someone abuses you treacherously in the name of your sacrosanct parents; abuse him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to abuse any helplessly maimed organism of Almighty Lord; on this resplendently enigmatic Universe; once again,

If someone strangulates you devilishly on your neck; strangulate him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to strangulate any unfortunately destitute orphan; on this astoundingly everlasting Universe; once again,

If someone pulverizes you to infinitesimal ash; pulverize him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to pulverize any haplessly trapped innocent individual on this Omnisciently scintillating Universe; once again,

If someone whipped you to devastatingly bizarre submission; whip him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to whip any cripplingly mutilated beggar; on this unsurpassably timeless Universe; once again,

If someone poisoned your food with lecherously lethal snake venom; poison him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to poison any morsel of indispensably priceless life; on this endlessly proliferating Universe; once again,

If someone chopped your fingers with swords of hideously manipulative commercialism; chop him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to chop any heavenly child; on this exotically flamboyant Universe; once again,

If someone blinded your eyes horrendously with rods of uncouthly blistering iron; blind him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to blind any messiah of peace; on this brilliantly fascinating Universe; once again,

If someone starved you perilously of inevitable granules of nature's fruit; starve him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to starve any unequivocally embracing human; on this royally enamoring Universe; once again,

If someone raunchily shattered your heart into an infinite pieces; shatter him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to shatter any immortal lover's beats; on this wonderfully majestic Universe; once again,

And if someone deliberately asphyxiated the last iota of rhapsodic breath from

your nostrils; asphyxiate him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to asphyxiate any synergistically surviving organism; on this stupendously radiant Universe; once again.

Nikhil Parekh

But Remember

You might choose to help the disparagingly shambling mountaintops; or you might choose to commiserate with all those heartlessly orphaned in the invidiously cold-blooded garbage bins,

You might choose to help the flagrantly disoriented lunatic; or you might chose to sow the seeds of fructifying virility on acrimoniously bellicose and barren soil,

You might choose to help the mercilessly adulterated ocean; or you might choose to compassionately embrace all those truculently lambasted by mortuaries of bizarre betrayal,

You might choose to help the plebeian brutally maimed by the onslaught of derogatory politics; or you might choose to optimistically mitigate the lives of all those despicably rotting in dungeons of blindness; since the time they shouted their first cry,

You might choose to help the rapidly vanishing rainbow; or you might choose to inundate the commercial atmosphere thoroughly depleted of empathy; with the fragrance of everlasting humanity,

You might choose to help the egregiously wounded lion; or you might choose to illuminate the lanterns of unassailably mesmerizing humanity; in the corpses abhorrently blood-sucking war,

You might choose to help the one-legged beggar; or you might choose to become an immutably altruistic messiah of the religion of priceless mankind,

You might choose to help ominously trampled and butchered roses; or you might choose to perennially venerate every holistic mother whom you encountered in your way,

You might choose to help every suicidal element of the diabolically estranged society; or you might choose to coalesce every tribe; sect and color of this iridescently exhilarating Universe; into the scent of enchanting mankind,

You might choose to help every star lividly falling from fathomless sky; or you might choose to stand like an insuperable fortress beside every despairing destitute; who was being hedonistically tortured for ostensibly no reason or

rhyme,

You might choose to help the indigently nervous and frigidly quavering shadow; or you might choose to bring the cradle of untainted innocence to every dwelling besieged with manipulatively dastard prejudice,

You might choose to help ghoulishly stale and sullen space; or you might choose to hoist every unwanted infant on this gigantic Universe; upon your magnanimous shoulders till the time you breathed your very last,

You might choose to help the hopelessly asphyxiating eunuch; or you might choose to become the ultimate ambassador of unconquerably limitless peace; on the trajectory of this boundless Universe,

You might choose to help civilizations uprooted after nonsensical bombardment and ghastly war; or you might choose to perseveringly evolve a pathway of indomitably unparalleled truth; with the streams of your very own euphoric blood,

You might choose to help the ignominiously incarcerated slave; or you might choose to liberate the floodgates of your passionate heart; allowing every devilishly monotonous life to share your tributaries of selfless love,

You might choose to help the fish uncontrollably slavering without water; or you might choose to precociously innovate unsurpassable cisterns of miraculous freshness; on every step that you tread,

O! Yes; Help in whatever way you could and whomsoever on this bountifully resplendent planet that you philanthropically wanted to; but remember that every single of your divinely benevolent deeds would metamorphose into inconspicuously frigid shit; the instant you bombastically proclaimed to the world that you were indeed the one who did them; you were the one who had alleviated countless organism; of their misery and horrific pain,

For you were just an infinitesimally molecular mediator of the Lord Almighty sent on this planet to do humble deeds; while it was the Creator himself; who not only decided as to whom you were going to help; in what capacity you were going to help; who needed your help the most; and who was indeed destined to receive your help; but bestowed upon you the unflinching power to forever succeed and help.

But Remember O! Mate

You might be ripped apart to an infinite pieces of nothingness; by the bawdily conventional and disdainfully ostracizing society outside,

You might be dragged through the aisles of living mortuaries worse than hell; by the scurrilously decrepit and bizarrely baseless society outside,

You might be mercilessly thrashed with whiplashes of ignominiously vengeful abhorrent all day; by the diabolically parasitic and sadistically sinister society outside,

You might be brutally pierced in your tongue and till the very last bone of your philanthropic spine; by the disgustingly dramatic and pompously pulverizing society outside,

But remember O! mate; irrespective of whatever on this commercially sinful earth today; for every benevolent sharing of yours; for every truthful ramification of your soul; for every symbiotic desire that you nurtured and diffused; there were the greatest of God's saluting you; there were the greatest of God's proclaiming you as the most pricelessly insuperable in the cosmos and terrestrial trajectory; alike.

1.

You might be salaciously hurled into a dungeon of vindictively stabbing scorpions without a cloth on your body; by the criminally unforgiving and monstrously remorseful outside,

You might be cold-bloodedly divested of quintessential water for marathon days; by the forlornly prejudiced and tyrannically hideous society outside,

You might be made ludicrously infertile; by the murderously insane and pathetically quavering society outside,

You might be buried a boundless feet beneath your veritable grave for displaying unflinchingly patriotic bravery; by the treacherously satanic and haughtily maudlin society outside,

But remember O! mate; irrespective of whatever on this amorphously

cadaverous earth today; for every harmoniously mellifluous sermon of yours; for every passionately uninhibited cry of your soul; for every wound that you altruistically healed of your suffering compatriots; there were the greatest of God's saluting you; there were the greatest of God's proclaiming you as the most pricelessly perpetual in the cosmos and terrestrial trajectory; alike.

2.

You might be hedonistically stripped of even the most infinitesimal bone of your body; by the horrendously egregious and tawdrily truculent society outside,

You might be surreptitiously administered venom in every morsel of food that you consumed; by the miserably impoverished and barbarously damned society outside,

You might be gruesomely blinded since the very first cry of your pristine birth; by the lethally lascivious and lackadaisically lecherous society outside,

You might be made a pennilessly feckless whisker of unceasingly flagrant parody; by the indiscriminately ribald and unsolicitedly tempestuous society outside,

But remember O! mate; irrespective of whatever on this senselessly robotic earth today; for every philanthropically handsome yearning of yours; for every indefatigably humanitarian fantasy lingering profoundly in the whites of your eyes; for every orphan whom you unequivocally embraced till the very last breath of your life; there were the greatest of God's saluting you; there were the greatest of God's proclaiming you as the most pricelessly inimitable in the cosmos and terrestrial trajectory; alike.

3.

You might be subjugated and molested with a trillion agonies in a single minute; by the violently unsparing and vituperatively delirious society outside,

You might be kept austere aloof from even the most ephemeral trace of light; by the heartlessly shriveled and demonically corrupt society outside,

You might be made to bleed to death right in front of your divinely parents eyes; by the cunningly cannibalistic and pervertedly incarcerated society outside,

You might be zany sacrificed as an offering to the Creator on the spuriously

maniacal altar; by the tirelessly rotting and unsurpassably demented society outside,

But remember O! mate; irrespective of whatever on this manipulatively balderdash earth today; for every compassionately truthful cry of your heart; for every step that you alighted to miraculously ameliorate the dreadfully estranged planet; for every optimistically synergistic enlightenment that you disseminated in the haplessly dying corpses; there were the greatest of God's saluting you; there were the greatest of God's proclaiming you as the most pricelessly unconquerable in the cosmos and terrestrial trajectory; alike.

Nikhil Parekh

But Still Loving You And Only You

Strip all the inimitably bountiful melody from my voice; heartlessly leaving me to wander; through the aimless streets of cacophonous incongruity and thwarted obstreperousness,

Strip all the immaculately enriched artistry from my fingers; uncouthly leaving me to claw my way; through a robotic matchbox of maniacally manipulative and corporate darkness,

Strip all the spirit to philanthropically hoist from my shoulders; diabolically leaving me without a singleton mission on this earth; and shirking further and further away from the fabric of miraculous humanity,

Strip all the unfathomably passionate yearning from my eyes; parasitically leaving me in a dungeon of vindictive blackness; where all I could sight were the ghosts of monotonous give and take,

Strip all the undaunted compassionate from my chest; sinfully leaving me in a slush-pile of pathetically lame meaninglessness; wildly groping in every conceivable direction for the warmth of fresh creation,

Strip all the exultating rhythm of adventure from my feet; disastrously leaving me to follow the same treacherous route to shame; every monstrous day and viciously marauding night,

Strip all the insuperable temerity from my teeth; hopelessly leaving me to wantonly suck every ounce of benign achievement; from every fathomable bosom that I encountered my way on the trajectory of soil,

Strip all the victoriously bedazzling romance from my skin; morbidly leaving me in a coffin of hateful lamentation; with even the most sensuously hilted knives floundering to have the tiniest effect on my soul,

Strip all the ubiquitously enthralling fantasy from my brain; grievously leaving me to squander an infinite miles; under the treacherously acrimonious rays of the afternoon Sun; and crippling sinking sand beneath my feet,

Strip all the zealous tenacity from my bones; abysmally leaving me to fret and ludicrously regret; tossing like an impotent idiot as the hideous devil massacred and violently rampaged through my motherland,

Strip all the untamed ardor from my sweat; preposterously leaving me like the ultimate beggar of my time; unrelentingly staggering on obdurate ground; without the most infinitesimal wings of desire,

Strip all the unparalleled sensitivity from my spine; abjectly leaving me to squeak till death; in the gutters of fetid moroseness and deliriously beheading practicality,

Strip all the spell-binding humanitarian valor from my blood; wretchedly leaving me to solely sight my reflection in mud; seek solace in the utmost hell's of obscurity; far from the most invisible cry of eternal living kind,

Strip all the burgeoning virility from my loins; mercilessly leaving me in victimizing morasses of incarceration; unable to blissfully emboss even a footprint of mine on earth; even after an infinite births and deaths,

Strip all the enlivening rhapsody from my lips; agonizingly leaving me to squabble and sob; even as the most unassailable epitomes of success and happiness; profusely kissed my doorstep,

Strip all the unshakably divine truth from my conscience; unsparingly leaving me to confront each instant of passing life; abominably entangled in a jailhouse of blood-stained chicanery and thorns,

Strip all the unconquerable fieriness from my breath; banefully leaving me to unceasingly gape amongst lividly infertile patches of sky; with the true elixir of my existence evaporating; even before it could be born,

Strip all the perpetually passionate ardor of my heart; cursedly leaving me in the graveyards of baselessly penalizing war; where the only diet that existed day and night; was that of symbiotic blood and human breath,

And you'll eventually get my body- living the life of a gruesomely dead corpse; but still loving you and only you O! heavenly beloved; and with an intensity which was an infinite times even greater; than when I was naturally and perfectly alive.

Nikhil Parekh

But That Doesn't Mean

I might be possessing an uncouthly scraggy beard; encapsulating my cheeks abominably from all sides,
But that doesn't mean; that I didn't have soft flesh on my visage; the voluptuous tinge which seduced the most glorious of angels into an absolute submission.

I might be endowed with a color which was darker than the sootiest of charcoal; repelling every entity I transgressed in my way,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't fantasize about all the beautiful maidens on this Universe; drown and coalesce myself each instant with the ultimate of marvels; infinite lands transcending the island of paradise.

I might be residing with an insatiable whirlpool of mosquito's in my dingy hut; without an iota of currency in my bedraggled pockets,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't perceive ingenious ideas in my brain; to metamorphose this lecherously manipulative society once again; into benevolent mankind.

I might be tinier than the inconspicuously diminutive ant in stature; being overwhelmingly mocked by all tangible living on this planet,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't stand on my own feet; shirk into my reclusive cocoon; when it came to defending philanthropic mankind.

I might be having a voice more horrendously disgusting than the croaking frogs; inundating the atmosphere each moment with pathetically disgruntled cacophony,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't explicitly voice my feelings; pacify the torrential agony in my soul; with the poignancy I generated through my words.

I might be bereft of eyes right since immaculate childhood; stumbling on each gloomy footstep; like a pack of frigidly soft cards,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't enlighten other's lives; cast optimistic rays of splendor and hope; in the paths of those staggering towards horrific nothingness.

I might be disastrously ugly; with every quarter of spuriously bombastic mankind; rebuking me beyond the limits of ignominious condemnation,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't impregnate heavenly fragrance in my comrades shivering beside their corpse; assist them blossom again from the tenterhooks of hopeless extinction.

I might be utterly famished due to brutal circumstances; deprived of the most infinitesimal morsel of food since centuries immemorial,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't perceive stupendously oligarchic cuisine lingering in exotic kitchens; harness the most majestic of artistry with every droplet; of my profoundly compassionate blood.

I might be profusely decaying and old; now awaiting death any instant to embrace me in its inevitably ghastly stranglehold,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't bounce and frolick like a new born child; innocently pour out whatever enveloped the walls of my conscience to the extraneous world.

And I might be bound in devilishly blood coated chains; unable to budge even a minuscule inch over the gory imprisonment entrenching me murderously from all sides,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't love; romance; care; share; with the person I revered the most; bond each of my senses in the swirl of an immortal relationship; which no bloody chain on this earth could ever break.

Nikhil Parekh

But What About Those?

You may have washed your hands; cleaning them scrupulously of the most invisible of stain,
But what about the blood adhering to your heart; the several innocent whom you had beheaded without any rhyme or reason?

You may have eaten stupendously sizzling slices of mutton; masticating the morsels after blending them with handsome salt,
But what about the goat mother who bleated incessantly; after losing her only son, the only flesh she had delivered facing the grueling agony of long months?

You may have laughed the loudest in the crowd; propagating the same infectiously
in pedestrians around you,
But what about the old man; who had to trip his footing in a slush of dirty sewage water; in order to cause you to smile?

You may have dressed in the most glamorous of coat and trousers; sprinkling your entire demeanor with an ocean of passionate scent,
But what about those tyrannized sheep who were left shivering in bizarre cold; after you uncouthly stripped their skins of their natural protection?

You may have spoken the most flowery speech on the mike; drawing loads of adulation from all those who were mesmerized by the beautiful essence in the lines,
But what about the writer whom you had incarcerated in the dungeons; after stealing his writing to stand tall and domineering?

You may have driven in the most contemporary of car; with its golden wheels traversing the meandering lanes of the hill like a galloping panther,
But what about the infinite stalks of fresh grass; the innocuous infants wandering around; whom you had trampled indiscriminately in your insatiable march towards victory?

You may have drunk cartons full of mineral water; quenching your thirst under the scorching Sun of midday,
But what about those people reeling under severe drought; whose wells you had emptied to tingle the food in your stomach?

You may have lived for a 100 years; surviving on the most conventional of

medicine and steroids,

But what about those innocent whom you had slaved; in order to clean every iota of dirt you spat on this earth?

And you may have loved; imprisoning every girl you set your eyes on with the power of your wealth,

But what about all those billion lives you had assassinated; in order to satisfy each desire of yours?

Nikhil Parekh

But What To Do With This Heart

I could perhaps control my brain; diverting it to a billion other directions of mesmerizing beauty and unparalleled enchantment,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats unrelentingly bounced to an infinite kilometers beyond the horizons of emptiness in clear sky; without her magically royal shadow by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; profusely sedating it without listening to a trifle of its choice; with the most efficaciously inclement tranquilizers,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats reverberated more thunderously than the most untamed lightening and storm; without her unbelievably mellifluous voice by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; maliciously poisoning it against the most ethereal of emotion on this Universe; everytime it commenced to inexplicably cry,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats lost every trace of direction; went ludicrously haywire even in the most brilliantly explicit Sunlight; without her magnanimously bestowing palms by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; treacherously rebuking it to such an ignominiously contemptuous threshold; that it became oblivious to its very own voice,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats drowned a zillion feet beneath the coffin of nothingness; without the rhapsodically effulgent sweetness of her existence by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; mechanically attuning it to the mundane vagaries of survival; dictating upon it that the mantra of survival of the fittest was the only mantra that it should profoundly realize,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats dimmed to a lackadaisical singleton in the entire day; without her miraculously alleviating aura by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; whiplashing it with the severest of medicinal injection; so that it couldn't conceive an iota beyond the aisles of mundane practicality,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats withered more faster than preposterously slippery quick sand; without her innocuously righteous stare by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; splitting it apart into an unsurpassable halves;
as it started to reminisce those moments when we first divinely met,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats shook hands with murderous
apocalypses of hedonistic hell; without her pristinely humanitarian stride by their
side.

I could perhaps control my brain; metamorphosing its structure surgically; from
one that remained obsessed solely with her desire; to one that nonchalantly
moved
step by step with the ruthlessly robotic planet outside,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats uncompromisingly cried tears of raw
blood for an infinite more lifetimes; without her fructifying dynamite of blissful
energy by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; neutralizing even the most evanescent of its
intricate emotionality; with the salaciously cold-blooded poison of current world
commercialism and inevitable corruption,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats trembled more vociferously than the
tremors of the most devastating earthquake; without her timelessly blossoming
fragrance by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; inexhaustibly subjugating it with chains of
concentratedly Spartan meditation; whenever it wandered towards memories of
gloriously triumphant past,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats were rendering me an unfathomable
billion torturous deaths even though I was veritably alive; without the spirit
of her immortally Omnipotent love by their side.

Nikhil Parekh

But Yet I Surrendered

The most pernicious of mountains on this Universe miserably failed to deter me; as I euphorically surged like an untamed prince; without batting even an infinitesimal eyelid; beyond the summits of eternal paradise,

The most lecherous of oceans on this Universe disdainfully failed to drown me; as I vivaciously flew like an inimitably majestic eagle; over the fathomlessly priceless carpet of this astoundingly panoramic earth,

The most abstruse of forests on this Universe pathetically failed to scare me; as I uninhibitedly raced like an impregnable panther through the poignantly regale paths; of the spell bindingly sunlit hills,

The most vindictive of cannibals on this Universe ludicrously failed to devour me; as I timelessly slept in the caverns of unprecedented exhilaration; enchantingly fantasizing about the fathomless treasures of solidarity; for infinite more births of mine,

The most avaricious of parasites on this Universe lugubriously failed to suck me; as I tirelessly sang like a mellifluously golden nightingale all exotic night; only to embrace realms of profoundly unassailable sleep; the entire swelteringly sunlit day,

The most diabolical of prisons on this Universe harrowingly failed to incarcerate me; as I sailed in harmoniously princely unison with the gorgeously gregarious atmosphere; blending even the most diminutive of my senses with the religion of symbiotically priceless mankind,

The most fetid of traitors on this Universe disparagingly failed to harm me; as I bountifully blazed in an unrelenting saga of immortal bravery; altruistically serving my sacrosanct mother soil; till I abdicated my very last breath,

The most simpering of deserts on this Universe stupidly failed to scorch me; as I celestially floated in a paradise of magnanimously unending goodness; uniting tumultuously estranged souls across this boundless planet; in the threads of irrevocably handsome truth,

The most licentious of venoms on this Universe preposterously failed to asphyxiate me; as I radiantly proliferated into a river of sensuously enamoring happiness; every unfurling minute of my diminutively delineated lifetime,

The most acrimonious of thorns on this Universe ingloriously failed to perpetuate me; as I galloped like thunderbolts of profusely vibrant lightening; through the corridors of blissfully heavenly prosperity,
The most sinister of witches on this Universe insipidly failed to jinx me; as I unconquerably permeated through even the most ephemerally treacherous norm of the acridly abhorrent society; metamorphosing every bit of salaciously derogatory lies into the island of; blessed righteousness,

The most tumultuous of sunrays on this Universe repeatedly failed to stifle me; as I fearlessly blossomed into the most rhapsodically effulgent fruits of God's creation; since the very first cry of my beautiful birth,

The most unfathomable of superpowers on this Universe disastrously failed to tame me; as I irrefutably vanquished even the most evanescent trace of evil on this globe; philanthropically crusading for the cause of symbiotic peace; by the grace of the Almighty Lord,

The most hedonistic of maelstroms on this Universe ridiculously failed to shake me; as I exhaled into a fireball of intransigently dazzling exuberance; optimistically enlightening the lives of one and all; aristocratically alike,

The most truculent of scorpions on this Universe flagrantly failed to sting me; as I triumphantly emerged from the aisles of inconspicuously obsolete nothingness; as the ultimate harbinger of resplendently robust humanity,

The most remorseful of graveyards on this Universe stupefyingly failed to haunt me; as I culminated into the rainbow of holistically gifted existence; indefatigably kissing the freshly formed golden dew,

The most adverse of tyrannical agonies on this Universe grotesquely failed to overpower me; as I spawned into an unsurpassably benign entrenchment of happiness; diffusing the mantra of contentment on every path that I nimbly tread,

The most devilish of deaths on this Universe dastardly failed to annihilate me; as I mushroomed into an endless festoon of eclectically wonderful lives; every unleashing instant on this earth and beyond,

O! Yes; All of the above and incomprehensibly more was unquestionably there with me by the grace of the Omnipotent Lord; But yet I fell on her divinely feet

like a speck of frigidly parsimonious wind; But yet I uncontrollably shivered like a
diminishing destitute in her perpetual palms; But yet I lost all direction
of my life in her impeccably twinkling eyes; But yet I forever surrendered myself
as the ultimate slave of her immortally beating heart.

Nikhil Parekh

But You Looked The Best

You looked more ravishing than the fairies; when I sighted you under flamboyantly fiery rays of dazzling Sunlight,

You looked more mesmerizing than the heavenly waterfalls; when I sighted you under milky beams of resplendent moonlight,

You looked more innocuous than the freshly born infant; when I sighted you under ethereally evanescent shadows of dawn,

You looked more tantalizing than the full blossomed vivacious peacock; when I sighted you in the overwhelmingly murky camouflage of dusk,

But you looked the best; seated naturally by my side; profoundly lost in your eternal dreams; with every beat of yours bonding immortally with mine.

You looked more celestial than the angels; when I sighted you frolicking flirtatiously in the ocean waves,

You looked more enchanting than the myriad of profusely poignant rose; when I sighted you blushing in untamed embarrassment,

You looked more seductive than the most voluptuous of nights; when I sighted you gallivanting euphorically upon your golden horse,

You looked more immaculate than the crusts of pristine snow; when I sighted you spreading your lips into a spell binding smile,

But you looked the best; seated naturally by my side; profoundly lost in your eternal dreams; with every beat of yours bonding immortally with mine.

You looked more surreally fabulous than the most unfathomable of dream; when I sighted you soaring through the handsomely misty clouds,

You looked more exuberant than the thunderously gushing breeze; when I sighted you wholesomely drenched in ebullient globules of fresh rain,

You looked more astonishing than royally crackling flames of fire; when I sighted you embellished in a festoon of silver oyster pearls,

You looked more fragrant than the field of newly sprouted lotus; when I sighted you philandering barefoot in the wilderness of the enigmatic midnight,

But you looked the best; seated naturally by my side; profoundly lost in your eternal dreams; with every beat of yours bonding immortally with mine.

You looked more sagacious than any prudent entity on this planet; when I sighted you communicating with the flock of impeccable pigeons; perched majestically on
your rubicund palms,

You looked more alluring than the incredulously striped rainbow in the sky; when I sighted you whistling and staring unrelentingly into exotically open space,

You looked more dense than most fathomless of forests; when I sighted you batting your eyelids towards the mirror; an infinite times,

You looked more special than anybody else on this planet; when I sighted tears of poignant philanthropism; dribble down from your irrefutably sacred eyes,

But you looked the best; seated naturally by my side; profoundly lost in your eternal dreams; with every beat of yours bonding immortally with mine.

Nikhil Parekh

But You Would Still Fail

You could mercilessly snatch my eyes; engender a blanket of gruesomely debilitating darkness to wholesomely engulf me till eternity,

You could make me dismally dumb; with my tongue refraining to utter even the most tiniest of sound,

You could maim me worse than a dying dog; fomenting me to slither pathetically on the ground; as I tried to surge the slightest of distance forward,

You could starve me more brutally than the scorching desert; savagely drying the last drop of blood circulating in my body,

But you would still fail to make me forget her; unwind me from the web of her supremely invincible love; unwind me from the place in her heart that was perpetually mine.

You could make me haplessly beg on the boisterous streets; shiver uncontrollably in the freezing night; adorning me in rags of disdainful barbed wire,

You could satanically smash my scalp into infinite fragments; making me swoon in a bloody heap towards profusely dusty ground,

You could incarcerate me in a dungeon replete with lethal scorpion; and even the most obscure beam of Sunlight; being an insurmountably far cry,

You could make me treacherously transgress over a blanket of sizzling embers; making me inevitably shrug holistic degrees of blissful control,

But you would still fail to make me forget her; unwind me from the web of her supremely invincible love; unwind me from the place in her heart that was perpetually mine.

You could throw me diabolically from the fathomless sky; laugh to your hearts content; as nobody on this earth could now recognize me in my unfathomably broken form,

You could blend the most heinous poison in the water that I sipped; watching me horrendously gasp for mammoth breathfulls of serene air,

You could strip me uncouthly of all the wealth I possessed; leave me to confront my destiny; abreast an island of serrated skinned alligators,

You could shoot me right through the head; with a battalion of boundless bullets hurling at unsurpassable speeds from your murderously gleaming revolver,

But you would still fail to make me forget her; unwind me from the web of her supremely invincible love; unwind me from the place in her heart that was perpetually mine.

You could crucify me to bodily submission; nailing my nimble persona with an incomprehensible armory of barbaric thorns,

You could use me as food for the preposterously gigantic whale; tossing me like a chunk of dilapidated vegetable; right into the moaning monsters mouth,

You could squelch me to inconspicuous pulp against the chain of blood curling rocks; before eventually dumping me countless kilometers beneath my corpse,

You could make every step of my life more tyrannical than infinite hell's combined together; stabbing me every unfurling second with astronomical amount of unbearable pain,

But you would still fail to make me forget her; unwind me from the web of her supremely invincible love; unwind me from the place in her heart that was perpetually mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Buttons

The colossal deodar tree was embossed with infinite buttons of parrot green,
which swayed frivolously with ravishing currents of enigmatic breeze.

The sky was flooded with buttons of flocculent white,
Dispersed into cocoons of rain yielding humid gas.

The contemporary pistol was embedded with a fleet of compact lead buttons,
Capable of annihilating palpable entities to lifeless souls.

Palatial waters of the emerald ocean were abundant with hordes of fish,
Which swam with acrobatic ease in swirling waters; under the nocturnal moon.

The sizzling agglomerate of continental soup was resplendent with buttons of
tubular mushroom,
Which disintegrated into sumptuous splinters when savored by a cluster of teeth.

Pellucid glass of the time piece; incorporated slender buttons of metal,
Which arduously circulated in clockwise journeys throughout decades of survival.

Succulent pulp of the watermelon; held captive a plethora of brown buttons,
Which had sour juice trapped in deep recesses of soft kernel.

The driving wheel of scintillating automobile; possessed a conspicuously
protuberant button,
Producing discordant sounds when compressed to supreme angularity.

Mammoth jerry cans of cow milk; consisted of tangible buttons of salubrious
cream,
Which reinvigorated dreary mechanisms of the body with unprecedented energy.

The magnanimous jaw of alligator was juxtaposed with an army of acerbic
button,
Ready to ferociously strip bountiful flesh from strong bone.

Silver sands of the sea shore were emollient with surplus fillings of mystical
buttons,
Which shone brilliantly in the midday Sun; nestled in tranquil under a cameo of
stars.

And visual apparatus of my eye was blessed with translucent buttons of vision,
Which envisaged her love in the day; inevitably sighting her on every piece of
land,
Sleeping in contentment with her fragrance pilfering my thought flow for the
ruthless night.

Nikhil Parekh

By The Grace Of God

Live like an grandiloquent eagle; soaring handsomely through the vivaciously bubbling crimson clouds,

Live like the mountains basking in the glory of perennially shimmering sunlight; intrepidly confronting every obstacle without their head flinching the slightest,

Live like the rhapsodically tangy waves of the ocean; clashing with rejuvenated fervor every instant against the chain of enigmatically mesmerizing rocks,

Live like the impeccable pigeon; retiring for a blissful nights sleep in its delectable nest; under the magnificently resplendent blanket of glittering stars,

Live like the belligerent soldier whose heart was more molten than candle wax; but who preferred to decimate his head; rather than bowing it to anyone other than
his motherland,

Live like the marvelously glowing jewel; that radiated its light full blossom; even in the most satanically gory tunnel of treacherous darkness,

Live like the exuberantly enthralling cloud of dawn; perpetuating every thoroughly dwindling entity with a rejuvenated gusto; to propel tirelessly ahead in life,

Live like the bountifully sprawling fruits of Nature's creation; proliferating millions of its kind as the hour unveiled to fill the day,

Live like the road that never ends; indefatigably weaving its path towards an island of overwhelming mysticism and astounding enchantment,

Live like the butterfly which stays perpetually ebullient; frolicking into a festoon of smiles even while incarcerated infinite feet beneath the earth,

Live like the Mother who knows nothing but sacrifice; enduring the severest agony conceivable on human planet; to spawn the most wonderful creation of Almighty Lord,

Live like the fire whose flames never die; triggering insurmountable infernos of untamed passion; even as torrential cloudbursts of rain ferociously pelted down,

Live like the leaves that never withered; clinging resiliently to the body of their master; even as the most heinous of devil tried to ruthlessly massacre them with his foot,

Live like the rose which immortally diffused its divinely scent; no matter how hard the acrimonious thorns tried to gobble it in their acerbic swirl,

Live like the irrefutably powerful lion of the jungle; reigning supremely over your priceless conscience for centuries unprecedented,

Live like the immaculately beautiful princess; spreading the most wonderful word of God; from deep within your heart to even the most remotely obsolete corner of this Universe,

Live like the soul which impregnated a wave of ingratiating vitality; in every organism who had reached the premature brink of hopeless extinction,

Live like the blessed couple of true lovers; being wholesomely oblivious to the manipulatively monotonous realms of the spuriously surviving society,

And most importantly live life to the most unfathomable limits; rejoicing and basking in Princely glory till perhaps beyond what your breath could perceive; but always do remember and chant this till the time you die; that live life by the grace of God.

Nikhil Parekh

Bye

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to shatter me beyond realms of pragmatic imagination; making me the most horrendously penurious man on this boundless Universe,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to engender me to slither like profusely maim on cold ground; although I proudly possessed; blissful pairs of robust palms and feet,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to ruthlessly extricate every iota of happiness from my vibrant life; rendering me to worthlessly stagger in disdainful winds of disappearing oblivion,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to treacherously freeze all celestial streams of blood in my poignant veins; diabolically paralyzing every part of my body; till my death,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to make all harmoniously sparkling food entrapped in my bowels; metamorphose into heinously preposterously skeletons beneath the corpse,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to make me relinquish even the most infinitesimal iota of my splendid sight; groping in a sea of despairing darkness for centuries immemorial,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to slit my throat into an infinite bits of incoherently threadbare chowder; snapping the very essence of melodious sound; from the inner most recesses of my mouth,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to make me lecherously stumble in a bedraggled heap towards sleazy cocoons of soil; lick pathetically devastating dust; as breakfast for the morning; the sole supper to lead the invidiously threatening night,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to make me indefatigably sulk in the aisles of perpetual solitude; with the contours of the extraneous world; evaporating in an obfuscated blur; far away from my overwhelmingly staggering vision,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to slash satanically through my

conglomerate of divine veins; ripping my entire caricature apart into non-existent wisps degradable nothingness,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to bombard the unfathomable repertoire of royal fantasies in my brain; to insipidly ominous pulp and fetid gutter water,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to cremate me alive in a dungeon insurmountably brimming with venomous scorpion; shrug me to a ridiculous stage; where I lost all count of my incongruously decimated bones,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to trigger me to indefatigably cry; weep more than a countless deaths; in just a single lifetime of mine,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to scrap all my fame and opulence in a single shot; as acerbically wild hell rained in traumatized agony from the blankets of scarlet sky,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to starve me for infinite more births yet to unveil; tottering towards the corridors of despondent extinction; although the conventionally murderous society sighted me; with a spurious smile uncompromisingly lingering on my face,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to impregnate my wonderfully resplendent existence; with the inexplicable ghost of profound sorrow and abominably cacophonous wailing,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to capsize me in chains of insatiable depravation; incarcerating each of my enthralling mind; body and senses in perilously pernicious; prisons of bloodshed,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to asphyxiate my breath to veritably sinister nothingness; as I inhaled the last puff of exhilarated air into my dying lungs,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to lambaste my heart with whirlpools of loneliness; annihilating each of its beats with swords of murderously uncouth diabolism,

O! yes it was indeed unbelievable but irrefutably true; that just three minuscule alphabets; made me instantaneously blend with winds of abhorrent hell; as she slipped from my invincible grip; to bid me a final good bye.

Nikhil Parekh

Cakes

As i strolled languidly on smooth cakes of road tarmac,
stringent pellets of sunshine struck my eyes,
blistering sheets of wind whipped petite regions of my flesh,
the steaming persona of ground formed a volley of cracks,
radiating at right angles from my slender soled feet.

when i frivolously wandered on the fluorescent cake of midnight moon,
ornately draped angels collided with soft cushions of my hair,
the ambience was overflowing with a sedative calm,
blotches of crime had faded into kingdoms of oblivion,
my conscience reverberated with impeccable nostalgia of early childhood.

after walking for long hours on cakes of snow,
savage blizzards hitting my cheek like an army of pistol bullets,
infinite territories of my skin transiting to an embarrassing crimson red,
the inner periphery of my ear frozen in the deafening cold,
i willing settled for a cupful of boiling ginger tea.

all i wanted was a cake topped with icy peppermint,
consisting of tons of chocolate curry,
topped up with immaculate dressings of blood red cherry,
a cake which could quench my insatiable gluttony,
awaken sweet memories of perpetual love which i had inadvertently craved for,
put me to sleep with an aura of immortal bliss encompassing my face,
dreaming about the palpable goodness that ever did exist.

Nikhil Parekh

Call Us Mother

We welcome you with tears of unprecedented empathy in our eyes; wishing you tumultuous luck and success in your future life to unveil,

We welcome you with ardor in our rubicund tongues; blessing you with sacrosanct hymns that diffused from our mouths,

We welcome you with the blistering intensity in our blood; earnestly wanting you to rise to the most astronomical limits in your life,

We welcome you with the passion profusely embedded in our bones; insatiably desire that you keep living blissfully without the slightest of scratch to your scalp,

We welcome you with uninhibited love in our hearts; ardently wanting to wholesomely blend your beats with ours,

We welcome you with our open arms open like the colossal sky; imparting your persona with all the love that we could ever savor or salvage on the circumference of this planet,

We welcome you with profound feelings lingering deep down our soul; fighting till our last breath to wade away even the most tiniest shadow of evil from around your impeccable demeanor,

We welcome you with compassionate smiles engulfing our lips; deluging your future with bountiful spurts of laughter,

We welcome you with overwhelming exuberance in our minds; with an inexorable propensity to enlighten every moment of your life to unveil,

We welcome you with fathomless gifts sandwiched in our palms; hoisting you up and down in the air; umpteenth number of times,

We welcome you with unprecedented mysticism in our voices; blessing you by singing all the divinely prayers we had imbibed till the present time,

We welcome you with clusters of silken sheets and pillows on the floor; an insurmountable yearning in our pulse to make you feel wholesomely at home,

We welcome you with a festoon of ingratiatingly scented flowers in our fists; showering them delectably over the innocuous contours of your new born face,

We welcome you with a profusely enamoring charm in our visage; tickling you playfully in your softly molded ribs,

We welcome you with boundlessly effusive feeling in our chests; casting on your quota of good luck on your spell binding and heavenly form,

We welcome you with the spirit of magnanimous sacrifice embodied in our philanthropic bodies; supporting and propelling you to move forward with all the power we possessed in our entity,

We welcome you with a nostalgic longing in our countenance; transporting ourselves way back into innocent childhood; cuddling you indefatigably in our palms,

We welcome you with all the warmth that we had amalgamated in the tenure of our short lives; disseminating it benevolently for your's as well as the prosperous growth of; several other children of your kind,

And in return to all this we don't want even the slightest of favor from your side; our only request to you is to call us 'Mother' just once perhaps in your entire lifetime; making us more happy than God could ever have been; making us forget that we could never ever have our own blood; an entity whom we could address as our very own child.

Nikhil Parekh

Can Never Ever Forget

I might perhaps forget even the most sensuously untamed feel of raindrops; if they don't cascade from fathomless sky; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most mellifluously mystical voice of the nightingale; if she doesn't diffuse sound from her throat; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most fantastically unbridled royalty of the lion; if he doesn't uninhibitedly growl in the jungles; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most Omnipotently brilliant light of the Sun; if it doesn't blaze from behind the ominously treacherous clouds; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most poignantly coalescing frostiness of the wave; if it doesn't kiss the pristinely blissful shores; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most triumphantly unfettered redolence of the rose; if it doesn't profoundly blossom from the infinitesimally ethereal bud; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most altruistically philanthropic of humanity; if it doesn't embrace the innermost dormitories of my soul; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most indomitably undaunted victory; if it doesn't unfurl in front of the whites of my impeccable eyes; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most perpetually emollient paradise; if it doesn't engulf a diminutive speck of the planet; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most salubriously robust fruit; if it doesn't perpetuate into the ghastily emaciated walls of my stomach, for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most resplendently jubilant of star; if it doesn't celestially twinkle in the aristocratically crystal blue carpet of sky; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most unassailably unparalleled voice of truth; if it doesn't transcend the mortuaries of sacrilegiously threadbare lies; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most effulgently mitigating of sensuousness; if it doesn't enshroud every conceivable pore of my drearily lambasted skin; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most quintessentially burgeoning waterfalls; if they don't cascade down the handsome mountains; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most victoriously unfettered destiny lines; if they don't inhabit the lap of my dreadfully diminishing palms; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most brilliantly unadulterated winds of honesty; if they don't wholesomely massacre every trifle of parasitically rancid corruption; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most Omnisciently life-yielding breaths; if they don't miraculously rejuvenate fresh life into my haplessly amorphous veins; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most Immortally uniting of heartbeats; if they don't eviscerate me from the coffins of salaciously pulverizing betrayal; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most fabulously scintillating of diamonds; if they don't glitter into charismatically impregnable glory; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most pricelessly unconquerable anecdotes of innocence; if they don't unflinchingly tower above the cold-bloodedly rampaging devil; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most saliently symbiotic rudiments of existence; if they don't fearlessly tower above deliriously decrepit depression; for far too long,

But I can never ever forget your Omnipresently Godly womb O! Mother for an infinite more lives of mine; can never ever disown its undefeated compassion for an infinite more deaths even after the chapter of my survival had veritably ended; even after I had renounced every speck of my physical form and died

Nikhil Parekh

Can Never Evolve

The field which uncontrollably cries while ploughing; can never evolve into majestically fructifying and ebulliently blissful crop,

The sea which pathetically cries while undulating; can never evolve into fantastically vibrant and tantalizingly ecstatic adventure,

The desert which discordantly cries while being heated; can never evolve into fathomlessly regale and timelessly seductive majesty,

The cloud which hedonistically cries while showering rain; can never evolve into boundlessly enthralling and enchantingly heavenly freshness,

The waterfall which insidiously cries while cascading on handsome rock; can never evolve into stupendously amiable and vividly mystical reinvigoration,

The mountain which abhorrently cries while defending; can never evolve into symbiotically unflinching and peerlessly unassailable unity,

The nightingale which fretfully cries while singing; can never evolve into timelessly ubiquitous and unequivocally resplendent melody,

The artist who deplorably cries while sketching; can never evolve into spell bindingly refreshing and unsurpassably enamoring magnetism,

The soldier who dolorously cries while fighting for his country; can never evolve into insuperably marvelous and blazingly fearless patriotism,

The tree which dementedly cries while imparting exuberant breeze; can never evolve into magnificently euphoric and royally blossoming vivacity,

The clown who preposterously cries while engendering the audience to laugh; can never evolve into bedazzlingly enviable and miraculously healing happiness,

The lightening which uxoriously cries while uninhibitedly diffusing into an enigmatic river of brilliant white; can never evolve into compassionately effulgent and fierily charged electricity,

The lion who capriciously cries while crunching the bones of his nimble prey; can never evolve into unfathomably bewitching and inimitably unconquerable

kingliness,

The dwelling which hedonistically cries while harboring its impeccable occupants; can never evolve into affably propitious and beautifully synergistic concord,
The doctor who fecklessly cries while attending to his beleaguered patients; can never evolve into miraculously Omnipotent and blessedly efficacious healing,

The hand which frigidly cries while working for quintessential livelihood; can never evolve into eternally pacifying and emolliently deserving perseverance,

The lips which dismally cry while unstopably kissing; can never evolve into bounteously ingratiating and timelessly candle-lit sensuousness,

And the heart which sadistically cries while perpetually bonding its beats with the person it loved; can never evolve into immortally godly and rhapsodically triumphant life.

Nikhil Parekh

Can Only Be Realized

How brilliantly Omnipotent was the Sun; can truly be realized only in the invidiously stabbing and hopelessly asphyxiating; winds of darkness,

How redolently effulgent was the Rose; can truly be realized only in the abhorrently despairing and dolefully egregious; dustbins of stink,

How iridescently twinkling was the Star; can truly be realized only in the banefully penalizing and dreadfully directionless; mists of the night,

How poignantly scarlet was Blood; can truly be realized only in amorphously lackadaisical and nonchalantly livid; gutters of water,

How indomitably unshakable was the Mountain; can truly be realized only in frigidly crumbling and pathetically deteriorating; deserts of sandy soil,

How ecstatically triumphant was Victory; can truly be realized only in the devastatingly staring and ignominiously pulverizing; mirror of defeat,

How Omnisciently powerful was Breath; can truly be realized only in the cadaverously meaningless and remorsefully wastrel; coffins of extinction,

How mischievously tangy was the Sea; can truly be realized only in the despically squelching and indiscriminately terrorizing; mortuaries of boredom,

How unassailably pious was the newborn Infant; can truly be realized only in the pompously prejudiced and vindictively victimizing; corpse of the sanctimoniously political world,

How Omnipresently virile was the Seed; can truly be realized only in the treacherously forlorn and ludicrously obsolete; graveyards of infertility,

How eternally resplendent was the Wind; can truly be realized only in the parsimoniously strangulated and demonically manipulated; webs of sweat,

How mellifluously sweet was Honey; can truly be realized only in the miserably sadistic and truculently excoriating; vials of poison,

How boisterously effervescent was the Bumble Bee; can truly be realized only in the ghoulishly sullen and sacrilegiously silent; ghosts of nothingness,

How quintessentially life-yielding was Rain; can truly be realized only in the unbearably apocalyptic and abominably stabbing; jailhouses of drought,

How beautifully enamoring was fantasy; can truly be realized only in the flagrantly crippling and morbidly monotonous; chains of the corporate office,

How timelessly liberating was freedom; can truly be realized only in the venomously ostracizing and unsparingly hedonistic; gallows of slavery,

How eternally altruistic was humanity; can truly be realized only in the savagely destroying and acrimoniously bloody; maelstroms of war,

How Omnipotently unconquerable was the Lord; can truly be realized only in the uncontrollably assassinating and unsparingly knifing; hell's of the barbarously rampaging devil,

And how Immortally insuperable was Love; can truly be realized only in the atrociously sinister and unforgivably emptying; howls of disastrously bombarding betrayal.

Nikhil Parekh

Can There Exist

Can there exist rain without smoke grey clouds in the cosmos,
can there exist desert without quintals of slippery sand,
can there exist flower shrub without variegated petals of color,
can there exist winter without mercury dipping below freezing,
can there exist pure ivory without elephant trampling through forest,
can there exist a cigarette without bitter leaves of venom tobacco,
can there exist taste without minute buds flowering on fleshy tongue,
can there exist a boat without oars firmly riveted to the sides,
can there exist incessant wind without circular revolutions of the motored fan,
can there exist gold without tinges of passionate yellow,
can there exist white pearls without symmetrically carved oyster shell,
can there exist cinema halls without palatial expanse of the silver screen,
can there exist a perfect morning without melodious chirping of the cuckoo,
can there exist salt without sea water splashing on the chain of mighty coal rock,
can there exist blood without pores of flesh being punctured,
can there exist thick lava without collisions in interior crevices of earth,
can there exist a lock without a key kissing articulate junctions of proximity,
can there exist finger nail coat without surplus fillings of powdered calcium,
can there exist mountain rivers without mass of water tumbling down at speed,

can there exist a church without Jesus nailed to sandalwood cross,
can there exist breath without nostrils containing sticky mucus,
can there exist a computer without a host of programmed microchips,
can there exist aquatic fish without an ambience of luke warm water,
can there exist an aircraft in space without a pair of steel wings,
can there exist life without consumption of portable water,
can there exist man on earth without traces of love he thoroughly deserves.

Nikhil Parekh

Can True Love Ever Dream Of Being Destroyed

Can callous stones lying on the ground; ever dream of flying soaring high in the clouds abreast with the birds?

Can inclement rain pelting from the sky; ever dream of heating the land instead of profusely soaking it?

Can foliated trees swaying high and handsome with the blowing wind; ever dream
of transforming into a diminutive ant?

Can the formidably constructed fortress; ever dream of crumbling down like a pack of cards?

Can the ground on which we traversed; ever dream of disdainfully buckling down under our inconspicuous weight?

Can the magnanimous aircraft hovering at unprecedented heights in the air; ever dream of maneuvering through the crowded city streets?

Can the dazzling sun god in the cosmos; ever dream of submerging the atmosphere with pitch dark blackness instead of scintillating light?

Can the dog philandering unscrupulously through the streets; ever dream of not wagging his curved tail?

Can the vivacious chameleon bouncing between the hedges; ever dream of not changing its enchanting color?

Can the nectar oozing our bountifully from beehives; ever dream of being as salty as the wild sea?

Can the summit of the colossal mountain; ever dream of being in close quarters with the dilapidated road?

Can the inebriating elixir of opulent wine; ever dream of being like crystalline mineral water?

Can the ominous scorpion merrily gallivanting through the jungles; ever dream of not injecting its venomous sting?

Can the greasy lubricating oil; ever dream of not impregnating the surface with a slippery sheen?

Can the penguins born and existing in the savage cold of Atlantic; ever dream of blistering heat of the uncouth desert?

Can the angular soles of feet; ever dream of eloquently singing instead of inexorably trespassing infinite miles of cold territory?

Can the fragrant and scarlet rose; ever dream of emanating a fetid odor; a pugnacious smell resembling the leaking gutters?

Can the intangible photograph suspended from the wall; ever dream of emulating the animated actions of a live man?

Can the mammoth elephant transgressing majestically through the forest; ever dream of floundering under the onslaught of sensitive breeze?

Can the violently swirling waves of the ocean; ever dream of becoming the condensed river?

Can the freezing cold bar of icecream; ever dream of scalding ones mouth?

Can the hideously towering demon brutally massacring innocuous people; ever dream of replicating God,

And 'can true love ever dream of being destroyed ' ; even if there came the greatest force from society to dismantle it; the wisest man in space to rebuke it; the mightiest power on earth to decimate it?

Nikhil Parekh

Can You Find Me

Can you find me a wave; which does not wet the sandy shores even after nimbly striking them,

Can you find me a lavender lotus; which does not emanate fragrance even after ripening to a full blossom,

Can you find me a solitary patch of cloud in the sky; which does not shower inclement rain; even after acquiring shades of hideous black,

Can you find me a stone; which does not produce a clanging noise even after colliding thunderously with the obdurate ground,

Can you find me a snake; which does not bare its venomous fangs; even after getting intensely provoked,

Can you find me a chunk of rosewood; which does not decay; even after being submerged incessantly in fetid water,

Can you find me a leech; which does not suck blood; even after clinging to naked patches of skin,

Can you find me a balloon; which does not get deflated; even after being pricked by a pointed iron needle,

Can you find me a crystal diamond; which does not shine; even after being vigorously polished,

Can you find me a globule of white sugar; which does not impart a sweet taste; even after being tenaciously chewed,

Can you find me a spider; which does not spin its silken web; even after being placed in a cozy ambience of densely foliated trees,

Can you find me a cardigan; which does not provide warmth in winter; even after being stitched with fibers of pure sheep wool,

Can you find me a spring; which incorrigibly refrains to compress; even after application of unrelenting pressure,

Can you find me a matchstick; which flounders to ignite; even after brushing
against the surface of acerbic crusty paper,
Can you find me a shoe; which does not leave a footprint; even after
scrupulously transgressing the wet earth,

Can you find me a tomato; which does not erupt into multiple fragments of red;
even after squashing it savagely with feet,

Can you find me a rotund marble; which does not roll; even after being left on an
impeccably smooth floor,

Can you find me a pellucid mirror; which does not reflect beams of white light;
even after holding it stringently beneath the scintillating sun,

Can you find me a building; whose foundations do not dither; even after facing
the onslaught of the tumultuous earthquake,

Can you find me a river; which does not rambunctiously flow; even after
plummeting down from the slope of the colossal mountain,

And can you find me a heart; which does not turbulently throb; even after
witnessing the love of its life; the person it profoundly believes in.

Nikhil Parekh

Can You?

You had the power to procreate your own progeny; but can you recreate man after death?

You had the power to construct a gigantic building; but can you provide compassionate shelter to every tangible organism wandering in inexplicable pain; on the mud of this Universe?

You had the power to save a single life at a time with your prudently imbibed prowess of artificial respiration; but can you save the entire planet tottering precariously towards the brink of absolute extinction?

You had the power to silence an innocuous child; but can you conquer the infinite battalion of devils trying to metamorphose God's earth into a treacherous paradise?

You had the power to emboss thousands of exquisite lines; but can you sign for the boundless illiterate on this globe; for whom the most cherished possession was their bohemian thumb?

You had the power to silence your critics; but can you pacify the perilously vindictive storm brewing outside; ready to ruthlessly swipe celestial traces of blissful civilization?

You had the power to philander merrily through the hills whenever you desired; but can you free humanity from the vicious stranglehold of brutally augmenting terrorism?

You had the power to memorize several formulas of arithmetic; but can you scrupulously recollect the uncanny miseries prevailing in each abode on this planet?

You had the power to pray till times immemorial; but can you grant every single wish of God's countless created entities?

You had the power to earn fathomless wealth; but can you substitute the eyes of unsurpassable blind men; with your coins of pompous silver?

You had the power to defeat the mightiest of armies with your contemporary

techniques; but can you massacre the voice of your guilty conscience?

You had the power to fantasize even beyond the most unprecedented limits of imagination; but can you perceive what was circulating in the minds of unfathomable people; boisterously busy in tackling monotonous life?

You had the power to handsomely placate your own hunger; but can you fill every plate clattering in domains of desperation for those indispensable morsels of food?

You had the power to stare at your own reflection in the mirror for unbelievable hours on the trot; but can you look at those billions of faces engulfed with satanic droplets of blood; deprived of their sole love in life?

You had the power to dream about the most incredulously mesmerizing objects on earth; but can you bring back a smile to the face of a mother; who had just lost her newly born child?

You had the power to dig a million kilometers beneath soil; but can you heal the insurmountably agonizing trauma which the earth was besieged with; as you ruptured its belly?

You had the power to assassinate unsurpassable number of trees in a single minute with your modern machines; but can you spawn the incomprehensible greenery on this soil; which kept astoundingly proliferating; even after the Sun had disappeared from the horizons?

You had the power to sagaciously advice hordes of profusely afflicted masses; but can you enter their shivering persona; to bear their suffering even an inconspicuous trifle?

And you had the power to be an absolute human till the time you existed in physical form; but can you ever dream of being even an infinitesimal reflection of the Omniscient Creator?

Nikhil Parekh

Candid Impression

When I asked the serrated skinned crocodile to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a gruesomely pulverized shape of my celestial form,

When I asked the clouds in the cosmos to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; making an evanescent image of my countenance; which faded sooner than it had evolved,

When I asked the lecherously silken spider to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making an inconspicuous thread like image; of my huge visage,

When I asked the profusely buried tree roots to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; making an overwhelmingly blotted caricature of my entity; strewn with fathomless tons of dust,

When I asked the hideous vultures in the sky to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; adding a pair of diabolical wings to my body; which made people around me run for their lives,

When I asked the army of abominable rats to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; making cocoons of fetidly stinking cheese; of my magnanimously philanthropic facial contours,

When I asked the ominously savage stray dog to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a deliciously meaty bone of my exorbitantly heavy weight body,

When I asked the vivaciously striped croaking frog to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a lanky blade of wild grass and blackness; of my robustly sculptured agile framework,

When I asked the infinitesimally diminutive mosquito to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a squalidly diseased form; of my supremely redolent demeanor,

When I asked the resplendent blanket of stars to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; making a wildly flickering flame; of my emphatically sonorous presence,

When I asked the mammoth plumes of ghastly bellowing smoke to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; making a unbelievably hostile portrait; of my impeccable persona,

When I asked the gigantic elephant to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making an insurmountably opprobrious mushroom; of my majestically domineering form,

When I asked the satanically wading sharks in the ocean to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; making an enigmatic octopus; of my most unsurpassably pragmatic form,

When I asked the melodiously ticking cuckoo clock to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making an incomprehensibly pathetic numeral; of my insatiably mystical and surreal brain,

When I asked the seed scattered rampantly on soil to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a magical tree producing more of its kind; of my irrefutably pristine visage,

When I asked the thunderously roaring panther to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a spuriously blowing whisker; of my boundless conglomerate of authoritative bones,

When I asked the obnoxiously thorny cactus to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a gruesomely blistering desert; of my lusciously blossoming body,

When I asked my inimitably sacrosanct mother to sketch me; all she ended up doing was; making an innocuously sleeping child; of my completely grown up form,

But when I asked my divinely immortal beloved to sketch me; she didn't sketch me at all; ripped apart her heart instead; to show me my candid impression; which had been there since centuries unfathomable; and which she was sure would be always there; everytime she took birth as a human again.

Nikhil Parekh

Capable Of Doing

Perched in morbid silence upon its nest; made it feel that it was a horrendous piece of obliterated shit; decaying in the dungeons of malicious boredom, While the regale eagle realized what it was magnificently capable of doing; only when it spread its majestic wings a profound throttle; and ecstatically surged forward in fathomless puffs of; vibrantly exhilarating sky.

Lazing languidly in its cavern of forlorn darkness; made it feel that it was an inconspicuous mosquito; being ominously devoured by the unsparingly asphyxiating atmosphere around, While the royal lion realized what it was unassailably capable of doing; only when it spread its thunderously furry legs; majestically sprinted in the boundless expanse of the mystical forests; reigning supreme for times immemorial.

Sulking miserably in its hive of disdainfully sticky mucus; made it feel that it like existing infinite feet beneath its grave; although it still possessed perfectly glorious life, While the aristocratic bee realized what it was melodiously capable of doing; only when it unveiled its vivaciously resplendent wings a marvelous blossom; ecstatically hummed and buzzed on the heavenly rose; as the Sun bestowed its bountifully golden rays.

Pathetically camouflaged behind the entrenchment of frigidly soggy clouds; made it feel the most diminutively impoverished entity on earth alive; though it was the nearest to the Almighty lord from all sides, While the Omnipotent Sun realized what it was celestially capable of doing; only when it unraveled its unconquerably scintillating artistry to the most stupendous fullest; profusely deluging even the most infinitesimally obscure cranny of this gigantic Universe; with spell binding hope and optimistic shine.

Lugubriously slithering on the nonchalantly reticent iceberg and cursing its tyrannized past; made it feel as if a singleton globule of insipid water was enough to brutally drown it towards its ungainly doom, While the gladiator shark realized what it was resurgently capable of doing; only when it euphorically propelled forward like white lightning through the ravishingly choppy waters; unrelentingly exploring the mysticism of the tantalizingly poignant sea.

Surreptitiously hiding behind the sequestering mountains; made him feel like a pancake of ludicrous nothingness; although he had the flag of his sacrosanct

country in his hands,

While the patriotic soldier realized what he was fearlessly capable of doing; only when he unflinchingly entered the heart of the battlefield with insatiable fires igniting his eyes; as he relinquished even the last of his breath; for immortalizing the glory of his divine motherland.

Rotting in the despicably delinquent dungeons; made it feel as if it was the poorest chunk of neglected garbage; parsimoniously alive,

While the enamoring cistern of diamonds realized what they were pricelessly capable of doing; only when they sprang up in harmonious unison of holistic earth; marvelously enlightening the complexion of the ghastly night; with unequivocally pristine light.

Imprisoned in realms of rigidly disgusting silence; made it feel as if was an inexplicably wavering orphan; staggering into discordant incoherence as every instant unleashed into a wholesome minute,

While the enchanting voice realized what it was exotically capable of doing; only when it uninhibitedly bounced out of the throat; bloomingly perpetuating every ingredient of the disastrously dull ambience; with sounds of cheer and astounding solidarity.

And gruesomely incarcerated within the chest and boundaries of the conventionally lambasting society; made it feel as if it were an insidious robot being vindictively controlled every second; by reigns of bizarrely barbaric manipulation,

While the unconquerable heart realized what it was blissfully capable of doing; only when it ecstatically leaped out of the chest; immortally uniting each of its resplendently passionate beats with eternal love; love and only priceless love.

Nikhil Parekh

Caps

When I wore a cap of profusely lambasted eggs; all that my brain could ever envisage; was pathetically strangulated and disgustingly sullen boredom,

When I wore a cap of ravishingly seductive lotus; all that my brain could ever conceive; was exotically voluptuous fragrance; sensuously flirting in the aisles of untamed desire; for times immemorial,

When I wore a cap of gorily squelched thorns; all that my brain could ever perceive; was brutally acrimonious disaster; with my entire countenance perennially enshrouded by vindictive cloudbursts of vengeful war,

When I wore a cap of disdainfully pulverized butter; all that my brain could ever contemplate; was miserably horrendous grease; my entire visage trembling in a pool of lividly despicable frustration,

When I wore a cap of profoundly scintillating pearls; all that my brain could ever imagine; was dancing in the corridors of everlasting prosperity; with aristocratically nubile maidens of my choice,

When I wore a cap of ravishingly rudimentary mud; all that my brain could ever visualize; was patriotically surging ahead to blissfully free my savagely incarcerated and sacrosanct motherland,

When I wore a cap of beautifully mesmerizing silk; all that my brain could ever comprehend; was a timelessly sensuous entrenchment of enchanting fairies; the angels of seductive romance forever casting a spell binding spell,

When I wore a cap of daintily rhetoric nightingale feather; all that my brain could ever cogitate; was a stupendously enthralling gorge of celestially placating sounds; divinely blessing each of my tumultuously frazzled senses,

When I wore a cap of unfathomably eternal dewdrops; all that my brain could ever ponder; was a wonderfully majestic civilization of impregnably united harmony; a
blending of all goodness into the religion of mankind,

When I wore a cap of disgustingly decaying mushrooms; all that my brain could ever ruminate; was mercurial fractions of ungainly obsolescence; the lackadaisically morbid stones strewn laggardly on the dusty ground,

When I wore a cap of boisterously buzzing and rampant honey bees; all that my brain could ever wonder; was holistically vibrant sweetness; the astounding kaleidoscope of vivacious colors in marvelous life,
When I wore a cap of hi-tech and overwhelmingly contemporary computer microchips; all that my brain could ever fantasize; was aliens descending in torrential frenzy from fathomless carpets of space; to extraordinary metamorphose the complexion of this; ludicrously dull planet,

When I wore a cap of poignantly tangy lemons; all that my brain could ever dream; was intrepidly swimming through the heart of the ecstatically choppy sea; thunderously feasting every bedraggled pore of my anguished skin; with the flamboyant shimmer of the midday Sun,

When I wore a cap of mystically slithering snakes; all that my brain could ever think; was lethally venomous danger indefatigably encircling my penurious life; an inscrutable grandeur that sent a chill to even the last bone down my naked spine,

When I wore a cap of sordidly ominous charcoal; all that my brain could ever hypothesize; was abominably faltering dirt; a dungeon of despondently treacherous blackness; drifting me towards the aisles of gruesome nothingness,

When I wore a cap of irrefutably unassailable and priceless truth; all that my brain could ever romanticize; was unconquerably glittering triumph; an unsurpassable urge to ardently exist with infinite more innocuous of mind; for centuries immemorial,

When I wore a cap of pricelessly benevolent solidarity; all that my brain could ever believe; was that there was no strength greater than the fortress of celestially amalgamated humanity; which confronted even the most tyrannically uncouth of impediments; with the grace of a victoriously brandishing prince,

When I wore a cap of exuberantly exhilarating air; all that my brain could ever feel; was that the chapter of life perpetually proliferating upon this boundless planet; the royally Omnipotent desire to forever live; and let live,

And when I wore a cap of my immortally sacred beloved; all that my brain could ever think; was the perennially Omnipresent garden of amiable sharing; the most invincible element of creation; called timeless love.

Careers In Love

For careers in computers; a profound understanding of intricate hardware and software; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in dentistry; a sagaciously comprehensive insight into the intriguing chemistry of teeth; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in teaching; an elaborate perception regarding the subject to be taught; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in modeling; a stupendously enchanting countenance with streaks of blistering flamboyance; were an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in journalism; a discerning eye comprehending myriad strata's of the society; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in palmistry; a mystical analysis of the handsomely enigmatic bifurcations of the palm; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in commercial business; prudently sound grasping of the laws of management compounded with skills of astute manipulation; were an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in gardening; a fabulous conception of the fraternity of soil and water used; as an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in acting; an undaunting attitude to face the camera; blended with emotions fulminating from the innermost soul; were an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in sky gazing; an overwhelmingly abhorrent dislike for leading life coalesced with incredulously profuse nonchalance; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in speed racing; an outrageous propensity for treacherous terrains; alongwith a penchant for adventurously tingling danger; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in boxing; a battalion of muscle intrepidly ready to confront the

mightiest of onslaught on this earth; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in advertising; an innovative cognition of clients and vacillating brand market images; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in the army; an unflinchingly indomitable spirit to relinquish breath for the nation every moment; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in the hotel kitchenette; an insatiable conception of ingratiatingly delectable cuisine; thoroughly tickling the unsurpassable no. of taste buds; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in swimming; an insurmountable passion for the ravishingly undulating waves coupled with the tumultuous exhilaration of relishing nature's most precious gift on your skin; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in calligraphy; an inexorable dexterity of the knotted finger to consistently emboss grandiloquent alphabets; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in truth; an irrefutable obeying of the righteous voices of impeccable conscience; was an indispensable prerequisite,

But for careers in love; there was simply no prerequisite required; for all you needed was a heart that passionately throbbed; a soul that romantically wandered; a breath that cascaded compassionately like never before; and believe me you'll make the best career ever conceivable on this planet; infact the most cherished career called love.

Nikhil Parekh

Casting An Immortal Spell

The boisterously bumbling bees cast an enchanting spell upon this effulgently colossal Universe; with their royal cisterns of pristinely golden honey,

The handsomely crimson roses cast an unbreakable spell upon this beautifully panoramic Universe; with their whirlpools of uninhibitedly enamoring scent,

The resplendent festoon of stars cast an enlightening spell upon this marvelously gigantic Universe; with their gloriously eternal fountain of; ecstatically twinkling light,

The timelessly Omnipotent Sun cast an everlasting spell upon this unbelievably mystical Universe; with its unstoppably victorious beams of unflinching happiness,

The ecstatically fructifying forest cast a mesmerizing spell upon this gorgeously romantic Universe; with its endlessly astounding proliferation into a civilization of unparalleled newness,

The serenely emollient meadows of grass cast an invincible spell upon this eternally ebullient Universe; with their aristocratically heavenly river of incredulously blessing dew-drops,

The jubilantly kingly eagles cast a euphoric spell upon this boundlessly benign Universe; with their uninhibitedly altruistic and symbiotically vibrant flight,

The ingratiatingly milky Moon cast a formidable spell upon this wonderfully vivid Universe; with its indefatigably impregnable illumination of the cadaverously gory and blackened night,

The blearily wide eye owl cast its spell upon this eclectically inimitable Universe; with its tales of unsurpassably philanthropic wisdom; even after the striking of invidiously sinister midnight,

The tantalizingly undulating sea cast its spell upon this inscrutably effervescent Universe; with its magically frosty and sensuously rejuvenating waves,

The newly born infant cast its spell upon this blessedly vast Universe; with its unadulterated winks of supremely unassailable mischief; and virgin cries,

The chocolate brown deserts cast their spell upon this limitlessly enthralling Universe; with their unitedly synergistic sands charismatically glimmering for infinite more births yet to unveil,

The seductively emerald crested nightingales cast their spell upon this immaculately fathomless Universe; with their mellifluously astonishing and Omnipotently mitigating voice,

The luminescent mountains cast their spell upon this unendingly harmonious Universe; with their indomitably Herculean and tirelessly blazing peaks,

The sacrosanct cow cast its spell upon this supremely garnished Universe; with its pearly streams of quintessentially life-yielding and Omnipresent milk,

The flaming candle cast its spell upon this timelessly serenaded Universe; with its tantalizingly reinvigorating flicker of hope; amidst apocalypses of pathetically dolorous darkness,

The compassionate tufts of sheep skin cast their spell upon this patriotically flowering Universe; with their magnetically electrifying caverns of unprecedented warmth,

The inferno of Omnisciently indispensable breath cast its spell upon this dexterously varied Universe; with its triggering of pricelessly princely life even in the most ghoulishly lackadaisical of graves,

And the perpetually passionate heart cast their spell upon this robustly exhilarating Universe; with its beats of immortally insuperable and selflessly infinite love.

Nikhil Parekh

Ceiling Fan

Regulating incessant draughts of fresh air,
revolving in circular clockwise journeys,
tapered blades riveted to oval bodied bearing,
suspended from a jugglery of plastic wire,
firmly secured to an overhead iron hook,
with flower petal carvings sewn to wing,
evacuating stale air with scent of congestion,
revitalizing individuals, drenched in pools of summer exhaustion,
driving away hordes of buzzing flies,
eliminating seeds of epidemic by fumigating air,
filtering atmosphere obscured with coats of dust,
an inevitable commodity in scorching summer,
equally essential in sedate chills of approaching winter,
feeding drained nostrils with pouches of surplus air,
extracting moisture from wet cloth,
prompting sheets of paper to fly haphazardly,
shredding to minuscule pieces large objects in close proximity,
rotating at whirlwind speed, at mere caress of switchboard plastic,
dancing to supplied currents of electricity,
is my sea green colored, room ceiling fan

Nikhil Parekh

Chained Puppet

My love for her was like raindrops pelting in torrential frenzy from crimson sky;
as I unrelentingly fantasized about her charismatically voluptuous contours; all
sweltering day and even way beyond the ghastly night,
While she nonchalantly brushed the excess water from her skin; spuriously
suckling sleazy wine with her extravagant bunch of; vagabond friends.

My love for her was like the Omnipotent rays of Golden Sun; as I perceived the
radiance in her impeccable eyes to be the most holistic panacea to perpetually
exist,
While she disdainfully shrugged the excess light from her persona; flirtatiously
eloping beyond the surreptitious hills; everyday with a different man of her
choice.

My love for her was like the vibrantly fragrant flower; as I uninhibitedly wafted
the scent of my eternal passion; all around her magnificently sacred visage,
While she dogmatically shut her nose in utter abhorrence to the excess aroma;
sensuously cuddling the capriciously fragile chest of a man; who would leave her
soon like a piece of dilapidated shit.

My love for her was like the fathomless undulating sea; having not the slightest
of boundary; having not the most evanescent of end,
While she lugubriously preferred to walk infinite miles away on the bombastically
arid land; with a man who capriciously adored her only for her embellished
jewelry and tantalizing flesh.

My love for her was like an overwhelming avalanche of unending beauty; as I
wished all unsurpassable goodness of this planet to magnanimously descend
upon her till times beyond eternity,
While she dolorously spat on all excess enthrallment with vindictive malice;
preferring worthlessly manipulative men; who could take her for fugitive rides; in
their silver Mercedes.

My love for her was like the unfathomably melodious beehive; relentlessly
consecrating every step that she transgressed with all the unconquerable
sweetness of
this colossal Universe,
While she pathetically lambasted all the excess harmony with her stray apron
strings; partying with men who devilishly desired her; only to whet their
appetite.

My love for her was like the fervently mesmerizing mists; wonderfully titillating every ravishing nerve of her famished countenance; for boundless more births yet to unveil,
While she pugnaciously neglected all the excess enigma with a remorseful frown on her lips; frigidly dancing to the clatter of currency coin; as brutal demons ogled down her spine.

My love for her was like an ardently ingratiating inferno of breath; that triggered fireballs of insurmountably unending desire; even in the heart of the morbidly deadened night,
While she half-heartedly kicked on the excess exuberance; letting her spirit drift towards a man; who incessantly viewed her only through the clouds of his derogatory cigar smoke.

And my love for her was like an immortally euphoric heartbeat; perennially bonding with even the most infinitesimal of her senses; even as; diabolical hell took a vicious stranglehold of the earth divine,
While she insidiously squelched all the excess romance infiltrating her soul; leading her entire life like a puppet chained to the tyrannical devil; just because he changed the chain every moment with meaninglessly glittering gold.

Nikhil Parekh

Chalk Powder

When I applied it on the morose painted black wall; it highlighted a vivid contrast,
The surface suddenly acquired a gaudy complexion; captivated stringent attention
of the roving eye.

When I smeared it on the surface of the airfield tarmac; it bifurcated the entire terrain scrupulously into zones,
Made life immensely simple for the pilot; giving adequate options to the pilot to maneuver his winged bird.

When I mixed it with plain pellucid water; it transformed into a curry of immaculate starch,
And I was easily able to whitewash the periphery of the dilapidated mansion;
with magnanimous strokes of my serrated brush.

When I threw it nonchalantly on the earth; it inconspicuously blended with the soil,
Impregnated the mud with innocuous tinges of sparkle; looked spotless in the assemblage of infinite dirt.

When I released it high in the air; it cascaded down painstakingly,
Eventually settling and juxtaposing with my hair; rendering my features to appear comically distorted.

When I hurled it at unsuspecting individuals; they acknowledged my gesture with frivolous smiles,
Although they inevitably scratched their eyes with their palms; as the granules caused pertinent irritation.

When I applied a frugal amount of it on my rosy tongue; it looked as if covered with snow,
Although some of it managed to infiltrate into my nose; and I thunderously sneezed.

When I voraciously rolled in it; inscribing wild designs with my fingers,
I resembled a talented cartoon from the Disney world; and the neighboring children laughed till tears rolled down their cheek.

When I washed my hands; vigorously rubbing it all over the skin of my fingers,
They came out meticulously clean; with the last traces of grime now completely
annihilated.

But I think that my chalk powder served me the best; when I moulded it into a
composite bar of handsome chalk,
Used it for imparting judicious knowledge; sketching a conglomerate of love
symbols with it on the crystal blackboard.

Nikhil Parekh

Chalk Stick.

Hapless and diminutive - yet it invincibly thrilled you as it landed astounding close to your silhouette - reminding you of those uninhibited school days when the teacher had whirled it at you - for crassly unfinished homework,

Bland and Corrugated - yet it was the most indispensable ingredient in a teacher's armory of various paraphernalia even in today's age of super computers - as she commenced her lecture buoyantly dashing it across the Black - board,

Inspid and boring - yet it empowered you to express yourself in writing wherever you wanted - be it the rustically threadbare and rotting rock or the nondescript office wall that wasted away amidst sonorous silence,

Lackluster and nonliving - yet it made you frolic around like a freshly born infant - as you smashed it in its entirety to build the measly toy castle on your table - just before the corporate honchos were about to enter to start the commercially livid day,

Plain and nonchalant - yet an optimistic backbone of your mortally nothing existence - as you used it to gleefully scribble at atleast some point of time in your life - in the disdainful absence of your conventionally stereotypical pen,

Asymmetrical and stub - yet inspiring you to indulge your artistic talent with aplomb - as you unabashedly sketched virtually any intriguing shape from imagination on the floor with it - eventually resulting into a masterpiece collage of tantalizingly brilliant creativity,

Deplorable and dusty - yet marvelously easing you out from various financial crisis in life with child like ease - as you rolled it majestically with your fingers and merrily devoured your nocturnal meal,

Short and stingy - yet stimulating you to fantasize about the extraordinarily blessed goodness of existence and its myriad hues - as you thrust bulk of your weight upon it via your chin - and it snapped instantaneously into bits of oblivion,

Orphaned and Desolate - yet it proved to be an unassailably charmed savior as you lost your trail in the meandering forest - and marked your inimitable identity

with it - for the rescue team to reach you as soon as possible,

Unkempt and frail - yet it rekindled the speed of the in-built laptop mouse to lightening fast - as you rubbed a fraction of it upon the same - and then traversed the wondrously smoothed periphery,

Sloppy and unimaginative - yet it granted instant authority to your otherwise sweat mopped palms as you grasped it tight - and scurried across the table to highlight the key point of the presentation with its dangling end,

Unsubstantiated and penniless - yet it seemed to be the most perfect present that you could've ever gifted to your old college professor - as he fondly reminisced those glorious teaching moments of his life - scribbling articulately and rapidly with it on the curriculum board,

Harried and Unrewarded - yet it gorgeously helped you pen an entire book of your variedly benevolent thoughts; spontaneously on the park bench - with an ecstatically replenishing backdrop of trees and grass as your fecund friends,

Unpretentious and Raw - yet it proved to be the most eclectic drumstick when you drove out with your friends and they exuberantly tapped it to produce sound - rejoicing in the aisles of desire - as the night beckoned you into the freshness of a golden new sublime dawn,

Measly and voiceless - yet it meant unconquerably cherished to you as the referee drew the start and finishing lines with it - and you galloped forward in the race to triumph unfettered - go past the white mark which looked its admirable best,

Unacknowledged and discarded - yet it permeated that quintessential thought of hope; peace; betterment and humanity - with its pristinely innocuous white a much needed respite - as the electricity abandoned you in the middle of the arid night,

Feckless and solitary - yet it irrefutably triggered you to help humanity in the best of your natural capacity - just as it reduced to nothing without any regret - after being used by the society for its various indispensably good deeds and needs,

Ordinary and Artificial - yet it held its own unduplicated identity in this fantabulous age of digital enhancement; when full fledged enterprises thrived on the internet - and it lay unmatched - alongside the most modern of contraptions;

on the writing desk,
Please welcome this uncelebrated hero of our age - the chalk stick.

Nikhil Parekh

Changing Faces Of Weather

Flashes of red swept across my eyes,
blended with infinite dust particles of atmosphere,
as fireballs of Sun blazed through the sky,
penetrating sapphire blue cloud covers,
falling in strong beams of light,
lightening dull patches of suspended moisture,
filtering stringently through transparent tree leaf,
submerging the entire galaxy with enchanting golden,
fumigating stale drain water with shades of boiling heat,
scorching naked stone pebbles strewn on beds of the
mountain river.

The car seat rocked violently,
tender bones of my body reverberated with mounting speeds,
curtain spreads of green rushed past my vision,
meandering curves of the valley descended towards the horizon, hordes of wild
monkey occasionally danced on car roof, a camouflage of ripened banana hung
from tall tree,
orphan splinters of ice cascaded down the valley,
a battalion of Christmas pine projected from terrain
trajectory, the tropical weather displayed erratic fluctuation,
vast layers of crystal sky developed blotches of dirty grey,
bright spots of sunshine were overpowered by
thunderous cloud ravishing smiles crept from angular corners of my mouth, i
then stretched my feet in the cozy interiors of my
crimson Mercedes, as gigantic droplets of rain pelted in fury,
from the sky which now resembled, white canvas painted with pure deathly
black.

Nikhil Parekh

Charred To Death

Naked parchments of paper burnt in crackling fire,
long pieces of timber wood were charred to junk,
transparent window glass melted to wax,
stone chips of white marble transited to sooty black,
rich chunks of upholstery were stripped of Dunlop foam,
statues of pure gold developed an army of irregular cracks,
spiral balustrades crumbled like a pack of crisp playing cards,
electronic gadgetry emitted sparks of volatile current,
mystic sheets of curtain spread sash split into threadbare fragments,
space chambers of cloth and perfume were devoured in the smoke,
a network of crisscrossed lintel collapsed with a thud,
as savage flames of fire licked minute quarters of the palatial mansion.

masses of humans ran helter-skelter,
the ambience echoed with chorused pandemonium,
impetuous fingers compressed extinguisher nozzles,
frenzied feet traversed speedily across vantage spaces of the house,
terrorized mouths babbled incoherent passages of urgent commands,
twin parrots in cage screeched in hopeless despair,
bright eyed children clung tightly to plump silhouette's of their mother,
missiles of grey smoke erupted from burnt effigies of solid furniture,
people lay in a wreck crippled by mammoth loads of ceiling plaster,
shrill cries of anguish emanated from scorched parts of their body,
their breaths rose rhythmically high,
radiant patches of skin contorted to deathly white,
valiant attempts of survival were stifled by a thunderous blast,
as concrete compartments of bricks came tumbling down,
burying a cluster of individuals,
into a charred heap stabbed by hot ambers coats of house fire.

Nikhil Parekh

Chase

The sweltering sands of blistering desert; unrelentingly chased tantalizing globules of golden rain; pelting ferociously from the crimson sky,

The ominously slithering scorpion; insatiably chased innocuous flesh; dying to infiltrate its nefarious hood deep within; robustly glistening skin,

The merrily gallivanting crab; intransigently chased the slimy shores of the sea; so that it invidiously cropped up every now and again; playing hide and seek with

the marvelously fading light,

The gruesomely dilapidated gutter; fervently chased ravishing scent; to transform its stinkingly impoverished caricature into one replete with heavenly goodness,

The miserably shivering night; ardently chased flamboyant streaks of brilliant sunshine; passionately wanting to bask in the magnificently untamed glory of the mesmerizing day,

The disdainfully stammering parrot; intractably chased the melodiously chirping nightingale; relentlessly envying its stupendous articulation and inherent charm,

The obnoxiously rusty nail; tirelessly chased the boisterously sweet beehive; wanting to deluge each iota of its abominable periphery with unprecedented streams of harmonious honey,

The ludicrously fat pig; irrevocably chased the sagaciously bountiful saint; wanting to inundate its preposterously ridiculed persona with charismatic knowledge; gait and grace,

The uncouthly barking dog; incessantly chased the alluringly meaty slab of gigantic bone; to celestially pacify the overwhelmingly fanatic pangs of hunger in its savage stomach,

The enigmatically crawling spider; indefatigably chased the outlines of its silvery web; endeavoring to make its grip more invincible than ever; upon its sole dwelling throughout existence,

The piquantly pepped up racer car; euphorically chased the astronomical summit

of the towering mountain; wanting to ecstatically triumph amongst the gorgeously mystical clouds,

The obsessively augmenting ambition; uncontrollably chased its royal festoon of sparkling dreams; wanting to metamorphose as soon as possible; into the pinnacle of veritable reality,

The tawny eyed clever cat; astutely chased the bowl of immaculately scintillating milk; stealthily creeping upon the kitchen sink; after its mistress had retired for the marathon night,

The infinitesimally diminutive ant; belligerently chased the might elephant; profoundly enjoying him collapse like a hill of cards; at just a single swish of its tiny mouth,

The cold-blooded icebergs; insidiously chased innocently lurking ships; insurmountably wanting to pulverize them to threadbare chowder; before eventually discarding beneath deep sea,

The horrendously starved fisherman; incessantly chased even the smallest of fish; desperately wading his net for countless hours; in the turbulently cataclysmic waters,

The manipulatively white collared executive; inexorably chased his boss all night and day; applying mountains of spurious butter upon his face and feet; surrendering all his benevolence for sleazily paltry notes of corrupt currency,

The fantastically fabulous artist; incomprehensibly chased beauty to the most supremest of its form; trying to assimilate all passionate goodness wandering amicably on this vast planet; in the vivaciously poignant strokes of his paint brush,

The newly born infant; inevitably chased its mother till the last bit of enthusiasm left in its bones; frantically searching for that divinely comfort; the ultimate messiah which had bestowed it with vibrant life,

And each beat of my thunderously throbbing heart; immortally chased your magnanimously philanthropic love; not resting a single breath until it impregnably bonded with your love; to propagate the essence of humanity for a fathomless

more lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Cheers.

Cheers! To every ounce of marvelously benign sensitivity on this fathomlessly jubilant planet. Which forever ensured that the spirit of compassionate belonging; insuperably thrived.

Cheers! To every ounce of naturally panoramic beauty on this wonderfully enamoring planet. Which forever ensured that there wouldn't be the tiniest of space for the dreaded prisons of robotic commercialism.

Cheers! To every ounce of brilliantly Omnipotent Sunlight on this triumphantly unfettered planet. Which forever ensured that the rays of blazing optimism wholesomely devoured even the most evanescent shade of ghastily blackened negativity.

Cheers! To every ounce of altruistically Godly simplicity on this beautifully iridescent planet. Which forever ensured that all wantonly prejudiced pretension dissolved into the corpse of inane nothingness.

Cheers! To every ounce of victoriously glorious truth on this redolently unconquerable planet. Which forever ensured that the pugnacious mortuary of lies seemed more invisible than the thinnest wisps of nocturnal air.

Cheers! To every ounce of majestically poignant fertility on this boundlessly burgeoning planet. Which forever ensured that mother earth continued its endlessly blessed chapters of unassailable proliferation.

Cheers! To every ounce of tirelessly emollient adventure on this ecstatically romanticizing planet. Which forever ensured that the gallows of bawdy monotony and politics; were buried an infinite feet beneath non-existent mud.

Cheers! To every ounce of euphorically virile rain on this limitlessly bestowing planet. Which forever ensured that graveyards of oblivious barrenness; merrily bloomed with stupendously reinvigorating freshness.

Cheers! To every ounce of mischievously pristine flirtation on this symbiotically fragrant planet. Which forever ensured that the exultation of youth remained perennial; even countless centuries after horrifically asphyxiating death.

Cheers! To every ounce of peerlessly inimitable bravery on this ubiquitously

ebullient planet. Which forever ensured that those dastardly who atrociously sold their mother's and wives; received the highest rebukes and punishment of devilish hell.

Cheers! To every ounce of righteously impregnable faithfulness on this blissfully venerated planet. Which forever ensured that the body of sacrilegious betrayal choked and gasped an infinite times for priceless breath; before eventually succumbing to the coffins of extinction.

Cheers! To every ounce of unfathomably iridescent fantasy on this royally unhindered planet. Which forever ensured that the brain evolved a civilization of invincibly fructifying newness.

Cheers! To every ounce of celestially subliming sermon on this happily palpitating planet. Which forever ensured that the dungeons of treacherously victimizing illiteracy; could never ever see the face of light.

Cheers! To every ounce of synergistic fruit and food-grain on this regally insatiable planet. Which forever ensured that dormitories of hapless impoverishment; would ardently mélange with the fabric of mother nature's astounding fertility.

Cheers! To every ounce of magically ameliorating artistry on this uninhibitedly musical planet. Which forever ensured that every organism irrespective of caste; creed; color or tribe; handsomely floated in the clouds of surreally inebriating dreams.

Cheers! To every ounce of miraculously untainted creativity on this unabashedly sensuous planet. Which forever ensured that the winds of timelessly rejuvenating freshness; convivially kissed every naked patch of bizarre disease.

Cheers! To every ounce of fierily undefeated breath on this fantastically unbridled planet. Which forever ensured that the cistern of life reigned as the most supreme command; even an infinite moments after destined death.

Cheers! To every ounce of thunderously unshakable heartbeat on this spell-bindingly tantalizing planet. Which forever ensured that the wave of Immortally heavenly love; embraced one and all enchantingly alike.

Cheers! To every ounce of unbelievably selfless humanity on this inscrutably flowering planet. Which forever ensured that every organism holistically alive; was in interminable company of Omnipresent brotherhood.

And now I can most proudly and by the grace of Omniscient Lord Almighty Lord proclaim to the entire world; that my drink is actually and in its most truest sense; finished.

Nikhil Parekh

Children Are Like God.

Children are like fresh globules of tantalizing rain; which spell bindingly descend in euphoric frenzy from fathomless carpets of glorious sky,

Children are like innocuous tufts of cotton soaring ebulliently in handsome atmosphere; philandering in stupendous melody under carpets of gloriously blissful
sunshine,

Children are like the pristine rays of Omnipotent Sun; profoundly illuminating one and all; with their vibrantly intriguing imagery; alike,

Children are like the fairies of irrefutable truth dancing in the celestial heavens; with their immaculately divine consciences boundless kilometers away; from the despicable gutter of lies,

Children are like ecstatically redolent roses brazenly swaying in the afternoon winds; unfurling into majestic artistry and overwhelmingly tangy boisterousness; as each second speedily zipped by,

Children are like fulminating springs of rhapsodically untamed jubilation which erupt from the inner most core of earth; incessantly blooming into a paradise of new found energy; an insatiable euphoria to propel forward in life,

Children are like united colors of the vivaciously radiant rainbow; embracing each other in compassionate cradles of humanity; entirely oblivious to the satanic vagaries of caste; creed; religion and spurious color,

Children are like the resplendently milky beams of the innocent Moon; perennially twinkling in the unparalleled exuberance of discovery; indefatigably exploring all bountiful happiness so fantastically laden upon this colossal planet,

Children are like voluptuously nimble blades of dew drop coated grass; profusely ringing in the wholesome merriment of symbiotic existence; whistling past the meadows of inexplicably ghastly sorrow; with Omnipotent beauty in their tiny souls,

Children are like scintillatingly majestic eagles soaring royally through the silken clouds; uninhibitedly kissing all goodness that confronted them in their way; on every step that they poignantly tread,

Children are like angels of relentlessly philanthropic benevolence; donating even the most priceless of their possession; to their comrades in agonizing pain,

Children are like the sparkle of seductively ethereal dawn; deluging every disastrously bereaved household; with the ingratiatingly timeless essence of joyously beautiful existence,

Children are like steps leading to the sacrosanct Creator; unassailably fortifying your persona to face the deadliest of evil; as you clambered each foot forward,

Children are like rambunctiously revered and bushy squirrels up in the foliated trees; eternally unfolding into insurmountable enthusiasm; leaping fleet-footedly to metamorphose beleaguered earth once again into an Omniscient paradise,

Children are like unfathomable treasure hoves of captivating honey; oozing the ultimate sweetness of Godly creation; with the incredulous ardor in their heavenly voice,

Children are like charms of everlasting luck; magically transforming your despairingly deplorable survival; into a life replete with profusely endearing graciousness,

Children are like invincibly boundless mountains of faith; instilling Herculean courage in all those miserably dwindling; by just the unprecedented fervor of brilliant optimism; lingering enchantingly in the whites of their eyes,

Children are like petals of Omnipresent prosperity; ubiquitously diffusing the spirit of happiness and immortal humanity; to every penuriously ailing entity on the trajectory of this endlessly glittering planet,

And Children are like the supremely divine aura of Godhead; granting every benign desire in your heart to be perpetually true; the instant you held their beaming palms to frolic with them in the gardens of; unconquerable togetherness.

Nikhil Parekh

Chocolate Brown Plum Tree

It offered silken webs of passionate wind,
blessed countless people with tarpaulin covers of cool shade,
stood like a formidable fortress against acrimonious rays of summer heat,
shielded the animate from torrential showers of rain,
served as a greenhouse for passengers dreary from incessant travel,
glistened majestically with sparkling droplets of dew at the onset of dawn,
trembled like a maniac in tumultuous outbursts of breeze,
sobbed with inert emotions when struck by live currents of electricity,
blossomed like a fairy god mother in the mystical ambience of spring,
resembled a ghost; stripped of cloth in the incongruous environs of autumn,
catering to a plethora of wild insect,
with an army of smoke Grey squirrel slithering down all day,
migratory birds nestling in harmony with its hollow belly,
venomous snakes curled tightly in dense regions of its wild armory,
unrelenting hurricanes prompting it to crouch and stoop,
it bore bountiful fruit of olive green plum,
bathed few months in a calendar year with natural water from the sky,
giving regular births to parrot green buds of striped leaf,
inhabiting virtually all corners of the globe sprawled with fertile soil,

spreading its roots deep within unexplored regions of the ground,
with white milk oozing out when sliced with dexterous strokes of jackknife,
I simply had loads of reverence for the chocolate brown plum tree,
saluted its persona with flowing tributes and heaps of adulation.

Nikhil Parekh

Circular Filament For Survival

Finely chiseled in circular fashion,
White and sparkling in complexion,
Engraved in multiple denomination,
Dexterously crafted to realistic proportions,
Malleable with euphoric scent of obsession,
Spreading indispensable waves of possession,
To living masses with grey matter in utter commotion,
Lustrous and eternal with yearly corrugations,
A commodity spearheading all emotions,
Trampling indiscriminately over all temptations,
Reigning supreme above all imagination,
Spinning webs of dreamy sedation,
Placing it to be a landmark of fascination,
Blessed with a virtue of godly personification,
The Currency Coin was eventually garlanded as the kind of all destinations.

Nikhil Parekh

Clean Bowled

It was the poignantly unparalleled empathy in your divinely eyes; that clean bowled the stumps of lecherously coldblooded insanity; in my miserably disoriented life,

It was the resplendently symbiotic flavor of your unconquerable lips; that clean bowled the stumps of manipulatively baseless prejudice; in my diminutively forlorn life,

It was the effulgently humanitarian caress of your Omnipotent palms; that clean bowled the stumps of sacrilegiously victimizing greed; in my inconspicuously staggering life,

It was the ubiquitously heavenly artistry of your blissful fingers; that clean bowled the stumps of maniacally debauch monotony; in my penuriously truncated life,

It was the mischievously pristine flap of your Omniscient ears; that clean bowled the stumps of morbidly contaminated remorsefulness; in my disastrously bedlam life,

It was the unassailably priceless bloodstreams in your perennial veins; that clean bowled the stumps of sanctimoniously crippling artificiality; in my sinfully extinguishing life,

It was the triumphantly righteous swirl of your Omnipresent feet; that clean bowled the stumps of tawdrily asphyxiating corruption; in my impoverishedly livid life,

It was the inimitably mollifying enthrallment in your eternal voice; that clean bowled the stumps of vindictively insidious desperation; in my threadbarely evanescent life,

It was the unsurpassably compassionate ardor of your undefeated persona; that clean bowled the stumps of lethally wastrel nothingness; in my raunchily deteriorating life,

It was the unbelievably philanthropic devotion of your sacred soul; that clean bowled the stumps of tyrannically venomous deliriousness; in my waywardly idiosyncratic life,

It was the universally affable scent of your truthful perspiration; that clean bowled the stumps of pathetically isolated laziness; in my frigidly contemptuous life,

It was the unflinchingly fearless shadow of your impeccable ideals; that clean bowled the stumps of vituperatively slinking cowardliness; in my thoughtlessly recoiling life,

It was the magically eclectic power of your unshakable shoulders; that clean bowled the stumps of mundanely decrepit depression; in my sadistically cannibalistic life,

It was the inexhaustibly infallible utopia of your victorious creation; that clean bowled the stumps of ignominiously impeding infertility; in my criminally nonchalant life,

It was the miraculously symbiotic essence of your insuperable shadow; that clean bowled the stumps of penalizingly pulverizing confinement; in my ethereally solitary life,

It was the timelessly healing melody of your unbreakable grip; that clean bowled the stumps of carnivorously crippling lies; in my transiently feckless life,

It was the gloriously majestic truth of your unbridled conscience; that clean bowled the stumps of satanically sinister lies; in my despondently delinquent life,

It was the perennially life-yielding fire of your indomitable breath; that clean bowled the stumps of disparagingly meaningless death; in my lugubriously quagmire life,

And it was the immortally bonding love of your royal heart; that clean bowled the stumps of maliciously strangulating betrayal; in my despairingly egregious and truculently tortured life.

Nikhil Parekh

Click

It was flashes which made the eyes click; impart them with the profusely flirtatious rejuvenation to lead life,

It was a smile which made the lips click; portray their voluptuously mesmerizing beauty to the planet outside,

It was raw muscle which made the bones click; impregnating their persona with the invincible tenacity to surge forward in life,

It was ravishing food which made the stomach click; impart it with the heavenly rejuvenation to rise up to the most intransigent occasion of existence,

It was relentlessly escalating fantasy which made the mind click; propelling it to insatiably venture into enigmatic arenas never explored before,

It was enchantingly melodious sounds which made the ears click; instilled in them the inexorable ardor to hear and decipher beyond the pragmatically ordinary,

It was an overwhelmingly poignant river of blood which made the veins click; indefatigably instigate the body to conquer and conjure new heights,

It was the profoundly disseminated labyrinth of lines on the palms which made destiny click; triggered an unfathomable ocean of anecdotes to unveil in life; which one couldn't have conceived even in the wildest of his dreams,

It was the essence of irrefutable empathy which made a relationship click; granted it that impregnable solidarity to withstand the most disastrous of times,

It was profusely tantalizing saliva which made the throat click; perpetuate it to fulminate into a valley of authoritatively domineering sounds,

It was ingeniously insurmountable memory which made the brain click; unleash itself with astronomical confidence in every sphere of existence,

It was a volcano of vivaciously blended emotions which made the conscience click; irrevocably listen to its voice of righteousness; and march forward without the slightest of respite,

It was the thoroughly reinvigorating fragrance of the lotus which made the nostrils click; inhale incessantly to explore even the most minuscule organism of God's fascinating creation,

It was exhilarating bouts of euphoric speed which made the legs click; gallop like an untamed panther through the boundless forests in stupendous ecstasy,

It was the Omnipotent Creator's will that made lovers living continents apart click; break the most diabolically treacherous barricades that came their way,

It was countless hours with the innocuously impeccable children which made nostalgia click; grant a man slithering miserably beside his grave; the status of being young once again,

It was an everlasting rhythm of passionately palpitating beats which made the heart click; throb till times immemorial for the entity it solely admired on this Universe,

And it was love that made life click; make it the most beautiful gift not only on this planet; but also unendingly fathomless kilometers beyond sky.

Nikhil Parekh

Clinging Tightly To The Body Of My Mother

I wanted to have breakfast on the Himalayas; profoundly admiring and captivated by the brilliant morning light,

I wanted to perform yogic exercise; sit with my legs crossed in blissful meditation on the 100th floor of the colossal building,

I wanted to breathe whirlwinds of exotic air; wholesomely engulfed by twinkling stars of the sky and the enigma of the night,

I wanted to dance exuberantly under the scintillating moon; swaying my body rhythmically with the mystical tunes of air,

I wanted to masticate succulent chunks of raspberry; in an ambience of dense shrub and enchanting wilderness of the mountain,

I wanted to drink gallons of reinvigorating water; standing at the base of the virgin chain of corrugated rocks,

I wanted to witness my reflection in the mesmerizing eyes of the angel; drown profusely and forever into the ocean of empathy she radiated,

I wanted to laugh standing in the midst of the steep gorge; hearing each giggle reverberate boundless number of times before striking me back in the ear,

I wanted to perspire lazing on the grass; with the majestic rays of the Sun fomenting globules of golden sweat to trickle down my skin,

I wanted to write while seated royally on the cocoon of pearly clouds; metamorphosing each fantasy of mine into a perpetual reality,

I wanted to run along with the battalion of Kangaroos; picking up spurts of speed and expending every iota of power lingering in my leg,

I wanted to give orders sitting on the Princely cushion; seeing to it that the entire nation was prudently synchronized and listened to even the most minuscule of my commands,

I wanted to play incessantly with the dolphins; fondle their ravishing snouts to feel entrenched with waves of unprecedented excitement,

I wanted to sketch and paint seated on the deck of the ship; stroking the barren sheet of canvas with resplendent shades of enamoring color,
I wanted to violently fight in the heart of the pugnacious battlefield; brandishing a shimmering sword in my palms; and an overwhelming ardor to conquer sunk deep into my blood,

I wanted to bathe in a tank of pure honey; allowing it to trickle tantalizingly through each pore of my skin,

I wanted to dig a tunnel prolifically embedded with pearls; savor the opulence and glow that emanated as my pickaxe burrowed a way of its own,

I wanted to pray diligently to the creator; in a century old temple hidden handsomely within the murky camouflage of the dispersed coconut trees,

I wanted to love for fathomless times in the lap of my beloved; intermingling each breath of hers; each heart beat of hers that arose; completely with mine,

And in the end I wanted to sleep; rest in blissful silence far away and oblivious to the tensions of this world; escaping all death and pain; escaping all evil and satanically dark; breathing deeply and feeling invincibly secure; clinging tightly to the body of my mother.

Nikhil Parekh

Clinging To My Beloved

When I clung to the body of the preposterously huge shark; it made sure within the next few seconds; that I would never be able to cling on any tangible or intangible surface; once again,

When I clung to the body of the satanically serrated crocodile; the beast relished this as the chance of its life; pulverizing me to nascent mincemeat; before he had time to wink his large eyes,

When I clung to the body of the pompously inflated gas balloon; the plastic snapped deliberately some thousand feet above the ground; leaving me literally counting my every breath; before I eventually disintegrated to minuscule pieces with the stones,

When I clung to the body of seductively silvery snake; the monster savagely hissed all tales of his private life into my intricate ears; before venomously sealing the tale of my impoverished existence,

When I clung to the body of the diabolical dinosaur; it gazed at me contemptuously like a grizzly haired lizard; the finally christened me a worthless mosquito; before stamping the last breath out of my shivering chest; with his gigantic feet,

When I clung to the body of the tumultuously enraged bull; it nastily stared at my uncontrollably trembling countenance for a few instants; before goring insidiously treacherous holes in each part of my skin,

When I clung to the body of the crazily dancing tarantula; it supremely enjoyed spinning a web all across every part of my body; before injecting its pernicious venom deep down my slavering throat,

When I clung to the body of the drearily exhausted traveler; he hurled me into the gory well without any second thoughts; commanding me to fetch him his inevitably golden pail of water; from amidst hostile fish; century old tortoise and slimy frog,

When I clung to the body of the fulminating volcano; the maelstrom tossed me like a piece of infinitesimally meaningless cake; before charring me to threadbare bits of miserly white ash,

When I clung to the body of the voluptuously tantalizing seductress; she extracted all the happiness she could from my clattering skeleton; before dumping me amidst invidiously wandering ghosts in the morbid graveyard,

When I clung to the body of the ludicrously guffawing clown; he first and foremost tossed me like elastic candy to appease his famished spectators; and then made me laugh out my entire breath out of my lungs; tickling me voraciously with his sleazy wand,

When I clung to the body of the ravishingly slippery creeper; I dozed harmoniously under the milky moon for a few minutes; before I eventually realized that devilish leeches hovering around; had consumed the last drop of my blood and flesh,

When I clung to the body of the spell binding magician; he ardently stared at me for marathon hours; before metamorphosing my rubicund demeanor into a burnt matchstick; which he then proudly flung into his cheering crowd,

When I clung to the body of the lethally black scorpion; it frantically wandered all over my skin; before finally deciding to vindictively stab me; right in the center of my eye,

When I clung to the body of the Herculean boxer; he suspended me at perilous inches from the ceiling; using the frigidly curled intestines of my stomach; as his ultimate boxing bag,

When I clung to the body of the indiscriminately conquering devil; he made it irrefutably sure; that I resided in the island of penalizing hell; in every birth I got a chance to be born,

When I clung to the body of the incongruously unruly butcher; he held me upside down seizing my writhing feet; massacring the hair on my scalp; before masticating me to pungently delicious and high calorie meat,

When I clung to the body of the body of the betraying soldier; he threw me as a titillating bait for his hedonistically marching enemy; then rested in celestial harmony; as they bombarded me to absolution with their; incomprehensible flurry of tanks and grenades,

And finally when I clung to the body of my sacrosanct beloved; it was here that I was reborn once again; for countless more times than I had lost life previously;

immortally bonding with the passionate heat of her heart; mind and soul; to blissfully change the complexion of commercially strangled human kind.

Nikhil Parekh

Cloudburst Of Rain

The eagle soars high in the sapphire clouds,
a trail of holy smoke rises in the moist air,
striped leopards sprint through bushes at high speed,
protuberant pigeon neck submerges itself in coolant water,
furry Eskimo bear nestles against the deciduous tree,
agilitic monkey springs in a network of branches,
a cloudburst of water tumbles from the sky.

there was a draining of emotions,
droplets of salt water rolled down my cheek,
witnessing the grandeur as cloud waves were smeared with tea black,
i exposed my flesh to be encompassed by moisture,
tried to confiscate a pool of saturated vapour,
with fingers extended, palms cupped in gusty currents of the wind.

the ambience was enveloped with serene calm,
ground mass was ice-cream soft, with wet patches of water,
the sky was crystal clean, divested of ugly tinges of grey,
birds left for their nests in exodus,
fleshy tortoise neck receded in hard shell,
spiders were busy mending torn threads of web,
pin drop silence now replaced deafening sound of
pelting rain,
i stared in ecstasy at the starlit night,
buried deep in my mountain cave,
slept like a horse till first rays of the next dawn.

Nikhil Parekh

Cluster Of Teeth

They can chew hard sugarcane,
entangle seeds from fibrous fruits,
snatch fodder for survival,
bite into hard skull of coconut,
gnaw at hard pieces of chicken bone,
hold things about to tumble down,
hang on branches for protection,
dig tunnels of earth if required,
chatter incessantly when struck by cold,
nibble large chunks of chocolate cake,
sip greedily water, champagne, and fruit juice,
gnarl in frustration and intense anger,
tear apart flowing strands of silk,
make crisp noises when struck,
relish tasty food, frosty delights of white cream,
mould wax to idols for sale,
they come in bunches of glittering 16,
with exterior polish of natural enamel,
embedded firmly in skin cavities of hard jaw,
closely stitched with spit and blood,
small sized white buds at birth,
having split personality of being named as,
baby milk and hardened yellow,
making passage for flexible tongue,
facilitating speech and innocent smiles,
a precious gift of the living anatomy,
nominated as imperative for healthy life,
a thorough churner of consumed goods,
brushed thrice a day with fluoride paste,
projecting it as an object of desire,
is all that needs to be mentioned,
about a cluster of teeth.

Nikhil Parekh

C'mon Shoot Me.

C'mon shoot me in my eye; Am ready this very minute to fearlessly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of blissfully unprejudiced and timelessly garnishing; empathy.

C'mon shoot me in my lips; Am ready this very minute to unflinchingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of eternally rhapsodic and unsurpassably unhindered; desire.

C'mon shoot me in my chest; Am ready this very minute to unrestrictedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of fantastically symbiotic and pricelessly unbridled; humanity.

C'mon shoot me in my palms; Am ready this very minute to unlimitedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of magically ameliorating and synergistically healing; friendship.

C'mon shoot me in my crotch; Am ready this very minute to uninhibitedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of stupendously proliferating and endlessly eclectic; virility.

C'mon shoot me in my feet; Am ready this very minute to unabashedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of poignantly sensuous and jubilantly exultating; adventure.

C'mon shoot me in my shoulders; Am ready this very minute to undauntedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of triumphantly bounteous and spell bindingly ever-pervading; camaraderie.

C'mon shoot me in my throat; Am ready this very minute to unremittingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of victoriously effulgent and perennially benign; melody.

C'mon shoot me in my bloodstreams; Am ready this very minute to unstoppably take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of inimitably divine and ubiquitously compassionate; brotherhood.

C'mon shoot me in my brain; Am ready this very minute to unhesitatingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of unendingly enamoring and

boundlessly ecstatic; fantasy.

C'mon shoot me in my veins; Am ready this very minute to spontaneously take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of unceasingly miraculous and timelessly emancipating; solidarity.

C'mon shoot me in my nails; Am ready this very minute to unnervingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that inimitably innocuous and beautifully unadulterated; mischief.

C'mon shoot me in my ears; Am ready this very minute to uncontrollably take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of astoundingly undefeated and piquantly fabulous; sensitivity.

C'mon shoot me in my tongue; Am ready this very minute to unbendingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of vivaciously unbridled and gloriously unfettered; sensuality.

C'mon shoot me in my spine; Am ready this very minute to undyingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of unconquerably burgeoning and
celestially untamed; freedom.

C'mon shoot me in my belly; Am ready this very minute to uninhibitedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of unfathomably vivid and tantalizingly voluptuous; seduction.

C'mon shoot me in my conscience; Am ready this very minute to irretrievably take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of irrefutably indomitable and perpetually consecrating; truth.

C'mon shoot me in my eyelashes; Am ready this very minute to unperturbedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of fathomlessly resplendent and limitlessly reborn; flirtation.

C'mon shoot me in my nostrils; Am ready this very minute to unshakably take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of perennially iridescent and ebulliently fructifying; life.

C'mon shoot me in my heart; Am ready this very minute to uncomplainingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of immortally Omnipotent and insuperably bonding; love.

Nikhil Parekh

Coiled Springs

I leapt audaciously from the balcony rail; hurtling at full speeds towards the obdurate ground,
However I escaped without a scar to my skin; and all my bones solidly agglutinated to each other.

I plummeted from the top floor of the edifice; increasing my velocity as I approached the ground,
However I got up instantly a few seconds after the fall; smiling frivolously at the austere Sun.

I jumped from the aircraft flying at unprecedented heights; floating gradually towards the earth,
However when I did land; I thoroughly maintained my stoicism; and refrained to cry.

I plunged from unfathomable heights of the diving board into the pool; cascading as straight as an arrow into the waters,
However as I fell with a thunderous roar; I swam up to the surface feeling unperturbed by the commotion.

I tripped inadvertently from the roof while playing; heading in perfect alignment with the rocky stones,
However my flesh didn't bleed neither did my eyes tear; even after the deafening impact.

I was pushed into the thousand feet deep well by a bunch of miscreants; as my cries echoed through the slimy walls,
However as I tasted the blend of frog and dead fish; I still escaped unhurt and with an enchanting glow in my eyes.

I flung myself from the tall tree to flee from the venomous reptiles; diving head on towards an assemblage of wildly sprawled thorns,
However after landing I gazed pacifically at the opalescent moon; unfazed and relishing my close proximity with the thorns.

I stepped out of the speeding train; catapulting several kilometers before I came to a state of inertia,
However at last when I discovered my breath; there were no signs at all of broken bones or deadly fracture.

Well I think the time is conducive to reveal the secret that lay imprisoned in my heart,
I had worn large rings of coiled springs completely encompassing my back,
Flocculent foams of Dunlop compactly fitted to my persona; with satin balls of cotton clinging like a new born to my cheek,
The cotton and coiled springs had saved me on umpteenth an occasion; granting me a chance to live and profoundly admire the beauty that I saw.

Nikhil Parekh

Cold Soda Drink

The water was icily cold,
colored to sinister reptile brown,
coated with oxygen and aroma,
with a tinge of sweetened flavour,
and specific gravity more than one,
refrigerated in automatic mechanized plants,
passing through innumerable check monitors,
dictating strict conditions of health and hygiene,
an amalgamate of water and black vapour,
aerated to add spice to taste,
an artificial alternative of quenching thirst,
soaring to dizzy heights in the blazing sun,
a symbol of universal sophistication,
an essential ingredient for all occasions, '
a genuine appetizer for millions of bowels,
identical to alcohol before consumption,
an omnipresent commodity in shopping centers,
stone offices and cinema halls, .
spreading waves of unanimous addiction,
bottled at source in hexa inch tin metal,
with emblems of pepsi, coke, fanta, sprite...etc,
producing frothy gas when shaken,
tingling sensations when consumed,
euphoric shouts when sighted in sweat,
it doesn't take a specialist to realize,
that i am describing a cold soda drink

Nikhil Parekh

Collisions

When smoke grey clouds in the cosmos collided with each other,
there were monstrous reverberations of brutal thunder; succeeded by rain
showers of inclement rain.

When rustically adorned leaves of the tree collided with each other,
the atmosphere was engulfed with enchanting melody; at the outbreak of dawn.

When saline waves of the ocean collided with each other,
there was Herculean amount of white spray that diffused with vibrant tenacity.

When chrome tipped utensils in the kitchen collided with each other,
there were discordant sounds that unrelentingly pierced; sensitive arenas of
eardrum.

When sedans traversing at whirlwind speeds collided with each other,
the aftermath rendered their princely silhouette to threadbare distortions of junk.

When the rays of 'Sun God' collided with cloistered earth,
the darkness was thoroughly illuminated with beams of perpetual light.

When hands bereft of jewellery collided with each other,
crisp noises of triumph echoed through corridors of nonchalant doom.

When puffs of disdainful smoke collided with pelting showers of water,
traces of obnoxious dirt got annihilated in the fury of rain.

When immaculate globules of fresh milk collided with child lips,
obstreperous cries of the infant were instantly pacified; as he succumbed to the
delights of invincible sleep.

When blatant lies collided with impeccable anecdotes of honesty,
the sacrosanct aura of truth devoured every bit of malpractice; radiating
vociferously with a perennial shine.

When fleet footed mongoose collided with the venomous snake,
the innocuous creature registered a swashbuckling victory over its deadly
counterpart.

When exorbitant hatred collided with a mountain of love,

the harmony in compassion transformed it into a philanthropic entity.

And when the nefarious devil collided with the omniscient persona of GodHead,
he lay massacred in realms of parasitic hell

Nikhil Parekh

Colored

I was completely brown when I was born; emitted my first cry,
As my mother hoisted me high in the air towards the almighty; asking him to
bless me with fairer complexion.

I was completely brown when I matured into youth; shedding all innocence of
childhood,
And didn't possess the faintest streak of white on my demeanor; making it easy
for people to sight me in the crowd.

I was completely brown in sunlight; as acrimonious rays of the sun struck my
persona,
Refrained to impregnate a darker texture in my skin; stood unfazed as the
tumultuous heat took its tyranny.

I was completely brown when I had an attack of severe cold; with loads of mucus
dribbling down my nose,
And every unleashing minute that unfolded; prompting me to thunderously
sneeze.

I was completely brown when burglars entered my dwelling; pilfering handsome
amounts of currency,
Threatening me to divulge secrets; marauding my intricate documents placed by
the golden lamp.

And I remained completely brown when I died; relinquishing my final terrestrial
breath,
Simply didn't change color; nor did allow any other shade to blend with my
perpetual brown.

{1}

While when you were born; you had a snow white complexion of the skin,
And your mother praised you in elders with bombastic flattery; feeling blessed to
have you white.

When you matured to youth; you acquired a silken tan to contrast with
your white,
Making you the darling of furtive philanders; with a battalion of young men dying
to court with you.

When you were in dazzling light of the celestial sun; you acquired a distinctive tan,
Coating your supple face with profound lines of black; inundating your skin with yellow freckles.

When you had an attack of severe cold; prompting you to blow your nose umpteenth times in an hour,
Your skin turned crimson red; with infinite patches in your neck developing disdainful allergy.

When nefarious burglars invaded your house; your face transited to a deathly white,
Seemed immensely pallid; with your resplendent color fading like the day unveils itself into the morbid night.

And when eventually you departed for your heavenly abode; your complexion changed to nimble blue,
Kept changing to darker perspectives of blue; with your fairness now converted to obnoxious filaments of variegated color.

and yet after all this; you had the impetuous audacity to call me colored!

Nikhil Parekh

Come Lets Embrace Our New Religion

Religion is that - what even the most infinitesimal cranny of your eyes wanted to see—inexhaustibly absorb; admire; yearn for till times beyond infinity and even beyond your veritably stinking grave,

Religion is that - what each ingredient of your blood inexhaustibly craved to be a part of - flow for with an untamed zeal resembling the unendingly vivacious expanse of the crystalline blue sky,

Religion is that - what the innermost voices of your conscience felt to be the ultimate truth - irrespective of whatever be the place; time; situation; moment or conditionality of impoverished & truncated life,

Religion is that—what every part of your feet wanted to ardently step on - pave an inimitably righteous path of their very own amidst a brutal quagmire of emotions and squalid commercialism all around,

Religion is that - what your hands wanted to give the most unflinchingly definitive shape to - such an unfailing silhouette of eternal friendship which was impossible for even the most beguiling of demons to disrupt,

Religion is that- what your lips wanted to kiss 24 X 7 - perpetuating even the most bizarrely frazzled persona to uninhibitedly soar in wisps of unfettered paradise,

Religion is that - what your nostrils wanted to inhale till the last breath of life - an entrenchment of unassailable compassion which made existence the most priceless chapter of destiny,

Religion is that - what your fingers wanted to timelessly intertwine with each unveiling instant - bask in the spirit of invincibly bountiful friendship for times beyond an unfathomable infinite,

Religion is that—what each part of your ears wanted to mellifluously hear - enthrall to the most unprecedented of capacities in the everlastingly symbiotic tunes of blissful survival,

Religion is that—what your palms wanted to infallibly clasp forever and ever and ever - that united strength of togetherness that granted you the temerity to palpitate even in the most apocalyptically disastrous of storms and times,

Religion is that—what your mouth wanted to perennially talk and sing praises about - rhapsodically engulfing each element of the atmosphere around you with the unbridled happiness of a countless lifetimes in one,

Religion is that—what each of your bones felt the most resolutely strong for - - defending each honest and fructifying voice from within like the citadel of the gods,

Religion is that—what your mind fantasized till beyond the most unbelievably beautiful limits—and thereby felt in the seventh heaven of ubiquitous prosperity whilst traversing each instant on mundane earth,

Religion is that—what your shoulders philanthropically hoisted from one end of your adventure to the other—being a selfless harbinger of humanity to mitigate each ounce of sorrow with profound camaraderie and care,

Religion is that—what your legs want to ecstatically gallop after; like the horizons indefatigably running after the Sun—the most tantalizing mirage which tirelessly triggers you to achieve more and more and more,

Religion is that—what the tiniest cranny of your soul unshakably radiates - permeating such a yearning that you continued to wondrously exist beyond your corpse for a countless more lives and lifetimes,

Religion is that—what your heart feels is the absolute epitome of righteousness—no matter how uncouthly the barbarous planet outside chose to devour every bit of you; from your very roots,

So folks lets forget everything else; come lets move united and forward; come lets live this immortal religion of our hearts to the fullest; come lets forget our disdainfully castrated pasts and give this new religion of ours a fresh try—and our very very best.

Nikhil Parekh

Come Lets Wholeheartedly Allow

There's a sweet little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to majestically blossom till the pinnacle of resplendently ingratiating prosperity,

There's a mesmerizing little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to evolve into an unfathomably compassionate gorge of friendship; as tangy as the rhapsodically ebullient oceans,

There's an enchanting little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to marvelously burgeon till times beyond iridescent eternity; and enthuse even the most obfuscatedly alien of our times,

There's a euphoric little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to spawn like an insatiably fragrant flower of gorgeous companionship; as the Sun blazed vibrantly from behind the mellifluous hills,

There's a poignant little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to enthrall even the most obsoletely dithering nerves in our beleaguered bodies; to the most stupendously unprecedented limits,

There's a jubilant little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to ingratiatingly gallop to kiss the epitome of dazzling timelessness; and for centuries immemorial,

There's a victorious little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to Omnipotently transcend; over the pernicious precipices of our disastrously dwindling derogatorily manipulative souls,

There's an innocuous little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to profoundly rejuvenate our bizarrely estranged senses; with the vivaciously sacrosanct tonic of life,

There's an embellished little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to majestically drape our insipidly feckless deliriousness; with cisterns of unsurpassable sensuousness,

There's a fantastic little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to irrefutably overshadow our disparagingly deteriorating gloom; with fountains of timeless happiness,

There's an intriguing little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to invincibly sequester us in its bountiful swirl; fathomless kilometers away from the mortuary of inexplicable despair,

There's an ecstatic little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to Omnisciently overpower our insurmountable battalion of idiosyncrasies; with the its magical ointment of godly freshness,

There's a spell binding little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to encapsulate us in its panoramically vivid embrace; bless every aspect of our haplessly shattered existence; with the gorgeously fructifying elixir of life,

There's an eclectic little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to weave the unconquerable spell of its royal artistry; upon our monotonously delinquent life,

There's a sacrosanct little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to magnanimously bless our ominously extradited rhythm; with its benevolently humanitarian beats,

There's a sparkling little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to miraculously cleanse all our dastardly cloistered dirt; with its heaven of fathomless righteousness,

There's a melodious little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to annihilate even the most mercurial trace of prejudiced paradoxism in our blood; with its tunes of celestially unassailable truth,

There's a beautiful little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to enshroud us with philanthropic graciousness; insuperably conquering the cry of the ungainly devil with the winds of perennially uninhibited freedom,

There's a mystical little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to everlastingly stupefy us with an entrenchment of impregnable newness; with the limitless enthuse of its pristine eyes,

And there's an exhilarating little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to inundate the song of immortal love; in our forlornly disbelieving and satanically fretful lives

Nikhil Parekh

Commit This Sin. Again And Again And Again.

O! Yes. Entirely and Unstoppably passionate was I. After the inscrutably teasing tresses in your ravishing hair; which inevitably compelled my fingers to come near; caress and timelessly disentangle,

O! Yes. Entirely and Fervently passionate was I. After your lusciously inviting lips; which rekindled the fire to live in my scraggily impoverished veins; even as I was buried a countless feet under heartless snow,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unsurpassably passionate was I. After your articulately heavenly fingers; which spawned an undefeated gorge of artistry in the complexion of my otherwise robotically bedraggled life,

O! Yes. Entirely and limitlessly passionate was I. After the insuperable compassion that enshrouded every ingredient of your blood; for every fraternity and dimension of pricelessly inimitable humanity,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unconquerably passionate was I. After your voluptuously enamoring hips; that made even the tiniest element of my persona ecstatically sway; under the impeccably tenacious moonlight,

O! Yes. Entirely and Tirelessly passionate was I. After each footprint that you embossed on pristinely moistened soil; which carved the most victoriously infallible trail for me to follow in my penurious life,

O! Yes. Entirely and Inexhaustibly passionate was I. After your tantalizingly gyrating belly; which drew me out of my deathly corpse; and into the untamed wilderness to once again sniff freshly exuberant life,

O! Yes. Entirely and Irrevocably passionate was I. After your mellifluously tinkling laughter; which made me feel like a prince effortlessly floating in the amiable clouds; for a countless more births of mine,

O! Yes. Entirely and Insanely passionate was I. After each droplet of silver sweat that dribbled from your arms; in the transparent mirror of which I could relentlessly stare into the candid intricacies of my life,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unrelentingly passionate was I. After each sensuous whisper that emanated from your throat; which quelled even the most truculently unbearable of my misery; into the magical heartbeat of existence,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unceasingly passionate was I. After the invincible warmth of your magnetic bosom; in which I found divinely solace; amidst the most tumultuously hideous apocalypses and storms,

O! Yes. Entirely and Endlessly passionate was I. After each uncanny goose-bump on your reverberating skin; which triggered the most unassailable infernos of fertility; in all my brain; body and soul,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unimaginably passionate was I. After your bountifully Omnipotent palms; in each fold and line of which; was written and rewritten every aspect of my destiny; yet to royally unfurl,

O! Yes. Entirely and Bizarrely passionate was I. After your mysteriously intrepid shadow; that fomented me to fantasize beyond the realms of extraordinary utopia; in its shades of insatiably evoking lust,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unfathomably passionate was I. After every pinch of soil that you caressed; applying the same consecrated ash now on each of my wounds; to grant them eternal liberation and rest,

O! Yes. Entirely and Undyingly passionate was I. After your rustically enchanting simplicity; which forever led me in search of nothing else; but the absolute truth nestling in each ingredient of the planet divine,

O! Yes. Entirely and Imperceptibly passionate was I. After your honey laden nape; which made me feel the wealthiest man alive; as I gently nibbled through its nimble catacombs of profound womanhood,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unreasonably passionate was I. After your fierily ebullient breath; which never ever let me quit my life; forever enveloping it with rhapsodic desire; blessing it with the invincible essence to survive amongst a pack of wolves,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unshakably passionate was I. After every beat that leapt uninhibitedly from your immortal heart; which taught me that there was nothing else but love; in the starting and ending alphabet of life,

And now if the worthless world outside says; that falling into passion was committing a dreadfully unpardonable and inconsolable sin; then I for one was ready to commit this sin; again and again and again and again.

Companion.

The flamboyantly blazing rays of the marvelously royal Sun; were my passionately piquant companions; for the perseveringly sweltering day,

Ravishing beams of mystically resplendent moonlight; were my eternally gratifying companions; for the voluptuously silken night,

The tree leaves rustling in spell binding vivaciousness; were my most blissful companions in my times of; disastrously sordid loneliness,

Springs of Omnisciently cascading water; were my bountifully quelling companions; when I dreadfully sulked in a whirlpool of abominably horrendous dirt,

Pristine shores incessantly rumbling with tantalizingly undulating waves; were my ravishingly tangy companions; in my times of drearily despicable depression,

Fathomless carpets of enchantingly grandiloquent skies; were my timelessly invincible companions; in my times of lackadaisically crippling boredom,

Hives of melodiously sweet and glitteringly golden honey; were my beautifully enamoring companions; in my times of gruesomely malevolent bitterness,

Truculently vibrant tornados of patriotism; were my unflinchingly intrepid companions; in my times of remorsefully morbid stagnation and doleful malice,

Innocuously Omnipotent and divinely children; were my unequivocally benign companions; in my times of horrendously manipulative distress,

Enigmatically slithering and charismatic snakes; were my enchantingly evoking companions; in my times of maniacally commercial monotonousness,

Redolently everlasting and incredulously profuse roses; were my integrally handsome companions; in my times of despairingly staggering melancholy,

Whirlwinds of untamed exuberance; were my perpetually bestowing companions; in my times of nonchalantly dwindling towards my gorily sinister corpse,

Aristocratically silken and mesmerizing feathers; were my magically symbiotic companions; in my times of irascibly disdainful nervousness,

Rhapsodically raining marshmallows of azure clouds; were my torrentially dynamic companions; in my times of penalizingly sorrowful banishment,

Tantalizingly boisterous and fascinating fairies; were my ingratiatingly iridescent companions; in my times of disgustingly orphaned prejudice,

Rivers of impeccably glistening milk; were my celestially profound companions; in my times of murderously abhorrent fanaticism,

Omnipresently sacrosanct steps of the princely mosque; were my pricelessly ultimate companions; in my times of inexplicably unending and tyrannizing trauma,

Fireballs of insatiably untamed breath; were my tumultuously compassionate companions; in my times of dastardly extinguishing into winds of cowardly oblivion,

But your immortally impregnable and ebullient heart; was my Omnipotently eternal companion; for each impoverished moment of my present; and countless more optimistically scintillating lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Compassionately In Love

I saw her mesmerizing face in the walls; while pouring sizzling tea in my cup,
Although I soon realized that I was rampantly fantasizing; as the steaming liquid burnt my skin; spilling over the immaculate material of my trousers.

I saw her magnanimous silhouette in the rocks; while driving my car through circuitous routes of the valley,
Although I soon realized that it was a figment of my imagination; as the car swerved violently colliding with the hand rail; overlooking a few thousand feet into panoramic space.

I saw her jelly blue eyes while walking on each vehicle; while walking through the congested street,
Although I soon realized that I was dreaming under the sun; as compact cars whizzed inches from my body; leaving clouds of black smoke for me to inhale.

I saw her honey coated red lips in the wall; as I languidly strolled through the interiors of the mystical palace,
Although I soon realized that I was out of tangible senses; as I violently barged against the iron doors; tripping neatly over a jugglery of intricate furniture.

I saw her dainty feet embedded with jingling bells; as I sat peacefully at the precarious edge of the bridge,
Although I soon realized that I was drowned in a reverie; as I plummeted down; losing my stoical composure to blend with the chilly waters of the river.

I saw her ravishing hair flowing in the gentle breeze; as I ruminated on my past while cooking food,
Although I soon realized that I was romanticizing a bit too much; when eerie whistle of the pressure cooker inundated my sensitive ears.

I saw her smiling revealing her magnanimous teeth; while playing cricket with the sun god shining above my head,
Although I soon realized that I was in seventh heaven; when the hard ball struck me on my chin; giving my face a ghastly black swollen look.

I saw the vivacious outlines of her eyebrows; while writing my examinations,
Although I soon realized that I was wistfully perceiving; when the slender

cane of my professor lashed stringently on my scalp.

I saw her rubicund cheeks embossed with blemishes; while lifting bulky weights
in the gym,
Although I soon realized that I was intensely dreaming in the day; when the
heavy bars landed with an abrupt thud on my chest.

I saw her in part and whole; throughout the monotonous day; in my dreams;
and
in every person I met; irrespective of caste and creed,
Yes O! divine creator; you know as well as I do; the only reason behind my
absurd behavior; was that I was compassionately in love.

Nikhil Parekh

Complete

Even if infinite eyes of mine made a single blind person see; I would consider my life to be endowed,

Even if infinite ears of mine made a single deaf person hear; I would consider my life blissfully divine,

Even if infinite legs of mine made a single maimed person run; I would consider my life higher than the sacrosanct skies,

Even if infinite smiles of mine made a single orphan oblivious to the definition of pain; I would consider my life richer than all wealth assimilated on this planet,

Even if infinite voices of mine made a single dumb person speak; I would consider my life to be as celestial as the dancing fairies,

Even if infinite muscles of mine made a single deprived person strong; I would consider my life in perfect synchronization with the divine master who had created it,

Even if infinite teeth of mine made a single old person scrupulously chew his meals; I would consider my life achieving the ultimate it had been created for,

Even if infinite hair of mine made a single shivering person regain his warmth; I would consider my life more tenacious than any storm,

Even if infinite shadows of mine made a single person brutally widowed find a home; I would consider my life as sacred as the lap of my heavenly mother,

Even if infinite salutes of mine made a single person shamefully slithering on the ground feel like a king; I would consider my life the most cherished gift wandering on this Universe,

Even if infinite tears of mine made a single satanic person accept the chapter of humanity; I would consider my life a beautiful flower whose essence never withers,

Even if infinite fantasies of mine made a single mad person wholesomely blissful; I would consider my life a paradise on which the angels tread,

Even if infinite tunes of mine made a single lost person remember his impeccable childhood; I would consider my life more privileged than countless more births to unveil,

Even if infinite droplets of my blood made a single wounded person bounce back to euphoric life; I would consider my life to be the most treasured gold on this fathomless earth,

Even if infinite days of mine made a single slaved person see brilliantly infallible beams of sunlight; I would consider my life in splendid harmony with the marvelous fruits of mother nature,

Even if infinite kisses of mine made a single lecherous person savor the goodness of care; I would consider my life bereft of the tiniest of acrimonious thorn,

Even if infinite hearts of mine made a single monotonous person love; I would consider myself more blessed than the saints meditating for years in obsolete wilderness,

And if infinite breaths of mine made a single dead person rhapsodically galloping under the sky and fully alive; I would consider my life more marvelous than Omnipotent spirit of existence and complete.

Nikhil Parekh

Complete Control

I didn't want to capture her eyelashes; the ostentatious mascara delectably embellishing her nimble lids,

I didn't want to capture her skin; which glowed to an overwhelmingly voluptuous crimson under the impact of garishly personified talcum powder,

I didn't want to capture her lips; which had profuse coating of pretentiously sleazy lipstick,

I didn't want to capture her hair; which had bombastic coatings of contemporary hair dye,

I didn't want to capture her waist; which danced tantalizingly enveloped by chains of haughty silver,

I didn't want to capture her earlobes; swishing daintily with opulent emeralds of sapphire green; procured fresh from the sea,

I didn't want to capture her palms; embossed with mystical designs available rampantly in the contemporary market,

I didn't want to capture her breath; which was now blended with the most alluring of artificial sandalwood perfume,

I didn't want to capture her fingers; which were adorned with a myriad of pompously glittering rings,

I didn't want to capture her voice; which had profound traces of a deliberately pernicious slang embedded in it,

I didn't want to capture her teeth; which had prominent encapsulations of the most expensive paste adhering them,

I didn't want to capture her muscle; which had evolved over a period of time; after her voracious consumption of exorbitantly costly steroids,

I didn't want to capture her shadow; as it meekly coalesced with obsolete oblivion without the most minuscule of prior notice,

I didn't want to capture her sweat; which was incredulously scented with the boundless repertoire of body lotions she used; literally every unfurling minute of the marathon day; every time before she closed her eyes for the sultry night,

I didn't want to capture her cheeks; which were indiscriminately inundated with truck loads of pertinent chemical sprays,

I didn't want to capture her saliva; which had obnoxious traces of foreign chewing gum and cherry,

I didn't want to capture her nails; which were painted with the most gaudily conventional nail polish available in the trendy market,

I didn't want to capture her conscience; which had inevitably become manipulative; as she struggled for her existence in this uncouth world,

Although each part of her body appeared artificial; there was definitely one thing that I wanted to capture; and that was her heart; longing and thunderously throbbing wilder than the most wildest of storm; more importantly than anything rendering me the complete control of its passionate beats.

Nikhil Parekh

Complete Surrender

A complete surrender of every iota of my exuberance; my insatiable proclivity to triumphantly surge forward in the chapter of mesmerizing life,

A complete surrender of my profoundly sensuous artistry; the miraculous power in my fingers to evolve magic out of inanely vexing nothingness; by the grace of Almighty God,

A complete surrender of my blazingly intrepid dynamism; the wave of unflinching patriotism that unassailably circumscribed my soul; to fight till my very last breath for my beautifully venerated motherland,

A complete surrender of my astoundingly vivid sensitivity; the fathomless festoon of panoramically spell binding fantasy titillating the dormitories of my brain,

A complete surrender of my uninhibitedly unlimited freedom; the boundlessly ebullient spirit of sensuous frolic and philandering; that everlasting wafted from each of my ecstatically silken nerves,

A complete surrender of every ingredient of my rhapsodically untainted blood; the indefatigable tenacity embedded in it; to kiss the aisles of insuperable unceasing prosperity,

A complete surrender of every globule of my redolently placating perspiration; after I majestically toiled under the blazing afternoon Sun; for righteously deserving my inch of Omnipotent soil,

A complete surrender of my tirelessly enamoring fantasy; the magnificently resplendent and unconquerably fructifying dreams that splendidly engulfed my mind every unraveling instant of my impoverished existence,

A complete surrender of my Herculean temerity to survive amidst a pack of hedonistically cannibalistic wolves; the mantra of survival of the fittest diffusing from even the most parsimoniously frigid of my senses,

A complete surrender of every iota of impeccable truth garnishing my conscience; the untamed fireballs of glorious resilience that I possessed to even the most obnoxiously truculent impediments of life,

A complete surrender of my insurmountably endless innovation; the countless

ideas of miraculously endowing newness; that perpetuated like pristinely regale thunderbolts of lightening in my mind,

A complete surrender of my mischievously unrelenting mysticism; the tunes of supremely tantalizing mellifluousness that that disseminated from the corners of my cavorting mouth, '

A complete surrender of my handsomely unfettered integrity; the unparalleled yearning to mitigate and blend with every echelon of ubiquitously symbiotic living kind,

A complete surrender of my brilliantly enlightening positivity; the Sun of perpetual hope that vibrantly lingered in even the most diminutive of my senses,

A complete surrender of my bewitchingly blissful aura; the mists of royal conviviality that profusely enshrouded every conceivable speck of my holistic demeanor,

A complete surrender of my whirlpool of unprecedented desires; the unfathomably ardent yearning to exist in even the most mercurial element of my nimble silhouette,

A complete surrender of my magnanimously embracing voice; the indomitably humanitarian ideals that encompassed every aspect of my truncated life,

O! Yes; A complete surrender of even the most ethereal traces of my mind; body and benign spirit; A complete surrender of all burgeoning goodness bestowed upon me by the Omniscient Almighty Lord; A complete surrender of even my most remotely obsolete of shadow,

Only at the feet of my newly born daughter; at the feet of my Goddess of love; at the feet of my sole messiah who not only taught how to live for the moment; but divinely blessed me with a limitless more immortally jubilant lives.

Nikhil Parekh

Completely Capture

Her royally emollient eyelashes were the ones which timelessly flirted me; eternally drowning me into an unfathomable sea of seductively untamed mischief,

Her lusciously untainted lips were the ones which perennially kissed me; making me unassailably romanticize in the aisles of unparalleled desire; for infinite more births of mine,

Her fantastically rubicund cheeks were the ones which tantalizingly caressed me; triggering rapaciously uninhibited fireballs of rhapsodic delight in every conceivable of my vein,

Her iridescently twinkling eyeballs were the ones which wonderfully mesmerized me; drifting me into a festoon of fathomlessly bewitching fantasy,

Her bountifully eclectic fingers were the ones which made me unflinching believe in myself; triumphantly guiding me towards the heavens of boundlessly enthralling enchantment,

Her impeccably victorious skin was the one which cast a spell of unbreakable magnetism upon my agonizingly beleaguered senses; making me exult in the glory of sensuously endowing paradise till times beyond infinite infinity,

Her regally shimmering nape was the one which conquered even the most infinitesimal ingredient of my imagination; inundating every haplessly disastrous dream of mine; with effulgent unceasing charisma and charm,

Her effervescently bubbling stride was the one which ignited sparks of unprecedented ecstasy in my every staggering night; making me wholesomely oblivious to every other monotonous activity on this Universe,

Her mystically blessing voice was the one which miraculously pacified my every torturously asphyxiating desire; overwhelming my murderously decrepit persona with unlimited happiness,

Her stupendously ravishing hair were the ones which timelessly enthralled every horrifically dying pore of my flesh; rekindling my vanquished to beautifully lead life,

Her mellifluously tinkling feet were the ones which taught me how to endlessly mysticize; optimistically pave the path of irrefutably peerless truth; even through the most amorphously castigated of blackness,

Her inimitably golden innocence was the one which Omnipotently blessed me; eternally enshrouded every cranny of my grotesquely beleaguered existence with the fragrance of invincible humanity,

Her ingratiatingly burgeoning freshness was the one which poignantly proliferate me; limitlessly engendering me to take a countless new births; as every reinvigorating minute melodiously unraveled,

Her Omnisciently velvety shadow was the one which artistically painted my gruesomely stuttering soul; righteously decimated even the most inconspicuous trace of prejudice from my banefully vexed countenance,

Her unsurpassably intriguing brain was the one which endlessly transpired me to see the world in an enlightening spirit; to unrelentingly discover through the forests
of ubiquitously princely newness,

Her benevolently impregnable spirit was the one which made me believe in splendidly egalitarian humanity; uninhibitedly embrace every living being irrespective of size; shape or spurious color,

Her ravenously inebriating silhouette was the one which made me the craziest man on this globe; but only for the winds of ebulliently panoramic and bestowing beauty,

Her perpetually sacrosanct breath was the one which instilled indomitable life in my cadaverously wastrel veins; forever transpiring me to blend with the spirit of vividly ecstatic life,

And her immortally venerated heart was the one which had completely captured every beat of my past; present and future life; even before I could emit my very first cry; even before I could commence my very first birth.

Nikhil Parekh

Compositions

The wall of the edifice was composed of contemporary brick,
the waters in oceans were composed of gargantuan pinches of salt,
mighty precipices of the mountain were composed of diffused rock and mud,
stolid poles of light on the street were composed of jugglery of iridescent bulb,
the air borne butterfly in the sky was composed of a plethora of stripes,
the sand strewn savagely on the road was composed of acrimonious heat,
the enchanting island of moon was composed of benevolent warmth,
the hunch backed camel in the desert was composed of hidden resources of
water,
swaying tree lumber in the breeze; was composed of bountiful lumber,
ravishing dish of tortilla; was composed of piquant extracts of chili,
compactly wound time piece was composed of needle and accuracy,
the leather bound dictionary was composed of infinite words,
filter pipes of cigarette were composed of venomous nicotine,
flamboyant interiors of car were composed of luxury seat and brake,
mouth palette of a dog was composed of sharp canine teeth,
software of a computer was composed of integrated chips,
sleek showers in the bath were composed of spring water,
towering church spires of the city were composed of Christ,
water clogged lines of the gutter were composed of obnoxious sewage,
slender stihoutte of the fountain pen was composed of ink,
innumerable brains of humans were composed of living cells of grey matter,
the nocturnal reptile was composed of life banishing poison,
whisl't my heart was composed of magnanimous love for
the girl i loved; the ideal woman of my dreams.

Nikhil Parekh

Conflicting Personalities

She wanted to reach the summit of the mountain in a royal aircraft,
While I wished to walk on the scorching streets barefoot; basking in the full
Sunshine.

She wanted to drape her demeanor with fabric of the richest quality flocculent
silk,
While I desired to camouflage my body in rags; and stare unrelentingly at the
moon.

She wanted to use the most luxurious soap available; to scrub her dainty skin
and face,
While I was quite contented washing my hands with natural mud; use twigs of
the tree to brush my teeth.

She wanted a compact swimming pool to dip into; sedately swim; with an
enclosure of crystal sequestering the same,
While I fantasized about plunging into stormy waves of the ocean; relishing the
scent of salty spray.

She wanted clinically processed milk in late hours of the morning; to be
served by her bedside with sizzling hot scones,
While I had an insatiable urge to garrulously devour large pints of milk directly
from the rustic cow.

She wanted a striped umbrella to walk blending with her queenly gloves;
irrespective of sunshine or rain,
While I ingratiatingly desired to drench my silhouette completely in
showers from the sky.

She wanted a grandiloquent watch wound tightly to her wrist; with its luminous
dial; radiating glow,
While I vehemently resisted contraptions on my hand; relying exorbitantly on the
positioning of the Sun and stars.

She wanted to use a concoction of honey and rose to wash her cascading hair,
While I vigorously rubbed my hair with raw lime; annihilating remnant traces of
abhorrent dandruff.

She wanted to play intricate games of billiards; chess and cards; within the plush

interiors of her palace,
While I simply went berserk; bursting with waves of euphoria at executing
swashbuckling strokes with my baseball bat.

She wanted a cavalcade of cars pursuing her wherever she went; a battalion of
cameras to snap her photograph,
While I wanted to be left solitary on the street; uttering a volley of expletives
when provoked.

She wanted the cool air of air-conditioner to incessantly pacify her heat,
While I was quite contented to feel the stringent summer breeze blow wildly
across my face.

She wanted a fresh vase of flowers to embellish her room; throughout the
tenure of the acerbic day,
While I roamed about in the jungles; hunting large fish; caressing my lips to
the pungent aroma of blackberry shrub.

She wanted to be a glamorous model; with a plethora of people admiring her
ostentatious jewelry,
While I simply detested the high society; was supremely ecstatic when given a
chance to mix with innocuous children.

She wanted to love me like a commodity; besieging my neck in a straps of
leather;
While I had this overwhelming desire of guarding her against evil; wiping her
tears when it mattered the most,
We were actually; excellent illustrations of conflicting personalities; God had ever
created on this earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Congregation Of Numbers

Numbers have a profound power to enchant,
it all started centuries ago,
like a magic wand in a conjurer's hand,
when astral constellation in the sky shone;
revealing the mystical tale,
which i now present with authority:
number one depicts outstanding caliber,
number two is sensitive and pessimistic,
number three is forcefully domineering,
number four is unfailingly loyal,
number five is highly materialistic,
number six is sincerely steadfast,
number seven is unpredictably exciting,
number eight is a pendulum of emotions,
number nine is a born warrior,
number ten is a disposition of short temper,
number eleven is over ambitious,
number twelve is a thorough dreamer,
number thirteen is all willpower,
number fourteen is a solitary personality,
number fifteen is financially comfortable,
number sixteen is a true wanderer,
number seventeen is intelligently forceful,
number eighteen is a roughshod laborer,
number nineteen is arrogantly dynamic,
number twenty is deeply depressed,
number twenty-one is a negative thinker,
number twenty-two lacks self confidence,
number twenty three has a greed to dominate,
number twenty-four is an idealist of love,
number twenty five has a fiery temper,
number twenty-six is a bit impatient,
number twenty seven is a strong dictator,
number twenty eight crumbles to pressure,
number twenty nine cant face defeat,
number thirty can rise to great heights,
and number thirty-one is extremely diligent.
that concludes the summary of those born,
between the first and thirty-first of an astral month.

Nikhil Parekh

Control It

Control it; or prepare to loose all your sense of overwhelmingly sagacious prudence,

Control it; or prepare to blend like a piece of frigid chalk in profoundly bedraggled soil,

Control it; or prepare to slacken your invincible stranglehold on the periphery of precious life,

Control it; or prepare to swoon down inevitably towards the ground; as the heat was no longer conducive for your nerves to bear,

Control it; or prepare to uncouthly erase the ocean of blissfully nostalgic memories forever from your intricate mind,

Control it; or prepare to plunge down into the fathomless deep valley; after successfully clambering up the astronomically gigantic summit,

Control it; or prepare to punctuate gaping holes; in your impeccably synchronized plan of unconquerable triumph,

Control it; or prepare to embarrassingly slip on a road embedded profusely with obdurate spikes,

Control it; or prepare to let the indiscriminate flames of blistering Sun; char you to infinitesimal fragments of insipid ash,

Control it; or prepare to accept pathetically crippling defeat; when unprecedented triumph was just a hair away,

Control it; or prepare to plummet below the diabolical dungeons; for the ultimate spin of your life,

Control it; or prepare to have blissful entities traversing down the streets turn for your blood; like an untamed pack of parasites,

Control it; or prepare to start counting backwards all over once again; after reaching the colossally unfathomable numeral of infinity,

Control it; or prepare to succumb like a mountain of ice; in front of salacious lechery and blatantly stinking lies,

Control it; or prepare to wander in diminutive wisps of obsolete oblivion; after the planet had discarded you like a piece of shit,

Control it; or prepare to become an impoverished victim of your own idiosyncrasies; trembling uncontrollably on the abysmally heinous crocodile,

Control it; or prepare to get mercilessly entangled into the most treacherously complicated web; in which ironically there was no grizzly haired spider,

Control it; or prepare to take the perilous onslaught of the hideously menacing devil on your lungs; pulverizing them to worthless sand under its satanic might,

Control it; or prepare to relinquish the love that mattered the most to you; in your destined quota of life,

And control your anger; or prepare to perpetually imprison yourself infinite feet beneath your grave; even when you were still breathing and more exuberant than when God had given you new life.

Nikhil Parekh

Coudrouy Shoes

I used them to trample incorrigible chunks of wild clay,
violently kick orphan splinters of soft pebble that came my way.

i wore them while clambering up menacing slopes of the snow clad mountain,
waded through placid waters of jungle river at leisurely pace.

i brutally dismantled inarticulate walls of the glistening sandcastle,
tread harmoniously; with nonchalant vigor on an army of desert crab.

i aimlessly loitered through solitary streets of the city; a few hours preceding
dawn,
tenderly kissing pliable cakes of cow dung plaster that confronted my way.

i assassinated transparent panes of the shop window; into a fine spray of white
chowder,
stole exquisite pieces of saffron cloth; from the dark ambience of the closet.

i jogged incessantly across the sparkling meadow; with sporadic pants of breath,
made cacophonous noises; crushing withered leaves of the oleander maple.

i stood fearlessly on a battalion of fiery red ant,
escaped unhurt; as the animate creatures tried puncturing the leather without
respite.

i even adhered them to my feet; with long strands of shriveled rubber,
descending to fathomless depths of the ocean; exploring blood red coral reef's.

i traversed unrelentingly on steaming patches of barren land,
they still seemed to hold my weight; bereft of squeaks and discordant sounds.

i took them out for few hours; when sunk in the domains of blissful sleep,
my twin pair of corduroy shoes still guarded me against jinxed spirits,
exuberantly anticipating the fresh soles of my rustic feet,
as the clock ticked a second past brilliant dawn.

Nikhil Parekh

Countless Lives

It takes countless droplets of liquid to fill the empty bucket; grant its disdainfully dilapidated persona the stature of heavenly water,

It takes countless beams of sunlight to stringently fumigate the entire planet; deluge a myriad of shattered lives with rays of optimistic hope and blissful happiness,

It takes countless streams of crimson blood; to make the body celestially function; surge forward with unsurpassably arduous vigor in life,

It takes countless pinches of golden sands; to evolve the awe-inspiring and colossally magnificent royal desert,

It takes a countless battalion of voluptuously swirling waves; to evolve the boundlessly majestic and saline ocean,

It takes countless alphabets to write a book; mystically portray the spirit of adventure lingering perpetually for fathomless times to unveil,

It takes countless steps of overwhelming tenacity; to reach the astronomically towering pinnacle of gigantic mountain,

It takes countless roots embedded formidably under loose soil; to form an incomprehensibly tall and brazenly Oligarchic tree,

It takes countless blades of seductively green grass; to evolve a fathomlessly mesmerizing and divinely meadow,

It takes countless number of blood stained tears; to achieve what you really want in currently treacherous existence,

It takes countless petals of poignantly scented flower; to evolve a harmoniously synchronized and grandiloquent garland,

It takes a countless artillery of articulate bones; to dexterously manipulate the intricate movements of robustly transgressing human body,

It takes countless seconds of the rhythmically ticking clock; before the austere blazing fireball of Sun; actually unfurls into the heart of the stupendously

enchanted night,

It takes countless births before we actually dream of taking birth as
insurmountably blessed man; having the privilege of being crowned the most
superior in the
fraternity of living kind,

It takes countless dreams and an unfathomable ocean of relentless fantasy;
before waking up in absolute tranquil harmony at the crack of ephemeral dawn,

It takes countless hours of indefatigable turmoil; to achieve unprecedented
corridors of meticulous perfection,

It takes countless draughts of exuberant air; to metamorphose the diminutively
burning candle into an incredulously handsome fire escalating unstoppably
towards bits of blue sky,

It takes countless days of innocuous childhood; to mature and harness into
professional youth,

And it takes countless lives to find the sacrosanct love of your heart; the love
that makes you feel immortally breathing; the love that imparts in you an
irrevocable desire; to be forever alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Countless Times Better Than Thee

A mountain of ideas always proliferating; picking up swashbuckling currents of speed as the minutes unveil,

A blanket of mesmerizing beauty laden voluptuously on earth; on which slept the most beautiful fairies of the sky,

A playground of innocent children; shouting and dancing gleefully in the aisles of rustic childhood,

A garland of poignant emotions; arrows of volatile passion stinging thunderously through the atmosphere,

A nest of daunting courage; the fortitude to stand tall and withstand the mightiest of disaster,

A cloud of unrelenting fantasy; the incredulously exotic essence of imagination taking complete control,

A river of empathy with perennial flow; gently caressing every fraternity of the varied society with astronomical compassion and care,

A beam of Sunlight which brilliantly filtered through morbid space; profoundly illuminated every unveiling dawn,

A garden of incomprehensibly fragrant lotus; the enchanting odor which pierced through each pore of the skin,

A jungle inundated with delectably fresh fruits; from which oozed infinite juices and salubrious nutrition of Mother Nature,

A vivacious rainbow of optimistic hope; which thoroughly overwhelmed all despair and helplessness in monotonous life,

A shadow of enigmatic mysticism; which left the soul inevitably searching for the real meaning of tangible existence,

A minuscule footprint drawn incoherently in the sands; making nostalgic remembrances of the past deluge like a whirlpool in the mind,

A tornado of relentless vacillations; which kept creeping at every cranny to add to the spice and handsome ardor of breath,

A valley reverberating with fabulously melodious sounds; the unsurpassable charisma of past life candidly reflected,

A gateway of invincible triumph; valiantly conquered victory in each path that inexplicably unfurled before clear sight,

A beehive of incessant turmoil; exploring and discovering the most alluring things strewn across the trajectory of this boundless planet,

A bridge of immortal love; divinely bonding the mind; body and soul with the threads of insatiable longing,

A soil to indefatigably struggle for existence; survive amongst a pack of savage wolves hovering around with fire in their eyes,

Is how I have always desired my life to be O! Almighty Lord; and I thank you from the inner most recesses of my heart; for blessing this molecule of yours; with
one countless times better than thee.

Nikhil Parekh

Crab Poison

Glistening golden sands of the beach,
A lunch box for venomous crabs,
Stormy waves dispatching sheets of salt,
With metallic clangs on crab shell,
Prompting elaborate spread of noxious tentacles,
Temporary dislocating the gallant brown spider,
Into well spun cocoons of slippery mud.
The sea recedes, a van stops on adjoining asphalt,
A trio of school kids step out beamingly,
Dressed in luxurious flannel beach wear,
With firm fitted and triangular caps,
Innocent wrists wound with water proof time,
And flying saucers whirled with speed,
In gleeful anticipation of splashing rockets,
Of salt water on their bare backs,
Shouts of laughter, articulately made sandcastles,
Big chunks of sand gliding harmlessly,
Past mischivious facial contours,
Utter amazement at encountering fossils,
Moulded marine green, with faded exteriors,
Hungry sipping of coconut water,
Causing vertical oscillations of adams apple,
And chorused singing of nursery rhymes,
Accompanied by the skipping rope flying high,
And fishing boats fast approaching,
Oh! Yes the toddlers were having a ball of a time.
A sudden yelp rises in the air,
Led by immediate collapse of tiny feet,
Baby white skin, with a tinge of blue poison,
As dirty brown spider stings unripened flesh,
With pointed crusts of hairy legs,
Inserting paltry vials of crab poison,
Spreading slowly through circuitous blood,
Divesting it of precious oxygen,
Cautioning all on sea sand,
Highlighting effects of crab poison.

Nikhil Parekh

Crack

In order to crack the enigmatic puzzle; I used the most stupendously intricate arenas of my brain,

In order to crack the obdurate nut; I used the astronomical tenacity of my teeth,

In order to crack the astoundingly gloomy silence; I used my stringently piercing voice,

In order to crack the insurmountably hazy night; I used my twin paired crystalline eyesight,

In order to crack spurious sadness ominously hovering around; I used my amicably compassionate smile,

In order to crack the incorrigibly bellicose brick; I used my fists plummeting like a thunderbolt; on its wretched periphery,

In order to crack the astutely austere corporate tycoon; I used frugal amounts of sly wit; circulating more mystically than the clouds in my blood,

In order to crack the diabolically freezing evening; I used my palms voraciously against the rocks; to generate unsurpassable loads of seductive heat,

In order to crack utter hopelessness; I used the invincible muscle impregnated euphorically in my bones,

In order to crack the ingenious idea; I used my inherent skill of profusely intense concentration,

In order to crack the yawn; I used my unfathomable treasury of will power to rise up to the occasion of pragmatic survival,

In order to crack inexplicably treacherous destiny; I used my spirit of fathomless adventure to confront the acrimonious world,

In order to crack pain; I used my lids to drink back my prolifically dribbling river of traumatized tears,

In order to crack the bottle; I used my nails to adroitly unleash the

insurmountably serrated steel cap,

In order to crack the pathway of horrendous dirt; I used my royally sparkling
pool
of saliva,

In order to crack the majestically enchanting painting; I used my adroitly slender
conglomerate of fingers,

In order to crack dimly mind boggling poverty; I used all the wealth I had
assimilated till date; in the tenure of my short life,

In order to crack the chapter of inevitably precious existence; I used my
exuberant mountain of Omnipotent breath,

And in order to crack the love of my ultimate dreams; I used the inner most
realms of my passionately thundering heart; which shot its beats infinite
kilometers above the sky; as each second unfurled itself into the fabulously
blossoming spectrum called
romance.

Nikhil Parekh

Cravings

When I lay languidly sprawled on a king poster bed; emollient with a scent of mesmerizing rose,
There was an insatiable craving in the body to sleep.

When I came in proximity with an appetizing meal of cold salad; blended with sea petrel,
There were irresistible cravings in the starved bowels to eat.

When there hung an immaculate bandanna at right angles to my vision,
There developed an inevitable craving to expurgate my nostrils; and sneeze.

When I saw white water tumbling down the undulating mountain,
There arose unfathomable cravings in my persona to stand beneath it; and bathe.

When I came in lethal confrontation with a cluster of venomous snake,
There was an indispensable craving in my legs; to gallop at rollicking pace and flee.

When I alighted the majestically strong demeanour of a race stallion,
There was a ubiquitous craving in my mind; to traverse the race course at swashbuckling speed.

When I jumped aboard the ship; into sapphire waters of the fathomless ocean,
There were desperate cravings that proliferated in my body; to swim.

When my fellow counterparts tyrannized me; victimizing me as the subject of ludicrous laughter,
There arose sporadic cravings in my tongue to stringently retaliate.

When I was on the verge of freezing in chilly winds of arctic winter,
There arose profound cravings to burn a grandiloquent fire; and warm my numb feet.

When I was chased by a striped leopard in dense camouflage of the jungle,
There was an overwhelming craving to clamber up the tree; and hide in the myriad of branches.

When I walked bedraggled; through silver soil of the scorched desert,

There was an ingratiating craving for sipping cool water; thereby sustaining precious life.

When there were stacks of resplendent gold lying unguarded on the solitary street,

There were intractable cravings to permeate through the heap; and pilfer.

When one of my siblings left prematurely for his heavenly abode,

There were nostalgic cravings in the eyes to sob hysterically and emit water.

And when the ethereal shadow of my beloved unveiled in entirety; before my silhouette,

There was an intransigent craving in my lips to kiss her; and love.

Nikhil Parekh

Cruelly Starved

Brutally starved were my staggering eyes; frantically groping for those rainbows of eternal prosperity; which had become so ghoulishly amorphous and obsolete; in the world today,

Pathetically starved were my lambasted lips; rapaciously wandering for those hives of perennial sweetness; which had parsimoniously evaporated into corpses of lackadaisical abhorrence; in the world today,

Horrendously starved were my tortured fingers; unrelentingly searching for those uninhibited bits of free space; which had so luridly metamorphosed into salacious jailhouses of the sinister devil; in the world today,

Preposterously starved were my tottering cheeks; intransigently loitering for those whirlwinds of ingratiating passion; which had transited into penalizingly inclement commercialism; in the world today,

Despondently starved were my numbed ears; indefatigably straining for those sounds of everlastingly mellifluous harmony; which had so bizarrely drowned in obstreperously maladroit traffic; in the world today,

Truculently starved was my monotonous brain; timelessly stretching for those precociously exhilarating forests of astounding innovation; which had converted so deplorably into coffins of ribald hell; in the world today,

Flagrantly starved were my beleaguered eyelashes; relentlessly glimpsing for those dew drops of unfathomably sensuous ecstasy; which had so fanatically fulminated into insanely tyrannical bloodshed and crime; in the world today,

Lecherously starved was my aggrieved throat; desperately searching for those raindrops of pristine exhilaration; which had so egregiously adulterated themselves with derogatory corruption; in the world today,

Lasciviously starved were my fetid toes; agonizingly penetrating for those meadows of irrefutably silken honesty; which had so disparagingly converted themselves into a gutter of ghastly lies; in the world today,

Despairingly starved were my deprived palms; tirelessly fumbling for those entrenchments of aristocratic artistry; which had so perniciously disappeared into the dungeons of miserably fermented doom; in the world today,

Unsparingly starved were my staggering veins; limitlessly stuttering for those waves of unflinching solidarity; which had so barbarously unfurled into carcasses of bludgeoning viciousness; in the world today,

Licentiously starved was my convoluted neck; greedily swirling for those pinnacles of impregnably majestic brotherhood; which had so uncouthly divided into sleazily spurious boundaries of religion; caste; creed and color; in the world today,

Ludicrously starved were my trembling teeth; maniacally chattering for those winds of patriotically blazing courage; which had so raunchily extinguished into scurrilously dastardly betrayal; in the world today,

Painstakingly starved were my dreary bones; rampantly galloping for those blissfully placating shades of symbiotism; which had so hedonistically become warehouses of morbidly libidinous trade; in the world today,

Unsurpassably starved was my crumbling spinal chord; wildly staring for those clouds of compassionate embrace; which had so bawdily perpetuated into mirages of worthless meaninglessness; in the world today,

Criminally starved was my terrorized shadow; restlessly meandering for those unequivocally glorious rivers of freedom; which had so treacherously dwindled into maelstroms of political racialism; in the world today,

Indiscriminately starved was my incoherent signature; implacably ambling for those stamps of heavenly righteousness; which had so tawdrily exploded into surreptitiously gratuitous profanity; in the world today,

Forlornly starved was my asphyxiated breath; intractably gasping for those fireballs of vivaciously unending titillation; which had so obnoxiously become castrated graveyards of marauding lynchpins; in the world today,

And cruelly starved was my deteriorating heart; endlessly feeling for those beats of immortally regale love; which had so baselessly extradited into gallows of indescribably crucifying emptiness; in the world today.

Nikhil Parekh

Cry

If only my tears; could forever wash away the brutal disparities of mankind; the invidious discrimination that divided the spellbindingly united human race; into salacious segments of nothingness,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the devastating loneliness from every hapless orphans face; the deplorably crucifying solitude that it faced at the hands of amorously heartless destiny,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the preposterously crippling blackness from every blind eye; cadaverously hurtling towards the coffins of hopelessness right since the first cry of birth,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the baselessly maiming idiosyncrasies in the name of religion; which transformed life harder than the most obdurate of stone; every unfurling instant,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the feckless abhorrence from every prejudiced heart; which criminally masticated even the freshest form of existence; into meaningless bits of oblivion,

If only my tears; could forever wash away disdainfully emaciating impoverishment; those inevitably stabbing pangs of hunger which converted even the most sensible living being; into an unkempt devil,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the obnoxiously venomous smoke and dust from every blissful leaf on the city streets; the maliciously deteriorating human spit that dribbled down the tree roots,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the senseless negativities from each living brain; the inexplicably traumatizing depression that worthlessly rendered exuberant life; as a sinfully lifeless pillar,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the footprints of vindictively assassinating anarchy; the inconsolable wounds inflicted upon the nimble; by the hedonistic Lordships of malevolently corrupt power,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the livid superiority in every mans voice; the wretchedly lambasting domination that he abominably asserted on every sacred woman's womb,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the inextricably lethal scars left on mother nature's belly; by rampantly pulverizing powerhouses of robotic commercialism,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the surreptitiously blasphemous glances; which were cast on every innocuous widow's countenance; by the rapaciously thwarted society outside,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the stains of morbidly gory blood; which ignominiously flourished on the heart of mother earth; after every heartlessly massacring war,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the inveterate arrogance of human creation; the inanely beheading aridness that even the closest of blood-relations displayed to each other; in pursuit of worldly greed and fame,

If only my tears; could forever wash away every divorce that unceremoniously occurred between a husband and wife; the non-existent suspicions that they harbored against each other,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the disastrously impeaching emptiness in every source of existence; the unfathomable trauma of having to lead life to the fullest; without the priceless beloved,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the shame of every naked organism on the tawdrily freezing streets; the ramifications of intolerable penuriousness that wafted from every exploited and malnourished chest,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the silence of despairingly uncouth death; the state of irrevocably lamenting helplessness that then enshrouded every ingredient of the atmosphere,

Then. O! Yes absolutely and irrefutably then. Irrespective of how cowardly the world outside termed me to be. I was prepared to forever and ever and ever cry.

Nikhil Parekh

Cuckoo Clock

Made of curvaceous ornamental brass,
sometimes parallel straight arms of white metal,
coated with different shades of radium paint,
hung to long center pivot thoroughly oiled and greased,
the hour hand moves at painstaking speed,
the minute hand ticks a shade faster,
the second hand is the fastest of them all.
all thick needles displaying time,
passing moments of pragmatic life,
traversing in circular clockwise journeys,
in a background of finely calibrated dial,
and roman numerals ascending from one to twelve,
all this compactly imprisoned in water proof glass,
tightened by an artillery of shock proof screw,
triggered by maze of compressed springs,
with gold plated chains suspended to be wound,
and the chirpy cuckoo announcing its presence every hour,
with melodious cadence of bird sound,
nailed to plaster in our living room,
winning accolades of innumerable visitors,
is our unfailingly loyal cuckoo clock.

Nikhil Parekh

Cursed Terrorism

The bird of ghastly terrorism might undoubtedly fly all right; but without the most ethereal trace of direction; and miserably collapsing in its non-existent grave; as its decayed wings woefully crumbled mid-air,

The waterfall of indiscriminate terrorism might undoubtedly cascade all right; but it never was able to touch even an inconspicuous iota of pricelessly venerated soil,

The car of crucifying terrorism might undoubtedly chug forward all right; but it soon uncontrollably exploded into such an inferno of indecipherable nothingness; that was impossible to find even in the corpses of obviously paralytic hell,

The soil of sadistic terrorism might undoubtedly sprout all right; but every fruit which it dared to parsimoniously bear; salaciously sank an infinite feet beneath worthless mud; even before they could kiss the first beams of morning light,

The clouds of unforgivable terrorism might undoubtedly rain all right; but every globule of water that they satanically oozed; was that of venomously cannibalistic and mercilessly slandering blood,

The mountains of slaving terrorism might undoubtedly stand all right; but every epitome of theirs was shamefully and sinfully inverted; like the endlessly outstretched palms of the cadaverously wailing beggar; who never ever witnessed even the most insouciant trifle of wealth all his wretchedly impoverished life,

The eyes of nondescript terrorism might undoubtedly see all right; but every ray that radiated from their whites metamorphosed into the most remorsefully maiming graveyard of deplorable blackness; even in insuperably flaming Sunlight,

The tree of vindictive terrorism might undoubtedly fructify all right; but every of its leaf charred you to the most inconsolably pathetic extinction; instead of mollifying every frazzled nerve of yours with mesmerizing shade,

The sea of unsparing terrorism might undoubtedly swirl all right; but each of its demonically asphyxiating wave; drowned you into a mortuary of wanton meaninglessness; even before you could emanate your first or last breath,

The Sun of frigid terrorism might undoubtedly shine all right; but every of its criminally diabolical ray; could foment nothing else but only tirelessly beheading nightfall; even in the peak of irrefutably blistering day,

The Moon of brutal terrorism might undoubtedly twinkle all right; but every of its deliriously surreptitious beams; metamorphosed even the most impeccably divine child; into an unstoppably marauding dinosaur of perverted crime,

The mirrors of agonizing terrorism might undoubtedly reflect all right; but every image that they vividly portrayed; was that of the vengefully bombarding and bizarrely demented devil,

The sky of ominous terrorism might undoubtedly stretch all right; but even the most transiently feckless ounce of space in it; irretrievably and solely belonged to the coffins of despicably pulverizing hell,

The veins of heartless terrorism might undoubtedly bleed all right; but every droplet of blood that they frenetically oozed; bore the color of carnivorously amorphous and unsurpassably lackadaisical nothingness,

The meadows of tyrannical terrorism might undoubtedly dew all right; but globule of sanctimoniously ironical golden; was the most unconquerably despicable venom
that planet earth could ever produce,

The mouth of truculent terrorism might undoubtedly speak all right; but every word that it rambunctiously uttered; was the most ignominiously sinful abuse on the grace of the Omnisciently Almighty Lord,

The shadows of acrimonious terrorism might undoubtedly lurk all right; but timelessly impregnating only germs of baselessly excoriating fear; in one and all;
disgustingly alike,

The nostrils of plagued terrorism might undoubtedly breathe all right; but each puff of air that they notoriously inhaled; buried them deeper and deeper into the most horrendously torturous gorges of inveterate death,

And the heart of cursed terrorism might undoubtedly throb all right; but each beat that it penuriously diffused; barbarously incarcerated every single organism on this fathomless planet; into chains of hedonistically assassinating war and

limitless
hatred.

Nikhil Parekh

Cut

In order to cut the fabulous ribbon; I used a pair of majestically glistening scissors,

In order to cut the unruly weeds of rampantly sprawling grass; I used the irascibly groaning and obsolete lawn mower,

In order to cut the pencil into an articulately molded tip; I used a conventionally shimmering sharpener,

In order to cut the acrimoniously piercing sunshine; I used a pair of voluptuously seductive sunglasses,

In order to cut the incorrigibly extruding parasitic tree; I used an incredulously lanky handled axe of pure rosewood,

In order to cut the atmosphere overwhelmed with inexplicable sadness; I used my repertoire of inherently fulminating jokes and laughter,

In order to cut the intransigently hard coconut shell; I used an astronomically fortified hammer,

In order to cut the fathomless sheet of plain paper; I used a cutter dexterously embodied into boundless corrugations on its handsome periphery,

In order to cut the perniciously sinister buds of hair protruding obnoxiously from my cheeks; I used a grandiloquent razor functioning on passionate sparks of white electricity,

In order to cut the painstakingly marathon period of time; I profusely absorbed myself in relentlessly augmenting fantasy; which made me wholesomely oblivious to the indefatigable minutes of an hour,

In order to cut the colossal edifice tyrannizing the soil with its horrendously infiltrating foundations; I used a mammoth bulldozer charging menacingly towards
the mountain of lame bricks,

In order to cut the dangerously swirling stormy waves; I used an intrepidly advancing boat; compounded with Herculean muscle in my rubicund bones,

In order to cut the insurmountably stinking ambience of horrifically rotting fish; I used a gorgeously efficacious scent; extracted from the tantalizingly crimson garden of rose,

In order to cut the unfathomable layer of ghoulishly threatening glass; I used a bland looking chunk of robust stone,

In order to cut the unsurpassable bitterness embedded on my tongue; I used a waterfall of ingratiatingly ravishing honey,

In order to cut the incomprehensible networking of perilously smudged lines; I used a stupendously immaculate rubber,

In order to cut the ominously escalating automobile speed; I voraciously used the twin pairs of reassuring brakes,

In order to cut the unbelievably dolorous silence; I used my austerely permeating and ebullient whistle,

In order to cut the perfidious love mercilessly killing me every instant; I used the disastrously dying beats of my heart,

But I simply didn't have anything at all to cut the thread of precious existence; as the irrefutable right to this cut solely belonged to the person who had evolved each part of my body in the first case; the person whom I remembered for infinite times in a single day as my Omnipotent Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Cute Creases.

They were marvelously royal undulations that broke the tyrannical monotony of commercialized success - with magnanimous ease,

They poignantly depicted those unbelievably ecstatic moments which when blended with rhapsodic fantasy - constituted the newly wed couples tryst with unparalleled delight,

They were a subject of awe-inspiring intrigue - leading to various perceptions as to how they must've occurred - as people perched at the edge of the king poster bed,

They effortlessly led the human panache - into the recesses of uncannily plush imagination - into a land where impeccable pearls cascaded unabashedly on layers of seductive existence,

They were majestic figments of impromptu artistry - evolving on their own as sensuous silhouettes twisted and turned - in a natural desire to rest in their journey on earth,

They held their very own inimitable identity - protruding like dainty non-living prince and princesses - amidst the gargantuan expanse of the silken sheet,

They uninhibitedly portrayed - that there was romantic existence beyond ruthless realms of tawdrily barbarous office - which was an indispensable constituent to be enjoyed,

They appeared brilliantly charismatic and replenished with charmed fables of the yesteryear - as the Sun's blistering rays caressed them in the thick of the afternoon,

They might've been inconspicuously withering in size - but swelled up into a formidably united cluster of togetherness - when beaten or ironed or rattled or mauled,

They were a true artist's delight - his quintessential source of inspiration as he danced his flamboyant paintbrush upon the barren canvas - nudging and tickling them with his thumb and little finger,

They were a lover's flight of triumphant fantasy - as he sprinkled petals of

profoundly scarlet rose beside them - to form an enamoring oasis that lit up the serene night,

They mollified even the tiniest ounces of apprehension with their phlegmatic twirls; curls; swirls and furls - dancing in unfettered abandon as the exuberant breeze slapped on their dead periphery,

They personified the true spirit of unmatched independence - a classical example of an untidiness which appeared a darling amidst a monstrous rat-race to survive,

They were the philanthropic road taken - tantalizing the goodness of a person to come forth - to come good - after a rejuvenating night's sleep; rolling against them,

They formed so tranquilly without an ounce of extra effort or agonizing manual pain - unlike their counterpart concrete tiled peaks which took assiduous expertise and skill of masons; working on the sloping roof of the house,

They followed no particular religion as they were an artificially dead mass - though people bonded majestically into the religion of invincible humanity - rolling and spontaneously whistling - on them,

They added that indispensably vivid splice to the photographs snapped - blissfully blended in the Kingly backdrop of the wall; curtain; window and pillow,

They looked exuberantly endearing with butterflies and birds nestled on them; perceiving their minuscule peaks as hillocks to have a ravishing feast upon,

Thus - it is my humble plea to you benevolent people - that please don't straighten these immaculately princely Creases - that lay perched so non-invasively on your fabulously unmade bedsheets.

Nikhil Parekh

Dance

The foliage of leaves embossed on the maple tree; danced to turbulent currents of air,

The intricate hands of timepiece; danced coherently with the unwinding of machinery,

The crisp sheets of bonded paper; danced frivolously to the scribbling with writing pen,

The placid demeanor of river water; danced sumptuously to vociferous inputs from floating ships,

The rusty grey persona of the innocuous donkey; danced in indignation when deliberately kissed by cigarette butt,

The succulent fruits high up in the tree; danced in passionate zeal when struck with torrential draughts of rain,

The obnoxiously slimy body of tadpole; danced nimbly in fresh ponds of monsoon water,

A plethora of cold blooded criminals victimized common man; danced unrelentingly to fat pads of printed currency,

Scores of fragrant roses on the sprawling landscapes; danced when visited upon by the humming bee,

The abhorrent caricature of the wall lizard; danced tantalizingly when it witnessed helpless insects in close proximity,

The translucent fountains of water; danced in enchantment when struck with a myriad of opalescent color,

The network of cable wires dangling at unprecedented heights in the air; danced in submission when fed with sumptuous amounts of white electricity,

The crystal shard of transparent glass; danced with exuberance when shown illusions

of ravishing beauty,

A group of youngsters at the ostentatious disco; danced with boisterous energy
after
consuming barrels of intoxicating liquor,

The battalion of soldiers clad in neat uniform, danced in organized synchrony as
patronizing rhymes diffused from the loud speaker,

Infinite souls; danced in solitary confinement even years after the person was
buried,

The fleet of birds danced tenaciously; high up in the clouds; when granted
impetus
by vibrant pouches of breeze,

The prisoner held captive in jail; danced with spurts of anguish when whipped by
a belt dipped in onion curry,

The animate and inanimate existing; danced onerously in front of God; to get
reprieve from tumultuous sorrow,

And I danced sporadically to tunes emanating from my heart; with mesmerizing
impressions of the girl I loved at close quarters from my face.

Nikhil Parekh

Dance - Part 2

Dance. And you'll uninhibitedly release even the most infinitesimal iota of mercilessly trapped frustration; disdainfully entrapped in your bones.

Dance. And you'll metamorphose every droplet of your brutally estranged sweat; into a paradise of intriguingly unparalleled and triumphant newness.

Dance. And you'll feel like the most pricelessly blessed artist on this fathomless Universe; efficaciously expressing even the most obsoletely defecating of your emotions; like the blazingly unfettered Sunlight.

Dance. And you'll feel an unsurpassably overwhelming urge to lead a countless more lives; as if every of your inadvertently committed sin is forever erased into the wisps of worthlessly wanton nothingness.

Dance. And you'll feel the innermost dormitories of your soul profoundly blending with every ounce of the celestial atmosphere; galloping as God's most endowed organism alive.

Dance. And you'll feel the inferno of unconquerable desire tower to the most ultimate crescendo in your crimson blood; with every pristinely untamed pore of your skin insatiably yearning to be timelessly kissed.

Dance. And you'll feel that the tantalizing mists of infinite infinity were invincibly captured in your magical palms; with every bone in your gallantly bountiful persona rhythmically swaying to the beats of the divine.

Dance. And you'll feel that there was no bath ever which was better than the bath of mesmerizing golden sweat; as it resplendently trickled like the most sensuously blessing waterfall over every patch of your fantastically glistening and naked skin.

Dance. And you'll feel that exhaustion never ever existed on the trajectory of this boundless earth; with even the most ethereal trace of disease forever transforming into the heaven of unprecedented excitement.

Dance. And you'll want every second to consist of a countless more seconds; every pathway of ebulliently rhapsodic life to be endlessly eternal till the time planet earth holistically survived.

Dance. And you'll feel that even the most deliriously robotic structure around you was silken fluffs of enamoring candy; inevitably culminating into a limitless forest of desire in every cranny of your impoverished caricature.

Dance. And you'll feel an inimitable fountain of heart-rendering empathy arise in the whites of your eyes; putting even the most disastrously frazzled dormitory of your brain to a perpetually glorifying rest.

Dance. And you'll learn to fly without wings even in the most fathomlessly unlimited of sky; indefatigably adventuring and proliferating into astounding newness; even as the entire earth around you brutally fought and died.

Dance. And you'll feel even the most treacherously obstinate of impediments beneath your feet convert into the oceans of unbridled prosperity; victoriously enveloping every of your nerve with undefeatable rhapsody.

Dance. And you'll feel like a freshly adorned bride; inexhaustibly tossing and turning on the bedsheets of Immortal friendship; waiting for the prince of her life to kiss her to an infinite billion lives.

Dance. And you'll feel as if you were the ultimate messiah of humanity; enlightening boundless orphans and deprived; with the miraculously subliming optimism in your vividly gleeful stride.

Dance. And you'll discover the most fragrantly invincible meaning of life; symbiotically coalesce every element of your majestic form with the insuperably panoramic cradle of Mother Nature.

Dance. And you'll feel as if your heart was the most pricelessly infallible creation on this gregariously impregnable Universe; with each of its Immortal beats forever bonding with the Omnipresent light of the Creator Divine.

Dance. And you'll feel as if the chapter of victoriously Omniscient life could never ever end; and with every joyously unhindered leap that you took into the atmosphere you were reborn again and again and again; for an infinite more lives and lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Dance Upon Every Chance.

Whether it be as inconspicuous as an invisibly dissolute ant; or whether it be as towering as the highest apogee of the invincibly towering mountain; upon which fell the very first rays of the brilliant Sun,

Whether it be as overpoweringly black as the color of unearthly midnight; or whether it be blazing towards an infinite new civilizations of tomorrow—like the profusely ameliorating beams of empowering dawn,

Whether it be as evanescent as the parsimoniously deteriorating horizons; or whether it be as veritably fathomless as the gigantically swirling oceans and the endless chain of black rocks,

Whether it be as infantile as the nimble squeak of the freshly born baby rat; or whether it be as impregnably majestic as the inimitably unparalleled roar of the unflinching lion,

Whether it be as frivolous as the sporadically changing winds; or whether it be as undefeatedly passionate as the shades of insuperably humanitarian and united blood,

Whether it be as light veined as the inane balderdash of the limpid clown; or whether it be as redolently immortalizing as a boundless lines of ecstatically bountiful poetry,

Whether it be as acrimoniously arid as the blistering sands; or whether it be as torrentially sumptuous and everlastingly life-yielding as the unabashedly tumbling droplets of golden rain,

Whether it be as nonchalant as the ephemerally livid whisper; or whether it be as royally unassailable as the indefatigably euphoric and vociferous lightening of the crimson sky,

Whether it be as ludicrously feeble as the abnormally rickety pack of cards; or whether it be as insuperably fortified as the magical Universe whose foundations rested on eternally unified love,

Whether it be as excruciatingly tantalizing as the betraying mirage; or whether it be as inevitably definite as the perennially nurturing complexion of the soil; which was

a princely dark brown,

Whether it be as nervously tottering like the abysmally old man stumbling towards his grave; or whether it be perpetually bouncing in the victorious vigor and ardor of wondrously youthful life,

Whether it be as dismally oblivious as the full cry of the non-existent mosquito; or whether it be full; eternal and ravishingly triumphant as the entire Universe of philanthropic justice,

Whether it be as disdainfully terrestrial as the transient blade of pulverized green grass; or whether it uninhibitedly flapped its wings like a surreally adorned queen through fathomless bits of azure sky,

Whether it be as cunningly slippery as the bewilderingly groping eel; or whether it be as infallibly faithful as the girl of your every dream; who fearlessly stood abreast you to rejoice and smilingly accept the ghastliest of death,

Whether it be as uncannily eccentric as the croaking witch's anointed broomstick; or whether it be as enthrallingly pragmatic as the unnervingly ticking -centuries old town clock,

Whether it be as deplorably jinxed as the fetidly disgruntled graveyard; or whether it be as miraculously blessed as every synergistically palpitating creation of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

Whether it be as treacherously cheating like the feckless shadow which came and disappeared with each shade of the light; or whether it be as timelessly befriending as the breath in the lungs; which only left you after your veritable death,

Whether it be as pathetically ungraspable as the stream of widowed water; or whether it be like all those people around you who unstoppably embraced you for solely what you were and what you were destined to be,

And I really don't care; be it in whatever shape; form; color or intensity; but as long as its for the betterment of humanity and my very own self; and the very instant it comes my way; I'd definitely and wholesomely dance upon every chance.

Dancing In Her Heart

When I danced on the ultimate summit of the astronomically colossal mountain; initially I felt waves of stupendously ingratiating exhilaration deluge me from all sides,

Although as time rapidly unleashed; and the Sun austerely gleamed to sweltering radiance; my nimble feet trembled uncontrollably upon the treacherous slopes; and I found the conglomerate of my robust bones metamorphose to inconspicuous chowder; as I yelled my last before smashing against the cold-blooded rocks.

When I danced on the fathomlessly tangy ocean; frolicking in the heart of the marvelously poignant waves; initially I felt the gregariously rhapsodic froth transit me into realms of tantalizing heaven,

Although as the minutes crept by; and the Sun commenced to languidly kiss the horizons; an intransigently vicious pain enveloped my entire countenance; as a malicious battalion of pugnacious sharks dragged me barbarically to blend me with the rock bottom.

When I danced on the ethereally spell-binding clouds; kissing the mesmerizing mists as they floated past my rubicund cheeks; initially I felt as if I had witnessed every iota of enchanting beauty upon the trajectory of the boundlessly bountiful Universe,

Although as the day unfurled itself into hideous night; and the Moon refrained to creep up in the sky; I found myself taking the greatest plunge of my life; sinking down to find devastated refuge with pertinent worms; infinite kilometers beneath soil.

When I danced on a pile of incomprehensible gold coin; feeling an unfathomable barrage of scintillating silver cascade down my neck; initially I felt as if I was the most flamboyantly opulent man alive,

Although a few seconds later; and as vindictive witches of hell descended down on earth; all celestial empathy vanished uncouthly from my disastrously shriveled persona; to ruthlessly snap the eternal chapter of my romantic life.

When I danced on a shimmering garland of blissful sand; ravishingly tickling my soles with the resplendent granules of enthrallment trapped within; initially I felt as if all sorrow had abnegated forever from my life,

Although a few moments later; and as dusk seemed to advance its ominous stranglehold over brilliant light; I ludicrously slipped worse than nine-pins to lick worthless dust; with a cluster of irascibly heinous ant playing hide and seek; with

my lame ears.

When I danced on an unfathomable horde of crocodiles; intrepidly caressing my big toe nails in exuberant gusto against their majestically serrated skin; initially I felt the bravest man on earth; applauding my Herculean feat by staring mockingly towards the heavens,
Although as the hour changed its dimensions; and the beasts started to belligerently shrug their afternoon siesta; I found no difference between my brain and feet; disappearing into threadbare oblivion for centuries immemorial.

When I danced on royally flaming fires; trespassing intractably across the sizzling embers all day and murderous night; initially I felt winds of supremely uninhibited compassion enshroud my penuriously dithering visage; for countless more births of mine,
Although as the clock fervently ticked; and as the overwhelmingly traumatized agony of heat proliferated multifold; I soon transformed into ashes of insipid nothingness; to coalesce with corridors of lecherously lambasting hell.

When I danced on the land of nostalgically impeccable souls; ebulliently juxtaposing with their timeless essence; initially I felt all richness and endless grace on this planet being showered upon me in unequivocal plenty,
Although as days sped into painstaking fortnights; and as even the most minuscule beam of hope immutably denied to linger in the devastatedly sinister atmosphere; every iota of my invincibly looming persona; soon evaporated into non-existent trails of the satanic ghost.

When I danced in the heart of my divinely beloved; bonding each beat of my miserably palpitating heart with the insurmountably perennial river of her immortal love; initially I felt an Omnipotent endowment to lead a countless more ecstatic lives,
And I can state it with irrefutable pride this time; that as the moments unfolded into a sparkling tomorrow; I was reborn again and again and again; as the most powerful entity on this marvelously enamoring Universe; the power which was none else but the fragrance of her impregnably unceasing love.

Nikhil Parekh

Day Versus Romantic Night

The day swelteringly blazed in the tyranny of
unrelentingly acrimonious heat; disdainfully simmering
with abominably intolerable harshness,
While an unfathomable pearl of majestic enchantment;
was the entrenchment of the fabulously titillating and
frosty night.

The day relentlessly scorched even the most minuscule
of entity that came in the trajectory of its vicious
swirl; charring blissful angels into a pool of
unbearably smoldering perspiration,
While a resplendently melodious festoon of enigmatic
voices; was the fabric of the sensuously enamoring and
voluptuous night.

The day hideously burnt fathomless islands of
poignantly nubile skin; invidiously tanning even the
most impeccably scintillating patches of princely white,
While a maelstrom of unendingly romantic titillation;
a world of eternally tranquil freedom; was the
bedsheet of the miraculously everlasting night.

The day propelled insanely ominous abuse; as the
unsparing heat of the ferociously truculent Sun
brutally asphyxiated priceless reserves of liquid from
the; pathetically staggering body,
While a garland of profoundly heartwarming
graciousness; seductively placating the thirst of one
and all handsomely alike; was the ravishingly queenly
aroma of the marvelously embellished night.

The day was horrendously indescribable; with the
mercury soaring literally out of the thermometer;
barbarically torching boundless kilometers of celestial
land and atmosphere,
While an unsurpassable stream of tantalizing
effervescence; was the wave of the ebulliently dancing
and charismatic night.

The day was ungainly traumatic; with diabolical chains
of gorily boiling heat diabolically jeopardizing the
lives of all those innocuously harmonious,
While a gloriously bountiful cushion of amiable
togetherness; a cistern of spell binding empathy; was
the profusely compassionate inferno of the regale
night.

The day was a stagnantly debilitating pond of sordid
perspiration; as every organism on this planet
inevitably broke into despicable sweat; under the
blistering cauldron of ever-augmenting heat,
While a nimbly obeisant salutation to the Almighty
Lord; an incantation of fascinating timelessness; was
the effusively chirping garden of the vivaciously
phlegmatic night.

The day was an unavoidable nightmare that every entity
on this colossal Universe had to live through;
manipulatively struggling amidst the hostile horde of
bloodsucking wolves to earn their quintessential livelihood,
While a ubiquitous ocean of philanthropic brotherhood;
a magical river in which all uninhibitedly melanged
irrespective of caste; creed or spurious color; was
the mesmerizing intoxication of the wonderfully
moonlit night.

And a derogatorily devilish betrayer was the
unprecedentedly flaming day; insidiously snapping even
the most celestial of relationships; as lambasting
heat triggered tempers to disconcertingly flare,
While an unassailably grandiloquent smile of
friendship; an immortally unshakable bond of divine
love; a harbinger of peace and serenely humanitarian
friendship; was the invincible sky of the gorgeously
heavenly night.

Nikhil Parekh

Dead And Still Living With Me

The heart had ceased to beat completely,
the eyes didn't move a fraction of centimeter,
juxtaposed arteries of blood had frozen midway,
twin pairs of lips lay partially open to the filtering Sunlight,
breaths emanating from nostrils had disappeared into oblivion,
there was no sweat formed on sensitive zones of body,
the expurgation of fluids had been completely sealed,
fresh buds of skin vehemently refrained from taking birth,
tender sacs of lungs now lay lifeless,
nut shells of kidney no longer toiled to produce saline water,
glittering contours of teeth showed signs of decay,
robust patches of flesh had transited to a ghastly white,
his body lay lifeless staring altruistically at me, bereft of traces of emotion.

i had loved him more than i could love God,
his scent had mesmerized dormant chambers of my inner being,
alas! he no longer walked on the ripened soil of the lawns,
a brutal mishap had snatched him away from the bloodcurling embrace of my
arms,
i had thereafter preserved his dead body in a pool of antiseptic,
the hair still grew in abundance,
his beard had now multiplied to astronomical proportions,
it was almost a month since he had exited for his heavenly abode,
i still didnt feel like burying him, wanting to keep him close to my heart,
for the remainder of my life.

Nikhil Parekh

Dead Beyond Description

Dead beyond description are those living eyes; which tirelessly harbor the swords of indiscriminately terrorizing hatred and satanic prejudice,

Dead beyond description are those living ears; which rapaciously yearn to hear the brutally asphyxiated cries of the priceless innocent; every unfurling minute of the day as well as in the ingredients of blackened night,

Dead beyond description are those living lips; which remain as frozen as heartlessly white ice; even as enchantingly golden rays of the blazing Sun; compassionately embraced every organism on earth; handsomely alike,

Dead beyond description are those living feet; which ludicrously rot in the corpses of cowardice; even as the earth on which they tread was being unsparingly molested by hedonistically torturous traitors of mankind,

Dead beyond description are those living fingers; which mercilessly strangulate the divinely silhouette of newborn life; in order to reign spuriously supreme for an infinite more non-existent lifetimes,

Dead beyond description are those living teeth; which barbarously pulverize wonderfully evolving life of the womb; on the sadistic pretext of it not belonging to their vindictively castigating religion,

Dead beyond description are those living veins; which salaciously betray even the most perpetually bonding of relationships; for just an infinitesimally tawdry bundle of feckless currency notes,

Dead beyond description are those living shoulders; which listlessly while away every blessed moment of their existence; carrying the coffins of unsurpassably massacring lies,

Dead beyond description are those living eyelids; which bat down in due obeisance to the world of anarchically decrepit corruption and the mortuary of wickedly wastrel politics,

Dead beyond description are those living shadows; which devilishly pretend as parasitically delinquent ghosts; scurrilously scaring holistically breathing mankind without any ostensible reason or rhyme,

Dead beyond description are those living nails; which diabolically erase every
effulgently mesmerizing destiny line of the palm; with insidiously
traumatizing slavery of the most unprecedented degree,
Dead beyond description are those living cheeks; which metamorphose into
fretfully lackadaisical and amorphously decaying skeletons; even when embraced
by the most perennially coalescing of camaraderie,

Dead beyond description are those living intestines; which solely feast on other's
happiness; menacingly waiting their moment to devour every trace of
unparalleled ebullience into the unforgiving pyre of murderous hell,

Dead beyond description are those living nostrils; which waft venomously
pugnacious blood; endlessly wanting to curse even the most mercurial speck of
civilization with worthless insanity and ominously castigated malice,

Dead beyond description are those living tongues; which relentlessly wail for the
cause of vituperatively bawdy injustice; egregiously marauding the fabric of
eternally resplendent truth from every conceivable side,

Dead beyond description are those living skins; which are unimaginably numb to
even the most effusively heart-rendering cries of whipped humanity; celebrating
till fathomless heights above the heavens even as the closest of their kin
evaporated,

Dead beyond description are those living souls; which unrelentingly foster the
spirit of cannibalistic war and rampant bloodshed; uncouthly baying for their
compatriot's blood; even when the Creator afforded them with a majestic
survival to thrive,

Dead beyond description are those living arms; which intransigently dig graves of
malevolently treacherous fanaticism all day; instead of gloriously perspiring
under the Omnipotently golden Sun,

And dead beyond description are those living hearts; which throb unceasingly
and till the very end of their destined times all right; but from whom culminated
only the beats of savagely slandering betrayal; in whom there resided nothing
but vultures of emotionless hell.

Nikhil Parekh

Dear Daddy

Enough has been said and appreciated about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the walls of this dwelling; would never have been able to bear the onslaught of the vengefully greedy and rigid society,

Enough has been said and admired about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the children of this dwelling; would never have been able to sleep all blissful night; in the cozy delights of the opulently silken quilt,

Enough has been said and preached about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the rooms of this dwelling; would never have been embedded with luxurious luminosity; which all members profoundly relished all their lifetime,

Enough has been said and saluted about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the driveways of this dwelling; would never have been deluged with bountiful prosperity; which celestially circulated through the hearts of one and all; alike,

Enough has been said and patronized about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the commercial ambitions of all; would never have been so sumptuously placated; imparting them with a chance to embrace even the most bizarrely remote of their dreams,

Enough has been said and advocated about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; sagacious knowledge of this Universe; would never have entered this dwelling; with the mantra of ignorance is bliss; being the only jargon till eternity,

Enough has been said and idolized about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the infants of this dwelling; would never have been able to get the most majestic education; miserably buckling under the whirlwind of poverty and insanity,

Enough has been said and prayed about the Mother of the house; had it not been

for you dear Daddy; the boundaries of this dwelling; would never have been able to bear; the acrimoniously appalling abuse of the uncouth society outside,

Enough has been said and highlighted about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the floors of this dwelling; would never have been able to

so handsomely withhold; the unfathomable demands of pampered brats around,

Enough has been said and idolized about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the winds of this dwelling; would never have been so royally subjected; to an unsurpassable fortress of flamboyantly dynamic exuberance; perennially diffusing from your stride,

Enough has been said and talked about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the regal grandiloquence of this dwelling; would never have remained so invincible; with the parasitic world outside insatiably longing to devastate each of its brick,

Enough has been said and revered about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the flowers of this dwelling; would never have bloomed so radiantly; with all inevitably busy in their own conquests; failing to water them so magnificently as you did unflinchingly each day; with the Sun transcending over the rosy horizons,

Enough has been said and symbolized about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the clothes of this dwelling; would have never been so immaculately spotless; with the ruthless planet outside fervently waiting to envelop them in bloodbaths of abhorrent war,

Enough has been said and cherished about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the plates of this dwelling; would never have been so aristocratically replenished; with the ungainly famished earth outside unsparingly commencing its vicious atrocity; upon our obliviously innocent blood,

Enough has been said and sung about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the sweat in this dwelling; would never have glistened in such extraordinarily timeless perseverance; with all invidiously lazing without realizing the actual value of life,

Enough has been said and cheered about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the enthusiasm in this dwelling; would never have been so ebulliently prolific; with the worthlessness in the air outside; being

simply no match for your exhilaratingly vivacious flair; to win over the entire planet,

Enough has been said and celebrated about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the picturesque timelessness of this dwelling; would never have been so magnificently unassailable; with every lecherous organism who tried to trespass it; sinking only more and more deeper into his ultimate grave,

Enough has been said and embellished about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the breaths of all those in this dwelling; would never have flowed so uninhibitedly; feeling perpetually free even against the most mightiest of impediment that came its way,

Enough has been said and immortalized about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the hearts of all in this dwelling; would never have throbbed with such unconquerably unending passion; as and when your charismatic voice blazed forever and ever and ever; way above the dormitory of despairing death.

Nikhil Parekh

Death - A Countless Times Better

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of tawdrily inconsolable isolation; an infinite times every unfurling instant of resplendently destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of murderously ungainly abuse; an infinite times every unfurling instant of beautifully destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of unforgivably criminal torture; an infinite times every unfurling instant of vivaciously destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of acrimoniously ribald humiliation; an infinite times every unfurling instant of bountifully destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of hedonistically abominable slavery; an infinite times every unfurling instant of symbiotically destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of atrociously cannibalistic vindication; an infinite times every unfurling instant of iridescently destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of baselessly trembling fear; an infinite times every unfurling instant of redolently destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of inexplicably tormenting disease; an infinite times every unfurling instant of celestially destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of cannibalistically sacrilegious uncertainty; an infinite times every unfurling instant of mellifluously destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of horrifically wanton impeachment; an infinite times every unfurling instant of jubilantly destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of horrendously asphyxiating oblivion; an infinite times every unfurling instant of triumphantly destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of unceremoniously treacherous debauchery; an infinite times every unfurling instant of effulgently destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of intolerably filthy stench; an infinite times every unfurling instant of poignantly destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of preposterously pathetic decay; an infinite times every unfurling instant of eclectically destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of inanely meaningless infertility; an infinite times every unfurling instant of compassionately destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of venomously decrepit stagnation; an infinite times every unfurling instant of effervescently destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of worthlessly demonic prejudice; an infinite times every unfurling instant of sparkingly destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of bawdily worthless manipulation; an infinite times every unfurling instant of majestically destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of truculently lambasted frustration; an infinite times every unfurling instant of beamingly destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of indefatigably nonchalant hopelessness; an infinite times every unfurling instant of symbiotically destined life,

And it was a countless better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite
deaths of perpetually maiming cowardice; an infinite times every unfurling
instant
of victoriously destined life.

Nikhil Parekh

Death- The Greatest Equalizer.

Death was the greatest pacifier; after which every thwarted desire of the physical form; wonderfully evaporated and became a mist of celestially everlasting solitude,

Death was the greatest purifier; after which even the most evanescent ounce of the inevitably sinful body; wholesomely dissolved to perennially blend with the holy natural soil and atmosphere,

Death was the greatest fantasizer; after which each impoverished element of the soul unabashedly fantasized in an infinite directions; without the tiniest of tensions or frustrations of manipulatively castrated life,

Death was the greatest immortalizer; after which every good and Samaritan deed of living being; was idolized and gave strength to existing man to conquer all evil; till times immemorial,

Death was the greatest synthesizer; after which even the most ethereal trace of ghoulish imbalance in the body; settled and whispered in exuberant unison towards every new face of captivating dawn,

Death was the greatest symbolizer; after which each entity became an institution in its very ownself; for whatever good or bad it'd achieved; in the tenure of its otherwise unendingly aspiring life,

Death was the greatest realizer; after which man was able to holistically imbibe his true identity on planet earth; as he unavoidably crumbled like a fence of matchsticks; in front of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

Death was the greatest neutralizer; after which even the most invisible insinuation of positivity and negativity; was made articulately same on the plane of sheer and vapid nothingness,

Death was the greatest rationalizer; paving open the way; to the miraculously untiring chapters of bountiful life and extinction; being the most impregnable focal point upon which the Universe rotated,

Death was the greatest nullifier; bringing living kind to absolute ground zero- after it'd achieved the most inimitable of heights; thereby once again inspiring a whole new chapter of rejuvenating existence,

Death was the greatest fortifier; royally melanging every amiable spirit on this earth; into one unassailably epitomizing wall of silence; which not even the fiercest of wars fought on globe could ever pervade,

Death was the greatest womanizer; after which the haplessly divested spirit of worldly life; easily entered and left the most beautiful maidens upon this earth; without causing the slightest of stir or perceivable scratch,

Death was the greatest desensitizer; after which even the most hideously uncouth bombarding to the physical form; the most inexplicable agony to the heart; seemed like a paradise of poignantly virgin roses,

Death was the greatest socializer; after which endless communities after communities; the greatest of friends and foes; all assembled together to unanimously pray for the peaceful liberation of the soul,

Death was the greatest randomizer; eccentrically selecting a living organism of any shape; size; color; status; age; anytime in its completely and irrefutably unchallengeable swirl,

Death was the greatest energizer; suddenly granting those wings of uninhibitedness to the deliriously incarcerated soul; to ebulliently circle round the planet a countless number of times,

Death was the greatest sermonizer; automatically inculcating a boundless values and significance about the chapters of priceless breath and existence; as it timelessly stared down every eyeball; be it newborn or staggeringly old,

Death was the greatest revitalizer; after which the trajectory of enamoring earth witnessed life in its most pristinely effulgent form once again; as the indefatigable imprints of the Omnipresent lord; blossomed in some or the other form of life; once again,

And death was; is and shall ever remain as the greatest Equalizer; after which—the richest and the poorest—the tallest and the shortest—the brightest and the darkest—the strongest and the weakest—the blessed and the maimed—the sighted and the sightless—every single organism of God created with breath on this ever-pervading planet; at last found their true identity as united and one; beneath the deserted and lackluster patch of graveyard soil.

Death Will Always Remain Death

Lies will always remain treacherously lambasting Lies.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the handsomely invincible Everest; or whether you place it amidst the most bountifully proliferating of soil; makes not even the slightest of difference.

Hatred will always remain baselessly abhorrent Hatred.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the enchantingly inimitable clouds; or whether you place it amidst every droplet of tantalizingly mesmerizing rain cascading; makes not even the most infinitesimal of difference.

Terrorism will always remain tyrannically abominable Terrorism.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the tangily undulating waves; or whether you place it amidst the fathomlessly jubilant shores; makes not even the most ethereal of difference.

Indiscrimination will always remain pathetically maiming Indiscrimination.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the poignantly scarlet rose; or whether you place it amidst the mist of everlastingly burgeoning scent; makes not even the most transient of difference.

War will always remain hedonistically slandering War.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the vivaciously intrepid tree; or whether you place it amidst the compassionately impregnable roots; makes not even the most obfuscated of difference.

Fear will always remain wantonly inexplicable Fear.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the unassailably humanitarian dwelling; or whether you place it amidst the insuperably emollient foundations of righteousness; makes not even the most obliterated of difference.

Cold-bloodedness will always remain diabolically unsavory Cold-bloodedness.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the pricelessly egalitarian sky; or whether you place amidst the unconquerably redolent earth; makes not even the most obsolete of difference.

Slavery will always remain preposterously forlorn Slavery.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the vividly victorious rainbow; or whether you place it amidst the ecstatically galloping atmosphere; makes not even the most evaporating of difference.

Hysteria will always remain lividly impotent Hysteria.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the effulgently sparkling meadows; or whether you place it amidst the resplendently sensuous dewdrops; makes not even the most inconspicuous of difference.

Depression will always remain intolerably crucifying Depression.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the optimistically flaming Sun; or whether you place it amidst unflinchingly royal golden rays; makes not even the most insouciant of difference.

Dishonesty will always remain traumatically truculent Dishonesty.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the incomparably voluptuous gorge; or whether you place it amidst the most astoundingly stupefying tranquility; makes not even the most imperturbable of difference.

Politics will always remain sacrilegiously depraving Politics.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the peerlessly unsurpassable moon; or whether you place it amidst the most iridescently twinkling shimmer; makes not even the most fugitive of difference.

Rape will always remain unforgivably sinful Rape.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the eternally Omniscient temple; or whether you place it amidst infinite rivers of miraculous holiness; makes not even the most disappearing of difference.

Corruption will always remain disgustingly deteriorating Corruption.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the unceasingly symbiotic brain; or whether you place it amidst an endless unconquerable dreams of glorious brotherhood; makes not even the most inane of difference.

Prostitution will always remain satanically abject Prostitution.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the impeccably pristine oyster; or whether you place it amidst the most indomitably benign shimmer of innocence; makes not even the most ephemeral of difference.

Laziness will always remain lackadaisically meaningless Laziness.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the tirelessly ever-pervading paradise; or whether you place it amidst the amiably dancing fairies of

tomorrow; makes not even the most nonchalant of difference.

Betrayal will always remain gratuitously demonic Betrayal.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of mellifluously harmonious beehive; or whether you place it amidst all the rhapsodically interminable sweetness of the Universe; makes not even the most feckless of difference.

Devilishness will always remain horrifically penalizing Devilishness.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the undefeatedly Omnipotent saint;

or whether you place it amidst every sermon of invincibly coalescing humanity; makes not even the most flickering of difference.

And Death will always remain inevitably torturous Death.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of unshakably Omnipresent Heaven; or whether you place it amidst every veritably blessed ingredient on this Universe; makes not even the most hapless of difference.

Nikhil Parekh

Death-The Absolute King Of Optimism.

Wasn't it only because of the fear of ghoulishly crucifying death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most ultimate of king; relished every puff of free air in the colossal atmosphere?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of tumultuously asphyxiating death -inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most brazen tip of the mountain; wholesomely letting the waves of titillating adventure whistle past your aroused skin?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of deliriously estranged death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most euphoric waves of the ocean; profoundly exhilarated by the spray of magical existence?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of barbarously silencing death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most poignant shades of the scarlet rose; letting the flavor of creation forever reign supreme in every single ingredient of your blood?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of truculently unsparing death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most extremely aroused particles of rain-soaked soil; letting a perennial festoon of sensuality timelessly drift from each of your veins?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of cold-bloodedly sacrilegious death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most exultated streak of thunder; profusely drowning even the most insouciant of your nerve into the unparalleled roar of life?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of indescribably torturous death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most passionate shade of the rainbow; feeling the unconquerable enlightenment of breath even on severest maniacally depressed day?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of hideously massacring death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most virile layer of the seed; royally proliferating into infinite more of your kind; so that life in your reflection palpitated; even after you died?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of painstakingly divesting death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most everlasting kiss of the lips; trying to suckle every ounce of sweetness from the rhapsodically mesmerizing belly of earth?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of diabolically baseless death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most perpetuating sting of the bumble bee; trying to infiltrate your inimitable sting into every single quarter of the Universe?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of sadistically penalizing death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most everlasting tune of the nightingale; perpetually trying to blend the innermost tune of your soul; with every bit of goodness in the atmosphere?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of deplorably shattering death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most ecstatic roar of the lion; trying to overpower even the most infidel insinuation of the devil; at every step that you tread?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of tawdrily uncouth death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most tantalizing backdrop of the night; handsomely stirring the seduction of a boundless lifetimes within your impoverished skin and soul?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of cannibalistically castigating death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most blazing pinnacle of the Sun; interminably glowing in the invincibly flaming passion of existence?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of horrifically impotent death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most endless treasuries of opulence; groping to assimilate the very best of everything; on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of morbidly wretched death-inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most enigmatic chirps of the forest; fervently wanting to tingle each impoverished bone of yours; with the undefeated pulse of creation?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of sinfully devastating death- inevitably

approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most immortal scent of a lover; trying to savor every single ounce of compassion and friendship; existing as one on this gigantic planet?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of irrevocably wounding death—inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most victoriously scintillating of star; unstoppably triumphing over even the most criminal shades of blackness and despair?

Then how the hell could you christen death as 'Pessimistic', 'Negative' and the sorts; when it was infact the absolute King of Optimism; the very best; beautiful; bountiful and inevitable blackness; that relentlessly inspired you forward in the chapter of inscrutable life.

Nikhil Parekh

Deep Ocean Of Secrets

Be it belonging to the infinitesimally irate ant; who traversed an infinite steps in its journey from the bottom of the majestic dinner table; to its tantalizingly steaming top,

Be it belonging to the stoically invincible Everest; which stood with its head high as the lone unflinchingly exuberant warrior; even as the entire planet beside was dissolving into the mortuaries of hopelessness,

Be it belonging to the measly disheveled mushroom; frenetically staggering with each draught of fresh air; trying to solidly emboss its very own place in the languid bits of mud circumscribing it,

Be it belonging to the wondrously tangy wave; dissipating into an unparalleled festoon of royal froth; triggering an inevitable smile on every bygone face, after clashing against the seductive black rocks,

Be it belonging to the voluptuously crimson thundercloud; which craved and craved and unstoppably craved for its time; to melt into a boundless droplets of everlastingly mollifying rain,

Be it belonging to the incongruously bohemian barking dog; who uncontrollably growled nineteen to the dozen even in ghastly midnight; until its voice was eventually heard by its callous master,

Be it belonging to the perennially flowering tree; which blossomed into umpteenth a dazzling leaf every now and again; and whose each minuscule root had entrapped in it; the hidden enigmas of a time before time was pragmatically born,

Be it belonging to the diminutively impoverished cubicle of stray ice; trembling an infinite times every unfurling instant; in anticipation of its worst enemy the 'Sun' blazing out; and forever pulverizing the chapter of its existence beyond its livid grave,

Be it belonging to the indiscriminately behemoth dinosaur; for whom everything else on earth was a maudlin buffoonery of time; as it toyed with all creation in the center of its palm; till its last breath destined,

Be it belonging to the insignificantly tiny shell lying astray on the skewed shores;

fighting left; right and center for its very existence; even as each gigantic wave inexorably tried to drown to the rock bottom of the sea,

Be it belonging to the vivaciously dancing peacock; which spread its romantic plumage full throttle in anticipation of its dream mate; with the very first showers of ravishingly golden rain,

Be it belonging to the obnoxiously fetid cockroach; spending an infinite of its lives fretfully meandering round the disdainful lavatory seat; an indescribable miles far away from the freshness of rising Sunlight,

Be it belonging to the raunchily descending bat; searching for every conceivable prey of its blindfolded; since its very first cry of morosely blackened and topsyturvy hackneyed life,

Be it belonging to most impoverished ingredient of the atmosphere; swept to its non-existent grave every second by the slightest puff of wind; and then found floating again in some indecipherable part of the fathomless Universe,

Be it belonging to the very last brick in the boundlessly deep foundation; which timelessly winced in unheard pain; an intransigently agonizing scream which fell on deaf ears and with only the darkness around it as its lone companion,

Be it belonging to the pinch of vapid dust; which either got ruthlessly swept; heartlessly trampled; ludicrously blown; condemingly spat upon; by every cold-blooded stroke of unsparing destiny,

Be it belonging to the velvety blade of emerald grass; which perennially romanced in the aisles of untamed desire; with each droplet of mesmerizing golden dew,

Be it belonging to the evanescent entrenchment of the parsimonious horizons; which try as hard as they could; but were never successful in salvaging their own identity; amidst the day; afternoon and wild night,

Be it belonging to the incongruously babbling eunuch; stretching to every threshold of raucously unimaginable obscenity; in order to evict those quintessential bundles of currency from the spurious society outside,

O! Yes, be it belonging to conceivably anyone on this tirelessly ingratiating earth; every palpitating heart has; is; and shall forever remain an unconquerably 'Deep Ocean of secrets'.

Nikhil Parekh

Definitely- Immortally Bonding Love

Perhaps the dictionary of the rambunctiously gallivanting bumble bee; obstreperously started and ended with solely the words; "Beautifully golden Honey";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the voluptuously crimson clouds; sensuously started and ended with solely the words; "Unceasingly fantasizing rain";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the fathomlessly majestic desert; aridly started and ended with solely the words; "Unsparingly emaciating heat";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the wretchedly devastating earthquake; tempestuously started and ended solely with the words; "Uncouthly endless destruction";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the magically ameliorating leaves; enchantingly started and ended solely with the words; "Vivaciously ardent breeze";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the ubiquitously spell binding forest; uncannily started and ended solely with the words; "Boundlessly unfettered Enigma";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the inimitably indomitable Sun; fierily started and ended solely with the words; "Unflinchingly optimistic blaze";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the mystically sabbatical snake; clandestinely started and ended solely with the words; "Lethally surreptitious venom";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the triumphantly unbridled butterfly; exuberantly started and ended solely with the words; "Jubilantly undying frolic";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the incomparably venerated cow; dedicatedly started and ended solely with the words; "Timelessly fructifying worship";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the indiscriminately marauding dinosaur; atrociously started and ended solely with the words; "Ruthlessly slandering massacre";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the resplendently milky moon; altruistically started and ended solely with the words; "Perennially enlightening shimmer";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the mundanely jaded road; morosely started and ended solely with the words; "Pathetically lugubrious abrasion";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the insuperably infallible mountains; brilliantly started and ended solely with the words; "Undaunted strength galore";

Perhaps the dictionary of the punctiliously ticking clock; perseveringly started and ended solely with the words; "Indefatigably unfurling time";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the unabashedly scarlet rose; inscrutably started and ended solely with the words; "Unlimitedly compassionate fragrance";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the marvelously undulating sea; poignantly started and ended solely with the words; "Timelessly burgeoning adventure";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the monstrously grisly spider; mysteriously started and ended solely with the words; "Eclectically amazing slipperiness";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the obsessively possessive parents; inexorably started and ended solely with the words; "Our own blood/children";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the seductively emollient dewdrop; celestially starred and ended solely with the words; "Eternally emancipating bliss";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the sullenly cadaverous graveyard; forlornly started and ended solely with the words; "Fetidly asphyxiating ghostliness";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the affably moistened nostril; interminably started and ended solely with the words; "Pricelessly undefeated life";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the fantastically rain soaked soil; magnificently started and ended solely with the words; "Limitlessly unshakable virility";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the unbelievably infinite Universe; spectacularly started and ended solely with the words; "Miraculously mitigating creation";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the redolently invincible conscience; irrefutably started and ended solely with the words; "Unconquerably heavenly truth";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the unassailably ecstatic blood; effulgently started and ended solely with the words; "Incomparably sparkling humanity";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the inscrutably sculptured palm; tantalizingly started and ended solely with the words; "Inexplicably unraveling destiny";,

Perhaps the dictionary of the ferociously blood-curling terrorist; barbarously started and ended solely with the words; "Venomously satanic hatred";,

But Definitely; without the most infinitesimal shadow of doubt and universally; the dictionary of every organism living and symbiotically alive; uninhibitedly started and ended solely with the words; Immortally bonding love.

Nikhil Parekh

Definitely Not One Of Those

I might be just a minuscule speck of dust loitering aimlessly under the fathomless belt of sky; shivering inexplicably every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got devoured pathetically with the tiniest draught of electric wind.

I might be just a grizzly haired rat; poking my nose pertinently at every smudge of cheese; playing hide and seek with my scornful master; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got ruthlessly got trapped within the diabolical mousetrap; surreptitiously laid at every corner to besiege me.

I might be just a cube of insipidly frigid ice; cold-bloodedly reacting to all the tumultuous heat enshrouding me; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who melted into horrendously tame submission; as the Sun shone a trifle more than its usual self.

I might be just an obdurately infinitesimal stone; uncouthly bereft of the slightest of emotion; gruesomely stumbling in life; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got satanically kicked beyond the realms of obsolete oblivion; even before the infant could raise its nimble foot.

I might be just a diminutively stray droplet of water; reflecting the profound staleness in the lecherously corrupt atmosphere; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got evaporated into baseless wisps of ridiculous nothingness; as the season of sweltering summer; overtook the cold winds in the sky.

I might be just a rotten fruit; swishing capriciously with the viciously swirling breeze; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got devilishly pulverized; even as the giant transgressed boundless kilometers away from my body.

I might be just an insurmountably torn cloth; dissipating into a countless fragments as people walked; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got ripped apart into tyrannical extinction; as the menacing pigs rampaged to appease their murderous gluttony.

I might be just a tiny alphabet inscribed gently on shimmering sands;
disgruntling my shape horrifically as the waves struck the shores; every now and again,

But I was definitely not one of those; who blew past the corridors of deplorably stinking hell; each time the dictator exhaled his light breath.

And I might be just a profoundly devastated beat; vacillating between the tenterhooks of life and death; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got swiped in entirely from the trajectory of this planet; witnessing the girl of my dreams slip from my heart; to bond with the boy whom I considered an irascible pest.

Nikhil Parekh

Definitions

White granules of crushed salt,
distilled from rash waves of saline ocean,
mixed in adequate amount of clear water,
filled to the brim in large beer mugs,
along with with crushed pulp of lemon, tinge of ginger,
is my definition of taste.

{1}

fine threads of variegated saffron,
adhering to shiny interiors of stainless steel,
filled with curry of white starched curd,
with fine sprinkle of pungent mustard powder,
beaten to jelly with wooden battens,
producing clouds of strong aroma,
is my definition of smell.

{2}

brilliant red petals of fragrant rose,
germinating in tandem from thick center buds,
springing from thorny, slender green beanstalk,
deriving nutrition fertile soil,
with a sheath of transparent dew drops,
is my definition of colour.

{3}

heaps of crisp currency notes,
stacked in invincible iron safe,
punched in a cluster by pins of soft metal,
increasing in size by the passing day,
with exquisite statues of pure gold,
is my definition of comfort.

Nikhil Parekh

Dehradun And Mussorie (India) .

A garland of formidably handsome mountains; royally decked up in beautifully unparalleled tufts of emerald green vegetation,

Dense and astoundingly profound clusters of clouds floating in unfettered abandon; kissing the farthestmost epitomes of the hills with untold stories of enamoring benevolence,

Delightfully robust creeks weaving their way in an unabashed freshness through the rocky swirl; as they eventually melanged with sobriety at the rock bottom of the river bed,

Tantalizing waterfalls of immaculate white froth cascading majestically into a mist triumphant optimism; that thoroughly charmed the spirit of a commercially deprived and impoverished existence,

Exuberant and curved lanes through the gigantic slopes that rhapsodically led a beleaguered traveler to one of his most cherished destinations; in an adventure towards exhilarating righteousness,

Fiercely mischievous monkeys gnawing at fruits of myriad shapes and proportions - feasting at those occasional succulent crumbs hurled by children - without giving a trifle damn to vehicles that whizzed past at whirlwind speeds,

Sporadic thunderstorms accompanied with indomitably passionate streaks of silver lightening; that triggered unmatched infernos of desire through the solitariness of untainted valley,

An instantaneous spell of torrential rain whilst sipping marvelous hot tea in the garden; which to the utter and incredulous amazement yielded impeccable white pearls of the seasons virgin snow,

An entire Herculean maze of tall trees that constituted the royal approach to the spectacular city; an entrenchment so thickly foliated; that it was here that wildlife existed to its unhesitatingly

glorious best,

An unprecedented chill in the atmosphere as the night romantically descended in the pristine gorge; and the woollens which had become so obsolete in the sweltering city now snatched impromptu from the innermost corners of the suitcase,

Unbelievably tall peaks clad in frosty coats of ice; looming large and phlegmatically into the distant horizons as the car entered and swerved sharply towards the last motorable patch on the extraordinarily tenacious rock,

A gloriously golden dawn which brought alongwith it an optimistic desire to excel for the cause of goodness and truth - as the invincible fireball of Sun brilliantly empowered the surface of earth with the light of love and friendship,

Gregarious grass buds sensuously draped in dew; with frogs joyously scampering through the plush lawns - as nimble feet indisputably relished their compassionate stroll on the ground after ages; early morning,

Tourists flocking from different parts of the globe; at their vibrantly colorful best; cherishing the verdant landscapes and that steeped to incomprehensibly surreal heights - ultimately ending into bits of ebullient open space,

A veritable treat for true lovers who philandered and flirted in compassionate desire; on a land which was replete with sumptuously ecstatic adventure and a serenity that befitted perfect camaraderie,

Poets, writers - described the town's imperious beauty in verses, essays, that stupendously enthralled - and artists; sculptors; delivered their fantabulous best - amidst the aweinspiring natural environment which mollified the tiniest of apprehension,

A panoramically adorable facilitator of peace - making the most spitefully vengeful wholesomely shunt war and abominable hatred - embrace the fellow living being in the essence of true

brotherhood,

The palatial house of my wonderfully impressive grandparents
where I spent some of the most victorious moment of my
childhood - without worrying or contemplating an ounce on the
vagaries of the pompously spurious society,

I salute my revered and sacrosanct birthplace - ` Dehradun '
and the imposingly towering queen hills of Mussorrie.

Nikhil Parekh

Delightful Farm

The placid pebble in blue water,
The yellow Sun evading the skies,
A black cloud of mixed feeling,
The blue tear strained eyes.

The mist hanging in the air,
The white dew drops in the field,
The heavenly smell of thatched hay,
The fathers scattered everywhere.

The delicious smell of baked corn,
The cock singing a perfect rhyme,
The lively squirrel on the tree,
The evanescent rising of dawn.

The hedges covered with green foliage,
The fields to be ploughed at,
The hushed rustling of the trees,
The sweet melody in the air.

Nikhil Parekh

Delinquent Loneliness

The most treacherously ungainly manipulation miserably dithered to perturb me; as I unflinchingly marched on the path of blazingly scintillating righteousness, But what was killing me more than horrific death every unfurling instant; was the amorphously devilish dungeon of; remorseful loneliness.

The most murderously bizarre conventionalism horrendously staggered to dent me even an infinitesimal trifle; as I fulminated into a gloriously embellished festoon of unhindered creativity, But what was killing me more than cadaverous death every passing instant; was the truculently abhorrent corpse of; dastardly loneliness.

The most salaciously perverted of lunatics grotesquely failed to taint my conscience even a diminutive speck; as I eternally supported the cause of immortally fantastic truth till the very last breath of my impoverished life, But what was killing me more than asphyxiating death every unleashing instant; was the barbarously coldblooded parasite of; lethal loneliness.

The most domineeringly chauvinistic egoists pathetically stuttered in trying to make me a quintessential part of their group; as I sat on the leaf of nature's pristine vivaciousness for centuries immemorial, But what was killing me more than crippling death every unfurling instant; was the egregiously bloodsucking leech of; satanic loneliness.

The most tawdrily titillating of vixens devastatingly staggered in trying to invidiously infiltrate my virginity; as I dedicated even the most fugacious moment of my destitute life; to the service of philanthropically resplendent mankind, But what was killing me more than traumatic death every instant; was the lecherously venomous thorn of; simpering loneliness.

The most ominously macabre traitors endlessly lost in insidiously trying to purchase the unfathomably puristic sanctity of my soul; as I timelessly galloped in through the lanes of unconquerably brilliant righteousness, But what was killing me more than irascible death every unraveling instant; was the sadistically truculent fog of; vindictive loneliness.

The most morbidly disparaging tricksters preposterously fumbled in fooling my innovatively discerning senses; as I victoriously clambered to the pinnacle of benevolently enlightening success; all throughout the chapters of my vibrantly

eclectic life,

But what was killing me more than decrepit death every advancing instant; was the mordantly discordant voice of; bellicose loneliness.

The most hedonistically sultry betrayal disappeared into wisps of decaying oblivion; as it tried to sleazily perpetuate into my ecstatically spell binding aura of compassionate vividness,

But what was killing me more than pernicious death; was the pruriently prattling scarecrow of; deteriorating loneliness.

And the most ignominiously diabolical extinction inconsolably wailed; as it gruesomely decimated in front of my spirit of insatiably untamed and sensuously exhilarating adventure,

But what was killing me more than savage death; was the acrimoniously incarcerating prison of; delinquent loneliness.

Nikhil Parekh

Depression

Depression; even when all the cuckoos of this Universe; boisterously chirped around me; for hours immemorial,

Depression; even when the most enchantingly tantalizing of seductresses; unfurled their umpteenth flavors of vibrant seduction; just abreast of my impoverished countenance,

Depression; even when torrential cloudbursts of euphoric rain pelted down ecstatically from the sky; profusely drenching me from head to toe; with rhapsodic blessings of the divine,

Depression; even when a fathomless garden of rose bountifully bloomed outside my bedroom window; insatiably wafting the scent of timeless happiness into my penuriously sagging ears,

Depression; even when the blissfully trespassing palms of time gloriously gave me an extra chance; for every inadvertently committed fault of mine,

Depression; even when the voluptuously enthralling blades of grass; unrelentingly titillated every pore of my dwindling demeanor; as I nimbly trespassed through the same at ethereal dawn,

Depression; even when the most ravishingly appetizing delicacies on this planet; sumptuously emanated their exotically ravenous fragrance; into my overwhelmingly famished nostrils,

Depression; even when the flags of ardently blazing patriotism compassionately embedded their way; into the inner most recesses of my despicably deteriorating soul,

Depression; even when the Sun flamboyantly shimmered full throttle from the fathomless skies; wholesomely annihilating every acrimonious impediment that confronted me in my way,

Depression; even when the most sacrosanct of sands invincibly entrenched me from all sides; infiltrating every element of my devastatingly staggering persona; with fireballs of unprecedented righteousness,

Depression; even when the resplendent Moon made itself available solely to me; vivaciously dancing in the whites of my perniciously beleaguered eyes,

Depression; even when unsurpassable treasuries of glittering gold and silver; uncontrollably cascaded upon my visage; triggering even the most obsoletely debilitated parts of my body; to twinkle more than the island of celestial paradise,

Depression; even when the majestically undulating oceans blissfully bequeathed upon me a royal legacy of tanginess and inscrutably exhilarating adventure; wrapped me like a Queen fish in its gregariously affable belly,

Depression; even when the Almighty bestowed upon me the astoundingly mesmerizing prowess of procreating infinite more of my kind; Omnisciently prognosticate the future of the entire planet,

Depression; even when all the formidable strength of this colossal Universe; fervently assimilated in my body; to make me the most unassailable organism alive,

Depression; even when my brain marvelously fantasized about the most enamoringly gorgeous things on this earth for decades unprecedented; flooding the carpet of my imagery with an incredible kaleidoscope of ebullient life,

Depression; even when the most irrefutably scintillating chapters of unconquerable truth descended down on my conscience; made me the most philanthropic entity; impeccably wandering on mystical soil,

Depression; even when charismatically victorious breath entered my lungs in magically incomprehensible amounts; as if to last me for an infinite more lifetimes,

Depression; even when each beat of my passionately palpitating heart; was blessed with an ocean of unending happiness; throbbed in an impregnable perpetual enclosure of symbiotic mankind,

O! Yes; Depression till my very last breath; and every time the Almighty Creator endowed me with brilliantly sparkling existence; as I had lost her forever to mysterious disease; and didn't possess even the slightest of power to make her bouncing the way when she took her first breath; the way she was when heavenly alive.

Deserved To Be Kissed

Every summit blazing intrepidly through the satiny entrenchment of clouds;
irrefutably deserved to be kissed by brilliantly golden Sunshine,

Every grass blade standing unflinchingly all throughout sweltering afternoon;
irrefutably deserved to be kissed by a tantalizing festoon of celestially
shimmering dewdrops; as dawn transcended all ghastly darkness,

Every patriot relentlessly fighting to save his revered motherland; irrefutably
deserved to be kissed by invincibly everlasting victory,

Every flower ubiquitously disseminating the scent of unconquerable humanity;
irrefutably deserved to be kissed by exuberantly vivacious blankets of
blissful breeze,

Every philanthropist intransigently diffusing the perpetual virtue of uninhibited
brotherhood; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by a wave of perennial
goodness and overwhelming bliss,

Every innocuous eye flickering drearily after a tumultuously fatiguing days work;
irrefutably deserved to be kissed by mesmerizing curtains of heavenly sleep,

Every blind organism ebulliently endeavoring its best to relish the unfathomable
beauty of this boundless Universe; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by divinely
enamoring fireballs of sight,

Every orphan tenaciously fighting its righteous way through a pack of satanically
hostile and manipulative wolves; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by
unequivocally wholehearted success,

Every mirror candidly divulging even the most inner most arenas of the
immaculate conscience; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by the impregnably
Omnipotent image of vibrant honesty,

Every minuscule bone unsurpassably determined to scrap the complexion of evil
from the trajectory of this fathomless planet; irrefutably deserved to be kissed
by blessedly Herculean power,

Every road mystically winding into a cloud of unparalleled newness; irrefutably
deserved to be kissed by the romantically philandering and fantasy traveler,

Every cake stupendously enthusiastic about consecrating the child's birthday;
irrefutably deserved to be kissed by a profoundly enlightening and poignantly
glistening candle,

Every ideal that harbored the perennial scent of service to devastatingly deprived
mankind; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by the sparkling clock of
Omniscient timelessness,

Every granule of soil undeteringly facing the onslaught of acrimonious storm and
gruesomely exonerating drought; irrefutably deserved to be kissed
by compassionately blossoming crop,

Every palm incomprehensibly determined to propagate the formidable rays of
peace to each iota of space lingering in pallidly uncouth darkness; irrefutably
deserved to be kissed by a map of royally unfazed destiny lines,

Every lip inundating hopelessly shattered lives with overpowering words of
supreme encouragement; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by a
Omnipresent smile,

Every artist who incredulously fulminated even the most intricate arenas of his
heart and soul to appease his lifeless audiences; irrefutably deserved to be
kissed by flames of bountiful prosperity,

Every soul inherently encompassing the insatiable desire to propagate the
divinity of unchallengable existence; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by never-
ending seeds of majestic life,

And every heart passionately throbbing to indefatigably bequeath upon the world
its beats of everlasting charisma; not only irrefutably deserved to be kissed by
the immortal ocean of love; but be born infinite times once again as love; love
and only love

Nikhil Parekh

Destined To Be Dead. When God Wants.

I didn't know whether it would be flamboyantly optimistic rays of the Sun; or whether the sky would resemble silver streaks of monsoon grey- when I'd step out of the pitch dark coal mine,

I didn't know whether it'd rain unrelentingly; or whether it'd turn out to be a day embellished with the profoundness of ecstatic light- as I retired for sleep just a few hours before,

I didn't know whether I'd meet with several uncouth barricades; or whether I'd reach the finishing line of sweet success like the flight of a royally unbridled eagle- as I tread on the jagged road outside,

I didn't know whether the very next person I'd encounter would be a long-lost friend; or a complete stranger with whom I'd have to interact from the infinitesimal scratch so that we became best friends,

I didn't know whether the waves of the ocean would serenely undulate under the opalescent Moon- or whether there would be an undivided wall of fiery water called 'Tsunami' hurtling towards the crowded township- as I merrily hummed the tunes of my choice snuggled cozily in my hotel room,

I didn't know whether there'd be impeccable landscapes of ice as I traversed up the hills; or whether what would greet me would be treacherous barren slopes- with delightful rivulets of water tumbling by my side,

I didn't know whether the colossal edifice would retain its poise; or come down crumbling like a pack of frigid matchsticks; as the earthquake struck without the tiniest of insinuation and with insurmountable might,

I didn't know whether the bus awkwardly wobbling through the hills; would reach the summit with all passengers in bliss; or whether it'd skid its way head-on- down into the stillness of the devouring gorge,

I didn't know whether the tantalizing plain of mud that laid in front; would facilitate to reach the other end like a royal safari- or whether it'd perseveringly suck life trying to traverse being the slippery sand,

I didn't know whether the fresh bundle of life soon about to leave the womb and entire planet divine- would be an unequivocally bonding baby girl; or a

mischievous little darling baby boy,

I didn't know whether the stranger walking abreast my window; lived in a charmed castle of glittering columns and crowns- or whether he found solace under the open roof of the unassailable sky; when night inevitably descended by,

I didn't know whether the bird perched on the roof- would choose to peck at grains strewn in bountiful abundance around; or whether it'd dabble its beak just an insouciant trifle into the few droplets of water in the bowl,

I didn't know whether the offsprings would abruptly leave their mother one day; or whether they'd all continue to exist till destined in their abode replenished with the threads of love,

I didn't know whether the bride and bride-groom who appeared so wondrously enlightened on solemnization of marriage- would lead a life further of unhindered joy; mutual bliss and respect- or whether their existence would mark a new chapter of being fraught with total discontent; dissimilarities and disparities,

I didn't know whether the flamboyantly roaring lion would attack the man with savage hostility; or would come near him to timidly lap up his palm; the same man who'd once upon a time removed a thorn from its profusely oozing wound,

I didn't know whether the vultures would admire their unfettered flight in the scintillatingly candid mirror; or whether they'd disintegrate the same into worthless pieces with nonchalant probes of their legs and beaks,

I didn't know whether the inscrutably exuberant paintings of the painter would reach him the epitome of mortal success and fame; or whether he'd spend a life in lambasted reclusion and seclusion from the outside world,

I didn't know whether the kite I flew from my terrace; would soar placidly as I relished plucking at its lifeless string; or whether it'd fall with an instantaneous thud upon obdurate concrete; cut by a counterpart string which had more luck that time,

But irrespective of this or that we did not know - what I and every single one of us living beings definitely and irrefutably know; is that every mortal life taken birth upon the soil by God's grace- is destined to be dead when God wants.

Destined To Love

Perhaps he was destined to relentlessly swim in the poignantly tangy oceans;
tirelessly wading across the unsurpassably stormy waves all sweltering day and
resplendently star studded night,
While perhaps she was destined to laze like a princess on the surreally untamed
mountaintop; with the mystical entrenchment of clouds majestically tantalizing
every iota of her voluptuously nubile skin.

Perhaps he was destined to trespass on a battalion of indiscriminately satanic
thorns; unrelentingly oozing into an ocean of ghastly blood; more rampantly as
the instants unfurled into wholesome minutes,
While perhaps she was destined to blend with the fragrance of heavenly
goodness all her life; coalescing even the most infinitesimal iota of her regale
countenance; with the winds of unbelievably benevolent tranquility.

Perhaps he was destined to guzzle preposterously ominous venom; incarcerating
every ingredient of his immaculate blood with the coffins of horrifically
asphyxiating torture,
While perhaps she was destined to float in the aisles of unparalleled desire for
infinite more births yet to unveil; coalescing every element of her vivacious life
with the stupendously ingratiating melody of this enchanting planet.

Perhaps he was destined to abominably rot in the dungeons of condemnation;
with every entity trespassing him; rebukingly whipping his nimble body with
swords of diabolical exasperation,
While perhaps she was destined to timelessly philander on unfathomable
meadows of pure silk; uninhibitedly freeing each of her impeccable senses to
perennially bond with the divine.

Perhaps he was destined to transgress through only disastrously gory
impediments every unleashing second of his life; sardonically bearing the brunt
of the conventionally turgid and ruthless society,
While perhaps she was destined to embrace the waves of irrefutably invincible
triumph since the moment she opened her celestial eyes; wonderfully
assimilating
all spellbinding righteousness lingering in the magical atmosphere.

Perhaps he was destined to deplorably loiter in dolorously fetid lavatories of
baseless lies; exploding into a graveyard of licentious manipulation even as he
was about to exhale his very last breath,

While perhaps she was destined to be the ultimate harbinger of eternally sacrosanct truth; propagate the unconquerable essence of symbiotic humanity; to even
the most obsolete cranny of this limitless planet.

Perhaps he was destined to be uxoriously torched into realms of worthless extinction; indefatigably be pulverized by the truculent maelstrom of treacherously trampling demons,
While perhaps she was destined to replenish even the most inconspicuous speck of her soul; with the unendingly eclectic artistry of this gigantically exuberant earth.

Perhaps he was destined to taste meaninglessly atrocious dust and stone; even before he could tread a single step; even before he could execute the most mercurial puff of his disdainfully staggering breath,
While perhaps she was destined to unveil into a fabulous festoon of boundlessly beautiful colors; romance in the sensuously fathomless entrenchment of enigmatic life; for times immemorial.

Perhaps he was destined to unsparingly burn under the ferociously blazing inferno of debilitatingly persevering summer; having to climb mountains as Herculean as the Omnipotent Sun; for moistening his lips with even a single droplet of water,
While perhaps she was destined to ebulliently frolic in the lanes of heavenly mischievousness; leading each moment of her blessed life like an ecstatically newborn princess.

But one thing was unassailably; one thing was what even the Omniscient grace of the Almighty Lord couldn't ever deny,
That they were both destined to immortally love; marvelously bonding the rhythm of their compassionately throbbing hearts; with the beats of impregnable existence; with the spirit of everlasting living kind.

Nikhil Parekh

Destiny

I blended a considerate proportion of wild sand and water,
smearing the paste with a sweet curry of white fish chowder,
neatly aligning the assembly of bricks to form a wall,
with acrid light beams of the sun fortifying the construction,
I then left destiny handle my twin storied house.

I slogged like a tribal bull all sweltering day,
burnt midnight oil to its unprecedented capacity,
flipping diligently through minuscule literature printed on decaying parchment
of books,
mustered enough tenacity to appear in the examinations,
leaving destiny to decide the outcome of my Herculean effort.

I drove my automobile at languid speeds,
caressing the gears with meticulous precision,
maneuvering the vehicle with coherent strokes imparted to the steering wheel,
applying stringent pressure on the horn before overtaking,
leaving destiny to implement whether i should relinquish breath in a car crash; or
live.

I onerously molded my fingers to sketch,
feeding bare bonds of paper with ornate lines of the moist mountain,
vigorously shading fluorescent rays of the sun with my lead tipped pencil,
filling enchanting spots of the lake with crimson color,
left it entirely on destiny to be appreciated by true connoisseurs of art.

I viciously perspired beneath the flaming Sun,
performing routine tasks; catering to activities of monotonous life,
ploughing virgin chunks of clay; sandwiched amidst towering bull,
milking the cow for rich complexioned frothy cream,
left it to mother destiny to chalk plans of action in my life.

Nikhil Parekh

Devilishly Decrepit Alcohol

Do you want to lecherously quaver like a miserably dwindling serpent; even though scarlet blood still circulated with insatiably untamed exuberance through your poignant veins?

Do you want to prattle like an insanely macabre ghost; even though the most ingeniously innovative fantasies ebulliently fulminated in the dormitories of your wonderfully precocious brain?

Do you want to crumble like a disdainfully infidel matchstick to lick threadbare dust on the floor; even though astoundingly fantastic muscle bulged from your legs and splendidly robust arms?

Do you want to indefatigably inundate the atmosphere with irascibly impudent abuse; even though the winds of philanthropic benevolence profoundly encapsulated the chords of your bountiful throat?

Do you want to implacably exude into vomits of dastardly diseased blood every now and again; even though the chemistry of your visage was tenaciously programmed to unflinchingly confront even the most truculently turbulent of storm?

Do you want to indiscriminately massacre countless innocent in atrocious rage; even though the most benign principles of priceless humanity enshrouded you in blissful timelessness?

Do you want to ruthlessly maraud every vibrantly enamoring wave of freshness in your persona; even though you were marvelously endowed by the Almighty Lord; to spawn into majestically artistic newness every unfurling minute of the day?

Do you want to intransigently rot in obnoxiously cadaverous perspiration; even though the scent of insuperably glorious righteousness congenitally wafted from your holistic soul?

Do you want to stupidly bark all invincibly priceless secrets of your life in front of your penalizing enemy; even though the citadels of irrevocably fascinating solidarity enveloped you like an immaculately fascinating prince?

Do you want to barbarously immolate your very own mesmerizing kin; even

though the paradise of fructifying sagaciousness profusely kissed you on every step that you nimbly tread?

Do you want to look like an uncouthly blood-shot scarecrow; even though your countenance tirelessly burgeoned with the ointment of effulgently panoramic mother nature?

Do you want to lackadaisically submerge yourself into a corpse of diabolically pernicious depression; even though an ocean of unfathomably ebullient rhapsody fervently waited for you at your doorstep?

Do you want to enroll yourself into the depravingly malicious classrooms of baseless obsolescence and morbidity; even though endless cloudbursts of enthralling fantasy tumultuously proliferated in the sparkling whites of your eye?

Do you want to metamorphose yourself into a tawdrily libidinous spirit; even though unsurpassable gardens of everlasting prosperity magnificently sprouted from the innermost crannies of your nerves?

Do you want to get criminally entangled in an unending labyrinth of invidiously sinister underworld complications; even though the gloriously embellished fountain of blissful humanity radiated copiously from your innocent eyes?

Do you want to fall beneath the mortuaries of isolation in the eyes of your revered elders for profane misdemeanor; even though the bow of respectful graciousness perennially brandished your non-invasive soul?

Do you want to keep ghoulishly staggering on cold-blooded stone for infinite births that the Lord granted you life; even though unstoppably blazing enthusiasm jubilantly circumvented each of your intricate senses?

Do you want to savagely constrict your own limitless freedom; even though the voice of unequivocal uninhibitedness intrepidly leapt from your stupendously emollient personality?

Do you want to fretfully dilapidate behind satanically gleaming prison bars; even though you had the impregnable aura to aristocratically discern between the good and flagrantly morass?

Do you want to lethally snap the fangs of your very own existence in your fit of disparagingly idiosyncratic senselessness; even though an indomitable civilization of creative energy descended upon your altruistically unfettered stride?

Do you want to project yourself as the ultimate fool on this earth muttering
lividly grousing balderdash; even though the most commemorated symposiums
of
perspicacious knowledge; obeisantly knelt forward for your imperial signature?

Well; if your answer to the all of the above is yes then you should definitely drink
a bawdy barrel of it; but if you really desired to lead life like an unconquerable
king with the ones you immortally loved; then forever say goodbye to devilishly
decrepit
alcohol.

Nikhil Parekh

Devoured

In the bizarre wilderness of the relentlessly dense forests; I intransigently felt as if I was being profoundly devoured; in a world of unending mysticism and uninhibited enigma,

In the dolorously dooming graveyard; I incessantly felt as if I was being morbidly devoured; in whirlpools of remorsefully disastrous depression,

In the heart of the resplendently ravishing ocean; I euphorically felt as I was being tanigly devoured; by unfathomable spurts of frosty exuberance,

In the satiny cover of the opalescently majestic night; I tranquilly felt as if I was being ebulliently devoured; by impregnably enamoring and fabulously fascinating peace,

In the unsurpassably redolent garden of gorgeously scarlet roses; I enchantingly felt as if I was being fragrantly devoured; by insurmountable fireballs of royal scent,

In the monotonously manipulative domains of the corporate office; I unrelentingly felt as if I was being malevolently devoured; by endless waves of horrendously stagnating boredom,

In the entrenchment of discerningly scintillating mirrors; I optimistically felt as if I was being candidly devoured; by the innermost voices of my righteously entrapped conscience,

In the ghastly pool of horrifically diabolical crocodiles; I insidiously felt as if I was being salaciously devoured; by gruesomely acrimonious savagery,

In the panoramic kaleidoscope of the gorgeously blooming gorge; I timelessly felt as if I was being bountifully devoured; by a whole new civilization of astounding newness,

In the impeccably bustling kindergarten of new born infants; I rhapsodically felt as if I was being blissfully devoured; by incomprehensibly compassionate tornado's; of magnificently divine energy,

In the branches of the inscrutably rustling tree; I intriguingly felt as if I was being profusely devoured; by seductively tantalizing carpets of perennially

escalating desire,

In the flames of the unremittingly blazing fire; I dynamically felt as if I was being ardently devoured; by flames of eternally fathomless passion,

In the wings of the overwhelmingly zipping aircraft; I ecstatically felt as if I was being spell bindingly devoured; by a majestically volatile fervor to gallop resurgently; throughout the tenure of my diminutively impoverished life,

In the light of the tantalizingly flickering candle; I ardently felt as if I was being uxoriously devoured; by cisterns of intimately infidel electricity; clinging fanatically close to the visage of my blossoming dreamgirl,

In the disdainfully abominable pigs hutch; I abhorrently felt as if I was being devastatingly devoured; by sordidly forlorn filth and rotting piles of worthless nothingness,

In the land of poetically celestial justice; I romantically felt as if I was being fascinatingly devoured; by limitless caverns of harmoniously tingling contentment; an insatiably philanthropic desire to wholesomely blend with the threads of priceless humanity,

In the midst of the vivaciously gregarious rainbow; I magically felt as I was being splendidly devoured; by holistically iridescent beams of voluptuous innovation; as sparkling hurricanes of fresh energy enveloped each cranny of my; beleaguered countenance,

In the boundless fountain of mesmerizing breath; I Omnisciently felt as I was being miraculously devoured; by infinite more blessed lives; of my very own amiable kind,

And in the unassailably vivid eyes of my ravishing beloved; I immortally felt as I was being beautifully devoured; by the Sun of unequivocally bequeathing love; the rays of a perpetually everlasting relationship; which vehemently refused to die.

Nikhil Parekh

Die Just Once

Would you prefer to gruesomely die every moment waiting for peace to prevail in the ubiquitous atmosphere of salacious war; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to ominously die every moment waiting for your love to come back from the irrevocably ghastly grave; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to venomously die every moment waiting for the Sun of truth to emerge from behind the blackness of this sadistically lambasting and lying planet today; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to inconsolably die every moment waiting for wretchedly asphyxiating politics to retract its poisonous claws from this prejudiced planet; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to bawdily die every moment waiting for priceless humanity that would never rise above the mountain of meaningless currency notes; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to torturously die every moment waiting for rainbows of compassion to emanate from amidst never ending political crime games; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to unbearably die every moment waiting for the petals of triumphant virginity to arise from this sinfully plundered and adulterated soil; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to cold-bloodedly die every moment waiting for beggars to disappear in this world of eternally blood-sucking parasites; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to invidiously die every moment waiting for sacred wildlife to perennially throb amidst the cannibalistically marauding human; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to lecherously die every moment waiting for your very own impetuously angry child to call you father; or would you prefer to die just once

and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to salaciously die every moment waiting for victory; when the ones you adored the most no longer existed; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to criminally die every moment waiting for the rain of prosperity to cascade from the clouds diabolically perpetuated with nuclear pellets; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to indescribably die every moment waiting for the inevitably everlasting curse of greed on mankind to subside; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to abhorrently die every moment waiting for tranquil shade when virtually every tree on this earth had been indiscriminately massacred; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to penuriously die every moment waiting for ignominiously abashed crimes on mothers and women to timelessly cease; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to meaninglessly die every moment waiting for justice to prevail irrespective of caste; creed; or status; in a society where the justice givers themselves were ghastily corrupt; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to deliriously die every moment waiting for those heartbeats of love which had already bonded with someone else; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to acrimoniously die every moment waiting for the dance of unity and equality amidst that same mankind which didn't even spare to spit upon its own mother; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

I don't know the slightest about you. But I'd prefer to die just once.

Nikhil Parekh

Different Destinies

The color of his eyes was exactly the same as mine; tawny brown fluttering mischievously towards the majestic Moon,

The strength in his arms was exactly the same as in mine; Herculean muscle bulging prominently from beneath ruffled cloth,

The number of teeth in his mouth were exactly the same as mine; with the hideous assembly of molars and canines ready to masticate food within split seconds of time,

The scent of his perspiration was exactly the same as mine; tantalizingly obnoxious under austere acerbic rays of the Sun,

The shape of his nose was exactly the same as mine; protruding like a pecking falcon straight as an arrow towards the ceiling,

The height which he possessed was exactly the same as mine; having to slouch a trifle as much as I did; when he tried to enter the nocturnal bedroom,

The weight he had on his visage was exactly the same as mine; blessed with an insatiable urge to gobble the same food items as I did with stupendous taste and relish,

The shades of his hair were exactly the same as mine; streaks of pugnacious red nictitating somberly with the dainty draughts of wind; captivating the attention of every damsel wandering in town,

The periphery of his lips was exactly the same as mine; voluptuously luscious pink; emanating the same spurts of raunchy laughter as I did,

The armory of his eyelashes were exactly the same as mine; drooping down to the same angle; flirtatiously winking at every maiden; as much as mine did,

The cadence in his voice was exactly the same as mine; delectably rising and falling with every word that he uttered; every song that he melodiously sang,

The size of his shoe was exactly the same as mine; occupying the same diminutive amount of space on earth; as much as mine did,

The alignment of his backbone was exactly the same as mine; experiencing the same agony as I did after a tumultuously onerous days work; running like a bull to the masters commands,

The clothes that he wore were exactly the same as mine; with his overwhelming fancy of adorning sleazy silver chains; bizarrely tattooing his chest; as much as mine,

The number of hair that grew on his body were exactly the same as mine; with a slightly more density on the back of the palm than on the entire skeleton,

The speed at which blood gushed through his veins was exactly the same as mine; generating the same euphoria and exultation; as mine did every midnight,

The habits which he executed were exactly the same as mine; with his penchant for staring relentlessly into azure bits of sky; as poignant as mine,

Even the texture of his palm were exactly the same as mine; with innumerable bifurcations and handsome forks replicating my hand in astonishing similarity,

Infact we were born the same second on this earth as identical twins; with 99% of the people having difficulties recognizing us scattered in the crowd,

And yet today he was the President who ruled the entire nation on his fingertips; while I was an abysmally impoverished beggar screaming discordantly on the shivering streets for alms; because of the simple reason that we were similar to each other in every respect from big head to tiny toe; but inevitably had different destinies.

Nikhil Parekh

Diffusing

Diffusing into froth; was the marvelously swirling ocean; glistening royally under flamboyant rays of the dynamic Sun,

Diffusing into triumph; was the astronomical summit of the towering mountain; majestically kissing the satiny conglomerate of mystical clouds,

Diffusing into melody; was the unfathomably enigmatic and boisterously chirping nightingale,

Diffusing into rejuvenation; was the unsurpassable battalion of ravishing tea leaves; enveloping your every morning with an enthralling smile,

Diffusing into diabolism; was the horrendously conquering Dinosaur; pulverizing countless innocent in its ominously hideous swirl,

Diffusing into resplendence; was the magnificently shimmering rainbow; culminating into a bountiful spectrum of astounding color and charm,

Diffusing into mischief; was the flirtatiously philandering chimpanzee; gallivanting romantically through an ebullient network of branches and stupendous foliage,

Diffusing into fragrance; was the gorgeously crimson rose; voluptuously scintillating under the seductive blanket of euphoric dewdrops,

Diffusing into boisterousness; was the delectably buzzing humming bee; evolving tons of incredulously glowing honey; by the rapidly unfurling minute,

Diffusing into enchantment; was the tantalizingly sprouting meadow; blooming with rambunctious grasshoppers as rain pelted tumultuously from colossal sky,

Diffusing into breeze; were the exuberantly bustling leaves; mystically rustling as marvelous moonshine; took a wholesome stranglehold of daylight,

Diffusing into magnificence; was the immaculately shimmering pearl; bouncing in rhapsodic delight; as it popped out from the body of slimy oyster,

Diffusing into lechery; was the coldblooded criminal; nefariously sucking happiness from the society; to inundate his pockets with spuriously glittering gold and silver,

Diffusing into perspiration; was the overwhelmingly exhausted body; staggering towards its destination under the insurmountably blazing Sun,

Diffusing into intrigue; was the unsurpassably enigmatic mind; delving into stupendously fantastic territories of the unknown; where no power on earth could dare to tread,

Diffusing into juice; was the succulently alluring fruit; unbelievably pacifying the pangs of agonizing gluttony in your tender stomach,

Diffusing into tingling; was the harmoniously clanging bell; deluging the atmosphere with beats of fascinating enchantment,

Diffusing into comfort; was the opulently luxurious mattress of impeccable silk; transforming you into a celestial fantasy; which lasted till times beyond eternity,

Diffusing into charisma; was the voluptuously floating fairy; profusely drowning into a land of unprecedented glory and excitement,

Diffusing into dust; was the boundlessly sweltering desert; acrimoniously scorching and fretting; under murderous fireballs of gigantic heat,

Diffusing into pandemonium; was the horrendously amalgamated mob; disgustingly trying to pervade through the blanket of peace and divinely bliss,

Diffusing into timelessness; was the perpetual essence of sharing; ubiquitously disseminating the religion of sacrosanct brotherhood through all quarters of this incomprehensible planet,

Diffusing into deceit; was the perilously titillating mirage; fatiguing you to a point beyond death; as you relentlessly chased its furtively ravishing persona,

Diffusing into articulation; was the rhetorically escalating voice; explicitly divulging the most inherent desires of the righteous conscience,

Diffusing into blood; were the fathomless network of veins; spraying a fountain of crimson liquid; when traumatically infiltrated by the ghastly thorn,

Diffusing into saliva; was the perennially chattering rosy tongue; culminating into ecstatic joy; at witnessing the appetizing meals of its choice,

Diffusing into insanity; was the uncouthly tyrannized madman; loitering aimlessly on the impoverished streets; being ruthlessly kicked at all quarters of the treacherous society,

Diffusing into animosity; was the invidiously sprawling cactus; hideously piercing through innocuous flesh; as they tried to get too friendly for its own comfort,

Diffusing into innocence; was the newly born infant; incarcerating even the most remotely alien of personalities; in the aura of its untainted childhood,

Diffusing into patriotism; was the handsomely belligerent soldier; unflinchingly marching forward

for saving his motherland; with the fire of freedom
blazing intrepidly in his eyes,

Diffusing into tenderness; were the placidly setting
contours of the gregariously scarlet Sun,

Diffusing into speed; was the thunderously circulating
maelstrom; exuberantly gushing past the aisles of
gloomy malice,

Diffusing into divinity; was the sacrosanct lap of
your mother; encompassing a compassion; which no
spurious price on this earth could ever purchase,

Diffusing into squeaks; was the tawny eyed cat;
mischievously waiting for its chance; to salvage its
paws on the impeccable island of cheese,

Diffusing into poignant glory; was the seductively
enthraling candle flame; perpetuating rays of desire;
through the complexion of the gory night,

Diffusing into smoke; was the colossal chunk of coal;
culminating into streaks of uncontrollable vibrancy;
as the midday heat took its toll over all land,

Diffusing into bliss; was the ethereally transient
horizon; imparting celestial reprieve from the
ferociously tormenting agony of the traumatic day,

Diffusing into cacophony; was the irascibly croaking
frog; for whom there lay dwindling despair; outside
the periphery of its splendidly royal well,

Diffusing into heart-felt catharsis; was the
effeminately intricate poet; indefatigably envisaging
beyond the land the monotonous; dreaming in the walls
of immortal heaven,

Diffusing into wisdom; was the sagaciously learned
saint; flooding each patch of disgruntled earth he
tread; into a boundless treasury of idealistic

richness,

Diffusing into sorrow; were those disastrously thrown children; who had the obnoxiously fetid interiors of the dustbin to greet their first cry; instead of their mothers heavenly palms,

Diffusing into restlessness; were the insatiable pioneers; incorrigibly pursuing their benevolent dreams; even as the devil tried to brutally pulverize them,

Diffusing into righteousness; was the irrefutably sacred conscience; always propelling you to tread on the most prudent path of this gigantic earth,

Diffusing into love; was the immortally throbbing heart; bonding infinite lives for countless more births to come; in an entrenchment of unshakable belonging and desire,

And diffusing into newness; was the chapter of everlasting life; rising as the sole undefeated warrior; against the inevitable coffin of remorseful death

Nikhil Parekh

Disastrously Abandoned Me

How was the air ever related to me in even the most insouciant of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that my diminutive lungs; existed as the most royally embellished throne for centuries immemorial,

How was the Sun ever related to me in even the most transient of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that not a whisker of negativity lingered; for an infinite kilometers near my stride,

How was the earth ever related to me in even the most penurious of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that I replenished my emaciated stomach with its appetizing fruits; invincibly slept on its compassionate belly,

How were the stars ever related to me in even the most obfuscated of manner; yet they perpetually ensured that I was unsurpassably inspired and led to the best direction; even in the incarcerating blackness of midnight,

How were the roses ever related to me in even the most oblivious of manner; yet they perpetually ensured that I inhaled the scent of victorious heaven; on this very monotonous brick city of earth today,

How was the ocean ever related to me in even the most evanescent of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that each element of my impoverished existence; was majestically replenished with the spirit of tangy adventure,

How was the sky ever related to me in even the most infidel of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that every ingredient of my brain could unlimitedly fantasize; merely gazing at its azure infiniteness,

How was the tree ever related to me in even the most ephemeral of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that every morbidly restless nerve of mine; found celestial reprieve in its compassionately befriending shade,

How was the grass ever related to me in even the most lackadaisical of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that every step that my foot traversed; would be amiably welcomed by a cushion of profoundly undefeated velvetiness,

How was the rain ever related to me in even the most fugitive of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that every famished pore of my divested skin; was unconquerably rejuvenated with the freshness of exotic creation,

How were the horizons ever related to me in even the most disappearing of manner; yet they perpetually ensured that I was triggered to imagine beyond the realms of the ordinary; for a countless more lives yet to come,

How were the deserts ever related to me in even the most deteriorating of manner; yet they perpetually ensured that my eyes were treated to the enigmatic vastness of the Lord's creation; the most astoundingly mouth-watering mirages of all times,

How was the rainbow ever related to me in even the most invisible of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that there palpitated innovation galore; in every beat of my feebly throbbing heart,

How was the Moon ever related to me in even the most cloistered of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that the milkiness of innocuous childhood; always zipped past through every of my estranged vein,

How was the forest ever related to me in even the most nonchalant of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that the innumerable sensitivities and forms of mother nature; inscrutably lingered in my soul,

How was the fog ever related to me in even the most evaporating of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that each of my robotically insensitized nerves; were liberated by the exultation of the wondrously enamoring mist,

How were the mountains ever related to me in even the most sequestered of manner; yet they perpetually ensured that every infirm and shivering bone of mine; was insuperably safe-guarded; against the deadliest of devil's attack,

How were the dewdrops ever related to me in even the most retractable of manner; yet they perpetually ensured that every curve of malicious depression on my face; metamorphosed into a gorge of unshakably miraculous newness,

And you; who were infact my very own blood relations; my very own brothers; sisters; father; mother; grandfather; grandmother; wife; children; uncle's and aunts; abandoned me when I needed to share my heart out with you; abandoned me when I sought comfort in your souls; abandoned me when I was a failure in my quest for success; disastrously abandoned me when I needed you the most?

Dividers

A divider of polished bricks separated the road; segregating a battalion of traffic meticulously,
Preventing unruly accidents; ensuring that vehicles traversed at electric speeds.

A divider of thunder clouds separated the crystal sky from earth,
Obfuscating it from indispensable sunshine; inundating its surface with an ocean of stormy rain.

A divider of dense leaf; separated the slender tree from the wind,
Cloistering it from uncouth gaze of trespassers; impregnating it with loads of passionate warmth.

A divider of charged barbed wire; separated the house from the illuminated street;
Harboring its occupants in fortified custody; shielding them from vindictive glances of the society.

A divider of entwined fur; separated the grizzly bear from atmosphere,
Protecting his skin from freezing winds and bitter cold; incorporating his persona with a thoroughly mystical look.

A divider of radiant flowers; separated the orchard from the polluted city,
Flooding the air with a sweet fragrance of piquant scent; attracting scores of bees to hum in rambunctious discordance.

A divider of feathers; separated the majestic peacock from the unethical vulture,
Depicting its magnanimous splendor to all in vicinity; spreading waves of wild euphoria when spotted in rain.

A divider of blistering sand; separated the desert from common land,
Granting it the status of being virtually invincible; hosting a plethora of kingly cactus and crab.

A divider of brutality separated; the devil from sacrosanct God,
Assassinating blissful traces of benevolence; rendering the world a disaster to live in.

And a divider of her perpetual love; separated me from the mundane earth,
Saving me from the tyranny of blending with the deplorable; imprisoning me in

bonds of celestial romance.

Nikhil Parekh

Divinely Mother

You were my first and last SMILE in life; incessantly triggering me to exist in celestial contentment; even though the clouds of abominably treacherous manipulation enshrouded me from all sides,

You were my first and last HOPE in life; profoundly enlightening vibrantly optimistic rays of desire in my impoverished existence; propelling me to kiss the aisles of astronomically benevolent success,

You were my fist and last STRENGTH in life; imparting me with the overwhelmingly Herculean resilience; to unflinchingly confront even the most mightiest of insidious devil,

You were my first and last FANTASY in life; handsomely flooding each arena of my incredulously bizarre mind; with the tonic of astounding rhapsody and majestic happiness,

You were my first and last AMBITION in life; indefatigably transpiring me to blossom into the best; uninhibitedly dedicate each of my senses to the service of despicably shivering mankind,

You were my first and last ADVENTURE in life; as I poignantly soared above the charismatic clouds; exuberantly blending each ingredient of my crimson blood with unparalleled and enigmatic excitement,

You were my first and last PHILOSOPHY in life; illuminating my every night of insidiously lecherous blackness; with the irrefutably pious ideologies of immortal mankind,

You were my first and last FRIENDSHIP in life; compassionately encapsulating me like an invincible fortress from all sides; in my times of ecstasy; as well as unsurpassably hideous sadness,

You were my first and last EUPHORIA in life; landing me in waves of incomprehensible exhilaration; as I unraveled a path of supreme exultation and fragrant newness; on every step that I nimbly alighted,

You were my first and last ROYALTY in life; opulently besieging my drearily wandering eyes with your unbelievable embellishment; metamorphosing my

disdainfully shriveled visage into an avalanche of princely paradise,

You were my first and last AUTHORITY in life; as I bent my head in due obeisance of your Omnipotent aura; marching on even the most infinitesimal of your heavenly commands; to save wonderfully vivacious humankind,

You were my first and last REFLECTION in life; candidly expelling out even the most subdued dormitories of my conscience; so that I blossomed into a queenly flower disseminating the everlasting redolence of humanity,

You were my first and last TRIUMPH in life; as I felt irrefutably victorious at every stage in my diminutive survival; felt as if prosperity timelessly lingered on my inevitably orphaned doorsteps,

You were my first and last AWARD in life; blessing me beyond the realms of bountiful eternity; gifting me with the impregnable virtue to exist in synergistic harmony and equality with all mankind,

You were my first and last ENCHANTMENT in life; entralling me to the ultimate realms of magnificent captivation and nostalgia; as I bounced in your lap like a freshly born infant; once again,

You were my first and last ENERGY in life; the boundless reservoir of emphatic ebullience in my incoherent bones; to catapult to the epitome of glittering success,

You were my first and last SONG in life; maneuvering each element of my disastrously stumbling countenance; with the ingratiating melody in your ardent voice,

You were my first and last BREATH in life; instilling in me the unprecedented ardor to exist beyond my destined times; my insurmountable tenacity to believe in truth; non-violence; humanity; even as wailing hell coalesced with immaculate night,

You were my first and last LOVE in life; passionately embracing me forever and ever and ever; everytime I took birth once again; even as the uncouth society had kicked me to insipid submission outside,

And you assumed countless proportions of; Mischievous Sister; Princely Beloved; Unconquerable Father; Sacrosanct Mother; in the tenure of my transiently shivering life;

But each iota of my visage; each ingredient of my heart; soul; body and blood;
would perennially remain grateful to you not only for this life; but for fathomless
more lifetimes of mine; only as mother; mother and divinely mother

Nikhil Parekh

Divorce

There was a time when you welcomed me with untamed passion in your eyes into our redolent dwelling; magically applying the ointment of your stupendously ingratiating melody on my; disastrously frazzled forehead,
While today there was belligerent viciousness in your eyes as you sighted me; ominously kicking me like strands of orphaned broomstick; into the mountain of baseless shit outside the kitchen window.

There was a time when you incessantly chanted my name; all brilliantly Sunlit day and even more euphorically in the heart of satanic midnight; ardently waiting for me to transit into a celestial reverie before you dared to shut your eyes the slightest,
While today you ruthlessly ripped apart every cherished possession of mine; left me to devastatingly wander on the uncouth streets; without even a single cloth on my impoverished body.

There was a time when you tirelessly fantasized about the contours of my fanatic persona in despicably solitary gloom; and even the center of the boisterously bustling and overwhelmingly rambunctious marketplace; alike,
While today you contemptuously spat on every trace of my fading reflection; compassionately philandering with another man; right in front of my poignantly staring eyes.

There was a time when you intransigently embraced me with insatiable fire wafting from each of your voluptuous senses; following me like an incorrigible shadow; in my moments of jubilation and inexplicable distress; alike,
While today you brutally excoriated every cranny of my flesh with your swords of pugnacious malice; roasting them to wholehearted satisfaction; before you sumptuously fed them to stray cats and dogs; alike.

There was a time when you immutably stared in the whites of my piquant eyes; mystically flirting and romancing with my drooping eyelashes; till times beyond eternity,
While today you vindictively hurled me like a speck of frigid thread from the unfathomably towering mountaintop; pursing your lips profusely in supreme satisfaction; as my caricature disintegrated into a billion fragments; before eventually become an integral ingredient of the diabolical rocks.

There was a time when you unflinchingly supported me in the course of every acrimonious impediment that I bizarrely confronted; hugging invincibly to my

nimble

demeanor like a child entwined tightly; to its mother's bosom,

While today I was the most debilitating parasite for you in your blessed life; as you hired dexterous gunmen from all over the planet; to lethally squelch me into my inconspicuous grave.

There was a time when you conceived me as the most beautiful organism on this entire Universe; profoundly enthused by even the most rustically bohemian gestures

that were an intrinsic part of my every footstep,

While today you overwhelmingly admired even the most satanically lecherous man on the street; commanding me to scrupulously extricate every iota of abominable

grime; from his devilish shoes.

There was a time when you fervently waited for countless hours on the trot; just to hear even an ephemeral trace of my wavering voice; bouncing in unprecedented ecstasy; as I staggeringly stepped back from yet another heinous day in the monotonous office,

While today you dictatorially used each part of my shivering flesh to scrub the floors of your ostentatious castle; savagely dumping me into the garbage bin; before you slapped the lid with chains of unsurpassable prejudice.

There was a time when your every expedition was incomplete without me; as you royally frolicked on my shoulders; as I weaved us gloriously through the resplendently enamoring forests,

While today you maliciously left me unguarded amidst the battalion of bellicose sharks; almost chortledevery organ of your body out; as the monsters thanked you for receiving the best prey of their insidious life.

And there was a time when you were just freshly MARRIED to me; bonding your heart; soul and body in flames of immortal love; pledging to take birth again with my impoverished grace; everytime the planet salvaged a chance to be born; once again,

While today you snobbishly paraded through the grandiloquent palaces of the uxorious King; ordering his guards to bury even the last of my veins alive; as you invidiously yelled the dreaded word DIVORCE.

Nikhil Parekh

Do Something

Do something; that wholesomely metamorphoses the complexion of the dreadfully dreary atmosphere; enlightening it with fireballs of overwhelmingly insatiable euphoria,

Do something; that perennially culminates into a marvelously bountiful fantasy; enthrallingly mesmerizing one and all alike; with your wonderfully ravishing touch,

Do something; that alleviates tumultuously bereaved humanity from dungeons of disparaging desperation; filtering a beam of benign hope in their obviously shattered lives,

Do something; that thunderously fulminates into a mountain of unassailable felicity; bestowing a wave of rhapsodically unprecedented jubilation; upon all those savagely wandering and in agonizing strife,

Do something; that perpetually grants blissful freedom to your sacred motherland; annihilates even the most infinitesimal trace of uncouth diabolism; for countless more births yet to unveil,

Do something; that celestially augurs well for the unleashing future; evolving an intriguingly everpervading township of friendship; and divine solidarity,

Do something; that innocuously pacifies the murderously estranged soul; diffuses a wave of triumphant melody in every ingredient of the ominously vindictive blood,

Do something; that casts a spell of everlasting righteousness upon the corpse of remorsefully salacious lies; irrefutably coalescing the gargantuan planet; in threads of priceless mankind,

Do something; that inherently evokes enchanting fantasy in every space of derogatory hell; harmoniously deluging lambasted lives with spurts of; unequivocally vivacious charisma,

Do something; that triggers a ray of unconquerably Omnipotent hope; in all those dwellings horrendously besieged with ghastly solitude,

Do something; that enthusiastically infiltrates an ocean of tingling excitement; on the

faces of all those aimlessly dwindling in the graveyard of commercially monotonous melancholy,

Do something; that miraculously transforms even the most lugubriously deadened of seeds; into flowers pristinely blossoming under golden rays of; profoundly exotic sunlight,

Do something; that unrelentingly showers a downpour of heavenly goodness; upon even the most diminutively capricious cranny of this earth; decaying towards nonchalant emptiness,

Do something; that eternally bonds ardently palpitating hearts in entrenchments of impregnable sharing and sensuousness; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Do something; that forever instills a smile on the faces of all those miserably orphaned; encapsulating them like your very own; in the swirl of compassionately unending timelessness,

Do something; that envelops every arena of this devastatingly coldblooded planet; with the Sun of intrepidly unflinching patriotism; an unparalleled tenacity to laugh even in the face of the most inexplicable of adversity,

Do something; that magically ameliorates the trauma of destitute urchins to the most unsurpassable limits; propels them on an indefatigable mission to defend the cause of sparkling honesty,

Do something; that philanthropically unites all human irrespective of caste; creed; color and spurious belief handsomely alike; in the religion of Omniscient humanity,

And in order to immortalize all the above " do something's";, into unshakable reality; all the Almighty Creator could say was; do love; preach love and witness nothing else; but divinely love.

Nikhil Parekh

Do You Have A Heart At All

She venomously told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most ardent of my obsessions for her magnetically vivacious silhouette; the majestic swish of her hair with every puff of exuberant wind,

She raunchily told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most inimitably benign sacrifices that I'd done; to ensure that she perpetually blazed in the heaven
of eternally fructifying prosperity,

She impeachingly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most mellifluously heartfelt songs; that I'd indefatigably penned for her astoundingly mesmerizing grace,

She unforgivably told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most impeccably endless of my prayers to the Almighty Lord; to miraculously alleviate her from the corpses of inexplicably asphyxiating cancer and disease,

She ominously told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most blazingly unfettered triumphs; that I had perennially secured to keep her an infinite kilometers away from the hedonistically sodomizing devil,

She truculently told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most wonderfully royal artistry; that I had tirelessly assimilated from the fathomlessly unceasing Universe; to solely blend with the sacred imprints of her feet,

She ruthlessly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most fervent of my palpitations; my every beat which'd throbbled for none other on this boundless Universe; but her divinely grace,

She uncouthly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most sincere of my efforts to keep awake all treacherously esoteric night; so that she snored in the aisles of invincibly heavenly paradise,

She brashly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most unlimited of my therapies to magically mollify her brutally estranged existence; with the wings
of timelessly liberated sensuousness,

She horrifically told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most

philanthropic of my attempts; to forever blend every ingredient of her priceless blood with the unassailable religion of mankind,

She lividly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most undefeatable of my feelings for her wholesome wellness; every tyrannically distraught tear of hers blissfully metamorphosed into a gorge of unshakable happiness,

She pugnaciously told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most spell bindingly unparalleled of my infatuations for her; the countless nights of hell in which I'd miserably writhed and grunted; just to ethereally capture a singleton of her enamoring smiles,

She emotionlessly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most unbreakable winds of timeless friendship; which I'd forever wanted to celestially enshroud her with,

She unabashedly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most sacredly potent of my virility; the seeds of everlastingly beautiful compassion that I had unflinchingly sown into her innocuous soul,

She vindictively told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most jubilantly effulgent of my expressions; everytime when I sighted her unconquerably enchanting shadow,

She unsparingly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most earnest of my possessiveness for her; unimaginably strangulating myself every instant with parasitically alien poison; just so that she unchallengably ruled every iota of the environment like the ultimate princess of her time,

She vituperatively told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most supremely optimistic things that I had done; to enlighten every pore of her despairingly bereaved flesh; towards a sky of vivaciously silken ecstasy,

She obnoxiously told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most Omnisciently Immortal covering of my breath for her; when she was haplessly tottering on the coffins of inevitably squelching death,

And whilst she mercilessly told me that she hated me an infinite times in her heart for the infinite things of godly goodness that I'd countlessly showered upon her; I humbly asked her as to whether in the first place; she did indeed "Have a Heart at all".

Nikhil Parekh

Do You Have Any Idea?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the scent of the poignantly scarlet rose; when mercilessly trapped a countless feet beneath the vituperatively fetid gutter line?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the voluptuously tantalizing globules of rain water; when haplessly licking acrimoniously heartless desert sand; for an infinite kilometers on the trot?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the celestially tranquil meadows of jubilant grass; when traversing via an intransigently vengeful field of blood-soaked thorns?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the Omnipotently blazing Sun; when ruthlessly buried an infinite feet beneath demonically asphyxiating and blackened mud?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the innocuously spell binding lines of untamed artistry; when haplessly incarcerated within the walls of the sacrilegiously robotic and wantonly commercial office?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed impeccably bountiful childhood; when venomously enshrouded by the invidiously crippling battlefields; of manipulative pragmatism?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the ravishingly unabashed waves of the mesmerizing sea; when helplessly sealed in the parsimoniously mosquito laden crevice of the dingy wall?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the indefatigably boisterous noises of the enigmatic forest; when dismally seated beside the inexplicably wailing and inconsolably cadaverous corpse?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the triumphantly twinkling stars; when inexorably tyrannized by the murderously ghoulish blackness; and in the heart of the despondently stabbing moonless night?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the quintessential feel of the beautiful currency coin; when tirelessly begging for every morsel of food; on the lecherously dilapidated road?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the heavenly fantasies of a brilliantly unfettered tomorrow; when barbarously jailed in shackles of heartlessly flaming iron; for not the tiniest fault of mine?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the caverns of victoriously unblemished sleep; when wandering like a deliriously wayward maniac; through the corridors of baselessly sinful prejudice?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the seeds of timelessly proliferating virility; when satanically placed amidst unlimitedly shriveled mortuaries of just lies; lies and forlornly despairing lies?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the brazenly unbridled ardor of enamoring youth; when both my worthlessly old and delinquent legs; uncontrollably trembled only towards lackadaisical soil?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the prayers of mellifluously divinely peace; when carnivorously dragged into the vindictively slandering precipices of ghastly war?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the amiably inimitable lap of Omnipresent mother; when the entire planet started to savagely scourge; even the most holistically nimble of my forward stride?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the pristinely silken flakes of rejuvenating snow; when the winds of unsparingly demonic summer; had torridly scorched every single leaf in conceivable vicinity?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the impregnably altruistic dwelling; when the devilishly profane darkness of the night; had taken wholesomely deplorable control of each of my nerves?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the miraculously ameliorating waterfalls; when every pore of my body was truculently forced to wither and ignominiously slither amongst the worms of ominously ribald nothingness?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed immortally benign love; when each beat of my heart was unrelentingly castrated by the corpses of unforgivably hedonistic betrayal?

And do you have any idea; as to how much I missed my Omnisciently beautiful beloved; when every of my breath was purposelessly leading every instant of impoverished life; just to fill in the number of years that destiny had impotently planned for my head.

Nikhil Parekh

Do You Know?

Do you know how much I missed you; unrelentingly fantasizing about you all day; and unsurpassable hours even past the lonely winds of midnight?

Do you know how much I cared for you; incorrigibly following you like a shadow; ensuring that even the tiniest of enemy stayed boundless kilometers; away from your heavenly stride?

Do you know how much I wept for you; those instants when you were enshrouded by thunderbolts of inexplicable pain; when devastating fever capsized each ingredient of your crimson blood?

Do you know how much I reminisced your celestial smiles; drowning myself profusely; in the mesmerizing ocean of your melodiously tinkling laughter?

Do you know how much I revered you; considering you the sole saint of my life; the sole philosophy that I uttered every time I had a chance; to be born once again?

Do you know how much I cherished your memories; intransigently basking in the glory of those times when you whispered in my ears; even as the entire planet treacherously fought outside?

Do you know how much I was obsessively mad about you; making you the only princess; taking complete control over my mind; body and wandering soul?

Do you know how much I dreamt about you; perceiving you in the most grandiloquent forms ever existing; wholesomely oblivious to the manipulative vagaries of the vindictive earth; fighting for breath?

Do you know how much I wanted you every moment; insatiably craving for your tantalizing caress; to erupt like a fireball of untamed compassion; well beyond the realms of blue sky?

Do you know how much I prayed for you; relentlessly asking the Creator to grant you even my quota of eternal happiness; before I eventually took celestial reprieve in your Godly feet?

Do you know how much I envied those flirtatiously invidious people talking to you; clobbered myself to almost a ghastly extinction; each time even when the

winds blowing away from you; tried to entice you?

Do you know how much I perennially longed to see your face; the first thing when I woke up at the crack of dawn; sleep like a king with its ravishing titillation; all throughout the uncouthly perilous night?

Do you know how much I liked you; irrefutably shirking every opulently pleasurable in this world; just to savor a single moment by your marvelously benign side?

Do you know how much I praised you; indefatigably erupting into a fountain of adoration for your enamoring countenance; each time I heard your name being called outside?

Do you know how much I fought with the diabolically belligerent society; just to make them understand the wonderfully stupendous artist fulminating in each of your veins; the poignant enigma hidden magnificently in your glorious voice?

Do you know how much I admired your majestic sound; enlightening each arena of my despairing life with its pungent cadence; like a slave liberating from his satanic cage?

Do you know how much I was attracted towards you; drifting like an untamed volcano in every direction you swished; massacring my very entity from this planet; even at the most inconspicuous of your command?

Do you know how much I died without you; extinguishing like a frigidly soggy matchstick into wisps of remote oblivion; every time you left me to slither aimlessly
on my own?

Do you know how much I trembled without you; pathetically devastated at every step I tread; sinking infinite feet beneath my grave; as you disappeared like a miraculous mirage from my sight?

And do you know how much I loved you; immortally bonding with your everlasting Universe of vibrant beats ever since my first cry of birth; even though you kicked me nonchalantly away; like a speck of dust from your sacrosanct side?

Nikhil Parekh

Do You Want To Know?

Do you want to know why your lips had a smile; coyly blushed as the sky blended wholesomely with the color of the moon?

Ask the passion that fulminated from my countenance; wanting to profusely encapsulate them in the swirl of agnetic desire.

Do you want to know why your eyes twinkled violently; casting an impregnable spell on every object; they lay their impeccable sight on?

Ask the rays of unprecedented desire that infiltrated from all directions into my blood; making me posses you more than the breath I lived.

Do you want to know why your shadow stretched till times beyond eternity; slithering wildly towards the realms of absolute submission?

Ask the tunes of tumultuous agony which emanated from my soul; wanting to bond with your spirit for times immemorial.

Do you want to know why your tongue felt insatiably thirsty; even after consuming fathomless droplets from the spell binding river?

Ask the overwhelming blanket of sensuousness that profoundly enveloped my flesh; desiring to caress you for centuries unsurpassable; even after the planet had

come to an abrupt standstill.

Do you want to know why your hair swished in torrential fury; even though there wasn't the most inconspicuous iota of wind in the placidly frigid atmosphere?

Ask the rubicund mellow that insurmountably entrenched my palms; wanting to coalesce with each of your ravishing senses; till there seemed no difference between the royal night; and the austerely sweltering day.

Do you want to know why your feet trespassed unrelentingly on land; ; even when the most invincible of stalwarts had faded into remotely diminutive wisps of dilapidated oblivion?

Ask the compassionate whirlwind which swept through my veins; drawing each contour of your visage inevitably towards my famished demeanor.

Do you want to know why your mind fantasized relentlessly above the land of incomprehensible infinity; drowning in all the mesmerizing beauty that constituted the surface of this wonderful planet?

Ask the dream that perpetually encompassed my persona even under brilliantly flaming rays of the Sun; igniting fireballs of longing in each molecule of doom

that lingered in the air.

Do you want to know why your nostrils breathed fountains of alluring fire;
seeming alive as the most possessive of entities on the carpet of voluptuously
chocolate brown soil?

Ask the tremors of unconquerable mystique that arose from my eyelashes;
wanting to incarcerate every cranny of your body in the avalanche of bountiful
excitement.

And do you want to know why your heart palpitated more vociferously than the
entire Universe; even after you had relinquished your last trace of tangible
breath?

Ask the boundless love that hovered intransigently in my mind; body and soul;
the love that was immortally yours till the time you were breathing; the love that
snatched you back from the heavens; even after you died.

Nikhil Parekh

Does That Stop My Heart From Throbbing?

I might be perpetually blind; being wholesomely oblivious to even the most cloistered beam of optimistic light; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is ecstatically torrential and uninhibited; on this fathomlessly enamoring Universe?

I might be perpetually diseased; being lambasted by the tyrannical maelstroms of cancer since my very first cry; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is beautifully panoramic and garnished; on this ebulliently limitless Universe?

I might be perpetually maimed; inconsolably licking worthless grime and dust without those robust legs; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is symbiotically benevolent and humanitarian; on this resplendently eternal Universe?

I might be perpetually dumb; hopelessly unable to utter even the most ethereal of sound; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is seductively inebriating and royal; on this unbelievably untainted Universe?

I might be perpetually orphaned; thrown into the most acrimoniously slandering of gutter; immediately as I crawled out of the womb of my mother; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is jubilantly triumphant and righteous; on this incredulously proliferating Universe?

I might be perpetually illiterate; ludicrously using the whole of my preposterously bohemian foot to sign when need be; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is undefeatably truthful and pristine; on this marvelously majestic Universe?

I might be perpetually deaf; not flinching the slightest even as the most atrocious bombs of death exploded right at the tip of my earlobe; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is invincibly serene and celestial; on this unassailably vivacious Universe?

I might be perpetually unfortunate; wholesomely metamorphosing even the most glittering gates of gold into tawdrily meaningless shit with my touch; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is poignantly compassionate and gregarious; on this merrily proliferating Universe?

I might be perpetually impoverished; without possessing the tiniest of robe to engulf body; even in the most ruthless of squall or unrelenting cold; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is wholeheartedly embracing and liberated; on this fantastically iridescent Universe?

I might be perpetually famished; with every cranny of my severely dilapidated intestines puking out nothing else but exasperated blood; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is benevolently ameliorating and emphatic; on this divinely unprejudiced Universe?

I might be perpetually devastated; with everyone of my kin being barbarously assassinated by terrorists right in front of my innocent eyes; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is astoundingly fresh and virile; on this timelessly burgeoning Universe?

I might be perpetually rebuked; with every caste; creed; color and fraternity on this earth spitting upon my unconventional ways; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is intrepidly exhilarating and innovative; on this endlessly ebullient Universe?

I might be perpetually floundering; miserably failing to make even the most infinitesimal of impact in every single sphere of destined life; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is candidly sparkling; on this interminably vibrant Universe?

I might be perpetually weeping; uncontrollably culminating into an unsurpassable ocean of tears as I couldn't ever forget the dead corpse of my mother; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is synergistically fragrant and spell-binding; on this vividly emollient Universe?

I might be perpetually castrated; rendered hopelessly impotent against the inevitably unstoppable race of time; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is enchantingly twinkling and enigmatic; on this unceasingly beautiful Universe?

I might be perpetually paralyzed; not able to move my hands or feet an inconspicuous inch even in the most mesmerizing paradise; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is stupendously intimate and befriending; on this victoriously unabashed Universe?

I might be perpetually jailed; incarcerated in the prisons of maliciously unforgivable politics for no ostensible rhyme or reason; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is sensuously passionate and

tantalizing; on this insuperably unfettered Universe?

I might be perpetually neglected; with not a soul on this unending globe ready to sight the contours of my inherently ugly face; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is blessedly innocuous and natural; on this Omnisciently infallible Universe?

And I might be perpetually betrayed; with every single anecdote of relationship salaciously stabbing me like a zillion venomously parasitic thorns; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is Immortal love and fresh; on this gloriously holistic Universe?

Nikhil Parekh

Doesn't Stop You

Just because you weren't able to unassailably transcend beyond the epitome of the brilliantly flaming Sun; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast euphorically feasting in the mystically frolicking beam of light; outside your terrestrially bucolic bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to handsomely sail on the trajectory of the rhapsodically turbulent sea's; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast mischievously splashing in the resplendently shimmering oasis; outside your terrestrially holistic bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to triumphantly catapult to the most unfathomable apogee of Everest; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast merrily philandering on the ebulliently rain-soaked meadow; outside your terrestrially simplistic bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to inimitably memorize every ounce of sacred literature on this fathomless planet; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast deciphering the randomly motley elements of benign goodness; outside your terrestrially altruistic bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to majestically over-topple even the most ethereal iota of evil from the trajectory of this boundlessly burgeoning planet; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast unsparingly pulverizing each salaciously blood-sucking parasite; outside your terrestrially diminutive bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to unconquerably disseminate the essence of perennially blessing truth to the farthest corner of the Universe; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast perpetuating the heaven of unflinching righteousness into every dastardly beleaguered soul; outside your terrestrially mercurial bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to aristocratically liberate the entire emolliently effulgent earth from the clutches of diabolical slavery; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast wonderfully ameliorating the haplessly tyrannized and gruesomely crying; outside your terrestrially inconspicuous bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to unshakably coalesce the tirelessly proliferating earth in the religion of humanity; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast compassionately embracing every fraternity of religion alike; outside your terrestrially insignificant bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to inexhaustibly run faster than the speed of electric white lightening; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast selflessly transporting every single destitute orphan to the destination of its choice; outside your terrestrially evanescent bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to perpetually embed your footsteps on the paradise of unlimited happiness; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast igniting an uninhibitedly wholehearted smile on the faces of all those unfortunately emaciating; outside your terrestrially tiny bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to undauntedly surpass the richest on this endlessly augmenting Universe; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast symbiotically assimilating the priceless treasures of mother nature; outside your terrestrially clandestine bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to be an astoundingly unparalleled exemplary in every conceivable facet of life; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast diffusing the uniqueness of your blessed creation to every venomously extinguishing; outside your terrestrially cloistered bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to royally chew indomitable rocks of steel; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast mollifying the unsurpassably famished intestines of your stomach with the fruits of divine nature; outside your terrestrially obfuscated bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to pass charismatically unscathed through the most unfathomably blistering of fires; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast blissfully uplifting despairingly terrorized civilization; outside your terrestrially subjugated bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to sight the unbelievably everlasting wonders of this limitless Universe; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast convivially enlightening all those despondently

blind; outside your terrestrially sandwiched window.

Just because you weren't able to magnetically spell bound the indefatigably blossoming planet with the power of your voice; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast timelessly singing for all those inevitably nearing their corpse; outside your terrestrially robotic bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to become the most invincibly towering entity on this mystically sacrosanct earth; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast benevolently protecting the rights of all those hedonistically divested; outside your terrestrially slaving bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to peerlessly write the destiny of this unlimitedly redolent globe; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast sagaciously educating all those treacherously illiterate; outside your terrestrially cornered bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to unrestrictedly lead an infinite more lives; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast exhaling a single unabashedly humanitarian breath; outside your terrestrially fugitive bedroom window.

And just because you weren't able to impregnably acquire every speck of love on this fragrantly jubilant Universe; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast immortally bonding the beats of your heart with a single truthfully vibrant girl; outside your terrestrially small bedroom window

Nikhil Parekh

Doggedly Blind

Even if you placed him under the most ferociously blazing Sunlight; with rays of blistering flamboyance disseminating into a pool of profound dynamism around his visage,

Even if you placed him in castles profusely embellished with the most scintillating of jewels; with a crown of unprecedentedly glittering gold perched majestically on his head,

Even if you placed him amidst an unsurpassably titillating cavern of infatuating seductresses; with the inebriation of untamed sensuality overwhelmingly transcending over cranny of the jejune atmosphere,

Even if you placed him in the floodlights of indomitable cynosure; with countless cameras dazzling the enchanting night in mystical shimmer; clicking him from every angle in inexorable adulation,

The air around him still stabbed him like a zillion venomously blood stained thorns; the world around him was nothing but a dungeon of ghoulishly penalizing darkness; as for no fault of his and from the very first cry of his birth; he was born
Disastrously blind.

2

Even if you placed him in the stridently pulsating discotheque; with the vivaciously revolving lights triggering a revolution of unparalleled ebullience in the heart of the sonorously deadened night,

Even if you placed him in the center of the fathomlessly sunlit sky; with the beams of the Sun striking him the absolute first; before diffusing down on earth below,

Even if you placed him abreast a billion ingratiatingly glistening oyster shells; with
pricelessly resplendent pearls filtering a civilization of beautifully exotic and insatiably
milky light,

Even if you placed him on swords of patriotically glowing camaraderie; with the

untamed dazzle of victory magnetically permeating through the sullen
ambience around,

The air around him still asphyxiated him like fish left to die on the shores; the
world around him was nothing but a coffin of vomiting blackness; as for no fault
of his and from the very first cry of his birth; he was born haplessly blind.

3

Even if you placed him on the most exquisitely emollient velvet; with endlessly
invincible bonfires spiraling towards even portions beyond the sky; just at
whisker lengths from his impoverished visage,

Even if you placed him on a bed of irrefutably candid mirrors; with the beams of
impregnable honesty emanating; transforming even the most ethereal bit of
murkiness into symbiotically spell binding righteousness,

Even if you placed him before the most panoramically fantastic of landscapes on
this Universe; with an ocean of inimitably artistic beauty astonishingly unfurling
from every construable quarter by his side,

Even if you placed him in a garden of stupendously crimson roses; with the
tinges of gorgeously rhapsodic scarlet fathomlessly overpowering every
conceivable object in vicinity,

The air around him still murdered him to a morbid death every unveiling instant
of his life; the world around him was nothing but a amorphous skeleton of
invidious darkness; as for no fault of his and from the very first cry of his birth;
he was born cursedly blind.

4.

Even if you placed him on the epitome of unceasing prosperity; with the most
adorably enamoring clouds of silk uninhibitedly drifting from all sides,

Even if you placed him on the pinnacle of unassailable Mount Everest; with the
Omnipotent festoon of insurmountably illuminating stars and Moon; majestically
kissing him on his poignantly nimble skin,

Even if you placed him on a paradise of tempestuously tantalizing wax; with
flames of pristine success sailing high and handsome at every speck of the
atmosphere around,

Even if you placed him amidst all the richness of this limitlessly gargantuan planet; with every path that he tread; every thing that he caressed; metamorphosing into a mountain of unbelievably opulent gold,

The air around him still pulverized every element of his existence into a deliriously decaying morass; the world around him was nothing but a frigidly infidel chunk of melting ice; as for no fault of his and from the very first cry of his birth; he was born doggedly blind.

Nikhil Parekh

Doing Is Believing

When I heard about the tree; what I perceived was a wooden stalk embodied with
a conglomerate of dense leaves,
While it was only when I swung on its branches; did I come to realize the
exuberance; as the vibrant breeze struck me in my eyes; the chirping of birds
drowned me in entirety.

When I heard about the sea; what I imagined was a colossal assemblage of
water with swirling waves,
While it was only when I swam in its choppy waters; did I come to realize the
tanginess in its froth; the infinite numbers of big fish wading past my persona.

When I heard about the sun; what I conceived was a flaming ball of fire perched
high up in the azure sky,
While it was only when I stood beneath the same; did I come to realize the
passionate intensity of its rays; the magnificent glory of its golden shine.

When I heard about the deserts; what I envisaged was sprawling lands of sand;
alluring mirages looming large and prominent,
While it was only when I traversed the same barefoot; did I come to realize the
slipperiness of its soil; the acrimonious thorns of cactus grazing across my
petite flesh.

When I heard about ice; what I visualized was incongruous cubes of frozen
water; silently oozing out droplets of cold liquid,
While it was only when I clambered up the snow clad mountain; did I come to
realize the unfathomable waves of winter; the goose-bumps that ran down right
up to my slender spine.

When I heard about the castle; what I fantasized was scores of palatial rooms;
towering roofs leaping high and handsome into the sky,
While it was only when I walked through its rooms; did I come to realize the
desolation circumventing its walls; the century old cobwebs dangling at whisker
lengths from my chin.

When I heard about gold; what I apprehended was rotund biscuits; coated
profoundly with a distinctive coat of pure saffron,
While it was only when I felt the same in my palms; did I come to realize its
pudgy texture; the perennial shimmer that mystically emanated from its body.

When I heard about GOD; what I comprehended was a celestial power reigning supreme over the world,
While it was only when I met his reincarnation in person; did I come to realize the omnipotent power in his eyes; his unsurpassable ability to vanquish all pain prevailing on earth.

When I heard about love; what I cognized was languishing indiscriminately in the aisles of desire; fervently embracing ones beloved to generate tremors of excitement,
While it was only when I fell into it; did I come to realize the emotional bondage that resulted as an aftermath; the sacrifice involved to sustain the same.

And when I heard about life; I romanticized it to be a garden of scarlet roses; with its revitalizing redolence inundating my soul,
While it was only when I actually tried leading it; did I come to realize the barricades laid in all directions for me to confront; the ocean of adventure lying ahead; for me to plunge in and conquer.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't

Don't enchantingly smile; and then speak of hopelessly diabolical destruction,

Don't vivaciously dance; and then think of life beneath the morbid coffins,

Don't wholeheartedly embrace; and then insidiously plot against the lives of orphaned children,

Don't tantalizingly dream; and then talk of being lambasted by commercial whips of manipulative reality,

Don't gallop like an untamed tornado; and then perceive of spending life in eccentrically reclusive seclusion,

Don't sow the seeds of blossoming fertility; and then step into the tunnel of perennially stinking darkness,

Don't immaculately wink; and then behave like an uncouth bartender on the boisterous streets,

Don't uninhibitedly thank; and then pierce a menacing knife into the back of your philanthropic comrades,

Don't melodiously sing; and then infiltrate like a hideous devil; into all sects of the wonderfully impeccable society,

Don't mystically intrigue; and then form an eternal bondage; with monotonously lecherous business tycoons,

Don't ardently pray; and then start to indiscriminately assassinate unsuspecting civilizations; like diminutive mosquito and inconspicuous prey,

Don't worship your mother; and then satanically devastate tiny infants; from their cozy dwellings and divinely parents,

Don't reside in harmonious solitude; and then disseminate the most treacherously fearful voice; into serene air lingering outside,

Don't sacredly bless; and then devilishly paralyze every organism alive; with your ominously abhorrent spell,

Don't paint beautifully; and then abominably bludgeon and pulverize the panoramic landscape; with your wickedly bohemian feet,
Don't fruitfully evolve; and then blow your decayed breath; polluting the symbiotically functioning planet,

Don't say "I love you"; and then shatter the threads of holy matrimony; of all couples passionately married and alive,

Don't compassionately care; and then rain tumultuously acrid maelstroms of hell; on people breathing and full of exuberant life,

And don't blissfully live; and then blame the Creator for ruining each moment of your crippled life; incessantly think of collapsing into the sinister grave and die.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Break My Heart

Play insidiously with my eyes; eventually smashing them into a boundless halves; and then feeding them to the pack of savagely diabolical wolves,

Play uncouthly with my fantasies; eventually metamorphosing them into a web of cold-blooded drudgery and sinfully disparaging monotony,

Play ruthlessly with my palms; eventually pulverizing them to disdainfully squashed curry; and then stashing them into the indescribably gory coffins,

Play invidiously with my lips; eventually snatching away even the most infinitesimal iota of their smiles; stoning them with whiplashes of utter abhorrence for centuries immemorial,

Play heinously with my voice; eventually transforming it into a graveyard of ominously crippling silence; evicting it in gruesomely wholesome entirety from the innermost realms of my throat,

Play grotesquely with my neck; eventually reducing it to a pile of inconspicuously mangled shit; and then feeding it to the rambunctiously unruly pigs,

Play raunchily with my ears; eventually bombarding them like miserably orphaned stones; making them incessantly bleed till times beyond infinite infinity,

Play disastrously with my memory; eventually rendering me the most penuriously kicked entity on this gigantic Universe; making me obnoxiously oblivious to even the reflection of my very own countenance,

Play barbarically with my intestines; eventually adulterating them profoundly with threadbare gasoline; and then inviting the unfathomable horde of vultures to have their ultimate feast,

Play indiscriminately with my cheeks; eventually excoriating their exhilarating blush into the graveyards of penalizing nothingness; and then mercilessly disintegrating them bit by bit; like an edifice of soggy cards,

Play ghoulishly with my conscience; eventually poisoning every bit of its

irrefutably sparkling righteousness; into a lackadaisically decaying dungeon of manipulatively bizarre lies,

Play devilishly with my flamboyance; eventually converting it into an entrenchment of remorsefully trembling timidness; making me lick fetid dirt even before I could

alight a single foot,

Play fiendishly with my patriotism; eventually rendering me as the most lecherously disgusting traitor on this unsurpassable globe; with every corner of the society brutally whipping me for my plethora of horrific misdeeds,

Play bewitchingly with my innocence; eventually dragging me into the salaciously sleazily markets; where infinite parasites traded me for my innocuously resplendent flesh,

Play unsparingly with my hair; eventually converting my enchanting scalp into a cacophonically bald egg; with pedestrians spitting on it in livid nonchalance; as they merrily trespassed by,

Play demonically with my feet; eventually chopping them with sordid strokes of the treacherous cleaver; and then witnessing the entire world wholeheartedly guffaw; as I staggered like a mercurial ant on every step,

Play abominably with my soul; eventually converting its path of unassailable philanthropism; into a despicably wandering ghost without the slightest of purpose or mission in vibrantly vivacious life,

Play lethally with my breath; eventually asphyxiating the fangs of my priceless existence with the blood stained hands of hell; removing even the most evanescent trace of my survival from the trajectory of this fathomless planet,

And you could play and eventually smash any part of my body; my mind; my soul; as I still had the insurmountable tenacity to lead mesmerizing life; but please don't break my heart; please don't lackadaisically play with the immortal paradise of my true love for you O! Beloved; as then I wouldn't even be accepted by the chapter of death.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Cease

Cease to barbarically fight; but don't cease to profoundly admire; poignantly stare into the eyes of irrefutably holistic humanity,

Cease to treacherously rot; but don't cease to uninhibitedly swim; rhapsodically bouncing in waves of exhilarated benevolence,

Cease to insidiously discriminate; but don't cease to perpetually unite in threads of unconquerable mankind; bequeathing a cloud of unprecedented prosperity upon every chunk of soil that you harmoniously tread,

Cease to lecherously lie; but don't cease to escalate higher than the dormitories of unassailably marvelous eternity; bonding with flames of everlasting truth,

Cease to lazily loiter; but don't cease to exuberantly gallivant in the aisles of perennial freedom; unequivocally marching towards the walls of philanthropically glittering success,

Cease to monotonously scrub; but don't cease to indefatigably fantasize in the winds of never ending desire; bestowing and gregariously conceiving all the majestic goodness; that handsomely floated in the piquant atmosphere,

Cease to brutally incarcerate; but don't cease to blissfully donate; inundate every space traumatically besieged with sullenly dilapidated darkness; with miraculously Omnipotent rays of; true friendship,

Cease to surreptitiously plan; but don't cease to candidly divulge the innermost voices of your enchantingly sagacious conscience; bask in the unparalleled glory of irrefutable righteousness,

Cease to maliciously bark; but don't cease to melodiously sing; deluge the remorsefully morbid air around; with the stupendously mesmerizing cadence of brotherhood; in your coherently compassionate voice,

Cease to satanically poison; but don't cease to apply the most unequivocally Omnipresent panacea of love upon all those murderously deprived; healing their fathomlessly inexplicable ocean of wounds; with the fragrance of humanity in your blood,

Cease to tyrannically lambaste; but don't cease to frolic in the lanes of ingratiatingly enamoring flirtation; rejoicing the most impeccable moments of divine childhood; even when you were about to exhale out the last breath of your impoverished life,

Cease to baselessly kill; but don't cease to wholeheartedly embrace every blessedly human on this planet; irrespective of caste; creed; or spuriously meaningless community,

Cease to dig ghastly graves; but don't cease to harness the most grandiloquent castles of amicable sharing with the Herculean fervor in your soul; impregnably ensure that no innocuously celestial organism on this planet; slept without a roof over his head,

Cease to parasitically corrupt; but don't cease to ubiquitously disseminate the Omniscient message of scintillating honesty; to even the most diminutively minuscule corner; of this boundlessly congenial Universe,

Cease to hideously adulterate; but don't cease to unsurpassably sparkle in the rays of eternal romance; propagating the light of invincible sharing to every township; flooded with malevolently terrorizing bloodshed,

Cease to devilishly manipulate; but don't cease to incessantly donate the fruits of silken Mother Nature; arousing souls dead in mundane commercialism; with thunderbolts of passionately towering desire,

Cease to diabolically pulverize; but don't cease to gloriously bond; ebulliently bringing all tribes and colors existing squeamishly under the sky; to symbiotically melange into the fabric of ever pervading; humanity,

Cease to horrendously snatch breath; but don't cease to proliferate God's chapter of exotically timeless existence; spawning a new chapter of scintillating existence; with every new puff of air that you ardently inhaled,

And cease to uncouthly betray; but don't cease to amalgamate heart's broken all across the fabulously radiating Universe; in threads of immortal belonging; in the rainbows of mystically immortal love.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Expect From Human Beings.

Sing with them; wholesomely blending even the most insouciant of your innermost tunes; with the ecstatically mesmerizing melody of their lives,

Dance with them; matching the untamed exhilaration in their bones; step for step and with the most unabashed of fervor; under the inscrutably majestic beams of the midnight moon,

Eat with them; deriving unsurpassable gratification in the fact; that replenishing morsels of food were being symbiotically shared from the same plate; with the fingers occasionally intertwining with each other,

Adventure with them; intransigently weaving through the most eccentrically twisted and unexplored pathways; which spell-bindingly portrayed the glorious uncertainties of the chapter called life,

Shake hands with them; uninhibitedly letting even the most infinitesimal folds of the compassionate palm; unite in a sky of eternally invincible friendship,

Worship with them; prostrating before every form of temple; mosque; church or monastery; in unfathomably profound admiration of the Lord; in an infinite of his forms,

Defend with them; standing unflinchingly and fearless under the most blistering of Sun; unitedly protecting your sacrosanct motherland; against the most indescribably vindictive of attack,

Sermonize with them; disseminating the essence of several learning incidences in your life to the oppressed and depressed masses; fearlessly voicing the righteously befriending tunes of your soul,

March with them; perennially ensuring that each of your united steps; led solely towards the enrichment and magnificent fulfillment of every fraternity; of God's priceless living kind,

Sleep with them; beautifully surpassing even the most sacrilegious ruthlessness of the night; in the comfort of their ardently comforting breath,

Fantasize with them; unveiling even the most obfuscated arenas of your brain; to the fathomless paradise of beauty prevalent in every ingredient of air around

you; and the victorious puff of breath entering your lungs,

Admire with them; insatiably appreciating the unlimited bountifulness of God's creation; which eclectically spawned in even the most invisible particle of soil; as well as the gigantic skies,

Frolic with them; mischievously flirting and clambering up the freshly rain soaked hills; blissfully transiting back into those magical memories of pristine childhood,

Win with them; forever trouncing even the most infidel insinuation of the devil from every cranny of this boundless earth; with the scepter of impregnable truth; inherently ingrained in your blood,

Romance with them; letting each wondrously passionate beat of your heart entwine with theirs; in a garland of unimpeachably redolent oneness,

Sketch with them; capturing even the most oblivious shades of venerated mother nature; depicting her unparalleled glory and virility; thereby giving true meaning to your sheets of barren nothingness,

Deliberate with them; endlessly arguing on myriad issues and elements of unlimited living kind; trying to reach to the most efficacious consensus; which brought about the most fructifying upheaval of all deprived,

Marry with them; celestially interlocking even the most ephemeral aspect of your existence with theirs; to royally give birth to an infinite more of your noble kind,

And do whatever you wanted to; but if ever you wanted to expect anything; then don't expect from them -the 'Human Being'; for that always had the possibility of shattering your heart into a countless irretrievable gory pieces-instead for this and to guaranteedly fulfill your every desire; just turn to the Creator of All—
The Omnipotent Creator Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Have Anything To Do

My eyes popped out in overwhelming exasperation; my sockets dancing restlessly on the floor,
My lips distorted themselves to incomprehensibly horrendous contours; biting themselves satanically as the moon blossomed to a perilously sinister glow,
My hair stood up like thunderbolts of stringent electricity; blazing fireballs of despondency towards the sky,
My fists curled into an insurmountably formidable punch; aching to thunderously batter arid wisps of breeze painstakingly blowing around,
I am sure that my treacherous plight must be the same as that besieging you my friends; when we just don't have; anything to do.

My sweat dribbled down in cyclonic frenzy; proliferating by the unfurling minute; into fathomless oceans clashing against the walls of nothingness,
My teeth locked themselves in an immortally peevish embrace; chattering countless times in an indefatigable search for spurious solace,
My skin developed boundless goose bumps of profound disdain; shivering incessantly in the inexplicable trauma lingering in placid air,
My ears heard a volley of sounds which were entirely non-existent; kept inexorably iterating tunes which hovered countless feet beneath the graves,
I am sure that my treacherous plight must be the same as that besieging you my friends; when we just don't have; anything to do.

My yawn reverberated more diabolically than the demons; as I tossed unrelentingly on my lackadaisically strewn four poster bed,
My shadow fluttered miserably in the domains of hell; shrinking its robust proportions to more inconspicuous than an ant; in its quest for treading on the unexplored,
My eyelashes withered ferociously towards unruly soil; wanting to rejuvenate themselves thoroughly in the fabulously rain soaked mud,
My throat blurted a myriad of obnoxiously hoarse tunes; permeating through the realms of normalcy with its relentlessly hysterical shrieking,
I am sure that my treacherous plight must be the same as that besieging you my friends; when we just don't have; anything to do.

My stomach belligerently puked out foul matter from the inner most recesses of my intestines; contracting to as thin as an infinitesimal whisker; struck by body blows of mind-boggling desperation,
My fingers scribbled an unfathomable battalion of nonchalantly incoherent literature; swished menacingly to emboss the most hideously invidious forms in

loose sand,

My neck swirled in infinite directions as the clock ticked; profusely confused by
the happenings that unleashed themselves in the surrounding,
My heart sank all its beats in my acrimoniously pointed boots; my breath and
soul searched frantically for the paths on which the Sun austerely shone in its
fiercely flamboyant shine,
I am sure that my treacherous plight must be the same as that besieging you my
friends; when we just don't have; anything to do.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Just Say It

Those who consider themselves to be highly creative; basking in the glory of their ingenious ideas; are infact never creative at all,

Those who consider themselves extremely intelligent; claiming to remember every thing ever embossed in the history books; are infact never intelligent at all,

Those who consider themselves to be valiantly brave; proclaiming to conquer every power on this earth; are infact never brave at all,

Those who consider themselves to be beautiful; the only angels traversing on this planet; are infact never beautiful at all,

Those who consider themselves to be tall; the most gigantic amongst any entity ever created; are infact never tall at all,

Those who consider themselves as shrewd and overwhelmingly tactful; are infact never tactful at all,

Those who consider themselves to be the most versatile musicians in this world; are infact never singers at all,

Those who consider themselves to be the best swimmers; bombastically announcing that they could trespass across the colossal belt of the ocean even in the most tumultuous of storm; are infact never swimmers at all,

Those who consider themselves to be the most mesmerizing artists; able to sketch any form or shape better than God; are infact never artists at all,

Those who consider themselves to be great dancers; adept at performing every definable step under the Sun with stupendous mysticism and charm; are infact never dancers at all,

Those who consider themselves to be unprecedentedly skilled surgeons; curing every wound visible by the mere caress of their palms; are infact never surgeons at all,

Those who consider themselves to be dynamic managers; adroitly maneuvering

all the workforce with the inherent appeal and cadence in their voice; are infact never managers at all,

Those who consider themselves to the most flawless of priests; sanctimoniously conveying to the globe about their prowess to communicate with God; are infact never priests at all,

Those who consider themselves to be the most ferocious of hunters; able to capsize any animal into their custody by simply grabbing it at its throat; are infact never hunters at all,

Those who consider themselves to be great politicians; claiming to know every intricate nuance in the textbooks; harnessing the optimum benefits for their country; are infact never politicians at all,

Those who consider themselves to be the benign philanthropists of this society; advertising in every paper and street of how much they have helped mankind; are infact never philanthropists at all,

Those who consider themselves to be Oligarchic kings; royally seated on the throne and dispassionately ruling their nation; are infact never kings at all,

Those who consider themselves as magicians of the highest degree; able to metamorphose every thing they touched into shimmering oysters and pearls; are infact never magicians at all,

Those who consider themselves to be super humans; having the ability to prognosticate what was going to happen at nightfall right at the commencement of the brilliant day; are infact never humans at all,

For who were you to consider yourself as anything; when infact; he being the Creator didn't think of himself at all,

And if you still really perceive that you are something; then don't just say it or keep considering; go out there and prove it; and then and only then give yourself a chance to reclaim the glory of your pretentiously spoken words.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Kill. But Forever Conquer.

Don't mercilessly kill silence; neither get killed by its hopelessly asphyxiating swirl; but forever conquer its worthlessly decrepit hell; with the symbiotically enthralling triumph in your voice; instead,

Don't cold-bloodedly kill lies; neither get killed by its maliciously venomous vacuum; but forever conquer its diabolically abhorrent corpse; with the unfathomable gorge of truth in your soul; instead,

Don't heartlessly kill unemployment; neither get killed by its wantonly jilted shadow; but forever conquer its cannibalistically wastrel decay; with the perennial enlightenment of symbiotism in every ingredient of your blood; instead,

Don't uncouthly kill perversion; neither get killed by its deliriously incoherent mortuaries; but forever conquer its demonically sadistic impressions; with the pearls of innocence so poignantly reflecting from the whites of your eyes; instead,

Don't tyrannically kill racism; neither get killed by its hedonistically carnivorous coffins; but forever conquer its barbarously unkempt idiosyncrasies; with the religion of priceless humanity in every beat of your heart; instead,

Don't viciously kill crime; neither get killed by its lethally capsizing graveyards; but forever conquer its truculently unforgivable leash; with the impregnable lamp of truth perpetually glowing in your conscience; instead,

Don't vindictively kill spirits; neither get killed by their savagely acrimonious curse; but forever conquer their nonexistently appalling spell of bad luck; with the flame of righteously tireless perseverance in each of your footsteps; instead,

Don't salaciously kill laziness; neither get killed by its uselessly indolent ingredients; but forever conquer its treacherously lackadaisical gallows of stagnation; with the timelessly majestic and golden globules of your honest sweat; instead,

Don't impetuously kill greed; neither get killed by its satanically maiming mortuaries; but forever conquer its hideously amorphous dungeons of dismal decadence; with the rivers of resplendently benign selflessness cascading

through your veins; instead,

Don't indiscriminately kill infidelity; neither get killed by its ghastily stabbing inundation; but forever conquer its beguilingly distraught fangs; with the beats of Immortal Love; compassionately palpitating in your heart; instead,

Don't rebelliously kill poverty; neither get killed by its gruesomely emaciating estrangements; but forever conquer its ruthlessly strangulating roots; with the unlimited opulence of God's creation; which was profoundly embodied in your veins; instead,

Don't violently kill depression; neither get killed by its traumatically beheading pathways; but forever conquer its maniacally wastrel gutters of emptiness; with the victoriously congenital spirit of happiness in your soul; instead,

Don't pugnaciously kill prostitution; neither get killed by its bawdily shriveled ghosts; but forever conquer its sleazily sinful fabric of devastation; with your peerlessly unflinching specter of faithfulness; instead,

Don't savagely kill impotency; neither get killed by its ludicrously inane oblivion; but forever conquer its baselessly dastardly existence; with the endlessly abundant seeds of proliferation in your identity; instead,

Don't brutally kill hatred; neither get killed by its ferociously slandering fumes; but forever conquer its devilishly blasphemous tunnels of deterioration; with the spirit of inimitably priceless unity reflecting from even the most infinitesimal of your shadow; instead,

Don't ominously kill terrorism; neither get killed by its disastrously rotten stench; but forever conquer its indescribably despicable signature; with the waves of eternally altruistic peace drifting from each pore of your persona; instead,

Don't deplorably kill atheism; neither get killed by its heinously massacring bad-will; but forever conquer its sacrilegiously tarnished ramification; with your everlasting faith in Omnipotent God and truth; instead,

Don't irately kill the devil; neither get killed by his perilously sinister desecration; but forever conquer his coffins of sadistically tormenting lethality; with the blessedly undefeated humanitarian spirit in you; instead,

And don't vituperatively kill death; neither get killed by its hopelessly numbing daggers; but forever conquer its lividly crucifying grip; with each unassailably

brilliant breath
of your nostrils; instead.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Love Me Like That

Don't keep glimpsing at me like that; flirtatiously winking your eyelashes; towards my impoverished countenance; every now and again,
Or else I would hug you insatiably till times beyond eternity; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Don't keep teasing me like that; tantalizing me like the twinkling stars; as you trespassed past my shivering skin; every now and again,
Or else I would whisk you beyond a land more mesmerizing than paradise; with each of your senses intermingled in mine; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Don't keep smiling at me like that; seducing me into your web of titillating fantasy; as you evaded me like the drifting clouds; every now and again,
Or else I would surrender all my worldly possession at your divinely feet; romance with you perennially in the fabulous clouds; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Don't keep enticing me like that; shimmering like the fading rays of the voluptuously magnificent Sun; on my eyeballs; every now and again,
Or else I would entangle you in my arms as fireballs of thunder descended from the sky; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Don't stare at me like that; poignantly casting a spell of unconquerable compassion; upon my dreary soul; every now and again,
Or else I would caress each cranny of your immaculately sparkling skin; drown myself in your enchanting visage; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Don't whisper to me like that; sporadically disappearing and then taking my breath away; with your ravishing belly; every now and again,
Or else I would drown myself for everlasting eternity in the melody of your enthralling sound; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Don't keep encircling me like that; stinging each of my dwindling nerves; beyond the summit of untamed mysticism; every now and again,

Or else I would blend with your rhapsodic shadow like an famished beggar;
keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart;
forever and
ever and ever.

Don't intimidate me like that; piercing me wholesomely with the insatiable
volcano's of yearning in your blood; every now and again,
Or else I would irrevocably bond with you in threads of perpetual matrimony;
coalescing completely with your righteous conscience; keeping you incarcerated
in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

And don't love me like that; appeasing my every desire like a celestial angel from
the heavenly skies; every now and again,
Or else I would simply forget to die; immortally existing in the walls of your
eternal soul; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately
throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Make Me

Don't make me taller than the clouds; protruding my head above realms of infinite infinity,

That I became oblivious to my fellow compatriots on earth; had to bend beyond limits of comprehension; to walk abreast their benevolent countenances.

Don't make me fairer than white ice; with an unfathomably glorious aura radiating profusely from my flesh,

That I miserably dwindled to recognize those with the slightest tinge of black around me; shrugged my nose in disdain towards the realistic forms of humanity.

Don't make me more ferocious than the fires swirling towards the cosmos; charring everything in tangible atmosphere to inconspicuous bits of threadbare ash,

That I ruthlessly swept past my comrades in inexplicable pain; uncouthly forgot to commiserate with even those; who were solely instrumental for my existence.

Don't make me more mystical than the chapter of existence; entrenched by waves

of stupendously alluring enigma,

That I didn't understand the hearts of innocent children; overruling them with my torrential downpour of intriguing intricacies.

Don't make me more invincible than the divine; instilling in me the unprecedented power of conquering every iota of this fathomless planet, That I started to condemn those frolicking in the lap of their mothers; the very celestial shrine of sacrosanct essence; wherein I had spent my entire childhood.

Don't make me more prudent than the Sun; possessing even the most infinitesimal bit of knowledge loitering on this planet,

That I basked in the overwhelming glory of my memory; feeling it worthless to disseminate the same to my fellow mates in profound despair.

Don't make me more cool than gargantuan avalanches of snow; inundating my soul with a mountain of gratifying peace,

That I was simply unable to comprehend the whirlwind of insurmountable agony besieging my loved ones; thoroughly nonplussed by the tragic disasters which unleashed; right before my eyes.

Don't make me more fragrant than the most scarlet of roses; deluging my

persona with magnanimous scent and voluptuously exotic spray,
That I diabolically kicked every fruit and flower that confronted me in my way;
trampled mother nature under my bohemian feet; instead of blending in its
mesmerizing lap for centuries immemorial.

Don't make me more wealthy than the entire treasury of this Universe; triggering
my pockets to explode with an unbelievable flurry of gold and shimmering silver,
That I relinquished even the tiniest trace of effort from within my veins; slept like
a demon whilst my brothers and sisters; bathed in an unrelenting tornado of
pain.

And don't make me more satisfied than the angels O! Lord; overwhelming my lap
with all the riches of this planet; even before I found my breath to utter them
coherently,

That I didn't feel the slightest need to discover the beautiful gift of love in life;
spent countless lifetimes like a dreadful corpse; even after possessing infinite
arms; legs and hearts.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Make Me Insensitive

Don't make me insensitive to the sorrows of the world; make me accept them as a part of the inevitably proceeding chapter of evolution,

Don't make me insensitive to the battalion of hardships; make me accept them as a courageously stepping stone to unprecedented success,

Don't make me insensitive to the flamboyantly blazing rays of the Sun; make me accept them for the intrepid fortitude in their light; filtering a path of invincible victory through a blanket of perpetual darkness,

Don't make me insensitive to the gargantuan avalanches of snow hurtling down; make me accept them for the icy cool they generated; which exotically tingled the
scarlet blood down my spine,

Don't make insensitive to the tumultuously galloping time; make me accept its sacrosanct essence; as each cherished second blossomed into a wholesomely satisfying minute,

Don't make me insensitive to the profusely escalating ball of hostile flames; make me accept their compassionate traces of rejuvenating warmth they provided in the invidious chill,

Don't make me insensitive to the infinite cumbersome knots as I alighted each step; make me accept them as eyeopeners; to quell my pompously inflated pride,

Don't make me insensitive to the ghastly blackness; make me accept it as a thoroughly indispensable ingredient of the day,

Don't make me insensitive to the mountain of acridly blood tainted thorns; make me accept them for the unrelenting wave of passion they generated; when poignantly transgressed upon,

Don't make me insensitive to abhorrent abuse; make me accept them as a part of irascibly augmenting temper; a pugnacious outburst of emotions; a testimonial to
the fact that no human was perfect,

Don't make me insensitive to enduring challenges; make me accept them as testing footholds; which blossomed eventually into the gift called life,

Don't make me insensitive to tunes of overwhelming boredom; make me accept them as an unavoidable mist; in the onerously Herculean struggle for existence,

Don't make me insensitive to the disdainfully unruly commotion in the crowd; make me accept my fellow compatriots in their true spirit for survival; their innocuously humanitarian hearts,

Don't make me insensitive to the descending of the insurmountably ferocious storm; make me accept the streaks of vivaciously austere lightening as the unflinching principles to propel forward in life,

Don't make me insensitive to horrendously obnoxious scent; make me accept it as a smell lingering perennially in the atmosphere; along with the stupendously incarcerating odor of the rose,

Don't make me insensitive to the inexorably obsessive chain of thoughts in my mind; make me accept them as a pertinent constituent to constantly show me my worth
in life,

Don't make me insensitive to the anecdotes of pernicious betrayal; make me accept them as the sweet poison needed to sustain blissfully bestowed upon life,

Don't make me insensitive to the pathetically fading heartbeats; make me accept them as naturally as I had wholeheartedly welcomed nascent wails of fresh birth,

And don't make me insensitive to the immortal closure of breath O! Almighty Lord; make me accept its unfathomably perilous consequences; so that I realized the value of each preciously transcending moment in life.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Mess With Love

Don't mess with lies; it would hedonistically massacre you with its fangs of vindictively flagrant prejudice,

Don't mess with the scorpion; it would so ballistically permeate its venomously curled tail into your nimble flesh; that you'd never be able to raise your hindside,

Don't mess with the Sun; it would burn you to infinitesimal moles of inane ash; which wouldn't be accepted even by the land of disastrously disappearing oblivion,

Don't mess with the Shark; it would pulverize every element of your countenance to such a pulverized chowder; that wouldn't be visible with even the most contemporarily high powered telescope,

Don't mess with the avalanche; it would treacherously bury you an infinite feet beneath your corpse; a place so scurrilously asphyxiating beneath the earth; where even darkness dreaded to dare,

Don't mess with obsession; it would maniacally frazzle every sensuously sensitive vein of your persona; reduce you to such a bundle of delirious meaninglessness that even the coffins of hell would blatantly refuse,

Don't mess with the ghost; it would wretchedly jinx you beyond the comprehensions of infinite infinity; torturing you to such an extent; that you vomited raw blood everytime you witnessed the contours of your face,

Don't mess with the storm; it would inexhaustibly lambaste you against cold-blooded stone; till the time your bones felt that wholesomely gruesome extinction was a better alternative instead,

Don't mess with the knife; it would slice you into so many unsparing countless bits; that even the most hideously barbaric vultures would find it bizarrely gory to digest,

Don't mess with the lion; it wouldn't given you even the most evanescent chance to fulfill your last wish; before it gobbled you like a robust mosquito for its afternoon lunch,

Don't mess with corruption; it would make every step of your blissfully resplendent existence; more egregiously strangulating than the werewolves of ghoulishly satanic hell,

Don't mess with the vampish seductress; she would firstly tantalize you to realms beyond supremely ecstatic paradise; only to mercilessly excoriate apart every bit of your skin; for stitching her compassionate night-coat,

Don't mess with the gallows; they would surreptitiously creep upon you in your celestially contented slumber; to make it nefariously and irretrievably permanent,

Don't mess with the bat; it would so barbarously pluck the whites and blacks of your beautiful eyes; that your face would dissolve into laconically inconspicuous space for times immemorial,

Don't mess with the mirage; it would satiate the chords of your agonizingly charred throat till beyond eternal eternity; before eventually making you lick granules of dry sand with acidulous thorns embedded inside; instead,

Don't mess with lightening; it would numb the quintessential nexus of your existence to such a threshold; that even the most cannibalistic swords massacring your head would seem to you as a flutter of a seductive eyelash,

Don't mess with symbiotism; it would sodomize the chapters of your harmonious survival in such a way; that traumatic incarceration would become your sole mantra to whimperingly exist,

Don't mess with blood; it would abandon you forever in the gutterpipe of ostracizing deceit; beheading you as a lecherously parasitic alien; although you were its cardinally very own,

And don't mess with love; it would grant you such a diabolical death for betraying and tampering with its insuperably Omnipotent spirit; that life in any form; shape or fraternity; would never ever in even the most obsolete of birth; accept you once again

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Talk To Two Lovers

Don't talk to the boundlessly barren bits of sky; talk to its garlands of vivaciously mystical clouds; instead,

Don't talk to the fathomlessly deep ocean; talk to its majestically swirling waves; instead,

Don't talk to the lackadaisically stretched desert; talk to its royally blossoming festoon of cactus; instead,

Don't talk to the monotonously sprawled blankets of mirror; talk to its enigmatically alluring reflection; instead,

Don't talk to the gigantically curved stoical tree; talk to its conglomerate of stupendously enchanting leaves; instead,

Don't talk to the sonorously snobbish artist; talk to his myriad of incredulously absorbing paintings; instead,

Don't talk to the insurmountably timid twin horned cow; talk to its pail of impeccably shimmering milk; instead,

Don't talk to the unfathomably tired and grizzly haired old man; talk to his insatiable nostalgia and overwhelming yearning for the past; instead,

Don't talk to the hideously sinister spider; talk to its mesmerizing strands of silken web which swayed exuberantly with the breeze; instead,

Don't talk to the stringently suspended coat of thick skin; talk to its relentless infernos of unsurpassable desire; instead,

Don't talk to the shriveled petals of the indiscriminately trampled lotus; talk to their irrefutably exotic scent that still drifted for times immemorial in the atmosphere; instead,

Don't talk to the country sandwiched as a rigidly aligned dot on the map; talk to its people who transpired its freedom; instead,

Don't talk to the gruesomely morbid and perilous night; talk to its resplendent

coat of seductively tantalizing stars; instead,

Don't talk to the rustically indigenous and shaggily attired soldier; talk to his tales of immortal triumph; instead,

Don't talk to the indefatigably treacherous mountain slopes; talk to its grandiloquently sculptured summit; glistening under the golden Sun; instead,

Don't talk to the battalion of inexorably bored and lackluster twigs, talk to their flamboyantly crackling flames of rhapsodic fire; instead,

Don't talk to the monstrously diabolical chameleon; talk to its unbelievable barrage of vividly changing colors instead,

Don't talk to the dictatorial definitions of pragmatic life; talk to its labyrinth of exhilarating anecdotes; instead,

And don't talk to two lovers absconding unrelentingly from the barricades of this miserably conventional society; talk to their poignantly staring eyes; talk to their ardently sensuous breath; talk to their passionately throbbing hearts; which had all bonded for infinite births as one; instead.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Worry

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be blind; depriving you of indispensable blankets of blissful sight,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with an extraordinary prowess of hearing; making you discern even the most sensitive sounds in the atmosphere; which your sighted counterparts had not the slightest of ability to ever conceive.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be deaf; divesting you of the most miraculous tenacity to intricately hear,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with an astronomical virtue of hawk sight; engendering you to witness even the most distortedly bleary images floating in voluptuous space; which your mates with perfect ears; had not the slightest of ability to ever perceive.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be dumb; irrevocably refraining you to utter even the most inconspicuously infinitesimal sound,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with an unfathomably delightful virtue of expression; propelling you to magnificently divulge the inner most feelings of your heart; which your supremely tongued compatriots; had not the slightest of ability to ever imagine.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be maim; acridly crippled to the ground; without even the most minuscule of support to march on your own feet,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with the winds of profusely marvelous artistry; which your celestially fingered and fleet footed fellow beings; had not the slightest of ability to ever dream about.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be incomprehensibly weak; triggering you to collapse towards the soil every time you tried to get up; afflicted with inexplicable disease all over the blood in your impoverished body,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with ingratiating philosophy and an astoundingly overwhelming tenacity to face the most mightiest of enemies; which your robustly complexioned mates; had not the slightest of ability to ever fantasize.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be horrendously Black; coating your entire diminutive countenance with a dungeon of hideous darkness,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with an incredulously augmenting wave of uninhibited compassion; which your frigidly snow white

mates; had not the slightest of ability to ever possess.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be pathetically tiny; with every entity that traversed by your side; looming like an untamed giant over your ludicrously stooping shoulders,

For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with a lion hearted chest to face the most treacherous of catastrophe that descended from the cosmos; which your belligerently towering and pistol clad friends; had not the slightest of ability to stand upto.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be illiterate; swooning ridiculously towards obdurate soil; the instant you heard an obsoletely alien accent lingering around, For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with the intransigent rudiments of unity; peace and irrefutable truth; which your bombastically stylish and manipulatively corporate city counterparts; had not the slightest of ability to ever inculcate.

And Don't worry if he had chosen you to be poor; penuriously surviving each day of your unsurpassably marathon life; sporadically blending with sleazy drawers of threadbare dust,

For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with the immortal island of love as you passionately throbbled till beyond the island of tantalizing eternity; which your stinkingly rich and opulently glamorous companions; had not the slightest of ability to ever belong to

Nikhil Parekh

Don't Yet Die

One day you will ebulliently bounce on the pinnacle of blossoming prosperity;
with the ingratiatingly fantastic melody of the atmosphere; blending handsomely
with every ingredient of your crimson blood,

One day you will catapult to the absolute epitome of scintillating stardom; with
even the most infinitesimal of your wish; immortalizing with the heavens divine,

One day you will irrefutably achieve all what you were harmoniously striving for;
celestially diffusing the spirit of compassionate brotherhood; in every nook and
cranny of the gigantic Universe; alike,

One day you will forget all your lambasting miseries and tantalizingly smile;
exploring an enthralling township of beauty; on every step that you
transgressed,

One day you will find all vibrantly tingling goodness of this planet bountifully
blessed in your outstretched lap; with the whispers of ravishing enchantment;
immaculately enlightening your every night,

One day you will unequivocally march only on the path of priceless truth;
wholesomely abdicating forever and ever and ever; the web of tyrannically
disparaging lies,

One day you will triumphantly emerge from the graveyards of despairing gloom;
perpetually inundate even the most inconspicuous speck on this earth; with
unfathomably benign happiness,

One day you will transform the gory complexion of this planet; bring back a
resplendent smile on the lips of the all those uncouthly divested; by the grace of
Almighty God,

One day you will stupendously fantasize only about unshakable solidarity;
holistically embark upon an unflinching mission to impregnably unite all caste;
creed; tribe and color; in the threads of unassailable humanity,

One day you will find the most beautifully affable mate of your life; who
altruistically stood by your impoverished side; even as diabolical hell
indefatigably rained from the sky outside,

One day you will fulminate into a cloud of torrential jubilation; wonderfully titillate every iota of this despicably famished earth; with the majestic sweetness of your creation,

One day you will insatiably dance in the aisles of unprecedented desire; gyrate to the tunes of unending harmony; even as the most stringently sweltering rays of the Sun; ferociously charred everything to spurious dust,

One day you will inhale the most sensuously rejuvenating scents of the atmosphere; replenish every aspect of your penuriously dwindling existence; with the fathomless freedom of the; boundlessly bestowing cosmos,

One day you will tranquilly bond with your heavenly soul; discover even the most diminutive fragment of your sparkling conscience; to propagate the ubiquitous essence of simplicity,

One day you will get more than what you could have ever perceived in the most wildest of your dreams; as you selflessly diffused the same; to all those brutally strangulated in the dormitories of unbelievably merciless agony,

One day you will embrace the winds of timeless romance; bask in the glory of earth's most wonderfully symbiotic relationship; for infinite more births yet to unleash,

One day you will breathe an air so impeccably sacrosanct and without even the tiniest trace of adulterated manipulation; that your conscience will inevitably coalesce with the Omnisciently divine,

One day you will love so immortally with the partner of your choice; that even the most belligerently satanic of devils; would become entirely oblivious to the word called ghastly crime,

And that day was invincibly sure to come in yours and every benevolent entity's life; so keep optimistically conceiving and working towards that day; don't lose hope; don't yet die.

Nikhil Parekh

Don't You Dare O! Devil

It was a bundle of overwhelmingly sparkling joy; please don't mercilessly maraud its flesh; with your obnoxiously uncouth nails,

It was a sacrosanct leaf of freshly blossoming life; please don't invidiously inundate its immaculate brain; with your horrendously truculent tales of bizarre manipulation,

It was a fairy having just descended from the heart of celestial sky; please don't gruesomely maim it with your indiscriminately cold-blooded stride,

It was the ultimate fulfilling fantasy of any two perpetual lovers; please don't heinously strangulate the last iota of breath from its innocuously godly body; with your infernos of indescribably sordid malice,

It was a quintessentially ardent constituent in God's chapter of timeless procreation; please don't ghastily blind it forever; even before it could open its mesmerizing eyes,

It was an Omnipotent lantern illuminating countless dwellings besieged with disparaging despair; please don't ruthless snap its hands; with your fangs of vindictive hatred,

It was an unassailable harbinger of humanity; please don't venomously poison its holistically vibrant soul; with your lecherously stinking world of politics and crime,

It was an astoundingly eclectic and unconquerable prince; please don't lay a battlefield of your pugnaciously acrid thorns in whatever path that it crawled and blissfully tread,

It was a fountain of inexorably unending happiness; please don't satanically thrash its ears; with your whips of derogatorily unforgivable savagery,

It was an everlastingly smiling doll which embraced all mankind; please don't sinfully replace its bountifully adorable laughter; with your ghoulish teardrops of torturously penalizing hell,

It was the most divine fantasy of every organism alive; please don't hideously cripple its unblemished originality; with your disparaging greed and ostracizing

prejudice,

It was an unparalleled jewel of the poignant eye; please don't salaciously rip apart its skin; with your profusely blood stained and barbaric butcher knife,

It was a blessing from the cosmos to all fraternity of mankind breathing and alive; please don't trade its innocently benign flesh; for your sinister wads of debasing money,

It was the most impregnable Sun of tomorrow; a spell bindingly guiding light; please don't horrifically confound its boundless resplendence; with your cloudcovers of treacherously gory night,

It was an unfathomable cistern of perennial enchantment; please don't bawdily kick it with your bohemian toes; always sunk way beneath the graveyards of insane lifelessness,

It was the greatest star ever shining on marvelous earth divine; please don't brutally plagiarize it with corpses of illiteracy and pernicious sodomy; instead of gifting it with effulgent toys,

It was a horizon which had absolutely no end; please don't vengefully asphyxiate its chords of celestial existence; with the disdainful abhorrence for all surviving; ostensibly burgeoning in your eyes,

It was an immortal heartbeat pulsating with unstoppable life; please don't tyrannically deprive it of all the fathomless tributaries of love; that it was destined to assimilate every unfurling minute of its beautiful life,

In the name of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord O! Devil; please don't in anyway harm the new born child; even if your desire to kill transcends everything else on this planet; you can readily take my life; but please don't harm the child; don't you dare harm the freshest outcry of newborn life

Nikhil Parekh

Don't You Worry Sweetheart

I couldn't afford to embellish you in ornaments of pure gold; with chains of scintillating silver dangling from your neck,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would dive deep into the fathomless ocean; thread you a necklace of immaculate pearls; I extracted from the slippery oyster.

I couldn't afford to take you long distances in an ostentatious car; with the air conditioner blowing a full blast in your face,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would place both your legs on my shoulders; and carry you adroitly under the unrelenting sun; with your warm breath caressing my hair.

I couldn't afford to buy you exquisite eateries from the market; satiate your taste buds with appetizing caramel,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would dexterously knead rustic dough into bread; blend it with ravishing tomatoes; I specially grew for you in the backyard.

I couldn't afford to make you sleep on a silken mattress juxtaposed with diamonds; with cozy ambience of the palace engulfing you from all sides,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would inundate your ears with mystical rhymes; be there with you on your side under the twinkling stars; until you drifted into deep sleep.

I couldn't afford to talk with you on contemporary telephone for marathon hours; punching a jugglery of soft buttons on the intricate laptop,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would emboss letters to you with a river of my precious blood; never failing to miss the most inconspicuous of detail.

I couldn't afford to take you on a cruise of the ocean; sitting in the grandiloquent luxury liner with its knotted masts fluttering in the salty breeze,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would chisel a plain boat of strong wood; row you all throughout the choppy sea; despite of the monstrous waves trying to drown us down.

I couldn't afford to drape your persona in opulently embroidered cloth; a host of artificial contrivances accentuating your features,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would stitch you a cloak of pure cotton; embodied with the essence of our immortal love.

I couldn't afford to offer you crystalline mineral liquid to drink; an incessant supply of crimson colored plum juice,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would fetch you water from the gurgling mountain springs; preserve it for you in my cupped hands till the hour you felt thirsty.

I couldn't afford to purchase expensive books for you; impregnated with the most panoramic of graphics,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would perceive the wildest of fantasy scrutinizing dormant arenas of my brain; and then recite the same to you.

I couldn't afford to buy the sky for you; with magnanimous gods residing in castles of unprecedented glory,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would transform every inch of soil which you tread on into paradise; present the most invincible sky of our romance at your celestial feet.

Nikhil Parekh

Dream House

Heavy metal iron welded to varnished wood,
burglar proof alarm installed to circular bell,
solid teak doors with automatic fasteners,
windows composed of shatter proof glass,
remote controlled maneuvering of gate entrance,
uniformed guards at several check-posts,
car driveway filled with thick gravel coats,
glass facaded greenhouse for manufacture of corn,
majestic pillar supporting ceiling plaster,
nurseries full of blooming flowers,
giant elevations of television screen,
crystal blue waters of swimming pool,
majestic masonry consisting of bare brick,
dark photochromatic rooms, artistic studios,
furniture pieces of polished mahogany wood,
t.v. monitors displaying round the clock guests,
sprawling neem trees with evergreen foliage,
shielding two storied structure from hazardous light,
tall stone walls encapsulating periphery,
luxurious bedrooms overlooking coastal waves,
crashing fiercely on black rock,
hoards of birds chirping in fading light,
impregnable barbed wire spitting electric shock,
galvanized iron gates sliding at entrance,
whispering denial to irate trespassers,
with the first rays of sunlight lighting my face,
is the house I would like to possess,
the house of my dreams.

Nikhil Parekh

Dressed For Love

Dressed for the enchanting garden; I wore uninhibitedly sagging flannel trousers; rampantly encapsulating persona with a blanket of ravishingly green leaf,

Dressed for the valiant battle; I wore armors of invincible steel; unflinchingly enveloped my entire body with swords of scintillatingly intrepid courage,

Dressed for the pulsating discotheque; I wore skimpy sweatshirts and headbands; entrenching even the most infinitesimal follicle of my hair; with exotically rustic
and wild gypsy straw,

Dressed for diving in the undulating ocean; I wore an ostentatiously raunchy two piece swimsuit; liberating my senses to be astoundingly unruly; to be handsomely unbelievable and natural,

Dressed for gallivanting through the mystical forests; I wore a brazenly exhilarating leopard skin; insurmountably tingling even the most diminutive element of my visage with the astronomically aristocratic freshness of mother nature,

Dressed for nocturnal bedtime; I wore a nonchalantly floating silken robe; stringently applying intransigently repellent balms all over my body; to sequester myself from the horde of perniciously pertinent mosquitoes,

Dressed for ravenously heavenly supper; I wore an impeccably humble apron of ivory white; smacking my slavering lips and tongue with chilled soda; to tantalizingly foment my gargantuan appetite,

Dressed for the mesmerizing magic show; I wore a wizardly cloak of celestially conjuring voluptuousness; embellishing my drearily penurious looks with charismatically resplendent vanity powder,

Dressed for ragged mountaineering; I wore an unfathomable cascade of machismo denim; resiliently punctuating even the most inconspicuous bone of my sagging body with punches of ingratiating euphoria,

Dressed for the poignantly princely marriage; I wore fascinating garlands of sensuously iridescent rose; beautifully adorning every patch of my shivering skin with gorges of spell bindingly amiable friendship,

Dressed for ebulliently exhilarating adventure; I wore a frolickingly kangaroo outfit; vibrantly assimilating all marvelously intoxicating melody of the benign atmosphere; in my unequivocally wandering stride,

Dressed for regally sagacious school; I wore twin sets of meticulously ironed trousers; overwhelming my inherently laggard visage with the mantra of holistically mortal righteousness,

Dressed for receiving the magnanimously scintillating trophy; I wore a majestically crimson blazer; drowning my nimbly trembling demeanor in the aisles of gloriously aristocratic Oligarchy,

Dressed for the fetidly acrimonious gutters; I wore a graveyard of derogatorily sullen tomatoes; remorsefully melanging every ingredient of my form with the walls
of frantically sinful desperation,

Dressed for the triumphant birthday party; I wore an unimaginable festoon of vividly cheerful balloons; magnificently substituting each of my monotonously traumatized senses with the everlasting eternal elixir of; youthful joyousness,

Dressed for the abhorrently corporate meeting; I wore a brutally asphyxiating formal suit which almost wringed my subtle neck; salaciously draping my harmoniously symbiotic personality; with viciously slandering slang,

Dressed for the chapter of wonderfully victorious life; I wore the philanthropically Omnipotent color of the Sun and the Moon; fabulously coalescing every ingredient of my serene conscience with the; fruits of gorgeously fructifying nature,

And dressed for immortally sacrosanct love; I wore the perpetually charming blessings of the Almighty Divine; wholesomely relinquishing everything else on this
fathomless Universe; except his unconquerable order to serve all Omnipresent humanity; except his sacredly enamoring wish to proliferate countless more of my
kind.

Nikhil Parekh

Drinking My Own Anger

I couldn't hit the earth in my bouts of anger; as it was the one which grew the food necessary for my survival,

I couldn't hit the wall in my bouts of anger; as it was the one which sequestered my scalp against tumultuous storm and rain; it was the one which constituted and fortified my dwelling,

I couldn't hit the tree in my bouts of anger; as it was laden with the fruits I nibbled in my times of relish; imparted me with velvety breeze in the sweltering night,

I couldn't hit the mirror in my bouts of anger; as it magnificently portrayed to me my pellucid and candid reflection; and doing so I knew would exacerbate the situation further; would make my own hand bleed,

I couldn't hit mothers stomach in my bouts of anger; for it was the singular pouch which had bore me for 9 months unrelentingly; the very sacred sac which was responsible for my existence today,

I couldn't hit the snake in my bouts of anger; for it guarded my treasury of wealth unflinchingly all night and day; and would viciously retort back the instant I raised my fingers to strike,

I couldn't hit the Sun in my bouts of anger; for it was the sole source of light which maneuvered me in the day; lit up my every morning with an enchanting smile,

I couldn't hit the child in my bouts of anger; for it was all the energy I possessed; was the sweetest little form of God running gleefully on this earth,

I couldn't hit the waters in my bouts of anger; for they were the ones who pacified my thirst several times a day; blended my life with loads of mesmerizing cool and shade,

I couldn't hit the silver plate in my bouts of anger; for it was the one in which I actually consumed my food three times in a day; and insulting it could probably result in not getting food even three times a year,

I couldn't hit the car in my bouts of anger; for it was the one which transported

me marathon distances; saw to it that I my feet rested in luxury; as I reached the summit at whirlwind speeds,

I couldn't hit my beloved in my bouts of anger; as she was the one who transpired me to live every second; she was the one who took upon herself every affliction to save me from the tiniest of wound today,

I couldn't hit my sister in my bouts of anger; as she was the one whom I played with irrespective of my augmenting age; with whom I shared all my secrets of life; sometimes woke her even in the middle of the night,

I couldn't hit my pet dog in my bouts of anger; as he was the one who was the first to welcome me at ethereal dawn; wag his tail incessantly until the time I took him in my arms,

I couldn't hit my eye in my bouts of anger; for it was the only instrument whom I relied upon to sight this world; and also it would incorrigibly shut tight; as I tried and approached it with my fist,

I couldn't hit the century old boat in my bouts of anger; as it was the one on which my ancestors sailed; the one where my rudimentary roots lay profoundly embedded,

I couldn't hit the cow in my bouts of anger; as it was the only animal which gave me sacrosanct milk; impregnated my bones with Herculean strength to take on the mantle of this entire world,

I couldn't hit the idol of God in my bouts of anger; as it was the one who had evolved me and my kin in the first place; would burn me to inconspicuous ash the moment I irritably hurled my fingers towards his Omnipotent form,

And I couldn't hit a single thing on this earth; for whatever I hit was something sacred or something which was intimately dear; something which I possessed or something which had possessed me for infinite years,

That's when I decided to wholesomely drink my own anger; whenever I was infuriated and my body reverberated beyond the point of no control; rather than unnecessarily victimizing somebody, taking it out on the innocent world.

Nikhil Parekh

Drinks

The scorched roots of grass sprawling wildly on the soil; were greedy to drink monstrous sized dew drops,

The car lying dilapidated and burnt in the garage; were greedy to drink gallons of golden petrol,

The eye gruesomely dry after the day's work; were greedy to drink a bottle of tears,

The scientist working ingeniously all round the clock; was greedy to drink testubes bubbling with brilliant dyes,

The bees buzzing irascibly around the rose; were greedy to drink its sweet honey,

The cluster of bedraggled and squalid hair; was to drink jar's of oil,

The unruly stubble protruding from the arid cheek; was greedy to drink a tumbler full of after shave cologne,

The pen tremendously weary after embossing a million lines of literature; was greedy to drink sapphire ink,

The armory of teeth which was decayed and yellow; were greedy to drink sparkling white toothpaste,

The infinite kilometers of blistering desert land; were greedy to drink an ocean full of saliva,

The cat philandering furtively on the streets; was greedy to drink a cupfull of milk,

The mosquitoes feasting on the rotten pile of vegetables; were greedy to drink pure blood,

The pores of skin chapped and abysmally dry in winter; were greedy to drink a river of sweat,

The prisoner's ears lying in solitary confinement for years; were greedy to drink

the ecstatic melody in sound,

The penguins wandering around in dazzling sunlight; were greedy to drink frozen ice,

The thorny cactus sprouting in abundance from the jagged terrain; were greedy to drink a vase full of sweet water,

The lips severely agonized and gloomy; were greedy to drink a fountain of uninhibited passion,

The walls of the century old grave; were greedy to drink thick coats of rich paint,

The unfathomably deep crevices in the valley; were greedy to drink strident echo's,

The twin pair of nostrils in every man; were greedy to drink a tunnel full of fresh air,

The matchstick lying soggy and frigid in a pond of water; was greedy to drink hostile flames,

And my heart palpitating at lightening speeds; was greedy to drink immortal love; drown in it for eternity; while drinking the same.

Nikhil Parekh

Drought

Hordes of cattle lay lifeless on the streets,
lush green crops had withered in meek submission,
succulent fruits on tree branches had died a gruesome death,
a trio of birds had forgotten to chirp their daily rhymes,
predecessors of the ophidian had sunk deep beneath cocoons of soil,
dense foliage of green was now reduced to threadbare strips of brittle brown,
crystal white streams of the mountain had dried in their roots,
mighty perennial rivers could now be sighted as fetid pools of shallow water,
gallons of saline liquid had evaporated from the oceans,
glistening surface of barren rock boiled in tumultuous fury of the sun,
tantalizing mirages loomed large at steaming patches of road,
the ground was strewn with sizzling pancakes resting on embers of red coal,
rotund island of fuming sun smiled brutally all day,
long wires of cable had started to melt in the heat,
desires for thirst soared to gigantic proportions,
spots of shade were a rare treat to witness in the nerve-wrecking heat,
dirty brown lizards swished their tongues viciously in disdain,
levels of mercury reached astronomical heights in the day,
with little respite in the abhorrent sultry night,
the sky hadn't wept since times immemorial,
there was not a droplet of free water available to quench my thirst,
it seemed as if god had forgotten to bless the earth with rain,
penalizing millions of human on earth for their catalogue of misdeeds,
with savage strokes to encounter the brunt of drought.

Nikhil Parekh

Dying For The First Time

The outlines of vivacious trees seemed to be getting blurred as the minutes unveiled; with their colossal demeanor now appearing as sandwiched matchsticks,

The atmosphere seemed to be getting colder by the instant; although the air surrounding me was at the astronomical peak of sweltering summer,

The cars transgressing in vicinity seemed to be an obfuscated whiz; as if blotches of soft cotton sped forward at thunderous velocities,

The deafening roar of the panther; seemed to be like an inconspicuous squeak; although the beast kept incessantly parading round my persona,

The fingers of my palm felt like squelched jelly; collapsing with a thud on the ground; no matter how intractably I tried to hold them up,

The color of the flamboyantly pugnacious Sun; seemed like a pallid white mushroom lying scattered in oblivion on the ground,

The boundlessly towering mountain ranges in the surrounding; seemed like a weak stone lying nimbly beside my palm,

The ingratiatingly appetizing morsels of food and ravishing water lying before my feet; seemed to be completely bland; like a wriggling worm engulfed with slime,

The artists spell binding painting embodied on scintillating white canvas; seemed like a lame duck floating without a single droplet of water,

The mammoth barrel of heavenly crimson whisky; seemed to be like a diminutive mosquito irascibly bothering me in my ears,

The impeccable white shirt which the farmer was wearing; seemed to be profusely entrenched with diabolically ghastly blood,

The timidly placid waves of the ocean; seemed as if they were satanically caressing the pearly moon,

The infinitesimal bodied ants crawling on the marshy ground; seemed like ghoulishly colossal monsters; making a dash towards my neck,

The glittering heap of accolades that I had won all throughout the tenure of my life; seemed like a baseless piece of stinking shit,
The toes sewn to my indigenously bohemian feet; felt as heavy as a sac full of stones; intransigently protested to move an inch,

The beats of my violently palpitating heart; seemed to be reducing drastically by the unfurling moment; a stupendously ghastly pale now enveloped my other rubicund chin,

The nostalgic memories of my innocuous childhood; the people whom I most ardently revered all along my life; now deluged my brain with ethereally fleeting images,

The silken cocoon of clouds hovering in the austerely empty sky; seemed to be at whisker lengths from my nose,

Everything around me appeared hazily obliterated; the most celestial of things seemed to be disastrously plagued; the most passionate of my memories seemed to
be mixing with threadbare mud,

And my breath was just on the verge of relinquishing me forever to blend with the Almighty awaiting my arrival in Heaven; as I take this dismal opportunity to pen down some of my horrendous experiences; before finally dying; before dying for the first time in my life.

Nikhil Parekh

Dying In Your Perpetual Lap

An honor more indomitable for me; than euphorically catapulting to the most handsomely embellished summit of the invincible Himalayas,

An honor more Herculean for me; than resplendently relishing every ingredient of my blood; with the eternally fructifying fruits of venerated mother nature,

An honor more unsurpassable for me; than engendering the entire gigantic Universe to nimbly dance; on my harmoniously symbiotic fingertips,

An honor more unlimited for me; than assimilating every conceivable trace of affluence; from the panoramically mesmerizing treasuries of this fathomless planet,

Was breathing the last breath of my impoverished life in your divinely arms
O! Eternal Beloved; profoundly reminiscing those ardent moments when we had just first met; and then dying in your beautiful lap only to be reborn; as yours and only yours IMMORTAL LOVER.

1.

An honor more unfathomable for me; than rejoicing my life as a rapaciously embellished prince; every unfurling minute that I insuperably lived,

An honor more limitless for me; than imbibing every bit of ingenious proliferation; that bountifully flowered on the trajectory of this unbelievably eclectic Universe,

An honor more boundless for me; than leading every instant of my existence as the wind of aristocratically blazing patriotism and philanthropic selflessness,

An honor more momentous for me; than being consecrated as a temple of heavenly righteousness; for my indefatigable pioneering of the religion of humanity,

Was breathing the last breath of my truncated life close to your enchanting lips
O! Enamoring Beloved; poignantly reminiscing our clandestine flirtation away from all conventionally tyrannical society; and then dying in your perennial lap; only to be reborn as yours and only yours IMMORTAL LOVER.

2.

An honor more victorious for me; than reigning as an inferno of unassailably unflinching authority; over every construable bit of space on this relentlessly unceasing earth,

An honor more unending for me; than being worshipped as an irrevocably altruistic martyr; by all echelon of iridescently motley mankind,

An honor more memorable for me; than impregnably illuminating as a singular flame of Omnipotently optimistic hope; in every household besieged with ghoulishly disparaging despair,

An honor more enlightening for me; than relentlessly feasting my eyes on the corridors of peerlessly undefeatable and blissfully timeless paradise,

Was breathing the last breath of my destitute life staring into your ingratiatingly pristine eyes O! Bountiful Beloved; compassionately reminiscing those moments when our lips met in torrentially ecstatic frenzy for the very first time; and then dying in your inimitable lap; only to be reborn as yours and only yours
IMMORTAL LOVER.

3.

An honor more tremendous for me; than unrelentingly drenching myself in the rain of tirelessly blessing prosperity,

An honor more versatile for me; than being prolifically written about; serenaded to the most unprecedented limits of cynosure; all across the hi-tech world,

An honor more towering for me; than being christened as the most splendidly sacred; humanitarian saint alive,

An honor more fragrant for me; than coalescing even the most mercurial cranny of my countenance with the blessedly untainted religion of unshakable mankind,

Was breathing the last breath of my unsolicited life nibbling at your silken ears O! benign Beloved; effusively reminiscing that instant when we were bonded by all religions in threads of connubial matrimony; and then dying in your ubiquitous

lap; only to be reborn as yours and only yours IMMORTAL LOVER.

Nikhil Parekh

Each Beat Of My Heart

Each part of my disastrously dithering fingers; lived solely for your magical palms; ardently anticipating those cherished moments; when you clasped me in your divinely warmth,

Each pore of my devastatingly impoverished skin; lived solely for your compassionately pristine sweat; relentlessly wanting to blend with your scent of timeless perseverance; for centuries unfathomable,

Each follicle of my ludicrously sagging eyelashes; lived solely for your marvelously exhilarating flirtation; relishing fathomless moments of rhapsodic jubilation; profusely enthused by the majestic leap in your charismatic stride,

Each tinge on my pathetically imprisoned lips; lived solely for your bountifully celestial smiles; indefatigably floating in a magical entrenchment of your voluptuously eluding senses,

Each cranny of my bizarrely dwindling toes; lived solely for your gloriously heavenly footprints; ardently dreaming all day and sensuously starry night; of kissing the paths your most philanthropically tread,

Each tear of my gruesomely blinded eyes; lived solely for your blissfully poignant and benevolent soul; eternally wanting to sight your reflection in the tenure of my destined life; and even till countless births after my veritable death,

Each reverberation of my dolorously dangling ears; solely lived for your unsurpassable ocean of resplendently twinkling sounds; piquantly deluging every aspect of my manipulatively tyrannical existence; with unprecedented vibrancy and emphatic cheer,

Each ingredient of my viciously asphyxiated blood; solely lived for your irrefutably triumphant tenacity to unflinchingly face even the most acrimonious of obstacle in life; your spell binding spirit to unitedly survive embracing the religion of priceless mankind,

Each shade of my despicably withering cheek; solely lived for your innocuously Godly kiss; which transited me into a paradise infinite kilometers higher than the seductive clouds; triggering fireballs of untamed ebullience; all throughout my feeble persona,

Each chord of my ghastily cacophonous throat; solely lived for your immaculately gorgeous yawns; nostalgically catapulting me back into realms of impeccable childhood; when I bounced uninhibitedly and without the slightest of apprehension; in the sacrosanct lap of my mother,

Each element of my nervously fluttering shadow; solely lived for your marvelously imposing and tantalizing countenance; the irrevocably unending spell of ecstatic enchantment that you ravishingly diffused; every time you alighted your nimble foot,

Each curvature of my deplorably pulverized spine; solely lived for your irrefutably Omnipotent touch; wholesomely mitigating me of all my inexplicable sorrow; rendering me speechless in a world of everlasting newness and unbelievably swirling happiness,

Each wrinkle on my treacherously crinkled skin; solely lived for your stupendously blossoming and piquantly iridescent freshness; as you unfurled into an infinite colors of vivacious life; on every path that your enchantingly tread,

Each iota of my murderously depleted and dilapidated muscle; solely lived for your tireless tenacity to surge forward in titillating life; rhetorically maneuvering me from a dungeon of delinquently stagnant darkness into a civilization of eternally gratifying light,

Each bone of my lecherously extinguishing body; solely lived for your unbelievably humanitarian cadence; your undaunted struggle to alleviate crippling suffering; incessantly pioneer to uplift all those deprived; in the impregnable chapter of your life,

Each wave of my excruciatingly incarcerated soul; solely lived for your miraculously intrepid exultation to synergistically lead life; disseminate the essence of mankind to every dwelling besieged with agonizing pain; and gory darkness,

Each corridor of my manipulatively commercial conscience; solely lived for your irrevocably invincible ideals of truth and non-violence; the winds of ubiquitous solidarity on which you unassailably floated; every time the earth was born; once

again,

Each puff of my staggeringly barbaric breath; solely lived for your melodiously tinkling vivacity; the fearless tranquility on your redolently untainted face; even when you were just about to relinquish your last bit of sagaciousness; and enter your horrific grave,

And each beat of my pathetically dying heart; solely lived for your immortally passionate love; the insatiable propensity in your unconquerable chest; that not only granted me a countless benign lives; but didn't let me die even after my death.

Nikhil Parekh

Each Heart.

Each ear on this gigantically colossal Universe; was bonded by the beautifully vespereed essence; of ingratiatingly alluring sound,

Each nose on this marvelously fantastic Universe; was bonded by a overwhelmingly poignant whirlpool; of enamoringly evoking scent,

Each eye on this fathomlessly mystical Universe; was bonded by a fabulously emphatic ocean; of everlasting empathy,

Each lip on this astronomically mystical Universe; was bonded by a voluptuously mesmerizing battlefield; of tantalizing smile,

Each stomach on this incomprehensibly eclectic Universe; was bonded by insatiably augmenting pangs; of frenziedly ecstatic hunger,

Each palm on this fantastically gorgeous Universe; was bonded by an inexplicably vibrant flurry of; profusely poignant destiny lines,

Each bone on this invincibly boundless Universe; was bonded by a formidably integral mountain; of incredulously resilient strength,

Each skin on this bountifully endowing Universe; was bonded by a enthrallingly ebullient meadow; of vacillatingly glorious color,

Each finger on this ravishingly seductive Universe; was bonded by an intransigently amicable platform; of philanthropic friendship,

Each mind on this wonderfully serene Universe; was bonded by an unrelentingly rhapsodic blanket; of euphorically flaming fantasy,

Each blood on this eternally harmonious Universe; was bonded by the irrefutably ubiquitous religion; of marvelously benign humanity,

Each shadow on this vivaciously resplendent Universe; was bonded by an enchanting spell; of inexorably unending enigma,

Each throat on this celestially endowing Universe; was bonded by a blissfully divine wave; of effusively ardent sound,

Each lung on this insurmountably sacred Universe; was bonded by an indispensably exuberant cloud; of passionately embracing wind,

Each eyelid on this stupendously tingling Universe; was bonded by a unbelievably flirtatious radiance; of innocuous charm and frolic,

Each armpit on this unsurpassably intrepid Universe; was bonded by a perseveringly golden avalanche; of seductively sizzling sweat,

Each nostril on this compassionately united Universe; was bonded by a fervent cloudburst; of inevitably vital breath,

Each conscience on this vociferously blazing Universe; was bonded by an irrevocable whiff; of perpetual righteousness,

Each voice on this perennially spawning Universe; was bonded by an exhilarating inferno; of inscrutably eluding enthrallment,

And each heart on this astoundingly Godly Universe; was bonded by immortally unconquerable threads; of ecstatically proliferating love.

Nikhil Parekh

Each Life Loves

Each star twinkles,
Each rose scents,
Each clock ticks,
Each cloud drifts,
Each arm sweats,
Each lip smiles,
Each skin bleeds,
Each eye winks,
Each wind blows,
Each wave undulates,
Each echo mystifies,
Each seed sprouts,
Each mother bears,
Each pig gobbles,
Each fist curls,
Each ball rolls,
Each icecube melts,
Each bird flies,
Each cloth sequesters,
Each dungeon darkens,
Each soul stupefies,
Each nightingale mesmerizes,
Each tooth chews,
Each mosquito bites,
Each peacock blossoms,
Each lion roars,
Each mind dreams,
Each organism evolves,
Each soldier immortalizes,
Each shape signifies,
Each battle vindicates,
Each nose smells,
Each waterfall diffuses,
Each path leads,
Each summit personifies,
Each ideal enlightens,
Each ray brightens,
Each scorpion stings,
Each gutter stinks,

Each tongue satiates,
Each demeanor shadows,
Each root embeds,
Each cow milks,
Each glue sticks,
Each mirror reflects,
Each trend innovates,
Each beauty enchants,
Each destiny enthralls,
Each embrace intimates,
Each stare captivates,
Each pearl scintillates,
Each muscle fortifies,
Each game rejuvenates,
Each effort achieves,
Each foot tramples,
Each ambition drives,
Each lie decimates,
Each manipulation massacres,
Each passion fulminates,
Each wing flaps,
Each journey explores,
Each arrow wounds,
Each talent blooms,
Each mission idolizes,
Each example symbolizes,
Each joy celebrates,
Each tear commiserates,
Each emulation falsifies,
Each experience realizes,
Each desire erupts,
Each benevolence proliferates,
Each proof validates,
Each violence rebels,
Each sleep replenishes,
Each idea metamorphoses,
Each adjective enhances,
Each antiseptic heals,
Each parasite clings,
Each insult pinches,
Each nail scratches,
Each dog barks,

Each bee hums,
Each duck quacks,
Each squirrel nibbles,
Each feeling bonds,
Each silence blesses,
Each rebuke vomits,
Each spider weaves,
Each flame ignites,
Each eraser rubs,
Each brick constructs,
Each dolphin delights,
Each raspberry enthuses,
Each acid burns,
Each insinuation intrigues,
Each leaf withers,
Each snake hisses,
Each pirate plunders,
Each prince rules,
Each enigma eludes,
Each truth eternalizes,
Each emblem patronizes,
Each story modernizes,
Each whip tyrannizes,
Each raconteur soliloquizes,
Each shackle traumatizes,
Each beat pulsates,
Each wine intoxicates,
Each beam dazzles,
Each sword slashes,
Each advertisement beguiles,
Each feather tickles,
Each fire blazes,
Each matchstick incinerates,
Each droplet pacifies,
Each complication tenses,
Each sport recharges,
Each whisper reverberates,
Each model exposes,
Each commodity sells,
Each death depresses,
Each height impresses,
Each relationship harnesses,

Each inspiration leads,
Each medicine rehabilitates,
Each knife cuts,
Each noose strangulates,
Each tail wags,
Each desert simmers,
Each farmer ploughs,
Each scepter protects,
Each conviction delivers,
Each ink embosses,
Each fish swims,
Each frog croaks,
Each leech sucks,
Each astringent cleans,
Each wall defends,
Each cream titillates,
Each desire mellows,
Each romance flowers,
Each monster growls,
Each lunatic frenzies,
Each lover exultates,
Each revolution perseveres,
Each knot entangles,
Each reward astonishes,
Each cynosure reveals,
Each impersonation cheats,
Each coalition unites,
Each sharing satisfies,
Each yawn isolates,
Each poking irritates,
Each design synchronizes,
Each dimension accurates,
Each earthquake devastates,
Each misdeed penalizes,
Each thorn pierces,
Each picture portrays,
Each scowl abhors,
Each lock incarcerates,
Each key unveils,
Each bone crunches,
Each storm transcends,
Each stream gurgles,

Each fountain cascades,
Each suspense chills,
Each grave dooms,
Each cuckoo sings,
Each butterfly frolicks,
Each chameleon changes,
Each sadist tortures,
Each fist clenches,
Each neck rotates,
Each bank secures,
Each handshake binds,
Each repetition emphasizes,
Each panther gallops,
Each fox manipulates,
Each froth tantalizes,
Each caricature mocks,
Each ride frees,
Each hook captures,
Each horizon expands,
Each platform resurrects,
Each foothold maneuvers,
Each sheep bleats,
Each fountain cascades,
Each icecream cools,
Each candle melts,
Each rain stimulates,
Each bicycle pedals,
Each fossil recounts,
Each chocolate ravishes,
Each dragon snares,
Each rat squeaks,
Each sponge compresses,
Each spring rebounds,
Each thumbprint qualifies,
Each age teaches,
Each situation demands,
Each nostalgia yearns,
Each caress stirs,
Each encouragement revives,
Each elastic stretches,
Each file stores,
Each boundary limits,

Each mouth speaks,
Each wave ebbs,
Each bliss bestows,
Each salute respects,
Each cancer debilitates,
Each loss cripples,
Each scenery fascinates,
Each sunshine optimizes,
Each worm burrows,
Each flamingo hibernates,
Each crocodile pulverizes,
Each voluptuous excites,
Each lover sacrifices,
Each possessive obsesses,
Each support amalgamates,
Each ant irritates,
Each speck floats,
Each politician promises,
Each bat suspends,
Each rendezvous intimates,
Each spontaneity renews,
Each marauding destructs,
Each fever disorients,
Each utopia incantates,
Each burglar pilfers,
Each bludgeon strikes,
Each success inspires,
Each imagination transpires,
Each cheek blushes,
Each greed empties,
Each umbrella shelters,
Each culture cares,
Each smoke smolders,
Each film stars,
Each lick wets,
Each melody enthralls,
Each cognition triggers,
Each meditation concentrates,
Each cat meows,
Each volcano erupts,
Each tornado entrenches,
Each python swallows,

Each art expresses,
Each word exemplifies,
Each balance weighs,
Each nerve connects,
Each reflection magnifies,
Each magnet attracts,
Each philanthropism appreciates,
Each demon intimidates,
Each infant cries,
Each balloon bursts,
Each beak pecks,
Each envious condemns,
Each dawn embellishes,
Each infection spreads,
Each massage recharges,
Each host serves,
Each tip epitomizes,
Each soil cultivates,
Each bomb devastates,
Each enclosure obfuscates,
Each garland felicitates,
Each facility facilitates,
Each goodness prevails,
Each current electrocutes,
Each toy plays,
Each fairy marvels,
Each window overlooks,
Each eyeball moistens,
Each trendsetter motivates,
Each messiah ameliorates,
Each pagan violates,
Each mist obscures,
Each pain perpetuates,
Each humanitarian helps,
Each oil greases,
Each draught whistles,
Each conscience guides,
Each monotony exhausts,
Each drama evokes,
Each karma consecrates,
Each religion cares,
Each breath lives,

Each heart palpitates,
Each body relishes,
Each existence decides,
And each life loves.

Nikhil Parekh

Each Time You Lift The Cricket World Cup-We're Proud To Be A True Indian

Each time you enter the field in your royal robes of blue— it makes the hair of a billion of us stand up in uncanny excitement, high and handsome towards the sky,

Each time you wave to us from the dressing room—it makes a billion of us feel that we're the most united family ever on surface of planet divine,

Each time you send the ball whistling past the boundary ropes—it makes the heart of a billion of us leap out of our chests- to magically blend with you, beat for beat,

Each time you perform your beautifully invincible huddle—it makes us a billion of us feel that India is the strongest nation of them all, wondrously breathing and alive,

Each time you take those daring catches under the blinding Sun—it makes a billion of us feel that 'Impossible' is really a word non-existent and in the dictionary of dead fools,

Each time you rattle the opposition stumps with mere disdain—it makes a billion of us instantly gobble the deadliest venom in our laps—like it was life-yielding honey,

Each time you smile even under the mightiest onslaught around you—it makes a billion of us grit our teeth in determination—to forever conquer every devil in and around us,

Each time you ease out for lunch and refreshing drinks—it makes a billion of us fervently pray for the most sweetest of your victory- as you restarted a fresh innings,

Each time you tensely glance towards the miserably overcast skies—it makes a billion of us exude into inexhaustible pools of cold sweat—losing our mood for everything else,

Each time you rekindle the atmosphere with your heroic fielding—it makes a billion of us take fresh birth once again and lay all our inexplicable sorrows to

perennial rest,

Each time you collectively charge forward in a blood-curling appeal—it makes a billion of us want to enter the soul of the third umpire and rule every decision in your favor,

Each time you break records of even the slightest of denomination—it makes a billion of us salute our revered flag, in honor and glory of your majestically gallant prowess,

Each time you lay injured on the austere turf—it makes a billion of us inconsolably bleed in the innermost of our veins—wanting to be shoulder to each of your cries,

Each time you sportingly shake hands with the opposition even in face of defeat—it makes a billion of us feel that we're not at war-but relishing cricket at its imperious best,

Each time you run down the pitch to perseveringly earn every invaluable run—it makes a billion of us feel the scent of our sacred motherland drift from you—even though a countless kilometers apart,

Each time you go for the kill even as the target loomed impossibly beyond your reach—it makes a billion of us feel that the air around us is our ultimate resuscitating paradise,

And each time you lift the 'Cricket World Cup' for us or even thought of doing that in your dreams—it makes a billion of us rediscover our forgotten identities, makes us feel that we're proud to be an offspring of this great Indian soil—that we're proud to be a true Indian.

Nikhil Parekh

Earnest Hanger

Lifeless chunks of grey metal adroitly sculptured to form a delectably curved hook at the absolute end; that imperiously dominated the fabric of emptiness,

altruistically hosting the cumbersome weight of clothes of myriad shapes; proportions; textures; and exhilarating embroidery - with mesmerizing aplomb and without the tiniest of respite,

a lucky mascot for some humans as they meticulously carried it on plethora of their overseas trips and fantabulous expeditions; neatly tucked in their snobbishly corporate travel cases - where it majestically crafted the outlines of their designer suits and somber trouser,

a harmlessly joyous toy for children of different caste; creed; color and tribe - as they exuberantly hoisted and galloped with it - feeling compassionate and safe with it tightly clenched in their dexterously nimble palms,

nestled silent and demure in some dilapidated corner of the cupboard; wholesomely neglected - and then all of a sudden escalating as the most cherished celebrity - when the owner was in a hurricane of a rush to beautifully stack his clothes away and retire for the day,

enabling that wondrously replenishing contentment to a lavish wardrobe; which would be terribly incomplete without it; as it had its own inimitable silhouette amidst a motley array of cloth; drawers; shelves; handles; paper; paint and mosquito,

serving as the most precocious substitute for a missing stick when its master most needed it - to tackle the notorious thieves that had barged in impromptu into the silken interiors of the house; brutally distorting and shattering the safety grill,

the unparalleled darling of shopping malls of incredulous varieties and proportions - where it rather pompously protruded in its full and unabashed glory from the rustic wall of the trial changing room,

gregarious in disposition as it virtually and veritably adapted garment of any texture with all their fancifully embodied accessories - wonderfully acclimatizing to the weather prevailing upon any continent of planet earth,

not exactly an artists or poet's marvel to gorgeously fantasize about and tantalizingly crave for - but yet a quintessential item of utility for goodness - fabulously pampering a human's most intricately exquisite clothes,

an astounding exemplification of unfettered camaraderie between humans of different religions and richness - as it never discriminated even an insouciant trifle whilst accomodating the mesmerizing robes of the princes and queens - or the disdainfully fetid rags of the beggar on the street; in miserably threadbare shambles and deplorably tattered,

magnificently substituting as the most handsomely delectable pulley to extricate new born babies; who had accidentally tumbled into the bottom of the listless pit originally meant to store salubrious food grain for the impoverished family,

an unbelievably stupendous geometrical combination of a rectangle and a triangle juxtaposed harmoniously together - the ramification of which; led to an object of amazingly ravishing utility and convivial charisma,

a beautifully philanthropic marvel who selflessly served persons of various ages and professions without expecting any kudos - at occasions even lambasted for nothing - as man wretchedly vented his frustration upon its fearless demeanor,

triumphantly majestic and romantically contemporary - as it inhabited the most pristine environs of the garlanded castle - and was also ironically the most orphaned chunk of steel on the solitary rods of the versatile marketplace,

a daintily privileged accompaniment that arrived alongwith the marvelously voluptuous dresses that true lovers gave each other; and then skillfully assisted them to assemble their variety of aristocratic paraphernalia,

stunningly used to stir spectacular assortments of various foods in the bohemian pan; resulting in rhapsodic victory of scrumptiously enriching meal prepared and unadulterated fun,

used by people to strengthen their arms; as they stretched its differently sculptured top and bottom ends in as far opposite directions as feasible in their mortal capacity; and then felt their muscles fantastically reinvigorated,

was the earnest hanger.

Nikhil Parekh

Earthquake

an assembly of ornate utensils clashed down with fervor on the floor,
the ceiling fan got uprooted from its hinges,
there was a wailing echo emanating from the earth,
an avalanche of bulky rocks tumbled down the mountain slope,
blissful carpets of roads in the valley lay imprisoned beneath a river of mud,
gigantic trees which once breathed fire; now lay limp on the ground,
a fountain of cracks spread at maniacal speeds through walls in the edifice,
obstreperous sounds from the soil flooded the atmosphere,
a plethora of houses crumbled; like a pack of plastic cards,
sharp shards of metal flew haphazardly in the air,
rivers diverted their flow towards arid land,
animals hibernated from plush interiors of jungle to urban sands,
infinite denizens were sucked in ghastly crevices,
with immaculate children being torched by steaming curry of hot lava,
there was chaotic pandemonium on the once solitary streets,
people ran helter skelter; with tender siblings in hand,
the sun had forgotten to shine; the moon was juxtaposed behind clouds of oblivion,
my dwelling swayed like articulate swings of the golden circus,
with side slopes eventually caving in due to traumatic pressure of earth,
it was a gruesome catastrophe; which had decimated millions,
leaving their counterparts stranded on undulating hillocks of land,
the damage to life was unprecedented; with the whole nation reeling under the onslaught of mother nature,
some prayed to god for forgiveness; some for holistic solace,
the earthquake had measured 6.4 on the richters scale, lasting for a threadbare minimum of 10 seconds,
still able to assassinate minute traces of civilization; suckle the mightiest in blistering hot recesses of earth's belly.

Nikhil Parekh

Effects Of Musk Perfume

cloud smokes of aroma rose tantalizingly in the air,
dull sheaths of cabin air were drenched with fragrance,
spotless patches of shirt were smeared with wet spray,
transparent beds of water got coated with musk flavor,
bunch of flowers in cane pots went berserk,
dry parchments of paper fluttered in glee,
sheets of polished wood bubbled in ecstasy,
bathroom tiles sparkled, smelt of fresh scotch whisky,
heavy curtain drapery greedily absorbed moisture,
grey crested peacock spread majestic wings to full circles,
bulky leather folders were enveloped in residue of molten wax,
wire meshed window grills breathed in scented air,
ceiling fan blades revolved faster with pepped exhilaration,
pure stone idols showed feeble signs of new found life,
straight walls of plaster leaned closer for mere caresses,
persian ground carpet raised its fur in insatiable desire,
electronic telephone developed shriller tunes,
as i sprayed the deer musk perfume at all quarters,
maniacally compressed the release button to its fullest capacity,
spreading its exotic effect to every inch of free space in my room.

Nikhil Parekh

Electric Rays Of Bliss

Acrid Sunlight peeps through the windshield,
Bifurcating shades of yellow and green,
As satiny curls of my dermis go berserk,
My luscious lips produce glowing embers of animated smile,
As stringent rays of palpable dimensions,
Smother the grievances of a scalding destiny,
Stitching adeptly the dungeons of devastation,
Halting boulders of vexation,
Through sweetened fruits of creation.
The vivid network of intermingled light,
Finally blazes across my incoherent eyes,
Prompting me to secure my grip on the driving wheel,
Dousing flames of perverted imagery,
Exorbitantly rekindling my faith in mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

Electrocution

I watched television in fading hours of the evening,
resting against a cushioned foam of pure Dunlop,
pointing my large feet towards the placid moon,
twin pair of hands shielding my dreary eyes,
long quilt of rich satin engulfing my persona,
an uncorked bottle of white champagne full to the brim lying by my side,
crisp voices emanating from the flooding my ears,
i was ecstatic beyond definition of pleasure,
relishing roasted chunks of fish curry,
with torrential rain splashing vociferously through the partially open window
pane.

the sky barked loud echoes of lightening thunder,
swollen clouds collided with volatile intensity,
streaks of electricity swept across the galaxy,
magnified droplets of rain pelted down in vindication,
as masses of pitch dark air hovered dangerously above my house,
the inclement weather had taken complete toll on the proceedings.

the fury of rain was simply invincible,
fresh liquid now leaked from multiple cracks in the ceiling,
light switchboard sockets now oozed rain water,
sparks flew high and handsome from wire panels,
colossal consumption of alcohol had rendered me inalert,
as i alighted from my sleeping cave of kingly comfort,
to activate the switch for the morning alarm,
deathly chills of naked current ran through my entire body,
healthy blood froze in its veins,
the heart had stopped throbbing as an aftermath of shock,
my feeble knees couldn't hold me any longer,
i collapsed in a heap on the wet floor,
realms of death strangulated me in entirety,
acrid sparks of current causing instant electrocution.

Nikhil Parekh

Electronic Emperor

A warehouse of information,
a godown of electronic food grain,
with coagulated chips of telecommunication,
an instrument for incessant chat,
engraved with multiple numerals,
bold print of manufacturing firms,
dangling spirals of entwined rubber,
sealed to resistant cushioned plugs,
with shiny screw fasteners,
riveting a jugglery of charged fiber nodules,
entrapping signal waves from thick steel transmission cables,
interlocked with an array of codal communication,
bustling with feverish jingling activity,
piercing the air with melodious sounds,
flexing electronically configured vocal chords,
at instants of finger flesh,
in close proximity with protuberant plastic.
a pagan for exchanging emotions,
far distance business notes,
acclimatizing rural masses with marvels of electronic revolutions,
spanning unprecedented breadths of the countryside,
encompassing infinite habitats of survival,
with threads of indispensable sophistication.
an enviable transmitter of the human voice,
crowned as the electronic emperor
with a life span of more than a century,
and a gentle river of dial tone,
is what the telephone's all about.

Nikhil Parekh

Embrace Unconquerable Life

Suicide; is a ghastily lingering spirit between resplendently sparkling heaven and diabolically ghastly hell,

Suicide; is the most desperately hedonistic crime committed against every conceivable fraternity of all mankind,

Suicide; is the most truculently unforgivable outburst of any organism; murderously imperiling the crux of symbiotically mesmerizing existence,

Suicide; is a ghoulishly amorphous abode; without the most infinitesimal trace of doors; windows and robustly functioning entities,

Suicide; is an indescribably treacherous venom; which brutally asphyxiates the impoverished ghost; even after the wholesome end of priceless life,

Suicide; is the most preposterously scurrilous corpse that incarcerated you from all sides; morbidly dampening every quintessential iota of your blood,

Suicide; is the most luridly mortifying death that an entity could ever undergo; ensuring that he indefatigably suffocated in diminutive lidfulls of water while the other world danced; everytime it was born,

Suicide; is the most ultimate curse of the devil upon every civilization; religion and tribe; afflicting the fabric of society like an uncontrollably lambasting tumor; which simply had no end,

Suicide; is perniciously sinister balderdash; the most incongruously distorted and heartlessly inclement fantasy; that the stinking pigs could ever construe,

Suicide; is a coffin of disparagingly bludgeoning solitude; a measly quavering insect being blown away into the aisles of nothingness; at even the most mercurial draught of infidel wind,

Suicide; is a salaciously jinxed witch casting her spell of unsurpassable doom; even upon the most blissfully gratifying of destinies,

Suicide; is a vindictively hollow and lecherously gawky edifice; baselessly wavering towards the gallows of emptiness; without the most infinitesimal of foundations,

Suicide; is an inexplicably cancerous sorrow that gruesomely crucifies your soul; disdainfully maiming you on every step; for infinite more births of yours yet to unveil,

Suicide; is a flagrantly whipping extinction that had not the tiniest chance to ebulliently revive; stagnating in the prisons of torturously bleeding hell,

Suicide; is a flaccidly corpulent mosquito parasitically sucking blood every single day of its life; heartily preferring to sleep on a lavatory of derogatory shit; abrogating the most majestic of silken delights,

Suicide; is a chain of fanatically unpardonable misery; which perilously dries up every trace of mellifluously golden voice,

Suicide; is the most prurient caricature of vibrantly ecstatic life; slithering like an obnoxiously infected worm; in the junkyards of dissolutely demonic dilapidation,

Suicide; is dreadfully sinful abnegating of breath without the Lord's consent; a misdeed which even his Omnisciently magnanimous grace; could never ever condone,

Suicide is a tunnel of blindness without any end; Suicide is the most punitive betrayal of truth; desire; dream and immortal love; Suicide is an unrelentingly bloodstained night which inconsolably cries,

Therefore massacre the very thought before it transcends you to commit forlorn suicide O! Man; and instead embrace timeless sensuality; instead embrace enchanting beauty; instead embrace unconquerable life.

Nikhil Parekh

Emissions

The Sun emitted acerbic rays of stringent light,
flooding darkened zones of the cosmos,
providing dazzling brightness to all existing in
realms of unconsciousness,
filtering encrypted arena's scattered along
innumerable pores of the body.

the celestial body of moon emitted placid beams of fluorescent color,
inhabiting infinite spaces on earth with dormant ecstasy,
injecting fuming patches of land with loads of dreamy sedation,
piercing through the entangled labyrinth of mind with body blows of solitude.

the multicolored silhouette of rainbow emitted a blend of translucent gas,
illuminating the murky persona of sky with a plethora of gaudy paint,
encompassing boundless regions of the mundane galaxy,
posing as an ultimate novelty to the eye when spotted in river water.

gigantic towers of the chimney emitted grey balls of obnoxious smoke,
hanging for incessant periods of time in mute shells of air,
polluting wild undergrowths of foliage with its abysmal caress,
stabbing innocent pedestrians with draughts of abhorrent contamination.

Crystal balls of eyes emitted palpable rays of empathy,
Melting the most obdurate of hearts existing,
Captivating all with their immaculate presence,
Transforming wretched individuals besieged with immortality,
Into sagacious personalities uttering tales of benevolent love.

Nikhil Parekh

Enchanting Paradise

Extracting out just a droplet from the boundless ocean; won't make any difference at all to its swirling and vivacious persona,

Pulling out just a fragment of mud from the gargantuan body of the mountain; won't make any difference at all to its marvelously towering summit,

Pilfering out just a million out of the entire Government treasury; won't make any difference at all to its stupendously large demeanor,

Gulping down just a cube ice from the entire snow laden slope of the Himalayas; won't make any difference at all to its mystically scintillating persona,

Evacuating out just a flower from the entire garden of captivating roses; won't make any difference at all to its prolific growth and incredulously scented pride,

Plucking out just a pearl from the entire armory of oysters sprawled in incongruous heaps around; won't make any difference to its bombastic shine and profound shimmer; illuminating the ghastly night,

Snatching just a morsel of salubrious vegetable from the entire kitchen stashed abundantly with ravishing food; won't make any difference to its robust complexion and glowing health,

Tearing just a page out of the mammoth Bible; won't make any difference to its sacrosanct visage; the countless volumes of sacred verse epitomizing humanity embedded within,

Barging into just one room out of the infinite dwellings standing tall on the surface of this earth; won't make any difference at all to living space; the unsurpassable amount of abode's available for human existence,

Grabbing just an hour from the entire day; won't make any difference at all to the glory of time; the innumerable hours and minutes that it was bifurcated into,

Acquiring just a parchment of dictionary out of the unprecedented large collection of books; won't make any difference at all to the unending and spiraling heap of literature; the billions of sagacious pages intricately trapped inside,

Capturing just a diminutive flame out of the entire conflagration of simmering

twigs; won't make any difference at all to the visage of blistering fire; the poignant fumes of euphoria it emanated all throughout the night,

Hoisting just an inconspicuous knife out of the entire battlefield strewn with supremely glistening swords; won't make any difference at all to the spirit of daunting belligerence; the essence of bravado lingering predominantly all around,

Cutting just a serrated leaf out of the entire jungle embodied with gigantic strands of foliage; won't make any difference at all to the wilderness; the mesmerizing outgrowths extruding from every corner,

Occupying just a fraction of the entire cosmic space; won't make any difference at all to the countenance of the Royal Sun; the blanket of resplendent stars studded marvelously in every part of the sky,

Pouncing on just a moment of happiness out of the entire laughter in this world; won't make any difference at all to the virtue of smile; the mystical and enigmatic charm enveloping it since times immemorial,

Ripping apart just a flimsy chunk of cloth from the entire showroom overwhelmed with gaudy clothing; won't make any difference at all to the plethora of fluffy cotton wool cascading from all sides,

Capturing a single ray of the blazing Sun God; won't make any difference at all to its omnipotent aura; the tenacity with which it fumigated every nook and cranny of this earth,

And possessing just a single heart out of this entire Universe; loving just one girl out of the unlimited that existed on this planet; won't make any difference at all to the fervor of romance; the immortal strength it inculcated in one and all,

However even if these tiny and inconspicuous little things didn't make the slightest of impact on any of the animate world; they were definitely enough to metamorphose my life from one of gloom and constant despair; to enchanting paradise.

Nikhil Parekh

End & Start

From exactly the point where the thought process of the miserably decrepit night ended; started the optimistic imagination of brilliantly Omnipotent and blessedly purifying; daylight,

From exactly the point where the thought process of obnoxiously dogmatic lies ended; started the Omnipresent imagination of handsomely ebullient and insuperably righteous; truth,

From exactly the point where the thought process of obsolete desolation ended; started the vivacious imagination of uninhibitedly free and effulgently majestic; happiness,

From exactly the point where the thought process of vindictively disparaging drought ended; started the Omnipotent imagination of unceasingly rejuvenating and quintessentially euphoric; rain,

From exactly the point where the thought process of the salaciously marauding parasite ended; started the ubiquitous imagination of sacredly rhapsodic and priceless bonding; humanity,

From exactly the point where the thought process of barbarously incarcerating slavery ended; started the patriotic imagination of limitlessly wonderful and gloriously eternal; freedom,

From exactly the point where the thought process of dastardly worthless abuse ended; started the prolific imagination of astoundingly spell binding and beautifully burgeoning; procreation,

From exactly the point where the thought process of meaninglessly rotting chicanery ended; started the fragrant imagination of everlastingly embracing and celestially insuperable; honesty,

From exactly the point where the thought process of haplessly tortured loneliness ended; started the pristine imagination of compassionately embracing and unflinchingly united; togetherness,

From exactly the point where the thought process of demonically murderous nightmare ended; started the royal imagination of exhilaratingly stupefying and charismatically redolent; fantasy,

From exactly the point where the thought process of hedonistically uxorious ugliness ended; started the garnished imagination of amazingly nubile and resplendently exotic; beauty,

From exactly the point where the thought process of maliciously vagrant illiteracy ended; started the discerning imagination of sagaciously enlightening and altruistically magical; benevolence,

From exactly the point where the thought process of devastatingly terrorizing politics ended; started the iridescent imagination of eclectically vivid and panoramically mitigating; artistry,

From exactly the point where the thought process of sinfully insidious betrayal ended; started the triumphant imagination of perennially melanging and unbreakably peerless; friendship,

From exactly the point where the thought process of nonchalantly sadistic oblivion ended; started the blissful imagination of jubilantly enamoring and tantalizingly coalescing; melody,

From exactly the point where the thought process of sardonically lambasting devilishness ended; started the fecund imagination of unsurpassably Samaritan and enchantingly ameliorating; goodness,

From exactly the point where the thought process of diabolically prejudiced perfidiousness ended; started the perpetual imagination of immortally unstoppable and aristocratically earnest; love,

From exactly the point where the thought process of ghoulishly fretful death ended; started the benign imagination of unassailably victorious and Omnipresently evolving; life,

And from exactly the point where the thought process of every worthlessly conceivable and inconceivable; every fecklessly living and non-living; every molecular human and insect; on this earth had ended; started the Omniscient imagination of the unendingly spawning and boundlessly unconquerable; Almighty Lord.

Engaged!

When I tried to reach her via the rusty and corroded village phone; I simply couldn't savor the chance to talk to her; as it was incessantly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via road; I simply couldn't salvage the pleasure of witnessing the mesmerizing contours of her face; as the road was bustling with boisterous traffic; the road was disdainfully engaged,

When I tried to reach her via email; the usually high speed and overwhelmingly reliable internet server; was disastrously engaged,

When I tried to reach her via mental telepathy; I found my mind intransigently busy in pondering on something inconsequential; infact found my mind irrevocably engaged,

When I tried to reach her via local mail; I found myself confronted by an unimaginably onerous dilemma; as the entire postal authority was voraciously busy in delivering war messages and engaged,

When I tried to reach her via lightening fast air courier; the robotic jet carrying my indispensably precious message; crashed with a soft thud into the Atlantic; and all communication went morbidly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via satellite television; the white current of electricity brusquely snapped off; and the images got disdainfully engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the tenaciously thunderous loudspeaker; a family of mice ate the deliciously spongy wires; and the waves that now emanated were hoarsely engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the harmoniously flowing river; the waters suddenly brewed with a tumultuously fierce storm; were murderously engaged,

When I tried to reach her via exorbitantly paid fast taxi; the sleazy ticket counter was prolifically thronging with pedestrians; was miserably engaged,

When I tried to reach her via conventional fax; the usually synchronized and thoroughly ingenious machine; now blurted the tunes of insipidly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the electric paced bicycle; the traffic signal abruptly

metamorphosed to horrendously red; went pathetically and uncertainly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the nation wide radio; an immediate emergency got declared in all quarters of the state; the line conked out and eventually went mercilessly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via an ambulance perched on its relentlessly nictitating rooftop; a spuriously bandaged victim stopped its expedition midway; and it was rendered compulsively engaged,

When I tried to reach her via my sophisticated little mobile instrument; ready to pay even astronomical sums of money to establish rapport with her passionately divine presence; the line sounded a mockingly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the stridently blaring whistle; signaling her surreptitiously to come out in brilliant sunshine; there spewed a sandstorm in the placid atmosphere; drowning my voice in entirety; leaving it momentarily engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the contemporarily gleaming lift; I embarrassingly floundered in my attempts; as the contraption was deplorably stuck between two floors; was for the time being stubbornly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the celestial heavens; I simply wasn't able to appease the Creator to help me in my cause; as his Omnipresent presence was busy chalking policies for the sustenance of this mighty Universe; was a trifle engaged,

And my string of bad luck didn't end here itself; when I finally did manage to reach her enchanting doorstep; I found much to my utter dismay; that she had already chosen the man of her dreams; was already engaged.

Nikhil Parekh

Entering The New Millennium

High pulsating music in country discotheque,
youngsters moving to vibrant beats of sound,
streets decorated with piercing sodium light,
shops flooded with surplus discounts,
array of cars crowding main streets,
rough shod bikes vomiting clouds of smoke,
mega sized parachutes sailing in sky,
televisions displaying a host of programs,
government firms closed for the day,
cable cars conveying loads of passengers,
to freezing precipices of snow clad alps,
bottled champagne flowing in garden parties,
explosive dynamite burnt on streets,
producing cascade of descending fireworks,
cinemas screening titanic full to capacity,
animals released from personal bondage,
scintillating ship cruise of pacific ocean,
incessant ringing of church bells,
athletic sprints in all world existing,
uniformed police having a nightmarish time,
high rise structures a festival of lights,
giant clock towers flashing left over time,
breathless crowds visualizing freedom,
from countless sins of past century,
with all existing youth on bustling streets,
and the old glued to coverage to be telecast live,
billions anticipated the change of century,
the first Sun rays of the brand new millennium.

Nikhil Parekh

Entirely Naked.

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this amazing Universe; who dressed to the most enthrallingly contemporary of their ability; just to visit the gaudily draped shopping malls,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this mesmerizing Universe; who dressed to the most pompously corporate of their ability; just to visit the corridors of the sanctimoniously plush office,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this spell binding Universe; who dressed to the most bountifully majestic of their ability; just to visit enchantingly aristocratic castle,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this unsurpassable Universe; who dressed to the most supremely patriotic of their ability; just to visit the sacredly fearless ground of the battlefield,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this insuperable Universe; who dressed to the most fantastically redolent of their ability; just to visit the beautifully celestial gardens,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this triumphant Universe; who dressed to the most surreally rustic of their ability; just to visit the unbelievably articulate artist,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this limitless Universe; who dressed to the most impregnably adventurous of their ability; just to visit the sensuously exhilarating forests,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this inexhaustible Universe; who dressed to the most exuberantly tangy of their ability; just to visit the timelessly undulating oceans,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this unending Universe; who dressed to the most philanthropically benign of their ability; just to visit the inimitably Omnipotent temple,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this indefatigable Universe; who dressed to the most passionately peppy of their ability; just to visit the vividly pulsating discotheque,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this endless Universe; who dressed to the most unabashedly licentious of their ability; just to visit the tawdrily throbbing pub,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this ecstatic Universe; who dressed to the most unassailably subliming of their ability; just to visit the absolute epitome of priceless Mount Everest,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this colossal Universe; who dressed to the most mellifluously ebullient of their ability; just to visit the incessantly chattering and melodiously sugar coated beehive,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this spectacular Universe; who dressed to the most stupendously intriguing of their ability; just to visit the incredulously enigmatic magician,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this egalitarian Universe; who dressed to the most scantily mortifying of their ability; just to visit the compassionately silken and reinvigorating waterfalls,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this righteous Universe; who dressed to the most pugnaciously cannibalistic of their ability; just to visit the despicably abhorrent underworld Don,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this handsome Universe; who dressed to the most candidly unbiased of their ability; just to visit the unfathomably benevolent mirror of truth,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this uncanny Universe; who dressed to the most ferociously spirited of their ability; just to visit the domineeringly bare breasted lioness,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this resplendent Universe; who dressed to the most traditionally laconic of their ability; just to visit the bounteously effervescent village,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this gargantuan Universe; who dressed to the most impeccably venerated of their ability; just to visit the Omnipresently bestowing feet of the immortal mother,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this charismatic Universe; who

dressed to the most divinely vibrant of their ability; just to visit the perpetually jubilant fortress of unassailable life,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this luminescent Universe; who dressed to the most bizarrely dilapidate of their ability; just to visit the forlornly morbid and fetid graveyard,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this exhilaratingly Universe; who dressed to the most studiously innocuous of their ability; just to visit the fervently holistic and learned school,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this piquant Universe; who dressed to the most tantalizing sensuous of their ability; just to visit the bodies of their immortal lovers,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this inebriating Universe; who dressed to the most athletically robust of their ability; just to visit the emphatically tenacious interiors of the overwhelmingly flexible gym,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this concord Universe; who dressed to the most irrefutably deserving of their ability; just to visit the footsteps of their brilliantly persevering and infallibly flawless father,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this untamed Universe; who dressed to the most buoyantly uninhibited of their ability; just to visit the firmament of blessedly blue and pristine sky,

There were an infinite on the trajectory of this ravishing Universe; who dressed to the most aridly unceasing of their ability; just to visit the fathomless sands of the swelteringly sulking desert,

And then there was of course me; an diminutively impoverished slave of Lord Almighty; who lay without the most infinitesimal of cloth and entirely naked amidst the intoxicatingly fragrant dewdrops of grass; just to pen and keep on indefatigably penning a countless lines of perennially fructifying poetry; which were an infinite times more than a infinitely perceivable infinite.

Nikhil Parekh

Entirely On Their Own

Reason to fear was with those who had resplendently sparkling sight; as even the tiniest thought of a blur obfuscating their eyes; made them uncontrollably tremble towards the aisles of nothingness,
While the ones blind since the very first cry of birth; surged intrepidly forward with nothing to lose; as the only Sun for them was an island of wholesomely penalizing blackness.

Reason to fear was with those who had fathomless treasuries of gold and compassionate belonging; as even the tiniest thought of misery coming their way; made them frantically chew the last chunk of their skins,
While the ones brutally orphaned and penniless since the very first cry of birth; merrily gallivanted forward with nothing to lose; as the most majestic cheer for them; was their soul of despicably wavering loneliness.

Reason to fear was with those who had perennially floated in opulent wines and tantalizing food; as even the tiniest thought of prosperity deserting them; made them sweat like a coward with nothing to lose; as their most charismatically sensuous expression was a despondent dungeon of remorsefully lambasting silence.

Reason to fear was with those who had enchantingly vibrant ears; as even the tiniest thought of voices abandoning them; made them insanely wander through clouds of frazzled emptiness,
While the ones perpetually deaf since the very first cry of birth; harmoniously surged forward with nothing to lose; as their most poignantly volatile inspiration to exist was a graveyard of pin drop solitude.

Reason to fear was with those who were unconquerable kings; as even the tiniest thought of the diamonds popping out from their pompous crowns; made them inexplicably beat their fists towards the corridors of diabolical hell,
While the ones opprobriously squelched like rotten tomatoes since the very first cry of their birth; exuberantly surged forward with nothing to lose; as their most pristine moments in life were nothing but a gutter of unsurpassable filth.

Reason to fear was with those who incessantly tantalized themselves with the feathers of enchanting desire; as even the tiniest thought of all nubile fantasy abnegating them; made them maniacally bleed in threadbare dust,
While the ones bizarrely lynched since the very first cry of birth; blisteringly flew forward with nothing to lose; as their most gloriously fecund prowess was to

procreate none like their own.

And reason to fear was with those who passionately palpitated into fireballs of togetherness every instant; as even the tiniest thought of their beloved betraying them; made them desperately rip apart their veins into an infinite ungainly bits, While the ones disparagingly bereft of love since the very first cry of birth; phlegmatically ticktocked forward with nothing to lose; as the most marvelously cherished aspect of their survival; was to be left entirely on their own.

Nikhil Parekh

Entirely Your Very Own Decision

You might have inherited the most fantastically beautiful color of your eyes; from your wonderfully sacrosanct parents;
But whether you use them to sight philanthropic goodness; or whether you relentlessly stared with them at diabolically cannibalistic parasites; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most artistically articulate shape of your teeth; from your beautifully compassionate parents,
But whether use them for blissfully relishing fruits of divine nature; or whether you satanically excoriated daintily innocuous flesh into infinitesimal nothingness with them; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most enchantingly curvaceous outlines of your feet; from your symbiotically priceless parents,
But whether you use them to unflinchingly march forward for the cause of the despairingly deprived; or whether you indiscriminately squelched limitless innocent into their threadbare corpse with them; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most lusciously scarlet lips; from your magnanimously Omnipotent parents,
But whether you use them for celestially suckling the sweetness of Omnisciently united creation; or whether you morbidly pursed around the dead organism's decayed blood with them; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most handsomely broad silhouette of your shoulders; from your blessedly benign parents,
But whether you use them for altruistically hoisting countless haplessly orphaned; or whether you insidiously blocked the way of peerless righteousness with them; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most eclectically conical design of your fingers; from your mellifluously insuperable parents,
But whether you use them for sketching the fathomlessly panoramic wonderment of this planet; or whether you entwine them with the palms of unforgivable crime; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most ruddily fair color of your skin; from your

royally unconquerable parents,

But whether you use it for ubiquitously diffusing the essence of tantalizing beauty; or whether you barbarously make a parody of all those darker than you with it; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most eloquently mesmerizing voice; from your effulgently victorious parents,

But whether you use it for synergistically mollifying every bit of apocalyptic bedlam on this Universe; or whether you vituperatively hurl it to nefariously subjugate every pregnant mother; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most quintessentially amazing virility; from your selflessly venerated parents,

But whether you use it for sowing the seeds of timelessly endowing goodness; or whether you use it to impregnate every living organism with maliciously slandering venom; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most mischievously harmonious contours of your nostrils; from your invincibly unparalleled parents,

But whether you use them to inhale the winds of ecumenical disarmament; or whether you exhale unsurpassably filthy maelstroms of lethal hatred from them; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

And You might have inherited the most salubriously unceasing heart; from your inimitably godly parents,

But whether you use it to perennially diffuse the beats of Immortally unassailable love; or whether you acrimoniously circumscribe it within the chains of derogatorily ribald betrayal; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

Nikhil Parekh

Equal Equanimity

When I first saw her; I felt tremors of unparalleled excitement euphorically enshroud me; till the very last bone of my spine,
While today when we had perpetually coalesced in threads of immortal love; I had not even the most infinitesimal iota of fear; as I willingly surrendered myself to the most ghastliest of death.

When I first saw her; I felt unsurpassable torrents of ecstatic rhapsody tingle me till times beyond blissful eternity; as I uncontrollably slithered in the clouds of timelessly endless desire,
While today when we had perennially bonded in flames of impregnable love; I philandered without even the tiniest of circumspection in my eyes; ready any instant for the most torturously truculent of death.

When I first saw her; I felt unfathomable infernos of exuberance envelop every ingredient of my scarlet blood; as I unrelentingly envisaged the compassionate magic of her sensuously ravishing caress,
While today when we had invincibly bonded in mists of bountifully unassailable love; I smilingly invited the corpse of traumatic death; unflinchingly bonding my spirit with the Omnisciently divine.

When I first saw her; I felt like the most majestic prince on this colossal earth; fabulously romanticizing in the realms of stupendous aristocracy and tantalizing passion,
While today when we had unshakably blended in the entrenchment of mesmerizing love; I trespassed even the most acrimonious fires of hell barefooted; liberating my mind; body and spirit; in wholesome entirety.

When I first saw her; I felt as if all enchantingly blooming goodness of the gigantic planet; had been sumptuously bestowed on my impoverished lap,
While today when we had irrefutably intermingled in the tunes of gorgeously everlasting love; I selflessly relinquished every organ of my body for all bereaved humanity; asking the devil to squelch me instead.

When I first saw her; I felt insatiably untamed whirlpools of longing profusely encapsulate my nimble flesh; with the yearning embrace her voluptuous body; overwhelmingly towering over every other thing on this Universe,
While today when we had unequivocally united in the fortress of unbreakable love; I had not the most capricious of apprehension; in imparting bone of my body to the valley of sadistic death.

When I first saw her; I felt as if I had just discovered my truest identity in vibrant existence; astoundingly spell bound by her regally Omnipotent footsteps, While today when we had intransigently mated in the swirl of heavenly love; I wholeheartedly welcome morbid death on my doorstep; bid adieu to this planet with grateful contentment aligning the contours of my diminutive face.

When I first saw her; I felt that the fathomless horizons were a fraction too short; as the paradise of empathy in her marvelously enthralling eyes; stretched till boundless kilometers even beyond infinite infinity, While today when we had irrevocably melanged in the ocean of vivacious love; I altruistically bestowed every speck of my breath to all those despicably thwarted; before handing my penurious body to the scavengers of vindictive death.

And when I first saw her; I felt that the beats of my passionately thundering heart made me the most priceless scintillating entity alive; as I embarked on an expedition of impeccable truth on every step that I tread, While today when we had divinely fused in the fragrance of symbiotically philanthropic love; I handsomely saluted the chapters of life and inexplicable death with equal equanimity; was duly prepared for both any instant; whatever the Lord had in store for me.

Nikhil Parekh

Equally Intolerable

There is nothing such as small crime or big crime; for every crime that is ghastily committed; is equally pernicious and a cadaverous graveyard of insane deliriousness,

There is nothing such as small stink or big stink; for every stink that tyrannically emanates; is equally flagrant and a corpse of grotesquely asphyxiating remorsefulness,

There is nothing such as small manipulation and big manipulation; for every manipulation that insidiously flourishes; is equally sinister and a crumbling edifice of vapidly ostracizing fecklessness,

There is nothing such as small devil and big devil; for every devil that cold-bloodedly marauds; is equally satanic and a ghoulishly sadistic carcass of relentlessly victimizing decay,

There is nothing such as small insanity and big insanity; for every insanity that preposterously lambastes; is equally dastardly and an outright crucifixion of the laws of symbiotically propitious existence,

There is nothing such as small prejudice and big prejudice; for every prejudice that maliciously lingers; is equally derogatory and a venomously strangulating battlefield; eventually withering into infinitesimal wisps of livid hell,

There is nothing such as small corruption or big corruption; for every corruption that opprobriously mutilates; is equally cannibalistic and an unstoppably vicious maelstrom of criminally salacious injustice,

There is nothing such as small abuse or big abuse; for every abuse that sinfully curses without any reason or rhyme; is equally decrepit and a gutter of brutally unsolicited trash; that morosely infiltrates impeccable lives,

There is nothing such as small stagnation or big stagnation; for every stagnation that amorously devastates; is equally traumatic and an inconspicuously unforgiving dungeon of rapacious parasites,

There is nothing such as small infidelity or big infidelity; for every infidelity that

ruthlessly betrays; is equally disastrous and an uncontrollably evaporating desert of cancerous sadness,

There is nothing such as small obstacle or big obstacle; for every obstacle that unsavorily stops; is equally bellicose and a frigidly skittish mist which wholesomely dissolves with the voice of eternal righteousness,

There is nothing such as small unGodliness or big unGodliness; for every unGodliness that indiscriminately bombards; is equally penurious and a raunchily threadbare rag that rots in the confines of unforgiving imprisonment,

There is nothing such as small delinquency or big delinquency; for every delinquency that fatally victimizes; is equally punishable and a helplessly squirming maimed insect for the fabric of resplendent mankind,

There is nothing such as small ghost or big ghost; for every ghost that vengefully jinxes; is equally morbid and a meaninglessly wastrel thorn for all echelon of blissful society,

There is nothing such as small lie or big lie; for every lie that savagely extinguishes; is equally lame and a murderous bedlam of lugubrious non-existence,

There is nothing such as small politics or big politics; for every politics that atrociously disintegrates; is equally disdainful and a perilously numbing blackness of mercilessness which never ends,

There is nothing such as small monotony or big monotony; for every monotony that despicably jails; is equally obnoxious and an unimaginable poison that annihilates every iota of freshness in the; ingratiatingly celestial atmosphere,

There is nothing such as small heartlessness or big heartlessness; for every heartlessness that fiendishly decimates; is equally demonic and a stream of stray blood without the tiniest of rudiments or integrity,

And there is nothing such as small death or big death; for every death that barbarously snatches; is equally intolerable and a final adieu to the chapters of Omnipotently sacrosanct life and unconquerably priceless humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

Eternal Creation

The Parent's job just doesn't end at giving birth to the child; but to irrefutably ensure that the infant was nourished with their breath and blood till the time it could unflinchingly fend for its symbiotic survival; was what the Almighty Creator had

eternally created them for,

The Sun's job just doesn't end at giving birth to light; but to irrefutably ensure that the rays optimistically enlightened even the most infinitesimally lugubrious cranny of remorsefully cloistered earth; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Rose's job just doesn't end at giving birth to fragrance; but to irrefutably ensure that the majestic resplendence ebulliently blossomed into the lives of countless haplessly beleaguered and bereaved; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Peak's job just doesn't end at giving birth to victory; but to irrefutably ensure that the royal triumph peerlessly massacred even the most ethereal iota of devilishness from this Universe; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

Nature's job just doesn't end at giving birth to newness; but to irrefutably ensure that the evolution metamorphosed every bit of egregiously stagnating ghoulishness into a sky of rhapsodic freshness; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Cloud's job just doesn't end at giving birth to rain; but to irrefutably ensure that the water stupendously ignited vivaciously iridescent life in every ingredient of hopelessly dying soil; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Conscience's job just doesn't end at giving birth to truth; but to irrefutably ensure that the righteousness insuperably conquered every trace of diabolical lies on earth and the atmosphere; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Ocean's job just doesn't end at giving birth to salt; but to irrefutably ensure that the tanginess wonderfully illuminated every treacherously spiceles and deliriously lackadaisical moment of life; was what the Almighty Creator had

eternally created it for,

The Poet's job just doesn't end at giving birth to fantasy; but to irrefutably ensure that the dream spellbindingly impregnates the winds of Omnipotent romance into monotonously monstrous robots; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created him for,

The Lip's job just doesn't end at giving birth to smiles; but to irrefutably ensure that the happiness altruistically perpetually perpetuates into every dwelling incarcerated in chains of murderous gloom; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Rainbow's job just doesn't end at giving birth to vividness; but to irrefutably ensure that the color timelessly enshrouded every gruesomely befriended orphan; miserably deteriorating on the globe; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Shadow's job just doesn't end at giving birth to tranquility; but to irrefutably ensure that the peacefulness granted celestial reprieve to every bizarrely estranged soul squandering on this Universe; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The philanthropist's job just doesn't end at giving birth to unity; but to irrefutably ensure that the oneness miraculously coalesced every spuriously staggering and cold-bloodedly fighting caste; creed and tribe into the unassailable religion of humanity; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created him for,

The wind's job just doesn't end at giving birth to freedom; but to irrefutably ensure that the liberation unequivocally freed every element of torturously enslaved earth till times immemorial; was what the Almighty Creator had created it for,

The night's job just doesn't end at giving birth to sensuality; but to irrefutably ensure that the passion brilliantly transformed every speck of infertility into the chapters of everlastingly Omniscient procreation; was what the Almighty Creator had created it for,

The eyelash's job just doesn't end at giving birth to flirtation; but to irrefutably ensure that the mischief serenely catapulted every fretfully frenetic organism into realms of impeccable childhood; was what the Almighty Creator had created it for,

The soldier's job just doesn't end at giving birth to martyrdom; but to irrefutably ensure that the valor to timelessly serve the motherland; throbbed fearlessly in every chest; even centuries after his veritable death; was what the Almighty Creator had created him for,

The breath's job just doesn't end at giving birth to life; but to irrefutably ensure that the exultation inexhaustibly transcended over; even the most inane anecdote of baseless corruption and demeaning death; was what the Almighty Creator had created it for,

And the heart's job just doesn't end at giving birth to Love; but to irrefutably ensure that the compassionate togetherness tirelessly bonded the entire planet into a paradise of Omnipresently unshakable strength; was what the Almighty Creator had created it for

Nikhil Parekh

Eternal E-Paper

Believe me. Trees astoundingly procreate like we do; the fruits that they compassionately bear for times immemorial; is an irrefutably invincible testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as equally emotional as us; the whispers that they timelessly emanate into at the tiniest insinuation of crackling thunder; is an brilliantly undaunted testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees symbiotically defecate like we do; the sporadically formed pools of moisture near their stem; is an marvelously undettered testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees uninhibitedly diffuse into unsurpassable happiness like we do; the beautifully unfettered rustling of their leaves at the first rays of golden dawn; is a regally vibrant testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees dance as vivaciously as we do; the ebulliently enchanting swaying of their branches at the onset of ecstatically blessed spring; is a marvelously spell-binding testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees get as blissfully mesmerized as we do; the impeccable sheath of poignant dew on their leaves every milky midnight; is a unfathomably impregnable testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees get as naturally fatigued as we do; the pathetically drooping periphery of their demeanor at impoverished sunset; is a spectacularly unshakable testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees have as much unhindered sensuality as we do; the freshly born tendrils unassailably clinging to the branches under spurts of torrentially rhapsodic rain; is a bountifully undeniable testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as thunderously volatile as us; their metamorphosing into an unimaginably anguished scarlet at the sight of innocent being mercilessly beheaded beside them; is an unflinchingly peerless testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as uncannily secretive as us; the surreptitiously mystical reverberating of their stalks at the settling of darkness; is an incorrigibly irretrievable testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as diminutively erring as us; the intermittent oomph's of frustration wafting from their imperfectly corrugated persona all day and night; is a supremely infallible testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as fantastically innovative as us; the incessant unfurling of limitlessly panoramic beauty from their visage every moment; is an irrevocably unnerving testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees harbor the same sense of united oneness as we do; their altruistically sharing their fruit with organisms of every caste; creed and color alike; is an immutably handsome testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are blessed with the same aura of tireless perseverance as we are; their slowly and slowly culminating into gigantically unparalleled foliage from just a minuscule seed; is an indomitably royal testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as insuperably eclectic as us; their amazingly tenacious grit to acclimatize to every season; storm and rain, singing; blossoming; defending; sequestering; all at the same time; is a pricelessly sacred testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as incredulously reactive as us; the curling of their branches at the tiniest innuendo of danger and unfurling of their leaves full throttle at the first beams of fresh morning; is an

unbelievably miraculous testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as sacredly worshipping as us; their inexhaustibly existing in synergy with God's unceasingly vivid environment; is a boundlessly effulgent testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as much holistically breathing as us; the wind perpetually exhaling from even the most infinitesimal pore of their emolliently serrated skin; is an unconquerably undefeated testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as immortally loving as us; the unbreakable relationships that they form with every conceivably philanthropic entity of the atmosphere and beyond; is a timelessly exemplary testimonial to the same.

So. The Next time you think of chopping a tree for "Paper" or spuriously turgid bonfires to passionately enlighten your every dreary night; remember that you'd be insanely annihilating one human of your own kind,

Instead. I'd humbly suggest friends. Please switch over to Lightning fast and non-invasively state-of-the-art Modern Technology. Please switch over to the unlimitedly bountiful Internet. Please switch over to harmlessly innocuous; yet majestically sparkling and ETERNAL E-PAPER.

Nikhil Parekh

Even After This Earth; Was No Longer Mine

Some loved her for her ravishingly sensuous lips; insatiably wanting to feast on their enchantingly mesmerizing softness,

Some loved her for her tantalizingly seductive smiles; tirelessly wanting to become every tinkle of rapturous laughter; that she ebulliently diffused from her poignant throat,

Some loved her for her exotically glistening sweat; salaciously wanting to titillatingly suckle it; till the very end of their times,

Some loved her for her rhapsodically heaving bosom; treacherously wanting to incarcerate its voluptuous contours; in the delights of their cold-bloodedly bohemian palms,

Some loved her for her ravishingly tantalizing hair; perennially wanting to feel its exhilarating cascaded; upon their brutally impoverished lap's,

Some loved her for her enticingly melodious voice; unsurpassably wanting to be the every tune that she so majestically wafted; from within the inner most realms of her soul,

Some loved her for her ingratiatingly flapping ears; satanically wanting to nibble their gloriously tingling sweetness; till times beyond infinite infinity,

Some loved her for her fascinatingly intoxicating belly; indefatigably wanting to nestle in its compassionate softness; every unfurling instant of the sweltering and well past the heart of vibrantly vivacious midnight,

Some loved her for her euphorically reverberating legs; uxoriously wanting to dance with her triumphant form; and their bodies wholesomely intermingled with her compassionate rhyme,

Some loved her for her charmingly silken palms; devilishly wanting to coalesce every element of their destiny with hers; hide their ungainly faces in her invincibly unflinching fists,

Some loved her for her immaculately scintillating teeth; tyrannically wanting to make them their nimbly listening slave; chattering in obeisant submission to even the most mercurial of their commands,

Some loved her for her spell bindingly heavenly fragrance; timelessly wanting to captivate its miraculous freshness; in their truculently manipulative repertoire, Some loved her for her royal sensitivity; forcefully wanting to forever melange with her astoundingly celestial artistry; to fantastically alleviate their haplessly shattered lives,

Some loved her for her impeccably blessing stride; unrelentingly wanting to incarcerate every step on which she tread; to irrefutably uplift themselves in all aspects of mystically unveiling life,

Some loved her for her aristocratically fluttering eyelashes; inexorably wanting to flirt with her playfully rollicking countenance; gloriously catapulting them back into the realms of their innocent childhood,

Some loved her for her unfathomably satiny gentleness; endlessly wanting to assimilate all the sweetness of her survival; in the horrifically spurious masks of their satanic crime,

Some loved her for her unassailably priceless honesty; intransigently wanting to capture her indomitably humanitarian spirit; in the whites of their pathetically dwindling eyes,

Some loved her for her stupendously exultating breath; irrevocably wanting to deluge their disdainfully lugubrious and worthlessly cacophonous corpses; with the Omnipresent elixir of her magically endowing existence,

While I loved her for her divinely immortal heart; for the uninhibited reservoir of togetherness that she spread on every direction that she holistically traversed; for the Omnipotent purpose that she had so optimistically illuminated in my slithering life; for the perpetual love which she had so selflessly showered upon me; bonding her beats with me even after this earth was no longer mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Even As The Night Falls

Hands sandwiched well beneath slabs of freezing ice; exploring the fabulous chill to the most unprecedented limits,

Feet transgressing through meadows of voluptuous green grass; stupendously relishing the glistening dew drops protruding enchantingly from the stalks,

Tongue seductively slurping tantalizing mountains of ice-cream; placidly resting in astronomical pleasure soon thereafter,

Eyes glimpsing the majestically alluring waves of the ocean; sweeping like an exotic whirlpool through a myriad of mesmerizing sights in this gigantic Universe,

Neck dancing rampantly under milky beams of moonlight; gyrating delectably with drifting draughts of exuberant breeze,

Hair trembling in tumultuous euphoria on scalp; as more than a billion droplets of water tumbled in vivacious frenzy from the sky,

Ears profoundly listening to the astoundingly melodious sound of the nightingale; entirely oblivious to the disdainful cacophony of the outside world,

Nails weaving mystical paths through a planet deluged with silk; absorbing the tingling softness in its most overwhelming state of compassion,

Nose profusely inhaling the scent of scarlet rose; wholesomely engulfed by an island of sedative flower and scent,

Teeth compassionately suckling on cubes of blissful sugarcane; inundating the barren palette of mouth with rejuvenating showers of untamed ecstasy,

Eyelids nictitating flirtatiously in the aisles of incomprehensible desire; mischievously reminiscing nostalgic sequences of innocuous childhood,

Throat humming indefatigably about a conviction to fight life; emanating boisterous tunes as the persona arose from the ashes,

Belly coated with toppings of appetizing cheese; impregnating a sensation more titillating than misty cocoons of smoke grey clouds,

Shadow fluttering tranquilly on obscure ground; enticing an ocean of dreams as it daintily maneuvered,

Sweat that has an oligarchic golden color; dribbling thunderously down my arms in anxious anticipation,

Toes on reinvigorating embers of sizzling fire; flooding my impoverished demeanor with loads of indomitable resilience and relaxing warmth,

Bones embodied with spurts of robust energy; imparting a resurgent tenacity to ebulliently bounce forward in true life,

Soul that leaves its impression even centuries after its disappearance; ubiquitously propagating the essence of philanthropic benevolence in the life of every human being,

And a heart that palpitates only for love till the time it lives; and even decades thereafter; is how I want each part of my body to be O! Lord; to win and emerge unflinchingly unnerved; even as the night falls.

Nikhil Parekh

Even Before I Could Take Birth

Even before I could open my lips; he had already decided what was I going to speak; the synchronized order in which I would utter each word,

Even before I could hoist my foot; he had already decided which portions of earth I would tread on; the intricate path I would weave towards victory,

Even before I could open my wardrobe; he had already decided the garments I would adorn; the most minuscule of attire I would use to engulf myself lavishly from head to toe,

Even before I could let my mind loose; he had already decided my dream; the exotic fairies that I would perceive floating delectably in the colossal Universe,

Even before I could manipulate my fingers; he had already decided what I was going to write; inundate countless sheets of blank paper with incomprehensible verses of pure literature,

Even before I could open my eyes; he had already decided what I would sight; profoundly admire all the enchanting things that he had evolved in this world,

Even before I could turn the pages of the textbook; he had already decided the route of my career; the ensemble of degrees and accolades which I would be bestowed upon in this lifetime of mine,

Even before I could feel hungry; he had already decided the food I would consume; the morsels of sumptuous fruit I would masticate in relish in order to appease my gluttony,

Even before I could contemplate time; he had already decided the hour which I would blissfully sleep; the hour which I would be as awake as the vivaciously chirping bird,

Even before I could lift color; he had already decided the exquisite shapes I would embody on the canvas; capturing the spell binding beauty of the gargantuan
gorge with the rustic strokes of my bushy paint brush,

Even before I could raise my hands to fight; he had already decided the unsurpassable territories that I would conquer; the number of diabolical demons

which I would trample with the Herculean strength circulating in my arms,

Even before I could strain my ears; he had already decided the sounds I would hear; the infinitesimal voices of tinkling feet that would flood my soul with unprecedented happiness,

Even before I could love; he had already decided the girl whom I was going to marry; the woman who would make my life; in all respects solid and blissfully complete,

Even before I could pray; he had already decided the wishes I would ask for; the things I desired to fervently possess by my bedside,

Even before I could start to work; he had already decided the color of my sweat; the amount of effort I would have to put in; in order to metamorphose all my dreams into veritable reality,

Even before I commenced from my dwelling; he had already decided the places I would frequent; the roads I would transgress in the course of my adventurous expedition,

Even before I could admire my reflection; he had already decided the supremely dainty contours of my face; the perfect physiognomy that a human could ever have been endowed with,

Even before I could take my last breath; he had already decided the space in heaven which I would occupy; the balance and equilibrium of all the good and bad that I had committed on this earth,

And even before I could take birth; he had already decided the number of breaths I would take in this life; the actual and exact path it would take; the real route of my destiny.

Nikhil Parekh

Even Greater

It was great to wholeheartedly smile; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was spreading its celestial essence to the most miserably orphaned quarters of this boundless Universe,

It was great to marvelously fantasize; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was granting a right to every person irrespective of caste; creed; or religion; to profoundly do the same; alike,

It was great to stupendously sight; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was philanthropically assisting all those besieged with gruesomely devastating blindness; immortalizing their dreams into an eternal reality,

It was great to eat tantalizing food; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to feed the horrendously famished and deprived; witness them blossom into the celestially benign citizens of tomorrow,

It was great to dress up ravishingly beautiful; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to embellish every miserably abandoned infant; with the ornaments of perpetual love and care,

It was great to invincibly marry; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to unite passionately palpitating hearts all across the fathomlessly magnificent Universe; in threads of everlasting romance,

It was great to incessantly march towards your benevolent goals; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to educate and profusely transpire all those indiscriminately sucking each other's blood; with the perennial fragrance of
humanity,

It was great to acquire astronomical wealth; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to help the treacherously afflicted destitute; magnanimously bequeath upon them a dwelling of vibrant compassion; sequestering them from the vicious onslaught of neglect,

It was great to have Herculean muscles jutting profoundly from all quarters of your body; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to massacre the parasites of evil in entirety from this colossal gregarious earth; relentlessly

tower tall as the ultimate harbinger of all mankind,

It was great to have scarlet blood cascading poignantly through your intricate veins; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to save as many innocent lives as possible from despairing extinction; in the tenure of your transiently fading life,

It was great to melodiously sing; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to harmoniously pacify all traumatized agony incinerated due to malicious manipulation; with the supremely magical cadence in your voice,

It was great to uninhibitedly dance; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to sway in exhilarating gay abandon with all those disastrously maimed; uplift their impeccable souls to blend with the Omnisciently divine,

It was great to illuminate your abode with blazing light; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to Omnipotently enlighten all those hutments uncouthly lingering in pools of ghastly sadness and unprecedented suffering,

It was great to mischievously philander through the aisles of unfathomable desire; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to return their ecstatically lost childhood's to children; brutally pulverized by ostentatious norms of the stinkingly rigid society,

It was great to tower barefoot upon the summit of the gloriously unconquerable mountain; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to mitigate derogatorily castigated humanity from chains of lecherous slavery; hoist them to forever exist above the surreally romantic clouds,

It was great to be successful in every acrimonious examination of your life; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to pioneer all those hopelessly shattered lives; towards the epitome of bountifully resplendent prosperity,

It was great to be sagaciously truthful; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to disseminate the elements of peace; brotherhood; and symbiotic existence; in every organism that you holistically encountered in your blissful way,

It was great to royally breathe; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to bestow life upon all immaculate entities despondently crumbling; rejuvenating the cold-bloodedly insidious globe once again; into an overwhelmingly mesmerizing paradise,

And it was great to immortally love; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to perpetually coalesce every cranny of this aristocratically glittering planet; in the winds of compassionate sharing; in waves of impregnable peace; over and above all; in unassailable petals of inseparable mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

Even If I Had To Die Every Moment

Even if I had to cry tears of savage blood; with hysterical agony pouring turbulently from my cheeks,

Even if I had to chew biscuits of obdurate steel; ripping my teeth apart into infinite pieces,

Even if I had to trespass on a blanket of acrimonious thorns; with the uncouth needles piercing brutally through my supple feet,

Even if I had to speak indefatigably without the slightest of rest; harbor an armory of satanic blisters on my rubicund tongue,

Even if I had to hear the most abashing of abuse; had to tolerate the most tumultuously screeching sound,

Even if I had to perceive the most horrendously ghastliest of dreams; wail inexorably all throughout the night in the agony of my ghoulish conceptions,

Even if I had to pound my fists against the Herculean mountain; disintegrating my tender bones into fathomless small bits,

Even if I had to count all the stars in the cosmos every night; with the slightest error of mine leading to ruthless crucification of my blissful entity,

Even if I had to run for millions of kilometers on the trot; with the pugnacious rays of Sun and the frigidness in my bones stopping me relentlessly at every step,

Even if I had to remain starved for decades unprecedented; with the pangs of insatiable hunger in my stomach augmenting like a volcano every unleashing second,

Even if I had to sleep every night in the Lion's den; with a pack of hostile wolves encircling me the instant I closed my eyes,

Even if I had to clamber up the snow clad cliffs barefoot; with the last bone in my body rattling uncontrollably towards certain death,

Even if I had to write till unsurpassable eternity; with the last ounce of

enthusiasm and tenacity wholesomely evacuating from my bones,

Even if I had to stare inexorably in flaming wisps of inclement fire; with the moisture in my intricate eye disastrously evaporating into remote oblivion,
Even if I had to be whipped tirelessly by swords coated with lethal scorpion; with each pore of my skin whimpering in meek submission,

Even if I had to drink snake venom every dawn instead of impeccable milk;
diabolically torture the mass of delicate intestines and food trapped in my stomach,

Even if I had to traverse naked on the boisterous streets; becoming the object of unimaginable ridicule in every section of the pretentious society,

And even if I had to die a gory death every moment; and still lead life in accordance with the laws of existence,

I wouldn't mind it all O! Lord; as long as I achieved the goal I was striving for;
and my insurmountable urge to become the invincible King of poetry; was wholesomely satisfied.

Nikhil Parekh

Even If I Was Born Dead

I could relinquish all my clothes this very moment; shiver hysterically as turbulent cloud covers of snow tumbled ferociously from the sky,

I could relinquish all my fantasies this very moment; stare in mockingly dumb ridicule towards abstruse bits of solitary air,

I could relinquish all my spurious pride this very moment; start hoarsely begging on the streets; with my profusely bedraggled hair cascading disdainfully over my cheeks,

I could relinquish all my overwhelming courage this very moment; surrender in meek submission to even the ants transgressing near the lavatory seat,

I could relinquish all my smiles this very moment; weep till times immemorial; even though the Sun outside glowed brighter than when it was born,

I could relinquish all my blood this very moment; mercilessly extricate the indispensably life yielding fluid horrendously from its very roots,

I could relinquish all my teeth this very moment; uncouthly abrading them against obdurate biscuits of acrimoniously thorny steel,

I could relinquish all my taste this very moment; surviving wholesomely on stale left overs of insurmountably decaying bread blended with the bland desert sands,

I could relinquish all my memory this very moment; frantically groping my way like a new born child amidst the myriad of boisterously whipping traffic,

I could relinquish all my daintily gifted features this very moment; brutally ripping apart each part of my robustly voluptuous skin,

I could relinquish all my astronomically earned wealth this very moment; licking the mud in insatiable hunger as the stomach cried beyond the realms of no control,

I could relinquish all my nerves this very moment; slithering in tumultuously painstaking agony as the vultures descended to confiscate my skeleton,

I could relinquish all my ambitions this very moment; loiter aimlessly with the sword of desperation penetrating me deeper and deeper by the unveiling minute,

I could relinquish all my prudently sagacious ability to think this very moment; incurring a billion bomb blasts incessantly in the corridors of my tenderly palpable brain,

I could relinquish all my melodious voice this very moment; persevering to eternity to blurt even a single alphabet; although I possessed the most ingratiatingly fabulous island of rosy tongue,

I could relinquish all my dexterity this very moment; maniacally executing only an inconspicuous task for decades unfathomable; although the Creator had gifted me with boundless virtues of this world,

I could relinquish all my body this very moment; lingering like an insipidly treacherous and gloomy spirit; although mountains of raw tenacity engulfed each of my bones,

I could relinquish all my breath this very moment; incarcerating myself infinite feet beneath my burial ground; profoundly abdicating even the most minuscule trace of tangible life,

But I couldn't relinquish you O! Beloved; for you were not only more precious to me than any other entity on this Universe; but my very reason to live; even if I was born dead for infinite lives.

Nikhil Parekh

Even If You Placed

Even if you placed the Sun beneath infinite coffins of gorily asphyxiating darkness; it still wouldn't lose an infinitesimal trifle of its Omnipotently blazing shine; the power to unassailably enlighten countless haplessly deprived with its majestically golden light,

Even if you placed the Mountain peak beside an ocean of ludicrously stammering ants; it still wouldn't lose a diminutive trifle of its unflinchingly Herculean strength; the peerless magnanimousness to sequester countless devastated in its invincible belly,

Even if you placed the bumble bee in the venomously cynical rattlers den; it still wouldn't lose an ethereal trifle of its unbelievably insuperable sweetness; the celestial cisterns of eternal honey with which it harmoniously coalesced the entire estranged planet,

Even if you placed the newborn infant in the hedonistically truculent witch's cradle; it still wouldn't lose an ephemeral trifle of its pristinely impeccable integrity; the unparalleled charisma to perpetually charm the entire lackadaisically beleaguered Universe,

Even if you placed the fearlessly blistering soldier beside billions of spuriously delinquent lackluster lollipops; he still wouldn't lose an evanescent trifle of his unshakable bravery; the everlasting yearning in his soul to endlessly fight for his venerated motherland,

Even if you placed the idol of insuperably emollient truth in the gutter of derogatorily pulverizing politics; it still wouldn't lose a fugitive trifle of its ubiquitously perennial righteousness; the pricelessly unconquerable Omnipotence that it granted to every soul,

Even if you placed the rose in the indescribably fetid pile of flagrantly rotting garbage; it still wouldn't lose a fleeting trifle of its timelessly impregnable scent; the fragrance of unbelievably triumphant unity that it wafted to every corner of the limitless globe,

Even if you placed the mother in the land of limitlessly cannibalistic and blood-sucking parasites; she still wouldn't lose a mercurial trifle of her blissfully invincible sacredness; the exuberant spurts of compassionately bountiful life; that she bestowed upon every organism born alive,

Even if you placed the nightingale amidst the unimaginably abhorrent frogs of cacophonous lecherousness; it still wouldn't lose a tiny trifle of its spell-bindingly enamoring voice; the perennially mollifying winds of symbiotic mellifluousness with which it captured every heart alike,

Even if you placed the butterfly in the endless mortuaries of invidiously crippling darkness; it still wouldn't lose a parsimonious trifle of its effulgent boisterousness; the colors of victoriously mischievous frolic which it perpetuated into every speck of the lividly bereaved atmosphere,

Even if you placed the sky of goodness in the dungeon of disparagingly derelict lies; it still wouldn't lose a capricious trifle of its unbreakably ecstatic humanity; the wings of panoramically undefeatable courage that it granted to every conceivable organism on this fathomless planet,

Even if you placed the clock amidst the gallows of horrendously strangulating and stony stillness; it still wouldn't lose an intangible trifle of its magnificently tireless punctuality; unstoppably ticking as the inevitably chapters of life and death; synergistically unfolded on the trajectory of the Lord's earth,

Even if you placed fantasy in the boundlessly sweltering and acrimonious desert; it still wouldn't lose an obsolete trifle of its unfathomably fantastic exhilaration; the mists of fabulous sensuousness on which it floated till times immemorial,

Even if you placed the poet in the mundanely matchboxed and cadaverously incarcerated corporate office; he still wouldn't lose an abstemious trifle of his unsurpassably poignant sensitivity; the stupendously Omniscient ability to create magically mitigating rhyme; out of bizarrely decrepit nothingness,

Even if you placed the rainbow in meaninglessly vindictive chalk; it still wouldn't lose a truncated trifle of its ebulliently fructifying vivaciousness; the profoundly unconquerably color and charm that it handsomely perpetuated into the lives of trillions orphaned and destitute,

Even if you placed mother's milk amidst the entire pugnacious poison of this planet; it still wouldn't lose a disappearing trifle of its Omnipresent holiness; the divinely power to reinvigorate priceless life in the worst of veritably dead,

Even if you placed Immortal love in the hell of indiscriminately massacring betrayal; it still wouldn't lose a penurious trifle of its insuperably royal embrace; the unmatched ardor to let mother earth uninhibitedly proliferate; for an infinite

more births yet to unveil,

Even if you placed breath in the wickedly egregious graveyard of death; it still wouldn't lose a minuscule trifle of its incredulously blessing virility; the magically alleviating feeling sensations of life that it permeated; on paradise and pragmatic

earth alike,

And even if you placed God in the territories of the vituperatively sadistic and diabolically squelching devil; he still wouldn't lose a small trifle of his Limitlessly unsurpassed glory; the fervency with which he had blessed life to exist till times beyond eternal eternity; and in celestial synergy with the everlasting environment.

Nikhil Parekh

Even In The Deepest Sleep Of Your Death

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to inundate every cranny of your brain with so many spell binding fantasies; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your perpetually silencing death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to enlighten every outline of your lips with so many eternally rhapsodic smiles; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your gruesomely tyrannizing death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to mesmerize each vacant pore of your eardrum with so many spell bindingly humanitarian tunes; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your ominously victimizing death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to tantalize every nerve of your spine with so many feathers of uninhibitedness; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your ghoulishly penalizing death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to paint every bit of whiteness in your eye with so many astounding colors of nature divine; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your hideously tormenting death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to appease your stomach with so many vividly amazing fruits of nature on this boundless planet; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your treacherously devastating death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to enchant your nostrils with so many scents of compassionate friendship; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your satanically asphyxiating death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to stupefy each of your intricate veins with so many shades of unabashedly sparkling creativity; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your diabolically castrated death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to embellish every freckle of your neck with so many petals of invincible togetherness; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your sinfully stony death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to rejuvenate every impression on your fingers with so many undying passions of unconquerable artistry; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your miserably obliterated death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to ignite each crevice on your toes with so many pathways of inimitably enriching adventure; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your hopelessly nonchalant death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to delight the enamel of your teeth so many flavors of unparalleled symbiotic creation; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your bizarrely crucifying death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to mollify every chord of your throat with so many mantras of everlasting peace; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your brutally non-existent death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to bless your tongue with so many hymns of unassailable unity; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of
your preposterously hackneyed death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to worship your breath with so many rays of the fearlessly optimistic Sun; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your irrevocably delirious death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to impregnate your bosom with so many whispers of ardently fascinating excitement; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your inconsolably venomous death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to patronize your shadow with so many rays of insuperably glorious truth; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your horrendously stifling death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to arouse every conceivable cranny of your skin with so many whiskers of unprecedented ecstasy; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your tawdrily maiming death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to fortify each of your bones with so many apogees of universally unshakable brotherhood; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your agonizingly amorphous death,

And one day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to perpetuate each beat of your heart with so many lifetimes of immortal love; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your heartlessly evaporating death.

Nikhil Parekh

Everlasting Beats

Sinking countless kilometers beneath the rock bottom of my boots; as I witnessed the insurmountably gigantic dinosaur making a final countdown for my bones,

Triumphantly bouncing towards a land higher than the summit of paradise; as I achieved the most unprecedented ambition of my life,

Freezing ruthlessly to worse than a cold stone; as I heard the overwhelmingly gloomy news; about the ghastly accident of my beloved,

Thunderously leaping out of my ardent chest; as I encountered the most fantastically fabulous of my dreams; serendipitously by my side,

Escalating like a tumultuously rebellious inferno; when someone rubbed salt on my nascently raw wounds; in the worst of my times,

Philandering through the tunnels of insatiably tingling desire; as I romanced with the mate of my dreams; as streaks of electric lightening blazed ferociously in the cosmos,

Paralyzing to a frigidly dead bone; as I witnessed gargantuan flocks of unruly mob; torch thousands of innocent alive,

Melting like a philanthropically benevolent candle; when the impeccable child caught my hand; calling me father with profound newness lingering in the whites of his eye,

Wavering in profuse uncertainty; as I had to choose from amongst my sacrosanct mother and enchanting wife; both of whom I loved incomprehensibly; and alike,

Shivering more painstakingly than boundless avalanches of condensed ice; as I viewed my benign fellow mates; being lambasted traumatically from all sides,

Slithering in ecstatic frenzy in umpteenth directions; as I immaculately unveiled each ingenious artistry of my bountiful brain,

Compassionately fortifying itself like an impregnable fortress; when I unflinchingly marched towards the path of irrefutable truth; with the palms of my fellow comrades; invincibly entwined in mine,

Shrinking to fathomless times of its original size; as I heard my name in God's list of those about to die; when I knew that this was the last time; of seeing my cherished ones alive,

Glistening to a shade more flamboyant than the rising Sun; as I made my parents proud of my conquests; proved it to the entire world outside; that I was equal to each droplet of my divinely mothers milk,

Dancing in remorseful solitude; as I knew I had committed the most heinous act of my life; as I knew that it was disparagingly hopeless; to reverse my quota of inadvertently performed misdeeds,

Forcefully fulminating to be instantaneously released; as I was imprisoned in the land of traitors; in the corridors of those who sinfully condemned God and priceless humanity,

Dying inconspicuously in its rudimentary roots; as I saw the magnanimous entity who gave me birth; being lowered down in her ghastly tomb,

And living an infinite lives in a single life; an infinite instants of happiness in a single moment; when it immortally bonded with the ultimate love of its fervently adventurous existence,

Was my passionately throbbing heart; unequivocally ensuring that I survived till my last breath as the richest man alive; a richness not able to be manipulated or purchased by any spurious wealth; a richness of its sacredly everlasting beats.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Beat Of Yours Is Priceless

Every benign smile of yours is beautifully priceless; as it could trigger a wave of unparalleled euphoria in the morbidly sullen atmosphere; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly smile,

Every unflinching sound of yours is blazingly priceless; as it could instill astronomical courage in the inexplicably miserable camouflage of the ghastly night; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly talk,

Every profound blush of yours is resplendently priceless; as it could perpetuate a wave of tantalizing sensuousness through the manipulatively commercial blanket of this planet; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly blush,

Every patriotic stride of yours is triumphantly priceless; as it could prove indispensably vital in relieving your sacrosanct motherland from the clutches of tyrannical devils; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly march,

Every mystical fantasy that you soliloquize is priceless; as it could enlighten a ray of blissful hope in the dolorously despondent life of the orphaned child; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly fantasize,

Every innocuous word that you majestically embossed is priceless; as it could evoke an unsurpassable reservoir of empathy in the life of all those disastrously shattered; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly write,

Every philanthropic seed that you sowed is unassailably priceless; as it could stupendously spawn a civilization of enthralling grace and togetherness; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly sow,

Every scintillating truth that you spoke is irrefutably priceless; as it could vanquish the derogatory corpse of lies forever; impregnate fresh beams of optimism in ruthlessly tyrannized lives; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly bliss,

Every enamoring shape that you evolved is unchallengably priceless; as it could ebulliently invade through the dungeon of monotonous depravation with fireballs of untamed enthusiasm; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly evolve,

Every seductive whisper of yours is unequivocally priceless; as it could inundate the vindictively mutilated ambience around; with a sea of voluptuous softness;

so please don't forget to wholeheartedly whisper,

Every heartfelt blessing of yours is unfathomably priceless; as it could metamorphose the remorsefully pathetic complexion of this Universe; into a rainbow of everlastingly fulfilling righteousness; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly bless,

Every royal yawn of yours is unbelievably priceless; as it could celestially impart eternal rejuvenation and reprieve to the satanically work deluged atmosphere; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly yawn,

Every flirtatious wink of yours is gloriously priceless; as it could miraculously transit all those diabolically besieged with whirlwinds of abhorrent prejudice; right back into their impeccable childhood; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly wink,

Every exuberant clap of yours is scintillatingly priceless; as it could handsomely permeate devastatingly sagging lives with the ecstatic river of flamboyant existence; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly clap,

Every effusive expression of yours is aristocratically priceless; as it could sparkle an ocean of poignant belonging in gruesomely maimed lives; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly express,

Every exhilarating adventure of yours is unimaginably priceless; as it could ravishingly proliferate a web of titillating discovery even in the heart of the disparagingly clinical laboratory; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly adventure,

Every droplet of your golden sweat is impregnably priceless; as it could symbiotically incinerate the flame of timeless perseverance in all those languid bones decaying towards sordidness; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly sweat,

Every redolent breath of yours is unconquerably priceless; as it could bestow vivacious cisterns of undefeated life; to even the most grotesquely distorted entities beneath the ominous coffins; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly breathe,

And every passionate heartbeat of yours is Omnisciently priceless; as it could divinely unite the entire earth in the swirl of incomprehensible compassion and perpetual mankind; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly love.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Breath That I Inhaled

Every breath that I inhaled; deluged even the most drearily beleaguered nerve of mine; with fireballs of tantalizing euphoria; and boundlessly surreal delight,

Every breath that I inhaled; compassionately tickled each cranny of my devastatingly shattered conscience; rejuvenating me to propel indefatigably ahead; in the full and tangy fervor of vibrant life,

Every breath that I inhaled; camouflaged my profusely monotonous senses; with resplendent winds of unending romanticism; tumultuously engendering me to gloriously fantasize; beyond the realms of fantastically fragrant paradise,

Every breath that I inhaled; impregnated in me a Herculean conviction to unflinchingly confront the most acrimoniously mighty obstacles; replenishing my body with all the bountifully ravishing ingredients of mother Nature,

Every breath that I inhaled; instilled an insatiably untamed ebullience in my poignantly crimson blood; ecstatically making me philander in a paradise of overwhelming desire and fervently mesmerizing yearning,

Every breath that I inhaled; triggered in me a sensuousness to uninhibitedly love one and all on this fathomless planet; embrace voluptuously nubile maidens forever; in the vice like grip of my piquantly famished arms,

Every breath that I inhaled; drew me more closer to the Almighty Lord; made me holistically imbibe and realize my ultimate mission; in the grandiloquent splendor of magnificently shimmering life,

Every breath that I inhaled; reinvigorated in me an insurmountably relentless optimism to exuberantly lead life; patriotically march on the paths of divinely righteousness; for centuries immemorial,

Every breath that I inhaled; enchanted me into a trail of fabulously magical newness; brilliantly placating each iota of my pathetically shriveled demeanor; with waves of heavenly contentment,

Every breath that I inhaled; inexorably perpetuated me to blazingly excel in my destined tasks of existence; as I clambered to the epitome of philanthropically glittering success; to perennially serve all benevolent mankind,

Every breath that I inhaled; timelessly mystified me about the incomprehensible vastness of Omnipresent Lord's creation; as I ravishingly languished in stupendous rhapsody; under the carpet of opalescently milky stars,

Every breath that I inhaled; enlightened me with the most glitteringly veritable purpose of survival; as an overwhelming spurt of energy gushed dazzlingly through my rubicund palms; drifting me on a path of beautifully altruistic humanity,

Every breath that I inhaled; miraculously annihilated even the most infinitesimal trace of depression enveloping my dithering persona; imparting me with a sparkling tenacity to blossom like a new born seed; in vivaciously vivid life,

Every breath that I inhaled; exquisitely carved a niche for me to dexterously perform in every entangled sphere of life; blend with an unsurpassable sea of symbiotic melody and celestially endowing happiness,

Every breath that I inhaled; eclectically bloomed each part of my disastrously fading perception; as I rejoiced like a silken prince in the eloquently intriguing flavor of; royal life,

Every breath that I inhaled; divinely coalesced me with my integral rudiments of the holistically sprouting soil; sacredly bequeathing upon me the everlasting blessings of my revered ancestors; for countless more births of mine,

Every breath that I inhaled; intransigently thrust me more vociferously in my mission to save the planet; mitigate my immaculately suffering comrades; from the chains of salacious lechery; and barbarically manipulative malice,

Every breath that I inhaled; bonded me perpetually with the girl of my dreams; handsomely juxtaposing each element of my indigent existence; with her charismatically Omniscient heart,

Over and above all; Every breath that I inhaled; bestowed upon me the unassailable magnetism to be inevitably attracted by all marvelous goodness that wandered magnanimously upon this fascinating planet; bestowed upon me the spirit to live; and let alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Day

In the beginning I perceived that if I consumed colossal morsels of food at a time; then I would be saving myself the bother of painstakingly masticating for the next couple of marathon weeks,
But hardly had an hour elapsed of my devouring the same; that hunger pangs in my stomach began to thunderously reverberate; and in the end I inevitably compromised on scrupulously taking in my meals; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I bathed relentlessly at a time; voraciously scrubbing my body with soap and stringent antiseptic; then I would be saving myself the bother of disdainfully taking a bath in cold water in every shivering morning; for the next couple of marathon weeks,
But hardly had an hour elapsed of my washing my persona; that there crept an uncanny feeling in my brain of being disheveled and dirty; and in the end I inevitably compromised on meticulously taking bath; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I walked indefatigably flexing the muscles of my leg; then I would be saving myself the bother of keeping even a foot on the earth; for the next couple of marathon weeks,
But hardly had an hour elapsed of running inexorably on the ground; that my legs pertinently ached to boisterously jog; and in the end I inevitably compromised on robustly walking; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I guzzled a complete well replete with sparkling water at a time; then I would be saving myself the bother of incessantly taking the pain of sipping liquid down my throat; for the next couple of marathon weeks,
But hardly had an hour elapsed of my gulping down the Natural elixir; that my parched mouth pathetically cried for more solvent; and in the end I inevitably compromised on drinking water several times; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I laughed in deafening guffaws all night; then I would be saving myself the bother of tenaciously stretching the muscles of my cheek; for the next couple of marathon weeks,
But hardly had an hour elapsed of my uninhibitedly spreading my teeth; that my stomach propelled me to giggle again; and in the end I inevitably compromised on fabulously smiling several times; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I studied tirelessly; read every piece of literature that lay scattered in vicinity at a time; then I would be saving myself

the bother of straining my eyes on intricate writing; for the next couple of marathon weeks,

But hardly had an hour elapsed of my finishing the bulky textbooks; that there arose an inscrutable curiosity in my visage of knowing what was the speed of white light; and in the end I inevitably compromised on diligently reading and imbibing; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I wept hysterically; passionately beating my chest with my tightly curled fists at a time; then I would be saving myself the bother of shedding precious tears; for the next couple of marathon weeks, But hardly had an hour elapsed of my crying spuriously; that I witnessed a tragedy on the streets which compelled my eyes to glisten in astonished horror; and in the end I inevitably compromised of feeling sensitively for mankind; sharing peoples inexplicable sorrow; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I fantasized and loved vehemently at a time; then I would be saving myself the bother of taxing my brain for the next couple of marathon weeks, But hardly had an hour elapsed of my envisaging tantalizing romance; that there arose an insurmountable urge in my countenance to dream again; and in the end I inevitably compromised of compassionately loving; every day.

And in the beginning I perceived that if I took in boundless breaths at a time; then I would be saving myself the bother of exerting the jacket of my soft lungs; rest in celestial peace without pressurizing my heart; for the next couple of marathon weeks, But hardly had an hour elapsed of my exhilarating activity; that there occurred an unrelenting gasp in my ribs for more fresh air; and in the end I inevitably compromised of leading life slowly and steadily; every day.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Day- A New Gift From The Omniscient Creator

Without resting an infinitesimal iota on the many peaks that were conquered with balms of love and compassion; as life crawled at its own unabashedly spontaneous pace; ahead,

Without basking in the glory of all those adventurous trails that had led to the lion's den; only to march out unscathed and unperturbed by the grace of the Almighty God,

Without whispering much about the insurmountably crackling flames that were subdued into nothingness; as the foot trampled the very source into oblivion, Without paying the tiniest of heed to the most magnanimously committed acts of charity in recent past; wherein personal pleasures were vanquished from all quarters to serve afflicted living kind,

Without murmuring even an insouciant trifle about the grandest of days; when things were served on a bountiful golden platter; even before they were ardently wished,

Without comparing to those pricelessly adorable moments- when life seemed to be perfectly poised like an enamoring prince; on the highest crest of the tantalizing ocean waves,

Without phlegmatically resting on the highest laurels earned in a chosen field of expertise; which lay the mortal pedestal on a red carpet and with the crowds cheering on in rapturous delight,

Without savoring the sweetness of a victory which was molded on the embers of flaming truth; and which paved the way ahead for a whole new mortal civilization of righteousness,

Without aggrandizing the slightest about the earnest perseverance put in; to transform every ounce of fantasy into veritable reality for the globe to admire, Without curling into the most indigent of hurray for having outwitted every trace of deceit with the power of infallible innocence; that was most adorable to the winds of symbiotically united existence,

Without capitalizing on any previous commercial break that came staid but secure; and which was so quintessential to mollify various desires of impoverished life,

Without fantasizing the least about those succulent meals which titillated the tongue so rhapsodically; before being eventually gobbled with uninhibited gusto to the humane hunger that arose,

Without rekindling the nostalgia that constituted gloriously impeccable childhood; where food, play, toys and rest; replenished sparkling life to its joyous and unbridled best,

Without serenading the persona with all the treasuries of gold earned; which

pampered the greedy humane form to its wishes; before it crumbled into wisps of nothingness when destined by God,
Without opening the closet of the famed circle of luminaries that the form was associated with; whose influence sorted many mortal messes within lightening seconds of time,
Without the most measly of flattering to the present demeanor for having reached this far; transcending every barrier of caste; creed; religion and color with the religion of inimitable humanity,
Without any reference to the wondrous fertility exhibited; the ramification of which was a festoon of freshness that unveiled into a fountain of mesmerizing creativity; by the grace of the Divine,
Without the most parsimonious of congratulation to the astounding grit with which life was led; winning accolades from even the remotest quarters of the planet sublime,
Every day was an unparalleled new gift from the Omniscient Creator. Each Sunrise started fresh. Each morning was a different morning laden with optimism. Every dawn blossomed with jubilant hope to symbiotically survive.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Day Is A New Day

Every day is a new day; bringing along with it overwhelming loads of happiness; and an unparalleled rhapsody to blissfully lead life,

Every day is a new day; unfurling into a rainbow of spell binding optimism; healing even the most inexplicably ghastly wounds of yesterday; with the flaming rays of the dazzlingly Omnipotent Sun,

Every day is a new day; vivaciously bouncing in the profoundly untamed spirit of existence; wholesomely shrugging your remorseful past into mists of obsolete oblivion,

Every day is a new day; blooming with the fragrance of unconquerable humanity; incessantly transpiring you to philanthropically surge forward; to resplendently fulfil your humanitarian mission in life,

Every day is a new day; entirely disengaging your mind from the negative energies of the past; as the euphoric horizons of mesmerizing dawn; immaculately greeted the whites of your pristine eyes,

Every day is a new day; triumphantly maneuvering you towards the path of irrefutable righteousness; impregnating a jubilant sparkle in your stride; as the flowers blossomed ebulliently on the frolicking hills,

Every day is a new day; rendering you yet another chance to benevolently win over the gigantically insurmountable planet; with the waves of unprecedented love in
your heart,

Every day is a new day; enlightening the lantern of miraculous freshness in every pathetically beleaguered bone of your body; unassailably ensuring that you handsomely confronted even the most devilishly insidious situation in the chapter of life,

Every day is a new day; profusely charming even the most dolorously deadened of your senses with the melodious chirp of the boisterous sparrow; filtering a path of unfathomable exuberance; on every step that you holistically tread,

Every day is a new day; beautifully alluring every frigidly hopeless pore on your skin; with compassionate beams of ardent belonging and princely togetherness,

Every day is a new day; fervently impressing upon you that life was patriotically endless; with each moment unveiling; sagaciously apprising you of its unsurpassably Omnipresent aura,
Every day is a new day; deluging your drearily staggering countenance with the unbelievably ecstatic melody in the atmosphere; celestially uplifting you from the dungeons of disparagingly ominous despair,

Every day is a new day; magnificently greeting you with an incomprehensible ocean of hope and emphatic excitement; making you bask in the essence of a harmoniously symbiotic existence,

Every day is a new day; magnanimously commiserating with all your traumatized anguish; perpetually ensuring that the rays of the divine; majestically caressed each quarter of your tumultuously bereaved soul,

Every day is a new day; stupendously enthralling you with its enamoring entrenchment of tireless proliferation; spawning a gorge of unrelenting enthusiasm on every puff of air that you embraced,

Every day is a new day; weaving its magically reinvigorating spell upon each ingredient of your blood disdainfully frozen under avalanches of bizarre commercialism; perpetuating you with supremely Omniscient power to; synergistically survive,

Every day is a new day; with the astounding network of colors in the cosmos not only soothing your extinguishing existence; but triggering you to mystically unravel into the spirit of vivid glory,

Every day is a new day; indefatigably breathing upon you the most grandiloquent elixir of life; flooding your nostrils with the scent of ravishing roses sprouting full throttle; in the fathomless valley,

Every day is a new day; guiding you on the path of impeccably scintillating truth; wholesomely snapping even the most diminutive fang of derogatory prejudice; from the realms of your innocuous conscience,

And every day is a new day; replenishing each beat of your traumatically anguished heart with enchanting love; immortally metamorphosing every wind of defeat that stared you hopelessly in your eyes; into the Sun of Omnipotent fearlessness.

Every Heart

No two eyes on this Universe were ever the same; with some chasing ingratiatingly bountiful beauty; while some maliciously wandering after the aimlessly slithering and diabolical devil,

No two scalps on this Universe were ever the same; with some sporting a festoon of exuberantly ravishing hair; while some horrifically sulking under a gutter of dolorously pathetic leeches,

No two skins on this Universe were ever the same; with some as charming as the fascinatingly colossal skies; while some more lugubriously empty than threadbare bits of preposterously dried charcoal,

No two nose's on this Universe were ever the same; with some as pristinely piquant at profoundly blossoming lotus; while some more abominably expressionless than the dissolutely pulverized stones,

No two lips on this Universe were ever the same; with some as majestically rubicund as the poignantly scarlet rose; while some more pretentiously snobbish than the lackadaisically withering leaf,

No two ears on this Universe were ever the same; with some celestially deciphering even the most infinitesimally diminutive of evanescent sound; while some more viciously blending than the demons; with unrelentingly coercing thunderballs of malice,

No two chins on this Universe were ever the same; with some as resplendently twinkling as the regally enlightening stars; while some more devastatingly shattered than non-existent treacherous and gorily bombarded townships,

No two palms on this Universe were ever the same; with some unflinchingly evolving an intrepidly exhilarating path of their very own; while some more idiosyncratically dependant on an inconspicuously worthless corpse of crosses and wavering destiny lines,

No two bellies on this Universe were ever the same; with some as tantalizing as the fathomlessly surreal mists of unparalleled heaven; while some more drably

corpulent

than the decaying tortoise; spending its entire life nondescriptly staring at the sky and by the riverside,

No two voices on this Universe were ever the same; with some as charismatically philanthropic as the harbingers of humanity; while some more disparagingly stifled than the venomously lurking shadows of the sinister coffins,

No two fingers on this Universe were ever the same; with some as royally eclectic as the gloriously iridescent and perennially unfurling skies; while some more truculently lambasting than the remorseful scorpions of; sanctimonious lies,

No two tongues on this Universe were ever the same; with some fostering sweetness as melodious as the marvelously benign nightingale; while some more vengefully bitter than the satanic roots of penalizing hell,

No two minds on this Universe were ever the same; with some unsurpassably fantasizing in the aisles of optimistically enlightening goodness; while some more sardonic than ghoulishly sodomizing graveyards of emaciating loneliness,

No two personalities on this Universe were ever the same; with some as blazingly flamboyant as the Omnipotently rising Sun; while some more invidiously blacker than the insipidly dastardly winds of devilish midnight,

No two necks on this Universe were ever the same; with some gustily elongated and enthusing drifting towards the realms of surreally everlasting sensuousness; while some more shorter than miserably squelched cigarette butts and turgidly staring into entrenchments of; bizarre nothingness,

No two shoulders on this Universe were ever the same; with some resiliently towering tall in the face of even the most debilitatingly slaughtering of disaster; while some more disdainfully collapsing than hillocks of bland chalk; under the tiniest draught of ephemeral wind,

No two perspiration on this Universe were ever the same; with some intransigently radiating the scent of assiduously well deserved struggle; while some more worthless than trashloads of orphaned faeces flying from the lazing monsters roof,

No two shadows on this Universe were ever the same; with some mystically reinvigorating every acridly barren patch of earth that they caressed with

unfathomable cisterns of compassion; while some more ruthlessly propagating the
barriers of religion; caste; creed and color; than the indiscriminately squandering
vultures,

No two perceptions were ever the same; with some as wonderfully unprejudiced
as the ebullient breeze that embraced one and all alike; while some more
grotesquely distorted than the malicious politicians; unworthy cartoon,

No two feet on this Universe were ever the same; with some unassailably
marching on the pathways of irrefutable truth; while some more mercilessly
trampling every new life born with their gruesomely bohemian and macabre toes,

No two accents on this Universe were ever the same; with some puristically
coalescing with the rudiments of integral rusticity and originality; while some
more
derogatorily feckless than the baying of the uncontrollably sweating pig,

No two appetites on this Universe were ever the same; with some holistically
replenishing the harmonious body with the eternally effulgent and symbiotic
fruits
of creation; while some more cadaverously ferociously than the lethally snapping
crocodiles,

No two thumbs on this Universe were ever the same; with some as stupendously
flexible as the aristocratically vacillating season winds; while some more irately
rigid than water despicably stagnating in the obsoletely orphaned gutterlines; not
prepared the slightest to even budge a mercurial inch,

No two adam's apple on this Universe were ever the same; with some as
ebulliently frolicking as the intriguingly blooming fairies in crimson sky; while
some more hideously solitary than the forlorn ghost; wailing the cry of death as
even the most blessed of water synergistically slurped down the slaving throat,

No two postures on this Universe were ever the same; with some as bountifully
streaming into newness as the morning Sun God; while some more fetidly
mourning
infinite feet beneath the earth; than what worms could be,

No two signatures on this Universe were ever the same; with some ubiquitously

depicting the patriotic persona with unprecedentedly unlimited pride; while some fading into mortuaries of indescribable oblivion; even as the first droplets of nimble rain pelted down from the velvety sky,

But every heart on this Universe is; was and would be always the same; as each beat that it immortally diffused; each resonance profusely fulminating from its inner most core; each beautiful dream that it timelessly throbbed for; unconquerably bonded with the boundless sky of love; love and only everlasting love.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Heart Dreamt Of

Every kite; whether gigantic or diminutively short; incessantly dreamt of soaring through the blanket of mesmerizing clouds; melodiously embracing the panoramic festoon of glorious paradise,

Every frog; whether monstrous or harmlessly tiny; irretrievably dreamt of swimming in the morbidly cloistered well; croaking to the fullest of its nimble heart's content; as torrential tumblers of water descended from the sky,

Every grass blade; whether lanky or pathetically withering; dreamt of being compassionately kissed by a blanket of unfathomably glistening dewdrops; voraciously tingling it till times beyond realms of marvelous eternity; every majestic dawn,

Every lion; whether gargantuan or minuscule cub; relentlessly dreamt of sucking satanic rivers of crimson blood; surreptitiously hoisting the impeccable infant; to profusely titillate its taste buds; at the crack of sinister midnight,

Every butterfly; whether huge or infinitesimally babyish; dreamt of mischievously flirting in magically Omnipotent beams of poignant sunshine; disseminating a wave of unparalleled jubilation in every puff of wind; that it exuberantly caressed,

Every wave; whether mammoth or ludicrously infantile; tirelessly dreamt of passionately smooching the silver streaked shores; culminating into rhapsodically froth; after handsomely blending with the vibrant sands,

Every mosquito; whether big or irascibly inconspicuous; indefatigably dreamt of hovering around the silken angel's eardrum; ominously stabbing its pernicious hood in robust skin; salvaging even the tiniest of opportunity when the master fell transiently asleep,

Every leaf; whether colossal or miserably parsimonious; intransigently dreamt of swinging in ebullient draughts of vivacious breeze; royally experiencing the ravishing winds piquantly tickle its pristinely barren periphery,

Every army; whether Herculean or meagerly paltry; immutably dreamt of kicking the viciously diabolical traitors forever from its sacred motherland; patriotically sacrificing its life for its soil; to be immortally crowned as valiant martyrs,

Every magician; whether towering or frigidly gawky; inexorably dreamt of enthralling his audience with an endless flurry of spellbinding tricks; solely diffusing simply insatiably inimitable artistry from his dexterously gifted fingers,

Every egg; whether colossal or sullenly cramped; dreamt of beautifully evolving into a magnificently scintillating fledgling; being the darling of all race and tribes; with its innocuously blissful mannerisms,

Every snake; whether long or ludicrously tiny; dreamt of savagely slithering its way through the cradle of shimmering innocence; stealthily devouring new born offsprings; lethally swishing its abominably poisonous hood,

Every writer; whether imposing or rustically bohemian; marvelously dreamt of diffusing the impregnable essence of his cherished words to the most fathomless corner of this Universe; be recognized by every color; religion and age; alike,

Every eyeball; whether expanded or despicably half shut; unendingly dreamt of witnessing exotically resplendent beauty; assimilating the unsurpassable multitude of eclectic flavors; wandering celestially upon the trajectory of this boundless planet,

Every mountain; whether domineering or obsoletely extinct; continuously dreamt of basking in the full and profoundly untamed glory of the flamboyant Sun; enjoying the ferociously sizzling rays full throttle; before they eventually reached the lackluster earth,

Every cuckoo; whether towering or timidly petite; eternally dreamt of inundating every particle of the gloomily desolate atmosphere with its fragrantly blooming tunes; ecstatically enshroud the air with supreme enlightenment; as vespere beams of light crept from the east,

Every cloud; whether enormous or ridiculously insignificant; timelessly dreamt of fulminating into tumultuous blankets of golden rain; deluging every single cranny of dreadfully sweltering soil; with the unbelievably soothing magic of heavenly liquid,

Every demon; whether massive or incongruously muddled; insurmountably dreamt of parasitically annihilating holistically harmonious living race; placating his treacherous gluttony with honest fountains of; unerring blood,

Every soul; whether impregnable or lackadaisically wandering; irrefutably dreamt of tracing back its fascinating roots; having a blessed glimpse into the space; from where it mystically emanated,

And every heart; whether young or miserably old; invincibly dreamt of finding the most immortal love its life; engendering it to survive as the richest entity alive; triggering it to spawn a civilization of astoundingly optimistic light in the absolute center of death and malicious demise.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Heart Wanted To Bathe

Every shark wanted to bathe in the gloriously undulating sea; with the profusely tangy waves catapulting it into a land of tantalizing rhapsody,

Every duck wanted to bathe in a pond of tranquil ripples; let the serenity of the resplendent stars cast a spell on its lonely night,

Every petal wanted to bathe in a blanket of dew drops; let the stupendously ravishing stream; overwhelmingly pacify its frazzled senses,

Every desert wanted to bathe in cloudbursts of rain; the titillating globules of liquid blissfully penetrating through its sheath of tyrannically traumatized agony,

Every shoe wanted to bathe in pools of stringent carbolic; ordering the pungent foam to extricate from it; the last iota of dust and disdainful grime,

Every dwelling wanted to bathe in whirlpools of fresh paint; rejuvenating its dolorously dilapidated exteriors with vivacious coats of nascent paint,

Every patient wanted to bathe in rivers of potent antiseptic; massacre the germs of inexplicable disease from their very roots; to blossom once again into rays of optimistic happiness,

Every cuckoo wanted to bathe in the winds of ephemeral dawn; wholesomely propelling it to emanate melody from the inner most recesses of its chest,

Every seed wanted to bathe in bedsheets of soil; nourishing and harnessing it to evolve into a majestically handsome planet,

Every oyster wanted to bathe in festoons of shimmering pearls; bask in the incredulously magnificent aura of royalty for centuries immemorial,

Every dungeon wanted to bathe in despondently solitary darkness; the tornado of gloomy black drowning it into the cavern of inexplicable mysticism,

Every nose wanted to bathe in a maelstrom of fascinating perfume; letting the heavenly redolence tickle its tunnels beyond the realms of mesmerizing paradise,

Every beggar wanted to bathe in torrential downpours of opulent gold coin; let

the glitter of indispensable fodder enlighten his forlorn paths of bizarre starvation,

Every bee wanted to bathe in cascades of wonderfully golden honey; rambunctiously humming its flurry of animated tunes till the sun slipped gorgeously behind the horizons,

Every mouse wanted to bathe in a mirage of tangy cheese; let the mountain of salubriously robust energy; profoundly reinvigorate it to unfathomable dimensions beyond the cosmos,

Every mosquito wanted to bathe in fountains of macabre blood; feasting its famished intestines to everlasting boundaries of blissful contentment,

Every brain wanted to bathe in voluptuous fantasy; tingle the chords of unprecedented imagination a fathomless times; even after the dormitories of infinite infinity,

Every Sunday wanted to bathe in mists of uninhibited freedom; let the exhilarating spirit of holiday take complete control,

Every soul wanted to bathe in the island of immortality; cast the spell of its perennial existence on each entity it supremely revered,

And every heart wanted to bathe in breaths of its beloved; remain incarcerated forever in the entrenchment of sacrosanct empathy; which granted it a right to throb; which granted it a right to perpetually survive.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Human Was Beautiful

Some had beautifully mesmerizing lips; with a voluptuously silken sheen enveloping their periphery,

Some had astoundingly sharp eyes; able to sight marathon distances; even in the most obfuscated and bleariest of light,

Some had robust muscled legs; running for astronomically long hours in the cold despite the armory of barricades and odds,

Some had exquisitely sculptured fingers; sketching and evolving a fleet of shapes encompassing all mankind,

Some had tenaciously hard fists; which could drill a hole through the acrid mountain; defend the country against salacious demon,

Some had a stupendously sparkling complexion; resembling the fairies and angels residing in Omnipotent realms of heaven,

Some had a delectably black color entrenching their entire face; a shade of dark impregnated in their demeanor which made them more enchanting than every night,

Some had a height as tall as the ceiling; walking with profound authority and domination through the verdant countryside,

Some had a tongue which indefatigable spoke; sung; whistled and chirped sweeter than the melodious nightingale,

Some had a stature shorter than the shrub; appearing like divinely Moon Gods trespassing on the body of this planet,

Some had a memory as astonishing as the contemporary computer; deciphering mind boggling sums of arithmetic with incredulous efficacy,

Some had the remarkable talent to emulate any voice; entertained people for countless decades with the overwhelming manipulation of their sound,

Some had an insurmountably supreme command over vocabulary; spoke and wrote any language with ultimate command and grace,

Some had the amazing ability to acrobatically leap in the air; juggle several balls for boundless seconds at a time,

Some had the adroit skill of negotiation; were able to succeed in any professional venture of life which they decided to undertake,

Some had the prowess to cook delicious morsels of enticing food; deluging the morbidly gloomy atmosphere with the aroma of freshly baked corn,
Some had the art of imparting knowledge; taught and dexterously handled children of all ages in innocuous school,

Some had the fiery flamboyance of the Sun; propelled the air jet at lightening speeds through vibrant carpets of floating air,

Some had a passionately beating heart; which fell in love the instant it witnessed the person of its dreams; the person of its kind,

Some had breath which ardently drifted down the nostrils; ignited the still ambience in vicinity; triggering it with their unsurpassable intensity into a fireball of vivacious flames,

O! yes. Every individual was a beautiful individual in some respect or the other; in some form or the other; and I have absolutely no inhibitions whatsoever in disclosing; of course with the mutual consent of Almighty God, that every human was indeed beautiful.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Life Is Empty

Every night is empty without its resplendent festoon of shimmering stars; paving a path of mysticism through the dreary morbidity all around,

Every desert is empty without its majestically glistening carpet of sands; royally rising and falling with the exuberantly blowing winds,

Every road is empty without its flurry of boisterously gallivanting traffic; granting new dimensions all the time; to its never ending repertoire of enigmatic curves and turns,

Every day is empty without its dynamically flamboyant Sun; bedazzling even the most remotely dilapidated corners of this Universe; with a garland of magnetically golden light,

Every throat is empty without its harmonious melody; the captivatingly rhapsodic sound; that catapulted even the most impoverished; to an enchanting entrenchment beyond realms of mesmerizing eternity,

Every mountain is empty without its irrefutably towering summits; kissing the clouds unflinchingly as they seductively drifted by; proving an ultimate exemplary to all other diminutive aspects of incarcerated life,

Every mind is empty without its unrelenting fountain of enthralling fantasies; relentlessly exploring; discovering; and evolving into a waterfall of stupendous newness; as each instant unveiled,

Every cloud is empty without its tantalizing droplets of rain; the unprecedented enthrallment that it spell bindingly bestowed upon this planet; with its profusely heavenly tumblers of water,

Every palm is empty without its unfathomable myriad of tingling destiny lines; the magnanimous bifurcations which astoundingly governed; stardom and horrendous pitfalls in a mans life,

Every ocean is empty without its ecstatic fish; the voluptuously ravishing elixir that they imparted to the undulating waves; culminating into fireballs of desire before clashing against the scintillating rocks,

Every calendar is empty without its meticulous array of dates; the most euphoric depictions of days and weeks; propelling living kind on the path of radiantly blooming prosperity,

Every flower is empty without its fabulously gorgeous fragrance; the scent that handsomely pervaded even through the most heinous webs of uncouth lechery; flooding dwindling souls all across the Universe; with vibrant light,

Every forest is empty without its untamed wilderness; the unsurpassable blend of leaf and animal and stream; which weaved cloud covers of unparalleled excitement,

Every vein is empty without its scarlet rivulets of blood; the Omnipotent fuel to gush forward with insurmountable fervor in life; the only religion that bonded all human kind,

Every oyster is empty without its marvelously shimmering pearls; the incredulously embellished globule which fulminated into vivacious happiness,

Every canvas is empty without its vivid splashes of color; inundating the sullen atmosphere around with waves of poignant compassion; suddenly making drab moments of life replete with astoundingly exotic charm,

Every conscience is empty without its invincible righteousness; the sacrosanct virtue which made every organism feel as the richest alive; massacring the very essence of blatantly coward lies; from the colossal trajectory of this planet,

Every heart is empty without its perpetual beats; the everlasting rhythm which bonded all across boundless earth; in thunderbolts of insatiable passion; alike,

And every life is empty without its immortal love; the unconquerable soul mate of its dreams; which was its very reason to dream of an infinite more lives; more importantly in this lifetime; be blissfully breathing and alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Love Brings Along

Every night brings along with it; perpetually ghastly darkness hideously descending down,

Every storm brings along with it; exuberant carpets of boisterously handsome breeze,

Every morning brings along with it; brilliantly mesmerizing and optimistic rays of light,

Every wave brings along with it; scores of bountifully tangy and vivaciously tantalizing salt,

Every flower brings along with it; a fragrance that truly captivates every corner of
of
the pathetically dwindling soul,

Every dream brings along with it; an inexplicable feeling of excitement; that propels you to surge forward; always rejuvenated in life,

Every toy brings along with it; an immaculately bouncing child; wholesomely oblivious to the salacious vagaries of this manipulative planet,

Every wind brings along with it; an inevitable attitude of holistic change; triggering you to relinquish your past miseries; and uninhibitedly march towards your ultimate goal in life,

Every shadow brings along with it; a cloud of unfathomable mysticism; that irrevocably compels you to abdicate the chords of pragmatic reality,

Every idea brings along with it; a spirit of profound newness; which keeps indefatigably culminating into a fountain of marvelously everlasting creation,

Every devil brings along with it; a wave of treacherous devastation; which try had as it could; eventually succumbs against the stupendously Omnipotent light of God,

Every coin of currency brings along with it; an atmosphere of maniacal savagery; people diabolically sucking the blood of their own revered kin,

Every smile brings along with it; an overwhelming degree of cheer; profusely enlightening the lives of those engulfed with incomprehensible pain,

Every yawn brings along with it; an irrevocable concoction of laziness; an unhealthy desire to snore; when infact the world outside needed you desperately,

Every star brings along with it; a voluptuously velvety shine; which intrepidly maneuvers you undaunted in your mission to save humanity; even in the heart of
of
the invidiously sinister night,

Every breath brings along with it; an augmenting ardor to survive; extract your right to exist amidst a pack of savage toothed wolves,

Every heartbeat brings along with it; an unrelenting passion to express the thoughts flowing with your crimson blood; the inexorable tenacity to make you a better human in every aspect of life,

And every love brings along with it; an unsurpassable power for the earth to live beyond its destined times; immortally fortifying its chord with the Almighty Lord; annihilating the demons best attempts to finish off his planet; like a pack of cards.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Night Of Mine

Without your voluptuously ravishing eyelashes; the majestic unison in which they vivaciously fluttered towards my impoverished countenance,
Without your profoundly charismatic lips; the astounding replenishment that they bequeathed upon me; with their marvelous festoon of philanthropic smiles,
Without your daintily delectable feet; the mesmerizing motivation and patriotism they imparted; as I tread on every acrimoniously withering step,
Without your gregariously tantalizing belly; the insurmountable fireball of titillation it generated to each of my devastatingly beleaguered senses,
Every morning of mine was no doubt and irrefutably like the Sun; but sadly without its golden ocean of flamboyantly fiery rays.

Without your boisterously bustling stride; the dazzling waves of exuberance which it instilled in my pathetically dwindling demeanor,
Without your incredulously enamoring voice; the unfathomable cistern of enchanting melody that it enshrouded every aspect of my shriveled existence with,
Without your Omnisciently twinkling eyes; the fathomless galleries of benign inspiration that they impregnated in my hopelessly trembling skin,
Without your royally poignant cheeks; the unsurpassable cloudburst of heavenly mischief which they uninhibitedly sprinkled upon my cannibalistically penurious visage,
Every afternoon of mine was no doubt and irrefutably like the blazingly sweltering heat; but sadly without the most infinitesimal trace of congenial compassion.

Without your impeccably blissful caress; the impregnable ardor to survive that it marvelously inculcated in every ingredient of my waveringly crimson blood,
Without your ravishingly ravenous hair; the silken entrenchment of euphoric paradise that they transited me wholesomely into; every time you swished them towards the sky,
Without your intrepidly unflinching voice; the endless island of tumultuous enthrallment that it bestowed upon my nervously frazzled footsteps,
Without your fantastically fragrant palms; the vividly versatile entrenchment of enigmatic destiny lines embedded within; which dexterously maneuvered every route of my morbid existence,
Every evening of mine was no doubt and irrefutably like the handsomely pink light; but sadly without the tiniest trace of spell binding enthusiasm.

Without your articulately divine fingers; the unendingly aristocratic river of sheer

artistry; which they showered upon my manipulatively murderous countenance,
Without your insatiably piquant tongue; the candid blend of fantasy and reality
that it beautifully disseminated; upon my viciously imploding and malicious form,

Without your unassailably priceless breath; the unprecedented tenacity that it
blessed upon my insipidly extinguishing body; to exist for a countless more
lifetimes,

Without your immortally inimitable love; the indefatigably throbbing
humanitarian beats of your chest; which unconquerably bonded with my brutally
collapsing heart,

Every night of mine was no doubt and irrefutably like the resplendently charming
Moon; but sadly without the most inconspicuous trace of celestially milky white.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Of Those Moments

What did the Sun do after it had disappeared into the dimly sullen horizons was none of my business; however the whites and blacks of eyes had danced in vivaciously untamed exhilaration; every of those moments when it had brilliantly dazzled into an unsurpassable civilization of Omnipotent light,

What did the Mountains do after they had gone behind the ominously appalling clouds was none of my business; however each bone of my body had felt as the most pricelessly united entity on this Universe; every of those moments when they had altruistically sequestered me and infinite more of my kind; in good times and bad,

What did the Rainbow do after rain in Sunlight had exhausted was none of my business; however each pore of my skin had danced like a majestically unparalleled king; every of those moments when it had effulgently unfurled into the boundless amazing colors of vibrant life,

What did the Rose do after it had curled its petals in sonorous nighttime was none of my business; however each breath of mine had felt the most unconquerably priceless cistern of happiness; every of those moments when it had ubiquitously disseminated its scent of symbiotically unshakable friendship; to far and wide,

What did the Wave do after it had dissipated into penuriously invisible froth was none of my business; however I had felt that all misery had forever metamorphosed into sensuously untamed adventure; every of those moments when it had handsomely undulated towards the most supreme peak of the sky,

What did the Snake do after it had diminished into the morbidly fretful hole was none of my business; however I'd felt the winds of profound mysticism finding a permanent abode in my body; every of those moments when it had raised its nictitated its hood in uncannily royal unison with the fading light,

What did the Moon do after unlimited skies of light had taken a complete stranglehold of darkness was none of my business; however each of my expressions had felt the most amiably compassionate; every of those moments when it'd diffused beams of impregnably impeccable milkiness; marvelously resuscitating the complexion of the frigidly deteriorating night,

What did the Dancer do after locking the cadaverously lifeless door was none of my business; however each cranny of my silhouette had felt like the paradise of ultimate seduction; every of those moments when she'd uninhibitedly gyrated her silken feet on tantalizingly moistened soil,

What did the Peacock do after it had hidden its face behind its feathers was none of my business; however I'd felt peerlessly unflinching triumph blissfully kissing my doorstep; every of those moments when it had effulgently unveiled its feathers full bloom; at the tiniest innuendo of pristine rain,

What did the Mirage do after it had dissolved into a corpse of obsolete disdain was none of my business; however I'd felt fantasizing in a land beyond infinite infinity; every of those moments when it had unceasingly seduced even the most obliviously dormant arena of my caricature,

What did the Edifice do after it had been buried deep into soil by the devastating earthquake was none of my business; however every cell of my persona had felt brimming with interminably ecstatic activity; every of those moments when people of every caste; creed and tribe had unrestrictedly bustled in its interiors; from morning to charming night,

What did the Clock do after its batteries had flagrantly exhausted was none of my business; however I'd felt that life was an unstoppably inexplicable odyssey; every of those moments when it had indefatigably ticked into the aisles of endlessness,

What did the Rain do after the fathomless heavens had wholesomely cleared was none of my business; however countless hair on my flesh had stood up in limitlessly victorious euphoria; every of those moments when it had torrentially cascaded like a new born child from the heart of the skies,

What did the Lips do after they had shrunk behind sanctimoniously spurious lipstick was none of my business; however each deadened speck of my countenance had felt bountiful with ebullient life; every of those moments when they'd blossomed into an unassailable smile,

What did the Shark do after drowning boundless feet beneath the waters was none of my business; however I'd felt seated on the throne of unshakably resplendent royalty; every of those moments when it had fearlessly glided like the strongest organism on this earth; wonderfully rejuvenating the tangy waters of frosty sea,

What did the Footprint do after completely melting with the advancing sands;
however I'd felt an unrelenting wave of nostalgia engulf each of my senses;
every of those moments when it had beautifully blended with the rudiments of
glorious time,

What did Breath do after Life had brusquely ended was none of my business;
however each ingredient of my blood had felt insuperably blessed; every of those
moments when it had Omnisciently spawned a cosmos of timeless existence;
everytime I had inhaled,

What did Memory do after the Brain had been atrociously paralyzed was none
of my business; however I'd felt the most artistically sensitive organism on the
planet; every of those moments when it had assimilated infinite magical
elements of survival
in its invincible swirl,

And what did the Heart do after the graveyards of betrayal had venomously
capsized was none of my business; however I'd felt as there were lives beyond
an infinite lives; every of those moments when it had radiated the beats of
Immortally symbiotic love.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Time I Took Breath

I remembered exotically scrumptious food; only when unceremoniously thunderous pangs of hunger reverberated louder than the apocalypses of hell; in my disdainfully impoverished stomach,

I remembered stupendously reinvigorating bath; only when the squalidly distorted pores of my diminutive body; started to exude treacherously horrendous and grotesquely vituperative dirt,

I remembered perennially golden droplets of rain; only when I felt every miserably beleaguered bone of my body; rotting in the dungeons of sadistically lambasting monotony,

I remembered Omnipotently mellifluous voice; only when my ears felt brutally desolate; entrapped in a mortuary of estranged politics and salaciously pulverizing prejudice,

I remembered unsurpassably titillating seductresses; only when each bizarrely emaciated pore of my skin; intransigently cried to be timelessly caressed; to be mollified to the most unprecedented limits; in the silken camouflage of the surreptitiously moonlit night,

I remembered compassionately rhapsodic sheepskin and wool; only when mercilessly whipping snow pelting all around me; made me uncontrollably shiver till the very invisibly last bone of my spine,

I remembered aristocratic mugs foaming with uninhibitedly euphoric beer and wine; only when I'd returned home blazingly triumphant; and in the midst of an everlasting fiesta with my kin and friends,

I remembered vivaciously enthralling kites and gaudy strings; only when the breeze eternally blew in ebulliently gusty currents; and every gruesomely bereaved nerve in my palms rapaciously rared to soar in handsomely pristine sky,

I remembered celestially fragrant sleep; only when the pressure on my drearily fatigued lids; seemed to be more crippling than the maelstroms of disgustingly penalizing hell,

I remembered convivially never-ending boisterousness; only when ribald corpses of forlorn nothingness; invidiously asphyxiated me beyond the threshold of horrifically unbearable pain,

I remembered ingratiatingly mesmerizing pearls and the best of exquisite jewelry; only when I surrendered myself like a relentlessly yearning bride; on my very first wedding night,

I remembered the most morbidly appalling of invectives; only when someone stared lasciviously at the grace of my divinely invincible mother,

I remembered the most gloriously fructifying moments of my truncated existence; only when I was about to abdicate the very last breath of my life; was about to inevitably die,

I remembered to endlessly scratch; only when the inconspicuously pernicious battalion of mosquitoes; clandestinely attacked me on my robustly supple flesh,

I remembered to unrelentingly cry; only when my near and dear kin and mates suffered the wrath of this acrimonious planet; whenever pricelessly everlasting humanity was manipulated like a worthless currency coin,

I remembered to voluptuously whisper; only when the cisterns of sensuousness played hide and seek with my uncontrollably throbbing soul; in the merrily twinkling curtainspread of the emolliently jubilant midnight,

I remembered to unflinchingly walk; only when the coffins of unemployment and gory meaninglessness; had commenced to indiscriminately squelch my bones after sucking the last iota of blood from my intricate veins,

I remembered to victoriously breathe; only when the disastrously shrunken jacket of my lungs; was just about to plunge into the gorge of abysmally decrepit extinction,

I remembered to patriotically brandish and blaze; only when the venomously hedonistic enemy camp; ruthlessly molested the Omnipresently sacred soil of my revered motherland,

But I remembered you every time I took breath; I remembered you with even the most non-existent beat of my heart; I remembered you at every step that I alighted and slept; I remembered you every time my eyes unavoidably flashed themselves; I remembered you every unfurling instant of my life and an infinite births even after reaching the mists of heaven; O! Perpetual Beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Every Writers Boss

Every mouse's boss was the tawny cat; ready to pounce upon its diminutive demeanor each instant; pulverize it to mincemeat with its knife like jaws,

Every river's boss was the colossal ocean; ready to gobble its inconspicuous visage in the gargantuan swirl of its turbulent waves,

Every stone's boss was the lanky mountain; overshadowing its frigid body with its towering shadow; the avalanche of ice descending gathering unprecedented speed it sped down the slope,

Every egg's boss was the enchanting bird; flooding the dreary ambience in vicinity with the mystical tunes that emanated from its beak,

Every infant's boss was its caring mother; who sequestered it from the most non-existent of evil; ensured that it slept while she incessantly stroked its scalp,

Every insect's boss was the disdainfully grizzly lizard; viciously swishing its slender tongue; anticipating them to tantalizingly creep directly into its greedy mouth,

Every web's boss was the silver spider; having the supreme power of dismantling and weaving it all over again; whenever she desired it,

Every ornament's boss was the majestically hooded serpent; hideously hissing sitting over the same; judiciously observing that it refrained to fall into diabolical hands,

Every soil's boss was the indefatigably pelting globules of rain; which inundated its surface with incredulous fertility; conjuring it to blossom into a voluptuous array of fruit and scarlet rose,

Every blank paper's boss was the feather tipped pen; possessing the royal prowess of embossing its barren surface with boundless lines of oligarchic literature,

Every car's boss was its twin pair of brakes; enabling it and imparting it with bountiful resilience to stop and boisterously speed whenever it liked,

Every night's boss was the stringently blazing day; illuminating and

metamorphosing its gloomy atmosphere into one with radiant light and fiery rays,

Every star's boss was the resplendent moon; wholesomely trespassing its inconspicuous body with the unfathomable tenacity in its shine,

Every snake's boss was the long toothed mongoose; furtively capsizing it by the slippery neck; making it eventually surrender as it sucked the last drop of blood from its body,

Every tadpole's boss was the preposterously huge whale; eating it at regular intervals in countless clusters; yet not able to fully appease its incomprehensible hunger,

Every wind's boss was the tumultuous storm; sweeping across like thunderbolts of lightening in the world; swallowing every draught of placid breeze that meekly confronted it in its path; and not even wasting time to burp in relishing its robust meal,

Every ghost's boss was the invincibly closed corpse; ensuring that it stayed secured tight within; didn't get even the remotest chance to escape and spread terror on this globe,

Every land's boss was the unending sky; providing a roof to shelter it; proving it a respectable entity to hold its head high,

Every man's boss was the Omniscient Creator; commanding him every second to satisfy the mission which he taken birth on this earth for,

And every writer's boss was his flamboyant fantasy; his spell binding perceptions that unrelentingly dictated him to keep writing every instant of the chilly night; and all throughout the sunny day.

Nikhil Parekh

Everytime

Everytime the flowers blossomed into petals of newness; perpetuating even the most inconspicuous bit of atmosphere with unbelievably redolent cheer,

Everytime the Sun rose for the first time in fathomless sky; miraculously enlightening even the most lugubriously stagnating cranny of this Universe; with its resplendently golden freshness,

Everytime the nightingale mellifluously sang to the beats of the fresh monsoon; fantastically rejuvenating even the most ghoulishly deadened skeletons; from their morbid graves,

Everytime the Moon mischievously played hide-n-seek between the fabric of sensuous clouds; majestically enamoring every ingredient of the abjectly sultry night; with heavenly milkiness,

I felt as if you were in every breath that I wonderfully inhaled into my lungs; Omnipotently nourishing every pore of my body for an infinite more lives of mine; although you'd abdicated your physical form a countless years ago; and veritably disappeared and died.

1.

Everytime the first droplets of virgin rain pelted in uninhibitedly torrential frenzy from crimson sky; celestially mollifying every beleaguered particle of hoarsely wailing soil,

Everytime harmoniously iridescent globules of amber dew danced in the meadows; with the stalks of untamed grass; tantalizing every trace of lifelessness till times beyond infinite infinity,

Everytime the voice of eternally unflinching truth; perpetually transcended over each corpse of derogatory abhorrence and parasitically treacherous lies,

Everytime vividly royal wind; peerlessly paraded undaunted by anything tangible or intangible on the trajectory of this boundlessly burgeoning Universe,

I felt as if you were in every fantasy that I magically conceived in my brain; Omnisciently blessing my existence as the most priceless; for an infinite more

lives of mine; although you'd abdicated your physical form a countless years ago; and veritably disappeared and died.

2.

Everytime the mountains towered unassailably towards the unsurpassably endless cosmos; overtopping even the most mercurial trace of devil forever and ever and
ever,

Everytime the seed spawned into profoundly subliming newness above soil; tirelessly striving to continue God's chapter of everlasting procreation,

Everytime the peacock unveiled its feathers to a vivaciously full plumage; spell-bindingly enticing even the most drearily forlorn entity; in its redolently effulgent swirl,

Everytime the poignantly undulating waves handsomely kissed the skies; diffusing a galaxy of inimitable freshness; into every monotonously castrated continent of the globe,

I felt as if you were in every object that my palms compassionately caressed; insuperably drifting me towards symbiotically panoramic goodness; although you'd abdicated your physical form a countless years ago; and veritably disappeared and died.

3.

Everytime the religion of humanity reigned unconquerably supreme; wafting its pricelessly unmatched fragrance over every spurious discrimination of color; caste and castigated creed,

Everytime the very first cries of the infant ardently embraced the atmosphere; with the mantra of undefeatable innocuousness uniting every haplessly tyrannized soul on this bizarrely estranged Universe,

Everytime true lovers perennially bonded into the threads of invincibly sacrosanct marriage; synergistically fructifying into a paradise of triumphantly untainted virility,

Everytime the earth was born once again; after unstoppably winning an infinite battles against the vituperatively pulverizing devil; letting the spirit of indomitable philanthropism timelessly prevail,

I felt as if you were in every immortally unshakable beat that my heart throbbed;
unlimitedly bonding me with the winds of ubiquitous unity and selfless love;
although you'd abdicated your physical form a countless years ago; and veritably
disappeared and died.

Nikhil Parekh

Everytime My Heart Palpitated For Existence

Some relentlessly wiped the dust of it; just in order to relieve the unsurpassable restlessness that irksomely leaked from each pore of their; frenetically trembling fingers,

Some unceasingly wiped the dust of it; just in order to give each day of theirs a meaningfully pragmatic start; judiciously adhering to every conceivable thumb rule of cleanliness embossed in the scientific textbooks,

Some thoroughly wiped the dust of it; just in order to grant their otherwise haplessly beleaguered demeanors; that supreme hilt of sparkling achievement,

Some intransigently wiped the dust of it; just in order to be that very first infallible pioneering leaf; in the whole new chapter of bountifully civilized cleanliness,

Some fanatically wiped the dust of it; just in order to sight even the most infinitesimal curve of their facial contours; in its now wholesomely brand-new transparently scintillating glass,

Some painstakingly wiped the dust of it; just in order to keep even the faintest shadows of their existence pollution free; inhale an air more purer than what could be found in rhapsodically majestic paradise,

Some maniacally wiped the dust of it; just in order to wonderfully mollify their everyday habitual rages of exonerating every speck of grime; to beyond the realms of nothingness,

Some listlessly wiped the dust of it; just in order to expend their latently thwarted energies into something alien; whilst profoundly concentrating upon the cherished targets of their lives,

Some inexhaustibly wiped the dust of it; just in order to grant it the highest honor of their otherwise impoverished lives; seeking refuge in its invincibly peaceful contours—when the rapacious balderdash of the planet became too devilish to bear,

Some iteratively wiped the dust of it; just in order to tickle the otherwise robotically estranged hair of their nostrils; with the unabashedly merry-making particles that bellowed in a jiffy inside,

Some snobbishly wiped the dust of it; just in order to grant themselves a feeling of fecklessly frigid superiority; that its destiny of whether to be clean or not; entirely depended upon the swish of their nonchalant thumbs,

Some laboriously wiped the dust of it; just in order to holistically rejuvenate blood in their otherwise haplessly paralyzed fingers; which had gotten so ruthlessly numb in the freezing winter morning,

Some irately wiped the dust of it; just in order to get rid of their inexplicably unwonted irritation; as they disgustingly snapped at every conceivable thing in vicinity since the first crack of dawn,

Some unstoppably wiped the dust of it; just in order to ease those endlessly painstakingly hours that lay inevitably in store; and that had to be conquered to taste the fruits of blissful success,

Some lackadaisically wiped the dust of it; just in order to merely caress their bewitchingly dreaming fingers; with a tiny ocean of glimmering pristine silk,

Some devoutly wiped the dust of it; just in order to regroup the miserably hackneyed lines of their shattered destiny; in its myriad labyrinths of mystical sacredness,

Some despairingly wiped the dust of it; just in order to frantically search for those stolen moments of happiness; which could be slyly lurking in the recesses of infinite oblivion behind,

Some dedicatedly wiped the dust of it; just in order to timelessly worship the image behind; from which eternally radiated every single pulse; every single color of their impoverished lives,

Whilst I never ever cleaned it; neither did I ever see the frame in which it was kept; yet immortally felt the photo of my God in its most royally unassailable form; everytime my heart palpitated for existence; everytime my heart throbbed for symbiotic life.

Nikhil Parekh

Everytime-After I Made And Rose In The Spirit Of Love

I felt as if every ounce of hysterical sorrow on this Universe had suddenly metamorphosed into the perennially glorious waterfalls of compassion; dissipating their goodness upon each bedraggled pore of my existence,

I felt as if the most horrendously parasitic of leech had suddenly started to donate an infinite granaries of blood to all those in need; abruptly shrugging the parasitic tag from each conceivable cranny of their demeanor,

I felt as if a boundless clouds of newness had suddenly formed an invincible entrenchment around every iota of earth; blessing its haplessly parched and commercially adulterated surface with a zillion droplets of creation,

I felt as if each inanely stagnating hair on my decrepit flesh suddenly rose towards the ultimate summits of undefeated paradise; and forever found its zealously real mission in life,

I felt as if each iota of contentment on this fathomless Universe was suddenly lined up on the contours of my miserably chapped lips; making me look forward to no greed or malice any further,

I felt as if a brilliantly streaming morning was suddenly rising out of treacherously maiming blackness; triumphantly maneuvering every devastated footstep of mine towards the path of symbiotic oneness,

I felt as if even the most frigidly orphaned of stones had suddenly become the supreme peaks of unassailable Everest; inviting one and all alike on this enthralling planet in the spirit of tantalizing adventure,

I felt as if even the most fetidly lamenting droplet of my sweat had suddenly become the most unparalleled cistern of happiness; profusely drenching each scorched arena of my existence with cloudbursts of ecstasy,

I felt as if each vein in my inconsolably cringing blood had suddenly commenced to generate a countless electric currents of goodness all throughout my soul; absolving me of even the most inadvertently committed of my sin,

I felt as if the whole manipulatively blood-sucking world had suddenly become

my platform for impregnable success; to discover; to evolve; to admire; and to forever embrace with the blessings of the Almighty Lord,

I felt as if every worthlessly aimless step that I listlessly took- had suddenly some priceless purpose in god's infinite chapter of blissful creation; to immortally unite all in the fabric of insuperable oneness,

I felt as if every disdainfully creaking bone of mine had suddenly sprung like an untamed tiger; to inexhaustibly massacre even the most intangible trace of devil from this endless earth,

I felt as if every spell-bindingly panoramic fantasy on this globe had suddenly come into the whites of my eyes; royally perpetuating me to perceive beyond the extraordinary—each unveiling instant of princely life,

I felt as if every patch of languidly barren earth had suddenly become the ultimate heaven; the ultimate paradise; right in front of my eyes and without laboring a step further on planet divine,

I felt as if I could suddenly survive on limitless whiffs of air around me; abjuring every worldly pleasure in vicinity till my very last breath; with the Omnipotent light of the Sun and Moon my sole saviors,

I felt as if even the most mundanely committed actions around me—had suddenly become miraculously ameliorating poems of the most unprecedented degree; and my sole panacea for success,

I felt as if the brutally entangled labyrinths of my brain- had suddenly unleashed into an unsurpassable sky of freedom; where the only rule that existed was that there were not the tiniest of 'rules',

I felt as if each of my salaciously betrayed heartbeat-had suddenly been embodied with the imprints of immortal friendship; which made me rise from my veritable corpse- to lead an infinite majestically new lives once again,

Everytime; O! Yes undoubtedly everytime; after I made; embraced and rose in the spirit of love.

Nikhil Parekh

Everywhere

There were an infinite places on this colossal earth where you could place the uninhibited smile; but it looked the most celestially nicest; only on the periphery of the philanthropically robust lips,

There were an infinite places on this gigantic earth where you could place the brilliant light; but it looked the most invincibly nicest; only on the Omnipotent persona of the blazingly unparalleled Sun,

There were an infinite places on this fathomless earth where you could place the newborn infant; but it looked the most impeccably nicest; only in the lap of unconquerably divine mother,

There were an infinite places on this limitless earth where you could place the pristine dewdrop; but it looked the most spellbindingly nicest; only on the tantalizingly burgeoning blade of the voluptuously whispering grass,

There were an infinite places on this boundless earth where you could place the boisterous bee; but she looked the most immaculately nicest; only in the majestically compassionate and catacombed hive,

There were an infinite places on this unceasing earth where you could place the ravishing clouds; but they looked the most seductively nicest; only on the belly of the endlessly bestowing sky,

There were an infinite places on this tireless earth where you could place the inimitably priceless diamond; but it looked the most regally nicest; only in the necklace of the timelessly effulgent queen,

There were an infinite places on this unsurpassable earth where you could place the brilliant peak; but it looked the most unassailably nicest; only on the indomitably thundering mountain,

There were an infinite places on this resplendent earth where you could place the poignant pinch of salt; but it looked the most triumphantly nicest; only on the magnetic swirl of the intrepidly undulating wave,

There were an infinite places on this palatial earth where you could place the exhilarating wind; but it looked the most ebulliently nicest; only on the jacket

of the enthrallingly chocolate brown lungs,

There were an infinite places on this uninterrupted earth where you could place the humanitarian blood; but it looked the most blessedly nicest; only in the unfathomably intriguing labyrinth of quintessential veins,

There were an infinite places on this undefeated earth where you could place the idol of synergistic truth; but it looked the most charismatically nicest; only in the realms of the unflinchingly righteous and peerless conscience,

There were an infinite places on this benign earth where you could place the granule of sand; but it looked the most handsomely nicest; only in the cradle of the astronomically glistening desert,

There were an infinite places on this perpetual earth where you could place unadulterated curd; but it looked the most Omnisciently nicest; only in the symbiotically truthful palms of the euphorically frolicking child,

There were an infinite places on this fecund earth where you could place the uncontrollably reverberating lion; but it looked the most unshakably nicest; only in the arms of the inscrutably bountiful and unrestrictedly mellifluous forest,

There were an infinite places on this rhapsodic earth where you could place never-dying patriotism; but it looked the most insurmountably nicest; only on the chest of the perennially loyal and fearless soldier,

There were an infinite places on this consecrated earth where you could place the flirtatious twinkle; but it looked the most unquestionably nicest; only on the persona of the enchantingly vibrant star,

There were an infinite places on this harmonious earth where you could place the pearls of wisdom; but they looked the most sacredly nicest; only on the harbingers of wonderfully united humanity,

There were an infinite places on this mysterious earth where you could place inevitable re-incarnation; but it looked the most eternally nicest; only on the holistic substance of the miraculously ameliorating soul,

There were an infinite places on this sparkling earth where you could place the Spartan stone; but it looked the most marvelously nicest; only on the bed of the merrily bubbling brook,

There were an infinite places on this Herculean earth where you could place the lines of the destiny; but they looked the most meaningfully nicest; only on the intrinsic folds of the unabashedly satiny palm,

There were an infinite places on this redolent earth where you could place the iridescently wondrous feathers; but they looked the most fruitfully nicest; only on the skeleton of the unequivocally soaring bird,

On the contrary there were more than an infinite places on this unbelievable earth where you could place the breeze of eternal love; and it still looked the most immortally nicest; wherever you placed it; for whatever duration you placed it; for whomsoever you placed it; if only you placed it from the innermost realms of
your truthfully passionate heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Evolution

Every minuscule bud projecting from fertile clay; evolved into a fragrant flower;
intensely spreading its ravishing aroma,
When sprinkled regularly with bountiful water blended in commensurate
proportions of cow manure.

Every mystical star sighted in the cosmos; evolved gradually into the
opalescent moon,
When perceived with a perpetual vision; amalgamating the entire sky in the
condensed silhouette of whiteness.

Every bare brick coated with flimsy sand; evolved painstakingly into the
monumental building,
When stacked dexterously forming a tall structure; slapped vigorously with
fillings of piquant paint.

Every egg impregnated with yolk; evolved assiduously into an innocuous
fledgling,
When provided conducive amounts of heat by its mother; nourished in entirety
by her blood.

Every hillock of silver sand; evolved into the mammoth mountain with steep
valleys,
When the mighty wind deposited a conglomerate of mud and debris on a daily
basis;
thereby changing complexion of the inconspicuous pile.

Every wave of the tiny river; gradually evolved into the gigantic ocean,
As it onerously flowed confronting a plethora of bulky branches and stone; finally
linking with the frosty ocean.

Every bit of tentative fish floating insipidly in the sea; evolved after several years
into the preposterously huge whale,
As it unrelentingly fed on a relishing meal of coral and sea weed; basked for
marathon hours in full light of the radiant Sun.

Every chimpanzee inhabiting the dense forests; evolved after infinite years into
man;
After undergoing dramatic metamorphosis; learning to acclimatize with the
civilized society.

Every drizzle of water trickling from the sky; sequentially evolved into
thunderous rain,
With accentuated accumulation of ominous black clouds;
provoking the assemblage to pelt down in fury.

And every bit of hatred residing on this earth; eventually evolved into perpetual
love,
When dealt with tumultuous passion and unbiased love; a philanthropic attitude
to care.

Nikhil Parekh

Except The Divine

It was perhaps my despairing misfortune; that I couldn't embellish even the most infinitesimal iota of your body with a fountain of unfathomably extravagant silk,

It was perhaps my criminal misfortune; that I couldn't assimilate all titillating delicacies of this fathomless planet; into your outstretched palette,

It was perhaps my penalizing misfortune; that I couldn't tirelessly inundate even the most diminutive space round your majestic countenance; with the unsurpassable treasury of wealth on this gigantic planet,

It was perhaps my debilitating misfortune; that I couldn't deluge every step that you royally transgressed; with an insurmountable festoon of gloriously scintillating cars,

It was perhaps my lambasting misfortune; that I couldn't fly you on my shoulders to kiss the profound Moon; snatch every star from the sky to perpetually become the grace of your sacred lap,

It was perhaps my treacherous misfortune; that I couldn't adorn your fantastically nubile skin; with all incomprehensible glitter and diamonds; bountifully studded on the periphery of this mesmerizing Universe,

It was perhaps my salacious misfortune; that I couldn't gift you the most opulently golden mirror every morning; for you to sensuously appreciate every iota of your ravishing countenance; till times beyond infinite infinity,

It was perhaps my ominous misfortune; that I couldn't embed each step that you aristocratically transgressed; with a boundless entrenchment of spell binding gold,

It was perhaps my invidious misfortune; that I couldn't engulf your heavenly sleeping body; with unending blankets of ingratiatingly resplendent pearls,

It was perhaps my slithering misfortune; that I couldn't caress even the most fleeting speck of your visage; with feathers of everlasting paradise; every unfurling minute of the sweltering day and even after the heart of enchantingly fabulous midnight,

It was perhaps my preposterous misfortune; that I couldn't incarcerate every bit of melody on this limitless earth; to unrelentingly shower upon your vivacious grace; for times immemorial,

It was perhaps my pugnacious misfortune; that I couldn't buy you the most extraordinarily expensive nailpolish on this unprecedented globe; paint the immaculate budding crusts of your toes with regally beautiful color,
It was perhaps my prejudiced misfortune; that I couldn't irrevocably light the lanterns of your celestial eyes; with flames of unassailable and never-ending prosperity,

It was perhaps my tyrannical misfortune; that I couldn't mold the most Orientally exquisite figurines for you on this indefatigable planet; at the tiniest flutter of your marvelously rubicund lips,

It was perhaps my ruthless misfortune; that I couldn't erect a palace of fascinatingly charismatic silver on every path that you philandered; on even the most obsolete chunk of land that you cast your poignant sight,

It was perhaps my indiscriminate misfortune; that I couldn't metamorphose every inadvertently malevolent element of your innocent conscience; into the sky
of unconquerably truthful righteousness,

It was perhaps my indescribable misfortune; that I couldn't commemorate every breath that you exhaled; as the ultimate throne on this eclectically vibrant Universe,

But believe me even if there was somebody who could grant you all of the above at the most mercurial wink of your eye; he still couldn't infiltrate a fraction into your Omnipotent life; or possess you as much as I,

For although I might be disastrously penurious; the immortal beats of my heart loved you more than any organism on this earth could ever conceive; my love for you was that undefeated spirit that none could conquer; except the divine.

Nikhil Parekh

Except The Girl

The mesmerizing tunes of the voluptuous nightingale; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which emanated from my breath; were heard by none; except the
girl who came every unfurling minute in my ocean of dreams.

The boisterously buzzing tunes of the queen bee; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which diffused from my breath; were heard by none; except the
girl who tantalized me unrelentingly with the fragrance of her mystical breath.

The melodious tunes spiraling handsomely from the delectable piano; were heard
by everybody,
But the tunes which oozed from my breath; were heard by none; except the girl
who cast an enigmatic spell on each path I tread.

The cacophonous tunes of croaking frogs; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which flowed from my breath; were heard by none; except the girl
who left me astoundingly dumbfounded; with the crimson color of her innocuous
cheeks.

The tunes of tumultuous thunder pouring from sky; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which sky rocketed from my breath; were heard by none; except
the girl who conjured me into a spell of celestially unending sleep.

The treacherously satanic tunes of the monster approaching; were heard by
everybody,
But the tunes which cascaded from my breath; were heard by none; except the
girl who maneuvered me into a land of incomprehensibly beautiful fantasy.

The vivacious tunes of the giant drum; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which descended from my breath; were heard by none; except the
girl who granted me the astronomical conviction to confront every aspect of life.

The ominous tunes of the hideously hissing snake; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which shot from my breath; were heard by none; except the girl
who made me feel perpetually young; with insurmountable mischief lingering on
her
face.

The passionate tunes of the ocean clashing against the rocks were heard by
everybody,

But the tunes which dribbled from my breath; were heard by none; except the girl who drowned me profusely in the ingratiating aura of her divinely voice.

And the vital tunes of existence on this planet; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which crept from my breath; were heard by none; except the girl who impregnated new life every second in my impoverished persona; the girl who
infact I proudly called my beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Existence

The eyes exploded into a flurry of tears; sometimes of celestial bliss; sometimes reeling under the onslaught of hysterical agony,

The nose exploded into a stream of gruesomely sticky mucus; succeeded by violent draughts of passionate air,

The legs exploded into an inevitable fast run; as the striped panther furtively following them came at whisker lengths of snapping distance,

The fingers exploded into a mountain of voracious writing; transforming the sheer magic embedded in them into exquisite calligraphy,

The stars in the cosmos exploded into a fountain of resplendent light; illuminating the ghastly darkness prevailing in all quarters with ravishing light,

The gutter exploded into a whirlpool of gruesomely stinking sewage; diffusing an obnoxiously horrendous stench for boundless kilometers in vicinity,

The Sun exploded into a vicious fireball of flames; charring every evil to minuscule ash in the wrath of its sweltering heat,

The volcano exploded into fulminating lava; diffusing tumultuous heat and agony as it gushed out of the earth's belly like an electric paced rocket,

The tongue exploded into a volley of supremely melodious sounds; engulfing the dolorously morose ambience around with enthralling music,

The mouth exploded into a thunderously loud yawn; languidly expressing its immortal desire to exotically dream and sleep,

The rose exploded into an ocean of scent every dawn; permeating every entity that trespassed in surrounding; with the essence of its mystically alluring aroma,

The fire cracker exploded into a festoon of brilliantly pugnacious sparks; puncturing the voluptuous carpet of night with unparalleled boisterous fervor,

The photograph exploded into a cavalcade of hidden emotions; putting up a blatantly stoical look in front of its master; sulking within as it was thoroughly

incapable of taking birth again,

The ripe and rotten tomato exploded into a shower of fetidly red curry;
fomenting all those around to relinquish the last bit of taste they had in their
mouths,

The assembly of exorbitantly costly diamonds exploded into a corridor of
intransigent shine; made people ogle at their impeccably splendid demeanor for
centuries unprecedented,

The indefatigably tired arms exploded into a pool of seductive sweat; trickling
down slowly to blend with scorched mud,

The fathomless deep gorge encompassing the entire spell binding mountain
range; exploded into an ensemble of eerie echoes; granting Godly status to an
inconspicuously tiny sound,

The turbulently rising waves of the colossal ocean exploded into a blanket of
tantalizing froth; flooding the life of impoverished entities with tangy spice and
the ardor to survive,

The heart imprisoned in the chest exploded into a series of passionate
palpitations; profoundly blending with the ultimate love its life,

And every life born on this planet; exploded into newness and energy; exploded
into fascinating enchantment and enigma; exploded into the unending battle
called
and worshipped as existence.

Nikhil Parekh

Existing As One

We might be two different breaths; but will continue to exist as one;
rhapsodically relishing each moment of profoundly mystical life,

We might be two different mouths; but will continue to exist as one; singing till
the last chord down our throat got exhausted; basking in the glory of the divinely
atmosphere,

We might be two different feet; but will continue to exist as one; transgressing
unflinchingly over every barricade of acrimonious existence; surging unabashedly
ahead on our path towards righteousness,

We might be two different brains; but will continue to exist as one; evolving the
most ingenious ideas on this planet; indefatigably striving to metamorphose
God's beautiful creation once again into a paradise,

We might be two different hands; but will continue to exist as one; facing the
mightiest of onslaught with invincible determination; pulverizing the nefarious
devil to inconspicuous bits of insipid ash,

We might be two different destinies; but will continue to exist as one;
overtopping all the barbaric odds and spirits that inevitably came our way; with
the astounding conviction in our blood,

We might be two different lips; but will continue to exist as one; smiling high and
handsome towards the flaming Sun; even though the nights had wholesomely
strangled our blissful days,

We might be two different eyes; but will continue to exist as one; incarcerating
the fathomless beauty of this wonderful planet in our lids; crying tears of blood
to enlighten the lives of our compatriots in inexplicable pain,

We might be two different ears; but will continue to exist as one; profusely
enjoying the captivating melody in the air; unrelentingly on the lookout for our
sacrosanct siblings on this globe,

We might be two different tongues; but will continue to exist as one; eloquently
speaking and emanating God's wonderful voice; conversing in the dialect of
ubiquitous humanity,

We might be two different skins; but will continue to exist as one; merrily frolicking in an enchanting paradise of our own; far away from the obnoxious vagaries of Black and white,

We might be two different shadows; but will continue to exist as one; not relinquishing our entities even a diminutive trifle in the blistering day; as well as the satanically devil ridden night,

We might be two different signatures; but will continue to exist as one; evolving a script which is the most unshakeable of them all; a jargon which none in this vast world could ever conceive to emulate,

We might be two different bloods; but will continue to exist as one; decimating every disease from its very non-existent roots; perennially bouncing towards the sky with a tumultuous euphoria to grasp for life,

We might be two different desires; but will continue to exist as one; insurmountably superceding every beautiful dream that lingered in the air; mating in the perpetual flame of belonging,

We might be two different heights; but will continue to exist as one; caressing the incredulously shimmering stars as we philandered; nestling contentedly in the belly of the milky moon in the lap of silken sleep,

We might two different enigmas; but will continue to exist as one; enthralling monotonously struggling identities in this Universe; with the ravishing tinkle in our stride,

We might be two different souls; but will continue to exist as one; coalescing as an inseparable spirit to withstand each acrid chapter of indispensable survival,

And we might be two different hearts; but will continue to exist as one; even after our mortal deaths; for infinite more births to come.

Nikhil Parekh

Expectations Massacre Life

It was only when you started to insatiably expect; that every stranger on the street would wholeheartedly smile; altruistically enshroud each dreary aspect of your beleaguered existence with unprecedented happiness,
That it terribly hurt you; when he unsparingly abused you; excoriating you apart like inconspicuously frigid shit; for ostensibly no reason or plausible rhyme; instead.

It was only when you started to inexorably expect; that the conglomerate of voluptuous clouds in the cosmos; perpetually inundated every emaciated cranny of parched earth with enchantingly golden rain,
That it unsurpassably hurt you; when they immutably refrained to shower even an evanescent trickle even after drifting centimeters close to soil;
metamorphosed every conceivable tuft of exotic green; into a graveyard of bizarrely disparaging sand;
instead.

It was only when you started to rapaciously expect; that the boisterously cavorting bee; would handsomely bless and enlighten the drearily lambasted roses around you,
That it limitlessly hurt you; when it acrimoniously hurtled right towards the whites of your impeccable eye and vengefully stung you; instead.

It was only when you started to endlessly expect; that the neighbor would chivalrously reciprocate your congenital kindness; unflinching standing by you in your times of horrendously inexplicable and cancerous distress,
That it hedonistically hurt you; when he ghoulishly smattered every speck of preposterous dirt in his dwelling; with lethal disdain on your face; instead.

It was only when you started to unbelievably expect; that every inch of soil that you timelessly transgressed; would seductively tantalize and compassionately greet the haplessly staggering soles of your fatigued feet,
That it intransigently hurt you; when the ground perpetuated you to fretfully bleed and crumble; transforming into a battalion of cadaverously acerbic thorns even before you could alight a single foot; instead.

It was only when you started to tirelessly expect; that the very first rays of brilliantly Omnipotent Sun next morning; would miraculously mitigate you of even the most infinitesimal iota of your torturous agony,
That it tyrannically hurt you; when the mordantly main and viciously livid smog;

hazily obfuscated every trace of light; instead.

It was only when you started to passionately expect; that the indomitably intrepid mountains; would perpetually sequester you in their unshakably peerless aura,

That it unimaginably hurt you; when they ignominiously buried you alive under an avalanche of incongruously untamed ice; instead.

It was only when you started to unconquerably expect; that the immaculate woman on the turnstiles; would invincibly treat you like her venerated son, That it disconsolately hurt you; when she lasciviously crept towards you and tawdrily offered you her profanely sundry body; instead.

It was only when you started to unceasingly expect; that every wave of the undulatingly frosty ocean; would transcend you to above the realms of veritably blissful paradise,

That it traumatically hurt you; when the waters savagely drowned you to the rock bottom without giving you the tiniest of subtle innuendo; instead.

And it was only when you started to unrelentingly expect; that the girl for which your heart throbbed more everlastingly than the corridors of eternal eternity; would irrefutably become the sole partner of your existence,

That it intolerably hurt you; when she came to tantalizingly kiss you every moonlit evening; and then bonded in threads of perennial matrimony with your most dreaded enemy; choosing you for the night and him for life; instead.

Nikhil Parekh

Expressing Love

My eyes expressed their profoundly unending love; by culminating into an astoundingly glistening festoon of triumphant tears; as her pristinely heavenly form

unfurled from behind the sun soaked hills,

My lips expressed their profusely inexorable love; by igniting thunderstorms of unrelenting desire in her majestic body; poignantly tracing the beautifully blossoming outlines of her mellifluous skin,

My forehead expressed its unrelentingly mischievous love; by flirtatiously colliding with her nubile chin; celestially brushing against her marvelously heaving chest; as resplendently enamoring beams of the moon took complete control,

My cheeks expressed their bountifully timeless love; by blushing a shade more incomprehensibly voluptuous crimson than the torrentially thundering clouds; at even the most inconspicuously evanescent of her caress,

My fingers expressed their insatiably indomitable love; by tirelessly groping in rampant strokes through her sensuously ravishing hair; invincibly clasping her sacrosanct fingers in mine; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

My belly expressed its euphorically unlimited love; by indefatigably matching the divine cadence of her silhouette step for step; reverberating as her ultimate slave in even the most ephemeral of her queenly shadow,

My shoulders expressed their unflinchingly audacious love; by perpetually sequestering her enchantingly vivacious grace in their compassionate warmth; uplifting her innocuous visage above the realms of spell binding paradise; even as nothing but hell vomited hedonistically from blue sky,

My eyelashes expressed their tantalizingly endless love; by sporadically fluttering against her royally exuberant nose; making her feel like a new born princess; even in her times of inexplicably traumatizing distress,

My ears expressed their ecstatically perennial love; by perspicaciously assimilating even the tiniest rhythm of her glorious stride; ardently listening to her ebulliently rhapsodic laughter; even centuries unfathomable after their veritable time,

My tongue expressed its intransigently dedicated love; by assiduously suckling the sweetness of her golden sweat; punctuating rivulets of untamed felicity in her countenance with its marvelously sensitive strokes,

My feet expressed their immutably unshakable love; by incessantly following her blissfully immaculate trails wherever she went; intermittently evoking her to fulminate into inimitable laughter poking her with my bohemian toe,

My throat expressed its ecumenically impeccable love; by relentlessly singing praises of her eternally righteous soul; unequivocally voicing its unstinted support for her everlasting grace; even as the entire world charged her with licentiously bawdy profanity,

My chest expressed its unconquerably benign love; by unassailably guarding her stupendously aristocratic form; taking every heinously adulterated arrow that dared come her royal way; upon its astronomically tenacious consortium of barren bones,

My palms expressed their impregnably volatile love; by altruistically borrowing all forks of flagrant difficulty from her hands; blessing even the most inconsequential aspect of her life with their quota of destined happiness,

My shadow expressed its unshakably unending love; by irrevocably entrenching her melodiously jubilant form from all sides; timelessly ensuring that even the most fugitive jinx or spirit wanting to infiltrate her; instead becoming my devastating rhyme,

My mind expressed its fantastically unsurpassable love; by endlessly fantasizing about her enthrallingly exhilarating aura; implacably replacing every other thought in my life with the fragrance of her unblemished companionship,

My veins expressed their vehemently intractable love; by emptying even the last iota of priceless blood from their silken conglomerate; to unendingly witness her blossom into eclectically fructifying life,

My breath expressed its irretrievably unbreakable love; by boundless cascading down her vividly imperial neck; being the insurmountably undefeated elixir; whenever she wanted to uninhibitedly gallop forward in vibrant life,

And my heart expressed its immortally unparalleled love; by bountifully bonding every of its passionate beat with her essence of irrefutably undaunted truth; indomitably coalescing with her spirit of oneness and humanity; even after the earth had disdainfully ceased to exist.

Nikhil Parekh

Expurgations

The disdainful gutters; expurgated tons of sewage every unveiling day;
producing an unbearable stench which infiltrated the fragrant surroundings,
The parrot green blades of grass; expurgated dew drops at the onset of
evanescent dawn; shimmering magnificently in the temperate sunshine,
The exhausted body; expurgated a million drops of sweat; slowly trickling down
the bushy eyebrows,
The fountain pen; expurgated sapphire ink when pressed; granting intricate
shape to a jugglery of words,
The colossal mountains; expurgated droplets of snow in chilly winter; which
cascaded down their slopes in unparalleled jubilation,
The mystical nightingale; expurgated melodious sounds as it opened its slender
throat; flooding the ambience with its deliciously sweet music,
The ominous clouds in the sky; expurgated torrential rain; quenching the
insatiable thirst of the parched ground,
The monstrous trucks on the road; expurgated obnoxious smoke; prompting
suffocation in innocuously passing pedestrians,
The sensitive filament of bulb; expurgated brilliant light; illuminating the
gruesome darkness in the solitary street,
The animate inhabiting terrestrial earth; expurgated feces as the first activity
before commencing the new day,
The lizard on the wall; expurgated hostile blood at the occupants; when provoked
and slashed by the same,
The celestial body of the Sun; expurgated sizzling rays; fumigating the
conglomerate of dirt on earth,
The bunch of entangled rose; expurgated tantalizing fragrance; tickling the most
ruthless of individuals,
The salty waves of the boundless ocean; expurgated dead fish on the shores;
killed mercilessly by fishermen and fiery storms,
The resplendent rainbow in the cosmos; expurgated a plethora of colors;
glistening in the splendor of pouring rain,
The striped panther philandering through the jungle; expurgated a domineering
growl; announcing its presence to all animals in vicinity,
The ones suffering from lethal cancer; expurgated precious blood; struggling
every unleashing minute to stay alive,
The eyes of my mother; expurgated tears of incredible exultation when I was
born,
The nostrils incorporated in every human; expurgated humid breath; necessary
to sustain life,
And the indefatigable heart imprisoned in my chest; expurgated love for the ones

it cared for; the girl it unrelentingly loved.

Nikhil Parekh

Extractions

I extracted curd from pure cows milk; after sequestering it for marathon hours from light,

I extracted stupendously sweet honey from catacomb beehives; after adroitly wading the stinging bees away,

I extracted scintillating pearls from the corrugated oyster shell; after fetching the same from fathomless depths of the ocean,

I extracted poignant salt powder from the sea; after stringently drying the water under the dazzling sun,

I extracted succulent fruits from the towering tree; after many years of planting its inconspicuous seed,

I extracted royal skin from the ominous persona of leopard; after decimating his long whiskered body,

I extracted crystalline water from the belly of earth; after digging to unsurpassable distances below the ground,

I extracted lethal poison from the slithering reptile; after severing its hideous pair of toxic fangs,

I extracted tones of stench and prurient debris; after profoundly squeezing the skin of a rotten vegetable,

I extracted a plethora of hidden insinuations; after attentively listening to the bureaucrat's flowery speech,

I extracted a bountiful ocean of redolence; after assembling a cluster of lilies in the flower vase,

I extracted robust supply of air completely encompassing the squalid room; after I merely caressed the conventional plastic switch labeled as fan,

I extracted compact cubes of triangular ice; after wholesomely freezing the large pitcher of water lying solitary on the slab,

I extracted gold from mundane land cultivating a fleet of crops on it; after
onerously digging the soil with my gleaming pickaxe,
I extracted naked electricity from loosely dangling wires; after touching them
with my profoundly wet hands,

I extracted a battalion of brilliant rays from the sun; after unrelentingly staring at
it for several minutes,

I extracted sparkling foam from the rotund bar of soap; after vigorously kneading
it into fine lather with my bohemian palms,

I extracted scores of raw minerals from the gargantuan body of rock; after
delving deep and distantly far into its crevices,

I extracted loads of uninhibited love from my mother; after taking birth from her
sacrosanct womb,

I extracted unparalleled empathy from my beloved; after making her the one and
only queen of my heart,

And I extracted an omnipotent spirit to exist from life; after having being
bestowed upon the form of a human; inhaling gallons of fresh air; by the divine
Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Failure

Don't ever let it obnoxiously deter you; irrefutably transcend its cowardliness; with the voice of eternally glorious truth; instead,

Don't ever let it pathetically maim you; insuperably conquer its idiosyncrasies; with unflinchingly intrepid determination; instead,

Don't ever let it treacherously pulverize you; blow its infidelity away like an inconspicuously frigid matchstick; with the power of Omnipotent benevolence; instead,

Don't ever let it ruthlessly suck you; irretrievably char its unmanliness; with the philanthropic melody of symbiotic existence; instead,

Don't ever let it devastatingly tyrannize you; wholesomely triumph over its blackness; with the light of blazingly unassailable oneness; instead,

Don't ever let it mordantly dishearten you; aristocratically sideline its diabolism; with the winds of scintillatingly charismatic camaraderie; instead,

Don't ever let it hideously slap you; irrevocably freeze its satanic insinuations; with the Omnipotent mantra of regally proliferating humankind; instead,

Don't ever let it maliciously prejudice you; jubilantly jostle its deterioration; with the spirit of intriguingly enchanting exuberance; instead,

Don't ever let it painstakingly dither you; perennially challenge its heinousness; with the everlasting sunshine of brilliant optimism; instead,

Don't ever let it baselessly empower you; implacably annihilate its goriness; with the lamp of panoramically vibrant newness; instead,

Don't ever let it derogatorily corrupt you; nonchalantly shrug its insipid meaninglessness; with the boundless sky of sacredly burgeoning patriotism; instead,

Don't ever let it invidiously strangulate you; majestically overwhelm its wailing; with the melodiously fructifying fruits of amiably marvelous existence; instead,

Don't ever let it truculently dictate you; inexorably dominate its acridness; with

the resplendently enamoring vividness of mother nature; instead,

Don't ever let it malevolently slander you; inimitably silence its obsolescence;
with the fabric of impeccably magical originality; instead,

Don't ever let it indiscriminately trample you; eternally overpower its
salaciousness; with the immaculately fragrant ointment of sparkling
uninhibitedness; instead,

Don't ever let it remorsefully shrink you; indefatigably restrict its feckless
morbidly; with the wings of unequivocally astronomical freedom; instead,

Don't ever let it intransigently lambaste you; spell bindingly extinguish its
retribution; with unprecedented gorges of tantalizingly smothering artistry;
instead,

Don't ever let it enter your life; for it was the only thin line between you and the
paradise of immortally bountiful success; the only gallows which barbarously
snatched breath forever from your body even though you were synergistically
alive; the only cadaverous demon which robbed you of all your fathomlessly
endowed

happiness; the only word which you never wanted to utter if you wanted to live,

And if you guessed it to be death then let me tell you that you were horrifically
wrong; for it was a death more gruesome than veritable death; as it was a
corpse

of 2 more alphabets than death; infact an unending graveyard called failure

Nikhil Parekh

Fake Godfather

For him I wasn't a passionate poet penning down thousands of lines of mystical poetry,
What he considered me was just an employee; relentlessly running in and out;
through the doors of his bombastic office.

For him I wasn't the innocuous child wandering at will through the jungles,
What he considered me was just an embellished servant; attending to each of his
clients with a big and ostentatiously false smile.

For him I wasn't the angel sipping milk delectably from mother cow,
What he considered me was just a hi-tech attendant; scrupulously sorting and
arranging his plethora of computer files.

For him I wasn't the fantasy eye casting my shadow on every pretty damsel that
I encountered on the streets,
What he considered me was a financial institution who could extract money from
the uncouth world; dispense it judiciously to pacify even the tiniest of his
demands.

For him I wasn't the angel who slept cozily for indefatigable number of hours on
the silken couch,
What he considered me was just an electric paced machine barging through the
door of his office at the crack of dawn; and before anyone else entered his
empire.

For him I wasn't the philanderer gallivanting with brazen relish through the
winding hills,
What he considered me was just a physically fit and robust individual who could
clamber and descend the stairs leading to his cabin umpteenth number of times.

For him I wasn't the carefree and reckless student bunking classroom with
nonchalant ease to meet my beloved,
What he considered me was just a special insect; who buzzed incessantly around
his visage; pretentiously praising him about things he had never committed.

For him I wasn't the impetuous youngster who spent every night drowned in
gallons of intoxicating whisky dancing to the beats of vivacious music,
What he considered me was a professional with dynamic speech; the only man
who could entertain his guests for weeks together on the glittering telephone.

For him I wasn't just the tiny kid playing boisterously with several other of my kind,
What he considered me was an audacious and gallant chested soldier; standing tall and domineering to protect his assets; opening the door of his car; every time he felt an urge to drive fast towards the valley of enchantment.
For him I wasn't the emperor of my dreams; sitting on the profusely jeweled throne,
What he considered me was just somebody who could spot and shrug off all the disdainful hair sticking to his shirt; evolve ingenious ideas to fetch him his emoluments for years to unveil.

For him I wasn't the maverick munching toffee and simultaneously writing love letters,
What he considered me was a perfect 'Butter Man'; adroitly convincing and polishing the shoes of his vast repertoire of alien customers.

For him I wasn't the mischievous teenager bursting into pools of uninhibited laughter every other second,
What he considered me was just a vibrant entity who wrote his International speech; cajoled his vain senses when he found himself encompassed by a state of inexplicable nervousness.

For him I wasn't the pampered boy feasting my eyes on a fathomless ensemble of ravishing fruits and curd,
What he considered me was just an executive who could prolifically travel all around the country; while he slept blissfully with the girl of his dreams; with nothing else except his snores to disturb him.

For him I wasn't a prince swimming in an ocean of pearls; tossing an armory of jewels like matchsticks in the air,
What he considered me was just an infinitesimal little banana; whose skin he could ruthlessly peel whenever he wanted; before savoring the entire fruit.

For him I wasn't the baby cuddling tightly to my mother's invincible lap; drifting off to blissful sleep as she sung mystical rhymes into my ear,
What he considered me was just a mature broker; intricately manipulating and shielding each of his shady and illegal deals.

For him I wasn't the adventurous crusader; profoundly admiring a blanket of voluptuous stars from the summit of the hill,
What he considered me was just an expert salesman; propagating the essence of

his hollow ideals far and wide; standing dead straight as if struck by a hostile arrow; nodding my head boundless number of times to the faintest of whispers he uttered.

For him I wasn't God's vehement disciple; inexorably ringing the bells of the temple; wholesomely lost in the omnipotent aura of the Creator,
What he considered me was just an obnoxious table of reception; uttering hi, hello, sorry, thank you, all throughout the waking day and for some part of the moistened night.

For him I wasn't my beloved's lover; enveloped intensely in the supremely volatile arms of her romance,
What he considered me was just a dirty solicitor; ever ready to fight every legal case of his; win every battle triumphantly in front of the judge.

For him I wasn't human at all; with feelings, desires; fantasies; emotions; ..,
What he considered me was just his chained employee; licking his feet in meek submission; executing all his Business deals to astronomical perfection.

As these were the things inevitable to be done; to get that pay cheque of mine at the end of every month; and of course till that time he could take the privilege of dominating me,
But mind you irrespective of my compulsion to exist; he would only for the time being remain my fake Godfather; but could never replace and was nowhere near even the minutest shadows of my adorable and omniscient Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Falling Forever In Love

If you've forever dreamt of a life without the slightest of apprehension;
ecstatically rejoicing in the aisles of unfettered desire; for times immemorial,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without the slightest of bloodshed and crime;
tranquilly swaying in the lap of sacredly divine peace; every unfurling minute of
the day and enchanting night,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without acrimoniously frigid monotony;
timelessly spawning into miraculously reinvigorating newness; with the first rays
of the Golden Sun; at spell bindingly Omnipotent dawn,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without pugnacious backlashes; the winds of
unparalleled triumph uninhibitedly kissing you on your every step; in your spells
of sleep and ardent awakening; alike,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without venomously upbraiding salaciousness;
the streams of impeccable amity and oneness; heavenly embracing you from
every construable side,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without cannibalistically hedonistic prejudice;
the arms of eternally glorious freedom hoisting you closer and closer; to the
grace of
the Omnisciently Almighty Lord,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without manipulatively ballistic vengeance; the
profoundly sublime waves of altruistic simplicity; perpetuating the inner most
chords of your truthful soul,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without preposterously pernicious poverty; the
skies of ubiquitously unending prosperity and happiness; becoming the
congenital mantra of your truncated existence,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without menacingly diabolical stagnation; the
whirlwinds of fantastically emollient innovation; exuberantly whistling past your
nape as each night unraveled into the brilliantly optimistic day,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without dolorously obsolete boredom; the
rainbow of everlastingly blissful humanity; becoming the sole elixir of your
blessed survival,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without raunchily cold-blooded insanity; the fireballs of compassionately unstoppable yearning to unassailably ignite; the pathetically dwindling lantern of your survival,
If you've forever dreamt of a life without avariciously rancid nothingness; the ingratiating cisterns of propitious excitement; always keeping you effulgently young and alive,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without decrepit nonchalance and flagrant debauchery; an atmosphere of ebulliently sparkling truth; overruling every emaciated ingredient of your crimson blood,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without disparaging desecration and abhorrent war; beautifully existing with every echelon of living kind; till infinite more births of yours,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without deliriously self inflicted misery; metamorphosing even the most bellicose entity that you caressed; into the mists of fragrantly unconquerable paradise,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without despicably torturous imprisonment; every recess of your impregnably passionate heart; fulminating into an cloudburst
of marvelously untainted expression,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without lethally aggrieved adulteration; a citadel of irrefutably glistening honesty handsomely blossoming from every conceivable pore of mother earth,

If you've forever dreamt of a life without perilously betraying infidelity; the insuperably enamoring bonds of unflinching camaraderie; unshakably entwining with every breath that you effusively exhaled,

And if you've forever dreamt of a life that doesn't just remain a dream; shattering even the most inconspicuous ray of hope that tumultuously lingered in your euphorically bubbling countenance,

Then here's your chance O! Mate to transform each of your benign dream into the sky of veritable reality; here's your chance to become God's most pricelessly blessed organism till the time this earth existed and even beyond; here's your chance to be the closest to the divine; by blending every beat of your heart; soul and immaculate conscience,

Falling forever and ever and ever; into the river of immortally Omnipresent
and timelessly exultating love.

Nikhil Parekh

Fanatically In Love

I didn't know whether she was a tantalizing fairy; or whether she bounced like an impeccable angel; in the corridors of my horrendously devastated life,

I didn't know whether she was an ingratiatingly redolent flower; or whether she was voluptuously resplendent moonshine; that enshrouded every iota of my despicable existence; with unparalleled mysticism and charm,

I didn't know whether she was a gorgeously titillating waterfall; or whether she was the rustling leaves of the forest; that triggered me to envisage; beyond the realms of ultimate paradise,

I didn't know whether she was an ocean of tangy froth; or whether she incessantly shimmered like a fabulous pearl; illuminating the morbidly saddened arenas of my pathetically stumbling existence,

But what I did know was that I was fanatically in love with her immortal eyes as each instant unleashed itself into a wholesome minute; profoundly blending with their marvelously impeccable whites.

I didn't know whether she was a majestically perennial dewdrop; or whether she rained indefatigably as nectar from the fathomless sky; flooding my despicably frazzled senses with the harmony of vibrant life,

I didn't know whether she was a cloudburst of unfettered desire; or whether she blossomed into a fountain of royal beauty as the night descended; suppressing my suicidal tendencies with her web of unsurpassable yearning,

I didn't know whether she was a magnificently glistening shore; or whether she was the handsomely princely sunset; that placidly tingled me into ecstatic submission,

I didn't know whether she was a vivaciously leaping zebra; or whether she flamed beyond the walls of eternal eternity; blazing an irrefutable path of optimism through my every ludicrously shivering midnight,

But what I did know that I was fanatically in love with her seductively fluttering shadow; coalesced for infinite more births of mine; with its exotically silken and profuse caress.

I didn't know whether she was a vividly striped butterfly; or whether she rolled incessantly on the meadows of fascinating enchantment; to spice up each moment of my drearily lackadaisical life,

I didn't know whether she was a candidly scintillating mirror; or whether she was the unequivocal queen of my mind; body and soul; casting her unbreakable spell upon devastatingly penurious life,

I didn't know whether she was a candle of unending imagery; or whether she healed every hopeless wound on my nimble body; with the perpetual ointment of ebulliently blooming romance,

I didn't know whether she was an emolliently boisterous hive; or whether she surreptitiously seduced every cranny of my extinguishing visage; to clamber the fortress of ebullient compassion,

But what I did know that I was fanatically in love with her ravishingly glorious fragrance; immortally bonding with the gorgeous stream of golden perspiration that wafted bountifully from her sacrosanct arms.

I didn't know whether she was a wildly gyrating dance; or whether she swirled above the skies in the winds of incomprehensible fantasy; to bless me on every acrimonious step that I tread on,

I didn't know whether she was a celestially united civilization; or whether her impregnable chest; harbored my ridiculously disappearing and mockingly afraid countenance,

I didn't know whether she was a wonderfully blooming morning; or whether harnessed each sprouting bone of my deflated visage; with the poignantly crimson blood that eternally ran through her blessed veins,

I didn't know whether she was the Omnipotent Goddess of passion and enigma; or whether she was an invincible flavor; that each element of my bedraggled demeanor; wanted to relish all its life,

But what I did know was that I was fanatically in love with her unrelentingly Omnipresent mountain of godly heartbeats; uniting all that I possessed by God's grace and all what I was about to proudly have; with her philanthropically benevolent life.

Fantastic Beginning

Currently your eyes were just eyes; casting their impeccable blacks and whites to the very places they liked,

While I was waiting for the moment; when they would ooze poignant globules of empathy; candidly divulge the mysticism hidden in their softness; under the glistening effulgence of the Sun.

Currently your lips were just lips; tightly pursing every now and then; whenever you were entrenched with bouts of utter frustration,

While I was waiting for the moment; when they were besieged with a stupendously charismatic smile; enlightening the pathetically morbid atmosphere; with the ingratiating aura that they possessed.

Currently your cheeks were just cheeks; scowling a trifle; as beads of perspiration and a battalion of flies buzzed incongruously against their rotund periphery,

While I was waiting for the moment; when they profusely blushed; triggering untamed mountains of sensuous flames; in the bewitching dreariness of the night.

Currently your hair were just hair; miserably incarcerated beneath a deluge of monotonous ribbon and stringent braids,

While I was waiting for the moment; when they swept ravishingly with the brazen winds; landed on my flesh; to transit me into a spell of tantalizing delight.

Currently your belly was just a belly; contentedly snoozing as your consumed the fraternity of food; which tingled your tongue the most,

While I was waiting for the moment; when it gyrated full throttle under the pearly moonshine; raving me like a shooting star from my den; boundless feet beneath the ghastly grave.

Currently your hands were just hands; lying in timid unison on soil; as the Sun silently transcended over the horizons,

While I was waiting for the moment; when your royal fingers united together in splendid harmony; making me soar like an impregnable bird over the land of infinite infinity.

Currently your voice was just a voice; rhythmically rising and falling in the air; as you inevitably unleashed the chords of your dwindling throat,

While I was waiting for the moment; when you sung the song lingering deep in

your soul; inundating my baselessly hopeless life; with the tenacity to exist beyond my time.

Currently your footsteps were just footsteps; nimbly caressing the mud as you sloppily commenced your journey; to search for indispensable fodder for your life,

While I was waiting for that moment; when you philandered barefoot through the rhapsodically romantic hills; splashed your divinely countenance in water; freshly tumbling from the carpets of blue sky.

Currently your life was just a life; unveiling lackadaisically with the fading times; trudging pathetically through a land which was sinking with the gloomy second, While I was waiting for that moment; when it blissfully blossomed into a perpetual relationship; exultating in the full fledged flavor of celestial existence.

And Currently your heart was just a heart; palpitating to the tunes of survival; as you aimlessly groped into a tunnel of gruesome blackness; while the rest of the world marched outside,

While I was waiting for the moment; when your sacred chest immortally radiated the beats of love; bonded with the person it yearned for and cherished; galloping towards the rays of a fantastic beginning.

Nikhil Parekh

Fantasy

In the invidiously ghastly silence that enshrouds me; when even the most ferociously turbulent of waves; wholesomely refrained to culminate; after sighting the contours of my plaintively impoverished face,

In the pathetically hedonistic silence that enshrouds me; when even the most voluptuously sapphire of clouds; wholesomely refrained to thunder; after sighting the appalling dullness in my eyes,

In the mercilessly maiming silence that enshrouds me; when even the most inscrutably enlivening forests; wholesomely refrained to whisper; after sighting the haplessly crinkled veins on my feet,

In the ominously egregious silence that enshrouds me; when even the most majestically crimson lotus; wholesomely refrained to blossom; after sighting the horrifically jutting bones of my flailing persona,

In the diabolically stabbing silence that enshrouds me; when even the most royally towering lion; wholesomely refrained to roar; after sighting the cringe of fetidly decaying yellow clinging to my cluster of teeth,

In the vindictively devilish silence that enshrouds me; when even the most vociferously effervescent of bees; wholesomely refrained to buzz; after sighting the tears of directionless delirium in my eyes,

In the hideously cannibalistic silence that enshrouds me; when even the most uncontrollably spiraling fires; wholesomely refrained to crackle; after sighting the miserably defeated philosopher in my breath,

In the flagrantly disconcerting silence that enshrouds me; when even the most aristocratically gliding eagles; wholesomely refrained to screech; after sighting the frigid barrenness of my freshly tonsured scalp,

In the truculently venomous silence that enshrouds me; when even the most vividly astounding rainbows; wholesomely refrained to shimmer; after sighting the inanely livid dialect of my slavering tongue,

In the murderously asphyxiating silence that enshrouds me; when even the most charismatically jet black scorpions; wholesomely refrained to sting; after sighting the innumerable knots in my deplorably battered writer's finger,

In the criminally cadaverous silence that enshrouds me; when even the most limitlessly cascading waterfalls; wholesomely refrained to gurgle; after sighting the ungainly stubble of barbarous beard; upon the sagging flesh of my cheeks,

In the disgustingly incarcerating silence that enshrouds me; when even the most sensuously virgin dewdrops; wholesomely refrained to titillate; after sighting the perennially lingering yawn of my indolently wretched mouth,

In the cold-bloodedly demonic silence that enshrouds me; when even the most unabashedly arousing of storms; wholesomely refrained to gush; after sighting the remnants of nothing else but maniacal gloominess; strewn all over my quavering spine,

In the insidiously lecherous silence that enshrouds me; when even the most brilliantly optimistic of Sun; wholesomely refrained to blaze; after sighting the mist of hopelessness predominantly reigning in each of my senses,

In the carnivorously deathly silence that enshrouds me; when even the most pristinely antiquated bells; wholesomely refrained to chime; after sighting the ghoulishly dying footprints of my sole,

In the drearily lambasting silence that enshrouds me; when even the most undauntedly silken snakes; wholesomely refrained to hiss; after sighting the blood that had now turned a febrile blue; in my severely starved veins,

In the torturously inconsolable silence that enshrouds me; when even the most spell bindingly heavenly dawn; wholesomely refrained to sermonize; after sighting the lethally anomalous clouds of sullenness; hovering round my nape,

In the ignominiously diseased silence that enshrouds me; when even the most fervently compassionate heart; wholesomely refrained to beat; after sighting the reverberations that the earth underwent; with each of my bohemian tread,

If there was really something at all that enlightened me; if there was really something at all that befriended me; and if there was really something at all that inspired me to the ultimate heavens of the divine; then it was none other than my; unconquerably unrestricted and unimpeachably glorious
"Fantasy".

Nikhil Parekh

Fantasy Meal

Fleshy pulp of juicy melon,
fresh green skin of elongated banana,
scarlet red complexion of sweet apple,
hard olive skull of coastal coconut,
oblong globules of violet grape fruit,
sliced chunks of peeled orange,
tetra walled legs of salted cucumber,
chopped pieces of marinated garlic,
reddish brown roots of unripened radish,
roasted body of sweet potato,
thick curry of churned tomato,
tender beanstalks of ladies finger,
pungent seedlings of green chili,
appetizing kernels of rusty walnut,
darkish yellow insides of hybrid mango,
cascading protein yolk from egg shell,
hollow ringed circles of sliced pineapple,
purplish bulge of heart shaped brinjal,
jointed sticks of sugarcane fiber,
miniscule pieces of chopped lemon,
an exact kilogram of green peas,
abundant supply of crimson plums,
all this blended with molten sugar,
with macro toppings of cheddar cheese,
stirred vigorously to edible proportions,
with wooden battens coated with mustard incense,
served royally on ornamental steel,
creating ravishing sensations in salivary buds,
eaten with a shining silver spoon,
remains the most fantasized meal,
for decades and times immemorial.

Nikhil Parekh

Fantasy Seldom Becomes Reality

I thought of nose diving from the 100th floor of the edifice,
shivered incessantly when perched right on the top,
abruptly changed my decision as i stared in deathly horror,
at the fathomless distance between the ground and my silhouette.

i visualized trespassing through amber flames of the bonfire,
as they licked barren arenas of the misty blue sky,
i vehemently changed my outlook; as i actually felt their savage heat,
refrained from venturing even miles near the conflagration.

i perceived chewing brittle shards of broken glass,
disintegrating them firmly with my teeth,
dreaded visions of blood gushing from chambers in mouth engulfed me,
as i formally held a solitary chunk of glass in my palms,
prompting me to dismiss the obnoxious idea from my mind.

i envisaged riding on the silken body of blue ocean whale,
admiring the scenic beauty of the captivating Atlantic,
ghastly images of its canine teeth petrified me in entirety,
with hollow kingdoms of its mouth relishing my bones,
causing me to instantaneously relinquish the fantasy before it took firm roots.

i imagined conversing with the magnanimous princess,
floating high in the clouds with her mesmerizing grace,
i then looked down at the torn lace of my shoe, infinite stains in my vest, the
emptiness of my purse,
the visions of blossoming romance died there itself,
and i admonished my mind stringently saying to myself,
that fantasy seldom becomes reality.

Nikhil Parekh

Farmer Relishes Sugarcane Juice

Rotten leaves lay in dark corners,
soggy mud was sprawled through acres of land,
rusty barbed wire lined vast expanse of territory,
dull roots of juicy cane plant projected from the mud,
a strong pair of black bull bathed in rain ponds of wet mud slurry,
infinite earthworms popped from beneath cocoons of ground,
long snakes buried themselves in dark holes,
multilegged caterpillar crawled through open skin of wild flower,
a family of untamed rabbit trespassed for nibbling fruit,
the apple trees swayed with gusty currents of humid wind,
as ripened fruits incorporated with natural sweet juice,
fell in paltry amounts from the angular wood branch.

the golden Sun rose behind the V shaped hill,
cast its first burning rays on the fertile land,
gradually awakening the husky farmer,
tossing in blissful fantasies of sleep,
to start his routine ploughing activity for the succeeding day.

the mesmerizing sunlight took its toll on him,
he looked drowned in jubilation amidst the tall cultivation of sugarcane,
red ants greedily sucking his seasoned blood,
as he strained his eyes to devour the breathtaking scene,
of sunshine, scarlet apple, juicy sugarcane, chocolate brown mud,
and gushing waters through gigantic cloth pipes,
it took him a lengthy amount of time to drift into reality,
and when he did, he saw precious hectares of his own land,
floating with wealthy crop, tonnes of haphazardly strewn crimson apple,
he now took a slender pair of shears alongwith bare blades of country knife,
sliced ripened sugarcane crop, blended the ravishing juice oozing,
into his large mouth chambers, thoroughly parched in the dazzling Sun.

Nikhil Parekh

Faster Than The Speed Of Light

Every century looked so long; that in the beginning I felt it would last till more than what the Creator could ever have perceived; with the decades towering even higher than all the continents of the Universe amalgamated together,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just devoured my first morsel of food; and time had zipped past all those decades like a flying tornado; faster than the speed
of light.

Every decade looked so long; that in the beginning I felt that it would last till more than eternity; with the years painstakingly creeping in before completely unfurling,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just got up from my last nights sleep; and time had zipped past all those years like a flying tornado; faster than the speed
of light.

Every year looked so long; that in the beginning I felt it would be more than the unfathomable sky in entirety; with the conglomerate of months simply refraining to whistle by,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just batted my eyelids quite inadvertently; and time had zipped past all those months like a flying tornado; faster than the speed of light.

Every month looked so long; that in the beginning I felt it would be more invincible than the mighty deserts to conquer; with each fortnight stabbing me more than a million thorns coalesced together,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just finished my celestial dream; and time had zipped past all those fortnights like a flying tornado; faster than the speed
of light.

Every fortnight looked so long; that in the beginning I felt that it would be more boundless than the colossal ocean to swim in; with each week whizzing like an unrelenting mosquito; buzzing its discordant tunes into my intricately sensitive eardrum,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just walked a single step on this earth; and time had zipped past all those weeks; faster than the speed of light.

Every week looked so long; that in the beginning I felt that it would be more

Herculean than the summit of Everest to conquer; with the coalition of half a dozen days battering me disdainfully to the ground,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just brushed my curly moustache; and time had zipped past all those days like a flying tornado; faster than the speed of light.

Every day looked so long; that in the beginning I felt that it would be more tenacious than the fiery body of Sun to stare at; with the marathon hours poking me like sizzling roads of steel all over my body,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just opened my mouth a trifle; and time had zipped past all those hours like a flying tornado; faster than the speed of light.

Every hour looked so long; that in the beginning I felt it would be more acrimonious than the blanket of vicious thorns to tread on; with the persevering minutes engendering unprecedented amounts of sweat to ooze from my arms,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just drawn a thin line on the slippery sand; and time had zipped past all those minutes like a flying tornado; faster than the speed of light.

Every minute looked so long; that in the beginning I felt it would be more treacherous than the haunted corpse loitering in the graveyard; the seconds languidly inching towards the remotely distant finishing point,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had hardly completed my spurious yawn; and time had zipped past all those seconds like a flying tornado; faster than the speed of light.

Every second looked so long; that in the beginning I felt it would be more cumbersome than counting the entire battalion of stars embedded in the resplendent cosmos; with the irate tick-tick of the clock getting deafeningly loud to bear as each instant assiduously revolved by,
But believe me; now when I was 90 years of age about to relinquish life forever; it seemed that I has just inhaled in a single draught of racy breath; and time had zipped past all those moments when I was seductively beautiful and young; like a flying tornado; faster than the speed of light.

Nikhil Parekh

Father

Ominous clouds in the cosmos had forgotten to shower droplets of transparent rain,

Colossal deserts refrained from forming whirlpools of sand; with the blowing wind,

Swirling waters of the boundless ocean; didn't culminate into escalating waves,

Bedsheets of white snow on the mountain slopes; incorrigibly refused to melt,

Scores of boisterous birds nestled on towering treetops; shut their beaks tight even
as the lion came,

Incongruous stones didn't produce the slightest of noise; when they collided with
obdurate earth,

Gargantuan reptiles wandering through meadows of tranquil grass; refrained
from devouring succulent prey,

Unruly dogs on the street; didn't erupt into volleys of hoarse barking,

Blossoming lotus in the pond; didn't show signs of shriveling at the onset of
evanescent dusk,

Battalions of venomous mosquitoes; seemed to have temporarily lost their
acrimonious sting,

Fountains of blistering lava; circulated blissfully within the crevices of earth
instead of fulminating,

Waterfalls of crystal foam froze midway down the slopes; with their thunderous
gurgling now transformed into stony silence,

Dense foliage of tree leaves refused to rustle; with mighty draughts of afternoon
wind,

Opalescent butterflies in the garden; ceased to vivaciously flutter,

Silver crested dolphins in the pool; refrained to acrobatically somersault high towards the ceiling,

Mischievous monkeys didn't swing between trees; entwined their long tails placidly amidst the branches,
Long legged spiders refused to traverse across their periphery of intricately suspended silver cobwebs,

Time seemed to have stopped momentarily; with every second unwinding refraining to unleash into a minute further,

The entity of omnipotent God loomed large in my palms; now submerging my impoverished persona into waves of supreme exultation,

It was no miracle folks; I was overwhelmingly proud to declare that I had become a father; even as the first wails of my newly born child blended with the atmosphere.

Nikhil Parekh

Father And Mother.

He celestially slept in her Godly lap for marathon hours; when the brilliantly flamboyant Sun peaked full throttle in the sky,
While to be hoisted high and handsome in euphoric air; all that he had to do was; incoherently tug at the maturely bohemian fingers; of my ebulliently anticipating palms.

He boisterously suckled milk from her sacred chest; when he felt intermittently hungry; even at the most inexplicable moments of the day and all throughout the perilous night,
While to be recounted his favorite rhymes of mystical adventure and frolic; all that he had to do was; innocuously stare at my compassionate eyes; as the rain fell in tranquilly from the fathomless skies outside.

He danced in her poignant lap with uninhibited tandem; rejoicing the most pricelessly grandiloquent moments of his freshly born life,
While to be apprised of the outside world; march on his own tiny feet outside; all he had to do was; immaculately flood my ears with his euphorically mesmerizing and incongruous sounds.

He snuggled unassailably close to her pristine belly; whenever he felt even the most inconspicuous iota of fear lingering diabolically in the atmosphere around,
While to be taught how to prudently discern words and language; all he had to do was; kiss me impeccably on my bearded cheeks; as the seductive songs of the cuckoo; greeted one and all; at gloriously ethereal dawn.

He gleefully plucked at the strands of her silken hair; joyously banging his diminutive fists into her chin; whenever he felt strung by winds of overwhelmingly uncontrollable mischief,
While to be scrupulously washed of all the abominable dirt adhering to his eternally brand new visage; all he had to do was; inarticulately wink at the ecstatically obliging contours of my face.

He fabulously emulated in front of her all the voices he had an absolute infatuation towards; nibbling her Omnipotent ears with his softly developing teeth,
While to be indefatigably tickled on his blissfully endowing ribs; all he had to do was; naughtily play hide and seek with my profoundly twinkling eyes.

He smiled the smile of the angels in her vivaciously resplendent arms; irrefutably accepting her unconquerable breath and sweat; as the sole tonic to survive, While to be taken round every cranny of our dwelling; as well as unrelentingly explore the sprouting garden outside; all he had to do was; gently pat me on my fervently awaiting and already bent shoulders.

He intransigently adored her celestial countenance for being the most beautifully bountiful on this entire planet; immortally imprisoning her invincible picture; for infinite more births to come; in his heart; mind; and righteous conscience, While to be bequeathed upon even the most infinitesimal of desire in his life; all he had to do was; passionately address me by any name that he wanted; forever he would always remain as my blood; as my heavenly child.

And although he sporadically probed her for something; and at times holistically leaned upon my demeanor for that object eluding his timelessly Omnipotent senses,

He had impregnably bestowed upon both of us an honor which made us exist as the richest organisms for countless more births of ours yet to unfurl; O! yes an indescribable richness of being his Only; Father and Mother.

Nikhil Parekh

Fatherhood

Just spawning an offspring out of your wife's body; doesn't make you a father,
Fatherhood is all about the poignant empathy lingering in your eyes; the
astronomical pride deep in your chest; for your child.

Just conquering all the wealth in the world; incessantly chasing your aspirations
beyond the realms of prudent control; doesn't make you a father,
Fatherhood is all about walking shoulder to shoulder with your child; enlightening
him about the unfathomable intricacies in the chapter called life.

Just embedding bombastic designation tags on your blazer; scurrying with
untamed passion in your eyes towards the corridors of monotonous office;
doesn't make you a father,
Fatherhood is all about uninhibited sharing; understanding and profusely
blending with the agony in your child's heart; to the most ultimate of your
capacity.

Just greeting your progeny with a spuriously mechanical smile on your face; at
the crack of dawn and every once in a while past the descending of midnight;
doesn't make you a father,
Fatherhood is all about supreme informality; bouncing and rampantly frolicking
with your child; continuously inculcating in him the ingredients of a blissful
existence.

Just dancing in meticulous precision with your unsurpassable armory of
manipulative guests; guzzling opulent wine with a somberity befitting the kings;
doesn't make you a father,
Fatherhood is all about possessing the tenacity to shun the entire Universe for
your child; cherishing all your wealth; ambition and desires; in the whites of his
impeccable eyes.

Just discussing issues with your son with a pompous air in your voice; a colossal
conference table dividing you ostentatiously in a single room; doesn't make you
a father,
Fatherhood is all about standing abreast your child in good times and bad;
discovering his unfathomable myriad of hidden energies; to make him an
invincible winner in life.

Just putting a miserly advertisement in the newspaper seeking your sons spouse;
targeting your bondage with families of status; blowing their wealth like baseless

cigar smoke; doesn't make you a father,
Fatherhood is all about sacrificing a lifetime for your child's happiness; exploring
that immortal love that needed to encapsulate his mind; body and soul.

Just signing an incomprehensible number of checks in a single day; browsing
through the most contemporarily corporatish of business magazines; doesn't
make you a
father,

Fatherhood is all about evacuating each droplet of blood that circulated through
the conglomerate of your robust veins; to help your child manifest his every
dream into a perpetual reality.

Just hardselling your cloudburst of ingenious concepts; astutely maneuvering
through each hurdle of life to catapult to the summit of overwhelming fame and
popularity; doesn't make you a father,

Fatherhood is all about philandering with your child through the aisles of
uncurbed freedom; reliving till times beyond eternity; those instants when you
were an innocent infant.

And just addressing your son as son umpteenth number of times in the
sweltering day; doesn't make you a father,

Fatherhood is all about living life higher than the clouds; making your child
constantly feel as if in a land of enchanting paradise; ensuring that his spirits
soared more exuberantly than the angels; even after you had died

Nikhil Parekh

Favorite Workshop

An idle palm; is the diabolically estranged and truculently cold-blooded murderer's; favorite workshop,

An idle lip; is the treacherously decrepit and horrendously inexplicable sorrow's; favorite workshop,

An idle foot; is the preposterously lazing and salaciously sucking parasite's; favorite workshop,

An idle eye; is the wholesomely obfuscating and invidiously terrorizing night's; favorite workshop,

An idle vein; is the dreadfully dangerous and cadaverously criminal cancer's; favorite workshop,

An idle hair; is the malevolently prejudiced and lecherously tawdry dandruff's; favorite workshop,

An idle mouth; is the disgustingly pompous and bizarrely delirious emptiness's; favorite workshop,

An idle ear; is the drearily penurious and sardonically stagnant absolution's; favorite workshop,

An idle tongue; is the obnoxiously inane and iconoclastically ignominious abuse's; favorite workshop,

An idle bone; is the brutally perfidious and uxoriously libidinous misanthrope's; favorite workshop,

An idle wound; is the nonchalantly pernicious and bawdily infinitesimal worm's; favorite workshop,

An idle tooth; is the threadbarely demonic and distraughtly dilapidated cavities'; favorite workshop,

An idle flesh; is the impotently lackadaisical and menacingly incarcerating infertility's; favorite workshop,

An idle spine; is the devilishly ostracizing and venomously debilitating boredom's; favorite workshop,

An idle stomach; is the satanically strangulating and atrociously suppressing constipation's; favorite workshop,

An idle shadow; is the insanely blood-curling and whimsically sporadic torture's; favorite workshop,

An idle conscience; is the barbarously egregious and gorily excoriating lies'; favorite workshop,

An idle nostril; is the precariously pulverizing and perpetually silencing death's; favorite workshop,

An idle heart; is the frigidly sabbatical and ominously shriveling traitor's; favorite workshop,

And an idle mind; is the rapaciously maniacal and devastatingly massacring devil's; favorite workshop.

Nikhil Parekh

Fear

The twin horned cow prays to God,
for fear of not producing frosty rich cream milk.

the scorched patch of infertile land prays to God,
for fear of not yielding consumable grains of food.

the large butcher knife prays to God,
for fear of not being able to slain obdurate chunks of meat, a cluster of spruced
vegetable.

the devilish chain of mountain prays to God,
for fear of collapsing, when struck by cyclonic wind and rain.

the enchanting elevation of the edifice prays to God,
for fear of being charred by flaming fires, transiting into realms of dilapidation.

the light brown crab on the slippery beach prays to God,
for fear of being trampled to death by bulky soles of inarticulate feet.

airborne birds in the sky pray to God,
for fear of snapping their wings, nose-diving thereby towards the uncouth surface
of earth.

the juicy fruit of apple prays to God,
for fear of being pecked by venomous reptile injecting paltry vials of poison.

innocent orphan children pray to God,
for fear of being stashed like truckloads of garbage.

immaculately white satin cloth prays to God,
for fear of developing disdainful blotches and stain.

the lush green blades of grass pray to God,
for fear of being devoured by the roaming stray cattle.

the ornately exquisite mercedes prays to God,
for fear of being brutally bashed by tankers holding grease.

the emerald green waters of ocean pray to God,
for fear of being contaminated by gun powder and residue of missiles.

appetizing slabs of pure chocolate pray to God,
for fear of harbouring an army of red ant and insects.

suspended wires of cable pray to God,
for fear of electrocuting all those in proximity after fresh spells of monsoon.

the croaking frog in the lake prays to God,
for fear of being swallowed by killer lizards on the prowl.

humans existing on this earth pray to God,
for fear of losing their lives, starving like the desert camel bereft of fodder.

i pray to God,
for fear of being seperated from the person i loved, the ones i really cared for.

Nikhil Parekh

Feathers.

When I was tickled with feathers of ghastly lies; I felt beads of insurmountably anguish and desperation overwhelmingly creep up; on every cranny of my impoverished persona,

When I was tickled with feathers of overwhelming commercialism; I felt as if rotting abominably in dungeons of horrifically sinister stagnation,

When I was tickled with feathers of abhorrent malice; I felt as if everything around me in this colossal mesmerizing Universe; was a threadbare mirage of gruesomely insipid nothingness,

When I was tickled with feathers of indiscriminate racialism; I felt as if dagger heads of veritable death; had stabbed me countless kilometers beneath my gory grave,

When I was tickled with feathers of barbaric bloodshed; I felt an uncanny shudder paralyze each element of my spine; collapsed in an ungainly heap on the obdurate ground; relinquishing even the tiniest desire to live,

When I was tickled with feathers of insanely treacherous madness; I felt the artist in me stifle into horrendous oblivion; the harmonious air around me; ominously infiltrating each arena of my innocuous flesh,

When I was tickled with feathers of lecherous savagery; I felt every shade of passionate poignancy evaporate from my blood; plunged into the valley of extinction; instead of melanging with satanically blood sucking society,

When I was tickled with feathers of betrayal; I felt more devastated than the morbidly ghastly coffins; abnegating wholesomely from all desire and worldly virtues of exotic life,

When I was tickled with feathers of lackadaisical monotony; I felt as if every iota of God's voluptuous planet was being ruthlessly lambasted; went deep into the mystical forests to meditate till my absolute end,

When I was tickled with feathers of relentless hostility; I felt as if the entire earth had become a capriciously frigid thread of religion; with the spirit of everlasting humanity disappearing into the aisles of non-existence,

When I was tickled with feathers of deplorably raunchy slavery; I felt as if there was no difference between man and animal; cursing every entity; menacingly under my enslaved breath,

When I was tickled with feathers of despondently crippling solitude; I felt as if being pushed into a dungeon of scorpions every unleashing minute; clenching my teeth till the last bone of my exhilarated body split into a boundless pieces,

When I was tickled with feathers of manipulative give and take; I felt as if my existence was a meaningless gutter of foul sewage; with philanthropism and good will being things of waywardly obsolete past,

When I was tickled with feathers of disparagingly condemnable abuse; I felt each part of my rubicund flesh invidiously tarnished; unable to relive my original euphoria; even after a million baths,

When I was tickled with feathers of despairingly bizarre blackness; I felt as if optimism was a desert that had perennially dried up; as I slithered aimlessly in a whirlpool of uncouth savagery,

When I was tickled with feathers of ludicrously everlasting castigation; I felt as if there was no value of art in this diabolically cold blooded world; drowned myself forever in the ocean of my shattered versatility,

When I was tickled with feathers of dastardly terrorism; I felt as the world had departed from all elements of fabulous brotherhood and empathy; unrelentingly wailed for the innocently beheaded; before I decided to slit; the conglomerate of my intricate veins apart,

When I was tickled with feathers of disastrously orphaned poverty; I felt tumultuously enraged at the unsurpassably rich; at blowing their surplus opulence in spurious cigar smoke and wine; whilst their naked counterparts outside shivered to an unbearable death,

But when I was tickled with feathers of immortally uninhibited love; I felt the most bountifully endowed entity alive; at last felt the beats of my truculently massacred heart; reach inside my chest to forever lead and romance with; majestic life.

Fertility.

Fertility. Is what every true brain on this fathomless Universe unrelentingly seeks; in order to blossom into the most invincibly spell binding festoon of ideas; upon which countless more generations ahead could solely run.

Fertility. Is what every true soil on this boundless Universe endlessly seeks; in order to blossom into the most robustly enamoring of fruit and food; wonderfully mollifying the preposterously emaciated stomachs of trillions thereby.

Fertility. Is what every true finger on this limitless Universe unceasingly seeks; in order to blossom into the most fructifying canvases of royally unfettered artistry; brilliantly metamorphosing even the most infinitesimal speck of robotically brutally monotony; into an unimpeachably spotless paradise; thereby.

Fertility. Is what every true sky on this untiring Universe ardently seeks; in order to blossom into the most tantalizingly rhapsodic of clouds; which perennially ensured that planet earth triumphantly bloomed with compassion and not lecherously lamenting drought.

Fertility. Is what every true ocean on this astounding Universe undyingly seeks; in order to blossom into the most quintessential frosty cisterns of salt; upon which profusely relied the taste buds of the entire resplendently living race.

Fertility. Is what every true throat on this effulgent Universe interminably seeks; in order to blossom into the most mellifluously titillating tunes of togetherness; to which every cranny of this remorsefully manipulative planet today; danced in uninhibitedly vivacious abandon.

Fertility. Is what every true flesh on this timeless Universe infallibly seeks; in order to blossom into the most victorious goose-bumps of insuperable excitement; which blissfully transcended the whiplashes of inexplicable desperation forever and ever and ever.

Fertility. Is what every true eye on this unending Universe constantly seeks; in order to blossom into the most intriguingly bewitching of panoramic fantasy; which inculcated fresh rays of hope into even the most ghastily extinguishing organism on this planet.

Fertility. Is what every true armpit on this inexhaustible Universe tirelessly seeks; in order to blossom into the most euphorically exhilarating droplets of

golden sweat; which miraculously transformed all oblivions of profane laziness into perpetually emollient perseverance.

Fertility. Is what every true mother on this optimistic Universe indefatigably seeks; in order to blossom into the most pricelessly impregnable fountains of milk; so that there evolves a formidably fearless and undefeated generation; of the tomorrow.

Fertility. Is what every true man and woman on this majestic Universe unendingly seek; in order to blossom into the most fragrantly blessed chapters of God's creation; which forever ensured that none could put brakes to the symbiotic proliferation of planet divine.

Fertility. Is what every true mirror on this eternal Universe intransigently seeks; in order to blossom into the most irrefutably unconquerable reflections of honesty; which acted as the sole pivot for gripping the chords of this bounteously jubilant planet.

Fertility. Is what every true soldier on this inscrutable Universe inextricably seeks; in order to blossom into the most peerlessly blazing Sun of martyrdom; so that countless other innocent civilians could forever sleep in unfettered peace.

Fertility. Is what every true Sun on this unconquerable Universe uncompromisingly seeks; in order to blossom into the most triumphant beams of unprejudiced heroism; which enlightened every pathetically beleaguered space upon this iridescent planet.

Fertility. Is what every true vein on this benign Universe wholeheartedly seeks; in order to blossom into the most impeccably egalitarian and humanitarian droplets of blood; which timelessly amalgamated every speck of the planet into the threads of unassailably noble brotherhood.

Fertility. Is what every true bee on this Samaritan Universe fervently seeks; in order to blossom into the most unbelievably melodious caverns of honey; which put all wanton consternation in the atmosphere to an eternal rest.

Fertility. Is what every true soul on this ebullient Universe undefeatedly seeks; in order to blossom into the most benevolent ideals of peace; harmony; friendship and humanity; upon which were erected the original foundations of this planet; by the Almighty Lord.

Fertility. Is what every true nostril on this poignant Universe inexorably seeks; in order to blossom into the most inimitably pungent chapters of sparkling life; which paid an wholesomely incorrigible deaf ear; to the wails of the devil and death.

And Fertility. Is what every true heart on this spectacular Universe incessantly seeks; in order to blossom into the most torrentially Omnipotent Cloudshowers of love; which were the ultimate panacea for every disease and suffering ever thriving on this impoverished planet.

Nikhil Parekh

Fiery Passionate

The color of the moon was pure white; with its pearly rays illuminating the profoundly ghastly night,

The color of the sky was crystalline blue; with its conglomerate of silken clouds playing hide and seek with the sunlight,

The color of the lips was rosy pink; with their voluptuous periphery making even the most diabolical of entity succumb to their knees,

The color of the night was gruesome black; with its enchantment casting a mystical spell on all animate and inanimate hovering around,

The color of gold was glittering yellow; and its glow besieging every eye that sighted it with an immortal longing for impregnable supremacy,

The color of the rainbow was vivaciously vivid; with the world staring at it in unfathomable fascination,

The color of the deserts was timidly brown; with its colossal expanse of sands absorbing unsuspecting travelers in its slippery swirl,

The color of hair was as dark as the eerie tunnel; with its boundless fibers swishing in waves of enigmatic euphoria,

The color of farm chili was parrot green; with its piquant spice fomenting tears to ooze at random from the eyes,

The color of blood was handsomely scarlet; with its stains irrefutably refraining to erase once applied,

The color of the ocean was royally sapphire; with its ravishing waves striking gleefully against the jagged chain of glistening rocks,

The color of the infant was amicably pearly; with its incessant cries making it the unconquerable darling of all who passed by,

The color of the savage convict was steel grey; with his eyes burning fire and profuse vindication at being jailed for long years,

The color of soil was majestically bronze; with its stupendous layers of fertility blossoming into robust crop; ensuring that mankind never dwindled; never died,

The color of the mother was sacredly frosty; sequestering her baby from the most inconspicuous of evil lurking about in this world,

The color of the fish was delectably silver; gliding its way tantalizingly through the deep expanse of obscure waters,

The color of ice was stringently transparent; with its astounding prowess to cool providing reprieve to millions of adventurers in scorching heat,

The color of water was austere plain; with its sparkling globules pacifying the thirst of fathomless beings every unleashing second of the day,

The color of fire was incredulously golden; with its crackling flames imparting unsurpassable warmth to every human shivering on the streets in acerbic winter,

The color of the creator was a blend of all colors existing on this earth; the most magnificent shade of them all; silencing everyone his supremely Omnipotent power and invincible grace,

And the color of love was FIERY PASSIONATE; imprisoning every human; imprisoning every breathing organism in the flame of its agony; the cloud of its incomprehensible desire.

Nikhil Parekh

Fifty Fifty

50% Vivacious; 50 % Vexed,
50 % Fresh; 50 % Feverish,
50 % Friendly; 50 % Fiend,
50 % Resplendent; 50 % Raunchy,
50 % Felicitating; 50 % False,
50 % Prosperous; 50 % Penurious,
50 % Brilliant; 50 % Baseless,
50 % Dreaming; 50 % Devil,
50 % Smiling; 50 % Satanic,
50 % Kinsman; 50 % Knived,
50 % Luminescent; 50 % Lecherous,
50 % Ideal; 50 % Idle,
50 % Sunshine; 50 % Salacious,
50 % Doughty; 50 % Diabolical,
50 % Honest; 50 % Hedonistic,
50 % Omnipotent; 50 % Obsolescent,
50 % Victorious; 50 % Vicarious,
50 % Fantasizing; 50 % Feckless,
50 % Amiable; 50 % Atrocious,
50 % Wholesome; 50 % Withering,
50 % Innovative; 50 % Insomniac,
50 % Blithe; 50 % Bigot,
50 % Congenial; 50 % Cunning,
50 % Doll; 50 % Dreary,
50 % Mollifying; 50 % Monstrous,
50 % Go; 50 % Garrulous,
50 % Heavenly; 50 % Haughty,
50 % Jubilant; 50 % Jailing,
50 % Memorable; 50 % Mad,
50 % Divine; 50 % Dastardly,
50 % Celestial; 50 % Cowardly,
50 % Benign; 50 % Baneful,
50 % Breath; 50 % Breathless,
50 % Enchanting; 50 % Egregious,
50 % Exotic; 50 % Earthquake,
50 % Princely; 50 % Penalizing,
50 % Fathomless; 50 % Filching,
50 % Nightingale; 50 % Nightmarish,
50 % Culpable; 50 % Criminal,

50 % Embellished; 50 % Empty,
50 % Articulate; 50 % Abject,
50 % Royal; 50 % Ragamuffin,
50 % Uninhibited; 50 % Usurped,
50 % Unassailable; 50 % Uxorious,
50 % Bountiful; 50 % Barren,
50 % Seductive; 50 % Sabbatical,
50 % Wonderful; 50 % Wastrel,
50 % Passionate; 50 % Parsimonious,
50 % Mesmerizing; 50 % Mercurial,
50 % Understanding; 50 % Uncouth,
50 % Gratifying; 50 % Gaseous,
50 % Emollient; 50 % Evaporating,
50 % Serenading; 50 % Silent,
50 % Palatial; 50 % Preposterous,
50 % Regale; 50 % Rougish,
50 % Real; 50 % Retrospect,
50 % Vibrant; 50 % Vindictive,
50 % Voluptuous; 50 % Viscid,
50 % Tantalizing; 50 % Taciturn,
50 % Dynamic; 50 % Deteriorating,
50 % Piquant; 50 % Purposeless,
50 % Volatile; 50 % Vanishing, '
50 % Mischievous; 50 % Maudlin,
50 % Kissing; 50 % Kleptomaniac,
50 % Nubile; 50 % Nictitating,
50 % Learned; 50 % Libidinous,
50 % Ameliorating; 50 % Amateurish,
50 % Magnetic; 50 % Megalomaniac,
50 % Hot; 50 % Hypocrite,
50 % Commemorating; 50 % Conundrum,
50 % Exploring; 50 % Ending,
50 % Fructifying; 50 % Foolhardy,
50 % Sagacious; 50 % Suckered,
50 % Titillating; 50 % Tyrannical,
50 % Ubiquitous; 50 % Unbelievable,
50 % Beautiful; 50 % Bourgeoisie,
50 % Callisthenic; 50 % Commercial,
50 % Evolving; 50 % Exonerating,
50 % Symbiotic; 50 % Sleazy,
50 % Luscious; 50 % Livid,
50 % Connubial; 50 % Cannibalistic,

50 % Handsome; 50 % Halitosis,
50 % Nostalgic; 50 % Nymphomaniac,
50 % Dutiful; 50 % Delinquent,
50 % Propitious; 50 % Perfidious,
50 % Rhapsodic; 50 % Revengeful,
50 % Enamoring; 50 % Entropy,
50 % Abounding; 50 % Amorphous,
50 % Astounding; 50 % Abjuring,
50 % Convivial; 50 % Camouflaging,
50 % Winning; 50 % Wounded,
50 % Looming; 50 % Laconic,
50 % Fervent; 50 % Freezing,
50 % Sensational; 50 % Senile,
50 % Venerated; 50 % Vociferous,
50 % Burgeoning; 50 % Bucolic,
50 % Heart-rendering; 50 % Heartless,
50 % Dancing; 50 % Dogmatic,
50 % Effeminate; 50 % Ennui,
50 % Ebullient; 50 % Enervating,
50 % Eternal; 50 % Emasculating,
50 % Unsurpassable; 50 % Underdeveloped,
50 % Impeccable; 50 % Ignominious,
50 % Acclimatizing; 50 % Acrimonious,
50 % Adventurous; 50 % Avaricious,
50 % Fearless; 50 % Fastidious,
50 % Celebrating; 50 % Castrating,
50 % Gigantic; 50 % Genocidal,
50 % Replenishing; 50 % Ravenous,
50 % Temperate; 50 % Tempestuous,
50 % Patriotic; 50 % Parasitic,
50 % Paradise; 50 % Paradoxical,
50 % Twinkling; 50 % Truculent,
50 % Enigmatic; 50 % Extinguishing,
50 % Jaunty; 50 % Jinxed,
50 % Loquacious; 50 % Listless,
50 % Quintessential; 50 % Quarrelsome,
50 % Sacrosanct; 50 % Somnambulistic,
50 % Philosophical; 50 % Pallid,
50 % Specialized; 50 % Sundry,
50 % Coherent; 50 % Carcinogenic,
50 % Restorative; 50 % Repugnant,
50 % Illuminating; 50 % Insipid,

50 % Illustrious; 50 % Imbecile,
50 % Disciplined; 50 % Deleterious,
50 % Dainty; 50 % Derelict,
50 % Ingratiating; 50 % Infantile,
50 % Blossoming; 50 % Bones,
50 % Blessing; 50 % Bloody,
50 % Marvelous; 50 % Mimicking,
50 % Musical; 50 % Mute,
50 % Cavorting; 50 % Cremating,
50 % Delicious; 50 % Deserted,
50 % Nutritious; 50 % Nonchalant,
50 % Pragmatic; 50 % Pirated,
50 % Scholarly; 50 % Skewed,
50 % Aristocratic; 50 % Aboriginal,
50 % Altruistic; 50 % Abolishing,
50 % Artistic; 50 % Abusive,
50 % Robust; 50 % Redundant,
50 % Zealous; 50 % Zany,
50 % Operational; 50 % Oblivious,
50 % Exhilarating; 50 % Excruciating,
50 % Focused; 50 % Faltering,
50 % Blazing; 50 % Bestial,
50 % Bonding; 50 % Blasphemous,
50 % Galloping; 50 % Gibberish,
50 % Mellifluous; 50 % Malicious,
50 % Praiseworthy; 50 % Posthumous,
50 % Intoxicating; 50 % Immolating,
50 % Versatile; 50 % Vampire,
50 % Soothing; 50 % Sycophant,
50 % Pious; 50 % Prurient,
50 % Photogenic; 50 % Pulverized,
50 % Romantic; 50 % Rebellious,
50 % Innocuous; 50 % Irascible,
50 % Timeless; 50 % Transient,
50 % Effulgent; 50 % Ethereal,
50 % Nocturnal; 50 % Nonsensical,
50 % Natural; 50 % Nefarious,
50 % Great; 50 % Gratuitous,
50 % Pristine; 50 % Pregnant,
50 % Quelling; 50 % Quarantine,
50 % Heritage; 50 % Hatred,
50 % Sensuous; 50 % Sacrilegious,

50 % Laudatory; 50 % Libelous,
50 % Springing; 50 % Sadistic,
50 % Impregnable; 50 % Iconoclastic,
50 % Voracious; 50 % Vociferous,
50 % Prolific; 50 % Parrying,
50 % Vocational; 50 % Vituperative,
50 % Thunderous; 50 % Tawdry,
50 % Righteous; 50 % Rhetoric,
50 % Benevolent; 50 % Boorish,
50 % Efficacious; 50 % Exasperating,
50 % Misty; 50 % Misogynist,
50 % Nourishing; 50 % Neophyte,
50 % Fascinating; 50 % Foolish,
50 % Delightful; 50 % Deplorable,
50 % Systematic; 50 % Sonorous,
50 % Cosmic; 50 % Connived,
50 % Commonsense; 50 % Conundrum,
50 % Maverick; 50 % Mutilated,
50 % Melanging; 50 % Mutinous,
50 % Synchronized; 50 % Satanic,
50 % Perspicacious; 50 % Pinned,
50 % Levitating; 50 % Laggard,
50 % Silken; 50 % Sledging,
50 % Jingling; 50 % Jarring,
50 % Opulent; 50 % Obnoxious,
50 % Perfectionist; 50 % Puerile,
50 % Affable; 50 % Agnostic,
50 % Fulsome; 50 % Flatulent,
50 % Rhyming; 50 % Refurbished,
50 % Opulent; 50 % Orphaned,
50 % Child-Like; 50 % Castrated,
50 % Pleasurable; 50 % Plotting,
And 100 % Immortal Love; 100% Immortal Love till times beyond infinite
infinity,
Is what has been; is; and shall forever be; the chapter of Perennially infinitesimal
and worthlessly molecular human life.

Nikhil Parekh

Find Me A Girl?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your amazingly bohemian behavior; without the tiniest of slang or ostentation adorning your nakedly rustic demeanor?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your vivaciously uninhibited spontaneity; without the most infinitesimal of shrewdness or malice tarnishing your soul?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your timidly plaintive personality; without the most minuscule of brawn or dominance brilliantly shouldering your personality?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for the scent of your righteously hard earned sweat; without the most inane trace of contemporary machismo radiating from your countenance?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your unabashedly mischievous and uncut nails; without the most insipid tinge of suaveness beautifying your shadow?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your vivaciously unpretentious laughter; without the most oblivious insinuation of restraint engulfing your form?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your state of glaring nothingness; without the most infidel presence of the currency note in entire of your destined existence?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your open-heartedness- your devoting your entire life to humanity instead of praising her; without the most obfuscated tinge of manipulation in your stride?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your wholesome renunciation of desire; without the most evanescent inferno of longing running through your intricate veins?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your everlasting evolution of an infinite poetic forms; without the most ethereal ingredient of profit enshrouding your destiny lines?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your maniacal faithfulness; without the most transient shades of partying; merry-making and socializing; circumscribing your existence?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your spirit of tirelessly unflinching patriotism; without the most ephemeral innuendo of homeliness surrounding your silhouette?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your untamed footprints; without the most feckless imagery of pragmatic worldly direction evoking your brain?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for the immortal love throbbing in your heart; without the most orphaned trace of religion; nationality; caste; creed; ever associated with your persona?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your insatiably uncurbed fantasies; without the most fugitive beam of earthly saneness; enveloping your identity?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your honestly unrestricted tears; without the most invisible trace of contemporary sun-glasses stylishly sequestering your eyes?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for the pricelessly insuperable humanity in your blood; without the most disappearing ounce of racially discriminating commercialism fortifying your bones?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your inimitably unique and profound personality; without the most evaporating iota of spell-binding magic descending down your spine?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your pristinely untainted breath; without the most vanishing firmament of state-of-the-art perfume wafting from the pores of your skin?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your perennially compassionate heartbeats; without the most threadbare whiff of stardom and cynosure revolving round your palms?

And if you did in some impossible way or the other succeed in finding such a

girl; then first and foremost prove it to me that she was actually an ordinary human being like everyone of us on this gigantic planet; and not the Omniscient Lord in disguise?

Nikhil Parekh

Finding Heaven On Earth- In The Prostitute's Form

Tell me. Does the Omnipotent Sun in anyways; blaze through her impoverished dwelling an iota less; than it unrelentingly streams in through the bricks of your sanctimoniously incarcerated castle?

Tell me. Do the poignantly royal roses in anyways; waft their mesmerizing redolence through her dingy dwelling an iota less; than they unremittingly enlighten every conceivable morbid space in your chauvinistically victimizing castle?

Tell me. Does the iridescently milky moonlight in anyways; majestically enamor her shattered dwelling an iota less; than it celestially sweeps across the ostentatiously emotionless chimneys of your sonorously prejudiced castle?

Tell me. Do the nightingales in anyways; ecstatically sing the songs of victory around her inconspicuous dwelling an iota less; than they perennially murmur the hymns of mellifluous freedom in the brutally ensnared gardens of your fetidly dictatorial castle?

Tell me. Do the untamed forests in anyways; cast their spells of unconquerable mysticism on her match-boxed dwelling an iota less; than they timelessly and inscrutably whisper upon the caged boundaries of your atrociously sadistic castle?

Tell me. Do the boundless oceans in anyways; perpetuate their rhapsodic tanginess upon her dingy dwelling an iota less; than they uninhibitedly grant new definitions of unbridled liberation to your sacrilegiously damned castle?

Tell me. Does the victoriously unabashed breeze in anyways; magnificently cool her truncated dwelling an iota less; than it undauntedly soothes every despairingly frazzled nerve within the realms of your acrimoniously perverted castle?

Tell me. Does the euphorically torrential rain in anyways; timelessly fertilize her penurious dwelling an iota less; than it thunderously sweeps every ounce of cadaverous fretfulness from each adulterated whisker of your demonically chained castle?

Tell me. Do the first beams of optimistically unfettered dawn in anyways; ebulliently caress her measly dwelling an iota less; than they bestow fresh rays

of priceless hope to every callously blackened cranny of your heartlessly wanton castle?

Tell me. Do the limitlessly fantasizing clouds of heaven in anyways; voluptuously enshroud her restricted dwelling an iota less; than they transcend over every bit of tyrannically diabolical monotony in your ominously worthless castle?

Tell me. Do the seeds of a blissfully futuristic tomorrow in anyways; compassionately blossom in front of her mercurial dwelling an iota less; than they brilliantly transform every ounce of impotence into invincible fertility; in your uncouthly monotonous castle?

Tell me. Do the iridescent stars in anyways; triumphantly twinkle upon her miserly dwelling an iota less; than they brilliantly illuminate every torturously slandering night in your cold-bloodedly devilish castle?

Tell me. Does the sky of impregnable truth in anyways; unassailably bestow its essence of mellifluous sweetness upon her evanescent dwelling an iota less; than it perennially metamorphoses every whisker of debauchery in your raunchy castle; into an undefeated paradise of righteousness?

Tell me. Does the chapter of eternally blessing procreation in anyways; insuperably enter her stingy dwelling an iota less; than it unceasingly abounds and sacredly inhabits every single living being in your fecklessly cavalier castle?

Tell me. Does the lap of divinely mother nature in anyways; tirelessly shower its spectacularly robust fruits upon her naked dwelling an iota less; than it royally replenishes even the tiniest desire of all those residing; in your ornately subjugated castle?

Tell me. Do the steps of the Omnipresent Temple in anyways; perpetually shower their philanthropically unbiased blessings upon her bourgeoisie dwelling an iota less; than they forever remain potently present in your claustrophobically robotic castle?

Tell me. Does the Universe of unendingly titillating life in anyways; handsomely proliferate in her side-lined dwelling an iota less; than it inevitably replaces every element of deadened injustice; in your lifelessly bigoted castle?

Tell me. Does the heartbeat of immortal love in anyways; perennially fructify in her ethereal dwelling an iota less; than it indefatigably celebrates the true fervor

of inimitably unparalleled existence; in your despicably anarchist castle?

So if God and his Omnipresent Nature didn't differentiate the slightest; then tell me you inconsiderately venomous man; who hell were you to consider the sensuously nubile prostitute; a horridly sinful untouchable; who the hell were you to consider

the tirelessly bewitching prostitute a deplorably live carrier of disease; devastation; unpardonable betrayal; devilish licentiousness and hopelessly silencing death,

Amazingly and specially even after you surreptitiously fathered countless more of your own kind; via that same unshakably ravishing prostitute form; finding the most gloriously victorious of heavens right here on planet earth and in the tantalizing recesses of her bosom divine.

Nikhil Parekh

Firewood And Beer

When I lit a fire in the peak of sweltering summer; with the Sun dazzling to a fiery radiance in the sky,
Amalgamating pieces of dry logwood and scores of incongruously shaped leaves,

Adding several sheets of crumpled paper along with a plethora of dilapidated brick,
The conflagration caught fumes rapidly; with amber flames leaping at electric speeds towards the clouds,
However I soon extinguished the blaze splashing gigantic buckets of river water;
as I could no longer bear the tumultuous heat; with large beads of sweat trickling down my nape.

When I lit a fire under the ominously dark sky; with the thunder clouds partially obliterating my gaze,
The Sun playing hide and seek like a frivolous maiden; appearing for flash seconds; then disappearing again for marathon hours of time,
An ambience of ethereal blackness encompassing the atmosphere; with birds making their journeys homewards,
The majestic peacock spreading the plumage of its kingly feathers; to mesmerizing semicircles,
The fumes no doubt rose to unprecedented heights; however they soon subsided in entirety; as torrential showers of rain came pelting down.

When I lit a fire midway through autumn; with tropical trees sporadically shedding their foliage,
Gathering dead chunks of dilapidated timber; impregnating them with a bulky sheaf of burnt grass blades,
The tepid stream waters gently striking my dreary toes; profoundly accentuated ripples causing high rising waves,
Melodious chirping of the nightingale permeating the air; with a conglomerate of enchanting sounds,
The fumes had a merry time as they swirled in the air; however I annihilated the same; beating them frantically with gunny bags; as they interfered with the moderately cool air hitting my eyes.

And when I lit a fire amidst the snow clad mountain; in the acridly blowing breeze of chilly winter,
Painstakingly managing to ignite the lumber twigs and leaf; rekindling it incessantly with intermittent applications of the rake,

Shielding it from the irrevocable onslaught of gusty winds; camouflaging it under
a canvas tent,
A drum replete with lager beer placed by my shivering persona; I felt warm
waves of heat instantly soothing the array of goose bumps formed on my skin,
Expressed gratitude from the inner most core of my heart; to the firewood and
beer for saving my life from the freezing cold

Nikhil Parekh

First

Even the most insuperably Omnipotent of Sun had to intransigently burn itself first; before imparting boundless galleries of optimistically mitigating and enchanting daylight,

Even the most unbelievably voluptuous waves had to clash against the cold-blooded rocks first; before diffusing into an exhilarating odyssey of timelessly poignant froth,

Even the most iridescently emollient stars had to float in obscurely disdainful clouds and blackness first; before entrancing the entire Universe with an endless stream of spell bindingly cavorting twinkle,

Even the most indomitably towering mountains had to face the indiscriminate whiplash of gratuitously inexorable storm; rain and traitors first; before compassionately sequestering countless helpless in their invincible belly,

Even the most harmoniously synergistic of bees had to get unsparingly mobbed in their hives first; before exuding into the most bountifully fructifying of majestically golden honey,

Even the most prolifically talented writers had to cry a billion tears of eccentric frustration first; before evolving a whole new civilization of astoundingly blessed freshness; through each of their effusively ebullient words,

Even the most mystically serene forests had to bear the brutally agonizing roar of the untamed lion first; before wonderfully metamorphosing into a paradise of celestially impregnable sleep,

Even the most impeccably sacrosanct milk had to obnoxiously molest and pulverize itself first; before transforming into cisterns of unsurpassably heavenly and incredulously frolicking curd,

Even the most opulently diamond studded candle had to ludicrously melt itself first; before culminating into a beam of priceless hope; in the forlornly cadaverous and starless night,

Even the most unequivocally scintillating of mirror had to shatter itself into an infinite fragments of nothingness first; before it could reflect the most unbiasedly truthful and unconquerable image of eternal righteousness,

Even the most holistically ever-pervading goddess had to peerlessly cross the
austerely blazing fires first; before proving to her husband that she was an
unparalleled apostle of unshakable faithfulness and humanity,
Even the most beautifully burgeoning soil had to disastrously puncture itself with
seeds first; before miraculously sprouting into the royally untainted fruits of
unflinchingly mesmerizing humanity,

Even the most melodiously resting mind had to uncontrollably fantasize first;
before incredulously mollifying each of its restlessly howling dormitories with
inevitably gratifying siesta,

Even the most compassionately inhaling sheep had to mercilessly shave their
skins first; before ubiquitously imparting entities of every fraternity; with
unconquerably convivial warmth,

Even the most stupendously fragrant roses had to face the onslaught of a
limitless vituperative insects on their petals first; before perpetuating an
unprecedented gorge of egalitarian scent; in the hearts of one and all organism;
sacredly alike,

Even the most articulately ingratiating magician had to drown himself into a spell
of tirelessly flawless concentration first; before spawning a hall of brilliantly
unfettered magic,

Even the most irrefutably spotless conscience had to transcend over a trillion
treacherously derogatory lies first; before timelessly proliferating into an
unceasing cosmos of Omnipresently bestowing justice,

Even the most pricelessly inimitable of inventions had to lick lugubriously
meaningless dirt and shit first; before handsomely enlightening the entire planet
with
light of regally dazzling newness,

And even the most immortal of love and life had to embrace a fathomless deaths
in the coffins of indiscriminately excoriating hell first; before blossoming into an
insuperably ever-pervading atmosphere of prosperity; divinity and endlessly
symbiotic paradise.

Nikhil Parekh

First - Part 2

All of us on this fathomlessly enchanting Universe; might be of wholesomely and unimaginably different; colors. But that's really insignificant and comes NEXT.

All of us on this bountifully brilliant Universe; might be of wholesomely and spell-bindingly different; heights. But that's really nonsensical and comes NEXT.

All of us on this fantastically eclectic Universe; might be of wholesomely and astoundingly different; physiques. But that's really inconspicuous and comes NEXT.

All of us on this boundlessly resplendent Universe; might be of wholesomely and unsurpassably different; strengths. But that's foolhardy and comes NEXT.

All of us on this gregariously proliferating Universe; might be of wholesomely and incredibly different; philosophies. But that's really worthless and comes NEXT.

All of us on this beautifully embellished Universe; might be of wholesomely and entirely different; castes. But that's really meaningless and comes NEXT.

All of us on this handsomely unbridled Universe; might be of wholesomely and indescribably different; urges. But that's really insouciant and comes NEXT.

All of us on this poignantly fructifying Universe; might be of wholesomely and implausibly different; dialects. But that's really unthinkable and comes NEXT.

All of us on this endlessly mesmerizing Universe; might be of wholesomely and incomprehensibly different; fortunes. But that's really preposterous and comes NEXT.

All of us on this timelessly embracing Universe; might be of wholesomely and irretrievably different; psyches. But that's really livid and comes NEXT.

All of us on this stupendously enthralling Universe; might be of wholesomely and inconceivably different; feelings. But that's really non-existent and comes NEXT.

All of us on this redolently blessed Universe; might be of wholesomely and inexpressibly different; skins. But that's really ethereal and comes NEXT.

All of us on this miraculously alleviating Universe; might be of wholesomely and

irrevocably different; tribes. But that's really disappearing and comes NEXT.

All of us on this perennially royal Universe; might be of wholesomely and unutterably different; signatures. But that's really feckless and comes NEXT. All of us on this majestically untainted Universe; might be of wholesomely and incommunicably different; weights. But that's really purposeless and comes NEXT.

All of us on this triumphantly mellifluous Universe; might be of wholesomely and inexplicably different; premonitions. But that's really oblivious and comes NEXT.

All of us on this Omnisciently bestowing Universe; might be of wholesomely and perplexingly different; brains. But that's really transient and comes NEXT.

All of us on this magically healing Universe; might be of wholesomely and unfathomably different; dreams. But that's really fleeting and comes NEXT.

All of us on this magnetically multiplying Universe; might be of wholesomely and unceasingly different; nationalities. But that's really subjugated and comes NEXT.

But all of us on this eternally egalitarian Universe; have been; are and will forever and ever and ever; symbiotically continue to be God's most priceless unconquerable "HUMANS/LIVING BEINGS";. Now that's really and irrefutably immortal and comes " FIRST ";.

Nikhil Parekh

First And Last

You were that astronomical summit of the mountain; on which the dazzling rays of the Sun FIRST fell,

You were that magnificent shore inundated with golden sands; on which the waves of the ocean FIRST collided into bountiful froth,

You were that leaf of the mesmerizing tree; which the astoundingly ravishing breeze FIRST caressed,

You were that chapter of intriguingly enchanting history; which the profoundly divested eyes FIRST had the magnanimous privilege to witness,

You were that iota of voluptuously ravishing soil; on which the very FIRST droplet of rain tantalizingly cascaded; from the vivaciously benevolent sky,

You were that ingratiatingly redolent flower; on which the FIRST bee ever created sat down to hum its volley of poignantly boisterous rhyme; suckle nectar to its ultimate heart's content,

You were that irrefutably sacrosanct footprint; which FIRST trespassed this unfathomably gargantuan planet; leaving your mark for times immemorial,

You were that gorgeously feathered bird; which FIRST evolved the essence of stupendously captivating melody and rhyme,

You were that indomitably unshaken spirit; which FIRST sped past the domains of ethereally fading horizon; to conquer an unprecedented of your own,

You were that innocuously wandering child; whose FIRST breath was enough to melt the most diabolically sinister of devils transgressing around,

You were that alphabet of every marvelously conceivable language; from which commenced the very FIRST sound thundering triumphantly towards the cosmos,

You were that robustly splendid fruit; which blossomed FIRST from the inconspicuous tree; chivalrously proliferating into infinite more of your kind; as time harmoniously unveiled,

You were that star in the boundless expanse of sky; which FIRST appeared in the evening; freeing the profusely asphyxiated earth from the realms of misery and darkness,

You were that shimmering coin of gold on this planet; which FIRST appeared before all other wealth; multiplying amazingly as the second unfurled to lead life as
the richest entity alive,

You were that hour of magnificently reinvigorating dawn; which crept with the FIRST beams of stringently fulminating and tenacious light,

You were that growl of the majestically invincible panther; which silenced manipulatively unruly commotion around with your FIRST cry,

You were that astronomically resilient brick of the grandiloquent castle; the FIRST on which rested the mantle of the overwhelmingly glorious mansion,

You were that incredulously beautiful thought in this entire Universe; which spawned the very FIRST and wonderfully everlasting dream,

And you were the only person existing on this incomprehensibly gigantic globe; whom I FIRST AND LAST loved in my present life; and countless more lives to come.

Nikhil Parekh

Fishing In Moonlit Jungle

Wild berries fell down from the peach tree,
wide spanned eagles glided harmlessly across the moon,
menacing owl eyes stared fiendishly downward,
bushy squirrels clambered the rock with bustling fervor,
olive green grasshoppers swished their tentacles,
stinging red ants dug small burrows in wet mud,
colored magpie birds sang a perfect sonnet,
lethal alligators swam clumsily through the neighboring water,
sly foxes galloped at rollicking speeds,
the princely lion lurked stealthily in search of rich prey,
huge brown spiders spun their webs in animation,
century old tortoise trampled the outgrowths with its newly born offspring,
mega sized mouse families ran past dungeons buried deep in the ground.

I perched myself on the slippery mud bank of the jungle river,
Levering long fishing rods in the tranquil water,
Scooping out frequently, a cluster of small sized fish,
As the stars glittered in the open blue sky,
Crystal ball of the moon luminated large above my head,
Rudimentary scent of earth tickled my nostril,
Mesmerizing tunes of the peacock drifted in hollow eardrum,
The stillness of water pierced unexplored zones in my heart,
I then lit a crackling fire of quality wood and dead leaf,
Roasted the silver fish in amber flames leaping high,
Slept like an innocent angel all summer night,
Relishing tender bones of my personally prepared appetizing fish.

Nikhil Parekh

Five Star.

On the surface it was merely a conglomerate of meticulously assembled stone and colossal pillars; extruding boundless feet from the trajectory of congenially moist soil,
But what made the castle stupendously FIVE STAR; was the majestic King; Queen and princess philandering inside; the ambience of unconquerable royalty that profusely perpetuated the air from all sides.

On the surface it was an insipid amalgamation of dry twig; streams; and fathomless kilometers of insatiably untamed wilderness,
But what made the forest irrefutably FIVE STAR; was the melodiously harmonious chirping of the spell binding nightingale; the poignantly enamoring trails of the regally mischievous lion and kin.

On the surface it was a macabre view of countless stray bones; agglutinated in articulate tandem and disdainfully abhorring every sensitive entity around,
But what made the brain Omnisciently FIVE STAR; was its unsurpassable entrenchment of compassionate fantasy; its unrelenting ability to conceive beyond the realms of the infinite infinity.

On the surface they were just overwhelmingly lanky poles of inconspicuously coagulated mud; pompously protruding towards the Mid-Day Sun,
But what made the mountains invincibly FIVE STAR; was their unflinchingly intrepid ability to confront the most acrimoniously mightiest of storm; uninhibitedly sequester one and all in swirl of gregarious belonging; handsomely alike.

On the surface it was just a flabbily gargantuan assemblage of foaming water; nervously rising and falling umpteenth number of times in a singleton minute; under the most evanescent rays of the Sun,
But what made the sea ravishingly FIVE STAR; was its miraculously rejuvenating froth; the fountains of voluptuously tangy salt that it vibrantly diffused; after clashing against the seductive rocks.

On the surface it was just a frigidly sticky and pugnaciously dribbling liquid; shabbily corrupting all thoroughly synchronized space around,
But what made the hive enchantingly FIVE STAR; was its beautifully holistic scores of rambunctious bees; symbiotically melanging with the spirit of effusive existence; to disseminate ubiquitous sweetness all around.

On the surface it was just a parsimoniously molded cauldron of wax; obnoxiously infiltrating the blissful atmosphere with its snobbishly inflated stench,
But what made the candle Omnipresently FIVE STAR; was its heavenly ability to illuminate even the most horrendously sinister darkness; impregnate a spell of optimistic enlightenment in the lives of those treacherously deprived....

On the surface it was just a ferocious looking fireball of blistering gases; gruesomely charring even the most Herculean entity who dared to trespass by its belligerently flaming side,
But what made the Sun Omnipresently FIVE STAR; was its rays of perpetually triumphant happiness; its endless cradle of celestial light which unassailably embraced every organism; irrespective of caste; creed or spurious rites.

On the surface he was just a haphazard synchronization of flesh and bones; with everything being savagely engulfed by unruly hair; hair and capriciously mangled hair,
But what made Man unchallengably FIVE STAR; was the wave of Godly philanthropism in his commiserating eyes; the apostle of Universal benevolence wholeheartedly pouring from his amiable palms.

On the surface it was just a disconcerting mass of mucus and derogatory darkness; ghoulishly scaring the wits of anybody who witnessed it for the very first time,
But what made the nostril Omnipotently FIVE STAR; was its essence of timelessness; the tireless paradise of air that it synergistically inhaled and exhaled; to astoundingly procreate the chapters of sacred survival.

And on the surface it was just a morbidly bubbling river of blood and infinite nerves; thundering uncertainly into the aisles of nothingness; as each instant unveiled,
But what made the heart perpetually FIVE STAR; was its exotically fascinating string of humanitarian beats; immortalizing forever and ever; the spirit of God's most priceless gift called; EXISTENCE.

Nikhil Parekh

Flagrant Imagination

I toss around with lazy energy,
beads of water run down my mane,
my head burns like a piece of coal,
to conquer life is my ultimate goal,
my feet yield to unsustainable pressure,
trampling cold sheets of marble chips,
aggrandizing my tryst with misfortune,
my close rapport with ill luck.

{1}

i gnaw my nails with great tenacity,
firmly tethered to their cuticles,
stuck to red raw flesh,
producing semicircular indentations,
on the nail and mind alike.
my pink tongue dances to,
a pentagon of blatant reality,
an unsubscribed figment of thought,
severing rainbows of desire,
achromatic saliva dribbling from my mouth,
a simple case of flagrant imagination

Nikhil Parekh

Flames Between Their Hearts

The flames on ground; died a miserable death with the slightest draught of insipid wind,
But the flames between their philandering eyes; rose higher than the majestic skies; even in the most tumultuously overwhelming of rain and storm.

The flames on ground; subsided to wisps of absolute nothingness; at even the tiniest insinuation of flood approaching,
But the flames between their passionate chests; transcended well beyond the realms of fascinating eternity; even as the unfathomable battalion of satanic demons; tried to kill them.

The flames on ground; tried their best to elude the insurmountably overpowering tornado; squealing like new born mice as they heard the brazen leaves rustle the slightest,
But the flames between their voluptuous lips; kissed the ultimate crescendos of untamed liberation; even as the entire planet parasitically sucked blood and lecherously manipulated outside.

The flames on ground; soon metamorphosed to frigidly wincing embers; unable to bear the onslaught of leaf and clouds,
But the flames between their eternal feet; interlocked themselves into an entrenchment of unsurpassable belonging; even as cloudbursts of uncouth diabolism
pelted from realms of hell.

The flames on ground; shirked disdainfully into their devastated cocoons; as the horde of whistling wolves trampled them indiscriminately,
But the flames between their ardent bellies; transformed all lackadaisical dreariness on this earth into bountiful paradise; even as a mountain of treacherous monsters stabbed them ruthlessly on their necks.

The flames on ground; vacillated in ungainly confusion; even before the fireball of Sun could silently slip behind the dolorously languid horizons,
But the flames between their ravishingly charismatic palms; united for fathomless more births yet to unveil; even as the murderously conventional society tried to exonerate them with their commercial swords.

The flames on ground; incessantly feared of being washed away by the most infedile of froth; although the ocean was a billion kilometers away,

But the flames between their seductively alluring cheeks; tantalized perpetually in the aisles of vibrant desire; even as civilizations collapsed outside; like a pack of soggy cards.

The flames on ground; had absolutely no entity of their own; drifting miserably in the direction that the somber wind took them,
But the flames between their fervently reverberating bodies; evolved into the most wonderfully enigmatic morning of tomorrow; even as sky disastrously blended
with every cranny of earth outside.

And The flames on ground; sometimes sunk well beneath their ghastly corpse; even before they could moderately rise to their one inch height,
But the flames between their immortally throbbing heart; proliferated into boundless more streams of royal love; even as the hideously sinister world came to a veritable end; outside.

Nikhil Parekh

Flames Of Miraculous Love

Her unsurpassable voice; was as tangy as the melodiously swaying oranges;
drifting every element of my devastatingly sagging countenance; towards a world
of fantastically spell binding enchantment,

Her timeless shadow; was as ravishing as a voluptuously seductive cistern of
mesmerizing fern; inundating each cranny of my slitheringly monotonous
soul; with unparalleled exuberance to gustily surge forward in vivacious life,

Her intricate eyelashes; were as silken as the enigmatically swirling clouds in
resplendent cosmos; fanatically propelling me to chase the entrenchment of
beauty and inexorable charisma; for times immemorial,

Her fiery nostrils; were as piquant as boundless farms of ingratiatingly poignant
chili; insatiably triggering me to intrepidly leap into the valley of ebullient
adventure; be the untamed warrior of philanthropic patriotism; whenever the
dungeon of diabolical lechery took its debilitating toll,

Her marvelous eyes; were as impeccable as waterfalls of innocuously cascading
cotton from the heart of the fathomless skies; nostalgically instilling in me the
unprecedented euphoria; to be that untainted infant once again,

Her incomprehensible odor; was as redolent as the tantalizingly crimson rose;
profusely titillating me into a paradise of blissfully blossoming and perpetually
gratifying prosperity,

Her nimble toes; were as vibrant as the astoundingly iridescent rainbows;
filtering beams of optimistic hope; in my existence plagued with horrifically
despairing and inexplicably hopeless gloom,

Her pristine lips; were as incredulously rubicund as the blooming apples;
splashing every arena of my impoverished existence; with an unfathomable
kaleidoscope of color and fabulously eternal charm,

Her magnificent fingers; were as scintillating as the flamboyantly ferocious
fingers; incinerating fireballs of everlasting passion; even in the heart of my
every
insidiously deadened night,

Her golden perspiration; was as enchanting as gloriously celestial honey;

enshrouding each pore of my overwhelmingly bedraggled demeanor; with the lantern of jubilantly melodious happiness,

Her bedazzling stride; was as heavenly as the boisterously rhyming sparrows; engendering me to forever march ahead in my times of immeasurable ecstasy; and dolorous doom; alike,

Her intriguing memory; was as fantastically charming as the milky moon; inexorably transpiring me to irrefutably remember; the most benevolently divine contributions; of my revered ancestors,

Her delectable belly; was as mystically rejoicing as the poignantly undulating oceans; igniting thunderbolts of flirtatious lightening in every ingredient of my bones besieged with; morbidly despicable sadness,

Her magical hair; were as ravishingly delightful as satiny angels frolicking in walls of invincible heaven; perpetuating me to perennially philander in the most grandiloquent palaces; fortified with the religions of ubiquitous humanity and tenacious solidarity,

Her twinkling palms; were as magnanimous as the blessedly torrential showers of majestic rain; irrefutably teaching me the art of disseminating the art of ever-pervading mankind; to even the most infinitesimally remote parts of this astoundingly fragrant Universe,

Her wonderful cheeks; were as joyous as the virgin shores of shimmering righteousness; indefatigably telling me to solely follow; nothing else but only the inner most fulminations of my passionate heart,

Her Godly neck; was as priceless as those droplets of water amidst the acerbically sweltering desert sands; unequivocally encouraging me to wholesomely become; the sounds of those tyrannically deprived,

Her tumultuous breath; was as compassionate as the royally roaring lions of steaming romance; embracing every iota of my disastrously trembling visage; with the tornados of an unassailably vivid existence,

And her passionate heart; was as immortal as the countless pathways of Omnisciently bequeathing heavens; not only reinvigorating every space of my

persona with the unconquerable fortitude to lead life; but bonding me forever
and ever and ever; in the
flames of miraculous love.

Nikhil Parekh

Flood

Black clouds vomited torrential rain,
streaks of lightning blazed through the sky,
bright light transited to doomsday murky,
flaming sun ball jailed within puffs of grey,
heat gods fast asleep in guest houses of monsoon,
as oblong droplets of water tumbled down.
drenching parched fragments of boiling soil,
washing tonnes of dust on tree leaves,
sweeping stubborn layers of noxious debris,
providing free baths to perspiring humans,
sprinkling coolant liquid on scorched birds,
dissipating chemicals from river bed,
depleting fresh whitewash paint off gaudy color,
prompting rivulets of water, to gush from drainpipe,
flooding coastal ocean, swelling domestic river stream,
with sheets of salty water encapsulating low land,
dismantling weak foundations of cheap bamboo,
tearing apart tin roofs from thatched hay,
uprooting tree roots from deep recesses of ground,
the rain continued with unrelenting fury,
sparing none in proximity with earth,
submerging visible land with pools of cloud water,
revealing passionate creation of water,
after arduous spells of steaming summer.

Nikhil Parekh

Fodder Through Rhyme

Stretching the tendons of my brain,
To ultimate realms of high strung imagination,
Flowing from deep recesses of throbbing heart,
And dreamy lips partially opened to light,
Embroidered with tunnels of abstract thoughts,
Spontaneous ideas on existing life,
Composed in a plethora of style and rhyme,
Absorbing loads of talent and dedicated time,
Spun meticulously with silent aggression,
Unfolding a saga of true emotions,
Portraying a moral and emphasizing love,
Great pains to deliver and derive,
An easy victim of sardonic ridicule,
A truncated version of written prose,
Elaborately expressed in a few lines,
Granting it the status of a glittering fable,
Entangling the mind in an ocean of words,
With equivalent use of punctuation marks,
An inborn skill in some,
Developed to dizzy heights with the passage of time,
A meager source of income in India,
While capturing mammoth audiences in foreign land,
A persevering route of earning fodder through rhyme,
Presented as a pearl of written composition,
Is what we mean by self composed poetry.

Nikhil Parekh

Followed

When I rampantly sprinted on the profusely snow laden hills; I was perilously followed by monstrous avalanches of ominously freezing and coldblooded; ice,

When I merrily philandered through the mystically dense forests; I was diabolically followed by the roar of the satanically treacherous and ravenously furry; lion,

When I handsomely sailed in rhapsodic mists of fathomless sky; I was romantically followed by thunderbolts of poignantly crimson and majestic; clouds,

When I painstakingly crawled through the heart of the acrimoniously boiling desert; I was truculently followed by whirlwinds of vindictively gusty and brazenly burying; dust,

When I exuberantly swam through ravishingly undulating waves of the colossally choppy ocean; I was stealthily followed by a festoon of preposterously eccentric and menacing; white sharks,

When I languidly trespassed through the mesmerizing meadows at the onset of transient dusk; I was enigmatically followed by my stupendously lanky and inscrutable; shadow,

When I valiantly kissed the soil of my revered motherland; I was patriotically followed by a wave of dynamically unflinching and philanthropic; righteousness,

When I uninhibitedly wandered through the corridors of tantalizing paradise; I was magnificently followed by the aroma of vibrantly unending and blissful; seduction,

When I ruthlessly trampled my feet in the despicable pig's den; I was intransigently followed by abominably dilapidated and worthlessly threadbare; stink,

When I harmoniously clambered up the resplendently moonlit tree; I was enchantingly followed by the sound of the melodiously marvelous and enthralling; nightingale,

When I bounced like an untamed prince in the sacrosanct lap of my mother; I was invincibly followed by the irrefutably honest and everlasting; spirit of immaculate innocence,

When I ebulliently rolled through the nectar coated garden of scarlet roses; I was grandiloquently followed by royally unconquerable and poignantly effusive; golden scent,

When I embodied boundless lines of benign poetry on barren soil; I was Omnisciently followed by the blessings of the unassailably Omnipotent and supreme;
Almighty Lord,

When I gloriously flirted with the astoundingly iridescent rainbows in fathomless sky; I was mischievously followed by innocuously heavenly and jubilantly fresh; childhood,

When I inadvertently stumbled upon pools of ghastily remorseful blood; I was lecherously followed by salaciously horrific and abhorrent; retribution,

When I insidiously loitered through morbidly obsolete boundaries of extinguishing oblivion; I was brutally followed by corpses of devastatingly dithering and maliciously bizarre; stagnation,

When I greedily embarked on my expedition with vandalizing hoodlums; I was unforgivingly followed by savage daggerheads of vengefully cruel and indiscriminately heartless; no respite,

When I intrepidly marched on the path of perpetual humanity; I was celestially followed by the unequivocally glittering and priceless rays; of eternal mankind,

And when I synergistically inhaled air in my lungs to passionately lead life; and even infinite centuries after my veritable death; I was immortally followed by her voluptuously bestowing and wonderfully divine; love.

Nikhil Parekh

Food And Its Victorious Power.

It made a person irrefutably realize his / her true stature on this earth - which was nothing in front of the Almighty Lord - as morsels were gobbled with raw humanitarian fervor and then even the most mature of body exultated in child-like delight,

It made people forget deplorably miserly discrepancies of caste; creed; color and religion over its tantalizingly sumptuous aroma,

It naturally impregnated a wretchedly war-infested environment - with the charm of an existence replete with symbiotic health and prosperity,

It gathered hordes of hungry stomachs and palettes into uninhibited camaraderie - as they sat in compassionate unity to devour its quintessential morsels for survival,

It melted even the most indiscriminately traumatic persona which lambasted the innocent - with its succulently impeccable taste which was a harbinger of bountiful humanity,

It fascinated the young and the old with its astounding freshness and vitality - which very soon blended with the fabric of existence after the gratifying bite,

It put all hostility and that desire to ruthlessly conquer to blissful sleep - as it made its way most naturally and ravishingly into the extraordinarily emaciated intestine,

It proved the most stupendously inadvertent excuse to meet up at just about any time of the day - and that too triggering that smile of satisfaction upon the lips relishing it,

It reinvigorated fading muscle and bone with indispensable boost to lead life Kingsize - bond and embrace the most alien of neighbor with the power of fortuitous love,

It metamorphosed pulverized failures into the champions of a fresh optimistic dawn - rendering in them the unabashed fortitude to stand up for the cause of unparalleled righteousness,

It rekindled the rays of desire in pathetically shriveled bloodstreams - as the

living kind made merry; whispered; chatted and blended into the river of love with a new found hope to procreate,

It worked as a balm of compassionate friendship upon those haplessly aggrieved and lamenting the loss of their near and dear - as the chapter of death inevitably occurred when destined,

It was something that rendered all spurious demonstrations of power and wealth on earth utterly useless - as even the richest of all humans mingled with those begging on the roadside - to consume it; as disasters like the earthquake struck,

It not only helped people earn livelihood as they cooked; garnished; packed and transported it - but added an indomitable aura of satisfaction to their lives as they served it to all those in dire need of it,

It miraculously helped in mollifying the most hoarsely wailing children - nourishing them with the gift of harmony - to evolve into the philanthropically noble citizens of tomorrow,

It prompted dialogues of peace and benevolent betterment even before armies could cross sides - as they preferred to arrive to a harmonious consensus of love and togetherness - after eating to their unbridled content,

It was a universal need that naturally arose at some time or the other in everyone irrespective of any religion or tribe; impregnably indicating that we're all created by the same God and in front of him; nothing,

It cultivated this most wonderfully altruistic habit of eating in the same plate; as its irresistibly appetizing grandeur instilled the basic tenets of selflessness and humanitarian care,

Such was food and its majestic power.

Nikhil Parekh

Footprints

When the colossal dinosaur traversed through the marshy soil; there occurred a deafening roar; the entire family of jungle beasts saluted him,
However he left behind a trail of triangular footprints; bohemian and gigantic;
that made onlookers uneasy; by merely glimpsing the same.

When the hunch backed camel ambled languidly through the desert; I paid him flowing tributes of adulation; for unceasingly bearing the tyranny of scorching heat,
However he left behind a semicircular array of footprints; which appeared pretty insipid and nonchalant.

When the stray dog ran across the wet road; he was a sight to stare; with his furry coat now camouflaged in muddy water,
However he left behind a battalion of messy footprints; which caused disdainful blemishes on the surface.

When the handsome horse galloped across the racetrack; he looked majestic and grandiloquent; panting with spurts of exuberant energy,
However he left behind an incongruous design of footprints which were crudely square in shape; punctuating cavities in the hard ground.

When the olive green and serrated skinned crocodile slithered through the river banks; he looked domineering and awe inspiring,
However he left behind an armory of deadly footprints; which caused sumptuous food in the belly of innocuous trespassers to violently churn.

When the protuberant bellied ducks paraded through clayey farm mud; they appeared a sight to feast on; with their yellow beaks dazzling brilliantly in the Sun,
However they left behind a jugglery of diamond shaped footprints; which perpetuated incorrigible stains in the spotless kitchen.

When the black striped panther aimlessly loitered through the tropical grass; he looked like a royal prince; embodied with the whitest of silken whisker,
However he left behind a fleet of monstrously incoherent footprints; which scrupulously lead the hunter to his den.

When the nefarious robber stealthily crept across the soil; he left me dumbfounded; clad in the blackest of attire; with a snake hood camouflaging his face,

However he left behind a volley of deplorable footprints; which helped the police to trace and apprehend him.

And when she walked on the cold floor with bare feet; it shivered as if caressed by a celestial fairy; having just descended from the realms of heaven, Also the footprints that she left behind were perfectly synchronized; were the most mesmerizing that I had ever sighted on the trajectory of this earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Footsteps

The footsteps of hatred were as dim as the setting Sun; having no entity of their own; as they lingered ludicrously between dusk and starry twilight,

The footsteps of lies were as squalid as the overripe fruit; abhorrently stinking with a fleet of inconspicuous insects; devouring them to insipid nothingness,

The footsteps of discrimination were as dark as the pathetically dilapidated dungeons; melting into bizarre oblivion; even as the flamboyant Sun; blazed in passionate agony outside,

The footsteps of treachery were as maim as the disastrously skeletal witch; reducing to infinitesimal ash as each instant unveiled,

The footsteps of violence were as ethereal as the mosquito's shadow; diminutively retreating into their cocoon; with the lone draught of united breeze,

The footsteps of slavery were as horrendous as the claustrophobic gutters; with even the most dirtiest of pigs; irrevocably refusing to follow their path,

The footsteps of communalism were as frigid as the falling leaf; blending ridiculously with disdainful charcoal; even before they could alight a single inch from celestial earth,

The footsteps of suicide were as cowardly as the devilish scorpion; which ejected the ultimate sting of its life; yet retracting countless kilometers back into shivering soil,

The footsteps of manipulation were as helpless as those behind the sordid prison bars; eating their lips in invidious frustration; as the blissful bounced and triumphed outside,

The footsteps of condemnation were as neglected as countless number of tiny parasites; being pulverized to a miserable death; even before they were born,

The footsteps of nonchalance were as insidiously sinister as baseless cigar smoke; which ate you like a devastating scarecrow from each of your intricate insides,

The footsteps of prejudice were as disdainful as the lavatory cockroach; feasting

on raw feces; when an appetizing aroma of food fervently awaited them before their eyes,

The footsteps of laziness were as brittle as dolorously shattered glass; distorting the most ravishing of caricatures; into hideously funny clowns,
The footsteps of ill will were as haplessly trapped; as the body of a robust human; in the jaws of the preposterously gigantic whale,

The footsteps of terrorism were as decaying as horrifically rotting carrion; being ruthlessly ripped apart into a fathomless segments; by ominous vultures indefatigably hovering around,

The footsteps of brutality were as feeble as miserly soot; crumbling and deplorably squandering into an infinite bits; even while the wind blew a trifle outside,

The footsteps of betrayal were as worthless as the rolling stones; orphaned and kicked at all quarters of this planet; by every tangible who transgressed on mud,

The footsteps of torture were as murky as the haze that engulfed mockingly at dawn; evaporating into an island of nothingness; with a single stroke of righteousness,

But the footsteps of love; were a wave that immortally bonded one an all on this Universe alike; an unconquerable force to harmonious prosperity; or to simply put it; the only footsteps which were heard in every cranny of God's planet; even before they tread.

Nikhil Parekh

For Anything & Everything—anytime & Anywhere

When I needed just reassurance; I perhaps sought the company of my invincible mother the most—as a single look into her majestically befriending eyes—cleared an infinite complicated webs of an infinite dreaded lifetimes,

When I needed just discipline; I perhaps sought the company of my father the most—as a mere languid walk by his side—inevitably triggered each forlornly stagnating muscle of mine go taut—beyond the most unprecedented degrees of comprehension,

When I needed just enigma; I perhaps sought the company of midnight the most—as even the most obfuscated wisp of blackness engulfing me—transported me into a countless births of my past—and an umpteenth chapters of untamed sensuality,

When I needed just unrestraint; I perhaps sought the company of my sister the most—as her magnetically uninhibited poise perpetuated me to poignantly share all that I thought I never ever would—at any given space or time,

When I needed just truth; I perhaps sought the company of every new born child the most—as each heartfelt cry of theirs immortalized the spirit of my otherwise parasitically plagiarized existence,

When I needed just faithfulness; I perhaps sought the company of my daintily clad wife the most—as there was a perennial aura of fidelity that most royally radiated—from every bit of stony silence that otherwise enshrouded her,

When I needed just power; I perhaps sought the company of the unflinching Sun the most—staring into its impregnable undying rays and making them my wholesome fire to survive; amidst a pack of ghastly wolves,

When I needed just nostalgia; I perhaps sought the company of my charismatically tinkling grandmother the most—as with every chapter that she heart-renderingly narrated from her biography—I felt more insuperably closer to every thread of my golden past,

When I needed just mischief; I perhaps sought the company of my merrily laughing daughter the most—as she made me feel the most boisterously unabashed entity alive on earth—everytime we hurled raw pancakes of mud in crystal blue sky,

When I needed just humanity; I perhaps sought the company of every different religion around me the most—as I felt that united in a sea of unending color—together we became the most blessedly unconquerable civilization of oneness and of all times,

When I needed just enthrallment; I perhaps sought the company of vivacious nature the most- as I felt life around me inexhaustibly vacillating in an entrenchment of divine ecstasy and eternal freedom of every single organism to survive,

When I needed just adventure; I perhaps sought the company of the undulating sea the most—as with each marvelously tangy wave that crashed against the rocks—I felt a new beginning in the effervescent white froth that rose once again towards the victorious sky,

When I needed just passion; I perhaps sought the company of scarlet blood in my veins the most—as I felt reborn with an infinite untainted muscles of self-belief-with its every uncurbed journey towards each beat of my heart,

When I needed just beauty; I perhaps sought the company of iridescent stars in sky the most-as they most enchantingly illuminated even the grotesquely stagnating entities on soil—to eventually become the uncrowned jewels of my eye,

When I needed just innocence; I perhaps sought the company of the sacrosanct cow the most—as no matter what ludicrously perverted garbage that the world abandoned her into to consume—all she still had to give to one and all was impeccable milk divine,

When I needed just lavishness; I perhaps sought the company of my whimsical grandfather the most—as he could virtually lay every priceless gift of the Universe at my feet—at even the tiniest of my babyishly false cry,

When I needed just exhilaration; I perhaps sought the company of virgin wind the most—as I felt magically transported to every wonderfully ameliorating footprint of heaven; everytime it sensuously caressed every roused pore of my shivering skin,

When I needed just fantasy; I perhaps sought the company of fathomless azure sky the most; as just sporadically gazing at its immortal open heart—linked me to every triumphantly surreal mist of heaven; even as I pathetically fizzled each

day from a robotic 9 to 9,

But for anything & everything; anytime & anywhere, I humbly knelt down only in front of the Lord; praying to him to be by sole guiding light; praying to him to let me remain as his worthless servant for an infinite more lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

For Every Beat Of Hers

I wanted to live for each smile of hers; the laughter that uninhibitedly emanated from her throat; that made me feel greater than the God's,

I wanted to live for each tear of hers; the poignant river of empathy which oozed from her mesmerizing eyes; catapulting me into a paradise beyond realms of mundane earth,

I wanted to live for each word of hers; the majestic sounds that wafted from her mouth when she spoke; propelling me to float in the surreal clouds with the cadence of her seductive voice,

I wanted to live for each whim of hers; the fastidious festoon of intricacies that enveloped her persona; making me admire her for her profoundly babyish attitudes,

I wanted to live for each footstep of hers; the stupendously exotic rhythm that drifted as she caressed the soil; making me oblivious to all other sounds that existed in this Universe,

I wanted to live for each finger of hers; the rubicund tinge which encompassed her dainty fists; that fomented me to stare wildly till times beyond eternity,

I wanted to live for each wink of hers; the uncannily enigmatic way in which her eyelashes fluttered flirtatiously; inundating my life with waves of insurmountable ecstasy and the dance of sheer euphoria,

I wanted to live for each dream of hers; the cloudbursts of vivacious fantasy in her eyes as each minute unveiled; which made me blinded to the most brilliantly dazzling Sunlight,

I wanted to live for each passion of hers; the unrelenting ardor that besieged her countenance with as she marched towards triumph; making me rise above the ashes to discover my soul,

I wanted to live for every vein of hers; the tumultuous fervency with which an ocean of scarlet blood flowed through her body; making my conviction in self more fortified than the colossal mountains,

I wanted to live for every shadow of hers; the mystical way in which her contours

nictitated with changing shades of light; wrecking the last iota of sleep from my insatiably wandering sight,

I wanted to live for every cry of hers; the insurmountable innocence that reflected profusely in her voice; transiting me way back to the times when I had just tread my first foot on mother earth,

I wanted to live for every yawn of hers; the ravishingly ingratiating aura that encapsulated her visage; which made me collapse like a box of lifeless matchsticks on blankets of cold ground,

I wanted to live for every sigh of hers; the supreme contentment that celestially settled on each pore of her body; which made me relinquish all my volcano of overwhelming greed in life,

I wanted to live for every dance of hers; the tantalizing way in which she swished her heavenly demeanor in torrential rain; making me exist far beyond my destined quota of years,

I wanted to live for every snore of hers; the delectably immaculate island of fairies which resided in her luscious lips; flooding my life with unsurpassable ebullience and cheer,

I wanted to live for every nod of hers; the irrefutably assertiveness with which she said 'no'; augmenting my tenacious determination to face each hurdle of acrimonious life,

I wanted to live for every breath of hers; the Omnipotent grace with which it diffused from her nostrils; instilling in me an invincible power to live,

And over and above all I wanted to live for every beat of hers; the indefatigable number of times her heart palpitated passionately; fortifying my faith in dying existence; fortifying my faith in dying mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

For Imparting New Life

For imparting life to dead granules of soil; all I did was to inundate its surface with cool buckets of water,

For generating life in pallid patches of the dilapidated wall; all I did was slapped it with several coats of vivacious color,

For instilling life in broken lips; all I did was kiss them intensely every where over their chapped periphery,

For giving life to the sad girl philandering in corridors of gloom; all I did was danced like a clown; bringing a smile to the contours of her face,

For reviving life in the lackadaisical flower; all I did was commanded the clouds to shower droplets of exhilarating rain,

For bestowing life in the shattered web; all I did was leave a cluster of spider to weave their way through the same,

For reinvigorating life in a dreary pair of eyes; all I did was vigorously rubbed them with raw extracts of pungent turmeric,

For rejuvenating life in a scorched throat; all I did was tickle it with chilled champagne,

For reinstating life in a cluster of rotten vegetables; all I did was place them in the interiors of a swanky refrigerator,

For revitalizing life in the tired soles of feet; all I did was put them on the accelerator of a flamboyant racer car,

For stimulating life in a fractured hand; all I did was to bring it near a panthers jaw; fomenting the bones to automatically reshape themselves at electric speeds,

For offering life to the voice chords of a dumb man; all I did was bring his lost children in front of his eyes; triggering him to shout in ecstatic euphoria,

For energizing life in a lazy camel; all I did was put him under the blistering sun of the sandy desert,

For propelling life in the silhouette of a battered car; all I did was flood its belly with gallons of golden petrol,

For resurrecting life in visage of an orphan; all I did was held him close to my chest; in the comfort of my arms for times immemorial,

For fortifying life in the wrinkled skin of the abysmally old; all I did was recite to them nostalgic tales about their boisterous past,

For reanimating life in a ghastly bruise; all I did was to dress the wounds with the bond of my empathy,

For regenerating life in a dead man; all I did was blend my senses wholesomely with his soul,

And for imparting new life to a miserably devastated heart; all I did was fill its cavities with the stream of my passionate love.

Nikhil Parekh

For Infinite Lives

Let a magician come in front of you; trying to cast a spell on your mesmerizing countenance; with his unfathomable flurry of ingenious tricks,

Let the clouds be attracted inevitably towards your voluptuous voice; trying their best to impress you upon with tantalizing globules of rain,

Let a battalion of handsome snakes slither around you; endeavoring to entrench you in the swirl of their mystically enchanting hood,

Let the mightily colossal waves of the ocean clash against your divinely form; trying to engulf you in the aura of tumultuously tangy froth,

Still come what may; nobody on this earth could ever touch you; as your immortal love would not only be for this life; but for infinite lives; always be mine.

Let the desert sands fly in rampant frenzy; insatiably wishing to stick on your immaculately glowing skin,

Let majestic eagles in the sky build their nest above your dwelling; trying to have a surreptitious glimpse of you; after pearly midnight,

Let the turbulent breeze deliberately kiss you as it passed; basking in the glory of its spuriously passionate rendezvous,

Let the needles of the grandiloquently colonial clock stop in anticipation of you to awaken; tick at wild velocities when you wanted time to fly,

Still come what may; nobody on this earth could ever touch you; as your immortal love would not only be for this life; but for infinite lives; always be mine.

Let the Sun try and incarcerate you in its web of flamboyantly fiery rays; trying to blind you wholesomely with the astronomical tenacity of its light,

Let the grass voluptuously tickle your soles; secretly enjoying your ravishing warmth as you trespassed like an angel through its green stalks,

Let the owl stare unrelentingly at you for hours immemorial; trying to hypnotize

you with its enigmatically crystalline eyes,

Let the avalanche of snow melt in torrential frenzy; to evoke sympathy; as you cast your impeccable eyes upon its manipulative demeanor,

Still come what may; nobody on this earth could ever touch you; as your immortal love would not only be for this life; but for infinite lives; always be mine.

Let all the mouths on this planet shout to their hearts content; trying to win you by the overwhelming domination in their tone,

Let the society starve you to unprecedented limits; in order to enforce upon you; the partner of their dictatorial choice,

Let the streams cascading down from the mountains change their direction; to flow across the sacred paths you celestially tread,

Let every activity on this Universe come to an abrupt standstill; every tangible eyeball rivet to your irrefutably poignant visage; trembling in uncontrollable agony to make you the queen of their hearts,

Still come what may; nobody on this earth could ever touch you; as your immortal love would not only be for this life; but for infinite lives; always be mine.

Nikhil Parekh

For Me

For all in the colossal Universe it was simply a shriveled pathway of; deadened twigs and incongruously mangled leaves,
But for me it was more sacred than all holiness majestically circumscribing the atmosphere; as her divinely feet had blissfully walked upon it; just an instant ago.

For all in the gigantic Universe it was simply an inconspicuously waif stream; ludicrously drying as the austerity of the midday Sun increased even an infinitesimal trifle,
But for me it was more heavenly than the walls of resplendently blessed paradise; as her bountifully enthralling lips had sipped water from it; just an instant ago.

For all in the fathomless Universe it was simply a sordidly ramshackle house; disdainfully embroiled in the wrath of miserably remorseful desolation since centuries unprecedented,
But for me it was more priceless than the blood compassionately gushing through my veins; as her miraculously humanitarian silhouette had wandered in it; just an instant ago.

For all in the unceasing Universe it was simply a lifelessly beleaguered stone; being ruthlessly kicked left; right and center by a juggernaut of aliens as time rapidly unraveled,
But for me it was more insuperable than every conceivable power of the sky; as her iridescently godly palms had fondled it; just an instant ago.

For all in the mesmerizing Universe it was simply a cadaverously barren canvas; amorphously fretting in a mist of inconsolable loneliness,
But for me it was more beautiful than the entire beauty of this panoramic beauty compounded together; as the whites of her impeccable eyes had stared at it; just an instant ago.

For all in the magnetic Universe it was simply a deranged bit of disillusioned sheepskin; painstakingly withering with even the most diminutive draught of wind pounding it on the jagged slopes,
But for me it was more ardent than the vibrant electricity of this entire earth; as she had worn it on her enchantingly effulgent skin; just an instant ago.

For all in the Herculean Universe it was simply a lackadaisical flower; forlornly

shutting its petals at the onset of blackness; and shedding them like nine-pins at the tiniest innuendo of storm,
But for me it was more fragrant than all righteousness that radiated from this globe; as she had cast her invincibly peerless shadow upon it; just an instant ago.

For all in the limitless Universe it was simply a whiff of evanescently exhaling air; that punctuated the atmosphere like countless more of its kind,
But for me it was more unconquerable than the spirit of timelessly godly existence on this mesmerizing earth; as she had inhaled it and made it her enchanting breath;
just an instant ago.

And for all in the boundless Universe it was simply a worthless beat that randomly floated in the arid winds; purposelessly swirling around without any ostensible rhythm or rhyme,
But for me it was more charismatic than the chapter of mystically endowing life; as she had immortally made it the perennial love of her heart; just an instant ago.

Nikhil Parekh

For Me To Be Ever Possessed

Bond your divinely hands so immortally with my disastrously impoverished fingers; that it was incorrigibly impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other hands on this boundless Universe; for centuries immemorial,

Bond your magical feet so immortally with my rustically bohemian toes; that it was irrevocably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other feet on this fathomless Universe; for decades unfathomable,

Bond your heavenly eyes so immortally with my pathetically devastated lids; that it was intransigently impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other eyes on this tantalizing Universe; for times unsurpassable,

Bond your philanthropic smiles so immortally with my ludicrously morbid lips; that it was unbelievably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other smiles on this endless Universe; for limitless fortnights,

Bond your ingratiating melody so immortally with my devastatingly dithering throat; that it was immutably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other melody on this fascinating Universe; for countless more years to unveil,

Bond your tantalizing fantasies so immortally with my treacherously monotonous mind; that it was irrefutably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other fantasy on this everlasting Universe; for relentless days and nights unprecedented,

Bond your ravishing tongue so immortally with my ridiculously cacophonous throat; that it was impregnably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other tongue on this timeless Universe; for infinite more births of mine,

Bond your rhapsodic hair so immortally with penuriously entangled scalp; that it was unconquerably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other hair on this majestic Universe; for incomprehensible more moments to tranquilly descend,

Bond your twinkling ears so immortally with my brutally punctured lobes; that it was intractably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other ear's on this flamboyant Universe; for as long as the earth existed,

Bond your uninhibited philanthropism so immortally with lecherously

manipulative demeanor; that it was unassailably impossible for me to be ever possessed by
any other philanthropism on this mesmerizing Universe; for endless more moments to unfurl,

Bond your titillating shadow so immortally with my horrifically remorseful reflection; that it was unequivocally impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other shadow on this glorious Universe; for indefatigable more instants yet to be born,

Bond your seducing enigma so immortally with my indigently commercial countenance; that it was perennially impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other enigma on this compassionate Universe; for unending more civilizations; yet to evolve,

Bond your voluptuous charisma so immortally with my miserably shivering and orphaned senses; that it was perpetually impossible for me to be ever possessed by
any other charisma on this panoramic Universe; for countless kilometers; even beyond my veritable grave,

Bond your benevolent philosophy so immortally with my despondently greedy visage; that it was eternally impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other philosophy on this mystical Universe; for immeasurable days; even after I was blended with specks of dust,

Bond your unflinching strength so immortally with my insipidly sagging and languid bones; that it was doggedly impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other strength on this euphoric Universe; for even after; the sky had wholesomely blended with threadbare mud,

Bond your poignant blood so immortally with my heinously adulterated and decaying veins; that it was irreversibly impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other blood on this ecstatic Universe; for billions of kilometers; even after the Sun had set,

Bond your Omnipotent aura so immortally with my nonchalantly lackadaisical persona; that it was unimaginably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other aura on this spell binding Universe; for unthinkable more spaces; even beyond the land of infinite infinity,

Bond your Omnipresent breath so immortally with my morosely extinguishing existence; that it was inexorably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other breath on this blissful Universe; for unending more seconds; even after the clock had completely ceased to tick,

And bond your passionate heart so immortally with my capriciously betraying beats; that it was indomitably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other heart on this marvelous Universe; for countless more heavens; even after I reached the island of hell.

Nikhil Parekh

For Me To Breathe

For me to smile; it was indispensable that her laughter punctuated profoundly beyond; the realms of fathomless sky,

For me to transiently think; it was indispensable that she unrelentingly fantasized; transgressed through the corridors of profusely enigmatic enchantment,

For me to read; it was indispensable that she had mastered all the scriptures on this boundless planet; already written the wordings of handsome tomorrow,

For me to chew; it was indispensable that she had tasted the most voluptuously exotic fruits that were laden on the trees; filling her majestic belly; bountifully beyond the realms of unprecedented contentment,

For me to win; it was indispensable that she was the invincible emperor; incarcerating every living being in the swirl of her celestially captivating countenance,

For me to whisper; it was indispensable that she sang the most stupendously ingratiating rhymes of the forest; mesmerized infinite entities on earth with her rhapsodically mesmerizing voice,

For me to flirt; it was indispensable that she loved till times beyond this globe existed; languished in the aisles of insatiable desire with her soul mate,

For me to walk; it was indispensable that she had exuberantly explored every cranny of astronomically gigantic cosmos; tread her dainty foot on the most tantalizing blankets of vibrant yearning,

For me to clap; it was indispensable that she euphorically thumped the air infinite number of times; incessantly bounced on the drums of palpable life for centuries immemorial,

For me to admire; it was indispensable that she had captured all incredulously fabulous beauty on land in her impeccable eyes; nostalgically reminisced those moments when she took her first cry as a child,

For me to enjoy; it was indispensable that she relentlessly floated on cloudbursts of mystically surreal imagination; far away from the vagaries of this uncouthly

monotonous society,

For me to run; it was indispensable that she fell like streaks of royally white lightning from the sky; instilling a wave of insurmountable passion in every entity lifelessly withering away towards the grave,

For me to feel good; it was indispensable that she relished every unfurling minute of spell binding existence; lived the day to countless hours even beyond the inevitable sunset,

For me to be innocent; it was indispensable that she perennially remained that immaculate angel; ebulliently playing in her mothers lap,

For me to wish; it was indispensable that she acquired all richness that lay embedded in the colossal atmosphere; metamorphosed her every evanescent perception into reality,

For me to adore; it was indispensable that she was the nearest to the Almighty Creator; thoroughly astounded by his unsurpassably vast chapters of creation,

For me to rest; it was indispensable that she possessed the magical prowess of sleeping even when entrenched by heinous viciousness; perpetually remained in a heavenly slumber; which none around could ever break,

For me to foresee; it was indispensable that she was the ultimate master of her own destiny; lead each instant of her life; to the most unprecedented of her hearts content,

And for me to breathe; it was indispensable that she lived for unfathomable more lives even if I failed to take birth again; benevolently consolidated my attempts of making this earth a better place to live in; even after I lay stone lipped in my grave.

Nikhil Parekh

For Me—what Made Bryant McGill Truly Royal.

Poem on Bryant McGill—Internationally Acclaimed Poet, Author of World's No.1 McGill's English Dictionary of Rhyme, Celebrity Consultant & Inspirational Author

Royalty drifted most inscrutably from his 'English Dictionary of Rhyme'; which had enchanted millions in its ebulliently rhythmic swirl—perennially captured the imagination of the globe as being the best and most inimitable of its kind,

Royalty drifted most charismatically from his 'Benign Smile'; which made him approachable to one and all—escalated him as an instant hero of the masses as well as the most unparalleled of celebrities; alike,

Royalty drifted most enigmatically from his 'Eternal Poems'; which magnetized every conceivable living being to bond in the spirit of love; compassion and togetherness—stirred the soul of even the ghastliest of devil to think of the divine,

Royalty drifted most bountifully from his 'Endearing Fingers'; which unassailably intertwined with the essence of existence as it came—caressed every palpable object in vicinity with the zealous energy to unflinchingly survive,

Royalty drifted most unconquerably from his 'Varied Charities'; which inexhaustibly strived to ameliorate every suffering on the planet—with the scepter of altruistic healing straight from the soul,

Royalty drifted most triumphantly from his 'Magical Peace Treaty'; which timelessly breathed to unite the entire planet in a miraculous rainbow of good will and compassion—so that every human achieved true freedom its truest context,

Royalty drifted most vivaciously from his 'Bewitching Photography'; which so astoundingly rendered color and passion to the most rustic things of life—capturing the freshness that revealed most spontaneously in the ever-proliferating countryside,

Royalty drifted most enchantingly from his 'Countless Communities'; which majestically struck a chord with millions of Entrepreneurs/Professionals via lightening fast Internet—provided a platform for one and all to divulge the innermost realms of their conscience,

Royalty drifted most infallibly from his 'Angelic Family'; with the divinely frolic

and gestures of his daughters—enlightening many an inexplicably devastated life into a fountain of ecstatically rejuvenated breath,

Royalty drifted most symbiotically from his 'Uninhibited Shadow'; which fearlessly taught one and all as to how a fellow living being can be helped in even the most tiniest of capacity—irrespective of the spurious differences of caste; color; religion and creed,

Royalty drifted most jubilantly from his 'Priceless Signature'; which depicted the impeccable clarity of his undefeated ideals and thoughts; regurgitating every bit of deteriorating naked paper that it kissed,

Royalty drifted most seamlessly from his 'Imperious Ears'; which were astoundingly sensitive to the faintest cries of his compatriots in inconsolable pain—triggered every pore of his body to selflessly rise to help and seek help—to the most ardent of his capacity,

Royalty drifted most blissfully from his 'Ubiquitous Quotes'; which perpetuated a sky of undying inspiration in each of his readers veins—imploing them every instant to gallop forward into the road not traversed yet; and still emerge victorious,

All this and an infinite more were ofcourse true. But for me; what made 'Bryant McGill' truly 'Royal' was every beat of his unhindered heart palpitating solely for the religion of humanity—palpitating solely so that the entire world united into a singleton mass of friendship and love—far far and forever away from any idiosyncratic dimensions of hatred; color; caste; creed; money and tribe.

Nikhil Parekh

For My Eternal Mother

I might have augmented in physical proportions tumultuously; towering like a giant from above chunks of infinitesimally threadbare soil,

I might have evolved a bombastically aristocratic slang; emanating the most prudently sagacious sounds from my large mouth; every time I got an opportunity to speak,

I might have encapsulated even the most minuscule cranny of my body in robes of grandiloquently ostentatious silk; majestically cascading like a prince through the lanes of irrefutably sparkling fame,

I might have escalated to the zenith of scintillating prosperity; suckling opulent wine and breathing oligarchic cigar smoke; blending with sumptuous cuisines of high society,

But for my eternally sacrosanct Mother I would forever remain her innocuously wailing infant; witnessing the alien world from her compassionately sequestering eyes; forever remain as her immortal child.

1.

I might have unassailably conquered many a treacherous army; with the overwhelming essence of patriotism; blissfully bequeathed upon me; by Lord Almighty,

I might have catapulted to the marvelously invincible mountaintop; bereft of the most inconspicuous of scaffolding or support,

I might have astoundingly discovered an unfathomable reservoir of newness; as I tread with profusely unending exuberance on every enchanting step,

I might have unfurled into an unsurpassably enamoring festoon of stupendous vivaciousness; as I danced in the uninhibitedly untamed spirit of adulthood; under
the tantalizingly pelting droplets of golden rain,

But for my adorably impregnable Mother; I would forever remain her impeccable baby huddled perpetually close to her warm chest; being nourished with the godly air in her lungs; forever remain as her immortal child.

2.

I might have rhetorically mastered the painstaking art of surviving in desolate solitude; ardently staring for hours immemorial; towards the blanket of resplendently twinkling stars,

I might have ebulliently gallivanted towards the corridors of unequivocally glittering success; profoundly basking in the insatiably fragrant glory of timeless existence,

I might have unconquerably kissed the lanes of overwhelming fame; being showered upon with an award of every conceivable denomination for my poetic artistry; by the grace of Almighty God,

I might have bloomed into a perennial flower of philanthropic mankind; disseminating the fragrance of humanity to the most fathomless quarters of this colossally mesmerizing Universe,

But for my Omnisciently divine Mother; I would forever remain her bundle of freshly delivered rhapsody; impeccably embracing her lips with my tiny hands; forever remain her immortal child.

3.

I might have magnificently placated countless dolorously dreary organisms in the atmosphere; with the mystically resplendent cadence in my poignant voice,

I might have unflinchingly confronted the most truculently acrimonious of disaster; without a single wink of my incredulously blazing eyes,

I might have got royally ingratiating artistry melodiously embedded in every core of my impoverished countenance; encompassing all panoramic beauty of this Universe; in the canvas of my enlightening soul,

I might have celestially procreated immaculate progeny of my own; succeeding in my pricelessly virile endeavors of continuing God's glorious chapters of harmonious creation,

But for my bountifully beautiful Mother; I would forever remain her mischievously frolicking child; the sole deity which she had harnessed with her very own flesh and blood; forever remain her immortal child.

Nikhil Parekh

For The Sake Of

For the sake of starved territories of tarnished grass,
The crimson colored sky should sob unrelentingly and; rain.

For the sake of pallid regions of earth obliterated from bright light,
The celestial body of sun god should dazzle brilliantly; and shine.

For the sake of blind afflicted with distress and inexplicable pain,
The handsomely affluent and privileged should help them attain their goals; and aims.

For the sake of nimble footed squirrel leaping in bubbling fervor of youth,
The neem tree should emboss itself with lots of crevices; and game.

For the sake of distorted bones of broken calcium,
The sacrosanct and robust cow should ooze milk; and frosty cream.

For the sake of famished alligator lurking stealthily on nocturnal prowl,
A cluster of succulent fish should relinquish breath; and become food.

For the sake of vacant sheets of satiny white canvas,
Adroit strokes of the artist should fill it with resplendent root color.

For the sake of fortifying a lock of strong blue metal,
There should exist a master key that can wind it; rendering securely close.

For the sake of freedom of mind, body, and spirit,
There should be philanthropic harmony; blending varied races under the sun as one.

For the sake of life to proceed devoid of savage brutality,
There should be bountiful messiahs of god to impart the essence of truth.

For the sake of pictures taken with sleek camera,
There should be animate or inanimate in neighboring vicinity.

And for the sake of my heart throbbing at rollicking speeds,
There should be a solitary girl residing in this universe; who can love me intensely; making me feel that I am alive.

Forever Alive

It was in the light of the candle; that I found mystical enchantment,
It was under the austere rays of Sunlight; that I found my lost ardor to exist,

It was in the realms of the gurgling waterfall; that I found heavenly rejuvenation
and an everlasting bliss,

It was under pearly beams of moonshine; that I found overwhelming threads of
voluptuous fantasy,

It was in the immortal stillness of the forest; that I found my most intricate of
senses,

It was with the resurgent winds of autumn; that I found my mesmerizing
prowess to sing,

It was within the dungeons infinite feet beneath; that I found baffling enigmas
striking me at astounding speeds,

It was sighting the vivacious peacock; that I found my lost ability to animatedly
leap and ecstatically dance,

It was in the island of pearls; that I found majestically royal fantasy of the most
astronomical decree,

It was on the summit of the towering mountain; that I found my valor to
audaciously confront evil beings,

It was in the tawny cats coat of fur; that I found nostalgic childhood; an
insurmountable wave of heavenly mischief,

It was in the blanket of perennially green meadows; that I found an insatiable
urge to shut my eyes tightly and celestially sleep,

It was in the heart of the rhapsodically leaping fire; that I found flames of
untamed passion and wild romance,

It was in the wisps of satiny clouds; that I found my desire to reside forever in
the lap of Almighty lord,

It was in the foundation of the mammoth building; that I found Herculean strength; an inevitable invincibility to single handedly take on the entire world,

It was riding on the back of a fox; that I found uncanny cunningness; the adroit manipulation to exist in this uncouth world,

It was beneath the shell of the tortoise; that I found incomprehensible laziness; a thunderous propensity to rest for several lives,

It was in the sacred lap of my mother; that I found that I was always young; without a trace of fatigue in my severely bloodshot eyes,

And It was in the arms of my beloved; that I found that I was breathing; I was still living after gruesome death; I was forever exuberant and alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Forever An Artist

Whether you placed him on the majestically regale clouds; or whether you placed him on the discordantly blaring and devastatingly dusty streets,

Whether you placed him on royal embellishments of mesmerizing ice-cream; or whether you placed him in the center of the overflowing gutter drain; nonchalantly stinking of nothing but undigested sewage,

Whether you placed him on idols of fantastically glistening gold; or whether you placed him in the heart of the vindictively hedonistic maelstrom; where nothing but savage blood dogmatically rained,

Whether you placed him in the aisles of ardently unending desire; or whether you placed him on the deadpans of traumatically horrific despair and delinquent hopelessness,

Whether you placed him on feathers of unparalleled felicitation; or whether you placed him in a disparagingly pulverized curry of obnoxiously squandering tomatoes and lethal scorpions,

Whether you placed him on the spectacularly bewitching and princely throne; or whether you placed him on a bed of acrimoniously torturous thorns,

Whether you placed him on fathomlessly resplendent sea's of panoramic enchantment; or whether you placed him in the exact middle of the diabolically scorching fires,

Whether you placed him in the heavens of unconquerable prosperity; or whether you placed him in mortuaries of treacherously ghoulish and maiming abuse,

Whether you placed him amidst vivaciously dancing peacocks; or whether you placed him in the murderously asphyxiating coffin alive,

Whether you placed him in the cradles of impregnably unblemished innocence; or whether you placed him in disastrously miserable jailhouses of the forlornly corrupt politician,

Whether you placed him in the meadows of picturesquely panoramic divinity; or whether you placed him in the truculently acrid and perniciously sweltering desert

sands,

Whether you placed him in impeccably milky cisterns of enigmatic moonlight; or whether you placed him in the disdainfully fretting pig stalk; where all he got to eat was cannibalistically lackadaisical shit,

Whether you placed him in an armor of patriotically blazing selflessness; or whether you placed him in frigidly sulking and regretfully orphaned ponds of nothingness,

Whether you placed him in the entrenchment of everlastingly fructifying sainthood; or whether you placed him in lackluster mud quagmired with cold-blooded leeches and egregious worms,

Whether you placed him on the skies of handsomely burgeoning victory; or whether you placed him in the gratuitously hideous crocodiles; emaciated mouth,

Whether you placed him in the winds of aristocratically bestowing chivalry; or whether you placed him in fecklessly slavering and tumultuously rebuked saliva,

Whether you placed him in the crystal of miraculously celestial clairvoyance; or whether you placed him between the petulantly shivering; stray dog's tail,

Whether you placed him in an unsurpassable valley of timelessly redolent roses; or whether you placed him in a grotesquely cacophonous skeleton of baselessly orphaned mosquitoes,

Whether you placed him abreast the entire wealth and love on this limitless planet; or whether you placed him on the floors where mercilessly marauded the most satanically greedy of dinosaurs,

And it really doesn't matter where you decided to place him; amidst what shape and form you decided to place his destined life; because if he was true to each beat of his euphoric heart; if he was true to his spirit of harmoniously symbiotic existence; if he was true to the message that the Lord Almighty had ordered him to tirelessly convey; he would forever remain an artist even as ghostly hell relentlessly rained down on earth; O! Yes his immortal art would never ever die.

Nikhil Parekh

Forever And Only Yours

One minute I may be perched well above the blazing island of Omnipotent Sun;
while the very next instant I may find myself slaving penuriously on dead soil,

One minute I may be rhapsodically adventuring in a valley of exuberantly
burgeoning flowers; while the very next instant I may find myself brutally
incarcerated in chains of ghoulishly abhorrent prejudice,

One minute I may be floating in the aisles of desire like a majestically uncrowned
prince; while the very next instant I may find myself buried amidst
inconspicuously infidel and vicious garbage trash,

One minute I may be royally consecrated for my artistic accomplishments; while
the very next instant I may find myself being satanically kicked; by
unceremoniously dastardly parasites,

One minute I may be ingeniously contriving plans to blissfully change the
complexion of all flagrantly estranged mankind; while the very next instant I
might
find myself trembling naked; under unsparing avalanches of frigidly cold-blooded
ice,

One minute I may be articulately channelizing congenitally brilliant talent on the
trajectory of this fathomless Universe; while the very next instant I might find
myself hopelessly staggering in graveyards of defeat; at a profound loss of words
to express even my own name,

One minute I may be bountifully garnering all enchanting cynosure that lay on
this boundless planet; while the very next instant I might find myself in vindictive
clutches of depravation and dereliction; asphyxiating the breath out of me for
times
immemorial,

One minute I may be prolifically penning down countless lines of exotically
triumphant poetry; while the very next instant I might find myself slithering
beside the venomously delirious scorpions,

One minute I may be embracing the winds of vividly euphoric timelessness; while
the very next instant I might find myself imprisoned by unfathomable coffins of
darkness and miserable solitude,

One minute I may be handsomely liberating myself of all agony on the wings of unstoppably enamoring sensuousness; while the very next instant I might find myself preposterously swallowing blood stained thorns; as my only lunch and indigent breakfast,

One minute I may be swirling like a whirlwind of unflinchingly inimitable success; while the very next instant I might find myself in shambles of egregiously derogatory nervousness; hardly able to alight a singleton foot from cold ground,

One minute I may be uninhibitedly dancing under the magically venerated milk of resplendent moonlight; while the very next instant I might find myself; uncouthly slitting my veins in intolerably devastating desperation,

One minute I may be innocuously cavorting with nubile maidens of my choice on the ingratiatingly rain soaked hills; while the very next instant I might find myself begging on the discordantly rambunctious streets; with the skeleton of my impoverished form being attacked by hedonistically unscrupulous termites,

One minute I may be unrelentingly fantasizing beneath the regally opulent delights of my passionate quilt; while the very next instant I might find myself mordantly chained next to the stray dog's collar; for not coagulating with my employer's whims and insane delights,

One minute I may be weighed in gargantuan mountains of aristocratically glistening gold and silver; while the very next instant I might find myself sinking deeper and deeper into the coffins of quaintly obsolete and horrifically decaying nothingness,

One minute I may be outclassing every other organism on this gigantic Universe with the enlightening dynamism in my countenance; while the very next instant I might find myself frenetically struggling for breath; like an infinitesimal mosquito in the mouth of the diabolical shark,

One minute I may be blossoming as a harbinger of ubiquitous solidarity and humanity; while the verynext instant I might find myself profanely plagiarized and attacked by the devil for ostensibly no fault of mine; nor reason nor rhyme,

One minute I may be undauntedly soaring in miraculously Omnipotent clouds; while the very next instant I might find myself being grotesquely manipulated

like a lame puppet; in the hands of blood-sucking politicians and forlorn malice,

One minute I may be spawning into an inscrutably fructifying forest of invincibly glorious life; while the very next instant I might find myself bizarrely depleted of every single layer of oxygen in my lungs; ardently wanting nothing else but the signature of ghastly death,

O! Yes; Life is a tumultuously arcane odyssey; and I really don't know where its going to take me; in what form was I going to unfurl every cascading minute of my survival; and what lay exactly forward for me in my destiny,

But this is my eternal promise to you O! Immortal Beloved; that wherever I am; in whatever shape the Lord wanted me to exist; my compassion will forever continue to throb in your priceless heart; our spirits shall forever be one even infinite births after I cease to physically exist; AND MY LOVE WAS; IS AND WILL FOREVER REMAIN YOURS; YOURS; AND ONLY YOURS.

Nikhil Parekh

Forever And Pricelessly One

When we first met under blazing rays of the Afternoon Sun; you should have seen the ardently unsurpassable fire in our eyes,
Which was so invincible that it became intransigently impossible for the most thunderous of whipping squall; to make even the slightest of indentation; upon our
compassionately uninhibited swirl.

When we first met in the romantically philandering lanes of the mystical forest; you should have seen the insatiably unflinching smile on our lips,
Which was so unassailable that it became irrevocably impossible; for the most diabolical of misery; to invidiously infiltrate even the tiniest; into our entrenchment of perennial jubilation.

When we first met on the scintillatingly pristine sea shores; you should have seen the spell binding river of ecstasy on our bountiful flesh,
Which was so unfathomable that it became incorrigibly impossible; for the most horrendous of abhorrent boredom; to sulk even a capricious whisker; into our sky of eternal romance.

When we first met under the resplendently enamoring and beaming Moon; you should have seen the virgin innocence on our innocuously robust cheeks,
Which was so impregnable that it became irrefutably impossible; for even the most treacherously savage manipulation; to cast even a diminutive fraction of its lecherous spell; upon our perpetually impeccable enthrallment.

When we first met in the inscrutably tingling meadows of grass; you should have seen the spell binding mysticism encapsulated profoundly in our ravishing palms,

Which was so bountiful that it became irretrievably impossible for the most monotonously murderous parasites; to permeate even an infinitesimal speck; into our streams of celestially bonded blood.

When we first met under the vivaciously dancing rainbows; you should have seen the contours of heavenly newness on our impoverished faces,
Which were so blissfully revolutionary that it became dogmatically impossible for the most dilapidated dungeons of stagnation; to hover even a ludicrously remote fraction; over our fortress of unconquerable solidarity.

When we first met in the playgrounds of rhapsodically frolicking college; you

should have seen the ardently crimson blushes on our majestic cheeks,
Which were so poignant that it became unimaginably impossible for the most
satanic cisterns of gory bloodshed; to pry even a pathetically minuscule iota;
around our cloud of ever augmenting and timeless camaraderie.

When we first met on the boisterously bustling road; you should have seen the
stupendously magical infatuation in our magnetically exhaling gasps,
Which was so royal that it became incomprehensibly impossible for the most
sinister spirits of ghastly corruption; to even infiltrate a sleazily parsimonious
inch; into our web of everlastingly golden relationship.

And when we first met in our delectably new born cradles standing face to face;
you should have seen the immortally unending love in our hearts,
Which was so perpetual that it became unrelentingly impossible for the most
insidiously coldblooded chapters of cowardly death; to sprinkle even a frigidly
negligible portion of its blackness; upon our life; which had united for infinite
more births yet to unveil and by the grace of God; as FOREVER AND
PRICELESSLY ONE.

Nikhil Parekh

Forever God

Forever truth; unassailably enriching the fabric of this sensuously eclectic Universe; with the everlasting inferno of bounteous righteousness,

Forever selflessness; bountifully enlightening the life of every bereaved organism; embracing him in the aisles of symbiotic paradise,

Forever beauty; panoramically enveloping the trajectory of this priceless benign planet; with astoundingly vibrant charisma and timeless graciousness,

Forever unity; perpetuating a wave of unconquerably triumphant solidarity; amongst every caste; creed; sect and color of the; marvelously diversified society,

Forever patriotism; irrevocably driving even the most infinitesimal iota of insanely perfidious drudgery from the complexion of this; fathomlessly enchanting globe,

Forever compassion; entrenching every miserably beleaguered entity with the eternally enamoring mantra; of Omnipotent mankind,

Forever enchantment; metamorphosing even the most ethereal speck of aggrieved tyranny; into a cosmos of philanthropically resplendent happiness,

Forever innovation; with the impregnable waves of unendingly spell binding discovery; victoriously transcending over even the most ephemeral gutter of obsoletely decaying stagnation and treacherous monotony,

Forever heavenliness; with even the most transient insinuations of venomously dastardly crime; perpetually disappearing from the periphery of this gorgeously vivid earth,

Forever innocence; with every manipulatively prejudiced organism on this unsurpassable planet; miraculously transforming into an insuperably impeccable child; once again,

Forever illumination; the perennially undefeated rainbow of divinely peace; reigning supreme in the hearts and souls of one and all in this world; handsomely alike,

Forever goodness; with even the most parsimonious footprints of the maliciously decrepit devil; vanquishing in the mortuaries of insipidly feckless nothingness,

Forever prosperity; with every human and animal beautifully existing in a spell of egalitarian synergism; without the tiniest trace of derogatory politics; and for infinite more births yet to unfurl,

Forever camaraderie; bonding even the most acrimoniously belligerent and alien entities; in the spirit of immaculately godly friendship,

Forever freedom; with the wings of majestically ebullient uninhibitedness; wholesomely replacing every graveyard of ignominious incarceration and debasingly depraving slavery,

Forever tranquility; with the garden of fantastically fascinating serenity; wonderfully paving its way through every iota of bedraggled bedlam on this endlessly enigmatic Universe,

Forever desire; with the penalizing coffin of forlorn loneliness extinguishing from its very non-existent roots; to make way for effulgently mischievous flirtation all day and opalescent night,

Forever rhapsody; with the clouds of astoundingly synergistic virility always ensuring; that the chapter of sacrosanct proliferation blossomed tirelessly and even beyond the end of veritable time,

And if this list of forever goodness and humanity continued till infinite infinity; then forever there will be coruscated unity; then forever there will be unshakable harmony; then forever there will be blessedly pristine paradise; then forever there will be victorious belonging; O! Yes then forever there will be Omnipresent God.

Nikhil Parekh

Forever In Love

Once a failure; not necessary that always a gorily disoriented failure; being lambasted in the aisles of horrendous nothingness,

Once a loss; not necessary that always a hideously unsavory loss; crucifying you beyond the realms of pricelessly impregnable existence,

Once an abusing; not necessary that always a derogatorily unceremonious abusing; brutally kicking you like an infinitesimally frigid matchstick; towards the coffins of morbid hell,

Once an isolation; not necessary that always a remorsefully dastardly isolation; abjectly obfuscating you from the quintessentially glorious fabric of the symbiotic planet outside,

Once a sidelining; not necessary that always a preposterously delinquent sidelining; incarcerating you in chains of disastrously ominous despair while the entire earth uninhibitedly freaked outside,

Once a torture; not necessary that always a sadistically cacophonous torture; making every unfurling instant of your fantastically embellished existence worse than a countless hapless deaths,

Once a betrayal; not necessary that always a fretfully tyrannizing betrayal; burying you wholesomely alive in the parasitically decaying grave,

Once a criminal; not necessary that always a vindictively insane criminal; cadaverously perpetuating into the sky of fathomlessly invincible truth,

Once a cannibalistic; not necessary that always a turgidly decrepit cannibalistic; ruthlessly excoriating apart innocuously celestial flesh; into a boundless bits of inconspicuous oblivion,

Once a backbencher; not necessary that always a lugubriously inane backbencher; unsurpassably yawning in indolent ignominy while the earth burgeoned into a spell bindingly golden tomorrow,

Once a tail; not necessary that always an egregiously shy tail; curled a limitless

kilometers inside the legs; at even the most ethereal innuendo of enchanting thunder,

Once a laggard; not necessary that always a licentiously heinous laggard; slavering like a salacious leech at every aspect of inscrutably resplendent life, Once an unemployed; not necessary that always a fragrantly baseless unemployed; nonchalantly staring into lackadaisical bits of skull-less space for hours immemorial,

Once a corpse; not necessary that always a treacherously ghoulish corpse; fecklessly quavering in the mortuaries of intransigently endless and dismally asphyxiating despair,

Once a stone; not necessary that always an languidly lackluster stone; crumbling in lecherously dumb silence till the last puff of enchantingly iridescent life,

Once a curmudgeon; not necessary that always a scornfully wailing curmudgeon; irrevocably tossing and turning in uncontrollably maniacal frustration and clamminess,

Once an impotent; not necessary that always a vituperatively laconic impotent; squelching the brakes of the perfidiously whipping devil upon the Omnipotent Lord's chapters of; unbelievably blessing creation,

Once a teardrop; not necessary that always a banefully agonizing teardrop; carnivorously circumscribed by a gutter of misery throughout every unleashing moment of fantastically effulgent life,

But once in love; means forever and ever and ever embracing its immortally altruistic swirl; means forever and ever and ever letting the winds of its magically mitigating goodness caress your impoverished soul; means forever and ever and ever existing as the most priceless organism ever alive; means forever and ever and ever and for an fathomless more births of yours; always in LOVE.

Nikhil Parekh

Forever.

How can you ever expect stupendously emollient nectar to waft out; after the scorpion opened its venomously treacherous mouth; to the fullest of its lethally salacious capacity?

How can you ever expect brilliantly unfettered rays of optimistic light; after uncouthly parasitic darkness had crept in; the chapters of midnight had wholesomely incarcerated the fabric of earth divine?

How can you ever expect the tree to fructify into majestically astounding fruit; after the ruthlessly slandering fire had charred even the most infinitesimal trace of life around; into gruesomely cadaverous charcoal?

How can you ever expect lips to unfurl into a gorgeously tantalizing smile; after the mother who'd so miraculously evolved them in the first place; forever left her terrestrial form to embrace the solitude of heavenly abode?

How can you ever expect the fish to gregariously swim; after every droplet of the fantastically undulating ocean; had evaporated into the aisles of inconspicuously estranged meaninglessness?

How can you ever expect the poet to pen infinite lines of royally enamoring poetry; after every speck of his inimitably eclectic fingers were mercilessly cut into a countless bits of bizarrely ghastly nothingness?

How can you ever expect the bee to buzz into boisterously effulgent happiness; after every flower in vicinity miserably decayed towards the lugubriously sordid ground?

How can you ever expect the nightingale to mellifluously murmur; after every cranny of panoramically divine nature; forever metamorphosed into robotically emotionless jungles of concrete prejudice?

How can you ever expect the mirror to portray the most explicitly unbridled reflection; after it was shattered into a boundless shards of lividly hedonistic haplessness?

How can you ever expect jaggery to taste spell-bindingly sweet; after it was treacherously dipped into the ominously gluttonous shark's mouth; which was replete with nothing else but the heart of the unfathomably salty sea?

How can you ever expect the soldier to hold his higher than the patriotically triumphant heavens; after he had limply surrendered to the enemy camp; without the most ethereal iota of resilience or fight?

How can you ever expect the eagle to regally soar in gloriously unhindered galaxies of sky; after being satanically buried a countless feet beneath despairingly wanton mud?

How can you ever expect the mountains to blossom into unassailably towering peaks; after being unrelentingly bombarded by profanely debilitating nuclear weaponry and indiscriminately gory war?

How can you ever expect blood to ignite skies of unsurpassable passion in the body; after the perpetual disappearance of the Omnipotently heavenly beloved?

How can you ever expect the brain to unlimitedly fantasize; after being vicariously bludgeoned by the blows of brutally macabre corruption and insanely life-threatening debauchery?

How can you ever expect the pile of despondently disheveled garbage to yield pricelessly iridescent pearls; after being horrendously dumped with a motley of feces from all across the fathomless planet?

How can you ever expect the nostril to breathe into a civilization of unbelievably undefeated and boundless newness; after being diabolically asphyxiated by the mortuary of lies; every unfurling instant of impoverished existence?

How can you ever expect the heart to diffuse into an unimaginably infallible paradise of Immortally loving beats; after being unsparingly betrayed by the sole love and perpetual compassion of its destined life?

But you can forever expect an unshakable place in the Omniscient Lord's heaven; you can forever expect an undeniably redolent abode in the paradise of the Omnipotent Creator Divine; for every altruistically humanitarian deed executed by you within your truncated lifetime; even after you forever abdicated breath; even after you forever quit your robustly physical form; even after you forever and inevitably died.

Nikhil Parekh

Forgive Me

Forgive me for inadvertently trampling over scores of tiny ants; crawling unnoticed on the cold floor,

Forgive me for spitting foamy saliva indiscreetly on the streets; on formation of excess liquid in the palette of my mouth,

Forgive me for banging my fists in tandem against the wall; clenching my teeth in raw indignation on being intimidated,

Forgive me for driving at lightening speeds through the solitary streets; bouncing in the drivers seat while listening to pulsating music,

Forgive me for indiscriminately pouncing on the petulant mosquito; buzzing incessantly in the vicinity of my eardrum,

Forgive me for not listening to my mother; when she stringently admonished to get up at the crack of evanescent dawn,

Forgive me for being insatiably greedy; when it came to extracting wealth from this uncouth world,

Forgive me for indulging in licentious thoughts; possessing feeble control over the unprecedented realms of my mind,

Forgive me for sipping opulent wine; drowning myself wholesomely into domains of tantalizing fantasy,

Forgive me for skipping my morning prayers; in the bustle to reach office and commence work at fast pace,

Forgive me for snoring like a demon all night; permeating the still air with an indefatigable volley of cacophonous sounds,

Forgive me for attending bombastic parties; blending profusely with a conglomerate of people with spurious smiles,

Forgive me for swaying rampantly on the streets; inhabiting the discotheques till wee hours of night,

Forgive me for overhearing candid conversations; in my unrelenting curiosity to envisage activities behind close doors,

Forgive me for leaving squalid footprints as I walked; caressing the immaculately polished floor with dirt lining the periphery of my toes,

Forgive me for plucking resplendent flowers from their stalks; dismantling the moist earth by digging voraciously with my hands,

Forgive me for being overwhelmingly stubborn; standing steadfast with my baseless opinions; refraining to listen to others,

Forgive me for using abashing expletives; rebuking innocuous individuals in proximity; for no apparent fault of theirs,

Forgive me for ridiculing eminent personalities; making a travesty of the remarkable deeds they executed in their lives,

Forgive me for loitering aimlessly in space; becoming oblivious to the essence of life for some part of the day,

Over and above all forgive me O! lord for the plethora of misdeeds I have committed in my life as a human being; instead bless me with loads of fortitude to propagate double the happiness of all what I have destroyed.

Nikhil Parekh

Forgive Me O! Lord

Forgive me for inadvertently trampling over scores of tiny ants; crawling unnoticed on the cold floor,

Forgive me for spitting foamy saliva indiscreetly on the streets; on formation of excess liquid in the palette of my mouth,

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Forgive me for sipping opulent wine; drowning myself wholesomely into domains of tantalizing fantasy,

Forgive me for skipping my morning prayers; in the bustle to reach office and commence work at fast pace,

Forgive me for snoring like a demon all night; permeating the still air with an indefatigable volley of cacophonous sounds,

Forgive me for attending bombastic parties; blending profusely with a conglomerate of people with spurious smiles,

Forgive me for swaying rampantly on the streets; inhabiting the discotheques till wee hours of night,

Forgive me for overhearing candid conversations; in my unrelenting curiosity to envisage activities behind close doors,
Forgive me for leaving squalid footprints as I walked; caressing the immaculately polished floor with dirt lining the periphery of my toes,

Forgive me for plucking resplendent flowers from their stalks; dismantling the moist earth by digging voraciously with my hands,

Forgive me for being overwhelmingly stubborn; standing steadfast with my baseless opinions; refraining to listen to others,

Forgive me for using abashing expletives; rebuking innocuous individuals in proximity; for no apparent fault of theirs,

Forgive me for ridiculing eminent personalities; making a travesty of the remarkable deeds they executed in their lives,

Forgive me for loitering aimlessly in space; becoming oblivious to the essence of life for some part of the day,

Over and above all forgive me O! lord for the plethora of misdeeds I have committed in my life as a human being; instead bless me with loads of fortitude to propagate double the happiness of all what I have destroyed.

Nikhil Parekh

Fortune Strikes In The Desert

Volumes of slippery sand escaped from my fist,
parched silver mud devoured me in entirety,
flaming Sunlight stripped reserve quota of energy,
entangled thorny weeds scraped delicate layers of soft skin,
whirlpools of dust blew with turbulent velocity,
strong rooms of blue sky were bereft of moisture laden cloud,
trapped molecules of mercury rose high in compact case of thermometer,
green cover of grass and tree was a rare treat to witness,
large reptiles burrowed themselves in moist recesses of earth,
evil eyed vultures glided across boiling currents of wind,
grandfather tortoise traversed at painstaking speeds,
pot bellied spiders ran in gay abundance,
distant mirage's lured me to add velocity to stride,
undulating terrains of hot sand grain whipped me,
burning heat waves prompted me to melt in submission.

the situation was getting out of control,
secret reserves of stored water were drained with the passing second,
scalp hair were camouflaged with gallons of sand,
my slimy tongue had consumed remnant saliva,
twin pair of feet blatantly refused to hold my weight,
a river of sweat flowed down my armpit,
there was not a soul to be sighted within a million kilometers of vicinity,
when suddenly it seemed my feet struck a light green cactus,
infinite droplets of water oozed out,
charred chords of my throat erupted in wet ecstasy,
guttural sounds emanated as i sipped cool water,
as i deftly chiseled elastic branches of the desert cactus,
with razor sharp edges of my portable knife.

Nikhil Parekh

Found My Own Corpse

Above the soil the cars appeared to be like royal emperors; traversing majestically on the silken coat of long road,
While beneath the soil the same cars seemed to be squalidly coated with mud; painstakingly labored to trudge merrily forward.

Above the soil the matchsticks appeared to be burning in passionate fire; profoundly illuminating the darkness of the wretched night,
While beneath the soil the same matchsticks seemed to be gasping for breath; relinquishing their boisterous flames in wholesome entirety.

Above the soil the conglomerate of clouds appeared to be a silken carpet; inundating barren kilometers of mud on earth with robust sheets of sparkling water,
While beneath the soil the same clouds seemed to be dingy little bellows of obnoxious gas; brutally entrapped and blended with dark chunks of purple earth.

Above the soil the crops in the farm appeared to be salubrious and ingratiatingly fresh; swaying delectably with every draught of amicable wind,
While beneath the soil the same crops seemed to be completely corroded; squelched to barbaric roots hanging flimsily under the ground.

Above the soil the bucket of milk appeared frosty and supremely scintillating; inevitably enticing cats from the midst of their celestial sleep to gather around in unison and sip,
While beneath the soil the same milk seemed horrendously dirty; perseveringly inching its way downwards towards the deep belly.

Above the soil the eggs hatched into scores of immaculate fledglings; harmoniously puncturing the atmosphere with their lovely rambunctious sounds and noises,
While beneath the soil the same eggs got overwhelmingly burdened with bulky mud; strangulated miserably to even spread their legs.

Above the soil the cluster of hideous snakes enjoyed unparalleled privilege in hunting for their succulent prey; easily sighting it in austere brilliant rays of Sunlight,
While beneath the soil the same snakes slithered in gloomy mysticism; having only to content with dead worms and a festoon of inconspicuous bodied ant.

Above the soil the pages of the book seemed a treat to read and intricately decipher; with the battalion of words prudently embossed inside capturing the true essence of life under silvery rays of moonlight,
While beneath the soil the same book became simply inaudible to read; and the termites attacked it pathetically from all sides of its hard bound periphery.

Above the soil the fleet of butterflies danced and frolicked euphorically generating ebullient draughts of fresh air; hardly sat for a minute besieged by the ardor of their activity,
While beneath the soil the same butterflies lost their petite wings; had monstrous difficulty to even open their eyes.

And above the soil I lived in blissful tandem with the Universe; wandering and exploring; conquering and relishing; romancing and procreating,
While beneath the soil the same me; found my place to rest for centuries unprecedented; as a matter of fact; found my own corpse.

Nikhil Parekh

Foundations

The century old fort had fading exteriors; although it stood fortified against the mightiest of whirlwinds and storms,
While its contemporary counterparts constructed at electric speeds appeared bombastic; but collapsed like a soft pack of cards; at the slightest tremor of the earthquake.

The thick rooted Banyan tree seemed outlandish; with infinite dusty tendrils cascading from its body; although it bore the brunt of the cyclone open chested without budging an inch from the place it had taken birth,
While the rose embellished with glistening dew drops; looking flamboyant and just a few days old; withered to blend with the mud at the first sign of thunder in the sky.

The large feathered grandfather eagle appeared rustic; flapping its corrugated wings painstakingly in the air; although it soared like a handsome prince through the ominous cover of black clouds,
While the silver streamed aircraft swished like a rocket through space; but resonated like a dying man nose-dived towards the earth; as streaks of turbulent lightening struck it unexpectedly.

The gargantuan lake looked monotonous; bereft of a single wave on its surface; although its swollen silhouette wasn't affected the least in the peak of sweltering summer,
While the stream plummeting from the mountains looked enchanting; incessantly producing a mesmerizing sound; but the assemblage of water shrunk to raw dust;
under sizzling rays of the dazzling Sun.

The conglomerate of fingers appeared pretty disillusioning; with the feather coated pen in their grip embodied with antique designs; although they chiseled exquisite lines of delectable literature; all throughout the night,
While the conventional computer typed lines at nerve wrecking speeds; was a symbol of profound sophistication in the new millennium; but metamorphosed all script into mumbled junk; the instant it was attacked by lethal virus.

The nuggets of glittering gold appeared indigenous; stashed well beneath in hideous dungeons; with the fangs of snake god guarding them against all evil; although when they were exposed to sun and unrelenting rain; the biscuits still retained their lustrous texture; the immortality of their shine,

While the scintillating coins of modern silver looked alluring; were used profusely in day to day interaction; but the chips developed peels of obnoxious rust on their surface; a few weeks after the monsoons.

The bicycle looked ludicrous; with spokes of skeleton steel protruding from each of its bars; although it traversed smoothly on the streets; whether it be gruesome night; or the steaming day,
While the swanky car was a stupendous delight to admire; zipped past the landscapes at roaring speeds; but halted abruptly midway; as the last droplet of petrol evaporated from its tank; leaving it stranded amidst an ambience of jungle and savage beasts.

The shades of rainbow in the cosmos appeared dull; failed to incarcerate attention at times; although they perennially appeared in the sky; after every shower of rain in sunlight,
While the blend of colors in the artists palette looked fascinating; each stroke of the brush evolving a new network of enthusing designs; but they got massacred the moment I scrubbed them vigorously with the eraser; annihilating all traces of them from this universe.

And the grizzly haired man seemed to be on the verge of extinction; infinite portions of his skin sagging towards the soil; although the experiences of life had made his foundations astronomically strong; and he displayed paramount resilience in adeptly conquering the most Herculean of task,
While the impetuous youngster looked brazenly dynamic; had blood circulating passionately through his veins; but when it came to deciphering the enigmas of life; he buckled wholesomely under the pressure; the aftermath of which nearly sent him on an expedition to his heavenly abode.

Nikhil Parekh

Fountain Pen

I scribbled innumerable lines of literature with it,
it was still ready to execute a umpteenth phrases more,
being as strong as an ox when it came to decoding thoughts into verse,
even when tested at bizarre limits of endurance.

i sketched glowing peaks of mountain basking in the golden Sun,
weaving articulate outlines of the encroaching shadows,
it yielded to the faintest of my caress; unleashing dark forms with fountain ink,
a true stalwart engulfing me in the times of difficulty.

i even used it for scraping minute blotches of dirt from my ear,
delicately tickling the inner soft skin with insipid strokes,
it obliged pathetically to whatever i did,
didn't shed a tear from its eye; nor developed a retaliatory hole in its heart.

i filled it with surplus amounts of colored ink,
sprinkling the same with lots of glee on the faces of my counterpart mates,
transforming them into jocular clowns,
with an awe-inspiring caricature of white skin with opalescent paint.

i kept it well stuffed within the interiors of my waistcoat pocket,
lived with it for all night and Sunlit day,
it had fulfilled my insatiable desire to explore the world,
assisted me create the animate; and already burried,
i hardly skipped exiting my place of dwelling,
without the reassuring comfort of my chrome tipped fountain pen.

Nikhil Parekh

Fragments Of Love

Just fragments of seeds were enough to harness the entire tree; make it an incredibly awesome entity towering handsomely towards blue sky,

Just fragments of bricks were enough to construct a cozy dwelling; impart loads of compassionate shelter and rejuvenating warmth from winds of uncouth winter,

Just fragments of raw wood were enough to mold an amicable nest; impregnably sequester the cluster of impeccable eggs; from ominous snake and devastating storm,

Just fragments of clouds were enough to shower golden droplets of mesmerizing rain; pacify the thirst of the tumultuously scorching desert with life bestowing liquid,

Just fragments of vivacious color were enough to give the morbidly corpse like wall a new look; terminate its years of pathetic isolation with resplendent streaks of paint,

Just fragments of sunshine were enough to pierce through the blanket of menacingly mourning darkness; trigger of optimistic beams of hope in hopelessly shattered lives,

Just fragments of naturally potent herb were enough to annihilate the inexplicably lingering disease; swipe it out entirely to profoundly reinvigorate the diminishing soul,

Just fragments of salt were enough to impregnate a heavenly aroma into morsels of lackadaisical food; perpetuate an insatiable hunger in the dead bowels to the most astronomical limits,

Just fragments of nectar were enough to heal the wounds of acrimonious bitterness; fortify the broken bonds of betrayed relationship,

Just fragments of silken thread were enough for the pot-bellied spider to exist in formidable security; snore to its heart's content under pearly rays of the celestial moon,

Just fragments of the lotus flower were enough to enlighten the gloomily stinking

atmosphere; infiltrate a ray of profuse hope into the lives of those besieged with incomprehensible sadness,

Just fragments of daunting courage were enough to face the most deadliest of evil single handedly and without a ruffle to the bushy coat of whiskers,

Just fragments of words were enough to convey overwhelming gratitude; thank your true compatriots from the inner most compartments of your conscience,

Just fragments of truth were enough to valiantly permeate through the web of salacious lies; illuminate the entire universe with the radiance of candidly omnipotent light,

Just fragments of smile were enough to wholesomely assassinate the most minuscule trace of enmity; forge a path of irrefutable care in each individual it encountered in its way,

Just fragments of freedom were enough to feel like a king even while entrapped in satanic chains; fomenting you to unrelentingly dream higher than the unfathomable skies,

Just fragments of peace were enough to drastically metamorphose the entire battlefield of ghastly blood shed; into one with symbiotic harmony and united strength,

Just fragments of empathy were enough to succeed in making this planet once again a veritable paradise; spread the religion of mankind to even the most obscure regions on this globe,

And just fragments of love were enough to win over the heart; survive as the most richest in this world; infact survive as the most richest molecule of Almighty lord till the time he wanted you to breathe good life.

Nikhil Parekh

Free

"Free". The very word perpetuated even the most hopelessly
deadened persona; forever and ever and ever; with rays of magically unfettered
and inimitably priceless hope,

"Free". The very word metamorphosed even the most shrewdly
castrated of businessmen; forever and ever and ever; into a festoon of
unabashedly
delightful smiles,

"Free". The very word triggered every human to shrug all inhibitions
of caste; creed; status and religion; forever and ever and ever exist as
impregnable one under the fathomless sky of the Creator Divine,

"Free". The very word annihilated iconoclastically pompous anarchy;
forever and ever and ever ensured that the most unconquerable of Kings as well
as the beleaguered pauper; uninhibitedly ate in the same plate,

"Free". The very word massacred even the most infidel insinuation of
tension; forever and ever and ever cast an incantation of eternal happiness over
every conceivable speck of the atmosphere,

"Free". The very word quelled all pugnaciously beheading war to a
celestial
rest; forever and ever and ever showered a rain of miraculously ameliorating
equality; on granule of mother soil,

"Free". The very word magically resonated as the ultimate crown of
existence
in all ears; forever and ever and ever triumphing over the devil of insanely
tyrannical commercialism,

"Free". The very word timelessly rendered happiness to the breath of
every miserably impoverished being; forever and ever and ever ensured that
none slept a hungry stomach; on this boundlessly bewitching earth,

"Free". The very word perennially broke all jails of despicably
humiliating slavery; forever and ever and ever liberated demonically asphyxiating
blackness into invincibly befriending sunlight,

"Free". The very word unfathomably inspired every fraternity of existence to be wholeheartedly creative; forever and ever and ever unwound the clockwork of robotic despair; into a Universe of undefeated freshness,

"Free". The very word brought the most unbelievably ultimate revolution in people's attitude towards survival; forever and ever and ever making them give; instead of ruthlessly snatching the same from each other,

"Free". The very word put a veritable end to every instant of salacious gloominess; forever and ever and ever made an organism feel the closest to its rudiments of unashamedly simplistic existence,

"Free". The very word ended all painstakingly internal conflict of the mind; body and soul; forever and ever and ever made a person realize that there was nothing more resplendent and unassailable than immortal love,

"Free". The very word uncontrollably spun webs of insuperably iridescent fantasy in every mind alike; forever and ever and ever drifted all living kind towards the mists of tirelessly evolving heaven,

"Free". The very word added unlimited paces to every frenetically diminishing stride; forever and ever and ever fomenting living beings to do nothing else; but bond in threads of unbreakable compassion and blissfully proliferate,

"Free". The very word bountifully illuminated every delirious space on earth with the beams of prosperity; forever and ever and ever completing the process of existence with the signature of unshakable friendship,

"Free". The very word taught every heart on this Universe to forget hate and solely love; forever and ever and ever coalesce every of its sacrosanct beat with the unparalleled silhouette of the Lord Divine,

"Free". The very word made every organism profusely delve into the realms of sensuousness; forever and ever and ever realize that it was the ardor of faithfulness that re-christened and added new dimensions to existence,

But did you realize; that for getting and acquiring everything on this gigantic planet for "Free"; one has to first and foremost undergo the most xcruciating of pains to take birth; and then pay the price of life.

Nikhil Parekh

Free Of Cost

I sowed a cluster of poignant seeds in the soil; digging a trench conducive in depth,
Diligently watered the mud at the onset of every dawn; and in brilliant sunshine;
sprinkling the enclosure with salubrious manure,
After a few years the tree grew tall and handsome; and showered upon me succulent fruits; free of cost.

I provided it tones of green leaf; kept a festoon of immaculate coconut in its vicinity,
Obliterated it from acerbic rays of the sun; and sweltering heat; providing it an island of hay to sleep,
In return the rustic cow bestowed upon me gallons of frosty milk; free of cost.

I manoeuvred the canvas at astronomical heights in the sky; dexterously plucking at its nimble string,
Violently tugging the same; when confronted with swashbuckling draughts of breeze,
In return the kite swayed phlegmatically in the air; gave me gargantuan gratification; free of cost.

Several of my ancestors fought gruesome battles in their lives,
Audaciously massacring prevalent evil; clashing swords to drive away the obnoxious enemy,
In return they left me marathon years of perpetual bliss and freedom to live; free of cost.

I used portable water parsimoniously in winter; preserving every droplet that I could,
Educated the society about the indispensable need to store and relinquish wastage,
In return when the tyranny of summer took its acrimonious toll; I received colossal amounts of water; free of cost.

I procured a battalion of children; playing with them for incessant hours of the day,
Incorporating their persona with the essence of humanity; teaching them to march straight without leaning their weight,
In return when they transited to youth; their philanthropic deeds spread far and wide; and they bestowed upon me the pride of being their father; free of

cost.

I built mammoth sanatoriums for those afflicted with disastrous pain,
Assisted the blind; crippled; and the impoverished to cross the street; doing the
best I could within my affordable means,
In return I got the benevolent and unprejudiced blessings of the same; free of
cost.

I lived the entire of my life intensely loving the girl of my dreams,
Devoting Herculean amount of time towards those in tribulation; unrelentingly
attempting to fulfill my earthly tasks,
In return when I relinquished life and breath; the Creator gave me a place in
blissful heaven; free of cost.

Nikhil Parekh

Free Saliva

When i spit saliva on brackish complexioned tan ground,
there were pearly streaks of white formed amidst an assemblage of disdainful
black.

when i spit saliva on the scintillating surface of immaculate marble,
hordes of pedestrians tripped headlong; after an encounter with the slippery
surface.

when i spit saliva on ravishing morsels of steaming food,
the concoction transited to a fetid brown; hosting an army of obnoxious
mosquito.

when i spit saliva on delectable pints of frosty milk,
the opulently prosperous liquid turned into fermented bitter cream.

when i spit saliva on finely decimated granules of sugar,
it produced a molten ointment of jaggery; deleterious to health.

when i spit saliva on arid patches of blistering air,
the ambience was submerged in passionate humidity; pacifying high strung
temper.

when i spit saliva on the surface of vast sapphire ocean,
it simply faded into oblivion; diffusing amongst colossal chains of trapped salt.

when i spit saliva in vehicular petrol,
the elixir was rendered useless for further use; failing miserably in its
attempts to rekindle the machine.

when i spit saliva on a jugglery of software electronic,
the contraption hissed currents of venomous electricity; electrocuting tender
bones in my skin.

when i spit saliva on slithering persona of jungle reptile,
its demeanor glittered like pure gold; blended with stripes of vibrant yellow.

when i spit saliva on crisp sheets of morning paper,
the manuscript was reduced to threadbare pulp; with distorted lines of English
literature.

when i spit saliva on burning embers of black coal,
the flames died a natural death; with sporadic spurts in intensity.

when i spit saliva on parched soil of the desert,
it applauded my efforts; thanking me heartily for my assiduous efforts.

and when i didn't spit saliva at all; my body
retaliated in poignant anger,
irresistible sensations proliferated in my mouth,
and i eventually burst open my constipated mouth; emitting a frothy spray; as it
didn't cost me to spit loads of free saliva.

Nikhil Parekh

Freedom

Freedom to laugh; uninhibitedly chortle whilst embracing the fathomless expanse of the mystical valley,

Freedom to talk; candidly voicing my innermost opinions; with absolutely no restraints from the conventional society,

Freedom to dance; vivaciously gyrate to the enchanting beams of the milky moon; well past the heart of ravishing midnight,

Freedom to socialize; blend with any organism; caste or creed; that I was inevitably drawn too,

Freedom to write; inundating the periphery of unfathomable bits of bonded paper; with the passion circumventing my soul,

Freedom to sing; coherently or incoherently humming an unsurpassable myriad of tunes; even as the world caged itself in boundaries of malice,

Freedom to wink; flirtatiously philander in the aisles of heavenly desire; through the romantically enigmatic hills,

Freedom to dress; enveloping my impoverished persona; with the cloth rustic embellishments of my choice,

Freedom to eat; feasting upon food from all quarters of the planet; as long as it was robust; as long as it was divine,

Freedom to romanticize; unrelentingly fantasize into the wildest entrenchment's of exoticism; till times immemorial,

Freedom to meditate; being profusely encompassed in whirlwinds of profuse concentration; even as a battalion of scorpions crawled down my nape,

Freedom to sleep; embracing everlasting slumber in the flamboyantly flaming day; stare like an intransigent owl all throughout the resplendently starry night,

Freedom to desire; handsomely floating through clouds of fabulous silk; bowing down in timid obeisance upon the feet of invincibly alluring angels,

Freedom to gallop; running in rhapsodic exhilaration with the majestic winds; as the crimson fireball of Sun tantalizingly set; behind the charismatic sky,

Freedom to procreate; evolving countless of my own kind; magnanimously contributing my best to continue God's charming chapter of existence,

Freedom to swim; voraciously peddling through choppy fountains of salty froth; as the undulating waves of the enthralling ocean; catapulted me to a land above ultimate paradise,

Freedom to survive; unequivocally extracting my share of happiness from this parsimoniously lecherous society,

Freedom to love; wholeheartedly accepting all with a benign heart and tumultuous passion to serve God's humanity,

And most importantly freedom to live O! Almighty Lord; making me the richest entity alive; relishing each element of your impeccable planet till the last breath I diffused; till the time I throbbed my last heart beat.

Nikhil Parekh

Freedom From Life

A trembling little heart,
unable to express itself,
capsized by the will power of others,
waiting to be free from this earthly form,
feeble to possess it,
escaping far away from the graveyard of miseries,
in the midst of tremendous fight for existence,
breaks free at last from the vice like confinement of self introversions,
like the core of the hot earth,
with molten lava gushing out at last,
after years of struggle and unrelenting strife,
which soon after eruption gets cooled by mother earth,
who can't let her surface be full of tears,
for if she starts weeping,
who will look after her millions of sons,
dying every minute of thirst, hunger, and inexplicable pain,
struck with horrendous grief,
with a bleak future ahead, and no bright lights
shining to guide them ahead,
leaving them alone in a world of blood thirst and corruption,
to the never ending tale of gruesome death,
finding the true beating of the heart,
at least momentarily, in a river of god's love to surround,
never saying yes to love, peace, affection and faith,
trailing away from the mysteries of life,
closing sinful chapters of existence forever.

Nikhil Parekh

Freedom -Part 2

I pedal my bicycle furiously,
at unearthly hour of midnight,
ripping past juicy breeze of the summer month,
with increasing pressure on coiled springs,
compressed in plastic interiors of cycle seat.
{1}

frenzied movement of muscular leg,
thorough dismantle of combed hair,
watery mucus flowing through square nose,
body sac filled with pouches of exhilaration,
deactivating tense network of frayed nerve cell,
releasing trapped energies of my mind,
sweat drops of hate oozing out,
venom webs of complication snapping apart,
stale air gushing from wide open mouth,
cleansing dirt from contaminated platelets of blood,
i gradually arrive by the silent river side,
park my sleek bike on angular stand,
securing it with locked chain metal,
descend down the steps of the river,
splash my feet depleted of footwear,
with body blows of wind across my chest,
in the luke warm waters of the holy ganges.

Nikhil Parekh

Fresh Birth.

Almost every person on this fathomlessly enchanting earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; inimitably venerated mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first unconquerably stared into the whites of my impoverished eyes; giving my unfinished optimism; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this boundlessly spell binding earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; impregnably divine mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first interlocked her magical fingers with mine; giving my flagrantly unfinished conviction; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this magnetically jubilant earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; celestially sacred mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first ardently kissed me on the contours of my destitute lips; giving my haplessly unfinished sensuality; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this unlimitedly emollient earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; bountifully Godly mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first unrestrictedly surrendered her chastity to me; giving my hopelessly unfinished fertility; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this unbelievably ecstatic earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; innocuously Omnipotent mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first rescued me from the mortuaries of suicide; giving my treacherously unfinished desires; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this unabashedly ebullient earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; spell-bindingly Omniscient

mother,

But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first sensuously traced her tantalizing fingers through every bone of my spine; giving my brutally unfinished vitality; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this ubiquitously blessing earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; triumphantly unflinching mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first embraced me in her insuperably mitigating grip; giving my despairingly unfinished footsteps; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this timelessly endowing earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; Omnipresently vibrant mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first astoundingly sketched my nimbly shrunken form; giving
my unsparingly unfinished identity; fresh birth; for an infinite more my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this limitlessly enthralling earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; unshakably faithful mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first blown her fierily immortal breath on my cheeks; giving my vividly unfinished deliriousness; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this interminably majestic earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; blessedly unparalleled mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first mischievously cavorted with me through sparkling ponds
of rain; giving my egregiously unfinished monotony; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this beautifully bounteous earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; indomitably Godly mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first uttered my name from her unfettered tongue; giving my
pathetically unfinished integrity; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined

lifetimes.

Almost every person on this inscrutably tingling earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; perpetually altruistic mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first inseparably mated with me; giving my treacherously unfinished manhood; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this poignantly candid earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; incomparably benign mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first proposed me as her ultimate lifepartner; giving my unbearably unfinished hysteria; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this eclectically egalitarian earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; perennially towering mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first cast her venerated shadow upon mine; giving my insouciantly unfinished stride; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this gigantically blessed earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; enchantingly ameliorating mother,

But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first uncontrollably tickled me with her big toe; giving my deplorably unfinished ashes of intensity; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this unsurpassably undying earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; beautifully unadulterated mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first signed her every impression upon my blood; giving my indescribably unfinished cowardliness; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this incredulously vivacious earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; wonderfully unprejudiced mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my

birthday; when she'd first made me sleep in her selflessly humanitarian lap;
giving my indiscriminately unfinished restlessness; fresh birth; for an infinite
more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this untiringly victorious earth; observes his birthday on
the date that he was born of the womb of his; undefeatedly queenly mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my
birthday; when she'd first placed her miraculously emancipating palms on my
frazzled head; giving my ruthlessly unfinished frustrations; fresh birth; for an
infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

And almost every person on this amazingly proliferating earth; observes his
birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; unshakably royal
mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my
birthday; when she'd first bonded every beat of her heart with mine; giving my
cursedly unfinished love; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined
lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Freshly Born

I will never kiss lips other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath;
incorrigibly refraining from indulging in the web of licentious desire,
And if ever I did; it would only be your voluptuous armory of seductive smiles;
freshly born once again.

I will never stare into eyes other than yours till the time I breathed my last
breath; abhorring the most gorgeous of alien eyeballs like infinitesimal strands of
worthless broomstick,
And if ever I did; it will only be your island of tantalizing eyelashes; freshly born
once again.

I will never caress skin other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath;
disdainfully shrugging the very prospect of ravishing complexion under my
nonchalant frowns,
And if ever I did; it will only be your river of mesmerizing perspiration; freshly
born once again.

I will never fondle hair other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath;
disregarding the most titillating conglomerate of silk; like infinite mosquitoes
descending from the sky,
And if ever I did; it will only be your blanket of stupendously enchanting
eyebrows; freshly born once again.

I will never drown in any voice other than yours till the time I breathed my last
breath; massacring even the most exotic trace of sound hovering in untamed
vicinity,
And if ever I did; it will only be your melodious ocean of poignant tunes; freshly
born once again.

I will never frolic with a persona other than yours till the time I breathed my last
breath; sequestering myself in wholesome oblivion amidst the juggernaut of
boisterous activity in this chaotic world,
And if ever I did; it will only be your innocuously divine progeny; freshly born
once again.

I will never worship footsteps other than yours till the time I breathed my last
breath; perennially closing my ears to the most ravenously rhapsodic maidens in
this boundless Universe,
And if ever I did; it will only be your incredulously royal shadow; freshly born

once again.

I will never blend with palms other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; blowing all magnetic touch lingering in the atmosphere; under the languid yawns which entrenched my mouth,
And if ever I did; it will only be your cavalcade of profusely impeccable destiny lines; freshly born once again.

I will never mingle with breath other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; remaining as stoical as white ice; even as the most fabulous of seductresses overwhelmed me with their charismatic fragrance,
And if ever I did; it will only be your flurry of insurmountably passionate gasps; freshly born once again.

I will never love any heart other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; standing like an invincible fortress against the most inevitable of alluring assaults,
And if ever I did; then it will only be your everlasting paradise of pulsating beats; freshly born once again.

Nikhil Parekh

From Darkness To Light

Brown smoke rose from the tall chimney,
sinister eagles glided creating powerful draughts of wind,
grey lizards swished their tail as they clawed upwards,
dried moisture from the river bank descended on the tapered structure,
engulfing parched skin of concrete with paltry amounts of natural coolant.

high up in the tower dwelt a grizzly haired man,
solitude camouflaged him in totality,
shriveled bones of his body shone prominently,
silky white beard flowed majestically from his facial contours,
adorned he was in godly robes of saffron gold,
each of his finger was studded with a mystical charm,
there lay a crystal globe abreast of him,
which he presumed dissipated entangled enigmas of life.

an affluent man met him with loads of hope,
bereft he was of precious centers of life bestowing vision,
he had groped about in darkness ever since he was born.
the eccentric saint stared at him for long hours,
commanded him to kiss the crystal trophy, containing perfumed mountain shrub
and water,
sprinkled all parts of his persona with pinches of turmeric powder,
smeared his eyes with a paste of rabbit whisker and boiled mushroom,
chanted spell bounding rhymes with proficient ease,
swayed like a maniac expending all energy possessed by his wrinkled feet,
the transformation that occurred was breathtaking, transparent globules of water
welled up in the mans eyes,
blurred outlines of the room became slowly visible,
decades of agony in dark seemed to be fading fast,
he could now see the razor sharp outlines of ducks in the river,
as fresh rays of morning Sunlight caressed him with their full might.

Nikhil Parekh

From Earthly Jail To Heaven

Freedom at last in the winds of triumphantly bountiful heaven; where there prevailed not the tiniest iota of blasphemous lies and treachery; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to heal every inexplicable wound- in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the landscapes of brilliantly enlightening heaven; where every conceivable route only led to eternally fructifying happiness; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to wholesomely banish every sin of a countless past lives—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the mists of unconquerably empowering heaven; where there existed only the religion of immortally bonding humanity; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to annihilate each dastardly prejudice of the soul—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the arms of fearlessly miraculous heaven; where the most fathomless sums of money were treated like feckless shit; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to inundate each tyrannized persona with boundless love—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the footsteps of immeasurably wondrous heaven; where there existed no pain; no misery; no imperceptible suffering; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to uplift each ingredient of your blood towards the ultimate destination of your life—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the cradle of mellifluously invincible heaven; where there forever ruled only the principles of ubiquitous equality; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to magically vanquish the parasite—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the waves of sensuously emancipating heaven; where even the most wildest of unfinished fantasies were royally replenished; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to scrap the very ruthless definition of monotony—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the whispers of magnetically charismatic heaven; where even the most inconsolably traumatized of tears were metamorphosed into priceless pearls; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to impregably fortify each dying aspect of existence—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the walls of insuperably fragrant heaven; where every bit of truth which was unflinchingly spoken was given the highest respect; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to perennially terminate all lies—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the corridors of ecstatically undefeated heaven; where grotesque cowardice completely dissolved to sow the seeds of unparalleled Samaritan bravery; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to inexhaustibly inspire one and all alike—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the horizons of everlastingly sacrosanct heaven; where there palpitated inimitable purity in each heart; soul and bounteous conscience; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to pave a way through the most flagrant of storms—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the eyes of unbelievably passionate heaven; where a cloudburst of sensuality reigned supreme in even the most oblivious of leaf; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to proliferate each stagnating body into an infinite—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the cisterns of endlessly mesmerizing heaven; where maiming hopelessness and haplessness were never born; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to lead each benign heart to victory—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the tunes of euphorically infallible heaven; where the melody of unlimited natural creation was the ultimate mantra and panacea of each instant; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to end all devastating war—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the aisles of fantastically ameliorating heaven; where even the most unbearably excruciating of pain dissolved into the wands of love; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to timelessly lead towards unshakable prosperity— in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the wings of indefatigably romantic heaven; where every true lover perpetually became one with its endearing partner; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to forever protect against all evil—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the clouds of blissfully altruistic heaven; where every perceivable greed and satanic desire was forever quelled by the songs of divinely

contentment; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to behead every rapacious devil—in blessed abundance everywhere,

Freedom at last in the canvas of astoundingly sensitive heaven; where there torrentially rained nothing else but beautifully ravishing poetry; with the Omnipotent light of the Creator to forever befriend each emaciated soul—in blessed abundance everywhere,

But unfortunately, Jail and salaciously penalizing jail till the end of destined life; as I got up with a jolt of lightening from my nocturnal sleep; wishing and only wishing for veritable death; to transit me from this earthly jail to Omniscient heaven; once again.

Nikhil Parekh

From The Devil's Perspective

If you viewed the majestic deserts from the forlornly turgid cloud's perspective; they'd seem to be nothing else; but impoverished beggars rotting in the graveyards of hell since times immemorial,

If you viewed innocuous flesh from the treacherously venomous scorpions perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but a ludicrously dwindling bait; exhaling its very last plumes of preposterously extinguishing existence,

If you viewed pristine eyes from the vindictively vituperative bat's perspective; they'd seem to be nothing else; but uxoriously slavering eggs of vicious infidelity; waiting to be pierced and unsparingly bludgeoned till even beyond the corpses of hell,

If you viewed the Omnipotent Sun from the cadaverously sinister night's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but a hedonistically menacing barbecue; roasting every conceivable entity into inconspicuously livid ash,

If you viewed poignant blood from the delinquently scurrilous parasite's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but the most savagely scrumptious meal; ever born on the trajectory of this boundless Universe,

If you viewed uninhibited happiness from the haplessly deadened skeleton's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but the most spuriously unsolicited idiosyncrasy; squandering without any ostensible reason or rhyme on the lap of soil,

If you viewed sagacious literacy from the indiscriminately beheading murderer's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but a fecklessly wastrel bug; an unfathomably heinous prison wasting countless hours of the world,

If you viewed the divinely mother from the salaciously corrupt politicians perspective; she'd seem to be nothing else; but an inanely squatting and baselessly lascivious spider; which needed to be endlessly squelched under the pretext of delirious ambition and barbarous desire,

If you viewed fragrant soil from the tyrannically monotonous builder's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but another bundle of meaninglessly brown feces; which needed to be ruptured and brutally excoriated to the most unprecedented limits; so that uncouth structures of stone could enlighten the

sky,

If you viewed the unadulterated infant from the profanely plucking vulture's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but an ephemeral speck of morning breakfast; whose eyeball's needed to be ghastily devoured as dessert; after iconoclastically snapping apart the blood and fledgling bones,

If you viewed the regal painting from the hoarsely emaciated beggar's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but a wonderful begging bowl; in which could be blissfully accumulated the entire coin- collection of the sweltering day,

If you viewed the eternal meadow from the indefatigably crunching dinosaur's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but a chunk of soggily slandering cake; disappearing into remorseful nothingness at the tiniest exhalation of breath,

If you viewed the enchanting rainbow from the inexhaustibly cold-blooded crocodile's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but an unsurpassably appetizing delicacy; that needed to be tirelessly munched till times beyond infinite infinity,

If you viewed the spell-binding eyelashes from the truculent butcher's perspective; they'd seem to be nothing else; but a fringe of lifeless hair; that would do astoundingly well to garnish the silhouettes of the red meat just unceremoniously cooked,

If you viewed the truthful conscience from the satanically grotesque ghost's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but a coffin of raunchily asphyxiating darkness; devastating countless in its gruesomely amorphous swirl,

If you viewed the intricately hollow ears from the ballistically stinging spider's perspective; they'd seem to be nothing else; but lifelessly morbid hollows in which could spawn the most gratuitously ribald of silken web,

If you viewed perennially burgeoning breath from the lugubriously obsolete grave's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but insurmountably decayed air; which would forever spread cursedly appalling doom,

If you viewed limitlessly blessed life from the invidiously torturous death's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but gallows of gorily cumbersome oblivion; which massacred more vociferously than ever before; as each instant unveiled,

And if you viewed immortal love from the unceasingly marauding devil's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but the immeasurably insidious valley of betrayal; which snapped the wings of compassionately unequivocal relationship; without the slightest of chance to relent.

Nikhil Parekh

From The Toothbrush Of.

Bristles of pathetically nonchalant lacklusterness; insidiously disseminated from the toothbrush of invidiously ghoulis boredom,

Bristles of morbidly lackadaisical remorsefulness; abhorrently diffused from the toothbrush of desolately forlorn decay and stagnation,

Bristles of spell bindingly ravishing enchantment; bountifully emanated from the toothbrush of unsurpassably overwhelming beauty,

Bristles of abominably despicable salaciousness; gruesomely wafted from the toothbrush of diabolically lecherous manipulation,

Bristles of indiscriminately unending bloodshed; gorily sprouted from the toothbrush of spuriously non-existent and uncouthly biased racialism,

Bristles of ubiquitously enamoring fascination; exotically flowered from the toothbrush of the resplendently intoxicating and gracious night,

Bristles of unconquerably unparalleled optimism; irrefutably blazed from the toothbrush of the Omnipotently flamboyant and golden Sun,

Bristles of insatiably supreme majesty; poignantly bloomed from the toothbrush of uninhibitedly regale and timeless benevolence,

Bristles of indefatigably fathomless ecstasy; stupendously cropped up from the toothbrush of vibrantly tantalizing and melanging compassion,

Bristles of jubilantly sensuous wholeheartedness; incredulously sprang up from the toothbrush of philanthropically embellished and triumphantly scintillating humanity,

Bristles of intrepidly exhilarating fearlessness; sparkingly bounced from the toothbrush of irrevocably unshakable and altruistic patriotism,

Bristles of seductively enthralling and rhapsodic fantasy; ebulliently fulminated from the toothbrush of tantalizingly reinvigorating paradise,

Bristles of insanely preposterous melancholia; savagely diffused from the toothbrush of heinously treacherous and ominously disparaging crime,

Bristles of horrendously inclement despair; coldbloodedly culminated
from the toothbrush of lugubriously slithering discontentment,
Bristles of barbarically penalizing and dreary stress; perilously oozed from the
toothbrush of bizarrely besieging and satanically crippling monotony,

Bristles of disastrously impoverished and measly stink; perniciously blasted
from the toothbrush of hideously dictatorial and viciously adulterated politics,

Bristles of unbelievably debilitating and orphaned poverty; miserably dispersed
from the toothbrush of ignominiously castigating and pugnacious prejudice,

Bristles of perpetually everlasting prosperity and happiness; incessantly
luminated from the toothbrush of celestially ever-pervading life,

Bristles of Omnisciently sacred enlightenment; marvelously radiated from the
toothbrush of eternally unassailable and regally glorious truth,

And Bristles of immortally sacrosanct and unconquerable love; timelessly
spawned from the toothbrush of resplendently throbbing and passionately
philanthropic heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Full Stop.

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every ounce of diabolically demented lies; the profanely beleaguered manipulation of the tongue which was the greatest of living parasite,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every shade of pathetically impoverished racial indiscriminations; the sanctimonious boundaries of caste; creed; color and race; which irrevocably crippled resplendent earth; for an infinite more of its destined lives,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every act of heinously committed crime; those countless innocent screams which wafted till eternity and without the tiniest of respite,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every gutter of commercialism from oozing its cadaverous streams; the robotically unemotional arms of sacrilegious monotony; forever crucifying the idol of divine human sensitivity,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every insinuation of tawdrily devastating politics; the tireless mockery of priceless living beings being made; by a handful of egocentrically bald world leaders,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every salaciously ribald desert of adulteration; foolhardily wanton human contraptions; unforgivably plundering into the unconquerable virginity of mother nature,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every war that happens in the name of spurious religion; those boundless children who're mercilessly orphaned; as an aftermath of abhorrently penalizing meaninglessness,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every deliriously jinxed imagination of the sinfully satanic brain; the horrendous ramifications of inconsolably brutal bloodshed that it irretrievably led to,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every graveyard of self inflicted decay; the morass of disdainfully unbearable obsolescence; which inexorably massacres even the most infinitesimal desire to exist,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every ingredient of baselessly non-existent pride;

the inevitably burying downfall that immediately followed it; without the slightest of innuendo,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every shade of fecklessly livid gloom; the vindictive daggerheads of inexplicable depression; that unsparingly ripped apart even the most sacrosanct lining of the soul,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every footstep of ludicrous insecurity; the germs of ignominiously baseless fear starting to unceasingly gobble you; even before you could alight a single foot,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every impression of dogmatic impotence; the morbidly unthinkable corpses of stagnation that arose; when you chauvinistically and selfishly conserved your seeds in your own body,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every bit of delinquent lacklusterness on this fathomless planet; the innumerable innocuous deaths that took place every unfurling instant; in the prisons of besmirched unemployment,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every robust tree being heartlessly felled; the most preposterously unbearable metamorphosing of every meadow of celestial green; into a crematorium of inconspicuously malicious ash,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every breath of ominously squelching betrayal that surreptitiously eloped from the nostril; a indefatigably violent and mournfully pugnacious civilization that culminated therein,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every anecdote of uncouthly pulverizing the unfortunately poor; erecting castles of worthless gold on the foundations of unimpeachably truthful humanitarian blood,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every submissive defeat in front of the unjustly marauding devil; those uncountable moments of castrated imprisonment whilst surrendering; whereas the head should only bow down on the feet of the Omnipotent Creator,

And then; immediately after every FULL STOP that you put; start each new sentence of your symbiotically redolent and benign life; afresh and majestically replenished with the blessings of the Omnipresent Creator and the magical words of "Immortal Love"

Fully Engrossed

While both my eyes were busy seeking possibilities to survive in this mercenary world; discerning the good and bad scattered overwhelmingly around,
Infinite eyes of his were fully engrossed in protecting me even from the tiniest of shadow of evil; seeing to it that I existed in perpetual happiness.

While both my hands were busy building a house for me and my beloved to live; fetching bricks; and vigorously molding a mountain of cement and stone,
Infinite hands of his were fully engrossed protecting our dwelling from unrelenting storm and rain; blessing us with the prowess of evolving several more like us in mankind.

While both my feet were busy conquering territories; running unfathomable distances to explore the entire globe and discover,
Infinite feet of his were fully engrossed in wading off all the impediments that I might perniciously confront in my expedition; impregnating loads of strength and conviction in every step I take.

While both my ears were busy in deciphering the enigmatic tunes of this commercial continent; trying to reach out to the sounds of victory and unprecedented prosperity,
Infinite ears of his were fully engrossed in sequestering me from morbid voices of the corpse; ensuring that I heard nothing else but incessant rhymes from the heaven, while marching at lightening speeds towards my goal.

While both my fingers were busy in composing poetry; metamorphosing every dream of mine into embossed reality; capturing the beauty of the entire cosmos in each of my minuscule alphabets,
Infinite fingers of his were fully engrossed in stirring the chords of my imagination; profoundly triggering my mind to envisage what no one else could have ever thought about or conceived on this earth.

While both my shoulders were busy in bearing the weight of my mother; carrying her inexorably over the treacherous sea's as she had relinquished all power to walk,
Infinite shoulders of his were fully engrossed urging me to unceasingly surge forward; making me emerge successful in my mission of saving both of our lives; more importantly take my mother to a place where she could blissfully meditate.

While both my lips were busy announcing to the world my right to live; my

unstinted belief in passionate love and harmonious peace,
Infinite lips of his were fully engrossed in silencing my critics; pacifying my
unruly adversaries with the omnipotent power of his speech.

While both my nostrils were busy inhaling indispensable amounts of air;
facilitating me to dance merrily and with uninhibited abandon; embracing all
human kind,
Infinite nostrils of his were fully engrossed in evolving all the moisture I required
to live; flooding each aspect of my life with the scent of invincible happiness.

And while both my heart and soul were busy in pursuing their unending reservoir
of dreams; throbbed fervently for the person they adored and loved,
Infinite hearts of the creator were fully engrossed in imparting me with vivacious
beats; instilling the very element of existence that propelled me to be the way I
am; fomenting me to imagine to stupendous limits; and stand unflinching to
encounter any individual on this planet with all the Herculean power; I possessed
today.

Nikhil Parekh

Game Of Love

I played a game of soccer; kicking the rotund football with rampant frenzy; when I felt the muscles in my feet were pertinently aching,

I played a game of cricket; swishing the cherry shaped ball boundless feet out of the oval ground; when I felt that the disdainful cluster of knots building up in my hands were raring to be wholesomely released,

I played a game of basketball; levitating my feet countless inches from the ground to find the sweet spot of the crisscrossed net; when I felt an insatiable urge in my persona to be as tall as the lanky building,

I played a game of cards; manipulatively dealing the resplendent paper across the furry table; when I felt that the currency in my pocket was rapidly diminishing; and I didn't want to slog it under the sweltering heat of the midday Sun,

I played a game of long tennis; articulately maneuvering my gaudy racket all round the court; when I felt that an unrelenting urge to defeat my horrendous adversary,

I played a game of wind sailing; dexterously steering my long clothed boat against a battalion of turbulently tangy ocean waves; when I felt the exhilaration evaporating at swashbuckling speeds from my veins; an incorrigible spell of dull sleep besieging my slender framework of bones,

I played a game of chess; ingeniously moving my pieces on the enigmatically checkered board; when I felt that the dead cells in my mind; the dolorous stagnancy in my demeanor needed that captivating rejuvenation,

I played a game of hide and seek; flirtatiously camouflaging myself behind the bushes away from the sight of my girl; when I felt mystical pangs of naughty mischief mildly caress my soul,

I played a game of table tennis; bashing the hollow plastic with fervent intensity virtually into my opponents face; when I felt that my ears were dying to hear that ping pong sound which so delectably made them oblivious to this mundane world,

I played a game of swimming; passionately waving my arms to emulate a silver

dolphin in the pool; when I felt that the skin enveloping my body was dying a premature death; the hair on my back had slept long ago,

I played a game of long jump; escalating my whole body to stupendous heights over the flimsy bar; when I felt a tingling sensation in my mind to conquer the acrimonious flurry of hurdles,

I played a game of hockey; careening the round marble with my stick right into the heart of the goal; when I felt that the food in my stomach was rotting to hell; needed some indispensable activity to be harmoniously digested,

I played a game of ice skating; gliding as smoothly as a white eagle across the frozen coat of scintillating snow; when I felt that an celestial urge to cover marathon miles without a single walk or run,

I played a game of sword fighting; audaciously clanging pugnacious metal with metal under the pearly rays of the full moonlight; when I felt that my senses wanted to duplicate the royal king; adopt his supremely oligarchic techniques to savor the flavor of majestic life,

I played a game of crossword puzzle; meticulously synchronizing and arranging a fleet of alphabets in chronological rows in order to make prudent sense; when I felt that I needed to inevitably brush up my fading vocabulary; before it entirely disappeared with the passing clouds,

I played a game of staring; looking inexorably into my partners eyes till God himself descended on this earth ordered them to close; when I felt that the tenacity in vision was getting hazier by the unfurling minute; the lazy obscurity could almost make me blind,

I played a game of billiards; stroking the white beacon handsomely with my rosewood stick; when I felt wanted to uninhibitedly feast my eyes on the island of fur coated green; make the table compassionately resonate under the weight of my magnificent ivory rod,

I played a game of whistling; melodiously deluging the perpetually still ambience with a compendium of ravishing tunes; when I intransigently felt that my lips do the talking instead of my fat tongue,

I played a game of screaming; shouting explosively over the contemporary mike; when I felt that my nimble voice took decades to be heard; and people turned an abysmally deaf ear; everytime I spoke,

I played a game of snakes and ladders; wistfully tossing the dice to climb the
perilous mountain; when I felt that I had become overwhelmingly mature;
needed
to revive my nostalgic memories; go right back into innocuous childhood,

And I played a game of love; ardently embracing my beloved; drowning myself
in mind; body; spirit and soul into the cloud of her enchanting romance; to live
life blissfully; allow several others of my kind to do the same in the infinite
moments yet to unveil; the years still to come.

Nikhil Parekh

Garden Hosepipe

Plastic tube of high quality rubber,
crisscrossed like a reptile across vast expanse of lush green lawn,
fitted tightly to tiny apertures of gushing liquid,
sprinkling even sprays of water on irregular protrusions of land,
washing tonnes of dirt from broad leaf skin,
submerging patches of fallow land in wet pools of nutrition,
milking young seedlings with motherly caress,
filling empty mud bowls for the sparrows to bathe,
quenching thirst of scorched travelers passing by,
rendering baked tree branch unsuitable for firewood,
splashing it fiercely with straight missiles of water,
producing fountains of water when compressed subtly by hand,
a portable instrument for conveying gallons of water,
lambasting the soil with rockets of frothy spray,
flooding vacant crevices of land with buckets of minerals,
whitewashing walls of the stone brick house of years of accumulated dust,
enabling flower buds to blossom after few days of application,
smooth bodied exterior comprising a kilometer of length,
with several offshooting nozzles vomiting droplets of water,
having the potential of being used as a sturdy rope,
lying limp amidst the camouflage of entangled grass,
is my decade old and tubular green garden hosepipe

Nikhil Parekh

Garlands

Snakes slithered harmlessly in lush green terrains of lawns,
swishing their tongues viciously in the autumn breeze,
i stealthily encroached them with nimble feet,
hoisted them in the air, adroitly snapping their venom fangs,
wound them round my neck to relish the tender warmth of reptile garland.

the body of chameleon changed color with surrounding foliage,
its serrations stood erect when tickled by red brick,
as it glared devilishly at innocuous bunch of radiating insects.
i punctured its silhouette with needle arrow,
captured more of its species with meticulous proficiency,
adorned my slender neck with a garlands of dead chameleon.

i evacuated rich oysters from the caribbean sea,
pilfered the shells to obtain a plethora of sparkling pearls,
weaved them with ultra thin floss of honey golden,
sprinkling the beads with pungent amounts of rose perfume,
i enveloped my persona with garlands of exquisite glistening pearl stones.

and finally when i engulfed my body in a festoon of her satiny hair,
a celestial fragrance emanating from the natural sheath of black,
my heart underwent uncontrollable convulsions,
finally yielding my entity in complete submission to this
inexplicable garland of love.

Nikhil Parekh

Ghastly War Could Only Win

Ghastly war could only win; countless screams of all those haplessly orphaned children; who hopelessly stared into the desolately maiming open spaces of hell; with the blood soaked bodies of their parents upon their innocuous shoulders,

Treacherous war could only win; countless curses of all those brutally lambasted mothers; who indiscriminately lost their exuberant young sons; to the arrow of carnivorously unforgivable malice,

Sadistic war could only win; countless nightmares of all those inexplicably shivering on the heartlessly obdurate ground; barbarously naked and without the tiniest leaf of humanity to engulf their wailing bones,

Inconsolable war could only win; countless slaps of all those relentlessly searching for their inseparably lost ones; whose even the most infinitesimal whisker wasn't to be found; under the most tenaciously blazing of sunlight,

Cold-blooded war could only win; countless abuses of all those rendered devastatingly homeless; who now had no other option than to perennially reside upon graveyards of horrendously charred ash,

Parasitic war could only win; countless tears of all those still uncontrollably oozing priceless blood; even infinite hours after the Sun had celestially set,

Wanton war could only win; countless agonies of all those who were left to salaciously crawl on a single hand and foot for the remainder of their lives; indefinably mutilated by the cannibalistic swords of dastardly abhorrence,

Hedonistic war could only win; countless impotencies of all those who were left without their sacrosanct beloved's; and in whom the desire to further procreate had inevitably died like the last brick of the deadened coffin,

Unsparing war could only win; countless infidelities of all those who'd completely lost faith in every fraternity of living kind; gorily witnessing their loved ones being acrimoniously pulverized like insouciantly deplorable matchsticks,

Satanic war could only win; countless vindications of all those inimitably new born infants; who'd unfortunately seen their mother being ruthlessly slain; felt her blood-soaked skull instead of amiably suckling her breast,

Prejudiced war could only win; countless frustrations of all those whose most gloriously unfettered and victorious future; had now been forever burnt into flames of inane decrepit meaninglessness,

Licentious war could only win; countless dumbness of all those perpetually stunned by the impact of the intransigent heartlessness; all those whose voice forever refrained to waft out of their throats; as they saw their own brothers and children being buried alive; right in front of their eyes,

Disastrous war could only win; countless diseases of all those whose every iota of flesh had been tawdrily ripped apart; to remorsefully reveal their profusely pus laden bones,

Imbecile war could only win; countless insecurities of all those who'd lost every ounce of their physical and emotional possession in vibrant life; for whom every trembling footstep forward; seemed to be like the most massacring valley of death,

Diabolical war could only win; countless blood-drops of all those who lay miserably unattended and inconsolably wounded; for whom there seemed nothing else but a mortuary of despondently never-ending darkness; in front of even the most ethereal of their senses,

Heinous war could only win; countless sarcasms of all those who were neither a part of it; or all those who never lost any of their loved ones to its tyrannical swirl; but whose tongues still developed a flagrant flavor simply listening to all delirious atrocities going around,

Deteriorating war could only win; countless idiosyncrasies of all those who were mentally tortured by its whiplashes of apathetic ferociousness; for whom every instant of life had now metamorphosed into the gutters of worthless insanity,

Unceremonious war could only win; countless living-deaths of all those still existing just for the sake of inhaling and exhaling out air; but for whom the entire Universe was nothing but an ominous skeleton of unrelentingly stabbing blackness,

And cowardly war could only win; countless betrayals of all those who once upon a time immortally loved; but now whose every beat had wholesomely metamorphosed into slandering sinfulness; tirelessly witnessing blood and malice as the only

signatures of blessed life.

Nikhil Parekh

Ghost Of Lost Love

The worst of treacherously asphyxiating and cold-bloodedly crippling darkness too; get miraculously healed with the inevitable passing of unstopably magnificent time,

The worst of sadistically horrific and hideously incarcerating obsessions too; get wonderfully healed with the inevitable passing of unstopably royal time,

The worst of inexplicably haunting and cadaverously imperiling diseases too; get beautifully healed with the inevitable passing of unstopably emollient time,

The worst of deliriously raunchy and devastatingly subjugating manias too; get celestially healed with the inevitable passing of unstopably princelely time,

The worst of haplessly shivering and hedonistically inflicted agonies too; get fantastically healed with the inevitable passing of unstopably pragmatic time,

The worst of murderously indiscriminate and savagely terrorizing racialism too; gets symbiotically healed with the inevitable passing of unstopably glorious time,

The worst of hysterically sobbing and tempestuously troubled eyes too; get serenely healed with the inevitable passing of unstopably pristine time,

The worst of disastrously frazzled and brutally butchered nerves too; get triumphantly healed with the inevitable passing of unstopably immaculate time,

The worst of painstakingly debilitating and hopelessly strangulating depression too; gets ebulliently healed with the inevitable passing of unstopably unflinching time,

The worst of ominously atrocious and ignominiously slandering vindication too; gets bounteously healed with the inevitable passing of unstopably peerless time,

The worst of disjointedly crooked and satanically victimizing minds too; get harmoniously healed with the inevitable passing of unstopably charismatic time,

The worst of egregiously bleeding and horrendously broken bones too; get

efficaciously healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably fascinating time,

The worst of uncontrollably pernicious and ferociously flagrant tempers too; get wonderfully healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably resplendent time,

The worst of uncouthly unsparing and salaciously tormenting dictators too; get synergistically healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably brilliant time,

The worst of miserably whiplashed and relentlessly bleeding wounds too; get victoriously healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably twinkling time,

The worst of remorsefully cursing and wretchedly wailing spirits too; get unassailably healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably unnerving time,

The worst of hypochondriacally baseless and inanely unsolicited fears too; get insuperably healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably candid time,

The worst of indefatigably gasping and cumbersomely dragged breaths too; get effulgently healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably undefeated time,

The worst of ghastily crucifying and tawdrily infertile sadisms too; get ecstatically healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably iridescent time,

But the wound of lost love; stabs deeper and more immutably deeper in the corridors of the heart for even an infinite births and deaths after veritable death and with the inevitable passing of unstoppably unfettered time,

Therefore O! Mate; never betray the person whom you Immortally love; never leave the person whom you truly love; never disobey the person whom you unconquerably

love; and if you still dare; then be ready to become a timelessly and tirelessly penalized ghost of lost love.

Nikhil Parekh

Give All My Life To Her

Give all my blood to her; imparting each vital constituent entrapped within its profusely crimson persona,
So that her disastrously severed nerves got splendidly revived; the instants she felt that she was about to coalesce with winds of obsolete extinction.

Give all my sound to her; donating each iota of the captivating melody in its passionate cadence,
So that her pathetically dwindling voice; harmoniously united with tantalizing paradise above the clouds; for enchantingly everlasting times.

Give all my embellishment to her; chivalrously bequeathing each ornamental characteristic of my rubicund countenance,
So that her gruesomely shivering body; got enveloped with the winds of indispensable compassion; as she sought her sole solace amidst the uncouthly treacherous world.

Give all my strength to her; extricating each trace of power entrenched beneath my conglomerate of flesh and bones,
So that she handsomely alighted every time she fell; marched towards her philanthropic festoon of dreams; with a perpetual smile spreading on her boisterous
lips.

Give all my fragrance to her; evacuating each element of benevolent goodness incarcerated in my persona,
So that she bountifully blossomed in her times of murderous distress; reached the absolute zenith of her life; magnanimously helping and embracing all humankind.

Give all my nostalgia to her; draining me wholesomely of each poignant imagery that floated compassionately in my mind,
So that she completely shrug all the insane lunatism that had imprisoned her treacherously from all sides; frolicked in realms of her impeccable childhood; till times beyond immaculate eternity.

Give all my enthusiasm to her; sapping each virtue of ebullience from my relentlessly racing pulse,
So that she triumphantly emerged from her cocoon of ghastly sadness; euphorically gallivanting towards the impregnable corridors of sweet paradise.

Give all my soul to her; wholesomely extracting each thread of irrefutable righteousness from deep within my conscience,
So that she gathered herself from the devastating ashes strewn all around;
bloomed into an unsurpassable flurry of dreams; in a single lifetime.
Give all my heart to her; benevolently taking away each of its passionately throbbing beats,
So that she never felt that she was that despicable orphan deprived of immortal love; dissipating the magical spirit of sharing; in every neglected corner of this fathomless Universe.

And give all my life to her; emptying it to the most unprecedented degree of its color and ingratiating charm,
So that she existed as the most blissful entity alive till the time she wanted;
metamorphosing each of her fantasies into a veritable reality; wholesomely forgetting the chapter of death and abominable malice.

Nikhil Parekh

Give Her My Life

Give her each droplet of blood flowing rampantly through my body; rejuvenating her persona with indispensable energy,

Give her each smile that encapsulated my lips; deluging her majestically mesmerizing countenance with astronomical happiness,

Give her each dream that circulated fabulously in the corridors of my brain; catapulting her into a land of ecstasy and unfathomable paradise,

Give her each ray of hope that engulfed my existence; stupendously enlightening her string of infinite more unveiling tomorrows,

Give her each droplet of poignant empathy that lingered insatiably in my eyes; impregnating in her the essence of benevolent mankind,

Give her each muscle embedded indomitably in my arms; imparting her with the tenacity to resiliently encounter the most disastrous situation in life,

Give her each ounce of mysticism that enveloped my shadow; overwhelming her life with enigmatic spice and divinely happiness,

Give her each wave of my voice; bestowing upon her the power to indefatigably express herself; at all moments of the adventurously unveiling day,

Give her each iota of luck that encompassed my silhouette; manifesting her every unfinished dream into a perpetual reality,

Give her each trace of vivaciousness that entrenched my conglomerate of bones; propelling her to ecstatically bounce forward with exuberant enthusiasm in life,

Give her each globule of tumultuous rhapsody that permeated my skin; making her experience the myriad of vibrant colors in existence,

Give her each sigh of immortal satisfaction that circumvented my conscience; fomenting her to perceive that her flurry of tasks were accomplished with supreme gratification,

Give her each bit of cloth that intricately sequestered my entire visage; embodying her impeccable demeanor with loads of compassionate warmth,

Give her each source of wealth that I had assimilated in the tenure of my life;
facilitating her to purchase the most exotic things of her very own choice,
Give her each morsel of food that was destined to be masticated by my mouth;
granting celestial peace to the famished realms of her thunderously resonating
stomach,

Give her each whistle that emanated from my lips; blessing her existence with
unsurpassable euphoria on every step which she ebulliently alighted,

Give her each fantasy that I kept envisaging about even in the heart of the
brilliantly blistering day; keeping her spirits escalating towards the sky; till times
immemorial,

Give her each beat that passionately palpitated every unfurling instant in my
heart; imparting her with the unrelenting ardor to relish life to its most
incomprehensible capacity,

Give her each breath that diffused in magnificent unison from my nostrils;
engendering her to lead even my quota of destined life,

For although I possessed all the sagacious qualities described above O! Lord; I
was still of no use to this colossal world and society; being viciously strangulated
every instant by the horrendous lechery of my mind; while angels like her
needed forever to
exist; needed forever to be alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Give Me Death Instead

Give me death instead; the most gloriously charismatic venom wholesomely snapping the fangs of my torturously truncated existence,

Give me death instead; the most handsomely spotless fabric of amorphous white; wholesomely sealing the outlet of my bizarrely decrepit existence,

Give me death instead; the most royally fantastic of reprieve; wholesomely demolishing even the most diminutive speck of exhilaration from my insipidly lackadaisical existence,

Give me death instead; the most fascinatingly silent seduction; wholesomely making me abjure even the most capricious trace of my disgustingly perfidious worldly existence,

Give me death instead; the most blissfully permanent rest; wholesomely extinguishing even the sinful chapter of my ghoulishly bedraggled existence,

Give me death instead; the most celestially everlasting comfort; wholesomely diminishing my form forever and ever and ever from the textbooks of my egregiously manipulative existence,

Give me death instead; the most unbelievably mute fading; wholesomely swiping the reigns of my idiosyncratically insane existence,

Give me death instead; the most fragrantly ultimate standstill; wholesomely massacring the remorsefully fleeting wind of my existence,

Give me death instead; the most eventually deciding signature on life; wholesomely decimating the ominous crux of my forlornly lambasting existence,

Give me death instead; the most finally submissive consequence; wholesomely vanquishing even the most ethereally mercurial trace of prejudiced pain dreadfully circumscribing my cadaverous existence,

Give me death instead; the most ubiquitously final closure; wholesomely annihilating even the most infidel iota of my penuriously blood-sucking existence,

Give me death instead; the most unavoidably unalterable authority; wholesomely conquering even the most parsimoniously depraving wind of my parasitically besmirched existence,

Give me death instead; the most concluding connotation of life; wholesomely devastating even the most whimsical knot of my nonchalantly pugnacious and sadistically crucifying existence,

Give me death instead; the most irrefutable sign of extinction; wholesomely snatching even the most frigid whisker of my uxoriously sodomizing and vindictively ballistic existence,

Give me death instead; the most ingratiatingly dreamless sleep; wholesomely finishing even the most fecklessly stingy desire of my worthlessly malevolence and debilitatingly dastardly existence,

Give me death instead; the most explicitly truthful desecration of life; wholesomely assassinating the dungeons of my cannibalistically distraught and murderously sinful existence,

Give me death instead; the most miraculously astounding way to reach heaven/hell; wholesomely trampling even my inconspicuously disoriented and politically maiming existence,

And it is my humble request to you O! Almighty Lord to give me a death more invidiously gory than the most treacherously punitive of death instead; but please don't give me salaciously abysmal betrayal; please don't give me the most immortal love of my life for just an instant; and then betrayal for the remainder of my destined time.

Nikhil Parekh

Give Me Just One Chance O! Omnipotent Almighty Lord

Give me just one chance O! Omnipotent Almighty Lord; making me the richest of the richest man on this fathomless Universe; give me just one chance to be in the shoes of the richest men you've created ever since this earth was born:

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth for granting equality to all those haplessly naked urchins; shivering under the tawdry municipality gutterpipe,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to forever ensure that no orphan wailed and begged miserably on the streets; existed with my name as his father till its very last blessed breath,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth for the amelioration of all those suffering from inexplicable disease; granting them the best medical aid available under the dazzling Sun,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to perpetually ensure that every boy or girl born on this earth; got the full and profound right to robust education; equally amongst the sanctimonious high society,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to forever ascertain that if there were anything to rule the strongest of civilization; democracy; country; land or any organisms life; it was none else than priceless humanity,

And if at all; my inevitably erring human nature made me falter even the most infinitesimal trifle on any step; asking you for a second chance; please give me a death which was more diabolical than the most torturous of deaths; that very moment itself.

1.

Give me just one chance O! Omniscient Almighty Lord; making me the richest of the richest man on this fathomless Universe; give me just one chance to be in the palaces of the richest men you've created ever since this earth was born:

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to compassionately unite all

those disastrously differentiated by vagaries of caste; creed; color and religion;
under the undauntedly glittering roof of
the paradise of Immortal Love,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to wondrously mitigate the
suffering of all those old parents; men and debilitating women; who were
unsparingly kicked in all quarters; by their very own
offsprings alive,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to erect Mosques; Churches;
Temples and Monasteries of exquisite world record shapes and size; in which an
infinite billion homeless could take blissful refuge
and your blessings alike,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to rekindle and enlighten the
most gorgeous lamps of desire; in every miserably divested hutment and
deliriously asphyxiated life,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to magically transport even the
most faintest of cry and deprived form; to its ultimate destination and yearning;
in the chapter of its destined life,

And if at all; my inevitably erring human nature made me falter even the most
insouciant freckle on any step; asking you for a second chance; please give me a
death which was more penalizing than the most ghastily tormenting of deaths;
that very moment itself.

2.

Give me just one chance O! Omniscient Almighty Lord; making me the richest of
the richest man on this fathomless Universe; give me just one chance to be in
the palaces of the richest men you've created ever
since this earth was born:

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to let the most feebly subjugated
voice reach itself and every bit of righteousness in it; to the remotest corner of
this ecstatically unsurpassable Universe,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to eradicate even the most
ethereal ounce of satanically unbearable politics on this globe; forever make sure
that no anarchist parasite ruthlessly sucked and thrived on innocent blood,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to invincibly fortify every flailing dwelling on earth with the pearls of brotherhood; to further spawn a perennial civilization of undefeated living kind,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to timelessly scrap every besmirched fabric of inhumanity and crime; forever ensure the lanes of fearless paradise for each impeccable footstep that traversed mother soil,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to insuperably embolden the alphabets of justice; forever annihilating every biased powerhouse of manipulative deceit; which brought about nothing else but inconsolable tears and curses of many,

And if at all; my inevitably erring human nature made me falter even the most evanescent figment on any step; asking you for a second chance; please give me a death which was more cold-blooded than the most unthinkably morbid of deaths; that very moment itself.

3.

Give me just one chance O! Infallible Almighty Lord; making me the richest of the richest man on this fathomless Universe; give me just one chance to be in the palaces of the richest men you've created ever since this earth was born:

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to put an unbreakably permanent ban on the use of nuclear arms; vicious weaponry and any substance that brutally imperiled bountiful living kind; dissolving the very roots of non-existent war in their unborn corpses of malice,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to plant an infinite trees and blades of rejuvenating grass; upon every piece of lamenting barren soil; so barbarously traumatized by commercially robotic man today,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to heal even the most spat upon wounds on this unending earth; and replenish them with the most inimitably unconquerable fragrance of friendship instead,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to royally support every single need of all those who were unfortunately blind; irrefutably see to it that they had their equal say in the day-to-day working of the society; see to it that they existed as unparalleled kings; if not with sight,

And I promise you that I'd only use that wealth to forever nullify each atrocity meted out towards the enchantingly blessed girl child; vindictively trying to kill her right in the womb itself; to senselessly insane and perverted men trading her divine flesh for few wads of currency and wine,

And if at all; my inevitably erring human nature made me falter even the most evaporating speck on any step; asking you for a second chance; please give me a death which was more unforgivable than the most treacherously sadistic of deaths; that very moment itself.

Nikhil Parekh

Give Me Perpetual Death Instead

Give me perpetual ugliness instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the ungainly prowess; of never being able to enjoy; when others unfurled into a festoon of ravishingly tantalizing beauty and panoramic forms,

Give me perpetual dumbness instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the disastrous prowess; of never being able to enjoy; when others sang in their enchantingly melodious voice,

Give me perpetual blindness instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the murderous prowess; of never being able to enjoy; when others unrelentingly admired the stupendously aristocratic beauty; on the carpet of this gregariously vibrant Universe,

Give me perpetual starvation instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the diabolical prowess; of never being able to enjoy; when others titillated their taste buds; with the most sumptuously delectable fruits of this; blissfully fragrant earth,

Give me perpetual imprisonment instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the penalizing prowess; of never being able to enjoy; when others euphorically gallivanted in the aisles of unprecedented freedom and ravishing enthrallment,

Give me perpetual tears instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the tyrannical prowess; of never being able to enjoy; when others ebulliently danced in the corridors of everlastingly unending happiness,

Give me perpetual boredom instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the brutal prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others ecstatically unveiled into a fountain of newness with unleashing second of the day; eternally reaching out for their ambitions,

Give me perpetual prejudice instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the ghastly prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others compassionately exist in united fireballs of unflinching solidarity; even under the most acrimonious rays of the Sun,

Give me perpetual agony instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the dastardly prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others

harmoniously

existed for infinite more births yet to come; under a heavenly cistern of tranquil contentment,

Give me perpetual manipulation instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the horrific prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others innocuously poured out their holistic souls; to Omnipotently spread the charisma of unconquerable togetherness,

Give me perpetual poverty instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the disdainful prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others basked in the glory of their magnanimously philanthropic richness; the ultimate splendor of humanity profusely enveloping their benign souls,

Give me perpetual condemnation instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the gory prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others escalated to the pinnacle of glorious success; kissed the scintillating goals they had dreamt of; since the very first breath that they inhaled,

Give me perpetual insanity instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the venomous prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others bountifully fantasized beyond the splendidly extraordinary; metamorphosed the complexion of this planet with their innovative intrigue,

Give me perpetual infertility O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the preposterous prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others majestically proliferated God's most eternally invincible chapter of creation; with their very own crimson blood and breath,

Give me perpetual betrayal O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the remorseful prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others unassailably embraced their divine beloved; beautifully succumbing to the most wonderfully Omniscient gift on this planet called; love,

Give me perpetual weakness instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the lecherous prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others patriotically blazed towards an impregnable triumph; for their sacrosanct motherland,

Give me perpetual lies instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the savage prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others irrefutably embedded the Omnipresent blessing of truth deep into their innocent conscience; became impeccable harbingers of humanity,

Give me perpetual misery instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the ruthless prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others gloriously gallivanted on their trail towards; the most priceless religion of humanity,

Give me perpetual dilapidation instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the satanic prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others unfurled into a paradise of ingratiating freshness; with every sprouting ray of the divine Sun,

And give me perpetual death instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the vindictive prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others marvelously evolved into royal blood; bone and sparkling life; adding fresh breaths of air to countless more optimistic tomorrows.

Nikhil Parekh

Glass Of Love

When I drank water in a glass of composite mud; the liquid tasted ravishing; with my reflection wavering erratically in it,
However it contained tinges of dissolved sand; and was a trifle salty for my liking.

When I drank water in a glass of deplorable copper; the liquid appeared blurred in the prevailing darkness,
And when I sipped it; it had a stale odor of the rusty surface it had adhered to for many hours.

When I drank water in a glass of pure bamboo; the liquid looked glistening and mesmerizing under the sun,
Although even after consuming it completely; I still felt that my bowels were yet famished and incorrigibly demanded more.

When I drank water in a glass of yellow molded gold; the liquid inside displayed a scintillating shine; dazzling brilliantly in the most sequestered of room,
However it miserably floundered to pacify my thirst; as I was heavily circumspect in devouring the costly water.

When I drank water in a glass of hardened plastic; the liquid seemed to be overwhelming still without the slightest of ripple,
But the tangy flavor was blatantly absent; and I didn't relish one sip of what I had just swallowed.

When I drank water in a glass of bombastic diamonds; the liquid looked as if shimmering profusely under the moon,
Although an uncanny feeling enveloped my stomach; a feeling as if I had Eaten the glittering diamonds.

When I drank water in a glass of pencil lead; the liquid inside looked obnoxiously black; readily acquiring the color of its vessel,
And I felt like puking it out with ferocious intensity; after having dubiously gulped it.

When I drank water in a glass of broad green leaf; the liquid inside resembled the perennial pastures sprawling over the valley,
But alongwith it there entered a fleet of invisible insects in my throat; and I shivered inadvertently envisaging the aftermath of disease.

When I drank water in a glass of heavy stone; the liquid pretty normal to drink,
However lifting the glass proved to be a bit cumbersome; and I felt a bit perturbed by the flimsy effort.

And eventually when I drank water in the 'GLASS OF OUR LOVE'; blending it with a concoction of her heavenly tears,
The water tasted as sweet as never before; as impeccable as sacrosanct god; as exotic as the gyrating fairies in the sky; and it instantly put me into an inevitable slumber.

Nikhil Parekh

Go Green

'Green' is enchantment unparalleled; transforming every beleaguered bone on disdainfully crackled earth; into a festoon of undying replenishment till times beyond eternity,

'Green' is the ultimate magicians wand; perpetuating every speck of the atmosphere with a tranquil so victorious; that it became the smile of each symbiotic countenance alive,

'Green' is the most everlastingly compassionate caress of nature divine; royally accommodating infinite organisms of different shapes, sizes, color and charm into a blanket of invincible frolic and togetherness,

'Green' is the most pricelessly inimitable definition of freshness; incessantly spawning into the undefeated dazzle of optimistic dawn; to enlighten the entire Universe with the colors of brilliant newness,

'Green' is every sore eye's perpetual delight; wholesomely shrugging off every wretched insinuation of monotonous commercialism; with the effervescent new-born foliage of earth divine,

'Green' is the most supremely mollifying tonic to the incarcerated soul; alleviating the most inconspicuous of its sorrow with undying enigmatic whispers; which reverberated till beyond the infinite,

'Green' is the most fragrantly uninhibited dance of every organism alive; as the unsurpassable buckets of rain; pelted unfettered from the belly of fathomless sky,

'Green' is the most pristine shade of prosperity at its unbelievable hilt; shimmering like a new born child replete with only happiness in every flamboyant ray of the sun and the equally royally moonlit night,

'Green' is the destiny which never ever dies; astoundingly proliferating into a boundless landscapes of blooming life; which made the most parasitic robots as the greatest poets till as long as God's earth survived,

'Green' symbolizes the most blissfully perfect truce between austere white and diabolical black; where the winds of majestic moderation transit every living being to the paths of bountiful righteousness,

'Green' nullifies the very non-existent roots of anarchic depression;
profoundly enthralling one and all in the neighborhood with the
tantalizing vivaciousness of a fairy; who'd descended down solely to magnetize
rustic soil,

'Green' evokes unconquerable desire in every ingredient of the blood;
to be one and in perfect unison with Mother nature; let the unbridled beauty of
her endless creations harness every aspect of impoverished
existence,

'Green' makes you the most unabashed artist alive; as you
bewilderingly fathom for the starting point and the horizons; on the
infinite canvas of the Lord's panoramic sanctuary,

'Green' makes you the most passionate lover on trajectory of the
endless planet; damning all inhibitions to the corpse as you fervently rolled into
grasslands of desire—breath intermingled with the breath of your beloved,

'Green' is an ever-pervading rainbow; which charms even the most
deadened of mortuary with its rustle and innocent grace; sprinkling
quintessential ounces of vibrant life wherever it mystically crept,

'Green' is the ultimate harbinger of all peace and unity on the
distraught globe; as it vanquishes every sinister trail of the
barbarously marauding devil; with the freshness of love; creation and
blessed fruits of the divine,

'Green' radiates an unshakable aura of optimism to the farthest
quarter of the world; maintaining the most unbelievably perfect
equilibrium between the sky; the earth and diminutive man trespassing in-
between,

'Green' represents the free spirit of every continent; race; wind and
space under the sky; immortally continuing the chapters of God's
sacred creation; by timelessly proliferating into an infinite more of
its color and kind,

Therefore what are you waiting for. Go Green. Plant a tree in every
barren bit of space that you could lay your hands upon. And then
witness your sown children become the most undivided race of

togetherness; friendship; love and peace; even centuries after you
were dead.

Nikhil Parekh

God And The Devil

God was the colossal hive of sweet honey; while the minuscule bits of impurity in it was the gruesome devil,

God was the insurmountably ravishing eye; while the small traces of blindness in it was the ghastly devil,

God was the boundless ocean; while the adulterated bits of oil entrapped in it was the horrendous devil,

God was the fathomless river of crimson blood circulating in the body; while the disdainful infection lingering in it was the obnoxious devil,

God was the holistically glistening sweat oozing from the armpits; while the ostentatious wisps of scent spuriously emanating from it was the satanic devil,

God was the magnanimously foliated tree; while the parasites sucking its succulent juice was the nefarious devil,

God was the crystalline expanse of sapphire blue skies; while the vicious streaks of tumultuous lightening was the salacious devil,

God was the immaculate cluster of eggs splendidly sandwiched in the delectable nest; while the snake ready to gobble it surreptitiously was the barbaric devil,

God was the brilliantly tenacious light; while the envelop of perpetual darkness was the hideous devil,

God was the magnificently enchanting and redolent lotus; while the disastrously withering leaves was the heinous devil,

God was the voluptuous sheath of silken black hair; while the abhorrent globules of white dandruff loitering aimlessly within was the perilous demon,

God was the rejuvenating freshness that encompassed every tangible entity in entirety; while the sporadic bouts of laziness that invidiously crept in at times; was the deplorable devil,

God was the impeccable body of pearly white Moon; while the transient coat of clouds that pertinently kept obscuring it was the abominable devil,

God was anecdotes of astoundingly conjuring magic; while the moment it abruptly disappeared was the pernicious devil,
God was the satiny carpet of incomprehensibly large desert sands; while the scorching pangs of thirst generated within was the ominous devil,

God was the unrelenting string of wonderfully Omnipotent thoughts; while those few instants of raunchy perception was the sinister devil,

God was astronomical fortitude and sagacious character; while the stinking tale of blatant lies was the deplorable devil,

God was all the philanthropic humanity which immortally existed; while the sanctimonious religion it was bifurcated into was the despicable devil,

God was the harmoniously pouring out blissful sleep; while the abashing abuse scattered stingily in it was the savage devil,

And God was enigmatically beautiful life palpitating turbulently every minute; while the wickedly wandering mind inching towards unprecedented disaster; was the diabolical devil.

Nikhil Parekh

God Bless All

God bless all those with a philanthropic disposition; wholeheartedly lending their magnanimous palms; to uplift impoverished humanity,

God bless all those disseminating the essence of perpetual peace; endeavoring their very best; to metamorphose this parasitic world once again; into a blissful paradise,

God bless all those righteously marching forward; achieving their ultimate dream of symbiotically surviving; with countless more of celestial living kind,

God bless all those endowed with charismatic art in their blood; propagating its mesmerizing enthrallment to every gloomily darkened arena; of this fathomless planet,

God bless all those with poignant innocence in their eyes; embracing the stupendous harmony in the atmosphere; with a passion to share existing perennially in their souls,

God bless all those benevolently diffusing the religion of humanity; propelling indiscriminately barbaric fanatics to blend synergistically with; egalitarian mankind,

God bless all those who unequivocally harbored the tyrannized in their times of distress; carrying the treacherously orphaned to their dwellings of compassionate comfort,

God bless all those soaring uninhibitedly without fear in their diminutive bodies; imparting Herculean strength and solidarity to urchins; devastatedly shattered in life,

God bless all those relentlessly fulfilling the duty for which they were created on this Universe; without complaining the slightest about their spuriously sanctimonious pains,

God bless all those intrepidly marching ahead in every conquest of life; resiliently transcending over the unfathomable mountain of difficulties that came their way; propagating the euphoria to live through their ingratiating smiles,

God bless all those profusely admiring the incomprehensible beauty of this

Universe; igniting the candle of blooming happiness; in every household
submerged with inexplicable despair,

God bless all those candidly divulging the inner most realms of their conscience;
spreading the winds of irrefutably unconquerable honesty,

God bless all those dancing in unprecedented joy; treating each day of life as a
whole new chapter of newness and profoundly exhilarated excitement,

God bless all those sparkling divinely in their ardor to save the earth;
intransigently working all night and day; to scrap even the most inconspicuous
iota of evil
forever from lecherous soil,

God bless all those surreally fantasizing in corridors of fantastic paradise; paving
a path of enamoringly captivating enchantment in a land of monotonous
savagery; and malice,

God bless all those tinkling in melodiously robust laughter; enlightening the
complexion of the invidiously sinister night; with prolific cheer and
unprecedented charm,

God bless all those ideally surviving as harbingers of humanity; proving a
messiah of peace and prosperity for; the disastrously tottering and deprived,

God bless all those bonding immortally in the chords of invincible love; radiating
a stream of passionate belonging in every quarter of soil they tread,

Over and above all; God bless all those existing celestially above the clouds; and
affording the same to every humanitarian entity breathing on the trajectory of
this gigantic globe.

Nikhil Parekh

God Gifted Brain.

Never ever enter into the brain of the ant; or you'll get haplessly strangulated for brilliantly unfettered freedom; identity and bountiful space,

Never ever enter into the brain of the elephant; or you'll suddenly find yourself a lugubriously disoriented burden to earth; emanating an infinite groans to just alight your foot an inconspicuous inch from the soil,

Never ever enter into the brain of the lion; or you'll develop a sadistically ignominious perceptive for every fraternity of humanity; vomiting a countless times as there was now nothing else but innocent blood in your cannibalistically ominous throat,

Never ever enter into the brain of the scorpion; or you'll inexhaustibly spit at your ownself for being the most poisonous organism on earth; fostering nothing else but unbearable vindication in every wanton ingredient of your body,

Never ever enter into the brain of the nightingale; or you'll initially find yourself to be the most mellifluously enchanting creature on the planet; but soon weep every unfurling instant of your destined time; as the King incarcerated every speck of your untamed sensuousness within the four walls of his mundane palace,

Never ever enter into the brain of the bumble bee; or you'll feel like licking the nails of your morbid coffin instead; rather than the unrelentingly unsparing stabbing of incongruous buzzing sound,

Never ever enter into the brain of the mosquito; or you'll feel that most treacherously impoverished entity on earth; the most appallingly ridiculed entity on the Universe; was none other than you and only you,

Never ever enter into the brain of the rose; or you'll feel utterly devastated as every now and again your petals withered to coalesce with worthless mud; and an army of profanely parasitic leeches deplorably expurgated on your nubile stem,

Never ever enter into the brain of the clouds; or you'll feel a viciously uncouth pall of deteriorating gloom profoundly perpetuate into the last bone of your spine; and every trifle of felicity gorily metamorphosed into amorphously delirious black,

Never ever enter into the brain of the dog; or you'll want to forever extinguish even the most infinitesimal trace of your existence; rather than hopelessly slaving your entire life to the commands of the eccentrically unruly master,

Never ever enter into the brain of the donkey; or you'll feel that paradise was just an obfuscated illusion of shit; intractably wanting to pulverize your life; as virtually every entity in the world outside; used your name as the most spontaneous abuse,

Never ever enter into the brain of the snake; or you'll feel that there was just nothing else on the trajectory of this unceasing Universe; than pugnaciously asphyxiating lethality,

Never ever enter into the brain of the night; or you'll feel that only demons brutally ruled this sacrosanct earth; with even the most ethereal bit of optimism transforming into a satanic graveyard of flagrantly subjugated desperation,

Never ever enter into the brain of the seed; or you'll find nothing but lecherously blackened labyrinths of squalid mud perennially around you; breathing every blessed moment of your life in criminal darkness; whereas the fruit beautifully reaped all Omnipotent Sunlight,

Never ever enter into the brain of the mountain; or you'll find yourself die a limitless deaths of abhorrent stagnation every unleashing instant; not able to budge an infidel inch from your original creation; whilst sequestering the entire planet in your unflinchingly invincible swirl,

Never ever enter into the brain of the cockroach; or you'll feel the most abjectly sordid organism in this world; inevitably fretting for an infinite lives amidst a gutter of obnoxiously ostracized feces; whilst fresh life astoundingly proliferated at every conceivable step outside,

Never ever enter into the brain of the scarecrow; or you'll feel like a lividly crumbling scapegoat without the tiniest identity of your own; sinfully abandoned only to lure prized prey or ludicrously shoo diminutive insects,

Never ever enter into the brain of the frog; or you'll feel the most grouchily suppressed entity on this endless planet; wailing at the top of your cacophonous lungs; but alas within the cadaverously depraving and slimy walls of the cancerously confining well,

Never ever enter into the brain of the poet; or you'll inexplicably feel circumscribed by a mist of newness and unfathomably agonizing trauma at the same moment; and a majority of the time the latter diabolically ruling the former,

I therefore indefatigably beseech you to never ever enter into the brain of anybody; as howsoever inscrutably alluring the prospect might seem at the outset; the apocalypses of ribald hell would eventually gobble you without the tiniest of innuendo,

Instead if you really wanted to symbiotically triumph and Immortally love on the periphery of this unbelievably endowing Universe; if you really wanted to lead life as the most pricelessly liberated organism of the Omniscient Almighty Lord; then use the same 2 centimeters of insuperable network within your skull with which you were created; use the same 2 centimeters of miraculously creative powerhouse with which you emanated your very first cry; use your own and very own god-gifted brain

Nikhil Parekh

God Himself

He whom you can explicitly see is not God,
And he who was the strongest; without the most minuscule form appearing even
in flaming Sunlight; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can profoundly feel is not God,
And he who was entirely ungraspable; without even leaving an untidy footprint
after majestically traversing on soil; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but
God himself.

He whom you could magnificently create is not God,
And he who exists in an incomprehensibly fathomless myriad of forms; was not
one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can profusely imagine is not God,
And he who remains perpetually obscure even after floating in each particle of
the exotic atmosphere; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can vividly dream about is not God,
And he who propelled every brain to think beyond corridors of the unbelievably
extraordinary; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can coin your destiny with is not God,
And he who was maneuvering the lives of boundless at the mere tip of his little
finger; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can cremate is not God,
And he who was immortally living; since unprecedented centuries ago even
before this earth was created; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God
himself.

He whom you can admire is not God,
And he who was bestowing an everlasting labyrinth of beauty every unfurling
second; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can wholeheartedly cry for is not God,
And he who was incessantly replacing tears of all mankind with omnipresent
smiles; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can bid a celestial adieu is not God,

And he who was spawning countless for every entity withering; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can fabulously describe is not God,
And he was all Omniscient; having already embodied the scriptures of holy tomorrow even before the world had begun; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can devotedly chant till times beyond eternity is not God,
And he who irrefutably steered every lip on this globe; to propagate the essence of benevolent existence; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you can belligerently fight for is not God,
And he who evolved the most marvelously wonderful species of creation called 'Man'; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you perpetually kept close to your chest was not God,
And he who made every single heart throb for the person it loved; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

He whom you witnessed blossoming was not God,
And he who stood taller than the Sun; to illuminate every miserably darkened cranny of trembling soil; was not one of God's infinite disciples; but God himself.

Nikhil Parekh

God Immortally Loves

God unsurpassably loves all those rays of the Sun which atleast try their 100 % to blisteringly shine; blaze the trajectory of this earth with intrepidly peerless enlightenment; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God limitlessly loves all those Mountains which atleast try their 100 % to unflinchingly defend; compassionately sequester billions of haplessly impoverished in their wonderfully impregnable belly; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God timelessly loves all those clouds which atleast try their 100 % to shower tantalizing droplets of water; tirelessly inundate traumatically pulverized spaces of land with spellbindingly charismatic rain; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God fathomlessly loves all those trees which atleast try their 100 % to waft into celestially tranquil shade; resplendently enamor even the most infinitesimally dreary bones of the frenetically beleaguered traveler with unparalleled coolness; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God immeasurably loves those bricks which atleast try their 100 % to solidify the colossal edifice; become a quintessentially unshakable ingredient of the foundation even in the worst of apocalypses and for times immemorial; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unconquerably loves all those winds which atleast try their 100 % to unequivocally liberate; grant the wings of magically uninhibited freedom to every organism besieged with manipulatively asphyxiating prejudice; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unprecedentedly loves all those women who atleast try their 100 % to give birth to countless more of her kind; contribute their very best in inexhaustibly continuing the chapters of priceless procreation; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God boundlessly loves all those philanthropist's who atleast try their 100% to holistically mitigate every fraternity of despairingly tyrannized humanity; selflessly embrace every deprived orphan in their swirl of unassailable humanity; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God insurmountably loves all those flowers which atleast try their 100 % to ubiquitously disseminate the scent of fragrant brotherhood; miraculously rejuvenate delinquently dying corpses towards the paradise of effulgently harmonious newness; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God endlessly loves all those granules of soil which atleast try their 100% to burgeon into ebulliently triumphant fruit; beautifully mollify the treacherously emaciated intestines of every bereaved organism; with the endowment of nature divine; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unfathomably loves all those artist's who atleast try their 100% to indefatigably evolve; brilliantly capture the beauty of this unlimitedly panoramic earth; in the singularly bucolic sheet of their barren canvas; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unbiasedly loves all those rainbows which atleast try their 100% to incredibly stupefy the lives of all those cancerously crucified; for just transiently truncated intervals of time; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unceasingly loves all those waves of the ocean which atleast try their 100% to poignantly enrich the lives of one and all; with the majestically untainted fervor of pristinely untamed froth; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unshakably loves all those teachers who atleast try their 100 % to sagaciously educate every gutter of disparagingly lecherous illiteracy; with the principles of symbiotically emollient existence; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unendingly loves all those meadows which atleast try their 100 % to diffuse into mischievously unfettered frolic; metamorphose every vicariously corrupt politician into an innocent child once again; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God eternally loves all those bones which atleast try their 100 % to persevere towards the aisles of gloriously unhindered righteousness; diffuse the true sweat of dazzlingly synergistic existence; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God unstoppably loves all those paths which atleast try their 100 % to infallibly progress towards Samaritan prosperity; fearlessly face a countless devils on the way; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

God perpetually loves all those breath's which atleast try their 100 % to perpetuate a whole new civilization of passionate togetherness and royal camaraderie; every time they exhaled; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

And God immortally loves all those heart's which atleast try their 100% to unabashedly love; unchallengably coalesce in bonds of everlastingly redolent unity; not bothered a trifle about the outcome to unveil.

Nikhil Parekh

God Knows It For Sure

You might have consumed the most overwhelmingly delectable food today; but who knows the very next day it might perhaps expurgate out entirely with unprecedented fervor from your impoverished body,

You might have worn the most pricelessly impeccable of clothes today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps become indescribably sordid; with particles of malicious dust and preposterously worthless grime floating in the atmosphere,

You might have adorned the most tantalizingly profound mascara today; but who knows the very next day it might perhaps resemble amorphous nothingness; obnoxiously blended with remorsefully decrepit sweat from all sides,

You might have sprinkled the most exquisitely designer and redolent perfume today; but who knows the very next day it might perhaps dissolve into vapid oblivion; being entirely massacred by the whirlpool of irascible smoke and adulteration in the malevolently prejudiced society,

You might have ardently inflated the most exuberantly robust balloons today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps reduce to grotesquely ludicrous peas of their original selves; being iconoclastically subjugated by the whiplash of storm; wind and rain,

You might have smoked the most aristocratically opulent cigars today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps be nothing but tawdry specks of infinitesimally horrendous ash,

You might have driven the most insurmountably luxurious cars today; but who knows very next day they might perhaps become an acrimoniously indiscernible wreckage; suffering the aftermath of gory accident on their polished fronts,

You might have written on the most exotically white paper today; but who knows the very next day it might perhaps metamorphose into baseless guttural shit; brutally lambasted by heinously hedonistic dust; blowing from all sides,

You might have philandered on the most pristinely embellished slopes of grass today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps transit into slained battlefields of vindictive blood; with countless laying down their lives in their quest to save the

planet,

You might have slurped wine from the most royally sculptured glasses today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps gruesomely disorient themselves into fretfully shattered bits of meaninglessness; egregiously dropping on the obdurate floors,

You might intransigently scrubbed your body with the most efficaciously effusive antiseptic today; but who knows the very next day it might perhaps stink more insidiously than a pigstark; innocuously tripping into the inadvertently open farm gutter,

You might have relished the most contemporarily swanky watches on your wrist today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps cease to function even an evanescent tick; as the bewitching battery conked and miserably stuttered without regrets,

You might have brandished the most eternally scintillating swords today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps develop flagrantly hapless innuendo's of rust; as an appalling gloom of forlorn moisture unexpectedly set in,

You might have slept on the most handsomely expensive sheets of silk today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps become dreadfully tottered and ominous rags; with moths and rats salaciously devouring them from every construable end,

You might have bathed under the most ravishingly effulgent waterfalls today; but who knows the very next day they might perhaps evaporate into wisps of disparagingly decaying nothingness; under the unendingly truculent tenacity of the ferocious Sun,

You might have miraculously memorized every perceivable scripture of medieval past today; but who knows the very next day it might perhaps desert you like light deserting the night; as you suffered from inexplicably delirious aphasia of the highest degree,

You might have irrefutably cleansed your conscience of all its cannibalistic guilt today; but who knows the very next day it might be perhaps irretrievably seduced once again; by bawdy vixens lasciviously exposing their flesh,

You might have breathed the most extraordinarily puristic and holistic air today;
but who knows the very next day the fangs of uncannily barbarous death; might
perhaps irrevocably asphyxiate your existence without the tiniest of forewarning,

But if you earnestly dedicated every beat of your heart to the paradise of
immortal love today; then not only me but God knows it for sure; that you would
continue to exist as the most blessed organism forever and ever and ever;
without any question of "Perhaps" intervening in between.

Nikhil Parekh

God Loves All

As much as he loved the rich; he wholeheartedly embraced his impoverished counterparts decaying in inexplicable pain,

As much as he loved the handsomely tall; he rejoiced with his astoundingly diminutive children; wholesomely oblivious to bright light,

As much as he loved the formidably strong; he caressed all those tottering towards inevitably extinction; with poignant equanimity in his Omnipotent eyes,

As much as he loved the grandiloquent castles; he loomed his Omnipresent shadow large; on the gloomy hutments; with life tumultuously acrimonious every unleashing second,

As much as he loved the sacrosanct Christians; he wholeheartedly showered his blessings on the Hindus, Muslims, Buddhist, and virtually the most infinitesimal of tribe existing on this planet,

As much as he loved the rhapsodic oceans; he sent inclement cloud showers of rain; on the soil of the horrifically scorching deserts,

As much as he loved the impeccably fair; he hoisted all those deluged with tyrannical misery and doom; bountifully showering upon the most hideously sooty organism alive,

As much as he loved the insatiably romantic; he remained like an invincible shadow with all those heart broken; and devastated with the sword of insidious betrayal,

As much as he loved stupendously fragrant rose; he ensured that the disdainfully slithering cockroach; replenished its stomach; with the blossoming gifts of forest wilderness,

As much as he loved the sagacious saints; he blissfully commiserated with the rustically common man; being his guiding light to prosperity; on every path he tread,

As much as he loved the robustly elegant; he equally rewarded all those framework of mere skeletons; with the fruits of ravishingly beautiful existence,

As much as he loved the euphorically drifting clouds; he inhabited each quarter of chocolate brown mud; stretching fathomless kilometers beyond the trajectory of this planet,

As much as he loved the philosophically learned; he stood like an impregnable fortress with his innocent children; as they alighted their each step in life,

As much as he loved the vivaciously flamboyant rainbow; he lend his Omnipresent arms to the birds incarcerated brutally inside their cages,

As much as he loved compassionate fireballs of heat; he imparted his Omnisciently healing touch to frozen avalanches of ice; gruesomely isolated and shivering like new born mice,

As much as he loved the hawk eyed flamingoes; he became the heart and soul of those without the tiniest iota of sight; maneuvering them towards the ultimate of their dreams; uplifting them towards all the benevolent goodness in life,

As much as he loved the dynamically fulminating island of Sun; he was perennially present in the neglectedly oblivious realms of the ethereal horizons,

As much as he loved the surreally fantasizing; he was always there to assist his pragmatically innocuous beings; in their times of bizarre distress,

As much as he loved spawning countless new each unfurling instant; he was there comfortingly smiling by your side; as you got ready to blend with inevitable death,

O! yes; the immortally Omnipotent soul of Almighty Lord throbs in every heart;
GOD LOVES ALL.

Nikhil Parekh

God Loves All Those Heart's

God loves all those fearlessly impeccable eyes; which teach countless other haplessly despairing eyes; the virtues of pricelessly synergistic humanity,

God loves all those perennially smiling lips; which teach countless other despairingly desolate lips; to uninhibitedly diffuse into an unsurpassable of perennial happiness,

God loves all those philanthropically bestowing palms; which teach countless other gruesomely maligned palms; the art of unflinchingly peerless camaraderie,

God loves all those poignantly unbiased streams of blood; which teach countless other indiscriminately massacring streams of blood; to timelessly bond in the religion of invincibly emollient humanity,

God loves all those bounteously eclectic fingers; which teach countless other cold-bloodedly butchering fingers; to patriotically parade as an unassailable fireball
of compassionate united strength,

God loves all those enchantingly enthralling shadows; which teach countless other murderously ambiguous shadows; to eternally waft the fabric of celestially blessing contentment,

God loves all those selflessly sacrificing bones; which teach countless other cursedly rotting bones; to inexhaustibly march forward with untamed fervor for their brutally estranged motherland,

God loves all those spell bindingly evolving brains; which teach countless other deliriously frozen brains; to culminate into unsurpassable whirlpools of blissful fantasy and insatiable ingenuity,

God loves all those simplistically endowing feet; which teach countless other squalidly pulverizing feet; to holistically blend and walk with the winds of insuperably glorious righteousness; till the very end of their lives,

God loves all those magnanimously mitigating shoulders; which teach countless other turgidly blasting shoulders; to indefatigably uplift every fraternity of pessimistically decimated and helplessly maimed living kind,

God loves all those innocuously fluttering ears; which teach countless other devilishly hearing ears; to drift solely towards the tunes of triumphantly emollient goodness,

God loves all those resplendently sensitive skins; which teach countless other parasitically blood-coated skins; to be insuperably tantalized by the unbelievably panoramic treasures of infinite mother nature,

God loves all those Omnipotently preaching tongues; which teach countless other ignominiously slandering tongues; to sing the hymns of perennially everlasting equality and ubiquitous brotherhood,

God loves all those harmoniously contented stomachs; which teach countless other rapaciously macabre stomachs; to incredulously relish the fruits of divinely nature without uncouthly spilling blood; in every leaf and house,

God loves all those mischievously frolicking chins; which teach countless other despondently beleaguered chins; to timelessly cavort in the aisles of inimitably glorious innocence and with the full fervor of mystical life,

God loves all those benevolently ebullient silhouettes; which teach countless other treacherously murdering silhouettes; to irrefutably follow the principles of pricelessly perpetual humanity,

God loves all those vividly burgeoning eyelashes; which teach countless other amorphously morbid eyelashes; to iridescently twinkle into the unparalleled effulgence of uninhibitedly liberated existence,

God loves all those eternally fructifying nostrils; which teach countless other ferociously cannibalistic of nostrils; the quintessentially sacrosanct mantra of live and let live,

And God loves all those passionately thundering hearts; which teach countless other fretfully extinguishing hearts; to immortally bond in the fragrance of unflinching friendship; to immortally love; love and only love.

Nikhil Parekh

God Made Me

God made the overwhelmingly rich; to help those disastrously begging on the dilapidated streets,

God made the exotically beautiful; to harbor those who were ruthlessly kicked at every quarter; for their abominable ugliness,

God made the brilliantly flamboyant day; to benevolently mitigate the suffering of the treacherously horrendous night,

God made the stupendously fragrant rose; to embrace all those tangible entities dwindling towards the dungeons of stinking extinction,

God made the impeccable angel; to massacre the diabolical devil; salaciously spreading its heinous roots; into pathways of blissful society,

God made the gigantically lanky mountain; to sequester the diminutively fragile ant in its belly; shielding it from the vicious onslaught of the tumultuously stormy winds,

God made the vivaciously salty sea; to rejuvenate pathetic dreariness lingering and parasitically piercing the atmosphere,

God made the mystical ocean of shadows; to break the savage monotony of manipulatively routine life,

God made the incredulously robust complexioned; to lend their hands to those pale skeletons who seemed to have completely lost their way,

God made the audaciously lion hearted; to fortify the souls of those who shivered uncontrollably; even before a single step towards the sky,

God made the thunderbolts of voluptuously charismatic electricity; to profoundly enlighten images melting into oblivion; like a battalion of white mice,

God made the unfathomably jovial; to rejuvenate souls creeping towards their corpse; even before they emitted the cry of fresh birth,

God made the ebulliently young; to lend a helping hand to the dreadfully old and

crippling; stumbling for fresh air on the fathomless roads,

God made the majestically placid lakes; to pacify the inexplicable agonies
fulminating traumatically towards the aisles of baseless nothingness,

God made the pragmatically ticking clock; to start a new chapter of existence
every unfurling instant of the day; blossom into a fresh beginning; when dagger
heads of despair had taken complete control,

God made the irrefutably sacrosanct mother; to make the most satanically
demonish organisms feel; that they were an immaculately dressed child once
again,

God made the invincibly truthful; to thoroughly decimate sordidly demented lies;
before it embedded its gory roots,

God made royally sparkling life; to replace the tyranny of inevitably striking
death,

And God made me; to love you immortally till the time I existed; bond with your
divinely soul; in every birth you granted me a chance to live; a chance to love
you again and again and again.

Nikhil Parekh

God Made Me - Poem 2

God made the voluptuously sapphire crested nightingale; only so that it could stupendously placate all murderously frazzled nerves; with the ingratiating melody in its seductive sound,

God made the sparkingly tranquil rivers; only so that they could astoundingly appease the scorchingly famished throats of countless dreary; with their perennially mystical enthrallment,

God made the vivaciously blazing Sun; only so that it could dazzle its Omnipotent shine to even the most infinitesimally remote corners of this Universe; compassionately comfort one and all; with its marvelously majestic warmth,

God made the celestially resplendent stars; only so that they could shimmer a path of profoundly enamoring mysticism; magnanimously enlighten; the heart of the sullenly gory night,

God made torrential cloudbursts of golden rain; only so that they could tantalizingly reinvigorate acrimoniously parched granules of deadened soil; impregnate scintillating beams of life in those heading towards a morbid extinction,

God made the enigmatically slithering serpent; only so that it could stupendously stupefy the dolorously pallid ambience of the forests; with its inscrutably hissing sounds,

God made the voluptuously titillating rose; only so that it could ubiquitously disseminate its fragrance of perpetual equality to even the most obsolete cranny of this planet; transform all those besieged with murderous monotony into an apostle of humanitarian peace,

God made the dexterously chiseled pen; only so that it could emboss countless lines of patriotic literature; handsomely evoke a revolution of holistic togetherness; with the unassailable power of words,

God made the royally towering mountains; only so that they could amiably sequester all tyrannically bereaved in their invincibly formidable swirl; be the very first exemplaries of success perennially kissing the fathomless sky,

God made the ravishingly frothy oceans; only so that they could tantalizingly

harbor all innocuously aquatic life; culminate into indispensably priceless salt for the survival of all living beings whether rich or indigent; alike,

God made the vividly boisterous butterflies; only so that they could fascinatingly flutter under profound rays of the midday Sun; mischievously philander and frolic with eternal lovebirds behind the aristocratic hills,

God made the eclectically sprouting seeds; only so that they could bountifully sprout into beautifully salubrious nutrition; become every living organism's ultimate panacea to harmoniously survive,

God made the meticulously ticking clock; only so that it could incessantly depict the radically changing shades of ebullient time; sagaciously apprise all about the inevitably passing moments of vibrant life,

God made the fabulously euphoric shadow; only so that it could magnificently soothe the diabolical dungeons of abhorrence; with its spell bindingly silken and exotic touch,

God made the rambunctiously innocuous and piquant hen; only so that it could rhetorically lay a shimmering festoon of poignant eggs; ensure that life indefatigably lingered in the atmosphere; with its series of passionate quacks,

God made the supremely princely peacock; only so that it could dance the most gloriously charming dance on this planet; under torrential downpours of ebulliently alluring rain,

God made the gregariously clashing clouds; only so that they could grandiloquently deluge the brutally dilapidated cracks on devastated soil; with unsurpassable tumblers of rejuvenating liquid,

God made the tirelessly buzzing and swarming bees; only so that they could continuously diffuse into a web of glitteringly golden honey; ecumenically diffuse a spell of magical sweetness to every dwelling submerged with horrifically disparaging despair,

God made the regally wide eyed owl; only so that it could prudently admonish everyone in vicinity about the most diminutive insinuation of oncoming danger; while the world snored thunderously under the wholesomely crippling blackness of the night,

And God made me; every ingredient of my impoverished heart; blood and soul;
only so that I could love you and dedicate every iota of enthusiasm in my body
towards writing poetry; for infinite more births yet to come.

Nikhil Parekh

God Please Bless Me With Sleep

The power in my legs was gradually diminishing; the toes of my foot were chafed and red at their edges,

The chords of my throat were dreadfully hoarse; the saliva had almost dried up in my mouth,

The sockets beneath my eyes were puffed and as black as coal; with the eyeball appearing as if soaked in blood,

The fingers of my palm were leaning heavily towards the ground; unable to rise an inch despite my most resilient of attempts,

The food in my stomach had slept hours ago; and sensations of hunger had disappeared into thin oblivion,

The blood in my veins flowed slower than the lazy tortoise; my heart beat couldn't be heard even through the most intricate of machine,

The mosquitoes hovering around my ears were having a merry time; as I felt too nimble to order them to go,

The flames of fire leaping up my body were stupefied; as I didn't move the slightest; try as hard as they could to increase their fury,

The hollow of my arms had refrained to form sweat; as the perfume bottles on the mantelpiece staring longingly at me to be used,

The pile of electricity bills kept augmenting; as I had neither the capacity to read them; nor the power to shut the switches at whisker lengths from my palms,

The flesh of my body remained as limp as wax; even when poked by burning needles,

The alphabets embossed in bold fonts on the walls; appeared as if engulfed by a pool of sea water,

The words emanating from my young and robust mouth; sounded as incoherent as the ghost's speech,

The clothes encompassing my persona fomented people to laugh; as I wasn't

even aware that I had worn my pant in the area reserved for my office shirt,

The time in my watch seemed to be well past midnight; although the day had just crept up from the sky,

The lights on the street seemed dim and fading; as I inadvertently crashed my scooter against decaying heaps of garbage,

The figure of my wife appeared to be double; as I started having nightmares of handling two instead of one,

The people sitting around me had started to get tremendously bored; as I yawned thunderously each time I felt provoked to speak,

The lids of my eye incorrigibly fell down; each time I gathered a battalion of attendants to pull them up,

And before I fell on the ground never to rise again;

GOD PUT ME TO REST, GOD PLEASE BLESS ME WITH SLEEP

Nikhil Parekh

God Sitting On Your Shoulder

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the greatest?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the best?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most supreme?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most beautiful?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most talented?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most gifted?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most intelligent?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most artistic?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the fastest?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the richest?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the biggest?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most creative?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most articulate?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the strongest?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the most passionate?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were with the most excellent of destinies? Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were so enchanting?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were smiling immortally?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were always successful?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Do all of you want to know as to why you were the greatest of lovers?
Well it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

And do all of you want to know as to why you were living without any trace of death hovering around your persona?
Well let me tell you again; that it was simply because of God sitting down on your shoulders.

Nikhil Parekh

Goddamned Are Those

Goddamned are those who baselessly criticize; treacherously impede the majestically burgeoning artist; like a morosely ghastly nail in each of his stride,

Goddamned are those who insanely murder; ruthlessly choose innocuously regal human flesh; as a grotesque delicacy to bizarrely tantalize their nocturnal delights,

Goddamned are those who monotonously survive; crucifying every iota of divine sensuousness in the atmosphere around; with swords of derogatorily debasing rigidity and lunatic corruption,

Goddamned are those who indiscriminately divide; disparagingly dissecting the mantra of eternally symbiotic mankind; into sleazy caste; creed; religion and ominously ungainly tribe,

Goddamned are those who coldbloodedly snatch; sinfully divesting mothers of their newborn children; egregiously massaging their bald scalps with the blood of the innocently dying,

Goddamned are those who lure impetuous youth into the gallows of unforgivably lurid crime; invidiously manipulating organisms like puppets; so that the scent of decrepit high society cigarette on their carcasses never died,

Goddamned are those who satanically devastate blissful environment; devilishly decimating trees to enlighten their abodes of horrifically contagious filth and abhorrent malice,

Goddamned are those who mercilessly slit impeccable throats; roasting Almighty Lord pricelessly sacred life; to lasciviously blend with their raunchy caverns of vixen and nubile and wine,

Goddamned are those who formidably support the stigma of lugubrious illiteracy; fiendishly terrorizing every sagacious entity who dared to get wonderfully employed,

Goddamned are those who delinquently betray their revered mother land; barbarically selling the very womb from which they were born; to ghosts of hell and gutters
of utterly disgruntling grime,

Goddamned are those who perniciously gamble; meaninglessly waste monumental treasuries of currency on personal prejudice; while countless emaciatingly orphaned children outside had not a morsel to eat and died,

Goddamned are those who viciously adulterate; indefatigably contaminating fathomless fields of ebullient corn and life; with the venom of profanely gratuitous politics,

Goddamned are those who salaciously imperil the growth of wildlife; implacably poaching all night and sunlit day; just to release that extra itch insanely circumlocuting their snobbish stride, '

Goddamned are those who engender asphyxiating war; disseminate insidiously preposterous bloodshed on every conceivable cranny of this gigantic planet,

Goddamned are those who acerbically lead every moment of their life to the rigidly ticking clock; brutally massacring even the most poignantly effusive of their emotions to the conventionally atrocious society,

Goddamned are those who cheat their very own conscience; pugnaciously deluging it with an unsurpassably unending gutter of deleterious corruption,

Goddamned are those who inexorably terrorize in the name of law and order; ruthlessly kill countless innocent under the macabre pretext of spuriously dwindling justice,

Goddamned are those who ridicule euphonically beautiful voice; gruesomely metamorphosing it into; an unfathomable ocean of cacophonically maniacal rioting
and slandering bloodshed,

Goddamned are those who prattle disdainfully about celestial existence; making the most quintessential agenda of their lives to lambaste triumphantly euphoric happiness,

Goddamned are those who pretentiously sob; dissolutely culminating into a cloudburst of fecklessly crocodile tears; just to evoke currency and apathy for their
decayingly obsolete and wearily wastrel life,

Goddamned are those who ambiguously change color; despairingly inflict the

fabric of the harmoniously spell binding society; with the germs of castigating cowardice,

Goddamned are those who sardonically torture their own form; putting heinously regretful brakes; upon the Lord's most blessed chapter of timelessly proliferating creation,

Goddamned are those who surreptitiously plot against mankind; ghoulishly wishing to bombard each of its scintillatingly righteous fraternity; with coffin houses of uxoriously depraving slavery,

Goddamned are those who spit at the old; cold-bloodedly extricate them out of their ostentatious homes; as infidel pieces of amorphous shit,

Goddamned are those who immutably want bad for every section of humanity; lunatically desirous of replenishing their torn pockets; with their comrade's blood; bone and vibrant life,

Goddamned are those who pathetically squander the landscapes of gorgeously uninhibited freedom; abominably whipping the ailingly weak to scrub the distortedly squalid floors of their; demonic retreat,

Goddamned are those who don't listen to the voices of their immortal heart; falling like uncontrollably wavering mincemeat; for every non-existent trace of lecherously evil around their souls,

Goddamned are those who iconoclastically torch their own wives; tawdrily rejoice with baselessly libidinous maidens; even as their own children begged discordantly on the sordidly imbecile streets,

Goddamned are those who blatantly lie; forlornly maneuvering their way through a mortuary of countless sins; just to save their sordidly trembling and corpulently stinking skin,

Goddamned are those who maliciously rebuke their parents; licentiously overpowering their every sparkling trace of compassion; to manifest their hideously tainted goals in life,

Goddamned are those who uncouthly snatch the stick of the debilitatingly old; just in order to extra fortify their already glittering foundations of gold and sanctimonious silver,

Goddamned are those who lividly kick when asked for desperate help; drowning themselves in whirlpools of bombastic cigar smoke and ravenous chicken; even as
immaculate urchins were being torturously stoned to veritable death outside,

And Goddamned are those who lethally snap the wings of perpetual love; cast their vindictively demented eyes upon its exotically everlasting fabric; breathe each
inconsequential breath of their existence; to bawdily squelch vibrant life.

Nikhil Parekh

Godly Alphabet "I";

You might say that alphabet "I"; singularly by itself; was disgustingly conceited; and brought alongwith it; only a dungeon of haplessly asphyxiating doom,

You might say that alphabet "I"; singularly by itself; was chauvinistically male; and brought alongwith it; only a maelstrom of pessimistically demented energy,

You might say that alphabet "I"; singularly by itself; was devastatingly deteriorating; and brought alongwith it; only a gutter of ignominiously fetid malevolence,

You might say that alphabet "I"; singularly by itself; was atrociously invidious; and brought alongwith it; only a mortuary of indiscriminately ghastly meaninglessness,

You might say that alphabet "I"; singularly by itself; was vindictively obstreperous; and brought alongwith it; only a coffin of despairingly treacherous defeat,

You might say that alphabet "I"; singularly by itself; was drearily egocentric; and brought alongwith it; only a nightfall of never endingly maiming blackness,

You might say that alphabet "I"; singularly by itself; was intolerably blasphemous; and brought alongwith it; only a fecklessly oblivious vacuum of ungainly remorsefulness,

You might say that alphabet "I"; singularly by itself; was robotically insane; and brought alongwith it; only a holocaust of indelibly ribald obsessiveness,

You might say that alphabet "I"; singularly by itself; was demonically perverted; and brought alongwith it; only a jailhouse of treacherously massacring madness,

You might say that alphabet "I"; singularly by itself; was tyrannically lambasting; and brought alongwith it; only a carcass of ominously demeaning expletives,

You might say that alphabet "I" singularly by itself; was cadaverously foul some; and brought alongwith it; only tears of inexplicably assassinating gloom,

You might say that alphabet "I" singularly by itself; was lethally crucifying; and brought alongwith it; only a graveyard of doggedly unbearable stench,

You might say that alphabet "I" singularly by itself; was hedonistically slandering; and brought alongwith it; only a preposterously gory shadow of disdain,

You might say that alphabet "I" singularly by itself; was agonizingly incarcerating; and brought alongwith it; only a dust storm of profanely decrepit rebelliousness,

You might say that alphabet "I" singularly by itself; was pugnaciously disconcerting; and brought alongwith it; only a haplessly excoriating bed of venomous thorns,

You might say that alphabet "I" singularly by itself; was preposterously ludicrous; and brought alongwith it; only falsely sycophantic winds of wretched wantonness,

You might say that alphabet "I" singularly by itself; was devilishly beheading; and brought alongwith it; only the footsteps of licentiously whipping hell,

You might say that alphabet "I" singularly by itself; was inconspicuously imbecile; and brought alongwith it; only the cancerous blisters of hopelessly disparaging extinction,

You might say that alphabet "I" singularly by itself; was unacceptably dictatorial; and brought alongwith it; only the ghosts of sinfully plundering selfishness,

But have you ever wondered; that unless and until you don't endlessly love your ownself; unless and until you don't commence to timelessly admire every facet of your divinely blessed existence; unless and until you don't unflinchingly worship the "I" in your very ownself; how can you ever dream of loving and wholesomely embracing others; how can you ever dream of reaching out to and

immortally bonding with every echelon of bountiful living kind?

Because for you to dream of; or ever dare of becoming the united
"We"; you inevitably needed to start first with your very own self;
you inevitably needed to
start with the Godly alphabet "I".

Nikhil Parekh

Godly Parents

You were the ones who cared for me; sacrificed the most minutest of your belongings to see me blossom till times beyond eternity,

You were the ones who incessantly showered gifts upon me; slept many a times without inevitable morsels in your famished stomachs,

You were the ones who safeguarded me like a formidable fortress; taking the brunt of the murderously acrimonious world; directly on your shivering chests,

You were the ones who ensured that I always smiled; weeping inexplicable tears in solitude; as the devil tried to lambaste you from all sides,

You were the ones who unrelentingly encouraged me towards my goal; when the extraneous world outside fretted and turned an uncouthly deaf ear,

You were the ones who sequestered me from every ray of sweltering heat; bathing in whirlwinds of perspiration every instant; as the fireball of Sun; blazed to its most unsurpassably vicious radiance,

You were the ones who responded to even the most faintest of my cries; lived a countless sleepless nights; while I snored to blend with realms of absolute heaven,

You were the ones who instilled in me the essence of life; ensured that my impoverished soul transcended over the boundaries of paradise; even at the cost of your precious extinction,

You were the ones who taught me how to crawl; walk; conquer every obstacle that confronted me in my way; even when the blood flowing in your veins was rapidly evaporating over the threshold of obsolete oblivion,

You were the ones who magnanimously nurtured my every desire; saw to it that I diffused the philanthropic fragrance of mankind; even when you were besieged from all quarters with the most devastating of disease,

You were the ones who passionately discerned the artist fulminating in my beats; even as the planet outside savagely massacred it with swords of macabre

manipulation; even before it was born,

You were the ones who shared each unfurling second of my agony; listening to the innermost voices of my heart; even as the society around; was devouring you
in its horrifically greedy belly,

You were the ones who bestowed upon me a roof to live till the times I wanted; even as you coalesced with infinitesimal bits of threadbare dust outside; to pacify my list of ever augmenting demands,

You were the ones who defended me against the most diabolical of foes; selflessly beheading your scalps; to witness me sprout into an unfathomable fountain of
happiness,

You were the ones who stood with me for the love of my life; spending your entire existence in dilapidated dungeons of penance; for the plethora of misdeeds I might have unwittingly committed in my quest for the ultimate summit,

You were the ones who laughed when I laughed; cried when I cried; relinquishing your fathomless list of personal ambitions; to make me eat the fruits that I wanted,

You were the ones who followed me like an incorrigible shadow; in good times as well as bad; even though I snubbed you sometimes with cloudbursts of irascible pertinence,

You were the ones who perpetually remained my friends for centuries incomprehensible; even as those closest to me stabbed me insidiously with dagger heads of prejudice,

You were the ones who were immortal angels; having not only given me birth and your name; but harnessing each part my persona till date; with your breath; your
heart; your very own blood,

And even if I assimilated the entire wealth on this earth; it would still prove a fraction too frugal in front of your divinely countenance; instead I proudly proclaim to the entire Universe; that you would always remain; my Godly parents.

Godly Womb

It was the most cozy place on this Universe; engulfing you with poignant winds of compassionate warmth,

It was the most impregnable place on this Universe; magnificently sequestering you from every kind of acrimonious attack,

It was the most mesmerizing place on this Universe; where you had the time of your life; fantasizing in a land of impeccable fairies and mystical charm,

It was the most divinely place on this Universe; where the Omnipotent aura of Almighty lord lingered every instant,

It was the most playful place on this Universe; where you bounced and tossed wholeheartedly; to your ultimate heart's content,

It was the most courageous place on this Universe; where you took the most stupendously exhilarating of initiative; and yet emerged full guns blazing,

It was the most opulent place on this Universe; fostering the richest elements of this planet; in its miraculous warmth,

It was the most blissful place on this Universe; where you rested in complete oblivion from the vagaries of this commercial planet; incessantly chanting the mantra of success,

It was the most spell binding place on this Universe; where each of your pious wishes manifested themselves into a perpetual reality,

It was the most vivacious place on this Universe; where you indulged in flurry of boisterously innocent activity; every unveiling second of the day; even late hours past the heart of midnight,

It was the most sparkling place on this Universe; where your diminutive soul floated; bereft of the slightest of dirt and manipulative malice,

It was the most candid place on this Universe; where you came face to face with each hidden attribute of your impoverished persona,

It was the most melodious place on this Universe; where the tunes of absolutely

fabulous heaven; transited you into an unconquerably celestial slumber,

It was the most cherished place on this Universe; for which even the strongest entity alive; ardently wished to inhabit once again,

It was the most grandiloquent place on this Universe; with each of its walls; deluging you in a world of incredulous royalty and oligarchic majesty,

It was the most enticing place on this Universe; inevitably retracting you from realms of treacherously lecherous and strangulating captivity,

It was the most humble place on this Universe; relentlessly teaching you to disseminate the essence of philanthropic love and peace; to the most remotest corner of this Universe,

And it was the most immortal place on this Universe; not just harboring you for a numerical tenure of nine months; but instilling in you the unprecedented tenacity to take birth a countless times once again; and still be alive,

No it wasn't any castle; or sky; or paradise; as you might presume; but a place where you actually came from; the place now indispensable to procreate your own progeny; the place none other than the GODLY WOMB.

Nikhil Parekh

God's Most Precious Creation

I didn't know who was his mother; the irrefutably sacrosanct womb which had evolved his impeccable contours,

I didn't know who was his father; the revered principles of which; circulated faster than white lightning in his tender veins,

I didn't know what was his name; the initials he incoherently embossed with his immaculately sweet little fingers,

I didn't know what was his birthplace; the color of the cradle that must have witnessed his overwhelmingly surreal mischief,

I didn't know what religion he belonged to; the inexplicable conglomerate of scriptures that were chanted on him; when he was just born,

I didn't know the exact date of his cherished birth; the exact second when even the God's in the Universe must have inevitably stooped down to witness his Omnipotent grace,

I didn't know the words which he might have uttered just a minute ago; the rhapsodically innocent voice which must have incredulously enlightened the pallid atmosphere,

I didn't know what were his likes and dislikes; the games he adored the most; the delicacies he delectably nibbled with his freshly protruding jaws,

I didn't know what was his shoe size; the fabulously spongy rubber which tickled him voraciously on his diminutive feet,

I didn't know what were the fantasies circulating through his vulnerable mind; the dream floating ebulliently in his inconspicuously beautiful brain cells,

I didn't know who was his sister; the tiny angel who incessantly frolicked with him in the corridors of unsuspectingly playful fantasy,

I didn't know why was he crying indefatigably; the things that mattered the most to his mesmerizing heart,

I didn't know the identity of his naughty friends; the robust chinned tiny stalwarts with whom he spent countless hours every single day,

I didn't know the marks on his flesh since he emitted out his first cry; the spots which bestowed him with astronomical good luck in every unfurling aspect of life,

I didn't know the school he went too; the clay which he fondled with in his magical palms; to chisel the most alluring shapes ever conceivable on this planet,

I didn't know the hours which he went off to sleep everyday; deluging the ambience with baby snores; which were infact larger than the chapter called life,

I didn't know the amount of milk he consumed; the fraternity of taste besieging his daintily darling tongue,

I didn't know what was the dwelling he inhabited; the celestial paths he transgressed; as he bounced uninhibitedly under the flaming Sun,

I didn't know what was his destiny; the uncanny map of lines embedded on his mystically immortal palms,

And although I didn't know anything about him; I still could sacrifice my life for him and infinite more of his kind this very instant; as he was Gods most precious creation; would always be loved for centuries unprecedented as a little child.

Nikhil Parekh

God-The Best And Greatest Poet Of All

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the fathomlessly swirling ocean; whose majestic waves touched the highest epitome of the golden sky everytime—before eventually dissipating into ebullient froth,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the sensuously unabashed clouds; oozing with profoundly unconquerable virility upon the lap of ravishing brown earth,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the triumphantly blazing sands of the desert; which inevitably tantalized countless a discerning traveler on the prowl,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the inscrutably enthralling forests; whose boundless branches and rustic leaves—whispered innumerable a tale of wisdom and priceless companionship,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the fantastically impregnable mountains; whose unparalleled apogees crafted new and revolutionary definitions of unflinching solidarity—in good times and bad,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of altruistic blood flowing through each living vein; which timelessly marked a new era of the unassailably brilliant religion of humanity,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the vividly shimmering rainbow in endless cosmotic space; whose each beam unsurpassably stupefied robotic existence—to ultimate heights of adventure,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of triumphantly virgin lightning; which wondrously perpetuated every emaciated pore on soil; with amazingly rejuvenating and enigmatic life,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of insuperably flamboyant sunrise; which put every tangible and intangible insinuation of misery; deprivation and depression to celestial rest,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the impeccably twinkling stars; which magically paved a path for each staggering organism; in the heart of the ghoulishly insidious midnight,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of jubilantly enthralling dawn; which spell-bindingly broke the carcinogenic crutches of haplessly maiming darkness—with the rays of bountiful freedom,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of white ice melting to evolve the perennially sacrosanct Ganges waters; which healed even the most inexplicably traumatized of wounds with their undefeatable purity,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the divinely milky moon; which recited countless a surreal fairy tales; and royally befriended every child brutally orphaned by the strokes of victimizing destiny,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the first cry of the new-born infant; which miraculously brought even the most blood-shot of enemies closer and closer; into the bonds of eternally spawning friendship,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of freshly formed ponds of monsoon water; in which a countless bodies met and beautifully mate; proliferating into an infinite more of their innocuously wonderful kind,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of voluptuous green blades of grass; which sprouted with uninhibited ardor from virtually every piece of mud—to tickle each despicably frazzled and bereaved foot sole into absolute utopia,

The best poetry ever on the Universe; in the form of the mystically amber horizon; where the handsomely setting Sun forever gave hope of an entire new and Omnipotent dazzling tomorrow,

Is being written every unleashing second of time by the Omnipresent Lord Almighty; as his infinite creations on the trajectory of this immeasurable earth are the best poetry ever born; and he the BEST and GREATEST POET OF all HIMSELF.

Nikhil Parekh

Good Morning Sunshine

Good Morning Sunshine; thank you for filtering stringently through my dingily dilapidate window; embedding optimistic rays of hope in my life,

Good Morning Cuckoo; thank you for waking up my gloomy sleep with your poignantly austere sounds,

Good Morning Grass; thank you for rejuvenating my dreary soles; as I trespassed on your voluptuous carpet; with your magnificent sheath of dew drops tickling my skin to unprecedented limits,

Good Morning delectable pet; thank you for clambering up my bed; awakening me with a pleasant jolt; as you flapped your slippery tongue over my rubicund cheeks,

Good Morning Shirt; thank you for imparting me with compassionate warmth; as I swung you over my naked chest the instant I broke my reverie,

Good Morning Wife; thank you for providing me your mesmerizing shoulders to rest upon in times of the treacherous night,

Good Morning Ducks; thank you for quacking so boisterously; that I became oblivious to all the loneliness and wretched depression that heavily circumvented my life,

Good Morning Air; thank you for so celestially wafting into my nostrils; seductively caressing my mass of unruly hair; to transit me higher than the heavens,

Good Morning Lotus; thank you for spreading your ingratiatingly pink petals into full bloom; inundate my solitary life with astronomical happiness,

Good Morning Tea; thank you for profoundly reinvigorating my diminishing breath; fomenting me to

walk briskly forward with untamed exhilaration,

Good Morning Alarm Clock; thank you for deafeningly puncturing my eardrum; triggering me off from invincible sleep; when all other conceivable things had miserably floundered,

Good Morning Water; thank you for pacifying my thirst; inevitably providing me those few sips of liquid to quench scorched chords of my throat; the second I detached from horrendous dreams,

Good Morning Soap; thank you for providing me tons of enamoring foam; which metamorphosed my bedraggled persona into one of stupendously distinguished authority,

Good Morning National Flag; thank you for fluttering so handsomely in the atmosphere; propelling the spirit of patriotism to escalate unsurpassably in my veins; the second I nimbly opened my eyelids at dawn,

Good Morning Soil; thank you for impregnably holding the foundations of my dwelling; harboring my inconspicuous demeanor while I slept like a new born infant in the perilous night,

Good Morning Apple; thank you for providing me that incredulously quick bite before I eloped for office; prepared to kick on with my schedule for the acrimoniously monotonous day,

Good Morning Mother; thank you for silently creeping up beside me when I was in bouts of thunderously sound sleep; gently caressing my hair; embodying my shivering countenance with a sweater she had specially knitted for me in the day,

Good Morning Tree; thank you for generating appeasing draughts of wind that diffused through my window as the Sun crept up in the sky; making me feel that I was indispensably alive,

Good Morning Breath; thank you for blissfully
circulating through my lungs; enveloping me with the
tenacity to divinely pass the gruesomely precarious night,

And Good Morning World; thank you for granting me the
right to harmoniously exist amongs't you; walk
shoulder to shoulder with your blessed grace; in every
aspect of exuberant life.

Nikhil Parekh

Good Shot

I chose a man slender and skinny,
draped his body in leather skin of witchcraft black,
pierced his earlobe with beads of silver,
tonsured his scalp with corrugated edge of knife,
sprinkled his cheek with perfumed cologne,
divested his blood of every sedative,
tied him to a square wooden chair with cushioned backrest,
drenched him completely with pure spring water,
aligned him straight so as to face me in the eye,
placing him a good 50 feet away,
gazed through the tiny glass nozzle of my bronze pistol,
to get a proficient crystal clear aim.

i began by placing a large melon on his shaven scalp,
pierced it into flying splinters in the first shot itself.
i then stuck a medium sized apple with sprouting leaf,
closed an eye and ruptured the fruit into infinite segments.
a peeled orange on his head looked blissfully pretty,
was a gruesome sight to witness as poisonous lead ripped through its body.
it was now the turn of a minuscule violet grape,
the handcuffed man looked in growing disbelief,
he was now sure of death fast approaching,
as a loud voice shook the stillness of the jungle air,
the violet grape lay punctured and lifeless on the ground,
shouts of new found joy emanated from his throat,
he then ended our brief encounter by wildly gesticulating,
good shot friend, very good shot.

Nikhil Parekh

Good Thoughts Need To Be Rightly Implemented.

For them to blossom into fields of uninhibited prosperity; as the mid-day Sun flamboyantly shone and royally enriched dreary patches of moroseness and malice,

For them to permeate the planet with earnest feelings of nicety and humanitarian friendship; bonding the multi - cultural fabric of existence under one roof; into the religion of invincibly bountiful humanity,

For them to make the human kind more amicable towards each other; optimistically endeavoring to delete the fangs of hostility and disseminate compassionate brotherhood,

For them to clamber the ladder of benevolent success; sow the seed of philanthropy which would eventually grow up to flower into the fruit of a tomorrow effusively sprinkled with love,

For them to wondrously assimilate the true potential from an eclectically varied group of individuals; who had the inimitable power to evolve their own unduplicated forms of spell-binding creativity,

For them to empower people to collectively work in their mortal capacities to bring about a renaissance in the deplorable administration; so that humans replenished the privileges of an honestly inspired existence; alongwith their counterpart mate across the fence; at the other side,

For them to witness the spectacularly original inventions of constructive science shape fresh dimensions of triumph; a sweetness that was unparalleled amongst mortals for the betterment of earth and its marvelously beautiful living beings,

For them to uncannily bewilder the most seasoned campaigner in his / her respective field; with the unabashed artistry of imagination that handsomely embedded barren canvas with truthful colors of victory,

For them to uninhibitedly carve a distinguished path in the chapter of existence;
witness it garlanded and felicitated with the highest honors of the civilian world;
for its jubilant contribution to various spheres of ingenious society,

For them to eradicate grotesquely penalizing methods of anarchy; bring about
the
onset of enthralling democracy where the most deservingly sincere
representatives
were chosen by the spirit of unbridled camaraderie and the right to fearlessly
vote,

For them to craft some of the most astonishingly unchallengeable success stories
in the ordinary household chores that women execute; those anecdotes which
became
mesmerizing as they were nourished with selflessness and unbiased
commitment,

For them to try their charismatic best to change parental perception towards
their
children; treat them as one of tomorrow's best humanitarian gift; replete with
the power to fantasize correctness and unleash into stupefying artistry - rather
than obnoxiously subjecting them with the unceremonious pressure of having the
best study grades in school,

For them to alleviate the common man's woes due to shoddily gruesome
loopholes in
the system of governance and jurisdiction - devising innovative schemes to make
the
man on the street heard for the causes he passionately supports,

For them to enlighten kids in the most obsolete rural areas with the power of
education; reach sacredly motivational textbooks in their poignant tender palms -
which sadly held grisly haired broomsticks and dustpans; instead,

For them to compose books of poetry or prose which supported and brought to
the fore a plethora of fascinating humanitarian causes - some of the titles which
further went ahead to win the most coveted privilege for literature - the Nobel
Prize,

For them to campaign for saving trees and thereby the majestic environment;
exhorting people of all ages and religions to come forward and plant multitudes

of different saplings; to convivially exist thereby - in an unfettered environment of freshness and vitality,

For them to solemnly resolve sordidly lambasting war and terrorism; initiate talks of peace between acrimoniously fighting enemies with the balm of friendship, love, goodwill and brotherhood,

For them to bond into threads of fortuitously mollifying matrimony - relish the tantalizingly beautiful moments of life as they unfurled; and handsomely embrace the fabric of joyous victory,

Your good thoughts need to be rightly implemented.

Nikhil Parekh

Grave Problems

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to bathe;
scrupulously scrub every pore of your nimble skin; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to speak;
vehemently inundate the silent granaries of the atmosphere with your
obstreperously indignant voice; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to admire;
tirelessly hum praises about Natures enthrallingly bountiful gifts; every once in
24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to joke;
sadistically tyrannize all those disparagingly suffering with your unceremoniously
cacophonous guffaws; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to blaze;
unflinchingly brandish the most supreme tips of swords on your belly; every once
in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to
manipulate; astutely extract the optimum benefit from conceivably every echelon
of the
society; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to flirt;
philander with ten titillating vixens at a single time; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to sleep;
thunderously perpetuate the celestial air with your never-ending snores; every
once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to wink;
cavort beyond the realms of infinite infinity with alien seductresses; every once
in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to triumph;
blisteringly gallop past the boundaries of castrated malice; every once in 24
hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to eat; monstrously deluge the inexorably rapacious tank of your stomach with the most tantalizing of delicacies; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to innovate; intrepidly evolve a civilization of unfathomably fascinating intrigue; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to brush; punctiliously cleanse the periphery of your already scintillating teeth; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to astoundingly memorize; cram spell binding lines of literature and mathematics to the most unprecedented of your capacity; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to walk; mercilessly pulverize fathomless molecules of holistic mud as you marched; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to mesmerize; stupendously enchant every cranny of this Universe with your inborn talents; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to splurge; lasciviously proclaim your overwhelming affluence to the entire planet outside; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to drink wine; insatiably inebriate even the most ethereally oblivious of your senses with vivid elixirs; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to breathe; greedily trying to capture every speck of air in the atmosphere into your lungs; every once in 24 hours,

But there were grave problems; infact there were the most treacherous apocalypses of extinction waiting to devour you; there were the most sinister hell's of deceitful lies and preposterously decaying chicanery waiting to rip you apart into a countless pieces; if you didn't love an infinite times in a single day; diffuse its Immortal essence to one and all of your kind; ubiquitously alike.

Nikhil Parekh

Greatest Art

The greatest art was not in clambering unsurpassably coldblooded mountains;
with overwhelmingly poignant and adroit precision; barefoot,

The greatest art was not in stupendously encapsulating the beauty of the
fathomless cosmos; in threadbare sheets of barren paper; singlehandedly,

The greatest art was not in racing swanky cars on avalanches of heartless ice;
dexterously swerving an indefatigable number of times to degrees of
extraordinarily beautiful precision; naked bodied,

The greatest art was not in flying umpteenth kites at a single time; celestially
maneuvering countless strings of infinitesimal thread in gusty sky; towering
on the tip of your big toe,

The greatest art was not in erecting majestically palatial edifices in lightening
seconds of time; inundating boundless kilometers of arid landscape with
indomitable concrete jungles; in just a single breath,

The greatest art was not in astoundingly memorizing limitless jargons of
patriotically blazing literature; tirelessly reciting them to the entire planet; in just
a single
flash of an eye,

The greatest art was not in adventurously diving to the rock bottom of the
truculently stormy ocean; sustain life amidst the satanic battalion of sharks and
crabs beneath; for times immemorial,

The greatest art was not in impeccably prognosticating the destiny of one and all
on this endless earth; astonishingly chronicling even the most minuscule of event
to yet unfurl; in bleary eyed dawn,

The greatest art was not in eclectically controlling an unfathomable horde of
rampant serpents; fearlessly entwining them all around your scarlet cheeks;
without the
tiniest bead of sweat,

The greatest art was not in staring relentlessly at the profoundly blistering Sun;
dazzling into a patriotic saga of Herculean bravery; handsomely unfettered,

The greatest art was not in emulating every conceivable voice on this enamoring Universe; with unconquerably marvelous artistry in the innermost chords of your throat; like supreme Omnipotence sweeping all evil,

The greatest art was not in grazing insurmountable flocks of innocuous sheep in a harmoniously single row; to the enigmatically magical movements of your nimble fingers; in blissfully unassailable unison,

The greatest art was not in weaving countless lines of gloriously imperial literature; fulminating even the most infidel ingredient of your blood; for the rhapsodically untamed ocean of your versatility,

The greatest art was not in devouring even the most sordidly acrimonious stones; digesting even the most hedonistically salacious of impediments; without a single burp,

The greatest art was not in inhaling every speck of exhilarating breeze on this invincible globe; inundating the cushion of your lungs with enchanting sensuousness; for infinite more births yet to unravel,

The greatest art was not in brilliantly standing first at every cranny of existence; Omnipresently solemnizing your diminutive countenance as the very best; till centuries even beyond your veritable time,

The greatest art was not in flamboyantly embellishing your dreary countenance with the most exquisitely fantastic satin on this planet; diffusing into a wave of indefatigably priceless color on every step that you intricately tread,

The greatest art was not in infectiously triggering everyone around you into whirlpools of insatiably hilarious laughter; metamorphosing every globule of sullenness into an impregnable mountain of humanitarian smiles,

For as long as this exotically fructifying earth has existed; as long as God has chosen organism to diffuse into an unendingly exuberant sea of tangy breath; as long as symbiotically immortal love has blossomed in every holistic heart; the greatest art has always been and will forever be; leading each moment of survival to the absolute fullest; wholeheartedly accepting every shade of inexplicably fabulous life; just as it unabashedly comes.

Nikhil Parekh

Greatest Love

The Greatest Happiness on this Universe was in; bringing unsurpassable Happiness to the lives of all those; unfortunately divested of mesmerizing fortunes; tragically lambasted by strokes of uncouth destiny from all sides,

The Greatest Victory on this Universe was in; bringing unassailable Victory to the lives of all those; miserably slithering without their loved ones; despicably sinking deeper and deeper into the graveyard at every step; for ostensibly no fault of theirs,

The Greatest Enlightenment on this Universe was in; bringing spell binding Enlightenment to the lives of all those; ignominiously oppressed and ostracized by every quarter of the acrimoniously tyrannical society; lugubriously swooning with every unfurling instant of time,

The Greatest Empathy on this Universe was in; bringing bountiful Empathy to the lives of all those; diabolically marauding the silken fabric of immaculate atmosphere; unrelentingly staring ahead with savagely untamed hatred in their eyes,

The Greatest Melody on this Universe was in; bringing enchanting Melody to the lives of all those; wailing a billion tears of monotony a minute; obnoxiously besieged in the marketplace of bizarrely horrendous manipulation and malice,

The Greatest Euphoria on this Universe was in; bringing unconquerable Euphoria to the lives of all those; preposterously decimated by even the most evanescent trace of passing breeze,

The Greatest Benevolence on this Universe was in; bringing altruistic Benevolence to the lives of all those; maniacally incarcerated in dungeons of insane bloodshed and criminal malevolence,

The Greatest Optimism on this Universe was in; bringing unprecedented Optimism to the lives of all those; disparagingly crippling towards the aisles of inexplicably gruesome nothingness,

The Greatest Strength on this Universe was in; bringing invincible Strength to the lives of all those; being brutally tortured every unfurling second of their lives; by the hands of the mercilessly whipping devil,

The Greatest Wealth on this Universe was in; bringing endless Wealth to the lives of all those innocent messengers of the Almighty Lord; derogatorily surviving in the horrifically stinking gutter lines,

The Greatest Compassion on this Universe was in; bringing eternal Compassion to the lives of all those; miserably orphaned since the very first cry of life; abominably kicked into the corridors of salaciously stagnating poverty,

The Greatest Sparkle on this Universe was in; bringing an unflinching Sparkle to the lives of all those; opprobriously underprivileged molecules of the Lord Divine; for whom life was nothing but a corpse of remorsefully penalizing darkness,

The Greatest Humanity on this Universe was in; bringing unshakable Humanity to the lives of all those; maliciously adulterated and bereft of the divine; satanically sucking blood from even the most astoundingly similar of their kind,

The Greatest Penance on this Universe was in; bringing everlasting Penance to the lives of all those; indiscriminately massacring the impeccably holistic; ruthlessly snatching an impoverished child from the lap of its sacrosanct other,

The Greatest Solidarity on this Universe was in; bringing perpetual solidarity to the lives of all those; heinously infiltrated in the webs of spuriously raunchy commercialism; surreptitiously waiting each moment to wring their comrades neck,

The Greatest Truth on this Universe was in; bringing irrefutable Truth to the lives of all those; sordidly fretting and fuming in the dungeons of dastardly depraving lies; ghastily castigating even the most majestic elements of God's creation; with the foul spit in their mouths,

The Greatest Fantasy on this Universe was in; bringing tantalizing Fantasy to the lives of all those; lividly cursing each resplendently Omnipotent aspect of their persona; abusing existence in terminologies more condemnable than what the devil could ever conceive,

The Greatest Purpose on this Universe was in; bringing gloriously symbiotic Purpose to the lives of all those; deliberately pulverizing each instant of their miraculously Omniscient life; with the swords of baselessly meaningless religion,

And the Greatest Love on this Universe was in; bringing immortal love to the lives of all those; frigidly wanting to embrace gory death; with a heart

all right but sadly without the most diminutive of beats.

Nikhil Parekh

Greatness

Greatness was in the bountifully altruistic lap of mother nature; which didn't raise its voice even an infinitesimal whisper; although plucked an infinite times for its fruit and nutrient; by despicably impoverished man,

Greatness was in the wholehearted smile of the newborn child; which brought the most pricelessly inimitable cheer; to even the most morbidly deadened corpses floating fecklessly in the atmosphere,

Greatness was in the timelessly rejuvenating spray of the waterfall; which tirelessly mollified the most horrendously agitated of nerves; profoundly blended with the rays of golden sunlight,

Greatness was in the first droplet of uninhibitedly blessing rain that fell from the sky; divinely enriching every conceivable patch of ghoulishly arid mud with the elixir of vivacious life,

Greatness was in the sacredly unblemished eye; which conveyed the most exhilarating tales of an infinite lifetimes entirely in its whiteness and blackness; and the perennial beams that it emanated of Omnipotent life,

Greatness was in the unimpeachable uniform of the soldier; who sacrificed his life without the tiniest of thought or hesitation; as the very first step of the enemy alighted towards his venerated motherland,

Greatness was in the pathway that forever and ever led to the Sun of righteousness; where there shone nothing else but the Heaven of infallibly brilliant humanity,

Greatness was in the tongue which licked compassion into the most inexplicably venomous of wounds; fully aware that it could disastrously and irrevocably be an impoverished victim of the same,

Greatness was in the everlastingly redolent fantasy; which united the entire planet irrespective of caste; creed; religion or kind; into a singleton wave of unassailably fragrant oneness,

Greatness was in the unpretentious voice that always rose in favor of the oppressed; became their sole guiding ray of enlightenment; in even the most vindictively blackened and hopeless night,

Greatness was in the unparalleled exuberance of the rustic wind; which never ever let any organism on earth feel lonely; as it enchantingly whistled past their cheeks every unfurling minute,
Greatness was in the indefatigably conquering entrepreneur; who still considered the mission to be a countless shades bigger than him; whose mission to evolve newness forever continued till the time he lived,

Greatness was in the haplessly childless mother; who still blessed every symbiotically married couple on the trajectory of this fathomless planet; to procreate several amazing of their kind,

Greatness was in the truthful rivers of sweat which ran down the armpits; paying the most royal tributes to the unflinchingly fearless chapters of undying perseverance,

Greatness was in the majestically uninterrupted melody of wondrous creation; which arose from the innermost realms of the triumphantly passionate heart,

Greatness was in the multiple colors of the astoundingly eclectic rainbow; which radiated separately and profoundly in their own shades; but together spawned the beam of unparalleled hope,

Greatness was in the heart which knew only to perpetually disseminate the paradise of love; although its very own beats were salaciously betrayed by the people it befriended in its destined life,

Greatness was in the tireless nostril which kept instilling impregnable life; into every miserably stony corpse; dolorously stagnating till eternity in sinfully satanic vacuum,

And greatness was in every entity; every moment; every hour on this endlessly enthralling Universe; which forever and ever and ever; throbbed with the sky of miraculously reincarnating simplicity.

Nikhil Parekh

Greed And Selflessness

Greed indiscriminately penalizes,
Selflessness is the ultimate panacea; for uniting all innocuously harmonious; for
centuries immemorial and alike.

Greed baselessly tyrannizes,
Selflessness is an Omnipotent fabric; which irrefutably transcends you above the
resplendent heavens; to be the unequivocal favorite of the divine.

Greed ruthlessly snatches,
Selflessness is the only road to everlasting prosperity; coalescing even the most
salaciously treacherous with the scent of the bountifully bestowing soil.

Greed manipulatively stagnates,
Selflessness is the most priceless core of enthralling existence; enlightening
unassailable beams of hope; in all those dwellings miserably impoverished;
without optimism and light.

Greed horrendously massacres,
Selflessness is an Omnisciently miraculous ointment; which heals the most
bizarre wounds of the overwhelming rich and pathetically destitute; alike.

Greed uncouthly divests,
Selflessness is a enchantingly silken flower; which disseminates the true spirit of
mankind; to even the most infinitesimal parts; of this fathomless globe.

Greed lethally poisons,
Selflessness is a grandiloquently mesmerizing sky; which relentlessly showers
the blessings of the Almighty; upon all philanthropically benign.

Greed pulverizes beyond recognition,
Selflessness is a unendingly radiating horizon; which brilliantly sparkles all night
and day; with the rainbow of unconquerable righteousness.

Greed maliciously obfuscates all truth,
Selflessness is the most Omnipresent harbinger of celestial peace; unstopably
heading towards the paradise of scintillating success.

Greed insidiously cripples,
Selflessness is a majestically flapping bird that hoists even the most

devastatingly deprived; making one perpetually realize his ultimate mission in destined life.

Greed sadistically abhors,
Selflessness is the most candid reflection of every organism's inner self; the most stupendously supreme richness to be holistically alive.

Greed mockingly whips,
Selflessness is an invincible mountain of humanity; which sequesters the infirm and strong; in its compassionately synergistic belly; alike.

Greed has no beginning; no end,
Selflessness is the most unbelievably blazing road to the enamoring heavens; the most insatiably fulfilling endowment in vivacious life.

Greed rots under the grave for centuries unprecedented,
Selflessness is an eternally bequeathing fruit; which magically ensures that benevolent mercy reigns supreme; till the time there was life on this unsurpassable planet.

Greed is a morbidly decaying stone,
Selflessness is the sole pillar of solidarity that's stands patriotically amidst a world of dilapidated doom; an astronomical strength that makes every entity achieve its most sacrosanct mission in; impoverished existence.

Greed is a viciously ghastly foe,
Selflessness is like the innocuous cry of a new born infant; without the tiniest of blemish upon its supremely Godly swirl.

Greed incoherently babbles,
Selflessness is a perennially enchanting song of enamoring sagaciousness; which beautifully quells even the most thunderously satanic of squall; with its wave of egalitarian calm.

Greed is the most abominable chunk of garbage in the gutter,
Selflessness is a torrential downpour of endless charisma; unequivocally perpetuating a smile on even the most haplessly maimed faces.

Greed hopelessly annihilates,
Selflessness is the most royal blanket of incredulously euphoric happiness; disseminating the virtue of unshakable togetherness; every time the earth was magnanimously born.

Greed strangulates you without a chance,
Selflessness is emphatically blazing Sunshine; that dazzles into fireballs of
divinely light; even after veritable death.

Greed murders your stride even before you could alight a foot,
Selflessness is the most regale conqueror of all prejudiced desires; making you
yearn for only the cradle of unsurpassable innocence.

Greed excoriates you into impotent ash,
Selflessness is a river of unbreakable unity; a religion which only knows to
chivalrously donate the magnificence of spell binding mankind; upon one and all;
bountifully alike.

Greed surreptitiously slaps,
Selflessness is an idol of unbelievable courage; a tenacity that makes you
fearlessly overcome; even the most belligerently ominous impediments in
pragmatic life.

Greed traumatically imprisons,
Selflessness is an evergreen leaf of Godly freedom; an impregnable will to
forever follow the path of the Almighty Divine.

Greed savagely pricks you to barbarically bleed,
Selflessness is a wave of artistic aristocracy; that marvelously pacifies every iota
of your ditheringly frazzled senses; with the poetry of symbiotic Creation.

Greed hands you instantaneously to the devil,
Selflessness is a blooming wand that altruistically kisses all your acerbic agonies
away; propelling you to be born beautifully; a countless times yet again.

Greed plummets into the valley of worthless nothingness,
Selflessness is that heavenly milk of the mother; which ubiquitously feeds every
child ruthlessly orphaned; due to diabolical strokes of time.

Greed discordantly wails all the time,
Selflessness transcends the most grandiloquently timeless treasures on this
earth; to forever blend with redolently gratifying heavens.

Greed digs your grave deep at every step you tread,
Selflessness wholesomely absolves you from victimizing earthly bondage;
liberating your soul to incessantly float in clouds of mystical love.

Greed knives you deep when you turn your back,
Selflessness is an invaluable window of mutually gratifying existence; being the
utmost savior of one and all; across this boundless planet.

Greed penalizes you gorily even beyond death,
Selflessness is a wind which astoundingly charms; exquisitely embellishing each
of your murderously malevolent veins; with the freshness of unparalleled
humanity.

Greed acerbically immolates you in waves of meaningless lust,
Selflessness is the wheel of indefatigably proliferating evolution; immaculately
meditating in the aisles of enamoring contentment.

Greed venomously strips you of even the most minuscule of your resources,
Selflessness is a meadow of congenial tranquility; pioneering an unconquerable
camaraderie; between man and the ravishing environment.

Greed austerey metamorphoses you into a dreaded animal,
Selflessness is an entrenchment of supremely ever-pervading faith; that looms
large as the only messiah; even after sky had tumultuously transposed with
muddy earth.

Greed horrifically blinds you even in the most flamingly boisterous of Sunlight,
Selflessness is a magically resonating rhythm of sheer eloquence; an evening of
gorgeously replenishing fulfillment.

Greed gobbles you like an inconspicuous mosquito,
Selflessness is a scepter of incomprehensible goodness; always ensuring that you
traversed like an undefeated prince; all your life.

Greed diabolically stings you when you think that you've conquered the entire
world,
Selflessness is the sole mantra for humanitarian success not only in this birth;
but every time the Creator thought you worthy; of priceless life.

Greed acrimoniously spits on you as though you were nonchalant shit,
Selflessness is a true stalwart of handsomely rustic motherland; unendingly
defending you from all viciously sordid hurdles of ominous existence.

Greed doesn't pity you the slightest even in the revered lap of your untainted
mother,

Selflessness is a tree with countless rejuvenatingly amiable branches; eventually melting into the tree of immortal humanity.

Greed ludicrously beheads your scalp like a piece of worthless wind,
Selflessness is a jewel which scintillates even after the heart of perniciously savage midnight; illuminating every abode besieged with despicable lechery with beams of fragrant light.

Greed buries you alive without taking even the tiniest permission from your destiny,
Selflessness is the sole elixir that instills astonishing reinvigoration in your capriciously muddled veins; irrevocably perpetuates you to spawn fascinating newness; on every lane that you interweaved through.

Greed only transpires you to sign the signature of gruesomely bellicose death,
Selflessness is the most enchanting mist of true belonging; ebulliently uniting you with your rudiments of nostalgic birth.

Greed disparagingly distorts you beyond holistic proportions,
Selflessness is the most regale sensation that makes you bask in the glory of supremely sensuous timelessness; transforming every anguish of yours into the fortress of the Creator divine.

Greed admonishingly dictates you worse than a baseless slave,
Selflessness is your most humble compatriot in good times and preposterously bad; majestically replenishing every empty space of your penurious survival; with the gifts of wonderfully Creation.

Greed brutally vandalizes even your lackadaisically nonchalant skeleton,
Selflessness is the most princely element of Mother Nature; profusely oozing oceans of untamed love; onto every organism who intrepidly adopted it.

Greed straddles disgusting brakes upon your fertile reservoir of imagination,
Selflessness is a redolently unfazed scent that envelopes you with unfathomable jubilation from all sides; makes you ecstatically wander through the aisles of incredulously eclectic newness.

Greed uncouthly confiscates your conscience; to hand it over to the blood sucking vampires,
Selflessness is a valley of overwhelmingly unimaginable exhilaration; an expedition which portrays to every living being; the true meaning of existence.

Greed coldbloodedly rains parasites on you; even after you were no more than a ghost sulking in the frigid atmosphere,
Selflessness is idol of Almighty Lord in his most poignantly towering forms;
gloriously blessing all those with an immaculate soul; upon the trajectory of this vast planet.

And greed abominably drills such a hole in your heart; that it was difficult to sagaciously discern you from; lackluster space,
While selflessness is the most unassailable chapter of bountifully immortal love;
bonding your beats not only with your sacred beloved; but all vibrant beauty on the planet and time.

Nikhil Parekh

Greedy

When I stood on the summit of the fabulously fathomless valley; feasting on beams of majestically pearly moonlight; as it kissed the trees and the untamed wilderness,
I was greedy for plunging into it head on; romancing with each leaf submerged in a blanket of dewdrops; and the enthralling breeze as my ultimate savior.

When I irrevocably stuck in the disdainfully claustrophobic traffic; the cacophonous horns and unruly smoke nearly asphyxiating me to veritable death,
I was greedy for possessing ebullient wings to fly; soaring high in the clouds; in an entrenchment of poignant beauty and seductive enchantment.

When I was stranded on the sands of the sweltering desert; being tyrannically lambasted by whirlwinds of turbulent dust,
I was greedy for tantalizing globules of crystal water; frantically groping in the tumultuous maelstrom; as acrid whips of mud obfuscated my vision in entirety.

When I was engulfed by perpetual silence; the ghastly graveyards of solitude strangulating the very essence of exuberance from my soul,
I was greedy for a stupendously melodious voice; miraculously pacifying my unfathomable terrain of wounded nerves; with sounds of bliss and untamed happiness.

When I sat on the doorstep of the appetizing kitchen; a boundless ocean of salubrious scent indefatigably titillating my famished nostrils,
I was greedy for rhapsodic morsels of insatiably delicious food; transiting me perennially into a sky of heavenly slumber.

When I was on the gloriously scintillating sea shores; the incomprehensibly tangy waves teasing me every now and again with their unrelenting festoon of charismatic froth,
I was greedy for a heartily voracious swim; wading across the turbulently choppy froth; into a world of bountifully ravishing excitement.

When I was in the unfathomably dark dungeons; tornado's of alluring mysticism; tingling my impoverished countenance from all sides,
I was greedy for intransigent encounters with spell binding enigma; the hissing of the voluptuous reptiles; catapulting me into a land above exotic paradise.

When I was in the impeccable lap of my mother; her sacrosanct palms dawdling

away all the tensions of my manipulatively monotonous life,
I was greedy to be an immaculate child once again; incessantly frolicking in her
compassionate warmth; bonding with her celestial spirit for decades immemorial.

And when I was close to your chest; the tirelessly passionate beating of your
heart; granting me the astronomical privilege to live for an infinite more lives,
I was greedy for love; immortally blending my breath with your heart; mind;
body and soul; to make me the richest entity living; and even after death
perpetually alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Greedy For That Eternal Blackness

Greedy for that pricelessly invincible blackness that would vanquish every misery from my otherwise sinfully devastated soul; into wisps of obsolete nothingness,

Greedy for that sacredly ameliorating blackness that would metamorphose me into such an unbreakable state of calm—as unfazed as the blue skies- even as murderous hell rained uncontrollably around,

Greedy for that magically omnipotent blackness that would annihilate every trace of disease from my inexplicably aggrieved physical form—transit me forever and ever and ever into mists of divinely rhapsody,

Greedy for that unflinchingly triumphant blackness that would forever make me one with an infinite more of my kind—that would end every ounce of sadistically commercial strife from the chapter of my sinful life,

Greedy for that unbelievably holy blackness that would eventually make me realize—that all of us who so pompously promote ourselves as ' Iconic I's 'all the time- are just bits of nothing in front of the Almighty Lord,

Greedy for that ubiquitously majestic blackness that would perch me on the ultimate throne of humanity-where I perpetually embraced one and all irrespective of any barriers of caste; creed or the rapaciousness of time,

Greedy for that enchantingly fantastic blackness that would trigger me to fantasize beyond every realm of never-ending happiness-even in a state of morbidly limpid stillness,

Greedy for that ecstatically brilliant blackness that would make me a winner of all hearts and of all times-even as the ghastliest hell made way for the graveyards of prejudiced extinction around,

Greedy for that miraculously quiet blackness that would forever drift me from each tawdry earthly tension—into an infinite gorge where there cascaded only the cloudbursts of untamed love,

Greedy for that unassailably blessing blackness that would kiss my brow with all the bounteousness that God's creations had to offer-without the most mercurial disruption by the blood-sucking human parasite,

Greedy for that eternally prosperous blackness that would ensure my state of perennial contentment for an infinite more years to unveil-enriching every drearily subjugated bone of mine with the power to conquer from even hell and beyond,

Greedy for that enigmatically inimitable blackness that would evoke every robotic pore of my skin to awaken in the land of the unknown-where every stranger that came confronted me; earnestly befriended me for countless a lifetime,

Greedy for that regally resplendent blackness that would reach me to the most cherished mission I dreamt all life-of being a humble slave listlessly suspended from the unshakable chariot of the Gods,

Greedy for that beautifully engulfing blackness that would help me assimilate the fragrance of all unabashed goodness from my life-so that the voice of the devil was subdued forever by the righteousness of the soul,

Greedy for that wondrously mollifying blackness that would uplift my impoverished jugglery of bones to either heaven or hell as destined-but atleast far away from the dreaded savagery of all misanthropic mankind,

Greedy for that astoundingly bestowing blackness that would liberate me of every conceivable sin of a banally monotonous lifetime-so that each new birth commenced with my conscience dancing in the aisles of freedom,

Greedy for that altruistically enamoring blackness that would sweep me forever of my feet-into a land where the most unheard of inscrutable tales would titillate my spine till beyond the threshold of no return,

And I've not the tiniest of inhibitions in revealing that the blackness I'm talking about is that of my veritable grave-that I humbly desire to be just in front of the mosque of my Omnipresent Creator-which eternally palpitated with the oneness of every religion and living being; alike.

Nikhil Parekh

Grills

When I riveted a grill of pure gold across my window; the burglars stared unrelentingly; thinking I was overwhelmingly rich,
They whispered in inaudible tones about the wealth; they envisaged was stored inside,
Delicately chiseled the grill with their axe; and dexterously pilfered all they could lay their hands on.

When I put a grill of silver bars across my window; the mouths of the burglars slavered at witnessing the gleam,
They abandoned their other plans of robbery; intensely concentrating on my house,
Imagining the wonderful goods inside; and indiscriminately barged in snapping the grill.

When I embedded a grill of immaculate ivory across my window; the burglars had
a hard time stifling their startled gasps,
They admired the rustic charm I had incorporated in an innocuous window; contemplating my real wealth,
Atrociously smashed the same with their bludgeons; to savor the taste of my hidden resources.

When I stuck a grill of scintillating and pellucid mirror across my window; the burglars were busy gazing at their reflections,
Thoroughly mesmerized by the transparent grill; the richness that lay blended in the sparkling glass,
Smashed the same into splinters using hard stone; gaining easy access into my chamber of dreams.

When I used a grill of fragrant rosewood across my window; the burglars got insatiably tickled by the aroma,
They didn't feel like budging an inch; drowned in the celestial aroma,
Later broke the same using slender sticks of explosives; intruded upon the privacy of my nocturnal bedroom.

When I fixed a grill of barbed wire charged with electric current across my window; the burglars were simply intrigued by the contrivance,
They perceived me to me astoundingly clever; pondered profoundly on

annihilating my automatic device,
Did the same with clinical precision; abhorrently transgressing through my
solitary dwelling.

It then when I decided to have no grill at all; kept the colossal space of window
absolutely bare to peep,
The burglars passing didn't even notice; dismissing all thoughts of me
possessing the slightest of affluence; ridiculing my threadbare disposition,
They had other houses to sabotage on their list; it was the first time they spared
me from possible harm,
And I snored blissfully all night; laughing in my dreams and saying; to stay
without a grill is far better than having one.

Nikhil Parekh

Grow More Trees

Grow more trees; profoundly disseminate the essence of symbiotically majestic existence; to even the most remotely fathomless quarters of this gigantic Universe,

Grow more trees; marvelously diffuse the shades of resplendent tranquility; to all those souls mercilessly bereaved in the corpses of truculently bizarre manipulation,

Grow more trees; astoundingly spawn a civilization of gloriously rejuvenating freshness; on every remorsefully treacherous graveyard of abhorrent prejudice,

Grow more trees; irretrievably feel like the most blessed organism alive; although your pockets didn't have even the most inconspicuous of currency coin,

Grow more trees; handsomely evict yourself from the sanctimonious cigar smoke and wine; letting the pious energy in your soul; gush out like streaks of torrential lightening in the Kingly sky,

Grow more trees; become the most benign harbinger of all mankind; astonishingly transmitting God's message of immaculate peace; via the entrenchment of fruitful serenity,

Grow more trees; bountifully embrace the winds of mesmerizing peace and evergreen happiness; for infinite more births of your yet to unveil,

Grow more trees; Omnisciently metamorphose the unfathomable ocean of heinously malicious adulteration; into the sky of beautifully enthralling harmony,

Grow more trees; ubiquitously propagate the essence of triumphant equality; amongst immortals and monotonously wandering mortals; handsomely alike,

Grow more trees; let the philanthropic river of melody; be the only divine virtue; that flowed

everlastingly on this fathomlessly eclectic planet,

Grow more trees; ingeniously innovate more ardently than ever before; with the exhilaratingly ebullient breeze; taking wholesome control of your disastrously dwindling mind; body and soul,

Grow more trees; stringently prevent the rot of disdainfully fretful disease; uninhibitedly allowing the balm of ingratiatingly sacrosanct mother nature; to heal even the most inexplicably gory of your wounds,

Grow more trees; divert the corpses of victimizing hatred towards the coffins of egregious oblivion; with immortal love taking complete control of your nimble life,

Grow more trees; boundlessly sparkle like the pearl of unfettered victory; to coin the milestones flamboyantly scintillating success; transcending beyond the realms of fulfilling paradise,

Grow more trees; unrelentingly watch a valley of pristine togetherness unleash; in every conceivable direction that you dared to tread,

Grow more trees; feel stupendously closer to your trail of fascinatingly aboriginal rudiments; amiably blending with the feathers of silken goodness,

Grow more trees; intransigently gain more inspiration to coalesce with those haplessly staggering; endeavoring your best to wholeheartedly accept all living kind; jubilantly alike,

Grow more trees; let the indiscriminate stab holes of lecherous traitors; be washed forever with the endlessly forgiving fountain of mother nature,

Grow more trees; timelessly transform all traces of maniacally obsessive behavior; into an unsurpassable sea of heavenly sensuousness,

Grow more trees; let the entrenchment of unparalleled

seduction; creep into your murderously plotting soul; every unfurling minute of the Sunlit day and burgeon more prolifically in the complexion of the wonderfully star-studded night,

Grow more trees; magnificently dance to the tunes of holistic survival; with the profoundly fabulous spread of the peacocks feathers; tickling your insane senses as water tumbled down from crimson sky,

Grow more trees; blissfully enshroud yourself with the mantra of unconquerable humanity; insurmountably tantalizing every ingredient of your brutally famished blood; with a gorge of panoramically unbelievable ecstasy,

Grow more trees; Omnipresently substitute the torturously tyrannical lechery of blistering sands; with overwhelmingly conjuring meadows of parrot green,

Grow more trees; bid a permanent goodbye to derogatorily penalizing smoke; kicking its threadbare visage away with strokes of vibrantly ravishing compassion,

Grow more trees; exotically attract untamed cloudbursts of poignantly thunderous rain; regally sweeping boundless landscapes of sleazy grime; with the most priceless blessings of the Almighty Lord,

Grow more trees; insatiably mesmerize even the most obfuscatedly alien and blood stained entities; with the aristocratic drapery of incomprehensibly unlimited fantasy,

Grow more trees; gorgeously erupt into thundershowers of ardently blazing desire; with the vividly Oligarchic rustling of the leaves splendidly transiting you into impregnable sleep at the onset of night,

Grow more trees; let the beautifully philandering artist in you fulminate out to the most unprecedented limits; celestially deluging every gruesomely barren cranny of this earth; with royal graciousness,

Grow more trees; let the fruits of divinely fructifying nature be your never ending companion;

melanging with your benign spirit till the absolute
end of your time,

Grow more trees; be perennially seated on thrones of innocuously embellishing
prosperity; with the unparalleled majesty of the intoxicating atmosphere forming
bonds of unassailable camaraderie with your impeccable conscience,

Grow more trees; inhale unending mountains of
gregariously fresh breath; into the jacket of your
abominably pulverized and salaciously deteriorating lungs,

Grow more trees; waft the scent of holistically
undefeatable mankind; to every entity satanically
entangled in the ghastly deadlock of macabre war,

Grow more trees; tirelessly reminisce the moments of
your immaculately intrepid childhood; with the
boisterous chattering of the profusely rain soaked
sparrows; euphorically putting all your traumatizing
sorrow to a perpetual rest,

Grow more trees; wonderfully interact with
Omnipotently endowing nature at close quarters; sowing
the seeds of irrefutably sparkling truth; on every
stony lane besieged with forlorn lies,

Grow more trees; let the waves of synergistically
united existence; replace all vindictive apprehensions
of caste; creed; religion and spurious tribe,

Grow more trees; fabulously encapsulate the whites of
your pathetically dwindling eye; with the unfathomably
vivacious elixir of charismatically blessing life,

Grow more trees; poignantly invite the heavenly
festoon of scarlet clouds; even in the most
acrimoniously unsparing of afternoon sunlight,

Grow more trees; relentlessly rejoicing in the most
versatile creation of the Almighty Creator; beautifully replenishing each element
of your waveringly fatigued demeanor; with the unshakably sacred colors of life,

Grow more trees; enticingly let the indomitable
whirlpools of passionate desire; magically swell in
every horrifically depleted region; of your
barbarically betraying body,

Grow more trees; witness God's most revered process of
procreation; symbiotically evolve as each day unveiled
into the romantically iridescent night,

Grow more trees; forever acclimatize with the tunes of
blossoming laughter; wholesomely repelling even the
most infidel trace of negativity in your persona; to
the firmament of hell from where it had originally arisen,

Grow more trees; let the chapter of godly existence
continue forever and ever and ever; and this time with
the Omniscient mantra of LIVE AND LET LIVE;
irrefutably culminating from your splendidly
purposeful and patriotically dedicated stride.

Nikhil Parekh

Habits

The crimson grey clouds have an obsessive habit to cry,
inundate barren regions of earth with surplus amount of fresh water.

the washerman has a stringent habit of washing blotted cloth,
scraping tonnes of dirt with adroit strokes of wooden batten.

the city traffic police have an impulsive habit of waving their sticks,
cant help but do so, even when in realms of deep sleep.

the soil has a bountiful habit of giving birth to blades of wild grass,
when fed with paltry amounts of achromatic water.

the sheep on mountains have a routine habit of walking in clusters,
weave their way through interspersed regions of the jungle leaning on one
another.

the birds in the sky have extravagant habits of chirping incessantly,
convey the innermost of their feeling via this medium of coherent music.

the saline waters of sea are prone to habits of crashing against chains of rock,
falling with a loud thud on the shore when imparted turbulence by the moon.

the milkman has an infuriating habit of delivering milk in wee hours of the
morning,
waking people up from domains of celestial sleep.

the dog has a noninvasive habit of barking vociferously at strangers,
wagging its tail when jubilant, in criss-cross fashions dismantling the harmony of
air.

the venomous snake has lethal habits of consuming baby milk,
injects its poison while relishing the same with slender tongue.

politicians worldwide have chivalrous habits of making promises,
fail to deliver the same when floating high in webs of corruption.

striped lizards have denfensive habits of squirting blood when attacked,
change their color with nonchalant ease to strangulate unsuspecting prey.

i had an unrelenting habit of running till i found paradise on earth,
bathe under the crystal springs of mesmerizing nature,
live in transcendental oblivion sheltered from pragmatic realities of life.

Nikhil Parekh

Had All Your So-Called Manliness Died?

Had all your so called manliness; the power in your bulging muscle ludicrously died; that you now resorted to satanically selling the innocuously Godly flesh of small children; for replenishing your spurious canisters of beer and tawdry wine?

Had all your so called manliness; the finesse of inimitable creativity in your fingers pathetically died; that you now resorted to mercilessly chopping the Godly fingers of small children; so that more and more plebeian gave them the indispensable currency coin in their begging bowls?

Had all your so called manliness; the sheer euphoria in your raw voice unthinkably died; that you now resorted to sadistically sodomizing the Godly bodies of small children; just to entertain the treacherously chauvinistic high society; and then roll in a fetid lavatory of abominably cursed pearls?

Had all your so called manliness; the optimism to triumph in your eyes flagrantly died; that you now resorted to gorily gouging the Godly eyes of small children; so that every passing onlooker took pity on them; and thereby gave shelter to you too alongwith them; as their spurious father?

Had all your so called manliness; the fervent machismo in your blood inanely died; that you now resorted to invidiously train the Godly fingers of small children to fire a gun; so that you forever slept on a pillow of gold; and were never ever remanded for the heinous crime?

Had all your so called manliness; the inimitable authority in your footsteps lividly died; that you now resorted to execute your worthless experiments on the Godly veins of small children; and then selling your wastrel patents for millions to the demons of the sacrilegious underworld?

Had all your so called manliness; the unparalleled virility in your loins shamefully died; that you now resorted to ghoulishly castrating the Godly organs of small children; so that they became a perennial income source for each of your misdeeds; clapping house to house and at each sanctimonious function of the society; as imbecile eunuchs?

Had all your so called manliness; the blazing dynamism in your throat distastefully died; that you now resorted to coercing the Godly voices of small children to endlessly wail; to capture the hearts and pockets of the biggest

connoisseurs and patrons of humanity; alike?

Had all your so called manliness; the inherent brilliance of innovation in your brain contemptuously died; that you now resorted to rampantly behead the Godly necks of small children; on the barbarous pretexts of feckless religion; caste; creed; color and tribe?

Had all your so called manliness; the unbridled compassion of your chest gruesomely died; that you now resorted to deceitfully lure the Godly spirit of small children into the drudgery of drugs addiction; thereby ensuring to be damningly faithful to your suppliers for the remainder of your life?

Had all your so called manliness; the unassailable temerity of your shoulders mockingly died; that you now resorted to burdening the Godly heads of small children with tons of bricks and rotting garbage piles; making them toil under the unbearable sweltering heat; so that you could relish your afternoon siesta uninterrupted?

Had all your so called manliness; the unshakable perseverance in your armpits wretchedly died; that you now resorted to stripping the Godly persona of small children; forcing them to dance in the derogatorily perverted bars; to savor the most magnanimous of tip from each devilishly inhuman businessman?

Had all your so called manliness; the insuperable fearlessness in your stride foolhardily died; that you now resorted to asphyxiating the Godly throats of small children; wholesomely killing them for a few wads of note; just because they were the cursed girl child?

Had all your so called manliness; the undefeated conviction of your soul penuriously died; that you now resorted to ghastily sacrificing the Godly scalps of small children; in front of the Omnipotent deity; just in order to become nonsensically immortal; after drinking their impeccable blood?

Had all your so called manliness; the undaunted fervor in your veins meaninglessly died; that you now resorted to inexhaustibly slapping the Godly cheeks of small children; just in order to assert your very own non-existent superiority; and release the agony of your itching fingers?

Had all your so called manliness; the indefatigable energy in your knees uselessly died; that you now resorted to ruthlessly commanding the Godly legs of small

children; to carry your irascibly cumbersome weight; transport you to the most venomous destination of your life?

Had all your so called manliness; the unconquerable fortitude in your bones hopelessly died; that you now resorted to emaciating the Godly bellies of small children to ghostly carcasses; just so that you got your quintessential two meals a day; evoking the highest of poignant sentiment?

Had all your so called manliness; the victorious inferno in your breath disgustingly died; that you now resorted to cold-bloodedly silencing the Godly lives of small children; subjecting them to infinite ambiences of 'jihad' and terrorism; so that they conquered the whole world only for your idiosyncrasies and you?

Had all your so called manliness; the immortal epitomes of compassion in your heart haplessly died; that you now resorted to cannibalistically inundate the Godly hearts of small children with nothing but hatred towards the society and each ingredient of the atmosphere; so that they knew nothing but to slave for your devilish smile?

And I really don't know about others. But if ever you did come in front of me in this tenure of my impoverished life; I'll make sure that I forever assassinate your already sinfully dead body; and then pack you off; to the most ostracizing corpses of the devil's graveyard; to the most penalizing dungeons of hell.

Nikhil Parekh

Had Left Me Forever

The fires outside might be blazing ferociously towards the sky; charring even the most inconspicuous particle around in its tumultuously scorching swirl,
But the fire inside my blood was simply unbearable; made me inevitably collapse towards the hard ground every minute.

The temperature engulfing the atmosphere might be freezing below abysmally low limits; with ominous avalanches of snow hurtling like an augmenting balloon down the treacherous mountain slopes,
But the enveloping my bones was simply unbearable; numbing me disastrously in every single aspect of blissful life.

The thorns laden on the jungle soil might be staring acridly towards the dark blue sky; furtively awaiting innocuous feet to inadvertently trample over them; bleed and hurt,
But the thorns in my chest were simply unbearable; viciously trying to strangulate me into ghastly emptiness every second.

The voices lingering in the island of hell might be too appalling to describe; permeated the boundless expanse of cosmos with the wail of gruesomely wicked and salacious beasts,
But the voices circulating in my mind were simply unbearable; fomented me to disdainfully stutter a billion times; on every thought I perceived; on every sentence I spoke.

The images radiating out of the morbidly shattered mirror might be horrendous depictions of the diabolical devil; ready to pounce upon and uncouthly rip through innocent mankind,
But the images that barbarically encompassed my brain were simply unbearable; drowned me into an ocean of blood; a sea of inexplicable misery; which I found virtually impossible to swim in and save my life.

The darkness savagely embracing the day might be an unavoidable form of Gods creation; besieging the mesmerizing sights on this planet in its satanic shades of monstrous black,
But the darkness which entrenched my eyes was simply unbearable; made me lead my days worse than the most severely blind; even though I had the most incredulously brilliant and perfect sight.

The smell emanating from the perpetually dead body might be profoundly

stinking; causing one to vomit out all what he had consumed in the tenure of his life,
But the smell encapsulating my rubicund skin was simply unbearable; suffocating me this very instant; when infact doctors had proclaimed me to be in perfect health; and for apparently no sin of mine.
The businessman might have suffered gargantuan losses as the economy abruptly crashed down; sadly parting with his fathomless treasury of wealth; all what he had earned in life; within flash instants of time,
But the losses that I incurred were simply unbearable; having all the wealth of the world stored in my castle's overflowing with biscuits of gold; and yet crawling in hopeless despair on the streets; starving for tranquility more horribly than the most impoverished of beggar.

And perhaps the man buried infinite feet beneath the earth in his coffin might be without breath; celestially smiling in the arms of the Omniscient Creator,
But the tyranny that I underwent inspite of living infinite feet above earth was simply unbearable; killing my soul every moment; piercing me like a thousand knives through my hollow heart; as the entity whom I had loved more than my life no longer existed; the person who was more important to me than anything else on this planet had left me forever.

Nikhil Parekh

Had Room For None Else

Even if the entire world disdainfully shrugged you; dismissing you as a piece of inconspicuously threadbare shit,

Even if the entire world lecherously whipped you; mercilessly hurtling you in a dungeon of ominous scorpions for ostensibly no fault of yours,

Even if the entire world impugned you of being bawdily adulterated; although your soul was as pristine as the godly mother's milk,

Even if the entire world indefatigably jeered at you; for solely following the voices of your immaculate conscience,

The beats of my heart still throbbed more passionately for you even as the whole planet outside cruelly lambasted and castigated; and the corridors of my impoverished life had room for no other organism on earth but you; you and only you O! Eternal beloved.

1.

Even if the entire world hedonistically spat on your sparkling honesty; ghoulishly yearning to jinx every righteous step that you tread,

Even if the entire world fretfully blinded your immaculate integrity; with corpses of acrimoniously pugnacious manipulation,

Even if the entire world salaciously molested every trace of your sacrosanct shadow; relentlessly trying to metamorphose all your insatiable jubilation into a wisp of infidel nothingness,

Even if the entire world invidiously obfuscated your path to philanthropism; wanting you to perilously coalesce with the mortuary of delinquent politics instead,

The beats of my heart throbbed more passionately for you even as the whole planet outside satanically cursed and wailed; and the corridors of my truncated life had room for no other organism on earth but you; you and only you O! Priceless beloved.

2.

Even if the entire world incessantly shrugged at you in bizarre skepticism; impugning you of the most cannibalistic crimes; which you had never ever dreamt or committed,

Even if the entire world treated you as a diminutively feckless dustbin; giving you only lackadaisical stone to eat; while they profusely bathed in waterfalls of crimson wine,

Even if the entire world heinously hissed at your innocuous dwelling; making each unfurling instant of your existence; more venomously diabolical than the scorpion sting,

Even if the entire world horrendously slashed your stupendously mellifluous voice; with parasitically blood-stained chains of delirious immorality,

The beats of my heart throbbed more passionately for you even as the whole planet outside baselessly crucified and burnt; and the corridors of my destined life had room for no other organism on earth but you; you and only you O! Omnipotent beloved.

3.

Even if the entire world barbarously torched you to the last bone of your spine; meting out their dastardly graveyards of frustration; upon your innocently shimmering skin,

Even if the entire world mordantly toyed with your river of uninhibitedly spell bidding emotions; maliciously exploiting your irrevocable honesty; to construct the foundations of their hideous cowardliness,

Even if the entire world ghastily tormented you beyond the thresholds of sagacious sanity; overshadowing the wave of your blazing patriotism with opprobrious retribution,

Even if the entire world lethally adulterated every aspect of your brilliantly beautiful life; incarcerating you like a miserably chained puppet; in the dungeons of disparaging depravation,

The beats of my heart throbbed more passionately for you even as the whole planet outside sadistically tyrannized and mutilated; and the corridors of my

minuscule life had room for no other organism on earth but you; you and only you O! Immortal beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Hair

Bald patches of earth bore olive green hair of silken grass,
which swayed frivolously with swift currents of winter breeze.

snow white rabbits had a furry shock of hard hair,
galloped at electric pace through winding lanes of the valley.

lethal alligators were adorned with a bush of needle like hair,
glided with languid energy through deep waters of the jungle river.

the maple trees possessed wild hair projecting from their roots,
gave birth to a cluster of sweet fruit tumbling down with sporadic outbursts of
wind.

pure bed sheets of silk had a plethora of feeble hair,
ready to get brutally crushed at instantaneous contacts of bulky flesh.

the disheveled body of chameleon had sprouts of razor edged hair,
tickled masses of insects, bare walls of brick as it clambered up with difficulty.

long handle of broomstick had infinite hair of cheap cane,
scraped trapped molecules of dust and loiter from remote corners of kitchen
walls.

the sparkling surface of ocean had ravishing hair of salt,
struck colossal portions of jagged rock with unparalleled intensity of a wild tiger.

a bundle of crisp currency note had concealed hair of ecstasy,
had the tumultuous power to purchase all animate objects on mother earth.

all humans born had fragile bunches of hair emanating from their scalp,
the same grew into islands inhabited by deceit and lechery,
as advancing years crept, vanquishing immaculate hair of childhood,
into traces of everlasting oblivion.

Nikhil Parekh

Hair Cutting Saloon

Thick mirrors of transparent glass,
slates of graphite stuck to wall,
big bottles of shaving foam,
flammable containers of liquid spray,
a tetra assembly of royal chairs,
with protruding headrests of cushioned rexin,
fluorescent light rods producing blue light,
arrays of scissors made of stainless steel,
razor switch blades in plastic shells,
brown hairbrush with artificial teeth,
polygonal cans of medicated shampoo,
soft white towels dipped in hot steam,
aromatic hair oil in copper tins,
giant clock hung to wall nail,
electronic hair drier suspended from a jugglery of wires,
wooden boxes of talcum powder,
tantalizing odour of body cologne,
huge paint brush coated with black dye,
rectangular green tablets of antiseptic soap,
flocks of silky hair lying dead on the floor,
offering a wide range of services like,
haircut, massage, facial, bleach,
special shave and shampoo bath,
with an iron safe for stacking currency notes,
and a large tumbler of cool water,
shaping hairy demons to presentable gods,
as i stretch my legs,
in the crowded ambience of the hair cutting saloon.

Nikhil Parekh

Hairstyles

When i molded long strands of my hair into slender curls,
fastening them with strings of sticky elastic rubber,
with infinite fibers of black cascading down like a fountain,
my manly exteriors transited to those of a daintily adorned teenage girl.

when i submerged the wild mass of my hair in an exact liter of coriander oil,
they slept in tranquil contentment on glistening regions of my scalp,
refraining to budge an inch in stormy sheets of inclement weather,
dying a disdainful death without savoring the true taste of life.

when i sheared bulky loads of my hair with a pair of pocket jacknife,
rustic pathces of my scalp potrayed an alien look,
the humming bees sung merrily on the barren islands,
my head now resembled polished briquette's of coal; sprawled with white powder.

when i camouflaged my scalp with beads of pure silver,
adhering sedately to rudimentary bits of yellow gold,
it appeared as if possesed a dungeon of riches,
with parasitic individuals of the society pilfering through my house of bare brick.

when i tonsured my skull completely of hair,
gently plucking the last bits of floss with my knotted fingers,
my scalp got scorched in acerbic rays of the Sun,
sparkling a pure ivory white in resplendent beams of the moon,
i was a grotesque sight to stare; as people offended me with pools of ludicrous laughter.

when i parted my hair in exact equal halves,
sprinkling the central rift with pinches of crimson vermilion powder,
riveting braids of scented flower with scrupulous proficiency,
i looked strikingly similar to the traditionally living indian women.

and when i finally combed my hair with casual strokes of the serrated brush,
splashing jagged stubs of my beard with revitalizing cologne,
kneading my hair vigorously with piquant extracts of blue whale fish,
i could be sighted unanimously by one and all; as a truly authentic volatile man.

Half A Victory

It nimbly swished its tail; as the blaring horns of boundless trapped vehicles;
deluged the membranes of its intricate ear,

It incorrigibly refrained to listen; payed a wholesomely deaf ear; as hordes of
people hooted in thunderous cacophony all around,

It nonchalantly exonerated all appeals by pedestrians to clear the way; displayed
its disgusting disapproval by a feeble flap of its earlobe,

It stood in solitary silence in the midst of the boisterous activity; preferred to
gently lick its innocuous calf; rather than walking a step forward; making way for
the armory of mammoth trucks blowing their horns to ultimate capacity,

It bloated pompously in conceited pride at the very thought of being the most
talked about; invited tiny toddlers to adorn its back; even as their parents
admonished them stringently of not doing so,

It merrily lapped at water in an obsolete monsoon pond on the pavement; as
countless number of dreary passengers blurted a volley of abuse; utterly
famished
and miserably trapped in their claustrophobic jeeps,

It blissfully erupted into slimy cakes of cowdung; celestially defecating its
morning meal; as several denizens on the street coughed and abysmally
stuttered towards inevitable smoke and suffocation,

It stupendously relished the inclement cold with its coat of impeccably white
skin; while the youngsters trapped way behind in the haphazardly synchronized
traffic; dreadfully envisaged the face of their angry beloved; who would terrorize
their cheeks with tenacious slaps; for reaching embarrassingly late,

It fantasized for hours immemorial without fluttering an eyelid; insipidly shook its
body to drive away the festoon of cheeky flies feasting on the folds of its neck;
while infinite businessmen jolted right from the midst of their harmonious sleep;
ordered the driver to abdicate their automobile; took to the wheel themselves
and swerved violently on the tarmac to catch the evening flight in an absolute
jiffy,

It playfully conversed with umpteenth others of its fraternity; whispering its tale

of anguished woes; standing like a formidably impregnable fortress; in the center of the stridently clanging traffic and frugal bits of free space,

It rubbed its nose on the ground deliberately to be sympathetic for its impoverished self; while the inept police station resonated in the throes of indefatigable shrill ringing activity; as citizens resorted to the same in a last bid to reach the abnormally long looking finishing line,

It slowly gallivanted around like an immaculately mute spectator; sniffing about fruits strewn in vicinity which it supremely cherished; while the crowds on the roads kept augmenting; reaching an unprecedented zenith as the primordial minutes unveiled themselves into marathon hours,

It took a short nap granting eternal rest to its overwhelmingly overstuffed belly; while helpless plebeians shrieked and wailed in fervently mounting frustration,

It inhaled in profusely divine long breaths; while the battalion of haplessly stranded civilians staggered hopelessly for bellows of fresh and ravishing breath,

It angrily kicked at a philanthropist trying to cajole it to shift its dwelling to a safer haven; hovered its pugnacious horns for evoking some moments of frolicking mischief; even before the man could say sorry and exit,

It intransigently remained riveted to its place; although some clever farmers tried to lure it with a packed bundle of green grass and delectable leaf; thereby instilled in individuals all around that patience is indeed the persevering virtue to unparalleled success,

It awoke children in their cozy dwelling from their surreal day dreams; as they gathered around its body to admire and play with its marvelously lovely tail,

And in the end; when the thunderously deplorable sounds of horns; the relentless cursing of people; the ambience inundated with rampant mayhem; was getting a trifle too much on its nerves to bear; the Cow still didn't shift a centimeter from the heart of the road; instead urled its legs snobbishly and sat; giving the humans profoundly disturbed and distressed; their well deserved half a victory.

Nikhil Parekh

Half Hearted

When I wore a pant with only half a button; I had to abashingly clutch it with both hands; every time I rose from my seat,

When I sat under only half a tree; the pugnacious rays of the Sun unsparingly struck me from all quarters,

When I wrote only half a line; I found encompassed with overwhelming bankruptcy; as my neighbors filled in the rest of the amount; and made merry till eternity,

When I ate only half the food; my stomach initially felt nice; but cried incessantly for the remainder of the night; when struck with pangs of starvation and hunger,

When I walked in only half a shoe; I felt obnoxious pebbles tickle my feet; barbaric thorns infiltrate into my flesh every second,

When I boarded only half a plane; I found myself in my coffin soon; as it stormed ruthlessly into the ocean a few minutes after taking off,

When I read only half the advertisement; I found myself sweeping the corridors of a multinational company; which I had visited; presuming to become a senior employee,

When I saw only half the dream; I felt bereaved and deprived the entire day to follow; as I yet and fervently awaited for the princess to arrive,

When I chopped only half the tree; I initially lazed blissfully under its shade; but soon found the remaining monstrous wood; tumble down towards my skull with a creaking & thunderous noise,

When I bathed only half my body; there were people laughing at me on every corner of the street; as some part of me was as black as coal; while some was pearly white,

When I cried only half a tear; my eyes metamorphosed to swollen and black; and I found it exceedingly difficult to keep them open and sight,

When I closed only half the door; the thieves entered my dwelling merrily in the

night; stole with gay abandon; what they had always dreamt of,

When I dug the foundation to only half of its depth; the building collapsed like a ball of soft cotton on the very next day; with the slightest draught of wind kissing its exteriors,

When I gave only half a punch; my adversary thought as if I was cuddling him; and wasted no time in pulverizing me to raw dust; to blend with the soil,

When I penned down only half the book; the audience burnt my effigy in volatile fury on the streets; being severely anguished at being deprived of the ending,

When I heard with only half my ear; the ferocious lion tore me apart to pieces; as I wholesomely unaware when he furtively crept from behind; and capsized me by
my collar,

When I swam using only half my arms; the perilously swirling waves of the ocean eventually drowned me to the bottom; and I was squelched to raw pulp by the ominously gliding shark,

When I quelled down only half the fire; the smoldering flames gradually gained impetus in the night; viciously charred every part of my body; including the entire forest,

When I loved only half a girl; I was never able to procreate my progeny in this world; miserably dithered to continue the chapter of existence,

And when I lived life only half hearted; I failed at every step I took; and success always seemed a mountain above; even after I had clambered the previous one.

Nikhil Parekh

Hand-In-Hand.

Neither was there anything above it; not even the most infinitesimally decrepit iota of independently integral standing; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything below it; not even the most ethereally nonchalant iota of exuberantly triumphant space; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more greater than it; not even the most ephemerally lackadaisical iota of unbelievably unconquerable goodness; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more successful than it; not even the most fugitively desolate iota of blazingly majestic victory; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more beautiful than it; not even the most fleetingly obsolete iota of unparalleled sensuous fantasy; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more resplendent than it; not even the most diminutively teeny iota of eternally wafting vivaciousness; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more truthful than it; not even the most fecklessly wastrel iota of perpetually Omnipotent sagaciousness; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more powerful than it; not even the most inanely dwindling iota of ubiquitously insuperable unity; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more special than it; not even the most obliviously apathetic iota of unassailably priceless optimism; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more Omnipresent than it; not even the most abstemiously fading iota of indefatigably unassailable freshness; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more artistic than it; not even the most frigidly decaying iota of unsurpassably intricate versatility; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more romantic than it; not even the most parsimoniously disappearing iota of fantastically seductive enthrallment; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more vivid than it; not even the most eccentrically transient iota of iridescently mesmerizing newness; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more spectacular than it; not even the most diminishingly disheveled iota of panoramically infallible paradise; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more virile than it; not even the most inconspicuously non-existent iota of eternally unstoppable procreation; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more tantalizing than it; not even the most languishingly indolent iota of inimitably uncontrollable excitement; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more vociferous than it; not even the most remotely collapsing iota of ecstatically effervescent voice; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more timeless than it; not even the most stingily Spartan iota of perpetually proliferating energy; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more optimistic than it; not even the most sleazily slouching iota of blazingly unfettered enlightenment; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more Omniscient than it; not even the most uncannily trembling iota of beautifully enamoring destiny; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more compassionate than it; not even the most negligibly tethering iota of pricelessly uniting friendship; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more unconquerable than it; not even the most disdainfully flailing iota of limitlessly Herculean strength; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more symbiotic than it; not even the most creepily tiny iota of eternally fructifying bliss; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more self-sustaining than it; not even the most lividly subjugated iota of existence; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more Immortal than it; not even the most miserably obfuscated iota of perpetually bestowing love; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything beyond it; not even the most irascibly infidel iota of unendingly spawning infinite infinity; could dare dream come near it,

Because whatever was; is and will ever be there on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe; is all in it; is all heavenly blended with each of its synergistically blossoming ingredients; is all hand-in-hand with it; is every divinely unfurling instant of majestically Immortal and ever-pervading undefeated Life.

Nikhil Parekh

Handkerchief

I wound it tightly into oblong ball of soft cushion,
Tossed it high in pools of humid air to play with it.

I tied it on forked branch of the conical tree,
Prayed for unsurpassable wishes to come true.

I pressed it firmly to stop the oozing of blood,
Reinforced it with several of its kind after witnessing its power.

I curled it completely engulfing my slender wrist,
Got ready to face my opponent in the boxing ring.

I painted it dark with streaks of striped violet,
Hung it on the wall adding shades of versatility to the dull ambience of the room.

I used to wipe gallons of sweat dripping down my neck,
Drenched it with ice water generating waves of frozen excitement.

I threw it in a pond of water; coating it with lots of glue,
Withdrew it after few minutes with a cluster of small fish sticking firmly.

I draped it round my neck in biting winds of winter,
Marched pompously through the streets in cozy comforts of my inexpensive scarf.

I soaked it in a concoction of cologne and strong scent,
Revitalized dead nerve cells by its magical caress.

I blew my nose with rapid spurts of energy,
Didn't care a damn as long as I had the company of my large red handkerchief.

Nikhil Parekh

Hands

Hands can spin webs of magic,
some hands can sketch artistically,
some write in majestic fashion,
some can covert molten wax into jeweled statue,
some can rotate pointed spindles,
some can juggle multiple balls at a time,
some can compose exquisite poetry,
some chop living tree with axe,
some can swim through tidal currents,
some can repair dilapidated machinery,
some can create electronic toys,
some plough brown fields of undulating mud,
some distribute amenities of life,
some drive speedy race automobile,
some prepare delicious fodder for survival,
some can excavate oil from tunnels of earth,
some can stitch firmly loose fragments of cloth,
some can dance to beats of high pitched music,
some perform intricate surgery of heart,
some can play enthusing cricket,
some play masterly games of chess,
so far, so good,
but there are hands coated with blood,
stubby fingers, unshaven hair,
merciless disposition, brutal force,
waiting to dismantle all the good,
tearing apart to complete shambles,
blissful personalities from earth like mine.
these constitute what we call,
hands of mother destiny.

Nikhil Parekh

Happening Everywhere

Intriguingly great ideas usually might happen in the bathroom; with the tranquilly expurgating experience; triggering the very best of the boundless human brain,

Exotically enigmatic mysteries usually might happen in the forests; with the unfathomably resplendent camouflage; casting a spell of unconquerable excitement upon the dolorous atmosphere,

Unbelievably handsome fantasies usually might happen on the mountaintops; with the panoramically vivacious cistern of clouds; surreally enchanting one and all
in their majestic canopy,

Tantalizingly evoking scents usually might happen in the kitchen; with the scrumptiously sizzling delicacies; enticing even the most inconspicuous bud of the robust tongue,

Spectacularly effulgent radiations usually might happen in the garden; with the festoon of magnificently redolent roses; swaying to the unassailably princely tunes of the exotic wind,

Eternally sensuous echoes usually might happen in the gorge; with the insurmountably mystical well of blackness; dancing in fascinatingly reverberating claps of euphoric thunder,

Vibrantly exuberant palpitations usually might happen in the trees; with the serenely drifting leaves; whistling like a newborn child to enlighten the fabric of the insipidly withering night,

Magically enthusing mantras usually might happen in caves; with the glorious carpet of enthralling darkness; perpetuating a civilization of profound reverence till times immemorial,

Uninhibitedly tangy mischief usually might happen in the sea; with the insuperably undulating waves; fulminating into a cloudburst of unequivocally untamed exhilaration,

Uncannily ebullient brazenness usually might happen on the rocks; with the pristinely naked thunderclaps of breeze; handsomely annihilating even the most

mercurial of traumatized apprehension; forever and ever and ever,

Indomitably unflinching patriotism usually might happen on the battlefield; with an irrevocable entrenchment of blistering bravery; engulfing even the most indolently useless in its insatiable swirl,

Beautifully pearly sedation usually might happen in the night; with its ubiquitously moonlit milkiness; graciously blessing every compassionate being for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Exorbitantly unlimited style usually might happen on the catwalk; with an incomprehensible array of lascivious models; imperially portraying the most skimpiest of scintillating trends,

Unshakably timeless evolution usually might happen in the mother's womb; with her limitless rivulets of inimitable nourishment and care; invincibly harnessing even the most diminutive elements of freshly born life,

Loquaciously unrelenting garrulousness usually might happen in the beehive; with intransigent swarms of busy bees; ecstatically humming their way through cocoons of wonderful life and honey,

Impeccably celestial unison usually might happen on the meadows; with exotic hordes of symbiotically harmonious cattle; disseminating the essence of mesmerizing solidarity and peace,

Intricately scrupulous meticulousness usually might happen on the clock tower; with the robotically synchronized needles unstoppably surging forward; to tirelessly unravel the most accurate unfurling of time,

Brilliantly optimistic hope usually might happen on the Sun; with the Omnipotently dazzling rays; decimating even the most parsimoniously ethereal devil; from its very insidiously ghastly roots,

Passionately alluring flirtation usually might happen in the eyes; with the clandestinely winking eyelashes; paving open a fathomless township of surreptitious activity;
for the feckless Casanova,

But immortally Omniscient love; undefeatedly happens everywhere; with its perpetually blessing wings of compassionate godliness; caressing every humanitarianly throbbing heart on this everlasting Universe; throughout every

unleashing second of gifted life; and even after the mortuaries of veritable death.

Nikhil Parekh

Happiness

Happiness is in sighting the stars that twinkle exuberantly in the sky; profoundly illuminating the treachery of the murderously satanic night,

Happiness is in gallivanting freely through the meandering hills; letting the breeze from the scarlet horizons; tickle you profusely till the ultimate spine down your nape,

Happiness is in benevolently donating; witnessing an invincible smile light up; on impoverished faces submerged in a cloud of derogatory sadness,

Happiness is in bouncing ebulliently on the lap of your sacrosanct mother; completely surrendering your immaculate identity in her magnanimously divine swirl,

Happiness is in inundating barren mountains of canvas with resplendent color; assimilating the mesmerizing beauty of the planet; in astoundingly vivacious shapes and forms,

Happiness is in inhaling the fragrance of soil and ravishing rose; being enthralled till times beyond eternity; as you rolled full throttle on the seductive carpets of lush green grass,

Happiness is in whistling melodiously across the gorgeously fathomless gorge; let the mystical volley of exotic echoes encompass your boisterous visage from all ends,

Happiness is in floating uninhibitedly in the placid lakes; let the animated festoon of incredible dolphins; leap ecstatically by your side,

Happiness is in dancing vibrantly with the impeccable fairies; profoundly relish the marvelously pearly rays of shimmering moon; on each cranny of your drearily devastated skin,

Happiness is in fighting unrelentingly for the ultimate essence of truth; disseminating its Godly virtue to the most farthest and remotest corner of this gigantic earth,

Happiness is in discovering an insurmountable battalion of newness every unfurling second of the day; bemusing the gloomy cells of your mind with unprecedented intrigue,

Happiness is in harboring all whom you encountered in their times of despairing distress; embracing them equally with the candle of humanity; flaming profusely in your soul,

Happiness is in harnessing the fruits of nature to the most optimum limits; watching them perpetually blossom as you traversed through the corridors of tantalizing paradise,

Happiness is in evolving new trends with your own blood; coining a sea of benign philosophies; which benefit the most infinitesimal of living kind,

Happiness is in dedicating your life to the service of the deprived; persevering as the most richest man on this Universe; while your fellow comrades existed under the stupendously magnificent glory of royal Sunshine,

Happiness is in commencing each day as a fresh chapter of life; intrepidly transcending over the miseries of the dolorous past; filtering blissful pouches of space
to survive,

Happiness is in breathing for your cherished mission till times immemorial; following the innermost voices of your passionately throbbing heart; even as the uncouth world outside lambasted you insidiously from all sides,

Happiness is in leading life higher than the clouds; affording the same the same to your tangible friends; till the moment Almighty Lord wanted you to wander and survive,

Happiness is in considering yourself to be just a whisker of God's infinite Creation; and yet feeling the most endowed molecule alive,

Happiness is in caring; Happiness is in sharing; Happiness is in unity; Happiness is in beauty; Happiness is in immortal love; most importantly true Happiness is in

the chapter called LIFE.

Nikhil Parekh

Happy B'day To India's Most Fascinating Business Magician-Mr. Mukesh Dhirubhai Ambani.

(written on the momentous occasion of his 50th Birthday celebrations on april 19,2007)

Just a sideways glance at his fierily expressive eyes was enough to convey—that they were 'born to fathom the extraordinarily unique from bits of limpid nothingness',

Just a sideways glance at his majestically creased forehead was enough to convey—that it was 'born to timelessly relish every bit of royal goodness on planet divine',

Just a sideways glance at his ardently emotive eyebrows was enough to convey—that they were 'born to zealously jog forward in the profound fervor of enigmatic life',

Just a sideways glance at his unflinchingly phlegmatic footsteps was enough to convey—that they were 'born to befit a legacy which was considered to be the most unconquerable of all our times',

Just a sideways glance at his innocuously poignant lips was enough to convey—that they were 'born to timelessly spell a boundless ocean of realistic dreams in a world otherwise swamped by prejudiced war',

Just a sideways glance at his astoundingly sensitive ears was enough to convey—that they were 'born to rise to the most obscure shreds of creativity around; like a magician always euphorically rising to the spirit of newness',

Just a sideways glance at his uninhibitedly sculpted fingers was enough to convey—that they were 'born to add a perpetual sparkle to even the most mundanely squandering of destinies',

Just a sideways glance at his regally jostling palms was enough to convey—that they were 'born to harness the bestest elements of space around into an invincible empire of prosperous togetherness',

Just a sideways glance at his effervescently brimming shadow was enough to convey—that it was 'born to dream beyond the horizons of time; and yet pay true homage to the priceless parents, God and soil which had created it',

Just a sideways glance at his honestly philanthropic shoulders was enough to convey—that they were 'born to tower taller than the skies in the face of disaster -and forever bear fruit to the dreams of a billion indians',

Just a sideways glance at his inexhaustibly upright spine was enough to convey—that they it was 'born to lead this great country to only infallible success in every department and direction that a living organism could ever conceive',

Just a sideways glance at his perseveringly sculpted chin was enough to convey—that it was 'born to rest its outlines only upon the tracks of benevolently

charmed victory till as long as life pumped in the veins',
Just a sideways glance at his fervently cascading breath was enough to
convey—that it was 'born to metamorphose each impossible into a pragmatic
paradise of possibles with the blessings of his parents and lord divine',
And whilst all this just happened sideways—I just kept wondering and wondering
and wondering as to what'd happen when I savor the honor of meeting India's
most fascinating business magician Eye to Eye—as that'd be one of the most
enlightening moments of my life,
Till then, here's wishing 'Mr. Mukesh Dhirubhai Ambani' via this poem written on
the impoverished paper of my heart, a very happy and celestially blessed
birthday which brings to the fore every unfinished desire of his bountiful soul and
life.

Nikhil Parekh

Happy Birthday

May God bestow upon you bountiful riches,
Bless you with all that is benevolent,
Reinforce your life with surplus number of living years,
Exempt you from all misdeeds you inadvertently committed,
Eradicate traces of hysterical agony from your heart,
Transform the bleary caricature of your face into one with sacrosanct smiles,
Freeze the tears which ooze profusely from your magical eyes,
Safeguard you against deathly mishaps and obnoxious falls,
Fill your belly with sumptuous food every unleashing minute of the day,
Quenching your thirst with immaculate water from volatile springs,
Clear evil mists obscuring your belligerent demeanor,
Evacuate the pointed thorns adhering solidly to your nimble feet,
Endow you with exorbitant charisma; infectiously drawing flocks of people,
Drive away forever; the vindictive ready to strangle you,
Place you in an ostentatious palace flowing with philanthropic riches,
Revitalize your soul as the sun dazzles bright every dawn,
Gift you with the magical prowess of turning threadbare mud into gold,
Here's my friend; wishing you and all those born on this day,
A very celestially happy and gratifying birthday.

Nikhil Parekh

Happy Married Life

May this day forever bestow upon you bountiful riches,

May this day forever bless you with all that is wholeheartedly benevolent,

May this day forever reinforce your life with fathomless number of living years,

May this day forever exempt you from every misdeed that you inadvertently committed,

May this day forever eradicate every ounce of hysterical agony from your heart,

May this day forever transform the bleary caricature of your monotonously devastated face, into one with sacrosanct smiles,

May this day forever freeze tears of gloom which oozed profusely from your immaculately magical eyes; transforming them into a wand of happiness,

May this day forever safeguard you invincibly against deathly mishaps and obnoxious falls,

May this day forever ensure that even the tiniest of your desires; were handsomely replenished to the most unprecedented limits,

May this day forever quench your thirst for philanthropic prosperity; with sacrosanct blessings from the Almighty Lord,

May this day forever clear all evil mists devastatingly obfuscating your impeccable demeanor; making you the most priceless entity alive,

May this day forever evacuate all those sordidly pointed thorns adhering incorrigibly to your nimble feet; annihilate every obstacle that dared come your way,

May this day forever bless you with an unassailably euphoric charisma; making you the most inimitable darling of all crowds,

May this day forever wade away even the most mercurial trace of ominously

lethal; fervently waiting to snare every bit of your celestial goodness,

May this day forever place you in a royally glittering palace; an adobe which perennially flowed with the unconquerably symbiotic richness of humanity,

May this day forever revitalize your soul with rays of impregnable optimism; as the Sun dazzled infallibly every mystically brilliant dawn,

May this day forever make you feel that you'd just taken fresh birth; to enjoy and profoundly exultate in every bit of panoramic goodness of this miraculous planet,

May this day forever give you the strength to triumph over every devil existing and beyond; make you feel the most wonderfully truthful entity alive,

May this day forever gift you with the miraculous prowess of healing the most horrifically deplorable miseries; with the Omnipotent ointment of love in your benign heart; soul; and conscience,

And I might be unfortunate enough not to be present at this heavenly occasion; but here's wishing you O! Divinely Couple; a very Prosperous and Immortal
"Happy
Married Life".

Nikhil Parekh

Hard To Crack

No matter how hard I banged the tortoise shell; it simply refrained to split,

No matter how vehemently I struck the human tooth; it just didn't chap at its edge,

No matter from how high I threw the coconut down; it didn't display even a single scratch on its shell,

No matter how tenaciously I crushed the human skull; it simply didn't show any signs of snapping apart,

No matter how passionately I hammered the elephant tusk; it still remained as stoical as white ice,

No matter how stubbornly I boxed the punching bag; it didn't gasp the slightest; even after infinite punches of mine,

No matter how ruthlessly I kicked the diamond ceiling; it still seemed to have retained its perpetual shine,

No matter how many harpoons I shot at the shark; it still came back hostile and alive from beneath the waters,

No matter how much pressure I exerted on the spring; it still rebounded back with thunderbolt velocity,

No matter how viciously I thrashed then whip against the wall; it still didn't seem to have lost; even an iota of its sting,

No matter how many holes I drilled in the base of the iron ship; it simply didn't appear to sink,

No matter how hard I tried to twist the bars of the prison; they kept standing like a fortress in front of my eyes,

No matter how resiliently I tried to control the storm waters from rising; they kept swelling up; evolving into a flood like never before,

No matter how fervently I tried to chew sweets of steel; the entire armory of my

teeth broke like frigid matchsticks; but the biscuits retained their silvery polish,

No matter how badly I pierced the dinosaurs eye; it didn't blink the slightest;
shone brilliantly under the sun,

No matter how wildly I squelched the walnut in my palms; it simply didn't alter
its shape the slightest,

No matter how insanely I hammered the walls of my conscience; it simply
didn't surrender its ideals,

No matter how pertinently I tried to control my dreams; they kept growing
relentlessly; fantasizing about the entire universe every second,

And No matter how doggedly I tried to break my heart; it throbbed even more
violently for the person it loved; cried incessantly for the girl it wanted to
imprison in the vice like swirl of its romance; forever & ever & ever.

Nikhil Parekh

Harmony

Parrot green buds of nimble grass existed in harmony with the soil,
sprawled with rampant ease engulfing acres of barren land,
when the rain plummeted down from the sky in plenty.

a plethora of birds sailing at high altitudes lived in harmony with the wind,
gliding like small angels with adroit strokes of their wings,
traversing thousands of kilometers with the sky, wind, and light as their savior.

the slimy bodies of fish survived in complete harmony with the sea,
swimming with their silken grace through tidal currents of choppy spray,
procreating their offspring's in salt tunnels of ocean water,
having the tumultuous capacity of toppling cruise liners,
when inhabiting the colossal form of smoke grey whales.

the rustic stature of a country dog lived in harmony with its tail,
wagging it with uninhibited passion while spotting a friend,
curling it tightly between its legs when attacked by a hostile bunch of humans.

a cluster of animated squirrel existed in perfect harmony with the tree,
traversing through hollow cavities, aided by staccato movements of their body,
munching and relishing sprouts of bountiful green foliage.

freshly extracted pails of cream lived in co-ordinated harmony with the cow,
oozing with melodious rhythm from her ripened teats,
satisfying insatiable desires of consuming unadulterated milk.

millions of humans on earth survived in harmony with Sunlight,
thoroughly dependant on the first rays of dawn to start work,
and pitch dark beams of night to fall in a sedative trance,
a blissfully refreshing, celestial sleep.

Nikhil Parekh

Hatching Open

The skies hatch open into bountiful Sunshine; flamboyantly blazing through every morbidly corner of this fathomless Universe,

The waterfalls hatch open into rhapsodically tangy froth; culminating into a whirlpool of tumultuous excitement; after clashing against the royal rocks,

The eggs hatch open into mesmerizing fledglings; deluging the serene atmosphere with their indefatigable flurry of impeccable cries,

The trees hatch open into celestial fruits; the indispensably tantalizing fodder to sustain; every anecdote of mystical life,

The throat hatches open into an unfathomable myriad of sounds; an astounding armory of insinuations; dexterously maneuvering all mankind,

The valley's hatch open into incomprehensible enigma; instilling new found happiness; in the lives of insanely frustrated souls,

The gutter hatches open into fetidly smelling stench; abominably disrupting the harmony of the divine winds floating around,

The prisons hatch open into abhorrent malice; harboring overwhelming ill will and insidious hatred,

The eyes hatch open into profound streams of intricate empathy; unrelentingly seeking for the compassionate mates of their dreams,

The flesh hatches into a complete organism; incredulously functioning to God's every marvelously Omnipotent command,

The cow hatches open into sacrosanct pails of milk; tirelessly fortifying exuberant bones to decimate; the tiniest trace of evil from the complexion of this soil,

The scalp hatches open into an unsurpassable conglomerate of ravishing hair; whistling and drifting tantalizingly with the ecstatic wind,

The bees hatch open into a glorious fountain of stupendously sweet honey; pacifying the fires of condemnable crime; for everlasting times,

The pearl hatches open into a paradise of insatiable shine; enriching impoverished entities rotting around; in an entrenchment of beauty and timeless captivation,

The lips hatch open into a philanthropic smile; disseminating the essence of immortal humanity; to those quarters of this globe enveloped with ghastly grime,

The devil hatches open into lecherous devastation; sucking blood from innocuous organisms on this planet; only to be pulverized to raw ash by the Omnisciently divine,

The spider hatches open into a silvery web; transgressing majestically across its silken strands; like thunderbolts of lightening descending from scarlet sky,

The grave hatches open into despondently unfinished desires; dissatisfied souls invidiously trying to get an ominous stranglehold on mankind,

The conscience hatches open into irrefutable righteousness; overruling baseless frigidity with perpetual strokes of unconquerable honesty,

And the heart hatches opens into boundless love; exploring; discovering; embracing; diffusing its infinite forms all across this princely earth; and in the end becoming an immortal slave of its Godly rhyme.

Nikhil Parekh

Have Hiv/Aids. You Still Live Till The Creator Wants You To.

If he had been your Brother; then you'd have perhaps mischievously poked at his enchantingly twinkling nose; uninhibitedly cavorting with him through the freshly rain soaked fields of untamed corn,

If he had been your Father; then you'd have perhaps earnestly served him to the best of your ability; sleeping compassionately close to his blessed heart; conceiving it to be the most invincibly celestial fortress on this fathomlessly enamoring planet,

If he had been your Husband; then you'd have perhaps walked shoulder to shoulder with him in every aspect of symbiotically fragrant existence; miraculously ameliorating the terseness in his temples; with the artistry of your mellifluously heavenly fingers,

If he had been your Neighbor; then you'd have perhaps enlightened every instant of his flabbergasting boredom; with the blazingly unfettered optimism in your resplendently innocuous eyes,

If he had been your Uncle; then you'd have perhaps altruistically listened to the experiences of his exhilaratingly intrepid life; convivially sharing supper with him in the darkness of the insidiously sultry night,

If he had been your Teacher; then you'd have perhaps bent in due obeisance to each of his philanthropically eternal commands; trying to imbibe the maximum you could; of his sermons on the chapters of priceless life and humanity,

If he had been your Fan; then you'd have perhaps indefatigably tried to live up to his expectations; everytime you had the opportunity to majestically portray your inimitably iridescent talent to the boundless world,

If he had been your Mentor; then you'd have perhaps worshipped him every unfurling second of the brilliantly streaming day and sensuous night; dedicating every ounce of your magnificent success to his tirelessly sublimating voice,

If he had been your Slave; then you'd have perhaps irrefutably ensured that he got his quintessentially reinvigorating meals of the day; so that he diligently shed every iota of his robust perspiration for you all his life,

If he had been your Shadow; then you'd have perhaps magnanimously allowed him to snuggle close to your chest in the wilderness of the ruthless night; replenishing his every desire with the unequivocal exuberance in your life,

If he had been your Son; then you'd have perhaps perpetually kept him cuddled in your impregnably unflinching lap; sequestering him from even the most infinitesimal treachery of existence; till the very last breath of your life,

If he had been your Ancestor; then you'd have perhaps tantalized every bone of your lugubriously opprobrious survival; wholesomely enshrouded and enchanted; with the inscrutable tales of his pristine past,

If he had been your Sculptor; then you'd have perhaps cherished each of his treasured moldings; profoundly and intimately in the innermost dormitories of your soul; for times immemorial,

If he had been your Godfather; then you'd have perhaps fervently yearned to kiss his divinely feet every unleashing instant of ebulliently enthralling existence; perennially assimilate the ideals of his benign life in every ingredient of your crimson blood,

If he had been your Friend; then you'd have perhaps wholeheartedly welcome him with open arms; wanting to be a perpetual element of every of his joy and inexplicable tribulations,

If he had been your Fiancé; then you'd have perhaps tirelessly dreamt about him a countless days and nights; till the time you didn't forever unite with him; in unassailably sacrosanct connubial bliss,

If he had been your Successor/Kin; then you'd have perhaps spent a limitless moments of your life breathing affably close to him; tirelessly explaining to him the way in which he should disburse your countless millions; after you were veritably dead,

If he had been your Chef; then you'd have perhaps unlimitedly admired the unbelievably incredulous art in his palms; that spell-bindingly evolved the most ravishingly appetizing of delicacies within the ethereal wink of an eye,

But if he wasn't related with you in any manner; then the same Him having HIV/AIDS would have definitely been several ostracized and abused by you; as you disdainfully discarded him from the fabric of your sanctimonious society

as a sinful untouchable,

Hopelessly failing to realize that there was no "Relation/Religion Tag"; needed to bond with another living being of your kind; as the Lord had created everyone alike unconquerably bonded in the religion of humanity;

And whereas he could still survive with HIV/AIDS for a long time till the Omnipotent Creator wanted him to breathe and even without your support; but for disrespecting another of your fellow mate; for criminally disowning one similar to you of the Lord's Omnipresent living kind; you for one had definitely confirmed an undeniably ghastly place for yourself in the realms of diabolically pulverizing hell; even before you could reach; the end of your impoverished destined time.

Nikhil Parekh

Having Fun

When the clouds in the cosmos wanted to have some fun; they clashed playfully against each other; fomenting heavenly droplets of liquid to tumble down in rhapsodic frenzy,

When the waves in the undulating ocean wanted to have some fun; they rose and fell merrily with the exuberant breeze; culminating into a festoon of magnificently sparkling froth as they dissipated on the silver sands,

When the battalion of boisterous frogs wanted to have some fun; they bounced and frisked ebulliently after midnight; inundating the perpetually still atmosphere with their brazenly croaking voice,

When the solitary palms wanted to have some fun; they embedded themselves to unprecedented limits beneath majestic soil; thunderously clapped thereafter; to sprinkle the granules in unanimous tandem,

When the fleet of fountain pens wanted to have some fun; they sketched overwhelmingly funny contours of their masters; emptying the blotted ink wholesomely on his tyrannically wretched face,

When the bells in the dilapidated castle wanted to have some fun; they commenced to nostalgically reverberate; drowning in sheer ecstasy of the euphorically tinkling sound,

When the bland glasses of water wanted to have some fun; they deliberately stumbled when offered to the unsuspecting visitor; drenching him disdainfully from head to toe with their clammy caress,

When the sonorously serious eyelids wanted to have some fun; they winked incessantly at passerby's; making them the inevitable darling of every flirtatious heart,

When the army of mischievous red ants wanted to have some fun; they surreptitiously clambered up the mammoth elephant's trunk; evoking him to thereby collapse helplessly towards pathetically cold ground,

When the morbidly aloof spider wanted to have some fun; it indefatigably ran up and down the periphery of its web; eventually deciding to perch on the honey coated biscuit placed by the luxuriously plush bedside,

When the conglomerate of lifelessly sprawled rubber bands wanted to have some fun; they stretched themselves to the most unfathomable limits; then contracted like a bullet in the robustly soft palms,
When the telephone wanted to have some fun; it pertinently rang in wee hours of the night; wrecking the spuriously rich politician from the realms of perennial sleep,

When the scorched tongue wanted to have some fun; it rampantly blurted out a string of baseless terminologies; kept chanting a baseless volley of expletives; even as the insurmountably corrupt business tycoon beside bathed in an ocean of exasperated sweat,

When the hideously gleaming razor wanted to have some fun; it ruthlessly scraped across the sergeant's moustache when he was in deep sleep; rendering him with only minuscule bits of his most treasured possession; as he awoke to the first unfurling of the morning light,

When the obdurate cricket balls wanted to have some fun; it horrendously hurled itself towards the dacoit's window; jerking him as well as the police from the corridors of divinely relaxation,

When the hordes of timid mice wanted to have some fun; they indiscriminately nibbled through colossal bundles of currency notes; stripping the sanctimoniously nefarious minister of his evil wealth and non-existent charm,

When the coalition of rambunctiously chirping birds wanted to have some fun; they emptied their unsurpassably stuffed morning bowels; on the diabolical terrorist's breakfast plate,

When the toweringly gargantuan grandfather clock wanted to have some fun; it slipped back by a complete hour; smiled a trifle as the preposterously busy city was engulfed with a chaotic frenzy; with sane individuals running towards office in a jiffy; without a garment on their body,

And when I wanted to have some fun; all I did was to inadvertently stumble into the lap of my mother; peck on her cheeks; tie up her hair into boundless knots;

then snore celestially in her palms shrugging all concerns of the mercenary world; once again embracing impeccable childhood; once again embracing those enchantingly cherished moments when I was a little child.

Nikhil Parekh

Hazards Of Cigarette Smoking-Poisonous Smoke

Jaded tobacco flakes in wrapped yellow candy paper,
White and appalling in visual imagery,
Dunloped to high degrees of compression,
Forming tetra inch sticks,
Of ashen grey crusty powder,
Thoroughly malnourished and stale,
A recipe for unending doomsday,
An aftermath of human greed,
Accentuating lecherous desires of eating smoke,
Bitter and contaminated ash,
Ignited by a host of sleazy gadgetry,
Wooden sticks of leaded match,
Producing derogatory clouds of white air,
Floating with fetid fragrance; low vitality,
With occasional butts of red coal falling down,
Diffusing into soft powder,
Carcinogenic to several glands of the living organism,
Chronologically spreading its ghastly effect,
To millions of mouths consuming it,
Chewing it; blowing it; relishing it,
Stitching webs of longevity forever,
Succumbing to something as inconsequential,
As a portable cylinder of pressed tobacco,
Withering mankind to caves of self destruction,
Rendering it the worst of its kind.

Nikhil Parekh

He Was Every Person's Creator

For every bird gruesomely killed; he had the power to create infinite more fledglings,

For every river dried miserably to a trickle; he had the power to create infinite oceans,

For every tree brutally chopped to the ground; he had the power to create infinite forests,

For every eye inadvertently blinded; he had the power to create infinite with sight,

For every satanic night taking a complete stranglehold on light; he had the power to create infinite brilliant days,

For every tongue which was disdainfully dumb; he had the power to create infinite mouths which could speak and shout,

For every iota of currency furtively stolen; he had the power to create infinite banks looming high and handsome till the heavens,

For every couple who was childless and rendered cruelly unable to procreate; he had the power to create infinite more households bustling with a battalion of toddlers,

For every brain that was wholesomely exhausted; he had the power to create infinite intelligent minds,

For every child disastrously orphaned on the streets; he had the power to create infinite families complete in all respects,

For every blade of grass mercilessly trampled; he had the power to create infinite meadows of lush green crop,

For every skeleton lying disdainfully buried under the coffin; he had the power to create infinite bodies; dancing about in robust health and thunderous fervor,

For every scalp that was balder than the egg; he had the power to create infinite strands of shimmering hair,

For every life lost unwittingly during the tumultuous earthquake; he had the power to create infinite more souls as Kings,

For every slave bound wretchedly to gleaming chains; he had the power to create infinite crusaders to break open the shackles,
For every throat that was dangerously thirsty; he had the power to create infinite mouths slavering with excess water,

For every watch that had abruptly relinquished to function; he had the power to create infinite clocks ticking at electric speeds,

For every Albino engulfed entirely with a coat of appalling pink skin; he had the power to create infinite beauties with the most charismatic of flesh,

For every house that had been diabolically pulverized to raw dust during war; he had the power to create infinite palaces; blended profusely with glittering gold and silver,

For every demon wandering at will on this earth; he had the power to create infinite angels to valiantly defend the world,

For every heart pathetically broken; he had the power to create and bind infinite having just taken birth,

His power to create was simply unprecedented; his process of evolution was simply boundless and beyond the most unimaginable degree of comprehension; and that is why he was not only mine; but every person's Almighty Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

He Was Our Creator

He was the towering pinnacle of the mountain; while we were all minuscule bits of stone strewn all around the surface in tandem,

He was the spiraling flame of fire towards the sky; while we were all obsolete wisps of smoke gasping for breath in vicinity,

He was the blistering island of majestic sun; while we were all his infinite rays,

He was the entire opulence in the universe; while we were just his proprietors to judiciously dispense it,

He was the entire assemblage of sea water rising high with turbulent storms; while we were his boundless fish that sank to the bottom,

He was the mammoth boulder of scintillating diamond; while we were the glow he emanated; soon to fade in dying light,

He was the fortified and invincible wall of the fortress; while we were his half burnt and red bricks,

He was the colossal battlefield which stretched till eternity; while we were his valiant soldiers fighting to protect our country,

He was the vast desert with golden brown sands; while we were his thorny cactus; that defended his territory,

He was the countless sheep wandering around the globe; while we were the droplets of frosty milk which he yielded for survival,

He was the tree that sky rocketed beyond all limits of comprehension in the cosmos; while we were his succulent and energy imparting fruits,

He was the gargantuan beehive that inhabited every corner of this earth; while we were the rivulets of honey that oozed from his surface intermittently,

He was the solitary lotus mesmerizing all in the pond; while we were his several petals floating nimbly on the surface of transparent water,

He was the singular and biggest animal in the world; while we were many of his

timid mice; which he had procreated to evolve earth,

He was the longest biscuit of sugar ever found on the planet; while we were unfathomable sweetness he produced; to titillate the atmosphere,

He was the most melodious bird flying towards unsurpassable victory; while we were all his different tunes and moods,

He was the all the heat that existed in the world; while we were all his multiple globules of sweat dribbling down in synchronized harmony,

He was the robust mass of flesh marching a billion steps at a time; while we were his conglomerate of bones which assumed different shapes; proportions and color,

And he was the first father of this Planet; the very first entity who put his foot on this earth; the first person to propagate language all around; the first individual to segregate wild mass of water and land into enchanting continents; and the deity from whom all of us molecules spawned and evolved; he was our Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

He Was The Creator

If I was a minuscule brick looking as inconspicuous as a mosquito; sandwiched between several of my kind,
He was the entire building; towering domineeringly over the crowded and bustling street.

If I were a diminutive stalk of grass sprouting from the soil; buckling down with paramount ease under feeble draughts of wind,
He was the entire space of fecund land; sprawling over thousands of kilometers.

If I were a obscure wave rising in the sea; falling intermittently with the positioning of the enchanting moon,
He was the entire ocean; which was incongruously colossal in size; incorporating a fleet of animate organisms in its belly.

If I were a small mound of clay lying dilapidated beside the hill; with irregular strands of thread camouflaging my persona,
He was the gigantic mountain; with profoundly accentuated summits; standing formidably against the most tenacious of storm.

If I were an ephemeral ray of light falling on the earth; miserably unable to make the slightest of indentation in illuminating the atmosphere,
He was the magnanimous sun brilliantly scintillating in the sky; radiating his omnipotent essence far and wide.

If I were a disdainful cockroach loitering indolently around the lavatory seat; with sporadic incidences of devouring small ants,
He was the entire jungle; impregnated with ferocious beasts; breeding the primordial dinosaur thundering his way through the mangled green.

If I were a crisp note of currency; incessantly relishing my prospects of spending exorbitantly,
He was the entire money which floated in this world; the conglomerate of opulent banks overflowing with cash.

If I were a contemporary computer; having a battalion of intricate chips in my brain,
He was the stupendous power; governing my mind as well as adroitly maneuvering the world.

If I were an mystical astrologer; scientifically predicting the fortune of some of my clients,
He was the one who sculptured the life of millions existing; impeccably wrote my destiny; without a trace of blemish.

If I were a globule of water lying solitary on the forlorn street; being ruthlessly kicked by passing pedestrians,
He was the entire expanse of vast sky; which pelted thunderously blissful droplets of rain.

He was the one who had procreated the first human; from which later were spawned millions inhabiting this globe; the very reason that I was here breathing fresh air in my lungs today,
And Let me tell you I was just an ordinary man residing amongst infinite numbers like myself; while he was the omniscient Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

He Was The One

He was the one for whom my heart throbbed violently; skipping a beat every time in due admiration for his incredibly Omnipotent power,

He was the one for whom my breath flowed; profoundly engrossed in inhaling the gorgeous aura of his amazing creation,

He was the one for whom my feet walked unrelentingly; tirelessly exploring the unfathomably bountiful wonders he had evolved on this earth,

He was the one for whom my ears heard; imbibing each word he spoke; lost in the mysticism pouring profusely from his voice,

He was the one for whom my lips moved; gasping in spell bound consternation while witnessing his invincibly supreme form,

He was the one for whom my eyes stared; overwhelmingly astounded by the magnificent ocean and land he had spawned,

He was the one for whom my hair stood up in utter trepidation on my skin; unburnt fires ignited in my soul at sighting his astronomical ability to conquer the entire Universe,

He was the one for whom my fingers wrote; executing his infinite commands; giving pragmatic shape to each of his mesmerizing dreams,

He was the one for whom I earned wealth; judiciously disseminating the same amongst boundless numbers of his impoverished disciples,

He was the one for whom I slept blissfully; fantasizing about the captivating fairies that he had sent to tantalizingly dance on this earth,

He was the one for whom my mouth spoke; prudently spreading the glorious essence of his unbiased ideals; to as far and distant as I possibly could on the surface of
this earth,

He was the one for whom I fought; silencing evil lurking in the society with the Herculean power that he had impregnated prolifically in my arms,

He was the one for whom I loved; wholesomely possessing the girl he had destined to marry me; procreating my progeny and assisting him a trifle in carrying on the chapter of his existence,

He was the one for whom I cried; when he came like a bolt of lightening in my life; and one fine instant suddenly became invisible from my eyes; as he continued on his mission to enlighten other mankind,

He was the one for whom I prayed; incessantly worshipping his deity all day and night; pleading with him not to get angry with me and rest of the irascible humankind,

He was the one for whom I resiliently studied for years; tried to help as many souls as I could with all the knowledge which I had accumulated in my quest towards achieving unparalleled supremacy,

He was the one for whom I desired; drowning myself completely in the unsurpassable beauty that existed on this globe; embracing each entity that he had born to be loved and felt,

He was the one for whom I was struggling every instant; trying to obey his laws of humble existence; his irrefutable policy of survival of the fittest,

And he was the one for whom I was living; the person whom I loved and adored above all; infact all the words scattered on this planet were too frugal to describe him; all expressions and lines that I embodied proved too infinitesimal to portray his Omniscient glory; for he was none other than my ALLAH

Nikhil Parekh

He Who Definitely Knew That He'd Die.

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst traversing through the forests; and the uncouthly ferocious lion snapping each bone of their apart into a countless disparaging fragments,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst voyaging through the ocean; haplessly drowning to the rock-bottom; and being sporadically pulverized by the hedonistic jaws of the shark,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst seated in the luminous aircraft; with the air-conditioned bewitchment eventually crashing and exploding like frigid pieces of nothingness against the cold-blooded rocks,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst at war with abhorrent neighboring land; being ruthlessly beheaded if caught; or otherwise being blown up like nonchalant ash-at the vindictive strike of the missile,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst cremating their near and dear ones; with the inconsolably despairing hopelessness of the situation; metamorphosing them into a living carcass for the remainder of their lives,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst inevitably impersonating invidious shades of lies to survive; with this most dreaded sin of existence forever dissolving them into their invisible corpse,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst toiling towards their dreams of becoming the richest man; with the last ounce of power in their bones eventually succumbing to the most unthinkably murderous rat-raced exhaustion,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst fast asleep past ghoulish midnight; with the most dreadfully maiming nightmares of all times snapping the last fangs of their inimitable breath,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst clambering towards the ultimate peak of Everest; ruthlessly devoured by the unstoppable onslaught of the avalanche and the heartlessly freezing wind,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst giving miraculous birth to more of their own; with the excruciating pains of labor silencing the tiniest cry to palpitate in their souls,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst undergoing the wrath of morbid betrayal; with their breaths naturally ending before—they could dare view their beloved being passionately embraced and caressed in alien arms,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst speeding on the express highways; when clashing metal to brutal metal would foment such an acrimonious ball of fire—as never witnessed in history before,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst stepping out to earn their own bread; with the treacherously parasitic attitude of people around—extricating the very last droplet of their innocuous blood,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst the earthquake suddenly struck; being cold-bloodedly sucked into the horrendously fulminating belly of the earth—where there graves lay already dug,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst strapped to the exuberant parachute; with the ferociously plundering storm rendering them wailing and wingless—in their uncontrolled descent towards murderous stony ground,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst facing the relentlessly inhuman torture by the police; as they mustered up all their non-existent courage to divulge the devil hidden in their dastardly souls,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst anticipating their final examination results; with the feeblest contingency of a failure and the flagrant exoneration by the society thereafter; cruelly asphyxiating each of their heartbeat in their chests,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst attempting to change the course of their otherwise satanic destiny; with the irrefutably pre-destined sinking them deeper and deeper into their graves-the harder they tried to redefine and revolutionize time,

And then I met him; uncontrollably trembling and slaving in the mortuaries of uncertainty—he who definitely knew that he'd die; as he'd shared just a few

idiosyncratically weak moments of his with his spouse; a few moments which he wanted to entirely erase from the chapter of his impoverished life-but she on the other hand was waiting like a famished tigress to repeat the same to him at the tiniest human error he committed; and without the slightest of reason or rhyme.

Nikhil Parekh

He Who Is Afraid Of Death

He who is afraid of stark darkness; is never accepted by brilliant daylight,

He who is afraid of inexplicable pain; is never accepted by perennial joy,

He who is afraid of barbaric betrayal; is never accepted by passionate fantasy and sizzling romance,

He who is afraid of fulminating lava and blistering heat; is never accepted by rosy winter with moist ice cascading freely from the skies,

He who is afraid of an ocean of augmenting tears; is never accepted by amicable smiles,

He who is afraid of the fathomless expanse of a yawn; is never accepted by boisterous energy,

He who is afraid of profound emptiness and more than a million hours of boredom creeping in; is never accepted by flowing time,

He who is afraid of ghastly accidents occurring uncannily on the streets; is never accepted by electric paced race,

He who is afraid of overwhelming work and rivers of perspiration dribbling out; is never accepted by frolic play,

He who is afraid of ghosts and appalling horror; is never accepted by the stupendous angel,

He who is afraid of blatant lies; is never accepted by the definitions of impeccable truth,

He who is afraid of abashing abuse and an armory of unheard expletives; is never accepted by the sweet melody in sound,

He who is afraid of the blanket cover of horrendous black; is never accepted by sparkling white,

He who is afraid of scorching thirst; is never accepted by gushing rivers of white water,

He who is afraid of licentious desires and the chapter of procreation; is never accepted by the domains of any religion,
He who is afraid of violent whirlpools and tumultuous storms; is never accepted by the pleasant evening,

He who is afraid of the hissing reptile; is never accepted by the chimneys of glittering gold,

He who is afraid of crumbling in shambles on the ground; is never accepted by the twin pair of robust legs,

He who is afraid of wholesome silence; is never accepted by the virtue of eloquent speech,

He who is afraid of clusters of hideous fungus; is never accepted by the rubicund fruit,

He who is afraid of tyrannical slavery; is never accepted by the royal and stupendously embellished throne,

He who is afraid of indiscriminate massacre and bloodshed; is never accepted by immortal laughter,

He who is afraid of decaying stench and dilapidated cobweb; is never accepted by
the incredulously fragrant rose,

He who is afraid of the new born infant; is never accepted by the prudently sagacious adult,

He who is afraid of undulating and harsh sands of the desert; is never accepted by pure satiny silk,

He who is afraid of infinite shards of broken glass; is never accepted by the handsomely scintillating mirror,

He who is afraid of unprecedented starvation; is never accepted by ravishing morsels of tantalizing food,

He who is afraid of mind boggling enigmas; is never accepted by the perfectly synchronized solution,

He who is afraid of the unsurpassable depth of the valley; is never accepted by the plain terrain and rustic roads,

He who is afraid of the rotten pile of disparaging garbage; is never accepted by the sacrosanct and holy Ganges,

He who is afraid of the colossal and pugnacious battlefield; is never accepted by the apostle of peace,

He who is afraid of stringently blaring music and an ambience of wandering wolves; is never accepted by the pious temple,

He who is afraid of the devil and the towering giant; is never accepted by the Omnipotent creator,

And he who is afraid of death and the morbid silhouette of corpse; is never accepted by mesmerizing life.

Nikhil Parekh

Heart To Heart

Eye to Eye; and there perpetually evolves; an unassailably glorious fabric of divinely mesmerizing and beautifully unprejudiced; empathy,

Ear to Ear; and there perpetually evolves, a sky of fantastically unparalleled and ecstatically astounding; sensitivity,

Lip to Lip; and there perpetually evolves; a forest of inscrutably untamed and timelessly fructifying; passion,

Finger to Finger; and there perpetually evolves; a heaven of inimitably majestic and poignantly intricate; artistry,

Bone to Bone; and there perpetually evolves; a fortress of unflinchingly handsome and fearlessly peerless; unity,

Shoulder to Shoulder; and there perpetually evolves; a mountain of indomitably unfettered and limitlessly coalescing; compassion,

Hair to Hair; and there perpetually evolves; a garden of spell bindingly tantalizing and effulgently romancing; sensuousness,

Eyelash to Eyelash; and there perpetually evolves; a meadow of unsurpassably unbridled and eternally ubiquitous; mischief,

Blood to Blood; and there perpetually evolves; a civilization of irrefutably honest and unconquerably fragrant; oneness,

Tongue to Tongue; and there perpetually evolves; a cistern of unfathomably mellifluous and delectably rejoicing; sweetness,

Foot to Foot; and there perpetually evolves; a valley of inscrutably magical and jubilantly romancing; adventure,

Nail to Nail; and there perpetually evolves; a playground of regally innocuous and bountifully twinkling; uninhibitedness,

Cheek to Cheek; and there perpetually evolves; a cloud of unbreakably nubile and charmingly pristine; desire,

Brain to Brain; and there perpetually evolves; an entrenchment of ingeniously amazing and tirelessly proliferating; innovation,

Skin to Skin; and there perpetually evolves; a mist of limitlessly untainted and ardently unhindered; longing,

Chest to Chest; and there perpetually evolves; a cradle of everlastingly unbridled and triumphantly symbiotic; compassion,

Belly to Belly; and there perpetually evolves; a thunderstorm of profoundly blessing and timelessly igniting; virility,

Thigh to Thigh; and there perpetually evolves; an epitome of passionately bonding and indefatigably yearning; electricity,

Shadow to Shadow; and there perpetually evolves; a gorge of tranquilly resplendent and unstoppably effervescent; mysticism,

Sweat to Sweat; and there perpetually evolves; a torrential rainshower of ecstatically ever-pervading and perennially mollifying; seduction,

Nape to Nape; and there perpetually evolves; a fountain of effulgently ingratiating and magically reinvigorating; excitement,

Toe to Toe; and there perpetually evolves; a wind of jubilantly unrestricted and brazenly intrepid; enthrallment,

Soul to Soul; and there perpetually evolves; an atmosphere of insuperably heritage and unceasingly priceless; infinite infinity,

Conscience to Conscience; and there perpetually evolves; a seed of unconquerably redolent and boundlessly uniting; truth,

Forehead to Forehead; and there perpetually evolves; a whirlpool of unabashedly wonderful and inexhaustibly beautiful; creativity,

Nostril to Nostril; and there perpetually evolves; a planet of synergistically melanging and interminably procreating; life,

Heart to Heart; and there perpetually evolves; a Universe of Immortally

Omnipotent and sacredly Omnipresent; Love.

Nikhil Parekh

Heartbeat

Honest and Heartfelt,
Passionate and Princely,
Immaculate and Innocent,
Flamboyant and Fantastic,
Surreal and Soothing,
Voluptuous and Victorious,
Bonding and Benevolent,
Gregarious and Gallivanting,
Marvelous and Mitigating,
Alluring and Alleviating,
Wholesome and Wonderful,
Triumphant and Trustworthy,
Truthful and Tangy,
Adorning and Adorable,
Rejuvenating and Rhapsodic,
Ingratiating and Immaculate,
Incarcerating and Illustrious,
Picturesque and Phlegmatic,
Congenial and Charismatic,
Seductive and Sedating,
Playful and Profuse,
Dynamic and Delectable,
Colorful and Culminating,
Blistering and Benign,
Beautiful and Believing,
Nostalgic and Naughty,
Emphatic and Ecclesiastical,
Eloquent and Enduring,
Mystical and Majestic,
Handsome and Honorable,
Insatiable and Incredulous,
Enchanting and Enormous,
Sweet and Smiling,
Tantalizing and Tumultuous,
Vibrant and Vivacious,
Prudent and Piquant,
Fortified and Fulminating,
Pleasant and Perspicacious,
Sagacious and Sacrosanct,

Placating and Philanthropic,
Pulsating and Palpitating,
Intricate and Indispensable,
Swanky and Serene,
Continuous and Camaraderie,
Infinite and Inexplicable,
Affable and Astronomical,
Gigantic and Genial,
Sensational and Solemn,
Definite and Delightful,
Real and Regale,
Euphoric and Exultating,
Brilliant and Bountiful,
Redolent and Ravishing,
Titillating and Transcending,
Undulating and Unveiling,
Shy and Scintillating,
Volatile and Vespered,
Rampant and Remembering,
Friendly and Flirtatious,
Grandiloquent and Generous,
Steaming and Subtle,
Leading and Lascivious,
Laudable and Loving,
Intimate and Illuminating,
Altruistic and Airborne,
Enticing and Exotic,
Zany and Zealous,
Ardent and Automatic,
Fervent and Flourishing,
Blazing and Blossoming,
Auspicious and Absorbing,
Stimulating and Sensuous,
Ultimate and Utopia,
Penetrating and Puristic,
Holistic and Hundred,
Cute and Celestial,
Crisp and Cumulative,
Pungent and Peaceful,
Eclectic and Esoteric,
Quintessential and Quivering,
Unrelenting and Unfazed,

Daunting and Dancing,
Chirpy and Chivalrous,
Flaming and Fulsome,
Scholarly and Stylish,
Sedulous and Salient,
Golden and Glamorous,
Magnificent and Maneuverable,
Loquacious and Levitating,
Singing and Salty,
Invincible and Inducing,
Immortal and Imminent,
Divinely and Devotional,
Appetizing and Aboriginal,
Rudimentary and Rustic,
Silken and Salubrious,
Courageous and Cascading,
Living and Lightening,
Evolving and Eternal,
Was the tiny little and Godly Heartbeat.

Nikhil Parekh

Hearts

The heart of crystalline egg shell; lies in life bestowing yellow yolk,

The heart of a fortified brick wall; lies in the amalgamated stone,

The heart of slippery spider; lies in satiny threads of its web,

The heart of tubular body bone; lies in amounts of calcium it impregnates,

The heart of colossal ocean; lies in the intense fervor of salt it possesses,

The heart of humming bee; lies in sumptuous stacks of honey inhabiting the apiary,

The heart of a thoroughbred stallion; lies in its majestically muscled angular leg,

The heart of a tortoise; lies in obdurate covering of its shell,

The heart of an automobile; lies in its proficiency to adeptly brake,

The heart of a postman; lies in philanthropic bundles of letter's awaiting to be delivered,

The heart of a venomous mosquito; lies in frugal vials of sting circulating through its persona,

The heart of a light bulb; lies in bare currents of electricity regulating its radiance,

The heart of brackish mud; lies in its prowess to produce fertile crop,

The heart of succulent grass; lies in profound coatings of chlorophyll imparted by sun,

The heart of a four poster bed; lies in silken sponge which can instill celestial siesta,

The heart of golden butter; lies in unprecedented calories secretly imprisoned,

The heart of the inflated python; lies in its invincible power to strangulate

innocent prey,

The heart of shabbily attired clouds; lies in gallons of rain about to plummet down,

The heart of scintillating stone; lies in its transparency under brilliant rays of light,

The heart of the iron clad sailing ship; lies in its dogmatic vigor to wade through stormy waters,

The heart of a tribal cow; lies in freshly extracted pails of virgin milk,

The heart of eloquent speech; lies in the fleshy organ of tongue encompassed by mouth,

The heart of ravishing food; lies in flatulence that inevitably develops a few seconds after consumption,

The heart of a famished dog; lies in piquant slices of raw meat,

The heart of a musician; lies solely in the mesmerizing cadence of voice,

The heart of a fanatic lover; lies captivated by the person he adores,

The heart of a tall edifice; lies in the stolidity of its deep dug foundation,

The heart of the jungle; lies in the enigmatic river trespassing through its interiors,

The heart of the nightingale; lies in enchanting tunes emanating from its beak,

The heart of the mountain; lies in gigantic tunnels embedded with boisterous lava,

The heart of unsolicited beauty; lies in supreme simplicity,

The heart of the diabolical demon; lies in clusters of his menacing teeth,

And the heart of all humans lies in; sources of opulence; the person whom they love;

and the deity they ardently worship.

Heaven As Well As Hell

I was ready to bathe in a tumultuous whirlpool of tears; perpetually drowning myself in an ocean of inexplicable sorrow,
For just an inconspicuous smile of yours; a single cheer that rhapsodically enveloped your rubicund lips.

I was ready to puncture my eyes with the most acrimoniously deadly needles; spending my boundless lifetimes in a blanket of macabre darkness,
For just a single twinkle in your enchantingly exotic eyes; the glimmer of ravishing fantasy that lingered profusely in the flutter of your mystical eyelashes.

I was ready to lie on a blistering corpse of a million raving coals; wither to infinitesimal fragments of a solitary bone,
For just a single leap of yours towards the unsurpassable cocoon of blue sky; a wave of vivacious enthusiasm radiating from each corner of your bountiful skin.

I was ready to plunge head on into a valley of incomprehensible silence; with the winds of diabolical trauma consuming the intricate insides of my body like fireballs of untamed despair,
For just a single whisper which emanated from the realms of your spell binding throat; pacifying all murderous catharsis which fulminated at the most ephemeral crack of mayhem.

I was ready to starve till times beyond eternity; rot and dwindle pathetically like a leaf without its veins; at the tiniest draught of wind,
For just a single dream that floated majestically in your mind; the glow of insurmountable celestial contentment that profoundly besieged each contour of your divinely face.

I was ready to beg on the streets for times immemorial; lick the dust on the road till the last trace of my tongue disappeared into non-existent wisps of obsolete oblivion,
For just a single ambition of yours; the fathomless repertoire of riches you always desired kissing the periphery of your heavenly feet.

I was ready to shun all activity in this Universe; deaf my senses to the most enticingly jubilating sounds,
For just a single impression of your magnanimously mystifying persona; the inexorably fulfilling shadow which encompassed your Omnipresent form.

I was ready to transgress all my life on bedsheets of smoldering thorns; invite an unending festoon of leech to suck the last drop of blood from within the conglomerate of my veins,
For just a single droplet of your golden perspiration; the poignant volcano of untamed passion which inundated your soul.

And I was ready to die an unimaginable number of deaths; surrender myself wholeheartedly into the lap of extinction before I diffused the first cry of palpable birth,
For just a single life of yours; the torrential downpour of immortal love which culminated from each pore of your visage; which made me feel exuberantly alive; both in heaven as well as hell

Nikhil Parekh

Heavenly Mother

There was nothing ever born on this fathomlessly majestic Universe; which was as altruistically blissful; as her unconquerably venerated lap,

There was nothing ever born on this limitlessly inscrutable Universe; which was as peerlessly invincible; as her compassionately infallible embrace,

There was nothing ever born on this unfathomably reinvigorating Universe; which was as freshening; as her philanthropically Omniscient smile,

There was nothing ever born on this countlessly endowing Universe; which was as pristinely emphatic; as the whites of her royally twinkling eyes,

There was nothing ever born on this unbelievably emollient Universe; which was as pricelessly insuperable; as her perpetually caring innocuousness,

There was nothing ever born on this stupendously endless Universe; which was as magically livening; as her impregnably poignant caress,

There was nothing ever born on this gloriously undaunted Universe; which was as benevolently burgeoning; as her timelessly blessing fantasy,

There was nothing ever born on this tirelessly proliferating Universe; which was as unflinchingly divine; as her wonderfully symbiotic friendship,

There was nothing ever born on this mystically triumphant Universe; which was as vibrantly undefeated; as her Omnipotently inherent charisma,

There was nothing ever born on this synergistically unceasing Universe; which was as harmoniously fragrant; as her immaculately perennial lap,

There was nothing ever born on this fantastically inexhaustible Universe; which was as redolently effulgent; as her inimitably bonding swirl,

There was nothing ever born on this vividly panoramic Universe; which was as exhilaratingly innovative; as her indefinably subliming and magnanimous newness,

There was nothing ever born on this jubilantly ecstatic Universe; which was as gloriously mitigating; as her unshakably humanitarian and spell bindingly united

camaraderie,

There was nothing ever born on this unlimitedly procreating Universe; which was as bountifully enamoring; as her peerlessly indefatigable spirit to fight the frigidly asphyxiating devil,

There was nothing ever born on this eclectically fabulous Universe; which was as unstoppably Samaritan; as her eternally blessed footsteps,

There was nothing ever born on this insurmountably fecund Universe; which was as symbiotically acclimatizing; as her Omnipresently untainted countenance,

There was nothing ever born on this euphorically serene Universe; which was as mellifluously mollifying; as her regally unmatched and astoundingly fertile voice,

There was nothing ever born on this holistically unprecedented Universe; which was as perpetually ardent; as her victoriously resplendent spirit of unfettered belonging,

And irrespective of whatever form and condition that she existed in; whether the disdainfully egregious gutter pipe; or a castle embellished with the costliest of jewels; whether infinite feet beneath the graveyard or in a land above unshakable paradise; whether as an infinitesimally intangible ant; or in the form of an undauntingly superior human being,

Every cranny of the earth; cosmos and beyond; including the Greatest of God's will forever salute her indomitable tenacity to protect her child against each devil of hell; will forever salute her as a heavenly mother

Nikhil Parekh

Heavenly Poetry

It was my incessant inspiration; to diffuse into an unfathomable valley of goodness; perpetually coalesce with my bountiful rudiments; irrespective of the contemporarily bombastic slang and slime,

It was my tireless inspiration; to float in the aisles of untamed sensuousness; assimilate all fathomless beauty of this resplendent Universe; in every ingredient of my agonizingly famished blood,

It was my unrelenting inspiration; to embrace the winds of timeless fantasy; let the spirit of euphorically rhapsodic existence; take wholesome control upon my countenance from all sides,

It was my limitless inspiration; to blazingly surge forward in the chapter of vibrantly enthralling life; gloriously emerge as a triumphant winner in every direction that I even remotely conceived to tread,

It was my boundless inspiration; to poignantly break the heinous shackles of crippling monotony; uninhibitedly liberate each of my senses to blend with the unparalleled ecstasy of this Omnipotent cosmos,

It was my unprecedented inspiration; to unfurl into an insatiable civilization of creativity every unfurling instant of the day; fabulously decipher the enigmatic meanings of survival; with the silken dexterity of an embellished prince,

It was my indefatigable inspiration; to coin new benchmarks on even the most diminutive step that I transgressed; digressing from conventionally treacherous turgidity; to sparkingly enhance the fireballs of optimism in every tomorrow,

It was my profuse inspiration; to unstoppably reminisce the caverns of mischief of my innocuous childhood; Omnisciently cherish the compassionate lap of my divinely mother; for infinite more births of mine,

It was my undaunted inspiration; to philanthropically serve all bereaved humanity till the very last breath of mine; assiduously persevere all day and twinkling night; to unite all religion; caste; creed and tribe; handsomely alike,

It was my incorrigible inspiration; to romantically philander in the meadows of eternally tantalizing seduction; till even centuries immemorial after I died,

It was my indomitable inspiration; to resiliently pursue the innermost tunes of my soul; tirelessly march on the path of celestial righteousness; even as the most salaciously ghastly impediment dared to come my way,
It was my enchanting inspiration; to bask in the glory of Omnipotently fascinating scent; let the fragrance of unbiased togetherness be my sole companion till the absolute end of my time,

It was my benign inspiration; to magnanimously assist all those in truculently traumatic pain; shower the smiles of my visage; forever upon their uncontrollably shivering bodies,

It was my formidable inspiration; to unflinchingly bounce forward even as vindictive thorns of hell torrentially pelted from open sky; to maintain a wave of spell binding phlegmatism even in the face of the most tyrannically lambasting disaster,

It was my fathomless inspiration; to unendingly fantasize all mesmerizing goodness that lay embellished on this planet; absorb even the most ethereal iota of happiness that lingered abundantly on this marvelous planet,

It was my unbelievable inspiration; to blossom into an iridescent paradise of beauty as the minutes unveiled; transcend past the barriers of threadbare spuriousness in all aspects of exotic life,

It was my ubiquitous inspiration; to synergistically enthrall one and all alike; with the tunes of captivatingly enthralling vivaciousness and charismatic grace,

It was my immortal breath; to not only majestically lead this; but every artistically eclectic life; of a countless more lifetimes,

O! Yes; it was God's most pricelessly precious gift bestowed perennially upon my heart; it was the most fascinating thing that could have ever happened to me in my life; it was my reflection that I sighted every dawn in my mirror; it was my HEAVENLY POETRY.

Nikhil Parekh

Heavenly Sensuousness

Insatiably making me erupt into a garden of everlasting enthrallment; profusely blending each of my murderously devastated senses with the most bountiful paradise of the Lord Divine,
Fantastically propelling me to indefatigably dance all night; inundate the curtain of ghastly blackness with the uninhibited frenzy of my tantalizing gyrations,
Royally perpetuating each arena of my nimbly impoverished countenance; with unfathomable rivers of majestically titillating exuberance,
Voluptuously unfurling even the most dolorously strangulated pores of my skin; to perennially coalesce with the clouds of enigmatically eluding fantasy,
Such was the untamed inferno of my poignantly charismatic sensuousness; drowning me forever and ever and ever into an ocean of ardently silken desire.

1.

Fabulously mesmerizing me on every step that I transgressed; blazingly flooding each drearily diminishing nerve of mine with the eternal elixir of unparalleled excitement,
Bountifully deluging my indolently stony eyeballs with marvelously ever augmenting exhilaration; impregnating in them an unsurpassable entrenchment of timeless desire,
Divinely pacifying even the most infinitesimally disgruntled pore of my visage; with its sky of panoramically rejuvenating freshness,
Unbelievably enchanting even the most lackadaisically loitering ingredient of my blood; profoundly embellishing my entire body with its of unending graciousness,

Such was the unassailable heaven of my ravishing sensuousness; incessantly spiraling above the skies of unending yearning; perpetually drifting me solely towards the path of sparkling enticement.

2.

Miraculously instilling uninhibited spurts of ebullient lightening in my pathetically croaking voice; euphorically escalating it to wholesomely melange with a fountain of resplendent goodness,
Piquantly adorning my nonchalantly fading lips with a flavor so intransigently regale; that I uncontrollably kissed even the most diminutive iota of rhapsody cascading freely in the beautiful atmosphere,
Magnificently unveiling every bit of asphyxiated emotion brutally trapped in the

innermost realms of my conscience; liberating my body into the aisles of
celestially gallivanting freedom and far away from the uncouth vagaries of this
treacherously manipulative planet,
Voraciously tickling each cranny of my miserably disheveled flesh; witnessing me
ecstatically bounce way beyond the corridors of gloriously princely imagination,
Such was the romantically fiery cistern of my silken sensuousness;
aristocratically draping my mercurial form with the jubilant inebriation and
patriotism of
wonderful rhyme.

3.

Gorgeously incinerating my brain to fantasize beyond the land of the charmingly
extraordinary; unrelentingly delving and exploring the territories of insatiably
euphoric wilderness,
Magically bestowing my penuriously dwindling aura with an unsurpassable
festoon of melody; splendidly healing even the most inexplicably traumatic of my
wounds,
Compassionately caressing even the most parsimonious trace of frazzled agony
round my body; with its winds of unshakably unprecedented belonging,
Transiting me into the most astoundingly celestial reverie of my life; fabulously
painting each of my dreams with the unending magic of God's pricelessly
proliferating creation,
Such was the triumphant river of my spell binding sensuousness; resplendently
harnessing every disastrously dithering element of my visage; with a wand of
magically burgeoning intoxication and immortal enthrallment.

Nikhil Parekh

Hell And Beyond

Dragonflies entered entangled mass of my intestine,
black scorpions clambered up conical face,
venom spiders spun silky webs in my mouth,
red termites stung naked patches of my flesh,
colossal pythons embraced me in a strangle hold grip,
wild creepers curled themselves choking concealed arteries of my throat,
sharp blades of sword caressed limp hair on my chest,
concentrated curry of salt was poured on body,
spiked leather whips lambasted salt soaked regions of my back,
flaming embers of coal were placed in my eye,
a cluster of alligator were left berserk to roam beside me,
a ball of pointed thorn was placed before me to eat,
buckets of fuming acid were emptied over my feet,
a plethora of sewage cockroach was thrown on scalp hair,
i had just arrived a few hours ago,
the surface of land was scattered with dead bone and skull,
there was gruesome darkness everywhere, without a trace of dawn and light,
it was raining incessantly, with the rain drops being of pure blood.

weeks elapsed as the torture continued unrelentingly,
a sudden spurt of blindness gushed past my eyes,
strong beams of light emanated from his persona,
a golden aura encompassed his facial contours,
he proclaimed himself to be the God of hell,
enumerated the list of my brutal misdeeds on earth,
charging me with heinous crimes, murder, and assault on the innocent,
dictating orders to subservient followers of tormenting me,
left as abruptly as he had appeared,
leaving me to bear the brunt of what we perceive in common parlance,
as hell and beyond.

Nikhil Parekh

Help Is Just A Fingertip Away

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this fathomless planet; were to offer even a single altruistically compassionate cloth from our benign bodies; to befriend all those tormented by inexplicably horrific pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this boundless planet; were to offer even a single uninhibitedly enlightening smile from our selfless bodies; to befriend all those asphyxiated by treacherously inconsolable pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this gregarious planet; were to offer even a single teardrop of priceless empathy from our blessed bodies; to befriend all those slaving in uncouthly barbarous pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this limitless planet; were to offer even a single ray of insuperably burgeoning hope from our holistic bodies; to befriend all those despicably maimed and slithering in uncontrollable pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this iridescent planet; were to offer even a single muscle of fearlessness from our unflinching bodies; to befriend all those salaciously buried beyond a forlornly terrorizing graveyard of pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this stupefying planet; were to offer even a single eternally infallible fantasy from our symbiotic bodies; to befriend all those deplorably wailing in a coffin of unbearable pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this spell-binding planet; were to offer

even a single droplet of miraculously patriotic blood from our synergistic bodies; to befriend all those gorily crucified by the gallows of unendingly stabbing pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this rejuvenating planet; were to offer even a single ounce of victoriously healing truth from our righteous bodies; to befriend all those truculently beheaded by the maelstroms of ghastly pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this pristine planet; were to offer even a single thread of euphorically uplifting friendship from our charismatic bodies; to befriend all those unstoppably tottering towards tawdrily victimizing pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this unsurpassable planet; were to offer even a single whisker of ardent good-will from our mellifluous bodies; to befriend all those hopelessly deteriorating in the crutches of uncannily torturous pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this indefatigable planet; were to offer even a single melodiously mollifying whisper from our celestial bodies; to befriend all those despondently incarcerated in the corpses of unprecedentedly mind-boggling pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this unending planet; were to offer even a single earnestly illuminating prayer from our philanthropic bodies; to befriend all those utterly devastated in the hell of cold-blooded pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this spell-binding planet; were to offer even a single globule of effulgently amazing virility from our bodies; to befriend all those atrociously emaciating in the noose of diabolical pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a

fingertip away; if each one of us on this interminable planet; were to offer even a single element of unassailable companionship from our bodies; to befriend all those lecherously assassinated by the swords of sadistically demented pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this unfettered planet; were to offer even a single whiff of stupendously glorifying enchantment from our bodies; to befriend all those rotting in the gutters of treacherously remorseful pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this rhapsodic planet; were to offer even a single immortal destiny line from our mystical bodies; to befriend all those whose fortunes were being incessantly burnt in the flames of cadaverously jinxed pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this ecstatic planet; were to offer even a single ingredient of strength from our robust bodies; to befriend all those intransigently sleeping and awake with the daggers of inextinguishably murderous pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this resplendent planet; were to offer even a single puff of unbelievably reinvigorating breath from our impeccable bodies; to befriend all those haplessly trembling on the uncouthly naked floors of ribald pain,

And I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this unlimited planet; were to offer even a single beat of immortally fructifying love from our bodies; to all those incarcerated and hideously wound in the chains of hedonistically devilish pain.

Nikhil Parekh

Help The Blind

There were bedspreads of darkness around him,
rays of light deserted him in peak of youth,
submerging his silhouette in waves of merciless Black,
crippling all fantasies of beauty and form,
subjecting him to brutal strokes of destiny,
caressing him with marathon minutes of despair,
divesting him of essential ingredients of life,
evaporating remnant traces of hope with seconds zipping by.

he read projected script of authentic Braille,
danced with counterpart mate in galleries of incessant gloom,
ate and slept in confinement, till escorted by those with sight,
carried a metallic cane with shades of white and scarlet red,
bore everyday brunt of sardonic laughter,
looked enchanting in strips of stained black glass,
groped his way, confronting traffic with melted introversion,
watched television solely relying on the cadence,
occasionally wore gaudy cloth upside down,
he could dream of none but blackness, as he was oblivious to light,
recognized all in proximity by their voice,
bereft of precious centers of vision he lay unattended,
there are several of his kind devoid of sight,
c'mon friends lets gear up to help the blind.

Nikhil Parekh

Her Healing Ashes

There were cubes of white ice strewn on the floor,
melting into paltry amounts of water when licked by Sunlight,
transiting into a solidified mass when kissed by the placid moon,
i entered the room with a hand bleeding profusely,
inserted my palm beneath a slab of frozen liquid,
thereby ceasing the flow of trickling blood,
eliminating stabs of bursting pain with inexpensive plaster of ice.

i was engulfed in a coat of mud slurry,
tonnes of broken debris lined collar and scalp,
ugly sores and bruises projected from several parts of body,
that's when i decided to step in the steaming shower,
scrubbed myself with huge tablets of antiseptic,
cleansed traces of moisture with blow dryer guns,
despite my valiant efforts,
the blood i noticed was still oozing.

i then applied stingy amounts of my mothers ashes,
which i had diligently preserved years after she died,
a magical transformation took place,
the scenario to witness was priceless and spellbinding,
the stream of flowing blood froze in its roots,
hard crusts of brown now replaced the torn pulp,
tears of gratitude rolled down my cheek,
she still cared for me, couldnt see me in agonizing sorrow,
she was still there with me in my time of distress,
sleeping with a celestial bliss in those grey ashes,
which i had stashed safely within lock proof interiors
of my cherished safe.

Nikhil Parekh

Her New Born Heartbeats

Her impeccably wandering and emphatic eyes; were exactly like mine;
mischievously fulminating into an island of unparalleled exuberance; every
unfurling

minute of the day,

While the charismatically wonderful lips; she had stupendously inherited from her
mother; perennially blossoming into a paradise of rhapsodically untamed
happiness.

Her magnificently robust and heavenly pink toes; were exactly like mine;
intrepidly frolicking all the time; towards the clouds of mystical adventure,

While the miraculously Omnipotent contours of her pristine feet; she had
astoundingly inherited from her mother; enchantingly dancing to the tunes of the
seductively milky night.

Her celestially radiant and immaculate palms were exactly like mine;
metamorphosing every thing that she blissfully caressed into an entrenchment of
unfathomable empathy,

while the enamoring vivacity in her intricately poignant fingers; she had
eclectically inherited from her mother; delectably swishing them to inquisitively
explore even the most minuscule trace of newness; in the gloriously dazzling
atmosphere.

Her bountifully twinkling and mesmerizing ears were exactly like mine;
ebulliently flapping under the first rays of the Omnisciently golden Sun,
While the melodiously enchanting voice; she had profoundly inherited from her
mother; as she exotically placated even the most disastrously traumatized parts
of this unending Universe; with the unsurpassable joy in her untainted sounds.

Her diminutively fragrant and triumphant neck was exactly like mine;
innocuously drifting towards all ravishingly tantalizing goodness in the vibrant
atmosphere,

While the majestic silhouettes of her everlasting chest; she had incredulously
inherited from her mother; beautifully assimilating all priceless humanity on this
unfathomable planet; in her gloriously Omnipotent soul.

Her poignantly crimson and immaculate blood was exactly like mine; innocuously
culminating into a stream of sparkling newness; every unveiling instant
of the brilliantly flamboyant day,

While the magnanimously ingenious network of her virgin veins; she had

ecstatically inherited from her mother; as she profusely harbored the virtues of fathomlessly glistening mankind; in every element of her regally aristocratic visage.

Her voluptuously ebullient eyelashes were exactly like mine; handsomely fluttering towards the corridors of eternity; under the milky ocean of iridescently starry

twilight,

While the ravishingly priceless crusts of hazel hair on her scalp; she had scintillatingly inherited from her mother; as she philandered in the meadows of divinely playfulness; for infinite more births yet to unveil.

Her resplendently fiery and mystical breath was exactly like mine; boundlessly spawning into an entrenchment of spell binding exoticism; on every path that she enigmatically transgressed,

While the fabulously silken shapes of her nose; she had majestically inherited from her mother; as she became the irrefutably unparalleled darling; of even the most obsoletely forlorn and coldblooded devils.

Her eternally blissful and sacrosanct conscience was exactly like mine; fostering nothing but the blazing whirlwinds of Omnipresent truth,

While the freshly budding crusts of scintillating teeth; she had fascinatingly inherited from her mother; as she ingratiatingly munched the fruits of timeless creation; for centuries unprecedented.

And although she had proudly inherited some of me; while a fathomless elements of her divinely body were an astounding replication of her; heavenly mother,

Her new born heartbeats were the most purest form of the Almighty Lord; not only immortally diffusing into the chapter of perpetual love; but unconquerably proving that it was indeed the most ultimate panacea for all forms of existence; the most unassailable belonging to handsomely cherish; even centuries after invidiously
ghastly death.

Nikhil Parekh

Her Slave, Her Admirer, Her Lover

Although I hoisted my hands to emboss the scriptures of tomorrow; incorrigibly taking a pledge to pen down all the mesmerizing beauty of this Universe, However all I ended up doing was; inundating infinite sheets of paper with her irrefutably sacrosanct name.

Although I opened my lips to sing the most enchanting song on this planet; emulate the mesmerizing nightingale to evolve a river of melodious tunes, However all I ended up doing was; chanting her virtues till times immemorial; falling in an unrelenting reverie on the ground; with volcano's of her voluptuous grace fulminating at the back of my mind.

Although I pulled my eyes open to wander in boundless directions in this world; explore the most enigmatically swirling fantasies rising handsomely towards the sky, However all I ended up doing was; riveting them on her dwelling; profusely admiring her sleeping like an celestially innocuous angel under the blanket of resplendently twinkling stars.

Although I opened my mouth to relish the festoon of succulent cherries strewn majestically in the fields; languish in the aisles of untamed desire; after sipping sparkling stream water, However all I ended up doing was; chewing my own fingers in profuse anticipation; as I anxiously waited for her stupendously royal shadow to sweep past the contours of my face.

Although I alighted my foot from domains of insurmountable laziness; to trespass through each cranny of this fathomless globe; lead my life to most excitingly unprecedented limits, However all I ended up doing was; incessantly circle around her house all night and day; trying my best to annihilate even the slightest insinuation of evil lingering in vicinity.

Although I unleashed my ears to hear the fathomless myriad of sounds hovering nimbly in the atmosphere; decipher the intriguing puzzles of mother nature, However all I ended up doing was; target all my senses profoundly to the cadence of her voice; wholesomely dedicate each birth of mine to every word she uttered.

Although I unveiled my mind to tackle the most mystical battles offered by pragmatic life; coin solutions to the inexorably inexplicable problems loitering around,

However all I ended up doing was; dreaming about her euphorically boisterous countenance till decades unfathomable; entwine myself in mind; body and soul with her immortal spirit.

Although I ripped apart my heart; trying to share all its philanthropic goodness with each organism created in harmonious unison by the Almighty Creator, However all I ended up doing was; incarcerate her divinely image in for times beyond existence in each of its thunderous beat.

And although I unfurled my breath in passionate exultation to lead each instant of destined life; persevere to the most astronomical heights; to achieve the ambitions of my holistic survival, However all I ended up doing was; surrendering in wholesome entirety to her impeccably heavenly feet; remaining her slave; her admirer; her lover; for countless more births yet to come.

Nikhil Parekh

Hide And Seek

The steaming island of Sun played hide and seek amidst the smoke grey clouds,
peeping sporadically with stringent tenacity,
filtering with flamboyant exuberance pallid spots of the galaxy,
fumigating dirt and stench with antiseptic rays of dazzling light.

tranquil contours of the moon played hide and seek between brown sandwiches
of
mountain,
illuminating the gruesome blackness of arid night, stuck like perpetual glue to
azure carpets of the sky,
imparting placid waves of passionate moisture to scorched patches of earth.

a cluster of woodpecker played hide and seek in an ambience of foliated trees,
chirping affable rhymes in melodramatic unison,
gliding no invasively past an assemblage of tall hawthorn bush,
taking frequent dips, submerging their weary in the crystal stream of silken
white jungle water bodies,

truckloads of golden sawdust played hide and seek in an environment of mighty
edifices,
blowing in feverish exhilaration with torrential draughts of wind,
incessantly covering exposed portions of stainless glass pane,
intruding upon the intricate coat of snow white eye,
enveloping polished arenas of space with blotches of disdainful mud.

articulate webs of conscience play hide and seek with the good and bad,
yielding predominantly to insatiable desires of evil,
succumbing with languid ease to lucrative options of crime,
seldom adhering to persevering routes of immaculate truth,
falling prey to hollow caves of affluence and superficial glamour.

Nikhil Parekh

Hide And Seek - Part 1 - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually part 1 of the Book titled - Hide and Seek - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems (702 pages) . Parekh's earliest collection of verse. Written in unparalleled fervor, this collection is a delectable blend of topics from love to death, probing into countless infinitesimal aspects of existence which make a significant impact to it. The beauty of this compendium lies in its magical brevity at places and in the most mundane things of life around us brought to the fore like a magicians wand, in brilliant poetic flair by Parekh. Contains poems on topics impossible for one to envisage that a poem could be written about such an inconspicuous little thing-but Parekh evolves bountiful rhyme from the word go and coalesces vivacious color in the little tid-bits of the chapter called life to optimum effect. A must read for all those who find color, charm and significance in even the smallest things of life and are enthused by even the most mercurial bit of stray paper loitering around. A poetic tribute to the ordinary, projecting its colorful extraordinary bit to the planet with raw panache.

This book tingles every living being's imagination to fantasize beyond the ordinary. Look at all those meaningful tid-bits around us which have a complete book written in each one of them. All those joyous and unfortunate anecdotes around us which make us blossom into the true spirit of existence; into the amazing celebration of omnipotent life.

CONTENTS

1. WHEN I THOUGHT
2. 100 HOLES
3. AUTOBIOGRAPHY
4. BAR MAGNET

5. AGONY IN BATHROOM
6. ALL HUNGER QUENCHED BY RAIN
7. A PALACE IN STILL WATER
8. THREE YEARS
9. MY MIND
10. WHEN I LOST MY LOVE
11. PERFECT SCENERY-CLOUDS END
12. THE FLAMING SUN
13. BATH
14. LIFE AFTER DEATH
15. A HOMICIDAL BEGGAR
16. BLAME IT
17. BLANKETS
18. WATER
19. BLOOD RED APPLE JUICE
20. BRAKE FAIL
21. CAKES
22. THE CANDLE WAX PALACE
23. ALLIGATOR ON THE PROWL IN FULL MOON
24. CEILING FAN
25. CLUSTER OF TEETH
26. COMPOSITIONS
27. CONGREGATION OF NUMBERS
28. CRAB POISON
29. CUCKOO CLOCK
30. THE COLD BLOODED ROCK
31. DEAD AND STILL LIVING WITH ME
32. CHARRED TO DEATH
33. BOWL OF WATER
34. VOICES
35. THE DESERTED MANSION
36. HOT WATER BOTTLE
37. STONE PILLOW
38. DOORS
39. DROUGHT
40. A VALIANT SEED
41. 1000 FEET BELOW THE EARTH
42. EARTHQUAKE
43. GOOD SHOT
44. MAGICAL PALM
45. EFFECTS OF MUSK PERFUME
46. ELECTROCUTION

- 47. ELECTRONIC EMPEROR
- 48. URGES
- 49. EMISSIONS
- 50. INDISPUTABLE WEALTH

1. WHEN I THOUGHT

When i thought about filth and dirt,
unethical images of floating sewage blended with feces capsized my mental
imagery.

when i thought about transparently luring crystal water,
panoramic visions of undulating mountains besieged me in entirety.

when i thought about finely crushed chowder of piquant salt,
rambunctious memories of the sea flooded desolate regions of my soul.

when i thought about tenaciously blowing coats of wind,
lascivious mass of dense tree foliage revolved subtly through my mind.

when i thought about bountiful springs of frosty milk,
sacrosanct images of the twin horned cow submerged me with glee.

when i thought about swaying my body in animated jubilation,
extravagant pictures of the country barn discotheque gleamed large in my eyes.

when i thought about prolific waves of acerbic heat,
charismatic demeanor of the sun god shot loud and clear all throughout cells of
my brain.

when i thought about praying to the almighty,
omniscient portraits of Christ nailed to bare wood proliferated in my memory.

when i thought about the destitute succumbing to pangs of starvation,
shriveled silhouettes of skinny children instantaneously crept up my scalp.

when i thought about exorbitant luxury with king sized dishes of food,
frivolous images of silken gold took strangle hold of my impeccable heart.

and when i thought about perennial threads of sacred matrimony,
effeminate outlines of the girl i loved delectably settled in topmost compartments
of my mind.

2.100 HOLES

If there were a 100 holes in the dry ground,
small rivulets of water would get accumulated after seasonal spells of monsoon,
a blend of mice, rabbit, and ant would continue to live in passionate harmony.

If there existed a 100 holes in the ornately sculptured tea kettle,
Sizzling droplets of brown liquid would ooze as if from a lawn sprinkler,
Scalding all in vicinity with boiling showers of freshly made tea.

If there were a 100 holes in well spun office shirt,
There would probably be no need for fans and large coolers,
Natural draughts of air would pierce sweat laden zones of chest,
Thereby compensating the need for artificial contrivances.

If there were a 100 holes in the base of my leather shoe,
Fresh waves of wind would ventilate through my feet,
Hence filtering tension clogged veins inhabiting the body.

If there were a 100 holes in luxury liner floating on ocean water,
Saline liquid from the sea would painstakingly penetrate,
Ergonomically plush interiors of ship would be flooded with water,
The ship made of the strongest wood fibre would sink to the bottom of the ocean.

If there were a 100 holes in the juicy fruit of african apple,
A cluster of worm would nibble its core,
Rendering it as a commodity to be used as a duplication for stone.

If there appeared a 100 holes in the flaming silhouette of Sun,
The light dispersing on earth would be complete with gloom and haze,
Prompting the young to walk with sticks in their hands groping blindly for
direction.

If there were a 100 holes in my heart,
I would drill it with many more still deeper,
Filling them all with reflections of whom I loved,
Keeping them full upto the brim for the remaining quota of years,
I am destined to tread on the soil of earth.

3. AUTOBIOGRAPHY

i occur in spots of irregular proportions,
i might be black, brown or blue,
i hold great significance in tuning a human being,
i am present right since the first cry of life,
i am indeed a BIRTHMARK.
{1}.

i have undulating rash waves,
i rise and fall with respect to placement of moon,
i am peculiarly salty in taste,
i am a boarding house for fern and fish,
i constitute more than 70 percent of earths surface,
i am the deep blue ocean smashing on rocks.
{2}

i have brown precipices,
i have loose soil cascading down,
i stand like a fortress amidst a cocoon of clouds,
i am a warehouse of museums of minerals,
i don't like people blasting me with explosive,
i am a chain of mammoth shining rock.
{3}

i have multicolored yellow wings,
i posses stripes of scarlet red,
i feed on minuscule ants and grub,
i perch on dark corners of the room,
i love to fly all sunlit day,
i christen myself the butterfly.
{4}

i emit poisonous smoke,
i know i look like rotten egg,
i cause several diseases and pain,
i lie at the rear of a motorized vehicle,
i want to commit suicide,
i am none other than a circular exhaust pipe.

4. BAR MAGNET

I took a mammoth slab of bar magnet in my hands,
camouflaged within interiors of colored plastic.

traversing through plush lanes of the city,
sandwiched between hordes of building and shopping malls,
thoroughly illuminated in silver light of the moon,
i walked at euphoric pace clad in thin summer clothing,
with the monstrous iron magnet tightly strangled in my palm.

the events that unfolded were a feast to the eye,
slender pins of needle hurtled towards me,
worn out pieces of rusty metal got firmly riveted,
sign boards of metal got uprooted from their concrete base,
reinforced doors of safe deposit vault tore free from barricade of lock,
gates of wrought iron swung open granting me royal access to the castle,
portable canisters of food landed on my lap breaking the display glass in frenzy,
tall poles of gaudy sodium light developed angular curvatures,
rustic candelabrum danced violently on the mantelpiece,
all metal in proximity swayed infectiously,
I then tried to capture the heart of a young maiden,
Loitered around her for humid hours of the day,
Slept a few feet away through the equally breezy night,
Alas! The gizmo had eluded me this time,
It was blended with the prowess to attract the mightiest on earth,
Although the reigning moment it had miserably flunked,
It hadn't succeeded in capturing her tender heart,
Shattering her arrogance like a pack of playing cards,
Drawing her close within millimeters of my vicinity,
The gigantic bar magnet had failed to strike when it mattered the most,
imprison forever the love I always desired.

5. AGONY IN BATHROOM

The newspaper was soiled with moisture and dirt,
long strands of my hair lay thoroughly dismantled,
perfumed cloth of shirt was soaked in pools of sweat,
the nylon vest clung tightly to my broad chest frame,
beads of water trickled down bushy eyebrows,
smudges of condensed vapour adhered to the crystal mirror,
i could see an army of red ant transporting grain,
twin cuckoo birds flying with small pieces of twig and broken straw,
large tablets of carbolic, disinfectant, colored shampoo liquid camouflaged me
from the world,
a solid teak door concealed me from embarrassing gaze,

stingy draughts of air blew from the partially open vent,
hordes of mosquito stung ripe areas of my flesh,
lazy flies buzzed incessantly in the hollow ambience of my eardrum,
my body perspired like torrential rain pelting down,
crisp noises of newspaper shuffling emanated as I read.

there was a shining chain suspended from the roof,
tickling sensitive areas of my nostril,
the minute i anticipated had finally arrived,
the painstaking agony was now on the verge of conclusion,
it was now conducive to flush away the accumulated debris,
consisting of foul Chinese matter which i had consumed the previous night,
i pulled the chain with all my existing might,
gushing rivulets of water flushed the dirt,
infinite bowels in my intestine were now rendered clean,
as i emitted a sigh of relief, a hearty thanks to the Creator,
stripped of natural reserves of energy,
I stepped out of the disdainful interiors of my bathroom.

6. ALL HUNGER QUENCHED BY RAIN

Meteors shot from crystal clear sky mass,
leaped down the galaxy at the onset of twilight,
diffusing finally into fluorescent molecules of shiny light.

parrot green buds ripened on live branches of oak tree,
bushy squirrel flesh kissed umpteenth spots in the hollow trunk,
the living pores of hard wood cried,
when scientists passed spasmodic currents of electricity.

the cows bathed in a cascade of chilly ice-cream,
waded their path through paths of thick curry,
leaving trails of footprints triangular in pattern,
coating their white skin with blotches of clay mud.

the sparrows chirped enchanting rhymes in unison,
hoisted fine threads of bamboo sticks to their place of dwelling,
constructing warm network of crisscrossed twigs,
laid round white pearls of egg with nourishing yolk.

there was thunder accompanied with streaks of lightning,
the shooting stars had fallen hours ago,

soft balls of clouds clashed mercilessly,
parched cracks of earth eventually separated,
to devour hungrily torrential sheets of pelting rain.

7. A PALACE IN STILL WATER

This vast expanse of blue tepid water,
the yellow sun evading the skies,
the beauty all so glamorous,
the shimmering spires of the town.
green pastures, chirping birds,
colored sands at their perennial best,
puts beautiful palace at incisive test.
stalwarts built it firm and strong,
entrepreneurs decorated it with bronze.
water cascading at umpteenth places,
makes it the darling of all races.
garlanded with human emotions,
looks like a fire ablaze at night,
a real treat to the human eye,
with tawny fishes saying goodbye.
the colorful bonanza of gaudy lights,
the orchestra singing to a perfect rhyme,
the ornamental clock tower gives a midnight chime,
blissful silence descends all over,
as i succumb to the delight of invincible sleep.

8. THREE YEARS

She was all that i ever desired,
her body was engulfed with waves of enchantment,
slender fingers smelt of heavenly nectar,
fleshy earlobes were adorned with beads of gold,
luscious lips murmured fairy tales of uncurbed desire,
angular neck swung instantly to my soft reflection,
daintily carved feet tread on a mountain of thorns,
olive skinned palms spread eagled for everlasting embrace,
silky strands of hair cascaded down her shoulder,
crystal white armory of teeth produced magical
smiles,
she was a Goddess drenching me with rain showers of eternal love.

{1}

Sunlit days sped into gruesome chilly nights,
clock seconds ticked at amazing speeds,
the tyranny of time had taken its toll,
corrupted human mass had rendered me peniless,
there was no scope for employment at distant quarters of society,
strong rooms of currency were sealed with iron bars of denial,
brutal strokes of destiny levered my head down in shame,
i knew she was the queen of my heart,
bound we were going to be in threads of holy matrimony,
empty containers of food grain echoing like dead skeletons,
a labyrinth of sockets in my purse devoid of life bestowing note,
and a dreadful images of newborn offspring's dying of starvation,
slaughtered my ideas of blissful romance,
crippled me in person with spearheads of pragmatic reality,
there was no point in acquainting her with the distraught scenario,
neither did I intend to expose her to harsh territories of life,
prompting me to consume a liter of rat poison,
the venom painstakingly ending three years of our intense love

9. MY MIND

In the darkness that surrounds me,
a light wavers above my head,
maneuvering my thoughts to moonlight,
with a blurred destiny to handle,
through finely stitched fields of a happy pepped up mind.

that light gives me guided hope,
in the black starry night,
reinvigorating my belief in mystic faith,
winding entangled keys of my mind.

the cool air hits my eyes,
tracing salty liquid of complexity,
knocking the healthy blue tinge away,
in that varied shocking manner,
from top compartments of my mind.

those punching thoughts press my mind,
leading me to the abysmal world below,

in an atmosphere of heavily laden gloom,
as i discover my concious breath at last.

10. WHEN I LOST MY LOVE

I drowned myself in large beer cans of alcohol,
lay the whole night on desolate sands of the beach,
traversed bare feet through scorching territories of stone ground,
sang nostalgic rhymes while kissing the winter breeze,
grew strands of unruly beard on the immaculate skin of my face,
stared unrelentingly all night at the cameo of twinkling stars,
consumed food abstemiously with occasional sips of soiled water,
erupted with volatile outbursts of anger at the slightest of provocation,
walked at languid pace with the acerbic sun filtering through my eyes,
wore pure suits of torn jute blended with cheap pieces of leather,
lambasted myself with incessant strokes of the whiplash at dawn,
distributed all my affluence to the needy and impoverished,
disposed my smoke grey sedan in fathomless waters of the ocean,
burnt all novels which contained even minuscule traces of romance,
refrained to cast frivolous glances the charismatic passing by,
sequestered myself from pragmatic realities of life,
spending life like a relic in a dilapidated barn,
ploughing the earth with my pickaxe shovel; the only means of survival,
i had obscure memories of my last laughter,
the last time i had bounced radiantly; blooming with life,
at the present moment though i sobbed all day and sinister night,
i no longer possessed the power to win back my love,
to shrug of the obliterations and make her forever mine.

11. PERFECT SCENERY-CLOUDS END

Here as i sit with network of green to surround,
the Falcon soaring high in the blue sky,
a blanket of dew drops on the fresh green leaves,
shining a perpetual golden brown.

the silence and tranquility of the blissful air,
blueberry flowers on steep slopes of valley,
causing mystical ravines of my heart to flood with beauty and sizzling
excitement,
the magic touch of heavenly green spreads all over,
there follows a heavy downpour of tropical rain,

macro droplets of water cascade everywhere,
with the grass blades crying out in anticipation to swallow the rain drops,
clear and transparent, quenching their thirst for divine blessings,
leaving them submerged in a river of celestial love.

tall pine trees had their drooping branches covered with white snow,
shielded the valley in heat with their shade and warmth,
enriching every inch of soil with their overgrown root,
as golden rays of the sun shine on their leaves,
displaying vivid contrasts of velvety green and satin yellow,
obscuring my eyes with film of salty tears,
enjoying this lovely rapturous sight,
fulfilling desires lurking in my soul with vibrant echoes of ravishing nature.

12. THE FLAMING SUN

Red rays of sunlight peep through my window,
focusing a path of mystic beauty,
shimmering into a pool of darkness,
falling directly in my wide open eyes,
tracing a look of abstract fear,
absorbing flimsy shells of courage,
deserting me in a state of speechless exuberance.

the flaming sun i see,
resembles the door of a fresh heart,
throbbing with a mild intensity,
red and gracious in color,
filtering burdened pores of intricate mind,
for a renewal of liveliness,
and powerful glints of hope astride.

the blazing Sun behind me,
pats my back and says,
i want to come down, sit beside you my friend,
to enjoy this world from close quarters,
and lo! behold he is racing down,
his size has shrunken to a podded pea,
the world has turned upon him like a bee,
for if he comes down on earth,
who will give them courage and antiseptic light,
they would be left solitary on ground,

with dampness of humanity to surround.

13. BATH

When i took a bath in red acrylic paint,
my body resembled the sun fading in murky horizons of dusk.

when i drenched myself with coal tar liquid,
snow white patches of my skin transited to ghastly black.

when i sprinkled buckets of rotten vegetable juice in plenty,
i smelt like i had last bathed in innocent childhood.

when i rolled wildly in mud lying in fresh pools of rain,
multiple pores of my body went berserk in heated euphoria.

when i poured large cans of honey extracted from bee-hive,
my body became a breeding place for red ant and worm.

when i swam in white icy waters of the mountain stream,
i shivered incessantly with a plethora of goose-bumps instantly formed.

When I submerged myself in a tank of steaming acid,
soft layers of flesh got denuded of silky hair.

when I engulfed myself in churned green chili juice,
i felt live currents of electricity circulating through my blood.

when I sprayed petrol with high pressured hose,
entangled mass of my intestine vomited settled food granules.

And finally when I stood beneath a shower oozing gold coin,
I felt this bath should go on for decades immemorial.

14. LIFE AFTER DEATH

My eyes open with tremendous velocity,
my lips mumble the essence of life,
my teeth grit, like a formidable fortress,
my body probes with upsurgent fervor,
as i am exuberant beyond capacity.

{1}

the pain subsides to nothingness,
a memorandum of life time cherishment,
as the unprecedented force of destiny,
the curtain spread of wilderness,
strikes a deal with the traumatic cadence of survival,
mesmerized by the amazing body machinery,
dictating a 'sizzling new chapter of existence'
{2}

ah! many a lesson learnt,
fiddling with natural mechanisms,
leads to the horrendous path of treacherous agony,
evaporating every ounce of enthusiasm,
drowning 'me' into dark cataclysmic waters.
{3}

the drainpipe of creativity,
finally succumbing to human fallacy,
trying to breathe through minute pores of legitimate versatility,
devastated every minute by the inevitable lechery of self productivity,
with an abysmal desire to challenge almighty,
leading to convulsive repetitions of suicidal simplicity,
finally assassinating the eccentric chapter, of sinful imagination,
dismantling the torrid structure of rigid thought flow,
from its very non existent roots,
accentuating 'harmony with nature' as the ' peak of reality'

15. A HOMICIDAL BEGGAR

A casual glimpse at the beggars face,
can reveal altogether a new case.
its filled with substantial beauties and charm,
the joy hidden in occasionally occurring sleepy trance.
the bone jarring thoughts of his simplistic mind,
involve no trickery plots like the educated kind.
his hands so shabby look black and soggy,
they cant get the ingredients of an ivory flask.
homicidal tendencies crept in his mind,
he held gleaming knives in his hand,
ripped through bulging pockets of passing bystanders,
laughed like a harmless devil sipping icy mouthfuls

of left over food.
his eyes have an uncanny touch of blue,
they don't envisage great ideas of creation,
instead give realistic clues of hunger at its very best.

16. BLAME IT

The rain goes on; blame it on the weatherman,
The mud appears dreadfully scorched; blame it on paucity of water,
The cigarette causes hostile cancer; blame it on fillings of noxious tobacco,
The automobile plummets down the valley; blame it on failure of intricate
brake,
The glistening marble looks untidy; blame it on blemishes of dark chocolate,
The luxury liner sinks in the ocean; blame it on gaping holes in its persona,
The man trips over and bruises his nose; blame it on the loose splinters of
stone,
The contemporary computer closes abruptly; blame it on a plethora of nefarious
virus,
The plush cable car hurtles down the mountain; blame it on the frigid wire,
The deadly poison strangulates breath; blame it on the venomous adder,
The demeanor of white paper transits of disdainful yellow; blame it on the
process of perpetual decay,
The knotted hand pains while hoisting loads; blame it on a network of fracture,
The outlines of objects seems to be fading; blame it on diminishing vision,
Immaculate chunks of rosewood develop an army of indentation; blame it on the
belligerent termite,
The fledglings didn't hatch from the shell; blame it on inadequate proportion
of heat,
The body was grotesquely distorted since birth; blame it on the chromosomes,
Infinite fibers of hair were sprawled with dandruff; blame it on the lack of oil,
The lights on the street flickered violently; blame it on weak current,
The eyes inevitably felt dreary with intoxication; blame it on the honey golden
alcohol,
The soul trembled for mercy; blame it on the sins of past life;
And the heart stopped throbbing; relinquishing to beat; blame it on
the compassionate love lost.

17. BLANKETS

When i slept on a razor sharp blanket of thorns,
tiny buds of needle pierced ashen white regions of my flesh,
painstakingly penetrating pliable arenas of supple skin,

prompting my rudimentary blood to ooze,
keeping me awake all throughout long hours of the autumn night.

As I camouflaged my body with a blanket of flower petal,
A mesmerizing fragrance enveloped sultry cocoons of atmosphere,
The aroma settling placidly under cloud covers of dusk,
truckloads of worries evaporated from top compartments of my mind,
And I felt invincibly drowned in bountiful scent of nature.

When I squirmed violently on a blanket of steaming slippery sand,
Minuscule shards of glass and dirt blended with profusely dripping sweat,
There was a feeling of intense abrasion all over my silhouette,
Accompanied with fiery desires to scratch my skin raw,
I suddenly felt soiled with an ocean of dirt,
Stood under the mountain springs to cleanse every iota of my blotted persona.

When I tossed in quiet contentment on a blanket of authentic cheddar cheese,
There came a battalion of red ant to nibble and gnaw,
King sized mice crept stealthily to devour the feast,
I myself felt suddenly hungry, witnessing the creatures relish their meal,
Thoroughly inspired I tore at solid chunks of salted milk,
Swallowing them with profound glee, satisfying my omnipotent gluttony for food.

I spent all day perched on blankets of perpetual love,
Sharing the traumatic agony of all in vicinity,
Catering to unsurpassable needs of my beloved,
Gratifying impoverished souls with chivalrous smiles,
I finally arrived at indispensable conclusions of clinging hard to this blanket,
For the remaining tenure of years I tread my feet as a human on this earth.

18. WATER

I consumed a meal consisting of crushed chili with poignant fillings of snake
brown pepper,
immediately felt the urge to gulp a can full of water.

i abruptly got up from the vigils of sleep; to eructate my inflated bowels,
instantaneously felt the need for gallons of water.

i noticed corrugated blotches of stain sprawling wildly on my car windshield,
prompting me to spray it clean with refined globules of water.

i jogged incessantly through undulating landscapes of the rocky terrain,
felt appeasingly relaxed after sipping crystal water from the monsoon springs.

i woke with terrified jolts; envisaging a horrendous dream,
recieved instant gratification as i drank colossal pints of flavored water.

i scribbled painstakingly obnoxious pages of the annual exam papers,
reclined back on my rocking chair drowned in colossal pools of coconut water.

i trespassed through arid regions of the sahara desert,
intermittently wetting my tongue with infinitesimal amounts of water.

i percieved utter desolation enveloping my demeanour,
chivalrously swallowed herculean streams of melon water,
to relinquish the memory of my departed beloved.

i felt epidemic fever circulate through entangled capillaries of my body,
flooded my belly with marathon oceans of water to swipe off the deadly
infection.

i felt stinging pangs of acrimonious heat strike me in the peak of summer,
felt as if floating in paradise; minutes after drinking farm fresh sugarcane water.

i knew deep inside; that i could live without food for days on the trot,
but to remain divested of ground water even for more than an hour was
disconcertingly impossible.

19. BLOOD RED APPLE JUICE

I flung pointed pebbles leaning on the balcony rail,
gnawed incessantly at my soft finger flesh,
poked at entangled knots of hair mixing long
fingernails with scalp zone,
spit loads of saliva on pavements of stale concrete,
kicked violently at loose chunks of sand lying unattended,
tore every bit of transparent cloth in close proximity,
trampled on infinite insects that lurked infuriatingly across my way,
devoured solid bones of calcium, crushing them with my teeth,
peeled crisp wall paint in plenty with incoherent strokes of footnail,
ripped triangular caps from compressed bottles of soda drink,
spilled jars containing carbon ink on satiny covers of the bedroom mattress,
plucked masses of grass blades rolling languidly in undulating landscape of

the garden,
transformed pencil ends to distorted junk by repetitive chewing,
added tones of salt to fruit juice before consumption,
pedaled my bicycle till a river of sweat descended down my neck,
revolved my body in clockwise journeys at electric beats of music,
trimmed waste hair emanating sparsely from twin nostrils,
applied scented lotion to the back of palm to revitalize skin,
roamed aimlessly through solitary streets at the onset of midnight.

Weird situations of nil work had made me fidgety,
Obsessions for exorbitant adventure seemed to be fast fading,
I strolled at fast pace across the periphery of my fruit orchard,
Clambered up a tall tree bearing blood red apple,
Snatched it deftly from within its house of green leaf,
Drank sweet juice charged with small pints of ravishing flavour,
From deep cores within its delicately tender heart.

20. BRAKE FAIL

When twin rubber brakes of my amber Mercedes abruptly failed,
while i traversed at shooting speeds through meandering curves of the valley,
bulky brake rubber melting in acrimonious rays of the midday Sun,
the car hurtled down vacuum pores of the mountain,
diffusing into infinite splinters,
burying itself a few feet below green waters.

as i kissed the rear of a horse with fuming ends of red coal,
the tamed beast erupted loose from domains of decency,
ran berserk through fecund fields of ripened sugarcane,
tossing me high in the air for a brief discourse with God,
finally somersaulting down with bones broken beneath silky recesses of my skin.
when dirty black carpets of clouds had a brake fail,
macro droplets of rain pelted down with passionate fury,
the titanic mass of sky wept unrelentingly all day and placid night,
submerged all existing on land in lakes of fresh water,
percolating at astounding speeds through innumerable holes in my house roof.

when monstrous waves in the ocean had a failure of brakes,
they overtopped strong ships sailing in water,
crashing with profound rage against strings of jagged rocks,
thoroughly flooding barren regions of shore land mud,
devouring with a devilish intent all in proximity and intimate contact.

when frigid brakes of my heart failed to beat rhythmically,
there was an intense pounding that followed suit,
outrageous bouts of euphoria replaced subtle ways of interaction,
i confronted her in person startling her with my piercing gaze,
mustered the strength to propose the girl i loved after years of sequestering
myself in oblivion.

21. CAKES

As i strolled languidly on smooth cakes of road tarmac,
stringent pellets of sunshine struck my eyes,
blistering sheets of wind whipped petite regions of my flesh,
the steaming persona of ground formed a volley of cracks,
radiating at right angles from my slender soled feet.

when i frivolously wandered on the fluorescent cake of midnight moon,
ornately draped angels collided with soft cushions of my hair,
the ambience was overflowing with a sedative calm,
blotches of crime had faded into kingdoms of oblivion,
my conscience reverberated with impeccable nostalgia of early childhood.

after walking for long hours on cakes of snow,
savage blizzards hitting my cheek like an army of pistol bullets,
infinite territories of my skin transiting to an embarrassing crimson red,
the inner periphery of my ear frozen in the deafening cold,
i willing settled for a cupful of boiling ginger tea.

all i wanted was a cake topped with icy peppermint,
consisting of tons of chocolate curry,
topped up with immaculate dressings of blood red cherry,
a cake which could quench my insatiable gluttony,
awaken sweet memories of perpetual love which i had inadvertently craved for,
put me to sleep with an aura of immortal bliss encompassing my face,
dreaming about the palpable goodness that ever did exist.

22. THE CANDLE WAX PALACE

I built a palace of pure molten wax,
painting it with gaudy coats of tree root color,
studding the kingly doors with brooches of gold,
providing a plethora of waterfall dribbling down,

the fragile walls built with reinforced slabs of burnt candle debris.

the blistering waves of sun caused hot juices to flow,
placid reflections of full moon embodied it with loads of strength,
obnoxious currents of wind punctured depressions in its wall,
torrential whips of rain rendered it softer in texture,
prowling mass of mice burrowed tunnels of semicircular dimension,
handsome eagles laid white eggs on its roof,
a cluster of termite nibbled at foundations way below the ground,
a battalion of hybrid horse ran across its periphery,
venomous snakes slithered on satiny floors,
sharp nailed leopards clawed incessantly for instant gratification.

the arduous spells of summer soon arrived,
uncouth light of the sun now replaced the cushion of suspended moisture,
blazing rays of sun god now engulfed it with buoyant tenacity,
stringent currents of merciless wind pounded with full might,
the wax cried all scorching day,
wept infinite tears bereft of traces of respite,
colossal exteriors of the palace deteriorated at amazing speeds,
the savage heat of sun had prompted the inevitable,
transforming the palace once flooded with grandiloquent riches,
reducing it to an ocean of candle wax strewn on acres of fertile farm land.

23. ALLIGATOR ON THE PROWL IN FULL MOON

Round balls of pearly white gas,
with thin wisps of grey cloud floating haphazardly,
as cool as snow drops of ice at night,
assassinating traces of daytime heat,
with crystal beams of singular fluorescent light,
perched high in the galaxy of stars,
revolving at astronomical speeds across the Sun periphery,
being the only source of placid comfort during pitch dark ambience of the night,
the celestial figure of the moon smiled mischievously,
as the hour hand ticked past midnight in city clock tower.

the lethal alligator waded silently through the waters,
biting mighty chunks of dead logwood,
flickering its abraded tail at small cocoons of fish,
squirting blood from its eyeball,
opening its kingly jaw to display an armory of canine teeth.

there were men ahead pedaling a row boat,
consuming large glasses of ravishing gin tonic,
with strong fishing rods levered skillfully in the jungle stream,
they joked, sung, swayed their bodies in the arid air,
little knowing of the deadly monster stealthily encroaching,
the beast sank a few feet beneath the boat,
gave loud snorts toppled it crushing sewn timber to mangled junk,
loud wails besieged the night calm,
the moonlight clearly portrayed torn parts of their bodies,
white waters smudged with fresh human blood,
the birds screeched loudly in the sky,
as the 20 feet long crocodile relished man flesh,
trapped between the cavities of its elephant teeth.

24. CEILING FAN

Regulating incessant draughts of fresh air,
revolving in circular clockwise journeys,
tapered blades riveted to oval bodied bearing,
suspended from a jugglery of plastic wire,
firmly secured to an overhead iron hook,
with flower petal carvings sewn to wing,
evacuating stale air with scent of congestion,
revitalizing individuals, drenched in pools of summer exhaustion,
driving away hordes of buzzing flies,
eliminating seeds of epidemic by fumigating air,
filtering atmosphere obscured with coats of dust,
an inevitable commodity in scorching summer,
equally essential in sedate chills of approaching winter,
feeding drained nostrils with pouches of surplus air,
extracting moisture from wet cloth,
prompting sheets of paper to fly haphazardly,
shredding to minuscule pieces large objects in close proximity,
rotating at whirlwind speed, at mere caress of switchboard plastic,
dancing to supplied currents of electricity,
is my sea green colored, room ceiling fan

25. CLUSTER OF TEETH

They can chew hard sugarcane,
entangle seeds from fibrous fruits,

snatch fodder for survival,
bite into hard skull of coconut,
gnaw at hard pieces of chicken bone,
hold things about to tumble down,
hang on branches for protection,
dig tunnels of earth if required,
chatter incessantly when struck by cold,
nibble large chunks of chocolate cake,
sip greedily water, champagne, and fruit juice,
gnarl in frustration and intense anger,
tear apart flowing strands of silk,
make crisp noises when struck,
relish tasty food, frosty delights of white cream,
mould wax to idols for sale,
they come in bunches of glittering 16,
with exterior polish of natural enamel,
embedded firmly in skin cavities of hard jaw,
closely stitched with spit and blood,
small sized white buds at birth,
having split personality of being named as,
baby milk and hardened yellow,
making passage for flexible tongue,
facilitating speech and innocent smiles,
a precious gift of the living anatomy,
nominated as imperative for healthy life,
a thorough churner of consumed goods,
brushed thrice a day with fluoride paste,
projecting it as an object of desire,
is all that needs to be mentioned,
about a cluster of teeth.

26. COMPOSITIONS

The wall of the edifice was composed of contemporary brick,
the waters in oceans were composed of gargantuan pinches of salt,
mighty precipices of the mountain were composed of diffused rock and mud,
stolid poles of light on the street were composed of jugglery of iridescent bulb,
the air borne butterfly in the sky was composed of a plethora of stripes,
the sand strewn savagely on the road was composed of acrimonious heat,
the enchanting island of moon was composed of benevolent warmth,
the hunch backed camel in the desert was composed of hidden resources of
water,

swaying tree lumber in the breeze; was composed of bountiful lumber,
ravishing dish of tortilla; was composed of piquant extracts of chili,
compactly wound time piece was composed of needle and accuracy,
the leather bound dictionary was composed of infinite words,
filter pipes of cigarette were composed of venomous nicotine,
flamboyant interiors of car were composed of luxury seat and brake,
mouth palette of a dog was composed of sharp canine teeth,
software of a computer was composed of integrated chips,
sleek showers in the bath were composed of spring water,
towering church spires of the city were composed of Christ,
water clogged lines of the gutter were composed of obnoxious sewage,
slender stihoutte of the fountain pen was composed of ink,
innumerable brains of humans were composed of living cells of grey matter,
the nocturnal reptile was composed of life banishing poison,
whisl't my heart was composed of magnanimous love for
the girl i loved; the ideal woman of my dreams.

27. CONGREGATION OF NUMBERS

Numbers have a profound power to enchant,
it all started centuries ago,
like a magic wand in a conjurer's hand,
when astral constellation in the sky shone;
revealing the mystical tale,
which i now present with authority:
number one depicts outstanding caliber,
number two is sensitive and pessimistic,
number three is forcefully domineering,
number four is unfailingly loyal,
number five is highly materialistic,
number six is sincerely steadfast,
number seven is unpredictably exciting,
number eight is a pendulum of emotions,
number nine is a born warrior,
number ten is a disposition of short temper,
number eleven is over ambitious,
number twelve is a thorough dreamer,
number thirteen is all willpower,
number fourteen is a solitary personality,
number fifteen is financially comfortable,
number sixteen is a true wanderer,
number seventeen is intelligently forceful,

number eighteen is a roughshod laborer,
number nineteen is arrogantly dynamic,
number twenty is deeply depressed,
number twenty-one is a negative thinker,
number twenty-two lacks self confidence,
number twenty three has a greed to dominate,
number twenty-four is an idealist of love,
number twenty five has a fiery temper,
number twenty-six is a bit impatient,
number twenty seven is a strong dictator,
number twenty eight crumbles to pressure,
number twenty nine cant face defeat,
number thirty can rise to great heights,
and number thirty-one is extremely diligent.
that concludes the summary of those born,
between the first and thirty-first of an astral month.

28. CRAB POISON

Glistening golden sands of the beach,
A lunch box for venomous crabs,
Stormy waves dispatching sheets of salt,
With metallic clangs on crab shell,
Prompting elaborate spread of noxious tentacles,
Temporary dislocating the gallant brown spider,
Into well spun cocoons of slippery mud.
The sea recedes, a van stops on adjoining asphalt,
A trio of school kids step out beamingly,
Dressed in luxurious flannel beach wear,
With firm fitted and triangular caps,
Innocent wrists wound with water proof time,
And flying saucers whirled with speed,
In gleeful anticipation of splashing rockets,
Of salt water on their bare backs,
Shouts of laughter, articulately made sandcastles,
Big chunks of sand gliding harmlessly,
Past mischivious facial contours,
Utter amazement at encountering fossils,
Moulded marine green, with faded exteriors,
Hungry sipping of coconut water,
Causing vertical oscillations of adams apple,
And chorused singing of nursery rhymes,

Accompanied by the skipping rope flying high,
And fishing boats fast approaching,
Oh! Yes the toddlers were having a ball of a time.
A sudden yelp rises in the air,
Led by immediate collapse of tiny feet,
Baby white skin, with a tinge of blue poison,
As dirty brown spider stings unripened flesh,
With pointed crusts of hairy legs,
Inserting paltry vials of crab poison,
Spreading slowly through circuitous blood,
Divesting it of precious oxygen,
Cautioning all on sea sand,
Highlighting effects of crab poison.

29. CUCKOO CLOCK

Made of curvaceous ornamental brass,
sometimes parallel straight arms of white metal,
coated with different shades of radium paint,
hung to long center pivot thoroughly oiled and greased,
the hour hand moves at painstaking speed,
the minute hand ticks a shade faster,
the second hand is the fastest of them all.
all thick needles displaying time,
passing moments of pragmatic life,
traversing in circular clockwise journeys,
in a background of finely calibrated dial,
and roman numerals ascending from one to twelve,
all this compactly imprisoned in water proof glass,
tightened by an artillery of shock proof screw,
triggered by maze of compressed springs,
with gold plated chains suspended to be wound,
and the chirpy cuckoo announcing its presence every hour,
with melodious cadence of bird sound,
nailed to plaster in our living room,
winning accolades of innumerable visitors,
is our unfailingly loyal cuckoo clock.

30. THE COLD BLOODED ROCK

The chain of black stretched all over,
the pointed surfaces, the leading of suicidal death,

the tedious climb encircled by emotionless faces,
all of which have a maniacal look,
abraded exteriors of rock posses shining faces,
spreading waves of savage delight and brutal splendor,
trapping innocent prey in their vice like grip.

the air mightily pounds on its surface,
removing small chunks of graphite powder,
transporting loose pieces of stone down the valley,
leaking inside the comfort houses of several ant and white rabbit.

hollow crevices in the rock are filled with crusty liquid,
growing in stature by the advancing day,
bubbling in nervous energy imparted by sheltered warmth,
at last gushing out in frenzy,
forming volatile springs of boiling lava,
assassinating possible signs of life in several kilometers of vicinity.

31. DEAD AND STILL LIVING WITH ME

The heart had ceased to beat completely,
the eyes didn't move a fraction of centimeter,
juxtaposed arteries of blood had frozen midway,
twin pairs of lips lay partially open to the filtering Sunlight,
breaths emanating from nostrils had disappeared into oblivion,
there was no sweat formed on sensitive zones of body,
the expurgation of fluids had been completely sealed,
fresh buds of skin vehemently refrained from taking birth,
tender sacs of lungs now lay lifeless,
nut shells of kidney no longer toiled to produce saline water,
glittering contours of teeth showed signs of decay,
robust patches of flesh had transited to a ghastly white,
his body lay lifeless staring altruistically at me, bereft of traces of emotion.

i had loved him more than i could love God,
his scent had mesmerized dormant chambers of my inner being,
alas! he no longer walked on the ripened soil of the lawns,
a brutal mishap had snatched him away from the bloodcurling embrace of my
arms,
i had thereafter preserved his dead body in a pool of antiseptic,
the hair still grew in abundance,
his beard had now multiplied to astronomical proportions,

it was almost a month since he had exited for his heavenly abode,
i still didnt feel like burying him, wanting to keep him close to my heart,
for the remainder of my life.

32. CHARRED TO DEATH

Naked parchments of paper burnt in crackling fire,
long pieces of timber wood were charred to junk,
transparent window glass melted to wax,
stone chips of white marble transited to sooty black,
rich chunks of upholstery were stripped of Dunlop foam,
statues of pure gold developed an army of irregular cracks,
spiral balustrades crumbled like a pack of crisp playing cards,
electronic gadgetry emitted sparks of volatile current,
mystic sheets of curtain spread sash split into threadbare fragments,
space chambers of cloth and perfume were devoured in the smoke,
a network of crisscrossed lintel collapsed with a thud,
as savage flames of fire licked minute quarters of the palatial mansion.

masses of humans ran helter-skelter,
the ambience echoed with chorused pandemonium,
impetuous fingers compressed extinguisher nozzles,
frenzied feet traversed speedily across vantage spaces of the house,
terrorized mouths babbled incoherent passages of urgent commands,
twin parrots in cage screeched in hopeless despair,
bright eyed children clung tightly to plump silhouette's of their mother,
missiles of grey smoke erupted from burnt effigies of solid furniture,
people lay in a wreck crippled by mammoth loads of ceiling plaster,
shrill cries of anguish emanated from scorched parts of their body,
their breaths rose rhythmically high,
radiant patches of skin contorted to deathly white,
valiant attempts of survival were stifled by a thunderous blast,
as concrete compartments of bricks came tumbling down,
burying a cluster of individuals,
into a charred heap stabbed by hot ambers coats of house fire.

33. BOWL OF WATER

There was infectious pus germinating in its body,
long silken ears were flooded with tic,
forehead scalp had paltry hair standing,
hard claw nails were badly uprooted from basal connections,

a concoction of blood and water flowed from its eyes,
deep gashes lined round periphery of furry collared neck,
large smudges of dirt adorned its coat of golden brown,
dried pouches of stomach contained decayed food,
its tail which once wagged incessantly when happy,
was now bruised and withdrawn far between its feeble legs.

the same creature hissed fire once,
gave a volley of barks at the slightest provocation,
guarded the mansion at prime cost of its life,
tore apart to pieces venom snakes and unwanted prey,
slept all night cozily tucked between large gentle feet of its master,
devoured chunks of rabbit meat, gulped gallons of water,
licked all in the family from head to toe at faint rising of dawn each day.

as time elapsed, the onset of old age made it stoop,
it now lay neglected at remote corners of the barn,
gasping for breath, uttering subdued groans of agony,
it already knew death was fast approaching,
all it desired at the moment was just its favorite bowl of water,
be filled with inexpensive liquid pouring in abundance,
from the rusty hand pump a few feet away from its worn out body.

34. VOICES

When i tried to masquerade in the voice of a woman,
tuned decibels of my voice to effeminately soft frequency,
trying to whisper like a dainty maiden boisterous in youth,
the result was abashingly bad, as all i ended up doing,
was like a eunuch wailing his woes on the vacant street.

when i tried to emulate the voice of humming bird,
attempting to chirp with emphatic authority,
mesmerizing arid patches of air with placid tunes,
drowning a majority of animals in spells of my infectious sound,
all i ended up doing was sputter like a parrot replicating its masters voice.

when i tried to duplicate the voice of a dog,
growling fiercely with spurts of tenacity and vigour,
snaring my teeth as if thoroughly infuriated,
the actual monsters on the street stared at me ambiguous suspicion,
smelt intricate parts of my body, discarding me as an outcast from their

community.

eventually when i discovered my own tongue to speak,
the effect of my sonorous voice was stupendously enchanting,
it easily surpassed the effects of all voices i tried to imitate,
thus teaching me a lesson to speak in the dialect and sound i naturally
possessed,
the voice that was 100% mine.

35. THE DESERTED MANSION

Steaming coffee in the tall mugs was growing cold,
long table cloth was developing blotches of brown mud stain,
the ground floor was engulfed in heaps of disdainful dust,
sparkling glass tops displayed infinite scratch marks,
a basket of fresh fruit now lay squashed in neglect,
utensils of stainless steel had transformed into pale bronze,
rich portraits portraying war scenes hung listlessly from the wall,
heaps of literary books lay buried under a mountain of sand,
pitchers full of mineral water now bred a cluster of fungus,
roof light bulbs had formed a fountain of cracks,
ivory doors of cupboards were smudged with bird manure,
wooden legs of furniture had crawling termite,
the mirror on the staircase gave ghostly reflections,
wild stalks of grass projected from the infertile soil.

he had bid farewell to the earth decades ago,
lived life like a thorough eccentric when alive,
his mansion now lay deserted,
tucked within the picturesque plains of the tropical forests,
the desolate palace was worth a handsome fortune,
if only someone ventured through dense territories of the jungle,
unveiling the monastery standing solitary in its mystical charm,
in a camouflage of parasitic creepers trying to suck blood from the wall of
century old brick.

36. HOT WATER BOTTLE

I burnt long sheets of plastic in orange flames of gas burner,
extracted a molten mixture of sticky wax,
placed it for several hours in a large pitcher
containing cool water,

obtained residue left overs of elastic rubber,
which I compressed into straight folds,
stitching the straight ends with curved rivet pins,
I finally composed a utility rubber bottle,
Fitted with a lid cork revolving in the clockwise direction.

High up in the snow clad terrain I dwelt,
With icy sheets of winds depositing paltry amounts of frozen liquid,
Crackling firewood proving insufficient in the biting cold,
The bedroom window overlooking ivory white landscapes laden with snow crusts,

Christmas pine trees camouflaged beneath velvety cover of condensed rain,
It was a breathtaking sight to witness in the day,
The night stabbed me like a thousand daggers dipped in hard ice-cream,
There simply seemed no respite from chilly disposition of winter cold.

I knew something had to be done to save my skin,
Provide me reassuring comfort throughout lengthy hours of the brutal night,
Reinforce my pale and shrunken body machinery with luke warm currents of wind,
That was exactly when minute fibers of brain chalked a plan of action,
I decided to fill blistering liquid in the rubber bottle,
Which I had previously prepared with loads of caution,
Closed the lid tight, placed the bottle on my shivering chest,
Snuggled under my favorite bearskin quilt,
To relish and savour infinite hours of unending sleep.

37. STONE PILLOW

I took irregular pieces of threadbare stone,
painted them with vibrant flashes of crimson red,
chiseled them to look like porous stone idol,
cut them with an iron knife into multiple fragments,
dipped them in steaming acid to divest them of natural shine,
soaked them in chocolate curry, rendering them a breeding ground for insect,
baked them in an oven transforming them into roasted potato,
mixed them with spicy pickle charging them with tinges of spice,
hurled them at window panes shattering glass into infinite molecules of glass,
polished them with golden emery till they shone as crystal diamond,
lay them at random on wet mud surface to act as a tar road,
diffused them with electric machine into a heap of fine powder charcoal,
blended them with sandalwood paste to yield heavenly aroma in the day,

stacked them in coarse bags of denim ready to be dispatched in foreign land,
used them as beads of playing marble colliding with soft thuds,
melted them in boiling gas flame forming light grey tonic sticky in complexion.

the night was engulfed with chilly currents of wind,
soft portions of my neck stabbed me like a thousand needles,
intimate portions of scalp demanded adequate backrest,
that was exactly when vital brain waves struck me,
i crushed all the stone piece into a solitary slab,
covered it with rich dunlop cushion foam,
slept like a prince all night and sunlit day,
on my very own & innovative stone pillow

38. DOORS

When collapsible doors of the aircraft opened at high altitude,
hordes of passenger were hurled out at volcanic speeds,
nose-diving devoid of apparatus towards the hard skull of earth.

as sliding doors of the train were exposed to atmosphere,
the century old engine clambering through ice clad domains of the mountain,
chilly currents of wind froze my breath momentarily.

wrought iron doors of submarine opened underwater,
the vociferous sea flooded into the compact interiors,
blending the luxurious ambience of wooden floor with scores of jelly fish.

when ornate doors of the currency safe brushed across light particles of air,
strong beams of sunlight filtered inside,
accentuating the glory of life bestowing colored paper.

translucent glass doors of the Mercedes swung open,
satin upholstery of cushioned leather welcomed me inside,
enchancing clouds of perfume settled on my skin,
the driving wheel felt as light as a dog whisker,
as the car sky rocketed a few inches above the ground,
zipping past picturesque falls cascading from umpteenth spots of the mountain.

and finally when i unfastened strings imprisoning
tender doors of my heart,
there lay a crystal clear picture of my beloved,
drowning in deep waters with her hand tightly clasped in mine,

this was the door i intended to seal forever,
with a fountain of blood evacuated from deep within our veins.

39. DROUGHT

Hordes of cattle lay lifeless on the streets,
lush green crops had withered in meek submission,
succulent fruits on tree branches had died a gruesome death,
a trio of birds had forgotten to chirp their daily rhymes,
predecessors of the ophidian had sunk deep beneath cocoons of soil,
dense foliage of green was now reduced to threadbare strips of brittle brown,
crystal white streams of the mountain had dried in their roots,
mighty perennial rivers could now be sighted as fetid pools of shallow water,
gallons of saline liquid had evaporated from the oceans,
glistening surface of barren rock boiled in tumultuous fury of the sun,
tantalizing mirages loomed large at steaming patches of road,
the ground was strewn with sizzling pancakes resting on embers of red coal,
rotund island of fuming sun smiled brutally all day,
long wires of cable had started to melt in the heat,
desires for thirst soared to gigantic proportions,
spots of shade were a rare treat to witness in the nerve-wrecking heat,
dirty brown lizards swished their tongues viciously in disdain,
levels of mercury reached astronomical heights in the day,
with little respite in the abhorrent sultry night,
the sky hadnt wept since times immemorial,
there was not a droplet of free water available to quench my thirst,
it seemed as if god had forgotten to bless the earth with rain,
penalizing millions of human on earth for their catalogue of misdeeds,
with savage strokes to encounter the brunt of drought.

40. A VALIANT SEED

The seed sown in thick dark mud,
accompanies the soil with a slow thud.
blanket covers of soil provide it that salubrious fertility,
piercing through a web of dramatic appearance,
which leads to the dynamic prone world,
giving boisterous and hearty feelings,
and leaving no trace of malice.
the seed comes pops out with sporadic bursts of energy,
greeted by a sudden gush of blindness,
with the sun filtering straight through its eyes,

leaving possible autopsies underived.
obstacles engulf it from all quarters of land,
to subject it to a tough examination,
testing where it actually lies.
its appearance at maturity puristically flamboyant,
mighty storm winds strike it with rebellious force,
ultimately causing it to deteriorate,
fixing the humans on earth a new subsidized rate.

41.1000 FEET BELOW THE EARTH

there was wet moisture camouflaging the earth,
condensed slices of soil slept in perennial darkness,
tiny bits of stone lay embedded in loose gravel,
radiating worms weaved their way through tunnels of mud,
reptiles slithered harmlessly past dungeons of darkness,
yellow crested frogs danced in abundant ponds of water,
the Sun had never blazed on this part of the world,
sporadic outbursts of moonshine had faded long ago into oblivion,
humid pouches of air blew at sedate velocities,
entwined roots of tree and grass extruded from the mud,
thin wisps of pungent fertilizer cakes caressed the soil,
a plethora of red ant marched boisterously towards their den,
droplets of liquid percolated painstakingly, exhausted from deep journeys of
incessant travel,
a slurry of black oil and grease lay trapped at several patches,
dead mushroom chunks lay buried for decades in obscurity,
there was no adulteration in the mass of clay for millions of kilometers,
the soil was as pure as Gods bathed in rich cow milk,
with nil traces of metal, pesticide, shards of tainted glass,
and surplus amounts of crystal water imprisoned in its core,
catering to infinite numbers of scorched mouths dying in blistering heat,
all this and things more exotic existed,
an approximate thousand feet beneath the surface of mud painted earth.

42. EARTHQUAKE

an assembly of ornate utensils clashed down with fervor on the floor,
the ceiling fan got uprooted from its hinges,
there was a wailing echo emanating from the earth,
an avalanche of bulky rocks tumbled down the mountain slope,
blissful carpets of roads in the valley lay imprisoned beneath a river of mud,

gigantic trees which once breathed fire; now lay limp on the ground,
a fountain of cracks spread at maniacal speeds through walls in the edifice,
obstreperous sounds from the soil flooded the atmosphere,
a plethora of houses crumbled; like a pack of plastic cards,
sharp shards of metal flew haphazardly in the air,
rivers diverted their flow towards arid land,
animals hibernated from plush interiors of jungle to urban sands,
infinite denizens were sucked in ghastly crevices,
with immaculate children being torched by steaming curries of hot lava,
there was chaotic pandemonium on the once solitary streets,
people ran helter skelter; with tender siblings in hand,
the sun had forgotten to shine; the moon was juxtaposed behind clouds of
oblivion,
my dwelling swayed like articulate swings of the golden circus,
with side slopes eventually caving in due to traumatic pressure of earth,
it was a gruesome catastrophe; which had decimated millions,
leaving their counterparts stranded on undulating hillocks of land,
the damage to life was unprecedented; with the whole nation reeling under the
onslaught of mother nature,
some prayed to god for forgiveness; some for holistic solace,
the earthquake had measured 6.4 on the richters scale, lasting for a threadbare
minimum of 10 seconds,
still able to assassinate minute traces of civilization; suckle the mightiest in
blistering hot recesses of earth's belly.

43. GOOD SHOT

I chose a man slender and skinny,
draped his body in leather skin of witchcraft black,
pierced his earlobe with beads of silver,
tonsured his scalp with corrugated edge of knife,
sprinkled his cheek with perfumed cologne,
divested his blood of every sedative,
tied him to a square wooden chair with cushioned backrest,
drenched him completely with pure spring water,
aligned him straight so as to face me in the eye,
placing him a good 50 feet away,
gazed through the tiny glass nozzle of my bronze pistol,
to get a proficient crystal clear aim.

i began by placing a large melon on his shaven scalp,
pierced it into flying splinters in the first shot itself.

i then stuck a medium sized apple with sprouting leaf,
closed an eye and ruptured the fruit into infinite segments.
a peeled orange on his head looked blissfully pretty,
was a gruesome sight to witness as poisonous lead ripped through its body.
it was now the turn of a minuscule violet grape,
the handcuffed man looked in growing disbelief,
he was now sure of death fast approaching,
as a loud voice shook the stillness of the jungle air,
the violet grape lay punctured and lifeless on the ground,
shouts of new found joy emanated from his throat,
he then ended our brief encounter by wildly gesticulating,
good shot friend, very good shot.

44. MAGICAL PALM

Dark forked lines sprawling on flesh,
stretching wildly on soft areas of palm,
crisscrossed with stars, circles, triangular
indentations,
bifurcating hand skin into several compartments,
oval islands depicting inevitable tensions,
chained strings highlighting spells of discomfort,
forked terminations, resulting in webs of imagination,
protuberant mounts, a must for prosperity,
angularly curved thumb, a sign of flexibility,
blazing tinge's of red, demonstrating radiant health,
sacred specks of brown portraying affluence,
with the trio of main lines being,
that of life, heart, and intricate mind,
all having an eminent bearing on vagaries of life,
studded firmly on interior skin mass,
arising while in Luke warm recesses of womb,
with tiny fists being divested of movement,
gaining in prominence with advancing age,
a hot subject of contention in astral groups,
indispensable to be compared,
before tying threads of holy matrimony,
an issue of permutated deliberation,
causing religious blasphemy on asiatic land,
i stare at my palm for long hours,
trying to unfold my future in scattered lines, fading
skin of magical palm.

45. EFFECTS OF MUSK PERFUME

cloud smokes of aroma rose tantalizingly in the air,
dull sheaths of cabin air were drenched with fragrance,
spotless patches of shirt were smeared with wet spray,
transparent beds of water got coated with musk flavor,
bunch of flowers in cane pots went berserk,
dry parchments of paper fluttered in glee,
sheets of polished wood bubbled in ecstasy,
bathroom tiles sparkled, smelt of fresh scotch whisky,
heavy curtain drapery greedily absorbed moisture,
grey crested peacock spread majestic wings to full circles,
bulky leather folders were enveloped in residue of molten wax,
wire meshed window grills breathed in scented air,
ceiling fan blades revolved faster with pepped exhilaration,
pure stone idols showed feeble signs of new found life,
straight walls of plaster leaned closer for mere caresses,
persian ground carpet raised its fur in insatiable desire,
electronic telephone developed shriller tunes,
as i sprayed the deer musk perfume at all quarters,
maniacally compressed the release button to its fullest capacity,
spreading its exotic effect to every inch of free space in my room.

46. ELECTROCUTION

I watched television in fading hours of the evening,
resting against a cushioned foam of pure Dunlop,
pointing my large feet towards the placid moon,
twin pair of hands shielding my dreary eyes,
long quilt of rich satin engulfing my persona,
an uncorked bottle of white champagne full to the brim lying by my side,
crisp voices emanating from the flooding my ears,
i was ecstatic beyond definition of pleasure,
relishing roasted chunks of fish curry,
with torrential rain splashing vociferously through the partially open window
pane.

the sky barked loud echoes of lightening thunder,
swollen clouds collided with volatile intensity,
streaks of electricity swept across the galaxy,
magnified droplets of rain pelted down in vindication,

as masses of pitch dark air hovered dangerously above my house,
the inclement weather had taken complete toll on the proceedings.

the fury of rain was simply invincible,
fresh liquid now leaked from multiple cracks in the ceiling,
light switchboard sockets now oozed rain water,
sparks flew high and handsome from wire panels,
colossal consumption of alcohol had rendered me inalert,
as i alighted from my sleeping cave of kingly comfort,
to activate the switch for the morning alarm,
deathly chills of naked current ran through my entire body,
healthy blood froze in its veins,
the heart had stopped throbbing as an aftermath of shock,
my feeble knees couldn't hold me any longer,
i collapsed in a heap on the wet floor,
realms of death strangulated me in entirety,
acrid sparks of current causing instant electrocution.

47. ELECTRONIC EMPEROR

A warehouse of information,
a godown of electronic food grain,
with coagulated chips of telecommunication,
an instrument for incessant chat,
engraved with multiple numerals,
bold print of manufacturing firms,
dangling spirals of entwined rubber,
sealed to resistant cushioned plugs,
with shiny screw fasteners,
riveting a jugglery of charged fiber nodules,
entrapping signal waves from thick steel transmission cables,
interlocked with an array of codal communication,
bustling with feverish jingling activity,
piercing the air with melodious sounds,
flexing electronically configured vocal chords,
at instants of finger flesh,
in close proximity with protuberant plastic.
a pagan for exchanging emotions,
far distance business notes,
acclimatizing rural masses with marvels of electronic revolutions,
spanning unprecedented breadths of the countryside,
encompassing infinite habitats of survival,

with threads of indispensable sophistication.
an enviable transmitter of the human voice,
crowned as the electronic emperor
with a life span of more than a century,
and a gentle river of dial tone,
is what the telephone's all about.

48. URGES

As the amber ball of sun peeped from white puffs of clouds,
weak and languid beams of light caressed the earth,
engulfing pitch dark blackness with faint rays of dawn,
prompting abrupt closures of artificial light,
there rose sporadic urges in the body to walk past barriers of sleep.

as the football of blazing light grew colossal in size,
acid rays of light fell stringently on the ocean,
heating suspended dust and concrete tower,
illuminating the atmosphere with dazzling Sunshine,
there arose thunderous urges in the body to start work.

49

as the molten island of fire began sinking behind the mountain,
faded pink currents of light overpowered the day,
cool waves of air descended down the network of roads,
naturally lit multistoried offices transited to murky grey,
there arose hasty urges in the body to return back to return to the place of
dwelling.

as the golden web of steam finally disappeared from boundaries of vision,
overpowering darkness taking a stranglehold on light,
vehicular traffic now between few and sparse on the carpet of road,
gruesome blackness imprisoning every iota of land and space,
there arose an universal need in the body to hide beneath the blanket and sleep.

49. EMISSIONS

The Sun emitted acerbic rays of stringent light,
flooding darkened zones of the cosmos,
providing dazzling brightness to all existing in
realms of unconsciousness,
filtering encrypted arena's scattered along
innumerable pores of the body.

the celestial body of moon emitted placid beams of fluorescent color,
inhabiting infinite spaces on earth with dormant ecstasy,
injecting fuming patches of land with loads of dreamy sedation,
piercing through the entangled labyrinth of mind with body blows of solitude.

the multicolored silhouette of rainbow emitted a blend of translucent gas,
illuminating the murky persona of sky with a plethora of gaudy paint,
encompassing boundless regions of the mundane galaxy,
posing as an ultimate novelty to the eye when spotted in river water.

gigantic towers of the chimney emitted grey balls of obnoxious smoke,
hanging for incessant periods of time in mute shells of air,
polluting wild undergrowths of foliage with its abysmal caress,
stabbing innocent pedestrians with draughts of abhorrent contamination.

Crystal balls of eyes emitted palpable rays of empathy,
Melting the most obdurate of hearts existing,
Captivating all with their immaculate presence,
Transforming wretched individuals besieged with immortality,
Into sagacious personalities uttering tales of benevolent love.

50. INDISPUTABLE WEALTH

Satiny cloth fluttering in the air,
hollow poles of steel embedded in concrete,
conspicuous symbols stitched to perfection,
depicting national pride, unparalleled privilege,
the flag tapers to the sky in crisp draughts of autumn breeze.

Fiber metal sheets glowing in radium light,
Crystal glass windows sliding down,
Cushioned steering power packed with compressible Dunlop,
Coats of silver paint sizzling in sunshine,
Twin rubber seats draped in opalescent cover,
The sapphire blue sedan dipped down steep curves of the valley.

Round white beads of synthetic plastic,
Sewn articulately to glossy coarse cloth,
Parallel cuts of arm length sleeve,
Faded exteriors blended with blotches of light blue dye,
Sweat proof texture hindering perspiring whiffs of odour,

The cloud blue denim shirt hangs on curved hangers of the city showroom.

Square chocolates of thick bulky rock,
Submerged in golden extracts of medieval liquid,
Cut in oval shapes by electric cutters of steel,
Glistening wildly in an ambience of dull murky light,
The sackfull of gold coins lay stashed in realms of coded iron safe.

Bare stone bricks abraded with sandpaper,
Sloping roofs lined with exquisite china tile,
Polished mahogany doors studded with brass,
Palacial marble columns holding dead live weight of roof,
Mystical cuckoo bird bathing in mud bowls of water,
The split level house loomed large on undulating
landscapes of swiss plateau.

Frothy white liquid dripping at slow speeds,
Due to deft hand massage of fertile cow teats,
Filling bronze buckets with liters of cream,
Gratifying millions of mouths with early morning meals,
The pure cow milk churned waves of desire after spoonfuls of consumption.

Striking its fangs against an enclosure of bronze,
Riveted firmly to rolled surface of plaster,
Triggered by intricate mechanisms of coiled wire,
Producing sugary tunes by mere caress to the spongy switch,
The magnificent house bell lights up molecules of doom suspended,
With melodious rhymes circulating sedately through atmosphere.

Striped furry coat stuck tightly to skin,
Eyes radiating in orange roof light,
Whiskers drooping down in bruised pride,
Razor sharp teeth emitting a ferocious growl,
Perched for centuries on rock tablets of hard ground,
The wild stuffed leopard stands lifeless after years of jungle rule.

Tubular body reinforced with steel chips,
Having watertight windows overlooking the sea,
Long tunnel passages illuminated with fluorescent bulb,
Spending its entire life in vast prisons of salty water,
The submarine proudly marched kissing colonies of sea weed bush.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Hide And Seek - Part 2 - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually part 2 of the Book titled - Hide and Seek - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems (702 pages) . Parekh's earliest collection of verse. Written in unparalleled fervor, this collection is a delectable blend of topics from love to death, probing into countless infinitesimal aspects of existence which make a significant impact to it. The beauty of this compendium lies in its magical brevity at places and in the most mundane things of life around us brought to the fore like a magicians wand, in brilliant poetic flair by Parekh. Contains poems on topics impossible for one to envisage that a poem could be written about such an inconspicuous little thing-but Parekh evolves bountiful rhyme from the word go and coalesces vivacious color in the little tid-bits of the chapter called life to optimum effect. A must read for all those who find color, charm and significance in even the smallest things of life and are enthused by even the most mercurial bit of stray paper loitering around. A poetic tribute to the ordinary, projecting its colorful extraordinary bit to the planet with raw panache.

This book tingles every living being's imagination to fantasize beyond the ordinary. Look at all those meaningful tid-bits around us which have a complete book written in each one of them. All those joyous and unfortunate anecdotes around us which make us blossom into the true spirit of existence; into the amazing celebration of omnipotent life.

CONTENTS

1. FANTASY SELDOM BECOMES REALITY
2. FARMER RELISHES SUGARCANE JUICE
3. FEAR
4. MAN HAD

5. ANGRY YOUNG MAN
6. TYRANNIZED SHEEP
7. FLAGRANT IMAGINATION
8. FLOOD
9. FOUNTAIN PEN
10. FREEDOM FROM LIFE
11. GARDEN HOSEPIPE
12. GARLANDS
13. FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT
14. THE GENTLE GIANT
15. A MODERN KITCHEN
16. FREEDOM -PART 2
17. WHEN GOD OPENED HIS MOUTH
18. HABITS
19. HAIR CUTTING SALOON
20. HAIRSTYLES
21. HAIR
22. HANDS
23. HARMONY
24. WHEN MY HEART CEASED TO FUNCTION
25. A HEARTY BREAKFAST
26. HELL AND BEYOND
27. HER HEALING ASHES
28. UNBIASED BEAUTY
29. HIDE AND SEEK
30. HINGES
31. THE HISTORY TEACHER
32. HOUSE BOAT
33. THE HOUSE LIZARD
34. A HOUSE WITH SEA WATER
35. HOUSES
36. THE HUMAN BREATH
37. TRANSITIONS
38. I FELT GOOD
39. I STOOD BENEATH
40. I SAW
41. I WALKED BAREFOOT
42. I WANTED TO PAINT
43. I WANTED
44. IF ONLY I WERE GOD
45. IF ONLY
46. TRANQUIL GREEN PASTURES

- 47. HOLDING BACK
- 48. AROMATIC HAIR OIL
- 49. IN ORDER TO WIPE MY SINS
- 50. IN EVERY BIT OF

1. FANTASY SELDOM BECOMES REALITY

I thought of nose diving from the 100th floor of the edifice,
shivered incessantly when perched right on the top,
abruptly changed my decision as i stared in deathly horror,
at the fathomless distance between the ground and my silhouette.

i visualized trespassing through amber flames of the bonfire,
as they licked barren arenas of the misty blue sky,
i vehemently changed my outlook; as i actually felt their savage heat,
refrained from venturing even miles near the conflagration.

i perceived chewing brittle shards of broken glass,
disintegrating them firmly with my teeth,
dreaded visions of blood gushing from chambers in mouth engulfed me,
as i formally held a solitary chunk of glass in my palms,
prompting me to dismiss the obnoxious idea from my mind.

i envisaged riding on the silken body of blue ocean whale,
admiring the scenic beauty of the captivating Atlantic,
ghastly images of its canine teeth petrified me in entirety,
with hollow kingdoms of its mouth relishing my bones,
causing me to instantaneously relinquish the fantasy before it took firm roots.

i imagined conversing with the magnanimous princess,
floating high in the clouds with her mesmerizing grace,
i then looked down at the torn lace of my shoe, infinite stains in my vest, the
emptiness of my purse,
the visions of blossoming romance died there itself,
and i admonished my mind stringently saying to myself,
that fantasy seldom becomes reality.

2. FARMER RELISHES SUGARCANE JUICE

Rotten leaves lay in dark corners,
soggy mud was sprawled through acres of land,
rusty barbed wire lined vast expanse of territory,

dull roots of juicy cane plant projected from the mud,
a strong pair of black bull bathed in rain ponds of wet mud slurry,
infinite earthworms popped from beneath cocoons of ground,
long snakes buried themselves in dark holes,
multilegged caterpillar crawled through open skin of wild flower,
a family of untamed rabbit trespassed for nibbling fruit,
the apple trees swayed with gusty currents of humid wind,
as ripened fruits incorporated with natural sweet juice,
fell in paltry amounts from the angular wood branch.

the golden Sun rose behind the V shaped hill,
cast its first burning rays on the fertile land,
gradually awakening the husky farmer,
tossing in blissful fantasies of sleep,
to start his routine ploughing activity for the succeeding day.

the mesmerizing sunlight took its toll on him,
he looked drowned in jubilation amidst the tall cultivation of sugarcane,
red ants greedily sucking his seasoned blood,
as he strained his eyes to devour the breathtaking scene,
of sunshine, scarlet apple, juicy sugarcane, chocolate brown mud,
and gushing waters through gigantic cloth pipes,
it took him a lengthy amount of time to drift into reality,
and when he did, he saw precious hectares of his own land,
floating with wealthy crop, tonnes of haphazardly strewn crimson apple,
he now took a slender pair of shears alongwith bare blades of country knife,
sliced ripened sugarcane crop, blended the ravishing juice oozing,
into his large mouth chambers, thoroughly parched in the dazzling Sun.

3. FEAR

The twin horned cow prays to God,
for fear of not producing frosty rich cream milk.

the scorched patch of infertile land prays to God,
for fear of not yielding consumable grains of food.

the large butcher knife prays to God,
for fear of not being able to slain obdurate chunks of meat, a cluster of spruced
vegetable.

the devilish chain of mountain prays to God,

for fear of collapsing, when struck my cyclonic wind and rain.

the enchanting elevation of the edifice prays to God,
for fear of being charred by flaming fires, transiting into realms of dilapidation.

the light brown crab on the slippery beach prays to God,
for fear of being trampled to death by bulky soles of inarticulate feet.

airborne birds in the sky pray to God,
for fear of snapping their wings, nose-diving thereby towards the uncouth surface
of earth.

the juicy fruit of apple prays to God,
for fear of being pecked by venomous reptile injecting paltry vials of poison.

innocent orphan children pray to God,
for fear of being stashed like truckloads of garbage.

immaculately white satin cloth prays to God,
for fear of developing disdainful blotches and stain.

the lush green blades of grass pray to God,
for fear of being devoured by the roaming stray cattle.

the ornately exquisite mercedes prays to God,
for fear of being brutally bashed by tankers holding grease.

the emerald green waters of ocean pray to God,
for fear of being contaminated by gun powder and residue of missiles.

appetizing slabs of pure chocolate pray to God,
for fear of harbouring an army of red ant and insects.

suspended wires of cable pray to God,
for fear of electrocuting all those in proximity after fresh spells of monsoon.

the croaking frog in the lake prays to God,
for fear of being swallowed by killer lizards on the prowl.

humans existing on this earth pray to God,
for fear of losing their lives, starving like the desert camel bereft of fodder.

i pray to God,
for fear of being seperated from the person i loved, the ones i really cared for.

4. MAN HAD

Man had the ability to walk on articulately carved feet,
man had an uncanny knack of tackling problems.

man had large palms which could be curled into a fist,
man had sharp beads of visual apparatus distinguishing between good and evil.

man had lips which turned scarlet when he chewed green leaves of betel,
man had eardrums detecting the minutest of sound.

man had the capacity to perspire in the flaming Sun,
man had twin pair of nostrils which excreted snores at night.

man had a mass of shiny hair projecting from shaven scalp,
man had finger nails blended with several coats of white calcium.

man had bulging arm muscle raising cotton fabric of his shirt,
man had a bunch of well chiseled teeth biting through the hardest of sugarcane stick.

man had built palaces with silver granite and volumes of red brick,
man had bathed for centuries in water extracted from earths crust.

man had the prowess of memorizing long stanzas of numeric verse,
man had a body which had evolved from the primitive ape.

man had a voice that could be synthesized into melodious notes of music,
man had acquired occult powers by incessant worship of the divine Creator.

man had the infinite power of bringing stars to the earth,
man had ruled over all living and created for centuries since he was born.

5. ANGRY YOUNG MAN

I struck my tender fist vociferously against the hard wall,
round globules of indignant anger welled up in my eyes,
mighty pounds of fresh air died a gruesome death in my lungs,
tapered outlines of my toe fingers took a vice like grip of the floor,

crimson blood traveled multiple times faster through my veins,
snow white pearls of my eyes acquired streaks of corrugated scarlet,
dozens of my teeth clenched themselves to form a formidable fortress,
infinite hair on my body stood up in hostile acrimony,
the tiny blob of Adams apple oscillated violently like a parasitic leech,
amber fumes emanated in quick successions from my nostril,
a volley of profound abuse escaped through the luscious envelope of my lips,
gallons of adrenalin flowed intermittently via my kidneys,
feeble muscles of my persona transited to taut balls of anguished fervor,
i gnawed my nails raw of rich calcium,
chewed my thumb for times immemorial,
staring unflinchingly at my adversary who had humiliated me a few hours ago,
had also evaporated traces of exorbitant felicity that i was besieged with.

i couldn't bear it any longer,
my entire silhouette radiated with waves of demonic anger,
prompting me to punch stringently with my rock hard palms,
into the supple core of his solar plexus,
evacuating tons of air trapped in his flatulent belly,
annihilating forever the ostentation he displayed in ridiculing the youth of my
age.

6. TYRANNIZED SHEEP

Woolen threads of cozy winter wear,
forming bundles of warm noodles,
interstitched to furry proportions,
tasteless and tailored to high degrees of bitter cold,
sheared with large cleavers,
from skins of fat mountain sheep,
wandering in abundance on hilly terrains,
in search of leafy shrub and small prey,
shielding freezing winds in their natural dress,
with woolen sprouts in clusters since birth,
long drooling ears, effusive bleats of denial,
gnarled teeth, stamping of feet on white ice,
diffusing chinaware of snow into fragments,
but alas! at last they succumb to brutal force,
of breathing hearts, and reasoning brains,
the most supreme form of godly creation,
with trillions of activated brain cells,
decades of smartest existence, as man,

utilizing animal comfort for human greed,
stripping them of their only defense,
to manufacture, snow white cardigans,
long spun robes with internal heat,
royal caps with woolen skin,
well spun socks with breathing pores,
flexible hand gloves deactivating chill,
embroidered scarves with sheets of wool,
and a host of winter wear, to numb cold,
nip it in its frozen buds,
with rich stripped wool of innocent sheep

7. FLAGRANT IMAGINATION

I toss around with lazy energy,
beads of water run down my mane,
my head burns like a piece of coal,
to conquer life is my ultimate goal,
my feet yield to unsustainable pressure,
trampling cold sheets of marble chips,
aggrandizing my tryst with misfortune,
my close rapport with ill luck.

{1}

i gnaw my nails with great tenacity,
firmly tethered to their cuticles,
stuck to red raw flesh,
producing semicircular indentations,
on the nail and mind alike.
my pink tongue dances to,
a pentagon of blatant reality,
an unsubscribed figment of thought,
severing rainbows of desire,
achromatic saliva dribbling from my mouth,
a simple case of flagrant imagination

8. FLOOD

Black clouds vomited torrential rain,
streaks of lightning blazed through the sky,
bright light transited to doomsday murky,
flaming sun ball jailed within puffs of grey,

heat gods fast asleep in guest houses of monsoon,
as oblong droplets of water tumbled down.
drenching parched fragments of boiling soil,
washing tonnes of dust on tree leaves,
sweeping stubborn layers of noxious debris,
providing free baths to perspiring humans,
sprinkling coolant liquid on scorched birds,
dissipating chemicals from river bed,
depleting fresh whitewash paint off gaudy color,
prompting rivulets of water, to gush from drainpipe,
flooding coastal ocean, swelling domestic river stream,
with sheets of salty water encapsulating low land,
dismantling weak foundations of cheap bamboo,
tearing apart tin roofs from thatched hay,
uprooting tree roots from deep recesses of ground,
the rain continued with unrelenting fury,
sparing none in proximity with earth,
submerging visible land with pools of cloud water,
revealing passionate creation of water,
after arduous spells of steaming summer.

9. FOUNTAIN PEN

I scribbled innumerable lines of literature with it,
it was still ready to execute a umpteenth phrases more,
being as strong as an ox when it came to decoding thoughts into verse,
even when tested at bizarre limits of endurance.

i sketched glowing peaks of mountain basking in the golden Sun,
weaving articulate outlines of the encroaching shadows,
it yielded to the faintest of my caress; unleashing dark forms with fountain ink,
a true stalwart engulfing me in the times of difficulty.

i even used it for scraping minute blotches of dirt from my ear,
delicately tickling the inner soft skin with insipid strokes,
it obliged pathetically to whatever i did,
didn't shed a tear from its eye; nor developed a retaliatory hole in its heart.

i filled it with surplus amounts of colored ink,
sprinkling the same with lots of glee on the faces of my counterpart mates,
transforming them into jocular clowns,
with an awe-inspiring caricature of white skin with opalescent paint.

i kept it well stuffed within the interiors of my waistcoat pocket,
lived with it for all night and Sunlit day,
it had fulfilled my insatiable desire to explore the world,
assisted me create the animate; and already burried,
i hardly skipped exiting my place of dwelling,
without the reassuring comfort of my chrome tipped fountain pen.

10. FREEDOM FROM LIFE

A trembling little heart,
unable to express itself,
capsized by the will power of others,
waiting to be free from this earthly form,
feeble to posses it,
escaping far away from the graveyard of miseries,
in the midst of tremendous fight for existence,
breaks free at last from the vice like confinement of self introversions,
like the core of the hot earth,
with molten lava gushing out at last,
after years of struggle and unrelenting strife,
which soon after eruption gets cooled by mother earth,
who cant let her surface be full of tears,
for if she starts weeping,
who will look after her millions of sons,
dying every minute of thirst, hunger, and inexplicable pain,
struck with horrendous grief,
with a bleak future ahead, and no bright lights
shinining yo guide them ahead,
leaving them in alone in a world of blood thirst and corruption,
to the never ending tale of gruesome death,
finding the true beating of the heart,
at least momentarily, in a river of gods love to surround,
never saying yes to love, peace, affection and faith,
trailing away from the mysteries of life,
closing sinful chapters of existence forever.

11. GARDEN HOSEPIPE

Plastic tube of high quality rubber,
crisscrossed like a reptile across vast expanse of lush green lawn,
fitted tightly to tiny apertures of gushing liquid,

sprinkling even sprays of water on irregular protrusions of land,
washing tonnes of dirt from broad leaf skin,
submerging patches of fallow land in wet pools of nutrition,
milking young seedlings with motherly caress,
filling empty mud bowls for the sparrows to bathe,
quenching thirst of scorched travelers passing by,
rendering baked tree branch unsuitable for firewood,
splashing it fiercely with straight missiles of water,
producing fountains of water when compressed subtly by hand,
a portable instrument for conveying gallons of water,
lambasting the soil with rockets of frothy spray,
flooding vacant crevices of land with buckets of minerals,
whitewashing walls of the stone brick house of years of accumulated dust,
enabling flower buds to blossom after few days of application,
smooth bodied exterior comprising a kilometer of length,
with several offshooting nozzles vomiting droplets of water,
having the potential of being used as a sturdy rope,
lying limp amidst the camouflage of entangled grass,
is my decade old and tubular green garden hosepipe

12. GARLANDS

Snakes slithered harmlessly in lush green terrains of lawns,
swishing their tongues viciously in the autumn breeze,
i stealthily encroached them with nimble feet,
hoisted them in the air, adroitly snapping their venom fangs,
wound them round my neck to relish the tender warmth of reptile garland.

the body of chameleon changed color with surrounding foliage,
its serrations stood erect when tickled by red brick,
as it glared devilishly at innocuous bunch of radiating insects.
i punctured its silhouette with needle arrow,
captured more of its species with meticulous proficiency,
adorned my slender neck with a garlands of dead chameleon.

i evacuated rich oysters from the caribbean sea,
pilfered the shells to obtain a plethora of sparkling pearls,
weaved them with ultra thin floss of honey golden,
sprinkling the beads with pungent amounts of rose perfume,
i enveloped my persona with garlands of exquisite glistening pearl stones.

and finally when i engulfed my body in a festoon of her satiny hair,

a celestial fragrance emanating from the natural sheath of black,
my heart underwent uncontrollable convulsions,
finally yielding my entity in complete submission to this inexplicable garland of
love.

13. FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

Brown smoke rose from the tall chimney,
sinister eagles glided creating powerful draughts of wind,
grey lizards swished their tail as they clawed upwards,
dried moisture from the river bank descended on the tapered structure,
engulfing parched skin of concrete with paltry amounts of natural coolant.

high up in the tower dwelt a grizzly haired man,
solitude camouflaged him in totality,
shriveled bones of his body shone prominently,
silky white beard flowed majestically from his facial contours,
adorned he was in godly robes of saffron gold,
each of his finger was studded with a mystical charm,
there lay a crystal globe abreast of him,
which he presumed dissipated entangled enigmas of life.

an affluent man met him with loads of hope,
bereft he was of precious centers of life bestowing vision,
he had groped about in darkness ever since he was born.
the eccentric saint stared at him for long hours,
commanded him to kiss the crystal trophy, containing perfumed mountain shrub
and water,
sprinkled all parts of his persona with pinches of turmeric powder,
smeared his eyes with a paste of rabbit whisker and boiled mushroom,
chanted spell bounding rhymes with proficient ease,
swayed like a maniac expending all energy possessed by his wrinkled feet,
the transformation that occurred was breathtaking, transparent globules of water
welled up in the mans eyes,
blurred outlines of the room became slowly visible,
decades of agony in dark seemed to be fading fast,
he could now see the razor sharp outlines of ducks in the river,
as fresh rays of morning Sunlight caressed him with their full might.

14. THE GENTLE GIANT

They poured buckets of icy water over him,

drenched his body with steaming hot soup curry,
added pinches of sea salt on his lips,
tickled his eardrum with feckless strokes of bird feather,
left an army of red ant on his body to wander,
tonsured his scalp of thick curls of hair,
pushed and probed his flesh with red hot pokers of wood,
ignited a plethora of wax candle on his chest,
fed hollow regions of his eardrum with a cluster of stinging jungle mosquito,
lambasted him brutal strokes of the snake leather whip,
shouted at deafening voices, beating hands in despair on his flabby chest,
as the unscrupulous giant slept in tranquil peace,
unperturbed by the thunderous commotion stabbing umpteenth parts of his
body.

He had been cast a spell by the goddess of sleep,
To lie dormant for centuries till he existed,
Unfazed by all power on earth,
There was not a soul who could wake him up from sleep.

That's when they executed the following on sudden impulse,
they laid a drum of cooked sweets beside him,
Appetizing fruit juice filled in transparent jars,
Cooked morsels of fish and rice at his feet,
Round pancakes with frosty butter sandwiched in his hands,
they poured a river of pure honey on his belly,
Placed an ornate plate of sizzling turkey caressing his demon lips.

The metamorphosis that occurred placed us in enigma,
Torrential snores of the giant were now being disrupted,
The heavenly aroma of food had thoroughly tickled Cupid zones of his heart,
The smell of boiled toffee exploited his penchant for sweets,
He flinched a couple of times before regaining wholesome consciousness,
And when he stood upright, it was an astounding sight for one to witness,
He stood 100 feet tall, with a long hair cascading down his nape,
The gentle giant now ate the food with gusto,
Devouring occasionally mouthfuls of juice,
Quenching his thirst for the agonizing period of sleep.

15. A MODERN KITCHEN

Round colored balls of crystal glass,
oval shaped mugs of bone china,

engraved impressions of fish on thermos flask,
tiny cutglass bowls for consuming vodka,
heat resistant specimens of pressure cooker,
heavy safety valves curbing escape of steam,
circular rubber rings sewn with fire proof material,
frozen refrigerators cooling a factory of food,
hi-tech microwave boilers nursing unburnt meals,
hollow iron drums storing yearly food grain,
vibrating grinders for softening curd,
tetra burner cooking range warming milk,
large butcher knives for slicing jackfruit,
sleek bottle openers for releasing tin caps,
penta cavities for roasting bread,
large alloyed vessels for baking egg,
tri cylinder apparatus for filtering ground water,
slimy water bowls for wiping utensils,
corrugated iron sticks for grilled barbecue,
well spun coarse cloth for rubbing hands and stain,
shady compartments of exhaust vents,
obliterating traces of harsh light,
tin metal dishwasher scraping stubborn dirt,
cane baskets holding a bunch of spoon and fork,
small couplets filled with
chilli, pepper, salt, coriander seed. etc,
multifold light bulbs fastened to ceiling,
with dedicated housewives preparing mouth watering dishes,
and a pitcher of beer on the granite slab,
is a glimpse of the 20th century modern kitchen.

16. FREEDOM -PART 2

I pedal my bicycle furiously,
at unearthly hour of midnight,
ripping past juicy breeze of the summer month,
with increasing pressure on coiled springs,
compressed in plastic interiors of cycle seat.
{1}

frenzied movement of muscular leg,
thorough dismantle of combed hair,
watery mucus flowing through square nose,
body sac filled with pouches of exhilaration,

deactivating tense network of frayed nerve cell,
releasing trapped energies of my mind,
sweat drops of hate oozing out,
venom webs of complication snapping apart,
stale air gushing from wide open mouth,
cleansing dirt from contaminated platelets of blood,
i gradually arrive by the silent river side,
park my sleek bike on angular stand,
securing it with locked chain metal,
descend down the steps of the river,
splash my feet depleted of footwear,
with body blows of wind across my chest,
in the luke warm waters of the holy ganges.

17. WHEN GOD OPENED HIS MOUTH

When the crimson crested parrot opened its mouth,
gruff sounds; astoundingly similar to humans emanated from its beak.

when the elephant opened its mouth; hoisting its trunk to speak,
a roaring echo diffused with volatile bursts of emotion.

when the striped black leopard opened its ferocious mouth,
there came out sounds resembling thunder clashing in the sky,
silencing all animated commotion prevalent in the township of jungle.

when the slime painted frog opened its cupid mouth,
disenchanted notes of harsh music flooded the atmosphere.

when the boisterous honey bee opened her tiny mouth,
sounds of infuriating buzzing dismantled the harmony of air.
when handsomely coiled reptiles on the ground opened their venom mouths,
poignant noises of hissing pierced the alacrity of stringent breeze.

when the cow in green pastures opened her amicable mouth,
timid sounds of indolent mooing blended perfectly with the succulent grass.

when the furry sheepskin dog opened its canine tipped mouth,
gruesome growls expurgated; initiating infinite hair on body to stand.

when a bunch of humans opened their articulately shaped mouths,
there came galloping fast; tales of intellect and imagination.

and when the omnipresent personality of Godhead opened his mouth,
one could see the entire universe revolving inside,
undulating terrains, turbulent sea's, flaming persona of the sun, silver silhouette
of the moon,
dense tropical forests; sparkling waterfalls of crystal water,
the creator sparingly uttered few words of wisdom,
embodied with the supreme aura of righteousness,
which was still the magical verse centuries after he created man to live and let
live.

18. HABITS

The crimson grey clouds have an obsessive habit to cry,
inundate barren regions of earth with surplus amount of fresh water.

the washerman has a stringent habit of washing blotted cloth,
scraping tonnes of dirt with adroit strokes of wooden batten.

the city traffic police have an impulsive habit of waving their sticks,
cant help but do so, even when in realms of deep sleep.

the soil has a bountiful habit of giving birth to blades of wild grass,
when fed with paltry amounts of achromatic water.

the sheep on mountains have a routine habit of walking in clusters,
weave their way through interspersed regions of the jungle leaning on one
another.

the birds in the sky have extravagant habits of chirping incessantly,
convey the innermost of their feeling via this medium of coherent music.

the saline waters of sea are prone to habits of crashing against chains of rock,
falling with a loud thud on the shore when imparted turbulence by the moon.

the milkman has an infuriating habit of delivering milk in wee hours of the
morning,
waking people up from domains of celestial sleep.

the dog has a noninvasive habit of barking vociferously at strangers,
wagging its tail when jubilant, in criss-cross fashions dismantling the harmony of
air.

the venomous snake has lethal habits of consuming baby milk,
injects its poison while relishing the same with slender tongue.

politicians worldwide have chivalrous habits of making promises,
fail to deliver the same when floating high in webs of corruption.

striped lizards have defensive habits of squirting blood when attacked,
change their color with nonchalant ease to strangulate unsuspecting prey.

i had an unrelenting habit of running till i found paradise on earth,
bathe under the crystal springs of mesmerizing nature,
live in transcendental oblivion sheltered from pragmatic realities of life.

19. HAIR CUTTING SALOON

Thick mirrors of transparent glass,
slates of graphite stuck to wall,
big bottles of shaving foam,
flammable containers of liquid spray,
a tetra assembly of royal chairs,
with protruding headrests of cushioned rexin,
fluorescent light rods producing blue light,
arrays of scissors made of stainless steel,
razor switch blades in plastic shells,
brown hairbrush with artificial teeth,
polygonal cans of medicated shampoo,
soft white towels dipped in hot steam,
aromatic hair oil in copper tins,
giant clock hung to wall nail,
electronic hair drier suspended from a jugglery of wires,
wooden boxes of talcum powder,
tantalizing odour of body cologne,
huge paint brush coated with black dye,
rectangular green tablets of antiseptic soap,
flocks of silky hair lying dead on the floor,
offering a wide range of services like,
haircut, massage, facial, bleach,
special shave and shampoo bath,
with an iron safe for stacking currency notes,
and a large tumbler of cool water,
shaping hairy demons to presentable gods,

as i stretch my legs,
in the crowded ambience of the hair cutting saloon.

20. HAIRSTYLES

When i molded long strands of my hair into slender curls,
fastening them with strings of sticky elastic rubber,
with infinite fibers of black cascading down like a fountain,
my manly exteriors transited to those of a daintily adorned teenage girl.

when i submerged the wild mass of my hair in an exact liter of coriander oil,
they slept in tranquil contentment on glistening regions of my scalp,
refraining to budge an inch in stormy sheets of inclement weather,
dying a disdainful death without savoring the true taste of life.

when i sheared bulky loads of my hair with a pair of pocket jacknife,
rustic patches of my scalp portrayed an alien look,
the humming bees sung merrily on the barren islands,
my head now resembled polished briquette's of coal; sprawled with white powder.

when i camouflaged my scalp with beads of pure silver,
adhering sedately to rudimentary bits of yellow gold,
it appeared as if possessed a dungeon of riches,
with parasitic individuals of the society pilfering through my house of bare brick.

when i tonsured my skull completely of hair,
gently plucking the last bits of floss with my knotted fingers,
my scalp got scorched in acerbic rays of the Sun,
sparkling a pure ivory white in resplendent beams of the moon,
i was a grotesque sight to stare; as people offended me with pools of ludicrous laughter.

when i parted my hair in exact equal halves,
sprinkling the central rift with pinches of crimson vermilion powder,
riveting braids of scented flower with scrupulous proficiency,
i looked strikingly similar to the traditionally living indian women.

and when i finally combed my hair with casual strokes of the serrated brush,
splashing jagged stubs of my beard with revitalizing cologne,
kneading my hair vigorously with piquant extracts of blue whale fish,
i could be sighted unanimously by one and all; as a truly authentic volatile man.

21. HAIR

Bald patches of earth bore olive green hair of silken grass,
which swayed frivolously with swift currents of winter breeze.

snow white rabbits had a furry shock of hard hair,
galloped at electric pace through winding lanes of the valley.

lethal alligators were adorned with a bush of needle like hair,
glided with languid energy through deep waters of the jungle river.

the maple trees possessed wild hair projecting from their roots,
gave birth to a cluster of sweet fruit tumbling down with sporadic outbursts of
wind.

pure bed sheets of silk had a plethora of feeble hair,
ready to get brutally crushed at instantaneous contacts of bulky flesh.

the disheveled body of chameleon had sprouts of razor edged hair,
tickled masses of insects, bare walls of brick as it clambered up with difficulty.

long handle of broomstick had infinite hair of cheap cane,
scraped trapped molecules of dust and loiter from remote corners of kitchen
walls.

the sparkling surface of ocean had ravishing hair of salt,
struck colossal portions of jagged rock with unparalleled intensity of a wild tiger.

a bundle of crisp currency note had concealed hair of ecstasy,
had the tumultuous power to purchase all animate objects on mother earth.

all humans born had fragile bunches of hair emanating from their scalp,
the same grew into islands inhabited by deceit and lechery,
as advancing years crept, vanquishing immaculate hair of childhood,
into traces of everlasting oblivion.

22. HANDS

Hands can spin webs of magic,
some hands can sketch artistically,
some write in majestic fashion,

some can covert molten wax into jeweled statue,
some can rotate pointed spindles,
some can juggle multiple balls at a time,
some can compose exquisite poetry,
some chop living tree with axe,
some can swim through tidal currents,
some can repair dilapidated machinery,
some can create electronic toys,
some plough brown fields of undulating mud,
some distribute amenities of life,
some drive speedy race automobile,
some prepare delicious fodder for survival,
some can excavate oil from tunnels of earth,
some can stitch firmly loose fragments of cloth,
some can dance to beats of high pitched music,
some perform intricate surgery of heart,
some can play enthusing cricket,
some play masterly games of chess,
so far, so good,
but there are hands coated with blood,
stubby fingers, unshaven hair,
merciless disposition, brutal force,
waiting to dismantle all the good,
tearing apart to complete shambles,
blissful personalities from earth like mine.
these constitute what we call,
hands of mother destiny.

23. HARMONY

Parrot green buds of nimble grass existed in harmony with the soil,
sprawled with rampant ease engulfing acres of barren land,
when the rain plummeted down from the sky in plenty.

a plethora of birds sailing at high altitudes lived in harmony with the wind,
gliding like small angels with adroit strokes of their wings,
traversing thousands of kilometers with the sky, wind, and light as their savior.

the slimy bodies of fish survived in complete harmony with the sea,
swimming with their silken grace through tidal currents of choppy spray,
procreating their offspring's in salt tunnels of ocean water,
having the tumultuous capacity of toppling cruise liners,

when inhabiting the colossal form of smoke grey whales.

the rustic stature of a country dog lived in harmony with its tail,
wagging it with uninhibited passion while spotting a friend,
curling it tightly between its legs when attacked by a hostile bunch of humans.

a cluster of animated squirrel existed in perfect harmony with the tree,
traversing through hollow cavities, aided by staccato movements of their body,
munching and relishing sprouts of bountiful green foliage.

freshly extracted pails of cream lived in co-ordinated harmony with the cow,
oozing with melodious rhythm from her ripened teats,
satisfying insatiable desires of consuming unadulterated milk.

millions of humans on earth survived in harmony with Sunlight,
thoroughly dependant on the first rays of dawn to start work,
and pitch dark beams of night to fall in a sedative trance,
a blissfully refreshing, celestial sleep.

24. WHEN MY HEART CEASED TO FUNCTION

When sensitive tunnels in my eardrum stopped functioning,
amicable voices of chirping birds failed to cast an impression,
stringent sounds emanating from vocal chords of my mother,
struck me as inaudibly sedative whispers of the girl i immensely loved.

as rosy pink fangs of my tongue shut down without prior notice,
there were insatiable urges to demonstrate my emotions,
my face contorted with hapless paralysis,
with my whole being plunging into opalescent fountains bereft of water.

when indispensable centers of my vision rebuked to function,
hazy blobs of grayish scarlet inundated my eyeball,
intricate outlines of the moon resembled disheveled chunks of ice-cream,
the catastrophe had marooned me on a paradise of dreams,
divested of the philanthropic power to see.

as my stolid pair of my feet brusquely froze in their advancing tread,
minuscule distances of the city; loomed menacingly as marathon race tracks,
the simplistic idea of walking seemed bizarrely austere,
infinite compartments of my body tugged me towards untimely slumber.

when clusters of my knotted fingers shunned to work,
mystical enigmas in my brain unleashed themselves at frantic pace,
flowery lines of contemporary literature seemed to erupt from my mouth,
with my manual apparatus unable to transform fantasy into written reality.

and eventually when boisterous threads of my heart relinquished vibrations,
gallons of crimson blood flowing transited to deathly blue,
rubicund complexion of my skin developed patches of febrile yellow,
my moistened breath evaporated in its rudimentary roots,
and i bid a tearful adieu to mother earth; which i had inhabited as a man for 50
long years.

25. A HEARTY BREAKFAST

I coated roasted bread periphery with surplus extracts of cow butter,
stuffed hollow spaces between twin slices with squashed tomato curry,
baked round crystalline egg to fluffy proportion,
crushed a pair of sour lemon to form appetizing juice,
flooded polished interiors of glass with blood red wine,
sliced infinite biscuits of farm fresh radish,
blended chunks of mustard seed in huge jars of ground well water,
dropped sizzling pieces of goat meat in gigantic foils of silver,
ripped open olive green coconut shell with slender butcher knife,
peeled wild skin of fleshy orange after feeble resistance from the fruit,
decorated the slimy surface of exquisite marble,
with bulky slabs of chilly ice-cream,
sprinkled pinches of pure salt on visible patches of spiceless food,
laid a cluster of hybrid grapes in minuscule baskets of cane,
filled miniature soup bowls with clear paste of noodle and garlic powder,
chopped with deft strokes of skill entangled bundles of cauliflower root,
burnt sugar to chocolate brown in low rising flames of electronic stove,
rubbed green chili sticks with volatile force on my lifeless lips,
opened sliding glass panels of the green house roof,
to let in revitalizing draughts of the mountain air,
reclined and sank in the plush upholstery of king sized chair,
to relish the concoctions and recipe which were simply for morning consumption,
listening to enlightening tunes diffusing softly, from plastic pellets of my portable
walkman.

26. HELL AND BEYOND

Dragonflies entered entangled mass of my intestine,

black scorpions clambered up conical face,
venom spiders spun silky webs in my mouth,
red termites stung naked patches of my flesh,
colossal pythons embraced me in a strangle hold grip,
wild creepers curled themselves choking concealed arteries of my throat,
sharp blades of sword caressed limp hair on my chest,
concentrated curry of salt was poured on body,
spiked leather whips lambasted salt soaked regions of my back,
flaming embers of coal were placed in my eye,
a cluster of alligator were left berserk to roam beside me,
a ball of pointed thorn was placed before me to eat,
buckets of fuming acid were emptied over my feet,
a plethora of sewage cockroach was thrown on scalp hair,
i had just arrived a few hours ago,
the surface of land was scattered with dead bone and skull,
there was gruesome darkness everywhere, without a trace of dawn and light,
it was raining incessantly, with the rain drops being of pure blood.

weeks elapsed as the torture continued unrelentingly,
a sudden spurt of blindness gushed past my eyes,
strong beams of light emanated from his persona,
a golden aura encompassed his facial contours,
he proclaimed himself to be the God of hell,
enumerated the list of my brutal misdeeds on earth,
charging me with heinous crimes, murder, and assault on the innocent,
dictating orders to subservient followers of tormenting me,
left as abruptly as he had appeared,
leaving me to bear the brunt of what we perceive in common parlance,
as hell and beyond.

27. HER HEALING ASHES

There were cubes of white ice strewn on the floor,
melting into paltry amounts of water when licked by Sunlight,
transiting into a solidified mass when kissed by the placid moon,
i entered the room with a hand bleeding profusely,
inserted my palm beneath a slab of frozen liquid,
thereby ceasing the flow of trickling blood,
eliminating stabs of bursting pain with inexpensive plaster of ice.

i was engulfed in a coat of mud slurry,
tonnes of broken debris lined collar and scalp,

ugly sores and bruises projected from several parts of body,
that's when i decided to step in the steaming shower,
scrubbed myself with huge tablets of antiseptic,
cleansed traces of moisture with blow dryer guns,
despite my valiant efforts,
the blood i noticed was still oozing.

i then applied stingy amounts of my mothers ashes,
which i had diligently preserved years after she died,
a magical transformation took place,
the scenario to witness was priceless and spellbinding,
the stream of flowing blood froze in its roots,
hard crusts of brown now replaced the torn pulp,
tears of gratitude rolled down my cheek,
she still cared for me, couldnt see me in agonizing sorrow,
she was still there with me in my time of distress,
sleeping with a celestial bliss in those grey ashes,
which i had stashed safely within lock proof interiors
of my cherished safe.

28. UNBIASED BEAUTY

I covered my body with pure silk garment,
sprinkled wild shrub extract on countless pores of skin,
shaved my face of the minutest of hair with Flintstone,
oiled scalp root hair till they shone like gold,
massaged my arms with sandalwood paste,
bathed in perfumed water cascading from the mountain,
rubbed teeth enamel with neem tree bark,
adorned eyelashes with wax mascara,
crushed lotus petals with my feet,
polished my nails with rose nail paint,
evacuated moistened sweat with cologne tissue,
slept on king sized bed filled with iced water,
walked through dungeons dripping with grape vine rain,
cut slices of peach with diamond studded knife,
rolled wildly in heaps of talcum powder,
transforming my wheatish flesh to snow white.
licked my lips with slimy tongue,
accentuating their blood red colour,
i then stared in the mirror,
awaiting kingly handsome flashes of reflection,

the thick glass reflector vomited artificial beauty,
echoed that true splendor lies in unbiased love,
residing deep in dormitories of throbbing heart

29. HIDE AND SEEK

The steaming island of Sun played hide and seek amidst the smoke grey clouds,
peeping sporadically with stringent tenacity,
filtering with flamboyant exuberance pallid spots of the galaxy,
fumigating dirt and stench with antiseptic rays of dazzling light.

tranquil contours of the moon played hide and seek between brown sandwiches
of mountain,
illuminating the gruesome blackness of arid night, stuck like perpetual glue to
azure carpets of the sky,
imparting placid waves of passionate moisture to scorched patches of earth.

a cluster of woodpecker played hide and seek in an ambience of foliated trees,
chirping affable rhymes in melodramatic unison,
gliding no invasively past an assemblage of tall hawthorn bush,
taking frequent dips, submerging their weary in the crystal stream of silken
white jungle water bodies,

truckloads of golden sawdust played hide and seek in an environment of mighty
edifices,
blowing in feverish exhilaration with torrential draughts of wind,
incessantly covering exposed portions of stainless glass pane,
intruding upon the intricate coat of snow white eye,
enveloping polished arenas of space with blotches of disdainful mud.

articulate webs of conscience play hide and seek with the good and bad,
yielding predominantly to insatiable desires of evil,
succumbing with languid ease to lucrative options of crime,
seldom adhering to persevering routes of immaculate truth,
falling prey to hollow caves of affluence and superficial glamour.

30. HINGES

The gigantic silhouette of neem tree rested on hinges of tender roots,
embedded firmly at colossal depths from surface of ground,
anchoring the mighty structure for centuries till it swayed in the breeze.

polished teak doors studded with brass leaned on hinges of pure metal,
thoroughly oiled, lubricated with whale fat grease,
maneuvering with dexterous ease at instants of proximity with curled finger.

pearly white waters of the gurgling waterfall rested on hinges of the bare
mountain,
plummeted down the barren slopes at breathtaking speeds,
diffusing into Herculean amounts of frothy spray,
while colliding with the obdurate trajectory of black rocks.

cat combed hives of the humming bee spun their homes on hinges of foliage,
bustled with feverish activity through speeding hours of the clock,
stuffing multiple pores of their tree top den,
with loads of freshly manufactured sickening sweet honey.

a plethora of birds flew with spurts of newly found energy,
resting lucratively on broad hinges of their wings,
relished the supreme freedom of sighting the world from infinite paces above
the ground.

i envisaged of sleeping on blissful hinges of love,
hinges luminating large with vibrant possession,
which could be provided only by unprejudiced feeling,
the person i possessed in mind, body, and spirit,
held captive deep within sensitive chambers of my heart,
the person i cared for above all denominations of the hollow society.

31. THE HISTORY TEACHER

I listened with rapt attention to the sonorous voice,
my feet were locked in recesses of tight boot,
body besieged with several coats of salty sweat juice,
hands trapped in dark realms of trouser pocket,
loose chalk powder smeared on curls of scalp hair,
large palms soaked in a blend of fountain ink and perspiration,
with a carton of paper sprawled before me,
bulky textbook volumes to be read for the day,
i was getting restless by the passing clock second,
as streaks of grey camouflaged the sky,
droplets of fresh monsoon pelted down in savage fury,
large masses of mundane crowd shouted in animated glee,
while me and my counterpart mates absorbed the stringent voice of our history

teacher.

the situation had risen beyond limits of tolerance,
our hearts throbbed in mounting excitement,
scorched bodies of ours bathed in pools of exhaustion,
each syllable he uttered struck us with magnified intensity,
restless feet trampled the sun baked floor,
while our teeth clusters gnawed every possible inch of object in proximity,
as we formulated mischivious plans of getting respite,
from crowded interiors of the obnoxious classroom.

we collected small pinches of red chilli extract,
ground it into small fragments of powder mix,
hurled it in chorused unison towards the man who taught us in dedication,
galloped out to smell waves diffusing from freshly soaked mud,
as the history teacher held his face in contorted dismay,
admiring the extravagant courage of aspiring youth existing in the brand new millennium.

32. HOUSE BOAT

The straw brimmed hat bobbed on the surface of the sea,
sleek motorboats churned through white froth of water,
pearly white shark glided harmlessly beneath a plethora of marine shrub,
the sun blazed violently from behind dirty grey cloud covers,
strong pouches of wind caused the waves to rise sky high,
thereby toppling the hat into deep territories of the emerald green ocean.

high powered torch beams cut tranquil stillness of the night,
the huge mast danced tantalizingly in the breeze,
large walls of timber were coated with wax paint,
conical rooms were fitted with paraffin lamp,
there were a battalion of mice on the kitchen floor,
pungent aroma of maize whisky floated in the air,
a pandemonium of voices rose in chorused unison,
crackling fires burnt on the broad steel deck,
menacing octopus roasted on barbecue grills,
blasting tunes diffused from the programmed loudspeaker,
gentle silver light of the moon engulfed their bodies,
big drops of the salt and mineral struck them in frenzy,
the gypsies were having the time of their lives,
with several hours left before the next brilliant dawn,

and a host of sea food bubbling in red hot steam of the oven,
as the two storeyed house boat gathered spurts of speed,
galloping towards realms of the distantly stretched Black horizon.

33. THE HOUSE LIZARD

Clawed feet stuck to concrete wall,
emanating wildly from my 10 cm body,
propagating sandpaper effect as i run,
traversing few miles of territory,
stealthily encroaching communities of insects,
nibbling spider with my lips,
gulping ants, mosquitoes, swarms of flies,
feasting myself on tender bird egg,
bread crumbs, stale fruit, cheese chunks, i ravish,
inhabiting faulty crevice in decayed plaster,
clinging all night to high voltage bulb,
breeding in pitch dark corners of gutter pipe,
several of my shape i procreate,
with tiny beads of twin black eyes,
shooting a fountain of blood when attacked,
climbing high rise structures devoid support,
i have a lengthy period of survival,
prowling boldly into the cleanest of environment,
flickering my tail when provoked by kin,
possessing the capacity to regenerate it,
i'll trespass in your house with informal ease, I need no invitation,
O! yes i am indeed a dirty brown house lizard

34. A HOUSE WITH SEA WATER

Reacting to wild suggestions of fantasy,
obsessive desires of throbbing heart,
maniacal flow of thoughts going berserk,
impulsive desires gaining momentum,
and rock hard sugarcane stalks melting in dry compartments of my mouth,
i dreamt of the following,
chalking plans to reinforce it at some stage,
as and when,
my feet took complete stranglehold of the soil on which i tread.

a king sized room riveted to tight cane roof,

tall slabs of wall made of white crystal mirrors,
towering columns carved of ultra light metal,
hollow interiors filled with saline sea water,
artificial springs of red liquid cascading down a gallery of rock,
electric grey dolphins gliding with silken comfort,
infinite lotus shrub floating in tranquil peace,
glass aquariums of fish suspended from golden rope,
i would then ride in my sea horse boat,
parading through an ambience of man-made sea,
speeding across undulating currents of condensed salt,
finally plunging myself head on,
into the tap warm waters of my created ocean,
swimming with the underwater fish for as long,
as my breath could last within dark brown jackets of my lungs.

35. HOUSES

If i lived in a house blended with ripened banana,
clusters of the fresh green fruit extruding in abundance from the roof,
i wouldn't have to cook my meal; surviving handsomely on slices of sugary white
pulp.

if i resided in a house made of invincible steel bereft of corrugations,
and the beds being of molten iron curry,
i would seldom fall into bouts of sleep; roaming around wildly in sheer insomnia.

if i dwelt in a house impregnated with fearsome alligator skin,
bold premonitions of the monster encroaching would nictitate in my mind,
prompting me to sweat even in the freezing winter night.

if i occupied a house painted with cow dung plaster,
with fresh cakes of goat manure adhered to the floor,
the preposterous stench would suffocate me to unwarranted death.

if i slept in a house made of articulate time pieces,
the needle hands ticking in obstreperous unison,
i would continue to inhabit this earth with a niggling consciousness of evanescent
time.

if i occupied a house with symmetrical holes in the roof,
with barren spaces impersonating clerestory windows,
water would cascade down torrentially in the monsoon,

transforming my abode into a sea of fresh liquid.

if i established my entity in a house juxtaposed with slabs of yellow gold,
also an incessant cascade of sparkling silver from the tall roof,
i would be sure of wasting the remainder of my life counting the affluence i
possessed.

and if by chance i procured a house in sacrosanct realms of heaven,
with fairy god mothers flying around,
the philanthropic personality of almighty ready to converse with me all day,
i would consider myself as someone blessed with the most cherishable house of
all.

36. THE HUMAN BREATH

It occurs all day and night,
through hairy pipes of soft flesh,
contracting and expanding the lung apparatus,
consuming vital oxygen from atmosphere,
bellowing crisp draughts of air in blood,
inflating belly pouches for flash seconds,
imparting vibrant energy to pounding heart,
embracing throat windpipe with soft cushion,
prompting production of waste in chambers of gas,
reinforcing body defense to disease,
radiating natural air conditioning in flesh stuck to skeleton,
regenerating worn out tissue cells,
purifying dark red liquid flowing through veins,
filtering shell stones from kidney sac,
heating cheek and ear when done rapidly,
reinvigorating intricate parts of brain,
occurring in gasps, shallow inhalation, puffed sensations,
even at work while in deep waters,
impossible to be stopped for more than a minute,
an involuntary reflex possessed by all living,
striking against sticky nasal foreign matter,
while entering the body,
is the beautiful and reliable human breath.

37. TRANSITIONS

Dusty demeanor of the stone transited to sparkling grey,

as big crystal drops of rain fell in frenzy from the sky,
diffusing into multiple bubbles of clear froth,
evacuating streaks of dirt from morbid exteriors,
abandoning it with glowing tinges of torrential rain.

dilapidated walls of the tumble down hut transited to fortified enclosures,
as whirlwinds of silver sands struck them with brutal force,
steel grey waves of the sea deposited gallons of water,
and coconut trees shed their leafy clothes in plenty,
enveloping bare shivering walls of the coastal mansion,
with loads of compassion and benevolent warmth.

pitchers full of frosty milk transited to solid jelly,
when injected with volatile currents of frozen air,
placed on bulky slices of transparent ice,
exposed to bitter cold conditions of alps laden with snow,
the luke warm cow milk found no remorse,
yielding to vagaries of weather, magical prowess of frozen water.

hearts in tumultuous agony transited to fainter shades of sorrow,
as a person sobbed hysterically losing refined degrees of control,
saline tears rolling down his victimized cheek,
filtering colossal burdens from spaceships of mind,
releasing a flurry of emotions cascading down as salt water,
revitalizing him of the overwhelming distress and the mountain of misdeeds,
he lay listlessly sunk deep beneath.

38. I FELT GOOD

I felt good while swimming in choppy waves of the tidal sea,
diving underwater to have subtle glimpses of the aquatic fish.

i felt good gnawing at the rudimentary apple protruding from the tall tree,
ripping apart succulent chunks of the fruit with boisterous fervor.

i felt good plucking dead grass from nimble soil of earth,
tickling my ear with a blend of humid mud and spongy tufts of grass.

i felt good when i drank pure extracts of violet grape vine,
slept like a demon relinquishing the agonies of routine life.

i felt good when i stared at the enchanting demeanour of the sky,

spent all night counting innumerable numbers of resplendent stars.

i felt good when marooned without aid on an desolate island,
leading life in solitary calm, catching small fish with thorny sticks of wild bush.

i felt good when i perceived my childhood in transparent fossils,
visualizing myself clinging tightly to the plump silhouette of my mother.

i felt good when clambering steep slopes of the mountain,
pilfering the loose soil with large treads of my rustic feet.

i felt good when sprinkled with bountiful amounts of lotus spray,
rolled on stone cold arenas of floor with my body clad in royal silk garment.

i felt good when whistling indigenous tunes sitting on my mud house roof,
coating barren walls of my dwelling with cakes of cowdung plaster.

i felt good working with scrupulous care; perspiring in the fuming Sun,
being thoroughly applauded for the onerous tasks i had accomplished.

i felt good in close proximity of her tender arms,
her Luke warm breath drifting down my nape,
the mystical spell of her love embracing me in a vice like grip forever.

39. I STOOD BENEATH

i stood beneath the gurgling waterfall plummeting down the mountain slope,
with icy coats of air slapping my face,
felt tingling sensations creep all over my exhausted persona,
drowning me in an ocean of unfathomable euphoria.

I stood beneath blazing roof of the fiery Sunball,
A swarm of flies buzzed incoherently in my ear,
Blistering carpets of heat stabbed fragile pores of my skin,
As I bathed in the vicinity of the open street in ponds of perspiration.

I stood beneath the dense camouflage of leafy tree,
Melodious rhymes of the cuckoo entangled frayed nerves of my mind,
Rain showers of water diffused from the clouds,
I slept on the bed of wet jungle weed with colored grape fruit strewn beside me.

I stood beneath a roof of pure silk cloth,

Ultra thin threads of floss tickling my nostrils,
The aura of luxury encapsulating impoverished zones of my mind,
Drifting me temporarily away from pragmatic realities of life.

I stood beneath the mystical idol of God all life,
Praying incessantly without reprieve,
Refraining from cumbersome work and daily tasks,
Visualizing quintals of grey notes to cascade from the statue,
My reverie was abruptly broken,
I heard in disdain the message floating loud and vibrant,
The idol admonishing me to perspire and bleed,
Shed costly tears in abundance, develop stains of mud on my immaculately
white shirt,
To pay the rent for the iota of space I occupied on mother earth.

40. I SAW

I saw big shards of glass hurtle down the multi-floored building,
i saw well oiled elevators bounce on cushioned spring,
i saw sparkling river water transit black at Sunset,
i saw spongy tufts of grass with gold patches of castor oil,
i saw thin needle levers of watch complete clockwise journeys,
i saw hungry street dogs devour chunks of left over meal,
i saw steaming hot tea extract being poured in tapered glass mug,
i saw expensive ball point refill full with condensed ink,
i saw sandstone palaces basking in silver light of the moon,
i saw boiled candy sweets in air tight bottles of blue crystal,
i saw coiled python skin crushing its prey to death,
i saw snow white shoes with jet black knotted laces,
i saw emerald green coconuts containing ripened sweet water,
i saw shabbily attired beggars with bruised metal bowls,
i saw twin winged aircraft rolling on the carpeted tarmac,
i saw an army of ant with food grain stuffed in their antenna,
i saw gigantic fluffs of cotton leaking from dwarf potted plant,
i saw barrels of kerosene stacked neatly at the grocery store,
i saw a bunch of hard banana projecting from forked tree branch,
i saw towering church spires with king sized bells of brass,
i saw blood red wine adhering to polished interiors of champagne bottle,
i saw power propelled water craft churning through the sea,
i saw barbaric Tarzan swing merrily on twined bamboo roots,
i saw dark grey lizards on infinite spots of house wall,
i saw splendid portraits of articulately carved Indian God,

i saw wooden bridges with side margins of puristic ivory,
i saw hunch backed camel strolling through parched terrain of the desert,
i saw frozen balls of snow tumble down slopes of the Swiss mountain,
i saw ultra light butterflies float gently in moisture laden air,
i saw brittle hen eggs simmering in intense fury of the gas flame,
i saw fat cubes of molten cheese stored in cool comforts of the freezer tray,
i saw square shaped sodium bulbs burning incessantly through the night,
i saw gold rings studded with several diamonds cut in semicircular shape,
i saw acres of farm land with straw stuffed statues of gruesome scarecrow,
i saw a cluster of tiny wooden sticks coated with fillings of fire lead,
i saw tablets of pink soap lying dormant on chipped slabs of marble,
i saw toy fairy dolls with twin pairs of sapphire blue eyes,
i saw heaps of black charcoal stashed within open spaces of timber wood,
i saw live shows of stars in the London planetarium,
i saw pools of achromatic saliva decaying in vicinity of hospital bed,
i saw mammoth footsteps of elephant feet embedded in loose soil,
i saw the stars twinkle in exuberance at the onset of twilight,
i saw the sea waves rise to a crescendo as clouds wept torrential rain,
i saw menacing vultures tearing away flesh stuck firmly to tender bones,
i saw tantalizing black cloth fluttering in the rustic breeze,
i saw streaks of deathly silver flash across the ravishing sky,
i saw beads of multiple pearls pop out from humid recesses of oyster shell,
i saw denim grey whales toppling huge assembly of concrete ship,
i saw carved blades of ceiling fan flood the ambience with fresh air,
i saw the gardener sprinkle tepid water on bald patches of mud,
i saw the ambulance zip across the city at electric speeds,
i saw gutter water oozing out from neglected pores of sewer drains,
i saw the humming bee depositing gallons of sickening sweet nectar,
i saw the cricket ball soaring high in the mass of lowly suspended cloud,
i saw snake leather purse inhabiting pockets of cotton trouser,
i saw gaudy colored posters projecting from air-conditioned cinema halls,
i saw a battalion of soldiers marching through territories of upright thorn,
i saw people beating drum with long sticks of sliced bamboo,
i saw bundle of holy thread crisscrossed on sweaty palm,
i saw frogs croaking noisily at amazing depths of the century old well,
i saw wild shrub grow on barren landscapes after initial spells of rain,
i saw sail boats containing fish tied to pier abutments,
i saw the pouched kangaroo take volatile leaps through the jungle,
i saw the mesmerizing idol of lord Buddha in stone and studded gold,
i saw bicycle tyre trampling tons of compact earth road,
i saw exquisite curtain drapery obscuring harsh rays of midday sun,
i saw dark green leaves of full grown lotus flower,

i saw the steep slope of the hair raising valley,
i saw crumbs of bread slice roasting in heat compartments of the toaster,
i saw icy bed sheets of lake water,
i saw the mighty snatching wealth from the feeble and weak,
i saw brutal terror prevalent in minute quarters of the globe,
i saw the earth burdened by evil doings of fellow beings,
i thought i had seen enough,
my mind was bursting like a volcano with traces of hot lava,
it was time to put brakes on weird mental imagery,
reinforce intricate body mechanisms with,
holistic amounts of blissful sleep.

41. I WALKED BAREFOOT

When i walked barefoot on a cushion of jungle thorn,
the blazing sun boiling moist portions of bald earth,
with blistering waves of heat stabbing naked spots on my skin,
i felt a rich gravy of blood trickle at rapid pace from my sole.

when i walked barefoot on dying embers of seasoned lumber
sparks of red coal flying sporadically in the air,
a blend of grey ash and mud stinging my tender eye,
i felt like a slaughtered chicken with tumultuous numbness enveloping my body.

When I walked barefoot on frozen coats of ice,
Icy winds of snow caressing my unwashed hair,
With mercury dipping an abysmal low below freezing,
I felt blood in infinite veins of my body starting to transit into a solid curry of cold water.

When I walked barefoot on a large slab of cake,
The heavenly aroma of crushed cherry tickling starved hair of my nostril,
An icing of molten sugar now juxtaposed with my toe nail,
I felt concentrated waves of euphoria descend down my entity.

When I walked barefoot on the luxury coffin holding one of my kin,
Ghastly blows of sorrow encompassing my trembling body,
Hysterical sobs emanating from dormant regions of my throat,
I felt as if the world had come to a mute standstill,
The creator had promptly vanished,
leaving me deserted, to face the worst agony walking barefoot.

42. I WANTED TO PAINT

I wanted to paint ornate flower petals with spring water,
swallow the residue of perfumed liquid dripping down its stalk.

i wanted to paint blue chipped marble floors with freshly extracted cow butter,
roll violently in the grease for several days on the trot.

i wanted to paint chicken flesh with hot ginger curry,
boil it in steaming water blended with a plethora of vegetable.

i wanted to paint bare walls of the castle in crimson color,
engrave mystical designs on it with my uncut fingernail.

i wanted to paint tall poles of the maple tree with extremely saline sea water,
lick as long as my tongue could last, spicy patches of tree shivering in the
breeze.

i wanted to paint my toenails with brilliant red dye,
dance on the sun with blistering light filtering through delicate pores of skin.

i wanted to paint my hair with golden honey,
expose them to the atmosphere for the birds to feed.

i wanted to paint barren patches of land with blades of lush green grass,
sprinkle the infertile land with gargantuan amount of goat manure.

i wanted to paint white canvas with swashbuckling strokes of feather brush,
draw a sketch depicting blissful territories of the globe.

i wanted to paint immaculate walls of her heart with my thick blood,
pray that the scripture lays imprisoned for decades till we exist.

43. I WANTED

I wanted to be a part of the kingly orchestra,
dance wildly all night flexing dormant muscles of my body.

i wanted to swing in silky webs weaved of spider thread,
drown in the saline ocean amidst an ambience of grey whale.

i wanted to devour large chunks of unripened banana,

roll in silver sands with awesome amount of rain tumbling down.

i wanted to smell the sugary aroma of brilliant red rose,
bathe in shower taps oozing an incessant flow of golden honey.

i wanted murky clouds soaked in sandalwood to tickle hair in my nostril,
swim through frightening deep areas of the water pool.

i wanted tonnes of salt in the food i consumed,
walk on sparkling floor smeared with rich quality grease.

i wanted a compact wrist watch studded with roman numerals,
sleep all night in a cane straw house high up in twined branches of neem tree.

i wanted to plunge into the dark valley with a parachute attached,
sip violet grape juice at painstaking speeds from the crystal glass.

i wanted to gallop across mighty currents of African wind,
feed the fishes in the tank with minuscule grub and crushed bone.

i wanted to help all in distress and afflicted with pain,
earn gargantuan amount of wealth to achieve the same.

44. IF ONLY I WERE GOD

if i were God,
i would put sea in land,
gold liquid in blood veins,
send rain with currency notes attached to droplets,
transform all humans to aquatic fish,
having a mermaid like disposition,
living in all equality with bundles of salt,
rebuke the sparse few, left on land,
for their plethora of misdeeds,
charging them with the highest treason,
sweeping them away like piece of dirt,
with cheap broomsticks of twined bamboo.
then there would be,
no poverty, indiscreet trampling of deprived,
no panic stricken, aggrieved, mutilated,
no innocent assaulted,
by powerhouses of wealth and illegitimate pride,

no shivering in chilly winters,
no dying of sun strokes,
no scope for inflicted brutality,
no supply of hazardous narcotic,
absolute prohibition of life ending liquor,
manufactured in dilapidated breweries,
complete harmony amongst all tribes in flesh,
beheading sinful chapters of mutual racism,
dulling the nerves of rampant blood shed,
elimination of traumatized anecdotes,
of premature death,
through vehicular clashes,
air, water and rail collisions,
no mammoth crowds flocking for,
oil, petrol, gas, essential fodder for survival,
no palaces for some,
and unbaked cow dung plaster huts for others,
uprooting all kinds of glamour,
reinforcing it with simplistic existence,
no indecent portrayal of stalwarts,
sacrificing personal lives, releasing us from jaws of captivity,
no inflation, unauthorized storage of food grain,
no urchins left like garbage,
in clammy interiors of unkempt orphanages,
i would evaporate every trace of crime,
with complete equality nestling in all quarters,
all this and a host to follow,
as i wish and pray fervently,
if only i were God.

45. IF ONLY

If only sunshine replaced gloomy nights of winter cold,
if only tufts of grass replaced barren patches of infertile land,
if only cars replaced filthy exteriors of tumbledown bus,
if only tropical juice replaced beer mugfulls of contaminated water,
if only yards of silk replaced yellow rolls of threadbare cotton,
if only compressed honey biscuits replaced hard loafs of bacterial bread,
if only petroleum extract replaced illegal sales of noxious kerosene,
if only hi-tech computers replaced quintals of school paper stationary,
if only white sparkling marble replaced unpolished fragments of cheap tile,
if only silver spoons replaced their counterpart mates engraved in thick plastic,

if only mirrors replaced morbid walls with crumbling plaster,
if only exquisite snake leather replaced large purses of inferior suede,
if only golden sodium lights replaced dim emissions of fluorescent tubes,
if only luxury air-conditioner replaced Luke warm air draughts of ceiling fan,
if only fecund soil mass replaced colossal plains of scorched sand,
if only varnished mahogany replaced plaintive sheets of ordinary wood,
if only balls of white snow replaced dry laden winds of boiling heat,
if only gold coins replaced all kinds of stone strewn on the ground,
if only affluence replaced poverty residing in all domains of the globe,
then we would seldom pray to the supreme Creator,
his quota of responsibilities thus fading into oblivion,
each of us would then transit to super gods breathing for eternity,
in a strife free world bestowed with undeserved riches

46. TRANQUIL GREEN PASTURES

Tender green tufts of emerald green sponge,
riveted firmly to fertile landscapes of earth,
dancing to sedate tunes of swashbuckling breeze,
growing at rapid paces in a blend of manure and fresh water,
feasting on nutritious rays of unadulterated sunlight,
greedily devouring tap water sprinkled at spaced intervals of time,
glowing sedately in artificial lights of sodium bulb,
submerged in ponds of placid moonshine,
a bountiful warehouse of red ant and earth worm,
the green grass meadows were a breathtaking sight,
oblivious to the vagaries of jet paced life.

Cows grazed quietly trampling the grass cushions,
Long beaked cranes nibbled at pieces of left over corn,
Wild pigs gulped loads of untreated sewage,
Petite fleshy ducks floated in tank water,
Thoroughbred horses galloped in enclosures of wire mesh,
Athletic rabbits leaped with long strides of feet,
Wide winged eagles glided harmlessly through the sky,
It all seemed set for yet another day fading,
When finally the amber ball of sun hid behind the mountain,
Encompassing the tranquil green pastures with,
Tarpaulin covers of pitch dark night.

47. HOLDING BACK

If we held back our thunderous laughter,
boisterous episodes of joy would get crucified in dungeons of sorrow,
accompanied by hysterical sobbing at times of ecstatic jubilation.

if we held back our breath for more than few seconds,
the body would feel choked and suffocated,
we would inadvertently release the same with exhilarated sighs and gasps.

if we held back saline tears from dribbling down,
we would become brutally cold to pragmatic realities of death,
would soon become insane and misfits to exist in the society.

if we held back outrageous anger from expurgating out,
outbursts of violence would strangulate our heart,
leading to imprisoned feelings of savage vindication.

if we held back our sneeze from diffusing out into frothy spray,
crusts of moist mucus would get deposited in our nostril,
causing inevitable sensations to occasionally finger our nose.

if we held back our coats of nails from growing tall,
they would forcibly find a way to flourish,
piercing through the plethora of sophisticated armory placed beside them.

if we held back our speech from making obstreperous noise,
the fleshy organ of our tongue would decay, trapped between a cluster of teeth,
dying a natural death in hollow ambience of mouth.

if we held back dazzling yellow pools of water in our bladder,
the spongy caricature of body would feel overwhelmingly restless,
the liquid would spasmodically gush out after few hours of feckless control.

if we held back unsurpassable feelings of holistic love,
there would be frugal purpose in this life to exist,
we would simply waste precious years bestowed upon us to breathe as humans.

48. AROMATIC HAIR OIL

Thick shock of jet black hair,
sprawled languidly on white domes of hard mass,
stuck to skin with offshooting pores,
sprouting from umpteenth prickly roots,

sizzle in hot rays of the Sun,
heating their periphery with flashes of fire,
scorching patches of flesh on which they stand,
with readily absorbed natural solar energy,
hairy follicles shine in radiance,
parted to high degrees of comfort,
compressed by electric hot wind guns,
blowing air over silky strands,
shaping them to angled perfection,
with abundant supply of white allergic powder,
sliding down the black stalks,
filling virgin cavities with white plagued dust,
an obnoxious termite for the natural sheath of black,
an alien relative of disdainful proportion,
resulting in premature wearing of hair mass,
shrinking, shrivelling, withering, the most precious component,
of breathing souls,
the only solution being,
mega sized hollow glass bottles,
tightly corked and transparent,
filled with aromatic hair oil.

49. IN ORDER TO WIPE MY SINS

In order to wipe sweat trickling down my nape; I used a large bandanna,
in order to wipe blotches of mud from my demeanor; I used a soft towel,
in order to wipe scalding tea from my shirt; I used a colossal palm leaf,
in order to wipe invincible stains of crimson betel; I used stringent antiseptic,
in order to wipe agglutinated paint from the wall; I used a blend of water and salt,
in order to wipe tons of sawdust from the pellucid glass; I used a fluffy brush of handsome cotton,
in order to wipe sumptuous grape vine from the barrel; I used my tongue,
in order to wipe oleaginous grease from live grass; I used micro thin bristles of brush,
in order to wipe disdainful sewage from earth; I used a pair of dry twigs to incinerate,
in order to wipe saline tears from her eyes; I used my strong palm,
in order to wipe immaculate chalk from the blackboard, I used a rosewood duster,
in order to wipe incongruous thorns from the mystical grave; I used a forked pickaxe,

in order to wipe blood oozing profusely from my wounds; I used a concoction
of whisky and sponge,
in order to wipe erroneous blunders in pronunciation; I used the dictionary,
in order to wipe mascara from her dainty eyes; I used my luscious red lips,
in order to wipe my bowels clean of debris; I used a well spun sanitary towel,
in order to wipe brackish footprints of my triangular feet; I used soft detergent,
in order to wipe flakes of white powder from my scalp; i vociferously used an
extract of medieval roots,
in order to wipe venomous poison from her cheek; I articulately used my teeth
and withdrew,
in order to wipe moisture from sequestered interiors of my home; I made use of
fumigating Sunlight,
and in order to wipe the heinous sins I committed this existing life; I took birth
for infinite decades,
harnessing the void created with my precious blood

50. IN EVERY BIT OF

In every bit of white enamel engulfing teeth; there sleeps calcium,
in every bit of morbid stone; there sleeps a radiant crystal,
in every bit of green grass; there sleeps a blissful dew drop,
in every bit of scorched sand; there sleeps a penchant for rain,
in every bit of blood strewn on the floor; there sleeps tumultuous pain,
in every bit of scalp hair emanating; there sleeps white flakes of dandruff,
in every bit of time piece wound on the wrist; there sleeps hands of hour and
unleashing minute,
in every bit of dazzling sun ball; there sleeps indispensable beams of stringent
light,
in every bit of the century old mansion; sleeps compressed briquettes of dust,
in every bit of satiny web lingering from the wall; there sleeps an innocuous
spider,
in every bit of sapphire blue sky; there sleeps an innocuous cloud,
in every bit of castor seed oil; there sleeps a ravishing fragrance,
in every bit of copious saliva; there sleeps an army of germ,
in every bit of woven gold mattress; there sleeps a royal king,
in every bit of poetic verse; there sleeps an enigmatic meaning,
in every bit of scarlet rose; there sleeps a wrinkled petal,
in every bit of pachyderm feet; sleeps polished nails of ivory,
in every bit of mother's heart; there sleeps perennial affinity,
in every bit of fiendish monster; there sleeps perpetual animosity,
and in every bit of the omniscient Creator; there sleeps magnanimous love.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Hide And Seek - Part 3 - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually part 3 of the Book titled - Hide and Seek - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems (702 pages) . Parekh's earliest collection of verse. Written in unparalleled fervor, this collection is a delectable blend of topics from love to death, probing into countless infinitesimal aspects of existence which make a significant impact to it. The beauty of this compendium lies in its magical brevity at places and in the most mundane things of life around us brought to the fore like a magicians wand, in brilliant poetic flair by Parekh. Contains poems on topics impossible for one to envisage that a poem could be written about such an inconspicuous little thing-but Parekh evolves bountiful rhyme from the word go and coalesces vivacious color in the little tid-bits of the chapter called life to optimum effect. A must read for all those who find color, charm and significance in even the smallest things of life and are enthused by even the most mercurial bit of stray paper loitering around. A poetic tribute to the ordinary, projecting its colorful extraordinary bit to the planet with raw panache.

This book tingles every living being's imagination to fantasize beyond the ordinary. Look at all those meaningful tid-bits around us which have a complete book written in each one of them. All those joyous and unfortunate anecdotes around us which make us blossom into the true spirit of existence; into the amazing celebration of omnipotent life.

CONTENTS

1. THE INNER VOICE OF MIND
2. VEHICULAR RUBBER
3. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE
4. IT WAS NICE

5. TRACES OF ADULTERATION
6. TORTURE
7. I WAS NOT GOD
8. JEALOUSY
9. FORTUNE STRIKES IN THE DESERT
10. KLEPTOMANIA
11. ICY DEATH
12. SCHOOL LABORATORY
13. LEAVES
14. LETS LEAVE IT TO THE CREATOR
15. TO BE HANGED TILL DEATH
16. BROKEN BONDS
17. SHALL WE
18. THE MAN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH
19. THE MAN, THE ORPHAN, THE DIE HARD LADY
20. MEDICINE MAGIC
21. THE TITANIC
22. MOTHERS
23. ROUTE TO EXAMINATIONS
24. MY FRIEND
25. COLD SODA DRINK
26. NAILS
27. NAKED EYES
28. A DANCE IN LUXURY COTTON
29. THE SCIENTIST
30. THIRST
31. NOODLES
32. OCEAN OF DREAMS
33. ON A HOLIDAY
34. ON MY DAY
35. A PALACE OF DREAMS
36. PERCEPTION OF A JUNGLE
37. PERILS OF OLD AGE
38. PIPES
39. A PITCHER FULL OF GOLD
40. YELLOW BEAMS OF SUNLIGHT
41. THERE WAS A TIME
42. PLEASE
43. POND OF WATER
44. THE POWER OF MY LOVE
45. PRE-REQUISITE'S
46. PROUD INHERITANCE

- 47. RED ANT POWER
- 48. THE RUBBER MAN
- 49. FREE SALIVA
- 50. THE SCARY TARANTULA

1. THE INNER VOICE OF MIND

I thought of swimming in the sparkling waters of the lake,
the inner voice of mind held me back saying,
deathly green waters will suck you deep within the point of no return.

i mused on skiing down the ice clad mountain,
the inner voice of mind refrained me from doing so,
as mighty avalanches of snow would strangulate me,
burying me a few feet beneath the frozen coat of spring water.

i pondered on penning a few lines of composition,
the inner voice of mind made strong inroads of denial,
saying that the carbon ink was sure to leak,
creating embarrassed smudges on the flawless sheet of paper.

i speculated on investing in the stock market,
the inner voice of mind guffawed in pools of laughter,
admonishing me from proceeding forward,
as the entire index would collapse within seconds of my investment.

i visualized gulping large barrels of tropical coconut water,
the inner voice of mind stringently halted my stream of fantasy thought,
reinforcing my mind with obnoxious visions of the water containing traces of
snake poison.

i perceived of spending my life with the person who loved me,
as usual the inner voice of mind prompted me to alter my course of action,
acquainting me of the dire consequences likely to follow,
this time though beats of my heart were stronger than tunes of mind,
facilitating me to work antagonistic to the mind,
execute a perception into pragmatic reality,
despite the precarious influence of inner voice of mind.

2. VEHICULAR RUBBER

the inflated swell of vehicular rubber,

with soft rectangular indentations,
help captive in circular hollow of the tyre,
traverses speedily along well binded metallic roads,
crushing dried leaves, trampling unkempt wild weeds,
fixed and stuck to metallic plates,
with radiating spikes, midget spokes of steel,
maneuvering sharply across barren concrete landscape,
with deft strokes to the driving wheel,
firm slanted pressure to the compressible gas pedal,
and coherent articulate movement of the gear shift
machinery,
the tyre treads race through wet mud roads,
leaving behind trails of woven patterns,
resembling dead sticks of unconsumed sugarcane,
a sudden whirring noise encapsulates the atmosphere,
as tonnes of dust blow,
silencing the crux of exuberant activity,
brakes wailing in cacophonous unison,
tyre chunks bleeding against mass of hardened mud,
creating asymmetrical rings of disdainful dust,
the main culprit being,
a cluster of metallic pins, in hot agony,
strewn in savage random proportions,
waiting to trap innocent preys of vehicular rubber,
inserting themselves into thickened rubber flesh,
squeezing out macro plumage of air mass, a
rendering the spongy sheath of solidified rubber,
into distorted piles of mangled junk.

3. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE

It was impossible to inhale air without twin bifurcation of nostrils,
sustain life with nonchalant ease; for more than an wholesome minute.

it was impossible to walk without angularly sculptured legs,
viciously kick grey boulders of stone; acting as barricade's in unveiling path.

it was impossible to scribble literature without articulate synchronization of
hands,
emboss exquisite lines of calligraphy on naked sheets of bond paper.

it was impossible to segregate minuscule threads of color without immaculate

vision,
distinguish between the good and gruesomely bad; lurking on this earth.

it was impossible to decimate food into supple chowder; without strong teeth,
produce gregarious smiles in tandem; when frivolously appreciated.

it was impossible to secrete saliva without rosy pink organ of tongue,
rebuke people with loads of spit; in response to their uncouth deeds.

it was impossible to uproot concrete edifices with bare hands,
amalgamate sapphire arenas of sky with the periphery of monotonous earth.

it was impossible to operate the hi-tech computer without a plethora of
software chips,
type a battalion of literature at swashbuckling speeds.

it was impossible to quench thirst without gallons of fresh water,
assassinate intractable blotches of dirt; agglutinated to clean cloth.

it was impossible to die without abrupt closure of tangible heart beat,
infinite cells of animation; freezing in the body.

and it was impossible to live without loving a person in heart; body; and spirit,
dedicating marathon hours in life; harnessing that perpetual affinity.

4. IT WAS NICE

It was nice fondling silken curls of your mesmerizing hair,
it was nice drenching your persona in icy cool pints of jungle water,
it was nice tickling your ear with serrated feather of protuberant crested pigeon,
it was nice painting your cheek with shades of resplendent color,
it was nice hoisting you several floors above the ground on my shoulder,
it was nice blowing puffs of tingling breath in your crystalline eyes,
it was nice feeding your voluptuous mouth; with slices of fresh pineapple,
it was nice embossing preambles of fathomless love in your heart,
it was nice provoking you to pugnacious realms of anger; witnessing your
acrimonious face,
it was nice guiding you past the congested street; clasping your hands in mine,
it was nice slapping you in intense indignation; succeeded by passionate kisses,
it was nice swimming with you through waters of the choppy ocean,
it was nice draping you in grandiloquent floss of silk; staring at you for hours
immemorial,

it was nice camouflaging your profusely bleeding wounds; with strips of my holistic skin,
it was nice obliterating you from acrimonious beams of light; with my web of scalp hair,
it was nice instigating you into ludicrous laughter; observing mystical outlines of your teeth,
it was nice helping you accomplish a plethora of household tasks; prepare sumptuous tea for you at dusk,
it was nice recounting enchanting fantasies; incorporating your fragile brain with tumultuous strength,
it was nice uttering your captivating name every unveiling minute of the day,
it was nice iterating my omnipotent love to you all day,
it was nice pestering you to go to sleep; cuddled like a fairy beneath a golden quilt,
but let me tell you sweetheart it would be nicer still; if you were to be my lover,
for countless births we traverse on this earth as philanthropic humans.

5. TRACES OF ADULTERATION

Floating specks of dirt occupied drinking water,
paltry amounts of venom seemed abundant in gelatin capsule,
the tribal liquor had extracts of sedative nicotine,
sliding door of luxury car contained an impurity of threadbare plastic,
polished chunks of pure marble had reinforcements of loose mud,
rich granules of food grain were blended with sharp glass and stone,
navy blue solution of carbon ink was filled partially with chalk,
glossy sheets of milled paper possessed tinges of raw jute,
100 percent mixture of concrete had mammoth amounts of burnt brick,
gallons of consumable milk was adulterated with tap water,
finely ironed currency note lived in harmony with its fake counterpart,
natural sea water developed traces of oil and thick grease,
round biscuits of gold reflected sparse territories of faded bronze,
meticulously printed ancient literature was remixed to music album,
fertile clay mud resembled a vast assemblage of strewn insecticide,
winter caves with drooping icicles were displayed in exhibitions,
plastic exteriors of the monsoon raincoat had invisible patches of colored cloth,
a cluster of hybrid mango tasted like acid when dissolved in salivary bud,
there was inflation prevalent in all quarters of global society,
the only thing it was unable to imprison,
was the heart pumping at full speeds, nestling in chamber rooms of true conscience.

6. TORTURE

They made me sit on ugly bare current chair,
clasped my hands with rusty iron wire,
strangled my neck with metal plaster,
dragged my feet in boiling effluent,
tore my scalp with steel toothed combs,
pierced my nail in halves with knife,
coated my face with acidic tar,
broke my nose with gruesome fist blows,
stitched my lips with needle and thread,
engraved designs on flesh with rusty pins,
severed bunch of veins with carpenter saw,
divested me of water for long hours,
enclosed my face in jute bags,
containing an army of African wild rat,
whipped me with leather skin dipped in salt curry,
unclothed me in the chilly night,
sprayed obnoxious petrol with large hosepipes,
punctured my features to look like a ghost,
left me hanging in dangling chains,
in dilapidated comforts of crumbling roof,
i then lost faith in the reigning creator,
who put blood in my flesh, pumped oxygen in my chest,
which now converted into complete shambles,
agony groans echoing through walls of confinement,
my eyes finally closed in submission,
ending the ordeal, sealing bleeding pores of my body.

7. I WAS NOT GOD

I wanted to be like the opalescent flame of the wax candle,
Which burnt unrelentingly; even when caressed by wild draughts of wind.

I wanted to be like the sheet of pellucid glass,
Which didn't diffuse into splinters; even on deafening collision with obdurate
ground.

I wanted to be like the tall and majestic edifice,
Which stood like an immaculate angel; even after bearing the brunt of flood and
crimson fire.

I wanted to be like the turbulently moving silver sedan,
Clambering steep slopes of the treacherous terrain; with exorbitant ease.

I wanted to be like the aircraft with twin pairs of ivory wings,
That hovered high in the sky for times immemorial; bereft of life yielding fuel.

I wanted to be like the ship clad in sheets of fortified iron,
Which refrained from sinking; even when attacked by a battalion of blue whale.

I wanted to be like the succulent leaf on the maple tree,
Which remained blissfully green; even when its counterparts withered to the
tyranny of autumn heat.

I wanted to be like the glittering spires of the century old Temple,
Which didn't show signs of rust; even after marathon years of construction.

I wanted to be like the steaming brown filter coffee,
Which never got stale and cold; even after being exposed to the monotony of
atmosphere.

I wanted to be like dazzling light rays of the day,
Which were never obliterated by shadow; fumigating the evil residing in distant
corners of globe.

I wanted to be like the cloud showers of torrential rain;
Which ceased to stop; even when the amber ball of Sun crept up in the sky.

I wanted to be like the articulately molded skeleton key;
That bludgeoned its way; through the most obstinate of lock.

I wanted to be like the saline waters of colossal sea,
Which never evaporated; even when subjected to overwhelming heat.

I wanted to be like the coherently synchronized versatile robot,
Which executed tasks to meticulous perfection; even in times of bizarre
catastrophe.

I wanted to lead life on the soil of mystical earth,
As the strongest being ever encountered; with unfathomable capacity of brain.

The very next instant; the creator robbed me of indispensable breath,
Making me realize wasn't god; not even fraction of his celestial reflection,

As I left for my heavenly abode; to sleep peacefully in the arms of the Almighty.

8. JEALOUSY

The opalescent moon was jealous of the flaming Sun,
as the former provided dazzling light; with Herculean amounts of comfort in the day.

the desolate piece of stone was jealous of the colossal mountain,
as it was minuscule in size; often kicked contemptuously by ongoing people.

the perennial jungle river was jealous of the denim blue ocean,
as it was unable to bear the weight of titanic ships; as its counterpart was able to do with nonchalant ease.

the century old typewriter was jealous of the hi-tech gizmo of computer,
as it was bereft of sparkling chips of memory; considered as outdated by the youthful chunk of contemporary society.

sapphire blue patches in the sky were jealous of blotted grey clouds,
as they simply didn't have the capacity of blessing the earth with pelting showers of rain.

the ever reliable twin pedaled bicycle was jealous of motorized cars,
as it was divested of powers to transgress beyond extreme speed limits.

the evanescent flames of candlelight were jealous of the ceiling bulb,
as they weren't blessed with the prowess of illuminating acres of pitch dark night.

large jerry-cans of fruit juice were jealous of pure water,
as they stumbled to quench thirst; the mystical way water did.

frigid strands of grey hair were jealous of bulky floss of glistening black,
as they highlighted the old and feeble; which was not even shades nearer to the flamboyant young.

the decade old tortoise was jealous of the aquatic fish,
as it simply couldn't walk fast; perching in its claustrophobic shell all Sunlit day.

undulating moulds of clay were jealous of smooth carpets of road,
as they flunked miserably to impersonate the charisma produced by flat land.

hard slices of bacterial bread were jealous of the chocolate cake blended with plums,
as they lacked the ingredients to deliver appetizing taste.

shiny denominations of coin were jealous of exorbitant currency notes,
as they were maltreated; being stashed in dingy compartments of purse.

the honey colored nimble deer was jealous of the menacing striped panther,
as it was overwhelmingly defeated in its attempts of being crowned the king of jungle.

black complexioned individuals were jealous of their fairer counterparts,
as they were gazed down upon as inferiors; with racial discrimination plaguing them for majority of their lives.

while i was intractably jealous of the boy next door,
who made unscrupulous advances to the girl i loved,
initiating me to stand like a pillar; between her immaculate heart,
and the demonic glare he unleashed intransigently riveted on her persona.

9. FORTUNE STRIKES IN THE DESERT

Volumes of slippery sand escaped from my fist,
parched silver mud devoured me in entirety,
flaming Sunlight stripped reserve quota of energy,
entangled thorny weeds scraped delicate layers of soft skin,
whirlpools of dust blew with turbulent velocity,
strong rooms of blue sky were bereft of moisture laden cloud,
trapped molecules of mercury rose high in compact case of thermometer,
green cover of grass and tree was a rare treat to witness,
large reptiles burrowed themselves in moist recesses of earth,
evil eyed vultures glided across boiling currents of wind,
grandfather tortoise traversed at painstaking speeds,
pot bellied spiders ran in gay abundance,
distant mirage's lured me to add velocity to stride,
undulating terrains of hot sand grain whipped me,
burning heat waves prompted me to melt in submission.

the situation was getting out of control,
secret reserves of stored water were drained with the passing second,
scalp hair were camouflaged with gallons of sand,

my slimy tongue had consumed remnant saliva,
twin pair of feet blatantly refused to hold my weight,
a river of sweat flowed down my armpit,
there was not a soul to be sighted within a million kilometers of vicinity,
when suddenly it seemed my feet struck a light green cactus,
infinite droplets of water oozed out,
charred chords of my throat erupted in wet ecstasy,
guttural sounds emanated as i sipped cool water,
as i deftly chiseled elastic branches of the desert cactus,
with razor sharp edges of my portable knife.

10. KLEPTOMANIA

He had fanatic obsessions for bulging trouser pockets,
overloaded sockets of office shirt,
silver chains fitted neatly to periphery of neck,
all kinds of heavy purse dangling from shoulder bone,
jeweled rings adorning daintily curved fingers,
beads of slim gold riveted firmly to ear lobe,
portable briefcase bags carried by executive staff,
bronze plated ribbons holding a bunch of hair,
he was a maniac patrolling through the busy city streets,
sighting stashed trouser shelves with his hawk sharp eyes,
waiting to capsize on every stealing opportunity that came his way.

the passenger ahead had protruding pockets,
a short thick neck flooded with precious ornament,
he looked like a prince waiting for the bus,
with gold rimmed glasses nestling on his thin nose.

the maniac couldn't resist any longer,
long hours of wait had tantalized burglar zones of his mind,
saliva dribbled from his mouth in plenty,
his eyes lit up like briquette's of burning coal,
sly smiles encompassed wide corners of his mouth,
professional fingers now moved stealthily,
maneuvered skillfully caressing bulging outlines of the pocket,
few swipes with cheap blade finished the job,
the passenger now felt light as he alighted the bus,
great chunks of his wealth now lay in cold hands of the maniac,
all he was left to confront was a big gaping hole,
torn threads emanating from infinite regions of the stripped pant pocket.

11. ICY DEATH

Snow drops fall incessantly,
cloud mass turns blacker in complexion,
as the sun sleeps in cosmic rays of galaxy.
avalanche of ice descends down the slope,
tumbling fast with violent draughts of Swiss wind,
growing larger with every coat of frozen ice,
passing tall Christmas pine,
projecting tracks of ice rail,
hollow caves of mountain bear,
finally reaches lonely stretch of desolate road,
breaking into scattered mass of icy platelets,
diffusing with an echoed thud,
on instants of land contact,
obscuring a furlong of visible concrete,
into multiple bed sheets of frozen water.
i stare in delight from my cottage window,
witnessing the encounter of snow and land,
drag myself into a atmosphere of death cold,
clad in heavy scarf and coat,
with Dunlop plugs embedded in both ears,
gum boots plodding vehemently,
forming triangular treads in crusts of snow,
and cylindrical torch light clearing the smog,
filtering a beam of welcome light,
as i stealthily approach the mound of ice,
make a silent prayer,
take fistfuls of snow in cupped hands,
devour it down my throat,
numbing and choking branched arteries,
slowing down metabolic rates of my body,
imprisoning my heart with a vice like grip.
deathly pall embraces my face,
my legs tremble to hold my weight,
as i finally bid adieu to this world.

12. SCHOOL LABORATORY

Steaming hot acid in glass crucibles,
stone slabs of individual apparatus,

labeled conical flasks with neutral bases,
glass cupboards full of performance journals,
hi-tech microscopes for analysis,
round jars of swimming flower roots,
specimens of algae, rats, and dead frog,
black full-scale charts of chromosome study,
programmed calculators strewn in fluorescent light,
electric meters with voltage fluctuating,
dangling copper wires for connection,
sharpened lead for sketching designs,
steel spheres suspended from oscillating threads,
cross ventilation for absorbing fumes,
mega dissection boxes with scientific artillery,
shaving blades for tearing root,
round the clock botanical demonstrations,
high powered glare bulbs,
bountiful samples of colored compounds,
thickened glass fish aquarium,
shining granite holding multiple computers,
with a host of modern software chips,
black canes of adjudicating supervisors,
ready to slash at instants of wrongdoing,
lavatories blended with pungent antiseptic,
with germicidal tablets of white carbolic,
collapsible springs attached to bar magnets,
the window overlooking bare bricks of school entrance,
projecting from dizzy heights of clock tower,
with blue apron adorning my stature,
a compulsory must during practical hours,
is a first hand discription of my school laboratory.

13. LEAVES

When i burnt medicinal leaves of wild grass in a cauldron,
blending them with sizeable amounts of rusty brown tea powder,
adding paltry pinches of saccharine to the syrup,
stirred vigorously the concoction with an inflated wooden batten,
the outcome was scintillatingly delicious tea; which i sipped with profound
contentment.

when i torched a conglomerate of dead tree leaves,
scorching them with somber sticks of lead match and paraffin wax,

there was a crackling fire that swayed with the breeze,
with menacing flames; making futile attempts to lick the sky,
offering me fountains of compassionate warmth;
sublimating my energy from shivers to blissful sleep.

when i ignited a cluster of rustic cowdung cakes,
occasionally probing the fetid slurry with my big toe,
there were delectable puffs of smoke that originated,
i then aligned a frying pan at right angles to the conflagration,
and roasted for myself a sumptuous meal of baked corn coated with salted
herring.

when i set ablaze acres of farmland sprawled with ripened nose buds of tobacco,
submerging the entire region with an ocean of stringent kerosene,
the atmosphere was engulfed with a noxious odour of charred cigarette,
hurricanes of venomous wind annihilated palpable organisms in the vicinity.

and when i burnt infinite leaves of my immaculate heart,
there was a mystical aroma that imprisoned the ambience,
it was a smell that portrayed sacrosanct love,
it was an insatiable odour of her mesmerizing soul thoroughly entwined in mine.

14. LETS LEAVE IT TO THE CREATOR

If someone slapped me with swashbuckling strokes of fingers,
i would retort back a volley of praise to pacify his nerves.

if someone vomited loads of spit on my persona,
i would blend it with my precious blood before returning the same to him.

if someone splashed my exteriors with pails of fuming acid,
i would offer him a large pitcher full of sweet mountain water.

if someone blended sizeable amounts of snake venom in my food,
i would sprinkle sacred ash on his hair, paint his forehead with golden vermilion.

if someone left a battalion of red ant on my bare flesh,
i would offer him a articulately carved oysters containing a plethora of pearls.

if someone rode on my back unrelentingly whipping my skin,
i would carry his load even through arduous spells of steaming summer.

if someone pinched dainty regions of my flesh amidst an ambience of dignitaries,

i would embrace him with open arms pardoning his disdainful deeds.

if someone tripped me midway, left me squirming facedown on the ground,
i would simply wipe the blotches of dust from creases of my attire.

if someone made me lick the mud on road with corrugated flesh of my tongue,
i would reward him with biscuits of bonded gold.

if someone punctured transparent marbles in my eye rendering me blind,
i would bless him with infinite pairs of eyes to envisage perils lurking towards
him.

if someone left me unequipped in savage jungles of the African valley,
i would smile all the way treading across den's of striped panthers.

c'mon folks lets be ardently realistic,
the above actions can be replicated by none other than God,
having divine powers to forgive the most heinous of atrocity,
the magnanimous prowess of blessing all animate existing:
we as a bunch of fallible humans would have onerous difficulty in duplicating the
Creator,
some tasks are better left to him, rather than accomplishing them ourselves.

15. TO BE HANGED TILL DEATH

Knotted chords of jute dangle from ceiling,
with large throat sized loop hole,
engulfed in perennial pitch darkness,
freezing cold bare stone walls,
a battalion of mosquitoes hovering around,
bone skeletons partially stuck to floor,
ghastly designs portraying execution,
clouds of dirt, with a backdrop of blood,
the ambience was complete with long iron lever,
compressible at instants of death command.

the courtroom was packed with audience,
uniformed guards, fool proof security,
black coated lawyers, bespectacled judge,
the murderer was in a sandalwood kiosk,

tears oozing from eyes, lips painted with fresh blood,
a volley of arguments followed pursuit,
law professionals displayed tact and eloquence,
with the killer being invited to dilapidated gallows,
ruthlessly hung, with dark hood covering face,
an aftermath of justice ink printing,
to be hanged till death

16. BROKEN BONDS

If i forgot to tightly seal the projecting water tap,
gallons of liquid would dribble unrelentingly,
there would not be a solitary droplet of liquid in the overhead tank,
and my body would acquire an unwashed disposition all throughout the
sweltering day.

if i obdurately refrained from closing my mouth,
flooding the air with cacophonous webs of my husky voice,
intricate regions of my throat would divested of moisture,
causing me to cough and sputter when i needed my speech the most.

if i intentionally kept the fluorescent bulb on in the day,
with acerbic rays of sunlight filtering through my moistened eyes,
the contrivance would shatter to infinite splinters,
portraying a lackluster appearance when i desired it inevitably in the night.

if i heard deafening tunes of blaring music all day,
with the decibels ricocheting to supreme frequencies of intolerance,
my ears would get immune to the fragility of sound,
being paralyzed to decipher the melodious sound of nocturnal cuckoo.

if i consumed mighty barrels of milk; instead of crystalline water,
quenching irresistible pangs of thirst with pints of artificial milk,
my body would expurgate all the richness,
demanding the perennial gift of nature to be fed immediately.

and if i ran restlessly all stormy night,
without having a siesta in despicable heat of the day,
my legs would collapse midway on the bustling street,
transforming my persona into a temporary coma,
penalizing me just a fraction for breaking bonds with essential rudiments of
nature.

17. SHALL WE

Shall we climb mount Everest,
rest in shady domains of tree foliage.

shall we eat spicy food coated with cheese,
remain awake till late hours of the night.

shall we laugh till stream of tears roll down our cheek,
splash our feet in gushing torrents of river water.

shall we make sandcastles in ocean sand,
gallop through paddy fields on strong race horse.

shall we play relishing games of card poker,
greedily gulp steaming brown coffee from mugs.

shall we drive through streets of the crowded city,
ring incessantly metallic bells of towering Church.

shall we scrub marble floors with wet sponge,
wash sins of past lives with our precious blood.

shall we talk on telephone for unsurpassable length of time,
watch us grow every unfolding minute of life.

shall we paint canvas with smudges of mixed color,
perspire together in scorching heat of unforgiving Sun.

shall we move our bodies to pulsating music,
serve humanity with all possible dedication and might.

shall we tear apart our hair in anger,
wade our way through artificial tunnels of ice.

shall we consume barrels of intoxicating wine,
get marooned in scarcely populated african jungle.

shall we fly high in gas balloons,
snap photographs of the mesmerizing moon.

shall we leap into dark death valleys,
stay united for many births as humans.

18. THE MAN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH

The man in the photograph didn't withdraw air from surrounding,
While I breathed several times a single minute.

The man in the photograph didn't laugh at a hilarious joke,
While I burst into volleys of laughter at mention of the slightest satire.

The man in the photograph didn't feel at all thirsty,
While I couldn't suffice without water for more than an hour.

The man in the photograph wore an impeccable white shirt; devoid of creases,
While the garments that fitted my body were with blotches of stain and grease.

The man in the photograph didn't budge a fraction of an inch,
While I tossed and turned with growing spurts of overwhelming restlessness.

The man in the photograph was clad in threadbare clothes even in chilly winter,
While I draped my persona with furry covers of pure sheepskin wool.

The man in the photograph never developed shabby stubble of beard,
While I shaved my skin scrupulously twice in a single day.

The man in the photograph didn't sweat drops of pungent perspiration,
While I shed water from my armpits every unfolding second in the sun.

The man in the photograph didn't sit for years on the trot,
While I needed to rest occasionally on the ergonomically sculptured leather pouch.

The man in the photograph didn't expurgate his bowels,
While I made frequent journeys to the bathroom after devouring plum juice and water.

The man in the photograph didn't cough when tickled by pigeon feather,
While I erupted into an earth shattering sneeze when struck by cold.

The man in the photograph was holistically phlegmatic,
While I was full of volatile energy; ready to plunge into the sea of adventure.

The man in the photograph had black hair since times immemorial.
While I had acquired grizzly streaks of white with the onset of age.

The man in the photograph didn't struggle to earn money,
While I worked at frantic pace to make my livelihood.

As a matter of fact; the man in the photograph had died decades ago,
And I was still living; all set to change the complexion of this earth.

19. THE MAN, THE ORPHAN, THE DIE HARD LADY

The man was stripped of sight since he was born,
groping around his way in perpetual darkness as a kid,
shielding his dilapidated eye with thick wipers of charcoal black,
he rapidly learnt the art of deciphering protuberant Braille,
acquired a kingly accolade in contemporary art; being divested precious
ingredients of vision indispensable to execute it.

the orphan was deprived of the ability to disentangle sound,
an aftermath of which he was oblivious to coherent speech,
there was however no massacring his zeal for life,
he decoded words through subtle movements of lips,
was a dedicated pioneer in onerous freedom struggle of his country,
refrained from portraying to the world; that he was deaf as a silent stone.

the lady in the slum possessed twin pairs of crippled feet,
bearing the brunt of irascible car wheels crushing her bones,
she now walked with tapered calipers of cheap cane,
although she had a heart embodied with philanthropic visions,
lending a helping hand to people suffering in miserable plight.

i wandered about jobless for several days,
bestowed upon with all tangible aspects of life,
punching the ground hard in inexplicable frustration looming large,
i then witnessed the lives of the abovementioned; utterly distraught yet ready to
smile,
it was that very day that i felt lucky; and sumptuously blessed,
urged myself to laugh when i felt like sobbing; reminiscing memories of the man,
the orphan, and the die hard lady.

20. MEDICINE MAGIC

Two compartments of soft gelatin plastic,
dissolvable in spit and glandular secretions,
dipped in thick grey brilliant dye,
compressed by steel jaws of modern machine,
functioning till wee hours of midnight,
with meticulous efficiency and robotized control,
producing miniature plastic at lightning speed,
causing the strips of plastic to overlap,
into tiny shells bouncing in dispatch jars,
incorporating milligram amounts of medicine powder,
having curative potential to eliminate ailments,
attacking virus, anemia, brain malfunction,
intractable woes of cancer&aids,
assassinating diseased outgrowths,
nestling in perennial supply of red blood,
targeting the heart of sickened behavior,
with mixed ingredients of sulphur, oxide, potassium,
and derivatives of molecular compounds,
procurable in a host of potency and cost,
from a franchise of licensed medical shops,
guaranteeing reprieve from invincible pain,
an effective way of ending misery,
decades of darkened existence,
masses of weakened body machinery,
gasps of insufficient contorted breath,
a savage killer of soaring body heat,
when taken with adequate amounts of water,
at regular intervals of the day,
is simply called and saluted as medicine magic

21. THE TITANIC

The sheets had never been slept on,
the china ware glittered like pure gold,
the blankets were of Persian wool,
the tables were built of solid teak,
the paintings were exquisitely sketched,
the brass handles had no smudges,
the mirrors shone in brilliant radiance,
the upholstery was ergonomically plush,
the boiler rooms were a bustle of feverish activity,

the clock tower had silver needles,
the auditorium echoed with catholic rhymes,
the first class chambers were somber sophistication,
the workers room flowed with beer and dance,
the lifts well oiled, carried people graciously,
the dinner room was full of flattery and rich cigar smoke,
the alarm bells were nailed to plaster,
there was a separate floor for grotesque prison cells,
the mammoth chimneys breathed grey smoke,
the warning check post stood the tallest of all,
the vintage car hung in pride,
the coarse cloth sails cut chilly currents of Atlantic,
the steel railings formed invincible periphery,
the captains room had maneuvering controls,
skilled manpower managed electric supply,
thousands of human sailed for two days of expedition,
existed in harmony,
in handsomely furnished cubicles,
with no scope for mice and dirt,
the ship was made of unsinkable iron,
a blend of grandeur, and majestic travel,
the strongest sailing monster on water,
creating history in ship hierarchy,
with its hull biting into frozen Atlantic waters,
it was a ship of dreams,
a ship of artistically carved glamour,
with life boats suspended for mere formality,
and winged propellers marching through territories of water,
they called it the titanic

22. MOTHERS

When the golden eagle laid her eggs in pallid interiors of the jail prison,
in a pathetic ambience of torn spider web and wild rat,
the inmates wailing their woes at discordant tunes,
the obdurate periphery of snow white shells simply refrained from hatching,
the fledglings suffocated to death in the rudimentary
ocean of yolk and blood.

the gaudily striped magpie built her nest of raw twigs and grass,
nestling precariously on tall precipice of the mountain,
in which she delivered a festoon of small yellow eggs,

there suddenly came torrential rain pelting down,
the sky camouflaged with flashes of cold crimson red,
her precious pearls of palpable silver plummeted down the valley,
diffusing into infinite splinters after colliding with a chain of rock.

the long legged ostrich laid her king sized egg in soggy fields of paddy,
nurturing them with loads of compassion and motherly warmth,
slept in a tranquil bliss all throughout the monsoon night,
she wept in inconsolable grief, as first rays of dawn filtered past her eyes,
the babies were no longer hers, as they now lay safely impregnated,
within the slimy intestines of the slithering reptile.

the above mentioned were rare cases of callous mothers,
the premonitions i held for my mother were simply astounding,
she hailed from a godly pedigree of mammalian mothers,
guarded me against evil all night and blistering day,
caressed me in her arms yielding to my faint cries,
suckled me with milk, reinforcing my tender bones,
left me to wander on the soil of parasitic earth,
after i acquired a mountain of maturity blended with the spirit to live.

23. ROUTE TO EXAMINATIONS

I felt drowned in waves of pungent distraction,
as flickering images of the television flooded inert regions of my eye.

i felt possessed by gargantuan amounts of languid energy,
rolled on the spongy mattress placed on flat rosewood of my bed.

i felt strangulated by feckless obsessions draining reserve quota's of energy,
as gallons of saliva leaked copiously from my mouth.

i felt submerged in violent fantasies all throughout the Sunlit day,
danced with lively animation on the blazing roof of my sloping terrace.

i felt captivated by the poignant aroma of the garden rose,
drank with gusto, sickening sweet curry of beehive honey.

i felt imprisoned by the melodramatic chirping of striped nightingale,
abruptly froze in my footsteps, shrugging away loads of consequential work.

i felt mesmerized by husky voices of my beloved floating in the air,

opened multiple windows of my house to distinguish the heavenly cadence in her sound.

I felt nostalgia for native land imprison my heart,
As infinite Goosebumps crept stealthily on fragile pores of my skin.

I felt holocausts approaching me from all quarters of the globe,
Plucked several blades of grass from fertile patches of clayey mud.

The final examinations were looming large round the corner,
Dreamy regions of mind found cumbersome to decipher intermingled lines of book,
There were coats of sedation enveloping my persona,
Reminisces of childhood era punctured diligent balloons in my mind,
Fragrant premonitions of my love next door increased multifold the beating of heart,
One thing was dead sure,
If this was the route I adopted till my exams commenced,
Truckloads of luck would desert me midway,
Nefarious outcomes would haunt me for the rest of my life,
It was a pragmatic certainty,
That my youthful demeanor was likely to succumb miserably,
When confronted with the might of annual examinations.

24. MY FRIEND

He was as strong as an ox,
youthful exuberance pumped through his chest bones,
rich blood flowed in all veins of body,
golden sweat dripped down muddy contours of cheek,
long strands of hair rose occasionally with the wind,
snake leather belt was wound tightly to waist,
aroma of fresh sea water cologne emanated from cheek,
he stood tall several inches from the ground,
clad in crisp denim shirt and cream trousers,
my friend geared up to attend the midnight dance,
as his high powered bike left whirlwinds of dust behind.

he traversed the vacant streets at breakneck speeds,
listening to mystical tunes of enigma,
coherently increasing wrist pressure on speed bar,
with full illumination of focus lights,

clouds of sand grains whizzed at intimate contacts of wheel and ground,
chilly currents of winter breeze collided across his chest,
he had a large heart residing in dormitories of self respect,
at the moment he was a reckless maniac,
ready to blend torrential thunder with earth,
zipping like a demon past towering mansions of the city,
nevertheless he still would remain as my friend.

25. COLD SODA DRINK

The water was icily cold,
colored to sinister reptile brown,
coated with oxygen and aroma,
with a tinge of sweetened flavour,
and specific gravity more than one,
refrigerated in automatic mechanized plants,
passing through innumerable check monitors,
dictating strict conditions of health and hygiene,
an amalgamate of water and black vapour,
aerated to add spice to taste,
an artificial alternative of quenching thirst,
soaring to dizzy heights in the blazing sun,
a symbol of universal sophistication,
an essential ingredient for all occasions, '
a genuine appetizer for millions of bowels,
identical to alcohol before consumption,
an omnipresent commodity in shopping centers,
stone offices and cinema halls, .
spreading waves of unanimous addiction,
bottled at source in hexa inch tin metal,
with emblems of pepsi, coke, fanta, sprite...etc,
producing frothy gas when shaken,
tingling sensations when consumed,
euphoric shouts when sighted in sweat,
it doesn't take a specialist to realize,
that i am describing a cold soda drink

26. NAILS

When i deftly plucked heinous iron nails from the soft trunk of maple tree,
cleaning its stalk with a blend of husk perfume and mineral water,
despicable patches of fungal green; vanished without leaving stingy traces,

the demeanor of lumber now transited to summit's of impeccability,
and the tree swallowed fresh gulps of air; having been hindered for several
years on the trot.

as i ripped of an assembly of wooden nails from the sordid plaster of walls,
the contraption was left isolated with king sized holes,
hostile beams of sunlight now sabotaged the interiors,
the rain and wind entered without formal invitation,
alongwith envious neighbors breaking barriers of intimate privacy.

when i trimmed unruly portions of nails from my protuberant finger,
coherently chiseling irregular indentations with the abraded base,
the appearance of my palm thereafter left me in dumbstruck stupor,
the hands once savage; now replicated articulate designs of fashion,
with the fairer sex casting frivolous glances at the web of masculinity
stripped of muddy nail.

and when i tried and evacuate colossal sized nails from the body of Christ,
emancipating his silhouette from the ghastly prisons of trauma,
he stringently admonished me whispering,
let blood trickle from my arms; an ocean of tears dribble down my cheek,
i want to free the world from realms of pain and enigmatic misery,
set an example by inflicting upon this body of flesh and bone; fathomless
distress that encompasses my fellow beings.

27. NAKED EYES

When i shielded my eyes from blistering rays of midday Sun,
wearing frivolous black tints of exquisite glass,
palpable objects on the streets appeared faded and disgustingly murky,
with all garment in flocculent white; seeming to be dipped in grey sewage water,
i felt as if sporadic flashes of blindness had stealthily encroached my vision.

as i obscured my eyes; with bulky frames of high powered glass,
slender avenues of my eyeball resembled fully ripened eggs of the farm hen,
single silhouettes of plebeians struck my eye as multiple,
i groped my way faltering over bedraggled stone,
reached back my place of dwelling limping; with a host of broken bones.

after i sealed my eyes with a tightly wound linen cloth,
acerbic rays of sun god; flooded my vision as an ocean of red fire,
there was gruesome darkness camouflaging me at the onset of twilight,

i had to be escorted in person; with embarrassing stares hissed by oncoming individuals.

when i obliterated my eyes with round balls of blood red plastic,
frothy white milk looked like ghastly human blood,
dazzling bandwidths of crimson pierced my eye,
and i refrained completely from consuming all that was pearly white.

and when i kept my eyes naked for all day and humid night,
the results were exhilaratingly remarkable,
pungent outlines of clock tower needles now reflected clearly,
the sunbeams were as sharp as never before,
the full moon shone with undulating islands of misty black,
it was that very moment that i holistically resolved,
to keep my eyes completely naked for the tenure i was destined to walk on
mother earth.

28. A DANCE IN LUXURY COTTON

The day was astonishingly bright and Sunny,
brilliant sunshine kissed bare bricks of the multi-storied edifice,
puffs of white clouds were a meager few, wandering in oblivion,
handsome cranes dipped their beak occasionally in still water of the lake,
diminutive grains of dust glowed in the sun rays,
a fleet of jet crafts left trails of grey smoke,
there was a perfect bliss in the atmosphere,
as I stood at high altitudes from the ground surface,
on the roof top terrace plains of the tall building,
gazed thousands of feet down through my high powered pair of field glasses.

The gigantic structure was surrounded by pure cotton,
Bundles of cushion foam lined its periphery,
There were chunks of velvet and satin quilt,
Fibers of jute and gunny sacks containing unprocessed pulp,
Reinforced with soft crystal balls of spongy Dunlop.

The feelings generated were irresistible,
Waves of eccentric euphoria drowned me in totality,
It was a breathtaking view that one could ever witness,
A marvelously imposing structure, engulfed by a river of rich cotton floss.

That's when I decided to execute this act,

Inhaling cylinders of fresh air inside my lung,
Spread my hands like an eagle, bent my back to full angularity,
Leaped with the strong wind, bereft of elastic camouflage covers of parachute,
Hurling headlong towards the ground at the speed of light,
Infinite hair on my skin standing upright in exhilaration,
Eventually bouncing on the maze of white cotton sea,
Blended in equanimity with jute, plastic, dunlop and fiber,
Escaped unhurt like a celestial God,
Danced like a maniac losing pressured degrees of respect and control,
As flakes of fragile cotton,
A jugglery of thread and foam leaked from,
All quarters of my wheat complexioned body.

29. THE SCIENTIST

Blue lotions of liquid bubbled in gas flames,
large quantity of acid lay still in crucibles of hard plastic,
molecules of sweet sugar were scattered on the floor,
silky webs of spider clung to steep corners of the roof,
group of white mice ran helter -skelter at instants of heavy foot steps,
warm rays of the sun shone through the window pane,
silver mercury outlines looked enchanting in spiral test tubes,
finely crushed rock samples were stored in transparent carboys,
gold rimmed half glass caressed his triangular nose,
the scientist was in a spell of intense concentration,
with bulky sheets of printed paper buried under his chin.

innovative ideas shot through meticulous chambers of his mind,
scented sweat dripped from infinite pores of body,
square fingers with uncut nails worked in passionate fury,
blending a variety of volatile liquid,
melting wax paper with brittle chunks of chrome metal,
coating charred stone with aromatic spirit,
he had several inventions to his credit,
but this one was straight from top drawers of his brain,
as he smeared a long slender broomstick,
with a queer smelling ointment made from bird feather and ostrich egg,
the dead broomstick displayed first signs of newly found life,
rose a few inches from the concrete floor,
whistled past the open window glass,
high up in the clear blue sky with rollicking bursts of pumped speed.

30. THIRST

When i greedily gulped saline water from sea waves,
fresh centers of thirst got doubly stimulated,
wild freckles of red rash encompassed my lips,
tingling sensations vociferously tickled dreary zones of my mouth,
amalgamated mass of my intestine puked rich chicken bone,
which i had devoured in entirety a few hours ago.

when i licked blotted pools of soiled mud water,
sedately consumed large pints of contaminated liquid,
thoroughly washing tiny morsels of food in my mouth,
scraping rigid tints of yellow from the riveted cluster of teeth,
a host of infections blossomed in my body,
rendering me insipid, feeble, prone to dire consequences of complete extinction.

when i languidly sucked translucent water from coconut shell,
extracted the last drop of juice trapped within cocoons of snow white pulp,
making guttural noises as i relished the drink,
diluted streams of blood revitalized with volatile energy,
abandoning me with poignant traces of contentment,
entrenching me in blissful boundaries of felicity.

as i opened my mouth to gulp crystal white waters of the mountain spring,
spread eagled my palms to embrace the cascading froth,
i felt tumultuous gratification engulfing my persona,
this was the purest form of water i could ever perceive of consuming,
quenching my thirst for minutes immemorial,
scrupulously mending all webs torn by the essence of substitute water.

31. NOODLES

When i caressed barren regions of my flesh with furry noodles of wool,
nimble hair stuck to skin stood up in animation,
as i broke into volleys of irresistible laughter.

as i kneaded long noodles of raw paper pulp,
there was a conglomerate of reddish white wax formed,
and a heavenly fragrance of garnished paper tickled moistened hair in my nostril.

when i gulped compact noodles of gelatin capsule,
the magical powder spread parasitically through infinite veins,

rendering me with bleak rays of hope, as i relinquished gruesome pain.

when i swung vociferously on noodles of thickly knotted thread,
poignant missiles of air colliding with my body through the interstitched holes,
there were languid feelings enveloping bountiful layers of my persona,
prompting me to shut my eyes tightly and sleep.

as i smeared supple regions of skin with unsymmetrical noodles of virgin clay,
washed my body in the holy waters of Ganges,
the natural antiseptic displayed spectacular aftermaths,
transforming morbid exteriors of my demeanor into a brilliant sparkling
white.

when i consumed spongy noodles blended with bulky extracts of spice,
drank gallons of golden beer causing them to drown,
i fell down with indispensable thuds on the king poster bed,
envisaging tall mountains with silver peaks, in my everlasting slumber.

when i felt agonizing noodles of her precious tears dribble down my neck,
i wiped them thoroughly with my tender lips,
obliterated her from blasphemous sectors of the world,
reinforcing her eyes with the passionate tenacity of my love.

32. OCEAN OF DREAMS

Olive green grenades of juicy fruit,
silver grey oysters touching ocean beds,
round yellow moulds of gold biscuits,
black leather made of pure python skin,
glass trolleys from projecting pivots of Ferris wheel,
leather bound volumes of English dictionary,
sliding metallic doors of refrigerated apparatus,
big tyre treads of fantasy Toyota,
wrought iron legs of four poster bed,
mesmerizing voice of the tower cuckoo clock,
articulately carved statues of marble,
jeweled parker pens with ball pointed refill,
exquisite clothing for all kinds of wear,
luminating dials of strapped wrist watch,
everlasting chill of window air conditioner,
lush green lawns with high converging fountains,
sprawling meadows of migratory birds,

blood curling growl of hybrid Alsatian,
electronic computers with surplus microchips,
100 pails of freshly extracted cow milk,
royal game of chess played on checkered squares,
brown thatched roofs of clay huts,
inflated sharpened pencil shell of scud missiles,
dense camouflaged orchards of red apple,
solitary confinement amidst an assemblage of graves,
bronze plated flower vase with red roses,
flashing signal lights in London streets,
loose cattle wandering on Swiss plateau's,
a motor boat cruise of river Thames,
multicolored flags of global nations,
rotund policemen on Asian roads,
mega suspense thrillers of James bond,
acres of fertile farm land,
electric charged atmosphere of stock market floor,
bottles of tightly corked Australian champagne,
furry green tables of playing cards,
slender skies for zipping through snow,
throaty chuckles while viewing Walt Disney,
rich tapestry of aircraft seat,
mono-rails trespassing African jungles,
museums possessing antiquated fossils,
revolving trophies of championship wins,
hunched camel back on desert soil,
cigarettes containing filtered tobacco,
frogs croaking in discordant unison,
midnight stars in a twinkling cameo,
i wake up with pricked jerks,
drenched with cold ice water,
thrown in disdain by my plump mother,
one thing's for certain,
my mind is a vast ocean of dreams.

33. ON A HOLIDAY

I felt woolen threads of afghan carpet tickling me,
a saga of emotions draining golden reserves of energy.
i saw cherry red apples dangling from leafy tree twigs,
swam rapidly across chilly currents of deep water.
i kicked loose chunks of dirt with my spiked shoe,

rode on bare horseback through soggy fields of unripened paddy.
i drenched myself with saliva dribbling from my mouth,
fed the cows with lush green bundles of country grass.
i devoured greedily, roasted slices of barbecued goat,
paced vigorously through sea sand hosting an army of venomous crab.
i drove my slender nosed sedan at breakneck speeds,
whistled at the top of my lungs piercing placid carpets of air.
i swayed rhythmically to infectious tunes of music,
sipped chocolate rum from large beer mugs of bone china.
i stared at my reflection in sparkling mountain water,
draped myself in expensive linen suit with tinges of gold.
i dug tunnels in mud with crowbars of metal,
fondled long silky ears of my pet Alsatian.
i painted the courtyard walls with hasty strokes of king sized brush,
snored like a demon through humid passing hours of the summer night.

34. ON MY DAY

I was confronted with cumbersome amounts of jigsaw puzzles,
which on my day would unleash themselves with nonchalant ease.

i felt inadvertently stabbed at umpteenth places of my persona,
infinite thorns punctured spongy sheath of my car tyre,
the same refrained to happen when on my day.

i fell from unprecedented heights of the tower,
escaped unhurt devoid of agonizing bruise on my day.

i felt exhausted, stripped of reserve quota's of volatile energy,
was yet able to accomplish disdainful tasks on my day.

i felt impeccable pieces of memory deserting me when delivering my best,
the same got reinforced with sacrosanct knowledge when on my day.

i felt as if torn to bone by menacing white sharks in the sapphire ocean,
assassinated the same mammal with adroit strokes of blade when on my day.

i lost stringent consciousness after consuming intoxicating red wine,
danced like an untamed elephant, tearing my hair,
all solitary winter night when on my day.

i felt violent palpitations lambaste my heart while facing brunt of weekly test,

the same transited to impassionate waves of relaxed demeanor,
magical contours encompassing my face when on my day.

i devoured sour cream fermented with bacteria as the first meal of dawn,
received a silken cascade of rich pearly milk when on my day.

i kept searching for misplaced notes within an ambience of juxtaposed objects,
saw the same looming large in close proximity with eyeball when on my day.

she averted me with obnoxious fervour all throughout the course of unfolding
years,
was perched blissfully abreast my heart when on my day.

35. A PALACE OF DREAMS

Spongy toes project awkwardly,
from dark flesh of gentle feet,
waxy liquid in blue bottles,
leather bound books laid in dust,
quintals of paper sheets flying astray,
dingy bulbs cutting dark holes,
flashy portraits stuck to red brick,
antiquated moulds of varnished wood,
ceramic squares of lavatory tiles,
ergonomic bulge of fantasy pillows,
scented sprays, with a blend of antiseptic,
colored tablets of soap, a range of toiletry,
sliding cabinets of solid steel,
thick drapery of rich curtain spread,
shielding stringent rays of sunlight,
solitary vents for cool air,
sprawled water beds with tepid water,
reliable tetra winged ceiling fan,
with switchboard panels pummeled to concrete,
electronic gadgetry on revolving rubber,
black pointed arrows of the giant father clock,
exaggerated crumbling polished wall paint,
tall framework of slanted mirrors,
crisp shirts of pure cotton floss,
grey linen flannels hanging down,
semicircular marble arches with potted plants,
strips of black scotch tape spread wildly,

translucent glass panes of window shutters,
shaven wood scalps of voodoo witchcraft,
the large oak tree at visible heights,
shooting through solid foundations,
with shadows of ecstasy lurking stealthily,
a glittering heap of silver coins,
solid iron doors with heavy bolts,
providing loads of security,
escalating fragrance of tangible comfort,
with a pandemonium of chorused voices,
is all what i have in my room.

36. PERCEPTION OF A JUNGLE

I lay on primitive mass of chocolate brown soil,
digging cupfuls of earth with brackish hand,
engraving incoherent designs with big toe,
smearing my face with slippery mud,
envisaging,

the splendor of the fragrant rose,
the timeless chirping of humming sparrow,
nocturnal movements of colored reptile,
sedate swim of lethal alligator with king sized jaw,
prolific sprint of striped leopard for prey,
non invasive walk of multi-legged insects,
green light radiating from twin eyeballs of owl,
entangled network of crisscrossed antelope horn,
mammoth silky strands of African spider web,
pure white monstrous egg of wailing vulture,
black haired apes feeding on jackfruit,
slender necked peacock exposing kingly feather,
pouch bellied kangaroo racing at whirlwind speed,
fleet footed squirrels eluding acerbic rays of light,
i suddenly feel dirty, coated with pungent clay mud,
the vigils of darkness taking a stranglehold on murky light,
prompting me to climb wooden rungs of my treetop house,
sleep in tranquil, snore like a beast, on elastic wood of forked tree branch.

37. PERILS OF OLD AGE

There was a heavy shrinkage of body bones,

supple parchments of skin had now transited to decayed yellow,
the cheeks had sunk well within cavities of hollow,
juicy pulp of lips resembled jagged outlines of smashed rock,
the harmony of teeth was broken by gaping tunnels of black,
crystal marbles of the eye had relinquished the power to see,
handsome pairs of shoulders stooped disconcertingly towards earth,
a paltry few hair on the scalp had turned a disdainful grizzly white,
frigid feet now ached when i placed them on the ground to walk,
knotty hard fingers had shriveled to bonded sticks of soft pencil,
chambers in the ear abnegated all voices in proximity,
huge tendrils of white fiber emanated from my nose,
calcium coats of nail had stopped growing on my finger,
the kidneys malfunctioned with a plethora of stone,
chocolate brown sacs of liver had condensed to small specks.

i felt newly born again, needing someone to cuddle me, make me go to sleep,
alas! i was all alone leading life in absolute desolation,
my spouse had deserted me several years ago,
the people around viewed me with contempt and loads of dejection,
my tongue quavered violently when wanting to speak,
bowels in my intestines refused all food,
the walking stick now bore insults, the brunt of few pounds of my weight,
i was 90 years old, on the verge of extinction from realms of mother earth,
tear drops from my eyes had dried decades ago,
the only gratification was, that i still breathed air, reminisced radiant
images of my youth.

38. PIPES

Fleshy pipes of my legs carried me long distance,
made sure i was triumphant in every race of life.

wooden pipes filled with sedative tobacco caused me drown in aroma,
ensured that i floated in paradise, a few hours after consumption.

steel pipes of the pistol made me feel like an uncrowned king,
blessed me with loads of comfort and unprecedented power.

twin pipes of my nose facilitated me to take in air,
breathe in a celestial bliss for the time till i lived.

knotted pipes of my palm fingers gave me versatility to write,

held with earnest solidarity steaming mugs of milk for me to drink.

infinite pipes of hair descended down my scalp,
cushioning my skull from brutal blows of metal and wind.

a crimson pink pipe of tongue extruded from chambers of mouth,
blessing me with the authority to win the world through my speech.

there were pipes of fragile plastic in all rooms of my house,
providing me with bountiful amounts of ground water.

angular pipes of bone protruded from my elbow,
assisting me hold my head down when struck by unfathomable shame.

nostalgic pipes crept haphazardly from throbbing pores of my heart,
oozing incessantly the agony of existence,
the blissful tales of my everlasting love.

39. A PITCHER FULL OF GOLD

I started digging soil with pickaxe of the strongest iron,
loose chunks of mud flew haphazardly,
coagulated sand broke into diffused cakes of brown earth,
snail worms and ant ran for safe enclosures,
the ground was bruised with unrelenting strokes of sharp blade,
interior recesses of land were wet in moisture,
sandwiched layers of soil wept at the invasion,
hot geysers of liquid erupted at great depths from the surface,
as rain showers of sweat ran down my flesh,
after perspiring hours of grueling excavating work.

mammoth intervals of clock time passed by,
the sun peeped at dawn every fresh day,
my palms developed cracks with bleeding pores of skin,
stubby filaments of beard transformed into platelets of wild hair,
rich cotton clothing resembled threadbare rags of a beggar,
eyeballs were transfixed down for infinite intervals of time,
i was severely exhausted,
reserve energies of my body were sapping down,
all of a sudden my axe struck metal,
there followed a ear splitting collision,
shards of gold flew alongwith bits of clay pottery,

my face lit up with glee,
my body was enveloped with waves of jubilation,
i knew i was going to relish luxury meals,
live in silver palaces for a while,
as the century old assemblage of buried yellow coins,
kept cascading through the small aperture made by my
plaintive pickaxe.

40. YELLOW BEAMS OF SUNLIGHT

When yellow beams of Sunlight passed through blood stained glass,
the rays transited to crimson red; with prominent tinges of pallid empathy.

when yellow beams of Sunlight permeated through a dense forage of leaves,
the rays converted to mesmerizing shadows; obfuscated from harsh light.

when yellow beams of Sunlight penetrated through pellucid pools of mountain
water,
the rays transformed to a honey golden; converging like a quiver of arrows
on clusters of fish.

when yellow beams of Sunlight filtered through daintily polished finger nails,
the rays acquired color of pink avenues of tender skin.

when yellow beams of Sunlight sneaked through morbid interiors bathing in pitch
darkness,
the rays illuminated the ghostly ambience with stringent rays of antiseptic light.

when yellow beams of Sunlight softly caressed frozen tunnels of white ice,
the rays lambasted the tyranny of savage winter; prompting the snow to melt.

when yellow beams of Sunlight fell on the clammy surface of stale tea,
the rays prompted its pallid persona to boisterously heat and sizzle.

when yellow beams of Sunlight pilfered through hollow crevices of teeth,
the rays fumigated obnoxious centers of rotten breath inhabiting in abundance.

when yellow beams of Sunlight plunged on the satiny mattress of scalp hair,
the rays reinvigorated intricate parts of brain machinery with holistic warmth.

and when yellow beams of light pierced through my heart; body; and soul,
the rays had overwhelming tasks of perpetually bonding me with my beloved,

amalgamating me and her for centuries galore; with the essence of our love radiating its blissful fragrance.

41. THERE WAS A TIME

There was a time when i bludgeoned people with my rock iron fists,
now i didn't even have the vigor to raise my hands.

there was time when i drove my car at swashbuckling speeds,
now my legs quivered at mentions of automobile travel.

there was a time when drank barrels of beer with unprecedented gusto,
now i refrained from drinking even salted water.

there was a time when i cast frivolous glances at young maidens,
now i withdrew miles away from the faintest shadow of females.

there was a time when i clambered up the hill with robust spurts of euphoria,
now i stood at the base and admired the honey golden Sun; tumbling drops of rain.

there was a time when i chewed vicious petals of raw tobacco,
now i confined myself to a bland soup of banana curry.

there was a time when i shouted on the streets creating utter pandemonium,
now i talked in subtle whispers with my spouse; in imprisoned interiors of our home.

there was a time when i gnawed my teeth in the brittle body of sugarcane,
now i satisfied myself with frigid chunks of sour milk cream.

there was a time when i bathed in an avalanche of freezing water; beneath the mountain spring,
now i meticulously poured minuscule tumblers of hot water on my persona.

there was a time wrote sedulously; infinite lines of poignant literature,
now i dictated lethargic notes for my assistants to scribble down.

there was a time when i indulged in rambunctious brawls with my rivals,
now i begged them for perennial harmony with folded hands.

there was a time when there when i bore a thick shock of curly hair on my scalp,

now they had been replaced by frugal fibers of deathly white projecting timidly.

there was a time when i spotted oblivious outlines of bird in the sky,
now i wore high powered glass to distinguish my children.

there was a time when I dismantled rocks that came my way,
now I was petrified to even tread on ants that trespassed the floor.

There was a time when I sobbed at the slightest of provocation,
Now I stared in tranquil contentment even when ridiculed to bizarre limits.

There was a time when I laughed incessantly all Sunlit day,
Now I groped for inexplicably for profound reasons to smile.

There was a time when I romanticized wading through choppy waves of the
ocean,
Now I perceived loads of gratification; sitting abreast my innocent siblings.

That was decades when I was bubbling in the zeal of youth,
Whilst now I lay shriveled; discarded as a disdainful liability; in the form of an
grizzly hair man.

42. PLEASE

Please do disturb me in enchanting night of chilly winter,
when i sleep like an angel; strangulated in the fragrance of blueberry musk.

Please keep miles away when i drive my battered jalopy,
with the horns wailing; and rustic shards of metal protruding out.

Please take me with you in mesmerizing waters of the blue ocean,
for i desire to swim parallel to the pearly white shark; and sapphire blue whale.

Please help me carry cumbersome loads hung to my dainty shoulders,
As I contracted a deadly sprain, tripping down from the balcony rail.

Please flood my mundane ears with pungent notes of captivating music,
Nostalgically imprisoning me in mind, body and soul.

Please inspire me to read vociferously through innumerable pages of history
literature,
Rendering me capable to conquer invincible might's of examination.

Please prepare a concoction of steaming brown coffee with extracts of pure honey,
Facilitating me to perspire in solitary hours past midnight.

Please help me disentangle a jugglery of thread wound to my wrist,
Releasing my blood from jaws of sinister captivity.

Please refrain from indulging in animated talk with pedestrians,
As volcanic pangs of jealousy would shoot through my veins.

Please adorn your hair with scented braids of rose flower,
Drowning my starved nostril into waves of everlasting euphoria.

Please don't get angry when I commit erroneous blunders,
As I surely would patch up for them at prime costs of my life.

Please walk beside me with your hands entwined in mine,
For me to perceive the passionate warmth radiating from your fingers.

Please stay with me for the time we breathe,
For if you deserted me; I would simply relinquish all power to live.

43. POND OF WATER

I dabble my feet in a pool of water,
Lying solitary on deserted tarmac,
A blend of algae and dirt,
With a caravan of powerful stench emanating,
Perceived obnoxiously by the breath center,
Comprising hairy tunnels of sticky mucus,
Creating waves of hazy drops,
Suspended in elastic walls of blotted water,
In an ambience of moistened blackness,
Appalling gloom of the sweltering night,
With fleet of birds chirping incessantly,
Propagating freedom through aviatory rhymes.
The water factory of micro-organisms,
Awaits galleries of blistering sunshine,
A million seconds of bated breath,
Fumigating it with clean rays of filtered light,
Breaking chains of trapped water,

Few days of stagnated persona,
Evaporating a hectare of water pond,
An assemblage of seasonal rainfall,
Into crispy delights of thin atmosphere.

44. THE POWER OF MY LOVE

If you ventured to leap from unprecedented heights of the building,
the power of my love would stop you from colliding with the earth.
if you thought of consuming vials of deadly snake poison,
the power of my love would transform it into golden herbs revitalizing life.
if you planned to sever the bunch of blissful veins on your wrist,
the power of my love would replace them with impenetrable sheets of metal.
if you pondered on pursuing nefarious paths of lechery,
the power of my love would freeze your footsteps violently midway.
if you dreamt of driving your automobile at breakneck speeds,
the power of my love would impregnate your persona from all sides,
averting possible collisions and obstacles that came your way.

if you walked pompously in blistering heat waves of the Sun God,
the power of my love would imprison you in a vice like grip with blankets of
shady moisture.

if you tried and concealed from me indispensable secrets of your life,
the power of my love would prompt you to vomit the same with intense fury.

if you shivered convulsively feeling stabbed by whirlwinds of fear,
the power of my love would make you sleep with compassionate warmth flooding
every corner of your body.

if blood oozed from your slender fingers while chopping vegetable,
the power of my love would rehabilitate your bare wounds with supple skin.
if you felt tormented by irascible groups of strangers,
the power of my love would assassinate their necks from base tips of their skulls.

if you whipped yourself in isolation and sheer contempt,
the power of my love would convert your agonizing cries into those of pure
ecstasy.

if you ever thought of leaving me,
the omnipotent power of my love would annihilate all such thoughts,
before they even gained prominence in frigid pores of your mind.

45. PRE-REQUISITE'S

I felt like consuming soft cones of chilled raspberry ice-cream,
nibbling gently at the appetizing kernel of white nut,
all i needed was a glutinous mouth to swallow,
a sheaf of crisp currency notes as a pre-requisite.

i felt like swimming underwater for long intervals of time,
caressing the mangled outgrowths of coral reef with my supple skin,
it was therefore indispensable to be a prolific swimmer,
with the aqualung apparatus and an ocean of courage being a pre-requisite.

i felt like sketching intricate shapes of roman Gods,
filling the same with glossy color and embroidered silk,
i knew i had to be a true connoisseur of mystical art,
also posses a pair of articulate fingers as an inevitable pre-requisite.

i felt like flying as the birds in the azure sky,
relishing the poignant breeze slapping across my face,
this seemed possible; if i was a fairy in the tales of Arabian nights,
with twin pair of corrugated wings as a solitary pre-requisite.

i dreamt and lived life with blissful visions of acquiring solace in heaven,
spending unsurpassable lengths of time with the Creator,
i had in turn to fulfill fathomless duties on earth,
with a plethora of chivalrous deeds being a pre-requisite this time.

46. PROUD INHERITANCE

A brittle shell camouflaged my body,
engraved with multicolored stripes of steel gray,
slimy in texture, resembling dead chunks of wood,
as hard as a rock, unmoved when blasted with explosive.

a fleshy neck protruded from my hollow skull,
imprisoning a slender pink tongue swallowing glow worm,
compact sets of teeth were for churning meal,
i retraced my nose within cozy comforts of body pouch,
the moment it smelt the unmistakable aroma of approaching man.

a pair of eyeball beads composed my vision,
sighting appetizing prey in murky ambience of light,

maneuvering my lazy feet to the place I resided,
triggering my instincts of self defense,
warning me round the clock of possible predators encroaching upon.

I swam at painstaking speed in stagnant pond of monsoon water,
Nibbled floating weed, drank lots of liquid,
Lay topsy-turvy on clay strewn banks of river,
With my belly bathing in dazzling rays of the Sun God,
My head inches within my tubular body,
Whirlwinds of tension far away from my silhouette,
Meditating jungle rhymes in this state of dormancy,
Till pangs of hunger stimulated me to hunt,
I knew the Creator had blessed me with more than a century of life,
As I had proudly inherited the form of a tortoise from my still alive mother.

47. RED ANT POWER

Wrinkled folds of elephant skin were painted golden yellow,
ivory tusks were encircled with ornate black,
sturdy teak wood seat was strapped to its body,
large fringe of hair grew on slender tail,
the elongated trunk had several corrugations,
scalp was abraded by uprooting tall tree structures,
the pachyderm marched through the wilderness,
crushing an armoury of shrub, dismantling bird house with caressing trunk,
bellowed exuberantly as the sky turned crimson,
added leaps to its stride with torrential rain,
carried passengers at towering heights from the ground,
bathed in gushing currents of the mountain river,
splashing rockets of solvent on the surrounding flamingo's,
drenching itself with icy spray of spring water.

there was a fleet of ants residing in cocoons of soil,
bustling with feverish activity,
transporting milligram amounts of food grain,
for relishing meals all throughout the day.
the African beast trampled their den,
disrupting the harmony of their united network,
killing them in colossal numbers, sped haughtily for a good nights sleep.
the ants wanted to teach him a lesson,
caught up with him, clung to his tail, foot,
occupied vantage points on his body,

finally inserting their venom stings on the hard skinned mammal,
causing him to collapse in a heap, displaying the supreme might of red ant
power.

48. THE RUBBER MAN

I erased bulky manuscripts of scribbled literature,
assassinated traces of the strongest chalk smeared on wall,
bounced with boisterous pliability on the surface of hard ground,
squirmed with nonchalant ease through tiny openings of sewage pipe,
clambered up erect walls of the edifice with scrupulous proficiency,
didn't diffuse into splinters when thrown from unprecedented heights of clock
tower,
traversed metal roads of the city at incredible speeds,
disentangled my body from the tightest rope and steel,
floated gently when laid on undulating waters of the savage ocean,
wasn't fastidious at all about the food i consumed,
neither did i get engulfed in waves of dirt; staying immaculate without
antiseptic baths,
had the uncanny ability to fit in all types of cloth,
pilfering into sealed vaults of bank; stripped of articulate keys,
i didn't bleed a trifle when pierced by gleaming jackknives,
i didn't transit to charred ash when burnt in boiling flames,
i didn't suffocate to death when strangulated by barbed wire,
i didn't vanish to heavenly isolation when divested of food and water,
bubbling with robust energy even when deprived of a placid nights sleep,
working like a maniac all 24 hours of the grueling day,
i made people laugh, existing for centuries on the pious soil of earth,
a life complete with vibrant euphoria, bereft of dark shadows of ostentation,
you must be wondering; whether i was god or an celestial angel,
let me tell you folks that i was neither of the two,
i was infact made of pure slices of intricate rubber,
extracted in abundance from white streams of latex dribbling down the rubber
tree.

49. FREE SALIVA

When i spit saliva on brackish complexioned tan ground,
there were pearly streaks of white formed amidst an assemblage of disdainful
black.

when i spit saliva on the scintillating surface of immaculate marble,

hordes of pedestrians tripped headlong; after an encounter with the slippery surface.

when i spit saliva on ravishing morsels of steaming food,
the concoction transited to a fetid brown; hosting an army of obnoxious mosquito.

when i spit saliva on delectable pints of frosty milk,
the opulently prosperous liquid turned into fermented bitter cream.

when i spit saliva on finely decimated granules of sugar,
it produced a molten ointment of jaggery; deleterious to health.

when i spit saliva on arid patches of blistering air,
the ambience was submerged in passionate humidity; pacifying high strung temper.

when i spit saliva on the surface of vast sapphire ocean,
it simply faded into oblivion; diffusing amongst colossal chains of trapped salt.

when i spit saliva in vehicular petrol,
the elixir was rendered useless for further use; failing miserably in its attempts to rekindle the machine.

when i spit saliva on a jugglery of software electronic,
the contraption hissed currents of venomous electricity; electrocuting tender bones in my skin.

when i spit saliva on slithering persona of jungle reptile,
its demeanor glittered like pure gold; blended with stripes of vibrant yellow.

when i spit saliva on crisp sheets of morning paper,
the manuscript was reduced to threadbare pulp; with distorted lines of English literature.

when i spit saliva on burning embers of black coal,
the flames died a natural death; with sporadic spurts in intensity.

when i spit saliva on parched soil of the desert,
it applauded my efforts; thanking me heartily for my assiduous efforts.

and when i didn't spit saliva at all; my body

retaliated in poignant anger,
irresistible sensations proliferated in my mouth,
and i eventually burst open my constipated mouth; emitting a frothy spray; as it
didn't cost me to spit loads of free saliva.

50. THE SCARY TARANTULA

The ambience was moistened with sweat and fresh rain,
darkness prevailed at all quarters,
soft car seat was reclined to full angularity,
cluster of lotus flower petal imparted heavenly fragrance,
lid of olive perfume bottle was left ajar,
sheets of turbulent wind had left the windows painted with dust,
plush upholstery gleamed in airtight interiors,
grocery baskets were stashed in the back seat,
a black bodied insect seemed to be crawling on the windshield,
with an army of hairy legs kissing the bullet proof glass,
the tarantula finally decided to perch for the night,
in hidden enclosures of the rear view glass panel.

she haughtily stepped in the car,
beaming at the prospect of driving through the misty valley,
switched on the sleek stereo system,
drove with the enchanting air hitting her pale skin,
drowned completely in tantalizing tunes of Caribbean music.

there was a loud honking sound, a goods caravan seemed to overtake,
she cast routine glances at the rear assembly of mirror,
the ghastly sight she witnessed sent chills down the last bone of her spine,
occasional bumps and winding turns had disturbed the spider,
jostled it wide awake from lazy realms of blissful sleep,
the foot long monster now emitted hostile stares at the young lady,
showed first signs of slow movement,
now fully alert after few hours of revitalizing rest.

she cried at the top of her weak lungs for help,
infinite goose-bumps emanated from her body,
her fingers trembled convulsively, with equal impact on her dainty feet,
the car finally swerved violently,
lost sensible degrees of control as she went into partial trance,
crashed into splinters of side hand rail,
went tumbling down the steep valley at electric speeds,

as the tarantula advanced a few inches further.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Hide And Seek - Part 4 - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually part 4 of the Book titled - Hide and Seek - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems (702 pages) . Parekh's earliest collection of verse. Written in unparalleled fervor, this collection is a delectable blend of topics from love to death, probing into countless infinitesimal aspects of existence which make a significant impact to it. The beauty of this compendium lies in its magical brevity at places and in the most mundane things of life around us brought to the fore like a magicians wand, in brilliant poetic flair by Parekh. Contains poems on topics impossible for one to envisage that a poem could be written about such an inconspicuous little thing-but Parekh evolves bountiful rhyme from the word go and coalesces vivacious color in the little tid-bits of the chapter called life to optimum effect. A must read for all those who find color, charm and significance in even the smallest things of life and are enthused by even the most mercurial bit of stray paper loitering around. A poetic tribute to the ordinary, projecting its colorful extraordinary bit to the planet with raw panache.

This book tingles every living being's imagination to fantasize beyond the ordinary. Look at all those meaningful tid-bits around us which have a complete book written in each one of them. All those joyous and unfortunate anecdotes around us which make us blossom into the true spirit of existence; into the amazing celebration of omnipotent life.

CONTENTS

1. SCENT AND SPICE
2. SCOLDING
3. SEASIDE HUT
4. SERIAL KILLER

5. THANKING THE CREATOR
6. THE FINAL VERDICT
7. THE DAY - PART 2
8. CRAVINGS
9. WASHING TANK
10. TANGIBLE FORMS OF MUD
11. IF THE WORLD WAS UPSIDE DOWN
12. TAILS
13. TABLET OF SOAP
14. SWIMMING POOL
15. SWEAT
16. PERFECT EXAMPLES
17. SUN TEMPLE
18. STRINGS
19. STIMULATION
20. STEEL BIRD
21. SPEED BREAKER
22. SOUND
23. SORRY
24. SKIN
25. SKETCH IN NATURAL COLOR
26. SIGNALS
27. COUDROUY SHOES
28. SHAVEN SCALPS
29. 100 M SPRINT
30. TRAGEDY ON FOUR WHEELS
31. MY ADVENTURES OF THE JUNGLE
32. THE ART OF SHAVING
33. WHY DID HE
34. CLOUDBURST OF RAIN
35. SHADOW
36. DEFINITIONS
37. A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BEGGAR
38. THE PLIGHT OF THE FOUR WINGED CANVAS
39. OBJECT OF DESIRE
40. BIZZARE ACT ON HUMANITY
41. OBSESSED TO SLEEP
42. UNCROWNED KING
43. I HAD, I DREAMT, I MADE
44. A FULL DAY OF SUNSHINE
45. A GAME OF CHESS
46. ACNE

- 47. NATURAL DRINK
- 48. AN ACT OF BRUTALITY
- 49. ACTIONS
- 50. ADDICTION

1. SCENT AND SPICE

I consumed rice blended with fish curry,
added pinches of salt to exit from realms of bland taste.

i licked bare brick wall coated with sand plaster,
devoured spicy remains of natural plastic paint.

i trampled violently through fields of red pepper,
sprayed finely crushed powder in the vicinity of shivering tongue.

i swam at feverish pace in extreme salty solvent of the Caribbean sea,
wiped myself dry to feel allergic patches of faded red.

i pumped the air with a blend of perfume and green mustard seed,
sat for patient hours basking in a film of spicy atmosphere.

i rolled in clay mud sprinkled with pungent fertilizer,
smeared my wheatish face with semicircular cakes of flavored mud.

i sat on a cushion containing fermented yellow sour cream,
smelt of obnoxious odour all throughout the passing day.

i rubbed naked patches of my skin with hot repellent balms,
danced all day with thunder storms of ecstasy echoing through my eardrum.

i tore big chunks of orange ginger from tender branches of sapling,
drenched myself with a tumbler full of aromatic water.

i desired to breathe in an ambience of ravishing alligator perfume,
swim in colossal ponds of suspended salt for the remaining tenure of my life.

2. SCOLDING

The farmer gaped at crusts of dry brown earth,
acres of land lying fallow in merciless heat,
bountiful crop wilting under stringent light of the Sun,

crevices in land splitting wider by the zipping second,
he then scolded the plain regions of dark blue sky,
for not acquiring ominous tinges of violent grey.

the striped panther rested on moistened portions of land,
snoring chivalrously in a kingdom of celestial sleep,
visualizing a cluster of humans in thick flesh and blood,
pouch bellied kangaroo wiping its brutal teeth,
he then scolded dead rabbit meat, lying well tucked within the hollow of his
stomach,
for ruining his perceptions of a royal sized meal.

drenched clothing hung on strong metal ropes,
soaked immensely in sweat and tap water,
fluttering sporadically with agitated outbursts of wind,
and the ambience consisting of dull murky light,
eventuality of thunder showers tumbling from the sky,
the wet shirts then scolded the Sun,
for not hissing fireballs of natural light,
thereby baking the humid persona of cloth with full round beams of Sunshine.

hordes of fish got infected with disease,
gasped for breath at great depths of the ocean,
lay strewn on the shore thrown by the exotic currents of waves,
the water showed traces of contamination,
black coats of oil and grease were found in gay abundance,
the aquatic family then scolded the impetuous humans,
for polluting its saline composition in the quest for displaying nuclear superiority.

he had simply no inhibitions,
lived life in high esteem and loads of respect,
inspite of not witnessing a single ray of light since birth,
executed all his tasks to immaculate perfection,
leaning heavily on his stick with stripes of white and red,
traversing miles of territory,
with an assemblage of gruesome blackness as his faithful companion,
he thought several times of scolding the creator like his counterpart mates
mentioned above,
although he refrained registering his complaint,
he possessed a rock solid opinion,
it was better to exist being obscured from light,
than not to live at all.

3. SEASIDE HUT

I lived all life in seaside hut,
with frothy spray bearing granules of salt,
dripping through octagon cavities of straw cane roof,
sheets of loose sand whistling past glass pane,
long tapered pine laden with juicy coconut,
showered in plenty with strong draughts of wind,
hairy crabs peeping from wet cocoons of sand,
royal horse carts making spiral journeys in coastal mud,
smart navy ships at obscure distances from humansight,
sleek motor boats churning through white waves,
plaintive wooden rafts with projecting fishing net,
mammoth piers of resistant timber, securing ship rope,
fiber glass stalls selling coconut flesh,
stray vendors mixing iced candy,
toddlers drilling awesome shapes in sand,
teenagers rubbing liquid sun tan lotion,
grey haired masses walking at brisk pace,
fleet of cranes sipping brackish water,
agilitic birds capsizing fish in moulded beak,
acrid sunlight heating ocean in day,
moonlit rays pacifying sea thirst at night,
huge assemblage of waters crashing against black rock,
with sea swelling in leaps and bounds,
in torrential agony of cloud rain,
and warm gulps of herbal tea,
I simply love my seaside hut.

4. SERIAL KILLER

The car shot at high speeds through deserted lanes,
trampling scraps of paper, bushy outgrowths of foliage,
zipping at speeds escalating by the minute,
leaving truck loads of plain golden dust behind.

his hands were smudged with cold blood,
sweatshirt of rich denim clung to his waist,
tinted strips of glass shielded his savage eyes,
stubby fingers poked from tightly stitched leather gloves,
bulging muscle almost tore his shirt sleeve,

streaks of sun tan blended perfect with ruddy complexion,
long strands of auburn hair looked gruesomely brutal,
thick chains of pure gold hung from short neck bone,
uncut fingernails contained crusts of human blood,
a gleaming gun barrel projected from trouser pocket,
heavy perspiration trickled down his arms and cheek,
wailing horns of the police now reached him loud and stringent,
the cops were hot on his trail since decades,
although he eluded them on more occasions than once.

this time the scenario looked dimly distraught,
he knew had few breaths now to breathe,
reminiscences of past misdeeds flooded his mind,
those days of ruling as a professional killer had now faded into oblivion,
the car swerved violently,
came to an abrupt halt striking against heavy tree lumber,
buckets of blood leaked from mutilated parts of his body,
infinite bones of his body lay crushed beneath the burning debris,
slender windpipe of breath now split in halves,
the once saluted form lay completely lifeless,
as a volley of bullets erupted from compact pistol apertures,
aimed at random to assassinate all traces of the serial killer.

5. THANKING THE CREATOR

If i lost a leg in vagaries of disdainful war,
i would limp for the remainder of my disillusioning life,
thanking the Creator for having blessed me with a twin pair of sturdy feet.

if my persona was brusquely submerged in gruesome darkness,
dazzling light of the sun seemed as smudged outlines of molten ice-cream,
i would thank the creator for bestowing upon me the hind sight of hearing.

if daintily painted coats of my nail got severely punctured,
the skin peeling off with droplets of pure blood,
i would thank god for embedding hollow sockets of my arm with iron hands
jutting out.

if infinite hair on my scalp tumbled down in lackluster unison,
rendering my head resembling a barren ocean; bereft of goldfish,
i would thank the almighty for endowing me with the power to regenerate.

if i sporadically lost the gift of eloquent speech,
incorrigibly failing in my attempts to utter the faintest of sound,
i would heartily thank god for showering me with the gift of effusive expression.

if my heartbeats temporarily deserted me at midnight,
my face contorting spasmodically gripped with the onset of deathly paralysis,
i would convey my thanks to the creator; for atleast sparing my life.

and if my beloved departed tragically for her expedition to heaven,
relinquishing me alone in a world of abhorrence and corruption,
with nostalgic memories of the times we laughed,
broke down into tears at the slightest of provocation,
i would still thank the almighty for the time he kept her,
for me to obsessively admire; on this earth.

6. THE FINAL VERDICT

I draped my silhouette in flowing robes of immaculate silk,
With golden brooches extruding out from the exquisitely stitched chicken collar,
An aromatic rose embossed solitarily in the upper pocket,
With the piquant musk cologne diffusing haphazardly from my cheek,
And a conspicuous triangle of sandalwood luminating large on tender regions of
my forehead.

When I came in proximity with a leper; he passed eloquent remarks
commenting,
On the impeccable complexion exhibited by my radiantly supple skin.

When I confronted a person bereft of sight; he scrupulously appreciated,
The sonorous crispness that was incorporated in my stringent voice.

When I inadvertently collided with a pedestrian; divested of the gift of sound
and speech,
He exorbitantly admired the varsity of blended color that was visible to the
naked eye.

When I traversed past a person; walking with crutches to support his mutilated
leg,
He cast lingering glances towards the bulging muscle that clung to my
impregnable feet.

When I encountered a ragamuffin beggar; strolling through the vacant street,

He riveted his gaze cupidly towards the prominent projections in my trouser pocket.

When I met an illiterate individual; using his ink coated thumb to sign a sheaf of documents,
He glanced at me with abhorrent prejudice; cursing my dexterous ability to write and speak.

When I came in close association with an opulent businessman,
He gauged me suspiciously; contemplating various sources of my possible income.

When I came in cahoots with a professionally acknowledged wrestler,
He clasped my wrist in his invincible grip; thereby testing eventual aftermath's of my grip.

When I came face to face with a belligerent soldier,
He made ludicrous mockery of my attire; haughtily envisaging his own dress on the border.

When I came abreast of a rustic villager; carrying a bludgeon in his hand,
He stared unrelentingly; praising the contemporary styling of my clothes.

And finally when I met the girl I loved; she said I was looking voluptuously enchanting,
Flooding a myriad of open spaces on my shirt with passionate kisses,
I then fell in an enigmatic trance; disdainfully shrugging the opinions of a host of people I had previously encountered, with bountiful arenas in my mind considering her remarks as the final verdict.

7. THE DAY - PART 2

the day she sobbed with unsubsidying hysteria,
i would try and assassinate the reason for her agony from its very existent roots.

the day she slept barefoot; bearing the tumultuous onslaught of winter winds,
i would cover her trembling body with furry skin of mountain bear.

the day she bruised her skin; with prolific streams of blood oozing out,
i would kiss it with passionate warmth; leaving it for it to heal with bonds of our omnipresent love.

the day she sequestered herself in realms of isolation,
i would make her violently laugh to exit from vigils of solitary boredom.

the day she sneezed incessantly; with heat soaring to Herculean proportions in
her body,
i would prepare sizzling hot cupfuls of incense tea; for her to get some respite.

the day she complained of her temples throbbing,
i would massage her scalp with deft strokes of my palm.

the day she giggled freely with a pack of lecherous strangers,
i would scold her for betraying me; with my anger rising to unprecedented limits.

the day she seemed exhausted to raise her feet,
i would hoist her on my shoulders to make her witness the outside world.

the day she screamed at me for arriving late,
i would try and pacify her anger by tickling her vociferously.

the day she seemed hapless while knitting me a sweater,
i would try and execute fervent attempts to solve her dilemma.

the day she was struck viciously by deathly fangs of the garden snake,
i would extract the venom with my teeth; bringing her back to consciousness.

and the day she said she wanted to terminate our relationship; leaving me
forever,
i would simply have no other option but to die.

8. CRAVINGS

When I lay languidly sprawled on a king poster bed; emollient with a scent of
mesmerizing rose,
There was an insatiable craving in the body to sleep.

When I came in proximity with an appetizing meal of cold salad; blended with
sea petrel,
There were irresistible cravings in the starved bowels to eat.

When there hung an immaculate bandanna at right angles to my vision,
There developed an inevitable craving to expurgate my nostrils; and sneeze.

When I saw white water tumbling down the undulating mountain,
There arose unfathomable cravings in my persona to stand beneath it; and bathe.

When I came in lethal confrontation with a cluster of venomous snake,
There was an indispensable craving in my legs; to gallop at rollicking pace and flee.

When I alighted the majestically strong demeanour of a race stallion,
There was a ubiquitous craving in my mind; to traverse the race course at swashbuckling speed.

When I jumped aboard the ship; into sapphire waters of the fathomless ocean,
There were desperate cravings that proliferated in my body; to swim.

When my fellow counterparts tyrannized me; victimizing me as the subject of ludicrous laughter,
There arose sporadic cravings in my tongue to stringently retaliate.

When I was on the verge of freezing in chilly winds of arctic winter,
There arose profound cravings to burn a grandiloquent fire; and warm my numb feet.

When I was chased by a striped leopard in dense camouflage of the jungle,
There was an overwhelming craving to clamber up the tree; and hide in the myriad of branches.

When I walked bedraggled; through silver soil of the scorched desert,
There was an ingratiating craving for sipping cool water; thereby sustaining precious life.

When there were stacks of resplendent gold lying unguarded on the solitary street,
There were intractable cravings to permeate through the heap; and pilfer.

When one of my siblings left prematurely for his heavenly abode,
There were nostalgic cravings in the eyes to sob hysterically and emit water.

And when the ethereal shadow of my beloved unveiled in entirety; before my silhouette,
There was an intransigent craving in my lips to kiss her; and love.

9. WASHING TANK

Crisp cotton shirt had developed stains of spilled coffee,
parallel velvet tie was coated with grease,
white spun vests resembled coal tar dustcloth,
flower embossed handkerchief smelt like rotten fish,
massive piles of square bedsheet showed blotches of saffron oil,
a heap of bandages contained liquefied yellow pus,
wrinkle free trousers had fresh traces of sea mud,
infinite pair of woolen socks lay like decayed brown,
triangular head caps were submerged in streaks of violet sweat,
plush upholstery covers showed smudges of wet muddy feet,
the colossal mansion was in a complete mess,
with dirt converging in animosity on every visible piece of clean cloth.

i took bulky amounts of carbolic powder,
several tablets of rough textured soap,
compact biscuits of chemically charged detergent,
blended the concoction of soap and powder granule,
in a deep tank containing crystal ground water,
stirred elastic walls of the solvent with a wooden bat,
creating gargantuan amount of pungent soapy froth,
dissolved the tonnes of soiled dirt cloth,
way down in the dark slimy interiors of my ever reliable hexagonal washing tank

10. TANGIBLE FORMS OF MUD

White specks of dust were visible floating in the air,
as acrimonious beams of sunshine filtered through the dark room.

golden splinters of sawdust flew in bountiful amounts,
as the serrated periphery of carpenter file, sank deep in the body of rich slabs of
mahogany wood.

granules of silver sand blew gustily in the air,
colliding with the eyeball at turbulent velocities,
as volatile bursts of wind hoisted them high in the air,
blessing them magnanimous degrees of elevation.

morbid chunks of graveyard soil stuck to my boots,
as i trespassed the solitary mass of humid land,
weaving my way through a network of coffins,

bearing crucified souls of those buried alive during war.

i lost ergonomic proportions of poise and balance,
hurtling face down towards rock iron sheets of ground concrete,
as my feet caressed disdainful cakes of cow dung plaster,
the slimy sheath of natural manure prompting me to fall like a pack of cards.

my skin glittered like pure gold,
infinite arenas of my flesh exhibited looks of freshly painted silver,
there was a mystical radiance overflowing from my eyes,
as i soaped myself vigorously with handfuls of richly scented fertile mud.

11. IF THE WORLD WAS UPSIDE DOWN

if gigantic silhouette of the peepal tree was rotated upside down,
countless fibers of moistened roots would shiver in the wind,
leafy bunches of lush green foliage would be buried deep beneath the ground,
with a host of animals living in proximity with the earth.

if the dexterously sculptured flower vase was kept upside down,
soiled extracts of plant water would leak out in ecstatic frenzy.

if conically tapered blocks of the mountain were inverted upside down,
the slender nosed tip would refrain to bear the onerous load of hillock,
and the formidable structure would collapse like a soft packs of playing cards.

if the glass facaded bungalow was revolved upside down,
heaps of furniture would tumble down with a sigh,
water oozing from infinite cavities of the shower would try and kiss the sky.

if princely cars traverse rough carpets of roads upside down,
occupants would solely relinquish ideas of inhabiting hem,
chrome topped assembly of roof would screech in high pitched tunes of discordance.

if the colossal brick structure of the clock tower was placed upside down,
there would be inevitable confusions of time,
with people having to perspire all night and sleep with a perpetual bliss all Sunlit day.

if humans trespassed upside down on the surface of obdurate ground,
they would be in intimate contacts with slithering snake and ant,
growing bald every minute with glistening scalps,

with their legs oblivious to the art of walking,
baking like unconsumed cakes in harsh rays of the Sun.

12. TAILS

When the rustic horned cow swished its slender tail,
hordes of buzzing flies absconded at fast pace for saving their lives.

when the fur coated sheep dog wagged its angular tail,
there were waves of euphoric ecstasy that hovered around his persona.

when the radiant eyed tawny cat fluttered her bulky tail,
it was an evident signal that she could ferociously attack any moment.

when the acrobatic monkey swayed its nimble tail,
several of its progeny hung to it; making merry in sedative currents of autumn
breeze.

when the rubicund complexioned chameleon caressed her tail with ground,
it was a symbol of optimism; highlighting her perennial urge to hunt.

when the serrated skin alligator flashed its menacing tail,
the beast conveyed exorbitant amounts of pleasure; while basking in the midday
Sun.

when the fast track stallion batted its aspirant tail,
there was an accentuated indication of his charged emotions; at the
commencement of race.

when a battalion of red ants flickered their tails,
they danced with blissful harmony in a godown stashed full with salubrious
food grain.

when the colossal sized dinosaur moved its Herculean tail,
virgin expanses of solid earth; diffused into inarticulate crevices of gaping hole.

and when the omnipotent demeanour of Godhead lifted his tail,
he hoisted the entire universe with overwhelming spurts of ease,
on which lived the affluent, the poor, the animate and intangible; and a host of
animals which had previously swished their tails.

13. TABLET OF SOAP

Washing tonnes of daily dirt,
a hexagon shaped carboric bar,
producing gargantuan amount of froth when rubbed vigorously,
obnoxious odour when mixed with fruit juice,
waves of scented euphoria for bulk of the day,
scraping blanket of germs from skin,
whitewashing body with germicidal paint brush,
gently caressing flesh with rich lather,
culminating into elastic bubble spray,
blending superbly with tepid tap water,
fumigating scalp hair, slaying chains of dandruff,
reinvigorating natural electric balance of body,
extremely bitter in taste with a mesmerizing smell,
a thorough essential inhabiting wash rooms,
available in plain, multicolored bars, wrapped in gaudy paper,
transforming breathing idols of dirt, to immaculate Gods,
also used for washing, smudged clothes,
long silky curls of animal skin,
initiating allergic reaction while entering the eye,
is my beautiful red luxury tablet of soap

14. SWIMMING POOL

The crystal water looked marvelously blue,
shining like a glowworm in the infectious moonlight,
filled in a hexagon tank lined with pure sandstone,
with,
stainless metal slides converging down from amazing
heights,
long strips of diving board for a headlong plunge,
crisscrossed threads of netlon bifurcating it into equal halves,
large injections of disinfectant added at fixed intervals of time,
cozy changing rooms stacked with luxury towel,
mega perfume canisters for swimming in ecstasy,
inflated circular rings of rubber for wading through the deep,
an ambience of pine tree and sprawling lawn proved more than conducive,
the swimming pool was a treat to the eye in blistering heat of the summer
month.

i couldn't resist any further,
waves of exhilaration dismantled sensible imagery,

as i clambered short rungs of the steep ladder,
gave a shrill scream, relishing thoroughly the icy waters,
after plummeting 50 feet down from,
the ergonomically sculptured diving board.

15. SWEAT

Slender slices of steel acquired the complexion of molten curry,
when amber flames of the fire licked their persona with savage heat.

infinite blades of lush green grass were camouflaged in dew drops,
after blissful long spells of winter night sleep.

brutally scorched skin of desert camel oozed droplets of water,
when struck by incessant heat reigning with immense fervour in all quarters.

ornate petals of the red daisy produced nectar in abundance,
after hosting a cluster of humming bees having fertile sacs of golden honey.

concrete walls embodied with red brick displayed slimy coats of moisture,
after brand new strokes of ravishing wall paint.

the ergonomically sculptured car seat felt amazingly humid,
after i inhabited it, sank on it relishing my posture, for unsurpassable lengths of
time.

the surface of earth vomited Herculean amounts of sizzling lava,
imprisoned within its innermost core for decades in strangulation.

colossal masses of rich black clouds excreted gallons of water,
when hovering in close proximity with the green periphery of earth.

wild branches of the raspberry tree expurgated fat globules of bitter milk,
as i adroitly ripped their skins with my fingernails.

my body perspired like hell when thoroughly exposed to currents of warm
Sunshine,
as blistering waves of heat sapped reserve quota's of energy,
sweating like an untamed pig all along the sultry ambience of pitch dark night.

16. PERFECT EXAMPLES

Moist lotus flower coated with dewdrop paint,
floating in dark green jungle waters,
faded pink in color, thorny stalk buried in slimy river bottom,
with swarms of honey bees clawing wildly for nectar,
is a perfect example of uninhibited ravishing beauty.

white water springs descending down the mountain slope,
washing tonnes of dirt in its flow,
gurgling mystically while meandering through ground stone,
bacteria free liquid when bottled at source,
is a perfect example of spotless crystalline purity.

dazzling rays emanating from golden sun ball,
imparting heat to all planets in the solar system,
feeding a plethora of green shrub throughout the day,
fumigating disease on earth with stringent pools of Sunshine,
is a perfect example of priceless and abundant light.

hot streams of liquid bubbling beneath parched core of earth,
trapped for years by bulky mass of mud and rock,
gushing velocity causing irregular cracks,
annihilating all life existing, submerging it in oceans of boiler heat,
is a perfect example of unfathomable power of dormant lava.

17. SUN TEMPLE

The atmosphere was enveloped with raspberry essence,
octagon pillars held the vast expanse of egg shaped roof,
mystical scriptures were engraved on stone,
the floor was strewn with century old clay,
the exquisite elevation was an architectural treat,
a trio of saffron flags blew on towering roof,
tubular well was 1000 feet deep in belly of earth,
the dungeons contained armoury of knife, and gleaming sword,
the idol of sun god hissed fire,
the sacrificial altar, was smeared with holy ash,
metal boards showcased clippings of war,
melodious sounds, a ramification of,
brass tongues striking golden bodied bell,
blistering sunshine baked the structure in day,
effeminate light of the moon embraced it all night,
ivory tusks projected from stuffed elephants in crimson grey,

ornamental doors were embroidered with brass,
a grisly haired guide, held bulky manuscripts,
entertained hordes of visitors, fleet of school children,
with nostalgic memories of the golden era,
in which were built the fiery walls of the SUN TEMPLE.

18. STRINGS

As i loosened taut strings of my dotted lemon purse,
there oozed out incredible amounts of corrugated currency coins; falling with
sedate thuds on spongy cushions of carpet green grass,
luring cupid individuals in mammoth numbers towards their salacious
demeanour,
pacifying raging fires; in order to sustain mystical vagaries of life.

as dense foliage of trees released venom strings from the devil grey clouds,
pudgy globules of water pelted down with monstrous fury,
wiping traces of obdurate dirt from mud painted leaves,
sweeping fragile tufts of clay; effusive clusters untamed fauna,
inundating every centimeter of barren land with gallons of; pure rain water.

when i dexterously snapped entwined chords of my inflated parachute,
soaring like a princely eagle at invincible altitudes of the sky,
the contraption nose dived towards the chain of chafed rocks,
colliding with obstreperous bangs against stiletto outlines of pointed stone,
and i relinquished breath without; animated struggle with the Creator.

as i opened my mouth to bark a string of incoherent words,
woven with threads of intransigent abuse,
the babble seemed feckless and disillusioning,
prompting masses of people to vindictively spew spit behind my back.

and when she decoded tension ridden strings of my nictitating heart,
i erupted opulently into raptures of ebullient emotion,
rebuking forever the insecurity that besieged my persona,
making me oblivious to the most heinous of pain,
drowning me under furry quilt covers of celestial sleep.

19. STIMULATION

The tree leaves swayed with injected stimulation from breezy draughts of air,
shedding its foliage at sporadic intervals of time.

stagnant patches of river water formed silken ripples,
with buoyant stimulation offered by cruising boat,
was lined with white froth in abundance when the boat exceeded barriers of
speed.

hungry particles of mud transformed into wet slurry,
when fed with stimulation from the pelting drops of rain,
forming soft cushions of water for the birds to take their morning baths.

feeble men started working with newly discovered exhilaration,
when poked with stimulation of mouthwatering food and spring water,
dreary bones now functioned with fresh supply of newly formed blood.

dilapidated engine of car shot ahead with bursts of speed,
when reinforced with stimulation blend of petrol and oil,
the life bestowing concoction flooding scorched testubes in its engine.

bodies heavily soaked in sleep got boisterously active,
when submerged in volatile stimulations of steaming coffee,
wee hours of the night suddenly came alive,
as black currants of coffee barged open doors of blissful sleep.

we will exit out of nefarious deeds and malpractice,
relinquish the crown of prejudice forever,
breathe air, reminiscent of the era in which we were born,
provided we get conducive stimulations that tickle unexplored avenues of our
heart,
give us the omnipresent love we as a community of humans have ever
perceived.

20. STEEL BIRD

Waiting majestically on grey tarmac,
100 feet of solid steel mass,
eloquent window panes visible in elevation,
consisting of resistant shatter proof fiber glass,
stubby nose coated with black caps of steel,
the entire body sleeping on a framework of elongated steel,
stuck to an assembly of high quality radial Dunlop,
aerodynamic flaps of protruding wings,
enabling necessary leverage in thin air,

ergonomically soft cabin interior,
seat belts dangling from oval plastic,
bulb arrows leading to emergency exits,
inflated life vests camouflaged in cabin roof,
television monitors displaying altitude and speed,
revolving trolleys serving continental food,
circulating dailies stored in cloth racks,
overhead lockers containing hand baggage,
with tonnes of cargo in its hollow belly,
nestling in hangars for refueling,
ready to fly a million kilometers of air journey,
towering above snow alps, violent seas,
concrete cities, dense forests,
bearing signatures of Air India, British airways, Royal ,
flying at unbelievable heights of half a lac feet,
the highest flying tapered bird,
made up of light aluminum foil and steel,
a carrier of unparalleled privilege,
the fastest mode of transport available,
is the air bus 320.

21. SPEED BREAKER

Thickened bulges of curved black tarmac,
painted with stripes of brilliant silver white,
right angled patches of dull yellow,
riveted firmly to loose base of mud ground,
bulging handsomely a few inches above the rock bottom base,
blended with coats of sand and dust in the summer day,
smeared partially with slimy drops of car oil,
kissed hard by bulky tyre tread trespassing,
found virtually on every open street of the city,
and mammoth empty patches of the national highway,
an obnoxious hazard prompting reduction of electric speed,
repetitive squealing of brakes in close vicinity of its periphery,
few meters of air-borne journeys after a head-on confrontation,
existing in variable sizes of ultra large, medium and baby stretch of wax mould,
getting a few hours of disturbed sleep after the clock hour strikes midnight,
i the speed breaker warn you of the following,

never drive at nerve wrecking speed,
compress lever bars of the dipper while overtaking at night,

transform all groans into smiles while on the driving wheel,
don't gallop at fast speed when the alcohol meter overflows in your body,
give the underprivileged pedestrians on foot faint chances to cross the road,
and last of all bear this in top shelves of your mind forever,
slacken wheel speed to zero as and when you approach a speed breaker.

22. SOUND

High pitched blaring sound of rock music,
silent gurgling rhyme of partially frozen water.

agonizing screams of deceased for help,
sardonic laughter of affluent sipping grape vine.

rubbing flint stone, produces fiery sound of malevolence,
evacuated gas from earth core, diffusing into clouds of noxious smoke.
crisp noises emanate as shoe soles crush dry leaf,
excreted spit falls with soft thud, kissing the ground.

blooming flowers sway, whistle with the air,
throat chords flex, on savage consumption of bone meal.

pungent voices echo, when lead match brushes sandpaper corrugations,
scorched earth erupts in raptures on intimate contact with drizzling water.

mega gas balloons burst with a bang, on mere caress by pin,
traffic comes to a standstill at instants of security barking stop.

teeth chatter wildly when hit by chilly draughts of breeze,
exuberant voices greet the onset of tropical monsoon.

white flamingo's sing in rustic breeze of autumn,
sedate sounds float, from dying embers of crackling firewood.

i cry with tenacity, wail in hysteria towards the sky,
pray fervently, to bestow all existing with the sound of omnipresent
happiness

23. SORRY

I inadvertently broke sparkling glass panes; while playing cricket,
blurted a pathetic sorry to the outrageous occupants,

before they could take evasive action of slapping me on my face.

i tickled my little brother with curled strokes of pigeon feather,
said an innocent sorry when he was on the verge of erupting into a volley of
abuse.

i woke my mother from tranquil realms of midnight sleep,
demanding ravishing items to devour as a feast,
uttered a condoling sorry; when she was on the pinnacle of gaining complete
consciousness.

i gulped nightmarish amounts of scotch whisky,
swung my body like a person strangled by uninhibited emotion,
whispered a down to earth sorry when the cops caught me red-handed.

i brusquely collided head on with the milkman carrying pails of fresh cream,
toppling them on the ground; with rivulets of milk radiating all over,
said iterative numbers of sorry; thoroughly condemning my irate act.

i sketched egg shaped cartoons of my balding math's teacher,
pasting the graffiti on the walls for all to relish,
blurted a timidly echoing sorry; when he raised the cane to whip my satiny flesh.

i fought like wild cats with my beloved in the day,
causing incorrigible agony to her throbbing heart,
kissed her forehead; saying a sorry which came from deep within my conscience,
to see her smiling with the same intensity with which she first wept.

24. SKIN

When i felt the scarred and abraded skin of unripened orange,
it caused silent tremors in multiple pores of my flesh.

when i touched the cold skin of pale chipped marble,
shivers of dormant jubilation made me smile.

when i caressed rough skin of unprocessed grey stone,
feelings of utter disdain crept slowly through cellars of my blood.

when i felt the satiny skin of pure silk garment,
a serene calm descended painstakingly over my persona.

when I touched the skin of crystal flowing mountain water,
nostalgic memories flooded in domains of longing heart.

when I slapped the skin of languid grass blades,
tingling sensations catapulted me to dizzy heights of ecstasy.

when I kneaded thoroughly the skin of unbaked dough,
circulation of red blood increased by leaps and bounds in all regions of body.

when I licked the skin of sickening sweet chocolate candy,
it sent spurts of energy to torn cells of anguished heart.

When I sipped nonchalantly elastically translucent skin of brown rum,
Waves of pungent alcohol drowned me in webs of disaster sedation.

when I cuddled the furry skin of the striped leopard,
I experienced overwhelming courage acting as my companion.

When I raised the lifeless skin of my beloved to the Creator,
I felt like charring it first, to have an everlasting scent of her divine grace

25. SKETCH IN NATURAL COLOR

Water seeped fast through the tall drainpipe,
muddy pools of liquid inhabited desolate patches of the street,
bed sheets of road dust were drenched in the inclement showers,
smudged portions of leaf glistened with water droplets,
a distinct aroma of freshly bathed mud rose in the air,
the birds chirped violently amidst the drifting clouds,
as the sky now disguised in devil black wept like never before.

semicircular skin with coats of light red,
blended with crushed lead graphite powder and tinges of pink floral paint,
fell down, on the immaculate floor polished with molten wax,
diffusing into minute particles with the blowing wind,
licking the periphery of Arabic marble with coal grain,
as i sharpened my bonded pencil,
with vociferous strokes of the razor switchblade.

i then took a huge white canvas cloth,
natural oil paint derived from tree bark and virgin clay,

prepared a concoction of color paste and tap water,
sketched the grey clouds colliding with passion,
olive green bunches of wet tree leaf,
the thunder showers of torrential rain pouring down,
the backdrop of sun smiling behind the clouds,
all i used was my sharpened pencil, and a thick water brush,
dipped in natural extract of mixed color.

26. SIGNALS

When the olive green light enclosed in translucent sheath of glass beeped,
it was a subtle signal for pedestrians to unanimously surge forward,
zipping past disdainful white lines of the zebra crossing; at animated pace.

when acres of soil sprawled on earth scorched onerously in the flaming sun,
an infinite assembly of hollow crevice blended infectiously at several quarters,
it was a indispensable signal for grey clouds to shower torrential rain.

when insidious white powder dribbled in unison from the jet black sheath of
scalp hair,
inevitable sensations of itching cropped up at barren regions of musk brown skin,

it was a lucrative signal for applying chivalrous coats of medicated shampoo.

when a cluster of fish slithered haplessly on arid surface of virgin ground,
trembling with cold shivers nibbling neglected chunks of wild mushroom,
it was a desperate signal to inundate the ambience of fish with surplus water.

when the passenger plane nose-dived into satiny azure cocoons of humid air,
intricate machinery of the steel bird relinquishing to perform,
it was an emergency signal for the passengers to strap their air bags and leap
down.

when the robust farm hen laid a festoon of pearly white eggs,
nestling them with intimate warmth of her feathery quill,
it was an harmonious signal from the creator for the fledglings to hatch.

when there was a brusque interruption of the human breath,
innumerable palpable cavities of heart throbbed with emphatic exhilaration,
it was a sure signal for the person to evacuate this earth.

and when she waited anxiously for me to return in wee hours of dawn,

refraining to consume even a droplet of water in my solitary absence,
praying tenaciously to the almighty for me to return,
it was an incorrigible signal that she loved me as she feared to die.

27. COUDROUY SHOES

I used them to trample incorrigible chunks of wild clay,
violently kick orphan splinters of soft pebble that came my way.

i wore them while clambering up menacing slopes of the snow clad mountain,
waded through placid waters of jungle river at leisurely pace.

i brutally dismantled inarticulate walls of the glistening sandcastle,
tread harmoniously; with nonchalant vigor on an army of desert crab.

i aimlessly loitered through solitary streets of the city; a few hours preceding
dawn,
tenderly kissing pliable cakes of cow dung plaster that confronted my way.

i assassinated transparent panes of the shop window; into a fine spray of white
chowder,
stole exquisite pieces of saffron cloth; from the dark ambience of the closet.

i jogged incessantly across the sparkling meadow; with sporadic pants of breath,
made cacophonous noises; crushing withered leaves of the oleander maple.

i stood fearlessly on a battalion of fiery red ant,
escaped unhurt; as the animate creatures tried puncturing the leather without
respite.

i even adhered them to my feet; with long strands of shriveled rubber,
descending to fathomless depths of the ocean; exploring blood red coral reef's.

i traversed unrelentingly on steaming patches of barren land,
they still seemed to hold my weight; bereft of squeaks and discordant sounds.

i took them out for few hours; when sunk in the domains of blissful sleep,
my twin pair of corduroy shoes still guarded me against jinxed spirits,
exuberantly anticipating the fresh soles of my rustic feet,
as the clock ticked a second past brilliant dawn.

28. SHAVEN SCALPS

As i shaved corrugated exteriors of the deodar tree,
the palpable object of wood shivered incessantly all frosty night.

when i shaved the skin of rustic African leopard,
he was left behind with a conglomerate of bones and naked flesh,
assassinating buoyant traces of pride nestling in infinite parts of his body.

when i shaved the thorny skin of juicy pineapple,
ripping the fruit into triangular halves with my butcher knife,
appetizing slices of nutrition lay lifeless for me to consume.

when i shaved hectares of paint sticking to house walls,
savagely rubbed every iota of polish with crystal sandpaper,
the structure resembled a morbid mortuary devoid of sparks of color.

when i shaved the gaudy black skin from tinted car glass,
punctured its doors with grey lead flying haphazardly from my pistol,
the sedan appeared as if donated in charity,
fresh from the dilapidated domains of the village junkyard.

when i shaved the transparent skin of electric bulb of light,
severed the dainty filaments of voltage inside,
the contrivance resembled soft yellow pulp of rotten mango.

when i shaved ornately sculptured skin of oyster shell,
evacuated frugal amounts of saline water trapped inside,
impeccable pearls of brilliant white bounced in my awaiting palms.

when i shaved chunks of hair from the human scalp,
scrubbed it hard with a concoction of oil and perfume till it shone,
engraved it with mystical scriptures portraying the ancient era,
the bald dome looked strikingly similar to,
sparkling idols of God assembled in the tranquil golden light of the Temple.

29.100 M SPRINT

Grey lead escapes gleaming pistol barrel,
10 bullets soar high in the sky,
piercing fluffy carpets of blue clouds,
flooding air patches with dynamite stench,
as 10 heads sport curly hair,

crisscrossed in pools of sweat,
10 shirts of athletic spun cotton,
10 sweat shorts clinging to muscled leg,
10 time pieces wound on wrists,
10 pairs of footwear studded with spikes,
10 bands of multicolored foam,
fitted tightly to throbbing forehead,
10 chains of shining metal,
jingling against heavy chest bone,
10 pairs of eyes converging dead straight,
reflecting uncurbed desires of complete triumph,
10 sets of moist palms,
clenched tightly into blood curling fists,
10 pairs of curved ankles,
knelt towards saw dust race tracks,
10 pairs of pounding hearts,
ready to leap in heated ecstasy,
the 100 m sprint is just about to commence.

30. TRAGEDY ON FOUR WHEELS

the pungent alacrity of the air strikes me,
creating quadruples of animated breath, as i pass,

luminated signboards, suspended cables,
well lit edifices, lush green shrubs,
tainted scraps of loiter, concrete skyscrapers,
flashing signals, incoherent busstops,
sacrosanct church spires, towering clocks,
gaudy exhibitions, heavy bolt prisons,
suburban railways, thick glass aquariums,
bustling airports, chagrinned cinema halls,
glittering coffee shops, nonchalant mad houses,
exquisite monuments, sporadic manufacture of milk,
disheveled beggars, unsuspecting black hoods of crime,
plethora of beaches, desolate rumbles of junk,
mammoth emergency wards, indiscreet abattoirs of sheep,
looming textile mills, stagnant pools of fetid water,
haunted carousels, brown tarts of crisp toffee,
undulating landscape, chiselled toy shops of soft plastic,
escalating perfumed fountains, low altitude tin roofs,
black wisps of hovering clouds, crimson crested pigeon flesh,

unrelenting spikes of steel wire, landlords blessed with cupidity,
infrared power stations, chunks of gaseous evading moonlight,
salubrious machinery in gymnasiums, corrugated assemblage of pine trees,
i finally switch my way homewards,
the four wheeled metallic monster probes forward,
cutting clockwise currents of dust,
the vulcanized rubber comes to an abrupt halt,
shards of glass lay all over,
metal to metal clashes hard,
creating a screeching eerie sound,
my head submerged in pools of thick grease,
sticky and red in color,
as i breathe my last breath, utter my last syllable.

31. MY ADVENTURES OF THE JUNGLE

I butchered unwanted outgrowths that came my way,
crushed thorny cactus under bare soles of my feet,
hung freely from forked elastic branch of mango tree,
bathed in icy streams flowing past a plethora of rock,
screamed at full lung capacity to resemble aboriginal apes, bit my teeth in
thick folds of green banana skin,
covered my body with dotted fragments of tree bark skin,
rode bare back on untamed African elephant,
burnt a roaring fire of brittle tree logwood,
engulfed my mouth in fleshy delights of smoked deer meat,
slept like a demon in moist interiors of my large rock cavern,
camouflaged from sight by thunderous waterfall,
cascading from dizzy heights of the mountain.

acerbic rays of the sun filtered at dawn,
through innumerable crevices of my dilapidated cave roof,
awakening me with jolts of unwarranted surprise,
as i started my expedition towards the century old buried Temple.

there were steps that led a trail into deep recesses of earth,
at the end of which lay sprawled a dungeon of riches,
with silver coins raining from the oval roof,
diamond and yellow gold was stashed abundantly,
pieces of ivory projected from the wall,
i then lost balance, high degrees of self control,
my weary legs collapsed on the floor,

to roll in a bed of glittering gold, with globules of white silver pouring down.

32. THE ART OF SHAVING

Transparent droplets of water rolled down my cheek,
crusty white liquid was produced in bountiful spray,
piercing tunes blasted from sleek sound systems,
fountains of water oozed from the shower at electric speeds,
hot geyser lights burned incessantly,
coats of wall plaster glistened in dull radiance,
tablets of green soap lay bare on the mantelpiece,
rich spun towels hung from articulately curved hooks,
tons of washing powder evacuated a cluster of bacteria,
as i stared into the crystal mirror,
suspended a few feet below the ceiling weaved with corrugations.

i filled a large tumbler with mineral water,
dissolved filaments of chili for pungent perfume,
poured frosty denim foam wildly compressing the nozzle pipe,
stirred the mixture with round sticks of silver,
caressed hard stalks of my hair,
with pea sized amounts of yellow cream,
scraped untidy mass of overgrown stubble,
with deft strokes of twin platinum blades,
splashed my face clean with handfuls of ice water,
slaughtered remnant traces of untrimmed hair,
with steady applications of blow dryer gun,
breathed a sigh of relief at last,
sprinkling my immaculately shaven flesh,
with revitalizing wisps of the cologne aftershave.

33. WHY DID HE

Why did he have to walk with a crippled leg,
when several of his age took part in marathon race.

Why did he beg with bruised bowls of cheap copper,
When bulk of the population sipped peach flavored chocolate rum.
Why did he travel long distance on rusty bicycle,
Silver sedans with undeserving youth clambered through dream lanes of the valley.

Why did he quench his thirst with contaminated tap water,
His counterpart mates drank Irish spring water all night and day.

Why did he sleep with clattering teeth with threadbare sacks wrapped round his
body,
Affluent children snuggled tightly under the comfort of their Persian quilt.

Why did he spend his day begging and pulling truck load,
youth of his age swam merrily, played long tennis with cushioned racket.

Why did he place his feet on scorched tarmac,
The prince in the palace tread on Luke warm chips of scented marble.

Why did he speak in a rustic village accent,
Teenagers of his kind babbled inarticulately in different styles of slang.

Why did he wear clothes that were stained with colored spit and mud,
A fleet of school children attired in white shirt and immaculate tie.

Why did he have no one to wipe his tears with tinges of blood,
God bestowed riches on some and a mountain of horrendous difficulty on the
other

34. CLOUDBURST OF RAIN

The eagle soars high in the sapphire clouds,
a trail of holy smoke rises in the moist air,
striped leopards sprint through bushes at high speed,
protuberant pigeon neck submerges itself in coolant water,
furry Eskimo bear nestles against the deciduous tree,
agilitic monkey springs in a network of branches,
a cloudburst of water tumbles from the sky.

there was a draining of emotions,
droplets of salt water rolled down my cheek,
witnessing the grandeur as cloud waves were smeared with tea black,
i exposed my flesh to be encompassed by moisture,
tried to confiscate a pool of saturated vapour,
with fingers extended, palms cupped in gusty currents of the wind.

the ambience was enveloped with serene calm,
ground mass was ice-cream soft, with wet patches of water,

the sky was crystal clean, divested of ugly tinges of grey,
birds left for their nests in exodus,
fleshy tortoise neck receded in hard shell,
spiders were busy mending torn threads of web,
pin drop silence now replaced deafening sound of
pelting rain,
i stared in ecstasy at the starlit night,
buried deep in my mountain cave,
slept like a horse till first rays of the next dawn.

35. SHADOW

Dominating its presence right since birth,
in sunlight, moonshine, and artificial light,
pitch dark in color at all instants of time,
sewn perpendicular to pair of feet,
lurking stealthily on all kinds of surface,
unobstructed passage of black light,
trespassing nuclear stations, barbed wire,
high flung walls, towering gates of wrought iron,
mass of water, galleries of glass cubicles,
with utmost ease of a crowned prince,
kissing unknown strangers with soft intimacy,
embracing hot patches of dirt,
with tender caress of shady moisture,
cooling dreary passengers scorched in the sun,
priceless comfort without a pinch to the purse,
emanating wildly from all living and created,
disappearing entirely at nightfall,
and abrupt closure of switchboard light,
twice the length of person possessing it,
a magnified presentation of existing object,
as i stare at the relaxed composure of my shadow.

36. DEFINITIONS

White granules of crushed salt,
distilled from rash waves of saline ocean,
mixed in adequate amount of clear water,
filled to the brim in large beer mugs,
along with with crushed pulp of lemon, tinge of ginger,
is my definition of taste.

{1}

fine threads of variegated saffron,
adhering to shiny interiors of stainless steel,
filled with curry of white starched curd,
with fine sprinkle of pungent mustard powder,
beaten to jelly with wooden battens,
producing clouds of strong aroma,
is my definition of smell.

{2}

brilliant red petals of fragrant rose,
germinating in tandem from thick center buds,
springing from thorny, slender green beanstalk,
deriving nutrition fertile soil,
with a sheath of transparent dew drops,
is my definition of colour.

{3}

heaps of crisp currency notes,
stacked in invincible iron safe,
punched in a cluster by pins of soft metal,
increasing in size by the passing day,
with exquisite statues of pure gold,
is my definition of comfort.

37. A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BEGGAR

I shriek at high pitched tones in discordance,
mumbling words unnaturally formed,

stretching minute chords of my vocal tract,
i was a sight to stare on the bustling street,
irregular hair mass pivoting from my scalp,
thick outgrowths of beard stubs sprawled across face,
a breeding place for minuscule street insects,
feeding in comfort, on unwashed dirt,
adorned in threadbare sac, reaching my ankle,
i felt like an official prince of the poor,
being mentally traumatized since i was born,
brutally whipped at all quarters of life,
utterly bereft of a shoulder to droop upon,

looked upon in contempt by all passing me,
a large slate of wood to perch on all day,
cold stone pillows the armory for sleep,
a meager consumption of hard bread and contaminated water,
i spent all my life by the fountain side,
with droplets of misery showered in plenty,
an empty begging container my proudest possession,
dangling from my skeleton shoulders,
i have to make an early exit friends,
there seems to be a traffic jam, luxury cars seem to be the majority,
where in lies the crux of my begging activity

38. THE PLIGHT OF THE FOUR WINGED CANVAS

The painted strand of fiber is held rigid,
as its variegated counterpart clings to the air,
the cocoon of sapphire mist encroaches upon,
the sun dazzles amidst network of intermingled wrists.
the thread surges with upsurgent fervour,
the canvas races still further.
slow staccato movements of the hands,
nimble turning of the feet,
blaring noises kiss the air,
multicolored strips of plastic cut the glare,
with daintily adorned straw brimmed head gear.
the fibers collectively come abreast,
chorus in unison for equal strength,
the canvas sways wildly,
as the savage battle is put to true test.
the canvas finally snaps into multiple fragments,
floating with gleeful anticipation,
amidst the pulsating tension,
descending with effusive velocity,
with the backdrop of oleander being its lone saviour.
i mull quietly over the proceedings,
the four winged canvas falls with a thud,
gently caressing my large feet,
puts me in a trance; an everlasting sleep.

39. OBJECT OF DESIRE

Thick sheets of raw cardboard paper,

sewn from dried pulp mixture,
processed and woven in looming mill machine,
a commodity manufactured at threadbare costs,
desert brown in color, and rough in texture,
cut to various shapes of
square, rectangle, triangle, penta and cone,
with steel cutters piercing its hard flesh,
particles of golden sawdust floating in air,
transforming barbaric paper to trimmed angel,
rendering it feasible for further treatment,
the prime of which is an overlapping fold,
followed by rich wax paint,
printing designs befitting all occasions,
like marriage, love, laughter and examination,
with finely calligraphed captivating quotes,
accentuating magical conversion of raw paper, into royal greeting card,
a carrier of fluctuating emotions,
a cheaply procurable object of desire

40. BIZZARE ACT ON HUMANITY

nightmarish solitude envelops them,
as mindless monsters in flesh encroach upon,
hooded in deadly black witchcraft drapery,
clutching steel tubes with twin nozzles,
incorporating lethal bundles of gunpowder,
angularly carved pointed iron,
brittle green shells pinned at ends,
heaps of razor sharp long shears,
heavy metal gleam of savage crowbar,
brutal wailing of siren bombs,
indiscreet flashing devilish smiles,
a cloudburst of mangled voices,
sharp shots of blood curling fire,
a plethora of hard grey lead flies around,
biting acridly into cool sheaths of cabin air,
making gaping holes into splinter proof glass,
dissipating plush upholstery into threadbare
components,
toppling multiple cutlery with scalding water,
disarming monitoring switchboards of electricity,
horrendous blackness descends all over,

living entities run helter -skelter,
hushed silence pervades all commotion,
a saga of epidemic bestiality,
prompting contorted panic ridden reality,
blotches of blood, strips of cloth lay astrew,
the two winged airbus finally changes course,
as obstreperous demands strike eardrums of the air navigators,

shocked by a network of gun barrel,
ready to explode at instants of denial,
the most bizarre act on humanity,
as the hijackers formally announce their arrival

41. OBSESSED TO SLEEP

There was nothing else to ponder on,
minutes and hours went whistling by,
days sped into pitch dark night,
acrid rays of sunlight shone on hilltop roof,
bird music was the only confrontation,
with high pitched gurgling of mountain stream,
deafening sound of dry gusty wind,
mammoth bedspread of tree leaf cover,
sapphire blue puffs of drifting cloud mass,
canvas tent cloth shielding me in darkness,
perched right up at the conical precipice,
grey striped lizards gliding through rock crevice,
deciduous forests sprawled down the slope,
stretching into silver lining of distant horizon,
thick grass cover cushioning soil,
candle wax transiting to white grease,
as hot flames douse its periphery, provide orange light,
fleet of fighter jets leave trails of white smoke,
the fluffy camp bed sinks with my weight,
red cloth ceiling embarrassed by my continuous gaze,
the atmosphere enveloped with silent melody,
emanating from vocal chords deep down my throat,
advocating my penchant for omnipresent peace,
my unending tryst, for obsession with nil work.

42. UNCROWNED KING

Corrugated branches of live wood,
oozing bitter colored milk when sliced with axe,
sprouting from infinite spots of tree trunk,
slender, thick, long, strong,
angular sticks of dark brown,
irregular planks of breathing timber,
tapered at ends with several offshoots,
alongwith tiny buds concealed in darkness,
awaiting encounter with rustic breeze,
bearing bunches of fresh green leaves,
spiraling down towards the earth,
compressed by sheets of torrential rain water,
tumbling from black moisture laden clouds,
drenching completely foliage and tall tree,
a breeding palace for,
bushy squirrels, migratory birds,
camouflaged lizards, black ants,
sharp witted fox, night watchman owl,
red beaked parrot, grey crested pigeon,
an essential commodity for crackling firewood,
spreading its roots in deep tunnels of soil,
growing fast and wide through dispersion of seed,
a soothing sight to the human eye,
its branches whistling with the wind,
the neem tree is granted the status of the, oldest uncrowned king.

43. I HAD, I DREAMT, I MADE

I had hands roughened with passage of time,
calcium nail coat with irregular indentation,
supple skin with pores of youthful endeavor,
fresh dark lines on palm, ruddy in complexion.
{1}

i dreamt of luxury cars with Dunlop seat,
spacious rooms with filtering Sunlight,
appetizing food served in silver,
arrays of crystal adorning ceramic polished wall,
pure ivory cutglass made from elephant tusk,
Persian satin cloth draping my bare flesh,
ice cold water for euphoric summer swim.
{2}

i sliced tree bark with butcher knife,
collected grey stone sprinkled with ash,
blended sticky clay with pitchers of water,
rolled spiked wire to form a fence,
crushed marble chips, sparkling granite, to flat tiles,
dug deep wells for extracting pure ground water,
clipped cable wires for transmitting current,
set the hands of gold watch at my favorite nine,
snatched all finance from blood sucking population,
built a two story house with red baked brick.
{3}

44. A FULL DAY OF SUNSHINE

A full day of Sunshine provides truck loads of dazzling light,
evaporating traces of imprisoned water with blemishes of grey.

a full day of Sunshine revitalizes dead nerves,
imparting fortified strength to frayed network of shoulder bone.

a full day of Sunshine stringently fumigates households of moisture,
tenaciously baking slip-shod exteriors of feeble edifices.

a full day of Sunshine makes morbid waters of the river sparkle,
instigating animate fauna to creep up uninhibited on the translucent surface.

a full day of Sunshine would decimate clusters of venomous mosquito,
releasing scores of humans from the captive jaws of epidemic.

a full day of Sunshine provides fodder to sprawling acres of green grass,
reinforcing their lack-luster appearance with blossoming stalks of lotus pink.

a full day of Sunshine ensures a ravishing time at the beach,
engulfing shriveled white patches of pale skin with masculine streaks of tan.

a full day of Sunshine is a rare commodity on jagged peaks of the snow clad alps,
initiating fountains of perennial happiness to pour; from the eyes of those
privileged to witness these welcome beams of warmth.

a full day of Sunshine prompts sagged clothes in blended water to dry,

transforming its wet demeanour into crispy texture of uncreased garment.

a full day of Sunshine inspires individuals with premonitions of art,
rendering them versatile enough to scrupulously achieve mounting tasks.

a full day of Sunshine leads to intense perspiration dribbling down,
highlighting the optimistic effects of confronting life.

a full day of Sunshine offers respite from nail biting cold,
a reprieve from abhorrent sins of the previous night,
filtering feckless prejudices into oblivion,
chalking out innovative plans and fresh directions in adventurous life.

45. A GAME OF CHESS

pieces of stone molded to artistic pawns,
royal knights maneuvering handsomely on the board,
sturdy rooks marching straight with dexterous ease,
hunchbacked bishops gliding through diagonal streets,
haughty queen parading on all quarters of the board,
the resolute king taking a step at a time,
minuscule pawns were killed in initial encounter,
infinite permutations kept going on,
the well spun chess cloth shone in yellow bulb light,
automatic clocks ticked with player moves,
giant screen flashed moves to millions of people,
the indoor auditorium brimmed to capacity,
crowd mass took bated breaths, stayed glued to their seats,
the battle on board grew tense,
as the day was divested of passing hours,
his tapered fingers eventually slammed a piece down,
chorused smiles reflected on thousands seated,
as well as the ones witnessing it on silver screen,
the winner proudly shook hands with the ruling
president,
flung the trophy high towards kingdom of the Creator,
grimaced his teeth in exuberance,
to announce his victory in the world of chess,
crowning him as the reigning world chess champion

46. ACNE

Round bumps of red rash developed on my face,
As a handful of mosquitoes stung placid regions of my flesh in unison.

Small protrusions of skin were visible on my face,
An aftermath of fanatic consumption of dairy milk chocolate.

Blotted patches of dirty green crept on my handsome feet,
After dipping it in stagnant water for unsurpassable lengths of time.

Soft crusts of yellow grew in abundance beneath my luscious lips,
As I didn't scrub my face for weeks on the trot.

Illicit corrugations of grey engulfed large portions of my back,
The moment I rolled vociferously in remnant ashes of a dead soul.

Fresh wounds of thin blood were disdainful to spot on my hands,
As I kneaded them against cutters of steel to gain respite from inflamed irritation.

Prominent sty buds cropped on intricate exteriors of my eye,
After violent outbursts of epidemic fever.

Tiny hillocks of skin took birth on my scalp,
As I drenched them in fuming acid instead of tepid water.

Colossal amounts of prickly heat erupted on my chest,
As I waded through blistering currents of the brutal summer.

Minuscule goose-bumps rose with tender tenacity from my body,
As I lay down on cubes of ice, bereft of a cloth camouflaging my flesh.

Throbbing walls of my sensitive heart,
Got reinforced with a cluster of blunt tiny thorns,
Ripping apart capillaries of blood, bellows of gallant oxygen,
When the person I was ready to die for,
The one who meant to me more than what bountiful life could offer,
Left me midway in my quest for conquering unfathomable goals in life.

47. NATURAL DRINK

when drops of fuming acid fell down on the ground,
infinite blades of green grass wailed in cacophonous unison,
the soil was subjected to unrelenting agony; engulfed with waves of acerbity.

when globules of crimson paint cascaded on the ground,
a plethora of leaf was submerged with obnoxious color,
strangling life rendering pores of tangible breath.

when pellets of aromatic effluent tumbled on the ground,
there arose an utter pandemonium; nimble ants and toads ran helter-skelter,
the rustic ambience of soil; now transited to inevitable distortion.

When fetid gutter water leaked out on the ground,
Streams of blotted liquid now imprisoned land,
And there proliferated a battalion of venomous mosquito with toxic sting.

When an extract of raw sugarcane juice was poured on the ground,
The coagulated balls of clay relished it on primordial encounter,
But soon vomited out the surplus with sighs of increasing impatience.

When a pressured spray of pesticide was sprayed uniformly on the ground,
Animate creepers repelled it with all their might,
The mud shrieked disdainfully; unable to bear the tyranny of being mutilated.

And when finally crystal water plummeted from silver grey clouds,
Famished granules of soil; heaved gargantuan sighs of relief,
Hungry suckled the natural drink they were deprived of for marathon
hours on the trot

48. AN ACT OF BRUTALITY

The road was a desolate patch of tarmac burning,
blotches of dust stuck to side embankments,
disdainful heat waves knifed all those moving,
the sun shone from all quarters of sky carpets,
crows croaked loud for mud vessels of water,
gigantic lizards adapted chocolate brown color of tree stalk,
house interiors baked in increasing intensity of Sun blaze,
multiple mouth cavities craved for transparent liquid,
ground mud sheets burst into cracks, in boiling heat,
the kilometer strip, was inhabited by striped furry dogs,
chasing vehicles as they whistled by,
distant roars of laughter became evident,
as gang of youngsters danced in aisles of the silver Mercedes.

{1}

blaring music echoed through the air,
powerful stench of alcohol floated in the breeze,
radial tyres left trails of scorching sand,
driver compressed gas pedal to full angularity,
innocent dogs chased car at whirlwind speed,
barked their heart out at unruly youth reclined in car seat,
ran abreast of bullet proof doors, for marathon time,
the men then decided they had enough confrontation,
wailing yelps besieged the serene calm,
as car assembly surged forward,
indiscreetly trampling few pounds of helpless dog meat.

49. ACTIONS

I chopped the mighty cheddar tree into slices of trimmed lumber,
then accomplished the action of aligning dry wood for fire.

i evacuated slippery fish from the lake with coherent dexterity,
then plunged myself into the action of roasting them for night supper.

i traveled at nerve breaking speeds in the lead tipped capsule of spaceship,
engaged myself voraciously in the task of snapping photographs of the moon.

i brutally tore through the skin of the succulent watermelon,
urged myself into the action of devouring blood red chunks of the fruit.

i waded past undulating waters of the sea; landing up marooned on an island,
intensely involved myself in the action of plucking wild banana to survive.

i subtly filled hollow interiors of my pen with fountain ink,
passionately prompting my fingers to perform the action of ornate calligraphy.

i inadvertently slipped from precarious height of the stairs,
wasted no time getting into the action of consuming a pellet of pain killer.

i mounted euphorically on a thoroughbred stallion,
then ardently executed the action of galloping past the mountains.

i chewed a cluster of sapphire green betel leaf,
performed the rustic action of spitting cup fulls of saliva on the street.

i memorized mystical tunes all throughout the cloud covers of murky day,
prolifically drowned myself in the action of composing romantic songs.

i slogged in the blistering heat of the fierce midday Sun,
then succumbing myself to the involuntary action of blissful sleep.

50. ADDICTION

a dog has overwhelming addiction for raw sticks of
bone,
gnaws them with immense fervour,
crushing them to finely powdered calcium with brutal strokes of canine teeth.

the human tongue has an addiction for the slimy texture of water,
swallows mammoth pints of ice water with the ticking clock,
relishing the moist freshness, quenching the thirst for insatiable desire.

a slab of iron has an addiction for acquiring coats of rust,
the monsoon approaches, mighty droplets of rain drench its surface,
transforming its shining body into rusty curled peels projecting out.

the farmer has an addiction for rich cow milk,
deftly kneading the ripened teats,
thereby extracting a fountain of white cream into the empty pail placed below.

the spider has an addiction for spinning webs,
revolves incessantly with sticky juice emanating from its legs,
developing a network of intermingled threads glistening in the golden Sunlight.

some souls have a mounting addiction for tobacco leaf,
chewing it, blowing it into clouds of grey smoke,
rendering their hearts deficient of life bestowing achromatic oxygen.

fishes have addiction for saline ocean water,
move at amazing speeds with their bodies slithering,
gasp for breath, dying within few seconds of isolation from the sea.

all car engines have severe addiction for lubricant oil,
sputter at regular intervals, whine like monsters,
emitting sparks of friction when divested of blood in their veins.

i had a pragmatic addiction to survive,

had to consume many morsels of food and water to achieve the same,
needed crisp currency notes as my sole artillery,
which appeared cumbersome to earn from impoverished hearts residing beside
me.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Hide And Seek - Part 5 - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually part 5 of the Book titled - Hide and Seek - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems (702 pages) . Parekh's earliest collection of verse. Written in unparalleled fervor, this collection is a delectable blend of topics from love to death, probing into countless infinitesimal aspects of existence which make a significant impact to it. The beauty of this compendium lies in its magical brevity at places and in the most mundane things of life around us brought to the fore like a magicians wand, in brilliant poetic flair by Parekh. Contains poems on topics impossible for one to envisage that a poem could be written about such an inconspicuous little thing-but Parekh evolves bountiful rhyme from the word go and coalesces vivacious color in the little tid-bits of the chapter called life to optimum effect. A must read for all those who find color, charm and significance in even the smallest things of life and are enthused by even the most mercurial bit of stray paper loitering around. A poetic tribute to the ordinary, projecting its colorful extraordinary bit to the planet with raw panache.

This book tingles every living being's imagination to fantasize beyond the ordinary. Look at all those meaningful tid-bits around us which have a complete book written in each one of them. All those joyous and unfortunate anecdotes around us which make us blossom into the true spirit of existence; into the amazing celebration of omnipotent life.

CONTENTS

1. AFTERMATH'S OF PINCHING
2. ANECDOTES OF FANTASY
3. ANGELS OF THE SKY
4. ATTIRE

5. A GLASS OF WATER
6. A WRITER WITHOUT A PEN
7. BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP
8. I WANTED TO FLOOD HER HEART
9. THE GREATEST OFFERING
10. AN ISLAND OF LOOSE SAND
11. YET I FELT LONELY
12. INSTINCTS
13. I WANTED TO BE YOUR HEART
14. I WANTED TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE
15. IF I HAD A THOUSAND LIVES
16. IF I HAD YOUR LOVE
17. IF MY HEART WAS MADE OF STEEL
18. I LIKED THE WAY
19. LEAD TIPPED PENCIL
20. LIFE WITHOUT A PURPOSE
21. MIRRORS
22. PLEASE SMILE
23. THE RAINBOW OF LOVE
24. CONFLICTING PERSONALITIES
25. THE SMILE ON MY LIPS
26. THE SPLINTERS OF LOVE
27. SYMBOLS
28. THE PERFECT TEMPERATURE
29. THE HEART THAT WAS 100% MINE
30. THE INSTRUMENT INDISPENSABLE
31. THE PERFECT SWIM
32. THE SPEED OF LIFE
33. THREADS
34. MY TOOTHBRUSH
35. TRUE LOVE
36. WHEN I WOKE UP FROM SLEEP
37. WHEN I SLICED MY HEART
38. SMOKE
39. ROOF TOP TERRACE
40. BUBBLES
41. AFTER CONSUMING A BARREL OF WINE
42. AS THE WIND BLEW
43. PILLAR OF LOVE
44. THE PUNCH
45. BLOTCHES
46. LIGHT OF LOVE

- 47. THE SEA OF LOVE
- 48. CHALK POWDER
- 49. AFTER A GOOD NIGHTS SLEEP
- 50. BANGLE OF LOVE

1. AFTERMATH'S OF PINCHING

When i sedately pinched an opalescent balloon filled with tons of gas,
pricked it with ultra thin needles coated with scorpion sting,
gave it a volatile punch in its solar plexus,
the colossal ball of swollen rubber burst with obstreperous bangs,
now resembling deflated skin of threadbare junk.

when i boisterously pinched the shell of juicy water melon,
ripped apart the fruit with adroit strokes of the butcher knife,
kneaded the blood red pulp, applying unrelenting pressure with palms,
squashed the residue in compressed interiors of knotted cloth,
a stream of crimson red juice tumbled directly into scorched regions of my
throat.

when i placidly pinched the striped skin coat of a sleeping leopard,
tickled his upright ears with silken camouflage of Falcon feather,
left a plethora of red ant to wander around his slimy nose,
kicked his rear playfully with swashbuckling strokes of my feet,
the beast roared ferociously, jolted from arena's of blissful sleep,
devoured me like an insect, relishing a meal of soft tender bone.

when i vindictively pinched blissfully asleep tunnels of my heart,
poked my ribs with icy cold vegetable of carrot,
turbulent voices advocated my penchant for everlasting freedom,
a mystical aura radiated from my wheatish face,
i wanted to smile with pumped exuberance for the remaining quota of life,
before blending my ashes with the mundane playground of earth.

2. ANECDOTES OF FANTASY

When i feel happy and bustling with youth,
the atmosphere sprinkled with petals of palpable emotion,
i embrace semicircular pillars of white stone with a vice like grip.

when i feel besieged with waves of despondence,
inflated bubbles of energy pierced with daggers of revenge,

i stare nonchalantly at clouds swimming in the sky.

when i feel exhausted with mounting tasks of the day,
clothes soaked wet in pools of dripping sweat,
i suspend my feet in salty water of the ferocious sea.

when i feel pangs of hunger striking walls of long intestine,
dreary body frame succumbs to an unnatural siesta,
i stretch my mouth palette wide to swallow large chunks of roasted potato.

when i feel tickled rolling in languid blades of grass,
grey lizards traverse rough barks of live tree wood,
i inhale air in lungs, scream in ecstasy flexing vocal chords deep down my throat.

when my fingers swell with incessant clinging to fountain pen,
mental imagery fluctuates in relation to school text load,
i massage both palms vigorously with herbal turmeric balm.

when i fly in the aircraft at unsurpassable heights from ground,
the flight steward serves tall beer mugs of juice,
i feel like floating in blue air of the bare sky,
with my body strapped firmly to chords of parachute.

when i feel the world frantically running after me,
there exists no peace at all quarters of the city,
i enclose myself in soundproof walls of my submarine,
listen to melodious tunes of Egyptian music.

when i envisage the poor shivering in icy winds of winter,
stunningly rich trading wealth in polished glass walls of the kingly casino,
i feel like distributing minuscule fractions of their affluence,
to my human counterparts on the brink of extinction.

3. ANGELS OF THE SKY

They floated like inflated gas balloons,
bounced to and fro between the earth and sky,
leapt from amazing height of the castle tower,
drowned deep in remote galleries of the blue ocean,
walked through crackling flames producing blistering heat,
ate needle thorn with coats of salt for evening supper,
drove their cars suspended in air, evading cumbersome jams,

closed their breaths for abnormal hours without traces of suffocation,
transformed the patches of earth on which they tread into sticks of gold,
held out their hands for scorpions to sting,
took bath in fuming acid at the rise of handsome dawn,
inscribed the names of their beloved on flesh with rusty knife,
chewed the hardest of bone with nonchalant ease,
devoured atom bomb shell like flavored candy cakes,
scored cent percent marks in every single grade,
bludgeoned their way, unhurt amidst an ambience of indiscreet gunfire,
swam with the elegance of a white shark through the red sea,
were invisible in the brightest sunlight of the day,
danced all throughout the night without a single spell of enchanting sleep,
they had existed since millions of calendar year,
in secret domains beyond silver grey outlines of the rain cloud,
even before the first sign of life wept on this earth,
some millions years prior to man's creation,
their awesome power was simply unparalleled,
they always wore satin robes of spotless white,
they christened themselves as angels of the sky

4. ATTIRE

i wore spiked shoe with projecting porcupine thorn,
tread on the brittle surface of the frozen lake,
breaking the harmony of the agglutinated chunks of ice.

i wore a demon mask having scores of Dracula teeth,
attached a hair wig composed of fiery needle,
roamed in zebra striped suits, traversing the busy streets,
thereby scaring groups of innocent children.

i wore trousers made of threadbare rope,
encapsulated my chest in jackets of rich straw,
held wine jars in my hand containing pure incense stick,
sat down to meditate with routine traffic whistling past my eyes.

i wore a plastic coat made from stale polythene,
triangular cap of cane possessing an army of irregular holes,
nailed a big plus in the center of my broad chest,
catered to a host of patients as the visiting doctor.

i wore a suit stitched in exquisite quality silk,

sparkling boots made of snake python leather,
sprinkled my persona with gallons of whale perfume,
pinned an enchanting red rose to my immaculate tie,
sat with overwhelming peace in the plush interiors of the American coffee shop.

5. A GLASS OF WATER

I stood for marathon hours under the blistering Sun; accomplishing a battalion
of tasks with the arid breeze slapping my cheek,
When I came back home; I instantly pacified my insatiable thirst consuming a
glass of cold water.

I ran long distances on a track of consolidated mud; with pumped exuberance
bursting through my fragile muscles,
Infinite strands of my hair engulfed by golden sweat; I then submerged my
forehead in a glass of water to rejuvenate my pulsating temples.

I clambered up steep slopes of the mountain using the full power of my wrists;
with a crunching sound emanating from my bones,
As an inevitable aftermath; I swooned on the ground midway in exhaustion;
opened my eyes the instant I was sprinkled with a glass of water.

I rolled ecstatically in a curry of voluptuously wet mud; incorporating my
demeanor with streaks of brown blended with abashing black,
Poured a glass of water with vigorous tenacity on the same; to get rid of the
disdainful dirt.

I lay unconscious on the ground; after diligently fasting all day; exhaling
shallow gasps of breath at intermittent intervals;
Displayed the first signs of recovery; after a glass of water was meticulously
impregnated in my body.

My voice sounded pungently shrill and hoarse simultaneously; with blurred
notes of music diffusing when I sang,
Although I was cheered with boisterous claps; received a plethora of
accolades; when I opened my mouth after drinking a glass of water.

Streams of blood oozed profusely from my wounds; as I lay on the road after a
ghastly accident,
The flow however ceased dramatically; after I drenched my bruise in a glass of
water.

I wrote unrelentingly under the dim light of the bulb; with my dainty fingers tiring as a manifestation of the onerous effort,
However my hands were as fit as to decimate a brick wall; after revitalizing them with a glass of water.

I lived my life in penurious circumstances; with meager emoluments of affluence to my credit,
However to all who visited my dilapidated dwelling; I never failed to offer a glass of water; gratifying their thirst; prompting them to shower blessings on my impoverished soul.

I commenced my day in brilliant sunlight consuming it with relish; imparting radiant tenacity to my silhouette,
Retired for the night uttering a silent thanks to the Creator for all the goodness he created; admiring the richness embossed in that innocuous looking glass of warm water.

6. A WRITER WITHOUT A PEN

A writer without a pen; is like a dog deprived of its magnanimously furry tail,
A writer without a pen; is like the jungle woodpecker without a beak,
A writer without a pen; is like a musician without a melodious voice,
A writer without a pen; is like a cluster of fish deprived of saline water,
A writer without a pen; is like the celestial body of Sun bereft of brilliant rays,
A writer without a pen; is like the colossal persona of blackboard without colored chalk,
A writer without a pen; is like the desert without astronomical amounts of scorched sand,
A writer without a pen; is like the cow stripped of its angular horn,
A writer without a pen; is like the exquisite sedan divested of aromatic fuel,
A writer without a pen; is like a red ant without its poignant sting,
A writer without a pen; is like a well laid concrete road without congested traffic,
A writer without a pen; is like a bird without its pair of indispensable wings,
A writer without a pen; is like warm quilt without stuffing if wool,
A writer without a pen; is like a grandiloquent chess board without carved pieces,

A writer without a pen; is like a wrestler without bulging muscles,
A writer without a pen; is like a computer without a plethora of programmed chips,
A writer without a pen; is like the scintillating sword without a sharp edge,
A writer without a pen; is like a rustic panther without its vociferous growl,
A writer without a pen; is like an oyster without immaculate pearl,

A writer without a pen; is like the preposterously huge blue whale without teeth,
A writer without a pen; is like black thunderous clouds in the cosmos without pelting rain,
A writer without a pen; is like sticky puddles of glue without adhesive power,
A writer without a pen; is like a bank vault without crisp notes of currency,
A writer without a pen; is like the sacrosanct Bible without umpteenth parables of holy literature,
A writer without a pen; is like man existing on earth without mystical traces of love,
Therefore it is my vehement plea to all writers treading on the soil of this earth,
Lift the contraption of pen and ink in your philanthropic hands,
Voraciously inundate blank sheets of paper; with infinite lines of effusive literature,
Thereby portraying the power of your thoughts; transmitted with great efficacy by the innocuous pen.

7. BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP

The race horse inexorably needed red radish; with succulent green leaves,
Before he could fall into a slumber; rest his tired body with paltry hours of nocturnal sleep.

A fleet of birds impregnated their nests with bountiful fillings of twigs and grass,
Cuddled their offspring with quills of ruffled feather; before retiring for night sleep.

The pot bellied tortoise receded its head way back in its obdurate shell,
Gulped down handsome pints of water; before shutting his eyes and going to sleep.

The venomous spider; trapped a plethora of insect in its battalion of arms,
Traversed across the periphery of its silken; before clamping its legs and falling asleep.

The preposterously huge whale; hunted down gargantuan amounts of small fish,
Transforming the ostentatious silhouette of the luxury ship into pieces of floating log; before transiting to realms of deep sleep.

Slithering reptiles in the densely cloistered jungle; stung innocuous people by the campfire,
Stealthily devouring fresh eggs laid by bird mother; before they retreated in their den to sleep.

The disdainful leech; sucked infinite amount of blood,
Stuck intractably like the strongest of glue; languishing a bit before falling into
a snooze.

Stray donkey's on the road; obstreperously wailed their tale of daily woes,
Stood on their hooves; with their heads lowered down in shame; before
embracing night sleep.

The hunchbacked camel in the desert ambled at languid speeds,
Stored colossal amounts of water in its belly; before he bent down on the sand
to sleep.

Hordes of mosquitoes stung scores of people; mischievously grinned,
Extracting robust blood to gratify their gluttony; before going to sleep.

And an army of humans on this earth; perspired onerously under the Sun all
blistering day,
Earning fodder to sustain precious life; inscribing a place to dwell on the
surface of earth,
Before they eventually retired for the night; to blissfully snore and sleep.

8. I WANTED TO FLOOD HER HEART

I wanted to flood barren sheets of paper with infinite lines of embossed
literature,
I wanted to flood the sprawling lands of desert with awesome amounts of
slippery sand,
I wanted to flood the dry beds of the seasonal river with lots of fresh water,
I wanted to flood crystalline blue patches of the bald sky with diabolically grey
clouds,
I wanted to flood stripped branches of the autumn tree with a battalion of lush
green leaves,
I wanted to flood dilapidated crevices of the mansion wall with coats of
scrupulous paint,
I wanted to flood profusely oozing wounds on the body with antiseptic powder,
I wanted to flood undulating slopes of the colossal mountain with scintillating
sheets of snow,
I wanted to flood hollow burrows of the red ant family with bountiful chinks of
italian bread,
I wanted to flood the eyes of people who were blind with indispensable sight,
I wanted to flood shattered panes of window; with arrays of pellucid glass,

I wanted to flood dimly empty tanks of the sedan with reinvigorating petrol,
I wanted to flood the fathomless well beside my house with surplus quantity of
animate frog,
I wanted to flood the lungs of a dead man with bountiful and clean air,
I wanted to flood long stretches of the cable wire with white currents of
electricity,
I wanted to flood naked patches of skin displayed with sacrosanct garment,
I wanted to flood the rusty nails lying dispersed on the ground with lots of
resplendent color,
I wanted to flood the magnanimous persona of saline sea with a flurry of
ravishing waves,
I wanted to flood the morose faces of individuals in anguish with blissful smiles,
I wanted to flood the mutilated silhouette of the crippled with inevitable bone,
I wanted to flood the empty bowl of the impoverished with life yielding food,
I wanted to flood the picturesquely embellished jar with fragrant rose,
And most importantly I wanted to flood the tenderly tangible heart of my
beloved; with overwhelming love.

9. THE GREATEST OFFERING

If I used acerbic tree twigs instead of the corrugated comb to part my hair,
The outcome would be ludicrously funny; with several strands of follicle settling
wildly on my scalp.

If I used steaming acid instead of water to clean my persona in the morning,
Blissful patches of my radiant skin would transit to a ghastly brown; as an
aftermath of the acrimonious effluent.

If I used pure nectar instead of soap to wash my face,
There would be a battalion of red ant crawling all over; injecting small vials of
sting in my blood.

If I used a quilt embossed with thorns to sleep; instead of one with furry cotton,
A myriad of spots in my body would bleed; rendering me tossing and turning all
throughout the chilly night.

If I used raw coal tar instead of sandalwood mascara to embellish my eyes,
They would incessantly water; with a host of foreign bodies invading their dainty
ambience.

If I used water logged cloth instead of Sun dried sticks to light a fire,
The conflagration would fail to incinerate; with paltry draughts of smoke

produced as a ramification.

If I used a flat plate of porcelain instead of a mug to consume a barrel of fresh milk,
The liquid would clumsily spill; with frugal droplets of the concoction being able to enter my mouth.

If I used my hands to walk instead of my sturdy feet,
I would inevitably lose balance; toppling on the ground; appearing to be one from the acrobatic circus.

If I used red chili in food; instead of Commensurate amounts of salt,
The taste buds in my tongue would irredeemably burn; with my bowels relinquishing taste forever.

If I used all my love for a girl with overwhelming affluence; instead of the one who desired me truly from the heart,
She would feed me with sumptuous food no doubt; while keeping me tied in chains of rebuke and insult till the time I live.

And If I used infinite hours in the day worshipping God instead of doing something for those afflicted with distress,
The Creator himself would admonish me to perform benevolent deeds;
Assisting people camouflaged in cloud covers of anguish and sorrow,
Which would be the greatest prayer I could dream of offering to him.

10. AN ISLAND OF LOOSE SAND

I buried myself deep into an island of loose sand; sprawled in abundance on the solitary street,
Warm moisture clinging to mud; like the vise like grip of a mother,
Blended profusely with an agglomerate of loose stone and fish shell,
Perspiring voraciously in the sweltering heat of the stringent day,
Loads of contaminated debris neatly aligning its periphery,
Frigid particles of soil flying high and handsome in violent puffs of wind,
Rustic chameleons slithering harmlessly past rotund rocks settled in the clay,
Finely crushed sand glittering like an opalescent mirror in the flaming Sun,
Multi legged roots of the uprooted tree; lying obsolete amidst a mountain of earth,
The conglomerate of golden sand shimmered magnanimously in the hostile beams of Sun.

A plethora of earth worms tickled intricate zones of my ear,
Red ants in clambered up my bare chest; stinging my supple flesh,
There was perennial darkness encapsulating my silhouette,
I breathed heavily in a dense ambience of mud and slippery fossil,
There was no scope for vociferous noise; I barely possessed the power to
whisper,
Incessantly blending my hands in the mystical wetness; I tumultuously
fantasized about lush green lawns on the pastoral slopes,
Ostentatious palaces of pure sandalwood; fighter jets flying at swashbuckling
speeds,
Unrelenting rain pelting down showering solid medallions of glistening gold,
I suddenly felt thoroughly exhausted; parched regions of my throat wailed
exorbitantly for cool water,
Infinite hours of sleeping under sand had sapped indispensable energy from
my bones,
Eventually prompting me to dismantle the web of silver granules,
And as I audaciously stepped out in the brilliant light of the moon,
I was a sight to be ludicrously stared at; evoking a volley of incoherent laughter
from the pedestrians,
With every arena of my persona being submerged in disdainful coats of mud,
Obnoxious molecules of sand extruding from a battalion of territories in my body.

11. YET I FELT LONELY

I had a cavalcade of ostentatious cars following me every second; with melodious
tunes emanating from the sleek music systems,
The upholstery was plush; the ambience was besieged with a pungent aroma of
wild scented flower,
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one to hold my hand; make me frivolously
smile.

I had a furry quilt made of the finest quality satin; adhered to a bed embossed
with pure God,
Embroidered carpets sprawling on the colossal walls; with the majestic panther
skin hanging limp from the ceiling,
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one to sing enchanting rhymes; tickle me in
my ribs; make me go to sleep.

I had grandiloquent pool of water in the interiors of my palace; with the waters
appearing emerald green in the full moonlight,
An aquarium of exquisite fish blended with crystalline pebble; with profoundly
embellished life boats floating on the surface,

Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one to splash water on my face; swim with rejuvenating euphoria beside me.

I had the most succulent of violet grapes lying on corrugated silver; with blood red apple juxtaposed in clusters,
Ravishing glasses of immaculate milk; the most piquant of green chili; with commensurate proportions of Italian chocolate,
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one in vicinity to converse with me; feed me the food with congenial warmth.

I had a piano studded with the most resplendent of diamond; a jugglery of musical instrument lying in exorbitant quantity,
A slender necked violin leaning on the wall; enmeshed with a myriad of chiseled wire,
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one in proximity to listen to the enchanting music when I played.

I wore a bullet proof jacket encompassing my chest; with scintillating swords protruding gallantly from my back,
A luxuriously emollient suit camouflaging the same; snake leather shoes concluding my kingly attire,
Yet I felt lonely; as there was none in the surrounding; able to listen to my throbbing heart.

I had amassed sumptuous wealth in the tenure of my life; with currency of all kind cascading down my persona,
Armed forces parading around the formidable castle I inhabited; an ocean of golden honey plummeting down from the window,
Yet I felt lonely; as I couldn't purchase her intricate heart with all the affluence I possessed; hold her captive in the prison of my gold.

12. INSTINCTS

The stray dog on the street had an inevitable instinct to wag its bushy tail when ecstatic,
Garrulously bark at irate trespassers; who hurled irregular stones at its shriveled persona.

The leotard skinned cat; had an insatiable instinct to lap vigorously at frosty milk,
Purr in its ubiquitously pungent voice; when tickled intensely in the ribs.

The twin horned cow; had an involuntary instinct of swishing its slender tail;
to drive away buzzing flies,
Laboriously chewed loads of grass; before preparing to snooze on the bare
tarmac.

A battalion of ants on the floor; had inborn instincts of walking in groups,
Injected their acrimonious sting; the moment they sighted bare flesh in
proximity.

The birds soaring high in sapphire carpets of satin clouds; had effusive instincts
of chirping melodiously,
Did so at the onset of every evanescent dawn; and the unveiling of stormy night.

The slimy frogs residing in shallow realms of the cloistered pond; had a disdainful
instinct to croak,
The instant tumultuous showers of rain; pelted down from the sky in fury.

A cluster of animate roses emanating from brown soil; had a perpetual instinct
to diffuse fragrance,
Sleep with its articulate petals closed; as vigils of dusk strangulated bright light.

The serrated brown lizard on the wall; had a vindictive instinct of spurting blood
from its eyes,
The instants it got provoked by kin; envisaged signals of being mutilated.

The frivolous monkey perched up in the entwined branches of tree; had
mischievous instincts to imitate,
As he cast his eyes on surrounding organisms; scrupulously emulating their
plethora of emotions.

And humans breathing air on sacrosanct soil of the universe; had a natural
instinct to love,
Mutually interact; spreading waves of harmony, bliss, and compassion,
Procreating infinite numbers of their own kind,
Irrespective of cast; creed; religion and the hour of day they were born and
witnessed first rays of brilliant Sunlight

13. I WANTED TO BE YOUR HEART

I wanted to be your tenacious palms; when you wanted to climb the steep
mountain,
I wanted to be your intricate eyes; when you desired to browse speedily through

condensed literature,
I wanted to be your formidable teeth; when you wanted to passionately chew
hard chunks of sugarcane,
I wanted to be your feet; when you felt exhausted; with marathon distances yet
to be covered,
I wanted to be your knotted fingers; when you wished to inundate immaculate
sheets of paper with infinite lines of script,
I wanted to be your skin; when you felt the blistering heat of the Sun; the
steaming breeze burning your flesh,
I wanted to be your breath; when you felt suffocated; gasping to inhale in
claustrophobic cabins of the aircraft,
I wanted to be your memory; when you needed to scrupulously retrospect the
past,
I wanted to be your laughter; when you danced around the room in stupendous
exultation,
I wanted to be your stomach; when you were afflicted by monotonous
constipation,
I wanted to be your rosy tongue; when you felt like boisterously screeching;
expanding your lungs to top capacity,
I wanted to be your bones; when you felt dreary ready to collapse on the ground,

I wanted to be your nails; when you felt like inevitably scratching mundane paint
from wall,
I wanted to be your confidence; when you were confronted all alone by a gang of
unruly thieves,
I wanted to be your inspiration; when life seemed cumbersome at every footstep;
with the tyranny of fate besieging you every second,
I wanted to be your ability to fantasize; when you desired to go to blissful sleep,
I wanted to be your ravishing hair; which swirled with mesmerizing grace under
the fully opalescent moon,
I wanted to be your blood; flowing unrelentingly through your ocean blue veins,
I wanted to be your sweat; oozing profusely when you laboriously executed a
plethora of household tasks,
I wanted to be your effusive tears; when you felt like sobbing in tribulation,
And over and above all; I wanted to be your heart; which was purer than the
most exquisite of gold; loved me more than anybody else inhabiting this earth.

14. I WANTED TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE

The nimble blades of grass sprouting from soil; wanted sumptuous sunshine for
nutrition,
The boisterous squirrels clambering on the tree; wanted a

The reptiles slithering mystically through a labyrinth of blend of insect and large succulent leaf,
The frogs croaking in discordant cacophony; wanted blotted ponds of water to bathe and make merry,
The mystically radiant reptile slithering through jungle bush; wanted innocuous trespassers; to sting,
The pearly white mushrooms growing rampantly in the fields; wanted tinges of disdainful dirt,
The hunch backed camel traversing through the abysmally hot desert; wanted revitalizing refreshments of water,
The uncanny spider spinning its web with dexterity; wanted to devour unsuspecting prey entangled in vicinity,
The ostentatiously inflated persona of balloon; wanted to soar at unprecedented heights in the air and fly,
The diminutive body of matchstick; wanted to incinerate mammoth buildings and produce fire,
The majestic leopard galloping through the forest, wanted to capsize its prey; pulverize it to pieces,
The ubiquitous birds flying in the sky; wanted to reach back their nests before the onset of perilous night,
The ravenous waves of the sea blended perfectly in full Sunlight; wanted to rise high; collide with the jagged rocks and eventually die,
The brown eyed looking impeccable goat; wanted to consume lots of corn and produce frosty milk,
The sniffer dogs running at swashbuckling speeds through the city streets; wanted to hunt nefarious criminals; annihilate traces of their entity,
The gigantic lizard on the wall incessantly changed its color; wanted to entice its prey; pretending to be like a dead twig,
The pot bellied ducks quacked for indefatigable hours in the day; wanted scores of opalescent fish to relish,
The monstrous sized tortoise with its neck well camouflaged; wanted a plethora of worm,
The frivolously sculptured domestic cat; wanted to insatiably sip at hidden bowls of milk,
The obnoxiously detestable cockroach violently fluttered its antenna; wanted to safely sleep in the clammy and untidy realms of the gutter,
The diabolical demon in fairy tales; wanted to munch humans like ants in his mouth,
And till the time I existed on this earth in the form of a human being,
I wanted to unrelentingly love; make the world a better place to live in,
With celestial blessings of the Creator; to assist me in every step of my benevolent endeavor.

15. IF I HAD A THOUSAND LIVES

If I had a thousand bricks stashed beside my persona; I would utilize them all to construct an invincible house,
If I had a thousand fishes slithering for life in my vicinity; I would put them back into the saline sea,
If I had a thousand burnt needles in my palms; I would embellish them with ice candy; incorporating them on the surface of chocolate cake,
If I had a thousand pens full of fountain ink; I would inundate the blank demeanor of paper with a battalion of literature,
If I had a thousand apples embossed with brilliantly radiant skins; I would peel of the same at lightning speeds and cupidly devour the imprisoned juice,
If I had a thousand cars aligned right outside my driveway; I would traverse through the steep hills with a cavalcade of soldiers following me,
If I had a thousand cubes of cheese strewn haphazardly beside my nose; I would nibble at a few distributing the rest amongst a plethora of red ants,
If I had a thousand pieces of flocculent cotton; I would juxtapose them together; then sleeping in tranquil calm on the conglomerate of my innovative bed,
If I had a thousand hunter dogs; I would engage them in tracking nefarious criminals; reprimanding the culprits severely for their compendium of misdeeds,
If I had a thousand balls of immaculate marble; I would bang them on the ground to produce a deafening noise; roll with sheer exhilaration on the same,
If I had a thousand cakes of deplorable cowdung; I would smear them on the walls of my house; sparing a few to splash around mischievously,
If I had a thousand legs; I would sleep; at the same time walk; clambering up the treacherous terrain without perspiring in the Sun,
If I had thousand eyes; I would clearly sight disdainful traffic in front as well as in the rear; alongwith the twinkling stars in the sky,
If I had a thousand dreams; I would keep sleeping all Sunlit day as well as in the starry night,
If I had a thousand tongues; I would eloquently speak the language of each city in the world with nonchalant ease,
If I had a thousand arms; I would embrace all whom I revered without feeling drearily exhausted,
If I had a thousand moons; I wouldn't need a mirror to gaze at my reflection; instead would admire my intricate silhouette in the celestial body,
If I had a thousand glasses of poignant brandy lying on the shelf; I would consume it regularly with unprecedented jubilation; and would always refrain from contracting a cold,
If I had a thousand guns; I would use them to assassinate traces of crime inhabiting this earth,

If I had a thousand leaves of red betel; I would chew them incessantly thereby coating my lips with scarlet color,
If I had a thousand cameras; I would use them all to snap the picture of the ones I cherished,
If I had a thousand twigs of wood; I would stack them meticulously to incinerate a crackling fire; relishing the gratifying warmth all throughout the chilly night,
If I had a thousand biscuits of gold; I would blend them to form exquisite pieces of jewelry; purchase the best quality of Persian silk,
And if by the grace of god I had a thousand lives to live in; I would unrelentingly love the girl of my dreams; the very girl I today passionately cared for.

16. IF I HAD YOUR LOVE

If I had your love; I would be able to light blazing fires in icy water,
If I had your love; I could impart life in dead blades of insipid grass,
If I had your love; I could bring the celestial stars back on terrestrial land,
If I had your love; I could flood the scorching soil of the desert with cool reinvigorating liquid,
If I had your love; I could transform mundane mud into gold,
If I had your love; I could make the colossal aircraft fly without wings,
If I had your love; I could make the ceiling bulb shine without electricity,
If I had your love; I could make disdainful stones glitter like exquisite diamonds,
If I had your love; I could make those bereft of indispensable sight; blissfully see,
If I had your love; I could embed the hearts of brutal criminals with perpetual love,
If I had your love; I could blend the sapphire clouds existing in the firmament of sky in the balcony of your living room,
If I had your love; I could construct a house with frigid chunks of decayed paper,

If I had your love; I could make a computer function without intricate programmed microchips,
If I had your love; I could drive a car at flamboyant speeds without petrol,
If I had your love; I could inundate the immaculate white canvas with resplendent streaks of vibrant color,
If I had your love; I could smolder the heat in an crackling fire without an extinguisher,
If I had your love; I could emboss the parchment of bonded paper with infinite lines of calligraphy with a concoction of my blood,
If I had your love; I could make a dumb man speak like he was the finest orator,

If I had your love; I could produce a rainbow in the gargantuan cosmos without

rain,

If I had your love; I could conquer the tallest summit of the mountain with unprecedented ease,

If I had your love; I could win the mightiest of battles without a sword,

If I had your love; I could submerge myself in fuming acid without getting ruthlessly burnt,

If I had your love; I could live without food and water for marathon hours on the trot,

If I had your love; I could stroll casually without clothes amidst the freezing winds of the snow clad alps,

If I had your love; I could make a snake bite without injecting its deadly poison,

If I had your love; I could make individuals sleeping in dead corpses awaken with robust life,

If I had your love; I could annihilate the deadliest of obstacles that confronted my way,

If I had your love; I could drink the most lethal of poison and still dance boisterously on the open streets,

If I had your love; I would feel endowed by the Almighty as the most fortunate of all existing; and If ever by stroke of hapless fortune relinquished life; I would yet feel alive.

17. IF MY HEART WAS MADE OF STEEL

If my hands were made of pure stainless steel;

I would be able to dismantle the most obdurate of stone; shattering the most acerbic of glass,

At the same time; I would be deprived of the intricate ability to sketch and paint.

If my legs were composed of glistening steel; fortified with surplus fillings of iron,

I would be able to trample fearlessly through blistering oceans of lava; kicking mighty barricades of wood hampering my way,

At the same time; I would relinquish the ability to handsomely walk and run.

If my skull was blended with invincible iron; embedded with an amalgamate of strong cement,

I would be able to withstand the most tenacious of blows; rupture brick walls by my mere caress,

At the same time; I would emancipate the ability to majestically fantasize and think.

If my eyes were made of impregnable steel, embellished with an exterior coating

of brass,
Hot needles of coal wouldn't make an impact when inserted; and they wouldn't
bleed,
At the same time; I would abdicate the power to see; produce volatile tears of
empathy.

If the nails on my fingers were made of polished steel,
I would be able to scratch the hardest of wall with nonchalant ease; dig deep
fathomless holes in rock ground,
At the same time; I would lose the right to poke my mother.

If the house that I lived in was composed of steel juxtaposed with shards of
blotted chrome,
I would sleep all night without the tension of burglars intruding in,
At the same time; I would be deprived of the ravishing scent of grass; and the
gusty winds of nature.

If the clusters of my teeth were made of formidable steel,
I would be able to crack the hardest of coconut; gnaw incessantly at raw slices of
unprocessed bone,
At the same time; I would feel embarrassed to smile; kiss my beloved with
passionate fervour.

And if my heart was made of high quality resistant steel,
I would be able to withstand the most voracious of body blows; sustaining life
even at high altitudes in the air,
At the same time; It would fail to beat violently when I was supremely in
love; and reminiscing nostalgia of past pain.

18. I LIKED THE WAY

I liked the way; the jugglery of bones moved in the body,
I liked the way thunderous clouds in the cosmos produced sheets of torrential
rain,
I liked the way in which fish swam articulately swishing their silken fins,
I liked the way; in which handsome horses galloped down the plateau at
swashbuckling speeds,
I liked the way; in which fluorescent bulbs diffused gaudy lights on the street,
I liked the way; in which steaming brown filter coffee was poured melodiously in
bar mugs,
I liked the way; in which intricate zones in my eardrum reacted ecstatically to
vociferous sound,

I liked the way; tones of literature was juxtaposed on immaculate bond paper
of books,
I liked the way; in which gleaming sheath of Black hair cascaded down
effeminate shoulders,
I liked the way; in which the railway engine obstreperously chugged through
solitary arenas of desert,
I liked the way; in which a plethora of bamboo sticks were used to construct
fortified enclosures for dwelling,
I liked the way; in which golden particles of saw dust flew haphazardly in the
austere breeze,
I liked the way; in which the princely panther clambered tall trees with
nonchalant ease,
I liked the way; in which scores of glowworm radiated mystical rays at the onset
of twilight,
I liked the way; in which the crystal waterfall plummeted down the slopes at
tumultuous speeds,
I liked the way; in which small cubes of ice rolled down the slope; eventually
transiting into a mighty avalanche,
I liked the way; in which enchanting shapes were sketched by synchronized
strokes of the paint brush,
I liked the way; in which those dying of thirst; quenched their thirst drinking
gallons of spring water,
I liked the way; in which ostentatious cars sped down the valley at rollicking
speeds,
I liked the way; in which people bounced on an island of pure jelly; catapulting a
few feet above ground,
I liked the way; in which the cricket ball was hurled over the fence with
overwhelming tenacity,
I liked the way; in which innocuous toddlers played incessantly in pools of wet
mud,
I liked the way; in which the philanthropic politician helped clusters of individuals
afflicted by distress,
I liked the way; in which the voluptuous nightingale flooded the atmosphere with
mesmerizing rhyme,
I liked the way; in which crisp flakes of popcorn tumbled in unison from the
wending machine,
I liked the way; in which man toiled to unprecedented limits in order to retain his
self esteem,
I liked the way; in which young hearts throbbed violently; falling prey to
inevitable love,
I liked the way; in which tender patches of my skin developed disdainful rash
when stung by harmless nettle,

I liked the way; in which the flag patronizing my nation fluttered high in the wind,
I liked the way; in which people bereft of sight; still had a zeal to live; relying solely on the sense of hearing,
I liked the way; in which acrimonious rays of Sun fumigated all the filth on earth,

I liked the way; in which colossal mountains trembled due to onslaught of the earthquake,
I liked the way; in which pellucid mirror of glass reflected my authentic image,
I liked the way; in which the tranquil moon shone on my eyes when I was in realms of deep sleep,
I liked the way; in which all the tangible and intangible existed; under a single roof; blended with harmony and love,
And over and above all I liked the way; in which God created man; from which hailed my very own ancestors,
Who in turn bestowed upon me the power to like and dislike.

19. LEAD TIPPED PENCIL

I used it to sketch undulating peaks of the snow clad mountain,
It willingly obliged; dexterously embossing intricate lines on the canvas of naked paper.

I pressed it to scribble magnanimous lines of English literature,
It did the same at swashbuckling speeds; without flexing my fingers to onerous limits of endurance.

I incessantly chewed its nimble body; while harnessing my mental machinery in top gear,
It didn't even wail a faint cry; after being thoroughly mutilated with a plethora of indentation.

I used its sharp point; to tickle my friends in the sensitive cartilage of their ribs,
It gratified my desire to tease; without lamenting the loss of its angular tip.

I viciously moved it in spongy mud; engraving mystical designs symbolizing rustic art,
It did so with copious ease; inspite of getting disdainfully dirty with coats of soil.

I revolved it vigorously to stir the sugar in my tea; to commensurate amounts,
It executed the job to meticulous perfection; bearing the tyranny of being scalded by boiling water.

I rubbed it voraciously against itching regions of my scalp; to get reprieve from allergy,
It accepted this preposterous behavior; in the stride of a chivalrous knight.

I rotated it wildly in the breezy atmosphere; rhythmically striking it against a table of polished wood,
It seemed to be unruffled; remaining as stoical as ever maintaining its sordid composure.

I held it articulately to shade vacant avenues of the map topography,
It did so with overwhelming zeal; transforming monotonous white into shades of enchanting slate grey.

It had served me sumptuously on many a perspiring occasion,
Helped me immensely in my perennial conquest of becoming a writer,
Alas! I had just the capacity to give it a solitary award,
As I chiseled its steel grey mouth manually with a sharpener,
Crisply saluted my friend in times of distress; existing in the compact form of a lead tipped pencil.

20. LIFE WITHOUT A PURPOSE

Life without a purpose; is like a luxury liner maneuvering wildly through the ocean without a rudder,
Life without a purpose; is like a creeper growing up tall without a brick wall for support,
Life without a purpose; is like a aircraft flying high in the sky without a skilled captain,
Life without a purpose; is like an unruly classroom without a learned teacher,
Life without a purpose; is like a drunkard man traversing through the streets hurling
a volley of expletives,
Life without a purpose; is like a river flowing berserk without side embankments,
Life without a purpose; is like a intricate necklace of beads without a finely chiseled supporting wire,
Life without a purpose; is like a submissive population reeling under the tyranny of dictatorship,
Life without a purpose; is like a crackling fire blazing without enclosures to prevent it spreading,
Life without a purpose; is like a flamboyant car without a steering wheel,
Life without a purpose; is like a stealthy spider swirling around wildly in its web,

Life without a purpose; is like a stray dog growling for food; mercilessly snatching the same from others of its kind,
Life without a purpose; is like mesmerizing rose growing on bountiful meadows; bereft of fragrance,
Life without a purpose; is like lovers courting each other without tying sacrosanct threads of matrimony,
Life without a purpose; is like a lion gulping his food without scrupulously chewing,
Life without a purpose; is like the moon in the sky without scintillating shine,
Life without a purpose; is like road of raw concrete without obstreperous traffic,
Life without a purpose; is like the most voluptuous of face without a frivolous smile,
Life without a purpose; is like an intricately chiseled brain without an ocean of thoughts,
Life without a purpose; is like eating sumptuous food; without relishing the same,
Life without a purpose; is like an inherited rich man; without having the cognizance to spend his affluence,
Life without a purpose; is like breath inhaled in the body; without being sensitively felt,
Life without a purpose; is like palpable heart impregnated in the chest; without having the capacity to throb,
O! yes life without a purpose; is like living life listlessly; although being actually dead.

21. MIRRORS

When I stared unrelentingly into broken shards of irregular mirror,
The reflection that emanated was grotesquely distorted; with my nose appearing to be broken at a myriad of places.

When I sighted my face in a thick sheet of mirror stained with a crimson slurry of blood,
I resembled the diabolical devil; with ghastly streaks of brutal red embellishing my forehead.

When I viewed my persona in a sea green mirror; hoisted towards blazing light of the Sun,
Intricate features of my body appeared evidently blurred; and a bunch of hair on my scalp looked like blades of grass.

When I held a mirror painted with black; abreast twin pairs of my crystalline

eyes,

I felt as if I had been divested of vision; with an ocean of perpetual darkness striking me at blinding speeds.

When I attempted to picture my silhouette; in the translucent mirror of the emerald sea,

The image appeared preposterously hazy in the primordial stages; disappearing at instants of boisterous waves transiting into frothy spray.

When I tried to spot my demeanor in the immaculate mirror of moon,

The reflection appeared overwhelmingly clear; but soon got obliterated by a cluster of black clouds.

When I audaciously attempted to view my outlines in the blistering mirror of the flaming Sun,

I inevitably failed to do so; as the acrid beams of light decimated all my capacity to see.

When I tried to distinguish my color in a mirror camouflaged in frosty milk,

I inexorably looked like a clown; with my dexterously chiseled features transforming to fat smudges of white.

When I endeavored decoding my face in an absolutely Pellucid mirror,

I could sight it as it was sculptured at the reigning moment; without traces of emotion and empathy.

And eventually when I attempted to see my face in the mesmerizing mirror of my beloved's eyes,

This time though the reflection which diffused was the clearest of all; and I sighted a blissful smile on my lips,

Which was a perennial signal that we loved each other; as much as we feared to die.

22. PLEASE SMILE

A smile on your lips comes absolutely free; spreading waves of unsolicited exhilaration in my persona,

A smile on your lips looks mystically enchanting; resembling sweet coats of molten nectar,

A smile on your lips accentuates your immaculate teeth; portraying your mesmerizing grace,

A smile on your lips gives me loads of renewed hope; instantly assassinating all

the anguish I face,
A smile on your lips reveals your boisterous nature; encompassing me
completely in supreme exultation,
A smile on your lips impregnates me with hope; prompting me to overcome a
battalion of dismal failures,
A smile on your lips makes me walk fast; keep up pace with the uncouth speed
of mundane world,
A smile on your lips looks ravishing in the tenacious moonlight; instigating me to
stare unrelentingly in your sapphire eyes,
A smile on your lips sculpts your face to resemble a fairy; bestowing upon my
dreary soul a plethora of riches,
A smile on your lips makes me oblivious to time; and hours unleash themselves
into days without traces of boredom,
A smile on your lips reinvigorates my exhausted bones; encouraging me to walk
for marathon distances in sweltering heat of the Sun,
A smile on your lips makes me feel exorbitantly special; placing me several
shades above the common pedestrian,
A smile on your lips makes me ostentatiously dream; sequestering me from
harsh
realities; blending me with ostentatious walls of the palace,
A smile on your lips incorporates me with tumultuous confidence; making me
extravagantly speak at business meetings,
A smile on your lips gives you that frivolous look; melting my stringently
compact composure; instilling my demeanor with inevitable desires,
A smile on your lips makes me feel flying high in thin clouds; incessantly
constructing a building of dreams,
A smile on your lips reinstates my belief in mankind; inducing me to be
philanthropic towards my fellow beings,
A smile on your lips pacifies soaring temperatures of viral fever in my silhouette;
alleviating the soreness in my intricate throat,
A smile on your lips makes me incorrigibly feel I am real; have a definite purpose
while existing on this earth,
A smile on your lips distinguishes you from the solitary girl; granting you the
invincible status of being holistically alive,
So for heaven sake sweet heart; wake up from the realms of unconsciousness
and please smile.

23. THE RAINBOW OF LOVE

It was as ravishing; as the black bear trampling indiscreetly through the dense
foliage of the jungle,
Humming incoherent tunes in a poignantly husky; while in its quest for concealed

prey.

It was as scintillating; as the crystal blue patches of the pellucid sky,
Which basked in overwhelming joy; when caressed by stringent rays of the
magnificent Sun.

It was as fertile; as the lush green tendrils of spongy grass,
Which spread like wild fire in pelting showers of rain; danced vibrantly to tunes
of music and air.

It was as voluptuous; as the ornately embellished pink petals of lotus,
Blossoming perennially when their counterparts died; impregnating venomous
beetles in their womb.

It was as opulent; as the yellow biscuits of pure gold,
Which retained their color even at unfathomable depths beneath soil; could
purchase all the tangible existing on earth.

It was as immaculate; as white pearls incarcerated in oyster shells,
Embedded since centuries immemorial in the sea; having the mystical prowess of
producing a sparkle in the eye.

It was as invincible; as the colossal grey silhouette of the tropical elephant,
Decimating strong trees with its mighty trunk; pulverizing small bush and ant
with its iron feet.

It was as boisterous; as the flaming red Sun in the firmament of gargantuan sky,
Fumigating disease on earth with its acerbic rays; imparting reprieve from
darkness to those in tribulation.

It was as flexible; as the euphoric wings of violet butterfly,
Perching handsomely on solitary corners in the night; flying as nimbly as an
aircraft all day.

It had incorporated in itself; minuscule tinges of all existing color,
And It didn't fade a bit with the unveiling of time; instead fortified to mammoth
proportions as life progressed,
O! yes, the rainbow of love was the most mesmerizing thing to blend with; till
the time we blissfully lived.

24. CONFLICTING PERSONALITIES

She wanted to reach the summit of the mountain in a royal aircraft,
While I wished to walk on the scorching streets barefoot; basking in the full
Sunshine.

She wanted to drape her demeanor with fabric of the richest quality flocculent
silk,
While I desired to camouflage my body in rags; and stare unrelentingly at the
moon.

She wanted to use the most luxurious soap available; to scrub her dainty skin
and face,
While I was quite contented washing my hands with natural mud; use twigs of
the tree to brush my teeth.

She wanted a compact swimming pool to dip into; sedately swim; with an
enclosure of crystal sequestering the same,
While I fantasized about plunging into stormy waves of the ocean; relishing the
scent of salty spray.

She wanted clinically processed milk in late hours of the morning; to be
served by her bedside with sizzling hot scones,
While I had an insatiable urge to garrulously devour large pints of milk directly
from the rustic cow.

She wanted a striped umbrella to walk blending with her queenly gloves;
irrespective of sunshine or rain,
While I ingratiatingly desired to drench my silhouette completely in
showers from the sky.

She wanted a grandiloquent watch wound tightly to her wrist; with its luminous
dial; radiating glow,
While I vehemently resisted contraptions on my hand; relying exorbitantly on the
positioning of the Sun and stars.

She wanted to use a concoction of honey and rose to wash her cascading hair,
While I vigorously rubbed my hair with raw lime; annihilating remnant traces of
abhorrent dandruff.

She wanted to play intricate games of billiards; chess and cards; within the plush
interiors of her palace,
While I simply went berserk; bursting with waves of euphoria at executing

swashbuckling strokes with my baseball bat.

She wanted a cavalcade of cars pursuing her wherever she went; a battalion of cameras to snap her photograph,
While I wanted to be left solitary on the street; uttering a volley of expletives when provoked.

She wanted the cool air of air-conditioner to incessantly pacify her heat,
While I was quite contented to feel the stringent summer breeze blow wildly across my face.

She wanted a fresh vase of flowers to embellish her room; throughout the tenure of the acerbic day,
While I roamed about in the jungles; hunting large fish; caressing my lips to the pungent aroma of blackberry shrub.

She wanted to be a glamorous model; with a plethora of people admiring her ostentatious jewelry,
While I simply detested the high society; was supremely ecstatic when given a chance to mix with innocuous children.

She wanted to love me like a commodity; besieging my neck in a straps of leather;
While I had this overwhelming desire of guarding her against evil; wiping her tears when it mattered the most,
We were actually; excellent illustrations of conflicting personalities; God had ever created on this earth.

25. THE SMILE ON MY LIPS

When I smeared my lips entirely with brilliant scarlet paste,
they looked voluptuous and mesmerizing; but they produced obnoxious blemishes on whatever I kissed.

When I applied stringent white chalk powder on the intricate periphery of my lips,
They looked comically distorted; enticing innumerable individuals to bestow upon me a plethora of frivolous smiles.

When I dipped my lips in an infectiously sweet mixture of molten jaggery,
They looked tantalizingly intense; with a battalion a red ant clambering with euphoric fervor to devour the same.

As I stuck my supple lips to fresh acrylic paint projecting from the chiseled wall,
They appeared stitched to each other in a vise like embrace; depriving me of the
indispensable ability to speak.

When I applied a curry of black pungent mud on my articulately sculptured lips,
I resembled a bedraggled ragamuffin on the street; with pedestrians mistaking
my identity for a homicidal beggar.

When I rubbed my lips in lush green blades of wild grass,
They acquired a poignantly slimy texture; prompting me to obstreperously
sneeze.

When I submerged my lips in steaming hot frosty milk,
They developed peels of innocuous milk; and I looked like an organism having
just taken birth.

When I painted my luscious lips in a concentrated extract of carbon ink,
The outcome was ludicrously funny; I seemed like a novice at writing literature;
and the stains were intractably cumbersome to remove.

When I applied a blend of cement and water to my lips,
They amalgamated together like a solid rock; and it became virtually invincibly to
separate them.

And eventually when I passionately kissed the lips of my beloved,
There were thunderous fires igniting frigid arenas of my persona,
My lips now looked enchanting after marathon hours of being lackluster, and for
the first time I uninhibitedly smiled.

26. THE SPLINTERS OF LOVE

When a conglomerate of thunder clouds collided in the cosmos,
Infinite splinters of water pelted down in fury; gently bruising naked patches of
my skin.

When multiple balls of bulky glass clashed with tumultuous fury,
Acerbic splinters of jagged mirror pierced with hostile fervor through my skin;
prompting crimson blood to flow.

When I dexterously sliced colossal chunks of tree lumber with my serrated
pickaxe,

Pulverized splinters of saw dust flew in unsymmetrical unison; inundating my eyeball with series of allergy.

When obdurate balls of round steel smashed tenaciously with each other,
Minuscule splinters of metal settled haphazardly on my scalp; with obstreperous cacophony tickling my eardrum.

When I pricked the gargantuan balloon with a rusted pin; tones of air blew out at overwhelming speeds,
Soft splinters of rubber descended down on my feet; and I slipped while walking inadvertently on the same.

When menacing masses of ice tumbled down the mountain; they formed a monstrous avalanche,
Which diffused into incommensurate splinters after striking the ground; stabbing my flesh like a quiver full of arrows.

When I shook a barrel full of fermented cream vigorously in the air,
Decayed splinters of milk splashed disdainfully across my face; with a stench of rotten rat emanating; besieging all in proximity.

When I placed a mammoth elephant tusk in amicable contact with circulating blades of the ceiling fan,
Bountiful splinters of powder blended with small bone infiltrated into my nostril; making me vociferously sneeze.

When I entered the unscrupulous ambience of the darkened cloth factory,
Irrascible splinters of cotton fiber camouflaged my cheek; instigating me to voraciously scratch.

And eventually when the immaculate crystal of her splendor; burst with a bang over my forehead,
A myriad of victimized arenas in my silhouette; relinquished pain instantly,
Wounded avenues of my heart and soul perpetually healed; after being injected with splinters of her unprejudiced love.

27. SYMBOLS

Shaking a cluster of hair vigorously; was a symbol of euphoric ecstasy,
Moving the feet unrelentingly; was a symbol of acute nervousness,
Punching the fists vehemently in placid air; was a symbol of impetuous

indignation,
Opening the lips partially towards the moon; was a symbol of celestial dreaming,
Fluttering the eyelids viciously; was a symbol of flirtatious mischief,
Clenching the fortress of teeth in a grimace; was a symbol of incorrigible anger,
Whistling incessantly to tunes of unheard music; was a symbol of frantic fantasizing,
Biting the supple nail coat of calcium from fingers; was a symbol highlighting sheer contemplation,
Beads of cold sweat uncannily trickling down the forehead; was a symbol of intense fear,
A battalion of crimson pores emanating from tender skin; was a symbol of contracting disdainful measles,
Excruciating pain in the bones while hoisting the bucket; was a symbol of distressing fracture,
Frequent sensations of emptying the bladder; was a symbol of anticipatory excitement,
A plethora of goose-bumps diffusing from soft flesh; was a symbol of shivering in austere cold,
Waking up with startled jerks a few hours after midnight; was a symbol of witnessing a ghastly nightmare,
Obstreperously swallowing gargantuan gulps of cold water; was a symbol of insatiable thirst,
Gasping for precious breath after long sprints of running; was a symbol of tumultuous exhaustion,
Unruly stubs of hair projecting from the disheveled face; was a symbol of refraining to shave,
Intractably staring at piles of glittering gold in the treasury; was a symbol of malicious cupidity,
Licking the lips voraciously after consumption of meal; was a symbol of fulfilling gratification,
Dancing exuberantly till the first rays of new dawn; was a symbol of overwhelming jubilation,
Sleeping for marathon hours extra even after the rising of dazzling Sun; was a symbol of lackluster life,
And the violent beating of heart; blended with feelings of uninhibited passion; was a symbol of instantaneous love.

28. THE PERFECT TEMPERATURE

When I stepped on the tranquil surface of opalescent moon,
The temperature that engulfed me was up to levels of sustainable endurance;
though I felt a trifle uneasy.

When I trespassed through the territory of blistering Sun,
The temperature was astronomical degrees above boiling; transforming my
supple
flesh into briquettes of charred ash.

When I walked through densely sprawled meadows of the wild forest,
The temperature that encompassed my silhouette; was stringently fluctuating;
with the perilous night air stabbing my chest.

When I tread on the snow clad summit of the jagged mountain range,
The temperature prevalent dipped abysmally below freezing; instantly solidifying
volatile blood in my veins.

When I plummeted marathon feet under the surface of sky blue sea,
The temperature I encountered was disdainfully cold; and I felt imprisoned;
draped in a jugglery of water jacket blended with my facial mask of transparent
glass.

When I ambled languidly through the scorching soil of the vast desert,
The temperature that existed was abnormally erratic; with hot winds piercing me
in the day; and equally cold air strangulating my breath at night.

When I audaciously entered the cock pit of an aircraft,
The temperature inside was tailored to ergonomic degrees of comfort; with the
pilot emanating hostile stare towards my demeanor.

When I ran at rollicking speeds through an island of molten lava,
The temperature in vicinity was like sizzling cakes of overburnt stone; chapping
the dainty soles of my feet in entirety.

When I rolled ecstatically on infinite blades of grass; laden with a fresh cover of
glistening dewdrops,
The temperature that radiated; sent shivers down my spine; being a bit too
exaggerated for amicable comfort.

And eventually when I embraced her body in my arms; with a vise like grip,
The temperature this time; was splendidly perfect; incarcerating the two of us in
bondage of perennial love.

29. THE HEART THAT WAS 100% MINE

The blood flowing in her intricate veins; was as red as flaming ball of Sun in the cosmos,
Got instantly agitated when she sighted me; talking vociferously with another of her kind.

The skin covering her tender bones; was as Resplendent as the pelting showers of rain,
Stirred insatiable desires in my soul; when I sighted her dexterously leaping the skipping rope.

The nails embossed on her dainty fingers; were as soft as a mystical fairy,
And she used them to tickle me incessantly; at moments when I was perplexed with life.

The cluster of teeth in her palette; were as white as the Goddess of pearly moon,
With which she cast amicable smiles at me; keeping me in bubbling spirits all throughout the day.

The twin pairs of eyes in her sockets; were as crystalline as the scintillating waterfall,
They were studded with gargantuan traces of empathy; wept hysterically when I was in pain.

The coverings of her luscious lips; were like the succulent fruit of water melon,
Voluptuously enticing me to kiss; blend my passionate warmth with her in entirety.

The petite pair of feet she possessed; were like the gentle river trickling through the forest,
Coherently synchronized themselves to beats of music; danced uninhibitedly when seeing me in jubilation.

The hair on her scalp cascaded down full length; like the waterfall plummeting from precipices of the mountain,
Which she further embellished tying bunches of fragrant flower; swirling them at full speeds towards my face.

The earrings in her fleshy ear lobe; resembled sweet fillings of nectar inhabiting the bee hive,
Jingled with melody as she walked; enlightening the island of despair in my eyes.

And above all things that mattered; she had impregnated in her chest; an immaculate heart,
Which throbbed vehemently when witnessing my silhouette; the heart that was 100% mine.

30. THE INSTRUMENT INDISPENSABLE

The instrument indispensable to stay happy was to stay contented,
The instrument indispensable to feel warm; was to consume a pitcher full of sizzling tea,
The instrument indispensable to unrelentingly fight like a true stalwart; was courage blended with lots of brawn,
The instrument indispensable to swim in the choppy waves of ocean; was dexterous swirling of the hands and feet,
The instrument indispensable to produce ravishing fragrance; was the ornately embellished crimson rose,
The instrument indispensable to uninhibitedly laugh; was to be tickled voraciously in the intricate ribs,
The instrument indispensable to quench thirst; was crystalline sacs of mountain water,
The instrument indispensable to decode accurate time; was a compactly studded wrist watch,
The instrument indispensable to run a computer; was a plethora of coherent microchips,
The instrument indispensable to run marathon distance at swashbuckling speeds; was the tenacity of the leg,
The instrument indispensable to fly a kite at astronomical heights in the sky; was a pliable and slender string,
The instrument indispensable to fumigate infection and gloom from distant corners of the globe; was dazzling rays of Sunshine,
The instrument indispensable to hysterically sob; was the salinity in the eyes juxtaposed with tribulation,
The instrument indispensable to inundate blank canvas with rustic streaks of color; was an articulately sculptured paint brush,
The instrument indispensable to produce loads of salubrious milk; was the mother cow,
The instrument indispensable to inculcate overwhelming strength in the body; was to perseveringly work and consume food,
The instrument indispensable to produce fiery sensations in the palms; was to vigorously knead them,
The instrument indispensable to feel miserably cold; was to stand on the summit of the mountain bereft of any clothes,

The instrument indispensable to produce itching in the scalp; was abhorrent dandruff,
The instrument indispensable to produce blazing fires; was a wildly strewn pile of baked twigs,
The instrument indispensable to produce torrential rain; was a conglomerate of black thunder clouds,
The instrument indispensable to illuminate a cloistered room; was waves of white electricity,
The instrument indispensable to produce fetid smell; was a mountain of orphan sewage,
The instrument indispensable to produce mesmerizing tunes; was the eloquent and mystical nightingale,
The instrument indispensable to produce pools of ghastly blood; was the nefarious nozzle of the automatic gun,
The instrument indispensable to provoke violence; was discriminating illusions of religion,
The instrument indispensable to produce sleep; was feeling exorbitantly exhausted,
And the instrument indispensable to live; was incessantly love; and incorporate the same in the hearts of the commoner.

31. THE PERFECT SWIM

When I swam in the blistering ocean of golden Sun; infinite arenas of my body got disastrously charred,
Indispensable centers of breath in my body got strangulated; and I relinquished breath with great gasps of disbelief.

When I swam in the molten ocean of iridescent moon; there was a temperate warmth that engulfed my persona,
The immaculate white color submerged me in entirety; and I felt uncannily distraught as gaseous clouds obliterated my gaze.

When I swam in a tank of bubbling acid; there were incoherent screams that emanated from my mouth,
The radiant complexion of my skin transited to briquettes of coal; and the color of my luscious lips now resembled that of my scalp hair.

When I swam in a river replete with frosty milk; I cupidly devoured huge mouthfuls of the same,
I emerged out exuberantly fresh after the swim; only to be attacked by a battalion of red ant and fish.

When I swam in icy streams; accumulated at the base of the snow clad alps,
The formidable fortress of my teeth commenced to repulsively clatter; and I
vociferously sneezed my nose; after a few seconds of my swim.

When I swam in volatile electricity; my demeanor got stabbed with a volley of
brutal shock,
Clusters of hair stood on my intricate scalp; and I stared dumbfounded at the
scenario in utter bewilderment.

When I swam in a silver ocean of slippery mercury; I rolled for marathon
distances without flexing my jugglery of muscles,
Although when inadvertently some of it slipped into mouth; the blood abruptly
froze in my veins; with my persona transforming to a deathly crystal blue.

When I swam in blotted water blended with traces of obnoxious sewage; a fetid
stench flooded my nostrils,
A fleet of disdainful cockroach clambered up my shirt; and the municipality
dumped me like a piece of discarded garbage.

When I swam in a curry of chalk powder; I had to put onerous effort to keep
afloat,
There was a severe itching in the moist pearls of my eye; and people mistook me
for a comedian of the highest fraternity.

And eventually when I swam in bunch of her silken hair; I felt drowned in the
savage sea of her perpetual love,
I wanted this swim to go on for times immemorial; and I found this to be the
most perfect swim.

32. THE SPEED OF LIFE

I wanted the speed of life to be like swashbuckling blades of the ceiling fan,
When I was bustling with euphoric fervor; in the prime of youth.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the withered leaves of autumn,
When I was imprisoned in desolation; with traces of the world far away from my
silhouette.

I wanted the speed of life to be like slowly dribbling honey,
When I felt secret avenues of energy fading; and my feet felt drearily exhausted.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the mesmerizing and eloquent cuckoo,
When I brusquely got up from sleep; at the outbreak of evanescent dawn.

I wanted the speed of life to be like slithering reptiles traversing through bushy
outgrowths of the jungle,
When I was intensely engrossed in artistry and captivating romance.

I wanted the speed of life to be like hostile blood leaking in fury; from fresh
wounds,
When I felt my persona submerged in pools of belligerence; my fists clenched
and clusters of my teeth grimaced like a formidable fortress.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the transparently reflecting mirror,
When I felt circumspect to confront loads of tumultuous sorrow.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the garrulous tongue,
When I felt like incessantly chattering; disrupting the synchrony of stillness with
my voice.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the turbulently flowing Ganges,
When I contemplated on dipping my demeanor into Luke warm water; and
having a bath.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the plummeting showers of torrential rain,
When I set out to conquer the world barefoot; basking in the spirit of adventure.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the majestically gliding eagle in the sky,
When I envisaged about the harmony of thought; the blissful symmetry of
existence.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the shrill ringing of the telephone,
When I nostalgically reminisced the conversations I had with my beloved on
telephone.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the painstakingly trespassing desert camel,
When I was on the threshold of succumbing life; and I had relinquished the
tenacity of youth.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the brilliantly burning bulb,
When I was on the course of reaching stupendous echelons of invincible stardom.

And I wanted all speeds of life to be transferred to my fellow beings in acute

distress,

The moment I left for my heavenly abode; to rest perennially in celestial arms of the Creator.

33. THREADS

When I tried to cross swirling waters of the river on threads of fragile paper,
The contraption disdainfully broke midway; and I hurtled down at astounding speeds to blend with the cold water.

When I tried to clamber up the mighty edifice on threads of molten wax,
I miserably failed in my daunting attempt; with the slurry of candle sucking me to the ground bottom.

When I hoisted myself on long thread of burnt plastic; frigidly dangling from unsurpassable heights of the mountain summit,
The thread snapped into multiple fragments midway; and I plummeted down, into a concoction of wild stone and shrub.

When I tried to make merry; swaying on a swing impregnated with threads of mushroom,
Cupid desires made me nibble at the fruit, and I fell with thunderous thuds on the floor, intermingled with the debris of the broken swing.

When I tried to visualize my entity in coagulated threads of shattered glass,
The reflections appeared grotesquely distorted; prompting me to frivolously laugh at my demeanour.

When I tried to incinerate a crackling fire with threads of soggy cotton,
The conflagration refrained from burning; and there arose weak flames of amber camouflaged in clouds of smoke.

When I tried to entangle my slender wrists from a jugglery of invincible iron thread,
The outcome was abhorrently disgusting; my hands bled prolifically pulverizing my futile attempts of escape.

When I tried to perform the artistry of tight rope on a flaccid thread of chocolate candy,
The cable snapped like scores of matchsticks; when caressed by gentle draughts of air.

When I tried invade through silken threads of the rustic spider web,
Surplus arenas of my body got embossed with sticky cream; with the creature
injecting paltry vials of poison in my flesh.

And eventually when I got bonded with incorrigible threads of her love,
A plethora of apprehensions in life got mystically pacified; onerous difficulties in
life transited to lucidly simple,
My entire silhouette was draped in cloud showers of perennial love,
And let me tell you friends; this thread of our celestial love was resistant to
decay; didn't break for centuries immemorial.

34. MY TOOTHBRUSH

I used it to scrape streaks of blatant dirt; adhering languidly to my neck,
Rubbed it vigorously against my bare skin; the instant I felt petulant sensations
of itching.

I dipped it in a barrel of aromatic paint; keeping It immersed in a concoction of
flamboyant color,
Slapped it hard against the barren wall; inundating her surface with
reinvigorating opalescent color.

I used it as a broomstick to swipe off tones of obnoxious dust; applying
tumultuous pressure on its fragile persona,
Buried it deep beneath the ground for few seconds; to evacuate pugnacious
worms.

I caressed it gently against my nostril; applying its noninvasive hair to my lips,
Produced a deafening sneeze soon after; as an inevitable aftermath of the
application.

I held it high In the air; clenching it tightly in my rubicund palms,
Swirled it unrelentingly in right angled patterns; using it as a contrivance for
seeking indispensable help.

I melted it in crackling fires; transforming its body into a shriveled wire,
Painted the same with pure gold; winding it dexterously against my slender neck.

I used it to wipe my effusive tears; holding it in close proximity of my intricate
eye,
Pressing it against my heavy eyelids; to gently massage exhausted arenas of my
brain.

I rotated it wildly in the arid autumn breeze; trying to assassinate a fleet of
ominous mosquitoes,
Trying to impregnate waves of uncanny terror in all insects hovering around;
perched innocuously in dark corners.

I fitted its head with a metallic cap; embossing it with fluorescent color,
Even had the audacity to fix it in my pocket; substituting nicely for my fountain
pen.

My toothbrush however looked the best; when coated with a flimsy layer of
germicidal toothpaste,
Scrubbed onerously against the periphery of my disdainfully yellow teeth;
imparting them a scintillating shine.

35. TRUE LOVE

It was sweeter than the supremely sweet chocolate candy,
It was more pungent than fresh slices of green chili,
It was shriller than the mesmerizing chirping of jungle nightingale,
It was more captivating than a thoroughly animated game of cricket,
It was darker than the most opalescent of pastel color,
Its sting was infinite times more than austere venomous beetle,
It was more obdurate than the strongest piece of rotund stone,
It was denser than the bountiful bunch of hair riveted to scalp,
It was more transparent than the most scintillating of pellucid glass,
It was thornier than the bushiest of desert cactus,
It was more sparkling than the most polished of marble floor,
It was cooler; than the most efficacious of air-conditioner,
It was saltier than the saline waves radiating from the persona of colossal ocean,

It was crisper than the most poignant of edible biscuit,
It was brighter than the golden rays of the brilliantly dazzling Sun,
It was more fragrant than the tantalizingly aromatic crimson rose,
It was more picturesque than sprawling mountain ranges embossed with
perennial
foliage,
It was more flexible than the most malleable of tree rubber,
It was whiter than the purest of pearly cow milk,
It was more vociferous than the thunderous waterfall colliding with jagged rock,
It was more stringent than the teacher slashing an innocuous student with a
leather cane,

It was softer than the satiny quilt stuffed with loads of flocculent cotton,
It was more sharp than the acerbic edges of broken glass,
It was sleeker than the articulately moulded race sedan,
It was more salubrious than the tastiest of consumable food,
It was more tenacious than sporadic currents of electricity traversing through
cable wires,
It was more handsome than a scrupulously embellished; pampered prince,
It was more volatile than the most radioactive of atom bomb,
It was more enigmatic than the most mystical of historical scripture,
It was more profound than the accepted axioms of contemporary science,
It was more prolific than the athlete with the most number of football goals,
It was more immaculate than the palpable heart of a life rendering mother,
It was more enticing than the most ravishing of malt whisky and Caribbean rum,
It was faster than the speed at which the aircraft sped through placid carpets of
cool air,
It was more intricate than the most coherently synchronized poetic verse,
It was more supple than the most succulent of ripened water melon,
It was more effusive than a stream of tears cascading down tender cheek,
It was more intense than scarlet blood trickling down raw wounds,
And it was more omnipotent than any offering made to the All-Mighty,
O! yes the thing; that has made me scribble infinite lines to describe,
Was none other than incorrigibly imprisoning true love

36. WHEN I WOKE UP FROM SLEEP

The mammoth elephants in the forest; made a thunderous noise; bellowing
rambunctious wails of sound from their trunk,
Inundating the placid ambience with obstreperous cacophony; I still slept
peacefully; with my hair drooling over my eyes.

The unruly traffic on the roads chugged smoke blatantly; honking unnecessarily
in wee hours of the night,
Permeating the carpet of air with incongruous noise; I still slept like a horse;
thoroughly lost in the realms of dreamy fantasy.

The bedraggled urchins on the street shouted vociferously; flexing their lungs to
monumental capacity,
Striking the cricket ball hard; with a glass pane shattering occasionally; I still
slept unperturbed; with the furry blanket over my head.

An army of obnoxious mosquitoes hovered in the vicinity of my intricate ear;
buzzing incessantly tunes of insipid exasperation,

Evacuating precious blood from my succulent skin; I still slept like a prince;
with innocuous saliva oozing from my mouth.

The indiscriminate party of burglars marauded my house; pilfering all the
wealth they could their hands to,
Making a flurry of conspicuous sounds in the process; I still slept like a gigantic
whale; with heavy snores emanating from my partially opened mouth.

Herculean drops of rain water struck against my kitchen window; accompanied
by
sounds of stringent thunder and lightning,
With turbulent wind gushing right past my face; I still slept like a tortoise
with its head receded way inside its stomach.

Irate trespassers punched the doorbell with passionate fervor; incessantly
doing the same with renewed gusto,
Piercing the atmosphere with disdainful noises of the monotonous alarm; I
still slept with an enchanting smile on my lips; thoroughly oblivious to sound.

There were communal riots going on in the street below; a plethora of shops
were submerged by pugnacious fire,
Hordes of people fled their dwelling; ran berserk for their lives helter-skelter; I
still slept like a drunkard; rolling languidly in my inebriated state.

Multiple buildings shook as an aftermath of vicious tremors; infinite walls of
solid concrete incorporated prominent cracks,
The entire structure reverberated with the unleashing impact of earthquake; I
still slept like a dead log; with my eyes formidably shut to the proceedings.

It was at that very moment she entered my room; her perpetual fragrance
tickled my conscience,
The aura of her magnificence rekindling my impoverished soul,
There took incredulous transformations in my body; and I woke up with a
startled look on my face; staring unrelentingly into her mystical eyes; and I
didn't sleep thereafter.

37. WHEN I SLICED MY HEART

When I sliced volatile wire; impregnated with white currents of electricity,
It spewed out a volley of poignant sparks in tandem; I was stabbed with
several impacts of shock; falling like a lifeless pigeon on the ground.

When I sliced open obdurate tree bark; embossed with a cluster of rustic root,
A slurry of succulent white juice oozed out in emollient abundance;
and the tree wept in hidden anguish.

When I sliced the belly of the colossal mountain; infinite tones of mud leaked out
in frenzy,
A cluster of earthworm and rabbit got dismantled; and the once bombastic
structure now resembled a beggar in torn rags.

When I sliced open the skin of emerald watermelon; rosy pink juice cascaded
down with spontaneity,
The fruit looked ravishingly voluptuous like never before; with scores of brown
seeds tumbling down.

When I sliced decayed bones freshly excavated from soil; a finely crushed
chowder of calcium flew directly in my eyes,
The scenario appeared grotesquely despicable; with nostalgic memories of
centuries ago besieging the cool air.

When I sliced through the heart of a concrete wall; a series of blatant cracks
spread fast like wild fire,
The structure now looked insipid and fragile; a battalion of red baked bricks came
plummeting down; and broke my scalp.

When I sliced scintillating biscuits of yellow gold; an amber tinge incorporated
the edge of my knife,
The currency proliferated itself with each stroke of mine; and soon I had more
pieces of gold than when I commenced slicing.

When I sliced through an ocean of loose sand; the blissful assemblage got
thoroughly distorted,
Bountiful splinters of silver soil hurtled towards my eyes; and there was profuse
tearing that incorrigibly followed as an inevitable aftermath.

When I sliced open a balloon incorporated with salty cheese; and a fountain of
water,
An incoherent design of white dots then inhabited my face; scores of flies and
cupid ants stuck like true stalwarts to my demeanor.

And when I sliced my heart open with the most sharpest of blade; crimson blood
gushed out at exhilarating speeds,
It contained bold traces of the girl I immensely loved; the celestial image of

the mother from whom I was born.

38. SMOKE

When I burnt a cluster of succulent green leaves; torching the same with the poignant matchstick,
There arose a faded green smoke in the air; causing my intricate eyes to profusely tear.

When I burnt solid crusts of white wax; holding it in the brilliant candle flame,
Infinite streams of hot liquid ran down my palms; diffusing into grey smoke; embossing them with blotches of burnt black.

When I burnt gigantic sheets of plastic with my cigarette lighter; there emanated clouds of achromatic smoke,
It took marathon hours to burn; producing the most unbearable stench I had ever smelt.

When I burnt mountains of brown mud; igniting the same with hot embers of coal; the colossal structure simply refrained to burn,
There arose dying wisps of smoke in the atmosphere; and the tumultuous heat produced made me flee and run.

When I burnt enormous bundles of white cotton; after submerging the same in disdainful kerosene,
There were clouds of black smoke engulfing all in proximity; with occasional fluffs of distorted cloth entering my eye.

When I burnt lush green grass sprawled on the meadows; inducing sinister current from a copper wire,
There arose frigid blue smoke; incarcerating the air; which repulsively tickled my nostril; making me puke out consumed food.

When I burnt live cables of electricity suspended on the streets; firing a volley of lead bullet,
There arose white smoke in the air blended with golden sparks; and I ran like a panther; for fear of being electrocuted.

When I burnt fetid sewage decaying in an oblivious heap; with blazing sticks of fire,
There arose crimson smoke in the air; and the odor was so obnoxious; that it entered through my ears when I closed my nose.

When burnt a close compatriot of mine; placing his lifeless form over a bundle of dry rosewood,
There arose a wheatish smoke in the air; I reminisced all his actions; and the nostalgia made me cry.

And eventually when I burnt myself; immolating my demeanor with pure gasoline,
The smoke that arose in the air was brilliant red; and the fragrance was the most emollient of all; as it contained profound traces of her heart; portraying the essence of our love.

39. ROOF TOP TERRACE

I ambled languidly on my rooftop terrace at evanescent dawn,
Invisibly faint rays of light gently caressing my silhouette; a chilly breeze blowing across my soft ear,
The cuckoo gave loud chirps; a blend of resplendent birds soared high in the impeccable clouds,
I felt dreariness besieging my exhausted eyes; and soon dozed off lost in realms of a mystical reverie.

I woke up with startled jerks; stupendously bewildered by dazzling light of the full Sun,
Splashed my face several times with cold water; trying to audaciously stare into the crimson ball of fire,
Although I miserably failed in my attempt; as the astronomical proportion of heat burnt my scalp,
And I submissively sat down reading the crisp newspaper; in remote dark corners of the terrace.

The crystal sky now displayed the midday sun; blazing down viciously in full fury,

Sweltering hot currents of breeze now blew across the window; virtually melting all in proximity to water,
As I incessantly consumed large pitchers of sweet liquid; refrigerated to freezing ice,
To get temporary reprieve from the distressing agony of the Sun God.

A few hours later dusk strangulated the exorbitant heat; radiating serene pink light,
The eagles in the sky were now returning back to their dwelling; densely foliated

trees rustled vivaciously in the gusty wind,
The atmosphere was impregnated with obstreperous voices; as children played in
the silver sand,
I stood in mute silence; leaning on periphery of the colossal water tank; as I
witnessed the mesmerizing sight of the Sun going down.

As the seconds zipped by; dusk unveiled itself into starry night,
The sky now; was entirely obfuscated from the Sun; looked enchanting with a
cavalcade of stars,
Emanating mystical light; illuminating the darkness with a bountiful sparkle,
I watched her innocuous features; the beauty of her form a few feet below;
thanked the Creator for putting her to sleep,
Incorrigibly vowed to spend many more days on my roof top terrace; as her
sighs now converted into deafening snores.

40. BUBBLES

When I pricked a large bubble impregnated with acid; infinite droplets of fumes
flew all over my persona,
Transforming my glowing skin; into complete shambles of pathetic brown; and I
emitted a few tears unable to bear the anguish.

When I pricked minuscule bubbles of soap emanating from the bathtub; a
pungent
spray flew in my eyes,
It was as if someone had hurled tones of chili powder; and the interiors of my
eye developed a severe red allergy.

When I pricked rotund bubbles incorporated with honey; sweet globs of liquid
fell on my face,
I felt nice in the beginning; but it soon became a disdainful nuisance; as clusters
of stinging ants clambered up at fast pace.

When I pricked plastic bubbles looking thoroughly inflated; a sudden gush of
stale air rushed across my lips,
There was a deafening roar produced that inundated my ears; and for the next
few minutes I was unable to decode sound.

When I pricked bubbles filled with crimson blood; my immaculate clothes
acquired blotches of red,
A sickening smell encompassed the ambience; and I felt like vomiting out
consumed food; wanting to eliminate the process of death.

When I pricked bubbles compactly filled with frozen ice; tiny nuggets of ice cascaded down my neck,
Umpteenth hair on my body stood up due to impact of the bitter cold; and my teeth started to violently clatter.

When I pricked frothy bubbles wafting out of a stray dogs mouth; a fountain of water gently caressed my face,
A fetid stench arose in the air; and I knew I had an overwhelming chance of contracting deadly rabies.

When I pricked bubbles drifting from the periphery of sizzling hot tea; blistering sprays of water collided with my face,
Scalding sensitive arenas of my silhouette as they trickled down my chest; also my body smelt of tea leaf for remainder of the day.

When I pricked bubbles generated by the ravishing sea waves; salty foam struck me stringently in my face,
My eyes started to profusely water; with an inevitable sensation to scratch painstakingly developing all throughout.

Eventually when I pricked the colossal bubble of our perennial love; there was a rainfall of fragrant water; that imprisoned us in bonds of immortal embrace,
And there were many more such bubbles which proliferated every unleashing minute; uniting us for the present and many births to unveil in the distant future

41. AFTER CONSUMING A BARREL OF WINE

He babbled incoherently at innocuous pedestrians traversing through the streets,

Clenched his fist high in the air; barking a malicious volley of rustic expletives,
Spat loads of colored saliva on the ground; blending superbly with the loosely sprawled mud,

Danced languidly listening to the slightest of music; eventually collapsing in a bedraggled heap on the ground,

Swayed frivolously at fair skin; only to be slapped with fervor on his bearded cheek,

Occasionally stumbled badly on sharp pieces of stone; hurtling at fast speeds to get a taste of disdainful soil,

Scratched his hair in wild rhapsody; with a ravishing hunger in his blood shot eyes,

Took deep breaths every once a while; as if getting strangulated by bouts of

suffocation,
Wailed passionately; vociferously proclaiming his unrelenting misery and tyrannical pain,
Was thoroughly oblivious to his boisterous surrounding; lost in realms of sedative fantasy,
Had lost all appetite for cooked food; relinquished to chew and eat,
Looked waywardly towards the sky; trying to decipher his blurred destiny,
Rebuked his children severely at home; at their most innocuous of provocation,
Kicked acerbically intricate furniture in vicinity; dismantling the sanctity of household to threadbare junk,

Illegibly scribbled few lines of script; making a ridiculous mockery of calligraphy,
Slapped his wife with tenacity on her ear; for disobeying his dictatorial rules,
Audaciously revealed startling facts about his life; which he had embedded deep within his heart,
Was saved by the scruff of his neck on umpteenth an occasion; from high powered cars; and monstrous traffic,
He had completely lost the dignity to speak; the ability to stand firm on his knees; distinguish the light illuminating air from darkness,
In the end; he collapsed in a disheveled heap on the ground; awaiting the first rays of brilliant dawn to terminate his sleep; wash all traces of the barrel of red wine; he had obsessively consumed the previous night

42. AS THE WIND BLEW

Granules of silver sands drifted into my eye; tormenting them to the threshold of irritation,
Wild draughts of wind blew across my face; almost annihilating all the hair inhabiting my scalp,
Black wisps of clouds hovered disconcertingly close to my persona; circumventing me from all sides,
Scraps of strewn paper; threads of innocuous cotton rose high in the breeze; settled nimbly on my freckled nose,
Frothy waves of the sea struck me with tenacity; diffusing into pearls of ravishing foam,
Gigantic lizards slithered harmlessly on the soil; gallivanting their way upwards into the crevices of the tree,
Rustic leaves of the foliated trees swirled violently; occasionally dropping on the ground with a thud,
Infinite blades of grass got dismantled from their roots; lay massacred in a pathetic heap,
Bountiful amounts of dust adhered to immaculately polished windows; the

sparkling exteriors of statues transitioned to blotted and scarred,
Metallic signboards in the street fluttered turbulently under the midday Sun;
belting under pressure,
Fleets of birds in the sky glided ecstatically; without generating effort from their
aerodynamic wings,
Scores of rusty iron nails entangled themselves from crevices; rubbed
themselves vigorously against sandpaper corrugations of the wall,
The bells in the church chimed incessantly; striking their fangs tenaciously
against pallid bronze,
Slender needles of the tower clock revolved haphazardly; displaying
erratic fluctuations of time,
Hordes of mice retreated hastily in their burrows; shriveling to half of their
original size,
The potbellied tortoise sunk way beneath into its shell; profoundly contented with
its perennial warmth,
Steaming coffee cascaded all over into a rampant spray; as I tried to pour it
dexterously from the kettle,
A battalion of fish tried to escape from the boisterous waves of the sea; find
some respite from the torrential reverberations of the water,
Tightly fitted contemporary caps were swept like rolling pins from scalps; the
crisp demeanor of my office shirt developed a plethora of crease,
I simply relinquished all power to open my eyes; hoist my head towards the sky;
and her breath seemed closer to me like never before,
As the wind blew at swashbuckling speeds; inundating the stillness of
atmosphere with the euphoria of vibrant adventure.

43. PILLAR OF LOVE

They blasted it with the most pugnacious of explosive; planting corrugated
sticks of dynamite around its periphery,
It bravely bore the onslaught; didn't sway a single inch; instead fortified its roots
firmly into the ground.

They fired a volley of bullets from my compact pistol; caressing the air at
swashbuckling speeds before striking the wall,
It stood unperturbed like a handsome prince; and there was not the slightest
of indentation.

They hurled at it colossal buckets of fuming acid; drenching its demeanor with
blistering liquid,
It refrained to change its complexion; and sparkled even more after the
aftermath.

They incessantly sprinkled it with disdainful petrol wildly bursting from hospices;
then ignited the same with a blazing torch;
It however refrained to catch fire; shimmered mystically under the pearly moon.

They attempted to chop it down with their acrimonious axe; indiscriminately
slashing at its body,
It neither bled nor wept; while the axes after a while seemed to be
thoroughly battered and bruised.

They dug the earth to fathomless depths; feeding its foundation with a
battalion of parasitic termites,
It resisted their ominous attack; the termites after several days felt exorbitantly
exhausted and eventually slept.

They tied it with chains and iron shackles; tugged at it with from all sides
exerting tumultuous strength,
It didn't utter the slightest of whisper; neither did it move a centimeter; proving
their vindictive attempts worthlessly futile.

They left a fleet of hostile vulture to devour it; pulverize its persona to
threadbare rags,
It remained as stoical as ever; and the birds flew away without trying to invade
and harm it.

They then banged and pummeled it with their fists; as a manifestation of their
anger and frustration,
Used all paraphernalia they could lay their hands on to dismantle it; it still stood
like rock unmoved by the proceedings.

It had withstood the severest of test on umpteenth an occasion; without yielding
to pressures of ostentation and society,
And grew more formidable, as the prejudiced tried to crush it; the dictators tried
to capture it; and the opulent tried to purchase it,
It had remained as fresh as a new born for centuries unprecedented; it
possessed the immortal blessings of God,
O! yes it was indeed the one and only invincible pillar of love.

44. THE PUNCH

When I punched a bag replete with mud; overflowing to the brim with bountiful
food grain,

There flew tones of dust in the still air; of which some it settled on my nose;
partially obscuring my vision.

When I punched an inflated balloon in its midriff; infinite molecules of gas
escaped in fury,
There was an obstreperous sound produced; which almost ripped apart intricate
arenas of my eardrum.

When I punched the colossal sized melon with my fists; the shell broke open
into incommensurate halves,
A myriad of fleshy splinters flew everywhere in the air; and the slimy juice
languidly cascaded down my immaculate face.

When I punched the solid baked brick; exerting tumultuous pressure against its
navel,
Shards of disdainful concrete entered my crystalline eye; along with a series of
fracture that enveloped my knuckle.

When I punched the heavyweight champion in the solar plexus; there was a
myriad of fetid sweat droplets that stung me with alacrity,
His esteem got thoroughly provoked; and he pulverized me to dust displaying his
overpowering brawn.

When I punched biscuits of pure gold; glittering impeccably in the enchanting
moonshine,
My fingers acquired faint tinges of yellow; and I profoundly regretted the
wastage that I had produced.

When I punched the venomous reptile that hung from the tree; trying to
frivolously fondle with its skin,
The monster bared its fangs in vindication; hissing vociferously and eventually
inserting its deadly poison in my flesh.

When I punched the assembly of scintillating mirror; it diffused into a myriad
of minuscule fragments,
My reflection now appeared comically distorted; and droplets of crimson blood
oozed from my palms as an aftermath.

When I punched the power horn in the truck; applying unrelenting pressure from
my wrists,
There was a deafening noise that was produced; instantly overpowering the
natural ethos prevailing in atmosphere.

And finally when I punched my heart; using the full power of my hands,
There echoed only once voice; there seemed only one face; and there seemed
only one God; and all of them were my mesmerizing beloved.

45. BLOTCHES

I sprinkled bountiful water on the cluster of tree leaves; granting their surface a
scintillating radiance and shine,
Yet they developed disdainful blotches of dust on their persona; as the rustic
wind blew in wild draughts.

I polished the marble with moulds of wax and feathery sponge; continued to do
so until it glistened,
Yet it developed a series of blue blotches; as the toddlers unwittingly spilled
globules of writing ink.

I wore a crisp cotton shirt entwined with threads of white silk in the morning;
meticulously wiping of all the dirt with my snake brush,
Yet it developed a blend of obnoxious blotches; as the tyranny of Sun and
perspiration overpowered me in entirety.

I voraciously scrubbed the wall using a lather of antiseptic foam; scrupulously
cleansing all the unwanted grime,
Yet it developed infinite blotches and irregular scars minutes later; as the
cars traversing blew a load of contaminated gutter water.

I tenaciously rubbed the interiors of the cloistered well using battens of steel;
made sure that the grease and stale algae was thoroughly annihilated,
Yet the surface developed blotches of black mud along with a fleet of incorrigible
termite; as a few nights passed by.

I rigorously scraped all the mud from the Temple bells; making their demeanor
sparkle in the midday Sun,
Yet they developed a plethora of blotches juxtaposed with ghastly stains; as
scores of devotees incessantly rang them creating a pandemonium.

I delicately chiseled streaks of condensed clay from my fingernail; to render
it with a salubrious complexion,
Yet it developed painted blotches stuffed with trapped particles; a few hours
after I consumed my meal of boiled rice.

I stringently brushed my bare bruise with a concoction of medicinal balm and ointment; to eradicate prevailing infection,
Yet it developed hostile blotches; seconds later when it was exposed to acerbic atmosphere.

I adroitly brushed off briquettes of soil from my pet dogs skin; bathing him in a tub replete with soapy foam,
Yet he developed irrevocable blotches of green on his skin; after rolling uninhibitedly in the grass.

It was now the turn of my beloved; I made her stand in the most blistering of fire; the most savage of oceans; the most lecherous of society,
She withstood the test with tumultuous endurance; escaped without a single indentation on all occasions; facing an army of acrimonious tests in her life,
And the most astounding thing was; she didn't acquire any scars; her heart was as pure as gold; her character immaculate and her conscience was free of the remotest of blotch.

46. LIGHT OF LOVE

The light diffusing from the sun was stupendously dazzling in the morning; gaining profound intensity by the onset of afternoon,
Although as the hours zipped by; the same Sun set behind the mountains; with its brilliant rays now transiting into pathetic Black.

The light emanating from the moon was an immaculate white; subtly illuminating the darkness of the night;
Although as the first hours of dawn stealthily crept in; the moonlight simply faded; without leaving a single trace.

The light radiating from the high voltage bulb was wholesomely flamboyant; piercing with stringent velocity through particles of gloom,
Although when I merely caressed the switch with my fingers; it abruptly shut up without the slightest of struggle.

The light diffusing from the volcano was belligerent and hostile; torching all the animate that came in proximity,
Although when the tremors subsided; the same sparkle got submerged in clouds of insipid smoke.

The light emerging from traffic signals appeared scintillating; blending perfectly with the flurry of traffic traversing the roads at nights,

Although the contraption failed to produce the same effects in the morning;
when the natural shine of the sun overwhelmingly took over.

The light originating from the stars was silvery in complexion; besieging the
ambience with an enchanting mysticism,
Although when came the next morning; there was no sign of the light as well as
the galaxy of prominent stars.

The light ejecting out from the mountain stream was a juxtaposition of several
colors; as the sunrays punctured it,
Although it vanished into oblivion as nightfall took its toll on the day.

The light arising from the computer screen was creamy and fluorescent;
enticing the mundane man with lots of ease,
Although when I punched the button to a position of closure; there was a dull
background of gray that flooded my eyes.

The light emitting from the sky was sapphire blue; with blissful tinges of golden,
Although the same was sighted as ominously black; with the thunder clouds
hovering around.

And the light of our love was as everlasting as the fragrance of God,
It radiated a perpetual immortal glow; which neither faded in darkness; not
disappeared in the brightest of light.

47. THE SEA OF LOVE

When I was drowning in a sea of grease; I felt severely asphyxiated,
Indispensable breath seemed to be relinquishing my body fast; I also felt the
unbearable stench inundate my nose.

When I was drowning in a sea of blood; I felt a sickening feeling strangulate
my intestines,
There was a deathly red color that camouflaged my vision in entirety; and the
desire to live now seemed to be dwindling in my persona.

When I was drowning in a sea of fuming acid; umpteenth pores on my skin got
horrendously charred,
I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer; the heat finally overpowered me
choking my breath.

When I was drowning in a sea of silvery sand; clogged balls of mud stuck

intransigently to my silhouette,
The colossal burden of soil seemed preposterously bulky to bear; and I
emancipated breath with loud sighs and groans.

When I was drowning in a sea of red wine; I initially relished the aroma and
ravishing taste,
However as minutes unleashed themselves rapidly; the same elixir became a
profound nuisance; and I succumbed disparagingly.

When I was drowning in a sea of obnoxious petrol; the gasoline left me
helpless with a piquant feeling,
I prayed to the creator for granting me reprieve from my plethora of misdeeds;
but in the end halted my cells from functioning after entering rampantly in my
body.

When I was drowning in a sea of pressurized gas; the vapors initially made me
dreary,
Painstakingly catapulted my demeanor to heights of complete unconsciousness;
and leading to ghastly death.

When I was drowning in a sea of white electricity; a battalion of insidious sparks
caressed me with vindication,
I got instantly electrocuted; and didn't even have the time to reminisce my past.

When I was drowning in a sea of hatred blended profusely with corruption;
nefarious deeds of the society plundering heavily on my conscience,
I forcefully closed my breath refraining to live any further; although the world did
give me a slim chance.

And eventually when I was drowning in a sea of love; her eyelashes tickling my
forehead,
The incense of her love igniting undiscovered passion in my body; I lived; and
not only did I live; I now dictated and preached the same to all I encountered in
the tenure of my life.

48. CHALK POWDER

When I applied it on the morose painted black wall; it highlighted a vivid
contrast,
The surface suddenly acquired a gaudy complexion; captivated stringent
attention
of the roving eye.

When I smeared it on the surface of the airfield tarmac; it bifurcated the entire terrain scrupulously into zones,
Made life immensely simple for the pilot; giving adequate options to the pilot to maneuver his winged bird.

When I mixed it with plain pellucid water; it transformed into a curry of immaculate starch,
And I was easily able to whitewash the periphery of the dilapidated mansion; with magnanimous strokes of my serrated brush.

When I threw it nonchalantly on the earth; it inconspicuously blended with the soil,
Impregnated the mud with innocuous tinges of sparkle; looked spotless in the assemblage of infinite dirt.

When I released it high in the air; it cascaded down painstakingly,
Eventually settling and juxtaposing with my hair; rendering my features to appear comically distorted.

When I hurled it at unsuspecting individuals; they acknowledged my gesture with frivolous smiles,
Although they inevitably scratched their eyes with their palms; as the granules caused pertinent irritation.

When I applied a frugal amount of it on my rosy tongue; it looked as if covered with snow,
Although some of it managed to infiltrate into my nose; and I thunderously sneezed.

When I voraciously rolled in it; inscribing wild designs with my fingers,
I resembled a talented cartoon from the Disney world; and the neighboring children laughed till tears rolled down their cheek.

When I washed my hands; vigorously rubbing it all over the skin of my fingers,
They came out meticulously clean; with the last traces of grime now completely annihilated.

But I think that my chalk powder served me the best; when I moulded it into a composite bar of handsome chalk,
Used it for imparting judicious knowledge; sketching a conglomerate of love symbols with it on the crystal blackboard.

49. AFTER A GOOD NIGHTS SLEEP

My eyes felt overwhelmingly revitalized; with their focus seeming to be crystal clear,
The network of bones in my body seemed to be well oiled; with that extra ounce of energy incarcerated,
The breath flowing through my nostrils was holistically pure; without the slightest trace of impurity,
Sweat glands under my arms had started producing fresh perspiration,
The mass of curly hair on my palms had stood up alert; with pungent alacrity,
There seemed to be melodious sounds congruously humming in my eardrum; as an aftermath of nocturnal dream,
Scarlet blood circulating through my veins had acquired a lighter tinge; and now flowed with pumped exuberance,
Dried crusts of dirt lined my eyelashes; which I wiped off ecstatically with my nail,
A serene calm now besieged my stomach; after onerous turmoil of the previous day,
Languid yawns now occurred; impregnating my demeanor with robust spurts of exhilaration,
The flesh circumventing my chest glistened all the more profoundly in golden rays of the Sun,
New buds of taste had sprouted in clusters on my tongue; producing tantalizing sensations in my mouth,
The fortress of my teeth seemed to be fortified and strong enough; to masticate the hardest of coconut shell,
There was a perfect co-ordination between the mind and brain; a perpetual harmony which harnessed constructive thought flow,
Bouts of intense infuriation had dwindled substantially, replaced by the tendency to gently caress the grass and care,
The clouds had never seemed so blue before; and the Sun had never seemed as dazzling as I could spot it now,
There was passion to work; gleeful run and perspire profusely in the heat,
My voice reverberated loud and stringently from my throat; blended with a perfect crispness to project authority,
All the laziness now seemed to have vanished into thin oblivion; with the last trace of dreariness thoroughly annihilated,
Mind you there was no mystery behind this; I had slept like a hooded monster last night; with thunderous snores piercing the stillness of air,
And as the first rays of dawn hit my eyes; I possessed unprecedented strength to fulfill my duties; love with reinvigorated vigor the ones I ardently admired.

50. BANGLE OF LOVE

When I wore a bangle of pointed thorns on my wrists; they got apathetically scarred,
A series of raw bruise developed with the unleashing hour; and ravines of warm blood trickled down my fingers.

When I put on a bangle of live reptile on my hands; it tickled me voraciously,
The venomous creature hissed enchantingly for a while; eventually striking its perfidious fangs indiscriminately in my flesh.

When I wore a bangle of dead frog on my wrists; there wafted an unbearable stench in the atmosphere,
Also the skin in proximity with the contraption developed a plethora of infection; catering to a host of abominable insects.

When I wore a bangle of sea shell on my wrists; it initially imparted me a majestic look,
But the exhilaration soon faded; as a fleet of slimy worm came crawling from the inside recesses.

When I wore a bangle impregnated with ravishing honey on my wrists; it glimmered tenaciously in the midday Sun,
Although after a few hours I found; the obstreperous humming bees encircling it perceiving it to be their hive.

When I wore a bangle of insipid grass on my wrists; the frigid blades tickled me pertinently,
And every now and then; I had to scratch my flesh; executing overwhelming force of my finger nail.

When I wore a bangle of jingling metal on my wrists; it glittered profoundly under the creamy moon,
However it provoked me to the threshold of irritation; as it produced cacophonous noise; every time I moved my hand.

When I wore a bangle of pure gold on my wrists; it incarcerated the attention of several pedestrians,
The penurious could hardly believe their eyes; immediately chalked astute plans of actions to steal it.

When I wore a bangle of elephant teeth on my wrists; it highlighted richness
blended with rustic tradition,
Although I felt pervaded with remorse for the colossal beast; nostalgically
reminisced the agony it must have felt while dying.

And finally when I wore the bangle of our love on my wrists; all my
apprehensions vanished into minute oblivion,
My hands; my persona; and the coordination of my senses all got astronomically
reinvigorated; and they seemed to be gaining strength as each day unveiled into
perilous night.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Hide And Seek - Part 6 - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually part 6 of the Book titled - Hide and Seek - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems (702 pages) . Parekh's earliest collection of verse. Written in unparalleled fervor, this collection is a delectable blend of topics from love to death, probing into countless infinitesimal aspects of existence which make a significant impact to it. The beauty of this compendium lies in its magical brevity at places and in the most mundane things of life around us brought to the fore like a magicians wand, in brilliant poetic flair by Parekh. Contains poems on topics impossible for one to envisage that a poem could be written about such an inconspicuous little thing-but Parekh evolves bountiful rhyme from the word go and coalesces vivacious color in the little tid-bits of the chapter called life to optimum effect. A must read for all those who find color, charm and significance in even the smallest things of life and are enthused by even the most mercurial bit of stray paper loitering around. A poetic tribute to the ordinary, projecting its colorful extraordinary bit to the planet with raw panache.

This book tingles every living being's imagination to fantasize beyond the ordinary. Look at all those meaningful tid-bits around us which have a complete book written in each one of them. All those joyous and unfortunate anecdotes around us which make us blossom into the true spirit of existence; into the amazing celebration of omnipotent life.

CONTENTS

1. TABLE SALT
2. FOOTPRINTS
3. DIVIDERS
4. WHEN THE TIME ARRIVED TO SLEEP

5. THE TREE OF LOVE
6. FIREWOOD AND BEER
7. YOUNG AT HEART
8. THE PUNCH
9. COILED SPRINGS
10. QUESTIONS
11. THE AIR WHICH MY MOTHER BREATHED
12. I WANTED YOU TO BE
13. WHEN I SLICED OPEN MY HEART
14. EXPURGATIONS
15. SHE LOVED HER BABY MORE THAN SHE LOVED HER GOD
16. TOUCH
17. WINGS OF LOVE
18. THERE WAS NOTHING BORN ON EARTH
19. WHEN I WROTE HER NAME
20. BOUNCE
21. SWITCH OF THE AIR-CONDITIONER PLEASE
22. SHOWERS
23. WHISKY COMPLEXIONED HAIR WIG
24. A CONTACT LENS
25. MORBID STRUCTURE OF CREATION
26. THE TALE OF A CAR TYRE
27. LONG IRON
28. TRANSLUCENT SHEATH OF LUXURY
29. FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT
30. THE PALATIAL WATERS
31. OCEAN OF BLOOD
32. PRECIOUS TEARS
33. MAHATMA GANDHI
34. LIFE
35. THE MAIN INGREDIENT OF MY THOUGHTS
36. THE IMPECCABLE AIR
37. THE TUNE OF AIR.
38. TENACIOUS MOONLIGHT
39. STREAM OF LOVE
40. ASSEMBLAGE OF HEAVENLY BLUE
41. SEVEN STARS- A PECULIAR CONFIGURATION
42. THE SACROSANCT STAR
43. WHISPERING OF NATURE
44. PLACID AND PERFECT
45. A PEEP INTO THE LIFE OF A EUNUCH
46. ELECTRIC RAYS OF BLISS

- 47. TAPERED AND THE SPICIEST
- 48. CIRCULAR FILAMENT FOR SURVIVAL
- 49. A FRAGMENT OF CONSUMPTION
- 50. THE NATURAL BEND

1. TABLE SALT

When I rolled ravenously in it; inscribing incoherent patterns in the powder
with my big toe,
It stuck to innumerable pores of my tender skin; poignantly tickling every part of
my body.

When I smeared a parsimonious amount of it on my tongue; the taste buds
instantly stood up; as if after a marathon period of prolonged rest,
My throat cried for water soon after; to pacify its inevitable thirst.
When I sprinkled it gently in the drifting breeze; it rose high and handsome in
the atmosphere; adhering to the crisp tree leaves,
While some part of it descended down painstakingly; causing my eyes to
profusely water as it barged in forcefully.

When I blended it with pure water; vigorously stirring the concoction till it
spewed bubbles of sparkling froth,
The elixir produced was wholesomely spicy to drink; and I washed my mouth
scrupulously clean; after consuming a few sips.

When I rubbed it fervently against the periphery of succulent fruit; completely
engulfing the same with its surplus fillings,
The berry remained as fresh as ever even after several weeks had elapsed;
unperturbed by the onslaught of deleterious insects.

When mixed it with the chocolate brown soil; it acquired evanescent tinges of
cream,
The mud now looked far more enticing; with streaks of impeccable white clearly
accentuated.

When I heated it on the stove to form a composite bar of soap; it willingly
underwent the metamorphosis,
And I felt hot fumes emanating from my persona; when I took bath with it.

When I hurled it mischievously at passing pedestrians; they were partially
perplexed by my uncanny behavior,
Their initial anger soon converted into intense indignation; as they were left

scratching their flesh raw till it bled.

When I dissolved colossal pints of it in the fathomless ocean; it was supremely grateful,
Thanking me from its heart for submerging it back; in the place it actually belonged to.

And eventually when I added frugal pinches of it in my food; my supper transited to the tastiest of all times,
With commensurate proportions of sweetness and spice; overwhelmingly gratifying the pangs of hunger in my stomach,
It was now that my bottle of table salt had served me to its absolute best; had indeed embodied lots of color to my spiceless life

2. FOOTPRINTS

When the colossal dinosaur traversed through the marshy soil; there occurred a deafening roar; the entire family of jungle beasts saluted him,
However he left behind a trail of triangular footprints; bohemian and gigantic; that made onlookers uneasy; by merely glimpsing the same.

When the hunch backed camel ambled languidly through the desert; I paid him flowing tributes of adulation; for unceasingly bearing the tyranny of scorching heat,
However he left behind a semicircular array of footprints; which appeared pretty insipid and nonchalant.

When the stray dog ran across the wet road; he was a sight to stare; with his furry coat now camouflaged in muddy water,
However he left behind a battalion of messy footprints; which caused disdainful blemishes on the surface.

When the handsome horse galloped across the racetrack; he looked majestic and grandiloquent; panting with spurts of exuberant energy,
However he left behind an incongruous design of footprints which were crudely square in shape; punctuating cavities in the hard ground.

When the olive green and serrated skinned crocodile slithered through the river banks; he looked domineering and awe inspiring,
However he left behind an armory of deadly footprints; which caused sumptuous food in the belly of innocuous trespassers to violently churn.

When the protuberant bellied ducks paraded through clayey farm mud; they appeared a sight to feast on; with their yellow beaks dazzling brilliantly in the Sun,
However they left behind a jugglery of diamond shaped footprints; which perpetuated incorrigible stains in the spotless kitchen.

When the black striped panther aimlessly loitered through the tropical grass; he looked like a royal prince; embodied with the whitest of silken whisker,
However he left behind a fleet of monstrously incoherent footprints; which scrupulously lead the hunter to his den.

When the nefarious robber stealthily crept across the soil; he left me dumbfounded; clad in the blackest of attire; with a snake hood camouflaging his face,
However he left behind a volley of deplorable footprints; which helped the police to trace and apprehend him.

And when she walked on the cold floor with bare feet; it shivered as if caressed by a celestial fairy; having just descended from the realms of heaven,
Also the footprints that she left behind were perfectly synchronized; were the most mesmerizing that I had ever sighted on the trajectory of this earth.

3. DIVIDERS

A divider of polished bricks separated the road; segregating a battalion of traffic meticulously,
Preventing unruly accidents; ensuring that vehicles traversed at electric speeds.

A divider of thunder clouds separated the crystal sky from earth,
Obfuscating it from indispensable sunshine; inundating its surface with an ocean of stormy rain.

A divider of dense leaf; separated the slender tree from the wind,
Cloistering it from uncouth gaze of trespassers; impregnating it with loads of passionate warmth.

A divider of charged barbed wire; separated the house from the illuminated street;
Harboring its occupants in fortified custody; shielding them from vindictive glances of the society.

A divider of entwined fur; separated the grizzly bear from atmosphere,
Protecting his skin from freezing winds and bitter cold; incorporating his persona

with a thoroughly mystical look.

A divider of radiant flowers; separated the orchard from the polluted city,
Flooding the air with a sweet fragrance of piquant scent; attracting scores of bees
to hum in rambunctious discordance.

A divider of feathers; separated the majestic peacock from the unethical vulture,
Depicting its magnanimous splendor to all in vicinity; spreading waves of wild
euphoria when spotted in rain.

A divider of blistering sand; separated the desert from common land,
Granting it the status of being virtually invincible; hosting a plethora of kingly
cactus and crab.

A divider of brutality separated; the devil from sacrosanct God,
Assassinating blissful traces of benevolence; rendering the world a disaster to
live in.

And a divider of her perpetual love; separated me from the mundane earth,
Saving me from the tyranny of blending with the deplorable; imprisoning me in
bonds of celestial romance.

4. WHEN THE TIME ARRIVED TO SLEEP

The venomous black beetle stung naked patches of innocuous skin; injecting
paltry vials of its poison,
Was considered a deleterious hazard; had people swishing at it with entwined
broomsticks,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; she took refuge in the dainty petals of
crimson rose.

The alligator revealed its ghastly teeth in the brilliant Sunlight; decimated the
animate and inanimate in its proximity,
Mercilessly slaughtered scores of humans; clusters of big fish,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took refuge in the sedately tranquil waters
of the jungle stream.

The multilegged spider entangled innumerable insects with glow; devouring the
same with tumultuous relish,
Annihilating its prey; submerging it in its piquantly bitter juice,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took refuge in the compassionate leaves of
the tree; silken threads of its mesmerizing web.

The mystical reptile slithered stealthily through the bushes; furtively pilfering the eggs of the mother bird,
Raising its hood high at oblivious trespassers; striking them with its toxic fangs,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took refuge in the immaculate dark burrows of the nimble ground.

The ruffled grey lizard traversed up the wall at electric speeds,
Capsizing its prey in a vise like grip; crunching it viciously in its jaws,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took refuge in the hollow of the tree;
camouflaged a little by moisture from the soil.

The impeccable little infant cried unrelentingly all day; banging his tiny fists in the cradle,
Inundating spotless sheets of cloth; with natural spray of disdainful effluent,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took blissful refuge; nestling within the warm arms of his mother.

All of us inhabiting the earth inadvertently commit a plethora of mistakes,
Sometimes not adhering to the sacrosanct norms laid by society; indignantly stamping our feet at frugal issues,
Yet when the time arrives to perish from this earth and sleep; we all take refuge in the magnanimous shadow of the omniscient Creator.

5. THE TREE OF LOVE

The apple tree swayed frivolously in the air; bearing crimson crested fruit peeping out from its dense foliage,
However as came freezing winter; its leaves wore a shriveled look; inevitably feeling the chill and sporadically falling to the ground.

The cherry tree looked awe inspiring and magnificent from a distance; with succulent balls of incongruous shapes clinging to its tendrils,
However as the wind blew mightily; stormy currents of air collided with it; infinite berries fell down on earth; rendering it as a pathetic sight to witness.

The coconut tree appeared domineering; standing at unprecedented heights from the mud; firmly holding its ground in the tenacious ocean breeze,
However as I shook it; exerting all my power assiduously assisted by my fellow mates; the hard shell fell with a thump on the floor; snapping apart into scores of asymmetrical halves.

The maple tree looked like an angel descended from the sky; with its golden leaves shimmering in the sunshine,
However as the vigils of autumn took over; it now resembled a threadbare urchin; shivering incessantly as the slightest of current struck its naked persona.

The mango tree appeared enticing and voluptuous; with a conglomerate of brilliant shell adhering to it faithfully,
However the same replicated and impoverished beggar; as a battalion of red ant and woodpecker; nibbled passionately at its flaccid fruit.

The fir tree looked enchanting in the moonlight; producing sweet volley of rustling voices,
However as snow fell unrelentingly from the sky; its branches drooped towards the slope; unable to bear the tyranny of ice any longer.

The Banyan tree appeared impregnable; with its century old roots dangling impeccably like compactly entwined threads,
However it developed a series of gaping holes in its silhouette; as a fleet of parasitic termites attacked it voraciously from all sides.

The Fig tree looked a sight to feast under the blistering Sun; with rubicund slices of fruit embellishing its persona,
However as the diabolical owl inhabited it at night; people shirked away from it in utter abhorrence; as much as they had initially loved it.

The Lemon tree growing in my backyard appeared pretty phlegmatic; slowly gyrating with the breeze; bearing a bunch of poignant fruit,
However it soon dried up into a mangled heap; when I inadvertently forgot to feed it with salubrious manure and water.

And the Tree of Our Immortal Love looked the most splendid of them all; bearing perennial fruit in all seasons; unhampered by the onset of the most thunderous rain and snow; unperturbed by the pandemonium going on in the world,
It had stood the test of all times; stood as formidable as the Omnipotent Creator; for fathomless centuries; even after we had evacuated the soil of this earth.

6. FIREWOOD AND BEER

When I lit a fire in the peak of sweltering summer; with the Sun dazzling to a fiery radiance in the sky,
Amalgamating pieces of dry logwood and scores of incongruously shaped leaves,

Adding several sheets of crumpled paper along with a plethora of dilapidated brick,
The conflagration caught fumes rapidly; with amber flames leaping at electric speeds towards the clouds,
However I soon extinguished the blaze splashing gigantic buckets of river water; as I could no longer bear the tumultuous heat; with large beads of sweat trickling down my nape.

When I lit a fire under the ominously dark sky; with the thunder clouds partially obliterating my gaze,
The Sun playing hide and seek like a frivolous maiden; appearing for flash seconds; then disappearing again for marathon hours of time,
An ambience of ethereal blackness encompassing the atmosphere; with birds making their journeys homewards,
The majestic peacock spreading the plumage of its kingly feathers; to mesmerizing semicircles,
The fumes no doubt rose to unprecedented heights; however they soon subsided in entirety; as torrential showers of rain came pelting down.

When I lit a fire midway through autumn; with tropical trees sporadically shedding their foliage,
Gathering dead chunks of dilapidated timber; impregnating them with a bulky sheaf of burnt grass blades,
The tepid stream waters gently striking my dreary toes; profoundly accentuated ripples causing high rising waves,
Melodious chirping of the nightingale permeating the air; with a conglomerate of enchanting sounds,
The fumes had a merry time as they swirled in the air; however I annihilated the same; beating them frantically with gunny bags; as they interfered with the moderately cool air hitting my eyes.

And when I lit a fire amidst the snow clad mountain; in the acridly blowing breeze of chilly winter,
Painstakingly managing to ignite the lumber twigs and leaf; rekindling it incessantly with intermittent applications of the rake,
Shielding it from the irrevocable onslaught of gusty winds; camouflaging it under a canvas tent,
A drum replete with lager beer placed by my shivering persona; I felt warm waves of heat instantly soothing the array of goose bumps formed on my skin,
Expressed gratitude from the inner most core of my heart; to the firewood and beer for saving my life from the freezing cold

7. YOUNG AT HEART

The leaves of the tree withered at the onset of autumn; rendering it as bare and a pathetic sight to witness,
Although the body and trunk were still alive; did scream passionately as the wind slapped and caressed them.

The most majestic of reptile shed its skin while undergoing a metamorphosis of seasons; partially annihilating its grandeur,
Although its slithering body still traversed in circuitous routes; and its fangs were ready to strike injecting lethal venom.

The mountain sheep had their fur sheared for weaving thermal contrivances; leaving their appearance as shabbily disgraceful,
Although they still wandered in harmony on the colossal slopes; bleated in unison as dusk stealthily approached.

The austere Sun God shed its brightness as nightfall took over; resembling an insipid reflection of its original identity,
Although it still shone brilliantly the next morning; illuminating stringently every bit of cloistered gloom.

The slender iron nail lost all its gloss as monsoon showers poured incessantly from the sky; giving it a deplorable appearance,
Although it still maintained the capacity of being embodied in the wall; and still had the hostility of piercing the inflated balloon.

The fermented barrel of milk lay bereft of immaculate white color; resembling worthless chunks of flaccid curd,
Although it still produced an extremely piquant taste; had reasonably high levels of salubrious nutrition.

The flying birds sheds infinite numbers of feathers each day; looking bedraggled after being stripped of their kingly plumage,
Although they still retained the power to fly; soaring high up in the air and procreating their progeny.

The banana after peeling its intricate skin appeared as dilapidated urchin; shivering uncontrollably in the wind,
Although it was sumptuous and relishing to eat; and its pulp caused ravishing sensations in the buds of taste.

The biscuits of gold after losing their shine; resembled the mundane coin; failed to captivate attention,
Although they still had the same value; could fetch their owners an astronomical fortune when judiciously traded.

And all the old folks traversing the streets; looked a sight to profoundly sympathize; clinging tightly to their walking sticks,
Although they still had the power to love; the power to overwhelmingly fantasize; as they were young and innocent at heart

8. THE PUNCH

When I punched a bag replete with mud; overflowing to the brim with bountiful food grain,
There flew tones of dust in the still air; of which some settled in my nose; partially obscuring my vision.

When I punched an inflated balloon in its midriff; infinite molecules of gas escaped in fury,
There was an obstreperous sound produced; which almost ripped apart intricate arenas of my eardrum.

When I punched the colossal sized melon with my fists; the shell broke open into incommensurate halves,
A myriad of fleshy splinters flew everywhere in the air; and the slimy juice languidly cascaded down my immaculate face.

When I punched the solid baked brick; exerting tumultuous pressure against its navel,
Shards of disdainful concrete entered my crystalline eye; alongwith a series of fracture that enveloped my knuckle.

When I punched the heavyweight champion in the solar plexus; there was a conglomerate of fetid sweat droplets that stung me with alacrity,
His esteem got thoroughly provoked and he pulverized me to dust displaying his overpowering brawn.

When I punched biscuits of pure gold; glittering impeccably in the enchanting moonshine,
My fingers acquired faint tinges of yellow; and I profoundly regretted the wastage that I had produced.

When I punched the venomous reptile that hung from the tree; trying to
frivolously fondle with its skin,
The monster bared its fangs in vindication; hissing vociferously and eventually
inserting its deadly poison in my flesh.

When I punched the assembly of scintillating mirror; it diffused into a myriad of
minuscule fragments,
My reflection now appeared comically distorted; and droplets of crimson blood
oozed from my palms as an aftermath.

When I punched the power horn in the truck; applying unrelenting pressure from
my wrists,
There was a deafening noise that was produced; instantly overpowering the
natural ethos prevailing in the atmosphere.

And finally when I punched my heart; using the full power of my hands,
There echoed only once voice; there seemed only once face; and there seemed
only one God; and all of them were my mesmerizing beloved.

9. COILED SPRINGS

I leapt audaciously from the balcony rail; hurtling at full speeds towards the
obdurate ground,
However I escaped without a scar to my skin; and all my bones solidly
agglutinated to each other.

I plummeted from the top floor of the edifice; increasing my velocity as I
approached the ground,
However I got up instantly a few seconds after the fall; smiling frivolously at the
austere Sun.

I jumped from the aircraft flying at unprecedented heights; floating gradually
towards the earth,
However when I did land; I thoroughly maintained my stoicism; and refrained to
cry.

I plunged from unfathomable heights of the diving board into the pool; cascading
as straight as an arrow into the waters,
However as I fell with a thunderous roar; I swam up to the surface feeling
unperturbed by the commotion.

I tripped inadvertently from the roof while playing; heading in perfect alignment

with the rocky stones,
However my flesh didn't bleed neither did my eyes tear; even after the deafening impact.

I was pushed into the thousand feet deep well by a bunch of miscreants; as my cries echoed through the slimy walls,
However as I tasted the blend of frog and dead fish; I still escaped unhurt and with an enchanting glow in my eyes.

I flung myself from the tall tree to flee from the venomous reptiles; diving head on towards an assemblage of wildly sprawled thorns,
However after landing I gazed pacifically at the opalescent moon; unfazed and relishing my close proximity with the thorns.

I stepped out of the speeding train; catapulting several kilometers before I came to a state of inertia,
However at last when I discovered my breath; there were no signs at all of broken bones or deadly fracture.

Well I think the time is conducive to reveal the secret that lay imprisoned in my heart,
I had worn large rings of coiled springs completely encompassing my back,
Flocculent foams of Dunlop compactly fitted to my persona; with satin balls of cotton clinging like a new born to my cheek,
The cotton and coiled springs had saved me on umpteenth an occasion; granting me a chance to live and profoundly admire the beauty that I saw.

10. QUESTIONS

I asked the road; the things that perturbed her the most,
She replied saying; that she was mutilated every unleashing minute,
By the juggernaut of trucks; and cloud showers of swollen rain.

I asked a cluster of fish in the monsoon river; about the ultimate fantasy of their lives,
The answer that followed was studded with arduous lines of brevity,
As they unanimously dreamt of swimming in stormy waves of the ocean.

I asked the domestic lizard to narrate its tale of woes,
It didn't ponder even for a fraction of a second; curtly saying that it was a paucity of succulent insect that kept her starved these days.

I asked the bleary eyed moon to impassively blurt out its agony,
The celestial figure in the cosmos retorted with a volley of eloquent expletives,
Blaming a fleet of monstrous spaceships; pilfering its exquisite decorum.

I asked the merrily swaying trees; to recount the expeditions of the blistering
day,
They retaliated with traumatic screams; with white blood trickling down their
entirety,
Rebuking the farmer; who had sliced them down for his daily fodder.

I asked stray dogs in the street about their conditions of blissful health,
They made gallant mockery of my question barking; we aren't fastidious about
food;
All we need is a solitary place to sleep.

I then questioned my tangible heart to disclose its candid feelings,
There were mystical vibrations which shook my entire silhouette,
Beads of cold sweat camouflaged my shock of black hair,
As it responded to my query saying; that it wanted to imprison forever,
Possess for times immemorial the holistic form it loved on this earth.

11. THE AIR WHICH MY MOTHER BREATHED

The air leaking form the air-conditioner was ergonomically cold,
Pacifying tumultuous anger of people; frantically quarreling in the acrimonious
summer heat.

The air diffusing from the ground; after fresh spells of monsoon rain,
Possessed a heavenly aroma of unbaked grass; tantalizing the nostrils into a
partial stupor.

The air emanating from saline waves of the ocean; was blended with fine spray
of sand,
Revived nostalgic reminisces of the evanescent past; impregnating the body with
the spirit of adventure.

The air in close proximity with parched sands of desert; was like a sizzling
inferno,
Was not conducive to breathe; provoking loud yelps and screams when caressed
by nimble pair of feet.

The air prevailing at astronomical heights of the mountain precipice; was

astoundingly thin,
Leading to austere problems of suffocation; camouflaging the face with mighty
cylinders of oxygen.

The air floating in the dilapidated mansion; was blended with truckloads of dust,
Prompted iterative bouts of sneezing; had an obnoxious stench of dead rat and
literature.

The air circulating in the cake shop; was ingratiatingly ravishing,
Inundating innumerable bowels with insatiable hunger; acting as an inevitable
stimulant to eat.

The air revolving round the dense foliage of trees; was as pure as an angel,
Expurgating its harmful ingredients into the blanket of leaves; acquiring the
sedate calm of shining moon.

The air imprisoned inside a rubber balloon; died a gruesome death every
unleashing minute,
Got perpetual freedom in the end; as the contraption burst with obstreperous
bangs.

The air that flowed out of humid nostrils; was luke warm in temperature,
Revealing a plethora of passion captivated within the soul; highlighting the zest
to lead life.

And the air my mother hissed down my persona; was the most immaculate of
them all,
For it was the very air that had created me; the air that had articulately
nourished my arms and feet,
The air which had made me actually witness; the atmosphere I was engulfed by;
at the reigning moment.

12. I WANTED YOU TO BE

I wanted you to be my godmother; caress me gently in the night; humming a
melodious rhyme to put me to sleep,
Prepare appetizing dishes of corn to gratify my gluttony; wipe the tears of my
cheek when I was struck with grief.

I wanted you to be my robust brother; tickling me incessantly in my ribs; make
me wholeheartedly laugh,
Defending me against all evil prevailing; obliterating me from the remotest of

brutality.

I wanted you to be my absent minded father; riding with me through steep curves of the hill on a horse,
Instilling gargantuan confidence in me while I studied; embedding my tender mind with nostalgic reminiscences of the past.

I wanted you to be my innocuous child; crying impeccably as I hoisted you high in my arms,
Melting my heart with your mischievous smile; tugging at my loose beard with your dainty fingers.

I wanted you to be my old grandmother; reciting to me a plethora of mesmerizing fairy tales,
Preparing herbal concoctions to pacify my wounds; admonishing me severely for flaunting with girls.

I wanted you to be my ravishing dreams; tingling dormant arenas of my heart with your stupendous grace,
Radiating perpetual heat in my body all day; leaving your everlasting fragrance close to my soul.

I wanted you to be the blood that flowed through my veins; imparting strength to my fragile muscle,
Purifying every unleashing second as I breathed air; losing refined degrees of control at the slightest of provocation.

I wanted you to be my intricate heart; which throbbed violently when loved,
Imprisoned the deity it worshipped; and was prepared to relinquish life for the ones it really cared for.

I wanted you to be the redness of my lips; which got more accentuated when I rubbed them,
Exorbitantly highlighting the fervor of my thoughts; the insatiable passion I had impregnated in my eyes.

And over and above all; I desperately wanted you to be my wife,
Inundate my impoverished heart with vast oceans of your love; blissfully living with me for this and an infinite lives more to be confronted.

13. WHEN I SLICED OPEN MY HEART

When I sliced volatile wire; impregnated with white currents of electricity,
It spewed out a volley of poignant sparks in tandem; I was stabbed with several
impacts of shock; falling like a lifeless pigeon on the ground.

When I sliced open obdurate tree bark; embossed with a cluster of rustic root,
A slurry of succulent white juice oozed out in emollient abundance; and the tree
wept in hidden anguish.

When I sliced the belly of the colossal mountain; infinite tons of mud leaked out
in frenzy,
A cluster of earthworm and rabbit got dismantled; and the once bombastic
structure now resembled a beggar in torn rags.

When I sliced open the skin of emerald watermelon; rosy pink juice cascaded
down with spontaneity,
The fruit looked ravishingly voluptuous like never before; with scores of brown
seeds tumbling down.

When I sliced decayed bones freshly excavated from soil; a finely crushed
chowder of calcium flew directly in my eyes,
The scenario appeared grotesquely despicable; with nostalgic memories of
centuries ago besieging the cool air.

When I sliced through the heart of a concrete wall; a series of blatant cracks
spread fast like the wild fire,
The structure now looked insipid and fragile; a battalion of red baked bricks came
plummeting down; and broke my scalp.

When I sliced scintillating biscuits of yellow gold; an amber tinge incorporated
the edge of my knife,
The currency proliferated itself with each stroke of mine; and soon I had more
pieces of gold than when I had commenced slicing.

When I sliced through an ocean of loose sand; the blissful assemblage got
thoroughly distorted,
Bountiful splinters of silver soil hurtled towards my eyes; and there was profuse
tearing that incorrigibly followed as an inevitable aftermath.

When I sliced open a balloon incorporated with salty cheese; and a fountain of
water,
An incoherent design of white dots then inhabited my face; scores of flies and
cupid ants stuck like true stalwarts to my demeanor.

And when I sliced my heart open with the most sharpest of blade; crimson blood gushed out at exhilarating speeds,
It contained bold traces of the girl I immensely loved; the celestial image of the mother from whom I was born.

14. EXPURGATIONS

The disdainful gutters; expurgated tons of sewage every unveiling day;
producing an unbearable stench which infiltrated the fragrant surroundings,
The parrot green blades of grass; expurgated dew drops at the onset of
evanescent dawn; shimmering magnificently in the temperate sunshine,
The exhausted body; expurgated a million drops of sweat; slowly trickling down
the bushy eyebrows,
The fountain pen; expurgated sapphire ink when pressed; granting intricate
shape to a jugglery of words,
The colossal mountains; expurgated droplets of snow in chilly winter; which
cascaded down their slopes in unparalleled jubilation,
The mystical nightingale; expurgated melodious sounds as it opened its slender
throat; flooding the ambience with its deliciously sweet music,
The ominous clouds in the sky; expurgated torrential rain; quenching the
insatiable thirst of the parched ground,
The monstrous trucks on the road; expurgated obnoxious smoke; prompting
suffocation in innocuously passing pedestrians,
The sensitive filament of bulb; expurgated brilliant light; illuminating the
gruesome darkness in the solitary street,
The animate inhabiting terrestrial earth; expurgated feces as the first activity
before commencing the new day,
The lizard on the wall; expurgated hostile blood at the occupants; when provoked
and slashed by the same,
The celestial body of the Sun; expurgated sizzling rays; fumigating the
conglomerate of dirt on earth,
The bunch of entangled rose; expurgated tantalizing fragrance; tickling the most
ruthless of individuals,
The salty waves of the boundless ocean; expurgated dead fish on the shores;
killed mercilessly by fishermen and fiery storms,
The resplendent rainbow in the cosmos; expurgated a plethora of colors;
glistening in the splendor of pouring rain,
The striped panther philandering through the jungle; expurgated a domineering
growl; announcing its presence to all animals in vicinity,
The ones suffering from lethal cancer; expurgated precious blood; struggling
every unleashing minute to stay alive,

The eyes of my mother; expurgated tears of incredible exultation when I was born,
The nostrils incorporated in every human; expurgated humid breath; necessary to sustain life,
And the indefatigable heart imprisoned in my chest; expurgated love for the ones it cared for; the girl it unrelentingly loved.

15. SHE LOVED HER BABY MORE THAN SHE LOVED HER GOD

She hurled him high in the air; exuberantly catching him in her safe arms,
Suckled him passionately with her milk; harnessing his tiny form with her warmth,
Played with him incessantly; instructing him how to unwind the soft toy train,
Cleansed his mischievous face frequently of mud and blotted ink,
Held his fragile fingers firmly in hers; trying to inculcate in him the art of walking,
Tickled him voraciously on his belly; which prompted him to incoherently giggle; displaying fresh buds of his newly formed teeth,
Placed him in the bathtub filled with heaps of flocculent foam; thoroughly scrubbing his minuscule silhouette,
Gave him a honey soother to chew; in order to facilitate the metamorphosis of his teeth,
Rubbed his supple body with emollient olive oil; basking him in the full light of the Sun,
Applied black lining of mascara on his drooping eyelashes; to accentuate his huge crystal eyes,
Tied jingling chains to his feet; which produced a tinkling sound as he ran,
Taught him the indispensability of language; with a bulky book of articulate alphabets lying by her side,
Scrupulously changed his yellow diaper; as he had a habit of intermittently wetting,
Sprinkled tons of aromatic powder on his arms; attempting to make his somber complexion multiple shades fairer,
Placed him amidst an island of inflated balloon; which he inadvertently pinched; and was dumbfounded on hearing the thunderous noise produced thereafter,
Fed him with a pulverized curry of milk and fresh corn; at painstaking speeds; for him to digest the same with ease,
Cuddled his shock of curly hair entwining her fingers; combed it after giving him a revitalizing massage,
Took him out in the spongy grass to play; introducing him to a cluster of new children,
Wiped his tears with her tender lips; when he unrelentingly cried; pacified him by

singing melodious rhymes,
Kept all doors locked; providing him a formidable enclosure to inhabit; saving his
innocuous form; from hideous eyes of the evil,
She loved her baby more than she loved her God;
Gave him his last feed of sumptuous milk; before putting him of to a blissful
slumber.

16. TOUCH

When I dared to touch the fiery and pugnacious ball of Sun; I got instantly
electrocuted,
All the animate cells in my body got mercilessly charred; and I was decimated to
a residue of finely chiseled black powder.

When I inadvertently touched acid bubbling in the dark crucible; my hands were
rendered lifeless by the impact,
Loud screams of anguish echoed from my mouth; water globules rolled down my
cheek; as I possessed insipid capacity to bear the pain.

When I touched red chili sprouting from the soil with my hands; there was a
disdainful rash that spread on my skin,
Sizzling currents of electricity rain down my spine; succeeded by a feeling of
sudden blindness in my eyes; as some of it had managed to enter the same.

When I touched bare wires of light with the rain pelting down; my body shook
like a torrential volcano,
The conglomerate of my teeth chattered incessantly; and I fell down on the
ground unconscious; inaudibly crying for water.

When I touched frozen ice strewn in abundance on slopes of the colossal
mountain range; I felt my blood slightly freeze,
My hands went partially numb with sheer inability to move; and there was no
sensation even when I punctured them with hot needles.

When I touched the aromatic elixir of petrol; there arose a deplorable stench in
the air,
I was soon battling for life; encompassed in entirety by hostile flames; as
someone in vicinity had alighted a matchstick.

When I gently touched the serrated green skin of the alligator; mistaking it for a
jeweled fantasy island,
The beast made no mistakes; instead scrupulously dismantled my flesh from

bone; before devouring me as a relishing meal.

When I touched wild blades of African grass standing tall at the equator; I felt inevitable sensations of itching besieging my persona,
Blotches of red soon enveloped my innocuous face; small rivulets of blood trickled down; as an aftermath of the raw scratching.

When I touched strongly blended white adhesive paint; presuming it to be frosty milk,
My palms irrevocably stuck to the concoction; and in spite of Herculean effort from my side; I was simply unable to free my grip.

And eventually when I touched her lips; wound my arms around her in an air tight embrace;
All my obstacles seemed to be vanquished; it was as if I was in the middle of a grandiloquent reverie; with the bond of our love growing perpetually stronger; as the minutes unleashed.

17. WINGS OF LOVE

I wanted to fly high in the blue sky on the wings of love;
Traversing through balls of white cotton clouds; listening to the mellifluous chirping of birds,
Having a silent peep at the blazing Sun; admiring its enchanting and radiant shine,
Bathing in the unrelenting rain pelting down; trying to catch the tiny droplets in my palms,
Watching atrocious airplanes whizzing past me at electric speeds; invading the serenity of the atmosphere,
Confronting chilly draughts of breeze as I proceeded; occasional flakes of snow caressing my hair,
The horizon appearing just at arms lengths from my body; as if the Sun was ready to gobble me for supper,
Earthly inhabitation infinite kilometers away from my sight; with a panoramic view of the towering mountains,
The innocuous white of my skin transiting to scarlet red; as gusty winds rushed across in fury,
A fleet of twinkling stars staring down at me in pin drop silence; preparing to shimmer in the night,
Thunderous black clouds obliterating me completely from visions of earth,
The only food being; a blend of white and colored air inundating my mouth,
The need for water not arising; in the bitter cold and freezing sheets of wind,

With me somersaulting several times on my back; viewing the sky in ecstasy
walking upside down,
A feeling of reverence; feeling the divine Creator in whispering distances of my
silhouette,
There was no pollution; adulteration; not even the faintest trace of civilization as
I flew,
The open conglomerate of sky and space besieging me in a vice like grip,
Simply not a soul to disturb me throughout the long day; the tenacious light of
the moon engulfing me in darkness,
I remembered my close affiliates; siblings; and most importantly the spell
binding cadence of her voice,
As I flew still higher in the sky; on the wings of perpetual love.

18. THERE WAS NOTHING BORN ON EARTH

There was nothing born on earth; whiter than frosty white cow milk,
There was nothing born on earth; saltier than the saline sea,
There was nothing born on earth; redder than the intensely emollient scarlet
rose,
There was nothing born on earth; more green than the blades of grass
protruding from fresh soil,
There was nothing born on earth; purer than crystal spray of water cascading
down the mountain,
There was nothing born on earth; more pungent than piquant slices of red chili,
There was nothing born on earth; more transparent than the human eye,
There was nothing born on earth; more sensitive than the throbbing heart,
There was nothing born on earth; more rotten than raw pig manure,
There was nothing born on earth; more effusive than a flurry of tears dribbling
down the cheek,
There was nothing born on earth; more tenacious than resplendently strong
beams of the moon,
There was nothing born on earth; more reinvigorating than a glass of natural
coconut water,
There was nothing born on earth; more supple than the skin of an innocuous
infant,
There was nothing born on earth; more eloquent than the mesmerizing voice of
the nightingale,
There was nothing born on earth; more sweeter than succulent sticks of farm
sugarcane,
There was nothing born on earth; more handsome than the majestically swirling
electric blue dolphin,
There was nothing born on earth; more provoking than a helpless cry,

There was nothing born on earth; more thorny than the king cactus extruding
from silver desert mud,
There was nothing born on earth; more slippery than the glistening sand,
There was nothing born on earth; more vociferous than the growl of the panther,

There was nothing born on earth; more dominating than the inner voice of the
conscience,

There was nothing born on earth; more benevolent than serving mankind,
There was nothing born on earth; more beautiful than a persons mother,
There was nothing born on earth; more powerful than the Creator,
And there was nothing born on earth; more invincible than true love.

19. WHEN I WROTE HER NAME

When I wrote her name with light fountain ink; on the naked parchment of white
paper,
It appeared almost invisible; failed to portray the fervent intensity of our
romance.

When I inscribed her name on the walls; using exquisite quality of floral paints,
There emanated an ethereal fragrance of flower; although it failed to highlight
the main ingredient of our love.

When I scribbled her name on the slippery beach sands; using a chiseled twig,
The calligraphy embossed looked amusing; although it soon got washed in
entirety by the gushing waves.

When I painted her name on scintillating glass; using vibrant strokes of steel
gray,
The printing was so scrupulous and neat; that it miserably failed to depict the
tenacity of our relationship.

When I wrote her name on the black board; using a cylindrical stick of expensive
chalk,
It appeared clear and bold; although it couldn't yet provoke even the slightest of
sentiment; and the professor soon scrubbed it clean with his duster.

When I embedded her name on a triangular biscuit of gold; using my switchblade
knife,
It appeared grandiloquently studded; although it gave our love a look of
ostentatious flattery.

When I symmetrically carved her name on the soft tree bark; using the corrugated drill,
It appeared astoundingly clear from a far distance; although it failed to convey our immortality; as the next second a nomad chopped it down.

When I incorporated her name on the voluptuous cake; using an icing of aromatic peppermint,
It looked romantically enticing; although it couldn't display the essence of our romance; soon lost its charm as a battalion of ants and insets crawled all over.

When I painstakingly penned her name on glittering diamonds; using a solution of shimmering silver,
It appeared kingly and aristocratic; although it failed to highlight the hardships we had undergone to make our love an intransigent success.

And when I wrote her name on my chest; using rusty nails and a gleaming blade,
Pools of blood dribbled down my ribs; rendering me virtually unconscious; but this time it spoke fathomless volumes of our immense dedication,
With each droplet of blood; reflecting the unconquerable tenacity of our everlasting love.

20. BOUNCE

When I banged a ball of spongy rubber on the ground; it bounced a few times with insipid fervor,
Rising a few inches from the ground; displaying a thoroughly lackluster performance.

When I threw a rotund ball of solid stone on polished floor; it bounced negligibly; producing a thunderous noise when it collided,
Unable to rise even a centimeter above the ground; languidly rolling as if about to be indiscreetly kicked.

When I released a ball of pure crystal from unprecedented heights of the edifice; it diffused into infinite splinters of acerbic powder,
There was no question of it bouncing; as it reduced to complete shambles; and the loss incurred was substantial.

When I hurled a ball of obdurate leather on the silver façade of glass; it zipped through like a fiery rocket,
Bouncing with nonchalant exuberance after striking the floor; and there was a

rotten fragrance of leather that disparagingly originated.

When I banged a ball of flocculent cotton on the muddy road; it blended magnificently with the ocean of dirt,
It simply refrained to bounce; and flimsy wisps of satin flakes drifted in the air.

When I banged a ball ornately stitched with a plethora of crimson rose petal; there was not a trace of the faintest of bounce,
The blissful leaves were squashed into a miserable pulp; and colored juice dribbled; forming tiny rivulets on the ground.

When I threw a ball of wet mud high in the air; it settled on the ground with a dull thud,
Umpteenth molecules of loose dirt cascaded all over; and the bounce was intensely sporadic before it died.

When I voraciously banged a ball of hot iron against car metal; it ripped apart the intricate demeanor,
Traversing at swashbuckling speeds like a fired bullet; it was too heavy to bounce and virtually sunk deep.

When I banged a ball of malevolent hatred on the floor; it assassinated along with itself scores of impeccable individuals,
Propagating enmity in races of mixed color; instigating rampant incidences of uncurbed violence; without bouncing the slightest whisker.

And when I eventually banged the ball of love against the most roughest of surface; it bounced as high as the sky,
Kept bouncing even after striking the ground several times;
It was the bounce of flexibility; the bounce of perpetual bondage and sharing; which had its spirits soaring handsome in the clouds; with the Creator to shower his blessings and perennially protect it.

21. SWITCH OF THE AIR-CONDITIONER PLEASE

I felt unrelentingly strangulated; with exhausted blasts of wind emanating from my nose,
Gloominess besieging me with tumultuous force; piercing through my innocuous heart,
An ocean of sweat dribbled down at astoundingly slow speed; trespassing my brow,
The crispness of my shirt; now transited into a completely bedraggled texture,

An inevitable sensation to scratch engulfed my naked skin; and intricate areas of sandwiched between the curly mass of my hair,
A fetid odor wafting from my mouth; permeated the rustically plush ambience,
Incessant shuffling of my feet; made me feel intensely uncomfortable,
Trapped mosquitoes stung succulent chunks of my flesh; inundating my palms with embarrassing blemishes,
My hands felt stiff; starved and thoroughly deprived of the tiniest of movement,
Folds of my skin camouflaging my eye felt heavy; my vision growing disconcertingly blurred by the unleashing minute,
A plethora of jerks rattled the most tenacious of my bone; waking me up every second from my blissful reveries,
that is when I unabashedly shouted in the luxury car, to switch of the air-conditioner please.

22. SHOWERS

Ominous black clouds in the firmament of sky; showered thunderous rain,
Deluging dry earth with bountiful water; quenching the thirst of umpteenth organisms dying premature.

The densely foliated apple tree; showered clusters of dry leaves on the ground; blended commensurately with dead twigs,
Facilitating the infertile soil to blossom productively; yielding a plethora of vegetable and lush green grass.

The dilapidated ceiling glistening nefariously in the silver moonlight; showered several crusts of decayed paint on the ground,
Impregnating it with a soft cushion; so that the stray rats could seek blissful refuge; and sleep.

The astral body of Sun dancing vivaciously in the cosmos; showered tenacious beams of dazzling light on the earth,
Annihilating inexplicable disease from its non-existent roots; giving the mundane pedestrian a new hope to live.

The metallic pipe suspended in the bathroom had intricate nozzles incorporated; showered ravishing droplets of water when switched on,
Drenching exhausted individuals with revitalizing liquid; cleansing the disdainful blotches riveted to their skins.

The colossal mountains strangulated with mesmerizing white snow; showered icy liquid in peak summer,

Which trickled down languidly on the ground; intensely tickling innocuous toddlers passing by.

The healthy persona of rustic cow; showered tons of milk when deftly caressed on its teats,
Silenced incessantly crying infants when they tasted the same; passionately suckling its young ones just born.

The wildly suspended pungent breeze; showered astronomical amounts of dust as it blew,
Imprisoning gargantuan dust and sand in its flow; vomiting the same on high swirling waves of the ocean.

She stood tall and domineering; way above the rest of the lecherous world; showering me with perpetual cascades of her magnanimous love,
Instilling my impoverished soul with immortal happiness; catapulting me to heights of incredible jubilation.

And the Omnipresent aura of God; showered the earth with us humans; existing in varied color and species,
Bestowing upon us the power to procreate our generations; the unrelenting prowess to create; discover and love.

23. WHISKY COMPLEXIONED HAIR WIG

I was born with a thick shock of curly hair,
Silky strands of light brown cascading down my scalp,
Broad outlines of eyebrow fringe,
They were my pride; cuddled on infinite occasions by my mother,
Glistening in sunshine like pure black shoe polish paint,
Caressing minute regions of my skull in breeze blowing with high velocity,
Mingling once in a while with the delicate periphery of my inverted eyelash,
Sighted as a puffed bunch of dark cushion by all in close proximity,
I always kept them shampooed and scrupulously clean,
Sobbed hysterically in private interiors of my room,
When a cluster of school mates harmlessly plucked a few,
I was obsessed with the concept of evergreen hair growth,
Slept all night with tight fitted shower cap clinging to my garden of hair.

Those whirlwind days of youth had now faded,
Unwanted vigils of old age had crept in at amazing speeds,
Bald patches of skin now sparkled in sunlight,

Resembled rich quality pure wax in pearly light of the moon,
The hair which once inhabited my scalp,
Now lay dumped; perhaps under stagnant waters of the city sewer,
Iterative attempts of washing, scrubbing, oiling, applying medicinal balm had
proven futile,
I had finally succumbed to the tyranny of fate,
Nevertheless I still wore fluffy fibers of ant red hair,
Which neither budged nor moved an inch; in the most gustiest of breeze,
Projecting pompously from the artificial plastic of my whisky complexioned hair
wig.

24. A CONTACT LENS

It was a semipermeable membrane of curved plastic,
Softened to usable proportions,
Suspended in a pool of viscid tear film,
Enhancing complete visual fitness,
Enriched with optical charisma,
Tailored to a host of curvatures,
Sewn with fibers of crystal gelatin,
Blended with a spectrum of colors,
A maze of wild; sedate; tulip; ravishing designs,
A plastic strip of delightful fashion,
Extinguishing tales of darkened sorrow,
Months and years of faulty vision,
Nerve wrecking tales of groping about in haze,
Impeachable agony of mistaking identities,
Unending oppression of being mutilated,
A lustrous jewel adorning the eye,
An invincible palace of dreams,
Dethroning flashes of black forever,
A tribute to the visual faculty,
My salutations to what a novice knows about,
The scientific way of annihilating visual devastation,
An indispensable product for meaningful existence,
Clinging tightly to the eyeball,
Christened in common parlance as an ultratight and satiny soft Contact Lens

25. MORBID STRUCTURE OF CREATION

I altruistically stared at the wall,
Pale and white with a few blemishes,

A solid fortress of cement concrete,
Embellished with multiple coats of rich paint,
A silent barrier impregnated with juxtaposed bricks,
Fiery red; burnt brown and black,
The acting alloys of the nonchalant structure,
Firmly sealed to its fecund foundations,
Embedded deep in intricate recesses of mud,
Which cries out loud with every inch of vertical invasion,
Radiating rampantly with discordant ease; with every unfurling minute,
Breaking the harmony of the coagulated network; of trillions of soil molecules,
Rendering them hopeless and haphazardly scattered,
As the morbid structure of creation,
Painstakingly penetrates into deep oceans of dark mud.

26. THE TALE OF A CAR TYRE

The inflated swell of vehicular rubber,
Was with soft rectangular indentations,
Held captive in circular hollow of the tyre,
Traversed speedily along compact metallic roads,
Crushing dry leaves; trampling unkempt wild weeds,
Fixed and stuck to metallic plates,
With radiating spikes; midget spokes of corrugated steel,
Maneuvering sharply across a landscape of barren concrete,
With deft strokes to the driving wheel,
Firm slanted pressure to the compressible gas pedal,
And skillful articulate movement of the gear shift machinery,
The tyre treads raced through wet mud roads,
Leaving behind trails of woven patterns,
Resembling dead sticks of rotten sugarcane,
As a sudden whirring noise encapsulated the atmosphere,
Tons of dust blew; silencing the crux of exuberant activity,
Brakes wailed in cacophonous unison,
Tyre chunks bled against the mass of hardened mud,
Creating asymmetrical rings of disdainful dust,
The main culprit being;
A cluster of iron pins; in hot agony,
Strewn in randomly savage proportions,
Waiting to trap innocent prey of vehicular rubber,
Inserting themselves into the thickened rubber flesh,
Squeezing out macro plumage of air mass; exhausting it to the last drop,
Rendering the spongy sheath of charismatic rubber,

Into distorted piles of mangled junk.

27. LONG IRON

Infinite stretch of white metal,
Running parallel through unlimited access of territory,
Laid on mounds of defined camber,
Spaced at varying distances,
Connected by planks of resistant timber,
Criscrossing flexibly through a maze of routes,
Firmly stuck by tight screw; nut and bolt,
Welded to designer perfection,
In a kingdom of pointed stones,
And shady domains of tree foliage,
Bearing loads of flesh and cargo,
Along with metallic skeletons of speedy trains,
Excreting clouds of smoke as they pass,
Produced in coal chambers of captain room,
The train chugs blatantly,
With horns blaring in obstreperous unison,
Through steep slopes; cloistered tunnels,
Icy cliffs; steel bridges,
A jungle of stations; distant towns,
Embracing sticks of long iron rail,
On a compatible basis; for centuries of blissful travel.

28. TRANSLUCENT SHEATH OF LUXURY

The emerald green cinnamon leaf,
An undulating surface of midget proportions,
Engraved with somber white veins,
A camouflage of edibility,
Wild with rudimentary scent of nature,
Vivaciously luring tiny apertures of consumption,
Into a chewable fiesta; of spicy blended ingredients,
Prompting unanimous chorus of satisfaction,
As globules of water roll down from my crystalline eyes,
Witnessing nature's brevity at close quarters,
Tuning my mental machinery; effusive arenas of my demeanor,
To harness the gift of clay and kin.

29. FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

Brown smoke rose from the tall chimney,
Sinister eagles creating powerful draughts of wind,
Grey lizards swished their tail as they clawed upwards,
Dried moisture from the river bank descended on the tapered structure,
Engulfing parched skin of concrete with paltry amounts of natural coolant.

High up in the tower dwelt a grizzly haired man,
Solitude camouflaged him in totality,
Shriveled bones of his body shone prominently,
Silky white beard flowed majestically from his facial contours,
Adorned he was in godly robes of saffron gold,
Each of his finger was studded with a mystical charm,
There lay a crystal globe abreast of him,
Which he presumed; dissipated entangled enigmas of life.

An affluent man met him with loads of hope,
Bereft he was of precious centers of life bestowing vision,
He had groped about in darkness ever since he was born.

The eccentric saint stared at him for long hours,
Commanded him to kiss the crystal trophy; containing perfumed mountain shrub
and water,
Sprinkled all parts of his persona with pinches of turmeric powder,
Smeared his eyes with a paste of rabbit whisker and boiled mushroom,
Chanted spell binding rhymes with proficient ease,
Swayed like a maniac expending all energy possessed by his wrinkled feet,
The transformation that occurred was breathtaking,
Transparent globules of water welled up in the man's eyes,
Blurred outlines of the room became slowly visible,
Decades of agony in dark seemed to be fading fast,
He could now see the razor sharp outlines of ducks in the river,
As fresh rays of morning Sunlight caressed him with their full might.

30. THE PALATIAL WATERS

The sparkling surface of evanescent water,
Reveals undiscovered exhilaration in a smooth manner,
The impregnable waters had few ripples,
Withstanding the acerbic summer heat,
Cruising along with radiant buoyancy,
Crawling step by step with dreary resistance to hard bed rock,

Into the open crevices of virgin land,
Covering in entirety; barren regions of dry river bed,
To give sedative effects like those experienced,
After massive consumption of lethal tranquilizer drugs.

31. OCEAN OF BLOOD

Before me stretches the gargantuan ocean of blood,
O! helmsman be my eternal companion,
Launch me into it face down,
The turbulent waves of blood shake our boat,
But don't be afraid my friend,
For at every step there's god to be,
To wipe the tear drops from our eyes,
And to be our eternal friend.

Our boat is going too fast,
Slow it down a trifle my friend,
To bring it in terms with the actual pace of life,
Where lies agonizing sorrow and grief,
With a thick intensity,
For us to handle with our boat,
Trespassing calmly over it,
For every step that passes by; is a path to the open world.

O! Friend come near; lets prepare to jump,
In the concoction of blood and water that surrounds us,
For we have now left this life far behind,
And are prepared for the time to come,
Do not be afraid of the consequences my friend,
For this world will laugh at you and me,
I can hear the laugh loud and reverberating a few feet behind us,
C'mon lets prepare to jump.

32. PRECIOUS TEARS

O! Mother why do you shed your costly tears for me?
I'm horrid and of no use to this world,
With every unforgiving minute to my credit,
And the agony of my presence; causing tears to your eyes,
Those eyes which once oozed tears of ebullient happiness and joy,
Newness and excitement,

With the past memories reflecting poignantly in them,
And the most moisture engulfing them; making those tears more costly and
inimitably priceless.

Please close your eyes,
For I have not the strength; to see your sorrow pouring out,
Just for the sake of a wretched boy,
Those holy white drops of your pain; purify the area on which they fall,
Creating tremors of faith,
Depicting your immortal glory to all.
Your eyes are so astoundingly beautiful,
Weren't meant to cry,
But to enjoy the tears of ecstasy gushing out instead,
Every instant; creating sweet rivulets of love,
Away from my unearthly soul,
In a blissful world you would like to live in,
Leaving my disgraceful form; in the hands of the supreme form.

My every unpardonable deed,
Leads me to those pointed thorns, where I await my harsh destiny.
O! Dear mother please don't cry,
Don't waste the wonderful years of your life,
For a coward like me, uncaring, unloving, causing misery to your impeccable
heart,
Leave this devilish character,
Far away from your mesmerizing shadow,
Giving those eternal eyes of yours some rest,
But for heaven sake please don't cry.

33. MAHATMA GANDHI

This man living was a blessing to earth,
His character truly spotless and bright,
With every bit of immaculate truth in it,
In a great vast and mangled world of politics,
Resolved to serve the nation
And to be a true stalwart cum true knight.

His persevering hand always got up for the right cause,
To crush evil with a strong force,
And gave infinite masses of people renewed hope.
His ideas were as firm as bare unprocessed bricks,

Bore tense enigmatic moments in peace,
And let ghastly crime on earth cease.
A quick glimpse of his wheatish face,
Can reveal a just and fair case.
His steps to righteous success were never stopped,
As they got mighty obstacles chopped.
He pointed to the right way,
Kept people round the globe always gay.
The essence of his benevolent deeds spread far and wide,
Prepares all humans for the onerous bout.
The ashes of his body still depict,
As to where the real freedom of India lives.

34. LIFE

Those dark brown fields of life,
So vast in an entrenchment of their own,
Lost in the syndrome of beauty,
Towering over all heights,
Capsizing the true mettle in man,
Perspiring from the onerous task,
Draping curtains of freshly dug earth,
Leading to dim lights shining ahead.

Those brown fields resemble that orange fading light,
Diffusing into blissful shades of turmoil,
Ebullient with the quenching of time,
Creating bountiful demands,
Abaft with blushes of scarlet red,
Entangling unsolved riddles of life.

35. THE MAIN INGREDIENT OF MY THOUGHTS

I consider the weird tenacity of the intransigent air,
That tickles the envelope of my mind,
Unfolding a whole life of misery,
Involving the trickery of its kind.

The rugged terrains stretched like a shell,
Rings nonchalantly in my mind a good nice bell.
A flower blossoms; a bird chirps,
Bringing my mind the best kind of jerks.

At last I get out of this heavenly dream,
To enrich the taste of the real cream.

36. THE IMPECCABLE AIR

When I study the softness and true intimacy of the air,
It encapsulates my mind with an altruistic blare.
The velvety touch, the shadowy grace,
Have evaporated fully without a trace.
The hot and blistering breeze,
Has made the cool atmosphere cease.
The salty scent of air near the volatile sea,
Has always satisfied hordes of humming bee,
And filled innocent minds of school children with lots of glee.
The ravenous smell of the sweet blue air,
Has made man go near it,
For he has in his mind a plethora of thoughts; but no fear,
And as the scorching Sun filters through the sky,
The arid air mass cries aloud,
To get the sympathy of thin wisps of invisible clouds.

37. THE TUNE OF AIR.

The mystic tune of melodious air,
Shimmering brightly in perennial softness,
With breaths of insatiable desire,
Like a golden harp beside me,
Flowing past my eyes; smothering all sorrows,
Entitling its presence to my skin,
With showers of silken delight to follow.

The path of air inside me,
Imprisons me with a wave of hope,
Briskly striding over a mountain of sadness,
Subsiding every iota of pain,
Enveloping my whole being in a languid manner,
Making surplus availability of exuberant thoughts,
To say goodbye to me.

That blazing rumble of soft movement,
Tickles my conscience astride,
Offering its red hot tenacity,

To the liquid of rage inside me,
Penetrating me with slow viscosity,
Determining my fate to go,
Placing me in an abysmal dilemma,
Like the dexterous string of elastic bows.

38. TENACIOUS MOONLIGHT

The vivid moonlight amidst the vast expanse of black,
Mesmerizing with tranquil tunes,
Whispers its sanity below,
To dark and moisture laden sultry air,
Intruding upon the blissful silence.

The spiritual harmony in whitish tinge,
Scrapes away ghastly black petals of malice,
Glistening in quiet contentment,
Revealing non violent signs of complete triumph,
Sprinkling crystalline dew drops of everlasting love.

It invades upon the softness of the night,
Giving rise to springs of spontaneous affinity,
Dreary to a host of artificial emotions,
Blazing its entrance into the world,
With strong mists of belief in self as its lone saviour.

39. STREAM OF LOVE

O! that crystal clear stream flowing,
From tall precipices of the mountain; cascading below,
Those granules of spring water resemble love,
Make brand new paths to go,
Forming tributaries of eternal love,
Gushing at volatile speeds into the mystic world beneath.

The twisted path made by river flow,
Emphatic with light yellow tinges and glow,
With absolutely no hindrances to grow.
It imparts the secrete messages of hidden compassion,
Spreading its enchanting touch all over,
To this frenzied exhausted world,
With serene black calmness to follow.

The stream descends down in a placid manner,
With euphemistically soothing gurgling sounds,
Radiating in its splendid beauty,
To spread permanent messages of unbiased love,
To give relief in its arms,
Resembling gargantuan twists and turns of empathy.

40. ASSEMBLAGE OF HEAVENLY BLUE

The sky with its tinge of heavenly blue,
The sky which is coherent and true.
The sky so beautiful with its purplish face,
The sky that can conquer the human race.
The sky so sweet at lemonade,
The sky that can bring the earth an adolescent grade.
The sky that helps at the time of drought,
The sky that causes newborn seeds to sprout.
The sky that can bring crackling floods,
Doing so can shed a lot of blood.
The sky black and swollen near the river bank,
Hungry clusters of flower expecting all they can.
The drops of pelting water all hope for,
The sheets of rain showers already gone.
The sky with its protuberant legs stretched,
The sky that can get a house creshed.

41. SEVEN STARS- A PECULIAR CONFIGURATION

The celestial placid shape in the sky,
Gains the shape of a question mark,
To give vague and abstract clues,
Depicting conventional meanings of life.

The star configuration gives new life to the door of hope,
Diverting the mind to sacred paths,
Leaving a person in a quandary,
Groping for reasons of non commercial survival.

It gives him a glimpse of his vibrant nature,
Pointing accurately to the heart core of life,
In this space age of computer and robot,

To bring a spiritual upstanding in life.

It sharpens ones outline,
Finely chiseling dormant parts of brain,
Making one mentally sound and fit,
Portraying to the world ones brand new gift.

42. THE SACROSANCT STAR

The gallant star with perpetual shades of white on its coat,
Glitters through the darkness of the amicable night,
An envelope of pitch dark cosmos surrounds it,
Its blessed with a virtue of blatant intimacy,
Staying united amidst a constellation of planet,
Shy and late in announcing its presence in the sky,
The stars all in a blithe,
To give nourishing effects of gliding kites.

The earth's surface reflected on it,
Goes through the web of exotic desire,
Overcoming thunderous whirlwinds and tumblers of rain,
Standing firmly where no else dares.

The stars take position in a tinge of black and blue,
Sticking to the sky like impregnable glue,
Suction occurs through their entire structure,
The emphatic feeling yet to come.

43. WHISPERING OF NATURE

The wind blows at a soft tune,
As I sit in the full light of the Sun,
Profound with the power to enchant,
Teasing tiny grass stalks with all its might,
Filling stripped cavities of my heart,
With waves of rapturous melody.

The Sun's light on the sprawling web of green,
Invades the blanket of blissful beauty,
Mesmerizing golden dew drops with its aura,
Like iterative soft caresses of a young mother,
Cuddling her baby with showers of encouragement,

Incorporated with conditions of pure love.

The gleaming sea waters in full flow,
Endowed with sparkling film of salt,
Strike colossal jet black rocks,
Translucent in their perennial strength,
Take the Sun with its dazzling yellow light,
As their constant companion.

The snow clad cliffs make a way,
Weaving their way through a valley of clouds,
Like crystalline shapes of pure wonder; encroaching and puffing solitary spaces
of the misty valley.

44. PLACID AND PERFECT

The stream lit days of peace,
Flow past the agony of time,
So quiet, so serene, so blissful, yielding their touch softly; bit by bit,
Cruising smoothly over the field of messy emotions,
To give life to the tiny molecules of beginning,
In a supreme entrenchment of their own.

Sweet tunes pierce suspended carpets of air,
Gorgeously tranquil and splendid,
Oozing out silent tremors of love,
In circular rings of boisterous feelings,
Far distance away from the trapped world of complications,
In an ambience of mustard green dew drops,
Depicting short parables of perfect excitement,
Precarious with the fading of time.

45. A PEEP INTO THE LIFE OF A EUNUCH

Panic grips my heart,
As germs of fear enter my blood,
Biting every ounce of enthusiasm,
Every bit of mental strength,
Baffled by the onslaught of those faces,
As I look in sheer disbelief,
At the army of mutilated faces,
In this strange world created by God,

Plunging my whole being into emptiness,
Without a trace of hope; and lord being my saviour.

O! Lord; so beautiful is this world you have made,
Turbulent rivers; high mountains,
Clear blue skies; yellow seas,
Dazzling sights; treacherous heights,
But what form of beauty is this O! Lord,
Unfolding a trauma of ugliness,
The most deplorably dreaded form of a human being,
Circulating spasms of fear in my mind,
Leaving me in second thoughts,
As to what really is mankind.

46. ELECTRIC RAYS OF BLISS

Acrid Sunlight peeps through the windshield,
Bifurcating shades of yellow and green,
As satiny curls of my dermis go berserk,
My luscious lips produce glowing embers of animated smile,
As stringent rays of palpable dimensions,
Smother the grievances of a scalding destiny,
Stitching adeptly the dungeons of devastation,
Halting boulders of vexation,
Through sweetened fruits of creation.
The vivid network of intermingled light,
Finally blazes across my incoherent eyes,
Prompting me to secure my grip on the driving wheel,
Dousing flames of perverted imagery,
Exorbitantly rekindling my faith in mankind.

47. TAPERED AND THE SPICIEST

Fresh beanstalks of green chili,
Standing upright in fecund patches of clay,
Strewn in crusty jigsaw moulds,
With famished caterpillars in its womb,
Swarms of obstreperous flies buzzing around,
And hordes of white mice sprinting with a squeaking sound.

Water clogs arid balls of cracked mud,
Jutting out fiercely; from hose pipes composed of coarse cloth,
Forming pulpy rivulets; amidst the garnished stalks,

Drenching the untilled land; with pearls of natural nutrients,
Pure and crystalline from the inner core of earth.
The parrot green buds then ripened in quick succession,
Into macro skin coverings of saliently dark green,
The entire camouflage whistled with the win,
Withering the plethora of standing stalks,
Heaps of chili now lay in a mangled wreck,
Giving rise to the Tapered and the Spiciest

48. CIRCULAR FILAMENT FOR SURVIVAL

Finely chiseled in circular fashion,
White and sparkling in complexion,
Engraved in multiple denomination,
Dexterously crafted to realistic proportions,
Malleable with euphoric scent of obsession,
Spreading indispensable waves of possession,
To living masses with grey matter in utter commotion,
Lustrous and eternal with yearly corrugations,
A commodity spearheading all emotions,
Trampling indiscriminately over all temptations,
Reigning supreme above all imagination,
Spinning webs of dreamy sedation,
Placing it to be a landmark of fascination,
Blessed with a virtue of godly personification,
The Currency Coin was eventually garlanded as the kind of all destinations.

49. A FRAGMENT OF CONSUMPTION

Unbaked flabby chunks of dough,
With loosely sprawled fine powder,
Molded into round lumps of bulky wheatmeal,
An unyielding deodorant in its primitive form,
Studded with minute recesses clinging to its body,
Awaiting hybrid flames from unburnt firewood,
To nurture it into a ripened swell of burnt complexion,
Compactly stitched at all sections,
With threads of natural glue,
Compressed into delicious sandwiched bread,
Sewn in perfect co-ordination,
With progressively low rising engulfing fusion,
Emanating from the tiny apertures of gas burner,

Enriching and finally deserting it as a
victorious fragment of Consumption

50. THE NATURAL BEND

The leaf gorgeously parrot green in color,
Relishes flamboyant tinges of purple on its coat,
Its face tapered and jutting out,
It reveals to all its natural splendour,
Infinite lines adorn its spongy surface,
Bifurcating oblong zones of its sand paper complexion,
Its real beauty comes pouring out,
As the rainy season begins to sprout.
The beauty which is truly emphatic,
Indicates bent points on its slender persona,
Drooping down in a stingy manner,
To get a fleeting glimpse of the earth,
Which nourished it like a baby from its childhood to its present day youth,
The very earth; of which it has been an integral part for decades of existence.
It sways gently in the hot currents of breeze,
Dead eyes disclosing true facts of life,
Hold no fear; are devoid of vacillating emotion,
Leading a person to astral remnants of an ancient phase.
Its time of perennial joy never ends,
For it always shows its naturally sculptured and angular bend.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Hide And Seek - Part 7 - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually part 7 of the Book titled - Hide and Seek - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems (702 pages) . Parekh's earliest collection of verse. Written in unparalleled fervor, this collection is a delectable blend of topics from love to death, probing into countless infinitesimal aspects of existence which make a significant impact to it. The beauty of this compendium lies in its magical brevity at places and in the most mundane things of life around us brought to the fore like a magicians wand, in brilliant poetic flair by Parekh. Contains poems on topics impossible for one to envisage that a poem could be written about such an inconspicuous little thing-but Parekh evolves bountiful rhyme from the word go and coalesces vivacious color in the little tid-bits of the chapter called life to optimum effect. A must read for all those who find color, charm and significance in even the smallest things of life and are enthused by even the most mercurial bit of stray paper loitering around. A poetic tribute to the ordinary, projecting its colorful extraordinary bit to the planet with raw panache.

This book tingles every living being's imagination to fantasize beyond the ordinary. Look at all those meaningful tid-bits around us which have a complete book written in each one of them. All those joyous and unfortunate anecdotes around us which make us blossom into the true spirit of existence; into the amazing celebration of omnipotent life.

CONTENTS

1. DELIGHTFUL FARM
2. INNOCENT LIVES
3. RAINBOW
4. INDEFATIGABLE NATURE

5. YOURS TRULY IN DIRT
6. ABBREVIATIOUS BLOOD
7. BIFURCATION OF THE CHARISMATIC
8. HAZARDS OF CIGARETTE SMOKING-POISONOUS SMOKE
9. WHIRLPOOLS OF DESPONDENCE
10. MY FATHER- DEFINITION OF CLASS
11. FODDER THROUGH RHYME
12. SOAPY SPRINGS FOR LUXURIOUS CLEANSING
13. JOURNEY THROUGH THE ATLANTIC
14. THE EXOTIC EFFECT OF AIR
15. ACTS OF COURAGE
16. THE BLUE OCEAN
17. MY COMPLAINT
18. PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATION
19. THE COLD BLOODED ROCK
20. IMAGINATION
21. AMBULANCE
22. KING CACTUS
23. HANDKERCHIEF
24. HOUSE BOAT
25. IF THE WORLD WERE UPSIDE DOWN
26. THE HYPOCHONDRIAC
27. NOODLES
28. I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU ICE-CREAM
29. MY DARLING UNFETTERED UMBRELLA
30. SCHOOL BAG
31. CUTE CREASES.
32. CHALK STICK.
33. WATERMELON.
34. SIMPLISTIC QUILT
35. EARNEST HANGER
36. TRIUMPHANT TUMBLER
37. SACHIN RAMESH TENDULKAR - BLESSEDLY BEST
38. THE 3 MAGICAL ALPHABETS DNA
39. EACH TIME YOU LIFT THE CRICKET WORLD CUP-WE'RE PROUD TO BE A TRUE INDIAN
40. WHY WAS I AS A PARENT, AN ALL-TIME FAN OF EURO-KIDS VASTRAPUR?
(Ahmedabad, India)
41. LIMCA BOOK OF RECORDS - INDIA AND HER PEOPLE AT THEIR VERY BEST.
42. FOR ME—WHAT MADE BRYANT MCGILL TRULY ROYAL.
43. HAPPY B'DAY TO INDIA'S MOST FASCINATING BUSINESS MAGICIAN-MR. MUKESH DHIRUBHAI AMBANI.

44. NELSON MANDELA
45. THE MIDAS TOUCH
46. BIRD'S EYE VIEW
47. BOMB BLAST
48. PEACEFUL FRIEND
49. THE OBLIVIOUS DESERT
50. THE UNITED FAMILY

1. DELIGHTFUL FARM

The placid pebble in blue water,
The yellow Sun evading the skies,
A black cloud of mixed feeling,
The blue tear strained eyes.

The mist hanging in the air,
The white dew drops in the field,
The heavenly smell of thatched hay,
The fathers scattered everywhere.

The delicious smell of baked corn,
The cock singing a perfect rhyme,
The lively squirrel on the tree,
The evanescent rising of dawn.

The hedges covered with green foliage,
The fields to be ploughed at,
The hushed rustling of the trees,
The sweet melody in the air.

2. INNOCENT LIVES

Lunch boxes filled with spicy delicacy,
Children dressed in neat uniform,
Stitched badges identifying institution,
Hung coarse bags filled with textbook volumes,
On rustic shoulders of budding youth,
Polished footwear projecting from cream pant,
Shoelace tied in immaculate fashion,
Plaits of hair brushed meticulously with coconut oil,
Brilliant red tie dangling from shirt collar,
Secured to shirt cloth with metal cufflinks,

Conspicuously large watch dial displaying time,
Elastic socks of white conclude attire,
As group of children board the school bus.

Shouts of laughter; chorused rhymes,
Plodding of feet; biting of nails,
Twinkling smiles; comic faces full of glee,
The toddlers were having a gala time;
With dead drunk driver hands on the steering wheel,
Flashing demon smiles through the rear glass,
Meting personal frustration on gas pedal,
As the bus sky rocketed into daylight,
Leaving unsurpassable tornadoes of dust behind.

Swerving wildly like an African panther,
Ultimately crashing into iron posts,
Marking the outlines of the river bridge,
Shouts of laughter turned to breathless horror,
Metal screeched against solid concrete,
Multiseater bus took a hundred feet plunge,
Chorused rhyme converted into imprisoned cries,
As Innocent lives mercilessly drowned into the savage waters of the amazon.

3. RAINBOW

Violent streaks of nail polish Violet,
Circular shades of flaming Indigo,
Thick envelope of heavenly cloud Blue,
Fat smear of bright parrot Green,
Thin smudges of neglected dirty Yellow,
Peripheral paint lines of blazing Orange,
Encapsulating outlines of deathly Red,
Prompted by brilliant sunshine in cascading rain,
Sky patches of light blue,
Sun ball shining in full heat at boiling point,
Thin wisps of pale white cloud cover,
Dispersed in distant boundaries of the Sun,
Shriveled to an iota of their traditional attire,
Which is dark grey with blushes of black,
Now discharging rain in sunlight,
Forming a perfect vibgyor rainbow,
To the insurmountable delight of living organism,

Existing in spiceless moments of robotically worldly life.

4. INDEFATIGABLE NATURE

The white semi crescent luminates large in the sky,
Suspended in the jet black pool of atmosphere,
The starts glitter in unison,
As black wisps of clouds hang around.

Awesome masses of air blow gustily,
Bundles of molecules gasp collectively,
Stringent voices blow mightily,
As thunderous core of lechery comes pouring down.

Macro droplets of liquid break into frenzy,
Torrential rain cascades all over,
Drenching fresh granules of earth,
Softening parched rocks of violent composition,
Trespassing waywardly through molten fiascos of heat,
Harrowing the elixir of humanity,
Soothing the edifices of brutal racism,
Shattering glass panes of heinous felonies,
As I watch the proceedings in mute silence.

5. YOURS TRULY IN DIRT

Short stubs of sharp black hair,
Sprouting from skin pores of unshaven flesh,
Long hair with untrimmed side locks,
Bearing heaps of white dandruff powder,
Corn dried lips chapped at sides,
Nostrils emitting hardened mass of mucus,
Eardrums filled with coats of sordid yellow wax,
Streaks of dirt lining angular neck,
Pus cells activated in lower eye,
Broken eyebrows curled in disarray,
Uncut fingernails adhered to mud,
Armpits spreading undesirable stench,
White teeth pearls dulled to chocolate brown,
Scribbled writing on all quarters of palm,
Tightly fit bedraggled clothes,
With gaping holes in shirt and vest,

Ants gnawing at chunks of stuck honey,
On projecting wide shoulder bone,
Sports shoe lining coated with coal tar,
I moan in utter dismay and lost hope,
As I stare at my unwashed demeanor; my unpolished body in the mirror.

6. ABBREVIATIOUS BLOOD

The conspicuous blood drop of a wounded man,
Can never fill the brim of an eccentric can.
That molecule of indispensable thought,
Has occasionally brought misery; but broth.
When one roams in this dark world of massacre and pain,
He can conquer everything except mercenary gain.
And when comes the real violent flood,
It leaves behind thick greasy blood,
Thoroughly soaking the surface of parched earth,
To give a vindictive human race birth.

7. BIFURCATION OF THE CHARISMATIC

The elliptical glittering white nutrition,
With yellow sprawled on the inside,
The fragile adumbrate shell,
With flimsy blend of color and white,
Is the best I have ever known.

The ruffled feathered monster,
With its conspicuously red beak,
The protuberance of its chest,
With the cadence of the sung rhyme,
Is the best I have ever known.

The immaculate white pearl,
With glistening sheen of perpetual freedom,
Hovering on the tenterhooks of extinction,
With the splendour of someone possessed,
Is the best I have ever known.

The hazy ray of virgin moonlight,
With the sweltering heat suspended,
The languid chunks of green grass,

Cacophonous with insipid exhilaration,
Is the best I have ever known.

The sparkle of perennial molten liquid,
Forming crevices of incongruity,
The lustrous melancholy of tumbling water,
Drifting mankind onto precipices of jubilation,
Is the best I have ever known.

8. HAZARDS OF CIGARETTE SMOKING-POISONOUS SMOKE

Jaded tobacco flakes in wrapped yellow candy paper,
White and appalling in visual imagery,
Dunloped to high degrees of compression,
Forming tetra inch sticks,
Of ashen grey crusty powder,
Thoroughly malnourished and stale,
A recipe for unending doomsday,
An aftermath of human greed,
Accentuating lecherous desires of eating smoke,
Bitter and contaminated ash,
Ignited by a host of sleazy gadgetry,
Wooden sticks of leaded match,
Producing derogatory clouds of white air,
Floating with fetid fragrance; low vitality,
With occasional butts of red coal falling down,
Diffusing into soft powder,
Carcinogenic to several glands of the living organism,
Chronologically spreading its ghastly effect,
To millions of mouths consuming it,
Chewing it; blowing it; relishing it,
Stitching webs of longevity forever,
Succumbing to something as inconsequential,
As a portable cylinder of pressed tobacco,
Withering mankind to caves of self destruction,
Rendering it the worst of its kind.

9. WHIRLPOOLS OF DESPONDENCE

My mental imagery fluctuates,
As beads of sweat drip down voraciously,
Spearheads of steel stab my skin,

Plucking away huge chunks of my pristine flesh,
Chopping the crux of zealous activity,
Plundering me with the waves of dormant ecstasy,
Admonishing the dexterous web of drudgery,
Impersonation tingling sensations of existence,
Scrapping my reflection from mother earth,
In permanent accordance with the Creator.

10. MY FATHER- DEFINITION OF CLASS

Grey bristles of pointed hair,
Ruddy complexioned facial aura,
Small beads of visual apparatus,
Shrewd silhouette of pink lips,
Portraying firm outlines of decision,
A glittering bunch of 32 teeth,
A long sprawled pungent nose; sensitive to minutest of change,
An eye opening infectious smile,
Hands dangling from brave sockets,
Knotted fingers on the prowl,
With a heart pounding in cavities of innocence,
A coagulation of speedy catalysts,
Primitive bohemian feet clambering up walls of unfettered triumph,
High pitched mental machinery,
Harnessing loads of talent,
Lurking in realms of faith in self,
Thoroughly greased to simplistic proportions,
A gift of precious inheritance,
Combined with onerous perspiration,
With unceasing steps towards overwhelming success,
A diligent disciple of the Almighty Lord,
With burning incense sticks of truth,
Nailed deep to his persona,
A blend of righteousness and dedicated humor,
Short stature compiled with euphoric honesty,
An idol of indigenous prosperity,
Having empathy and compassion to pain,
A gifted molecule of billions existing,
Is how I would like to describe my father.

11. FODDER THROUGH RHYME

Stretching the tendons of my brain,
To ultimate realms of high strung imagination,
Flowing from deep recesses of throbbing heart,
And dreamy lips partially opened to light,
Embroidered with tunnels of abstract thoughts,
Spontaneous ideas on existing life,
Composed in a plethora of style and rhyme,
Absorbing loads of talent and dedicated time,
Spun meticulously with silent aggression,
Unfolding a saga of true emotions,
Portraying a moral and emphasizing love,
Great pains to deliver and derive,
An easy victim of sardonic ridicule,
A truncated version of written prose,
Elaborately expressed in a few lines,
Granting it the status of a glittering fable,
Entangling the mind in an ocean of words,
With equivalent use of punctuation marks,
An inborn skill in some,
Developed to dizzy heights with the passage of time,
A meager source of income in India,
While capturing mammoth audiences in foreign land,
A persevering route of earning fodder through rhyme,
Presented as a pearl of written composition,
Is what we mean by self composed poetry.

12. SOAPY SPRINGS FOR LUXURIOUS CLEANSING

The crystal maze of sparkling water,
Interwoven with threads of molecular attraction,
Adhering to peripheral blocks of scarlet plastic,
With off shooting molecules,
In angled semicircular configuration,
A boisterous echo of soapy texture,
Thoroughly spongy and elastic in dimension,
Bustling with insipidly feverish activity,
Diffusing into minuscule pearls of froth,
Clashing with robust excitement,
As I pour oblong vessels of water,
Drenching my mass of composite flesh,
Strands of curly hair,
With perennial gift of surplus liquid,

Blended with flamboyant antiseptic minerals,
Jutting from the dilapidated steel taps,
With surplus blotches of bronze,
Drawn from amazing depths of the earth's belly,
Finally tumbles down in a united assemblage,
A carnival of frothy soapy spray,
A melodious gurgling spring of purity,
The finest form of luxurious cleansing,
Evacuating encrypted pores of blocked emotions; from deep within hidden
recesses of my body.

13. JOURNEY THROUGH THE ATLANTIC

The vast swirl of Atlantic water,
Nefariously cold with tufts of ice,
Obdurate and strong with the passing of time,
A blend of fish and aquatic shrub,
Incorporating monstrous waves with frothy spray,
Chunks of dead timber drifting in bountiful quantity,
Encroached with currents of drifting seaweed,
Prompting the invincible fortress of inhabitation to waver,
Through lurking masses of undulating water,
Diffusing chains of liquid globules on its way,
Compressing galleries of fern and soft rock,
Crunching primitive icicles of molten snow,
Biting sharply into the vast assemblage of black water,
Piercing the aquatic ambience,
With high strung notes of the fog horn,
Clearing its way amidst heavy mists; and evading moon,
The Sun finally steams through the glass pane,
Ending the tyranny of the ruthless night,
I suddenly wake up with a startled look on my face,
Finding my way out through the furry delights of my cotton quilt,
Rush across to the wire meshed stern,
My hair blowing wildly with the gusty wind,
Transfixing me into a mute personality,
In due admiration of the boundless ocean;
As the salty waves strike; break my celestial reverie.

14. THE EXOTIC EFFECT OF AIR

The cool and stupendous effect the air has,

Can never be got by poisonous nerve gas.
The exotic effect of soft blue air,
Cane never be obtained by mechanized gear.
But O! when the air becomes black and swollen,
It yields riches like a dried pollen.
Its lost in its thoughts which never come true,
Due to the incessant quarrel between the two.
The air finally comes down on earth with great force,
To cover the distance of its natural course.

15. ACTS OF COURAGE

He walked adroitly on tight strained cotton rope,
Tied at both ends to the tallest precipice of blood stained rock.

He skydived into dark valleys of nothingness,
Without comfort parachutes buckled to rib cage encompassing his body.

He swam incessantly for long days against chilly currents of the Atlantic,
Had occasional meals of cold sea weed and salt water.

He drove his sports car through winding roads of the mountain,
Applied bare minimum of brake; with mounting pressure on the accelerator

He rode fearlessly on striped panther back,
Slept in the night on a bundle of hay with a family of wild fox.

He consumed long shards of unpolished cut glass,
Cracked a joke a few seconds after relishing the ghastly meal.

He plummeted infinite feet below into savage waters of the river,
Pulled out trapped children from smashed interiors of the dismantled bus.

He trespassed through steaming flames of city fire,
Tried to evacuate people gasping for fresh draughts of breath.

He resolved to climb Mount Everest on foot,
Confronted frozen winds and avalanches of ice on his expedition to the top.

He always decided to attempt the virtually impossible,
To blend white clouds of the sky with earth,
And he knew he would succeed,

As with every step he took,
He was there with himself for his miracle rescue.

16. THE BLUE OCEAN

The vast turbulent waters have a shade of cloud blue,
Possessing strong and high rising waves,
That gives a nice and hearty feeling,
And are unable to touch the highest nail on the ceiling.

The sky laughs at the waves,
Greets them with a lop-sided grin,
Advising them to keep fit and trim.

The advancing waters kiss the shore line,
They want to be near the sand,
To get far and distant from the obstreperous ferry band.
The waters move with the tune of the air,
Creating loud and stringent blares.

The sand seeps gallons of water at the shore,
Acting as a good and natural utility bore,
The colossal sea waters eventually evaporate into a dark cloud,
That gives the sound of loud rumbling thunder,
Pelting down sheets of much awaited torrential rain,
To enrich and develop the oncoming food grain.

17. MY COMPLAINT

My heart speaks in violent fury,
Raging over like wild white fire,
Ruling all emotions,
Holding the pointed time about,
O! I wished with all my energy for a gentle calm voice,
Neutralizing all my sorrow,
Wading past the tumultuous agony that besieges me,
Settling my cumbersome entity on mother earth.

An ardent desire pounding on it for years,
Crushed by the effervescence of fate,
Like a dicey off stand dance,
Glancing mockingly at effort,

Giving a thoroughly dull start,
To withstand truck loads of pain all throughout.

18. PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATION

I silently eavesdrop on my mind,
Wading past a sea of darkness,
Across rash currents of mangled thoughts,
Trying to search for cryptic clues,
Breathing in domains of mystic behaviour,
Breeding in pools of trivial obsessions,
Bleeding at various sensitive junctions,
Weeping every unfolding second,
Proliferating in leaps and bounds; in changing color of the light.

Obsessions they were with iterative hammering,
Struck firmly by 100 pounds of fresh iron,
Submerged in hot cream of fading luck,
Striking soft tissues enclosed in precious brain,
Weak and feeble to resist the mighty onslaught,
Disintegrating into crumbled imagination,
Whipping brutally inactivated zones of subconscious,
Causing downpour of torrential agony,
Cascade of non-existent thoughts,
Finally uprooting all the goodness that ever prevailed,
Mind you friends, This was just a preliminary investigation,
As I stealthily eavesdropped on my brain.

19. THE COLD BLOODED ROCK

The chain of black stretched all over,
The pointed surfaces; the leading of suicidal death,
The tedious climb encircled by emotionless faces,
All of which have a maniacal look,
Abraded exteriors of rock possess shining faces,
Spreading waves of savage delight and brutal splendour,
Trapping innocent prey in their vice like grip.

The air mightily pounds on its surface,
Removing small chunks of graphite powder,
Transporting loose pieces of stone down the valley,
Leaking inside the comfort houses of several ant and white rabbit.

Hollow crevices in the rock are filled with crusty liquid,
Growing in stature by the advancing day,
Bubbling in nervous energy imparted by sheltered warmth,
At last gushing out in frenzy,
Forming volatile springs of boiling lava,
Assassinating possible signs of life in several kilometers of vicinity.

20. IMAGINATION

The string of vivid imagination goes deep,
Flooding the path to a loosened character,
When I pluck it; it gives a shrill resounding noise,
Leading to the mystic cavity of an unruly conscience,
Putting me in a dread.

Those particles of audible sun light filter a way,
Through the tiny blackness inside my mind,
Biting and nibbling the inner elastic heart,
Falling freely like pointed black darts,
Aiming sharply at the sensitive organs,
Nothing more than an inconsequential brawl.

The string finally breaks with a painstaking gasp,
I find myself so empty,
With nothing to ponder on,
Except that crimson blazing light,
Dark tunnels of life then emanate a hearty chuckle,
And leave all those who are bald and shivering with non-existent fear.

21. AMBULANCE

Wailing sirens echo through the air,
Red rooftop lights flash violently,
A big plus sign is stuck to all its doors,
Metal stretchers adorn the interiors,
Oxygen masks hang from plastic chords,
Along with Megan bottles filled with glucose liquid,
Antiseptic stench spreads all over,
Streaks of blood smudge windows,
Bundles of cotton bandages lay in a heap,
Modern computer displays throbbing heart; blood pressure..etc.,

Walkie-talkie antennas sway in animation,
Plastic face masks are strapped for medical inspection,
Power horns blare incessantly,
The speedometer barks escalating speeds,
Acknowledging bystanders shift away,
Portable refrigerator carries patient food,
Consisting of capsule; injection; pacifying ointment; and mineral water,
Patient groans inundate plush interiors,
Wounded and stabbed at umpteenth places,
Dislocated bones and fight for breath,
Head lying in gory pools of blood,
With nostalgic memories of close kin,
And an overwhelming desire to survive like never before,
As the 10 seater ambulance urgently surges forward through crowded roads of
the city.

22. KING CACTUS

Parrot green buds of thorn,
Camouflaged in multiple coats of sand,
Having entangled roots in a sheath of loose soil,
Sighted in abundance on colossal plains of parched land,
Required crystal water in paltry amounts,
Thriving in blazing rays of the fiery Sun ball,
Swaying mildly in the rustic dry breeze,
Resistant to termite and large insects,
A specimen of sharp and flexible tentacles,
Spreading its parasitic reach to milligram amounts of starved sand,
Giving birth to flowers after short spells of rain,
Oozing bitter springs of milk when sliced with knife,
Accustomed to soaring heights of mercury all throughout centuries of the
calendar year,
Baked to brittle proportions in oceans of acid light,
a relishing meal for hunch backed camel wandering at leisurely speed,
It has hidden cavities of water in raw pulp shells,
Also the tenacity to wound its prey with a labyrinth of acrimonious sprouts,
A perfect antonym to lush green grass,
Inhabiting umpteenth spots of infertile land,
The King Cactus stands tall and solitary in steaming sand of the Sahara Desert.

23. HANDKERCHIEF

I wound it tightly into oblong ball of soft cushion,
Tossed it high in pools of humid air to play with it.

I tied it on forked branch of the conical tree,
Prayed for unsurpassable wishes to come true.

I pressed it firmly to stop the oozing of blood,
Reinforced it with several of its kind after witnessing its power.

I curled it completely engulfing my slender wrist,
Got ready to face my opponent in the boxing ring.

I painted it dark with streaks of striped violet,
Hung it on the wall adding shades of versatility to the dull ambience of the room.

I used to wipe gallons of sweat dripping down my neck,
Drenched it with ice water generating waves of frozen excitement.

I threw it in a pond of water; coating it with lots of glue,
Withdrew it after few minutes with a cluster of small fish sticking firmly.

I draped it round my neck in biting winds of winter,
Marched pompously through the streets in cozy comforts of my inexpensive scarf.

I soaked it in a concoction of cologne and strong scent,
Revitalized dead nerve cells by its magical caress.

I blew my nose with rapid spurts of energy,
Didn't care a damn as long as I had the company of my large red handkerchief.

24. HOUSE BOAT

The straw brimmed hat bobbed on the surface of the sea,
Sleek motorboats churned through white froth of water,
Pearly white shark glided harmlessly beneath a plethora of marine shrub,
The sun blazed violently from behind dirty grey cloud covers,
Strong pouches of wind caused the waves to rise sky high,
Thereby toppling the hat into deep territories of the emerald green ocean.

High powered torch beams cut tranquil stillness of the night,
The huge mast danced tantalizingly in the breeze,

Large walls of timber were coated with wax paint,
Conical rooms were fitted with paraffin lamp,
There were a battalion of mice on the kitchen floor,
Pungent aroma of maize whisky floated in the air,
A pandemonium of voices rose in chorused unison,
Crackling fires burnt on the broad steel deck,
Menacing octopus roasted on barbecue grills,
Blasting tunes diffused from the programmed loudspeaker,
Gentle silver light of the moon engulfed their bodies,
Big drops of the salt and mineral struck them in frenzy,
The gypsies were having the time of their lives,
With several hours left before the next brilliant dawn,
And a host of sea flood bubbling in red hot steam of the oven,
As the two storied house boat gathered spurts of speed,
Gallop ing towards realms of the distantly stretched black horizon.

25. IF THE WORLD WERE UPSIDE DOWN

If gigantic silhouette of the peepal tree was rotated upside down,
Countless fibers of moistened roots would shiver in the wind,
Leafy branches of lush green foliage would be buried deep beneath the ground,
With a host of animals living in proximity with the earth.

If the dexterously sculptured flower vase was kept upside down,
Soiled extracts of plant water would leak out in ecstatic frenzy.

If conical tapered blocks of the mountain were inverted upside down,
The slender nose tip would refrain to bear the onerous load of the Herculean
hillock,
And the formidable structure would collapse like a soft pack of playing cards.

If the glass facaded bungalow was revolved upside down; heaps of furniture
would tumble down with a sigh; water oozing from infinite cavities of the shower
would try and kiss the sky.

If princely cars traverse through rough carpets of road upside down; occupants
would solely relinquish ideas of inhabiting them,
Chrome topped assembly of roof would screech in high pitched tunes of
discordance.

If the colossal brick structure of the clock tower was placed upside down,
There would be inevitable confusions of time,

With people having to perspire all night and sleep with a perpetual bliss all sunlit day.

If humans trespassed upside down on the surface of obdurate ground,
They would be I intimate contacts with slithering snake and ant,
Growing bald every minute with glistening scalps,
With their legs oblivious to the art of walking,
Baking like unconsummated cakes in harsh rays of the Sun.

26. THE HYPOCHONDRIAC

He felt as if the solid roof of his house would abruptly collapse,
Burying him beneath a conglomerate of cement and bare brick.

He felt as if someone was following him in the darkened ambience of the night,
Would stab him with unrelenting strokes of switchblade knife.

He felt as if he would drown in shallow waters of the pool,
If he ever ventured to take a plunge and swim.

He felt as if there were wailing monsters descending from the sky,
Ready to rip apart precious chunks from his anatomy.

He felt as if the food he ate had traces of lethal venom,
Vomited his bowels clean prior to gulping even a morsel of food.

He felt as if the glass would shatter into infinite splinters,
The moment he caressed it with silken smooth fingers.

He felt he was brutally contaminated and impious,
The instant he touched the silver door knob obscured by minute linings of dust powder.

He felt as if human blood would trickle instead of mineral water,
If he stood under the protuberant nozzles of the bathroom shower.

He felt as if brittle tip of the pen would break,
Gallons of ink flow rampantly; the second he flexed his fingers to scribble.

He felt as if the liquid he consumed would strangulate his throat vein,
Suffocating intricate pipes leading to his brain.

He felt as if the soil would sink him in its colossal lap,
If he dared stepping on barren pinches of clay mud.

He felt as if a cluster of scorpion would pop out from his mouth,
The instant he hoisted his jaw to speak.

He felt sick; encompassed with intimidating bouts of fever; when his body felt a
trifle warm after basking in sunlit rays.

He knew he was dying a ghastly death every unleashing minute of life,
Confronted with ludicrous ridicule from the society,
There were several of his kind spending their entire lives in cloistered rebuke,
With every filtering beam of dawn looming large as shivering night,
C'mon friends lets do the best we possibly can to help the hypochondriac.

27. NOODLES

When I caressed barren regions of my flesh with furry noodles of wool,
Nimble hair stuck to skin stood up in animation; as I broke into volleys of
irresistible laughter.

As I kneaded long noodles of raw paper pulp;
There was a conglomerate of reddish white wax formed; and a heavenly
fragrance of garnished paper tickled moistened hair in my nostril.

When I gulped compact noodles of gelatin capsule,
The magical powder spread parasitically through infinite veins,
Rendering me with bleak rays of hope; as I relinquished gruesome pain.

When I swung vociferously on noodles of thickly knotted thread,
Poignant missiles of air colliding with my body through the interstitched holes,
There were languid feelings enveloping bountiful layers of my persona,
Prompting me to shut my eyes tightly and sleep.

As I smeared supple regions of my skin with unsymmetrical noodles of virgin
clay,
Washed my body in the holy waters of the Ganges,
The natural antiseptic displayed spectacular ramifications; transforming morbid
exteriors of my demeanor into a brilliant sparkling white.

When I consumed spongy noodles blended with bulky extracts of spice,
Drank gallons of golden beer causing them to drown,

I fell down with indispensable thuds on the king poster bed; envisaging tall mountains with silver peaks; in my everlasting slumber.

When I felt agonizing noodles of her precious tears dribble down my neck,
I wiped them thoroughly with my tender lips,
Obliterated her from blasphemous sectors of the world,
Reinforcing her eyes with the passionate tenacity of my love.

28. I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU ICE-CREAM

I loved the astounding ounces of reinvigoration that you perpetuated wherever you went; even as the globe grew stale in disdainful robotic work,

I loved the way you tantalized every mortal around you- as every globule from your body sensuously dissipated into barren patches of mud,

I loved the way you were served in the most glitteringly embellished platter- so that every meal finished with an uninhibitedly contented smile,

I loved the way you caressed me with your unflinching softness- making me feel like I was galloping through fields of spell-bindingly electrifying Sunshine,

I loved the way you euphorically charmed humans of every religion; caste; creed; tribe and color- with the effervescence that wafted from your diminutive form,

I loved the way you announced your delectably curvaceous and colourful presence- as hordes of people left what was thwarting them- and rushed to devour mouthfuls
of your ecstatic grace,

I loved the way you evoked so much reaction without uttering a word- as almost everyone had something to appreciate about you- be it your color, form, odor, freshness, poignancy or unparalleled taste,

I loved the way you brought about that quintessential zeal in all those lives; miserably lamenting without reason or rhyme- pepped up the ambience with sparks of revitalizing newness,

I loved the way you quelled volcanic body heat like a magicians wand- even as man-made discrepancies permeated the atmosphere around with poisonous smoke and fumes,

I loved the way you ignited those whirlpools of uncanny excitement around you- becoming a chilled centerpiece of exhilaration on that extremely warm summer afternoon,

I loved the way you innocently nestled in the palm- so soft; so tender; so immaculately princely- drawing hordes of cheers as one sighted even an inconspicuous trifle of you,

I loved the compassionately triumphant warmth that you generated in everyone who consumed you- being frozen yourself; without any respite and to the core,

I loved the way you united haplessly estranged lovers into bonds of endearing friendship- as they resolved all disputes; buried past differences—whilst clasping you with one hand each,

I loved the way you disseminated the message of universal brotherhood- with people from all parts of the globe; unhesitatingly ready to mingle in groups to have a slice of your dazzling ice,

I loved the way you were used to celebrate occasions solemnizing love - when marriage was proposed with a ring in one hand and the other offering your silken grace of impeccable unity,

I loved the way you held your own inimitable identity- even when blended with myriad concoctions; cakes; eateries; syrups and what not's- with mortals distinguishing you instantly from the assortment; as you astoundingly chilled,

I loved the way you effortlessly glided your way to your destination- when sadly and rarely there weren't any takers- melting into absolute submission under golden rays of the mid-day Sun,

I loved the way you retained your rudimentary essence for all humans to savor- remaining the most kingly eating constituent of their meals- even as the space-cyber age hurled one ingenious innovation over another,

O! Yes, I've definitely fallen in love with you- my scrumptiously enchanting and unabashed Ice-Cream

29. MY DARLING UNFETTERED UMBRELLA

It made spell bindingly intriguing shapes in construction sand; as I thrust its tip

with the most nonchalantly uninhibited ease and without giving a damn,

It brought about unabashed laughter when tickled with in the ribs; proving an astoundingly great and cost-free playmate to relish life,

It helped me draw wondrously enamoring designs in loosened clay; as I swished its tip with perseveringly passionate tenacity to reach my imaginative direction,

It pummeled incongruously delectable holes in the wall; when sagaciously used to reach the other side of the room; when every other alternative had failed,

It proved a quintessential humane tool for self-defense; as merely raising its awkwardly gaunt persona towards an impersonator; made him retract right back to the entrance gate,

It made an excellently formidable walking stick; with a resolute grip on stony ground and compassionately fondling the palms with its bountifully semi-circular end,

It acted as an enchantingly philanthropic pulley in times of duress; when I offered its tapered tip to people stuck in the flood; that helped me hoist them to safe places of comfort,

It made one of my most flexibly rejoicing bats; as I used its neatly serrated body to bludgeon the ball flying towards me; to high and handsome outside the rickety fence,

It appeared as a wand of practicality in my hands; starkly proclaiming that I'd like to mind my own business and expect the same from others; wherever I went,

It made me feel at my youthfully effervescent best; as I tapped it on cold floor-to the passionately unhindered tunes of the loudspeaker on the bustling street,

It acted as a rhapsodically make-shift broomstick at times; clearing unsolicited garbage that spontaneously appeared in the way; swishing left and right with all its might on sordid road,

It acted as a magnanimously enthralling storage pouch; as I kept all sorts of meaningful tid-bits and coins in its inner recesses; emptying the same wholesomely only after reaching the safe environs of home,

It served as a mesmerizing respite against mosquito bite; as one used its somberly protruding tip to scratch; alleviate the pang of rash after the obnoxious sting,

It proved an impeccably honest shoulder to lean upon; share; cuddle; caress and clasp- without expecting the tiniest from me in return; as the world outside suddenly turned deaf to what I said,

It gave me a feeling that I was holding an unparalleled winners trophy at times; as I nimbly tread my way to the train holding it invincibly against my chest,

It gave me a feeling of sparkling newness as I trawled my fingers through its scintillatingly shiny spokes; which jutted out in synchronized tandem to define its ebullient outlines,

It was so compassionately adjustable; as it shrunk to almost a quarter of its size when I closed it; at times even to less than my little thumb to accommodate like a toy in my pocket,

It snugly hung in almost every corner and wall nail when the time came to retire for the day; reminding me of the optimistic fervor that I needed to start a freshly flamboyant dawn,

But I liked it the most when my unfettered Umbrella opened full bloom at the punch of a button; unfurling the colors of joy of my impoverished existence; and sequestering me from the acrimonious afternoon heat just like a new born child.

30. SCHOOL BAG

They uninhibitedly abused me in their own innocently gathered slangs; terming me an unnecessarily bulky mountain of nothingness,

They scorned at me like I was a piece of rotten charcoal; nonchalantly dismissing me away from their rhapsodic activities for the day,

They told me I was good for nothing but presumptuously preaching them; when they wanted to frolic and play in their mortal capacities,

They admonished me for being a laggard; sauntering at a pace slower than dead stone; at times even seeming like a gargantuan unmovable boulder to their delicate palms,

They indignantly kicked me out of the way; as I appeared a jocular misfit amidst their row, shelf, floor and tub of surreal dolls and majestic toys,

They had the time of the life trying to snap me in entirety from my seams; stealthily poking me with that mischievous scissor using all their might; before mummy had a chance to stringently intervene,

They disdainfully stood over me using me as a perfect bridge; to form a perfect circle with their joyously unfettered hands; hands intertwined in innocuous hands,

They rebelliously dumped stale leftovers of their food; socks; chewing gum; clay; into my forlorn interiors- just to teach me a lesson for burdening their shoulders; on which they wanted to carry their favorite chocolate,

They mockingly used me with gay abandon to scratch wherever they wanted; which gave them that quintessential wave of relief as well as saved their tiny hands the bother,

They impudently held me in their nimble hands criss-crossed in absence of their plastic swords; and flung me with great fervor to see who won in their game of the musketeers,

They taunted me in the most sardonic of their tones for seeming like a piece of junk; whose resting place was infact the dumpyard instead of the delectably cozy realms of their compassionate abode,

They advised me like an adult to find a worthwhile job and be constructively engaged; rather than whiling away my time nagging their inimitably fragrant childhood,

They considered me as the most abominable outsider; shutting me tight into their cupboards as they discussed their secrets and intrepid plans to be consolidated into action soon,

They had me shred into smithereens of insipidness at the tiniest of opportunity; hurling me to the hungry vultures in their backyards to disintegrate and devour,

They vowed not to talk to those who gave me as a Happy Birthday present to them; as they'd rather go without a gift- than involve themselves into the practicality of life with me by their side,

They slapped me most impeccably as only they could do; venting their entire fury on me as a mute spectator; whenever reprimanded by their parents for not doing home-work,

They used me as a perfect punching bag; boxing into my countenance with their uninhibitedly raw palms- emulating their favorite Boxing stars preparing for the big Wrestling day,

Yet. And ironically Yet. The same kids tossed me gleefully the next morning upon their pristine shoulders; marched with unfettered abandon towards their school- hugging me like I was a prince,

No. In case you assumed that I was something of a royal charmer, let me assure you I wasn't any of that. But I was what you mortals might've addressed as school bag as you grew up by the grace of the Almighty Lord.

31. CUTE CREASES.

They were marvelously royal undulations that broke the tyrannical monotony of commercialized success - with magnanimous ease,

They poignantly depicted those unbelievably ecstatic moments which when blended with rhapsodic fantasy - constituted the newly wed couples tryst with unparalleled delight,

They were a subject of awe-inspiring intrigue - leading to various perceptions as to how they must've occurred - as people perched at the edge of the king poster bed,

They effortlessly led the human panache - into the recesses of uncannily plush imagination - into a land where impeccable pearls cascaded unabashedly on layers of seductive existence,

They were majestic figments of impromptu artistry - evolving on their own as sensuous silhouettes twisted and turned - in a natural desire to rest in their journey on earth,

They held their very own inimitable identity - protruding like dainty non-living prince and princesses - amidst the gargantuan expanse of the silken sheet,

They uninhibitedly portrayed - that there was romantic existence beyond ruthless realms of tawdrily barbarous office - which was an indispensable constituent to

be enjoyed,

They appeared brilliantly charismatic and replenished with charmed fables of the yesteryear - as the Sun's blistering rays caressed them in the thick of the afternoon,

They might've been inconspicuously withering in size - but swelled up into a formidably united cluster of togetherness - when beaten or ironed or rattled or mauled,

They were a true artist's delight - his quintessential source of inspiration as he danced his flamboyant paintbrush upon the barren canvas - nudging and tickling them with his thumb and little finger,

They were a lover's flight of triumphant fantasy - as he sprinkled petals of profoundly scarlet rose beside them - to form an enamoring oasis that lit up the serene night,

They mollified even the tiniest ounces of apprehension with their phlegmatic twirls; curls; swirls and furls - dancing in unfettered abandon as the exuberant breeze slapped on their dead periphery,

They personified the true spirit of unmatched independence - a classical example of an untidiness which appeared a darling amidst a monstrous rat-race to survive,

They were the philanthropic road taken - tantalizing the goodness of a person to come forth - to come good - after a rejuvenating night's sleep; rolling against them,

They formed so tranquilly without an ounce of extra effort or agonizing manual pain - unlike their counterpart concrete tiled peaks which took assiduous expertise and skill of masons; working on the sloping roof of the house,

They followed no particular religion as they were an artificially dead mass - though people bonded majestically into the religion of invincible humanity - rolling and spontaneously whistling - on them,

They added that indispensably vivid splice to the photographs snapped - blissfully blended in the Kingly backdrop of the wall; curtain; window and pillow,

They looked exuberantly endearing with butterflies and birds nestled on them;

perceiving their minuscule peaks as hillocks to have a ravishing feast upon,

Thus - it is my humble plea to you benevolent people - that please don't straighten these immaculately princely Creases - that lay perched so non-invasively on your fabulously unmade bedsheets.

32. CHALK STICK.

Hapless and diminutive - yet it invincibly thrilled you as it landed astounding close to your silhouette - reminding you of those uninhibited school days when the teacher had whirled it at you - for crassly unfinished homework,

Bland and Corrugated - yet it was the most indispensable ingredient in a teacher's armory of various paraphernalia even in today's age of super computers - as she commenced her lecture buoyantly dashing it across the Black - board,

Inspid and boring - yet it empowered you to express yourself in writing wherever you wanted - be it the rustically threadbare and rotting rock or the nondescript office wall that wasted away amidst sonorous silence,

Lackluster and nonliving - yet it made you frolic around like a freshly born infant - as you smashed it in its entirety to build the measly toy castle on your table - just before the corporate honchos were about to enter to start the commercially livid day,

Plain and nonchalant - yet an optimistic backbone of your mortally nothing existence - as you used it to gleefully scribble at atleast some point of time in your life - in the disdainful absence of your conventionally stereotypical pen,

Asymmetrical and stub - yet inspiring you to indulge your artistic talent with aplomb - as you unabashedly sketched virtually any intriguing shape from imagination on the floor with it - eventually resulting into a masterpiece collage of tantalizingly brilliant creativity,

Deplorable and dusty - yet marvelously easing you out from various financial crisis in life with child like ease - as you rolled it majestically with your fingers and merrily devoured your nocturnal meal,

Short and stingy - yet stimulating you to fantasize about the extraordinarily blessed goodness of existence and its myriad hues - as you thrust bulk of your weight upon it via your chin - and it snapped instantaneously into bits of oblivion,

Orphaned and Desolate - yet it proved to be an unassailably charmed savior as you lost your trail in the meandering forest - and marked your inimitable identity with it - for the rescue team to reach you as soon as possible,

Unkempt and frail - yet it rekindled the speed of the in-built laptop mouse to lightening fast - as you rubbed a fraction of it upon the same - and then traversed the wondrously smoothed periphery,

Sloppy and unimaginative - yet it granted instant authority to your otherwise sweat mopped palms as you grasped it tight - and scurried across the table to highlight the key point of the presentation with its dangling end,

Unsubstantiated and penniless - yet it seemed to be the most perfect present that you could've ever gifted to your old college professor - as he fondly reminisced those glorious teaching moments of his life - scribbling articulately and rapidly with it on the curriculum board,

Harried and Unrewarded - yet it gorgeously helped you pen an entire book of your variedly benevolent thoughts; spontaneously on the park bench - with an ecstatically replenishing backdrop of trees and grass as your fecund friends,

Unpretentious and Raw - yet it proved to be the most eclectic drumstick when you drove out with your friends and they exuberantly tapped it to produce sound - rejoicing in the aisles of desire - as the night beckoned you into the freshness of a golden new sublime dawn,

Measly and voiceless - yet it meant unconquerably cherished to you as the referee drew the start and finishing lines with it - and you galloped forward in the race to triumph unfettered - go past the white mark which looked its admirable best,

Unacknowledged and discarded - yet it permeated that quintessential thought of hope; peace; betterment and humanity - with its pristinely innocuous white a much needed respite - as the electricity abandoned you in the middle of the arid night,

Feckless and solitary - yet it irrefutably triggered you to help humanity in the best of your natural capacity - just as it reduced to nothing without any regret - after being used by the society for its various indispensably good deeds and needs,

Ordinary and Artificial - yet it held its own unduplicated identity in this fantabulous age of digital enhancement; when full fledged enterprises thrived on the internet - and it lay unmatched - alongside the most modern of contraptions; on the writing desk,
Please welcome this uncelebrated hero of our age - the chalk stick.

33. WATERMELON.

A delightfully rounded ball of wondrous green exterior; that rolled with unparalleled fervor upon any frictionless surface; with the tiniest of thrust,

A shell so spectacularly enamoring and impeccable; that it left even the most charmed of maidens to envy with its smooth periphery and robustly exuberant texture,

Fecund brown seeds adorning it unabashedly in the inside; disseminating fresh hope for existence if they were planted in unassailably bountiful earth,

Royally salubrious aroma drifting from its succulent demeanor; mesmerizing people of all religions, caste, creed and color with the profound charm of a fulfilled existence - which thrilled in myriad proportions,

Sporadically, a rejuvenating substitute for a nonchalantly mundane pillow; as you cuddled it up close to your ears; wrapping it with jagged pieces of cloth asymmetrically strewn around; as if for transient support,

A beautifully convivial ball of smoothness; magnificently illustrated as kids kissed it and nudged it with their chin - then ran around with a squeal of bewilderment as it reached the other corner of the house; rollicking on the floor within lightening seconds of time,

A marvelously tantalizing delicacy served to befit a crowned prince - mollifying you with motley fantasies of good grace as you snuggled in the royal armchair without the tiniest of apprehension on the glorious roof top terrace,

Profoundly ecstatic sponge of majestic red embodied within; incredibly enthralling and bringing about a cheer to the wisps of lackadaisical disenchantment, in the impoverished existence of a human being,

A fantabulously satisfying meal at occasions for the penniless pocket; in the absence of that quintessential platter blended with myriad spices and some of

the most charismatic delicacies of the seasonal celebration,

A fabulously intriguing topic of intelligent discussion - as elders of the family expounded upon its plethora of amazing health benefits - for the younger generation to assimilate and incorporate at various stages of their life,

Resembled a big zero; but harmoniously providing the fabric of humanity a wondrous opportunity to relish one of the most sumptuously delicious and gorgeously sweet; fruit on this earth,

The most perfectly robust fruit on mortal earth to be squelched into liquid form; thereby rendering the opulently carved glass with the finesse of ebulliently scarlet juice,

One of the heaviest things to exasperatingly carry under the dynamically triumphant afternoon Sun - but an adorable darling to the taste - as a person absolved even the tiniest trace of his apprehension after consuming its natural richness,

An earnest favorite in the appetizingly varied menu list of the most stellar restaurants and found scribbled with bohemian chalk on the wall of the neighborhood highway cafeteria - with individuals cutting across barriers of caste and color; whilst savoring its ravishingly enchanting flavor,

A proud inhabitant found with predominant contingency in the deeper recesses of the refrigerator; peacefully nestled amongst an array of other vegetable; salad; cream; sauce; pizza and chocolate - but enjoying its its own inimitably imposing presence and preference as the hands affably reached out for it first; after the successful completion of a meal,

Written about with aplomb; in poetry and prose by bestseller authors and those in their nascent stages of penning something substantial; praising its astoundingly simpleton demeanor; which empowers the living race towards unbiased friendship,

A privilege for talented artists to incorporate within their paintings of the unfettered forest, depicting the trajectory of the earth on barren canvas - in its multitudes of hues and color; with one of the largest of princely fruits occupying heroic center stage,

One of the most adulated fruits at the vendor's imperiously embellished establishment,

Was the relished watermelon.

34. SIMPLISTIC QUILT

Amidst the freezing chill that descended impromptu upon the planet; as human being stacked himself with woolens of myriad shapes and proportions and yet groaned in indecipherable disdain,

amidst the pathetically abysmal solitariness of the night; where unabashed wolves majestically philandered and danced; before vindictively hunting for the meat of their nocturnal prowls,

amidst the cacophonous sound of motorized traffic which was interspersed with pugnacious smoke; meaningless horns; impetuous youngsters hurling abuse as they overtook innocuous pedestrians - lambasting the spirit of their freshly acquired adulthood,

amidst the unruly heaps of garbage piled rampantly on the streets; carried intermittently by the storm to a multitude of corners of the society; culminating into obnoxiously rotten frigidities,

amidst the savagely acrimonious and commercial establishment of offices - where plethora of cash transactions were executed; without due respect to the integrity of an earnest human and his ideals of philanthropic goodness,

amidst the ruthlessly indiscriminate felling of enamoring trees - which builders undertook surreptitiously after dusk had fallen; to articulately evade public fury and yet construct their fancifully towering edifices - of nonchalantly dead mortar and concrete,

amidst the scuffles and squabbles that sporadically plagued living beings - as they deliberately found fault with each other; even as marvelous romance could easily have been the flavor to uninhibitedly cherish and relish,

amidst the abominably hostile firing of missiles and declaration of terrorizing war - which nations on different sides of the border indulged into - in a worthless display of feckless might and power - instead of rejoicing in the religion of humanity,

amidst the treacherously salacious rat race to achieve unchallengeable success - trespassing and massacring the closest of blood relations including parents -

incase their set of benevolent ideals impeded the path even an insouciant trifle,
amidst deplorably parasitic political practices; where it didn't matter the slightest
as to which party came to power - since none of them responded to the voice of
the impoverished citizen - the same common man who'd triumphantly elected
them,

amidst the dreadfully hideous paucity of quintessential amenities like food grain
and fruit; which had ridiculously manifested due to inflation and dastardly
corruption - even as the soil yielded its absolute best,

amidst the lugubriously stretched spurious parties that flowed with venomous
cigarette smoke and sinful liquor - with the corporate pedigree of the society
flaunting the most expensive showrooms of different designer revelry - whilst the
orphan, maimed, wounded and famished slavered without a roof on their scalp,

amidst the today's teacher who unnecessarily loaded the talented child with
ominously large assignments - in frivolous attempt to improve the reputation of
the best academically oriented school in town,

amidst the fiercely savage growl of the panther which had escaped the forest
since that had more human than animals - in its quest for finding a new
symbiotic habitat; gloriously unfettered,

amidst the preposterously fetid gutter that had developed cracks in the trajectory
of its pipe - from which crawled out ants and worms of every conceivable and
incongruous shape; to irascibly creep into the beautiful serenity of the
magnificently embellished dwelling,

amidst the ludicrously artificial formality that members of different households
followed at occasions - sonorously holding hands like the most cultured entities
of this planet seated beside each other - but actually wanting to slap in their
envious animosity; soon after,

amidst the tempestuously scorching lava that rolled down at lightening speeds
from the volcanic mountain - having the tenacious potential of charring near and
surrounding vicinity to sheer and dismal nothingness,

amidst the parched land of the wholesomely evaporated lake that had become
so; as officials had extricated it completely to erect the most spectacularly royal
complex; fostering all fraternities of contemporary sport,

If I found solace and peace inside a mesmerizing object; then it was my delightfully cozy and simplistic quilt.

35. EARNEST HANGER

Lifeless chunks of grey metal adroitly sculptured to form a delectably curved hook at the absolute end; that imperiously dominated the fabric of emptiness,

altruistically hosting the cumbersome weight of clothes of myriad shapes; proportions; textures; and exhilarating embroidery - with mesmerizing aplomb and without the tiniest of respite,

a lucky mascot for some humans as they meticulously carried it on plethora of their overseas trips and fantabulous expeditions; neatly tucked in their snobbishly corporate travel cases - where it majestically crafted the outlines of their designer suits and somber trouser,

a harmlessly joyous toy for children of different caste; creed; color and tribe - as they exuberantly hoisted and galloped with it - feeling compassionate and safe with it tightly clenched in their dexterously nimble palms,

nestled silent and demure in some dilapidated corner of the cupboard; wholesomely neglected - and then all of a sudden escalating as the most cherished celebrity - when the owner was in a hurricane of a rush to beautifully stack his clothes away and retire for the day,

enabling that wondrously replenishing contentment to a lavish wardrobe; which would be terribly incomplete without it; as it had its own inimitable silhouette amidst a motley array of cloth; drawers; shelves; handles; paper; paint and mosquito,

serving as the most precocious substitute for a missing stick when its master most needed it - to tackle the notorious thieves that had barged in impromptu into the silken interiors of the house; brutally distorting and shattering the safety grill,

the unparalleled darling of shopping malls of incredulous varieties and proportions - where it rather pompously protruded in its full and unabashed glory from the rustic wall of the trial changing room,

gregarious in disposition as it virtually and veritably adapted garment of any texture with all their fancifully embodied accessories - wonderfully acclimatizing

to the weather prevailing upon any continent of planet earth,

not exactly an artists or poet's marvel to gorgeously fantasize about and tantalizingly crave for - but yet a quintessential item of utility for goodness - fabulously pampering a human's most intricately exquisite clothes,

an astounding exemplification of unfettered camaraderie between humans of different religions and richness - as it never discriminated even an insouciant trifle whilst accomodating the mesmerizing robes of the princes and queens - or the disdainfully fetid rags of the beggar on the street; in miserably threadbare shambles and deplorably tattered,

magnificently substituting as the most handsomely delectable pulley to extricate new born babies; who had accidentally tumbled into the bottom of the listless pit originally meant to store salubrious food grain for the impoverished family,

an unbelievably stupendous geometrical combination of a rectangle and a triangle juxtaposed harmoniously together - the ramification of which; led to an object of amazingly ravishing utility and convivial charisma,

a beautifully philanthropic marvel who selflessly served persons of various ages and professions without expecting any kudos - at occasions even lambasted for nothing - as man wretchedly vented his frustration upon its fearless demeanor,

triumphantly majestic and romantically contemporary - as it inhabited the most pristine environs of the garlanded castle - and was also ironically the most orphaned chunk of steel on the solitary rods of the versatile marketplace,

a daintily privileged accompaniment that arrived alongwith the marvelously voluptuous dresses that true lovers gave each other; and then skillfully assisted them to assemble their variety of aristocratic paraphernalia,

stunningly used to stir spectacular assortments of various foods in the bohemian pan; resulting in rhapsodic victory of scrumptiously enriching meal prepared and unadulterated fun,

used by people to strengthen their arms; as they stretched its differently sculptured top and bottom ends in as far opposite directions as feasible in their mortal capacity; and then felt their muscles fantastically reinvigorated,

was the earnest hanger.

36. TRIUMPHANT TUMBLER

truly adored its innocuous silhouette as it beautifully floated in near vicinity in the majestically cemented tub; without the tiniest of apprehension or disdainful malice,

was fantastically touched by its magnanimous and efficacious cost free service; as it befriended people of all religion; caste; creed; tribe with altruistically unparalleled aplomb,

admired its inimitably uncelebrated identity amidst a plethora of myriad contraptions; gaudy towel; aristocratically embroidered cloth; ravishing shampoo; fanciful broom; opulent jewelry strewn haphazardly around - as it overtook them in terms of its quintessential and astounding utility,

praised its rustically simpleton yet unbelievably tenacious demeanor; as it fearlessly served its master to cleanse the most sordidly fetid pores of his body - irrespective of the abominably dirty gutter pipe that deposited its decayed garbage just alongside,

tried my earnest best to grandiloquently beautify its ingredients of simplicity and impeccable charisma via poetry; so that it relished its handsomely cherished position at the world centerstage and adulatory celebrityhood,

veritably enamored; when the ecstatically versatile artist filled it with gargantuan proportions of paint and triumphant color - and then dipped paintbrush into its wonderfully replenishing interiors - to glorify the barrenness of the canvas with the colors of unfettered optimism,

honored - as its mere presence was a compassionately comforting factor amidst the bizarre solitariness of the forlorn walls; with not a person around in vicinity as the night exuberantly galloped towards early dawn,

saluted its altruistically victorious streak - wherein it so gorgeously nourished the recipient using it; and irrefutably ensured a profoundly fresh start to withstand the devastatingly torrid rat race for survival,

joyfully caressed its fabulously roughened exteriors which delectably lead the way to a protuberant handle - that I took the liberty of efficaciously placing upon the artistically extruding nail from the door,

positively deliberated upon its superbly reinvigorating benefits; silencing critics

who wanted it dismissed from the abode instantaneously; on the spurious pretext of it dirtying the otherwise lavishly contemporary and royal ambiance,

unabashedly attracted towards its immaculately white and pearly complexion; which triggered me to rush from my seat and uninhibitedly embrace its philanthropic form; accept it in the wonderful fabric of camaraderie; as my friend,

used it as a robustly firm support to stand up to my full and humble height; after I had collapsed in a dismally disheveled heap; accidentally treading upon the stealthily orphaned banana skin strewn on the floor,

acquired it from the pallidly stagnating marketshelf and then pampered and scrubbed it with sensuously soft sponge; before it pompously adorned the tantalizingly dainty ledge beside the lavatory seat,

put my fists deep into its unpretentiously cozy recesses amidst the frozen chill that had descended around; impromptu - that gave me solace and meaningful substance to fantasize; dance; gallop and philosophize for goodness,

informally stored paraphernalia of various sizes and proportions in its robustly glorious hollowness; where they were safe and handsomely protected from the acrimoniously venomous pollution that vehicles were responsible for; outside,

consumed my juice; milk; lunch and dinner in it - when pugnaciously terrorizing war lambasted the fabric of truthfully inspired existence and the savage missiles fired didn't provide an opportunity for mesmerizing family meal,

savored its incredulous use - when the man on the street spontaneously penned his myriad of righteous thoughts upon its jaggedly princely periphery; in absence of that sheet of paper that was obviously thrown into wilderness,

but I fell in love with the Tumbler when I dipped into the pail - filled it with water and then let the jubilantly exhilarating and mortal elixir cascade down my impoverished and unkempt form - making me wholesomely oblivious to the delinquently stabbing loneliness; around.

37. SACHIN RAMESH TENDULKAR - BLESSEDLY BEST

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his eyes; then it was none other than humanitarianly " HONEST ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his nose; then it was none other than holistically " HUMBLE ";,

If there was just one on this entire planet to describe his hands; then it was none other than astoundingly " ARTISTIC ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his cheeks; then it was none other than wonderfully " WEATHERED ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his energy; then it was none other than unimaginably " UNCEASING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his eyebrows; then it was none other than celestially " CONCENTRATING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his speech; then it was none other than supremely " SIMPLISTIC ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his zeal; then it was none other than uncontrollably " UNTAMED ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his lips; then it was none other than convivially " CHARISMATIC ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his brain; then it was none other than fathomlessly " FANTASIZING ";

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his shoulders; then it was none other than unitedly " UBIQUITOUS ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his lips; then it was none other than serenely " SMILING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his vision; then if was none other than inimitably " INGENIOUS ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his conviction; then it was none other than fearlessly " FANTASTIC ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his ideals; then it was none other than selflessly " SCINTILLATING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his feet; then it was none other than gloriously " GALLOPING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his prowess; then it was none other than prolifically " PROLIFERATING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his integrity; then it was none other than spotlessly " SYMBIOTIC ";,

If there as just one word on this entire planet to describe his will power; then it was none other than tirelessly " TWINKLING ";

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his records; then it was none other than unshakably " UNPARALLELED ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his shots; then it was none other than perpetually " PRISTINE ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his technique; then it was none other than resplendently " ROYAL ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his talent; then it was none other than limitlessly " LUMINESCENT ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his motivation; then it was none other than inexhaustibly " INSPIRING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his Fitness; then it was none other than vibrantly " VICTORIOUS ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his fame; then it was none other than unfathomably " UNLIMITED ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his milestones; then it was none other than impossibly " INCOMPREHENSIBLE ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his awards; then it was none other than beautifully " BRILLIANT ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his persona; then it was none other than endlessly " ECSTATIC ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his bowling; then it was none other than unexpectedly "UNCANNY";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his heroics; then it was none other than stupendously " SPECTACULAR ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his bat; then it was none other than amazingly " AGGRESSIVE ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his sportsmanship; then it was none other than uninhibitedly " UNBLEMISHED ";,

And if there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his cricketing class; then it was none other than blessedly BEST.

38. THE 3 MAGICAL ALPHABETS DNA

They were 3 ALPHABETS which wove a web of intrigue, even in the most monotonously arid of atmosphere,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which held their own inimitable identity; amongst an infinite others which simply made no rhyme or realistic sense,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which tantalized the most ordinary of brain; to fantasize beyond realms of the unknown,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which had the might to evolve a complete living race from the scratch; with the blessings of the Almighty Lord,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which traced the most infinitesimal aspect of origin; then rose slowly and gradually to tower as the spirit of life as existence progressed,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which constituted the backbone of every personality alive; its intelligentia to carve a path amidst a pack of wolves,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which rose over every caste; creed; religion and race; depicting every soul's true mirror to the world even after it'd died,

They were 3 ALPHABETS explicitly explained every ounce of evolution with everlasting mysticism; as life painstakingly ticked every minute to survive,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which injected color, charm, enlightenment into every barren piece of paper; everytime one chose them to write,

And the best part. When these 3 ALPHABETS united together they formed the most revolutionary and enthralling newspaper of my choice.

Showering courageous journalism from all round the globe with every first rays of the Sun.

This very Newspaper is now in my hands. Its known as the Daily News & Analysis or rather shall we say the magical 3 alphabets united together to proclaim its short form as the dna.

39. EACH TIME YOU LIFT THE CRICKET WORLD CUP-WE'RE PROUD TO BE A TRUE INDIAN

Each time you enter the field in your royal robes of blue— it makes the hair of a billion of us stand up in uncanny excitement, high and handsome towards the sky,

Each time you wave to us from the dressing room—it makes a billion of us feel that we're the most united family ever on surface of planet divine,

Each time you send the ball whistling past the boundary ropes—it makes the heart of a billion of us leap out of our chests- to magically blend with you, beat for beat,

Each time you perform your beautifully invincible huddle—it makes us a billion of us feel that India is the strongest nation of them all, wondrously breathing and alive,

Each time you take those daring catches under the blinding Sun—it makes a billion of us feel that 'Impossible' is really a word non-existent and in the dictionary of dead fools,

Each time you rattle the opposition stumps with mere disdain—it makes a billion of us instantly gobble the deadliest venom in our laps—like it was life-yielding honey,

Each time you smile even under the mightiest onslaught around you—it makes a billion of us grit our teeth in determination—to forever conquer every devil in and around us,

Each time you ease out for lunch and refreshing drinks—it makes a billion of us fervently pray for the most sweetest of your victory- as you restarted a fresh innings,

Each time you tensely glance towards the miserably overcast skies—it makes a billion of us exude into inexhaustible pools of cold sweat—losing our mood for everything else,

Each time you rekindle the atmosphere with your heroic fielding—it makes a billion of us take fresh birth once again and lay all our inexplicable sorrows to perennial rest,

Each time you collectively charge forward in a blood-curling appeal—it makes a billion of us want to enter the soul of the third umpire and rule every decision in your favor,

Each time you break records of even the slightest of denomination—it makes a billion of us salute our revered flag, in honor and glory of your majestically gallant prowess,

Each time you lay injured on the austere turf—it makes a billion of us inconsolably bleed in the innermost of our veins—wanting to be shoulder to each of your cries,

Each time you sportingly shake hands with the opposition even in face of defeat—it makes a billion of us feel that we're not at war-but relishing cricket at its imperious best,

Each time you run down the pitch to perseveringly earn every invaluable run—it makes a billion of us feel the scent of our sacred motherland drift from you—even though a countless kilometers apart,

Each time you go for the kill even as the target loomed impossibly beyond your reach—it makes a billion of us feel that the air around us is our ultimate resuscitating paradise,

And each time you lift the 'Cricket World Cup' for us or even thought of doing that in your dreams—it makes a billion of us rediscover our forgotten identities, makes us feel that we're proud to be an offspring of this great Indian soil—that we're proud to be a true Indian.

40. WHY WAS I AS A PARENT, AN ALL-TIME FAN OF EURO-KIDS VASTRAPUR?
(Ahmedabad, India) .

Not because my daughter was studying in its majestically serene ambience,

Not because there stood a gigantic Neem tree right in its center, enchanting every dreary nerve with unparalleled contentment,

Not because the sky above it always seemed cheerful-with innocent children shrieks and laughter forever winning its heart,

Not because of its indisputably sparkling floor and walls-the cleanliness that was spectacular in even the remotest of its quarters,

Not because of the English Language which was spoken to the highest authority-acclimatizing hearts at their youngest, with the expression of the World,

Not because of its enormous flexibility- which uninhibitedly heard the voice and whims of every parent and unruly toddler,

Not because it was successively adjudicated the best Branch of its kind-from all across its centers in Asia,

Not because it brought about a whole new freshness of ideas, concepts and curriculum, as far as modern day teaching was concerned,

Not because it was one of India's largest Pre-School chains- giving concrete direction to many worried parents-who were otherwise helter-skelter in choosing the best for their blood,

Not because it bountifully showered various intriguing gifts to its students-painstakingly crafted by its 'ever-hardworking' bunch of adorable teachers,

Not because it had an amazing eye for detail-regularly maintained an accurate performance list of all its assiduous students,

Not because it magnificently helped your child to undergo the painful transition from home to school—always with a big smile,

Not because its methodology of teaching was ingeniously practical oriented-rather than loading the student with heavy school-bags-and endlessly cramming from text-books,

Not because of its beautifully personalized attention—where its tiny students never felt away from their mothers—in fact started to poeticize in their alien environment,

Not because of the wonderfully patient ear—that it timelessly lended to even the tiniest of concerns or complaints from its discerning community of students and parents, alike,

But I was an all-time fan of Euro-Kids, Vastrapur (Ahmedabad, India) because it was here, that my child found a second home, away from her actual home—most importantly it was here that my child found Love & Respect for her in every teacher's eye—which was the very reason that she longed to go to school, above all her indoor friends and toys.

41. LIMCA BOOK OF RECORDS - INDIA AND HER PEOPLE AT THEIR VERY BEST.

Tribute Poetry on the Limca Book of Records (India's best book of National Records which is ranked 2nd Officially to the Guinness Book of World Records) written in appreciation of its awe - inspiring, entrancing pages

They were pages which sparkled with the most eclectic brilliances of life— in its countless shapes and vivacious forms,

They were pages which unconquerably rose over every discrepancy of caste; creed; color and race— to showcase the inexplicable and unusual genius of the united living race,

They were pages which were the most fearlessly unbiased in content—portraying the absolute truth to the world; in all its unbelievable glory; candour and victory galore,

They were pages which escalated reading pleasure to the most unattainable of heights—bedazzling every ingredient of the atmosphere with the undying courage; grit and fortitude of all mankind,

They were pages which spun a web of unparalleled enchantment into the deepest recesses of the soul—stupefying each vein with the utmost magnificence and wonders of the world,

They were pages which when read by every commoner made him feel closer to his rudiments on mother earth—truly glorifying the spirit of majestic existence to

its unsurpassable best,

They were pages which were the breathing pulse of not just a nation of a billion people—but which stirred the chords of every living heart towards the hilt of unimaginable achievement,

They were pages which truly immortalized the adage 'Impossible is indeed a word in the dictionary of fools'—for no human will to conquer the extraordinary can ever be defeated; except by the Almighty God,

They were pages wherein the bizarre most of fantasies took shape of undefeated reality—as the planet outside passionately rose to the uncanny thrill; challenges and enigma of life,

They were pages for which not the tiniest of nightfall seemed to exist—as minuscule mortals just like each one of us on earth; immortalized them with the Sun of brilliance in his/her own inimitably distinctive style,

They were pages whose unbelievable fragrance of newness pumped fresh life into every depressed and dead—charmed civilization after an infinite civilization with the most spectacularly golden moments of their time,

They were pages which encompassed even the minutest details of invention, innovation and the brilliance laden in each draught of wind—beautifully depicting each stark shade of existence at its infallible best,

They were pages which were a royal blend of amazing editorial dexterity and talent extraordinaire—which ignited even the most dormant arenas of the brain to perceive beyond the definitions of pragmatic time,

They were pages which truly proved that the whole world was your audience—whilst you were the sole magician on stage; to mesmerize, enchant and overpower the impossible in your tiny fist,

They were pages which coined miraculously new levels of human endurance and possibility—unveiling a boundless new dimensions to every sealed opportunity of life,

They were pages which were true patriots till their very last breath and beyond—not only saluting their beloved soil; but portraying its most undefeated essence to the entire world outside,

They were pages which increased your conviction to lead life multifold with each read- -triggered each ingredient of your blood to do something uniquely exuberant—and do it now,

They were pages which conquered over even the most invisible trace of the devil and lies—with the most spectacularly charismatic adventures of victory—that mankind has ever witnessed,

They were pages from India's best book of Records: 'The Limca Book of Records' ranked only 2nd officially to the Guinness Book of World Records—highlighting the very best from amongst a billion Indians- year after year after year of the most unbelievably spectacular living achievement,

And not because I was a 10-time National record holder for my Poetry with the book; but my heart ranks 'The Limca Book of Records' the best amongst every other book on earth - as it veritably depicts my sacrosanct motherland 'India and her beloved people at their very best'.

42. FOR ME—WHAT MADE BRYANT MCGILL TRULY ROYAL.

Poem on Bryant McGill—Internationally Acclaimed Poet, Author of World's No.1 McGill's English Dictionary of Rhyme, Celebrity Consultant & Inspirational Author

Royalty drifted most inscrutably from his 'English Dictionary of Rhyme'; which had enchanted millions in its ebulliently rhythmic swirl—perennially captured the imagination of the globe as being the best and most inimitable of its kind,

Royalty drifted most charismatically from his 'Benign Smile'; which made him approachable to one and all—escalated him as an instant hero of the masses as well as the most unparalleled of celebrities; alike,

Royalty drifted most enigmatically from his 'Eternal Poems'; which magnetized every conceivable living being to bond in the spirit of love; compassion and togetherness—stirred the soul of even the ghastliest of devil to think of the divine,

Royalty drifted most bountifully from his 'Endearing Fingers'; which unassailably intertwined with the essence of existence as it came—caressed every palpable object in vicinity with the zealous energy to unflinchingly survive,

Royalty drifted most unconquerably from his 'Varied Charities'; which

inexhaustibly strived to ameliorate every suffering on the planet—with the scepter of altruistic healing straight from the soul,

Royalty drifted most triumphantly from his 'Magical Peace Treaty'; which timelessly breathed to unite the entire planet in a miraculous rainbow of good will and compassion—so that every human achieved true freedom its truest context,

Royalty drifted most vivaciously from his 'Bewitching Photography'; which so astoundingly rendered color and passion to the most rustic things of life—capturing the freshness that revealed most spontaneously in the ever-proliferating countryside,

Royalty drifted most enchantingly from his 'Countless Communities'; which majestically struck a chord with millions of Entrepreneurs/Professionals via lightening fast Internet—provided a platform for one and all to divulge the innermost realms of their conscience,

Royalty drifted most infallibly from his 'Angelic Family'; with the divinely frolic and gestures of his daughters—enlightening many an inexplicably devastated life into a fountain of ecstatically rejuvenated breath,

Royalty drifted most symbiotically from his 'Uninhibited Shadow'; which fearlessly taught one and all as to how a fellow living being can be helped in even the most tiniest of capacity—irrespective of the spurious differences of caste; color; religion and creed,

Royalty drifted most jubilantly from his 'Priceless Signature'; which depicted the impeccable clarity of his undefeated ideals and thoughts; regurgitating every bit of deteriorating naked paper that it kissed,

Royalty drifted most seamlessly from his 'Imperious Ears'; which were astoundingly sensitive to the faintest cries of his compatriots in inconsolable pain—triggered every pore of his body to selflessly rise to help and seek help—to the most ardent of his capacity,

Royalty drifted most blissfully from his 'Ubiquitous Quotes'; which perpetuated a sky of undying inspiration in each of his readers veins—imploring them every instant to gallop forward into the road not traversed yet; and still emerge victorious,

All this and an infinite more were ofcourse true. But for me; what made 'Bryant McGill' truly 'Royal' was every beat of his unhindered heart palpitating solely for

the religion of humanity—palpitating solely so that the entire world united into a singleton mass of friendship and love—far far and forever away from any idiosyncratic dimensions of hatred; color; caste; creed; money and tribe.

43. HAPPY B'DAY TO INDIA'S MOST FASCINATING BUSINESS MAGICIAN-MR. MUKESH DHIRUBHAI AMBANI.

(written on the momentous occasion of his 50th Birthday celebrations on april 19,2007)

Just a sideways glance at his fierily expressive eyes was enough to convey—that they were 'born to fathom the extraordinarily unique from bits of limpid nothingness',

Just a sideways glance at his majestically creased forehead was enough to convey—that it was 'born to timelessly relish every bit of royal goodness on planet divine',

Just a sideways glance at his ardently emotive eyebrows was enough to convey—that they were 'born to zealously jog forward in the profound fervor of enigmatic life',

Just a sideways glance at his unflinchingly phlegmatic footsteps was enough to convey—that they were 'born to befit a legacy which was considered to be the most unconquerable of all our times',

Just a sideways glance at his innocuously poignant lips was enough to convey—that they were 'born to timelessly spell a boundless ocean of realistic dreams in a world otherwise swamped by prejudiced war',

Just a sideways glance at his astoundingly sensitive ears was enough to convey—that they were 'born to rise to the most obscure shreds of creativity around; like a magician always euphorically rising to the spirit of newness',

Just a sideways glance at his uninhibitedly sculpted fingers was enough to convey—that they were 'born to add a perpetual sparkle to even the most mundanely squandering of destinies',

Just a sideways glance at his regally jostling palms was enough to convey—that they were 'born to harness the bestest elements of space around into an invincible empire of prosperous togetherness',

Just a sideways glance at his effervescently brimming shadow was enough to convey—that it was 'born to dream beyond the horizons of time; and yet pay true homage to the priceless parents, God and soil which had created it',

Just a sideways glance at his honestly philanthropic shoulders was enough to convey—that they were 'born to tower taller than the skies in the face of disaster -and forever bear fruit to the dreams of a billion indians',

Just a sideways glance at his inexhaustibly upright spine was enough to convey—that they it was 'born to lead this great country to only infallible success in every department and direction that a living organism could ever conceive',

Just a sideways glance at his perseveringly sculpted chin was enough to convey—that it was 'born to rest its outlines only upon the tracks of benevolently charmed victory till as long as life pumped in the veins',
Just a sideways glance at his fervently cascading breath was enough to convey—that it was 'born to metamorphose each impossible into a pragmatic paradise of possibles with the blessings of his parents and lord divine',
And whilst all this just happened sideways—I just kept wondering and wondering and wondering as to what'd happen when I savor the honor of meeting India's most fascinating business magician Eye to Eye—as that'd be one of the most enlightening moments of my life,
Till then, here's wishing 'Mr. Mukesh Dhirubhai Ambani' via this poem written on the impoverished paper of my heart, a very happy and celestially blessed birthday which brings to the fore every unfinished desire of his bountiful soul and life.

44. NELSON MANDELA

This man living was a blessing to earth,
His character truly spotless and bright,
With every bit of immaculate truth in it,
In a great vast and mangled world of politics,
Resolved to serve the nation
And to be a true stalwart cum true knight.
His persevering hand always got up for the right cause,
To crush evil with a strong force,
And gave infinite masses of people renewed hope.
His ideas were as firm as bare unprocessed bricks,
Bore tense enigmatic moments in peace,
And let ghastly crime on earth cease.
A quick glimpse of his wheatish face,
Can reveal a just and fair case.
His steps to righteous success were never stopped,
As they got mighty obstacles chopped.
He pointed to the faultlessly right path,
Kept people round the globe astoundingly calm.
The essence of his benevolent deeds spread far and wide,
Prepares all humans for the non violent bout.
The ashes of his body would uninhibitedly depict,
As to where the real freedom of South Africa lives.

45. THE MIDAS TOUCH

When I want it the most,
I feel the most deprived.
When I like it the most,
It just fades into oblivion.
When I feel it the most,
It stabs me like thousand burnt needles.
When I dig deep for treasure,
It buries itself to unsurpassable heights.
When I stare into space,
It shoots missiles of polluted dust.
When I eat scarlet apple pies,
They turn into pieces of hard stone.
When I drive my dream Mitsubishi,
The twin rubber brakes snap into two.
When I sit on a racehorse,
It kicks like a donkey kissed with cigarette but.
When I plunge into still water,
An outburst of icy waves drown me down.
When I climb seemingly harmless barbed wire,
It spits electric sparks of bare current.
When I flex my voice for impression,
It blurts out discordant notes of music.
When I sip volumes of frosty milk,
It turns to fermented yellow sour cream.
When I run with the wind,
Showers of rain and chill, come pouring down.
When I kneel down on the satiny mattress,
Fluffs of cotton leak out in frenzy.
When I hand glide into deep valleys,
A barricade of sharp rock, causes me to nose dive.
When I sail in a luxury liner,
Water floods into cabin compartments.
When I try gesticulating for help,
My hands get trapped with spasmodic paralysis.
And when finally I feel like sobbing hysterically,
Arrays of tear ducts get blocked.
That's what I call folks,
The one and only my kind of Midas Touch.

46. BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Pure blood circulating froze midway in my veins,

My heart throbbed 10 beats faster,
Dormant regions of ecstasy catapulted to dizzy heights,
And I moaned rhythmically in sheer disbelief.
Palatial mansions appeared as jewelry boxes,
stone towers I sighted as lead tipped pencil,
steel bridges with tied rope looked as tapered candy,
the golden clock building resembled toy watches kept on showroom mantelpiece,

a string of snow clad mountains looked like inverted coffee mugs coated with
crushed sugar,
the mighty blue ocean was visible as a tiny patch of pond water,
silver sands of the desert were projected as a few acres of unploughed farm land,

broad streets of the city struck my view as a bunch of crisscrossed matchsticks,
sprawling kilometers of lush green grass was what I could describe as a tiny
patch of kitchen garden,
gigantic tall pine trees duplicated podded plants with fresh shoot of leaves,
slender nosed cars replicated prototype models kept open for sale,
infinitely elongated stretches of cable wire resembled thin strands of human hair,

colossal mass of thunder clouds was stunningly close,
the fire ball of sun seemed a few feet above my head,
passing jet crafts whizzed past at arm lengths from my body,
As I stared down in dumbfounded delight, open mouthed consternation,
from the hundredth floor of the Empire State Building.

47. BOMB BLAST

The kids somersaulted on the carpet green grass,
digging holes in fresh mud with plastic spade,
Whirling flying saucers that went whizzing past the blueberry tree,
Yelling at full capacity of lung whilst playing games of red Indian.
The housewife bustled through interiors of the kitchen,
Singing favorite notes of Egyptian music,
Chopping pieces of meat with immaculate ease,
Dispatching rotten eggs to safe enclosures of the dustbin,
Preparing appetizing meals of corn with slices of cold meat.
He had reason to be a proud man,
Years of strife before he climbed the ladders of success,
Now bestowed with a blissful little family,
He paced through corridors of the large balcony with the newly born child in his
arms.

All seemed to be going well,
He seemed to have struck a balance between work and perennial fortune,
Before he attended the shrill ringing of the punch button telephone,
A hoarse voice croaked, then burst into guffaws of laughter,
Informing him of death fast approaching,
As several bombs were activated in the red sedan,
Which now sped out of the driveway, carrying his twin children and wife.
He ran like never before, screamed at the top of his nerve wrecked voice,
Tall legs transporting him outside in flash seconds of time,
But for once destiny had played a cruel joke,
There occurred an earth shattering explosion,
Amber balls of fire emanated with smoke,
Pieces of car seat plummeted high in the sky,
The car spun several revolutions before settling on the ground,
He ran to the scene with premature tears welling up his eyes,
To witness the carcass of his family,
Triggered by the brutally inhuman Bomb blast

48. PEACEFUL FRIEND

A dog is an animal of peace and love,
He is adolescent and tough.
He has his ears cocked high up in the air,
His feet are locked in mystery's grace,
He disappears around without a trace.
His indignant eyeballs are lovely brown,
Which depict the splendor of his hometown.
His body is well muscled, his cheeks jutting out,
as he prepares himself for the final bout.
His silky whiskers are well pruned and sturdy,
They can withstand the inevitable heat of summer,
They get geared up for a lot to come.
He has teeth as sharp as a mouse,
He has this uncanny ability to find himself a fulfilling spouse.
He has his tail endowed to him by nature,
Which shakes and wags vociferously at instant of joy,
But shrinks in fear at sights of a wicked boy.
His square and robust head ultimates to express itself,
His stomach hungry to human grace.

49. THE OBLIVIOUS DESERT

The brown crusty surface of the desert soil,
Can always be ploughed by hard turmoil.

There is an outburst of an hurricane,
That invades the privacy of the old dame.
The sky is clouded with thick dark clouds,
Pelting drops of thunder rain cover the ground.

The farmer works, the bull cries loud,
For all they want is a rain yielding cloud.
The desert's shrub though green in color,
Will attract scores of rain yet to come,
For mere fulfillment of the empty drum.

50. THE UNITED FAMILY

water levels had dramatically receded,
The liquid had ceased to a mere trickle ceasing to flow,
The blistering sun staring like a devil upon the placid stream,
Truncating the persona of the jungle river to rivulets containing paltry water.
A crow hovering at low levels in the sky had a brilliant brainwave,
He released a cluster of tiny pebbles from his drooping beak,
Was instantly gratified at the inconsequential increase in the level of water.
The fur coated squirrel collected raw biscuit and nuts,
Fed the same in the river; noting it swell by meager fractions.
The serrated skin alligator; accumulated massive slabs of stone in its jaw,
Deposited them diligently blending with the earlier debris coagulated inside.
The wild striped zebra carried quantum loads of sand on its back,
Lowered the same in sparse assemblage of water slithering on the earth.
The long nosed elephant stashed a plethora of twigs and rustic foliage in its trunk,
Unleashing them in the river; witnessing its waters rise stealthily.

The century old tortoise bore thin crumbs of bread on its back,
Tossing its frugal contribution with all its might into the growing territory of water.

The animals selflessly sacrificed their proud possessions,
With even the red ants, spiders, and snakes devoting their perpetual best.

And aftermath's of the sweat they shed were simply stupendous,
The stingy persona of river now displayed a fresh look,
Barren regions of land were inundated with surplus water,
The level of liquid was far more than at the threadbare beginning,
There was also an obstreperous chorus of voices which flooded the air,

Emanating from the throats of animals; now bathing in their self made river as a united family.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Hide And Seek - Part 8 - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 34 differently titled Poems, is actually part 8 of the Book titled - Hide and Seek - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems (702 pages) . Parekh's earliest collection of verse. Written in unparalleled fervor, this collection is a delectable blend of topics from love to death, probing into countless infinitesimal aspects of existence which make a significant impact to it. The beauty of this compendium lies in its magical brevity at places and in the most mundane things of life around us brought to the fore like a magicians wand, in brilliant poetic flair by Parekh. Contains poems on topics impossible for one to envisage that a poem could be written about such an inconspicuous little thing-but Parekh evolves bountiful rhyme from the word go and coalesces vivacious color in the little tid-bits of the chapter called life to optimum effect. A must read for all those who find color, charm and significance in even the smallest things of life and are enthused by even the most mercurial bit of stray paper loitering around. A poetic tribute to the ordinary, projecting its colorful extraordinary bit to the planet with raw panache.

This book tingles every living being's imagination to fantasize beyond the ordinary. Look at all those meaningful tid-bits around us which have a complete book written in each one of them. All those joyous and unfortunate anecdotes around us which make us blossom into the true spirit of existence; into the amazing celebration of omnipotent life.

CONTENTS

1. FISHING IN MOONLIT JUNGLE
2. TRULY PROFESSIONAL
3. A TRIBUTE TO THE HOME SOIL
4. ENTERING THE NEW MILLENNIUM

5. I PICTURED MY ANCESTOR
6. BATTING PRODIGY
7. AN ENCOUNTER WITH A MOSQUITO
8. CHOCOLATE BROWN PLUM TREE
9. SWEET WATER COCONUT
10. SUNDAY
11. THE INDIAN COW
12. DREAM HOUSE
13. HAPPY BIRTHDAY
14. ROCKING CHAIR
15. SLAB OF PEANUT BUTTER
16. HUNCH BACKED CAMEL
17. WHAT'S THERE IN A NAME
18. THERMOMETER
19. TARZAN OF THE JUNGLE
20. SHARP SCISSORS
21. ROTUND BAR OF LIPSTICK
22. BALD
23. NEWSPAPER
24. RECTANGULAR BAR OF CHEWING GUM
25. SILVER COBWEB
26. WATER IS PRECIOUS
27. IMMACULATE TIE
28. MAN EATER AT LARGE
29. MOUSE TRAP
30. WAITER COME HERE PLEASE
31. IF MY CAR COULD RUN ON PURE WATER
32. MOUSTACHE
33. MY BEST FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY.
34. BISCUIT OF BLACK IRON

1. FISHING IN MOONLIT JUNGLE

Wild berries fell down from the peach tree,
wide spanned eagles glided harmlessly across the moon,
menacing owl eyes stared fiendishly downward,
bushy squirrels clambered the rock with bustling fervor,
olive green grasshoppers swished their tentacles,
stinging red ants dug small burrows in wet mud,
colored magpie birds sang a perfect sonnet,
lethal alligators swam clumsily through the neighboring water,
sly foxes galloped at rollicking speeds,

the princely lion lurked stealthily in search of rich prey,
huge brown spiders spun their webs in animation,
century old tortoise trampled the outgrowths with its newly born offspring,
mega sized mouse families ran past dungeons buried deep in the ground.

I perched myself on the slippery mud bank of the jungle river,
Levering long fishing rods in the tranquil water,
Scooping out frequently, a cluster of small sized fish,
As the stars glittered in the open blue sky,
Crystal ball of the moon luminated large above my head,
Rudimentary scent of earth tickled my nostril,
Mesmerizing tunes of the peacock drifted in hollow eardrum,
The stillness of water pierced unexplored zones in my heart,
I then lit a crackling fire of quality wood and dead leaf,
Roasted the silver fish in amber flames leaping high,
Slept like an innocent angel all summer night,
Relishing tender bones of my personally prepared appetizing fish.

2. TRULY PROFESSIONAL

There lay a gigantic boulder sprawled in the middle of the street,
draped with an abraded finish of sparkling steel gray,
punctured at infinite spots of its body with a host of serration's,
left solitary on the road without traces of established identity.

A carpenter passing by thought of chiseling it to fine pieces,
with incessant strokes of his tapered hostile saw.

The gardener mused on embossing it with wild cactus,
entangling it with a plethora of thorny shrub and brilliant rose.

The sharp witted pilot envisaged its appearance with wings,
applauded himself for figuring out the supreme innovation.

The watchmaker felt like studding it with a jugglery of slender needle,
reinforcing its base with innocuous amounts of clockwork machinery.

The palmist had an impulse of engraving it with fine lines,
reading aloud chivalrously the waves of destiny hovering around its persona.

The chef of the hotel had a strong stare at it,
decided to lambaste it into dainty slices of fresh salad.

The archaeologist seemed to be reeling in waves of euphoric delight,
commenced to jot down notes regarding the very source of its existence.

The police on the street viewed it with gruesome disdain,
as it obliterated their visions of the flowing traffic.

Groups of lovers paid handsome tributes, assuming it to be an sacrificial altar,
inscribing their names with white sticks of chalk, red blood,
sketching their hearts with slanting arrows ripping through the core.

The writers pen filled sheets of virgin paper with innumerable lines,
portraying the glory of the inanimate object to all.

The most professional of them all was a hungrily starved beggar,
he didn't waste a minute pondering on the stone,
instead constructed his dwelling on the island of amalgamated rock,
slept all night in unperturbed tranquil,
within the rustic interiors of his rock stone house.

3. A TRIBUTE TO THE HOME SOIL

There was heavy consternation in the atmosphere,
we hadn't slept all ruthless night,
the floor marble was biting cold with accumulation of winter dew,
roof plaster was on the point of immediate collapse,
there was an obnoxious stench of vegetable food,
the wall had several crevices, in which resided venomous snake,
dark waters lurked in colossal interiors of adjacent well,
the birds had forgotten to chirp their mystical rhyme,
trapped we were in domains of solitude,
in slipshod ambience of primitive hut,
hands tied in rusty iron shackles,
feet wound tight in brutal cold chain metal,
mouths stuffed with fluffs of unprocessed cotton,
tears rolling down our mud painted cheek,
highlighting streaks of fair skin, within wax coated molecules of dirt.
water seemed a remote possibility,
with meager loafs of bread offered at dispersed intervals of time,
the enemy camp made us prisoner,
held us captive for massacring their men,
with our body fortresses, in which flowed blood of true patriotism,

there was no sunshine filtering through,
our bodies lay limp, gasps for breath had receded down,
we knew we were on the verge of extinction,
as we saluted the flag in unison,
took a pinch of soil in clasped hands,
left for long journeys to heaven, drowned in the
fragrance of our home soil.

4. ENTERING THE NEW MILLENNIUM

High pulsating music in country discotheque,
youngsters moving to vibrant beats of sound,
streets decorated with piercing sodium light,
shops flooded with surplus discounts,
array of cars crowding main streets,
rough shod bikes vomiting clouds of smoke,
mega sized parachutes sailing in sky,
televisions displaying a host of programs,
government firms closed for the day,
cable cars conveying loads of passengers,
to freezing precipices of snow clad alps,
bottled champagne flowing in garden parties,
explosive dynamite burnt on streets,
producing cascade of descending fireworks,
cinemas screening titanic full to capacity,
animals released from personal bondage,
scintillating ship cruise of pacific ocean,
incessant ringing of church bells,
athletic sprints in all world existing,
uniformed police having a nightmarish time,
high rise structures a festival of lights,
giant clock towers flashing left over time,
breathless crowds visualizing freedom,
from countless sins of past century,
with all existing youth on bustling streets,
and the old glued to coverage to be telecast live,
billions anticipated the change of century,
the first Sun rays of the brand new millennium.

5. I PICTURED MY ANCESTOR

I pictured my ancestor draped in long flannel cloth,

with thick rimmed glasses caressing his nose,
sturdy stick with curved knight handle leaning across his leg,
a pair of compact denture riveted to his jaw,
historical time piece wound loose on his wrist,
plain soles of rich canvas adorning his feet,
partial stubs of grizzly beard gaining thorough prominence,
angularly crafted slender nose breeding amidst steel Grey eyes,
a bunch of faded parchment stashed in his waist coat pocket,
silken fingers with tiny nail, bereft of shining jewels,
short neck embedded well within shoulder sockets,
a charismatic glow captivating millions of youth in its reflection.

I pictured him sweating like a bull in his days of strength,
pedaling through remote corners of the town,
wrestling with pure professionals in the boxing ring,
earning life bestowing fodder for his army of children,
swimming past stormy channels of overwhelming hardship,
he had lived all life like an unconquered dictator,
never yielding an inch from territories of righteousness,
blaming none other than himself for his balance of misdeed,
with the feather tipped pen lying close to his heart,
and his rocking chair swaying violently still decades after,
he left for his heavenly abode;
O! yes I had a proud premonitions of whom I was a descendant,
as I tried even harder to picture my ancestor.

6. BATTING PRODIGY

He has more centuries than his age,
more international runs than one could imagine,
can execute every definable shot to perfection,
with the straight drive being his favorite,
has hawk eyes sighting 3 ounce leather,
in daylight, and flickering rays of light pole,
dispatching it with utmost ease and brute power,
to deep corners of mammoth sized grounds.
has broken records of all denomination,
prefers to carry the heaviest willow,
pads, gloves, starched white flannels, crash helmet the only make up,
along with spiked shoes, flexible wrist band,
hoisting rising balls for long journeys over jute ropes,
belting terror pace to metal signboards of the fence,

taking evasive action against tantalizing spin magic,
smothering opposition anger with solid batting prowess,
darting like a race car between wickets,
covering the 22 yard pitch with panting breath,
carrying tons of courage and unrelenting desire to succeed,
with an everlasting hunger for runs,
and an insatiable desire to succeed on all tracks,
in chilly cold, and pelting rain,
walking to a thunderous applause in every nation,
endorsing advertisements like a film star,
bearing a thick shock of curly hair,
gifted short stature and brain,
demonstrating sheer class of a sport warrior,
felicitated revolving trophies of ultimate prestige,
hailing from a literary family of Bombay,
compared to legendary Sir Donald,
an absolute nightmare for opposition bowlers,
a devastating hurricane when at his best,
a person of humble simplicity,
a true stalwart of Indian soil,
with millions of fan following his on field fortunes,
all ways taking guard on the third stump,
is Sachin Ramesh Tendulkar.

7. AN ENCOUNTER WITH A MOSQUITO

It ran miles further as I chased it,
faded from vision like a captivating mirage.

It escaped from my tightly curled fist,
survived the injury, changed its place of habitation.

It buzzed incessantly in vicinity of my bare eardrum,
was quiet as an angel when i scratched my flesh raw in
anger.

It multiplied in numbers in stagnant pools of water,
hissed discordant rhymes of exasperating music.
It perched on stale fruit, squashed remains of brown chocolate,
injected its venom in edible items of uncooked food.

It flew at small heights from the ground,

eluded clouds of smoke leaking from modern repellent coils.

It was a carrier of deadly infections,
stung soft flesh rich and pure with youthful blood.

It prompted patches of allergy to spread on skin,
was resistant to the strongest of medicinal balm.

It had caused me many a torturous night,
wrecked me of tranquil sleep from woolen delights of my cozy quilt.

It had surpassed all my imagination to render it lifeless,
had escaped my clutches on infinite occasions of time.

In the end I chalked a plan of action,
of being bitten, rather than spending a lifetime,
chasing the athletic mosquito in vast space of suspended air.

8. CHOCOLATE BROWN PLUM TREE

It offered silken webs of passionate wind,
blessed countless people with tarpaulin covers of cool shade,
stood like a formidable fortress against acrimonious rays of summer heat,
shielded the animate from torrential showers of rain,
served as a greenhouse for passengers dreary from incessant travel,
glistened majestically with sparkling droplets of dew at the onset of dawn,
trembled like a maniac in tumultuous outbursts of breeze,
sobbed with inert emotions when struck by live currents of electricity,
blossomed like a fairy god mother in the mystical ambience of spring,
resembled a ghost; stripped of cloth in the incongruous environs of autumn,
catering to a plethora of wild insect,
with an army of smoke Grey squirrel slithering down all day,
migratory birds nestling in harmony with its hollow belly,
venomous snakes curled tightly in dense regions of its wild armory,
unrelenting hurricanes prompting it to crouch and stoop,
it bore bountiful fruit of olive green plum,
bathed few months in a calendar year with natural water from the sky,
giving regular births to parrot green buds of striped leaf,
inhabiting virtually all corners of the globe sprawled with fertile soil,

spreading its roots deep within unexplored regions of the ground,
with white milk oozing out when sliced with dexterous strokes of jackknife,

I simply had loads of reverence for the chocolate brown plum tree,
saluted its persona with flowing tributes and heaps of adulation.

9. SWEET WATER COCONUT

The Sun blazes in full radiance,
the mercury soars to kingly proportions,
as sheets of dust blow in turbulence,
the parched tarmac bellows hysterically,
trees shriek in disbelief,
vulcanized rubber groans in despair,
as the sandstorm vocalizes its arrival.

Every eyeball gets averted,
to the green tripod of cool water,
stacked in gay abundance on thick jute sacks,
hailing from tall timber with slender branches,
deriving its nutrition from the pure wet sand,
christening it as the darling of all lands.

Colossal crowds flock the asphalt,
drifted by thirst and scorched excitement,
with sweaty palms, icy bandannas,
awaiting encounter with the hard green shell,
fingers clinging currency notes,
the queue shifts at a meandering pace,
as I finally get my chance,
to savor the natural taste in a coconut.

10. SUNDAY

It came after 6 days of grueling work,
6 days of assiduous effort under the scorching ball of Sun,
6 days of unrelenting tasks executed at electric pace,
6 days of insufficient meals blended with stingy
amounts of obnoxious coffee,
6 days of absolution from amicable domains of family,
6 days of sedulous expeditions in packed to capacity commuter trains,
6 days of deprivation from a ravishing game of long tennis,
6 days of obliteration from revitalizing spray of the ocean,
6 days of conscious efforts to wear feckless and spurious smiles,
6 days of wandering in a claustrophobic ambience of lackluster paper,

6 days of monotonous salute to the disillusioning supremo,
6 days of dedicated projects; with eyes incorrigibly glued to the computer,
6 days of incessant perspiration dribbling down crisp shirt,
6 days of onerous struggle to compete with intellectuals,
6 days of nostalgia for peace; weighing heavily on mind,
6 days of obstreperous noise piercing through soft ear,
6 days of aching feet; with spasmodically restless back,
6 days of impatient sigh's and a perpetual longing for melodious sleep.

The seventh day finally did arrive,
I drew back multiple blinds in my apartment house,
to let sizzling rays of dawn fumigate my persona,
slept late in the morning; oblivious to hassles of mundane work,
consumed barrels of enticing beer; nibbling fresh nut on the silver sands of
the beach,
languidly strolled a few miles with the pungent spray of the water,
stimulating my dreary eyes; as i candidly prayed to the Creator,
to bless me and my family with bountiful more Sunday's.

11. THE INDIAN COW

White skin folds hanging loosely,
curved tusks of ivory jutting from skull,
large ear flaps providing drafts of air,
scaring away hoards of flies,
big eyeballs shining in car light,
nasal apertures covered with secreted slime,
long tail attached to a fringe of hair,
projecting from recesses of fleshy hind-side,
hunched back resulting in slow walking pace,
black hooves stuck to leg cartilage,
working incessantly in undulating hot soil,
absorbing crisp rays of midday sun,
with metal liners fixed to its leg,
irrespective of age, time, health,
giving liters of milk in a single day,
squeezed out deftly from suspended teats,
living on mere grass, a pure herbivorous disposition,
sometimes sighted consuming sewage and paper,
eaten as tasty beef meat in some nations,
considered as sacrosanct on Indian soil,
given the status of milk yielding mother,

grazing quietly on grasslands of fertility,
with occasional baths in monsoon rain-ponds,
the Indian cow sure commands loads of respect.

12. DREAM HOUSE

Heavy metal iron welded to varnished wood,
burglar proof alarm installed to circular bell,
solid teak doors with automatic fasteners,
windows composed of shatter proof glass,
remote controlled maneuvering of gate entrance,
uniformed guards at several check-posts,
car driveway filled with thick gravel coats,
glass facaded greenhouse for manufacture of corn,
majestic pillar supporting ceiling plaster,
nurseries full of blooming flowers,
giant elevations of television screen,
crystal blue waters of swimming pool,
majestic masonry consisting of bare brick,
dark photochromatic rooms, artistic studios,
furniture pieces of polished mahogany wood,
t.v. monitors displaying round the clock guests,
sprawling neem trees with evergreen foliage,
shielding two storied structure from hazardous light,
tall stone walls encapsulating periphery,
luxurious bedrooms overlooking coastal waves,
crashing fiercely on black rock,
hoards of birds chirping in fading light,
impregnable barbed wire spitting electric shock,
galvanized iron gates sliding at entrance,
whispering denial to irate trespassers,
with the first rays of Sunlight lighting my face,
is the house I would like to possess,
the house of my dreams.

13. HAPPY BIRTHDAY

May God bestow upon you bountiful riches,
Bless you with all that is benevolent,
Reinforce your life with surplus number of living years,
Exempt you from all misdeeds you inadvertently committed,
Eradicate traces of hysterical agony from your heart,

Transform the bleary caricature of your face into one with sacrosanct smiles,
Freeze the tears which ooze profusely from your magical eyes,
Safeguard you against deathly mishaps and obnoxious falls,
Fill your belly with sumptuous food every unleashing minute of the day,
Quenching your thirst with immaculate water from volatile springs,
Clear evil mists obscuring your belligerent demeanor,
Evacuate the pointed thorns adhering solidly to your nimble feet,
Endow you with exorbitant charisma; infectiously drawing flocks of people,
Drive away forever; the vindictive ready to strangulate you,
Place you in an ostentatious palace flowing with philanthropic riches,
Revitalize your soul as the sun dazzles bright every dawn,
Gift you with the magical prowess of turning threadbare mud into gold,
Here's my friend; wishing you and all those born on this day,
A very celestially happy and gratifying birthday.

14. ROCKING CHAIR

When I sat on it exerting my full weight; it squealed inaudibly permeating the stillness of atmosphere with feverish cacophony,
Nimbly revolving a few centimeters on the polished floor; eventually adjusting disconcertingly to the situation.

When I poked it with a conglomerate of pointed needles; it let out silent gasps,
The upholstery was now embedded with a plethora of incongruous holes;
although
I could still spread my legs on it and sit.

When I emptied a barrel of fuming acid on it; it got severely butchered and uncouthly ripped apart,
The spongy foam now buckled under the slightest of my caress; and people who visited my cabin perceived it as a minor bomb blast.

When I tried standing erect on it swirling rampantly to blaring tunes diffusing from the CD systems; it initially complied with my desire,
Although after a while I found myself adhering to the opposite wall of the room;
as it had inevitably skidded and flung me like a discarded heap.

When I incorrigibly refrained to clean it; letting hordes of dust settle on its persona,
I had to suffer unrelentingly from sporadic bouts of thunderous coughing; with the minuscule particles entering my nose.

When I washed it with freezing water in winter castigating for disobeying my command; it appeared forlorn and meek in the beginning,
However when the next day I entered my office; there was a derogatory odor intensely hovering in the air; also I saw a fleet of termite gnawing the soft wood with overwhelming relish.

When I endeavored to emboss script on its body; it incessantly rotated and shook; bouncing with gay abundance on its springs,
Driving me wild beyond the threshold of definable frustration; and I finally gave up on my persevering effort.

When I kicked it in its rear; exerting tumultuous force with my bohemian feet,
It placidly lay down topsy-turvy several paces further; and I had scrupulously make sure whether all parts were intact; before relaxing on it again.

When I tried incinerating it; submerging it wholesomely in my left over alcohol; it caught flames which rose high and handsome towards the sky,
All that was now left of it was charred ashes; which I consummately used to sprinkle as manure over my plants.

But let me tell you folks; I had enjoyed it the most; supremely relished its company for marathon hours on the trot,
When I swung it tenaciously to and fro; with my feet languidly sprawled on the table; my eyes partially closed; and my rocking chair virtually putting me into a mystical slumber.

15. SLAB OF PEANUT BUTTER

When I rolled languidly in it; dabbling my feet as incoherently as I could,
The entire exterior of my skin acquired a brilliant yellow tinge; with satiny soft crusts of cream adhering to me in sticky unison.

When I made a pillow of it and slept; my head completely engulfed within the ravishing aroma of milk,
I relished the exorbitant softness; the mesmerizing effect of sponge in proximity with my dreary bones.

When I threw molds of it frivolously at my counterparts; splashing the same; exerting insurmountable force of my wrists,
They retreated back in utter disbelief trying to digest the incredulous turn of events; but in the end profoundly enjoyed the golden globules cascading slowly down their cheeks.

When I applied parsimonious amounts of it to the lackluster wall; smearing the blend with equanimity using my incongruous hands,
The dilapidated room suddenly displayed fresh signs of illumination; an enchanting glow now permeated through the web of cloistered darkness.

When I rubbed it across my dry lips; vigorously spreading it all over till my fingers ached,
My smile now looked all the more accentuated with a rosy sheen; and my moustache radiated an everlasting perpetual glow.
When I dropped it inadvertently on the floor; not bothering to put it back in its compact container,
The scenario to witness the next morning was stupendously horrendous; as there was a battalion of black ants merrily sleeping; smacking their tentacles in satisfaction.

When I dipped my fountain pen in it; making sure that the entire frame remained submerged in for quite sometime,
I had tumultuous difficulty while writing script; as my fingers inevitably slipped; and I failed miserably to grasp the pen; let apart embossing literature with it.

When I tried dancing in it; slithering my body as freely as the mystical serpent, I soon changed my visions about holistic life; as I toppled head on towards the ground; buckling under the island of frictionless wax.

When I scrubbed my scalp tenaciously with it; instead of using contemporary soap,
The aftermath caused my hair to shoot up in straight clusters; it was incorrigibly difficult to retain back their normal shape; and I resembled a lunatic having just landed from planet mars.

Although when I scrupulously coated it on my morning bread; roasting the dough over rosewood logs inhabiting the fireplace,
My slab of peanut butter tasted the best; and I devoured mighty chunks to satiate my gluttony; licked every scrap of it adhering to the pellucid bottle.

16. HUNCH BACKED CAMEL

It bore the acrimonious tyranny of scorching sun round the year; leaving bold footprints in the dust it tread,
Traversed incessantly through blistering soil; with sandy winds blowing across its eyes,

Ambled languidly in the brilliant day; increasing its pace a trifle at the onset of night,
Intermittently munched parrot green tentacles of rustic cactus; immensely relished the dry meal of leaf and thorn,
Occasionally rubbed its slender neck against the sandpaper skin of wild tree; raising its eyes toward the almighty residing in heaven,
Angrily swished the scanty clusters of hair on its tail; to drive away scores of petulant mosquitoes,
Wore a bedraggled rope dangling loose from its neck; a cushioned saddle riveted to its angular sculptured body; Intricate pieces of leather wound to its mouth; to maneuver it through labyrinth of routes,
Possessed a firm pair of hooves; which glistened all the more profoundly in the sunbeams and looked mesmerizing under the placid moon,
Had a slimy nose with gaping nostrils; which remained wet despite the acrid warmth irrevocably prevailing,
Spawned many of its kind; suckling its young ones utterly bereft of a cloistered shade,
Walked marathon distances in a single day; unrelentingly stepping on islands of steaming land,
Stooped down as much as it could; when confronted with tumultuous whirlpools blowing with full might,
Moaned in high pitched exuberance as it sighted a solitary stream; storing the water for months till it found a fresh source,
Gallantly fought an army of disdainful crabs; audaciously kicked loose rocks that came its way,
Seldom shed its tears; overwhelmingly inspiring those who feared life to come out of their nonexistent shells,
Had a passion to bask under the dazzling sun; thoroughly detested crystal blue patches in the sky being obfuscated by clouds,
It had remained as stoical as omnipotent god under the most bizarre of circumstances; refraining to flounder under the pugnacious heat,
Was quite glad to adopt the sizzling silver sands as its companion for life;
even dreaming about the same while in deep sleep,
I offer my humble salutations to this silent warrior; as my hunch backed camel carries me through the colossal expanse of the Sahara desert.

17. WHAT'S THERE IN A NAME

I knew a guy named 'angel'; who as his name suggests should have been as sacrosanct as gods residing in the cosmos,
However when one encountered him in pragmatic reality; he looked like an

diabolical giant; with unruly strands of hair prominently cascading down his nape.

I knew a guy named 'Tarzan'; who as his name suggests should have been as strong as the rocks; with a plethora of muscles bulging through his shirt, However when I saw him transgressing across the road; he looked as feeble as the innocuous rabbit; trying to shirk society and retreat as quickly as possible into his den.

I knew a girl named 'felicity'; who as her name suggested should have been basking in a river of perennial happiness, However when I sat with her for marathon hours on the trot; I realized she was a misfit for her name; as she neither smiled nor moved; incessantly maintaining a face as expressionless as a stone.

I knew a guy named 'prince'; who as his name suggested should have been embellished in an armory of exquisite diamonds and silver, However when one saw him voraciously scratching his hair; he held a threadbare container of steel to beg; wore scanty rags of paper to drape his shivering silhouette.

I knew a girl named 'honey'; who as her name suggests should have been as sweet and melodious as the nectar oozing from beehives, However when I sat beside her across the table; she irascibly hurled at me a volley of abashing expletives; burst on me unrelentingly like a pugnacious green chili.

I knew a guy named 'love'; who as his name suggests should have been with a congenial attitude; amicably propagating the essence of friendship, However when I stumbled upon him suddenly at the discotheque; the first thing he said was; he wanted to mercilessly kill the girl next door for rejecting his proposal of illicit romance.

I knew a girl named 'rose'; who as her name suggests should have been as mystical and enchanting as the mesmerizing flower, However it was a fact that people shut their noses as she arrived; as she smelt of deplorable rotten eggs; intransigently spreading her aroma wherever she went.

I knew a guy named 'crystal'; who as his name suggests should have been as scintillating as the conglomerate of silver mirrors, However when I nudged by him on the street under the dazzling Sunlight; I could hardly believe my eyes; as he appeared blacker than the blackest piece of

coal existing on this earth.

On the other hand I knew a guy named 'brownie'; who as his name suggests should have been colored as disdainful mud,
However when I saw him addressing a large assemblage of people; I realized that not only was he fair as white ice; but he had the charisma embedded in him which few residing on this globe possess.

Therefore folks this is a question I put before you; tell me all of you what's there in a name; what's there to even contemplate about a name,
When the true beauty; the incorrigible spirit to live; the celestial feeling of benevolence and unbiased love; all lies impregnated in the throbbing heart.

18. THERMOMETER

When I placed it in my mouth; encircling my tongue all around it completely wetting its periphery,
The mercury inside rose meticulously to a holistic degree; perfectly indicating the exact temperature prevailing in my body.

When I placed it in boiling water; cooking neatly over dried logs of timberwood,
The mercury inside shot at alarming proportions; almost tearing through its fragile body; and as an aftermath wasn't able to come down to its original position.

When I placed it amidst frozen cubes of white ice; making sure that it stood stringently upright,
The mercury inside couldn't muster the slightest of tenacity to rise; it slept in its shell as if had died decades ago.

When I placed it in ploughed soil; abreast infinite numbers of freshly sown seeds,
The mercury inside nimbly rose a few millimeters; although it vehemently opposed for being subjected to maltreatment.

When I placed it in the baking oven; besides the scores of sizzling pancakes,
The mercury inside skyrocketed out of its shell; spread all over the pastry in intense indignation.

When I placed it in a silken web; with the gallant monster curiously inspecting the scintillating contraption,
The mercury inside was partially obscured from sight; it neither rose nor fell;

although was a bit circumspect when the spider caressed it with its lips.

When It unwittingly slipped from my hands; colliding with a gentle thud on the obdurate ground,
The mercury inside pathetically leaked out of the instrument; and I feasted my eyes on its silver complexion blended with a captivating shine.

When I placed It in an alligators mouth; sandwiching it scrupulously between the monsters teeth,
The mercury inside seemed as if it simply wasn't there; it had a died a fearful death even before I had opened the savage jaws of the beast.

When I placed under the palms of my beloved; letting her satiny hair cascade over its exteriors,
The mercury inside was as enthralled as I was; and it relished the prospect of rising to her perpetual warmth.

It was exquisitely sculptured; made of unbreakable glass; and had a handsome bulb of silver shining handsomely under the Sunlight,
And I made it a point of carrying it everywhere I went; had wholesomely given the task of safeguarding my health; to my robust and crystalline thermometer.

19. TARZAN OF THE JUNGLE

He rambunctiously gallivanted through the dense shrubs; swirled at gay abandon on extruding creepers of animate trees,
Tenaciously rubbed rotund pieces of flint stone; to incinerate a smokeless fire,
Feasted himself on clusters of ripened bananas; a conglomerate of wild apple and succulent fruit,
Viciously attacked savage beasts; strangulating the same by mercilessly grabbing their slender necks,
Garrulously gulped water from the fresh water springs; stooping as low as he could to submerge his face entirely in the ravishing water,
Philandered merrily through cloistered underground caves; basking in the gleam of the glittering gold coins; with his pet rattler wound round his neck,
Audaciously crept his hands into venomous spider webs; passionately fondling with its serrated tentacles,
Replicated the voices of a host of birds with astoundingly similarity; meticulously deciphering the meaning conveyed therein,
Clambered up with nonchalant ease; a cluster of tall trees with the uncanny agility of a mongoose,
Didn't mind ravenous mosquitoes sucking his blood; inviting them chivalrously to

bite his skin,
Intrepidly battled the hostile crocodile on the marshy swamps; snapping apart its
jaws into minuscule fragments,
Had a severe abhorrence for alien tourists; marauding his privacy with a fleet of
boats and contemporary contrivances,
Possessed infinite pairs of bulging muscles; which glistened magnificently under
the golden sun,
Had incongruous wisps of long hair cascading freely down his back; abnormally
large peripheral eyes resembling the moon,
Ate sumptuous fish raw; after catching them from fathomless distances beneath
the pellucid stream,
Rode bareback throughout the meandering forest; sitting majestically on the
back of a striped panther,
Could stare unrelentingly at sun for hours; without flinching the slightest
portion of his lids,
Communicated adroitly with the wildlife circumventing; using a plethora of
vibrant insinuations,
Had an armory of pearly teeth; which crept up enchantingly from under his
luscious lips,
Was oblivious to the prevailing time; day and month of the unveiling year;
wholesomely relying on the sun and moon to guide his way through,
He had been left years ago by his mother; amongst a cluster of savage wolves,
Suckled milk from the protuberant teats of his lion mother; sleeping quietly as an
angel against her fur coated belly,
With a threadbare piece of loin cloth being his sole attire since times
immemorial; he was adeptly christened by all as tarzan of the jungle.

20. SHARP SCISSORS

I used to cut thick strands of the abysmally long rope; bifurcating it into
commensurate halves,
Then use the same in hoisting out bulky loads from the sequestered well; fetch
water from the river standing on top of the lanky mountain.

I used it to adroitly scrape blotches of disdainful mud adhering to my shoe;
evacuate the debris from inside the soles,
So when I wore my disheveled footwear the next time out; it appeared
profoundly scintillating under the fiery body of Sun.

I used it to scrupulously tear pieces of gaudy cloth into thin strips; vibrantly
displaying a host of vivid colors,
Then stuck them into my straw brimmed hat; wore a strap of snake leather; to

resemble the perfect cowboy.

I used to ruthlessly rip apart through pudgy chunks of plush upholstery; brutally extricating the sponge out,
In my frantic search for finding the missing jewels; apprehending the scores of nefarious criminals.

I used it to poke my beloved in the soft cartilage of her ribs; hovering it in the vicinity of her ear like a petulant mosquito,
Only to hear her anguished rebuking; the deliberately cold meals she served me for nocturnal supper.

I used it to tenaciously dig the fresh mounds of mud; making a plethora of inconspicuous holes in proximity of the plants,
Facilitating their accelerated growth; providing them with augmented space to breathe.

I used it to spread the golden smear of butter on my morning bread; coherently applying jam to my succulent fruit,
Thereafter Relishing my meal immensely; with sporadic beams of light falling in shimmering pools on my dreary eyes.

I used it to frivolously prick inflated balloons; inserting it with meticulous precision in their protuberant body,
Tremendously enjoyed the thunderous bang; the monstrous reverberations that besieged the atmosphere as an inevitable aftermath.

I even used it sometimes as a substitute to my pen; dipping it extravagantly in a bottle replete with blue blooded ink,
However it floundered to achieve the required proficiency; and it was an apathy to view the mangled lines of literature that I had scribbled on the finely agglutinated paper.

But one thing was for sure; and I know all of you would ubiquitously agree with the same,
My pair of sharp scissors served me the best when I used it to trim the unruly hair inhabiting my scalp; the deplorable strands of moustache waywardly drooping down my chin,
Astoundingly transforming my demeanor from that of a bushy demon; to that of an impeccable God.

21. ROTUND BAR OF LIPSTICK

When I applied it on my eyes; rubbing it vigorously all around the intricately drooping lids,
It looked pretty sensuous with a frivolous aura circumventing my persona;
although petulant sensations of itching started after some time had elapsed; and
I removed it entirely with a coarse cloth.

When I smeared it gently across my scalp; it produced an inevitable tickling vibration all over;
The massage was revitalizing and terrific; although scores of people made a travesty of me outside; as my hair had converted from black to shades of effeminate pink.

When I dabbed it on the perspicuous surface of mirror; it produced incoherent smudges everywhere,
The silhouettes now displayed were considerably voluptuous; although when I tried to sight my reflection in the glass it appeared to be a befuddled blur.

When I held it in the path of oncoming beams of stringent sunlight; it emitted out brilliant ramifications,
Imparted a prominently scarlet tinge to the golden rays; although it dramatically reduced the tenacity of light, which illuminated the cloistered darkness.

When I endeavored to scribble literature with it; the lines I embossed looked like written with pure blood,
The mundane sheet of paper suddenly appeared special; although I found it intractably difficult to read the script.

When I brushed it harshly against wet soil; inserting its tip fully into the mud,
That brought some vibrancy into the nondescript chunk of land; although it created monumental complications; as some pedestrians mistook it to be early insinuations of volcano erupting; and fled instantly for their lives.

When I held it close to my nostrils; substituting it for my antiseptic inhaler,
A poignantly ravishing aroma flooded my lungs; although after a few minutes I felt a sneeze about to thunderously emanate from the aperture of my mouth.

When I spread it commensurately across my armory of teeth; there were tingling reverberations that initially struck me,
With the buds in my tongue liking the sudden change in taste; although when I exposed them to the world while speaking; they shirked away from me in utter abhorrence; perceiving me to be a satanic devil.

When I caressed it across my morning bread instead of using conventional butter; the dough looked immensely appetizing,
Seeming as if someone had stashed it full of succulent cherry; although when I ate; I felt an insurmountable urge to puke out the same.

I must mention though I realized its optimum value after rubbing it on the lips of my beloved; blending it scrupulously with her saliva when she pursed them,
She looked like a mesmerizing fairy and it now became inevitable for me to kiss her; savoring the flavor of her delectable lips as well as my rotund bar of lipstick.

22. BALD

I didn't need shampoo to clean my scalp; instead a glass of tainted water could excellently do the job,
On the other hand you required tones of bubbly froth to cleanse your hair; evacuate the petulant granules of dandruff neatly entrapped between your follicles.

I didn't need gleaming hair oil to smear on my head; all I had to do was clap it loudly with my bohemian palms,
On the other hand you required swanky ointments; antiseptic creams to keep the conglomerate of your hair well in place.

I didn't need scintillating scissors to use on my scalp; it would appear wholesomely ludicrous even if I held one in close proximity with it,
On the other hand you required a plethora of sharp instruments; pairs of intricate razors; in order to occasionally trim the unruly tentacles of your hair.

I didn't need a brush to part my scalp; as it nimbly obliged to my scrubbing it with a dust cloth,
On the other hand you required a luxuriously serrated comb; to Meticulously entangle the incorrigible knots formed in your long hair.

I didn't need to camouflage my scalp with a taut piece of cloth every time I ventured out; as there was no danger of the wind blowing it away,
On the other hand you required to embellish yourself with a grandiloquent cap; a host of flapping sunshades; in order to ensure that the thin wisps of your hair didn't rip apart with the tenacious breeze.

I didn't need to incessantly browse my hands through my scalp; while attending pompous parties,

On the other hand you required to sporadically run your fingers against your cuticles; making sure that they remained stringently aligned.

I didn't need to wash my scalp after bathing in the saline ocean; instead let it to dry over a natural course of time,
On the other hand it was inevitable for you to stand beneath a steaming shower; to annihilate all the poignant salt trapped in your greasy hair.

I didn't need to consume a battalion of salubrious vitamins to make my scalp glisten; simply standing under the blazing sun itself; granted it an enchanting shine,
On the other hand you desperately required to procure every tonic available in the market; to impregnate an artificial luster in your lifeless hair.

I didn't need to submerge my scalp into ravishing cologne to get noticed; people profoundly admired the openness of my head wherever I went,
On the other hand you used to apply the most enticing of gel on your lackadaisical hair; and yet remained unnoticed.

I didn't need to coat my scalp with black chemicals; intermittently apply a blend of paint and water to keep it in shape,
On the other hand you were exorbitantly conscious about the greyness in your hair; painting it with brilliant dye; remained busy all day trying to pluck the insipid strands of white.

Therefore it is my earnest prayer to you O! omnipresent Creator; to create me without hair for the next 100 births; if I fortunately took birth on this soil as man,

For I considered myself infinite times luckier to remain bald; than suffer from the unrelenting tyranny of possessing clusters of bushy hair.

23. NEWSPAPER

It contained infinite lines of embossed literature; printed with blackest ink one could find,
It contained innumerable adages highlighting real life situations; a jugglery of frivolous cartoons,
It contained a brief report portraying prevalent weather; an accurate analysis of the total rain,
It contained a column incorporating the price of gold and silver; the erratic fluctuations of the stock market,
It contained a page for entertainment; indicating the latest releases on silver

screen as well as the alluring serials to be telecast on television,
It contained an enthusing section on sports; the current positions of teams
battling it out sedulously around the globe,
It contained critical issues on the world of pragmatic politics; a daily update on
the leaders who sculptured the nation,
It contained items about wide spread burglaries; a discerning insight into the
lives of the crime lords,
It contained bountiful sections on fashion and glamour; blatantly revealing the
most contemporary trends in the nation,
It contained elements of medical science; the astronomical advancements in the
field of intricate surgery,
It contained condensed biographies of living legends; the revered historians who
left an accentuated mark in this world,
It contained an amalgamated space for ludicrous jokes; instilling loads of levity in
the atmosphere,
It contained battalion of advertisements; with newly opened companies
endeavoring to lure as big a market as they possibly could,
It contained a rectangular space for sacrosanct quotes; a conglomerate of
sagacious axioms from the holy bible,
It contained flash reports about outbursts of sporadic violence in city; cautioning
all concerned to stay confined to their homes,
It contained indispensable information about the intensely afflicted; trying to
propagate the message of ecumenical brotherhood and peace,
It contained animated pictures of wild animals; a sneak into the mystical life
encompassing the dense jungles,
It contained a bulk of segments exhibiting local news; the rise and fall of
luminaries in the town,
It contained all those things which were inevitable to know; in order to prudently
survive in this world,
And I preferred reading it rather than watching the commercial news; as my
newspaper emanated delectably crisp noises as I browsed; also I could even
scrutinize it any time of the day if I so desired.

24. RECTANGULAR BAR OF CHEWING GUM

It imparted an incredulously tangy taste to my tongue; embedding its flavor in
the remotest corners of my mouth,
Made irrefutably sure that I emanated a ravishing aroma all day; without the
tyranny of brushing my garden of pointed teeth.

It engendered me to produce loads of saliva; spitting it intermittently on concrete
pavements,

Changed the complexion of my voice from a rustically hoarse and sonorous; to one which was sweet American slang.

It served as an excellent alternative to passing time; as I painstakingly rolled it behind my lips,
Molding it into a plethora of shapes before eventually gulping it; occasionally protruding some part of it in the outside air.

It had the ability to incorrigibly stick to strands of my hair; unceremoniously sticking between the silken follicles,
Resisting all attempts to come out when I plucked; with the only option remaining was mercilessly tonsuring my scalp with a barbaric razor.

It fomented an incessant flow of tingling sensations in my persona; producing a host of slurping noises as I talked,
Impregnated my body with a feeling of perpetual contentment; reigning supreme over all other existing taste.

It intractably blended with my intestines when I inadvertently swallowed it; resting peacefully like a parasitic leech,
And despite frantic attempts on my part to drive it out; didn't extrude as I expurgated my bowels.

It proved to be an indispensable commodity while in business meetings; easing tumultuous tension from my nerve-racked mind,
Helping me divert my attention sporadically; envisage and chalk new policies with loads of innovative precision.

It caused me to slip when adhering to the rough floor; losing my balance awkwardly as I unconsciously tread on,
Although I didn't rebuke or castigate it vehemently; as I found myself lying on the celestial feet of my sweetheart.

It impregnated a chirpy aura to my demeanor; making me superficially perceive years beyond my age,
And the best thing about it was that it formed a gigantic bubble when I dexterously inflated it; blowing slim draughts of air trapped in my chest,
As it snapped with a thunderous bang into multiple fragments; which was all that was now left of my rectangular bar of chewing gum.

25. SILVER COBWEB

It glistened magnificently under the brilliant sun; resembling the enigmatic and mystical angel,
It shimmered majestically under the fluorescent beams of moon; looking like the swirling waves of sea eventually culminating into froth,
It wavered rampantly with the gusty breeze; occasionally snapping apart some of its flocculent threads,
It nonchalantly greeted the inclement rain; thoroughly despising fat globules of water striking against its flimsy silhouette,
It trapped scores of innocuous insects in its viscous womb; a plethora of young fledglings who tried to permeate its territory,
It was firmly riveted to bifurcated branches of rustic trees; enmeshing a host of boisterous termites who dared try and butcher it,
It had boundless strands of silk; interwoven at incongruous distances of space,
Its beauty appeared all the more accentuated at ephemeral dawn; with hazy rays of light marking its incoherently rotund periphery,
It feasted and supremely relished a meal of blood sucking bat; which inadvertently got ensnared flying haphazardly in the night,
It was embossed with tinges of dull gray; with its color appearing almost invisible to the unsuspecting intruder,
It also inhabited residential dwellings; a cluster of cloistered places and dilapidated mansions being its hot favorite,
It got mercilessly blown away in thunderous storms; who dismantled it from its very roots without the slightest of respite,
It was wholesomely silky in complexion; with its long follicles partially engulfed by poisonous juices,
It looked ominous in the ambience of open space; and yet at the same time was a treat to admire for the scientist and philanderer,
It was profoundly oblivious to sound; the only thing it relied on being nimble sensations of touch,
It itself didn't possess the slightest of odor; the only scent that wafted from its demeanor was that of incarcerated prey,
It was a dreadful nuisance for housewives; who didn't spare it the moment they sighted it; swapping it uncouthly with their tall broomsticks,
It was virtually found inhabiting all corners of the globe; not sparing the even the most immaculate of corner,
And the most incredulous thing about it was that it impregnated a potbellied spider; which was ever ready to unsparingly gobble any palpable organism that got caught,
Which hereby concludes the story of the network of satiny threads which formed the silver cobweb.

26. WATER IS PRECIOUS

If there was water on the surface of dry leaves; they would look superbly mesmerizing; glistening profoundly under the Sun,
If there was water on mud coated wall; there would be a ravishing scent that permeated the adulterated air,
If there was water on vegetables lying sprawled in a forlorn heap; they would bounce back to boisterous life; retrieving the plethora of minerals they had lost in the blistering heat,
If there was water on fossils languidly scattered in obsolete territories of the dormant volcano; they would perspicuously depict the mysteries of the past; besides shimmering magnificently under the moon,
If there was water on wild buds of jungle mushroom; the unruly shoots would sparkle tenaciously; drawing millions of mouths towards them to satiate their famished taste buds,
If there was water on a battalion of acrimonious thorns; their tips would get dramatically softened; making them flounder in their conquest of mercilessly puncturing soft skin,
If there was water on scalp hair; their bedraggled texture would miraculously transform into immaculately polished,
If there was water on the obdurate foam of bed; there would be an unprecedented cool that besieging the ambience; and I would find it astoundingly easy to fall into a invincible siesta,
If there was water on pairs of chapped lips; they would look irrefutably voluptuous and longing to be kissed,
If there was water on the scorched soil of arid desert; the surrounding wildlife would get substantial reprieve from sweltering storms of heat,
If there was water on rampant flames of fire ominously rising up by the zipping second; the occupants inside would be saved from the tyranny of being burnt alive,
If there was water on the elevation of dusty window panes; they would suddenly glitter in animation; explicitly exposing the panoramic view outside,
If there was water on the river bed; scores of children would gleefully toss in it; splashing it frivolously on passing pedestrians,
If there was water on clusters of scarlet rose; they would diffuse a blissful fragrance penetrating the claustrophobic environment with a reinvigorating aroma,
If there was water on feathers of the majestic peacock; it had the potential to circulate waves of rhapsody even in the veins of a dying man; when the bird unfurled its wings to a complete blossom,
If there was water on soiled cloth; incorrigible stains would be indiscriminately exonerated; and the fabric would now resemble an impeccable white,
If there was water on the serrated skin of chameleon; it would appear more

rubicund while wandering indefatigably through the bushes,
And If there was water on the inverted eyelashes of my beloved; she would look
like a goddess bathed in exquisite gold,
And let me tell you friends it was very easy for us to unflinchingly achieve
the above mentioned; if only we learnt to save and judiciously preserve water,
As its every droplet is inevitably worth a million; for it is the source of all life
beside us; an indispensable fuel to rejuvenate the depleted reservoir of our
energy; water is precious.

27. IMMACULATE TIE

It dangled freely from my collar; gently caressing my belly as it cascaded down,
It fluttered vivaciously in the rustic breeze; voluptuously tingling the fabric of my
crisp shirt,
It rose and fell sporadically as I incessantly took wild draughts of ravishing
breeze into my lungs,
It imparted me loads of compassionate warmth; as the biting cold air struck be
inevitably in my chest,
It portrayed a strikingly vivid picture; against the backdrop of pure white linen;
in which I was adorned,
It bifurcated my demeanor into commensurate compartments; subtly
sequestering
me from being called pot-bellied,
It granted an uncanny tautness to the scruff of my neck; inundated in me a
feeling of being on my heels; and rampantly on the prowl,
It sometimes provided me reprieve from my running nose; as I blew it
thunderously into the fluff; where it settled inconspicuously and contented at the
rear,
It majestically camouflaged an armory of disdainful buttons; neatly intermingling
with the buckle of my belt,
It danced merrily in perfect synergy with my body; as I gyrated the entire night
to tunes of pulsating music,
It revealed pompous shades of my personality; gave my visage multiple
opportunities to stand shoulder to shoulder with the exorbitantly rich,
It appeared as an silken angel; having a profound aura of its own; amidst a host
of other garb surrounding it,
It felt as light as a pigeon feather; yet was the mightiest ornament bestowing
impetus upon my diminutive stature,
It often protected me form acrid sunlight; as I adroitly removed it; tied it on my
scalp as a cool and flabby bandanna,
It succumbed to my desires of whipping; when I thrashed it in free space;
producing an ensemble of exotic noises,

It served as an excellent tool to play; when I curled it into an incongruous ball;
tossed it mischievously towards my mesmerizing girlfriend,
It proved as a towel on infinite occasions; when the actual napkin became
obsolete and was nowhere to be found,
It had been on my persona since decades; providing me that tinge of
sophistication that I had perennially desired,
But more importantly than anything; it had fulfilled my desire of being a
complete man; gloriously projecting me to the existing society,
SO now you tell me folks what more could I expect out of a short stub of
slippery garment; which we christen today in contemporary terminology as an
immaculate tie?

28. MAN EATER AT LARGE

The birds on the trees screeched hysterically; permeating the atmosphere with
their shrill ringing,
Cars on the streets swerved wildly; clashing head on with the electric poles,
Children studying diligently in school; rushed out in a frenzy from the building,
Women busy chatting in shopping malls; froze in their footsteps; drowned
wholesomely in the chaotic pandemonium,
Infants crawling innocuously on the floor started to cry incessantly; banging
their diminutive fists against the table,
Businessmen contemplating the intricacies of market; dropped their money;
galloped like a boisterous kangaroo for life,
The meticulous bus conductor forgot to halt at stops; speeded the vehicle;
whizzing like a demon through the placid countryside,
People languishing in the pool with the sun sizzling their frigid skin; sprinted to
seek shelter in the dense jugglery of bush as the last resort,
Clusters of teenagers painstakingly sucking ice-candy; devoured it in a single
gulp; sacrificing all pleasure and relish,
Dogs barking vociferously at unsuspecting strangers; subdued their voices to
mellowed yawns,
The barber who was leisurely trimming scalp hair; plucking a thin strand at a
time; scraped apart the entire beard; in a state of bewilderment; infinite beads of
sweat trickling down his nape,
The petrified scientists in their state of agony; inadvertently launched space
shuttles well ahead of the scheduled time,
The pop star dancing like an angel to pulsating tunes; collapsed with a thud on
the floor like soggy matchsticks,
Security guards deployed on the border; fled helter-skelter using every iota of
their imbibed skill; to salvage immediate shelter,
Doctors in their clinics took potent pills for palpitation; to pacify their volcanically

throbbing hearts,
Fishes swimming majestically in imprisoned aquariums; slithered like never
before; to the vibrations of passionate tension,
Mosquitoes profoundly engrossed in sucking ripe blood; left in a hurry; flying to
unprecedented heights of the ceiling,
The spider raced several times in its web; feeling the insurmountable agony
bursting in its tentacles,
The artist sketching panoramic valleys; almost swallowed the brush in his mouth;
made a sheer travesty of the image in nervous excitement,
The prime minister articulately delivering the speech in his sonorous voice;
disdainfully dropped the mike,
The sun rays winked a little from their blazing shine; the winds blowing across
roads shivered inexplicably,
It was a complete mayhem out there; as the 10 foot long leopard escaped from
caged bars; gallivanted like a king through the busy traffic lanes; and a single
growl from the beast had people proclaiming in all directions of the; man eater at
large.

29. MOUSE TRAP

I waited ardently all night and day to imprison your tiny grace; enticing you with
my balls of tangy cheese,
I inhabited the most illuminated corner of the room; so that you could sight me
in profound traces of white light,
I greedily glimpsed the minuscule of your intricate movement; fervently following
your diminutive silhouette like a panther on the prowl,
I surreptitiously envisaged countless strategies to torment you; inevitably
opening my lid a trifle in insurmountable agony,
I incessantly relished the bouncy pairs of springs in my body; the soft chunks of
sponge sprawled in haphazard disharmony in my gleaming cage,
I had this sole ambition to trap you in my present life; with my mind
indefatigably revolving round the contours of your pertinent body,
I was partly impaired from crystalline vision; witnessed the outside world as an
partially obfuscated haze through my myriad of bars and rods,
I was procurable at threadbare rates from the market; with people generally
wading their hands as far from me; as consummately possible,
I shivered in the freezing cold every night; while my master had a smashing time
sandwiched handsomely under the gorgeously woven exquisite quilt,
I was wholesomely illiterate since infantile birth; the only name that I ruthlessly
chanted each second was yours; impatiently awaiting to savagely besiege you,
I had remained starved since fathomless decades; feasting on only bottomless
perceptions of rubicund flesh,

I got barbarically kicked infinite times in a single day; with people washing their feet soon after with the strongest of medicinal herb; instead of depicting traces of poignant empathy,
I didn't need a single penny for survival; bore the brunt of drought and flood with overwhelming equanimity on my rusty body,
I hardly knew what day of the month it was; with a battalion of red ant and irascible termites crawling freely on my slippery hinges,
I had a disdainfully obnoxious stench emanating from my soiled demeanor; was repugnant to whomsoever who had his eyes on my dilapidated condition,
I stood just a few inches above the ground; always feeling overpowered by all entities who trespassed heavily through the cold ground,
I harbored dirt and fetid filth all throughout my existence; wistfully hoping for you to stealthily pass by my side,
And I might just appear to be an empty container of junky iron; rotting in the realms of unprecedented agony and solitary gloom,
But mind you 'Mouse'; I the 'Mouse Trap' have always wanted to gobble you all my life; and once you were in my custody you little scoundrel; try as hard as you can; let even the sky come down on earth; But this time I wont let you out.

30. WAITER COME HERE PLEASE

He served umpteenth a dish at the bark of a crisp command; with twin pair of eyes focused dead straight towards the table,

Nimbly took a plethora of orders; from famished customers to satiate their gluttony,

Made frequent rounds to the kitchen; conversing loquaciously with the rotund chef,

Greeted all those who entered the hotel; with an amicably appearing congenial smile,

Instigated his fellow counterparts; to bustle back to work; reciting to them a rustic joke,

Scrupulously cleaned the dishes after they were rampantly used; picking up the most inconspicuous of loiter from the floor,

Meticulously arranged the armory of crimson rose in their respective jars; made sure that all candles rose up to a handsome flame,

Ran instantaneously to the sound of tinkling bells over the counter; glued his vision towards the screen flashing multiple items of food,

Occasionally listened to a volley of hostile expletives from his clients; for not adhering immaculately to requirements of their taste,

Was immensely pleased at witnessing the exorbitantly affluent; envisaging the fat tips they would bestow upon his impoverished persona,

Shivered incessantly in the biting cold; clad in threadbare minimum of cloth to drape his demeanor,

Voraciously sketched a battalion of faces; sitting on his bohemian stool; in his spare time,

Swayed articulately to beats of pulsating music at intermittent intervals; to reinvigorate his dreary passengers,

Hoisted innocuous toddlers high in the air; dexterously catching them single handed; to grant ailing mothers some reprieve from the tyranny of their children,

Had gladly incorporated a list of appetizing dishes; as his daily jargon; sometimes inadvertently whispering the names of cooked items in his dreams,

Magnificently controlled his temper; trying to avoid the most minuscule of altercation if possible,

Worked like a clockwork machine; inexorably all throughout the monotonous day,

Slept in a cloistered room all chilly night; profoundly detesting the next day to unveil; the nondescript rigmarole of taking orders,

Wore a flabby cap; shielding his rubicund face; a neat tie dangling unsolicitedly from his collar,

There were tears gushing from his eyes when I addressed him by his first name; for he was literally oblivious to all other sounds; except for that dreaded voice stringently calling him waiter come here please.

31. IF MY CAR COULD RUN ON PURE WATER

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would wander thousands of kilometers in the day,
Driving at roaring speeds through the broad highway streets; drowned in waves of tremendous euphoria.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would stop contemplating the cost of expensive gasoline,
Explore every nook and cranny of the gigantic globe; would prefer to drive; every time I was overpowered with the incorrigible urge to walk.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would evacuate the monsoon rivers of their liquid,
Storing it surreptitiously in my colossal tank; pilfer every droplet of the solvent dribbling from the mountain springs.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would relinquish to travel by the most extravagant of aircraft,
Thoroughly utilizing my incredulous contraption; to transport me wherever I wanted; without the slightest pinch to my pocket.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would never feel uncouth pangs of thirst reverberate in my vocal chords,
As I would devour frugal mouthfuls of the liquid stashed in my fuel jacket; at intermittent intervals while traversing through the streets.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would make frequent visits to the gushing jungle stream,
Swimming rambunctiously in the same; withdrawing as much water as I could while gleefully returning.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would camouflage my automobile with coarse sheets of sprawling canvas,
Would impregnate it with all the amenities indispensable for life; inhabit it unrelentingly all day and night; while rolling on the roads.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would save astronomical sums of money,
Investing the same in diversified arenas of life; gain in insight and loads of experience while transgressing through mesmerizing parts of the world.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would get reprieve from

obnoxious stench of the elixir,
Instead have the ravishing aroma of fresh water waft into my nostrils;
encompassing my persona with waves of enchantment.

And if my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would sleep like a
diabolical demon all night; released from the onerous tensions of ruminating over
price hikes,
Travel all sunlit day in my luxurious caravan with my beloved in close proximity;
now completely oblivious to the hour when I had last filled disdainful petrol.

32. MOUSTACHE

When I curled it slightly with my fingers it resembled the angular horns of the
placid cow; standing up in alacrity,
Shimmering vibrantly in the sunshine; with unruly bristles of hair protruding out
rampantly from umpteenth quarters.

When I combed it scrupulously with a serrated brush; it settled to perfectly
commensurate proportions,
Adhering amicably to my lips; appearing as sedate as an angel having long gone
off to sleep.

When I applied exorbitant coats of sweet honey on it; it acquired profound tinges
of enchanting amber,
There wafted a heavenly aroma into my nostrils; also a scores of irksome red
ants crawled to relish the paradise.

When I rubbed it against the naked cheek of my beloved; it engendered a
plethora of scarlet blemishes,
She blushed heavily in consternation; and there were infinite tingling sensations
impregnated all over her persona.

When I refrained to trim it all along the unveiling week; it proliferated untidily in
clusters,
My face now appeared like that of a passionate buffoon; and it seemed as if I had
relinquished all interest in life.

When I breathed vigorously into it expending my lungs to full capacity; it
wavered a little; disconcertingly perturbed by the onslaught,
Retorted back in intense indignation; prompting me to scratch my skin till it
virtually bled.

When I swished at it wildly with my tongue; feverishly caressing a battalion of blades in the process; it didn't seem to mind the least,
Stuck diligently to my flesh in an amalgamated heap; sedately slept for a few hours until the saliva dried.

When I rubbed it frivolously during business meetings; it seemed to have a psychological influence in calming my frayed nerves,
Substantially eased tumultuous tension from my mind; granting me a winning edge over my adversaries.

When I let sweat dribble profusely into it; feebly attempting to resist the flow; it looked all the more handsome,
With the full light of the sun accentuating its drooping periphery; and the aftermath made me feel like a real man.

But when I tonsured it inadvertently; completely annihilating it from my silhouette; I appeared comically distorted; with a feminine disposition inevitably descending on my demeanor,
Although I considered myself as extremely lucky and blessed; as my moustache once again grew into bushy clusters rapidly a few days after shaving; and I thereby took a solemn pledge of never plucking it again.

33. MY MORTAL FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY.

The moment was to rejoice; to uninhibitedly forget the sorrows of a lecherously non-existent past,
The moment was to distribute sweets and cookies of all shapes and sizes; to far and distant across the fathomless living planet,
The moment was to culminate into a fountain of tantalizing freshness; with a healing spray that magically caressed even the most minutest of hearts,
The moment was to perpetuate every bit of savage blackness around; with the rays of ecstatically newborn and unfettered hope,
The moment was to liberate from the sins of a morose past life; gloriously expedite towards the Sun of a brand new tomorrow,
The moment was to have several rounds of heartiest congratulations and best wishes all around; with tears of celestial happiness rolling down the cheeks,
The moment was the most unassailably privileged one; one which had the world waiting since so maddeningly long,
The moment was of a sole triumphant winner; with the entire battlefield lying otherwise sordid; desolate; decrepit and dry,
The moment beckoned for time to ultimately stop; as happiness of such a magnitude would never ever unfurl; and in such pulsating beats on this planet,

Most importantly than anything else; the moment now was of my friends birthday; who not only called me Friend by formal introduction; but considered me his mortal friend at each beat of innermost soul and heart.

34. BISCUIT OF BLACK IRON

For me; it was a blissful messiah; as I scribbled boundless lines of exquisitely spell binding literature; with its exotically scintillating nib,
For the butcher; it was his daily bread and butter; as he immaculately sliced hideously distorted bones and meat with its sparkling edge; to optimally gratify his endless repertoire of famished customers,
For the bird; it was an infinitesimal chunk that imparted all the holistic fortification required to her divinely nest; sequestered her innocuous siblings; from gruesomely torrential showers of; tumultuously acrimonious rain,
For the cyclist; it was his ultimate exhilaration to ebulliently lead life; as he insatiably galloped on its shimmeringly rotund strips all night and day; frolicked in the aisles of unprecedented desire; till the time he lived,
For the prisoner; it was his most maniacally depressing stages of existence; as he remorsefully wailed behind its tyrannical monotony; wholesomely helpless to surge even an inch forward,
For the edifice; it was its harmoniously unassailable strength; handsomely blended with glorious ingredients of cement and concrete; magnanimously supporting it
against the most heinous of earthquake; and cataclysmic tornado's,
For the nomad; it was an irascibly pertinent thorn; as it proved to be an ominous misnomer amidst the naturally bountiful foliage; sporadically grazing past the contours of his innocent face and feet; to inflict brutal scabs of viciousness,
For the ship; it was an indispensable angel of incredulously compassionate solidarity; as it held fathomless tons of cargo and kin on its base; churned ahead like a royal prince; unflinchingly even amongst a diabolical battalion of whales and sharks,
For the watch; it was the most glittering tool of success; as it incessantly ticked to candidly divulge scrupulously unveiling time; sagaciously admonished one and all regarding; the cracking of mesmerizing dawn; and the perils of the vindictively
sultry night,
For the dog; it was an elusively ghastly witch; as it broke all his gorgeous fortress of teeth; every time he greedily mistook it; for his robustly tantalizing dinner,
For the lake; it was an abhorrently dreaded monster; as it invidiously infiltrated into its satiny bed; horrendously corrupting the celestial synergy; of its blissfully bequeathing soul,

For the diamond; it was the most barbaric giant on earth alive; as it indefatigably yearned for diffusing grandiloquent glitter and voluptuous aura; incarcerated by all humans behind its morbidly dolorous walls,
For the bloodstream; it was a deleteriously gory impediment; as it slowly corroded and dissipated its disgusting toxins; in the poignantly ecstatic and unending balcony of intricate veins,
For the castle; it was a miraculous savior of vivacious life; as it guarded the grandeur all perilous night with its treacherously serrated periphery; while the Kings and Queens snored impregnably to their hearts content,
For the singer; it was the most priceless possession of her life; as she timelessly held its sparkling body near her melodious throat; reaching the divinity in her enchanting voice; to spell bound audiences; far and wide across the trajectory of this fathomless planet,
For the teacher; it was the most inevitable tool that he could ever possess; as he controlled countless unruly and rambunctious students; with a single swish of its menacingly bludgeoning swirl,
For the patriot; it was a blessing in blissful disguise; as he majestically held it to confront the most lecherously advancing enemies; beheaded diabolically heinous traitors; with its satanically sharp and shimmering edge,
For the laborer; it was an unfathomably insidious burden; as he fulminated into a river of painstaking perspiration; bearing its disgracefully overwhelming load; upon his nimbly impoverished back,
O! Yes; A blessing in heavenly disguise for some; while the most goriest curse of existence for those frugally remaining; A priceless charm for some; while the most insipid anecdote in life for those synergistically surviving; was the one and only; black
since the very first cry of birth; biscuit of black iron

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Hinges

The gigantic silhouette of neem tree rested on hinges of tender roots,
embedded firmly at colossal depths from surface of ground,
anchoring the mighty structure for centuries till it swayed in the breeze.

polished teak doors studded with brass leaned on hinges of pure metal,
thoroughly oiled, lubricated with whale fat grease,
maneuvering with dexterous ease at instants of proximity with curled finger.

pearly white waters of the gurgling waterfall rested on hinges of the bare
mountain,
plummeted down the barren slopes at breathtaking speeds,
diffusing into Herculean amounts of frothy spray,
while colliding with the obdurate trajectory of black rocks.

cat combed hives of the humming bee spun their homes on hinges of foliage,
bustled with feverish activity through speeding hours of the clock,
stuffing multiple pores of their tree top den,
with loads of freshly manufactured sickening sweet honey.

a plethora of birds flew with spurts of newly found energy,
resting lucratively on broad hinges of their wings,
relished the supreme freedom of sighting the world from infinite paces above
the ground.

i envisaged of sleeping on blissful hinges of love,
hinges luminating large with vibrant possession,
which could be provided only by unprejudiced feeling,
the person i possessed in mind, body, and spirit,
held captive deep within sensitive chambers of my heart,
the person i cared for above all denominations of the hollow society.

Nikhil Parekh

His Heart Was As Omnipresent

His cheeks were as pristine as the snow on the astronomical summit of the mountain; glistening to a perfect golden under brilliantly flamboyant sunlight,

His eyes were as blue as the majestically swirling ocean; darting infinite places in a minute; to savor the newness of this world,

His hair were as soft as silk which flowed in the mesmerizing heavens; culminating into a festoon of mischievous curls; which made him the unprecedented darling of all races,

His palms were as pink as the freshly blossomed lotus; imparting their stupendously immaculate odor; to every gloomy particle in the atmosphere,

His smile was as enchanting as the pearly moonlight; incarcerating even the most belligerently hostile in its impeccable grip,

His eyelashes were as poignant as the vivaciously slapping artists brush; incessantly fluttering in the midst of the stringently monotonous town,

His lips were as sweet as marvelously rejuvenating sticks of sugarcane; remaining a profuse scarlet in every conceivable shade of changing light,

His skin was as flawless as the mothers milk; granting one the tenacity to conquer any aspect of treacherous life; the instant he caressed it,

His feet were as voluptuously spongy as the bed of overwhelmingly fragrant roses; sending shivers round every cranny of the earth as he nimbly transgressed it,

His ears were as rhapsodic as globules of royally cascading honey; insurmountably intrigued by the most tiniest of sound that drifted in space,

His blood was as energetic the tumultuously showering clouds; proliferating into a mist of exuberant excitement every unleashing minute,

His voice was as naturally uninhibited as the morning cuckoo; making people towering towards the sky; bow down to his heavenly grace,

His sweat was as tangy as salt imprisoned in the undulating sea waves; making

him the son of every star shimmering in cosmotic space,

His teeth were as fabulously immaculate as the extruding buds of nascent cotton;
with which he feasted on dainty chunks of appetizingly seductive cheese,
His stomach was as sacred as the bells ringing emphatically in the celestial
temple; rising and falling like a fairy as he inhaled in puffs of exhilarating air,

His tongue was as flirtatious as the cheeky chimpanzee; as he darted it out every
now and again; as the worlds most spuriously ostentatious business tycoons;
without the slightest of restraint,

His bones were as ebulliently bouncy as the striped giraffe; galloping at a pace
which left the fastest of missile behind,

His yawn was as ingratiatingly splendid as creamy dawn; instilling a
reinvigorating wave of bliss in maniacally overworked entities,

His breath was as Omnipotent as the most vital signs of life; granting
stupendously unfathomable tenacity to every organism who had the slightest of
desire to live,

And his heart was as Omnipresent as Almighty God; irrefutably worshipped by
every other heart wandering on this Universe; although he had just taken birth
as a tiny little living being; a tiny little child to be more precise.

Nikhil Parekh

Holding Back

If we held back our thunderous laughter,
boisterous episodes of joy would get crucified in dungeons of sorrow,
accompanied by hysterical sobbing at times of ecstatic jubilation.

if we held back our breath for more than few seconds,
the body would feel choked and suffocated,
we would inadvertently release the same with exhilarated sighs and gasps.

if we held back saline tears from dribbling down,
we would become brutally cold to pragmatic realities of death,
would soon become insane and misfits to exist in the society.

if we held back outrageous anger from expurgating out,
outbursts of violence would strangulate our heart,
leading to imprisoned feelings of savage vindication.

if we held back our sneeze from diffusing out into frothy spray,
crusts of moist mucus would get deposited in our nostril,
causing inevitable sensations to occasionally finger our nose.

if we held back our coats of nails from growing tall,
they would forcibly find a way to flourish,
piercing through the plethora of sophisticated armory placed beside them.

if we held back our speech from making obstreperous noise,
the fleshy organ of our tongue would decay, trapped between a cluster of teeth,
dying a natural death in hollow ambience of mouth.

if we held back dazzling yellow pools of water in our bladder,
the spongy caricature of body would feel overwhelmingly restless,
the liquid would spasmodically gush out after few hours of feckless control.

if we held back unsurpassable feelings of holistic love,
there would be frugal purpose in this life to exist,
we would simply waste precious years bestowed upon us to breathe as humans.

Nikhil Parekh

Holy Marriage

Every thunderstorm in the sky; was accompanied by pelting rain,

Every festival celebrated on earth; was accompanied with loads of vibrant color,

Every bird flapping its wings in the atmosphere; was accompanied by revitalizing draughts of free air,

Every wave clashing against the rocks; was accompanied by gallons of silken froth,

Every irritation in the intricate eye; was accompanied by a disdainful redness enveloping its crystalline white,

Every tiger transgressing through jungle territory; was accompanied by his thunderous growl,

Every entity walking through the land in light; was accompanied by its lanky shadow,

Every delicious meal devoured with relish; was accompanied by a discordant burp,

Every midnight after a hectic days work; was accompanied by an everlasting yawn,

Every slab of ice placed on a granary of sand; was accompanied by sweating of water,

Every watch adorned smartly on the wrists; was accompanied by the ticking of its slender needles,

Every jewel embellished on the ring; was accompanied by magnificent shine,

Every camel gallivanting languidly through the deserts; was accompanied by its obnoxious yet delectable hunch,

Every stream placidly situated amidst the mountains; was accompanied by a few ripples,

Every car sky rocketing into daylight; was accompanied by the whirring noise of its tiers,

Every spurt of wholehearted laughter; was accompanied by gregarious smiles,

Every altercation; hurling of contemptuous abuse; was accompanied by hostile war,

Every spell of rain in blistering sunlight; was accompanied by the opalescent rainbow,

Every flame of blazing fire; was accompanied by inconspicuous wisps of frigid smoke,

Every mother inhabiting the surface of this globe; was accompanied by her darling children,

Every GOD residing in Heaven; was accompanied by omnipotent power,

And every anecdote of true love; unprecedented desire for each other; was accompanied by 'HOLY MARRIAGE'.

Nikhil Parekh

Home & Paradise

I didn't need palaces inundated with unfathomable treasuries of gold and silver;
sheets of
sanctimoniously silken richness to sleep and tirelessly exist,
Home & Paradise for me was where elements of perennially blessing and
fantastically unconquerable truth lived,
Home & Paradise for me was where there was rustic simplicity galore; without
the most infinitesimal iota of manipulation,
Home & Paradise for me was the place where there wasn't the tiniest speck of
salacious bloodshed; where the spirit of unassailable symbiotism reigned
majestically supreme,
Home & Paradise for me was the atmosphere where pristine innocence was the
mantra of life for times immemorial; where the fragrance of Immortal Love
blessed every palpable organism in its Godly swirl.

I didn't need clouds showering gold coins of the highest pedigree; political power
of the most unprecedented authority to mercilessly rule over the entire boundless
planet,
Home & Paradise for me was where rainbows of celestial peace and disarmament
were the color of the Omnipotent day; gave impregnable tenacity to blissful
blossom for
a countless more enchanting nights,
Home & Paradise for me was the island where unparalleled happiness flowered;
out of helping my fellow comrades and truculently beleaguered human being,
Home & Paradise for me was where there wasn't the most ethereal trace of
hedonistic monotony; and innovative freshness culminated into the most
pricelessly everlasting song of humanity,
Home & Paradise for me was the kite which forever sailed into the forest of
enigmatically enthralling adventure; splendidly tantalizing every dormant cranny
of my nimble body.

I didn't need the most fantastically glittering jewelry on my body; a never-ending
fountain of immaculately milky pearls profusely pouring on my demeanor from all
sides,
Home & Paradise for me was in the first sign of regale life spawning from
quintessential soil; the inimitable versatility with which it diffused its magnetism
upon one and all alike,
Home & Paradise for me was where the ghastly mortuary of lies had evaporated
into inane nothingness; where only righteousness was the miraculous wind that
diffused from the mouth,

Home & Paradise for me was in that fabric; which perennially wafted the scent of
the unshakably sacrosanct mother,
Home & Paradise for me was in the clouds; in which exuberantly soared the birds
of timelessly uninhibited freedom.

I didn't need unsurpassably unceasing power; the reigns of this entire Universe
in my hands; to whimsically rule at my wacky will,
Home & Paradise for me was where every human under the sky; bonded in the
religion of humanity; irrespective of caste; creed and spurious religion; alike,
Home & Paradise for me was in the veils of mischievous sensuousness; the
aristocratic setting of the evening Sun behind the mystically rain soaked hills,
Home & Paradise for me was where ubiquitous camaraderie disseminated its
humanitarian caress on every patch of ebulliently fructifying soil,
Home & Paradise for me was in the mirrors of insuperably glorious honesty; the
cradle of the new born child; whose very first cries resembled the spirit of the
perpetually triumphant and Omnipotent divine.

Nikhil Parekh

Home Sweet Home

I might have euphorically gallivanted to the absolute summit of the rhapsodic mountain; and handsomely kissed the gloriously vivacious crescent of seductive rainbow,

I might have unrelentingly waded through the poignantly salty oceans; dancing till unsurpassable eternity with the resplendently enamoring dolphins,

I might have timelessly philandered through the mystically jubilant forests; rhythmically acclimatizing my ebulliently racing pulse; with the enigmatically tantalizing rustling of fresh leaves,

I might have fervently rolled on titillating mud; encapsulating even the most infinitesimal arena of my exploring demeanor; with profoundly rejuvenating ecstasy,

But eventually at the end of the optimistic day and as the Sun eventually transcended blissfully past the ethereal horizons; there was nothing as compassionately comforting; as home; sweet home.

1.

I might have relentlessly bathed under the gorgeously sparkling waterfalls; wholesomely oblivious to even the most ardent puff of breath that ecstatically descended down my nostrils,

I might have mischievously flirted with fathomless nubile maidens; playing games of voluptuous hide and seek; as the thunderbolts of rain pelted torrentially from crimson sky,

I might have embarked on the most exhilarating expedition of my lifetime; audaciously leaping towards the clouds; as the entrenchment of perennially silken dawn engulfed one and all; holistically alike,

I might have disdainfully lost track of pragmatic time; as I endlessly fantasized beyond the realms of eternally sacrosanct paradise,

But at the end of the enlightening day and as the Sun eventually disappeared in

wholesome entirety for the remainder of the ghastly night; there was nothing as Omnisciently gratifying; as home; sweet home.

2.

I might have tirelessly recounted tales of ingratiating adventure; to the entire planet;
fulminating into a reservoir of bubbling enthusiasm as each second unleashed into a wholesome minute,

I might have unflinchingly faced the most truculently acrimonious of winds; towering as an apostle of irrefutable righteousness; by the grace of Almighty Lord,

I might have arisen like streaks of uncontrollable lightening in the middle of the night; to eccentrically reminisce the most marvelously majestic moments of my diminutively impoverished existence,

I might have astoundingly evolved a boundless fountain of creativity; on even the most indigenously dilapidated path; that I nimbly transgressed,

But at the end of the unassailable day and as the Sun eventually whispered a fugitive adieu to the gigantic sky; there was nothing as philanthropically uniting; as home; sweet home.

3.

I might have inherently inherited an uncanny ability of articulately using my fingers; to encompass the colossal beauty of this wonderfully panoramic planet; in the canvas of my immaculately tiny palms,

I might have incessantly chortled into tornadoes of frolicking happiness; perpetually smiling even in the most disastrously ungainly moments of penalizing existence,

I might have tossed in a restless inferno of unending excitement; conceiving the most spell bindingly fantastic vibrations on this Omnipotent earth,

I might have vociferously placed my footstep on every single cranny of this unfathomably fantastic planet; indefatigably discovering the charisma in God's most sacred atmosphere; till the very last beat of my heart; and with my minuscule

little mind,

But at the end of the benign day and as the Sun eventually paid its last tributes to regally aristocratic brightness; there was nothing as pricelessly humanitarian; as home; sweet home.

Nikhil Parekh

Homeless- In All My Mind; Body And Soul.

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my invincibly compassionate eyes; but strangely this left me haplessly and gruesomely blind in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my inimitably priceless lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my poignantly enamoring lips; but strangely this left me brutally and heartlessly infertile in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my bountifully celestial lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my indefatigably fantasizing brain; but strangely this left me hopelessly and venomously robotic in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my spell-bindingly fructifying lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my unassailably masculine shoulders; but strangely this left me devastatingly and irretrievably weak in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my marvelously jubilant lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my majestically burgeoning destiny; but strangely this left me forlornly and lividly chanceless in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my triumphantly eclectic lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my effervescently chattering tongue; but strangely this left me torturously and unbearably silent in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my ecstatically infallible lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my euphorically adventurous feet; but strangely this left me worthlessly and wantonly monotonous in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my victoriously beautiful lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my vivaciously artistic shadow; but strangely this left me treacherously and tawdrily delirious in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my vibrantly inscrutable lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my ravishingly tantalizing belly; but strangely this left me blasphemously and egregiously famished in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my mystically resplendent lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my golden globules of sweating perseverance; but strangely this left me inexplicably and fetidly meaningless in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my unendingly exhilarating lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my mellifluously ardent throat; but strangely this left me maniacally and obviously thirsty in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my fathomlessly exuberant lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my sensuously virile nape; but strangely this left me pathetically and forlornly impotent in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my eclectically magnanimous lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my symbiotically unconquerable blood; but strangely this left me disastrously and despicably inhuman in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my fantastically effulgent lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my mischievously unabashed eyebrows; but strangely this left me morbidly and amorphously paralyzed in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my spectacularly innovative lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my uninhibitedly liberated chest; but strangely this left me despondently and horrifically imprisoned in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my splendidly iridescent lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my extraordinarily sensitive ears; but strangely this left me gruesomely and intolerably deaf in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my blessedly enthralling lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my insuperably emollient conscience; but strangely this left me horribly and inconsolably lying in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my blissfully venerated lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my fierily undaunted nostrils; but strangely this left me intractably and forever dying in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my eternally undefeated lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my immortally unflinching heart; but strangely this left me hopelessly and horrendously infidel in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my beamingly chivalrous lifetimes,

And it was you who infact went away from my impregnably peerless dwelling;
but strangely this left me perennially and unforgivably homeless in all my mind;
body and soul; for an infinite more of my royally unfettered lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Hot Water Bottle

I burnt long sheets of plastic in orange flames of gas burner,
extracted a molten mixture of sticky wax,
placed it for several hours in a large pitcher
containing cool water,
obtained residue left overs of elastic rubber,
which I compressed into straight folds,
stitching the straight ends with curved rivet pins,
I finally composed a utility rubber bottle,
Fitted with a lid cork revolving in the clockwise direction.

High up in the snow clad terrain I dwelt,
With icy sheets of winds depositing paltry amounts of frozen liquid,
Crackling firewood proving insufficient in the biting cold,
The bedroom window overlooking ivory white landscapes laden with snow crusts,

Christmas pine trees camouflaged beneath velvety cover of condensed rain,
It was a breathtaking sight to witness in the day,
The night stabbed me like a thousand daggers dipped in hard ice-cream,
There simply seemed no respite from chilly disposition of winter cold.

I knew something had to be done to save my skin,
Provide me reassuring comfort throughout lengthy hours of the brutal night,
Reinforce my pale and shrunken body machinery with luke warm currents of
wind,
That was exactly when minute fibers of brain chalked a plan of action,
I decided to fill blistering liquid in the rubber bottle,
Which I had previously prepared with loads of caution,
Closed the lid tight, placed the bottle on my shivering chest,
Snuggled under my favorite bearskin quilt,
To relish and savour infinite hours of unending sleep.

Nikhil Parekh

House Boat

The straw brimmed hat bobbed on the surface of the sea,
sleek motorboats churned through white froth of water,
pearly white shark glided harmlessly beneath a plethora of marine shrub,
the sun blazed violently from behind dirty grey cloud covers,
strong pouches of wind caused the waves to rise sky high,
thereby toppling the hat into deep territories of the emerald green ocean.

high powered torch beams cut tranquil stillness of the night,
the huge mast danced tantalizingly in the breeze,
large walls of timber were coated with wax paint,
conical rooms were fitted with paraffin lamp,
there were a battalion of mice on the kitchen floor,
pungent aroma of maize whisky floated in the air,
a pandemonium of voices rose in chorused unison,
crackling fires burnt on the broad steel deck,
menacing octopus roasted on barbecue grills,
blasting tunes diffused from the programmed loudspeaker,
gentle silver light of the moon engulfed their bodies,
big drops of the salt and mineral struck them in frenzy,
the gypsies were having the time of their lives,
with several hours left before the next brilliant dawn,
and a host of sea food bubbling in red hot steam of the oven,
as the two storeyed house boat gathered spurts of speed,
galloping towards realms of the distantly stretched Black horizon.

Nikhil Parekh

Houses

If i lived in a house blended with ripened banana,
clusters of the fresh green fruit extruding in abundance from the roof,
i wouldn't have to cook my meal; surviving handsomely on slices of sugary white
pulp.

if i resided in a house made of invincible steel bereft of corrugations,
and the beds being of molten iron curry,
i would seldom fall into bouts of sleep; roaming around wildly in sheer insomnia.

if i dwelt in a house impregnated with fearsome alligator skin,
bold premonitions of the monster encroaching would nictitate in my mind,
prompting me to sweat even in the freezing winter night.

if i occupied a house painted with cow dung plaster,
with fresh cakes of goat manure adhered to the floor,
the preposterous stench would suffocate me to unwarranted death.

if i slept in a house made of articulate time pieces,
the needle hands ticking in obstreperous unison,
i would continue to inhabit this earth with a niggling consciousness of evanescent
time.

if i occupied a house with symmetrical holes in the roof,
with barren spaces impersonating clerestory windows,
water would cascade down torrentially in the monsoon,
transforming my abode into a sea of fresh liquid.

if i established my entity in a house juxtaposed with slabs of yellow gold,
also an incessant cascade of sparkling silver from the tall roof,
i would be sure of wasting the remainder of my life counting the affluence i
possessed.

and if by chance i procured a house in sacrosanct realms of heaven,
with fairy god mothers flying around,
the philanthropic personality of almighty ready to converse with me all day,
i would consider myself as someone blessed with the most cherishable house of
all.

How About Immortal Love?

For those of you who thought that there was no greater light on this Universe;
than the ferociously flaming light; of the blisteringly flamboyant; afternoon Sun,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater power on this Universe;
than the power of unfathomable treasures of; majestically glittering gold and
silver,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater color on this Universe;
than the astoundingly vivacious color; of the vividly shimmering rainbow,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater force on this Universe;
than the tumultuously incomprehensible force; of the brazenly intrepid tornado,

How about immortal love; whose Omnipotent aura miraculously healed the
wounds of all despicably shivering alike; whose essence of celestial equality;
made even the Greatest of God's in the cosmos; salute it in for times
immemorial?

1.

For those you who thought that there was no greater height; than the
unsurpassably unconquerable height of the mountain; handsomely kissing the
clouds,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater compassion; than the
overwhelmingly poignant compassion; of caring only for your near and dear,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater heat on this Universe;
than the insurmountably overpowering heat fulminating in your persona; to
ecstatically march towards the corridors of untamed triumph,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater beauty on this Universe;
than the ravishingly silken beauty of your nubile maiden; who danced to every
tune of your heart,

How about immortal love; whose Omnipresent fortress of mankind embraced all
those miserably orphaned in its poignant belly; whose fragrance of invincible
truth
made even the greatest of God's in the cosmos; humbly bow to it for countless

more births yet to come?

2.

For those of you who thought that there was no greater comfort on this Universe; than the unprecedented winds of comfort; in the seductively tantalizing lap of your Mercedes,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater voice on this Universe; than the melodiously enchanting voice; of the everlasting nightingale,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater rejuvenation on this Universe; than the rejuvenation imparted by the; voluptuously undulating and frosty

beach waves,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater softness on this Universe; than the impeccable tufts of soft cotton; sprouting with puristic harmony in the fathomlessly sprawling fields,

How about immortal love; whose impregnable blanket of perpetual solidarity united the entire living race into the most formidable power alive; whose essence of timelessly uninhibited sharing made even the greatest of God's in the cosmos; worship it for boundless more centuries yet to come?

3.

For those of you who thought that there was no greater freedom on this Universe; than wandering with free equanimity; at the crack of ethereal dawn; and even after the advancing sinister midnight; rhapsodically alike,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater religion on this Universe; than the irrefutably sacred religion which you intrinsically belonged to; the religion which you uttered from your very first cry,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater smell on this Universe; than the supremely stupendous and vibrantly ingratiating smell of the scarlet rose,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater knowledge on this Universe; than the astronomically endless knowledge assimilated in unbelievable proportions; within the dormitories of your tiny brain,

How about immortal love; whose Omniscient form brought a charismatic festoon of magical smiles to even the most disastrously deadly of corpse; whose essence of divinely yearning and righteousness; made even the greatest of God's in the cosmos; crown it as the most unconquerable blessing to lead vibrant life?

Nikhil Parekh

How Can I Ever Love?

How can I ever hear anybody else's voice; when infact I have wholesomely surrendered all my power of hearing to your enchanting melody, when infact I sighted my face in your eyes; indefatigably all day and night,

How can I ever emulate anybody else's movements; when infact I irrevocably followed your intricate footsteps; right since the time I uttered my first cry,

How can I ever sketch anybody else's countenance; when I had immortally embossed your sacrosanct visage in the inner most arena of my chest,

How can I ever embrace anybody else's body; when infact I was an indispensable part of your every majestically royal caress,

How can I ever dream about anybody else's reflection; when infact I floated in the swirl of your stupendously passionate and charismatic breath,

How can I ever smile for anybody else's looks; when infact you were perennially perched all over the contours of my rubicund lips,

How can I ever wait for anybody else to arrive; when infact your incredulously enamoring footprints were all that I could recognize,

How can I ever kiss anybody else's cheeks; when infact your sacrosanct body was all that I took breath for,

How can I ever frolic with anybody else's hair; when infact I was each minuscule portion; which entirely encapsulated your magnanimous forehead,

How can I ever write poetry for anybody else's life; when infact you were poignantly present in every alphabet that unfolded from my tongue and hands,

How can I ever hoist anybody else's belongings; when infact your intriguingly innocuous visage clung compassionately to my shoulders since decades immemorial,

How can I ever cry for anybody else's absence; when infact my eyes had forgotten to flutter beside your impeccably startling persona,

How can I ever yearn for anybody else's presence; when infact even the most infinitesimal globule of your golden perspiration; meant to me more than my life,

How can I talk with anybody else's face; when infact I was left dumbfounded forever witnessing your ravishingly Omnipotent grace,

How can I ever sing about anybody else's demeanor; when infact your name was all that diffused like thunderbolts of volatile lightening; whenever I made the most inconspicuous of effort to open my lips,

How can I ever breathe; in anybody else's anticipation; when infact your mesmerizing benevolence was all that unrelentingly flowed through my jacket of tenderly handsome lungs,

How can I ever live for anybody else's whim and fancies; when infact I was the blood which transgressed through your veins; as the Sun flamed and faded the unfathomable expanse of blue sky,

And how can I ever love anybody else's body; when infact your incomprehensible beauty poured out from each of my heart beat; metamorphosing each portion of earth it cascaded on; into a celestial paradise.

Nikhil Parekh

How Could You Ever Call

How could you ever call a miserly auto rickshaw an aircraft; just because it increased its speed to a threadbare maximum; every once in a while?

How could you ever call a diminutive stone as a colossal mountain; just because it punctured a hole through the transparent shard of window glass when hurled forcefully?

How could you ever call an inconspicuous mosquito a diabolical demon; just because it stung you acrimoniously; greedily sucked only a few drops of scarlet blood?

How could you ever call an amalgamation of several colors a rainbow in the sky; just because they faintly resembled the vivaciously striped festoon which appeared when it rained in sunlight?

How could you ever call an infinitesimal candle flame as the flaming body of Sun; just because it imparted tiny bits of brightness to stingily illuminate the morbid night?

How could you ever call a small house lizard as a dangerously venomous reptile; just because it swished its tongue a little; slithered nimbly before leaping on its insect prey?

How could you ever call a minuscule bud of sordid cotton an immaculately long shirt embedded with golden beads; just because it gave a timid effect of soft cloth?

How could you ever call a single alphabet as the gargantuan compendium of the priceless dictionary; just because it was used to commence many words of the oligarchic English language?

How could you ever call a hut as the grandiloquently adorned castle; just because it had a door to enter and leave as the palace did?

How could you ever call an innocuously rotund turtle a hostile crocodile; just because it had a serrated green shell engulfing its portly body?

How could you ever call a frugally single day as an entire decade; just because it had impregnated in it the cardinal constituents of time?

How could you ever call a miserly chunk of robust meat as the entire body; just because it oozed scarlet blood; had some lifeless hair extruding from its ghastly surface?

How could you ever call a tiny feather as the ominously hovering and big beaked vulture; just because it produced an unnoticeable draught of wind when forcefully flapped in plain air?

How could you ever call an obscurely shining pearl as the resplendently tenacious Moon in the sky; just because it glimmered a trifle of white rays; sporadically enlightened the atmosphere every now and again?

How could you ever call a broken piece of oar as the boundlessly fathomless ship; just because it produced ripples in the water when gently struck?

How could you ever call a dingy bottle of red ink as the crimson blood circulating in the veins; just because it was scarlet in color; flowed smoothly on any surface when kept?

How could you ever call a shattered and a disdainfully battered strand of glass as the entire eye incarcerated behind the fluttering lids; just because it portrayed a profusely hazy reflection of the person trying to peer into it?

How could you ever call the spuriously crying film actress as the sacrosanct mother who nurtured her child with her own milk; just because she evoked sanctimonious sympathy behind the silver screen?

And how could you ever call Man as the Omnipotent Creator; just because he had millions imprisoned in his wholesomely corrupt treasury; had countless people running around him at the slightest of his command not because of any respect; but to grab his biscuits of silver; to grab his sinfully earned money?

Nikhil Parekh

How Could You Ever Dream

Can you ever dream of comparing the infinitesimally frigid rivulet with the colossally undulating expanse of the ravishing oceans?

Can you ever dream of comparing the pathetically minuscule puff of cloud with the entire expanse of incomprehensibly fathomless and voluptuously blue sky?

Can you ever dream of comparing the disdainfully shriveled petal; with the unsurpassably redolent and panoramically profound depth of the glorious valley?

Can you ever dream of comparing the parsimoniously kicked speck of dirt; with the unfathomably towering and unassailable majestic silhouette of the mountain?

Can you ever dream of comparing the miserably orphaned leg of the insipid spider; with the insatiably unending and spell binding wilderness of the unrelentingly untamed forests?

Can you ever dream of comparing the ethereally slippery granule of impoverished sand; with the majestically insurmountable and regally enamoring landscapes of the overwhelmingly enamoring deserts?

Can you ever dream of comparing the preposterously capricious strand of solitary brown; with the sensuously sprawling and bountifully fascinating entrenchment of the unbelievably limitless meadows?

Can you ever dream of comparing the fugitively sleazy fantasy; with the ingratiatingly vast and boundless cradle of rhapsodically mesmerizing paradise?

Can you ever dream of comparing the inconspicuously threadbare alphabet with the unlimited volume of the extraordinarily embellished and astonishingly eclectic dictionary?

Can you ever dream of comparing the nonchalantly lifeless chunk of rotting photograph; with the regally tantalizing and poignantly marvelous ocean of spell binding memories?

Can you ever dream of comparing the gruesomely squelched brick; with the Orientally majestic and boundlessly Kingly impressions of the impregnable castle?

Can you ever dream of comparing the lugubriously livid blade of the destroyed fan; with the incredulously fantastic and relentlessly enchanting whirlpool of uninhibitedly ebullient breeze?

Can you ever dream of comparing the dingily raunchy bulb; with the Omnipotently grandiloquent and optimistically flamboyant rays of the blazing Mid-Day Sun?

Can you ever dream of comparing the embarrassingly sporadic blush on the cheek; with the ubiquitously everlasting and resplendent fountain of eternal happiness?

Can you ever dream of comparing the pompously devastated treasury of cheap gold; with the unshakably undefeated and pricelessly fascinating paradise of symbiotically melanging mankind?

Can you ever dream of comparing the voice of the frigidly irate ant; with the flamboyantly towering and handsomely galloping prowl of the princely panther?

Can you ever dream of comparing the infantile yolk in the brutally whipped egg; with the voluptuously soaring and charismatically flapping fleet of seductive eagles?

Can you ever dream of comparing the stray puff of evanescent breath; with the Omnisciently unbelievable and vibrantly felicitating chapter of perpetually endowing life?

And therefore how could you ever dream of comparing penuriously corrupt man; spurious religion; caste; creed; color and discriminating tribe; with the Omnipresent grandeur and immortally sacrosanct spirit of the; Lord Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

How Could You Ever Expect?

How could you ever expect tangy butter; to taste sweet instead of delivering its poignant aroma?

How could you ever expect the mesmerizing nightingale; to growl like a tiger instead of incessantly singing melodious tunes?

How could you ever expect the redolent rose; to diffuse a stinking odor instead of its blissful fragrance?

How could you ever expect the dazzling demeanor of Sun; to emit darkness instead of profoundly spraying its bright light?

How could you ever expect the hideously venomous reptile; to hiss a stream of glistening honey instead of lethal poison?

How could you ever expect the obdurate shell of coconut; to yield incongruous stones instead of a jet of sparkling water?

How could you ever expect the sacrosanct cow; to ooze obnoxious sewage instead of salubrious milk?

How could you ever expect the blistering volcano; to spew cool perfume instead of fulminating into rivulets of steaming lava?

How could you ever expect the irascible mosquito to; sleep peacefully instead of buzzing its discordant cacophony in hollow realms of intricate ear?

How could you ever expect bedraggled conglomerate of unwashed scalp hair; to sprinkle scintillating pearls instead of flakes of abhorrent dandruff?

How could you ever expect a slime coated fish; to audaciously march on the streets instead of gliding like a silken angel through choppy territories of water?

How could you ever expect mammoth chunks of white ice; to provide you with loads of passionate warmth instead of freezing every iota of your tender skin?

How could you ever expect crackling flames of flamboyant fire; to provide you reprieve from scorching heat instead of gruesomely charring you?

How could you ever expect stars; to twinkle in the day instead of mystically shimmering and illuminating the night?

How could you ever expect the potbellied tortoise; to gallop at electric speeds; instead of languishing lazily in a sludge of squalid water?

How could you ever expect the cloistered tunnel; to inundate you with gaping light instead of engulfing you in a pool of ghastly darkness?

How could you ever expect piquant chili powder; to soothe your raw wounds instead of engendering you to scream at the top of your lungs; the instant you applied it?

How could you ever expect the slippery banana skin; to assist you while walking instead of sending you hurtling head on towards the mud sprawled ground?

How could you ever expect the diabolical dinosaur; to fondly caress you instead of pulverizing you to inconspicuous grains of saw dust?

And therefore how could you ever expect Man who was prone to committing a plethora of errors; to emulate the omniscient creator; instead of leading life timidly; having being bestowed upon the status of being one out of his infinite disciples?

Nikhil Parekh

How Could You Ever Forget

How could you ever forget the steaming cups of coffee we shared beside the fireplace; with snowdrops pelting in tumultuous fury outside,
The passion in our breaths; making us virtually oblivious to unveiling time.

How could you ever forget those shopping sprees, in which we were together;
with me holding all those slippery vegetables,
The bags in our hands stashed with indispensable amenities of life; yet our palms entwined in each other.

How could you ever forget the marathon walks we had on the sea shores; with our feet dabbling into slimy cocoons of sand,
The salty froth of the ocean slapping us tenderly on our cheeks; with the exquisite backdrop of the sun setting in evanescent horizon.

How could you ever forget those bare horseback rides; where we went gallivanting through the steep mountains,
With intermittent showers of rain cascading down; drawing us all the more closer in perpetual reality.

How could you ever forget those times when we felt sleepless at nights; tossing and turning rampantly on the bed,
Eventually falling asleep with your heart throbbing close to mine; in due admiration of the twinkling stars.

How could you ever forget the moments when we studied together; unrelentingly browsing through a conglomerate of fine lines,
Trying our best to decipher baffling enigmas; inspiring each other to put in our very best.

How could you ever forget the exhilaration we had while attempting to catch each other; running wildly in the grass,
The mischievous squeals that emanated from your mouth; the instant I apprehended you.

How could you ever forget those cooking sessions that we had in the kitchen; with both of us being perfect amateurs to the art,
Haphazardly trying to slice through fruit; producing inarticulate slices of the melon as an inevitable aftermath.

How could you ever forget those sporadic outbursts of jealousy that we had;
profusely condemning and rebuking each other,
The times when we mixed with aliens; tried to indulge in frivolous relationships
with the same.

How could you ever forget the way you blushed; the first time I proposed you,
The felicity in our eyes; the rhapsody that engulfed our persona; when we knew
we were going to be bonded together.

You were smiling and there with me till yesterday; until the creator uncouthly
snatched you away from me,
Please come back to me my mesmerizing sweetheart; for I have not the power to
erase our memories; will definitely relinquish breath without you.

Nikhil Parekh

How Dare Did You Ever Think?

She was infact the most exuberantly tireless half of your voice; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a loudspeaker of acridly penalizing balderdash and atrociously dumb?

She was infact the most blissfully ravishing half of your appetite; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a lavatory of criminal cockroaches and pathetically lame?

She was infact the most insuperably compassionate half of your fertility; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a thorn of disdainfully crippling infertility and diabolically impotent?

She was infact the most gloriously unconquerable half of your consanguinity; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but an inferno of infidelity and hedonistically betraying?

She was infact the most irrefutably unflinching half of your conscience; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a slandering gutter of lies and vituperatively ghoulish?

She was infact the most dazzlingly vibrant half of your success; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a morass of treacherous defeat and hopelessly asphyxiated?

She was infact the most unbelievably impeccable half of your integrity; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a parasite sucking blood in sadistic delight and lecherously wastrel?

She was infact the most brilliantly optimistic half of your eyes; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a graveyard of blindness and hideously stuttering?

She was infact the most resplendently bountiful half of your skin; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a debilitatingly diseased trash can and perniciously impaired?

She was infact the most enchantingly celestial half of your smile; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing but a remorsefully ghoulish pool of stench and ghastrily aggrieved?

She was infact the most blazingly unfettered half of your personality; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a haplessly subjugated tomato hurled towards the coffins of nothingness and miserably incarcerated?

She was infact the most ingeniously spell binding half of your brain; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a rotting mortuary of worthless stones and deliriously ill?

She was infact the most vivaciously infallible half of your strength; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a germ of deathly cancer and heinously enslaved?

She was infact the most effulgently sparkling half of your fair color; how dare did you ever thing that she was nothing else but a pigstalk of dolorously satanic meaninglessness and ghoulish black?

She was infact the most sensuously untamed half of your adventure; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a dungeon of ignominiously sleazy expletives and inanely robotic?

She was infact the most redolently honest half of your perspiration; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a ditch of rebuking foolishness and perverted blasphemy?

She was infact the most timelessly fructifying half of your blood; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a slurry of amorphous feces and evastatingly diminishing?

She was infact the most symbiotically harmonious half of your survival; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but an unsurpassable debauchery of existence and salaciously distorted?

She was infact the most inextricably majestic half of your signature; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but sinful insect of illiteracy and egregiously failed?

And she was infact the most inevitably immortal half of the chapter of your life; your blessed wife; then how dare did you ever think that she nothing else but a hell of nonsensical lifelessness and eccentrically dead?

Nikhil Parekh

How Does It Really Matter

How does it matter even an infinitesimal trifle; whether God created the robust hen first; or sent the salubriously triumphant egg on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a diminutive trifle; whether God created the vivacious plant first; or sent the effulgently mesmerizing seed on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a mercurial trifle; whether God created poignant salt first; or sent the jubilantly frosty sea on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an inconspicuous trifle; whether God created the Omnipotent secretions of love first; or sent the bountifully virile man on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an ethereal trifle; whether God created the eclectic silhouette first; or sent the beautifully resplendent shadow on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an ephemeral trifle; whether God created the immortal heartbeat first; or sent perpetually proliferating compassion on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an evanescent trifle; whether God created the mellifluous song first; or sent fantastically nubile enchantment on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a fugitive trifle; whether God created the blazing Sun first; or sent unflinchingly unassailable optimism on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a fleeting trifle; whether God created perennial paradise first; or sent the altruistically unconquerable Angel on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an abysmal trifle; whether God created tantalizing mystery first; or sent the inscrutably enigmatic night on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a minuscule trifle; whether God created insuperable truth first; or sent majestically pristine victory on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an infidel trifle; whether God created boundless intelligence first; or sent spell bindingly burgeoning innovation on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a nonchalant trifle; whether God created philanthropic fantasy first; or sent royally unsurpassable desire on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a teeny trifle; whether God created uplifting happiness first; or sent timelessly uniting procreation on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a parsimonious trifle; whether God created the handsome clouds first; or sent panoramically enticing greenery on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a measly trifle; whether God created ubiquitous unity first; or sent Omnipresently blessing peace on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an abstemious trifle; whether God created stupefying fragrance first; or sent the miraculously mitigating rose on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an obfuscated trifle; whether God created inimitable sacredness first; or sent unconquerably virgin milk on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even a disappearing trifle; whether God created the humanitarian throat first; or sent the thirst for goodness on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an unmentionable trifle; whether God created intrepid ecstasy first; or sent infallibly reinvigorating inspiration on earth; an infinite births before?

How does it matter even an obsolete trifle; whether God created fertile Woman first; or sent potently masculine Man on earth; an infinite births before?

And tell me how does it really matter even a miserly trifle; whether God created

something first and something last on earth; as long as he'd created the sky of unshakably immortal love; which united every caste; creed; tribe; race; species; in the religion of impregnable oneness forever and ever and ever; irrespective of being first; or an infinite births even before?

Nikhil Parekh

How His Planet Behaved As The Wind Blew

Newborn leaves shivered in anticipation of unbridled romance; fantasizing beyond realms of the extraordinary- in perfect symbiosis with the fathomless expanse of voluptuous sky,

Boundless blades of untamed grass bent a trifle in ecstatic submission; fondly reminiscing their journey till date; on the trajectory of inscrutable planet divine,

Waters in streams sparkled to a profound full radiance; tantalizingly leaping towards the Sun—in their everpervading desire to shake hands with its unassailable yellow,

Countless petals swayed flirtatiously across boundaries of penance; to find their soulmates of everlasting joy; from amidst an unending firmament of blessed atmosphere,

Fish incarcerated in the deepest realms of sinister green ocean water rose to the surface; exuberantly darted in directions as unabashed as the first cry of this earth,

Mountain peaks stood more unflinchingly than ever; accentuating their valor with all the more unflinching candidness -saluting the first beams of the Omnipresent Sun,

Unfathomable scores of bumble bees commenced to spawn honey with a zeal never ever witnessed before; boisterously whispering tales of their exhilarating air-borne journey-cuddling close in their hives of friendship,

Passionate fires spread like white lightening at the most inconspicuous thud of a leaf; stirring the most dolorous bits of atmosphere to crackle into a whole new Universe of undefeated freshness,

The creepers most wretchedly entangled in dungeons of limitlessly plaintive captivity; now stood up straight in unison to chant simplistic mantras of holistic existence,

Bloodstreams frozen due to tawdry indifference and rebuke; now inexhaustibly indulged in the most ardent activity of living uninhibitedly and let live,

The centuries old lifeless tree-trunk suddenly jostled in anticipation of a brand

new dawn; dancing once again to the rhythm of densely foliated nature divine
and quelling an infinite with its mellifluous shade,

Desperately thwarted caves of gloominess breathed a sigh of heavenly relief;
rejoicing their passionate tryst with the world outside; though be it for
sporadic moment as destined,

Bygone carcasses rotting times beyond the mortuaries of death- cried tears of
ecstasy full throttle; at the silken touch which reinvigorated life in one and all;
miraculously alike,

Nightingales hummed their sweetest songs all sensuous night and even in the
heart of the sweltering day; perpetually perpetuating the entire planet with solely
the religion of unconquerable oneness,

For once even the most discordant notes of the frog struck a chord with every
beleaguered heart on the planet; bringing shattered lovers closer to bond with
every unshakable sweetness of the soul,

The first showers of thunderous rain not only soaked every perimeter of parched
earth; but diffused the fragrance of their magically ameliorating wetness to every
entity in atmosphere and across; and till times beyond eternity,

Timeless rainbows in the sky looked like an insuperable captivating fairy; who
this time would never disappear; but would continue to be the sparkle of every
divinely fantasizing eye on the handsome Universe,

The most irascibly jittery of ants completely forgot to sting and bite; stretching
their diminutive armory of feet into a posture of utmost relaxation—to eventually
transit into a reverie of tracing their farthest roots,

No. It wasn't God who'd descended on earth for all of the above to happen. But
he'd sent just an infinitesimal draught of wind instead upon earth; to witness
how his unconquerable planet behaved; AS THE WIND BLEW

Nikhil Parekh

How I Wanted Our Very First Kiss To Happen

With the unsurpassably tangy waves of the fabulous sea wholesomely dictating each of my impoverished senses; and the uninhibitedly pristine shores as my sole and most undaunted savior,

With the unbelievably handsome apogees of the timeless mountains wholesomely dictating each of my beleaguered senses; and the intrepidly exhilarating winds as my sole and most fearless savior,

With the inscrutably magnetic swirl of the enigmatic forests wholesomely dictating each of my dwindling senses; and the iridescently sporadic twilight as my sole and most inimitable savior,

With the unabashedly brazen currents of the stupendous afternoon breeze wholesomely dictating each of my languid senses; and the interminably blazing Sun as my sole and most Omnipotent savior,

With the fantastically unfettered swirl of the virgin waterfalls wholesomely dictating each of my deteriorating senses; and the atmosphere of poignant freshness as my sole and most rejuvenating savior,

With the pricelessly unconquerable fabric of insuperable oneness wholesomely dictating each of my oblivious senses; and the winds of egalitarian humanity as my sole and most effulgent savior,

With the bountifully pungent alacrity of the vivacious rainbows wholesomely dictating each of my inebriated senses; and the gloriously fathomless sky as my sole and most triumphant savior,

With the intriguingly inscrutable storms of mesmerizing artistry wholesomely dictating each of my deadened senses; and the mystical labyrinths of mellifluous music as my sole and most victorious savior,

With the incredulously mollifying chords of benign selflessness wholesomely dictating each of my evanescent senses; and the chapters of irrefutably unassailable truth as my sole and most jubilant savior,

With the tirelessly bewitching cisterns of the enigmatic night wholesomely dictating each of my remorseful senses; and the optimistic beams of the celestial moon as my sole and most impeccable savior,

With the magnificently majestic lines of the profound palm wholesomely dictating each of my penurious senses; and the seductively alluring trails of inexplicable mystery as my sole and most adventurous savior,

With the timelessly stupefying serendipity of the euphoric meadows wholesomely dictating each of my thwarted senses; and the rhapsodically undefeated entrenchment of golden dewdrops as my sole and most fascinating savior,

With the royally unbridled gush of the ravishing clouds wholesomely dictating each of my parsimonious senses; and the torrential downpour of handsome rain as my sole and most enchanting savior,

With the unshakably potent fructification of the blissful seed wholesomely dictating each of my devastated senses; and the amazingly indomitable virility of black soil as my sole and most burgeoning savior,

With the incomparably tantalizing reverberations of voluptuous lightening wholesomely dictating each of my cloistered senses; and the immeasurable exultation of dusk as my sole and most effervescent savior,

With the unprejudiced heavenly mists of sparkling innocence wholesomely dictating each of my vespered senses; and the indefatigably altruistic harbingers of
humanity as my sole and most ebullient saviors,

With the unflinchingly perennial bellow of Omniscient breath wholesomely dictating each of my obfuscated senses; and the cloudbursts of unceasingly brilliant life as my sole and most unbiased savior,

With the incessantly trumpeting beats of the immortal heart wholesomely dictating each of my dawdling senses; and the bounteously spell binding elixir of infallibly true love as my sole and most liberated savior,

Was how I exactly wanted our very first kiss to passionately happen O! blessedly nubile beloved; of course and wholesomely all by the grace of the Omnipresently eternal Almighty Lord.

How On Earth?

My money could separate her from you-make her legally mine; but how on earth could I extricate your infinite reflections from the whites of her eyes; which were the sole sublimation of her otherwise impoverished life?

My money could separate her from you-make her legally mine; but how on earth could I erase your infinite fronds of desire from her sensuous lips; which were the sole reason behind her every uninhibited smile?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I remove your infinite whispers of adventure from her intricate ears; which were the sole ounces of enlightenment in her otherwise hackneyed way?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I evaporate your infinite praises from her mellifluous voice; which were the sole pillars of strength in her otherwise devastated existence?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I abolish your infinite fantasies from her astoundingly evolving brain; which were the sole panacea of her otherwise slowly diminishing life?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I scrap your infinite infernos of yearning from her amiably resonating spine; which were the sole sensitivities in her otherwise robotically mundane existence?

My money could separate her from you-make her legally mine; but how on earth could I annihilate your infinite impressions of destiny from the insides of her blissfully tinkling palms; which were the sole glimmer of hope in the fabric of her otherwise inexplicably withering life?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I behead your infinite compassionate pecks from her unabashed ardent cheeks; which were her sole sensations to forever triumph; in the otherwise fading horizons of her existence?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I massacre your infinite epitomes of artistry from her wondrously wandering fingers; which were the sole insinuations of companionship in her otherwise obfuscated life?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I trounce your infinite shades of humanity from her insuperably celestial blood; which were the sole lanterns of friendship in her otherwise miserably betrayed existence?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I assassinate your infinite pillars of tenacity from her altruistically affable bones; which were the sole Sun of fearlessness in her otherwise despicably slaving life?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I vanquish your infinite spell-binding imageries from her innocuously pristine mind; which were the sole spots of untamed brilliance in her otherwise penuriously incarcerated existence?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I pulverize your infinite recesses of warmth from her voluptuous bosom; which were the sole flames of friendship in her otherwise treacherously obsolete life?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I lynch your infinite fragrances of optimism from her impregnably fiery nostrils; which were the sole heavens of victory in her otherwise subserviently defeated existence?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I extradite your infinite images of truth from her undaunted conscience; which were the sole harbingers of eternal bliss in her otherwise deliriously distorted life?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I exonerate your infinite impressions of solidarity from her impeccably unbridled soul; which were the sole skies of ultimate freedom in her otherwise gruesomely penalizing existence?

My money could separate her from you-make her legally mine; but how on earth could I slaughter your infinite droplets of healing moisture from her stupendously magnetic eyelashes; which were the sole mists of unexpected miracles in her otherwise deplorably traumatized life?

My money could separate her from you-make her legally mine; but how on

earth could I eliminate your infinite ecstatically ever-pervading shadows from her passionate breath; which were the sole rainbows of untainted exhilaration in her otherwise disdainfully slithering existence?

And my money could separate her from you-make her legally mine; but how on earth could I terminate your infinite beats of immortal love from her thunderously throbbing heart; which were the sole rays of contentment in her otherwise fatally premature and truncated life

Nikhil Parekh

How Starved Was I?

When I witnessed the sparkingly bountiful waterfalls; majestically cascading down the rustically undulating hills,
I suddenly remembered how overwhelmingly thirsty was I; with each frazzled nerve of my tyrannized body unfathomably yearning to be blissfully caressed.

When I witnessed the enigmatically inscrutable forests; with a spell bindingly panoramic myriad of tingling sounds and the princely lion diffusing into a royal parade of unparalleled superiority,
I suddenly how starved was I for adventure; as even the most infinitesimal bone of my body ardently desired to wholesomely blend with the insatiably untamed wilderness.

When I witnessed the mystically fabulous clouds in fathomless sky; the immaculate puffs of mesmerizing silk gliding past in unprecedented euphoria,
I suddenly remembered how uncontrollably starved was I for titillation; as each pore of my torturously lambasted skin; perennially craved to be caressed by the; unbelievably ravishing mist.

When I witnessed the mesmerizing blankets of eternally resplendent grass; the marvelously regale festoon of golden dewdrops sprouting in astounding harmony from the intricately poignant blades,
I suddenly remembered that how perennially starved was I for blissful sleep; as each traumatically monotonous contour of my countenance; inevitably slithered to blend with the celestial moistness.

When I witnessed torrentially unrelenting cloudbursts of seductive rain; the enthrallingly exuberant globules of fascinating liquid; pelting down in spell binding harmony upon truculently parched soil,
I suddenly remembered how starved was I for enchanting dance; as each restlessly impoverished contour of my body; commenced to vivaciously gyrate to the tunes of the ebulliently majestic atmosphere.

When I witnessed the blazingly Omnipotent fireball of magnificent Sun; the unassailably miraculous rays which metamorphosed even the most inconspicuous iota of sadness into a fountain of everlasting triumph,
I suddenly remembered how starved was I for ingratiating optimism; as every speck of my disastrously beleaguered eyes; ecstatically surged forward to relish and replenish the full fervor of; timeless life.

When I witnessed the indefatigably ardent fires in the heart of the wonderfully tantalizing night; with the cradle of sensuously tickling darkness casting its Omniscient spell upon one and all; handsomely alike,
I suddenly remembered how starved was I for exotic passion; as each ingredient of my maliciously besieged blood; gushed forward like an unstoppable hurricane to coalesce forever with the winds of enthralling seduction.

When I witnessed the Omnipresent whirlpool of wind exuberantly creeping towards my soul; an incomprehensibly romantic maelstrom of whispering beauty overpowering my wavering reflection,
I suddenly remembered how starved was I for unconquerable breath; as even the most capriciously fugitive space in my nostrils; intransigently sucked in boundless skies of; gregarious air.

And when I witnessed the immortal beats of her beautifully pristine heart; the irrefutable wave of jubilantly scintillating truth that disseminated on every step that she timelessly transgressed,
I suddenly remembered how starved was I for unending love; as every element of my mind; body and soul; eternally melanged with her Godly fragrance; as every part of me and beyond eternally melanged with the essence of never-dying humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

How The Hell Can You Ever Dare?

Can you ever dare to call enchantingly mesmerizing fantasy; as dastardly unemployed; even in the most inanely bizarre of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call timelessly burgeoning innovation; as ghastily unemployed; even in the most treacherously delinquent of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call unsurpassably untamed sensuality; as murderously unemployed; even in the most sadistically remorseful of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call ubiquitously compassionate brotherhood; as salaciously unemployed; even in the most tyrannically incarcerating of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call blissfully symbiotic environment; as abjectly unemployed; even in the most hedonistically cadaverous of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the rhapsodically eternal seawave; as derogatorily unemployed; even in the most nefariously perverted of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the impeccably unconquerable lap of the divine mother; as satanically unemployed; even in the most torridly truculent of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the Omnipotent clouds in the sky; as maliciously unemployed; even in the most acrimoniously venomous of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the redolently Omnipresent rose; as lethally unemployed; even in the most cold-bloodedly bludgeoning of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the magically fructifying dewdrops; as preposterously unemployed; even in the most demonically unceremonious dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the resplendently shimmering stars; as debasingly unemployed; even in the most deliriously lugubrious of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the mystically rubicund cheeks; as brutally unemployed; even in the most sardonically castigated of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the pristinely newborn child; as perfidiously unemployed; even in the most brazenly idiosyncratic of dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the vivaciously exuberant peacock; as ignominiously unemployed; even in the most invidiously sinister of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the aisles of everlasting paradise; as vituperatively unemployed; even in the most egregiously embittered of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the seductively crimson crested nightingale; as horrendously unemployed; even in the most cannibalistically prurient of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call priceless streams of quintessentially perennial water; as horrifically unemployed; even in the most nonchalantly slavering of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the impregnably cardinal blacks of the eye; as lackadaisically unemployed; even in the most insidiously squandering of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the invincibly sequestering mountains; as unabashedly unemployed; even in the most perilously withering of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the Omnipotent seeds sown in emollient soil; as baselessly unemployed; even in the most profanely deteriorating of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the unceasingly enlightening rays of the Sun; as pugnaciously unemployed; even in the most capriciously flagrant of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the perpetual caverns of life-bestowing breath; as dangerously unemployed; even in the most ominously disoriented of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call royally peerless artistry; as fecklessly unemployed; even in the most haughtily sanctimonious of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the religion of unassailable humanity; as regretfully unemployed; even in the most obsoletely livid of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the crops spawning miraculously from mother soil; as diabolically unemployed; even in the most corruptly sodomized of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the heaven of immortally insuperable love; as parsimoniously unemployed; even in the most unscrupulously wastrel of your dreams?

Therefore how the hell can you ever dare to call a poet whose every ingredient of crimson blood is composed of nothing else but all of the above, and an infinite more astoundingly benevolent sensitivity; as threadbarely unemployed; even in the most hatefully stagnating of your dreams?

Nikhil Parekh

How The Hell Can You Say?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed mesmerizing empathy in your resplendently twinkling eyes?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed poignantly crimson blood in your exuberantly unflinching veins?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed unequivocally explicit voice in the chords of your enchantingly bountiful throat?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed robustly triumphant ardor in your gloriously magnanimous palms?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed an ingratiatingly heavenly charisma in your patriotically blazing stride?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed euphorically everlasting smiles upon your innocuously rubicund lips?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed rhapsodically vivacious charisma in your ebulliently cascading hair?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed unparalleled piquancy in each of your poignantly intricate senses?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed insatiably untamed whirlpools of spell binding fantasy; in even the most infinitesimal corridors of your ecstatically wandering brain?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed unparalleled muscle in your tenaciously resilient arms?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed indispensable morsels of food in your harmoniously bouncing and innocuous stomach?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed a cistern of tantalizingly enigmatic seduction on even the most diminutively obsolete step that you transgressed?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed an unconquerable wave of enlightening optimism in even the most inconspicuously insipid of your majestic reflection?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed an unsurpassable entrenchment of divinely sensitivity in the vicinity of your wonderfully intimate and amiable ears?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed an unshakable sky of benevolently scintillating humanity upon your intrepidly philanthropic shoulders?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed irrefutably unassailable truth in the walls of your Omnisciently priceless conscience?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed an unfathomable cloud of titillating sensuousness in even the most ethereal element of your regale persona?

How the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed an Omnipotent waterfall of breath in your marvelously seductive and profoundly aristocratic nostrils?

And how the hell can you say that you were tired; as long as the Creator had bestowed a perpetually invincible fountain of love; in the beats of your immortally palpitating heart?

Nikhil Parekh

How Would Life Ever Realize?

How would the rose ever realize that it was profusely scented; unless and until it witnessed a pile of fetid garbage diffusing its unbearable stench towards plain sky?

How would satiny cotton ever realize that it was voluptuously soft; unless and until it witnessed a mountain of thorns; barbarically ripping apart through innocuous flesh?

How would the river ever realize that it was a stupendous reservoir of life; unless and until it witnessed the acrimoniously dry desert; scorching blissful souls to minuscule embers of burning coal?

How would the rocket ever realize that it was astoundingly fast; unless and until it witnessed the overwhelmingly pot-bellied tortoise painstakingly crawling towards the finishing line?

How would the sighted ever realize that they were profoundly endowed by the Creator; unless and until they witnessed the blind stumbling at every step; even under the most flamboyantly brilliant sunlight?

How would the rain ever realize that it was incredulously mystical; unless and until it witnessed the acerbic swords of monotonously sweltering drought; ruthlessly swipe traces of celestial civilization?

How would the diamond ever realize that it was enchantingly glittering; unless and until it witnessed the obsolete dilapidation of the dungeons; rotting with a trace of daylight since centuries unprecedented?

How would the aged man ever realize that he was exorbitantly lucky; unless and until he witnessed the freshly born infant being indiscriminately capsized by the jaws of ultimate death?

How would the cave ever realize that it was entrenched with divinely peace; unless and until it witnessed the rambunctiously boisterous hustle-bustle of the city; the unruly mobs of different tribes fighting spuriously for blood; in the name of God?

How would the summit of the mountain ever realize that it was incomprehensibly tall; unless and until it witnessed the rock bottom ground; not able to rise even

an inch ever since the planet was created?

How would the ocean of love ever realize that it was irrefutably immortal; unless and until it witnessed the chapter of perfidiously lecherous betrayal?

How would the crackling flames of fire ever realize that they were unfathomably rejuvenating; unless and until they witnessed avalanches of uncouth ice; freeze the most robust of souls alive?

How would the indefatigably throbbing heart ever realize that it was passionate; unless and until it witnessed lifeless skeletons suspended insidiously from the lackadaisically barren ceiling?

How would the lion ever realize that he was the indomitable king of the jungle; unless and until he witnessed the rabbit hiding for mercy behind the untamed wilderness of the bushes?

How would beauty ever realize that it was ravishingly marvelous; unless and until it witnessed the most hideously distorted form of living kind?

How would the insurmountably wealthy ever realize that he was rich; unless and until they witnessed the beggar incessantly begging on the impoverished streets?

How would the literate ever realize that they were commendably knowledgeable; unless and until they witnessed the slave signing his most cherished document of freedom; with his bohemian thumb?

How would palpable breath ever realize that it was most indispensable trace of existence; unless and until it witnessed the coffin not able to budge even a diminutive iota; incarcerated boundless feet beneath the surface of black mud?

And how would life ever realize that it was the most Omnipotent of all virtues in this fathomless Universe; unless and until it witnessed the seal of inevitably gory death?

Nikhil Parekh

How Would You Choose To Welcome God On Diwali?

With the footprints of brotherhood that you left when you embraced one and all-
OR With venomous bellows of nonchalant smoke which diabolically tarnished his
pristine atmosphere?

With the song of peace that you hummed from the innermost realms of our
heart-OR With inexplicable misery that you inflicted upon boundless with the
hideous noise of bombs exploding on every nook; corner and street?

With the magical wand of your friendship which transcended over every caste;
creed; religion and tribe-OR With hurling cacophonous rockets at each other with
the angst to kill ostensibly radiating from your bloodshot eyes?

With the ardor in your breath to exist in a perfect symbiosis with your fellow
human being and the environment-OR With umpteen number of your sleazy
bedlam bulbs that you stuck to innocent trees to torture their body-on spurious
pretext of illuminating the air around?

With a fresh dawn of creativity in your veins to evolve tomorrows of new-found
hope-OR With garishly parasitic rolling fire-balls which caused many a car and
innocuous life to explode in flames; as it unwittingly trespassed their way?

With a noble spirit to part with your wealth for the assistance of all those
rendered roofless- OR With spitting incoherent abuses on his priceless
environment as your sinister looking cracker floundered to burst?

1.

HOW WOULD YOU CHOOSE TO WELCOME GOD ON DIWALI?

With the feeling of being just a piece of nothing in front of his Omnipresent aura-
OR With mercilessly beheading trees left; right and center; in order to pave a
clear way to welcome spurious dignitaries who wanted bangs and smoke?

With the sacred vow of eternal companionship you took for every of his created
living beings-OR With simmering vindication in your soul as you torched the
virgin sands of time with worthless sparklers swaying insidiously in your palms?

With due obeisance in your eyes for his unshakably Omnipotent fragrance-OR
With innumerable holes that you'd dug in the belly of his earth; just in order to

erect your shops selling bombs and explosives of the most denigrating degree?

With the oneness of his creation proudly sparkling from every inch of your persona-OR With every of your valiant bone sadistically succumbing to the commands of the devil-who simply couldn't wait for you to ignite his amorphously deafening bomb?

With resolving to make the mantra of 'live and let live' the rhythm of your life-OR With playing the filthiest of politics to burn one sect of the society into flames; and become the sanctimonious unsung hero of others; to leapfrog towards your blood-stained throne?

With being a harbinger of peace to unite every bereaved soul into a valley of love-OR With indulging into vandalism of the highest order; as you banged explosive shells into breathing grass to release the inexplicable frustration of your fists?

2.

HOW WOULD YOU CHOOSE TO WELCOME GOD ON DIWALI?

With simple 'diyas (lamps) ' of love; compassion; truth in your homes and all across your heart- OR With dousing the entire harmless street with petrol and then lighting the matchstick to witness it disintegrate into bits of worthless nothingness and flames?

With a scepter of righteousness in your chest and unflinching stride which shunted all lies- OR With a manipulatively farcical bunch of friends who laughed till death as they viewed millions of bombs produce a diabolical crackle in the heavenly night?

With a mission to conserve and nourish his unbridled environment with your very own breath and till your death- OR With shoing every helpless bird and animal on the streets as you struck them with misery after misery of demonic smoke and ear-shattering sound?

With a pledge to follow the Religion of Humanity; the only religion he guided you to follow; till the time you existed-OR With dead human bodies and corpses on your shoulders-which you hadn't deliberately killed; but were a victim of your riotously carefree fire-cracker splurge?

With kneeling down to his Omniscient holy spirit and asking for forgiveness for

every of your erroneously human misdeed-OR With devastating every bit of his sacrosanct earth with rancid fire-only to show to the world the multiple varieties of bombs and explosives you'd spent on to make merry in the dead?

Well. Well. Well. I'll leave you to answer these questions on your own- as we've all been blessed with a conscience; heart; soul and spirit to immortally love; by the same God who is one for all of us.

And whilst you do so; All I'll do is pray to him; that you take the right decision this time and everytime; as we gear up to celebrate a very happy Diwali and prosperous New Year.

Nikhil Parekh

Human

I would hate it if you called me an Indian; tracing my rudiments to an unfathomable myriad of customs and aboriginal traditions,

I would hate it if you called me a Russian; linked various stages of my life to stringent vodka; and exhilarating games of chess,

I would hate it if you called me a Chinese; harboring tiny pairs of eyes; and an intrinsic tendency in my blood to feast on tantalizingly roasted sea food,

I would hate it if you called me an Englishman; blurting countless sentences a day in bombastic slang; blushing to more crimson than the scarlet rose; in poignant alacrity of the stupendously cold winds,

I would hate it if you called me a turbaned Sikh; disseminating oligarchic cigar smoke towards the azure cosmos; brandishing my enemies with valiant strokes of my scintillating sword,

I would hate it if you called me a staunch Muslim; ferociously beating the drums in order to appease Almighty Lord; sagaciously reading through the Quran-e-Sharif; umpteenth number of times in the sweltering day,

I would hate it if you called me a Christian; profusely relishing port wine and robust lamb; whispering with snobbish sonority; as the breeze tried to swipe the majestic candles away,

I would hate it if you called me an Afghani; pampering my royal beard to the fullest as the minutes unveiled; glowing more fairer than the Sun at times; as the moon bloomed full throttle in the resplendent sky,

I would hate it if you called me a Japanese; existing in a world of earthquakes and technology; attired in an oriental tycoon suit; and horn rimmed glasses fitting snugly to the bridge of my nose,

I would hate it if you called me a Scotsman; embellishing my dwelling with exotic ivory and titillating cheese; frolicking in the Alps with my boisterously ebullient kin,

I would hate it if you called me a German; towering like a gentle giant above the ground without a boot on my ingenious feet; riding in supreme exultation every

instant on the frontiers of spell binding innovation,

I would hate it if you called me a Hindu; chanting century old hymns in front of the Omnipotent Lord; entrenching my feeble wrists in a vivid festoon of sacred thread,

I would hate it if you called me an African; dancing in frenzied passion to the beats of the voluptuous jungle; with a jugglery of Herculean muscle protruding from beneath the layers of my magnificently sooty skin,

I would hate it if you called me an Australian; fantastically juggling bountiful discs towards the sky; munching mesmerizing burgers; as the sands by the sea metamorphosed to a perfect golden,

I would hate it if you called me a Burmese; indigenously thumping the soil to appease the rain Gods; swimming voraciously amidst the waves; to capsize my share of fish,

I would hate it if you called me a Pakistani; marching through the streets like a king in my robes of Persian silk; enriching myself in a world of song and princely poetry,

I would hate it if you called me a Buddhist; admiring my tonsured scalp which shone more seductively than the cascading waterfalls; incessantly gallivanting through a tunnel of statues and monarchs,

And I would equally hate it if you called me or compared me even a fraction with Almighty Lord; possessing magical powers to transform threadbare mud into glittering gold,

Instead I would be overwhelming honored; could slain my life this very instant for all of you out there; if only you christened and embraced me; as a human.

Nikhil Parekh

Human - Part 2

I just couldn't make out his name; simply by looking into his innocently hazel eyes,

I just couldn't make out his religion; simply by gauging the pace of his walk; the lanes on which he traveled,

I just couldn't make out the place he might be residing; simply by staring at the color of his clothes,

I just couldn't make out the money he had incarcerated in his pocket; simply by casting a look at the back of his trouser,

I just couldn't make out the words he might be extremely fond of; simply by the shade of his lips,

I just couldn't make out his passions in life; the things he had an insatiable zeal for; simply by admiring his supreme height,

I just couldn't make out the color of blood flowing in his veins; simply by glancing a trifle at his rubicund skin,

I just couldn't make out the dreams engulfing his mind; simply by witnessing his mystical shadow,

I just couldn't make out whether he was married or not; by simply listening to his authoritative voice,

I just couldn't make out the exact size of his shoe; simply by running my fingers nimbly across his fading footprints,

I just couldn't make out the destination he was going to; simply by viewing the bag he held stubbornly in his fortified palms,

I just couldn't make out the speed of his heart; the turbulence that might going on inside; by simply casting one look beneath his shirt inundated with profuse sweat,

I just couldn't make out the abuses he had spoken a little while ago; simply by straining my ears to his present voice,

I just couldn't make out the fraternity of clothes he vehemently adored; by simply peering at his existing pair of bedraggled coat and trousers,

I just couldn't make out the insects that had stung him all throughout his life; simply by spotting the fresh bruises sprawled incoherently on his arms,

I just couldn't make out the actual strength and tenacity he possessed in his demeanor; simply by standing abreast by his side for a few racy seconds,

I just couldn't make out the taste circumventing his greedy tongue; simply by peeking a glimpse at the morsels of left over bread neatly sandwiched in his fists,

I just couldn't make out his ability to memorize; the pedigree of intelligence that lingered in his brain; simply by gawking at his bushy eyebrows and moderately square forehead,

And the more I saw him; the more frustrated I became; as I just couldn't make out head or tail about his entity; the inscrutable quandaries enveloping his life,

So at the end when there seemed no alternative; and the inexorably urge to talk to him became more prominent than the thunderously deafening clouds; I chose the simplest option; I audaciously mustered strength to call him; addressed him boldly
as human

Nikhil Parekh

Human Emotions

I swooned, collapsing on the ground like a pack of plastic cards,
after viewing ghastly images of Dracula on the silver screen.

I burst into fits of laughter, somersaulted wildly with my intestines aching,
as the talented comedian coated his face with slimy egg yolk.

I sobbed in unrelenting hysteria when one of kin left for heavenly abode,
envisaged the dismal life to be led, bereft of his captivating presence.

I contorted my face in creases of unbearable agony,
as an army of red ant stung supple arenas of my skin.

I danced tenaciously with mounting spurts of exuberance,
after clearing rigorous impediments of the final examination.

I uttered syllables at unprecedented speeds,
with my tongue swishing against dark cavities of teeth,
when quizzed by the police for my catalogue of misdeeds.

I rapidly exhaled trapped air in my lungs,
as I clambered up the terrain in a bid to reach the ultimate pinnacle.

I blushed an austere amount of scarlet crimson,
when caught red handed stealing warm blood apples from the tree.

I riveted my gaze towards amber streaks of the distant horizon,
stared in mute silence as the sun finally sank behind towering peaks of the
mountain.

I slept in a tranquil bliss spinning romantic webs in dreamy sedation,
after assiduous amounts of labor executed in the steaming sun.

I felt relieved of Herculean strings laden with tension,
after gliding through Luke warm waters of the sparkling pool.

I felt uncensored avenues of my heart throb at rollicking pace,
as the person i desired waded slowly past my groping vision.

I felt thoroughly gratified with existing vagaries of life,

if I was fed with abundant morsels of food in the day,
impregnated with gallons of mineral water divested of bacteria,
given a mattress of pure spongy grass to sleep,
admiring the exotic pattern of stars all throughout the vigils of sultry night.

Nikhil Parekh

Human God

He who recognizes the fertility of land; by mere caress of the strewn soil,
Smelling the scent emanating as he tramples the mud; is indeed a true farmer.

He who recognizes burglars; by simply looking straight in their eye,
Intricately reading their jugglery of body movement; complexion of their brutal
face;
is a true policeman.

He who comprehends the arrival of a cyclonic storm; by the rise and fall of
sea waves,
The turbulent clouds obliterating the stars; gusty draughts of wind blowing; is a
true sailor.

He who can perceive the entire structure of the grandiloquent building; without
even
constructing it,
By articulately sketching its labyrinth of outlines; is a true architect.

He who can explicitly understand the disease of an individual; without asking him
to divulge his lengthy background,
By innocuously touching his pulse; is a true doctor.

He who can confidently proclaim the denomination of a currency note; without
seeing a trace of it with the eye,
By scrupulously feeling its texture; weighing its body; is a true businessman.

He who can write voraciously at all times of the day; without a luxurious
ambience of rain and tropical forest,
Tumultuously exercising dormant arenas of his invincible brain; is a true writer.

He who can dive head on in the fathomless valley; bereft of a parachute strapped
on his back,
Gleefully gliding down whispering sedately to the floating birds; is a true
adventurer.

He who can fight the greatest of war without a sword; conquering the mightiest
with
prowess of his speech,
Pacifying the most pugnacious by his benevolent ideas; is a true warrior.

He who spreads his entangled net in deep water; going abysmally far inside the sea,
Encountering acerbic waves and swirling storms; is a true fisherman.

He who sends the leather ball whistling past the fence; astronomical distances into the spectator stands; by the silken caress of his bat,
Running onerously on the field; bolstering the spirit of his team; is a true cricketer.

He who recites his dialogues without actually mugging them; speaking with tremendous empathy in his eyes,
Blended with loads of charisma in his demeanor; an ingratiating ability to captivate audiences; is a true actor.

He who innovates a plethora of incredible formulae; without referring to the rules and bulky manuscripts,
Adhering to ingenuous concepts nurtured in his brain; is a true scientist.

He who can sketch mesmerizing shades of nature; synchronized patterns of human beings,
Without actually getting a chance to confront them; with a mediocre looking pencil;
is a true artist.

He who can detect the problem in an automobile; by simply listening to the whirring of its engine,
Without peeping into its interior crevices; testing its spark; is a true mechanic.

He who can predict our future meticulously without knowing our date of birth; the exact time we were born,
By simply glancing at our face; without reading the lines embossed in our palms; is a true astrologer.

And he who can understand pain and overwhelming affliction; intense anguish of the bereaved,
The tyranny of being mutilated; sleepless nights of the destitute without consuming adequate food; helping such people achieve their goals; is a true human GOD.

Human Heart

No complications; not even the slightest trace of mystery engulfing it,

No glamour; not even the most minuscule essence of salacious lechery embedded in it,

No discrimination; not even an infinitesimal feeling of racism encompassing it,

No hatred; not even a whisker of deceitful sound emanating from it,

No flattery; not even the tiniest space of sanctimonious thought enveloping it,

No artificiality; not even the most inconspicuous iota of debauchery penetrating it,

No revenge; not even a diminutive particle of vindictive belligerence embodied in it,

No lies; not even the remotest sign of manipulation lingering close to it,

No pompousness; not even the thinnest cloud of formality entrapped in it,

No hostility; not even the most obsolete form of rampant massacre encapsulating it,

No stardom; not even the spurious feeling of worthlessly being something encircling it,

No frigidity; not even the most bizarre sign of perilous old age permeating it,

No infidelity; not even the most ethereal insinuations of betrayal puncturing it,

No makeup; not even the most nascent forms of glitterati hovering around it,

No sadness; not even the most microscopic bits of deplorable gloom circulating around it,

No color; not even the most insipid tinge of haughty design circumventing it,

No cowardice; not even the faintest shadow of fear and retreat entrenching it,

No age; not even the most dreadful dwindling of bones affecting it,

No rest; not even the most thunderous sleep at nightfall ceasing or having any impact on it,

No price; not even the entire wealth amalgamated together in this world able to purchase it,

Only love, desire, an overwhelmingly stupendous ardor to live; an immortal spirit of nostalgia; was how I would; and am sure all of you would choose to describe the violently palpitating and volatile HUMAN HEART.

Nikhil Parekh

Human Tendency

If I asked you to choose from verdant landscapes of the mountain; and the blistering flames of fire,

I am sure you would prefer to philander through the leafy foliage; relishing the scent of newly born dew-drops.

If I asked you to choose from exotically flavored ice-cream; and fetid rivulets of debris gushing at vibrant velocities from the gutter,

I am sure you would prefer to nibble at the frozen cream; sipping it gently down the veins of your throat.

If I asked you to choose from the rollicking dolphins; and the ominously gargantuan shark,

I am sure you would prefer to play with the dolphin; riding on its back with the frothy ocean waves striking your naked skin.

If I asked you to choose from a bed of flocculent skin; and the disdainfully dangling century old cobweb,

I am sure you would prefer to blissfully sleep on the Dunlop; let the vibrations of fantasy take a stranglehold of your dreams.

If I asked you to choose from the scintillating oyster; and a string of profoundly venomous thorns,

I am sure you would prefer to explore the pearls incarcerated inside the shell; let their intense radiance add a sparkle to your dreary eyes.

If I asked you to choose from the crystalline streams of water; and fuming pints of hostile acid,

I am sure you would prefer to stand beneath the falls; enjoy the cool liquid cascade down your persona.

If I asked you to choose from a grandiloquent houseboat; and the unwashed body of a stray pig,

I am sure you would prefer to romanticize in the aisles of desire; admire the mystical view unfurl as the steamer traversed forward.

If I asked you to choose from the dwelling perched high up in the silken clouds; and the ghastly interiors of a Lions den,

I am sure you would prefer to float in the mesmerizing sky; rekindle your senses with every droplet of intermittent rain.

If I asked you to choose from perennial love; and a land of baseless hatred,
I am sure you would prefer to submerge yourself into the sweetness of sharing;
the immortal fruit of romance.

If I asked you to choose from your mother; and the uncouth society brutally
whipping you at umpteenth quarters,
I am sure you would prefer to nestle in the arms of the entity who procreated
you; stare into her impeccable eyes for eternity.

If I asked you to choose from omnipotent God; and the hideously distorted long
toothed devil,
I am sure you would prefer to kneel down at the feet of the Creator; imbibe the
essence of his ideals to propagate them far and wide in this world.

And If I asked you to choose from life; and gruesomely torturous death,
I am sure the human tendency in you would propel you to live; fight for
your survival; amidst an ambience blended with pure and adulterated mortals
wandering around.

Nikhil Parekh

Humanitarian Sect

Be it overwhelmingly tall; or be it the shortest man on this astronomically majestic Universe,

Be it preposterously obese; or be it a marvelously perfect angel with gloriously sparkling body contours,

Be it robustly pink; or be it the most horrendously ungainly looking man wandering on the trajectory of this mesmerizing planet,

Be it an impeccable messiah; or be it the most salaciously manipulative entity; entangled in a web of commercially bizarre malice,

O! Yes; Be it any religion or even the most oblivious of dialect; the color of blood running in everybody's veins was a poignant scarlet; so c'mon mates lets relinquish baseless discrimination forever; and immortally bond ourselves; in the everlastingly
priceless HUMANITARIAN SECT.

2.

Be it incomprehensibly penurious; or be it an organism blessed with all the unfathomable embellishment of this earth,

Be it immaculately white; or be it a human more horrifically blacker than sordid charcoal in veritable complexion,

Be it an insipidly inconspicuous laggard; or be it the most stupendously fastest and euphoric man on this boundless Universe,

Be it ominously infertile; or be it the most articulately blossoming artist evolving insatiably compassionate enigma; on every step that he blissfully transgressed,

O! Yes; Be it any continent or even the most oblivious of dialect; the color of blood running in everybody's veins was a poignant scarlet; so c'mon mates lets relinquish baseless discrimination forever; and immortally bond ourselves; in the everlastingly
priceless HUMANITARIAN SECT.

3.

Be it irrefutable Hindu; or be it a resolute Mohammedan sacredly chanting in the Omnipotent mosque; tirelessly all day and night,

Be it intransigently staunch; or be it an individual uninhibitedly unleashing into a fountain of eternally resplendent freedom; every unfurling minute of the brilliant day,

Be it voluptuously charismatic; or be it a rudimentary rustic buffoon; wandering wholesomely bereft of even the most capricious of knowledge of this enchanting planet,

Be it a sagaciously chivalrous philosopher; or be it a pathetically illiterate beggar cacophonically wailing on the discordantly uncouth streets,

O! Yes; Be it any tribe or even the most oblivious of dialect; the color of blood running in everybody's veins was a poignant scarlet; so c'mon mates lets relinquish baseless discrimination forever; and immortally bond ourselves; in the everlastingly priceless HUMANITARIAN SECT.

4.

Be it abominably prejudiced; or be it an altruistically regale spirit celestially and ubiquitously diffusing the scintillating essence of mankind,

Be it ingeniously innovative; or be it an obnoxiously dumb human; not knowing how to use even his vividly big thumb,

Be it piquantly sharp and truculently volatile; or be it a living being as placid as the miraculously placating midnight Moon,

Be it malevolently disgruntled; or be it an entity who existed for nothing else but; ecumenically disseminating the spirit of ingratiating happiness,

O! Yes; Be it any culture or even the most oblivious of dialect; the color of blood running in everybody's veins was a poignant scarlet; so c'mon mates lets relinquish baseless discrimination forever; and immortally bond ourselves; in the everlastingly
priceless HUMANITARIAN SECT.

Nikhil Parekh

Humanitarianly Alive

Whether my eyes were perpetually closed; or whether they indefatigably stared towards the flamboyantly sparkling Sun; for times immemorial,

Whether my palms languidly lazed under mammoth hillocks of worthless sand; or whether they articulately evolved grandiloquently exquisite artistry every unfurling minute of my destined life,

Whether my hair dolorously stuck like insipidly parasitic worms to my gloomy scalp; or whether they ravishingly swished till beyond the realms of bountiful paradise; with the exhilaratingly brazen wind,

Whether my lips invidiously clenched into a ballistic grimace; or whether they unfurled into a perennial festoon of; voluptuously charismatic smiles,

Whether my blood ruthlessly froze in my endless conglomerate of veins; or whether it gloriously spawned countless more; of my innocuously holistic kind,

Whether my bones deliberately sagged into a disdainfully pathetic heap; or whether they euphorically galloped forward in the marvelously royal and spell binding
fervor of majestic life,

Whether my shadow ominously abhorred even the most celestial entity trespassing it; or whether it embraced all religion; caste; creed and color; in opulent symposiums of mankind; blissfully and alike,

Whether my cheeks insidiously rotted with murderously debilitating disease; or whether they blushed to a scarlet more poignantly fiery than thunderous lightening in fathomless sky,

Whether my feet ludicrously slept like a demon for countless more births; or whether they astoundingly crafted a township of irrefutably priceless righteousness; on every step that they heavenly tread,

Whether my stomach remained treacherously starved without even the most minuscule element of food; or whether it replenished its delectable interiors; with all appetizing aroma and goodness of Mother Nature,

Whether my teeth radiated a gorily morbid yellow even in the most gruesome of

blackness; or whether they blazed like an immaculately scintillating pearl;
irrevocably clinging to the; unconquerably sacred womb of mankind,

Whether my brain transited to more a state more dumber than the salaciously
penurious dustbin; or whether it gorgeously fantasized to the most
unprecedented
limits; weaving a tale of incredible intrigue and handsome innovation,

Whether my voice crumbled to derogatorily discordant nothingness; or whether it
placated even the most tyrannically deadliest of devils; with the marvelously
royal cadence in its; timelessly ebullient sounds,

Whether my sweat stunk like a boundless pulverized tomatoes and dead fish; or
whether it Omnisciently shimmered; in the rhapsodically divine euphoria
of vivaciously vibrant life,

Whether my ears maneuvered only towards the sounds of sleazily bawdy
raunchiness; or whether they miraculously drifted towards; even the most
faintest cry
of horrendously inexplicable despair,

Whether my shoulders disastrously sank infinite kilometers beneath the
remorseful corpse even in the pristine prime of life; or whether they hoisted all
those in despicably horrific suffering; towards their abodes of eternally gratifying
compassion,

Whether my conscience harbored precariously sinister spirits of the corpulently
evil; or whether it culminated into an ocean of perpetually unassailable
righteousness; even as hell torrentially rained from the cosmos,

Whether my breath lackadaisically contorted and cursed every moment of
gorgeously bedazzling life; or whether it bequeathed mesmerizing whirlpools of
sacrosanct
existence; with every puff of fiery air that it exhaled,

And whether my heart morbidly pledged to relinquish each of its beats; or
whether it immortally palpitated; invincibly enveloped by a wave of
unconquerably endowing love,

It was you; you; and only you O! Divine Beloved; who encapsulated every
cranny of my blood; body and impoverished breath; not only making me feel the
richest organism on planet earth; but giving me a holistically humanitarian

reason; to be forever human; and to forever be humanitarianly alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Humanity And Happiness

Bring life to your devastatingly chapped and gloomy lips; with a gorgeous ocean of profusely amicable smiles,

Bring life to your dolorously isolated and groping eyes; with a poignant river of boundlessly emphatic beauty,

Bring life to your pathetically dried and shriveled veins; with a vivacious sky of piquantly crimson blood,

Bring life to your ludicrously staggering and maimed brain; with perennial rivers of seductively mesmerizing fantasy,

Bring life to your horrendously famished and dithering stomach; with exquisite cuisine's of ravishingly exotic food,

Bring life to your ruthlessly jaded and orphaned palms; with a vivid fountain of magically inexplicable destiny lines,

Bring life to your pathetically dwindling and despondent ears; with an endless forest of mystically resplendent sounds,

Bring life to your treacherously lambasted and tyrannized cheeks; with untamed fireballs of ecstatically dancing exuberance,

Bring life to your insipidly malignant and termite ridden hair; with a marvelous waterfall of blissful sandalwood paste,

Bring life to your languidly incoherent and sleepy fingers; with a scintillating rainbow of magnificently royal pearl rings,

Bring life to your incorrigibly dumb and insidiously slimy tongue; with a torrentially uninhibited whirlpool of fabulously silken voice,

Bring life to your savagely fluttering and extinguishing shadow; with a fascinating tornado of bountifully spell binding enchantment,

Bring life to your rustically bohemian and perilously stagnating feet; with the timelessly majestic pathways of eternally bequeathing artistry,

Bring life to your horrifically sagging and irately dysfunctional eyelids; with an unfathomable mountain of impeccably flirtatious winks,

Bring life to your icily stoned and turgidly abhorrent neck; with an acrobatically ebullient island of incessantly drifting movement,

Bring life to your murderously crippled and sardonic imagery; with an insatiable paradise of exuberantly frolicking angels,

Bring life to your monotonously manipulative and blatantly lying conscience; with the Omnipotent light of irrefutably sacrosanct humanity,

Bring life to your despicably withering and tumultuously tortured nostrils; with the Omniscient panache of voluptuously divine breath,

Bring life to your lecherously betrayed and shattered heart; with the one and only religion of unsurpassably immortal love,

And bring life to your satanically broken and commercially convoluted life; with the everlasting tonic of unassailable humanity and happiness

Nikhil Parekh

Hunch Backed Camel

It bore the acrimonious tyranny of scorching sun round the year; leaving bold footprints in the dust it tread,
Traversed incessantly through blistering soil; with sandy winds blowing across its eyes,
Ambled languidly in the brilliant day; increasing its pace a trifle at the onset of night,
Intermittently munched parrot green tentacles of rustic cactus; immensely relished the dry meal of leaf and thorn,
Occasionally rubbed its slender neck against the sandpaper skin of wild tree; raising its eyes toward the almighty residing in heaven,
Angrily swished the scanty clusters of hair on its tail; to drive away scores of petulant mosquitoes,
Wore a bedraggled rope dangling loose from its neck; a cushioned saddle riveted to its angular sculptured body; Intricate pieces of leather wound to its mouth; to maneuver it through labyrinth of routes,
Possessed a firm pair of hooves; which glistened all the more profoundly in the sunbeams and looked mesmerizing under the placid moon,
Had a slimy nose with gaping nostrils; which remained wet despite the acrid warmth irrevocably prevailing,
Spawned many of its kind; suckling its young ones utterly bereft of a cloistered shade,
Walked marathon distances in a single day; unrelentingly stepping on islands of steaming land,
Stooped down as much as it could; when confronted with tumultuous whirlpools blowing with full might,
Moaned in high pitched exuberance as it sighted a solitary stream; storing the water for months till it found a fresh source,
Gallantly fought an army of disdainful crabs; audaciously kicked loose rocks that came its way,
Seldom shed its tears; overwhelmingly inspiring those who feared life to come out of their nonexistent shells,
Had a passion to bask under the dazzling sun; thoroughly detested crystal blue patches in the sky being obfuscated by clouds,
It had remained as stoical as omnipotent god under the most bizarre of circumstances; refraining to flounder under the pugnacious heat,
Was quite glad to adopt the sizzling silver sands as its companion for life;
even dreaming about the same while in deep sleep,
I offer my humble salutations to this silent warrior; as my hunch backed camel

carries me through the colossal expanse of the Sahara desert.

Nikhil Parekh

Hunger For Hunger

Hunger for inimitably insatiable fame; an inherent longing to be known by the entire Universe; for every philanthropically ingenious thing that you ever did,

Hunger for even the most infinitesimally sparkling fruits of Mother Nature; blissfully replenishing your diabolically emaciated intestines; with the gifts of symbiotically natural creation,

Hunger for fathomless rays of the Omnipotent Sun; brilliantly streaming each morning through your window; wondrously ameliorating your brutally frazzled soul; to the aisles of unassailable paradise,

Hunger for inscrutably tantalizing adventure; the timelessly mystical pathways of the uncannily exhilarating and unknown; greeting you wholeheartedly at every juncture of life,

Hunger for majestically unparalleled aristocracy; unceasingly languishing in the most pricelessly embellished castles; and seated upon the ultimate throne of superiority; with countless more of your fellow kind,

Hunger for indefatigably assimilating the principles of symbiotic existence; and then tirelessly applying the same in even the most ephemeral aspect of your life,

Hunger for acquiring every penny of wealth that exists on the trajectory of this boundless earth; so that you could perennially ensure that none of your fellow living beings; slept a devilishly famished stomach in the heartless night,

Hunger for blazingly sky-rocketing to the absolute apogee of Everest; from where you could endlessly sight every single speck of this unconquerably royal Universe,

Hunger for the waves of stupendously mellifluous music to profoundly engulf every arena of life; so that even the most infidel instance of inexplicable grief; was forever metamorphosed into the melody of happiness,

Hunger for limitlessly ravishing caverns of scent; profusely inundating even the most oblivious ingredient of your persona; with the ecstasy of unending titillation,

Hunger for eternally bonding with the spirit of humanity; infallibly uniting every

spurious caste; creed; religion; fraternity and tribe on this everlasting planet;
into the religion of undefeated humanity,

Hunger for incessantly beautifying both the body and soul; with the ideals of
enchantingly invincible simplicity and the gifts of panoramically unfurling earthly
evolution,

Hunger for unsurpassably trouncing even the most infidel insinuation of the devil;
with the unflinchingly peerless swords of unshakably divine truth,

Hunger for bountifully benign prosperity on every quarter of this gargantuan
planet; so that man and environment forever thrived with the pearls of peace
cascading down from the unfettered heavens,

Hunger for victoriously unchallengable magic; which astoundingly transformed
each iota of inconsolable misery on this unlimited earth; into a mountain of
sparklingly united strength,

Hunger for waterfalls of jubilantly undying sensuality; which triggered you to
spawn into countless more of your own kind; contribute your very best to the
Lord's undying chapters of sacred prolifeation,

Hunger for everlastingly synergistic goodness to caress you and bless every
aspect of your impoverished life; so that you reached closer and closer to the
Omnisciently Regal Almighty Lord,

Hunger for the that ultimate utopia of spellbindingly insuperable truth; where
there palpitated nothing else; but an atmosphere of godly righteousness washing
every sin of your past; present and future life,

Hunger for the heartbeats of Immortal Love; which made you forever feel the
most pricelessly blessed organism alive; irrespective of your caste; creed;
status; religion; persona or dolorously impoverished kind,

And more importantly than anything on this unceasingly spectacular Universe; a
perennial Hunger for "Hunger"; which could make all the above and
an infinite more
good like the above; into an immortal reality.

Nikhil Parekh

Husband & Wife

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most beautifully emollient girl on this fathomless Universe; whose scent of philanthropic humanity transcended me to a level greater than the Gods,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most resplendently enamoring girl on this boundless Universe; whose infallibly unflinching optimism aroused me from even the most ghastliest of my corpse,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most sensuously inebriating girl on this limitless Universe; whose tantalizingly undefeated shadows put my soul to an eternal trance,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most mellifluously vivid girl on this timeless Universe; whose royally humanitarian voice; put an abrupt end to all my satanic miseries and sorrow,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most astoundingly eclectic girl on this ebullient Universe; whose divinely splendor metamorphosed me into an atmosphere of inimitable pricelessness,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most benevolently fragrant girl on this gigantic Universe; whose altruistic simplicity perpetuated me to dedicate my entire life to the service of all living kind,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most triumphantly truthful girl on this limitless Universe; whose essence of unparalleled righteousness granted me more and more strength to combat all parasitically evil; every unfurling minute of the day,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most endlessly enchanting girl on this unceasing Universe; whose spell bindingly innocuous eyes made me a grasshopper ardently hopping under the rain,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most artistically gifted girl on this effulgent Universe; whose unassailable virility engendered me to proliferate into infinite more of my synergistic kind,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most boisterously effervescent girl on this unconquerable Universe; whose perennially undying energy made me inexhaustibly surge forward towards the ultimate mission and epitome of my life,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most blessedly impeccable girl on this ever-pervading Universe; whose aristocratically rubicund lips wholesomely sealed every pathway of ruthless devastation in my life,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most indomitably ecstatic girl on this amazing Universe; whose one fugitive glance made me feel as if I was the richest entity on earth alive,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most inimitably enigmatic girl on this undaunted Universe; whose ravishingly nubile skin ignited tremors of unprecedented exhilaration in my mind; body and soul,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most brilliantly endowed girl on this inscrutable Universe; whose intrepidly tingling trails propelled me to adventure fearlessly bare-chested for the remainder of my life,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most pristinely unfettered girl on this iridescent Universe; whose insuperably venerated eyelashes tirelessly signaled to me to embrace the religion of egalitarian humanity,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most beautifully bountiful girl on this unbelievable Universe; whose singleton hiss of the throat made me feel as if the entire planet around; was my unshakable friend,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most indisputably faithful girl on this colossal Universe; whose Omnipotent sincerity forever made me envisage planet earth as a sky of united innovation,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most fierily euphoric girl on this perspicacious Universe; whose articulately celestial fingers oozed a cistern of perennial nectar on even the most

hopelessly barren path that I transgressed,

And I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most immortally passionate girl on this unbridled Universe; whose every unconquerable heartbeat drew me more closer and closer to her divinely form; and without even me and her realizing the slightest; made us forever and ever and ever
as "Husband & Wife".

Nikhil Parekh

I Failed

Without you; I was no doubt able to hold the bouquet of redolently mesmerizing flowers in my palms; capsizing them forcefully with my tiny fists,
But try as hard as I could; I miserably failed; every time I probed to smell; even an inconspicuous iota of their wonderfully enchanting and exotically tingling essence.

Without you; I was no doubt able to uplift my diminutively impoverished body from cold ground; formidably ensuring the grip of my soles with loose chunks of orphaned soil,
But try as hard as I could; I pathetically failed; every time I attempted to walk; collapsing worse than a pack of soggy cards to lick dust; even before I could alight an infinitesimal bit of foot.

Without you; I was no doubt able to put food in the interiors of my miserably slavering mouth; vehemently pushing it from all sides,
But try as hard as I could; I indefatigably failed; every time I endeavored to swallow; vomiting every morsel with ignominious castigation out of my belly; even before it could venture a lackadaisical trifle down my famished throat.

Without you; I was no doubt able to witness the passionately singing nightingale; using the most contemporarily robotic contraptions to keep my eyes wide open,
But try as hard as I could; I ludicrously failed; every time I insatiably craved to hear; with all rhapsody metamorphosing into dumb nothingness; fathomless kilometers before it reached my ears.

Without you; I was no doubt able to sleep; inundating my withering bloodstream; with an unsurpassable battalion of profusely sedating drugs,
But try as hard as I could; I penuriously failed; every time I maneuvered my mind to fantasize; with each dream of mine transiting into nightmares more diabolical than what hell could be; stabbing me to a ghastly absolution.

Without you; I was no doubt able to march amidst overwhelmingly bustling crowds; trudging my insidiously lackluster countenance past them at snails pace,
But try as hard as I could; I irrevocably failed; every time I wanted to discerningly acknowledge; with the planet outside seeming a devastatingly crippled blur; eventually disappearing into the aisles of obsolete nothingness.

Without you; I was no doubt able to witness glorious sunlight shimmering on my

dreary skin; as I lay curled like an aimless serpent; waiting to be treacherously
squelched by all mankind,
But try as hard as I could; I immutably failed; every time I desired to enjoy the
sensuous warmth; shivering in devastated submission; although it was now
well past mid-afternoon.

Without you; I was no doubt able to lackadaisically breathe; with an
unsurpassable battalion of conventional equipment pricking each of my bleary
nerve; a hostile fleet of antiseptic needle finding their way in; well beneath my
ridiculously shriveled
veins,
But try as hard as I could; I embarrassingly failed; every time I wanted to
exuberantly soar; with the brilliantly shimmering world outside; transforming for
me into a black wall; of despicably barbaric worthlessness.

And without you O! Beloved; I was no doubt pulsating with fragile heartbeats;
taking fathomless gallons of air in my hopelessly punctured lungs; enshrouded
with
a boundless army of life support systems from all sides,
But try as hard as I could; I irrefutably failed; every time I wanted to love and
live; embedding my entire visage deeper and deeper beneath my gory grave;
with each unveiling instant of my artificially vibrant life.

Nikhil Parekh

I Am In Love

What was this O! Lord; that my lips refrained to speak; sung mystical tunes instead while walking on the streets?

What was this O! Lord; that my fingers incorrigibly refused to write; drawing incoherent shapes in the mud instead?

What was this O! Lord; that my eyes stared wildly in open space; instead of shutting down under the blistering sun?

What was this O! Lord; that I forgot to have my afternoon meals; when normally I was the first one to finish food in our family?

What was this O! Lord; that I dreamt even while signing checks; entering in mind boggling amounts; that eventually left me bankrupt?

What was this O! Lord; that I erupted out in fantasies of my childhood; when in fact I was supposed to give a lecture on Business Economics?

What was this O! Lord; that I crashed head on with the waiter carrying a tray full of pastry; when in fact I had already sighted him from miles apart?

What was this O! Lord; that I presumed it to be brilliant afternoon; when actually it was just a little before midnight?

What was this O! Lord; that I barged my car right into the hotel coffee shop; instead of parking it outside and walking down the distance?

What was this O! Lord; that I cut my hands severely while chopping vegetables; when in fact there was superb synchronization between the knife and my little finger?

What was this O! Lord; that I gasped for breath like a dead man; when in fact I had just arisen from bed after infinite hours of blissful sleep?

What was this O! Lord; that a sheepish grin encompassed the contours of my face all day; when usually I was extremely stringent in my behavior?

What was this O! Lord; that I reached the ghastly graveyard; when in fact I was headed for attending prayers in church?

What was this O! Lord; that I embraced an old woman on the verge of
relinquishing breath; cognizing her to be the girl of my dreams?
What was this O! Lord; that the blood in my veins ran at electric speeds; inspite
of my medical practitioner ruling out any chance of blood pressure?

And what was this O! Lord; that my heart palpitated at a million beats per
minute; although she resided continent's apart?

You know what; your guess is as good as mine; and there was simply no rhyme
or reason to defy it; for I think that the inevitable has happened; I was struck by
the same fever as millions of my kind are struck every day; O! Yes I think I am
in love.

Nikhil Parekh

I Am Only; My Heart's Slave

I might not earn even an infinitesimal penny in the entire of my lifetime;
discordantly wailing on the preposterously penurious streets,

I might get ruthlessly kicked at every quarter of the acridly conventional society;
for paving an irrefutably sparkling path of my very own,

I might disdainfully stumble on every step that I tread; staggering in the aisles of
remorseful nothingness as I valiantly followed the path of irrefutably
philanthropic righteousness,

I might not savor even the most inconspicuous of accolade throughout the tenure
of my entire life; being brutally squelched into my grave by the tyrannically
thwarted world,

Come what may; but I will still keep solely following the inner most tunes of my
heart; forever remain a slave of its invincibly mesmerizing and timeless beats; do
exactly what it says.

1.

I might treacherously lose even the most capricious iota of my voice; torturously
overpowered by the uncouth globe from all sides,

I might get unsparingly maimed for the remainder of my life; as the rampantly
marauding devils; snapped the fangs of my existence even before I could
emanate my
first breath,

I might spend every unfurling second of the day in gruesomely morbid darkness;
as the parasites of hell invidiously gouged my eyes; for ostensibly no fault of
mine,

I might find myself incarcerated behind the diabolically sordid prison bars; as all
superpowers of the earth incarcerated me for not blending with corridors of
spurious ostentation and manipulative malice,

Come what may; but I will still keep solely following the inner most tunes of my
heart; forever remain a slave of its poignantly seductive and unconquerable
beats; do exactly what it says.

2.

I might pathetically coalesce with ominously threadbare dust for times immemorial; dissipating into an infinite fragments as the planet outside massacred me left; right and sensitive center,

I might disappear forever into realms of nonchalantly lackadaisical oblivion; as elements of the barbarically ostracizing society didn't tolerate the waves of uninhibited freedom; perpetually enshrouding my soul,

I might have to devour savagely coldblooded stones for each of my meals; as the planet preferred to give even the most fetid leftovers of their food; to the dogs in the street instead,

I might inadvertently cause anguish to all around me; as they couldn't bear to see an organism not blending with their barrels of sleazy wine and pompously pretentious cigar smoke,

Come what may; but I will still keep solely following the inner most tunes of my heart; forever remain a slave of its triumphantly exhilarating and godly beats; do exactly what it says.

3.

I might confront boundless wars of gory prejudice; with the entire world outside endeavoring their best to horrifically pulverize even the most non-existent bone of my nimble spine,

I might not even get a place to sequester my scalp in the heart of freezing midnight; with every conceivable dwelling on this fathomless earth; scornfully thrusting the door in my solitary face,

I might find myself deeper and deeper into my coffin as the minutes unveiled; with even the most intricate of my veins truculently ripped apart by watchdogs of the whipping society,

I might waft the last breath of my destined life; with my pockets harboring nothing else but unparalleled love; worthless dust and indescribable poverty,

Come what may; but I will still keep solely following the inner most tunes of my heart; forever remain a slave of its tantalizingly fascinating and immortal

beats; do exactly what it says.

Nikhil Parekh

I Can't Believe

I can't believe that there were eyes more beautiful than yours in this entire Universe; the poignant empathy they bestowed on every soul they glimpsed, And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were hair more ravishing than yours in this entire Universe; the voluptuously satin caress they radiated; as they vivaciously swished,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were lips more enchanting than yours in this entire Universe; the amicable smile that incarcerated the most remotest of alien in their
compassionate swirl,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were palms more mystical than yours in this entire Universe; the labyrinth of irrefutably determined lines that entirely enveloped your flawless skin,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were footprints more perpetual than yours in this entire Universe; the embodiments of priceless solidarity they left on every path they resolutely tread,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were expressions more effusive than yours in this entire Universe; the boisterous ardor they embedded in one and all; imparting life at the very tenterhooks of extinction,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were breaths more passionate than yours in this entire Universe; the immortal virtue with which they metamorphosed lifeless souls beneath the corpse to blissfully alive,

And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were beats more romantic than yours in this entire Universe; the unrelenting tenacity with which your heart palpitated; solely for the person

it loved,

And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

And I can't believe that there was a life more fulfilling than yours in this entire Universe; devoting each of its unfurling seconds to the philanthropically uninhibited service of dwindling mankind,

And if there was indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

Nikhil Parekh

I Care A Damn About This World

When I was poor and begging on the streets with my arms stretched; they said that I didn't have skill to earn money,

When I was fast asleep on the bed drowned in realms of exotic fantasy; they said that I was lazy and fit for nothing,

When I was walking at electric speeds through the lanes; they said that I a trifle too active; fidgeted about without any rhyme or reason,

When I was merrily eating breakfast; they said that I had a gargantuan appetite,

When I gallivanted mischievously on my bicycle; they said that I simply couldn't afford a car,

When I recited stanzas from the Shakespeare without stuttering the slightest; they said that I had consumed steroids,

When I donated mammoth sums of money for the betterment of the orphaned; they said that I had ulterior motives behind my chivalrous pretence,

When I diligently took bath thrice a day; they said that I was wasting precious water,

When I smiled sympathetically towards the destitute women; they said that I had lecherous intents,

When I danced in ecstatic jubilation; they said that I was polluting the atmosphere with my horrendous tunes,

When I inadvertently killed mosquitoes hovering around my eardrum; they said that I had committed gruesome murder,

When I inevitably sneezed in a cloud of obnoxious smoke; they said that I contaminated the ambience with my spit,

When I looked at my watch from time to time; waiting anxiously for my wife; they said that I had maniacal tendencies,

When I blissfully read books on literature; they said that I was wasting and condemning precious time,

When I wrote volumes of poetry propagating the spirit of mankind; they said that I was a disdainful piece of burden on the surface of earth,
When I assiduously worked on the computer screen for hours on the trot; they said that I was thoroughly rebuking the pen,

When I boisterously swam in the ocean; they said that I was endangering the aquatic fish,

When I amicably patted my pet dog; they said that I had simply no sense of health and hygiene,

When I covered myself with a quilt to evade the freezing world; they said that I was a coward of the highest degree,

When I stared passionately at my beloved; they said that I had just been released
from the mental asylum,

When I sometimes spoke in innocent whispers; they said that I resembled a new born child,

When I lit a candle to pray to god; they said that I had deliberately broken the enchantment of the night,

When I commenced my journey towards the 100th floor of the building in the escalator; they said that I had no legs of mine at all,

When I sketched the enamoring shapes of the valley with my rustic paints; they said that I didn't possess the ability to write,

When I incessantly lay on the feet of my mother; they said that I was entirely oblivious to the vagaries of this world,

When I meticulously solved mind boggling puzzles of arithmetic; they said that I was very commercial minded,

When I sipped apple juice from the scintillating glass; they said that I stripped several others to satiate my hunger,

When I chewed my nails in raw nervousness; they said that I lacked all ethical values; belonged to the indigenous society,

When I cried vociferously; lamenting the loss of my beloved; they said that it simply a cover to sequester the fact that I had murdered her,

When I worked like a dog in office to achieve astronomical limits; they said that I was a workaholic completely disoriented from the spiritual world,
When I locked my house at night to guard my family against evil; they said that I lacked the virtue of being fearless,

When I fixed the tyre of my car after it had got punctured; they said that I looked like a mechanic,

When I shaved unruly strands of beard from my cheek at dawn; they said that I appeared like a shy girl,

When I hurled a volley of abuse at the thieves intimidating a priest; they said that I was ill-mannered and uncultured,

When I engulfed my forehead with a flabby cap in the peak of summer; they said that I was trying to hide my baldness,

When I went to the temple without wearing my shoes; they said that I didn't have the capacity to purchase one,

When I went to meditate blissfully in the heart of the jungle; they said that I had suddenly metamorphosed into an insane relic,

When I gulped pure and holistically radiant vegetable food; they said that I was trying to disrupt the eco-system,

When I spoke in the language prevalent in my country; they said that I profoundly castigated all other dialects,

When I enveloped my persona in a jet black shirt; they said that I had an aversion for impeccable white,

When I stood tall and domineering in the crowd; they said that I was being showing off and pretending to be bombastic,

When I clenched my teeth in supreme anger; they said that I was trying to

display the color of my foreign toothpaste,

When I blew mystical whistles from my mouth; they said that I was trying to be cheeky with young maidens,

When I served milk to all the starved I encountered in the hutments; they said that I had blended poison in prolific quantities,

When I slept with my feet facing the opposite side of the church; they said that God resides everywhere,

When I expressed my philanthropic wish to donate blood; they said that the reason for my being so benign was because I had deadly aids,

When I transgressed barechested on the grass to relieve my overwhelming tension; they said that I suddenly become bankrupt,

When I procreated a battalion of children to continue the chapter of my existence; they said that I had indulged in licentious and sinful acts,

When I viewed images from the television at close quarters after my meals; they said that I was addicted to sleazy entertainment,

When I wore shimmering gemstones on my fingers to have an impact on my destiny; they said that I had furtively stolen them,

When I ploughed the soil onerously to sow food grains; they said that I was committing barbaric acts of brutalizing the soil,

When I passionately uttered I Love You with fire in my eyes; they said that I had memorized it several times from the contemporary textbooks,

No matter what I did; they always opposed me; even if I was irrefutably right and on the path to serve humanity; poking their noses ominously into my affairs; making my life worse than the island of hell every minute; and that's when I said to the Almighty

Lord; that I cared a damn about this world

Nikhil Parekh

I Couldn't Bear To See

I couldn't bear to see innocuous children being brutally tormented; orphans being whipped mercilessly by uncouth society,

I couldn't bear to see the crystalline sea waters being polluted by tones of barbaric oil; fishes and the vivacious aquatic life dying as an aftermath,

I couldn't bear to see burglars dexterously ripping wallets of the impeccable pedestrians; indiscriminately marauding the historical heritage of the country,

I couldn't bear to see stray dogs shivering incessantly in chilly currents of wind; occasionally meeting their ends colliding with swanky cars,

I couldn't bear to see hysterical wailing of the lunatics; the mental delirium they were in; for no fault of theirs,

I couldn't bear to see mangled debris scattered incoherently after the car crash; the lifeless bodies being extricated from the interiors,

I couldn't bear to see the old and severely crippled being ridiculed at; the ostentatious society making a blatant travesty of the blind,

I couldn't bear to see bedraggled urchins sleeping on the stony ground; while the handsomely opulent stashed their heads beneath quilts of fur and embroidered satin,

I couldn't bear to see robust birds soaring merrily in the sky plummeting towards the soil; as hunters shot pugnacious arrows in their wings,

I couldn't bear to see irate mobs incinerating people alive; rampant communalism spreading its deleterious roots far and wide,

I couldn't bear to see turbulent earthquakes reverberating the city; leading to the inevitable collapse of high rise buildings,

I couldn't bear to see arid patches of land with the sun blazing to full tenacity; scores of people strewn like dilapidated debris; profoundly deprived of cool water,

I couldn't bear to see children being made to work; slave for inhuman

individuals; who rebuked them worse than animals,

I couldn't bear to see lush green blades of grass transiting to a pallid brown;
clusters of fruit and leaf withering from the tree,

I couldn't bear to see nuclear missiles decimating blissful townships; the common
man made an unsuspecting victim in the power play of politicians,

I couldn't bear to see soldiers succumbing to a ghastly death in war; in valiant
attempts to save their motherland,

I couldn't bear to see the illiterate drinking contaminated water; contracting a
plethora of lethal disease as a manifestation,

I couldn't bear to see lifeless bodies lying in a heap unattended; with the siblings
portraying nonchalance of spending money to cremate them,

I couldn't bear to see a single droplet of blood oozing from the body; the
slightest of tribulation and anguish that one could face,

So it is my fervent plea to you O! omnipotent Almighty; to either impregnate in
me the courage to witness sorrow; or besiege me in your magnanimous arms;
where I can view nothing but immortal love.

Nikhil Parekh

I Did Know For Sure

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like profusely staring only at your majestically sparkling eyes; abominably brushing aside infinite other eyes; on this bountifully colossal Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like poignantly caressing only your voluptuously sensuous lips; disdainfully trampling aside infinite other lips; on this marvelously gigantic Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like seductively fondling only your ravishingly tantalizing hair; uncouthly leaving aside infinite other hair; on the trajectory of this resplendently twinkling Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like ardently listening to only your spell bindingly Omnipotent voice; ruthlessly leaving aside infinite other voices; on this gigantically mesmerizing Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like patriotically saluting only your benevolently philanthropic ideals; wholesomely leaving aside infinite other ideals; on this astronomically aristocratic Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like irrefutably worshipping only your regally divine feet; entirely brushing aside infinite other feet; on this fathomlessly vivacious Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like irretrievably intermingling my destiny only with your immaculate palms; intransigently brushing aside infinite other palms; on this magnificently panoramic Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like timelessly dancing only with your sensuously rhapsodic form all night; unequivocally brushing aside infinite other forms; on this vividly enthralling Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like ebulliently blending only with your exuberantly glistening sweat; insipidly brushing aside infinite other sweat; on this stupendously charismatic Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like amiably bonding only with your pristine fingers; nonchalantly brushing aside infinite other fingers; on this gregariously boundless Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like divinely coalescing only with your humanitarian nature; mockingly brushing aside infinite other nature's; on this jubilantly triumphantly Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like uninhibitedly sharing only with your everlastingly enchanting soul; unsparingly brushing aside infinite other soul's; on this ingratiatingly charming Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like mischievously flirting with only your gorgeously robust cheeks; ingloriously brushing aside infinite other cheeks; on this vibrantly rhapsodic Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like immaculately nibbling only your handsomely embellished neck; rampantly brushing aside infinite other neck's; on this endlessly mesmerizing Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like fervently idolizing only your innovatively discovering brain; worthlessly brushing aside other brains; on this unfathomably fabulous Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like tirelessly smelling only your ebullient ecstatic fragrance; snobbishly brushing aside infinite other fragrance's; on the unsurpassably enigmatic periphery of this scintillating Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like perennially melanging only with your compassionately crimson blood; phlegmatically brushing aside infinite other blood; on the garden of this exotically enticing Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like impregnably bonding only with your majestically titillating breath; indiscriminately brushing aside infinite other breath's; on this emolliently celestial Universe,

But one thing I did know for sure; as to why did I feel like immortally uniting with every beat of your passionately Godly heart; lackadaisically brushing aside infinite other hearts; on this unbelievably blooming Universe,

It was because I had started liking you more than I could ever desire my very own breath; it was because I had unconquerably transcended over all other treasures of this sparkling Universe; eventually stumbling upon the ultimate paradise called; love; love and only unassailable love.

Nikhil Parekh

I Didn't Need Breath To Live

I didn't need blazing fires; as I had her flesh in intimate contact to ignite my yearning desires,

I didn't need the turbulent ocean; as I had the river of her ecstatic tears cascading down my neck,

I didn't need the poignantly smelling lotus; as I had her luscious lips to kiss unrelentingly and feast upon,

I didn't need mesmerizing sights of the world viewing through my binoculars; as I found all beauty and fantasy embedded in her curled eyelashes,

I didn't need water to drink; as the last drop of my thirst was quenched with her mere caress,

I didn't need a spurious sequence of laughter; as her innocuous gestures when she played; made me have the smile of my life,

I didn't need dreams to inundate my mind; as my ultimate reservoir of imagination lay encapsulated in her hands,

I didn't need food to eat; as the profound empathy in her expressions made me entirely oblivious to both morning and night,

I didn't need enchanting sounds; as the melody in her voice pacified infinite infernos exploding in my mind,

I didn't need time to be acquainted with; as the enamoring complexion of her lids had cast a mystical spell on my life,

I didn't need brilliant sunlight to shimmer across my face; as I had the austere rays emanating from her persona to enlighten my darkness,

I didn't need a couch impregnated with pure gold to sleep upon; as I had the moistness in her lap to succumb to an everlasting slumber,

I didn't need salubrious vitamins to resurrect my shattered senses; as I had the tenacity of her love to guide me through every step I took,

I didn't need valleys laden with blossoming flowers to rekindle my soul; as I had the enigmatic passageway down her throat to stare at in open mouthed astonishment; till eternity,

I didn't need trees with dense foliage to sequester me from the sweltering heat; as I had her fascinating shadow; to scrape out every bit of fatigue from my tired bones,

I didn't need exotic perfumes extracted from a mountain of musk; as I had her sweat to inhale; which sent me right back into my innocent childhood,

I didn't need magicians to decipher my future and fate; as I clearly saw my destiny prominently in the lines of her soft palms,

I didn't need intoxicating cans of beer; as the sensuousness of her body stimulated my mind more than a barrel of alcohol,

And I didn't need breath to exist; as the bond of her romance had ensured that I would live beyond time; immortalize the essence of sharing for boundless decades to come.

Nikhil Parekh

I Didn't Want To Live

I didn't want to smile; not even express even the most infinitesimal iota of my happiness,

I didn't want to run; not even drift my euphorically exhilarating foot even a fraction forward; to gallop with the perniciously dying winds,

I didn't want to wrestle; not even bulge even an insipid swell of muscle; out of my profoundly poignant and knotted shirt,

I didn't want to sing; not even stretch even the most inconspicuous chord of my throat; to pump melody in the disdainfully bereaved atmosphere,

I didn't want to emulate; not even copy even the most capricious of actions of cold-bloodedly wandering devils; flaming and around,

I didn't want to embrace; not even swirl even the most remote chunk of my poignantly robust flesh; towards devilishly abhorrently entities on this colossal planet,

I didn't want to sleep; not even close my heavenly eyelids an ephemeral inch; to replenish my devastated countenance with spell binding sleep,

I didn't want to flirt; not even liberate even the most fugitive glimpse of my mischievous visage; towards the viciously adulterated ambience around,

I didn't want to triumph; not even unfurl into the most diminutive shadow of blazing vibrancy; amidst the parasites ghastily sucking blood outside,

I didn't want to fantasize; not even tax the crannies of my brain a mercurial shadow; to perceive about thissalaciously penalizing and gory world,

I didn't want to yawn; not even relax my exasperatedly beleaguered body a parsimonious trifle; to relish the fruits of this miserably blood-soaked globe,

I didn't want to eat; not even satiate my horrendously famished tongue an ethereal component; with the fodder of truculently dictatorial tyranny,

I didn't want to stare; not even concentrate an obfuscated bit with my diligent eyes; worthlessly whiling away my time sighting the ungainly rich mercilessly

thrashing the diminutively deprived,

I didn't want to bless; not even shower even the most oblivious trace of my empathy; to all those erecting their palaces of gold on bountifully innocent soil; and then opening their discordant mouths to whine,

I didn't want to pray; not even ask the Almighty Lord even an evanescent showering of bliss; with all baselessly marauding and massacring politicians metamorphosing this earth into the most ultimate of disaster,

I didn't want to preach; not even waste even the most faintest rhythm of my sagacious voice; for all those dastardly rascals who sold their own mothers; for bathing in raunchy cigar smoke and wine,

I didn't want to breathe; not even fill my lungs a threadbare trace; with the maliciously venomous graveyard of air; perfidiously lingering outside,

I didn't want to love; not even fulminate even the most inaudible beat of my heart; towards an entrenchment of vindictive lies and worthlessness; that brutally incarcerated me in this robotic age; from all sides,

O! Yes; I have no shame whatsoever in divulging that I didn't want to live anymore in this treacherously lambasting world today; for if this planet as manipulative as it was for just one more minute; then it was better to commit suicide and die; than to kiss the fireballs of celestially sacred life.

Nikhil Parekh

I Do Definitely Know; And Have Always Known.

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we used to jauntily fly kites from each other's terraces; deliberately interlock the strings of our mischief for times immemorial,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we bathed in the torrential rain together; with even the most infinitesimal element of our bodies timelessly intertwining into a fireball of infallibly unending passion,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we wholeheartedly used to compliment each other for the tiniest of our achievements; even as the entire world outside sighted us with the eyes of unbearable prejudice,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we unrelentingly peered into each other's eyes in the heart of chaotic street and disabling war; indefatigably discovering the sincerity of creation; even as countless were freshly born and countless died,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we tirelessly chased each other through umpteenth unkempt branches and inscrutable paths of the enchanting forest; with the wind as our only savior and profound sensuality dripping from our souls,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we inarticulately babbled even the most preposterous balderdash that came to our minds; in sheer informality whilst courting each other,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we gave our friendship the truest of meaning; enlightening each of our horrendous agony into brilliant hope; as we uninhibitedly shared the same with each other,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we had our first smooch; when for the first time the melody in our inflamed lips became perpetually singular; bringing alongwith it every tangible speck of happiness on this planet,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we slept intrepidly bare-chested on the cold-blooded rocks; with nothing to do but stare at the moonless sky; with the tyrannically conventional society discarding us like bits of frigid nothingness,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we audaciously proclaimed to our parents that we'd never marry the ones that they'd chosen for us on this fathomless planet; when it was infact the last hour of our wedding day,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we absorbed every ray of the blazingly undefeated morning sun; hugging each other with so much intensity; as if this was the very last moment of life on earth divine,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we unabashedly flirted in the broadest of daylight; endlessly uttering nothing else but words of Immortal love even in the heart of the insidiously robotic corporate empire,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we forever coalesced our palms into a fortress of solidarity; although each line of our destiny lines ran in the most opprobrious opposite directions,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we ardently tongued our way across each other's uncontrollably shivering bodies; possessed each pore of our sensitive skins more impregnably than what god could have possessed earth,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we'd seen each other the first time on the sordidly heartless street; yet seemed to know each other since centuries unprecedented; without even knowing our names,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we wholesomely satisfied every of our needs ourselves; just the two of us; without even the most oblivious of help from the satanically whipping world outside,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when

we unstoppably rubbed our nostrils in wondrous unison; let the breath of our eternal compassion; overwhelm and overrule every other stench of hatred in the boundless atmosphere,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when our hearts throbbed louder than the most untamed of volcano's for each other; although we sat unnoticed; untouched; unexplored; indefinable continents apart,

But I do definitely know and have always known; that I've always loved you and only you since even before my very first breath; since even before Omniscient God had created this magically ameliorating earth; since even before there evolved the tiniest definition of heavenly life; in the womb of this untiring Universe.

Nikhil Parekh

I Felt Good

I felt good while swimming in choppy waves of the tidal sea,
diving underwater to have subtle glimpses of the aquatic fish.

i felt good gnawing at the rudimentary apple protruding from the tall tree,
ripping apart succulent chunks of the fruit with boisterous fervor.

i felt good plucking dead grass from nimble soil of earth,
tickling my ear with a blend of humid mud and spongy tufts of grass.

i felt good when i drank pure extracts of violet grape vine,
slept like a demon relinquishing the agonies of routine life.

i felt good when i stared at the enchanting demeanour of the sky,
spent all night counting innumerable numbers of resplendent stars.

i felt good when marooned without aid on an desolate island,
leading life in solitary calm, catching small fish with thorny sticks of wild bush.

i felt good when i perceived my childhood in transparent fossils,
visualizing myself clinging tightly to the plump silhouette of my mother.

i felt good when clambering steep slopes of the mountain,
pilfering the loose soil with large treads of my rustic feet.

i felt good when sprinkled with bountiful amounts of lotus spray,
rolled on stone cold arenas of floor with my body clad in royal silk garment.

i felt good when whistling indigenous tunes sitting on my mud house roof,
coating barren walls of my dwelling with cakes of cowdung plaster.

i felt good working with scrupulous care; perspiring in the fuming Sun,
being thoroughly applauded for the onerous tasks i had accomplished.

i felt good in close proximity of her tender arms,
her Luke warm breath drifting down my nape,
the mystical spell of her love embracing me in a vice like grip forever.

Nikhil Parekh

I Felt The Most Immortal Woman.

I felt the most wonderfully ameliorated woman on this fathomless Universe; when you poignantly sketched even the most infinitesimal contour of my sensuously impoverished form,

I felt the most unbelievably liberated woman on this boundless Universe; when you flirtatiously chased me till times beyond infinite infinity; behind those voluptuously rain soaked hills,

I felt the most unassailably virile woman on this indefatigable Universe; when you passionately interlocked every pore of your naked flesh with mine; tantalizingly stroking your masculine fingers through every crevice of my nubile spine,

I felt the most fearlessly intrepid woman on this endless Universe; when you timelessly stared into the whites of my eye; exploring and magically deciphering its never-ending mysteries and astounding depth,

I felt the most eclectically endowed woman on this resplendent Universe; when you whispered a tale of inscrutable desire into my ears; gently nibbling at their lobes as the Sun slowly sunk behind the enchantingly evanescent horizons,

I felt the most impreguably honored woman on this inexhaustible Universe; when you unceasingly called my name in front of the entire planet; without the tiniest of embarrassment or uncanny fear in your profoundly muscled chest,

I felt the most jubilantly fructifying woman on this boundless Universe; when you sowed the seed of your friendship; deep into the most innermost crannies of my crimson blood and veins,

I felt the most inimitably undefeated woman on this triumphant Universe; when you unflinchingly stood by my diminutive side; in my times of inexplicably asphyxiating duress and celestial felicity; alike,

I felt the most pricelessly perennial woman on this ever-pervading Universe; when you compassionately coalesced even the most mercurial line on your palms; with the innumerable permutations and combinations of destiny on my laconic hands,

I felt the most euphorically learned woman on this everlasting Universe; when you unabashedly embossed your signature of humanitarian goodness upon both my breasts; unafraid of even the most diabolical of consequence to unfurl,

I felt the most incredulously serenaded woman on this bountiful Universe; when you timelessly conserved even the most infinitesimal droplet of my sweat; in the center of your reflection even in the most hedonistic of mayhem and maelstroms,

I felt the most victoriously accomplished woman on this limitless Universe; when you blessed me with your unconquerably divinely child; fertilizing me with your undying manhood for times and centuries immemorial,

I felt the most ubiquitously worshipped woman on this unsurpassable Universe; when you discovered the most replenishing sleep of your life on the soles of my Spartan feet; wholesomely oblivious to even the most lucratively magnetizing vagaries of this treacherously robotic planet,

I felt the most astoundingly fragrant woman on this gargantuan Universe; when you tirelessly blended every of your fierily unbridled breath with mine; at the most ethereal insinuation of Sunrise and seductive nightfall,

I felt the most unlimitedly possessed woman on this spell-binding Universe; when you placed me as the most supreme throne in even the most obfuscated of your fantasy; overruling even the most uncontrollably obsessive desire of your body,

I felt the most ecstatically imaginative woman on this panoramic Universe; when you inundated even the most transient portions of my mind; body and soul; with the unconquerably optimistic kisses of tomorrow,

I felt the most opulently inebriated woman on this proliferating Universe; when you unstoppably traced the hapless barrenness of my skin; with your magically velvety tongue,

I felt the most inevitably surrendered woman on this spell-binding Universe; when you impregnably clasped me in your fervent arms; the very first time we proposed each other; to be insuperably bonded for an infinite more lifetimes,

And I felt the most blessedly immortal woman on this miraculous Universe; when

you loved me more than you could love any other woman on this interminable
earth;
granting me not only the status of your beloved wife; but every breath that you
undefeatedly inhaled in the tenure of your truncated life

Nikhil Parekh

I Finally Won

I couldn't ever share my heart with my beloved; as she'd cunningly use all my divulged secrets to vituperatively lambaste me in near future—and for the current moment call me none else but an incoherent cry-baby,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my daughter; as she was too diminutive and small to understand my torrentially inexplicable agonies—and the instant I wailed a trifle more than necessary; she'd definitely seek solace and turn to her unfettered teddy-bears; clay moulds and soft toys,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my sister; as she was too busy sculpting her very own career; standing solitary on the cross-roads of choosing between the conventional society and leading the life of uncanny uniqueness,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my cousins; as they unstoppably ridiculed every form of impoverishment on this planet-and words like 'heart' simply didn't exist within the dictionaries of their abominably jet-speed practicality,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my maternal/paternal uncle's and aunts; as each of them had already their share of sorrows; children and hysteria to counter-and had hides thicker than the dinosaur to even countless oceans of sensitivities and tears,

I couldn't ever share my heart with the uninhibitedly blowing wind; for fear that it'd unwittingly carry my voice to those satanic parasites of humanity out there; fervently waiting to pounce upon the severely infirm and distraught,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my neighbors; as the entire bunch of them were prolific gossip-mongers-who viciously disseminated even the most undigested morsel of food in their stomachs; within seconds to the farthest quarter of the Universe,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my grandfather; as he still existed in those stringently unbearable old-fashioned concepts of his time-and for whom every form of enchanting artistry eventually dissolved into fecklessly languid wind,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my grandmother; as she was the ultimate icon of practicality— a headmistress who measured and equated everything on this earth in the terms of its respective 'degree' or 'certification' or 'commerciality',

I couldn't ever share my heart with my friends; as they were all like the insipidly transient shades of the chameleon; incorrigibly sticking to me when I was perched on the throne of gold—and deserting me with more heartless disdain the instant I traversed naked on the clamorous streets,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my employer; as all he equated everything on this globe was in terms of the currency coin; ruthlessly trampling over every other trace of an emotion—with his over-sized boots of dreadful manipulation,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my patrons; as the instant they came to know of anything else other than my inimitably priceless talents—they'd instantaneously curb every ounce of sponsorship and invaluable help that came my way,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my fans; as all they insatiably desired to see of me was astounding 'uniqueness' one after another at its unparalleled best—and would only spit and squat at me if I was the slightest defeated,

I couldn't ever share my heart with the walls of my dwelling; as it'd only mean worthlessly beating my skull against virtual nothingness; when I needed a comforting palm to compassionately heal and caress each of my raw wounds,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my teachers; as they'd only sermonize me to study and study all the more harder; in order to overlook and wholesomely forget everything else that was a bothersome thorn in my life,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my doctors; as they'd only prescribe an unending flurry of obnoxious drugs to temporarily mollify my turbulence; secretly wishing that my condition only exacerbated with the best of medication—so that their shop perpetually runs,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my father; as call it 'running the family' or 'the bedazzlement of the corporate world to reach the top'—he would never comprehend the extreme sensitivity of my blood; in his set rules and rigmarole of monotonously routine life,

I couldn't ever share my heart with my mother; as although she'd given me birth—she hadn't the courage to witness and handle my bizarre pain and sorrow—also was perennially blinded by the magnitude; principles and 24 X 7 work of my father,

And I still and inspite of all this; desperately wanted to get it out of my heart at any cost on this earth-that's when I locked myself in my air-tight chamber; took out the photo of my God from my pocket-inexhaustibly blurted out everything trapped in my soul; heart and conscience and inconsolably cried-and this time whether the world liked it or not; I finally won.

Nikhil Parekh

I Had, I Dreamt, I Made

I had hands roughened with passage of time,
calcium nail coat with irregular indentation,
supple skin with pores of youthful endeavor,
fresh dark lines on palm, ruddy in complexion.

{1}

i dreamt of luxury cars with Dunlop seat,
spacious rooms with filtering Sunlight,
appetizing food served in silver,
arrays of crystal adorning ceramic polished wall,
pure ivory cutglass made from elephant tusk,
Persian satin cloth draping my bare flesh,
ice cold water for euphoric summer swim.

{2}

i sliced tree bark with butcher knife,
collected grey stone sprinkled with ash,
blended sticky clay with pitchers of water,
rolled spiked wire to form a fence,
crushed marble chips, sparkling granite, to flat tiles,
dug deep wells for extracting pure ground water,
clipped cable wires for transmitting current,
set the hands of gold watch at my favorite nine,
snatched all finance from blood sucking population,
built a two story house with red baked brick.

{3}

Nikhil Parekh

I Hate The High Society

High society was pompously spurious; blowing pricelessly precious moments of sacrosanct life; in wisps of obnoxiously sleazy cigar smoke,

High society was abhorrently malicious; invidiously castigating its own counterpart behind their back; while garnering a sanctimonious smile in front of the same,

High society was inconspicuously threadbare; harboring diabolically ominous tendencies for the miserably oppressed; evolving castles of rotting currency on their poignantly scarlet blood,

High society was spuriously ostentatious; diffusing the entire tenure of their claustrophobic life; in dungeons of hideously ungainly manipulation,

High society was brutally tyrannical; indiscriminately lambasting the diminutively innocent; to baselessly inundate their venomous treasuries; with even the very last iota of food in their impoverished stomachs,

High society was insanely ludicrous; unrelentingly dictating the poor to polish their worthless shoes; then wholeheartedly laughing their hearts out; admiring their capriciously grotesque reflection in the same,

High society was ghoulishly devilish; preposterously drinking wine in the realms of their own cheaply glittering chambers; while the immaculately blissful commoner shivered uncontrollably; in the acridly freezing maelstrom outside,

High society was ambiguously hypocrite; perennially breaking hearts like frigid matchsticks; with their devilishly unholy promise towards the chapter of resplendent life,

High society was truculently unforgiving; cold-bloodedly treating even the most inadvertently committed of mistakes; with the vindictively gory heel of their satanic shoe,

High society was abominably authoritative; salaciously dictating their unfathomable graveyard of whims and woes; upon the wonderfully ingratiating fabric of eternal mankind,

High society was treacherously bombarding; demonically marauding the

symbiotically triumphant happiness of every righteous household; with raunchily stinking notes of indescribable corruption,

High society was surreptitiously precarious; giving you the merciless slip towards the corpses of ultimate death; when you thought you had secured an invincible stranglehold on the fortress of bountiful life,

High society was heinously wasting; inviting their snobbishly silken cats to eat in plates of fathomlessly scintillating silver; while the disastrously orphaned urchin was breathing his very last outside,

High society was egregiously parasitic; barbarically sucking rivers of blood to rejuvenate their meaningless lives; when all what they actually needed was just two droplets of holistic water,

High society was indefatigably fretting; agonizingly complaining about God's panoramically resplendent creation; just because the Sun filtered an iota too more through their murderously tinted glass,

High society was a ridiculously dead skeleton; incessantly witnessing the Lord's beautifully fragrant creation through glasses of lecherously licentious wine; and then collapsing into countless bits of worthless chowder; as the wind increased its pace even an inconspicuously exhilarating trifle,

High society was ruthlessly heartless; malevolently betraying the souls of impregnably true lovers; morbidly incarcerating them within jailhouses of sanctimonious status; caste; creed and tribe,

High society was tumultuously penalizing; lunatically violating God's every divinely virtue; having the wealth to purchase every confectionary with the opulence in their pockets; yet remaining a sordid failure in the pages of existence,

High society was a robotic tycoon; self-conceitedly squelching the winds of voluptuously regale artistry and breath; with inclemently mechanical behavioral patterns; all throughout the day and enchanting night,

High society was a uxorious dog; uncontrollably wagging its criminally slavering tongue; at even the most fugitively ethereal insinuation of titillation and extra wealth,

High society was parsimonious mosquito; nonsensically disseminating its

affluence on nubile vixen and bawdiness; bereft of even the tiniest beat of perpetual love in its insides,

High society was a hollow termite; horrifically guzzling the threads of harmony; symbiotism; unity; with its canines of torturously vengeful prejudice,

High society was an asphyxiating web; which tightened the noose of its ill will more tautly upon you every unfurling minute; derogatorily drowning the element of sparkling truth in your persona; with its gutters of inevitable lies,

High society was torturously imprisoning; crippling the wings of your fascinatingly seductive freedom not only for this; but for an infinite more lives,

High society was a boundless sea alright; but without even the most mercurial trace of waves; compassion and sensuously redolent togetherness,

High society was an ostracizing gallows; lividly laughing at traumatizing sorrow around them; basking in the glory of their falsely fiasco brawn and might,

High society was arrogantly deceitful; bending down like a obeisant snail in front of lambasting superpowers; whereas the Creator ruled every bit of this endless Universe; ever since the moment it was born,

High society was unreasonably questioning; wretchedly molesting innocuous organisms; for ostensibly no fault of theirs or their humbly humanitarian kind,

High society was an impudent stone; shattering not only the truthful glasses; but the irrefutably patriotic conscience of a synergistically common man,

High society was pretentiously civilized; behaving like a astronomically nail polished angel on the bustling streets; while ripping each other apart worse than what wolves could execute; in the bloodstained upholstery of their castle room,

High society was pugnaciously blinded; maniacally overlooking even the most magnificently majestic empathy around; in the monstrously debilitating shine of incongruous coin,

And although it was unfortunate but true that I was born amidst its integrally sodomizing cradle; I had; am; and will always hate the high society till the end of my time; and in every blessed life of mine.

I Inconsolably Died

Buried under an unfathomable forest of diabolically perpetuating thorns; I still managed to rise up like a handsome prince; unfettered by the livid bruises gorily fretting on every element of my persona,

Buried under an unsurpassable mountain of truculently asphyxiating dust; I still managed to rise up like a silken butterfly; not bothered even an infinitesimal trifle about the obnoxiously adulterated mud which had now become an integral part of my intestine,

Buried under an unrelenting corpse of macabre ghosts; I still managed to rise up like a resplendently blissful rainbow; blazing like triumphant dynamite through the fathomless expanse of crystalline blue sky,

Buried under a incomprehensibly preposterous dustbin of ungainly shit; I still managed to rise up like a mystically vibrant cloud; unperturbed by the disdainfully slandering slime incorrigibly sticking to my nubile skin,

Buried under a graveyard of coldbloodedly invidious and stinking bones; I still managed to rise up like a royally fragrant rose; disseminating the scent of eternal righteousness to the most fathomless quarter of this rhapsodically heavenly planet,

Buried under a pernicious jailhouse of venomously abhorrent scorpions; I still managed to rise up like an ingratiatingly panoramic cistern; astoundingly pacifying even the most tumultuously aggrieved sorrow; with the sounds of unparalleled optimism,

Buried under an insurmountably feckless cauldron of prurient abuse; I still managed to rise up like a majestically iridescent eagle; engendering an untamed gorge of impregnable exuberance in even the most mercurially fugitive cranny of this; timeless planet,

Buried under an intransigently crippling sea of horrifically miserable blood; I still managed to rise up like a bountifully eclectic whirlwind; harmoniously enlightening incredulous shades of magnificently articulate versatility; in the lives of all those lunatically shattered,

Buried under an indescribably malignant sandstorm of prejudiced ignominy; I still

managed to rise up like a patriotically victorious soldier; instilling an unassailable wave of uninhibited freedom; in every slave being unreasonably lambasted,

Buried under a tyrannically thrashing volcano of scurrilous monotony; I still managed to rise up like a spell bindingly rejuvenated paradise; spreading a wave of insuperably unprecedented happiness; on even the most clandestinely barren path that I tread,

Buried under a crematorium of chauvinistically relentless dictatorship; I still managed to rise up like thunderbolts of enriching lightening; igniting the lugubriously lackadaisical flames of every dwindling abode; with the philanthropically charismatic elixir of my soul,

Buried under an ominously sordid gutter of remorsefully agonizing malice; I still managed to rise up like a brazenly intrepid adventurer; bringing a smile to the lips of countless ruthlessly orphaned; as I drifted with them into an unending entrenchment of fantasy and mesmerizing odyssey,

Buried under a vindictively hedonistic mortuary of abysmally derogatory lies; I still managed to rise up like an ebulliently unconquerable Sun; ubiquitously wafting the rays of timeless happiness; in every despicably estranged life,

Buried under a ballistically frivolous battalion of emaciated panthers; I still managed to rise up like a bountifully blessed dream; fomenting every drearily insipid and baselessly tortured mind to tirelessly fantasize,

Buried under an indiscriminately jinxed battlefield of squelching crime; I still managed to rise up like undauntedly enchanting moonshine; compassionately warming the complexion of the tawdrily blackened night with; magnetically celestial jubilation,

Buried under an endlessly victimizing juggernaut of uncouthly barbarous ghosts; I still managed to rise up like a benign harbinger of glorious humanity; limitlessly spreading the fragrance of an unshakably united existence; in one and all symbiotically alike,

Buried under an ever augmenting web of disdainfully heinous corruption; I still managed to rise up like an unflinchingly blessing wind; wholesomely silencing the most dogmatic voices of sinfully penalizing atrocity; with the sounds of irrefutably sparkling truth,

Buried under an insane mortuary of bellicose lifelessness; I still managed to rise

up like an arrow of perennial bravery; handsomely inculcating the virtue of innocuously embellished solidarity in all those chopping necks; on spurious pretexts of religion and tribe,

But buried under the worthless plank of insidiously maiming betrayal O! Lord; I had not even the most capricious of strength left in me to survive; as without the immortal love of my priceless beloved; I died; I died; I inevitably and inconsolably died.

Nikhil Parekh

I Invite You

Don't just see the voluptuous mascara adhering to the eyelashes; the seductive fountain of enticement which lingered on the lids,
I invite you to witness the stupendous beauty in the eyes; the unparalleled empathy they harbored for all fraternity of living kind; instead.

Don't just see the sleazy color encapsulating tantalizing skin; the vain fairness which spuriously glistened under artificial light,
I invite you to witness the warmth that it provided to every fraternity of religion on earth; the uninhibited compassion it disseminated in impoverished dwindling on bare soil; instead.

Don't just see the bombastic splash of cheap lipstick exotically kissing the lips; propelling them to look more titillating than the fairies,
I invite you to witness the infernos of invincible passion which they ignited; instilling omnipotent traces of vital life in people well beneath their graves; instead.

Don't just see the sanctimonious garland of jewels embellishing slender fingers; the gold which attracted the most heinously lecherous towards their baseless opulence,
I invite you to witness the magnanimous help they rendered to those without the most infinitesimal iota of sight; alighted impeccable orphans towards the corridors of a blissful beginning; instead.

Don't just see the overwhelmingly sensuous oil that besieged bulging muscles; the insurmountable battalion of whistles it evoked; as it entrenched the fairer sex in waves of absolute enthrallment,
I invite you to witness the formidable resilience which they harbored in their bones; their intrinsically augmenting die hard tenacity to save their motherland; instead.

Don't just see the pompous scent which cast its lackadaisical essence in the atmosphere; miserably withering to overpower even an inconspicuous whisker of God's beauty created,
I invite you to witness the golden shower of persevering perspiration dribbling from the armpits; fostering the spirit of true hard work; the true colors of vivacious life; instead.

Don't just see the ostentatiously corrupt dye inundating scalp; like a ridiculously

shoddy fabric from all sides,

I invite you to witness the mesmerizing swish of marvelous hair; the happiness which they impregnated in disastrously famished lives; instead.

Don't just see the nonchalant bombardment of polished slang; the worthless juggernaut of alien accent; in a desperate attempt to catapult above cloud nine, I invite you to witness the most irrefutably truthful voice of the soul; which annihilated all misery and suffering from planet earth forever; instead.

And don't just see the unfathomably ludicrous festoon of clothes on the body; slithering pathetically to make an impact more vociferous than torrential cloudbursts of heavenly rain,

I invite you to witness the most wonderful product of God's evolution; the sacrosanct and passionately palpitating immortal heart; instead.

Nikhil Parekh

I Just Want Your Love

I didn't want the grandiloquent Taj Mahal to live in,
A solitary hut with fortified walls would beautifully suffice.

I didn't want to drink chicory mugs of opulent cherry wine;
A glass of holistic water was all I needed to quench my thirst.

I didn't want ornate embellishments of cloth to drape my persona,
Jagged rags of jute; blended with firmly riveted buttons would work as a
wonderful substitute.

I didn't want mesmerizing rhymes sung by the matron; in order to sleep,
The monotonous cacophony of vehicular traffic would prove to be an adept
tranquilizer.

I didn't want flamboyant cars to traverse the Grey carpet of roads,
The non-polluting; multiple spiked bicycle would help me maintain
my circulation of blood.

I didn't want the silken floss of brush; to scrub the armory of my teeth,
Serrated sticks of medicinal neem; would render my palette with a ravishing
scent all sunlit day.

I didn't want swim in the luxuriously sculptured; glistening water pool,
Instead I wanted to feel the exhilaration while trespassing through choppy waves
of the saline ocean.

I didn't want to consume pasteurized milk; juxtaposed with flavored nuts,
Fresh droplets of milk oozing from the teats of mother cow; was the one
indispensable for my bones.

I didn't want to be exorbitantly applauded by scores of innocuous individuals;
Benevolent prayers; from within deep recesses of their heart would be
enough to make me ecstatic.

I didn't want artificial contrivance's to illuminate the atmosphere,
The dazzling light of sun; and enchanting beams of moon were fathomless to
cherish.

I didn't want appetizing dishes of roasted almonds; with a slurry of processed

butter,

Bountiful fruits dangling from the tree; and a plethora of succulent vegetable leaf would annihilate all indigestion.

I didn't want the luminous dial of imported watch; wound tautly against my wrist,

The varied positions of sun god and changing patterns of light would give me an excellent idea of time.

I didn't want battalion of flowers to be laid for my reception,

An ambience bereft dust and debris; evacuated of wild thorn would be the enough to express gratitude.

I didn't want fat bundles of currency; with you dressed in ostentatious jewelry as my bride,

A rustically polished face; with a cluster of inexpensive flower in your hair; would pacify my heart,

As I would outrageously cry out in public and say 'I just want your perpetual love'.

Nikhil Parekh

I Knew Her Better Than I Knew My Breath

I knew her better than I knew the lines of my palm; which I sighted unrelentingly each minute of the day,

I knew her better than I knew my ability to voraciously talk; explicitly uttering more than a million sentences a day,

I knew her better than I knew the complexion of my skin; the rubicund tinge and the robust glow that I had overwhelmingly enjoyed since many years,

I knew her better than I knew my shadow; the inscrutably enchanting form that had been following me since eternity; in brilliant shades of sunlight,

I knew her better than I knew the food trapped in my dainty stomach; the appetizing blend of roasted vegetables and fruit juice that I had consumed just a few minutes ago,

I knew her better than I knew my conglomerate of fortified bones; incorporating loads of impregnable strength,

I knew her better than I knew my eyes; the unfathomable hours they could remain awake; sight and prudently discern astounding beauty wandering in this vast Universe,

I knew her better than I knew my crimson blood; the voluptuous stream that painstakingly gushed out; when I scraped against an acrimonious thorn,

I knew her better than I knew my legs; the robust pinches of exhilaration encapsulated inside; the fervent longing besieging them to shrug all inhibitions and thunderously run,

I knew her better than I knew my silver sweat; the rhapsodic perspiration that ran down my arms; everytime I conquered new summits in life,

I knew her better than I knew my mystical whisper; the hushed tones in which I furtively communicated with my sacrosanct Creator every morning as I woke up from sedate sleep,

I knew her better than I knew my deafening yawn; the laziness that rampantly permeated my persona; after toiling the entire day under sweltering rays of the

pugnacious Sun,

I knew her better than I knew my ambitions; the insatiable urge in my demeanor to blatantly trespass over acrid milestones,

I knew her better than I knew my luscious lips; the tantalizing charm that camouflaged them; made them the darling of whomsoever who caressed their lingering softness,

I knew her better than I knew my fortress of scintillating teeth; the inevitable tenacity they possessed to scrupulously crunch the meal of their choice,

I knew her better than I knew my ability to relentlessly write; emboss spell binding verses of blossoming poetry every early morning and late night,

I knew her better than I knew the noise produced when I clapped; harmoniously united both hands of mine to inundate the still ambience with triumphant sound,

I knew her better than I knew my heart beat; the infinite number of times in a day it turbulently palpitated; the volatile energy it imparted to my dreary soul to inch forward and holistically survive,

And I knew her better than I knew my breath; the very minuscule draught of air which I had inhaled unsurpassable number of times since the time I was born; infact the very reason that I was merrily writing and living today.

Nikhil Parekh

I Liked The Way

I liked the way; the jugglery of bones moved in the body,
I liked the way thunderous clouds in the cosmos produced sheets of torrential rain,
I liked the way in which fish swam articulately swishing their silken fins,
I liked the way; in which handsome horses galloped down the plateau at swashbuckling speeds,
I liked the way; in which fluorescent bulbs diffused gaudy lights on the street,
I liked the way; in which steaming brown filter coffee was poured melodiously in bar mugs,
I liked the way; in which intricate zones in my eardrum reacted ecstatically to vociferous sound,
I liked the way; tones of literature was juxtaposed on immaculate bond paper of books,
I liked the way; in which gleaming sheath of Black hair cascaded down effeminate shoulders,
I liked the way; in which the railway engine obstreperously chugged through solitary arenas of desert,
I liked the way; in which a plethora of bamboo sticks were used to construct fortified enclosures for dwelling,
I liked the way; in which golden particles of saw dust flew haphazardly in the austere breeze,
I liked the way; in which the princely panther clambered tall trees with nonchalant ease,
I liked the way; in which scores of glowworm radiated mystical rays at the onset of twilight,
I liked the way; in which the crystal waterfall plummeted down the slopes at tumultuous speeds,
I liked the way; in which small cubes of ice rolled down the slope; eventually transiting into a mighty avalanche,
I liked the way; in which enchanting shapes were sketched by synchronized strokes of the paint brush,
I liked the way; in which those dying of thirst; quenched their thirst drinking gallons of spring water,
I liked the way; in which ostentatious cars sped down the valley at rollicking speeds,
I liked the way; in which people bounced on an island of pure jelly; catapulting a few feet above ground,
I liked the way; in which the cricket ball was hurled over the fence with overwhelming tenacity,

I liked the way; in which innocuous toddlers played incessantly in pools of wet mud,
I liked the way; in which the philanthropic politician helped clusters of individuals afflicted by distress,
I liked the way; in which the voluptuous nightingale flooded the atmosphere with mesmerizing rhyme,
I liked the way; in which crisp flakes of popcorn tumbled in unison from the wending machine,
I liked the way; in which man toiled to unprecedented limits in order to retain his self esteem,
I liked the way; in which young hearts throbbed violently; falling prey to inevitable love,
I liked the way; in which tender patches of my skin developed disdainful rash when stung by harmless nettle,
I liked the way; in which the flag patronizing my nation fluttered high in the wind,
I liked the way; in which people bereft of sight; still had a zeal to live; relying solely on the sense of hearing,
I liked the way; in which acrimonious rays of Sun fumigated all the filth on earth,

I liked the way; in which colossal mountains trembled due to onslaught of the earthquake,
I liked the way; in which pellucid mirror of glass reflected my authentic image,
I liked the way; in which the tranquil moon shone on my eyes when I was in realms of deep sleep,
I liked the way; in which all the tangible and intangible existed; under a single roof; blended with harmony and love,
And over and above all I liked the way; in which God created man; from which hailed my very own ancestors,
Who in turn bestowed upon me the power to like and dislike.

Nikhil Parekh

I Live Because

I dream, because each corner of my surreally inexplicable mind; dictates,

I write, because infinite muscles in my irascibly wandering hand; dictate,

I sleep; because boundless bones in my profoundly exhausted dreary body; dictate,

I shout, because tumultuously insatiable urges in the inner most realms of my throat; dictate,

I gallop; because irascibly proliferating tendencies in the spongy muscle of my legs; dictate,

I smile; because gregariously amicable virtues inevitably besieging my rubicund pair of lips; dictate,

I cry; because the overwhelmingly morbid sorrow in my eyes; dictates, I snore; because the incomprehensibly celestial corridors of invincible sleep; dictates,

I drink; because inexorably scorched and diminishing boundaries of my burnt body; dictates,

I bathe; because incorrigibly squalid cocoons of dust on my countenance; dictates,

I wink; because irrevocably flirtatious attributes in my eyeball; dictates,

I yawn; because the indefatigably fatigued skeleton of my surrendered body; dictates,

I fight; because the cloud of intrepid belligerence engulfing my boisterous demeanor; dictates,

I fidget; because pertinently iterative fervor unrelentingly dissipating in my blood; dictates,

I study; because an irrefutably everlasting desire to be the best in the professional world; dictates,

I whistle; because insatiable tunnels of fathomless euphoria in my nerves;
dictate,

I play; because the child perpetually buoyant and alive in my impeccable senses;
dictates,

I lie; because inevitably salacious manipulation on the trajectory of this planet;
dictates,

I breathe; because the miserably imprisoned lungs beneath my chest; dictate,

I desire; because the passionately throbbing beats of my ardently romantic
heart; dictate,

And I live; because the love of my life; the love that was my energy to lead an
immortal existence beyond countless new births of mine; dictates.

Nikhil Parekh

I Live To Die Oneday. And Die To Live Everyday.

I stayed tirelessly awake only to inevitably sleep one day; and I humanely slept one day; only to truly relish even an inconspicuous moment of being vivaciously awake; everyday,

I unassailably triumphed only to inevitably fail one day; and I humanely failed one day; only to truly relish even the most infinitesimal fragrance of unfettered triumph; everyday,

I inexhaustibly absorbed brilliantly optimistic Sunlight only to inevitably blacken one day; and I humanely blackened one day; only to truly relish even the most obliviously disappearing trace of Omnipotent Sunlight; everyday,

I profusely basked in the glory of rose scent only to inevitably stagnate one day; and I humanely stagnated one day; only to truly relish even the tiniest wisp of eternal scent; everyday,

I astoundingly floated in the clouds only to inevitably bury one day; and I humanely buried one day; only to truly relish even the most evanescent entrenchment of sensuous clouds; everyday,

I indefatigably adventured only to inevitably robotize one day; and I humanely robotized one day; only to truly relish even the most fugitively eluding winds of tantalizing adventure; everyday,

I timelessly smiled only to inevitably sadden one day; and I humanely saddened one day; only to truly relish even the most obsolete insinuations of heavenly smiles; everyday,

I insuperably preached only to inevitably forget one day; and I humanely forgot one day; only to truly relish even the most vanishing element of wonderfully liberating preaching; everyday,

I unceasingly ate the most synergistically succulent food only to inevitably starve one day; and I humanely starved one day; only to truly relish even the most diminutive iota of jubilantly fructifying food; everyday,

I unflinchingly spoke the truth only to inevitably lie one day; and I humanely lied one day; only to truly relish even the most ethereal innuendo of victoriously

Omnipresent truth; everyday,

I infallibly replenished only to inevitably disembowel one day; and I humanely disemboweled one day; only to truly relish even the most obfuscated ounce of compassionately burgeoning replenishment; everyday,

I inexorably conquered only to inevitably slaver one day; and I humanely slavered one day; only to truly relish even the most mercurial aura of royally priceless conquering; everyday,

I endlessly romanced only to inevitably betray one day; and I humanely betrayed one day; only to truly relish even the most infidel thread of perennially spawning romance; everyday,

I limitlessly joked only to inevitably depress one day; and I humanely depressed one day; only to truly relish even the most parsimonious dramatization of everlastingly ebullient joke; everyday,

I uncontrollably proliferated only to inevitably disintegrate one day; and I humanely disintegrated one day; only to truly relish even the most sequestered strand of handsomely amazing proliferation; everyday,

I unfathomably magnetized only inevitably commercialize one day; and I humanely commercialized one day; only to truly relish even the most cloistered fabric of eternally resplendent magnetization; everyday,

I unsurpassably radiated with power only to inevitably shrivel one day; and I humanely shriveled one day; only to truly relish even the most evanescent pathway of Omnipresently blessing power; everyday,

I unceasingly rolled in unlimited riches only to inevitably emaciate one day; and I humanely emaciated one day; only to truly relish even the most feckless ingredient of symbiotically sensuous richness; everyday,

I immortally throbbed only to inevitably stone one day; and I humanely stoned one day; only to truly relish even the most invisible horizon of inimitably consecrating immortality; everyday,

And I unstoppably lived only to inevitably die one day; and I humanely died one day; only to truly relish even the most minuscule shade of Omnisciently ever-pervading life; everyday.

I Live To Love

I don't eat to live; I live to eat tantalizing morsels of exotic food; placate insurmountable pangs of my gluttony with the rudiments of captivating nature,

I don't smell to live; I live to smell to exotically redolent and vivaciously blooming flowers; dance with the fairies on the summits kissing the Moon,

I don't philander to live; I live to philander in the aisles of untamed desire and perennially everlasting fantasy,

I don't admire to live; I live to admire all the wonderfully philanthropic; the boundlessly unsurpassable beauty lingering on this bountiful planet,

I don't sleep to live; I live to sleep; dream unrelentingly into a land transcending paradise; wholesomely oblivious to the uncouthly manipulative vagaries besieging vicious mortals,

I don't sweat to live; I live to sweat; persevering my best under golden rays of the flamboyant Sun; to caress the ultimate crescendo's of unparalleled success,

I don't sing to live; I live to sing; blending the tunes diffusing from my poignant throat; stupendously with the eternal bliss in the marvelous atmosphere,

I don't blink to live; I live to blink; mischievously flirt with nubile maidens; trespassing through a carpet of ingratiating mysticism; and incredulous enthrallment,

I don't philosophize to live; I live to philosophize; disseminating the perpetually harmonious essence of truth and benevolent brotherhood; to every cranny of this Universe entrenched with inexplicable pain,

I don't hear to live; I live to hear; profusely absorb the most enamoring sounds in free space; to catapult above the majestically heavenly clouds,

I don't procreate to live; I live to procreate; spawn countless of my kind; ensuring that I continued the chapter of existence; even after I abdicated my last iota of breath,

I don't race to live; I live to race; letting the spirit of uninhibited exhilaration forever reign supreme in each of my devastated senses; eternally surging forward to rejoice the awesomely Omnipotent colors of life,

I don't study to live; I live to study; indefatigably endeavor to imbibe all the benign goodness entrapped within the cocoons of; invincible solidarity,

I don't bathe to live; I live to bathe; intransigently deluge each pore of my ruthlessly bedraggled skin; with magically rejuvenating mountain water,

I don't evolve to live; I live to evolve; blossoming into an unfathomable festoon of newness as each instant unveiled; romanticizing in the full ardor of existence; until I
quit my final breath,

I don't adventure to live; I live to adventure; intrepidly crusading over all impediments that confronted me in my way; plunging into a valley of unimaginable exuberance; even in the heart of precariously tingling midnight,

I don't write to live; I live to write; inundating fathomless volumes of ecstatically barren paper; with exquisitely Oligarchic fantasy and the epitomes of literature,

I don't breathe to live; I live to breathe; ignite thunderbolts of incomprehensible desire with each puff of air I exhale; supremely exult in the flames of compassionate sharing that life had to wholesomely offer me,

And I don't love to live; I live to love; insatiably dedicating each of my heartbeat to the person I cherished; taking birth an infinite times more than infinity; to be born only as her lover; once again.

Nikhil Parekh

I Live To Savor Love

I live to savor the eternal fruits of Nature's timeless creation; the astoundingly vivacious butterflies fluttering handsomely in fathomless bits of; majestically blue sky,

I live to savor the resplendently twinkling stars in the royal cosmos; the shimmering fountain of milky light that grandiloquently poured to enlighten the ghastly corpse of dastardly night,

I live to savor the rejuvenatingly sparkling freshness of the aristocratic waterfalls; profusely blend my mind; body and soul in the cascade of exotically heavenly waters,

I live to savor the melodiously everlasting sound of the ravishing nightingale; profoundly assimilate each of its wonderfully tantalizing sounds; in the innermost recesses of my tumultuously frazzled soul,

I live to savor the winds of exuberance blowing my way; the beautifully mesmerizing feel that they vibrantly imparted to even the most infinitesimally deadened of my nerve,

I live to savor the handsomely scintillating pearls of the enchantingly vivacious oceans; the blissfully unbelievably synergy that they instilled in every iota of my; nervously devastated demeanor,

I live to savor the bountifully bouncing kangaroos in the mischievously philandering fields; the waves of impeccable innocence that they bestowed perennially upon; my murderously manipulative visage,

I live to savor the sensuously titillating dewdrops at ethereally magnetic dawn; the essence of ebullient freshness that they showered upon; every element of my frantically beleaguered persona,

I live to savor the brilliantly flamboyant rays of the Omnipotent Sun; the unfathomable ocean of blazingly enlightening light that it ubiquitously disseminated; to every cranny of this Universe besieged with; inexplicably horrendous pain,

I live to savor the mystically enthralling whispers of the rustling trees; the unsurpassable entrenchment of exhilarating enigma that they placed me within;

making me wholesomely oblivious to the preposterously snobbish vagaries; of the savagely realistic Universe,

I live to savor the royally swimming fish in the undulating sea; the ecstatically glorious leap in their stride; that made me feel that I had once again; and irrefutably transited into a jubilantly new born child,

I live to savor the regally glistening eagles soaring handsomely in the boundless sky; the uninhibited flapping of their poignant wings; freeing me of all my waveringly bedraggled memories of disdainfully lecherous human kind,

I live to savor the torrentially pelting drops of seductively titillating rain; the globules of golden empathy which magically quelled all brutally traumatized mankind; of even the most minuscule of its pain,

I live to savor the indefatigably charismatic blanket of crimson roses; the marvelously spell binding scent that they unequivocally emanated; which perpetually pacified each remorsefully vengeful ingredient; of my vindictive blood,

I live to savor the uniquely incredulous freshness of God's evolution; the most amazingly eclectic chapter of endless procreation; that every organism on this planet was beautifully endowed with,

I live to savor the vibrantly dancing rainbows soon after the passionate rains; the blissfully symbiotic wave of unprecedented excitement that they enshrouded my entire countenance with; for infinite more births yet to come,

I live to savor the voice of patriotically unassailable truth; the unshakable royalty with which it Omnisciently sunk; deep down in the walls of my viciously wavering conscience,

I live to savor celestially impeccable forms of new birth; the immaculate cries of the freshly born; unflinchingly imparting me with the strength to scrape even the most inconspicuous iota of diabolism; from the fathomless trajectory of this planet,

I live to savor tireless gallons of enchantingly princely air; the piquant carpet of invincible life; that veritably made me embrace all mankind irrespective of creed and color; made me feel the richest being; humanitarianly alive,

And most importantly I live to savor the most immortal gift of Almighty Lord's

creation called; love; intransigently try my best to diffuse its ecumenically
sacrosanct essence; to every dwelling without light; to every heart without
euphoric beats

Nikhil Parekh

I Longed For Those Moments

I longed for those moments when I was wading exuberantly in the sea; with the sun dazzling a full blossom on my animatedly rubicund skin,

I longed for those moments when I was in the heart of perpetually blissful sleep; with the stars glimmering enchantingly on my closed eyelids,

I longed for those moments when I was profoundly engrossed playing with my friends in the verdant fields; entirely oblivious to the monotonous vagaries of disillusioning routine life,

I longed for those moments when I was when I was nibbling cheese ravenously perched on my mothers lap; transiting into a divinely reverie; with her sacred palms rubbing their mesmerizing magic on my forehead,

I longed for those moments when I teased and mischievously philandered with my sister; uninhibitedly blurting out to her whatever I liked and abhorred the most; in the quota of my short life,

I longed for those moments when I was gazing at the enigmatic newness of the freshly extruding grass blades; profusely tingling the blanket of golden dewdrops; with the big toe of my feet,

I longed for those moments when I was insurmountably lost in the corridors of magnificently enchanting fantasy; the stillness of the placid evening overpowering my senses,

I longed for those moments when I sat for unrelenting hours under the blazing Sun; lazing in incomprehensible agony and fun,

I longed for those moments; when I gallivanted through the perennially dense forests; profoundly admiring the majestic spider weaving its mystical web,

I longed for those moments; when I voraciously sketched the fiercely passionate outlines of the fading Sun; absorbing its kingly beams in entirety with the whites of my eye,

I longed for those moments; when I dug uninhibitedly through rain kissed soil; splashed a slurry of ecstatic mud all around in ebullient euphoria,

I longed for those moments; when I was fooling my stringently stern father;
browsing through a myriad of fairy tales; the comic surreptitiously encapsulated
within my history textbook,

I longed for those moments; when I was fabulously intrigued by the crimson
colored festoon of clouds; watched the streaks of silver lightening tumble in a
tantalizing flurry from the sky,

I longed for those moments; when I was feeding the protuberant crested pigeons
with heavenly crusts of morning bread; chasing them as they embarked on the
adventurous expedition towards the sky,

I longed for those moments; when I spent countless nights on the trot
envisaging my beloved's gorgeous countenance; ardently awaiting to feel her
seductive breath,

I longed for those moments; when I was caught red handed for pilfering through
the labyrinth of robust apples; and the farmer gave me an amicable peck on my
cheek for my mischievous attribute,

I longed for those moments; when I sang any tune that swirled turbulently in my
heart; darted as the most pampered child through every nook and cranny of the
palatial house,

I longed for those moments; when I was immaculately sucking my thumb;
wholesomely unaware of the diabolical bloodshed; which went on indiscriminately
on every trajectory of this vast planet,

And I insatiably longed for those moments when I was an impeccable child;
rambunctiously bouncing in the arms of my mother; without the slightest blemish
or
malicious trace of the world outside; completely bereft of this battlefield of
lechery and incorrigible lies; which unfortunately I as an adult today was entirely
engulfed with.

Nikhil Parekh

I Loved It

I loved it for its unrelentingly euphoric waves; as it culminated into a festoon of handsomely poignant froth after clashing against the jaggedly machismo rocks,

I loved it for its majestically pristine shores; the unfathomable expanse of regally sparkling oysters and shells; timelessly enamoring with their bountifully ultimate splendor,

I loved it for its enchantingly crimson tanginess; as it piquantly flamed like a fireball of enrapturing delight; as first rays of the Omnipotent aristocratically Sun; descended from crystalline blue sky,

I loved it for its protuberantly ebullient adventure; as it intrepidly philandered through every conceivable trajectory of this boundless Universe; all sweltering day and voluptuously tingling night,

I loved it for its incessantly dancing assemblage of divine water; the timeless rhapsody that it marvelously radiated; as the wind triumphantly drifted across its spell binding contours,

I loved it for its royally ingratiating fleet of poignantly charismatic sharks; gliding like insatiably untamed streaks of silken lightening; through even the most unprecedentedly stormy channels,

I loved it for its unsurpassably unending depth; the splendidly eclectic variety fish; enigmatically morass algae and octopus perpetually inhabiting its compassionately vivacious caverns,

I loved it for its unequivocally candid spray; the unconquerably reinvigorating essence of vibrant camaraderie that it wonderfully disseminated; across one and all of this gargantuan planet; alike,

I loved it for its surreally resplendent periphery; the countless colors of robust optimism that it timelessly blossomed into; every unfurling instant of victorious existence,

I loved it for its spirit of unshakably unflinching loyalty; perennially flowing as the most unparalleled mass of united rudiments; even as the fiercest Sun tried to hedonistically evaporate its every trace,

I loved it for its artistically burgeoning splash; beautifully replenishing even the most treacherously sadistic of dwindling palette; with insurmountably vivid charm and prolific graciousness,

I loved it for its invincibly symbiotic solidarity; exuberantly fulminating into a paradise of uncontrollably tangy happiness; as the ravishing carpet of clouds towered over it like a priceless prince from above,

I loved it for its innocuously uncanny cries; the fathomless civilization of blissful freshness that it unraveled into; tantalizing even the most morbid of carcasses from the heart of their graves,

I loved it for its seductively exhilarating rhythm; the exotically mesmerizing cadence of its profoundly revitalizing fabric; which profusely inundated nothing but cisterns of unfettered compassion; in every entity on this gigantic earth,

I loved it for its never ending wind of rubicund ebullience; as it indefatigably whispered the tunes of holistically gratifying existence; on every trace of mud that it blessedly kissed,

I loved it for its ingeniously celestial philosophy of tireless continuity; as its froth swirled high and handsome in the mellifluous air; even as vicious thunderbolts of demonic savagery; pelted intransigently from the graveyards of hell,

I loved it for its panoramically nubile beauty; the tinge of a freshly embellished bride magically pronounced on its emerald belly; although it was wholesomely barren without the slightest of asphyxiating clothes,

I loved it for its inexorably untamed uninhibitedness; its limitless ambition to emolliently coalesce with boundless sky; even as the horizons seemed an ephemerally obsolete cry,

I loved it for its blazingly outspoken bravery; as it supremely transcended over even the most hideously satanic of impediments that came its way; with the astounding dexterity of an unconquerable prince,

O! Yes; I loved the sea more than I could ever love my life; as it gloriously taught me the value of priceless companionship; as it sagaciously taught me never to divide; as it timelessly taught me that love was the most quintessential elixir to heavenly survive.

Nikhil Parekh

I Loved Them More

I might have perhaps loved just my sacrosanct Mother and eternal beloved during the tenure of my entire diminutively impoverished life; by the blessings of the Omnipotent Lord,

But I loved them more than what the sweltering deserts could ever have loved; pricelessly resplendent droplets of rhapsodically mesmerizing rain.

I might have perhaps loved just my divinely mother and bountiful beloved during each unfurling moment of my parsimoniously destitute life; by the blessings of the

unassailable Lord,

But I loved them more than what lackadaisical mud could ever have loved; beautifully dazzling ray of Godly Sunshine.

I might have perhaps loved just my heavenly mother and triumphant beloved during every crimson dawn that unraveled in my penuriously short-statured life; by the blessings of the Omnipresent Lord,

But I loved them more than what dolorously beleaguered forests could ever have loved; fantastically enigmatic titillation.

I might have perhaps loved just my compassionate mother and newly-wed beloved during every hour that fabulously swept past my mercurially timid life; by

the blessings of the everlasting Lord,

But I loved them more than what the amorously estranged sky could ever have loved; the vividly iridescent and spell binding rainbow.

I might have perhaps loved just my magnanimous mother and unflinching beloved during every shade of my inexplicably bereaved life; by the blessings of the Omniscient Lord,

But I loved them more than what the rambunctiously unruly bees could ever have loved; the timelessly redolent fragrance of the dew drop anointed and poignant rose.

I might have perhaps loved just my ubiquitous mother and seductive beloved during every wind that swept past my disastrously diminishing life; by the blessings of the unshakable Lord,

But I loved them more than what the ecstatically fluttering peacocks could ever have loved; the fathomlessly voluptuous expanse of enthrallingly silken clouds.

I might have perhaps loved just my priceless mother and inimitable beloved during every path that I tread in my stingily decrepit life; by the blessings of the unconquerable Lord,
But I loved them more than what the brutally emaciated shores could ever have loved; the ravishingly undulating swirl of jubilantly tangy waves.

I might have perhaps loved just my indomitable mother and humanitarian beloved during every breath that I exhaled in my nonchalantly oblivious life; by the blessings of the boundlessly proliferating Lord,
But I loved them more than what the remorsefully deserted mirror could ever have loved; the uninhibitedly sparkling ocean of celestial reflection.

I might have perhaps loved just my timeless mother and ingratiating beloved during every impediment that I encountered in my truculently abridged life; by the blessings of the limitlessly benign Lord,
But I loved them more than what the obnoxiously emaciated blades of sordid grass could ever have loved; the majestically shimmering cistern of tantalizing dewdrops.

And I wholeheartedly admit; that I might have perhaps loved just my blissful mother and gorgeous beloved during every beat that I throbbed in my obfuscatedly lugubrious life; by the blessings of the effulgently glowing Lord,
But I loved them more than what the devastatingly dying nostril could ever have loved; fragrantly mellifluous entrenchments of resplendently fresh breeze.

Nikhil Parekh

I Loved You And Still Hated You

I loved your eyes for they were mesmerizing and beautiful; globules of empathy trickling down their periphery; the instant they witnessed someone in agony and pain,

At the same time I hated them for wandering around unwittingly; trying To explore and admire beautiful faces except mine.

I loved your hands as they were masculine and tough; caressed through the satiny ensemble of my hair; drowning me into an ocean of perpetual ecstasy, At the same I hated them for inadvertently brushing across someone in the crowd; entwining in a vice like grip with alien fingers; occasionally during the day in a handshake.

I loved your smile as it was delectably amicable; making me gasp in utter bewilderment,

At the same time I hated it when you flashed the same at cocktail parties; greeted every person on the door with it spreading infectiously across our facial contours.

I loved your sonorous voice; the crisp yet enchanting sounds which emanated when you opened your mouth to utter my name,

At the same time I hated it when you used the same to appease your confederates; addressed colossal gatherings; emphatically on the mike.

I loved your revitalizing aroma; the scent of perspiration that dribbled profusely from your body,

At the same time I hated it; when your overwhelming charisma crowned you the king in the office; insatiably drifted your female counterparts in intimate contacts with your persona.

I loved your unsurpassable sense of concern; the umpteenth number of times of times you slept on the cold floor; for me to relish the warmth of the fire,

At the same time I hated it; when you displayed it to others; went out of your way to gratify their demands.

I loved your ears; the flaccid globes of flesh dangling majestically across your neck swaying nimbly in the air,

At the same time I hated them for listening attentively to intricate sounds; instead of being wholesomely engrossed in mine.

I loved your hair; the jet black strands of follicles that profoundly embellished
your scalp,
At the same time I hated them; when they blew rampantly in the direction of
wind blowing from the opposite side.
I loved your breath; the passion it ignited when It plummeted down the bare skin
of my cheek,
At the same I hated it; when an infinitesimal portion of it struck the earth;
instead of blending completely with my soul.

And I loved your heart; was simply enamored to hear it throb turbulently against
my palms,
At the same time I hated it; as the girl next door wanted to imprison it as badly;
as perhaps I could die for it.

Nikhil Parekh

I Loved You Solely For

Come into my life with majestic earrings embellishing your Divinely earlobes; or step into its passionate swirl without even a single cloth on your uncontrollably trembling body,
Come into my life with flamboyantly swanky cars entrenching you from all sides; or step into its resplendent garden without even a single shoe encapsulating your profusely bleeding feet,
Come into my life with voluptuously poignant mascara enveloping your ravishing eyelashes; or step into its tantalizing aroma without even the most inconspicuous trace of light; lingering around your nimble eyes,
Come into my life with gloriously charismatic lipstick besieging your rubicund lips; or step into its intrepid expeditions without even the tiniest trace of happiness; hovering around your ghastily devastated countenance,
Materialistic things sleazily fade into non-existent wisps of dilapidated oblivion; while I loved you solely for the irrefutably overwhelming honesty in your impeccable conscience; which relentlessly transpired me to invincibly march on the path of scintillating righteousness.

Come into my life with robotic loudspeakers incorrigibly extruding from each cranny of your tongue; or step into its redolent island without the even most diminutive sound emanating from your innocently dumb mouth,
Come into my life with unfathomably glittering watches strapped to your glimmering hands; or step into its exhilarating pathway; without even the most solitary ounces of strength; clinging to their feeble softness,
Come into my life with an unsurpassable ocean of marvelous opulence uninhibitedly flowing from your grandiloquent treasuries; or step into its rustic simplicity; without even a minuscule penny in your disdainfully bedraggled pockets,
Come into my life with an incomprehensible fountain of royally scarlet ink profoundly disseminating from your glistening fingers; or step into its fanatically vivacious swirl; without even possessing the slightest of prowess; to emboss even your very own name,
Materialistic things eventually extinguish to an isolation more gory than treacherous death; but I loved you solely for your pricelessly philanthropic soul; which eternally instilled in me the unflinching spirit to survive; wholesomely bonding me in the threads of impregnably everlasting humanity.

Come into my life with bombastically ostentatious ointments adhering to your flesh; or step into its blazing winds; without even the most infinitesimal iota of skin camouflaging your immaculately famished bones,

Come into my life with an unfathomable reservoir of titillating alien scent wafting from your arms; or step into its fathomless enigma; without even the most insipid of charm; enshrouding your sagging visage,
Come into my life with glitteringly imported cardigans euphorically draping your tantalizing chest; or step into its vividly pristine shell; without even a leaf to surreptitiously hide your indigenously obdurate flesh,
Come into my life with castles pretentiously illuminated by artificially astounding brightness; or step into its enchanting melody; without the most capricious your reflection being perceivable; even in the most brilliantly bedazzling Sunlight,
Materialistic things are ominously annihilated as one fashion heartily overrules the other; but I loved you solely for the indefatigable patriotism in your heavenly stride; irrevocably drifting me to sacrifice my entire life; to the service of innocuously benign mankind.

Come into my life with a spell binding empire of a billion corporate houses in your commercial booty; or step into its vividly iridescent paradise; without even a single individual acknowledging; your rampantly fading name,
Come into my life with a pompously inflated fleet of magnificent aircrafts circling round the winds of untamed prosperity; or enter its blissfully fulminating tunnel; without even indispensable hands and legs to fortify your intricately sculptured persona,
Come into my life with an unassailably destructive symposium of missiles and street-smart soldiers by your side; or enter its supremely gratifying domains; without even properly knowing the complete spelling of the belligerent word, fight,
Come into my life with chains of stupendously enthralling gold and silver nearly asphyxiating your already diamond studded neck; or enter its ardently pulsating dancefloor; without even the most remotest of sparkle in your diligently scarlet blood,
Materialistic things dig boundlessly lecherous corpses of stagnation for themselves on every step they tread; while I loved you solely for your immortally unconquerable heartbeats; the panoramic breath in your passionately inhaling nostrils;
which was my only ray to reach the Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

I Might Be Jobless

I might be jobless; not frequenting the spuriously bombastic interiors of office once again,

But I was definitely not without spell binding fantasy; dreaming in a land of paradise; while my pompously suited mates out there; battered their heads in the choking conference room.

I might be jobless; not stepping in the realms of my miserably claustrophobic office once again,

But I was definitely not without enthusiasm; blossoming into untamed newness every unleashing minute; while my manipulatively perspiring mates out there; acrimoniously ran for their blood; when the big boss absconded merrily on his tour.

I might be jobless; not entering the dingily squashed interiors of murderous office; as the clock ticked past 9; once again,

But I was definitely not without enthrallment; having the time of my life with the girl of my dreams; while my disdainfully mundane mates out there; barked indefatigably on their subordinates; eventually collapsing on cold floor; in utter frustration and tiredness.

I might be jobless; not bowing down pretentiously in front of my pot-bellied boss every morning; once again,

But I was definitely not without freedom; gallivanting to the most exuberantly remote place that I wanted; while my collared mates out there; pathetically grimaced in lecherous agony; sighting each other's monthly emoluments.

I might be jobless; not sitting like a slithering goldfish in my seat before everyone arrived in office; at the crack of dawn; once again,

But I was definitely not without my art; perceiving the most stupendously grandiloquent imagery on this fathomless Universe; while my sanctimoniously attired compatriots out there; marched left; right; and center; to the tunes of ruthlessly never ending clients.

I might be jobless; not polishing the shoes of my seniors; as they ordered me like a slave in office; once again,

But I was definitely not without optimistic hope; dancing in the aisles of tantalizing seduction; while my frigidly clean shaven friends out there; clapped

and laughed to even the most poorest joke of the boss; embracing his battalion
of children;
like their very own.

I might be jobless; not conceiving sleazy management policies; while my boss
snored in heavenly bliss; once again,
But I was definitely not without astronomical conviction; plunging into the valley
of ebullient adventure every unleashing minute; while my commercially
tyrannical counterparts; burnt their conscience's out there; in a pool of
derogatory smoke
and rebuke.

I might be jobless; not touching the feet of my hopelessly dictatorial supremo;
once again,
But I was definitely not without enigmatic mysticism; drowning myself profusely
in the swirl of melody and enchantment; while my conventionally tycoon mates
out
there; hideously plotted behind each other's backs; to catapult to the pinnacle of
baseless power.

And I might be jobless; not frequenting the boundaries of abominably rotting
office ever in my life; once again,
But I was definitely not without life; leading; romanticizing; exploring it to the
fullest as each night ripened into day; while my fellow mates out there; died a
million deaths every second; in the murderous rat race to be the absolute best.

Nikhil Parekh

I Missed You

I missed you like; the scorched deserts miss inevitable droplets of rain,

I missed you like; the innocuous orphans profoundly missed their parents,

I missed you like; the gargantuan chunks of white marble miss shine,

I missed you like; the arid mountains miss the mesmerizing cascade of the waterfall,

I missed you like; the wild panther in the cage misses its kingly status and growl,

I missed you like; the glamorous woman, who misses streaks of flamboyant paint on her nails,

I missed you like; the fortified lock which lies strangulated; missing its articulate key,

I missed you like; the fishes imprisoned in the aquarium miss the ravishingly salty sea,

I missed you like; the dilapidated stones lying on the street missed the honor of being incorporated in the palace,

I missed you like; the grandiloquent fountain pen missing its ink,

I missed you like; the mother who misses her children when they depart for school,

I missed you like; the leaves of the tree which thoroughly miss exuberant draughts of breeze,

I missed you like; the silver sands of beach miss a battalion of crabs,

I missed you like; the exhausted intestine misses reinvigorating water,

I missed you like; the blotted patches of thunderous sky miss the twinkling stars,

I missed you like; the crippled man misses his strong feet,

I missed you like; the tallest summit of the mountain misses the obstreperous sounds on the earth,

I missed you like; the spider crawling wildly on the ground misses its web,

I missed you like; the criminals held captive in dingy cells miss their homes,

I missed you like; the penguins wading through frozen ice miss holistic sunshine,

I missed you like; the drunkard in the disdainful hospital misses voluptuous wine,

I missed you like; the fractured bone misses its strength to audaciously fight,

I missed you like; the blind man traversing on the crowded streets misses his eyes,

I missed you like; the bereaved wife misses her husband,

I missed you like; the bird lying injured on the debris misses its buoyant wings,

I missed you like; those afflicted with cancer miss the zest for robust life,

I missed you like; the dimly old miss their resplendent youth,

I missed you like; the once exorbitantly affluent misses all his wealth,

I missed you like; dead body of a person missed indispensable breath,

I missed you like; the omnipotent god in heaven misses earth,

Please come back to me; forgiving me for my inadvertently committed misdeeds,

As I can't exist without you; I really miss you.

Nikhil Parekh

I Missed You - Part 2

There were no tears left in my eyes; wholesomely extricated of the last iota of moisture engulfing the impeccable whites,

There was no sweat left in my arms; horrendously withering towards the whirlpool of absolute extinction,

There were no emotions left in my blood; with its profusely scarlet shades metamorphosing into a lifeless slurry of dolorously colorless water,

There were no dreams left in my mind; preposterously relinquishing its most minuscule reservoir of memory forever,

There was no ambition left in my senses; miserably succumbing to the most infinitesimal matchstick of soggy dirt that encountered them in their way,

There was no color left in my lips; crumbling pathetically like avalanches of insipid ash; at the slightest of nonchalant caress,

There was no euphoria left in my veins; wavering like ludicrous threads in the atmosphere; into a well of deplorable renunciation,

There were no tunes left in my throat; drearily blending with the abysmally barren desert sands; sinking every tangible entity in the treachery of their belly,

There was no passion left in my footsteps; sounding more capricious than the nimble fleeted ant; entirely disappearing beyond the horizons of oblivion even before they were born,

There was no tenacity left in my bones; transiting into frigidly squelched pulp; as the first droplet of rain cascaded from the sky,

There was no mysticism left in my shadow; sprawling like a cloud of nondescript chalk; burying itself infinite kilometers beneath the soil at the most frugal insinuation of darkness,

There was no charisma left in my speech; with all the whispers diffusing from my mouth; sounding worse than the squeak of an imprisoned mouse,

There was no rhapsody left in my actions; with each shoulder I advanced

towards the sky; entrenching me perpetually in an overwhelmingly hostile arcade of venomous thorns,

There was no mischief left in my cheeks; with each dimple forming; invidiously dragging me towards the sinister island of tyrannical hell,

There was no semblance left in my persona; as I insanely stuttered towards the island of miserable doom; racing like an untamed warship towards the corridors of self extinction,

There was no inspiration left in my existence; as I collapsed like a pack of ignominious cards to blend with derogatory soil; even under the most flamboyantly sweltering sunshine,

There was no breath left in my nose; perennially annihilating every sign of life from the inner most rudiments of my disastrously mocking caricature,

And there were no beats left in my heart; as it coalesced profoundly with its grave; trudging survival like a lackluster leaf without the remotest trace of vivacity,

As I missed you more than clouds miss this earth O! enchanting Beloved; and although I trespassed every unveiling minute like a ghost with contemporary flesh

and bone; my soul had united with yours O! Beloved; would immortally remain yours forever whether you slept for centuries unprecedented; or took birth as an infant once again.

Nikhil Parekh

I Needed To Die

So that you could sleep blissfully all night; languish in the aisles of desire with an enchanting yawn engulfing your face,
I needed to wake up with my eyes incorrigibly open; fighting valiantly against the most inconspicuous of evil hovering around.

So that you could eat appetizing food; masticate ravishing chunks of poignant butter with stupendous relish,
I needed to sustain life on bland slices of bread and water; remain famished with a large bandanna stringently encapsulating my stomach.

So that you could bathe in crystalline water dribbling from the alps; apply the most bombastic of shampoo on your dainty skin,
I needed to be content rolling in a slush of dirty rain water; remained unwashed on the trot; sometimes for days.

So that you could fly kites high and princely in the sky; tugging the strings ecstatically with your petite hands,
I needed to run helter-skelter in vicinity; trying to capsize all the broken ones entangled on trees; for you to continue your extravaganza.

So that you could play in a cool ambience of air-conditioner; caress soft toys and view astounding cartoons,
I needed to traverse through the blistering deserts; bear the brunt of disdainful sands right on my face.

So that you could wear the best of clothes; embellish you entire flesh with beads of glittering gold,
I needed to gallivant naked in the freezing cold; bereft of a single cloth on my body.

So that you could watch exhilarating pictures; inundate your ears with enigmatic tunes,
I needed to tear every hair from my scalp; in evolving innovative ideas for you to view.

So that you could laugh wholeheartedly; smile with passionate charisma all round the clock,
I needed to slog it out against the uncouth world; shed tears of scarlet blood in my unrelenting battle to win.

So that you could talk loquaciously; flamboyantly announce your presence in bustling crowds,
I needed to inevitably keep myself subdued; stay completely lackluster and dumb in public.

So that you could fantasize incessantly; day-dream rampantly about all the wonderful lurking in this mystical world,
I needed to exist in pragmatic reality; transgress through a valley of rusted thorns; for you to romanticize in the corridor of pleasure.

And So that you could live life like a princess; rule the entire universe with the power of your wealth,
I needed to abdicate breath instantaneously; to metamorphose all your dreams into perpetual reality; O! yes I NEEDED TO DIE.

Nikhil Parekh

I Pictured My Ancestor

I pictured my ancestor draped in long flannel cloth,
with thick rimmed glasses caressing his nose,
sturdy stick with curved knight handle leaning across his leg,
a pair of compact denture riveted to his jaw,
historical time piece wound loose on his wrist,
plain soles of rich canvas adorning his feet,
partial stubs of grizzly beard gaining thorough prominence,
angularly crafted slender nose breeding amidst steel Grey eyes,
a bunch of faded parchment stashed in his waist coat pocket,
silken fingers with tiny nail, bereft of shining jewels,
short neck embedded well within shoulder sockets,
a charismatic glow captivating millions of youth in its reflection.

I pictured him sweating like a bull in his days of strength,
pedaling through remote corners of the town,
wrestling with pure professionals in the boxing ring,
earning life bestowing fodder for his army of children,
swimming past stormy channels of overwhelming hardship,
he had lived all life like an unconquered dictator,
never yielding an inch from territories of righteousness,
blaming none other than himself for his balance of misdeed,
with the feather tipped pen lying close to his heart,
and his rocking chair swaying violently still decades after,
he left for his heavenly abode;
O! yes I had a proud premonitions of whom I was a descendant,
as I tried even harder to picture my ancestor.

Nikhil Parekh

I Preferred To Call

I preferred to call smoke; ONLY SMOKE; as it was disdainfully dirty and horrendously polluted the serene carpets of atmosphere,

I preferred to call the stone ONLY STONE; as it was bereft of the slightest of empathy; stared in morbid silence for hours immemorial towards the blanket of stars,

I preferred to call the pig ONLY PIG; as it prolifically disseminated and perpetuated filth in every mesmerizing path it transgressed,

I preferred to call the knife ONLY KNIFE; as it harbored the virtue of indiscriminate blood; ghastily ripped through innocent flesh at diabolical will,

I preferred to call a chunk of obnoxious sewage ONLY SEWAGE; as it punctuated the rhapsodic air with an unfathomably repulsive perfume,

I preferred to call a tornado ONLY TORNADO; as it mercilessly annihilated the most minuscule trace of life existing on this planet,

I preferred to call an earthquake ONLY EARTHQUAKE; as it gobbled up immaculate entities in the swirl of its viciously reverberating tremors,

I preferred to call an avalanche ONLY AVALANCHE; as it impregnated an inexplicable wave of deathly chill in all those tangible scattered around; treacherously engulfed heavenly children in cloudbursts of satanic snow,

I preferred to call the thorn ONLY THORN; as it invidiously pierced unsuspecting skin; propelled a flurry of hysterical tears to dribble down the cheeks,

I preferred to call the footprint ONLY FOOTPRINT; as it triggered in me an inexorable nostalgia for the past; faded into obsolete wisps of nothingness with the tiniest draught of wind,

I preferred to call the frown ONLY FROWN; as it embodied a cloud of pathetic gloom in blissful entities seated around; dreadfully disrupted the harmony of God's divinely creation,

I preferred to call vulture ONLY VULTURE; as it insidiously plucked the flesh of

my revered compatriots who had celestially relinquished breath to depart for their heavenly abode,

I preferred to call the dustbin ONLY DUSTBIN; as it profusely fostered overwhelmingly crumpled fragments; which decimated traces of exuberant energy,

I preferred to call the dungeon ONLY DUNGEON; as it ruthlessly abdicated all forms of vivaciously blistering sunlight; rotting in perennial darkness; bringing euphoric man closer to his grave,

I preferred to call bombastic slang ONLY SLANG; as it hideously overpowered the rustically holistic rudiments of an individual; made him wholesomely oblivious to even the place where he was born,

I preferred to call poison ONLY POISON; as it snapped the fangs of precious existence; with its lethally abominable venom,

I preferred to call the devil ONLY DEVIL; as he dared the audacity to raise his savagely senseless head in front of my Omnipresent Creator,

But I preferred to call my Mother; as Mom; Mamma; Mummy; Mommy; Ma and an infinite other names from the repertoire of God; as she was the entity who had given me birth to witness and relish this fabulous world,

And I preferred to call my Beloved; as sweetheart; darling; revered wife; dreamgirl; poetry; and an infinite other names in the treasury of Almighty Lord; as she was the very reason that I was breathing life this very moment; in fact would continue to live even if the planet failed to be born again.

Nikhil Parekh

I Preferred To Die Infinite Deaths

I preferred standing barechested under sweltering rays of the Sun; profusely basking in a pool of gloriously golden sweat,
Rather than rotting away like a piece of dilapidated dirt incarcerated well within the dungeons; in fear of how the world would look outside.

I preferred plunging intrepidly into the vindictive; valiantly clashing my sword in the supreme exultation of defending my priceless integrity,
Rather than listening to unsolicited abuse as the days unveiled by; petrified to venture outside in fear of being uncouthly assassinated.

I preferred swimming in full fledged fervor against the tumultuously turbulent waves of the ocean; taking the rhapsodically tangy spray full throttle on my cheeks,
Rather than sitting like a disheveled banana on the shores; ruminating unsurpassable number of times; upon the aftermaths after being devoured by the sharks.

I preferred clambering up the treacherous slope of the mountain head on against the exuberant breeze; with the soles of my robustly sturdy feet the only respite,
Rather than waiting countless decades for a golden helicopter to descend; catapult me to the absolute summit within lightening flashes of the eye.

I preferred walking boundless kilometers in the astronomically dense forest; searching for the glamorous fruits of nature which I savored even in my dreams,
Rather than wait like a frigidly parasitic mosquito on the ground; for destiny to place the fathomless festoon of berries; languidly in my lazy lap.

I preferred wholeheartedly embracing the euphorically crackling flames of fire; profusely relishing the flamboyant warmth that rejuvenated every dreary bone in my persona,
Rather than running a million kilometers away from the blazing inferno; dreadfully afraid of being scorched to the corpse.

I preferred blurting out whatever was fulminating in the topmost compartment of my mind; candidly expressing even the most infinitesimal iota of my feelings,
Rather than plotting a battalion of insidiously lethal ideas; like a trembling coward behind the back of my compatriots.

I preferred speaking the perpetual truth at the cost of my rubicund flesh;

although it blended the sky and the earth together in the swirl of its irrefutably
overwhelming agony,
Rather than camouflaging my words with the cloud of deceitful lies;
manipulatively evolving every word I spoke.

I preferred to proclaim my love for my beloved in front of the entire acrid world;
in the face of rebuke and the most severest penalty from the society for my act
of unconventional audacity,
Rather than strangulating my senses painstakingly; bit by bit; as I watched them
bonding her sacrosanct countenance with the mate of her choice.

And I preferred to die infinite deaths this very instant with my head held high;
and the voice of my impeccably righteous conscience dictating me to execute
every action of my existence,
Rather than leading a life slaving for another molecule of my kind; bowing down
my persona to a diabolically lecherous entity; whom even the Lord had rejected
since immemorial times.

Nikhil Parekh

I Promise

Embrace me like I've forever wanted to embrace every pore of your sensuously poignant silhouette; and I promise I'll embrace you till times beyond infinite infinity; embrace you even more than ever before,

Nibble me like I've forever wanted to nibble the pungently robust outlines of your radiantly rubicund ears; and I promise I'll nibble you till times beyond infinite infinity; nibble you even more than ever before,

Kiss me like I've forever wanted to kiss every swirl of untamed passion on your insuperably scarlet lips; and I promise I'll kiss you till times beyond infinite infinity; kiss you even more than ever before,

Tease me like I've forever wanted to tease your impeccably uninhibited persona; and I promise I'll tease you till times beyond infinite infinity; tease you even more than ever before,

Tantalize me like I've forever wanted to tantalize the redolently cavorting goosebumps on your skin; and I promise I'll tantalize you till times beyond infinite infinity; tantalize you even more than ever before,

Encircle me like I've forever wanted to sacredly encircle every benign goodness that drifted from your altruistic soul; and I promise I'll encircle you till times beyond infinite infinity; encircle you even more than ever before,

Enchant me like I've forever wanted to enchant every pathway that you tread in the tenure of your convivially symbiotic life; and I promise I'll enchant you till times beyond infinite infinity; enchant you even more than ever before,

Enlighten me like I've forever wanted to enlighten even the most infinitesimally dolorous aspect of your blessed existence; and I promise I'll enlighten you till times beyond infinite infinity; enlighten you even more than ever before,

Date me like I've forever wanted to date even the most diminutive element of your majestically heavenly form; and I promise I'll date you till times beyond infinite infinity; date you even more than ever before,

Bewitch me like I've forever wanted to bewitch each of your centripetally shy senses; and I promise I'll bewilder you till times beyond infinite infinity; bewilder you even more than ever before,

Spell bind me like I've forever wanted to spell bind even the tiniest of vivacious hair extruding from your regally virgin skin; and I promise I'll spell bind you till times beyond infinite infinity; spell bind you even more than ever before,

Fantasize me like I've forever wanted to fantasize every shade of your royal existence in a boundless myriad of forms and shapes; and I promise I'll fantasize you till times beyond infinite infinity; fantasize you even more than ever before,

Preach me like I've forever wanted to preach every unwittingly dwindling nerve of your sporadically jittery persona; and I promise I'll preach you till times beyond infinite infinity; preach you even more than ever before,

Suckle me like I've forever wanted to suckle in your everlastingly unassailable warmth; and I promise I'll suckle you till times beyond infinite infinity; suckle you even more than ever before,

Accompany me like I've forever wanted to accompany you as your undaunted comrade in whatever direction you choose to adventure; and I promise I'll accompany you till times beyond infinite infinity; accompany you even more than ever before,

Stare me like I've forever wanted to stare at the unlimitedly panoramic and profoundly humanitarian depth in your innocuous eyes; and I promise I'll stare you till times beyond infinite infinity; stare you even more than ever before,

Pat me like I've forever wanted to pat you at the most ephemeral of your accomplishment; and I promise I'll pat you till times beyond infinite infinity; pat you even more than ever before,

Sketch me like I've forever wanted to sketch every fragrant rendezvous with your Omnipotently endowed grace; and I promise I'll sketch you till times beyond infinite infinity; sketch you even more than ever before,

Breathe me like I've forever wanted to breathe every ubiquitously philanthropic goodness that emanated from your eternally resplendent creation; and I promise I'll breathe you till times beyond infinite infinity; breathe you even more than ever before,

But Love me OR don't Love me like I've forever and ever and ever and unconquerably loved you; and I still promise to love you till times beyond infinite infinity; irrespective of your unjustifiable abhorrence for me;

love you even more than ever before.

Nikhil Parekh

I Really Don't Know

I don't know what else could I have so stupendously cherished for; without your majestically seductive and iridescently twinkling eyelashes?

I don't know what else could I have so wonderfully fantasized for; without your fantastically vibrant and timelessly sensuous stride?

I don't know what else could I have so bountifully felt for; without your compassionately divine and spell bindingly blissful caress?

I don't know what else could I have so unrelentingly wished for; without your celestially fragrant and supremely sacrosanct lips?

I don't know what else could I have so intransigently aspired for; without your philanthropically enchanting and invincibly mellifluous essence of symbiotic mankind?

I don't know what else could I have so timelessly yearned for; without your magnificently shimmering and flamboyantly fiery inferno's of passionate desire?

I don't know what else could I have so unstoppably leapt for; without your beautifully fluttering and vivaciously mischievous shadow?

I don't know what else could I have so uncontrollably slavered for; without your everlastingly heavenly and pristinely poignant; gorge of sweetness?

I don't know what else could I have so endlessly strived for; without your synergistically godly and ebulliently extraordinary spirit of righteousness?

I don't know what else could I have so fanatically obsessed for; without your majestically handsome and marvelously resplendent smiles?

I don't know what else could I have so indomitably hoped for; without your perennially ecstatic and aristocratically opalescent artistry?

I don't know what else could I have so boundlessly prayed for; without your magnanimously humanitarian and magically blessing ideals?

I don't know what else could I have so fathomlessly endured for; without your ubiquitously unlimited and synergistically fructifying voice?

I don't know what else could I have so ardently dreamt for; without your enigmatically uncanny and princely philandering demeanor?

I don't know what else could I have so patriotically blazed for; without your altruistically unflinching and fearlessly impeccable conscience?

I don't know what else could I have so effulgently sung for; without your freshly embellished and newborn bride; crimson cheeks?

I don't know what else could I have so perpetually loved for; without your charismatically incarcerating and pricelessly infinite heartbeats?

I don't know what else could I have so immortally exhaled for; without your Omnipotently reviving and optimistically enlightening; fireballs of breath?

And I really don't know what else could I have so unconquerably lived for; without your undefeatedly godly and Omnisciently benign life?

Nikhil Parekh

I Really, Truly And Shall Forever Love You

And I liked the way you uninhibitedly chattered; caring an infinitesimal damn about the acrimoniously uncouth planet outside,

And I liked the way you sensuously ambled; tantalizing even the dreariest blade of grass of threadbarely barren soil; to the most unprecedented limits,

And I liked the way you flirtatiously winked; inevitably inviting even the most lackadaisically vindictive skies; to torrentially rain till times beyond infinite infinity,

And I liked the way you unflinchingly paraded; as if the every speck of majestically virile earth; irrefutably belonged to you and solely you,

And I liked the way you ardently stared; perpetually feasting your eyes on even the most inconspicuously obsolete ingredient of the Lord's panoramically enamoring creation; all day and night,

And I liked the way you wholeheartedly laughed; wholesomely exhausting even the minutest trace of your miserably entrapped energy; towards the aisles of vivaciously dancing paradise,

And I liked the way you unconsciously snored; even as the tawdrily corrupt high society around; slept asphyxiating frozen under their frigidly air-conditioned quilts,

And I liked the way you intrepidly galloped; fantastically discovering profoundly blessing newness; the golden dewdrops of untainted fantasy at every step that you victoriously tread,

And I liked the way you fearlessly wrote; expressing your philanthropically benign thoughts with such candour; which was visible only in the regally steaming rays of the Midday Sun,

And I liked the way you inexhaustibly fought for anti terrorism; exhaled every breath of yours; solely to unite the ghoulishly estranged planet once again; into the threads of invincible brotherhood,

And I liked the way you tackled adversity; staring it right into its pugnaciously

imperiling eye; as if a newborn child Omnipotently stares into iridescently milky space,

And I liked the way you said goodbye when it mattered the most; sacrificing your umpteenth personal kin; for limitlessly serving your sacrosanct mother soil,

And I liked the way you earnestly prayed; not believing in any spuriously indiscriminating religion; but obeisantly bending down to the religion of humanity; even centuries after the last breath of your life,

And I liked the way you spiritedly danced; liberating unbelievable spurts of magically rejuvenating energy into the sullenly reproachful atmosphere; igniting fireballs of passion even in the most lugubriously penalizing of night,

And I liked the way you nimbly surrendered; altruistically donating each priceless ingredient of your blessed existence; to save the life of your haplessly staggering compatriots,

And I liked the way you tirelessly preached; unequivocally advocating the sermons of amiably embracing camaraderie; even as every single organism on this earth cold-bloodedly laughed you out,

And I liked the way you undauntedly embraced all fraternity of life; as if there existed no diabolical power on this fathomless Universe; which could ever squander
your impregnably harmonious grip,

And I liked the way you impeccably cavorted under the first rays of dawn; just as the mischievous infant bounced in the lap of its unconquerably divine mother,

And I liked the way you sporadically angered; letting vent to the fallibly molecular human within you; which was as sensitive as the royally emerald globule of rain;
of the very first monsoon,

And I liked the way you unshakably promised; as if the virtue of your Samaritan commitment would forever shine; even as cadaverous mortuaries of hell blended with pragmatically spawning soil,

And I liked the way you miraculously breathed; as if the gallows of the most ghastliest of death; had been entirely transcended by the effulgently effervescent whirlpools of life,

And I really loved you in whatever form; shape; color; fraternity; continent; that the Omnipresent Creator had created you in; in whatever stage of life that you met me; in whatever stage of death that your soul bonded with mine; O! Yes; irrespective of whatever yesterday; today or tomorrow that I ever confront; I really; truly and shall forever love you.

Nikhil Parekh

I Resided

I didn't miss your majestic eyes the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about their voluptuous charm,
I resided in their grandiloquent glory instead; floating in their poignant passion since centuries immemorial.

I didn't miss your seductive lips the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about their passionately rubicund mellow,
I resided in their enigmatic smiles instead; compassionately caressing their periphery every unfurling minute of the day.

I didn't miss your ravishing hair the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about their silken glory,
I resided in their trail of incomprehensible fascination instead; blossoming into exuberant newness as you swished them towards the flaming Sun.

I didn't miss your enchanting skin the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about its mesmerizing beauty,
I resided in its brilliantly ebullient streaks instead; getting tickled like an innocuous fairy each time you traced it with your nails.

I didn't miss your emphatic memory the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about your incredulously charismatic presence; which captivated even the God's,
I resided in your island of exotic dreams instead; invincibly conquering every barricade on this planet; each time you tossed like a freshly married bride; on the golden mattress.

I didn't miss your mystical shadow the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about its profound shimmering,
I resided in its satiny movement instead; dreaming beyond the ultimate paradise created by God; each time you bounced under the resplendent blanket of stars.

I didn't miss your robust complexioned palms the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about their magnetic touch,
I resided in their labyrinth of profusely enamoring lines instead; unflinchingly propelling forward as each chapter of your destiny; fabulously unleashed.

I didn't miss your ingratiatingly benevolent voice the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about its cadence which soared like an untamed

seductress towards the cocoon of blue clouds,
I resided in its oligarchic origin instead; fulminating like a whirlwind of fresh emotions; each instance you opened your divinely mouth.
I didn't miss your philanthropically throbbing heart the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about the melodious rhythm it intransigently obeyed all day and night,
I resided in its unrelentingly poignant volley of beats instead; basking in the cavern of immortal love; for infinite more births of mine.

And I didn't miss your stupendously fascinating life the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about the valley of extraordinary adventure it plunged into every unfurling moment; bestowed upon it by the Almighty Lord,
I resided in its gloriously triumphant set of breaths; traversing incessantly through the innermost corner of your chest and soul; till the time you lived this life; and took birth for countless more lives to come.

Nikhil Parekh

I Salute Those

We have seen many conquer the astronomical summit of the mountain; baring their chests against the mighty winds,
But I salute those who have conquered their conscience; followed its righteous voice to blend themselves profusely with the Almighty.

We have seen many conquer the battlefield; win even its most minuscule cranny with their tales of stupendous valor and unflinching bravery,
But I salute those who have conquered the sacrosanct virtue of peace; existing in celestial harmony with the blessings of the Creator.

We have seen many conquer the ferociously raging fires; succeeding in quelling its flames with frantic efforts of their adroit bodies,
But I salute those who have conquered pain; learn to progress shoulder to shoulder with what destiny has had to inevitably offer them.

We have seen many conquer gargantuan loads of wealth; reach the unbelievable zenith; having their pockets replete with glistening gold and silver,
But I salute those who have conquered desire; the lecherous wave of dictatorial fanaticism; which ruins countless innocent lives.

We have seen many conquer the stars; reach planets beyond the earth in the most ingeniously designed spacecrafts,
But I salute those who have conquered greed; breathe in blissful buckets of air in the sparse area of mud they were bestowed upon.

We have seen many scream their lungs; shout in profound hysteria to make their voice heard even beyond the satiny clouds,
But I salute those who have conquered their hearts; poignantly executed the message of its beats; even though it meant ultimate disaster in every arena of survival.

We have seen many live without food and water for days; accomplish incredulous feats; to register their place forever in the all time book of records,
But I salute those who have conquered their expectations; sacrifice their sole objects of worship; entirely for their fellow compatriots who needed them even the slightest.

We have seen many lovers making promises galore; romancing in the aisles of insatiably unrestricted passion; even after the sun had arisen,

But I salute those who wholesomely relinquished the tiniest longing of their lives;
dedicate their lives to make this world a better place to live.

And we have seen many sorrowfully accepting the irrevocable atmosphere of
death; sadly bidding adieu to the heavenly pleasure of this Universe,
But I salute those who rejoiced at closing the chapter of existence; emanated a
divinely smile while laying down their lives for their country; remained immortal
even after dying in the minds of each of their countrymen wandering; and those
still waiting to be alive.

Nikhil Parekh

I Salute You

I salute you for your majestic speech; the authoritative flurry of spell binding words which emanated royally from your mouth,

I salute you for your impeccable stride; the magnanimous poise in your stature that portrayed you irrefutably as the greatest,

I salute you for your astoundingly mesmerizing sight; your uncanny ability to decipher the most inconspicuous of evil loitering ominously in the crowd,

I salute you for your ravishingly rubicund complexion; the ingratiating aura you generated on every piece of soil you voluptuously caressed,

I salute you for your insurmountably stoical passiveness; the unsurpassable equanimity with which you confronted the deadliest of disaster without a ruffle to your whiskers,

I salute you for your unflinching sense of responsibility; the ghastliest of times you had borne; just to see a smile lighten up on the face of your compatriots,

I salute you for your astute acumen of dealing dexterously with the uncouth world; marching relentlessly on your path to undeniable success,

I salute you for your inexorably poignant eyes; the heart rendering empathy you harbored within; for your fellow beings in inexplicably horrendous distress,

I salute you for your incomprehensibly adjusting temperament; the incredulous way in which you slept even on bare brick walls; if the hour so commanded,

I salute you for your stupendously reinvigorating aroma; the blissful waves of sheer ecstasy it spread ubiquitously to every cranny of this planet,

I salute you for your streams of passionately circulating crimson blood; the unfathomable ardor they generated in lifeless souls wandering solitarily around,

I salute you for the vivacious laughter that entrenched your lips; the cloud of benign congeniality it propagated in whomsoever it cast; even an ethereal glimpse,

I salute you for your nose; which smelt only the profoundly good from even

amidst a dilapidated pile of horrifically fetid garbage,

I salute you for your bohemian feet; which kept traversing indefatigably to reach their ultimate goal; even in the most acerbic of storm and murderous rain,
I salute you for your incredulously alluring charisma; the mystically enigmatic look in your eyes which attracted the most alien at your doorstep; even from the most obsolete corner of the globe; like a trice of a bullet,

I salute you for your resolutely undeterred determination; the insatiable fervency in your demeanor to stand only by what you felt was right,

I salute you for your tumultuously adventurous zeal; the spirit of conquering the unknown profusely embedded in your brain; placing you an eternal shade above the rest,

I salute you for your tremendously transparent conscience; the sacrosanct feeling of righteousness which lingered around it for centuries immemorial,

And my wholehearted salutations to you O! beloved! ! for your ability to uninhibitedly love; your incessant endeavor to make this planet of God once again a
paradise; blessing each molecule of his creation with the greatest wealth you could ever possess; your greatest virtue called 'The religion of mankind'.

Nikhil Parekh

I Saw

I saw big shards of glass hurtle down the multi-floored building,
i saw well oiled elevators bounce on cushioned spring,
i saw sparkling river water transit black at Sunset,
i saw spongy tufts of grass with gold patches of castor oil,
i saw thin needle levers of watch complete clockwise journeys,
i saw hungry street dogs devour chunks of left over meal,
i saw steaming hot tea extract being poured in tapered glass mug,
i saw expensive ball point refill full with condensed ink,
i saw sandstone palaces basking in silver light of the moon,
i saw boiled candy sweets in air tight bottles of blue crystal,
i saw coiled python skin crushing its prey to death,
i saw snow white shoes with jet black knotted laces,
i saw emerald green coconuts containing ripened sweet water,
i saw shabbily attired beggars with bruised metal bowls,
i saw twin winged aircraft rolling on the carpeted tarmac,
i saw an army of ant with food grain stuffed in their antenna,
i saw gigantic fluffs of cotton leaking from dwarf potted plant,
i saw barrels of kerosene stacked neatly at the grocery store,
i saw a bunch of hard banana projecting from forked tree branch,
i saw towering church spires with king sized bells of brass,
i saw blood red wine adhering to polished interiors of champagne bottle,
i saw power propelled water craft churning through the sea,
i saw barbaric Tarzan swing merrily on twined bamboo roots,
i saw dark grey lizards on infinite spots of house wall,
i saw splendid portraits of articulately carved Indian God,
i saw wooden bridges with side margins of puristic ivory,
i saw hunch backed camel strolling through parched terrain of the desert,
i saw frozen balls of snow tumble down slopes of the Swiss mountain,
i saw ultra light butterflies float gently in moisture laden air,
i saw brittle hen eggs simmering in intense fury of the gas flame,
i saw fat cubes of molten cheese stored in cool comforts of the freezer tray,
i saw square shaped sodium bulbs burning incessantly through the night,
i saw gold rings studded with several diamonds cut in semicircular shape,
i saw acres of farm land with straw stuffed statues of gruesome scarecrow,
i saw a cluster of tiny wooden sticks coated with fillings of fire lead,
i saw tablets of pink soap lying dormant on chipped slabs of marble,
i saw toy fairy dolls with twin pairs of sapphire blue eyes,
i saw heaps of black charcoal stashed within open spaces of timber wood,
i saw live shows of stars in the London planetarium,

i saw pools of achromatic saliva decaying in vicinity of hospital bed,
i saw mammoth footsteps of elephant feet embedded in loose soil,
i saw the stars twinkle in exuberance at the onset of twilight,
i saw the sea waves rise to a crescendo as clouds wept torrential rain,
i saw menacing vultures tearing away flesh stuck firmly to tender bones,
i saw tantalizing black cloth fluttering in the rustic breeze,
i saw streaks of deathly silver flash across the ravishing sky,
i saw beads of multiple pearls pop out from humid recesses of oyster shell,
i saw denim grey whales toppling huge assembly of concrete ship,
i saw carved blades of ceiling fan flood the ambience with fresh air,
i saw the gardener sprinkle tepid water on bald patches of mud,
i saw the ambulance zip across the city at electric speeds,
i saw gutter water oozing out from neglected pores of sewer drains,
i saw the humming bee depositing gallons of sickening sweet nectar,
i saw the cricket ball soaring high in the mass of lowly suspended cloud,
i saw snake leather purse inhabiting pockets of cotton trouser,
i saw gaudy colored posters projecting from air-conditioned cinema halls,
i saw a battalion of soldiers marching through territories of upright thorn,
i saw people beating drum with long sticks of sliced bamboo,
i saw bundle of holy thread crisscrossed on sweaty palm,
i saw frogs croaking noisily at amazing depths of the century old well,
i saw wild shrub grow on barren landscapes after initial spells of rain,
i saw sail boats containing fish tied to pier abutments,
i saw the pouched kangaroo take volatile leaps through the jungle,
i saw the mesmerizing idol of lord Buddha in stone and studded gold,
i saw bicycle tyre trampling tons of compact earth road,
i saw exquisite curtain drapery obscuring harsh rays of midday sun,
i saw dark green leaves of full grown lotus flower,
i saw the steep slope of the hair raising valley,
i saw crumbs of bread slice roasting in heat compartments of the toaster,
i saw icy bed sheets of lake water,
i saw the mighty snatching wealth from the feeble and weak,
i saw brutal terror prevalent in minute quarters of the globe,
i saw the earth burdened by evil doings of fellow beings,
i thought i had seen enough,
my mind was bursting like a volcano with traces of hot lava,
it was time to put brakes on weird mental imagery,
reinforce intricate body mechanisms with,
holistic amounts of blissful sleep.

Nikhil Parekh

I Simply Didn't Want To Waste My Today

I didn't remember the color of the shirt I was wearing yesterday; the exact number of buttons adorning its daintily frilled frontal periphery,

I didn't remember the roads which I frequented yesterday; the routes which I had transgressed upon to reach my destination in an absolute jiffy,

I didn't remember the faces I had encountered yesterday; the fascinating flurry of smiles which had so gorgeously made my wretched day,

I didn't remember the food I had eaten yesterday; the stupendous delicacies which had voraciously tickled intricate cavities in my mouth,

I didn't remember the sleazy television serials I had witnessed yesterday; the comic people on small screen which had made me uninhibitedly laugh; conjured me to transit into a satisfied slumber,

I didn't remember the shops that I had passed yesterday; the resplendent festoon of gaudy lights and glow that had stolen fractions of my moistened breath and air,

I didn't remember the time when I dozed yesterday; the number of hours I slept in loud snores and perennial peace,

I didn't remember the flavor of tea I had consumed several times yesterday; the heavenly aroma that had imparted loads of ravishing warmth to my fatigued demeanor,

I didn't remember the flowers which I had smelt yesterday; feasting on the stupendous fragrance that wafted uncontrollably from their robust body,

I didn't remember the unprecedented cavalcade of exotic dreams which I had conceived yesterday; the ingratiating state of tingling excitement that they had wholesomely rendered me in,

I didn't remember the sounds which I had profoundly heard yesterday; the supremely melodious tunes which had taken complete control of my impoverished body and soul,

I didn't remember the countless verses I had embossed yesterday; the spell binding tunes which I had harnessed and composed with my very own thick blood,

I didn't remember the birds who had perched on my window yesterday; the boisterous chirps that had added insurmountable exuberance and ardor to my solitary life,

I didn't remember the birthday celebrations of my wife which had unveiled yesterday; the unfathomable pomp and gaiety that had enveloped my dwelling from each conceivable side as the evening tranquilly descended,

I didn't remember the perfume which I had applied yesterday; the alluring redolence that it had wholesomely besieged me with at ethereal dawn,

I didn't remember the names of the people who had amicably come to meet me yesterday; the marathon hours that I congenially conversed with the same to enlighten my wave of gloomy boredom,

I didn't remember the contemporary planes in which I sat yesterday; the grandiloquently plush interiors; the ornamental glass of ethnic silver in which I had sipped opulently red wine,

I didn't remember the signature I had executed yesterday; the flamboyant strokes I had delectably chiseled with my swanky pen on the face of the crisp chequebook,

And I didn't even remember the unsurpassable adulation; the fleet of prestigious accolades; that I had received yesterday; all the scintillating awards and marvelous trophies that adorned my translucent mantelpiece,

For if I remembered my yesterday; drowning myself in the glorious past that had circumvented me relentlessly in the past; then my fingers would automatically refrain to work today,

And basking in the glory of yesterday; I simply didn't want to spoil my fabulously rosy today.

I Spoke Allah

I spoke a blatantly incorrigible NO; when the unconventional society
manipulatively cajoled me to leave my poetry and do an obnoxiously mundane
office
job instead,

I spoke a congenial PLEASE; when I wanted to be wholesomely with my beloved;
wanted to uninhibitedly admire her and infact she wanted to mélange with the
glittering and star studded party,

I spoke a pathetically morose SORRY; when I had committed a blunder at home;
broken my neighbors glass pane; with the obdurate cricket ball I was tossing
wildly in my hands,

I spoke an audaciously domineering EXCUSE ME; when I was being irascibly
poked in the cumbersomely long queue; and each time I as I felt my number had
finally arrived at the ticket counter; somebody else barged in forcibly; disrupting
all my fun,

I spoke a compassionate THANK YOU; when the things I insatiably desired; were
delivered at lightening speeds on my feathered doorstep,

I spoke an inevitable YES; when the girl of my dreams; the divinely charisma of
my perceptions; invited me to embark on a shopping spree of the contemporarily
fabulous city,

I spoke a supremely cordial HELLO; when I met a person for the first time in my
life; didn't know the slightest as regards his uncanny persona,

I spoke an inadvertently embarrassing IDIOT; when the imbecile donkey
standing in the middle of the street; intractably refused to budge an inch to the
side; no matter how stringently I blew the horn of my monstrous automobile,

I spoke an overwhelmingly agitated STOP; when the battalion of sordid
mosquitoes hovering around my ear; unrelentingly buzzed a flurry of pertinently
discordant tunes,

I spoke an ebulliently exhilarated RUN; when my friend was just about to
commence the race; the bellicose pistol shots punctured still carpets of
air triggering its start,

I spoke a superlatively commanding SLEEP; to the innocuously stubborn child; who kept playing with his toy; even well past after wee hours of the midnight,

I spoke a mischievously flirtatious HI; at witnessing a voluptuous damsel on the solitary streets; that is after she winked at me with a tantalizingly playful nod of her head,

I spoke a timidly submissive PARDON ME; when I couldn't catch the indispensable words which the professor blurted; the very sentences which could surely arrive in the next day's deplorable exam paper,

I spoke a tumultuously volatile I LOVE YOU; when the only girl I loved; the queen of my hearts seemed to be drifting far away from me into a land of alien paradise,

I spoke a thunderously loud SHUT UP; when a cheeky intruder kept interrupting my conversation; disturbed my astronomical bouts of concentration; when I was blissfully communicating with my Omniscient Creator,

I spoke an infuriatingly abashing RASCAL; when the men I had stationed to guard my mother from perilously lurking evil; were found dreamily dozing in the peak of brilliant afternoon; with a basket of peeled banana skins loitered sloppily around their feet,

I spoke a tearfully dolorous BYE; when my beloved was going for a few days to her maternal home; and an ocean of agony oozed out poignantly from my heart and eye,

I spoke a convivially eloquent BON APPETITE; when I sat with my friend for nocturnal dinner; with an appetizing fleet of sumptuous delicacies lying right before me; sizzling ravishingly into my eyes,

I said an inexorably euphoric ENJOY; when I saw the impetuously flamboyant youngster dancing rampantly on the dance floor; swishing his body in nimble harmony with the seductive moonlight,

I said an unprecedentedly formal NICE TO MEET YOU; when my brief discourse with the Minister ended; and I had manipulatively extracted from his mouth the exact string of words I had actually dreamt of,

And I spoke a mystically Omnipotent ALLAH; every morning as I jolted off from heavenly sleep; every night as I bid farewell to the world for a short time; and all those moments when I was confronted with inexplicable quandaries in life; when life seemed to be a gruesomely unfathomable turmoil.

Nikhil Parekh

I Still Failed

To get out of the towering building; I used the golden escalators; slipping down like a harmoniously dying fountain,

To get out of the dingily dark well; I used a thick rope as a tenacious pulley to hoist me from the imprisoned ambience into tangy free air,

To get out of the flying aircraft; I used a buoyant parachute to blissfully cascade down on the verdant and perpetually green lawns,

To get out of diabolical prison; I used an ingeniously intricate key to open the impregnable looming and savagely gleaming doors,

To get out of the treacherous cave; I used the slim ceiling outlet timidly visible like frugal specks of dirt; from the place where I hopelessly crawled,

To get out of the miserably stranded shores; I used a boat of overwhelmingly strong wood; and a swift pair of maneuverable oars,

To get out of the blazing flames of blistering fire; I used umpteenth pails of water to douse them in rapid succession,

To get out of the labyrinth of enigmatic tunnels and halls; I used the profoundly distinct chalk markings embossed on the walls; the shimmering magnetic compass
which I held securely in my palms,

To get out of the commercially busy and boisterous market; I used an ergonomically molded squashed bicycle to escort me into free space at astounding speeds,

To get out of the spell binding ocean of sedative fantasy; I used a pail of abysmally freezing water to splash on my wholesomely lost and dreamy face,

To get out of the baffling web of incredulous complications; I used the idol of my Sacrosanct Creator as the last and final respite,

To get out of the obnoxiously hurting pair of claustrophobic shoes; I dexterously decoded the onerous armory of black lace lingering from its body,

To get out of the perennial state of gloom hovering incorrigibly around my body;
I used pulsating music to inundate my forlorn life with unprecedented ebullience
and cheer,

To get out of the repetitive chain of thoughts which incessantly kept stabbing my
mind like a million volcano's; I blurted a simple word called 'No'; banging
it vociferously into the atmosphere,

To get out of the intractably dark stains of dirt adhering to my flawless skin; I
used a stringent carbolic to evaporate them into the land of worthless
nothingness,

To get out of the bottom of the deep ocean; save myself from the tyranny of
ruthless drowning; I used my hands and legs prolifically to adroitly manipulate
my way;
smile merrily and swim,

To get out of the bountifully blossoming scent of passionate rose; I used my
nostrils to optimum effect; closing them intransigently with my fingers; to block
my nose to the most inconspicuous of fragrance,

To get out of this planet forever; I used a gleaming knife to slit my throat;
eternally end the chapter of my baseless existence,

But no matter how hard I tried; implemented infinite steps of veritable barbarism
including the ones mentioned above; I still failed to get her out of my mind; and
for each time I tried to forget her; her image became a million times more
embedded in the very center of my mind; the very center of my life.

Nikhil Parekh

I Still Had Life

The present moment is the most exciting moment; full of boisterous energy and excitement,

The present moment is the most rejuvenating moment; with animated incidents unveiling right before your blissful sight,

The present moment is the most exotic moment; with the newness all around freshly unfurling for one to wholesomely enjoy,

The present moment is the most young moment; with the heart palpitating to its fullest capacity in the glory of untamed passion,

The present moment is the most fabulously fantastic moment; with the world in motion beside propelling you to sweat in silver globules of liquid under the sweltering Sun,

The present moment is the most relishing moment; with the fruits of nature instantaneously falling in your celestial lap,

The present moment is the most uncanny moment; with a string of unexpected anecdotes inevitably unleashing in your path to the top,

The present moment is the most divinely moment; with the mind lost in realms of voluptuously surreal fantasy,

The present moment is the most pragmatic moment; with a compendium of sagacious decisions adding a supremely new cheer to dolorous life,

The present moment is the most volatile moment; with each action culminating into an ocean of bountiful ramifications,

The present moment is the most vociferous moment; with umpteenth number of sounds deluging the morbid ambience from all sides,

The present moment is the most talented moment; with blessed entities from all round the Universe using their brains to profusely insurmountable capacity,

The present moment is the most active moment; with tons of exhilarated breath descending down in vivacious tandem,

The present moment is the most versatile moment; with a myriad of actions being executed in a festoon of mystical patterns all around the boundless cosmos,

The present moment is the most poignant moment; with a varied conglomerate of compassionate emotions pouring in different forms; in different streets,

The present moment is the most innocuous moment; when you tread on the moist soil with nimble caress and intricate grace,

The present moment is the most spell binding moment; greeting you with an entire cloud of wonderfully ravishing surprises,

The present moment is the most testing moment; which gauges your skill to exist amongst a pack of hostile wolves and philanthropically survive,

And for me the present moment is the most richest moment; for although I didn't have exorbitant dungeons replete with gold and silver in my dwelling; I still
was breathing; I still had my Creator; I still had my Mother; I still had my beloved; and more importantly than anything; i still had precious traces of God gifted life.

Nikhil Parekh

I Still Profoundly Remember

I still profoundly remember those moments when we had first met; with your eyelashes fervently fluttering in untamed exhilaration; under golden rays of the midday Sun,
And today you sat like a silken princess beside me; with our new born daughter cuddled compassionately in your palms; as you bounced her euphorically towards the mystical clouds; every now and again.

I still ardently remember those moments when we had first met; with an unfathomable myriad of emotions stifled a trifle in your throat; as you nervously groped for the right words to begin,
And today you stared into the whites of my eyes like the ultimate angel of my life; with our new born daughter poignantly suckling milk from your impeccable chest; as you perpetually tightened your grip; upon my impoverished palms.

I still fondly remember those moments when we had first met; with the beats of your heart throbbing more vociferously than insatiable thunderbolts of lightening in crimson sky; as you tried to sagaciously discern every element of my diminutive countenance,
And today you embraced me more impregnably than the heavens could every embrace the clouds; with our new born daughter marvelously relishing your Godly touch; as you resolved to be only mine; for a countless more lifetimes.

I still ecstatically remember those moments when we had first met; with an air of stupendously supreme consciousness; triggering you to adjust the parting of your mesmerizing hair; with even the most inconspicuous draught of air,
And today you miraculously bestowed a river of unfathomable newness upon my every disastrously traumatized nerve; with our new born daughter mischievously poking her immaculate fingers into your nose; as you kissed me like a tantalizing seductress on my cheeks.

I still eternally remember those moments when we had first met; with your ingratiating form timelessly eluding me; as you surreptitiously tried to camouflage
your shivering form behind the undulating hills,
And today your ravishing hair blew perennially across the contours of my despicably languishing face; with our new born daughter blissfully sleep in your heavenly palms; as you poignantly assimilated even the most infinitesimal desire of my soul; in the
ever-pervading streams of your scarlet blood.

I still fervently remember those moments when we had first met; with an unsurpassable sky of goose-bumps; creeping in inexplicable excitement upon every pore of your celestial skin,
And today your enamoring lips had forever interlocked with mine; with our new born daughter innocuously wailing in your majestic ears; as your even the remotest trace of your shadow blended with mine; for centuries immemorial.

I still passionately remember those moments when we had first met; with torrential showers of rain pelting from the sky; propelling you to shiver in uncontrollable excitement; as you regally awaited my advancing footsteps,
And today even the slightest of your gaze had taken invincible control over my heart; soul and conscience; with our new born daughter flirtatiously frolicking at your divinely feet; as you made me feel the richest organism ever alive; on the trajectory
of this gigantic Universe.

I still piquantly remember those moments when we had first met; with your sensuously fulminating eyes; hardly mustering the courage to witness even the most
obfuscated of my reflection,
And today you unassailably signed every beat of my romantically throbbing heart with the immortal signature of love; with our new born daughter snuggling deeper and deeper into your comforting bosom; as you became the only reason for my holistic
existence.

I still proudly remember those moments when we had first met; with your words of inarticulately melodious introduction; seeming to me like the most fascinating sounds on this mammoth planet,
And today you enshrouded me from all sides with your aura of Omnipresent righteousness; with our new born daughter making us feel greater than the greatest of
Gods every unfurling minute; as you impregnably intermingled each of your breath; with mine.

Nikhil Parekh

I Stood Beneath

i stood beneath the gurgling waterfall plummeting down the mountain slope,
with icy coats of air slapping my face,
felt tingling sensations creep all over my exhausted persona,
drowning me in an ocean of unfathomable euphoria.

I stood beneath blazing roof of the fiery Sunball,
A swarm of flies buzzed incoherently in my ear,
Blistering carpets of heat stabbed fragile pores of my skin,
As I bathed in the vicinity of the open street in ponds of perspiration.

I stood beneath the dense camouflage of leafy tree,
Melodious rhymes of the cuckoo entangled frayed nerves of my mind,
Rain showers of water diffused from the clouds,
I slept on the bed of wet jungle weed with colored grape fruit strewn beside me.

I stood beneath a roof of pure silk cloth,
Ultra thin threads of floss tickling my nostrils,
The aura of luxury encapsulating impoverished zones of my mind,
Drifting me temporarily away from pragmatic realities of life.

I stood beneath the mystical idol of God all life,
Praying incessantly without reprieve,
Refraining from cumbersome work and daily tasks,
Visualizing quintals of grey notes to cascade from the statue,
My reverie was abruptly broken,
I heard in disdain the message floating loud and vibrant,
The idol admonishing me to perspire and bleed,
Shed costly tears in abundance, develop stains of mud on my immaculately
white shirt,
To pay the rent for the iota of space I occupied on mother earth.

Nikhil Parekh

I Think I Am In Love

What was this O! lord; that my lips refrained to speak; sung mystical tunes instead while walking on the streets?

What was this O! lord; that my fingers incorrigibly refused to write; drawing incoherent shapes in the mud instead?

What was this O! lord; that my eyes stared wildly in open space; instead of shutting down under the blistering Sun?

What was this O! lord; that the hair on my scalp itched incessantly; as if attacked by a thousand ants?

What was this O! lord; that I forgot to have my afternoon meals; when normally I was the first one to finish food in our family?

What was this O! lord; that I was engulfed wholesomely by sweat; even in the peak of freezing winter?

What was this O! lord; that I dreamt even while signing checks; entering in mind boggling amounts; that eventually left me bankrupt?

What was this O! lord; that I filled every glass of mine with alcohol; every time I felt like sipping water?

What was this O! lord; that I erupted out in fantasies of my childhood; when in fact I was supposed to give a lecture on business economics?

What was this O! lord; that I crashed head on with the waiter carrying a tray full of pastry; when in fact I had already sighted him from miles apart?

What was this O! lord; that I presumed it to be brilliant afternoon; when actually it was just a little before midnight?

What was this O! lord; that I drove my car right into the hotel coffeeshop; instead of parking it outside and walking down the distance?

What was this O! lord; that I cut my hands severely while chopping vegetables; when in fact there was superb synchronization between the knife and my finger?

What was this O! lord; that I gasped for breath like a dead man; when infact I had just arisen from bed after infinite hours of blissful sleep?

What was this O! lord; that a sheepish grin encompassed the contours of my face all day; when usually I was extremely stringent in my behavior?

What was this O! lord; that I reached the ghastly graveyard; when infact I was headed for attending prayers in church?

What was this O! lord; that I dipped my face in steaming acid; presuming it to be infact as sweet cakes for supper?

What was this O! lord; that I embraced an old woman on the verge of relinquishing breath; cognizing her to be the girl of my dreams?

What was this O! lord; that the blood in my veins ran at electric speeds; inspite of my medical practitioner ruling out any chance of blood pressure?

And what was this O! lord; that my heart palpitated at a million beats per minute; although she resided continent's apart?

You know what; your guess is as good as mine; and there was simply no rhyme or reason to defy it; for I think that the inevitable has happened; I was struck by the same fever as millions of my kind are struck every day; O! yes I think I am in love

Nikhil Parekh

I Truly Hate Crime

Bring life to your devastatingly chapped and gloomy lips; with a gorgeous ocean of profusely amicable smiles,

Bring life to your dolorously isolated and groping eyes; with a poignant river of boundlessly emphatic beauty,

Bring life to your pathetically dried and shriveled veins; with a vivacious sky of piquantly crimson blood,

Bring life to your ludicrously staggering and maimed brain; with perennial rivers of seductively mesmerizing fantasy,

Bring life to your horrendously famished and dithering stomach; with exquisite cuisine's of ravishingly exotic food,

Bring life to your ruthlessly jaded and orphaned palms; with a vivid fountain of magically inexplicable destiny lines,

Bring life to your pathetically dwindling and despondent ears; with an endless forest of mystically resplendent sounds,

Bring life to your treacherously lambasted and tyrannized cheeks; with untamed fireballs of ecstatically dancing exuberance,

Bring life to your insipidly malignant and termite ridden hair; with a marvelous waterfall of blissful sandalwood paste,

Bring life to your languidly incoherent and sleepy fingers; with a scintillating rainbow of magnificently royal pearl rings,

Bring life to your incorrigibly dumb and insidiously slimy tongue; with a torrentially uninhibited whirlpool of fabulously silken voice,

Bring life to your savagely fluttering and extinguishing shadow; with a fascinating tornado of bountifully spell binding enchantment,

Bring life to your rustically bohemian and perilously stagnating feet; with the timelessly majestic pathways of eternally bequeathing artistry,

Bring life to your horrifically sagging and irately dysfunctional eyelids; with an unfathomable mountain of impeccably flirtatious winks,

Bring life to your icily stoned and turgidly abhorrent neck; with an acrobatically ebullient island of incessantly drifting movement,

Bring life to your murderously crippled and sardonic imagery; with an insatiable paradise of exuberantly frolicking angels,

Bring life to your monotonously manipulative and blatantly lying conscience; with the Omnipotent light of irrefutably sacrosanct humanity,

Bring life to your despicably withering and tumultuously tortured nostrils; with the Omniscient panache of voluptuously divine breath,

Bring life to your lecherously betrayed and shattered heart; with the one and only religion of unsurpassably immortal love,

And bring life to your satanically broken and commercially convoluted life; with the everlasting tonic of unassailable humanity and happiness

Nikhil Parekh

I Walked Barefoot

When i walked barefoot on a cushion of jungle thorn,
the blazing sun boiling moist portions of bald earth,
with blistering waves of heat stabbing naked spots on my skin,
i felt a rich gravy of blood trickle at rapid pace from my sole.

when i walked barefoot on dying embers of seasoned lumber
sparks of red coal flying sporadically in the air,
a blend of grey ash and mud stinging my tender eye,
i felt like a slaughtered chicken with tumultuous numbness enveloping my body.

When I walked barefoot on frozen coats of ice,
Icy winds of snow caressing my unwashed hair,
With mercury dipping an abysmal low below freezing,
I felt blood in infinite veins of my body starting to transit into a solid curry of cold water.

When I walked barefoot on a large slab of cake,
The heavenly aroma of crushed cherry tickling starved hair of my nostril,
An icing of molten sugar now juxtaposed with my toe nail,
I felt concentrated waves of euphoria descend down my entity.

When I walked barefoot on the luxury coffin holding one of my kin,
Ghastly blows of sorrow encompassing my trembling body,
Hysterical sobs emanating from dormant regions of my throat,
I felt as if the world had come to a mute standstill,
The creator had promptly vanished,
leaving me deserted, to face the worst agony walking barefoot.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted

I wanted to be a part of the kingly orchestra,
dance wildly all night flexing dormant muscles of my body.

i wanted to swing in silky webs weaved of spider thread,
drown in the saline ocean amidst an ambience of grey whale.

i wanted to devour large chunks of unripened banana,
roll in silver sands with awesome amount of rain tumbling down.

i wanted to smell the sugary aroma of brilliant red rose,
bathe in shower taps oozing an incessant flow of golden honey.

i wanted murky clouds soaked in sandalwood to tickle hair in my nostril,
swim through frightening deep areas of the water pool.

i wanted tonnes of salt in the food i consumed,
walk on sparkling floor smeared with rich quality grease.

i wanted a compact wrist watch studded with roman numerals,
sleep all night in a cane straw house high up in twined branches of neem tree.

i wanted to plunge into the dark valley with a parachute attached,
sip violet grape juice at painstaking speeds from the crystal glass.

i wanted to gallop across mighty currents of African wind,
feed the fishes in the tank with minuscule grub and crushed bone.

i wanted to help all in distress and afflicted with pain,
earn gargantuan amount of wealth to achieve the same.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted The World To Recognize

I wanted people to recognize me as a poet penning down volumes of mystical verse; not as a mundane businessman,

I wanted people to recognize me as true perspiration trickling in the Sun; not as the sleazy bottle of artificial scent,

I wanted people to recognize me as bare skin battling all seasons; not as gaudy cloth camouflaging every part of my demeanor,

I wanted people to recognize me as crystalline water cascading down the pristine slopes; not as obnoxious whisky bubbling gently in the barrels,

I wanted people to recognize me as raw power of muscle; not as radiating boxing gloves fitted snugly to my palms,

I wanted people to recognize me as milk naturally oozing from the cow; not as chunks of pallid ice-cream stored in the refrigerator,

I wanted people to recognize me as a ray of sun in the cosmos; not as bombastic gleam of the bulb piercing effeminately through the night,

I wanted people to recognize me as original hoarse voice; not as shrill tunes diffusing over the silver coated mike,

I wanted people to recognize me as impeccable eyes; not as slinky tint of Sunglasses blended with a myriad of beastly designs,

I wanted people to recognize me as a soldier; not as a parasitic leech suckling fodder from the rosy tree,

I wanted people to recognize me as a dreamy yawn fantasizing unrelentingly; not as matchbox steps leading to the corporate office,

I wanted people to recognize me as a stalk of grass with glistening dew drops; not as ghastly spray of fertilizer causing animate to perish in vicinity,

I wanted people to recognize me as wild undergrowths of the valley; not as the glittering castle carved out of polished sandstone,

I wanted people to recognize me as choppy waves of the ocean; not as disdainful ringing of the alarm clock at dawn,

I wanted people to recognize me as a nostalgic philanderer; not as the broker manipulating intricacies of the stock market,

I wanted people to recognize me as a vivacious rainbow draping the velvety sky; not as flickering lights of the modern disco,

I wanted people to recognize me a scarlet cluster of sensuous grapes; not as the meticulous array of white spoons and forks,

I wanted people to recognize me as my mothers son; not as a towering entity garlanded with flowers,

And I wanted the world to recognize me as individual burning every second in the blazing inferno of love; not as a cupid arranging marriages for couples based on their horoscopes, caste and creed.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted To Accept

I didn't want to simply smile; I wanted to accept its fascinating glory and fabulous charm; instead,

I didn't want to simply cry; I wanted to magnanimously accept its treacherous sorrow; instead,

I didn't want to simply sleep; I wanted to accept its ravishingly surreal dream till times immemorial; instead,

I didn't want to simply shiver; I wanted to accept its mysteriously uncanny tingling; instead,

I didn't want to simply starve; I wanted to its inevitable descending upon my impoverished caricature; instead,

I didn't want to simply desire; I wanted to accept its stupendously passionate and ardent virtue; instead,

I didn't want to simply get crippled; I wanted to accept its tyrannical blow as a beautiful gift; instead,

I didn't want to simply sweat; I wanted to accept its onerous trickle as the seeds of incessant perseverance; instead,

I didn't want to simply admire; I wanted to accept all the planet as a paradise of mesmerizing beauty; instead,

I didn't want to simply dream; I wanted to accept it as a marvelously enchanting fantasy which blossomed into infinite petals of prosperity every unfurling minute; instead,

I didn't want to simply achieve the unconquerable; I wanted to accept its poignant triumph as an outburst from the celestial heavens; instead,

I didn't want to simply metamorphose the definitions of art; I wanted to accept wholeheartedly its indefatigably changing forms; instead,

I didn't want to simply marry the ultimate love of my life; I wanted to accept its most bountifully perpetual bondage; instead,

I didn't want to simply memorize; I wanted to accept my brain for its insurmountable labyrinth of intriguing dilemmas; instead,
I didn't want to simply respect; I wanted to accept its divinely sacrosanct blessings; instead,

I didn't want to simply gallop; I wanted to accept the incomprehensibly fast pace of life to its fullest; instead,

I didn't want to simply breathe; I wanted to accept its Omnipotent essence with open hands till times upto which the Creator wanted; instead,

I didn't want to simply love; I wanted to accept its most immortal element for countless more lives of mine; instead,

I didn't want to simply create; I wanted to accept everything around me as the most gorgeous organism of God's evolution; instead,

And I didn't want to simply die; I wanted to accept its unavoidable web with the same smile on my face as when I was freshly born; instead.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted To Be Unconquerably Sure

I really didn't possess even the most infinitesimal of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of vivaciously enthralling and stupendously proliferating life,

I really didn't possess even the most ethereal of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of gloriously nubile and ecstatically amazing life,

I really didn't possess even the most oblivious of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of resplendently triumphant and timelessly ameliorating life,

I really didn't possess the even most parsimonious of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of unflinchingly indomitable and fearlessly blessing life,

I really didn't possess even the most fugitive of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of beautifully redolent
and symbiotically undefeated life,

I really didn't possess even the most transient of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of tirelessly rejuvenating
and ebulliently winning life,

I really didn't possess even the most evanescent of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of jubilantly enthralling
and stupendously eclectic life,

I really didn't possess even the most mercurial of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of fragrantly unassailable and Omnisciently benign life,

I really didn't possess even the most transient of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of beautifully unceasing
and eternally ameliorating life,

I really didn't possess even the most obliterated of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of handsomely unconquerable and celestially uplifting life,

I really didn't possess even the most evaporating of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of effulgently rhapsodic and interminably fathomless life,

I really didn't possess even the most non-existent of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of unbelievably mesmerizing and incredulously royal life,

I really didn't possess even the most disappearing of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of benevolently humanitarian and supremely spell-binding life,

I really didn't possess even the most dilapidated of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of fantastically enamoring and vibrantly poignant life,

I really didn't possess even the most cloistered of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of victoriously showering and insuperably unprejudiced life,

I really didn't possess even the most ephemeral of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of indomitably felicitating and eternally harmonious life,

I really didn't possess even the most inane of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of majestically parading and undyingly burgeoning life,

I really didn't possess even the most vanishing of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of bountifully blossoming and holistically impregnable life,

Wholesomely contrary to the above; I wanted to be unconquerably sure every instant of my destined life; that whenever I died; whenever the Omniscient Creator had written the signature of inevitable death in my existence; it happened and

solely happened; on the feet of none else; but my timelessly insuperable and perpetual beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted To Be Your Heart

I wanted to be your tenacious palms; when you wanted to climb the steep mountain,
I wanted to be your intricate eyes; when you desired to browse speedily through condensed literature,
I wanted to be your formidable teeth; when you wanted to passionately chew hard chunks of sugarcane,
I wanted to be your feet; when you felt exhausted; with marathon distances yet to be covered,
I wanted to be your knotted fingers; when you wished to inundate immaculate sheets of paper with infinite lines of script,
I wanted to be your skin; when you felt the blistering heat of the Sun; the steaming breeze burning your flesh,
I wanted to be your breath; when you felt suffocated; gasping to inhale in claustrophobic cabins of the aircraft,
I wanted to be your memory; when you needed to scrupulously retrospect the past,
I wanted to be your laughter; when you danced around the room in stupendous exultation,
I wanted to be your stomach; when you were afflicted by monotonous constipation,
I wanted to be your rosy tongue; when you felt like boisterously screeching; expanding your lungs to top capacity,
I wanted to be your bones; when you felt dreary ready to collapse on the ground,

I wanted to be your nails; when you felt like inevitably scratching mundane paint from wall,
I wanted to be your confidence; when you were confronted all alone by a gang of unruly thieves,
I wanted to be your inspiration; when life seemed cumbersome at every footstep; with the tyranny of fate besieging you every second,
I wanted to be your ability to fantasize; when you desired to go to blissful sleep,
I wanted to be your ravishing hair; which swirled with mesmerizing grace under the fully opalescent moon,
I wanted to be your blood; flowing unrelentingly through your ocean blue veins,
I wanted to be your sweat; oozing profusely when you laboriously executed a plethora of household tasks,
I wanted to be your effusive tears; when you felt like sobbing in tribulation,
And over and above all; I wanted to be your heart; which was purer than the most exquisite of gold; loved me more than anybody else inhabiting this earth.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted To Breathe, Sleep, Eat With Your Name

I wanted to breathe your name each time I exhaled out air; impregnating the atmosphere with your mystical fragrance,
Facilitating your entity to settle; occupying all quarters of my cloistered room.

I wanted to sight your name each time I opened my eyes; granting it a status of being blissfully omnipresent,
Making me thoroughly oblivious to the tyranny of the world; the ghastly incidences unleashing themselves on the crowded street.

I wanted to hear your name each time sound drifted into my ears; transforming all other noise into your splendor,
Making your voice my song for the brilliant morning as well as my rhyme for the freezing night.

I wanted to recite your name each time I opened my lips; circumventing my face with an inevitable smile,
Imparting rubicund color to the corners of my cheek; and an enchanting glow to the fortress of my teeth.

I wanted to imprison your name each time I clenched my fists; keeping it forever locked in my embrace,
Shielding it wholesomely from nefarious looks of the world; the lechery of savage souls existing on this globe.

I wanted to digest your name each time I consumed food; enabling me to keep you in proximity with my intestines,
Eventually becoming an indispensable constituent of my blood; circulating rambunctiously through my veins.

I wanted to envisage your name each time I felt like dreaming; profoundly incorporating my mind with your mesmerizing images,
Catapulting me to unprecedented territories of paradise; the very instant I wanted too.

I wanted to incarcerate your name on my tongue each time I felt thirsty; to satiate the burning chords bouncing in my throat,
Celestially pacifying my desires; leading me to holistic pathways of spiritual healing.

I wanted to write your name in grandiloquent bold letters each time my fingers
itched to move; accentuating it profoundly on bonded paper,
Portraying the enlightening effect that it has; when sighted in embossed script.

And I wanted to remember your name with the first beams of evanescent dawn;
and the last minute before shutting my eyes,
Blessing me with loads of courage to fight the acerbic day; sleep as unperturbed
as god in the ominous night.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted To Breathe, Sleep, Live With Your Name

I wanted to breathe your name each time I exhaled out air; impregnating the atmosphere with your mystical fragrance,
Facilitating your entity to settle; occupying all quarters of my cloistered room.

I wanted to sight your name each time I opened my eyes; granting it a status of being blissfully omnipresent,
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and the last minute before shutting my eyes,
Blessing me with loads of courage to fight the acerbic day; sleep as unperturbed
as god in the ominous night.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted To Die With You

I wanted to dance with you on the Sun; with its dazzling rays profoundly basking us all day,

I wanted to walk with you through the deserts; with the golden sands weaving enchanting trails of our footsteps,

I wanted to sit with you on the placid green meadows; incessantly admiring the rustic cattle; scores of flocculent mountain sheep,

I wanted to gallivant with you on bare horseback; with your mesmerizing hair rampantly blowing with the air and tingling my cheek,

I wanted to leisurely philander with you across the amusement park; taking an exhilarating spin with you on the roller coaster train,

I wanted to raucously play with you in the swirling ocean; splashing infinite droplets of water on your face,

I wanted to talk with you on telephone for marathon hours of time; solely infatuated by the melodious cadence in your voice,

I wanted to sleep with you on the open terrace; with the tenacious rays of moon infiltrating into our eyes,

I wanted to eat with you in your plate; feeding you delectable morsels of food with my very own hands,

I wanted to stand with you on the summit of the monumental building; drearily sight the world as an obfuscated blur some thousand feet below,

I wanted to see all movies on the silver screen with you; entwining my palms with your compassionate fingers,

I wanted to entangle my wrists with yours; giving you the pleasure of easily defeating me,

I wanted to kneel beside your frail persona when you were ill; scrupulously feeding you your medicines despite your vehement resistance,

I wanted to bathe with you in the Jungle River; with frothy water profusely

tickling against our shivering backs,

I wanted to sip bubbling coffee with you beside the fireplace; relish the warmth of your breath wafting in the air,

I wanted to infuriate you to the threshold of irritation; then massage your sacrosanct feet till they felt rejuvenated,

I wanted to hoist you high and handsome towards the sky; asking the creator to bestow upon you my share of felicity,

I wanted to assist you prepare our supper for the night; frivolously spraying upon you fresh tomato juice to hear your animated squeals,

I wanted to ensure that you remained invincibly safe at all moments; hovering like a shadow behind you; not abdicating from your presence even if you rebuked me,

I wanted to attain the power of clairvoyance; satiating the most minuscule of your demands before you even uttered them,

I wanted to kiss you unrelentingly; for as long as indispensable air lasted in our lungs,

And I wanted to relinquish my terrestrial pleasures blending my blood with you; leave for my destination to heaven; the instant god decided to take you from me in his arms.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted To Flood Her Heart

I wanted to flood barren sheets of paper with infinite lines of embossed literature,
I wanted to flood the sprawling lands of desert with awesome amounts of slippery sand,
I wanted to flood the dry beds of the seasonal river with lots of fresh water,
I wanted to flood crystalline blue patches of the bald sky with diabolically grey clouds,
I wanted to flood stripped branches of the autumn tree with a battalion of lush green leaves,
I wanted to flood dilapidated crevices of the mansion wall with coats of scrupulous paint,
I wanted to flood profusely oozing wounds on the body with antiseptic powder,
I wanted to flood undulating slopes of the colossal mountain with scintillating sheets of snow,
I wanted to flood hollow burrows of the red ant family with bountiful chinks of italian bread,
I wanted to flood the eyes of people who were blind with indispensable sight,
I wanted to flood shattered panes of window; with arrays of pellucid glass,
I wanted to flood dismally empty tanks of the sedan with reinvigorating petrol,
I wanted to flood the fathomless well beside my house with surplus quantity of animate frog,
I wanted to flood the lungs of a dead man with bountiful and clean air,
I wanted to flood long stretches of the cable wire with white currents of electricity,
I wanted to flood naked patches of skin displayed with sacrosanct garment,
I wanted to flood the rusty nails lying dispersed on the ground with lots of resplendent color,
I wanted to flood the magnanimous persona of saline sea with a flurry of ravishing waves,
I wanted to flood the morose faces of individuals in anguish with blissful smiles,
I wanted to flood the mutilated silhouette of the crippled with inevitable bone,
I wanted to flood the empty bowl of the impoverished with life yielding food,
I wanted to flood the picturesquely embellished jar with fragrant rose,
And most importantly I wanted to flood the tenderly tangible heart of my beloved; with overwhelming love.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted To Immortally Reside

I didn't want a place in your ostentatiously embellished fabric; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your violently throbbing heart instead,

I didn't want a place in your voluptuously lingering mascara; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your mesmerizing eye instead,

I didn't want a place in the pompous vermilion coated on your forehead; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your ingenious brain instead,

I didn't want a place in your sleazily glittering nail polish; I infact wanted to immortally reside in the center of your palm instead,

I didn't want a place in the delectably fluffs of shampoo overflowing seductively from your scalp; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your tantalizingly black and ravishing hair instead,

I didn't want a place in the resplendent chain encapsulating your belly; I infact wanted to immortally reside in the cushioned interiors of your robust stomach instead,

I didn't want a place in the golden glasses of wine which were kept on your mantelpiece; I infact wanted to immortally reside in the stupendously fragrant sweat which oozed down your arms instead,

I didn't want a place in your alluringly deceptive lipstick; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your lusciously pink lips instead,

I didn't want a place in your slender network of boundlessly huge veins; I infact wanted to reside in the crimson streams of your blood instead,

I didn't want a place in the smoke that engulfed you at all times of the day; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your ardently passionate breath instead,

I didn't want a place in your exorbitantly costly designer shoe; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your celestial feet instead,

I didn't want a place in your opalescent pair of vanity earrings; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your daintily dangling ears instead,

I didn't want a place in the armory of diamonds which incessantly glowed on your petite fingers; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your tightly clasped and fervent fists instead,

I didn't want a place in the voice that floated from your persona for a few seconds and then disappeared into obsolete oblivion; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your incredulously rosy tongue instead,

I didn't want a place in the shimmering chain of silver enveloping your elongated neck; I infact wanted to immortally reside in the profoundly mystically valley of your throat instead,

I didn't want a place in the grandiloquently jewel studded watch camouflaging your wrists; I infact wanted to immortally reside in the pulse that indefatigably palpitated beneath your sparkling skin instead,

I didn't want a place in the astoundingly appetizing granules of food you consumed several times in a single day; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your immaculately scintillating teeth instead,

I didn't want a place in the spuriously spongy car seat in which you sat; I infact wanted to immortally reside in the most volatile of your fantasy; the most fabulously titillating of your dreams instead,

And I didn't want a place in every person whom you encountered on the streets in your struggle for existence each day and night; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your euphorically palpable life instead.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted To Love

I wanted to sleep in a land where there sprang the first rose; the tranquility in the atmosphere pacifying my agitated senses,

I wanted to dream in a land where there lingered the first cloud; celestial fairies were bouncing delectably around,

I wanted to eat food in a land where there hung the first fruit; the reinvigorating aroma of fresh grass fomenting pangs of raw hunger in my stomach,

I wanted to yawn in a land where there twinkled the first star; its placid shimmer; drowning me into waves of enchantment and siesta,

I wanted to trespass through a land where there was embedded the first layer of soil; virgin twigs and a conglomerate of fluffy leaves fervently awaiting to be trampled by my feet,

I wanted to breathe air in a land where there floated the first draught of breeze; the unadulterated wind besieging me with overwhelming rhapsody; every unfurling second,

I wanted to view scenic nature in a land where there flew the first flamingo; mammoth eggs of the ostrich about to hatch; mold and harness themselves into magnificent fledglings,

I wanted to play in a land where there hung the fist chimpanzee; clusters of innocuous rabbits merrily traversed in perfect harmony and unison,

I wanted to scratch my skin blood red in a land where there hovered the first mosquito; petulant lizards and robust worms wandering about in gay abandon,

I wanted to swim in a land where there swelled the first sea; its silken and tangy froth; profoundly rejuvenating my dreary soul,

I wanted to chew inebriating leaves in a land where there sprouted the petal of tobacco; languish in the meadows with the aftermath; placing me into a blissfully sedative fantasy,

I wanted to sketch mesmerizing lines in a land where there stood the first mountain; its towering summit blending with sky; impregnating an insatiable

itching in my fingers to draw,

I wanted to dance in a land where there was gyrating the first dolphin; the mysticism in its eyes propelling me to add strides to my pace; move incessantly to the beats of hissing snakes,

I wanted to study in a land where there meditated the first saint; the omnipotent power of his ideals metamorphosing me into the strongest entity,

I wanted to smile in a land where there laughed the first clown; the comic distortions of his face inevitably triggering uncontrollable guffaws from my persona,

I wanted to fight in a land where there marched the first soldier; the true spirit of freedom in his eyes; and the armor in his hands; annihilating the most minuscule trace of fear from my cowardly visage,

I wanted to sing in a land where there appeared the first shadow; the enigma in its obscure silhouette; engendering me to convert my subdued whispers into melodious tunes,

I wanted to work in a land where there existed the first mother; the tenacity of her blessings igniting the real stalwart hidden inside me,

And 'I WANTED TO LOVE' in a land where there lived the first girl; the very first woman who wholesomely loved me; blended her heart; soul and desire with mine.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted To Make The World A Better Place

The nimble blades of grass sprouting from soil; wanted sumptuous sunshine for nutrition,
The boisterous squirrels clambering on the tree; wanted a
The reptiles slithering mystically through a labyrinth of blend of insect and large succulent leaf,
The frogs croaking in discordant cacophony; wanted blotted ponds of water to bathe and make merry,
The mystically radiant reptile slithering through jungle bush; wanted innocuous trespassers; to sting,
The pearly white mushrooms growing rampantly in the fields; wanted tinges of disdainful dirt,
The hunch backed camel traversing through the abysmally hot desert; wanted revitalizing refreshments of water,
The uncanny spider spinning its web with dexterity; wanted to devour unsuspecting prey entangled in vicinity,
The ostentatiously inflated persona of balloon; wanted to soar at unprecedented heights in the air and fly,
The diminutive body of matchstick; wanted to incinerate mammoth buildings and produce fire,
The majestic leopard galloping through the forest, wanted to capsize its prey; pulverize it to pieces,
The ubiquitous birds flying in the sky; wanted to reach back their nests before the onset of perilous night,
The ravenous waves of the sea blended perfectly in full Sunlight; wanted to rise high; collide with the jagged rocks and eventually die,
The brown eyed looking impeccable goat; wanted to consume lots of corn and produce frosty milk,
The sniffer dogs running at swashbuckling speeds through the city streets; wanted to hunt nefarious criminals; annihilate traces of their entity,
The gigantic lizard on the wall incessantly changed its color; wanted to entice its prey; pretending to be like a dead twig,
The pot bellied ducks quacked for indefatigable hours in the day; wanted scores of opalescent fish to relish,
The monstrous sized tortoise with its neck well camouflaged; wanted a plethora of worm,
The frivolously sculptured domestic cat; wanted to insatiably sip at hidden bowls of milk,
The obnoxiously detestable cockroach violently fluttered its antenna; wanted to safely sleep in the clammy and untidy realms of the gutter,

The diabolical demon in fairy tales; wanted to munch humans like ants in his mouth,
And till the time I existed on this earth in the form of a human being,
I wanted to unrelentingly love; make the world a better place to live in,
With celestial blessings of the Creator; to assist me in every step of my benevolent endeavor.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted To Paint

I wanted to paint ornate flower petals with spring water,
swallow the residue of perfumed liquid dripping down its stalk.

i wanted to paint blue chipped marble floors with freshly extracted cow butter,
roll violently in the grease for several days on the trot.

i wanted to paint chicken flesh with hot ginger curry,
boil it in steaming water blended with a plethora of vegetable.

i wanted to paint bare walls of the castle in crimson color,
engrave mystical designs on it with my uncut fingernail.

i wanted to paint tall poles of the maple tree with extremely saline sea water,
lick as long as my tongue could last, spicy patches of tree shivering in the
breeze.

i wanted to paint my toenails with brilliant red dye,
dance on the sun with blistering light filtering through delicate pores of skin.

i wanted to paint my hair with golden honey,
expose them to the atmosphere for the birds to feed.

i wanted to paint barren patches of land with blades of lush green grass,
sprinkle the infertile land with gargantuan amount of goat manure.

i wanted to paint white canvas with swashbuckling strokes of feather brush,
draw a sketch depicting blissful territories of the globe.

i wanted to paint immaculate walls of her heart with my thick blood,
pray that the scripture lays imprisoned for decades till we exist.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted You To Be

I wanted you to be my godmother; caress me gently in the night; humming a melodious rhyme to put me to sleep,
Prepare appetizing dishes of corn to gratify my gluttony; wipe the tears of my cheek when I was struck with grief.

I wanted you to be my robust brother; tickling me incessantly in my ribs; make me wholeheartedly laugh,
Defending me against all evil prevailing; obliterating me from the remotest of brutality.

I wanted you to be my absent minded father; riding with me through steep curves of the hill on a horse,
Instilling gargantuan confidence in me while I studied; embedding my tender mind with nostalgic reminiscences of the past.

I wanted you to be my innocuous child; crying impeccably as I hoisted you high in my arms,
Melting my heart with your mischievous smile; tugging at my loose beard with your dainty fingers.

I wanted you to be my old grandmother; reciting to me a plethora of mesmerizing fairy tale,
Preparing herbal concoctions to pacify my wounds; admonishing me severely for flaunting with girls.

I wanted you to be my ravishing dreams; tingling dormant arenas of my heart with your stupendous grace,
Radiating perpetual heat in my body all day; leaving your everlasting fragrance close to my soul.

I wanted you to be the blood that flowed through my veins; imparting strength to my fragile muscle,
Purifying every unleashing second as I breathed air; losing refined degrees of control at the slightest of provocation.

I wanted you to be my intricate heart; which throbbed violently when loved,
Imprisoned the deity it worshipped; and was prepared to relinquish life for the ones it really cared for.

I wanted you to be the redness of my lips; which got more accentuated when I rubbed them,
Exorbitantly highlighting the fervor of my thoughts; the insatiable passion I had impregnated in my eyes.

And over and above all; I desperately wanted you to be my wife,
Inundate my impoverished heart with vast oceans of your love; blissfully living with me for this and an infinite lives more to be confronted.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wanted You To Live For A Thousand Centuries

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every century unfolding;
having a million years,
The smile on your luscious lips profoundly enlightening the pallid atmosphere.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every year unleashing; having
a million months,
The charisma of your immaculate demeanor; incarcerating me thoroughly in its
divine grace.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every month unveiling;
having a million fortnights,
The empathy in your intricate eyes; making me oblivious to this monotonous
world.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every fortnight releasing;
having a million weeks,
The fragrance of your silhouette; tickling my conscience with inevitable strokes of
attraction.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every week blossoming;
having a million days,
The overwhelming melody in your voice inundating the atmosphere with supreme
rhapsody; putting me to celestial sleep.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every day ripening; having a
million hours,
The mystical aura of your blissful presence; entrenching me in entirety;
catapulting me into surreptitious realms of heaven.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every hour passing; having a
million minutes,
The tenderness of your silken touch; making me exorbitantly realize that I was
alive.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every minute discharging;
having a million seconds,
The satiny cascade of your tantalizing hair; encompassing every arena of my
body.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every second zipping; by
having a million passionate breaths,
The throbbing of your heart amalgamating with mine; making me practically
invincible from all sides.

I wouldn't mind if all fantasies of my life miserably failed; but it my humble plea
to you O! Omnipresent creator,
To convert this fantasy of mine into a perpetual reality; Bonding us together for
times and centuries immemorial.

Nikhil Parekh

I Was Ardently Dying To Die

Neither was I in a hurry to reach even the most swankiest corporate office; even as countless were ready to work under the faintest swish of my thumb-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to royally soar to the absolute apogee of Everest; even as the most uninhibitedly sensuous wings of flight; inexhaustibly craved for me to wholesomely mount them—only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to own the entire treasury of currency notes on this planet; even as every organism existing laid everything that they ever had or could conceive; in front of my bohemian footsteps-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to endlessly keep snoozing on a profusely diamond studded-silken bed; even as each intangible wall of the unconquerable castle kept indefatigably wailing my name-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to effortlessly run on ferociously undulating sea water; even as each untamed wave metamorphosed itself into unmoving earth in due obeisance; as I tread the nimblest of my foot in utter discordance-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to unabashedly fly in the tantalizingly surreal clouds; even as I zipped to an infinite kilometers high in the ecstatic atmosphere; ruthlessly stomping my feet in disarray-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to sight the most infinitesimal of needle in a haystack; even as the strands of hay themselves stood up in unison to unanimously salute me; thereby easing an exuberant way for my vision to lift the invisible pin-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to endlessly keep interlocking palms with the most famous celebrities and leaders of this Universe; even as they swarmed like a hive of an infinite famished bees; around the most imperceptible of my shadow-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to be unendingly garlanded by every on-looker that crept my way; even they incorrigibly refused to budge an inch without fondly caressing
me-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to everlastingly embed my signature on every tangible and intangible quarter of this planet; even as everything around me and till a boundless distance fasted itself to death; unless I graced it with my breath-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to make passionately unbreakable love to the most beautiful maidens on this earth; even as they themselves and entirely surrendered to even the most obliterated of my whisper-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to break every record existing in the Universe and beyond; even as each ingredient of my blood was being miraculously blessed with the power to conquer the entire planet-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to rule the entire globe—perpetually taking its reigns by storm in my rustic palms; even as each organism itself and fervently wanted me to take complete control of the quality of its destined existence-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to become the strongest of the strongest man on this enchanting earth; even as every opposite enemy camp meekly surrendered and pulverized itself to inconspicuous dust; in the diminutively formed fist of my palm-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to eat the most ravishingly succulent cuisines of this earth; even as each inimitable fruit and tantalizing curry in the atmosphere fell copiously in my lap—only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to decipher the most baffling mysteries of this inexplicable cosmos; even as the most obsolete cranny of my brain was being adroitly programmed to astounding perfection-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to experience sheer and insatiably euphoric utopia; even as the enamoring mists of undefeated paradise themselves descended upon every inch of my abode-only this once,

Neither was I in a hurry to live to its fullest and most unprecedented capacity; even as the Jin of hope granted me a wish to palpitate in newness till the time I wanted-only this once,

But I was ardently dying to die this very moment itself; not wasting a single more second as the clock of the world ticked; so that my lifeless body could be buried right in front of my Creator's Omnipotent mosque; right in front of where

his Omniscient feet had eternally guided me whilst I was alive.

Nikhil Parekh

I Was Definitely Proud

I was not proud of the appetizing morsels of food before my eyes; but I was definitely proud of the fact; that God had given me a chance to wholeheartedly savor them,

I was not proud of the unprecedented opulence that lay profusely inundated in my treasuries; but I was definitely proud of the fact; that God had given me a chance to benevolently utilize them,

I was not proud of the Herculean power that circumvented my bones; but I was definitely proud of the fact; that God had given me an chance; to defend my impoverished countrymen with the same,

I was not proud of the rhapsodically mesmerizing eyes which lay beneath the sockets of my forehead; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to insatiably drown myself and explore the beauty of this fathomless Universe,

I was not proud of the lightening speed that engulfed the robust framework of my legs; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to gallivant till as far I wanted; run indefatigably for the philanthropic mission that encompassed my soul,

I was not proud of the unrelenting fragrance that besieged my flesh; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to disseminate the same in ebullient lives transgressing around,

I was not proud of the insurmountable battalion of swanky cars that garlanded my glamorous drive; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; elope with my innocuous fellow mates; to the most enchantingly exciting destinations of tomorrow,

I was not proud of the astoundingly magnificent flurry of eyelashes that embellished my lids; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to wink and congenially philander with the humans of my choice,

I was not proud of the gloriously rubicund lips that formed the magnanimous silhouette of my face; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to smile and frolick in the aisles of untamed desire and perpetual

happiness,

I was not proud of the incredulously knotted festoon of fingers that protruded royally from my palms; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me

a chance; to sketch the most majestically enticing shapes in this Universe with the same,

I was not proud of the poignantly passionate streams of blood that flowed turbulently through my veins; but I was definitely proud of the fact God had given me a chance; to shed it uninhibitedly for the entities who wanted it the most,

I was not proud of unfathomable happiness that lingered in my countenance; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me chance; to share it with my fellow comrades in despairing pain,

I was not proud of the grandiloquent ocean of dreams that incessantly floated in my brain; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to metamorphose this manipulative planet once again into an enthralling paradise,

I was not proud of the irrefutable essence of truth enveloping my visage; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to scrap the blatantly abusive virtue of lies forever from this world,

I was not proud of the impeccably fair color entrenching each cranny of my skin; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to enlighten the lives of those in ghastly blackness; with my inherent charisma and light,

I was not proud of the supremely magical contentment ingrained in my blood; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to benevolently assist the disastrously maimed; to achieve their ultimate ambitions and goals of life,

I was not proud of the compassionately fiery inferno of breath diffusing from my nostrils; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to impregnate optimistic hope in the morbidly lifeless,

I was not proud of the complete family that followed me all night and day in each of my conquest; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a

chance; to exist amidst such a selfless fraternity of fantastic human beings,

I was not proud of the heart that relentlessly throbbed in my chest; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to immortally love and diffuse its ravishingly royal waves to the most boundless corner of this globe,

And I was not proud of living since decades immemorial; but I was definitely proud of the fact that God had given me a chance; to love; procreate; discover; endeavor my best to make planet earth a better place to live and let live

Nikhil Parekh

I Was Existing

Footsteps were plodding,
Shadows were fluttering,
Sun was rising,
Waves were undulating,
Flowers were blossoming,
Butterflies were frolicking,
Landscapes were shimmering,
Eyelids were flashing,
Hands were shaking,
Royalty was basking,
Spindles were weaving,
Waterfalls were gushing,
Fountains were cascading,
Volcanos were fulminating,
Leopards were prowling,
Sirens were blaring,
Rays were streaming,
Cyclones were swirling,
Sands were glistening,
Wrestlers were fighting,
Warriors were blazing,
Sages were concentrating,
Brains were tick-tocking,
Stars were radiating,
Eyeballs were revolving,
Business's were manipulating,
Droplets were trickling,
Winds were blowing,
Beers were guzzling,
Mouths were snoring,
Fires were blistering,
Sweat was persevering,
Pens were writing,
Bumble-bees were buzzing,
Gold was glittering,
Darkness was charming,
Ducks were quacking,
Goats were bleating,
Leaves were rustling,

Roses were blooming,
Teeth were chattering,
Echoes were reverberating,
Exhibitionists were revealing,
Springs were recoiling,
Snakes were hissing,
Cartoons were mimicking,
Ships were docking,
Goldfish were swimming,
Doors were creaking,
Matchsticks were igniting,
Horses were galloping,
Cows were munching,
Mind was evolving,
Energy was dissipating,
Nightingale was singing,
Friendships were flourishing,
Seductress's were titillating,
Soldiers were marching,
Giraffes were bouncing,
Raindrops were pelting,
Pigs were grunting,
Sand was slipping,
Chains were rattling,
Rats were squeaking,
Tails were wagging,
Bareskins were shivering,
Abattoirs were tyrannizing,
Days were sweltering,
Grasses were tingling,
Grasshoppers were hopping,
Spiders were spinning,
Worms were crawling,
Flamingoes were diving,
Dustbins were stinking,
Seeds were sprouting,
Discos were pulsating,
Barbers were trimming,
Keys were jingling,
Lips were smiling,
Hours were unveiling,
Musicians were humming,

Statues were gazing,
Bats were sucking,
Lions were roaring,
Diamonds were scintillating,
Dungeons were dooming,
Earthquakes were devastating,
Dinosaurs were threatening,
Scents were stimulating,
Artists were sketching,
Entrepreneurs were trendsetting,
Cats were meowing,
Shoes were trampling,
Mosquitoes were stinging,
Bombs were exploding,
Children were playing,
Electricity was flickering,
Rainbows were appeasing,
Bubbles were bursting,
Bullets were ricocheting,
Swords were clashing,
Slaves were cursing,
Glass was shattering,
Sharks were pulverizing,
Blind were groping,
Wolves were howling,
Divine were praying,
Renegades were plotting,
Masks were camouflaging,
Diseases were wrenching,
Roofs were sequestering,
Philanderers were dating,
Bandits were looting,
Mothers were dedicating,
Pompous were falsifying,
Lizards were swishing,
Ancestors were recounting,
Insane were stumbling,
Impoverished were starving,
Rich were gloating,
Air was circulating,
Advertisers were gimmicking,
Soil was harboring,

Butter was greasing,
Mirrors were reflecting,
Pearls were enticing,
Bricks were fortifying,
Frogs were croaking,
Smoke was polluting,
Thunder was scaring,
Impersonators were disguising,
Glamour was exposing,
Sleep was gratifying,
Nostalgia was reinvigorating,
Bars were imprisoning,
Mountains were rejuvenating,
Photographs were capturing,
Looks were deceiving,
Colors were merging,
Clouds were mesmerizing,
Celebrities were celebrating,
Philanthropists were uniting,
Politicians were attracting,
Terrorists were incinerating,
Phones were ringing,
Silk was satiating,
Solitude was deteriorating,
Freedom was levitating,
Orphans were remembering,
Cowards were sulking,
Waiters were serving,
Parasites were relishing,
Demons were killing,
Offsprings were wailing,
Strategists were planning,
Dead were stinking,
Lovers were loving,
Souls were hovering,
Breath was diffusing,
Hearts were palpitating,
Cannibals were devouring,

And I was existing

I Was Fed Up

I was fed up of being parasitically dependant,
Not of my irrevocable weight; inevitably squelching loose chunks of soil as I
walked.

I was fed up of being worthlessly pampered,
Not of my unrelenting festoon of fantasies; which tirelessly cuddled me; beyond
the ultimate epitomes of mesmerizing enthrallment.

I was fed up of going to manipulatively uncouth office,
Not of indefatigably working to achieve my art; rise to be the absolute best in my
romantically voluptuous passions of existence.

I was fed up of being sympathetically fed,
Not of rightfully earning my share of appetizing meal; from earth's fathomless
reserve of ravishingly bountiful endowment.

I was fed up of ostentatiously spurious relationships,
Not of blending with bonds of eternal love and philanthropic friendship; making
me the richest entity alive on the trajectory of this boundless Universe.

I was fed up with cowards who were infidel,
Not of innocuously bouncing infants; capriciously changing their moods; even as
the winds nimbly changed the slightest of their direction.

I was fed up of taking things for granted,
Not of the wonderfully intrinsic processes of my body; which functioned like
astoundingly meticulous clockwork all night and day; to keep me blissfully alive.

I was fed up of casual approaches to lead life,
Not of the serene calm which enveloped my mind; propelling me to focus on the
unsurpassable myriad of things; yet to be destined.

I was fed up of being tyrannically dictated,
Not of being a perennially obedient slave of true love; bowing down in revered
obeisance to the flower of humanity; which invincibly lingered all over the planet.

I was fed up of youth staring lackadaisically towards fading horizons,
Not of the intrepidly endowed soldier; who sacrificed his life for his motherland;
without even batting an eye.

I was fed up witnessing people polishing the shoes of their pompously inflated boss,
Not of the patriotic stalwarts; kissing their goals incessantly even while in their sleep; hugging inseparably to their benevolent mission in life.
I was fed up of ghastly war and indiscriminate bloodshed,
Not of the unfathomable rebel in my soul; which resolved to scrap injustice and hatred; from the tiniest core of their non-existent roots.

I was fed up of the mockingly hollow rules of the conventional society,
Not of my stringently incorrigible conviction to fight till I shed the last iota of breath; for the soul mate of my life.

I was fed up of the shadows of the ominously evil,
Not of the most magnanimous reflections of sharing; the unconquerable shimmers of unity that remained alive even after sunset.

I was fed up of the brutally insensitive odor of profound commercialism,
Not of the golden perspiration that melodiously cascaded down my palms; gloriously depicting the blissfully enduring fruits of my wholehearted turmoil.

I was fed up of lecherously sinister betrayal,
Not of the wilderness of my rampantly throbbing heart; which made me exuberantly explore in a million different directions; every unleashing minute.

I was fed up of bombastically assisted at each conjecture of survival,
Not of the impregnable power of my conscience; which made me unflinchingly confront the most acrimonious of obstacle; with fireballs of faith engulfing my eyes.

And I was fed up of treacherously chained life,
Not of the immortal spirit of existence; which was so strong; that it made live an infinite lives more; even though I wanted to die.

Nikhil Parekh

I Was Not God

I wanted to be like the opalescent flame of the wax candle,
Which burnt unrelentingly; even when caressed by wild draughts of wind.

I wanted to be like the sheet of pellucid glass,
Which didn't diffuse into splinters; even on deafening collision with obdurate
ground.

I wanted to be like the tall and majestic edifice,
Which stood like an immaculate angel; even after bearing the brunt of flood and
crimson fire.

I wanted to be like the turbulently moving silver sedan,
Clambering steep slopes of the treacherous terrain; with exorbitant ease.

I wanted to be like the aircraft with twin pairs of ivory wings,
That hovered high in the sky for times immemorial; bereft of life yielding fuel.

I wanted to be like the ship clad in sheets of fortified iron,
Which refrained from sinking; even when attacked by a battalion of blue whale.

I wanted to be like the succulent leaf on the maple tree,
Which remained blissfully green; even when its counterparts withered to the
tyranny of autumn heat.

I wanted to be like the glittering spires of the century old Temple,
Which didn't show signs of rust; even after marathon years of construction.

I wanted to be like the steaming brown filter coffee,
Which never got stale and cold; even after being exposed to the monotony of
atmosphere.

I wanted to be like dazzling light rays of the day,
Which were never obliterated by shadow; fumigating the evil residing in distant
corners of globe.

I wanted to be like the cloud showers of torrential rain;
Which ceased to stop; even when the amber ball of Sun crept up in the sky.

I wanted to be like the articulately molded skeleton key;

That bludgeoned its way; through the most obstinate of lock.

I wanted to be like the saline waters of colossal sea,
Which never evaporated; even when subjected to overwhelming heat.

I wanted to be like the coherently synchronized versatile robot,
Which executed tasks to meticulous perfection; even in times of bizarre catastrophe.

I wanted to lead life on the soil of mystical earth,
As the strongest being ever encountered; with unfathomable capacity of brain.

The very next instant; the creator robbed me of indispensable breath,
Making me realize wasn't god; not even fraction of his celestial reflection,
As I left for my heavenly abode; to sleep peacefully in the arms of the Almighty.

Nikhil Parekh

I Was Not Upset The Slightest

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world kicked me brutally on my hindside; for ostensibly not the slightest fault of mine, Infact I harbored insurmountable pride in my eyes; that you profusely loved every element of my impoverished persona; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world satanically lambasted me with swords of bizarre commercialism; ruthlessly ripping apart my art into a countless pieces of infinitesimal ash, Infact I felt it an irrefutably astronomical honor; that you marvelously enlightened me with your spell binding voice every unfurling minute; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world tyrannically spat upon my hideously exacerbated wounds; stabbed my enchanting existence with austere chains of monotonous manipulation and malice, Infact I felt perpetually gratified and stupendously contented; that you cast your spell of Omniscient righteousness upon my devastated conscience; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world never could comprehend the sensitive poet in my poignantly crimson veins; heinously snubbed my artistry as threadbare pieces of meaninglessly worthless and insanely languid shit, Infact I felt the most blessed organism existing on this colossal Universe; as you unassailably embossed my impression upon the royal canvas of your soul; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world used me as a inconsequentially canister for disposing their mountain of spuriously bombastic sweat; ludicrously jeered me to the most unprecedented limits; for the most scintillatingly perfect stride of mine,

Infact I perceived myself to be the richest person breathing and exuberantly alive; as you perennially longed to compassionately caress me with your divinely palms; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world barbarically annihilated even the most tiniest of my rudiments; penalized me more than the cross of Christ; for adulterating their conventionally stringent fabric; with my whirlpools of blissful fantasy,

Infact I encountered bountiful paradise on every step that I alighted; as your celestial fragrance impregnably descended in torrential frenzy down my nape; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world chopped me into an infinite pieces of raw chowder; hung my hide upside down to eternally protect their dwellings stuffed with; capricious ostentation,

Infact I profoundly relished the most invincibly grandiloquent fruits of creation; as you philanthropically stared and admired every hidden attribute of my demeanor; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world acridly abused me for solely following the innermost voices of my heart; thrashed me like an orphaned bundle of frigidly insipid dust to the walls of horrendously diabolical oblivion,

Infact I felt like the most formidably ecstatic force on this Universe; as you wholesomely engulfed me in your unconquerably celestial shadow; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

And I was really not upset the slightest about the fact that; the entire world exhaled each of their breaths more vociferously; just in order that I perpetually vanish into fragile wisps of baseless extinction; and treacherously die,
Infact I felt myself gloriously proliferating into a blissful planet of astounding newness every instant; as you bonded each passionate beat of your heart forever with mine; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I Was Still Skeptical To Leave You Outside

Even if the gigantic tree shrunk miserably in size; metamorphosing into an inconspicuously shivering seedling,

Even if the colossal oceans swirling handsomely towards the sky; reduced to a solitary stream; trickling more lackadaisically than the tortoise,

Even if the conglomerate of sinister clouds in the cosmos; condensed to bare bits of dilapidated plain sky,

Even if the incomprehensibly colossal edifice; converted into a wretchedly fluttering and crying stone,

I was still skeptical to leave you outside; for the moment you caressed your stupendously enchanting foot on soil; the silent world would come alive again; and

I feared to lose you amidst the infinite tangible organisms; trying to cast their spell on your impeccably charismatic grace.

Even if the flamboyantly escalating fire; became a piece of forlorn and thoroughly obsolete coal,

Even if the insurmountably towering mountains; transformed into a festoon of ants with disdainfully fractured legs,

Even if the indefatigably unending fantasy; got pathetically pulverized into monotonous bits of pragmatic reality,

Even if the profoundly poignant streams of scarlet blood; reduced to insipid bits of overwhelmingly stale water,

I was still skeptical to leave you outside; for the moment you caressed your stupendously enchanting foot on soil; the silent world would come alive again; and

I feared to lose you amidst the infinite tangible organisms; trying to cast their spell on your impeccably charismatic grace.

Even if the diabolically charging striped panther; changed dramatically into a pair of decayed and light weight bones,

Even if the unsurpassably huge swarming battlefield; became a breeding ground for diminutive glow worm and mice,

Even if the richest entities transgressing upon this Universe; ironically started begging bare chested on the rampantly busy streets,
Even if the unfathomable flock of satanic vultures; were now just stripped to a bizarrely mocking caricature of balding feathers,

I was still skeptical to leave you outside; for the moment you caressed your stupendously enchanting foot on soil; the silent world would come alive again;
and

I feared to loose you amidst the infinite tangible organisms; trying to cast their spell on your impeccably charismatic grace.

Even if the boisterously bouncing Kangaroos; became infinitesimally stony reflections embodied deep within clammy cocoons of soil,

Even if the incredulously redolent lotus flower; now became a shriveled petal being kicked viciously farther and farther away; with every draught of timid wind,

Even if the most mesmerizing of voices on this planet; reduced to dying whispers; profusely battered to complete absolution in the atmosphere,

Even if the entire globe functioning dynamically under the sweltering Sun; came to an abrupt halt; changing wholesomely into obscure dew drops trapped inside an
obnoxiously corked bottle,

I was still skeptical to leave you outside; for the moment you caressed your stupendously enchanting foot on soil; the silent world would come alive again;
and

I feared to loose you amidst the infinite tangible organisms; trying to cast their spell on your impeccably charismatic grace.

Nikhil Parekh

I Was Sure To Fall In Love

I was scared to look into your eyes; as I was sure drown in the river of their mesmerizing enchantment,

I was scared to look at your lips; as I was sure to blend with their tantalizingly seductive softness,

I was scared to look at your hair; as I was sure to float with their exuberantly vivacious caress,

I was scared to look at your cheeks; as I was sure to kiss their rubicund sweetness till times beyond eternity,

I was scared to look at your lashes; as I was sure to flirt in the aisles of desire; till the time I wholesomely forgot my own entity,

I was scared to look at your palms; as I was sure to make your euphorically adventurous destiny; each part of my life,

I was scared to look at your sweat; as I was sure to run my fingers in rampant frenzy through the mystical trails it traversed,

I was scared to look at your feet; as I was sure to bow down in timid obeisance till the time I relinquished my most minuscule of air,

I was scared to look at your forehead; as I was sure to abdicate all memory and learning; relentlessly trying to decipher the lines between your brow,

I was scared to look at your yawn; as I was sure to transit into a unfathomably heavenly reverie; catapulting to the times right back when I was an impeccable child,

I was scared to look at your drifting voice; as I was sure to bury myself infinite feet beneath the earth; profoundly absorbed in its enthralling melody,

I was scared to look at your belly; as I was sure to emancipate all my appetite for food; indefatigably feeling the enigmatic rhythm of your skin as it celestially rose and fell,

I was scared to look at your shadow; as I was sure to leave my soul forever;

bonding with its stupendously mystical aura for moments beyond imagination,

I was scared to look at your ears; as I was sure to sketch their milky rhapsody in the inner most walls of my conscience; with the blood that surged with newness through my veins,

I was scared to look at your neck; as I was sure to wholesomely forget the art of turning; irrefutably agglutinated by the trail of unprecedented fascination it left as it moved,

I was scared to look at your smile; as I was sure to become a complete alien to the pragmatic realities of monotonous life; profusely admiring its gorgeously mischievous contours that ran till the sky,

I was scared to look at your footprint; as I was sure to cherish it as the most sacred wealth in this Universe; following it till I met my ultimate grave,

I was scared to look at your breath; as I was sure to then stop breathing from the atmosphere; inhaling its divinely aroma instead,

And I was scared to look at your heart; as I was sure that I would fall in love; which got immortally deeper and deeper as each second unveiled.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wasn't Prepared

I was prepared to wait for robust health; spending many a limitless decade;
miserably entwined in the dungeons of decaying debilitation,

I was prepared to wait for fascinating desire; worthlessly whiling countless hours
on the trot; in the mists of disparagingly dolorous monotony,

I was prepared to wait for enchanting prosperity; remorsefully stagnating on
infinitesimally threadbare soil; with my haplessly tattered rags splitting more
obnoxiously than ever before; under the sweltering Sun,

I was prepared to wait for unflinching camaraderie; staggering like a worthless
urchin on the desolate streets; with only insidiously parasitic mosquitoes perched
in unfathomable quantities on my lambasted chin,

I was prepared to wait for scintillating righteousness; wasting the entire tenure
of my
impoverished life; truculently besieged by the graveyard of delinquently
deteriorating lies,

I was prepared to wait for voluptuous desire; meaninglessly trespassing through
the aisles of nothingness and crippling lackluster stoicism; for infinite more
births yet to unveil,

I was prepared to wait for triumphant happiness; horrendously kissing the
corpses of ghastly malice and defeat; till the time I traumatically tread on the
trajectory of this earth,

I was prepared to wait for insatiable ecstasy; derogatorily rotting in
unsurpassably pallid doomsday; letting my entire visage metamorphose into a
gutter of criminally sucking leeches,

I was prepared to wait for unconquerable glory; meekly subjugating my body to
the whiplashes of the society; pathetically collapsing like a pack of soggy
matchsticks; even before a soul could raise his voice,

I was prepared to wait for dazzling flamboyance; stupidly diffusing every
unfurling instant of my life; into a coffin of delinquently gruesome morbidity,

I was prepared to wait for Herculean strength; withering away like an insipidly

insulted porcupine; at even the most diminutive draught of parsimonious wind,

I was prepared to wait for majestic eloquence; barking like a disastrously cacophonous and wounded crow; till the last breath I ghoulishly exhaled, I was prepared to wait for unequivocally explicit candidness; substituting the chapter of my life; with the webs of satanically bizarre manipulation instead,

I was prepared to wait for patriotic victory; baselessly pulverizing myself every unleashing moment of my life; with the threadbare smoke of derogatorily dastardly defeat,

I was prepared to wait for exhilarating mysticism; deliberately enshrouding my agonizingly trembling demeanor; with maliciously devilish monotony from all sides,

I was prepared to wait for prolific success; nonchalantly swallowing the tail of thwarting failure; everytime I exuded into even the most infidel of movement,

I was prepared to wait for spell binding aristocracy; lecherously staggering on each path of my life; abhorrently dedicating each second of my time; swapping flies on the walls of my sordidly stinking hutment,

I was prepared to wait for ravishingly perpetual breath; insanely offering every element of my mind; body and soul; to the thunderously marauding demon and the hell of torturous death,

And I was prepared to wait for every conceivable comfort and richness on this fathomless earth O! Almighty Lord; but I wasn't the slightest prepared to wait for her ecstatically vibrant caress; I wasn't the slightest prepared to wait for her celestially immortal and bountiful love.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wholesomely Belonged.

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable religion; which disseminated the essence of perennial unity; on the trajectory of this fathomlessly emollient Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable caste; which palpitated with the unendingly handsome spirit of compassion; on the trajectory of this boundlessly intriguing Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable color; which interminably radiated with the melody of vivacious freshness; on the trajectory of this eternally bountiful Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable shade; which reverberated to the tunes of pricelessly inimitable harmony; on the trajectory of this everlastingly inscrutable Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable sect; which forever towered towards the Sun of brilliantly optimistic hope; on the trajectory of this spectacularly proliferating Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable art; which perpetually perpetuated the ardor of unassailable breath into even the most lugubrious speck of the atmosphere; on the trajectory of this beautifully iridescent Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable hour; which granted unbelievably egalitarian importance; to every unfurling instant of the day as well as the ghoulish midnight; on the trajectory of this wondrously inebriating Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable religious shrine; which wafted the scent of insuperably redolent oneness; on the trajectory of this triumphantly ecstatic Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable blood group; which eventually led to the heavens of unconquerable symbiotism; on the trajectory of this amazingly fructifying Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable fantasy; which led to unparalleled holistic enlightenment of every cranny of the impoverished brain; on the trajectory of this unfathomably eclectic Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable climate; which tirelessly refreshed the mind; body and soul with the untamed exhilaration of nature divine; on the trajectory of this gigantically vivid Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable tribe; which had each of its rudiments profoundly embedded into the soils of unflinchingly impregnable brotherhood; on the trajectory of this effulgently blessed Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable palm; which uninhibitedly entwined in mine; royally commemorating the undefeated equality of all living kind; on the trajectory of this rhapsodically sensuous Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable pathway; which fearlessly marched towards the kingdom of unparalleled truth and righteousness; on the trajectory of this ebulliently stupefying Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable wind; which stirred an irrevocably replenishing sense of fulfillment in the soul; on the trajectory of this timelessly magnetic Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable language; which austerely shunted abuse and celestially preached the wordings of peace; on the trajectory of this ubiquitously unfettered Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable breath; which undyingly resonated with the infernos of evergreen passion; on the trajectory of this enchantingly regale Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable heart; which perennially throbbed for the spirit of immortally majestic love; on the trajectory of this cheerfully enigmatic Universe,

And I wholesomely belonged to everything; anything- everywhere; anywhere on the trajectory of this boundlessly ravishing Universe; which like the above; forever and ever and ever led to the religion of invincibly ameliorating humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

I Will Always Be There With You.

In devastating despair leading to absolute hell; as well as a river of perpetual happiness,

In treacherous malice charring you to raw ash; as well as a cloud burst of bountifully tantalizing rain,

In bizarre winds of acrimonious winter; as well as golden sunshine melodiously bestowing from the silver skies,

In gruesomely crippling paralysis; as well as robust exhilaration triumphantly galloping towards the corridors of unparalleled success,

I will always be there with you O! Beloved; even if it meant blending each element of my countenance; with debilitatingly threadbare soil.

In inexplicable sadness perpetuating doomsday; as well as a celestial reservoir of unflinchingly Herculean strength,

In acridly sweltering deserts; as well as oceans of perennial harmony blossoming into a fountain of mesmerizing resplendence,

In ghastly blackness enshrouding you from all sides; as well as flamboyantly brilliant light proving a messiah at each step you tread,

In moments of lecherously pathetic boredom; as well as profoundly enchanting newness blooming into a festoon of united humankind,

I will always be there with you O! Beloved; even if the devil uncouthly blinded my eyes; thoroughly maimed me without respite.

In gutters rotting towards horrendous extinction; as well as a blanket of magically emollient rose strewn astoundingly in the pristine fields outside,

In tragically crippling instants which lamented the bereaved; as well as fresh signs of rhapsodically blessed birth,

In ludicrously stone dumb silence; as well as the majestically shimmering island of ultimate paradise,

In webs of malicious infidelity breaking your heart; as well as torrential
thunderbolts of incredulously vivacious desire,

I will always be there with you O! Beloved; even if cold-blooded avalanches of
manipulation; brutally pulverized me like an ant; well before my destined time.

In miserably slithering cocoons of defeat; as well as the summit of the handsome
mountains towering well above the voluptuous clouds,

In rustically nomadic realms of impoverished illiteracy; as well as the royally
embellished throne; marvelously epitomizing the Oriental castle,

In profusely famished corridors of the vociferously wailing stomach; as well as
fathomless platters of gold inundated with the most magnificent jewels on
this planet,

In corpses of invidiously flagrant betrayal; as well as winds of immortally
passionate heartbeats and love,

I will always be there by your side O! Beloved; even if every iota of sky blended
with black soil; and every tomorrow died even before the previous night could
arise.

Nikhil Parekh

I Will Not Rest

I will not rest; until all those disastrously impoverished; kiss the unprecedentedly jubilant corridors of prosperity; until every philanthropic desire of theirs metamorphoses itself into an immortal reality,

I will not rest; until all those treacherously enslaved; uninhibitedly dance in the aisles of mesmerizing desire; handsomely soar above the clouds of bountiful prosperity; for times immemorial,

I will not rest; until all those murderously devastated; replenish their lives back with astounding tranquility and ardent belonging; blissfully bond under the resplendent blanket of gregariously twinkling stars,

I will not rest; until all those penuriously kicked and brutally lambasted; blossom into a wave of enthrallingly wonderful newness; grandiloquently dance in symbiotic unison; for boundless more births to unveil,

I will not rest; until all those ludicrously condemned and ignominiously ostracized; irrefutably retrieve back their lost integrity; rise as a marvelously united wind of togetherness; to add gloriously harmonious dimensions to; vibrant life,

I will not rest; until all those despairingly withering; flower exuberantly into euphoric spurts of vivacious existence; embracing fathomless more of their kind; in the swirl of compassionate sharing,

I will not rest; until all those deplorably orphaned and disastrously rebuked; tower to the zenith of rhapsodic happiness; deluging every cranny of their despicably dwindling countenance; with fireballs of poignantly optimistic light,

I will not rest; until all those viciously massacring at will; transform themselves benevolently into synergistic saints; becoming the ultimate harbingers of peace and ubiquitously everlasting solidarity,

I will not rest; until all those manipulatively sucking blood; learn the art of holistically surviving; lead infinite more of their kind; into caverns of gloriously celestial peace and benign happiness,

I will not rest; until all those mercilessly pulverized under diabolical footsteps of prejudice; spawn formidably from beneath the inconspicuous ashes; to harness

unsurpassable civilizations of philanthropic goodwill; with their very own blood,

I will not rest; until all those baseless terrorist masterminds; bend in due obeisance before the Almighty Lord; not only asking for abnegation from their uncouth sins; but uplifting the lecherously bereaved to a world of fabulously divine enchantment,

I will not rest; until all those satanically starving urchins; were blessed with opulently charismatic fodder in their tottering stomachs; snoozed like angels of congeniality; under the golden rays of the blazing midday Sun,

I will not rest; until all those ungainly whipped with swords of bizarre commercialism; romance in the dormitories of untamed yearning; fantasize the most incredulously innovative philosophies; to emphatically change the complexion of despondent mankind,

I will not rest; until all those stinking in gutters of gloom; exuberantly bask under a carpet of unparalleled ecstasy; ebulliently gallop forward to conquer; their affably perpetual missions in life,

I will not rest; until all those innocuous squelched to a barbaric submission; patriotically gallivant with an unfathomable ardor to save their motherland in their intrepid hearts; convert all indiscriminate racialism; into the one and only Religion of Humanity,

I will not rest; until all those insidiously tainted with spots of untouchable banishment; scintillatingly sway in gorgeous unison under the vivid rainbow; imbibing and globally disseminating the eclectically never-ending colors; of perennially endowing life,

I will not rest; until all those traumatically cheated under broad daylight; escalate as a symbiotically coalesced fabric to alleviate dolorously staggering humanity; become a profusely bonded force to impregnable success,

I will not rest; until all those ghastily dumped under their venomous corpses; sprout up formidably to become the absolute messiah's of humankind; evolving a countless more altruistic lives; on every step that they graciously tread,

And I will not rest; until all those tyrannically broken and tumultuously aggrieved hearts; bond in the chapters of unassailably heavenly love; incessantly throbbing with a sensuousness to live; incessantly throbbing with a longing to perpetually romance.

Nikhil Parekh

I Wished For Time To Stop

When I was studying incessantly; trying to decode enigmatic problems of intricate arithmetic,
Concentrating onerously; putting in my stupendous best to appear in the examination,
I wistfully wished that time should whistle past; as fast as the aircraft flying in the air;
and there were blissful holidays once again.

When I stood in the long queue for marathon hours; with scores of irascible passengers; shuffling across incongruously,
Disconcertingly poking sensitive avenues of my body; breathing heavily down my nape,
I wished that time should pass as quickly as a race horse; and my number arrived
soon at the ticket counter.

When I walked barefoot on burning embers of crimson fire,
A myriad of ligaments in my tender skin; got mercilessly scalded,
I wished for the time to tick rapidly like a palpitating heart; and for the moments when I would be perfectly rehabilitated.

When I sat on the lavatory seat; with my bowels viciously strangulated by obnoxious constipation,
Infinite droplets of silver sweat dribbling painstakingly down my lips; irregular contractions besieging my stomach,
I fervently wished for time to gallop like a panther; and for my lungs to be inundated with fresh air suspended outside

When I worked unrelentingly in the office; scrutinizing bulky manuscripts for typographical errors,
Posing a monotonous smile to all my seniors; nostalgically reminiscing my childhood days,
I wished for the time to churn ahead like propelled boat in the sea; and for me to reach my dwelling in one piece.

When I lay bedraggled on the streets; penurious and deprived of indispensable amenities in life,
Pangs of hunger reverberating thunderously in my belly; with a dwindling destiny to be confronted,

I wished for time to leap several years; placing me in the age when I would be exorbitantly affluent; having a silken coat instead of the jute at present engulfing my demeanor.

When I was a child; scolded on umpteenth occasions by my domineering elders,
Given parsimonious allowances to sustain life; stringently admonished not to remain awake late in the night,
I wished time traversed as fast as the express train; transforming me into exuberant youth; capable of dictating terms to my compatriots.

When I lay unconscious in dreaded coma; a deathly blue tinge incorporating my body,
All fantasy replaced by distressing tribulation in my colossal brain,
I had an intense wish; for time to zip across like the fastest kangaroo; and for me to
relinquish life; forever ending the niggling agony.

And when I was in the arms of my beloved; with her ravishing hair cascading all over my body,
The supple complexion of her lips caressing my nose; with her mesmerizing voice softly striking against my eardrum,
I sincerely wished and prayed for minutes to freeze in their advancing footsteps;
and this was the only occasion when I incorrigibly wanted the time to stop.

Nikhil Parekh

I Would Consider Myself The Richest

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed the eyes of truth,
Able to judiciously discriminate between; the good and obnoxiously evil
inhabiting remote corners of the globe.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed egalitarian
arms,
Ready to embrace those in severe affliction; without the baseless fear of
getting stained and dirty.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed the power of
mystical clairvoyance,
Able to prognosticate the ominous events to unveil; saving the earth from
possible disaster.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed a phlegmatic
voice,
Capable of pacifying those engulfed with inexplicable distress; put all children
without parents to sleep.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I could leap from
astronomical heights of the bridge into the river,
Save scores of innocuous children from drowning; embed their terrorized faces
with mischievous smiles.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed feet which
could withstand the most onerous of load,
Carry the ones crippled; making them witness the most mesmerizing avenues of
the world.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed clusters of
teeth capable of extracting venom;
Evacuating the most lethal of poison from the body of the dying; rejuvenating
them with fresh doors of hope.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed the prowess
of assassinate the most evanescent of corruption prevailing,
Liberating the impoverished from impregnable clutches of slavery; granting
them the supreme distinction of breathing free air.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I could stay awake all night;
Incessantly guarding those who were philanthropic; ever ready to propagate the benevolent cause of humanity.

And I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I could possess and incarcerate the love I so vehemently desired,
Help all residing on land; to get the dream partner of their own choice.

Nikhil Parekh

I Would Die; Die; And Most Certainly Die

Be it from the most majestically compassionate palaces of glittering gold; or be it from the most acrimoniously impoverished streets; which hissed nothing else but asphyxiating poverty and treacherous dust the entire day,

Be it from the most opulently sensuous skies pregnant with rhapsodic rain; or be it from the most hedonistically torturous den of brutal scorpions; which spurted vindictive venom all night and day,

Be it from the most invincibly emollient lap of the venerated mother; or be it from the most pulverized treads of the haplessly devastated orphan; from whose eyes radiated nothing else but tears of inexplicable helplessness,

Be it from the most indomitably royal apogee of the triumphant mountain; or be it from the most deplorably shattered mirrors; from which reflected nothing else but unfathomably distorted imagery,

Be it from the most victoriously blazing of Omnipotent Sun; or be it from the most hideously sadistic cloak of devilishly crippling darkness; which sulked in the mortuaries of remorse for times immemorial,

Be it from the most effulgently symbiotic of meadows; or be it from the most cold-bloodedly infertile rocks; which unrelentingly and heartlessly smashed an infinite bones; into inconspicuously worthless chowder,

Be it from the most Omnisciently blessed of silken palms; or be it from the most ghoulishly stinking corpses of stagnation; which did nothing else but jinx every organism alive; beyond realms of holistic recognition,

Be it from the most lusciously ignited of blossoming lips; or be it from the most thorny terrains of preposterous wilderness; upon which feared to tread even the most peerlessly invincible of soul,

Be it from the most romantically undulating seas; or be it from the most pathetically smoldering ashes of the fires; which died a miserably parsimonious death countless hours ago,

Be it from the most ubiquitously egalitarian philanthropist's eyes; or be it from the most robotically sleazy business tycoon; for whom the entire Universe just a insouciantly emotionless pendulum of tawdry give and take,

Be it from the most tantalizingly mesmerizing waterfalls of insatiable heavenliness; or be it from the most apocalyptically pugnacious cactuses of malevolently barbarous abhorrence,

Be it from the most impregnably humanitarian of chests; or be it from the most heartlessly blood-sucking mosquitoes; which knew nothing else but to slowly and painstakingly suck every ounce of vibrantly enthralling life,

Be it from the most eternally replenishing bellies of panoramic mother nature; or be it from the most ostracized land of the devil; where solely rained the holocausts of unimaginably penalizing prejudice,

Be it from the most regally insuperable streams of infallible truth; or be it from the most ominously desecrating skeletons of infidelity; from which wafted nothing else but diabolically raunchy lavatories of betrayal and lies,

Be it from the most formidably unconquerable fortresses of righteousness; or be it from the most despicably demented dungeons of debauchery; which inexorably crucified every form of undefeated life; on the pretexts of baselessly bawdy religion,

Be it from the most passionately rejuvenated tunnels of the perennial nostrils; or be it from the most indiscriminately open jaw of the sadistically chortling ghost; who was the absolute epitome of incarcerated unmanliness,

Be it from the most Omnipresent abodes of the perpetually blessing God's; or be it from the most lynched labyrinth of dismally imprisoning blackness a countless feet beneath soil; which numbed even the most ephemeral trace of vitality and desire,

Be it from the most immortally passionate cocoons of the benign heart; or be it from the most despondently fretful feces meaninglessly rotting on the lavatory seat; which inevitably perpetuated the last trifle of breath to indefinitely suffocate in the chamber of robust lungs,

O! yes; It could be from absolutely anywhere; anyplace; anyone on this limitlessly enamoring planet; I wouldn't mind that the slightest; but I wanted love to desperately come to me; engulf my mind; body and crucified spirit this very instant; like the first princely rainshower of the monsoon; because without it I knew I would die; die and most certainly die.

I Would Forever Remain

Call me a lump of infinitesimally squashed tomato; or Call me the diminutive tip of a sordidly despicable matchstick rotting in the abominably fetid garbage heap,

Call me a languid spider nonchalantly fretting on the damp walls; or Call me the wisp of that capriciously fleeting cloud which didn't know even the slightest of how to enchantingly rain,

Call me an insipid molecule of threadbare dust being blown to far and obsolete places with the tiniest draught of wind; or Call me a preposterously pot-bellied whale devouring countless innocent in a single mouthful,

Call me a ghastily unforgiving demon blowing my worthless trumpet at will; or Call me a lecherous parasite sucking innocuous blood even as midnight unfurled into the scintillatingly spell binding day,

Call me a baseless moron staring purposelessly into boundless bits of blue sky; or Call me a sleazily mud coated pig aimlessly wandering without even contributing an ethereal iota to the fabric of this colossal planet,

Call me an insane lunatic paying a wholesomely deaf ear to the inclement orders of the conventional society; or Call me an irately impudent brat; indiscriminately feasting on the wealth of my sacrosanct ancestors,

Call me an invidious ant horrifically stinging the chapter of glorious existence; or Call me the grotesquely menacing crocodiles tooth ever ready to pulverize anything in vicinity; to inconsequential pulp,

Call me stray gutter water meaninglessly gushing across the dusty street; or Call me uxoriously fanatic behind the tantalizingly raunchy seductress,

Call me a graveyard of utterly deplorably loneliness; or Call me a lackadaisically nonsensical flower without even the most obfuscated insinuation of scent,

Call me a dastardly traitor turning my back to my sacred motherland; or Call me a wave of unendingly treacherous obsession which could never ever end,

Call me a pugnacious insect buzzing in cacophonically discordant incoherence when the world slept; or Call me a demon having a gargantuan appetite for every insidious thing in the chapter of vibrant life,

Call me the most curled bristle of the sweepers avaricious broomstick; or Call me a complete misfit to symbiotically exist with the harmoniously melodious society, Call me a miserably maimed organism without hands and feet; or Call me abysmally dumb when it came to matters of synergistic pragmatism,

Call me a punitive curse for the trajectory of this boundless planet; or Call me a bizarre eunuch pathetically unable to procreate even an element of my own kind,

Call me a brutally massacred and orphaned egg; or Call me the disdainfully abhorrent grime on the shoe; which intractably refused to move even an mercurial inch,

Call me a ludicrously fading reflection eventually blending with the oblivious horizons; or Call me an impotently undulating ocean without even the tiniest trace of poignantly ravishing salt,

Call me a disastrously slithering fish without any aim or direction; or Call me a destructive volcano of negative energy; born only to annihilate civilizations to traceless ash,

Call me gory impediment for one and all on this globe alike; or Call me a ghoulishly venomous spirit spreading its remorseful jinx even centuries after veritable death,

And you could Call me by whatever name that you could ever conceive; But for those of you who like me; and even for all those of you who detested even the most remote fraction of my quavering shadow; I would still and forever remain the way I am today; immortally bonded with love; immortally bonded with a fathomless entrenchment of poetry; poetry and just; sensuously Divine Poetry.

Nikhil Parekh

I Would Make It Feel Beautiful

If I had a dead flower in my hand; I would plant it in the soil; for it to spread its lingering redolence; and at the same time proliferating several of its kind,

If I had a bulky sheaf of scribbled paper in my hand; I would erase all the obnoxious literature embedded; rendering the same immaculate and spotless for reuse,

If I had infinite pieces of shattered glass in my hand; I would coalesce them all together; metamorphosing them to form a scintillating mirror,

If I had an injured pigeon in my hand; I would inundate his wounds with omnipotent soil; impregnating in him the power to fly high and handsome again,

If I had lifeless follicles of hair in my hand; I would scrub them tenaciously with flamboyant antiseptic; to make them glisten again,

If I had fetid and rotten vegetables in my hand; I would soak them in fresh water; then put them beneath stringent rays of the sun to wholesomely fumigate them,

If I had a dilapidated and pulverized brick in my hand; I would fortify it with reinforced cement to make it withstand the most torrential of thunder,

If I had an acrimonious chunk of thorn in my hand; I would coat it with a sheet of sparkling honey; then offer the same to famished insects loitering through the dusty streets,

If I had a deflated balloon in my hand; I would stuff it with free air; to augment it to robust proportions,

If I had splinters of bedraggled cloth in my hand; I would refurbish them into a composite garment; using my steel bodkin and spools of thread adroitly,

If I had disdainful saliva in my hand; I would make optimum use applying the same to the tainted windshield of my car; thereby creating a few pellucid spots amidst the sea of camouflaging dust,

If I had venomous tobacco leaves in my hand; I would incinerate them to create a crackling bonfire; granting scores of people reprieve from freezing currents of

austere winter,

If I had a ominous revolver in my hand; I would embed slices of piquant tomato in the place of lead bullets; then play with the same amongst a bunch of innocuous children,

If I had squelched pulp of raw sewage in my hand; I would use the same for sprinkling commensurately between the plants; strengthening their roots with a blend of nutritional elements,

If I had an ensemble of incongruously hard stones in my hand; I would submerge them in shallow streams of placid water; to make the shrunken surface dramatically swell,

If I had blistering hot acid in my hand; I would disseminate the same into thirsty desert sands; which would greedily absorb the same with loads of gratitude,

If I had rusty bells in my hand; I would strike them together to pierce the still ambience with an enigmatic and jingling sound,

If I had an obnoxious mosquito on my hand; I would place him in a pool of frosty milk; for him to greedily savor the stupendous taste of life,

If I had gruesomely fractured bones in my hand; I would perseveringly mold them; resurrect them with scrupulous care; to make them walk again,

And even if I had the most hideous looking entity in my hands; I would still make it feel beautiful; by embellishing it with the garment of my love; encapsulating its

body with unprecedented care.

Nikhil Parekh

I Would Recognize You

If I was a blind man; with indispensable jewels in my eye gruesomely scarred,
With a colossal island of darkness besieging me in entirety; prompting me to
grope like an imbecile animal on the crowded street,
I would recognize you in millions; by the cadence of your mesmerizing voice.

If I was born stone deaf; unable to decipher the most thunderous of sound,
Sitting unperturbed with tranquil ease; even after witnessing the vociferous roar
of a shattering earthquake,
I would recognize you in millions; by your articulately molded features; and your
celestial smile.

If I was existing as perpetually dumb; deprived of the ability to produce sound,
Grant stupendous impetus to words; converting them into eloquent speech,
I would recognize you in millions; by the astoundingly striking honey brown
pigments in your eye.

If I was disdainfully crippled; traversing through the scraggy streets; resting
entirely on my angular hands,
Unable to stand vertically on my mutilated feet; scrutinizing the gargantuan
building
kneeling low towards the earth,
I would recognize you in millions; by the shape of your mystically carved dainty
feet.

If I was born squint eyed; with intricate arenas of my face appearing comically
distorted,
Sighting a single person as twins; being beaten up on infinite an occasion by
apathetic individuals,
I would recognize you in millions; by the softness and tenderness of your
ravishing hair.

If I had a mask camouflaging my face; obliterating my sight even from the
faintest traces of light,
With gigantic plugs of cotton stuffed uncouthly in my ears; rendering me worse
than being deaf or blind,
I would still recognize you in millions; by the fragrance of your enchanting body.

And If I was wholesomely intact; with all parts of my demeanor functioning to
bountiful capacity,

Several gallons of blood circulating boisterously through my finely chiseled veins,

I would recognize you in millions; as my heart would beat turbulently the instant
I passed you.

Nikhil Parekh

I Would Still Continue To Love Her

Even if you massacred both my eyes; gruesomely blinding me for the remainder of my pathetically devastated life,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my ears; ensuring that the tiniest insinuation of danger stayed countless miles away from her overwhelmingly
mesmerizing countenance.

Even if you assassinated both my ears; diabolically slashing my dangling lobes apart into a ludicrously pulverized curry of sinister flesh and bone,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my cheeks; compassionately grazing across her divinely forehead; witnessing her bloom in a corridor of perpetual
ecstasy for times immemorial.

Even if you bombarded both my cheeks; exonerating their profusely rubicund cheer into disastrously barbaric sadness,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my nostrils; instilling fireballs of unsurpassable passion in every breath of hers; that she magnetically exhaled.

Even if you barbarically stabbed both my nostrils; satanically decimating them to infinitesimal specks of languid ash,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my lips; becoming the majestic smile that besieged her perennially; in times of gloom as well as unprecedentedly untamed happiness.

Even if you devilishly thrashed both my lips with chains of acrimonious hatred; transformed their complexion into a ghastly fountain of invidiously fulminating blood,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my shoulders; carrying her to the most invincible places of safety; to the ultimate paradise of her royal choice.

Even if you annihilated both my shoulders; extinguishing them gorily with ferocious strokes of the savagely scintillating sword,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my palms; uninhibitedly bestowing each element of my prosperous destiny upon her; marvelously embellished and sacrosanct life.

Even if you mercilessly chopped both my palms; transposing their conglomerate of flesh and bone with the inner most recesses of the remorsefully morbid grave,

I would still continue to love her immortally with my legs; galloping at a velocity faster than white lightening in the sky; to grant her the most insatiable euphoria of her magnanimously blessed life.

Even if you crippled both my legs; uncouthly squashing the most intricate of their nerves with hideously monstrous tyres of the speeding truck,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my shadows; mystically enshrouding every cranny of her seductively tantalizing existence.

And even if you blended the unfathomably deplorable island of hell with both my shadows; murderously extricating every bit of their stupendous charisma and grace,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my heart; soul and conscience; which try as much you could; you wouldn't be able to ever conquer; as they proliferated indefatigably even after this planet had ceased to exist; poignantly bonded with the OMNIPOTENCE OF HER LOVE.

Nikhil Parekh

I Would Still Consider Myself The Richest

Even if you possessed a plethora of thoroughbred horses; galloping handsomely through moist paddy fields,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of drowning my persona into the cascade of her silken hair.

Even if you had a palace profusely embedded with gold; dungeons replete with scores of glittering diamonds,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I could tickle the mesmerizing skin of her cheek; sending inexplicable shivers down my spine.

Even if you possessed swanky cars to philander across the countryside; a fleet of helicopters following you at close quarters,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had her ravishing breath caressing my neck; catapulting me into waves of tumultuous rhapsody.

Even if you possessed a private swimming pool; impregnated with crystal spring water from the mountains to bathe in,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of sighting my reflection in her glistening tears.

Even if you possessed a pair of fur coated shoes; with exquisite leather studded commensurately at all quarters,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of lying in complete surrender at the pair of her dainty feet.

Even if you possessed a flurry of maids to serve you dinner; ornate glasses embellished with pearls to drink opulent wine,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of masticating boiled rice prepared fresh by her sacrosanct hands.

Even if you had a colossal assemblage of people spuriously worshipping you; applauding you wholesomely for your most minuscule of deed,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of witnessing her ingratiating smile; which grew distinctly large as she spotted me.

Even if you had a conglomerate of effeminate statues; sculptured to immaculate perfection; molded out of molten wax and draped with the richest quality of silk,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of embracing

her impeccable demeanor in entirety.

Even if you had a sword embodied with iridescent jewels; which you placed in a scabbard made of rustic panther skin,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the audacity to confront any power in this world; simply uttering your enchanting name.

Even if you had a gargantuan basket of roses; extravagantly stashed with flowers from all round the globe,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of absorbing the essence of golden sweat which dribbled from her body.

Even if you possessed flamboyant pairs of sunglasses; embodied with jugglery of enthusing designs; and gaudy strips of plastic,
I would still consider myself the richest; as I had the privilege of viewing my reflection in her emphatic eyes.

Even if you possessed the tangiest of toothpaste; incorporated in garish interiors of an ostentatious bottle,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of appreciating the scintillating armory of her teeth.

Even if you possessed a golden band fudged with sapphire emeralds; dipped in an ocean of honey,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of being slapped by her delectable hands.

And even if you procured the entire wealth in this world; owning every dwelling protruding from the surface of earth,
I would still consider myself the richest man on earth; as your affluence miserably floundered to purchase her; while I had the privilege of possessing her in mind; body and soul; perpetually till the time she tangibly existed.

Nikhil Parekh

I Write Because

I write to alleviate tumultuously bereaved humanity; impregnate optimistic beams of hope in the lives of all those miserably divested,

I write to unrelentingly explore the enchanting beauty of this gigantic Universe; bountifully assimilate all exotic goodness of the atmosphere in my wandering soul,

I write to give the most voluptuously poignant expression to words; churn majestic artistry out of even the most; inconspicuously threadbare,

I write to blissfully placate my turbulently asphyxiated soul; fulminate into astoundingly vibrant newness; every unfurling instant of the gloriously Sunlit day,

I write to exuberantly trigger the chords of my imagination to the most unprecedented limits; unleash a whirlpool of unfathomable discovery in every alphabet that I chiseled; with my very own blood,

I write to perpetually embrace the winds of seductive romance; titillate every devastatingly frigid arena of my visage; with the profusely irrevocable mysticism in the; vivid atmosphere,

I write to make every haplessly shattered organism on this fathomless planet; celestially unite in the uninhibitedly priceless wings of; scintillating humanity,

I write to ebulliently break the monotony of manipulative office; keep myself boundless kilometers away from; diabolically commercial and spuriously white collared business tycoons,

I write to wholesomely free the innocuously impeccable; from chains of barbaric slavery; and insanely tyrannical incarceration,

I write to wholeheartedly divulge the innermost of my feelings to this unending planet; walk shoulder to shoulder and with profound equanimity lingering in my crystalline eyes; abreast my comrades marching towards irrefutable righteousness,

I write to inculcate Herculean poignancy in my lackadaisical blood; unequivocally

ensure that each element of my countenance; blazed ahead in the unparalleled ardor to lead euphoric life,

I write to eternally soar in the clouds of beautifully bestowing companionship; perennially unite with all those with a philanthropic conscience; with all those shedding even the last droplet of their blood for the sake of their sacrosanct motherland,

I write to handsomely relieve the unsurpassable dormitories of imagination in my brain; imparting them a cloudburst of enamoring shapes and panoramic forms,

I write to innocently relive the memories of immaculate childhood; stupendously cherish all those revered moments when I indefatigably flirted in the aisles of mischief; eventually interlocking myself in the lap of my mother; for times immemorial,

I write to ubiquitously commiserate with all humanity irrespective of caste; creed or color wonderfully alike; filter a path of supremely optimistic light; through every benign stanza of my verse,

I write to heavenly coalesce with my aboriginal rudiments; embark on a fabulous expedition to backtrack time; fantastically discovering the very first puff of breath from which I was born,

I write to majestically feel the breeze of togetherness; marvelously experience the empathy of all those with a symbiotically holistic soul; even though I stood disastrously alone,

I write to incessantly broaden my perspective about this enthralling earth; enshroud each iota of my bedraggled demeanor; with the everlasting spirit of timelessness,

I write to exhale incomprehensible tornados of air without the slightest of circumspection; so that the air regally entrapped in my penurious lungs; was ecumenically there for all to share,

I write to synergistically exist; execute my plethora of humanely activities; with the most gorgeously melodious dexterity; jubilantly absorbing even the gruesomely acrimonious chapters of mystical life,

Most importantly; I write because my heart wants me to; astoundingly proliferating into a mountain of tantalizing seduction; even as hell rained down

from sky to forever lick the earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Icy Death

Snow drops fall incessantly,
cloud mass turns blacker in complexion,
as the sun sleeps in cosmic rays of galaxy.
avalanche of ice descends down the slope,
tumbling fast with violent draughts of Swiss wind,
growing larger with every coat of frozen ice,
passing tall Christmas pine,
projecting tracks of ice rail,
hollow caves of mountain bear,
finally reaches lonely stretch of desolate road,
breaking into scattered mass of icy platelets,
diffusing with an echoed thud,
on instants of land contact,
obscuring a furlong of visible concrete,
into multiple bed sheets of frozen water.
i stare in delight from my cottage window,
witnessing the encounter of snow and land,
drag myself into a atmosphere of death cold,
clad in heavy scarf and coat,
with Dunlop plugs embedded in both ears,
gum boots plodding vehemently,
forming triangular treads in crusts of snow,
and cylindrical torch light clearing the smog,
filtering a beam of welcome light,
as i stealthily approach the mound of ice,
make a silent prayer,
take fistfuls of snow in cupped hands,
devour it down my throat,
numbing and choking branched arteries,
slowing down metabolic rates of my body,
imprisoning my heart with a vice like grip.
deathly pall embraces my face,
my legs tremble to hold my weight,
as i finally bid adieu to this world.

Nikhil Parekh

I'd Definitely Commit Suicide

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was infertile; not able to bear my innocuously blissful progeny till the time she existed,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was preposterously maimed; with her severely mutilated feet; not even able to move an infinitesimally ethereal inch ahead,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was cannibalistically non-vegetarian; excoriating apart through impeccable sheep and chicken; to mollify her rapaciously thunderous gluttony,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was disgustingly dumb; not able to transcend past the oundaries of junior school; even after an infinite attempts,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was surreptitiously criminal; malevolently coalescing with atrociously vulgar smugglers; to catapult to unprecedentedly dizzy heights of stardom,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was stone deaf; not able to hear the most ferocious thunderballs of desperation emanating from her throat; wholesomely oblivious to the essence of sound,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was cold-bloodedly heartless; indiscriminately trampling over literally anything that came in her dogmatically tyrannical way,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was treacherously sullen faced; not culminating into the most ethereal of smile; even as the invincible mists of paradise were laid at her celestially nimble feet,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was obnoxiously prejudiced; salaciously trying to overtopple every entity beside her; to forever feel like the very best,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was horrifically cacophonous; shooing away even the most obsolete trace of life around her; the instant she opened her amorphously livid mouth,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she indefatigably hurled a gutter of invectives every unveiling second; at even the most holistic of entity for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she unceremoniously started to curse life; since the very first instant that she opened her snobbishly swollen eyes,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was egregiously enshrouded by a sea of disgruntling nonchalance; preferring to diabolically snore even in the most brilliantly fructifying of sunlight,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she smelt of acridly dilapidated feces all day and night; intractably refrained to take quintessential bath; as every other being in the civilization took,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she baselessly wailed every unfurling second; vicariously acted as if the entire planet castigated her with whiplashes of devilishness; while in actuality they perennially showered nothing but symbiotic harmony,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she aimlessly loitered without the tiniest of mission in life; kept sky gazing for hours immemorial; while the rest of the planet galloped in unparalleled exuberance outside,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she sporadically broke into fits of maniacal depression and epilepsy sporadically; deliriously smashing even the most costliest object around her in her bouts of irascibly uncontrollable anger,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she sadistically taunted me on even the most triumphantly blazing step that I took; dismissing me like a non-existent speck of tawdrily threadbare dust from the top drawers of her memory,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was as diminutive as a miserably slaving rat in stature; going always unnoticed in the pragmatic marketplace of sensuously burgeoning human beings,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was morbidly blinded since the very first cry of her birth; not possessing the tenacity to alight even a single step; as the planet round her was nothing but a graveyard of heinously obfuscated darkness,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she her face was more hideously distorted than the cadaverously parasitic spirit; not a soul on this colossal Universe; could dare to come abreast of her demonically pulverizing countenance,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she snored more ferociously than an ominously upbraiding panther; sordidly disrupting my every enchantingly celestial night; beyond the most unsurpassable limits,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she asphyxiated the very last breath out of my nimble body; just because I compassionately sequestered her from the most nefariously unbearable of maelstrom and torrential rain,

But I'd definitely commit suicide that very instant I knew she was flagrantly infidel; merrily flirting and cavorting with boundless men behind my back; after wholeheartedly acknowledging that she loved none other but me on this fathomless planet; after bonding every beat of her heart; immortally with mine.

Nikhil Parekh

I'd Just Started

Just when my eyes thought that they'd seen every bit of panoramically resplendent beauty; on the trajectory of this fathomlessly blessing Universe, Came her astoundingly pristine face right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and see; of her timelessly endowing enchantment.

Just when my lips thought that they'd smooched every bit of sensuously ameliorating loveliness; on the trajectory of this beautifully iridescent Universe, Came her effulgently rhapsodic tongue right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and smooch; of her endlessly euphoric fantasy.

Just when my ears thought that they'd heard every bit of victoriously artistic melody; on the trajectory of this unbelievably undefeated Universe, Came her majestically tinkling footsteps right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and hear; of her indefatigably mystic enthrallment.

Just when my fingers thought that they'd explored every bit of magically jubilant softness; on the trajectory of this miraculously unbiased Universe, Came her fantastically unbridled skin right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and explore; of her poignantly proliferating virility.

Just when my neck thought that it'd witnessed every bit of gorgeously mitigating space; on the trajectory of this bounteously spawning Universe, Came her infallibly magnetic shadow right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and witness; of her unendingly royal compassion.

Just when my brain thought that it'd absorbed every bit of ubiquitously divine freshness; on the trajectory of this unsurpassably emollient Universe, Came her mischievously dancing eyelashes right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and absorb; of her delectable ingenious aura.

Just when my blood thought that it'd melanged with every bit of altruistically fructifying symbiotism; on the trajectory of this benevolently condoning Universe,

Came her pricelessly Omnipotent aura right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and mélange; of her divinely impeccable form.

Just when my mouth thought that it'd spoken every bit of celestial goodness and inevitable badness; on the trajectory of this synergistically consecrating Universe,

Came her voluptuously rain-soaked chest right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and speak; of her fearlessly new-born freshness.

Just when my panic button thought that it'd perceived every bit of unceasingly igniting excitement; on the trajectory of this formidably resplendent Universe, Came her uncontrollably exotic dreams in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and perceive; of her enigmatically reverberating charisma.

Just when my hair thought that they'd assimilated every bit of amazingly burgeoning vivacity; on the trajectory of this unrestrictedly bestowing Universe, Came her seductively dew drop studded chin right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and assimilate; of her unconquerably untamed sensuality.

Just when my palms thought they'd lived every bit of inscrutably tingling uncanniness; on the trajectory of this insuperably blossoming Universe, Came her fragrantly liberating destiny right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and live; of her intrepidly tantalizing personality.

Just when my toes thought that they'd walked every bit of conceivably blessed space; on the trajectory of this spectacularly eclectic Universe, Came her invincibly inexhaustible signature; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and walk; of her ideals of unflinchingly truthful selflessness.

Just when my nails thought that they'd scratched every bit of stupendously exhilarating restlessness; on the trajectory of this eternally magnificent Universe,

Came her heavenly golden sweated armpits right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and scratch; of her ebulliently unbridled femininity.

Just when my bones thought that they'd imbibed every bit of aristocratically audacious fortification; on the trajectory of this boundlessly sparkling Universe, Came her Omnisciently mitigating voice right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and imbibe; of her undaunted ideals of worldwide love and peace.

Just when my shoulders thought that they'd rejoiced every bit of spell bindingly egalitarian brotherhood; on the trajectory of this magically Omnipresent Universe, Came her innocuously impregnable soul right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and rejoice; of her timelessly bestowing humanitarian goodness.

Just when my conscience thought that it'd replenished every bit of irrefutably indomitable truth; on the trajectory of this unfathomably silken Universe, Came her indisputably transparent eyeballs right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and replenish; of her unshakably everlasting paths of unassailable righteousness.

Just when my nostrils thought that they'd inhaled every bit of jubilantly undefeated air; on the trajectory of this interminably burgeoning Universe, Came her ever-pervading virgin fragrance right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and inhale; of her perennially youthful existence.

And just when my heart thought that it'd loved every bit of compassionately sacred immortality; on the trajectory of this convivially healing Universe, Came her perpetually passionate beats right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and love; of her joyously procreating mind; soul and fearless form.

Nikhil Parekh

I'd Keep Loving You; Till The End Of This Life

I fervently admired you; because you admired God; lived each instant of your life ineffably wonderstruck at the beauty of his limitless creation; the unparalleled charisma that radiated from each element of his atmosphere,

I timelessly sought you; because you sought God; made him your only shoulder to lean upon; in your times of inexplicable duress as well as when you spiraled high and handsome in the clouds of invincible happiness,

I relentlessly imagined you; because you imagined God; let your mind devotedly wander in the realms of his fathomless Omnipotent Light; without the most inconspicuous iota of the devil pillaging in,

I devoutly followed you; because you followed God; choosing the most irrefutably honest pathways of existence; though it meant going through an ordeal more traumatizing than what hell could be,

I uninhibitedly kissed you; because you kissed God; hugging his idol of simpleton medieval stone; but which had the unfathomable power of demolishing and recreating this world an infinite times,

I irrevocably believed you; because you believed God; accepted everything and anything unfurling around you as a part of impoverished destiny; and only in the betterment of this majestic planet and its good,

I inexhaustibly cherished you; because you cherished God; found the ultimate mantra of living life to the fullest and in harmony with mother nature; in every current of wind that enveloped your stride,

I inevitably found you; because you found God; not beyond the horizons beyond your pragmatic reach; but in every bit of compassionately humanitarian goodness that you displayed to each of your fellow living kind,

I quintessentially felt you; because you felt God; in every ounce of the boundless atmosphere and earth around; since it functioned and flourished at solely his eternal commands; and he was its unconquerably Omnipresent Creator,

I unhesitatingly beseeched you; because you beseeched God; asked him above anyone else on this unceasing earth; to grant you with the tenacity to live and let live each inimitably priceless moment of life,

I wholeheartedly trusted you; because you trusted God; looked ardently forward to every optimistic dawn to grant you with the reinvigorated vigor of life; make the beats of your existence dance to the tunes of Creator Divine,

I untiringly related to you; because you related to God; bonding with his unassailably Omniscient spirit for times immemorial; when even the thickest of your family and blood related kin had ruthlessly abandoned you,

I passionately sketched you; because you sketched God; endeavoring your very best to embed even an infinitesimal fraction of his Universe's beauty on the desolate canvas of your heart; till the time he destined you to live,

I crisply saluted you; because you saluted God; humbly nestling those palms against the forehead and towards the ever-pervading heavens; at every single opportunity that you got to thank him for this bountiful life,

I wholeheartedly invited you; because you invited God; as the first and last symbol of unshakable power and splendor- to bless every philanthropic expedition of life; that you commenced upon,

I fearlessly spoke to you; because you spoke to God; confiding in him the most insouciant apprehension of your heart; when the globe outside had turned a brutal deaf ear; and blackmailed you at the slightest opportunity that came their way,

I undyingly worshipped you; because you worshipped God; abnegating the entire material wealth of this planet; if it came in your way of kneeling in due and unhindered obeisance at his Omnipresent feet,

I immortally loved you; because you loved God; abruptly walking out on everything that you'd assimilated and inherently related to you; to forever bond with his heavenly light of impregnable truth,

But believe me. Even if you weren't all of the above and were a non-believer of God from the core of your heart-I would still love you as much.

Because whether you believe in God or not; I resolutely believe that it was only God who's created everything on earth-including atheists like you. And being one of his infinite son's it is my duty to love, respect, adore and befriend each of his creations-though sadly they be against him. And thus I'd keep loving you irrespective; till the

end of this lifetime.

Nikhil Parekh

I'd Prefer To Live; Than Die With Alongwith You.

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my sight; rather than maniacally blind both my eyes alongwith you; only so that I could sight ever single bit of panoramic space that we'd so blissfully frequented when we'd just triumphantly proposed; till I exhaled my very last and ardently philanthropic breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my artistry; rather than brutally chopping all my fingers alongwith you; only so that I could sketch you in your most royally resplendent shape and form; till I exhaled my very last and passionately ecstatic breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my voice; rather than lecherously massacre my throat alongwith you; only so that I could interminably sing and inundate the atmosphere with the praises of your eternally fructifying soul; till I exhaled my very last and poignantly enamoring breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my smile; rather than sacrilegiously marauding both my lips alongwith you; only so that I could bestow an indefatigably invincible volley of kisses upon every of footprint you left behind; till I exhaled my very last and effulgently handsome breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my perseverance; rather than preposterously freeze every droplet of my sweat alongwith you; only so that I could endlessly strive forward to disseminate the ideals of your benign peace and love; till I exhaled my very last and iridescently effusive breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my hearing; rather than wretchedly slain both my ears alongwith you; only so that I could fervently hear the enchantingly inimitable cadence of your voice again and again; till I exhaled my very last and exuberantly redolent breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my tranquility; rather than wantonly surrender my soul alongwith you; only so that I could celestially imbibe the everlasting sweetness of our unshakably humanitarian relationship; till I exhaled my very last and supremely exultated breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my virility; rather than ridiculously massacre my genitillia alongwith you; only so that I could tirelessly impregnate every conceivable part of my flesh with your perennially venerated footprints; till I exhaled my very last and unbelievably ebullient breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my humanity; rather than insanely puke every droplet of my blood alongwith you; only so that I could embrace every tangible ounce of your beautifully lingering goodness; till I exhaled my very last and wondrously eclectic breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my adventure; rather than insidiously pulverize both my feet alongwith you; only so that I could wholeheartedly explore every fragrantly unconquerable trail that you left on planet divine; till I exhaled my very last and supremely undying breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my palms; rather than uncouthly erase my destiny lines alongwith you; only so that I could treasure every of my bounteously compassionate moment with you in my existence; till I exhaled my very last and victoriously blessed breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my hair; rather than barbarously tonsure my scalp alongwith you; only so that I could ravishingly float in the heavens of your silken sensuality; till I exhaled my very last and fantastically enamoring breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my titillation; rather diabolically silence every of my goose-bump alongwith you; only so that I could sense your miraculously ameliorating caress from even a billion kilometers away; till I exhaled my very last and emphatically mesmerizing breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my fantasies; rather than sinfully squelch my brain alongwith you; only so that I could perceive your majestically undefeatable form in an infinite different ways; till I exhaled my very last and unconquerably emollient breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my thirst; rather than devilishly torch my tongue alongwith you; only so that I could quell even the most inconspicuous of my desire by unstoppably uttering your name; till I exhaled my very last and unfathomably symbiotic breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my reinvigoration; rather than unthinkableably asphyxiate my breath alongwith you; only so that I could

celebrate the sky of your untainted freshness every unfurling instant; till I
exhaled my very last
and uninhibitedly jubilant breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my love; rather than
indiscriminately behead each of my heartbeat alongwith you; only so that I could
perpetually garner empathy in my eyes for every bit of your insuperable
selflessness; till I exhaled my very last and magically mollifying breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my truth; rather than
sadistically sell my conscience alongwith you; only so that I could infallibly
propagate the simplicity of your benevolent existence; till I exhaled my very last
and magnetically exultated breath,

And I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my life; rather than
depressingly plunge into the mortuary of death alongwith you; only so that
I could savor the unassailable valor of your princely existence; till I exhaled my
very last and stupendously voluptuous breath.

Nikhil Parekh

I'd Still Instantaneously Die.

If she said that she would tie the nuptial thread with me after some years; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear the inexorably demonic tyranny of having to endlessly wait; for the immortally ultimate love of my life,
And even if she said that she wanted to perennially bond every of her breath with mine; I'd still instantaneously die; as the thunderbolt of untamed exhilaration; reached to the ultimate crescendo in every conceivable pore of my body.

If she said that she thought unceasingly ill about me; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear the venomously jilted attitude of a girl towards me; whom I in fact loved the most on this fathomlessly enchanting planet,
And even if she said that she solely longed for nothing else on this earth but my masculine caress; I'd still instantaneously die; as the volcano of fanatic desire in every ingredient of my blood; would fanatically explode.

If she said that she wanted to date an infinite men right under my snaring nose; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear the dying beats of my venomously dying soul; which had nothing else but her princely image timelessly embedded,
And even if she said that she truly and profoundly admired my unflinchingly peerless bravado; I'd still instantaneously die; as the Sun of the most ultimate praise in my life; charred me to my inevitably destined corpse.

If she said that she wanted to inexhaustibly use me only for my money; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear her salaciously parasitic brain; her persona which I'd once upon a time considered the most priceless reflection of the Omnipotent Lord,
And even if she said that she hadn't seen another organism as poignantly artistic as me; I'd still instantaneously die; unstopably ignited within the countless fervent lines of servitude that I'd sketched to depict her incomparably unbridled beauty.

If she said that she'd always wanted to torturously slave me till the ultimate graveyards of sadism; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear the despicable wickedness of her brain; which I'd once upon a time considered at the most epitomizing cradle of creation in this entire Universe,
And even if she said that she interminably adored my unconquerably royal virility; I'd still instantaneously die; limitlessly erupting into the most vociferous expression of unfettered ecstasy; towards the highest peak of the impregnable sky.

If she said that she wanted to satanically crucify me right in front of the entire world; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear the diseased words that wafted from her mouth; those sacrosanct lips which I incessantly worshipped all sweltering day and sensuous night,
And even if she said that I was her most truthful harbinger on this unassailable planet; I'd still instantaneously die; as every conceivable bone of mine dissolved into nothingness; whilst living up to the fire of extremely immortalizing righteousness.

If she said that I was the last person on this earth who ever struck her mind; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear her prejudiced pompousness; whilst I considered even the most infinitesimal line on her resplendent palms; as my irrefutable destiny,
And even if she said that I was redolently altruistic humanitarian on this unceasing globe; I'd still instantaneously die; as I renounced even the last ounce of breath from my lungs; to eternally live up to her benign proclamations about my impoverished soul.

If she said that I was the most cowardly living being on planet earth; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear her wanton sniggering; in spite of me invincibly safeguarding her against the most pugnaciously terrorizing of devil; at her every step,
And even if she said that I was the ultimate messiah of the Omnipresent Lord on this astoundingly proliferating Universe; I'd still instantaneously die; in trying to prove to her that I fearlessly sacrificed my life; so that every other fraternity of living kind could triumphantly survive.

If she said that she wanted to unstopably suck blood from my veins everytime she felt hungry and emaciated; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear her heartlessly cold-blooded deliriousness; specially when every of her breath was the ultimate signature of my penuriously diminutive life,
And even if she said that I was the most beautifully replenished organism on earth; I'd still instantaneously die; spuriously bloating in her praise; till the tallest apogees of infinite infinity.

If she said that she had always loved someone else since her very first cry; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear her devilish infidelity; after I'd taken birth an infinite times; just to be an integral impression of every of her queenly footstep,
And even if she said that I was immortally throbbing in every of her passionately pristine heartbeat; I'd still instantaneously die; out of sheer exhaustion;

endlessly triggered by her complete acceptance of my originally uninhibited form.

Nikhil Parekh

Idea

Without it even the most astoundingly greatest of musicians; would have simply nothing to mellifluously sing; incessantly flex the poignantly intricate chords of their throat till the corridors of untainted eternity,

Without it even the most sensitively greatest of artists; would have simply nothing to inscrutably paint; tirelessly juggle the beautifully silken veins of their fingers in the mists of unabashed desire,

Without it even the most spellbindingly greatest of dancers; would have simply nothing to timelessly gyrate on; mystically inundate every cranny of the remorsefully incarcerated atmosphere; with endlessly enchanting color and charm,

Without it even the most symbiotically greatest of potters; would have simply nothing to jubilantly evolve; unceasingly perpetuate handsome shapes and life; to a mountain of worthlessly decrepit clay,

Without it even the most brilliantly greatest of businessmen; would have simply nothing to ingeniously manipulate; interminably ensure the channelization of currency to all fraternities of the society,

Without it even the most majestically greatest of surgeons; would have simply nothing to miraculously cure; indefatigably using myriad of new innovations to mitigate inexplicably excruciating pain,

Without it even the most classically greatest of poets; would have simply nothing to unrelentingly fantasize; gorgeously embody fathomless sheets of barren paper with inimitably invincible literature,

Without it even the most victoriously greatest of scientists; would have simply nothing to intriguingly discover; spawn an impregnable civilization of newness from lividly decrepit bits of sullen nothingness,

Without it even the most experimentally greatest of farmers; would have simply nothing to freshly sow; harness worthlessly inane chunks of dead soil; into the most ubiquitously fructifying fruits of an optimistic tomorrow,

Without it even the most triumphantly greatest of teachers; would have simply nothing to rhapsodically teach; permeate an entrenchment of inevitable

curiosity; in ecstatically developing and nubile minds,

Without it even the most piquantly greatest of critics; would have simply nothing to undyingly analyze; candidly endeavor to metamorphose every bit of inadvertent inferiority; into a utopia of infallible perfection,

Without it even the most ebulliently greatest of sportsmen; would have simply nothing to indisputably excel; reach the absolute zenith of unassailably sparkling victory; as they extemporized every minute,

Without it even the most patriotically greatest of world leaders; would have simply nothing to ecumenically celebrate; uninhibitedly evolve a heaven of newer and newer policies; for the egalitarian betterment of all living kind,

Without it even the most tantalizingly greatest of writers; would have simply nothing to fictitiously embolden; perennially rest the robotically castrated foundation of this commercial world; on a pedestal of uninterrupted dreams,

Without it even the most impeccably greatest of priests; would have simply nothing to bounteously preach; infallibly sermonize the ideals of a synergistically benign existence; from the perspective of the Gods,

Without it even the most unimpeachably greatest of philanthropists; would have simply nothing to altruistically serve; limitlessly culminate into freshly born beams of hope and desire; in order to reach out to all those hopelessly asphyxiated in the coffins of parasitic salaciousness,

Without it even the most compassionately greatest of builders; would have simply nothing to gorgeously erect; bless countless kilometers of aridly impotent land; with the most bewitchingly different and indomitable dwellings for all humanity,

Without it even the most unconquerably greatest of minds; would have simply nothing to undefeatedly think; peerlessly gallop into the most fantastically unadulterated tunnels of desire and longing; for times immemorial,

As the entire boundless world and every single organism who has breathed; is living and shall continue to holistically exist; lives upon it; depends upon it; prosperously thrives upon it; timelessly romanticizes in its unfettered glory; and eventually dies if there's not the tiniest trace of an exhilarating "IDEA";.

If Anyone Tried To Steal Her

I might appear to be a diminutive mosquito; but mind you I could stand taller than the colossal mountain; defend myself against the mightiest of attacks; if anyone tried to hurt her in her blissful way,

I might appear to be an inconspicuous blade of creased grass; but mind you I could gain proportions befitting the diabolical dinosaur; if anyone sighted her with licentious desire,

I might appear to be an infinitesimally squashed mushroom; but mind you I had the unfathomable capacity to become the entire forest deluged with acerbic thorns; if anyone tried to plot heinously evil behind her immaculate back,

I might appear to be a non-existent speck of dirt; but mind you I could rise menacingly and more towering than the blue skies; if anyone tried to perilously barge in while she was celestially asleep,

I might appear to be a droplet of blotted gutter water lying dilapidated in a remotely obsolete heap; but mind you I had the tenacity to become more tumultuous than the rampantly swirling oceans; if anyone tried to dangerously ogle at her; even within boundless kilometers of her sacrosanct vicinity,

I might appear to be a harmlessly distorted chunk of plain glass being ruthlessly kicked on the desolate streets; but mind you I had the overwhelming capacity to become more mammoth than the impregnable fortress; if anyone tried to pummel her to the ground with his fists,

I might appear to be just a disdainfully neglected rusty iron nail; but mind you I could become the entire battlefield inundated with pugnaciously hostile arrows; if anyone tried to vindictively embed his unruly nails into her voluptuously dainty skin,

I might appear to be just an insipid follicle of hair waiting miserably on the ground to blend with miserably shivering dust; but mind you I possessed the prowess to metamorphose into all tigers of the jungle; savagely trying to rip apart entities into infinite fragments; if anyone tried to perniciously mess up with her sacred life,

I might appear to be a profusely crinkled petal of the flower being blown further and further every instant with each draught of exuberant wind; but mind you I had the capacity to become the viciously circulating cyclone of the deserts; if anyone tried to forcefully blow his satanic breath down her mesmerizing nape,

I might appear to be a torn rag of cloth being mercilessly thrashed every day on the washing floor; but mind you I had the capacity to become a demon with barbarically bloodshot eyes; if anyone tried to hamper her divinely progress; refrain her from boisterously surging forward in life,

I might appear to be a shattered shell; seeming to be mystically lost amongst the unsurpassable blanket of sands sprawled on the shores; but mind you I had the capacity to become a belligerent battlefield of crabs; ready to stab lethal amounts of poison with my tentacles; if anyone tried to shout murderously loud into her intricately tinkling ears,

I might appear to be an frigidly rotting matchstick without flames; but mind you I had the capacity to become a blazing conflagration soaring astronomically high to blend with the clouds; if anyone tried to surreptitiously aim a bullet at her from behind the sleazy bushes,

I might appear to be an invisible blob of miserly paint adhering to the ghost walls; but mind you I had the capacity to become the incomprehensibly long python; raring to pulverize succulent prey into bits of bashed mincemeat; if anyone tried to cast a spell of detrimental voodoo upon her impeccably charismatic grace,

I might appear to be staggering wisps of smoke coalescing every unfurling second with open space; but mind you I had the capacity to become the meadow embodied with countless gleaming knives; if anyone tried to touch her without her prior consent,

I might appear to be a strand of pathetically broken web; but mind you I had the capacity to become a fathomlessly deep dungeon replete with stinging scorpions; if anyone tried to intentionally trespass her in her irrefutably heavenly path,

I might appear to be a dismally flickering beam of frivolous light; disappearing in meek submission after daylight; but mind you I had the capacity to become the entire godown stuffed with venomous gas; ready to explode and char individuals to ethereal ash; if anyone ventured to forcefully invade into her

dwelling after midnight,

I might appear to be a soiled banana skin waiting for my time to be dumped into the deplorable dustbin; but mind you I had the capacity to transform into a treacherously malicious gorge; insidiously devouring all who came into my swirl; if anyone tried to slap her rubicund flesh,

I might appear to be a deflated tyre tube gasping like a new born infant for tons of fresh air; but mind you I had the capacity to become a fleet of menacingly moving maniacal trains; squelching even the most smallest particle that came my way; if anyone tried to dictate his spurious set of terms upon her spell binding countenance,

And I might appear to be just a worthless molecule; awaiting to get brutally trampled as pedestrians walked gently on the lanes; but mind you I had the capacity to become all the united strength of this Universe in one go; bury living beings with ruthlessly proliferating ease well beneath their coffins; if anyone tried to steal her from me; even perceived the faintest to make her anything other than mine.

Nikhil Parekh

If Anything Was Ever Going To Cure You.

More than the most unbelievably efficacious of medicines; which irrefutably proclaimed to swipe every trifle of disease forever from your deplorably impoverished form,

More than the most impregnably fortified of milk; which irrefutably proclaimed to impart such an ardent tenacity to every of your shriveled bone; which was harder than the hardest of rock,

More than the most brilliantly scintillating of mirrors; which irrefutably proclaimed to candidly portray even the most hopelessly obfuscated shades of your lugubriously disheveled persona,

More than the most unassailably learned of saints; who irrefutably proclaimed to ameliorate you of even the most ghastliest of pain; by simply caressing a singleton whisker of your hair with their fingertips,

More than the most vividly euphoric of breeze; which irrefutably proclaimed to timelessly rejuvenate even the most tawdrily decrepit of your nerves; pricelessly bestow you with caverns of unprecedented exhilaration,

More than the most indomitably parading of dinosaurs; who irrefutably proclaimed to make you the strongest organism on this fathomlessly emollient Universe; as they hoisted you towards the sky in their arms,

More than the most ravishingly undulating of seas; which irrefutably proclaimed to bless every cranny of your bereaved soul with such tanginess; that you'd never ever feel the perils of treacherous exhaustion,

More than the most jubilantly bewitching of fairies; which irrefutably proclaimed to inexhaustibly liberate you from even the most inconspicuous of your worries; placing you forever in the eternal grass of paradise,

More than most Omnipotently blazing of Sun; which irrefutably proclaimed to vanquish even the most fugitive ounce of depression from your bones; perpetuating you to forever march forward in optimistic rhapsody,

More than the most eternally foliated of trees; which irrefutably proclaimed to limitlessly mollify you with their bountifully symbiotic consanguinity; put you

into a state of eternally celestial rest,

More than the most iridescently magnetic of stars; which irrefutably proclaimed to incredulously tantalize you out of your every agony; be perennially there as your sole savior for an infinite more lives,

More than the most stupendously enamoring of rainbows; which irrefutably proclaimed to magically mitigate you of your delirious obsessions; bring out the blessed human in you for times immemorial,

More than the most enviably contemporary of contraptions; which irrefutably proclaimed to incredulously ease every cynically onerous task of your life; at a speed faster than that of fervent light,

More than the most triumphantly virile of seeds; which irrefutably proclaimed to embody in you such an astounding virility; that even the most saddened part of you proliferated into boundless cisterns of effulgent happiness,

More than the most majestically undefeated of kings; who irrefutably proclaimed to replace even the most ethereal insinuations of your poverty; with a heaven of unceasingly invincible gold; silver and richness,

More than the most sensuously inebriating of clouds; which irrefutably proclaimed to tirelessly enshroud every frazzled dormitory of your brain with royal fantasy; making you fly above the land of infinite infinity even as you alighted your first foot to walk,

More than the most infallibly fearless of friends; who irrefutably proclaimed to forever annihilate every trace of angst in your conscience; with the unbeatably peerless bond of their everlasting friendship,

More than the most immortal fulminations of your blood; breath and heart; which irrefutably proclaimed to keep the dwindling spirit in your devastated countenance; alive for a countless million births yet to unveil,

If anything was ever going to cure you of the worst of your mental or physical ailments; then it is solely and only your perpetually augmenting desire to live and let live from the most innermost realms of your soul; irrespective of whatever you were ever confronted with; of course with the blessings and the grace of
the Omnipresent Almighty Lord.

If Being A Man Is All About

If being a man; is all about ostentatiously malicious chauvinism; indifferently blowing countless bellows of cigar smoke; into the eyes of those innocent and haplessly deprived,

If being a man; is all about ruthlessly driving the most swankiest of Mercedes over those poor children fast asleep on the shivering streets; in celebration of the senses wholesomely inebriated with the richest of wine,

If being a man; is all about sadistically rolling in gigantically fetid mountains of currency note; whilst innumerable other fellow living beings lay gruesomely starving; without the tiniest morsel of food in their stomachs,

If being a man; is all about spuriously machismo whisky replacing every ingredient of blood in the body; and then deliriously abusing the pricelessly compassionate mother soil,

If being a man; is all about indefatigably engaging in abhorrent war; inundating fathomless granaries of the inimitable Universe; with irrevocably diseased nuclear bomb,

If being a man; is all about asserting vindictive superiority upon every other conceivable organism; letting the exposed bulging muscle barbarously trample over every ounce of sensitivity,

If being a man; is all about egregiously ill-treating your very own children; heartlessly embarking upon the most senseless corporate tours of your life; leaving them inconsolably crying,

If being a man; is all about philandering with a zillion women at a time; dexterously dodging one's very own earnest wife; in worthlessly tireless search of spurious vixen and salacious wine,

If being a man; is all about fecklessly ridiculing every diminutively shriveled personality on the roads; spitting on them whatever foul was left in the compartments of the mouth; of the ghoulish day,

If being a man; is all about considering every piece of wondrously ameliorating artistry as frigidly babyish; roaring like a baselessly insensitive rhino; on a diabolical high with scotch on the rocks,

If being a man; is all about cold-bloodedly worshipping the parasitic devil;
believing in the sole concept of demonstrating brute power to snatch happiness
from every cranny of the fathomless planet,

If being a man; is all about deplorably disregarding the most ultimate divinely
love of the mother; for a few sleazily decrepit opportunities of quick money and
fame,

If being a man; is all about betraying even the most immortally throbbing hearts
for you; shattering them into an infinite pieces of nothingness; with the stone of
your insanely satanic commercialism,

If being a man; is all about uttering the most unbearably sinful of abuse; in front
of the most Omnipotent scepter of Godhead; just to demonstrate the nonchalant
carefreeness of the slaving tongue,

If being a man; is all about committing the most venomously horrendous of
crime in the name of religion; rendering countless innocuous children
disastrously orphaned; staring meaninglessly at the sadistically slit throats of
their parents and kin,

If being a man; is all about ruthlessly kicking every impeccably fructifying bit of
vegetation left; right and center; just in order to release that extra iota of lazy
energy trapped in the petulant bone,

If being a man; is all about lividly wastrel high society parties; in which billions
were ghastily traded in the name of prostitution; child molestation; drugs and
innumerable more offences of the kind,

If being a man; is all about portraying devilishly unsparing superiority; forever
widowing your wife right on your wedding night; as you surrendered your mind;
body and soul to someone else's arms; whilst she hysterically cried,

Then Thank God. And I really thank the Omnisciently triumphant God. That by
his grace I was born as depicting the ultimate apogee of sensitivity and
sensuality; O! Yes I was born a baby girl who would inevitably turn into a proud
Woman!

Nikhil Parekh

If Ever I Had The Privilege

If ever I had the privilege of being a sandstone castle; with palatial walls overlooking the flowing river,
I would make sure that all urchins residing on the street; would get adequate shelter from uncouth winter and inclement rain.

If ever I had the privilege of being a star in the sky; with Black wisps of clouds ominously hovering around,
I would make sure that I shone tenaciously all night; illuminating the lives of the impoverished with gargantuan rays of hope.

If ever I had the privilege of being a mammoth elephant; with majestic white tusks protruding prominently from my trunk,
I would make sure that I transported all monkeys to escalating treetops; fight vehemently against savage hunters to protect the jungle.

If ever I had the privilege of being the fathomless ocean; with swirling waves colliding vociferously against the rocks,
I would make sure that all the aquatic life impregnated remained intact; the waters were completely bereft of the slightest of adulteration.

If ever I had the privilege of being an inflated balloon; with a plethora of gaudy strings dangling merrily from my belly,
I would make sure that I tossed and bounced boisterously amidst crippled infants; lighting their faces with an everlasting smile.

If ever I had the privilege of being an incoherent lump of rock salt; with a piquant odor emanating from my persona,
I would make sure that I inundate all those dishes of bland food; with sumptuous amounts of taste.

If ever I had the privilege of being a long beaked bird; with clawed feet protruding from my slender skinned legs,
I would make sure that I chirped melodiously to placate starved eardrums; guard my eggs against nefarious evil all throughout the chilly night.

If ever I had the privilege of being a conglomerate of clouds in the sky; possessing a tinge of hideous black,
I would make sure that I rained when it mattered the most; ensuring that all animate on earth were saved from the onslaught of drought.

If ever I had the privilege of being a foliated tree; with infinite branches
extruding from my tapered trunk,
I would make sure that I sprinkled currency and fruits in commensurate
proportions; so that no one in vicinity died of savage starvation.

And if ever by stroke of benevolent fortune I had the privilege of being a man;
with the virtue to perceive embedded in my soul,
I would make sure that I unrelentingly loved the person of my dreams; and instill
the same with equanimity in every human traversing on mother earth.

Nikhil Parekh

If I Had A Thousand Lives

If I had a thousand bricks stashed beside my persona; I would utilize them all to construct an invincible house,
If I had a thousand fishes slithering for life in my vicinity; I would put them back into the saline sea,
If I had a thousand burnt needles in my palms; I would embellish them with ice candy; incorporating them on the surface of chocolate cake,
If I had a thousand pens full of fountain ink; I would inundate the blank demeanor of paper with a battalion of literature,
If I had a thousand apples embossed with brilliantly radiant skins; I would peel of the same at lightning speeds and cupidly devour the imprisoned juice,
If I had a thousand cars aligned right outside my driveway; I would traverse through the steep hills with a cavalcade of soldiers following me,
If I had a thousand cubes of cheese strewn haphazardly beside my nose; I would nibble at a few distributing the rest amongst a plethora of red ants,
If I had a thousand pieces of flocculent cotton; I would juxtapose them together; then sleeping in tranquil calm on the conglomerate of my innovative bed,
If I had a thousand hunter dogs; I would engage them in tracking nefarious criminals; reprimanding the culprits severely for their compendium of misdeeds,
If I had a thousand balls of immaculate marble; I would bang them on the ground to produce a deafening noise; roll with sheer exhilaration on the same,
If I had a thousand cakes of deplorable cowdung; I would smear them on the walls of my house; sparing a few to splash around mischievously,
If I had a thousand legs; I would sleep; at the same time walk; clambering up the treacherous terrain without perspiring in the Sun,
If I had thousand eyes; I would clearly sight disdainful traffic in front as well as in the rear; alongwith the twinkling stars in the sky,
If I had a thousand dreams; I would keep sleeping all Sunlit day as well as in the starry night,
If I had a thousand tongues; I would eloquently speak the language of each city in the world with nonchalant ease,
If I had a thousand arms; I would embrace all whom I revered without feeling drearily exhausted,
If I had a thousand moons; I wouldn't need a mirror to gaze at my reflection; instead would admire my intricate silhouette in the celestial body,
If I had a thousand glasses of poignant brandy lying on the shelf; I would consume it regularly with unprecedented jubilation; and would always refrain from contracting a cold,
If I had a thousand guns; I would use them to assassinate traces of crime inhabiting this earth,

If I had a thousand leaves of red betel; I would chew them incessantly thereby coating my lips with scarlet color,
If I had a thousand cameras; I would use them all to snap the picture of the ones I cherished,
If I had a thousand twigs of wood; I would stack them meticulously to incinerate a crackling fire; relishing the gratifying warmth all throughout the chilly night,
If I had a thousand biscuits of gold; I would blend them to form exquisite pieces of jewelry; purchase the best quality of Persian silk,
And if by the grace of god I had a thousand lives to live in; I would unrelentingly love the girl of my dreams; the very girl I today passionately cared for.

Nikhil Parekh

If I Had Closed My Breath Yesterday

If I had cut my fingers yesterday; then how could I hold the scintillating cluster of diamonds strewn abundantly in the fields for me today?

If I had mercilessly chopped off my tongue yesterday; then how could I call the names of the ones I cherished the most; the ones who were actually present before my eyes today?

If I had given my legs to the preposterously huge shark to swallow yesterday; then how could I reach the summit of the gigantic mountain; which was just inches away from my body today?

If I had gruesomely blinded my eyes yesterday; then how could I admire and profoundly relish the mesmerizing sights that unveiled in front of my eyes today?

If I had uncouthly extricated my mass of dainty intestines yesterday; then how could I enjoy the appetizing delicacies laid sumptuously on my palate today?

If I had ruthlessly smashed my neck yesterday; then how could I hoist it towards the Moon; which was shimmering in perennial bliss today?

If I had horrendously punctured both my ears yesterday; then how could I profusely absorb all the enchanting sounds; which splendidly inundated the atmosphere today?

If I had apathetically sewed my lips yesterday; then how could I sing ingratiating songs for the person I loved the most today?

If I had brutally pulverized all the bones in my ribs yesterday; then how could I thunderously gyrate and swing to the tunes of animated nature today?

If I had drilled gaping holes through my armory of teeth yesterday; then how could I chew with unprecedented gusto; the exotic mountain of voluptuous nuts stashed abundantly on my bedside table today?

If I had satanically sheared my intricately seductive eyelids yesterday; then how could I enjoy the stupendously cool coat of dewdrops that hung ardently in the atmosphere today?

If I had insanely evacuated every droplet of blood from the veins in my body yesterday; then how could I donate it to save the life of my mother; who was struggling for breath; and on the tenterhooks of extinction today?

If I had invidiously ripped apart even the last bit of my fingernails yesterday; then how could I scratch at the heavenly chunks of cheese; insatiably caress the titillating couch of fur that engulfed me from all sides today?

If I had injected snake poison in my tender brain yesterday; then how could I embrace the astronomical prowess of memory; the spellbinding ocean of imagination that awaited open handed for me today?

If I had savagely dried the emphatic cloud of moisture from my jeweled eyeball yesterday; then how could I ooze a river of exuberant tears for my separated ones;
who had met me after countless number of decades today?

If I had diabolically peeled each pore of my nimble skin yesterday; then how could I accept the color of the entire Universe; uninhibitedly bouncing in my lap today?

If I had abruptly stopped my heart from beating yesterday; then how could I worship the person who was irrefutably in love with me today?

And If I had strangulated my breath yesterday; forcing my being to relinquish life in utter frustration yesterday; then how could I bask in the glory of the brilliant Sun;
which kissed my impoverished doorstep passionately today?

Nikhil Parekh

If I Had Your Love

If I had your love; I would be able to light blazing fires in icy water,
If I had your love; I could impart life in dead blades of insipid grass,
If I had your love; I could bring the celestial stars back on terrestrial land,
If I had your love; I could flood the scorching soil of the desert with cool
reinvigorating liquid,
If I had your love; I could transform mundane mud into gold,
If I had your love; I could make the colossal aircraft fly without wings,
If I had your love; I could make the ceiling bulb shine without electricity,
If I had your love; I could make disdainful stones glitter like exquisite diamonds,
If I had your love; I could make those bereft of indispensable sight; blissfully
see,
If I had your love; I could embed the hearts of brutal criminals with perpetual
love,
If I had your love; I could blend the sapphire clouds existing in the firmament of
sky in the balcony of your living room,
If I had your love; I could construct a house with frigid chunks of decayed paper,

If I had your love; I could make a computer function without intricate
programmed microchips,
If I had your love; I could drive a car at flamboyant speeds without petrol,
If I had your love; I could inundate the immaculate white canvas with
resplendent streaks of vibrant color,
If I had your love; I could smolder the heat in an crackling fire without an
extinguisher,
If I had your love; I could emboss the parchment of bonded paper with infinite
lines of calligraphy with a concoction of my blood,
If I had your love; I could make a dumb man speak like he was the finest orator,

If I had your love; I could produce a rainbow in the gargantuan cosmos without
rain,
If I had your love; I could conquer the tallest summit of the mountain with
unprecedented ease,
If I had your love; I could win the mightiest of battles without a sword,
If I had your love; I could submerge myself in fuming acid without getting
ruthlessly burnt,
If I had your love; I could live without food and water for marathon hours on the
trot,
If I had your love; I could stroll casually without clothes amidst the freezing
winds of the snow clad alps,

If I had your love; I could make a snake bite without injecting its deadly poison,
If I had your love; I could make individuals sleeping in dead corpses awaken with
robust life,
If I had your love; I could annihilate the deadliest of obstacles that confronted
my way,
If I had your love; I could drink the most lethal of poison and still dance
boisterously on the open streets,
If I had your love; I would feel endowed by the Almighty as the most fortunate of
all existing; and If ever by stroke of hapless fortune relinquished life; I would yet
feel alive.

Nikhil Parekh

If I Were An Immortal Heartbeat

If I were a formidable mountain; towering way above the clouds with my wonderfully enigmatic peaks,
The first thing that I would have done; was to stand like an invincible wall; for all my comrades shivering in despicably inexplicable pain.

If I were a turbulently cascading waterfall; culminating into a blanket of mesmerizing froth after clashing against the festoon of piquantly shimmering rocks,
The first thing that I would have done; was to pacify the insatiable agony of the uncouthly blistering deserts; enveloping pathetically aggrieved entities in my rejuvenating swirl.

If I were ravishingly charismatic pearl; diffusing into a cloudburst of Omnipotent shine; even in the most acrimoniously ghastly night,
The first thing that I would have done; was to profoundly illuminate the lives of all orphans submerged in a dungeon of despair; enlighten their innocently dreary eyes with my perennial glow.

If I were lethally terrorizing bullet; pulverizing everything to inconspicuous ash; the instant somebody released the trigger,
The first thing that I would have done; was to decimate even the most diminutive trace of evil from the trajectory of this earth; ensuring that it breathed an air of holistic freedom; an air without disgustingly corrupt malice.

If I were a seductively alluring shadow; magnetically extending my caress to the most fantastically panoramic places; far and wide,
The first thing that I would have done; was to encompass all those tyrannically intimidated and enslaved; in the ingratiatingly welcome shelter; that lay embedded
in my heavenly arms.

If I were a robustly eternal fruit; blooming into a fountain of sparkling health; as every minute tantalizingly unfurled,
The first thing that I would have done; was to appease the bizarrely disastrous hunger; of all those innocuously philanthropic; tottering towards the brink of horrifically ruthless extinction.

If I were the richest man on this Universe; with my treasury perpetually overflowing with more wealth; than what the entire planet could ever perceive,

The first thing that I would have done; was to scrap even the most infinitesimal speck of poverty from impoverished soil; ensuring that the strong and weak; existed in threads of irrefutable equality; alike.

If I were a hive enshrouded with sacredly oozing honey; melodiously spawning into a cloud of astoundingly benevolent newness; as resplendently milky moonlight fell celestially from the skies,
The first thing that I would have done; was to deluge every prejudiced life with stupendously uniting harmony; substituting each cold-blooded wound; with a gloriously enchanting fortress of mystical romance.

And if I were an immortal heartbeat; existing since countless births in waves of insatiably impregnable passion,
The first thing that I would have done; was to grant every devastatingly bereaved heart the ultimate wish of its survival; witnessing it blossom into unconquerable happiness; as I granted it the blissfully lost love of its life.

Nikhil Parekh

If I Were To Choose

If I were to choose from; speeding in a motorboat to swimming against choppy waves of the ocean,
I would prefer wading across the stormy waters profusely moving my arms; rather than the insipid journey in the cruise liner.

If I were to choose from; languishing on the flocculent couch to sleeping on the stone cold floor,
I would prefer to caress the ground; roll wildly in unparalleled exuberance; rather than the effeminate comfort of the bed.

If I were to choose from; transgressing the desert barefoot to riding on profoundly hunched camel back,
I would prefer to walk feeling the tenacity of blistering sun on my back; rather than petulantly torture the innocuous beast.

If I were to choose from; reaching the pinnacle of the mountain top on cable car to clambering up using a knotted rope,
I would prefer to onerously scramble my way to the top basking in the spirit of paramount adventure; rather than descending on my destination without flexing the slightest of my muscle.

If I were to choose from; drinking opulent wine floating in swanky glasses to crystalline liquid extracted from the belly of earth,
I would prefer rapidly gulping the scintillating water; rather than collapsing in a disheveled heap on the ground after devouring the inebriating elixir.

If I were to choose from; inhaling artificial air from the compact cylinder of oxygen to breathing directly from the atmosphere,
I would prefer to expand my lungs to their full capacity in my chest drawing in ravishing puffs of oxygen; rather than respiring the adulterated surroundings.

If I were to choose from; watching television to voraciously reading infinite lines of literature,
I would prefer to exorbitantly exert my eyes trying to innovatively perceive in the dormitories of my mind; rather than indolently viewing gaudy images flickering on the silver screen.

If I were to choose from; dancing in the sleazy discotheque in an
ambience of bombastic lights to swirling on the vast ground,
I would prefer to rambunctiously gyrate under the dazzling sun god;
rather than consciously moving my body in the realms of nimble sophistication.

If I were to choose from; residing in the grandiloquent palace to the
rustic interiors of a tumbledown hut,
I would prefer to live in the ramshackle barn with boisterous droplets
of rain cascading freely through blatantly gaping holes; rather than having a
fleet of bodyguards parading around my impoverished persona.

If I were to choose from; staying secure in custody of the corrupt
leaders den to flinging my life away for the sake of my country,
I would prefer; to indiscriminately shed my blood on the battlefield
rather than keep leading a life of opprobrious contempt.

And if I were to choose from; my beloved and boundless notes of white
currency, I would definitely prefer her compounded with our penurious condition
to live; rather than leading a lackluster life divested of the desire to
struggle; a life utterly bereft of the zeal to live.

Nikhil Parekh

If I Were Your Heart

If I were the blood circulating through your veins; I would incessantly flow without respite,
Unrelentingly purifying contaminated zones of your body; ensuring that you were perennially in a state of blissful health.

If I were your intricate ears; I would make sure you heard the most inconspicuous of sound as long as the sun shone in the sky,
Would inundate your mind with melodious sounds; mesmerizing reveries; the moment you went off to sleep.

If I were your emphatic eyes; I would make sure that you discriminate between the omnipresent good and evil,
Would make you stringently aware of the perils lurking beside you; bestow upon you the power to prognosticate the future yet to unveil.

If I were your pair of dainty feet; I would make sure you traversed scrupulously through the entire globe,
Saw the most astounding of palaces; the most enticing of sapphire oceans; without suffering from the slightest of exhaustion.

If I were your robust hands; I would make sure that you successfully clambered up the colossal mountain,
Wrote exquisite lines of enchanting music; tenaciously decimated all those who ever tried to torment you.

If I were your rotund belly; I would make sure you digested your food to meticulous perfection,
Bore a battalion of impeccable children as you desired; without the tiniest of anguish and tribulation.

If I were your silken hair; I would make sure that I glistened ravishingly in full rays of the sun,
Keep myself bereft of abhorrent dandruff flakes; so that you never felt the need to vehemently scratch.

If I were your rosy tongue; I would make sure that you spoke with a perfect blend of eloquence,
Sedately swishing inside your mouth; saving you on umpteenth occasions from the tyranny of your chiseled teeth.

If I were your conglomerate of bones; I would make sure that you never felt dreary; even after marathon hours of work,
Fought like an indefatigable soldier; when the question arose of defending your persona your true integrity.

And by magnanimous stroke of fortune If I were your heart; I would command you
to throb; only when you witnessed me,
Instruct you to love me as uninhibitedly; as much as I fanatically wanted to possess you.

Nikhil Parekh

If Indeed There Was Any Dearth

There was no dearth of commercialism; as boundless humans salaciously paved their way ahead; insidiously suppressing countless innocuous of their own kind; today,

There was no dearth of manipulation; as literally every 3rd person alive; tried his best to perniciously trick you; towards the realms of horrendously dwindling extinction; today,

There was no dearth of prejudice; as an unrelenting reservoir of greed glinted with pompous luminosity in millions of eyeballs alike; disparagingly robbing the fabric of eternal humanity; of its most priceless rudiments of mankind; today,

There was no dearth of barbarism; as even the most civilized of organism's savagely fought for each other's blood; replenishing their sordidly disgruntled lips at the cost of vital life; today,

And sadly if indeed there was any dearth; it was of the most immortal fountain of love which had been miserably ransacked by miscreants of spurious religion; it was of compassion which had sadly metamorphosed into a lecherous devil; today.

There was no dearth of war; as virtually every continent viciously desired to be the ultimate superpower; a force even above the Omnipotent Lord Almighty; today,

There was no dearth of depression; as even the most innocuously sparkling of youth; were horrifically buried under the juggernaut of abominably suicidal education system; today,

There was no dearth of racialism; as even the most sagaciously educated of household's; murderously discriminated between humanitarian sects of rich and poor; today,

There was no dearth of crime; as the most scintillating stalwarts of irrefutable power themselves offered a flurry of unsurpassable incentives; for committing murder; extortion; blasphemous atrocities; today,

And sadly if there was indeed any dearth; then it was of the ocean of immortal love which had wholesomely evaporated in wisps of brutal adulteration; it was of priceless humanity which was tyrannically slashed even before it expelled its very first breath; today.

There was no dearth of slavery; as merciless powerhorses of bombastically infinitesimal wealth; torturously lambasted the oppressed to even the most inconspicuous of their commands; today,

There was no dearth of morbidity; as an unendingly appalling gloom descended at all quarters; over the treacherously besieged atmosphere; today,

There was no dearth of starvation; as infinite infants having just emanated the first cry of birth; were uncouthly stuffed in garbage bins of despicable poverty for the rest of their lives; today,
There was no dearth of tragedy; as an unprecedented mass of immaculately sparkling living being; was remorsefully subjected to perilously raining bombs and gunpowder everyday; today,
And sadly if indeed there was any dearth; it was of the sky of immortal love which had been vindictively metamorphosed into the horizon of death by all those stinkingly corrupt; it was of an emotional empathy which had been lethally squashed to capricious pulp by artificial robots; today.

There was no dearth of revenge; as an incomprehensible ton of living beings devilishly slit their counterparts throat; just for being a shade better than them; today,
There was no dearth of politics; as the so called unflinching leaders of the society languidly slept on a consortium of innocent bone and disgustingly transient currency; all night and day; today,
There was no dearth of wailing; as virtually every dwelling under the flamboyantly sweltering and golden Sun; had become obnoxiously sensitive to its overtly fiery rays; today,
There was no dearth of death; as the most austerely abhorred tablet of preposterous suicide; had become a pragmatically routine fashion; today,
And sadly if there was any dearth; it was of the heart of immortal love which had been rendered to a sleazy machine by daggerheads of malice; it was of the invincible adoration of the divine; which had been wholesomely alienated by Nuclear war; today.

Nikhil Parekh

If Its From Your Heart

Whether it was fainter than the rustling of inconspicuous grass; or whether it perpetually blazed through the mortuaries of depression forever and ever and ever,

Whether it squeaked like a disdainfully disappearing rat; or whether it handsomely reverberated past the norms of the tyrannically conventional society,

Whether it cadaverously sunk an infinite feet beneath lackluster soil even before it could arise; or whether it resembled the everlastingly enamoring effervescence of the timelessly vivacious rainbow in celestial sky,

Whether it was as preposterously weak as the infidel ant; or whether it inimitably silenced even the most infinitesimal trace of diabolism on this Universe in a righteously single cry,

Whether it was more inarticulately mumbling than the winds of grouchily disappointing oblivion; or whether it relentlessly roared like the majestically unflinching lion; till times immemorial,

Whether it gasped and miserably stuttered like a lividly subjugated gutterpipe; or whether it perennially blossomed like the tendrils of the sensuously untamed rose; to blend with the compassionate moisture of the skies,

Whether it croaked like an acrimoniously repugnant frog; or whether it caressed the innermost dormitories of the soul; like a brilliantly undefeated prince,

Whether it irascibly buzzed like the abjectly parsimonious mosquito; or whether it timelessly danced in triumphant delight; like the very first droplets of ubiquitously bonding and eternally fructifying rain,

Whether it rapidly deteriorated into vapid nothingness immediately after it had arisen; or whether it unstoppably marched forward on the path to insuperably blessed success,

Whether it forever bore the imprint of shamefully ludicrous timidity; or whether it ebulliently galloped like an uninhibited kangaroo through the trails of fearlessly enlightening adventure,

Whether it unceasingly seemed like the ethereally dwindling horizons; or whether it vividly enthralled like the extraordinarily pristine oceans of magnanimously rejuvenating froth,

Whether it sounded incoherent jinxed like quaint crusts of severely dilapidated rust; or whether it proliferated into a cosmos of ever-pervading freshness till moments beyond infinite infinity,

Whether it wobbled in the realms of impoverished uncertainty; or whether it brilliantly glimmered like the Omnipotently flamboyant rays of the Morning Sun,

Whether it disintegrated into a corpse of pathetically disintegrating emptiness; or whether it beautifully melanged with the mists of resplendently sensuous paradise,

Whether it penuriously flickered for a countless lifetimes; or whether it was an unlimited times better than the cadence of the mellifluously gorgeous nightingale,

Whether it was as flaccidly indolent as the stride of the tortoise; or whether it raced like stupendously kingly lightening through the most hideously truculent pathways of horrific despair,

Whether it seemed as non-existent as the dead-mans lifeless carcass; or whether it indomitably towered above every tangible and intangible entity on the trajectory of this unbelievably unassailable planet,

Whether it sounded like the most haplessly pulverized brick of the foundation; or whether it consecrated a whole new civilization of unconquerable goodness; upon its synergistic dissemination into the atmosphere,

Irrespective of whatever; if your voice is altruistically philanthropic; if your voice is tirelessly ardent for every bit of panoramically symbiotic goodness existing on this boundless earth; if your voice is as pristinely sacred as the milk of your divinely mother; most importantly if your voice above everything else is from the innermost dormitories of your benign heart; then it irrefutably and immortally reaches and bonds forever and ever and ever; with the Omnipotent breath of the Creator Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

If My Car Could Run On Pure Water

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would wander thousands of kilometers in the day,
Driving at roaring speeds through the broad highway streets; drowned in waves of tremendous euphoria.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would stop contemplating the cost of expensive gasoline,
Explore every nook and cranny of the gigantic globe; would prefer to drive; every time I was overpowered with the incorrigible urge to walk.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would evacuate the monsoon rivers of their liquid,
Storing it surreptitiously in my colossal tank; pilfer every droplet of the solvent dribbling from the mountain springs.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would relinquish to travel by the most extravagant of aircraft,
Thoroughly utilizing my incredulous contraption; to transport me wherever I wanted; without the slightest pinch to my pocket.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would never feel uncouth pangs of thirst reverberate in my vocal chords,
As I would devour frugal mouthfuls of the liquid stashed in my fuel jacket; at intermittent intervals while traversing through the streets.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would make frequent visits to the gushing jungle stream,
Swimming rambunctiously in the same; withdrawing as much water as I could while gleefully returning.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would camouflage my automobile with coarse sheets of sprawling canvas,
Would impregnate it with all the amenities indispensable for life; inhabit it unrelentingly all day and night; while rolling on the roads.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would save astronomical sums of money,
Investing the same in diversified arenas of life; gain in insight and loads of experience while transgressing through mesmerizing parts of the world.

If my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would get reprieve from
obnoxious stench of the elixir,
Instead have the ravishing aroma of fresh water waft into my nostrils;
encompassing my persona with waves of enchantment.

And if my car could run on pure water instead of petrol; I would sleep like a
diabolical demon all night; released from the onerous tensions of ruminating over
price hikes,
Travel all sunlit day in my luxurious caravan with my beloved in close proximity;
now completely oblivious to the hour when I had last filled disdainful petrol.

Nikhil Parekh

If My Heart Was Made Of Steel

If my hands were made of pure stainless steel;
I would be able to dismantle the most obdurate of stone; shattering the most
acerbic of glass,
At the same time; I would be deprived of the intricate ability to sketch and paint.

If my legs were composed of glistening steel; fortified with surplus fillings
of iron,
I would be able to trample fearlessly through blistering oceans of lava; kicking
mighty barricades of wood hampering my way,
At the same time; I would relinquish the ability to handsomely walk and run.

If my skull was blended with invincible iron; embedded with an amalgamate of
strong cement,
I would be able to withstand the most tenacious of blows; rupture brick walls by
my mere caress,
At the same time; I would emancipate the ability to majestically fantasize and
think.

If my eyes were made of impregnable steel, embellished with an exterior coating
of brass,
Hot needles of coal wouldn't make an impact when inserted; and they wouldn't
bleed,
At the same time; I would abdicate the power to see; produce volatile tears of
empathy.

If the nails on my fingers were made of polished steel,
I would be able to scratch the hardest of wall with nonchalant ease; dig deep
fathomless holes in rock ground,
At the same time; I would lose the right to poke my mother.

If the house that I lived in was composed of steel juxtaposed with shards of
blotted chrome,
I would sleep all night without the tension of burglars intruding in,
At the same time; I would be deprived of the ravishing scent of grass; and the
gusty winds of nature.

If the clusters of my teeth were made of formidable steel,
I would be able to crack the hardest of coconut; gnaw incessantly at raw slices of
unprocessed bone,

At the same time; I would feel embarrassed to smile; kiss my beloved with passionate fervour.

And if my heart was made of high quality resistant steel,
I would be able to withstand the most voracious of body blows; sustaining life even at high altitudes in the air,
At the same time; It would fail to beat violently when I was supremely in love; and reminiscing nostalgia of past pain.

Nikhil Parekh

If Only

If only sunshine replaced gloomy nights of winter cold,
if only tufts of grass replaced barren patches of infertile land,
if only cars replaced filthy exteriors of tumbledown bus,
if only tropical juice replaced beer mugfulls of contaminated water,
if only yards of silk replaced yellow rolls of threadbare cotton,
if only compressed honey biscuits replaced hard loafs of bacterial bread,
if only petroleum extract replaced illegal sales of noxious kerosene,
if only hi-tech computers replaced quintals of school paper stationary,
if only white sparkling marble replaced unpolished fragments of cheap tile,
if only silver spoons replaced their counterpart mates engraved in thick plastic,
if only mirrors replaced morbid walls with crumbling plaster,
if only exquisite snake leather replaced large purses of inferior suede,
if only golden sodium lights replaced dim emissions of fluorescent tubes,
if only luxury air-conditioner replaced Luke warm air draughts of ceiling fan,
if only fecund soil mass replaced colossal plains of scorched sand,
if only varnished mahogany replaced plaintive sheets of ordinary wood,
if only balls of white snow replaced dry laden winds of boiling heat,
if only gold coins replaced all kinds of stone strewn on the ground,
if only affluence replaced poverty residing in all domains of the globe,
then we would seldom pray to the supreme Creator,
his quota of responsibilities thus fading into oblivion,
each of us would then transit to super gods breathing for eternity,
in a strife free world bestowed with undeserved riches

Nikhil Parekh

If Only I Could Win Every Heart

I hadn't the most infinitesimal of desire to conquer the planet with the power of sacrilegious wealth; but if only I could win every symbiotically throbbing heart on this fathomless Universe with the balm of immortal love; then I'd consider each element of my signature to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most ephemeral of desire to conquer the planet with the power of satanic wealth; but if only I could win every blissfully throbbing heart on this boundless Universe with the rainbow of immortal love; then I'd consider each of my footsteps; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most infidel of desire to conquer the planet with the power of diabolical wealth; but if only I could win every celestially throbbing heart on this gigantic Universe with the sky of immortal love; then I'd consider each word that I uttered; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most evanescent of desire to conquer the planet with the power of treacherous wealth; but if only I could win every bountifully throbbing heart on this colossal Universe with the meadow of immortal love; then I'd consider each blooddrop of mine; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most fugitive of desire to conquer the planet with the power of incarcerating wealth; but if only I could win every effulgently throbbing heart on this interminable Universe with the tree of immortal love; then I'd consider each smile that I diffused; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most insouciant of desire to conquer the planet with the power of marauding wealth; but if only I could win every harmoniously throbbing heart on this endless Universe with the rainshowers of immortal love; then I'd consider each globule of my sweat; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most obsolete of desire to conquer the planet with the power of indiscriminate wealth; but if only I could win every jubilantly throbbing heart on this unceasing Universe with the seeds of immortal love; then I'd consider each reflection of mine; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most disappearing of desire to conquer the planet with the power of cold-blooded wealth; but if only I could win every beautifully throbbing heart on this limitless Universe with the lanterns of immortal love; then I'd consider

each voluntary and involuntary reflex of mine; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most absconding of desire to conquer the planet with the power of wanton wealth; but if only I could win every humanitarianly throbbing heart on this unbelievable Universe with the flames of immortal love; then I'd consider each fantasy of mine; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most receding of desire to conquer the planet with the power of tawdry wealth; but if only I could win every victoriously throbbing heart on this unbridled Universe with the bonds of immortal love; then I'd consider each nimble bone of my mine; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most dormant of desire to conquer the planet with the power of non-existent wealth; but if only I could win every passionately throbbing heart on this unfettered Universe with the winds of immortal love; then I'd consider each pathway that I traversed; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most decrepit of desire to conquer the planet with the power of vindictive wealth; but if only I could win every poignantly throbbing heart on this synergistic Universe with the sea of immortal love; then I'd consider each sound that I heard; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most remotest of desire to conquer the planet with the power of devilish wealth; but if only I could win every wonderfully throbbing heart on this fathomless Universe with the atmosphere of immortal love; then I'd consider each patch of flesh; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most obfuscated of desire to conquer the planet with the power of remorseful wealth; but if only I could win every fantastically throbbing heart on this effervescent Universe with the mist of immortal love; then I'd consider each mission of mine; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most evaporating of desire to conquer the planet with the power of wretched wealth; but if only I could win every benevolently throbbing heart on this undefeated Universe with the wand of immortal love; then I'd consider each line of my destiny; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most mercurial of desire to conquer the planet with the power of sinful wealth; but if only I could win every compassionately amiable heart on this

unassailable Universe with the syrup of immortal love; then I'd consider each pore of my skin; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most crumbling of desire to conquer the planet with the power of sadistic wealth; but if only I could win every bounteously untainted heart on this mesmerizing Universe with the epitomes of immortal love; then I'd consider each dormitory of my soul; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most extinguishing of desire to conquer the planet with the power of murderous wealth; but if only I could win every fantastically unhindered heart on this astounding Universe with the apogees of Immortal love; then I'd consider each of my breath; to be perpetually blessed.

And I hadn't the most teeniest of desire to conquer the planet with the power of bawdy wealth; but if only I could win every spell-bindingly liberated heart on this panoramic Universe with the paradise of immortal love; then I'd consider each beat of my impoverished chest; to be perpetually blessed.

Nikhil Parekh

If Only I Were God

if i were God,
i would put sea in land,
gold liquid in blood veins,
send rain with currency notes attached to droplets,
transform all humans to aquatic fish,
having a mermaid like disposition,
living in all equality with bundles of salt,
rebuke the sparse few, left on land,
for their plethora of misdeeds,
charging them with the highest treason,
sweeping them away like piece of dirt,
with cheap broomsticks of twined bamboo.
then there would be,
no poverty, indiscreet trampling of deprived,
no panic stricken, aggrieved, mutilated,
no innocent assaulted,
by powerhouses of wealth and illegitimate pride,
no shivering in chilly winters,
no dying of sun strokes,
no scope for inflicted brutality,
no supply of hazardous narcotic,
absolute prohibition of life ending liquor,
manufactured in dilapidated breweries,
complete harmony amongst all tribes in flesh,
beheading sinful chapters of mutual racism,
dulling the nerves of rampant blood shed,
elimination of traumatized anecdotes,
of premature death,
through vehicular clashes,
air, water and rail collisions,
no mammoth crowds flocking for,
oil, petrol, gas, essential fodder for survival,
no palaces for some,
and unbaked cow dung plaster huts for others,
uprooting all kinds of glamour,
reinforcing it with simplistic existence,
no indecent portrayal of stalwarts,
sacrificing personal lives, releasing us from jaws of captivity,
no inflation, unauthorized storage of food grain,

no urchins left like garbage,
in clammy interiors of unkempt orphanages,
i would evaporate every trace of crime,
with complete equality nestling in all quarters,
all this and a host to follow,
as i wish and pray fervently,
if only i were God.

Nikhil Parekh

If Only You'd Spent A Single Minute

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of your hours; which you dedicated wholesomely to our child; at times deliberately stirring the mischievous devil within it,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of your hours; which you meaninglessly wasted staring into blank bits of space; which led solely to the mortuaries of nothingness,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you obsessively spent ruthlessly scraping and scrubbing those floors; which were already sparkling clean,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you worthlessly whiled reading every ounce of spicy and gossipy news; inundated on the front covers of sensational newspapers and magazines alike,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent ardently listening to the travails and woes; of even the most listlessly decayed bones strewn haplessly on the dusty streets,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent indefatigably searching for the ultimate panacea of happiness and fruition; in your impoverished life,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you dedicated to excessively celestial rest and sleep; which you relished the most; because you could rampantly dream,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent in the kitchen burning your fingers unsuccessfully; in trying to learn every conceivable recipe under the flaming Sun,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of thousands of hours; which you fervently devoted to satisfying every religious ritual and spurious ceremony; of the so-called sanctimonious society,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those

thousands of hours; which you spent scrupulously tracking every thread of success; of the richest men and women on this fathomless Universe,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent conversing; releasing your frustration; against the solitary walls and laconic bits of sky,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent in triumphantly proving even the most invisible of your point; even though you were the unabashed ridiculer and were wrong,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent admiring your very ownself; as sitting on the throne of; and reigning as the ultimate queen of nail-on-the-head practicality,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent aimlessly speaking with your friends; relatives and close kin; igniting myriad topics out of sheer nothingness; when there was nothing profound left to talk,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent trying to explore an indefinite number of talents; existing incognito in your brain,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent taking marathon walks and jogs; in order to keep your already agile body; roaring in the topmost gear,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent in gross indifference and preposterous shrewdness; towards the chapters of mundane life,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent in making fun of even the most evanescent of my idiosyncrasies; upon which you'd accidentally tumbled; in knowing me all these long years,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours you spent wholeheartedly laughing on the other side; whilst I flashed the mightiest tears of my sorrow away; cursed by a spell of perennial

loneliness,

Then. I'd have loved you more invincibly than I loved anyone on this gigantically inscrutable Universe; as poetry was all I had; all I was made up of in each of my veins; bone and breath; and what I penned was exactly what I thought; was exactly how I was; was exactly my truest identity; irrespective of any caste; creed; status or tribe.

Nikhil Parekh

If Rape Is Inevitable; Enjoy It.

If drowning in the fathomlessly treacherous ocean seems inevitable; why not start to stupendously relish the unbelievably tangy spray of the sea on every pore of your nakedly impoverished skin,

If falling from the absolute epitome of Everest seems inevitable; why not start to passionately embrace every draught of exuberant air; as you unstoppably plummeted like thunderbolts of lightening towards heartless ground,

If being bitten by the diabolically ominous serpent seems inevitable; why not start to unfathomably admire its majestically unconquerable hood; as it uncontrollably quivered under the pristinely impeccable light of the midnight moon,

If being victimized by acrimoniously slandering isolation seems inevitable; why not start to unceasingly kiss the tranquil silence with the periphery of your rubicund lips; even as there wasn't a trace of civilization till countless centuries apart,

If being excoriated into nothingness whilst trapped in a lion's cage seems inevitable; why not start to tirelessly feast your eyes upon the unflinching patriotism; that wafted from every ingredient of your blood that now almost overwhelmed the fabric of the Universe,

If being slit open by a demonically gleaming knife seems inevitable; why not start to mesmerize every cranny of the whites of your eye; with its magical gleam even at the cruelest hour of the ribald night,

If satanically crucifying starvation seems inevitable; why not start to fondle and massage each of your pathetically tyrannized bone; to the most ultimate epitomes of ecstasy and satisfaction,

If cadaverously penalizing blindness seems inevitable; why not start to envisage the entire world as a paradise of uninhibited nakedness; eternally dancing in the winds of sensuously untamed blackness,

If horrendously subjugating deafness seems inevitable; why not start to treat your ears only to the most opulently luxurious and vivaciously tinkling earrings,

If heinously traumatizing poverty seems inevitable; why not start to fantasize

about perpetually floating in the clouds; away from every earthly pleasure; and without a cloth to engulf your ebullient form,

If the despairingly deteriorated gallows of jail seem inevitable; why not start to wholesomely blindfold your effulgent eyes; and cognize a life after this currently destitute lifetime of yours,

If being buried under the gorily invidious avalanche seems inevitable; why not start to ardently play and blend with the royally untainted iceflakes; being insurmountably tantalized by their velvety caress; just like a newly born child,

If being salaciously torn apart from your beloved seems inevitable; why not start to fervently appreciate the inexhaustible tenacity with which your heart still throbbed; for the destined remainder of your life,

If being lost in the inexplicably gigantic labyrinth of tunnels seems inevitable; why not start to be enchanted and till the very last breath of your life; by the astoundingly pitch-dark stillness,

If being pugnaciously aborted right in the womb of your mother seems inevitable; why not start to think that this was the greatest blessing that your mother could ever dream of bestowing upon you; even before you were born,

If walking through an endless field of acridly abstruse thorns seems inevitable; why not start to feel perennially blessed; as the blood profusely oozing from your feet; unassailably enriched every ounce of spell-bindingly naked soil,

If being crushed under the unstoppable speeding car seems inevitable; why not start to feel that you're soon going to undergo; an unchallengeable world record for bearing maximum pain,

If the unforgivable hands of death seem inevitable; why not start to unbelievably relish your expedition to either Heaven/Hell; feel like a quintessential ingredient of the boundaries of the uncannily unknown,

And if treacherously besmirching rape seems inevitable; why not start to unprecedentedly enjoy every conceivable contact of skin with ignited skin; why not undyingly enjoy the ultimate dewdrops of virility; now sinfully but eventually amalgamating two bodies as one.

Nikhil Parekh

If The Clouds Showered Gold Instead Of Rain

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; the minutest trace of poverty would be annihilated from earth,
The indigent beggars on the street would catapult in sheer ecstasy; stashing as much of coin as they ever dreamt of; in their ragamuffin bags.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; marriages round the globe would occur in chambers of impeccable silk,
With the bride extravagantly embellished in silken cloth; and the bridegroom completely bereft of the onerous tension to earn.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; the commoner would traverse on glistening roads of molded yellow,
The thieves would forget to pilfer; and the Mafia would forget to maraud; as they were now blessed with opulence right from the colossal sky.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; man would incorporate his house with gigantic slabs of the same,
Articulately sculpturing his plates of the gold; ravenously consuming his food from it; profoundly lost in the scintillating glitter.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; people would be saved from the tyranny of monotonous work,
Transit from realms of despondency to one replete with ebullience; easily perishing the desire to perspire and slog.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; clusters of birds would utilize gold in place of threadbare twigs to construct their nests,
The armory of their eggs would hatch in an ambience of ostentatious gold; blended with profuse opulence.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; abhorrent termites would tenaciously gnaw in their deadly pincers,
They would be treated to a ravishing meal of currency coin for a change; were absolutely delighted; after being used to painstakingly nibbling decayed wood.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; severely afflicted patients would leave their disdainful hospital beds,
Run out rampantly on the streets refraining to rue their pain; spreading out their febrile palms to clasp the gold.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; the fighter pilots flying at unprecedented heights in the sky would forget to fire a fleet of hostile grenade, They would be too busy to concentrate on the pugnacious war; open the door of the cockpit to get hold of the gold.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; every individual would feel overwhelmingly blessed initially; with the rigmarole and turmoil to work completely diminishing,
However the plants sprouting from soil would die a gruesome death; the animal kingdom would fatally relinquish breath;

And the most treasured species of man would disastrously succumb without crystal water; which was now replaced by gold in all forms and traces,
Therefore it is my humble plea to you O! Divine creator; to shower upon the earth bountiful rain; wherein lies impregnated abundantly; the true spirit and the true gold.

Nikhil Parekh

If The Heart Danced Out

If the eyes danced out of their sockets for times immemorial; morbidly bouncing in the untamed wilderness; with a ominous juggernaut of pugnacious snakes, The impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but frantically groping in a whirlpool of meaninglessly threatening; and sinister darkness.

If the teeth danced out of their sockets for decades unfathomable; insipidly blending with pathetically lambasted chunks of flattened soil, The impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but starving to an unprecedentedly murderous extinction every instant; remorsefully missing tantalizing morsels of nature's priceless fruit.

If the fingers danced out of their sockets for centuries unsurpassable; resting in disdainful contentment; within the interiors of the horrifically abominable pigs stomach, The impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but ludicrously slaving on brutally tyrannized ground; without the tiniest of ability to defend itself.

If the hair danced out of their sockets for times unfathomable; taking perfidious pride in becoming the witch's morning breakfast; as well as supper for the perilously invidious night, The impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but ridiculously castigated and ignominiously looked down upon; as a battalion of white mice feasted on the; scintillatingly barren scalp.

If the blood danced out of its sockets for countless years; satanically hosting an insurmountable fleet of lecherous parasites, Then the impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but only as a infinitesimally diminutive skeleton; tottering towards the brink of extinction; even in the heart of vivaciously vibrant life.

If the legs danced out of their sockets for unimaginable moments; to melt like frigidly opprobrious pulp; even as the most minuscule beam of sunshine; filtered its way through the crimson clouds, Then the impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but without any ambition to wholesomely succeed; disastrously staggering to juxtapose with deplorable despair; even before it could alight a nimble foot.

If the brain danced out of its sockets for fathomless fortnights; to be consumed timidly by grazing goats and sporadically loitering tiny worms,
Then the impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but without even an inconspicuous iota of fantasy and desire; witnessing each little part of its being insidiously massacred; in hopelessly dumb submission.

If the conscience danced out of its sockets for infinite millennium's; to reside with the savage scorpions; as they diabolically feasted upon its irrefutably righteous visage,

Then the impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but without the most remotest element of truth; miserably succumbing to the web of disgustingly capricious lies.

Paradoxically to all of the above; if the Heart danced out of its sockets for infinite more births to unveil; philandering indefatigably behind the handsome hills; as the golden Sun kissed the evanescent horizons,

Then the impoverished body would not only continue to exist; but would immortally continue to exist and evolve; into an invincibly romantic cloud of everlasting love; love; and only passionate love.

Nikhil Parekh

If The Heart Ever Had A Tongue

If the broken wall ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about the disdainfully inferior quality of cement used in its construction; that had fomented it to crumble appallingly towards soil,

If the mercilessly chopped down tree ever had a tongue; then the first thing it uttered; would be about the barbaric humans; who ruthlessly cut it down to illuminate their every superficial night,

If the hazy river waters ever had a tongue; the first thing they uttered; would be about the tyrannically obnoxious industries; which polluted their heavenly persona profusely every unleashing second,

If the orphaned tooth ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about diabolical monsters who had so uncouthly ripped it apart from the cozy realms of its masters mouth,

If the sands of the tumultuously blistering desert ever had a tongue; the first thing they uttered; would be about the horrendous life they were bestowed upon with; without the most minuscule droplet of sparkling water,

If the shattered petal ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about the cowardly satanic way in which the flower shed it; when confronted with the tiniest wind of storm,

If the pathetically deflated balloon ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about its royally oligarchic times in the sky; the acrimonious bullet which pierced it through its protuberant belly; rendering it sadly into the corpse which it currently was,

If the overwhelmingly bashed egg ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about the ominously wretched snake which stole it surreptitiously when its mother was fast asleep; splitting apart its nimble body into infinite halves,

If the rusty piece of jewelry ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about its hideously vain mistress; who hurled it to rot in the sinister dungeons; meting out her insurmountable frustration on its impeccable demeanor,

If the disheveled rags of cloth ever had a tongue; the first thing they uttered;
would be about the treacherous rioters who grappled them devilishly;
disorienting them from their handsomely stoical posture,
If the brutally trampled whisker ever had a tongue; then the first thing it
uttered; would be about its majestic times while embedded to the lion's snout;
the nonchalant way in which it had fallen on the ground; when the beast was
thunderously snoring,

If the bone lying morbidly in the interiors of the obsolete castle ever had a
tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about the robust body of the prince it
once upon a time inhabited; the gory moment when its master breathed his very
last; to leave it
decaying even centuries after his death,

If the disastrously melting mountains of ice-cream ever had a tongue; the first
thing they uttered; would be about the acerbically dictatorial rays of the Sun
which had compelled them to completely lose their identity,

If the dismally corroded mouse-trap ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered;
would be about how much it abhorred imprisoning filthily stinking mice; how
much
it desired to be placed in flamboyantly dazzling sunshine,

If the sleazily colored bundles of cotton ever had a tongue; the first thing they
uttered; would be about the unfathomably commercial farmer; plucking them
indiscriminately from their immaculate buds; selling them at a price when in fact
they were priceless,

If the blanket of grass blades ever had a tongue; the first thing they uttered;
would be about the demons transgressing indefatigably on their voluptuous
carpet; pulverizing their silken softness with indigenous feet,

If the splattered splinters of glass lying forlorn on the floor ever had a tongue;
the first thing they uttered; would be about the pertinently irascible hordes of
children; who had made them taste dust; with their obdurate cricket balls,

If the solitarily wandering soul ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered;
would be about the inexplicable agony it was besieged with; the utter
helplessness that it was thoroughly engulfed with; when it simply couldn't help
its loved ones in distress,

And if the broken heart ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be
about how much it craved to be loved; how much it craved for that immortal love
in
its life once again; which it unfortunately couldn't get.

Nikhil Parekh

If The World Were Upside Down

If gigantic silhouette of the peepal tree was rotated upside down,
Countless fibers of moistened roots would shiver in the wind,
Leafy branches of lush green foliage would be buried deep beneath the ground,
With a host of animals living in proximity with the earth.

If the dexterously sculptured flower vase was kept upside down,
Soiled extracts of plant water would leak out in ecstatic frenzy.

If conical tapered blocks of the mountain were inverted upside down,
The slender nose tip would refrain to bear the onerous load of the Herculean
hillock,
And the formidable structure would collapse like a soft pack of playing cards.

If the glass facaded bungalow was revolved upside down; heaps of furniture
would tumble down with a sigh; water oozing from infinite cavities of the shower
would try and kiss the sky.

If princely cars traverse through rough carpets of road upside down; occupants
would solely relinquish ideas of inhabiting them,
Chrome topped assembly of roof would screech in high pitched tunes of
discordance.

If the colossal brick structure of the clock tower was placed upside down,
There would be inevitable confusions of time,
With people having to perspire all night and sleep with a perpetual bliss all sunlit
day.

If humans trespassed upside down on the surface of obdurate ground,
They would be I intimate contacts with slithering snake and ant,
Growing bald every minute with glistening scalps,
With their legs oblivious to the art of walking,
Baking like unconsummated cakes in harsh rays of the Sun.

Nikhil Parekh

If There Was Anybody

There were some who hated office; for being murderously monotonous; invidiously trespassing against their blissful lives and compassionately adorable families,

There were some who hated war; for being diabolically destructive; evolving civilizations of newness; at the cost of countless rivers of innocent blood,

There were some who hated the day; for being acrimoniously blistering; savagely crippling the flow of uninhibitedly untamed fantasy; in their surreally exotic minds,

There were some who hated the cuckoo; for devilishly disturbing their celestial morning sleep; ruthlessly jarring them from their ingratiatingly nocturnal slumber and rhapsodic bedcover delights,

There were some who hated the buildings; for satanically obstructing their panoramically pristine view; for lecherously asphyxiating them of veritably glorious air and exhilarating exuberance,

There were some who hated the dungeons; for disastrously camouflaging their blissfully innocuous persona; with violent whirlpools of ghastly blackness,

There were some who hated the rain; for vindictively playing spoil sport in their pragmatically routine activities; impeding their electric pace; to triumphantly surge forward in vibrant life,

There were some who hated the gutters; for obnoxiously infiltrating the tranquil serenity of their dwellings; with horrendously preposterous scent,

There were some who hated the mountains; for perilously hovering in the way of their handsomely majestic flight; engendering them to crash like insipid mincemeat; against the treacherously demonic slopes,

There were some who hated the clock; for indefatigably tick tocking all night and brilliant day; not letting them rest even an inconspicuous trifle; to wholesomely shrug the astronomical perseverance of the previous day,

There were some who hated the ice; for indiscriminately numbing the poignantly

scarlet blood in their veins; abominably jeopardizing their progress towards an impregnably scintillating victory,

There were some who hated the jungles; for worthlessly marauding upon precious space; constricting the blissful development of the contemporary civilization;

with its uncouthly rampant maze of creepers and beasts,

There were some who hated the graveyards; for perpetuating their ambience with ghoulishly cursed doom; when an organism could be very well be burnt as well; after abdicating its last iota of breath,

There were some who hated destiny; for the inexplicable twists and agonizingly painstaking turns; which treacherously inhibited them in their blazingly steady course of dazzling life,

There were some who hated children; for their rambunctiously unruly behavior; ominously corrupting the spurious somberity; of their aristocratically rich cigar smoke; vixen and opulent wine,

There were some who hated truth; for explicitly landing them in an unfathomable ocean of trouble; when they could have easily saved their ungainly trembling skins; under the blanket of derogatory lies,

There were some who hated the night; for enveloping them with disdainfully sultry blackness; more importantly forcing them to close commercial shop; and thereby horrifically restrict the flow of gold coin and silver,

There were some who hated love; for intrepidly trespassing against the fabric of conventionally tyrannical humanity; pulverizing their spurious corpse of rules and regulations to non-existent skeleton chowder,

There were some who even hated breath; for sporadically intervening them in their so called brilliantly innovative thought process; cursing their robotically conventional bodies with eternal rest,

And if there was anybody who hated the word hate with irrefutable hatred; then it was none other than Almighty Lord himself; for we humans were mere mortals portraying even the tiniest of our disgust to the most appalling limits; while his Omnipotent fingers were miraculously the ones; which metamorphosed all hatred forever into the sky of immortal love.

If There Was Anything That Could Bite A Man

Not the deadliest sting of the venomously dancing scorpion; perpetually waiting to crawl on naked skin and pierce its hindside deep down into streams of innocuous scarlet blood,

Not even the menacingly insatiable army of ants; ardently dreaming of nothing else but triggering a volcano of unbearable redness; as they stealthily clambered upon the most invisible patches of skin,

Not even the most savagely gleaming knives; who yearned to sadistically chop anything and everything in vicinity; into a trillion pieces of livid meaninglessness,

Not even the most despairingly morose dungeons; who wanted to devour every conceivable source of life in the blooming atmosphere; forever into a graveyard of demonic blackness,

Not even the most ominously parasitic leeches; who started to hideously slither as if starved since a thousand centuries; at sighting the most orphaned droplet of blood splattered on the grave,

Not even the most invidiously smoldering embers of the bonfire; whose sole mission in life was to burn every trespassing soul to an unrecognizable death; a most perfect vindication for their dreadfully miserly state of now,

Not even the most incapacitated of oblivious rusty iron nails; who knew they could cause many an inexplicably traumatizing disease; apart from a corpse of woeful blood; once they pugnaciously stung,

Not even the most perilously sinister sheets of sinking mud; who wretchedly suckled you to the rock bottom of incarcerated darkness; with an ease as inanimate as a ghost passing unscathed through the wall,

Not even the most forlornly thwarting silence; a web of preposterously crucifying loneliness trying its best to trap every life of bustling energy; only to be eaten by the spiders of hell,

Not even the gullibly hissing snakes; whose singleton kiss of the lips on pristine life; led to the most irrevocably silencing mortuaries of death; an agonizing extinction which brutally paralyzed all existence,

Not even the most tyrannical wells of unending sarcasm; which plagued every creatively brilliant spark that rose from the mind and soul; with the devil's altar of jinxed negativity,

Not even the most disdainfully lethal smokescreens of adulteration; which yearned every unveiling instant to usurp everyone on earth; in their murderously cancerous swirl,

Not even the most abysmal gorge of hopeless desperation; which perpetuated every sane entity on the trajectory of the planet; to become a maniac who asymmetrically plundered for raw flesh and blood,

Not even the most dreadfully conniving satans of hell; who devised endless insidious ways and means to torture you after you died; and were sent to their custody in your fecklessly frigid after life,

Not even the most despondently amorphous walls of monotony; which unsparingly marauded every infinitesimal ounce of newness around with carcasses of penalizing routine,

Not even the most heartless cauldrons with meat butchered into a zillion pieces; where the most priceless of emotions were hacked to the most indescribably torturous death; shockingly alive,

Not even the most ominously wailing streams of blistering lava; launching an assault of an unimaginably distorted and instant death; as it fervently prayed for the very first living step to transgress its way,

Not even most ghoulishly jangling skeletons of nothingness; whose sole purpose lay in scaring the daylights of optimism from the innermost realms of your soul; make you one of their own even in the pinnacle of your robust life,

But if there was anything that could indeed bite a Man till beyond an infinite of his lives and deaths-Then it was only the infidelity of the woman whom he'd given his heart; the woman whom he truly loved.

Nikhil Parekh

If This Head Would Ever Bow Down

Not even an infinitesimal trifle in front of the greatest of Mountains; the most indomitably towering and unconquerably intrepid of their Herculean epitomes,

Not even a diminutive trifle in front of the greatest of Philosophers; the most sacredly learned and pricelessly inimitable of their sermons on the chapters of symbiotic existence,

Not even a mercurial trifle in front of the greatest of Forests; the most majestically untamed and insuperably parading of their indomitable lions,

Not even an evanescent trifle in front of the greatest of Warriors; the most scintillatingly patronizing and fearlessly infallible of their impregnable swords,

Not even an ethereal trifle in front of the greatest of Oceans; the most fabulously triumphant and unflinchingly undulating of their glorious waves,

Not even an oblivious trifle in front of the greatest of Roses; the most sensuously inebriating and marvelously unbridled of their pristine scent,

Not even an abstemious trifle in front of the greatest of Seductresses; the most evocatively tantalizing and supremely glistening of their beautifully embellished bellies,

Not even a vespered trifle in front of the greatest of Magicians; the most fantastically resplendent and wonderfully emollient of their intriguing tricks,

Not even an infidel trifle in front of the greatest of Artists; the most poignantly heartfelt and gloriously uninhibited of their boundless creations,

Not even an inconspicuous trifle in front of the greatest of Moon; the most resplendently effervescent and exhilaratingly enlightening of its supernatural shine,

Not even a parsimonious trifle in front of the greatest of Currency Coin; the most supremely accentuated and royally comforting of its indispensably brilliant glitter,

Not even an oblivious trifle in front of the greatest of Institution; the most splendidly fabulous and unsurpassably eclectic of its innovative teaching

patterns,

Not even an obsolete trifle in front of the greatest of Politicians; the most manipulatively uncanny and unsparingly pulverizing of their brutal ways,

Not even a disappearing trifle in front of the greatest of Castles; the most gorgeously adorned and indefatigably unassailable of their ardently inimitable thrones,

Not even a vacillating trifle in front of the greatest of Destiny Lines; the most irrefutably unfurling and inevitably emollient of their enigmatic pathways,

Not even a feckless trifle in front of the greatest of Nightingales; the most unbelievably serendipitous and holistically purifying of astounding melodies,

Not even a fugitive trifle in front of the greatest of Hearts; the most Immortally unshakable and passionately mellifluous of their perpetual beats,

Not even an extinguishing trifle in front of the greatest of Lives; the most synergistically truthful and limitlessly altruistic of their vivid ideologies,

Not even an unmentionable trifle in front of the greatest of Tornadoes; the most unrelentingly unstoppable and timelessly unimpeachable of their virgin winds,

But if ever this head had to bow down in front of anyone of this spell bindingly fathomless Universe; then it would be and forever be none other than; the invincibly sacred feet of my Mother who bore me in her divinely womb for 9 painstaking months and the grace of the perpetually Omnipotent Almighty Lord; who bestowed upon me breath to live and wholesomely created me.

Nikhil Parekh

If You Believed

If you believed in the sweetness of royal pudding,
It's because of decayed yellow sour cream.

If you believed in blissful meadows of lush green grass,
It's because of barren landscapes scorching in the tumultuous fury of the sun.

If you believed in hi- tech computers with a plethora of software chips,
It's because of the onerous task of scribbling on sheets of jute paper.

If you believed in rich milk extracted from cow teats,
It's because of the obnoxious odor inhabiting barrels of canned milk.

If you believed in luxury sedans traversing with silken grace,
It's because of the aching feet rendered sore due the onset of age.

If you believed in holistic sunlight filtering through your skin pores,
It's because of disease breeding in an ambience of ghastly darkness.

If you believed in crisp notes of dollar currency,
It's because of intractable woes of misery and starvation to death.

If you believed in dancing to pulsating beats of country music,
It's because of the tension that encapsulates you while lying solitary.

If you believed in consuming blood red apple juice,
It's because of dreary exhaustion sapping exuberance from your brain.

If you believed in bathing in torrential rain tumbling down,
It's because of the claustrophobic showers projecting from the bathroom rail.

If you believed in inhaling the fresh scent of moistened earth,
It's because of the bountiful smoke drifting in atmosphere.

If you believed in laughing all night long,
It's because of the saline tears that poured incessantly down your cheek.

If you believed in the ergonomic interiors of your cane roof house,
It's because of bitter currents of cold you encountered on the streets.

If you believed in pursuing the quest for education,
It's because of tags of stigmatic tags of illiteracy riveted to your persona.

If you believed in cruising on the grandiloquent ship,
It's because of fear of drowning in unfathomably deep waters of the ocean.

If you believed in sipping black cocktail drinks from crystal mugs,
It's because of unseething agony that grips your heart.

If you believed in adorning the wrists with a sports watch,
It's because of insecurity generated when oblivious to time.

If you believed sleeping like a demon all throughout the vigils of winter night,
It's because of the overwhelming work that awaits your anatomy the succeeding day.

If you believed in loving someone with all your heart and soul,
It's because of meaningless existence that divests all purpose in life.

If you believed in cool waves of air leaking from the air conditioner,
It's because of blistering waves of heat striking you left, right, and center.

If you believed in placid light of the opalescent moon,
It's because of blinding rays of the peninsula of Sun.

If you believed in benevolent goodness that exists,
It's because of volatile outbursts of violent crime.

If you believed in immaculate anecdotes of truth,
It's because of insatiable deception camouflaging the world.

If you believed in youth bustling with euphoric fervor,
It's because of perils that come uninvited in realms of old age.

And if you believed in the supreme aura of sacrosanct Godhead,
It's simply because of the gruesome devil.

Nikhil Parekh

If You Cut A Tree; You Cut Your Own Mother - Poems On Environment, Wildlife, Mother Nature, Global Warming

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About The Poetry Book

This compilation of natural poems is a tribute to infinite elements of Mother Nature in its most glorious form. Each poetic stanza brings out the eternal beauty of the 'Natural Habitat' and proves time and again, that wildlife and nature are the two most quintessential parts of Gods celestial earth. The more Man devastates his own environment to quench his cannibalistic desire, the more he treads on the path to ultimate ruination. Be it an inconspicuous mosquito/leaf/seed or a gigantic human form/tree- by killing either you're committing the greatest sin, because for the Creator every form of life-whether tiny or Herculean is priceless equal. One effusively brilliant poem after another, Parekh creates awareness in our burgeoning youth to conserve and protect untamed Environment/Wildlife. The poet exhorts everyone to be blessed with every richness of this planet by letting Nature and Wildlife spawn, just the way it did when the Lord had created this earth millions of years ago.

This book aims at disseminating the message of environment and wildlife conservation in each of its verse which are interwoven with the splendor and sparkle of God's bountiful chapters of creation. Whilst unceasingly describing the naturally panoramic beauty of this Universe-the poems within urge the innocent child in each one of us to come forward, help save the environment. And at the same time be a princely slave of its wonderfully ravishing fragrance, which makes you realize our true mission and roots in life.

CONTENTS

1. IT WAS SOON GOING TO RAIN
2. RAIN, RAIN AND TRIUMPHANT RAIN
3. IMMORTALLY NATURAL.

4. DAY VERSUS ROMANTIC NIGHT
5. THE POWER OF OMNIPOTENT MUD
6. SO WHAT
7. NATURE'S GLAMOROUS BEAUTY
8. PLACID AND PERFECT
9. WHEN I SAW THE SUN RISING IN THE SKY
10. NEWNESS
11. ETERNAL E-PAPER
12. A WHOLE NEW CHAPTER
13. THE CERTIFICATE OF LIFE
14. WITH THE FIRST RAYS OF EVERY DAWN
15. CAN NEVER EVOLVE
16. INFINITE TIMES BETTER
17. INIMITABLY DIVINE MOTHER
18. LIFE'S THE WAY YOU SEE IT
19. BELIEVE IT OR NOT
20. OMNIPOTENT RAINDROP
21. AS LONG AS
22. DON'T YOU DARE O! DEVIL
23. THERE WAS NO PRICE ON EARTH
24. 100% NATURAL
25. TURN VEGETARIAN
26. PERPETUAL WERE THE MOMENTS
27. GROW MORE TREES
28. SKY OF PIOUS PEACE
29. NO SMOKING
30. LOVE WAS IN THE AIR
31. THE CHAPTER OF VIBRANT LIFE
32. LOVE IS LIVING
33. THE SOLE REFLECTION OF MY SOUL
34. A CARPET OF LIFE
35. SUNRISE TO SUNSET
36. DIFFUSING
37. STOP KILLING ANIMALS
38. HEARTBEAT
39. MUSIC: THE FOOD FOR LIFE
40. TURN VEGETARIAN- PART 2
41. INFINITE INFINITY
42. LADEN
43. A PARASITE FROM A PARADISE
44. GOOD MORNING SUNSHINE
45. STYLE

46. ROYALLY HANDSOME AND BEAUTIFUL SUNSET
47. THE NIGHT WAS STILL ALIVE
48. MAGNIFICENTLY ENCHANTING NIGHT
49. SUN GOD
50. LEAD LIFE LIKE A MAN
51. THE CHAPTER OF EXISTENCE
52. BEAUTY NEEDS TO BE APPRECIATED
53. WATER IS PRECIOUS
54. THE GODDESS OF LOVE
55. HUNCH BACKED CAMEL
56. RAIN, RAIN AND UNSTOPPABLY RAIN
57. IF YOU CUT A TREE; YOU CUT YOUR OWN MOTHER.
58. THUNDERBOLTS OF RAIN
59. JUST A MINUTE TO DESTRUCTION
60. RAINBOW
61. CHANGING FACES OF WEATHER
62. SUN- OUR SOLE RESERVOIR OF STRENGTH.
63. JUST A SINGLETON RAY OF BLESSED SUNSHINE
64. GO GREEN
65. BECOMING ONE IN MIND; BODY AND SPIRIT-AS THE SUNLIGHT KISSED
66. ARE YOU READY TO FULFILL THE TREE'S LAST WISH?
67. DEHRADUN AND MUSSORRIE (INDIA) .

Different Poems

1. IT WAS SOON GOING TO RAIN

The squirrels suddenly commenced to boisterously gallivant through the branches; jubilantly diffusing into a festoon of uninhibitedly ecstatic sounds,

The rivers suddenly increased their pace a trifle; ardently clashing against the resplendently glittering rocks that confronted them in their way,

The roses suddenly came back to vibrant life after the sullen day; triumphantly radiating an unsurpassable ocean of unassailably mesmerizing scent,

And a cradle of voluptuously crimson clouds suddenly embellished the sky; enveloping its fathomlessly barren periphery with stupendously spell binding color and grace,

O! Yes; your guess was as good as anybody else's on this gargantuan planet; the truculent tyranny of heat was soon about to disappear into the aisles of nothingness; it was soon going to thunderously rain.

1.

The sparrows suddenly started to ebulliently whistle; euphorically deluging every cranny of this fathomless atmosphere with an everlasting entrenchment of fantastically enamoring sounds,

The kangaroos suddenly sprinted in air like never before; ecstatically racing through the unfathomably timeless wilderness; with the astronomically indefatigable enthrallment of Mother nature in their stride,

The eggs suddenly hatched into the most fabulously beautiful of fledglings; permeating the fabric of the gloomy air around with an unrelenting volley of divinely new born life and sound,

And a blanket of gorgeously titillating clouds suddenly enlightened the sky; majestically painting its empty belly with streaks of poignantly compassionate and everlasting empathy,

O! Yes; your guess was as good as anybody else's on this boundless planet; the salacious whiplash of acrimonious heat was soon about to wholesomely abnegate; it was soon going to indefatigably rain.

2.

The lions suddenly pumped their fur an extravagant trifle; victoriously parading through the insatiably untamed outgrowths of; euphoric scarlet and green,

The bells in the sacrosanct temple suddenly started to incessantly ring; casting a spell of impregnably mystical incantation; upon every religion; caste; and

alike; heavenly alike,

The shadows suddenly started to mischievously flirt
with the vividly life-yielding ground; merrily
jingling even as the serene tranquility of dusk was a
overwhelmingly far-fetched cry,

And an unconquerable cistern of enchantingly vibrant
clouds suddenly perpetuated the sky from all sides;
irrevocably crowning it as a royal prince of all times,

O! Yes; your guess was as good as anybody else's on
this endless planet; all satanically impeding sweat
was soon about to evaporate till times beyond infinite
infinity; it was soon going to miraculously rain.

3.

The peacocks suddenly unveiled their feathers a
wholesomely profound blossom; disseminating a wave of
ravishing excitement in even the most infinitesimally
deadened particle in the lugubrious atmosphere,

The bees suddenly started to melodiously sing and
dance; Omnisciently replenishing many a traumatically
agonizing heart; with a mountain of incomprehensibly
unending sweetness,

The snakes suddenly forgot to horrifically bite;
sensuously intermingling for times immemorial; with the last rays of the setting
Sun,

And a panoramically exotic canvas of enigmatic clouds
suddenly enshrouded the Herculean sky; impregnably
clinging to it like the ultimate seductress of its
impoverished life,

O! Yes; your guess was as good as anybody else's on
this timeless planet; the mercilessly decimating
battlefield of belligerent heat was soon about to
crumble like a pack of cards; it was soon going to
perpetually rain.

2. RAIN, RAIN AND TRIUMPHANT RAIN

Infinite bodies had pathetically shriveled into nothingness; as blistering rays of the Sun unsparingly blazed left; right and profuse center,

Whirlpools of obnoxiously debilitating sweat oozed from umpteenth arenas of the body; as boundless scores of innocuous organisms; reeled under the vicious onslaught of sweltering heat,

Fathomless kilometers of panoramically lush green land; now disdainfully metamorphosed into torturously slithering and lambasted deserts,

Pristine flakes of spell binding snow perched delectably on the mountaintops; now abominably melted in meek submission; under the ferocious inferno of the simmering afternoon,

The boisterously vivacious branches of the mystical forests; now bore a sullenly barren look; as the leaves mercilessly crackled under the outrageously fuming Sun,

Unfathomable hordes of innocuously philandering cattle; were now rendered to disgustingly hollow skeletons of sordid dilapidation; as the soil penuriously scorched everything in conceivable vicinity,

The corporate tycoon now looked like an insane lunatic with bloodshot eyes; as the most spell bindingly impeccable of his shirt; was now enveloped in abhorrent pools of grime and sweat,

The most tenaciously resilient of abodes now creaked an inconspicuous trifle; cursing till beyond realms of eternal eternity; as the wave of summer horrendously augmented its acrid propensity,

The most voluptuous nimble and enchanting soles; now

barbarically bled at all quarters; as the earth on which they holistically transgressed; had now transformed itself into insidiously torching charcoal,

Denizens sluggishly snubbed each other in truculent exasperation; as diabolical rays of the unrelenting Sun; austerely pulverized their dormitories of exotically bountiful fantasy,

The most majestic of lions in the inscrutable jungle; dastardly retreated into their caves; unbelievably forgiving their prey; as the treacherously unruly heat took firm roots into their fur,

Children wholesomely forgot their innocently replenishing smiles; as the day progressed more tyrannically than ever; putting hideously crippling brakes on even the most infinitesimal of their activity,

The newly wedded relinquished all desire to love; as the only thing that they were remorsefully overwhelmed with; was the adversely admonishing and severely reprimanding light of the midday Sun,

All anecdotes of irrefutably sparkling honesty; now converted into the graveyard of blatantly manipulative lies; as entities staggered more brutally than ever under the salaciously whipping carpet of ominous summer,

The squirrels and kangaroos now transgressed as slow as the pot-bellied tortoise; feeling the preposterously invidious heat horrifically hamper their otherwise; astoundingly vivacious reflexes,

Resplendent river levels had dramatically reduced; with an unsurpassable army of crabs; snakes and ants; frantically scurrying out of the mud every now and again; as the earth cooked like an unstoppable volcano inside,

The most lightening paced of rambunctious spiders now sat dolorously in one corner of their den; wholesomely

fatigued in the onerously persevering heat; to
ecstatically reconstruct their broken webs,

Fireballs of sensuously drifting and timelessly
exhilarating breath; now seemed as frantically last
bid to enter the gory corpse; in a valiantly vain
attempt to elope from the tumultuous heat,

The passionately palpitating beats of the immortal heart; were slowly losing their
fervency; too exhausted in pumping blood for the pugnaciously sapped and burnt
body; rather than pulsate for the spirit of unassailable love,

And if there was ever an invincibly singleton solution
to all of the above; then it was nothing but the most
pricelessly proliferating form of the ALMIGHTY LORD;
O! yes it was RAIN, RAIN AND TRIUMPHANT RAIN.

3. IMMORTALLY NATURAL.

An infinitesimal fraction accentuated was the tip of
the flamboyantly towering hill; pompously soaring
towards the Omnipotently golden Sun,

An inconspicuous fraction accentuated was the salt
entrapped in the ravishingly undulating waves;
simmering in poignantly untamed desire; as the froth
emphatically clashed against the marvelous rocks,

A capricious fraction accentuated were the blades of
perennial grass; overwhelmingly encapsulated with
coats of effusively profuse green and a tantalizingly
enthraling carpet of scintillating dewdrops,

A transient fraction accentuated were the clouds in
the fathomlessly ebullient sky; extravagantly
enveloped with shades of embellished scarlet and
streaks of voluptuously thunderous lightening,

An ethereal fraction accentuated were the philosophers
in the classroom; tumultuously over-doing their acts
of portraying an unfathomably unending repertoire of
human emotions,

A fugitive fraction accentuated were the roses in the blissful meadows; indefatigably blooming to caress the walls of eternal paradise; profoundly enticing the mischievously philandering bees for a quick kiss,

A diminutive fraction accentuated were the speeches of the manipulative politicians; spuriously promising the masses of things; they perhaps might not be able to ever witness even in an infinite more lifetimes,

A mercurial fraction accentuated was the melting of the incomprehensibly mammoth iceberg; at times deliberating wailing as the Sun caressed it an instant longer; with its compassionately magical rays,

An ephemeral fraction accentuated was the painting of the sensuously romantic artist; intransigently overwhelming even the most tiniest iota of the barren canvas; with vibrantly loquacious color,

A parsimonious fraction accentuated was the scintillating shark's tail; bombastically flashing every now and again in rustically volatile frostiness,

An evanescent fraction accentuated was the regally soaring eagle in the sky; shamelessly exhibiting its mesmerizing wings a trifle more than necessary; and more unabashedly as each second unfurled into a wholesome minute,

A tiny fraction accentuated was the exhilaratingly dancing peacock; at times stretching its feathers beyond the dormitories of comfort; just to replenish and rejoice in the wonderfully glorious rain,

A minute fraction accentuated was the song of the melodiously enchanting nightingale; leaving its ecstatically relentless reverberations even centuries unprecedented even after; it emanated its first voice,

A miniature fraction accentuated was the animated leap

of the boisterous frogs; incessantly bouncing in the
sleazily stray monsoon ponds; throughout the fabric of
the exotically divine night,

A bizarre fraction accentuated were the parties of the
disconcertingly dissatisfied business tycoons;
baselessly blowing quintessentially precious moments
of veritably vital life; in meaningless wisps of cigar
smoke and wine,

An insipid fraction accentuated was the stride of the
sluggishly languishing tortoise; as it took
imperceptibly marathon hours on the trot; to even
sprout its neck out of its obdurately motionless shell,

A non-existent fraction accentuated was the march of
the victoriously exuberant soldiers; tirelessly
brandishing their unflinching brawn and sword; to
realms beyond infinite infinity,

An indecipherable fraction accentuated was the
frequency of unconquerably timeless breath; at moments
inadvertently expunging out with truculently volatile
ferocity; to release the inner most chords of the bereaved soul,

But immortally natural; uninhibitedly priceless;
invincibly Omniscient; was their eternally gratifying
love; as each beat of their heart kept on rhythmically
bonding with all philanthropically benign; as each
beat of their heart bountifully coalesced into a
symbiotic journey of oneness; which lasted for an
endless more lifetimes.

4. DAY VERSUS ROMANTIC NIGHT

The day swelteringly blazed in the tyranny of
unrelentingly acrimonious heat; disdainfully simmering
with abominably intolerable harshness,
While an unfathomable pearl of majestic enchantment;
was the entrenchment of the fabulously titillating and
frosty night.

The day relentlessly scorched even the most minuscule of entity that came in the trajectory of its vicious swirl; charring blissful angels into a pool of unbearably smoldering perspiration,
While a resplendently melodious festoon of enigmatic voices; was the fabric of the sensuously enamoring and voluptuous night.

The day hideously burnt fathomless islands of poignantly nubile skin; invidiously tanning even the most impeccably scintillating patches of princely white,
While a maelstrom of unendingly romantic titillation; a world of eternally tranquil freedom; was the bedsheet of the miraculously everlasting night.

The day propelled insanely ominous abuse; as the unsparing heat of the ferociously truculent Sun brutally asphyxiated priceless reserves of liquid from the; pathetically staggering body,
While a garland of profoundly heartwarming graciousness; seductively placating the thirst of one and all handsomely alike; was the ravishingly queenly aroma of the marvelously embellished night.

The day was horrendously indescribable; with the mercury soaring literally out of the thermometer; barbarically torching boundless kilometers of celestial land and atmosphere,
While an unsurpassable stream of tantalizing effervescence; was the wave of the ebulliently dancing and charismatic night.

The day was ungainly traumatic; with diabolical chains of gorily boiling heat diabolically jeopardizing the lives of all those innocuously harmonious,
While a gloriously bountiful cushion of amiable togetherness; a cistern of spell binding empathy; was the profusely compassionate inferno of the regale night.

The day was a stagnantly debilitating pond of sordid perspiration; as every organism on this planet

inevitably broke into despicable sweat; under the blistering cauldron of ever-augmenting heat, While a nimbly obeisant salutation to the Almighty Lord; an incantation of fascinating timelessness; was the effusively chirping garden of the vivaciously phlegmatic night.

The day was an unavoidable nightmare that every entity on this colossal Universe had to live through; manipulatively struggling amidst the hostile horde of bloodsucking wolves to earn their quintessential livelihood, While a ubiquitous ocean of philanthropic brotherhood; a magical river in which all uninhibitedly melanged irrespective of caste; creed or spurious color; was the mesmerizing intoxication of the wonderfully moonlit night.

And a derogatorily devilish betrayer was the unprecedentedly flaming day; insidiously snapping even the most celestial of relationships; as lambasting heat triggered tempers to disconcertingly flare, While an unassailably grandiloquent smile of friendship; an immortally unshakable bond of divine love; a harbinger of peace and serenely humanitarian friendship; was the invincible sky of the gorgeously heavenly night.

5. THE POWER OF OMNIPOTENT MUD

You might ferociously abuse it for being monotonously threadbare; disdainfully infiltrating the whites of your eye; with the truculently blowing winds,

You might indignantly kick at it in your times of inexplicable frustration; at times profusely wounding it with the uncouthly cold-blooded tip; of your spurious shoes,

You might heinously spit on its shades of compassionate brown; barbarically trampling it left right and center; to insanely diffuse the abominable tensions circumventing your brain,

You might place its value as capriciously invidious specks of grit and stone;
hardly ever casting even the most fugitive of glance towards its poignantly
amiable periphery,

But remember; irrespective of your caste; creed;
color; blood or race; you all will inevitably blend
with its sacrosanct belly after abnegating your last
breath; such was the power of unassailably Omnipotent
and bountiful mud.

1.

You might ominously abhor the fact that it lay abreast your dwelling; proving a
remorsefully indigent mismatch to your pillars and porch of stupendously
embellished gold,

You might acridly puke out your food in utterly
shocking disbelief; on the pretentiously worthless
pretext of it harboring ungainly dust,

You might treacherously stab it with unrelentingly salacious strokes of your
gleaming knife; frantically searching for surreptitious canopies of pricelessly
glittering gold,

You might propagate it as being lugubriously
meaningless; fretfully stagnating in dustbins of
forlorn isolation for centuries unprecedented,

But remember; irrespective of your caste; creed;
color; blood or race; you all will inevitably blend
with its sacrosanct belly after abnegating your last
breath; such was the power of immortally Omniscient
and spell binding mud.

2.

You might ruthlessly mold it into fathomless sizes and shapes; just to flex the
muscles of your irascibly blood soaked palms,

You might relentlessly castigate it for its despicably
impoverished demeanor; drive your cars like an untamed
prince over its innocuously wailing contours,

You might sleazily sell it to the most derogatorily manipulative strangers;
inundate your pockets with scintillating silver; while bulldozers tyrannically razed
it to construct edifices that sailed haughtily towards blue sky,

You might lackadaisically dump all your decaying feces
from your abode into its silken carpet; laughing every
side of your body out; as you triumphantly feasted
upon its victimized integrity,

But remember; irrespective of your caste; creed;
color; blood or race; you all will inevitably blend
with its sacrosanct belly after abnegating your last
breath; such was the power of pricelessly divine and
everlasting mud.

3.

You might tirelessly ostracize its sordidly ungainly
complexion; for horrendously tainting the outlines of
your spotlessly bombastic and bohemian feet,

You might christen it as dreadfully morose and perniciously ghoulish; as it
fostered your pathetically wavering shadow even in the most brilliantly sparkling
Sun,

You might at times construe it as your worst enemy; as
its unwitting undulations made you disastrously
stumble and kiss a world of despondently diminutive dirt,

You might call it blasphemously adulterated; as
organisms of all shapes and fraternities; perpetually
embraced its rudimentarily scented skin,

But remember; irrespective of your caste; creed;
color; blood or race; you all will inevitably blend
with its sacrosanct belly after abnegating your last
breath; such was the power of impregnably Omnipresent
and humanitarian mud.

6. SO WHAT

So what if the Sun disappeared behind the crimson clouds; rendering the fabulously fathomless township in a blanket of solitarily placid darkness,

So what if the Sun sunk in wholesome entirety behind the gargantuan mountains; entirely abdicating even the tiniest trace of graciously bright light,

So what if the Sun pathetically mellowed down in blazing complexion; dismally obfuscating even the most overwhelmingly towering entity in visible vicinity,

So what if the Sun preposterously appeared to be an infinitesimal minnow; even in front of the most capriciously fleeting shadow around,

The voluptuously enthralling still greeted you like a majestically unassailable prince; and believe me the night was more stupendously enchanting than the acrimoniously sweltering day.

1.

So what if the Sun horrendously dimmed as the hours frantically unleashed by; blinding the boundless Universe in whirlpools of inexplicably inscrutable blackness,

So what if the Sun nervously started to flutter; as sombre winds of timidly serene evening commence to perseveringly take complete control,

So what if the Sun inevitably developed shades of subtle darkness; pathetically mitigating its tumultuously blistering ferocity upon the trajectory of this unendingly colossal planet,

So what if the Sun bid a transient adieu to the gigantically sprawling earth; soon after celestially placating dusk enshrouded its magical subtlety from every conceivable side,

The seductively euphoric night was still your eternally resplendent companion for the countless instants ahead; and believe me the night was more ebulliently exhilarating than the tenaciously tyrannical and monotonous day.

2.

So what if the Sun started to lackadaisically waver in unfathomable sky; obnoxiously hiding behind the thunderous conglomerate of lightening and clouds,

So what if the Sun languidly stretched its ferociously blistering palms for ethereal rest; eventually melanging with the Omnipotent horizons,

So what if the Sun abruptly decided to relinquish the periphery of this scintillating earth; leaving the world around in bizarre blackness; without the most diminutive of insinuation or prior notice,

So what if the Sun sporadically felt its rays being irrevocably overpowered by the onset of the ecstatically titillating evening; making holistic way for nocturnal intricacies to impregnably transcend,

The marvelously bountiful night was still there for you to spell bindingly rejoice; and believe me the night was more Omnisciently captivating than the manipulatively besieged corporate day.

3.

So what if the Sun resolutely shut down its formidably invincible shutters; at the first signs of ephemerally fickle minded dusk,

So what if the Sun intractably refrained to unbelievably blaze till centuries unprecedented on the trot; without the slightest of rest or evanescent interlude,

So what if the Sun remorsefully departed for its short lived abode; transiently evicting its insurmountably replenishing treasuries of optimism; till it shone once

again at glorious dawn,

So what if the Sun lost its tinges of flaming red and triumphant resurgence; non-invasively giving way to dastardly darkness to be the uncrowned prince for some time,

The magnificently immortal night was still a blissful messiah for you to uninhibitedly exult; and believe me the night was more compassionately bonding than the truculently scorching and unsparing day.

7. NATURE'S GLAMOROUS BEAUTY

The earth's surface of solid crust,
has been uplifted in the form of rust.

The densely foliated trees sway in their rustic dress,
capturing the bleary eyes of a children cresh.

The wind blows, the gale comes, the mountain river chanting a perfect rhyme,
that will make people forget ghastly crime,
to have several days of relevant peace, and let insane bloodshed on earth cease.

The wild creepers murmur amongst themselves,
the days freshness, the cologne smell.

The frothy waterfall, the heavenly day,
the obnoxious mountains lined in the way.

Smiling in heavy consternation, the evening owl glared menacingly, quietly
devouring freshly laid bird egg, butchering red walls of manly courage.

8. PLACID AND PERFECT

The stream lit days of peace,
flow past the agony of time,
so quiet, so serene, so blissful,
yielding their touch softly, bit by bit,
cruising smoothly over the field of messy emotions,
to give life to the tiny molecules of beginning,
in a supreme entrenchment of their own.

Sweet tunes pierce suspended carpets of air,
gorgeously tranquil and splendid,
oozing out silent tremors of love,
in circular rings of boisterous feelings,
far distance away from the trapped world of
complications,
in an ambience of mustard green dew drops,
depicting short parables of perfect excitement,
precarious with the fading of time.

9. WHEN I SAW THE SUN RISING IN THE SKY

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt waves of unparalleled enchantment
circumvent my persona,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; nascent pores embedded in my skin sprung
up with exuberant intensity,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt waves of marathon despair deeply
embodied in me; vanish into thin wisps of oblivion,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt besieged by volatile
gushes of resplendent light,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; stale pools of air in my lungs got
profoundly reinvigorated; revitalizing my dreary senses,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt innovative perceptions about
beauty circulating wildly through intricate pores of my mind,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt newly born droplets of sweat
trickle down my nape; washing away sins of the previous day,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt golden beams of light
gently caress my obscured eyes,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt an unprecedented vigor suddenly
impregnate my feeble veins,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt a compassionate warmth engulfing
me from all sides; annihilating completely the barbaric chill I had encountered in
the night,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt my legs rhythmically sway; my ears absorbedly focused to melodious chirping of the humming bird,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt catapulted to supreme heights of ecstasy;
with benevolent feelings of forgiveness slowly creeping in my soul,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt the palpitations of my heart grow faster; loads of enthusiasm embodied in my blood,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt the color of my skin dramatically change;
it had now acquired tinges of robust crimson; profusely replacing patches of pallid flesh,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; it made me retrospect more nostalgically about my past; forming a pellucid picture of my entity,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt inundated with images of celestial gods; hovering very near my silhouette,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I made a plethora of resolutions before commencing nondescript activities of the day,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I pictured all my ancestors living in coordinated harmony as the rays emanating out,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I dreamt about my love which was immortal as the perpetual shine,

And when I saw the sun rising in the sky; I conceived a new beginning to life; felt like bestowed with another opportunity to prove my mettle in this unsparing world.

10. NEWNESS

Be it in the very first rays of ethereally magnificent dawn; enlightening every cranny of despairingly flagrant blackness with unfathomably unceasing majesty,

Be it in the nimble squeaking of the freshly born infant; profoundly enrapturing monotonously usurped existence; with an unprecedented power to forever survive,

Be it in the transiently hood-winking beams of the vivaciously uninhibited rainbow; casting their magic on every fretfully beleaguered bone; till times beyond infinite infinity,

Be it in the pristinely nascent shoots sprouting from the corrugated branches of the tree; delightfully swaying in insatiable ecstasy with the virile currents of summer wind,

Be it in any form; shape; color or height; Newness was what I was inexhaustibly searching for every unfurling minute of the day and night; Newness was what tingled every aspect of my existence till even beyond the realms of eternal paradise; O! Yes Newness was what my soul wanted to seek till even countless births after I died.

1.

Be it in the unrestrictedly artistic lines scrawled on barren canvas; embellishing the chapter of mundanely manipulative survival today; with unceasingly copious rivers of color and vibrant charm,

Be it in the infantile trickle of water dribbling painstakingly from the scorched rocks; bounteously perpetuating the sweltering atmosphere around with unbelievably rhapsodic exhilaration,

Be it in the faintly rupturing of the outlines of the immaculate egg; blissfully announcing the arrival of unparalleled exuberance; in a world of otherwise preposterously shriveled decay,

Be it in the premature formation of pearly white mists in the sky; triggering a ray of tantalizingly

unsurpassable hope in one and all alike on bereaved earth; that sensuous rain was soon about to fall,

Be it in any form; shape; color or height; Newness was what I was inexhaustibly searching for every unfurling minute of the day and night; Newness was what made me feel the most pricelessly insuperable organism alive; O! Yes Newness was what my soul wanted to seek till even countless births after I died.

2.

Be it in the sporadic bouts of laughter of the ebulliently innocuous child; making truculently agonized heart's all across this boundless Universe; melt and frolic into the meadows of effulgent childhood,

Be it in the incoherently optimistic quacking of the fledgling swans; trying to timelessly disseminate the message of egalitarian peace towards endless sky and emollient earth; wonderfully alike,

Be it in the inconspicuously sensitive dewdrop on the blade of ravenously enthralling grass; radiating into a beam of perpetually golden righteousness; with the first rays of the Sun,

Be it in the intrepidly adventurous wave disappearing wholesomely into the horizons and deep sea; permeating even bit of the gruesomely bedraggled ambience around with celestially tangy happiness,

Be it in any form; shape; color or height; Newness was what I was inexhaustibly searching for every unfurling minute of the day and night; Newness was what unconquerably fuelled every ingredient of my blood to pump life; O! Yes Newness was what my soul wanted to seek till even countless births after I died.

3.

Be it in the singular star that regally twinkled in
the grotesquely cloudy and foggily obfuscated night;
granting glorious reprieve from a countless
inadvertently committed sins,

Be it in the match-boxed minuscule hutment barren
without any quintessential amenity of life; yet with a
roof so compassionate; that it sequestered you from
the most devastating of storm and rain,

Be it in the inarticulately indefatigable buzzing of
the bumble bee; spawning into cisterns of invaluable
harmonious nectar; a sweetness which no power on this
turgid earth could ever transcend or destroy,

Be it in the whisper of the fugitively nubile maiden;
engendering every pore on the satanically lambasted
skin to excitedly stand; even as she extinguished into
a valley of nothingness; sooner than she had arrived,

Be it in the infinitesimally silken beat of the heart;
which arose towards the cosmos for just an instant;
but united the entire estranged Universe in chords of
immortal love; before it veritably died,

Be it in any form; shape; color or height; Newness was
what I was inexhaustibly searching for every unfurling
minute of the day and night; Newness was what
propelled me to procreate countless more of my very
own humanitarian kind; O! Yes Newness was what my soul
wanted to seek till even countless births after I
died.

11. ETERNAL E-PAPER

Believe me. Trees astoundingly procreate like we do;
the fruits that they compassionately bear for times
immemorial; is an irrefutably invincible testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as equally emotional as us; the
whispers that they timelessly emanate into at the
tiniest insinuation of crackling thunder; is an

brilliantly undaunted testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees symbiotically defecate like we do; the sporadically formed pools of moisture near their stem; is an marvelously undettered testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees uninhibitedly diffuse into unsurpassable happiness like we do; the beautifully unfettered rustling of their leaves at the first rays of golden dawn; is a regally vibrant testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees dance as vivaciously as we do; the ebulliently enchanting swaying of their branches at the onset of ecstatically blessed spring; is a marvelously spell-binding testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees get as blissfully mesmerized as we do; the impeccable sheath of poignant dew on their leaves every milky midnight; is a unfathomably impregnable testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees get as naturally fatigued as we do; the pathetically drooping periphery of their demeanor at impoverished sunset; is a spectacularly unshakable testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees have as much unhindered sensuality as we do; the freshly born tendrils unassailably clinging to the branches under spurts of torrentially rhapsodic rain; is a bountifully undeniable testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as thunderously volatile as us; their metamorphosing into an unimaginably anguished scarlet at the sight of innocent being mercilessly beheaded beside them; is an unflinchingly peerless testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as uncannily secretive as us; the surreptitiously mystical reverberating of their stalks at the settling of darkness; is an incorrigibly irretrievable testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as diminutively erring as us; the intermittent oomph's of frustration wafting from their imperfectly corrugated persona all day and night; is a supremely infallible testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as fantastically innovative as us; the incessant unfurling of limitlessly panoramic beauty from their visage every moment; is an irrevocably unnerving testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees harbor the same sense of united oneness as we do; their altruistically sharing their fruit with organisms of every caste; creed and color alike; is an immutably handsome testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are blessed with the same aura of tireless perseverance as we are; their slowly and slowly culminating into gigantically unparalleled foliage from just a minuscule seed; is an indomitably royal testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as insuperably eclectic as us; their amazingly tenacious grit to acclimatize to every season; storm and rain, singing; blossoming; defending; sequestering; all at the same time; is a pricelessly sacred testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as incredulously reactive as us; the curling of their branches at the tiniest innuendo of danger and unfurling of their leaves full throttle at the first beams of fresh morning; is an unbelievably miraculous testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as sacredly worshipping as us; their inexhaustibly existing in synergy with God's unceasingly vivid environment; is a boundlessly effulgent testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as much holistically breathing as us; the wind perpetually exhaling from even the most infinitesimal pore of their emolliently serrated

skin; is an unconquerably undefeated testimonial to the same.

Believe me. Trees are as immortally loving as us; the unbreakable relationships that they form with every conceivably philanthropic entity of the atmosphere and beyond; is a timelessly exemplary testimonial to the same.

So. The Next time you think of chopping a tree for "Paper" or spuriously turgid bonfires to passionately enlighten your every dreary night; remember that you'd be insanely annihilating one human of your own kind,

Instead. I'd humbly suggest friends. Please switch over to Lightning fast and non-invasively state-of-the-art Modern Technology. Please switch over to the unlimitedly bountiful Internet. Please switch over to harmlessly innocuous; yet majestically sparkling and ETERNAL E-PAPER.

12. A WHOLE NEW CHAPTER

Every day as you arose at the crackle of mesmerizing dawn; you blossomed into celestial freshness; wholesomely shirking the hideously monstrous monotony of the previous bedraggled day,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of blissful dawn; you Wholeheartedly smiled the smile of your life; as the Omnipotently golden rays of the Sun smooched you in euphoric entirety,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of enchanting dawn; you became oblivious to the treacherously barbarous tyrannies meted upon you; as even the most infinitesimally inane of your senses completely coalesced with the panoramic mists of mother nature,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of effulgent dawn; you insatiably urged to defecate your miserably asphyxiated bowels; mollify your bereaved stomach with delectably fresh fruit and sparkling water,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of rhapsodic dawn; you devoutly resolved never to repeat your mistakes of the past; astoundingly train every of your delinquent nerve; to perennially surge forward to eternal success,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of bountiful dawn;

you profoundly reminisced new memories of your majestically uninhibited childhood; when you cared a damn about this manipulative planet; compassionately suckling in the lap of your heavenly mother,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of victorious dawn; you chalked out countless distinct strategies to irrefutably vanquish the indiscriminately rampaging devil; inexhaustibly striving for complete freedom of your mind; body and soul,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of poignant dawn; you found the intensity of scarlet blood in your veins more profuse than ever; to holistically survive in times that were good as well as diabolically bad,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of Omniscient dawn; you felt an inexorable fervor to discover encapsulating every cranny of your persona; alleviating you from the most severest of your wanton depression; into the aisles of timeless proliferation,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of emollient dawn; You uninhibitedly danced with passionately enthralling ardor; letting every egregiously trapped staleness of your countenance; freely cascade out as beautifully fragrant sweat,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of philanthropic dawn; you found a boundless array of never-before flavors titillate the buds of your disparagingly emaciated tongue,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of immaculate dawn; you tirelessly danced the whites and blacks of your emphatically crystalline eyes; to the magically unfurling beams of the pristinely whistling atmosphere,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of regale dawn; you flirted with an unfathomable ocean of supreme sensuality; playing hide-n-seek with theevanescently crimson beams of the new-born Sun,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of mystical dawn; you unravelled the mortifying introvert in you to the most unprecedented of your capacity; peerlessly blazing in the untamed ardor of intrepidly unflinching life,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of jingling dawn; you tread your nimble foot more solidly on earth; more and more invincibly embedding your inimitable rudiments on the landscape of the fathomless globe,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of vivacious dawn;
you abdicated all your baseless nervousness; scintillated like a true warrior to
defend your maliciously usurped and pricelessly venerated motherland,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of titillating dawn;
you felt every pore of your fecklessly limpid skin; intransigently desirous of being
mischievously tickled by the winds of miraculously never-ending procreation,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of ecstatic dawn;
you felt more closer and closer to your impressions on sacred soil; unrelentingly
fantasizing about that moment in which was born your very first ancestor,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of vivid dawn;
you obeisantly surrendered even the most diminutive of your breath to the
unconquerable illumination of the Sun; letting it weave a whole new chapter of
your enrapturing existence,

And still some of you had the guts to say that each new day was fretfully boring;
each new day had nothing to offer which revolutionary new; each new day
brought you closer to your death; each day was just like and nothing but
a pathetic facsimile of the very previous day!

13. THE CERTIFICATE OF LIFE

The voluptuously swaying nightingales; magnanimously
awarded me with the certificate of blissfully serene singing,

The fathomlessly sluggishly ambling and pot-bellied
tortoise; uninhibitedly awarded me with the
certificate of non-invasively phlegmatic laziness,

The boundlessly sweltering terrain of the unbelievably
scorching desert; deservedly awarded me with the
certificate of unrelentingly hard-earned perspiration,

The candidly reflecting and irrefutably unflinching
mirror; philanthropically awarded me with the
certificate of gloriously majestic truth,

The resplendently rain soaked peacock; celestially
awarded me with the certificate of vivaciously

enamoring dance,

The insatiably impeccable avalanche of gargantuan ice;
bounteously awarded me with the certificate of
astoundingly unnerved coolness,

The cocoon of crimson clouds in limitless sky;
rhapsodically awarded me with the certificate of
inimitably unparalleled sensuousness,

The unequivocally flirtatious squirrel; enchantingly
awarded me with the certificate of unsurpassably
inscrutable and timeless frolic,

The peerlessly parading and towering lion; unabashedly
awarded me with the certificate of priceless
exhilarating majesty,

The regally scarlet and poignant wonderful rose;
marvelously awarded me with the certificate of
undauntedly Samaritan scent,

The Spartan robes of immaculate white; chivalrously
awarded me with the certificate of amazingly
unbiased simplicity,

The tirelessly undulating and effulgently arcane sea;
brilliantly awarded me with the certificate of
unendingly effusive tanginess,

The ubiquitously overpowering dinosaur; intrepidly
awarded me with the certificate of indomitably
Herculean and endless strength,

The exuberantly flapping kites in clear sky;
unlimitedly awarded me with the certificate of
indefatigably nervous energy,

The mischievously batting eyelids; pristinely awarded
me with the certificate of blessedly
symbiotic flirtation,

The mystically vacillating and transiently titillating rainbows; graciously awarded me with the certificate of eclectically burgeoning diversity,

The intransigently functioning globe outside; courteously awarded me with the certificate of sagaciously punctilious pragmatism,

The aristocratically nubile maiden with a uncontrollably passionate heart; gregariously awarded me with the certificate of perennially fructifying love,

And the Omnipotent Almighty Lord not only unassailably awarded me with the certificate of fearlessly charismatic life; but impregnated the quintessential tenacity in all of the above and infinite more to be able to benevolently honor me; to award me with spell binding certificates.

14. WITH THE FIRST RAYS OF EVERY DAWN

With the very first crackle of every sensitively aristocratic dawn; the very first thing that the fathomless deserts ardently prayed for; was blisteringly unceasing sunshine; all throughout the tenure of the gloriously intrepid day,

With the very first rays of every ecstatically vibrant dawn; the very first thing that the gigantic mountains insatiably prayed for; was unflinchingly Herculean strength; all throughout the tenure of the blissfully harmonious day,

With the very first shimmer of every resplendently beaming dawn; the very first thing that the boisterous bees tirelessly prayed for; was mischievously cavorting fields of scarlet roses; all throughout the tenure of the symbiotically enamoring day,

With the very first unfurling of every euphorically heartening dawn; the very first thing that the uninhibited birds indefatigably prayed for; was boundless playgrounds of astoundingly crystalline sky; all throughout the tenure of the stupendously fragrant day,

With the very first smile of every bewitchingly magnificent dawn; the very first thing that the frosty waters of the sea unrelentingly prayed for; was rhapsodically mysterious undulations; all throughout the tenure of the

handsomely charismatic day,

With the very first enlightening of every marvellously exotic dawn; the very first thing that the compassionately moistened leaves of the forest immutably prayed for; was enthrallingly timeless and vivacious adventure; all throughout the tenure of the unfathomably mesmerizing day,

With the very first sparkle of every ebulliently innocuous dawn; the very first thing that the impeccably wailing infant inexorably prayed for; was divinely untainted milk of its mother; all throughout the tenure of the fantastically panoramic day,

With the very first glimmer of every synergistically emollient dawn; the very first thing that the preposterously dilapidated dungeon uncontrollably prayed for; was thunderbolts of endlessly unparalleled light; all throughout the tenure of the celestially immaculate day,

With the very first sprinkle of every beautifully embellished dawn; the very first thing that the penuriously beleaguered eyes unlimitedly prayed for; was tantalizingly heavenly paradise; all throughout the tenure of the eternally silken day,

With the very first blessing of every wonderfully endowing dawn; the very first thing that the iridescently blooming nightingale unequivocally prayed for; was ubiquitously mollifying melody; all throughout the tenure of the majestically ingratiating day,

With the very first perpetuation of every holistically Spartan dawn; the very first thing that the murderously starved ears irrevocably prayed for; was the voice of philanthropically egalitarian humanity; all throughout the tenure of the jubilantly dazzling day,

With the very first horizon of every optimistically vibrant dawn; the very first thing that the regally roaring lion rapaciously prayed for; was the inimitable armor of unassailable kinsmanship; all throughout the tenure of the splendidly eclectic day,

With the very first spawning of every magnetically reinvigorating dawn; the very first thing that the bourgeoisie farmer infallibly prayed for; was the wholesome annihilation of even the most infinitesimal of parasite in his field; all throughout the tenure of the blessedly gregarious day,

With the very first fulmination of every sensuously rejuvenating dawn; the very first thing that the pristine pearl irretrievably prayed for; was the invincibly amiable shelter of its oyster shell; all throughout the magically destined day,

With the very first unraveling of every eloquently placating dawn; the very first thing that the altruistically fearless soldier unstopably prayed for; was veritably scintillating victory; all throughout the tenure of the mystically exhilarating day,

With the very first insinuation of every convivially embracing dawn; the very first thing that the holistically dancing fairies limitlessly prayed for; was insuperably beautiful concord; all throughout the tenure of the robustly redolent day,

With the very first illumination of every miraculously ameliorating dawn; the very first thing that the diminutively hollow nostrils quintessentially prayed for; was a carpet of affably uninterrupted breath; all throughout the tenure of the propitiously artistic day,

And with the very first unveiling of every Omnipotently revolutionizing dawn; the very first thing that every beat of my impoverished heart perpetually prayed for; was the heaven of immortally unconquerable love; not only for the tenure of the flamboyantly triumphant day; but for an infinite more enlightening daylights; for an infinite more brilliantly enlightening lifetimes

15. CAN NEVER EVOLVE

The field which uncontrollably cries while ploughing;
can never evolve into majestically fructifying and
ebulliently blissful crop,

The sea which pathetically cries while undulating; can
never evolve into fantastically vibrant and
tantalizingly ecstatic adventure,

The desert which discordantly cries while being
heated; can never evolve into fathomlessly regale and
timelessly seductive majesty,

The cloud which hedonistically cries while showering
rain; can never evolve into boundlessly enthralling
and enchantingly heavenly freshness,

The waterfall which insidiously cries while cascading
on handsome rock; can never evolve into stupendously
amiable and vividly mystical reinvigoration,

The mountain which abhorrently cries while defending;
can never evolve into symbiotically unflinching and
peerlessly unassailable unity,

The nightingale which fretfully cries while singing;
can never evolve into timelessly ubiquitous and
unequivocally resplendent melody,

The artist who deplorably cries while sketching; can
never evolve into spell bindingly refreshing and
unsurpassably enamoring magnetism,

The soldier who dolorously cries while fighting for
his country; can never evolve into insuperably
marvelous and blazingly fearless patriotism,

The tree which dementedly cries while imparting
exuberant breeze; can never evolve into magnificently
euphoric and royally blossoming vivacity,

The clown who preposterously cries while engendering
the audience to laugh; can never evolve into
bedazzlingly enviable and miraculously healing happiness,

The lightening which uxoriously cries while
uninhibitedly diffusing into an enigmatic river of
brilliant white; can never evolve into compassionately
effulgent and fierily charged electricity,

The lion who capriciously cries while crunching the
bones of his nimble prey; can never evolve into unfathomably bewitching and
inimitably unconquerable kingliness,

The dwelling which hedonistically cries while
harboring its impeccable occupants; can never evolve
into affably propitious and beautifully synergistic concord,

The doctor who fecklessly cries while attending to his

beleaguered patients; can never evolve into miraculously Omnipotent and blessedly efficacious healing,

The hand which frigidly cries while working for quintessential livelihood; can never evolve into eternally pacifying and emolliently deserving perseverance,

The lips which dismally cry while unstoppably kissing; can never evolve into bounteously ingratiating and timelessly candle-lit sensuousness,

And the heart which sadistically cries while perpetually bonding its beats with the person it loved; can never evolve into immortally Godly and rhapsodically triumphant life.

16. INFINITE TIMES BETTER

Infinite times better than the diminutively diminishing flicker of the sleazily artificial bulb; was the Omnipotent blaze of the bountifully unassailable Sun,

Infinite times better than the truncated fantasies in the manipulatively estranged mind; was the unfathomably untainted paradise of poignantly seductive clouds in the sky,

Infinite times better than parsimoniously remorseful water incarcerated beneath the lavatory seat; was the thunderously untamed roar of the uninhibitedly vivacious and mischievously dancing ocean,

Infinite times better than the bawdily threadbare stone; was the insuperably majestic and timelessly sheltering swirl of the celestially compassionate mountain,

Infinite times better than the lecherously parasitic currency coin; was the river of pricelessly united and Omnipresently blessing humanity,

Infinite times better than the gaudily cadaverous crayons disparagingly sprawled on the floor; was the eternally royal rainbow and resplendently eclectic rainbow;

twinkling in the firmament of azure sky,

Infinite times better than the abhorrently shattered glass; was the candidly perspicacious mirror of the impeccably unassailable and inimitably sacrosanct soul,

Infinite times better than the preposterously stuffed toys available in the manipulatively prejudiced market; was the indomitably peerless roar of the princely lion,

Infinite times better than the emotionless chips of the raunchily scintillating computer; was the unfathomably brilliant and tirelessly discovering human brain,

Infinite times better than the disgustingly miserly twig decaying in a bedraggled heap; was the unsurpassably pristine meadow of boisterously frolicking grass,

Infinite times better than the uncontrollably shivering bottle of stingily corked wine; was the uninhibitedly royal forest of divinely endowing sensuousness,

Infinite times better than the body of the forlornly decrepit air-conditioner; was the exuberantly mesmerizing kiss of the rhapsodically untamed storm,

Infinite times better than the abjectly traded idols of gold and bombastically boorish silver; was the Omnipresent reflection of the perpetual Creator; in every single ingredient of the atmosphere and beyond,

Infinite times better than the sparing shades of mechanical pencil on barren canvas; was the panoramically enamoring kaleidoscope of miraculously ameliorating nature,

Infinite times better than the banefully blaring music of the pompous discotheque; was the fathomlessly enchanting carpet of marvelously iridescent and vibrantly twinkling stars,

Infinite times better than the bizarrely squelched brick in the tyrannically rotting foundation; was the heaven of irrefutably venerated and eternally unshakable truth, '

Infinite times better than the ghoulishly devastating coffin of death; was the chapter of immortally sacred

and perennially blossoming life,

But ever since the first breath that the entire Universe took; and even centuries unprecedented after it vanishes into traces of amorously beleaguered oblivion; infinite times better than "Immortal Love" was; is and shall forever be; once again only Love; Love and nothing else but the invincibly blessed fabric of "Immortal Love";

17. INIMITABLY DIVINE MOTHER

Ingratiatingly heavenly scent was what majestically radiated; from the eyes of the poignantly everlasting and stupendously blossoming rose,

Fathomlessly enigmatic boundlessness was what enchantingly radiated; from the eyes of the crimson crested and regally bestowing sky,

Brilliantly shimmering graciousness was what incredulously radiated; from the eyes of the limitlessly eclectic and bountifully sparkling desert,

Immaculately blissful sacredness was what timelessly radiated; from the eyes of the vivaciously bouncing and freshly born child,

Eclectically magnificent empathy was what insatiably radiated; from the eyes of the vibrantly molding and surreally philandering artist,

Vividly tantalizing mischief was what flirtatiously radiated; from the eyes of the euphorically cavorting and rampantly swinging chimpanzee,

Ravishingly tangy boisterousness was what gregariously radiated; from the eyes of the tirelessly undulating and froth embellished sea,

Beautifully blessed sensuousness was what obeisantly radiated; from the eyes of the newly married and celestially fantasizing bride,

Fearlessly intrepid exhilaration was what patriotically radiated; from the eyes of the unflinchingly altruistic and insuperably dedicated soldier,

Rhapsodically enamoring merrymaking was what insurmountably radiated; from the eyes of the slender legged and seductively hopping grasshopper,

Invincibly innovative melody was what tirelessly radiated; from the eyes of the magically gifted and profusely sweet nightingale,

Indomitably rudimentary humility was what honesty radiated; from the eyes of the placidly charming and harmoniously fleet footed sheep,

Flamboyantly unconquerable light was what Omnisciently radiated; from the eyes of the gloriously scarlet and benevolently enlightening Sun,

Unshakably priceless solidarity was what unassailably radiated; from the eyes of the philanthropically egalitarian and unequivocally uninhibited fortress of mankind,

Jubilantly fantastic oneness was what handsomely radiated; from the eyes of the blazingly courageous and indefatigably striving gladiator,

Charismatically unequivocal sweetness was what mellifluously radiated; from the eyes of the rambunctiously buzzing and serendipitously oozing bumble bee,

Sparklingly benevolent righteousness was what iridescently radiated; from the eyes of the impeccably selfless and perennially bonding wave of gorgeous humanity,

Immortally impregnable love was what aristocratically radiated; from the eyes of the passionately evergreen and robustly ardent lover,

And Omnipotently blessing Godliness was what unbeatably radiated; from the eyes of my blissfully sacrosanct and inimitably divine mother

18. LIFE'S THE WAY YOU SEE IT

For some it was a garden of bountifully mesmerizing roses; while some could only indefatigably witness the acrimoniously pugnacious thorns,

For some it was a surreally rhapsodic cloud showering perennial enchantment; while some could only relentlessly feel penalized by the shades of gruesomely pulverizing black,

For some it was a forest of panoramically evergreen vivaciousness; while some could only fretfully rebuke the enigmatically inexplicable travails and trails,

For some it was an ocean of unsurpassably unassailable happiness; while some could only unrelentingly blame the maliciously lambasting maelstrom of pernicious waves,

For some it was an unflinching fortress of timelessly blissful solidarity; while some could only implacably feel the disparagingly deteriorating abrasions with the inevitably unstoppable unfurling of time,

For some it was a tantalizingly celestial nightingale; while some could only dogmatically the curse the inconspicuous pinches of harmlessly holistic adulteration in the air,

For some it was a meadow of eternally priceless peace; while some could only incorrigibly experience the frigid chunks of obnoxiously threadbare dirt,

For some it was a fireball of insuperably untamed passion; while some could only intractably feel outlandishly intimidated by the wisps of hideously black smoke; that disastrously obfuscated their vision,

For some it was an ebulliently fathomless book of unendingly euphoric adventure; while some could only tirelessly feel asphyxiated by the sheer and

inexplicably unfurling volume,

For some it was a bountifully persevering ladder to eternal success; while some could only intransigently castigate the unfathomable array of steep stairs,

For some it was an unbelievable rainbow of heavenly versatility; while some could only ruthlessly feel the incomprehensibly endless festoon of harsh shades,

For some it was an Omnipotent Sun of invincibly righteous hope; while some could only acrimoniously feel the boundlessly austere rays left; right and spurious center,

For some it was a iridescently twinkling star of unprecedented optimism; while some could only remorsefully feel the infinitesimally uncanny flicker; inflamingly imperil their sanctimonious existence,

For some it was an immortally patriotic march towards glorious martyrdom; while some could only grievingly feel the blood soaked sacrifices in the triumphant odyssey in between,

For some it was an unshakably sacrosanct mother who timelessly proliferate God's Omnipresent chapter of survival; while some could only preposterously feel the savage waves of bedlam labour pain; in between,

For some it was the most blessed icing on even the most diminutive little thing that they had achieved; while some could only relentlessly shiver to the winds of rejuvenating coolness,

O! Yes; For some it was an indomitably victorious inferno of passionately loving heartbeats; while some could only limitlessly grouse the reverberating sound; ignominiously admonishing it for bringing cacophony in their dwindling stride,

Because although the Omniscient Creator had bestowed it in the most holistically unconquerable of forms upon every organism symbiotically alike; Life's the

way you chose it to be; Life's the way you make of it;
Life's the way you believe it to be; Life's the way
you see it.

19. BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Whether you pulverize an invisibly infinitesimal worm;
or whether you torch a vibrantly euphoric commoner;
brutally alive,

Whether you squelch a diminutively pertinent mosquito;
or whether you massacre a patriotic soldier's scalp;
for sleazily placating the diabolical politician's
palette,

Whether you pluck an inconspicuous lotus petal; or
whether you barbarously run your obnoxiously
cold-blooded vehicle over the haplessly wailing beggar
boy,

Whether you squat at a parsimoniously irascible
cockroach; or whether you ruthlessly asphyxiate the
neck of the police officer; simply in order to save
your very own existence,

Believe it or not; in either case you commit the most
salaciously derogatory of crimes; as whatever might
have been their size; shape; color; fraternity or
form; but for the Omnipotent Lord they were both
alike; as they both had exuberant life.....

1.

Whether you dig mercurially chocolate brown mud to
erect your palaces of tawdry filth; or whether you
parasitically suck even the last iota of blood from
the poor man's skin; to raunchily enlighten your
non-existent facial contours,

Whether you smash fugitively new born eggs with your
criminal sword; or whether you treacherously extricate
the kidneys of a helpless man; just in order to

fortify the body of your already robust pet dog,

Whether you step over an petulantly infantile ant while pompously transgressing towards your dogmatic office; or whether you truculently strip flesh of staggeringly destitute woman; to invidiously warm your every winter night,

Whether you kill the diminishingly small newborn spider to placate the impudent itch in your bohemian palms; or whether you viciously stab the withering old man to death; just in order to devour every single iota of his hard earned wealth,

Believe it or not; in either case you commit the most remorsefully dastardly of crime; as whatever might have been their size; shape; color; fraternity or form; but for the Omnipresent Lord they were both alike; as they both had vivacious life...

2.

Whether you insanely excoriate an obsoletely minuscule seed to fulminate into sanctimoniously depraving laughter; or whether you hedonistically snap the fangs of the eclectic artist forever; so that there remained nothing but abominable bloodshed on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe,

Whether you hack a timid tadpole to the most ruthlessly ribald death thereby releasing your libidinous frustration; or whether you slit the veins of the innocent prisoner; to maliciously corroborate your idiosyncratic supremacy to the world outside,

Whether you ominously emaciate the newborn calf to torturous death just to tease its sacrosanct mother; or whether you insidiously crucify every element of the gentle giant; in order to become the most powerful organism on this colossal earth,

Whether you savagely roast the enchantingly

proliferating larvae to tantalize your taste buds for morning breakfast; or whether you licentiously drill the skull of the spell binding scientist; with tumultuously torching embers of horrifically rusted iron,

Believe it or not; in either case you commit the most preposterously indescribable of crime; as whatever might have been their size; shape; color; fraternity or form; but for the Omniscient Lord they were both alike; as they both had majestic life...

3.

Whether you aim for the evanescent sparrow's eye just in order to diffuse criminal blackness wherever you went; or whether you deleteriously devoured the unsuspecting denizens neck in a single gulp; to gorily replenish your belly for the blazing afternoon,

Whether you poked indefatigably at the harmlessly tiny crab just to make wholeheartedly decrepit merry with your sick mates; or whether you tyrannically tonsured every iota of flesh from the bereaved widow's body; to hold a sordidly macabre exhibition of shriveled skin,

Whether you crushed an unbelievably insignificant beetle under your fetidly marauding feet; or whether you murdered the irrefutably truthful messiah of humanity; so that manipulation was the only leech that burgeoned till times immemorial,

Whether you chopped a minutely petite snail into a billion pieces just to profusely reinvigorate the edges of your stagnating kitchen cleaver; or whether you lasciviously snatched air from the lungs of immaculate school children; to baselessly immortalize yourself in front of the Lord Almighty,

Believe it or not; in either case you commit the most ghoulishly dilapidated of crime; as whatever might have been their size; shape; color; fraternity or form; but for the insuperable Lord they were both

alike; as they both had fantastic life.

20. OMNIPOTENT RAINDROP

It waded of even the most traumatically rapacious of
my tensions; with the astoundingly mellifluous cadence
in its glorious uninhibited cascade,

It majestically cleared the deleterious morass of
manipulation enshrouding my eyes; with its stupendously sparkling and
uninhibitedly rhapsodic globules,

It victoriously beheaded all my bizarrely staggering
dereliction; with its perennially princely and
unrelenting shower of divine righteousness,

It profoundly enlightened every cranny of my drearily
lambasted veins; with its fabulously rhythmic and
unbelievably magnetic melody,

It perpetually replenished my lividly morose lips; with its unfathomable forest of
timeless charisma; drenching each contour of my devastatingly limp persona;
with cisterns of unconquerable ecstasy,

It marvellously embellished even the most
infinitesimal follicle of my despairingly beleaguered
eyelashes; with its torrentially ebullient and
enchanted downpour,

It triumphantly freed me of all my spuriously bellicose tawdriness; blissfully
pacifying the innermost realms of my incarcerated soul; with its spell bindingly
united showering,

It regally silenced the very essence of dastardly fear
in my countenance; with its unflinching spirit of
unassailably euphoric adventure,

It impreguably taught me the morals of harmoniously
philanthropic existence; with its insatiably gregarious embracing of all tribes;
benevolently and alike,

It wholesomely massacred even the most mercurial trace

of desperation in my blood; with its unsurpassable
festoon of everlastingly seductive scent,

It emolliently decorated even the most capricious step
that I transgressed; with its convivially vibrant
impressions of intoxicating life,

It forever ensured that I frolicked through meadows of
fantastically resplendent childhood; triggering in me
an implacable urge to sensuously discover the beauty of
this entire Universe; drowning myself in obeisant
admiration of its untainted belly,

It made me wholesomely oblivious to all gory death;
agony and satanically horrific pain; with its fountain
of unbelievably exotic iridescence,

It handsomely liberated me of my truculently barbarous
fanaticism; with its eternally indomitable rainbows of
truth and celestially burgeoning solidarity,

It gorgeously transpired the most poignantly intricate artist from within the
deepest ingredients of my blood; engendering me to spawn a civilization of
synergistically intriguing newness; with its droplets of bountifully exultating
compassion,

It nursed me like what my sacrosanct mother used to
feed me when I was a newborn child; with its fabric of
ardently heavenly and unshakable togetherness,

It profusely inundated my life with nothing else but
love; love and rivulets of invincibly immortal love;
with its serendipitously gracious wave of priceless
humanity,

And to imagine that it did all of the above without
even a minuscule pinch to my pocket; a fugitive
penalization to my advancing stride; O! Yes; such was
the Omnipotent magic of the tantalizingly beautiful
and aristocratically opalescent raindrop.

21. AS LONG AS

It was perfectly OK; even if you were profusely fastidious about your food; wanted to eat the most flirtatiously rubicund morsels of tantalizing fruit before commencing every of your delectable meal,

It was perfectly OK; even if you were overwhelmingly squeamish about the way you dressed; insatiably desired to embellish your nimble countenance; with the finest fraternity of regale silk that was found on the rustic mountain sheep,

It was perfectly OK: even if you were unfathomably obsessive about the things you liked and abominably disliked; at times even waking a countless night on the incessant trot; to heavenly placate even the most infinitesimal of your desire,

It was perfectly OK: even if you euphorically danced without the slightest rhyme or reason at the crackle of voluptuous midnight; even as the world perpetually snored in immutably forlorn unison,

O! Yes it was perfectly OK even if you executed the most wildest of your idiosyncracies; as long as you indefatigably proliferated God's symbiotically burgeoning living kind; as long as you invincibly stood with every sect of humanity; till the time you aristocratically emanated your very last breath....

1.

It was perfectly OK: even if you assiduously clambered fathomless nights on the trot; just to mischievously roll every of your luridly beleaguered senses with the ultimate epitome of the freezing Himalayas,

It was perfectly OK; even if you uninhibitedly rolled through marshes of uncouthly untamed wilderness; ardently scratching your frolicking flesh with every conceivable thorn that lay; disdainfully sprawled in vicinity,

It was perfectly OK; even if you unrelentingly chased unruly dogs in fields of hay; jubilantly philandered with chuckling hen as the Sun set in spell binding harmony behind the mesmerizing hills,

It was perfectly OK; even if you sporadically nibbled at chunks of obnoxiously worthless cheese like a new born infant; although you had handsomely swept well past the threshold of eclectic maturity; countless years ago,

O! Yes; it was perfectly OK even if you exuded into the most skittish of your tantrums left; right and wayward center; as long as you perennially bonded with God's most Omnipotent spirit of love; gloriously saluted every religion and color alike; as the religion of divinely mankind.

2.

It was perfectly OK; even if you obsessively waited for torrential drops of rain to thunderous rain to pelt; sadly from the heart of a profanely cloudless sky,

It was perfectly OK: even if you were the first organism on this gargantuan planet to irately soliloquize words grotesquely upside down; paving an esoteric pathway of your very own; which had never ever been replicated on this Universe before,

It was perfectly OK; even if you intransigently wanted the most ephemeral beauty of this unsurpassably unending cosmos before your impeccable eyes all the time; timelessly basking in the glory of nothing else but sensuously ingratiating graciousness,

It was perfectly OK; even if you uniquely chose to transgress through the acridly flaming thorns of truth; while the ostentatiously conventional society danced in the aisles of horrifically derogatory manipulation; outside,

O! Yes; it was perfectly OK even if you drifted every

aspect of your life towards the most unimaginable of your whims; as long as you philanthropically mitigated all vindictively assaulted humanity from graveyards of depravation; as long as you made eternally everlasting righteousness the sole mantra of your nimble existence.

3.

It was perfectly OK; even if you ecstatically rollicked in the lap of your revered mother; every unraveling moment of the brilliantly stupendous day; and each wind of the resplendently star studded night,

It was perfectly OK: even if you immutably plucked stoical blades of lackadaisical grass all life; intrepidly staring at phlegmatic puffs of robustly emerald sky to victoriously rejoice,

It was perfectly OK; even if you erred more number of times than you took quintessentially ravishing breath; stuttering like a nonchalant skeleton on every exuberant step that you lamely tread,

It was perfectly OK; even if you profoundly dedicated infinite births of yours solely to the essence of majestic artistry; although there was not an inconspicuous penny in there; and as your robotically mundane mates minted mines of imperially glittering gold; outside,

O! Yes; it was perfectly OK even if you gyrated your uninhibited countenance solely to the tunes of your heart; mind; conscience and no one else; as long as you patriotically dazzle into the rainbows of a vibrantly optimistic tomorrow; as long as you liberate every beat of your heart to love the atmosphere of oneness; to love the atmosphere of Omnipresent human kind.

22. DON'T YOU DARE O! DEVIL

It was a bundle of overwhelmingly sparkling joy;

please don't mercilessly maraud its flesh; with your
obnoxiously uncouth nails,

It was a sacrosanct leaf of freshly blossoming life;
please don't invidiously inundate its immaculate
brain; with your horrendously truculent tales of
bizarre manipulation,

It was a fairy having just descended from the heart of
celestial sky; please don't gruesomely maim it with
your indiscriminately cold-blooded stride,

It was the ultimate fulfilling fantasy of any two
perpetual lovers; please don't heinously strangulate
the last iota of breath from its innocuously godly
body; with your infernos of undescribably sordid malice,

It was a quintessentially ardent constituent in God's
chapter of timeless procreation; please don't ghastily
blind it forever; even before it could open its
mesmerizing eyes,

It was an Omnipotent lantern illuminating countless
dwellings besieged with disparaging despair; please
don't ruthlessly snap its hands; with your fangs of
vindictive hatred,

It was an unassailable harbinger of humanity; please don't venomously poison its
holistically vibrant soul; with your lecherously stinking world of politics and
crime,

It was an astoundingly eclectic and unconquerable
prince; please don't lay a battlefield of your
pugnaciously acrid thorns in whatever path that it
crawled and blissfully tread,

It was a fountain of inexorably unending happiness;
please don't satanically thrash its ears; with your
whips of derogatorily unforgivable savagery,

It was an everlastingly smiling doll which embraced
all mankind; please don't sinfully replace its

bountifully adorable laughter; with your ghoulish
teardrops of torturously penalizing hell,

It was the most divine fantasy of every organism
alive; please don't hideously cripple its unblemished
originality; with your disparaging greed and
ostracizing prejudice,

It was an unparalleled jewel of the poignant eye;
please don't salaciously rip apart its skin; with your
profusely blood stained and barbaric butcher knife,

It was a blessing from the cosmos to all fraternity of
mankind breathing and alive; please don't trade its
innocently benign flesh; for your sinister wads of
debasing money,

It was the most impregnable Sun of tomorrow; a spell
bindingly guiding light; please don't horrifically
confound its boundless resplendence; with your
cloudcovers of treacherously gory night,

It was an unfathomable cistern of perennial
enchantment; please don't bawdily kick it with your
bohemian toes; always sunk way beneath the graveyards
of insane lifelessness,

It was the greatest star ever shining on marvelous
earth divine; please don't brutally plagiarize it with
corpses of illiteracy and pernicious sodomy; instead
of gifting it with effulgent toys,

It was a horizon which had absolutely no end; please
don't vengefully asphyxiate its chords of celestial
existence; with the disdainful abhorrence for all
surviving; ostensibly burgeoning in your eyes,

It was an immortal heartbeat pulsating with
unstoppable life; please don't tyrannically deprive it
of all the fathomless tributaries of love; that it was
destined to assimilate every unfurling minute of its
beautiful life,

In the name of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord O! Devil;
please don't in anyway harm the new born child; even
if your desire to kill transcends everything else on
this planet; you can readily take my life; but please
don't harm the child; don't you dare harm the freshest
outcry of newborn life

23. THERE WAS NO PRICE ON EARTH

There was no price on earth which could ever
substitute; the untamed exhilaration which every pore
of my body experienced; while briskly philandering
through the thunderous cloudbursts of exuberant breeze,

There was no price on earth which could ever
substitute; the profound wave of enlightenment that I
felt on my skin; every day at the very first light of
miraculously rejuvenating dawn,

There was no price on earth which could ever
substitute; the irrefutable truth in the voice of the
little child; incoherently gazing towards my drearily
sagging demeanor,

There was no price on earth which could ever
substitute; the astronomically resplendent enigma that
I felt enveloped with; when I intrepidly trespassed
through the wilderness of the forests and the
gloriously spell binding waterfalls,

There was no price on earth which could ever
substitute; the unrelenting festoon of fantasies that
I dreamt all day and exotic night; the cloud of
majestically sensuous titillation that bountifully
enshrouded every ingredient of my blood,

There was no price on earth which could ever
substitute; the uninhibitedly compassionate fabric of
humanity that profusely caressed me from all sides;
the spirit of symbiotically superb camaraderie that I
felt in every aspect of my vibrant life,

There was no price on this earth that could ever substitute; those moments when I realized I was going to become a father; the triumphantly unending smiles on the faces of me and my wife; alike,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the poignantly pristine freshness of the ravishing oceans; which voraciously tickled me every night under the gregariously milky moon,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the fathomless sensitivity in the eyes of my beloved; the Omnipotent replenishment that I had felt on my lips; as she kissed me till the end of veritable time,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the unprecedented urge in my body to once again become an innocuously wandering child; regally frolic with the feathers of the vivid peacock; until the Sun bid the earth a final goodbye,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the unsurpassable excitement that I had indefatigably experienced; as the nubile seductress deluged the colors of her embellished artistry; in the famished whites of my lugubrious eye,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the unconquerable faith that I had in the paradise of righteousness; even as diabolically marauding hell wholesomely blended with inconspicuous granules of soil,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the invincible exultation engulfing my face; when I earned the first trace of quintessential livelihood with my very own hands,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the limitless euphoria that each element of my visage experienced; as I nose-dived without a

parachute from the absolute summit of the beautifully
snow clad hills,

There was no price on earth that could ever
substitute; the insurmountable care showered upon me
by my godly mother right since the first cry of my
birth; and even as she underwent the most horrifically
gory whippings from the conventionally
inclement society,

There was no price on earth that could ever
substitute; the smile of perennial freshness on the
face of my newly born daughter; her insatiably innocent actions to nibble
everything that came her way,

There was no price on earth that could ever
substitute; the blissfully seductive scent of the
mesmerizing rose that drifted into my torturously
starved nostrils; the stupendous vivaciousness of the
atmosphere; royally perpetuating me from all ends,

There was no price on earth that could ever
substitute; those two words of encouragement from the
haplessly withering dame; impregnating loads of
Herculean courage in my dwindling persona; even as she
was just about to leave the planet forever and die,

There was no price on earth that could ever
substitute; the unbelievably supreme melody of the
ingratiatingly voluptuous nightingale; the Omniscient
sweetness that it instilled in my collapsing form;
every time she unfurled her beak to sing and cry,

And there was no price on earth that could ever
substitute; those instants when I fell in love at
first sight; those unassailable passions in my body
when we first united; those immortal bonds of love
that we had formed for infinite more births yet to
unveil; which were still my whole and sole mantra to
lead life.

24.100% NATURAL

At times an inferno of poignantly towering emotions;
while at times a meadow of resplendently blissful
tranquility that stretched for times immemorial,

At times an astoundingly prolific bombardment of
restlessness; while at times a river of celestially
milky and exotically unending enchantment,

At times an untamed volcano of tantalizing
voluptuousness; while at times as beautifully heavenly
as the mystical mists on the spell bindingly
gregarious mountaintops,

At times a ferociously undulating sea of unbelievably
ecstatic exhilaration; while at times the majestically
sleeping castle of fathomless dreams,

At times an indefatigably reverberating catharsis of
the countenance; while at times the ingratiatingly
innocuous pearl floating in holistic harmony; at the
bottom of blue sea,

At times an impudently overpowering monster
transcending over the realms of pragmatic
sagaciousness; while at times the boundless fleet of
silken birds regally sweeping through the clouds,

At times a passionately never ending fire that
Omnipotently enlightened the complexion of this dreary
planet; while at times a phlegmatically lazing tortoise; paying an absolute deaf
ear to the conventionally turgid society,

At times wave of endlessly swirling and enthralling
excitement; while at times a nimble dewdrop
sensitively curled; and waiting for the very first
rays of; fantastically ephemeral dawn,

At times a blazingly marching patriotic soldier for
whom even the ghastliest of death caused no fear;
while at times at river of amiably drifting
contentment; in complete synergy with the Lord Divine,

At times a profoundly ambiguous wind incessantly
vacillating between the limitless shades of vivacious
life; while at times the rejuvenating incense sticks
of irrefutably sparkling truth,

At times an unrelenting cistern of ebullient
happiness; while at times inevitably entrenched by
obfuscated skies of disparaging sadness,

At times a perennial whirlwind of insurmountable
rhapsody; while at times a timidly retreating
butterfly sandwiched in cocoons of sordid
remorsefulness,

At times a fireball of indefatigably uxorious fantasy
which never ends; while at times an impeccably
sleeping angel wholesomely oblivious to the unfurling
of rapid time,

At times an unparalleled storm which took the entire
living race by radically dramatic surprise; while at
times a sheepish leaf wilting towards even the most
infinitesimal draught of breeze,

At times carving a way of its very own amidst
countless others engulfed with baseless rigidity;
while at times stooping like an obeisant angel in
front of the Almighty divine,

At times an eternally frolicking peacock vividly
flirting behind the hills; while at times fretting and
fuming in the aisles of treacherously betraying
morbidity,

At times an unsurpassable caravan of philanthropic
goodness; while at times lured by fabulously eloping
and nubile damsels as the bodies euphorically
titillated in the moon soaked night,

O! Yes; at times this; while at times an unfathomable
shade of that; but one thing was intransigently

undeniable; that whether I lived forever in the
paradise of heaven; or whether I forever rotted in the
gallows of hell with the word die; my heart was; is
and would always remain 100% NATURAL.

25. TURN VEGETARIAN

Turn vegetarian; let pricelessly innocuous wildlife
marvelously blossom; perpetuating an unfathomable
fountain of astounding graciousness; in the fabric of
the eternal atmosphere,

Turn vegetarian; let the wave of perennially symbiotic
bliss pervade on even the most infinitesimal cranny of
this gigantic Universe; melanging every organism into
the entrenchment of silken togetherness;
wonderfully alike,

Turn vegetarian; let man and animal have profoundly
due respect for each other; with the Almighty Creator
showering his unconquerable blessings upon this
enchantingly synergistic planet;
for centuries immemorial,

Turn vegetarian; let the exotic vivaciousness of the
spell binding forests; remain burgeoning forever and
ever and ever; with the diabolical demon reducing to
infinitesimal ash in front of the winds of;
unbelievably astronomical solidarity,

Turn vegetarian; let even the most inconspicuously
invisible of bloodshed wholesomely cease; with the
planet perpetually romancing in the cradle of
silken innocuousness,

Turn vegetarian; let invincibly triumphant fortresses
of unity crop up at every step that you tread;
unflinchingly defending you even as; every bit of hell
in sky gruesomely blended with soil,

Turn vegetarian; let mesmerizing waterfalls of freshly
born life mushroom on even the most obsolete

trajectory of this ravishingly fathomless planet; with the mantra of existence being epitomized to the most unprecedentedly fascinating limits,

Turn vegetarian; let unsurpassable rainshowers of rejuvenating breath diffuse beautifully in the dolorously morbid atmosphere; Omnipotently culminating into the winds of celestial humanity,

Turn vegetarian; let sordidly manipulative treachery be annihilated forever from this earth; with the waves of holistically unparalleled harmony; taking complete control,

Turn vegetarian; let ingratiatingly jubilant majesty reign supreme in the souls of one and all handsomely alike; with the sea of resplendent existence swirling in boundless directions; and for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Turn vegetarian; let the vividness of the voluptuous oceans become more tangier than ever; with gregarious fishes of all shapes and size; gloriously unfurling into the colors of panoramically untamed fantasy,

Turn vegetarian; let the infernos of sparkling happiness in your impeccable eyes; become the scintillatingly righteous elixir of all sensuously pulsating living kind,

Turn vegetarian; let every entity on this timelessly gargantuan globe; be magically encapsulated in clouds of rhythmically melodious and incomprehensibly unending compassion,

Turn vegetarian; let the preposterously pretentious dungeons of sanctimonious spuriousness disappear into the mists of insipid nothingness; with the spirit of stupendously enthralling ecstasy reigning supreme; on even the most mercurial speck of this Universe,

Turn vegetarian; let the skies of poignant euphoria forever tumble the droplets of endless happiness; with

no immaculate organism ever being salaciously
befriended of its Omnisciently sacrosanct mother,

Turn vegetarian; let even the most parsimonious trace
of sinister crime refrain in its very obnoxiously
sullen roots; with the essence of everlasting
brotherhood exhilaratingly overwhelming; every quarter
of this mystical earth,

Turn vegetarian; let the ardor of innocent belonging;
eventually blossom into an unbreakably passionate
bonding; which triggered the fires of ubiquitous
ebullience even in the most cold-bloodedly torturous
and heartless night,

Turn vegetarian; let no humble be maliciously deprived
of its divinely pristinity; with every being on this
earth irrespective of caste; creed; color or racially
discriminating tribe; heavenly uniting into the river
of mankind,

And turn vegetarian; let life on Almighty God's
eclectic earth proliferate for countless more births
yet to unfurl; with man and wildlife fabulously
surging forward shoulder to shoulder; with all
happiness of this world immortally and unassailably;
assimilating in their victorious stride.

26. PERPETUAL WERE THE MOMENTS

Golden were the moments; when I gallivanted through
the rain soaked hills; with the boisterous chirping of
the sparrows being my everlastingly exhilarating rhyme,

Golden were the moments; when I swam uninhibitedly in
the marvelously undulating sea; with an unfathomable
cascade of tangy froth; insurmountably tantalizing
each of my monotonously dreary senses,

Golden were the moments; when I unrelentingly
whispered with the enigmatically rustling trees;
profusely blending even the most infinitesimal of my

senses with the winds of inimitably ebullient ecstasy,

Golden were the moments; when I poignantly danced with
the resplendent peacocks; euphorically relishing every
bit of majestically crimson cloud; in the fathomless
firmament of blue sky,

Golden were the moments; when I indefatigably floated
in the aisles of unsurpassable fantasy; tirelessly
conceiving the exuberantly unending beauty of this
bountifully boundless earth,

Golden were the moments; when I was an immaculate
child; wholesomely bereft of even the most
inconspicuous vagaries of existence; blissfully
bouncing in the lap of my divinely sacrosanct mother,

Golden were the moments; when I had first stepped into
the dormitories of school; ingratiatingly relishing
the camaraderie of my mates; erupting into passionate whirlpools of laughter
at even the tiniest of provocation,

Golden were the moments; when I felt the blazingly
beautiful rays of the morning Sun; Omnisciently
healing even the most inexplicable trace of disease;
invidiously enshrouding my nimble countenance,

Golden were the moments; when I relentlessly rolled on
gregariously fresh grass; sensuously inhaling the
tantalizing aroma of glistening dewdrops; as the Moon
glimmered to its most profound radiance in the cosmos,

Golden were the moments; when I suckled honey from the
melodiously brimming hives; embellishing my
impoverished visage with the astronomically
aristocratic sweetness of the Mother Nature,

Golden were the moments; when I clambered like an
untamed chimpanzee upon the mystically philandering
hills; drifted in surreal unison with the romantically
gorgeous clouds; for centuries unprecedented,

Golden were the moments; when I smelt the unbelievably
effulgent lotus; profusely drowning my mind; body and
wavering soul; into an unsurpassable ocean of
chivalrously fabulous scent,

Golden were the moments; when I played with the
rollicking crabs on the pristine seashores; with the
majestic froth of the titillating sea handsomely
tingling each of my haplessly staggering breath,

Golden were the moments; when I innocuously flirted
with ravishingly nubile maidens in the realms of
ardent desire; igniting fires of unconquerable
passion; even in the heart of the morbidly insipid night,

Golden were the moments; when I earnestly prayed to
the Almighty Lord; philanthropically serving all
fraternities of harmoniously holistic living kind,

Golden were the moments; when I reminisced my past
with my eternal parents; irrefutably saluting all
insurmountably endless perseverance that they had
displayed to bring me up; every instant of their hard-fought life,

Golden were the moments; when I unfurled into a meadow
of fascinatingly limitless artistry; vivaciously
painting the infinite shades of existence; on the
barren canvas of my devastatingly wandering life,

Golden were the moments; when I gallivanted barefoot
under the enchantingly streaming moonlight;
beautifully submerging my entire persona in impeccable
cisterns of emollient milk,

Golden were the moments; when I regally expunged my
every breath; was triumphantly endowed by a chance
from the Almighty Lord; to celestially diffuse into
fabulously voluptuous and vibrant shades of eclectic life,

Golden were the moments; when I divinely penned down
gorgeously symbiotic poetry; profusely reveling the
countless shades of charismatic enchantment; that were

a stupendous gift from the Lord Almighty,

Golden were the moments; when I thoroughly enthralled
even the most intricate of my senses; intensely
listening to the enigmatically astounding
reverberations of the; thunderously echoing valley,

Golden were the moments; when I amiably communicated
with different tribes; caste and creed; feeling the
niceness of wonderfully royal humanity; heavenly
perpetuate every shade of my dwindling survival,

Golden were the moments; when I traced the piquant
outlines of my palms; resplendently endeavoring to
decipher the eluding trajectories of spell binding destiny,

Golden were the moments; when I timelessly lay at the
feet of my revered mother; incorrigibly following her
paths of unshakable righteousness; on every sphere of
the earth that she humbly tread,

Golden were the moments; when I feasted my penuriously
blinded eyes; on the magically proliferating winds of
glorious nature; witnessed in awe-struck splendor; as
innocent fledglings hatched in mesmerizing tandem from
their crystalline eggs,

Golden were the moments; when I patriotically marched
forward to unflinchingly lead life; resolutely pledged
to unite all mankind one and alike; even as the most
treacherously ghastly impediments tried to brutally
thwart me on my way,

But perpetual were the moments; when I fell in love;
immortally bonding every ingredient of my blood with
her godly life; as she led me like a priceless prince
through the corridors of magnificent newness; through
the fortresses of a friendship which would continue
taking birth; even after the entire earth had come to
a gruesomely stuttering end.

27. GROW MORE TREES

Grow more trees; profoundly disseminate the essence of symbiotically majestic existence; to even the most remotely fathomless quarters of this gigantic Universe,

Grow more trees; marvelously diffuse the shades of resplendent tranquility; to all those souls mercilessly bereaved in the corpses of truculently bizarre manipulation,

Grow more trees; astoundingly spawn a civilization of gloriously rejuvenating freshness; on every remorsefully treacherous graveyard of abhorrent prejudice,

Grow more trees; irretrievably feel like the most blessed organism alive; although your pockets didn't have even the most inconspicuous of currency coin,

Grow more trees; handsomely evict yourself from the sanctimonious cigar smoke and wine; letting the pious energy in your soul; gush out like streaks of torrential lightening in the Kingly sky,

Grow more trees; become the most benign harbinger of all mankind; astonishingly transmitting God's message of immaculate peace; via the entrenchment of fruitful serenity,

Grow more trees; bountifully embrace the winds of mesmerizing peace and evergreen happiness; for infinite more births of your yet to unveil,

Grow more trees; Omnisciently metamorphose the unfathomable ocean of heinously malicious adulteration; into the sky of beautifully enthralling harmony,

Grow more trees; ubiquitously propagate the essence of triumphant equality; amongst immortals and monotonously wandering mortals; handsomely alike,

Grow more trees; let the philanthropic river of melody; be the only divine virtue; that flowed everlastingly on this fathomlessly eclectic planet,

Grow more trees; ingeniously innovate more ardently than ever before; with the exhilaratingly ebullient breeze; taking wholesome control of your disastrously dwindling mind; body and soul,

Grow more trees; stringently prevent the rot of disdainfully fretful disease; uninhibitedly allowing the balm of ingratiatingly sacrosanct mother nature; to heal even the most inexplicably gory of your wounds,

Grow more trees; divert the corpses of victimizing hatred towards the coffins of egregious oblivion; with immortal love taking complete control of your nimble life,

Grow more trees; boundlessly sparkle like the pearl of unfettered victory; to coin the milestones flamboyantly scintillating success; transcending beyond the realms of fulfilling paradise,

Grow more trees; unrelentingly watch a valley of pristine togetherness unleash; in every conceivable direction that you dared to tread,

Grow more trees; feel stupendously closer to your trail of fascinatingly aboriginal rudiments; amiably blending with the feathers of silken goodness,

Grow more trees; intransigently gain more inspiration to coalesce with those haplessly staggering; endeavoring your best to wholeheartedly accept all living kind; jubilantly alike,

Grow more trees; let the indiscriminate stab holes of lecherous traitors; be washed forever with the endlessly forgiving fountain of mother nature,

Grow more trees; timelessly transform all traces of maniacally obsessive behavior; into an unsurpassable sea of heavenly sensuousness,

Grow more trees; let the entrenchment of unparalleled seduction; creep into your murderously plotting soul; every unfurling minute of the Sunlit day and burgeon more prolifically in the complexion of the wonderfully

star-studded night,

Grow more trees; magnificently dance to the tunes of holistic survival; with the profoundly fabulous spread of the peacocks feathers; tickling your insane senses as water tumbled down from crimson sky,

Grow more trees; blissfully enshroud yourself with the mantra of unconquerable humanity; insurmountably tantalizing every ingredient of your brutally famished blood; with a gorge of panoramically unbelievable ecstasy,

Grow more trees; Omnipresently substitute the torturously tyrannical lechery of blistering sands; with overwhelmingly conjuring meadows of parrot green,

Grow more trees; bid a permanent goodbye to derogatorily penalizing smoke; kicking its threadbare visage away with strokes of vibrantly ravishing compassion,

Grow more trees; exotically attract untamed cloudbursts of poignantly thunderous rain; regally sweeping boundless landscapes of sleazy grime; with the most priceless blessings of the Almighty Lord,

Grow more trees; insatiably mesmerize even the most obfuscatedly alien and blood stained entities; with the aristocratic drapery of incomprehensibly unlimited fantasy,

Grow more trees; gorgeously erupt into thundershowers of ardently blazing desire; with the vividly Oligarchic rustling of the leaves splendidly transiting you into impregnable sleep at the onset of night,

Grow more trees; let the beautifully philandering artist in you fulminate out to the most unprecedented limits; celestially deluging every gruesomely barren cranny of this earth; with royal graciousness,

Grow more trees; let the fruits of divinely fructifying nature be your never ending companion; melanging with your benign spirit till the absolute end of your time,

Grow more trees; be perennially seated on thrones of innocuously embellishing prosperity; with the unparalleled majesty of the intoxicating atmosphere forming bonds of unassailable camaraderie with your impeccable conscience,

Grow more trees; inhale unending mountains of gregariously fresh breath; into the jacket of your abominably pulverized and salaciously deteriorating lungs,

Grow more trees; waft the scent of holistically undefeatable mankind; to every entity satanically entangled in the ghastly deadlock of macabre war,

Grow more trees; tirelessly reminisce the moments of your immaculately intrepid childhood; with the boisterous chattering of the profusely rain soaked sparrows; euphorically putting all your traumatizing sorrow to a perpetual rest,

Grow more trees; wonderfully interact with Omnipotently endowing nature at close quarters; sowing the seeds of irrefutably sparkling truth; on every stony lane besieged with forlorn lies,

Grow more trees; let the waves of synergistically united existence; replace all vindictive apprehensions of caste; creed; religion and spurious tribe,

Grow more trees; fabulously encapsulate the whites of your pathetically dwindling eye; with the unfathomably vivacious elixir of charismatically blessing life,

Grow more trees; poignantly invite the heavenly festoon of scarlet clouds; even in the most acrimoniously unsparing of afternoon sunlight,

Grow more trees; relentlessly rejoicing in the most versatile creation of the Almighty Creator; beautifully replenishing each element of your waveringly fatigued demeanor; with the unshakably sacred colors of life,

Grow more trees; enticingly let the indomitable whirlpools of passionate desire; magically swell in

every horrifically depleted region; of your
barbarically betraying body,

Grow more trees; witness God's most revered process of
procreation; symbiotically evolve as each day unveiled
into the romantically iridescent night,

Grow more trees; forever acclimatize with the tunes of
blossoming laughter; wholesomely repelling even the
most infidel trace of negativity in your persona; to
the firmament of hell from where it had originally arisen,

Grow more trees; let the chapter of godly existence
continue forever and ever and ever; and this time with
the Omniscient mantra of LIVE AND LET LIVE;
irrefutably culminating from your splendidly
purposeful and patriotically dedicated stride.

28. SKY OF PIOUS PEACE

The waves emanating from it were astronomically spell
binding; tranquilly pacifying even the most
diabolically traumatized; with the spirit of
Omnipotent humanity,

The colors diffusing from it were vivaciously
resplendent; gregariously embellishing even the most
brutally impoverished of entities; with the magic of
eternally compassionate timelessness,

The tunes wafting from it were enchantingly
mesmerizing; blissfully placating even the most
inexplicable of miseries of truculently bereaved human kind,

The rays wafting from it were Omnipotently uniting;
celestially melanging all religion and tribe; into the
invincible fortress of pricelessly symbiotic sharing,

The winds disseminating from it were bountifully
benevolent; philanthropically endowing the sacred
essence of existence to every dwelling; that they
triumphantly gushed into,

The droplets cascading from it were Omnisciently healing; regally soothing even the most tyrannically macabre of pain; with townships of enthrallingly beautiful symmetry,

The reflections exuding from it were majestically ubiquitous; in which every organism alive; could innocuously perceive the essence of its harmoniously synergistic survival,

The mists floating from it were triumphantly tantalizing; marvelously engendering a cradle of silken paradise; even in the hearts of the most salaciously monotonous and devilish murderers,

The leaves whistling from it were aristocratically gregarious; royally bringing even the most fathomlessly distant and prejudiced quarters of the earth; to collectively replenish themselves with the fruits of heavenly fructifying nature,

The shadows flowing from it were immaculately ingratiating; irrefutably cleansing the heinously despicable soul with the rhythm of unconquerable righteousness,

The beats pulsating from it were perpetually vibrant; handsomely revolving the threads of the entire civilization; with levers of magnetically sparkling and unparalleled truth,

The rivers tumbling from it were perennially rhapsodic; transcending past the spuriously parsimonious entrenchments of abhorrent manipulation; to spawn a valley of unsurpassably impregnable sensuousness,

The melody gallivanting from it was magnificently iridescent; victoriously towering over even the most insipidly mercurial iota of gruesome badness; with its profoundly unassailable sweetness,

The empathy fulminating from it was stupendously unshakable; forming bonds of ubiquitously serene companionship; between the disastrously penurious and

powerhouses of ostentatious wealth; alike,

The charisma unveiling from it was incomprehensibly fantastic; casting its spell of exhilaratingly ebullient fantasy; upon all those with an immaculately affable heart,

The numerals pouring from it were spotlessly undefeatable; irrevocably portraying the flag of blazing victory; at even the most minuscule turn that the earth took and enchantingly radiated into,

The breath dispersing from it was undeterrably unflinching; instilling boundless caverns of life and luck into the lives of even those; morbidly disintegrated and countless feet beneath their graves,

The love circulating from it was immortally inimitable; Omnipresently deluging the life of every deplorably devastated entity; with universally sparkling and poignant togetherness,

It needed no pretensions; caste; creed; wealth or power to purchase; it needed no specific township to occupy; as it was ready to divinely assimilate into every heart harmoniously willing to accept it; be the timeless jewel of every immaculate eye; such was the everlastingly princely SKY OF PIOUS PEACE.

29. NO SMOKING

NO smoking; NO offensively ghoulish odor lugubriously stabbing every gorgeously impeccable and rhapsodic ingredient of the atmosphere,

NO smoking; NO horrendously inexplicable disease infiltrating into the Body invidiously; treacherously asphyxiating you towards your veritable grave,

NO smoking; NO disgustingly manipulative webs of bizarre lechery; threateningly overwhelming even the most infinitesimal trace of goodness in eternal mankind,

NO smoking; NO insidiously negative energies corrupting the fabric of innocuous holistic humanity; satanically lambasting the Omnipotent effervescence of unconquerable truth,

NO smoking; NO truculently diabolical tyranny to the ingratiating jacket of lungs; not even the tiniest of abuse to the most wonderfully sculptured and impeccably nimble body,

NO smoking; NO maliciously ghastly whirlpools of stinking white; venomously permeating into the heavenly nostril; perfidiously obfuscating crystal clear centers of enamoring sight,

NO smoking; NO bouts of insanely maniacal frustration ominously creeping up the pious soul; relentlessly trying to mercilessly pulverize ravishingly mesmerizing existence,

NO smoking; NO beads of drearily rotten sweat dribbling from the innocent forehead; no preposterously pugnacious scent of the obsolete gutters emanating from harmonious body perspiration,

NO smoking; NO irascibly murderous vacillations of the heart; not even the most inconspicuous maelstroms of penalizing blood pressure and victimizing adulteration,

NO smoking; NO indefatigably abhorrent series of pathetically whooping cough; not even the most diminutive trace of gory infection in the chords of the enchantingly sensuous throat,

NO smoking; NO coffins of horrifically crippling cancer rampantly marauding the poignant bloodstreams; surreptitiously clambering up the body to devilishly inflict the chapters of permanent death,

NO smoking; NO inhibitions whatsoever in melanging with the lap of sacrosanct nature; and every panoramic fruit of God's unsurpassably bountiful creation; wholeheartedly welcoming your immaculately humanitarian stride,

NO smoking; NO tense apprehensions of a miserably truncated life; not even the most mercurial of fear at all of prematurely snapping the fangs of existence; with your very own trembling hands,

NO smoking; NO indiscriminately whipping malice; with every religion;

caste; creed; color; tribe on this planet; symbiotically blending in
the religion of priceless mankind,

NO smoking; NO recklessly sleepless nights; with licentiously bellicose
nightmares maiming you beyond the realms of sagacious recognition,

NO smoking; NO diffidently stumbling footsteps; not even the most
parsimonious trace of fear encapsulating your countenance,

NO smoking; NO salaciously coldblooded parasites loitering all over
your traumatically frazzled body; truculently evicting even the last ounce
of your exuberant energy,

NO smoking; NO aimlessly ominous wandering in the corridors of vengeful
neglect; not even the most invisible trace of vindictively forlorn and
malevolent obsession,

NO smoking; NO ignominious condemnation thrust into your nimble face;
no opprobrious rebuke assassinating you on every step that you
transgressed,

NO smoking; NO blood stained tears rolling down your harmless cheeks;
not even the slightest trace of castigating anguish enshrouding the
blissful contours of your face,

NO smoking; NO wars of savagely destroying loneliness annihilating
every trace of your vivid exhilaration; with a sky of unfathomably unending
freshness miraculously coalescing with your stride,

NO smoking; NO witnessing your profusely decaying form in the mirror
every dawn; with the beats of everlasting sensuousness forever being the
profound embellishment of your innocent eyes,

NO smoking; NO regret for the celestially scintillating chapter of
life; not even the most diminutive curse of past lives; ever caressing you for
timeless times,

NO smoking; NO ruthlessly abrading your destiny lines with your own
breath; with every instant of life unfurling into a garden of bountifully
endowing beauty and graciousness,

NO smoking; NO demons pilfering into your visage as the Sun went behind

the sky; with the Omnipotent glow of righteousness forever being as your only companion; your only and unbreakable pride,

NO smoking; NO ghosts perilously decimating you from all sides; with a paradise of invincibly princely triumph irrevocably kissing you till the very end of your time,

NO smoking; NO squeamishly threadbare dirt imprisoning every element of your demeanor; with the mantra of synergistic existence being your only fodder to spell bindingly survive,

NO smoking; NO noose tightening ghastily round your intricately effusive neck; with every aspect of life suddenly illuminating with ebulliently untamed gusto and aristocratic cheer,

NO smoking; NO savagely blood shot and torturously dry eyes; not even the most infidel blemish of dolorously pale blackness on the contours of your resplendently silken skin,

NO smoking; NO repentance for uselessly leading enamoring life; not even the most fugitive feeling of massacring the heart of God's gloriously enchanting creation,

NO smoking; NO challenging the laws of pricelessly proliferating existence; synergistically surrendering every iota of your visage to the unprecedented treasurehouse of royal mankind,

NO smoking; NO painstakingly walking through stringently restricted zones; with every organism on this Universe traversing shoulder to shoulder through the zone of; ubiquitously Omnipotent mankind,

NO smoking; NO sporadic stuttering of vivaciously volatile breath; not even the most tiniest of impediment in the passage of euphorically everlasting air and existence,

NO smoking; NO thorns of acrimoniously criminal prejudice and bloody crime; with the pathways of survival astoundingly radiating with the profoundly vibrant elixir of friendship and irrefutably spell binding prosperity,

NO smoking; NO ghostly incarceration of the conscience in corpses of remorseful stagnation; with the rainbow of sparkingly heavenly truth reigning supreme for infinite more births yet to unveil,

And NO smoking; NO bidding adieu to the fabric of Omnisciently ever-pervading life; with the entrenchment of sacrosanct existence perpetually blending forever and ever and ever with the Creator Divine.

30. LOVE WAS IN THE AIR

Every rose in the bountiful gardens profoundly bloomed with it; blissfully assimilating its enchanting goodness in each of its vivaciously redolent petals,

Every beam of the miraculously Omnipotent Sun profusely blazed with it; triumphantly pronouncing its unflinchingly spell binding impression upon the colossal Universe,

Every droplet of the ravishingly mesmerizing waterfall marvelously glimmered with it; casting an irrefutably unconquerable spell of divine exoticism upon each organism alive,

Every leaf of the mystically corrugated tree exuberantly swirled with it; ebulliently leaping towards celestial paradise; in the swirl of its compassionately poignant caress,

Every seductively tantalizing nightingale timelessly sung it; gorgeously portraying its astoundingly unfathomable charisma; to the entire beleaguered planet outside,

Every enamoring rainbow in the fathomless cosmos danced euphorically to its tunes; culminating into an incredulously amazing kaleidoscope of panoramic beauty; and rejuvenating color,

Every blade of harmoniously nimble grass ecstatically swayed to it; innocuously fulminating its sensuous cascade of golden dewdrops; as vibrant dawn overtook the complexion of the ghastly night,

Every ingratiatingly silken web insurmountably dazzled

with it; divinely dissipating its unassailably
Omnipotent glow; to all those miserably dithering
towards the aisles of treacherous nothingness,

Every exotically crimson cloud torrentially showered
it; engulfing bizarrely barren landscapes of malicious
prejudice; with incomprehensibly unending spurts of
holistic symbiosis,

Every amiably philandering meadow gregariously
harbored it; harnessing the tree of invincible
humanity; with its perennial tributaries of
uninhibited freedom,

Every wonderfully soaring bird affably encapsulated
it; flooding each element of the dolorously sultry
atmosphere around; with waves of unbelievably
Omniscient charisma,

Every mystically chanting cuckoo majestically
whispered it; ubiquitously disseminating its
relentless glory; to the most obscurely ethereal
regions of this limitless planet,

Every voluptuously scented root proudly possessed it;
unequivocally depicting to one and all alike; that it
was the most quintessential rudiment of every organism
to survive,

Every boisterously bubbling bee made it the honey of
its hive; ecumenically oozing its entrenchment of
perpetual sweetness; overtopping the hideous devil
with its melody of; everlasting togetherness,

Every serenely pacifying dusk pricelessly encompassed
it; entirely metamorphosing every heinously barbaric
into an apostle of peace; with its impregnable
chapters of eternal contentment,

Every rhapsodically drifting wind intransigently
embraced it; basking in the unprecedented aura of its
timeless sensuousness; for centuries immemorial,

Every holistically truthful soul indefatigably lived
it; naturally letting its immaculately godly elements;
take wholesomely gratifying control for infinite more
births yet to unveil,

Every resplendently jubilant breath stupendously
relished it; insatiably suckling unsurpassable
fireballs of inspiration from its Omnipresent grace;
to forever emerge a philanthropic winner in the
chapter of vivid existence,

O! Yes love was profusely there in the air; Love was
profusely there in every synergistically beautiful
element of this gigantic earth; Love was profusely
there in every human poignantly existing,

And more exclusively than anything; Love had taken an
immortal bondage of their hearts tonight; with their
innocent spirits amalgamating as a singleton idol of
unconquerable timelessness; under the milky downpour
of the sacrosanct Moon.

31. THE CHAPTER OF VIBRANT LIFE

At times a river of sensuously everlasting happiness;
while at times an inexplicable thorn stabbing you with
pints of traumatized anguish,

At times a mesmerizing cloud of blossoming prosperity;
while at times an incorrigible impediment engendering
you to preposterously stagger towards the aisles of
hopelessness,

At times a fountain of unbelievable resplendence;
while at times testing you against the most
horrendously ominous storms; which unrelentingly
seemed to have not the slightest of respite,

At times a euphorically surging bird flapping in the
realms of ebullient jubilation; while at times
inevitably making you trip towards the dungeons of

frantically bizarre desperation,

At times a melodiously enchanting song placating even
the most murderously diabolical of your nerves; while
at times asphyxiating your visage; with precarious
testaments of painstaking perseverance,

At times an ultimate harbinger of celestial peace;
while at times marauding your brain with a boundless
mountain of; compulsively crippling thoughts and prejudice,

At times a waterfall of voluptuously seductive glory
titillating you till times beyond eternity; while at
times an ominous maelstrom of intractable difficulty;
penalizing you from every ostensible side,
At times a thunderbolt of ingenious innovation; while
at times a disastrously insane wastrel; infiltrating
you with daggerheads of insipidly debilitating
nothingness,

At times a garden of stupendously enthralling
vivaciousness; while at times an unsparingly acrid
blade that menacingly greeted you; at every step that
you transgressed,

At times a gorgeously enthralling paradise of
bestowing scent; while at times an assiduously testing
examination of the severest of odds; making you wither
into a penurious shadow of disdainful remorse and neglect,

At times an ecstatic whirlpool of rejuvenating
freshness entirely metamorphosing the complexion of
your abominably bedraggled life; while at times a
corpse of baseless tensions; depriving you of even the
most infinitesimal wink of sleep,

At times an irrefutably triumphant medallion of
blazing victory; while at times insidiously lambasting
you with swords of monotonously mundane commercialism
and abhorrent malice,

At times the most candidly blissful reflection of your

impeccable soul; while at times tumultuously besieging
your entire countenance; with heinously incarcerating
beads of impeding sweat,

At times the tantalizingly exotic carpet of the
gregariously twinkling night; while at times a
vociferously crumbling sea of disparaging despair;
viciously hurtling you from your most unequivocally
consolidated place in pragmatic existence,

At times a mountain of unconquerably Herculean
strength safeguarding you against the most
treacherously salacious evil; while at times an
inscrutable cistern of black magic; invidiously
transforming your every wish into a mirage of meaninglessness,

At times an unassailable inferno of divine
righteousness transcending you above the most
immaculate angels in fathomless sky; while at times a
savagely tyrannical panther; instilling in you an
insatiably unending flame of lecherous greed,

At times the most priceless elixir to ebulliently
bounce in every instant of rhapsodic survival; while
at times vengefully slapping you with whirlwinds of
defeat; staring with uncouth barbarism in your
innocent eyes,

At times a resplendently robust fruit culminating into
rays of revitalizingly Omnipotent hope; while at times
more slippery than the surreptitiously perilous eel;
triggering you to plummet headon on a snake of
slithering nonchalance,

And at times an immortal bonding of existence
bountifully coalescing you with all those whom you
pricelessly loved; while at times more sardonically
bitter than venom could ever have tasted; such was the
vacillating chapter of vibrant life.

32. LOVE IS LIVING

Sunrays are fascinatingly blazing,
Lotus's are blissfully blooming,
Skies are torrentially pelting,
Beauty is redolently everlasting,
Frogs are majestically croaking,
Eagles are ingratiatingly soaring,
Grasshoppers are rambunctiously chattering,
Rainbows are vivaciously scintillating,
Eyelids are flirtatiously winking,
Waterfalls are marvelously rejuvenating,
War's are abhorrently stinking,
Gorges are unfathomably mystifying,
Trees are rhapsodically frolicking,
Clocks are meticulously ticking,
Nightingales are melodiously singing,
Crocodiles are ominously menacing,
Whispers are seductively tantalizing,
Dolphins are ecstatically leaping,
Clouds are voluptuously fascinating,
Rainshowers are gloriously titillating,
Fairies are impeccably mesmerizing,
Devils are viciously devastating,
Harbingers are fragrantly blossoming,
Oceans are gorgeously undulating,
Eyeballs are indefatigably revolving,
Bloodstreams are poignantly bestowing,
Beasts are satanically marauding,
Earlobes are resplendently dangling,
Deserts are unsurpassably sweltering,
Maelstroms are tirelessly hurling,
Dungeons are hideously depraving,
Nights are sensuously tingling,
Fortresses are compassionately sequestering,
Castles are grandiloquently reinvigorating,
God's are perennially blessing,
Fountains are vividly sparkling,
Prisons are diabolically traumatizing,
Hell is treacherously penalizing,
Soldiers are patriotically fighting,
Criminals are murderously vandalizing,
Valleys are panoramically enticing,
Dreams are resplendently ingratiating,

Philanthropists are impeccably shimmering,
Nights are voluptuously revitalizing,
Humanity is perpetually uniting,
Cowards are incessantly whining,
Palaces are grandiloquently glistening,
Solidarity is perennially amalgamating,
Scent is timelessly sprouting,
Bees are boisterously buzzing,
Owls are enigmatically quizzing,
Traitors are unrelentingly dithering,
Icicles are frigidly frosting,
Grassblades are supremely enamoring,
Scientists are invariably pondering,
Corpses are salaciously decaying,
Truth is forever celebrating,
Dinosaurs are mercilessly stampeding,
Bells are divinely tinkling,
Cows are holistically milking,
Sheep are innocuously grazing,
Manipulation is satanically abhorring,
Wines are sensuously intoxicating,
Stars are vividly radiating,
Fanatics are insanely iterating,
Clowns are inherently laughing,
Spiders are bountifully weaving,
Bats are vindictively sucking,
Nature is symbiotically entertaining,
Dictators are insidiously domineering,
Angels are miraculously healing,
Sweat is fabulously persevering,
Corruption is deliriously maiming,
Petals are intricately sensing,
Roots are unassailably defending,
Reality is candidly believing,
Lions are euphorically roaring,
Prejudiced are discordantly whimpering,
Robots are miserably asphyxiating,
Charisma is inevitably attracting,
Benevolence is ever-pervadingly scintillating,
Lies is disgustingly rotting,
Peacocks are marvelously dancing,
Squirrels are immaculately munching,

Leopards are indiscriminately crunching,
Politicians are shrewdly pulverizing,
Tycoons are monotonously demoralizing,
Cottonbuds are pristinely sheltering,
Matchsticks are capriciously flaming,
Infidel are pathetically caning,
Eyelids are indefatigably raving,
Conscience is endlessly assimilating,
Mountains are gloriously towering,
Footprints are explicitly unraveling,
Shadows are fascinatingly appealing,
Ancestors are regally soliloquizing,
Tornado's are gustily blowing,
Fans are ebulliently circulating,
Breath is astoundingly evolving,
And love is Omnisciently living.

33. THE SOLE REFLECTION OF MY SOUL

How could I ever get bored even an infinitesimally insipid iota?

When I had the perpetually golden rays of the blistering midday Sun; filter a path of scintillatingly righteous courage; through every cranny of my disastrously impoverished demeanor.

How could I ever get bored even an inconspicuously non-existent trifle?

When I had the gregariously cascading waterfalls of enlightening froth tickle me profusely from all sides; trigger in me an insatiably euphoric yearning; to gallop ecstatically forward; through the fields of mesmerizing life.

How could I ever get bored even a comically minuscule whisker?

When I had the voluptuously rustling breeze profoundly caress each of manipulatively besieged senses; uninhibitedly freeing me to dance timelessly; till the boundaries of enchanting eternity.

How could I ever get bored even a diminutively frigid

fraction?

When I had the melodiously ebullient nightingale singing right on my shoulder; profusely infiltrating resplendent rays of hope; into my vindictively cold blooded existence.

How could I ever get bored even a capriciously tiny speck?

When I had the divinely blooming flowers spinning a web of majestically astounding artistry all across my gruesomely bereaved senses; tirelessly drifting me towards an unfathomable ocean of blissful scent.

How could I ever get bored even a parsimoniously mercurial bit?

When I had the unfathomable caravan of boisterously buzzing bees incessantly enshrouding my lifelessly stoical facial contours; inundate my mockingly dreary survival with unprecedented enthrallment and tingling sweetness.

How could I ever get bored even a lackadaisically lackluster inch?

When I had the fascinatingly ingratiating Moon shimmer gorgeously on my despondently disheveled flesh; seductively caress me with unsurpassable fireballs of magnificently silken delight.

How could I ever get bored even a languidly inarticulate centimeter?

When I had tantalizingly green meadows nestled with exotic dew drops to rampantly roll in; expunge each horrendously frustrated ingredient from my despairing blood; to handsomely blend with the stupendously reinvigorating soil.

How could I ever get bored even a ghoulishly asphyxiated bit?

When I had intransigently aristocratic carpets of breath embracing my savagely extinguishing nostrils; irrefutably propelling me each instant to unflinchingly disseminate the patriotic river of

truth; in every corner of this gigantic earth.

And how could I ever get bored even a trivially
transient second?

When I had your immortally unassailable love
perennially romancing with my nervously fluttering
heartbeats; when I had your marvelously humanitarian
shadow; which had unconquerably become the sole
reflection of my soul.

34. A CARPET OF LIFE

I wore a brilliantly orange cloak of vibrant oranges;
when I felt I was ardently surging forward; towards
the fireballs of untamed exuberance,

I wore a sedately tranquil apron of celestial
dewdrops; when I felt a wave of overwhelming
contentment wholesomely enshrouding; every iota of my
profusely fatigued countenance,

I wore a seductive cistern of rustling tree leaves;
when I felt the bountifully enchanting winds of the
astoundingly tantalizing night; tickle me like a new
born child,

I wore a mystically fragrant garland of robust roses;
when I felt every step of my impoverished existence;
unfurling into an unfathomably priceless ocean of
virile dreams,

I wore a thunderously poignant tiger skin; when I felt
the insatiable inferno of surreptitious carnal desire;
transcend its ebullient spell over each of my;
devastatingly beleaguered senses,

I wore a titillating cloud of enamoring velvet; when I
felt the skies of profoundly enigmatic mysticism;
unrelentingly bequeathing upon me; the spell binding
rain drops of perennial yearning,

I wore a statue of profusely intrepid earth; when I

felt the unflinchingly impregnable mountain of blazing patriotism; scintillating unleash from every pore of my nimble visage,

I wore a piquant shawl of tumultuously fiery chili; when I felt irascibly provoked by the uncouthly savage and acrimoniously conventional society; when the spirit of retribution was all that diffused from my diminutive soul,

I wore a gorgeous sheet of emphatically whistling bells; when I felt jubilantly philandering through the aisles of fascinating romance; euphorically hoodwinking the majestic Sun; before it kissed the horizons goodbye,

I wore a sparkling scarf of innocuously radiating pearls; when I felt as if the entire grandiloquence on this Universe; had divinely blended with each droplet of my effusively scarlet blood,

I wore a dilapidated curtain of threadbare cotton; when I felt invidiously stabbed for centuries immemorial; by dolorously depressing coffins of; bizarre loneliness,

I wore an incredulously slim handkerchief of moisture; when I felt the blistering heat of the treacherously sweltering Sun; disdainfully scorch my demeanor to; gruesomely livid ash,

I wore a compassionately warm mattress of sheepskin; when I felt particles of forlorn remorsefulness infiltrate deep down into my soul; when the avalanches of freezing winter unsparingly endeavored their best; to asphyxiate the last breath out of my lungs,

I wore boundless helmets of formidable solidarity; when the sky surrounding me rained down globules of penalizing hell; ruthlessly lambasting my body with whirlwinds of maliciously disparaging discontent,

I wore colossal jackets of ravishing watermelon skin;
when I felt my mind was going insanely berserk; when I
felt that I needed to melodiously placate that extra
iota of my; vindictive steam,

I wore a robotic map of pragmatic commercialism; when
I felt that I was drifting a trifle too much; towards
the world of surreally meaningless and lackadaisical
nothingness,

I wore an irrefutably unassailable fortress of truth;
when I felt that I was blissfully transiting into
impeccable childhood; seeking the most mesmerizing of
solace in life; in the feet of my divinely mother,

I wore a stupendously grandiloquent entrenchment of
breath; when I felt that I was deliberating dwindling
towards my morbidly insidious corpse; when I felt as
if I had abnegated all charm to exist,

And I wore an immortal carpet of unconquerable life;
when I felt I was falling in sacred love; perpetually
entwining every element of my persona with my heavenly
beloved; forever and ever and ever.

35. SUNRISE TO SUNSET

As much as its dazzling rays of light stupendously
astonished me; I was in profound admiration of it
slipping gently down the ethereal horizons,

As much as its fiery inferno of unstoppable radiance
brilliantly illuminated every part of me; I was in
profound admiration of its majestically changing
color; as the hours crept by,

As much as its blazing shades veritably catapulted
towards the ultimate zenith of paradise; I was in
profound admiration of it fluttering nervously as
winds of evening inevitably took over their toll,

As much as its ocean of tantalizingly sizzling

brightness mystically spell bounded me; I was in
profound admiration of it winking flirtatiously from
amidst the clouds; as nightfall was about to descend by,

As much as its golden aura of supreme Omnipotence
enshrouded each of my impoverished senses; I was in
profound admiration of it dancing in timid submission;
after its spell of the dazzling morning came to an end,

As much as its Omnipresent charisma enthralled me
beyond the realms of pragmatic control; I was in
profound admiration of its ravishingly fading persona;
as inexplicably enigmatic shadows descended by,

As much as its poignantly scarlet countenance caressed
me from all ends; I was in profound admiration of it
sleeping like an angel; all throughout the domains of
the seductively exotic night,

As much as its vibrantly dancing flames stupefied me
into meek submission towards the ground; I was in
profound admiration of its nimble acceptance of
transient blackness; before it could once again and
roaringly shine,

As much as its Omniscient glow mesmerized me beyond
the boundaries of enamoring paradise; I was in
profound admiration of its drastically fading
complexion as it bid the earth an ephemeral goodbye,

As much as its incomprehensibly invincible tenacity
left me searching for breath; I was in profound
admiration of its gorgeously new born pink; as
resplendence stars transcended the sky,

As much as its sacrosanct aura enthralled me into
ebulliently soaring euphoria; I was in profound
admiration of its charmingly flickering rays;
eventually dissolving into short lived darkness,

As much as its trail of flamboyant fire incredulously
made me its humble slave; I was in profound admiration

of its blissfully melodious harmony as the hours
gradually cascaded by,

As much as its profusely majestic shimmer engendered
me to convolute into clouds of unparalleled ecstasy; I
was in profound admiration of its sedately contented
visage; as it settled to relish the breeze of the
star- studded midnight,

As much as its irrefutably princely demeanor made me
gasp in stunned and utter disbelief; I was in profound
admiration of its handsomely extinguishing light; as
it immortally resolved to rise once again,

As much as its unequivocal grandiloquence granted me
the tenacity to lead a countless more lives; I was in
profound admiration of its amber mellow; as it shrunk
serenely behind the poignant hills,

As much as its ingratiatingly captivating beams
seduced me into a web of overwhelming mysticism; I was
in profound admiration of its rhapsodic enthrallment;
as it coalesced wholesomely with the undulating sea,

As much as its tumultuously compassionate aura
pacified all my traumatically agonized apprehensions
in life; I was in profound admiration of its divinely
silent withdrawal from the cosmos; as the onset of
every dusk,

As much as its insurmountably flaming aura ignited
fireballs of untamed passion in my every dreary night;
I was in profound admiration of its nascently slim
horizons; as it took the plunge into oblivion for some hours,

As much as its remarkably stringent rays fumigated
each iota of my despondently dreary countenance; I was
in profound admiration of its marvelous obeisance;
dissipating into a festoon of gorgeous empathy; as it
gave way to the Moon,

And as much as its brilliantly fresh rays made me

salute it till countless births of mine; as immortal
SUNRISE; I was in profound admiration of it melanging
gloriously with the tepid horizons; settling deep
within my heart and soul as fantastic SUNSET

36. DIFFUSING

Diffusing into froth; was the marvelously swirling
ocean; glistening royally under flamboyant rays of the
dynamic Sun,

Diffusing into triumph; was the astronomical summit of
the towering mountain; majestically kissing the satiny
conglomerate of mystical clouds,

Diffusing into melody; was the unfathomably enigmatic
and boisterously chirping nightingale,

Diffusing into rejuvenation; was the unsurpassable
battalion of ravishing tea leaves; enveloping your
every morning with an enthralling smile,

Diffusing into diabolism; was the horrendously
conquering Dinosaur; pulverizing countless innocent in
its ominously hideous swirl,

Diffusing into resplendence; was the magnificently
shimmering rainbow; culminating into a bountiful
spectrum of astounding color and charm,

Diffusing into mischief; was the flirtatiously
philandering chimpanzee; gallivanting romantically
through an ebullient network of branches and
stupendous foliage,

Diffusing into fragrance; was the gorgeously crimson
rose; voluptuously scintillating under the seductive
blanket of euphoric dewdrops,

Diffusing into boisterousness; was the delectably
buzzing humming bee; evolving tons of incredulously
glowing honey; by the rapidly unfurling minute,

Diffusing into enchantment; was the tantalizingly sprouting meadow; blooming with rambunctious grasshoppers as rain pelted tumultuously from colossal sky,

Diffusing into breeze; were the exuberantly bustling leaves; mystically rustling as marvelous moonshine; took a wholesome stranglehold of daylight,

Diffusing into magnificence; was the immaculately shimmering pearl; bouncing in rhapsodic delight; as it popped out from the body of slimy oyster,

Diffusing into lechery; was the coldblooded criminal; nefariously sucking happiness from the society; to inundate his pockets with spuriously glittering gold and silver,

Diffusing into perspiration; was the overwhelmingly exhausted body; staggering towards its destination under the insurmountably blazing Sun,

Diffusing into intrigue; was the unsurpassably enigmatic mind; delving into stupendously fantastic territories of the unknown; where no power on earth could dare to tread,

Diffusing into juice; was the succulently alluring fruit; unbelievably pacifying the pangs of agonizing gluttony in your tender stomach,

Diffusing into tingling; was the harmoniously clanging bell; deluging the atmosphere with beats of fascinating enchantment,

Diffusing into comfort; was the opulently luxurious mattress of impeccable silk; transforming you into a celestial fantasy; which lasted till times beyond eternity,

Diffusing into charisma; was the voluptuously floating fairy; profusely drowning into a land of unprecedented glory and excitement,

Diffusing into dust; was the boundlessly sweltering desert; acrimoniously scorching and fretting; under murderous fireballs of gigantic heat,

Diffusing into pandemonium; was the horrendously amalgamated mob; disgustingly trying to pervade through the blanket of peace and divinely bliss,

Diffusing into timelessness; was the perpetual essence of sharing; ubiquitously disseminating the religion of sacrosanct brotherhood through all quarters of this incomprehensible planet,

Diffusing into deceit; was the perilously titillating mirage; fatiguing you to a point beyond death; as you relentlessly chased its furtively ravishing persona,

Diffusing into articulation; was the rhetorically escalating voice; explicitly divulging the most inherent desires of the righteous conscience,

Diffusing into blood; were the fathomless network of veins; spraying a fountain of crimson liquid; when traumatically infiltrated by the ghastly thorn,

Diffusing into saliva; was the perennially chattering rosy tongue; culminating into ecstatic joy; at witnessing the appetizing meals of its choice,

Diffusing into insanity; was the uncouthly tyrannized madman; loitering aimlessly on the impoverished streets; being ruthlessly kicked at all quarters of the treacherous society,

Diffusing into animosity; was the invidiously sprawling cactus; hideously piercing through innocuous flesh; as they tried to get too friendly for its own comfort,

Diffusing into innocence; was the newly born infant; incarcerating even the most remotely alien of personalities; in the aura of its untainted childhood,

Diffusing into patriotism; was the handsomely
belligerent soldier; unflinchingly marching forward
for saving his motherland; with the fire of freedom
blazing intrepidly in his eyes,

Diffusing into tenderness; were the placidly setting
contours of the gregariously scarlet Sun,

Diffusing into speed; was the thunderously circulating
maelstrom; exuberantly gushing past the aisles of
gloomy malice,

Diffusing into divinity; was the sacrosanct lap of
your mother; encompassing a compassion; which no
spurious price on this earth could ever purchase,

Diffusing into squeaks; was the tawny eyed cat;
mischievously waiting for its chance; to salvage its
paws on the impeccable island of cheese,

Diffusing into poignant glory; was the seductively
enthraling candle flame; perpetuating rays of desire;
through the complexion of the gory night,

Diffusing into smoke; was the colossal chunk of coal;
culminating into streaks of uncontrollable vibrancy;
as the midday heat took its toll over all land,

Diffusing into bliss; was the ethereally transient
horizon; imparting celestial reprieve from the
ferociously tormenting agony of the traumatic day,

Diffusing into cacophony; was the irascibly croaking
frog; for whom there lay dwindling despair; outside
the periphery of its splendidly royal well,

Diffusing into heart-felt catharsis; was the
effeminately intricate poet; indefatigably envisaging
beyond the land the monotonous; dreaming in the walls
of immortal heaven,

Diffusing into wisdom; was the sagaciously learned saint; flooding each patch of disgruntled earth he tread; into a boundless treasury of idealistic richness,

Diffusing into sorrow; were those disastrously thrown children; who had the obnoxiously fetid interiors of the dustbin to greet their first cry; instead of their mothers heavenly palms,

Diffusing into restlessness; were the insatiable pioneers; incorrigibly pursuing their benevolent dreams; even as the devil tried to brutally pulverize them,

Diffusing into righteousness; was the irrefutably sacred conscience; always propelling you to tread on the most prudent path of this gigantic earth,

Diffusing into love; was the immortally throbbing heart; bonding infinite lives for countless more births to come; in an entrenchment of unshakable belonging and desire,

And diffusing into newness; was the chapter of everlasting life; rising as the sole undefeated warrior; against the inevitable coffin of remorseful death

37. STOP KILLING ANIMALS

They were wholesomely innocent; not entangled in any discrepancy of spurious religion whatsoever,

They didn't need any wealth to live; harmlessly replenishing their innocuous stomachs; with Nature's bountiful endowment,

They hadn't a single cloth on their heavenly bodies; yet handsomely managed their survival; without infiltrating the slightest into your conventional society,

They safeguarded your possessions like an invincible fortress; while you slept in the untamed luxury of opulent wine and seductive vixen,

They were bereft of a name; yet attended to the most infinitesimal of your command; by whatever prefix; that you chose to call them,

They gave the most exhilarating rides to your children on their bare backs; at times wincing tumultuously under the pain; while your kin had the time of their lives,

They galloped like a profusely embellished prince through the spiraling hills; timidly retreating back as the Sun transcended beyond the ethereal horizons,

They harbored a festoon of poignant empathy in their eyes; feeling devastatingly distraught as man killed man; for power,

They frolicked playfully under the enchanting moon; cuddling their young ones securely to their womb,

They had an astounding prowess of smell; at times wholesomely depending upon it to find their way; as their sight blinded in the most tenaciously brilliant of sunshine,

They splashed every dawn under rejuvenating waterfalls of the mountains; yielding you frosty milk for your appetizing breakfast,

They imitated you at sporadic occasions; triggering you to have the most wholehearted laugh of your lives,

They wagged their tails in ecstatic jubilation witnessing the revered grace of their master; irrespective of the fact that he belted out his frustration of the day; ruthlessly on their nimble hindsides,

They were complete oblivious to vicious circles of hatred; lies; lecherous ambition; confronted each moment of life as it came; with ardent simplicity in

their bodies,

They soared like a king amidst the celestial clouds;
rendering you their salubrious eggs; even before they
had hatched,

They had not the slightest of moral education; yet
sacrificed their lives for their soldiers; in the
acrimonious battlefield of war,

And they had a heart more passionately throbbing than
their human counterparts; weeping and profoundly
lamenting the loss of their loved ones,

They were barbarically called; Chickens, Pigs, Dogs,
Cats, Cows, Birds, Monsters, Wolves, Rabbits; Mice;
Ants and Frogs,

With people cutting; roasting; slaughtering;
strangulating; consuming; them for their daily meals;
as they still showered their blessings to all living
kind,

Therefore it is my plea to all you humans out there;
don't give them any status in your monotonous society;
but at least can you STOP KILLING ANIMALS.

38. HEARTBEAT

Honest and Heartfelt,
Passionate and Princely,
Immaculate and Innocent,
Flamboyant and Fantastic,
Surreal and Soothing,
Voluptuous and Victorious,
Bonding and Benevolent,
Gregarious and Gallivanting,
Marvelous and Mitigating,
Alluring and Alleviating,
Wholesome and Wonderful,
Triumphant and Trustworthy,
Truthful and Tangy,

Adorning and Adorable,
Rejuvenating and Rhapsodic,
Ingratiating and Immaculate,
Incarcerating and Illustrious,
Picturesque and Phlegmatic,
Congenial and Charismatic,
Seductive and Sedating,
Playful and Profuse,
Dynamic and Delectable,
Colorful and Culminating,
Blistering and Benign,
Beautiful and Believing,
Nostalgic and Naughty,
Emphatic and Ecclesiastical,
Eloquent and Enduring,
Mystical and Majestic,
Handsome and Honorable,
Insatiable and Incredible,
Enchanting and Enormous,
Sweet and Smiling,
Tantalizing and Tumultuous,
Vibrant and Vivacious,
Prudent and Piquant,
Fortified and Fulminating,
Pleasant and Perspicacious,
Sagacious and Sacrosanct,
Placating and Philanthropic,
Pulsating and Palpitating,
Intricate and Indispensable,
Swanky and Serene,
Continuous and Camaraderie,
Infinite and Inexplicable,
Affable and Astronomical,
Gigantic and Genial,
Sensational and Solemn,
Definite and Delightful,
Real and Regale,
Euphoric and Exultating,
Brilliant and Bountiful,
Redolent and Ravishing,
Titillating and Transcending,
Undulating and Unveiling,

Shy and Scintillating,
Volatile and Vespered,
Rampant and Remembering,
Friendly and Flirtatious,
Grandiloquent and Generous,
Steaming and Subtle,
Leading and Lascivious,
Laudable and Loving,
Intimate and Illuminating,
Altruistic and Airborne,
Enticing and Exotic,
Zany and Zealous,
Ardent and Automatic,
Fervent and Flourishing,
Blazing and Blossoming,
Auspicious and Absorbing,
Stimulating and Sensuous,
Ultimate and Utopia,
Penetrating and Puristic,
Holistic and Hundred,
Cute and Celestial,
Crisp and Cumulative,
Pungent and Peaceful,
Eclectic and Esoteric,
Quintessential and Quivering,
Unrelenting and Unfazed,
Daunting and Dancing,
Chirpy and Chivalrous,
Flaming and Fulsome,
Scholarly and Stylish,
Sedulous and Salient,
Golden and Glamorous,
Magnificent and Maneuverable,
Loquacious and Levitating,
Singing and Salty,
Invincible and Inducing,
Immortal and Imminent,
Divinely and Devotional,
Appetizing and Aboriginal,
Rudimentary and Rustic,
Silken and Salubrious,
Courageous and Cascading,

Living and Lightening,
Evolving and Eternal,
Was the tiny little and Godly Heartbeat.

39. MUSIC: THE FOOD FOR LIFE

Music is an enchanting reverie which never ends;
inundating your dying soul with perpetual happiness,

Music is a mesmerizing bird which keeps soaring
endlessly through the mystical clouds; nostalgically
transiting you back into realms of impeccable
childhood,

Music is a resplendent star in the cosmos; which
incessantly keeps rejuvenating withering lives from
the brink of despairing extinction,

Music is a tantalizing whisper which astoundingly
proliferates in the mind as each second unveiled;
truly escalating the spirit of existence,

Music is a poignant panacea for the most inexplicable
of ailment; profoundly blending the rhythm of the
passionate heart with all the goodness prevailing in
the atmosphere,

Music is a wave of euphoric rhapsody; which washes
away all those sins; you may have inadvertently
stumbled upon,

Music is a profusely redolent rose; uninhibitedly
disseminating its scent to whomsoever who wanted to
inhale it,

Music is the invincible ladder to ebullient success;
propelling you to rise from the obnoxious ashes;
everytime you horrendously faltered in your step,

Music is a vivacious rainbow; deluging mundane
survival with compassionate loads of vibrant color and charm,

Music is a captivating fountain; bestowing each life
it besieged with a festoon of emphatic melody,

Music is the most effusive form of expression;
stirring the most inner most recesses of the
conscience to unbelievably unprecedented limits,

Music is more gorgeous than the voluptuous shadow;
unfurling an unsurpassable tale of tantalizing mystery
in each of its tunes,

Music is the most immaculate sound which a tangible
organism could ever emanate; the most sacrosanct tune;
which perpetually unites one and all; alike,

Music is a seductive trail that leads to the most
marvelously tingling fantasy; a dream which only the
angels in the heavens could coalesce with and conceive,

Music is a indomitable protagonist; absorbing even the
most infinitesimal trace of acrimonious hostility; in
the swirl of its tenacious pulse,

Music is a magnificently surreal cloud which
relentlessly rains; blessing the lives of countless
with the essence of its sacred grace,

Music is a velvety feather which not only triggers an
untamed exultation in breathless identities; but
rekindles them to lead a myriad of infinite more
exciting lives,

Music is the religion you believe in; the language in
which your very first ancestor used to merrily
converse,

Music is the solitary ray of dazzling light in the
preposterously morbid tunnel; engendering you to
emerge victorious in the Herculean struggle called life,

Music is an arrow which hits its target completely
blindfolded; rises as the uncrowned prince; even as

the entire planet headed towards inevitably disdainful
destruction,

Music is an intriguingly innocuous child; that stays
forever young even after undergoing an
incomprehensible battalion of deaths,

Music is the insurmountable spice which foments even
the dead to rise from their graves; dance in
stupendously sultry winds in the throes of moonlit
midnight,

Music is the most wonderful entertainment bereft of a
single penny; and yet amazingly reinvigorating the
entire system with blissful synergies that the body
had always desired,

Music is the sparkle of ones eye; the glow which every
personality radiates in the most divinely contented
stage of life,

Music is the whistling air you breathe; the ecstatic
spurts of energy you expend while trespassing on every
path of life; the celestial flurry of smiles on your
countenance as you are enthralled by the creation of
God,

Music is indeed the reason why you live; the reason
why you will always choose to love; or shall we say
MUSIC IS THE IRREFUTABLE FOOD FOR LIFE.

40. TURN VEGETARIAN- PART 2

Even if a droplet of it fell in my food; I puke out
what I had consumed in my stomach; during the tenure
of the marathon month,

Even if a droplet of it blended with the dusty road; I
wildly swerved my sedan; crashing face on against the
lanky tree; with my heart palpitating faster than
white lightening,

Even if a droplet of it got smeared inadvertently with my pillow; I relentlessly tossed and turned all night; fostering agonizing memories about the plight of my fellow compatriots in suffering,

Even if a droplet of it dribbled down from my mirror; I started to witness the entire world as disastrously shattered; and all perceptions of mesmerizing beauty just disappeared from my mind,

Even if a droplet of it came tumbling from the astronomically fathomless sky; I swooned in sheer disbelief towards the ground; terrified that the Creator might have now decided to end this magnificent earth,

Even if a droplet of it plummeted into the gigantic glass of water; I started to have insane hallucinations about the sacrosanct spirit of life; to be in grave danger,

Even if a droplet of it oozed from my beloved's face; I had a horrendously ringing sensation in my bones; and I found tears of profound empathy slither down my eyes,

Even if a droplet of it loitered on the periphery of my shoe; my feet started to tremble inexplicably; and the saliva in my throat froze brusquely midway; as I felt helpless for mankind in hysterical grief,

Even if a droplet of it lingered close to my breath; I felt that the gates of doomsday had suddenly unveiled themselves full throttle upon the Universe,

Even if a droplet of it stuck to the luminous dial of my watch; I commenced to conceive that time had bizarrely condensed in its roots; and a treacherously sinister glow hideously enveloped the whole planet,

Even if a droplet of it appeared on the television screen; I felt myself perpetuated with an insatiable nostalgia for my countrymen; sacrificing their lives in true patriotism; to ensure that I existed in perpetual peace,

Even if a droplet of it coalesced with the
majestically shimmering stream; I felt as if the
entire assemblage of water was shivering in
unprecedented pain,

Even if a droplet of it fell on the immaculately plain
sheet of writing paper; I felt that it was impossibly
irrevocable to remove the stains with even the most
incredulously powerful eraser in this world,

Even if a droplet of it sprinkled itself on tree
leaves; I ruminated that wild life was pathetically
deteriorating; and infinite parasites crawled on the
prowl to pacify their lecherous gluttony,

Even if a droplet of it adhered to my eyeball; the
world outside seemed gruesomely obfuscated; and every
path on which I transgressed seemed to be leading to
the corridors of satanic hell,

Even if a droplet of it spurted out from the
impregnable formidable walls; I felt uncannily closer
to ghastly death and decay; and the pulse of my
exuberant existence remarkably slackened its pace,

Even if a droplet of it sprang up on my palms; I
pondered upon the dire consequences that would
savagely constrict the tenacity of my destiny; the
gloomy perils that await me as I alighted my next step,

Even if a droplet of it leaked from my luscious lips;
I relinquished all sagaciously perceivable activity;
poignantly disturbed at the most vital fluid bestowed
upon by the Almighty Lord; flowing out mercilessly,

And it was simply beyond my most incomprehensible
limit of imagination; that if such a minuscule droplet
of blood fomented my sensitivity to abdicate almost
all traces of life,

Then how could people round the globe; eat; drink; and

relish it; stupendously basking in its glory over a glass of oligarchic port wine; ruthlessly slaughtering impeccable animals for mere satisfaction of their nocturnal supper?

Therefore it is my humble plea to all of you on behalf of the Omnipotent Creator; to try your best and TURN VEGETARIAN.

41. INFINITE INFINITY

An island which you incessantly dream of; but miserably failed to reach,

A height which is so unsurpassable; that each step you clamber; still found you on obdurate chunks of rock bottom ground,

A size so astronomically colossal; that is beyond the definitions of any size or veritable proportion,

A tunnel so perpetually unending; that perennial blackness engulfed you even if you took birth relentlessly; for countless centuries,

A land where no palpable organism can dare to transgress upon; a land where only the Almighty Creator resided since centuries immemorial; and would continue to rule till the time he wanted; was the land of INFINITE INFINITY.

A wave so mammoth; that rose and handsomely swirled even unimaginable kilometers above the vivacious clouds,

A ray so unprecedented; that indefatigably pierced even the most obsolete corner of this Universe with its overwhelmingly stringent light,

A shadow so profoundly mystical; that refrained to subside even after the ghastly blanket of profuse darkness; had wholesomely set in,

A voice so incredulously echoing; that it kept eluding you unrelentingly as it collided like a fulminating tornado against the cold rocks,

A land where no palpable organism can dare to transgress upon; a land where only the Almighty Creator resided since centuries immemorial; and would continue to rule till the time he wanted; was the land of INFINITE INFINITY.

A book so incomprehensibly long; that you remained on the front page; even after browsing for decades unfathomable,

A painting so enigmatically fascinating; that each time you saw it; it metamorphosed into a myriad of fathomless shades,

A tree so astoundingly gigantic; that kept blossoming and proliferating into innumerable branches; as each second unfurled,

A storm so cyclonic; which continued even after the entire planet had slept; caressing every object on this globe with passionate cloudbursts of breeze,

A land where no palpable organism can dare to transgress upon; a land where only the Almighty Creator resided since centuries immemorial; and would continue to rule till the time he wanted; was the land of INFINITE INFINITY.

A mountain with its summit augmenting till times beyond eternity; stretching over the most bizarre point of imagination,

A fantasy tumultuously surpassing the realms of unbelievable perception; incorrigibly refraining to quell even after inevitable death,

A cloud whispering an unending tale of existence; with

majestic streaks of white lightening royally
encompassing every tangible and intangible entity in
the inferno of its untamed ferocity,

A mission impossible for anyone to comprehend even an
inconspicuous fraction of; a challenge which even the
mightiest of mighty pathetically floundered to
accomplish,

A song which tirelessly continues to inexplicably
haunt every living being; right since the first day of
nascent life,

A land where no palpable organism can dare to
transgress upon; a land where only the Almighty
Creator resided since centuries immemorial; and would
continue to rule till the time he wanted; was the land
of INFINITE INFINITY.

42. LADEN

The tree in the pristine forest; was laden with
overwhelming quantities of succulent berry and
rhapsodic fruit,

The fathomless expanse of barren sky; was laden with
an enchanting conglomerate of seductively silken
clouds,

The flower extruding from the delectable farm; was
laden with bountiful petals; blossoming into a myriad
of tantalizingly colorful forms,

The incomprehensibly huge dictionary; was laden with a
battalion of exquisite words; explicitly portraying
infinite situations of pragmatic life,

The magnificently shimmering egg; was laden with life
yielding yolk; which evolved over a period of time
into a mesmerizing offspring,

The trajectory of the majestically swirling ocean; was

laden with a festoon of voluptuously undulating waves;
spraying profusely handsome salt on the rocks as well
as the shores,

The toweringly colossal mountains; were laden with bed
sheets of ingratiatingly scintillating ice; cascading
into waterfalls of melodious froth as the Sun flamed
to its full shine,

The boisterously swarming beehive; was laden with
golden honey; dribbling in splendid harmony towards
chocolate brown territories of soil,

The grandiloquently striped flamingoes perched on the
river banks; were laden with a sheath of fabulously
satin feathers; propelling them to soar like a pompous
prince in the sky,

The flamboyantly escalating fire; was laden with a
flurry of poignant flames; which profoundly
illuminated the morbidly dreary and starless night,

The incredulously oligarchic castle; was laden with
scores of intricately alluring furniture; an
extravagantly jeweled throne on which sat the crown king,

The framework of articulately dexterous bones; was
laden with rubicund layers of flesh; granting it
thereby the formidable tenacity to surge forward in
unprecedented exuberance,

The valiant landscape of the pugnacious battlefield;
was laden with innumerable soldiers; ready to
sacrifice their life any instant for the sake of their
revered motherland,

The boundlessly glistening blackboard; was laden
synchronized lines of raw chalk; portraying vital
points of survival to earnestly learning students,

The robust periphery of tongue; was laden with gallons
of euphoric saliva; instilling in it tangy traces of

exotic taste,

The fathomless land of the desert; was laden with
infinite tons of stupendously sparkling sand,

The flamboyantly vivacious calendar; was laden with an
armory of months and dates; candidly divulging the
extraordinary rapid unveiling of time,

The dome sculptured crystalline scalp; was laden with
silken curls of voluptuous hair; which imparted a
compassionate cushioning against repugnantly
vindictive blows,

The profoundly impregnable conscience; was laden with
optimistically enlightening ideals; that provided
astronomical tenacity to the persona to ecstatically
plunge forward in life,

And the passionately palpitating heart; was laden with
invincible love; which kept proliferating towards the
sky as the seconds unfurled; kept getting more and
more fortified with each stroke of palpable
existence.

43. A PARASITE FROM A PARADISE

Overwhelmed by sedation; in the realms of fathomlessly
enchanted fantasy,

Floating on a blanket of clouds; with a festoon of
seductive fairies dancing incessantly around me,

Embracing the voluptuous coat of verdant grass full
throttle; rampantly rolling in the stupendous blades
till times immemorial,

Perceiving the most incredulous objects in this
Universe; surging astronomically forward than the
spirit of times,

Tell me where is death; Tell me where is pain; More

importantly Tell me O! Almighty lord; why have people
made this blissful planet of yours; a parasite from a
paradise.

Sniffing the mesmerizing aroma of heavenly nectar;
boisterously leaping behind the swarming bees,

Blending majestically with the Sunshine; basking under
in the glory of milky beams of exotic moon,

Admiring the resplendent blanket of glittering stars;
philandering like a prince on the summit of velvety
ice,

Saluting the birds soaring high in the ephemeral
evenings; profoundly lost in the cadence of the
Queenly nightingale,

Tell me where is death; Tell me where is pain; More
importantly Tell me O! Almighty lord; why have people
made this blissful planet of yours; a parasite from a
paradise.

Galloping through the fields of blossoming corn;
indefatigably cuddling the innocuous sheep sleeping on
the hills,

Gyrating fervently in the music of the morning cuckoo;
splashing euphorically in an unfathomable ocean of
tangy water,

Daintily caressing the Oligarchic oyster; seductively
swishing the body under the ravishing waterfall that
enigmatically cascaded from the mountain,

Feasting on a celestial meal of rhapsodically fresh
cherries; lying in mute silence on the shimmering
carpet of sea sands,

Tell me where is death; Tell me where is pain; More
importantly Tell me O! Almighty lord; why have people
made this blissful planet of yours; a parasite from a

paradise.

Placing the arms in the lap of insurmountably
bountiful nature; chasing squirrels as they slithered
in sheer ecstasy up the corrugated tree,

Voraciously coating the entire body with a slurry of
tantalizingly wet rain mud; gasping in dumbfounded
astonishment as the mirage loomed larger in the golden
desert soil,

Listening with rapt attention to the incredulously
animated chirping of the amicable parrot; gallivanting
beside the fire as its royal flames crackled in the
midst of marvelous midnight,

Savoring exuberantly cool coconut with rubicund pair
of lips; transiting into a rejuvenating reverie;
boundless decades before this Universe was first
created,

Tell me where is death; Tell me where is pain; More
importantly Tell me O! Almighty lord; why have people
made this blissful planet of yours; a parasite from a
paradise.

44. GOOD MORNING SUNSHINE

Good Morning Sunshine; thank you for filtering
stringently through my dingily dilapidate window;
embedding optimistic rays of hope in my life,

Good Morning Cuckoo; thank you for waking up my gloomy
sleep with your poignantly austere sounds,

Good Morning Grass; thank you for rejuvenating my
dreary soles; as I trespassed on your voluptuous
carpet; with your magnificent sheath of dew drops
tickling my skin to unprecedented limits,

Good Morning delectable pet; thank you for clambering
up my bed; awakening me with a pleasant jolt; as you

flapped your slippery tongue over my rubicund cheeks,

Good Morning Shirt; thank you for imparting me with
compassionate warmth; as I swung you over my naked
chest the instant I broke my reverie,

Good Morning Wife; thank you for providing me your
mesmerizing shoulders to rest upon in times of the
treacherous night,

Good Morning Ducks; thank you for quacking so
boisterously; that I became oblivious to all the
loneliness and wretched depression that heavily
circumvented my life,

Good Morning Air; thank you for so celestially wafting
into my nostrils; seductively caressing my mass of
unruly hair; to transit me higher than the heavens,

Good Morning Lotus; thank you for spreading your
ingratiatingly pink petals into full bloom; inundate
my solitary life with astronomical happiness,

Good Morning Tea; thank you for profoundly
reinvigorating my diminishing breath; fomenting me to
walk briskly forward with untamed exhilaration,

Good Morning Alarm Clock; thank you for deafeningly
puncturing my eardrum; triggering me off from
invincible sleep; when all other conceivable things
had miserably floundered,

Good Morning Water; thank you for pacifying my thirst;
inevitably providing me those few sips of liquid to
quench scorched chords of my throat; the second I
detached from horrendous dreams,

Good Morning Soap; thank you for providing me tons of
enamoring foam; which metamorphosed my bedraggled
persona into one of stupendously distinguished authority,

Good Morning National Flag; thank you for fluttering

so handsomely in the atmosphere; propelling the spirit
of patriotism to escalate unsurpassably in my veins;
the second I nimbly opened my eyelids at dawn,

Good Morning Soil; thank you for impregnably holding
the foundations of my dwelling; harboring my
inconspicuous demeanor while I slept like a new born
infant in the perilous night,

Good Morning Apple; thank you for providing me that
incredulously quick bite before I eloped for office;
prepared to kick on with my schedule for the
acrimoniously monotonous day,

Good Morning Mother; thank you for silently creeping
up beside me when I was in bouts of thunderously sound
sleep; gently caressing my hair; embodying my
shivering countenance with a sweater she had specially
knitted for me in the day,

Good Morning Tree; thank you for generating appeasing
draughts of wind that diffused through my window as
the Sun crept up in the sky; making me feel that I was
indispensably alive,

Good Morning Breath; thank you for blissfully
circulating through my lungs; enveloping me with the
tenacity to divinely pass the gruesomely precarious night,

And Good Morning World; thank you for granting me the
right to harmoniously exist amongs't you; walk
shoulder to shoulder with your blessed grace; in every
aspect of exuberant life.

45. STYLE

Abruptly crisp; Sonorously manipulative; Astutely
target oriented; was the style of the checkered suit
businessman,

Vibrant breezy; Beautifully serene; Stupendously
animated; was the style of the gigantic trunk oak

tree,

Boisterously escalating; Tenaciously clashing;
Fabulously salty; was the style of the boundlessly
undulating ocean,

Impeccably innocent; Entirely oblivious to vagaries of
monotonous life; as innocuous as the virgin sea
shores; was the style of the freshly born and
incessantly sleeping child,

Viciously wicked; Perilously threatening; Furtively
clever; was the style of the acerbic tailed & lethally
venomous scorpion,

Bountifully colossal; Blissfully serene; Dynamically
fluttering; was the style of the unfathomable expanse
of azure sky,

Overwhelmingly verbose; Inundated with countless
alphabets; Encompassing every word on this planet; was
the style of the leather bound and enchantingly
embellished dictionary,

Tangily seductive; Voluptuously enticing; Ravishingly
beautiful; was the style of the young maiden,
Blatantly deplorable; Thunderously smelly; Obnoxiously
fat; was the style of the garbage coated and
pretentiously inflated pig,

Magically smooth; Uninhibitedly unrestricted;
Handsomely buoyant; was the style of the wide spread
and majestically gliding eagle,

Brilliantly flamboyant; Omnipotent & supremely
enthusing; Sizzling the entire Universe in the swirl
of its austere fiery rays; was the style of the
Kingly Sun,

Disdainfully dirty; Mischievously poking; Large eyed
and petrified; was the style of the gargantuan rat
sleeping peacefully on a bar of immaculate cheese,

Gorgeously sweet; Insurmountably tantalizing; Heavenly scented; was the style of the incomprehensibly spongy and cherry tipped triangular cake,

Pertinently harassing; Relentlessly irate; Perniciously and incorrigibly permeating; was the style of the inconspicuously diminutive mosquito,

Preposterously large; Heinously diabolical; Mammoth jawed and cannibalistic; was the style of the stoically silver shark,

Rambunctiously busy; Rampantly darting around; Mystically diffusing delectable globs of golden honey; was the style of the electric paced and diving bumble bee,

Poignantly sharp; Celestially tasting; Astronomically reinvigorating; was the style of the profusely aromatic morning tea,

Unsurpassably slippery; Wildly woven; Intractably sticky; was the style of the splendidly captivating and criss-crossed spider web,

Stringently barking; Irrefutably loyal; Blessed with an astounding prowess to smell even the most obscure of footprints; was the style of the fur coated sheep dog,

Unimaginably blessed; Engendering a person to march forward all his life; Vivaciously pouring tears of happiness and sadness at times; was the style of the effusively turbulent eye,

Infectiously sweet; Crunchy & Delicious; Incredulously exotic; was the style of the raw crystals of scintillating white sugar,

Tumultuously freezing; More transparent than any mirror; Shimmering ingratiatingly under milky moonlight; was the style of the mountain of white ice,

Astoundingly cozy; Wonderfully compassionate;
Exquisitely sheltering naked skin from inclement cold;
was the style of the richly evolved and meticulously
stitched satiny quilt,

Insurmountably heavy; Extraordinarily abraded
demeanor; Remaining as stoical as dead even in bizarre
affliction; was the style of the bulky grey stone boulder,

Magnificently striped; Dispersed into shades of
mesmerizing beauty; Tremendously fascinating; was the
style of the opalescent rainbow,

Abusively dirty; Repugnant to virtually all mankind;
Abhorrently white sandwiched between glowing follicles
of scalp hair; was the style of pugnacious dandruff,

Deadly disastrous; Inexorably earth shattering;
Unprecedentedly devastating; was the style of the cold
blooded and killer earthquake,

Melodiously cascading; Clashing into a billion
globules of sparkling froth; Gorgeously caressing the
periphery of black rock; was the style of the
profoundly exuberant and gurgling waterfall,

Unflinchingly brave; An intrepid adventurer;
Compromising on nothing but the traitors scalp; was
the style of the true soldier,

Love without discrimination; Unquestionably sacrosanct
visage; Thoughts about her child solely lingering in
her mind; was the style of the Divinely mother,

Incessantly on the prowl; Ruthlessly assassinating
innocent heads for meager bundles of currency; Traces
of humanity evaporated into remote oblivion; was the
style of the cold blooded criminal,

Inevitably smiling; Instilling life in morbidly dead
veins; Heaps of talcum powder irrevocably sticking to

his face; was the style of the comically attired
circus clown,

Opulently glimmering; Overpowering everything in
vicinity by the tenacious power in its shine; Coined
as the richest source of human survival; was the style
of the fat bodied gold coin,

Deluged with blissful scent; Beyond perceptions of
captivating beauty; Sprouting like a magician from a
pond of dirty water; was the style of the prolifically
redolent and pink lotus,

Dolorously dull; Strangled with gruesomely
contemptuous malice; Aligned with a massive battalion
of blood sucking termites; was the style of the
impregnable hostile prison cell,

Rosily pink; Intransigently titillating; Chattering
infinite times in a single day; was the style of
velvety soft lips,

A glistening thirst quencher; Pacifying scorched
chords of the throat beyond the mightiest of
perception; Guzzled by every palpable being till the
time he exists and even in times of after life; was
the style of pure and plain spring water,

Bombastically sleazy; Nictitating with a festoon of
garish lights; A clandestine retreat for hearthrobs
after midnight; was the style of the indefatigably
pulsating country discotheque,

Continuously ticking; Accurately depicting various
shades of life; Portraying to all the immense value of
time; was the style of the towering and century old
grandfather clock,

Lifelessly still; Nostalgically reminiscent; Placid
yet profusely demonstrative; was the style of the
decade old and dusty photograph,

Exorbitantly mounted; Embossed with several lines; The ultimate chapter of destiny; was the style of the scarlet complexioned rubicund palm,

Infinitesimally tiny; Blended with a rectangle and square; Kissing the key umpteenth number of times in a day; was the style of the intricately dainty enigmatic keyhole,

Supremely tantalizing; Astonishingly curled; Flirtatiously flashing; was the style of the gentle and beautiful eyelashes,

Vehemently stinking; Freely available all day; Enticing an armory of flies the instants it caressed the ground; was the style of colorlessly trapped saliva,

Astoundingly incarcerating; Playfully rollicking; Acrobatically jumping; was the style of the adorable and honey crested dolphin,

Satanically awesome; Taller than the skies; Ghoulishly growling; was the style of the savagely stepping devil,

Perpetually invisible; Able to cast its wicked spell over innocent human beings; Lighter than the lightest of thread; was the style of the lecherously minded ghost,

Standing like a pillar in times of distress; Helping without the slightest of expectation; Praying for her brothers safety in whatever arena he stepped; was the style of the unprejudiced sister,

And Passionately free; Invincible to all powers of this globe; Immortally existing since centuries unprecedented; Divinely blending palpitating hearts together; was the style of love; infact the style of the Omnipresent Creator.

46. ROYALLY HANDSOME AND BEAUTIFUL SUNSET

The entire earth metamorphosed into deplorable gloom;
as it nimbly disappeared behind the towering hills,

The forests in vicinity were profusely engulfed with
appalling pink light; as it sank down abysmally a few
hours after brilliant afternoon,

The birds started returning to their intricately cozy
nests; as it fluttered violently into vivacious shades
of dull crimson,

The sharks bobbing their heads in vicious exuberance
above the poignantly swirling waves; contentedly
rested on the sandy bed as it started to play hide and
seek even more vigorously with the unfurling minutes,

The spuriously pompous light of the electric bulb took
complete control; as its flamboyantly golden color
transited into one sedate pink,

The battalion of stray dogs started to pathetically
wail; as it gave way for the stars to take a wholesome
stranglehold and faintly shimmer,

The lanky hands of the grandfather clock showed signs
of inadvertent laziness; as it abruptly vanished
behind the cocoon of black clouds,

The majestic lion relinquished hunting for prey;
exhaustedly retired in his colossal den; as it
evaporated like specks of dirt from the periphery of
the silver horizon,

The disdainfully sordid cockroach slowly and ominously
crawled towards the stinking lavatory seat; as it
wholesomely left the boundless sky,

The horses galloping in boisterous unison on the
marshy slopes; walked in a silent row towards their
stables; as it seemed to be mournfully coalescing with

bland mud,

The astoundingly fat tortoise became more indolent than ever retreating its stubby neck inside its striped shell; as it fell like a frigid thread and eloped away from the atmosphere,

The bones in the ebullient body started getting profoundly dreary; beads of hopeless sweat dribbled down the arms; as it seemed to be gobbled in entirety by the sapphire blue sky,

The savage python slithered miserably through the meandering bushes; as it started to develop shades of ghastly brown on its persona,

The voluptuous green blanket of leaves drooped down in meek submission; as its rays got more and more tender and frigid with the unleashing second,

The redolent petals of the stupendously blossoming lotus folded themselves invincibly in defense; as it emancipated into the island of nothingness,

The overwhelmingly formidable King ordered his troops to cease hostile war; as it cast perilously dark shadows upon the soil of this planet,

The rosy and incessantly chattering tongue now fell a trifle silent; as it winked in nervous euphoria; sighed its last before being transiently erased into thin oblivion,

The signs of all palpable life in this Universe seemed to be feebly subsiding; as it displayed sure signs of shrinking to the size of an infinitesimally small pea,

And as you all know; it left the earth every evening to settle for a long rest before it thunderously blazed again with immortal enthusiasm at dawn; with people from all continents round the globe irrefutably proclaiming it since centuries unprecedented; as the

ROYALLY HANDSOME & BEAUTIFUL SUNSET.

47. THE NIGHT WAS STILL ALIVE

The butter was still fresh; with adorable crusts of cream oozing poignantly from its molten persona,

The rose was still blossoming; with its ravishing redolence reinvigorating everything around in dull atmosphere,

The stream was still gushing at electric speeds; with its gurgling waters diffusing into spell binding froth after clashing against the chain of ecstatic rocks,

The peacock was still dancing; with its feathers spread wildly wide to a completely full and exotically animated plumage,

The grass blades were still awake; with glistening dew drops now enigmatically caressing their intricate visage,

The stars still twinkled in the sky; with the magnificent white beams of light casting a majestic spell on the body of pathetically scorched earth,

The leaves still vibrantly rustled with the wind; inscrutably whispering their nostalgic tales of day; their stupendously enamoring anecdotes of the past,

The lion still roared euphorically; puncturing the sedate ambience with an uncanny thrill that was never experienced before,

The nightingale still sang its melodious rhymes; captivating every tangible and intangible entity with the fascinating melody in its sound,

The clouds still collided in the sky; pelting droplets of rejuvenating rain in tumultuous fury,

The ducks still floated in the serene pond; fomenting blissful ripples to spread infectiously around; profoundly enlightening the night with their flurry of boisterous quacks,

The chameleon still fluttered its ominous tail; tantalizingly changing color; splendidly blending with the surrounding it went,

The mammoth stacks of green chili were still flaming; violently embodying the area around with a distinctly piquant odor; a scent that could bring life into the dead,

The Moon still shone a tenacious white; with its creamy rays filtering a path through the stringently dolorous darkness,

The chill still lingered pertinently; perpetuating infinite goose-bumps to inevitably creep up the body,

The horde of impeccable rabbits still frolicked in their burrows; playing hide and seek with the drifting clouds and shine,

The preposterously fat python still slithered through the marshes; furtively awaiting to gobble its prey; in the clandestine darkness concealing his belly,

The spider still spun its web; running at astounding speeds from one end to the other; producing marvelously shimmering silk with its slime,

C'mon let's enjoy ourselves to the fullest O! beloved; bask in the aisles of uninhibited desire and romance; for the night was still young; the darkness had set blazing fire to our senses; the night was still alive.

48. MAGNIFICENTLY ENCHANTING NIGHT

The calm which the stringent day miserably dithered to provide; was profoundly imparted by the chilly breeze

of the dark night,

the tumultuous passion which the austerely acerbic day failed to provide; was profoundly imparted by the agony of the resplendent night,

The ocean of dreams which the acrimonious day floundered every second to provide; was profoundly imparted by the mesmerizing fantasy of the velvety night,

The cloud of tingling sensations which the sultry day stumbled to provide; was profoundly imparted by the tantalizing charisma of the moonlit night,

The poignant aroma of romance which the brilliantly sweltering day tripped to provide; was profoundly imparted by the overwhelmingly silvery night,

The delectably sweet flavor which the harshly perspiring day dawdled to provide; was profoundly imparted by the surreal and stormy night,

The stupendous congeniality which the monstrously illuminated day succumbed to provide; was profoundly imparted by the superlatively friendly and voluptuous night,

The tunnel of unrelenting adventure which the monotonous day ludicrously refrained to provide; was profoundly imparted by the spell binding and exotically perfumed night,

The astoundingly fragrant aura which the nondescript day faltered to provide; was profoundly imparted by the piquantly pepped up night,

The enigmatic tales of fascinating mystery which the day abysmally shirked to provide; was profoundly imparted by the enticing and profusely titillating night,

The vivacious rainbow of colors which the incorrigibly

boring day fluttered to provide; was profoundly imparted by the gorgeously whispering night,

The flamboyant rays of fire which the cloudy day horrendously nictitated to provide; was profoundly imparted by the vividly vibrant night,

The dreary trail of incredulous sedation that the day obnoxiously dwindled to provide; was profoundly imparted by the incomprehensibly seductive night,

The magical wave of longing that the stoical day irrevocably refused to provide; was profoundly imparted by the mystically simmering night,

The cold beads of unprecedented exhilaration that the abysmally hot day pathetically slithered to provide; was profoundly imparted by the majestic and princely night,

The ardently milky aroma which the intractably bright day disastrously shivered to provide; was profoundly imparted by the ravishingly dainty night,

The unparalleled tremors of ecstasy which the brutal beams of day insurmountably struggled to provide; was profoundly imparted by the stringently spicy winds of night,

The opulent showers of nostalgia which the murderously blazing day wavered to provide; was profoundly imparted by the opalescent shades of the night,

And the celestial stupor which the savagely bubbling day thoroughly failed to provide; was profoundly imparted by the magnificently enchanting night.

49. SUN GOD

Some called it a blazing volcano; sizzling every nook and cranny of the earth with its fiery rays,

Some called it fulminating lava erupting at swashbuckling speeds; charring everything that came

its way into infinitesimal bits of invisible ash,

Some called it an ocean of swirling fire; with its omnipotent power to penetrate through the most gruesome of prevailing darkness,

Some called it a majestic lion fully charged up; roaring indefatigably till everything around it was in blissful calm,

Some called it a vivacious and golden crystal of smothering coal; able to cure even the most inexplicable of disease loitering on this earth,

Some called it a flaming and a supremely transparent mirror; having the incredible power of gobbling all other shadows on this planet except its own,

Some called it a battlefield of the highest degree; simply invincible to defeat; even by the most valiant battalion of soldiers,

Some called it an angry cloud that never rained; evaporating every trace of evil from the gloomy trajectory of ground,

Some called it an amber bowl of boiling honey; causing even the most impregnable of entity staring into it to inevitably wink,

Some called it a cascading waterfall of blistering energy; taking the demon by tumultuous force in its impetuous wrath,

Some called it an inland of unprecedented courage; impregnating even the weakest body standing beneath it; with daunting strength and fortitude,

Some called it the King of all eggs always shining; fomenting boundless number of mammalian eggs to hatch into innocuous fledglings; providing them with the most conducive quantity of heat,

Some called it a dazzling fountain of bubbling acid;
which left no scope at all for misery; till the time
it grandiloquently glowed all day,

Some called it the most unadulterated body ever
created; with every soul on this globe; unanimously
revering it for the irrefutable sanctity it possessed,

Some called it a flamboyantly shimmering spoon; which
looked after each and every object breathing; saw to
it that everyone was sumptuously fed,

Some called it a scintillating sword; having the
prowess to wholesomely annihilate the one it wanted
with its marvelously gleaming edge,

Some called it the ultimate savior in times of
unwarranted distress; igniting rays of hope with its
omnipresent light,

Some called it an immeasurable diamond; with its
unsurpassable depth; defeating the worst of chilly night,

Different people living in different tribes christened
it by countless names and opinions; absolutely
astounded by the strength of its unconquerable beams,

But I will always call and worship it as my undefeated
God; my loving and immortally adorable SUN GOD

50. LEAD LIFE LIKE A MAN

Drink like a rabbit, gently lapping at water cascading
from white water springs of the mountain,

Sleep like a demon, snoring thunderously without even
moving a whisker to the most lethal of dynamite
explosion,

Perspire like a bull, slogging it hard under the
steaming rays of the sun,

Dance like a peacock, spreading your feathers to a full plumage under exotic outbursts of rain,

Smile like a wild chimpanzee, snaring your snow white teeth without being the slightest overwhelmed by your surroundings,

Run like kangaroo, traversing the dense foliage of the jungle, taking 10 strides at a time,

Scratch like a red ant, resurrecting your destroyed cocoon every next second,

Sing like the Nightingale, inundating every barren spot in vicinity with the ecstatic melody in your sound,

Cry like a crocodile, shedding tears as gargantuan as the cloud on every area you tread,

Sting like a scorpion, piercing supple and innocuous skin with the venomous poison in your fangs,
Talk like a parrot, chattering incessantly as misty wisps of air and the aroma of delectable food struck you in entirety,

Roar like a lion, waking up every entity sleeping blissfully, with a single growl of yours,

Smell like the roots, emanating a voluptuously raw odor, just after the first spells of rain,

Stand like an elephant, weathering each storm trying to blow you with enviable ease,

Dream like an angel, exploring the most wildest regions around the globe with rampant frenzy,

Shiver like a goose, with infinite strands of hair standing up in animation, on the snow,

Slaver like a dog, greedily protruding out your tongue
panting passionately for water,

Bathe like the dolphins, diving acrobatically into the
sapphire sea's, with your body engulfed completely by
the majestic waves,

Chew like a cow, slowly munching your meals with
rejuvenated gusto,

Scamper around like a squirrel, leaping friskily on
the myriad of dangling branch,

Fly high like the eagles, flapping your wings
exuberantly with the cotton cocoon of clouds gliding
past your hair,

Kick like a donkey, swinging your legs viciously
towards those who tried to disturb your concentration,

Lick like a cat, sucking every droplet of milk from
the steep edged bowl,

Yawn like the hippopotamus, candidly announcing your
desire to sleep to even mortals buried in their
corpses,

Scream like the dinosaur, with a single echo of yours
silencing all commotion in this world,

Stare like the mammoth whale, making your opponent
blink a thousand times,

Hear like a fox, detecting the most inconspicuous of
sound, coming to know of your adversary, before it
actually commenced to attack,

Laze around like the tortoise, not bothering to poke
out your head even in the most scorching of sunlight,

Shine like the stars, punctuating the eerie darkness
of the night with your spellbinding glimmer,

Burn like fulminating lava, igniting the most
lackluster of individual with the ardor in your
flames,

Dig like the mice, making your burrow in loose mud at
lightening speeds,

Hide like the reptile, evading all traces of light
existing in the Universe,

Peck like the woodpecker, chiseling your way through
the most obdurate of wooden log,

Crawl like the spider, mystically weaving your way
across the strands of the flimsy web,

Swish like a zebra, moving your tail to wade away the
most minuscule of fly buzzing intermittently around
your nose,

Eat like a pig, greedily gobbling even the tiniest of
toffee wrapper loitering on the road,

Change color like a chameleon, adapting yourself
furtively to virtually any surrounding you go into,

Hunt like the vultures, hideously diving down and
capsizing your prey,

Be wise like the owl, prudently opening your eyes in
the dark as well as stringent light,

Care like the lioness, protecting your child from the
faintest signs of evil lurking around,

Enjoy like the otters, having a party of beans and raw
wine well past after midnight,

Explore like the panther, mercilessly paving your way
through the remotest corner of the forest,

Love like God, annihilating the word 'discrimination'
forever from your adulterated brain,

And lead life like a man, wandering and discovering;
struggling and romancing, dreaming and working to
transform all your dreams; as well as those of several
around you into an immortal reality.

51. THE CHAPTER OF EXISTENCE

Just when I felt my eyes were closing; my lids incorrigibly wanting to
shut down,

I saw the tiny buds of rose blossoming outside; the unsurpassable
grandeur of its petals engulfing the atmosphere in entirety.

Just when I felt my legs were going limp in exhaustion; the
indefatigable stress of the day inevitably pinning me down,
I saw the pouch bellied kangaroo leap across with gigantic strides;
traverse the marshy fields overlooking my window with uninhibited and gay
abandon.

Just when I felt my tongue relinquishing taste; infinite buds on its
surface had died a gruesome death,
I saw the cow philandering in the leafy meadows; munching robust chunks
of grass with great relish.

Just when I felt my mouth aching; the chords in my throat abysmally
parched and dry,
I saw the orchestra singing loquaciously; madmen screeching at the top
of their lungs; attempting to bring the roof on earth.

Just when I felt my hands go pale; every iota of strength sapped
wholesomely from the conglomerate of my bones,
I saw uncouth barbarians bludgeoning their way through the forest;
annihilating gargantuan tree stalks; exerting monstrous power with
their palms.

Just when I felt the skin encompassing my neck sagging profoundly;
disdainful wrinkles inhabiting virtually every part of my demeanor,
I saw a cluster of young maidens with sparkling skin; boisterously
bouncing on the silken couch.

Just when I felt the waves of sadness vacillate in my soul; bizarre
grief stabbing me like daggers of blistering coal,
I saw the clowns of in the circus mischievously smile; with their loud
guffaws thunderously piercing the atmosphere.

Just when I felt pulsating pain in my forehead; an avalanche of thorns
curtailing it from perceiving further,
I saw a medieval sage reciting hymns in blissful harmony; the
unperturbed expressions of his face; depicting that he was in a land of surreal
fantasy.

Just when I felt that I was about to sleep; the clockwork machinery in
my brain failing to tick forward,
I saw a battalion of roosters flying high in the air; permeating the
crispness in the ambience around with their cacophonous sounds.

And just when I felt I was about to die; relinquish the final draught
of breath; to rest in my heavenly abode,
I saw a child being born; crying innocuously in the tender palms of its
mother; trying to imbibe as much as it could with its large eyes
dancing around the earth; to better understand the place it was now going to
exist; diligently continuing the CHAPTER OF EXISTENCE.

52. BEAUTY NEEDS TO BE APPRECIATED

The sun in the cosmos itself doesn't know the omnipotence in its shine;
the blazing yellow circumventing its persona,
Its only when we profoundly admire its tenacity; the blistering heat it
imparts to fumigate pallid earth; does it come to realize that it is
indeed beautiful.

The crimson colored rose itself doesn't know the mesmerizing odor it
emanates; the voluptuous complexion profusely embedded in its core,
Its only when we cherish its enchanting fragrance; the stupendous sight
it portrays when sighted at evanescent dawn; does it come to realize that
it is indeed beautiful.

The star twinkling amidst naked patches of sky itself doesn't know its
shine; the radiance that envelops its incongruous silhouette,
Its only when we applaud it for its resplendence; the illumination it
provides in the chilly night; does it come to realize that it is indeed
beautiful.

The boundless ocean itself doesn't know about its infinite size; the unfathomable depth it incorporates in its belly,
Its only when we exuberantly praise its swirling waves; ravishing froth striking the shores; scores of glistening white sharks swimming; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The opalescent butterfly itself doesn't know about its multicolored wings; the swishing tentacles extruding from beneath its eyes,
Its only when we acclaim it for its nimble footed flight in the air; the delectable draughts of wind it engenders while flying; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The vivacious reptile itself doesn't know about its hiss; the mystically slithering body it possesses,
Its only when we laud it for its tantalizingly shimmering skin; the remarkably transparent eyes; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The obdurate shell of coconut itself doesn't know about its stone shell; the incredulous heights it projects from on the tall tree,
Its only when we value it for its appetizing juice; the immaculate and sumptuous pulp incarcerated in its walls; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The slime coated oyster itself doesn't know about its wealth; the loose ferns agglutinated to its visage,
Its only when we treasure it for its scintillating pearls; the rejuvenating salty water which ejects when we slice its body; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The newly born infant itself doesn't know about its innocuous heart; the tiny legs that caress its mother,
Its only when we clap at it for mustering courage to walk; the frivolous smiles it does when tickled; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

Beauty is a virtue embodied in all of us transgressing through the surface of this earth; it is a blessing we are all born with,
All though we remain indiscreetly oblivious to it; as we don't admire it,
Beauty is too precious to be neglected; too sacrosanct to be ignominiously condemned; 'BEAUTY NEEDS TO BE APPRECIATED'.

53. WATER IS PRECIOUS

If there was water on the surface of dry leaves; they would look superbly mesmerizing; glistening profoundly under the sun,

If there was water on mud coated wall; there would be a ravishing scent that permeated the adulterated air,

If there was water on vegetables lying sprawled in a forlorn heap; they would bounce back to boisterous life; retrieving the plethora of minerals they had lost in the blistering heat,

If there was water on fossils languidly scattered in obsolete territories of the dormant volcano; they would perspicuously depict the mysteries of the past; besides shimmering magnificently under the moon,

If there was water on wild buds of jungle mushroom; the unruly shoots would sparkle tenaciously; drawing millions of mouths towards them to satiate their famished taste buds,

If there was water on a battalion of acrimonious thorns; their tips would get dramatically softened; making them flounder in their conquest of mercilessly puncturing soft skin,

If there was water on scalp hair; their bedraggled texture would miraculously transform into immaculately polished,

If there was water on the obdurate foam of bed; there would be an unprecedented cool that besieging the ambience; and I would find it astoundingly easy to fall into a invincible siesta,

If there was water on pairs of chapped lips; they would look irrefutably voluptuous and longing to be kissed,

If there was water on the scorched soil of arid desert; the surrounding wildlife would get substantial reprieve from sweltering storms of heat,

If there was water on rampant flames of fire ominously rising up by the zipping second; the occupants inside would be saved from the tyranny of being burnt alive,

If there was water on the elevation of dusty window panes; they would suddenly glitter in animation; explicitly exposing the panoramic view outside,

If there was water on the river bed; scores of children would gleefully toss in it; splashing it frivolously on passing pedestrians,

If there was water on clusters of scarlet rose; they would diffuse a blissful fragrance penetrating the claustrophobic environment with a reinvigorating aroma,

If there was water on feathers of the majestic peacock; it had the potential to circulate waves of rhapsody even in the veins of a dying man; when the bird unfurled its wings to a complete blossom,

If there was water on soiled cloth; incorrigible stains would be indiscriminately exonerated; and the fabric would now resemble an impeccable white,

If there was water on the serrated skin of chameleon; it would appear more rubicund while wandering indefatigably through the bushes,

And If there was water on the inverted eyelashes of my beloved; she would look like a goddess bathed in exquisite gold,

And let me tell you friends it was very easy for us to unflinchingly achieve the above mentioned; if only we learnt to save and judiciously preserve water,

As its every droplet is inevitably worth a million; for it is the source of all life beside us; an indispensable fuel to rejuvenate the depleted reservoir of our energy; 'WATER IS PRECIOUS'.

54. THE GODDESS OF LOVE

You'll find her in the frothy waves of the ocean; which fall and rise ebulliently with the most minuscule draught of wind,

You'll find her in the silken conglomerate of pearly clouds; floating smoothly in the sky,

You'll find her in the mesmerizing rose petals; having an evanescent coat of scintillating dew drops,

You'll find her in the vivaciously swirling trees; shedding their leaves sporadically with changing seasons,

You'll find her in the fleet footed nimble rabbit; prowling innocuously around the farm with its abnormally round eyes,

You'll find her in the dazzling sunrays; which fall incessantly on the earth until murky dusk,

You'll find her in the queenly peacock; spreading its feathers to a full blossom at the onset of torrential monsoons,

You'll find her in the golden fish whistling adroitly through deep ocean waters; incorporating an army of incongruous bubbles in its path,

You'll find her in the winged birds soaring high in the sky; chirping in animation at the unveiling of twilight,

You'll find her in the shimmering spires of the historical monument; which glisten profoundly under natural light,

You'll find her in the mystical reptile; slithering its way non-invasively through the marshy swamps,

You'll find her in the flocculent buds of freshly born cotton; sprawled in incoherent heaps on the soil,

You'll find her in the milky peninsula of moon; nestling in equanimity with deleterious wisps of air,

You'll find her in the rubicund complexioned radish; with nodules of ingratiating brown projecting in abundance,

You'll find her in the viciously fluttering web of spider; having an intricate network of finely intermingled threads,

You'll find her in the boisterously bouncing frog; croaking innocently in puddles of tainted water,

You'll find her in the newly born infant; wailing out uninhibitedly towards its mother,

You'll find her in the rustically humming bumblebees; which were unrelentingly busy round the clock in producing tones of sweet honey,

You'll find her incarcerated in the hard shell of coconut; wherein lies the succulent layer of ravishing pulp,

You'll find her in grizzly bears inhabiting the mountains; traversing harmlessly with several flakes of snow on their backs,

You'll find her in the yellow lilies; having vivid shoots of red sprouting from its oval shaped core,

You'll find her in the silver crested dolphin diving in and out of the undulating sea; spraying gallon of tingling droplets as an aftermath,

You'll find her in tubules of delectable mushroom; protruding in perfect harmony from the moist land,

You'll find her in crystalline water evacuated from the belly of earth; ubiquitously quenching insatiable urges of thirst,

You'll find her in the solitary oasis lying forlorn in the desert; yet scintillating magnificently in daylight,

You'll find her in globules of lukewarm milk; oozing profusely from the swollen teats of mother cow,

You'll find her in thunderous snores permeating the stillness of night; wafting from the mouth of an individual in deep slumber,

You'll find her in the persevering camel; impeccably traversing through scorching deserts; inadvertently moving its hunched back,

You'll find her in blood red cherries; ingratiatingly dangling from branches of the tall tree,

You'll find her in the droplets of salty sweat trickling down ones persona; after a good days-tenacious work,

You'll find her in the profoundly blushing cheek; which got aggrandized by a frivolous poke to the ribs,

You'll find her in the tender palm of a fairy; with infinite lines
terminating into incommensurate forks,

You'll find her in the belligerent eyes of a soldier; unafraid to
sacrifice his life for the nation,

You'll find her in the pouch bellied kangaroo; racing at swashbuckling
speeds through the dense forests,

You'll find her in the conglomerate of green leaves; cascading from the
roof of the hollow mountain cavern,

You'll find her in the bubbling broth being made in freezing winter;
providing some respite from the irrevocable cold,

You'll find her in the nocturnal shadows; diligently staying riveted to
the silhouettes of their masters,

You'll find her in the enamouring mass of black hair; settling down
with stupendous grace on the angular shoulder,

You'll find her in the virgin oyster embedded at fathomless depths of
the ocean; untouched the slightest by the adulterated ambience of land,

You'll find her in the grandiloquent inscriptions of the palace; the
resplendent fountains rising high in the air,

You'll find her in the cow dung cakes adhering to indigenous village
walls; shielding the dwelling from acrimonious rays of the sun,

You'll find her in the philanthropic nurse at the hospital; who
altruistically serves all those in pain and bizarre affliction,

You'll find her in the spongy blades of grass; thoroughly cushioning
the skull from a direct and unscrupulous contact with the stony ground,

You'll find her in the vibrant shades of root color; which the artist
uses to inundate his barren sheet of canvas,

You'll find her in rotund bar of brown chocolate; which impregnates the
tongue with an irrefutably sweet taste,

You'll find her in melting white water streams; gushing incessantly
from the summit of the snow clad mountains at the onset of steaming summer,

You'll find her in finely sliced stem of coriander; which imparts
substantial taste to the most lackluster of food,

You'll find her embossed in the sacrosanct scriptures of religious
books; all that literature written which circumvents immortal peace,

You'll find her invincibly imprisoned in lips, which smile; generating
the essence of life in the nondescript atmosphere,

You'll find her embedded in incongruous recesses of the soil; harboring
a fleet of terrestrial organisms in their cozy warmth,

You'll find her squirting as untainted latex; gradually extruding from
the stalk of pliable rubber tree,

You'll find her residing in the glittering harp; whose chords produced
a mystically melodious tune when dexterously struck,

You'll find her incorporated in the furry mattress; with a jugglery of
woollen threads extruding out,

You'll find her embodied in the knotted handkerchief; tossed
exuberantly in the air; tickling the cluster of eyelashes as it fell,

You'll find her in the congenial glowworm philandering through the
bushes; emitting an iridescent radiance to illuminate the night,

You'll find her in the hapless slippers of the old grandmother;
chivalrously distributing sweets amongst young children; recounting to them
innumerable tales of the obsolete past,

You'll find her in long trousers of flannel cloth; stitched with fibers
of simplicity and care,

You'll find her in pots chiseled of rustic clay; molded articulately
with bohemian tribal palms,

You'll find her in twinkling stars scattered to unfathomable distances

in the cosmos; glistening amicably in the murderous blackness,

You'll find her in the sapphire veils sequestering the woman's eyes;
obliterating her from heinous evil prevalent in the world,

You'll find her in the century old fossil impregnated with a pellucid
demeanor; silently yet effusively portraying the tale of existence
before a thousand years,

You'll find her in the parachute bobbing indolently under the breeze;
gently hovering down on the earth,

You'll find her in crusty flakes of snow; affably clinging to the glass
pane window of the dwelling,

You'll find her in the cheeks of a newly born offspring; the scarlet
tinge they acquire when he profusely cries,

You'll find her in the bedraggled beard of an old man; nictitating
enchantingly with the clean wind,

You'll find her in the sacerdotal bells dangling low in the temple;
giving out mesmerizing sounds when conscientiously strung,

You'll find her in vibrant colors of the gorgeous rainbow; announcing
its presence when water tumbled from the sky in dazzling brightness,

You'll find her in the saliently thick veins of emerald green betel
leaf; diffusing a ravishing aroma when meticulously chewed,

You'll find her in the heavily dunloped toddler pram; which sways
rhythmically; thereby putting the infant into a celestial calm,

You'll find her in trunk of the mammoth elephant; inhaling bucket fulls
of water from the river; sprinkling the same with rambunctious noises over
the unsuspecting parrots,

You'll find her protuberant neck of a pigeon; swelling it all the more
blatantly with the arrival of winter,

You'll find her in drifting weeds of algae; engendering a flurry of
incoherent ripples on the surface of the forlorn stream,

You'll find her in pot bellied ducks; discordantly croaking with their flaccid and yellow beaks hoisting small fish from the lake,

You'll find her in the sneeze that turbulently hisses past slimy nostrils; transforming the supremely sophisticated into natural humans,

You'll find her in all items of edible food; satiating the hunger of millions of bowels perishing due to opprobrious poverty,

You'll find her in the juicy watermelon; yielding tantalizingly red water when astutely squeezed,

You'll find her in the bushy squirrel scampering up and down the tree; onerously gnawing at chunks of stolen jackfruit,

You'll find her in the mischievous faced chimpanzee; perfectly emulating the actions of his civilized counterparts on the bustling street,

You'll find her in the cup of steaming filter coffee; which grants loads of reprieve from the insurmountable cold,

You'll find her in the compassionate mascara circumventing the eyes; granting them with that thoroughly effeminate look which they vehemently desired,

You'll find her in all those benevolent leaders; who chalk egalitarian policies for both the affluent and indigent alike,

You'll find her in the tears which sporadically flow down the cheek; which culminate at instants of astronomical felicity,

You'll find her in sparkling waterfalls plummeting down the slope; creating an ingratiating gurgling sound after kissing the earth,

You'll find her in appetizing candy cones overflowing with sweet raspberry; instantly pacifying even the most pernicious of personalities,

You'll find her in the jagged oars of a boat; securely maneuvering the bleary eyed passengers to the shore,

You'll find her in raw chunks of mud; which discharge an exquisite

redolence soon after the first spell of rain,

You'll find her in plain strings which the sister ties to her brother
on his wrist; symbolizing a perpetual bond of unbiased love,

You'll find her in the soft toys that a child incessantly plays with;
fomenting unprecedented smiles on his lips,

You'll find her in underground cloistered tunnels; which provide
unsurpassable reprieve to millions during times of pugnacious war,

You'll find her in the nascent seed; which later gives birth to the
gigantic sized tree,

You'll find her in nostalgic memories of the past; making an adult
reminiscent about his boisterous childhood,

You'll find her in the pulp of ripened banana; producing a fabulous
flavour when masticated,

You'll find her in every incommensurate footprint on this earth;
depicting the presence of a tangibly breathing entity,

You'll find her in the blood circulating through your veins; instilling
the energy to exist with the unfurling of each second,

You'll find her in the eyes of your beloved; prompting you to
audaciously leap into the sea of adventure,

You'll find her in every heart throbbing beside you; intensely
reinvigorating the spirit to uninhibitedly live,

And you didn't need to spend a single penny to purchase her; a moment
to applaud her; for all you needed to do was to profusely blend with
nature and humanity; and you'll find her automatically,

For she was none other than the supremely omnipresent 'GODDESS OF
LOVE'.

55. HUNCH BACKED CAMEL

It bore the acrimonious tyranny of scorching sun round the year;

leaving bold footprints in the dust it tread,

Traversed incessantly through blistering soil; with sandy winds blowing across its eyes,

Ambled languidly in the brilliant day; increasing its pace a trifle at the onset of night,

Intermittently munched parrot green tentacles of rustic cactus; immensely relished the dry meal of leaf and thorn,

Occasionally rubbed its slender neck against the sandpaper skin of wild tree; raising its eyes toward the almighty residing in heaven,

Angrily swished the scanty clusters of hair on its tail; to drive away scores of petulant mosquitoes,

Wore a bedraggled rope dangling loose from its neck; a cushioned saddle riveted to its angular sculptured body; Intricate pieces of leather wound to its mouth; to maneuver it through labyrinth of routes,

Possessed a firm pair of hooves; which glistened all the more profoundly in the sunbeams and looked mesmerizing under the placid moon,

Had a slimy nose with gaping nostrils; which remained wet despite the acrid warmth irrevocably prevailing,

Spawned many of its kind; suckling its young ones utterly bereft of a cloistered shade,

Walked marathon distances in a single day; unrelentingly stepping on islands of steaming land,

Stooped down as much as it could; when confronted with tumultuous whirlpools blowing with full might,

Moaned in high pitched exuberance as it sighted a solitary stream; storing the water for months till it found a fresh source,

Gallantly fought an army of disdainful crabs; audaciously kicked loose rocks that came its way,

Seldom shed its tears; overwhelmingly inspiring those who feared life
to come out of their nonexistent shells,
Had a passion to bask under the dazzling sun; thoroughly detested
crystal blue patches in the sky being obfuscated by clouds,

It had remained as stoical as omnipotent god under the most bizarre of
circumstances; refraining to flounder under the pugnacious heat,

Was quite glad to adopt the sizzling silver sands as its companion for
life; even dreaming about the same while in deep sleep,

I offer my humble salutations to this silent warrior; as my 'HUNCH
BACKED CAMEL' carries me through the colossal expanse of the Sahara desert.

56. RAIN, RAIN AND UNSTOPPABLY RAIN

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
lugubriously famished leaves; which wailed in
unrelentingly incongruous unison; for those eternally
blissful droplets of water,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
fathomless mounds of fetidly acrid mud; which
inevitably wanted to be refreshingly washed; since
years immemorial,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
miserably asphyxiated deserts; whose tears had
cadaverously metamorphosed into treacherously
meaningless sands; vindictively stabbing countless in
the afternoon heat,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
innocuously pristine cattle and animals; who were
these days solely busy; in counting each other's
haplessly shriveled cartilage of horrifically
emaciated bones,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
forlornly barren beds of the boundless ocean; which
had gruesomely died till the very last bone of their
non-existent spines,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
pricelessly new born infants; who embraced death by
the countless numbers; in the unsparingly diabolical
heat of the Sun,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
chunks of lividly impotent mud; from the periphery of
which there sprouted nothing else but an indescribably
fuming battalion of pugnaciously distorted cracks,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
impoverished villagers; whose inarticulately mud-caked
abodes pathetically melted; under the undying fury of
the heartlessly charring Sun,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
dolorously dried meadows of grass; which exuded into
unfathomable mortuaries of sadistic blood; rather than
a festoon of enchantingly golden dew-drops,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
dogmatically sweating scalps and skins; which could
suffer from any instant from a complete nervous
breakdown; without the tiniest droplet of water in
their taps,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
lecherously empty wells which fretted in the aisles of
decrepit oblivion; with their innumerable tumblers of
water now despondently replaced by impugning dust,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
unfinished lamenting desires of true lovers; which
could royally fructify only when two voluptuously wet
bodies; invincibly united into one sensuous breath,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
unlimited ingredients of the ruthlessly scorched
atmosphere; whose living ghost tirelessly haunted and
imperiled; even the most celestially bountiful of victory,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
vituperatively parched lips; which hurled an
unsurpassable volley of incoherent abuse; as whenever
they desperately opened; all they could taste was
sordidly tormented mud,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
resplendently inscrutable forests; which now resembled
robotically devastated factories of sacrilegiously
monotonous charcoal,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
unfortunately doomed nostrils; which had nothing else
but disdainfully belligerent bellows of venomous smoke
to quintessentially inhale,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
rustic farmers with endless kilometers of land; but
from whose soil sprouted nothing else but the most
brutally lambasting curses of starvation,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
penuriously strangulated throats; from which emanated
only the most cursedly discordant wails of
preposterously imprisoning helplessness,

And If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all
those immortally passionate hearts; which had now
transformed into the epitomes of satanically
unforgivable infidelity; in absence of the most
unconquerable elixir required to sustain life,

Please open your vivaciously undefeated belly O!
Omnipotent Sky; please culminate into the most
thunderously voluptuous of clouds; and please
torrentially rain; rain; rain and unstopably RAIN.

57. IF YOU CUT A TREE; YOU CUT YOUR OWN MOTHER.

You're not just cutting the tree's artistically
slender branches; but by doing so you're infact
barbarously cutting the inimitably priceless hands of

triumphantly vivacious Mother Nature,

You're not just plucking the tree's gorgeously affable leaves; but by doing so you're infact torturously plucking the unparalleled divine sensitivity; of spellbindingly undefeated Mother Nature,

You're not just indenting the tree's poignantly gregarious trunk; but by doing so you're infact sadistically indenting the unassailably jubilant chastity of unbelievably proliferating Mother Nature,

You're not just abusing the tree's incongruously uninhibited contours; but by doing so you're infact outrageously abusing the pricelessly unabashed swirl of peerlessly undefeated Mother Nature,

You're not just defecating on the tree's innocuously protruding and sprawled roots; but by doing so you're infact sacrilegiously defecating on the unshakably redolent embodiments of wondrously enthralling Mother Nature,

You're not just chopping the tree's merrily swaying tendrils; but by doing so you're infact deliriously chopping the perennially fructifying innocence of gloriously Omnipotent Mother Nature,

You're not just trimming the tree's ecstatically liberated outgrowths; but by doing so you're infact unnecessarily trimming the beautifully venerated womb of victoriously blessing Mother Nature,

You're not just kicking the tree's bountifully untainted stem; but by doing so you're infact ruthlessly kicking the sacredly spawning bosom of brilliantly unfettered Mother Nature,

You're not just peeling the tree's rustically majestic corrugations; but by doing so you're infact pervertedly peeling the invincibly silken skin of effulgently burgeoning Mother Nature,

You're not just burning the tree's unflinchingly
valiant wood; but by doing so you're infact insanely
burning the fearlessly formidable strength of
ebulliently cavorting Mother Nature,

You're not just victimizing the tree's indisputably
royal foliage; but by doing so you're infact
truculently victimizing the insuperably unbridled
sensuality of ubiquitously ever-pervading Mother Nature,

You're not just disorienting the tree's ardently
boisterous nests; but by doing so you're infact
hedonistically disorienting the eclectically
fascinating solar plexus of royally everlasting Mother Nature,

You're not just ridiculing the tree's endlessly
inscrutable labyrinth of hollows; but by doing so
you're infact nefariously ridiculing the unfathomably
enigmatic belly of stupendously ameliorating Mother Nature,

You're not just jailing the tree's effervescently
nubile body with an unceasing jugglery of devilishly
stabbing electric wire; but by doing so you're infact
unforgivably jailing the infallibly supreme identity
of impeccably Omnipresent Mother Nature,

You're not just nailing the tree's immortally fragrant
heart; but by doing so you're infact diabolically
nailing the celestially undaunted fabric of
ecstatically frolicking Mother Nature,

You're not just dumping the tree's philanthropically
unimpeachable cradle with your fetid garbage can
trash; but by doing so you're infact reproachfully
dumping the mellifluously humming mouth of exuberantly
evolving Mother Nature,

You're not just bombarding the tree's timelessly
gargantuan splendor; but by doing so you're infact
baselessly bombarding the perennially beautiful
virility of unlimitedly stupefying Mother Nature,

You're not just spitting upon the tree's resplendently beaming face; but by doing so you're infact unpardonably spitting on the impregnably spotless heavenliness of vivaciously magical Mother Nature,

You're not just uprooting the tree from its very eternally compassionate soil; but by doing so you're infact sinfully uprooting the quintessentially blessed existence of benevolently healing Mother Nature,

So always remember O! salaciously greedy man; that the next time you wretchedly pulverize; abuse; trade and victimize Mother Nature; you'll be infact demonically asphyxiating your very own Omniscient mother to the most ghastly death; as your's and everyone else's mother was first and foremost born out of the womb of Mother Nature; was first and foremost the child of unconquerable Mother Nature Divine.

58. THUNDERBOLTS OF RAIN

Normally when I started back for home; I commenced my journey languidly eating pop-corn; aimlessly kicking small stones that came in my way,
While today I tripped each time I raised my foot;
relinquished all capacity to sight objects even a foot further.

Normally when I started back for home; I hummed melodious tunes; smiling flirtatiously at every girl I encountered on the way,
While today I looked at my watch a million times;
grunted in exasperation as I couldn't bear to see the disdainful blotches of slush adhering all across my immaculate shirt.

Normally when I started back for home; I winked mischievously at the sun; took marathon minutes in idling my scooter to full gear,
While today I trembled in the icy winds; felt utterly miserable as my feather weight shoes; felt as heavy as heavy ships floating on the sea.

Normally when I started back for home; I waved goodbye
to all my colleagues; wishing them a blissful and
tranquil sleep,
While today as I stepped out in the ominous dark; I
closed my ears in alarm; to shun the chaotic
pandemonium of horns and blaring traffic.

Normally when I started back for home; I phoned my
wife on the mobile; romancing dreamily for long
minutes about our experiences of the past;
While today I emptied my pants of all contraptions and
my wallet; scampered for safety like a rabbit for
under gigantic branches of the tree.

Normally when I started for home; my mind wandered
rampantly; envisaging all the delectable delicacies
which I would consume for supper in the night,
While today the food in my stomach churned in nervous
energy; almost strangulating my senses as it tried to
puke out from my mouth.

Normally when I started for home; I always made it a
rule to halt my vehicle at signals; thereby letting
others pass peacefully before I proceeded further,
While today my foot refrained to leave the
accelerator; as I sky rocketed cursing the skies; at
electric speeds towards my dwelling.

Normally when I started for home; I stopped
frequently in the way to munch sandwiches; smoked a
cigarette or two in the crowded shopping square,
While today my sole focus was to wade myself
dexterously through the rivers overflowing; protecting
my cherished checkbook from getting soiled.

Normally when I started for home; I spent good amount
of time choosing my favorite pen; for signing the
company guestbook,
While today I virtually dropped all what I was
carrying; dragged my weight outside like a charged
volcano; running at full speed and at the same time

yelling at the top of my breath.

And Normally when I started for home; the skies were
crystal clear; with the Sun god about to set
splendidly into the horizon; the birds chirping
boisterously to announce the onset of cool night,
While today the reason for my behaving insane; was
that there were streaks of white lightening in the
sky; with thunderbolts of rain pelting in uncouth fury
all over.

59. JUST A MINUTE TO DESTRUCTION

The tree took a century to grow to unprecedented
limits; blossoming into boundless branches and
resplendent foliage,
And it took you just a minute to chop it to the
ground; with barbaric strokes of your gleaming
pickaxe.

The mountains took thousands of years to evolve; with
their summits towering handsomely towards the sky;
camouflaged in a heap of pristine snow,
And it took you just a minute to pulverize their
blissful demeanor to flimsy ash; bombarding them
ruthlessly with your hi-tech and contemporary bombs.

The colorful tribes trespassing on the planet took
several decades to spawn; indulging into a myriad of
festivity and sacrosanct beliefs,
And it took you just a minute to make them the most
acrimonious of enemies; poisoning their minds against
each other; with your deceiving and manipulative talk.

The tantalizingly salty waters of the ocean took
centuries to form; harboring an ingratiating variety
of fish and vivacious coral weeds,
And it took you just a minute to adulterate its entire
visage; dropping abominable buckets of crude oil from
the ship.

The atmosphere took infinite births to be created;

kissing every part of the globe with its silken
caress,
And it took you just a minute to pollute it
indiscriminately; blowing obnoxious gases from your
vehicle; at a full throttle.

The soil took millions of years to preserve wells of
precious liquid; entrapping droplets of scintillating
water deep within its core,
And it took you just a minute to savagely plunder its
harmony; inserting your hydraulic and contemporary
drilling equipment to empty it; till it cried.

The cow wandering timidly on the slopes took loads of
agonizing time to fill the colossal buckets with its
milk; each globule of white oozing having the
fortitude to outclass the most ingenious of vitamins
single handedly,
And it took you just a minute to blend it with cheap
saliva; to augment its quantity; before you
commercially sold it to unsuspecting customers.

The old men and women spent their entire lifetimes to
incessantly worship and revere their culture and
heritage; sacrificed their heads to prevent even a
single blemish from infiltrating into their land,
And it took you just a minute to ruthlessly transgress
across them; satanically maraud their ideals; and
embracing alien winds just because they suited your
taste.

The World Trade Center took countless months to
construct; sheltered thousands of individuals; some of
the most innovative brains from all across the
continent,
And it took you just a minute to squelch it to bellows
of black dust; using your cowardly and diabolical mind
to smash it with airplanes; having innocent people
trapped inside.

It took more than times ever perceivable to harness
the spirit of love; spreading it like wild fire into

the heart of every human being walking on this soil;
every palpable entity gallivanting with a glimmer of
hope in its eyes,
And it took you just a minute to completely destroy
its mesmerizing essence; leaving it no scope at all to
flourish with all your killings; war and hostility.

60. RAINBOW

Violent streaks of nail polish V IOLET,
circular shades of flaming I NDIGO,
fat smear of bright parrot G REEN,
thick envelope of heavenly cloud B LUE,
thin smudges of neglected dirty Y ELLOW,
peripheral paint lines of blazing O RANGE,
encapsulating outlines of deathly R ED,
prompted by brilliant sunshine in cascading rain,
sky patches of light blue,
sun ball shining in full heat at boiling point,
thin wisps of pale white cloud cover,
dispersed in distant boundaries of the sun,
shriveled to an iota of their traditional attire,
which is dark grey with blushes of black,
now discharging rain in sunlight,
forming a perfect VIGBYOR rainbow,
to the unconquered delight of living organism,
existing in spiceless moments of worldly life.

61. CHANGING FACES OF WEATHER

Flashes of red swept across my eyes,
blended with infinite dust particles of atmosphere,
as fireballs of sun blazed through the sky,
penetrating sapphire blue cloud covers,
falling in strong beams of light,
lightening dull patches of suspended moisture,
filtering stringently through transparent tree leaf,
submerging the entire galaxy with enchanting golden,
fumigating stale drain water with shades of boiling heat,
scorching naked stone pebbles strewn on beds of the
mountain river.

The car seat rocked violently,
tender bones of my body reverberated with mounting speeds,
curtain spreads of green rushed past my vision,
meandering curves of the valley descended towards the horizon, hordes of wild
monkey occasionally danced on car roof, a camouflage of ripened banana hung
from tall tree,
orphan splinters of ice cascaded down the valley,
a battalion of Christmas pine projected from terrain
trajectory, the tropical weather displayed erratic fluctuation,
vast layers of crystal sky developed blotches of dirty grey,
bright spots of sunshine were overpowered by
thunderous cloud ravishing smiles crept from angular corners of my mouth, i
then stretched my feet in the cozy interiors of my
crimson Mercedes, as gigantic droplets of rain pelted in fury,
from the sky which now resembled, white canvas painted with pure deathly
black.

62. SUN- OUR SOLE RESERVOIR OF STRENGTH.

The most inexplicably ghastliest and torturous of
diseases; got wholesomely cured; under its
Omnipotently fiery and divinely blazing rays,

The most acrimoniously venomous and meaningless of
prejudices; got disdainfully massacred; under its
handsomely unflinching and timelessly liberating rays,

The most indiscriminately massacring and terrorizing
of wars; became forever non-existent; under its
spectacularly virile and majestically emollient rays,

The most diabolically tormenting and unsparing of
ghosts; metamorphosed into nothingness; under its
Omnisciently royal and fearlessly invincible rays,

The most deliriously demented and sadistic of brains;
became righteously blissful; under its jubilantly
ecstatic and timelessly ameliorating rays,

The most insanely stinking and lividly battered of
shit; became fragrantly meaningful; under its royally
ubiquitous and interminably sweltering rays,

The most drearily remorseful and incarcerating of
blackness; became optimistic daylight; under its
triumphantly sagacious and unchallengably sacred rays,

The most intolerably gory and unpardonable of crimes;
got celestial salvation; under its universally
benevolent and indefatigably golden rays,

The most peevishly subjugated and imprisoned of veins;
became uninhibitedly free; under its magnetically
unabashed and extraordinarily flamboyant rays,

The most uncontrollably hedonistic and sinister of
obsessions; commenced to march on the path of eternal
truth and symbiotism; under its unconquerably
beautiful and unflinchingly dazzling rays,

The most sadistically perverted and sacrilegious of
imagery; transformed into a paradise of dreams; under
its gorgeously Omnipresent and undyingly benign rays,

The most vehemently vengeful and dogmatic of
stubbornness; became a gorge of infallible peace;
under its vivaciously inimitable and synergistically
unabashed rays,

The most ominously lethal and treacherous of
rebellion; became holistically compassionate
camaraderie; under its bountifully fathomless and
undefeatedly honest rays,

The most cadaverously jinxed and cursed of spirits;
became miraculously blessing freshness; under its
limitlessly extemporizing and spell-bindingly
captivating rays,

The most unfortunately unfinished and fretful of
desires; became the most successful reality of
tomorrow; under its unalterably glowing and
synergistically blessed rays,

The most cannibalistically atrocious and heinous of impoverishment; became boundlessly inimitable pricelessness; under its magically glittering and regally insuperable rays,

The most wantonly lecherous and maiming of atheism; became unassailably pristine devotion; under its selflessly victorious and inexhaustibly incomparable rays,

The most disastrously delinquent and castrating infertility; transformed into the ultimate seeds of charismatic evolution; under its unceasingly enlightening and impeccably godly rays,

The most bizarrely crippling and doomed hopelessness; became the winds of exuberantly galloping tomorrow; under its wonderfully effulgent and faultlessly fecund rays,

And in spite of all this; isn't it strange; that you; me and virtually every other human being on earth; ran away from the everlasting firebody of the Omnipotent Sun; worthlessly complaining that it was a trifle too harsh for our skins; burning us; blackening us; charring us; making us relentlessly perspire; worthlessly slandering the Sun in front of the stupidly lifeless air-conditioner; for salaciously tiring us; whereas it was our sole reservoir of strength; inspiration and power to survive; in veritable reality?

63. JUST A SINGLETON RAY OF BLESSED SUNSHINE

Every bit of frigidly decaying feces; forever metamorphosed into optimistically lush green meadows of perennially redolent; grass,

Every bit of hedonistically murderous lie; forever metamorphosed into the ultimate summit of gloriously unflinching and pristinely unparalleled; truth,

Every bit of egregiously vindictive darkness; forever metamorphosed into cisterns of magically mitigating and endlessly blazing; golden light,

Every bit of deliriously raunchy sadism; forever metamorphosed into the fabric of celestially ameliorating and timeless priceless; selflessness,

Every bit of maliciously stabbing corruption; forever metamorphosed into a paradise of benevolently ever-pervading and timelessly unconquerable; honesty,

Every bit of bizarrely maiming poverty; forever metamorphosed into a sky of eternally resplendent and blissfully burgeoning; humanitarian richness,

Every bit of treacherously penalizing abhorrence; forever metamorphosed into a cistern of everlastingly radiant and effulgently compassionate; unity,

Every bit of sanctimoniously snobbish spuriousness; forever metamorphosed into a wind of beautifully egalitarian and wonderfully mollifying; humility,

Every bit of cynically ignominious bitterness; forever metamorphosed into a stream of unceasingly proliferating and majestically blessing; melody,

Every bit of venomously prejudiced war; forever metamorphosed into a heaven of inimitably priceless and triumphantly venerated; symbiotic harmony,

Every bit of unceremoniously flagrant atrocity; forever metamorphosed into a fireball of inexhaustibly vibrant and unimaginably emollient; compassion,

Every bit of inexplicably deteriorating sadness; forever metamorphosed into a garland of ardently unbreakable and victoriously ecstatic; felicity,

Every bit of disgustingly deplorable racialism; forever metamorphosed into a field of unassailably Omnipotent and royally unalterable; oneness,

Every bit of deplorably shriveled weakness; forever metamorphosed into a mountain of intrepidly fortified and synergistically mellifluous; strength,

Every bit of cadaverously morbid ghost; forever metamorphosed into the chapters of beautifully uninterrupted and vividly euphoric; existence,

Every bit of hopelessly shattered faith; forever metamorphosed into an apostle of perpetually Omniscient and miraculous blessing; peace,

Every bit of dreadfully cancerous disease; forever metamorphosed into the elixir of sensuously charismatic and tirelessly virile; life,

Every bit of diabolically fretful indolence; forever metamorphosed into a waterfall of ebulliently enthralling and adventurously poetic; freshness,

Every bit of traumatically ghoulish night; forever metamorphosed into a valley of altruistically benign and insuperably godly; Sunshine,

Every bit of disparagingly delinquent boredom; forever metamorphosed into a forest of inscrutably mesmerizing and fearless unfettered; adventure,

Every bit of profanely criminal imprisonment; forever metamorphosed into the leaves of ubiquitously uplifting and bountifully charming; freedom,

Every bit of insanely victimizing mania; forever metamorphosed into a cradle of impeccably boundless and exotically unmatched; fantasy,

Every bit of baselessly debauch chicanery; forever metamorphosed into a smile of innocently unconquerable and spell bindingly holistic; childhood,

Every bit of mundanely decrepit manipulation; forever metamorphosed into a pathway of passionately fertile and infallibly princely; righteousness,

Every bit of lividly worthless betrayal; forever metamorphosed into a hive of Immortally blessing and Omnipresently coalescing; love,

Every bit of wretchedly anguished death; forever metamorphosed into a cloudburst of unceasingly resuscitating and jubilantly euphoric; breath,

With just a singleton beam of brilliantly uninterrupted golden; with just a singleton spark of undefeatable golden; with just a singleton wand of magical golden winking from the heavens; with just a singleton ray of free and blessed Sunshine from the Omnipresent sky

64. GO GREEN

'Green' is enchantment unparalleled; transforming every beleaguered bone on disdainfully crackled earth; into a festoon of undying replenishment till times beyond eternity,

'Green' is the ultimate magicians wand; perpetuating every speck of the atmosphere with a tranquil so victorious; that it became the smile of each symbiotic countenance alive,

'Green' is the most everlastingly compassionate caress of nature divine; royally accommodating infinite organisms of different shapes, sizes, color and charm into a blanket of invincible frolic and togetherness,

'Green' is the most pricelessly inimitable definition of freshness; incessantly spawning into the undefeated dazzle of optimistic dawn; to enlighten the entire Universe with the colors of brilliant newness,

'Green' is every sore eye's perpetual delight; wholesomely shrugging off every wretched insinuation of monotonous commercialism; with the effervescent new-born foliage of earth divine,

'Green' is the most supremely mollifying tonic to the incarcerated soul; alleviating the most inconspicuous of its sorrow with undying enigmatic whispers; which reverberated till beyond the infinite,

'Green' is the most fragrantly uninhibited dance of every organism alive; as the unsurpassable buckets of rain; pelted unfettered from the belly of fathomless sky,

'Green' is the most pristine shade of prosperity at its unbelievable hilt; shimmering like a new born child replete with only happiness in every flamboyant ray of the sun and the equally royally moonlit night,

'Green' is the destiny which never ever dies; astoundingly proliferating into a boundless landscapes of blooming life; which made the most parasitic robots as the greatest poets till as long as God's earth survived,

'Green' symbolizes the most blissfully perfect truce between austere white and diabolical black; where the winds of majestic moderation transit every living being to the paths of bountiful righteousness,

'Green' nullifies the very non-existent roots of anarchic depression; profoundly entralling one and all in the neighborhood with the tantalizing vivaciousness of a fairy; who'd descended down solely to magnetize rustic soil,

'Green' evokes unconquerable desire in every ingredient of the blood; to be one and in perfect unison with Mother nature; let the unbridled beauty of her endless creations harness every aspect of impoverished existence,

'Green' makes you the most unabashed artist alive; as you bewilderingly fathom for the starting point and the horizons; on the infinite canvas of the Lord's panoramic sanctuary,

'Green' makes you the most passionate lover on trajectory of the endless planet; damning all inhibitions to the corpse as you fervently rolled into grasslands of desire—breath intermingled with the breath of your beloved,

'Green' is an ever-pervading rainbow; which charms even the most deadened of mortuary with its rustle and innocent grace; sprinkling quintessential ounces of vibrant life wherever it mystically crept,

'Green' is the ultimate harbinger of all peace and unity on the distraught globe; as it vanquishes every sinister trail of the barbarously marauding devil; with the freshness of love; creation and blessed fruits of the divine,

'Green' radiates an unshakable aura of optimism to the farthest quarter of the world; maintaining the most unbelievably perfect equilibrium between the sky; the earth and diminutive man trespassing in-between,

'Green' represents the free spirit of every continent; race; wind and space under the sky; immortally continuing the chapters of God's sacred creation; by timelessly proliferating into an infinite more of its color and kind,

Therefore what are you waiting for. Go Green. Plant a tree in every barren bit of space that you could lay your hands upon. And then witness your sown children become the most undivided race of togetherness; friendship; love and peace; even centuries after you were dead.

65. BECOMING ONE IN MIND; BODY AND SPIRIT-AS THE SUNLIGHT KISSED

As it kissed the frigidly shriveled leaves of the tree; they suddenly simmered with boisterous currents of rhapsodic life; abruptly ending the era of all that was rotten with adulterated man-made filth,

As it kissed the lackadaisically stagnant swamps of water; they suddenly metamorphosed into a fantabulous effervescent river; charming one and all with its undulating ripples of unparalleled ecstasy,

As it kissed the sullenly polluted particles of dust; they suddenly became the most poignantly enthralling breeze of victory; mesmerizing living kind of all ages and shapes with the freshness of priceless life,

As it kissed the rocks miserably eroded with ominous bomb; they suddenly stood with their chests unflinching and high; with an alacrity now undefeated by any sinful artificial man or machine,

As it kissed the parsimonious layers of brutally pulverized soil; they suddenly transformed into an uninhibited womb of procreation; now feeling relieved of all angst; fertilizer and robotized greed,

As it kissed the disdainfully trembling roots of the tree; they suddenly started to glow in anticipation of a fearless next life; forming the most blissful bonds of perpetuity with royal crusts of sacrosanct soil,

As it kissed the lividly lame weeds aimlessly squandering on the ocean; they suddenly sprang up with an untamed leap towards the sky; saluting the Almighty Divine with every euphoric rise of the frosty wave,

As it kissed the silken webs shattered by barbarous prejudices of man; they suddenly coalesced together in the most perfect rhyme of all times; with each of their strand being an everlasting testimonial to the spirit of a united living kind,

As it kissed the sinister dungeons fretting and fuming in labyrinths of dark; they suddenly blazed in the full fervor of optimistic existence; yearning to lead each instant of life with an untiring exuberance to embrace and not to jail,

As it kissed the pockets of clouds scattered into a boundless bits; they suddenly radiated in the true Omnipotent Light of the Lord; blessing an infinite raindrops of goodness upon every deplorably estranged territory of planet divine,

As it kissed the eyeballs submerged into a corpse of gruesome blackness; they suddenly experienced the unparalleled fieriness to conquer each aspect of holistic existence; with the rays of compassion; peace; love and truth,

As it kissed the wavering eerie mists of the penalizing night; they suddenly beamed into a whole new chapter of a brilliantly lit tomorrow; whose rays enlightened the entire planet to unite in threads of perennial friendship,

As it kissed the non-existent shadow of the raunchily marauding devils; they suddenly entered the scepter of a new-found blessed life; whose aura of immortal love vanquished every trace of sin & lies- forever and ever and ever,

As it kissed the umpteen blades of squeamishly fetid moist grass; they suddenly started to emanate the scent of victory; miraculously rising in unison towards the heaven- -in the most vibrantly united fortress of green,

As it kissed the irately squabbling religions of Hinduism; Islam; Christianity; Buddhism- -they suddenly became the most bountifully unconquerable religion of humanity—a religion which was made for one and all by the Omnipresent Lord Divine,

As it kissed the woefully wounded- -wailing every moment to somehow escape the grave; they suddenly levitated into bits of open blue sky; united hand in hand under just one Omnipotent Light of truth from the Creator,

As it kissed perverted minds rampantly ravaging the fabric of impeccable humanity; they suddenly started to resound in the song of togetherness and calm; charring most insouciant iota of devilry to the invisible ashes,

And as the 'Sunlight' simultaneously kissed my heart whilst kissing all of the above; I suddenly became one in mind; body; spirit and till the very last breath of my existence; with every element of the atmosphere; earth; sky and Universe around me; and with every single one of them

66. ARE YOU READY TO FULFILL THE TREE'S LAST WISH?

You unsparingly spat leftovers of your food on its innocent body- -yet the same tree granted you the most tranquil contentment under its branches; as the afternoon glare fiercely torched even the last bone of your creaking spine,

You ruthlessly plucked a plentiful of its leaf without any reason or rhyme- -yet the same tree enamored you with boundless an untold story; as you slumped your entire weight in tiredness; across its majestic trunk,

You barbarously scratched it to express frustration for your penurious

life- - yet the same tree healed even the most inexplicably bleeding of your wounds; as you perched in its magical shadow which radiated immortal love,

You inhumanely dug a countless nails into its body to hang your belongings- - yet the same tree stood like an infallible fortress between you and the storm; perpetuating nothing but rejuvenating friendship into every pore of your frigidly shivering skin,

You insidiously drilled a hole through it to keep sight of your enemy- - yet the same tree transformed each of its tears into blessings just for you; to give you new direction and fortitude to righteously pursue chapters of a truthful life,

You venomously reduced it into a practice punching bag as you pummeled its form with your daily morning kicks and blows- - yet the same tree imparted supreme enlightenment to your waveringly beleaguered vision; with its entrenchment of vivacious green,

You insanely emptied all brutal lead in your gun into its unflinching body as it served as the best target range- - yet the same tree provided royal shelter in its top branches to your trembling form; as you hurriedly scampered up to escape the satanic wolves,

You cannibalistically slit its throat an umpteen times to crackle up your night with that quintessential firewood- -yet the same tree welcomed you with the most everlasting embrace of its swishing arms and leaf; as every of your beguilingly merciless kin had deserted you to die of solitude,

You vindictively defecated; vomited; urinated at its stem; to show you give a damn—yet the same tree blessed and showered you with a festoon of feathers; leaves; raindrops and goodness; with every single draught of gusty wind; and made you feel like an ultimate prince,

You diabolically whipped it with your waist-belt and walking stick to release the volcanic energy of your numb shoulder and palm- -yet the same tree befriended you with kisses of love; as you clung to it like a child when the devastating earthquake struck,

You hurled on it every abuse you'd learnt in the process of your life as you knew it hadn't the power to retaliate- -yet the same tree gave

you the ultimate pillow to sleep on every night in its compassionately protruding roots; when the hole in your tattered pockets grew larger by the minute,

You indiscriminately butchered its body many a time to get rid of unkempt weeds that loitered your spurious courtyard- -yet the same tree blossomed once again in due course of time taking its strength from mother earth; only to bless you with that everlasting shade; cool and mid-summer siesta,

You ominously inscribed many an enthusing shape on its body with your knife only to woo your girlfriend to profess- -yet the same tree saw to it that your friendship immortalized into the truest of love; courtesy its now gruesomely bleeding countenance split into livid rags,

You tyrannically subjected it to all kinds of electricity; just to assert how ingeniously you'd proved that it too had life- -yet the same tree gave you a roof for your house when it'd blown away; chivalrously gave you its fruit to eat when your bowels were on the verge of spewing famished blood,

You belligerently stripped it of all its flower every morning to empower your flower shop with its lifeless roots and scent- -yet the same tree gave you that much missing whistle in your monotonous existence; tantalizing you to fantasize about all goodness on this fathomless planet,

You sadistically burnt every bit of its charm on the spurious pretext that ghosts were stuck to it- -yet the same tree once again evolved into a kingly assortment of flowers; leaves and silken branch; to comfort you in your bizarre sadness and prove that it was nothing but nature's ultimate gift to all mankind,

You greedily snatched its newborn tendrils each day to farcically brush the already shines whites of your teeth- - yet the same tree bore the brunt of every heinous sword; stone and bomb on its naked body; singlehandedly wading off the fanatic mob; invincibly guarding you as you snored,

You unthinkably let countless of it felled down to read your books on lavish paper instead of switching over to e-books- - yet the same tree

continued to enlighten your nostrils with its scent of a united earth;
as you fancily flipped through your novel pages extracted from its
pristine bark,

And even as you were about to criminally extricate it from its very
roots to make way for your new dwelling- - the tree only asked you to
fulfill its final wish- -that was to plant it at some place else;
where it'd once again catch root by the grace of God - continue to
bless you with unsurpassable cisterns of luck; happiness; contentment;
fantasy; shade and charm as it blossomed up towards blue sky,

So are you ready to forgive it as it had also forgiven you a countless
times; Are you ready to fulfill the Tree's one last wish?

67. DEHRADUN AND MUSSORRIE (INDIA) .

A garland of formidably handsome mountains; royally decked
up in beautifully unparalleled tufts of emerald green vegetation,

Dense and astoundingly profound clusters of clouds floating in
unfettered abandon; kissing the farthestmost epitomes of the
hills with untold stories of enamoring benevolence,

Delightfully robust creeks weaving their way in an unabashed
freshness through the rocky swirl; as they eventually melanged
with sobriety at the rock bottom of the river bed,

Tantalizing waterfalls of immaculate white froth cascading
majestically into a mist triumphant optimism; that thoroughly
charmed the spirit of a commercially depraved and
impoverished existence,

Exuberant and curved lanes through the gigantic slopes that
rhapsodically led a beleaguered traveler to one of his most
cherished destinations; in an adventure towards exhilarating
righteousness,

Fiercely mischievous monkeys gnawing at fruits of myriad
shapes and proportions - feasting at those occasional
succulent crumbs hurled by children - without giving a trifle
damn to vehicles that whizzed past at whirlwind speeds,

Sporadic thunderstorms accompanied with indomitably passionate streaks of silver lightning; that triggered unmatched infernos of desire through the solitariness of untainted valley,

An instantaneous spell of torrential rain whilst sipping marvelous hot tea in the garden; which to the utter and incredulous amazement yielded impeccable white pearls of the seasons virgin snow,

An entire Herculean maze of tall trees that constituted the royal approach to the spectacular city; an entrenchment so thickly foliated; that it was here that wildlife existed to its unhesitatingly glorious best,

An unprecedented chill in the atmosphere as the night romantically descended in the pristine gorge; and the woolens which had become so obsolete in the sweltering city now snatched impromptu from the innermost corners of the suitcase,

Unbelievably tall peaks clad in frosty coats of ice; looming large and phlegmatically into the distant horizons as the car entered and swerved sharply towards the last motorable patch on the extraordinarily tenacious rock,

A gloriously golden dawn which brought alongwith it an optimistic desire to excel for the cause of goodness and truth - as the invincible fireball of Sun brilliantly empowered the surface of earth with the light of love and friendship,

Gregarious grass buds sensuously draped in dew; with frogs joyously scampering through the plush lawns - as nimble feet indisputably relished their compassionate stroll on the ground after ages; early morning,

Tourists flocking from different parts of the globe; at their vibrantly colorful best; cherishing the verdant landscapes and that steeped to incomprehensibly surreal heights - ultimately ending into bits of ebullient open space,

A veritable treat for true lovers who philandered and flirted in

compassionate desire; on a land which was replete with
sumptuously ecstatic adventure and a serenity that befitted
perfect camaraderie,

Poets, writers - described the town's imperious beauty in
verses, essays, that stupendously enthralled - and artists;
sculptors; delivered their fantabulous best - amidst the aweinspiring
natural environment which mollified the tiniest of
apprehension,

A panoramically adorable facilitator of peace - making the most
spitefully vengeful wholesomely shunt war and abominable
hatred - embrace the fellow living being in the essence of true
brotherhood,

The palatial house of my wonderfully impressive grandparents
where I spent some of the most victorious moment of my
childhood - without worrying or contemplating an ounce on the
vagaries of the pompously spurious society,

I salute my revered and sacrosanct birthplace - ' Dehradun '
and the imposingly towering queen hills of Mussorrie.

The End

Nikhil Parekh

If You Cut A Tree; You Cut Your Own Mother.

You're not just cutting the tree's artistically slender branches; but by doing so you're infact barbarously cutting the inimitably priceless hands of triumphantly vivacious Mother Nature,

You're not just plucking the tree's gorgeously affable leaves; but by doing so you're infact torturously plucking the unparalleled divine sensitivity; of spellbindingly undefeated Mother Nature,

You're not just indenting the tree's poignantly gregarious trunk; but by doing so you're infact sadistically indenting the unassailably jubilant chastity of unbelievably proliferating Mother Nature,

You're not just abusing the tree's incongruously uninhibited contours; but by doing so you're infact outrageously abusing the pricelessly unabashed swirl of peerlessly undefeated Mother Nature,

You're not just defecating on the tree's innocuously protruding and sprawled roots; but by doing so you're infact sacrilegiously defecating on the unshakably redolent embodiments of wondrously enthralling Mother Nature,

You're not just chopping the tree's merrily swaying tendrils; but by doing so you're infact deliriously chopping the perennially fructifying innocence of gloriously Omnipotent Mother Nature,

You're not just trimming the tree's ecstatically liberated outgrowths; but by doing so you're infact unnecessarily trimming the beautifully venerated womb of victoriously blessing Mother Nature,

You're not just kicking the tree's bountifully untainted stem; but by doing so you're infact ruthlessly kicking the sacredly spawning bosom of brilliantly unfettered Mother Nature,

You're not just peeling the tree's rustically majestic corrugations; but by doing so you're infact perversely peeling the invincibly silken skin of effulgently burgeoning Mother Nature,

You're not just burning the tree's unflinchingly valiant wood; but by doing so you're infact insanely burning the fearlessly formidable strength of ebulliently cavorting Mother Nature,

You're not just victimizing the tree's indisputably royal foliage; but by doing so you're infact truculently victimizing the insuperably unbridled sensuality of ubiquitously ever-pervading Mother Nature,

You're not just disorienting the tree's ardently boisterous nests; but by doing so you're infact hedonistically disorienting the eclectically fascinating solar plexus of royally everlasting Mother Nature,

You're not just ridiculing the tree's endlessly inscrutable labyrinth of hollows; but by doing so you're infact nefariously ridiculing the unfathomably enigmatic belly of stupendously ameliorating Mother Nature,

You're not just jailing the tree's effervescently nubile body with an unceasing jugglery of devilishly stabbing electric wire; but by doing so you're infact unforgivably jailing the infallibly supreme identity of impeccably Omnipresent Mother Nature,

You're not just nailing the tree's immortally fragrant heart; but by doing so you're infact diabolically nailing the celestially undaunted fabric of ecstatically frolicking Mother Nature,

You're not just dumping the tree's philanthropically unimpeachable cradle with your fetid garbage can trash; but by doing so you're infact reproachfully dumping the mellifluously humming mouth of exuberantly evolving Mother Nature,

You're not just bombarding the tree's timelessly gargantuan splendor; but by doing so you're infact baselessly bombarding the perennially beautiful virility of unlimitedly stupefying Mother Nature,

You're not just spitting upon the tree's resplendently beaming face; but by doing so you're infact unpardonably spitting on the impregnably spotless heavenliness of vivaciously magical Mother Nature,

You're not just uprooting the tree from its very eternally compassionate soil; but by doing so you're infact sinfully uprooting the quintessentially blessed existence of benevolently healing Mother Nature,

So always remember O! salaciously greedy man; that the next time you wretchedly pulverize; abuse; trade and victimize Mother Nature; you'll be infact demonically asphyxiating your very own Omniscient mother to the most ghastly death; as your's and everyone else's mother was first and foremost born out of the womb of Mother Nature; was first and foremost the child of unconquerable Mother Nature Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

If You Dare To Dream

If you dare to dream of catapulting to the unfathomable epitome of the mountain barefoot; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of a disastrously stumbling fall,

If you dare to dream of unflinchingly conquering the most thunderously roaring waves of the tumultuously stormy sea; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of drowning to the threadbare rock bottom,

If you dare to dream of eternally radiating the essence of impregnable truth; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of more than a billion lies truculently asphyxiating you,

If you dare to dream of indefatigably traversing fathomless kilometers on soil; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of belligerently ballistic thorns; perniciously permeating you at your every stride,

If you dare to dream of evolving a civilization of undefeatable newness every unfurling minute of your existence; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of treacherously maligned exhaustion sapping every ingredient of temerity in your brain,

If you dare to dream of unequivocally uniting the entire planet in the religion of ubiquitously symbiotic humanity; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of indiscriminately massacring fanaticism salaciously impeding you left; right and center,

If you dare to dream of entirely dedicating every unveiling instant of your life to inexhaustibly writing spell-binding poetry; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of pragmatically explicit reality orphaning you for the remainder of your life,

If you dare to dream of merrily frolicking in majestic white lightning; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of being scorched to threadbarely inane particles of obsolete dust,

If you dare to dream of fearlessly living in the mortuary yard all alone and bare-chested; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of sadistically sardonic ghosts imperiling your progress every now and

again,

If you dare to dream of royally marching on the trajectory of the blazingly Golden Sun; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of being unsparingly burnt to the very last bone of your nimble spine,

If you dare to dream of incessantly singing like the triumphantly mellifluous nightingale; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of being viciously attacked by the discordantly croaking owls and frogs,

If you dare to dream of peerlessly existing an infinite feet beneath hard ground; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of facing the onslaught of horrendously maiming blackness and indescribably ignominious gloom,

If you dare to dream of singlehandedly brandishing your sword towards victory in the unsurpassably menacing battlefield; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of flagrantly castrated defeat staring right into the whites of your eye,

If you dare to dream of metamorphosing every bit of impoverishedly dying desert into lush green meadows of perennially unparalleled happiness; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of licentiously slippery sand sinking you down towards your grave,

If you dare to dream of sketching everything on this colossal Universe till the end of your time; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of tears of untamed agony; welling ferociously up the dormitories of your soul,

If you dare to dream of relentlessly meditating the hymns of everlasting symbiotism every cascading breath of your life; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of libidinous diabolism sporadically perpetuating your mind and soul,

If you dare to dream of being the most righteously wealthiest organism on this boundless earth; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of dastardly prejudiced corruption crucifying you to the goriest thresholds of hell,

If you dare to dream of unstoppably marching towards the peaks of invincibly benign success; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of raunchily incarcerating sleep intermittently obfuscating your senses and eyes,

And if you dare to dream of timelessly falling in pricelessly perpetual love; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of lasciviously sodomizing betrayal; hurling you right back to the very point you had compassionately kissed and started.

Nikhil Parekh

If You Didn't Want To Wait Till The Next Sunrise.

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start optimistically illuminating every drearily lambasted arena of today's sinful night; with the boundless fire of fearlessness in each of your ever-pervadingly altruistic footsteps,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start brilliantly illuminating every miserably asphyxiated cavern of today's dolorous night; with the untamed fire of timelessly unbridled creativity in your brain,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start indefatigably illuminating every lugubriously crippled ingredient of today's sordid night; with the uncurbed fire of miraculously ameliorating artistry in each of your resplendent fingers,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start interminably illuminating every wretchedly shriveled leaf of today's ribald night; with the unsurpassable fire of everlastingly astounding virility in each of your bones,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start inexorably illuminating every tawdrily deteriorating element of today's salacious night; with the invincible fire of eternal truth in your benign conscience,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start unstoppably illuminating every ghastily reproachful twig of today's unpardonable night; with the undefeated fire of inimitably priceless symbiotism in each of your blessed veins,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start impregnably illuminating every hideously perverted cranny of today's imperiling night; with the unshakable fire of effulgently resurgent enthusiasm in every naked patch of your eyes,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start incessantly illuminating every treacherously demeaning shadow of today's incarcerated night; with the unassailable fire of immeasurably bountiful sensuality; in each of your seductive eyelashes,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start unrelentingly illuminating every haplessly victimized labyrinth of today's vengeful night; with the magical fire of ubiquitously peerless brotherhood; timelessly sparkling in

each of your eye,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start tirelessly illuminating every vindictively tyrannized wind of today's sacrilegious night; with the unconquerable fire of bounteous compassion; in every word that you truthfully spoke,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start triumphantly illuminating every hedonistically slaving pebble of today's profane night; with the unlimited fire of victoriously unfettered perseverance; in each droplet of your golden sweat,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start endlessly illuminating every deplorably divested coffin of today's acrimonious night; with the untainted fire of pristinely innocuous mellifluousness; in each decibel of your magnanimous voice,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start unflinchingly illuminating every truculently devastated shred of today's jinxed night; with the limitless fire of spell bindingly ecumenical humanity; in each of your benevolently silken shadow,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start optimistically illuminating every diabolically staggering mortuary of today's pugnacious night; with the uninterrupted fire of impeccably divinely mischief; in each pore of your vivaciously nubile skin,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start intransigently illuminating every sadistically morose jailhouse of today's demonic night; with the unceasing fire of perpetually uplifting freedom; in each of your poignantly blessed stride,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start fantastically illuminating every acridly incorrigible thorn of today's preposterous night; with the Omnipotent fire of perennially undaunted simplicity; in each of your inevitably humanitarian actions,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start indomitably illuminating every devilishly castrated whisper of today's atrocious night; with the universal fire of unbreakably poignant belonging; in each of your enchantingly priceless heartbeat,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start insuperably illuminating every sacrilegiously demented graveyard of today's licentious night; with the spell binding fire of effulgently Omnipresent breath; in each of your bounteously titillating nostrils,

And if you didn't want to wait till the next Sunrise; then start royally illuminating every carnivorously stabbing battlefield of the dastardly night; with the unimaginable fire of uninhibitedly God-gifted beauty; in each perennially fructifying transpiration of your soul.

Nikhil Parekh

If You Listened To My Heart

If you sighted my shadow; which had nonchalantly formed under sweltering rays of sunlight,
Then you'd come to know how tumultuously it wavered; the insatiable longing in its contours to trespass past your stupendous grace.

If you glimpsed my lips; which glistened incredulously into vivacious shades of lotus pink,
Then you'd come to know how solitary they were; the unprecedented urge in them to kiss your divinely name.

If you heard my voice; which rose and fell with an uncanny mysticism in the perpetually still air,
Then you'd come to know how hopeless it was; how much it wanted you by its side; searching for you frantically in the fathomless wilderness.

If you felt my tears; which trickled down all day and night through my cheeks,
Then you'd come to know how lifeless they were; the overwhelming desire in them to occupy an immortal position beside your tinkling feet.

If you caressed my skin; which resembled a frigidly lackluster ashen white,
Then you'd come to know how freezing it was; how much it longed for your company; to trigger it vehemently into astronomical loads of compassionate warmth.

If you stood beside my breath; which morbidly cascaded down my nostrils;
Then you'd come to know how lackadaisical it was; the thunderously volatile intensity lingering in it; to drift down your fabulous nape.

If you ran your fingers through my scalp; which pathetically slept even under a wave of unimaginably blistering heat that encompassed it from all sides,
Then you'd come to know how much it wanted to be majestically massaged; the unsurpassable agony in it to be kissed by your heavenly form.

If you peered deep down into my eyes; which had lost their ability to see; even though they were blissfully alive,
Then you'd come to know how much they were clouded with inexplicable sadness; how inexorably they missed you and craved for you to whisper and dream by their side.

And if you listened to my heart; which uncontrollably palpitated without the tiniest of respite; whether I walked or lazily slept on the star studded night, Then you'd come to know how much it remembered you every unleashing second; the invincible tenacity pounding upon it to imprison you forever; in each of its everlasting beats.

Nikhil Parekh

If You Nodded Yes

Don't you want to prosper in life; reach the zenith of astronomical success in the moments that you were destined to holistically exist?

Don't you want to gallop in untamed exhilaration towards the sky; enshroud every cranny of your disastrously bedraggled persona; with winds of exhilarated happiness?

Don't you want to float relentlessly in a land of dreams; fantasize about the most unprecedentedly beautiful lingering on this planet; with every breath that you mystically exhaled?

Don't you want to blossom in the aisles of unfathomable desire; march on the lanes of irrefutable triumph; till times beyond eternity?

Well if your answer is NO; then please coalesce immediately with inconspicuously heinous winds of diabolical hell; and if you nodded YES; then immortal love is the bird that'll take you there; and perpetually ensure that you robustly fled.

Don't you want to bask in the glory of uninhibited freedom; unequivocally evolving your own new paths in life?

Don't you want to survive as the most opulent entity alive; disseminating the invincible essence of truth; humanity; and brotherhood to the most remotest corner

of this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe?

Don't you want to be insatiably possessed by people you astoundingly adored; rejoice impeccable moments of your wonderfully bountiful childhood once again?

Don't you want to seductively philander in the stupendously resplendent glory of the marvelous night; kiss the immaculate stars as you surreally trespassed by?

Well if your answer is NO; then please transpose immediately with pathetically blood-sucking parasites in satanic hell; and if you nodded YES; then immortal love is the wave that'll take you there; and perpetually ensure that you incredulously smiled.

Don't you want to leave your mark upon this fathomless earth; while you splendidly existed in supremely symbiotic harmony with nature's glamorous treasures?

Don't you want to proliferate countless of your very own; witness your progeny blossom with your poignantly scarlet blood incarcerated in their veins?

Don't you want to sparkle in the full fervor of compassionate existence; walk shoulder to shoulder with your philanthropic mates in happiness; as well as inexplicable pain?

Don't you want to wholeheartedly transcend the boundaries of infinite infinity;

pluck your unfathomable repertoire of benign desires; from royal blue carpets of blissful sky?

Well if your answer is NO; then please sink immediately in realms of treacherously invidious hell; and if you nodded YES; then immortal love is the cloud that'll take you there; and perpetually ensure that you were blessed with all your wishes in flash seconds of time.

Don't you want to drown in a garden of enchanting roses for times immemorial; majestically replenishing every iota of your dwindling senses with heavenly scent and the overwhelming scent of humanity?

Don't you want to incessantly pour out the inner most recesses of your estranged soul; inundating the celestial atmosphere with the profusely passionate artistry in your integral sound?

Don't you want to impregably face every obstacle that dared come your way; unflinchingly confronting the most mightiest of battles viciously trying to asphyxiate all your ambition?

Don't you want to live life to its unsurpassably fullest capacity; coining an intriguingly fabulous chapter of new existence; on every brilliantly intrepid step that you tread?

Well if your answer is NO; then please consume immediately the acrimonious thorns of ghastly hell; and if you passionately nodded YES; then immortal love is the only messiah that'll take you there; perpetually ensure that you lived sacred life; even after veritable death.

Nikhil Parekh

If You Really Felt Sorry

Don't just repeat POVERTY tirelessly and then feel remorseful; pathetically nodding your head; as if the most unassailable messiah of bereaved humanity, If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then vanquish it forever from its very non-existent roots; and from even the most infinitesimal corner of the pompously rigid society.

Don't just spell POVERTY incessantly and then feel regretful; lugubriously crossing your fingers; as if all mercy had wholesomely disappeared from the trajectory of this colossal planet, If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then unflinchingly surge forward to scrap even the most inconspicuous of its essence from this fathomless Universe; philanthropically mitigate all organism alive from its devastating stranglehold.

Don't just visualize POVERTY indefatigably and then feel destroyed; uncontrollably wailing like a scarecrow umpteenth number of times in a single minute, If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then extricate it for times immemorial with the sparkling righteousness in your soul; enveloping even the most fugitively capricious speck of this globe with a wave of eternally resplendent compassion.

Don't just witness POVERTY intransigently and then feel gruesomely assassinated; nonchalantly sniffing your nose towards the heavens to put the entire blame upon Lord Almighty, If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then behead it for infinite more births yet to unveil with the religion of humanity enshrouding your conscience; ubiquitously disseminate your happiness to all those unfortunately hapless and deprived.

Don't just whisper POVERTY unrelentingly and then feel like threadbare shit; abominably puking out even the last morsel of food from your languidly churning stomach, If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then drive it away with the Omnisciently sacrosanct shadow of truth; ingratiatingly share the woes and overwhelming trauma of your counterparts and alien; beautifully alike.

Don't just memorize the spelling of POVERTY incorrigibly to appear for the examinations; and then feel like an infinitesimally sinful debris of ghoulish

insanity,

If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then perpetually substitute it with benign love and care; inundating each arena of this insurmountably gigantic Universe with an ocean of celestially humanitarian empathy.

Don't just reminisce POVERTY insatiably and then feel exonerated; collapsing like a frigid matchstick towards obdurate ground; with your head timidly sunk like a dastardly rat between your legs,

If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then patriotically blaze ahead in the truly scintillating spirit of mankind; diffusing the melody of symbiotic existence on every step that you holistically transgressed.

Don't just cry POVERTY endlessly and then feel like the demons rotting in coffins of crucified hell; eventually dissolving like a chunk of soggy pulp into your own disappearing shadow,

If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then hoist every uncouthly trembling entity upon your splendidly benevolent shoulders; Omnipotently enveloping the every trace of coldblooded savagery with the ointment of passionate love.

And don't just write POVERTY timelessly and then feel like the most hapless livid entity alive; trying to mercilessly chop your own foot when infact there wasn't the slightest trace of axe around,

If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then replenish its penuriously castigating grave with an unfathomable river of love; enlightening the life of every despicably beleaguered human with the rays of Godly mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

If You Really Had The Urge To Clean Something

Don't waste your time in spuriously washing your clothes; scrubbing the surplus dirt adhering to your fingers for hours on the trot,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in vigorously shampooing your hair; applying sandalwood balm all across your fatigued body,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in evacuating out the last chunk of dirt imprisoned in the house; dismantling the mountain of obnoxious cobwebs suspended solitarily from the ceiling,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in polishing your shoes till they brilliantly shone; commanding the poor slave every instant to annihilate even the faintest trace of your footprints,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in soaking the table covers in stringent antiseptic; brushing your apron for indefatigable weeks to suck the non existent odor,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in consulting the most prominent of skin specialists; gobbling a battalion of potent vitamins to impart your skin with that immortal glow; you kept dreaming off all night and day,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in rubbing your tongue tenaciously with the serrated stick for marathon minutes at dawn; profusely spraying mammoth bottles of scent into the corridors of your mouth,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in sprinkling bucket full of water to make the windows of your house shine; sucking the dainty river of its precious liquid in order to make your dwelling a darling to sight,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in plucking out the filth between your teeth using the most delectable of ivory toothpick; inundating your armpits with tantalizing perfume every time you wanted to impress upon the woman of your dreams,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in vehemently brushing the roads which led to the temple; licking every step that led to the idol of the Omniscient Creator; for in the first place you'd never be successful; as there was not one path; but irrefutably every lane you tread on; led to the Almighty Lord,
And indeed if you really had the urge to please God; clean something; then first and foremost clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Nikhil Parekh

If You Really Loved Her

Don't try to ruthlessly imprison her majestic eyes; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally ooze uninhibited rivulets of insurmountably ecstatic and bountiful empathy; solely for you instead,

Don't try to baselessly imprison her poignant lips; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally fulminate into a festoon of compassionately eternal and vibrant smiles; solely for you instead,

Don't try to derogatorily imprison her bountiful cheeks; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally twinkle into an astoundingly effulgent and fructifying camaraderie; solely for you instead,

Don't try to maliciously imprison her spell binding eyelids; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally flutter into an unfathomable gorge of irrefutable adulation; solely for you instead,

Don't try to abhorrently imprison her unflinching footsteps; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally advance like avalanches of unfettered and unconquerable passion; solely for you instead,

Don't try to truculently imprison her sensuous shadow; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally grope like an eternally silken and nubile princess; solely for you instead,

Don't try to diabolically imprison her harmonious thoughts; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally tower like the clouds of mesmerizing and supreme timelessness; solely for you instead,

Don't try to perniciously imprison her regale smiles; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally flow in a river of impregnable and priceless solidarity; solely for you instead,

Don't try to disastrously imprison her altruistic identity; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally blaze into a fathomless sky of Omnipotent and everlasting shine; solely for you instead,

Don't try to hedonistically imprison her mellifluous voice; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally sing an unsurpassable entrenchment of amiably bonding and effervescent rhyme; solely for you instead,

Don't try to savagely imprison her ecstatic sweat; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally exude into a fountain of fantastic and enigmatic vivaciousness; solely for you instead,

Don't try to bizarrely imprison her heavenly fingers; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally grope into whirlwinds of uncontrollably untamed and implacable passion; solely for you instead,

Don't try to satanically imprison her egalitarian neck; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally attune itself towards a fortress of invincibly magnificent and fearless solidarity; solely for you instead,

Don't try to treacherously imprison her ravishing senses; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally cavort ebulliently and in insatiable energy; solely for you instead,

Don't try to hedonistically imprison her impeccable conscience; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally spawn into a sky of euphorically triumphant and blessed righteousness; solely for you instead,

Don't try to salaciously imprison her unparalleled exuberance; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally evolve into an incomprehensibly gorgeous reservoir of victorious exultation; solely for you instead,

Don't try to brutally imprison her unequivocal freedom; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally bounce in every construable and panoramically exotic direction; solely for you instead,

Don't try to dictatorially imprison her celestial breath; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally waft till times beyond infinite infinity and tirelessly; solely for you instead,

Don't try to devilishly imprison her unblemished pristinity; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally yearn and sizzle in royally intransigent desire; solely for you instead,

And don't try to chauvinistically imprison her immortal heart; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally liberate and endlessly throb; solely for you instead.

Nikhil Parekh

If You Really Wanted

If you really wanted to spread ebulliently ingratiating happiness; then spread it amidst all those torturously lambasted; inexplicably bursting into a corpse of inconsolable sobs and traumatic misery,

If you really wanted to spread unflinchingly intrepid strength; then spread it amidst all those horrifically infirm; being baselessly blown away like a pack of frigid matchsticks; for ostensibly no fault of theirs,

If you really wanted to spread irrefutably sparkling truth; then spread it amidst all those asphyxiated with parasites of derogatory corruption; inhaling each breath of life viciously tainted with bellicose prejudice,

If you really wanted to spread Omnisciently benign light; then spread it amidst all those whose lives were brutally inebriated with malicious blackness; even in the most brilliantly eternal of Sunlight,

If you really wanted to spread effulgently mellifluous voice; then spread it amidst all those who got nothing else from life; except insidiously penalizing gunshots of cacophonically treacherous despair,

If you really wanted to spread majestically vibrant smiles; then spread them amidst all those orphans who had nothing else; but an unfathomable battalion of impediments to transcend; at every step that they staggeringly tread on coldbloodedly barren soil,

If you really wanted to spread the spirit of symbiotically united oneness; then spread it amidst all those indiscriminately perpetuating blood in the name of spurious religion; truculently beheading their very own; just to please to pot-bellied politician,

If you really wanted to spread voluptuously intoxicating sensuousness; then spread it amidst all those incarcerated within gory jailhouses of rigid monotony; mechanically monitoring even their sleep; to the fecklessly coldhearted ticking of the clock,

If you really wanted to spread gregariously resplendent scent; then spread it amidst all those inevitably fretting in the dingily diminutive lanes of the gutter; even as opprobrious superpowers snored in castles of celestial gold outside,

If you really wanted to spread articulately rhythmic dexterity; then spread it amidst all those insanely imbecile; devilishly employing every bohemian part of their visage; to salaciously destroy the essence of beautiful mankind,

If you really wanted to spread sagaciously bountiful literacy; then spread it amidst all those worthlessly whiling every unfurling instant of priceless life staring dolorously at empty sky; dreadfully sinking into the corpse at even the tiniest innuendo of signing their name,

If you really wanted to spread boundlessly opulent coin; then spread it amidst all those uxoriously emaciating on the obstreperous streets; while their rich counterparts egregiously squelched them one by one; under their pugnacious wheel,

If you really wanted to spread regally euphoric imagery; then spread it amidst all those preposterously stagnating in the dungeons of malicious deprivation; hysterically sobbing in self-inflicted tyranny; till the very last breath of their lives,

If you really wanted to spread poignantly tantalizing charisma; then spread it amidst all those carnivorously bound by chains of abstruse rigidity; infinite a time pulverizing their ravishing dreams; just because they didn't follow the path of their decrepit ancestors,

If you really wanted to spread quintessentially scintillating employment; then spread it amidst all those aimlessly squandering in wastrel wheelchairs; even after possessing the most rubicund persona that the Lord could ever have blessed,

If you really wanted to spread blazingly fearless patriotism; then spread it amidst all those invidiously betraying their mother soil; selling every cranny of their non-existent conscience for a capriciously sinful clutter of sanctimonious note,

If you really wanted to spread gloriously fructifying fruit; then spread it amidst all those horrifically stunted since times immemorial; wistfully slaving at even the most derogatory of stone viciously pelted towards their trembling skin,

If you really wanted to spread perpetually burgeoning breath; then spread it amidst all those haplessly stuttering for life; despairingly stuttering through coffins of gory death; even in the most pristine prime of royal life,

And if you really wanted to spread immortally unconquerable love; then spread it

amidst all those murderously slandered by every echelon of the murderous society; and yet the insatiable desire to ardently embrace glowing brightly in their; ruthlessly neglected eyes.

Nikhil Parekh

If You Thought

If you thought that I'd perpetually love you; even after you brutally slandered me on my hindside with your murderous kitchen knife; just because I fervently showed my eagerness to assist you in the best way I could,

If you thought that I'd unassailably love you; even after you indefatigably rebuked me for irrefutably following the sparkling pathways of eternally unflinching truth,

If you thought that I'd bountifully love you; even after you indiscriminately plucked out every intricate vein of my body; to feed your cacophonically favorite puppy dog,

If you thought that I'd timelessly love you; even after you barbarously barked the most perniciously heinous abuse in my ears; for obeisantly lying at your feet all day like an innocuous prince,

If you thought that I'd unrelentingly love you; even after you cadaverously wished me all the bad luck that truculently lingered on this Universe; although I worshipped you like the ultimate angel of my dreams,

If you thought that I'd sensuously love you; even after you parasitically sucked the most infinitesimal droplet of my blood; like a venomously flagrant parasite,

If you thought that I'd miraculously love you; even after you treacherously whipped my savagely exonerated chest with lethally coldblooded snakes; just because I
had compassionately lit the candles of your morosely blackened room,

If you thought that I'd impregnably love you; even after you preposterously laid a mortuary of hedonistic thorns on every path that I tread; and then tantalizingly titillated the raunchy model of your lascivious dreams,

If you thought that I'd handsomely love you; even after you paid a satanically deaf ear to the most poignantly uncontrollable of my cries; deliberately unfurled a pack of diabolical wolves; right towards the impeccable whites of my eyes,

If you thought that I'd majestically love you; even after you indefatigably tortured me in devilish coffins of hell; just because I ardently polished the tip of your sanctimonious shoe; a trifle too much,

If you thought that I'd unflinchingly love you; even after you invidiously gave me pig's feces to eat; for robustly scintillating breakfast as well as to wade through the chapter of the drearily morbid night,

If you thought that I'd unsurpassably love you; even after you mercilessly cut each of my silken finger; simply in order to wholesomely liberate the irately petulant itch in your effusively dancing nerves,

If you thought that I'd insurmountably love you; even after you ruthlessly pulverized every bone of my righteous countenance under your uncouthly speeding Mercedes; just because you ghastily wanted to check the durability of your obnoxiously bohemian tyre,

If you thought that I'd inimitably love you; even after you charred every iridescent contour of my demeanor with sweltering acid; just because I insatiably endeavored my best to enlighten the frowns of franticness on your dwindling face,

If you thought that I'd profusely love you; even after you perfidiously chopped my tongue from my immaculate throat; sporadically using it to tickle the squalidly demonic soles of your disparagingly despicable feet,

If you thought that I'd uncontrollably love you; even after you perilously metamorphosed even the most infantile of my fantasy into nightmares of horrendous nothingness; just because I unequivocally squandered every evil glance that wandered itself; towards your beautifully sacrosanct grace,

If you thought that I'd perpetually love you; even after you unsparingly decimated all efforts of my lifetime like pieces of frigid matchsticks right in front of my eyes; and then luridly enshrouded them with your scurrilous spit,

Then I am sorry that you're in for the most fathomlessly unthinkable shock of your life; for I would still love you more immortally than ever before; I would still love you more than this earth could have ever loved even the most vivacious form of life,

For when I gave my heart to you; neither did I see your religion; neither did I see your outlook towards life; as my love was; is and would for infinite more births always remain unconditional; would always remain tirelessly blind.

If Your Love Was True

In less than a single fraction of a second; she would come to you from even the most unconquerable epitome of the Herculean and invincibly towering mountain,

In less than a single flicker of your eye; she would come to you from even the most remotest rock bottom of the unfathomably undulating and unimaginably deep sea,

In less than a single yawn of your mouth; she would come to you from even the most obsolete corner of the fathomlessly mighty and impregnably pristine clouds,

In less than a single whisper of your voice; she would come to you from even the most sequestered hole infinite feet beneath lackadaisically dead and treacherously obdurate soil,

O! Yes; if your love was true from the innermost core of your heart; then irrespective of where she was; irrespective of the mightiest of barricade separating the both of you; she would immortally be yours and only yours; in less than an inconspicuous instant,

But if there was even an infinitesimal whimper of betrayal maligning your soul; then keep frenetically searching for her like a maimed dog; but you won't find the tiniest insinuation of her reflection; for your life beyond an infinite more lifetimes.

1.

In less than a single blush of your cheeks; she would come to you from even the most egregiously silencing and endlessly asphyxiating coffins of ghastly death,

In less than a single flutter of your little finger; she would come to you from even the most treacherously blackened and wholesomely deadened fabric of the ghoulish night,

In less than a single tap of your foot; she would come to you from even the most farthest corner of the limitlessly iridescent and majestically pearly Moon,

In less than a single unfurling of your lips; she would come to you from even the most blazingly indomitable and intransigently fuming inferno's,

O! Yes; if your love was true from the innermost core of your heart; then irrespective of where she was; irrespective of the most acrimonious apocalypses separating the both of you; she would immortally be yours and only yours; in less than an infidel instant,

But if there was even an infinitesimal whimper of betrayal maligning your soul; then keep dogmatically searching for her like a wounded vulture; but you won't find the tiniest insinuation of her reflection; for your life beyond an infinite more lifetimes.

2.

In less than a single radiation of your brain; she would come to you from even the most unbelievably disappearing and evanescently inane mists of nothingness,

In less than a single snore of your sleep; she would come to you from even the most menacingly unsparing and cold-bloodedly squelching jaws of the indiscriminately massacring lion,

In less than a single desire of your soul; she would come to you from even the most aridly charred corner of the unsurpassably sweltering and boundless desert,

In less than a single swish of your palms; she would come to you from even the most unimaginably resplendent and endlessly fructifying corridors of perpetually priceless paradise,

O! Yes; if your love was true from the innermost core of your heart; then irrespective of where she was; irrespective of the most tyrannically turgid boundaries chaining you; she would immortally be yours and only yours; in less than an inconspicuous instant,

But if there was even an infinitesimal whimper of betrayal maligning your soul; then keep rapaciously searching for her like a worthless skeleton; but you won't find the tiniest insinuation of her reflection; for your life beyond an infinite more lifetimes.

3.

In less than a single nod of your head; she would come to you from even the

most unfathomably stretched ends of inexplicably bizarre and surreally titillating imagination,

In less than a single juggling of your fists; she would come to you from even the most inconceivably inexplicable and abstrusely imperceptible places between heaven and hell,

In less than a single beat of your heart; she would come to you from even the most profoundly incarcerating and impossibly unconquerable wells of solitude,

In less than a single breath of your nostrils; she would come to you from even the most intangibly ethereal and voluptuously tantalizing cringes of the enamoring rainbow,

O! Yes; if your love was true from the innermost core of your heart; then irrespective of where she was; irrespective of the most gorily invidious battlefield between the both of you; she would immortally be yours and only yours; in less than an inconspicuous instant,

But if there was even an infinitesimal whimper of betrayal maligning your soul; then keep baselessly searching for her like a needle in the endless haystack; but you won't find the tiniest insinuation of her reflection; for your life beyond an infinite more lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Ignite The Lamp Of Humanity

For every wish of goodness that diffused from your soul- praying to God to bless everyone with happiness, bliss, peace and immortal love- even as your friends and foes virulently abused you,
For every bountifully fresh sapling that you planted into barren soil; and all those others that you dreamt of sowing in fathomless fecund landscapes of mud,
For every handshake of yours with complete strangers; whom you embraced in your times of happiness and crippling duress alike- for being a part of the same Universe that you lived in,
For every song of oneness that emanated from the innermost realms of your heart- disseminating the message of a benign existence- even as living beings all around deliberately turned into sadistic parasites,
For every droplet of your blood that you donated for your fellow beings in distress- without worrying about your own bones which had started to bizarrely display more than your skin,
For every helping hand that you lent to those without sight to cross the cacophonous buzzing street- leaving them to their destination in spirit of undefeated humane brotherhood,
For every morsel of your food that you shared with all those starving- and then miraculously felt your very own stomach to be replenished without a grain- but solely with the wand of selflessness,
For every wounded animal on the street that you tried to resuscitate with your love; when everyone walking beside presumed it to have attained its veritable grave,
For every negatively nagged comment upon you that you transformed into an optimistic opportunity- accommodating one and in your diminutive dwelling- which was palatial with your love,
For every trail of yours that unflinchingly fought the most wretchedly asphyxiating of odds- just to ensure that the truthful voice of every God-gifted existence prevailed,
For every morbidly stagnating piece of canvas that you splashed with myriad colors and hues of a burgeoning existence- as the planet around you unraveled in its most inscrutably magical shapes and forms,
For every unnecessary complexity of a frazzled existence- that you solved with such child-like ease- with the universal quintessential elements of symbiotic existence,
For every inconsolably wailing infant that you hugged close to your heart- lending it your name; surname and astronomical care- after its biological parents hadn't the courage to accept it for being a girl,
For every bit of happiness that you spontaneously triggered amidst a pall of

robotically commercial gloom- by being just as how the Creator had sent you
upon the planet divine and unpretentiously natural,
For every ounce of manipulative currency that you burnt- not letting anything
besmirch your path of friendship and eternal love- as Love was the most
priceless gift from the Lord Divine,
For every bit of infallible determination that you so blissfully transmitted-
inspiring every bit of human impairment to become a blessing to survive,
For every poetic verse that you evolved out of sheer and vapid nothingness- to
perpetuate drearily beleaguered bits of survival with the scepter of magical
newness,
For every bit of informality that you perpetuated wherever you went- that
relieved people of their unduly worries as in you they found a friend for life - who
would never ever betray them the slightest,
May the entire mortal world join you in your every philanthropic conquest; then
and together become a unified voice of love; a unified spirit of existence which
knew no religion; caste; color; creed or tribe- but which only arose in uninhibited
camaraderie to ignite the lamp of humanity

Nikhil Parekh

I'll Keep Trying Hard

I'll keep trying hard; incessantly and till the time; the last iota of crimson blood incarcerated within my poignant veins; doesn't dry beyond the aisles of infinitesimal nothingness,

I'll keep trying hard; relentlessly and till the time; the last bone down my tenaciously lanky spine; doesn't fatigue beyond the corridors of irrevocable hopelessness,

I'll keep trying hard; indefatigably and till time; the last line of destiny on my brazenly intrepid palms; doesn't abrade into the dormitories of wholesomely bizarre extinction,

I'll keep trying hard; insatiably and till the time; the last muscle of my patriotically unassailable shoulders; doesn't blend completely with threadbare mud,

I'll keep trying hard; unrelentingly and till the time; the last hair of my overwhelmingly glistening scalp; doesn't wither into inconspicuous wisps of insipid oblivion,

I'll keep trying hard; intransigently and till the time; the last tooth of my overwhelmingly formidable jaws; doesn't crumble into horrendously barbaric powder,

I'll keep trying hard; irrefutably and till the time; the last strand of my unflinchingly intrepid flesh; doesn't vanish into realms of horrific banishment,

I'll keep trying hard; intransigently and till the time; the last smile of my charismatically bountiful lips; doesn't stutter towards an inexplicably gory end,

I'll keep trying hard; tirelessly and till the time; the last globule of empathy of my resplendently fearless eyes; doesn't fully evaporate into ungainly tornado's of nothingness,

I'll keep trying hard; incorrigibly and till the time; the last blush of my robustly scarlet cheeks; doesn't fade with the winds of obsoletely despicable dilapidation,

I'll keep trying hard; unfathomably and till the time; the last fringe of my valiantly intriguing eyelashes; doesn't plummet down in infuriated exasperation;

to coalesce with the soggy ponds of slush on muddy ground,

I'll keep trying hard; irretrievably and till the time; the last iota of my piquantly galloping shadow; doesn't juxtapose into worthlessly baseless dust; with the treacherously Ominous descent of sinister midnight,

I'll keep trying hard; euphorically and till the time; the last whisper down my philanthropically scintillating throat; doesn't stifle to a timidly capricious mellow; eventually transposing with dungeons of disdain,

I'll keep trying hard; unendingly and till the time; the last morsel of enthusiasm in my vivaciously bouncing caricature; doesn't inevitably snap into pernicious rivers of painstaking perspiration,

I'll keep trying hard; irrevocably and till the time; the last ingredient of profusely aristocratic artistry in my fingers; doesn't disappear into disgustingly insane lunatism,

I'll keep trying hard; unfettered and till the time; the last maneuver of my rhetorically swirling neck; doesn't embed itself for times immemorial; beneath the grave
of ludicrously mocking desperation,

I'll keep trying hard; unconquerably and till the time; the last speck of gloriously sparkling truth in my conscience; doesn't assassinate into countless pieces of derogatorily pulverized ash,

I'll keep trying hard; unassailably and till the time; the last millimeter of breath in my emphatically inhaling lungs; doesn't drain out at the order of the Creator; to perpetually abdicate life,

And I'll keep trying hard; immortally and till the time; the last beat of my passionately palpitating heart; doesn't succumb to the viciously malevolent whirlpools of betrayal; to the hands of the barbarically pulverizing devil.

Nikhil Parekh

I'm The One

I'm one who's crazy about you; fantasizing you in the most stupendously fabulous forms ever conceivable,

I'm the one who's passionate about you; insatiably craving to blend your heart with mine till times immemorial,

I'm the one who's greedy about you; wanting to incessantly witness your enchanting grace as each second unfurled into a complete minute,

I'm the one who's supremely overwhelmed by you; unable to perceive about anything else except your twin pairs of magnificently sparkling eyes,

I'm the one who's fanatically ardent about you; sitting for indefatigable hours by your side; to hear the tales of your innocuous childhood,

I'm the one who's insurmountably sensitive about you; would try every feasible method existing on this Universe to make you mine,

I'm the one who's always ready for you; uninhibitedly accepting you in the invincible swirl of my arms; even when the planet had rejected you,

I'm the one who's relentlessly working for you; endeavoring my absolute best to sketch you in the most enamoring repertoire of forms; lingering bountifully in the cosmos,

I'm the one who's immortally desiring you; giving you a position grater than the Ultimate Creator; in the realms of my palpitating heart,

I'm the one who's unprecedentedly impressed by you; intransigently iterating your string of benevolently exotic virtues to whomsoever I encountered,

I'm the one who's inexorably possessive about you; mercilessly annihilating the minutest trace of salacious spirit; hovering stealthily round the contours of your impeccable face,

I'm the one who's wholesomely stupefied by you; drowning myself till times beyond eternity into the mesmerizing cadence of your heavenly voice,

I'm the one who's profoundly sympathetic with you; unequivocally commiserating

with you; even as the society outside savagely kicked you for no fault of your immaculate soul,

I'm the one who's perpetually remembering you; incorrigibly sealing my mind to all thoughts; other than your incredulously alluring smile,

I'm the one who's unsurpassably pampering you; ensuring that the most inconspicuous of your wail; was compassionately catered to,

I'm the one who's optimistically wistful about you; wishing you nothing less than the very best in every aspect of your life; the days in your destiny yet to blissfully unveil,

I'm the one who's frantically searching for you; not sparing even the most darkest corner of earth; in my incomprehensible attempts to retrieve you,

I'm the one who's tirelessly fighting for you; in order to irrefutably ensure you assimilated the maximum happiness; in God's creation of boundless paradise,

And I'm the one; infact the only one who loves you; dedicating each of my tumultuously throbbing beats to your celestial form; bonding you forever with the body above my bones; and the soul underneath; which had already given its love to you.

Nikhil Parekh

Imagination

The string of vivid imagination goes deep,
Flooding the path to a loosened character,
When I pluck it; it gives a shrill resounding noise,
Leading to the mystic cavity of an unruly conscience,
Putting me in a dread.

Those particles of audible sun light filter a way,
Through the tiny blackness inside my mind,
Biting and nibbling the inner elastic heart,
Falling freely like pointed black darts,
Aiming sharply at the sensitive organs,
Nothing more than an inconsequential brawl.

The string finally breaks with a painstaking gasp,
I find myself so empty,
With nothing to ponder on,
Except that crimson blazing light,
Dark tunnels of life then emanate a hearty chuckle,
And leave all those who are bald and shivering with non-existent fear.

Nikhil Parekh

Immaculate Tie

It dangled freely from my collar; gently caressing my belly as it cascaded down,
It fluttered vivaciously in the rustic breeze; voluptuously tingling the fabric of my
crisp shirt,
It rose and fell sporadically as I incessantly took wild draughts of ravishing
breeze into my lungs,
It imparted me loads of compassionate warmth; as the biting cold air struck be
inevitably in my chest,
It portrayed a strikingly vivid picture; against the backdrop of pure white linen;
in which I was adorned,
It bifurcated my demeanor into commensurate compartments; subtly
sequestering
me from being called pot-bellied,
It granted an uncanny tautness to the scruff of my neck; inundated in me a
feeling of being on my heels; and rampantly on the prowl,
It sometimes provided me reprieve from my running nose; as I blew it
thunderously into the fluff; where it settled inconspicuously and contented at the
rear,
It majestically camouflaged an armory of disdainful buttons; neatly intermingling
with the buckle of my belt,
It danced merrily in perfect synergy with my body; as I gyrated the entire night
to tunes of pulsating music,
It revealed pompous shades of my personality; gave my visage multiple
opportunities to stand shoulder to shoulder with the exorbitantly rich,
It appeared as an silken angel; having a profound aura of its own; amidst a host
of other garb surrounding it,
It felt as light as a pigeon feather; yet was the mightiest ornament bestowing
impetus upon my diminutive stature,
It often protected me form acrid sunlight; as I adroitly removed it; tied it on my
scalp as a cool and flabby bandanna,
It succumbed to my desires of whipping; when I thrashed it in free space;
producing an ensemble of exotic noises,
It served as an excellent tool to play; when I curled it into an incongruous ball;
tossed it mischievously towards my mesmerizing girlfriend,
It proved as a towel on infinite occasions; when the actual napkin became
obsolete and was nowhere to be found,
It had been on my persona since decades; providing me that tinge of
sophistication that I had perennially desired,
But more importantly than anything; it had fulfilled my desire of being a
complete man; gloriously projecting me to the existing society,

SO now you tell me folks what more could I expect out of a short stub of slippery garment; which we christen today in contemporary terminology as an immaculate tie?

Nikhil Parekh

Immortal Bonding

Those fingers of hers might be too infinitesimally tiny for the world to comprehend; inarticulately swishing all the time; in free bits of exotic space,
But each compassionate caress of theirs; imparted my disastrously dithering countenance with such marvelous rejuvenation; that no other caress on this endless
Universe; could ever fathom to bequeath.

Those eyes of hers might be too incoherently flirtatious for the world to comprehend; unknowingly swirling in boundless directions; at a single time,
But each resplendent twinkle of theirs; bestowed upon my manipulatively besieged visage with such majestic exhilaration; that no other twinkle on this gigantic Universe; could ever perceive to bequeath.

Those lips of hers might be too inconspicuously mumbling for the world to comprehend; hardly able to explicitly pronounce their own identity; timelessly searching for the right word,
But each poignant kiss of theirs; flooded my murderously bereaved soul with such an unfathomable ocean of mesmerizing melody; that no other kiss on this limitless Universe; could ever envisage to bequeath.

Those feet of hers might be too ludicrously tiny for the world to comprehend; perennially tucked under the profusely silken quilt; sporadically changing their complexion with the swaying winds,
But each divine impression of theirs; overwhelmed my malevolently faltering conscience with such irrefutable righteousness; that no other impression on this fathomless Universe; could ever imagine to bequeath.

Those voices of hers might be too innocuously abstruse for the world to comprehend; sounding to some as pathetically rambunctious balderdash,
But each magical incantation of theirs; soothed my tyrannically dictatorial nerves so much blissful royalty; that no other incantation on this unsurpassable Universe; could ever conceive to bequeath.

Those ears of hers might be too frigidly soft for the world to comprehend; capriciously flapping to even the most diminutive draught of breeze,
But each inscrutable reverberation of theirs; drifted my abhorrently plagued existence so heavenly towards the aisles of exuberant rhapsody; that no other reverberation on this unprecedented Universe; could ever visualize to bequeath.

Those cheeks of hers might seem too insignificantly insipid for the world to comprehend; resembling the purest shades of white from the; ebulliently midnight moon,

But each vivacious blush of theirs; maneuvered my ungainly tottering footsteps so celestially to blazing victory; that no other blush on this mammoth Universe; could ever fantasize to bequeath.

Those freshly budding crusts of her teeth might seem too nimbly unwarranted for the world to comprehend; occasionally getting stuck with the robust pinks of her tiny tongue,

But each ardent chattering of theirs; impregnated my impoverished visage with a tenacity so invincibly resolute; that no other chattering on this gargantuan Universe; could ever dream to bequeath.

Those nostrils of hers might seem too lividly inconsequential for the world to comprehend; at times making her minuscule bundle in the cradle invisible; to even the most stringently brilliant of light outside,

But each aristocratic breath of theirs; enshrouded my lugubriously dwindling persona with such astounding exuberance; that no other breath on this scintillating Universe; could ever visualize to bequeath.

And those heartbeats of hers might seem too capriciously evanescent to the world outside; at times making it difficult for strangers to discern as to whether she was lifeless or vibrantly alive,

But each immortal bonding of theirs; made each element of my traumatically beleaguered life blossom with so much unconquerable love; that no other bonding on this tireless Universe; could ever cogitate to bequeath.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortal Electricity

When their wandering eyes met; indefatigably stared at each other even under the most flamboyantly blazing rays of the midday Sun,
The electricity generated was flirtatiously profound; enveloping the atmosphere with the astronomical magnetism of symbiotic existence.

When their blushing cheeks met; unrelentingly stroked each other even as the most thunderous of maelstroms truculently crept from all sides,
The electricity generated was astoundingly poignant; igniting an unsurpassable inferno of spell binding desire; in the heart of disastrously frozen death.

When their nubile fingers met; invincibly bonded with each other; even as the most diabolically Herculean impediment tried to pulverize them; into infinitesimal chunks of raw mincemeat,
The electricity generated was stupendously unflinching; charismatically enlightening every agonizingly bereaved section of the society; with the light of Omniscient companionship.

When their sensuous lips met; frenziedly discovered each other; even as the whiplashes of the barbarically conventional society tried to insidiously thwart them
into the aisles of nothingness,
The electricity generated was voluptuously mesmerizing; triggering sparks of unprecedented excitement; in all witheringly ailing and the monotonously young; handsomely alike.

When their innocuous shadows met; unassailably coalescing with each other; even as unfathomable whirlwinds of abhorrent malice tried to invidiously infiltrate into their holistic stride,
The electricity generated was unbelievably harmonious; aristocratically blending all religion; caste; creed and spurious color alike; into the religion of unbreakable mankind.

When their trembling chests met; bountifully romancing in eternal glory; even as the coffins of ghoulishly crippling loneliness brutally stabbed them into relinquishing their last iota of breath,
The electricity generated was majestically ravishing; beautifully commemorating every trace of despicable disease in vicinity around; with the spirit of timelessly unending brotherhood.

When their enchanting toes met; amiably intermingling in the silken sands; even as the most abominably lecherous parasites tried to relentlessly suck their pristinely youthful blood,
The electricity generated was insurmountably tantalizing; inevitably fomenting every trace of dilapidated absolution to erupt into a thunderball of unlimited ecstasy.

When their fecund breaths met; regally blending with each other's divinely fragrance; even as the tyrannical stench of horrendously dictatorial superpowers tried to tumultuously overwhelm; every iota of their benign goodness,
The electricity generated was impregnably patriotic; insatiably urging every venomously corrupt organism; to forever kiss the gregariously redolent rudiments of
his existence.

And when their passionate hearts met; rhythmically pulsating as a united beat for centuries immemorial; even as hell rained from the fathomless carpets of sky and the earth slapped all traces of holistic existence,
The electricity generated was immortally Omnipotent; celestially metamorphosing all gory bloodshed; pain and malevolent war; into a township of undefeated love; forever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortal Humanity

Give me hands; only to achieve my ultimate mission in life; do my best to alleviate despicable suffering from impoverished mankind,

Give me legs; only to explore every region of this mesmerizing planet; trespass into pathetically dilapidated territories; reaching those shunned from all quarters of society,

Give me eyes; only to absorb the most inconspicuous of beauty lingering profoundly in celestial atmosphere; transport my ailing mates in despair; to their safe abodes
by the river side,

Give me voice; only to sing the most mesmerizing rhymes in this Universe; infiltrating my melody into every household; trembling and profoundly deprived of
bright light,

Give me brain; only to encapsulate all majestic beauty in each of my dreary senses; evolve ingenious ideas; to metamorphose mother earth into a blissful paradise,

Give me hair; only to profusely relish poignant draughts of breeze on my scalp; bounce with untamed exhilaration with impeccable children left stranded on the streets,

Give me smiles; only to rhapsodically blend with nature's bountiful endowment; instill optimistic rays of hope in the lives of those; without an iota of sight,

Give me fingers; only to write countless lines of spell binding poetry; indefatigably propagate the message of peace; through the sacred essence of my verse,

Give me scent; only to bask in the aisles of romantically tantalizing desire; diffuse my enchanting fragrance to those; withering towards an island of utterly hopeless submission,

Give me phlegmatism; only to blend each cranny of my demeanor prudently with corridors of prudent wisdom; commiserate with destitute in diabolical distress,

Give me memory; only to remember the nostalgic moments of childhood in the lap of my revered mother; recall the desires of this entire planet; to enlighten all to the best of my capacity,

Give me shadows; only to mystically pacify parched acres of blistering soil; gloriously rejuvenate my fellow compatriots from their treacherous onslaught of the nonchalant day,

Give me destiny; only to lead my life to the most exuberant of its diminutive capacity; become indispensably instrumental in shaping the future of those retracting fathomless kilometers backwards; after alighting a single step,

Give me bones; only to rise unflinching to every acrimonious obstacle in life; win many a battle for my friends even against the mightiest of horrific devil,

Give me lips; only to kiss and ignite flames even in the most placid of waters; disseminate the virtue of sharing in each organism; hell bent upon terrorizing the planet,

Give me stomach; only to titillate my gluttony with the most splendidly appetizing morsels of food; feed all the hunger stricken with the meals of their choice; till they gathered enough momentum to fend for themselves,

Give me beauty; only to admire the Omnipotent power of the royally divine; uplift my horrendously distorted comrades from realms of deplorable doom,

Give me soul; only to bond with the person I adored even centuries after my death; unite with the perennial wave of mankind in every birth I took birth as a human again,

And Give me heart O! Lord; only to breathe; live and love my beloved; transform together with her and your blessings; this manipulative globe once again; into a land of benevolence; into a land of immortal humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortal Love

When I sighted it standing over the celestial body of sun; it appeared profoundly dazzling shimmering in the vibrant rays,

When I sighted it from the iridescent land of moon; it glistened enchantingly propagating ramifications of congeniality,

When I sighted it from pinnacle of the lanky mountain; it appeared blissfully panoramic; thoroughly enlightening the pallid atmosphere,

When I sighted it from the fetid gutter philandering through the obnoxious sewage; it looked all the more enticing; incarcerating me with waves of jubilation,

When I sighted it sitting solitarily on the temple steps; it appeared as sacrosanct as omnipotent god,

When I sighted it riveted to my seat belt in the inexorably speeding car; it looked prominently distinct amidst hazy outlines of the obscure countryside,

When I sighted it through the candle flame; it looked as innocuous as an untainted angel,

When I sighted it from between rustling branches of the jungle tree; it appeared as pellucid as the scintillating mirror in the ambience of torrential thunderstorm,

When I sighted it riding on bare horseback; it looked magnanimous in the backdrop of paddy fields,

When I sighted it from the charcoal laden speeding train; it appeared as immaculate as the silver oyster in the clouds of venomous black smoke,

When I sighted it from swanky interiors of the blaring discotheque; it looked as sagacious as the newborn child,

When I sighted it while snoozing under the sequestered blankets; it appeared as vivid as the resplendent rainbow,

When I sighted it standing on the corrupt politician's dais; it looked as loyal as the beheaded martyr,

When I sighted it while traversing on sweat soaked grass; it appeared as
astounding as globules of water pelting from the sky,
When I sighted it from within the brutal murderer's den; it looked as impeccable
as frosty cow milk,

When I sighted it from a thousand feet beneath the cloistered earth; it appeared
as vivacious as the flames of crackling fire,

When I sighted it from within the irrevocably forlorn dead coffin; it looked robust
and exuberantly gyrating with life,

When I sighted it from within the interiors of a sunken ship; it appeared as
glorious as the monumental whale,

When I sighted it while ambling on the island of pernicious hell; it looked like a
fairy having just taken bath in mountain water,

It had presented itself as stupendously flawless; no matter where I attempted
sighting it from; the creator in the cosmos called it love; while we had gone one
step further christening it as immortal love.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortal Love- Is In Giving Happiness.

If indefatigably possessing your lover; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally fructifying love,

If stringently monitoring your lover at every step; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally compassionate love,

If giving unabashed freedom to your lover to do what she wants; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally burgeoning love,

If incarcerating your lover in chains of your fervently one-tracked obsession; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally truthful love,

If tirelessly dancing with your lover under the iridescently utopian moonlight; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally unshakable love,

If inconsolably weeping alongwith your lover whenever she felt distressed; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally invincible love,

If eating every meal of yours shared in your lover's rustic plate; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally transcending love,

If staying an infinite miles away on persevering work to earn for your lover; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally mollifying love,

If ardently admiring every aspect of your lover for times immemorial; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally unassailable love,

If speaking everytime for your lover whenever the desire to express arose in her throat; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally ameliorating love,

If unstoppably fornicating with your lover in the aisles of ecstasy; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally blessing love,

If not waiting for your lover the slightest even if she didn't come back after an infinite births; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally reinvigorating love,

If timelessly staring into the intimate eyes of your lover; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally vivacious love,

If allowing your lover to work shoulder to shoulder in this overwhelmingly masculine society; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally majestic love,

If dragging behind your lover like your sole shadow wherever and whenever and for whatever you went; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally Omnipotent love,

If not expecting the tiniest from your lover even though she was wholeheartedly robust and in the prime of youth and health; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally fragrant love,

If commanding your lover to unquestioningly dedicate her entire life at your humanely feet; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally ubiquitous love,

If letting your lover bond the beats of her passionate heart with an infinite more of your kind alongwith you; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally miraculous love,

If overpowering your lover at every step; wholesomely and forever representing her entire personality like her ultimate bodyguard; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally bewitching love,

For Immortally Omnipresent love is in everything by which you give happiness to your lover; whenever; wherever and for whatever reason that he/she wants it; and not in dictatorially finding your very own happiness; like a greedy ghost fortunately and quickly slipping out of its corpse.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortal Lover

With the blessings of my mother profoundly lingering in my eyes,

With nostalgic reflections of my childhood; bearing down overwhelmingly on my heart,

With an insatiable desire to pen down boundless lines of poetry; drown myself into a whirlpool of seductive fantasy,

With a cloak of my divinely Creator; exuberantly inhabiting each contour of my bone,

I entered the monotonous realms of office with fireballs of rebel fulminating in my blood; irrevocably resolving to quit it; the instant I consolidated upon my poetic dreams.

With a spirit of untamed exhilaration encompassing each minuscule cranny of my demeanor; progressing me to march till eternity,

With my fathers incessant advice of being like the eternal Venus star; his effervescence of never ending dynamism embedded deep in my veins,

With a cloudburst of tantalizing fantasy fervently adhering to each pore of my skin,

With my sisters unrelenting passion for exploring the vivaciously new; hovering in the back of my brain,

I plunged head on into the stormy ocean; with an intransigent desire to gallop to the summit of the gigantic mountain; after having breakfast with the sharks.

With profusely compassionate reflections of my grandparents strolling on the verdant lawns,

With the unfathomable myriad of celestial wishes; bestowed upon me by humanitarians whom I had encountered in my way,

With a flurry of impeccably innocent duck quacks; resonating boisterously in intricate corridors of my ears,

With mystical shadows of voluptuously magnificent fairies; deluging my mind like a torrential rain of pearls,

I retired completely from the vagaries of the manipulatively treacherous day; snored like an angel; euphorically inhaling the magical tranquility of the star-studded night.

And with your mesmerizing portrait invincibly riveted to each part of my impoverished countenance,

With your divinely smile insurmountably encapsulating every yearning that emanated from my soul,

With the unsurpassable fortitude in your visage; instilling in me the astronomical fortitude to trespass unflinchingly on each diabolical thorn,

With your godly heartbeats; bonding me in the swirl of your unconquerable romance for centuries immemorial, I wholeheartedly stepped into my corpse; embracing death with equal ebullience as life; only to be reborn infinite times again; as your immortal lover.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortal Lovers

As long as we smile; I promise you that we will both smile together; profoundly admiring the glory of the stupendously brilliant Sun,

As long as we play; I promise you that we will both play together; poking each other innocuously in the tender ribs,

As long as we eat; I promise you that we will both eat meals together; masticating a basket replete with succulent cherries with gay abandon and unprecedented relish,

As long as we rest; I promise you that we will both rest together; entwining our arms invincibly and stare unrelentingly at the pearly island of Moon,

As long as we run; I promise you that we will both run together; exuberantly galloping through the verdant countryside; voraciously exploring and discovering the unfathomably colossal Natural life,

As long as we punch; I promise you that we will both punch together; caressing silken draughts of air with tons of vibrant energy; exhilarating in the aisles of uncanny excitement,

As long as we write; I promise you that we will both write together; flooding page after page with the essence of whatever we had sagaciously imbibed and gathered on the trajectory of this planet,

As long as we sing; I promise you that we will both sing together; permeating the gloomy ambience; with the enthrallingly buoyant cadence in our voice,

As long as we dance; I promise you that we will both dance together; violently gyrating our bodies in ecstatic jubilation to the hidden tunes that lingered in the air,

As long as we study; I promise you that we will both study together; memorize cumbersome stanzas; solve mind boggling enigmas of routine life; with our minds focused single focusedly to achieve our sole mission,

As long as we cry; I promise you that we will both cry together; mutually sharing

the unsurpassable agony that uncouthly besieged our souls,

As long as we scream; I promise you that we will both scream together; inundating the perennially still ambience with the stringent roar that fulminated in our throats,

As long as we teach; I promise you that we will both teach together; unequivocally propagating the religion of humanity in whomsoever we encountered in the tenure of our lives,

As long as we yawn; I promise you that we will both yawn together; lazily languish in the realms of surreal fantasy till the first rays of ethereal dawn furtively crept up from the sky,

As long as we lick; I promise you that we will both lick together; greedily slurping sparkling streams of water from the boundlessly deep well,

As long as we climb; I promise you that we will both climb together; assiduously clamber up the treacherous slopes with our bodies leaning stunningly close to each other; and the resplendent festoon of stars maneuvering us towards the incomprehensibly towering summits,

As long as we dream; I promise you that we will both dream together; fantasize the most bizarre possible of things ever perceived on this planet; philander every second into a garden overwhelmed with poignantly scented roses,

As long as we joke; I promise you that we will both joke together; erupting into a volley of tangy laughter which voluptuously struck the air,

As long as we breathe; I promise you that we will both breathe together; inhale blissful wind; incessantly deluging our lungs with all the fresh breath that we could salvage from the atmosphere,

And as long as we take birth on this soil; I promise you that we will both take birth together; continue to exist as immortal lovers not only in this birth; but for many more births together.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortal Mother

Not even the most indomitably peaking and handsomely compassionate of mountains could ever dream of perennially protecting me; as much as,

Not even the most tantalizingly tangy and intrepidly fearless of oceans could ever dream of bountifully revitalizing me; as much as,

Not even the most celestially sacrosanct and pristinely blessed of cows could ever dream of holistically purifying me; as much as,

Not even the most vivaciously virgin and indispensably mollifying droplets of rain could ever dream of victoriously liberating me; as much as,

Not even the most optimistically brilliant and unceasingly divine of Sunlight could ever dream of insuperably inspiring me; as much as,

Not even the most resplendently tranquil and irrefutably altruistic of shadows could ever dream of endlessly pacifying me; as much as,

Not even the most ebulliently mystical and impeccably benign of moonlight could ever dream of timelessly consecrating me; as much as,

Not even the most fathomlessly majestic and unsurpassably unhindered of skies could ever dream of inexhaustibly freeing me; as much as,

Not even the most Omnipotently blessed and symbiotically fortified of milk could ever dream of perpetually nourishing me; as much as,

Not even the most inscrutably enthralling and vividly embellished of forests could ever dream of forever entrancing me; as much as,

Not even the most redolently inimitable and unassailably royal of lotus's could ever dream of limitlessly befriending me; as much as,

Not even the most fantastically potent and everlastingly fructifying of seeds could ever dream of gloriously burgeoning me; as much as,

Not even the most supremely invincible and unprecedentedly vibrant of paradise could ever dream of unceasingly blessing me; as much as,

Not even the most eternally glorifying and serendipitously stupefying of rainbows could ever dream of insurmountably bewitching me; as much as,

Not even the most candidly scintillating and indefatigably honest of mirrors could ever dream of truthfully reflecting me; as much as,

Not even the most magically ameliorating and wonderfully crystalline of streams could ever dream of bounteously quenching my thirst; as much as,

Not even the most ingeniously original and boundlessly mitigating of fantasies could ever dream of miraculously alleviating me; as much as,

Not even the most unconquerably Omnipresent and ubiquitously ever-pervading of messiahs; saints; lovers and heartthrobs could ever dream of harmoniously rekindling me; as much as,

As much as my immortal mother is forever crazy about even the most infinitesimal aspect of my existence; as much as my mother protected me from even the most diminutive trace of the devil before I could emanate my very first breath; as much as my mother endlessly blesses me even in the most oblivious of her dreams; as much as my mother admires me more than what anything could have admired anything else on this fathomless Universe; as much as my mother forgives me more than what the Lord could have forgiven any organism alive on this aristocratic earth; as much as my Mother breathes my and solely my reflection in each of her breath; and in every of her lifetime.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortal Soldiers - Part 1

They ran on frozen ice; draping their bodies in threadbare minimum of inexpensive cloth,
Took their positions scrupulously behind incoherent lumps; aiming dead straight with their missiles.

They hardly paid attention to food; surviving on parsimonious amounts of water compounded with intermittent meals,
Swirled their eyes rampantly in all directions; trying to track the slightest of movement; the most inconspicuous of sound.

They didn't budge an inch at the sound of bullet firing; instead retorted back with indiscriminate gunfire of their own,
Belligerently attacking with their grenades and tanks; trying vehemently to push back the infiltrators.

They used their fists onerously to dig furrows in the snow; sequestering themselves from the opposite camp,
Used every trick in their armory to entice the intruders; before mercilessly assassinating them.

They constructed their camps in the inclement cold; dexterously spreading the heaps of canvas they had onerously carried on their shoulder,
Listened diligently to crisp voices emanating from their walkie talkies; endeavoring to adhere to every command of their seniors as stringently as possible.

They were quite accustomed to the obstreperous noise echoing far and distant throughout the valley; as it was an indispensable part of their lives,
Incessantly chalked plans to capture their adversaries with surprise; without giving them the tiniest of insinuation.

They hardly talked about their miseries; the streams of blood trickling down their bare palms,
Instead courageously pepped up each other; envisaging the sweetness of victory; applying cold water to their wounds as an antiseptic medicine.

They audaciously struck their swords into their opponents chest; remaining unperturbed by the tyrannical gasps of profound anguish,
Took several soldiers at a time; still remaining invincibly triumphant in the

end.

They remembered their families on infinite occasions of time; nostalgically
reviving the blissful moments they had spent back home,
However phlegmatically shrug such thoughts away; when they saw them
interfering with the safety of their country.

They were unrelentingly fighting to save their nation; at prime cost of sacrificing
their lives; ensuring that a majority of their population rested cozily in their
homes,

I considered myself nowhere near the most obscure fractions of their shadows;
as I was dying every moment to save my cowardly life,
While they lived for centuries unprecedented even after death; as they had
deservedly earned the proud status of being 'IMMORTAL SOLDIERS'.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortal Soldiers - Part 2

Whether it be the tumultuous tornado mercilessly slashing our throats; or
whether the rain came down so treacherously from the sky; that we couldn't
even see
an infinitesimal step further,

Whether an unfathomable battalion of savage panthers tried to tear us apart in
our way; or whether the ground felt salaciously slipping under our hopelessly
galloping feet,

Whether ominous daggerheads of uncertainty plagued us as we advanced
forward; or whether the sky seemed to be miserably blending forever with
inconspicuous earth,

Whether an unsurpassable dungeon of diabolical scorpions parasitically blood
from our patriotic veins; or whether the freezing mountains seemed so
unassailable; that tears refrained to stop down our cheeks,

We will indefatigably continue to march forward for our country as its immortal
soldiers; will intractably cease to rest until the last iota of our sacrosanct
motherland; is blissfully relieved from the clutches of the tyrannical devil.

1.

Whether a gorge of acrid thorns viciously hit us in the soft spots of our eyes; or
whether there wasn't even the tiniest droplet of water available to placate the
murderously traumatized agony; in our throats,

Whether the Sun shone so swelteringly that each speck of energy sagged
inevitably from our dreary bones; or whether the ghastly blackness of the night;
disdainfully maimed us in every step that we alighted,

Whether the profound memories of our children made the blood chillingly freeze
in our veins; or whether an avalanche of bombs from the other side;
disintegrated
our caricature into an infinite pieces of worthless sawdust,

Whether diabolical earthquakes tried to heinously devour us in our stride; or
whether the entrenchment of devilish hell was all that was ostensibly visible on
every lane we chose,

We will unflinchingly continue to march forward for our country as its immortal soldiers; will irrefutably deny breath to relinquish our nostrils; until every space of our divinely motherland; is perennially bereft of the sweat of invidious traitors.

2.

Whether corpses of remorsefully devastating despair were the only things to greet us as we entered into the color of dawn; or whether perniciously heinous swords indiscriminately chopped of our chest; nose and feet,

Whether maelstroms of horrendously torturous captivity loomed large on every step that we trespassed; or whether the cries of disparaging extinction augmented in intensity as each instant unfurled into an entire minute,

Whether whirlpools of unbearable pain stabbed us beyond realms of holistic reprieve; or whether the weight of our own deteriorated visage's became so onerous; that it yearned to sink to beneath soil for an eternal rest,

Whether the insatiably Herculean tenacity of the opposing force made us tremble in sheer disbelief; or whether the lap of our divinely mother incessantly called us back to be invincibly cuddled,

We will unconquerably continue to march forward for our country as its immortal soldiers; will throw all sleep and rest away from our blazingly bloodshot eyes; until even the last fragment of our heavenly motherland; jubilantly rejoices in the essence of glorious victory.

3.

Whether all uncouth lechery on this planet was let loose upon our innocent bodies; or whether vengefully sinister sharks ardently waited ahead to pulverize us into abominable mincemeat,

Whether even the most mesmerizing of thoughts in our minds froze to just the singleton corpse of hopelessness; or whether lethally hideous venom was impregnated into our skins after removing all blood inside,

Whether brutally amputated parts of our bodies pathetically decayed in the aisles of asphyxiating boredom; or whether the anxious voices of our wives back home sapped every trace of energy from our resolute souls,

Whether powerhouses of lecherous greed gave us the status of martyrs after we altruistically shed our lives; or whether our vision became an insipidly obfuscated blur as the enemy camp tyrannically gouged us; for the remainder of our lives,

We will perpetually continue to march forward for our country as its immortal soldiers; will never let our lives see even the most remote beam of light; until the breath from every quarter of our revered motherland; spawned from only the sons of its very own choice.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortal Wife

At times an innocuous child; transiting me way back into profound nostalgia; as she teased and frolicked on my lap,

At times a romantic philosopher; teaching me the unfathomable forms of love; as she danced tantalizingly under the blanket of majestically twinkling stars,

At times a voracious busy body; brewing for me the most sumptuous meals of my life; as she perspired like a bull under disdainful smoke that emanated from the
kitchen stove,

At times an eternal friend; standing by my side like an invincible fortress in my hour of dilapidated distress; as she kissed all my apprehensions away with her voluptuous lips,

At times a meticulous matron; imparting me a right to exist in the cleanest of heaven; as she enchantingly purified my home and soul; alike,

At times an ultimate seductress; igniting my life with thunderbolts of insatiable passion; as she floated like an exotic fairy in each of my ravishing dream,

At times a Goddess of perpetual love; ensuring that I breathed to my fullest each unleashing minute of life; as she inundated every aspect of my existence with her
stupendously royal caress,

At times a bird of uninhibited freedom; making me drift far away from monotonous reality; embracing me tirelessly in a land of mesmerizing rose and paradise,

At times a magically silken angel; annihilating even the most tiniest of thorn from my life; as she encapsulated me from all sides; with the philanthropic warmth of her soul,

At times a sacrosanct mother; seeing to it that I stringently accomplished all my assignments of the day; as she became the insurmountable tenacity in my eyes; the astronomical conviction in my heart,

At times a revered teacher; maneuvering me with astounding dexterity through

each aspect of persevering life; as she herself sacrificed all wonderful ecstasy in life,

At times a sharing father; defending me against all treachery lingering around; as she listened and profoundly commiserated with my unfortunate tale of woes,

At times a mischievous sister; incessantly teasing me till I fulminated into unrelenting laughter; as she bounced and vivaciously radiated into a festoon of bubbly smiles,

At times a thorough professional; stirring me out from my horrendously baseless fantasies which led to nothingness; as she marched forward to unflinchingly enjoy every aspect of existence,

At times an ardent fanatic; perpetuating me to drown into realms of unending fantasy; as she indefatigably swished under milky rays of impeccable moonlight,

At times a magnanimous messiah; teaching me to bow down to humanity irrespective of religion; caste or creed; as she benevolently donated all her riches to impoverished mankind in pain,

At times the epitome of beauty; deluging my survival with enthralling entrenchment and stupendous charm; as she gallivanted merrily on the aisles of augmenting desire glistening as splendidly as the Sun,

At times a gentle draught of wind; granting me that eternal peace that I had always desired; as she herself underwent all the miseries of salaciously treacherous life,

At times this; and At times that; the list is endless but still a fraction too frugal to describe her divinely countenance; as she was everything for me in my impoverished life; she was my immortal wife.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortally Afraid

I wasn't afraid of inexplicably gloomy darkness; as I unflinchingly embraced it with the profuse enlightenment to fanatically exist; lingering impregnably in my eyes,

I wasn't afraid of diabolically satanic thorns; as I tread over them without batting a single eyelid; with an overwhelming yearning to survive exuberantly encapsulating each of impoverished senses,

I wasn't afraid of morbidly remorseful solitude; as I blazingly confronted each acrimonious obstacle that dared trespass me in my way; with a wave of unrelenting optimism; encompassing me like an invincible fortress from all sides,

I wasn't afraid of treacherously devastating destiny; as I wholeheartedly accepted the winds of tyrannical doom in my ebulliently gallant stride; kissed the heavens of robust life with an unsurpassable ardor to exist turbulently fulminating; in each iota of my blood,

I wasn't afraid of treacherously blood soaked roads; as I coined a path of benign righteousness on every lane that I tread; with an ocean of unfathomable majesty descending enthrallingly; over single of my enthusiastic bone,

I wasn't afraid of morbidly forlorn boredom; as I enamoringly embraced the curtainspread of vivacious freedom even in my times of malicious prejudice; to triumphantly pioneer a holistic new chapter of fulfilling life,

I wasn't afraid of manipulatively distorted ugliness; as I sculptured immaculately benevolent townships with the blessings of the grandiloquently Omnipotent Lord; astoundingly unfurling into a fascinating kaleidoscope of heavenly color; in timeless life,

I wasn't afraid of horrendously despicable crippling; as I formidably stored a platform of irrefutable truth for centuries immemorial; ecstatically rejoicing and replenishing in the full spirit of; graciously bequeathing life,

I wasn't afraid of parasitically satanic demons sucking blood; as I dexterously dispersed them singlehandedly from mammoth crowds of innocuous peace;

flamboyantly marching ahead; with the incomprehensible ardor of existence,

I wasn't afraid of disastrously freezing and cold blooded avalanches; as I profoundly engrossed my mind; body and spirit in unprecedented clouds of meditation; enveloping each ingredient of my crimson blood with untamed glory; and spell binding fascination,

I wasn't afraid of devastatingly scorching heat; as I magnificently pacified each of my tumultuously withering nerves; with the blissful melody of gorgeously captivating existence,

I wasn't afraid of hideously snobbish and ulterior malice; as I celestially blossomed into unfathomable newness on every rhapsodic hill that I trespassed through; voluptuously caressing every mesmerizing ingredient of fathomless beauty; philandering on this gregarious planet,

I wasn't afraid lecherously savage corruption; as I incorrigibly traversed on the path of harmonious solidarity; existing in divine synergy with the waterfall of euphoric love,

I wasn't afraid of heinously penalizing beasts; as I endeavored my best to maneuver them back on the road to symbiotic intermingling; with an unsurpassable fervor to clamber to the epitome of philanthropically scintillating success; transpiring me ahead; in charismatic life,

I wasn't afraid of gloomily wavering undulations; as I intransigently adhered to all the simplistically redolent philosophies of godly existence; solely and profoundly listening to the inner most voices of my heart,

I wasn't afraid of brutally despairing blindness; as I brilliantly culminated into a tornado of stupendous energy and royalty; wholesomely clinging to the invincible tree; of piquantly vibrant life,

I wasn't afraid of deplorably horrific poverty; as I supremely placated each vein and reflection of mine with the perennially everlasting fruits of magical nature; sleeping under the blanket of bountifully bestowing life,

I wasn't even afraid of rampantly slipping and gruesomely massacring breath; as I was inevitably prepared to face even the most lecherous tryst with gory death; only to perpetually rest in wonderfully Omniscient entrenchment of Almighty God; for times
immemorial,

But I was immortally afraid of losing her majestically silken grace; of losing her impeccably timeless voice; as I would incessantly chant; experience; explore and blend with bloody death every unveiling minute without her; although I was in the prime of pristine youth; and had countless more years of sparkling life.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortally Dead

If mercilessly gouging both my eyes meant that; nobody on this boundless planet would ever be born pathetically blind once again; then gouge them this very minute and without the slightest of circumspection; O! Almighty Lord,

If ruthlessly snatching all my wealth meant that; nobody on this fathomless planet would ever be born disastrously poor once again; then snatch it away this very minute and without the tiniest of skepticism; O! Almighty Lord,

If barbarically decimating both my arms and legs meant that; nobody on this infinite planet would ever be born treacherously maim once again; then decimate them this very minute and without the most insipid of comprehension; O! Almighty Lord,

If murderously extricating all my repertoire of charismatic smiles meant that; nobody on this timeless planet would ever be born morbidly impoverished once again; then extricate them this very minute and without the most infinitesimal of deliberation; O! Almighty Lord,

If ominously pulverizing all my voluptuously exotic beauty meant that; nobody on this fascinating planet would ever be born lecherously ugly once again; then it this very minute and without the most minuscule of contemplation; O! Almighty Lord,

If satanically emptying my stomach even of its last morsel of tantalizing food meant that; nobody on this everlasting planet would ever be born devastatingly hungry once again; then empty it this very minute and without the most frigid of speculation; O! Almighty Lord,

If diabolically numbing the chords of melody in my throat meant that; nobody on this gigantic planet would ever be born ludicrously dumb once again; then numb them this very minute and without the most evanescent of thought; O! Almighty Lord,

If invidiously tricking my senses into a dungeon of venomously lethal scorpion meant that; nobody on this bountiful planet would ever be born manipulatively cheated once again; then trick them this very minute and without the most ethereal of pondering; O! Almighty Lord,

If salaciously exploiting every iota of my ravishingly titillating flesh meant that; nobody on this endless planet would ever be born tyrannically mutilated once again; then exploit it this very minute and without the most diminutive of ruminations; O! Almighty Lord,

If heinously stealing all my ability to magically discern the cadence of piquant sound meant that; nobody on this enchanting planet would ever be born horrendously deaf once again; then steal it this very minute and without the most inconsequential of cogitations; O! Almighty Lord,

If insidiously poisoning every element of my robustly scarlet blood with debilitating disease meant that; nobody on this mesmerizing planet would ever be born brutally incapacitated once again; then poison it this very minute and without the most inconspicuous of musings; O! Almighty Lord,

If horrifically inflicting my flamboyantly glimmering eyeballs with an unfathomable ocean of despairing tears meant that; nobody on this blistering planet would ever be born pathetically lamenting once again; then inflict them this very minute and without the most minutest of pensiveness; O! Almighty Lord,

If cannibalistically snapping every iota of my spell binding memory meant that; nobody on this marvelous planet would ever be born insanely lunatic once again; then snap it this very minute and without the most lackadaisical of reflections; O! Almighty Lord,

If deplorably annihilating all job opportunities for me even though I brilliantly dazzled meant that; nobody on this gorgeous planet would ever be born staggeringly unemployed once again; then annihilate them this very minute and without the most capricious of thoughts; O! Almighty Lord,

If savagely destroying every trace of my resplendently twinkling reflection meant that; nobody on this majestic planet would ever be born disparagingly orphaned once again; then destroy it this very minute and without the most remotest of afterthoughts; O! Almighty Lord,

If maliciously inebriating my patriotic will power to unflinchingly fight meant that; nobody on this glorious planet would ever be born nonchalantly sluggish once

again; then inebriate it this very minute and without the most infinitesimal of brooding; O! Almighty Lord,

If manipulatively corrupting my righteous conscience with dungeons of blood sucking depravation meant that; nobody on this magical planet would ever be born

ungainly guilty once again; then corrupt it this very minute and without the most ephemeral of consideration; O! Almighty Lord,

If devilishly massacring every puff of my blissfully cascading breath meant that; nobody on this perpetual planet would be ever be born tragically dead once again; then massacre it this very minute and without the most obsolete of mulling; O! Almighty Lord,

And if uncouthly betraying my perennially throbbing heart meant that; nobody on this invincible planet would ever be born remorsefully lonely once again; then betray it this very minute and without the most faintest of deliberation; O! Almighty Lord,

For if just extinguishing a single life of mine; could astoundingly proliferate into a countless more celestial lives; bequeath upon the world its lost quota of jubilant happiness; then I would feel the most privileged organism O! Almighty Lord; to be immortally dead.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortally Living Art.

To procreate countless more of your kind was inherently natural; but to instill in them the irrefutably invincible principles of mankind; was a majestically impeccable art,

To replenish your stomach with all tantalizingly piquant food on this Universe was inevitably natural; but to scrupulously digest them and yet sparkle into an ocean of celestially rubicund health; was a perseveringly magical art,

To transit into a heavenly slumber and fantasize uninhibitedly about all ingratiating exoticism on this planet was blissfully natural; but to manifest all those spell binding dreams into an eternal reality; was an unassailably enduring art,

To listen to the fulminating voices of your intrepid soul was poignantly natural; but to invincibly march forward in united patriotism to annihilate the last iota of evil from your sacrosanct motherland; was an indefatigably resplendent art,

To euphorically bathe at the commencement of brilliant Sunshine was iridescently natural; but to utilize every bit of your marvelously sparkling freshness to enlighten all despicably bereaved humanity; was an ebulliently gutsy art,

To dance till eternity in times of ecstatic jubilation was exuberantly natural; but to ubiquitously disseminate the same unending happiness in every dwelling besieged with horrifically remorseful despair; was a handsomely philanthropic art,

To wholeheartedly immerse yourself in your very own religion was holistically natural; but to unequivocally preach the religion of humanity till the last breath of your existing life; was a grandiloquently benign art,

To encapsulate your entire persona with ravishing petals of rose and insatiably overwhelming scent was scintillatingly natural; but to waft the Omnipotent scent of coalesced mankind; on every murderously manipulative cranny of this earth; was a timelessly mesmerizing art,

To profoundly enjoy the divinely melody in the atmosphere was quintessentially natural; but to tirelessly propagate every element of your ebullience to all those miserably crippled and penurious destitute; was a glitteringly humanitarian art,

To sight umpteenth galleries of wonderfully serene objects around you was instinctively natural; but to altruistically become the walking stick of all those horrendously penalized and gruesomely blind; was a miraculously Omniscient art,

To sagaciously invest all your fathomless treasuries of wealth in the best possible gains was prudently natural; but to chivalrously dissipate even a minuscule fraction of your opulence to the service of the devastatingly deprived; was a perpetually sacred art,

To joyously gallop through fields of flirtatiously sensuous freedom was flamboyantly natural; but to hoist all those bereft of hands and feet to destinations transcending the land of paradise; was a benevolently bequeathing art,

To cling to the lap of your mother whenever you felt gorily shattered was incomprehensibly natural; but to perennially ensure that the entire planet irrevocably clung to the strings of enchanting humanity; was a gloriously princely art,

To harmoniously augment the granaries of crimson blood in your countenance was poignantly natural; but to selflessly shed the same for your countrymen incarcerated with treacherous despair; was a glitteringly Omnipresent art,

To decorate your pristinely barren skin with royal pearls and ornaments was splendidly natural; but to stupendously embellish the fabric of all despicably dithering mankind with untamed cloudbursts of love; was a ubiquitously charismatic art,

To act candidly and in synergy with the voice of your intransigently righteous conscience was intrinsically natural; but to wholesomely decimate the salacious web of lies from every corner of this earth with the voice of unconquerably impeccable truth; was a royally regale art,

To tranquilly inhale air all round the clock and with the most prolific of intensity was indispensably natural; but to aristocratically placate the brutally traumatized agony of all those miserably divested with each of your breath; was a passionately Almighty art,

To relentlessly love and bountifully adore the girl of your every dream was

tumultuously natural; but dedicating every single beat of your heart to all those orphaned and acrimoniously betrayed; was an unfathomably heavenly art,

And to rhapsodically live this birth and intransigently perceive to survive for an infinite more births yet to come was incredulously natural; but sacrificing each instant of your life to astoundingly spawn a countless new tomorrows of optimistic hope and vibrant courage; was an immortally living art.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortally Mine

Call me lame; treacherously incapacitated to hoist even a frigidly floating
whisker; in my venomously devastated palms,
Call me dumb; irrevocably shunning all quarters of conventionally bombastic
society; spending my life like a wholesome recluse; in cocoons of pathetically
rustic wilderness,
Call me blind; not able to sight even my own reflection in the most brilliantly
sweltering sunlight; and after possessing handsome pairs of immaculately
shimmering eyes,
Call me deaf; sleeping like an uncouth devil even in the most tumultuously
lambasting sound; languidly crawling towards the caverns of inexplicable doom,
But come what may; I will keep loving her till countless more births yet to unfurl;
irrespective of what the spuriously monotonous society said and although the
clouds blended with threadbare soil; as she was irrefutably and immortally mine.

Call me stupid; not possessing even the most infinitesimal of tenacity to
fantasize beyond my voice; stumbling like a pack of bizarre cards; at the tiniest
stroke of intelligence,
Call me lackadaisical; relinquishing every iota of exuberance to wholesomely
blend with the winds of gruesome nothingness; snoozing worse than a
capriciously stinking pig even as the first rays of Sun; flamboyantly caressed the
ground,
Call me venomous; inflicting astronomical misery and horrific pain upon every
cranny of soil that I tread; poisoning the fathomless fabric of celestial mankind
with the satanic hostility in my deleterious blood,
Call me manipulative; ominously epitomizing the deplorably ghastly chapter of
give and take; enviously plotting behind my very own kin's back,
But come what may; I will keep loving her till the last droplet of blood circulated
in my impoverished veins; irrespective of what the murderously rigid society said
and although hell rained uninhibitedly from colossal skies; as she was
unassailably and
immortally mine.

Call me esoteric; a sleazily withering entity abstrusely hard to comprehend;
rotting profusely towards the aisles of abominable condemnation,
Call me diminutive; even more disastrously inconspicuous than parasitic white
mice; whiling away my entire lifetime sucking innocent blood from this
mesmerizing planet,
Call me insane; aimlessly wandering like a diabolical lunatic through an endless
labyrinth of meaninglessly dusty streets; diffusing unprecedented terror in

innocuous households with my devilish deeds,
Call me fanatic; obsessively chanting just a single mantra all day and sinister
night; excoriating even the slightest of relation with the extraneous world,
But come what may; I will keep loving her each time God bequeathed upon me a
chance to philanthropically survive; irrespective of what the lecherously corrupt
society said and although the earth heinously split even before I could alight a
single foot; as she was unequivocally and immortally mine.

Call me shy; astoundingly mortified by even the most infidel speck of breeze
that dared blow my side; indefatigably licking dust for breakfast; lunch and
dinner; due to my extreme inhibition to melange with the eclectic world outside,
Call me a mosquito; incessantly buzzing my unfathomable repertoire of
pertinently cacophonous rhyme; before I was eventually exonerated to boundless
bits; with the descending hands of my master,

Call me far-fetched; perceiving the most unsurpassably worthless things in the
tenure of my destined life; trying to clamber upon a mountain of dreams; that
never did exist,

Call me beggar; inexorable spreading my fingers for decades immemorial; and
yet not able to pacify the astronomical pangs of hunger in my miserably
bedraggled stomach,

But come what may; I will keep loving her till the last puff of air; till the last
heartbeat ebulliently lingered in my chest and although the witches of doomsday
vindictively augmented their stranglehold upon all mankind; as she was
perennially and immortally mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortally Natural.

An infinitesimal fraction accentuated was the tip of the flamboyantly towering hill; pompously soaring towards the Omnipotently golden Sun,

An inconspicuous fraction accentuated was the salt entrapped in the ravishingly undulating waves; simmering in poignantly untamed desire; as the froth emphatically clashed against the marvelous rocks,

A capricious fraction accentuated were the blades of perennial grass; overwhelmingly encapsulated with coats of effusively profuse green and a tantalizingly enthralling carpet of scintillating dewdrops,

A transient fraction accentuated were the clouds in the fathomlessly ebullient sky; extravagantly enveloped with shades of embellished scarlet and streaks of voluptuously thunderous lightening,

An ethereal fraction accentuated were the philosophers in the classroom; tumultuously over-doing their acts of portraying an unfathomably unending repertoire of human emotions,

A fugitive fraction accentuated were the roses in the blissful meadows; indefatigably blooming to caress the walls of eternal paradise; profoundly enticing the mischievously philandering bees for a quick kiss,

A diminutive fraction accentuated were the speeches of the manipulative politicians; spuriously promising the masses of things; they perhaps might not be able to ever witness even in an infinite more lifetimes,

A mercurial fraction accentuated was the melting of the incomprehensibly mammoth iceberg; at times deliberating wailing as the Sun caressed it an instant longer; with its compassionately magical rays,

An ephemeral fraction accentuated was the painting of the sensuously romantic artist; intransigently overwhelming even the most tiniest iota of the barren canvas; with vibrantly loquacious color,

A parsimonious fraction accentuated was the scintillating shark's tail; bombastically flashing every now and again in rustically volatile frostiness,

An evanescent fraction accentuated was the regally soaring eagle in the sky; shamelessly exhibiting its mesmerizing wings a trifle more than necessary; and more unabashedly as each second unfurled into a wholesome minute,

A tiny fraction accentuated was the exhilaratingly dancing peacock; at times stretching its feathers beyond the dormitories of comfort; just to replenish and rejoice in the wonderfully glorious rain,

A minute fraction accentuated was the song of the melodiously enchanting nightingale; leaving its ecstatically relentless reverberations even centuries unprecedented even after; it emanated its first voice,

A miniature fraction accentuated was the animated leap of the boisterous frogs; incessantly bouncing in the sleazily stray monsoon ponds; throughout the fabric of the exotically divine night,

A bizarre fraction accentuated were the parties of the disconcertingly dissatisfied business tycoons; baselessly blowing quintessentially precious moments of veritably vital life; in meaningless wisps of cigar smoke and wine,

An insipid fraction accentuated was the stride of the sluggishly languishing tortoise; as it took imperceptibly marathon hours on the trot; to even sprout its neck out of its obdurately motionless shell,

A non-existent fraction accentuated was the march of
the victoriously exuberant soldiers; tirelessly
brandishing their unflinching brawn and sword; to
realms beyond infinite infinity,

An indecipherable fraction accentuated was the
frequency of unconquerably timeless breath; at moments
inadvertently expunging out with truculently volatile
ferocity; to release the inner most chords of the bereaved soul,

But immortally natural; uninhibitedly priceless;
invincibly Omniscient; was their eternally gratifying
love; as each beat of their heart kept on rhythmically
bonding with all philanthropically benign; as each
beat of their heart bountifully coalesced into a
symbiotic journey of oneness; which lasted for an
endless more lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortally Overpowering

Immortally overpowering; were her majestically seductive and ingratiating lips;
over the lackadaisically chapped contours; which were diminutively mine,

Immortally overpowering; were her tantalizingly ravishing and swirling hair; over
the uncontrollably trembling scalp; which was parsimoniously mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her stupendously fragrant and bountiful belly;
over the insatiably starved folds; which were humbly mine,

Immortally overpowering; were her poignantly crimson and Omnipotent cheeks;
over the pathetically freckled skin; which was stingily mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her celestially mellifluous and rhapsodic voice;
over the uncannily quavering cadence; which was miserly mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her fantastically embellished and articulate neck;
over the ruggedly penurious flesh; which was emaciatingly mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her royally philanthropic and timeless
graciousness; over the rampantly vacillating emotions; which were
quintessentially mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her irrefutably insuperable and unflinching faith;
over the fabric of untamed sensuality; which was ethereally mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her enchantingly spell bindingly and glorious
fragrance; over the onerously oozing armpits; which were intricately mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her charismatically magical and unassailable
grace; over the incessantly shivering goose-bumps; which were nostalgically
mine,

Immortally overpowering; were her fascinatingly dangling and immaculate
earlobes; over the obsoletely deafened senses; which were minutely mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her divinely mesmerizing and vivacious dance;
over the profusely famished rhythm; which was nonchalantly mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her beautifully heavenly and enigmatic shadow;

over the desolately destitute stride; which was haplessly mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her benevolently egalitarian and sacrosanct humanity; over the maliciously manipulated whisper; which was sleazily mine,

Immortally overpowering; were her miraculously healing and unconquerable feet; over the nervously skittish uncertainty; which was sporadically mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her blazingly altruistic and self made destiny lines; over the despicably withering frigidity; which was hopelessly mine,

Immortally overpowering; were her magnanimously bestowing and patriotic shoulders; over the tumultuously proliferating uncanniness; which was inherently mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her intransigently righteous and innocuous conscience; over the web of derogatory malice; which was forcibly mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her magnetically invincible and Omniscient breath; over the unsurpassably asphyxiating hollowness; which was truculently mine,

And Immortally overpowering; was her perpetually magnificent and endless love; over the preposterously diminishing heart; which was ungainly mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortally Splashed

The impoverished eyes irrefutably loved it; when joyously splashed with unfathomable cisterns of overwhelmingly poignant empathy,

The disastrously impeached lips irrefutably loved it; when amiably splashed with a sky of fathomlessly benign smiles,

The insanely beleaguered hair irrefutably loved it; when ebulliently splashed with insatiable whirlwinds of exotically euphoric breeze,

The treacherously orphaned spider irrefutably loved it; when voluptuously splashed with an unsurpassable river of gorgeously compassionate silk,

The traumatically scorched grass blades irrefutably loved it; when tantalizingly splashed by a ravishing fountain of effusively mesmerizing dewdrops,

The pathetically monotonous ears irrefutably loved it; when fascinatingly splashed by a bountiful ocean of enchantingly melodious sounds,

The drearily lambasted skin irrefutably loved it; when thunderously splashed by an unrelenting downpour of euphorically everlasting rain,

The dolorously languishing snakes irrefutably loved it; when ominously splashed by a vindictive dungeon of diabolically threatening venom,

The lecherously tyrannized nests irrefutably loved it; when beautifully splashed by an immaculate festoon of marvelously ingratiating and pristine eggs,

The preposterously decaying walls irrefutably loved it; when resplendently splashed by a majestic kaleidoscope of vivaciously charismatic and seductive color,

The brutally orphaned children irrefutably loved it; when eternally splashed by infernos of insatiable belonging and gregariously comforting togetherness,

The boundlessly barren sky irrefutably loved it; when gloriously splashed by the unendingly crimson blanket of pungently enamoring clouds,

The truculently trembling and frigid body irrefutably loved it; when affably

splashed by an insatiably untamed fabric of comforting cloth,

The capriciously withering and lackadaisically swaying flower irrefutably loved it; when boisterously splashed by a delectably exotic swarm of effervescent honey bees,

The haplessly staggering artist irrefutably loved it; when aristocratically splashed by exhilaratingly undulating waves of stupendously miraculous color,

The salaciously ostracized mother irrefutably loved it; when heavenly splashed by an ever-pervading cradle of supremely spell binding and unconquerable innocence,

The despondently dejected and miserably crestfallen irrefutably loved it; when timelessly splashed by an unassailably panoramic entrenchment of celestial freshness,

The inevitably maimed and gruesomely blinded man irrefutably loved it; when philanthropically splashed by impregnably perennial winds of Godly humanity, The hopelessly dying and dithering nose irrefutably loved it; when ecstatically splashed by invincibly perpetual curtainspreads of majestically limitless breath,

And the profoundly betrayed and despicably shattered heart irrefutably loved it; when immortally splashed by sacred rainbows of tireless togetherness; by a relationship that unshakably possessed it for infinite more births; yet to come.

Nikhil Parekh

Immortally United Mankind

I wanted this entire world to unite exactly like; those rambunctiously uninhibited honey bees; feeling so unshakably victorious; in their unconquerably amalgamated and swarming hive,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those wondrously ecstatic honey bees; feeling so infallibly victorious; in their melodiously symbiotic and stupendously artistic hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those effulgently boisterous honey bees; feeling so unsurpassably victorious; in their gregariously mesmerizing and benevolently heart shaped hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those timelessly enthralling honey bees; feeling so impregnably victorious; in their jubilantly emollient and perennially holistic hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those enchantingly blissful honey bees; feeling so ardently victorious; in their ebulliently buzzing and unfathomably enlightening hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those ubiquitously unflinching honey bees; feeling so insuperably victorious; in their eternally resplendent and opulently embellished hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those amiably iridescent honey bees; feeling so uncompromisingly victorious; in their unconquerably utopian and copiously oozing hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those symbiotically enamoring honey bees; feeling so limitlessly victorious; in their interminably silken and voluptuously nubile hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those redolently celestial honey bees; feeling so everlastingly victorious; in their affably bonding and

indefatigably
exploring hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those astoundingly bewitching
honey bees; feeling so supremely victorious; in their tirelessly synergistic and
quintessentially sweetened hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those congenially robust honey
bees; feeling so ecumenically victorious; in their unbelievably intricate and
endlessly
eclectic hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those incredulously optimistic
honey bees; feeling so blazingly victorious; in their charismatically endowed and
vivaciously
effulgent hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those brilliantly versatile honey
bees; feeling so unshakably victorious; in their inexhaustibly scintillating and
gorgeously unabashed hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those bounteously burgeoning
honey bees; feeling so unstoppably victorious; in their marvelously majestic and
infallibly
enriched hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those unflinchingly fearless honey
bees; feeling so inimitably victorious; in their ravishingly pristine and innocuously
fluttering hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those mischievously tangy bees;
feeling so sacredly victorious; in their unceasingly blessed and gloriously
shimmering hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those artistically innovative honey
bees; feeling so unimpeachably victorious; in their spectacularly varied and
peacefully protective hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those profusely passionate honey
bees; feeling so royally victorious; in their pricelessly egalitarian and unendingly
joyous hives,

And after perpetually uniting like these unassailably Omnipotent honey bees; I wanted every single organism in the world including my very own self; to forever extinguish; massacre; trounce even the most inconspicuous insinuation of the devil in the Universe; exerting our profoundly undying power; of now a freshly formed and Immortally united mankind

Nikhil Parekh

Immortally Yours

Unsurpassably yours were these eyes of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to pave a way for you through the most horrendously asphyxiating of your blackness,

Sensuously yours were these lips of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to trigger an unending gorge of smiles in your tyrannically despairing life,

Compassionately yours were these fingers of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to weave an endless civilization of regally triumphant artistry through every mundanely suffocating moment of yours,

Tantalizingly yours were these eyelashes of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to embellish every drearily dwindling aspect of your existence with inimitably untamed mischief,

Blissfully yours were these shadows of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to beautifully mollify every bit of traumatically scorching agony in your frazzled soul,

Unflinchingly yours were these shoulders of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to permeate your intermittently deteriorating strength; with the fortitude of blazing existence,

Gregariously yours were these palms of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to cushion your miserably fatigued scalp; whenever it wanted to eternally rest,

Passionately yours were these bloodstreams of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to eternally coalesce your inexplicably quavering spirit with the spirit of unshakably priceless humanity,

Intriguingly yours were these brain cells of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to engender an unlimited ocean of burgeoning innovation in your haplessly dejected and hopelessly demented stride,

Lusciously yours were these skin pores of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to ignite the rays of unparalleled desire in your persona; whenever it wanted to deliriously embrace the apocalypses of invidious infertility,

Robustly yours were these cheeks of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to impregnate every disparagingly gloomy instant of your life with vividly eclectic charm and charismatic color,

Earnestly yours was this signature of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring its very best; to unassailably stand by you like an unfettered rock; whenever you felt that your identity was being pulverized to frigidly inconspicuous ash,

Melodiously yours was this voice of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring its very best; to resplendently illuminate your every torturously lambasted second; with the Omnipotent lullaby of symbiotic existence,

Peerlessly yours were these bones of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to perennially sequester your nimbly sensitive form; from even the most minuscule of atrocious vagary in the chapter of inscrutable life,

Unhesitatingly yours were these feet of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to pave a path of gloriously majestic victory for you; when you seemed to have entirely lost direction; neither had the power to stride,

Vivaciously yours was this belly of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring its very best; to ebulliently arouse you from the very depths of your ghoulish coffin; with its immeasurably seductive rhythm in the royally star-studded night,

Irrefutably yours was this humanity of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring its very best; to metamorphose even the most diminutive trace of salaciously decrepit treachery in your soul; into a fountain of fragrantly iridescent truth,

Ardently yours was this sweat of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring its very best; to tirelessly flow and without the tiniest of reproach; while you lazed and stretched your bones till the aisles of eternal eternity,

Fierily yours was this breath of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring its very best; to perpetuate the mantra of your survival to unrestrictedly blaze; everytime you were circumscribed by the gallows of hypochondriac death,

But Immortally yours O! Mate was this heart of mine; with its beats perpetually loving you; insuperably bonding with you; irrespective of your caste; creed or color; not only for this birth; for an infinite more births till the time the Creator

wanted this earth to chime

Nikhil Parekh

Immortaly Ruled

Fathomless carpets of voluptuous forests; might be ruled by the royally roaring lions,

But it was her ingratiatingly seductive cocoon of compassionate smiles; that irrefutably and immortally ruled; every iota of my scorchingly parched lips.

Boundless winds of vividly free space; might be ruled by the blazingly uninhibited eagles,

But it was her voluptuously tantalizing aroma; that invincibly and immortally ruled; every cranny of my frigidly dithering senses.

Astronomically towering summits of the mountains; might be ruled by fantastically sweltering and golden sunlight,

But it was her impeccably everlasting shine; that unassailably and immortally ruled; my drearily beleaguered and sagging eyes.

Unfathomable expanses of the ravishingly salty oceans; might be ruled by handsomely gargantuan; and scintillatingly silver striped sharks,

But it was her perennial river of enchanting fantasy; that tangily and immortally ruled; every space of my maniacally deprived brain.

Countless kilometers of blistering desert mud; might be ruled by the indefatigably stout and adorably humble hunch backed camel,

But it was her astounding kaleidoscope of spell binding newness; that endlessly and immortally ruled; every path of my indolently painstaking existence.

Immeasurably colossal sheets of immaculately white canvas; might be ruled by the rhetorically dexterous artist,

But it was her intricately divine fingers; that timelessly and immortally ruled; every part of my languidly stooping flesh.

Unsurpassable blankets of tingling darkness; might be ruled by the Omnisciently milky and mesmerizing moon,

But it was her melodiously enigmatic voice; that blissfully and immortally ruled; every dwindling wave of my impoverished soul.

Countless trajectories of civilizations and synergistic townships; might be ruled by the

righteously Godly fireball of unending truth,

But it was her impeccably Omnipotent conscience; that miraculously and

immortally ruled; every element of my lugubriously lecherous survival.

Unimaginably ecstatic walls of paradise; might be ruled by seductively silken and stupendously exhilarating fairies,
But it was her vivaciously boisterous breath; that astoundingly and immortally ruled; every vein of my timidly extinguishing countenance.

And the entire Universe boundless and limitless; might be ruled by the grace of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord,
But it was her passionately everlasting love; that relentlessly and immortally ruled; every beat of my capriciously disappearing heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Impossible

I could perhaps snap her photograph into a countless halves of inane nothingness; screaming the last breath out of my lungs to express my unlimited exasperation,

I could perhaps pulverize her engagement ring into the furthestmost realms of the trash can; happily adorning my fingers with bucolic cow-dung instead,

I could perhaps feed every morsel of tantalizing food that she'd prepared for me; to the frigidly wastrel pigs near the fetid lavatory seat,

I could perhaps ruthlessly excoriate all the compassionate sweaters that'd she'd spun for me; incessantly imploring me to wear the same; everytime we met in our flirtatiously clandestine days,

I could perhaps abjectly spit on every nimble footprint that she made; dismissing it into inconspicuous oblivion and far away from my sight; that very instant when she left,

I could perhaps brutally ransack her delectably punctilious wardrobe; ominously staining every impeccable fabric that she wore; with atrociously disillusioning rust,

I could perhaps hide her spectacles at a corner where she'd never be able to discover; leaving her groping in the asphyxiating dark; for cynically condemning the artistic profession that I had undertook,

I could perhaps curse her to the most unprecedented limits of hell; for eloping at the slightest opportunity that she could conceive; to her parent's place,

I could perhaps make the most hideously distorted face of the morbid devil in her bathroom mirror; uninhibitedly using her favorite bar of tawdrily crimson lipstick,

I could perhaps astutely lay a feckless banana skin on every path that she would traverse upon; so that she plunged head-on towards cold floor; even before she could alight a single foot,

I could perhaps lay a surreptitious handful of red ants beneath the very mattress that she slept; so that her entire night went in vituperatively groaning and

scratching raw; whilst I celestially snored,

I could perhaps give her the tightest of slap on her pristine cheek; for impudently pestering upon me to buy every beautiful thing on the limitless Universe; when infact all that rattled in my pockets were infinitesimally worthless stones,

I could perhaps solely pinpoint upon her molehill of ludicrously staggering deficiencies; making her indefatigably feel the most depressed entity on earth alive,

I could perhaps proclaim her as the most perfidiously nonchalant girl on this Universe; to the entire society where we lived; for making ostensible passes at every handsome hunk that passed her step,

I could perhaps pay a deaf ear to even the most of her hoarsely anguished cries; as she was the one who'd started it all; by baselessly poisoning the mind of my child towards my every decision in vibrant life,

I could perhaps blend sleeping pills into her morning milk; so that she peacefully slept all day; and I remained wholesomely bereft of the tiniest of her perniciously slandering sarcasms; for apparently no fault of mine,

I could perhaps viciously stamp her irascibly writhing foot in glaring public; as she started to shed every bit of her integrity like the withering leaf; in the center of
the jauntily crowded street,

I could perhaps uncontrollably kick her left; right and dead center; for deliberating sending me off on a unnecessary household errand; whilst she established new norms of infidelity; smooching every stranger she met; till unceremonious passions galore,

But no matter how angry was I on her; for not living up to my expectations; for not being the ideal wife I had perceived; for mercilessly violating my spirit of truth and egalitarian humanity; for this umpteenth reason or that; it was impossible to erase memories of those poignantly fragrant moments when we'd first met; it was impossible to erase those words of Immortal Love which we'd confessed while we courted; it was impossible to erase even a minuscule fraction of her from my passionately throbbing heart; for an infinite more destined lives and lifetimes.

Impossible "Possible".

It was impossible for me to live without her eyes; as I was tirelessly enamored by their beautifully impeccable whites; the fathomless wonderment of the inscrutable Universe that tirelessly reflected from them,
And it was impossible for me to live with her eyes; as they diffused nothing else but vindictively treacherous fire for every aspect of my existence; disconsolately sighted me as a piece of infinitesimally frigid shit.

It was impossible for me to live without her lips; as I obsessively wanted to trace their resplendently sensuous contours all night and day; and even as the most decimating apocalypses of hell descended upon planet divine,
And it was impossible for me to live with her lips; as they wafted into nothing else but an unsurpassable ocean of sordid expletives for even the most philanthropic deeds I did; perennially ostracizing me into worthlessly disastrous oblivion.

It was impossible for me to live without her palms; as it was only in their bountifully poignant destiny lines that I found the ultimate fragrance of my impoverished life,
And it was impossible for me to live with her palms; as whenever they did move in her life; it was only to mercilessly thrash the last ounce of exhilaration entrapped in each of my bones; bludgeon me to a pulp more torturous than veritable death in the prime of my life.

It was impossible for me to live without her skin; as I indefatigably wanted to smooch its unfathomably unparalleled sensuality; jubilantly bite through every of its pricelessly igniting goose-bump of sensitivity till centuries even beyond the end of my time,
And it was impossible for me to live with her skin; as it clandestinely betrayed me behind my back; surrendering in timid weakness to every conceivable masculine aroma on the trajectory of this unbelievably unceasing planet.

It was impossible for me to live without her hair; as in their majestically ravishing swirl I found hidden the entire beauty of this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe; sequestered myself forever and ever and ever from the insurmountable animosity of this horrifically robotic world,
And it was impossible to live with her hair; as their sole purpose in life was to uncouthly slap me left; right and center for ostensibly no fault of mine; hedonistically strangulate me like a death rope into the corpses of bizarrely unforgivable extinction.

It was impossible for me to live without her ears; as in their daintily twinkling lobes; I found a sweetness so mellifluously unconquerable; that uninhibitedly liberated me of all my worries for a countless more lifetimes,
And it was impossible to live with her ears; as they were preposterously insensitive to even the most cripplingly hoarse of my cries; wholesomely shunted me even as they heard the most fiercest of thunder gruesomely extraditing me from the chapter of blissful life.

It was impossible for me to live without her voice; as it was solely in it that I found the melody of irrefutably infallible truth; as it was my sole inspiration to fearlessly confront even the most obstinately bellicose impediments in the pathways of enigmatic life,
And it was impossible for me to live with her voice; as whenever it arose from the solar plexus of her throat; it was just for unendingly ridiculing me in front of the entire globe; it was just for criminally numbing each of my royal senses to egalitarian pleasure and pain; alike.

It was impossible for me to live without her fingers; as it in their inimitably heavenly artistry that I tasted nectar in the heart of the iridescently charismatic night; it was in their invincible grip that I felt possessed by the most impregnably interminable of eternal companionship,
And it was impossible for me to live with her fingers; as all they could sketch whenever they eclectically put paint paper; was nothing else but the most morbidly incarcerated shapes of my unabashedly shriveled carcass and dead form.

It was impossible for me to live without her feet; as it was solely in their benign impressions; that I could find the most gloriously unfettered ideals of this timelessly procreating Universe,
And it was impossible for me to live with her feet; as whenever she alighted them from her state of indolent inertia; it was only to salaciously kick me like a chunk of neglected feces; to the furthestmost coffins of diabolically besmirching hell.

It was impossible for me to live without her shoulders; as their altruistically benevolent strength to hoist every deprived orphan; was my undefeated sublimation to timelessly triumph in the odyssey of endowing life,
And it was impossible for me to live with her shoulders; as unrelentingly surged forward at the cost of my desires and pride; ruthlessly massacring my integrity to inconspicuously wanton dust; countless a times.

It was impossible for me to live without her brain; as her ingeniously innovative swirl to evolve insatiably blessing magic out of desperate nothingness; was what had indeed become an indispensable ingredient of my blood,
And it was impossible for me to live with her brain; as I knew that it harbored nothing else but limitless abhorrence for my diminutive form; it dreamt of nothing else but pulverizing me into my venomous grave; alive.

It was impossible for me to live without her conscience; as solely in its spirit of Omnipotent honesty; was I able to explicitly sight and admire God's panoramic creation to the most unprecedented limits,
And it was impossible for me to live with her conscience; as it relentlessly discarded me as an unceremoniously forlorn speck of meaninglessness; perceived even the most righteous of my deed to be the coffin of ominously disparaging death.

It was impossible for me to live without her blood; as I perpetually wanted to mélange the elixir of my existence with each of her blessedly unassailable veins; thereby feel the most pricelessly gifted organism alive,
And it was impossible for me to live with her blood; as it ferociously expurgated even the most cloistered rudiment of my existence from its exuberant swirl; cognizing it to be the most satanically lambasting venom of its time.

It was impossible for me to live without her shadow; as I transcended every level of spell binding fantasy in its enchantingly tranquil sheath; attaining the most beautifully unbridled rest of my life in its astoundingly heavenly coolness,
And it was impossible for me to live with her shadow; as from it immorally radiated the images of those innumerable men; whom she'd sadistically utilized to quench her carnal thirst; with whom she'd tawdrily slept.

It was impossible for me to live without her sweat; as solely in its fabulously unhindered scent of perseverance; did I discover my mission to succeed in the journey of bounteously virile life,
And it was impossible for me to live with her sweat; as for it I was just an unbearably pernicious mosquito; disconsolately perpetuating my cries of ghastly extinction into its marvelously golden persona.

It was impossible for me to live without her belly; as it unceasingly tantalized me till even beyond the corridors of magnificently replenishing paradise; as solely in its incredulously victorious softness did I realize that I was tirelessly proliferating and handsomely virile,
And it was impossible for me to live with her belly; as it wholeheartedly cuddled even the most belligerent dustbin of ghoulish trash; but unstoppably rejected

even the remotest of my sight.

It was impossible for me to live without her freshness; as it was my sole reason for being incessantly enlightened in my already desolately depraving life; as it metamorphosed even the most dolorously invidious of my night into brilliantly Omnipresent sunshine,

And it was impossible for me to live with her freshness; as it acrimoniously considered me as the most stagnantly disconcerting dribble of dirt on this Universe; as it considered even the most ebulliently ecstatic smile of mine as delinquently decrepit and stale.

It was impossible for me to live without her tongue; as it was solely while nibbling at its untamed tanginess; did I find the kindergartens of mischievously unconquerable childhood; innocuously enshroud me once again till the very end of my time,

And it was impossible for me to live with her tongue; as it libidiously spat on me all night and sweltering day; just as if I was a singular dustpan for cleansing it of all its unsolicited extremities.

It was impossible for me to live without her breath; as it was solely the only thing on earth that could've granted me effulgent life even after lurid death; made me feel the most wonderfully richest entity on earth even when I was robustly alive,

And it was impossible for me to live with her breath; as it intractably refrained to inhale even when a countless feet near me; as it proclaimed to the entire world that I profusely smelt of nothing else but disgustingly collapsing cowardice.

It was impossible for me to live without her heart; as it was solely in every of its passionately queenly beat; that I felt as if everything around me was God's amiably bonding paradise; that I felt that I was insuperably and immortally alive,

And it was impossible for me to live with her heart; as it raunchily betrayed me right in front of my staring eyes; forever blending with the beats of the fantastically ameliorating Universe; but tirelessly dragging me towards the gory devil's shrine.

And to top all of this it was even impossible for me to end my own life; as I didn't want to trespass the laws of his symbiotically kingly creation; ardently desired that the last iota of my breath be solely controlled by the Omniscient divine,

So eventually I adopted one more impossible to end it all; and that was to pragmatically metamorphose each of my impossibly "Impossibles"

above into an

impossible "Possible"; till the time I dreamt and breathed; till the time I was bustling with impossibly unshakable life.

Nikhil Parekh

Impossible For You

You might have forever taken away all your clothes from my dwelling; savagely hurling me away like a piece of infinitesimally abhorrent shit,
But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those majestic memories; in which we timelessly stared at each other under the resplendently beaming light; of the full Moon.

You might have forever taken away all your ornaments from my dwelling; nonchalantly spitting upon my tumultuously impoverished demeanor,
But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those princely memories; in which we romantically philandered in the fields of compassionate corn; mischievously blending our rampantly strewn hair with harmonious straw.

You might have forever taken away all your cars away from my dwelling; uncouthly leaving your unfathomable battalion of hunter dogs; to take care of my uncontrollably trembling countenance,
But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those heavenly memories; in which we voluptuously kissed each other on the sensuous lip; as the Sun faded wholesomely beyond the inscrutable horizons.

You might have forever taken away all your wines away from my dwelling; satanically spewing all abuse abominably lingering on this colossal planet; even upon the most immaculately righteous of my stride,
But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those resplendently replenishing memories; in which we spent many a marathon hours together; frantically exploring the unsurpassably ravishing charisma in our skins.

You might have forever taken away all your electronic paraphernalia from my dwelling; ruthlessly kicking me on the bizarrely dilapidated streets to beg; after indiscriminately severing my hands and feet,
But it was irrefutably impossible for your to take away all those impeccable memories; in which we innocently feasted upon Nature's profoundly glamorous beauty at the crack of ephemerally enlightening dawn.

You might have forever taken away all your currency coins from my dwelling; barbarically commanding the bulldozers of diabolical hatred to squelch me to the very last bone of my disappearing spine,
But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those bountiful memories; in which we patriotically united as a single spirit; to philanthropically serve all tyrannically bereaved mankind; for times immemorial.

You might have forever taken away all your glittering trophies from my dwelling;
ignominiously castigating and stripping me in the front of the entire Universe;
for ostensibly no fault of mine,
But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those Omnipotent
memories; in which we seductively gyrated our shivering bodies; under
tantalizingly
cocktail cover of the exotic night.

You might have forever taken away all your breath away from my dwelling;
salaciously ensuring that an unsurpassable dungeon of sinister scorpion; crawled
invidiously on my skin for countless more decades yet to unveil,
But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those mesmerizing
memories; in which we had impregnably pledged to the Almighty Lord; to solely
exist for each other.

And you might have forever taken away all your love from my dwelling;
commanding your vindictively vicious fleet of relentless vultures; to
intransigently suck the last droplet of blood from my nimble visage,
But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those charismatically
wonderful memories; in which we had given our hearts to each other the very
first
time we met; embarking on an exhilarating expedition of humanitarian
togetherness.

Nikhil Parekh

Impossible To Hide.

The way your glorious eyes stared at me; unrelentingly piercing me with their tumultuously electric and untamed fervor,
It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my profusely rubicund lips; as they trembled uncontrollably in euphorically insatiable frenzy; all sweltering and scintillatingly silver night.

The way your miraculous hands caressed me; tirelessly radiating their astoundingly stupendous compassion; frantically wandering with the insurmountably royal ardor of a tantalizing lioness,
It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my overwhelmingly mortified flesh; which had nimbly metamorphosed into a perpetual crimson; with an unsurpassable mountain of goose-bumps enveloping it from all ends.

The way your enamoring ears ardently heard me; maniacally maneuvering every iota of their poignantly intricate chords like a ferociously swirling inferno towards me,
It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my waveringly effusive voice; perennially longing to be magically smooched by the mystical winds of euphoric timelessness.

The way your enchanting toes intransigently tickled me; invincibly straddling their seductive stranglehold over each speck; of my pathetically famished demeanor,
It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my violently throbbing chest; as it drifted like a magnetically romantic wind; towards the marvelously titillating land of bountiful paradise.

The way your charismatic belly nudged me; ravishingly dancing for centuries unprecedented; in amazing synergy with my frigidly lackluster countenance,
It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my cataclysmically erratic stride; as I fulminated into thunderbolts of never ending desire; under voluptuous rays of the milky moon.

The way your vivacious tongue licked me; incessantly raving like an embellished princess; through even the most infinitesimal hair of my body,
It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my ecstatically leaping adams apple; as I ebulliently philandered on the waves of fulfilling eternity; for countless more births yet to unveil.

The way your immaculate fingers cuddled me; ingratiatingly tracing my sensuously shrunken contours; to the most incomprehensible levels of spell binding fantasy,

It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my rhapsodically augmenting fountain of mesmerizing blood; as I felt like an unassailably majestic King; seated Omnisciently on the throne of boundless prosperity.

The way your intriguing brain relentlessly fantasized about me; indefatigably perceiving every iota of my demeanor in an unsurpassable repertoire of; vividly resplendent forms,

It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my vibrantly swirling whirlpool of unconquerable happiness; as I felt like the most pricelessly blessed organism alive; uxoriously slaving her dynamically fragrant and opalescent breath.

And the way your immortal breath descended over my penuriously staggering nape; gorgeously devouring every element of my persona; in the profound philanthropism of your gregariously bequeathing soul,

It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my perpetually throbbing heart; as I forever pledged to blend each beat of mine with yours; in every birth I got a chance to take birth as your divine lover; again and again and again.

Nikhil Parekh

Impossible To Imprison

You could perhaps incarcerate the tree; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its euphorically exhilarating breeze; which swept in majestic unison across
the blissfully enchanting atmosphere,

You could perhaps incarcerate the body; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its fathomless repertoire of righteous ideals; which shimmered in Omnipotent grandiloquence; all brilliant day and charismatically starry night,

You could perhaps incarcerate the finger; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its mystically embellished ocean of writing; the impregnable pages of truth perpetually embossed upon; the trajectory of this boundless planet,

You could perhaps incarcerate the Sun; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its scintillatingly Omnipresent shine; the rays of mesmerizing beauty and ardent splendor; which profusely enlightened every drearily sonorous space;
on
this wonderfully marvelous earth,

You could perhaps incarcerate the tongue; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its timelessly melodious sound; the essence of philanthropic humanity which unassailably fulminated; as it holistically chanted the mantras of a divine existence,

You could perhaps incarcerate the river; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its placidly silken empathy; the tantalizing magic that it resplendently bequeathed; upon the pathetic abhorrence of the sullen night,

You could perhaps incarcerate the rose; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its everlasting fragrance; which wafted its Omniscient redolence to even the most infinitesimally minuscule organism on this royally proliferating Universe,

You could perhaps incarcerate the witheringly devastated skeleton; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its countless waterfall of benign fantasies; which forever reigned the most invincibly supreme; each time the world was born,

You could perhaps incarcerate the lips; but it was irrefutably impossible to

imprison its benevolently amiable smiles; the perennially jubilant rhapsody; that inundated treacherously orphaned lives with uninhibitedly unprecedented happiness,

You could perhaps incarcerate the skull; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its unfathomably endless fountain of symbiotically harmonious dreams; that stupendously enriched every worthlessly massacred life; with optimistic beams of vibrant hope,

You could perhaps incarcerate the eyes; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison their indefatigable waterfall of bestowing goodness; the incredulous grandeur lingering in their impeccably divine whites,

You could perhaps incarcerate the relationship; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its jubilantly compassionate warmth; the bountifully radiant togetherness that disseminated from its immaculate fabric of; spell binding enchantment,

You could perhaps incarcerate the rain; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison the seductively gigantic conglomerate of crimson clouds; which celestially drifted and blissfully placated; every lugubriously rotting iota of this; astoundingly euphoric globe,

You could perhaps incarcerate blood; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its profusely passionate streams of romance; its insatiably ecstatic yearning; to spawn a countless more robustly energetic lives,

You could perhaps incarcerate the palms; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison their enigmatically glimmering destiny; which inexplicably flowered into a magnificent sky of titillating excitement,

You could perhaps incarcerate the drums; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison their tumultuously thunderous beats; the ingratiatingly ravishing rhythm that tirelessly illuminated; the blackness of the murderously sinister night,

You could perhaps incarcerate the birds; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison their vivaciously boisterous freedom; their insurmountably ebullient urge to soar tantalizingly; above the handsomely glorious clouds,

You could perhaps incarcerate breath; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its ubiquitous entrenchment of priceless cascading existence; its

unbelievably Herculean tenacity to survive and its Omnipotent strength,

You could perhaps incarcerate the heart; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its immortally turbulent beats; the unparalleled mountain of love it diffused to evolve a fantastically new chapter of existence; on every intrepidly adventurous step; that you dared to tread.

Nikhil Parekh

Impregnable Humanity

You've taken my very own scarlet blood O! heavenly son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my astoundingly pristine and timelessly priceless; duplicate,

You've taken my very own venerated milk O! beautiful son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my bountifully blossoming and unabashedly impeccable; duplicate,

You've taken my very own intriguing brain O! enamoring son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my celestially amazing and mischievously bouncing; duplicate,

You've taken my very own silken shadow O! stupendous son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my wonderfully untainted and jubilantly ecstatic; duplicate,

You've taken my very own uninhibited smile O! majestic son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my inimitably magnetic and fabulously effulgent; duplicate,

You've taken my very own inscrutable destiny lines O! effervescent son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my incredulously handsome and victoriously unimpeachable; duplicate,

You've taken my very own inimitably humble name O! royal son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my poignantly iridescent and eternally fructifying; duplicate,

You've taken my very own romantic artistry O! blazing son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my triumphantly unfettered and symbiotically innocent; duplicate,

You've taken my very own mellifluous voice O! charismatic son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my bounteously emollient and euphorically fearless; duplicate,

You've taken my very own towering height O! regale son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my indisputably peerless and synergistically truthful; duplicate,

You've taken my very own passionate eyes O! resplendent son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my fearlessly humanitarian and tirelessly discovering; duplicate,

You've taken my very own chocolate brown color O! holistic son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my invincibly wondrous and spell-bindingly ecstatic; duplicate,

You've taken my very own ebullient body contours O! benign son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my immaculately benevolent and magnanimously humanitarian; duplicate,

You've taken my very own fiery breath O! rhapsodic son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my blissfully unadulterated and interminably bubbly; duplicate,

You've taken my very own optimistic face O! vivacious son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my timelessly flowering and melodiously rejuvenated; duplicate,

You've taken my very own broadened shoulders O! magical son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my gloriously unprejudiced and nostalgically rueful; duplicate,

You've taken my very own princely dimples O! victorious son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my spotlessly unbiased and surreally panoramic; duplicate,

You've taken my very own compassionate heart O! unshakable son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my adorably sensitive and ubiquitously indomitable; duplicate,

So whereas it was absolutely natural and nothing great that you were my exactly astounding duplicate O! heavenly son;

The greatest of all virtues; the greatest of all gifts; the greatest of all endowment; the greatest of all power; the greatest of all virility; the greatest of all divinity; was infact given to you by the Omniscient Lord; who miraculously blessed you and every organism alike with the pricelessly impregnable religion of "Humanity"; to symbiotically survive for an infinite more of your

destined lifetimes

Nikhil Parekh

Impreguably Married

The instant you blended every iota of your crimson blood forever with hers;
melanging each element of your priceless benevolent goodness with her
enchancingly sacred spirit,

The instant you coalesced every puff of your passionate breath forever with hers;
beautifully bonding the vibrantly vivacious elixir of your existence with her
majestic stride,

The instant you intertwined each of your philanthropic fingers forever with hers;
unflinchingly clasping her nubile visage irrespective of the most truculently
hedonistic of storm,

The instant you intermingled each contour of your tantalizing shadow forever
with hers; harmoniously letting unfathomable shades of your magnetic artistry
become the perpetual embellishment of her magnificent eyes,

The instant you mixed every regale emotion of your glorious existence forever
with hers; altruistically persevering with her at every step that she tread;
although the earth slipped completely from under your feet a countless times,

The instant you transposed every rhythm of your fantastically mellifluous voice
with hers; unitedly becoming the tenacity of all tumultuously aggrieved mankind;
with her ingratiating shoulders by your side,

The instant you juxtaposed every speck of your gloriously glistening sweat
forever with hers; royally letting the essence of your sparkling perseverance
become the empathy in her fructifying eyes,

The instant you amalgamated every follicle of your bountifully burgeoning hair
forever with hers; sensuously tickling her famished skin with your wave of
intrepidly enthralling adventure,

The instant you infused every droplet of your patriotically blazing tears forever
with hers; perennially witnessing the marvelously eclectic beauty of this planet;
through the impeccable whites of her immaculate eyes,

The instant you coagulated every smile of your chivalrously bestowing lips
forever with hers; transcending even the most inexplicably stuttering aspect of
her life; with the fathomless sky of your unfettered ebullience,

The instant you combined every step that you unstoppably tread forever with hers; profoundly relishing the resplendent blanket of life; unassailably cuddled with her incredulously blessed grace,

The instant you compounded every bone of your resilient visage forever with hers; facing even the most ghoulishly murderous of adversity to protect your eternal camaraderie; although the world scurrilously snapped at you from all sides,

The instant you agglutinated every irrefutable fortress of your truth forever with hers; handsomely swirling as the most unconquerable wave of ubiquitous peace; with her spell bindingly enamoring melody by your side,

The instant you connected every bit of your charismatically gregarious radiance forever with hers; ecumenically blossoming as the pinnacle of compassionate togetherness; which none on this earth could ever dream to invade,

The instant you united every trace of everlasting righteousness in your soul forever with hers; symbiotically surviving with the redolent petals on her twinkling feet; magically transiting you into celestial siesta,

The instant you linked every prosperously blissful mannerism of yours forever with hers; considering yourself to be the richest organism on this Universe as you sipped Omnipotent water from her divine palms; although your pockets were torn from both sides,

The instant you joined every emphatically triumphant moment of your life forever with hers; assimilating an unfathomable ocean of happiness; as she stared like a new born princess into the obeisant fluttering of your eyes,

The instant you bonded every beat of your wonderfully uninhibited heart forever with hers; immortally loving her magnanimously humanitarian grace; more than breath could ever have loved euphoric life,

Believe me; that very Omnipresent instant itself and without even the most ephemerally parsimonious of ceremony; church; temple; mosque; monastery; monk or myth; in the eyes of the Almighty Lord as well as in perfect synergy with his rules of life; you were impregnably married.

Nikhil Parekh

Impreguably Soaked

The gorgeously gigantic hills; were profusely soaked with golden fireballs; of melodiously tantalizing Sunlight,

The inscrutably mesmerizing forests; were marvelously soaked with an unendingly bountiful flurry; of rhapsodically voluptuous sounds,

The fathomless carpets of gregariously silken sky; was ecstatically soaked in an astounding kaleidoscope; of exuberantly twinkling stars,

The rambunctiously slithering and vivacious fish; were ebulliently soaked in an undulating ocean of; ravishingly titillating waves and euphoric salt,

The endless framework of bones in body; were indispensably soaked in a salubrious river of; exotically scarlet and blissfully bequeathing blood,

The aristocratically rubicund pair of royal lips; were celestially soaked in a whirlpool of charismatically exhilarating smiles and enamoring charm,

The countless blades of amiably blossoming grass; were profoundly soaked in an Omnipotent cistern of; majestically shimmering and perpetual dewdrops,

The enchantingly seductive garden of roses; was piquantly soaked in a exquisitely timeless mist of; overwhelmingly compassionate and divinely scent,

The diminutively impoverished palms; were inevitably soaked in an enigmatically inexplicable cloud of; mystically fabulous destiny lines,

The uninhibitedly dancing clown; was unsurpassably soaked in a torrentially limitless downpour; of cacophonous comedy and joyously jubilant laughter,

The ecstatically frolicking butterfly; was enthusiastically soaked in a fireball of perennially diffusing happiness; and an unfathomable tenacity to vividly soar,

The immaculate coat of sparkingly untainted eyes; was insatiably soaked in a compassionate whirlwind of; unequivocally Kingly moisture,

The robustly chattering and loquaciously bubbly tongue; was delectably soaked in ingratiatingly frothy oceans of; inherently tranquil saliva,

The unflinchingly marching and fearlessly intrepid army; were soaked in an irrefutably immortal entrenchment of; unassailably unshakable patriotism,
The magnificently serrated and rustic stemmed tree; was serenely soaked in an abundantly replenishing waterfall of; congenially sequestering leaves,

The incessantly wandering and animatedly sensitive ears; were boundlessly soaked in a eclectically grandiloquent symposium; of eternally drifting sounds,

The romantically philandering brain; was endlessly soaked in a tornado of fantastically ardent and gorgeously fulfilling sky of; glittering everlasting fantasies,

The twin gallery of vividly vibrant nostrils; were rhetorically soaked in an incomprehensibly fathomless volcano of; piquantly blissful breath,

And my tumultuously throbbing and fervent heart; was impregnably soaked in the blessings of your; immortally humanitarian and priceless love.

Nikhil Parekh

Impressed

The roots unrelentingly wanted to impress the fertile cocoons of chocolate brown soil; by embedding themselves to astronomical limits; and as deep as possible,

The flowers profusely wanted to impress the tranquilly splendid atmosphere; by disseminating their marvelously majestic scent; to even the most fathomless quarters of this colossal Universe,

The squirrels profoundly wanted to impress the boisterously swirling tree trunks; by vivaciously gallivanting through their sensuous labyrinth of roots and tendrils; as the Sun blazed full throttle in the firmament of fathomless sky,

The crocodiles relentlessly wanted to impress the wildly swampy marshes; by menacingly slithering in them under the sinister winds of midnight; fervently waiting with a glint of diabolism in their eyes; to pulverize innocuous prey into an infinite pieces,

The dew drops ardently wanted to impress the frolicking grass blades; by compassionately caressing their lush green stalks; fantasizing and romancing on their bodies for times immemorial,

The clouds endlessly wanted to impress parched granules of scorchingly sweltering soil; by indefatigably culminating into an exquisite festoon of unstoppable rain; pelting the most fructifying blessings of the creator; in bountiful abundance,

The mice incorrigibly wanted to impress the hungrily prowling cat; by obediently scratching its irascibly unruly and fidgety skin; while it snored till beyond the realms; of scintillating paradise,

The fish intransigently wanted to impress the ravishingly undulating oceans; by jubilantly leaping up in astoundingly mesmerizing tandem with the tantalizing froth; rhetorically weaving its way ahead as the stars shone enchantingly in the resplendent sky,

The termites mightily wanted to impress the lackadaisically withering bones; by biting uninhibitedly through their deathly carcass; smacking their lips thereafter after the stupendously relishing meal,

The Sun perpetually wanted to impress the boundless entrenchment of mystical sky; by fulminating into a poignant fireball of blistering shine at the first crack of dawn; majestically enlightening all horrendously bereaved in vicinity; with the unsurpassable aristocracy in its golden rays,

The prince perennially wanted to impress the royally grandiloquent and exotically embellished castle; by irrefutably emanating the tunes of irrefutable righteousness from his bedazzling throne; dispensing justice to the poor and unassailably rich; from the realms of his chamber; alike,

The mirror unbelievably wanted to impress its discerningly staring beholder; by always portraying his most stringently candid reflection; depicting to him his most explicitly precise measure; of robust weight and towering height,

The gun irretrievably wanted to impress the diabolically satanic devil; by uncouthly permeating through innocent flesh; barbarically ripping apart life forever from the chest; at the tiniest insinuation of releasing the trigger,

The birds timelessly wanted to impress the exuberantly magnificent atmosphere; by handsomely soaring through the winds of happiness; gregariously embracing the air
in the spell binding carpet of its flight,

The cow bountifully wanted to impress the empty pail; by inundating its pathetically barren periphery with gallons of rejuvenating milk; imparting it with the most sacrosanct elixir to holistically lead life,

The Moon invincibly wanted to impress the sultry blackness of the ghastly night; with its unassailably priceless beams of serene light; uniting one and all alike; in the unconquerable aura of equanimity,

The soldiers impreguably wanted to impress the beleaguered rudiments of their imprisoned motherland; by triumphantly blazing into the rainbow of victory everytime they fought; eternally freeing the soil with the sacred blood of their valiant martyrdom,

The breath incessantly wanted to impress the heavenly bifurcating nostril; by inhaling and exhaling out a countless times each day and as the faintest traces of light submerged with the gruesome night; providing the most tenacious resilience to the gloomy corpses of death,

And my heart passionately wanted to impress the beats of its immortal beloved;

with the most beautifully seductive rays of sharing; caring; with the most
supreme endowment from the heavens; called LOVE; LOVE AND GODLY LOVE.

Nikhil Parekh

Imprisoned

I had dirt imprisoned in my nails; which seemed all the more abashing when I stood in the limelight; confronting public,

I had scores of dandruff imprisoned in my scalp; prompting me to inevitably scratch; although it blended strikingly with my black coat,

I had tumultuous strength imprisoned in my clenched fists; having stupendous power to decimate impostors swindling the innocent,

I had eloquence imprisoned in my throat; which made me chant melodious rhymes
of synchronized music,

I had tenacity imprisoned in my emphatic eyes; which possessed the prowess to melt the supremely intransigent,

I had a frivolous smile imprisoned in my luscious lips; which seemed all the more profound; when I encountered ravishing beauty,

I had a jugglery of obdurate muscle imprisoned in my legs; enabling me to traverse long distance in acerbic sun; bereft of a vehicle,

I had millions of hair imprisoned in my skin; cushioning me from uncouth blows of the society,

I had salubrious blood imprisoned in my intricate veins; instilling in me the strength to sustain life,

I had a crimson pink tongue imprisoned in my mouth; granting me the indispensable ability of speech,

I had a bulky wallet imprisoned in my trouser pocket; making me feel despicable; when I stripped it of its currency,

I had a flamboyant horse imprisoned in my stables; on which I used to sit and gallivant through the mountains,

I had infinite lines imprisoned at the back of my palm; which audaciously portrayed my destiny to unleash,

I had unfathomable cells imprisoned in my finely chiseled brain; blessing me with the capacity to decode the most baffling of enigmas,

I had golden droplets of sweat imprisoned in my armpits; inundating the placid surroundings with unbearable stench,

I had tones of air imprisoned in my inflated lungs; which made me breathe; relish every unveiling second of life,

I had yellow enamel camouflaging my teeth; making it impossible for me to smile,

I had nostalgic memories imprisoned in my subconscious mind; as I ruefully reminisced all those moments when I was young,

And most importantly; superseding all things; I had her love imprisoned in my heart; which bestowed upon me the impetus to blissfully live; fight for justice in this nonchalant world.

Nikhil Parekh

In Every Bit Of

In every bit of white enamel engulfing teeth; there sleeps calcium,
in every bit of morbid stone; there sleeps a radiant crystal,
in every bit of green grass; there sleeps a blissful dew drop,
in every bit of scorched sand; there sleeps a penchant for rain,
in every bit of blood strewn on the floor; there sleeps tumultuous pain,
in every bit of scalp hair emanating; there sleeps white flakes of dandruff,
in every bit of time piece wound on the wrist; there sleeps hands of hour and
unleashing minute,
in every bit of dazzling sun ball; there sleeps indispensable beams of stringent
light,
in every bit of the century old mansion; sleeps compressed briquettes of dust,
in every bit of satiny web lingering from the wall; there sleeps an innocuous
spider,
in every bit of sapphire blue sky; there sleeps an innocuous cloud,
in every bit of castor seed oil; there sleeps a ravishing fragrance,
in every bit of copious saliva; there sleeps an army of germ,
in every bit of woven gold mattress; there sleeps a royal king,
in every bit of poetic verse; there sleeps an enigmatic meaning,
in every bit of scarlet rose; there sleeps a wrinkled petal,
in every bit of pachyderm feet; sleeps polished nails of ivory,
in every bit of mother's heart; there sleeps perennial affinity,
in every bit of fiendish monster; there sleeps perpetual animosity,
and in every bit of the omniscient Creator; there sleeps magnanimous love.

Nikhil Parekh

In Just A Single Minute

I indefatigably licked dust for centuries immemorial; when I tried to gallop to the summit of the astronomically Herculean mountain; in just a single minute,

I found myself horrifically wailing for the remainder of my devastated life; when I tried to painlessly pass all acrimonious examinations of survival; in just a single minute,

I was enveloped with an unfathomable ocean of blood and inexplicable misery; when I tried to unassailably conquer the hideous enemy camp; in just a single minute,

I was rendered insanely groping in corridors of unprecedented gloom for countless more births of mine; when I tried to salaciously snatch all happiness from the trajectory of this fathomless planet; in just a single minute,

I incessantly wailed tears of despicably horrendous frustration till times beyond eternity; when I tried to vindictively soar through the clouds of irrefutably glittering success; in just a single minute,

I frequented the abominably stagnating lavatory more than anyone else on this blissfully sagacious planet; when I tried to profoundly relish every delicacy brewing tantalizingly throughout the world; in just a single minute,

I pathetically slithered in dungeons of ominously menacing doom; when I tried to invidiously pilfer my way through walls of sacrosanct heaven; in just a single minute,

I found myself savoring heinously sinister garbage with the fleet of rambunctiously sordid pigs; when I tried to treacherously perpetuate towards the king's throne; in just a single minute,

I ludicrously trembled for many a fathomlessly diabolical nights; when I tried to hurriedly experience every spell binding fantasy of boundless lives; in just a single minute,

I found myself encapsulated by preposterously devilish whirlpools of maniacal nothingness; when I tried to lecherously conquer every marvelously beautiful element between sky and earth; in just a single minute,

I lugubriously slandered in dormitories of unsurpassable destruction and ungainly incoherent confusion; when I tried to capture all enthralling sounds on this timeless Universe; in just a single minute,

I found myself infinite feet beneath my remorsefully bedraggled corpse and annihilated beyond prudent proportions; when I tried to tame the lethally prurient battalion of white sharks; in just a single minute,

I felt every ingredient of my blood freeze to a tumultuously gory death; as I tried to devour the unbelievably mammoth mountain of titillating ice; in just a single minute,

I found myself uncontrollably and ludicrously hiccupping under the beggar's tumbledown cot; when I tried to devilishly become the richest man on this Universe; in just a single minute,

I felt brutally electrocuted by winds of bizarre impeachment; when I tried to pruriently tried to gallivant to prosperity bearing my weight upon innocent shoulders; in just a single minute,

I found myself sinking to forever blend with infinitesimal fish and grimacing octopus; when I tried to transgress past the periphery of the gigantic ocean; in just a single minute,

I almost succumbed swooned in inexorably defeating exhaustion towards clammy soil; when I tried to greedily inhale all the billion breaths of my destined life vociferously together; in just a single minute,

I found myself lamely beating the floor in an asylum for the perpetually deaf and dumb; after I tried to reach to murderously reach my voice to the most remotest part of the globe; in just a single minute,

But I found myself immortally and perennially successful; saluting the ultimate corridors of harmoniously symbiotic triumph; when I tried to unfurl the chords of my passionately throbbing heart; diffuse its naturally uninhibited love to one and all across this majestic planet; in just a single minute.

Nikhil Parekh

In My Child's Immortal Eyes

My entire life I kept frantically searching for it; at times in the most majestic of castles; while at times in the steps of that led to the freshly constructed temple of simplistically pink stone,

My entire life I kept desperately searching for it; at times in tempestuously jostling streets; while at times in the winds of perpetually tranquil and nondescript silence,

My entire life I kept disorientedly searching for it; at times in vibrantly soaring kites of fathomless sky; while at times in every terrestrial flock of sheep that nimbly wandered through the valley,

My entire life I kept unrelentingly searching for it; at times in patriotically blazing battlefields of unflinching bravery; while at times in every ethereal butterfly that fluttered past my unkempt kitchen window,

My entire life I kept disconsolately searching for it; at times in the enigmatically intrepid forests; while at times in orphaned ponds of rapaciously seductive rain water,

My entire life I kept indefatigably searching for it; at times in the rhapsodically ebullient entrenchment of clouds; while at times in the brilliantly scintillating epitome of the indomitably towering mountains,

My entire life I kept tirelessly searching for it; at times in the profoundly resplendent stars; while at times in the profusely honey embellished crevices; of the rambunctiously frolicking hive,

My entire life I kept intransigently searching for it; at times in vapidly ramshackle hillocks of sordid clay; while at times in the effusively explicit reflection that emanated from the sheet of pellucid mirror,

My entire life I kept irrevocably searching for it; at times in playgrounds of humble innocuousness; while at times in the stonily inane blackness of the frigid winter night,

My entire life I kept hopelessly searching for it; at times in fathomless open spaces of crass nothingness; while at times in celestially tantalizing fairies having just

descended from the cosmos,

My entire life I kept disgruntlingly searching for it; at times in regally tangy waters of the undulating ocean; while at times in vivaciously evanescent rainbows that brazenly swept across the horizons,

My entire life I kept limitlessly searching for it; at times in the ingeniously proliferating chapters of venerated earth; while at times in the transiently exotic fragrance of the fascinatingly seasonal rose,

My entire life I kept indiscriminately searching for it; at times in the blissfully untainted waters of the pristine Ganges; while at times in the uncanny stillness as crimson dusk transcended all in conceivable vicinity,

My entire life I kept restlessly searching for it; at times in the most contemporarily vivid of paraphernalia; while at times in the fantastically iridescent dew-drops lazily kissing lush green ground,

My entire life I kept timelessly searching for it; at times in meadows of propitious virility; while at times in the unitedly heavenly cluster of symbiotic mankind,

My entire life I kept frenetically searching for it; at times in uninhibitedly untamed wilderness; while at times in the most exquisitely garnished of freshly wedded brides,

My entire life I kept irretrievably searching for it; at times in unendingly silken fantasies; while at times in the fabric of the impeccably unblemished and ingratiating Moon,

My entire life I kept agonizingly searching for it; at times in mythically reverberating monasteries; while at times in the unequivocally cascading leaves of jubilantly burgeoning and magical autumn,

My entire life I kept unstoppably searching for it; at times in the paradise of incomprehensibly ardent desire; while at times in the most unfathomably emollient laps of priceless luxury,

Nonchalantly wasting countless precious hours of mine; eventually tasting the lackadaisically ghoulish corpses of defeat and maudlin disparity; for if at all I was going to find any trace of Godly truth on this Universe today; then it wasn't going to be in opulent statutes of gold and silver; neither could the so called unconquerable politicians ever dream of harboring it even in the most ephemeral

reflections of
their hides,

For if there was indeed God on earth today; if there was indeed the spearhead of invincible truth left brilliantly radiating on this incarcerated planet today; then it wasn't in Mother Nature which man had so mercilessly adulterated; but was infact in those mischievously darting shoulders just at whisker lengths from my body; in my newly born child's immortal eyes.

Nikhil Parekh

In My Dreams

In my dreams I climbed mount Everest barefoot; reaching the summit within flash seconds of time,
While in real life my feet trembled in the snow; and I relinquished the expedition midway; safely returning home.

In my dreams I pulverized unbaked bricks into infinite splinters; with the mere caress of my hands,
While in real life the conglomerate of bones in my hands developed a factory of crack; after I succeeded doing the same; taking intervals to inhale long breaths.

In my dreams I stood clad in threadbare attire; in bold confrontation with the striped panther; trying to subdue his thunderous growl,
While in real life I clambered up the nearby tree at electric speeds; in order to save my skin getting ruthlessly stripped by the beast.

In my dreams I philandered with the most beautiful women on earth; profoundly admiring their charisma; lured by their mystical grace and charm,
While In real life I refrained from doing so; due to sheer terror of my domineering spouse.

In my dreams I ate the most sumptuous of meals; drank stupendously ravishing grape vine,
While in real life I had to remain contented with minuscule fillings of rice blended with curd; with the occasional chunk of raspberry bread.

In my dreams I basked in the sunshine on the roof of the glistening palace; feasting my eyes on the panoramic view of the blueberry hills; with a fleet of professionals massaging my silhouette,
While in real life I got up with aching bones from my indigenous cot; took the acrimonious rays of sun directly in my hazel eyes.

In my dreams I envisaged myself as an enchanting singer; alluring scores of crowd by the mesmerizing melody in my voice,
While in real life the ones in vicinity abhorrently closed their ears; unable to bear the tyranny of my hoarse and masculine sound.

In my dreams I saw blank checks strewn in bountiful abundance around my demeanor; waiting ardently for my signature and the amount I wished to withdraw,

While in real life I slogged like a bull all sweltering day; didn't have the capacity of handling the parchment; let alone signing one.

In my dreams I perceived white water streams gushing past my entrance gate; diffusing their spray with poignant alacrity on my face,
While in real life I had the fetid gutter flowing rampantly past my doorsteps; with an irascible odor wafting; which made me unrelentingly sneeze.

In my dreams I watched enticing films on grandiloquent screens studded with articulate diamonds; whose scintillating glare was a trifle difficult for my eyes to absorb,
While in real life there lay a dilapidated television beside my bed; displaying pictures in spiceless black and white; intentionally distorting the intricate images.

In my dreams I saw ostentatious cars lined up my porch; with the drivers seat made of satin sponge,
While in real life all I had was a bicycle with an aboriginal bell; and the capricious brakes failing I needed them the most.

In my dreams I saw angels from the sky cajoling me; cuddling me in the ribs; reciting historic fables of love and beautiful splendor,
While in real life I had the ominous eyes of my employer staring down at me menacingly; expecting ingenious policies that would change the complexion of his bedraggled business.

In my dreams I incessantly fantasized spending marathon hours with the girl I loved
drowning inexorably into the ocean of her immaculate love,
While in real life there were a mountain of barricades which separated us; prevented us from fulfilling our desires.

Therefore it is my humble plea to you O! Divine Creator; to sequester me from acerbic realities of mundane life,
Let me voraciously romanticize; let me be in the colossal kingdom of my dreams.

Nikhil Parekh

In My Search For Love.

Many a time I set out in frenetic search of poignantly crimson rose; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the feathers of cursedly fetid and ignominious decay,

Many a time I set out in ardent search of pristinely reinvigorating waterfall; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; fathomless lackadaisically arid fields of vicious drought,

Many a time I set out in relentless search of impregnably sparkling truth; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; an amorphously jinxed and jilted mortuary of lies,

Many a time I set out in unstoppable search of compassionately befriending wife; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; every kind of woman who maliciously battered me to the coffins of nothingness; after stripping me of the last ounce of my wealth,

Many a time I set out in earnest search of innocuously unbiased beauty; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; a graveyard of salaciously deteriorating and ribald politics,

Many a time I set out in unending search of the wondrously unfathomable ocean; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the invidiously steaming and uncouthly devouring sands of the ominous desert,

Many a time I set out in endless search of the optimistically shimmering stars; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the cold-blooded pathways of insensitively rocky ground,

Many a time I set out in indefinite search of uncannily tingling mystery; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the monstrously robotic edifices of the heartless corporate empire,

Many a time I set out in passionate search of deservedly bountiful fame; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the limitless dungeons of infinitesimally disparaging dust,

Many a time I set out in indefatigable search of majestically unconquerable kingdom; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the indescribably threadbare

lanes of poverty,

Many a time I set out in timeless search of an eternally comforting abode; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the wisps of indistinguishably disappearing oblivion,

Many a time I set out in unlimited search of the religion of inimitably priceless humanity; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the carcass of lifelessly haunting indiscrimination and disparity,

Many a time I set out in interminable search of invincibly heavenly peace; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the disdainfully blood soaked mud of abhorrent nuclear war,

Many a time I set out in intransigent search of uninhibitedly heartfelt artistry; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the gallows of maliciously venomous commercialism,

Many a time I set out in undaunted search of ingeniously proliferating fantasy; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the ghastly arithmetic of the currency coin; which had profusely inundated nearly every soul on this gigantic Universe,

Many a time I set out in unhindered search of enchantingly unparalleled innocence; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; a world of satanically asphyxiating drugs and drudgery,

Many a time I set out in inexhaustible search of altruistically ameliorating knowledge; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; haplessly quavering gorges of insane balderdash,

Many a time I set out in unprecedented search of honestly persevered livelihood; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; an unsurpassable conundrum of lechery; which no doubt offered quick bucks; but each with a stamp of horrendous lies,

Paradoxically to the above; when I set out an infinite times in my entire lifetime to unwaveringly search for love; not only was every conceivable vein of mine forever blessed with its Immortal paradise; but I found all of my mind; body and soul in wholesome synergy with the Divine; with each volatile breath of mine.

Nikhil Parekh

In Order To Break The Monotony

In order to break the monotony of the straight brick wall; aligned commensurately with immaculately polished stone,
What I did was; to emboss its surface with vivid graffiti; pillage it with holes for fresh air to ventilate through.

In order to break the monotony of the corrugated bar of steel; embedded deep in the ground,
What I did was; to simply curve its periphery to a high pitched angularity; let my saliva dribble over its surface to make it glisten.

In order to break the monotony of the newly ironed shirt; suspended from the drawers; with buttons tightly imprisoned,
What I did was; to crumple it in a heap; submerge it in a pool of perspiration for the natural scent to take over.

In order to break the monotony of plaited hair; stringently incarcerated beneath a plastic bag,
What I did was; to shampoo them vigorously till my hands ached; dexterously use my scissors to chisel them into incoherent shapes.

In order to break the monotony of nondescript chunks of clay; lying amalgamated in colossal heaps,
What I did was; to adroitly mould a swanky statue out of them; then painting the same with gaudy color.

In order to break the monotony of bland food lying solitary on the table; with a cluster of disdainful flies buzzing around,
What I did was; to impregnate it by adding pinches piquant chili; heaps of pulverized rock salt for imparting the meal with a ravishing flavor.

In order to break the monotony of rectangular granules of sugar; stashed agglutinated to each other in the pellucid bottle,
What I did was; finely crush them into crystalline powder; sprinkling them on molten ice; making them shimmer under the moon.

In order to break the monotony of the nonchalant room; well embellished with exquisite carpets; and mammoth curtain shades camouflaging the windowpanes,
What I did was; to install wacky gizmos all around the ambience; and let sizzling rays of sunshine fumigate the cloistered interiors.

In order to break the monotony of incessant sheets of glass; riveted firmly to the silhouette of dressing table,
What I did was; shatter them into multiple fragments using a sharp stone; then ludicrously laughed at my grotesquely distorted reflection, which emanated.

In order to break the monotony of the placid river; flowing languidly from bank to bank,
What I did was; to voraciously move my fishing rod in the water; thereby producing a flurry of mesmerizing ripples.

In order to break the monotony of work; unrelenting browsing through scores of office records,
What I did was; to take a brisk walk along the seaside; with the frothy waves delectably striking my weary eyes.

And in order to break the monotony of my heart; palpitating at regular speeds all throughout the sweltering day,
What I did was; to marry the girl of my dreams; and then philander with her in a space rocket; exuberantly making it throb a hundred beats faster.

Nikhil Parekh

In Order To Perpetually Attain "God";

In order to perpetually attain "Truth"; in all its triumphantly glorious entirety; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite unflinchingly righteous flames,

In order to perpetually attain "Freedom"; in all its unassailably mesmerizing ardor; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite storms of pricelessly inimitable candidness,

In order to perpetually attain "Humanity"; in all its blissfully undefeated form; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite pathways of astoundingly vivid oneness,

In order to perpetually attain "Symbiotism"; in all its wondrously ameliorating sparkle; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite forests of unabashedly united compassion,

In order to perpetually attain "Sainthood"; in all its unimpeachably impeccable redolence; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite moments of unparalleled perseverance,

In order to perpetually attain "Beauty"; in all its miraculously reinvigorating shades; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite rustic fields of heavenly simplicity,

In order to perpetually attain "Success"; in all its royally exultating flavors; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite unconquerably austere mirrors of unpeeled honesty,

In order to perpetually attain "Peace"; in all its ubiquitously spell-binding melody; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite epitomes of everlastingly embracing brotherhood,

In order to perpetually attain "Prosperity"; in all its synergistically effulgent cadence; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite innocuously untainted threads of mutual camaraderie,

In order to perpetually attain "Perfection"; in all its brilliantly unmatched tenacity; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite droplets of infallibly

unfettered sweat,

In order to perpetually attain "Solitude" in all its tranquilly bewitching stupor; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite winds of singularly concentrated meditation,

In order to perpetually attain "Passion" in all its insuperably handsome fervor; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite unabashedly sensuous lanes of tantalizing desire,

In order to perpetually attain "Contentment" in all its mystically rejuvenating splendor; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite atmospheres of humble sacrifice,

In order to perpetually attain "Motherhood" in all its timelessly venerated swirl; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite children of unprecedentedly vibrant spontaneity,

In order to perpetually attain "Enlightenment" in all its profoundly spiritual understanding; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite ladders and steps of jubilantly undying sincerity,

In order to perpetually attain "Happiness" in all its unshakably charismatic glow; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite candles of irrefutably undiminished straightforwardness,

In order to perpetually attain "Life" in all its majestically interminable vivacity; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite tunnels of inscrutably tingling adventure,

In order to perpetually attain "Love" in all its immortally silken grace; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite skies of unceasingly victorious magnetic attraction,

And in order to perpetually attain the essence of "Godhead" in all its unimaginably impregnable resplendence; you have to first and foremost go through its infinite religions; with each religion belonging to that of unbreakable; unparalleled; and undying humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

In Order To Repair

In order to repair the broken door; what was required was a plethora of finely chiseled nails; along with an adroit carpenter,

In order to repair the tumbledown television; what was required was a maze of intricate wires; and the services of a technician,

In order to repair the severely corrugated road; what was required was bountiful amounts of fresh mud; to be scrupulously compacted by the gigantic bulldozer,

In order to repair the shoddy shoe; what was required was strong spools of thread; and a metallic bodkin to meticulously stitch the same,

In order to repair the fragile economy of the country; what was required was a stringent dictator; who thoroughly refrained from indulging into the most inconspicuous of malpractice; shirked his face away from taking bribe,

In order to repair the houses flooded with the onslaught of stormy coastal waves; what was required was to evacuate the afflicted from the tyranny of sea,

In order to repair the dilapidated car; what was required was a host of scintillating spare parts; and a drum replete with lubricant oil,

In order to repair the punctured tier; what was required was a few bellows of compressed air; which lay incarcerated in the hand pump,

In order to repair the contemporary timepiece; what was required was a pair of lead batteries; engendering white current to flow,

In order to repair the shattered mirror; what was required was long pieces of pellucid glass; along with a rotund bottle of sticky glue,

In order to repair the disheveled painting; what was required was an artist blending it with vibrant colors from his brush; transforming its complexion into virtually new,

In order to repair raw wounds oozing blood; what was required was a sprinkle of emollient antiseptic,

In order to repair the gaping hole in the wall; what was required was articulately sculptured bricks; which could fill the same to perfection,

In order to repair the discarded aircraft; what was required was to refuel it with gasoline; strengthen its tapered wings,

In order repair burnt hair adorning the scalp; what was required was to tonsure the scalp entirely; to facilitate brand new clusters to grow,

In order to repair the torn parchment of bonded paper; what was required was adhesive tape which held the sheet in a vice like grip,

In order to repair the earthquake stricken edifices; what was required was to dismantle them completely; replacing them with fresh ones having superior resistance to shock,

In order to repair the smashed web of the spider; what was required was to feed the beast with lots of insect; thereby granting it strength to spin other one,

In order to repair wholesome darkness prevailing on this earth; what was required was the omnipotent light of courage shining unrelentingly,

And in order to repair my broken heart; what was required was a girl who could love me intensely; make me oblivious to the horrendous anecdotes and my miseries of the past.

Nikhil Parekh

In Order To Savagely Die

In order to embarrassingly fall on the ground; one must first try to audaciously stand,

In order to vehemently cry aloud in astonishingly calm air; one must first try to inculcate the virtue of uninhibited laughter,

In order to be blatantly illiterate; one must first try to imbibe the meaning of sagacious and discerningly literate,

In order to be dismally gloomy; one must first try to flirtatiously smile,

In order to be disastrously defeated; one must first try to embrace exhilarating victory,

In order to feel gruesomely bizarre winds of freezing cold; one must first try to experience the winds of inexorably blistering heat,

In order to starve to unprecedented limits; one must first try to eat succulent morsels of tantalizing food to the most gargantuan of his heart's content,

In order to thunderously sneeze; one must first try to inhale in fresh draughts of exuberant breath,

In order to get overwhelmingly wounded; one must first try to valiantly brandish a sword and fight,

In order to remain as still and motionless as the morbid corpse; one must first try to boisterously march at the crack of every euphoric dawn,

In order to dance naked on the viciously barren streets; one must first try embellish himself completely from fluffy head to diminutive feet,

In order to hysterically scream; one must first try to remain perpetually silent,

In order to fight unceremoniously with innocuous people sleeping in their dwelling; one must first try to incessantly pray,

In order to blink indefatigably without the slightest of control; one must first try to prudently stare for marathon hours on the trot,

In order to perceive the most obnoxious stench existing on this planet; one must first try to profoundly absorb the stupendous scent of the scarlet rose,

In order to thunderously yawn in the midst of the bombastic conference; one must first try to sit sagaciously for countless hours on the desk; without budging the tiniest either to the right; or the extreme left,

In order to break the glass into infinite splinters of serrated mirror; one must first try to wholesomely admire his reflection to unsurpassable extents; even after ghoulish nightfall,

In order to commit salacious acts of mortifying betrayal; one must first try to wholeheartedly; and truly love,

In order to trip head on to the rock bottom of the obdurate ground; one must first try to dexterously clamber up the escalating and rickety staircase,

In order to go perpetually blind; one must first try to enjoy the spell binding and mesmerizing prowess of handsome sight,

In order to disdainfully drown to the bed of the deep and fathomless ocean; one must first try to uninhibitedly swing his arms and swim,

In order to become barbarically dumb; one must first try to eloquently speak and sing,

And in order to savagely die and brusquely relinquish breath; one must first try and lead life; move his hands and feet for existence; move his hands to blissfully survive.

Nikhil Parekh

In Order To Sign The Bond Of Love

In order to sign the bombastic chequebook; I used an ink resembling pure sapphire pearls,

In order to sign the hotel guestbook; I used an ink suckled from freshly tantalizing Mountain mud,

In order to sign the dreaded terrorist's death sentence; I used an ink extracted from venomous reptile skins,

In order to sign the blissful peace treaty between neighboring continents; I used an ink extracted from poignantly delectable raspberry,

In order to sign my best friends palm; I used an ink withdrawn from astoundingly tangy lemon,

In order to sign on the innocuous student's annual examination paper; I used an ink extracted from the austerely scarlet rose,

In order to sign in the official company register; I used an ink of nimble light blue,

In order to sign on the ragged village wall; I used an ink suckled from indigenous cowdung,

In order to sign on the baby's cheeks; I used an ink of wholesomely impeccable and sacrosanct cow milk,

In order to sign on the dead man's will; I used an ink extracted from the perpetually silent and ghoulish owl,

In order to sign on the ingeniously written scientist's thesis; I used an ink of contemporary silver and slippery mercury,

In order to sign on the celestially embossed marriage invitation; I used an ink extricated from the fabulously gorgeous pink lotus,

In order to sign on my salary increment application; I used an ink of intractably adhering black paint,

In order to sign on the overwhelmingly confidential presidential document; I used an ink of glittering emerald green; evacuated from the fossils loitering in tandem on the century old ocean bed,

In order to sign the artist's majestic painting; I used an ink extracted from royally curled oligarchic peacock quills,

In order to sign the horrendously corrupt politician's ordeal; I used an ink of exorbitantly cheap and stinking gutter water,

In order to sign the aristocratically woven recommendation letter; I used an ink imprisoned in the heart of the marvelously radiating oyster,

In order to sign the gardeners pending bills; I used an ink extracted from ravishingly fresh green grass,

In order to sign the feeble patient's crisp hospital vouchers; I used an ink of the most stringent antiseptic,

In order to sign the film star's swanky autobiography; I used an ink resembling glamorous diamonds sparkling tenaciously in the garish showroom,

In order to sign the birth certificate of the immaculate tied orphan for securing admission in playtime nursery; I used an ink extracted from the vividly vivacious cluster of red cherry,

In order to sign the magicians insurmountably enigmatic visiting card; I used an ink extracted from mystical blueberry herb,

And in order to sign the bond of love; the pact of immortal romance between me and my beloved; I used an ink of my very own and profusely passionate crimson blood.

Nikhil Parekh

In Order To Wipe My Sins

In order to wipe sweat trickling down my nape; I used a large bandanna,
in order to wipe blotches of mud from my demeanor; I used a soft towel,
in order to wipe scalding tea from my shirt; I used a colossal palm leaf,
in order to wipe invincible stains of crimson betel; I used stringent antiseptic,
in order to wipe agglutinated paint from the wall; I used a blend of water and salt,
in order to wipe tons of sawdust from the pellucid glass; I used a fluffy brush of handsome cotton,
in order to wipe sumptuous grape vine from the barrel; I used my tongue,
in order to wipe oleaginous grease from live grass; I used micro thin bristles of brush,
in order to wipe disdainful sewage from earth; I used a pair of dry twigs to incinerate,
in order to wipe saline tears from her eyes; I used my strong palm,
in order to wipe immaculate chalk from the blackboard, I used a rosewood duster,
in order to wipe incongruous thorns from the mystical grave; I used a forked pickaxe,
in order to wipe blood oozing profusely from my wounds; I used a concoction of whisky and sponge,
in order to wipe erroneous blunders in pronunciation; I used the dictionary,
in order to wipe mascara from her dainty eyes; I used my luscious red lips,
in order to wipe my bowels clean of debris; I used a well spun sanitary towel,
in order to wipe brackish footprints of my triangular feet; I used soft detergent,
in order to wipe flakes of white powder from my scalp; I vociferously used an extract of medieval roots,
in order to wipe venomous poison from her cheek; I articulately used my teeth and withdrew,
in order to wipe moisture from sequestered interiors of my home; I made use of fumigating Sunlight,
and in order to wipe the heinous sins I committed this existing life; I took birth for infinite decades,
harnessing the void created with my precious blood

Nikhil Parekh

In Our Succeeding Lives

Just when we'd completed the most immortally blessing kiss of all times; with our insatiably crimson lips; now profusely oozing cloudbursts of unparalleled passion,

Just when we'd completed the most sensuously tantalizing chase of all times; with our enigmatically aroused skin pores now desiring nothing else but the untamed smooch of our lips,

Just when we'd completed the most thunderously igniting caress of all times; with our arms now wanting to altruistically relinquish everything worldly around; to forever unite in the spirit of invincible oneness,

Just when we'd completed the most mellifluously romantic songs of all times; with our throats now voicing the innermost tunes of our enamoring soul; without moving even an infinitesimal fraction,

Just when we'd completed the most heart-to-heart discussions of all times; with our forms now desiring nothing else but celestial rest; for an infinite more destined lifetimes,

Just when we'd completed the most symbiotically shared meals of all times; with our bloodstreams now eternally united in the strings of miraculously ameliorating humanity,

Just when we'd completed the most boundlessly bewitching fantasizing of all times; with our brains now fully comprehending each other in every tangible and intangibly cognizable shape; situation; color and form,

Just when we'd completed the most ravishingly unbridled explorations of all times; with our fingers now wanting to solely intertwine in the best of friendship on this earth—that eventually led to the gates of ultimate paradise,

Just when we'd completed the most euphorically mollifying victories of all times; with our spirits now yearning to only see- the devil being unsparingly torched to the last bone of its fecklessly frigid spine,

Just when we'd completed the most spell-bindingly fiery dance of all times; with our muscles and bones now only fervently yearning—to wholesomely surrender to every stroke of destiny and unleashing time,

Just when we'd completed the most wholeheartedly untamed guffaw of all times;
with our jaws now wanting to do nothing else; but contentedly sleep for a
thousand
more centuries to unveil,

Just when we'd completed the most voluptuously exotic suckling of all times;
with our tongues now finding heavenly sweetness; in even the most bitter venom
that dared cascade on them,

Just when we'd completed the most brilliantly sensitive poetic verses of all times;
with our palms now feeling as if uninhibitedly swaying in rhapsodic utopia; right
here on the trajectory of mundanely commercial earth,

Just when we'd completed the most unbelievably philanthropic charities of all
times; with our souls now feeling washed and wholesomely eradicated; of a
countless derogatory sins of a countless treacherous past lives,

Just when we'd completed the most stupendously intricate nibbling of all times;
with our teeth now happily and unabashedly chattering a nineteen to the dozen;
for the rest of our lives,

Just when we'd completed the most unflinchingly beautiful marriage rituals of all
times; with our nerves now blissfully bonded into one unassailable mass; with
the blessings of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

Just when we'd completed the most unsurpassable admiration of all times; with
our speech now liberating and insuperably uniting with the Omniscient aura of
the lord—as we continued to sing an infinite hymns of praise for all his infinite
creation,

Just when we'd completed the most poignantly unmatched mating of all times;
with our bodies now unstoppably laughing; at even the most ghastliest prospect
of going down the grave,

Continents apart. You got up with a jerk from your divinely sleep in the arms of
your husband. And I got up with a bolt of lightening even greater- viciously
crumpled under the bohemian feet of my wife. And how we wished and wished
and wished; that this impossible dream of ours atleast got completed after our
deaths; and in our succeeding lives.

In Return.

I didn't the slightest expect even the most iridescently undefeated of mountaintops; the ultimate apogees of infallibly glittering success; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most majestically twinkling of stars; the unconquerably amiable glimmer that beautifully crowned the night; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most astoundingly proliferating of soil; the tirelessly spawning seeds of eclectically virile freshness; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most inscrutably roaring of oceans; the fathomless swirl of the undyingly towering and insuperable waves; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most torrentially blessing showers of rain; the globules of unparalleled magnificence which mollified every ingredient of emaciated soil; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most tantalizingly nubile seductresses; the rhapsodic wave of enigma which incessantly tingled even the most infinitesimal of my veins; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most indescribably mind-boggling miracles; the amazing evolution of an infinite new civilizations out of sheer and vapid nothingness; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most blazingly unfettered of Sun; the countless rays of Omnipotent light which vanquished every bit of inexplicable disaster; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most boundless granaries of nectar; the exotically unparalleled sweetness which harmoniously quelled every agonizing fire of life; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most unsurpassable stretch of the heavenly sky; the truest miracle depicting the vastness of God's Omnipresent creation; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most endless landscapes of pristine ice; the impeccable garland of priceless white that quintessentially adorned the mountain side; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most inimitably enamoring of pearls; the ecstatically virgin shimmer that granted bounteous fantasy for an unfathomable more lifetimes, in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most gloriously unchallengeable of laurels; the perpetual tunes of plaudits drifting left; right; center and in every conceivable pore of atmosphere; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most unimaginably gigantic territories of land; the footsteps of uninhibited romance emanating from every direction; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most unshakably powerful of fortresses; the rawness of united power demonstrated magnificently at every step; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most undyingly replenished of treasuries; the signature of stinking wealth which could virtually buy anything on this planet today; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most immortal spells of life; the heaven where there was absolutely not the tiniest trace of gorily asphyxiating death; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most blessedly kingly destiny lines of life; the magical routes which led to nothing else but sparkling prosperity; in return for it,

If only; you gave me each beat of your immortally compassionate heart; in return for every corresponding beat of my heart; which inexhaustibly throbbed for you and only you; forever and ever and ever in my chest's goldmine.

Nikhil Parekh

In The Current Moment

Whatever bountifully good and resplendent; or the most hideously torturous chambers of unforgivably carcinogenic disaster; on the trajectory of this timelessly enthralling Universe,

Whatever unconquerably righteous and truthful; or the most sinfully perverted anecdotes of brutally sanctimonious lies; on the map of this boundlessly bewitching Universe,

Whatever peerlessly blazing and optimistic; or the most satanically unbearable lanes of deliriously inconsolable dastardliness; on the firmament of this eternally rhapsodic Universe,

Whatever philanthropically symbiotic and victorious; or the most sadistically malevolent gutters of shamefully uxorious defeat; on the ladder of this unabashedly magnetic Universe,

Whatever magically potent and proliferating; or the most tautologically destructive battlefields of egregiously evaporating infertility; on the mist of this gigantically undefeated Universe,

Whatever miraculously altruistic and benevolent; or the most criminally unforgivable wars of demonically excoriating terrorism; on the notebook of this fathomlessly mesmerizing Universe,

Whatever enchantingly synergistic and beautiful; or the most dementedly disgusting form of venomously prejudiced ugliness; on the wall of this fantastically bestowing Universe,

Whatever charismatically blessed and humanitarian; or the most sacrilegiously condemnable hollows of diabolically parasitic inhumanity; on the playground of this interminably fecund Universe,

Whatever effulgently boisterous and youthful; or the most deplorably shriveled skins of deplorably extinguishing old age; on the cradle of this unbelievably ameliorating Universe,

Whatever unconquerably sparkling and virgin; or the most parasitically bigoted thrones of manipulatively adulterated politics; on the canvas of this incredulously magnanimous Universe,

Whatever brilliantly honest and persevering; or the most abysmally distorted mortuaries of haplessly asphyxiating laziness; on the filament of this regally sacred Universe,

Whatever perspicaciously virtuous and candid; or the most disdainfully circumlocuted routes of hedonistically disoriented deceit; on the periphery of this vividly placating Universe,

Whatever blessedly innocuous and peaceful; or the most vociferously cadaverous graveyards of indiscriminately impoverished war; on the roof of this spell-bindingly euphoric Universe,

Whatever dedicatedly benign and godly; or the most worthlessly stagnating carcasses of the unforgivably wailing agnostic; on the territories of this aristocratically unlimited Universe,

Whatever victoriously liberating and fragrant; or the most lividly decaying stench of maniacally lambasting slavery; on the apogees of this perennially spawning Universe,

Whatever beautifully unparalleled and replenishing; or the most inexhaustibly imbecile pangs of demonically uncurbed hunger; on the shores of this unlimitedly fertile Universe,

Whatever immortally compassionate and faithful; or the most unsavorily gory winds of heinously paralyzing infidelity; on the pores of this supremely panoramic Universe,

Whatever unshakably Omnipresent and lively; or the most excruciatingly crucifying cries of intolerably maiming death; on the strings of this unimaginably versatile Universe,

Every conceivable shade of life exists not in the obliviously sluggish past; and neither in the inexplicably unknown future; but infact and irrefutably in the unconquerable Now; in this very current moment.

Nikhil Parekh

In The End

It might indefatigably roam in a countless directions on this fathomless Universe;
but in the end the mellifluously bumble bee came back only to its resplendently
harmonious hive,

It might unendingly roam in a countless directions on this boundless Universe;
but in the end the scepter of altruistically fearless truth came back only to the
cradle
of unflinchingly eternal righteousness,

It might unnervingly roam in a countless directions on this gargantuan Universe;
but in the end the victoriously unhindered lion came back only to the peerlessly
snuggled den in the forests,

It might unceasingly roam in a countless directions on this colossal Universe; but
in the end the poignantly undulating wave came back only to the heart of the
choppily untamed sea,

It might tirelessly roam in a countless directions on this unbelievable Universe;
but in the end the granule of obliviously invisible sand came back only to the bed
of
the royally glistening desert,

It might unstoppably roam in a countless directions on this celestial Universe;
but in the end the beautifully uninhibited butterfly came back only to the
brilliantly sunlit petals of the incredibly aristocratic sunflower,

It might uncontrollably roam in a countless directions on this enchanting
Universe; but in the end the penuriously slithering worm came back only to the
cocoon of zealously passionate and mysteriously darkened soil,

It might frenetically roam in a countless directions on this spell-binding Universe;
but in the end the mischievously cavorting infant came back only to the lap of its
convivially caring and divinely mother,

It might incessantly roam in a countless directions on this blessing Universe; but
in the end the fantastically adventuring bird came back only to the recesses of
the heart-warmingly cozy and sequestered nest,

It might zanily roam in a countless directions on this fascinating Universe;

but in the end the ecstatically unparalleled fantasy came back only to the dormitories of the superbly intriguing and innovative brain,

It might limitlessly roam in a countless directions on this unconquerable Universe; but in the end the chapter of triumphantly unshakable humanity came back only to the palms of benign simplicity,

It might unrestrictedly roam in a countless directions on this boundless Universe; but in the end the exhilaratingly beautiful smile came back only to the periphery of the sensuously rubicund lips,

It might irretrievably roam in a countless directions on this enigmatic Universe; but in the end the irrefutably faithful wag came back only to the dog's gregariously curved tail,

It might impudently roam in a countless directions on this jolly Universe; but in the end the uncannily surreptitious spider came back only to the strands of the gloriously satiny and royally pristine web,

It might unendingly roam in a countless directions on this euphoric Universe; but in the end the mist of unadulterated peace came back only to the soul of majestically unbridled innocence,

It might randomly roam in a countless directions on this uninterrupted Universe; but in the end the droplet of quintessential blood came back only to the robustly burgeoning network of veins,

It might undauntedly roam in a countless directions on this spectacular Universe; but in the end the rainbow of profound sensitivity came back only to the poignantly trembling poet,

It might frivolously roam in a countless directions on this Omnipotent Universe; but in the end the puff of inevitably vibrant breath came back only to the lifelessly choking nostrils,

And it might unstoppably roam in a countless directions on this Omnipresent Universe; but in the end the beat of Immortal Love came back only to the caverns of the perpetually throbbing and unassailably Godly heart.

Nikhil Parekh

In The Eyes Of Hatred

In the conglomerate of sinister clouds; there lay hidden twinkling stars,
Which emitted brilliant ramifications as the sky cleared; mystically illuminating
the atmosphere.

In the dense clusters of green leaves; there lay hidden the incongruously
sculptured branch,
Which was thoroughly elastic with succulent juice oozing; and provided adequate
nutrition to the leaves.

In colossal slopes of the treacherous mountain terrain; there lay hidden infinite
tunnels; sequestered from acerbic rays of the Sun,
In which resided scores of innocuous rabbit; as well as a fleet of wailing wolf.

In the hostile fangs of poisonous reptile; there lay hidden a hissing sound,
Which permeated the ambience with waves of enchantment; indispensably
captivating the attention of all animals in vicinity.

In the blistering rays of flaming sun; there lay hidden resplendent tinges of rich
gold,
Which depicted its natural splendor; the mesmerizing spell that it had cast for
centuries unprecedented on this earth.

In the ocean of sizzling lava strewn rampantly circumventing the volcano; there
lay hidden crimson colored fumes,
Which painstakingly arose in the air; eventually blending with the firmament of
sky.

In the diabolical silhouette of wild elephant; there lay hidden twin pairs of
gleaming tusks,
Which bore their way vehemently through the jungle outgrowths; portraying
their magnanimous glory to all.

In every rivulet of the intensely polluted stream; there lay hidden sweet mineral
water,
If only it was scrupulously recycled; stringently annihilating disdainful impurities
impregnated in its persona.

In the body of every little child wandering on this earth; there lay hidden the
Omniscient God,

As immaculate as virgin milk dribbling from cow teats; with the entire universe distinctly visible in the impeccable mouth.

And in the eyes of overwhelming hatred; there lay hidden dormant traces of perpetual love,
Which was ready to yield; the moment you caressed and tickled it with loads of empathy blended with profound care.

Nikhil Parekh

In The Eyes Of My Beloved

As I tried to decipher my destiny in the eyes of the horrendously slithering crocodile; confronting him face on beside the marshy swamps,
All I saw was a life blended consisting of savage deeds compounded with profound animosity; and before I could ask him a volley of questions; he gobbled me like mincemeat with his knife like jaws.

As I tried to cognize my destiny in the eyes of a frivolous chimpanzee; patting him gently on his back,
All I saw was an aboriginal life of leaping voraciously on trees; inexorably masticating a meal of succulent banana; unable to go to school like humans do.

As I tried to perceive my destiny in the eyes of the hideous lizard; blowing my breath in gasps on its serrated skinned body,
All I saw was a bleak future devouring scores of slimy insects; spending the remainder of my life in realms of despondency and circumspection.

As I tried to envisage my destiny in the eyes of a pernicious vulture; sitting in close proximity with its monstrous sized eggs,
All I saw was a brutal life plucking decayed carrion from the flesh of lifeless bodies; scaring innocuous creatures in the sky with my dreaded persona.

As I tried to visualize my destiny in the eyes of a grizzly bear; riding on his furry back through the snow clad mountains,
All I saw was a shivering life in the freezing winds; a future in which there would be absolutely no sun in the cosmos to sight.

As I tried to conceive my destiny in the eyes of a potbellied tortoise; forcing him to extrude out his slender neck,
All I saw was a life full of indolence blended with languid ease; without budging a solitary inch for years on the trot.

As I tried to speculate my destiny in the eyes of a hunch backed camel; endeavoring to caress its slimy nose,
All I saw was a life full of confronting sweltering sandstorms; consuming scraggy cactus for morning breakfast as well as nocturnal supper.

As I tried to discern my destiny in the eyes of mammoth dinosaur; standing like an inconspicuous mosquito on the ground,
All I saw was a life replete with barbaric domination; and before I could even

realize; he instantaneously pulverized me to saw dust under his diabolical feet.

As I tried to contemplate my destiny in the eyes of a scintillating dolphin; floating beside it in the swirling ocean,
All I saw was a life diving acrobatically in the waters; occasionally being eaten by the preposterously huge white shark.

As I tried to comprehend my destiny in the eyes of a cold blooded murderer; standing in the firing range of his gleaming revolver,
All I saw was a life assassinating innocuous individuals; coating my palms with their innocent blood.

And eventually as I tried to imagine my destiny in the eyes of my beloved; I felt submerged in waves of unprecedented euphoria,
And it was here that I saw my life the most beautiful; the most ravishing; the most exhilarating out of all of my previous lives; and I discovered a host of blissfully fulfilling purposes to live.

Nikhil Parekh

In The Lap Of My Mother

In the lap of the road there was abundant traffic; wailing pressure horns producing discordant cacophony,

In the lap of the colossal mountain there was snow; shimmering immaculately in the sunlight; projecting shades of white,

In the lap of the garden there was green grass; sprawled rampantly on the soil; tickling me as I walked,

In the lap of a contemporary computer; there lay embossed a plethora of finely chiseled microchips; functioning scrupulously,

In the lap of the river gushing at violent speeds; there were fish of handsome sizes and shapes,

In the lap of a tree densely foliated with leaves; there lived bushy squirrels juxtaposed with resplendent insects,

In the lap of the scorching desert extending to unfathomable limits; there was hot sand and the rustic cactus swirling magnificently in the wind,

In the lap of the grandiloquent palace; there resided the dainty princess floating in the aisles of ostentation and luxury,

In the lap of the refrigerator; there was succulent fruit strewn alongwith barrels of cold wine,

In the lap of the sky; there was the brilliant sun and placid moon; blessing the earth with light all round the clock,

In the lap of the concrete wall; there were baked bricks impregnated to provide it fortification,

In the lap of the tropical jungle; there were wild animals; white water streams and a scores of venomous spider,

In the lap of the fountain pen; there was colored ink; granting profound impetus to words; molding them to beautiful calligraphy,

In the lap of the deep well; there was stagnant water; which was deftly evacuated by humans to quench their insatiable thirst,

In the lap of prejudice; there lived disdainful hatred; which was its obvious manifestation,

In the lap of the dictionary; there were infinite words finely embodied; granting us
the privilege of communication,

In the lap of the city gutter; lay fetid sewage giving rise to the most unbearable of stench,

In the lap of a cigarette there was bountiful tobacco; which produced carcinogenic smoke when consumed,

In the lap of omnipotent God; there lay the entire universe; with a fleet of organisms diligently executing their tasks,

And in the lap of my mother; there resided perpetual care; the love that no price on this earth could purchase.

Nikhil Parekh

In The Next Birth

If I acquired the menacing form of an alligator in the next birth, I would want you to cling tightly to my persona as my serrated green skin.

If I was born in the ominous form of the jungle tiger in the next birth, I would want you to be incorporated in my body as my domineeringly authoritative growl.

If I was born as a densely foliated tree in the next birth, I would want you to be the perennial leaves that emanated from my silhouette.

If I was born as an opalescent fish in the next birth, I would want you to be saline water in which I could sustain life and swim.

If I was born as the twin horned sacrosanct cow in the next birth, I would inevitably desire you as the milk I would diffuse from my flaccid teats.

If I was born as a slithering reptile in the next birth, I would want you to be the lethal venom I possessed in my triangular fangs.

If I was born as an obnoxious donkey in the next birth, I would want you to be my hooves which swished indiscriminately at innocuous trespassers.

If I was born as perpetually blind in the next birth, I would indispensably want you to be my eyes to guide me towards dazzling light.

If I was born as being disdainfully maim; bereft of feet in the next birth, I would incorrigibly want you to be my legs to ecstatically leap in times of jubilation.

If I was born as a rustic spider with a battalion of arms in the next birth, I would want you to be mesmerizing threads of the silken web which I inhabited night and day.

If I was born as an inconspicuous mosquito in the next birth, I would want you to be the sting existing in my bifurcated tentacles.

If I was born as a agglomerate of sinister clouds in the next birth, I would want you to be pelting sheets of rain tumbling down on the scorched

ground.

If I was born as a traditional dancer in the next birth,
I would desire you to be the jingling chains riveted to my anklets.

If I was born as a voluptuous chameleon in the next birth,
I would want you to be the band of colors that I changed according to my habitat.

If I was born as a scintillating oyster in the next birth,
I would want you as the jugglery of immaculate pearls impregnated in my belly.

If I was born as a solitary camel in the blistering heat of desert,
I would inevitably desire you as barrels of pellucid water to placate my thirst.

If I was born as drummer performing at concerts in the next birth,
I would want you as the drum which would be essential for the sound to propagate.

If I was born as the most opulent on the globe in the next birth,
I would intractably want you as the notes of currency; which I possessed in exorbitant capacity.

If I was born as infinite blades of emerald grass in the next birth,
I would want you to be the fertile land mass of soil to provide me tumultuous loads of nutrition.

If I was born as the frivolous monkey in the next birth,
I would want you to be my claws; facilitating me to clasp tree branches in a vice like grip.

If I was born as an ambivalent filmmaker in the next birth,
I would want you to be every film that I directed in my reigning tenure.

If I was born as a tantalizing rose in the next birth,
I would want you to be my everlasting fragrance.

If I was born as a mundane ceiling fan in the next birth,
I would want you to be my riveted blades; circulating exuberant draughts of air.

If I was born as a boisterous honey bee in the next birth,
I would want you to be the sweet nectar I produced from my catacombed body.

If I was born as an inconspicuous nail hung to the wall; in my next birth,
I would want you to be the peels of rust I acquired on my body.

If I was born as the fibrous fruit of apple in the next birth,
I would want you to be the cluster of seeds impregnated in my belly.

If I was born as an indigenous woman in the next birth,
I would overwhelmingly desire you as the contemporary man from the city.

And if by the stroke of chivalrous fortune; I was born as a man again in the next
birth,
I would want you to be the same girl; whom I loved immensely today; existing
on this earth.

Nikhil Parekh

In The Realms Of Sacrosanct Marriage

There was a time when we talked in hushed whispers behind the bushes;
endeavoring our best to camouflage our bodies from the extraneous world,
While today we sat closely beside each other under brilliant daylight; entwining
our palms formidably against each other; blatantly in the midst of the bustling
streets.

There was a time when we waited for marathon hours to meet; anxiously
anticipating the sun to set down in the hills before we started for our clandestine
expeditions,
While today we spent each moment together; with our breaths drifting down
passionately without the slightest of synchronized control.

There was a time when we painstakingly craved to hear each others voices;
trying to frantically search our memory as far as possible to salvage the last word
we spoke,
While today we indefatigably talked till our tongues ached; conversed about the
weirdest topics in this world; our eyes locked immortally with each other.

There was a time when we cordially smiled in front of the society; to depict that
we were nothing else but good friends of after school,
While today we laughed to our hearts content philandering euphorically through
the labyrinth of mystical valleys; leaving the civilized planet forever; well behind
our times.

There was a time when we yearned to see all rays relinquish completely in our
dwellings; so that we could surreptitiously meet and sight each other for a short
while under milky moonbeams,
While today we admired each other to the most unprecedented capacity of our
minds; in tenaciously fiery and flamboyant full house lights.

There was a time when we witnessed each other with stooping eyes; profoundly
mortified by each others presence in front of our revered elders,
While today we danced in ebullient energy even after midnight; with our lids
incorrigibly refusing to bat the tiniest; gazing wide open till unsurpassable
times.

There was a time when we ate our food in separate plates; ardently
remembering each other; with tears welling up in our eyes as we nostalgically
reminisced our playful times,

While today we fed each other with our own hands; sat at whisker length distances with our lips profusely intermingled; entirely oblivious to the unfurling of rapid time.

There was a time when we were petrified to see to each other without prior permissions; as we knew that the ramifications of that could be punishment upto the highest decree,
While today we waved at everybody on the roads with uninhibited freedom; audaciously proclaiming to the world the tales of our invincible romance.

And there was a time when we had newly met; said 'I Love you' to each other; were groping to find our veritable places; blend with the Herculean struggle to blissfully survive in this colossal globe,
While today we had just tied the nuptial thread; bonding our mind; body; soul for centuries immemorial; drifting in a world wholesomely of our own; in the realms of sacrosanct marriage.

Nikhil Parekh

In-Born Strengths

Romance indefatigably and with piquant enchantment; to your most unassailably integral mountain; of in-born strengths,

Dance ingratiatingly and with tantalizing charisma; to your most fabulously impeccable repertoire; of in-born strengths,

Fantasize intransigently and with incessant fascination; to your most fathomlessly intrepid ocean; of in-born strengths,

Gallop patriotically and with unflinching brazenness; to your most invincibly blazing Sun; of in-born strengths,

Donate benevolently and with unequivocal humanity; to your most spellbindingly colossal kaleidoscope; of in-born strengths,

Listen ardently and with insatiable fervor; to your most gloriously glimmering fountain; of in-born strengths,

Sleep sensuously and with blissful contentment; to your most blisteringly dynamic goalhouse; of in-born strengths,

Laugh wholeheartedly and with ebulliently emollient gusto; to your most divinely unsurpassable armory; of in-born strengths,

Sing harmoniously and with unprecedented artistry in your voice; to your most ubiquitously endless river; of in-born strengths,

Walk flamboyantly and with an unfathomable urge to reach philanthropic targets; to your most gloriously synergistic cocoon; of in-born strengths,

Philosophize humbly and with ecstatically untamed belief; to your most poignantly celestial stream; of in-born strengths,

Discover gallantly and with overwhelming enigma; to your most resplendently twinkling sky; of in-born strengths,

Serve irrevocably and with the unconquerable spirit of mankind; to your most passionately Omnipotent idol; of in-born strengths,

Invest judiciously and with astounding pragmatism; to your most grandiloquently intrinsic castle; of in-born strengths,

Write candidly and with intricately silken graciousness; to your most irrefutably honest treasury; of in-born strengths,

Pray fearlessly and with a wave of benign calm enveloping the soul; to your most scintillatingly sacrosanct candle; of in-born strengths,

Evolve intriguingly and with incomprehensibly bountiful vigor; to your most beautifully tranquil civilization; of in-born strengths,

Breathe compassionately and with the overpowering elixir to lead life; to your most stupendously fortified fortress; of in-born strengths,

Love immortally and with impregnably never dying tenacity; to your most celestially vivacious river; of in-born strengths,

Over and above all; Live symbiotically and with the relentless aspiration to conquer an infinite deaths; to your most magnanimously bestowing lamp; of in-born strengths.

Nikhil Parekh

Incomplete

Every cloud in the cosmos was incomplete without rain; the water that instilled signs of life in the dead; after cascading down,

Every wave in the sea was incomplete without raw salt; the granules of tanginess embedded, that granted it a ravishing aroma,

Every pearl incarcerated within the slimy oyster was incomplete without its shine; the scintillating glow that crowned it the king of all gems,

Every flower protruding from the soil was incomplete without its petals; the intricate furls of crimson that inundated the air with a rejuvenating fragrance,

Every bird soaring in the sky was incomplete without its wings; the slender flaps of skin that engendered it to fly,

Every patch of earth was incomplete without mushy grass; the tendrils of enchanting green; which voluptuously tingled the feet,

Every mountain was incomplete without its summit; the towering peaks that profoundly distinguished it from the ordinary lumps of mud,

Every lion transgressing through the dense jungle was incomplete without its growl; the thunderous sound that petrifies all animals in vicinity; to the last bone of their spine,

Every desert was incomplete without its sands; the golden crystals of slippery soil that flew rampantly in the air with the rustic breeze,

Every star in the sky was incomplete without its twinkle; the omnipotent shimmer diffusing from its demeanor,

Every dungeon was incomplete without darkness; the appalling gloom that encompassed it in entirety,

Every cactus extruding from scorched mud was incomplete without its thorns; the acrimonious bristles; which stabbed like infinite burnt needles when caressed,

Every snake slithering through the marshy swamps was incomplete without

is venom; the poison impregnated in its fangs that strangulated its victim to ghastly death,

Every fire burning was incomplete without its flames; the leaping wisps of blistering smoke that wafted out as an aftermath,

Every man was incomplete without a moustache; the black bush of hard hair embodied stringently to his lips,

Every temple was incomplete without god; the omnipresent aura inhabiting each space, that created us all,

Every mother was incomplete without her child; the innocuous infant that suckled milk from her chest,

Every heart was incomplete without its vivacious beat; the throbbing pulse embedded that unleashed life,

And every life was incomplete without love; the person who made it feel special; the person who made it feel the reason to be blissfully alive

Nikhil Parekh

Indefatigable Nature

The white semi crescent luminates large in the sky,
Suspended in the jet black pool of atmosphere,
The stars glitter in unison,
As black wisps of clouds hang around.

Awesome masses of air blow gustily,
Bundles of molecules gasp collectively,
Stringent voices blow mightily,
As thunderous core of lechery comes pouring down.

Macro droplets of liquid break into frenzy,
Torrential rain cascades all over,
Drenching fresh granules of earth,
Softening parched rocks of violent composition,
Trespassing waywardly through molten fiascos of heat,
Harrowing the elixir of humanity,
Soothing the edifices of brutal racism,
Shattering glass panes of heinous felonies,
As I watch the proceedings in mute silence.

Nikhil Parekh

India

I'd like to uninhibitedly beckon you to my vivid and sacrosanct country,

Where rest the insuperable foundations of Mosques; Temples; Churches;
Gurudwaras- devoutly worshipped by millions of people fearlessly following the
religion of their choice and their invincible faith in God Almighty,

A land replenished with a multicultural blend of traditions and humanity.

A bountiful garden with opportunity to learn; melange; prosper and embrace
myriad traditions that enrich the silhouette with color.

A landscape of uninhibited emotions which reaches to everyone; irrespective of
caste; creed; color; tribe; religion- with humanism as its benevolent best,

A kaleidoscope of astounding charm and artistry which enthuses with its various
rustic shades of originality; wildlife sanctuaries; virgin beaches; and amazingly
innocuous craftsmanship,

A platform where even the most alien of visitor feels in the unbridled lap of
compassionate home; where the scent of togetherness and brotherhood dissect
all barriers of language,

A country which has produced the most brilliantly enthralling people in their own
fraternities winning the Nobel Prize, the Olympic Gold Medal, the Cricket World
Cup and the Oscar with mesmerizing aplomb,

A naturally endowed and eclectically blessed empire where true patriots and
soldiers defend their motherland with the utmost pride and yet at the same time
respect and embrace others with unfettered open arms - preferring peace over
indiscriminately terrorizing war,

Welcome to India.

Nikhil Parekh

Indian Widow

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she was ruthlessly ridiculed at every quarter of this conventionally acrid society,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she was treated worse than what people could have treated barbaric dogs on stray streets; shrugging her entirely from the fabric of blissful existence,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she hopelessly staggered on every step towards a painstaking defeat; with literally every door slamming tyrannically shut upon her impeccable persona,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she became the subject of indefatigable abuse; with all males in vicinity; salaciously devouring every bit of her untainted innocence,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she lost even the most infinitesimal trace of her integrity in the air outside; with people preferring to bleed; rather than look at her cursed face,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she frantically searched all night and day for an unassailable friend; but what she got was the uncouthly coldblooded whiplash instead,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she was disastrously decimated in her conquest to be self sufficient; with powerhouses of wealth in this Country; devilishly using her innocence to their savage advantage,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she had become a ravishingly ingratiating persona all right; but morbidly devoid of an irrefutably moral conscience; which led to righteously blazing light,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she had remorsefully frozen the poignantly scarlet streams of blood in her veins; in her hopeless mission of trying to savor empathy and blankets of compassionate love,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she had become a statue vengefully divested of even the tiniest of emotion; as she into a life of lecherous nothingness; for times immemorial,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she had lost her pristine chastity the moments she stepped outside; with the winds of diabolical prejudice shattering her into an infinite pieces; of bizarre worthlessness,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she had become a mere commodity; being insidiously traded on the dais of depravation; to yield to the viciously abhorrent cry of the devil,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she left her immaculate children in the malicious orphanage; rather than having them witness her being gorily mutilated every unfurling second of the day,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she alighted from bed every morning all right; but with the flaming light outside; seeming to be worse than the corpses; of dolorously dead light,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she incessantly cursed her destiny all night and day; for yet keeping her so tirelessly breathing and discerningly alive,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she felt as each instant stabbing her with a whirlpool of heinous atrocity; with the word hope disappearing forever from the thesaurus of the; murderously ungainly planet,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she was exonerated from all relationships; with even those bonded by blood; snobbishly failing to recognize the blissful contours of her; innocuous face,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she had even stopped praying to the Almighty Lord; knowing it perfectly well that she would be satanically kicked by the conventionally ritualistic priests; from the very first of the sacred Temple steps,

O! Yes for once upon a time it was indeed those two pinches of vermilion glistening profound between her hair; that had granted her the status of an embellished queen; with this same society saluting her with loads of respect,

While today she felt that the worst sin she had committed was to marry; for after her husband unfortunately quit his last breath; she had become the same treacherous word on everyone's mouth; which she forever wanted to forget; she had become just one another in the devastatingly augmenting list of Indian widows.

Indisputable Wealth

Satiny cloth fluttering in the air,
hollow poles of steel embedded in concrete,
conspicuous symbols stitched to perfection,
depicting national pride, unparalleled privilege,
the flag tapers to the sky in crisp draughts of autumn breeze.

Fiber metal sheets glowing in radium light,
Crystal glass windows sliding down,
Cushioned steering power packed with compressible Dunlop,
Coats of silver paint sizzling in sunshine,
Twin rubber seats draped in opalescent cover,
The sapphire blue sedan dipped down steep curves of the valley.

Round white beads of synthetic plastic,
Sewn articulately to glossy coarse cloth,
Parallel cuts of arm length sleeve,
Faded exteriors blended with blotches of light blue dye,
Sweat proof texture hindering perspiring whiffs of odour,
The cloud blue denim shirt hangs on curved hangers of the city showroom.

Square chocolates of thick bulky rock,
Submerged in golden extracts of medieval liquid,
Cut in oval shapes by electric cutters of steel,
Glistening wildly in an ambience of dull murky light,
The sackfull of gold coins lay stashed in realms of coded iron safe.

Bare stone bricks abraded with sandpaper,
Sloping roofs lined with exquisite china tile,
Polished mahogany doors studded with brass,
Palacial marble columns holding dead live weight of roof,
Mystical cuckoo bird bathing in mud bowls of water,
The split level house loomed large on undulating
landscapes of swiss plateau.

Frothy white liquid dripping at slow speeds,
Due to deft hand massage of fertile cow teats,
Filling bronze buckets with liters of cream,
Gratifying millions of mouths with early morning meals,
The pure cow milk churned waves of desire after spoonfuls of consumption.

Striking its fangs against an enclosure of bronze,
Riveted firmly to rolled surface of plaster,
Triggered by intricate mechanisms of coiled wire,
Producing sugary tunes by mere caress to the spongy switch,
The magnificent house bell lights up molecules of doom suspended,
With melodious rhymes circulating sedately through atmosphere.

Striped furry coat stuck tightly to skin,
Eyes radiating in orange roof light,
Whiskers drooping down in bruised pride,
Razor sharp teeth emitting a ferocious growl,
Perched for centuries on rock tablets of hard ground,
The wild stuffed leopard stands lifeless after years of jungle rule.

Tubular body reinforced with steel chips,
Having watertight windows overlooking the sea,
Long tunnel passages illuminated with fluorescent bulb,
Spending its entire life in vast prisons of salty water,
The submarine proudly marched kissing colonies of sea weed bush.

Nikhil Parekh

Inevitable Death

Every day I polished my teeth with scintillating toothpaste; scrupulously scrapping even the most minuscule chunk of dirt trapped in the interiors within,

Every day I washed my body tenaciously with raw soap; intricately extracting even the most infinitesimal particle of dandruff from my scalp,

Every day I trimmed my nails; judiciously seeing to it that they didn't protrude even a trifle more than necessary,

Every day I placed my soggy shoes in blistering sunlight; in order to fumigate even the last ounce of fungus disdainfully adhering incorrigibly to my shoes,

Every day I ironed my clothes with a steaming iron; profoundly ensuring that every single little cringe metamorphosed itself into handsome neat folds,

Every day I applied tons of redolent powder on my skin; spraying every cranny of my armpits with rejuvenating fountains of pungent scent,

Every day I massaged soothing sandalwood paste on my cheeks; in order to impart my fatigued complexion with that immortal shine and bountiful glow,

Every day I wore expensive designer shirts; with an array of stunningly gaudy designs embossed within; making me the darling of all teenage girls,

Every day I consumed several bottles of sparkling spring water; to pacify the unrelenting fires smoldering violently in my scorched throat,

Every day I drove in a new car; letting its swanky interiors and Herculean speed flamboyantly ignite the dormant adventurer in my persona,

Every day I visited a myriad of valleys and royal palace; with a festoon of glittering images taking complete control of my fading imagination,

Every day I conversed with the most mesmerizing of fairies every existing in this Universe; let the enchantment in their eyes drown me into a valley of perpetual bliss,

Every day I suckled boundless cans of succulent food and ravishing beer; gulped and chewed indefatigably to my ultimate heart's content,

Every day I philandered in rustic cowboy boots through sprawling territories of the meadow; chasing the sheep and peacocks; blending myself profusely with the natural environment,
Every day I sighted my reflection in the most fascinating of glass on the globe for hours immemorial; sipped delectable streams of honey and herbal tea; seated within the plush interiors of the grandiloquently golden aircraft,

Every day I signed countless number of cheques with my bulky leather pen; shaking hands with towering business magnates and a flurry of prominent ministers,

Every day I listened to the most enigmatic of tunes floating passionately on this planet, relishing the mystical froth of the waterfalls cascading through my curled eyelashes,

Every day I gobbled down a battalion of robust vitamins; to fortify and replenish my body against dirt and inexplicable disease,

Every day I donated millions of currency coins amongst all those who badly needed it; dispensed the colossal treasury of my wealth with gay abandon and according to my own will,

Every day I basked in the aisles of unprecedented desire; possessing every intangible object I laid my eyes upon; with the unfathomable power of my wealth,

And yet one day; I found myself buried gruesomely under the morbid corpse; with all my so called ostentation and pretention; now thoroughly blended with small specks of smoky dirt;

Inevitable death had unsparingly mixed me along with infinite others in the soil; and the thing that I was never ready to believe at any stage of my bombastic life; had now snatched me away within fractions of seconds along with my entire mountain of so called wealth and fame.

Nikhil Parekh

Inevitably And Bound To

When two pairs of lips came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either compassionately smooched each other; or stab each other with daggerheads of maliciously prejudiced contempt,

When two pairs of eyes came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either flirtatiously wink at each other; or burn each other with the fires of unceremoniously atrocious and unlimited vindication,

When two pairs of brains came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either unite together to fantasize in the mists of eternal paradise; or plot against each other; the most demonically sinister corpses of hell,

When two pairs of feet came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either tirelessly adventure and exultate together; or kick each other with the maelstroms of chauvinistically imprisoned ego; reigning haplessly supreme,

When two pairs of nails came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either unitedly carve the most spell-bindingly artistic pathways of symbiotic hope; or uncontrollably scratch each other; till they felt every other color singularly metamorphose into the color of gory blood,

When two pairs of palms came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either amalgamate together into the bonds of perennially unflinching camaraderie; or acridly slap each other; the most resoundingly intolerable slaps of racial hatred,

When two pairs of ears came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either timelessly discern even the most infinitesimal iota of sensitivity in the celestial atmosphere; or pretend horrendously deaf to even the most sorrowfully ghastliest of each other's cries,

When two pairs of bloodstreams came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either unassailably coalesce to give birth to an entire new river of impregnable humanity; or wage indiscriminately terrorizing war with each other till even centuries after the end of their destined time,

When two pairs of shoulders came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound

to; either philanthropically bond to ameliorate every echelon of abjectly suffering living kind; or inexorably assert thunderclaps of ignominious rebuke against each other;
until both unanimously crumbled towards threadbare ground,

When two pairs of fingers came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either poignantly sketch every vein of panoramically unfettered beauty on this Universe; or deliberately poke at each other's ribs like the worst of foes,

When two pairs of tongues came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either profusely lick at each other till their hearts content; or spit the most sacrilegiously wanton streams of delirious spit; upon each other's face,

When two pairs of bellies came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either sensuously bask in the unlimited glory of tantalizing touch; or disastrously try and pummel each other; well beneath ostensibly robust layers of soil,

When two pairs of shadows came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; either blissfully mélange in a cistern of unparalleled velvety softness; or surreptitiously try and trick each other into a mortuary of dreadfully profane chicanery,

When two pairs of armpits came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; either honesty persevere till the most impregnable epitomes of truthfully humanitarian success; or vengefully try to wring each other's integrity; with the ghoulishly castrated odor of corruption,

When two pairs of cheeks came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; either mischievously blush to the most unconquerably profound shades of
of
crimson; or forever try and taint each other with the scars of disparaging infidelity,

When two pairs of spines came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; either ignite into an inferno of unstoppably jubilant desire; or venomously whiplash at each other; like the lethal scorpions ominous tongue,

When two pairs of nostrils came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; either perennially bond in the invincible entrenchment of magical breath;
or hedonistically hiss at each other the winds of inconsolably cadaverous abhorrence,

When two pairs of mouth's came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; either interminably suck at each other's sweetness; or satanically blurt an infinite volley of abuses at each other without the tiniest of respite,

But when two pairs of heart's came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; only immortally bond in the beats of unshakably priceless friendship; only immortally gallop through the skies of amiably inseparable belonging; and only limitlessly love; love and unconquerably love.

Nikhil Parekh

Infalibly Married. Yet You Say That I'm A Bachelor!

Invincibly married to each droplet of my golden sweat; replenishing every miserably emaciated cranny of my wailing soul; with its virtue of irrefutably spell-binding perseverance; was I,

Limitlessly married to each intrepid footstep that I traversed; wholesomely perpetuating every pore of my skin; with the spirit of timelessly rejuvenating adventure; was I,

Insuperably married to each bountiful fantasy that I dreamt; miraculously metamorphosing every ounce of my inexplicable sorrow in my veins; into a paradise of surreally inexorable optimism, was I,

Unconquerably married to each poignant blood-drop of mine; timelessly inculcating in me the egalitarian principles of inimitably peerless and priceless humanity; was I,

Perennially married to each enchanting destiny line of mine; enigmatically assimilating the unceasingly untamed thrill of existence; which magnetically vacillated at every unfurling instant of bewitching life,

Perpetually married to each follicle of my sensuously ravishing hair; exuberantly floating with the jubilantly ecstatic currents of breeze; which transcended me beyond the boundaries of fetidly gruesome manipulation; was I,

Royally married to each fearlessly handsome of my bone; supremely exultating in my tirelessly altruistic strength; wholeheartedly utilizing every iota of the same to the service of benign living kind; was I,

Triumphantly married to each of my fantastically blessing pulse; harmoniously existing for centuries immemorial; romancing in its quintessentially effulgent swirl; was I,

Unlimitedly married to each of my blissfully reinvigorating smiles; which timelessly catapulted me to the topmost rung of victorious paradise; which was inhabited by only the aisles of unfettered desire; was I,

Interminably married to each of my unstoppably burgeoning ambitions; making me feel the most pricelessly desirous puff of euphoric breath on every step that I traversed; was I,

Unshakably married to each jubilantly scarlet blush of my cheek; which made me feel as the most sensitively nubile bride; shivering wholesomely naked under the full and profound rays of the midnight moon, was I,

Eternally married to each mischievously dancing of my eyelash; which endlessly permeated me to frolic in unabashed abandon behind the magically rain-soaked meadows with the maidens of my choice; was I,

Unassailably married to each globule of my unpretentious saliva; which compassionately charged every element of my drearily flailing persona as it ran down my throat like impregnable electricity; was I,

Inseparably married to each pore of my brilliantly truthful conscience; which perennially repudiated every bit of acrimoniously ungainly lies from my nimble persona; was I,

Majestically married to each of my pristinely titillating goose-bump; which triggered unsurpassable thunderbolts of ardently augmenting lightening in even the most infinitesimal of my shadow; was I,

Unchallengeably married to each of cistern of empathy that dribbled from my eyes; engendering me to melt to even the most inconspicuous wail of all blessed humanity; was I,

Intransigently married to each untamed fireball of virility that torrentially wafted from my demeanor; which made me feel the most immortally righteous organism on earth alive; was I,

Infallibly married to each of my gloriously fervent breath; symbiotically harnessing the fathomless treasures of mother nature in every inhalation of my destined survival; was I,

Indomitably married to each of my beautifully passionate heartbeat; endlessly imbibing the bonds of fearlessly unparalleled love in every aspect of my impoverished existence; was I,

And yet you still say that I was a penuriously demented bachelor; yet you say that I'm a pathetically impotent bachelor; yet you say that I would forever remain a ludicrously unmanly bachelor; just and just because I didn't marry a proper woman; according to your sets of norms and turgidly baseless idiosyncrasies; in the entire tenure of

my life.

Nikhil Parekh

Infatuation

Your impeccably fascinating and nimble lids; had infatuated my despicably tyrannized eyes; to such an overwhelmingly profuse extent,
That they had forgotten to disdainfully cry; shrugging the winds of brutally traumatized anguish; forever and ever and ever.

Your freshly budding crusts of immaculately clattering teeth; had infatuated my pathetically gloomy lips; to such an unimaginably unprecedented extent,
That they had forgotten even the most diminutive definition of painstaking sadness; perennially blossoming into cloudbursts of ebullient laughter.

Your rhapsodically tinkling and tranquilly dangling lobes; had infatuated my drearily dwindling ears to such a profoundly unconquerable extent,
That they had completely relinquished the ocean of diabolically manipulative sound forever; poignantly blending their fading senses; with the entrenchment of bountifully panoramic atmosphere.

Your celestially innocuous and mesmerizing dimples; had infatuated my nervously writhing neck to such an irrevocably overpowering extent,
That it incorrigibly refrained to maneuver even the slightest towards salaciously evil; fabulously enshrouding itself with the heavenly fruits of eternally ravishing creation.

Your magically resplendent and supremely tiny palms; had infatuated my penuriously staggering fingers; to such an Omnisciently miraculous extent,
That they unequivocally quit even the most infinitesimally insipid iota of evil; invincibly bonding with all philanthropically symbiotic mankind.

Your wonderfully regale and twinkling feet; had infatuated my morbidly wavering footsteps; to such an incomprehensibly exuberant extent,
That they perpetually marched towards the path of gloriously unflinching righteousness; spawning a fascinatingly unassailable religion of humanity; on every step that they transgressed.

Your daintily enamoring and immaculate belly; had infatuated my disastrously famished stomach to such an endlessly supreme extent,
That it perennially expurgated even the most inconspicuous element of treachery miserably incarcerated within; handsomely replenishing itself with the seeds of romantically unending timelessness.

Your unchallengably godly and pristine breath; had infatuated my heinously estranged nostrils; to such a tantalizingly fathomless extent,
That they exhaled only the mantra of scintillatingly priceless truth; wholesomely abdicating even the tiniest trace of malice; for infinite more births yet to unveil.
Your melodiously poignant streams of innocent blood; had infatuated my remorsefully shrinking veins to such a holistically serene extent,
That they intractably vomited all lecherously dolorous despair; majestically assimilating the gorgeously untainted charisma; of this boundlessly beautiful Universe.

And your royal fountain of immortally new born beats; had infatuated my ludicrously extinguishing heart to such an undefeated extent,
That it not only indefatigably entwined with the cradle of glitteringly compassionate love; but ubiquitously disseminated a stream of marvelous humanity to every cranny besieged with horrendously crippling despair;
passionately sequestered every
devastatingly orphaned cry; in its humanitarian swirl.

Nikhil Parekh

Infidelity Galore

Infidelity was in every of her exotically fluttering eyelashes; as she unfurled the most titillating colors of vibrant life; each time that flirtatiously winked,

Infidelity was in every crease of her royally voluptuous lips; as she invitingly smiled towards the skies; seductively pursing molten rain water as resplendent nightfall came by,

Infidelity was in every follicle of her ravishingly tantalizing hair; as she exuberantly swished a trail of fantastically ingratiating mysticism; through even the most alien paths that she tread,

Infidelity was in every globule of her eternally golden sweat; as she magically metamorphosed even the most lackadaisically monotonous cranny of organisms into the winds of insatiable ecstasy; with the exhilarating moisture on her nubile skin,

Infidelity was in every blister of her iridescently twinkling feet; as they radiated with everlastingly unending rhapsody; under the blanket of the fabulously mesmerizing night,

Infidelity was in every ingredient of her poignantly scarlet blood; as she magnificently enticed every religion; caste; creed and tribe alike; into the swirl of her euphorically dancing and aristocratic life,

Infidelity was in every finger of her ravenously blissful palms; as she fomented untamed fires of ever-augmenting passion in even the most lugubrious of skins; with her beautifully bountiful caress,

Infidelity was in every pore of her exotically heavenly belly; as she triggered all insane morbidity around her to blossom into a paradise of spell binding loveliness; with just a nimble jerk of her hips,

Infidelity was in every reverberation of her gorgeous yawn; as she tossed and turned and relished like a pristinely embellished princess; in the aisles of everlasting laziness,

Infidelity was in every bud of her delectably raunchy tongue; as she fervently slurped the elixir of compassionate vivaciousness; profusely coalescing each of her senses with the realms of ebullient desire,

Infidelity was in every line of her orientally silken forehead; as she adorned it with differently unique shades of vermilion; at the crack of each dawn and timelessly exhilarating night,

Infidelity was in every bit of satin robe that exquisitely draped her body; spell bindingly revealing the fructifying treasuries of mother nature; a timeless river of intoxication to surge forward in enigmatic life,

Infidelity was in every contour of her ecstatically flirting shadow; teasing even the most torturously cold-blooded parasites; like a freshly embellished bride,

Infidelity was in every emollient nerve of her gregariously bustling countenance; inevitably eluding the mists of fragrant desire to voraciously kiss her; from head to triumphant toe,

Infidelity was in every arena of her fathomlessly tireless brain; as she unrelentingly fantasized about all panoramically endowing beauty on this planet; ardently embracing the arms of exotic vividness; for centuries unprecedented,

Infidelity was in every hollow of her exultatingly heaving bosom; as she culminated into an unsurpassable gorge of embarrassing goose-bumps; everytime the wind drifted its direction solely towards her,

Infidelity was in every tune that she stupendously emanated; as she unbelievably mesmerized even the most deadened molecule in the atmosphere; with her enthrallingly enlivening huskiness,

Infidelity was in every strand of hair on her serenely enamoring flesh; standing more taller than the rock of Gibraltar and in poignant alacrity; when she victoriously emerged from the vibrantly tangy sea,

But as a matter of fact; it was the same infidelity that had attracted me; that had sensuously enraptured me beyond the realms of pragmatic imagination; that had made me a slave of her timelessly enchanting redolence; that had made me romance with her magnetic sensuousness for an infinite more births yet to unveil; that had made me immortally love her more than I could have loved my life today.

Nikhil Parekh

Infinite Births

I wanted to live till that day; when all darkness submerging the earth
metamorphosed into brilliant light,

I wanted to live till that day; when all misery engulfing the people converted into
immortal happiness,

I wanted to live till that day; when all the impoverished starving for food
converted into Kings residing in grandiloquent palaces,

I wanted to live till that day; when all the preposterously smelling dirt in the
globe converted into a bed of voluptuous roses,

I wanted to live till that day; when all deserts and patches of soil dying for water
converted into gargantuan oceans,

I wanted to live till that day; when all acerbic thorns strewn randomly in the
jungles converted into golden couches impregnated with silk,

I wanted to live till that day; when all fires indiscriminately gobbling the entire
townships; converted into slabs of tantalizing ice,

I wanted to live till that day; when each barren patch of sky converted itself into
an opalescent and rain yielding cloud,

I wanted to live till that day; when every illiterate individual converted into
prudently literate,

I wanted to live till that day; when all naked flesh around was converted into a
robust body with clothes,

I wanted to live till that day; when all hostility and repugnant war would convert
itself into spell binding utopia,

I wanted to live till that day; when anecdotes of deliberate lechery converted
themselves into sacrosanct temples,

I wanted to live till that day; when all evil existing in this Universe converted
itself into the omnipotent aura of God,

I wanted to live till that day; when all religions existing under the cosmos;
converted themselves into the religion of humanity,

I wanted to live till that day; when all hearts broken and badly betrayed
converted themselves into passionate and holistic love,

I wanted to live till that day; when all those people who were wholesomely blind
converted into angels with sparkling sight,

I wanted to live till that day; when each horrific accident occurring converted
itself into an occasion of colorful festivity,

I wanted to live till that day; when every infant who was christened as orphan;
converted itself to being born in the most complete of family,

I wanted to live till that day; when all skeletons buried at unfathomable distances
beneath the soil; converted themselves again into blissful living beings,

I wanted to live till that day; when the planet which had currently become a
commercial hell to live today; converted back again into the enchanting paradise
it was when it had been just created,

And I knew for me to witness all this in just this birth of mine was simply
impossible; but don't you worry as I will take infinite births; being born in some
form or the other as per the wishes of the Creator; will definitely see that
paradise come again; come once again

Nikhil Parekh

Infinite Infinity

An island which you incessantly dream of; but miserably failed to reach,
A height which is so unsurpassable; that each step you clamber; still found you
on obdurate chunks of rock bottom ground,
A size so astronomically colossal; that is beyond the definitions of any size or
veritable proportion,
A tunnel so perpetually unending; that perennial blackness engulfed you even if
you took birth relentlessly; for countless centuries,
A land where no palpable organism can dare to transgress upon; a land where
only the ALMIGHTY CREATOR resided since centuries immemorial; and would
continue to rule till the time he wanted; was the land of infinite infinity.

A wave so mammoth; that rose and handsomely swirled even unimaginable
kilometers above the vivacious clouds,
A ray so unprecedented; that indefatigably pierced even the most obsolete
corner of this Universe with its overwhelmingly stringent light,
A shadow so profoundly mystical; that refrained to subside even after the ghastly
blanket of profuse darkness; had wholesomely set in,
A voice so incredulously echoing; that it kept eluding you unrelentingly as it
collided like a fulminating tornado against the cold rocks,
A land where no palpable organism can dare to transgress upon; a land where
only the Almighty Creator resided since centuries immemorial; and would
continue to rule till the time he wanted; was the land of infinite infinity.

A book so incomprehensibly long; that you remained on the front page; even
after browsing for decades unfathomable,
A painting so enigmatically fascinating; that each time you saw it; it
metamorphosed into a myriad of fathomless shades,
A tree so astoundingly gigantic; that kept blossoming and proliferating into
innumerable branches; as each second unfurled,
A storm so cyclonic; which continued even after the entire planet had slept;
caressing every object on this globe with passionate cloudbursts of breeze,
A land where no palpable organism can dare to transgress upon; a land where
only the Almighty Creator resided since centuries immemorial; and would
continue to rule till the time he wanted; was the land of infinite infinity.

A mountain with its summit augmenting till times beyond eternity; stretching
over the most bizarre point of imagination,
A fantasy tumultuously surpassing the realms of unbelievable perception;
incorrigibly refraining to quell even after inevitable death,

A cloud whispering an unending tale of existence; with majestic streaks of white
lightening royally encompassing every tangible and intangible entity in the
inferno
of its untamed ferocity,
A mission impossible for anyone to comprehend even an inconspicuous fraction
of; a challenge which even the mightiest of mighty pathetically floundered to
accomplish,
A song which tirelessly continues to inexplicably haunt every living being; right
since the first day of nascent life,
A land where no palpable organism can dare to transgress upon; a land where
only the Almighty Creator resided since centuries immemorial; and would
continue to rule till the time he wanted; was the land of infinite infinity.

Nikhil Parekh

Infinite Times Better

Infinite times better than the diminutively diminishing flicker of the sleazily artificial bulb; was the Omnipotent blaze of the bountifully unassailable Sun,

Infinite times better than the truncated fantasies in the manipulatively estranged mind; was the unfathomably untainted paradise of poignantly seductive clouds in the sky,

Infinite times better than parsimoniously remorseful water incarcerated beneath the lavatory seat; was the thunderously untamed roar of the uninhibitedly vivacious and mischievously dancing ocean,

Infinite times better than the bawdily threadbare stone; was the insuperably majestic and timelessly sheltering swirl of the celestially compassionate mountain,

Infinite times better than the lecherously parasitic currency coin; was the river of pricelessly united and Omnipresently blessing humanity,

Infinite times better than the gaudily cadaverous crayons disparagingly sprawled on the floor; was the eternally royal rainbow and resplendently eclectic rainbow; twinkling in the firmament of azure sky,

Infinite times better than the abhorrently shattered glass; was the candidly perspicacious mirror of the impeccably unassailable and inimitably sacrosanct soul,

Infinite times better than the preposterously stuffed toys available in the manipulatively prejudiced market; was the indomitably peerless roar of the princely lion,

Infinite times better than the emotionless chips of the raunchily scintillating computer; was the unfathomably brilliant and tirelessly discovering human brain,

Infinite times better than the disgustingly miserly twig decaying in a bedraggled heap; was the unsurpassably pristine meadow of boisterously frolicking grass,

Infinite times better than the uncontrollably shivering bottle of stingily corked wine; was the uninhibitedly royal forest of divinely endowing sensuousness,

Infinite times better than the body of the forlornly decrepit air-conditioner; was the exuberantly mesmerizing kiss of the rhapsodically untamed storm,

Infinite times better than the abjectly traded idols of gold and bombastically boorish silver; was the Omnipresent reflection of the perpetual Creator; in every single ingredient of the atmosphere and beyond,

Infinite times better than the sparing shades of mechanical pencil on barren canvas; was the panoramically enamoring kaleidoscope of miraculously ameliorating nature,

Infinite times better than the banefully blaring music of the pompous discotheque; was the fathomlessly enchanting carpet of marvelously iridescent and vibrantly twinkling stars,

Infinite times better than the bizarrely squelched brick in the tyrannically rotting foundation; was the heaven of irrefutably venerated and eternally unshakable truth,

Infinite times better than the ghoulishly devastating coffin of death; was the chapter of immortally sacred and perennially blossoming life,

But ever since the first breath that the entire Universe took; and even centuries unprecedented after it vanishes into traces of amorously beleaguered oblivion; infinite times better than "Immortal Love"; was; is and shall forever be; once again only Love; Love and nothing else but the invincibly blessed fabric of "Immortal Love";

Nikhil Parekh

Infinitesimally Molecular Life

None was miserably black and dolorously decrepit; None was immaculately pristine and white,

None was preposterously diminutive and sanctimoniously stunted; None was limitlessly tall and unfathomable,

None was devastatedly dithering and lugubriously decrepit; None was impreguably unflinching and aristocratic,

None was truculently impoverished and treacherously incarcerated; None was unsurpassably opulent and dictatorial,

None was manipulatively bawdy and stupidly licentious; None was irrefutably truthful and sparkling,

None was diabolically pernicious and parasitically murderous; None was spell bindingly magnanimous and philanthropic,

None was discordantly cacophonous and disdainfully hoarse; None was gorgeously mellifluous and rhapsodic,

None was insanely coldblooded and hilariously delirious; None was patriotically immortal and blazing,

None was grotesquely distorted and hedonistically ugly; None was bountifully resplendent and sacrosanct,

None was gauntly livid and sordidly pallid; None was ebulliently twinkling and synergistic,

None was hysterically sobbing and traumatically agonized; None was exuberantly happy and unparalleled,

None was obnoxiously dumb and unimaginably shy; None was flamboyantly blistering and unconquerable,

None was abhorrently naïve and disastrously oblivious; None was astoundingly eclectic and Omnipotent,

None was lecherously maim and unimaginably slavering; None was indomitably galloping and supernatural,

None was penuriously betraying and libidiously camouflaging; None was compassionately cozy and adorable,

None was raunchily marauding and indiscriminately dividing; None was innocently newborn and iridescent,

None was lackadaisically stoical and laconically deserted; None was boisterously bubbling and vivacious,

None was stupendously embellished and jubilantly marvelous; None was indigently emaciated and threadbare,

O! Yes; For the Omnisciently Almighty Lord; everyone organism breathing and alive; irrespective of caste; creed; color; stature and tribe; was insuperably equal; was just a palpable piece of infinitesimally molecular life.

Nikhil Parekh

Infront Of

I would always remain disastrously poor; although I had assimilated all unfathomable wealth of this unending Universe; infront of the Omnipotent aura of the bountifully bestowing; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain witheringly weak; although I had accumulated all Herculean power of this colossal planet; infront of the marvelous splendor of the invincibly ever-pervading; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain utterly devastated; although I had blissfully acquired all poignant prosperity of this gigantic earth; infront of the Omnisciently eternal radiance of the unshakable; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain dolorously subjugated; although I had all rhapsodic happiness of this gregarious planet to my credit; infront of the perennially endowing entrenchment; of the gloriously unconquerable; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain as sordid as disdainful charcoal; although I had in my insurmountable repertoire all scents of this magnanimous world; infront of the perpetually stupendous bliss of the miraculously healing; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain enshrouded in prisons of inexplicably bizarre darkness; although I had the most brilliantly ecstatic beams of hope of this entire planet encapsulated in my palms; infront of the majestically Omnipotent light of the everlasting; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain insidiously maimed; although I had symbiotically harbored all opulent goodness of this mesmerizing world; infront of the magically overpowering shadow of the unassailably fascinating; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain despicably morose; although I had gathered all ingratiatingly rhapsodic melody of this boundless Universe; infront of the irrefutably divine illumination of the resplendent; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain horrendously ungainly; although I had truthfully carved a special place for myself on this fathomless earth; infront of the stupendously supreme tunes of the impregnably towering; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain diminutively ugly; although I had blended with every speck of ebullient beauty on the trajectory of this mystical globe; infront of the

unbelievably vibrant kaleidoscope of colors; of the undefeated; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain licking the dust; although I had triumphantly won over every continent on this regally aristocratic Universe; in front of the unsurpassably blossoming form of the royally grandiloquent; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain ludicrously minuscule; although I had reached the ultimate epitome of all glittering heights on this astronomical earth; in front of the astoundingly tireless proliferation of the ubiquitously charismatic; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain devastatingly tyrannized; although I had triumphantly hoisted the flag of my victory over every arena of this colossal world; in front of the handsomely humanitarian religion of the incomprehensibly enamoring; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain mercilessly frigid; although I had unflinchingly won the compassionate warmth of every single soul on this exuberantly blooming planet; in front of the timeless grace of the wonderfully mesmerizing; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain gruesomely blind; although I had the vision of all on this endless Universe in my tiny fists; in front of the vivaciously Omnipresent blessings of the pristinely poignant; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain vindictively bleeding; although I had in my blood all intransigent tenacity of this limitless globe; in front of the immaculately benign fragrance of the sagaciously enlightening; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain frantically sleepless; although I had beautifully enveloped every part of my countenance with the tranquility of this boundless world; in front of the unparalleled benevolence of the celestially inimitable; Almighty Creator,

I would always remain infinite kilometers beneath my corpse; although I had the exhilarating air of every organism's lungs incarcerated in my chest; in front of the impeccably uninhibited stride of the unrelentingly effulgent; Almighty Creator,

And I would always remain ominously plagued by a heart attack; although I had earned the passionate love of the unlimited planet in each of my beats; in front of the heavenly immortal essence of togetherness of the brilliantly best; Almighty Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Infront Of The Omnipresent Almighty Lord.

Even the most stinkingly rich; royally sleeping all day and sensuous night; on an unsurpassable ocean of sumptuously glistening gold and silver,

Even the most invincibly untamed; decimating countless civilizations of the innocent at a singleton stroke of their finger; as they detonated their nuclear firepower,

Even the most unassailably brilliant; able to perceive and paint even the most infinitesimal iota of this fathomless Universe; in a minuscule cranny of their endowed brains,

Even the most unflinchingly fearless; treading rampantly unabashed and wholesomely naked; through the most truculently asphyxiating devils and maelstroms,

Even the most obsessively perfectionist; who not only triumphantly accomplished the most acrimoniously monumental tasks in their lifetime; but made them a quintessential ingredient of their breath,

Even the most perennially white-skinned; who put the even the most obfuscated shades of black to bawdy shame; as they alighted only a single toe; at the most unceremoniously unearthly hour of midnight,

Even the most enigmatically tantalizing; reinvigorating cisterns of redolently victorious life in the most deadened of carcasses; with their inimitably spell binding and inexhaustible cosmos of virility,

Even the most ardently artistic; metamorphosing even the most insouciantly feckless bits of mud; into an astounding labyrinth of timelessly ameliorating forms and shapes,

Even the most amazingly athletic; who could mold even the most inconspicuous bone of their body to any given situation; whether it be passing through an invisible drainpipe; or whether it be walking on a thread which was an infinite feet above soil; and that too with grease on their barefoot,

Even the most brilliantly robotic; who deciphered through the most abstrusely contemporary of technology and puzzles; like merrily crunching almonds for

morning breakfast,

Even the most fantastically eccentric; euphorically expending every unfurling instant of their life; to their very own desires and wishes; fathomless kilometers away from the fabric of the conventionally mechanized society,

Even the most rhapsodically effervescent; bustling into the full fervor of existence; indefatigably trying to touch the highest epitome of the clouds; every unfurling minute of bountiful life,

Even the most perpetually patriotic; altruistically ready to behead the very last bone of their skull; for deliberating even an ounce of their deceitfully incarcerated motherland,

Even the most unceasingly philanthropic; majestically entwining their fingers with every echelon of horrendously deprived mankind; insuperably ensuring the mantra of "Live and Let Live" in every direction that they tread,

Even the most unconquerably magical; evolving an unlimited entrenchment of vibrantly unshakable life; out of inanely decrepit nothingness,

Even the most blazing World Leaders; tirelessly extemporizing the complexion of this drearily strangulated planet; dexterously controlling its reigns on their slender fingertips,

Even the most victorious healers; magically transforming even the most deadliest of disease; pain and debilitation; into a paradise of compassionately emancipating freshness; with their limitless cornucopia of medicines and balms,

Even the most inexhaustibly friendly; who couldn't walk a step further on the trajectory of blessed earth; without synergistically amalgamating with infinite more of their living kind; irrespective of caste; creed; color or spurious tribe,

Even the most mellifluously vivacious; eternally transforming even the most morbidly deadened arenas of the atmosphere; into a heaven of spell bindingly enamoring togetherness,

Were all the most sinfully castrated of beggars; were all the most inconspicuously non-existent of mosquitoes; were all the most unsolicitedly swarming pieces of shit; were all the most pulverized bits of obsolescence; were all the most tawdrily disappearing of parasites; were all the most emotionlessly crumbling of fools; were all the most raucously wailing strands of the corpse;

were all the most insensitive ingredients of meaninglessness; in front of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

Inimitably Divine Mother

Ingratiatingly heavenly scent was what majestically radiated; from the eyes of the poignantly everlasting and stupendously blossoming rose,

Fathomlessly enigmatic boundlessness was what enchantingly radiated; from the eyes of the crimson crested and regally bestowing sky,

Brilliantly shimmering graciousness was what incredulously radiated; from the eyes of the limitlessly eclectic and bountifully sparkling desert,

Immaculately blissful sacredness was what timelessly radiated; from the eyes of the vivaciously bouncing and freshly born child,

Eclectically magnificent empathy was what insatiably radiated; from the eyes of the vibrantly molding and surreally philandering artist,

Vividly tantalizing mischief was what flirtatiously radiated; from the eyes of the euphorically cavorting and rampantly swinging chimpanzee,

Ravishingly tangy boisterousness was what gregariously radiated; from the eyes of the tirelessly undulating and froth embellished sea,

Beautifully blessed sensuousness was what obeisantly radiated; from the eyes of the newly married and celestially fantasizing bride,

Fearlessly intrepid exhilaration was what patriotically radiated; from the eyes of the unflinchingly altruistic and insuperably dedicated soldier,

Rhapsodically enamoring merrymaking was what insurmountably radiated; from the eyes of the slender legged and seductively hopping grasshopper,

Invincibly innovative melody was what tirelessly radiated; from the eyes of the magically gifted and profusely sweet nightingale,

Indomitably rudimentary humility was what honesty radiated; from the eyes of the placidly charming and harmoniously fleet footed sheep,

Flamboyantly unconquerable light was what Omnisciently radiated; from the eyes of the gloriously scarlet and benevolently enlightening Sun,

Unshakably priceless solidarity was what unassailably radiated; from the eyes of the philanthropically egalitarian and unequivocally uninhibited fortress of mankind,

Jubilantly fantastic oneness was what handsomely radiated; from the eyes of the blazingly courageous and indefatigably striving gladiator,

Charismatically unequivocal sweetness was what mellifluously radiated; from the eyes of the rambunctiously buzzing and serendipitously oozing bumble bee,

Sparklingly benevolent righteousness was what iridescently radiated; from the eyes of the impeccably selfless and perennially bonding wave of gorgeous humanity,

Immortally impregnable love was what aristocratically radiated; from the eyes of the passionately evergreen and robustly ardent lover,

And Omnipotently blessing Godliness was what unbeatably radiated; from the eyes of my blissfully sacrosanct and inimitably divine mother

Nikhil Parekh

Inimitably Infallible Fantasy

Not even the most panoramically exuberant of waterfalls; which perennially culminated into the most invincible heavens of triumphant freshness,

Not even the most spell bindingly pristine of meadows; which miraculously ameliorated even the most deliriously thwarted of senses; with their inimitably unparalleled festoon of golden dewdrops,

Not even the most vivaciously undulating of seas; which interminably evolved into an infinite entrenchments of virgin white froth; unabashedly kissing the shores every now and again like an unabashedly glorious seductress,

Not even the most inscrutably enthralling of forests; which timelessly enamored even the most lugubriously morose elements of the atmosphere; with the spirit of everlastingly reviving nature,

Not even the most tantalizingly nubile vixens; who inevitably perpetuated even the most obsolete cranny of the impoverished flesh; to tower till the highest territories of fathomless sky,

Not even the most uninhibitedly enchanting globules of rain; which instantaneously metamorphosed every trace of forlornly wanton exhaustion; into a cloudburst of magnificently untamed exultation,

Not even the most boundless treasuries of glittering wealth; which virtually possessed the power to buy every ounce of unassailable luxury; on this effulgently ecstatic planet,

Not even the most victoriously flaming rays of the undefeated Sun; which unstoppably transformed every bit of inexplicably cadaverous depression; into an unshakably kingly rainbow of eternal smiles,

Not even the most fearlessly unflinching roar of the lion; which was the absolute epitome of priceless supremacy; in the ravishingly unfettered outgrowths of iridescently soul searching wilderness,

Not even the most magically mellifluous granaries of unconquerable nectar; which limitlessly bonded organisms of every caste; creed; color and kind; into

the religion of unbreakably humanitarian sweetness,

Not even the most peerlessly virile lap of the blessedly indomitable soil; which perpetually fructified into the fruits of naturally robust goodness; and ensured that the mantra of effervescent life forever palpitated,

Not even the most innocuously milky beams of the moon; which redefined even the most haplessly devastating and vindictive blackness; as the profoundly bewitching
moonlight midnight,

Not even the most vividly ebullient of rainbows; which tirelessly spawned into an undaunted new civilization of gaiety and charm every unfurling instant; far and a fathomless kilometers away from the prejudices of vituperatively criminal mankind,

Not even the most poignantly intrepid of winds; which forever ensured that there never ever could exist even the most evanescent speck of monotony; which forever
made you feel that you were just freshly born,

Not even the most Omniscient mother's milk; which granted every penurious bone of yours; the insurmountable tenacity to victoriously stand up to the most hideously plundering devils,

Not even the most candidly transparent of mirrors; which unhesitatingly revealed the most innermost quarter of your pugnaciously parched soul; gorgeously mitigating you of every trace of your cursed misery,

Not even the most unlimitedly ubiquitous of compassion; which befriended you so majestically in your times of pernicious distress; that you felt yourself as the most blessed organism alive,

Not even the most fierily unadulterated puff of breath; which so regally reinvigorated even the most invisibly deteriorating of your senses; to holistically perceive beyond
an infinite more lifetimes,

For if there's anything at all that can forever and ever and ever liberate a true man; then it is none else than his beautifully unbridled and passionately burgeoning ocean of; inimitably infallible fantasy.

Innocent Lives

Lunch boxes filled with spicy delicacy,
Children dressed in neat uniform,
Stitched badges identifying institution,
Hung coarse bags filled with textbook volumes,
On rustic shoulders of budding youth,
Polished footwear projecting from cream pant,
Shoelace tied in immaculate fashion,
Plaits of hair brushed meticulously with coconut oil,
Brilliant red tie dangling from shirt collar,
Secured to shirt cloth with metal cufflinks,
Conspicuously large watch dial displaying time,
Elastic socks of white conclude attire,
As group of children board the school bus.

Shouts of laughter; chorused rhymes,
Plodding of feet; biting of nails,
Twinkling smiles; comic faces full of glee,
The toddlers were having a gala time;
With dead drunk driver hands on the steering wheel,
Flashing demon smiles through the rear glass,
Meting personal frustration on gas pedal,
As the bus sky rocketed into daylight,
Leaving unsurpassable tornadoes of dust behind.

Swerving wildly like an African panther,
Ultimately crashing into iron posts,
Marking the outlines of the river bridge,
Shouts of laughter turned to breathless horror,
Metal screeched against solid concrete,
Multiseater bus took a hundred feet plunge,
Chorused rhyme converted into imprisoned cries,
As Innocent lives mercilessly drowned into the savage waters of the amazon.

Nikhil Parekh

Inspired Me All The More.

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your relentless kicks of ridicule towards my impoverished form; inspired me all the more; to give invincible fortitude to all those infirm on this planet; haplessly deteriorating on every step they tread,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your contemptuously ostracizing stare towards my creative fantasizing; inspired me all the more; to evolve into a whole new unlimited gorge of regurgitating freshness,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your unsparingly lambasting every ingredient of my unparalleled sensitivity; inspired me all the more; to perennially stir the chords of compassion amongst all those with an inexplicably shattered soul,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your snobbishly ignoring even the most genuine screams of my agony; inspired me all the more; to lend a commiserating ear; to all those who had none else than the walls to converse,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your unfathomable disdain towards my writing my own books of poetry at home; inspired me all the more; to spawn rejuvenating verse for all those miserably circumscribed by the walls of the inevitable fodder-yielding; robotic corporate office,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your stony silence towards even the greatest of my triumphs and accomplishments; inspired me all the more; to ebulliently pat my fellow compatriots; as they inched towards their ultimate philanthropic paths in life,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your using me and every ounce of my cherishable assets; inspired me all the more; to unrelentingly look out for all those patrons on this fathomless Universe; who inherently admired me solely for what I was; and as I was born,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your vindictively exploiting some of my inadvertently acquired weaknesses; inspired me all the more; to encourage all those flagrantly depressed; to perpetually conquer the devil in them; with their in-born souls of divine righteousness,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your tyrannical blackmailing me to mollify even the most infinitesimal of your desire; inspired me all the more; to extend my healing hands to all those sinfully divested of the joys and rhapsodies of miraculously

vibrant life,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your lividly don't-care attitude towards each act of my poignantly overwhelming concern for you; inspired me all the more; to tirelessly render every ingredient of my existence to the selfless service of all miserably extinguishing and jailed humanity,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your spurious cleansing of the dust over my heart-felt poems instead of reading them; inspired me all the more; to perpetuate their timeless essence to even the further-most cranny of this boundlessly effulgent Universe,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your envying me from the core of your heart whilst others of your kind kept incessantly chatting of their hobbies; inspired me all the more; to appreciate the richest of the richest philanthropists on this earth; with the greatest of humility,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your viciously abusing me right in front of my very own kin for my sheer innocence of commercial life; inspired me all the more; to become the voice of all those diabolically oppressed by the uncanny vagaries of the uncouth planet,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your lackadaisically turning your head to the direction of the dustbin at every sensuous whisper of mine; inspired me all the more; to coalesce every ingredient of my mind; body and soul; with the ravishingly spell-binding landscapes of mother nature,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your finding time to read and admire even the most meaningless piece of balderdash on this Universe-while making a worthless stool of my priceless poetry to sit upon; inspired me all the more; to recite each line of my heart-rendering verse to the Almighty Lord in the sky,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your unabashedly devouring the most appetizing morsels of food on this earth whilst merrily watching me starve; inspired me all the more; to disseminate every penny of my wealth towards the blissful fulfillment of every haplessly deteriorating living kind,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your lifelessly switching over to the other side of the bed -everytime I came with an inferno of unbridled compassion in my eyes; inspired me all the more; to inexhaustibly romance with the voluptuously igniting fabric of the beautiful night,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your over-indulgence in every other conceivable activity on earth-except looking towards my passionate form; inspired me all the more; to uninhibitedly languish on the open streets; indefatigably searching for my ultimate soul mate in life,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your unthinkably divorcing me- just in order to lead a life of unprecedented luxury-seducing the richest kings of your choice; inspired me all the more; to forever surrender each instant of my life to the Creator; marry the innermost tunes of my heart; which were unbreakable and inseparable for an infinite more lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Instincts

The stray dog on the street had an inevitable instinct to wag its bushy tail
when ecstatic,
Garrulously bark at irate trespassers; who hurled irregular stones at its shriveled
persona.

The leotard skinned cat; had an insatiable instinct to lap vigorously at frosty
milk,
Purr in its ubiquitously pungent voice; when tickled intensely in the ribs.

The twin horned cow; had an involuntary instinct of swishing its slender tail;
to drive away buzzing flies,
Laboriously chewed loads of grass; before preparing to snooze on the bare
tarmac.

A battalion of ants on the floor; had inborn instincts of walking in groups,
Injected their acrimonious sting; the moment they sighted bare flesh in
proximity.

The birds soaring high in sapphire carpets of satin clouds; had effusive instincts
of chirping melodiously,
Did so at the onset of every evanescent dawn; and the unveiling of stormy night.

The slimy frogs residing in shallow realms of the cloistered pond; had a disdainful
instinct to croak,
The instant tumultuous showers of rain; pelted down from the sky in fury.

A cluster of animate roses emanating from brown soil; had a perpetual instinct
to diffuse fragrance,
Sleep with its articulate petals closed; as vigils of dusk strangulated bright light.

The serrated brown lizard on the wall; had a vindictive instinct of spurting blood
from its eyes,
The instants it got provoked by kin; envisaged signals of being mutilated.

The frivolous monkey perched up in the entwined branches of tree; had
mischievous instincts to imitate,
As he cast his eyes on surrounding organisms; scrupulously emulating their
plethora of emotions.

And humans breathing air on sacrosanct soil of the universe; had a natural
instinct to love,
Mutually interact; spreading waves of harmony, bliss, and compassion,
Procreating infinite numbers of their own kind,
Irrespective of cast; creed; religion and the hour of day they were born and
witnessed first rays of brilliant Sunlight

Nikhil Parekh

Into How Many Parts Would You Divide The Child After Divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many insane parts would you divide your new-born child's eternal happiness; after your treacherously vindictive divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many heartless parts would you divide your new-born child's invincible freedom; after your venomously unbearable divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many ribald parts would you divide your new-born child's unsurpassable creativity; after your lethally unceremonious divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many salacious parts would you divide your new-born child's majestic destiny; after your lecherously ignominious divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many emotionless parts would you divide your new-born child's triumphant spirit; after your contemptuously debasing divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many terrorizing parts would you divide your new-born child's unbridled fantasies; after your abhorrently cadaverous divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many excruciating parts would you divide your new-born child's humanitarian blood; after your cold-bloodedly cannibalistic divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many tyrannized parts would you divide your new-born child's unconquerable artistry; after your violently besmirching divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many reproachful parts would you divide your new-born child's redolent playfulness; after your despicably devastating divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many sacrilegious parts would you divide your new-born child's impregnable mischief; after your sadistically bemoaning divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many wanton parts would you divide your new-born child's impeccable integrity; after your hedonistically carnivorous divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many ghoulish parts would you divide your new-born child's limitless fertility; after your mindlessly malicious divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many diabolical parts would you divide your new-born child's infallible innocence; after your unforgivably truculent divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many vengeful parts would you divide your new-born child's uninhibited cries; after your preposterously bigoted divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many criminal parts would you divide your new-born child's princely silkiness; after your tempestuously confounding divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many satanic parts would you divide your new-born child's tiny brain; after your barbarously ungainly divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many sadistic parts would you divide your new-born child's unlimited curiosity; after your egregiously dastardly divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many carnivorous parts would you divide your new-born child's parental longing; after your inanely decrepit divorce?

And you might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but tell me; into how many goddamned parts would you divide your new-born child's immortal love; after your devilishly vituperative divorce?

Into The Shoes Of A True Lover.

Does love mean; being extraordinarily possessive about your beloved; not leaving her even for an infinitesimal instant; from the ardently obsessive fixation of your sight?

Does love mean; giving your beloved the freedom to pursue anything and everything she wants; although at times she might transgress the fine line of your poignant emotions and desire?

Does love mean; overtly forgiving your beloved; even if she blatantly and obnoxiously pulverized the principles of existence; intermittently spat directly on the naked space of your face; at the tiniest of exasperation?

Does love mean; inundating every conceivable skin pore of your beloved with so many kisses; that she could hardly feel any other sensation of the Universe on her nimble flesh?

Does love mean; standing like a perpetually unflinching citadel abreast your beloved; knocking the last breaths out of any alien man; who dared to flirt with her?

Does love mean; profusely kissing every footprint made by your amiable beloved; keep slavering upon obdurately cold ground; with your tongue fervently wagging and till the time that she walked?

Does love mean; expecting your beloved to idolize none other than you; every unfurling instant of the day; and perceiving none other than your countenance all throughout the bewitchingly starless night?

Does love mean; unthinkably putting every perceivable part of your body forward; to each vicious arrow that dared come the way of your beloved; sacrifice your life at the slightest innuendo of danger to her smiles?

Does love mean; emaciating yourself to the most extreme levels of gruesome extinction; just in order to witness your beloved replenish even the most evanescent of her shadow; with all the richness of this planet?

Does love mean; deriving fathomless happiness at witnessing your beloved flourish in her career and pursuits; whilst you abandoned everything so that the feeling of competition never arose; and to forever see her smile?

Does love mean; unstoppably embracing your beloved in your invincibly vice like grip; from which there wasn't the tiniest of escape; for an infinite more lifetimes?

Does love mean; penning countless lines of immortal poetry on your majestic beloved; unrelentingly staring into the rustic whites of her eye; all day and in the ravishing stupefaction of the night?

Does love mean; emulating even the most obsolete action of your beloved; going to the most painstakingly ridiculous heights in copying her bit by bit; and at the same time bearing with the laughter from the society outside?

Does love mean; in all totality surrendering even the last droplet of blood in your veins; to the most ethereal command of your beloved; perpetually re-christening yourself as her soul-mate as well as chained slave?

Does love mean; wholesomely obfuscating and shutting your ears to the outside world; romanticize till times immemorial in the voluptuous bosom of your beloved; even as the planet ghastily deteriorated and crumbled outside?

Does love mean; prostrating forever at the feet of your sacrosanct beloved; considering them as the ultimate god; the ultimate heaven and hell on this globe; and for a boundless destinations beyond?

Does love mean; timelessly kissing your beloved on her blissful lips; mollifying every bit of hunger and thirst in your ravenous body; by only savoring the compassionate sweetness of her redolent creation?

Does love mean; letting each sensuous breath of your beloved; be the only oxygen for your penuriously asphyxiated lungs; as you royally embellished each naked arena of her flesh; with the untamed virility of your creation?

Does love mean; forever and ever and ever bonding each beat of your passionate heart with your beloved; letting two bodies exist as an unconquerably fragrant 'one' for as long as the earth lived?

Well. If I for one were to step into a true lover's shoes; then love for me would mean all of the above; impregnably implemented at some stage or the other; in the chapter of my mellifluously destined life.

Inundate

Inundate the barren landscapes sprawling over kilometers of territory; with lush green patches of grass and blossoming flower,

Inundate pallid regions of the lackluster wall; with flamboyant strokes of scarlet color,

Inundate the arid strips of desiccated desert land; with bountiful amounts of sweet water,

Inundate the mouth of a famished squirrel; with a plethora of succulent kernel and brazen nuts,

Inundate the abysmally hollow foundation of an edifice; with an armory of bare and freshly baked bricks,

Inundate the rocky slopes of the lanky mountain; with crystal white globules of frozen snow,

Inundate empty canisters encapsulated in the car; with the aromatic elixir of petrol,

Inundate the raw bruises oozing blood from body; with fillings of stringent antiseptic powder,

Inundate the vacant spaces of white and long canvas; with panoramic scenes of view of the gorgeous valley,

Inundate gruesome darkness engulfing the tunnel; with austere beams of holistic sunlight,

Inundate the dilapidated stable of sacrosanct cow; with loads of salubrious forage and bunches of banana leaves,

Inundate the desolate and silken web suspended from between two trees; with scores of venomous spider,

Inundate the torn and disheveled persona of shirt; with heaps of thread and garish cloth,

Inundate the dying embers of red coal; with flames of a dynamic and crackling fire,

Inundate the demeanor of a rustic ring; with clusters of sparkling diamonds,

Inundate the gloomy silhouette of parched and despondent lips; with an everlasting laugh,

Inundate the forlorn and solitary streets in the city; with bustling jams of unruly traffic,

Inundate the fecund strips of black and loamy soil; with a granary of rich pudgy seeds,

Inundate the feet of your god; mother; beloved; with all the wealth you can assimilate on this earth,

And inundate the lives of all those afflicted with bizarre pain and inexplicable distress; with unprejudiced love and immortal smiles.

Nikhil Parekh

Invaluable Blood

Placid streams of blood trickled down my nape, forming crisscross patterns; like slithering reptiles, I had accidentally brushed against a protuberant nail, smilingly bore the aftermath of crimson blood staining crisp arenas of my cotton shirt.

Volatile springs of blood spewed from my ribs, as I bore the savage onslaught of multitudinal knives, producing sinister fountains of unseething agony, subjecting my tender skin to a plethora of ghastly bruise, I stood unperturbed; enthralled by the iridescent light of the moon, uttering inaudibly soft groans beneath cabin covers of my breath.

Segregated globules of blood cascaded down my bohemian hands, trespassing subtle barriers of blond hair emanating from my flesh, as cluster of sea blue leech sucked cupidly; from the hollow of my arm, I sordidly stood my ground; bearing tumultuous waves of agony, grimacing my teeth like a mansion with reinforced glass.

Rollicking blades of the ceiling fan, plucked splinters from my bone, as the contraption fell in full speed on my persona, there was an canal of blood that oozed from my lips, with an unrelenting flow of septic body fluids, I still refrained from submerging my eye in tears, burying my head deep within crustacean sands of earth.

I then witnessed them battering her with boomerangs of serrated metal, dismantling hair on her scalp with their plagued hands, slapping her cheek with a volley of abuse, with faint rivulets of invaluable blood drooling down her luscious lips, I couldn't bear it any longer; the endurance in me dying a stifled death, as I leapt in vehement indignation towards the bunch of miscreants; and for the first time cried.

Nikhil Parekh

Invincible Love

Every night is empty without its resplendent festoon of shimmering stars; paving a path of mysticism through the dreary morbidity all around,

Every desert is empty without its majestically glistening carpet of sands; royally rising and falling with the exuberantly blowing winds,

Every road is empty without its flurry of boisterously gallivanting traffic; granting new dimensions all the time; to its never ending repertoire of enigmatic curves and turns,

Every day is empty without its dynamically flamboyant Sun; bedazzling even the most remotely dilapidated corners of this Universe; with a garland of magnetically golden light,

Every throat is empty without its harmonious melody; the captivatingly rhapsodic sound; that catapulted even the most impoverished; to an enchanting entrenchment beyond realms of mesmerizing eternity,

Every mountain is empty without its irrefutably towering summits; kissing the clouds unflinchingly as they seductively drifted by; proving an ultimate exemplary to all other diminutive aspects of incarcerated life,

Every mind is empty without its unrelenting fountain of enthralling fantasies; relentlessly exploring; discovering; and evolving into a waterfall of stupendous newness; as each instant unveiled,

Every cloud is empty without its tantalizing droplets of rain; the unprecedented enthrallment that it spell bindingly bestowed upon this planet; with its profusely heavenly tumblers of water,

Every palm is empty without its unfathomable myriad of tingling destiny lines; the magnanimous bifurcations which astoundingly governed; stardom and horrendous pitfalls in a mans life,

Every ocean is empty without its ecstatic fish; the voluptuously ravishing elixir that they imparted to the undulating waves; culminating into fireballs of desire before clashing against the scintillating rocks,

Every calendar is empty without its meticulous array of dates; the most euphoric depictions of days and weeks; propelling living kind on the path of radiantly blooming prosperity,

Every flower is empty without its fabulously gorgeous fragrance; the scent that handsomely pervaded even through the most heinous webs of uncouth lechery; flooding dwindling souls all across the Universe; with vibrant light,

Every forest is empty without its untamed wilderness; the unsurpassable blend of leaf and animal and stream; which weaved cloud covers of unparalleled excitement,

Every vein is empty without its scarlet rivulets of blood; the Omnipotent fuel to gush forward with insurmountable fervor in life; the only religion that bonded all human kind,

Every oyster is empty without its marvelously shimmering pearls; the incredulously embellished globule which fulminated into vivacious happiness,

Every canvas is empty without its vivid splashes of color; inundating the sullen atmosphere around with waves of poignant compassion; suddenly making drab moments of life replete with astoundingly exotic charm,

Every conscience is empty without its invincible righteousness; the sacrosanct virtue which made every organism feel as the richest alive; massacring the very essence of blatantly coward lies; from the colossal trajectory of this planet,

Every heart is empty without its perpetual beats; the everlasting rhythm which bonded all across boundless earth; in thunderbolts of insatiable passion; alike,

And every life is empty without its immortal love; the unconquerable soul mate of its dreams; which was its very reason to dream of an infinite more lives; more

importantly in this lifetime; be blissfully breathing and alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Irrefutably Murderous

I wholeheartedly agree that barbarously sinful might be all those; who ruthlessly snatch innocuous children from the sacrosanct lap of their mothers,
But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire show wholesomely unperturbed; and still had the guts to say that they were blissfully non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that treacherously indiscriminate might be all those; who brutally lambast the witheringly decrepit; for ostensibly not the slightest fault of theirs,
But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire savagery with unprecedented amusement; and still had the guts to say that they were celestially non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that satanically ribald might be all those; who tawdrily diffuse the daggerheads of drugs and pernicious illiteracy; amongst innocently wandering youth,
But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire chapter unfurl with astounding concentration; and still had the guts to say that they were timelessly non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that truculently insane might be all those; who bawdily sell their very own wife's; for a few extra sips of raunchily capricious wines; to sanctimoniously rev up their worthless night,
But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire holocaust with uninhibited laughter; and still had the guts to say that they were non-invasively non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that devilishly ominous might be all those; who acrimoniously abandon their comrades in agonizingly traumatic pain; to hideously gallivant towards the clouds of ethereal prosperity themselves,
But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire misery without a freckle of empathy on their emotionless faces; and still had the guts to say that they were heavenly non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that licentiously coldhearted might be all those; who perpetuate gorily bloody war in the name of religion; color; caste; creed and tribe,
But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire

catastrophe sipping rejuvenating tea under their silken blankets; and still had the guts to say that they were ingratiatingly non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that tyrannically dictatorial might be all those; who hedonistically burn innocuous entities alive; just to feed the ghastly remnants to their

frivolously growling pet dogs,

But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire unruly bedlam without the slightest batting of their eye; and still had the guts to say that they were enchantingly non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that venomously criminal might be all those; who gruesomely blinded jubilantly exuberantly cavorting organisms; just to ridiculously catapult to the pinnacle of transiently penalizing prosperity,

But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire derogatory imprisonment with princely equanimity; and still had the guts to say that they were

spell bindingly non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that preposterously malignant might be all those; who rampantly broke compassionately bonded hearts; just to bathe their fetidly penurious backsides with some extra titillation,

But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire macabre lunaticism with their tongue smacking their nonchalantly chapped lips; and still had the guts to say that they were bountifully non-violent.

And I wholeheartedly agree that dastardly devils might be all those; who snap the fangs of their symbiotically holistic compatriot's existence; just to grant themselves an infinite more perilous lives,

But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire torturous crucifying with their hands in their air-conditioned pockets; and still had the guts to say that they were immortally non-violent

Nikhil Parekh

Irrefutably Priceless

The earrings which she adorned came at a price; but her voluptuously dangling earlobes; were irrefutably priceless,

The mascara which she had so scrupulously painted came at a price; but her enchantingly intriguing eyelids; were irrefutably priceless,

The anklets which she wore came at a price; but her courageously intricate feet; were irrefutably priceless,

The lipstick which she decorated her lips with came at a price; but her celestially exuberant smile; was irrefutably priceless,

The scent which she applied to her armpits came at a price; but her river of exotically golden perspiration; was irrefutably priceless,

The color which she meticulously embossed on her nails came at a price; but her daintily impeccable fingers; were irrefutably priceless,

The car in which she traversed came at a price; but her ingratiatingly magnanimous shadow; was irrefutably priceless,

The morsels of food which she consumed came at a price; but her tantalizingly swishing and flawless stomach; was irrefutably priceless,

The novels which she browsed through came at a price; but the melody in her stupendously incarcerating voice; was irrefutably priceless,

The mattress on which she slept came at a price; but her fabulously captivating repertoire of dreams; was irrefutably priceless,

The binoculars through which she sighted the fathomless beauty of this Universe came at a price; but her poignantly divine stare; was irrefutably priceless,

The pen with which she wrote came at a price; but the conglomerate of profusely handsome lines on the back of her palms; were irrefutably priceless,

The gallons of contemporary shampoo she used came at a price; but the seductive ensemble of her whispering hair; was irrefutably priceless,

The watch she wound on her wrists came at a price; but the cherished moments which she spent with her passionate breath tingling down beside me; were irrefutably priceless,

The computer in which she recorded her data came at a price; but the incredulous mountain of conviction in her mind; was irrefutably priceless,

The shoes she camouflaged her feet with came at a price; but the innocuously immortal trail which she left on the paths she transgressed; were irrefutably priceless,

The sunglasses she encapsulated her eyes with came at a price; but her tears of incomprehensible ecstasy; were irrefutably priceless,

The shimmering chain with which she entrenched her neck came at a price; but the philanthropically impeccable boundaries of her soul; were irrefutably priceless,

And the clothes she wore to incarcerate her flesh came at a price; but her passionately throbbing heart which harbored nothing else but the spirit of perpetual love; was irrefutably priceless.

Nikhil Parekh

Irrespective

People might say that you have a nose; that most consummately befits; only the senselessly braying and meaninglessly inane; donkey,

People might say that you have eyes; that most consummately befit; only the grotesquely blinded and horrifically screeching; bat,

People might say that you have ears; that most consummately befit; only the preposterously corpulent and flaccidly wastrel; elephant,

People might say that you have a tongue; that most consummately befits; only the vindictively licentious and tawdrily snaring; lizard,

People might say that you have eyelashes; that most consummately befit; only the laggardly ambling and desolately delinquent; camel,

People might say that you have palms; that most consummately befit; only the rustically untamed and bawdily mimicking; chimpanzee,

People might say that you have feet; that most consummately befit; only the diabolically parading and deliriously pulverizing; dinosaur,

People might say that you have a belly; that most consummately befits; only the obsoletely obese and sluggishly slandering; tortoise,

People might say that you have hair; that most consummately befit; only the irascibly hairy and unsurpassably leech laden; gorilla,

People might say that you have lips; that most consummately befit; only the ominously excoriating and boundlessly victimizing; shark,

People might say that you have fingers; that most consummately befit; only the hideously rotting and abhorrently fetid; skeleton,

People might say that you have a voice; that most consummately befits; only the ludicrously discordant and importunately sobbing; frog,

People might say that you have a hindside; that most consummately befits; only the lividly squandering and miserably derelict; snail,

People might say that you have a brain; that most consummately befits; only the ephemerally living and infinitesimally non-existent; ant,

People might say that you have a shadow; that most consummately befits; only the ethereally stagnating and invisibly ridiculous; thread,

People might say that you have bones; that most consummately befit; only the reproachfully invidious and spinelessly hissing; snake,

People might say that you have a temper; that most consummately befits; only the terribly petrified and slyly sinking; crabs,

People might say that you have a scalp; that most consummately befits; only the abysmally bald and lecherously ribald; egg,

People might say that you have thighs; that most consummately befit; only the frigidly lackadaisical and penuriously impotent; sands,

People might say that you have a personality; that most consummately befits; only the morbidly sulking and indefatigably cursing; graveyard,

People might say that you have breasts; that most consummately befit; only the amorphously cadaverous and forlornly deteriorating; carcass,

People might say that you have shoulders; that most consummately befit; only the surreptitiously indolent and mercilessly traitor; fox,

People might say that you have blood; that most consummately befits; only the libidiously groaning and gratuitously cold-blooded; parasite,

People might say that you have a signature; that most consummately befits; only the timelessly sinking and horribly failure; ship,

People might say that you have breath; that most consummately befits; only the inexhaustibly lambasting and apocalyptically bellowing maelstroms of; hell,

But irrespective of whatever anyone said or perceived on fathomless earth; for me you were the most priceless organism of the Omnipotent Lord's Creation; as every beat of your heart tirelessly coalesced with nothing else but eternally symbiotic creation; tirelessly prayed for nothing else but Omnipresent goodness; tirelessly throbbed for nothing else but Immortal Love.

Irrespective Of Whether You Get Your Girl's Love Or Not

Its not about the mortuaries of vapidly deteriorating blackness; but life's all about how invincibly do you light up the same; with the untamed fire of optimism in your fervently righteous eyes,

Its not about those countless anecdotes of murderously betrayal; but life's all about how you metamorphose each one of them into an everlasting lantern of friendship; with each beat of immortal love in your heart,

Its not about the inevitably lecherous bouts of stony solitariness; but life's all about how you jauntily illuminate the same- with the bounteous ardor to survive in your enthralling voice,

Its not about every path which led to the corpses of monotonous hopelessness; but life's all about how you spawn beams of newness in the same; with the unbridled creativity lingering in each of your stride,

Its not about those tears of indescribable anguish that dribble down the cheeks; but life's all about how you evaporate the same into a cloud of fantasies; with each of your magically ameliorating smile,

Its not about those disastrously hackneyed destiny lines; but life's all about how you write your own fortunes; with the perennially sparkling ink of your undefeated perseverance,

Its not about those eyeballs being dreadfully blinded by the swords of corruption; but life's all about how you inspire them to shunt all evil; with the flame of perpetual truth triumphantly transcending every quarter of your soul,

Its not about the bitterness which had arisen out of ruthless discrimination and disparity; but life's all about how you timelessly unite every conceivable living kind; in the religion of eternally unconquerable humanity,

Its not about the dungeons of ominous greed which pulverized one and all to feckless shit; but life's all about how you ubiquitously sow the seeds of altruistic compassion-which were inherently ingrained in every droplet of your blood,

Its not about the inevitable spurts of devilish laziness that lay a jinx upon the

earth; but life's all about how you substituted the same with the untamed energy to survive; predominantly exhaling out of your nostrils,

Its not about the unsparing cry of terrorizing war that threatened to rip apart through the fabric of human kind; but life's all about how you perennially quelled the same; with the message of peace and brotherhood—radiating from every cranny of your countenance,

Its not about sinfully lugubrious decay and the inescapable stench that arose; but life's all about how you sparked the skies of freshness in each element of the atmosphere; with your unending zeal to adventure; discover and blissfully create,

Its not about those countless cries of hedonistic torture; but life's all about how you took away even the tiniest ounce of hysterical pain; with the balm of unshakable friendship; that you had to offer to one and all,

Its not about the curse of curtailed time crucifying the chapter of existence; but life's all about how you lived each instant to the fullest of its capacity; as if it were your very last instant to survive on planet divine,

Its not about the sadistic devil trouncing every trace of uninhibited happiness; but life's all about how you hoist the flag of victory with every good deed that you executed-by the grace of the Omnipotent God,

Its not about a lost cause which cast its holocaustic shadow upon the entire Universe; but life's all about how you let your own inimitable identity of truth forever prevail; and bless even the worst of your foes,

Its not about the closest to your heart deserting you in the midst of the apocalyptic storm; but life's all about how you spread the oceans of love from your heart all over; and in the goriest face of betrayal,

Its not about the bane of childlessness thwarting the fabric of living kind; but life's all about how you adopt every orphaned child in vicinity; with the unparalleled goodness in even the most obfuscated iota of your creation,

And its not about the fangs of satanic death forever silencing every cry of fresh birth; but life's all about how you live an infinite lives just in a single lifetime of yours; by tirelessly loving each palpable creation of the Almighty Lord; irrespective of whether you could get the love of your girl or not

Irrevocably Conventional Society

When the extraordinarily rich and bombastic slept in the afternoon; they called it relaxation of the most unprecedentedly blissful degree,
While when the same was done by a diminutively estranged beggar; the so called conventionally correct society; termed it as dastardly unemployment.

When the unimaginably rich and pretentious guzzled poignantly scarlet wine; they called it majestically untamed and compassionate aristocracy,
While when the same was done by a remorsefully collapsing beggar; the so called austere conventional society; termed it as deliriously devastating drunkenness.

When the unfathomably rich and handsome shot innocent deer in the forest; they called it insatiably exhilarating and intrepid adventure,
While when the same was done by a pathetically bedraggled beggar; the so called stringently conventional society; termed it as cannibalistically unforgivable crime.

When the limitlessly rich and luxurious hurled a volley of indiscriminate invectives in blissfully open space; they called it the definition of unparalleled superiority,
While when the same was done by an infinitesimally slaving beggar; the so called devoutly conventional society; termed it as a gutter of unceremoniously uncivilized trash.

When the unsurpassably rich and glittering put an impression of their thumb on spotlessly barren paper; they called it legacy at its unbelievably supreme best,
While when the same was done by the preposterously teetering beggar; the so called dogmatically conventional society; termed it as the worthlessly salacious pigstalk of treacherous illiteracy.

When the endlessly rich and powerful titillated themselves with tawdrily nubile vixen; they called it a mountain of insuperably gargantuan desire,
While when the same was done by the diminutively perspiring beggar; the so called legitimately conventional society; termed it as rapaciously ribald rape and debauchery of the highest decree.

When the inexorably rich and dictatorial produced a battalion of children of their own; they called it the law of astoundingly unstoppable proliferation at its ageless best,

While when the same was done by the miserably tearstained and hapless beggar; the so called staunchly conventional society; termed it as the jinx of devilishly merciless population explosion.

When the staggeringly rich and superfluous flirted as if mischievous young children; they called it the most celestially blessed culmination of the immaculately unassailable divine,

While when the same was done by the jaggedly disheveled beggar; the so called perspicaciously conventional society; termed it as insanely unsolicited balderdash.

And when the boundlessly rich and princely inhaled quintessentially emollient air every unfurling instant; they called it the ultimate mantra of symbiotically philanthropic existence,

While when the same was done by the obliviously decaying beggar; the so called irrevocably conventional society; termed it as a parasitically intolerable and cold-bloodedly murderous burden on the trajectory of immortal mother earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Is Anybody Listening?

I am relentlessly asphyxiating in a world of derogatorily stinking politics; with sinfully dastard manipulation invidiously creeping like an inevitable parasite; into the poignantly fresh blood of my veins. Is anybody Listening?

I am being ruthlessly stabbed by preposterously banal maelstroms of boredom; with the gutter of bizarrely unending corruption; transforming me into a hapless eunuch; although I was born as blazing as the Omnipotently blistering Sun. Is anybody Listening?

I am feeling like a frigidly inconspicuous mendicant of gruesome shit; in the atmosphere adulterated with venomous cigarette smoke and heinously vicious dust outside. Is anybody Listening?

I am penuriously depleted of even the most ethereally infinitesimal of my desires; as brutally tyrannical savagery and crime incessantly kept excoriating; priceless life around. Is anybody Listening?

I am vindictively stagnating even in the most opulently garnished of castles; as every stone on which its foundation lay was devilishly erected on innocuously pristine blood. Is anybody Listening?

I am uncouthly reeling under conventionally chauvinistic malpractices; with macabre demons indiscriminately trampling over my nimble form; to transcend beyond the skies of fathomlessly ultimate success. Is anybody Listening?

I am hedonistically drowning under the waters of blatantly maladroit lies and insane perfidiousness; with absolutely none on this earth today radiating a philanthropically truthful smile. Is anybody Listening?

I am squirming intransigently on diabolically shivering ground; with my naked skin being satanically lambasted by cleavers of barbaric corruption. Is anybody Listening?

I am experiencing each unraveling instant of priceless life through the eyes of an insane lunatic; with the germs of cold-blooded communalism being abjectly perpetuate into every cranny of my impoverished soul. Is anybody Listening?

I am worthlessly wasting precociously innovative moments of my life staring

meaninglessly at the abysmal skies; as the chains of indigently ostracizing unemployment strangulated one and all alike on this colossal planet today. Is anybody Listening?

I am helplessly slaving on unlimited trash cans of orphaned garbage; frantically searching for those quintessential droplets of compassionate empathy; in eyes which had become sadistically estranged and dried. Is anybody Listening?

I am inexplicably deteriorating like a diminutively extinguishing matchstick on lackadaisical soil; circumscribed and uxoriously castrated by the bawdiness of spurious religion today. Is anybody Listening?

I am inexhaustibly begging on the acrimoniously wastrel streets; fervently waiting for those symbiotically unconquerable bonds of brotherhood which had so pathetically diminished from the planet today. Is anybody Listening?

I am being obnoxiously blown like a molecule of besmirched dust; by powerhouses of wealth; wine; vixen and rapaciously decrepit greed. Is anybody Listening?

I am being subjected to the most horrifically apocalypses even under brilliantly fearless sunshine; as man roasted another of his blissfully harmonious kind; for just parsimonious wads of tawdry currency coin. Is anybody Listening?

I am being truculently marred by iconoclastically debasing debauchery from every conceivable end on this gigantic planet; disdainfully stuttering towards ominously flagrant dereliction on every prejudiced step that I transgressed. Is anybody Listening?

I am fraught with unceasingly maiming anxiety; with the dreadfully ungainly monotony of threadbarely pulverizing office paralyzing every ounce of exhilaration in my bones. Is anybody Listening?

I am uncontrollably weeping beside the unfortunate graves of my parents and kin; with raw blood dribbling from my eyes as I reminisced the ghastly mob who torched them alive in the name of religious fanaticism and martyrdom. Is anybody Listening?

And I am exhaling the very last puffs of breath in my life; as the girl to whom I had immortally dedicated every beat of my passionately thundering heart; left me forever for a man who had a coin extra in his pocket than mine. Is anybody

Listening?

Nikhil Parekh

Is There Any Point

Is there any point in growing grass which is black; when we know that the blades sprouting from soil are always parrot green,

Is there any point in trying to move the colossal mountain barehanded; when we know its unlikely to budge a single inch,

Is there any point in preventing the scalp hair from growing; when we know that they are inevitably going to crop up despite the most intractable of resistance,

Is there any point in trying to walk upside down; when we know that the aching feet will take over in a short time,

Is there any point in trying to drive the car on mineral water; when we know that all it requires is golden gasoline,

Is there any point in trying to embed the sun forever in the sky; when we know that nightfall is stealthily encroaching,

Is there any point in trying to grow an odorless rose; when we know that the petals have always emanated a mesmerizing aroma,

Is there any point in trying to emboss script on paper with a stick of raw stone; when we know that its impossible to write without a pen,

Is there any point in trying to swim against ferocious waves of the ocean; when we know they will fling us violently on the sandy shores,

Is there any point shouting vociferously in the underground dungeons; when we know the echoes would remain confined to the stolid walls,

Is there any point in trying to remain always young; when we know that the curse of old age prevails ubiquitously,

Is there any point in fighting the ominous crocodile bereft of a weapon; when we know the beast would snap us into minuscule fragments with its gigantic teeth,

Is there any point trying to remain dry in the pelting rain; when we know that the water would inexorably drench us from head to toe,

Is there any point in preventing the gutters from emanating a fetid smell;
when we know they are impregnated with the most obnoxious of sewage,

Is there any point trying to fly a kite in an ambience divested of air; when we
know that it would miserably flounder to hoist from the ground,

Is there any point in trying to trying to extract milk from a hostile vulture; when
we know that it is indeed the sacrosanct cow which delivers the same,

Is there any point in trying to stand on naked electricity and yet wishing to stay
alive; when we know that it would definitely cause instant electrocution,

Is there any point in transgressing the scorching deserts on a handsome horse;
when we know that the only animal which can survive is the hunch backed
camel,

Is there any point in trying to deprive ourselves of eternal love; when we know
that our heart throbs rampantly witnessing the person we love,

Is there any point in trying to resist death; when we know that it is as essential
as living a hundred years,

And is there any point challenging the Almighty; when we know he reigns
supreme over all technology man has imagined; or he can ever try and create.

Nikhil Parekh

Is This Why?

Preposterously stinking politics; unsurpassable civilizations disastrously confounded with the indescribably sordid devil of heinous corruption,

Obnoxiously abhorrent dirt; countless orphaned without even a leaf to cover their shivering skins; while their rich counterparts triumphantly danced in palaces superfluously overflowing with silk and ecstatic gold,

Baselessly derogatory lies; unfathomable numbers of innocent organisms being devoured like pieces of infinitesimally threadbare shit; by diabolical maelstroms of manipulation,

Mercilessly alien ruthlessness; with even the most capricious iota of celestial empathy being replaced by tirelessly indiscriminating bloodshed and barbaric massacre,

Is this why Almighty Lord had created us so bountifully; magnanimously blessed us with two sacredly heavenly eyes; an enchantingly blissful festoon of vibrant eyelashes; that ebulliently danced till the very end of our time?

1.

Intransigently hovering parasites; unsparingly sucking even after the last droplet of blood had exhausted in the impeccably snoring child,

Ominously truculent dictatorship; where black demons uncouthly chopped hands and feet into a boundless pieces; at even the most inadvertently harmless of their mistakes,

Gorily disparaging darkness; where baseless powerhouses profoundly enlightened their own spacecrafts; shutting the last dormitories of hope and optimistic light for the deprived,

Sanctimoniously sleazy hierarchy; venomously forcing the true artist to shed tears of penalizing blood over his unassailably divine masterpieces; as the already established greats indefatigably shot him into the aisles of remorseful nothingness,

Is this why Almighty Lord had created us so resplendently; Omnisciently blessed us with two perfectly robust arms; and majestically eclectic fingers raring to

vivaciously splash the dolorous atmosphere with colors of astounding existence?

2.

Treacherously unforgiving raunchiness; where even sacrosanct mothers bawdily traded their flesh; for just a few trash wads of crinkled paper; with monotonous numerals galore,

Salaciously lethal robberies; where even the most overpoweringly opulent truculently snatched away indispensable morsels of food; from the already shattered plates of the bizarrely deprived,

Deliberately languid unconsciousness; although the atmosphere ubiquitously brimmed with euphorically exhilarating and jubilant activity,

Invidiously acrimonious morbidity; with people not even allowing the tragically departed; a mercurial iota of space to be buried in their very own patriotically heavenly soil,

Is this why Almighty Lord had created us so ingratiatingly; Omnipotently blessing us with two tenaciously resilient legs; with a pricelessly regale shadow unflinchingly following us; all flamboyant day and compassionate night?

3.

Disastrously crippling unemployment; with ostentatiously pompous cigarette smoke; impious slang and unfathomably endless oceans of wine; meaninglessly massacring the innocently illiterate,

Ignominiously squelching poverty; with innumerable immaculate infants mushrooming up on treacherously livid gutter water; instead of beautifully privileged mother's milk,

Satanically slitting apart each other's throats; as even those related by blood brutally fought every unfurling moment of their lives; in the spuriously nonchalant and worthless rat race; to be the best,

Vindictively adulterating environment; with even the most pragmatically educated; heinously perpetuating the celestial air with atom bombs and nuclear gas; sowing the seeds of dreadfully prejudiced war wherever there was immortal love,

Is this why Almighty Lord had created us so bloomingly; invincibly blessing us with two pairs of charismatically crimson lips; and a fantastically unsurpassable brain which even the most contemporary of computers; miserably dithered to emulate.

Nikhil Parekh

It Does Definitely Matter

Doesn't matter if you didn't astoundingly conquer; catapult to the ultimate summits of victory since the very first cry of mesmerizing birth,

Doesn't matter if you didn't alleviate all miserably dithering and traumatized humanity; with your spell bindingly Omniscient touch,

Doesn't matter if you didn't remove even the most inconspicuous ingredient of dirt from the complexion of this enchanting planet; made it bereft of all manipulation in the tenure of your destined lifetime,

Doesn't matter if you didn't ubiquitously rule like an unassailable king; unfathomably transcending above the realms of eternally gratifying prosperity for centuries immemorial,

Doesn't matter if you didn't parade like the ultimate of gods every dawn; smilingly confronting even the most ghastliest of impediment that dared come your way,

Doesn't matter if you didn't sing as melodiously as the voluptuous crested nightingale; majestically pacifying even the most truculently lambasted destitute; with the Omnipotent ardor in your rejuvenating voice,

Doesn't matter if you didn't tower like an unsurpassably inimitable mountain; sequestering every innocent life alike; in the compassionate warmth of your magnanimously bestowing belly,

Doesn't matter if you didn't fulminate into sparkling freshness every unfurling minute of the night and day; pathetically dribbled into painstakingly obnoxious perspiration instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't smell like the insurmountably unending garden of scarlet rose; becoming the eternally everlasting enchantment of every; bizarrely famished eye,

Doesn't matter if you didn't gyrate every bone of your countenance to the beats of vivaciously resplendent nature; chose to solitarily fret in the corridors of your disconcerting study room instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't emulate every personality you met with incredulous

dexterity; fomented hordes of orphaned children to break out into unstoppable laughter; with the unparalleled charisma in your personality,

Doesn't matter if you didn't dress like an aristocratic prince each morning; lugubriously trespassed the squalidly empty streets enveloped in disdainfully tottered rags instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't philander in the most swankiest of mercedes; stupefying every entity you transgressed with the sanctimonious superfluous river of your extraordinarily overwhelming wealth,

Doesn't matter if you didn't unequivocally reveal the inner most of your emotions; amiably blending your heart and soul with every fraternity of humanity; alike,

Doesn't matter if you didn't descend barechested upon the indiscriminately cold-blooded battlefield; magnificently displayed your flamboyantly sizzling heroics to all nubile maidens watching fervently in vicinity,

Doesn't matter if you didn't program every cranny of your brain to astronomical ingeniousness; evolve into a commendable festoon of versatile discovery as each instant unleashed into a wholesome minute,

Doesn't matter if you didn't float like a tantalizingly raunchy seductress; alluring even the most asphyxiatingly alien in your gorgeously magnetic swirl,

Doesn't matter if you didn't radiate shades of perennially robust crimson from your impeccable cheeks; blossoming into an entrenchment of celestial health; even as the most acrimoniously treacherous winds swept you like insipid matchsticks from your feet,

Doesn't matter if you didn't sink in duly revered obeisance at every idol of clay that you encountered in your way; supernaturally believing that every shape embossed in soil was the Omnipotently sacrosanct portrait of Almighty God,

Doesn't matter if you didn't breathe untamed passion from your nostrils; igniting even the most drearily lackadaisical speck of the atmosphere; with the Herculean tenacity in your tireless stride,

Doesn't matter if you didn't act according to the wishes of the conventionally sardonic society; paving a path of scintillating righteousness on your very own,

Doesn't matter if you didn't enshroud every iota of your immaculate conscience with the infernos of unshakable truth; inadvertently erred umpteenth number of times in a single day; instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't function like robotic machine all throughout your life; at times entirely yielding to even the most silliest of emotions that confronted you in your way,

Doesn't matter if you didn't deliver aristocratic speeches everytime you spoke; irrefutably agglutinating the populace of this gigantic planet towards the ingratiating passion in your blessed aura,

Doesn't matter if you didn't transit back into realms of innocuous childhood every now and again; shrugging penalizingly nonchalant monotony forever away from even the most remote of your shadows,

Doesn't matter if you didn't erect palaces of perpetually shimmering gold and silver on every path that you tread; existed in a rudimentary hutment inhabited by gory crabs; the whole of your life instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't know the holistic mantra to wade away all diabolical evil; bountifully consecrate every leaf of this savagely anguished planet with the symbiotically heavenly tonic of humanity,

Doesn't matter if you didn't march audaciously ahead; not even faltering the slightest; even as torturous hell rained indefatigably rained from the sky outside,

Doesn't matter if you didn't artistically inundate every patch of the barren canvas with poignant traces of vibrantly unending imagery; inhale every draught of a wind as an embellished artist the every second of your life,

Doesn't matter if you didn't shrewdly manipulate the pros and cons of everything on this Universe before attempting it; impulsively plunged into the valley of desire at the most subtle insinuation of your soul,

Doesn't matter if you didn't keep studying till the very last moment of your life; proudly inundating the dormitories of your cupboard as well as the lap of your parents; with an insurmountable reservoir of degrees and gold medals,

Doesn't matter if you didn't prolifically burgeon into a paradise of passionate sensitivity; euphorically absorbing and reacting to even the most parsimonious of vacillations in the atmosphere,

Doesn't matter if you didn't tenaciously swim against the stormy waves of the undulating ocean; fetch the garland of pristine pearls from the rock bottom within
a single wink of the eye and wholesomely blindfolded,

Doesn't matter if you didn't incessantly shower the blessings of jubilant happiness upon all organisms on this gargantuan planet; deluge every perniciously bereaved heart with the elixir of vibrantly vivid life,

Doesn't matter if you didn't synergistically interact with countless elements of the world outside; spent your life in the entrenchment of brazenly self-conceived fantasy; instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't sleep all ravishingly titillating night; incorrigibly preferred to doze under brilliant beams of sunlight and when the globe functioned to Herculean capacity outside; instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't walk barefoot towards the epitome of the scintillating mountain; when all your other counterparts preferred to reach the same in the royal aircraft; instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't salute the sky; the grave; the different religions on this bountiful planet; but chose to be the harbinger of fathomlessly fascinating mankind till the time you lived; instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't bathe under the artificially simmering taps; but profusely drenched every pore of your trembling body under the primordial waterfalls of glorious nature; instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't agree with the philosophies of any entity on this colossal planet; endlessly kept worshipping the cradle of unbreakable humanity; instead,

But it does definitely matter if you didn't uninhibitedly unveil the chords of your passionately thundering heart; it does definitely matter if you took birth alone and died alone on this planet; it does definitely matter if you didn't proliferate God's
chapter of sacred creation; it does definitely matter if you didn't romance with

the magical sensuousness of creation all your life; O! yes it does definitely matter if you didn't fall into the valley of immortal love.

Nikhil Parekh

It Really Doesn't Matter

It really doesn't matter if we kept awake all night; admired the stars till the last beam of moonlight,

It really doesn't matter if we rubbed squalid tomato's on our uniforms; winked at each other in the classroom,

It really doesn't matter if we drove the car at full speeds; forgetting completely to stop at traffic intersections,

It really doesn't matter if we pummeled the walls; screamed at the top of our voices when we actually had to loads of homework,

It really doesn't matter if we hurled eggs at people on the street; blurted a volley of indiscriminate slang at those trying to control us,

It really doesn't matter if we swam on dolphins in the sea; splashing tones of froth on the ships passing by,

It really doesn't matter if we counted the notes wrong; tore the shopping list into pieces before actually purchasing it,

It really doesn't matter if we bathed in pure ice-cream; didn't wipe our face for hours on the trot,

It really doesn't matter if we stared at the walls; sat lazily swapping flies even in brilliant afternoon,

It really doesn't matter if we shaved of our scalp; danced in a pool of scarlet jelly with the clouds coming in,

It really doesn't matter if we dug the earth; rubbed worms traversing under the soil on our cheeks,

It really doesn't matter if we slapped the postman hard; then tried hard to suppress our giggles as he ran at us full speed; with his stick,

It really doesn't matter if we drank a bottle full of whisky; flirted around dreamily on the busy streets,

It really doesn't matter if we took out our tongues; scowled at our neighbors for not allowing us to play,

It really doesn't matter if we left a battalion of red ant; to roam freely beneath our teachers desk,

It really doesn't matter if we didn't brush our teeth; ran on the roads with our night clothes on,

It really doesn't matter if we caught crabs on the beach; instead of attending formal parties with our parents,

It really doesn't matter if we didn't sit for a moment; kept fidgeting around; once in a while sipping cola and food,

It really doesn't matter if we pinched our sister; teased her as she tried to learn the bicycle,

It really doesn't matter if we set on to conquer Mount Everest; without even equipping ourselves with a single coat,

It really doesn't matter if we ate our breads burnt gruesomely black; wore our shoes without embroidered socks,

It really doesn't matter if we dreamt wildly even in commercial meetings; said i Love you; when the man sitting opposite was questioning us about our yearly income tax,

It really doesn't matter if we played pranks with our aunt; presenting her with a balloon that burst into infinite pieces; instead of a chocolate cake on her birthday,

It really doesn't matter if we spoke lies to save our skins; scampered at electric speeds at the mention of studies,

It really doesn't really matter if we didn't wash our hands; tore apart raw chunks of fruit with our uncivilized teeth,

It really doesn't matter if we didn't comb our hair; grew a beard as long as the elephants trunk,

And it really doesn't matter if we lived life at ease; basking in the glory of every moment to unleash,

As we were so young now; floating on the island of pure ecstasy; and had a thousand tomorrow's left; to really make it matter.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was God Who Inspired Me To Be A Poet.

The fathomless skies; unendingly inspired me to 'Fantasize'; perceive an infinite kilometers beyond the realms of the extraordinary; into the most enigmatically tantalizing entrenchment of the inexplicably unknown,

The unabashed tree leaves; inexhaustibly inspired me to 'Dance'; shrug even the most infinitesimal ounce of apprehension entrapped in my frazzled veins; and then to exude in unparalleled ebullience with the vivacious breeze,

The spell binding dew-drops; indefatigably inspired me to 'Aspire'; unstoppably quench the most languidly incarcerated arenas of my soul; with the royal richness of sacredly replenishing mother nature,

The virgin seashores; unrelentingly inspired me to 'Gallop'; let the miraculously tangy froth of the ravishingly unfettered ocean poignantly strike me on my bare chest; thereby curing me of the most disastrously incurable of my disease,

The unassailable Sun; undyingly inspired me to 'Conquer'; forever trounce the most ghastliest shade of devil on this boundless planet; with the scepter of intrinsic righteousness in my bountifully blessed soul,

The majestic grass blades; uncontrollably inspired me to 'Siesta'; relax even the most unsurpassably agitated of my senses and soul; upon the compassionately magical cushion of divinely mother nature,

The unflinching Moonlight; inevitably inspired me to 'Romance'; perennially intertwine even the most intricate of my wandering senses; with the undauntedly silken princess of my dreams,

The ecstatic Rainbow; unceasingly inspired me to 'Unite'; transcend above each idiosyncrasy of caste; creed; religion and color on this unlimited Universe; to perpetually bond every organism alive into the threads of insuperable humanity,

The voluptuous clouds; timelessly inspired me to 'Evolve'; uninterruptedly discover an infinite more infallible new shades to my very ownself; and then to sweep over the miserably estranged world today; with a storm of unprecedented love,

The bewildering midnight blackness; unlimitedly inspired me to 'Procreate'; impregnate the seeds of my magnetically virile creation; to further proliferate into a brand new and innocuously sparkling human-race,

The sensuous waterfalls; untiringly inspired me to 'Purify'; profoundly annihilate even the most obsolete insinuations of negativity lingering in my persona; with the most Omnipotent rejuvenating elixir of life,

The resplendent starts; limitlessly inspired me to 'Adventure'; deciphering countless bits of happiness from the chapters of inscrutable life; in the horizons of wondrously twinkling existence,

The fearless mountains; eternally inspired me to 'Protect'; sequester each of those hapless infirm; debilitated and helpless; into the amiable fronds of warmth in my philanthropic chest,

The scintillating deserts; doggedly inspired me to 'Persevere'; uncomplainingly run for a boundless kilometers under the acrimonious mid-day; in my search for the ultimate heavens of truth and symbiotic justice,

The exuberant sea-waves; interminably inspired me to 'Sketch'; the innumerable ebbs and tides; the countless shades of existence; in the terrestrial drama of man and effulgent life,

The mystically pristine roots; unboundedly inspired me to 'Retrospect'; fervently delve into even the most evanescent thread of my past; trace my ancestral rudiments to an infinite years before my very first breath,

The refreshingly unbridled wind; everlastingly inspired me to 'Philosophize'; co-relate the sermons of everyday pragmatic life; to the tunes; cadence and unfathomable energy of the triumphant atmosphere,

The jubilant horizons; unremittingly inspired me to 'Love'; dedicate every beat of my heart to the immortal fabric of humanity and priceless mankind; till the very last breath of my inevitably truncated life,

And it was the Omnisciently unconquerable God who inspired me to forever be a 'Poet'; perpetually appreciate each of his unimaginably beautiful creations as above; and then ubiquitously disseminate their beauty through the power of the ever-pervading and mightily written; poetic verse.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was A Female's Omnipotent Womb

You might brutally condemn her all day and treacherous night; disdainfully dismissing as the staggeringly weaker sex of this mystically gargantuan planet,

You might not allow her egalitarian opportunities in the fantastically contemporary world; saying that she was a lividly lousy misfit; to be working amongst machismo men,

You might bawdily stare at every of her kind; with the diabolically lunatic hunger in your eyes; at times disastrously tainting her impeccably sacred identity,

You might hedonistically lambaste her since the very first cry of her beautiful birth; unrelentingly cursing your destiny; for not giving you the crusader to continue the name of your tribe,

You might truculently gouge her mesmerizing eyes; on the spurious pretext of adding more optimism in your life; while it was hardly an issue that she forlornly groped in the blind,

You might lecherously proclaim every iota of her pristine skin as profanely adulterated to the planet outside; just so that she could inexorably slave for none other; than your unsavory stride,

You might intransigently abuse her as devastatingly illiterate; not construing the principles of management on this earth; as she swished her voluptuous hair under the profoundly blazing Morning Sun,

You might indiscriminately massacre her enchanting skull; on the feckless pretext that it had no brain; and would serve better when used as preposterous gibberish for the foolhardy pigs,

You might feed her just a single glass of parsimonious gutter water in the entire day; baselessly defending your theory that the male of the house; should extract every iota of nutrition to work; instead,

You might pay a deaf ear to her traumatized wails in her times of uncompromising duress; dismissing her to be entirely inconsequential and a piece of frigid shit; when compared to your swanky office interiors and computer files,

You might incarcerate her in fetid chains within the dustbins of your house;
ruthlessly trading her flesh for a stupid wad of currency notes; that you could
splurge on your champagne's and designer perfumes; instead,

You might morbidly silence her with your mordantly ferocious voice; saying that
her rhythmically soft whispers were like dead rat squeals; in front of your
dynamically blazing countenance,

You might grotesquely mimic her priceless sensitivity; having an untamed
guffaw soon thereafter; with your senseless compatriots on the politicians desk,

You might torturously use her as only a silken ornament for your every night;
disposing her into oceans of avenging acid with nonchalant phlegmatism; as the
first beams of Sun crept up in the sky,

You might wholeheartedly ridicule her bountiful compassion for humanity; the
unsurpassable entrenchment of effeminate sensuousness that she left; on every
trail that she haplessly wandered,

You might consider her vividly heavenly form to be an unsolicited burden on the
trajectory of this globe; menacingly envisaging to use her live bones; embedded
in the foundations of your sinister corporate office; instead,

You might perpetually grant her the status of a maid-servant in your opulent
castle; proudly telling the world as to how faithfully she licked that extra iota of
grime on your boots; so that you always shimmered like a prince; every
unfurling
minute of the day,

You might salaciously close even the most diminutive element of her breath;
thrusting your 10 ton form directly on her immaculate face; just because the
ground beside you had no grass to sit,

You might ludicrously betray her of every shade of love in her impoverished life;
tyrannically torching her divinely chest; just because the beats of her heart
proved a trifle too loud for your nocturnal slumber,

And do you want O! Devilish Man; demonstrate your cannibalistically chauvinistic
manpower to every single female on earth if you so choose; but remember that
you in the first place weren't born from invisible air;

It was female's Omnipotent womb that bore you; it was a female's Omnipotent womb that harnessed your every breath; it was a female's Omnipotent womb that selflessly gave all its blood to evolve your fantastic brain; infact it was that very female's Omnipotent womb; which gave you the power to desire; create; and what you sinfully wanted to devastate; today.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was God Who Came Into My Life

I was just a minuscule bird perched on a single leaf; with the forest in the backdrop disastrously charred to raw ash; nobody in a million kilometers of vicinity to listen to my croaky voice,
It was God who came into my life; made it a mesmerizing garden to wander about and exist.

I was just a soggy matchstick staggering every minute into appalling darkness; ready to wholesomely relinquish my last iota of light,
It was God who came into my life; not only igniting it into a ball of pugnacious flames; but making them escalate high and handsome towards the sky.

I was just a bleary eye; abysmally squinted and closed towards daylight; sparsely able to discriminate between profound shades of black and white,
It was God who came into my life; not only elevating my vision to perspicaciously clear; but imparting it the virtue to explicitly differentiate between the good and horrendously bad.

I was just an arid desert smothering in the boisterous agony of the diabolical day; burnt to unprecedented limits with each stroke of the flamboyant Sun,
It was God who came into my life; inundated its parched surface with an ocean of sweet water; transformed it into a colossal meadow of green grass to gleefully philander and celestially sleep.

I was just a frigid bee in my empty hive; counting the seconds left for life to finish completely; so that I could take birth as a King again,
It was God who came into my life; not only deluging my dwelling with a mountain of honey; but evoking me to swarm rambunctiously with boundless of my time.

I was just a stone deaf and a perpetually dumb beggar; shivering uncontrollably on the streets; without a single piece of garment to engulf my body,
It was God who came into my life; not only seated me on the magnificently embellished throne; but blessed me with the prowess to disseminate all my wealth
prudently amongst veritably needy mankind.

I was just a broken thorn; shattered shoddily into infinite pieces on the scalding ground; awaiting ruthless vehicles every unleashing minute to trespass me;
crush me forever into obsolete wisps of oblivion,

It was God who came into my life; made a brilliantly sparkling sword; ready to defend myself against the most incomprehensible of evil gallivanting around.

I was just a gruesomely distorted nib; trembling as the most infinitesimal draught of wind struck me in my belly,
It was God who came into my life; not only metamorphosed me into a lanky feather tipped pen; but propelled me to emboss fathomless pages of spell binding literature that became the irrefutable spirit of times.

I was just a bedraggled cloud without the tiniest of emotion or empathy; blown away uncouthly into wilderness with the thunderously tumultuous storm,
It was God who came into my life; found me the love of my dreams; coalesced me into immortal threads of impregnable romance for times immemorial.

And I was just a ghastly corpse loitering in the air without an entity of my own; waiting to be barbarically devoured and destroyed,
It was God who came into my life; changed me into a robust human deluging my chest with divinely breath; giving me a right to lead life; giving me an opportunity to tread on his paradise; giving me a chance to blissfully survive.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was Impossible

It was impossible to inhale air without twin bifurcation of nostrils,
sustain life with nonchalant ease; for more than an wholesome minute.

it was impossible to walk without angularly sculptured legs,
viciously kick grey boulders of stone; acting as barricade's in unveiling path.

it was impossible to scribble literature without articulate synchronization of
hands,
emboss exquisite lines of calligraphy on naked sheets of bond paper.

it was impossible to segregate minuscule threads of color without immaculate
vision,
distinguish between the good and gruesomely bad; lurking on this earth.

it was impossible to decimate food into supple chowder; without strong teeth,
produce gregarious smiles in tandem; when frivolously appreciated.

it was impossible to secrete saliva without rosy pink organ of tongue,
rebuke people with loads of spit; in response to their uncouth deeds.

it was impossible to uproot concrete edifices with bare hands,
amalgamate sapphire arenas of sky with the periphery of monotonous earth.

it was impossible to operate the hi-tech computer without a plethora of
software chips,
type a battalion of literature at swashbuckling speeds.

it was impossible to quench thirst without gallons of fresh water,
assassinate intractable blotches of dirt; agglutinated to clean cloth.

it was impossible to die without abrupt closure of tangible heart beat,
infinite cells of animation; freezing in the body.

and it was impossible to live without loving a person in heart; body; and spirit,
dedicating marathon hours in life; harnessing that perpetual affinity.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was Impossible To Emulate The Creator

To emulate a bird was very easy; as all you had to do was spread your arms wide; pretend to flap them in mighty draughts of air; standing on the pinnacle of the gorgeous valley,

To emulate a lion was very easy; as all you had to do was open your mouth wide; run in the midst of the densely foliated jungle; emanating thunderously roaring sounds,

To emulate an ant was very easy; as all you had to do was crawl painstakingly on the floor; miserably edge towards the loaf of freshly baked bread kept delectably on the kitchen table,

To emulate the horse was very easy; as all you had to do was vibrantly gallop in the sprawling fields of paddy; making a pathetically neighing noise every once a minute,

To emulate a snake was very easy; as all you had to do was adorn yourself in gruesomely black leather; slither enigmatically on the floor as the mystical rays of moonlight; illuminated the pool of darkness,

To emulate a dog was very easy; as all you had to do was diffuse a hoarsely barking sound; wag your posterior in ecstatic jubilation at witnessing your loved ones,

To emulate a pig was very easy; as all you had to do was greedily gobble mammoth chunks of food; wildly slurp any liquid or juice lying haphazardly spilled before you,

To emulate a Kangaroo was very easy; as all you had to do was bounce ebulliently in space with supremely spongy springs attached to your feet; gleefully leap to places you wanted to frequent; instead of traversing by naked foot,

To emulate a scorpion was very easy; as all you had to do paint lethal venom on your nails; point them diabolically at unsuspecting strangers that confronted you in your way,

To emulate the fish was very easy; as all you had to do was swim euphorically under the sea; nimbly swishing your hands and legs; with a cylinder of fresh

oxygen strapped adroitly to both your slender shoulders,

To emulate a cockroach was very easy; as all you had to do was remain unwashed for boundless weeks; keep incessantly loitering around the public lavatory; inhaling the scent that wafted with stupendous relish,

To emulate a chimpanzee was very easy; as all you had to do was to scream hysterically each time you were struck by an urge to whisper; jump acrobatically from one branch of the tree to the other; in search of fleshy fruits,

To emulate an elephant was very easy; as all you had to do was inflate your persona like a colossal gas balloon; tread triumphantly on the soil of the jungle as the largest organism existing in the rampant outgrowths,

To emulate the mosquito was very easy; as all you had to do was infuriatingly buzz in everyone's ear you met; exasperate people beyond the point of frustration with your monotonously boring tunes,

To emulate the grass hopper was very easy; as all you had to do was embellish your entire island of skin with emerald green; camouflage your visage brilliantly within the lanky stalks of grass on the hills; sleep in stark open with a festoon of iridescent stars shining; clinging to the leaf,

To emulate the Bat was very easy; as all you had to do was adorn yourself in a hideous cloak of ominous black; stick astoundingly close to the mortuary wall with repugnant fire blazing in your eyes; a menacing desire to kill lingering furtively in your heart,

To emulate the donkey was very easy; as all you had to do was stand erect in the middle of the crowded street with your shaven scalp; outrageously kick your heels at anyone who ventured to come even frugal inches by your side,

To emulate the cat was very easy; as all you had to do was cunningly manipulate your every move; greedily guzzle the bottle of pure milk which the mother had kept stored for her new born infant,

but it was simply impossible to emulate the Almighty Creator; as first and foremost you would have to evolve all of the abovementioned; instill signs of palpable life on this incomprehensibly vast planet; when infact you didn't even

know the slightest to
create your very own being?

Nikhil Parekh

It Was Impossible To Leave You O! God!

Like it was impossible for the Sun to leave the fathomless sky; ever dream of coming down to settle and snore on the earth; even once during the tenure of its endlessly blazing lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the epitome to leave the towering mountain; ever dream of coming down to the ground and see ordinary sized human life; even once during the tenure of its unceasingly impenetrable lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the Shark to leave the gigantic ocean; ever dream of coming to inhale fresh air on the virgin shores; even once during the tenure of its indefatigably princely and salty lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the roots of the tree to leave the compassionate soil; ever dream of coming to plush interiors of the corporate empire; even once during the tenure of its ebulliently moistened lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the cactus to leave the majestic deserts; ever dream of coming to tranquilly enamoring ripples of the seasonal pond; even once during the tenure of its ecstatically sweltering lifetime,

Like it was impossible for blackness to leave the bewildering night; ever dream of coming to the first golden rays of pristinely burgeoning dawn; even once during the tenure of its voluptuously ingratiating lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the diamond to leave the insuperable king's crown; ever dream of coming to the preposterously fetid and cacophonous rivulets of the gutter; even once during the tenure of its astoundingly sparkling lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the destiny lines to leave the royally endowed palms; ever dream of coming to the clinically monitored scientists palette; even once during the tenure of their inexplicably exhilarating lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the pearl to leave the confines of the princely oyster; ever dream of coming to breathe the unabashed freshness of the atmosphere; even once during the tenure of its gloriously untainted lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the fantasy to leave the inscrutably enthralling brain; ever dream of coming to the terrestrial globe of maiming reality; even once during the tenure of its bountifully vivacious lifetime,

Like it was impossible for immortal love to leave the passionately altruistic heart; ever dream of coming to the sadistically manipulative weighing machines of gold and silver; even once during the tenure of its perpetually blessed lifetime,

Like it was impossible for innocence to leave the uninhibitedly ordinary child; ever dream of coming to the mercilessly horn-rimmed glasses of the politician cum robotic business tycoon; even once during the tenure of its pricelessly undefeated lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the birds to leave the fathomless openness of the sky; ever dream of coming to walk left-right alongside articulate man; even once during the tenure of their triumphantly euphoric lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the lion to leave the infallibly kingly forests; ever dream of coming to stingily clad and spaced human abode; even once during the tenure of its overpoweringly flamboyant lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the crabs to leave the unperturbed sea shores; ever dream of coming to spin a web between monstrously blocked walls; even once during the tenure of their effervescently intrepid lifetime,

Like it was impossible for the stars to leave the boundless cosmos; ever dream of coming to rejoice beside earthworms and enchanting dewdrops; even once during the tenure of their optimistically twinkling lifetimes,

Like it was impossible for breath to leave the amiably living nostrils; ever dream of coming to the innumerable hapless corpses lying askew in the dolorous graveyard; even once during the tenure of its invincibly fiery lifetime,

Like it was impossible for truth to leave the unassailably unfettered droplets of blood; ever dream of coming to the amorphous form of the parasitic ghost; even once during the tenure of its unflinchingly scintillating lifetime,

It was similarly impossible for me to leave my poetry and you O! Omnipotent God; ever dream of coming to this commercially mundane planet—who did nothing but ridicule my sensitivity; even once during the tenure of my romantically liberating lifetime.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was Indefinitely Impossible.

It wasn't the most infinitesimal iota impossible to imagine a sensuously sensitive poet do an infinite things more; other than just writing volumes after volumes of perpetually proliferating poetry,

It wasn't the most diminutive iota impossible to imagine a manipulatively shrewd businessman do an infinite things more; other than just quintessentially pragmatic commercial dealings,

It wasn't the most mercurial iota impossible to imagine an altruistically benign philanthropist do an infinite things more; other than just tirelessly reaching out to every conceivable echelon of blessed humanity,

It wasn't the most ephemeral iota impossible to imagine a righteously persevering cobbler do an infinite things more; other than just efficaciously stitching and mending pairs of sordidly disgruntled shoes,

It wasn't the most ethereal iota impossible to imagine a bountifully gifted artist do an infinite things more; other than just profusely inundating barren sheets of insouciant paper; with unlimitedly enchanting sketches of mother nature,

It wasn't the most oblivious iota impossible to imagine an unabashedly vivacious dancer do an infinite things more; other than just inexorably illuminating the complexion of the drearily ignominious night; with her enchantingly inscrutable tread on nimble soil,

It wasn't the most obfuscated iota impossible to imagine an uninhibitedly fearless entrepreneur do an infinite things more; other than just ingeniously innovating the winds of an brilliantly unfettered tomorrow,

It wasn't the most parsimonious iota impossible to imagine an intriguingly uncanny palmist do an infinite things more; other than just perspicaciously deciphering through the countless mysteries of the human palm,

It wasn't the most fugitive iota impossible to imagine an indomitably victorious scientist do an infinite things more; other than just spell-bindingly harnessing the boundlessly replenishing resources of nature divine,

It wasn't the most mercurial iota impossible to imagine an irrefutably righteous teacher do an infinite things more; other than just tirelessly disseminating the

venerated source of knowledge in the bulky textbooks,

It wasn't the most inconspicuous iota impossible to imagine a fearlessly patriotic warrior do an infinite things more; other than just unflinchingly brandish his sword and valor; to even the most treacherously unsparing of enemies,

It wasn't the most invisible iota impossible to imagine a bounteously untainted singer do an infinite things more; other than just unrelentingly flexing the chords of his throat; to perpetuate every ounce of remorse around with the tunes of blissfully
rehabilitating music,

It wasn't the most impoverished iota impossible to imagine an eclectically spirited chef do an infinite things more; other than just endlessly tantalizing the salivary buds of countless; with his inimitably awe-inspiring delicacies,

It wasn't the most measly iota impossible to imagine a humanitarianly unprejudiced doctor do an infinite things more; other than just curing even the most inexplicably tormenting wounds of the haplessly devastated patient,

It wasn't the most disappearing iota impossible to imagine a jubilantly effervescent sportsman do an infinite things more; other than just ebulliently galloping like an untamed panther upon the poignant race-track,

It wasn't the most abstemious iota impossible to imagine a humbly learned saint do an infinite things more; other than just unceasingly sermonizing the hymns of eternally fructifying creation and priceless humanity,

It wasn't the most vanishing iota impossible to imagine an effulgently unparalleled adventurer do an infinite things more; other than just philandering through the labyrinths of flirtatious mischief and the enigmatically unknown,

It wasn't the most inane iota impossible to imagine an astutely phlegmatic judge do an infinite things more; other than just limitlessly dispensing the most triumphantly unchallengeable epitomes of invincible justice,

It wasn't the most transient iota impossible to imagine a stupendously virile man & woman do an infinite things more; other than just infallibly procreate into a countless more of their own kind; and thereby inexhaustibly continue the chapters of this
heavenly Universe,

But it was indefinitely impossible to imagine an immortally true lover do anything else; except just inhaling; exhaling and timelessly assimilating the skies of love; love and perennially compassionate love; for an infinite more lives and benignly blessed lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was Nice

It was nice fondling silken curls of your mesmerizing hair,
it was nice drenching your persona in icy cool pints of jungle water,
it was nice tickling your ear with serrated feather of protuberant crested pigeon,
it was nice painting your cheek with shades of resplendent color,
it was nice hoisting you several floors above the ground on my shoulder,
it was nice blowing puffs of tingling breath in your crystalline eyes,
it was nice feeding your voluptuous mouth; with slices of fresh pineapple,
it was nice embossing preambles of fathomless love in your heart,
it was nice provoking you to pugnacious realms of anger; witnessing your
acrimonious face,
it was nice guiding you past the congested street; clasping your hands in mine,
it was nice slapping you in intense indignation; succeeded by passionate kisses,
it was nice swimming with you through waters of the choppy ocean,
it was nice draping you in grandiloquent floss of silk; staring at you for hours
immemorial,
it was nice camouflaging your profusely bleeding wounds; with strips of my
holistic skin,
it was nice obliterating you from acrimonious beams of light; with my web of
scalp hair,
it was nice instigating you into ludicrous laughter; observing mystical outlines of
your teeth,
it was nice helping you accomplish a plethora of household task; prepare
sumptuous tea for you at dusk,
it was nice recounting enchanting fantasies; incorporating your fragile brain with
tumultuous strength,
it was nice uttering your captivating name every unveiling minute of the day,
it was nice iterating my omnipotent love to you all day,
it was nice pestering you to go to sleep; cuddled like a fairy beneath a golden
quilt,
but let me tell you sweetheart it would be nicer still; if you were to be my lover,
for countless births we traverse on this earth as philanthropic humans.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was Only So That

If I was born miserably invisible; it was only so that all those visible on the trajectory of this fathomlessly ebullient Universe; perpetually realized the value of their robustly majestic form,

If I was born haplessly blind; it was only so that all those bright eyed on the trajectory of this boundlessly exhilarating Universe; perpetually realized the value of their pricelessly panoramic sight,

If I was born disastrously dumb; it was only so that all those with voice on the trajectory of this brilliantly optimistic Universe; perpetually realized the value of their extraordinarily explicit speech,

If I was born preposterously deaf; it was only so that all those who could hear on the trajectory of this wonderfully symbiotic Universe; perpetually realized the value of their celestially gifted ears,

If I was born pathetically cancerous; it was only so that all those with scintillating health on the trajectory of this pristinely burgeoning Universe; perpetually realized the value of their harmoniously holistic well-being,

If I was born grotesquely maimed; it was only so that all those with feet on the trajectory of this beautifully effulgent Universe; perpetually realized the value of their boisterously untamed spiritedness,

If I was born cadaverously impotent; it was only so that all those virile on the trajectory of this magically unparalleled Universe; perpetually realized the value of their bountifully magnanimous creation,

If I was born morbidly jinxed; it was only so that all those with royal destiny lines on the trajectory of this fantastically fruitful Universe; perpetually realized the value of their fortunately privileged existence,

If I was born inconsolably weeping; it was only so that all those smiling on the trajectory of this unbelievably magnetic Universe; perpetually realized the value of their timelessly victorious happiness,

If I was born hopelessly impoverished; it was only so that all those unfathomably talented on the trajectory of this stupendously heavenly Universe; perpetually

realized the value of their god-gifted versatility,

If I was born hideously lynched; it was only so that all those perfectly masculine on the trajectory of this unsurpassably venerated Universe; perpetually realized the value of their astronomically untainted power,

If I was born torturously slaved; it was only so that all those liberated on the trajectory of this limitlessly sprouting Universe; perpetually realized the value of their aristocratically unmatched freedom,

If I was born deliriously estranged; it was only so that all those righteously sane on the trajectory of this unceasingly endowing Universe; perpetually realized the value of their synergistically subliming sanctity,

If I was born mercilessly orphaned; it was only so that all those with their mothers on the trajectory of this interminably replenishing Universe; perpetually realized the value of their unconquerably priceless childhood,

If I was born venomously blood-stained; it was only so that all those with impeccable conscience on the trajectory of this vividly sensuous Universe; perpetually realized the value of their indomitably infallible honesty,

If I was born cadaverously coldblooded; it was only so that all those with empathy on the trajectory of this magnificently benign Universe; perpetually realized the value of their altruistically unbridled humanity,

If I was born in the worthlessly abysmal gutters; it was only so that all those with castles on the trajectory of this fabulously Omnipotent Universe; perpetually realized the value of their jubilantly replete prosperity,

If I was born unforgivably dead; it was only so that all those breathing on the trajectory of this spectacularly enigmatic Universe; perpetually realized the value of their endlessly winning life,

And if I was born satanically betrayed; it was only so that all those compassionately bonding on the trajectory of this indefatigably uninterrupted Universe; perpetually realized the value of their Immortally everlasting love.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was Only When

My eyes might have innocuously closed umpteenth number of times; in the tenure of my impoverished and short life,
But it was only when they felt your celestially compassionate palms on them;
that they fell into a spell of invincibly everlasting sleep.

My lips might have wholesomely unfurled a boundless number of times; in the space of my disastrously stumbling and battered life,
But it was only when they felt your perennially unassailable kiss on their devastated contours; that they lit up into the most stupendously philanthropic smiles.

My armpits might have diffused into an infinite globules of sweat; in the course of my disdainfully pulverized and truculently bereaved life,
But it was only when they felt your impeccably enamoring visage by their side;
that they blossomed into the truly persevering essence of vibrantly mesmerizing and enigmatic existence.

My brain might have rampantly fantasized a countless number of times; in the lugubrious wandering of my aimlessly loitering life,
But it was only when it conceived and felt your divinely energy to the fullest capacity; that it transcended beyond the realms of ecstatically replenishing paradise.

My legs might have transgressed an unfathomable number of steps; in the expedition of my indefatigably vacillating and frantic life,
But it was only when they felt your bountifully silken stride beside them; that they perpetually radiated the sparkle of irrefutably unconquerable triumph; for centuries immemorial.

My persona might have exuded into an incomprehensible number of goose-bumps; in the dilapidated entrenchment of my painstakingly obsessive and penalizing life,
But it was only when it felt your ingratiatingly compassionate warmth; that it uncontrollably erupted into tremors of insatiably unparalleled excitement.

My throat might have quavered an unsurpassable number of times; in the debilitating unraveling of my obnoxiously asphyxiated and lackadaisical life,
But it was only when it felt your unbelievably sacred breath; that it beautifully bloomed into the most majestically aristocratic of patriotic tunes.

My fists might have clenched a fathomless number of times; in the vicious maelstrom of my inexplicably mystical and insanely cold-blooded life,
But it was only when they felt your Omnipotent fingers intertwined in them; that they unflinchingly rose and altruistically sacrificed themselves; for the cause of humanitarian righteousness.

And my heart might have throbbed a limitless number of times; in the inconspicuously insipid and baselessly worthless fragment of my life,
But it was only when your immortally blessing beats bonded with mine; that it not only fell in unconquerable love with you; but with every element of enchanting goodness and benign beauty; on the Almighty Creator's planet divine.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was Only When - Part 2

It was only when I disastrously stumbled to taste threadbare mud; that I truly realized the mesmerizing value of standing straight upon my own feet,

It was only when I was gruesomely blinded with pugnacious chili powder in my eyes; that I truly realized the scintillating value of vibrantly bountiful and scintillating sight,

It was only when I was surreptitiously administered abominable gutter water; that I truly realized the celestially ravishing value of the majestically sparkling streams,

It was only when I was brutally incarcerated in the traumatically devastating dungeons; that I truly realized the optimistically brilliant value of the Omnisciently dazzling Sun,

It was only when I was ruthlessly stuffed into the horrifically air tight coffins; that I truly realized the melodiously vivacious value of regally enlightening and seductively spell binding sound,

It was only when the walls of disparagingly disgusting boredom asphyxiated me from all sides; that I truly realized the irrefutably incredulous value of honestly Omnipotent sweat,

It was only when maelstroms of swelteringly scorching dust slapped me left; right and acrid center; that I truly realized the miraculously rejuvenating value of resplendently heavenly rain,

It was only when jailhouses of murderous monotony pulverized me like inconspicuously criminal mincemeat; that I truly realized the gloriously Omnipresent value of ubiquitously sensuous and timelessly proliferating fantasy,

It was only when lethally venomous snakes savagely strangulated me like a frigid mosquito; that I truly realized the ingratiatingly ebullient value of ubiquitously godly innocence,

It was only when an unfathomable whirlpool of inexplicable tears rolled in insatiable agony down my cheeks; that I truly realized the gorgeously exuberant value of everlasting smiles,

It was only when a graveyard of solitariness tightened its grip upon my soul every unfurling minute; that I truly realized the boisterously enthralling value of rambunctiously vivid liveliness,

It was only when each of my finger was barbarically nailed to the ground; that I truly realized the stupendously embellished value of sketching exquisitely panoramic landscape upon barren canvas,

It was only when the diabolical demons chopped my tongue into an infinite pieces; that I truly realized the marvelously emphatic value of poignantly effusive sound,

It was only when I had to inevitably transgress past the bed of acrimoniously ominous thorns; that I truly realized the enchantingly satiny value of royally aristocratic silk,

It was only when I was savagely lambasted by unsparing whiplashes of blatantly insidious lies; that I truly realized the eternally unassailable value of patriotically blazing truth,

It was only when there was nothing in vicinity but invidiously sordid stones and mud to chew; that I truly realized the salubriously jubilant and sacrosanct value of life-yielding food,

It was only when a satanically ghastly accident ghoulishly snatched my beloved; that I truly realized the triumphantly ardent value of pricelessly inimitable togetherness,

It was only when my nostrils menacingly decided to gruesomely squelch even the most infinitesimal iota of breath; that I truly realized the bountifully Omnipotent value of unshakably iridescent life,

And it was only when every beat of my heart uncouthly leapt out to be the devil's uxorious breakfast; that I truly realized the immortally unconquerable value of eternal love.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was Perfectly Normal

It was perfectly normal to burst into pools of uninhibited laughter; after witnessing a garishly painted clown,

It was perfectly normal to hysterically sob; at the death of someone you vehemently revered,

It was perfectly normal to trip head-on on your nose; after walking through a puddle of slushy grease,

It was perfectly normal to tenaciously scratch your scalp; when snow white beads of dandruff camouflaged them in entirety,

It was perfectly normal to purse your lips profusely; after swallowing a sumptuously appetizing meal,

It was perfectly normal to thunderously sneeze; when disdainful granules of incongruous dust entered your nose,

It was perfectly normal to shiver; when you stood bare chested in freezing currents of bizarre winter,

It was perfectly normal to collapse in a bedraggled heap; when you carried a mountain of mud on your slender shoulder,

It was perfectly normal to blush like a scarlet complexioned rose; when you were caught red-handed trying to blatantly flirt with a girl,

It was perfectly normal to pound your fists in raw indignation; when you were encompassed from all sides with unfathomable frustration,

It was perfectly normal to perspire; when you worked arduously under sizzling rays of the Sun,

It was perfectly normal to yawn; when your lids felt overwhelmingly heavy; your body felt drowned in waves of exhaustion,

It was perfectly normal to be insatiably greedy; when you prevailed in an ambience besieged with unprecedented poverty,

It was perfectly normal to experience tingling sensations; after you lazily
philandered amidst stalks of nimble grass,
It was perfectly normal to use a volley of harsh expletives; after you were
provoked to the threshold limits of tolerance,

It was perfectly normal to scowl animatedly at the class teacher; when she bored
you for hours; reciting notes of century old history,

It was perfectly normal to innocuously hiccup; when you swallowed your meals
at lightening speeds,

It was perfectly normal to feel stabbed by tremors of lust; when you were in the
vicinity of stupendous beauty,

It was perfectly normal to scream in the middle of night; when your dwelling was
struck by the vicious onslaught of an earthquake,

And It was perfectly normal to commit a plethora of blunders and errors in the
course of your life as a human being; as long as you existed in blissful synergy
with nature; wholesomely revered the God who created you; ardently adored the
Mother who gave you birth; fervently loved the girl who made you feel you were
living and breathing alive.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was Solely Because Of That Unabashed Flesh

It was solely because of that very tantalizing flesh; that you felt like the most exotically robust man alive for times immemorial; with every nubile goose-bump on your skin roused towards the ultimate crescendos of paradise,

It was solely because of that very effervescent flesh; that you at times forgot the most murderously asphyxiating of your disease; discarded even the most goriest of pain; like wisps of inconsequential nothingness,

It was solely because of that very succulent flesh; that you languished in the aisles of unstoppable desire; even an infinite centuries after diabolical hell had wholesomely melanged with every cranny of earth divine,

It was solely because of that very replenishing flesh; that you felt your true manhood to be blessed beyond sagacious comprehension; as you invincibly loomed over every other conceivable object in the melancholic atmosphere,

It was solely because of that very titillating flesh; that you felt even the most lugubriously dormant dormitories of your brain; burgeon into the most pricelessly inimitable whirlwinds of optimistically enlightening creation,

It was solely because of that very royal flesh; that you felt as if existence had a boundless more parameters associated to it; rather than just robotically breathe from blazing morning to stupendously enamoring night,

It was solely because of that very royal flesh; that you never ever experienced dolorous boredom; fathomlessly exploring the most poignantly artistic shapes of beauty; which were sensuously accentuated to the ultimate hilt,

It was solely because of that very rhapsodic flesh; that you felt that the world was forever handsomely winning and proliferating; as if there palpitated just insatiably profound desire in even the most inconspicuous ingredient of the atmosphere,

It was solely because of that very serenaded flesh; that you became entirely oblivious to every ounce of your treacherously depraved impoverishment; feeling the wealthiest man alive; although bereft of a single penny in your pockets,

It was solely because of that very seductive flesh; that you felt inexhaustibly inebriated in the clouds of voluptuous longing; where every droplet of golden

rain perpetually mollified every insinuation of agony and pain,

It was solely because of that very silken flesh; that you felt an unsurpassable entrenchment of enlightenment enshroud every of your dying nerve; transcending you forever and ever and ever beyond the definitions of victorious ecstasy,

It was solely because of that very jubilant flesh; that you sprang like the most unassailably volatile inferno from even an infinite kilometers beneath your corpse; and with the incredulous virility of an untamed adolescent,

It was solely because of that very miraculous flesh; that you suddenly started to feel that life was unlimitedly triumphant; and you were the most precious jewel in God's cradle of tirelessly potent creation,

It was solely because of that very ardent flesh; that you learnt to fantasize and romanticize once again like a small kid; although treacherously wrapped in the throes of daily survival and the despicably abhorrent office,

It was solely because of that very bountiful flesh; that you entirely massacred every venomous prejudice in your soul; yearned towards more and more eternally fructifying goodness; every unfurling instant of your majestic life,

It was solely because of that very mesmerizing flesh; that you experienced ubiquitous versatility at its very best; and the thunderbolt of excitement reigning perennially supreme in every visible and invisible cranny of your visage,

It was solely because of that very glorious flesh; that you thanked the Creator for all those brilliantly exuberant moments; when every droplet of thwarted tension in your nerves; became an unconquerable fountain of blooming happiness,

It was solely because of that very ravishing flesh; that you felt your life would never ever end even after death; as the pleasure it gave every outgrowth of hair on your body; made you feel as if utopia was in every line of your outstretched palms,

It was solely because of that very effulgent flesh; that you felt your ultimate odyssey as a vagrant traveler had forever ended; upon the most ecstatically titillating apogees of unfathomable seduction,

It was solely because of that very unabashed flesh; that every iota of your

decrepit impotency; suddenly burgeoned like the sword of the infallibly triumphant warrior; limitlessly ensuring that proliferation on this spell-binding planet; never had any end,

And yet you hypocritically and openly condemned that very flesh which made you feel like the most impregnable king all your life; as a Whore; as a Prostitute; just because it belonged to the body of such a woman who hadn't tied the marital thread with you as per the norms of your inanely double-standard society; just because it belonged to the body of such a woman who had euphorically devoured many more men like you; just because it belonged to the body of such a woman who wasn't your legal wife

Nikhil Parekh

It Was Soon Going To Rain

The squirrels suddenly commenced to boisterously gallivant through the branches; jubilantly diffusing into a festoon of uninhibitedly ecstatic sounds,

The rivers suddenly increased their pace a trifle; ardently clashing against the resplendently glittering rocks that confronted them in their way,

The roses suddenly came back to vibrant life after the sullen day; triumphantly radiating an unsurpassable ocean of unassailably mesmerizing scent,

And a cradle of voluptuously crimson clouds suddenly embellished the sky; enveloping its fathomlessly barren periphery with stupendously spell binding color and grace,

O! Yes; your guess was as good as anybody else's on this gargantuan planet; the truculent tyranny of heat was soon about to disappear into the aisles of nothingness; it was soon going to thunderously rain.

1.

The sparrows suddenly started to ebulliently whistle; euphorically deluging every cranny of this fathomless atmosphere with an everlasting entrenchment of fantastically enamoring sounds,

The kangaroos suddenly sprinted in air like never before; ecstatically racing through the unfathomably timeless wilderness; with the astronomically indefatigable enthrallment of Mother nature in their stride,

The eggs suddenly hatched into the most fabulously beautiful of fledglings; permeating the fabric of the gloomy air around with an unrelenting volley of divinely new born life and sound,

And a blanket of gorgeously titillating clouds suddenly enlightened the sky; majestically painting its empty belly with streaks of poignantly compassionate and everlasting empathy,

O! Yes; your guess was as good as anybody else's on this boundless planet; the salacious whiplash of acrimonious heat was soon about to wholesomely abnegate; it was soon going to indefatigably rain.

2.

The lions suddenly pumped their fur an extravagant trifle; victoriously parading through the insatiably untamed outgrowths of; euphoric scarlet and green,

The bells in the sacrosanct temple suddenly started to incessantly ring; casting a spell of impregnably mystical incantation; upon every religion; caste; and alike; heavenly alike,

The shadows suddenly started to mischievously flirt with the vividly life-yielding ground; merrily jingling even as the serene tranquility of dusk was a overwhelmingly far-fetched cry,

And an unconquerable cistern of enchantingly vibrant clouds suddenly perpetuated the sky from all sides; irrevocably crowning it as a royal prince of all times,

O! Yes; your guess was as good as anybody else's on this endless planet; all satanically impeding sweat was soon about to evaporate till times beyond infinite infinity; it was soon going to miraculously rain.

3.

The peacocks suddenly unveiled their feathers a wholesomely profound blossom; disseminating a wave of ravishing excitement in even the most infinitesimally deadened particle in the lugubrious atmosphere,

The bees suddenly started to melodiously sing and dance; Omnisciently replenishing many a traumatically agonizing heart; with a mountain of incomprehensibly unending sweetness,

The snakes suddenly forgot to horrifically bite; sensuously intermingling for times immemorial; with the last rays of the setting Sun,

And a panoramically exotic canvas of enigmatic clouds suddenly enshrouded the Herculean sky; impregnably clinging to it like the ultimate seductress of its impoverished life,

O! Yes; your guess was as good as anybody else's on this timeless planet; the mercilessly decimating battlefield of belligerent heat was soon about to crumble like a pack of cards; it was soon going to perpetually rain.

Nikhil Parekh

It Was Very Easy

It was very easy to let gallons of water pass under the bridge; as all one had to do was open the wrought iron gates,
But to stop its flow thereafter was exceedingly tedious; as the stream picked up speed; swelled leaps and bounds every unfurling second.

It was very easy to speed up a car; as all you needed was to uncouthly press upon the accelerator,
But to freeze it completely in its footsteps was an insurmountable task; as the sedan swerved wildly on the wet tarmac; rotating umpteenth number of times; before achieving refined degrees of control.

It was very easy to light a cigarette; as all one required was a nimble flame emanating from the matchstick,
But to subside its flames was a Herculean task; as the lungs developed an insatiable addiction for the acrid smoke.

It was very easy to provoke a tiger; as all you needed was to poke it in its ribs; disdainfully drench it with water right in its den,
But it was an agonizing wait before the beast pacified; as it tore apart the flesh of several innocent; before eventually drifting into his afternoon siesta.

It was very easy to make a person blind; as you had to do was hurl a tumbler of fuming acid towards his immaculate face,
But to regain back sight was simply unattainable; as the blackness hovering over his eyes; became more intense with the fading light.

It was very easy to shatter a colossal ensemble of glass; as all you needed to do was bang its surface coercively with hard stone,
But to recoup its fragments was a marathon job; as they lay scattered rampantly; and a majority concealed in black mud all around.

It was very easy to spend money; as all you had to do was purchase every object that appeared enamoring to your eye, let it drizzle chivalrously from your palms,
But to earn it back was overwhelmingly hard; as each penny acquired conscientiously; made you shed more than a million drops of your sweat.

It was very easy to say 'I love you'; as all you needed to do was romanticize incessantly in the tunnel of tantalizing romance,

But to sustain the same became stupendously difficult; as you had to fight an head on battle with the sanctimonious society; break your back to suffice daily fodder.

And it was very easy to kill a person; as all you had to do was ruthlessly compress the trigger of your gleaming gun,

But to revive back life proved wholesomely futile; as it was impossible to enter the territories of the omnipotent Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Its All There In Your Heart

Something as sweet as hot chocolate; delectable crusts of cherry pudding strewn bountifully on shoots of fresh green grass,

Something as mystical as the densely foliated jungles; wild outgrowths of rampant creepers scintillating under the tenacious beams of pearly moonlight,

Something as gentle as the cascading waterfall; bursting into a billion droplets of tantalizing froth after nimbly clashing against the cold chain of rocks,

Something as turbulent as the fulminating volcano; sprouting into infinite shades of emerald light,

Wait! Wait! Wait! . You don't have to visit heaven for all that; for believe me; its all there neatly trapped in your heart!

Something as soft as pure velvet strings dangling merrily in the air; a couch embedded profusely with mesmerizing fluff,

Something as tangy as vivacious ocean salt; the poignant granules of silver sands found in abundance on the silken shores,

Something as opulent as the entire dungeon inundated with shimmering pearls; radiating austere in the eerie blanket of darkness,

Something as flamboyant as the blistering Sun; blazing its way ferociously through the dolorous doom hovering in every remotely obsolete corner of the earth,

Wait! Wait! Wait! You don't have to visit heaven for all that; for believe me; its all there passionately wandering in your heart!

Something as colorful as the resplendent rainbow; casting its astoundingly spell binding spell in the colossal sky,

Something as animatedly boisterous as pelting globules of rain; thunderclouds in space engulfed with streaks of crimson lightning,

Something as effusive as a river of sparkling tears gushing down rubicund cheek; basking in the glory of inner most emotions encompassing nostalgic childhood,

Something as invincible as the wall of immortal love; perpetually safe against any hostile attack ever conceivable in this world,

Wait! Wait! Wait! You don't have to visit heaven for all that; for believe me; its all there swelling cyclonically in your heart!

Something faster than the speed of light; traversing across the globe like infinite bullets whizzing past at a time,

Something more seductive than the most ravishing of fruit; more delicious crusts of honey to gulp and consume,

Something as aromatic as the scarletly robust rose; profusely disseminating its scent with overwhelming equanimity in the dolorously dull wind drifting around,

Something larger than any dimension; richer than any individual; stronger than any evil towering till the cosmos; as sacred as God who evolved the first human; unsolicitedly harboring all the love that was ever prevalent in this Universe,

Wait! Wait! Wait! You don't have to visit heaven for all that; for believe me; its all there naturally and blissfully proliferating every second in your heart!

Nikhil Parekh

Its Because There Existed Your Perpetual Heart.

Its because there existed your spell bindingly bountiful hands; there existed my impoverished hands too; and because there forever existed our impregnably righteous hands united together; we could timelessly disseminate the essence of immortal friendship; in every barren quarter of this fathomless Universe,

Its because there existed your innocuously magical eyes; there existed my diminutive eyes too; and because there forever existed our daintily spotless eyes united together; we could timelessly commiserate with every bit of priceless humanity; on this boundlessly beautiful Universe,

Its because there existed your wonderfully rhapsodic lips; there existed my truncated lips too; and because there forever existed our inimitably unassailable lips united together; we could timelessly perpetuate every sacrilegiously gloomy cranny of this Universe; with triumphant smiles,

Its because there existed your victoriously eclectic fingers; there existed my slaving fingers too; and because there forever existed our synergistically emollient fingers united together; we could timelessly paint the canvas of this haplessly staggering Universe; with unprecedentedly replenishing prosperity,

Its because there existed your perennially venerated feet; there existed my skewed feet too; and because there forever existed our fearlessly intrepid feet united together; we could timelessly discover the unsurpassably holistic treasuries of this Universe; at every step that we tread,

Its because there existed your celestially golden sweat; there existed my transparent sweat too; and because there forever existed our unassailably redolent sweat united together; we could timelessly permeate every ounce of lascivious laziness on this unceasing Universe; with the undyingly sparkling scent of hard work,

Its because there existed your flirtatiously vivacious eyelashes; there existed my fluttering eyelashes too; and because there forever existed our stupendously ameliorating eyelashes united together; we could timelessly shrug even the most diabolically ghastliest of pain on this unending Universe; in the spirit of eternal happiness,

Its because there existed your poignantly jubilant veins; there existed my solitary veins too; and because there forever existed our insuperably

humanitarian veins united together; we could timelessly strive towards blissfully melanging every spurious caste; creed; color; race and tribe; into the everlasting religion of mankind,

Its because there existed your ecstatically untamed skin; there existed my nimble skin too; and because there forever existed our interminably ebullient skin united together; we could timelessly trigger infernos of endlessly extemporizing desire; in even the most hopelessly massacred leaf of the atmosphere,

Its because there existed your unbelievably sensitive ears; there existed my short ears too; and because there forever existed our astoundingly discerning ears united together; we could timelessly be receptive to even the tiniest insinuation of misery around us; indomitably tower to every cry of humanity in a singleton wink of the eye,

Its because there existed your fearlessly compassionate bones; there existed my unabashed bones too; and because there forever existed our unconquerably fortified bones united together; we could timelessly take on every unsavory devil that dared come our way; as we marched forward in truthful unison with the plane outside,

Its because there existed your incredulously reinvigorating shadow; there existed my tiny shadow too; and because there forever existed our fantastically vivid shadows united together; we could timelessly transform even the most murderously massacring of entities; into impeccable angels of the Creator Divine,

Its because there existed your seductively rubicund tongue; there existed my boisterous tongue too; and because there forever existed our ubiquitously mellifluous tongues united together; we could timelessly permeate mists of uninhibitedly proliferating virility; in even the most infertile directions that we tread,

Its because there existed your philanthropically healing shoulders; there existed my destined shoulders too; and because there forever existed our innocently helpful shoulders united together; we could timelessly hoist every fraternity of disparagingly depraved humanity; into the winds of enchanting paradise,

Its because there existed your honestly purifying conscience; there existed my evanescent conscience too; and because there forever existed our beautifully

unfettered conscience's united together; we could timelessly conquer even the most infinitesimal trace of evil on this indefatigable Universe; with the scepter of unshakable truth,

Its because there existed your majestically unflinching blood; there existed my inevitable blood too; and because there forever existed our propitiously burgeoning blood united together; we could timelessly dream of spawning into an infinite forms of newness; with egalitarian equanimity on every conceivable part of this mesmerizing Universe,

Its because there existed your inexhaustibly fantasizing brain; there existed my surreal brain too; and because there forever existed our unlimitedly evolving brains united together; we could timelessly behead the most inconsolable chapters of depression; with miraculously undefeated freshness,

Its because there existed your invincibly fiery breath; there existed my indispensable breath too; and because there forever existed our passionately fructifying breaths united together; we could timelessly ensure the cisterns of royally fragrant life; even after deplorably asphyxiating death,

And its because there existed your perpetually magnificent heart; there existed my palpitating heart too; and because there forever existed our universally vibrant hearts united together; we could timelessly bless even the most hedonistically betraying ingredient of the atmosphere; with the heavens of love; love and solely immortally Omnipresent love.

Nikhil Parekh

Its Bizzare But True

The Omnipotently blazing Sun never ever complained an infinitesimal trifle; even as it indefatigably enlightened and dazzled livid earth all sweltering day,
And you fecklessly nonchalant human had all the guts on this planet to discordantly groan; saying that the shine was a fraction too much for your sanctimonious bones to handle; although you were being pricelessly blessed.

The blissfully undulating sea never ever complained an inconspicuous trifle; even as it relentlessly deluged every quarter of traumatized earth;
with reinvigoratingly tangy froth,
And you dastardly lackadaisical human had all the guts on this planet to cacophonically lament; saying that the exuberance was a fraction too much for your withering visage to handle; although you were being unfathomably blessed.

The bountifully iridescent forests never ever complained a diminutive speck; even as they tirelessly perpetuated the fabric of this dolorous cosmos; with beautifully unprecedented mysticism,
And you jaggedly abraded human had all the guts on this planet to sadistically fume; saying that the enchantment was a fraction too much for your beleaguered eyes to handle; although you were being limitlessly blessed.

The triumphantly crimson clouds never ever complained an ethereal inch; even as they enriched every drearily lambasted cranny of this earth with majestically sparkling rain,
And you sordidly irascible human had all the guts on this planet to nonchalantly slander; saying that the rhapsody was a fraction too much for your stupidly trembling skin to handle; although you were being indomitably blessed.

The indefatigably unconquerable mountains never ever complained an evanescent bit; even as they irrevocably illuminated the complexion of every coward on this fathomless earth; with invincibly astronomical courage,
And you meaninglessly rigid human had all the guts on this planet to lugubriously insult; saying that the strength was a fraction too much for your nimble arms to handle; although you were being inimitably blessed.

The pristinely impeccable leaves never ever complained an ephemeral voice; even as they boundlessly permeated the sullen atmosphere of earth; with unsurpassably jubilant euphoria,
And you uselessly manipulative human had all the guts on this planet to scorchingly scorn; saying that the celebration was a fraction too much for your

perfidious senses to handle; although you were being heavenly blessed.

The celestially opalescent stars never ever complained a fugitive fragment; even as they inexhaustibly adorned the cushion of this atrociously blackened earth; with ebulliently twinkling shimmer and shine,
And you mercilessly marauding human had all the guts on this planet to vengefully rue; saying that the glitter was a fraction too much for your delinquent countenance to handle; although you were being gloriously blessed.

The perpetually throbbing heart never ever complained even a mercurial grain; even as it unstoppably blessed the aridly acrimonious landscapes of this earth; with incomprehensibly unending love,
And you belligerently venomous human had all the guts on this planet to gorily wail; saying that the beats were a fraction too much for your profane silhouette to handle; although you were divinely blessed.

And the Omnisciently impregnable Creator never ever complained even a parsimonious shadow; even as he timelessly spawned mellifluously unflinching life on this gigantically mystical earth,
And you acridly abhorrent human had all the guts on this planet to remorsefully oppose; saying that the breath was a fraction too much for your licentious form to handle; although you were being royally blessed.

Nikhil Parekh

Its Entirely Upto You

God has given you a perfect pair of arms; passionately circulating with a fountain of poignantly crimson blood; dexterously maneuvering in umpteenth directions; dissipating tons of exuberant energy,
Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to ruthlessly massacre civilizations; or whether you bequeath an irrefutably immortal cloud of love; with the compassion entrapped within their holistic fists.

God has given you a perfect pair of eyes; blissfully sighting fathomless kilometers of ravishing beauty on the trot; assimilating all mesmerizing beauty of the atmosphere in an infinitesimally single wink,
Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to salaciously discern solely the diabolical hovering since centuries immemorial; or whether you uninhibitedly cast a spell of their marvelously philanthropic softness; to even the tiniest cranny of this colossal Universe.

God has given you a perfect pair of fingers; articulately flexing to the most unprecedented degrees; miraculously hoisting for you all those ingredients that you desired; to execute the remainder of your lifetime,
Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to savagely perpetuate into gruesomely exacerbated wounds; or whether you profoundly engrossed them all night and brilliant day; to sketch the unfathomably unending charisma of this bountiful planet.

God has given you a perfect pair of feet; ebulliently galloping ahead with exhilarated tenacity; to resplendently rejoice in profuse admiration of royally spell binding life,
Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to mercilessly pulverize the innocuously innocent; or whether you evolve a scintillating pathway of unassailable righteousness; on every step that you harmoniously tread.

God has given you a perfect pair of lips; voluptuously enticing even the most lackluster cloud in the sky; with the insatiably ardent charisma in their rubicund periphery,
Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to parasitically suck blood of all those tyrannically divested; or whether you majestically stretch their circumference to affably harbor all religion; caste; creed; color; in whirlpools of ecstatic happiness;
and alike.

God has given you a perfect pair of shoulders; celestially sparkling in the unsurpassably untamed fervor of vibrant life; unflinchingly romancing through even the most acrimoniously ghastliest of times,
Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to invidiously carry the ghosts of prejudiced malice towards the land of infinite infinity; or whether you stoop them benevolently to embrace all those insipidly maimed and withering; in perennial winds of mankind.

God has given you a perfect pair of ears; prudently discerning even the most inconspicuous iota of euphoric sound; lingering serenely in the magnanimously princely atmosphere,
Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to insidiously absorb the voices of horrendously pathetic crime and treacherously gunning bullets; or whether you beautifully blend them with the synergistically united tunes of existence; for infinite more births yet to unveil.

God has given you a perfect pair of teeth; piquantly slicing through all replenishing fruits of Mother Nature; to most wonderfully placate your ever augmenting gluttony,
Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to brutally bite the gloriously coalesced fabric of heavenly survival; or whether you immaculately chatter them in rhythmic tunes; to trigger off a festoon of blossoming smiles; on the faces of orphaned children.

And God has given you a perfect pair of nostrils; Omnisciently inhaling fireballs of passionately palpitating existence every unfurling instant; impregnating the body with the ardor to live for centuries unprecedented,
Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to incessantly expunge ominously abhorrence upon the innocently symbiotic world; or whether you dedicate and bond every breath of yours; with countless of your harmless kind; in the wave of perpetual solidarity and friendship; alike.

Nikhil Parekh

Its Possible; Because It Is Natural

How was it ever possible when you resolved to remain awake the entire night;
keeping your eyelids incorrigibly open,
That after a few minutes you felt besieged by loud yawns; transited into a blissful
slumber?

How was it ever possible when you firmly decided not to consume food the whole
day; famishing yourself to unprecedented limits,
That after spending the morning hungry; your hand automatically crept towards
the refrigerator; wherein was stashed succulent fruit and ravishing slices of
raspberry pudding?

How was it ever possible when you pledged not to perspire the slightest; stand
as cool and unflinching as an enchanting angel,
That after trespassing for a while under the blazing sun; drops of golden sweat
trickled down profusely from your nape?

How was it ever possible when you were resolute about not going to the
bathroom for months; preserving all delectable food you had in your stomach,
That after sprinting for a little while on the ground; your bowels felt as if they
would erupt; and you meekly hid yourself behind the screen of the Lavatory?

How was it ever possible when you determined not to sneeze come what may;
incessantly inhale gallons of revitalizing breeze,
That the instant a fly buzzed pertinently around your nose; you contorted
miserably; inundated the atmosphere with a deafening roar?

How was it ever possible when you thought that you would never smile; Scowling
at everybody you encountered in the day,
That after witnessing a man parading naked into a business meeting; perceiving
it to be his private bedroom; you thunderously broke into guffaws of
uncontrollable laughter?

How was it ever possible when you were stubborn that you wouldn't imagine;
avert yourself completely from the most minuscule of fantasy,
That after dozing off inadvertently in the afternoon; you immediately started
to romanticize about the girl next door; umpteenth suspense stories deluged
your mind from all quarters?

How was it ever possible when you had taken an oath that you would never bathe; no matter how much amount of heat infiltrated into your body,
That after remaining unwashed for a full week; and a peculiar stench of Rotten tomato emanating from your visage; propelled you to dump all your pretentious; plunge audaciously into the river from the summit of the mountain?

How was it ever possible when you clenched your teeth and said that you weren't going to open your eyes; even if it meant that you sacrificed your life,
That as soon as you wanted to cross the bustling street; the screeching horns of vehicles darting towards you at electric speeds; engendered you to lift your lashes; keep them held stringently till all the commotion had subsided?

How was it ever possible when you whipped your mind infinite times; ordering it to be patient in all circumstances engulfing it; dictating it to remain as stoical as placid ice,
That the moment your spouse spilled milk on your immaculate shirt; you howled as if bringing the entire roof down?

How was it ever possible when you swore on yourself that you would never be lured by sanctimonious wealth; live life imprisoned in chains of rustic simplicity,
That as soon as your feet struck a pot replete with gold; the glitter of the coins; the boundless supply of wealth; made you almost blind and oblivious to even your own voice?

How was it ever possible when you had resolutely decided to act philanthropically all your life; keep benevolently executing tasks to benefit others,
That the second the earthquake rocked the entire city; you were the first one to jump out of the window with your son; without even bothering to disturb your neighbors; with whom you had always made it a point to have morning tea?

How was it ever possible when you had resolved not to scratch; even if you were attacked by a million monsters,
That the moment you were stung by an inconspicuous mosquito; your complexion metamorphosed to a perfect crimson; and you rubbed your skin brutally till it almost bled?

How was it ever possible when you had commanded all bones in your body to stay silent; lie down in tranquil contentment even in the most tumultuous of storm,
That you started to violently dance the minute you heard pulsating music; the

fiery flamboyance of your youth pinning all your sagaciousness down?

How was it ever possible when you had decided to stay for marathon days without liquid; even if the chords in your throat charred to a horrifying death, That you greedily sucked water from the very next stream you confronted; splashing it rampantly all across your parched lips and body?

How was it ever possible when you had intractably appealed to your brain to let your wounds flow; leave them open even if each droplet of blood was exhausted from your body, That you draped your flesh with spools of white bandage and pungent antiseptic; as it simply got pricked by a needle; let alone the question of blood leaking out?

How was it ever possible when you had pledged to hold your breath; and still continue the chapter of life, That after stifling your breath only for 30 seconds; you felt loads of It escape noisily down your nostril?

And how was it ever possible when you had prepared yourself for every calamity; trying to stand invincible against the most belligerent of thorns; trying to emulate God, That after simply walking on the scorching sands; and that too with your shoes strapped tightly on; you fainted in a bedraggled heap with gasps of tiredness and feeble sounds asking for water diffusing from your mouth?

Well the answer to the above was as simple as the uninhibited love of a mother; the smile of a newly born child, As all of this was possible only because you were just a Human; and for you all this was NATURAL.

Nikhil Parekh

Its Simply The Way You See It

Some said it was empty; while some said that the glass was half full with water,

Some said that it was rising in the sky; while some said that the color of the Sun was insipid and weak,

Some said that it was standing tall and lanky; while some said that the tree was naked without leaves,

Some said that they were succulent and ravishing; while some said that the grapes were sour and had holes in them,

Some said that it was a twinkling star; while some said that it was a speck of disdainful dirt; polluting the sky,

Some said that he sang splendidly; while some said that he didn't give a chance for others to speak,

Some said that it was an exotic evening; while some said that it was an unearthly hour past midnight,

Some said that it was gorgeously flowing river; while some said that it swept along with it tones of moist earth,

Some said that it was droplets of jubilation; while some said that it was tears of sadness dribbling slowly down,

Some said that it was voluptuous wisps of air; while some that it was an ominous cloud hovering perilously around,

Some said that it was a mystical tunnel; while some said that it was a gaping and long hole in the wall,

Some said that it was a beautiful image; while some said that it was a gruesomely shattered mirror,

Some said that it was a scintillating key; while some said that it was the completely open lock,

Some said that it was mesmerizing yawn; while some said that it spread a

thunderous noise in vicinity,

Some said that it was a vast reservoir of empathy; while some said that they were a squinted pair of eyes,

Some said that it was audaciously walking forward; while some said that the soldier was trampling fragile leaves and twigs,

Some said that it was irrefutable truth; while some said that it stung them like a quiver full of pugnacious arrows,

Some said that it was violently throbbing; while some said that the heart made a person weak,

Some said that she had given me birth; while some said that I had burdened the earth still further,

And it's simply the way you see it, So some said that it was wholesomely dead; while some said that its spirit was still living and bouncing alive

Nikhil Parekh

Its Upto You

Life is an ocean of ravishing enthrallment; culminating into untamed excitement as each second unfurled itself magnificently,
Its upto you; whether you relish swimming in it; or drown yourself deliberately to blend with the; uncouthly hard bed of disgruntled rocks.

Life is a garden of mesmerizing roses; blossoming into the scent of united harmony; as the Sun filtered royally through the skies,
Its upto you; whether you surreally philander in its stupendous fragrance; or complain about pertinent insects; hovering around its petals.

Life is an unrelenting fantasy; that majestically explored and discovered an unfathomable myriad of poignant emotions in its way,
Its upto you; whether you fantastically dreamt it each instant as you tread on soil; or baselessly wailed about the ominous tinges of black; it enveloped you with; every now and again.

Life is a gorgeously tantalizing mist; seducing the planet every second in its everlastingly pungent swirl,
Its upto you; whether you relentlessly romanced it; or nonchalantly mourned about the enigmatically hazy fog; that enshrouded the whites of your eye.

Life is a mountain of invincible strength; defending the most acrimoniously treacherous of obstacles with its sacredly Omnipotent grace,
Its upto you; whether you adventurously clambered it to achieve your ultimate conquests; or got pathetically intimidated; retreating beyond your shell; witnessing its peaks.

Life is a fabulous waterfall of irrefutable humanity; ubiquitously disseminating the essence of equality at every turn you took,
Its upto you; whether you embraced it euphorically in mind; body and spirit; or kept manipulatively measuring the vagaries of conflicting religion; for the remainder of your lifetime.

Life is a beehive of gloriously golden honey; diffusing its magical sweetness in every direction empathy prevailed; and the winds of heartfelt honest led,
Its upto you; whether you blended yourself with the unbelievably handsome charm; or despicably camouflaged your nose; in fear of getting stung by the boisterously buzzing bees.

Life is a fathomlessly opulent treasure house of versatility; harboring an incomprehensible repertoire of poignant shades and color; in its impeccable belly,

Its upto you; whether you replenish your souls with its marvelous charisma; or get ludicrously outnumbered by the unfathomable depth it inherently possessed.

Life is an Omnipresent island of worship; comforting all those waveringly distraught; with compassionate winds of exhilarated warmth,
Its upto you; whether you seek immortal refuge in its divine palms; or disgruntlingly fret and fume; about its philosophies being agnostic and horrendously incorrect.

Life is an incredulously ingratiating milestone of prosperity; bequeathing upon one and all the spirit to rise up to their flurry of philanthropically benevolent dreams,
Its upto you; whether you wholesomely coalesce with its rhythmically handsome tunes; or pathetically cry about the inevitable hurdles that harmlessly came in between.

And life is an everlasting rain of love and happiness; blooming into countless new; in every corner of this earth that it astonishingly sprinkled its magnetic caress,
Its upto you; whether you let it ebulliently descend down your impoverished countenance; or tirelessly complained about its infinitesimal wetness; and devastated your entity to cacophonic ash; even before it was born.

Nikhil Parekh

I've Fallen In Love With You Ice-Cream

I loved the astounding ounces of reinvigoration that you perpetuated wherever you went; even as the globe grew stale in disdainful robotic work,

I loved the way you tantalized every mortal around you- as every globule from your body sensuously dissipated into barren patches of mud,

I loved the way you were served in the most glitteringly embellished platter- so that every meal finished with an uninhibitedly contented smile,

I loved the way you caressed me with your unflinching softness- making me feel like I was galloping through fields of spell-bindingly electrifying Sunshine,

I loved the way you euphorically charmed humans of every religion; caste; creed; tribe and color- with the effervescence that wafted from your diminutive form,

I loved the way you announced your delectably curvaceous and colourful presence- as hordes of people left what was thwarting them- and rushed to devour mouthfuls
of your ecstatic grace,

I loved the way you evoked so much reaction without uttering a word- as almost everyone had something to appreciate about you- be it your color, form, odor, freshness, poignancy or unparalleled taste,

I loved the way you brought about that quintessential zeal in all those lives; miserably lamenting without reason or rhyme- pepped up the ambience with sparks of revitalizing newness,

I loved the way you quelled volcanic body heat like a magicians wand- even as man-made discrepancies permeated the atmosphere around with poisonous smoke
and fumes,

I loved the way you ignited those whirlpools of uncanny excitement around you- becoming a chilled centerpiece of exhilaration on that extremely warm summer afternoon,

I loved the way you innocently nestled in the palm- so soft; so tender; so

immaculately princely- drawing hordes of cheers as one sighted even an inconspicuous trifle of you,

I loved the compassionately triumphant warmth that you generated in everyone who consumed you- being frozen yourself; without any respite and to the core,

I loved the way you united haplessly estranged lovers into bonds of endearing friendship- as they resolved all disputes; buried past differences—whilst clasping you with one hand each,

I loved the way you disseminated the message of universal brotherhood- with people from all parts of the globe; unhesitatingly ready to mingle in groups to have a slice of your dazzling ice,

I loved the way you were used to celebrate occasions solemnizing love - when marriage was proposed with a ring in one hand and the other offering your silken grace of impeccable unity,

I loved the way you held your own inimitable identity- even when blended with myriad concoctions; cakes; eateries; syrups and what not's- with mortals distinguishing you instantly from the assortment; as you astoundingly chilled,

I loved the way you effortlessly glided your way to your destination- when sadly and rarely there weren't any takers- melting into absolute submission under golden rays of the mid-day Sun,

I loved the way you retained your rudimentary essence for all humans to savor- remaining the most kingly eating constituent of their meals- even as the space-cyber age hurled one ingenious innovation over another,

O! Yes, I've definitely fallen in love with you- my scrumptiously enchanting and unabashed Ice-Cream

Nikhil Parekh

Jealousy

The opalescent moon was jealous of the flaming Sun,
as the former provided dazzling light; with Herculean amounts of comfort in the
day.

the desolate piece of stone was jealous of the colossal mountain,
as it was minuscule in size; often kicked contemptuously by ongoing people.

the perennial jungle river was jealous of the denim blue ocean,
as it was unable to bear the weight of titanic ships; as its counterpart was
able to do with nonchalant ease.

the century old typewriter was jealous of the hi-tech gizmo of computer,
as it was bereft of sparkling chips of memory; considered as outdated by the
youthful chunk of contemporary society.

sapphire blue patches in the sky were jealous of blotted grey clouds,
as they simply didn't have the capacity of blessing the earth with pelting showers
of rain.

the ever reliable twin pedaled bicycle was jealous of motorized cars,
as it was divested of powers to transgress beyond extreme speed limits.

the evanescent flames of candlelight were jealous of the ceiling bulb,
as they weren't blessed with the prowess of illuminating acres of pitch dark
night.

large jerry-cans of fruit juice were jealous of pure water,
as they stumbled to quench thirst; the mystical way water did.

frigid strands of grey hair were jealous of bulky floss of glistening black,
as they highlighted the old and feeble; which was not even shades nearer to the
flamboyant young.

the decade old tortoise was jealous of the aquatic fish,
as it simply couldn't walk fast; perching in its claustrophobic shell all Sunlit day.

undulating moulds of clay were jealous of smooth carpets of road,
as they flunked miserably to impersonate the charisma produced by flat land.

hard slices of bacterial bread were jealous of the chocolate cake blended with plums,
as they lacked the ingredients to deliver appetizing taste.

shiny denominations of coin were jealous of exorbitant currency notes,
as they were maltreated; being stashed in dingy compartments of purse.

the honey colored nimble deer was jealous of the menacing striped panther,
as it was overwhelmingly defeated in its attempts of being crowned the king of jungle.

black complexioned individuals were jealous of their fairer counterparts,
as they were gazed down upon as inferiors; with racial discrimination plaguing them for majority of their lives.

while i was intractably jealous of the boy next door,
who made unscrupulous advances to the girl i loved,
initiating me to stand like a pillar; between her immaculate heart,
and the demonic glare he unleashed intransigently riveted on her persona.

Nikhil Parekh

Journey Through The Atlantic

The vast swirl of Atlantic water,
Nefariously cold with tufts of ice,
Obdurate and strong with the passing of time,
A blend of fish and aquatic shrub,
Incorporating monstrous waves with frothy spray,
Chunks of dead timber drifting in bountiful quantity,
Encroached with currents of drifting seaweed,
Prompting the invincible fortress of inhabitation to waver,
Through lurking masses of undulating water,
Diffusing chains of liquid globules on its way,
Compressing galleries of fern and soft rock,
Crunching primitive icicles of molten snow,
Biting sharply into the vast assemblage of black water,
Piercing the aquatic ambience,
With high strung notes of the fog horn,
Clearing its way amidst heavy mists; and evading moon,
The Sun finally steams through the glass pane,
Ending the tyranny of the ruthless night,
I suddenly wake up with a startled look on my face,
Finding my way out through the furry delights of my cotton quilt,
Rush across to the wire meshed stern,
My hair blowing wildly with the gusty wind,
Transfixing me into a mute personality,
In due admiration of the boundless ocean;
As the salty waves strike; break my celestial reverie.

Nikhil Parekh

Jump

Don't jump into the acrimoniously blazing fires; you'll get gruesomely charred to infinitesimal chunks of barbarically threadbare ash,

Don't jump into the unfathomably deep ocean; you'll mercilessly drown; become an overwhelmingly succulent bait for the diabolically menacing shark,

Don't jump from the epitome of the precariously pernicious mountain; you'll disdainfully crumble into a stack of capriciously insipid bone and mud,

Don't jump into the sleazily grimy whirlpool of mud; you'll abominably slip towards the aisles of obnoxiously disappearing oblivion; like a cavalcade of debilitating dominoes,

Don't jump into the sonorously ghastly well; you'll asphyxiate yourself to a brutal death; with discordantly croaking frogs and treacherously heinous snakes; being your only soul mates,

Don't jump into the tumultuously marauding lion's den; you'll be ruthlessly pulverized to evanescent mincemeat by his satanic jaws; for just a tantalizingly appetizing starter; to his midday meal,

Don't jump into the web of savagely derogatory lies; you'll be unsparingly lambasted into realms of torturously tyrannical hell; with each ingredient of your impeccable blood ominously metamorphosing into the gory devil,

Don't jump into the remorsefully morbid graveyard; you'll feel miserably entrenched; with an unsurpassable fleet of penalizing ghost and invidious corpse,

Don't jump into the island of coldblooded emptiness; you'll feel like a breathing statue all right; but without the most obfuscated trace of vibrant life or stupendously exhilarating breath,

Don't jump into the circus of insidious manipulation; you'll have to devour sewage more derogatorily fetid than the gutters; as each instant unfurled into a wholesome minute,

Don't jump into the rambunctiously prowling crocodile pool; you'll soon feel that the ants were much bigger than yourself in size; as the devilish monsters sucked

even the last droplet of your poignant blood,

Don't jump into the hideous vulture's nest; you'll be reduced till times beyond infinite infinity; into a penuriously sullen heap of colorlessly dead carrion,
Don't jump into the uncouthly crippling world of crime; you'll soon metamorphose into a gruesomely livid and kicked commodity; with venomous bullets the only elixir embedded deep into your immaculate skin,

Don't jump into the ghoulishly unending maelstrom of discrimination; you'll find even the most minuscule aspect of your existence; more sinful than your grave could ever be,

Don't jump into the pool of innocent blood; you'll find the unfinished cries of countless innocuous; never letting you exist in celestial peace,

Don't jump into the perilously sinister battlefield of thorns; you'll be ignominiously ripped apart like a speck of worthless shit; tasting vindictively hostile blood on every step that you; dolorously slithered

Don't jump into the sledging shackles of insane frustration; you'll reach the most veritably last day of your life; even as the very first day of your life had just commenced,

Don't jump into the land of perfidiously agonizing betrayal; you'll baselessly crucify every panoramically resplendent moment of life; transform yourself into a breathing ghost,

And if you really wanted to blissfully counter all the traumatic don'ts; then do jump forever into the cradle of perpetual love; do jump forever into the garden of uninhibited compassion; do jump forever and ever and ever; into the religion of unassailable mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

Just 4 Alphabets

Just 4 alphabets had the amazing power in them; to metamorphose every trace of satanically marauding evil; into a festoon of rhapsodically triumphant and unflinching righteousness,

Just 4 alphabets had the unassailable power in them; to bestow perpetual victory to even the most apocalyptically obsolete cranny of this Universe; estranged with sadistic defeat,

Just 4 alphabets had the Omnipotent power in them; to trounce the blasphemous devil forever and ever and ever; render its entity to more inanely worthless than the invisible ghost in the atmosphere,

Just 4 alphabets had the limitless power in them; to perennially melange every tribe; race; color and creed on this fathomless Universe; into an invincibly singleton religion of humanity,

Just 4 alphabets had the unconquerable power in them; to diffuse the most bountifully fructifying scent of harmony; amidst even the most treacherously violent of mobs,

Just 4 alphabets had the uncanny power in them; to bring even the most ghastliest war on this boundless planet; to a completely celestial standstill,

Just 4 alphabets had the unsurpassable power in them; to pervade over every trace of goodness and diabolical badness on the periphery of this globe; reign majestic and supreme till times beyond infinite infinity,

Just 4 alphabets had the unlimited power in them; to annihilate misery forever from its non-existent roots; miraculously ameliorate even the most vindictively acrimonious of wounds with the balm of eternal friendship,

Just 4 alphabets had the untainted power in them; to unceasingly blaze into the light of effulgently jubilant optimism; even in the heart of the murderously invidious midnight,

Just 4 alphabets had the undaunted power in them; to transcend over every mortuary of penuriously wastrel fear; and then rhythmically blend their altruistic spirit with the paradise of the Creator Divine,

Just 4 alphabets had the astronomical power in them; to reinvigorate spell
bindingly fresh life; into even the most hopelessly deadened coffins of the
unknown,

Just 4 alphabets had the mesmerizing power in them; to endow the uninhibitedly
peerless wings of expression; to every organism holistically breathing and alive,

Just 4 alphabets had the unprecedented power in them; to celestially imbue the
principles of a unitedly ebullient existence in every living being on earth; when
the most inexhaustible of scriptures and philosophies had miserably floundered
and squandered,

Just 4 alphabets had the unbelievable power in them; to take on the battalion of
all that was hedonistically devilish on this inscrutable planet; bare-chested;
barefooted; and indefatigably uninterrupted,

Just 4 alphabets had the insuperable power in them; to redefine the solar-plexus
of existence today; immortalize it for an infinite more births yet to unveil; with
the cradles of altruistically symbiotic sharing,

Just 4 alphabets had the unfathomable power in them; to infallibly illuminate a
candle of unfettered victory in every abode pathetically submerged with haplessly
asphyxiating blackness,

Just 4 alphabets had the immeasurable power in them; to perpetuate even the
most threadbarely impotent of entity and soil; with magically proliferating fertility
and solidarity,

Just 4 alphabets had the unrestricted power in them; to unconquerably ensure
that philanthropically selfless life never ended on this gigantic Universe; even
centuries after the physical form had veritably shed its skin; faded and died,

Just 4 alphabets had the bounteous power in them; to unassailably bond every
beat of the heart with the heaven of compassionately sharing; make each
organism on earth feel as if it had just majestically arrived from the womb of its
mother; as if it
was just Omnipresently born,

And if you opened your mouth just 4 evanescent times; you'll not only be able to
spell its Omniscient grace; but feel engulfed by its sky of pricelessly inimitable
Godliness; feel every pore of your persona timelessly blessed by its Omnipotent
splendor in just a single lifetime; as the alphabets were none other but the
Almighty Lord's alltime favorite; the alphabets were the most Universally

undefeatable rudiment of creation; the alphabets were none other but; love.

Nikhil Parekh

Just A Beat

Stagnation; Dolorousness and Abominable Indolence; is what I didn't have the capacity to holistically tolerate,
While just an infinitesimal caress of your resplendently heavenly palms; was enough to transform the lugubriously invaded complexion of my cheeks; back to the clouds of stupendously sparkling life.

Raunchiness; Corruption; and Sleazy Betrayal; is what I didn't want to ever hear about in the tenure of my nimbly truncated existence,
While just a diminutive flicker of your flirtatiously mischievous eyes; was enough to metamorphose the whirlpool of monotony enshrouding my dwindling countenance; back to the forests bountifully scintillating life.

Maliciousness; Treachery; and Gory Bloodshed; is what I didn't want to ever be affiliated with till the absolute end of my time,
While just an inconspicuous peck of your majestically enchanting lips; was enough to transit the graveyard of salacious drudgery profoundly instilled within my veins; back to the meadows of fathomlessly exotic life.

Insanity; Depression; Remorseful Isolation; is what I didn't want to ever witness as long as breath diffused in marvelous unison from my nostrils,
While just a timidly mercurial embrace of your astoundingly ravishing palms; was enough to revolutionize my lacklusteriness to wake up from soil; back to the Sun of triumphantly blazing life.

Agony; Torture; and Crippling Slavery; is what I didn't want to ever happen to any harmoniously symbiotic organism on the firmament of this gigantic earth,
While just an ephemerally parsimonious pulsation of your gorgeously melodious voice; was enough to catapult my indescribable corpse of discriminating prejudice; back to the lotus of vibrantly vivacious life.

Uncouthness; Dilapidation; and Bellicose Loneliness; is what I didn't want to ever sink into the dormitories of my pricelessly blessed blood,
While just an insipidly oblivious whisper of your enigmatic visage; was enough to refurbish my pathetically withering desires; back to the elixir of spell bindingly regal life.

Franticness; Desperation; and Crucifying Paralysis; is what I didn't want to ever creep up the entrenchment of my blissfully impeccable soul,
While just an invisible trace of your royally victorious shadow; was enough to

recuperate the parasites of cold-blooded hell in my miserably quavering bones;
back to the fortress of celestially fragrant life.

Atheism; Nonchalance; and Dividing Religion; is what I didn't want to ever
proliferate so baselessly on this timelessly sacrosanct planet,
While just a capriciously transient movement of your righteously marching feet;
was enough to convert the web of ominous ill-will in my conscience; back to the
waves of ingratiatingly fabulous life.

And Death; Disappearance; Sinful Suicide; is what I didn't want to ever witness
on God's most beautifully dexterous and sensuous planet,
While just a diminutively obsolete beat of your princely heart; was enough to
rejuvenate the maelstroms of debilitating disaster in my breath; back to the
waterfalls of immortal love and vivid life.

Nikhil Parekh

Just A Big Zero

Try impregnating it between L & VE; and you have the most enchanting word ever; in this fathomlessly sprawling universe,

Try adding just a solitary digit to its rotund persona; and you have a numeral which exuberantly commences the chapter of mystically enigmatic numerology,

Try rolling it down the hills with a thoroughly jaded stick; and I am sure you would catapult back into memories of nostalgically impeccable childhood,

Try hurling it in free space; and it traversed magnificently like a majestic eagle; royally flirting in the air; before landing on the stupendously voluptuous carpet of verdant grass,

Try embossing it after the last digit of your parsimonious check; and witness the impoverished account swell to dynamically kingly proportions,

Try slipping it over your countenance; and it engulfs you for times immemorial; in its invincibly fascinating grip,

Try writing it infinite no. of times on a barren page; and you suddenly have the paper staring back at you; profusely pepped up with volatile life,

Try shouting it hysterically down the boundlessly deep gorge; and you inevitably feel a wave of tantalizing freshness; encapsulate your profoundly frazzled senses,

Try overwhelmingly concentrating at the face of a new born child; and you'll find its innocuously charismatic impression wandering in abundance,

Try compressing it just an inconspicuous trifle; and you'll get a line as straight as an arrow; ready to perpetuate infinite kilometers above the gorgeous clouds,

Try blowing a euphorically melodious whistle which stirred insurmountable chords of seduction in the morbid winds around; and you'll see it appear on the perfectly open contours of your lips,

Try placing it over every 1; and you'll find the integer simmer in unfathomable ardor; with poignant empathy radiating till times beyond eternity from its

caricature,

Try molding countless rings of it in rampantly asymmetrical rows; and you'll soon evolve a delectable tunnel which; rekindles the passions of your diminishing soul,

Try glimpsing it on the time piece of the disastrously crude bomb; and you'll hardly have time to reminisce the glorious moments of your life; as the contraption blasted through walls of senility; propelling obnoxious smoke to curl up
menacingly towards the sky,

Try sketching it on a lackadaisically rustic bored face; and you'd naturally diffuse into spurts of uninhibited laughter; as the entity miraculously metamorphosed into a clown,

Try viewing the gargantuan Universe through it; and you'll find everything beautifully in focus; marvelously harmonious and synchronized like never before,

Try embodying it after every feasibly conceivable sentence; and believe me this infinitesimal dot; was enough to put an immortal end to it for decades unsurpassable,

Try embracing it at any juncture of your life; and you'll feel the wave of pretentious pompousness wholesomely disappear from your visage; realize your diminutive presence in front of the Almighty Lord,

And inspite of all this; if you still ridicule that the number I was talking about was just a big zero; then I irrefutably invite you to think again.

Nikhil Parekh

Just A Minute Ago

Just a minute ago you were bouncing merrily in my palms; shouting euphorically with the full cry of life,
While at the present moment you lay without budging a single inch; staring in mute silence towards clouds drifting solitarily in open space.

Just a minute ago you were smiling to your heart's content kissing me profusely on my lips; pinching my cheeks in flirtatious excitement,
While at the present moment you transited into an invincible slumber; with your mouth partially open; rampantly inhaling all dirt suspended in the gloomy atmosphere.

Just a minute ago you were recounting to me innocuous tales of your childhood; the moments of mischief that had their mystical spell forever on your vivacious countenance,
While at the present moment you incorrigibly refrained to speak at all; as pools of ghastly saliva dribbled from the corner of your mouth.

Just a minute ago you were chanting your cloud of fantasies to me; the dwelling which you so inexorably wished for both of us to stay in together,
While at the present moment you stared for eternity into my eyes; with the toys held in your fingers tumbling in incoherent unison on the cold ground.

Just a minute ago you were pummeling me in my ribs; cheekily cracking the most weirdest of jokes you could salvage from your repertoire,
While at the present moment you embraced the soil like a lackluster leaf; with your conglomerate of hair sprawled into a gruesomely bedraggled heap.

Just a minute ago you sang in magnificent tandem with the exuberantly drifting wind; blending your sound superbly with each beat of mine,
While at the present moment you wholesomely failed to respond the most thunderous of my shouts; as the color of your skin metamorphosed from a rubicund pink to a gory yellow.

Just a minute ago you were rampantly perceiving the names of our first child; with the bulky book depicting the same unveiled handsomely in your petite fingers,
While at the present moment you collapsed with a sigh on your knees; with an overwhelmingly heavy layer of dust settling on your enchanting face.

Just a minute ago you were proudly assimilating your hard earned possessions;
basking in the glory of the scintillating jewelry that adorned your immaculately
voluptuous skin,
While at the present moment you lay like a scarecrow with ominous vultures in
vicinity hovering above you; and the urges in your body now coalescing
perpetually
with obsolete wisps of oblivion.

And just a minute ago you were securely alive in my compassionate arms; with
your tantalizingly soft breath drowning me into whirlpools of exotic desire;
with your ravishing demeanor stupefying me to the most unprecedented limits,
While at the present moment you had left me forever to rest in the land of
Almighty Creator; and no matter how much I cried; I knew you'd only be in my
dreams;
and not by my side.

Nikhil Parekh

Just A Minute To Destruction

The tree took a century to grow to unprecedented limits; blossoming into boundless branches and resplendent foliage,
And it took you just a minute to chop it to the ground; with barbaric strokes of your gleaming pickaxe.

The mountains took thousands of years to evolve; with their summits towering handsomely towards the sky; camouflaged in a heap of pristine snow,
And it took you just a minute to pulverize their blissful demeanor to flimsy ash; bombarding them ruthlessly with your hi-tech and contemporary bombs.

The colorful tribes trespassing on the planet took several decades to spawn; indulging into a myriad of festivity and sacrosanct beliefs,
And it took you just a minute to make them the most acrimonious of enemies; poisoning their minds against each other; with your deceiving and manipulative talk.

The tantalizingly salty waters of the ocean took centuries to form; harboring an ingratiating variety of fish and vivacious coral weeds,
And it took you just a minute to adulterate its entire visage; dropping abominable buckets of crude oil from the ship.

The atmosphere took infinite births to be created; kissing every part of the globe with its silken caress,
And it took you just a minute to pollute it indiscriminately; blowing obnoxious gases from your vehicle; at a full throttle.

The soil took millions of years to preserve wells of precious liquid; entrapping droplets of scintillating water deep within its core,
And it took you just a minute to savagely plunder its harmony; inserting your hydraulic and contemporary drilling equipment to empty it; till it cried.

The cow wandering timidly on the slopes took loads of agonizing time to fill the colossal buckets with its milk; each globule of white oozing having the fortitude to outclass the most ingenious of vitamins single handedly,
And it took you just a minute to blend it with cheap saliva; to augment its quantity; before you commercially sold it to unsuspecting customers.

The old men and women spent their entire lifetimes to incessantly worship and revere their culture and heritage; sacrificed their heads to prevent even a single

blemish from infiltrating into their land,
And it took you just a minute to ruthlessly transgress across them; satanically
maraud their ideals; and embracing alien winds just because they suited your
taste.

The World Trade Center took countless months to construct; sheltered thousands
of individuals; some of the most innovative brains from all across the continent,
And it took you just a minute to squelch it to bellows of black dust; using your
cowardly and diabolical mind to smash it with airplanes; having innocent people
trapped inside.

It took more than times ever perceivable to harness the spirit of love; spreading
it like wild fire into the heart of every human being walking on this soil;
every palpable entity gallivanting with a glimmer of hope in its eyes,
And it took you just a minute to completely destroy its mesmerizing essence;
leaving it no scope at all to flourish with all your killings; war and hostility.

Nikhil Parekh

Just A Moment Ago

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; trespassing past my backyard; as the Sun languidly prepared to settle behind the horizons,
While at present; she had become the sole mission of my disastrously bedraggled life; transpiring me to escalate above the ultimate epitomes of bountiful prosperity; with the mesmerizing cadence in her charming voice.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; confronting me inadvertently on the boisterously bustling streets; as countless other entities lackadaisically did,
While at present; she had become every fantasy that my mind could ever conceive; a marvelously unfathomable garland of resplendent brilliance; that insatiably inspired me to transcend above the stupendous best.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; sporadically appearing on my window sill; as she pragmatically made her way to the attend morning college,
While at present; she had become every iota of euphoric passion that enshrouded my profoundly exhilarated senses; imparting me with a Herculean tenacity to unflinchingly confront the most mightiest of acrimonious disaster.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; pragmatically blending her sound in; the discordantly rambunctious melee of crowd assembled; to vehemently oppose the profusely tyrannical government,
While at present; she had become the poignantly ebullient blood that cascaded handsomely through my veins; inundating my pathetically devastated senses; with the magically miraculous elixir to lead blissful life.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; shuffling through a sheaf of unsurpassable paper in the overwhelmingly murky library; as night dolorously crawled over the sparkling day,
While at present; she had become the invincible strength encapsulating every element of my staggering countenance; propelling me philanthropically forward; to lead a countless more lives; in this single lifetime of mine.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; bumping across my sagging persona quite innocuously; as we criscrossed jauntily through the; turbulently buzzing market,
While at present; she had become every immaculately charismatic smile that divinely besieged my lips; engendering me to be perennially happy; and

rhapsodically triumphing forward in holistic life.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; weaving her mystical shadow capriciously past my trembling visage; as I was devastatingly loitered in corridors of hopelessly crippling depression,
While at present; she had become the profuse wave of jubilant enchantment that enveloped my shielding eyelashes; harboring me in an impregnably compassionate swirl of her everlasting romance.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; pummeling me feebly in my ribs; as several of my mates did every morning; when we first met,
While at present; she had become the passionate thunderbolts of breath that harmoniously descended from my nostrils; granting me the prowess to assimilate and relish all the beauty of this majestically boundless Universe; in the tenure of my ludicrously dwindling existence.

And just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; playing hide and seek with me behind the bushes; as a complete stranger to even the most infinitesimal virtue; of my ardently esoteric demeanor,
While at present; she had become the immortally sensuous beats of my turbulently palpitating heart; an incomprehensible reservoir of divine love; that perennially kept me celestially blessed; that irrefutably made me the richest man breathing; and
forever alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Just A Pair Of Bones

Beneath my shirt; the gaudy clothes that engulfed my body,
Beneath the infinite mass of hair; that sprouted from my scalp and skin, Beneath
the exorbitantly costly rings; scintillating majestically from my finger,
Beneath the golden sweat that oozed profusely down my nape; cooling my
agitated senses,
Beneath the aroma of musk perfume; diffusing from my armpits,
Beneath the mesmerizing black mascara; painted intricately on my eyelashes,
Beneath the Spanish watch; luminating royally from my wrist,
Beneath the snake leather footwear; fitted to designer perfection on my toes,
Beneath all the delectable food dumped in my stomach; sleeping blissfully inside,

Beneath the voluptuous lipstick; embossed glossily on my lips,
Beneath the mystical lines of my palm; portraying me to the world as a king, I
was just a pair of bones.

Beneath swanky cars; which I drove at rocketing velocities through the streets,
Beneath all the wine that I had consumed; which was extracted from the tangiest
of herbs,
Beneath dungeons of wealth; which I had stashed upto the brim with glittering
gold,
Beneath all the fantasies revolving pompously in my brain; engendering the
entire world to spin on my fingertips,
Beneath the feather coated couch on which I slept; gleefully tossing my
mountain of jewels,
Beneath all the Business clients who saluted me; opening their mouth in open
mouthed admiration,
Beneath the billion kilometers of land I possessed; on which philandered women
of my very own choice,
Beneath all the intricate figurines and scents lined on my mantelpiece; the
boundless leopard skins suspended from walls of my palace,
Beneath all the princely languages; that flowed out at ease from my tongue,
Beneath several tales of love and enchantment; that I had executed out with my
beloved, Beneath all the pretensions I had of presuming myself to be some sort
of God; although without the ability of even knowing what would happen a few
seconds after,
I was simply a light weight skeleton; just a pair of bones.

Nikhil Parekh

Just A Single

Ghosts haunted even the most infinitesimal pore of my countenance;
metamorphosing every bit of righteousness enshrouding my soul; into a carcass
of gruesomely unforgivable nothingness,

Wolves diabolically pounced upon me from every conceivable side; excoriating
my sensitive flesh apart into a billion pieces; before eventually devouring me for
nocturnal supper,

Eagles menacingly descended straight for the whites of my impeccable eye;
gorily blinding even the most inconspicuous trace of my vision; for every birth
that I was born once again,

Tigers indefatigably galloped after my penuriously diminutive form; sharing me
as a sumptuously single bone of their hearty morning breakfast,

Bulls brutally gored their horns into my intricate belly; hideously extricating even
the most mercurial iota of food that I had consumed since the very first cry of my
birth; squelching me into mists of meaningless dust,

Earthquakes disastrously shattered even the most capricious trace of my
existence; abhorrently annihilating my abode as well as the last bone down my;
uncontrollably trembling spine,

Dinosaurs ruthlessly massacred even the most fleeting shadows of my holistic
survival; treacherously tantalizing the base of their satanic palms; by
indiscriminately wringing and crunching my neck,

Cyclones mercilessly swept me like a piece of frigidly unconsumed cake; whirling
me to the highest point in the sky before horrifically smashing my nimble skull
against the lecherously jagged rocks,

Jackals dug their preposterously corrugated claws into my silken chin; making
me freeze like cubicles of insipid ice; even in the most brilliantly scintillating of
compassionate sunlight,

Leeches intransigently clung to even the most obfuscated chunks of my flesh;
parasitically suckling unfathomable oceans of macabre blood; even after I felt
devoid of the last bit of my veritable pulp,

Spiders indefatigably spun webs of ghoulish malice in the hollows of my mouth; proliferating countless more of their kind in my immaculately melodious throat; vengefully asphyxiating even the tiniest trace of my voice,
Scorpions merrily stabbed their cornucopia of venom on the periphery of my poignantly princely lips; infiltrating into my vacant nostrils in countless numbers; as the cry of torturously ultimate death,

Snakes viciously slithered on my bountiful scalp; unsparingly hissing the wails of salaciously derogatory hell; all over my limitlessly quavering body,

Psychopaths knived my robust Adams apple from time to time; releasing the unsurpassable reservoir of their insanely maniacal energy; upon the eclectically innocuous elements of my visage,

Politicians ignominiously manipulated with the fabric of my harmonious survival; venomously bombarding my unwitting island of celestial peace; with their dictatorially unruly power,

Cockroaches played insidiously sinister games of hide and seek with my reflection; surreptitiously crawling with countless more their kind into the cavities of my eardrum; rendering me a bizarre insomniac for the remainder of my life,

Dogs jumped hungrily upon even the most invisible of my meals; not only gobbling the same but savagely pulverizing the bones in my sagacious form; before sharing it with their compatriot pigs,

Disease despicably strangulated every step that I euphorically advanced; cancerously plaguing each blissful aspect of my existence with unsurpassably deathly pain and malicious remorse,

Betrayal was the only mate I encountered as each night unfurled into the Omnisciently golden day; with every entity on this planet kicking and lambasting me with whips of unrelenting disdain,

And just a single caress of her divinely palms; just a single beat of her immortally passionate heart; just a single stare of her heavenly eyes; just a single tune of truth that magically drifted from her throat; was enough to not only make me irrefutably conquer all of the above; but metamorphosed me into the most pricelessly gifted molecule on the soil of her love.

Nikhil Parekh

Just A Single Beat -Part 2

It took an infinite droplets of frosty salt; to evolve the majestically fathomless ocean; ravishingly undulating with unfathomable cocoons of tantalizing waves,

It took an infinite specks of salubrious soil; to evolve the unsurpassably towering mountain; handsomely kissing the clouds with its profoundly mesmerizing summits,

It took an infinite puffs of ebullient mist; to evolve the voluptuously crimson conglomerate of clouds; uninhibitedly pelting down cloudbursts of rhapsodically exuberant rain,

It took an infinite twigs of curled mysticism; to evolve the boundlessly enigmatic forests; regally harboring an indefatigable fleet of striped panthers and red ant; symbiotically alike,

It took an infinite blades of robust grass; to evolve the timelessly enchanting meadow; ingratiatingly blooming under golden rays of the; frolicking afternoon Sun,

It took an infinite pinches of fortified cement; to evolve the incomprehensibly escalating spires of the marvelously magnificent edifice; pragmatically sequestering countless corporate offices in its colossal belly,

It took an infinite drops of profusely scarlet blood; to evolve the most indispensable nerve centers of the body; incessantly perpetuate the exhilarating elixir of vibrant life,

It took an infinite repertoire of dexterous variations; to evolve the miraculous mantra for irrefutably unconquerable success; perennially blazing forward in uninhibitedly invincible glory,

It took an infinite brain cells; to evolve the most fabulously spell binding and intriguing innovations; possessing the vivacious piquancy to blissfully metamorphose the complexion of this mammoth planet,

It took an infinite threads of satiny silk; to evolve the fascinatingly titillating web; in which gloriously danced the charismatically vivid legs; of the pot-bellied tarantula,

It took an infinite rays of blistering light; to evolve the profusely fulminating island of the Sun; Omnisciently placating the traumatized agonies of one and all alike; with its unassailable festoon of brilliant hope,

It took an infinite shades of impeccable compassion; to evolve the fountain of pricelessly sacrosanct milk; royally oozing the most impregnable panacea to lead; inexplicably enthralling life,

It took an infinite sky of tumultuous spice; to evolve the endless field of euphorically green chili; inundating worthlessly lackadaisical lives; with the reinvigorating expedition of existence,

It took an infinite entrenchment of surreptitious seduction; to evolve the inscrutably ardent shadows; sweeping like the princess of eternity; across every beleaguered cranny of this gigantic Universe,

It took an infinite draughts of boisterously optimistic wind; to evolve the fabulously torrential maelstrom; encapsulating every drearily lugubrious soul; in the magic of its insatiably redolent artistry,

It took an infinite compendium of incredulous solutions; to articulately crack the tyrannically penalizing maze; rhapsodically free all incarcerated innocent from; the aisles of horrifically unprecedented treachery,

It took an infinite elements of undefeatable righteousness; to evolve the most spectacularly aristocratic fireball of glorious truth; looming unconquerably large over every other thing; on this boundless planet,

It took an infinite balloons of replenishing breath; to evolve the most divinely chapter of beautiful life; mesmerizing one and all on this unending planet with the spirit of; splendidly Omnipotent creation,

But believe me for it was not I; but the Almighty Lord who said; that it just took a single beat of the passionately palpitating heart to fall in immortal love; eternally embrace all living kind with the essence of equality and alike,

So what are you waiting for? Just open your hearts a trifle; and let all astounding beauty and heavenly love on this earth; be forever always be yours and mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Just A Single Beat.

Just a single word you emanated from your divinely mouth; was enough for me to silence all ghastly terrorism on this planet; with winds of ubiquitous solidarity, Just a single step you marched forward with your immaculately tinkling feet; was enough for me to reach each part of the globe where my comrades in inexplicable pain; really needed me,

Just a single smile on your perpetually shimmering lips; was enough for me to magically disseminate the spirit of perennial brotherhood; to all quarters of this gigantic Universe besieged with bizarre suffering and pain,

Just a single resolution of your innocuously uninhibited mind; was enough for me to unflinchingly win all acrimonious battles; stand as an invincible fortress; in the way invidiously devastating hatred and malice,

Just a single wink of your enigmatically angel eyes; was enough for me to pacify each tyrannically frazzled entity on this planet; with the winds of nostalgically romantic flirtation,

Just a single effort of your majestically enamoring countenance; was enough for me to propagate the essence of true perseverance; blossoming into the most wonderful fruits of existence; till far and wide,

Just a single dream of your panoramically fantastic mind; was enough for me to trigger those enshrouded with ludicrously gloomy darkness; to fantasize beyond the land of mesmerizing paradise,

Just a single caress of your ravishingly voluptuous palms; was enough for me to incinerate flames of untamed passion; even in the heart of the frigidly soggy and saddened lake,

Just a single whisper diffusing from your tantalizing tongue; was enough for me to magnanimously flood the complexion of this lackadaisically drab planet; with unending enchantment and delightful excitement,

Just a single yearning of your holistically vibrant soul; was enough for me to impregnate countless disparagingly staggering lives; with rays of new found optimism and enthralling hope,

Just a single ingredient of your poignantly scarlet blood; was enough for me to

infiltrate through the irrevocably pathetic wall of discrimination; unite all those with a philanthropic heart; in the religion of humanity,

Just a single stare of your bountifully emphatic eyes; was enough for me to rise with formidable conviction; resiliently face the most disastrously lecherous battles of undulating life,

Just a single snore that languidly crept from your symbiotic throat; was enough for me to teach all overwhelmingly overworked corporate tycoons; the art of serene relaxation; which was infact the greatest virtue in today's insurmountably manipulative times,

Just a single tear that dribbled intricately down your rubicund cheeks; was enough for me to diffuse the power of blissful empathy; to all those souls who had devastatingly become dumb to all aspects of poignant humankind,

Just a single stroke that you sketched on handsome paper; was enough for me to inundate this monotonously drab planet; with incredulously gorgeous charm; and the unconquerable magic of artistry,

Just a single orphan you hoisted on your philanthropic shoulders; was enough for me to wholeheartedly embrace my fellow compatriots in shivering agony; celestially
melange with all caste; creed; and tribes; alike,

Just a single trace of righteousness in your sacrosanct conscience; was enough for me to indefatigably ring the bells of victory; ensure that even the most diminutive bit of condemnable corruption was replaced by irrefutable honesty,

Just a single breath that descended down piquantly from your nostrils; was enough for me to live for a boundless more lifetimes; replenish and bask in the glory of each moment of wonderfully bestowed life,

And just a single beat that fulminated euphorically from your immortal heart; was enough for me to bond each viciously shattered soul with the other; see to it that everlasting love prevailed on each cranny of this earth; each time God wanted it to be born again.

Nikhil Parekh

Just A Singleton Ray Of Blessed Sunshine

Every bit of frigidly decaying feces; forever metamorphosed into
optimistically lush green meadows of perennially redolent; grass,

Every bit of hedonistically murderous lie; forever metamorphosed into the
ultimate summit of gloriously unflinching and pristinely unparalleled;
truth,

Every bit of egregiously vindictive darkness; forever metamorphosed into
cisterns of magically mitigating and endlessly blazing; golden light,

Every bit of deliriously raunchy sadism; forever metamorphosed into the fabric of
celestially ameliorating and timeless priceless; selflessness,

Every bit of maliciously stabbing corruption; forever metamorphosed into a
paradise of benevolently ever-pervading and timelessly unconquerable; honesty,

Every bit of bizarrely maiming poverty; forever metamorphosed into a sky of
eternally resplendent and blissfully burgeoning; humanitarian richness,

Every bit of treacherously penalizing abhorrence; forever metamorphosed into a
cistern of everlastingly radiant and effulgently compassionate; unity,

Every bit of sanctimoniously snobbish spuriousness; forever metamorphosed into
a wind of beautifully egalitarian and wonderfully mollifying; humility,

Every bit of cynically ignominious bitterness; forever metamorphosed into a
stream of unceasingly proliferating and majestically blessing; melody,

Every bit of venomously prejudiced war; forever metamorphosed into a heaven
of inimitably priceless and triumphantly venerated; symbiotic harmony,

Every bit of unceremoniously flagrant atrocity; forever metamorphosed into a
fireball of inexhaustibly vibrant and unimaginably emollient; compassion,

Every bit of inexplicably deteriorating sadness; forever metamorphosed into a
garland of ardently unbreakable and victoriously ecstatic; felicity,

Every bit of disgustingly deplorable racialism; forever metamorphosed into a field
of unassailably Omnipotent and royally unalterable; oneness,

Every bit of deplorably shriveled weakness; forever metamorphosed into a mountain of intrepidly fortified and synergistically mellifluous; strength,

Every bit of cadaverously morbid ghost; forever metamorphosed into the chapters of beautifully uninterrupted and vividly euphoric; existence,

Every bit of hopelessly shattered faith; forever metamorphosed into an apostle of perpetually Omniscient and miraculous blessing; peace,

Every bit of dreadfully cancerous disease; forever metamorphosed into the elixir of sensuously charismatic and tirelessly virile; life,

Every bit of diabolically fretful indolence; forever metamorphosed into a waterfall of ebulliently enthralling and adventurously poetic; freshness,

Every bit of traumatically ghoulish night; forever metamorphosed into a valley of altruistically benign and insuperably godly; Sunshine,

Every bit of disparagingly delinquent boredom; forever metamorphosed into a forest of inscrutably mesmerizing and fearless unfettered; adventure,

Every bit of profanely criminal imprisonment; forever metamorphosed into the leaves of ubiquitously uplifting and bountifully charming; freedom,

Every bit of insanely victimizing mania; forever metamorphosed into a cradle of impeccably boundless and exotically unmatched; fantasy,

Every bit of baselessly debauch chicanery; forever metamorphosed into a smile of innocently unconquerable and spell bindingly holistic; childhood,

Every bit of mundanely decrepit manipulation; forever metamorphosed into a pathway of passionately fertile and infallibly princely; righteousness,

Every bit of lividly worthless betrayal; forever metamorphosed into a hive of Immortally blessing and Omnipresently coalescing; love,

Every bit of wretchedly anguished death; forever metamorphosed into a cloudburst of unceasingly resuscitating and jubilantly euphoric; breath,

With just a singleton beam of brilliantly uninterrupted golden; with just a singleton spark of undefeatable golden; with just a singleton wand of magical golden winking from the heavens; with just a singleton ray of free and blessed Sunshine from the Omnipresent sky

Nikhil Parekh

Just Because

Just because somebody calls the compassionately breathing rose a pathetically dilapidated gutter; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its stupendously perennial fragrance,

Just because somebody calls Omnipotently dazzling Sun a cadaverous hell of abysmal darkness; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unconquerably blistering flamboyance,

Just because somebody calls the impregnably luminescent mountains an inanely frigid mosquito; doesn't mean that they wholesomely lose all their indomitably endless temerity and unflinchingly peerless strength,

Just because somebody calls the majestically fathomless deserts a lividly wounded traitor; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its blazingly coruscated and timeless splendor,

Just because somebody calls the seductively dancing nightingale an acrimoniously ballistic thorn; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its enchantingly everlasting and poignantly mesmerizing melody,

Just because somebody calls the voluptuous cloud an evaporating graveyard of abhorrently insipid nothingness; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unprecedented whirlpool of heavenly sensuousness,

Just because somebody calls the mystically undulating wave a prison of disastrously truculent monotony; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its vivaciously exhilarating and unfathomable tanginess,

Just because somebody calls the wonderfully titillating and emolliently crafted poetry an infinitesimal trash can of hyperbolic adjectives; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses its ubiquitously everlasting essence of unfettered friendship,

Just because somebody calls the unbelievably pristine pearl a tawdrily molested corpse of unthinkable profanity; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its royal resplendence and exotically titillating charm,

Just because somebody calls the flight of uninhibitedly untainted freedom a maliciously lambasting chain of hedonistically perverted slavery; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its celestially altruistic fortitude,

Just because somebody calls the lap of the unconquerably sacrosanct mother an insidiously gratuitous carcass; doesn't mean that that it wholesomely loses all its perpetually subliming effulgence and inimitable glory,

Just because somebody calls the vividly ebullient rainbow in the boundless sky a lackadaisically venomous scorpion rotting in the dungeons of bizarre isolation; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its regally unsurpassable ocean of timeless enthrallment,

Just because somebody calls the wind of beautifully egalitarian symbiotism an indiscriminately cold-blooded eunuch tyrannically marauding every conceivable trace of life in vicinity; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its priceless bountiful religion of humanity,

Just because somebody calls the wails of the immaculately wailing infant an apocalypse of murderous doom; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its spell bindingly insuperable innocence and godly mischief,

Just because somebody calls the united fabric of eternal living kind an orphaned stone forlornly fretting on the vagrantly obsolete streets; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unshakably Omnipotent aura and undefeatable companionship,

Just because somebody calls the iridescently blossoming seed a curse on the trajectory of this eclectic planet; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unassailably ecstatic freshness,

Just because somebody calls the silken sensuality of paradise a devilish ghost invidiously permeating the hindside; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its indefatigably vibrant aristocracy and inexhaustibly Omniscient aura,

Just because somebody calls the sword of patriotically unchallengeable truth a dolorously disparaging coward retreating back into his egregiously worthless shell;
doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unceasing bravery and Omnipresent exhilaration,

Just because somebody calls the chapter of endlessly bestowing life an amorously stuttering oblivion of treacherous death; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its astoundingly indomitable and miraculous proliferation,

And just because somebody calls our unequivocally immortal love a
manipulatively sinful compromise; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its
perpetually bonding beats and magnetically humanitarian swirl.

Nikhil Parekh

Just Because -Part 2

Just because you dastardly shut your malicious eyes; doesn't mean that the entire of gargantuan earth outside; also submerged itself into a pool of languidly morose and treacherously stuttering blackness,

Just because you abhorrently shut your cowardly lips; doesn't mean that the entire of colossal earth outside; also besieged itself with tornados of inexplicably whipping misery,

Just because you vindictively froze priceless blood in your parasitic veins; doesn't mean that the entire of fathomless earth outside; also coldbloodedly marauded even the most infinitesimal trace of ecstatic triumph in the royal atmosphere,

Just because you satanically relinquished to fabulously dream; doesn't mean that the entire of vivacious earth outside; also heartlessly trampled the essence of bountifully ebullient creation,

Just because you baselessly exonerated all your ardently sensuous urges; doesn't mean that the entire of boundless earth outside; also frigidly hung itself upside down; like a grotesquely impotent lynchpin,

Just because you horrendously emaciated your forlorn stomach; doesn't mean that the entire of unassailable earth outside; also starved beyond the realms of decrepit rebuke; worthlessly slandering panoramic imagery into cadaverous graveyards of castrated grime,

Just because you tawdrily abrogated your quintessential job; doesn't mean that the entire of mesmerizing earth outside; also dolorously stagnated in maelstroms of truculently prejudiced unemployment,

Just because you ruthlessly kicked every benign goodness with your insanely bohemian feet; doesn't mean that the entire of unsurpassable earth outside; also nonchalantly rotted in obnoxiously stinking gallows of bizarre dilapidation,

Just because you viciously strangulated the venomous chords of your throat; doesn't mean that the entire of iridescent earth outside; also became preposterously oblivious to the timelessly ingratiating enchantment of mellifluous sound,

Just because you sadistically sodomized every pore of your staggering visage

with snake hoods of lethal despair; doesn't mean that the entire of fructifying earth outside; also wandered like a wastrel lunatic towards disparagingly penalizing depravation,

Just because you torturously crucified nails into your flaccidly pallid skin; doesn't mean that the entire of eclectic earth outside; also hedonistically metamorphosed every element of its perpetually gratifying bliss into gutters of diabolically self inflicted pain,

Just because you devastatingly torched your reproductive abilities with daggerheads of ghastly illwill; doesn't mean that the entire of silken earth outside; also put an abysmally feckless end to its chapter of perennially heavenly proliferation,

Just because you impudently slapped your sacrosanct mother; doesn't mean that the entire of rhapsodic earth outside; also luridly sold every iota of its sacrosanct rudiments; in exchange for a measly cascade of sanctimonious silver,

Just because you bawdily tonsured your ghoulishly disappearing scalp; doesn't mean that the entire of triumphant earth outside; also mercilessly assassinated every flower of godly truth with unrelentingly senseless whiplashes of criminal lies,

Just because you morbidly extricated your own fanatically aimless brain; doesn't mean that the entire of blooming earth outside; also tyrannically snapped the fangs of its exhilaratingly enthralling and victorious evolution,

Just because you dementedly slaved the uncontrollably shivering; doesn't mean that the entire of righteous earth outside; also flagrantly divided symbiotically coalescing mankind into spuriously sleazy barricades of; religion; caste; creed and tribe,

Just because you barbarously stifled even the most fugitive iota of your delinquently gratuitous breath; doesn't mean that the entire of impregnable earth outside; also salaciously abnegated forever; the winds of perpetually bestowing life,

And just because you violently stopped the murderously castigating beating in your heart; doesn't mean that the entire of immortal earth outside; also abandoned the spirit of unshakable love for the dogs; pulverizing dinosaurs and ambiguous devils; to growlingly eat.

Nikhil Parekh

Just Because You Weren't In The Mood

Just because you weren't in the mood to have that extra shade of tan; doesn't mean that the Omnipotent Sun; wholesomely abdicated to ferociously blaze and perpetually shine,

Just because you weren't in the mood to refreshingly bathe; doesn't mean that the ebullient ocean; wholesomely relinquished to timelessly swirl into a festoon of poignantly reinvigorating and tangy froth,

Just because you weren't in the mood to be enigmatic; doesn't mean that the majestic forests; wholesomely stopped their exuberantly rustling leaves and enchanting winds,

Just because you weren't in the mood to mischief; doesn't mean that the charismatic chimpanzees; wholesomely gave up their astoundingly frivolous appetite to innocuously philander and merrily wink,

Just because you weren't in the mood to gallop; doesn't mean that the ecstatic breeze; wholesomely abandoned its stupendously exhilarating tenacity to impregnably enlighten and desire,

Just because you weren't in the mood to blaze; doesn't mean that the patriotic soldiers; wholesomely left the warfront forever; and let the blissfully sacrosanct soil of their motherland be confiscated by cannibalistically crucifying traitors,

Just because you weren't in the mood to be titillated; doesn't mean that the sensuously tantalizing night; wholesomely metamorphosed into fiercely iconoclastic
and unbearably scorching afternoon,

Just because you weren't in the mood to smell; doesn't mean that the vividly enamoring lotus's; wholesomely dumped their fathomlessly invincible and tirelessly
blessing scent,

Just because you weren't in the mood to sight; doesn't mean that the panoramically boundless gorges and mountains; wholesomely reduced to a pulverized coffin; of lividly insane nothingness,

Just because you weren't in the mood to pray; doesn't mean that the sky of

Omnipresently symbiotic faith; wholesomely extinguished into infinitesimally dolorous and inconsequentially feckless oblivion,

Just because you weren't in the mood to compassionately mélange; doesn't mean that the meadow of priceless humanity; wholesomely deteriorated into a egregiously stagnating gutter of maliciously vindictive prejudice,
Just because you weren't in the mood to listen; doesn't mean that the nightingales of princely togetherness; wholesomely battered their eternally mellifluous throats; into mortuaries of despairingly crippling silence,

Just because you weren't in the mood to illuminate; doesn't mean that the citadel of insuperably royal optimism; wholesomely crumbled to disastrously frigid ash,

Just because you weren't in the mood to frolic; doesn't mean that the jubilantly chirping birds and butterflies; wholesomely bid a perpetual adieu; to the winds of cavorting sensuality and celestial Sunshine,

Just because you weren't in the mood to innovate; doesn't mean that the process of limitless proliferation on this gigantic Universe; wholesomely disappeared into graveyards of penuriously decrepit misery,

Just because you weren't in the mood to persevere; doesn't mean that the ardently glistening fireball of honest sweat; wholesomely buried itself beneath skeletons of frantically dogmatic desperation,

Just because you weren't in the mood to succeed; doesn't mean that the sword of scintillatingly righteous victory; wholesomely transformed itself into a scorpion of plaintively pallid and bawdy betrayal,

Just because you weren't in the mood to be selfless; doesn't mean that every mother on this wonderfully iridescent planet; wholesomely converted into a penalizing sorceress; morbidly asphyxiating the nimble throat of her new born child,

Just because you weren't in the mood to live; doesn't mean that the chapters of perennially endowing and fructifying life; wholesomely became the stamp of cadaverously cowardly death,

And just because you weren't in the mood to love; doesn't mean that the beats of an immortally blossoming relationship; wholesomely reduced to satanically devilish and flagrantly demolishing hatred.

Nikhil Parekh

Just Doesn't End

The job of the sensuously virile clouds perhaps ended; at showering torrential downpours of magically glistening rain; upon the trajectory of this fathomlessly enchanting earth,

The job of the beautifully bountiful lotus perhaps ended; at timelessly perpetuating the miserably rotting fabric of earth; with unbelievably insuperable scent,

The job of the vivaciously poignant ocean perhaps ended; at perpetually culminating into quintessentially frosty salt; with every swirling wave that rose high and handsome towards the royal sky,

The job of the everpervadingly fructifying seed perhaps ended; at spawning into an exuberant plant; as the clock of indispensable time gradually unveiled by and by,

The job of the voluptuously tantalizing grass blades perhaps ended; at diffusing into pristinely delightful dew every midnight; as the Omnipotent Moon crept up in impeccably wonderful sky,

The job of the rambunctiously effervescent bumble bee perhaps ended; at rendering unsurpassable tons of golden honey; in its parsimoniously catacombed hive,

The job of the eclectically talented artist perhaps ended; at capturing the panoramically unconquerable beauty of this priceless planet; with his articulately dancing paintbrush and upon the limitlessly barren canvas of his imagination,

The job of the Omnipresently blistering Sun perhaps ended; at majestically inundating even the most infinitesimal arena of this boundless planet; with unshakably optimistic light,

The job of the effulgently blossoming leaves perhaps ended; at triumphantly permeating the carpet of the squalidly dolorous atmosphere; with rhapsodically untainted wind,

The job of jubilantly exotic fantasy perhaps ended; at enshrouding every pore of the monotonously devastated skin; with sensations of endlessly untamed delight,

The job of the gloriously intimate apogee perhaps ended; at towering into the ultimate scepter of aristocratically unflinching courage and eternal victory,

The job of the inscrutably inexhaustible forests perhaps ended; at radiating into an unfathomably unlimited valley of profound mysticism; as each day unfurled into charismatically surreal night,

The job of the eternally iridescent waterfall perhaps ended; at heavenly revitalizing even the most drearily subjugated of venom and dirt; that came in the course of its magically gurgling cascade,

The job of the intricately blessed veins perhaps ended; at unceasingly supplying unassailably crimson blood to an infinite pores and part of the; symbiotically breathing form,

The job of the affably twinkling stars perhaps ended; at altruistically granting compassionate beams of enlightenment; in the heart of the mercilessly blackened night,

The job of the indomitably unfettered truth perhaps ended; at forever beheading the cadaverously corrupted coffins of satanically worthless lies,

The job of the harmoniously unadulterated nostrils perhaps ended; at tirelessly supplying priceless ecstatic draughts of life-yielding oxygen; to the penuriously asphyxiating lungs,

The job of the perpetually beating heart perhaps ended; at promulgating the beats of Immortally unparalleled love; to the farthest quarter of this limitlessly proliferating Universe,

But the job of the Parents just doesn't end at giving birth to the innocuous infant; just doesn't end even after harnessing it with their very own blood to face the acrimonious world outside; just doesn't end even at equipping it every conceivable comfort on this Universe; just doesn't end even after they veritably died; as they continue to Omnisciently enlighten it from their heavenly abode; far away from the torturous devil and forever towards the path of amiably synergistic righteousness

Nikhil Parekh

Just Forget It Buddy

You might have sprinkled the most opulent fragrance of holistic sandalwood on even the most infinitesimal pore of your body; since a countless moments before the crackle of fugitive dawn,

You might have profusely pursed your lips with the most rhapsodically ecstatic sugarcane juice; till the time they radiated a majestically perpetual scarlet,

You might have adorned your wrists with the most spell-bindingly royal wrist-watch; whose untamed effervescence could singlehandedly illuminate the complexion of the ghoulishly frigid night,

You might have brandished the most blazingly fearless sword on your countenance; unflinchingly portraying you to be a true soldier of your sacrosanct mother soil,

But. Just Forget it buddy. For if her heart really didn't beat for you; then do whatever conceivable you could; dress so dynamically that the fathomless sky irrefutably blended with threadbare ground; and she'd still commit a countless suicides; rather than betray her heartbeats to love and marry you.

1.

You might have embellished your eyelashes with a mascara so overwhelmingly sensuous; that even the most treacherously dumb stones sprang to vivaciously enamoring life,

You might have scrubbed your skin with the most stringent antiseptic; making it glow more brilliantly than the blistering afternoon Sun,

You might have developed your muscles more effusively than the most indomitably towering mountain peaks; as they came the unrelenting desire of every nubile maiden alive,

You might have adorned your charismatic persona in the most fashionably awe-inspiring denim suit; with an aura of unceasing silk ubiquitously diffusing from your pricelessly exquisite demeanor,

But. Just Forget it buddy. For if her heart really didn't beat for you; then do whatever conceivable you could; dress so enchantingly that even the most

languidly barren patches in sky showered torrential rain; and she'd still commit a countless suicides; rather than betray her heartbeats to love and marry you.

2.

You might have uninhibitedly rolled in a river of Olive Oil; to marvelously accentuate each cranny of your countenance; to the most unprecedentedly enthralling limits,

You might have unsurpassably fudged your nape with the costliest chains of gold and silver; twinkling like a resplendently gregarious star even in the most cadaverously blackened night,

You might have sequestered your bohemian feet within the most luxuriously regale ivory shoes; engendering the earth to thunder as you gloriously marched in impeccable integrity,

You might have shielded the whites and blacks of your eyes with the most magnetically pristine shades of Sun glass; through which the entire planet appeared as an insuperably compassionate romantic mist,

But. Just Forget it buddy. For if her heart really didn't beat for you; then do whatever conceivable you could; dress so triumphantly that every miserably incarcerated ingredient of the atmosphere liberated towards eternal freedom; and she'd still commit a countless suicides; rather than betray her heartbeats to love and marry you.

3.

You might have swirled the hair on your scalp to such unbelievably remarkable degrees of jazzy contemporariness; that every eyeball as you wandered on the streets; stayed agglutinated towards you for times immemorial,

You might have galloped in such lightening fast cars; that the pulse of every exuberant girl on this planet; felt like climaxing to its best in the land of celestially unfettered paradise,

You might have sung such inimitable tunes of effulgent melody; that even the most salacious trace of despairing prejudice in bereaved quarter of mother earth; metamorphosed into a garden of mesmerizing newness,

You might have entwined such an unimaginably fascinating snake leather belt
in your trouser; that the most enviably tantalizing damsels on this globe;
obeisantly bowed down to even the most ethereal of your commands,

But. Just Forget it buddy. For if her heart really didn't beat for you; then you
could do whatever conceivable you could; dress so handsomely that the planet
outside felt bizarrely naked without a cloth on its body; and she'd still commit a
countless suicides; rather than betray her heartbeats to love and marry you.

Nikhil Parekh

Just Give Me One Meal

He took shallow breaths at irregular intervals,
was clad in clothes bereft of stitching,
drops of blood oozed when he coughed,
thin bones clattered when he walked,
people dispersed when he perched beside them,
the air had a stench of starved perspiration as he passed,
white stream water transited to garbage Black,
as he dipped his caricature in holy
assemblage of the Ganges,
his feet were bare, diffused into cracks as he tread on thorns,
he hardly had saliva to spit on the earth.

{1}

Harsh Sunlight days sped into sultry nights,
his shoulders drooped further with advancing age,
desires faded in oblivion, with brutal strokes of destiny,
he had stopped seeing dreams since eternity,
his body had turned numb to pain and abuse,
he had a solitary desire to eat one full meal.
it seemed god heard his call,
far off in the park, lay sprawled left overs of bread,
prompting him to run in glee,
he devoured the chunks in flash seconds of time,
made guttural sounds while gulping tap water,
looked at the sky with fingers juxtaposed in recesses of torn flesh,
laboured his way, for a place to sleep in the merciless night.

Nikhil Parekh

Just Keep Loving Me

Just keep looking at me till eternity; as you exactly did so innocently; when you witnessed my impoverished grace; the very first time you met me,

Just keep embracing me till eternity; as you exactly did so passionately; when you brushed past my inexplicably shivering countenance; the very first time you met me,

Just keep smiling at me till eternity; as you exactly did so impeccably; when you came face to face with the ardent contours of my face; the very first time you met me,

Just keep blushing at me till eternity; as you exactly did so fervently, when you kissed me on my insatiably famished cheeks; the very first time you met me,

Just keep holding my palms till eternity; as you exactly did so tenaciously; when you marched past compassionately across my penuriously wavering shadow; the very first time you met me,

Just keep supporting me till eternity; as you exactly did so resiliently; when you perpetually united with my philanthropic cause to save mankind; the very first time you met me,

Just keep staring at me till eternity; as you exactly did so incorrigibly; when you sighted my frantically groping visage; the very first time you met me,

Just keep flirting with me till eternity; as you exactly did so magically; when you played hide and seek with my drifting shadow; the very first time you met me,

Just keep titillating me till eternity; as you exactly did so ravishingly; when you teased each iota of my drearily devastated senses; the very first time you met me,

Just keep inspiring me till eternity; as you exactly did so intransigently; when you focussed me relentlessly to achieve my benign missions of life; the very first time you met me,

Just keep frolicking with me till eternity; as you exactly did so enchantingly; when you triggered the child in my soul to blossom beyond the skies; the very first time you met me,

Just keep singing with me till eternity; as you exactly did so royally; when you wholesomely coalesced your sound with mine; the very first time you met me,

Just keep fantasizing with me till eternity; as you exactly did so magnificently; when you instilled the dreams of tantalizing paradise in my bedraggled persona; the very first time you met me,

Just keep caressing me till eternity; as you exactly did so voluptuously; incinerating infernos of untamed desire in each ingredient of my poignant blood; the very first time you met me,

Just keep talking to me till eternity; as you exactly did so stupendously; impregnating meadows of unfathomably astronomical courage in my nervously fluttering heart; the very first time you met me,

Just keep tickling me till eternity; as you exactly did so mischievously; when you made me erupt into whirlpools of uninhibited laughter; the very first time you met me,

Just keep surging with me till eternity; as you exactly did so irrefutably; when you profusely melanged your mind; body and spirit with mine; the very first time you met me,

Just keep breathing with me till eternity; as you exactly did so unconquerably; when you pledged to live and die with my diminutive form; the very first time you met me,

And just keep loving me till eternity; as you exactly did so invincibly; when you immortally bonded each of your heartbeats with the tumultuously throbbing ones that were mine; the very first time you met me.

Nikhil Parekh

Just Listening To My Beats

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably gauge the profound sadness enshrouding my countenance; by just ethereally glimpsing at my shielding eyelashes,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably prognosticate the hunger in my stomach; by just sighting me restlessly gnawing at my bohemian nails,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably sense the maniacal desperation in my trembling visage; by just the infinitesimally changed tone; in the nimble cadence of my voice,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably comprehend the wave of bizarre mortification enveloping my soul; by just the capricious tinge of poignant scarlet; on my impoverished cheeks,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably narrate the experiences of my day; by just feeling the transiently cringed lines; on my diminutively frazzled forehead,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably guess the thunderbolts of tumultuous anger encapsulating my blood; by just witnessing that inconspicuous iota of frantic vacillation in my dwindling stride,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably feel the insatiably nostalgic child in me; by just gently caressing my innocuously vivacious lips,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably soliloquize the first day of my birth; by just kissing my rampantly fluttering and daintily gorgeous eyelashes,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably understand the diabolically obsessive agony in my life; by just sighting the augmented redness in the interiors of my palm; and withering body skin,

She hadn't give me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably analyze the state of intriguingly inexplicable mind; by just staring for mock seconds; at the

ludicrously staggering curvature of my spine,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably construe the vibrant philosopher entrenching my senses from all sides; by just inhaling the scent that drifted; from my profusely wandering countenance,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably conceive the insurmountable reservoir of fantasy circulating in my blood; by just kneading my pulse a minuscule trifle,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably perceive the tumultuous electricity in my compassionate visage; by just the poignant magnetism that radiated on every step that I gently tread,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably apprehend the unfathomable carpet of dreams in my eyes; by just witnessing the resplendently shimmering twinkle that lay; therein,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably assimilate the unrelenting euphoria in each element of my persona; by just tracing the tiny globules of sweat; that ran down my chest,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably discern the ardent believer in my body; by just witnessing the resiliently unflinching contours of my chin,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably grasp the artist fulminating inexorably in my ecstatic veins; by just feeling the astronomical propensity in my fireballs of passionate breath,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably realize my uncontrollably escalating desire; by just cuddling the fantastically zealous moistness; which engulfed every trajectory of my flesh,

And she hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably define my immortal love for her divinely grace; by just listening to the marvelously impregnable beats of my small; but perpetually craving heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Just Marrying Her

Just touching her skin; doesn't mean that you were brutally forcing her,

Just winking at her doesn't mean; that you were perpetually proposing her,

Just playing with her voluptuous hair; doesn't mean that you compassionately cared about her,

Just staring into her rubicund eyes; doesn't mean that you understood every iota of her pain,

Just sitting beside her enchanting grace; doesn't mean that you audaciously shouldered all her miseries in life,

Just tightly clasping her dainty palms; doesn't mean that you understood what she actually desired from life,

Just mischievously pinching her skin; doesn't mean that you were making her feel like an immaculate child,

Just taking her out in your swanky car; doesn't mean that you were pacifying every need of her existence,

Just inscribing her name with a knife on your chest; doesn't mean you were more passionate about her; than the angels in the sky,

Just uttering her name umpteenth number of times in a minute; doesn't mean that you made her every dream manifest into a reality,

Just traversing behind her like a shadow; doesn't mean that you could read what was incessantly going on in her heavenly mind,

Just philandering with her on the romantic mountains; doesn't mean that you were the greatest lover born on this earth,

Just gifting her with some conventionally sleek contraptions; doesn't mean that you had veritably stolen her heart forever,

Just pacing around her seductive countenance; engulfed by a river of nervous sweat; doesn't mean that you could wholesomely commiserate with her

proliferating sorrow,

Just wishing her the earliest on her birthday; doesn't mean that you topped her list of boundless admirers,

Just wholesomely applauding her melodiously captivating voice; doesn't mean that you comprehended the agony besieging her soul,

Just frequenting her dwelling insurmountable number of times in the day; doesn't mean that you were the closest to her; till the time she breathed,

Just emulating her every impeccable action; doesn't mean that you were her greatest connoisseur,

And just marrying her in the most grandiloquent fashion on this earth; doesn't mean that you really loved her; had made her yours for times even beyond; what you could contemplate.

Nikhil Parekh

Just Me And My Creator

No ornaments of gold needed; to embellish my body,

No chunks of land needed; for me to tread blissfully on this earth,

No flames of fire needed; to warm me and illuminate my night,

No streams of water needed; to wash myself and rejuvenate my senses to the pinnacle of ecstasy,

No island of Sun needed; to impart warmth to my life,

No strawberry sweets needed; to placate my dying taste buds,

No rainbow in the sky needed; to vivaciously glimmering my eyes,

No sparkling slabs of glass needed; in which I could sight my reflection,

No salt needed; to add pinches of exotic taste to my food,

No grandiloquent watch needed; to accurately apprise me of every second unleashing,

No enchanting music needed; to pacify my agitated senses,

No tantalizing dance needed; to wake me up from dreary sleep,

No gaudy clothes needed; to sequester me from bizarre cold,

No morsels of rice and curd needed to appease my insatiable hunger,

No spurious armory of smiles needed; to unrelentingly shower upon me droplets of pure rain,

No tears of empathy needed; to sympathize with me in my times of affliction and distress,

No books of literature needed to; enrich my knowledge about the historical times,

No cherries and wine needed; to entertain me beyond the point of no control,

No draughts of cool air needed; to wipe of the sweat trickling down my nape,

No bundles of currency needed; to execute all my desires to lavishly spend,
No bombastic attention needed; to escalate me to the corridors of supreme
fame,

No cushions of grass needed; to shield my feet from a ground laid with acerbic
thorns,

No blood needed; to circulate in my body granting me the tenacity to gush
forward,

No ideals needed; to chisel a new and philosophical chapter in life,

No lights needed; to guide me ahead after stringently breaking through the
darkness of the gruesome night,

No palaces needed; to serve me oligarchic cuisine; with the triangular crown
placed fancily on my head,

No bones needed; to fortify my body; grant me the resilience to fight against the
uncouth society,

No garlands needed; to felicitate me sanctimoniously; loud speakers announcing
my presence in every road and street,

No dreams needed; to tingle the chords of rampant imagination; place me in a
paradise of lost fairies,

No love needed; to maneuver me into a world of passionate romance; ignite
unburned desires of my soul,

No breath needed; to peacefully meditate; carry on the chapter of harmonious
existence,

just me and my CREATOR; staring profoundly at each Other; with my head knelt
in meek submission in His lap; and the omnipotent power in His palms; besieging
my heart with perennial happiness; putting me to an eternal sleep; with the
world failing miserably this time to disturb me.

Just One Girl

There were an infinite fraternities of scents available to wonderfully mollify just one of my disdainfully agitated armpit; wholesomely transcend over the dreadfully preposterous stench emanating,

There were an infinite shades of mascara available to stupendously enthrall just one of my obnoxiously beleaguered eyelash; engender it to marvelously outshine every maelstrom; tornado or the fiercest of inexorable rain,

There were an infinite colors of lipstick available to fantastically embellish just one my fretfully grotesque lip; grant it the status of a gloriously uncrowned fairy; for centuries unprecedented,

There were an infinite shapes of swords available to majestically brandish my just one of my disparagingly bereaved bone; make it feel like patriotically blazing and invincible warriors; even against the most acrimoniously cannibalistic of attack,

There were an infinite synchronizations of music available to sensuously titillate just one of my hedonistically emaciated eardrum; replenish its compassionate hollows with the most unbelievably mellifluous and rhapsodically tantalizing sounds,

There were an infinite textbooks of sagaciously perspicacious literature available to beautifully enlighten just one my horrendously illiterate senses; blissfully metamorphose even the most inconspicuous trace of lecherous nothingness in my soul; into a fountain of Omnipotent learning,

There were an infinite varieties of exotically iridescent pearls available to handsomely adorn just one of the gorily sinister contours of my hapless neck; transform it into a royal queen's necklace for as long as this planet existed,

There were an infinite curvatures of sun-glass available to incredulously sequester just one of my truculently blood-shot eye; hypnotize it into a paradise of arcane seduction; even under the most savagely blistering rays of the sweltering mid-day
Sun,

There were an infinite forms of titillating wine available to liberate just one of my satanically incarcerated senses; foment me to uninhibitedly express my

miserably lambasted inner self,

There were an infinite fabulous dreams available to profoundly rekindle my just one part of my hedonistically whipped mind; catapult me to a land more higher and handsome than unbelievably celestial paradise,

There were an infinite scrumptious delicacies available to marvelously placate just one pang of rapaciously growling hunger in my stomach; making me feel as the most pricelessly contented organism on this Universe; after I consumed the same with untamed gusto,

There were an infinite dials of luminously trendy watches available to regally adorn just one of my uncontrollably quavering wrist; enthrallingly binding it in the righteously punctilious definitions of discerning time,

There were an infinite silhouettes of bewitchingly titillating vixens available to timelessly arouse just one cranny of my drearily despondent flesh; transport me into the corridors of Kingly cloud nine; for countless more births of mine,

There were an infinite molds of aristocratic candles available to beautifully enlighten just one of my disparagingly dolorous and ignominiously slandering night; make me feel like the ultimate silken Moon shimmering brilliantly on the trajectory of boundless earth,

There were an infinite cylinders of quintessentially artificial blood and breath available to Omnipotently reinvigorate just one of my horrendously dying form; bestow me upon with cardinal pints of divinely life,

There were an infinite brands of astounding blades available to stringently scrap just one whisker of unceremoniously bedraggled beard from my cheeks; rendering them more immutably sparkling than the candidly scintillating mirrors,

There were an infinite springs of redolent water available to bathe and amazingly quench just one element of my sordidly disheveled skin; annihilate even the most mercurial speck of unsolicited alien dirt from my disgustingly crumbling persona,

There were an infinite types of state-of-the-art fabric available to compassionately embrace just one of my impoverishedly trembling caricature; impregnate in it the tenacity to face even the most wretchedly freezing of circumstance,

Paradoxically; just one girl on this entire unending Universe; none other but just one girl out of countless girls symbiotically existing; was available; was enough to bless and insuperably bond with an infinite beats of my unsurpassably passionate and relentlessly wandering heart; for an infinite more births of mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Just One Of Them

Life is an amalgamation of infinite emotions; perpetual happiness is just one of them,

Life is a blend of infinite scents; the fragrance of invincible success is just one of them,

Life is a labyrinth of infinite paths; the road to irrefutable truth is just one of them,

Life is a rainbow of infinite colors; the shade of profound empathy is just one of them,

Life is a cloud of infinite perceptions; seductively ravishing fantasy is just one of them,

Life is a conglomerate of infinite flames; unrelenting passion is just one of them,

Life is a combination of infinite winds; the air of boisterous rhapsody is just one of them,

Life is a compilation of infinite words; vivacious newness is just one of them,

Life is a quiver full of infinite arrows; the dagger of blissful contentment is just one of them,

Life is a forest of infinite berries; the fruit of selfless sacrifice is just one of them,

Life is a calendar of infinite dates; the day of fresh birth is just one of them,

Life is a coalition of infinite rivers; the waters of heavenly prosperity are just one of them,

Life is an assimilation of infinite anecdotes; an encounter with exuberant adventure is just one of them,

Life is a journey of infinite moods; amicably smiling lips is just one of them,

Life is a mountain of infinite burrows; the cave of unfathomable enchantment is

just one of them,

Life is a myriad of infinite pearls; the jewel of self purification is just one of them,

Life is a wall of infinite mirrors; the glass candidly portraying an explicit identity
is

just one of them,

Life is a whirlpool of infinite patterns; the dance of perennially euphoric triumph
is

just one of them,

Life is a consortium of infinite feelings; the element of benevolent care is
just one of them,

Life is a hill with infinite summits; the peak of astronomically fortified conviction
is

just one of them,

Life is an ocean of philosophies; the perspective of independent existence is
just one of them,

Life is an agglomerate of infinite shapes and forms; the contours of impeccable
beauty are just one of them,

Life is a tornado of infinite messengers; the harbinger of everlasting peace is
just one of them,

Life is a garden of infinite virtues; immortally unconquerable love is just one of
them,

And life is a culmination of infinite beats; the rhythm of the passionately
palpitating heart is just one of them

Nikhil Parekh

Just One Stare Of Hers

Just one smile of hers; was enough to make me forget my ocean of unprecedented sorrow,

Just one tear of hers; was enough to make me melt in meek submission on the cold ground,

Just one word of hers; was enough to make me perceive the entire Universe; drown into an ocean of boundless enchantment,

Just one dimple of hers; was enough to make me profoundly admire beauty; uninhibitedly engulf myself into a fabulous paradise,

Just one shadow of hers; was enough to make me solve all enigmas of life; immensely simplify my incredibly complicated existence,

Just one finger of hers; was enough to make me become oblivious to my entire body; become completely immune to the most bizarre of pain,

Just one hair of hers; was enough to make me imagine the most spell binding images incarcerated in this world; the ravishing softness and poignant melody lingering in the atmosphere,

Just one lip of hers; was enough to make me swirl in tumultuously passionate desire; make me perpetually long for sweet nectar entrapped in the golden beehives,

Just one shout of hers; was enough to make me forget all my fears; stand like an invincible fortress in the way of whatever was trying to invidiously harm her,

Just one leg of hers; was enough to make me astoundingly gasp; ignite dormant infernos sleeping lazily in my soul,

Just one whistle of hers; was enough to make me ecstatically dance; gyrate my body uncontrollably under the pearly midnight moon,

Just one tongue of hers; was enough to make me gruesomely famished; long for all the tantalizing food that sizzled on this planet,

Just one fist of hers; was enough to make me envisage about all the muscle that

wandered on this globe; generated impregnable power in my supremely dreary bones,
Just one eye of hers; was enough to make me indulge in astronomically flirtatious mischief; tease the grass stalks and whatever else came my way; as I languidly trespassed on chocolate brown soil,

Just one look of hers; was enough to make me to forget my reflection; profusely blend myself with the titillating mascara adorning her lashes,

Just one scent of hers; was enough to make me to condemn all other perfume; inhale her enamoring persona for fathomless decades to unleash,

Just one breath of hers; was enough to make me swoon on the ground; transform into a celestial reverie for times immemorial,

Just one heart beat of hers; was enough to make me overwhelmingly love; gather all the strength and tenacity required to fight for existence,

And just one stare of hers; was enough to make me relinquish palpable life; pack my bag for the royal heavens and die.

Nikhil Parekh

Just One Wish

If God gave them just one wish; then the gruesomely blind; would irrefutably ask for majestically glorious mirrors of explicit sight,

If God gave it just one wish; then the treacherously scorched desert; would irrefutably ask for cloudbursts of tumultuously rhapsodic and bountiful rain,

If God gave them just one wish; then the devastatingly dumb; would irrefutably ask for stupendously captivating melody; drifting like an angel from his deprived mouth,

If God gave them just one wish; then the disastrously dying; would irrefutably ask for blooming anecdotes of a blissful life,

If God gave it just one wish; the abominably stinking gutter; would irrefutably ask for ingratiating scent and stupendously royal charm,

If God gave it just one wish; then the overwhelmingly distraught spider crippled badly on soil; would irrefutably ask for silvery strands of fathomlessly mesmerizing web,

If God gave it just one wish; then the perpetually still and ghastly corpse; would irrefutably ask for perennial waterfalls of euphoric life,

If God gave it just one wish; then the truculently shattered mirror; would irrefutably ask for being a scintillating blanket of glass once again; shimmering in the aisles of insatiable desire and grandiloquent opulence,

If God gave it just one wish; then the pathetically devastated and frigidly soggy branch; would irrefutably ask for astoundingly proliferating into a handsome flurry of intoxicating green leaves; mystically blending with the winds,

If God gave them just one wish; then the irrevocably stone deaf; would irrefutably ask for even the most infinitesimally sensitive wave of sound; to tantalizingly tingle each of their saddened senses,

If God gave them just one wish; then the agonizingly stumbling maim; would irrefutably ask for robust pairs of astutely galloping legs; transporting them triumphantly; to the ultimate zenith of enthralling paradise,

If God gave it just one wish; then the acrimoniously bitter cactus; would irrefutably ask for a mountain of resplendent silk; to wholesomely camouflage its murderously sinister persona,

If God gave it just one wish; then the insurmountably rusty knife; would irrefutably ask for piquantly pepped up sharpness; slicing with astronomical ease through the most obdurately stony vegetable skin,

If God gave him just one wish; then the profusely castigated artist; would irrefutably ask for every cranny of this monotonously lackadaisical planet; to be enshrouded with the magic of his ebullient craftsmanship,

If God gave it just one wish; then the invidiously strangulate lip; would irrefutably ask for an unsurpassable ocean of celestially endowing smiles,

If God gave them just one wish; then the incomprehensibly old and withering; would irrefutably ask for those euphoric moments of their lives which they cherished the most; a blissful place to eternally rest in wonderful heaven,

If God gave it just one wish; then the nostalgically magnificent photograph; would irrefutably ask to marvelously rejoice all those beautifully enchanting moments; till times beyond immortal reality,

If God gave it just one wish; then the uncouthly kicked beggar on the streets; would irrefutably ask for boundless treasuries; overflowing with fabulous silk and a sky showering glittering diamonds on every step that he tread,

And if God gave me just one wish; then my impoverishedly betrayed heart; would irrefutably ask for love; love; and only impregnable love; invincibly making me laugh in the face of bizarre adversity; achieving the most fulfilling mission of my destined life.

Nikhil Parekh

Just So That

I endlessly kept committing a pathetic graveyard of flagrant idiosyncrasies; just so that you could correct me; with the eternally magical righteousness in your bountiful voice,

I endlessly kept tossing and turning on the coldbloodedly laconic floor; just so that you could put me to heavenly sleep; with the compassionately timeless sensuousness in your tantalizing fingers,

I endlessly kept speaking derogatorily insipid lies; just so that you could Omnipotently enlighten me; with the essence of unassailably glorious truth in your unflinching stride,

I endlessly kept myself egregiously emaciated; just so that you could majestically placate my every desire; with the fortress of invincible camaraderie in your impeccable eyes,

I endlessly kept nonchalantly staring at meaningless bits of barren sky; just so that you could stupefy me to the most unprecedented limits; with the mesmerizing cadence in your magnetic senses,

I endlessly kept maliciously abusing whosoever I encountered in my way; just so that you could teach me to be civilized; with the principles of priceless humanity ubiquitously disseminating from your every breath,

I endlessly kept fretting and fuming at everything that was laid my way; just so that you could marvelously quell all my lunatic restlessness; with the regally silken charisma of your soul,

I endlessly kept executing the most abashing of spelling mistakes; just so that you could aristocratically enrich me; with your insuperably magnificent power of linguistics,

I endlessly kept myself drearily dirty and languishing like a chunk of insipid shit; just so that you could rejuvenate even the most infinitesimal of my traumatized senses; with the insatiable exuberance in your victorious leap,

I endlessly kept bruising myself without the slightest rhyme or reason; just so that you could perennially anoint my disastrously slaving wounds; with the religion of impregnable humanity in your divinely palms,

I endlessly kept agnostically repenting every beautiful moment of my life; just so that you could ingratiatingly drift me towards the skies of the unconquerably Omniscient Lord; with your spirit of patriotically blazing freedom,

I endlessly kept impudently slandering my revered elders; just so that you could royally mitigate me from the crutches of crucifying mercilessness; with the unbelievably altruistic tranquility enshrouding your humble existence,

I endlessly kept ridiculing the most handsomely symbiotic ideals of creation; just so that you could make me blend with the celestial rudiments of my creation; with the goodness of your magnanimously sacred spontaneity,

I endlessly kept skeptically surmising about even the most harmonious of saints; just so that you could beautifully filter the acrimonious dirt from my mind; with your undauntedly untamed conviction,

I endlessly kept sadistically victimizing my own self; just so that you could perpetually guide me towards the most wonderfully replenishing salvation of my life; with the carpet of your resplendently embellished desires,

I endlessly kept uncontrollably shivering under the deathly chill of the scurrilously vindictive night; just so that you could entwine me in your splendidly humanitarian warmth; with the inferno of boundless desire rampantly simmering in every pore of your skin,

I endlessly kept preposterously indulging myself into a plethora of imperiling vices; just so that you could metamorphose my entire personality into that of a synergistically innocuous organism; with the mantra of ebullient triumph radiating unstoppably from your eyelashes,

I endlessly kept forgetting even the most quintessentially vital things; just so that you could pamper the child in me to the most unfathomable fullest; inundate my diminutively impoverished life with the limitless happiness in your everlasting soul,

And I endlessly kept trying to extinguish every speck of my beleaguered existence; just so that you could incarcerate my penuriously quavering senses in the

entrenchment of your immortally blessing love; blissfully uniting our lives in holy matrimony; for times even after infinite more births of ours yet to come.

Nikhil Parekh

Just The Same As The Previous Beat.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Omnipresent Lord; that whenever my lips opened; they whispered something for enlightening the lives of countless orphaned children; they radiated something which was stunningly new; they sang something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by own self; on the trajectory of
of
this spell-bindingly royal planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Insuperable Lord; that whenever my fingers opened; they wrote something to trigger a smile on the faces of all those tyrannically molested; they wrote something which was inimitably new; they wrote something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by very own self; on the trajectory of this wonderfully philanthropic planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Omnipotent Lord; that whenever my eyes opened; they radiated something to perpetuate compassion in every haplessly devastated echelon of humanity; they radiated something which was supremely new; they radiated something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very
own self; on the trajectory of this unbelievably redolent planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Impregnable Lord; that whenever my veins opened; they oozed something which perennially bonded every conceivable sect of living kind alike; they oozed something which was rhapsodically new; they oozed something which had never ever been replicated before; and by neither my very own self; on the trajectory of this everlastingly bountiful planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Undefeated Lord; that whenever my shoulders opened; they projected something which gave unflinchingly fearless conviction to every
coward lurking in inexplicable trauma; they projected something which was incredulously new; they projected something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this timelessly celestial planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Unshakable Lord; that whenever my hair opened; they wafted something which permeated a gorge of unprecedented sensuousness in
every robotically prejudiced cranny of the earth; they wafted something which

was ingeniously new; they wafted something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this limitlessly enthralling planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Ever-pervading Lord; that whenever my toes opened; they tinkled something which induced a forest of unceasingly enthralling adventure in every nefariously prejudiced entity alive; they tinkled something which was brilliantly new; they tinkled something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this pristinely unlimited planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Omniscient Lord; that whenever my nostrils opened; they exhaled something which engendered pricelessly invincible life in every lugubriously stagnating corner of this earth; they exhaled something which was victoriously new; they exhaled something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this fragrantly ebullient planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Infallible Lord; that whenever my throat opened; it sang something to miraculously alleviate the pain of all those uncontrollably shivering and suffering; it sang something which was eternally new; it sang something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this triumphantly poignant planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Unimpeachable Lord; that whenever my fists opened; they highlighted something which diffused the sheer essence of altruistic humanity and not spurious destiny; they highlighted something which was majestically new; they highlighted something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this boundlessly burgeoning planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Benign Lord; that whenever my ears opened; they captured something which redefined the virtue of baselessly manipulative sensitivity hideously sunk into the world today; they captured something which was regally new; they captured something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this endlessly captivating planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Unassailable Lord; that whenever my armpits opened; they sweated something which ubiquitously disseminate the scent of

victoriously honest perseverance; they sweated something which was marvelously new; they sweated something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this gigantically blessed planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Fearless Lord; that whenever my skin-pores opened; they sparked something which metamorphosed every trifle of morose impotency into an untamed cloudbursts of rekindling virility; they sparked something which was unimaginably new; they sparked something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this fantastically unbridled planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Almighty Lord; that whenever my brain opened; it fantasized something which perennially brought paradise and cheer to every quarter of this miserably cannibalistic earth; it fantasized something which was resplendently new; it fantasized something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this blissfully fructifying planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Indomitable Lord; that whenever my chest opened; it embraced something which tirelessly needed the cradle of selfless compassion; it embraced something which was uninterruptedly new; it embraced something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this magnetically rejuvenating planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Multi-Faceted Lord; that whenever my bones opened; they imbibed something which was the most undying epitome of universally undaunted courage; they imbibed something which was aristocratically new; they imbibed something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this handsomely unfettered planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Victorious Lord; that whenever my teeth opened; they masticated something which was the most panoramically symbiotic creation of nature divine; they masticated something which was effervescently new; they masticated something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this effulgently proliferating planet.

Please irrefutably ensure O! Celestial Lord; that whenever my conscience

opened; it liberated something which was the most unimpeachable apogee of truth; it liberated something which was undauntedly new; it liberated something which had never ever been replicated before; and neither by my very own self; on the trajectory of this fantastically inscrutable planet.

But please irrefutably ensure O! Everlasting Lord; that whenever my heart opened; it definitely did throb something which united every single organism on this commercially cadaverous earth into threads of altruistic friendship; but every beat that it throbbed was just the same as the previous beat; indefatigably wanting to assimilate only love; love and nothing else but immortal love; from every entity alive and every corner of this wonderfully emollient planet.

Nikhil Parekh

Just Treat Him As Your Immortal Son

Don't try to purchase him with the unfathomable armory of your spurious wealth; dictating to him the spurious norms of your monotonously conventional lifestyle, Just sit by his side sharing his joy and pain; and then witness him cling perpetually close to your heart; instead.

Don't try to intimidate him with your treacherous set of rules and bombastic regulations; tyrannizing him to stand first in his class, Just play with him uninhibitedly in your lap; and witness him make you feel the richest man alive; showering his celestial smile; instead.

Don't try and teach him textbooks of manipulative corporate management indefatigably throughout the blazing day; stringently whipping him as he made the tiniest of mistake, Just wholeheartedly share with him the experiences of your life; and then witness him scrap the most inconspicuous iota of agony from your anguished blood; instead.

Don't try and dress him up according to your pompous tastes and desires; brutally ordering him to shake hands with your sanctimoniously attired mates in the baseless party hall, Just stand for what he was; wherever he wanted; and then witness him bestow upon you an infinite lives; be only yours for centuries immemorial; instead.

Don't try and slave him to your every command; taking undue advantage of his boisterous youth and inherent charm, Just philander and gallivant with him rhapsodically through the mystical hills; genuinely admiring the most diminutive of his attribute; and then witness him bloom into your every philanthropic dream; instead.

Don't try and challenge his immaculate persona with your inevitably acquired knowledge; ruthlessly assassinating his innocent suggestions, Just let him pursue the dreams that he wanted; inspiring him to be the very best in the mission of his heart; and then witness him become the unfathomable pride of your impoverished soul; instead.

Don't scare the winds out of his Godly countenance; making him retreat in his shivering cocoon; the minute you stepped like a white collared tycoon from the office, Just embrace him ardently with both arms; talk to him like the best friend of his

life; and then witness him enlighten the tunnels of frantic desperation in your eyes; instead.

Don't penalize him for his inadvertently committed misdeeds; belting your fanatic frustrations of the day upon his intricately tender visage,
Just free him from the chains of your parasitically congenial society; making him feel the strongest entity alive in the warmth of your chest; and then witness him become the jewel of your blind eyes; as well as of the entire Nation; instead.

And don't make him feel as if you were only his guardian; feeding him whenever he desired; providing him cloth and shelter only because his veins carried rudiments of your own blood,
Just treat him as your immortal son; a friend to him when he was mischievous; a philosopher when he indispensably needed your vast experiences of life; and then witness him tirelessly call you; love you; as father; instead

Nikhil Parekh

Just Unite

Don't philosophize; just fantasize,
Don't cry; just create,
Don't beg; just bang,
Don't surrender; just smash,
Don't extinguish; just evolve,
Don't drift; just daunt,
Don't rhyme; just revolve,
Don't go; just gallop,
Don't haunt; just Halloween,
Don't inundate; just inspire,
Don't wilt; just wink,
Don't jinx; just jog,
Don't kick; just kiss,
Don't meander; just mix,
Don't loot; just love,
Don't ogle; just ooze,
Don't quack; just quell,
Don't tear; just tie,
Don't smother; just sing,
Don't abuse, just admire,
Don't brag; just believe,
Don't punch; just procreate,
Don't falsify; just fire,
Don't abhor; just appease,
Don't bark; just become,
Don't fidget; just finish,
Don't expose, just embrace,
Don't throw; just thrive,
Don't waste, just wrap,
Don't command; just commiserate,
Don't emancipate; just engulf,
Don't dry; just dream,
Don't beguile; just bond,
Don't massacre; just merge,
Don't cling; just clap,
Don't hang; just habituate,
Don't squabble; just seduce,
Don't despair; just dance,
Don't blurt; just benign,

Don't treason; just team,
Don't reason; just rhyme,
Don't pierce; just peace,
Don't seize; just smile,
Don't frown; just frolick,
Don't relinquish; just ride,
Don't growl; just grin,
Don't sweat; just sweeten,
Don't coax; just captivate,
Don't fulminate; just free,
Don't stick; just suckle,
Don't poison; just proliferate,
Don't slaver; just shimmer,
Don't retrospect; just respect,
Don't comment; just compliment,
Don't muse; just music,
Don't brood; just blossom,
Don't flaunt; just face,
Don't tyrannize; just titillate,
Don't irritate; just idolize,
Don't latch; just leap,
Don't hijack; just heal,
Don't jabber; just joy,
Don't bombard; just bring,
Don't piece; just peace,
Don't sneak; just seek,
Don't abridge; just attune,
Don't parry; just print,
Don't maudlin; just milk,
Don't belch; just begin,
Don't discriminate; just darling,
Don't frazzle; just flirt,
Don't zigzag; just zip,
Don't pervade; just purify,
Don't sin; just sanctify,
Don't dull; just dart,
Don't demolish; just donate,
Don't measure; just maverick,
Don't rotate; just remember,
Don't grimace; just gyrate,
Don't desert; just drool,
Don't brazen; just bear,

Don't dim; just dazzle,
Don't maraud; just melange,
Don't fix; just freelance,
Don't zombie; just zing,
Don't elongate; just engender,
Don't corrigendum; just clean,
Don't duplicate; just dream,
Don't squelch; just spawn,
Don't clown; just consecrate,
Don't nuisance; just news,
Don't attack; just acclimatize,
Don't mew; just mollify,
Don't holocaust; just harbor,
Don't incinerate; just irrigate,
Don't beguile; just blatant,
Don't boo; just booze,
Don't ennui; just eternalize,
Don't adjudicate; just adjust,
Don't bludgeon; just bloom,
Don't misguide; just mesmerize,
Don't redirect; just read,
Don't renunciate; just restore,
Don't dodge; just disseminate,
Don't misconceive; just mitigate,
Don't forge; just form,
Don't fudge; just flow,
Don't drain; just date,
Don't impersonate; just incorporate,
Don't psychic; just patronize,
Don't fire; just fantasize,
Don't menace; just marvel,
Don't drown; just devote,
Don't retreat; just relish,
Don't jail; just jingle,
Don't whimper; just whistle,
Don't expect; just accept,
Don't spread; just sanctify,
Don't break; just bring,
Don't fight; just free,
Don't groan; just grow,
Don't batter; just bounce,
Don't preach; just pass,

Don't shout; just scintillate,
Don't argue; just adore,
Don't dither'; just dream,
Don't stamp; just salute,
Don't deny; just do,
Don't simmer; just scintillate,
Don't recoil; just reinvigorate,
Don't grunt; just give,
Don't remove; just redial,
Don't tonsure; just taste,
Don't undulate; just utopia,
Don't condition; just courage,
Don't imitate; just intimate,
Don't cremate; just create,
Don't pretend; just pursue,
Don't tarnish; just truce,
Don't rip; just ravish,
Don't camouflage; just climb,
Don't ostracize; just oasis,
Don't dread; just dimple,
Don't flinch; just fructify,
Don't scowl; just surge,
Don't negate; just nictitate,
Don't duplicate; just drape,
Don't sedate; just sanctify,
Don't laze; just levitate,
Don't emancipate; just exult,
Don't incinerate; just illuminate,
Don't fret; just fly,
Don't doom; just drool,
Don't traumatize; just tantalize,
Don't manipulate; just marry,
Don't cognize; just click,
Don't supress; just start,
Don't taunt; just taste,
Don't betray; just bond,
Don't stammer; just speak,
Don't slave; just save,
Don't abrade; just ameliorate,
Don't meander; just music,
Don't stink; just sweeten,
Don't pass; just plunge,

Don't flaunt; just fulminate,
Don't trespass; just transcend,
Don't spill; just soar,
Don't tie; just team,
Don't neigh; just navigate,
Don't slither; just swim,
Don't bray; just brain,
Don't scarecrow; just swim,
Don't avalanche; just amalgamate,
Don't kick; just kindle,
Don't trick; just take,
Don't butter; just believe,
Don't characterize; just culminate,
Don't drag; just dance,
Don't fight; just forget,
Don't chop; just cement,
Don't violate; just voice,
Don't cry; just consecrate,
Don't dump; just dangle,
Don't pounce; just persevere,
Don't rebel; just rendezvous,
Don't zany; just zeal,
Don't irk; just ink,
Don't juvenile; just jargon,
Don't quaver; just quench,
Don't disturb; just dart,
Don't fume; just ferry,
Don't erupt; just ensure,
Don't shunt; just save,
Don't show; just succeed,
Don't peep; just pedal,
Don't laze; just love,
Don't ambush; just acclimatize,
Don't breach; just begin,
Don't restrict; just race,
Don't mash; just mollify,
Don't crucify, just cease,
Don't limit; just leap,
Don't frown; just flute,
Don't weigh; just wander,
Don't terrorize; just tingle,
Don't brawl; just bingo,

Don't weep; just wonder,
Don't undulate; just ultimate,
Don't thunder; just tune,
Don't sweat; just sizzle,
Don't parasite; just paradise,
Don't reel; just real,
Don't rectify; just read,
Don't fever; just flourish,
Don't repeat; just replenish,
Don't compress; just coalesce,
Don't siren; just solace,
Don't intersperse; just interact,
Don't imbroglio; just incarcerate,
Don't levy; just light,
Don't cage; just conquer,
Don't soot; just satisfy,
Don't cross; just caress,
Don't exonerate; just erect,
Don't cogitate; just click,
Don't mutilate; just mold,
Don't soil; just settle,
Don't eradicate; just eternalize,
Don't remorse; just rejuvenate,
Don't mutilate; just mitigate,
Don't beat; just bless,
Don't shoot; just shower,
Don't lie; just listen,
Don't crash; just caress,
Don't mess; just mingle,
Don't bore; just breathe,
Don't fool; just follow,
Don't suck; just satiate,
Don't duck, just drum,
Don't ponder; just proliferate,
Don't boss; just bestow,
Don't slash; just solve,
Don't tempt; just touch,
Don't uncouth; just undo,
Don't war; just welcome,
Don't thrash; just tinkle,
Don't envy; just exult,
Don't bend; just blossom,

Don't hide; just harbor,
Don't char; just cheer,
Don't dog; just do,
Don't jail; just jingle,
Don't pamper; just prove,
Don't taunt; just team,
Don't worry; just whistle,
Don't vanish; just ventilate,
Don't assassinate; just accept,
Don't mug; just master,
Don't jam; just jolly,
Don't groan; just grin,
Don't dawdle; just dare,
Don't incinerate; just illuminate,
Don't disguise; just dream,
Don't complicate; just concentrate,
Don't plot; just philander,
Don't smoke; just smother,
Don't age; just ace,
Don't chase; just culminate,
Don't murder; just merge,
Don't emphasize; just empathize,
Don't trick; just triumph,
Don't dither; just develop,
Don't mock; just marvel,
Don't sink; just seek,
Don't insist; just implement,
Don't pin point; just prove,
Don't preach; just participate,
Don't sulk; just shine,
Don't bore; just bound,
Don't nibble; just neutralize,
Don't wriggle; just win,
Don't vain; just voyage,
Don't zigzag; just zoom,
Don't yell; just yearn,
Don't x-ray; just x-mas,
And don't utter; just unite.

Nikhil Parekh

Just Where Were You?

Just Where were you when I was inconsolably fretting in exasperation; with virtually no other shoulder in the world to lean upon; to share the innermost secrets of my brutally agonized heart?

Just Where were you when I sat in solitary listlessness—for hours immemorial on the dining table; not wanting to savor even the most infinitesimal morsel of food—without compassionately befriending company aside?

Just Where were you when I unrelentingly tossed and turned all cold-bloodedly sultry night; fervently waiting for those ears into which I could whisper my innumerable inexplicable happenings of the day?

Just Where were you when I sat in stony silence after composing a boundless lines of majestic poetry; ardently wanting nothing else in this world; but you as my audience to hear and engross in the spirit of each word that I'd evolved?

Just Where were you when I jumped in unabashed exhilaration at achieving my very first triumph in this vast world; wanting to rejoice in its glory for moments unprecedented in the passionately sensuous warmth of your arms?

Just Where were you when I inexhaustibly wept tears of emptiness; when the knives of loneliness stabbed me deeper and deeper; to make me a living carcass more ghoulish than its veritably dead counterpart?

Just Where were you when I sat in morose submission—rejected by the entire world; but still with untamed fires burning alive in my eyes; as I timelessly awaited you to ask me as to how I felt—as to what had I recently undergone?

Just Where were you when I was irrevocably trapped in the hell of lecherous mayhem; refusing every ounce of benign help that came my way; untiringly desirous of only your unparalleled countenance coming to my rescue?

Just Where were you when I needed that pricelessly inevitable pat on my back; after endeavoring for a countless hours on the trot to spawn sheer and insatiably rhapsodic newness; out of a graveyard of nothingness?

Just Where were you when I sought those minuscule bits of admiration for every honorary accomplishment of mine; inspiring me all the more and indefatigably on the path towards altruistic righteousness?

Just Where were you when I needed to quell the unsurpassably raging fires of my flesh; with the magically silken caress of your skin; forever become one in the fragrance of your bountiful existence?

Just Where were you when I'd desperately cuddled to a bundle of frazzled fright; when all I perennially waited for was your rejuvenating voice; to sweep me of my beleaguered feet and into the land of invincible utopia?

Just Where were you when I endlessly kept listening to the rapid ticking of the grandfather clock; waiting for the doors to open with a bang upon your blessed arrival; and the sound of your mesmerizing footsteps overwhelming everything else in vicinity?

Just Where were you when I audaciously chose the road never ever tread upon; and then having done so I needed your friendship and inspiration all the more; to survive amidst a pack of savage wolves and emerge effulgently victorious?

Just Where were you when I'd shunned and shunted everything else in the world for you; walked out of my parent's palace at strokes well past midnight—to meet you at the footsteps of the mosque; from where we'd planned to silently elope?

Just Where were you when I was starving to an unforgivably gruesome death just outside your doorstep; waiting for your eyes to at least recognize me—if not make love; as an organism whom you once upon a time profoundly and dearly loved?

Just Where were you when I was fighting an infinite devils singlehandedly; when I so badly wanted your voice from behind to encourage and pep me up each unleashing minute; and not at all the muteness of the atmosphere as my lone savior?

Just Where were you when I was just about to leave for my heavenly abode; relinquishing my physical form forever at the commands of the Lord; indisputably wanting to utter just once in your ears; as to how much I missed you?

And now when I'd only started to plan as to how to legally give you divorce; separate you from each aspect of my life; you suddenly seemed everywhere—as if landed from the land of nowhere; spuriously smiling and comforting me to save our goddamned marriage; only so that not just half—but every part of my hard earned richness always remained the complete gloss of your artificial lips? .

Kavya

There was such an Omnipotence in those impeccably mesmerizing eyes of hers; that made even the most exuberant winds of rhapsody; wholesomely drift their course towards her charismatic contours,

There was such marvelous innocence in those immaculately silken lips of hers; that made even the most brilliantly flaming beams of the Sun; salute her in uninhibitedly unending unison,

There was such endless euphoria in those robustly crimson cheeks of hers; that made even the most voluptuously tantalizing beauty of this colossal planet; bow down in humbly unparalleled adulation,

There was such alluring enigma in those poignantly everlasting smiles of hers; that made even the most ebulliently frolicking meadows on this fathomless earth; stoop down in profusely unconquerable adoration,

There was such natural incoherence in those celestial wails of hers; that made even the most tumultuously compassionate thunderbolts of clouds in unprecedented sky; to torrentially shower down their benign blessings upon the entire human race; for times immemorial,

There was such bountiful vivacity in that vividly enamoring and innocuous stride of hers; that made even the most princely whirlpools of desire; unabashedly crown her as the ultimate mantra to eternal success,

There was such heavenly artistry in those unbelievably rhetoric and minuscule fingers of hers; that made even the most unfathomable cradles of versatility; overwhelmingly applaud her in awe-struck splendor,

There was such profound sensitivity in those delectably diminutive ears of hers; that made even the most glistening hives of enchanting honey; melodiously flow towards her blissful circumference,

There was such irrefutable honesty in those righteously divine eyes of hers; that made even the most royal Gods in the gigantic cosmos; ecstatically clap till countless more births; yet to unveil,

There was such enamoring exhilaration in those freshly evolved tiny toes of hers;

that made even the most patriotically scintillating of paths; wait in ardently augmenting anticipation; for her to perennially tread,

There was such majestic aristocracy in those exotically hazel brown hair of hers; that made even the most unsurpassable entrenchments of timelessness; enshroud her like an impregnable fortress for; limitless more decades yet to come,

There was such regale endowment in those inscrutably tiny destiny lines of hers; that made even the most ecstatically floating clouds in abundant sky; beautifully caress her with their incredulously fascinating charm,

There was such indefatigable poignancy in those vibrantly ravishing veins of hers; that made even the most seductively blossoming lotus's; to perpetually encapsulate her captivating grace; with ever-pervading fountains of ingratiating scent,

There was such wonderful intrigue in those inadvertently harmonious yawns of hers; that made even the most inscrutably ingenious waves of invention; stand in obeisant guard for decades immemorial beside her,

There was such unassailable triumph in those merrily advancing footsteps of hers; that made even the most blisteringly Omniscient rays of hope; stoop their lids in astounding acknowledgement,

There was such spell binding enthusiasm in those mischievous fantasies of hers; that made even the most fantastically panoramic gorge of proliferating newness; forever bend down in charismatically due respect,

There was such magnificence blended in those gorgeously infinitesimal fists of hers; that made even the most priceless angels in the cosmos; profusely stare till realms beyond eternity; in untamed celestial stupor,

There was such sensuous fervency embellished in those inconspicuous nostrils of hers; that made even the most fragrant lap of the heavens; miraculously bestow vivacious life upon even the dreariest cranny of this unending planet,

There was such immortal love in those passionately palpitating beats of hers; that made even the most Omnipresent messiahs of humanity; sing in Godly praise; for unsurpassable more decades yet to come,

And I considered myself the richest organism on this boundless Universe; as she

had my very own blood beautifully fulminating in her tiny veins; as the contours of her innocent face reminded me profusely of my sacrosanct childhood; as she was none other; than my new born daughter kavya.

Nikhil Parekh

Kavya- My New Born Daughter

I had been ardently yearning for this moment as much as fathomless fields of barren grass; passionately yearn for rain,
And today her beautifully soft palms were entwined in heavenly unison with my chest; as she astoundingly startled me with her bountifully sporadic winking.

I had been intransigently desiring this moment; as much as the unfathomably mystical forests; perennially desire resplendent fruit,
And today her celestially innocuous eyes reflected the Omnipotent charisma of the entire Universe in my face; as she gorgeously emanated her very first cry of survival.

I had been tumultuously craving for this moment; as much as the patriotically blazing soldiers crave for; irrefutably scintillating triumph,
And today her mischievous shock of ravishing hair; eternally caressed my ebulliently tear soaked cheeks.

I had been intractably perceiving this moment; as much as the Gods in the cosmos indefatigably perceive; harmoniously symbiotic brotherhood on even the most remote quarter of this Universe,
And today her divinely diminutive feet rhapsodically kicked my chin; with each profoundly pronounced line on her majestic palms; euphorically chiseling the remainder of my penurious life.

I had been irrevocably fantasizing about this moment; as much as the profusely scarlet roses fantasize about being regally kissed; by the voluptuously silken clouds,
And today her innocuously rubicund lips smiled uninhibitedly at me; putting my unsurpassable ocean of worries and anguish; to a perpetual rest.

I had been indefatigably wanting this moment; as much as dolorous solitariness wanted to be handsomely perpetuated; by a resplendently twinkling fountain of enchanting sounds,
And today her ingratiatingly sacrosanct forehead rested blissfully in my outstretched hands; as she beautifully suckled my little finger in her Godly mouth.

I had been unrelentingly cognizing this moment; as much as the freshly sown seeds incessantly cognized about being aristocratically drenched; by torrential

tumblers of sparkling rain,
And today her immaculately Omniscient skin bestowed upon me not only the strength to rise from my veritable grave; but unflinchingly exist for infinite more births yet to unveil.

I had been fanatically waiting for this moment; as much as the disheveled orphans on the street optimistically waited; to be embraced by cisterns of unparalleled caring,
And today her impeccable large ears flapped in queenly tandem against my fingertips; as she incoherently whispered the magical mantra of life to my; baselessly wandering soul.

And I had been immortally anticipating this moment; as much as gruesomely hapless darkness in the dungeons; perennially anticipate vibrant beams of vivaciously unflinching light,
And today her impregnably minuscule heart throbbed more vibrantly than the chapter of existence near my neck; with the blood running in her sacred veins the same as mine; as she was none other than my newly born daughter; kavya.

Nikhil Parekh

Kavya -The Afternoon Of 2nd April

The afternoon of 2nd April was profusely bountiful; as the Sun cast its flamboyantly Omnipotent spell; upon even the most penuriously obsolete granules of soil,

The afternoon of 2nd April was unbelievably rhapsodic; as vivaciously striped butterflies; melodiously philandered over the; perennially blooming lotuses,

The afternoon of 2nd April was exotically enchanting; as gorgeous waterfalls cascaded harmoniously from the mountains; euphorically titillating dreary earth,

The afternoon of 2nd April was blissfully bestowing; as fountains of ever pervading beauty; sprang in ebulliently untamed unison; from the aisles of orphaned nothingness,

The afternoon of 2nd April was blisteringly patriotic; as unflinchingly scintillating soldiers fearlessly marched forward; to impregably defend their ruthlessly imprisoned motherland,

The afternoon of 2nd April was ingratiatingly heavenly; as gigantically enamoring festoons of leaves; exotically placated all those aimlessly loitering without the most insipid of roof,

The afternoon of 2nd April was marvelously majestic; as a blanket of vividly fascinating rainbows; poignantly enshrouded the fathomless firmament of blue sky,

The afternoon of 2nd April was stupendously royal; as an unsurpassable fleet of kingly eagles; indefatigably encircled the gloriously misty cocoon of satiny clouds,

The afternoon of 2nd April was impeccably candid; as even the most disastrously beleaguered of conscience's; irrefutably drifted towards the corridors of unassailable truth,

The afternoon of 2nd April was exhilaratingly adventurous; as torrentially frosty winds of timelessness; ecstatically gushed past the unsurpassably grandiloquent landscapes,

The afternoon of 2nd April was incredulously mystical; as the endless undulations

of the ravishing forests; incessantly reverberated; with an ocean of melodious nightingale sounds,

The afternoon of 2nd April was magically articulate; as an incomprehensible of gregarious spiders; rhetorically spun dwellings of pure silk; within lightening seconds of time,

The afternoon of 2nd April was insurmountably passionate; as insatiably infatuated lovers; took clandestine reprieve behind the honey drenched meadows; to have the most tantalizing time of their lives,

The afternoon of 2nd April was overwhelmingly sacrosanct; as young ones replenished their bodies to the most unprecedented limits; amiably bouncing in the lap of their divinely mother's,

The afternoon of 2nd April was splendidly persevering; each instant of the tickling clock; unfurled into a river of marvelously well deserved sweat; and exotically gratifying hard work,

The afternoon of 2nd April was eternally vibrant; as the winds of magnanimous graciousness; compassionately embraced all those; engulfed with treacherous misery and traumatized pain,

The afternoon of 2nd April was seductively whispering; as the boundless fleet of fish and celestially rising waves; congenially kissed till times immemorial,

The afternoon of 2nd April was unshakably invincible; as Omnipresent God's in the cosmos; magnificently feasted upon all harmoniously endless bliss; upon the trajectory of this colossal planet,

And although it had embossed in it all ingredients to make it passionately special; the afternoon of 2nd April for me was immortally priceless; as there lay the most wonderful gift of the Lord's creation in my fervently outstretched palms; there lay my princely and first daughter kavya.

Nikhil Parekh

Keep Me Satisfied

If you starved me to unprecedented limits; then I would inadvertently attempt to pilfer morsels of food from my neighbor's plate,

If you kept scorched me beyond the point of no control; then I would poke out my tongue unknowingly in the mayor's tap; which was leaking water,

If you created me as black as charcoal; with disdainful boils of infection creeping on every inch of my skin; then I would stretch my palms ominously; in an attempt to snatch fair flesh from the princess,

If you made me squint eyed; then I would stare unrelentingly at all plebeians passing; with fantasies revolving rampantly in my mind to grab their eyes,

If you threw me on the street naked in the freezing cold; then I would run helter-skelter in desperation to steal every business tycoon's clothes,

If you crippled me in an accident; rendering me to spend the remainder of my life on a dilapidated wheelchair; then I would greedily slaver in my tongue; the instants I saw robust complexioned legs marching towards victory,

If you caused me to stammer; stuttering at virtually every word that diffused from my mouth; then I would be engulfed by hideous thoughts of switching my tongue with a professional singer; all day,

If you made me stone deaf; with the most tumultuous of volcano's failing to make any impact on my sleep; then I would try and hamper every single individual from opening his mouth,

If you made me mentally retarded; with my brain not even being able to distinguish between a dog and a man; then I would pelt stones at every car I encountered; smashing the windshield glass into infinite pieces,

If you forced me to sleep on a bed of hostile thorns; then I would stealthily enter the King's palace; to take away his golden pillow,

If you made me walk barefoot on a road strewn with abhorrent filth and dirt; then I would steal every shoe loitering aimlessly outside the Temple; to protect my bleeding toes,

If you inundated my nose with a fetid stench of blood the entire day; then I would ruthlessly chop every rose from the soil; to appease my senses with its enamoring scent,

If you deprived me of education; leaving me to bear the taunts of the acrimonious society; then I would resort to illegitimate means of earning money; simply to show the world that they were wrong; silencing their mouths forever,

If you orphaned me in my childhood; never giving me the comfort of nestling in my mothers arms; then I would become a prey to bad habits; with nobody to prudently guide me and illuminate the path of my life,

If you didn't give me space to dig the grave of my cherished ones; then I would extricate the coffin of the pretentious priest; to bury my uncle instead,

If you didn't let me consolidate a single of my dreams; then I would philander without any purpose; simply being a nuisance to the society,

If you didn't give me a right to live; blissfully exist on this earth lost in the world of my passionate fantasy; then I would fight valiantly for my existence; to enjoy the source of my moist breath trickle down my nostrils,

If you uncouthly snatched away my beloved from my life; leaving me deserted with lifeless tears of blood dribbling down my cheek; then I would go mentally insane; perhaps assassinate everyone whom I came in proximity; before meeting my own end,

Therefore O! lord; this is my humble plea to you; for today and for several more years of my life to unveil; bless me with whatever I want so that I can lead life helping other humans; or let me instead pray to you to, keep me satisfied

Nikhil Parekh

Keeping Her Love

I kept the reinvigorating pints of soda securely in a transparent bottle; tightly clasping the lid with screws of scintillating steel,

I kept the cubes of exotically transparent ice; in the inner most dormitories of the freezing refrigerator; overwhelmingly engulfed by a chilling calm,

I kept the conglomerate of stupendously redolent flowers in a grandiloquent vase; as they wafted their heavenly scent to every cranny of my profusely amicable dwelling,

I kept the battalion of gaudy shirts in cloistered interiors of my bedroom closet; wholesomely sequestered from even the most minuscule trace of alien light,

I kept the festoon of glittering jewels in the invincible realms of the bank locker; ensuring their perpetual safety against the deadliest of invasion,

I kept the bulky wallet in the back pocket of my handsomely jaded trousers; meticulously safe guarding the crisply bundled notes of currency; against disdainful dirt and storm,

I kept the swanky automobile in the delectably compact garage; shielding it from salaciously ogling eyes and acrimonious beams of sweltering Sunshine,

I kept the germicidal tablet of stringent soap in proximity with the lavatory seat; to wholesomely annihilate even the last bit of stench adhering intransigently to my palms,

I kept scattered sheaf of random papers compiled safely in a cardboard file; ensuring that they appeared in a scrupulously chronological order; whenever the whites of my eye tried to glimpse them,

I kept the obnoxious butts of ash extruding from my cigar in an emerald ashtray; insurmountably seeing to it that the smoke died a ghastly death; there in itself,

I kept the fabulously studded designer belt on the shimmering hook; gliding like a majestic snake; kissing carpets of seductive air as it cascaded down like an angel,

I kept the cartons of appetizing fruit pulp on the sparkling kitchen slab; feasting

my eyes profoundly on the bunch; each time I felt even the tiniest pang of hunger reverberate in my stomach,

I kept the sounds of the melodiously chirping cuckoo; impregnably imprisoned in my ears; cherishing the mesmerizing tunes in my mind; in times of unfathomable distress,

I kept the pet rabbits in their amicably warm kennel; sheltering them from the vicious onslaught of wildly frenzied wolves,

I kept the gruesomely orphaned eggs in the compassionately moist nest; for them to blossom into blissful fledglings of vibrant tomorrow,

I kept the mystically enamoring and checkered chessboard close to the lawns; maneuvering the royally embellished pieces while transgressing through a blanket of glistening dew drops,

I kept the sachet of tangy peppermints in the topmost compartment of my shirt; popping a pill every now and again into my mouth; to impart that reinvigorating spice to my monotonously treacherous life,

I kept the idol of my sacrosanct mother in my conscience and my mind; leaning upon it in my times of insurmountably escalating tension; times when I was about to embark on any new expedition in life,

And I kept her love always deep inside my heart; bonding my impoverished soul with hers for countless more births; bonding my breath with hers for fathomless more lives to unveil.

Nikhil Parekh

Kept Calling Me Father

It seemed you were just a pound of flesh; in the sacrosanct womb of your revered mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you stood more towering than the skies; with your eyes glistening more flamboyantly than the midday Sun; as you hoisted me on your fearless shoulders.

It seemed you were just a pound of bones; in the immaculate belly of your vivacious mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you matched me step for step as I raced towards the finishing line; entwining your fingers impregnably with mine.

It seemed you were just a pound of water; in the divine pouch of your stupendous mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you literally blew the air from my lungs; as you euphorically punched me in waves of insurmountable triumph; on heart of my chest.

It seemed you were just a pound of hair; in the Omnipotent sac of your impeccable mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you proudly intimidated me in every aspect of life; soaring above the crimson cocoon of clouds; even before you alight a single footstep.

It seemed you were just a pound of wails; in the divine cradle of your ingratiatingly alluring mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you confronted me eye to eye across the table with passionate fire blazing in your eyes; drowned in astounding fantasy; that triggered thunderbolts of lightening in clear sky.

It seemed you were just a pound of blood; in the invincibly compassionate stomach of your mesmerizing mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you signed countless Business deals every unfurling minute; blazed like an insatiable volcano; in whatever sphere of life you wholeheartedly undertook.

It seemed you were just a pound of inconspicuous jelly; in the worshipped bowl of your philanthropic mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you left me panting for breath; as you clambered like an uncontrollable whirlwind to the summit of the mountain; carrying me down; as I miserably felt
short of indispensable life.

It seemed you were just a pound of diminutive emotions; in the innocent entrenchment of your twinkling mother; only fractions of seconds ago, While today you indefatigably romanced with the soul mate of your choice; conceiving and profoundly assimilating the beauty of this fathomless planet; in every beat of your thundering heart.

And it seemed you were just a pound of brain; in the celestially blissful bag of your immortal mother; only fractions of seconds ago, While today you had made me feel the richest entity on earth alive; granting me an infinite more lives to live in this single lifetime of mine; as you tirelessly kept calling me father.

Nikhil Parekh

Kill The Smoke. Stamp The Cigarette. Quit Smoking Forever.

Before it vindictively enshrouds every pore of your skin; with its despairingly hideous tinges of cancerous yellow,

Before it metamorphoses you into a carcass of nothingness; with even the most amorphous of scarecrow looking more robust than your disastrously haggard flesh,

Before it reduces you to nothing more than a stinking dustbin of worthless dust; making people around you run an infinite distance-the instant you passed sullen air through your lips,

Before it inevitably renders you into a coughing corpse; disdainfully sputtering like a crankily quaint engine without gas; everytime you tried to squeakily mumble your very own name,

Before it coerces your entire persona to rattle like a jinxed saucepan of emptiness; as each of your bones squandered and creaked with insipidity; everytime you dared tread on soil,

Before it unsparingly massacres the bountiful virility in your seeds; leaves you staggering like an impotent moron; who wasn't even fit to care for an adopted child,

Before it imprisons you forever in its swirl of addictive baselessness; with even the most priceless pearls of love now seeming to be a transient illusionary mist of debilitating decay,

Before it transforms your holistic visions into that of the devil; wanting to do nothing else but spend a life in bizarre isolation; with fathomless bellows of stale wind for breakfast; lunch and dinner,

Before it perpetuates its diabolically bloodshot tinge into the pristine whites of your eye; reducing you from an apostle of happiness to a hapless spirit of the cadaverous graveyard,

Before it miserably trounces your appetite to win- beguiling you with its non-existent witchly stride; doping your otherwise alert brain with severe confusion to

traverse even the straightest roads of life,

Before it makes you a fecklessly rejected thorn of the society; for polluting and harming priceless environment around you; with your very own venom laden mouth,

Before it devastates you beyond the point of no return; as you fondly frolicked in the glory of those tensionless childhood days; which now seemed to be getting dimmer and dimmer with each stroke of the helplessly deteriorating night,

Before it horrendously strangulates your lungs with all heaviness that ever existed; making you feel as if you carried the weight of the whole planet; whereas you were now just a pair of crumbling bones all over; as you walked,

Before it annihilates every taste bud of tantalizing freshness in your tongue; transforming you into an insane dragon wanting to gobble worthless chunks of desolate deathly fire all the time,

Before it besieges every droplet of your royally persevered sweat with its rotten stench of parasitic gloom; making you feel like a miserable ant waiting to be trampled any instant; even after achieving the entire wealth of the world,

Before it curses you with the onset of lividly emancipating old age in the prime of ebullient youth; as hordes of veritably old men and women hoisted your paperweight frame; for you to do your daily chores,

Before it makes you a blatant outcaste with your very own intestines; which preferred to choke forever into submission; rather than bear the poisonous puff of wind indescribably molesting them,

Before it blows the candles of your mesmerizing life forever; with the horizons of its asphyxiating blackness; which never rose to any fresh dawn or sparkling tomorrow,

Before it painstakingly chars every organ of your beautiful body into the coffins of extinction; with your orphaned black soot then being compared with some of the most lamentful specimens of self-destruction,

Before it makes you an integral part of its thwarted family- consisting of nothing else but boundless mortuaries of ghosts; spirits and countless other bits of despondent meaninglessness,

Before it takes your holistic spirit far far away from God; as you were not just simply exhaling it; but creating living carriers of cancerous disease all around you; each time you breathed out that tawdrily contaminated air,

Before it insidiously creeps in the form of raw red to the edge of your throat; dissipating into oceans of immeasurable slain blood everytime you stuttered; wheezed and spat,

Before it penalizes you to the most extreme degrees of seclusion; disease; repulsion; abhorrence and death; for just being a wonderful host to that lackadaisically jaded pipe like structure with your lips,

Save your life. Kill the Smoke. Stamp the cigarette. Quit smoking forever.

Nikhil Parekh

Killer Earthquake

Just yesterday night I was bathing in a tub replete with silken foam;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw colossal structures reverberating
rampantly in the air outside.

Just yesterday night I was busy perceiving mesmerizing fairies;
While today when I got up in the morning; there was an earth shattering
explosion; puncturing with turbulent velocity through my intricate eardrum.

Just yesterday night I was molding scented clay to intriguing shapes with my
palms;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw screeching birds drifting at electric
speeds; flapping their wings to abscond away as fast as possible.

Just yesterday night I was conversing for marathon hours with my beloved;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw blistering lava fulminate from
umpteenth places on the muddy ground.

Just yesterday night I was watching my favorite film on television;
While today as I got up in the morning; there were gallons of acerbic dust
hurtling directly across the moistened tear coat of my eye.

Just yesterday night I was reminiscing exuberant days of my tender childhood;
While today as I got up in the morning; I heard hysterical screams of people
trapped helplessly beneath concrete debris.

Just yesterday night I took scrupulous care to trim my unruly beard;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw individuals running helter-skelter
to save their lives.

Just yesterday night I was listening to enthralling tunes of western classical
music;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw an old man gasping for breath;
with waves of unprecedented terror entirely circumventing his face.

Just yesterday night I was profoundly involved filling my shopping bag with
succulent fruit;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw mammoth slabs of raw brick
plummet violently towards the ground.

Just yesterday night I was sketching enamouring shapes with vivacious strokes
of my paint brush;
While today as I got up in the morning; I heard a fleet of dogs and cattle
shrieking uncontrollably in inexplicable pain.

Just yesterday night I was penning down lines of romantic poetry; languishing in
aisles of fantasy and desire;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw petrified citizens loudly chanting
the names of their respective gods.

Just yesterday night I was gently caressing soft blades of spongy grass; While
today as I got up in the morning; I saw distraught individuals rummaging for
their life time wealth; amidst the pulverized interiors of their shattered homes.

Just yesterday night I was enthusing my mind trying to decipher mind boggling
puzzles;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw naked infants shivering on the
streets; anxiously searching for their missing parents.

Just yesterday night I was rejoicing with my family sitting abreast the crackling
fire;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw streams of fresh blood blended
profusely with the disdainful sands.

Just yesterday night I was traversing through the bustling streets with the
rollicking laughter of children playing; prominently lingering in the air;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw completely squelched arms and
feet; lying juxtaposed along with the incongruously shaped rusty iron pillars.

Just yesterday night I was frivolously poking my mother in her ribs; sending her
into chortles of uninhibited laughter;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw wholesomely decimated cars and
vehicles; under bulky columns of jagged stone.

Just yesterday night I was ardently sucking flavored ice candy;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw people burning dead bodies of their
loved ones in a coagulated heap.

Just yesterday night I was cognizing the majestic palaces constructed by the king
of yesteryears;
While today as I got up in the morning; I heard faint cries of innocuous children
trapped hopelessly under a heap of mortar and iron.

Just yesterday night I was incessantly fantasizing my city to be an ocean of enigmatic dreams;

While today as I got up in the morning; my perception disastrously changed within fraction seconds of time; as I saw the entire township; the main ingredient of my existence; sink beneath a mountain of mud; after being viciously attacked by the killer earthquake.

Nikhil Parekh

King Cactus

Parrot green buds of thorn,
Camouflaged in multiple coats of sand,
Having entangled roots in a sheath of loose soil,
Sighted in abundance on colossal plains of parched land,
Required crystal water in paltry amounts,
Thriving in blazing rays of the fiery Sun ball,
Swaying mildly in the rustic dry breeze,
Resistant to termite and large insects,
A specimen of sharp and flexible tentacles,
Spreading its parasitic reach to milligram amounts of starved sand,
Giving birth to flowers after short spells of rain,
Oozing bitter springs of milk when sliced with knife,
Accustomed to soaring heights of mercury all throughout centuries of the
calendar year,
Baked to brittle proportions in oceans of acid light,
a relishing meal for hunch backed camel wandering at leisurely speed,
It has hidden cavities of water in raw pulp shells,
Also the tenacity to wound its prey with a labyrinth of acrimonious sprouts,
A perfect antonym to lush green grass,
Inhabiting umpteenth spots of infertile land,
The King Cactus stands tall and solitary in steaming sand of the Sahara Desert.

Nikhil Parekh

King Of The Village

He had moustache to be proud of,
earlobes pierced with circular rings of brass,
wound a gaudy turban on his scalp,
wore frilled cloth clinging tautly to his skinny frame,
clasped an iron bludgeon for self defense,
chopped tree wood with thick blades of stainless steel,
climbed bare walls of brick with large urban feet,
took bath in monsoon ponds of muddy water,
adroitly lit roaring fires with bundles of dead sea weed,
relied on changing positions of the Sun for an update on time,
showered fruit and petal on daintily sculptured feet of the deity,
guffawed whole heartedly at mindless chatter prevalent in village,
coated walls of his mud baked hut with pure cowdung plaster,
hurtled a volley of loud abuse at son for skipping school,
milked the cow to professional perfection,
wore a jugglery of threads sewn with superstition,
uttered inaudible phrases in broken English,
guiding overseas tourist through dilapidated walls of the castle,
being the solitary source of monthly wages,
was a thorough blend of impetuousness and rural flamboyance,
his dreams had never crossed territories of his village,
with reflections of unexplored charisma lurking in his eyes,
he proclaimed loud with dignity to be the king of the village.

Nikhil Parekh

Kissing

Kissing the scarlet rose profusely; made me feel as if I was timelessly wandering in bountifully fragrant paradise; wholesomely oblivious to the uncouthly monotonous vagaries of the manipulative world outside,

Kissing the undulating waves intransigently; made me feel as if I had transited back into mischievously tangy childhood; with the ravishingly frothy salt marvelously replenishing every iota of my disastrously bedraggled countenance,

Kissing the seductive clouds ethereally; made me feel as if I was romancing with the most astoundingly ultimate fantasy of my life; compassionately caressing the winds of grandiloquent majesty; for centuries immemorial,

Kissing the robustly gregarious fruits poignantly; made me feel as if I was perennially radiating in the pristine prime of youth; blissfully blossoming into a glittering ocean of untamed energy and exhilarating newness,

Kissing the scintillating pearls congenially; made me feel as if I was celestially basking in the glory of profound aristocracy; exquisitely draping each element of my impoverished countenance; with unbelievably enthralling resplendence,

Kissing the brilliant Sunshine ebulliently; made me feel as if I was blazingly surging forward even in the most savagely acrimonious of winds; blazed in torrential fireballs of benign enlightenment; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Kissing the tantalizing dewdrops ardently; made me feel as if royally feasting in the aisles of beautifully vibrant yearning; bequeathing a legacy of oligarchic fascination; on every mesmerizing step that I tread,

Kissing the vivacious rainbow boisterously; made me feel as if flamboyantly marching towards the doorsteps of irrefutably righteous triumph; dancing in the mists of unfathomable longing; with the Omnipotent shadow of the Lord as my sole savior,

Kissing the milky moon phlegmatically; made me feel as if profoundly encapsulated with heavenly illumination from all sides; an altruistic tranquility which drifted me off; into a sparkling slumber,

Kissing the corrugated soil thunderously; made me feel as if I had unassailably discovered my priceless rudiments; irrevocably propelling me to forever exist;

only as the philanthropic harbinger of humanity,

Kissing the velvety grass surreally; made me feel as if infinite dormant pores of my dwindling visage had miraculously rejuvenated once again; piquantly tingling me towards a fabulous new chapter of exuberant existence,

Kissing the frolicking butterfly wonderfully; made me feel as if ecstatically leaping on the innocuous summits of humbly bestowing creation; unsurpassably relishing and assimilating the vividly enamoring treasures of this Universe,

Kissing the ingratiating waterfalls intrepidly; made me feel as if swaying in an enchantingly melodious entrenchment of eternal sound; whispering the innermost desires of my soul; uninhibitedly to the panoramic world around,

Kissing the sweating tree stems holistically; made me feel as if perseverance was the richest of all treasures in life; ubiquitously flowering into a civilization of unprecedented togetherness,

Kissing the blistering lion fearlessly; made me feel as if I could now confront even the most tumultuously acrimonious disaster in life; tackle the worst of deadly catastrophes with prolific dexterity and spell binding rhetoric,

Kissing the impeccably virile milk emphatically; made me feel as if I was the most innocent organism alive; unequivocally washing all my inadvertently committed sins; in the aura of invincible honesty,

Kissing the candle of truth innocuously; made me feel as if a sagaciously blessed molecule of Almighty God; rendering my gorgeously selfless service; to unassailably enlighten every quarter of the miserably beleaguered society,

Kissing the sensuous evening nostalgically; made me feel as if romantically philandering in wisps of spell binding titillation and indefatigable charisma; surrendering every element of my diminutive countenance; to the artistic kaleidoscope of twilight,

And kissing you on your divinely lips unconquerably; O! beloved; made me not only feel; but immortally fall in love; harness its most stupendously ecstatic virtues; for countless more births of mine; of course with your heart; soul and breath; always and irrefutably by my side.

Kleptomania

He had fanatic obsessions for bulging trouser pockets,
overloaded sockets of office shirt,
silver chains fitted neatly to periphery of neck,
all kinds of heavy purse dangling from shoulder bone,
jeweled rings adorning daintily curved fingers,
beads of slim gold riveted firmly to ear lobe,
portable briefcase bags carried by executive staff,
bronze plated ribbons holding a bunch of hair,
he was a maniac patrolling through the busy city streets,
sighting stashed trouser shelves with his hawk sharp eyes,
waiting to capsize on every stealing opportunity that came his way.

the passenger ahead had protruding pockets,
a short thick neck flooded with precious ornament,
he looked like a prince waiting for the bus,
with gold rimmed glasses nestling on his thin nose.

the maniac couldn't resist any longer,
long hours of wait had tantalized burglar zones of his mind,
saliva dribbled from his mouth in plenty,
his eyes lit up like briquette's of burning coal,
sly smiles encompassed wide corners of his mouth,
professional fingers now moved stealthily,
maneuvered skillfully caressing bulging outlines of the pocket,
few swipes with cheap blade finished the job,
the passenger now felt light as he alighted the bus,
great chunks of his wealth now lay in cold hands of the maniac,
all he was left to confront was a big gaping hole,
torn threads emanating from infinite regions of the stripped pant pocket.

Nikhil Parekh

Laden

The tree in the pristine forest; was laden with overwhelming quantities of succulent berry and rhapsodic fruit,

The fathomless expanse of barren sky; was laden with an enchanting conglomerate of seductively silken clouds,

The flower extruding from the delectable farm; was laden with bountiful petals; blossoming into a myriad of tantalizingly colorful forms,

The incomprehensibly huge dictionary; was laden with a battalion of exquisite words; explicitly portraying infinite situations of pragmatic life,

The magnificently shimmering egg; was laden with life yielding yolk; which evolved over a period of time into a mesmerizing offspring,

The trajectory of the majestically swirling ocean; was laden with a festoon of voluptuously undulating waves; spraying profusely handsome salt on the rocks as well
as the shores,

The toweringly colossal mountains; were laden with bed sheets of ingratiatingly scintillating ice; cascading into waterfalls of melodious froth as the Sun flamed to its full shine,

The boisterously swarming beehive; was laden with golden honey; dribbling in splendid harmony towards chocolate brown territories of soil,

The grandiloquently striped flamingoes perched on the river banks; were laden with a sheath of fabulously satin feathers; propelling them to soar like a pompous
prince in the sky,

The flamboyantly escalating fire; was laden with a flurry of poignant flames; which profoundly illuminated the morbidly dreary and starless night,

The incredulously oligarchic castle; was laden with scores of intricately alluring furniture; an extravagantly jeweled throne on which sat the crown king,

The framework of articulately dexterous bones; was laden with rubicund layers of

flesh; granting it thereby the formidable tenacity to surge forward in unprecedented exuberance,

The valiant landscape of the pugnacious battlefield; was laden with innumerable soldiers; ready to sacrifice their life any instant for the sake of their revered motherland,

The boundlessly glistening blackboard; was laden synchronized lines of raw chalk; portraying vital points of survival to earnestly learning students,

The robust periphery of tongue; was laden with gallons of euphoric saliva; instilling in it tangy traces of exotic taste,

The fathomless land of the desert; was laden with infinite tons of stupendously sparkling sand,

The flamboyantly vivacious calendar; was laden with an armory of months and dates; candidly divulging the extraordinary rapid unveiling of time,

The dome sculptured crystalline scalp; was laden with silken curls of voluptuous hair; which imparted a compassionate cushioning against repugnantly vindictive blows,

The profoundly impregnable conscience; was laden with optimistically enlightening ideals; that provided astronomical tenacity to the persona to ecstatically plunge forward in life,

And the passionately palpitating heart; was laden with invincible love; which kept proliferating towards the sky as the seconds unfurled; kept getting more and more fortified with each stroke of palpable existence.

Nikhil Parekh

Lasting Impression

The plain cow milk steaming on the stove looked pretty bland; with infinite bubbles emanating from its persona,
However the color of the liquid; with the blend of surplus vitamins impregnated left in my mind a lasting impression.

The tapered blades of ceiling fan appeared quite ordinary; with a series of inconspicuous blemishes adorning the same,
However the exuberant draughts of air it generated; transforming the blazing atmosphere into one with sedative cool; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The branches of the colossal oak tree looked rustic and indigenous with century old corrugations protruding from its exteriors,
However clusters of green leaves sprouting from its body; and the vivacious squirrels clambering its surface; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The thunderclouds in the sky appeared dangerously ominous; casting a diabolical look on the earth,
However voraciously pelting droplets of rain; accompanied with streaks of silver lightning; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The beer in the cylindrical bottle looked like any ordinary liquid; with its plum color not attracting paramount attention,
However the exhilaration that occurred after consuming it; the umpteenth fantasies that revolved incessantly; left in my mind a lasting impression.

Swarms of bees in the hive appeared disillusioning; buzzing with discordant cacophony at unprecedented heights from the ground,
However the nectar oozing from their diminutive bodies; the sharpness of their sting; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The serrated skin alligator in the river waters looked supremely menacing; with its gigantic teeth ready to pulverize innocent bones to chowder,
However the kingly fashion in which it slithered on the slippery mud; the agility with which it swam in water; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The rusty iron nail extruding from the mundane wall appeared disdainful and disparaging; with innumerable crusts of skin peeling of,
However the tenacity it exerted against the brick; its capacity to join pieces of loose wood; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The pigeons soaring high in the clouds didn't grab much attention; as they ubiquitously inhabited every nook and cranny of the globe,
However the dexterity with which they managed to stay airborne; their occasional bouts of melodious chirping; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The cars traversing the streets looked like robotic monsters polluting the air; with their wailing horns disrupting the stillness in the atmosphere,
However the swashbuckling speeds at which they traveled; the intricate imprints they left on wet mud; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The multiple hair broomstick lying solitary on the stony ground appeared full of remorse; with all those passing kicking it vehemently,
However the tones of dust it cleaned from cloistered interiors of the dilapidated room; the sparkling complexion that it imparted to the ordinary floor; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The bell hovering low from the dome shaped roof looked like it needed fresh coats of paint; partially obscuring the view of the omniscient Creator,
However the jingling sound it produced when struck; the mystical reverberation that occurred as an aftermath; left in my mind a lasting impression.

And scores of children I visited in the orphanages appeared quite bedraggled; with sticky mucus flowing rampantly from their eyes and ears,
Blatant streaks of dirt lining their faces; torn rags embellishing their impoverished demeanor,
However the innocence in their immaculate eyes; the boisterousness in their voice; and their vigor to fight against all impediments; left in my mind a lasting impression.

Nikhil Parekh

Laughter The Best Medicine

It didn't cost even a single penny; instead annihilated all the disparaging gloom that encompassed the air,

It spread waves of stupendous rhapsody all around; making one profoundly oblivious to tumultuous tribulation,

It boosted ones spirits prolifically; helping him substantially to eradicate his reservoir of horrendous memories,

It ubiquitously propagated the spirit of uninhibited freedom; easing the deplorable alacrity in the atmosphere,

It dramatically metamorphosed the pallid demeanor of hospitals; impregnating the debilitated with new rays of animated hope,

It induced loads of frivolity in bombastic parties; causing youthful couples to swirl in supreme exultation,

It radiated the essence of equality in a conglomerate of varied races; establishing a harmonious rapport between the same,

It brought about astounding changes in the life of dilapidated orphans; portraying to them the brighter side of life,

It proved to be remarkably efficient in relaxing unruly disputes; pacifying the irascible groups involved therein,

It worked wonders when executed in front of elders; winning numerous accolades and favors from the society,

It was adept way of conveying ones congenial regards; effusively expressing ones happiness at a particular moment,

It was as natural as the sun in the cosmos; the colossal ocean on earth; inevitably occurring when tickled voraciously in the ribs,

It was a commodity as tangible as the currency note; requiring the most minuscule of effort on part of the individual,

It was an ecumenical medium of communication; between races which spoke in different languages,

It was utterly invincible from all aspects; and couldn't be controlled by the most conventional of scientific device,

It was bountifully prevailing in all continents; every nook and cranny of the wide spread globe,

It appeared all the more ingratiating; when done to perfection by circus clowns,

It highlighted unparalleled ebullience; the propensity of an individual to blissfully exist,

It didn't required any instigation; a conventional contrivance to prompt it; envisaging a funny incidence was the simplest of thing to trigger it off,

It produced a tinkling sound when performed; an enchanting melody that mollified agitated nerves,

It was the most versatile form in which humans could ever express themselves; without having to stretch their brains,

No wonder doctors all around the world unanimously refer to it as laughter the best medicine.

Nikhil Parekh

Lead Life Like A Man

Drink like a rabbit, gently lapping at water cascading from white water springs of the mountain,

Sleep like a demon, snoring thunderously without even moving a whisker to the most lethal of dynamite explosion,

Perspire like a bull, slogging it hard under the steaming rays of the Sun,

Dance like a peacock, spreading your feathers to a full plumage under exotic outbursts of rain,

Smile like a wild chimpanzee, snaring your snow white teeth without being the slightest overwhelmed by your surroundings,

Run like kangaroo, traversing the dense foliage of the jungle, taking 10 strides at a time,

Scratch like a red ant, resurrecting your destroyed cocoon every next second,

Sing like the Nightingale, inundating every barren spot in vicinity with the ecstatic melody in your sound,

Cry like a crocodile, shedding tears as gargantuan as the cloud on every area you tread,

Sting like a scorpion, piercing supple and innocuous skin with the venomous poison in your fangs,

Talk like a parrot, chattering incessantly as misty wisps of air and the aroma of delectable food struck you in entirety,

Roar like a lion, waking up every entity sleeping blissfully, with a single growl of yours,

Smell like the roots, emanating a voluptuously raw odor, just after the first spells of rain,

Stand like an elephant, weathering each storm trying to blow you with enviable ease,

Dream like an angel, exploring the most wildest regions around the globe with rampant frenzy,

Shiver like a goose, with infinite strands of hair standing up in animation, on the snow,

Slaver like a dog, greedily protruding out your tongue panting passionately for water,

Bathe like the dolphins, diving acrobatically into the sapphire sea's, with your body engulfed completely by the majestic waves,

Chew like a cow, slowly munching your meals with rejuvenated gusto,

Scamper around like a squirrel, leaping friskily on the myriad of dangling branch,

Fly high like the eagles, flapping your wings exuberantly with the cotton cocoon of clouds gliding past your hair,

Kick like a donkey, swinging your legs viciously towards those who tried to disturb your concentration,

Lick like a cat, sucking every droplet of milk from the steep edged bowl,

Yawn like the hippopotamus, candidly announcing your desire to sleep to even mortals buried in their corpses,

Scream like the dinosaur, with a single echo of yours silencing all commotion in this world,

Stare like the mammoth whale, making your opponent blink a thousand times,

Hear like a fox, detecting the most inconspicuous of sound, coming to know of your adversary, before it actually commenced to attack,

Laze around like the tortoise, not bothering to poke out your head even in the most scorching of Sunlight,

Shine like the stars, punctuating the eerie darkness of the night with your spellbinding glimmer,

Burn like fulminating lava, igniting the most lackluster of individual with the ardor in your flames,

Dig like the mice, making your burrow in loose mud at lightening speeds,

Hide like the reptile, evading all traces of light existing in the Universe,

Peck like the woodpecker, chiseling your way through the most obdurate of wooden log,

Crawl like the spider, mystically weaving your way across the strands of the flimsy web,

Swish like a zebra, moving your tail to wade away the most minuscule of fly buzzing intermittently around your nose,

Eat like a pig, greedily gobbling even the tiniest of toffee wrapper loitering on the road,

Change color like a chameleon, adapting yourself furtively to virtually any surrounding you go into,

Hunt like the vultures, hideously diving down and capsizing your prey,

Be wise like the owl, prudently opening your eyes in the dark as well as stringent light,

Care like the lioness, protecting your child from the faintest signs of evil lurking around,

Enjoy like the otters, having a party of beans and raw wine well past after midnight,

Explore like the panther, mercilessly paving your way through the remotest corner of the forest,

Love like God, annihilating the word discrimination forever from your adulterated brain,

And lead life like a man, wandering and discovering; struggling and romancing, dreaming and working to transform all your dreams; as well as those of several

around you into an immortal reality.

Nikhil Parekh

Lead Tipped Pencil

I used it to sketch undulating peaks of the snow clad mountain,
It willingly obliged; dexterously embossing intricate lines on the canvas of naked paper.

I pressed it to scribble magnanimous lines of English literature,
It did the same at swashbuckling speeds; without flexing my fingers to onerous limits of endurance.

I incessantly chewed its nimble body; while harnessing my mental machinery in top gear,
It didn't even wail a faint cry; after being thoroughly mutilated with a plethora of indentation.

I used its sharp point; to tickle my friends in the sensitive cartilage of their ribs,
It gratified my desire to tease; without lamenting the loss of its angular tip.

I viciously moved it in spongy mud; engraving mystical designs symbolizing rustic art,
It did so with copious ease; in spite of getting disdainfully dirty with coats of soil.

I revolved it vigorously to stir the sugar in my tea; to commensurate amounts,
It executed the job to meticulous perfection; bearing the tyranny of being scalded by boiling water.

I rubbed it voraciously against itching regions of my scalp; to get reprieve from allergy,
It accepted this preposterous behavior; in the stride of a chivalrous knight.

I rotated it wildly in the breezy atmosphere; rhythmically striking it against a table of polished wood,
It seemed to be unruffled; remaining as stoical as ever maintaining its sordid composure.

I held it articulately to shade vacant avenues of the map topography,
It did so with overwhelming zeal; transforming monotonous white into shades of enchanting slate grey.

It had served me sumptuously on many a perspiring occasion,
Helped me immensely in my perennial conquest of becoming a writer,

Alas! I had just the capacity to give it a solitary award,
As I chiseled its steel grey mouth manually with a sharpener,
Crisply saluted my friend in times of distress; existing in the compact form of
a lead tipped pencil.

Nikhil Parekh

Learn To Altruistically Sacrifice

Compassion; I can understand was extremely indispensable; so that it always felt the most invincible organism alive; so that it remained close to your befriending chest; in the midst of this treacherously pulverizing planet,

Laughter; I can understand was unassailably indispensable; so that it never ever stagnated in the coffins of despicable solitariness; so that it perennially felt that life was an unconquerably cheerful flower; blossoming in your arms,

Literacy; I can understand was peerlessly indispensable; so that it was articulately well versed with the pro's and con's of inexplicable existence; so that it could walk shoulder to shoulder with tomorrows contemporarily eclectic society,

Food; I can understand was victoriously indispensable; so that it's veins indefatigably evolved into fresh blood; so that its tiny buds of arms and legs; spawned into handsome pillars of unflinching solidarity; one fine day,

Schooling; I can understand was ubiquitously indispensable; so that it triumphantly broke shackles of rustically bohemian homeliness; so that it slowly and painstakingly learnt the norms of a well-mannered and cultured civilization,

Music; I can understand was eternally indispensable; so that it rejoiced forever to the tunes of divinely mother nature; so that its inevitably frazzled brain remained timelessly rejuvenated,

Play; I can understand was poignantly indispensable; so that it perpetually floated in the silken mists of innocuous mischief; so that it forever and ever and ever remained wholesomely oblivious and far away; from the politics of fetid manipulation,

Humanity; I can understand was impregnably indispensable; so that it was tirelessly apprized of the greatest religion on planet earth; so that it was interminably acquainted with its most pricelessly inimitable rudiments,

Enlightenment; I can understand was unshakably indispensable; so that it remained inspired to the most unprecedented limits even when the world seemed to abruptly end; so that it learnt to get up as quickly as it haplessly fell,

Gifts; I can understand were beautifully indispensable; so that it always felt

infallibly cared for; so that it unceasingly gallivanted like the crown prince; a status it unstoppably deserved,

Concentration; I can understand was wonderfully indispensable; so that it learnt that true dedication could melt even the most uncouthly obdurate of stones; so that it inexhaustibly strived towards perfection and its ultimate philanthropic goal,

Exercise; I can understand was bounteously indispensable; so that it exuberantly utilized the nonchalantly idle limbs in its body; so that it ecstatically pumped in fresh blood and breath into its majestic form,

Revision; I can understand was indisputably indispensable; so that it never forgot the quintessential aspects of life; so that it holistically adhered to the most sagaciously effulgent principles of existence,

Adventure; I can understand was jubilantly indispensable; so that it recharged every of its nerves with the spirit of the magnetically uncanny; so that it ebulliently crept through the inscrutably subliming treasures of mother earth,

Signature; I can understand was celestially indispensable; so that it perseveringly learnt to find its own identity; so that it embraced the winds of independence with unassailably unfettered integrity,

Sweat; I can understand was royally indispensable; so that it realized that hard work was the sole path to success; so that it forever stayed away from insidious charlatans of destiny and charts of its palmistry at birth,

Empathy; I can understand was unchallengably indispensable; so that it learnt that the greatest power on this earth was that of brotherhood; so that it learnt to commiserate with all those in intransigent trauma and pain,

Truth; I can understand was irrefutably indispensable; so that it always saw an unconquerably unprejudiced mirror of its ownself; so that it harmoniously disseminated the ideals of peace and righteousness to one and all; till its very last breath,

Love; I can understand was cardinally indispensable; so that its tiny heart was forever replete with the mantra of symbiotic unity; so that it towered above every single element of this Universe and in the flames of faithful belonging; even after an infinite

deaths,

But more importantly than anything; if you wanted to give all of the above and an infinite more good in its impeccably iridescent upbringing; then if nothing else; you first and foremost have to learn to altruistically sacrifice; which is infact the other name of successfully nurturing; harnessing; and bringing up your child.

Nikhil Parekh

Leave Me Alone.

Leave me alone; to battle my loneliness till the time I emerged irrevocably triumphant; sprinted forward in untamed exhilaration to bask in the full fervor of life,

Leave me alone; to experience each unfurling moment as it painstakingly unveiled; retrospect my cherished moments of the past; when I innocuously bounced on the sacrosanct lap of my mother,

Leave me alone; to uninhibitedly free each of my despairingly frazzled senses; incessantly fantasize in the aisles of augmenting desire; yearning for all the bountifully ravishing beauty on this planet,

Leave me alone; to do what I was stupendously best in; pave a blazing path of my own; far away from the interruptions of the monotonously lackadaisical society,

Leave me alone; to explore the more intricate nuances of life; frolick with orphaned children through the mushy meadows; bringing back a smile to their impoverished lives,

Leave me alone; to express the most inner most voices of my conscience; indefatigably meditate to search for that righteousness that had so miserably eluded me all my life,

Leave me alone; to wholeheartedly embrace my fellow comrades in inexplicable agony; philander with whomsoever I desired; irrespective of caste; creed and indiscriminate racial malice,

Leave me alone; to fanatically pursue the art profusely embodied in my blood; intransigently drowning myself into an ocean of unfathomable enthrallment,

Leave me alone; to wander like a prince under the milky beams of moonlight; languidly doze dreaming about paradise in profoundly sweltering sunshine that illuminated the day,

Leave me alone; to passionately follow the holistic ideals of humanity; wholesomely freeing myself from the tyrannically dictatorial norms of the spurious world outside,

Leave me alone; to elope to the astronomical summits of longing whenever I liked; then crawl back lamely on mundane soil for hours immemorial,

Leave me alone; to construct my dwelling in the most exact way I liked; stuffing each of its walls with the spirit of unprecedented brotherhood and harmony; alike,

Leave me alone; to vivaciously evolve every unearthing second; create incredulously magnificent wonders; from the esoterically enigmatic imagery that turbulently revolved in my mind,

Leave me alone; to dance with the voluptuously divine angel of my dreams; eternalize my every blossoming tomorrow with the poignantly charismatic empathy; in my mates eyes,

Leave me alone; to melodiously sing the rhymes of vibrantly flowering nature; be profoundly mesmerized by the chirping of the nightingale; the roaring of the royal lion; alike,

Leave me alone; to perpetually inscribe in my soul the names that I profusely cherished; ubiquitously disseminate the message of immortal peace and solidarity; to every parasite sucking innocent blood outside,

Leave me alone; to pen down countless lines of philanthropic literature in a single day; incorrigibly blend with the tunes that flowed from each of my senses; for infinite more births yet to come,

Leave me alone; to forever bond with the love of my life; breaking free from the satanically hostile chains of contemporary tradition and bombastic imprisonment,

Leave me alone; to romance; to dream; to share; to imbibe; more importantly to live life the way I wanted it to unfold; the way God had made me and beautifully endowed me to be.

Nikhil Parekh

Leaves

When i burnt medicinal leaves of wild grass in a cauldron,
blending them with sizeable amounts of rusty brown tea powder,
adding paltry pinches of saccharine to the syrup,
stirred vigorously the concoction with an inflated wooden batten,
the outcome was scintillatingly delicious tea; which i sipped with profound
contentment.

when i torched a conglomerate of dead tree leaves,
scorching them with somber sticks of lead match and paraffin wax,
there was a crackling fire that swayed with the breeze,
with menacing flames; making futile attempts to lick the sky,
offering me fountains of compassionate warmth;
sublimating my energy from shivers to blissful sleep.

when i ignited a cluster of rustic cowdung cakes,
occasionally probing the fetid slurry with my big toe,
there were delectable puffs of smoke that originated,
i then aligned a frying pan at right angles to the conflagration,
and roasted for myself a sumptuous meal of baked corn coated with salted
herring.

when i set ablaze acres of farmland sprawled with ripened nose buds of tobacco,
submerging the entire region with an ocean of stringent kerosene,
the atmosphere was engulfed with a noxious odour of charred cigarette,
hurricanes of venomous wind annihilated palpable organisms in the vicinity.

and when i burnt infinite leaves of my immaculate heart,
there was a mystical aroma that imprisoned the ambience,
it was a smell that portrayed sacrosanct love,
it was an insatiable odour of her mesmerizing soul thoroughly entwined in mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Leaving Me Open-Mouthed.

I saw her pristine lips only for just an infinitesimal instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of voluptuously untamed desire to cherish; for an infinite more of my bountiful lifetimes,

I saw her ravishing hair only for just an evanescent instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of gloriously unfettered uninhibitedness to cherish; for an infinite more of my enchanting lifetimes,

I saw her rubicund cheeks only for just a mercurial instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of royally untainted mischief to cherish; for an infinite more of my bedazzling lifetimes,

I saw her nubile fingers only for just an ethereal instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of spellbindingly infallible fantasy to cherish; for an infinite more of my enthusing lifetimes,

I saw her heavenly eyelashes only for just an impoverished instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of unconquerably poignant sensitivity to cherish; for an infinite more of my triumphant lifetimes,

I saw her titillating spine only for just a transient instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of unabashedly crimson passion to cherish; for an infinite more of my eclectic lifetimes,

I saw her ecstatic feet only for just an obfuscated instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of ebulliently unfettered adventure to cherish; for an infinite more of my blessed lifetimes,

I saw her enigmatic goose-bumps for just a feckless instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of inimitably priceless exultation to cherish; for an infinite more of my effulgent lifetimes,

I saw her golden sweat for just an oblivious instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of royally righteous perseverance to cherish; for an infinite more of my blissful lifetimes,

I saw her impeccable nose for just an evaporating instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of impregnably bounteous sensuality to cherish; for an infinite more of my benign lifetimes,

I saw her mesmerizing tongue for just a fleeting instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of mellifluously majestic desire to cherish; for an infinite more of my sparkling lifetimes,

I saw her rhapsodic shadow for just a fugitive instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of symbiotically silken charisma to cherish; for an infinite more of my ignited lifetimes,

I saw her venerated ears for just a non-existent instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of unbelievably eternal freedom to cherish; for an infinite more of my vivacious lifetimes,

I saw her euphoric neck for just an inane instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of wonderfully enthralling compassion to cherish; for an infinite more of my victorious lifetimes,

I saw her seductive hips for just a frigid instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of astoundingly fructifying virility to cherish; for an infinite more of my intriguing lifetimes,

I saw her queenly palms for just a disappearing instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of inscrutably unveiling destiny to cherish; for an infinite more of my tranquil lifetimes,

I saw her amiable bosom for just a worthless moment; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of invincibly divine creation; for an infinite more of my effervescent lifetimes,

I saw her fiery breath for just an infertile moment; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of tirelessly amazing proliferation; for an infinite more of my undying lifetimes,

And I saw her fervent heart for just a castrated moment; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of immortally replenishing love; for an infinite more of my piquant lifetimes

Nikhil Parekh

Leaving My Past Well Behind

Just give me your hand; and I'll get ready to face the mightiest of challenge;
with an irrefutable scent of victory lingering profusely in my every stride,

Just give me your hand; and I'll escalate higher than the azure skies; to snatch
the festoon of overwhelmingly glittering stars for the delights of your impeccable
lap,

Just give me your hand; and I'll become an inferno blazing with the most
omnipotent of light; refraining to dwindle a trifle even in thunderous rain and
bizarre storm,

Just give me your hand; and I'll stay awake to euphorically dance all day and
night; relinquish the last iota of gloomy dreariness from my bleary pair of eyes,

Just give me your hand; and I'll spawn a mesmerizing fountain in the heart of
the sweltering desert; pacify infinite granules of gruesomely parched sand with
supremely rejuvenating water,

Just give me your hand; and I'll illuminate even the most horrendous patch of
morbidly despairing space; with profound beams of stringent light,

Just give me your hand; and I'll stand taller than the clouds even as the earth
reverberated; staring intransigently into your countenance as you danced in
my palms,

Just give me your hand; and I'll transit back into exuberantly nostalgic
childhood; intrepidly ride on the striped panthers back; without a single strip of
cloth on my barren chest,

Just give me your hand; and I'll conjure stupendous magic on every path I
transgressed; metamorphosing dead chunks of stinking wood into monumental
pillars
of glistening gold,

Just give me your hand; and I'll levitate to the summit of the mountain in one
step; ebulliently breathe with insurmountable compassion; and dynamic light
filtering through the frightened whites of my eye,

Just give me your hand; and I'll float till eternity like a fragrant petal in the air;

wafting my exotic redolence to whomsoever who needed it the most,

Just give me your hand; and I'll trespass bare soled even on blistering red embers of flamboyant fire; swallow the most treacherous droplets of misery without the slightest gasp in my throat,

Just give me your hand; and I'll ignite vivacious flames even in a lifeless pond of water; instill traces of immortal love in the ghastliest of entities entrenching me,

Just give me your hand; and I'll ecstatically bounce as if the richest man in this Universe; doughtily wade past even an ocean of fulminating acid to achieve the most unbelievable of my dreams,

Just give me your hand; and I'll leap into the valley of death; rise inexorably high above the ashes with optimistic traces of breath invincibly incarcerated within the dormitories of my heart,

Just give me your hand; and I'll make a grandiloquent castle out of obsoletely thin air; evolve a paradise for all humans to exist; in the midst of satanic barbarism that inundated each part of the atmosphere,

Just give me your hand; and I'll sing till times immemorial; granting reprieve to countless entities from their unrelenting string of tyrannical woes,

Just give me your hand; and I'll blend all fabulous beauty with mundane mud; transform this sacred land of Almighty God; into a veritable paradise,

And just give me your hand O! enchanting beloved; and I'll rise as the most powerful human from infinite feet beneath the corpse; surge forward with an insatiable ardor in my bones; reinstating a smile back in whomsoever I encountered in my way; leaving my hopeless past well behind; to celestially lead boundless more sunlit days.

Nikhil Parekh

Let A Child Smile

Let a child blissfully grow,
Don't try and obstruct his natural flow.
Let a child sleep,
Don't try and break his dreams.
Let a child run,
Don't try and smack his ear-drum.
Let a child confidently walk,
Don't try and lure him with your talk.
Let a child create,
Don't try and teach him to hate.
Let a child be innocent,
Don't try and show him the art of disguise.
Let a child be naughty,
Don't try and instruct him to be haughty.
Let a child play,
Don't try and intentionally spoil his day.
Let a child make mistakes,
Don't try and show him the stick.
Let a child roam in Sunlight,
Don't try and hide him from the bright.
Let a child express his thoughts,
Don't try and be a mental block.
And let a child prosper and SMILE,
Don't try and expose him to worldly guiles.

Nikhil Parekh

Let Immortal Love Forever Stay.

Let majestically glistening sands forever stay; only in the regally colossal and timelessly sweltering deserts,

Let enigmatic whispers forever stay; only in the mystically reverberating and sensuously enchanting forests,

Let vivacious rainbows forever stay; only in the center of the fathomlessly resplendent and tantalizingly dazzling sky,

Let unblemished innocence forever stay; only in the impeccably divine and exuberant eyes of the righteous child,

Let voluptuous seduction forever stay; only in the lap of the marvelously titillating and ravishingly enchanting night,

Let embarrassing embellishment forever stay; only in the stupendously enthralling eyelashes of the freshly adorned and nervously nimble bride,

Let vibrant boisterousness forever stay; only in the fleet footed visage of the wonderfully frolicking and poignantly delectable squirrel,

Let streaks of thunderous lightening forever stay; only in the unfathomably crimson conglomerate of ferociously clashing and rhapsodic clouds,

Let whirlpools of fascinating seduction forever stay; only in the charismatically blooming bosom of a gloriously nubile and alluring maiden,

Let ingratiating melody forever stay; only in the scarlet crested throat of the magnificently bountiful and everlastingly resplendent nightingale,

Let iridescently twinkling stars forever stay; only in the boundlessly silken and astoundingly placating cosmos,

Let stupendously enthralling fragrance forever stay; only in the gorgeously blossoming petals; of the harmoniously sprouting and ebullient rose,

Let unprecedented euphoria forever stay; only in the beautifully spawning and Omnisciently blessing body of the piquantly salubrious seed,

Let blazing immortality forever stay; only in the unflinchingly intrepid chest of the patriotically heroic and selflessly benign soldier,

Let philanthropic humanity forever stay; only in the fabric of eternally replenishing and perpetually melanging mankind,

Let celestial equanimity forever stay; only in the winds of serenely endowing and incredulously placating evening,

Let innocuous mischief forever stay; only on the inimitable face of the fabulously frolicking and astonishingly dexterous monkey,

Let unparalleled Omnipotence forever stay; only in the holistically sacrosanct and impregnable womb of the Godly mother,

Let spell binding sensuousness forever stay; only in the magnetic fireballs of uninhibitedly royal and unending passionate breath,

And let immortal love forever stay O! Almighty Lord; only in the unassailable beats of the invincibly palpitating and unconquerably ecstatic heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Let Them Get Married.

A poem to sensitize those people who enter marriage ceremonies with the sarcastic intention of castigating the couple about to be blissfully wedded.

Shouldn't he have put a trifle more of powder on his cheeks - as they appeared an edge too shoddy for spinning intrigue?
Shouldn't she have dipped her face in pure lemon extract; in order to render that irresistibly profound glow over her otherwise bedraggled contours.

Shouldn't he have opted for that clandestinely charming hair dye - transforming his unruly strands from a nondescript black to a majestic red?
Shouldn't she have left her hair uninhibited and ravishingly waving in exuberant wisps of breeze - rather than stingily tying them up into an impoverished looking bun.

Shouldn't he have worn those royally swashbuckling sunglasses - that would've blown away the daylights of every nimble damsel in poignant vicinity?
Shouldn't she have left her eyes beautifully bare and in their rustic glory - rather than unnecessarily smudging them with abominable mascara.

Shouldn't he have stringently clipped the unruly strands of hair protruding from his ear - employing the services of the most contemporary of saloons?
Shouldn't she have worn earrings of aristocratically pure gold - rather than letting traditional threads of simpleton black dangle languidly and dulling the ambience which seemed already dead.

Shouldn't he have worn that pompously purple scarf round his neck - that'd have displayed his gentlemanly streak; lost as of now in the horrendously hardcore business suit?
Shouldn't she have chosen a dress which was more in snobbish satisfaction rather than the gaudy color that she now wore - unleashing her unceremoniously slapstick choice.

Shouldn't he have worn feather shaped boots perpetuating that true tryst with royalty which he richly deserved - rather than transgressing on the reception stage barefoot to create a mockery of a hype?
Shouldn't she have worn queenly slippers that vividly demonstrated her fantastically proportioned height - rather than create a pandemonium with her noisy high-heeled sandals - that made her shoot ridiculously through the roof.

Shouldn't he have worn plain rings of eclectic sizes that set the night ablaze with gaiety and style - rather than deliberately demonstrating the masculinity of his bohemian hand?

Shouldn't she have left her palms pristinely barren as she'd come into this planet - rather than embedding them with a motley of every conceivable tattoo available over the shelf - to stand out amidst the celebrities of the town.

Shouldn't he have shaved the parsimoniously extruding stubs of his beard and moustache - rather than appearing like a clown who genuinely wanted to entertain people flocked around?

Shouldn't she have puffed fragrant powder on her face at least - rather than deserting it with nonchalant soap - and then let mosquitoes find a feasible space to feast on her demure silhouette.

Shouldn't he have carried a princely pen in his waist pocket - rather than deplorably borrowing the same and then squandering in shame - to sign all associated legalities?

Shouldn't she have meticulously fitted a purse to make her attire look enthralling- and at the same time appear a perfect symbol of societal sophistication - complete.

Shouldn't he have brandished a traditional sword to blend in magnificently with his jubilant persona - rather than walk the red carpet with shoulders hunched in the unpredictability of tomorrow?

Shouldn't she have built her stage as an invincibly alluring helipad - ushering in a high powered aircraft straight into the avenue - and leaving photographers / relatives in stunned delight.

Shouldn't he have played the perfect host of melanging with the crowd which had come so optimistically from remote corners of the town - displaying some hospitality - rather than sonorously contemplating as to when these spurious formalities would come to an abrupt end?

Shouldn't she have stayed as silent as white ice that personified high class dignity at its best - rather than giving her piece of cynical advise interspersed with abuse towards those who'd come uninvited.

Shouldn't he have hugged her first - rather than fiercely tugging at his rather atrociously oversized suit - in mere apprehension of it leaving his frail silhouette anytime?

Shouldn't she also have hugged him first - rather than adjusting her morosely flattened make-up - which in the process became more pathetically beleaguered

than ever before.

Hey Folks. Its time for you to involve yourself into other and better pastimes.

There they were - both of them innocently about to enter into threads of holy matrimony - least bothered about their appearances today, when the most important thing in the world to them was to marry by God's grace,

Therefore give them a break. Let them get married.

Nikhil Parekh

Let True Love Remain Immortal

Change irascible hatred; into bountiful winds of benevolence,

Change hideously horrendous entities; into marvelous rainbows inhabiting the animated skies,

Change disgustingly abominable decay; into an overwhelmingly fragrant festoon of pearls; cascading from the cosmos,

Change morbidly debilitating blindness; into stupendously optimistic beams of fresh light,

Change baseless chapters of mocking incoherence; into exquisitely grandiloquent mirrors; as articulate as framework of God's language,

Change perilously obese; into a robust complexioned fountain of blissful health and celestial happiness,

Change the precariously menacing edge of knife; into a golden carpet of profusely glistening silk,

Change the frigidly soggy matchstick melting like a pack of cards; into an audaciously valiant warrior; sacrificing his every belonging for his divinely motherland,

Change the solitarily dilapidated pool of fetid water; into a garden of incredulously rejuvenating and poignant tea leaves,

Change the pertinently buzzing parasitic mosquito; into a charismatically dainty fairy; leaping with exultation on the satiny cushion of paradise,

Change the agonizingly traumatized volcano's; into placid fountains of impeccable peace,

Change the garbage deluged gutter; into a fabulously redolent rose; blossoming into untamed exuberance every unfurling second,

Change the miserably dwindling and hopeless leper; into a royal eagle soaring majestically through crimson clouds,

Change the utterly dilapidated speck of battered stone; into the unfathomably luxurious castle; glistening splendidly under fiery rays of Omnipotent Sun,

Change the cowards who were ungainly dumb; into boisterously delectable and lion hearted humming bees,

Change the viciously twisted pathways; into enchanting tunnels leading to the absolute summit of paradise,

Change the diabolically blood sucking devils; into philanthropically benign beings; disseminating the true splendor of mankind,

Change the perfidiously plotting heart; into a perpetual epitome of ultimate belonging,

Change the manipulatively corrupt and dead soul; into the most wonderful gift called; priceless humanity,

But O! Almighty Lord; let true love; remain immortal forever and ever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

Let Your Heart

Let your eyelids flutter viciously; flirting with all the mesmerizing beauty encapsulated in this Universe to the most unprecedented limits,

Let your sweat dribble profusely down your nape; basking the true glory of assiduous perseverance and the true spirit of life,

Let your throat sing till fathomless infinity; inundating the morbidly gloomy atmosphere with exuberant beats of pulsating music,

Let your nose smell till the most remotest corners of this planet; inhaling the most ravishing scent harbored by mother nature,

Let your feet gallop in untamed exhilaration; embossing a path of irrefutable triumph on every soil they tread,

Let your fingers write to most unsurpassable boundaries of creation; penning down the myriad of enchanting shades in cosmotic space,

Let your lips uninhibitedly smile; profoundly relish the glorious sights; which the Omniscient Lord had bestowed upon this earth with,

Let your teeth inexorably chew; savor the most tantalizingly succulent fruits of nature in their impregnable grip,

Let your cheeks overwhelmingly blush to a poignant crimson; compassionately rekindle the diminishing urges of your dying skin,

Let your tongue speak to its ultimate hearts content; effusively portraying its most candid emotions; as white thunder pelted down ferociously from the skies,

Let your hands wander indefatigably through the silver sands; groping for that stupendously reinvigorating cool that voluptuously incarcerated within,

Let your mind fantasize incessantly beyond the skies; unrelentingly exploring all the divinely goodness that could ever have been conjured on earth,

Let your hair ecstatically embrace the ravishing breeze; dance in rhapsodic fervor as each instant of time unveiled,

Let your blood flow faster than the speed of light in your veins; making you feel boisterously alive; even countless centuries after death,

Let your eyebrows bounce and fall ardently on your forehead; insurmountably relish the tunnels of inexplicable intrigue generated,

Let your shadow swirl as turbulently as the majestically undulating sea; entrench the boundless trajectory of the glistening desert; with mystically seductive darkness,

Let your conscience fulminate its inner most feelings; maneuver your countenance through the realms of wrong and right,

Let your soul wander ubiquitously through every cranny of this astronomically colossal Universe; propagate its benign happiness in every entity it encountered,

And let your heart palpitate more thunderously than anything else in this world; besiege even the most uncouth organism in the wave of its immortal passion; love; love and simply continue to love.

Nikhil Parekh

Lets Forever Stay; Solely And Only As Immortal Lovers.

Marriages. Mostly lead to a battalion of unceremoniously shameful expletives; hurled at each other in the very broadest of daylight; and with the sane world outside laughably watching,

Marriages. Mostly lead to severe difference of opinions; which many a times perpetuates the most sadistically gory bloodbath; profusely soaked in the savage devil's voice,

Marriages. Mostly lead to an infinite reproachful frustrations; with either partner unrelentingly tossing and turning in insatiably blood-curling malice; whilst the other slept celestially all throughout the royal night,

Marriages. Mostly lead to unsurpassably unbearable exhaustion; with either partner working unrelentingly and round the clock; to prove it to each other; as to how earnest they were in the process of sustaining indispensable life,

Marriages. Mostly lead to unfoundedly abashing fear; with either partner deplorably crouching down in deteriorating submission; to the other's chauvinistically venomous ways and commands,

Marriages. Mostly lead to unwontedly suicidal situations; with either partner many a times; found at the ultimate crumbling tip of the gigantically steep mountain; or with an inexhaustible barrel of poison in his hands,

Marriages. Mostly lead to wretchedly lambasting mental trauma; as both partners incessantly kept on pinpointing at the congenital weaknesses of the other; without the tiniest of ostensible reason or rhyme,

Marriages. Mostly lead to uncouthly tormenting blackness; as each beam of blazing optimism was brutally and iteratively crucified; as each partner irascibly dug up the obviously sinful past; as the ultimate panacea to mollify the soul,

Marriages. Mostly lead to the diabolically vindictive coffins of squelching hell; as either partner so maliciously inflicted the same upon their destinies; executing infinite devilishly cursed acts in the tenure of their destined lifetime,

Marriages. Mostly lead to cannibalistically demented war; with each partner

surreptitiously harboring the deadliest lethal contraptions of battle; to proclaim the commencement of disastrously consequential fierceness,

Marriages. Mostly lead to that preposterously meaningless court of justice; where the deliverance of an impartial verdict is impossible; as each partner equally shouted till eternity of the torture meted out to him; by the other,

Marriages. Mostly lead to the graveyards of satanically whipping emptiness; as each partner unstopably surged forward to pursue his/her own goals; whilst miserably floundering to culminate into a heaven of compassionately united love,

Marriages. Mostly lead to perennially sacrilegious hatred; as either partner was pathetically unable to meet upto the expectations of the other; puking abhorrence as the sole vent to express unfinished desire,

Marriages. Mostly lead to flagrantly biased accusations; as either partner pugnaciously blamed the other; for not being able to parent a child; or a boundless other trivially inexplicable issues; of the kind,

Marriages. Mostly lead to hideously cadaverous prison; as either partner inevitably truculently faces the cold-blooded gallows of condemnation; for ruthlessly asphyxiating the other from his/her life,

Marriages. Mostly lead to intolerably criminal isolation; with either partner hail and heartily present at centimeters from each other; but yet preferring to wantonly stare into open space for hours immemorial; rather than amiably talk,

Marriages. Mostly lead to ignominiously incarcerating slavery; with either partner having to stoop down to the most inhumanitarian limits; and dementedly lick each ounce of grime on cold ground; to bring a smile of utter dictatorship to the other,

Marriages. Mostly lead to salaciously malevolent betrayal; as either partner at some or other stage in his/her life; gleefully absconded with the partner of his/her choice; overwhelmingly fed-up with the robotically dictatorial relationship,

So sweetheart! . Lets forever discover even the most inconspicuous aspects of our personalities with unabashedly endless fervor. Lets forever unite our priceless souls in the bonds of passionate love; liberating it for all responsibilities. Lets forever stay; solely and only as the most Immortally

embracing of lovers.

Nikhil Parekh

Lets Forget This Society

We were just a stone throw distance away from each other in reality; yet the norms and spurious pretensions of this orthodox society; separated us like clouds and the boundless earth,

We were just talking distance away from each other in reality; yet the staunch attitude of this supremely conventional society; separated us like the deserts and sparkling water,

We were just whisker lengths away from each other in reality; yet the disgustingly narrow focused attitude of this hollow society; separated us like remote continents on the body of the globe,

We were just a fine thread away from each other in reality; yet the rigidly baseless definitions of this hierarchical society; separated us like a compassionate mother and her dead son,

We were just a breath away from each other in reality; yet the horrendously disdainful perceptions of the acrid society; separated us like the blistering Sun and the celestially placid Moon,

We were just a single step away from each other in reality; yet the stringent rules and regulations of this uncouth society; separated us like the morbid graveyard and the stupendously blossoming fresh rose,

We were just a slim shadow away from each other in reality; yet the incorrigibly gruesome views of this monotonous society; separated us like the passionately fulminating volcano and the tunnel engulfed in perpetual gloom,

We were just an emphatic tear away from each other in reality; yet this overwhelmingly prejudiced society; separated us like the summit of the towering mountain and the worm slithering miserably on the ground,

We were just a feeble pulse away from each other in reality; yet the stubborn and tyrannical ideologies of this ruthless society; separated us like truly crimson volatile blood and colorless water,

We were just a thin eyelash away from each other in reality; yet this profusely dictatorial and sanctimoniously religious society; separated us like appalling

sadness and unprecedented joy,

We were just at colliding distance away from each other in reality; yet the vicious swirl of meaningless formalities which this society was preaching since years; separated us like the pulverized bone and the athlete who had already crossed over the finishing line,

We were just minute centimeters away from each other in reality; yet the treacherous boundaries which this ostentatious society had set since centuries; separated us like fantasy and the acrimonious present,

We were just embracing lengths away from each other in reality; yet the sardonic opinions and diabolical tones of this bombastic society; separated us like the resplendently twinkling stars and austere daylight,

We were just kicking distance away from each other in reality; yet the cavalcade of inflated philosophies of this dismal society; separated us like the animatedly roaring Dinosaur and the shuddering piece of small twig,

We were just sighting distance away from each other in reality; yet the prison of nonexistent policies which this society had evolved; separated us like the hungry dog and his piece of meaty bone,

We were just a ravishing lip away from each other in reality; yet the emotionless and cold blooded society; separated us like the crown prince and the beggar counting his last minutes on cold street,

We were just a languidly incomplete yawn away from each other in reality; yet the domineeringly unyielding society; separated us like impeccably silken white and dilapidated blocks of black,

We were just a frigid swish away from each other in reality; yet the barbaric inclination of this perilously ominous society; separated us like the handsomely soaring speedy bird and the pathetically slow tortoise,

We were just a heart beat away from each other in reality; yet the ulterior motives and incessant manipulations of this callous society; separated us like Omnipotent God and the ruthlessly satanic devil,

So c'mon O! beloved; lets once and for all forget this unfathomably idiotic

society; come lets unite together in an invincible fortress of our own; come lets
unite
together in an unconquerable paradise of our romance; where there was only
you; me and our immortal love bonded forever.

Nikhil Parekh

Lets Leave It To The Creator

If someone slapped me with swashbuckling strokes of fingers,
i would retort back a volley of praise to pacify his nerves.

if someone vomited loads of spit on my persona,
i would blend it with my precious blood before returning the same to him.

if someone splashed my exteriors with pails of fuming acid,
i would offer him a large pitcher full of sweet mountain water.

if someone blended sizeable amounts of snake venom in my food,
i would sprinkle sacred ash on his hair, paint his forehead with golden vermilion.

if someone left a battalion of red ant on my bare flesh,
i would offer him a articulately carved oysters containing a plethora of pearls.

if someone rode on my back unrelentingly whipping my skin,
i would carry his load even through arduous spells of steaming summer.

if someone pinched dainty regions of my flesh amidst an ambience of dignitaries,
i would embrace him with open arms pardoning his disdainful deeds.

if someone tripped me midway, left me squirming facedown on the ground,
i would simply wipe the blotches of dust from creases of my attire.

if someone made me lick the mud on road with corrugated flesh of my tongue,
i would reward him with biscuits of bonded gold.

if someone punctured transparent marbles in my eye rendering me blind,
i would bless him with infinite pairs of eyes to envisage perils lurking towards him.

if someone left me unequipped in savage jungles of the African valley,
i would smile all the way treading across den's of striped panthers.

c'mon folks lets be ardently realistic,
the above actions can be replicated by none other than God,
having divine powers to forgive the most heinous of atrocity,
the magnanimous prowess of blessing all animate existing:

we as a bunch of fallible humans would have onerous difficulty in duplicating the Creator,
some tasks are better left to him, rather than accomplishing them ourselves.

Nikhil Parekh

Lets Love Each Other

Lets pay a deaf ear to the monotonous society; sing and dance in the aisles of incomprehensible desire,

Lets clamber up the remote hills entirely sequestered from this world; taste the fruits of nature with untamed relish,

Lets swim uninhibitedly in the swirling oceans abreast the dolphins; shrugging off all norms of this mercenary planet,

Lets clear a path of our own through the dense forests; bid adieu forever to this pompously civilized society,

Lets roll in the slippery mud with rampant frenzy; bond our hearts for centuries unfathomable; oblivious from the beats of this spurious township,

Lets speak to our hearts content in the most thunderous of our rustic voices; not perturbed the slightest by the globe's sanctimoniously sophisticated sounds,

Lets gallivant like dreamy philanderers through the glamorous farm fields; leaving the vain adornment and bombastic décor of the city entirely to its own,

Lets stare at each other for hours immemorial; not floundering the tiniest by manipulative citizens collecting currency coins below,

Lets sob effusively in the realms of unsurpassable ecstasy; sharing our joy and wholesomely untouched by the orthodox bickering of this narrow minded society,

Lets perpetually entwine our fingers with each other; stand audaciously to confront the most mightiest challenge of dispersed humanity,

Lets kiss passionately till times greater than infinity; as the conventional world looked dumbfounded and abused us for violating their baseless string of hollow ethics,

Lets stay awake all night admiring the resplendent blanket of stars with our breaths descending compassionately on each other; and the society fast asleep adhering to its worthless set of norms,

Lets keep tirelessly laughing till our jaws ached; enjoying each moment of life bestowed upon us by Almighty lord; while the world outside frantically searched for more avenues of growth and greedy popularity,

Lets walk on our heads upside down relishing the cool air wildly slap past our naked chests; far apart from the society which thought boundless times; even before walking on solid foot,

Lets tear apart food with our immaculate fingers; sip water from the springs with rejuvenated gusto; while the world outside wasted countless hours; lost in a myriad of shimmering forks and spoons,

Lets splash our bodies with garishly striped gypsy paint; while the society sighed in exasperation to find the pretentious cotton of their choice,

Lets suckle our thumbs like new born infants; nostalgically reminiscing memories of our innocent childhood; while the world whispered drearily trying to incessantly replicate Royal tunes,

Lets perch like the boisterous sparrows on escalating treetops; profoundly fantasize about the creation of this mesmerizing Universe; while the society glued itself to insurmountably boring politics on giant television,

Lets sleep by the river side with the waves gently lapping to our toes; while the world stuffed itself under an armory of sheep skin and obnoxiously bulky quilts,

Most importantly lets love each other; locked immortally in the boundaries of invincible romance; no matter what the extraneous world said or did; no matter how brutally we were whipped for not following rules of the society; no matter how pathetically the entire planet ended with man gobbling man on the pretext of religion and entity.

Nikhil Parekh

Lets Make It Even Better

The Sun dazzles brilliantly in the azure sky; profoundly illuminating pallid patches of land on earth,

Lets make it even better by standing directly beneath in it; rejuvenating our dreary senses in its austerely stringent rays.

The swirling waves of gigantic ocean clash mercilessly with rocks; escalating to phenomenal heights of froth in inclement weather,

Lets make it even better by completely submerging our silhouette in it; relishing the tanginess of water on our bare skins.

The flakes of freezing snow merrily trickled from the sky; inundating barren territories of the mountain with thick sheets of white ice,

Lets make it even better by rolling voraciously in them; hurling them frivolously in pudgy chunks; at our beloved.

The fountain pen appeared to be enamoring; with an articulately chiseled nib protruding from its slim mouth,

Lets make it even better by writing infinite lines of calligraphy with it; sketch mystical shapes out of the same; on plain sheets of sprawling canvas.

The wind blew tenaciously all day; engendering indolent clusters of leaves riveted to the tree; to gustily blow,

Lets make it even better by confronting it head on; with the mesmerizing breeze clashing blatantly against the eye.

The tea looked stupendously ravishing in the pellucid kettle; with scented wisps of smoke profusely tantalizing the nimble hair in our nostrils,

Lets make it even better by gently sipping it; emitting incoherent noises while gulping it down our throat.

The aircraft appeared astoundingly exhilarating when sighted on the Black tarmac; with twin pairs of majestic wings projecting from its sides,

Lets make it even better by inhabiting the same; soaring high in the sky; abreast the satiny clouds.

The lips looked luscious and voluptuous; with an unprecedented pink circumventing them in entirety,

Lets make it even better by uninhibitedly exploring them; tasting the sweetness imbibed; violently with our tongue's.

The gloves lying on the mantel piece appeared pretty enthralling; with bulging red sponge visible from far distance,
Lets make it even better by wearing them on our palms; judiciously testing each other's fortitude; battling it out in the heart of the boxing ring.

The two lovers looked inevitably fascinating while embracing; unrelentingly staring into each others eyes in a backdrop of panoramic waterfall,
Lets make it even better by allowing them the freedom to love; ubiquitously spreading the essence of the same; in every individual we encounter on planet earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Lets Pray For Love

Lets pray with our fingers invincibly clasped; for UNITY; a wave of perpetual solidarity to descend charismatically all over the monotonously bedraggled planet,

Lets pray with untamed fires blazing in our eyes; for PROSPERITY; uplifting all those tottering with relentlessly acrid pain; to the ultimate realms of bountifully enamoring paradise,

Lets pray with divine obeisance enshrouding our souls; for HARMONY; the winds of celestial symbiosis to emphatically deluge; every treacherously shattered life,

Lets pray with Herculean energy in our shoulders; for RESILIENCE; an unflinching attitude to confront the most mightiest of disaster; by all those miserably shivering and pathetically deprived,

Lets pray with overwhelming bliss enveloping our senses; for PEACE; the immortal cloud of rhapsodically contented happiness; to shower its heavenly blessings; upon the rich; poor; and devastatingly orphaned; alike,

Lets pray with insatiable nostalgia in our blood; for INNOCENCE; all lecherously satanic life loitering insidiously upon this boundless Universe; to metamorphose into a garland of Godly childhood,

Lets pray with unrelenting ardor in our conscience; for TRUTH; the wholesome overshadowing of satanic evil on the trajectory of this enchanting planet; with the threads of unassailable righteousness,

Lets pray with stupendously everlasting belief in our veins; for EQUALITY; the profusely uninhibited virtue of compassion; unfathomably entrenching all souls pathetically staggering; for volatile traces of indispensably vital life,

Lets pray with insurmountable glory in our voice; for FREEDOM; an irrefutably unconquerable spirit to unequivocally exist; amidst the diabolically tyrannical lingering reflections of the bizarre devil,

Lets pray with unparalleled eloquence in our impoverished visage; for BEAUTY; an unsurpassably redolent flower of humanity; engulfing all webs of maliciously manipulative and rotten prejudice,

Lets pray with an unprecedented shimmer upon our lips; for BROTHERHOOD; all disastrously orphaned destitute coalesced synergistically together; to handsomely evolve into a wonderfully endowing and a majestically sparkling tomorrow,

Lets pray with indefatigable strength in our palms; for SYMBIOSIS; a profound melanging of all tribes; caste and religion on this fathomless planet; to scrap the very essence of ignominiously rebuking devil; from its worthlessly non-existent rudiments,

Lets pray with incomprehensibly melodious charisma in our lashes; for SOLITUDE; an irrevocably unshakable tenacity to exist in a land of supreme pacification and heavenly joy descending torrentially from all sides,

Lets pray with unfazed belonging in each pore of our skin; for WISDOM; the bells of an invincible triumph over despicably despairing sadness; ringing loud and poignantly stringent through the frigid cocoons of lackadaisical atmosphere,

Lets pray with joyously swirling desire in our blood; for BENEVOLENCE; an evergreen carpet of marvelously Omnipotent showering; upon all those entities murderously encompassed by gruesomely ominous hopelessness,

Lets pray with magnificent majesty in our shadows; for TOGETHERNESS; a spirit of pricelessly augmenting passion; to wholeheartedly circumvent all those miserably divested; of their revered mates in penalizing life,

Lets pray with altruistic faith in our innocuously glorious countenances; for SUCCESS; the pearls of sagaciously benign wisdom to perpetuate a serenely satisfying chapter of existence; in the lives of those uncouthly engulfed by savage blood; indiscriminate crime and horrific lies,

Lets pray with an intransigently sacrosanct propensity in our breaths; for LIFE; a prolific dissemination of its fathomlessly fabulous repertoire of spell binding forms; and its perpetually Omnipotent spirit to philanthropically survive; reigning supreme in every birth it was bequeathed; from the Almighty Lord,
And lets pray with an immortally royal fervor in our hearts; for LOVE; its miraculously healing touch; proving as the ultimate panacea for harmoniously surviving and blossoming into; a countless more wonderful lives.

Nikhil Parekh

License To Love

It was none other than the stupendously enamoring and timeless fragrance of the crimson roses; that beautifully gave me the license to uninhibitedly smell,

It was none other than the enchantingly gregarious and celestial festoon of bountiful clouds; that exuberantly gave me the license to uninhibitedly fly,

It was none other than the flirtatiously tantalizing and insatiably seductive mountain tip; that euphorically gave me the license to uninhibitedly fantasize,

It was none other than the rhapsodically undulating and enigmatically leaping ocean; that resplendently gave me the license to uninhibitedly adventure,

It was none other than the melodiously chirping and enchantingly voluptuous nightingales; that beautifully gave me the license to uninhibitedly romanticize,

It was none other than the unflinchingly blazing and Omnipotently golden Sun; that limitlessly gave me the license to uninhibitedly triumph,

It was none other than the uncannily vibrant and blissfully tranquil forest; that unrestrictedly gave me the license to uninhibitedly dance,

It was none other than the magnetically alluring and unfathomably titillating seductress; that gave me the license to uninhibitedly enchant,

It was none other than the impeccably milky and fathomlessly iridescent Moon; that fascinatingly gave me the license to uninhibitedly sleep,

It was none other than the indomitably heavenly and sacrosanct Mother; that perennially gave me the license to uninhibitedly frolic,

It was none other than the patriotically undaunted and intrepidly righteous soldier; that altruistically gave me the license to uninhibitedly blaze,

It was none other than the majestically parading and fearlessly Galloping lion; that impregnably gave me the license to uninhibitedly express,

It was none other than the convivially twinkling and mischievously sensuous star; that fantastically gave me the license to uninhibitedly enlighten,

It was none other than the artistically extraordinary and spellbindingly mollifying cradle; that unimaginably gave me the license to uninhibitedly reminisce,

It was none other than the brilliantly emulating and immaculately ingenious chimpanzee; that wonderfully gave me the license to uninhibitedly innovate,

It was none other than the panoramically Omniscient and endlessly proliferating chapter of life; that divinely gave me the license to uninhibitedly discover,

It was none other than the irrefutably righteous and unassailably spotless conscience; that aristocratically gave me the license to uninhibitedly consecrate,

It was none other than the poetically charismatic and unshakably unstoppable breath; that perpetually gave me the license to uninhibitedly live,

And it was none other than the passionately thundering and effulgently rhythmic heart; that immortally gave me the license to uninhibitedly love.

Nikhil Parekh

Life

When you were in the middle of the abominably rambunctious traffic; just utter the magically rejuvenating and ebulliently uninhibited word called; FREEDOM,

When you were viciously enveloped by atrocious laziness; just utter the majestically spell binding and vibrant word called; EXUBERANCE,

When you were abhorrently rotting in gutters of gruesome prejudice; just utter the resplendently charismatic and enchanting word called; MELODY,

When you were ominously strangulated by coffins of remorseful boredom; just utter the ebulliently rhapsodic and ecstatic word called; ENTHRALLMENT,

When you were murderously besieged by tornado's of frantic desperation; just utter the miraculously Omniscient and sacred word called; HEAVENS,

When you were fanatically enshrouded by waves of insane lunatism; just utter the Omnipotently celestial and unassailable word called; DIVINE,

When you were brutally victimized by belligerently ghastly dormitories of paralysis; just utter the ravishingly voluptuous and exhilarating word called; ADVENTURE,

When you were acrimoniously sweating for hours immemorial; indefatigably fatigued beyond sagacious limits of comprehension; just utter the marvelously reinvigorating and replenishing word called; SLEEP,

When you were satanically entrapped for centuries unprecedented in dungeons of despicably depraving blackness; just utter the aristocratically royal and flamboyant word called; SUNLIGHT,

When you were incessantly stumbling upon a treacherously incoherent path of bizarre ugliness; just utter the majestically ingratiating and exotic word called; BEAUTY,

When you were pugnaciously perpetuated by sonorously worthless daggerheads of diabolical depression; just utter the emphatically seductive and blazing word called; OPTIMISM,

When you were lecherously entrenched by the island of morbidly fretful

loneliness; just utter the invincibly regale and holistic word called; HARMONY,

When you were malevolently assassinated by indiscriminately tyrannical whiplashes of spuriously racial discrimination; just utter the impregnably bountiful and grandiloquent word called; UNITY,

When you were wholesomely devoured by gory maelstroms of unsparingly stinging sand; just utter the gloriously blissful and perennially torrential word called; RAIN,

When you were relentlessly dithering towards the corpse of worthlessly insipid extinction; just utter the insatiably twinkling and enamoring word called; EVOLUTION,

When you were uncouthly submerged in disdainfully penalizing beer bars of ungainly depression; just utter the ubiquitously eternal and stupendously gratifying word called; SMILE,

When you were incarcerated with acridly frigid avalanches of salaciously freezing indifference; just utter the wonderfully poignant and perpetually sequestering word called; COMPASSION,

When you were ferociously decimated every unfurling minute of the day by the coffin of disparagingly delinquent lies; just utter the scintillatingly righteous and irrefutably revered word called; TRUTH,

When you were coldbloodedly abdicating each beat of your devastatingly bereaved heart; just utter the immortally glittering and unconquerable word called; LOVE,

And when you were invidiously staggering for vitally quintessential breath; barbarically asphyxiating at even the most inconspicuous iota of air; just utter the most Omnipresently bestowing and immortal word called; life.

Nikhil Parekh

Life - Death - Volume 9 - Poems On Life, Death

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 9 of the Book titled - Life = Death - Poems on Life, Death (1200 pages) . This enigmatic collection of poems explores and equates the boundless possibilities of life and death and delves into each intricate inexplicability of survival. Parekh's roving philosophical eye brings the unconquerable richness of life to the fore and yet at the same time explicitly highlights the veracity of 'death' as the absolute certainty of every existence. The poet joyously celebrates the occasions of both life and death with equal panache in each poetic stanza sewn with the uncanny mysteries of this Universe. The poems within immortalize both life and death as the ultimate victories and the two most contrastingly amazing and divine sides of creation. Catapulting the reader to the threshold of ultimate ecstasy; they bring about an impromptu twist with the closure of breath and what lies beyond. This charismatically woven collection of poetic verse would equally enamor the narcissist as well as the simple humanitarian to the core.

This book is a humble attempt to enlighten the readers with the equality of life and death-and to live in both of them to the most unparalleled fullest. Embracing only the religion of humanity, as the Lord has commanded every living being on earth. You cant die in life and cant live in death-each of these components are irrefutably equal in every respect and should be worshipped with due obeisance.

CONTENTS

1. NOTHING
2. FIFTY FIFTY
3. BEST FRIEND
4. NO GAPS
5. SUCCESS
6. PERFECTLY O.K.
7. PRECIOUS

8. SLEEP STILL REFUSED
9. I WAS FED UP
10. NO GUARANTEE
11. THE GREATEST GIFT
12. TREATING EACH DAY AS A SUNDAY
13. THOSE WHO EMBRACE
14. THE HUMAN BRAIN
15. BLESSING YOU
16. BUSINESS OF LOVE
17. NO HOLDBACKS
18. NO END-PRODUCTS
19. BE PREPARED
20. THE KING OF THE CURRENT MOMENT
21. CAN NEVER EVOLVE
22. WITH THE FIRST RAYS OF EVERY DAWN
23. WHERE DID ALL YOUR DEVOTION GO?
24. SUCH A MAN WAS I
25. HAND-IN-HAND.
26. WHEN I WASN'T BREATHING
27. A TRUE POET
28. NO PRISON. JUST HEAVEN.
29. BE PREPARED. - PART 2
30. TORTUROUS GHOST
31. POETRY
32. DANCE - PART 2
33. IF YOU NODDED YES
34. EACH LIFE LOVES
35. LOVE IS LIVING
36. LOVE IS PRICELESS
37. SPIRIT NEVER DIES
38. AS THE LORD ALMIGHTY HAD LET YOU COME
39. UNITY
40. IT WAS ONLY SO THAT
41. ITS ALL THERE IN YOUR HEART
42. SOLELY ON THE BEATS OF IMMORTAL LOVE
43. ALL BLOOD IS RED. ALL BONES ARE WHITE. ALL SWEAT IS GOLDEN. FOR IT IS NOT THE COLOR OF OUR SKINS, BUT THE SPIRIT WITHIN.
- 44.1: INFINITE
45. ASTOUNDINGLY SENSITIVE
46. EVERYTIME
47. WITHOUT WAITING
48. ENTIRELY YOUR VERY OWN DECISION

49. ONLY ONCE

50. HUNGER FOR HUNGER

1. NOTHING

The instant I haughtily proclaimed that there was none more taller than me on this fathomless Universe; I was reduced to a disdainfully pulverized mosquito; as unfathomably mammoth avalanches of ice converged upon my staggering form from all sides,

The instant I bawdily proclaimed that there was none more fairer than me on this boundless Universe; I was reduced to a speck of inanely ludicrous charcoal; as ferociously unsparing rays of the Sun licked every conceivable pore of my trembling skin,

The instant I spuriously proclaimed that there was none more stronger than me on this unceasing Universe; I was reduced to an inconspicuously frigid pool of spit; as impregnably inimitable mountains crushed me into dungeons of insipid worthlessness,

The instant I ostentatiously proclaimed that there was none more compassionate than me on this endless Universe; I was reduced to a bizarrely barren and uncontrollably shivering pinch of sand; as inferno's of everlasting desire wholesomely burnt me in their perpetual swirl,

The instant I sanctimoniously proclaimed that there was none more intelligent than me on this limitless Universe; I was reduced to an infinitesimally amorphous spirit meaningless floating around; as the enchantingly radiating constellation of stars in the sky majestically overwhelmed the pretentious daylights of my mind,

The instant I deliriously proclaimed that there was none more eclectic than me on this inexhaustible Universe; I was reduced to a lugubriously wastrel stone; as the ravishingly unstoppable maelstrom marched uninhibited in its way,

The instant I parasitically proclaimed that there was none more handsome than me on this mystical Universe; I was reduced to an wretchedly ethereal shadow; as countless magically effulgent fairies descended immaculately from the land of silken paradise,

The instant I satanically proclaimed that there was none more wealthier than me on this mesmerizing Universe; I was reduced to a horrifically maimed pauper licking dust on the bucolic streets; as the panoramically unassailable fruits of

mother nature; dimmed the last iota of light from the whites of my eyes,

The instant I licentiously proclaimed that there was none more influential than me on this timeless Universe; I was reduced to a graveyard of dilapidated fretfulness; as inevitably devastating earthquakes snatched the land from beneath my feet; within lightening seconds of time,

The instant I salaciously proclaimed that there was none more fantasizing than me on this Herculean Universe; I was reduced to a horrendously shattered fragment of sordid glass; as the unprecedentedly indomitable exoticism of the clouds above miraculously overshadowed everything in vicinity,

The instant I diabolically proclaimed that there was none more humanitarian than me on this magical Universe; I was reduced to a wisp of debilitatingly obsolete dereliction; as the holistically beautiful principles of united existence around left me desperately searching for my very own abhorrent voice,

The instant I invidiously proclaimed that there was none more fragrant than me on this tireless Universe; I was reduced to a decaying whisker of dolorously decrepit fecklessness; as the stupendously Omnipotent scent of the rose rendered me absolutely useless for all times,

The instant I devilishly proclaimed that there was none more pious than me on this godly Universe; I was reduced to a pint of parsimoniously adulterated and venomous ash; as the winds of patriotically altruistic freedom in the atmosphere enshrouded even the most diminutive cranny of my withering veins,

The instant I vindictively proclaimed that there was none more vociferous than me on this Omnipotent Universe; I was reduced to a furtively clandestine corpse of torturous desolation; as the unsurpassably unconquerable roar of the jungle entirely dissolved my voice into doldrums of vagrant worthlessness,

The instant I sadistically proclaimed that there was none more adventurous than me on this magnetic Universe; I was reduced to a disastrously waif tentacle of a lackadaisical crab; as the exhilaratingly ebullient sea sailed over me till times beyond infinite infinity,

The instant I beguilingly proclaimed that there was none more celestial than me on this indomitable Universe; I was reduced to a nonchalantly disassociated tail of a grotesque corpse; as the effervescently tranquil fabric of the princely night; blinded me beyond corridors of sagacious recognition,

The instant I sinfully proclaimed that there was none more immortal than me on this evergreen Universe; I was reduced to a cadaverous bellow of disparagingly bellicose hell; as the civilizations of insuperable love; perpetuated me to crumble in the flame of my own repugnantly redundant prejudice,

The instant I proclaimed that there was none more everlasting than me on this enamoring Universe; I was reduced to a mortuary of despairingly Measly shit; as the chapters of unavoidably destined death took complete control over each of my betrayingly slaving senses,

For if there is just one word to describe us living beings in front of the Omnisciently Creator Divine; it was nothing else but the word " Nothing "; and if one of his molecules like me tries to be too smart in proclaiming himself to be this and that instead of " Nothing "; then the Lord makes sure that we are indeed reduced to " Nothing " that very moment itself; forever and ever and ever in front of his Perennially Unassailable grace.

2. FIFTY FIFTY

50% Vivacious; 50 % Vexed,
50 % Fresh; 50 % Feverish,
50 % Friendly; 50 % Fiend,
50 % Resplendent; 50 % Raunchy,
50 % Felicitating; 50 % False,
50 % Prosperous; 50 % Penurious,
50 % Brilliant; 50 % Baseless,
50 % Dreaming; 50 % Devil,
50 % Smiling; 50 % Satanic,
50 % Kinsman; 50 % Knived,
50 % Luminescent; 50 % Lecherous,
50 % Ideal; 50 % Idle,
50 % Sunshine; 50 % Salacious,
50 % Doughty; 50 % Diabolical,
50 % Honest; 50 % Hedonistic,
50 % Omnipotent; 50 % Obsolescent,
50 % Victorious; 50 % Vicarious,
50 % Fantasizing; 50 % Feckless,
50 % Amiable; 50 % Atrocious,
50 % Wholesome; 50 % Withering,
50 % Innovative; 50 % Insomniac,
50 % Blithe; 50 % Bigot,

50 % Congenial; 50 % Cunning,
50 % Doll; 50 % Dreary,
50 % Mollifying; 50 % Monstrous,
50 % Go; 50 % Garrulous,
50 % Heavenly; 50 % Haughty,
50 % Jubilant; 50 % Jailing,
50 % Memorable; 50 % Mad,
50 % Divine; 50 % Dastardly,
50 % Celestial; 50 % Cowardly,
50 % Benign; 50 % Baneful,
50 % Breath; 50 % Breathless,
50 % Enchanting; 50 % Egregious,
50 % Exotic; 50 % Earthquake,
50 % Princely; 50 % Penalizing,
50 % Fathomless; 50 % Filching,
50 % Nightingale; 50 % Nightmarish,
50 % Culpable; 50 % Criminal,
50 % Embellished; 50 % Empty,
50 % Articulate; 50 % Abject,
50 % Royal; 50 % Ragamuffin,
50 % Uninhibited; 50 % Usurped,
50 % Unassailable; 50 % Uxorious,
50 % Bountiful; 50 % Barren,
50 % Seductive; 50 % Sabbatical,
50 % Wonderful; 50 % Wastrel,
50 % Passionate; 50 % Parsimonious,
50 % Mesmerizing; 50 % Mercurial,
50 % Understanding; 50 % Uncouth,
50 % Gratifying; 50 % Gaseous,
50 % Emollient; 50 % Evaporating,
50 % Serenading; 50 % Silent,
50 % Palatial; 50 % Preposterous,
50 % Regale; 50 % Rougish,
50 % Real; 50 % Retrospect,
50 % Vibrant; 50 % Vindictive,
50 % Voluptuous; 50 % Viscid,
50 % Tantalizing; 50 % Taciturn,
50 % Dynamic; 50 % Deteriorating,
50 % Piquant; 50 % Purposeless,
50 % Volatile; 50 % Vanishing, '
50 % Mischievous; 50 % Maudlin,
50 % Kissing; 50 % Kleptomaniac,

50 % Nubile; 50 % Nictitating,
50 % Learned; 50 % Libidinous,
50 % Ameliorating; 50 % Amateurish,
50 % Magnetic; 50 % Megalomaniac,
50 % Hot; 50 % Hypocrite,
50 % Commemorating; 50 % Conundrum,
50 % Exploring; 50 % Ending,
50 % Fructifying; 50 % Foolhardy,
50 % Sagacious; 50 % Suckered,
50 % Titillating; 50 % Tyrannical,
50 % Ubiquitous; 50 % Unbelievable,
50 % Beautiful; 50 % Bourgeoisie,
50 % Callisthenic; 50 % Commercial,
50 % Evolving; 50 % Exonerating,
50 % Symbiotic; 50 % Sleazy,
50 % Luscious; 50 % Livid,
50 % Connubial; 50 % Cannibalistic,
50 % Handsome; 50 % Halitosis,
50 % Nostalgic; 50 % Nymphomaniac,
50 % Dutiful; 50 % Delinquent,
50 % Propitious; 50 % Perfidious,
50 % Rhapsodic; 50 % Revengeful,
50 % Enamoring; 50 % Entropy,
50 % Abounding; 50 % Amorphous,
50 % Astounding; 50 % Abjuring,
50 % Convivial; 50 % Camouflaging,
50 % Winning; 50 % Wounded,
50 % Looming; 50 % Laconic,
50 % Fervent; 50 % Freezing,
50 % Sensational; 50 % Senile,
50 % Venerated; 50 % Vociferous,
50 % Burgeoning; 50 % Bucolic,
50 % Heart-rendering; 50 % Heartless,
50 % Dancing; 50 % Dogmatic,
50 % Effeminate; 50 % Ennui,
50 % Ebullient; 50 % Enervating,
50 % Eternal; 50 % Emasculating,
50 % Unsurpassable; 50 % Underdeveloped,
50 % Impeccable; 50 % Ignominious,
50 % Acclimatizing; 50 % Acrimonious,
50 % Adventurous; 50 % Avaricious,
50 % Fearless; 50 % Fastidious,

50 % Celebrating; 50 % Castrating,
50 % Gigantic; 50 % Genocidal,
50 % Replenishing; 50 % Ravenous,
50 % Temperate; 50 % Tempestuous,
50 % Patriotic; 50 % Parasitic,
50 % Paradise; 50 % Paradoxical,
50 % Twinkling; 50 % Truculent,
50 % Enigmatic; 50 % Extinguishing,
50 % Jaunty; 50 % Jinxed,
50 % Loquacious; 50 % Listless,
50 % Quintessential; 50 % Quarrelsome,
50 % Sacrosanct; 50 % Somnambulistic,
50 % Philosophical; 50 % Pallid,
50 % Specialized; 50 % Sundry,
50 % Coherent; 50 % Carcinogenic,
50 % Restorative; 50 % Repugnant,
50 % Illuminating; 50 % Insipid,
50 % Illustrious; 50 % Imbecile,
50 % Disciplined; 50 % Deleterious,
50 % Dainty; 50 % Derelict,
50 % Ingratiating; 50 % Infantile,
50 % Blossoming; 50 % Bones,
50 % Blessing; 50 % Bloody,
50 % Marvelous; 50 % Mimicking,
50 % Musical; 50 % Mute,
50 % Cavorting; 50 % Cremating,
50 % Delicious; 50 % Deserted,
50 % Nutritious; 50 % Nonchalant,
50 % Pragmatic; 50 % Pirated,
50 % Scholarly; 50 % Skewed,
50 % Aristocratic; 50 % Aboriginal,
50 % Altruistic; 50 % Abolishing,
50 % Artistic; 50 % Abusive,
50 % Robust; 50 % Redundant,
50 % Zealous; 50 % Zany,
50 % Operational; 50 % Oblivious,
50 % Exhilarating; 50 % Excruciating,
50 % Focused; 50 % Faltering,
50 % Blazing; 50 % Bestial,
50 % Bonding; 50 % Blasphemous,
50 % Galloping; 50 % Gibberish,
50 % Mellifluous; 50 % Malicious,

50 % Praiseworthy; 50 % Posthumous,
50 % Intoxicating; 50 % Immolating,
50 % Versatile; 50 % Vampire,
50 % Soothing; 50 % Sycophant,
50 % Pious; 50 % Prurient,
50 % Photogenic; 50 % Pulverized,
50 % Romantic; 50 % Rebellious,
50 % Innocuous; 50 % Irascible,
50 % Timeless; 50 % Transient,
50 % Effulgent; 50 % Ethereal,
50 % Nocturnal; 50 % Nonsensical,
50 % Natural; 50 % Nefarious,
50 % Great; 50 % Gratuitous,
50 % Pristine; 50 % Pregnant,
50 % Quelling; 50 % Quarantine,
50 % Heritage; 50 % Hatred,
50 % Sensuous; 50 % Sacrilegious,
50 % Laudatory; 50 % Libelous,
50 % Springing; 50 % Sadistic,
50 % Impregnable; 50 % Iconoclastic,
50 % Voracious; 50 % Vociferous,
50 % Prolific; 50 % Parrying,
50 % Vocational; 50 % Vituperative,
50 % Thunderous; 50 % Tawdry,
50 % Righteous; 50 % Rhetoric,
50 % Benevolent; 50 % Boorish,
50 % Efficacious; 50 % Exasperating,
50 % Misty; 50 % Misogynist,
50 % Nourishing; 50 % Neophyte,
50 % Fascinating; 50 % Foolish,
50 % Delightful; 50 % Deplorable,
50 % Systematic; 50 % Sonorous,
50 % Cosmic; 50 % Connived,
50 % Commonsense; 50 % Conundrum,
50 % Maverick; 50 % Mutilated,
50 % Melanging; 50 % Mutinous,
50 % Synchronized; 50 % Satanic,
50 % Perspicacious; 50 % Pinned,
50 % Levitating; 50 % Laggard,
50 % Silken; 50 % Sledging,
50 % Jingling; 50 % Jarring,
50 % Opulent; 50 % Obnoxious,

50 % Perfectionist; 50 % Puerile,
50 % Affable; 50 % Agnostic,
50 % Fulsome; 50 % Flatulent,
50 % Rhyming; 50 % Refurbished,
50 % Opulent; 50 % Orphaned,
50 % Child-Like; 50 % Castrated,
50 % Pleasurable; 50 % Plotting,
And 100 % Immortal Love; 100% Immortal Love till times beyond infinite
infinity,
Is what has been; is; and shall forever be; the chapter of Perennially infinitesimal
and worthlessly molecular human life.

3. BEST FRIEND

The whole world clung to you invincibly when you were prosperous; standing tall
in due adulation; of even your most diminutively capricious of achievement,
But the one who unflinchingly supported you when you were dithering towards
the corridors of horrendous extinction; was irrefutably; your only and
BEST FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you unassailably when you were bloomingly beautiful;
enchantingly devouring even the most ethereal sound that you; painstakingly
emanated from your mouth,
But the one who impregnably supported you when you were disastrously
penurious and withering towards a gory end; was irrefutably; your only and BEST
FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you when you were redolently blissful; basking
profusely in the glory of; even the most infinitesimal of your drifting senses,
But the one who uninhibitedly supported you when the society maliciously
poisoned each of your precious moment; was irrefutably; your only and BEST
FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you when you were inundated with an unsurpassable
ocean of gold and silver; overwhelmingly appreciating even the most tiniest
speck of currency; that you whisked far away from your; bohemian palms,
But the one who formidably supported you when each part of your persona was
brutally incarcerated in cloudbursts of devastatingly deadly disease; was
irrefutably; your only and BEST FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you when you were rhapsodically ecstatic and
unconquerably looming large over the planet; unfathomably willing to relinquish

their breath; at even the most inaudible of your commands,
But the one who unequivocally supported you when there wasn't a roof to exist
above your head nor an iota of cloth upon your pathetically shivering visage; was
irrefutably; your only and BEST FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you when you were incomprehensibly powerful;
insatiably yearning to have a glimpse of even the most oblivious of your divinely
gestures,
But the one who indefatigably supported you when the entire Universe around
was savagely sucking your blood; was irrefutably; your only and BEST FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you when you were ebulliently bouncing in the aisles of
paradise; profusely saluting even the most insipidly lugubrious jewel that you
flung nonchalantly on threadbare soil,
But the one who perpetually supported you when daggerheads of maniacal
depression obsessively asphyxiated you from all sides; was irrefutably; your
only and BEST FRIEND.

The whole world clung to you when you were the King of this Universe;
intransigently dying to hear even the most ridiculous cadence of your despicably
dwindling voice,
But the one who immutably supported you when your philanthropic philosophies
were pulverized to raw shit by the monotonous society; was irrefutably; your
only and BEST FRIEND.

And the whole world clung to you when you were flamboyantly breathing
passionately everlasting fire and disseminating majestically immortal love on
every step; clapping at even the most squeamish saliva that you spat with;
languid nonchalance,
But the one who inspiringly supported you when the tyranny of fate had
engendered you to plunge into the valley of treacherous death; was irrefutably;
your only and BEST FRIEND.

4. NO GAPS

The gap between the brilliantly extreme " North Pole" and supremely
celestial "South Pole: " was infinite; yet you weren't perturbed even
an infinitesimally ethereal iota,

The gap between blistering Sunlit " East" and desolately whimpering
" West "
was infinite; yet you weren't disoriented even a clammily squelched iota,

The gap between the enigmatically enchanting " Nature "and
disdainfully monotonous " Concrete Building" was infinite; yet you
weren't hassled even
an inconspicuously parsimonious iota,

The gap between the fathomlessly iridescent "Sky" and frantically
bombarded
"Land " was infinite; yet you weren't bothered even an ephemerally
shrinking
iota,

The gap between the nostalgically tempestuous " Past " and
pragmatically placating " Present " was infinite; yet you weren't
perpetuated even an fugitively frigid iota,

The gap between irrefutably unassailable " Truth " and derogatorily
cold-blooded " Lies "was infinite; yet you weren't pierced even a
fleetingly diminutive iota,

The gap between beautifully blessing " Humanity " and hedonistically
treacherous " Insanity " was infinite; yet you weren't moved even an
fecklessly evanescent iota,

The gap between diabolically pulverizing " Crime" and unsurpassably
bountiful
" Motherhood " was infinite; yet you weren't permeated even a
nonchalantly disappearing iota,

The gap between punctiliously sagacious " Logic" and deliriously
decrepit
"Rampancy" was infinite; yet you weren't touched even a
diminutively insolvent iota,

The gap between ubiquitously enamoring " Honesty " and
despondently barbarous " Politics" was infinite; yet you weren't
affected even a worthlessly floating iota,

The gap between ebulliently exhilarating " Freedom" and disastrously
dilapidated " Incarceration " was infinite; yet you weren't troubled
even a ludicrously obsolete iota,

The gap between compassionately tantalizing " Sweetness" and venomously ballistic " Retribution " was infinite; yet you weren't distraught even a mercurially fading iota,

The gap between perennially fructifying " Rain" and devastatingly truculent " Drought" was infinite; yet you weren't vexed even a baselessly inane iota,

The gap between beautifully blessing " Paradise" and the malevolently cannibalistic " Parasite" was infinite; yet you weren't disturbed a threadbarely nonexistent iota,

The gap between the lecherously victimized " Gutter" and the majestically insuperable steps of " Heaven" was infinite; yet you weren't dwindled even an invisibly infidel iota,

The gap between heartlessly sermonizing " War" and eternally resplendent " Childhood" was infinite; yet you weren't shaken even a meagerly fractional iota,

The gap between deplorably decaying " Illiteracy" and prosperously burgeoning " Kinsmanship" was infinite; yet you weren't pierced even a stingily corrugated iota,

The gap between brutally decimating " Anarchy" and uninhibitedly priceless " Artistry " was infinite; yet you weren't whiplashed even a mundanely measly iota,

The gap between the impregnably priceless " Innocence" and bombastically prejudiced " Manipulation" was infinite; yet you weren't frazzled even a incoherently diminishing iota,

And paradoxically to the above the gap between immortally heavenly " Life" and inevitably destined " Death" was just a single breath; yet you dreadfully bemoaned about that moment; uncontrollably trembled at its very thought even before you devoured your first morsel of food on this fathomless

planet; even before you emitted your very first cry.

5. SUCCESS

Success is not just; placing the roof of Everest directly into your palms,
Infact it lies in conquering the same; with untamed exhilaration in your bones;
with a spirit of profuse thrill lingering all over your twinkling countenance.

Success is not just; blessing you with an ocean of gold; as you woke up from the
heart of deep sleep,
Infact it lies in assiduously persevering your way to it; with an unrelenting desire
to be triumphant at every stage.

Success is not just; placing a platter of tantalizing food before you; even as you
nimply uttered "F";, Infact it lies in ploughing soil under the
acrimonious Sun; poignantly perspiring to sow and harness the marvelous fruits
of a dynamically vibrant tomorrow.

Success is not just; gifting you the key to the most grandiloquent castle in this
colossal Universe,
Infact it lies in constructing it brick by brick; blending your blood in its
impregnable walls; to reside in it; for infinite more births of yours yet to come.

Success is not just; endowing you with all stupendous beauty; which incessantly
titillates and mesmerizes this planet,
Infact it lies in dedicating countless lifetimes in savoring its charm; devoting
yourself mind; body and soul to relish each of its exotically ravishing forms.

Success is not just; uttering an i Love you; to every beautiful damsel you
encountered on the trajectory of this earth,
Infact it lies in tirelessly proving yourself to it; burning like a thousand candles
every instant; to see your partner blossom into; the fragrant flower of bountiful
prosperity.

Success is not just; deluging you from all sides with gigantic textbooks of
sagacious truth; even as you walked in a land of foolhardy cowardice,
Infact it lies in disseminating its irrefutably sacrosanct essence; spreading its
Omnipotent light to the most remotest iota of this mammoth globe.

Success is not just; making you the strongest entity breathing in this world; even
as you yawned languidly towards the dreary moon,
Infact it lies in invincible conviction engulfing your visage; the uninhibited

catharsis of your heart and body; which made your tiny bodied caricature; the most immortal organism alive.

And success is not just; showering upon you a boundless births; even as you compulsively lived each moment of your worthless life,
Infact it lies in audaciously plunging into the valley of exuberant adventure;
victoriously emerging from the deepest of coffins; saluting and embracing existence; as the ultimate of its kind.

6. PERFECTLY O.K.

Laziness is perfectly O.K.; as long as you ensure a world of dream and tantalizing fantasy for your fellow mates; engulfed with hopeless despair,

Overwhelming frustration is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure; blissfully smooth pathways; for your Nation marching towards everlasting prosperity,

Weakness is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure Herculean strength; for all those tottering towards the brink of horrendous extinction,

Boredom is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure stupendously jubilant rhapsody for destitute urchins; disastrously shivering without their parents,

Darkness is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure a fabulous civilization of vibrantly optimistic light; for all organisms brutally incarcerated within dungeons of despicable blackness,

Monotony is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure a planet more voluptuously ravishing than paradise; for all those treacherously blinded; without the tiniest iota of sight,

To bleed is perfectly O.K; as long as you miraculously heal the savagely vindicated wounds of patriotic comrades injured in war,

Overwhelmingly diminutive is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that the severely maimed slithering on soil; attained a status more invincible than the Himalayas,

Being a bedraggled beggar was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that all mothers diabolically kicked by the hideously conventional society;
metamorphosed to the most opulent beings on this boundless Universe,

Reducing to a bundle of inconspicuous ash was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure to procreate countless more entities of your kind; marvelously philandering under resplendent rays of the milky moon,

Painstakingly slow is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that your gruesomely debilitated compatriots; raced like a tornado past the finishing line,

Staying insurmountably famished was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; all those satanically starved; replenished their bellies with exotically enticing food,

Dithering to a mute shadow was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; the seed of perpetual humanity blossomed into an impregnable tree,

Pathetically dark is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; all faces enveloped with disease and sooty dust; transformed into the most mesmerizing silhouettes; on this earth,

Utter dumbness is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; the voice of each deplorably tyrannized; poignantly reached the ultimate harbingers of solidarity and peace,

Ludicrously drowning is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; all those innocent children lost; safely reached their formidably secure abodes,

Indefatigably weeping is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; a perennially proliferating smile; lit up the faces of all those besieged with traumatized agony and inexplicable pain,

Aimlessly sky gazing is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; a wave of insatiable ambition enveloped all those rendered jobless; and disdainfully slaving without a firm purpose in life,

Sacrificing the love of your life was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that a wave of unconquerable love; united every broken heart in the swirl of compassionately revered relationship,

And relinquishing breath wholeheartedly is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure life in every dead thereafter; creating infinite of your kind; every time the earth was born again; and again and again.

7. PRECIOUS

Spurious are those who bombastically manipulate,
Hideous are those who barbarically cheat,
Pompous are those who capriciously brag,
Surreptitious are those who devilishly flirt,
Prodigious are those who prolifically burgeon,
Promiscuous are those who raunchily unleash,
Lugubrious are those who remorsefully castigate,
Dolorous are those who sullenly fret,
Licentious are those who bawdily embrace,
Capricious are those who insipidly wither,
Porous are those who candidly fulminate,
Superfluous are those who unnecessarily flaunt,
Outrageous are those who traumatically condemn,
Ignominious are those who unrelentingly abuse,
Courageous are those who unflinchingly confront,
Audacious are those who intrepidly adventure,
Salacious are those who sleazily ostracize,
Sanctimonious are those who ostentatiously purify,
Delicious are those who harmoniously synthesize,
Deleterious are those who perniciously destroy,
Ominous are those who abhorrently envy,
Perilous are those who precariously slither,
Ostentatious are those who invidiously epitomize,
Pretentious are those who treacherously plot,
Vociferous are those who discordantly chatter,
Tumultuous are those who poignantly embark,
Ubiquitous are those who celestially patronize,
Rambunctious are those who cacophonically utter,
Sensuous are those who tantalizingly fantasize,
Voluptuous are those who eternally romance,
Feroocious are those who vengefully pluck,
Glamorous are those who aristocratically cynosure,
Blasphemous are those who malevolently plunder,
Loquacious are those who indefatigably chatter,
Dexterous are those who articulately maneuver,
Malicious are those who vindictively stab,
Victorious are those who unitedly surge,
Torturous are those who worthlessly asphyxiate,
Pugnacious are those who morbidly attack,
Insidious are those who tyrannically lambaste,
Glorious are those who spell bindingly blaze,

Fabulous are those who magnificently dream,
Marvelous are those who wonderfully synchronize,
Tremendous are those who passionately bond,
Incredulous are those who rejuvenatingly proliferate,
Onerous are those who perseveringly sweat,
Sonorous are those who airily shun,
Notorious are those who diabolically cheat,
Flirtatious are those who mischievously wander,
Vicious are those who parasitically evict,
Parsimonious are those who stingily poison,
Pious are those who impeccably sanctify,
Atrocious are those who sinfully infiltrate,
Acrimonious are those who hatefully whip,
Luminous are those who benevolently shimmer,
Vivacious are those who resplendently blossom,
Precocious are those who rhythmically mushroom,
Thunderous are those who deafeningly reverberate,
Innocuous are those who truthfully breathe,
Obnoxious are those who disdainfully backbite,
Scurrilous are those who brutally desensitize,
Gracious are those who charismatically melange,
Ludicrous are those who maniacally discriminate,
Opprobrious are those who impeachingly debase,
Sumptuous are those who ravishingly relish,
Ravenous are those who disastrously impoverish,
Egregious are those who ruthlessly orphan,
Ambitious are those who tirelessly conceive,
Bounteous are those who philanthropically disseminate,
Courteous are those who wholeheartedly blend,
Zealous are those who fervently pursue,
Arduous are those who insatiably long,
Assiduous are those who diligently progress,
Dubious are those who ingloriously ruminate,
Ambiguous are those who inexplicably vacillate,
And precious are those who symbiotically exist.

8. SLEEP STILL REFUSED

Even though I ran boundless kilometers on the trot; with the Sun flaming full
throttle on the nimble pores of my visage,
Sleep still incorrigibly defied my eyes; even as my legs as heavy as the
overwhelmingly gargantuan mountain range; inundated with acrid thorns.

Even though I indefatigably read all throughout the heart of the sultry night; with the whites of my eyes metamorphosing to an ominously venomous red,
Sleep still immutably eluded my bleary countenance; even as each ingredient of my blood crawled towards the tenterhooks of inevitable extinction.

Even though I ate the most appetizing meals on this colossal Universe;
appeasing the gluttony of my visage to the most unprecedented limits,
Sleep still insidiously betrayed my soul; even as each pore of my flesh badly wailed to perennially rest.

Even though I ploughed infinite distance on the roll; like an avalanche of ice;
pathetically melting under the choking fireball of Sun,
Sleep still treacherously dawdled from my conscience; even as the impoverished caricature of my skull; pledged to devastatingly disentangle itself from my sagging shoulders.

Even though I bulldozed my way through the disdainfully mighty battle; eloping countless lands barefoot; saving my skin from the lecherous traitors,
Sleep still drifted unfathomable miles from my drearily dwindling bones; even as the most intricate dormitories of my brain; lambasted like a billion snakes every unleashing minute.

Even though I hoisted a battalion of unsurpassable bricks over my shoulders;
indefatigably cutting across the deplorable dungeon of gloom lingering ahead,
Sleep still miserably obfuscated my drowning persona; even as I died an incomprehensible number of deaths in my body inside.

Even though I swam intransigently across the torrentially choppy ocean; exerting the astronomically brute force of my bones; against the vociferously roaring storm,
Sleep still maniacally vindicated my senses; even as each hair on my demeanor; pathetically decayed to coalesce with threadbare soil.

Even though I wept for centuries immemorial; infiltrating my vision deliberately with a million needles soaked in scorpion blood,
Sleep still repelled each of my insurmountably tyrannical body; even as the last ounce of robust exhilaration wholesomely evaporated from my heart and soul.

And even as the entire Universe slept in blissful peace; snoring in the aisles of perpetual contentment and mystical enthrallment; outside,
Sleep still refused to enter my blood; my body; my soul;

As although I had achieved the most cherished missions of my life; my eyes continued to frantically grope for the love of their lives; the mate of their dreams; the mate that made them fantasize and dream; even while they were open and alive.

9. I WAS FED UP

I was fed up of being parasitically dependant,
Not of my irrevocable weight; inevitably squelching loose chunks of soil as I walked.

I was fed up of being worthlessly pampered,
Not of my unrelenting festoon of fantasies; which tirelessly cuddled me; beyond the ultimate epitomes of mesmerizing enthrallment.

I was fed up of going to manipulatively uncouth office,
Not of indefatigably working to achieve my art; rise to be the absolute best in my romantically voluptuous passions of existence.

I was fed up of being sympathetically fed,
Not of rightfully earning my share of appetizing meal; from earth's fathomless reserve of ravishingly bountiful endowment.

I was fed up of ostentatiously spurious relationships,
Not of blending with bonds of eternal love and philanthropic friendship; making me the richest entity alive on the trajectory of this boundless Universe.

I was fed up with cowards who were infidel,
Not of innocuously bouncing infants; capriciously changing their moods; even as the winds nimbly changed the slightest of their direction.

I was fed up of taking things for granted,
Not of the wonderfully intrinsic processes of my body; which functioned like astoundingly meticulous clockwork all night and day; to keep me blissfully alive.

I was fed up of casual approaches to lead life,
Not of the serene calm which enveloped my mind; propelling me to focus on the unsurpassable myriad of things; yet to be destined.

I was fed up of being tyrannically dictated,
Not of being a perennially obedient slave of true love; bowing down in revered obeisance to the flower of humanity; which invincibly lingered all over the planet.

I was fed up of youth staring lackadaisically towards fading horizons,
Not of the intrepidly endowed soldier; who sacrificed his life for his motherland;
without even batting an eye.

I was fed up witnessing people polishing the shoes of their pompously inflated
boss,
Not of the patriotic stalwarts; kissing their goals incessantly even while in their
sleep; hugging inseparably to their benevolent mission in life.

I was fed up of ghastly war and indiscriminate bloodshed,
Not of the unfathomable rebel in my soul; which resolved to scrap injustice and
hatred; from the tiniest core of their non-existent roots.

I was fed up of the mockingly hollow rules of the conventional society,
Not of my stringently incorrigible conviction to fight till I shed the last iota of
breath; for the soul mate of my life.

I was fed up of the shadows of the ominously evil,
Not of the most magnanimous reflections of sharing; the unconquerable
shimmers of unity that remained alive even after sunset.

I was fed up of the brutally insensitive odor of profound commercialism,
Not of the golden perspiration that melodiously cascaded down my palms;
gloriously depicting the blissfully enduring fruits of my wholehearted turmoil.

I was fed up of lecherously sinister betrayal,
Not of the wilderness of my rampantly throbbing heart; which made me
exuberantly explore in a million different directions; every unleashing minute.

I was fed up of bombastically assisted at each conjecture of survival,
Not of the impregnable power of my conscience; which made me unflinchingly
confront the most acrimonious of obstacle; with fireballs of faith engulfing my
eyes.

And I was fed up of treacherously chained life,
Not of the immortal spirit of existence; which was so strong; that it made live an
infinite lives more; even though I wanted to die.

10. NO GUARANTEE

I can give you my life; precious years of my overwhelmingly sacred existence; at
the tiniest of your commands,

But I take no guarantee of my brain; an irascible volcano which devastates; at times higher than the sky; while at times embedding itself infinite kilometers beneath the grave.

I can give you my life; each iota of wealth that I had assimilated; at the slightest cry of your painstaking distress,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times romanticizing in the aisles of desire; while at times licking raw sands like an insane lunatic.

I can give you my life; showering upon you all the mesmerizing happiness that lingered around my countenance; when you stumbled brutally on every path,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times glistening like the epitome of ultimate prosperity; while at times indefatigably barking like a wounded dog; slithering towards the corridors of extinction.

I can give you my life; bestowing upon you all the goodness that profusely circumvented my soul; when you spoke of the tiniest of discomfort,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times blossoming vibrantly like a vivacious peacock; while at times sadistically whipping itself with ghastly chains of diabolical hell.

I can give you my life; sacrificing every smile that besieged my rubicund lips; to witness you harness the true essence of existence,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times relishing the fruits of nature in celestially harmonious melody; while at times disastrously unable to breathe; imprisoned in chains of self destruction and diffidence.

I can give you my life; embellishing each path you tread on; with streams of my very own crimson blood; nourishing you with my breath to a land more exotic than paradise,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times harvesting the most wonderful fantasies on this Universe; while at times hissing ominously on the lanes of isolated malice.

I can give you my life; pacifying your every unfinished desire; even as you bounced in stupendously supreme contentment and intrigue,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times invincibly towering above all on this planet; while at times traumatizing itself like a billion scorpion bites.

I can give you my life; inundating your haplessly empty palms with the most beautiful gifts on this planet; ensuring that you walked on a silken carpet while thorns of treachery; savagely pierced my eyes,

But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times as impeccable as mothers milk; while at times obsessively trying to lambaste its unfathomable repertoire of; untapped potential.

And I can give you my life; seeing to it that you led an infinite more lives of bliss; relinquishing my breath as many number of times,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times ubiquitously disseminating the essence of divine; while at times a satanic demon; penalizing me for apparently no fault of mine.

11. THE GREATEST GIFT

The greatest gift that the tree could shower upon this earth; was its stupendous myriad of bountiful fruits and exotic berries,

The greatest gift that the sky could shower upon this earth; was torrential downpours of ravishing rain,

The greatest gift that the ocean could shower upon this earth; was ingratiatingly tangy hillocks of mesmerizing salt,

The greatest gift that the cow could shower upon this earth; was impeccably glistening globules of sacrosanct milk,

The greatest gift that the roses could shower upon this earth; was their astounding entrenchment of spell binding scent,

The greatest gift that the Sun could shower upon this earth; was its Omnipotent festoon of enchantingly golden rays,

The greatest gift that the forests could shower upon this earth; was their enigmatic wilderness; metamorphosing mundane reality into an enigmatic paradise,

The greatest gift that the artist could shower upon this earth; was his unfathomable reservoir of profusely poignant artistry,

The greatest gift that the cuckoo could shower upon this earth; was its explicitly candid voice; which infiltrated like a majestic prince; at the crack of every ethereal dawn,

The greatest gift that the lake could shower upon this earth; was its

magnanimous tranquility; the rejuvenating serenity in its nimble lap,

The greatest gift that the mother could shower upon this earth; was her innocently frolicking and divinely offsprings,

The greatest gift that the soldier could shower upon this earth; was irrefutable triumph; for his treacherously tyrannized motherland,

The greatest gift that the teacher could shower upon this earth; was its robust young citizens; surging towards a brilliantly optimistic tomorrow,

The greatest gift that the fire could shower upon this earth; was its compassionate inferno of comforting flames; illuminating the ghastly blackness of the night with; the winds of untamed excitement,

The greatest gift that the pearl could shower upon this earth; was its royally charismatic aura; which embraced all with an everlasting shine,

The greatest gift that the breath could shower upon this earth; was instilling new life; inevitably proliferate the chapter of existence for an infinite times,

The greatest gift that the heart could shower upon this earth; was insatiable energy to achieve the most impossible of fabulous dreams,

The greatest gift that Man could shower upon this earth; was the spirit of philanthropic humanity; benevolently walking shoulder to shoulder with another of his fellow kind,

And the greatest gift that God could shower upon this earth; was immortal love; is immortal love; and will remain immortal love forever.

12. TREATING EACH DAY AS A SUNDAY

God created all seven days of the week alike; to bask in the glory of Nature's bountiful endowment and enjoy,

It was man who embraced a festoon of spurious idiosyncrasies; frolicking in the aisles of divinely heaven only on a Sunday; while he perspired worse than a dog; on all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to poignantly blend with the mesmerizing beauty of this colossal Universe,

It was man who murdered himself with his own framework of rules; celebrating

only on a Sunday; while he tossed and squirmed like an insipid worm; all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to majestically fulfill your duties; let the enchanting stream of shimmering moonlight; pacify you beyond eternal times,

It was man who disdainfully messed up life with manipulative business; ruling like an unconquerable king on a Sunday; while he literally licked the dust of the roads; on all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to philanthropically march ahead with all living kind; soar through the crimson clouds with a desire to be triumphant glittering in your eyes,

It was man who coined tyrannical definitions of his own; rejoiced and hugged his family only on a Sunday; while critically lambasting them with his frustration; on all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to dance in the aisles of uninhibited freedom; benevolently assist your ailing mates in inexplicable pain,

It was man who acted more insanely than the devastatingly insane; adventuring through the hills only on a Sunday; while he compellingly measured each of his nonchalant footsteps; on all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to test your true mettle on this planet; celestially sleep in synergy with the unveiling of the gloriously star studded night,

It was man who profoundly consulted the heinous devil; tossing his children only on a Sunday; while kicking them in the uncouth world outside to earn their own bread; on all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to rhapsodically inhale the scent of roses; romance and disseminate the gift of love; as each night descended by,

It was man who savagely chopped his own feet with his axe; feeling the richest man alive only on a Sunday; while he spat irrevocably on his own treasury of brilliant fortune; on all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to explore and unite with all the exotically wonderful organisms wandering on mother earth,

It was man who wanted to consume knives instead of supper; wholeheartedly unleashing his heart out only on a Sunday; while he jailed himself and his comrades together in a jail of claustrophobic despair; on all other days.

And if you couldn't listen to God; I know for sure you would never listen to me;
even if I quit life to tell you; to live life like a king; each day of the week,
Don't worry I have better alternatives still; you remain blessed writhing like a
commercial commodity all your lives; while I was definitely the wealthiest man
alive; treating each day as a Sunday.

13. THOSE WHO EMBRACE

Those who embrace exuberantly sparkling happiness,
Inevitably have to accept deplorably despicable sadness; ooze tears of
inexplicable sorrow; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace vibrantly optimistic beams of bright light,
Inevitably have to accept bizarre blackness; dungeons of horrific despair; at
some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace voluptuously exotic fragrance,
Inevitably have to accept the corridors of disdainful odor; the tyranny of fetidly
ghastly scent; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace formidable webs of profoundly glowing health,
Inevitably have to accept the storms of disgustingly decaying disease; wither
weak in tumultuous pain; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace unfathomable opulence; overwhelmed with an ocean of
golden coin,
Inevitably have to accept stark poverty; take the chill of the murderously chilly
night on their barren chests; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace cloudbursts of compassionate warmth,
Inevitably have to accept satanic nakedness; shiver uncontrollably beneath
avalanches of diabolical ice; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace stupendously charismatic beauty,
Inevitably have to accept ludicrous ugliness; get deluged by a gory entrenchment
of devilish looks; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace intriguingly glorious dawn,
Inevitably have to accept the gloominess of midnight; the sinister attack of
frantic desperation; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace unprecedented realms of ultimate victory,

Inevitably have to accept pathetic defeat; slither in miserable hopelessness towards oblivion; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace incredulously enthralling melody,
Inevitably have to accept a prison of cacophonous croaking; savagely inundate their souls with incoherently pugnacious voice; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace unsurpassable fireballs of ambition,
Inevitably have to accept treacherous helplessness; march on a blanket of insidiously cold blooded snakes; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace impregnable tornadoes of Herculean power,
Inevitably have to accept appalling deterioration; reducing to grotesque skeletons of their pompous self; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace tantalizing morsels of appetizing food each hour,
Inevitably have to accept obdurate stones; a fountain of deceptively acrimonious thorns; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace perpetual walls of security like a prince,
Inevitably have to accept uncouth bloodbaths; indiscriminate anecdotes of barbarism; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace caverns of immaculately shimmering perfection,
Inevitably have to accept glaring goofups; stumble ridiculously from the absolute summit; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace passionately dear ones,
Inevitably have to accept devastating partition; a feeling of being split into an infinite pieces; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace unfathomably startling grandeur,
Inevitably have to accept infinitesimally threadbare reality; lick the dust of the manipulative streets; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace mesmerizing serenity and calm,
Inevitably have to accept a conglomerate of irascible mosquitoes; get stung by the hideous hooded scorpion; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace aristocratically glittering stardom,
Inevitably have to accept a mass rejection; sighting their reflection in inconspicuous spit; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace the clouds of uninhibited freedom,
Inevitably have to accept rusty shackles of incarceration; spending countless hours beneath the roof of gory jail; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace a beehive of exhilarating sweetness,
Inevitably have to accept ignominious criticism; rot in the river of utter bitterness; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace celestially medieval sainthood,
Inevitably have to accept the lechery of this conventional society; the whiplashes of perilously commercial reality; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace insurmountably poetic softness,
Inevitably have to accept the cannibalistic maelstrom of business; blend with horrendous rules and spurious regulations; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace divinely ideals of irrefutable truth,
Inevitably have to accept a pugnacious battlefield of condemnable lies; get slapped by traumatic racism; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace impeccable cleanliness at each step they tread,
Inevitably have to accept derogatory bruises; gutters indefatigably overflowing with filth; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace vivacious spurts of unequivocal enthusiasm,
Inevitably have to accept insane dullness; the daggerheads of strangulating boredom; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace spellbinding festoons of magical tricks,
Inevitably have to accept mundane stock markets; wade through the ominously precarious marshes; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace unrelenting philandering through the captivatingly moonlit hills,
Inevitably have to accept the invidiously sinking sands of the deserts; the marshy swamps laden with menacing crocodiles; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace fabulous childhood in the lap of their mother,
Inevitably have to accept the brashness of the dastardly society; tremendous ostracism from rigid sects; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace whirlwind speeds at every turn they negotiate,
Inevitably have to accept the hindside of the tortoise; completely crippling
muteness; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace dizzy heights of success since first cry of birth,
Inevitably have to accept a mountain of mock failures; the wailing ashes of
shameful defeat; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace waterfalls of thunderous excitement,
Inevitably have to accept dwindling energy; a famished cry of relinquishing
desire; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace the realms of poignantly holy marriage,
Inevitably have to accept painful separation from their beloved; die a boundless
death each instant while still living; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace robustly enchanting life,
Inevitably have to accept the perils of veritable death; resting in perpetual
silence at some stage beneath the ghastly metal of their morbid grave.

But those who embrace love at each word they utter; at each foot they alight,
Inevitably have to accept only love; love and immortal love; till the time God
commands them to live; and even centuries after when their perennial spirits
continue to exist; although they quit breath and die

14. THE HUMAN BRAIN

The more unrelentingly that you stretched it; the more did it explore; every
cranny of this astoundingly fathomless Universe,

The more incessantly that you taxed it; the more incomprehensibly sharper did it
become; as the minutes unfurled,

The more indefatigably that you kept it awake; the more rhapsodically did it
fantasize; about the voluptuously exotic creations of this planet,

The more ardently that you stirred it; the more boundlessly did it fulminate into a
marvelous festoon of ideas; which possessed the invincible power to blend sky
with chocolate brown soil,

The more unendingly that you manipulated it; the more shrewdly astute did it
become; contemplating infinite steps further; before even you could actually

alight your nimble foot,

The more tumultuously that you let it loose; the more rampantly did it wander; tirelessly adding fabulous dimensions to the dwindling chapter of existence,

The more ferociously that you reprimanded it; the more stupendously did it coin its plans; to infiltrate through the most impregnable of chains,

The more magnanimously that you unleashed it; the more prudence and knowledge did it imbibe; grasping an incredulous ocean of newness as the Sun peeped from behind scarlet clouds,

The more that you made it run; the more uncontrollable did it become; relentlessly chasing its favorite fetish; even as your soul left for its celestial abode,

The more that you teased it; the more gloriously stupefying inventions did it produce; wholesomely metamorphosing the definitions of monotonously mundane tomorrow,

The more that you made it perennially sleep; the more dreams did it marvelously perceive; enchantingly galloping in a land beyond fathomlessly wonderful paradise,

The more that you challenged it; the more immortally formidable did it become; registering unconquerable triumph on every adversity; which lingered invidiously in gigantic atmosphere,

The more that you seductively burnt it; the more passionately did it catapult towards jubilant cosmos; profusely stimulating the dreariness of the ghastly night,

The more that you sadistically whipped it; the more uncontrollably did it race towards extinction; brutally transcending the blissful synergies of symbiotic relationships,

The more that you tried to conventionally incarcerate it; the more bonds did it form with the winds of ultimate freedom; royally galloping to fulfill its romantic missions in life,

The more that you torched it with volcano's of hatred; the more faster did it head towards the pathways of self destruction; maliciously closing breath from all quarters of hope,

The more that you pompously polished it; the more compassionately did it embrace the rustic roots of rudimentary existence; abhorring aliens as much as a fish abhors dry sand,

The more you commanded it to love; the more devotedly did it exist for countless more births yet to come; deluging each element of your survival with everlasting happiness,

Worse than a child at times; Conquering barricades within a wink when in the perfect mood; Heading at electric speeds towards its grave without the slightest rhyme or reason; While at times taking an immutable pledge to be forever alive, the human brain was sometimes your obedient slave, while at times refused all heavens to be your ultimate Master.

15. BLESSING YOU

The water when imprisoned within the crystalline walls of mock glass; profusely abused you for mischievously toying and consuming it, However the same imparted unprecedented showers of untamed exhilaration; as you left it to cascade freely from the slopes of the mesmerizing Himalayas.

The birds when imprisoned within diabolical bars of circus cage; wept a thousand tears; fervently missing their counterparts soaring merrily amidst the clouds, However the same inundated your mundane ears with unfathomable melody; as you left them to flap fabulously under the golden carpet of free Sunshine.

The creepers when imprisoned in sleazily artificial pots; cursed you every unveiling second for painstakingly strangulating their immaculate breath; exposing them to your worthless society, However the same triggered fireballs of unsurpassable passion in your every night; as you left them to wander rampantly in the mystically moonlit forests.

The lips when imprisoned by your sonorous demeanor and clenched teeth; pugnaciously rebelled you to the point of despicable extinction, However when the same blossomed into all the smiles of your celestial life; as you left them to naturally stretch beyond the summits of the gorgeous valley.

The horse when imprisoned in an everlasting myriad of buckles and straddle; insidiously neighed you the cry of a ghastly death, However the same transported you to help when you were dying; as you left it to thunderously philander through the honey coated pathways of the hills.

The lid when imprisoned by your irrevocable stubbornness; pledged to make you relinquish your sight; the moments you desired it the most,
However the same won you the ultimate love of your life; as you left it to flirtatiously wink; as Omnipotent light filtered harmoniously from the skies.

The dreams when imprisoned by your mantras of manipulative commercialism; irrefutably decided to devastate you for murdering their heavenly aura with barbaric malice,
However the same made you the most richest entity on this colossal Universe; as you left them to unrelentingly unleash till times beyond absolute eternity.

The slave when imprisoned within the heinous walls of your lecherous society; ardently prayed to poison your breath; as he polished the floors of your mansion with
his tongue while you luxuriously slept,
However the same was the sole warrior who defended you from the most inconspicuous of evil in air; when you left him to explore a fantastically beautiful world of his own.

And the heart when imprisoned in chains of the conventional planet; cast a spell upon all tangible existing to metamorphose them into brutally squashed stones,
However the same blessed you with an infinite lives beyond the most wildest of your imagination; as you left it to throb for the purpose it was created; for the purpose it wanted to wholesomely love and embrace.

16. BUSINESS OF LOVE

It was an everlasting business; in which there was not the slightest of obnoxiously adulterated give and take; in which every organism forever philandered on tantalizingly heavenly cloud nine,

It was an enchanting business; in which there was not the slightest of diabolically cold-blooded barbarism; in which the fireball of unassailable truth transcended even the most infinitesimal iota of frigid insanity around,

It was a sensuous business; in which there was not the slightest of disdainful rebuke; in which all that existed was the virtue of altruistic benevolence; for centuries unprecedented,

It was an indomitable business; in which there was not the slightest gutter of slavering fear; in which perennially floated the paradise of unfathomably

untainted desire,

It was an unflinching business; in which there was not the slightest of commercial deliriousness; in which the mantra of impeccable symbiotism was the sole messiah to enlighten disastrously beleaguered lives,

It was a unceasing business; in which there was not the slightest insinuation of maliciously devilish loss; in which the fragrance of togetherness compassionately bonded one and all; in the religion of mankind holistically alike,

It was a voluptuous business; in which there was not the slightest innuendo of brutally pulverizing monotony; in which only the magnanimously tranquil mists of prosperity descended upon every living being and its kin,

It was an enamoring business; in which there was not the slightest cranny of desperately embroiled politics; in which the eternal gardens of innocuously bountiful frolic sprouted on every conceivable portion of lackadaisical soil,

It was a perpetual business; in which there was not the slightest wail of the indiscriminately rampaging devil; in which the birds of exuberantly unfettered freedom uninhibitedly soared in pristinely golden sky,

It was an ardent business; in which there was not the slightest of vindictive loophole; in which every ingredient of contumacious retribution was replaced by the sky of spell bindingly burgeoning peace,

It was a record-breaking business; in which there was not the slightest of decrepit stinginess; in which the dimensions of convivially insuperable mankind loomed larger than every construable object on this planet,

It was an undefeatable business; in which there were not the slightest of inexplicably terrorized tears; in which timelessly fructified the aisles of redolent beauty and endlessly serene desire,

It was an ecstatic business; in which there was not the slightest of desolately dilapidated boredom or meaninglessness; in which the stars of unbelievably mesmerizing enthrallment twinkled for infinite more births yet to unveil,

It was a magnetic business; in which there was not the slightest of bizarrely besmirching dereliction; in which inimitably towering precipices of; profoundly artistic sensuousness and glorious success,

It was a resplendent business; in which there was not the slightest of miserable animosity; in which every breathing organism wonderfully blossomed amidst castles of majestically tireless unity,

It was a triumphant business; in which there were not the slightest pendulums of rancid up's and downs; in which the only path that miraculously evolved in front of everyone's eyes; was the one which celestially led to the Omnipotent Divine,

It was a philanthropic business; in which there was not the slightest trace of hedonistic savagery; in which the voice that wafted from the innermost core of the innocently thundering heart; epitomized a brand new chapter of ebullient existence,

It was a royal business; in which there was not the slightest of invidiously deteriorating lies; in which the rays of brilliantly Omnipresent truth; disseminated from the whites of every immaculately wandering eye,

And how insatiably I wished every unraveling instant of the effulgent day and exhilarating night that each breath of mother earth was inexhaustibly embellished by it; every other business and manipulatively besieged entity on this boundless Universe adopted it; be blessed forever by the pricelessly immortal business of love.

17. NO HOLDBACKS

There were times when I held dogmatically back my sleep; even though my disastrously beleaguered eyes felt like forever popping out of their brutally tyrannized sockets,

There were times when I irretrievably held back my smiles; even though the corners of my lips miserably ached to profoundly blossom; till times beyond majestically glorious eternity,

There were times when I irrevocably held back my hunger; even though the thunderously hedonistic reverberations in my stomach; woke even the most truculent of demons in the cosmos; from aisles of deep siesta,

There were times when I stubbornly held back my triumph; even though the Sun of blistering success; came on my doorstep to uninhibitedly kiss my impoverished feet,

There were times when I torturously held back my creativity; even though

unsurpassable cloudbursts of blissfully fructifying fantasy; royally sprouted from every conceivable cranny of my mind,

There were times when I uncaringly held back my tears; even though countless mirrors of hapless desperation shattered to horrendously maiming nothingness; inside the dormitories of my weeping soul,

There were times when I resolutely held back my yawns; even though the insurmountably unceasing bedspreads of laziness; slowly and slowly lulled each of my senses into a soporific lullaby,

There were times when I devoutly held back my aspirations; even though the rhapsodically ebullient fireball of optimistic dynamism; wholesomely circumscribed every ingredient of my effervescent blood,

There were times when I fanatically held back my bravado; even though the winds of unflinching fearlessness; indefatigably perpetuated me to fight for justice till the very last bone down my spine thrived,

There were times when I deliriously held back my frolic; even though the impeccably mischievous child in me; torturously asphyxiated to a prematurely decrepit end,

There were times when I barbarously held back my desires; even though the titillations of insatiable sensuality in the pores of my skin were more poignantly unconquerable; than streaks of regally white lightning in scarlet sky,

There were times when I ungainly held back my philosophies; even though the unprecedented urge to disseminate the essence of gloriously unfettered mankind; spawned like an insuperable fortress in every comprehensible cranny of my countenance,

There were times when I baselessly held back my dreams; even though the caverns of unfathomably effulgent excitement; timelessly burgeoned in every rivulet of crimson blood; that ecstatically encircled my brain,

There were times when I nonsensically held back my freedom; even though every dormitory of my mind; body and victorious soul; wanted to timelessly kiss the ultimate apogees of tranquilly coruscated paradise,

There were times when I immutably held back my poetry; even though the profoundly illuminated lanterns of bountiful sensitivity; caressed a miraculously

new high in the fabric of my life,

There were times when I bigotedly held back my fists; even though the urge to defend myself against the treacherously rapacious and indiscriminately marauding monsters; rose beyond the heavens in my diminutively nimble body,

There were times when I intransigently held back my melody; even though the uncurbed desire to effusively blend with the colors of panoramic nature; passionately drifted from each word that I spoke,

There were times when I intractably held back my breath; even though the invaluable instinct of sustaining life; tempestuously pounded like the entire force on this earth; upon my despairingly aggrieved and strangulated lungs,

But at no time of my parsimoniously truncated life could I ever hold back the beats of my endlessly fervent heart; could I ever hold back the wave of unshakable romance that it perennially culminated into; could I ever dream of holding back my immortal love for you and only you; O! Pricelessly divine beloved.

18. NO END-PRODUCTS

The end product of indiscriminatingly venomous war; was the gruesome coffin of baselessly decrepit and rotting; prejudice,

The end product of abjectly hypochondriacal insanity; was the forlornly malevolent dungeon of unceremoniously dilapidated and treacherously obnoxious; manipulation,

The end product of monotonously decrepit commercialism; was the desolate web of abhorrently disdainful and lethally tyrannizing; regret,

The end product of sinfully dastardly lies; was the fiendish gallows of disparagingly derogatory and nonchalantly ridiculing; poverty,

The end product of indolently ignoramus illiteracy; was the pernicious well of devastatingly prurient and ignominiously lambasting; unemployment,

The end product of devilishly irrational obsession; was the sinister gutter of hopelessly debilitating and disgustingly horrendous; emptiness,

The end product of uncontrollably stinking expletives; was the pugnacious

battlefield of truculently terrorizing and nastily demonic; hatred,

The end product of salaciously whipping politics; was the hapless tornado of vindictively orphaned and traumatically feckless; decay,

The end product of bizarrely delirious ghettoizm; was a shriveling civilization of unsolicitedly profane and remorsefully recoiling; fear,

The end product of unreasonably oozing wounds; was a cadaverous spirit of disparagingly deteriorating and gorily grotesque; extinction,

The end product of brutally excoriating injustice; was an annihilating avalanche of torridly impotent and parasitically ominous; retribution,

The end product of lecherously unwarranted sleep; was a bawdily amorphous vacuum of maniacally decimating and forlornly weeping; frustration,

The end product of ludicrously slaving cowardice; was an acrimonious pig stalk of worthlessly snarling and everlastingly lifeless; shit,

The end product of invidiously maiming betrayal; was a convoluted whisker of inconspicuously erratic and listlessly evaporating; nothingness,

The end product of atrociously murdering disrespect; were the ridiculous crutches of insipidly detrimental and rebelliously ballistic; self affliction,

The end product of heartlessly hedonistic massacring; was the satanically thrashing curtain of horrifically depriving and endlessly egregious; hell,

The end product of barbarously knifing atheism; was the merciless gallows of inevitably flagrant and inexhaustibly cold-blooded death,

The end product of sinfully incarcerating bachelorhood; was the jinxed corpse of indefatigably hurting and limitlessly penalizing; loneliness,

But "Immortal Love" had not the tiniest of aftermath; as it kept perpetually proliferating into paradise of unassailably heavenly togetherness and eternally compassionate humanity for infinite more births yet to unveil; and had not the slightest of end or meaningless end-product.

19. BE PREPARED

Otherwise don't show me even an infinitesimal fraction of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the redolently scarlet rose right in front of my disastrously famished nose,
Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except inhaling its stupendously perennial and everlastingly mesmerizing fragrance.

Otherwise don't show me even a fugitively distorted shadow of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the intrepidly peerless ocean right in front of my devastatingly monotonous bones,
Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except euphorically swimming in its rhapsodically untamed and timelessly ebullient waves.

Otherwise don't show me even an ethereally oblivious iota of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the impeccably resplendent moon right in front of lugubriously prejudiced eyes,
Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except insatiably absorbing its magically Omnipotent softness; unrelentingly dreaming in its sacrosanct shimmer till times beyond eternal eternity.

Otherwise don't show me even a transiently feckless fraction of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the unbelievably ecstatic clouds right in front of my brutally lambasted and truculently tortured skin,
Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except indefatigably wandering in a civilization of unceasingly exhilarating seduction; in a township of tantalizing igniting lust.

Otherwise don't show me even an evanescently infidel glimpse of it; but if you indeed dared to bring perpetually caring motherhood right in front of my despairingly wailing and staggeringly derelict senses,
Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except bountifully reviving my deplorably estranged childhood; in its unassailably Godly lap.

Otherwise don't show me even an insipidly obfuscated trace of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the mischievously sun soaked meadow right in front of my relentlessly fidgeting feet,
Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except uninhibitedly cavorting in its ingratiatingly glimmering

and golden dewdrop grass.

Otherwise don't show me even an ephemerally diminishing ray of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the Omnipotently dazzling fireball of Sun right in front of my clammily trembling skin,
Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except inexhaustibly galloping forward in the miraculous festoon of its insuperably optimistic enlightenment.

Otherwise don't show me even a mercurially capricious droplet of it; but if you indeed dared to bring the torrentially blessing thunderbolt of rain right in front of my lifelessly amorphous and extinguishing countenance,
Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except letting each globule of unlimitedly unprecedented happiness; perpetuate an unsurpassable heaven of desire in every desolate corner of my soul.

Otherwise don't show me even the most preposterously dying shadow it; but if you indeed dared to bring stupendously emollient land of paradise right in front of my deliriously disoriented mind,
Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except tirelessly fantasizing and burgeoning into the heavens of Omnipresently blessed freshness.

And otherwise don't show me even the most distraughtly parsimonious trace of her; but if you indeed dared to bring her immortally sacred grace in front of my ardently thundering heart,
Then be prepared; that I would do nothing else till the time I lived and on this entire Universe; except forever and ever and ever bonding with her sacrosanct spirit; fearlessly letting the beats in her chest unconquerably transcend over; every cranny of my mind; body and impoverished existence.

20. THE KING OF THE CURRENT MOMENT

The treacherously obsolete yesterday I had wholesomely forgotten; with even the most infinitesimal of its vapid impression dissolving into aisles of frigid nothingness,
What was going to happen today I had not the tiniest of innuendo about; groping into the mercilessly coldblooded darkness when I pondered upon the same,
Tomorrow was a tantalizing mirage; which kept eluding my invincible grasp more and more; as I tried to indefatigably snatch it,
But nevertheless I was still the unparalleled king of the current moment;

rejoicing in its untamed glory to the most unprecedented limits; letting its bountiful majesty take complete control of every of my beleaguered vein.

The disastrously delirious yesterday had wholesomely evaporated from my life; with not even the most vehemently indignant of its maelstroms daring to come near me,

What was going to happen today I had not the most ephemeral insinuation about; shattering into boundless fragments of meaninglessness when I tried to tirelessly envisage about the same,

Tomorrow was a fathomlessly distant dream; about whose veritable reality I couldn't figure out head or spuriously withering tail,

But nevertheless I was still the unassailable king of the current moment; letting its unsurpassable enchantment celestially descend upon even the most diminutive cranny of my mind; body and quavering soul.

The truculently chauvinistic yesterday had completely deserted the chapter of my life; with not even the most evanescent of its jinxed beam; reminiscent in the whites of my eyes,

What was going to happen today I had not the most capricious idea about; being banged like a haplessly disoriented coconut against the walls of diabolical hell; when I tried to flex my brain a trifle too much about it,

Tomorrow seemed to stretch beyond the realms of my molecular imagination; with the fangs of viciously bellicose uncertainty perpetuating me from all sides, But nevertheless I was still the uninhibited king of the current moment; letting its pragmatically panoramic beauty; entirely become the royally seductive veil of my horrendously tyrannized existence.

The baselessly crucifying yesterday had entirely abdicated my nimble presence; extinguishing into worthless horizons of irretrievably reproachful oblivion,

What was going to happen today I had not the most mercurial of gut feeling about; being ruthlessly buried alive in coffins of intractable desperation; as I tried to valiantly decipher its ingredients of good and forlornly bad,

Tomorrow had still marathon hours to take irrefutably unshakable control; with a zillion murderous barricades yet to overcome,

But nevertheless I was still the limitless king of the current moment; letting its magnetically divine energy instill optimistically benign energy in my delinquent bones; to lead a countless more symbiotic lives.

The morbidly penalizing yesterday seemed gone since times immemorial; with the first rays of Omnipotently brilliant dawn; transcending over even the most non-existent speck of the egregiously rampaging devil,

What was going to happen today I had not the most ethereal of understanding

about; being dissolved into mortuaries of hopeless insanity; when I tried to unambiguously picture the next hour from now,
Tomorrow seemed like it would never come; with the deplorable conundrum of murderous manipulation and politics around me; engendering me to frenetically search for my every breath,
But nevertheless I was still the inimitable king of the current moment; letting its philanthropically synergistic heavenliness; beautifully coalesce each of my senses with the mantra of wonderfully egalitarian mankind; with the spirit of the Ever-Pervading; Divine.

21. CAN NEVER EVOLVE

The field which uncontrollably cries while ploughing; can never evolve into majestically fructifying and ebulliently blissful crop,

The sea which pathetically cries while undulating; can never evolve into fantastically vibrant and tantalizingly ecstatic adventure,

The desert which discordantly cries while being heated; can never evolve into fathomlessly regale and timelessly seductive majesty,

The cloud which hedonistically cries while showering rain; can never evolve into boundlessly enthralling and enchantingly heavenly freshness,

The waterfall which insidiously cries while cascading on handsome rock; can never evolve into stupendously amiable and vividly mystical reinvigoration,

The mountain which abhorrently cries while defending; can never evolve into symbiotically unflinching and peerlessly unassailable unity,

The nightingale which fretfully cries while singing; can never evolve into timelessly ubiquitous and unequivocally resplendent melody,

The artist who deplorably cries while sketching; can never evolve into spell bindingly refreshing and unsurpassably enamoring magnetism,

The soldier who dolorously cries while fighting for his country; can never evolve into insuperably marvelous and blazingly fearless patriotism,

The tree which dementedly cries while imparting exuberant breeze; can never evolve into magnificently euphoric and royally blossoming vivacity,

The clown who preposterously cries while engendering the audience to laugh; can never evolve into bedazzlingly enviable and miraculously healing happiness,

The lightening which uxoriously cries while uninhibitedly diffusing into an enigmatic river of brilliant white; can never evolve into compassionately effulgent and fierily charged electricity,

The lion who capriciously cries while crunching the bones of his nimble prey; can never evolve into unfathomably bewitching and inimitably unconquerable kingliness,

The dwelling which hedonistically cries while harboring its impeccable occupants; can never evolve into affably propitious and beautifully synergistic concord,

The doctor who fecklessly cries while attending to his beleaguered patients; can never evolve into miraculously Omnipotent and blessedly efficacious healing,

The hand which frigidly cries while working for quintessential livelihood; can never evolve into eternally pacifying and emolliently deserving perseverance,

The lips which dismally cry while unstopably kissing; can never evolve into bounteously ingratiating and timelessly candle-lit sensuousness,

And the heart which sadistically cries while perpetually bonding its beats with the person it loved; can never evolve into immortally Godly and rhapsodically triumphant life.

22. WITH THE FIRST RAYS OF EVERY DAWN

With the very first crackle of every sensitively aristocratic dawn; the very first thing that the fathomless deserts ardently prayed for; was blisteringly unceasing Sunshine; all throughout the tenure of the gloriously intrepid day,

With the very first rays of every ecstatically vibrant dawn; the very first thing that the gigantic mountains insatiably prayed for; was unflinchingly Herculean strength; all throughout the tenure of the blissfully harmonious day,

With the very first shimmer of every resplendently beaming dawn; the very first thing that the boisterous bees tirelessly prayed for; was mischievously cavorting fields of scarlet roses; all throughout the tenure of the symbiotically enamoring day,

With the very first unfurling of every euphorically heartening dawn; the very first thing that the uninhibited birds indefatigably prayed for; was boundless playgrounds of astoundingly crystalline sky; all throughout the tenure of the stupendously fragrant day,

With the very first smile of every bewitchingly magnificent dawn; the very first thing that the frosty waters of the sea unrelentingly prayed for; was rhapsodically myseterious undulations; all throughout the tenure of the handsomely charismatic day,

With the very first enlightening of every marvelously exotic dawn; the very first thing that the compassionately moistened leaves of the forest immutably prayed for; was enthrallingly timeless and vivacious adventure; all throughout the tenure of the unfathomably mesmerizing day,

With the very first sparkle of every ebulliently innocuous dawn; the very first thing that the impeccably wailing infant inexorably prayed for; was divinely untainted milk of its mother; all throughout the tenure of the fantastically panoramic day,

With the very first glimmer of every synergistically emollient dawn; the very first thing that the preposterously dilapidated dungeon uncontrollably prayed for; was thunderbolts of endlessly unparalleled light; all throughout the tenure of the celestially immaculate day,

With the very first sprinkle of every beautifully embellished dawn; the very first thing that the penuriously beleaguered eyes unlimitedly prayed for; was tantalizingly heavenly paradise; all throughout the tenure of the eternally silken day,

With the very first blessing of every wonderfully endowing dawn; the very first thing that the iridescently blooming nightingale unequivocally prayed for; was ubiquitously mollifying melody; all throughout the tenure of the majestically ingratiating day,

With the very first perpetuation of every holistically Spartan dawn; the very first thing that the murderously starved ears irrevocably prayed for; was the voice of philanthropically egalitarian humanity; all throughout the tenure of the jubilantly dazzling day,

With the very first horizon of every optimistically vibrant dawn; the very first thing that the regally roaring lion rapaciously prayed for; was the inimitable

armor of unassailable kinsmanship; all throughout the tenure of the splendidly eclectic day,

With the very first spawning of every magnetically reinvigorating dawn; the very first thing that the bourgeoisie farmer infallibly prayed for; was the wholesome annihilation of even the most infinitesimal of parasite in his field; all throughout the tenure of the blessedly gregarious day,

With the very first fulmination of every sensuously rejuvenating dawn; the very first thing that the pristine pearl irretrievably prayed for; was the invincibly amiable shelter of its oyster shell; all throughout the magically destined day,

With the very first unraveling of every eloquently placating dawn; the very first thing that the altruistically fearless soldier unstopably prayed for; was veritably scintillating victory; all throughout the tenure of the mystically exhilarating day,

With the very first insinuation of every convivially embracing dawn; the very first thing that the holistically dancing fairies limitlessly prayed for; was insuperably beautiful concord; all throughout the tenure of the robustly redolent day,

With the very first illumination of every miraculously ameliorating dawn; the very first thing that the diminutively hollow nostrils quintessentially prayed for; was a carpet of affably uninterrupted breath; all throughout the tenure of the propitiously artistic day,

And with the very first unveiling of every Omnipotently revolutionizing dawn; the very first thing that every beat of my impoverished heart perpetually prayed for; was the heaven of immortally unconquerable love; not only for the tenure of the flamboyantly triumphant day; but for an infinite more enlightening daylights; for an infinite more brilliantly enlightening lifetimes.

23. WHERE DID ALL YOUR DEVOTION GO?

You unnervingly proclaim yourself to be a timelessly unflinching devotee of the Omnipotently endowing Lord Almighty; one of the most profoundly dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your sincere devotion go; when you lambasted a volley of unsavory abuse upon the flagrantly crippled dog; who came in front of your uncontrollably speeding car from suddenly out of the blue; and out of wisps of sheer nothingness?

You vociferously proclaim yourself to be a beautifully infallible devotee of the

Unconquerably emollient Lord Almighty; one of the most ardently dedicated of his countless disciples,
Then where did all your limitless devotion go; when you ordered another of your fellow living kind to maniacally clean the dirt from your vividly grotesque floor; ignominiously lick his way till eternity; so that the interiors of your sanctimonious abode shone till infinite infinity?

You unstoppably proclaim yourself to be an indomitably embracing devotee of the Perpetually Blazing Lord Almighty; one of the most unflinchingly dedicated of his countless disciples,
Then where did all your Herculean devotion go; when you indefatigably laughed the very last ribs of your body out; at witnessing the unfortunately lame man crawling at pace slower on earth; than the most parsimoniously measly white ant?

You untiringly proclaim yourself to be a boundlessly committed devotee of the Omnipresently Effulgent Lord Almighty; one of the most altruistically dedicated of his countless disciples,
Then where did all your unbelievable devotion go; when you tirelessly washed each spuriously sulking bone of your persona with boundless gallons of impeccable milk; while the pricelessly new born infant cried loud and stringent in your ears?

You inexhaustibly proclaim yourself to be an eternally passionate devotee of the Insuperably glorious Lord Almighty; one of the most symbiotically dedicated of his countless disciples,
Then where did all your fructifying devotion go; when you indiscriminately pulverized innumerable holistic living beings under the wheels of your royally crimson Mercedes; wholesomely drenched in the obnoxiously tawdry stench of blasphemous vixen and wine?

You unlimitedly proclaim yourself to be an inseparably brilliant devotee of the Pristinely Unfettered Lord Almighty; one of the most unendingly dedicated of his countless disciples,
Then where did all your beautiful devotion go; when you acrimoniously ostracized people suffering from HIV/AIDS from the fabric of normal society; ran at a speed faster than white lightning; when you came to know that the person sitting next to you was afflicted with the ghastly disease?

You ceaselessly proclaim yourself to be a cardinally inextricable devotee of the Bountifully blessing Lord Almighty; one of the most endlessly dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your triumphant devotion go; when you insanely divided and brutally circumscribed the entire planet into corpses of caste; creed; religion and kind; the very same planet which the Creator had perennially created as a celestially united paradise?

You inexorably proclaim yourself to be an unbelievably fervent devotee of the Spell bindingly proliferating Lord Almighty; one of the most innocuously dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your earnest devotion go; when you criminally traded the sacrosanct skins of your mothers; daughters; sisters; fellow beings; just for the sake of treacherously asphyxiated and forlornly lifeless currency coins?

You insurmountably proclaim yourself to be an unshakably inimitable devotee of the Omnisciently ubiquitous Lord Almighty; one of the most undeteringly dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your priestly devotion go; when you considered your wife to be simply a worthlessly child bearing sac; ruthlessly incarcerating her blissful freedom; within the four walls of your chauvinistically perverted house?

You proudly proclaim yourself to be an incessantly worshipping devotee of the Unassailably Majestic Lord Almighty; one of the most impeccably dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your unimpeachable devotion go; when you deliberately committed immeasurable deeds of crime; lechery; sadism; devilishness; when you blurted an indescribable flurry of egregious lies in his name; just to save your skin from the Sun of Truth?

You ecstatically proclaim yourself to be an exuberantly artistic devotee of the Fearlessly Invincible Lord Almighty; one of the most holistically dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your mesmerizing devotion go; when you illegitimately rose to the throne of ostentatiously decrepit success; laid the foundations of your ghoulishly massacring kingdom on the blood of fathomless innocent; nimble and pious; charring them to death alive?

And you uninhibitedly proclaim yourself to be an incomparably compassionate devotee of the Victoriously Blessing Lord Almighty; one of the most peerlessly dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your poignant devotion go; when you mercilessly abandoned the truest love of your life in the most disdainfully obfuscated of trash cans; violently embarked upon your devastating mission of metamorphosing the entire planet into a mortuary of betrayal; death venomous lies; satanically suffocating

countless innocent human kind under your bigotically gluttonous and parasitically meaningless might?

24. SUCH A MAN WAS I

A man of no formality; unstopably abhorring all those who spun webs of sanctimoniously derogatory prejudice; on every step that they traversed,

A man of who insuperably believed that every religion was alike; blending each ingredient of my blood forever and ever and ever with the religion of priceless humanity,

A man who considered that every one of us alive was the greatest criminal; as we trampled countless insects and micro organisms as we breathed and walked; because every form of life for the Creator was symbiotically alike,

A man who liked to perpetually oppose tyrannically chauvinistic convention; uninhibitedly liberate ever pore of his body with the winds of vivaciously panoramic nature,

A man who felt that procreation should be to the most unprecedented limits between organisms and without the tiniest of restraint; timelessly proliferating the Lord's sacredly Omnipotent chapter of creation,

A man who felt that every organism irrespective of caste; creed and status; was the most inimitably beautiful and ecstatically talented artist alive,

A man who felt that it made no difference whether you slept all day; or snored in the night; as the Almighty Creator had chiseled every unfurling instant of life celestially alike,

A man who paid two cents for maliciously decrepit superstition; unflinchingly believing that timeless perseverance and benign hard work; were the only mantras to gloriously triumphant success,

A man who immutably wanted to assassinate all those diabolical men; who sold their mothers and sisters in order to worthlessly rejoice in parsimonious couplets of tawdry wine,

A man who felt that the power of true friendship; was a power transcending even the greatest of contemporary superpowers on the trajectory of this unbelievably untiring Universe,

A man who irrefutably believed that if there was a singular elixir to rhapsodically triumph in life; then it was none other than sensuously Spell binding fantasy,

A man who perpetually wanted to shed every ounce of inhibition; parade wholesomely naked with the magnetically inscrutable leaves and animals; in the uncannily exuberant jungles,

A man who indefatigably believed that artists were not mechanically moulded from textbooks; but were born Omnipotently eclectic and blessed; right from the womb of their godly mother,

A man who wanted to trounce the salaciously profane devil from its very non-existent roots forever and ever and ever; even though it meant an infinite scorpions of hell burying him deeper into his grave; by the unleashing second,

A man who unshakably believed that children are the ultimate messengers of God; although the rest of the world profusely worshipped currency note and corporate concrete,

A man who emptied even the last ingredient of his blood to altruistically serve estranged humanity; even though he himself was one of those horribly slaving and emaciated on the threadbare impoverished streets,

A man who became immune to even the most ghastliest of pain; if it ever dared become an irascible hindrance in the peerlessly unconquerable path towards majestically undefeatable truth,

A man who profoundly preferred to eat in the bowl of the penuriously decaying leper; rather than licking the dishes of the abjectly corrupt politician; just for assimilating stinking wads of frivolous notes,

A man who inexhaustibly believed that the greatest education for any organism holistically breathing; was to imbibe the principles of insuperably compassionate living kind,

A man who ardently anticipated every new unveiling moment; with the freshness of a newborn child; perceiving even the tiniest millisecond of life to be the ultimate paradise,

A man who wanted to cavort every instant of his life in the cradle of vividly enamoring nature and wildlife; timelessly watching the environment spawn into

effulgent greenness; unfathomable distances away from the vagaries of the flagrantly blood-sucking planet outside,

A man who unendingly wanted to metamorphose even the most ethereal trace of maniacal depression; into the mists of fantastically philanthropic and selflessly bestowing brotherhood,

A man who unnervingly believed that even sky gazing was an unparalleled art; specially in today's times when the unsparingly treacherous world; dreamt boisterous business even in deep sleep,

A man who eternally believed that God was one; God was every form of invincibly divine goodness; when the planet had ruthlessly named him in different forms and shapes; unceasingly trying to prove that their individual beliefs and idols were infinite shades above the rest,

A man who considered life and death to be blessedly equal; as both were wonderfully egalitarian gifts from the Omnisciently Almighty Lord; as every form in which he'd instilled breath; had to oneday inevitably die,

A man who melted more pathetically than the abstemious candle; at the slightest tear drop that humanity suffered; inconsolably weeping at the sight of living kind being disastrously lambasted; by disdainful powerhouses of wealth,

A man who could as easily fall in love as the vespered wind; but then immortally dedicate each beat of his heart to her magically venerated grace; even fathomless centuries after existence had completely diminished,

A man who brusquely massacred even the most impregnable of blood relation; if it came in between his way of perpetually coalescing with every fraternity of unbreakable humanity,

A man who breathed an infinite resplendent lives and an infinite traumatic deaths only for unassailably heavenly poetry; whilst the planet was extraordinarily busy building edifices of commercial currency coin; outside,

O! Yes; I might sound esoterically different; I might sound wildly uncivilized; I might sound eccentrically delirious; I might sound as if walking preposterously upside down; I might sound as if quaintly existing centuries even before the earth was evolved; but believe it or not; such a man was i.

25. HAND-IN-HAND.

Neither was there anything above it; not even the most infinitesimally decrepit iota of independently integral standing; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything below it; not even the most ethereally nonchalant iota of exuberantly triumphant space; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more greater than it; not even the most ephemerally lackadaisical iota of unbelievably unconquerable goodness; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more successful than it; not even the most fugitively desolate iota of blazingly majestic victory; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more beautiful than it; not even the most fleetingly obsolete iota of unparalleled sensuous fantasy; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more resplendent than it; not even the most diminutively teeny iota of eternally wafting vivaciousness; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more truthful than it; not even the most fecklessly wastrel iota of perpetually Omnipotent sagaciousness; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more powerful than it; not even the most inanely dwindling iota of ubiquitously insuperable unity; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more special than it; not even the most obliviously apathetic iota of unassailably priceless optimism; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more Omnipresent than it; not even the most abstemiously fading iota of indefatigably unassailable freshness; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more artistic than it; not even the most frigidly decaying iota of unsurpassably intricate versatility; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more romantic than it; not even the most parsimoniously disappearing iota of fantastically seductive enthrallment; could

dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more vivid than it; not even the most eccentrically transient iota of iridescently mesmerizing newness; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more spectacular than it; not even the most diminishingly disheveled iota of panoramically infallible paradise; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more virile than it; not even the most inconspicuously non-existent iota of eternally unstoppable procreation; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more tantalizing than it; not even the most languishingly indolent iota of inimitably uncontrollable excitement; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more vociferous than it; not even the most remotely collapsing iota of ecstatically effervescent voice; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more timeless than it; not even the most stingily Spartan iota of perpetually proliferating energy; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more optimistic than it; not even the most sleazily slouching iota of blazingly unfettered enlightenment; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more Omniscient than it; not even the most uncannily trembling iota of beautifully enamoring destiny; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more compassionate than it; not even the most negligibly tethering iota of pricelessly uniting friendship; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more unconquerable than it; not even the most disdainfully flailing iota of limitlessly Herculean strength; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more symbiotic than it; not even the most creepily tiny iota of eternally fructifying bliss; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more self-sustaining than it; not even the most vividly subjugated iota of existence; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything more Immortal than it; not even the most miserably obfuscated iota of perpetually bestowing love; could dare dream come near it,

Neither was there anything beyond it; not even the most irascibly infidel iota of unendingly spawning infinite infinity; could dare dream come near it,

Because whatever was; is and will ever be there on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe; is all in it; is all heavenly blended with each of its synergistically blossoming ingredients; is all hand-in-hand with it; is every divinely unfurling instant of majestically Immortal and ever-pervading undefeated Life.

26. WHEN I WASN'T BREATHING

When I wasn't blissfully snoring; I was still inexhaustibly writing a cistern of stupendously rhapsodic and gloriously majestic Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't unsurpassably fantasizing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a garden of ingeniously magical and miraculously mitigating Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't superbly adventuring; I was still inexhaustibly writing an ocean of bountifully resplendent and timelessly undefeated Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't scrumptiously relishing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a playground of optimistically enlightening and unbelievably royal Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't limitlessly triumphing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a cascade of beautifully panoramic and effulgently liberating Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't priceless smiling; I was still inexhaustibly writing a lantern of unendingly vibrant and inscrutably tantalizing Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't gloriously partying; I was still inexhaustibly writing a paradise of eternally vivacious and pristinely redolent Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't unassailably inspiring; I was still inexhaustibly writing a festoon of

incredulously ameliorating and perpetually compassionate Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't magnanimously feasting; I was still inexhaustibly writing a cocoon of symbiotically philanthropic and ubiquitously coalescing Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't ebulliently fornicating; I was still inexhaustibly writing a mist of wonderfully reinvigorating and blessedly burgeoning Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't flirtatiously winking; I was still inexhaustibly writing a swirl of brilliantly untainted and Omnipotently ecstatic Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't mellifluously singing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a heaven of iridescently innovative and spectacularly celestial Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't synergistically relaxing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a pearl of unconquerably seductive and unprecedentedly enamoring Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't amiably conversing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a palette of majestically invincible and Omnipresently procreating Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't holistically earning; I was still inexhaustibly writing a canvas of inimitably untamed and fragrantly altruistic Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't unceasingly exultating; I was still inexhaustibly writing a tunnel of mystically replenishing and perennially enthralling Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't devoutly praying; I was still inexhaustibly writing a meadow of vividly glorifying and fearlessly jubilant Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't ardently dancing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a rainbow of poignantly marvelous and unshakably subliming Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't unstoppably admiring; I was still inexhaustibly writing a mirror of truthfully Omnipresent and inherently revealing Immortal Love Poetry,

And when I wasn't quintessentially breathing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a cosmos of unbreakably everlasting and universally bonding Immortal Love Poetry.

27. A TRUE POET

A true poet is the one; who indefatigably fantasizes in the aisles of uninhibited

freedom; without caring even an inconspicuous trifle about the conventionally tyrannical society,

A true poet is the one; who romanticizes art even in the most languidly dreariest of stones; relentlessly floating in the planet of harmonious melody,

A true poet is the one; who irrefutably trusts his pen more than anything else on this Universe; intransigently keeps embodying mystical verse; irrespective of a barrage of criticisms; by the incorrigibly cynical society,

A true poet is the one; who nurtures every alphabet with his very own crimson blood; harnessing a bountiful entrenchment of dreams; with every iota of his ravishingly sensuous breath,

A true poet is the one; who frantically gropes in versatile shades of majestic light as well as ominously sinister darkness; to evolve the most fantastically blossoming tomorrow,

A true poet is the one; who philanders with gay abandon even in the most incomprehensibly unassailable of situations; stretching the realms of his fathomless mind; to blend with the sparkling; as well as the esoterically bizarre,

A true poet is the one; who mesmerizes countless with the compassionately poignant cadence in his spell binding voice; as he divulges voluptuous rhyme from the bottom of his soul; and with maximum impact,

A true poet is the one; who has the astronomically intrepid tenacity to confront the most acerbically treacherous of times; dance rhapsodically under pearly beams of moonshine; even as the lecherously corrupt society spat gallons of penniless saliva at his; miserably sagging countenance,

A true poet is the one; who ardently caresses all that is beautiful; with an insatiable fire to endlessly discover resplendent newness; as each second rampantly unfurled into a wholesome minute,

A true poet is the one; who timelessly wanders in lanes of exotically tantalizing enchantment; groping for the ultimate seductress of blooming jubilation,

A true poet is the one; who is not bonded by any caste; creed; religion or society; ubiquitously spawning a civilization of perennially endless excitement; with the unprecedented artistry in his magically exquisite words,

A true poet is the one; who is an unsurpassable idol of piquant sensitivity; yet not being the slightest perturbed by hideous tongues; ignominiously condemning and rebuking; his divinely art,

A true poet is the one; who wakes and sleeps at the moments of his choice; at times dreaming in realms of unconquerable yearning for countless hours on the trot; even as the turgidly pragmatic society lambasted him with lethally venomous swords of diabolical manipulation,

A true poet is the one; who immutably gyrates in the corridors of unfathomable belonging; embracing and philanthropically assimilating all heavenly goodness; lingering profusely on this ebulliently euphoric planet,

A true poet is the one; who enshrouds every vein of his mind and body alike; in a whirlpool of fabulously inscrutable enigma and kaleidoscopic grace,

A true poet is the one; who sights the luminescently embellished canvas of this Universe; in its ultimate epitome; of unparalleled splendor and vivacity,

A true poet is the one; who audaciously dares to venture into uncharted territories where no organism has ever been; despite Herculean vindication by the tumultuously ostracizing society,

A true poet is the one; who sacrifices fathomless births of his; to beautifully evolve his art; more importantly to royally bless every ecstatic wind; of a vibrantly brilliant tomorrow,

A true poet is the one; who incessantly loves his beloved more than anybody else on this world could ever conceive; immortalizing the spirit of his eternal romance; in every line of his; graciously benign poetry,

Over and above all; a true poet is the one; who solely listens to his invincibly throbbing heart and nothing else; perpetually bonding with symbiotic spirit of synergistic existence; metamorphosing every unfinished desire of the benevolent soul; into a charismatically endowing paradise.

28. NO PRISON. JUST HEAVEN.

Steal it in such unsurpassably untamed amounts; an infinite times more than what the last bone of your diminutively shivering spine; could ever parsimoniously conceive or desire,

Steal it in such ardently unlimited amounts; an infinite times more than what the most rustically crinkled curvature of your lips; could ever nonchalantly conceive or desire,

Steal it in such fanatically unfathomable amounts; an infinite times more than what the most infinitesimal ingredient of your blood; could ever ephemerally conceive or desire,

Steal it in such zealously unstoppable amounts; an infinite times more than what the most indolently unperturbed siesta of yours; could ever ethereally conceive or desire,

Steal it in such boundlessly passionate amounts; an infinite times more than what the most lugubriously withering shadow of yours; could ever nascently conceive or desire,

Steal it in such uninhibitedly fathomless amounts; an infinite times more than what the most dolorously dying nerve of yours; could ever prematurely conceive or desire,

Steal it in such gigantically unfettered amounts; an infinite times more than what the most lazily inconspicuous heartbeat of yours; could ever remotely conceive or desire,

Steal it in such undefeatedly Herculean amounts; an infinite times more than what the most obliviously estranged fantasies of yours; could ever nimbly conceive or desire,

Steal it in such unbelievably gargantuan amounts; an infinite times more than what the most feeblest senses of yours; could ever inconspicuously conceive or desire,

Steal it in such rampantly unhindered amounts; an infinite times more than what the most heavily drooping of your lids; could ever fugitively conceive or desire,

Steal it in such jubilantly unrestricted amounts; an infinite times more than what the most flailing of your trail; could ever fractionally conceive or desire,

Steal it in such indisputably unconquerable amounts; an infinite times more than what the most stingily decrepit dormitory of your brain; could ever miserly conceive or desire,

Steal it in such indiscriminately uncontrollable amounts; an infinite times more than what the most tiniest of your identity; could ever flutteringly conceive or desire,

Steal it in such overwhelmingly rhapsodic amounts; an infinite times more than what the most emptiest iota of your existence; could ever evanescently conceive or desire,

Steal it in such immeasurably colossal amounts; an infinite times more than what the most lackadaisically collapsing hair of yours; could ever fleetingly conceive or desire,

Steal it in such enormously irretrievable amounts; an infinite times more than what the most cowardly whispering of your breaths; could ever stingily conceive or desire,

Steal it in such endlessly inexhaustible amounts; an infinite times more than what the most incongruously distorted of your fingertip; could ever faintly conceive or desire,

Steal it in such gluttonously insatiable amounts; an infinite times more than what the most mercurial glint of your eye; could ever primordially conceive or desire,

And steal it as much as you like; an infinite times more than what the most non-existent element of your life could ever conceive or desire; but it was the only stealing on the trajectory of this invincible earth for which you didn't land in ghastly prison; but instead perpetually secured for yourself an unshakable place in the cradle of Omnipresent Heaven,

Such was the unassailably majestic power of eternally proliferating love.

29. BE PREPARED. - PART 2

Have your ears wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to listen to even the most thunderously roaring and passionately ignited of sounds?

Have your lips wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to stretch into even the most infinitesimal of redolently enamoring and blissfully synergistic smiles?

Have your feet wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to crawl even a decrepit inch forward; on the most irrefutably solid of land trajectory?

Has your brain wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to react to even the most treacherously hedonistic of circumstance satanically unfurling right in front of your eyes; ready to pulverize you for the remainder of your life,

Have your fingers wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to feel even the most explicitly pronounced of shapes and forms; indefatigably floating and residing in the fabric of the eternal atmosphere?

Has your skin wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to experience the most ardently uncontrollable sensations of panoramic pleasure and demonically annihilating of pain?

Have your bones wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to budge even a fraction forward in self defense; in order to sequester you from the most ominously sacrilegious of massacring devils?

Have your eyes wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to sight even an evanescent inch forward; even though the next step you alighted could irretrievably lead you to the gorge of morbidly silencing death?

Have your shoulders wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to hoist even an ethereally diminishing of worthless feather; an invisibly amorphous particle sulking remorsefully in the atmosphere?

Has your blood wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to liberate into even the most obviously slaving puddle of royally unfettered passion?

Has your stomach wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to digest even a singleton ounce of quintessential food and water; in order to symbiotically sustain the chapter of inscrutably endowing life?

Has your neck wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to turn even an ethereal fraction to the most vociferously unstoppable and truculently anguished cry on the soil of this fathomlessly bountiful Universe?

Have your teeth wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to holistically masticate even the most succulently savoring fruits of synergistically ever-pervading and vividly infallible mother-nature?

Have your palms wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to hold even the most ephemerally dying shadows of the people they timelessly adored; loved

and possessed?

Have your cheeks wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to blush into even the most tiniest shades of unadulterated crimson; at the most mortifyingly realistic thunderstorms of sensitivity undauntedly caressing them?

Has your identity wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to potently procreate even a parsimoniously fragile living being; of its very own virile kind?

Have your nostrils wholesomely relinquished every of their ability; to discern between even the most inimitably nonplussing scents of vibrantly ecstatic life and ghoulishly forlorn blood?

Has your heart wholesomely relinquished every of its ability; to throb even an infidel fraction; although the ambience in which it triumphantly prevailed; was perennially charged with the unconquerable electricity of love?

If the answer to the above is "Yes"; then I'd still urge you to unceasingly surge forward by the grace of the Omniscient Almighty God; to embrace every echelon of tyrannized living kind; in your timelessly and insuperably victorious humanitarian swirl,

And if the answer to the above is a "Big No"; then be immediately and irrevocably prepared for the most diabolical of hell; as the Lord had bestowed upon you effulgent life only to "Live and Let Live"; only to bond every beat of your immortal heart with every traumatized element of living kind; only to wholeheartedly serve all estranged humanity till your very last breath; only to eternally share the infinite gifts of his Omnipotent Creation with each of his disciples; and not just to simply and worthlessly "Live"

30. TORTUROUS GHOST

Neither could I feel the tiniest iota of thirst; Neither could I feel even an inconspicuously ethereal sensation in my lifelessly fetid skin,

Neither could I experience the slightest ounce of pain; Neither could I perceive the most remotest definition of spell-binding fantasy in my dolorously deadened brain,

Neither did I have the most transiently vanishing of desire; Neither did I feel it the slightest that I was indefatigably walking on the trajectory of this earth;

greedily relishing the acrimoniously unsavory midnight,

Neither did I possess the most obfuscated of integrity; Neither did I bleed an infinitesimal trifle; even when stabbed with an infinite million knives of the rampaging devil,

Neither could I be seen by living beings celestially breathing alive; Neither could I be sighted by even the most amorphously non-existent of satanically vanquishing entities,

Neither did I exist on holistically succulent food and water; Neither did I consume even an ounce of air for times and centuries immemorial,

Neither could I procreate my own progeny; Neither did I have even the most oblivious trace of sibling; who could address me by my meaningless name,

Neither could I ever try and express myself; Neither did I let even the most cloistered spectrum of expression escape from the heart of this fathomless planet,

Neither did I ever rise even a pathetic centimeter from my grave a boundless feet beneath mud; Neither could the most contemporary super-powers of the world harm even a whisker of my wantonly blundering soul,

Neither did I smile a fraction in the tenure of my life; Neither did an emotional tear ever escape from the whites and blacks of my eye; for a countless more births of mine,

Neither could the greatest of philosophers and saints ever understand me; Neither did the most invisible of flame rise in the sky even after I was brutally and wholesomely burnt alive,

Neither did I relent the slightest to the most abhorrently demoralizing of abuse; Neither did I possess even the most evanescent shadow of a conscience and the elements of truth,

Neither did I dissipate into a billion pieces when fed into the lethal grinding machine; Neither was I born out of any mother or father on the soil of this unflinchingly adventurous Universe,

Neither did I reminisce upon my past; present and future; Neither did the advancing of age have the most mercurial of impact upon my persona; as I

towered taller than the tallest of mountains; even on my 1 millionth birthyear,

Neither did I have even the most ephemeral droplet of blood circulating through my veins; Neither did I have flesh at all; as every ingredient of my body was a ghoulishly assassinated and sacrilegious skull,

Neither was I ever successful in sighting my reflection; Neither could anybody ever get the most fugitive innuendo of my inhabitation; even though I galloped taller than the skies; in brilliantly unfettered daylight,

Neither did I have the most stingily decrepit of virility; Neither did I let even the most disappearing dimension of newness ever proliferate till limitless kilometers around me,

Neither had I the most obsolete cognition of literacy; Neither did I use my feet to move; as I lay suspended like a unabashedly wastrel scarecrow from the hell of sky; painstakingly crawling my way down the ladders of unimaginable devastation,

Neither could I ever glisten in the pink of mesmerizing health; Neither did I give the most inane chance to the chapters of righteousness; to perpetuate into the mortuaries of my unfathomably deathly deliriousness,

Neither did I breathe an infidel trifle till the time earth veritably existed and even beyond; Neither did any heart throb in my chest; as all that my body was composed of; was nothing but the pathetically diabolical gallows of death,

But if there was indeed one thing that I perennially loved to do; that was to scare the guts out of the last bone of your spine in blazing daylight; that was to asphyxiate you to such a death that even death would tremble to define; that was to render you forever and ever and ever in the coffin of nothingness; that was to make you realize that if you indeed believed in the Omnipotent Lord Almighty; it was simply because of me the torturous ghost who couldn't be defeated by anyone else; but the voice of the Divine.

31. POETRY

If its from the center of the voluptuously enriching clouds; then it has got to be nothing else but; tantalizing droplets of blissfully soothing and blessedly emollient rain,

If its from the petals of the splendidly embellished rose; then it has got to be

nothing else but; fantastically unhindered and impregnably enamoring fragrance,

If its from the pristinely untainted labyrinths of soil; then it has got to be nothing else but; brilliantly optimistic and fabulously embellished fertility,

If its from the gigantically undulating ocean; then it has got to be nothing else but; vivaciously wonderful and spell-bindingly poignant salt,

If its from the blessedly sacrosanct cow; then it has got to be nothing else but; celestially fortifying and unconquerably compassionate milk,

If its from the gallantly boisterous bumble bee; then it has got to be nothing else but; vividly enchanting and mellifluously iridescent honey,

If its from the dedicatedly twinkling eye; then it has to got be nothing else but; undauntedly handsome and triumphantly blazing intensity,

If its from the Omnipotently infallible Sun; then it has got to be nothing else but; brilliantly unfettered and undefeatedly spell-binding light,

If its from the poignantly ecstatic Wind; then it has got to be nothing else but; profoundly sensuous and unimaginably innovative exhilaration,

If its from the indomitably Herculean Mountain; then it has got to be nothing else but; perpetually subliming and convivially enshrouding unity,

If its from the fathomlessly fantastic sky; then it has got to be nothing else but; perennially venerated and artistically uninhibited openness,

If its from the marvelously virgin pearl; then it has got to be nothing else but; unfathomably resplendent and timelessly bewitching artistry,

If its from the fearlessly Godly Mother; then it has got to be nothing else but; altruistically eternal and wonderfully ameliorating care,

If its from the realms of insurmountably ignited yearning; then it has got to be nothing else but; boundlessly unparalleled and inimitably effulgent ecstasy,

If its from the jubilantly cavorting sheep; then it has got to be nothing else but; unsurpassably unadulterated and gloriously unimpeachable innocence,

If its from the victoriously scarlet blood; then it has got to be nothing else but;
ardently unending and blazingly unhindered passion,

If its from the innocuously golden sweat; then it has got to be nothing else but;
irrefutably righteous and truthfully synergistic perseverance,

If its from the inexhaustible dormitories of the brain; then it has got to be nothing
else but; surreally titillating and majestically fructifying fantasy,

If its from the mouth of the invincible lion; then it has got to be nothing else but;
unlimitedly unconquerable and ferociously untamed aristocracy,

If its from the soul of the newborn child; then it has got to be nothing else but;
unassailably fecund and brilliantly optimistic truth,

If its from the body of the astoundingly gifted seed; then it has got to be nothing
else but; timelessly endowing and astoundingly blessing proliferation,

If its from the lines of the incoherently sculptured palm; then it has got to be
nothing else but; inexplicably reverberating and uncannily inscrutable adventure,

If its from the fierily robust nostrils; then it has got to be nothing else but;
inevitably divine and magically mitigating breath,

And if its from the innermost realms of the passionate heart; then it has got to
be nothing else but immortally Omnipresent and endlessly captivating
"Poetry";

32. DANCE - PART 2

Dance. And you'll uninhibitedly release even the most infinitesimal iota of
mercilessly trapped frustration; disdainfully entrapped in your bones.

Dance. And you'll metamorphose every droplet of your brutally estranged sweat;
into a paradise of intriguingly unparalleled and triumphant newness.

Dance. And you'll feel like the most pricelessly blessed artist on this fathomless
Universe; efficaciously expressing even the most obsoletely defecating of your
emotions; like the blazingly unfettered Sunlight.

Dance. And you'll feel an unsurpassably overwhelming urge to lead a countless

more lives; as if every of your inadvertently committed sin is forever erased into the wisps of worthlessly wanton nothingness.

Dance. And you'll feel the innermost dormitories of your soul profoundly blending with every ounce of the celestial atmosphere; galloping as God's most endowed organism alive.

Dance. And you'll feel the inferno of unconquerable desire tower to the most ultimate crescendo in your crimson blood; with every pristinely untamed pore of your skin insatiably yearning to be timelessly kissed.

Dance. And you'll feel that the tantalizing mists of infinite infinity were invincibly captured in your magical palms; with every bone in your gallantly bountiful persona rhythmically swaying to the beats of the divine.

Dance. And you'll feel that there was no bath ever which was better than the bath of mesmerizing golden sweat; as it resplendently trickled like the most sensuously blessing waterfall over every patch of your fantastically glistening and naked skin.

Dance. And you'll feel that exhaustion never ever existed on the trajectory of this boundless earth; with even the most ethereal trace of disease forever transforming into the heaven of unprecedented excitement.

Dance. And you'll want every second to consist of a countless more seconds; every pathway of ebulliently rhapsodic life to be endlessly eternal till the time planet earth holistically survived.

Dance. And you'll feel that even the most deliriously robotic structure around you was silken fluffs of enamoring candy; inevitably culminating into a limitless forest of desire in every cranny of your impoverished caricature.

Dance. And you'll feel an inimitable fountain of heart-rendering empathy arise in the whites of your eyes; putting even the most disastrously frazzled dormitory of your brain to a perpetually glorifying rest.

Dance. And you'll learn to fly without wings even in the most fathomlessly unlimited of sky; indefatigably adventuring and proliferating into astounding newness; even as the entire earth around you brutally fought and died.

Dance. And you'll feel even the most treacherously obstinate of impediments beneath your feet convert into the oceans of unbridled prosperity; victoriously

enveloping every of your nerve with undefeatable rhapsody.

Dance. And you'll feel like a freshly adorned bride; inexhaustibly tossing and turning on the bedsheets of Immortal friendship; waiting for the prince of her life to kiss her to an infinite billion lives.

Dance. And you'll feel as if you were the ultimate messiah of humanity; enlightening boundless orphans and deprived; with the miraculously subliming optimism in your vividly gleeful stride.

Dance. And you'll discover the most fragrantly invincible meaning of life; symbiotically coalesce every element of your majestic form with the insuperably panoramic cradle of Mother Nature.

Dance. And you'll feel as if your heart was the most pricelessly infallible creation on this gregariously impregnable Universe; with each of its Immortal beats forever bonding with the Omnipresent light of the Creator Divine.

Dance. And you'll feel as if the chapter of victoriously Omniscient life could never ever end; and with every joyously unhindered leap that you took into the atmosphere you were reborn again and again and again; for an infinite more lives and lifetimes.

33. IF YOU NODDED YES

Don't you want to prosper in life; reach the zenith of astronomical success in the moments that you were destined to holistically exist?

Don't you want to gallop in untamed exhilaration towards the sky; enshroud every cranny of your disastrously bedraggled persona; with winds of exhilarated happiness?

Don't you want to float relentlessly in a land of dreams; fantasize about the most unprecedentedly beautiful lingering on this planet; with every breath that you mystically exhaled?

Don't you want to blossom in the aisles of unfathomable desire; march on the lanes of irrefutable triumph; till times beyond eternity?

Well if your answer is NO; then please coalesce immediately with inconspicuously heinous winds of diabolical hell; and if you nodded YES; then immortal love is the bird that'll take you there; and perpetually ensure that you robustly fled.

Don't you want to bask in the glory of uninhibited freedom; unequivocally evolving your own new paths in life?

Don't you want to survive as the most opulent entity alive; disseminating the

invincible essence of truth; humanity; and brotherhood to the most remotest corner of this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe?

Don't you want to be insatiably possessed by people you astoundingly adored; rejoice impeccable moments of your wonderfully bountiful childhood once again? Don't you want to seductively philander in the stupendously resplendent glory of the marvelous night; kiss the immaculate stars as you surreally trespassed by? Well if your answer is NO; then please transpose immediately with pathetically blood-sucking parasites in satanic hell; and if you nodded YES; then immortal love is the wave that'll take you there; and perpetually ensure that you incredulously smiled.

Don't you want to leave your mark upon this fathomless earth; while you splendidly existed in supremely symbiotic harmony with nature's glamorous treasures?

Don't you want to proliferate countless of your very own; witness your progeny blossom with your poignantly scarlet blood incarcerated in their veins?

Don't you want to sparkle in the full fervor of compassionate existence; walk shoulder to shoulder with your philanthropic mates in happiness; as well as inexplicable pain?

Don't you want to wholeheartedly transcend the boundaries of infinite infinity; pluck your unfathomable repertoire of benign desires; from royal blue carpets of blissful sky?

Well if your answer is NO; then please sink immediately in realms of treacherously invidious hell; and if you nodded YES; then immortal love is the cloud that'll take you there; and perpetually ensure that you were blessed with all your wishes in flash seconds of time.

Don't you want to drown in a garden of enchanting roses for times immemorial; majestically replenishing every iota of your dwindling senses with heavenly scent and the overwhelming scent of humanity?

Don't you want to incessantly pour out the inner most recesses of your estranged soul; inundating the celestial atmosphere with the profusely passionate artistry in your integral sound?

Don't you want to impregably face every obstacle that dared come your way; unflinchingly confronting the most mightiest of battles viciously trying to asphyxiate all your ambition?

Don't you want to live life to its unsurpassably fullest capacity; coining an intriguingly fabulous chapter of new existence; on every brilliantly intrepid step that you tread?

Well if you answer is NO; then please consume immediately the acrimonious thorns of ghastly hell; and if you passionately nodded YES; then immortal love is the only messiah that'll take you there; perpetually ensure that you lived sacred

life; even after veritable death.

34. EACH LIFE LOVES

Each star twinkles,
Each rose scents,
Each clock ticks,
Each cloud drifts,
Each arm sweats,
Each lip smiles,
Each skin bleeds,
Each eye winks,
Each wind blows,
Each wave undulates,
Each echo mystifies,
Each seed sprouts,
Each mother bears,
Each pig gobbles,
Each fist curls,
Each ball rolls,
Each icecube melts,
Each bird flies,
Each cloth sequesters,
Each dungeon darkens,
Each soul stupefies,
Each nightingale mesmerizes,
Each tooth chews,
Each mosquito bites,
Each peacock blossoms,
Each lion roars,
Each mind dreams,
Each organism evolves,
Each soldier immortalizes,
Each shape signifies,
Each battle vindicates,
Each nose smells,
Each waterfall diffuses,
Each path leads,
Each summit personifies,
Each ideal enlightens,
Each ray brightens,
Each scorpion stings,

Each gutter stinks,
Each tongue satiates,
Each demeanor shadows,
Each root embeds,
Each cow milks,
Each glue sticks,
Each mirror reflects,
Each trend innovates,
Each beauty enchants,
Each destiny enthralls,
Each embrace intimates,
Each stare captivates,
Each pearl scintillates,
Each muscle fortifies,
Each game rejuvenates,
Each effort achieves,
Each foot tramples,
Each ambition drives,
Each lie decimates,
Each manipulation massacres,
Each passion fulminates,
Each wing flaps,
Each journey explores,
Each arrow wounds,
Each talent blooms,
Each mission idolizes,
Each example symbolizes,
Each joy celebrates,
Each tear commiserates,
Each emulation falsifies,
Each experience realizes,
Each desire erupts,
Each benevolence proliferates,
Each proof validates,
Each violence rebels,
Each sleep replenishes,
Each idea metamorphoses,
Each adjective enhances,
Each antiseptic heals,
Each parasite clings,
Each insult pinches,
Each nail scratches,

Each dog barks,
Each bee hums,
Each duck quacks,
Each squirrel nibbles,
Each feeling bonds,
Each silence blesses,
Each rebuke vomits,
Each spider weaves,
Each flame ignites,
Each eraser rubs,
Each brick constructs,
Each dolphin delights,
Each raspberry enthuses,
Each acid burns,
Each insinuation intrigues,
Each leaf withers,
Each snake hisses,
Each pirate plunders,
Each prince rules,
Each enigma eludes,
Each truth eternalizes,
Each emblem patronizes,
Each story modernizes,
Each whip tyrannizes,
Each raconteur soliloquizes,
Each shackle traumatizes,
Each beat pulsates,
Each wine intoxicates,
Each beam dazzles,
Each sword slashes,
Each advertisement beguiles,
Each feather tickles,
Each fire blazes,
Each matchstick incinerates,
Each droplet pacifies,
Each complication tenses,
Each sport recharges,
Each whisper reverberates,
Each model exposes,
Each commodity sells,
Each death depresses,
Each height impresses,

Each relationship harnesses,
Each inspiration leads,
Each medicine rehabilitates,
Each knife cuts,
Each noose strangulates,
Each tail wags,
Each desert simmers,
Each farmer ploughs,
Each scepter protects,
Each conviction delivers,
Each ink embosses,
Each fish swims,
Each frog croaks,
Each leech sucks,
Each astringent cleans,
Each wall defends,
Each cream titillates,
Each desire mellows,
Each romance flowers,
Each monster growls,
Each lunatic frenzies,
Each lover exultates,
Each revolution perseveres,
Each knot entangles,
Each reward astonishes,
Each cynosure reveals,
Each impersonation cheats,
Each coalition unites,
Each sharing satisfies,
Each yawn isolates,
Each poking irritates,
Each design synchronizes,
Each dimension accurates,
Each earthquake devastates,
Each misdeed penalizes,
Each thorn pierces,
Each picture portrays,
Each scowl abhors,
Each lock incarcerates,
Each key unveils,
Each bone crunches,
Each storm transcends,

Each stream gurgles,
Each fountain cascades,
Each suspense chills,
Each grave dooms,
Each cuckoo sings,
Each butterfly frolicks,
Each chameleon changes,
Each sadist tortures,
Each fist clenches,
Each neck rotates,
Each bank secures,
Each handshake binds,
Each repetition emphasizes,
Each panther gallops,
Each fox manipulates,
Each froth tantalizes,
Each caricature mocks,
Each ride frees,
Each hook captures,
Each horizon expands,
Each platform resurrects,
Each foothold maneuvers,
Each sheep bleats,
Each fountain cascades,
Each icecream cools,
Each candle melts,
Each rain stimulates,
Each bicycle pedals,
Each fossil recounts,
Each chocolate ravishes,
Each dragon snares,
Each rat squeaks,
Each sponge compresses,
Each spring rebounds,
Each thumbprint qualifies,
Each age teaches,
Each situation demands,
Each nostalgia yearns,
Each caress stirs,
Each encouragement revives,
Each elastic stretches,
Each file stores,

Each boundary limits,
Each mouth speaks,
Each wave ebbs,
Each bliss bestows,
Each salute respects,
Each cancer debilitates,
Each loss cripples,
Each scenery fascinates,
Each sunshine optimizes,
Each worm burrows,
Each flamingo hibernates,
Each crocodile pulverizes,
Each voluptuous excites,
Each lover sacrifices,
Each possessive obsesses,
Each support amalgamates,
Each ant irritates,
Each speck floats,
Each politician promises,
Each bat suspends,
Each rendezvous intimates,
Each spontaneity renews,
Each marauding destructs,
Each fever disorients,
Each utopia incantates,
Each burglar pilfers,
Each bludgeon strikes,
Each success inspires,
Each imagination transpires,
Each cheek blushes,
Each greed empties,
Each umbrella shelters,
Each culture cares,
Each smoke smolders,
Each film stars,
Each lick wets,
Each melody enthralls,
Each cognition triggers,
Each meditation concentrates,
Each cat meows,
Each volcano erupts,
Each tornado entrenches,

Each python swallows,
Each art expresses,
Each word exemplifies,
Each balance weighs,
Each nerve connects,
Each reflection magnifies,
Each magnet attracts,
Each philanthropism appreciates,
Each demon intimidates,
Each infant cries,
Each balloon bursts,
Each beak pecks,
Each envious condemns,
Each dawn embellishes,
Each infection spreads,
Each massage recharges,
Each host serves,
Each tip epitomizes,
Each soil cultivates,
Each bomb devastates,
Each enclosure obfuscates,
Each garland felicitates,
Each facility facilitates,
Each goodness prevails,
Each current electrocutes,
Each toy plays,
Each fairy marvels,
Each window overlooks,
Each eyeball moistens,
Each trendsetter motivates,
Each messiah ameliorates,
Each pagan violates,
Each mist obscures,
Each pain perpetuates,
Each humanitarian helps,
Each oil greases,
Each draught whistles,
Each conscience guides,
Each monotony exhausts,
Each drama evokes,
Each karma consecrates,
Each religion cares,

Each breath lives,
Each heart palpitates,
Each body relishes,
Each existence decides,
And each life loves.

35. LOVE IS LIVING

Sunrays are fascinatingly blazing,
Lotus's are blissfully blooming,
Skies are torrentially pelting,
Beauty is redolently everlasting,
Frogs are majestically croaking,
Eagles are ingratiatingly soaring,
Grasshoppers are rambunctiously chattering,
Rainbows are vivaciously scintillating,
Eyelids are flirtatiously winking,
Waterfalls are marvelously rejuvenating,
War's are abhorrently stinking,
Gorges are unfathomably mystifying,
Trees are rhapsodically frolicking,
Clocks are meticulously ticking,
Nightingales are melodiously singing,
Crocodiles are ominously menacing,
Whispers are seductively tantalizing,
Dolphins are ecstatically leaping,
Clouds are voluptuously fascinating,
Rainshowers are gloriously titillating,
Fairies are impeccably mesmerizing,
Devils are viciously devastating,
Harbingers are fragrantly blossoming,
Oceans are gorgeously undulating,
Eyeballs are indefatigably revolving,
Bloodstreams are poignantly bestowing,
Beasts are satanically marauding,
Earlobes are resplendently dangling,
Deserts are unsurpassably sweltering,
Maelstroms are tirelessly hurling,
Dungeons are hideously depraving,
Nights are sensuously tingling,
Fortresses are compassionately sequestering,
Castles are grandiloquently reinvigorating,

God's are perennially blessing,
Fountains are vividly sparkling,
Prisons are diabolically traumatizing,
Hell is treacherously penalizing,
Soldiers are patriotically fighting,
Criminals are murderously vandalizing,
Valleys are panoramically enticing,
Dreams are resplendently ingratiating,
Philanthropists are impeccably shimmering,
Nights are voluptuously revitalizing,
Humanity is perpetually uniting,
Cowards are incessantly whining,
Palaces are grandiloquently glistening,
Solidarity is perennially amalgamating,
Scent is timelessly sprouting,
Bees are boisterously buzzing,
Owls are enigmatically quizzing,
Traitors are unrelentingly dithering,
Icicles are frigidly frosting,
Grassblades are supremely enamoring,
Scientists are invariably pondering,
Corpses are salaciously decaying,
Truth is forever celebrating,
Dinosaurs are mercilessly stampeding,
Bells are divinely tinkling,
Cows are holistically milking,
Sheep are innocuously grazing,
Manipulation is satanically abhorring,
Wines are sensuously intoxicating,
Stars are vividly radiating,
Fanatics are insanely iterating,
Clowns are inherently laughing,
Spiders are bountifully weaving,
Bats are vindictively sucking,
Nature is symbiotically entertaining,
Dictators are insidiously domineering,
Angels are miraculously healing,
Sweat is fabulously persevering,
Corruption is deliriously maiming,
Petals are intricately sensing,
Roots are unassailably defending,
Reality is candidly believing,

Lions are euphorically roaring,
Prejudiced are discordantly whimpering,
Robots are miserably asphyxiating,
Charisma is inevitably attracting,
Benevolence is ever-pervadingly scintillating,
Lies is disgustingly rotting,
Peacocks are marvelously dancing,
Squirrels are immaculately munching,
Leopards are indiscriminately crunching,
Politicians are shrewdly pulverizing,
Tycoons are monotonously demoralizing,
Cottonbuds are pristinely sheltering,
Matchsticks are capriciously flaming,
Infidel are pathetically caning,
Eyelids are indefatigably raving,
Conscience is endlessly assimilating,
Mountains are gloriously towering,
Footprints are explicitly unraveling,
Shadows are fascinatingly appealing,
Ancestors are regally soliloquizing,
Tornado's are gustily blowing,
Fans are ebulliently circulating,
Breath is astoundingly evolving,

And love is Omnisciently living.

36. LOVE IS PRICELESS

Stones are lackadaisically worthless,
Gutters are preposterously baseless,
Greed is invidiously senseless,
Depression is devastatingly meaningless,
Mania's are obsessively weightless,
Enmity is salaciously bottomless,
Traitors are treacherously groundless,
Stagnation is venomously valueless,
Diabolism is vindictively useless,
Manipulation is hideously profitless,
Emptiness is ominously fruitless,
Ghosts are disconcertingly hopeless,
Frigidity is inevitably hapless,
Boredom is lethally purposeless,

Death is despairingly motionless,
Cowardice is ludicrously skulless,
Infidelity is pathetically pointless,
Oceans are bountifully fathomless,
Lies are maliciously soundless,
Fantasies are unrelentingly boundless,
Tangible are rhapsodically countless,
Expressions are poignantly dateless,
Lechery is disastrously voiceless,
Beggars are ridiculously gutless,
Sleazy are bombastically strapless,
Adventurous are exhilaratingly shoeless,
Orphaned are deplorably houseless,
Benevolence is perennially timeless,
Murderers are laughably spineless,
Excitement is incomprehensibly numberless,
Awestruck are unbelievably speechless,
Imprisoned are brutally expressionless,
Compassion is irrefutably wordless,
Butchers are satanically soulless,
Deserts are ditheringly treeless,
Corpses are insidiously passionless,
Indigenous are rustically mannerless,
Dungeons are insanely windless,
Feathers are fantastically noiseless,
Nonchalant are parsimoniously listless,
Innocent are harmoniously creaseless,
Clouds are inscrutably ceaseless,
Vegetables are celestially boneless,
Terrorists are bizarrely bloodless,
Parasites are staggeringly breathless,
Corruptive are mockingly spiritless,
Dissatisfied are overwhelming restless,
Insipid are invasively rimless,
Doleful are drearily cordless,
Maniacal are profusely airless,
Waterfalls are blissfully hairless,
Silken are immaculately seamless,
Monotonous are turgidly dreamless,
Graveyards are stinkingly toothless,
Blood-sucking are incorrigibly motherless,
Absolution is divinely painless,

Nothingness is indolently aimless,
Pompous are indigently shameless,
Sewers are immutably nameless,
Pigs are greedily brainless,
Assassins are indispensably fatherless,
Vandals are horrifically flowerless,
Cockroaches are disgustingly tuneless,
Philanthropists are unequivocally taintless,
Pretentious are horrendously cultureless,
Gloom is inexplicably colorless,
Skies are unfathomably limitless,
Demons are insidiously starless,
Barbaric are despondently seedless,
Prejudiced are ignominiously friendless,
Relationships are impregnably measureless,
Depression is tyrannically lusterless,
Capricious are staggeringly careless,
Tornado's are tumultuously gearless,
Afternoons are swelteringly moonless,
Honesty is irrefutably stainless,
Malicious are impoverishedly armless,
Birds are ecstatically footless,
Fairies are ravishingly beardless,
Impeachment is grotesquely faceless,
Entrepreneurs are intrepidly fearless,
Logs are obdurately foamless,
Enigmas are tantalizingly keyless,
Horizons are obviously clueless,
Hollowness is penalizingly handleless,
Dishonest are insatiably penniless,
Lazy are waveringly jobless,
Hell is torturously heartless,
Nature is flirtatiously wireless,
Shadows are diminutively powerless,
Blood-thirsty are wholesomely artless,
Destinies are waveringly mapless,
Dare-devils are snobbishly wreckless,
Pragmatic are prudently cloudless,
Cursed are lamely childless,
Infants are perpetually faultless,

And love is immortally priceless.

37. SPIRIT NEVER DIES

Artists die; their art never dies,
Trees die; their wind never dies,
Music dies; its tunes never die,
Birds die; its flight never dies,
Roses die; their scent never dies,
Ocean die; their tanginess never dies,
Eyes die; their empathy never dies,
Fires die; their passion never dies,
Forests die; their mysticism never dies,
Clouds die; their enchantment never dies,
Moonlight dies; its resplendence never dies,
Peacocks die; their dance never dies,
Kings die; their royalty never dies,
Time dies; its essence never dies,
Moments die; their memories never die,
Light dies; its horizons never die,
Sportsmen die; their euphoria never dies,
Humanitarians die; their philanthropism never dies,
Lips die; their smiles never die,
Kisses die; their intensity never dies,
Soldiers die; their bravery never dies,
Courtesans die; their seduction never dies,
Ink dies; its literature never dies,
Idols die; their morals never die,
Eagles die; their majesty never dies,
Caresses die; their compassion never dies,
Echoes die; their enigma never dies,
Footsteps die; their path never dies,
Saints die; their blessings never die,
Storms die; their flamboyance never dies,
Cuckoos die; their dawn never dies,
Embraces die; their warmth never dies,
Beehives die; their sweetness never dies,
Shadows die; their incantation never dies,
Lightening dies; its exhilaration never dies,
Beauty dies; its fragrance never dies,
Pioneers die; their conviction never dies,
Conjurers die; their magic never dies,
Philosophers die; their ideals never die,
Waterfalls die; their exuberance never dies,

Fantasises die; their excitement never dies,
Exemplaries die; their reflection never dies,
Explorers die; their expedition never dies,
Clocks die; their time never dies,
Muscles die; their ardour never dies,
Desires die; their fascination never dies,
Relationships die; their intimacy never dies,
Fairies die; their innocence never dies,
Crops die; their soil never dies,
Deeds die; their virtue never dies,
Styles die; their grace never dies,
Castles die; their grandiloquence never dies,
Mothers die; their tenderness never dies,
Civilizations die; their rudiments never die,
Religion dies; its equality never dies,
Palms die; their destiny never dies,
Blood dies; its poignancy never dies,
Revolution dies; its belligerence never dies,
Winks die; their flirtation never dies,
Food dies; its taste never dies,
Flesh dies; its character never dies,
Brain dies; its ideas never die,
Squirrel dies; its vivaciousness never dies,
Perspiration dies; its perseverance never dies,
Fingers die; their signature never dies,
Language dies; its expression never dies,
Exhibitions die; their masterpieces never die,
Exemplifications die; their experiences never die,
Gladiators die; their brazenness never dies,
Glaciers die; their rejuvenation never dies,
Color dies; its vibrancy never dies,
Poet dies; his poetry never dies,
Messiahs die; their truth never dies,
Panthers die; their growl never dies,
Awards die; their triumph never dies,
Nightingale dies; its melody never dies,
Fabric dies; its shelter never dies,
Horse dies; its gallop never dies,
Caves die; their voluptuousness never dies,
Designs die; their harmony never dies,
Comrades die; their friendship never dies,
Whistles die; their ebullience never dies,

Events die; their activity never dies,
Species die; their impressions never die,
Night dies; its captivation never dies,
Mission dies; its optimism never dies,
Solitude dies; its contentment never dies,
Dolphins die; their animation never dies,
Spiders die; their webs never die,
Youth dies; its exultation never dies,
Entrepreneurs die; their vision never dies,
Renaissance dies; its freedom never dies,
Lovers die; their love never dies,
Heart dies; its beats never die,
Body dies; its benevolence never dies,
Breath dies; its omnipotence never dies,
And life dies; but its spirit never dies.

38. AS THE LORD ALMIGHTY HAD LET YOU COME

Get of the shadows of others; in order to find your very own optimistic Sun of unflinchingly peerless and brilliantly unfettered; light,

Get of the palms of others; in order to find your very own unparalleled entrenchment of beautifully inscrutable and timelessly emollient; destiny lines,

Get of the lips of others; in order to find your very own heaven of inimitably resplendent and unbelievably exuberant; smiles,

Get of the eyes of others; in order to find your very own celestial mirror of candidly discerning and triumphantly enlightening; sight,

Get of the footsteps of others; in order to find your very own pathway of unflinchingly unconquerable and timelessly endowing; truth,

Get of the blood of others; in order to find your very own sky of benevolently supreme and wonderfully indomitable; integrity,

Get of the shoulders of others; in order to find your very own fortress of pricelessly inimitable and unsurpassably Herculean; strength,

Get of the soul of others; in order to find your very own river of boundlessly charismatic and endlessly proliferating; artistry,

Get of the fingers of others; in order to find your very own cradle of unshakably miraculous and unceasingly coalescing; friendship,

Get of the tongue of others; in order to find your very own civilization of blazingly unstoppable and altruistically philanthropic; speech,

Get of the brain of others; in order to find your very own meadows of pricelessly ebullient and fathomlessly innovative; fantasy,

Get of the veins of others; in order to find your very own festoon of marvelously virile and unendingly procreating; fertility,

Get of the sleep of others; in order to find your very own garden of panoramically liberated and magically mollifying; sleep,

Get of the eyelashes of others; in order to find your very own hillock of stupendously immaculate and unfathomably unhindered; mischief,

Get of the stomach of others; in order to find your very own scepter of blisteringly majestic and philanthropically unmatched; identity,

Get of the nails of others; in order to find your very own punch of fearlessly gutsy and intrepidly exhilarating; temerity,

Get of the feet of others; in order to find your very own cosmos of righteously obeisant and ever-pervadingly Omnipotent; salvation,

Get of the ears of others; in order to find your very own atmosphere of astutely articulate and symbiotically perspicacious; perception,

Get of the salvia of others; in order to find your very own bud of scrumptiously illuminating and tantalizingly victorious; taste,

Get of the breath of others; in order to find your very own fragrance of indefatigably evolving and uncannily royal; existence,

Get of the conscience of others; in order to find your very own voice of gloriously everlasting and insuperably Omnipresent; truth,

But forever stay in the hearts of others; immortally bonding with every beat of your compatriots; immortally radiating the essence of unassailably compassionate togetherness; immortally throbbing for even the most

infinitesimal speck of benign goodness; immortally existing as a Universe of oneness; as the Lord Almighty had let you come.

39. UNITY

With rain; comes cheer,
With pride; comes downfall,
With satisfaction; comes richness,
With adventure; comes exuberance,
With speed; comes exhilaration,
With benevolence; comes mankind,
With religion; comes conflict,
With poverty; comes starvation,
With joke; comes laughter,
With dreamgirl; comes fantasy,
With contentment; comes prosperity,
With mission; comes ambition,
With triumph; comes fulfillment,
With dream; comes enchantment,
With flower; comes scent,
With breeze; comes serenity,
With moonlight; comes bliss,
With storm; comes passion,
With sea; comes vivaciousness,
With war; comes belligerence,
With pompousness; comes destruction,
With perseverance; comes success,
With determination; comes concentration,
With ornaments; comes embellishments,
With nightingale; comes melody,
With nonchalance; comes failure,
With rainbow; comes vibrancy,
With earthquake; comes devastation,
With togetherness; comes caring,
With earth; comes vitality,
With marriage; comes festivity,
With tea; comes rejuvenation,
With dance; comes titillation,
With fish; comes agility,
With blink; comes mischief,
With youth; comes impulse,
With manipulation; comes deploration,

With mania; comes insanity,
With interaction; comes intimacy,
With intimidation; comes fear,
With castle; comes grandiloquence,
With reptile; comes poison,
With wine; comes intoxication,
With poem; comes poignancy,
With business; comes lechery,
With dirt; comes disease,
With night; comes rhapsody,
With muscle; comes might,
With commitment; comes conviction,
With art; comes glorification,
With mountains; comes fortification,
With teamwork; comes inspiration,
With children; comes newness,
With diligence; comes achievement,
With drought; comes misery,
With cherry; comes delight,
With eloquence; comes smartness,
With acclimatization; comes versatility,
With sharing; comes bondage,
With agony; comes vindication,
With trends; comes change,
With vigor; comes flamboyance,
With beauty; comes connoisseurs,
With nostalgia; comes past,
With oldness; comes decay,
With activity; comes boisterousness,
With battle; comes bloodshed,
With belief; comes resilience,
With romance; comes dream,
With passion; comes ignition,
With salt; comes tanginess,
With diamond; comes scintillation,
With star; comes resplendence,
With caress; comes magnetism,
With prudence; comes foresight,
With aim; comes means,
With mastery; comes perfection,
With divine; comes bliss,
With brotherhood; comes immortality,

With butterfly; comes frolic,
With experience; comes maturity,
With flight; comes enthrallment,
With mirror; comes reflection,
With vibration; comes tingling,
With shadow; comes enigma,
With patriotism; comes renaissance,
With cynosure; comes glitteratti,
With dwelling; comes retreat,
With quilt; comes warmth,
With slavery; comes repugnance,
With lies; comes hate,
With lime; comes freshness,
With cowardice; comes regret,
With wolves; comes barking,
With clairvoyance; comes unpredictability,
With abeyance; comes despair,
With success; comes confidence,
With introspection; comes improvement,
With serenity; comes sedation,
With umbrella; comes shelter,
With grass; comes captivation,
With sheep; comes wool,
With bees; comes pandemonium,
With manipulation; comes mayhem,
With yearning; comes remorse,
With atheism; comes dwindling,
With cataract; comes obscurity,
With oblivion; comes dilapidation,
With sleep; comes reinvigoration,
With obsession; comes possession,
With mosquito; comes pertinence,
With vomiting; comes repulsion,
With undulations; comes mysteries,
With smiles; comes amiability,
With stagnation; comes doom,
With flair; comes dynamism,
With hugs; comes sensuousness,
With demons; comes abhorrence,
With facsimile; comes humiliation,
With flatulence; comes indigestion,
With partiality; comes desperation,

With risk; comes uncanniness,
With negligence; comes halfheartedness,
With cinema; comes entertainment,
With falsification; comes worthlessness,
With dangling; comes looseness,
With punch; comes doughtiness,
With pinch; comes naughtiness,
With birthdays; comes jubilation,
With ostentation; comes foolhardiness,
With expectations; comes longing,
With stitching; comes firmness,
With accomplishment; comes wholeness,
With target; comes focus,
With monsoons; comes mysticism,
With trespassing; comes revolt,
With bullet; comes hostility,
With sorrow; comes freezing,
With snow; comes freezing,
With rehabilitation; comes betterment,
With astuteness; comes dexterity,
With masquerade; comes concealment,
With emeralds; comes glow,
With utopia; comes perpetuality,
With ulcers; comes discomfort,
With traffic; comes congestion,
With crippling; comes debilitation,
With worms; comes acrimoniousness,
With apprehension; comes circumspection,
With command; comes authority,
With community; comes friendship,
With eccentricity; comes isolation,
With solidarity; comes divine,
With irony; comes detestation,
With shivering; comes nervousness,
With amalgamation; comes power,
With emancipation; comes salvation,
With setbacks; comes realization,
With echo; comes reverberation,
With rhyme; comes reason,
With semblance; comes normalcy,
With health; comes stamina,
With quavering; comes hypertension,

With diversion; comes adroitness,
With corpulence; comes disorders,
With resolution; comes purpose,
With elastic; comes flexibility,
With desire; comes ecstasy,
With tuberculosis; comes coughing,
With cruise; comes vastness,
With corporates; comes professionalism,
With gloom; comes deprivation,
With games; comes uninhibition,
With camel; comes perseverance,
With experience; comes expertise,
With blending; comes cuisine,
With pandemonium; comes crisis,
With halitosis; comes aversion,
With discovery; comes thrill,
With infatuation; comes longing,
With trees; comes oxygen,
With dimples; comes blushing,
With departure; comes tragedy,
With giant; comes magnification,
With fiction; comes imagination,
With etiquette; comes civilization,
With effort; comes dividends,
With sordidness; comes fever,
With surplus; comes rejection,
With routine; comes synchronization,
With globalization; comes progress,
With insects; comes pertinence,
With power; comes responsibility,
With breath; comes life,
With conscience; comes truth,
With mother; comes God,
With unity; comes humanity.

40. IT WAS ONLY SO THAT

If I was born miserably invisible; it was only so that all those visible on the trajectory of this fathomlessly ebullient Universe; perpetually realized the value of their robustly majestic form,

If I was born haplessly blind; it was only so that all those bright eyed on the

trajectory of this boundlessly exhilarating Universe; perpetually realized the value of their pricelessly panoramic sight,

If I was born disastrously dumb; it was only so that all those with voice on the trajectory of this brilliantly optimistic Universe; perpetually realized the value of their extraordinarily explicit speech,

If I was born preposterously deaf; it was only so that all those who could hear on the trajectory of this wonderfully symbiotic Universe; perpetually realized the value of their celestially gifted ears,

If I was born pathetically cancerous; it was only so that all those with scintillating health on the trajectory of this pristinely burgeoning Universe; perpetually realized the value of their harmoniously holistic well-being,

If I was born grotesquely maimed; it was only so that all those with feet on the trajectory of this beautifully effulgent Universe; perpetually realized the value of their boisterously untamed spiritedness,

If I was born cadaverously impotent; it was only so that all those virile on the trajectory of this magically unparalleled Universe; perpetually realized the value of their bountifully magnanimous creation,

If I was born morbidly jinxed; it was only so that all those with royal destiny lines on the trajectory of this fantastically fruitful Universe; perpetually realized the value of their fortunately privileged existence,

If I was born inconsolably weeping; it was only so that all those smiling on the trajectory of this unbelievably magnetic Universe; perpetually realized the value of their timelessly victorious happiness,

If I was born hopelessly impoverished; it was only so that all those unfathomably talented on the trajectory of this stupendously heavenly Universe; perpetually realized the value of their god-gifted versatility,

If I was born hideously lynched; it was only so that all those perfectly masculine on the trajectory of this unsurpassably venerated Universe; perpetually realized the value of their astronomically untainted power,

If I was born torturously slaved; it was only so that all those liberated on the trajectory of this limitlessly sprouting Universe; perpetually realized the value of their aristocratically unmatched freedom,

If I was born deliriously estranged; it was only so that all those righteously sane on the trajectory of this unceasingly endowing Universe; perpetually realized the value of their synergistically subliming sanctity,

If I was born mercilessly orphaned; it was only so that all those with their mothers on the trajectory of this interminably replenishing Universe; perpetually realized the value of their unconquerably priceless childhood,

If I was born venomously blood-stained; it was only so that all those with impeccable conscience on the trajectory of this vividly sensuous Universe; perpetually realized the value of their indomitably infallible honesty,

If I was born cadaverously coldblooded; it was only so that all those with empathy on the trajectory of this magnificently benign Universe; perpetually realized the value of their altruistically unbridled humanity,

If I was born in the worthlessly abysmal gutters; it was only so that all those with castles on the trajectory of this fabulously Omnipotent Universe; perpetually realized the value of their jubilantly replete prosperity,

If I was born unforgivably dead; it was only so that all those breathing on the trajectory of this spectacularly enigmatic Universe; perpetually realized the value of their endlessly winning life,

And if was born satanically betrayed; it was only so that all those compassionately bonding on the trajectory of this indefatigably uninterrupted Universe; perpetually realized the value of their Immortally everlasting love.

41. ITS ALL THERE IN YOUR HEART

Something as sweet as hot chocolate; delectable crusts of cherry pudding strewn bountifully on shoots of fresh green grass,

Something as mystical as the densely foliated jungles; wild outgrowths of rampant creepers scintillating under the tenacious beams of pearly moonlight,
Something as gentle as the cascading waterfall; bursting into a billion droplets of tantalizing froth after nimbly clashing against the cold chain of rocks,

Something as turbulent as the fulminating volcano; sprouting into infinite shades of emerald light,

Wait! Wait! Wait! . You don't have to visit heaven for all that; for believe me; its all there neatly trapped in your heart!

Something as soft as pure velvet strings dangling merrily in the air; a couch embedded profusely with mesmerizing fluff,
Something as tangy as vivacious ocean salt; the poignant granules of silver sands found in abundance on the silken shores,
Something as opulent as the entire dungeon inundated with shimmering pearls; radiating austere in the eerie blanket of darkness,
Something as flamboyant as the blistering Sun; blazing its way ferociously through the dolorous doom hovering in every remotely obsolete corner of the earth,
Wait! Wait! Wait! You don't have to visit heaven for all that; for believe me; its all there passionately wandering in your heart!

Something as colorful as the resplendent rainbow; casting its astoundingly spell binding spell in the colossal sky,
Something as animatedly boisterous as pelting globules of rain; thunderclouds in space engulfed with streaks of crimson lightning,
Something as effusive as a river of sparkling tears gushing down rubicund cheek; basking in the glory of inner most emotions encompassing nostalgic childhood,
Something as invincible as the wall of immortal love; perpetually safe against any hostile attack ever conceivable in this world,
Wait! Wait! Wait! You don't have to visit heaven for all that; for believe me; its all there swelling cyclonically in your heart!

Something faster than the speed of light; traversing across the globe like infinite bullets whizzing past at a time,
Something more seductive than the most ravishing of fruit; more delicious crusts of honey to gulp and consume,
Something as aromatic as the scarletly robust rose; profusely disseminating its scent with overwhelming equanimity in the dolorously dull wind drifting around,
Something larger than any dimension; richer than any individual; stronger than any evil towering till the cosmos; as sacred as God who evolved the first human; unsolicitedly harboring all the love that was ever prevalent in this Universe,

Wait! Wait! Wait! You don't have to visit heaven for all that; for believe me; its all there naturally and blissfully proliferating every second in your heart!

42. SOLELY ON THE BEATS OF IMMORTAL LOVE

My lips could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical lipstick; my heart perpetually lived this fathomlessly enchanting Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally unassailable love,

My eyes could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical glasses; my heart perennially lived this boundlessly burgeoning Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally unshakable love,

My stomach could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical food; my heart timelessly lived this countlessly iridescent Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally triumphant love,

My hair could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical oil; my heart tirelessly lived this spell bindingly victorious Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally unceasing love,

My throat could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical water; my heart inexhaustibly lived this limitlessly eclectic Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally humanitarian love,

My teeth could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical toothpaste; my heart unstoppably lived this fragrantly artistic Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally invincible love,

My ears could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical earrings; my heart unlimitedly lived this magnetically enamoring Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally emollient love,

My tongue could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical taste; my heart unceasingly lived this handsomely regale Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally altruistic love,

My fingers could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical pens; my heart continuously lived this royally fantastic Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally magnetic love,

My skin could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical cream; my heart untiringly lived this magically silken Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally Omnipotent love,

My bones could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical calcium; my heart indefatigably lived this effulgently euphoric Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally Omniscient love,

My brain could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical arithmetic; my heart interminably lived this gloriously sensuous Universe and even beyond; solely on

the beats of Immortally redolent love,

My eyelashes could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical mascara; my heart never-endingly lived this unbreakably symbiotic Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally priceless love,

My armpits could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical perfume; my heart unflinching lived this synergistically eternal Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally infallible love,

My spine could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical sponge; my heart unflaggingly lived this ebulliently fructifying Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally intrepid love,

My wrists could perhaps survive quintessentially practical watch; my heart incessantly lived this spectacularly spawning Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally blessed love,

My feet could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical shoes; my heart non-stop lived this brilliantly unerring Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally insuperable love,

My barren skin could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical cloth; my heart immeasurably lived this celestially bestowing Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally uniting love,

And my nostrils could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical oxygen; my heart indefinitely lived this ecstatically vibrant Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally Omnipresent love.

43. ALL BLOOD IS RED. ALL BONES ARE WHITE. ALL SWEAT IS GOLDEN. FOR IT IS NOT THE COLOR OF OUR SKINS, BUT THE SPIRIT WITHIN.

There might exist eyes; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this fathomlessly eclectic Universe,

There might exist hair; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this boundlessly virile Universe,

There might exist skin; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this mystically resplendent Universe,

There might exist lips; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this unbelievably emollient Universe,

But. All blood is Immortally Red; All bones are Symbiotically White. All sweat is Perseveringly Golden. For it is not the color of our spuriously shriveled skins; but the Omnipotently inexhaustible spirit to live and let live; which is perpetually sacred within.

1.

There might exist eyelashes; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this handsomely majestic Universe,

There might exist desires; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this triumphantly effulgent Universe,

There might exist victory; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this pristinely priceless Universe,

There might exist fantasy; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this magically mitigating Universe,

But. All blood is Poignantly Red; All bones are Celestially White. All sweat is Holistically Golden. For it is not the color of our sporadically extinguishing skins; but the regally Omnipresent spirit to live and let live; which is perpetually sacred within.

2.

There might exist noses; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this ecstatically mesmerizing Universe,

There might exist destiny lines; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this brilliantly undaunted Universe,

There might exist eyebrows; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this unceasingly proliferating Universe,

There might exist brains; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this miraculously blessed Universe,

But. All blood is Unitedly Red; All bones are Impeccably White. All sweat is

Timelessly Golden. For it is not the color of our penuriously squeamish skins; but the insuperably Omniscient spirit to live and let live; which is perpetually sacred within.

3.

There might exist shadows; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this victoriously gargantuan Universe,

There might exist freedom; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this unflinchingly intrepid Universe,

There might exist melody; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this perennially virgin Universe,

There might exist beauty; in an infinite shades and shapes on the trajectory of this unconquerably unfettered Universe,

But. All blood is Inimitably Red; All bones are Heavenly White. All sweat is Gloriously Golden. For it is not the color of our intermittently wailing skins; but the unsurpassably untamed spirit to live and let live; which is perpetually sacred within.

44.1: INFINITE

Just one of majestically unconquerable truth; to an infinite of baselessly stampeding and murderously masquerading; lies,

Just one of philanthropically perennial victory; to an infinite of dolefully decrepit and disastrously maligned; defeats,

Just one of pricelessly unconquerable humanity; to an infinite of ignominiously slandering and disparagingly dividing; religion,

Just one of eternally emancipating freedom; to an infinite of torturously diabolical and abominably harried; slavery,

Just one of spell bindingly mellifluous rhyme; to an infinite of devilishly eviscerating and atrociously penalizing; monotony,

Just one of the effulgently boisterous child; to an infinite of despicably cadaverous and amorphously dilapidated; graveyards,

Just one of the panoramically life-yielding waterfall; to an infinite of treacherously asphyxiating and libidiously manipulative; matchbox corporates,

Just one of perpetually coalescing oneness; to an infinite of abhorrently deteriorating and venomously segregating; wars,

Just one of euphorically celestial peace; to an infinite of salaciously sodomizing and worthlessly inflated; prejudice,

Just one of the vivaciously resplendent rainbow; to an infinite of dastardly fretful and wretchedly crucifying; boredom,

Just one of the Omnipotently sacrosanct Mother; to an infinite of tawdrily tantalizing and sinfully selling; prostitutes,

Just one of the unflinchingly fearless Peak; to an infinite of baselessly bigot and sullenly extinguishing; cowards,

Just one of the altruistically intrepid martyr; to an infinite of salaciously satanic and penuriously identitiless; traitors,

Just one of pristinely insuperable honesty; to an infinite of debasingly depraving and vengefully spitting; corruption,

Just one of unassailably burgeoning symbiotism; to an infinite of haplessly measly and tyrannically thrashing; droughts,

Just one of the royally ever-pervading lotus; to an infinite of stinkingly criminal and perniciously beheading; politics,

Just one of the blessedly virile seed; to an infinite of meaninglessly inane and obviously corpselike; infertility,

Just one of Omnipresently indomitable breath; to an infinite of flagrantly strangulating and devilishly divesting; deaths,

Just one of the Omnisciently blazing Sun; to an infinite of indiscriminately victimizing and hopelessly decimating; darkness,

Just one of selflessly compassionate friendship; to an infinite of scurrilously rusted and derogatorily derelict; terrorists,

And just one of Immortally extemporizing love; to an infinite of ruefully livid
and satanically assassinating; betrayals

45. ASTOUNDINGLY SENSITIVE

Immune to the most sacrilegiously lambasting religion; when every ingredient of
my pricelessly symbiotic existence; was being barbarously pulverized to
inconspicuous ash,

Immune to the most bizarrely unsparing apocalypses of drought; when there
wasn't even an infinitesimal droplet of water to quench the insatiably
aggrandizing thirst in my throat,

Immune to the most thunderously menacing avalanches; when brutally frigid ice
froze the last iota of scarlet blood in my veins,

Immune to the most acrimoniously charring afternoon Sun; when every cranny
of my countenance unrelentingly trembled to the last bone down my spine,

Immune to the most turbulently usurping seas; when each of my senses felt
ghoulishly asphyxiating to the rock bottom of inanely decrepit nothingness,

Immune to the most horrendously stabbing stench; when the dastardly caravans
of ghastly gutter stench; had transcended every bit of ebullient goodness in
my synergistically holistic persona,

Immune to the most opprobriously penalizing politics; when the hell of
adulteration and corruption; had horrifically maimed me for the remainder of my
impoverishedly truncated lifetime,

Immune to the most diabolically roaring lion; when infact he was busy
indiscriminately excoriating every bone of my nimble body; at supremely gay
abandon,

Immune to the most abjectly terrorizing of depression; venomously paralyzing
every tangible and intangible nerve of my flaccidly flailing silhouette,

Immune to the most cold-bloodedly beheading war; when there wasn't the tiniest
of roof to compassionately sequester my scalp,

Immune to the most abysmally fetid graveyard of abhorrent lies; when the

parasites of salaciously bludgeoning drudgery overruled every dormitory of my brain,

Immune to the most ignominiously slandering of winds; when the corpses of morbidly wastrel frustration; made each instant of my holistic life worse than the rabidly dying dog,

Immune to the most devastatingly demonic sounds; when the wails of the ghost crucified me till infinite infinity; on the perfidiously cold floor,

Immune to the most invidiously scurrilous of atrocities; when the derogatorily debasing debauchery of the corrupt planet; had rendered me penniless to the last strand of hair on my scalp,

Immune to the most hopelessly destroying pangs of hunger; when I lay disdainfully shriveled and abominably hapless; in the mercilessly livid rathole,

Immune to the most lecherously massacring of swords; when my neck slithered for countless hours on barren soil; without a trifle of its compassionately counterpart body,

Immune to the most hedonistically unsurpassable of floods; when I didn't get even a sole second to alight my foot; as unceremoniously besmirched water forever closed the breath in my nostrils,

Immune to the most libidiously haunting betrayal; when even the best of my comrades; cadaverously blinded every aspect of my philanthropic existence; the instant I turned my back,

But astoundingly sensitive to even the most infidel of her celestial footstep; astoundingly sensitive to even the most evanescently fading of her invincible breath; astoundingly sensitive to even the most nimble flutter of her miraculous eyelashes; astoundingly sensitive to even the most faintest whisper of her Immortal Love; was; am and shall forever be; I

46. EVERYTIME

Everytime the flowers blossomed into petals of newness; perpetuating even the most inconspicuous bit of atmosphere with unbelievably redolent cheer,

Everytime the Sun rose for the first time in fathomless sky; miraculously enlightening even the most lugubriously stagnating cranny of this Universe; with

its resplendently golden freshness,

Everytime the nightingale mellifluously sang to the beats of the fresh monsoon; fantastically rejuvenating even the most ghoulishly deadened skeletons; from their morbid graves,

Everytime the Moon mischievously played hide-n-seek between the fabric of sensuous clouds; majestically enamoring every ingredient of the abjectly sultry night; with heavenly milkiness,

I felt as if you were in every breath that I wonderfully inhaled into my lungs; Omnipotently nourishing every pore of my body for an infinite more lives of mine; although you'd abdicated your physical form a countless years ago; and veritably disappeared and died.

1.

Everytime the first droplets of virgin rain pelted in uninhibitedly torrential frenzy from crimson sky; celestially mollifying every beleaguered particle of hoarsely wailing soil,

Everytime harmoniously iridescent globules of amber dew danced in the meadows; with the stalks of untamed grass; tantalizing every trace of lifelessness till times beyond infinite infinity,

Everytime the voice of eternally unflinching truth; perpetually transcended over each corpse of derogatory abhorrence and parasitically treacherous lies,

Everytime vividly royal wind; peerlessly paraded undaunted by anything tangible or intangible on the trajectory of this boundlessly burgeoning Universe,

I felt as if you were in every fantasy that I magically conceived in my brain; Omnisciently blessing my existence as the most priceless; for an infinite more lives of mine; although you'd abdicated your physical form a countless years ago; and veritably disappeared and died.

2.

Everytime the mountains towered unassailably towards the unsurpassably endless cosmos; overtopping even the most mercurial trace of devil forever and ever and ever,

Everytime the seed spawned into profoundly subliming newness above soil;

tirelessly striving to continue God's chapter of everlasting procreation,

Everytime the peacock unveiled its feathers to a vivaciously full plumage; spell-bindingly enticing even the most drearily forlorn entity; in its redolently effulgent swirl,

Everytime the poignantly undulating waves handsomely kissed the skies; diffusing a galaxy of inimitable freshness; into every monotonously castrated continent of the globe,

I felt as if you were in every object that my palms compassionately caressed; insuperably drifting me towards symbiotically panoramic goodness; although you'd abdicated your physical form a countless years ago; and veritably disappeared and died.

3.

Everytime the religion of humanity reigned unconquerably supreme; wafting its pricelessly unmatched fragrance over every spurious discrimination of color; caste and castigated creed,

Everytime the very first cries of the infant ardently embraced the atmosphere; with the mantra of undefeatable innocuousness uniting every haplessly tyrannized soul on this bizarrely estranged Universe,

Everytime true lovers perennially bonded into the threads of invincibly sacrosanct marriage; synergistically fructifying into a paradise of triumphantly untainted virility,

Everytime the earth was born once again; after unstoppably winning an infinite battles against the vituperatively pulverizing devil; letting the spirit of indomitable philanthropism timelessly prevail,

I felt as if you were in every immortally unshakable beat that my heart throbbed; unlimitedly bonding me with the winds of ubiquitous unity and selfless love; although you'd abdicated your physical form a countless years ago; and veritably disappeared and died.

47. WITHOUT WAITING

Without waiting for unflinching strength to peerlessly enshroud my arms; if I plunged head-on into the ferociously beheading battlefield; then the aftermath of

it would be; ignominiously crippling defeat; instead,

Without waiting for priceless empathy to selflessly encircle the periphery of my eyes; if I galloped on an inexhaustible mission to embrace every echelon of brutally tyrannized humanity; then the aftermath of it would be; hapless disintegration into gruesomely cruel nothingness; instead,

Without waiting for fructifying thoughts to brilliantly spawn in my brain; if I commenced to write the most literary Herculean epic of my time; then the aftermath of it would be; baseless balderdash raunchily perspiring from everywhere; instead,

Without waiting for triumphant melody to fantastically brew up my throat; if I started to perpetuate every cranny of the fathomless Universe with a celestially enchanting song; then the aftermath of it would be; a corpse of indescribably cacophonous ghoulishness; instead,

Without waiting for effulgent smiles to uninhibitedly the contours of my lips; if I chivalrously tried to disseminate the essence of true conviviality amidst every disparagingly beleaguered organism on this planet; then the aftermath of it would be; a cloudburst of tears erupting at every step that I took; instead,

Without waiting for indispensable hunger to reverberate from the hollow of my stomach; if I devoured every sumptuously succulent delicacy on this boundless earth; then the aftermath of it would be; a vomit with such ghastly rebuke which would horridly desecrate the purest of soils; instead,

Without waiting for sleep to wholesomely relinquish my eyes; if I commenced to segregate the quintessential needle from the fecklessly looming haystack; then the aftermath of it would be; every trace of holistic sanctity metamorphosing into tawdrily suffocating deliriousness; instead,

Without waiting for blood to ecstatically rush through my veins; if I drifted into the valley of unsurpassably timeless adventure; then the aftermath of it would be; deterioration into a gutter of inanely fatigued meaninglessness; instead,

Without waiting for blazing truth to unrestrictedly permeate my conscience; if I indefatigably proceeded to teach the chapters of symbiotic humanity; then the aftermath of it would be; being brutally charred to the dungeons of hell; instead,

Without waiting for jubilant virility to consummately bless my persona; if I attempted to procreate the countless of own living kind; then the aftermath of it

would be; delinquently choking stagnation forever and ever and ever; instead,

Without waiting for the waves of perennial contentment to endow my soul; if I tried to miraculously mitigate the suffering of every wounded soldier on this globe; then the aftermath of it would be; every bit of benign goodness transforming into sadistically cannibalistic blood; instead,

Without waiting for passion to tower high and handsome into my fingers; if I tried to blissfully sketch every inch of the Lord's panoramically boundless creation; then the aftermath of it would be; egregiously amorphous skeletons wailing till times immemorial; instead,

Without waiting for a surreal yawn to wonderfully besiege my mouth; if I tried to timelessly snore under my silken nocturnal quilt; then the aftermath of it would be; a night of wretchedly maniacal and diabolical desperation; instead,

Without waiting for the rhythm of marvelous pragmatism to wholesomely drape my senses; if I started to solve the inexplicably carcinogenic riddles of every dwelling in acrimonious despair; then the aftermath of it would be; vanishing like a frigid whisker even before uttering a singleton word; instead,

Without waiting for naturally inevitable pressure pounding on my bowels; if I tried to expurgate in such a way that I would never ever have to go to the lavatory for a lifetime; then the aftermath of it would be; the mortuary of insanity galore dissolving me into cadaverous emptiness; instead,

Without waiting for hair to extrude from my scalp and skin; if I valiantly subjected myself to the winds of the chilliest of winter; then the aftermath of it would be; forlornly fretting in uncontrollably emaciating pneumonia for the remainder of my life; instead,

Without waiting for inferno's of seductively untamed passion to royally enslave my silhouette; if I leapt out to ignite desire into every disconsolately decrepit organism on unceasing earth; then the aftermath of it would be; jailhouses of sleazy infertility reigning mockingly supreme; instead,

Without waiting for my lungs to harmoniously sing for quintessential oxygen; if I tried to inhale every bit of synergistically emollient air on the trajectory of this limitless Universe; then the aftermath of it would be; a ludicrously inflated balloon ready to burst into an infinite bits of infinitesimal stupidity; instead,

And without waiting for my heart to compassionately throb within my chest; if I

tried to bond every of its beat with the chapters of Immortally insuperable love in this entire world; then the aftermath of it would be; vindictively vituperative and unbearable betrayal; instead.

48. ENTIRELY YOUR VERY OWN DECISION

You might have inherited the most fantastically beautiful color of your eyes; from your wonderfully sacrosanct parents;
But whether you use them to sight philanthropic goodness; or whether you relentlessly stared with them at diabolically cannibalistic parasites; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most artistically articulate shape of your teeth; from your beautifully compassionate parents,
But whether use them for blissfully relishing fruits of divine nature; or whether you satanically excoriated daintily innocuous flesh into infinitesimal nothingness with them; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most enchantingly curvaceous outlines of your feet; from your symbiotically priceless parents,
But whether you use them to unflinchingly march forward for the cause of the despairingly deprived; or whether you indiscriminately squelched limitless innocent into their threadbare corpse with them; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most lusciously scarlet lips; from your magnanimously Omnipotent parents,
But whether you use them for celestially suckling the sweetness of Omnisciently united creation; or whether you morbidly pursed around the dead organism's decayed blood with them; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most handsomely broad silhouette of your shoulders; from your blessedly benign parents,
But whether you use them for altruistically hoisting countless haplessly orphaned; or whether you insidiously blocked the way of peerless righteousness with them; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most eclectically conical design of your fingers; from your mellifluously insuperable parents,
But whether you use them for sketching the fathomlessly panoramic wonderment of this planet; or whether you entwine them with the palms of unforgivable

crime; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most ruddily fair color of your skin; from your royally unconquerable parents,
But whether you use it for ubiquitously diffusing the essence of tantalizing beauty; or whether you barbarously make a parody of all those darker than you with it; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most eloquently mesmerizing voice; from your effulgently victorious parents,
But whether you use it for synergistically mollifying every bit of apocalyptic bedlam on this Universe; or whether you vituperatively hurl it to nefariously subjugate every pregnant mother; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most quintessentially amazing virility; from your selflessly venerated parents,
But whether you use it for sowing the seeds of timelessly endowing goodness; or whether you use it to impregnate every living organism with maliciously slandering venom; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

You might have inherited the most mischievously harmonious contours of your nostrils; from your invincibly unparalleled parents,
But whether you use them to inhale the winds of ecumenical disarmament; or whether you exhale unsurpassably filthy maelstroms of lethal hatred from them; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

And You might have inherited the most salubriously unceasing heart; from your inimitably godly parents,
But whether you use it to perennially diffuse the beats of Immortally unassailable love; or whether you acrimoniously circumscribe it within the chains of derogatorily ribald betrayal; is entirely your very own decision; by the grace of Almighty God.

49. ONLY ONCE

I was perhaps born to intrepidly adventure an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my parsimoniously truncated and inevitably transient life,

I was perhaps born to vivaciously dance an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my diminutively truncated and inevitably ethereal life,

I was perhaps born to uninhibitedly swim in untamed sea an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my hopelessly truncated and inevitably ephemeral life,

I was perhaps born to mellifluously mesmerize an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my disastrously truncated and inevitably short-lived life,

I was perhaps born to unrestrictedly rejoice an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my impoverishedly truncated and inevitably flickering life,

I was perhaps born to artistically evolve an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my penuriously truncated and inevitably fugitive life,

I was perhaps born to altruistically share an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my miserably truncated and inevitably transient life,

I was perhaps born to pragmatically learn an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my pathetically truncated and inevitably fluttering life,

I was perhaps born to flirtatiously mischief an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my deterioratingly truncated and inevitably evanescent life,

I was perhaps born to diffuse the religion of humanity an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my abstemiously truncated and inevitably fleeting life,

I was perhaps born to spell-bindingly innovate an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my bucolically truncated and inevitably momentary life,

I was perhaps born to majestically procreate an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my dejectedly truncated and inevitably diminishing life,

I was perhaps born to peerlessly triumph an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my stingily truncated and inevitably succinct life,

I was perhaps born to tantalizingly desire an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my frowningly truncated and inevitably short-termed life,

I was perhaps born to sensuously kiss an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my despairingly truncated and inevitably mercurial life,

I was perhaps born to unassailably patronize goodness an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my haplessly truncated and inevitably passing life,

I was perhaps born to undauntedly tower for Omnipotent truth an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my fearfully truncated and inevitably crumbling life,

I was perhaps born to royally breathe an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my ironically truncated and inevitably nomadic life,

I was perhaps born to voluptuously embrace an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my unsparingly truncated and inevitably withering life,

But irrespective of an infinite infinities for which I was perhaps born to execute in the tenure of my inevitably shortened life; by the grace of God; I was born to only once; Immortally love and veritably die.

50. HUNGER FOR HUNGER

Hunger for inimitably insatiable fame; an inherent longing to be known by the entire Universe; for every philanthropically ingenious thing that you ever did,

Hunger for even the most infinitesimally sparkling fruits of Mother Nature; blissfully replenishing your diabolically emaciated intestines; with the gifts of symbiotically natural creation,

Hunger for fathomless rays of the Omnipotent Sun; brilliantly streaming each morning through your window; wondrously ameliorating your brutally frazzled soul; to the aisles of unassailable paradise,

Hunger for inscrutably tantalizing adventure; the timelessly mystical pathways of the uncannily exhilarating and unknown; greeting you wholeheartedly at every juncture of life,

Hunger for majestically unparalleled aristocracy; unceasingly languishing in the most pricelessly embellished castles; and seated upon the ultimate throne of superiority; with countless more of your fellow kind,

Hunger for indefatigably assimilating the principles of symbiotic existence; and then tirelessly applying the same in even the most ephemeral aspect of your life,

Hunger for acquiring every penny of wealth that exists on the trajectory of this boundless earth; so that you could perennially ensure that none of your fellow living beings; slept a devilishly famished stomach in the heartless night,

Hunger for blazingly sky-rocketing to the absolute apogee of Everest; from where you could endlessly sight every single speck of this unconquerably royal Universe,

Hunger for the waves of stupendously mellifluous music to profoundly engulf every arena of life; so that even the most infidel instance of inexplicable grief; was forever metamorphosed into the melody of happiness,

Hunger for limitlessly ravishing caverns of scent; profusely inundating even the most oblivious ingredient of your persona; with the ecstasy of unending titillation,

Hunger for eternally bonding with the spirit of humanity; infallibly uniting every spurious caste; creed; religion; fraternity and tribe on this everlasting planet; into the religion of undefeated humanity,

Hunger for incessantly beautifying both the body and soul; with the ideals of enchantingly invincible simplicity and the gifts of panoramically unfurling earthly evolution,

Hunger for unsurpassably trouncing even the most infidel insinuation of the devil; with the unflinchingly peerless swords of unshakably divine truth,

Hunger for bountifully benign prosperity on every quarter of this gargantuan planet; so that man and environment forever thrived with the pearls of peace cascading down from the unfettered heavens,

Hunger for victoriously unchallengable magic; which astoundingly transformed each iota of inconsolable misery on this unlimited earth; into a mountain of sparkingly united strength,

Hunger for waterfalls of jubilantly undying sensuality; which triggered you to spawn into countless more of your own kind; contribute your very best to the Lord's undying chapters of sacred prolifeation,

Hunger for everlastingly synergistic goodness to caress you and bless every aspect of your impoverished life; so that you reached closer and closer to the Omnisciently Regal Almighty Lord,

Hunger for the that ultimate utopia of spellbindingly insuperable truth; where there palpitated nothing else; but an atmosphere of godly righteousness washing

every sin of your past; present and future life,

Hunger for the heartbeats of Immortal Love; which made you forever feel the most pricelessly blessed organism alive; irrespective of your caste; creed; status; religion; persona or dolorously impoverished kind,

And more importantly than anything on this unceasingly spectacular Universe; a perennial Hunger for "Hunger"; which could make all the above and an infinite more good like the above; into an immortal reality.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Life - Poetry 2

Those dark brown fields of life,
So vast in an entrenchment of their own,
Lost in the syndrome of beauty,
Towering over all heights,
Capsizing the true mettle in man,
Perspiring from the onerous task,
Draping curtains of freshly dug earth,
Leading to dim lights shining ahead.

Those brown fields resemble that orange fading light,
Diffusing into blissful shades of turmoil,
Ebullient with the quenching of time,
Creating bountiful demands,
Abaft with blushes of scarlet red,
Entangling unsolved riddles of life.

Nikhil Parekh

Life = Death

Smell each rose that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another rose ever to be born as pristine; and then feel the unconquerably true fragrance descend perpetually down your senses,

Clamber each mountain that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another mountain ever to be born as enchanting; and then feel the insuperably unflinching spirit of true adventure catapult you beyond the land of eternal paradise,

Overtake each impediment that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another impediment ever to be born as perilously demonic; and then feel the unparalleled waves of true satisfaction celestially descend down your innocuous conscience,

Admire each seawave that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another seawave ever to be born as romantically undulating; and then exult in the true euphoria of tangy newness for times immemorial,

Absorb each wind that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another wind ever to be born as effulgently vivacious; and then feel unfathomable gorges of sensuously true exhilaration; impregnably enshroud you from all sides,

Flirt each nubile maiden that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another maiden ever to be born as tantalizingly inexplicable; and then feel the triumphantly true beads of voluptuous sweat; forever glisten on your blessed flesh,

Praise each humanitarian that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another humanitarian ever to be born as symbiotically iridescent; and then feel the spirit of peerlessly true camaraderie unassailably wrap you in the cradle of everlasting togetherness,

Eat each salubrious fruit that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another fruit ever to be born as scrumptiously divine; and then feel true heavenly contentment beautifully waft from the walls of your holistic stomach; as you slept,

Stare each star that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another star ever to be born as spectacularly opalescent; and then feel the true optimistic enlightenment profoundly cheer up your every dreary night,

Dance with each peacock that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another peacock ever to be born as vividly charismatic; and then feel the true beams of unimaginably victorious color paint the obliviously vacant canvas of your despairing life,

Sing each rhythm that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another rhythm ever to be born as seductively mellifluous; and then feel the melody of true existence unlimitedly empower you on your every step,

Emulate each child that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another child ever to be born as impeccably unhindered; and then feel the true virtue of irrefutably unconquerable honesty; perpetuate every cranny of your miserably dying demeanor,

Dream each night that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another night ever to be born as wonderfully inebriating; and then feel the true cisterns of rapturously silken titillation; endlessly drift you towards paradise,

Chase each desire that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another desire ever to be born as philanthropically fructifying; and then feel even the most infinitesimally disappearing ingredient of your wastrel blood; suddenly and truly wanting to live,

Embrace each religion that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another religion ever to be born as blissfully bonding; and then feel the greatest of God's bestow you for your truly unrestricted humanitarian swirl,

Embellish each moment that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another moment ever to be born as synergistically untainted; and then feel the wings of perennial liberation truly kissing the tyrannically monotonous fangs of your existence,

Inhale each breath that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another breath ever to be born as poignantly Omnipotent; and then feel the oceans of unceasingly majestic artistry truly exude from every pore of your shriveled persona,

Love each heartbeat that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another heartbeat ever to be born as immortally passionate; and then feel like the most pricelessly blessed and truly procreating organism alive; for an infinite more lifetimes,

And lead each day that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another day ever to be born as fragrantly unfettered; and then feel the pain of veritably snatching death; anytime; anywhere; wonderfully equivalent to the chapter of royally burgeoning life.

Nikhil Parekh

Life = Death - Volume 1 - Poems On Life, Death

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 1 of the Book titled - Life = Death - Poems on Life, Death (1200 pages) . This enigmatic collection of poems explores and equates the boundless possibilities of life and death and delves into each intricate inexplicability of survival. Parekh's roving philosophical eye brings the unconquerable richness of life to the fore and yet at the same time explicitly highlights the veracity of 'death' as the absolute certainty of every existence. The poet joyously celebrates the occasions of both life and death with equal panache in each poetic stanza sewn with the uncanny mysteries of this Universe. The poems within immortalize both life and death as the ultimate victories and the two most contrastingly amazing and divine sides of creation. Catapulting the reader to the threshold of ultimate ecstasy; they bring about an impromptu twist with the closure of breath and what lies beyond. This charismatically woven collection of poetic verse would equally enamor the narcissist as well as the simple humanitarian to the core.

This book is a humble attempt to enlighten the readers with the equality of life and death-and to live in both of them to the most unparalleled fullest. Embracing only the religion of humanity, as the Lord has commanded every living being on earth. You cant die in life and cant live in death-each of these components are irrefutably equal in every respect and should be worshipped with due obeisance.

CONTENTS

1. LIFE = DEATH
2. LIFE IS A DEDICATION
3. FERTILITY.
4. DEATH- THE GREATEST EQUALIZER.
5. DEATH-THE ABSOLUTE KING OF OPTIMISM.
6. ITS UPTO YOU
7. PENALIZING HELL

8. LIFE-AN EVERLASTING SEDUCTION.
9. LIFE—AN IMMORTAL VICTORY
10. LIFE WAS.
11. FEATHERS.
12. ONLY FOLLOW YOUR HEART.
13. O! HOW HE WISHED AND WISHED AND WISHED.
14. THE WALLS WERE MY VERY BEST FRIENDS.
15. WITH GREAT POWER
16. START BEING CREATIVE
17. NOT AT THE COST
18. ENCHANTING PARADISE
19. ARTISTS ARE NOT TAUGHT; THEY ARE BORN
20. AUDACIOUSLY DARE
21. YOU WERE MY ONLY HUMAN
22. ALL WE HAD TO DO
23. I WOULD MAKE IT FEEL BEAUTIFUL
24. STILL REIGNING SUPREME
25. DOING IS BELIEVING
26. HUMAN TENDENCY
27. FOUNDATIONS
28. BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH
29. ROOTS
30. YOU COULDNT BUY
31. IT WAS VERY EASY
32. THE ULTIMATE HISS OF DEATH.
33. IF YOU DIDN'T WANT TO WAIT TILL THE NEXT SUNRISE.
34. HELP IS JUST A FINGERTIP AWAY
35. IDEA
36. THE SILENCE OF DEATH.
37. CHEERS.
38. LIFE IS MUSICAL
39. LIFE BLOSSOMS INTO VITALITY
40. DYING FOR THE FIRST TIME
41. READY TO DIE
42. LIFE- AN IMMORTAL POETRY
43. LIFE
44. ANY FORM OF LIFE WAS BETTER THAN DEATH
45. LIFE IS SO MUCH LIKE THE COBWEB.
46. LIFE LEADS TO REALIZATION
47. SPIRIT NEVER DIES
48. LOVE EASES LIFE
49. LIFE OVERRULES DEATH

50. MORTAL TO IMMORTAL

1. LIFE = DEATH

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And lead each day that you encountered in your life in such a way; as if there wasn't going to be another day ever to be born as fragrantly unfettered; and then feel the pain of veritably snatching death; anytime; anywhere; wonderfully equivalent to the chapter of royally burgeoning life.

2. LIFE IS A DEDICATION

A dedication to all benign goodness in the atmosphere; the wave of philanthropic altruism which bonds one and all in the fabric of eternal mankind,

A dedication to the unflinching spirit of timeless existence; the most astounding chapter of divinely proliferation; which perennially ensured that the world never came to a veritable standstill,

A dedication to the rhapsodically cascading rivulets of water; miraculously placating even the most traumatically agonizing and brutally scorched throats,

A dedication to the panoramically crimson clouds in fathomless sky; sensuously embellishing the carpet of the majestically enchanting night,

A dedication to the infernos of irrefutably sparkling honesty; which metamorphose even the most hideously diabolical; into the mists of perpetually sacrosanct righteousness,

A dedication to the Omnipotent light of the fantastically blazing Sun; which enlightened even the most sordidly beleaguered quarters of this earth; with the light of triumphantly blissful happiness,

A dedication to the inscrutably mesmerizing forests; which stupendously enthrall till beyond the realms of infinite infinity; unveiling into an entrenchment of bountiful beauty and grace,

A dedication to harmoniously sacred marriage; which unassailably bonds two lovers in rainbows of compassionate sharing; and for infinite more births yet to

unleash,

A dedication to the celestial melody in the ebulliently rejuvenating air; which works as an Omniscient panacea; for even the most insidiously lugubrious disease sauntering and alive,

A dedication to the mischievously amiable smile of the child; which magically transformed even the most diabolically marauding; into a land of ingratiatingly beautiful paradise,

A dedication to the unfettered love of the poignantly divine mother; which was the most Omnipresent exemplification of affably gratifying love and togetherness,

A dedication to the timelessly tantalizing night; which splendidly ignited unfathomable maelstroms of ecstatic yearning; even in the most dolorously decaying entities alive,

A dedication to the magnificently perpetual vivacity of the boundless Universe; which spawned into Omnipotently new life; every unfurling second of the day and night,

A dedication to the irrefutably resolute tenacity of all those disastrously maimed and still alive; bouncing in the full and profound euphoria of magnanimously scintillating life,

A dedication to the ideals of glorious selflessness; the ecumenically resplendent essence of One God; and an unconquerably One Humanity,

A dedication to the threads of invincible friendship; which intrepidly confronts even the most acrimoniously ghastly impediments; with an exuberantly jubilant smile,

A dedication to the ubiquitously uniting and priceless breath; which regally blessed upon every organism irrespective of caste; creed or religion; the right to be symbiotically surviving and holistically alive,

A dedication to the immortally impregnably beats of the heart; which coalesced you forever and ever and ever with the most bountifully cherishable love of your life,

A dedication to all those whom you are wonderfully acquainted with; to all those

who were quintessential in inspiring you; to surge forward victoriously in vibrant life,

O! Yes Life is marvelously endowing paradise of friendship; beauty and heavenly bonding; Life is the most unfathomably precious gift from the Almighty Lord; Life is a sacred dedication.

3. FERTILITY.

Fertility. Is what every true brain on this fathomless Universe unrelentingly seeks; in order to blossom into the most invincibly spell binding festoon of ideas; upon which countless more generations ahead could solely run.

Fertility. Is what every true soil on this boundless Universe endlessly seeks; in order to blossom into the most robustly enamoring of fruit and food; wonderfully mollifying the preposterously emaciated stomachs of trillions thereby.

Fertility. Is what every true finger on this limitless Universe unceasingly seeks; in order to blossom into the most fructifying canvases of royally unfettered artistry; brilliantly metamorphosing even the most infinitesimal speck of robotically brutally monotony; into an unimpeachably spotless paradise; thereby.

Fertility. Is what every true sky on this untiring Universe ardently seeks; in order to blossom into the most tantalizingly rhapsodic of clouds; which perennially ensured that planet earth triumphantly bloomed with compassion and not lecherously lamenting drought.

Fertility. Is what every true ocean on this astounding Universe undyingly seeks; in order to blossom into the most quintessential frosty cisterns of salt; upon which profusely relied the taste buds of the entire resplendently living race.

Fertility. Is what every true throat on this effulgent Universe interminably seeks; in order to blossom into the most mellifluously titillating tunes of togetherness; to which every cranny of this remorsefully manipulative planet today; danced in uninhibitedly vivacious abandon.

Fertility. Is what every true flesh on this timeless Universe infallibly seeks; in order to blossom into the most victorious goose-bumps of insuperable excitement; which blissfully transcended the whiplashes of inexplicable desperation forever and ever and ever.

Fertility. Is what every true eye on this unending Universe constantly seeks; in

order to blossom into the most intriguingly bewitching of panoramic fantasy; which inculcated fresh rays of hope into even the most ghastily extinguishing organism on this planet.

Fertility. Is what every true armpit on this inexhaustible Universe tirelessly seeks; in order to blossom into the most euphorically exhilarating droplets of golden sweat; which miraculously transformed all oblivions of profane laziness into perpetually emollient perseverance.

Fertility. Is what every true mother on this optimistic Universe indefatigably seeks; in order to blossom into the most pricelessly impregnable fountains of milk; so that there evolves a formidably fearless and undefeated generation; of the tomorrow.

Fertility. Is what every true man and woman on this majestic Universe unendingly seek; in order to blossom into the most fragrantly blessed chapters of God's creation; which forever ensured that none could put brakes to the symbiotic proliferation of planet divine.

Fertility. Is what every true mirror on this eternal Universe intransigently seeks; in order to blossom into the most irrefutably unconquerable reflections of honesty; which acted as the sole pivot for gripping the chords of this bounteously jubilant planet.

Fertility. Is what every true soldier on this inscrutable Universe inextricably seeks; in order to blossom into the most peerlessly blazing Sun of martyrdom; so that countless other innocent civilians could forever sleep in unfettered peace.

Fertility. Is what every true Sun on this unconquerable Universe uncompromisingly seeks; in order to blossom into the most triumphant beams of unprejudiced heroism; which enlightened every pathetically beleaguered space upon this iridescent planet.

Fertility. Is what every true vein on this benign Universe wholeheartedly seeks; in order to blossom into the most impeccably egalitarian and humanitarian droplets of blood; which timelessly amalgamated every speck of the planet into the threads of unassailably noble brotherhood.

Fertility. Is what every true bee on this Samaritan Universe fervently seeks; in order to blossom into the most unbelievably melodious caverns of honey; which put all wanton consternation in the atmosphere to an eternal rest.

Fertility. Is what every true soul on this ebullient Universe undefeately seeks; in order to blossom into the most benevolent ideals of peace; harmony; friendship and humanity; upon which were erected the original foundations of this planet; by the Almighty Lord.

Fertility. Is what every true nostril on this poignant Universe inexorably seeks; in order to blossom into the most inimitably pungent chapters of sparkling life; which paid an wholesomely incorrigible deaf ear; to the wails of the devil and death.

And Fertility. Is what every true heart on this spectacular Universe incessantly seeks; in order to blossom into the most torrentially Omnipotent Cloudshowers of love; which were the ultimate panacea for every disease and suffering ever thriving on this impoverished planet.

4. DEATH- THE GREATEST EQUALIZER.

Death was the greatest pacifier; after which every thwarted desire of the physical form; wonderfully evaporated and became a mist of celestially everlasting solitude,

Death was the greatest purifier; after which even the most evanescent ounce of the inevitably sinful body; wholesomely dissolved to perennially blend with the holy natural soil and atmosphere,

Death was the greatest fantasizer; after which each impoverished element of the soul unabashedly fantasized in an infinite directions; without the tiniest of tensions or frustrations of manipulatively castrated life,

Death was the greatest immortalizer; after which every good and Samaritan deed of living being; was idolized and gave strength to existing man to conquer all evil; till times immemorial,

Death was the greatest synthesizer; after which even the most ethereal trace of ghoulish imbalance in the body; settled and whispered in exuberant unison towards every new face of captivating dawn,

Death was the greatest symbolizer; after which each entity became an institution in its very ownself; for whatever good or bad it'd achieved; in the tenure of its otherwise unendingly aspiring life,

Death was the greatest realizer; after which man was able to holistically imbibe

his true identity on planet earth; as he unavoidably crumbled like a fence of matchsticks; in front of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

Death was the greatest neutralizer; after which even the most invisible insinuation of positivity and negativity; was made articulately same on the plane of sheer and vapid nothingness,

Death was the greatest rationalizer; paving open the way; to the miraculously untiring chapters of bountiful life and extinction; being the most impregnable focal point upon which the Universe rotated,

Death was the greatest nullifier; bringing living kind to absolute ground zero- after it'd achieved the most inimitable of heights; thereby once again inspiring a whole new chapter of rejuvenating existence,

Death was the greatest fortifier; royally melanging every amiable spirit on this earth; into one unassailably epitomizing wall of silence; which not even the fiercest of wars fought on globe could ever pervade,

Death was the greatest womanizer; after which the haplessly divested spirit of worldly life; easily entered and left the most beautiful maidens upon this earth; without causing the slightest of stir or perceivable scratch,

Death was the greatest desensitizer; after which even the most hideously uncouth bombarding to the physical form; the most inexplicable agony to the heart; seemed like a paradise of poignantly virgin roses,

Death was the greatest socializer; after which endless communities after communities; the greatest of friends and foes; all assembled together to unanimously pray for the peaceful liberation of the soul,

Death was the greatest randomizer; eccentrically selecting a living organism of any shape; size; color; status; age; anytime in its completely and irrefutably unchallengeable swirl,

Death was the greatest energizer; suddenly granting those wings of uninhibitedness to the deliriously incarcerated soul; to ebulliently circle round the planet a countless number of times,

Death was the greatest sermonizer; automatically inculcating a boundless values and significance about the chapters of priceless breath and existence; as it timelessly stared down every eyeball; be it newborn or staggeringly old,

Death was the greatest revitalizer; after which the trajectory of enamoring earth witnessed life in its most pristinely effulgent form once again; as the indefatigable imprints of the Omnipresent lord; blossomed in some or the other form of life; once again,

And death was; is and shall ever remain as the greatest Equalizer; after which—the richest and the poorest—the tallest and the shortest—the brightest and the darkest—the strongest and the weakest—the blessed and the maimed—the sighted and the sightless—every single organism of God created with breath on this ever-pervading planet; at last found their true identity as united and one; beneath the deserted and lackluster patch of graveyard soil.

5. DEATH-THE ABSOLUTE KING OF OPTIMISM.

Wasn't it only because of the fear of ghoulishly crucifying death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most ultimate of king; relished every puff of free air in the colossal atmosphere?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of tumultuously asphyxiating death -inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most brazen tip of the mountain; wholesomely letting the waves of titillating adventure whistle past your aroused skin?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of deliriously estranged death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most euphoric waves of the ocean; profoundly exhilarated by the spray of magical existence?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of barbarously silencing death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most poignant shades of the scarlet rose; letting the flavor of creation forever reign supreme in every single ingredient of your blood?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of truculently unsparing death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most extremely aroused particles of rain-soaked soil; letting a perennial festoon of sensuality timelessly drift from each of your veins?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of cold-bloodedly sacrilegious death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most exultated streak of thunder; profusely drowning even the most insouciant of your

nerve into the unparalleled roar of life?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of indescribably torturous death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most passionate shade of the rainbow; feeling the unconquerable enlightenment of breath even on severest maniacally depressed day?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of hideously massacring death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most virile layer of the seed; royally proliferating into infinite more of your kind; so that life in your reflection palpitated; even after you died?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of painstakingly divesting death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most everlasting kiss of the lips; trying to suckle every ounce of sweetness from the rhapsodically mesmerizing belly of earth?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of diabolically baseless death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most perpetuating sting of the bumble bee; trying to infiltrate your inimitable sting into every single quarter of the Universe?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of sadistically penalizing death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most everlasting tune of the nightingale; perpetually trying to blend the innermost tune of your soul; with every bit of goodness in the atmosphere?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of deplorably shattering death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most ecstatic roar of the lion; trying to overpower even the most infidel insinuation of the devil; at every step that you tread?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of tawdrily uncouth death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most tantalizing backdrop of the night; handsomely stirring the seduction of a boundless lifetimes within your impoverished skin and soul?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of cannibalistically castigating death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most blazing pinnacle of the Sun; interminably glowing in the invincibly flaming passion of existence?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of horrifically impotent death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most endless treasuries of opulence; groping to assimilate the very best of everything; on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of morbidly wretched death-inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most enigmatic chirps of the forest; fervently wanting to tingle each impoverished bone of yours; with the undefeated pulse of creation?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of sinfully devastating death- inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most immortal scent of a lover; trying to savor every single ounce of compassion and friendship; existing as one on this gigantic planet?

Wasn't it only because of the fear of irrevocably wounding death—inevitably approaching you anytime; that you lived each instant of your life like the most victoriously scintillating of star; unstoppably triumphing over even the most criminal shades of blackness and despair?

Then how the hell could you christen death as 'Pessimistic', 'Negative' and the sorts; when it was infact the absolute King of Optimism; the very best; beautiful; bountiful and inevitable blackness; that relentlessly inspired you forward in the chapter of inscrutable life.

6. ITS UPTO YOU

Life is an ocean of ravishing enthrallment; culminating into untamed excitement as each second unfurled itself magnificently,
Its upto you; whether you relish swimming in it; or drown yourself deliberately to blend with the; uncouthly hard bed of disgruntled rocks.

Life is a garden of mesmerizing roses; blossoming into the scent of united harmony; as the Sun filtered royally through the skies,
Its upto you; whether you surreally philander in its stupendous fragrance; or complain about pertinent insects; hovering around its petals.

Life is an unrelenting fantasy; that majestically explored and discovered an unfathomable myriad of poignant emotions in its way,
Its upto you; whether you fantastically dreamt it each instant as you tread on soil; or baselessly wailed about the ominous tinges of black; it enveloped you with; every now and again.

Life is a gorgeously tantalizing mist; seducing the planet every second in its everlastingly pungent swirl,
Its upto you; whether you relentlessly romanced it; or nonchalantly mourned about the enigmatically hazy fog; that enshrouded the whites of your eye.

Life is a mountain of invincible strength; defending the most acrimoniously treacherous of obstacles with its sacredly Omnipotent grace,
Its upto you; whether you adventurously clambered it to achieve your ultimate conquests; or got pathetically intimidated; retreating beyond your shell; witnessing its peaks.

Life is a fabulous waterfall of irrefutable humanity; ubiquitously disseminating the essence of equality at every turn you took,
Its upto you; whether you embraced it euphorically in mind; body and spirit; or kept manipulatively measuring the vagaries of conflicting religion; for the remainder of your lifetime.

Life is a beehive of gloriously golden honey; diffusing its magical sweetness in every direction empathy prevailed; and the winds of heartfelt honest led,
Its upto you; whether you blended yourself with the unbelievably handsome charm; or despicably camouflaged your nose; in fear of getting stung by the boisterously buzzing bees.

Life is a fathomlessly opulent treasure house of versatility; harboring an incomprehensible repertoire of poignant shades and color; in its impeccable belly,
Its upto you; whether you replenish your souls with its marvelous charisma; or get ludicrously outnumbered by the unfathomable depth it inherently possessed.

Life is an Omnipresent island of worship; comforting all those waveringly distraught; with compassionate winds of exhilarated warmth,
Its upto you; whether you seek immortal refuge in its divine palms; or disgruntlingly fret and fume; about its philosophies being agnostic and horrendously incorrect.

Life is an incredulously ingratiating milestone of prosperity; bequeathing upon one and all the spirit to rise up to their flurry of philanthropically benevolent dreams,
Its upto you; whether you wholesomely coalesce with its rhythmically handsome tunes; or pathetically cry about the inevitable hurdles that harmlessly came in between.

And life is an everlasting rain of love and happiness; blooming into countless new; in every corner of this earth that it astonishingly sprinkled its magnetic caress,

Its upto you; whether you let it ebulliently descend down your impoverished countenance; or tirelessly complained about its infinitesimal wetness; and devastated your entity to cacophonic ash; even before it was born.

7. PENALIZING HELL

When the impeccable infant spread its arms towards the heavens; it was blessed with; overwhelming happiness and unprejudiced innocence,

When the scorching deserts spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; ravishing tumblers of bountifully fragrant water,

When the withering flower spread its arms towards the heavens; it was blessed with an astounding battalion of stupendously redolent petals,

When the dilapidated castle spread its arms towards the heavens; it was blessed with; insurmountable grandiloquence and its lost crown prince,

When the philanthropists spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; the astronomical tenacity to alleviate impoverished mankind,

When the disastrously parched lips spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; an enchantingly everlasting smile,

When the horrendously blind spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; an Omnipotent vision to sight beyond ordinary human kind,

When the massacred mountains spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; an invincibly towering summit; shimmering majestically in all seasons and light,

When the trembling spider spread its arms towards the heavens; it was blessed with; unprecedentedly long strands of silken web; for it to rejoice till indefatigable times,

When the brutally pulverized ant raised its arms towards the heavens; it was blessed with; formidable strength and a celestial dwelling to survive with infinite more its kind,

When the treacherously imprisoned birds raised their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; countless more wings to fly; soar unitedly in free space; till times beyond pragmatic life,

When childless couples raised their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; the most magnificently royal impression of their kind; an astounding replica of their blood; an fascinating evolution of their kind,

When the ruthlessly fractured bones raised their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; Herculean power to confront any evil that confronted them in their way; a harmoniously coalesced framework to march towards revered righteousness,

When the horrifically barren farms spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; divinely blooming crop; marvelously pacifying the hunger of; those weeping towards extinction,

When the tyrannically tortured slave spread its arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; the spirit of perpetually celestial freedom; granting it glorious reprieve from the hands of its barbaric master,

When the wounded soldier spread his arms towards the heavens; he was blessed with; unfathomable resilience to fight for his motherland; disseminate the Godly spirit of humanity; in every frantically fighting religion; alike,

When the devastatingly crippled spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; supremely gratifying attributes of life; bonding them with their ultimate mission of existence,

When the overwhelmingly famished heart spread its arms towards the heavens; it was blessed with; immortal oceans of love; propelling it to exist for infinite more births to come,

And when the uncouthly murderous devil spread his arms towards the heaven; he was blessed with; only the land of hell; hell; and penalizing hell.

8. LIFE-AN EVERLASTING SEDUCTION.

Seduction by the poignantly drifting scent of the titillating rose; unrelentingly triggering me to fantasize beyond the realms of the astoundingly extraordinary; and the land of the fantastically unknown,

Seduction by the majestically floating clouds in fathomless sky; insatiably propelling me to dance like an untamed fairy; unleashing even the most intricate of my senses in uninhibited euphoria,

Seduction by ebulliently pelting rivers of ecstatic rain; timelessly metamorphosing each element of my drearily impoverished soul; into the celestial fountains of scintillating paradise,

Seduction by the unbelievably enthralling melody of the voluptuous nightingale; Omnisciently alleviating me of my monotonously bizarre and vindictive monotony,

Seduction by the spirit of irrefutably everlasting humanity; magnificently enveloping my traumatically besieged contours with the balm of unequivocally heavenly sharing,

Seduction by the Omnipresent light of the regally blazing Sun; beautifully reinvigorating even the most infinitesimally acrid complexion of my morbidly asphyxiated skin,

Seduction by the enchantingly swarming and rambunctious bees; wholesomely driving even the most obsolete iota of lackadaisical loneliness from my horrendously beleaguered conscience,

Seduction by the unfathomably silken winds of the ingratiating evening; marvelously soothing every step of my frantically frenzied and indefatigably exhausted stride,

Seduction by the fascinatingly inebriating full plumage of the resplendent peacock; profusely evoking even the most inconspicuous part of my skin; towards an unsurpassable entrenchment of tantalizing beauty and goodness,

Seduction by the immaculately pearly light of the Omnipotent Moon; sensuously unfurling the wanderer trapped uncouthly in my estranged nerves; towards a planet of blissful timelessness,

Seduction by the divinely cascading waterfalls of frosty water; miraculously replenishing my lugubriously invalid visage; with astronomically endless ecstasy,

Seduction by the incredulously sacred fragrance of the ubiquitous lotus; triumphantly descending on every part of my persona like a wonderfully nubile

seductress let uncontrollably loose,

Seduction by the innocuously philandering messengers of God; plunging even the most obnoxiously victimized element of my demeanor; into the valley of inimitably priceless mischief,

Seduction by the panoramically vivacious meadows of honey coated grass; relentlessly transpiring me to blend each of my agonizingly frazzled senses with the stupendously godly melody of the atmosphere,

Seduction by the bed of gorgeously velvet dewdrops; harmoniously making me wholesomely juxtapose with the rudiments of holistically boundless existence,

Seduction by the fabulously amiable cosmos of twinkling stars; enlightening even the most sordidly massacring path on which I transgressed; with a cistern of irrevocably unprecedented happiness,

Seduction by the magnificently ethereal and spell binding horizons; handsomely mitigating me of even the most perilously sinister apprehensions of the gruesomely sweltering and scorching day,

Seduction by unassailable infernos of passionately fulminating breath; stirring me more and more astonishingly closer towards the Lord's most revered chapters of; procreation; proliferation and perpetual existence,

Seduction by the beats of the immortally unconquerable heart; intransigently enticing me into a sky of eternally endless love; as each instant unveiled into a wholesomely cherished minute,

O! Yes; Life was the most gloriously titillating seductress dancing on my doorsteps; Life was the most beautiful gift of the Almighty Creator upon this undefeated Universe; Life was a sensuous lovebird of pristine togetherness; Life was an everlasting seduction.

9. LIFE—AN IMMORTAL VICTORY

Life is an unconquerably poignant victory of the chivalrously benign; over the horrendously manipulative and bizarrely monotonous,

Life is an irrefutably sparkling victory of profoundly magnanimous scent; over the gutters of dilapidated stagnation and abhorrent malice,

Life is an invincibly glorious victory of the impeccably uninhibited; over the lecherously besieged and traumatically cheating,

Life is an unassailably bountiful victory of the Omnisciently blazing; over the remorsefully lugubrious corpses dithering in gruesomely morbid blackness,

Life is an effusively intractable victory of the fathomlessly free; over the diminutively miserly and salaciously incarcerated,

Life is an irrevocably unflinching victory of the boundlessly gregarious; over heinously plotting and diabolically merciless crime,

Life is an unequivocally priceless victory of the selflessly benevolent; over abominably withering graveyards of lackadaisically non-existent greed,

Life is an timelessly scintillating victory of the fearlessly patriotic; over the ant-hole of
preposterously ungainly and dolorously retreating cowardice,

Life is an irretrievably blistering victory of the ubiquitously open-hearted; over the pathetically dwindling dictators of stinking politics,

Life is a spell bindingly fabulous victory of the tranquilly resplendent waterfall; over the acrimoniously sweltering and insidiously charring desert,

Life is an unfathomably inimitable victory of Omipresently enlightening truth; over the disdainfully corroding dungeons of ignominiously derogatory lies,

Life is an insurmountably compassionate victory of profoundly replenishing symbiosis; over the indiscriminately gory and baselessly biased bloodshed,

Life is an impregnably holistic victory of magnificently vivacious perseverance; over despicably sordid and worthless laziness,

Life is a timelessly unshakable victory of marvelously majestic honesty; over the horrendously squelched web of disconcertingly malicious deceit,

Life is an ingratiatingly blissful victory of congenially unending compassion; over the jail of savagely coldblooded and horrifically lambasting slavery,

Life is an unrelentingly sacrosanct victory of immutably dedicated beliefs; over the insanely fickle minded mirror of wandering doom,

Life is an overwhelmingly cherished victory of the beautifully good; over the parasitically blood-sucking and egregious evil,

Life is an Omnisciently sacred victory of harmoniously everlasting melody; over the rambunctiously discordant and ominous sounds of ill will,

Life is an unbelievably true victory of passionately mesmerizing breath; over the invidiously torturous chapters of surreptitiously ghastly death,

And life is an immortally regale victory of ebulliently ecstatic love; over the devilishly sinister and satanic tornado's of dimly shattering betrayal.

10. LIFE WAS.

It wasn't about just euphorically singing; unrelentingly permeating every thwarted wind of the sullen atmosphere; with unprecedented melody,

It wasn't about just tantalizingly gyrating; rhythmically pulsating your entire countenance; to the beats of the voluptuously enchanting night,

It wasn't about just bountifully philandering; timelessly exploring the unsurpassably panoramic beauty of this limitless Universe; moving the immaculate whites of your eye,

It wasn't about just ecstatically swimming through oceans of majestic triumph; replenishing even the most infinitesimal cranny of your beleaguered demeanor; with unparalleled rhapsody,

It wasn't about just savoring the most ingratiating fruits of nature; marvelously titillating the truculently traumatized chords of your throat; with the elixir of vivacious happiness,

It wasn't about just soaring regally through the conglomerate of silken clouds; gloriously embracing the unfathomably priceless jubilation that wandered sensuously in the land of paradise,

It wasn't about just blissfully gratifying your eternal desires; celestially proliferating your very own kin; to indefatigably continue God's most enamoring chapter of creation,

It wasn't about just coalescing with all innocuous mankind one and alike;

blazingly surging forward to win ebullient cheer for the sake of your beautifully sacrosanct motherland,

It wasn't about just compassionately sequestering yourself in the lap of your divine mother; impeccably playing games of hide-n-seek; behind the honey laden hills,

It wasn't about just perpetually imbibing the fragrance of the scarlet roses; diffusing the scent of irrefutable truth to the most farthest corner of this unbelievably gargantuan planet,

It wasn't about just unflinchingly standing for the cause of unassailable righteousness; valiantly brandishing the armor of solidarity in the most treacherously invidious of times,

It wasn't about just melodiously suckling heavenly sweetness from the beehive; tirelessly disseminating the essence of gregariously amiable friendship; to every organism holistically alive,

It wasn't about just intransigently fantasizing beyond the corridors of imagination; ingeniously evolving a civilization of stupendously innovative resplendence,

It wasn't about just harmoniously closing your eyes; wholesomely allowing the carpet of magically bestowing sleep to poignantly brush you; from every conceivable side,

It wasn't just irrefutably melanging with people whom you unequivocally adored; propagating the spirit of unconquerable existence; to even the most fugitively minuscule trace of palpable life,

It wasn't just about philanthropically enlightening the sordidly orphaned and destitute with fireballs of optimism; perennially ensuring that no child ever grew up in disdainful realms of the stinking dustbin,

It wasn't just about marvelously sketching the aristocratic beauty of this mesmerizing earth; deluging every bit of brutally tormented soul with a fountain of everlasting happiness,

It wasn't just about seductively inhaling and exhaling breath countless times each day; profoundly blooming with supremely invincible ardor; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

It wasn't just about dedicatedly listening only to the tunes of your poignantly thundering heart; incorrigibly worshipping and following each of its beats; till the instant you abnegated your very last breath,

It wasn't just handsomely fomenting a wave of ubiquitous romance in the air; relentlessly marching forward to unite with every innocently living being on the trajectory of this boundless globe,

Life was infact a pricelessly immortal combination of all of the above; Life was infact the most Omnipotent blessing by the Almighty Lord; Life was infact more gorgeously beautiful than what you could ever have perceived even in the most wildest of your dreams.

11. FEATHERS.

When I was tickled with feathers of ghastly lies; I felt beads of insurmountably anguish and desperation overwhelmingly creep up; on every cranny of my impoverished persona,

When I was tickled with feathers of overwhelming commercialism; I felt as if rotting abominably in dungeons of horrifically sinister stagnation,

When I was tickled with feathers of abhorrent malice; I felt as if everything around me in this colossaly mesmerizing Universe; was a threadbare mirage of gruesomely insipid nothingness,

When I was tickled with feathers of indiscriminate racializm; I felt as if dagger heads of veritable death; had stabbed me countless kilometers beneath my gory grave,

When I was tickled with feathers of barbaric bloodshed; I felt an uncanny shudder paralyze each element of my spine; collapsed in an ungainly heap on the obdurate ground; relinquishing even the tiniest desire to live,

When I was tickled with feathers of insanely treacherous madness; I felt the artist in me stifle into horrendous oblivion; the harmonious air around me; ominously infiltrating each arena of my innocuous flesh,

When I was tickled with feathers of lecherous savagery; I felt every shade of passionate poignancy evaporate from my blood; plunged into the valley of extinction; instead of melanging with satanically blood sucking society,

When I was tickled with feathers of betrayal; I felt more devastated than the morbidly ghastly coffins; abnegating wholesomely from all desire and worldly virtues of exotic life,

When I was tickled with feathers of lackadaisical monotony; I felt as if every iota of God's voluptuous planet was being ruthlessly lambasted; went deep into the mystical forests to meditate till my absolute end,

When I was tickled with feathers of relentless hostility; I felt as if the entire earth had become a capriciously frigid thread of religion; with the spirit of everlasting humanity disappearing into the aisles of non-existence,

When I was tickled with feathers of deplorably raunchy slavery; I felt as if there was no difference between man and animal; cursing every entity; menacingly under my enslaved breath,

When I was tickled with feathers of despondently crippling solitude; I felt as if being pushed into a dungeon of scorpions every unleashing minute; clenching my teeth till the last bone of my exhilarated body split into a boundless pieces,

When I was tickled with feathers of manipulative give and take; I felt as if my existence was a meaningless gutter of foul sewage; with philanthropism and good will being things of waywardly obsolete past,

When I was tickled with feathers of disparagingly condemnable abuse; I felt each part of my rubicund flesh invidiously tarnished; unable to relive my original euphoria; even after a million baths,

When I was tickled with feathers of despairingly bizarre blackness; I felt as if optimism was a desert that had perennially dried up; as I slithered aimlessly in a whirlpool of uncouth savagery,

When I was tickled with feathers of ludicrously everlasting castigation; I felt as if there was no value of art in this diabolically cold blooded world; drowned myself forever in the ocean of my shattered versatility,

When I was tickled with feathers of dastardly terrorism; I felt as the world had departed from all elements of fabulous brotherhood and empathy; unrelentingly wailed for the innocently beheaded; before I decided to slit; the conglomerate of my intricate veins apart,

When I was tickled with feathers of disastrously orphaned poverty; I felt tumultuously enraged at the unsurpassably rich; at blowing their surplus opulence in spurious cigar smoke and wine; whilst their naked counterparts outside shivered to an unbearable death,

But when I was tickled with feathers of immortally uninhibited love; I felt the most bountifully endowed entity alive; at last felt the beats of my truculently massacred heart; reach inside my chest to forever lead and romance with; majestic life.

12. ONLY FOLLOW YOUR HEART.

Do definitely be inspired by all those minuscule globules of water; which miraculously spurned fresh life and magical greenery—into fathomless kilometers of acrimoniously arid-stagnating land,

Do definitely be inspired by all those undaunted apogees of the mountains; which unflinchingly stood like a lone warrior amidst boundless bits of sky—triumphantly bracing every storm and maliciously holocaustic light,

Do definitely be inspired by all those diminutive petals of the scarlet rose; which perpetuated the dolorously dying atmosphere—with the royal scent of compassionate belonging and invincible togetherness,

Do definitely be inspired by all those invisibly gutsy ants; which fomented even the most demonically parading monsters to collapse like a pack of frigid cards—with just a singleton sting to their big foot,

Do definitely be inspired by all those unconquerable rays of the Sun; which blessed each symbiotically palpitating life on the trajectory of soil—with the scepter of fearlessly blazing truth and righteousness,

Do definitely be inspired by all those blissfully blessed mothers—who suckled their new born solely with their impeccably sacrosanct milk—which became the greatest power for the child to survive for an infinite more lifetimes,

Do definitely be inspired by all those voluptuously enriched clouds; which triggered new rays of hope in the life of every mercilessly scorched organism on earth; endlessly waiting for those pricelessly inimitable showers of the first monsoon,

Do definitely be inspired by all those be-dazzlingly patriotic soldiers; who altruistically laid their lives for their motherland—smiling embraced the gallows of death so that their mothersoil remained free—at the swish of a thumb,

Do definitely be inspired by all those amiably rustling trees; which rendered their healing shade to the agonizingly dreary traveler—wondrously cooled the atmosphere with their ravishing breeze; even as the afternoon unsparingly tried to char their wholesome existence,

Do definitely be inspired by all those vivaciously dancing rainbows; which fomented inexhaustible chores of cheers from every discovering mouth on the Universe—replenishing robotically devastating life with splashes of tantalizingly reinvigorating color,

Do definitely be inspired by all those mellifluously tiny nightingales; which punctuated each shade of rapidly deteriorating and mundane existence—with the Omnipotent balm of benign sound,

Do definitely be inspired by all those indefatigably advancing footsteps of truth; which didn't budge an inch from their course of unparalleled righteousness—no matter how hard did the devil try to lure them towards the seductresses of vindictively victimizing hell,

Do definitely be inspired by all those citadels of honest solidarity; which victoriously withstood even the ghastliest of attack on this planet-united together in the strings of affable brotherhood,

Do definitely be inspired by all those jubilantly dazzling droplets of sweat- a ramification of the utmost anecdotes of perseverance; wherein every organism started from the scratch in the scorching heat—to leave a significant mark upon this planet,

Do definitely be inspired by all those poignantly undulating waves of the ocean; which cast their unbreakably enchanting spell upon every miserably harried fraternity of living kind; with every tiny sprinkle of their heavenly froth,

Do definitely be inspired by all those benevolently twinkling stars; which unassailably weaved a way towards philanthropically ultimate success—even through the most dreadfully morose and blackened nights,

Do definitely be inspired by all those gorgeously golden waterfalls; which insuperably recharged every deplorably dwindling pore of the beleaguered body-

-transporting each organism to the ultimate levels of unimaginable ecstasy,

Do definitely be inspired by all those chapters of marvelous evolution; which spawned into infinite civilizations of fresh life and enthralling emotion; under the impregnable fatherly roof of the open sky,

Do definitely be inspired by all those geniuses of the undefeated human brain; which created unbelievably masterpieces of art and literature; out of sheer and limp nothingness,

But forever believe in; infallibly listen to; and only follow the innermost voices and immortal beats of your very own Omnisciently ubiquitous heart.

13. O! HOW HE WISHED AND WISHED AND WISHED.

Unfortunately, it was only his flagrantly dismantled dead body; that brought people of all religions; caste; creed and color blissfully together; clasping their palms in unison in front of the Almighty Lord-for bountiful liberation of the bereaved soul,

Unfortunately, it was only his lividly fetid dead body; that brought even the most squabbling of plunderers to the feet of the deceased; beseeching solace for every hedonistically committed of their misdeed,

Unfortunately, it was only his forlornly silent dead body; that inexhaustibly perpetuated even the most maniacally corporate and robotic; to perceive beyond the dungeons of the commercial world,

Unfortunately, it was only his ghastily distorted dead body; that evoked a cloudburst of torrential sympathy in even the cruelest of heart; fomented the devil the weep just that once in his entire-insensitively lunatic life,

Unfortunately, it was only his morbidly castrated dead body; that spontaneously triggered a humanitarian helping attitude; with the entire fathomless planet eternally wishing to exist under a singleton roof,

Unfortunately, it was only his morosely unembellished dead body; that made every living organism realize the true value of enigmatic life; that very existence which it preposterously blew up; in inconspicuous smoke; and relentlessly sardonic laughter,

Unfortunately, it was only his worthlessly decrepit dead body; that made

countless human pray in meek obeisance; asking the Omnipotent Lord to condone them for their inadvertently committed sins of a past and present life,

Unfortunately, it was only his shockingly still dead body; that stirred an impregnable revolution in the most impotently dormant of hearts; to collectively rise for the cause of justice; beheading even the tiniest innuendo of the devil that dared come their way,

Unfortunately, it was only his pathetically paralyzed dead body; that stringently provoked even the stingiest to come forward; magnanimously donate for the garlands; funereal expenses; burial and haplessly left behind kin,

Unfortunately, it was only his brutally pulverized dead body; that churned the most immaculately truthful of poetry; perpetually equating the good's and bad's of many an inexplicably infinite lifetime,

Unfortunately, it was only his immovably maimed dead body; that drove the flock of the greatest lazy sleepers out of their beds; now energized to contribute something for the betterment of society; with the sense of shame ruling supreme over every ingredient of their blood,

Unfortunately, it was only his bizarrely taciturn dead body; that metamorphosed the parasitic arrogance in each footstep that tread on soil; into a celestial leaf of everlastingly symbiotic humility,

Unfortunately, it was only his incomprehensibly speechless dead body; that fomented the pulse of existence; to beat solely for the heaven of unassailably enamoring companionship,

Unfortunately, it was only his indelibly stagnating dead body; that brought about infinite moments of pin-drop silence; amidst the heart of devastatingly bombarding and abhorrent war,

Unfortunately, it was only his hopelessly jeopardized dead body; that evolved an ambience of sheer urgency in the boundless atmosphere; that none should ever succumb like a lifeless matchstick to the devil's non-existent sword,

Unfortunately, it was only his unfathomably irreparable dead body; that made the deliriously agnostic; believe every bit in the miraculous and magnificent powers of the Omnisciently ameliorating God,

Unfortunately, it was only his indiscriminately charred dead body; that made

man wholeheartedly embrace even the worst of his enemy; give him shelter under his very own compassionate roof—in utter shock and disbelief,

Unfortunately, it was only his unrecognizably damaged dead body; that made emotionlessly maverick society; believe irrefutably and all the more in the Omnipresent freshness of the new-born child—the timelessly revitalizing chapters of life,

O! how he wished and wished and wished sitting there in heaven; that even an iota of the above had happened when he was alive in soul; conscious mind and physical form.

14. THE WALLS WERE MY VERY BEST FRIENDS.

The walls were my very best friends; as I boisterously conversed with them for hours immemorial; after the closest around me had turned a deaf ear to even the most brilliant of achievements; some shunting me due to lack of time; some shunting me brutally due to prejudice,

The walls were my very best friends; as I shared the most eccentric of my secrets with their invincible hardness; b'cause if I did the same with the society outside; it'd pounce and exploit me for my deficiencies to the fullest; and till the last breath
I exhaled,

The walls were my very best friends; as I adorned them with an infinite lines of spell-binding poetry; after the actual girl whom I'd written them for; preposterously ridiculed it and torched it alive,

The walls were my very best friends; as I banged my fists and legs against them an infinite times; after the pangs of livid isolation and worldly subterfuge; had thwarted me beyond any conceivable realm of sanctity,

The walls were my very best friends; as I unabashedly wept the most intricate woes of my heart against their impregnable stoicism; after my cherished near and dear; labeled me as only an emotional fool for the heartfelt moisture in my eyes,

The walls were my very best friends; as I sang a countless tunes of peace; towards their united oneness; after all I was coerced to do by my relatives; was work from 9 to 9 like a robot; in the malicious corporate world outside,

The walls were my very best friends; as they altruistically saw me for what I originally was and born; and not for money; status; sanctimonious position in the society that I'd vapidly attained,

The walls were my very best friends; as I made compassionate love to them tracing even the obscurest of their contours with my roving fingers; after all that emanated from the eyes of my own beloved; was nothing else but venomous abuse,

The walls were my very best friends; as they blissfully sheltered even the most evanescent of my shadow and desire; after all that blew outside was acrimonious wisps of smoke and pugnacious war,

The walls were my very best friends; as I wholesomely leaned upon them whilst eating my food; sleeping and tingling adventure; after the natural environment; trees and wildlife; were satanically bombarded by materialistic man outside,

The walls were my very best friends; as I uninhibitedly perpetuated them with my footprints; thumbprints and veritable signatures; after no other parchment of paper or space on this parasitic earth; was ready to accept them,

The walls were my very best friends; as I poignantly deciphered every intricate thread of my past in their fathomless recesses and darkness; after my own blood indefatigably advised me to massacre all emotions; and turn murderously practical,

The walls were my very best friends; as I embraced them wholeheartedly like a child embracing its mother; finding undefeated compassion in their egalitarian chest; after no-one else in the world dared touch my body; grievously afflicted with hiv-aids,

The walls were my very best friends; as I proclaimed even the most hidden fantasy of my heart fearlessly in front of them; after the planet outside had hedonistically trounced me as a worthless imbecile,

The walls were my very best friends; as my paintbrush treated them as the ultimate canvas of life; inexhaustibly permeating them with poignantly vivacious color; after my own envious kin wanted my fingers to be cut in broad daylight,

The walls were my very best friends; as I exercised against them for unceasing minutes of the day and night; toning each dormant muscle of my body to face the ghastliest of traitors; after every ingredient of the world outside had become

the blackness of treacherous war,

The walls were my very best friends; as I sought unparalleled inspiration looking at their unshakable periphery; even in the fiercest maelstrom and rain; after every organism in this manipulative world today trying to endlessly pin me down,

The walls were my very best friends; ardently listening to each of my passionately throbbing heartbeats; after all that the alien globe gave them; was an unsurpassable graveyard of licentious betrayal,

The walls were my very best friends; unnervingly allowing me to ecstatically breathe down their naked nape; after my own revered beloved; discarded me disdainfully like reproachful shit; declaring my breath as foul.

15. WITH GREAT POWER

With great joy; comes the great spirit of uninhibited sharing,

With great strength; comes the great virtue of fighting the treacherously evil,

With great height; comes the great deed of escalating traumatized mankind to the ultimate summit,

With great speed; comes the great act of carrying the profoundly maimed,

With great sight; comes the great perception of becoming the eyes in perilously sinister darkness,

With great voice; comes the great feeling of speaking for the irrevocably dumb,

With great complexion; comes the great fortitude of harboring the hideously distorted,

With great destiny; comes the great character to profusely illuminate the lives of helpless orphans,

With great heart; comes the great passion of bonding immortal souls; separated by the lecherously satanic society,

With great wealth; comes the great act of donating philanthropically to God's suffering living kind,

With great knowledge; comes the great justice of disseminating it sagaciously amongst brutally deprived personalities,

With great fragrance; comes the great chivalry of diffusing it to all those corners; pathetically dwindling towards obnoxious extinction,

With great enthusiasm; comes the great ardor to impregnate the same; in those mourning towards clouds of desperation,

With great innocence; comes the great inspiration of metamorphosing this manipulative planet; into an immaculate child,

With great breath; comes the great vitality to instill life in despondently solitary entities slithering towards their graves,

With great artistry; comes the great essence of propagating mesmerizing beauty on this globe; to people thoroughly oblivious about chapters of mystical existence,

With great brain; comes the great idea of making the fathomless Universe; a better place to live in,

With great fire; comes the great ability to wholesomely devour the devil; in the swirl of Omnipotently golden flames,

And with great Power; comes the great responsibility of keeping the Almighty Lord's planet; just the way it was; when he had marvelously evolved and perpetually created it.

16. START BEING CREATIVE

Creativity is a shadow that incessantly flutters; changing its dimensions every unleashing second,

Creativity is something which is indefatigable; proliferating to the most unprecedented limits as each idea manifests,

Creativity is a milestone which always eludes; running further and further away; just when you thought you'd perpetually achieved it,

Creativity is a dream that could besiege you even under the most sweltering rays

of sunlight; disappearing into infinitesimal wisps of non-existence; as abruptly as it had come,

Creativity is an island that crops up like thunderbolts of lightening; suddenly from amidst the most remotest portions of clouds in the sky,

Creativity is a hunger which never subsides; remaining disastrously famished; even after masticating the most wonderful fruits on this earth,

Creativity is a flower which blossoms into infinite petals every unveiling instant; endlessly shooting towards the sky; even after its ultimate summit had been reached,

Creativity is mesmerizing froth which kept you always exuberant; wholesomely rejuvenating the most pathetically dying nerves in your body,

Creativity is a fabulously voluptuous mirage that you sighted even in the murkiest of light; enticing you in its web of seductive unpredictability,

Creativity is a newly born infant; inexplicably metamorphosing its patterns as each moment of the day unleashed,

Creativity is a rainbow of multitudinal colors; magnificently spreading its fragrance of newness in every person whose life was engulfed with despicable doom,

Creativity is an ocean of tumultuously undulating waves; with each wave instantaneously reforming itself to unsurpassable proportions; after clashing against the conglomerate of treacherous rocks,

Creativity is the chapter of relentless procreation; with each entity in the Universe giving birth to an unrelenting myriad of trendsetting forms,

Creativity is the flamboyant Sun which forever glows; dissipating its festoon of grandiloquently exuberant rays to every dying room; which badly needed it,

Creativity is an echo which reverberates till eternity; tirelessly changing its pitch like the heart of a passionately robust lover,

Creativity is the pulse of uncertainty; a sound escalating higher than turbulent thunder and yet remaining unheard,

Creativity is an insurmountably tantalizing seductress; luring your entire countenance to realms beyond the point of no control,

Creativity is an arrow which doesn't kill; instead harnesses ebulliently animated traces of sacrosanct life; all the time,

Creativity is a road with incomprehensible number of bifurcations; with each path leading to the most beautiful gift called; Existence,

And most importantly Creativity is not exclusive; its there hidden in all of you; So c'mon lets start discovering it gorgeously priceless forms; infact the time is now ripe enough to start being creative.

17. NOT AT THE COST

I wanted to uninhibitedly laugh; but not at the cost of someone else's precious tears,

I wanted to flirtatiously play; but not at the cost of someone else's; sacred prayers,

I wanted to prolifically grow; but not at the cost of incarcerating someone in behind the ominously threatening prison bars,

I wanted to be exorbitantly rich; but not at the cost of someone else's inevitable poverty,

I wanted to be fairer than the most grandiloquent blanket of white ice; but not at the cost of someone else's despairing blackness,

I wanted to be an irrefutably worshipped king; but not at the cost of an someone maim on the streets,

I wanted to be a river which incessantly flowed; but not at the cost of a miserably devastated and bizarrely scorched desert,

I wanted to be an overwhelmingly learned saint; but not at the cost of someone disparagingly struggling; who didn't even know how to use his thumb,

I wanted to be the most powerful entity on this Universe; but not at the cost of someone dwindling towards oblivion in unprecedented starvation,

I wanted to indefatigably travel in gorgeously golden aircrafts; but not at the cost of someone walking barefoot for infinite kilometers under the sweltering Sun; without a penny in his pocket,

I wanted to emanate the most stupendously ravishing of perfume ever conceived on this planet; but not at the cost of someone rotting like pulverized tomatoes in the treacherously sinister dungeon,

I wanted to be an avalanche of fabulously sweet sugar; but not at the cost of acrimonious bitterness profusely encapsulating someone's tongue,

I wanted to be the flamboyantly radiating Sun; but not at the cost of someone living in perpetually augmenting darkness,

I wanted to be the most seductively tantalizing dream ever fantasized about on this planet; but not at the cost of someone else's horrific nightmare,

I wanted to be an everlasting wave; inexorably aiming for the absolute realms of mesmerizing sky; but not at the cost of someone's despondently famished shores,

I wanted to be a rhapsodic mountain of poignantly tangy salt; but not at the cost of someone else's abysmally raw wounds,

I wanted to be a hawk sighting the most infinitesimal of object even in the heart of the dead night; but not at the cost of someone else's tyrannically traumatized blindness,

I wanted to be the most passionate lover on this boundlessly unsurpassable globe; but not at the cost of someone else's brutally broken heart,

And I wanted to live till times unfathomable beyond the shadows of existence; but not at the cost of someone else's deliberately forceful death.

18. ENCHANTING PARADISE

Extracting out just a droplet from the boundless ocean; won't make any difference at all to its swirling and vivacious persona,

Pulling out just a fragment of mud from the gargantuan body of the mountain; won't make any difference at all to its marvelously towering summit,

Pilfering out just a million out of the entire Government treasury; won't make any difference at all to its stupendously large demeanor,

Gulping down just a cube ice from the entire snow laden slope of the Himalayas; won't make any difference at all to its mystically scintillating persona,

Evacuating out just a flower from the entire garden of captivating roses; won't make any difference at all to its prolific growth and incredulously scented pride,

Plucking out just a pearl from the entire armory of oysters sprawled in incongruous heaps around; won't make any difference to its bombastic shine and profound shimmer; illuminating the ghastly night,

Snatching just a morsel of salubrious vegetable from the entire kitchen stashed abundantly with ravishing food; won't make any difference to its robust complexion and glowing health,

Tearing just a page out of the mammoth Bible; won't make any difference to its sacrosanct visage; the countless volumes of sacred verse epitomizing humanity embedded within,

Barging into just one room out of the infinite dwellings standing tall on the surface of this earth; won't make any difference at all to living space; the unsurpassable amount of abode's available for human existence,

Grabbing just an hour from the entire day; won't make any difference at all to the glory of time; the innumerable hours and minutes that it was bifurcated into,

Acquiring just a parchment of dictionary out of the unprecedented large collection of books; won't make any difference at all to the unending and spiraling heap of literature; the billions of sagacious pages intricately trapped inside,

Capturing just a diminutive flame out of the entire conflagration of simmering twigs; won't make any difference at all to the visage of blistering fire; the poignant fumes of euphoria it emanated all throughout the night,

Hoisting just an inconspicuous knife out of the entire battlefield strewn with supremely glistening swords; won't make any difference at all to the spirit of daunting belligerence; the essence of bravado lingering predominantly all around,

Cutting just a serrated leaf out of the entire jungle embodied with gigantic

strands of foliage; won't make any difference at all to the wilderness; the mesmerizing outgrowths extruding from every corner,

Occupying just a fraction of the entire cosmic space; won't make any difference at all to the countenance of the Royal Sun; the blanket of resplendent stars studded marvelously in every part of the sky,

Pouncing on just a moment of happiness out of the entire laughter in this world; won't make any difference at all to the virtue of smile; the mystical and enigmatic charm enveloping it since times immemorial,

Ripping apart just a flimsy chunk of cloth from the entire showroom overwhelmed with gaudy clothing; won't make any difference at all to the plethora of fluffy cotton wool cascading from all sides,

Capturing a single ray of the blazing Sun God; won't make any difference at all to its omnipotent aura; the tenacity with which it fumigated every nook and cranny of this earth,

And possessing just a single heart out of this entire Universe; loving just one girl out of the unlimited that existed on this planet; won't make any difference at all to the fervor of romance; the immortal strength it inculcated in one and all,

However even if these tiny and inconspicuous little things didn't make the slightest of impact on any of the animate world; they were definitely enough to metamorphose my life from one of gloom and constant despair; to enchanting paradise.

19. ARTISTS ARE NOT TAUGHT; THEY ARE BORN

The bird didn't need to be taught how to catch fish; its astounding ability to dive; its lanky beak and the hunger in its dainty stomach; were simply enough fodder to propel it to dip down; capsize the robust meat in its mouth,

The dog didn't need to be taught how to wag its tail; its overwhelming urge to welcome its master; the angular silhouette of its body; was simply enough for it to move the stump of fur protruding from its back,

The clouds didn't need to be taught how to rain; the conglomerate of ominous black coalesced in harmony; the fury fulminating inside; was simply enough fuel to perpetuate themselves into gigantic droplets of crystal water,

The cow didn't need to be taught how to feed her calf; the river of milk oozing from her teats; her famished child nestling close to her body; was simply enough for her to satisfy her baby,

The rose didn't need to be taught how to give scent; the coalition of redolent red petals embodied in its visage; the scores of humming bees kissing its stalk; were simply enough for it to blossom and emanate its blissful fragrance,

The child didn't need to be taught how to walk; the unrelenting urge in him to reach his mother; an uncanny desire burning within him to explore the outside world; was simply enough to rise him on his feet; gallop with long strides and run,

The fish didn't need to be taught how to swim; having seen nothing but water since their birth; swirling waves of the sea as their perennial companion; was simply enough for them to slither their delectable bodies and mystically weave their way forward,

The Lion didn't need to be taught how to hunt; the inexorable gluttony of his stomach; a blood curling desire incarcerated in his flamboyant eyes; was simply enough to make him thunderously growl; run at lightening speeds towards the throat of its prey,

The spider didn't need to be taught how to spin her web; the sea of slimy juice extruding from her tentacles; a furtive desire to be shielded from the acrimonious Sun and the world; were simply enough for it to clamber up the ceiling and spin its home within seconds,

The cat didn't need to be taught how to catch mice; its clusters of hostile needle teeth; the sense of uncanny adventure lingering profoundly in its hazel eyes; were simply enough for it to pounce on the diminutive rat and rip it apart into soft balls of meat,

The skin didn't need to be taught how to sweat; sweltering rays of the dazzling Sun; an overwhelmingly hard day of work without sitting even a minute on the ground; was simply enough for it to evolve rivers replete with golden perspiration,

The peacock didn't need to be taught how to dance; incessant showers of water cascading in torrents from the sky; an ambience completely enveloped by voluptuous enchantment; was simply enough for it to spread its wings to a full plumage and sway,

The beggar didn't need to be taught how to beg; insatiable pangs of hunger imploding more fierce than a volcano in his stomach; every iota of blood virtually evaporating from his veins; was simply enough to make him open his mouth incoherently and wail for alms,

The scorpion didn't need to be taught how to sting; having spent its entire life besieged with ghastly reptile and ominous wildlife; a splendidly curved tail inundated supremely with lethal poison; was simply enough for it to spread its face into a sneering grin and venomously strike the sleeping rabbit,

The donkey didn't need to be taught how to kick; gruesome loads of sand laden on its tender body; with almost every entity transgressing it making it a point to ridicule it to ultimate limits; was simply enough for it to swish its tail and feet in raw indignation,

The lizard didn't need to be taught how to gobble insects; its enormously slender tongue; the incredulous ability in its fleet footed legs to climb on any wall; was simply enough for it to furtively approach its prey from behind; devour it in a fraction of a second; before the poor worm even knew it was born,

The pair of Man and Woman didn't need to be taught how to procreate their progeny; the inexorable whirlpool of desire circulating rampantly in their bodies; the glimmer of invincible hope floating in their eyes to have somebody resembling themselves in entirety; was simply enough for them to blend in the aisles of passionate love and give birth to their offspring,

The Omniscient Creator didn't need to be taught how to govern this earth; his omnipresent presence throbbing loudly in every heart; the supernatural power he possessed of creating more than a million for every soul lost; was simply enough for him to sit on the throne of this planet; and rule it as the ultimate king for times immemorial,

And an artist didn't need to be taught how to paint; draw; write; sing; dance; etc.; the indefatigable reservoir of innovation multiplying every instant in the corridors of his brain; the unsurpassable euphoria he experienced in creating marvels out of abstract forms; was simply enough for him to lift the pen; assimilate the entire world in just a piece of naked paper; make the whole Universe of his dreams actually come alive in just a single line; he enigmatically uttered.

20. AUDACIOUSLY DARE

Only he who knows how to adeptly rebuild the castle perfectly; blending cement; concrete and glass in commensurate proportions; can audaciously dare trample over and break it,

Only he who knows how to dexterously re-stitch the exquisite fabric; weave majestic cloth out of bland tufts of cotton; can audaciously dare to tear it,

Only he who knows how to expertly remold the intricately enigmatic jigsaw puzzle; can audaciously dare to dismantle it,

Only he who knows how to prolifically write infinite numbers of pages; inundate barren fragments of paper with multiple alphabets within seconds; can audaciously dare to rip it apart and dispose it,

Only he who knows how to enchantingly sing; capturing the entire Universe with his mesmerizing voice; can audaciously dare to stop all conversation; stop each voice from flowing,

Only he who knows how to run; conquer invincible summits of the mountain taking boundless strides at a time; can audaciously dare to sleep when the entire world around him slogged and worked,

Only he who knows how to adroitly mend the car brakes; blend them back to perfection within split seconds of time; can audaciously dare to snap them,

Only he who knows how to voraciously swim; wade his way across the most stormy waters and ferociously swirling sea; can audaciously dare to sink to its rock bottom,

Only he who knows how to appreciate even the most minuscule of beauty hovering around in the cosmos; had the incomprehensible power to envisage and perceive the most tantalizing sights that ever existed on this earth close eyed; can audaciously dare to pierce his eyes and go pathetically blind,

Only he who knows how to clean the entire room; annihilate even the most infinitesimal trace of dirt adhering to the walls; can audaciously dare to dirty it,

Only he who knows how to make strangers laugh within seconds; foment them to thunderously chortle at even the smallest joke of his; can audaciously dare to make them cry,

Only he who knows how to stare unrelentingly looking into the heart of the fiery Sun; profoundly admiring its poignant tenacity; can audaciously dare to blink without control,

Only he who knows how to attract any female towards him without the slightest of effort; foment her to love him by merely looking into her eyes; can audaciously dare to betray her,

Only he who knows how to grow countless number of trees; producing tons of salubrious grains round the year from the field mingling raw seeds in robust soil; can audaciously dare to chop one with the axe,

Only he who knows how to meditate incessantly; profusely concentrating on the deity of sacrosanct God; communicating with him whenever he wanted to; can audaciously dare to shout with the satanic devil; every hour after the onset of midnight,

Only he who knows how to convince every entity with the eloquent power of his speech; propagate the message of unfathomable truth and peace ubiquitously all around the Globe; can audaciously dare to speak a string of blatant lies,

Only he who knows how to miraculously heal the body of the most inexplicable of ailment; grant reprieve to the miserably afflicted by the mere caress of his Omnipotent palms; can audaciously dare of poisoning it,

Only he who knows how to recreate the entire planet; by merely opening diminutive portions of his Omniscient mouth; can audaciously dare of completely destroying it,

And only he who knows how to impart new life; procreate millions by the Omnipresent power engulfing his visage; can audaciously dare of abruptly ending it entirely and snatching it.

21. YOU WERE MY ONLY HUMAN

The whole world is a swirling ocean; while you were my comforting shore,

The whole world is the hostile island of sun; while you were my brilliant rays,

The whole world is an uncivilized jungle; while you were my majestically roaring lion,

The whole world is a treacherous mountain; while you were my towering peak,

The whole world is a colossal patch of barren sky; while you were my rain bearing cloud,

The whole world is a pugnacious battlefield; while you were my cherished victory,

The whole world is a garden with wild weeds; while you were my perennially blossoming rose,

The whole world is a rampantly spread beehive; while you were my delectable and sweet nectar,

The whole world is gargantuan ship; while you were my valiant captain,

The whole world is a lifeless body on the verge of dying; while you were my precious and passionate breath,

The whole world is volumes of books embedded with boring literature; while you were the line that evolved my creativity,

The whole world is an enigmatic puzzle; while you were my 100% solution,

The whole world is a river of gloomy tears; while you were my everlasting smile,

The whole world is perpetually blind; while you were my mesmerizing vision,

The whole world is a violent abuse; while you were my stupendously enchanting song,

The whole world is an arid desert; while you were my sweet spring of bubbling water,

The whole world is licentious desire; while you were my sacrosanct mosque,

The whole world is crisp notes of pretentious currency; while you were my checkbook,

The whole world is a cannibalistic vulture; while you were my royal and princely feather,

The whole world is a stubborn lock; while you were my dainty and intricate key,

The whole world is a devastating infection; while you were my immortal source of potent medication,

And the whole world is a blood sucking leech; while you were my only human.

22. ALL WE HAD TO DO

In order to walk; all we had to do was to coherently use our feet and march forward,

In order to write; all we had to do was to hoist the pen; and then nimbly rub its nib against bonded paper,

In order to sleep; all we had to do was shut our eyes; thereby obfuscating ourselves completely from bright light,

In order to talk; all we had to do was open our mouth; then articulately reverberate our tongue in hollow chambers of darkness prevailing,

In order to smile; all we had to do was stretch out luscious lips as far as possible; alongwith a trifle empathy in our eyes,

In order to swim; all we had to do was voraciously move our hand and feet; master the art of holistically floating on the surface,

In order to eat; all we had to do was place appetizing morsels of sundry in our mouth; then masticate the same with sharp incisors of our teeth,

In order to breathe; all we had to do was inhale gallons of unadulterated air; inundating the palpable jacket of our lungs with revitalizing fervor,

In order to punch; all we had to do was clench our fists into a compact ball; then thrust them with tumultuous power towards the wall,

In order to dance; all we had to do was rhythmically sway our bodies; to vibrant tunes of pulsating music,

In order to scratch; all we had to do was use our finger nails incongruously; painstakingly peeling off intricate arenas of our skin,

In order to sing; all we had to do was partially open our mouths; engendering mesmerizing tunes to permeate the atmosphere,

In order to paint; all we had to do was use the brush vivaciously upon the naked body of white canvas,

In order to bathe; all we had to do was to completely submerge our silhouette in colossal pools of gurgling stream water; sprinkling the same with gay abundance on our scalps,

In order to dig; all we had to do was extricate earth with a shovel; pummel the ground incessantly till we achieved the conducive depth,

In order to remember; all we had to do was intensely flex the tendrils of our brain; have loads of conviction in our ability to perceive,

In order to bend; all we had to do was to stoop down on the floor; kneel with our chins adhering to the bare surface,

In order to sneeze; all we had to do was hold pungent pepper close to our nostrils; then wait for the inevitable aftermath to follow,

In order to pray; all we had to do was to perceive all the benevolence existing; visualize the most simplest yet the most enamoring forms of life; worship the most stupendous form of the omnipresent Creator,

And in order to live; all we had to do was philanthropically execute our duties towards the society; incarcerate in our hearts forever the person of our dreams; the person who could love us immortally for decades immemorial.

23. I WOULD MAKE IT FEEL BEAUTIFUL

If I had a dead flower in my hand; I would plant it in the soil; for it to spread its lingering redolence; and at the same time proliferating several of its kind,

If I had a bulky sheaf of scribbled paper in my hand; I would erase all the obnoxious literature embedded; rendering the same immaculate and spotless for reuse,

If I had infinite pieces of shattered glass in my hand; I would coalesce them all together; metamorphosing them to form a scintillating mirror,

If I had an injured pigeon in my hand; I would inundate his wounds with omnipotent soil; impregnating in him the power to fly high and handsome again,

If I had lifeless follicles of hair in my hand; I would scrub them tenaciously with flamboyant antiseptic; to make them glisten again,

If I had fetid and rotten vegetables in my hand; I would soak them in fresh water; then put them beneath stringent rays of the sun to wholesomely fumigate them,

If I had a dilapidated and pulverized brick in my hand; I would fortify it with reinforced cement to make it withstand the most torrential of thunder,

If I had an acrimonious chunk of thorn in my hand; I would coat it with a sheet of sparkling honey; then offer the same to famished insects loitering through the dusty streets,

If I had a deflated balloon in my hand; I would stuff it with free air; to augment it to robust proportions,

If I had splinters of bedraggled cloth in my hand; I would refurbish them into a composite garment; using my steel bodkin and spools of thread adroitly,

If I had disdainful saliva in my hand; I would make optimum use applying the same to the tainted windshield of my car; thereby creating a few pellucid spots amidst the sea of camouflaging dust,

If I had venomous tobacco leaves in my hand; I would incinerate them to create a crackling bonfire; granting scores of people reprieve from freezing currents of austere winter,

If I had a ominous revolver in my hand; I would embed slices of piquant tomato in the place of lead bullets; then play with the same amongst a bunch of innocuous children,

If I had squelched pulp of raw sewage in my hand; I would use the same for sprinkling commensurately between the plants; strengthening their roots with a blend of nutritional elements,

If I had an ensemble of incongruously hard stones in my hand; I would submerge them in shallow streams of placid water; to make the shrunken surface

dramatically swell,

If I had blistering hot acid in my hand; I would disseminate the same into thirsty desert sands; which would greedily absorb the same with loads of gratitude,

If I had rusty bells in my hand; I would strike them together to pierce the still ambience with an enigmatic and jingling sound,

If I had an obnoxious mosquito on my hand; I would place him in a pool of frosty milk; for him to greedily savor the stupendous taste of life,

If I had gruesomely fractured bones in my hand; I would perseveringly mold them; resurrect them with scrupulous care; to make them walk again,

And even if I had the most hideous looking entity in my hands; I would still make it feel beautiful; by embellishing it with the garment of my love; encapsulating its body with unprecedented care.

24. STILL REIGNING SUPREME

Although it stands in a pool of disdainful mud; with wild creepers camouflaging it in entirety,

The lotus still reigns supreme; due to its lingering redolence; the stupendously enamoring color of its leaves.

Although it is obliterated by a conglomerate of ominous thunder clouds; black gases whistling past it at swashbuckling speeds,

The moon still reigns supreme; due to its scintillating and perennial shine; which profoundly illuminates the night.

Although it flies amidst a fleet of hideous vultures; sounds of vicious wailing uncouthly caressing its wings,

The nightingale still reigns supreme; due to its incredibly mesmerizing voice which permeates the atmosphere.

Although she swims underwater with pugnacious sharks slithering in proximity; the multilegged octopus fervently awaiting every single opportunity to strangulate it,

The mermaid still reigns supreme; due to its silken complexioned skin; the vivaciousness incorporated in its body.

Although it lies obfuscated behind the fortress of lanky mountains; the colossal

shadows trying to wholesomely submerge it,
The sun still reigns supreme; due to its blistering rays; the overwhelming
tenacity in its shine able to dazzle every nook and cranny of the earth.

Although it lies incarcerated in cloistered space; a slimy shell sequestering it
completely from the outside world,
The pearl still reigns supreme; due to its unrelenting capacity to glow; inundate
the life of whosoever who purchases it with an inevitable sparkle.

Although it sprouts from primordial wild clay; with fetid puddles of slush sprawled
abundantly around,
The button mushroom still reigns supreme; due to its delectably appeasing
silhouette; the exultation it generates when squelched between pair of teeth.

Although it gushes past a plethora of belligerent barricades; jagged rocks
hindering its progress at every juncture possible,
The white water mountain stream still reigns supreme; due to its tingling noise;
the reinvigorating feeling it imparts when drunk with cupped hands.

Although it lies imprisoned in dungeons of doom; ghastly waves of air striking
it each minute unveiling,
The biscuit of gold still reigns supreme; due to the perpetual glow emanating
from its persona; its uncanny ability to overpower all commodities existing.

And although he existed in a world besieged with corruption; blood sucking
individuals trying to massacre civilization,
The angel still reigned supreme; due to an impeccable aura engulfing his
demeanor; the unprecedented faith he had in his mother; his beloved; and the
Almighty who had created him.

25. DOING IS BELIEVING

When I heard about the tree; what I perceived was a wooden stalk embodied
with
a conglomerate of dense leaves,
While it was only when I swung on its branches; did I come to realize the
exuberance; as the vibrant breeze struck me in my eyes; the chirping of birds
drowned me in entirety.

When I heard about the sea; what I imagined was a colossal assemblage of
water with swirling waves,
While it was only when I swam in its choppy waters; did I come to realize the

tanginess in its froth; the infinite numbers of big fish wading past my persona.

When I heard about the sun; what I conceived was a flaming ball of fire perched high up in the azure sky,
While it was only when I stood beneath the same; did I come to realize the passionate intensity of its rays; the magnificent glory of its golden shine.

When I heard about the deserts; what I envisaged was sprawling lands of sand; alluring mirages looming large and prominent,
While it was only when I traversed the same barefoot; did I come to realize the slipperiness of its soil; the acrimonious thorns of cactus grazing across my petite flesh.

When I heard about ice; what I visualized was incongruous cubes of frozen water; silently oozing out droplets of cold liquid,
While it was only when I clambered up the snow clad mountain; did I come to realize the unfathomable waves of winter; the goose-bumps that ran down right up to my slender spine.

When I heard about the castle; what I fantasized was scores of palatial rooms; towering roofs leaping high and handsome into the sky,
While it was only when I walked through its rooms; did I come to realize the desolation circumventing its walls; the century old cobwebs dangling at whisker lengths from my chin.

When I heard about gold; what I apprehended was rotund biscuits; coated profoundly with a distinctive coat of pure saffron,
While it was only when I felt the same in my palms; did I come to realize its pudgy texture; the perennial shimmer that mystically emanated from its body.

When I heard about god; what I comprehended was a celestial power reigning supreme over the world,
While it was only when I met his reincarnation in person; did I come to realize the omnipotent power in his eyes; his unsurpassable ability to vanquish all pain prevailing on earth.

When I heard about love; what I cognized was languishing indiscriminately in the aisles of desire; fervently embracing ones beloved to generate tremors of excitement,
While it was only when I fell into it; did I come to realize the emotional bondage that resulted as an aftermath; the sacrifice involved to sustain the same.

And when I heard about life; I romanticized it to be a garden of scarlet roses;
with its revitalizing redolence inundating my soul,
While it was only when I actually tried leading it; did I come to realize the
barricades laid in all directions for me to confront; the ocean of adventure lying
ahead; for me to plunge in and conquer.

26. HUMAN TENDENCY

If I asked you to choose from verdant landscapes of the mountain; and the
blistering flames of fire,
I am sure you would prefer to philander through the leafy foliage; relishing the
scent of newly born dew-drops.

If I asked you to choose from exotically flavored ice-cream; and fetid rivulets of
debris gushing at vibrant velocities from the gutter,
I am sure you would prefer to nibble at the frozen cream; sipping it gently down
the veins of your throat.

If I asked you to choose from the rollicking dolphins; and the ominously
gargantuan shark,
I am sure you would prefer to play with the dolphin; riding on its back with the
frothy ocean waves striking your naked skin.

If I asked you to choose from a bed of flocculent skin; and the disdainfully
dangling century old cobweb,
I am sure you would prefer to blissfully sleep on the Dunlop; let the vibrations of
fantasy take a stranglehold of your dreams.

If I asked you to choose from the scintillating oyster; and a string of profoundly
venomous thorns,
I am sure you would prefer to explore the pearls incarcerated inside the shell; let
their intense radiance add a sparkle to your dreary eyes.

If I asked you to choose from the crystalline streams of water; and fuming pints
of hostile acid,
I am sure you would prefer to stand beneath the falls; enjoy the cool liquid
cascade down your persona.

If I asked you to choose from a grandiloquent houseboat; and the unwashed
body of a stray pig,
I am sure you would prefer to romanticize in the aisles of desire; admire the
mystical view unfurl as the steamer traversed forward.

If I asked you to choose from the dwelling perched high up in the silken clouds;
and the ghastly interiors of a Lions den,
I am sure you would prefer to float in the mesmerizing sky; rekindle your senses
with every droplet of intermittent rain.

If I asked you to choose from perennial love; and a land of baseless hatred,
I am sure you would prefer to submerge yourself into the sweetness of sharing;
the immortal fruit of romance.

If I asked you to choose from your mother; and the uncouth society brutally
whipping you at umpteenth quarters,
I am sure you would prefer to nestle in the arms of the entity who procreated
you; stare into her impeccable eyes for eternity.

If I asked you to choose from omnipotent God; and the hideously distorted long
toothed devil,
I am sure you would prefer to kneel down at the feet of the Creator; imbibe the
essence of his ideals to propagate them far and wide in this world.

And If I asked you to choose from life; and gruesomely torturous death,
I am sure the human tendency in you would propel you to live; fight for
your survival; amidst an ambience blended with pure and adulterated mortals
wandering around.

27. FOUNDATIONS

The century old fort had fading exteriors; although it stood fortified against the
mightiest of whirlwinds and storms,
While its contemporary counterparts constructed at electric speeds appeared
bombastic; but collapsed like a soft pack of cards; at the slightest tremor of
the earthquake.

The thick rooted Banyan tree seemed outlandish; with infinite dusty tendrils
cascading from its body; although it bore the brunt of the cyclone open chested
without budging an inch from the place it had taken birth,
While the rose embellished with glistening dew drops; looking flamboyant and
just a few days old; withered to blend with the mud at the first sign of
thunder in the sky.

The large feathered grandfather eagle appeared rustic; flapping its corrugated
wings painstakingly in the air; although it soared like a handsome prince through

the ominous cover of black clouds,
While the silver streamed aircraft swished like a rocket through space; but
resonated like a dying man nose-dived towards the earth; as streaks of turbulent
lightening struck it unexpectedly.

The gargantuan lake looked monotonous; bereft of a single wave on its surface;
although its swollen silhouette wasn't affected the least in the peak of sweltering
summer,
While the stream plummeting from the mountains looked enchanting; incessantly
producing a mesmerizing sound; but the assemblage of water shrunk to raw
dust; under sizzling rays of the dazzling Sun.

The conglomerate of fingers appeared pretty disillusioning; with the feather
coated pen in their grip embodied with antique designs; although they chiseled
exquisite lines of delectable literature; all throughout the night,
While the conventional computer typed lines at nerve wrecking speeds; was a
symbol of profound sophistication in the new millennium; but metamorphosed all
script into mumbled junk; the instant it was attacked by lethal virus.

The nuggets of glittering gold appeared indigenous; stashed well beneath in
hideous dungeons; with the fangs of snake god guarding them against all evil;
although when they were exposed to sun and unrelenting rain; the biscuits still
retained their lustrous texture; the immortality of their shine,
While the scintillating coins of modern silver looked alluring; were used profusely
in day to day interaction; but the chips developed peels of obnoxious rust on
their surface; a few weeks after the monsoons.

The bicycle looked ludicrous; with spokes of skeleton steel protruding from each
of its bars; although it traversed smoothly on the streets; whether it be
gruesome night; or the steaming day,
While the swanky car was a stupendous delight to admire; zipped past the
landscapes at roaring speeds; but halted abruptly midway; as the last droplet of
petrol evaporated from its tank; leaving it stranded amidst an ambience of jungle
and savage beasts.

The shades of rainbow in the cosmos appeared dull; failed to incarcerate
attention at times; although they perennially appeared in the sky; after every
shower of rain in sunlight,
While the blend of colors in the artists palette looked fascinating; each stroke of
the brush evolving a new network of enthusing designs; but they got massacred
the moment I scrubbed them vigorously with the eraser; annihilating all traces of
them from this universe.

And the grizzly haired man seemed to be on the verge of extinction; infinite portions of his skin sagging towards the soil; although the experiences of life had made his foundations astronomically strong; and he displayed paramount resilience in adeptly conquering the most Herculean of task,
While the impetuous youngster looked brazenly dynamic; had blood circulating passionately through his veins; but when it came to deciphering the enigmas of life; he buckled wholesomely under the pressure; the aftermath of which nearly sent him on an expedition to his heavenly abode.

28. BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

Between the ominous black clouds and the earth; there lies enchanting breeze placidly cooling the atmosphere,

Between wholesome pitch darkness and brilliant sunlight; there lies the mesmerizing evening; passionately awaiting the night,

Between the summit of colossal mountain and the dusty roads; there lies the delectably gurgling waterfall; dissipating into silken froth,

Between the mammoth tusked elephant and the minuscule ant; there lies the innocuous rabbit; playing hide and seek amidst the labyrinth of bushes,

Between the bombastic Mercedes and the threadbare tricycle; there lies a bike; zipping past the landscapes at lightening speeds,

Between the transparent mirror and mounds of abominable coal; there lies murky coins of silver; incarcerating all in vicinity with their mystical spell,

Between the stupendously exotic rose and the infinitesimal granules of free soil; there lies nimble blades of grass; voraciously tickling trespassers with their tantalizing tendrils,

Between the obstreperously screeching train and the perpetually silent valley; there lies the bubbling river; granting substantial reprieve from the agony of sweltering Sun,

Between hostile thorns of cactus and the sweet curry of pulverized sugar; there lies the robust apple imparting a voluptuous flavor the instant you masticated it,

Between the profusely embellished statue and heap of fetid garbage; there lies

the succulent coconut with a pool of tangy water impregnated in its womb,

Between the grandiloquent castle and the shoddily attired iron drainpipe; there lies the seaside hut; with waves of the ocean sporadically against its windows,

Between the melodiously singing nightingale and the discordantly wailing mosquito; there lies the sly fox; whistling harmoniously in open space,

Between the pot bellied giant and the inconspicuous infant; there lies the impetuous youngster; euphorically wandering around,

Between the bird soaring astronomically high and the slithering lizard; there lies the opalescent butterfly flirtatiously fluttering its wings,

Between impeccable truth and nefarious evil; there lies the mischievous monkey playing pranks to appease mankind,

Between the sanctimoniously rich and the bedraggled beggar; there lies the common man; trying to struggle every unleashing minute for existence,

Between garish velvet and immaculate fibers of white; there lies the grey squirrel; frantically trying to search its burrow before sunset,

Between immortal love and superficial hatred; there lies philanthropic friendship; propagating its essence far and wide,

And between new born life and perilously old death; there lie sweet experiences; which add color to living; a dynamic vibrancy to breath.

29. ROOTS

The castle in the forest appeared haughty and ostentatious; with gaudy drapes majestically camouflaging its windows,
Although it had its roots firmly embedded in lackluster mud; which was blended incongruously with glowworms and reptile.

The ocean looked colossal; with gigantic waves swirling tumultuously towards the sky,
Although it had its roots in granules of frigid sand; replete with coral leaves and soggy hillocks of clay.

The gold mines appeared marvelously glittering; emanating a perennial glow of

extravagant prosperity and opulence,
Although it had its roots firmly embedded in obnoxious slabs of coal; a coat of
ghastly black encapsulating its scintillating demeanor.

The silhouette of sun looked stupendously dazzling; emitting infinite rays of fire
permeating pugnaciously through the dark,
Although it had its roots sprawled since centuries unprecedented in the
lackadaisical sky; with placid patches of blue in vicinity sheltering it; to make its
dream come true.

The clothes on the prince's body appeared incredibly alluring; with every
individual confronting him; instantly fantasizing himself adorning the same,
Although the royal garb had its roots in innocuous tufts of country cotton;
sprouting in multiple clusters from the ground.

The edifice overlooking the shopping mall looked gargantuan; with several
bystanders transgressing the streets; admiring it unanimously in open mouthed
consternation,
Although it had its roots in dexterously ploughed soil; juxtaposed
commensurately with raw cement and concrete.

The President's destiny appeared enchanting; as he stood tall and domineering
on the dais; with an indomitable spirit to conquer profoundly lingering in his
eyes,
Although it had its roots in the lines of his spongy palm; the labyrinth of mounts
and stars impregnated in his tiny fist.

The Banyan tree looked like a fascinating fortress; with scores of animals and
birds wandering vivaciously through its cascading branches,
Although it had its roots deeply embodied in recesses of moist earth; and a
conglomerate of nutrients in the same; nurturing it to rise to unbelievable
heights.

And the Creator appeared invincible; with the entire universe distinctly visible;
each time he opened his mouth,
Although he had his roots entwined with philanthropic simplicity; the rudiments
of equality granting him the unprivileged aura of ruling over the entire cosmos;
residing in every heart that throbbed benevolently; palpitated passionately for
life.

30. YOU COULDNT BUY

You could purchase a pair of teeth; but you couldn't buy their scintillating shine,

You could purchase a handsome tiger; but you couldn't buy his thunderous growl,

You could purchase a glamorous rose; but you couldn't buy its mesmerizing redolence,

You could purchase the entire valley; but you couldn't buy its unfathomable depth,

You could purchase a mammoth slab of ice; but you couldn't buy its frozen coolness,

You could purchase sprawling territories of sand; but you couldn't buy their sweltering heat,

You could purchase a cluster of opalescent striped nightingales; but you couldn't buy their enchanting voice,

You could purchase boundless meadows of grass; but you couldn't buy the coat of dew drops glistening on their surface,

You could purchase the sapphire blue dolphin; but you couldn't buy its rollicking leap,

You could purchase dexterously sculptured paintings; but you couldn't buy the artists mind,

You could purchase the colossal lake; but you couldn't buy the fish proliferating inside; every unleashing second,

You could purchase a pair of eyes from the eyebank; but you couldn't buy their emphatic rays,

You could purchase knotted fingers; but you couldn't buy the things they wrote,

You could purchase a sparkling jewel; but you couldn't buy the impact that it had on your destiny,

You could purchase a swanky car; but you couldn't buy the speeds at which it traversed,

You could purchase a slave; but you couldn't buy the uninhibited freedom of his thoughts,

You could purchase a woman; but you couldn't buy the love residing deep in her conscience,

You could purchase an idol of God; but you couldn't buy the omnipotent power it was capable of executing,

And you could purchase a heart; but you simply couldn't buy its violently palpitating beats; the overwhelming tenacity it had to grant new life.

31. IT WAS VERY EASY

It was very easy to let gallons of water pass under the bridge; as all one had to do was open the wrought iron gates,
But to stop its flow thereafter was exceedingly tedious; as the stream picked up speed; swelled leaps and bounds every unfurling second.

It was very easy to speed up a car; as all you needed was to uncouthly press upon the accelerator,
But to freeze it completely in its footsteps was an insurmountable task; as the sedan swerved wildly on the wet tarmac; rotating umpteenth number of times; before achieving refined degrees of control.

It was very easy to light a cigarette; as all one required was a nimble flame emanating from the matchstick,
But to subside its flames was a Herculean task; as the lungs developed an insatiable addiction for the acrid smoke.

It was very easy to provoke a tiger; as all you needed was to poke it in its ribs; disdainfully drench it with water right in its den,
But it was an agonizing wait before the beast pacified; as it tore apart the flesh of several innocent; before eventually drifting into his afternoon siesta.

It was very easy to make a person blind; as you had to do was hurl a tumbler of fuming acid towards his immaculate face,
But to regain back sight was simply unattainable; as the blackness hovering over his eyes; became more intense with the fading light.

It was very easy to shatter a colossal ensemble of glass; as all you needed to

do was bang its surface coercively with hard stone,
But to recoup its fragments was a marathon job; as they lay scattered
rampantly; and a majority concealed in black mud all around.

It was very easy to spend money; as all you had to do was purchase every
object that appeared enamoring to your eye, let it drizzle chivalrously from
your palms,
But to earn it back was overwhelmingly hard; as each penny acquired
conscientiously; made you shed more than a million drops of your sweat.

It was very easy to say 'I love you'; as all you needed to do was romanticize
incessantly in the tunnel of tantalizing romance,
But to sustain the same became stupendously difficult; as you had to fight an
head on battle with the sanctimonious society; break your back to suffice
daily fodder.

And it was very easy to kill a person; as all you had to do was ruthlessly
compress the trigger of your gleaming gun,
But to revive back life proved wholesomely futile; as it was impossible to enter
the territories of the omnipotent Creator.

32. THE ULTIMATE HISS OF DEATH.

Like an infinite brutal knives inexorably stabbing every tangible space of
happiness; devastating every single aspect of my existence beyond the threshold
of sagacious repair,

Like infinite maelstroms of inexplicable despair; thwarting even the most infidel
of my desire; to die the most excruciatingly gory death within the realms of my
wailing soul,

Like an infinite nights of haplessly strangulating nightmares; each of which
metamorphosed me into the ghosts of jinxed oblivion; even though I was
jubilantly alive,

Like an infinite thorns of truculently beheading disease; snapping every holistic
fang of my existence; with the mortuaries of unparalleled misfortune and
invidious blackness,

Like an infinite skeletons of tawdrily cursing nothingness; ghastily rendering
every ounce of my poignant blood; to worthlessly debilitating and infinitesimal
ash,

Like an infinite oceans of deplorably slandering blood; which intransigently drowned every dimension of my skull; to the acrimoniously unsparing rock bottom,

Like an infinite gallows of deliriously inexplicable depression; which morbidly injected the vials of lecherous helplessness; into each of my veins at a speed more vicious than the most uncontrolled thunderbolts of lightening,

Like an infinite devilish snakes slithering into vindictive wilderness; maiming even the most iridescently robust of my senses; with hedonistically penalizing venom,

Like an infinite ferociously undulating waves; which made me inevitably crumble on my very own feet like a pack of lugubriously impotent matchsticks; without the tiniest of insinuation or prior warning,

Like infinite atrociously non-existent parasites; which cannibalistically devoured even the last ounce of enthusiasm from my impoverished demeanor; hopelessly discarding me to beg on the irascibly rambunctious roads,

Like an infinite germs of indispensably asphyxiating cancer; which slowly and slowly incarcerated even the most oblivious granule of triumph; in my bountifully celestial body,

Like an infinite murderously silent dungeons of imperiling boredom; stigmatizing each victoriously jostling nerve of mine; with unstoppable whirlpools of carnivorously delinquent lechery,

Like infinite icicles of lecherously weeping lifelessness; which diabolically froze the very lastounce of virility in my blood; rendering me lividly castrated in the center of the beautifully bustling street,

Like an infinite wails of salaciously massacring meaninglessness; which ripped apart through even the most invisible fabric of my felicity; like an endless desert of maniacal victimization,

Like an infinite footsteps of unforgivably plundering crime; forever robbing every single element of my body; of its stupendously bewitching versatility,

Like an infinite cold-blooded cauldrons of esoteric perversions; subjugating my nimble form; to the coffins of the ominously marauding and sadistically torturous devil,

Like an infinite wails of the impiously strangulating witch; which gruesomely transformed even the most harmoniously spell binding of my fantasy; into the ultimate apogees of pugnacious mayhem,

Like an infinite unfaithfully barren deserts; which wholesomely evaporated even the most mercurial trace of optimism from the chapters of my priceless life; without the slightest of my fault; reason or ostensible rhyme,

Like an infinite signatures of the horrifically prejudiced demon; which ruthlessly crucified even the most insouciant trace of my masculine identity; with the alphabets of unprecedented devastation,

Was the sorrow lingering deep in the dormitories of my innocent heart and soul; was the sorrow inhabiting every stream of blood that flowed through my veins; was the sorrow unmistakably reflecting from every quarter of my eye; was the sorrow that unabashedly cursed every righteously forward footstep of mine; was the sorrow that converted each of my golden breath into the ultimate hiss of death.

33. IF YOU DIDN'T WANT TO WAIT TILL THE NEXT SUNRISE.

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start optimistically illuminating every drearily lambasted arena of today's sinful night; with the boundless fire of fearlessness in each of your ever-pervadingly altruistic footsteps,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start brilliantly illuminating every miserably asphyxiated cavern of today's dolorous night; with the untamed fire of timelessly unbridled creativity in your brain,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start indefatigably illuminating every lugubriously crippled ingredient of today's sordid night; with the uncurbed fire of miraculously ameliorating artistry in each of your resplendent fingers,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start interminably illuminating every wretchedly shriveled leaf of today's ribald night; with the unsurpassable fire of everlastingly astounding virility in each of your bones,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start inexorably illuminating every tawdrily deteriorating element of today's salacious night; with the

invincible fire of eternal truth in your benign conscience,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start unstoppably illuminating every ghastily reproachful twig of today's unpardonable night; with the undefeated fire of inimitably priceless symbiotism in each of your blessed veins,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start impregnably illuminating every hideously perverted cranny of today's imperiling night; with the unshakable fire of effulgently resurgent enthusiasm in every naked patch of your eyes,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start incessantly illuminating every treacherously demeaning shadow of today's incarcerated night; with the unassailable fire of immeasurably bountiful sensuality; in each of your seductive eyelashes,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start unrelentingly illuminating every haplessly victimized labyrinth of today's vengeful night; with the magical fire of ubiquitously peerless brotherhood; timelessly sparkling in each of your eye,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start tirelessly illuminating every vindictively tyrannized wind of today's sacrilegious night; with the unconquerable fire of bounteous compassion; in every word that you truthfully spoke,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start triumphantly illuminating every hedonistically slaving pebble of today's profane night; with the unlimited fire of victoriously unfettered perseverance; in each droplet of your golden sweat,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start endlessly illuminating every deplorably divested coffin of today's acrimonious night; with the untainted fire of pristinely innocuous mellifluousness; in each decibel of your magnanimous voice,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start unflinchingly illuminating every truculently devastated shred of today's jinxed night; with the limitless fire of spell bindingly ecumenical humanity; in each of your benevolently silken shadow,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start optimistically

illuminating every diabolically staggering mortuary of today's pugnacious night; with the uninterrupted fire of impeccably divinely mischief; in each pore of your vivaciously nubile skin,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start intransigently illuminating every sadistically morose jailhouse of today's demonic night; with the unceasing fire of perpetually uplifting freedom; in each of your poignantly blessed stride,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start fantastically illuminating every acridly incorrigible thorn of today's preposterous night; with the Omnipotent fire of perennially undaunted simplicity; in each of your inevitably humanitarian actions,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start indomitably illuminating every devilishly castrated whisper of today's atrocious night; with the universal fire of unbreakably poignant belonging; in each of your enchantingly priceless heartbeat,

If you didn't want to wait till the next sunrise; then start insuperably illuminating every sacrilegiously demented graveyard of today's licentious night; with the spell binding fire of effulgently Omnipresent breath; in each of your bounteously titillating nostrils,

And if you didn't want to wait till the next Sunrise; then start royally illuminating every carnivorously stabbing battlefield of the dastardly night; with the unimaginable fire of uninhibitedly God-gifted beauty; in each perennially fructifying transpiration of your soul.

34. HELP IS JUST A FINGERTIP AWAY

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this fathomless planet; were to offer even a single altruistically compassionate cloth from our benign bodies; to befriend all those tormented by inexplicably horrific pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this boundless planet; were to offer even a single uninhibitedly enlightening smile from our selfless bodies; to befriend all those asphyxiated by treacherously inconsolable pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this gregarious planet; were to offer even a single teardrop of priceless empathy from our blessed bodies; to befriend all those slaving in uncouthly barbarous pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this limitless planet; were to offer even a single ray of insuperably burgeoning hope from our holistic bodies; to befriend all those despicably maimed and slithering in uncontrollable pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this iridescent planet; were to offer even a single muscle of fearlessness from our unflinching bodies; to befriend all those salaciously buried beyond a forlornly terrorizing graveyard of pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this stupefying planet; were to offer even a single eternally infallible fantasy from our symbiotic bodies; to befriend all those deplorably wailing in a coffin of unbearable pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this spell-binding planet; were to offer even a single droplet of miraculously patriotic blood from our synergistic bodies; to befriend all those gorily crucified by the gallows of unendingly stabbing pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this rejuvenating planet; were to offer even a single ounce of victoriously healing truth from our righteous bodies; to befriend all those truculently beheaded by the maelstroms of ghastly pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this pristine planet; were to offer even a single thread of euphorically uplifting friendship from our charismatic bodies; to befriend all those unstoppably tottering towards tawdrily victimizing pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this unsurpassable planet; were to offer even a single whisker of ardent good-will from our mellifluous bodies; to befriend all those hopelessly deteriorating in the crutches of uncannily torturous pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this indefatigable planet; were to offer even a single melodiously mollifying whisper from our celestial bodies; to befriend all those despondently incarcerated in the corpses of unprecedentedly mind-boggling pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this unending planet; were to offer even a single earnestly illuminating prayer from our philanthropic bodies; to befriend all those utterly devastated in the hell of cold-blooded pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this spell-binding planet; were to offer even a single globule of effulgently amazing virility from our bodies; to befriend all those atrociously emaciating in the noose of diabolical pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this interminable planet; were to offer even a single element of unassailable companionship from our bodies; to befriend all those lecherously assassinated by the swords of sadistically demented pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this unfettered planet; were to offer even a single whiff of stupendously glorifying enchantment from our bodies; to befriend all those rotting in the gutters of treacherously remorseful pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this rhapsodic planet; were to offer even a single immortal destiny line from our mystical bodies; to befriend all those whose

fortunes were being incessantly burnt in the flames of cadaverously jinxed pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this ecstatic planet; were to offer even a single ingredient of strength from our robust bodies; to befriend all those intransigently sleeping and awake with the daggers of inextinguishably murderous pain,

I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this resplendent planet; were to offer even a single puff of unbelievably reinvigorating breath from our impeccable bodies; to befriend all those haplessly trembling on the uncouthly naked floors of ribald pain,

And I am wholesomely aware that accidents come uninvited and without the slightest of insinuation; intimation and are beyond our sagacious control; but help is just a fingertip away; if each one of us on this unlimited planet; were to offer even a single beat of immortally fructifying love from our bodies; to all those incarcerated and hideously wound in the chains of hedonistically devilish pain.

35. IDEA

Without it even the most astoundingly greatest of musicians; would have simply nothing to mellifluously sing; incessantly flex the poignantly intricate chords of their throat till the corridors of untainted eternity,

Without it even the most sensitively greatest of artists; would have simply nothing to inscrutably paint; tirelessly juggle the beautifully silken veins of their fingers in the mists of unabashed desire,

Without it even the most spellbindingly greatest of dancers; would have simply nothing to timelessly gyrate on; mystically inundate every cranny of the remorsefully incarcerated atmosphere; with endlessly enchanting color and charm,

Without it even the most symbiotically greatest of potters; would have simply nothing to jubilantly evolve; unceasingly perpetuate handsome shapes and life; to a mountain of worthlessly decrepit clay,

Without it even the most brilliantly greatest of businessmen; would have simply nothing to ingeniously manipulate; interminably ensure the channelization of currency to all fraternities of the society,

Without it even the most majestically greatest of surgeons; would have simply nothing to miraculously cure; indefatigably using myriad of new innovations to mitigate inexplicably excruciating pain,

Without it even the most classically greatest of poets; would have simply nothing to unrelentingly fantasize; gorgeously embody fathomless sheets of barren paper with inimitably invincible literature,

Without it even the most victoriously greatest of scientists; would have simply nothing to intriguingly discover; spawn an impregnable civilization of newness from lividly decrepit bits of sullen nothingness,

Without it even the most experimentally greatest of farmers; would have simply nothing to freshly sow; harness worthlessly inane chunks of dead soil; into the most ubiquitously fructifying fruits of an optimistic tomorrow,

Without it even the most triumphantly greatest of teachers; would have simply nothing to rhapsodically teach; permeate an entrenchment of inevitable curiosity; in ecstatically developing and nubile minds,

Without it even the most piquantly greatest of critics; would have simply nothing to undyingly analyze; candidly endeavor to metamorphose every bit of inadvertent inferiority; into a utopia of infallible perfection,

Without it even the most ebulliently greatest of sportsmen; would have simply nothing to indisputably excel; reach the absolute zenith of unassailably sparkling victory; as they extemporized every minute,

Without it even the most patriotically greatest of world leaders; would have simply nothing to ecumenically celebrate; uninhibitedly evolve a heaven of newer and newer policies; for the egalitarian betterment of all living kind,

Without it even the most tantalizingly greatest of writers; would have simply nothing to fictitiously embolden; perennially rest the robotically castrated foundation of this commercial world; on a pedestal of uninterrupted dreams,

Without it even the most impeccably greatest of priests; would have simply nothing to bounteously preach; infallibly sermonize the ideals of a synergistically

benign existence; from the perspective of the Gods,

Without it even the most unimpeachably greatest of philanthropists; would have simply nothing to altruistically serve; limitlessly culminate into freshly born beams of hope and desire; in order to reach out to all those hopelessly asphyxiated in the coffins of parasitic salaciousness,

Without it even the most compassionately greatest of builders; would have simply nothing to gorgeously erect; bless countless kilometers of aridly impotent land; with the most bewitchingly different and indomitable dwellings for all humanity,

Without it even the most unconquerably greatest of minds; would have simply nothing to undefeatedly think; peerlessly gallop into the most fantastically unadulterated tunnels of desire and longing; for times immemorial,

As the entire boundless world and every single organism who has breathed; is living and shall continue to holistically exist; lives upon it; depends upon it; prosperously thrives upon it; timelessly romanticizes in its unfettered glory; and eventually dies if there's not the tiniest trace of an exhilarating
"IDEA".

36. THE SILENCE OF DEATH.

A silence. Which tortuously maimed every filament of effulgently blissful imagination. Which ensured that there could exist no more spell-binding fantasy; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was dreaded even by the greatest of humanitarian saints. Which was the most ghastily penalizing meditation into the corpses of atrociously diabolical hell; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was the most meaninglessly amorphous form of tawdrily asphyxiating emptiness. Which wholeheartedly invited only the salaciously plundering devil; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was the most indescribably jinxed shit of lies. Which was swarmed with nothing else but irreparably hedonistic disease; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which doomed the most holistically prosperous of civilizations into satanic dust. Which hadn't the tiniest integrity of its own; being molested and

indiscriminately marauded by an infinite devils; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which put a parasitic full stop to every ingredient of perennial love burgeoning in the atmosphere. Which miserably stifled even the most infinitesimal of desire in its very roots; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was ubiquitously loathed by one and all on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe. Which wafted a sacrilegious stench of everything horrendously burnt on this boundless earth; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which perpetuated only an indefinable number of people to hysterically cry. Which hideously evaporated every globule of inimitably priceless sensuality into an oblivion of lugubrious dread; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was more callously disheartening than chewing the most obdurately emotionless cliffs of steel. Which irrefutably proved that the whole world was nothing else but a penuriously disappearing horizon; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was the most unforgivably perverted form of sin on mystical earth. Which inevitably dissolved into an infinite pools of fetidly venomous helplessness; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which solely led to the graveyards of preposterously impoverished deliriousness. Which permeated a vindictive gloom of sadism into every innocent heart existing; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which ironically transcended all definitions of inhuman torture. Which forlornly rendered even the most iridescently euphoric aspect of existence as treacherously insane nothingness; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which incarcerated every organism existing on planet divine with a gloom of inexplicably appalling despair. Which had not even the most evanescent of rejuvenating awakening; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was the most derogatorily slandering parasite on this invincible earth. Which gruesomely blinded every eternal thought process into the gorge of ominous hopelessness; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which tyrannically devastated every tangible trace of virility into a ludicrously impotent ghost. Which perpetually loitered in the deplorable mortuaries of feckless uncertainty; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was more blacker than the most perilously cursed shades of midnight. Which deliberately debilitated each ounce of compassionate fortitude in the atmosphere to a skeleton of acrid betrayal; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was nothing but a worthlessly stinking carrion for the vultures of hatred to pillage. Which deplorably castrated every ounce of handsome energy into the gallows of extinction; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which led neither to the past; present or immediately optimistic future. Which was wholesomely and wretchedly circumscribed by solely the very last breath of emollient life; forever and ever and ever.

Such was the silence of inconsolably gory and unstoppable lambasting death.

37. CHEERS.

Cheers! To every ounce of marvelously benign sensitivity on this fathomlessly jubilant planet. Which forever ensured that the spirit of compassionate belonging; insuperably thrived.

Cheers! To every ounce of naturally panoramic beauty on this wonderfully enamoring planet. Which forever ensured that there wouldn't be the tiniest of space
for the dreaded prisons of robotic commercialism.

Cheers! To every ounce of brilliantly Omnipotent Sunlight on this triumphantly unfettered planet. Which forever ensured that the rays of blazing optimism wholesomely devoured even the most evanescent shade of ghastily blackened negativity.

Cheers! To every ounce of altruistically Godly simplicity on this beautifully iridescent planet. Which forever ensured that all wantonly prejudiced pretension dissolved into the corpse of inane nothingness.

Cheers! To every ounce of victoriously glorious truth on this redolently unconquerable planet. Which forever ensured that the pugnacious mortuary of lies seemed more invisible than the thinnest wisps of nocturnal air.

Cheers! To every ounce of majestically poignant fertility on this boundlessly burgeoning planet. Which forever ensured that mother earth continued its endlessly blessed chapters of unassailable proliferation.

Cheers! To every ounce of tirelessly emollient adventure on this ecstatically romanticizing planet. Which forever ensured that the gallows of bawdy monotony and politics; were buried an infinite feet beneath non-existent mud.

Cheers! To every ounce of euphorically virile rain on this limitlessly bestowing planet. Which forever ensured that graveyards of oblivious barrenness; merrily bloomed with stupendously reinvigorating freshness.

Cheers! To every ounce of mischievously pristine flirtation on this symbiotically fragrant planet. Which forever ensured that the exultation of youth remained perennial; even countless centuries after horrifically asphyxiating death.

Cheers! To every ounce of peerlessly inimitable bravery on this ubiquitously ebullient planet. Which forever ensured that those dastardly who atrociously sold their mother's and wives; received the highest rebukes and punishment of devilish hell.

Cheers! To every ounce of righteously impregnable faithfulness on this blissfully venerated planet. Which forever ensured that the body of sacrilegious betrayal choked and gasped an infinite times for priceless breath; before eventually succumbing to the coffins of extinction.

Cheers! To every ounce of unfathomably iridescent fantasy on this royally unhindered planet. Which forever ensured that the brain evolved a civilization of invincibly fructifying newness.

Cheers! To every ounce of celestially subliming sermon on this happily palpitating planet. Which forever ensured that the dungeons of treacherously victimizing illiteracy; could never ever see the face of light.

Cheers! To every ounce of synergistic fruit and food-grain on this regally insatiable planet. Which forever ensured that dormitories of hapless impoverishment; would ardently mélange with the fabric of mother nature's astounding fertility.

Cheers! To every ounce of magically ameliorating artistry on this uninhibitedly musical planet. Which forever ensured that every organism irrespective of caste; creed; color or tribe; handsomely floated in the clouds of surreally inebriating dreams.

Cheers! To every ounce of miraculously untainted creativity on this unabashedly

sensuous planet. Which forever ensured that the winds of timelessly rejuvenating freshness; convivially kissed every naked patch of bizarre disease.

Cheers! To every ounce of fierily undefeated breath on this fantastically unbridled planet. Which forever ensured that the cistern of life reigned as the most supreme command; even an infinite moments after destined death.

Cheers! To every ounce of thunderously unshakable heartbeat on this spell-bindingly tantalizing planet. Which forever ensured that the wave of Immortally heavenly love; embraced one and all enchantingly alike.

Cheers! To every ounce of unbelievably selfless humanity on this inscrutably flowering planet. Which forever ensured that every organism holistically alive; was in interminable company of Omnipresent brotherhood.

And now I can most proudly and by the grace of Omniscient Lord Almighty Lord proclaim to the entire world; that my drink is actually and in its most truest sense; finished.

38. LIFE IS MUSICAL

Politicians are overwhelmingly influential,
Demons are hideously diabolical,
Fish are gorgeously continental,
Panthers are savagely cannibal,
Flowers are wonderfully natural,
Forests are exotically mystical,
Manipulative are stringently tyrannical,
Earth is intriguingly elliptical,
Dreams are tantalizingly surreal,
Economy is monotonously fiscal,
Artists are esoterically whimsical,
Villagers are rustically local,
Meditators are profoundly stoical,
Priests are devotedly ecclesiastical,
Learned are insatiably philosophical,
Lecherous are irrevocably clerical,
Philanthropists are amiably social,
Maelstroms are tumultuously radical,
Eyesight is beautifully focal,
Soil is ravishingly real,
Innovators are stupendously sensational,

Summits are panoramically phenomenal,
Frustrated are inevitably lackadaisical,
Castles are grandiloquently palatial,
Rats are an irascible squeal,
Relationships are unbelievably special,
Ambitions are indispensably consequential,
Romance is passionately torrential,
Princes are majestically regal,
Talents are bountifully integral,
Scorpions are acridly lethal,
Bloodshed is devastatingly fatal,
Survival is essentially fundamental,
Lies are living burial,
Explorations are innately trial,
Nightingales are charismatically rhetorical,
Tombs are morosely memorial,
Simplicity is intransigently ideal,
Mankind is perennially central,
Traditions are blissfully primordial,
Mushrooms are innocuously congenial,
Owls are ominously nocturnal,
Blisters are horrendously external,
Devils are solely physical,
Resemblance's are amazingly accidental,
Rates are vacillatingly quotational,
Bad are always optional,
Assassins are obviously cremational,
Hatred is shattering interval,
Staunchness is inherently rural,
Force is ghastly denial,
Ambiguity is sleazily dual,
Superficiality is supremely facial,
Clowns are wholeheartedly jovial,
Diffident are indefatigably skeptical,
Happiness is celestially floral,
Imprisonment is an traumatizing ordeal,
Faithfulness is an everlasting moral,
Tangible are inevitably mortal,
God is perpetually immortal,
Unity is timelessly eternal,
Addiction is obsessively habitual,
Thoughts are royally pictorial,

Genes are ostensibly racial,
Universe is marvelously total,
Time is unavoidably alluvial,
Devotion is magnanimously cathedral,
Lasers are contemporarily digital,
Thrones are glitteringly imperial,
Encounters are puristically circumstantial,
Grasslands are placidly pastoral,
Infidelity is mockingly neonatal,
Humanity is irrefutably vital,
Blessings are exuberantly instrumental,
Adventures are euphorically inspirational,
Philanderers are alluringly bilingual,
Success is thoroughly motivational,
Separation is tragically emotional,
Assimilation is incessantly educational,
Patriotism is ebulliently national,
Peace is divinely international,
Goodwill is symbiotically rational,
Greedy are disastrously nominal,
Indigenous are intrinsically tribal,
Jokes are capriciously trivial,
Oppressors are brutally satirical,
Robots are astoundingly mechanical,
Oceans are fantastically tidal,
Fairies are impeccably sensual,
Earth is incredibly substantial,
Bees are rambunctiously vocal,
Cuckoos are austerely punctual,
Diseases are cripplingly sabbatical,
Bullets are venomously cylindrical,
Seductresses are profusely ornamental,
Alphabets are harmoniously sequential,
Wink is a flirtatious signal,
Love is immortally magical,
And life is enchantingly musical.

39. LIFE BLOSSOMS INTO VITALITY

Petals blossoms into flowers,
Clouds blossom into rain,
Seeds blossoms into trees,

Minutes blossom into hours,
Bricks blossom into dwellings,
Anger blossoms into destruction,
Exuberance blossoms into newness,
Nervousness blossoms into exhaustion,
Teamwork blossoms into unity,
Perseverance blossoms into success,
Beauty blossoms into enchantment,
Intrigue blossoms into enigma,
Trends blossom into innovations,
Eggs blossom into fledglings,
Rose blossoms into scent,
Sun blossoms into optimism,
Stars blossom into radiation,
Soil blossoms into vegetation,
Art blossoms into exoticism,
Ice blossoms into waterfalls,
Fire blossoms into compassion,
Imagination blossoms into concepts,
Wine blossoms into sedation,
War blossoms into hatred,
Pearls blossom into resplendence,
Dreams blossom into floatation,
Fashion blossoms into style,
Roots blossom into stem,
Salt blossoms into tanginess,
Strength blossoms into fortitude,
Resilience blossoms into conviction,
Surrender blossoms into despair,
Truth blossoms into harmony,
Relationships blossom into empathy,
Violence blossoms into prejudice,
Discrimination blossoms into bloodshed,
Scalp blossoms into hair,
Love blossoms into passion,
Peace blossoms into solidarity,
Rainbow blossoms into vivacity,
Endeavor blossoms into sweetness,
Tunes blossom into songs,
Mind blossoms into ingenuity,
Wilderness blossoms into mysticism,
Flames blossom into ardor,

Corpses blossom into ghosts,
Retreat blossoms into sadness,
Bondage blossoms into rebel,
Faith blossoms into worship,
Infidelity blossoms into nemesis,
Idiosyncrasy blossoms into nothingness,
Spiders blossom into webs,
Benevolence blossoms into humanity,
Independence blossoms into character,
Renunciation blossoms into divine,
Introspection blossoms into discovering,
Emotions blossom into yearning,
Death blossoms into extinction,
And life blossoms into vitality.

40. DYING FOR THE FIRST TIME

The outlines of vivacious trees seemed to be getting blurred as the minutes unveiled; with their colossal demeanor now appearing as sandwiched matchsticks,

The atmosphere seemed to be getting colder by the instant; although the air surrounding me was at the astronomical peak of sweltering summer,

The cars transgressing in vicinity seemed to be an obfuscated whiz; as if blotches of soft cotton sped forward at thunderous velocities,

The deafening roar of the panther; seemed to be like an inconspicuous squeak; although the beast kept incessantly parading round my persona,

The fingers of my palm felt like squelched jelly; collapsing with a thud on the ground; no matter how intractably I tried to hold them up,

The color of the flamboyantly pugnacious Sun; seemed like a pallid white mushroom lying scattered in oblivion on the ground,

The boundlessly towering mountain ranges in the surrounding; seemed like a weak stone lying nimbly beside my palm,

The ingratiatingly appetizing morsels of food and ravishing water lying before my feet; seemed to be completely bland; like a wriggling worm engulfed with slime,

The artists spell binding painting embodied on scintillating white canvas; seemed like a lame duck floating without a single droplet of water,

The mammoth barrel of heavenly crimson whisky; seemed to be like a diminutive mosquito irascibly bothering me in my ears,

The impeccable white shirt which the farmer was wearing; seemed to be profusely entrenched with diabolically ghastly blood,

The timidly placid waves of the ocean; seemed as if they were satanically caressing the pearly moon,

The infinitesimal bodied ants crawling on the marshy ground; seemed like ghoulishly colossal monsters; making a dash towards my neck,

The glittering heap of accolades that I had won all throughout the tenure of my life; seemed like a baseless piece of stinking shit,

The toes sewn to my indigenously bohemian feet; felt as heavy as a sac full of stones; intransigently protested to move an inch,

The beats of my violently palpitating heart; seemed to be reducing drastically by the unfurling moment; a stupendously ghastly pale now enveloped my other rubicund chin,

The nostalgic memories of my innocuous childhood; the people whom I most ardently revered all along my life; now deluged my brain with ethereally fleeting images,

The silken cocoon of clouds hovering in the austerely empty sky; seemed to be at whisker lengths from my nose,

Everything around me appeared hazily obliterated; the most celestial of things seemed to be disastrously plagued; the most passionate of my memories seemed to be mixing with threadbare mud,

And my breath was just on the verge of relinquishing me forever to blend with the Almighty awaiting my arrival in Heaven; as I take this dismal opportunity to pen down some of my horrendous experiences; before finally dying; before dying for the first time in my life.

41. READY TO DIE

Death is fantastically silencing; after which there existed not even the most inconspicuous iota of rambunctious sound; not even the most ethereal traces of malicious cacophony; to disdainfully wake you up from your eternal sleep.

Death is handsomely emancipating; after which you felt neither the most diminutive of agony slandering you; neither the most inexplicably crucifying of worries tickle your estranged soul.

Death is unbelievably artistic; after which even the most infinitesimal ingredient of your blood and irrefutably righteous conscience; forever coalesced with the undefeated majesty of the atmosphere.

Death is endlessly mollifying; after which there remained not even the most infidel of desire; just the perpetual bonding of every ounce of your goodness; with the unshakable spirit of the Omnipotent Lord.

Death is unconquerably immune; after which your physical form felt not the slightest of pain; even when stabbed by an infinite knives; or viciously cremated into the valley of hell.

Death is insuperably royal; after which even the most cannibalistically excoriating of your enemies; offered their humblest prayers for your soul to rest in everlasting peace.

Death is incredulously non-invasive; after which no religion on earth could sanctimoniously claim you as solely its; as you eventually and inevitably sunk into the belly of soil.

Death is beautifully resting; after which there seemed not even the most fugitive element of uncontrollable anxiety; after which the profanely robotic rat race for survival of the fittest; forever faded into wisps of non-existent oblivion.

Death is unsurpassably enchanting; after which there seemed to emanate an unshakably ameliorating radiance from your face; which spell-bindingly cracked even the most deplorably asphyxiated riddles of existence.

Death is magically economical; after which your body didn't need even the most transient shades of replenishment; after which even the most uncontrollably strongest of your urges; amazingly metamorphosed into altruistic contentment.

Death is self sermonizing; after which the chapter of your life became a

holistically open philosophy; with countless extemporizing upon the quality of their survival; bounteously learning from your boundless rises and pitfalls.

Death is the end of vicious ambition; after which you could massacre no more innocent lives; erect your palaces on no more innocent blood; in your baselessly ever-pervading desire to supremely reign over the entire Universe.

Death is Omnipresently powerful; after which even the most fearlessly infallible superpowers of this planet; miserably floundered to cause even the most obscurest of indentation; upon the contours of your body.

Death is the absolute end of devastation; after which there existed only the most invincibly emollient meadows of paradise; for every bit of symbiotic goodness that you'd ever done in your destined life.

Death is the most astounding magician; after which even the most murderously massacring of your pain; forever transformed into the most celestial pastures of blessing sleep.

Death is ubiquitously unprejudiced; after which there remains not even the most evanescent puff of hatred in your heart; for every form and fraternity of creation all around you.

Death is everlastingly consecrating; after which even the most diabolically sinful of your deeds; are forever and ever and ever washed away; with every form of newness that exuberantly spawns into the firmament of the vividly ecstatic Universe.

Death is inimitably immortalizing; after which every bit of unflinchingly pristine righteousness that you breathed in the tenure of your life; perennially becomes an ardently optimistic tunnel of light; for countless more of your blessed kind.

So Mate; ready to Die! But think an infinite times before you do so. Because like all other best things on this Universe; even Death comes at a price. And unfortunately for you; me and every other organism created by the Omniscient Lord Almighty; that price is the ultimate threshold of pain that we could ever experience; in not just a single lifetime; but an infinite more of our infinite lifetimes.

42. LIFE- AN IMMORTAL POETRY

Life is unconquerably; resplendent poetry of the most highest degree; incredibly

pacifying every infinitesimal urge of the miserably unfinished soul,

Life is perpetually; majestic poetry of the most highest degree; royally gifting countless impoverished souls; with insatiably unending fantasy,

Life is ubiquitously; vibrant poetry of the most highest degree; triumphantly metamorphosing each ethereal trace of misery; into a fireball of ingratiatingly untamed happiness,

Life is marvelously; bountiful poetry of the most highest degree; beautifully placating every hedonistically traumatized agony; with the exuberance of untainted breath,

Life is indomitably; enchanting poetry of the most highest degree; harmoniously coalescing every organism irrespective of caste; creed; color or tribe; into the religion of Omnipresent oneness,

Life is unceasingly; triumphant poetry of the most highest degree; wholesomely massacring every speck of the horrifically parasitic devil; with the scepter of unshakable righteousness,

Life is tirelessly; fantastic poetry of the most highest degree; iridescently glimmering like the stream of ultimate unity; even in the heart of insidiously macabre midnight,

Life is blessedly; exotic poetry of the most highest degree; inevitably triggering an unprecedented maelstrom of eclectic fantasy; in every brain on this planet; enigmatically alike,

Life is irrefutably; sensuous poetry of the most highest degree; miraculously rekindling every shade of claustrophobically dwindling expression; with a wave of undauntedly perennial heavenliness,

Life is astoundingly; impeccable poetry of the most highest degree; forever erasing the wounds of dastardly salaciousness; with its eternal mantra of everlasting mankind,

Life is unrestrictedly; divinely poetry of the most highest degree; spell bindingly mollifying every cranny of the planet in hapless distress; with Sunrays of unparalleled optimism,

Life is fearlessly; aristocratic poetry of the most highest degree; irrevocably

inebriating each strangulated nerve of the body with a voluptuousness;
impossible to break for infinite more births yet to unravel,

Life is intransigently; seductive poetry of the most highest degree; astonishingly
proliferating till even beyond the corridors of infinite infinity; into an unassailable
entrenchment of newness and untamed euphoria,

Life is symbiotically; intrepid poetry of the most highest degree; magnanimously
charming every entity expunging air; with its impregnable cisterns of versatility,

Life is unsurpassably; gregarious poetry of the most highest degree; evolving a
citadel of unflinching camaraderie on every layer of soil that it spawned; with the
blessings of the Lord Almighty,

Life is boundlessly; tantalizing poetry of the most highest degree; vividly
enshrouding every element of the pathetically stuttering heart and soul; with a
curtain of radiantly titillating magnetism,

Life is inexorably; blossoming poetry of the most highest degree; enlightening
every dwelling besieged with inexplicably prurient despair; with the lamp of
inextinguishably prosperous togetherness,

Life is unlimitedly; mystical poetry of the most highest degree; unveiling a
festoon of queenly opportunities to be usurped by every living being;
handsomely alike,

And Life is endlessly; immortal poetry of the most highest degree; unstopably
culminating into a sky of fathomless freshness every unfurling second of the day
and milky night; even after horizons of pragmatic existence had long ended.

43. LIFE

When you were in the middle of the abominably rambunctious traffic; just utter
the magically rejuvenating and ebulliently uninhibited word called; FREEDOM,

When you were viciously enveloped by atrocious laziness; just utter the
majestically spell binding and vibrant word called; EXUBERANCE,

When you were abhorrently rotting in gutters of gruesome prejudice; just utter
the resplendently charismatic and enchanting word called; MELODY,

When you were ominously strangulated by coffins of remorseful boredom; just

utter the ebulliently rhapsodic and ecstatic word called; ENTHRALLMENT,

When you were murderously besieged by tornado's of frantic desperation; just utter the miraculously Omniscient and sacred word called; HEAVENS,

When you were fanatically enshrouded by waves of insane lunatism; just utter the Omnipotently celestial and unassailable word called; DIVINE,

When you were brutally victimized by belligerently ghastly dormitories of paralysis; just utter the ravishingly voluptuous and exhilarating word called; ADVENTURE,

When you were acrimoniously sweating for hours immemorial; indefatigably fatigued beyond sagacious limits of comprehension; just utter the marvelously reinvigorating and replenishing word called; SLEEP,

When you were satanically entrapped for centuries unprecedented in dungeons of despicably depraving blackness; just utter the aristocratically royal and flamboyant word called; SUNLIGHT,

When you were incessantly stumbling upon a treacherously incoherent path of bizarre ugliness; just utter the majestically ingratiating and exotic word called; BEAUTY,

When you were pugnaciously perpetuated by sonorously worthless daggerheads of diabolical depression; just utter the emphatically seductive and blazing word called; OPTIMISM,

When you were lecherously entrenched by the island of morbidly fretful loneliness; just utter the invincibly regale and holistic word called; HARMONY,

When you were malevolently assassinated by indiscriminately tyrannical whiplashes of spuriously racial discrimination; just utter the impregnably bountiful and grandiloquent word called; UNITY,

When you were wholesomely devoured by gory maelstroms of unsparingly stinging sand; just utter the gloriously blissful and perennially torrential word called; RAIN,

When you were relentlessly dithering towards the corpse of worthlessly insipid extinction; just utter the insatiably twinkling and enamoring word called; EVOLUTION,

When you were uncouthly submerged in disdainfully penalizing beer bars of ungainly depression; just utter the ubiquitously eternal and stupendously gratifying word called; SMILE,

When you were incarcerated with acridly frigid avalanches of salaciously freezing indifference; just utter the wonderfully poignant and perpetually sequestering word called; COMPASSION,

When you were ferociously decimated every unfurling minute of the day by the coffin of disparagingly delinquent lies; just utter the scintillatingly righteous and irrefutably revered word called; TRUTH,

When you were coldbloodedly abdicating each beat of your devastatingly bereaved heart; just utter the immortally glittering and unconquerable word called; LOVE,

And when you were invidiously staggering for vitally quintessential breath; barbarically asphyxiating at even the most inconspicuous iota of air; just utter the most Omnipresently bestowing and immortal word called; life.

44. ANY FORM OF LIFE WAS BETTER THAN DEATH

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw countless haplessly orphaned children; being viciously kicked into dustbins of malice; for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw the priceless innocuous female fetus; being brutally assassinated and aborted; right in the very depths of the unassailably Godly womb,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw heartlessly cold-blooded men; ruthlessly felling innumerable a tree; using its blessed branches; trunk and roots; for evolving lifelessly wastrel commodities,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw demonically manipulating politicians; weigh the very essence of unconquerably righteous life; in terms of wantonly decrepit currency coin,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw innocently minor girls being brutally raped; by the diabolically idiosyncratic perversions of sadistic man,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw peerlessly impeccable blood being parasitically sucked from newborn forms; just in order to spuriously enrich and consecrate; the already blessed and bountiful human form,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw boundless wives and children reduced to a cadaverous carcass; as the man of the family simply refrained to budge an inch to earn; cannibalistically guzzling the last drop of wine and vixen; to be found of planet earth,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw beautifully fructifying wildlife being emotionlessly beheaded; just in order to become the exuberant delicacy; of the already replenished palette,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw robustly ebullient organisms doing nothing but just endlessly gazing at fathomless sky; nonsensically proclaiming that their destiny would one day and eventually take them to the absolute epitome of cloud nine,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw one man derogatorily slaving and slaving for another man; wherein the Omnipotent Creator had created all symbiotically equal in the first place,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw millions of innocent being indiscriminately butchered; in the wrath and aftermath of barbarously thwarting bombardment and war,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw satanic terrorists launch an inconsolably pulverizing assault on one particular fraternity of mankind; in the name of sacrifice to the Omnipresent Lord,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw hordes of people blindfoldedly offering their last ounce of wealth to the Omnipotent deity of the Lord; who in the first place owned every speck of the unending Universe; and who wanted them to benevolently donate the same to all suffering living kind instead,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw school going girls and boys begging hoarsely on the obdurately chauvinistic streets; with their parents abhorrently using them to tickle the soft corner of the opulent society,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw women of all ages; right from the age of my daughter; to sister to mother; tawdrily selling their flesh to hedonistically dastardly men; just for securing those two quintessential morsels of food,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw limitless dying unattended on the freezing streets; because of unforgivably ghastly corruption; viciously infiltrating in every echelon of the government and society,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw impudently pretentious brats; telling their life-bestowing parents to clean the stagnating shit in their houses; whilst they themselves deliriously drowned themselves; into barrels of sinfully expensive wine and cigarette smoke,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw the most perpetually faithful of lovers salaciously separate like a miserably broken leaf; at the tiniest of objection from the sanctimoniously turgid society,

I felt like committing suicide there and then itself. Everytime I saw selfishly shriveled man; praying to God for solely impregnating his lungs with a countless breaths; instead of immortally sharing the same in perfect symbiosis with endless numbers of his own kind,

But when I was actually committing suicide. I felt that any form of life was better than death; as I approached my very last breath. For if at all I could endeavor my very best to ameliorate every fraternity of estranged and maliciously cannibalistic living kind; then by the grace of God it could be only while in undefeated life and not the slightest after stonily gory death.

45. LIFE IS SO MUCH LIKE THE COBWEB.

Life is so much like that silken cobweb; at times shimmering like a majestically untamed prince; in due allegiance under the iridescently silvery light of the moon,

Life is so much like that inexplicable cobweb; at times just disintegrating into a countless bits and pieces; without the slightest of ostensible reason or rhyme,

Life is so much like that royal cobweb; at times triumphantly swirling towards the highest epitomes of success; even as the most blasphemously perverted of hell torrentially reigned down upon planet divine,

Life is so much like that floundering cobweb; at times haplessly tripping down on an infinite occasions; just as its spider would be subjected to; whilst just a centimeter away from the zenith of victory,

Life is so much like that insuperable cobweb; at times uniting every thread; religion; caste; creed; tribe alike; into an impregnably amalgamated religion of selfless humanity,

Life is so much like that uncanny cobweb; at times frightening the very guts of your innermost soul; as you just nimbly brushed past it; even in the most blazingly peerless of daylight,

Life is so much like that priceless cobweb; at times each infinitesimal strand of which; was hopelessly and lecherously incomplete; without the other; without symbiotically coalescing with the other,

Life is so much like that surreptitious cobweb; at times stealthily skulking only past ghoulish midnight; when even the sadistically venomous annals of death had transiently slept,

Life is so much like that infallible cobweb; at times forming and agglutinating with such faithful relationships; which were invincibly blessed and eternally inseparable,

Life is so much like that inscrutable cobweb; at times wholesomely obscuring its very identity; in the enigmatically titillating labyrinths of shrunken oblivion,

Life is so much like that glimmering cobweb; at times scintillating with the richness of naturally panoramic creation; enlightened to full and profound glory of enchantingly mesmerizing existence,

Life is so much like that cowardly cobweb; at times shriveling to the size of a pea; at even the most evanescent talk of danger; about to paralyze and set in,

Life is so much like that candid cobweb; at times revealing even the minutest of its evolutions and fibers; indefatigably and in each instant of the flamboyant sweltering Sun; and sensuously nubile night,

Life is so much like that livid cobweb; at times unfurling into its most impotent shades of infidelity; when the network of manipulative prejudice dismally collapses into wholesome nothingness,

Life is so much like that unending cobweb; at times impregnably harboring billions of symbiotically enthralling networks in its swirl; feeding them interminably with the juices of its perennial compassion,

Life is so much like that unabashed cobweb; at times wholesomely allowing itself to be unstoppably caressed and fondled; by every wantonly wastrel speck of air that it encountered in its way,

Life is so much like that innocuous cobweb; at times metamorphosing itself into that newborn child once again; entirely unbridled with inexhaustible caravans of creativity; sparkling from every of its stride,

Life is so much like that dangerous cobweb; at times being irretrievably trapped into a maze of hopelessly confounded uncertainties; and sucked deeper and deeper into the mortuaries of worthlessness,

And life is so much like that voluptuous cobweb; at times inevitably enticing every ounce of goodness in the Universe to magnetically mélange with its unassailable colors; to craft victoriously mellifluous dimensions of a brilliantly unfettered tomorrow.

46. LIFE LEADS TO REALIZATION

Air leads to exhilaration,
Leaves lead to recreation,
Sky leads to fascination,
Waterfall leads to rejuvenation,
Tea leads to reinvigoration,
Currency leads to continuation,
Sacrifice leads to emancipation,
Dance leads to titillation,
Music leads to incantation,
Enigma leads to innovation,
Admiring leads to exultation,
Jewels lead to glorification,
Dreams lead to pacification,
Lies lead to falsification,
Vocabulary leads to diction,
Shadows lead to mystification,
Empathy leads to relation,
Unity leads to amalgamation,
Hardwork leads to perspiration,

Brutality leads to strangulation,
Clarity leads to perception,
Vitality leads to procreation,
Time leads to evolution,
Lechery leads to emulation,
Overeating leads to eructation,
Acceptance leads to acclimatization,
War leads to destruction,
Hatred leads to desertation,
Discipline leads to attention,
Solidarity leads to fortification,
Benevolence leads to mitigation,
Trespassing leads to violation,
Monotony leads to manipulation,
Racism leads to discrimination,
Longing leads to obsession,
Desire leads to compulsion,
Greed leads to abduction,
Belligerence leads to fulmination,
Blending leads to culmination,
Alternatives lead to cogitation,
Drought leads to starvation,
Frenzy leads to fiction,
Understanding leads to translation,
God leads to creation,
Drudgery leads to exhaustion,
Stars lead to ramifications,
Waves leads to salination,
Conscience leads to purification,
Rituals lead to ablution,
Etiquette's lead to demonstration,
Brain leads to complications,
Conditions lead to alterations,
Discovery leads to exploration,
Joy leads to celebration,
Balance leads to floatation,
Mission leads to repetition,
Suffering leads to immolation,
Shyness leads to limitation,
Prudence leads to introspection,
Brooding leads to retrospection,
Beauty leads to inspection,

Religion leads to partition,
Belief leads to escalation,
Art leads to undulation,
Fantasy leads to sedation,
Foresight leads to maturation,
Disease leads to inoculation,
Greatness leads to personification,
Circumstances lead to habituation,
Surrender leads to dereliction,
Rusticity leads to simplification,
Eccentricity leads to aberration,
Rebel leads to vindication,
Lightening leads to electrocution,
Reverence leads to salutation,
Diabolism leads to abolition,
Wrong leads to decimation,
Staring leads to infatuation,
Massacre leads to afforestation,
Difficulty leads to confusion,
Exoticism leads to temptation,
Mistrust leads to misinterpretation,
Romance leads to fructification,
Deceit leads to dramatization,
Freezing leads to crystallization,
Perseverance leads to inception,
Fear leads to trepidation,
Insanity leads to hallucinations,
Peace leads to distinction,
Pertinence leads to indentation,
Disaster leads to extinction,
Parasites lead to infection,
Health leads to complexion,
Sagaciousness leads to assimilation,
Analysis leads to dimensions,
Pompousness leads to pretensions,
Poverty leads to deprivation,
Discussions lead to suggestions,
Boundaries lead to bifurcations,
Drinking leads to intoxication,
Sensuality leads to sensation,
Pragmatism leads to moderation,
Lust leads to ignition,

Love leads to gratification,
Change leads to mutation,
Intensity leads to saturation,
Sparkle leads to reflection,
Delinquency leads to rejection,
Trauma leads to migration,
Misdemeanor leads to detention,
Inaccuracy leads to circumspection,
Breath leads to exultation,
And life leads to realization.

47. SPIRIT NEVER DIES

Artists die; their art never dies,
Trees die; their wind never dies,
Music dies; its tunes never die,
Birds die; its flight never dies,
Roses die; their scent never dies,
Ocean die; their tanginess never dies,
Eyes die; their empathy never dies,
Fires die; their passion never dies,
Forests die; their mysticism never dies,
Clouds die; their enchantment never dies,
Moonlight dies; its resplendence never dies,
Peacocks die; their dance never dies,
Kings die; their royalty never dies,
Time dies; its essence never dies,
Moments die; their memories never die,
Light dies; its horizons never die,
Sportsmen die; their euphoria never dies,
Humanitarians die; their philanthropism never dies,
Lips die; their smiles never die,
Kisses die; their intensity never dies,
Soldiers die; their bravery never dies,
Courtesans die; their seduction never dies,
Ink dies; its literature never dies,
Idols die; their morals never die,
Eagles die; their majesty never dies,
Caresses die; their compassion never dies,
Echoes die; their enigma never dies,
Footsteps die; their path never dies,
Saints die; their blessings never die,

Storms die; their flamboyance never dies,
Cuckoos die; their dawn never dies,
Embraces die; their warmth never dies,
Beehives die; their sweetness never dies,
Shadows die; their incantation never dies,
Lightening dies; its exhilaration never dies,
Beauty dies; its fragrance never dies,
Pioneers die; their conviction never dies,
Conjurers die; their magic never dies,
Philosophers die; their ideals never die,
Waterfalls die; their exuberance never dies,
Fantasises die; their excitement never dies,
Exemplaries die; their reflection never dies,
Explorers die; their expedition never dies,
Clocks die; their time never dies,
Muscles die; their ardour never dies,
Desires die; their fascination never dies,
Relationships die; their intimacy never dies,
Fairies die; their innocence never dies,
Crops die; their soil never dies,
Deeds die; their virtue never dies,
Styles die; their grace never dies,
Castles die; their grandiloquence never dies,
Mothers die; their tenderness never dies,
Civilizations die; their rudiments never die,
Religion dies; its equality never dies,
Palms die; their destiny never dies,
Blood dies; its poignancy never dies,
Revolution dies; its belligerence never dies,
Winks die; their flirtation never dies,
Food dies; its taste never dies,
Flesh dies; its character never dies,
Brain dies; its ideas never die,
Squirrel dies; its vivaciousness never dies,
Perspiration dies; its perseverance never dies,
Fingers die; their signature never dies,
Language dies; its expression never dies,
Exhibitions die; their masterpieces never die,
Exemplifications die; their experiences never die,
Gladiators die; their brazenness never dies,
Glaciers die; their rejuvenation never dies,
Color dies; its vibrancy never dies,

Poet dies; his poetry never dies,
Messiahs die; their truth never dies,
Panthers die; their growl never dies,
Awards die; their triumph never dies,
Nightingale dies; its melody never dies,
Fabric dies; its shelter never dies,
Horse dies; its gallop never dies,
Caves die; their voluptuousness never dies,
Designs die; their harmony never dies,
Comrades die; their friendship never dies,
Whistles die; their ebullience never dies,
Events die; their activity never dies,
Species die; their impressions never die,
Night dies; its captivation never dies,
Mission dies; its optimism never dies,
Solitude dies; its contentment never dies,
Dolphins die; their animation never dies,
Spiders die; their webs never die,
Youth dies; its exultation never dies,
Entrepreneurs die; their vision never dies,
Renaissance dies; its freedom never dies,
Lovers die; their love never dies,
Heart dies; its beats never die,
Body dies; its benevolence never dies,
Breath dies; its omnipotence never dies,
And life dies; but its spirit never dies.

48. LOVE EASES LIFE

Fantasy eases reality,
Waves ease stress,
Clouds ease monotony,
Lifeboats ease drowning,
Coconuts ease thirst,
Trust eases apprehensions,
Confidence eases debility,
Obsession eases extinction,
Belonging eases desertation,
Coordination eases manipulation,
Solutions ease aberrations,
Plantation eases afforestation,
Sacrifice eases greed,

Assimilation eases ruination,
Brotherhood eases enmity,
Sunlight eases depression,
Salt eases lacklusterness,
Fragrance eases boredom,
Sponge eases roughness,
Herbs ease disease,
Enigmas ease pragmatism,
Embraces ease professionalism,
Smiles ease frustration,
Dance eases hypertension,
Art eases solitude,
Philanthropism eases greed,
Innovation eases staleness,
Mysticism eases hopelessness,
Rainbows ease oblivion,
Dwelling eases wandering,
Moonshine eases blackness,
Caring eases insecurity,
Deeds ease aimlessness,
Nostalgia eases routine,
Sleep eases turmoil,
Deodorant eases perspiration,
Rain eases drought,
Butterflies ease seriousness,
Nature eases pompousness,
Signals ease traffic jams,
Whistles ease fanaticism,
Rabbits ease lechery,
Friendship eases barriers,
Pickles ease tastelessness,
Laxatives ease constipation,
Faith eases failure,
Solidarity eases minority,
Communication eases infidelity,
Romancing eases dreariness,
Flirting eases sonority,
Contentment eases poverty,
Festivals ease dilapidation,
Food eases emaciation,
Belief eases trepidation,
Children ease decay,

Conscience eases misdeeds,
Breath eases extinction,
Doctors ease suffering,
Kangaroos ease sulking,
Birds ease stagnation,
Chess eases monotony,
Kisses ease infertility,
Salutes ease cowardice,
Enlightenment eases confusion,
Woolens ease cold,
Water eases toxins,
Walking eases muscles,
Clocks ease oblivion,
Willpower eases obesity,
Winking eases seniority,
Leading eases introversion,
Currency eases survival,
Enthusiasm eases dwindling,
Foresight eases decimation,
Prudence eases stumbling,
Possession eases loneliness,
Variety eases staleness,
Hymns ease atheism,
Simplicity eases prejudice,
Prayers ease devils,
Synchronization eases aimlessness,
Regularity eases fiascos,
Cleanliness eases parasites,
Acceptance eases agony,
Hypnotism eases lunatics,
Perseverance eases capriciousness,
Captions ease length,
Interludes ease jailing,
Interjections ease drags,
Counselling eases addicts,
Optimism eases remorse,
Ramifications ease morbidity,
Encounters ease isolation,
Adoption eases worthlessness,
Fun eases age-limits,
Divine eases impediments,
Mothers ease rigidity,

And love eases life.

49. LIFE OVERRULES DEATH

Light overrules pathetic darkness,
Happiness overrules morbid sadness,
Greenery overrules blistering sands,
Optimism overrules lackadaisical diffidence,
Conviction overrules decaying weakness,
Radiance overrules overwhelming gloom,
Boisterousness overrules stingy silence,
Fragrance overrules dilapidated stench,
Charisma overrules stagnated boredom,
Smile overrules ostentatious tears,
Goodness overrules diabolically evil,
Pioneers overrule manipulatively mundane,
Literacy overrules bohemian thumb,
Water overrules spurious whisky,
Freshness overrules deliberate dwindling,
Enigma overrules monotonous lifestyles,
Passion overrules opprobrious nonchalance,
Flames overrule soggy matchsticks,
Alacrity overrules ominous dumbness,
Summits overrule lecherous plottings,
Adventure overrules abhorrent suicide,
Peace overrules satanic hatred,
Mysticism overrules chauvinistic ego's,
Tranquility overrules scorching summers,
Freedom overrules incarcerated slavery,
Art overrules baseless commercialism,
Wings overrule tyrannically dictatorial,
Immaculate overrule hideously tarnished,
Beauty overrules uncouth ugliness,
Nostalgia overrules snobbish bossism,
Truth overrules blatant lies,
Belief overrules sanctimonious superstitions,
Exuberance overrules despicable withering,
Melody overrules disgruntling cacophony,
Unity overrules treacherous bloodshed,
Compassion overrules horrendous indifference,
Perseverance overrules malicious trickery,
Childhood overrules mature melancholy,

Dance overrules lackluster sleep,
Courage overrules devastating depression,
Wind overrules claustrophobic fanaticism,
Angels overrule bloodsucking beasts,
Harmony overrules stuttering violence,
Ambition overrules aimless staring,
Meadows overrule cold-blooded rocks,
Time overrules obsolete oblivion,
Honey overrules lambasting bitterness,
Sun overrules debilitating blackness,
Stars overrule gory graveyards,
Majestic overrule mundane attitudes,
Non-violence overrules indiscriminate massacre,
Pearls overrule horrific feces,
Oceans overrule parsimoniously stingy,
Philanderers overrule austere businessmen,
Rainbows overrule deplorable survival,
Friendship overrules derogatory self-conceit,
Philanthropism overrules savage war,
Benevolence overrules abominable condemnation,
Enthrallment overrules murderous disdain,
Sacrifice overrules innocent slaying,
Activity overrules dithering solitude,
Patriots overrule devilish traitors,
Grass overrules cannibalistic vultures,
Sharing overrules pretentious presidents,
Mother overrules crippling brutality,
Soil overrules sleazy fertilizer,
Empathy overrules menacing drudgery,
Impeccable overrule acrimonious blemishes,
Tanginess overrules orphaned pity,
Exhilaration overrules irrevocable stubbornness,
Realization overrules faulty penance,
Humanity overrules parasitic stardom,
Knowledge overrules primordial rituals,
Shadows overrule bombastically embellished,
Memories overrule false reflections,
Whistling overrules clenched frustration,
Marching overrules obnoxious contraptions,
Swimming overrules pertinent numbness,
Speech overrules cheap advertisements,
Hope overrules vindictively rusty,

Rhetoric overrules nervous stammering,
Ideals overrule prognosticated destinies,
Snow overrules asphyxiating gas,
Consistency overrules flash-of-pan speed,
Panaceas overrule miserable disease,
Emotions overrule signed documents,
Parenthood overrules partying culture,
Grip overrules ludicrous slithering,
Flirtation overrules insidious adulthood,
Whole hearted-Embracing overrules nonchalant prayers,
Singing overrules incoherent wails,
Conscience overrules sinister judgement,
Heart overrules conventional textbooks,
Soul overrules unfortunate accidents,
Love overrules invidious betrayal,
And life overrules the chapter of inevitable death.

50. MORTAL TO IMMORTAL

A zillionth time I commanded my hands to arduously work; and they still languidly crept under silken carpets of sand; as the Sun majestically blazed from the sky,

A zillionth time I commanded my feet to march towards unflinching adventure; and they still tickled the tantalizingly sensuous orchard of fructifying raspberries with their big toes,

A zillionth time I commanded my lips to mumble inexhaustible hymns of righteousness; and they still pursed themselves uncompromisingly to indefinitely feast at the romantic moisture of the blowing mists,

A zillionth time I commanded my eyes to indefatigably search for newness in the atmosphere; and they still shut themselves into invincible sleep; to celestially fantasize into a land beyond infinite infinity,

A zillionth time I commanded my skin to ardently perspire; to nurture the true spirit of existence; and it still intransigently craved for an unstoppably fiery embrace; aimlessly loitering on avalanches of white ice,

A zillionth time I commanded my throat to diffuse into endlessly humanitarian melody that would wonderfully mitigate every tyrannized echelon of humanity; and it

still unceasingly drowned itself into tawdrily voluptuous rivers of scarlet wine,

A zillionth time I commanded my shadow to blissfully mollify the drearily bedraggled traveler; and it still purposelessly sauntered through the inscrutable forests; perennially wanting to bond with limitless compassion,

A zillionth time I commanded my blood to peacefully coalesce with the ocean of priceless oneness; and it still tempestuously gushed up and down my veins; like an untamed volcano in the corpses of hell,

A zillionth time I commanded my hair to compassionately swirl towards the aisles of ebullient paradise; and they still lackadaisically smothered amidst phlegmatic dry leaves stonily staring towards chocolate brown soil,

A zillionth time I commanded my bones to tirelessly surge to miraculously ameliorate the haplessly orphaned; and they still ached and sanctimoniously groaned till the realms of eternity; at the tiniest puff of wind,

A zillionth time I commanded my nape to drift towards every of those despairing dwellings which needed me the most; and it still laconically couched beneath a cistern of enthralling pearls; reminiscing the most immaculate moments of its life under their pristine glimmer,

A zillionth time I commanded my ears to unendingly listen to the unfathomably royal melody of mother nature; and they still intractably drifted towards the raunchily blaring music of the inarticulate discotheque,

A zillionth time I commanded my conscience to impregnate itself with nothing else but peerlessly sparkling truth; and it still sporadically got carried away towards the devastatingly obsolete mist of blatantly decrepit lies,

A zillionth time I commanded my belly to gyrate uninhibitedly to the tunes of the unbelievably unhindered nightingale; and it still did nothing else but gluttonously gobbling countless morsels of food in a single minute; before becoming the snore of the fathomless planet outside,

A zillionth time I commanded my brain to spell bindingly innovate; and it still immutably delved into moments of my unfettered childhood; the laziness encircling each of my bones; when I snoozing in the lap of my sacrosanct mother,

A zillionth time I commanded my skeleton to devote every bit of its entrapped

energy to the service of eternally unbreakable mankind; and still it wasted its amazingly Herculean tenacity; into seductively titillating women and wine,

A zillionth time I commanded my teeth to incessantly chew for the unfortunately old; and still they irrevocably spent their entire lifetime; masticating such a stolen pedigree of fruit; which in never any birth was ever theirs,

A zillionth time I commanded my breath to ignite inimitably passionate fires even in the heart of frigid ice; and it still endlessly flowed without the slightest reason or ostensibly sagacious rhyme,

But before I could ever perceive an ethereal iota or ever dream to authoritatively command; my heart had already commenced to bond its beats with infinite fragments of love; my heart had already commenced to perpetually burgeon with the Omnipotent freshness of creation; my heart had already commenced to metamorphose every mortal into immortal with the power of; omnipresent friendship.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Life = Death - Volume 10 - Poems On Life, Death

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 34 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 10 of the Book titled - Life = Death - Poems on Life, Death (1200 pages) . This enigmatic collection of poems explores and equates the boundless possibilities of life and death and delves into each intricate inexplicability of survival. Parekh's roving philosophical eye brings the unconquerable richness of life to the fore and yet at the same time explicitly highlights the veracity of 'death' as the absolute certainty of every existence. The poet joyously celebrates the occasions of both life and death with equal panache in each poetic stanza sewn with the uncanny mysteries of this Universe. The poems within immortalize both life and death as the ultimate victories and the two most contrastingly amazing and divine sides of creation. Catapulting the reader to the threshold of ultimate ecstasy; they bring about an impromptu twist with the closure of breath and what lies beyond. This charismatically woven collection of poetic verse would equally enamor the narcissist as well as the simple humanitarian to the core.

This book is a humble attempt to enlighten the readers with the equality of life and death-and to live in both of them to the most unparalleled fullest. Embracing only the religion of humanity, as the Lord has commanded every living being on earth. You cant die in life and cant live in death-each of these components are irrefutably equal in every respect and should be worshipped with due obeisance.

CONTENTS

1. LIFE'S A BRILLIANT MIXTURE OF IT ALL
2. SYMPATHY IS WORSE THAN DEATH.
3. PATIENCE-THE GREATEST ARTIST
4. FREE
5. MODERN DAY DEVIL- MONEY
6. FANTASY
7. IN MY SEARCH FOR LOVE.

8. MY POETRY
9. POINTING BACK- QUESTIONINGLY AND UNFORGIVABLY AT YOU
10. "INDIFFERENCE"-THE GREATEST "DIFFERENCE";
11. DISASTROUSLY ABANDONED ME
12. YOU'D DEFINITELY HAVE TO COME BACK 'TOBBY' DARLING
13. TOBBY—MY DARLING EVERYBODY
14. 31ST DECEMBER—MY ULTIMATE HERO.
15. EVERYTIME-AFTER I MADE AND ROSE IN THE SPIRIT OF LOVE
16. DEEP OCEAN OF SECRETS
17. EVERYTIME MY HEART PALPITATED FOR EXISTENCE
18. HE WHO DEFINITELY KNEW THAT HE'D DIE.
19. WHEN I WASN'T WRITING POETRY.
20. BRUTALLY BROKEN HEART
- 21 JUST WHERE WERE YOU?
22. IN OUR SUCCEEDING LIVES
23. DANCE UPON EVERY CHANCE.
24. KILL THE SMOKE. STAMP THE CIGARETTE. QUIT SMOKING FOREVER.
25. MAN-THE BIGGEST HYPOCRITE
26. WRITING POETRY
27. SWEAT BATH
28. HUMAN EMOTIONS
29. MIRACLE WARMTH
30. THROUGH THE EYES OF NEWLY BORN RAT
31. OPEN MOUTHED YAWN
32. WHAT IS THE USE
33. FANTASY MEAL
34. BEAUTY IN PURE CANDLELIGHT

1. LIFE'S A BRILLIANT MIXTURE OF IT ALL

Is life solely about benevolently donating each passionately eclectic instant of yours; to every tangible and intangibly hapless fragment of deteriorating living kind?

Is life solely about fervently loving someone so much; that brand new definitions of love were immortally embedded once again in every perceivably suspended ingredient—of the invincible atmosphere?

Is life solely about fantasizing beyond the realms of the ordinary; plunging deeper and deeper each zipping second; into an unfathomable gorge of inscrutably uncanny excitement?

Is life solely about inexhaustibly admiring every single of the Omniscient Lord's infinite creations; transforming into the truest poet at the tiniest insinuation of blossoming nature divine?

Is life solely about befriending everyone around you irrespective of caste; creed; religion or tribe; and irrespective of whether it was the worst of your enemy pugnaciously staring down the whites of your eyes?

Is life solely about titillating the obscurest bud of taste in your tongue; with the most inimitable cuisines directly from the lap of mother nature; for a countless hours in a day?

Is life solely about indefatigably sermonizing the ideals of symbiotically peaceful existence; which you'd yourself imbibed in each ingredient of your blood; as you'd unflinchingly traversed through every of its lane?

Is life solely about burying your face unimaginably deep into the bosom of your sacred mother; and then feeling the most unconquerable man alive—in the cold-blooded face of even the ghastliest of death?

Is life solely about living out even the most bizarre of your whims and eccentricities to the fullest; walking on your self created cloud nine all the time; as long as it didn't the tiniest hurt any living kind?

Is life solely about triumphantly breathing in the spirit of unassailable humanity; and unsparingly beheading even the most obfuscated trace of the devil; to amorphously feckless chowder?

Is life solely about incessantly singing hymns of beauty; perpetuating even the most robotically dilapidated cranny of the atmosphere; with the freshness of miraculously blessing creation?

Is life solely about sizzling each unfurling second in the flames of adventure; precariously teetering on the edge of space; yet feeling the adrenalin rush towards the ultimate summits of paradise?

Is life solely about earnestly saluting each act of altruistic kindness; falling in due obeisance only in the feet of immortal love; as it spread like a magicians wand in each poignant heartbeat alike?

Is life solely about looking forward to the optimistic rays of tomorrow; untiringly rising everytime you hopelessly flounder into nothingness and fall; to become the

eternal scent of a new dawn?

Is life solely about timelessly finding your very own inimitably priceless identity amidst a pack of satanically pouncing wolves; challenging the tyrannical norms of destiny to chart the pathway of your own dreams?

Is life solely about irrefutably saying no to even the most diminutive insinuation of dreaded lies; torching the mortuaries of lackadaisicalness forever with the Omnipresent flame of truth?

Is life solely about developing relationships more insuperably thicker than those of the 'blood'; where the tide of humanitarian compassion and friendship beautifully transcended over one and all?

Is life solely about reliving those impeccably golden moments of the exuberant past; transiting back into those fresh cries of birth—where the whole world for once became—a cradle of magnificent togetherness?

No. It never was 'solely'; but life's an emphatically brilliant mixture of it all.

2. SYMPATHY IS WORSE THAN DEATH.

Sympathy makes an organism feel dreadfully weak—as if the world around it had metamorphosed into a coffin of morose blackness; though an infinite streams of scarlet blood still ran enthusiastically through each of its blessed veins,

Sympathy makes an organism feel lividly inferior—with every living being in vicinity appearing to be a boundless times stronger; though they both were royally equal by the grace of the unparalleled Omnipotent Lord,

Sympathy makes an organism inadvertently lick decrepit dust—whereas it should've been unflinching marching forward in the fervor of bustling youth; head held high with its compatriot organism and only bowing down before the Lord Almighty,

Sympathy makes an organism a veritably devilish parasite-forever leaning and sucking upon its good-willed befriender; though volcano's of latent energy itched to fulminate from each of its robustly handsome veins,

Sympathy makes an organism wholesomely lose its own voice—as it started to profusely relish the extravagant attention and care; preferred to fantasize about the things that it'd like to do in life; rather than honestly sweat it out and reach

there,

Sympathy makes an organism overwhelmingly finicky and fastidious about the tiniest of things—again and again finding faults with the most majestically perfect of creation; as there was always a person to wholesomely commiserate with its every eccentricity and peevish demand,

Sympathy makes an organism haplessly infertile-pathetically unable to indulge into even the most sensuously bountiful pleasures of life; as inevitable habit compelled it to let others complete its job of proliferating its very own kin,

Sympathy makes an organism miserably fail again and again-as the inexplicably stabbing blackness that it'd enshrouded itself with; incorrigibly denied any beam of optimistic sunlight to triumphantly creep in,

Sympathy makes an organism look frenetically naked even when fully clothed-as it indefatigably kept begging for being fed even that morsel of food; which lay copiously sprawled right into the center of its palms,

Sympathy makes an organism an irrefutable devil on the prowl-inexhaustibly searching for that shoulder to baselessly weep; and then disgustingly sleep-float in an unfathomable ocean of tears,

Sympathy makes an organism a dreadfully unbearable burden upon the planet-as it neither wholesomely died nor lived; just kept flagrantly loitering in-between the dormitories of certainty and uncertainty,

Sympathy makes an organism hopelessly deteriorate into nothingness with every unleashing minute—as his unstoppably taking the support of others; made his very own spine rust and eventually crumble to inconspicuous dust,

Sympathy makes an organism an irrevocably maimed beggar—as he shamefully lost all his ability to sight; hear and fearlessly speak; wantonly clinging like a deplorable leech to the panic button of every second person on the street,

Sympathy makes an organism a coffin of cursed negativity-spreading the wretched stench of satanic dependency upon every step that he dared tread; and thereby maligning the true spirit of symbiotically independent life,

Sympathy makes an organism lose all priceless self respect-an attribute which was profoundly embedded in each of its veins just like an infinite other of its counterpart; right since its very first divinely breath,

Sympathy makes an organism look like an invisible ghost in front of the mirror—such an abominable jinx that was impossible to break; once it surreptitiously passed itself on upon another equally insipid organism,

Sympathy makes an organism come to such an exasperating stage—that it started to unceasingly ridicule its very ownself; as there virtually none else in this world who was as inconsolably sick and helpless as its rapidly flailing form,

Sympathy makes an organism come to an earth-screaming lifeless halt—as after a period of time every door on the Universe brutally shut up on its deliberately tear stained face; and that's when the true reality and hardship of life hit it right in the center of its eye,

And sympathy makes an organism entirely dead even in the heart of exuberantly infallible life—a lifelessly fetid carcass which was spat upon and shunted by every section of the society; even before it could try lifting its very first footstep on soil by itself

3. PATIENCE-THE GREATEST ARTIST

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to profoundly admire even the most infinitesimal droplet of rain that cascaded from the sky; eventually absorbing into deep recesses of parched soil?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to notice the streaks of latent agony lingering in the afforested land; where the truant man played the most ruthlessly barbarous devil of his kind?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to untiringly appreciate the most orphaned first rays of the evanescent golden dawn; which filtered a fresh chapter of beginning through cold-bloodedly damned blackness?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to blend even the most intangibly dying ingredient of your blood; with each vivaciously exuberant stripe of the enthralling rainbow in enigmatic sky?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to feast every pore of your miserably emaciated nostrils; on the ecstatically unfettered scent of the freshly rain soaked mud?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to be an integral

element of every stillness of the atmosphere; the perpetual silence enshrouding - which unveiled a countless mysteries untold of wandering man?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to conceive a boundless steps towards eternal success in your mind; before you could even alight the first physical step on veritable soil?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to be tolerant to every fraternity; caste; creed that existed in the human race; inseparably coalesce with all—to spawn into an unassailable singular mass of living kind?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to treat each anecdote of the severest failure with a smile in your stride; and yet optimistically treating each sunset as the messiah to the next Sunrise?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to talk to your very ownself; miraculously soothe your traumatically frazzled nerves with the unflinchingly fearless baritone that wafted from your throat?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to distinctly distinguish even the tiniest bird in the flapping in blue sky; just by the inimitable ebullience in its wondrous chirp?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to feel the astoundingly unparalleled goodness of creation; even amidst the most bizarrely slipping particles of hapless quick sand?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to make friendships with the most alien; sharing each estrangement of your heart like being the greatest pals of all times?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to grant a philosophical expression to even the most mundane thought of your mind; delve into the more inscrutably tantalizing version of vibrant life?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to capture even the most intricately vacillating shades of mother nature in the whites of your eye; to spurn enamoring poetry in each tear drop of untamed joy that dribbled down your cheeks?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to caress the obscurest contours of your silhouette in the ripples of the placid lake; loving each

aspect of your persona so that you could then shower the same bountifully upon countless more of your living kind?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to read someone else's mind—intransigently concentrating upon each bead of sweat that culminated upon the terse creases of the forehead?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt the art of love to its unabashed fullest; stretching the fathomless boundaries of your brain to beyond the definitions of monotonous convention—and into a heaven of impregnable beauty?

Ah well! Irrespective of what people say and would keep opining till the time they had voice and the earth existed-'Patience' for me is the greatest artist and brings out the greatest artist in you—Isn't it irrefutably true?

4. FREE

'Free'. The very word perpetuated even the most hopelessly deadened persona; forever and ever and ever; with rays of magically unfettered and inimitably priceless hope,

'Free'. The very word metamorphosed even the most shrewdly castrated of businessmen; forever and ever and ever; into a festoon of unabashedly delightful smiles,

'Free'. The very word triggered every human to shrug all inhibitions of caste; creed; status and religion; forever and ever and ever exist as impregnably one under the fathomless sky of the Creator Divine,

'Free'. The very word annihilated iconoclastically pompous anarchy; forever and ever and ever ensured that the most unconquerable of Kings as well as the beleaguered pauper; uninhibitedly ate in the same plate,

'Free'. The very word massacred even the most infidel insinuation of tension; forever and ever and ever cast an incantation of eternal happiness over every conceivable speck of the atmosphere,

'Free'. The very word quelled all pugnaciously beheading war to a celestial rest; forever and ever and ever showered a rain of miraculously ameliorating

equality; on granule of mother soil,

"Free". The very word magically resonated as the ultimate crown of existence

in all ears; forever and ever and ever triumphing over the devil of insanely tyrannical commercialism,

"Free". The very word timelessly rendered happiness to the breath of every miserably impoverished being; forever and ever and ever ensured that none slept a hungry stomach; on this boundlessly bewitching earth,

"Free". The very word perennially broke all jails of despicably humiliating slavery; forever and ever and ever liberated demonically asphyxiating blackness into invincibly befriending sunlight,

"Free". The very word unfathomably inspired every fraternity of existence to be wholeheartedly creative; forever and ever and ever unwound the clockwork of robotic despair; into a Universe of undefeated freshness,

"Free". The very word brought the most unbelievably ultimate revolution in people's attitude towards survival; forever and ever and ever making them give; instead of ruthlessly snatching the same from each other,

"Free". The very word put a veritable end to every instant of salacious gloominess; forever and ever and ever made an organism feel the closest to its rudiments of unashamedly simplistic existence,

"Free". The very word ended all painstakingly internal conflict of the mind;

body and soul; forever and ever and ever made a person realize that there was nothing more resplendent and unassailable than immortal love,

"Free". The very word uncontrollably spun webs of insuperably iridescent

fantasy in every mind alike; forever and ever and ever drifted all living kind towards the mists of tirelessly evolving heaven,

"Free". The very word added unlimited paces to every frenetically diminishing stride; forever and ever and ever fomenting living beings to do nothing else; but bond in threads of unbreakable compassion and blissfully proliferate,

"Free". The very word bountifully illuminated every delirious space on earth
with the beams of prosperity; forever and ever and ever completing the process
of existence with the signature of unshakable friendship,

"Free". The very word taught every heart on this Universe to forget
hate and solely love; forever and ever and ever coalesce every of its sacrosanct
beat with the unparalleled silhouette of the Lord Divine,

"Free". The very word made every organism profusely delve into the
realms of
sensuousness; forever and ever and ever realize that it was the ardor of
faithfulness that re-christened and added new dimensions to existence,

But did you realize; that for getting and acquiring everything on this gigantic
planet for "Free"; one has to first and foremost undergo the most
xcruciating of pains to take birth; and then pay the price of life.

5. MODERN DAY DEVIL- MONEY

It was neither the most brutally depraving of war; which unsparingly buried
countless innocent; an infinite feet beneath their sadistic graves; for no
ostensible reason
or rhyme,

It was neither the most treacherously pulverizing of prejudice; the salacious
desire to rise above your own peers; at the most unbearably tawdry costs of
existence,

It were neither the most bizarrely abysmal chapters of poverty; which fomented
several to wholesomely strangulate their necks; in fear of bearing the pangs of
agonizing emaciation in every of their conceivable bone,

It was neither the most acrimonious deliriousness of the brain; which led to the
most horrendously sacrilegious condemnation of living kind; with each fretfully
hackneyed route leading to the hell of nothingness,

It was neither the most acerbic of deforestation; the satanically barbarous
assassination of mother nature's womb; which led to the most unstoppably
wretched curses of all times,

It was neither the most derogatorily demented of manipulation; the baselessly divesting drudgery with which one man; left no stones unturned in exploiting his fellow and compatriot human being,

It was neither the most vituperatively wagging tongue; which hurled a boundless abuse to its very own mother and sister; before trading them off like worthlessly lifeless pieces of plaintive skin,

It was neither the most mortifying anecdotes of vindication; which led to cataclysmic conflicts between even the closest of siblings; with the spirit of reverence dying a torturous death,

It was neither the most sardonic ridicule on the oppressed and weaker sects of the society; the uncontrollable guffaws that enshrouded the human lip; at witnessing other organisms inferior to its sanctimonious swirl,

It was neither the most preposterously robotic rat race for survival; wherein the foundations of prosperity; were shamelessly erected upon the breathing bodies of innumerable helpless; men; women and children,

It was neither the most orphaned traces of blood; disdainfully weighed into monotonous machines; and then sold in black market according to the so called calibrations of the human race,

It was neither the most deplorable discrimination of human beings; on the basis of meaninglessly bawdy insinuations of caste; creed; color; race; frivolous status or tribe,

It was neither the most indiscriminate killing of rare wildlife; just for the mere and senseless appeasement; of that murderously anarchic celebrity's tongue,

It was neither the most perverted rapes on innocent women; by those high on rapacious wine and palatial sensuousness; using the wickedly inscrutable interiors of their mansions; for the deprivation of mankind,

It was neither the most indescribably pugnacious war for superiority; the diabolical desire to gobble alive another human; in order to perennially perch upon the absolute epitome of silver and gold,

It was neither the most egregiously uttered curses for all living kind; the insidiously ulterior motive to reduce life to a lame corpse; whilst pretentiously smiling towards the body of the flaming Sun,

It was neither the most unthinkable forms of dastardly suicide; the sinful closure of life; after which the spirit ghoulishly lingered between the amorphously lambasting land of heaven and hell,

It was neither the most blasphemously jinxed ingredients of betrayal; the demolition of the immortal heartbeats like a pack of futile cards; in order to fecklessly pursue the so called 'commercial ambitions' of life,

Infact if at all there was a thing which indeed led to all of the above; was the 'Father and Mother' of all of the above; then it was none other than an insanely modern day devil; worshipped today like crazy by one and all by the name 'Money'.

6. FANTASY

In the invidiously ghastly silence that enshrouds me; when even the most ferociously turbulent of waves; wholesomely refrained to culminate; after sighting the contours of my plaintively impoverished face,

In the pathetically hedonistic silence that enshrouds me; when even the most voluptuously sapphire of clouds; wholesomely refrained to thunder; after sighting the appalling dullness in my eyes,

In the mercilessly maiming silence that enshrouds me; when even the most inscrutably enlivening forests; wholesomely refrained to whisper; after sighting the haplessly crinkled veins on my feet,

In the ominously egregious silence that enshrouds me; when even the most majestically crimson lotus; wholesomely refrained to blossom; after sighting the horrifically jutting bones of my flailing persona,

In the diabolically stabbing silence that enshrouds me; when even the most royally towering lion; wholesomely refrained to roar; after sighting the cringe of fetidly decaying yellow clinging to my cluster of teeth,

In the vindictively devilish silence that enshrouds me; when even the most vociferously effervescent of bees; wholesomely refrained to buzz; after sighting the tears of directionless delirium in my eyes,

In the hideously cannibalistic silence that enshrouds me; when even the most uncontrollably spiraling fires; wholesomely refrained to crackle; after sighting the

miserably defeated philosopher in my breath,

In the flagrantly disconcerting silence that enshrouds me; when even the most aristocratically gliding eagles; wholesomely refrained to screech; after sighting the frigid barrenness of my freshly tonsured scalp,

In the truculently venomous silence that enshrouds me; when even the most vividly astounding rainbows; wholesomely refrained to shimmer; after sighting the inanely livid dialect of my slavering tongue,

In the murderously asphyxiating silence that enshrouds me; when even the most charismatically jet black scorpions; wholesomely refrained to sting; after sighting the innumerable knots in my deplorably battered writer's finger,

In the criminally cadaverous silence that enshrouds me; when even the most limitlessly cascading waterfalls; wholesomely refrained to gurgle; after sighting the ungainly stubble of barbarous beard; upon the sagging flesh of my cheeks,

In the disgustingly incarcerating silence that enshrouds me; when even the most sensuously virgin dewdrops; wholesomely refrained to titillate; after sighting the perennially lingering yawn of my indolently wretched mouth,

In the cold-bloodedly demonic silence that enshrouds me; when even the most unabashedly arousing of storms; wholesomely refrained to gush; after sighting the remnants of nothing else but maniacal gloominess; strewn all over my quavering spine,

In the insidiously lecherous silence that enshrouds me; when even the most brilliantly optimistic of Sun; wholesomely refrained to blaze; after sighting the mist of hopelessness predominantly reigning in each of my senses,

In the carnivorously deathly silence that enshrouds me; when even the most pristinely antiquated bells; wholesomely refrained to chime; after sighting the ghoulishly dying footprints of my sole,

In the drearily lambasting silence that enshrouds me; when even the most undauntedly silken snakes; wholesomely refrained to hiss; after sighting the blood that had now turned a febrile blue; in my severely starved veins,

In the torturously inconsolable silence that enshrouds me; when even the most spell bindingly heavenly dawn; wholesomely refrained to sermonize; after sighting the lethally anomalous clouds of sullenness; hovering round my nape,

In the ignominiously diseased silence that enshrouds me; when even the most fervently compassionate heart; wholesomely refrained to beat; after sighting the reverberations that the earth underwent; with each of my bohemian tread,

If there was really something at all that enlightened me; if there was really something at all that befriended me; and if there was really something at all that inspired me to the ultimate heavens of the divine; then it was none other than my; unconquerably unrestricted and unimpeachably glorious
"Fantasy".

7. IN MY SEARCH FOR LOVE.

Many a time I set out in frenetic search of poignantly crimson rose; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the feathers of cursedly fetid and ignominious decay,

Many a time I set out in ardent search of pristinely reinvigorating waterfall; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; fathomless lackadaisically arid fields of vicious drought,

Many a time I set out in relentless search of impregnably sparkling truth; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; an amorphously jinxed and jilted mortuary of lies,

Many a time I set out in unstoppable search of compassionately befriending wife; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; every kind of woman who maliciously battered me to the coffins of nothingness; after stripping me of the last ounce of my wealth,

Many a time I set out in earnest search of innocuously unbiased beauty; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; a graveyard of salaciously deteriorating and ribald politics,

Many a time I set out in unending search of the wondrously unfathomable ocean; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the invidiously steaming and uncouthly devouring sands of the ominous desert,

Many a time I set out in endless search of the optimistically shimmering stars; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the cold-blooded pathways of insensitively rocky ground,

Many a time I set out in indefinite search of uncannily tingling mystery; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the monstrously robotic edifices of the heartless corporate empire,

Many a time I set out in passionate search of deservedly bountiful fame; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the limitless dungeons of infinitesimally disparaging dust,

Many a time I set out in indefatigable search of majestically unconquerable kingdom; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the indescribably threadbare lanes of poverty,

Many a time I set out in timeless search of an eternally comforting abode; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the wisps of indistinguishably disappearing oblivion,

Many a time I set out in unlimited search of the religion of inimitably priceless humanity; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the carcass of lifelessly haunting indiscrimination and disparity,

Many a time I set out in interminable search of invincibly heavenly peace; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the disdainfully blood soaked mud of abhorrent nuclear war,

Many a time I set out in intransigent search of uninhibitedly heartfelt artistry; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the gallows of maliciously venomous commercialism,

Many a time I set out in undaunted search of ingeniously proliferating fantasy; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; the ghastly arithmetic of the currency coin; which had profusely inundated nearly every soul on this gigantic Universe,

Many a time I set out in unhindered search of enchantingly unparalleled innocence; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; a world of satanically asphyxiating drugs and drudgery,

Many a time I set out in inexhaustible search of altruistically ameliorating knowledge; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; haplessly quavering gorges of insane balderdash,

Many a time I set out in unprecedented search of honestly persevered livelihood; and eventually all I stumbled upon was; an unsurpassable conundrum of lechery;

which no doubt offered quick bucks; but each with a stamp of horrendous lies,

Paradoxically to the above; when I set out an infinite times in my entire lifetime to unwaveringly search for love; not only was every conceivable vein of mine forever blessed with its Immortal paradise; but I found all of my mind; body and soul in wholesome synergy with the Divine; with each volatile breath of mine.

8. MY POETRY

Nothing above it; not even an infinitesimal iota towering above its majestically untainted and gloriously unhindered swirl,

Nothing below it; not even a mercurial iota lurking beneath its fantastically pristine and sensuously enthralling identity,

Nothing antagonistic to it; not even an inconspicuous shade contradicting its bountifully emollient and triumphantly benign ramifications,

Nothing to the right of it; not even a transient degree swerving from its effulgently mellifluous and timelessly ecstatic shadow,

Nothing to the left of it; not even an ethereal millimeter away from its victoriously beautiful and interminably poignant cascade,

Nothing overlapping it; not even the most invisible whisker trying to obscure its ebulliently virile and royally unassailable luminescence,

Nothing sidelining it; not even the most obfuscated ingredient of royalty attempting to devour its altruistically brilliant and impreguably sparkling integrity,

Nothing overlooking it; not even an ephemeral molecule of indifference to its fervently undefeated and unconquerably ubiquitous caress,

Nothing victimizing it; not even an invisible ingredient of venomous commercialism trying to ensnare its uninhibitedly magical and voluptuously fecund wings,

Nothing beyond it; not even a diminutive speck of tantalizing mirage; trying to seductively lure beyond its beautifully sculptured and unbelievably enamoring contours,

Nothing surrounding it; not even an evanescent mist of mouth watering temptation encapsulating its perennially fructifying and compassionately befriendingly scepter,

Nothing blocking it; not even an unmentionably fugitive obstruction to its timelessly unfettered and astoundingly inimitable fragrance,

Nothing hypnotizing it; not even an obliterated spell of drudged witchcraft trying to control its insuperably magnificent and fathomlessly spotless soul,

Nothing empowering it; not even the tiniest trace of the tyrannically robotic devil trying to maliciously overwhelm its undyingly winning and divinely infallible incantation,

Nothing questioning it; not even a single moment of interrogation to its unshakably irreproachable and eternally burgeoning seed,

Nothing dictating it; not even an infidel insinuation of cold-blooded doggedness against its wondrously omnipotent and insatiably passionate heartbeats,

Nothing burying it; not even a minuscule thread of manipulation trying to brutally asphyxiate its eternally ravishing and universally blissful appeal,

Nothing discarding it; not even a transitory beacon of oblivion viciously trying to gobble its everlastingly sacrosanct and endlessly intrepid odysseys,

As whatever I had; dreamt or ever possessed; was solely and perpetually in it; was solely and perpetually for it; was solely and perpetually about it; was in fact solely and perpetually "IT" itself; and this "IT" would forever and ever and ever mean my "Poetry".

9. POINTING BACK- QUESTIONINGLY AND UNFORGIVABLY AT YOU

Whether you ludicrously pointed it; at the scantily clad beggars on the street; whose begging bowls were as empty as the impoverished carcasses that had formed in their stomachs,

Whether you disgustingly pointed it; at the brutally scorched river bed; from which protruded the most acrimoniously cold-blooded of stones; lamenting in the curse of an infinite impotent lifetimes,

Whether you accusingly pointed it; at those fearlessly patronizing harbingers of

peace; whose views were wholesomely antagonistic to your wretchedly contemporary and robotic line of thought,

Whether you deplorably pointed it; at all those as slow as the pot-bellied tortoise; consuming a major chunk of their lives to achieve their targets; as they miserably withered in their inevitable disability,

Whether you parasitically pointed it; to your very own ailing and disabled parents; for not perpetuating every vein of yours with the best currency and wine; even as they breathed their last moment of existence,

Whether you venomously pointed it; towards the empty sky; where there lingered not even the most infinitesimal of cloud; casting solely unrelentingly harsh light and no rain,

Whether you sadistically pointed it; towards all those incessantly wailing children; orphaned since the very first cry of birth; disdainfully spending the prime years of childhood in the nonchalantly fetid dustbin,

Whether you salaciously pointed it; towards the widow's dwelling; whose every aspect of life; now plaintively resembled the most horrendously shattered forms of glass; indefatigably quavering in her white robe without her husband,

Whether you sardonically pointed it; towards the penuriously starving artist; to whom the entire planet had showed its insanely rude tongue; for interminably philosophizing and fantasizing; instead of routinely melanging with its sanctimonious fabric,

Whether you lecherously pointed it; towards the nimble footed dwarf; who went cadaverously unnoticed; even whilst walking amidst a inconspicuous horde of red ants,

Whether you bawdily pointed it; towards the unfortunate blind man; who possessed coffins of hapless emptiness instead of eyeballs; for whom life was a mortuary of asphyxiating blackness; since the very first cry of fresh birth,

Whether you lividly pointed it; towards the unkempt tree; whose branches uncontrollably wept in the sweltering summer; bereft of even the tiniest leaf of compassionate shade,

Whether you violently pointed it; towards the childless couple; who inconsolably led a countless sleepless nights; considering themselves to be the most cursed

entities on planet divine,

Whether you ignominiously pointed it; towards the unfathomable valley; which timelessly reverberated and echoed with nothing else; but satanically maiming emptiness,

Whether you pervertedly pointed it; towards all those temples; mosques; monasteries and churches built on bare brick; which were home to the greatest of God's in most rustically bohemian of their forms,

Whether you meanly pointed it; towards the deaf and dumb man; who wandered like a discarded animal; amongst the indifferently galloping and wantonly commercial planet,

Whether you obnoxiously pointed it; towards the penuriously beleaguered lover; who was the laughing stock of the entire uncouth society; whose heart as well as pockets jingled with nothing else but; at times betrayal; at times love,

Whether you vindictively pointed it; towards the hour of silent midnight; whose every conceivable cranny was miserably obfuscated from every source of exultation and vivid life,

O! yes; point one finger of yours anytime; anywhere and as worthlessly accusingly as you could to anyone; anyform on this miraculously blessed planet; but do remember O! human; that the remaining three of your fingers shall always point back; questioningly and unforgivably at you.

10. "INDIFFERENCE"-THE GREATEST "DIFFERENCE";

It was infact the very sting of preposterously venomous "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest solitary "Difference"; in my otherwise overwhelmingly royal existence,

It was infact the very graveyard of acrimoniously sadistic "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest melancholic "Difference"; in my otherwise unsurpassably wealthy existence,

It was infact the very thorn of brutally infidel "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest castrated "Difference"; in my otherwise boundlessly opulent existence,

It was infact the very vacuum of deplorably imperiling "Indifference";

which actually caused the biggest devastating "Indifference"; in my otherwise fathomlessly abundant existence,

It was infact the very pyre of ominously extinguishing "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest cold-blooded "Difference"; in my otherwise limitlessly embellished existence,

It was infact the very jinx of hideously sacrilegious "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest hapless "Difference"; in my otherwise unceasingly star-studded existence,

It was infact the very dagger of intolerably perverted "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest tormenting "Difference"; in my otherwise ubiquitously respected existence,

It was infact the very leech of sardonically unbearable "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest penalizing "Difference"; in my otherwise inimitably flourishing existence,

It was infact the very ghost of disastrously maiming "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest dastardly "Difference"; in my otherwise perfectly blessed existence,

It was infact the very hell of truculently lambasting "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest wretched "Difference"; in my otherwise indisputably impeccable existence,

It was infact the very stink of heartlessly massacring "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest frigid "Difference"; in my otherwise unconquerably contemporary existence,

It was infact the very gutter of ruthlessly salacious "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest demented "Difference"; in my otherwise spectacularly nomadic existence,

It was infact the very dungeon of atrociously ribald "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest lethal "Difference"; in my otherwise ornamentally mollified existence,

It was infact the very blackness of sordidly impeaching "Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest annihilating "Difference"; in my otherwise voluptuously unparalleled existence,

It was infact the very rags of obstreperously victimizing
"Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest iconoclastic
"Difference"; in my otherwise immeasurably fortune 500 existence,

It was infact the very prison of diabolically incarcerating
"Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest desensitizing
"Difference"; in my otherwise magically Midas touch existence,

It was infact the very nightmare of excruciatingly agonizing
"Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest crippling
"Difference"; in my otherwise powerfully worshipped existence,

It was infact the very rust of inconsolably decaying "Indifference";
which actually caused the biggest livid "Difference"; in my otherwise
wondrously
tranquil existence,

And it was infact the very drudgery of egregiously devilish
"Indifference"; which actually caused the biggest betraying
"Difference"; in my otherwise unfathomably fulfilled existence

11. DISASTROUSLY ABANDONED ME

How was the air ever related to me in even the most insouciant of manner; yet it
perpetually ensured that my diminutive lungs; existed as the most royally
embellished throne for centuries immemorial,

How was the Sun ever related to me in even the most transient of manner; yet it
perpetually ensured that not a whisker of negativity lingered; for an infinite
kilometers near my stride,

How was the earth ever related to me in even the most penurious of manner; yet
it perpetually ensured that I replenished my emaciated stomach with its
appetizing fruits; invincibly slept on its compassionate belly,

How were the stars ever related to me in even the most obfuscated of manner;
yet they perpetually ensured that I was unsurpassably inspired and led to the
best direction; even in the incarcerating blackness of midnight,

How were the roses ever related to me in even the most oblivious of manner; yet
they perpetually ensured that I inhaled the scent of victorious heaven; on this

very monotonous brick city of earth today,

How was the ocean ever related to me in even the most evanescent of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that each element of my impoverished existence; was majestically replenished with the spirit of tangy adventure,

How was the sky ever related to me in even the most infidel of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that every ingredient of my brain could unlimitedly fantasize; merely gazing at its azure infiniteness,

How was the tree ever related to me in even the most ephemeral of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that every morbidly restless nerve of mine; found celestial reprieve in its compassionately befriending shade,

How was the grass ever related to me in even the most lackadaisical of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that every step that my foot traversed; would be amiably welcomed by a cushion of profoundly undefeated velvetiness,

How was the rain ever related to me in even the most fugitive of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that every famished pore of my divested skin; was unconquerably rejuvenated with the freshness of exotic creation,

How were the horizons ever related to me in even the most disappearing of manner; yet they perpetually ensured that I was triggered to imagine beyond the realms of the ordinary; for a countless more lives yet to come,

How were the deserts ever related to me in even the most deteriorating of manner; yet they perpetually ensured that my eyes were treated to the enigmatic vastness of the Lord's creation; the most astoundingly mouth-watering mirages of all times,

How was the rainbow ever related to me in even the most invisible of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that there palpitated innovation galore; in every beat of my feebly throbbing heart,

How was the Moon ever related to me in even the most cloistered of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that the milkiness of innocuous childhood; always zipped past through every of my estranged vein,

How was the forest ever related to me in even the most nonchalant of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that the innumerable sensitivities and forms of mother nature; inscrutably lingered in my soul,

How was the fog ever related to me in even the most evaporating of manner; yet it perpetually ensured that each of my robotically insensitized nerves; were liberated by the exultation of the wondrously enamoring mist,

How were the mountains ever related to me in even the most sequestered of manner; yet they perpetually ensured that every infirm and shivering bone of mine; was insuperably safe-guarded; against the deadliest of devil's attack,

How were the dewdrops ever related to me in even the most retractable of manner; yet they perpetually ensured that every curve of malicious depression on my face; metamorphosed into a gorge of unshakably miraculous newness,

And you; who were infact my very own blood relations; my very own brothers; sisters; father; mother; grandfather; grandmother; wife; children; uncle's and aunts; abandoned me when I needed to share my heart out with you; abandoned me when I sought comfort in your souls; abandoned me when I was a failure in my quest for success; disastrously abandoned me when I needed you the most?

12. YOU'D DEFINITELY HAVE TO COME BACK 'TOBBY' DARLING

So that each morsel of food that I consumed perfectly assimilated into each ingredient of my blood once again—instead of only wanting to vomit out with the fiercest tenacity the instant it entered my inconsolable intestine,

So that each passing draught of freezing wind fomented me to uninhibitedly shiver once again—instead of me facing it bare-chested like an amorphous piece of lifeless junk,

So that each holocaust of unfathomably bizarre pain evoked a tear in my eye once again—instead of just emotionlessly staring at blank bits of endless sky and languidly passing by,

So that each bit of happiness profoundly brimming in the atmosphere brought a smile to my lips once again—instead of them biting viciously and unstoppably against patches of desolate nothingness,

So that every ray of unfettered dazzling Sun illuminated the pathway of my truncated life once again- -instead of drowning me deep and more ghastily deeper into a mortuary of forlornly plaguing darkness,

So that each ounce of jubilant honey brought sweetness into the fabric of my

existence once again—instead of dreadfully embittering every conceivably innocuous beat of my soul,

So that each droplet of sensuous rain cascading from the sky tantalized me once again—instead of insensitively charring me down till the very last bone of my already deadened spine,

So that each infinitesimal bit of vividly blooming life made me a poet once again—instead of perpetuating the non-existent devil in me to incongruously curse under my breath,

So that each bountiful flower spread its majestic fragrance into the inane vacuum of my life once again—instead of becoming an intolerably decrepit stench which treacherously led me to the trench of gory death,

So that each tingling adventure impregnated that beautiful enthrallment into my survival once again—instead of dulling me into the most sadistically jinxed graveyards of monotonousness,

So that every vivacious rainbow in the sky ecstatically differentiated the boundless colors of my life once again—instead of maiming me for forever and ever and ever into a coffin of estranged blackness,

So that every exhilarating space around me granted me that spirit of untamed freedom once again—instead of barbarously suffocating me to the gallows of indescribably sinister death,

So that each element of desire aroused me to the most unprecedented hilt once again—instead of uncouthly silencing the last cry of my joyousness to stonily devastating hell,

So that every globule of aristocratic dew punctuated each nerve of mine with unparalleled fantasy once again—instead of becoming an unsurpassable ocean of blood for me to vividly float on,

So that each anecdote of true friendship made me immortally realize the beauty of life once again—instead of becoming the unbearably black stamp of hedonistic betrayal which stabbed left; right and dead center,

So that invincibly united strength taught me the ultimate chapters of humanity once again—instead of venomously chopping the entire planet into spurious differentiations of caste; creed; color and tribe,

So that every tangible trace of life which sprouted on the Universe made me believe in God once again—instead of maniacally driving towards the dungeons of insanely plundering devil,

So that every day for me became a 'valentines day'; wherein I ndefatigably breathed the essence of peace; love and friendship in one & all—instead of strangulating every pore of my body to horrific death this very cursed instant,

You would definitely have to come back to me 'Tobby' darling—for I knew no more life and love beyond you—you'd always be the ultimate hero of my eyes after God—and now alone without you; I can think of nothing else but death; death and wholesomely silencing death.

13. TOBBY—MY DARLING EVERYBODY

Was he an angel who'd descended right from the center of the sky; to bless each ingredient of my space with unparalleled happiness—grant me the unfailing tenacity to reach closer to the most impossible of my dreams?

Was he an invincibly pristine cloud—which incessantly showered the golden rain of prosperity upon my bereaved countenance; saw to it that I came out effulgently alive- everytime I entered my corpse entirely dead?

Was he the ultimate prince of my miserably asphyxiated destiny—who metamorphosed every maelstrom of flagrant luck that dared come my way; into a fountain of perennial happiness?

Was he every mischievously uninhibited wrinkle in my otherwise livid kin—which profoundly inspired every tangible and intangible entity that I encountered on the streets—and fomented them to majestically think?

Was he the answer to every flummoxing enigma of my dreaded existence—the most perfect sound of 'yes' which unequivocally dissipated from each of my entangled heartbeat?

Was he the pricelessly ultimate valentine of my life—taking me a fathomless kilometers away from every brutally estranged reality; innocuously dancing with me all the time in God's invincible paradise?

Was he the unsurpassable confidence that empowered even the tiniest of my veins—as the battlefield of life grew more and more cannibalistic and I was

subjected to the goriest devils of sadistic blood?

Was he every different word of unbridled innocence that my mouth uttered—solely epitomizing only the essence of truth in a world - otherwise deplorably swamped by a pack of manipulative wolves?

Was he the very best and untainted form of God's creation in my palms—uninhibitedly swaying from one corner to the other—and granting the most meaningful impetus to me in my impoverished life?

Was he the most unprejudiced moisture of my disdainfully shrunken eyes—genuinely leading me to the corridors of eternally magical freedom; reflecting my undying compassion for ever fraternity of living kind?

Was he the innermost voice of my inconspicuously buried soul—which earnestly strived for uniting the farthest ends of this boundless planet; into the insuperably miraculous religion of mankind?

Was he the embers of unflinching passion innately smoldering in my bruised bones—ferently clapping everytime I advanced towards any path of goodness; after crumbling into morbid soil?

Was he the impregnable fortress that fearlessly towered around each trembling part of me - safeguarding even the most infinitesimal aspect of my existence to the hilt — whilst I snored to the tunes of my very own whimsical dreams?

Was he the most faithful friend; philosopher and guide that I harbored—who stuck more unassailably to me than my very own shadow—even as I eccentrically marched the walk of ghastly death?

Was he my ultimate definition of a perfect living being—unfathomably mischievous and adventurous—yet one of the most immaculately princely pearl of God's earthly rhyme?

Was he every heartfelt tear that effusively cascaded down my eyes — as every different human chose to befriend the commercially sleazy devil from the atmosphere — rather than blend with the beats of immortal love divine?

Was he each of my ancestor and sibling at the most crucially critical of my times—lending his poignant ears to even the inconsolable of my cries—when the rest of the 'blood related' word round me had died?

Was he an inimitable magician that suddenly appeared out of nowhere in my beleaguered life—ensuring the most charismatically magnetic smile on my lips till the very end of my time?

Was he each of my heartbeat which never betrayed—considering itself the richest on this earth alive—as it loved and acquired love of one and all on this gigantic planet alike?

Was he my most infallibly perfect impression on mundane soil—as I chose to tread the path never ever taken before—upon which failure was the most certainly biggest writing on the walls?

Ah well, for others he might as well been merely a dog named 'Tobby' who had taken birth in the same form, at the same instant that he was dead - but for me he was; is and shall remain as my darling 'Everybody' till I breathe my very last and till beyond a destined more of my nicely varied lifetimes.

14.31ST DECEMBER—MY ULTIMATE HERO.

Irrespective of whether they were extraordinarily happy; or whether they inconsolably fretted in the aisles of utter desperation—with the gruesome blackness of extinction ominously maiming each of their senses,

Irrespective of whether they were perennially successful; or whether they miserably floundered a countless times even before alighting a single foot—unnecessarily losing it- in their bouts of whimsical fidgetiness,

Irrespective of whether they were unsurpassably rich; or whether they profusely slavered at the most diminutive morsel of food—brutally emaciating since a record number of days and treacherously freezing nights,

Irrespective of whether they were in unconquerable space; or whether they were left to uncouthly stagnate on the fecklessly sordid streets and hackneyed gutter bins of the country's largest slum,

Irrespective of whether they sang a boundless tunes in the praise of the Lord; or whether they sadistically licked up every pint of spit emitted by the vindictively trouncing devil,

Irrespective of whether they bustled as perfectly symbiotic busy-bodies; or whether they aimlessly loitered through the lanes of slandering oblivion—which'd nothing but hoarse regret to offer as a pathetic end-product,

Irrespective of whether they were unassailable magicians; or whether all what they dared touch; sullenly metamorphosed into frigidly incoherent bits of lame dust,

Irrespective of whether they were invincible perfectionists; or whether they perpetually adhered to the famous axiom 'To Err is Human' and immortalized the same with their relentless failures,

Irrespective of whether they were triumphantly persevering; or whether they lazed and endlessly lazed even under the most acrimoniously scorching sun; just because their bones creaked a trifle whilst getting up,

Irrespective of whether they were brilliantly optimistic; or whether they lugubriously crumbled every instant reminiscing the mortuaries of the dreadfully asleep past,

Irrespective of whether they were unflinching patriots; or whether they darted at the speed of lightening for cover; at the tiniest insinuation of the most imperceptible danger,

Irrespective of whether they were blessedly fantasizing; or whether they lecherously circumscribed their entire lives within the constraints of the monotonously clerical corporate office,

Irrespective of whether they were unconquerably truthful; or whether they were brutally trapped in satanically parasitic web of lies—resorting to it inevitably to find that ultimate escape route in today's manipulative world,

Irrespective of whether they existed on the freezing north pole; or whether they compassionately warmed each ingredient of their blood under majestic rays of the Sun; extreme south,

Irrespective of whether they conversed in articulate English; or whether they uninhibitedly recharged the atmosphere with every vibrancy of indigenous language that was spoken under the Sun,

Irrespective of whether they were the perfectly synchronized gentlemen; or whether they resided in rustically mud baked huts—bursting at the seams to accommodate an innumerable more of their kind,

Irrespective of whether they were Christ fearing Christians; or whether they were

an equally Bhagwan/Allah/Buddha fearing 'Hindus'/ 'Muslims'/ 'Buddhists' and every other sacred tribe on earth divine,

Irrespective of whether they wholeheartedly celebrated wondrous X-Mas; or whether they zealously indulged in the lights and colors of; 'Holi', 'Diwali', 'Muharram', 'Id' and countless other sacred festivals of the likes,

O! Yes—Irrespective of anything and everything—On the 31st of December every year—all of them joined hands in one insuperable mass together; embraced each other without the tiniest of discrimination -to welcome the newest dawn of all times—the dawn of a joyously happy new year—the first Sunrise of a magical 1st January.

15. EVERYTIME-AFTER I MADE AND ROSE IN THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

I felt as if every ounce of hysterical sorrow on this Universe had suddenly metamorphosed into the perennially glorious waterfalls of compassion; dissipating their goodness upon each bedraggled pore of my existence,

I felt as if the most horrendously parasitic of leech had suddenly started to donate an infinite granaries of blood to all those in need; abruptly shrugging the parasitic tag from each conceivable cranny of their demeanor,

I felt as if a boundless clouds of newness had suddenly formed an invincible entrenchment around every iota of earth; blessing its haplessly parched and commercially adulterated surface with a zillion droplets of creation,

I felt as if each inanely stagnating hair on my decrepit flesh suddenly rose towards the ultimate summits of undefeated paradise; and forever found its zealously real mission in life,

I felt as if each iota of contentment on this fathomless Universe was suddenly lined up on the contours of my miserably chapped lips; making me look forward to no greed or malice any further,

I felt as if a brilliantly streaming morning was suddenly rising out of treacherously maiming blackness; triumphantly maneuvering every devastated footstep of mine towards the path of symbiotic oneness,

I felt as if even the most frigidly orphaned of stones had suddenly become the supreme peaks of unassailable Everest; inviting one and all alike on this enthralling planet in the spirit of tantalizing adventure,

I felt as if even the most fetidly lamenting droplet of my sweat had suddenly become the most unparalleled cistern of happiness; profusely drenching each scorched arena of my existence with cloudbursts of ecstasy,

I felt as if each vein in my inconsolably cringing blood had suddenly commenced to generate a countless electric currents of goodness all throughout my soul; absolving me of even the most inadvertently committed of my sin,

I felt as if the whole manipulatively blood-sucking world had suddenly become my platform for impregnable success; to discover; to evolve; to admire; and to forever embrace with the blessings of the Almighty Lord,

I felt as if every worthlessly aimless step that I listlessly took- had suddenly some priceless purpose in god's infinite chapter of blissful creation; to immortally unite all in the fabric of insuperable oneness,

I felt as if every disdainfully creaking bone of mine had suddenly sprung like an untamed tiger; to inexhaustibly massacre even the most intangible trace of devil from this endless earth,

I felt as if every spell-bindingly panoramic fantasy on this globe had suddenly come into the whites of my eyes; royally perpetuating me to perceive beyond the extraordinary—each unveiling instant of princely life,

I felt as if every patch of languidly barren earth had suddenly become the ultimate heaven; the ultimate paradise; right in front of my eyes and without laboring a step further on planet divine,

I felt as if I could suddenly survive on limitless whiffs of air around me; abjuring every worldly pleasure in vicinity till my very last breath; with the Omnipotent light of the Sun and Moon my sole saviors,

I felt as if even the most mundanely committed actions around me—had suddenly become miraculously ameliorating poems of the most unprecedented degree; and my sole panacea for success,

I felt as if the brutally entangled labyrinths of my brain- had suddenly unleashed into an unsurpassable sky of freedom; where the only rule that existed was that there were not the tiniest of 'rules',

I felt as if each of my salaciously betrayed heartbeat-had suddenly been

embodied with the imprints of immortal friendship; which made me rise from my veritable corpse- to lead an infinite majestically new lives once again,

Everytime; O! Yes undoubtedly everytime; after I made; embraced and rose in the spirit of love.

16. DEEP OCEAN OF SECRETS

Be it belonging to the infinitesimally irate ant; who traversed an infinite steps in its journey from the bottom of the majestic dinner table; to its tantalizingly steaming top,

Be it belonging to the stoically invincible Everest; which stood with its head high as the lone unflinchingly exuberant warrior; even as the entire planet beside was dissolving into the mortuaries of hopelessness,

Be it belonging to the measly disheveled mushroom; frenetically staggering with each draught of fresh air; trying to solidly emboss its very own place in the languid bits of mud circumscribing it,

Be it belonging to the wondrously tangy wave; dissipating into an unparalleled festoon of royal froth; triggering an inevitable smile on every bygone face, after clashing against the seductive black rocks,

Be it belonging to the voluptuously crimson thundercloud; which craved and craved and unstoppably craved for its time; to melt into a boundless droplets of everlastingly mollifying rain,

Be it belonging to the incongruously bohemian barking dog; who uncontrollably growled nineteen to the dozen even in ghastly midnight; until its voice was eventually heard by its callous master,

Be it belonging to the perennially flowering tree; which blossomed into umpteenth a dazzling leaf every now and again; and whose each minuscule root had entrapped in it; the hidden enigmas of a time before time was pragmatically born,

Be it belonging to the diminutively impoverished cubicle of stray ice; trembling an infinite times every unfurling instant; in anticipation of its worst enemy the 'Sun' blazing out; and forever pulverizing the chapter of its existence beyond its livid grave,

Be it belonging to the indiscriminately behemoth dinosaur; for whom everything else on earth was a maudlin buffoonery of time; as it toyed with all creation in the center of its palm; till its last breath destined,

Be it belonging to the insignificantly tiny shell lying astray on the skewed shores; fighting left; right and center for its very existence; even as each gigantic wave inexorably tried to drown to the rock bottom of the sea,

Be it belonging to the vivaciously dancing peacock; which spread its romantic plumage full throttle in anticipation of its dream mate; with the very first showers of ravishingly golden rain,

Be it belonging to the obnoxiously fetid cockroach; spending an infinite of its lives fretfully meandering round the disdainful lavatory seat; an indescribable miles far away from the freshness of rising Sunlight,

Be it belonging to the raunchily descending bat; searching for every conceivable prey of its blindfolded; since its very first cry of morosely blackened and topsy-turvy hackneyed life,

Be it belonging to most impoverished ingredient of the atmosphere; swept to its non-existent grave every second by the slightest puff of wind; and then found floating again in some indecipherable part of the fathomless Universe,

Be it belonging to the very last brick in the boundlessly deep foundation; which timelessly winced in unheard pain; an intransigently agonizing scream which fell on deaf ears and with only the darkness around it as its lone companion,

Be it belonging to the pinch of vapid dust; which either got ruthlessly swept; heartlessly trampled; ludicrously blown; condemnably spat upon; by every cold-blooded stroke of unsparing destiny,

Be it belonging to the velvety blade of emerald grass; which perennially romanced in the aisles of untamed desire; with each droplet of mesmerizing golden dew,

Be it belonging to the evanescent entrenchment of the parsimonious horizons; which try as hard as they could; but were never successful in salvaging their own identity; amidst the day; afternoon and wild night,

Be it belonging to the incongruously babbling eunuch; stretching to every threshold of raucously unimaginable obscenity; in order to evict those

quintessential bundles of currency from the spurious society outside,

O! Yes, be it belonging to conceivably anyone on this tirelessly ingratiating earth; every palpitating heart has; is; and shall forever remain an unconquerably 'Deep Ocean of secrets'.

17. EVERYTIME MY HEART PALPITATED FOR EXISTENCE

Some relentlessly wiped the dust of it; just in order to relieve the unsurpassable restlessness that irksomely leaked from each pore of their; frenetically trembling fingers,

Some unceasingly wiped the dust of it; just in order to give each day of theirs a meaningfully pragmatic start; judiciously adhering to every conceivable thumb rule of cleanliness embossed in the scientific textbooks,

Some thoroughly wiped the dust of it; just in order to grant their otherwise haplessly beleaguered demeanors; that supreme hilt of sparkling achievement,

Some intransigently wiped the dust of it; just in order to be that very first infallible pioneering leaf; in the whole new chapter of bountifully civilized cleanliness,

Some fanatically wiped the dust of it; just in order to sight even the most infinitesimal curve of their facial contours; in its now wholesomely brand-new transparently scintillating glass,

Some painstakingly wiped the dust of it; just in order to keep even the faintest shadows of their existence pollution free; inhale an air more purer than what could be found in rhapsodically majestic paradise,

Some maniacally wiped the dust of it; just in order to wonderfully mollify their everyday habitual rages of exonerating every speck of grime; to beyond the realms of nothingness,

Some listlessly wiped the dust of it; just in order to expend their latently thwarted energies into something alien; whilst profoundly concentrating upon the cherished targets of their lives,

Some inexhaustibly wiped the dust of it; just in order to grant it the highest honor of their otherwise impoverished lives; seeking refuge in its invincibly peaceful contours—when the rapacious balderdash of the planet became too

devilish to bear,

Some iteratively wiped the dust of it; just in order to tickle the otherwise robotically estranged hair of their nostrils; with the unabashedly merry-making particles that bellowed in a jiffy inside,

Some snobbishly wiped the dust of it; just in order to grant themselves a feeling of fecklessly frigid superiority; that its destiny of whether to be clean or not; entirely depended upon the swish of their nonchalant thumbs,

Some laboriously wiped the dust of it; just in order to holistically rejuvenate blood in their otherwise haplessly paralyzed fingers; which had gotten so ruthlessly numb in the freezing winter morning,

Some irately wiped the dust of it; just in order to get rid of their inexplicably unwonted irritation; as they disgustingly snapped at every conceivable thing in vicinity since the first crack of dawn,

Some unstoppably wiped the dust of it; just in order to ease those endlessly painstakingly hours that lay inevitably in store; and that had to be conquered to taste the fruits of blissful success,

Some lackadaisically wiped the dust of it; just in order to merely caress their bewitchingly dreaming fingers; with a tiny ocean of glimmering pristine silk,

Some devoutly wiped the dust of it; just in order to regroup the miserably hackneyed lines of their shattered destiny; in its myriad labyrinths of mystical sacredness,

Some despairingly wiped the dust of it; just in order to frantically search for those stolen moments of happiness; which could be slyly lurking in the recesses of infinite oblivion behind,

Some dedicatedly wiped the dust of it; just in order to timelessly worship the image behind; from which eternally radiated every single pulse; every single color of their impoverished lives,

Whilst I never ever cleaned it; neither did I ever see the frame in which it was kept; yet immortally felt the photo of my God in its most royally unassailable form; everytime my heart palpitated for existence; everytime my heart throbbed for symbiotic life.

18. HE WHO DEFINITELY KNEW THAT HE'D DIE.

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst traversing through the forests; and the uncouthly ferocious lion snapping each bone of their apart into a countless disparaging fragments,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst voyaging through the ocean; haplessly drowning to the rock-bottom; and being sporadically pulverized by the hedonistic jaws of the shark,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst seated in the luminous aircraft; with the air-conditioned bewitchment eventually crashing and exploding like frigid pieces of nothingness against the cold-blooded rocks,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst at war with abhorrent neighboring land; being ruthlessly beheaded if caught; or otherwise being blown up like nonchalant ash-at the vindictive strike of the missile,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst cremating their near and dear ones; with the inconsolably despairing hopelessness of the situation; metamorphosing them into a living carcass for the remainder of their lives,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst inevitably impersonating invidious shades of lies to survive; with this most dreaded sin of existence forever dissolving them into their invisible corpse,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst toiling towards their dreams of becoming the richest man; with the last ounce of power in their bones eventually succumbing to the most unthinkably murderous rat-raced exhaustion,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst fast asleep past ghoulish midnight; with the most dreadfully maiming nightmares of all times snapping the last fangs of their inimitable breath,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst clambering towards the ultimate peak of Everest; ruthlessly devoured by the unstoppable onslaught of the avalanche and the heartlessly freezing wind,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst giving

miraculous birth to more of their own; with the excruciating pains of labor silencing the tiniest cry to palpitate in their souls,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst undergoing the wrath of morbid betrayal; with their breaths naturally ending before—they could dare view their beloved being passionately embraced and caressed in alien arms,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst speeding on the express highways; when clashing metal to brutal metal would foment such an acrimonious ball of fire—as never witnessed in history before,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst stepping out to earn their own bread; with the treacherously parasitic attitude of people around—extricating the very last droplet of their innocuous blood,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst the earthquake suddenly struck; being cold-bloodedly sucked into the horrendously fulminating belly of the earth—where there graves lay already dug,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst strapped to the exuberant parachute; with the ferociously plundering storm rendering them wailing and wingless—in their uncontrolled descent towards murderous stony ground,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst facing the relentlessly inhuman torture by the police; as they mustered up all their non-existent courage to divulge the devil hidden in their dastardly souls,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst anticipating their final examination results; with the feeblest contingency of a failure and the flagrant exoneration by the society thereafter; cruelly asphyxiating each of their heartbeat in their chests,

There were an infinite who thought that they might perhaps die; whilst attempting to change the course of their otherwise satanic destiny; with the irrefutably pre-destined sinking them deeper and deeper into their graves—the harder they tried to redefine and revolutionize time,

And then I met him; uncontrollably trembling and slaving in the mortuaries of uncertainty—he who definitely knew that he'd die; as he'd shared just a few idiosyncratically weak moments of his with his spouse; a few moments which he

wanted to entirely erase from the chapter of his impoverished life-but she on the other hand was waiting like a famished tigress to repeat the same to him at the tiniest human error he committed; and without the slightest of reason or rhyme.

19. WHEN I WASN'T WRITING POETRY.

Its like the highest summit of the Himalayas suddenly feeling disastrously pale and defeated; even in front of the most infinitesimally lackluster of squandering ants,

Its like those unlimited swarm of bumble bees suddenly feeling extremely bitter and remorseful; even in the heart of their hives—profusely inundated with nothing else but celestial honey,

Its like the flamboyantly brilliant Sun suddenly feeling as if pathetically squatting in limp darkness; even in the midst of the most tempestuously sweltering afternoon,

Its like the most towering of dinosaur suddenly feeling unable to gobble a minuscule leaf; even as several thousand of its teeth uncontrollably minced and roared to devour endless civilizations; just for morning breakfast,

Its like an infinite avalanches of the most frozen ice suddenly feeling like melting into nothingness; even as the chilliest winds of unsparing winter made mercury dip to several hundred degrees below trusted zero,

Its like the most robustly rollicking of body suddenly feeling like starving to an inconsolable death; even when sumptuously fed every hour with the best fruits and ingredients of nature divine,

Its like the most holistically inimitable brain suddenly feeling like heading towards inexplicable dementia; even when effortlessly solving the most pragmatic problems of mathematics at unbelievable speeds,

Its like the most amazingly fecund patches of timelessly proliferating earth suddenly feeling infertile; even in front of the disgracefully impotent wails of the vindictive eunuch,

Its like the stringently unstoppable needles of the clock suddenly feeling like stagnating in the mortuaries of solitariness; even as time inexhaustibly ticked forward to unveil into a revolutionary new tomorrow,

Its like the most gorgeously burgeoning of rose suddenly feeling asphyxiated from all quarters with worthless stink; even when people from all quarters of the globe were inevitably drawn solely to its invincible scent,

Its like the eternally rising sea wave suddenly feeling like the most listlessly pulverized weed; even in front of the fetid pile of slush incongruously blabbering near the lifeless gutter,

Its like the exuberantly twinkling star suddenly feeling that blackness was the sole ruler of the sadistic night; even though it filtered the most optimistic path of hope to survive in the darkness; savagely menacing around,

Its like the very first showers of ecstatically torrential rain suddenly feeling lividly desolate; even in front of the most worthlessly cringing and miserably abandoned desert sands,

Its like ebullient blood gushing through the veins suddenly feeling as if it belonged to someplace else; even as it indefatigably pumped the heart with unconquerable exhilaration,

Its like the majestic spider perched in the center of its web suddenly feeling decimated by a boundless feet on ground; even though the strands of silk absorbed it more compassionately and profound; into its own perseveringly crafted castle,

Its like the most wondrously efficacious panacea on this planet suddenly feeling that it was abhorrent venom; even though it marvelously and untiringly continued on its miraculous healing spree,

Its like the strongest foundation on soil suddenly feeling it'd worthlessly buried a countless feet under dead soil; even though it hadn't moved a whisker; in the most treacherously vengeful earthquake of the decade,

Its like the most immortal of heartbeat suddenly feeling blasphemously betrayed; even though the sky of perpetual love continued to harness and replenish the most inconspicuous of its desires,

And I can assure you, it was indeed much worse than all of the above; a feeling too unthinkably cursed to describe to even the goriest of devils out there; when though I had the entire wealth of the world—but unfortunately wasn't writing poetry.

20. BRUTALLY BROKEN HEART

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the diminutively flickering flame of the obfuscated candle; which intermittently sprang up rays of jubilant hope in the ghastliest of blackness,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on those rare and Spartan globules of water; haplessly trapped amidst the sweltering granules of the desert soil,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the sporadically appearing rainbows in the hazily lit expanse of sky; which cast a spell of uncanny enchantment upon every organism alive,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the enigmatically tantalizing mirages; which inexhaustibly kept the spirit of existence and aspirations alive,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the invisible droplets of blood of their sacred ancestors; which were the most altruistic rays of optimism amidst the profusely blood stained battlefield,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the precariously thin line which ran between insuperable truth and flagrant lies; which gave them the option of relishing both aspects of mundane life,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the fragrance of the seasonal lotus; which suddenly sprouted out of nowhere in the middle of livid slush; and yet miraculously enlightened every frazzled eyeball alive,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the very first droplet of rain which cascaded from sensuously cloudy sky; inexplicably tracing a countless of their past existence in its pristine glimmer,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the ladders of distant friendship; which though being continents and generations apart; always kept them hopeful of hearing a compassionately cheerful voice from the other end,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on that befuddling magicians wand; which appeared only at its own will; but when it did-it perpetuated in them a brand new fervor to exuberantly exist,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the haphazardly incongruous lines of their palms; which incessantly whetted their appetite for the very best to yet arrive in their severely devastated lives,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the parsimonious trickle of fantasies that time and again tickled their brain; making them experience undisguised utopia—right here on planet earth itself,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the blissfully tranquilizing shadows of serenity; which majestically calmed their nomadically beleaguered soles with the true panacea of life,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the oars of untamed adventure; which at times unflinchingly stood; yet at times pathetically drowned to the rock bottom of worthless clay—as the storm viciously struck out of nowhere,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the cry of every divinely new-born infant; which reached them more invincibly closer and closer to their respective gods and beliefs,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the fabric of unconquerable simplicity; which made them naturally relinquish each sinful desire and be a true comrade to their infinite other mates in unimaginable pain,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on the gorge of unprecedented risks; which perennially ignited the spark of their existence; till an infinite boundaries beyond their cognizance,

There were some who spent their entire lives; leaning solely on their immortal beloved; who became their Omnipotent guiding light in every state of their exultation and limitless duress,

Whilst I spent my entire life; leaning solely on the beats of my brutally betrayed and broken heart; which although perfidiously shattered; still made me breathe like a perfectly symbiotic human—before I ultimately forced my way into my veritable grave

21. JUST WHERE WERE YOU?

Just Where were you when I was inconsolably fretting in exasperation; with

virtually no other shoulder in the world to lean upon; to share he innermost secrets of my brutally agonized heart?

Just Where were you when I sat in solitary listlessness—for hours immemorial on the dining table; not wanting to savor even the most infinitesimal morsel of food—without compassionately befriending company aside?

Just Where were you when I unrelentingly tossed and turned all cold-bloodedly sultry night; fervently waiting for those ears into which I could whisper my innumerably inexplicable happenings of the day?

Just Where were you when I sat in stony silence after composing a boundless lines of majestic poetry; ardently wanting nothing else in this world; but you as my audience to hear and engross in the spirit of each word that I'd evolved?

Just Where were you when I jumped in unabashed exhilaration at achieving my very first triumph in this vast world; wanting to rejoice in its glory for moments unprecedented in the passionately sensuous warmth of your arms?

Just Where were you when I inexhaustibly wept tears of emptiness; when the knives of loneliness stabbed me deeper and deeper; to make me a living carcass more ghoulish than its veritably dead counterpart?

Just Where were you when I sat in morose submission—rejected by the entire world; but still with untamed fires burning alive in my eyes; as I timelessly awaited you to ask me as to how I felt—as to what had I recently undergone?

Just Where were you when I was irrevocably trapped in the hell of lecherous mayhem; refusing every ounce of benign help that came my way; untiringly desirous of only your unparalleled countenance coming to my rescue?

Just Where were you when I needed that pricelessly inevitable pat on my back; after endeavoring for a countless hours on the trot to spawn sheer and insatiably rhapsodic newness; out of a graveyard of nothingness?

Just Where were you when I sought those minuscule bits of admiration for every honorary accomplishment of mine; inspiring me all the more and indefatigably on the path towards altruistic righteousness?

Just Where were you when I needed to quell the unsurpassably raging fires of my flesh; with the magically silken caress of your skin; forever become one in the fragrance of your bountiful existence?

Just Where were you when I'd desperately cuddled to a bundle of frazzled fright;
when all I perennially waited for was your rejuvenating voice; to sweep me of my
beleaguered feet and into the land of invincible utopia?

Just Where were you when I endlessly kept listening to the rapid ticking of the
grandfather clock; waiting for the doors to open with a bang upon your blessed
arrival; and the sound of your mesmerizing footsteps overwhelming everything
else in vicinity?

Just Where were you when I audaciously chose the road never ever tread upon;
and then having done so I needed your friendship and inspiration all the more; to
survive amidst a pack of savage wolves and emerge effulgently victorious?

Just Where were you when I'd shunned and shunted everything else in the world
for you; walked out of my parent's palace at strokes well past midnight—to meet
you at the footsteps of the mosque; from where we'd planned to silently elope?

Just Where were you when I was starving to an unforgivably gruesome death
just outside your doorstep; waiting for your eyes to atleast recognize me-if not
make love; as an organism whom you once upon a time profoundly and dearly
loved?

Just Where were you when I was fighting an infinite devils singlehandedly; when
I so badly wanted your voice from behind to encourage and pep me up each
unleashing minute; and not at all the muteness of the atmosphere as my lone
savior?

Just Where were you when I was just about to leave for my heavenly abode;
relinquishing my physical form forever at the commands of the Lord; indisputably
wanting to utter just once in your ears; as to how much I missed you?

And now when I'd only started to plan as to how to legally give you divorce;
separate you from each aspect of my life; you suddenly seemed everywhere-as if
landed from the land of nowhere; spuriously smiling and comforting me to save
our goddamned marriage; only so that not just half-but every part of my hard
earned richness always remained the complete gloss of your artificial lips? .

22. IN OUR SUCCEEDING LIVES

Just when we'd completed the most immortally blessing kiss of all times; with
our insatiably crimson lips; now profusely oozing cloudbursts of unparalleled

passion,

Just when we'd completed the most sensuously tantalizing chase of all times;
with our enigmatically aroused skin pores now desiring nothing else but the
untamed smooch of our lips,

Just when we'd completed the most thunderously igniting caress of all times;
with our arms now wanting to altruistically relinquish everything worldly around;
to forever unite in the spirit of invincible oneness,

Just when we'd completed the most mellifluously romantic songs of all times;
with our throats now voicing the innermost tunes of our enamoring soul; without
moving even an infinitesimal fraction,

Just when we'd completed the most heart-to-heart discussions of all times; with
our forms now desiring nothing else but celestial rest; for an infinite more
destined lifetimes,

Just when we'd completed the most symbiotically shared meals of all times; with
our bloodstreams now eternally united in the strings of miraculously ameliorating
humanity,

Just when we'd completed the most boundlessly bewitching fantasizing of all
times; with our brains now fully comprehending each other in every tangible and
intangibly cognizable shape; situation; color and form,

Just when we'd completed the most ravishingly unbridled explorations of all
times; with our fingers now wanting to solely intertwine in the best of friendship
on this earth—that eventually led to the gates of ultimate paradise,

Just when we'd completed the most euphorically mollifying victories of all times;
with our spirits now yearning to only see- the devil being unsparingly torched to
the last bone of its fecklessly frigid spine,

Just when we'd completed the most spell-bindingly fiery dance of all times; with
our muscles and bones now only fervently yearning—to wholesomely surrender
to every stroke of destiny and unleashing time,

Just when we'd completed the most wholeheartedly untamed guffaw of all times;
with our jaws now wanting to do nothing else; but contentedly sleep for a
thousand more centuries to unveil,

Just when we'd completed the most voluptuously exotic suckling of all times;
with our tongues now finding heavenly sweetness; in even the most bitter venom
that dared cascade on them,

Just when we'd completed the most brilliantly sensitive poetic verses of all times;
with our palms now feeling as if uninhibitedly swaying in rhapsodic utopia; right
here on the trajectory of mundanely commercial earth,

Just when we'd completed the most unbelievably philanthropic charities of all
times; with our souls now feeling washed and wholesomely eradicated; of a
countless derogatory sins of a countless treacherous past lives,

Just when we'd completed the most stupendously intricate nibbling of all times;
with our teeth now happily and unabashedly chattering a nineteen to the dozen;
for the rest of our lives,

Just when we'd completed the most unflinchingly beautiful marriage rituals of all
times; with our nerves now blissfully bonded into one unassailable mass; with
the blessings of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

Just when we'd completed the most unsurpassable admiration of all times; with
our speech now liberating and insuperably uniting with the Omniscient aura of
the lord—as we continued to sing an infinite hymns of praise for all his infinite
creation,

Just when we'd completed the most poignantly unmatched mating of all times;
with our bodies now unstoppably laughing; at even the most ghastliest prospect
of going down the grave,

Continents apart. You got up with a jerk from your divinely sleep in the arms of
your husband. And I got up with a bolt of lightening even greater- viciously
crumpled under the bohemian feet of my wife. And how we wished and wished
and wished; that this impossible dream of ours atleast got completed after our
deaths; and in our succeeding lives.

23. DANCE UPON EVERY CHANCE.

Whether it be as inconspicuous as an invisibly dissolute ant; or whether it be as
towering as the highest apogee of the invincibly towering mountain; upon which
fell the very first rays of the brilliant Sun,

Whether it be as overpoweringly black as the color of unearthly midnight; or

whether it be blazing towards an infinite new civilizations of tomorrow—like the profusely ameliorating beams of empowering dawn,

Whether it be as evanescent as the parsimoniously deteriorating horizons; or whether it be as veritably fathomless as the gigantically swirling oceans and the endless chain of black rocks,

Whether it be as infantile as the nimble squeak of the freshly born baby rat; or whether it be as impregnably majestic as the inimitably unparalleled roar of the unflinching lion,

Whether it be as frivolous as the sporadically changing winds; or whether it be as undefeatedly passionate as the shades of insuperably humanitarian and united blood,

Whether it be as light veined as the inane balderdash of the limpid clown; or whether it be as redolently immortalizing as a boundless lines of ecstatically bountiful poetry,

Whether it be as acrimoniously arid as the blistering sands; or whether it be as torrentially sumptuous and everlastingly life-yielding as the unabashedly tumbling droplets of golden rain,

Whether it be as nonchalant as the ephemerally livid whisper; or whether it be as royally unassailable as the indefatigably euphoric and vociferous lightening of the crimson sky,

Whether it be as ludicrously feeble as the abnormally rickety pack of cards; or whether it be as insuperably fortified as the magical Universe whose foundations rested on eternally unified love,

Whether it be as excruciatingly tantalizing as the betraying mirage; or whether it be as inevitably definite as the perennially nurturing complexion of the soil; which was a princely dark brown,

Whether it be as nervously tottering like the abysmally old man stumbling towards his grave; or whether it be perpetually bouncing in the victorious vigor and ardor of wondrously youthful life,

Whether it be as dismally oblivious as the full cry of the non-existent mosquito; or whether it be full; eternal and ravishingly triumphant as the entire Universe of philanthropic justice,

Whether it be as disdainfully terrestrial as the transient blade of pulverized green grass; or whether it uninhibitedly flapped its wings like a surreally adorned queen through fathomless bits of azure sky,

Whether it be as cunningly slippery as the bewilderingly groping eel; or whether it be as infallibly faithful as the girl of your every dream; who fearlessly stood abreast you to rejoice and smilingly accept the ghastliest of death,

Whether it be as uncannily eccentric as the croaking witch's anointed broomstick; or whether it be as enthrallingly pragmatic as the unnervingly ticking -centuries old town clock,

Whether it be as deplorably jinxed as the fetidly disgruntled graveyard; or whether it be as miraculously blessed as every synergistically palpitating creation of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

Whether it be as treacherously cheating like the feckless shadow which came and disappeared with each shade of the light; or whether it be as timelessly befriending as the breath in the lungs; which only left you after your veritable death,

Whether it be as pathetically ungraspable as the stream of widowed water; or whether it be like all those people around you who unstoppably embraced you for solely what you were and what you were destined to be,

And I really don't care; be it in whatever shape; form; color or intensity; but as long as its for the betterment of humanity and my very own self; and the very instant it comes my way; I'd definitely and wholesomely dance upon every chance.

24. KILL THE SMOKE. STAMP THE CIGARETTE. QUIT SMOKING FOREVER.

Before it vindictively enshrouds every pore of your skin; with its despairingly hideous tinges of cancerous yellow,

Before it metamorphoses you into a carcass of nothingness; with even the most amorphous of scarecrow looking more robust than your disastrously haggard flesh,

Before it reduces you to nothing more than a stinking dustbin of worthless dust; making people around you run an infinite distance-the instant you passed sullen

air through your lips,

Before it inevitably renders you into a coughing corpse; disdainfully sputtering like a crankily quaint engine without gas; everytime you tried to squeakily mumble your very own name,

Before it coerces your entire persona to rattle like a jinxed saucepan of emptiness; as each of your bones squandered and creaked with insipidity; everytime you dared tread on soil,

Before it unsparingly massacres the bountiful virility in your seeds; leaves you staggering like an impotent moron; who wasn't even fit to care for an adopted child,

Before it imprisons you forever in its swirl of addictive baselessness; with even the most priceless pearls of love now seeming to be a transient illusionary mist of debilitating decay,

Before it transforms your holistic visions into that of the devil; wanting to do nothing else but spend a life in bizarre isolation; with fathomless bellows of stale wind for breakfast; lunch and dinner,

Before it perpetuates its diabolically bloodshot tinge into the pristine whites of your eye; reducing you from an apostle of happiness to a hapless spirit of the cadaverous graveyard,

Before it miserably trounces your appetite to win- beguiling you with its non-existent witchly stride; doping your otherwise alert brain with severe confusion to traverse even the straightest roads of life,

Before it makes you a fecklessly rejected thorn of the society; for polluting and harming priceless environment around you; with your very own venom laden mouth,

Before it devastates you beyond the point of no return; as you fondly frolicked in the glory of those tensionless childhood days; which now seemed to be getting dimmer and dimmer with each stroke of the helplessly deteriorating night,

Before it horrendously strangulates your lungs with all heaviness that ever existed; making you feel as if you carried the weight of the whole planet; whereas you were now just a pair of crumbling bones all over; as you walked,

Before it annihilates every taste bud of tantalizing freshness in your tongue; transforming you into an insane dragon wanting to gobble worthless chunks of desolate deathly fire all the time,

Before it besieges every droplet of your royally persevered sweat with its rotten stench of parasitic gloom; making you feel like a miserable ant waiting to be trampled any instant; even after achieving the entire wealth of the world,

Before it curses you with the onset of lividly emancipating old age in the prime of ebullient youth; as hordes of veritably old men and women hoisted your paperweight frame; for you to do your daily chores,

Before it makes you a blatant outcaste with your very own intestines; which preferred to choke forever into submission; rather than bear the poisonous puff of wind indescribably molesting them,

Before it blows the candles of your mesmerizing life forever; with the horizons of its asphyxiating blackness; which never rose to any fresh dawn or sparkling tomorrow,

Before it painstakingly chars every organ of your beautiful body into the coffins of extinction; with your orphaned black soot then being compared with some of the most lamentful specimens of self-destruction,

Before it makes you an integral part of its thwarted family- consisting of nothing else but boundless mortuaries of ghosts; spirits and countless other bits of despondent meaninglessness,

Before it takes your holistic spirit far far away from God; as you were not just simply exhaling it; but creating living carriers of cancerous disease all around you; each time you breathed out that tawdrily contaminated air,

Before it insidiously creeps in the form of raw red to the edge of your throat; dissipating into oceans of immeasurable slain blood everytime you stuttered; wheezed and spat,

Before it penalizes you to the most extreme degrees of seclusion; disease; repulsion; abhorrence and death; for just being a wonderful host to that lackadaisically jaded pipe like structure with your lips,

Save your life. Kill the Smoke. Stamp the cigarette. Quit smoking forever.

25. MAN-THE BIGGEST HYPOCRITE

He thanked the simmering rays of the Sun from the innermost realms of his heart; for compassionately befriending his every heartlessly chilly winter morning,

Whilst the same man unrelentingly abused the same Sun for transforming him into a gutter of disdainful sweat; as the peak of afternoon crept by and he trespassed his terrace barefoot.

He thanked the voluptuous puffs of clouds for permeating each instant of his otherwise bedraggled day; with unparalleled fantasies of desire; charm and inseparable longing,

Whilst the same man viciously abused the same clouds for bruising him beyond repair; as he stumbled into the valley shouting for his life; losing his footing into the velvety fading light.

He thanked the tree to no end for providing him the most blissful shade of his life; wading all his worries to an eternal rest as he uninhibitedly slept on its motherly trunk,

Whilst the same man intransigently abused the same tree for becoming an infuriating hindrance; as he frantically searched for his beloved amidst the fathomless network of forest grapevines; branches; stalks and leaf.

He thanked the gigantic waves till his last trace of voice; for rhythmically lifting his boat high and handsome towards the sky; with poetically vivacious strokes galore,

Whilst the same man bawdily abused the same waves for betraying him as he sank to the rock bottom of the ocean with his boat; suddenly not able to withstand the undefeated flamboyancy of the waves anymore.

He thanked the surreally silent night with all his might; for giving him that much needed inevitable reprieve from the vagaries of this planet; where every robotic morning of worry led him to think only suicide,

Whilst the same man unsparingly abused the same night for rendering him in a state of abject loneliness; deserting him in fear of being indiscriminately robbed as he incoherently babbled with the winds.

He thanked the unflinchingly straight walls with tears of gratitude in his eyes; for being his best and most faithful companion; as he talked to them when the entire world shunted and made parodies of his eccentric delights,

Whilst the same man vindictively abused the same walls for badly bruising his nose and imprisoning him till eternity; each time he tried to run and feel the

fresh atmosphere; outside.

He thanked the fathomless desert for triggering his imagination to the most unprecedented limits; as the endless expanse of golden sands made him a spontaneous artist filled with prolific joy of the living kind,
Whilst the same man inconsolably abused the same desert for making him completely lose his moorings; hopelessly stranding him amidst a labyrinth of only dust; as he winced to take on the force of one of his chilliest nights.

He thanked the gustily blowing wind with open arms; for soaring his kite like the ultimate magician up into bits of limitless sky; as his fingers swayed to the tunes of the ardently charged string,
Whilst the same man inexorably abused the same wind for ruthlessly pushing him to a racy death- -100 floors down his building; as it blew just a trifle too harder for his comfort and his foot inadvertently tripped.

He thanked the triumphantly scintillating glass for honestly portraying every contour of his personality; as he stood up with integrity on his hard earned patch of soil,
Whilst the same man implacably abused the same glass for making him an inferior societal neglect; as it reflected scores of other thousands of beings more beautiful than him; and he now prepared himself to lead a life ahead full of misery; self-destruction and gloom.

He thanked the virgin streaks of white lightening for igniting the most dormant arenas of his brain; leading him to discover the inexplicably mysterious world beyond the mundane,
Whilst the same man horrifically abused the same lightening for reducing him into bits of invisibly ludicrous ash; as he stood a bit longer under it to admire it in its full and untamed glory.

He thanked the tumultuously pelting drops of sensuous rain with passionate folded palms; for blessing every disastrously parched nerve of his with rhapsodic delight,
Whilst the same man barbarously abused the same rain for indefinitely stranding him within four walls; as the incessant downpour exasperatingly cut his every feasible link with the commercial globe outside.

He thanked the boundlessly dense forests for allowing him to discover his quintessential roots; as he let the seductive spray of the dew evoke memories of the supernatural and beyond; in the spectacularly star-studded night,
Whilst the same man remorsefully abused the same forests for making him a

wastrel wanderer; slapping the tag of a good-for-nothing eccentric recluse into his now mysteriously groping eyes.

He thanked the compassionate woman living with him for making him feel complete in every aspect of his existence; transcending his every desire beyond the zenith of fulfillment,
Whilst the same man cruelly abused the same woman for circumscribing his life into realms of responsibility; rendering him a mere puppet to fulfill his worldly duties bereft of all spice; after a while.

You know why. Because every Man on earth; myself included; is the biggest Hypocrite

26. WRITING POETRY

Writing poetry is like the newborn draughts of ecstatic wind; kissing the innocuous cluster of green leaves; with the most uninhibited ardor and camaraderie of all times,

Writing poetry is like the soul wholesomely cleansing itself of even the most inadvertently committed of its sins; as it blended with the beats of magical verse; which transcended over every religion; caste; creed; color and tribe,

Writing poetry is like a bird exuberantly flapping its wings; having just being released from years of insidious captivity; and now ready to commence upon its most royal flight,

Writing poetry is like the queenly droplet of glistening sweat; which tantalized the skin to the nth degree of sensuousness; as it enchantingly traversed towards the most hidden corner of the big toe; and then embraced death,

Writing poetry is like a kingly magnet attracting the most inanimate objects; and then befriending them forever in a swirl of invincible togetherness; under the broadest daylight and sinister blackness of the morbid night,

Writing poetry is like a vivacious rainbow enlightening even the most drearily lambasted portions of adulterated living kind; with new found rays of courage; compassion and everlasting hope,

Writing poetry is like pristine white lightening enrapturing the entire Universe; reducing every trace of sin to infinitesimal ash; and rekindling every soul towards the path of freshly untainted optimism,

Writing poetry is like an untamed whirlpool reaching its enthralling crescendo; and devouring everything and anything that came in its vicinity; into the flames of its unabashed desire,

Writing poetry is like the ebullient scent of virgin mud after showers of unfettered rain; which evoked life of all shapes; sizes and color on the Universe; to sing and dance in the timeless rhythm of a united existence,

Writing poetry is like a cathartic revolution for something to happen from the wisps of absolute nothingness; so that every ingredient of the besmirched human atmosphere; started to reverberate with the pulsations of companionship,

Writing poetry is like the wail of freshly born life; when the cradle of undefeated innocence bonded one and all alike; in a never before celebration of infallible newness,

Writing poetry is like the crackling voice of thunder heard at a distance; tingling the corridors of the mind with mystery unprecedented; as cloudbursts of rain fervently advance in their odyssey towards simmering ground,

Writing poetry is like freshly formed globules of golden dew being dispersed into a boundless more bits of their kind; with every footstep that voluptuously caresses the blades of sensitive grass,

Writing poetry is like dazzling rays of dawn splitting into zillion rays of blessed light; illuminating every conceivable cranny of earth; with the joyously rejoicing power to survive; till destined,

Writing poetry is like a promise made and irrefutably adhered to till the end of life; upon the foundations of solidarity; truth; friendship and most importantly the religion of humanity,

Writing poetry is like a nightingale humming the sweetest songs of its life; every day a different tune; but with an unhindered intensity which kept proliferating leaps and bounds; till the time it existed,

Writing poetry is like an undefeated zealous wave; which rose yet again; victoriously undulating and high towards blue sky; even after being reduced to nothingness- clashing against the merciless grey rocks,

Writing poetry is like uninhibitedly dancing upon every chance that life offered;

expending every ounce of trapped frustration in the nerve wrecked body; to blend in impregnable oneness with the fathomless atmosphere,

Writing poetry is like falling deeper and deeper into the valley of Immortal love; a love which made you feel alive without a grain of food in your body; as it became your sole reason; elixir; direction and adventure to survive.

27. SWEAT BATH

Neither was the most contemporarily powerful of air-conditioner needed; even as the heat outside raced to an unbearable scorch,

Neither was there the most infinitesimal puff of wind that could provide any respite; as time painstakingly crawled to welcome a fresh dawn,

Neither did ice form into mesmerizing cubes even in the deepest freeze; as virtually everything in vicinity was shredded asunder in fiery whirlpools of the afternoon,

Neither did wondrously tantalizing waves of the oceans reach the penurious doorstep; as they were pragmatically speaking - continents and poles apart,

Neither did the most rhapsodically delectable ice-creams and candies cause a diminutive dent; as the blazing heat pulverized the same into frigid pulp-even before they could reach the lips,

Neither did the most mellifluously nostalgic of songs cause an impact- as shades of adulterated humane yellow pierced the atmosphere; as draughts of warm air swept their might,

Neither did the most enchanting of praises reach the ears; as asphyxiating dust and morbid smoke; squandered through a landscape of population with a forlorn will to kill,

Neither did the darkest shades of black tinted glass come to any rescue- as though the dark films sequestered from direct impact; they absorbed heat at the same time to eventually distort beyond recognition,

Neither did the merrily artificial tap of water provide the tiniest of solace; as it soon started to emit hostile steam usurped by the storm of volcanic heat which wavered fiercely around,

Neither did the glass of freshly extracted fruit juice render the slightest of rejuvenation- as it miserably evaporated to reveal the last grains of sugar and salt blended within; as famished palms groped fervently ahead to clutch it,

Neither did snow flakes disdainfully thrown astray by the passing carts create a whiff of cool- as the parched tarmac devoured those few globules of water first; even before any living form dared creep near them,

Neither did the most majestic of castles generate a shy beam of shade; as their walls themselves scorched like a ravaging bulldozer; sulking at the angst that came alongwith the heat- instead of a grain of compassionate comfort,

Neither did the historically quaint well guarantee any beacon of a promise; as when one tread right to its mystically intrepid bottom- the discovery did yield hollowness but without a droplet of liquid to compliment,

Neither did the sensuously nestled swimming pool offer a fantasy of revitalizing delight; as arid winds laced with venomous smoke stabbed its periphery; metamorphosing its charmed persona into a parsimoniously fetid gutter line,

Neither did the princely fountain adorning the bustling street offer a trifle of an enthrallment- as the spray that once upon a time kissed the chin after ricocheting of ground; now abruptly dried midway in fireballs of acrimonious heat,

Neither did the couch of astoundingly pure velvet generate any comfort; as before anyone could nestle on its enamoring softness- its covers melted in the tyrannical heat- and out came charging the unabashed coiled springs,

And yet I was unabashedly relishing each ounce of my existence; even as the tumultuous summer heat whipped every bit of joy from the solar-plexus of survival,

As I romanced in the golden stream of mortal sweat that sensuously dribbled down my skin- to give me my victorious "Sweat-Bath".

28. HUMAN EMOTIONS

I swooned, collapsing on the ground like a pack of plastic cards, after viewing ghastly images of Dracula on the silver screen.

I burst into fits of laughter, somersaulted wildly with my intestines aching,

as the talented comedian coated his face with slimy egg yolk.

I sobbed in unrelenting hysteria when one of kin left for heavenly abode,
envisaged the dismal life to be led, bereft of his captivating presence.

I contorted my face in creases of unbearable agony,
as an army of red ant stung supple arenas of my skin.

I danced tenaciously with mounting spurts of exuberance,
after clearing rigorous impediments of the final examination.

I uttered syllables at unprecedented speeds,
with my tongue swishing against dark cavities of teeth,
when quizzed by the police for my catalogue of misdeeds.

I rapidly exhaled trapped air in my lungs,
as I clambered up the terrain in a bid to reach the ultimate pinnacle.

I blushed an austere amount of scarlet crimson,
when caught red handed stealing warm blood apples from the tree.

I riveted my gaze towards amber streaks of the distant horizon,
stared in mute silence as the sun finally sank behind towering peaks of the
mountain.

I slept in a tranquil bliss spinning romantic webs in dreamy sedation,
after assiduous amounts of labor executed in the steaming sun.

I felt relieved of Herculean strings laden with tension,
after gliding through Luke warm waters of the sparkling pool.

I felt uncensored avenues of my heart throb at rollicking pace,
as the person i desired waded slowly past my groping vision.

I felt thoroughly gratified with existing vagaries of life,
if I was fed with abundant morsels of food in the day,
impregnated with gallons of mineral water divested of bacteria,
given a mattress of pure spongy grass to sleep,
admiring the exotic pattern of stars all throughout the vigils of sultry night.

29. MIRACLE WARMTH

Voracious winds caused waves to crash against the mighty rock,
deafening sounds emanated as boulders tumbled down the mountain,
cacophonous tunes echoed as fat fingers compressed horn socket,
golden sunlight prompted sapphire stones to radiate light,
switchblade knife ripped through rich balls of cushioned foam,
electric grinders churned fruit pulp to sweetened juice,
rubber beds sunk deep as i collapsed for the night,
dry laden air had coats of moisture as light showers cascaded down,
white puffs of clouds surged forward,
with momentum imparted by passing aircraft.
peacock feathers went majestically berserk,
as signs of thunder skyrocketed in the cosmos.
humming bees buzzed with feverish activity,
oozed honey from catacombed pores of their body.
lush green grass blades cropped at barren regions of landscape,
after mere sprinkling of dried goat manure.
stream velocity rose with sporadic ease,
as crisp currents of water, confronted drifting logwood.
bicycle wheels galloped through undulating landscape,
at increasing pressure generated by foot sole.

I dug deep tunnels in sand lagoons,
suspended my flesh in molten earth, to experience brief intervals of
compassionate warmth.

30. THROUGH THE EYES OF NEWLY BORN RAT

Strolling masses of human looked like huge monsters,
midget sized dustbin appeared as a tank containing Grey boulders,
olive green fruit of banana struck my view as hanging bridges,
round mass of watermelon was visible as the flaming Sun with coats of green,
coins of silver struck my view as small islands of paradise,
fast moving cars I sighted as towering ships sailing on dry land,
perfume bottles on the shelf resembled transparent drums containing puffs of
white clouds,
hotel swimming pool appeared as the palatial waters of Atlantic ocean,
heaps of stray sand lying duplicated vast expanse of Appalachian mountain,
leaded sticks of match were what i could describe as short poles with Grey
light,
conical flasks of water flooded my vision as sizeable area of washing tank,
minuscule briquette's of coal seemed like big specimens of crystal rock,
leather bound volumes of book looked like brick walls of white,

colored tablets of soap replicated plush beds to lie on,
steps of the spiral staircase loomed large like steep precipices,
ornate idols of god emulated frozen giants with divine grace,
the flaming sun appeared the largest of them all,
with the silken complexioned moon a shade compressed in size,
the earth seemed a magnified place to live in,
with the only solace being my twin brother,
who was born a few seconds beside me in the body of a mouse,
we were privileged enough to visualize and see,
applauded ourselves for the same rubbing our slimy noses in unison,
what humans had perspired for decades to encounter,
scientists had racked minute corners of their brain without avail,
we could now clearly admire through our eyes as newly born baby rats.

31. OPEN MOUTHED YAWN

As it occurred there was a pungent moisture that besieged my eyes; engendering them to open a bit wider than usual,

As it occurred there seemed to be a dreariness in my bones; an insatiable desire to close of the lights,

As it occurred my shoulders seemed to be stooping towards the earth; a wave of indolence circumventing my persona,

As it occurred my palms seemed pale; developed a profound abhorrence to hoist the pen and write,

As it occurred the gloss on my hair seemed to be pretty lackluster; with the curly strands now settling into a shriveled heap,

As it occurred the blood circulating through the network of my veins seemed to slacken its speed; abdicating the exhilaration it had possessed a few hours before,

As it occurred the soles of my feet automatically stretched; endeavoring to ease the tumultuous tension stabbing them,

As it occurred the atmosphere seemed to be enveloped by a pin drop stillness; with the sound of the nocturnal nightingale drifting clearly in my ears,

As it occurred the muscles of my cheek got exorbitantly flexed; exposing the

complete armory of my crystalline teeth,

As it occurred the bulky portion of my skull suddenly felt ethereal; invisible enigmas of my mind seemed to have instantly terminated,

As it occurred I perceived insurmountable tensions of the monotonous day evaporate into thin oblivion; felt a rejuvenated enthusiasm to lead life,

As it occurred I felt the beating of my heart get steadier; supreme mollification of the organs that surrounded it,

As it occurred I felt a sense of philanthropic forgiveness descend upon my demeanor; the virtue of embracing all in proximity,

As it occurred I got engulfed with loads of heavenly contentment; with ravenous desires for food gradually diminishing,

As it occurred voices hovering in the air seemed to be getting hazier by the zipping second; the crisp outlines of the blistering sun now appeared as an indistinct blur,

As it occurred I seemed to be turning dramatically nostalgic; reminiscing innocuous memories of my childhood,

As it occurred the restless tossing on the bed seemed to be progressively subsiding; the breath wafting from my nostrils felt a trifle heavier,

As it occurred I recited the last prayers before ending the day; looked with a wistful sigh towards starry sky,

As it occurred I shut my eyes with overwhelming intensity; transited into a deep slumber; brusquely bidding goodbye to my beloved,

You must be wondering that the thing so magnanimously portrayed must be nothing less than a palace of gold; well I think this time you're in for a shock; for I am describing nothing else but our very own and perennially lazy; open mouthed yawn.

32. WHAT IS THE USE

What is the use of a mirror that does not reflect pellucid images, fails to portray the true identity of an individual,

What is the use of a cow which does not give milk; keeps incessantly munching tones of green grass,

What is the use of a concrete road, which is unable to hold traffic; buckles down under the impact of vehicular load,

What is the use of a tree which does not bear succulent fruit; refrains to yield satiny shadows in order to cool dreary passengers,

What is the use of an aircraft, which stumbles to take off; let apart transport hordes of passengers,

What is the use of a pen that fails to write; inundate the spotless demeanor of bonded paper with umpteenth lines of literature,

What is the use of robust feet, which are unable to walk; transferring their possessors to their required place of destination,

What is the use of articulate fingers, which incorrigibly refuse to draw; hoist the slightest of load from ground,

What is the use of a slimy spider web that fails to imprison innocuous insects; snaps into multiple fragments at the tiniest of caress,

What is the use of car which refrains to start; stutters every unleashing second when traversing the lanes,

What is the use of a black thundercloud, which refrains to rain; sprinkle upon the parched earth bountiful droplets of water,

What is the use of a bell, which doesn't produce a shrill sound when rung; lies insipid and limp even when struck voraciously,

What is the use of a bird, which doesn't fly uninhibitedly in the sky; indolently sleeps in its nest on soil,

What is the use of teeth, which fail to chew food; grinding it scrupulously to facilitate digestion,

What is the use of a river, which does not flow; remains stagnant harboring a plethora of dead weed and dirt,

What is the use of the Sun in the cosmos which does not shine; holding back its radiance and scintillating light from fumigating the earth,

What is the use of stars which do not twinkle resplendently at night; illuminate the gloomy ambience with rays of exuberant hope,

What is the use of eyes, which cannot see; admire the mesmerizing beauty of the globe,

What is the use of lips, which don't smile; effusively express feelings of warmth and congeniality,

What is the use of humans which don't procreate their progeny; fail to imbibe the essence of sharing in their counterpart mates,

What is the use of mud sprawled on the ground; unable to bear crop; blowing with the wind to settle in a bedraggled heap,

What is the use of sword, which miserably fails in protecting its master; in the end becomes an inevitable cause of his assassination,

What is the use of a lock, which opens with the most mundane of key; enabling burglars to pilfer and plunder at their free will,

What is the use of a scorpion, which is unable to sting; inject its lethal venom when it matters the most,

What is the use of life which is bereft of adventure; the philanthropic spirit to propagate peace,

And what is the use of a palpable heart which fails to beat even after witnessing true love; remains confined to realms of stringent sophistication.

33. FANTASY MEAL

Fleshy pulp of juicy melon,
fresh green skin of elongated banana,
scarlet red complexion of sweet apple,
hard olive skull of coastal coconut,
oblong globules of violet grape fruit,
sliced chunks of peeled orange,

tetra walled legs of salted cucumber,
chopped pieces of marinated garlic,
reddish brown roots of unripened radish,
roasted body of sweet potato,
thick curry of churned tomato,
tender beanstalks of ladies finger,
pungent seedlings of green chili,
appetizing kernels of rusty walnut,
darkish yellow insides of hybrid mango,
cascading protein yolk from egg shell,
hollow ringed circles of sliced pineapple,
purplish bulge of heart shaped brinjal,
jointed sticks of sugarcane fiber,
miniscule pieces of chopped lemon,
an exact kilogram of green peas,
abundant supply of crimson plums,
all this blended with molten sugar,
with macro toppings of cheddar cheese,
stirred vigorously to edible proportions,
with wooden battens coated with mustard incense,
served royally on ornamental steel,
creating ravishing sensations in salivary buds,
eaten with a shining silver spoon,
remains the most fantasized meal,
for decades and times immemorial.

34. BEAUTY IN PURE CANDLELIGHT

A hard black thread projected few inches,
from the slender body of green complexioned wax,
standing tall and handsome in hollow cavities of curved metal,
firmly riveted to base in a pool of solidified liquid,
swaying mildly in the stormy wind,
blowing with full tenacity from the partially opened window crack,
oozing molten tears every passing second,
as amber flames licked its soft periphery,
diminishing in stature as time zipped in the wall clock,
beautifying the murky dull persona of the winter night,
providing paltry amounts of warm waves,
reinforcing frozen pores of skin with temperate heat,
the black wick thread now burnt in full light,
flooding the pitch dark room with galleries of pure candlelight.

I loved her as much as I feared to die,
she was all that life could ever offer me,
her laugh was as fresh as the new petals blossoming at dawn,
her body sparkled as the dewdrops born from the sweating grass,
Alas! she was no more inhabiting this room,
a tragic accident had snatched her far away from realms of this earth,
her enchanting whispers still flooded my eardrum,
I could envisage her fascinating smile all day,
her petite footsteps echoed in my dreams,
she now existed purely in my memories,
and looked more blissful than ever in the glowing flames of my light green
candle stick.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Life = Death - Volume 2 - Poems On Life, Death

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 2 of the Book titled - Life = Death - Poems on Life, Death (1200 pages) . This enigmatic collection of poems explores and equates the boundless possibilities of life and death and delves into each intricate inexplicability of survival. Parekh's roving philosophical eye brings the unconquerable richness of life to the fore and yet at the same time explicitly highlights the veracity of 'death' as the absolute certainty of every existence. The poet joyously celebrates the occasions of both life and death with equal panache in each poetic stanza sewn with the uncanny mysteries of this Universe. The poems within immortalize both life and death as the ultimate victories and the two most contrastingly amazing and divine sides of creation. Catapulting the reader to the threshold of ultimate ecstasy; they bring about an impromptu twist with the closure of breath and what lies beyond. This charismatically woven collection of poetic verse would equally enamor the narcissist as well as the simple humanitarian to the core.

This book is a humble attempt to enlighten the readers with the equality of life and death-and to live in both of them to the most unparalleled fullest. Embracing only the religion of humanity, as the Lord has commanded every living being on earth. You cant die in life and cant live in death-each of these components are irrefutably equal in every respect and should be worshipped with due obeisance.

CONTENTS

1. DESTINED TO BE DEAD. WHEN GOD WANTS.
2. LIFE IS AS OMNIPOTENT AS GOD
3. NEVER LIVE IN DEATH; NEVER DIE IN LIFE
4. LIFE'S THE WAY YOU SEE IT
5. NO SHORTCUT
6. WHOLESOMELY AND COMPLETELY DEAD.
7. THE DAY I DIDN'T BREATHE

8. LIFE- A NON-NEGOTIABLE COMPROMISE
9. TRUTH IS ALWAYS NAKED
10. INFALLIBLY MARRIED. YET YOU SAY THAT I'M A BACHELOR!
11. THERE'S AN ANIMAL IN EACH ONE OF US.
12. THE BEST OF THE BEST OF THE INFINITE BEST
13. WHEN SLEEP INEVITABLY COMES.
14. TRUTH - PART 2
15. I MIGHT BE JOBLESS
16. TO KILL
17. DON'T
18. PERFECTLY O.K.
19. IN-BORN STRENGTHS
20. TRUE SATISFACTION
21. WHAT IS A POEM?
22. I PREFERRED TO DIE INFINITE DEATHS
23. DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO
24. EVEN IF I WAS BORN DEAD
25. THE BEST - PART 2
26. THE CHAPTER OF VIBRANT LIFE
- 27.12.0 CLOCK
28. MONEY
29. GREATEST ART
30. A DEATH MORE HORRIFIC THAN WHAT DEATH COULD EVER BE
31. WHO SAYS?
32. DELINQUENT LONELINESS
33. THE TYCOON AND I
34. DEVILISHLY DECREPIT ALCOHOL
35. FAILURE
36. WHOLEHEARTEDLY USE DEATH
37. IRREVOCABLY CONVENTIONAL SOCIETY
38. FAVORITE WORKSHOP
39. SPECTACULARLY MAJESTIC LIFE
40. FIRST
41. THE TRUEST KING
42. TIME
43. HOW THE HELL CAN YOU EVER DARE?
44. THE ULTIMATE LOVE
45. MUSIC: THE FOOD FOR LIFE
46. THE WORLD OUTSIDE
47. CAREERS IN LOVE
48. COMPLETE
49. ON MY OWN FEET

50. JUST A BIG ZERO

1. DESTINED TO BE DEAD. WHEN GOD WANTS.

I didn't know whether it would be flamboyantly optimistic rays of the Sun; or whether the sky would resemble silver streaks of monsoon grey- when I'd step out of the pitch dark coal mine,

I didn't know whether it'd rain unrelentingly; or whether it'd turn out to be a day embellished with the profoundness of ecstatic light- as I retired for sleep just a few hours before,

I didn't know whether I'd meet with several uncouth barricades; or whether I'd reach the finishing line of sweet success like the flight of a royally unbridled eagle- as I tread on the jagged road outside,

I didn't know whether the very next person I'd encounter would be a long-lost friend; or a complete stranger with whom I'd have to interact from the infinitesimal scratch so that we became best friends,

I didn't know whether the waves of the ocean would serenely undulate under the opalescent Moon- or whether there would be an undivided wall of fiery water called 'Tsunami' hurtling towards the crowded township- as I merrily hummed the tunes of my choice snuggled cozily in my hotel room,

I didn't know whether there'd be impeccable landscapes of ice as I traversed up the hills; or whether what would greet me would be treacherous barren slopes- with delightful rivulets of water tumbling by my side,

I didn't know whether the colossal edifice would retain its poise; or come down crumbling like a pack of frigid matchsticks; as the earthquake struck without the tiniest of insinuation and with insurmountable might,

I didn't know whether the bus awkwardly wobbling through the hills; would reach the summit with all passengers in bliss; or whether it'd skid its way head-on- down into the stillness of the devouring gorge,

I didn't know whether the tantalizing plain of mud that laid in front; would facilitate to reach the other end like a royal safari- or whether it'd perseveringly suck life trying to traverse being the slippery sand,

I didn't know whether the fresh bundle of life soon about to leave the womb and

entire planet divine- would be an unequivocally bonding baby girl; or a mischievous little darling baby boy,

I didn't know whether the stranger walking abreast my window; lived in a charmed castle of glittering columns and crowns- or whether he found solace under the open roof of the unassailable sky; when night inevitably descended by,

I didn't know whether the bird perched on the roof- would choose to peck at grains strewn in bountiful abundance around; or whether it'd dabble its beak just an insouciant trifle into the few droplets of water in the bowl,

I didn't know whether the offsprings would abruptly leave their mother one day; or whether they'd all continue to exist till destined in their abode replenished with the threads of love,

I didn't know whether the bride and bride-groom who appeared so wondrously enlightened on solemnization of marriage- would lead a life further of unhindered joy; mutual bliss and respect- or whether their existence would mark a new chapter of being fraught with total discontent; dissimilarities and disparities,

I didn't know whether the flamboyantly roaring lion would attack the man with savage hostility; or would come near him to timidly lap up his palm; the same man who'd once upon a time removed a thorn from its profusely oozing wound,

I didn't know whether the vultures would admire their unfettered flight in the scintillatingly candid mirror; or whether they'd disintegrate the same into worthless pieces with nonchalant probes of their legs and beaks,

I didn't know whether the inscrutably exuberant paintings of the painter would reach him the epitome of mortal success and fame; or whether he'd spend a life in lambasted seclusion and seclusion from the outside world,

I didn't know whether the kite I flew from my terrace; would soar placidly as I relished plucking at its lifeless string; or whether it'd fall with an instantaneous thud upon obdurate concrete; cut by a counterpart string which had more luck that time,

But irrespective of this or that we did not know - what I and every single one of us living beings definitely and irrefutably know; is that every mortal life taken birth upon the soil by God's grace- is destined to be dead when God wants.

2. LIFE IS AS OMNIPOTENT AS GOD

Life is as sweet as a chocolate; go and greedily crunch it,

Life is as ravishing as the choppy ocean; go and swim in it,

Life is as dense as the deciduous forest; go and voraciously philander in it,

Life is as perspicuous as the scintillating mirror; go and sight your reflection in it,

Life is as green as the sprawling grasses; go and exuberantly roll in it,

Life is as impeccable as frosty cows milk; go and perseveringly gulp it,

Life is as fragrant as the mesmerizing scarlet rose; go and smell it,

Life is as warm as the cozy quilt; go and comfortably snuggle in it,

Life is as voluptuous as brown chunks of mud; go and ebulliently plough it,

Life is as vivid as the rainbow in the cosmos; go and surreptitiously perceive it,

Life is as surreal as blissful heaven; go and inexorably fantasize about it,

Life is as contemporary as the swanky car; go and drive it,

Life is as slippery as the slimy oyster shells; go and intensely feel it,

Life is as thorny as the gigantic cactus; go and prick it,

Life is as poignant as green chili; go and tenaciously chew it,

Life is as heavy as the mammoth boulder; go and skillfully hoist it,

Life is as strong as the formidable fortress wall; go and wrestle with it,

Life is as grandiloquent as the bombastic palace; go and languish in it,

Life is as brilliant as the dazzling sun; go and bask directly beneath it,

Life is as dark as the cloistered well; go and dip your persona in it,

Life is as enchanting as the placid moon; go and profoundly admire it,
Life is as blistering as the scorching deserts; go and run unrelentingly in it,
Life is as beautiful as the dainty fairy; go and gently caress it,
Life is as incredulous as the conventional aircraft; go and fly high in it,
Life is as comic as the circus clown; go and tumultuously laugh with it,
Life is as steep as the lanky mountain; go and adroitly clamber it,
Life is as tingling as the gushing mountain stream; go and uninhibitedly bathe in it,
Life is as intricate as the mothers womb; go and worship it,
Life is as horrendous as the swirling whirlpool; go and audaciously confront it,
Life is as enigmatic as the meticulously spun spiders web; go and entangle it,
Life is as simple as a line drawn on the floor; go and vigorously enjoy it,
Life is as savage as a sword; go and fight valiantly with it,
Life is as vibrant as the majestic peacock spreading its feathers; go and supremely relish it,
Life is as romantic as the person you care for; go and incorrigibly love it,
Life is as sacrosanct as the Omnipotent Creator; go and wholesomely lead it.

3. NEVER LIVE IN DEATH; NEVER DIE IN LIFE

There was simply no happiness in inexplicably venomous sadness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of sadness in the heavens of jubilantly poignant and resplendently enamoring; happiness,

There was simply no daylight in morosely sadistic blackness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of blackness in the sun of optimistically unfettered and spell-bindingly perennial; daylight,

There was simply no faith in treacherously slandering infidelity; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of infidelity in the skies of unendingly unconquerable and compassionately everlasting; faith,

There was simply no truth in deplorably sacrilegious lies; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of lies in the utopia of eternally sacrosanct and unflinchingly peerless; truth,

There was simply no melody in venomously discordant deliriousness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of deliriousness in the caverns of ecstatically unbelievable and vivaciously exuberant; melody,

There was simply no humanity in indiscriminately devastating war; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of war in the bloodstreams of pricelessly unassailable and fearlessly Omnipotent; humanity,

There was simply no nature in preposterously robotic monotony; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of monotony in the lap of divinely effervescent and rhapsodically exultating; nature,

There was simply no open-heartedness in lecherously ominous manipulation; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of manipulation in the rain of torrentially unfettered and beautifully panoramic; open-heartedness,

There was simply no innocence in licentiously demented adultery; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of adultery in the womb of impregnably divinely and interminably fructifying; innocence,

There was simply no love in demonically pulverizing terrorism; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of terrorism in the heart of immortally burgeoning and ubiquitously evolving; love,

There was simply no simplicity in despicably marauding prejudice; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of prejudice in the cradle of everlastingly bountiful and victoriously undaunted; simplicity,

There was simply no compassion in mercilessly despondent indifference; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of indifference in the clouds of timelessly bestowing and unconquerably embracing; compassion,

There was simply no fire in nonchalantly decrepit nothingness; and there was

simply not the tiniest trace of nothingness in the aisles of passionately rejuvenating and royally untamed; fire,

There was simply no brotherhood in tyrannically meaningless selfishness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of selfishness in the paradise of bounteously ebullient and amiably transcending; brotherhood,

There was simply no freshness in egregiously wanton stagnation; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of stagnation in the rainbow of unlimitedly triumphant and mellifluously astounding; freshness,

There was simply no transparency in cadaverously confiscating politics; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of politics in the mirror of candidly discerning and righteously radiating; transparency,

There was simply no freedom in profanely bigoted incarceration; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of incarceration in the mists of limitlessly bewitching and undauntedly priceless; freedom,

There was simply no life in satanically worthless death; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of death in the throne of perpetually winning and Omnipresently undefeated; life,

Therefore I say; do not think the slightest of life after you're crucified to ghastly death; and never ever even utter the word death whilst profoundly relishing and effulgently romancing; proliferating; gyrating and adventuring; in the immortal entrenchment of life.

4. LIFE'S THE WAY YOU SEE IT

For some it was a garden of bountifully mesmerizing roses; while some could only indefatigably witness the acrimoniously pugnacious thorns,

For some it was a surreally rhapsodic cloud showering perennial enchantment; while some could only relentlessly feel penalized by the shades of gruesomely pulverizing black,

For some it was a forest of panoramically evergreen vivaciousness; while some could only fretfully rebuke the enigmatically inexplicable travails and trails,

For some it was an ocean of unsurpassably unassailable happiness; while some could only unrelentingly blame the maliciously lambasting maelstrom of

pernicious waves,

For some it was an unflinching fortress of timelessly blissful solidarity; while some could only implacably feel the disparagingly deteriorating abrasions with the inevitably unstoppable unfurling of time,

For some it was a tantalizingly celestial nightingale; while some could only dogmatically feel the curse of the inconspicuous pinches of harmlessly holistic adulteration in the air,

For some it was a meadow of eternally priceless peace; while some could only incorrigibly experience the frigid chunks of obnoxiously threadbare dirt,

For some it was a fireball of insuperably untamed passion; while some could only intractably feel outlandishly intimidated by the wisps of hideously black smoke; that disastrously obfuscated their vision,

For some it was an ebulliently fathomless book of unendingly euphoric adventure; while some could only tirelessly feel asphyxiated by the sheer and inexplicably unfurling volume,

For some it was a bountifully persevering ladder to eternal success; while some could only intransigently castigate the unfathomable array of steep stairs,

For some it was an unbelievable rainbow of heavenly versatility; while some could only ruthlessly feel the incomprehensibly endless festoon of harsh shades,

For some it was an Omnipotent Sun of invincibly righteous hope; while some could only acrimoniously feel the boundlessly austere rays left; right and spurious center,

For some it was a iridescently twinkling star of unprecedented optimism; while some could only remorsefully feel the infinitesimally uncanny flicker; inflamingly imperil their sanctimonious existence,

For some it was an immortally patriotic march towards glorious martyrdom; while some could only grievously feel the blood soaked sacrifices in the triumphant odyssey in between,

For some it was an unshakably sacrosanct mother who timelessly proliferate God's Omnipresent chapter of survival; while some could only preposterously feel the savage waves of bedlam labour pain; in between,

For some it was the most blessed icing on even the most diminutive little thing that they had achieved; while some could only relentlessly shiver to the winds of rejuvenating coolness,

O! Yes; For some it was an indomitably victorious inferno of passionately loving heartbeats; while some could only limitlessly grouse the reverberating sound; ignominiously admonishing it for bringing cacophony in their dwindling stride,

Because although the Omniscient Creator had bestowed it in the most holistically unconquerable of forms upon every organism symbiotically alike; Life's the way you chose it to be; Life's the way you make of it; Life's the way you believe it to be; Life's the way you see it.

5. NO SHORTCUT

The shortcut to reach the towering summit of the building; was to use the gold embossed escalator,

The shortcut to pass the treacherous waves of the tumultuously stormy sea; was an electric paced motorboat,

The shortcut to reach the astronomical peak of the colossal mountain; was a swanky airplane which flew faster than the speed of light,

The shortcut to topmost fruit suspended from the branch of the gigantic tree; was a ladder with coherently aligned metal rungs,

The shortcut to painstakingly masticating gargantuan morsels of food; was to consume equivalent amounts of tiny vitamin capsules,

The shortcut to walking long distances on bare foot; was the bombastically haughty and silken complexioned and scarlet sports car,

The shortcut to assiduously taxing the dainty fingers to pen down fathomless lines of literature; was the feather tipped and stupendously contemporary computer,

The shortcut to bathing in cold water at the crack of every dawn; was to inundate your armpits with exotic scent; fool people as if you had washed your gruesomely sordid persona umpteenth number of times in the day,

The shortcut to browsing onerously through the overwhelmingly bulky book; was to simply read its last page and drift off to blissful sleep,

The shortcut to surreal fantasy and incredulously haywire fantasy; was to put abrupt brakes to your wild imagination,

The shortcut to delivering the marathon speech for indefatigable hours on the trot; was to tell somebody to dub it perfectly in your voice,

The shortcut to witnessing vivaciously striped lions wandering through a labyrinth of paths in the dense jungles; was to spot and profoundly admire them in their locked cage,

The shortcut to waiting for rain to pelt down in harmonious unison from the sky; was to stand under an incessant stream of artificial bathroom shower water,

The shortcut to sedulously tying buttons and wearing several garments every fresh morning; was to not change your previous attire at all,

The shortcut to pertinently sniffing every now and again infinite times in a single day; was just one deafening and volcanic sneeze which nearly brought the roof down with its poignant ferocity,

The shortcut to speaking a hundred lies; is uttering an irrefutably solitary yet formidably invincible truth,

The shortcut to glancing at the watch every unleashing second of the day; is to gaze languidly forward to relish the color of natural light,

The shortcut to crawling miserably on obdurate ground in an unfathomably enduring endeavor to reach the finishing line; is to wear a pair of ice skates; travel faster than the speed of light,

The shortcut to prolifically earning quick money; was to marry a rich mans daughter; and worship him more than the almighty lord all your palpable life,

The shortcut to speaking relentlessly all day; was to phlegmatically maneuver your snobbish fingers in thin wisps of gentle air,

But as a matter of fact there simply was no shortcut to life; as one had to lead it every second; every minute; every hour; every day; till the time he was bestowed upon with the divinely prowess of inhaling breath; till the time the

Omniscient Creator gave the order to live and love.

6. WHOLESOMELY AND COMPLETELY DEAD.

Neither could it ever wholeheartedly laugh; even as the most unbelievably effervescent clowns danced in inarticulate unison around it; and for times beyond the realms of handsome eternity,

Neither could it ever mischievously twinkle; even as the most vivaciously nubile maidens; rapturously encircled its stupendously masculine teats and uninhibitedly rampant chest hair,

Neither could it ever unabashedly dream; even as the most tantalizingly surreal mists of heavenliness; profusely enshrouded it from every conceivable end,

Neither could it ever sensuously romanticize; even as the most voluptuously enchanting women of tomorrow; indefatigably traced every of its visibly blessed vein,

Neither could it ever merrily whistle; even as the most profoundly euphoric winds of the atmosphere; made a poignantly enthralling beeline for every bit of open space in its nostrils,

Neither could it ever sensitively hear; even as the most ecstatically thunderous sounds of mother nature; unleashed themselves on every barren quarter of this Universe; in the form of unrelentingly seductive rain,

Neither could it ever celestially eat; even as the most bounteously panoramic fruits of nature divine; vividly danced till times beyond infinity; right in front of its eyes,

Neither could it ever effusively empathize; even as the most wretchedly bizarre sufferings on innocuously untainted humanity; lambasted at whisker lengths from its placid contours,

Neither could it ever joyously blush; even as it was ubiquitously serenaded; by every man and woman alive on the trajectory of this fathomlessly spell-binding planet,

Neither could it ever perspicaciously prognosticate; even as the most impregnably divine rays of resplendent clairvoyance; victoriously blazed through the royal whites of its eyes,

Neither could it ever jubilantly speak; even as the most mystically pin-drop silence in the fabric of the entire earth around; fervently and solely waited for nothing else; but being timelessly consecrated by only his voice,

Neither could it ever symbiotically embrace; even as every religion; fraternity; color; and tribe on this gigantic earth; came invincibly close to it after forgetting all differences of caste; creed; and perennially bonding into the religion of priceless humanity,

Neither could it ever ardently desire; even as the most insuperably wondrous dewdrops of effulgent excitement; sparkled till times beyond infinity; all over its silent and humbly obeisant bodily contours,

Neither could it ever righteously earn; even as the entire wealth on this boundlessly enigmatic planet; was there for him to command; only if he executed the quintessentially simple words of immortal love,

Neither could it ever potently proliferate; even as the most rapturously enamoring ladies of mankind; were seen tirelessly squabbling with each other; to ascertain their right to interminably mate with him first,

Neither could it ever perseveringly sweat; even as the most Omnipotently blazing beams of the Sun; traced an infinite circles of true manhood; on its unnervingly exposed armpits,

Neither could it ever synergistically defecate; even as the most obnoxiously decayed elements of food and water; unstoppably swelled and reigned supreme; in its unmoving intestines and stomach,

Neither could it ever passionately breathe; even as the entire Universe of exuberantly undefeated air; lay readily virgin for it; to majestically and timelessly devour with its pair of harmonious nostrils,

Neither could it ever perpetually love; even as every beat of peerlessly unflinching companionship on this endlessly fructifying earth; expressed its very last wish as entering into the caverns of its fearless chest,

And how on earth could it ever do all this; as the body which once upon a time was the most unassailably virile form on planet earth; had now been consumed by the coffins of remorsefully unending extinction; had now succumbed to inevitably unbearable fate; was as a matter of fact; now; and an infinite more

moments from now on; declared by the Omnipresent Creator; as wholesomely and completely dead.

7. THE DAY I DIDN'T BREATHE

The day I didn't wear clothes; I shivered uncontrollably in the austere breeze of uncouth winter,

The day I didn't eat food; I found myself miserably slithering towards the corridors of precarious starvation,

The day I didn't write poetry; I found my fingers virtually paralyzed; and the blood in my robust veins metamorphosed into a morbidly colorless liquid,

The day I didn't bathe; I felt pools of disdainfully fetid sweat; stab my impeccable visage more than a billion treacherous thorns,

The day I didn't sleep; I felt daggerheads of insurmountably fatigued exasperation; assassinating each iota of my blissfully mental peace,

The day I didn't wink; I felt the romantic youth in me die an obnoxiously famished death; all mischief in the atmosphere pathetically desert me like a piece of dilapidated garbage,

The day I didn't pray; I felt like a diabolical monster; drifting further and further away from the sacrosanct countenance of Omnipotent God,

The day I didn't lie in the lap of my mother; I felt as if the world had come to a brusque end; there wasn't an iota of humanity prevailing in any quarter of this colossal Universe,

The day I didn't swim; I felt as if the insatiable exuberance in my bones had died a profusely asphyxiated death,

The day I didn't discover; I felt as if my incredulously augmenting fantasy; had ruthlessly blended with ethereally dwindling horizons,

The day I didn't dream; I felt that life was a barbarically monotonous workshop; with each hour of the day relentlessly restricted to the realms of parasitic office,

The day I didn't realize; I felt horrendously pompous and pretentiously inflated; with my conscience whipping me to profusely apologize to the mesmerizing

winds outside,

The day I didn't drink water; I felt the tumultuously scorching agony in my throat; compelling me to swoon like withering fish on the ground,

The day I didn't tease my sister; I felt as if I sitting astoundingly close to my grave; although I was just on the threshold to commence life,

The day I didn't gaze at the resplendent stars; I felt as if my world was intransigently confined to the four bare brick walls of my dwelling,

The day I didn't respect my elders; I felt that I was boisterously irascible fly; about to be inevitably squashed by the sword of righteousness,

The day I didn't listen to my heart; I felt as if I had horrifically failed in every attempt of mine; although I stood towering on the absolute pinnacle of life,

The day I didn't wholeheartedly love; I felt there was no reason to survive; started prematurely on my journey to the heavens; without the tiniest insinuation of Almighty Lord,

And the day I didn't breathe; there was no time for me to feel or romanticize about hell or heaven; for I lay like a wholesomely mute corpse; infact to cut the story short; I was irrefutably dead.

8. LIFE- A NON-NEGOTIABLE COMPROMISE

Whether you face it with exuberantly unconquerable gusto; or whether you unrelentingly keep fretting for its tyrannical share of inevitable ruthlessness,

Whether you face it with endlessly triumphant euphoria; or whether you disdainfully blame even the most nimbly silken step that you tread,

Whether you face it with bountifully unprecedented charisma; or whether you wither away like a derogatorily insipid leaf in front of its sporadically uncouth vagaries,

Whether you face it with ebulliently relentless enchantment; or whether you keep fretting uncontrollably like a dilapidated corpse; fed up of its manipulative lambasting,

Whether you face it with stupendously exhilarating ecstasy; or whether you keep

intransigently abusing it for impoverishing you so barbarously; while at the same time feeding your egalitarian counterparts in plates of pure gold,

Whether you face it with ardently irrevocable tenacity; or whether you whether you implacably slander it for rendering you as insipidly capricious as a forlornly withering leaf; for ostensibly no fault of yours,

Whether you face it with ingratiatingly timeless fascination; or whether you keep cursing it with ominously pugnacious fanaticism; for the baseless bickering it gave you on your hindside; ever since you were an innocuous child,

Whether you face it with unflinchingly intrepid exultation; or whether you indefatigably shoot at it for not catapulting you to the epitome of vibrant prosperity; for even the most heroically paradigm of your deeds,

Whether you face it with unfathomably impregnable solidarity; or whether you viciously stab at it with even the most infinitesimal element of your countenance; for snatching the only roof from above your desolate head,

Whether you face it with uninhibitedly divinely contentment; or whether you impudently spit on it for inexplicably crippling you with insidious disease,

Whether you face it with astronomically aristocratic courage; or whether you cannibalistically ostracize it for its vicissitude of precariously uncanny discrepancies,

Whether you face it with unsurpassable unassailable determination; or whether you perennially hid your nonchalantly trembling skin; from its flamingly prowling eyes,

Whether you face it with blissfully cavorting happiness; or whether you weep a billion tears a minute; for it horrifically divesting you of your pristinely near and dear,

Whether you face it with celestially fructifying enthusiasm; or whether you assassinate it using every trace of your priceless blood; for not listening to the inner most tunes of your passionately mesmerizing heart,

Whether you face it with royally silken graciousness; or whether you uselessly expend every unfurling minute of your day; thunderously castigating its winds of gratuitously indiscriminate inequality,

Whether you face it with everlastingly iridescent eclecticism; or whether you deliberately sink you pathetic form infinite feet beneath your grave; just to escape its unending labyrinth of harsh realities,

Whether you face it with unstopably patriotic breath; or whether you tirelessly attempt to entirely snap its ungainly wings; for not supporting you to transcend to the ultimate heavenly paradise,

Whether you face it with immortally insuperable love; or whether you wanted it to diminish away like a gutter of frigidly futile worm; for parasitically sucking every iota of your amiable camaraderie and happiness,

For if you are not the Omnipotently Almighty Lord; life was; is and will always remain to be a tornado of inexplicable vacillations; a Sun which at times rises and at times coldbloodedly sets; a flower which at times blossoms into optimistic fragrance and at times invidiously crumbles away; an ocean which at times swirls towards the majestic sky and at times is nothing but a bed of lackadaisically decrepit stones,

So its better if you faced it smilingly and without the slightest of cacophonous regret; because for every organism breathing and blessedly alive and not the Lord Divine; life has been and will always continue to be a nonnegotiable compromise.

9. TRUTH IS ALWAYS NAKED

Victory is always sweet; a perpetual trouncing of the corpses of the hedonistically slandering devil; by the winds of eternally undefeated righteousness,

Honesty is always persevering; an ocean of pricelessly unflinching sweat; that eventually wins over even the most infinitesimal anecdote of treacherously prejudiced debauchery,

Friendship is always compassionate; a perennial melanging of two souls into one; irrespective of caste; creed; color or the unfurling of astoundingly zipping time,

Childhood is always pristine; an indefatigable culmination into the most innocuously unfettered fantasies of vibrant tomorrow; and a fathomless kilometers away from even the most mercurial of hideous manipulation,

Adventures are always exhilarating; an unabashedly blissful venturing into the corridors of the uncannily unknown; rejuvenating every monotonously emaciated

cranny of the body with timelessly mesmerizing spice,

Beauty is always ravishing; a panoramically unbridled triumph of sensuousness over the sacrilegiously demented corpses of stagnation; for a countless more births yet to arrive,

Benevolence is always altruistic; an unendingly selfless wind of companionship; which embraces every tangible and intangible entity on this fathomless Universe; in its impregnably amiable swirl,

Creation is always artistic; an inexhaustible cistern of inimitably unparalleled energy; which burgeons into the most brilliantly optimistic shapes of an interminable tomorrow,

Smiles are always inspiring; triggering rays of unassailably bounteous hope; into the lives of all those deplorably devastated beyond the threshold of inexplicably hapless despair,

Blood is always humanitarian; coalescing the entire boundlessly effulgent Universe into a spell bindingly united mass; irrespective of whether it belonged to a; "Hindu"; "Muslim"; "Buddhist"; or "Christian";,

Soul is always uplifting; incessantly continuing to drift into every ounce of goodness on this endlessly fructifying earth; even after the last expunging of divinely breath,

Symbiotism is always unconquerable; an untamed inferno of mutually ebullient desire; which timelessly bonded every conceivable element of free space; in the threads of benign holiness,

Yearning is always passionate; indispensably massacring even the most raunchily indiscriminately of hurdles that ever dared come in between; its royally tantalizing way,

Hunger is always natural; perpetually differentiating us insipidly greedy living beings; from the heavens of the insuperably Omnipotent and fearless Lord,

Flirtation is always mischievous; rekindling the spirit to survive as the most effervescently beautiful organism; even when buried an infinite feet beneath insouciantly meaningless mud,

Sleep is always celestial; replenishing even the most truculently lambasted arenas of the deteriorating body; with the mists of everlastingly heavenly rest,

Shadows are always mystical; undauntedly weaving an ever-pervadingly panoramic gorge of astounding fantasy; which seductively enshrouded even the obsolete cranny of the invisible veins,

Breathing is always fiery; perpetuating an unlimited forest of desire even in the most meaninglessly wanton of spaces; perpetuating the most veritably dead to euphorically surge forward in the true fervor of life,

And "Truth is always Naked"; candidly exposing the most inconspicuous of ins and outs of your persona; like when the Omniscient Creator was writing the destiny of this undying planet; and without the tiniest twitch of the eye.

10. INFALLIBLY MARRIED. YET YOU SAY THAT I'M A BACHELOR!

Invincibly married to each droplet of my golden sweat; replenishing every miserably emaciated cranny of my wailing soul; with its virtue of irrefutably spell-binding perseverance; was I,

Limitlessly married to each intrepid footstep that I traversed; wholesomely perpetuating every pore of my skin; with the spirit of timelessly rejuvenating adventure; was I,

Insuperably married to each bountiful fantasy that I dreamt; miraculously metamorphosing every ounce of my inexplicable sorrow in my veins; into a paradise of surreally inexorable optimism, was I,

Unconquerably married to each poignant blood-drop of mine; timelessly inculcating in me the egalitarian principles of inimitably peerless and priceless humanity; was I,

Perennially married to each enchanting destiny line of mine; enigmatically assimilating the unceasingly untamed thrill of existence; which magnetically vacillated at every unfurling instant of bewitching life,

Perpetually married to each follicle of my sensuously ravishing hair; exuberantly floating with the jubilantly ecstatic currents of breeze; which transcended me beyond the boundaries of fetidly gruesome manipulation; was I,

Royally married to each fearlessly handsome of my bone; supremely exultating in my tirelessly altruistic strength; wholeheartedly utilizing every iota of the same to the service of benign living kind; was I,

Triumphantly married to each of my fantastically blessing pulse; harmoniously existing for centuries immemorial; romancing in its quintessentially effulgent swirl; was I,

Unlimitedly married to each of my blissfully reinvigorating smiles; which timelessly catapulted me to the topmost rung of victorious paradise; which was inhabited by only the aisles of unfettered desire; was I,

Interminably married to each of my unstoppably burgeoning ambitions; making me feel the most pricelessly desirous puff of euphoric breath on every step that I traversed; was I,

Unshakably married to each jubilantly scarlet blush of my cheek; which made me feel as the most sensitively nubile bride; shivering wholesomely naked under the full and profound rays of the midnight moon, was I,

Eternally married to each mischievously dancing of my eyelash; which endlessly permeated me to frolic in unabashed abandon behind the magically rain-soaked meadows with the maidens of my choice; was I,

Unassailably married to each globule of my unpretentious saliva; which compassionately charged every element of my drearily flailing persona as it ran down my throat like impregnable electricity; was I,

Inseparably married to each pore of my brilliantly truthful conscience; which perennially repudiated every bit of acrimoniously ungainly lies from my nimble persona; was I,

Majestically married to each of my pristinely titillating goose-bump; which triggered unsurpassable thunderbolts of ardently augmenting lightening in even the most infinitesimal of my shadow; was I,

Unchallengeably married to each of cistern of empathy that dribbled from my eyes; engendering me to melt to even the most inconspicuous wail of all blessed humanity; was I,

Intransigently married to each untamed fireball of virility that torrentially wafted from my demeanor; which made me feel the most immortally righteous organism

on earth alive; was I,

Infallibly married to each of my gloriously fervent breath; symbiotically harnessing the fathomless treasures of mother nature in every inhalation of my destined survival; was I,

Indomitably married to each of my beautifully passionate heartbeat; endlessly imbibing the bonds of fearlessly unparalleled love in every aspect of my impoverished existence; was I,

And yet you still say that I was a penuriously demented bachelor; yet you say that I'm a pathetically impotent bachelor; yet you say that I would forever remain a ludicrously unmanly bachelor; just and just because I didn't marry a proper woman; according to your sets of norms and turgidly baseless idiosyncrasies; in the entire tenure of my life.

11. THERE'S AN ANIMAL IN EACH ONE OF US.

Be it in the form of the zillion ungainly abuses that blatantly drifted from our mouths; when we got provoked to the most unprecedented limits; for no ostensible reason
or rhyme,

Be it in the form of the zillion innocuous insects that we uncouthly trampled upon; in our relentless quest to reach the absolute apogees of indomitable superiority,

Be it in the form of a zillion morsels of food that we cannibalistically consumed; in order to just transiently placate the insatiable hunger of our brutally emaciated stomachs,

Be it in the form of a zillion egregiously jinxed curses that we emanated; when the resplendently embellished festoons of luck; weren't running the slightest our destined way,

Be it in the form of a zillion slaps that we ruthlessly slashed to our subjugated subordinate mates; for not punctiliously cleaning our unceremoniously dwindling leftovers,

Be it in the form of a zillion nightmares of the mercilessly trumpeting devil; that inhabited virtually every sordidly lonely night; of our impoverished lifetime,

Be it in the form of a zillion droplets of blood that we merrily feasted upon; of which was composed our most tantalizingly succulent meal of robustly marinated chicken,

Be it in the form of a zillion goose-bumps of rapaciously unstoppable desire that crept up on our skins; as we witnessed the most poignantly alluring nakedness of the nubile opposite sex,

Be it in the form of a zillion fragments of sordidly devastating lies that we shrewdly uttered; just in order to save us from the unsparingly penalizing gallows of truth,

Be it in the form of a zillion guffaws of artificiality that we culminated into; just in order to be nefariously christened as a sanctimoniously spurious ingredient of the chauvinistic high society,

Be it in the form of a zillion dastardly rapes that we fantasized about day and night; just in order to keep our nimbly peerless bodies in the most supremely invincible spirits,

Be it in the form of a zillion ghastily crucifying battles that we unrelentingly fought; erecting palaces of livid gold and silver; on the foundations of countless an innocent blood,

Be it in the form of a zillion elements of insidious adulteration that we'd unnervingly perpetuated into every quarter of this fathomless Universe; just so that our pockets always and inexhaustibly bulged with mindless prosperity,

Be it in the form of a zillion fiasco political revolutions that we tried to invent; which were just a manifestation of our crazily distorted imagery; and in the treachery of which millions suffered and inexplicably succumbed,

Be it in the form of a zillion consumptions of tawdry liquor and smoke; which we slurped at a speed faster than white light; and after which we sacrilegiously spat on every fraction of celestially venerated mother earth,

Be it in the form of a zillion molecules of whimsical deliriousness that we gave shape to; preposterously deluging every bit of the ecstatically vibrant atmosphere; with the unforgivable stench of the plundering diabolical,

Be it in the form of a zillion kicks that we gave to all those infirm; blind; maimed;

poor; orphaned..etc; blasphemously using them as invisible pulleys to transport us to the destination of our sadistic choice,

Be it in the form of a zillion children that we gave birth to and then left to tirelessly beg on the obviously dusty streets; just in order to appease the desire of our satanic flesh; in the first place,

Be it in the form of a zillion betrayals that we permeated and underwent in the tenure of our entire lifetime; miserably shattering the immortally compassionate hearts of innumerable organisms; priceless existing on this spell-bindingly rhapsodic planet,

O! yes; it could be in any infinite form; size; shape; color; intensity; but one thing's irrefutably sure; certified; irrevocable and unstoppable; that there's an unabashed animal in each one of us.

12. THE BEST OF THE BEST OF THE INFINITE BEST

I didn't want to be like the best ocean on this Universe; unrelentingly kissing nothing else but the gloriously pristine shores,

I didn't want to be like the best mountain on this Universe; unassailably towering like an unflinching citadel; even in the most hedonistically acrimonious of maelstroms,

I didn't want to be like the best forest on this Universe; mystically swishing to the exuberantly enigmatic winds of time; all night and beautiful day,

I didn't want to be like the best pearl on this Universe; unconquerably enthralling even the most treacherously alien; with my resplendently majestic shimmer and shine,

I didn't want to be like the best statue on this Universe; indefatigably having a gargantuan battalion of impeccable devotees; flocking my feet in humble obeisance and perennially round the clock,

I didn't want to be like the best flower on this Universe; unbelievably pacifying even the most horrendously unlimited trace of pain; with my stupendously royal scent,

I didn't want to be like the best cloud on this Universe; perpetually deluging every disconcertingly bereaved cranny of parched earth; with my exotically

tantalizing raindrops,

I didn't want to be like the best watch on this Universe; nonplussing even the most astonishingly ingenious of organisms with my timelessly ticking and invincible perfection,

I didn't want to be like the best dwelling on this Universe; assimilating even the most infinitesimally insipid beauty of this romantically panoramic planet; in my blissfully compassionate swirl,

I didn't want to be like the best artist on this Universe; miraculously churning an unfathomable ocean of godliness; even in the most inanely pulverized scrap of impoverished paper,

I didn't want to be like the best philosopher on this Universe; with even the most indomitable of superpowers bowing down like flaccid mice; on my incongruously bohemian feet,

I didn't want to be like the best bird on this Universe; magically sailing like an impregnable prince through even portions above azure sky; stooping down with extraordinarily nonchalant ease; to pluck at the fish of my choice,

I didn't want to be like the best clown on this Universe; perpetuating even the most drearily dying entity; to fulminate into a cloudburst of enchantingly newborn laughter,

I didn't want to be like the best prodigy on this Universe; perpetually shutting the mouths of every single entity elder to me with my uncannily inimitable charisma; and right since the very first cry of my life,

I didn't want to be like the best adventurer on this Universe; intrepidly singing through an indefatigable number of arcane twists and turns; fearlessly snoozing with the snakes all throughout the heart of iridescently twinkling midnight,

I didn't want to be like the best lover on this Universe; altruistically sacrificing my infinite lives and breath; for the person I so impreguably cherished and loved,

I didn't want to be like the best fragrance on this Universe; incredulously titillating one and all handsomely alike; with my eternally spell binding scent,

I didn't want to be like the best luminary on this Universe; perennially

radiating and marvelously serenaded; by unshakable cynosure; cynosure and just relentless cynosure,

I just wanted to be myself; I just wanted to be the human I was destined to be; For in the first case no entity tangible or intangible; no organism or human on this planet could ever be or ever dream of being the best; as the " Best" would perpetually remain the Almighty Lord who had created them all,

All of them as a holistically symbiotic institutions in themselves; blissfully proliferating the mantra's of his sacrosanct existence; but still ethereally infinitesimal molecules when compared to his Omnipotent stature; as HE was the only ULTIMATE; the only BEST OF THE BEST OF THE INFINITE BEST.

13. WHEN SLEEP INEVITABLY COMES.

Be it the royal realms of the unbelievably embellished king poster bed; or be it the most treacherously barren slopes of the heartlessly cold-blooded rock which spat nothing but ostracizing disdain,

Be it the majestically silken cocoons of sensuously exhilarating clouds; or be it the unabashedly insect laden shores of the inscrutably rustic forest; bemoaning in the most unrelenting nights of wilderness,

Be it the compassionately invincible quilts of kingly fur; or be it the most fetidly disintegrating pavements; by the tawdrily asphyxiating gutter side; for which the entire world ended and started with the word dirt,

Be it the unassailably priceless lap of the timelessly venerated mother; or be it the most preposterously ghoulish of graveyard; from which nothing else wafted; but the intransigent curses of the lifeless ghosts,

Be it the triumphantly pristine meadow of lush green mesmerizing grass; or be it the most pugnaciously venomous battlefield of gruesome thorns; which solely led to the corpses of lecherous extinction,

Be it the uninhibitedly poignant soil profusely soaked in ubiquitously fresh rain; or be it the bawdily worthless carcasses; which indefatigably rattled with the sounds of ominously deteriorating hell,

Be it the invincibly celestial seat of the jubilantly crimson Mercedes; or be it the balustrades of bizarrely crippling uncertainty; which vengefully permeated with

increasing proclivity into every bit of the atmosphere,

Be it the intrepidly regal deck of the insuperably kingly luxury ocean liner; or be it the insanely ribald premises of the soiled lavatory seat; from which emanated nothing but the stench of intolerably strangulating malice,

Be it the eternally relaxing interiors of the beautiful sofa set; or be it the sordidly spit laden streets; from which hurled nothing else but a flurry of disdainfully wretched impoverishment,

Be it the belly of the most charismatically undulating and frosty sea; or be it the hideously sweltering sands of the acrimonious desert; which indiscriminately torched everything to decrepit meaninglessness,

Be it the wings of unconquerably blessing desire; or be it the most disastrously apocalyptic path of delinquent hopelessness; which gave an infinite curses every unveiling instant,

Be it the pillow of magically ameliorating green leaves; or be it the most worthlessly castigating coffin of charcoal; which blackened not just the body; but irrevocably adulterated the soul,

Be it the victoriously breeze laden open roof-top terrace; or be it the most sinfully strangulating gallows of penurious prison; from which drifted solely the cries of the barbarously plundering demon,

Be it the spell-bindingly slow clad apogees of undefeated Everest; or be it the most ridiculously infinitesimal mole hills of the ant; which rendered fresh strength to the corridors of invisibility; every unraveling minute,

Be it the magically rejuvenating rockbed under the iridescently sparkling waterfall; or be it the sinister witch's abode; which intransigently screamed nothing but the most diabolical wails of death,

Be it the fields of flirtatiously liberated corn; or be it the most robotically disgruntled match-boxed offices of sheer manipulation; from which arose nothing else but the cries of haplessly dying vindication,

Be it the rhapsodically spongy cakes of insatiable prosperity; or be it the most stinkingly depraved carrion; upon which feasted an unfathomable number of inconsolably sacrilegious vultures,

Be it the perennially undefeated lion's cave; or be it the miserably clammy rats den; which was inhabited by nothing else but the derogatorily rebuking spirit of staleness,

Just doesn't matter the slightest. Because when sleep inevitably comes; it doesn't see the time; place; circumstance that you're placed in; simply and invincibly shutting your eyes to even the most evanescent consternation in the atmosphere; timelessly ensuring that whenever you awoke; you witnessed every bit of the fathomlessly undying Universe; in the most optimistically rejuvenated and Omnipotent of light.

14. TRUTH - PART 2

Initially as much as it might sting you like a billion acrimonious thorns,
Eventually it blossomed into the most fragrant flower of prosperity; inundating each of your senses with unprecedented happiness.

Initially as much as it might lethally pierce you like a thousand knives;
strangulating you forever in its explicitly candid swirl,
Eventually it emerged as the most Omnipotent warrior in this Universe; pacifying your every apprehension; with its divine ointment of life.

Initially as much as it deluged you with profusely debilitating winds of despair;
stealing your last hope of blissful survival,
Eventually it put you to an eternal slumber; making you fantasize unfathomable kilometers beyond the land of rhapsodic paradise.

Initially as much as it separated you from the ones you dearly loved; pinching you pertinently at every step you alighted to survive,
Eventually it immortalized the spirit of your celestial existence; bonding your soul for centuries unsurpassable; with the Omnipresent aura of the Almighty.

Initially as much as it lambasted you on your nakedly shivering skin; whilst your manipulative comrades snored in cloud covers of opulent luxury and wine,
Eventually it granted you; your every philanthropic desire; making you the richest man alive on the trajectory of this never ending planet.

Initially as much as it melted you like an inconspicuous pancake; whilst your lecherous fellow mates danced in the aisles of seductive jubilation and exotic excitement,
Eventually it enlightened every stage of your life with invincible light; savoring for you; all the immaculate goodness that lay hidden on mother earth.

Initially as much as it slaughtered all your energy to breathe; viciously kicking you like a dog; beyond the summit of disgruntling nothingness,
Eventually it showered upon you the entire power trespassing on soil; saw to it that your every benevolent dream ripened into an enchanting reality.

Initially as much as it pulverized you to soggy bits of frigid ash; devouring every iota of your conviction; like an untamed horde of ruthless crocodiles,
Eventually it cast a spell of perennially mesmerizing innocence in your eyes; which won you the most cherished love of your life.

And initially as much as it devastated you left; right and center; reducing your robust caricature to an impoverished corpse; as the world sung and merrily laughed outside,
Eventually it ensured that you were the sole winner; towering over the monotonous definitions of a stale yesterday; ebulliently bouncing and alive to face; a countless more fantastically righteous tomorrow's.

O! yes it's upto you to believe it or not; implement the same in your lives,
But I for one live for truth all night and day; will salute it above the most influential of living kind; even centuries after I die.

15. I MIGHT BE JOBLESS

I might be jobless; not frequenting the spuriously bombastic interiors of office once again,
But I was definitely not without spell binding fantasy; dreaming in a land of paradise; while my pompously suited mates out there; battered their heads in the choking conference room.

I might be jobless; not stepping in the realms of my miserably claustrophobic office once again,
But I was definitely not without enthusiasm; blossoming into untamed newness every unleashing minute; while my manipulatively perspiring mates out there; acrimoniously ran for their blood; when the big boss absconded merrily on his tour.

I might be jobless; not entering the dingily squashed interiors of murderous office; as the clock ticked past 9; once again,
But I was definitely not without enthrallment; having the time of my life with the girl of my dreams; while my disdainfully mundane mates out there; barked indefatigably on their subordinates; eventually collapsing on cold floor; in utter

frustration and tiredness.

I might be jobless; not bowing down pretentiously in front of my pot-bellied boss every morning; once again,
But I was definitely not without freedom; gallivanting to the most exuberantly remote place that I wanted; while my collared mates out there; pathetically grimaced in lecherous agony; sighting each other's monthly emoluments.

I might be jobless; not sitting like a slithering goldfish in my seat before everyone arrived in office; at the crack of dawn; once again,
But I was definitely not without my art; perceiving the most stupendously grandiloquent imagery on this fathomless Universe; while my sanctimoniously attired compatriots out there; marched left; right; and center; to the tunes of ruthlessly never ending clients.

I might be jobless; not polishing the shoes of my seniors; as they ordered me like a slave in office; once again,
But I was definitely not without optimistic hope; dancing in the aisles of tantalizing seduction; while my frigidly clean shaven friends out there; clapped and laughed to even the most poorest joke of the boss; embracing his battalion of children; like their very own.

I might be jobless; not conceiving sleazy management policies; while my boss snored in heavenly bliss; once again,
But I was definitely not without astronomical conviction; plunging into the valley of ebullient adventure every unleashing minute; while my commercially tyrannical counterparts; burnt their conscience's out there; in a pool of derogatory smoke and rebuke.

I might be jobless; not touching the feet of my hopelessly dictatorial supremo; once again,
But I was definitely not without enigmatic mysticism; drowning myself profusely in the swirl of melody and enchantment; while my conventionally tycoon mates out there; hideously plotted behind each other's backs; to catapult to the pinnacle of baseless power.

And I might be jobless; not frequenting the boundaries of abominably rotting office ever in my life; once again,
But I was definitely not without life; leading; romanticizing; exploring it to the fullest as each night ripened into day; while my fellow mates out there; died a million deaths every second; in the murderous rat race to be the absolute best.

16. TO KILL

Rays of glorious optimism; to kill the treacherously ghastly darkness of the sullen night,

Avalanches of tantalizing mysticism; to kill dreadful chapters of fetidly rotting monotony,

Dewdrops of philanthropic benevolence; to kill the bloody war of indiscriminate hatred,

Pearls of perpetual wisdom; to kill the famished tyranny of hopelessly debilitating illiteracy,

Cloudbursts of rhapsodic fantasy; to kill the painstaking agony of mutilating boredom,

Fountains of mesmerizing scent; to kill the disdainfully traumatic odor of manipulative prejudice,

Tornados of Herculean strength; to kill devastating laziness; slithering baselessly on chocolate brown wisps of mundane soil,

Fabulously sweet cocoons of honey; to kill ruthless animosity; parasitically sucking all tribes,

Fireballs of untamed passion; to kill cold blooded frigidity; irrevocably refusing the web of mystique and love,

Mountains of astronomical conviction; to kill disastrous diffidence; deluged perennially in mournful remorse,

Rainshowers of irrefutable truth; to kill satanic chains of hideously ostentatious lies,

Swords of patriotic triumph; to kill traitors beheading their divinely sacrosanct motherland,

Volcano's of unprecedented ecstasy; to kill self inflicted wounds of gory sorrow; tumultuously proliferating after caressing land,

Winds of insurmountable ambition; to kill utterly nonchalant staring into murky

space; for centuries immemorial,

Voices of impeccably boisterous activity; to kill everlasting hours of compellingly abominable sleep,

Nostalgic reflections of childhood; to kill inevitably advancing age; and the fear of relinquishing all energy,

Romantic clouds of majestic art; to kill savage corruption and irate blasphemy of the living; in the stringently conventional society,

Perpetually augmenting thunderbolts of love; to kill insidiously capricious and perilous hatred,

And immortal rainbows of Godly life; to kill the heart of cowardly death; even before it could even nimbly arise.

17. DON'T

Don't enchantingly smile; and then speak of hopelessly diabolical destruction,

Don't vivaciously dance; and then think of life beneath the morbid coffins,

Don't wholeheartedly embrace; and then insidiously plot against the lives of orphaned children,

Don't tantalizingly dream; and then talk of being lambasted by commercial whips of manipulative reality,

Don't gallop like an untamed tornado; and then perceive of spending life in eccentrically reclusive seclusion,

Don't sow the seeds of blossoming fertility; and then step into the tunnel of perennially stinking darkness,

Don't immaculately wink; and then behave like an uncouth bartender on the boisterous streets,

Don't uninhibitedly thank; and then pierce a menacing knife into the back of your philanthropic comrades,

Don't melodiously sing; and then infiltrate like a hideous devil; into all sects of

the wonderfully impeccable society,

Don't mystically intrigue; and then form an eternal bondage; with monotonously lecherous business tycoons,

Don't ardently pray; and then start to indiscriminately assassinate unsuspecting civilizations; like diminutive mosquito and inconspicuous prey,

Don't worship your mother; and then satanically devastate tiny infants; from their cozy dwellings and divinely parents,

Don't reside in harmonious solitude; and then disseminate the most treacherously fearful voice; into serene air lingering outside,

Don't sacredly bless; and then devilishly paralyze every organism alive; with your ominously abhorrent spell,

Don't paint beautifully; and then abominably bludgeon and pulverize the panoramic landscape; with your wickedly bohemian feet,

Don't fruitfully evolve; and then blow your decayed breath; polluting the symbiotically functioning planet,

Don't say "I love you"; and then shatter the threads of holy matrimony; of all couples passionately married and alive,

Don't compassionately care; and then rain tumultuously acrid maelstroms of hell; on people breathing and full of exuberant life,

And don't blissfully live; and then blame the Creator for ruining each moment of your crippled life; incessantly think of collapsing into the sinister grave and die.

18. PERFECTLY O.K.

Laziness is perfectly O.K.; as long as you ensure a world of dream and tantalizing fantasy for your fellow mates; engulfed with hopeless despair,

Overwhelming frustration is perfectly O.K.; as long as you ensure; blissfully smooth pathways; for your Nation marching towards everlasting prosperity,

Weakness is perfectly O.K.; as long as you ensure Herculean strength; for all those tottering towards the brink of horrendous extinction,

Boredom is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure stupendously jubilant rhapsody for destitute urchins; disastrously shivering without their parents,

Darkness is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure a fabulous civilization of vibrantly optimistic light; for all organisms brutally incarcerated within dungeons of despicable blackness,

Monotony is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure a planet more voluptuously ravishing than paradise; for all those treacherously blinded; without the tiniest iota of sight,

To bleed is perfectly O.K; as long as you miraculously heal the savagely vindicated wounds of patriotic comrades injured in war,

Overwhelmingly diminutive is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that the severely maimed slithering on soil; attained a status more invincible than the Himalayas,

Being a bedraggled beggar was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that all mothers diabolically kicked by the hideously conventional society; metamorphosed to the most opulent beings on this boundless Universe,

Reducing to a bundle of inconspicuous ash was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure to procreate countless more entities of your kind; marvelously philandering under resplendent rays of the milky moon,

Painstakingly slow is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that your gruesomely debilitated compatriots; raced like a tornado past the finishing line,

Staying insurmountably famished was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; all those satanically starved; replenished their bellies with exotically enticing food,

Dithering to a mute shadow was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; the seed of perpetual humanity blossomed into an impregnable tree,

Pathetically dark is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; all faces enveloped with disease and sooty dust; transformed into the most mesmerizing silhouettes; on this earth,

Utter dumbness is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; the voice of each

deplorably tyrannized; poignantly reached the ultimate harbingers of solidarity and peace,

Ludicrously drowning is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; all those innocent children lost; safely reached their formidably secure abodes,

Indefatigably weeping is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; a perennially proliferating smile; lit up the faces of all those besieged with traumatized agony and inexplicable pain,

Aimlessly sky gazing is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; a wave of insatiable ambition enveloped all those rendered jobless; and disdainfully slaving without a firm purpose in life,

Sacrificing the love of your life was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that a wave of unconquerable love; united every broken heart in the swirl of compassionately revered relationship,

And relinquishing breath wholeheartedly is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure life in every dead thereafter; creating infinite of your kind; every time the earth was born again; and again and again.

19. IN-BORN STRENGTHS

Romance indefatigably and with piquant enchantment; to your most unassailably integral mountain; of in-born strengths,

Dance ingratiatingly and with tantalizing charisma; to your most fabulously impeccable repertoire; of in-born strengths,

Fantasize intransigently and with incessant fascination; to your most fathomlessly intrepid ocean; of in-born strengths,

Gallop patriotically and with unflinching brazenness; to your most invincibly blazing Sun; of in-born strengths,

Donate benevolently and with unequivocal humanity; to your most spellbindingly colossal kaleidoscope; of in-born strengths,

Listen ardently and with insatiable fervor; to your most gloriously glimmering fountain; of in-born strengths,

Sleep sensuously and with blissful contentment; to your most blisteringly dynamic goalhouse; of in-born strengths,

Laugh wholeheartedly and with ebulliently emollient gusto; to your most divinely unsurpassable armory; of in-born strengths,

Sing harmoniously and with unprecedented artistry in your voice; to your most ubiquitously endless river; of in-born strengths,

Walk flamboyantly and with an unfathomable urge to reach philanthropic targets; to your most gloriously synergistic cocoon; of in-born strengths,

Philosophize humbly and with ecstatically untamed belief; to your most poignantly celestial stream; of in-born strengths,

Discover gallantly and with overwhelming enigma; to your most resplendently twinkling sky; of in-born strengths,

Serve irrevocably and with the unconquerable spirit of mankind; to your most passionately Omnipotent idol; of in-born strengths,

Invest judiciously and with astounding pragmatism; to your most grandiloquently intrinsic castle; of in-born strengths,

Write candidly and with intricately silken graciousness; to your most irrefutably honest treasury; of in-born strengths,

Pray fearlessly and with a wave of benign calm enveloping the soul; to your most scintillatingly sacrosanct candle; of in-born strengths,

Evolve intriguingly and with incomprehensibly bountiful vigor; to your most beautifully tranquil civilization; of in-born strengths,

Breathe compassionately and with the overpowering elixir to lead life; to your most stupendously fortified fortress; of in-born strengths,

Love immortally and with impregnably never dying tenacity; to your most celestially vivacious river; of in-born strengths,

Over and above all; Live symbiotically and with the relentless aspiration to conquer an infinite deaths; to your most magnanimously bestowing lamp; of in-born strengths.

20. TRUE SATISFACTION

True satisfaction lies in feeding the devastatingly deprived; not in ruthlessly snatching the last morsel of food from their pathetically starved stomachs; just to tantalize your spuriously non-existent buds of baseless taste,

True satisfaction lies in educating the ludicrously illiterate; not in barbarically extricating their last iota of discerning consciousness; just to meaninglessly tingle the soles of your; sordidly treacherous feet,

True satisfaction lies in uplifting the disastrously maimed to the ultimate destination of their choice; not in savagely excoriating the mercurial conglomerate of flesh and bone on their staggering body; just to uselessly placate your skin; with bombastic warmth,

True satisfaction lies in philanthropically assisting the blind to cross the rambunctious street; not in invidiously climbing over their hapless shoulders; just in order to meet your boss on the other side; before your manipulative colleague could,

True satisfaction lies in becoming the profuse source of sound for the unfathomably deaf; not in ecstatically occupying their horrifically debilitated eardrum; just in order to profoundly mystify your commercial senses; with the carpet of darkness inside,

True satisfaction lies in speaking vociferously for the horrendously dumb; not in insidiously maneuvering their innocence towards the diabolical gallows; just in order to save your murderously stinking life,

True satisfaction lies in rescuing the innocuously orphaned infant drowning uncontrollably in the satanic waters; not in using his impeccable countenance as a lifeboat; just in order to reach invincibly to the other side of the; gloriously shimmering shores,

True satisfaction lies in placating the dreadfully dreary senses of a fatigued traveler; not in perennially resting and parasitically feasting on his wavering shadow; just to pacify the already supremely satisfied elements in his blood,

True satisfaction lies in sowing seeds of invincible peace in resplendent soil; not in mercilessly massacring fathomless forests of beauty with swords of heinous

corruption; just in order to embellish your pompous castles; with biscuits of extra silver,

True satisfaction lies in; marvelously becoming the voice of the tyrannically molested; not in ominously snatching every word before it even crept up their nimble throat; just to be thunderously heard; by all powerhouses and kingdoms in the world; alike,

True satisfaction lies in; benevolently embracing all those old and despondently struggling; not in satanically plucking out the tender hair from their witheringly fragile bodies; just in order to fill in the bald portions of your; inconspicuously frigid wig,

True satisfaction lies in; enveloping all those uncouthly trembling in bizarre cold in blankets of eternally mesmerizing humanity; not in parasitically sucking even the most infinitesimal droplet of poignant blood from their body; just in order to fill in your empty glasses of solitude,

True satisfaction lies in; disseminating unprecedented happiness in all those despicable hutments besieged with inexplicable gloom; not in extinguishing the slim flames of hope in their interiors; just in order to illuminate your disgustingly sleazy world; of ghastly lechery and crime,

True satisfaction lies in; uninhibitedly freeing all those savagely incarcerated in chains of treachery; not in tumultuously inflicting all your frustration of the day upon their miserably diminutive caricatures; just in order to spuriously relax the surplus tension; in your overwhelming agitated nerves and bones,

True satisfaction lies in; incessantly endeavoring to coalesce all discriminating religions into the immortally impregnable religion of humanity; not in perpetuating malicious feuds in civilizations melanged with symbiotic solidarity; just to snobbishly appease your taste buds; at the sight of viciously raining blood,

True satisfaction lies in; indefatigably marching on the invincible pathways of benign unity; not in maliciously shattering the fortress of mankind; just to impart that baseless bit of extra reinvigoration; to your foundations of non-existent prejudice,

True satisfaction lies in; astoundingly proliferating newness to synergistically continue God's chapter of priceless existence; not in venomously annihilating the innocuously divine; just in order to pugnaciously survive; for a countless more

lifetimes,

True satisfaction lies in; benevolently sacrificing every iota of rhapsodic breath to nourish unequivocally spell binding goodness; not in sinfully burying a robustly sparkling organism infinite kilometers beneath drab soil; just in order to stand with laughably meticulous precision; upon your own dwindling feet,

And true satisfaction lies in; perpetually bonding broken hearts all across the fabulously fathomless Universe; not in malevolently stealing passionately palpitating beats with gay abandon; just in order to keep your body; pathetically and forever alive.

21. WHAT IS A POEM?

A poem is; an everlasting ocean of poignant empathy; that envelops you in winds of insatiable euphoria and tantalizingly rhapsodic caress,

A poem is; a marvelous compilation of majestic art; cascading like the most opulent river of happiness; in your times of morbidly murderous gloom,

A poem is; a cloudburst of tumultuously piquant emotions; forever and irrefutably ensuring that; you kept gallivanting ahead with the delectably pristine ardor of life,

A poem is; a fathomless canvas of vivacious color and ingratiating charm; deluging every cranny of your ludicrously impoverished existence; with all mesmerizing goodness; stupendously overpowering the atmosphere,

A poem is; a wave of glorious royalty that romantically sweeps across your dreary nerves every dawn; titillates you into fireballs of untamed imagination; all throughout the fabric of the voluptuously enchanting night,

A poem is; the most grandiloquently flaming epitome of triumph; harboring you in its invincible belly of endless fantasy; nourishing each iota of your blood; like a sacrosanct mother,

A poem is; a boisterously humming bee of ecstatic jubilation; diffusing the profound sweetness of mystical existence; on whichever path you chose to philanthropically tread,

A poem is; an unfathomable myriad of enigmatic undulations; intriguingly weaving through unsurpassable joy and inexplicable gloom in life; alike,

A poem is; the most embellished form of written expression; catapulting you to infinite kilometers above the divinely conglomerate of celestial clouds; to bask in the unprecedented glory of priceless learning,

A poem is; an incomprehensible mountain of intrepid philosophy; the most turbulently ebullient portrayal of the mind; body and blissfully philandering soul,

A poem is; a symbol of ubiquitous harmony; uniting civilizations irrespective of caste; creed or color from all across the fathomless planet; in its invincible blanket of humanity; alike,

A poem is; an unequivocal path of righteousness that transpires you to wholeheartedly pursue your gorgeous curtain spread of benevolent dreams; your spice to passionately embrace life and lifeless sleep; romantically and alike,

A poem is; an unrelenting thunderbolt of perennial desire; encapsulating your diabolically dwindling bones; with the eternal fervor to exhilaratedly leap forward in vibrant life,

A poem is; the sacrosanct constituent of a writers imagination; his intransigent propensity and heavenly fodder; to compassionately lead a countless more exotic lives,

A poem is; a boundlessly ardent craving for harmonious bliss to impregnably descend; incarcerating all those disastrously devastated; with the incredulously ingratiating melody in its rhythm,

A poem is; a resplendently twinkling sky of perpetual yearning; showering its rain of unparalleled enthusiasm; upon every quarter of this earth; besieged with horrifically debilitating darkness,

A poem is; a magical whirlpool of fervently diffusing breath; that instills Omnipotent life; even in the most languidly ungainly and satanically maimed,

A poem is; a tantalizingly seducing princess; grandiloquently culminating into a mist of fascinating desire and astoundingly bountiful grace; on every iota of space; she blessedly blended with,

Over and above all; A poem is; the innermost fulmination of the immortally throbbing heart; transcending well above the boundaries of conventionally parasitic form; rule and structure; every true artists desire to take indefatigably

breath for; abnegating his last trace of life for it; only to rejoice with it perpetually in realms of Omnipresent heaven.

22. I PREFERRED TO DIE INFINITE DEATHS

I preferred standing barechested under sweltering rays of the Sun; profusely basking in a pool of gloriously golden sweat,
Rather than rotting away like a piece of dilapidated dirt incarcerated well within the dungeons; in fear of how the world would look outside.

I preferred plunging intrepidly into the vindictive; valiantly clashing my sword in the supreme exultation of defending my priceless integrity,
Rather than listening to unsolicited abuse as the days unveiled by; petrified to venture outside in fear of being uncouthly assassinated.

I preferred swimming in full fledged fervor against the tumultuously turbulent waves of the ocean; taking the rhapsodically tangy spray full throttle on my cheeks,
Rather than sitting like a disheveled banana on the shores; ruminating unsurpassable number of times; upon the aftermaths after being devoured by the sharks.

I preferred clambering up the treacherous slope of the mountain head on against the exuberant breeze; with the soles of my robustly sturdy feet the only respite,
Rather than waiting countless decades for a golden helicopter to descend; catapult me to the absolute summit within lightening flashes of the eye.

I preferred walking boundless kilometers in the astronomically dense forest; searching for the glamorous fruits of nature which I savored even in my dreams,
Rather than wait like a frigidly parasitic mosquito on the ground; for destiny to place the fathomless festoon of berries; languidly in my lazy lap.

I preferred wholeheartedly embracing the euphorically crackling flames of fire; profusely relishing the flamboyant warmth that rejuvenated every dreary bone in my persona,
Rather than running a million kilometers away from the blazing inferno; dreadfully afraid of being scorched to the corpse.

I preferred blurting out whatever was fulminating in the topmost compartment of my mind; candidly expressing even the most infinitesimal iota of my feelings,
Rather than plotting a battalion of insidiously lethal ideas; like a trembling coward behind the back of my compatriots.

I preferred speaking the perpetual truth at the cost of my rubicund flesh;
although it blended the sky and the earth together in the swirl of its irrefutably
overwhelming agony,
Rather than camouflaging my words with the cloud of deceitful lies;
manipulatively evolving every word I spoke.

I preferred to proclaim my love for my beloved in front of the entire acrid world;
in the face of rebuke and the most severest penalty from the society for my act
of unconventional audacity,
Rather than strangulating my senses painstakingly; bit by bit; as I watched them
bonding her sacrosanct countenance with the mate of her choice.

And I preferred to die infinite deaths this very instant with my head held high;
and the voice of my impeccably righteous conscience dictating me to execute
every action of my existence,
Rather than leading a life slaving for another molecule of my kind; bowing down
my persona to a diabolically lecherous entity; whom even the Lord had rejected
since immemorial times.

23. DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO

My eyes popped out in overwhelming exasperation; my sockets dancing
restlessly on the floor,
My lips distorted themselves to incomprehensibly horrendous contours; biting
themselves satanically as the moon blossomed to a perilously sinister glow,
My hair stood up like thunderbolts of stringent electricity; blazing fireballs of
despondency towards the sky,
My fists curled into an insurmountably formidable punch; aching to thunderously
batter arid wisps of breeze painstakingly blowing around,
I am sure that my treacherous plight must be the same as that besieging you my
friends; when we just don't have; anything to do.

My sweat dribbled down in cyclonic frenzy; proliferating by the unfurling minute;
into fathomless oceans clashing against the walls of nothingness,
My teeth locked themselves in an immortally peevish embrace; chattering
countless times in an indefatigable search for spurious solace,
My skin developed boundless goose bumps of profound disdain; shivering
incessantly in the inexplicable trauma lingering in placid air,
My ears heard a volley of sounds which were entirely non-existent; kept
inexorably iterating tunes which hovered countless feet beneath the graves,
I am sure that my treacherous plight must be the same as that besieging you my

friends; when we just don't have; anything to do.

My yawn reverberated more diabolically than the demons; as I tossed
unrelentingly on my lackadaisically strewn four poster bed,
My shadow fluttered miserably in the domains of hell; shrinking its robust
proportions to more inconspicuous than an ant; in its quest for treading on the
unexplored,
My eyelashes withered ferociously towards unruly soil; wanting to rejuvenate
themselves thoroughly in the fabulously rain soaked mud,
My throat blurted a myriad of obnoxiously hoarse tunes; permeating through the
realms of normalcy with its relentlessly hysterical shrieking,
I am sure that my treacherous plight must be the same as that besieging you my
friends; when we just don't have; anything to do.

My stomach belligerently puked out foul matter from the inner most recesses of
my intestines; contracting to as thin as an infinitesimal whisker; struck by body
blows of mind-boggling desperation,
My fingers scribbled an unfathomable battalion of nonchalantly incoherent
literature; swished menacingly to emboss the most hideously invidious forms in
loose sand,
My neck swirled in infinite directions as the clock ticked; profusely confused by
the happenings that unleashed themselves in the surrounding,
My heart sank all its beats in my acrimoniously pointed boots; my breath and
soul searched frantically for the paths on which the Sun austere shone in its
fiercely flamboyant shine,
I am sure that my treacherous plight must be the same as that besieging you my
friends; when we just don't have; anything to do.

24. EVEN IF I WAS BORN DEAD

I could relinquish all my clothes this very moment; shiver hysterically as
turbulent cloud covers of snow tumbled ferociously from the sky,

I could relinquish all my fantasies this very moment; stare in mockingly dumb
ridicule towards abstruse bits of solitary air,

I could relinquish all my spurious pride this very moment; start hoarsely begging
on the streets; with my profusely bedraggled hair cascading disdainfully over my
cheeks,

I could relinquish all my overwhelming courage this very moment; surrender in
meek submission to even the ants transgressing near the lavatory seat,

I could relinquish all my smiles this very moment; weep till times immemorial;
even though the Sun outside glowed brighter than when it was born,

I could relinquish all my blood this very moment; mercilessly extricate the
indispensably life yielding fluid horrendously from its very roots,

I could relinquish all my teeth this very moment; uncouthly abrading them
against obdurate biscuits of acrimoniously thorny steel,

I could relinquish all my taste this very moment; surviving wholesomely on stale
left overs of insurmountably decaying bread blended with the bland desert sands,

I could relinquish all my memory this very moment; frantically groping my way
like a new born child amidst the myriad of boisterously whipping traffic,

I could relinquish all my daintily gifted features this very moment; brutally
ripping apart each part of my robustly voluptuous skin,

I could relinquish all my astronomically earned wealth this very moment; licking
the mud in insatiable hunger as the stomach cried beyond the realms of no
control,

I could relinquish all my nerves this very moment; slithering in tumultuously
painstaking agony as the vultures descended to confiscate my skeleton,

I could relinquish all my ambitions this very moment; loiter aimlessly with the
sword of desperation penetrating me deeper and deeper by the unveiling minute,

I could relinquish all my prudently sagacious ability to think this very moment;
incurring a billion bomb blasts incessantly in the corridors of my tenderly
palpable brain,

I could relinquish all my melodious voice this very moment; persevering to
eternity to blurt even a single alphabet; although I possessed the most
ingratiatingly fabulous island of rosy tongue,

I could relinquish all my dexterity this very moment; maniacally executing only
an inconspicuous task for decades unfathomable; although the Creator had gifted
me with boundless virtues of this world,

I could relinquish all my body this very moment; lingering like an insipidly treacherous and gloomy spirit; although mountains of raw tenacity engulfed each of my bones,

I could relinquish all my breath this very moment; incarcerating myself infinite feet beneath my burial ground; profoundly abdicating even the most minuscule trace of tangible life,

But I couldn't relinquish you O! Beloved; for you were not only more precious to me than any other entity on this Universe; but my very reason to live; even if I was born dead for infinite lives.

25. THE BEST - PART 2

Prejudiced are those who baselessly dramatize,
Majestic are those who voluptuously romanticize,
Cowardly are those who meaninglessly ostracize,
Marvelous are those who unrelentingly fantasize,
Dastardly are those who treacherously traumatize,
Penurious are those who vengefully victimize,
Magicians are those who enchantingly soliloquize,
Devils are those who uncouthly penalize,
Artisans are those who articulately specialize,
Demons are those who mercilessly cauterize,
Satanic are those who spuriously philosophize,
Traitors are those who insidiously aggrandize,
Enamoring are those who ravishingly tantalize,
Resurgent are those who unflinchingly patronize,
Resolute are those who perpetually idolize,
Brave are those who magnificently acclimatize,
Greatest are those who altruistically sacrifice,
Prudent are those who sagaciously apprise,
Turgid are those who ruthlessly baptize,
Ominous are those who manipulatively plagiarize,
Patrons are those who intricately recognize,
Harbingers are those who ubiquitously rationalize,
Samaritans are those who relentlessly nationalize,
Morbid are those who incessantly vandalize,
Surreptitious are those who perilously scandalize,
Astute are those who succinctly concise,
Diabolical are those who indiscriminately pulverize,

Ingenious are those who innovatively sensationalize,
Innocuous are those who resplendently eternalize,
Bombastic are those who pretentiously glamorize,
Holistic are those who worship Sunrise,
Uncanny are those who enigmatically mysticize,
Savage are those who menacingly exorcise,
Triumphant are those who intractably epitomize,
Failures are those who wickedly avarice,
Pertinent are those who indefatigably criticize,
Enthusiasts are those who uplift bourgeoisie,
Philanthropic are those who congenially harmonize,
Obsessive are those who dogmatically habitualize,
Lovers are those who tirelessly immortalize,
Insects are those who remorsefully advice,
Monotonous are those who unreasonably legalize,
Visionaries are those who sagaciously
Institutionalize,
Blessed are those who holistically collectivize,
Alluring are those who chant moonrise,
Abominable are those who ingloriously immobilize,
Victorious are those who honestly rise,
Exhilarating are those who ebulliently surprise,
Perfectionists are those who intricately synchronize,
Meticulous are those precisely systemize,
Persevering are those who chronologically itemize,
Devout are those who blissfully traditionalize,
Cold Blooded are those who barbarically polarize,
Dictatorial are those who chauvinistically mercerize,
Unpardonable are those who satanically brutalize,
Divine are those benevolently synthesize,
Charismatic are those who humanitarianly symbolize,
Vindictive are those who unsurpassably tyrannize,
Entrepreneurs are those who coherently channelize,
Anarchists are those who roughly agonize,
Prudent are those who quickly summarize,
Lackadaisical are those who disdainfully mechanize,
Derogatory are those who worthlessly demoralize,
Abhorrent are those who frigidly desensitize,
Opportunists are those unequivocally maximize,
Insane are those who sinfully pressurize,
Enthusing are those who spell bindingly surprise,
Gimmick are those who sleazily advertize,

Gifted are those who unbiasedly memorize,
Humane are those who naturally mortalize,
Indescribable are those who incessantly demonize,
Remarkable are those who heavenly conceptualize,
Lackluster are those who nonchalantly neutralize,
Affable are those who wholeheartedly socialize,
Corpselike are those who purposelessly sterilize,
Unpredictable are those who atrociously disguise,
Melanging are those who synergistically franchise,
Intelligent are those who poignantly familiarize,
Discerning are those who perceptively characterize,
Fairies are those who unbelievably mesmerize,
Perfectionists are those who comprehensively totalize,
Martyrs are those who selflessly actualize,
Comrades are those who uninhibitedly solemnize,
Ungainly are those who truculently terrorize,
And The best are those who sportingly realize.

26. THE CHAPTER OF VIBRANT LIFE

At times a river of sensuously everlasting happiness; while at times an inexplicable thorn stabbing you with pints of traumatized anguish,

At times a mesmerizing cloud of blossoming prosperity; while at times an incorrigible impediment engendering you to preposterously stagger towards the aisles of hopelessness,

At times a fountain of unbelievable resplendence; while at times testing you against the most horrendously ominous storms; which unrelentingly seemed to have not the slightest of respite,

At times a euphorically surging bird flapping in the realms of ebullient jubilation; while at times inevitably making you trip towards the dungeons of frantically bizarre desperation,

At times a melodiously enchanting song placating even the most murderously diabolical of your nerves; while at times asphyxiating your visage; with precarious testaments of painstaking perseverance,

At times an ultimate harbinger of celestial peace; while at times marauding your brain with a boundless mountain of; compulsively crippling thoughts and prejudice,

At times a waterfall of voluptuously seductive glory titillating you till times beyond eternity; while at times an ominous maelstrom of intractable difficulty; penalizing you from every ostensible side,

At times a thunderbolt of ingenious innovation; while at times a disastrously insane wastrel; infiltrating you with daggerheads of insipidly debilitating nothingness,

At times a garden of stupendously enthralling vivaciousness; while at times an unsparingly acrid blade that menacingly greeted you; at every step that you transgressed,

At times a gorgeously enthralling paradise of bestowing scent; while at times an assiduously testing examination of the severest of odds; making you wither into a penurious shadow of disdainful remorse and neglect,

At times an ecstatic whirlpool of rejuvenating freshness entirely metamorphosing the complexion of your abominably bedraggled life; while at times a corpse of baseless tensions; depriving you of even the most infinitesimal wink of sleep,

At times an irrefutably triumphant medallion of blazing victory; while at times insidiously lambasting you with swords of monotonously mundane commercialism and abhorrent malice,

At times the most candidly blissful reflection of your impeccable soul; while at times tumultuously besieging your entire countenance; with heinously incarcerating beads of impeding sweat,

At times the tantalizingly exotic carpet of the gregariously twinkling night; while at times a vociferously crumbling sea of disparaging despair; viciously hurtling you from your most unequivocally consolidated place in pragmatic existence,

At times a mountain of unconquerably Herculean strength safeguarding you against the most treacherously salacious evil; while at times an inscrutable cistern of black magic; invidiously transforming your every wish into a mirage of meaninglessness,

At times an unassailable inferno of divine righteousness transcending you above the most immaculate angels in fathomless sky; while at times a savagely tyrannical panther; instilling in you an insatiably unending flame of lecherous greed,

At times the most priceless elixir to ebulliently bounce in every instant of rhapsodic survival; while at times vengefully slapping you with whirlwinds of defeat; staring with uncouth barbarism in your innocent eyes,

At times a resplendently robust fruit culminating into rays of revitalizingly Omnipotent hope; while at times more slippery than the surreptitiously perilous eel; triggering you to plummet headon on a snake of slithering nonchalance,

And at times an immortal bonding of existence bountifully coalescing you with all those whom you pricelessly loved; while at times more sardonically bitter than venom could ever have tasted; such was the vacillating chapter of vibrant life.

27.12.0 CLOCK

12.0 Clock. A moment when the voluptuous seduction of ingratiating blackness; enshrouded each frazzled nerve of mine with silken sensuousness,

12.0 Clock. A moment when overwhelmingly enchanting melody; whispered a tale of profound mysticism in my frantically insane and bereaved ears,

12.0 Clock. A moment when a carpet of rejuvenating serenity blissfully infiltrated into my lunatically manipulative life; celestially placating every inexplicably traumatic thought of mine,

12.0 Clock. A moment when the entire Universe outside seemed to be a mesmerizing paradise; with an unfathomable ocean of benign goodness; profusely encapsulating every ingredient of my tyrannically lambasted blood,

12.0 Clock. A moment when the resplendently milky light of the charismatic Moon titillated me till times immemorial; bathing me in a cistern of wonderfully enamoring beauty,

12.0 Clock. A moment when an unsurpassable garden of reinvigorating scent encompassed my disastrously staggering stride; triumphantly urging me to embed the flag of philanthropic victory; on the path of righteous mankind,

12.0 Clock. A moment when tantalizingly cool breeze exuberantly brushed through my dolorously dwindling eyes; transpiring me to fantastically erupt in an unrelenting cocoon of; spell binding fantasy,

12.0 Clock. A moment of unbelievably rapturous delight; when the rustling of the vivacious trees; seemed like the eternal heavens had bountifully descended down,

12.0 Clock. A moment which metamorphosed the complexion of my beleaguered lips to a poignant crimson; triggering in me the insatiable urge to blend with all sensuously exotic beauty around,

12.0 Clock. A moment when aristocratic waves of tranquility; miraculously changed the definition of my haplessly shattering life; to a civilization of perennially blossoming freshness,

12.0 Clock. A moment that blissfully redefined every aspect of my monotonously mundane survival; enlightening each of my hopelessly crippling footsteps; with a reservoir of unconquerably heavenly newness,

12.0 Clock. A moment which regally painted the impoverished kaleidoscope of my dithering existence with an incomprehensible valley of vibrant color; making me wholesomely believe in the harmoniously benevolent principles of; priceless humanity,

12.0 Clock. A moment when the relentless stare of the vividly striped owl; tumultuously evoked me to conceive beyond the realms of the sparkingly extraordinary; diffuse into a flower of innovative freshness; every unfurling minute of my existence,

12.0 Clock. A moment which impregnated my lackadaisically nonchalant life with astronomically unending spice; as the magnificently eclectic frequency of the atmosphere; lit a lantern of love through every vein of my persona,

12.0 Clock. A moment fabulously relieving me of even the most infinitesimal of tensions; deluging the canvas of my beautifully scintillating breath; with ubiquitously untamed euphoria,

12.0 Clock. A moment which royally catapulted me beyond all sinful apprehensions of pragmatic life; as majestically coalesced with the aisles of unending desire; for infinite more births yet to come,

12.0 Clock. A moment when there seemed nothing but the ravishing scent of the unassailably princely rose; as the petals of my lugubriously despairing life; bloomed full throttle towards the pathways of insurmountable excitement,

12.0 Clock. A moment when the breath that nondescriptly diffused from my nostrils; suddenly incinerated an invincible cloudburst of romantic passion; in the pathetically fading atmosphere,

O! Yes.12.0 Clock. A moment when the stringently conventional society outside snored ludicrously; incarcerated well within the asphyxiating agony of quilts and spurious air-conditioner; while my heart had just commenced to sing the beats of love and life; as it was now fascinating midnight.

28. MONEY

You could metamorphose into an impeccable saint; and then incessantly castigate it; for its salaciously treacherous and hideously ungainly intent,

You could step into the shoes of an immaculate angel; and then indefatigably rebuke it; for corrupting the fabric of the celestially blissful atmosphere,

You could transform into a bountifully blessing cloud; and then irascibly condemn it; for its baseless proportions of abhorrently stinking malice,

You could wholesomely blend with harmonious goodness; and then unrelentingly pulverize it; for its heinously malicious waves of insidious remorsefulness,

You could uplift your soul to the bountifully everlasting heavens; and then relentlessly ostracize it; for its lecherously vindictive swirl; that perfidiously infiltrated the fabric of innocuous humanity,

You could catapult to the summit of patriotically blazing freedom; and then unrelentingly abuse it; for its spell of disdainfully abominable commercialism and horrifically ghastly captivity,

You could blissfully traverse on a blanket of unequivocally scintillating pearls; and then unstoppably slander it; for being a pertinently perilous insect; satanically sucking blood from all living beings,

You could embellish yourself with flames of stupendously unassailable honesty; and then timelessly decimate it; for its waves of discordantly unwarranted prejudice,

You could reach the corridors of rhapsodically eternal paradise; and then intractably slash at it; for it being an intolerable impediment; that traumatically poisoned one and all; in their way to holistic righteousness,

You could drown yourself in the winds of enchantingly sensuous melody; and then ruthlessly crucify it; for its nonchalantly monotonous caress of the; radiantly blooming society,

You could become a fulminating ray of dazzling Sunshine; and then tirelessly exonerate it with your candid voice; for not functioning according to the principles of the; Almighty divine,

You could transcend beyond the realms of benign goodness; and then unsparingly whip it; for diffusing a path of murderous war; all across God's most ravishingly splendid continent,

You could dance in the aisles of marvelous empathy; and then savagely shoot it; for lethally disobeying the ideals of symbiotic existence; diffusing vindictive hatred in the hearts of one and all; alike,

You could chant the most sacred mantras on this Universe; and then unflinchingly squelch upon it; for its merciless ways of leading life; for the sinister darkness of ill will that it instilled in passionately palpitating hearts,

You could synergistically epitomize all resplendently beautiful on this colossal planet; and then tyrannically distort it; for being so brutal on all those innocuously wandering; under the carpet of heavenly life,

You could bask ingratiatingly in the glory of profoundly impeccable moonlight; and then intransigently demolish it; for its icicles of cowardliness; that degraded the existence of every organism alive,

You could intrepidly clamber up the slopes of exhilarating adventure; and then fearlessly bang it; for its stench of surreptitious badness; acridly pilfering into the lives of innocuous mankind,

And do what you could; rebuke it; perennially annihilate it; diabolically spit on its cacophonically bereaved soul; excoriate it apart into an infinite pieces,

But you knew as much as I did today; that it was the cardinal reason of our existence; with the rest of the planet following us unequivocally on the same footsteps,

For all those who proclaimed that they were fathomless miles away from it; still indispensably needed it; as every speck of luxuriously opulent cloth on their

bodies; every bit of resplendently replenishing meal in their famished stomachs; every bit of bullet proof roof sequestering their heads; was partly due to it; such was the power of hateful; yet pacifying money.

29. GREATEST ART

The greatest art was not in clambering unsurpassably coldblooded mountains; with overwhelmingly poignant and adroit precision; barefoot,

The greatest art was not in stupendously encapsulating the beauty of the fathomless cosmos; in threadbare sheets of barren paper; singlehandedly,

The greatest art was not in racing swanky cars on avalanches of heartless ice; dexterously swerving an indefatigable number of times to degrees of extraordinarily beautiful precision; naked bodied,

The greatest art was not in flying umpteenth kites at a single time; celestially maneuvering countless strings of infinitesimal thread in gusty sky; towering on the tip of your big toe,

The greatest art was not in erecting majestically palatial edifices in lightening seconds of time; inundating boundless kilometers of arid landscape with indomitable concrete jungles; in just a single breath,

The greatest art was not in astoundingly memorizing limitless jargons of patriotically blazing literature; tirelessly reciting them to the entire planet; in just a single flash of an eye,

The greatest art was not in adventurously diving to the rock bottom of the truculently stormy ocean; sustain life amidst the satanic battalion of sharks and crabs beneath; for times immemorial,

The greatest art was not in impeccably prognosticating the destiny of one and all on this endless earth; astonishingly chronicling even the most minuscule of event to yet unfurl; in bleary eyed dawn,

The greatest art was not in eclectically controlling an unfathomable horde of rampant serpents; fearlessly entwining them all around your scarlet cheeks; without the tiniest bead of sweat,

The greatest art was not in staring relentlessly at the profoundly blistering Sun; dazzling into a patriotic saga of Herculean bravery; handsomely unfettered,

The greatest art was not in emulating every conceivable voice on this enamoring Universe; with unconquerably marvelous artistry in the innermost chords of your throat; like supreme Omnipotence sweeping all evil,

The greatest art was not in grazing insurmountable flocks of innocuous sheep in a harmoniously single row; to the enigmatically magical movements of your nimble fingers; in blissfully unassailable unison,

The greatest art was not in weaving countless lines of gloriously imperial literature; fulminating even the most infidel ingredient of your blood; for the rhapsodically untamed ocean of your versatility,

The greatest art was not in devouring even the most sordidly acrimonious stones; digesting even the most hedonistically salacious of impediments; without a single burp,

The greatest art was not in inhaling every speck of exhilarating breeze on this invincible globe; inundating the cushion of your lungs with enchanting sensuousness; for infinite more births yet to unravel,

The greatest art was not in brilliantly standing first at every cranny of existence; Omnipresently solemnizing your diminutive countenance as the very best; till centuries even beyond your veritable time,

The greatest art was not in flamboyantly embellishing your dreary countenance with the most exquisitely fantastic satin on this planet; diffusing into a wave of indefatigably priceless color on every step that you intricately tread,

The greatest art was not in infectiously triggering everyone around you into whirlpools of insatiably hilarious laughter; metamorphosing every globule of sullenness into an impregnable mountain of humanitarian smiles,

For as long as this exotically fructifying earth has existed; as long as God has chosen organism to diffuse into an unendingly exuberant sea of tangy breath; as long as symbiotically immortal love has blossomed in every holistic heart; the greatest art has always been and will forever be; leading each moment of survival to the absolute fullest; wholeheartedly accepting every shade of inexplicably fabulous life; just as it unabashedly comes.

30. A DEATH MORE HORRIFIC THAN WHAT DEATH COULD EVER BE

I didn't know whether to plunge into the well of treacherously vindictive scorpions; or whether to hang myself insanely upside down from the cadaverously gleaming gallows,

I didn't know whether to chop my skull into an infinite fragments with the merciless butcher knife; or whether to let every conceivable parasite on this boundless planet to uninhibitedly suck blood from my derogatorily diminishing veins,

I didn't know whether to stand bare-chested in the way of the unrelentingly unsparing avalanches; or whether to lecherously drown to the rock bottom of the deep ocean; with an unsurpassable battalion of sinister crabs in my mouth,

I didn't know whether to torch my skin alive in a gutter of insidiously adulterated kerosene; or whether to ruthlessly excoriate every iota of my nimble skin; from the top of my brutally emaciated bones,

I didn't know whether to lethally gouge my eyes with ghoulishly blood coated thorns; or whether to shatter my entire countenance into a countless fragments; sadistically banging my body against the venomously cold-blooded rocks,

I didn't know whether to bury myself alive infinite feet beneath sinking soil; or whether to surrender myself to every construable bit of disparagingly convoluted badness; on the trajectory of this gigantic planet,

I didn't know whether to indefatigably sip vials of hedonistically ghastly poison; or whether to get gored full throttle; by the acrimoniously piercing thorns of the savagely marauding bull,

I didn't know whether to barbarously slash the trembling veins of my palm with perfidiously criminal blades; or whether to make a ludicrously grotesque barbecue of myself for the unscrupulously wandering termites,

I didn't know whether to lividly wither like a despondently crackled leaf; or whether to leap naked fleshed from the pinnacle of the sky; to crunch my every bone with stray pebbles and rocks on earth beneath,

I didn't know whether to let the demons crucify me on the sacrificing altar torturously sucking every speck of my exuberance under the acridly sweltering Sun; or whether to raunchily take every pistol bullet that hurtled pugnaciously in serene air; right in the center of my head,

I didn't know whether to timelessly incarcerate every cursed breath of mine in chains of isolation; or whether to tirelessly march through a graveyard of sickness; where the ghosts of disease made every instant of my life more crippling than an infinite deaths,

I didn't know whether to lasciviously slit every patch of robustness in my throat with the satanic garden shears; or whether to truculently blast even the most inconspicuous element of sensitivity in my ears with perniciously ribald bombs,

I didn't know whether to indiscriminately inundate every pore of my slaving body with unfathomably unforgivable bitterness; or whether to greedily slurp asphyxiating acid down my throat in incomprehensibly luxurious amounts,

I didn't know whether to forever disappear into the corridors of bawdily nonchalant nothingness; or whether to continuously lick victimizingly threadbare dirt on the lavatory broomstick; like an irascible cockroach all my life,

I didn't know whether to become a live carrion for the egregiously cannibalistic vultures; or whether to surprisingly come in front of a speeding truck; being massacred to a gory absolution without the slightest intimation or respite,

I didn't know whether to limitlessly hurt myself like an uncontrollably prurient imbecile; or whether to jinx myself with the most uxoriously tyrannical spirits of fretfully decimating doom,

I didn't know whether to baselessly howl the last chord of my throat till the threshold of infinite infinity; or whether to perch my diminutive form upon the belligerently flaming pyre; for an irrefutable isolation from the vagaries of this manipulatively prejudiced planet,

I didn't know whether to eat ominously bellicose cyanide for dessert; or whether to forever snap my inconsequential reflection from the periphery of this fathomless earth; devastatingly fading into a corpse of lunatic darkness,

Her loss was so profoundly unbearable that I really didn't know how to die; Her untimely departure was the most irreversible defeat that I had faced in the chapter of my truncated life,

And therefore; all that I intransigently sought for today; was a death more ghastlier than the most horrific of death could ever dream of or could ever be; such a penalizingly lambasting corner in the coffins of diabolical hell; where the absence of her divinely sacrosanct form would never ever make me cry again.

31. WHO SAYS?

Who the senseless says that I insatiably craved for your wonderfully tantalizing smiles every instant; to blissfully lead the chapter of vivaciously beautiful life? As a matter of fact; I inexorably drowned myself in the same; to profusely enjoy ghastly death to its ultimate fullest; till times immemorial.

Who the lackadaisical says that I unrelentingly yearned for your seductively rampant senses every instant; to bountifully unfurl the unsurpassably vibrant colors of life?

As a matter of fact; I tempestuously drowned myself in the same; to insurmountably enjoy gory death to its ultimate fullest; till infinite more births yet to come.

Who the dastardly says that I unstoppably ached for your beautifully embellished eyelashes ever instant; to bask in the unshakably enthralling aura of timeless life?

As a matter of fact; I wildly drowned myself in the same; to fathomlessly enjoy macabre death to its ultimate fullest; till centuries unprecedented.

Who the feckless says that I dogmatically wished for your majestically silken caress every instant; to trigger a boundless civilization of ingratiatingly exuberant life?

As a matter of fact; I extravagantly drowned myself in the same; to limitlessly enjoy satanic death to its ultimate fullest; till moments unceasing and galore.

Who the preposterous says that I unendingly trembled for your melodiously enticing voice every instant; to uncontrollably bathe in a valley of euphorically fantastic life?

As a matter of fact; I irrevocably drowned myself in the same; to profoundly enjoy ominous death to its ultimate fullest; till countless more world's to come.

Who the idiosyncratic says that I indefatigably aspired for your charismatically electric sweat every instant; to fructify into the most eternally handsome fruits of spellbindingly enigmatic life?

As a matter of fact; I irretrievably drowned myself in the same; to regally enjoy sadistic death to its ultimate fullest; till incomprehensibly inexhaustible of times.

Who the nonsensical says that I hysterically longed for your lusciously enamoring sweetness every instant; to fabulously bloom into the paradise of marvelously fragrant life?

As a matter of fact; I unconquerably drowned myself in the same; to uninhibitedly enjoy barbaric death to its ultimate fullest; till boundaries and limits indefinable.

Who the decrepit says that I tirelessly hankered for your rhapsodically titillating blushing; to spawn into the most symbiotically emollient effulgence of blessing life?

As a matter of fact; I indomitably drowned myself in the same; to prolifically enjoy hedonistic death to its ultimate fullest; till the time existence continued to thrive.

And Who the treacherous says that I maniacally slavered for your ardently fresh-bride love; to magnificently replenish into the whirlwind of perennially compassionate life?

As a matter of fact; I irretrievably drowned myself in the same; to ravishingly enjoy bizarre death to its ultimate fullest; till earth blended wholesomely with azure sky.

32. DELINQUENT LONELINESS

The most treacherously ungainly manipulation miserably dithered to perturb me; as I unflinchingly marched on the path of blazingly scintillating righteousness, But what was killing me more than horrific death every unfurling instant; was the amorphously devilish dungeon of; remorseful loneliness.

The most murderously bizarre conventionalism horrendously staggered to dent me even an infinitesimal trifle; as I fulminated into a gloriously embellished festoon of unhindered creativity, But what was killing me more than cadaverous death every passing instant; was the truculently abhorrent corpse of; dastardly loneliness.

The most salaciously perverted of lunatics grotesquely failed to taint my conscience even a diminutive speck; as I eternally supported the cause of immortally fantastic truth till the very last breath of my impoverished life, But what was killing me more than asphyxiating death every unleashing instant; was the barbarously coldblooded parasite of; lethal loneliness.

The most domineeringly chauvinistic egoists pathetically stuttered in trying to make me a quintessential part of their group; as I sat on the leaf of nature's pristine vivaciousness for centuries immemorial, But what was killing me more than crippling death every unfurling instant; was the egregiously bloodsucking leech of; satanic loneliness.

The most tawdrily titillating of vixens devastatingly staggered in trying to invidiously infiltrate my virginity; as I dedicated even the most fugacious moment of my destitute life; to the service of philanthropically resplendent mankind,

But what was killing me more than traumatic death every instant; was the lecherously venomous thorn of; simpering loneliness.

The most ominously macabre traitors endlessly lost in insidiously trying to purchase the unfathomably puristic sanctity of my soul; as I timelessly galloped in through the lanes of unconquerably brilliant righteousness,

But what was killing me more than irascible death every unraveling instant; was the sadistically truculent fog of; vindictive loneliness.

The most morbidly disparaging tricksters preposterously fumbled in fooling my innovatively discerning senses; as I victoriously clambered to the pinnacle of benevolently enlightening success; all throughout the chapters of my vibrantly eclectic life,

But what was killing me more than decrepit death every advancing instant; was the mordantly discordant voice of; bellicose loneliness.

The most hedonistically sultry betrayal disappeared into wisps of decaying oblivion; as it tried to sleazily perpetuate into my ecstatically spell binding aura of compassionate vividness,

But what was killing me more than pernicious death; was the pruriently prattling scarecrow of; deteriorating loneliness.

And the most ignominiously diabolical extinction inconsolably wailed; as it gruesomely decimated in front of my spirit of insatiably untamed and sensuously exhilarating adventure,

But what was killing me more than savage death; was the acrimoniously incarcerating prison of; delinquent loneliness.

33. THE TYCOON AND I

The murderously monotonous tycoon got up with a sordid groan even before the cock could crow outside his bedroom window; to nonchalantly squabble his sanctimonious appointments for the morning,

While I snored like a gentle giant all day; evading every trace of ferociously atrocious daylight; only to profusely drown myself into a paradise of celestial poetry; all throughout the voluptuously star studded night.

The indiscriminately slandering tycoon got up with in a state of inexplicably ungainly shock; treacherously preparing his every bone to walk with his corporate comrades and with only a pair of shorts on his body; in the uncontrollably trembling wind of the winter dawn,
While I unrelentingly fantasized with my eyes perennially shut all blistering day; only to insatiably churn unfathomable volumes of poetry; in the heart of the ravishingly pearly night.

The derogatorily corrupt tycoon got up as even the most mercurial of ant tickled his foot; envisaging it to be his dreadfully dastardly boss; snapping his salary for the month,
While I romantically shut my lids to the sunshine drifting down the majestic hills all day; only to intransigently fulminate into a catharsis of heart rendering poetry; in the lap of the iridescently beautiful night.

The truculently chauvinistic tycoon got up and stirred the entire household awake; even as the yawn dogmatically refrained to leave his inexorably aching mouth,
While I innocuously sang and snoozed all day with the symbiotic beats of Nature Divine; only to spawn into an entrenchment of unassailably priceless poetry; in the fabric of the sensuously enchanting night.

The maliciously grotesque tycoon got up to the first rings of his sleazily embellished mobile phone; for which he gave the most indescribable of abuse but still considered it more than his wife and the only measly mantra for his life,
While I cozily tucked myself under the caverns of unprecedented enthrallment all blazingly unstoppable day; only to magically inundate the atmosphere with eclectically vibrant poetry; in the miraculously healing rhythm of the spell bindingly panoramic night.

The perfidiously barbarous tycoon got up like frigidly colorless icecream; wholesomely brainwashed by the chill of his state-of-the-art airconditioner; and the ostentatiously bizarre whisky that he had consumed to please his clients; the evening before,
While I surreally wandered like an unhindered prince through the ebulliently cascading waterfalls all day; only to euphorically erupt into a festoon of sacrosanct poetry; in the everlastingly effulgent cadence of the regally rain soaked night.

The obnoxiously white collar tycoon got up asphyxiating the throat of his adorable wife; perceiving it to be the whiplash of his maliciously decrepit senior;

as his nightmare continued relentlessly mercilessly,
While I assimilated all benign goodness of this scintillating planet with my
eyelashes curled all day; only to timelessly gallivant with the heaven of
immaculate poetry; in the playground of the ecstatically moonlit night.

The invidiously blood sucking tycoon got up with a cleaver on his newborn's
throat; for inadvertently teaching him to uninhibitedly rest and reap,
While I fantastically obfuscated myself far away from the insipid vagaries of this
planet all day; only to remarkably revel in the aura of godly poetry; in the heart
of the ingratiatingly charismatic and vivid night.

O! Yes my life was infinite times more blessed than the satanically marauding
and hollow tycoon; for although he had all laurels and wealth in this world to
whimsically execute,
He eventually went to the Lord's hell for diffusing abhorrently prejudiced
unhappiness in every molecule around him; while I immortally lived even after
death without even earning a single penny; in the breath of my Omnipotent
poetry.

34. DEVILISHLY DECREPIT ALCOHOL

Do you want to lecherously quaver like a miserably dwindling serpent; even
though scarlet blood still circulated with insatiably untamed exuberance through
your poignant veins?

Do you want to prattle like an insanely macabre ghost; even though the most
ingeniously innovative fantasies ebulliently fulminated in the dormitories of your
wonderfully precocious brain?

Do you want to crumble like a disdainfully infidel matchstick to lick threadbare
dust on the floor; even though astoundingly fantastic muscle bulged from your
legs and splendidly robust arms?

Do you want to indefatigably inundate the atmosphere with irascibly impudent
abuse; even though the winds of philanthropic benevolence profoundly
encapsulated the chords of your bountiful throat?

Do you want to implacably exude into vomits of dastardly diseased blood every
now and again; even though the chemistry of your visage was tenaciously
programmed to unflinchingly confront even the most truculently turbulent of
storm?

Do you want to indiscriminately massacre countless innocent in atrocious rage; even though the most benign principles of priceless humanity enshrouded you in blissful timelessness?

Do you want to ruthlessly maraud every vibrantly enamoring wave of freshness in your persona; even though you were marvelously endowed by the Almighty Lord; to spawn into majestically artistic newness every unfurling minute of the day?

Do you want to intransigently rot in obnoxiously cadaverous perspiration; even though the scent of insuperably glorious righteousness congenitally wafted from your holistic soul?

Do you want to stupidly bark all invincibly priceless secrets of your life in front of your penalizing enemy; even though the citadels of irrevocably fascinating solidarity enveloped you like an immaculately fascinating prince?

Do you want to barbarously immolate your very own mesmerizing kin; even though the paradise of fructifying sagaciousness profusely kissed you on every step that you nimbly tread?

Do you want to look like an uncouthly blood-shot scarecrow; even though your countenance tirelessly burgeoned with the ointment of effulgently panoramic mother nature?

Do you want to lackadaisically submerge yourself into a corpse of diabolically pernicious depression; even though an ocean of unfathomably ebullient rhapsody fervently waited for you at your doorstep?

Do you want to enroll yourself into the depravingly malicious classrooms of baseless obsolescence and morbidity; even though endless cloudbursts of enthralling fantasy tumultuously proliferated in the sparkling whites of your eye?

Do you want to metamorphose yourself into a tawdrily libidinous spirit; even though unsurpassable gardens of everlasting prosperity magnificently sprouted from the innermost crannies of your nerves?

Do you want to get criminally entangled in an unending labyrinth of invidiously sinister underworld complications; even though the gloriously embellished fountain of blissful humanity radiated copiously from your innocent eyes?

Do you want to fall beneath the mortuaries of isolation in the eyes of your

revered elders for profane misdemeanor; even though the bow of respectful graciousness perennially brandished your non-invasive soul?

Do you want to keep ghoulishly staggering on cold-blooded stone for infinite births that the Lord granted you life; even though unstoppably blazing enthusiasm jubilantly circumvented each of your intricate senses?

Do you want to savagely constrict your own limitless freedom; even though the voice of unequivocal uninhibitedness intrepidly leapt from your stupendously emollient personality?

Do you want to fretfully dilapidate behind satanically gleaming prison bars; even though you had the impregnable aura to aristocratically discern between the good and flagrantly morass?

Do you want to lethally snap the fangs of your very own existence in your fit of disparagingly idiosyncratic senselessness; even though an indomitable civilization of creative energy descended upon your altruistically unfettered stride?

Do you want to project yourself as the ultimate fool on this earth muttering lividly grouching balderdash; even though the most commemorated symposiums of perspicacious knowledge; obeisantly knelt forward for your imperial signature?

Well; if your answer to the all of the above is yes then you should definitely drink a bawdy barrel of it; but if you really desired to lead life like an unconquerable king with the ones you immortally loved; then forever say goodbye to devilishly decrepit alcohol.

35. FAILURE

Don't ever let it obnoxiously deter you; irrefutably transcend its cowardliness; with the voice of eternally glorious truth; instead,

Don't ever let it pathetically maim you; insuperably conquer its idiosyncrasies; with unflinchingly intrepid determination; instead,

Don't ever let it treacherously pulverize you; blow its infidelity away like an inconspicuously frigid matchstick; with the power of Omnipotent benevolence; instead,

Don't ever let it ruthlessly suck you; irretrievably char its unmanliness; with the

philanthropic melody of symbiotic existence; instead,

Don't ever let it devastatingly tyrannize you; wholesomely triumph over its blackness; with the light of blazingly unassailable oneness; instead,

Don't ever let it mordantly dishearten you; aristocratically sideline its diabolism; with the winds of scintillatingly charismatic camaraderie; instead,

Don't ever let it hideously slap you; irrevocably freeze its satanic insinuations; with the Omnipotent mantra of regally proliferating humankind; instead,

Don't ever let it maliciously prejudice you; jubilantly jostle its deterioration; with the spirit of intriguingly enchanting exuberance; instead,

Don't ever let it painstakingly dither you; perennially challenge its heinousness; with the everlasting sunshine of brilliant optimism; instead,

Don't ever let it baselessly empower you; implacably annihilate its goriness; with the lamp of panoramically vibrant newness; instead,

Don't ever let it derogatorily corrupt you; nonchalantly shrug its insipid meaninglessness; with the boundless sky of sacredly burgeoning patriotism; instead,

Don't ever let it invidiously strangulate you; majestically overwhelm its wailing; with the melodiously fructifying fruits of amiably marvelous existence; instead,

Don't ever let it truculently dictate you; inexorably dominate its acridness; with the resplendently enamoring vividness of mother nature; instead,

Don't ever let it malevolently slander you; inimitably silence its obsolescence; with the fabric of impeccably magical originality; instead,

Don't ever let it indiscriminately trample you; eternally overpower its salaciousness; with the immaculately fragrant ointment of sparkling uninhibitedness; instead,

Don't ever let it remorsefully shrink you; indefatigably restrict its feckless morbidity; with the wings of unequivocally astronomical freedom; instead,

Don't ever let it intransigently lambaste you; spell bindingly extinguish its retribution; with unprecedented gorges of tantalizingly smothering artistry;

instead,

Don't ever let it enter your life; for it was the only thin line between you and the paradise of immortally bountiful success; the only gallows which barbarously snatched breath forever from your body even though you were synergistically alive; the only cadaverous demon which robbed you of all your fathomlessly endowed happiness; the only word which you never wanted to utter if you wanted to live,

And if you guessed it to be death then let me tell you that you were horrifically wrong; for it was a death more gruesome than veritable death; as it was a corpse of 2 more alphabets than death; infact an unending graveyard called failure

36. WHOLEHEARTEDLY USE DEATH

Wholeheartedly use the knife; but not to ruthlessly massacre and preposterously kill,
Irrefutably ensure that you blazingly drove the treacherously salacious devil; fathomless kilometers away from your sacrosanct motherland; with its intrepid sharpness instead.

Wholeheartedly use the thorn; but not to hedonistically puncture innocuously mesmerizing skin;
Irrefutably ensure that you poignantly carved an unfathomable flurry of mystically embellished designs in impeccably whites sands; with its explicitly blistering edge instead.

Wholeheartedly use the bludgeon; but not to lambaste immaculately intriguing scalps into infinitesimally pulverized ash,
Irrefutably ensure that you unflinching defended all those torturously divested; from the diabolical footsteps of the indiscriminately advancing devil; with its formidable strength instead.

Wholeheartedly use the abuse; but not to lecherously reproach the sacredly widowed mother,
Irrefutably ensure that you taught an ultimate lesson to the sanctimoniously sodomized politicians son; who kept even the most pricelessly divine entity alive at the tip of his cadaverous shoe; with its resonating whiplash instead.

Wholeheartedly use the scarecrow; but not to baselessly petrify the innocently wandering and blessedly blossoming child,

Irrefutably ensure that you insuperably sequestered fathomless fields of quintessential corn; from truculently infiltrating beats; with its amorphous uncanniness instead.

Wholeheartedly use the curse; but not to baselessly jinx the enchantingly newborn and vivaciously bustling with the first cry of vibrant life,
Irrefutably ensure that you perpetually froze derogatorily frigid corruption; in its very nonchalantly ghastly roots; with its acerbic sultriness instead.

Wholeheartedly use the venom; but not to hideously asphyxiate the staggering beggar's already dwindling breath,
Irrefutably ensure that you decimated even the most evanescent trace of evil from the fabric of the painstakingly degrading and deteriorating society; with its inevitable aftermath instead.

Wholeheartedly use the storm; but not to perniciously drown compassionately embracing friends to the invidiously grassless rock bottom and the mouth of the emaciated whale,
Irrefutably ensure that you unassailably overwhelmed even the most diminutive speck of abominable prejudice; with its rejuvenating waves instead.

Wholeheartedly use shit; but not to meaninglessly deluge the meadows of uninhibitedly righteous scent with an unsurpassable squall of preposterously ungainly stench,
Irrefutably ensure that you indefatigably painted the irately bloodsoaked castles of brutally incarcerating anarchists; with its indescribably lascivious ostracism instead.

Wholeheartedly use the acid; but not to heinously victimize and char holistic entities into capricious chunks of bizarrely threadbare absolutism,
Irrefutably ensure that you extinguished the murderous existence of all those mordantly infidel molesters; with its implacably fuming fire instead.

Wholeheartedly use the vultures; but not to ludicrously pluck at the skin of organisms; unequivocally marching as the harbingers of timelessly benevolent humanity,
Irrefutably ensure that you entirely snapped the fangs of manipulatively parasitic ghosts; with theirunstoppably hunting beaks instead.

Wholeheartedly use betrayal; but not to devilishly separate two perennially coalescing and divinely bonding lovers,
Irrefutably ensure that you created unbreakable rifts between the horrific

monsters of ghoulishly imprisoning hell; with its delinquently dolorous remorse instead.

And wholeheartedly use death; but not to criminally strangulate truthfully burgeoning and exhilaratingly united mankind,
Irrefutably ensure that you beautifully relieved all those inexplicably rotting in mortuaries of incurably maiming disease; with its limitless silence instead.

37. IRREVOCABLY CONVENTIONAL SOCIETY

When the extraordinarily rich and bombastic slept in the afternoon; they called it relaxation of the most unprecedentedly blissful degree,
While when the same was done by a diminutively estranged beggar; the so called conventionally correct society; termed it as dastardly unemployment.

When the unimaginably rich and pretentious guzzled poignantly scarlet wine; they called it majestically untamed and compassionate aristocracy,
While when the same was done by a remorsefully collapsing beggar; the so called austere conventional society; termed it as deliriously devastating drunkenness.

When the unfathomably rich and handsome shot innocent deer in the forest; they called it insatiably exhilarating and intrepid adventure,
While when the same was done by a pathetically bedraggled beggar; the so called stringently conventional society; termed it as cannibalistically unforgivable crime.

When the limitlessly rich and luxurious hurled a volley of indiscriminate invectives in blissfully open space; they called it the definition of unparalleled superiority,
While when the same was done by an infinitesimally slaving beggar; the so called devoutly conventional society; termed it as a gutter of unceremoniously uncivilized trash.

When the unsurpassably rich and glittering put an impression of their thumb on spotlessly barren paper; they called it legacy at its unbelievably supreme best,
While when the same was done by the preposterously teetering beggar; the so called dogmatically conventional society; termed it as the worthlessly salacious pigstalk of treacherous illiteracy.

When the endlessly rich and powerful titillated themselves with tawdrily nubile vixen; they called it a mountain of insuperably gargantuan desire,
While when the same was done by the diminutively perspiring beggar; the so

called legitimately conventional society; termed it as rapaciously ribald rape and debauchery of the highest decree.

When the inexorably rich and dictatorial produced a battalion of children of their own; they called it the law of astoundingly unstoppable proliferation at its ageless best,

While when the same was done by the miserably tearstained and hapless beggar; the so called staunchly conventional society; termed it as the jinx of devilishly merciless population explosion.

When the staggeringly rich and superfluous flirted as if mischievous young children; they called it the most celestially blessed culmination of the immaculately unassailable divine,

While when the same was done by the jaggedly disheveled beggar; the so called perspicaciously conventional society; termed it as insanely unsolicited balderdash.

And when the boundlessly rich and princely inhaled quintessentially emollient air every unfurling instant; they called it the ultimate mantra of symbiotically philanthropic existence,

While when the same was done by the obviously decaying beggar; the so called irrevocably conventional society; termed it as a parasitically intolerable and cold-bloodedly murderous burden on the trajectory of immortal mother earth.

38. FAVORITE WORKSHOP

An idle palm; is the diabolically estranged and truculently cold-blooded murderer's; favorite workshop,

An idle lip; is the treacherously decrepit and horrendously inexplicable sorrow's; favorite workshop,

An idle foot; is the preposterously lazing and salaciously sucking parasite's; favorite workshop,

An idle eye; is the wholesomely obfuscating and invidiously terrorizing night's; favorite workshop,

An idle vein; is the dreadfully dangerous and cadaverously criminal cancer's; favorite workshop,

An idle hair; is the malevolently prejudiced and lecherously tawdry dandruff's;

favorite workshop,

An idle mouth; is the disgustingly pompous and bizarrely delirious emptiness's;
favorite workshop,

An idle ear; is the drearily penurious and sardonically stagnant absolution's;
favorite
workshop,

An idle tongue; is the obnoxiously inane and iconoclastically ignominious abuse's;
favorite workshop,

An idle bone; is the brutally perfidious and uxoriously libidinous misanthrope's;
favorite workshop,

An idle wound; is the nonchalantly pernicious and bawdily infinitesimal worm's;
favorite workshop,

An idle tooth; is the threadbarely demonic and distraughtly dilapidated cavities';
favorite workshop,

An idle flesh; is the impotently lackadaisical and menacingly incarcerating
infertility's; favorite workshop,

An idle spine; is the devilishly ostracizing and venomously debilitating
boredom's; favorite workshop,

An idle stomach; is the satanically strangulating and atrociously suppressing
constipation's; favorite workshop,

An idle shadow; is the insanely blood-curling and whimsically sporadic torture's;
favorite workshop,

An idle conscience; is the barbarously egregious and gorily excoriating lies';
favorite workshop,

An idle nostril; is the precariously pulverizing and perpetually silencing death's;
favorite workshop,

An idle heart; is the frigidly sabbatical and ominously shriveling traitor's; favorite
workshop,

And an idle mind; is the rapaciously maniacal and devastatingly massacring devil's; favorite workshop.

39. SPECTACULARLY MAJESTIC LIFE

As long as there was a relentless urge to drink the most enthrallingly ecstatic elixir's of this fathomless planet; marvelously satiate the infuriatingly irascible sensations in the miserably parched throat,

As long as there was an ardent urge to intrepidly adventure through the mystically redolent fields of enchanting life; be mesmerized by the ebulliently passing winds to the most unprecedented limits,

As long as there was an unflinching urge to zip through fathomless bits of crystal blue space; feel tirelessly mollified by the sensations of enthralling newness timelessly wandering in the celestial atmosphere,

As long as there was an insatiable urge to get voraciously tickled in the ribs; by bountifully tantalizing seductresses; triggering a whirlpool of unsurpassable desire all throughout the fabric of the everlasting night,

There was a desire to exhilaratingly breathe; there was a desire to exist till times beyond infinite infinity; O! Yes there was spectacularly majestic life.

1.

As long as there was an unprecedented urge to sight the limitlessly panoramic beauty of this perennially bestowing planet; replenish even the most infinitesimal of your beleaguered senses with its unbelievably stupendous splendor,

As long as there was an unparalleled urge to benevolently share; royally assimilate all goodness on this timelessly Samaritan planet,

As long as there was an irrevocable urge to tirelessly procreate; magnificently proliferate God's most sacrosanct chapter of creation and effulgent newness; till the very last veritable breath that you exhaled,

As long as there was an incorrigible urge to artistically evolve; intermingle even the most inconspicuous speck of your countenance; with the winds of magically bestowing poetry,

There was a desire to fantastically breathe; there was a desire to exist in

astounding synergy with the belly of nature divine; O! Yes there was perpetually insuperable life.

2.

As long as there was an intransigent urge to mischievously cavort through rain soaked mud; soar surreally through the mellifluously robust cocoon of silken clouds,

As long as there was an immutable urge to drown into the aisles of endless sensuality; let the boundless oceans of connubial bliss wholesomely transcend over your every priceless minute,

As long as there was an irretrievable urge to diffuse convivial laughter; philanthropically ameliorate sadistically whiplashed living kind; towards an optimistically brilliant tomorrow,

As long as there was an infallible urge to handsomely replenish the wildly reverberating pangs of hunger in your stomach; with the miraculously healing fruits of robust nature,

There was a desire to charismatically breathe; there was a desire to exist perennially bonded with your eternal beloved; O! Yes there was unconquerably emollient life.

3.

As long as there was an inexorable urge to unveil your eyes to the rainbows of vivaciously burgeoning righteousness; forever quell diabolically insidious crime with the waves of ubiquitous peace and synergistic humanity,

As long as there was an irrefutable urge to clasp hand in hand and walk fearlessly forward; stand peerlessly tall to defend the cause of blazingly patriotic truth,

As long as there was an unending urge to embellish the body like a newly-wedded bride; live and let live like an unshakable prince; even though were about to abjure from every kingly pleasure of survival,

As long as there was an intractable urge to earn your very own livelihood; royally fend for your own body and bone; without being a salaciously decrepit parasite on lame orphanages and kin,

There was a desire to unchallengably breathe; there was a desire to exist forever huddled as a child in the impregnable lap of your heavenly mother; O! Yes there was pristinely magical life.

40. FIRST

Even the most insuperably Omnipotent of Sun had to intransigently burn itself first; before imparting boundless galleries of optimistically mitigating and enchanting daylight,

Even the most unbelievably voluptuous waves had to clash against the cold-blooded rocks first; before diffusing into an exhilarating odyssey of timelessly poignant froth,

Even the most iridescently emollient stars had to float in obscurely disdainful clouds and blackness first; before entrancing the entire Universe with an endless stream of spell bindingly cavorting twinkle,

Even the most indomitably towering mountains had to face the indiscriminate whiplash of gratuitously inexorable storm; rain and traitors first; before compassionately sequestering countless helpless in their invincible belly,

Even the most harmoniously synergistic of bees had to get unsparingly mobbed in their hives first; before exuding into the most bountifully fructifying of majestically golden honey,

Even the most prolifically talented writers had to cry a billion tears of eccentric frustration first; before evolving a whole new civilization of astoundingly blessed freshness; through each of their effusively ebullient words,

Even the most mystically serene forests had to bear the brutally agonizing roar of the untamed lion first; before wonderfully metamorphosing into a paradise of celestially impregnable sleep,

Even the most impeccably sacrosanct milk had to obnoxiously molest and pulverize itself first; before transforming into cisterns of unsurpassably heavenly and incredulously frolicking curd,

Even the most opulently diamond studded candle had to ludicrously melt itself first; before culminating into a beam of priceless hope; in the forlornly cadaverous and starless night,

Even the most unequivocally scintillating of mirror had to shatter itself into an infinite fragments of nothingness first; before it could reflect the most unbiasedly truthful and unconquerable image of eternal righteousness,

Even the most holistically ever-pervading goddess had to peerlessly cross the austere blazing fires first; before proving to her husband that she was an unparalleled apostle of unshakable faithfulness and humanity,

Even the most beautifully burgeoning soil had to disastrously puncture itself with seeds first; before miraculously sprouting into the royally untainted fruits of unflinchingly mesmerizing humanity,

Even the most melodiously resting mind had to uncontrollably fantasize first; before incredulously mollifying each of its restlessly howling dormitories with inevitably gratifying siesta,

Even the most compassionately inhaling sheep had to mercilessly shave their skins first; before ubiquitously imparting entities of every fraternity; with unconquerably convivial warmth,

Even the most stupendously fragrant roses had to face the onslaught of a limitless vituperative insects on their petals first; before perpetuating an unprecedented gorge of egalitarian scent; in the hearts of one and all organism; sacredly alike,

Even the most articulately ingratiating magician had to drown himself into a spell of tirelessly flawless concentration first; before spawning a hall of brilliantly unfettered magic,

Even the most irrefutably spotless conscience had to transcend over a trillion treacherously derogatory lies first; before timelessly proliferating into an unceasing cosmos of Omnipresently bestowing justice,

Even the most pricelessly inimitable of inventions had to lick lugubriously meaningless dirt and shit first; before handsomely enlightening the entire planet with light of regally dazzling newness,

And even the most immortal of love and life had to embrace a fathomless deaths in the coffins of indiscriminately excoriating hell first; before blossoming into an insuperably ever-pervading atmosphere of prosperity; divinity and endlessly symbiotic paradise.

41. THE TRUEST KING

Just philandering through the unfathomably embellished interiors of the palace; doesn't make you even one iota of a prince at all,
He who might be breathing in an infinitesimally dingy hole; but yet obeying the principles of timelessly unequivocal and synergistic simplicity; epitomizes gloriously unparalleled kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just adorning your fingers with the costliest of rings and glittering diamonds of the earth; doesn't make you even one speck of a prince at all,
He who might be walking barefoot without even a roof to sequester his scalp; but yet beautifully bonding with every fraternity of living kind handsomely alike; epitomizes brilliantly insuperable kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just unrelentingly rolling through mountains of unsurpassable gold while nonchalant snores emanated from your mouth; doesn't make you even one whisker of a prince at all,
He who might be wandering without a cloth on his uncontrollably shivering body; but yet kissing the sacrosanct soil which had pricelessly evolved him; epitomizes unshakably royal kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just endlessly partying in under waterfalls of the most opulent of wine; cavorting with the most emolliently tantalizing fairies on this earth; doesn't make you even one shadow of a prince at all,
He who might be without a mercurial morsel of food in his stomach; but yet altruistically offering every droplet of his blood to mitigate hedonistically tyrannized humanity; epitomizes unassailably peerless kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just uncontrollably massacring everything that came into your hands; at your own whimsically eccentric will; doesn't make you one impression of a prince at all,
He who might be profusely drenched in nothing but ordinarily colorless sweat all day and night; but yet holistically frolicking with and indefatigably admiring the panoramic treasures of Nature divine; epitomizes impregnable unflinching kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just fostering a cornucopia of the most sagaciously rarest literature in the world; unceasingly smoking the highest quality cigar in your library while countless slaved for you outside; doesn't make you one grain of a prince at all,
He who might be sporadically hurled in by the unsparingly violent sea tides; but

yet harnessing each alphabet of his writing with the fragrance of unconquerably blissful truth; epitomizes triumphantly eternal kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just making the entire planet dance at the tips of your snobbishly sullen fingers; using disastrously nuclear and atomic power to its vindictive best; doesn't make you one breath of a prince at all,

He who might be inevitably nearing his dreaded corpse; but yet fervently working towards uniting the acrimoniously estranged planet into the religion of unbreakable humanity; epitomizes celestially effulgent kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just adorning your spurious skin with the earth's greatest perfumes; toasting to your feckless success while countless licked the squalidness of your anarchist shoe; doesn't make you one ingredient of a prince at all,

He who might be hoisting unimaginable tonnes of garbage on his head for indispensable survival; but yet compassionately parenting every infant dreadfully orphaned on this globe; epitomizes wonderfully ebullient kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just inhaling the most sensuously untainted flowers in your palatial gardens for a second; and then making them the mincemeat of your toweringly decrepit feet; doesn't make you one wink of a prince at all,

He who might be unstoppably bleeding under the attack of sadistically cannibalistic parasites; but yet ardently leaning forward to protect the divinely redolence of his selfless mother till his very last breath; epitomizes indomitably perpetual kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

And just floating in the aisles of silken luxury for times immemorial; liberating the hideously entrapped sensuality in your body to the most unprecedented limits; doesn't make you one cranny of a prince at all,

He who might be truculently shattered to an infinite pieces by the disparagingly conventional society; but yet solely following the innermost tunes of his heart and ubiquitously disseminating the spirit of immortal love in every organism alike; epitomizes fathomlessly perennial kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

42. TIME

The more you tried to stringently control it; the more it rampantly slipped away from your invincible grasp,

The more you tried to irrevocably stop it; the more it uncontrollably sped past

the corridors of unceasingly unfathomable infinite infinity,

The more you tried to chauvinistically govern it; the more it inevitably took an insuperable grip upon even the most inconspicuous element of your destiny,

The more you tried to irretrievably compress it; the more it rebounded back towards the aisles of boundless eternity; forever and ever and ever,

The more you tried to truculently asphyxiate it; the more it uninhibitedly gallivanted like a majestic lion; for whom sky was the only veritable limit,

The more you tried to transcend beyond it; the more it left you a billion kilometers lagging behind; the instant you dared alight your nimble foot,

The more you tried to invidiously poison it; the more it sprouted afresh in a countless rejuvenatingly new forms; from a countless directions which you could never ever perceive,

The more you tried to chauvinistically incarcerate it; the more it unequivocally flew in the skies of unparalleled freedom; for centuries and moments immemorial,

The more you tried to torturously tie it; the more euphorically it leapt towards the paradise of Omnipotently silken freedom; magnificently attuning all humanity to the pragmatic essence of blissful existence,

The more you tried to bury it fathomless feet in the graveyards of hell; the more it profoundly perpetuated its insuperable grip upon every echelon of blessed living kind,

The more you tried to hedonistically distort it; the more it evolved into its unbelievably redolent grace; with the heavens of unassailable truth written all over it,

The more you tried to abhorrently erase it; the more it unflinchingly burgeoned; into a fountain of invincibly redolent sagaciousness,

The more you tried to uncouthly repel it; the more it intractably embedded itself to every quintessentially happening aspect of your vibrant life,

The more you tried to make it derogatorily sedentary; the more it tirelessly ticked; not resting even an ethereal instant even after every organism on this

earth had wholesomely extinguished,

The more you tried to satanically bribe it; the more it unstoppably blazed into an unprecedented gorge of patriotic truth and triumphant selflessness,

The more you tried to salaciously recycle it; the more it iridescently blossomed into unending newness; for moments beyond an infinite more births yet to unveil,

The more you tried to dastardly retract it; the more it jubilantly galloped towards the chapters of victoriously enchanting proliferation; eternally continuing God's enthrallingly wonderful creation,

The more you tried to cold-bloodedly murder it; the more it spawned into bounteously everlasting prosperity; enlightening every organism alive with the magic of spell binding optimism,

The more you tried to lethally silence it; the more it boisterously permeated the true spirit of endlessly God-gifted existence; to continents fathomlessly diversified; far and wide,

O! Yes and try as hard as you could; you simply wouldn't be able control it; you simply wouldn't able to stop it till the time you breathe and even after; for that's how it has forever been; that's how it is and by the grace of God shall forever be; O! Yes believe it or not; but that for you is royally unconquerable time.

43. HOW THE HELL CAN YOU EVER DARE?

Can you ever dare to call enchantingly mesmerizing fantasy; as dastardly unemployed; even in the most inanely bizarre of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call timelessly burgeoning innovation; as ghastily unemployed; even in the most treacherously delinquent of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call unsurpassably untamed sensuality; as murderously unemployed; even in the most sadistically remorseful of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call ubiquitously compassionate brotherhood; as salaciously unemployed; even in the most tyrannically incarcerating of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call blissfully symbiotic environment; as abjectly unemployed; even in the most hedonistically cadaverous of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the rhapsodically eternal seawave; as derogatorily unemployed; even in the most nefariously perverted of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the impeccably unconquerable lap of the divine mother; as satanically unemployed; even in the most torridly truculent of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the Omnipotent clouds in the sky; as maliciously unemployed; even in the most acrimoniously venomous of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the redolently Omnipresent rose; as lethally unemployed; even in the most cold-bloodedly bludgeoning of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the magically fructifying dewdrops; as preposterously unemployed; even in the most demonically unceremonious dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the resplendently shimmering stars; as debasingly unemployed; even in the most deliriously lugubrious of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the mystically rubicund cheeks; as brutally unemployed; even in the most sardonically castigated of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the pristinely newborn child; as perfidiously unemployed; even in the most brazenly idiosyncratic of dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the vivaciously exuberant peacock; as ignominiously unemployed; even in the most invidiously sinister of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the aisles of everlasting paradise; as vituperatively unemployed; even in the most egregiously embittered of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the seductively crimson crested nightingale; as horrendously unemployed; even in the most cannibalistically prurient of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call priceless streams of quintessentially perennial water; as horrifically unemployed; even in the most nonchalantly slaving of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the impregnably cardinal blacks of the eye; as lackadaisically unemployed; even in the most insidiously squandering of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the invincibly sequestering mountains; as unabashedly unemployed; even in the most perilously withering of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the Omnipotent seeds sown in emollient soil; as baselessly unemployed; even in the most profanely deteriorating of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the unceasingly enlightening rays of the Sun; as pugnaciously unemployed; even in the most capriciously flagrant of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the perpetual caverns of life-bestowing breath; as dangerously unemployed; even in the most ominously disoriented of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call royally peerless artistry; as fecklessly unemployed; even in the most haughtily sanctimonious of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the religion of unassailable humanity; as regretfully unemployed; even in the most obsoletely livid of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the crops spawning miraculously from mother soil; as diabolically unemployed; even in the most corruptly sodomized of your dreams?

Can you ever dare to call the heaven of immortally insuperable love; as parsimoniously unemployed; even in the most unscrupulously wastrel of your dreams?

Therefore how the hell can you ever dare to call a poet whose every ingredient of crimson blood is composed of nothing else but all of the above, and an infinite more astoundingly benevolent sensitivity; as threadbarely unemployed; even in the most hatefully stagnating of your dreams?

44. THE ULTIMATE LOVE

My eyes were a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this gargantuan planet could read them; could explicitly decipher the emotions in their impeccable whites,

But the ultimate impression on their moistened periphery; was the immortal image of your Omnipotently blessed life.

My lips were a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this fathomless planet could read them; could fecklessly frolic and insurmountably tantalize them,
But the ultimate kiss on their rubicund contours; was the unconquerably truthful imprint of your altruistically peerless life.

My palms were a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this gigantic planet could read them; could joyously trace the sensuous folds of succulent skin curled delectably within,
But the ultimate destiny on their humble trajectory; was every perennially fructifying moment of your philanthropically symbiotic life.

My shoulders were a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this limitless planet could read them; could uninhibitedly perch upon them to give holistic reprieve to their pathetically exhausted legs,
But the ultimate strength on their obeisant bones; was the unequivocally blazing tenacity of your righteously emollient life.

My perspiration was a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this tireless planet could read it; could joyously splash it towards the regale curtains of emerald sky,
But the ultimate fragrance in its gregarious sparkle; was the benevolently persevering energy of your inexhaustibly proliferating life.

My face was a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this insuperable planet could read it; could embellish it with the jewels and paraphernalia of their choice,
But the ultimate smile on its innocuously unfettered exteriors; was the victoriously effulgent stride of your timelessly endowing life.

My skin was a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this endless planet could read it; could salaciously make it a nimble prey of their rapaciously uncontrollable desire,
But the ultimate sensation on its diminutively wrinkled persona; was the indomitably untamed enchantment of your spell bindingly artistic and surreally titillating life.

My shadow was a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this ever-pervading planet could read it; could feast in its gloriously mollifying tranquility to shield the blistering rays of the unsparing afternoon Sun,
But the ultimate euphoria on its inscrutably elongated silhouette; were the infinite shades of tirelessly benign freshness of your marvelously aristocratic life.

My conscience and breath were a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this unstoppable planet could read them; could bask in the glory of their divinely unadulterated exhilaration for an infinite more lifetimes,
But the ultimate signature on their quintessential fabric; was the symbiotically humanitarian bonding of your pristinely unassailable life.

And my heart was a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this countless planet could read it; could surreptitiously pilfer its passion to delightfully ignite their every salaciously impoverished night,
But the ultimate love on each of its unnervingly ardent beats; was the impregnably Godly breath of your panoramically perpetual life.

45. MUSIC: THE FOOD FOR LIFE

Music is an enchanting reverie which never ends; inundating your dying soul with perpetual happiness,

Music is a mesmerizing bird which keeps soaring endlessly through the mystical clouds; nostalgically transiting you back into realms of impeccable childhood,

Music is a resplendent star in the cosmos; which incessantly keeps rejuvenating withering lives from the brink of despairing extinction,

Music is a tantalizing whisper which astoundingly proliferates in the mind as each second unveiled; truly escalating the spirit of existence,

Music is a poignant panacea for the most inexplicable of ailment; profoundly blending the rhythm of the passionate heart with all the goodness prevailing in the atmosphere,

Music is a wave of euphoric rhapsody; which washes away all those sins; you may have inadvertently stumbled upon,

Music is a profusely redolent rose; uninhibitedly disseminating its scent to whomsoever who wanted to inhale it,

Music is the invincible ladder to ebullient success; propelling you to rise from the obnoxious ashes; everytime you horrendously faltered in your step,

Music is a vivacious rainbow; deluging mundane survival with compassionate loads of vibrant color and charm,

Music is a captivating fountain; bestowing each life it besieged with a festoon of emphatic melody,

Music is the most effusive form of expression; stirring the most inner most recesses of the conscience to unbelievably unprecedented limits,

Music is more gorgeous than the voluptuous shadow; unfurling an unsurpassable tale of tantalizing mystery in each of its tunes,

Music is the most immaculate sound which a tangible organism could ever emanate; the most sacrosanct tune; which perpetually unites one and all; alike,

Music is a seductive trail that leads to the most marvelously tingling fantasy; a dream which only the angels in the heavens could coalesce with and conceive,

Music is a indomitable protagonist; absorbing even the most infinitesimal trace of acrimonious hostility; in the swirl of its tenacious pulse,

Music is a magnificently surreal cloud which relentlessly rains; blessing the lives of countless with the essence of its sacred grace,

Music is a velvety feather which not only triggers an untamed exultation in breathless identities; but rekindles them to lead a myriad of infinite more exciting lives,

Music is the religion you believe in; the language in which your very first ancestor used to merrily converse,

Music is the solitary ray of dazzling light in the preposterously morbid tunnel; engendering you to emerge victorious in the Herculean struggle called life,

Music is an arrow which hits its target completely blindfolded; rises as the uncrowned prince; even as the entire planet headed towards inevitably disdainful destruction,

Music is an intriguingly innocuous child; that stays forever young even after undergoing an incomprehensible battalion of deaths,

Music is the insurmountable spice which foment even the dead to rise from their graves; dance in stupendously sultry winds in the throes of moonlit midnight,

Music is the most wonderful entertainment bereft of a single penny; and yet

amazingly reinvigorating the entire system with blissful synergies that the body had always desired,

Music is the sparkle of ones eye; the glow which every personality radiates in the most divinely contented stage of life,

Music is the whistling air you breathe; the ecstatic spurts of energy you expend while trespassing on every path of life; the celestial flurry of smiles on your countenance as you are enthralled by the creation of God,

Music is indeed the reason why you live; the reason why you will always choose to love; or shall we say music is the irrefutable food for life.

46. THE WORLD OUTSIDE

When I was just born; freshly emanating the first cry of my life,
The world outside seemed an obsolete haze to my eyes; which searched frantically amidst all alien; for my place in this vast globe.

When I grew up a trifle; the bones impregnated in my persona now molding their way beneath my skin,
The world outside seemed to be as raw as the ethereal rays of vespersed dawn; and my eyes were lost in profusely absorbing the magnificent beauty of this enchanting Universe.

When I bounced and frolicked in the lawns of kindergarten; just learning to converse with my elders,
The world outside seemed to be stupendously blossoming to my eyes; and I inadvertently stumbled upon more than a million things every unfurling minute.

When I catapulted into my teens; the crimson blood incarcerated in my veins circulating faster than thunderbolts of white electricity,
The world outside seemed an island of untamed romance to my eyes; with my heartbeats insatiably longing for the ultimate love of my life.

When I stepped into the corridors of robust youth; a fleet of exhilarated muscle now leaving a poignant impression on my rubicund flesh,
The world outside seemed a manipulative playground to my eyes; with an insurmountable desire to earn my own bread now overwhelming everything else prevailing in the atmosphere.

When I bonded into threads of holy matrimony; taking a sacrosanct vow in front

of the Creator; to walk step by step with my newly embellished bride,
The world outside seemed a blend of fantasy and pragmatic reality to my eyes;
with each hour at work; tumultuously reinvigorating my desire to spend
countless hours under compassionately fiery breath under pearly midnight.

When I procreated new blood of my own; a flurry of God's most mesmerizing
creation nestling innocuously on my shoulders,
The world outside seemed a fabulous paradise to my eyes; and even though I
was unfathomably penurious; the innocent voices of my children catapulted me
infinite kilometers beyond blissful heaven.

When I inevitably had to taste disdainfully crippling old age; the color of my skin
now painstakingly withering towards thin wisps of remote oblivion,
The world outside seemed an acrimonious thorn to my eyes; with the very
people whom I had fostered in my times of Herculean strength; now trampling
indiscriminately over my integrity.

And when I was about to take my last breath; horrifically writhing in
unsurpassable agony to bid my last adieu to this planet,
The world outside seemed like when I was just born to my eyes; everything so
fresh; everything so hazy; everything so me; and even though I died; I felt that
the chapter of existence had begun once again.

47. CAREERS IN LOVE

For careers in computers; a profound understanding of intricate hardware and
software; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in dentistry; a sagaciously comprehensive insight into the intriguing
chemistry of teeth; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in teaching; an elaborate perception regarding the subject to be
taught; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in modeling; a stupendously enchanting countenance with streaks of
blistering flamboyance; were an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in journalism; a discerning eye comprehending myriad strata's of the
society; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in palmistry; a mystical analysis of the handsomely enigmatic
bifurcations of the palm; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in commercial business; prudently sound grasping of the laws of management compounded with skills of astute manipulation; were an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in gardening; a fabulous conception of the fraternity of soil and water used; as an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in acting; an undaunting attitude to face the camera; blended with emotions fulminating from the innermost soul; were an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in sky gazing; an overwhelmingly abhorrent dislike for leading life coalesced with incredulously profuse nonchalance; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in speed racing; an outrageous propensity for treacherous terrains; alongwith a penchant for adventurously tingling danger; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in boxing; a battalion of muscle intrepidly ready to confront the mightiest of onslaught on this earth; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in advertising; an innovative cognition of clients and vacillating brand market images; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in the army; an unflinchingly indomitable spirit to relinquish breath for the nation every moment; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in the hotel kitchenette; an insatiable conception of ingratiatingly delectable cuisine; thoroughly tickling the unsurpassable no. of taste buds; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in swimming; an insurmountable passion for the ravishingly undulating waves coupled with the tumultuous exhilaration of relishing natures most precious gift on your skin; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in calligraphy; an inexorable dexterity of the knotted finger to consistently emboss grandiloquent alphabets; was an indispensable prerequisite,

For careers in truth; an irrefutable obeying of the righteous voices of impeccable conscience; was an indispensable prerequisite,

But for careers in love; there was simply no prerequisite required; for all you needed was a heart that passionately throbbed; a soul that romantically wandered; a breath that cascaded compassionately like never before; and believe me you'll make the best career ever conceivable on this planet; infact the most cherished career called love.

48. COMPLETE

Even if infinite eyes of mine made a single blind person see; I would consider my life to be endowed,

Even if infinite ears of mine made a single deaf person hear; I would consider my life blissfully divine,

Even if infinite legs of mine made a single maimed person run; I would consider my life higher than the sacrosanct skies,

Even if infinite smiles of mine made a single orphan oblivious to the definition of pain; I would consider my life richer than all wealth assimilated on this planet,

Even if infinite voices of mine made a single dumb person speak; I would consider my life to be as celestial as the dancing fairies,

Even if infinite muscles of mine made a single deprived person strong; I would consider my life in perfect synchronization with the divine master who had created it,

Even if infinite teeth of mine made a single old person scrupulously chew his meals; I would consider my life achieving the ultimate it had been created for,

Even if infinite hair of mine made a single shivering person regain his warmth; I would consider my life more tenacious than any storm,

Even if infinite shadows of mine made a single person brutally widowed find a home; I would consider my life as sacred as the lap of my heavenly mother,

Even if infinite salutes of mine made a single person shamefully slithering on the ground feel like a king; I would consider my life the most cherished gift wandering on this Universe,

Even if infinite tears of mine made a single satanic person accept the chapter of

humanity; I would consider my life a beautiful flower whose essence never withers,

Even if infinite fantasies of mine made a single mad person wholesomely blissful; I would consider my life a paradise on which the angels tread,

Even if infinite tunes of mine made a single lost person remember his impeccable childhood; I would consider my life more privileged than countless more births to unveil,

Even if infinite droplets of my blood made a single wounded person bounce back to euphoric life; I would consider my life to be the most treasured gold on this fathomless earth,

Even if infinite days of mine made a single slaved person see brilliantly infallible beams of sunlight; I would consider my life in splendid harmony with the marvelous fruits of mother nature,

Even if infinite kisses of mine made a single lecherous person savor the goodness of care; I would consider my life bereft of the tiniest of acrimonious thorn,

Even if infinite hearts of mine made a single monotonous person love; I would consider myself more blessed than the saints meditating for years in obsolete wilderness,

And if infinite breaths of mine made a single dead person rhapsodically galloping under the sky and fully alive; I would consider my life more marvelous than Omnipotent spirit of existence and complete.

49. ON MY OWN FEET

Don't place me in a morbid graveyard; dolorously inundated with perpetually lifeless souls,

Keep me instead in an island replete with boisterously bouncing children; effusively releasing themselves every instant into the full spirit of mesmerizing existence.

Don't place me in a hideously diabolical dungeon; brimming perilously to the soil with treacherously lifeless cobwebs,

Keep me instead in a fathomless field blossoming with scented flower; profusely diffusing their heavenly odor to catapult me into a world of insurmountable fantasy.

Don't place me in disdainfully monotonous chains of pragmatic life; with each unleashing second punctuating me like a thousand insidious needles all over my nimble body,
Keep me instead in a torrential cloudburst of exotic fantasy; voluptuously unfolding its boundless shades after the Sun had disappeared to give way to the grandiloquently star studded night.

Don't place me on the luminous dial of the incessantly ticking grandfather clock; reminding me every moment of the time left until my abdication of breath,
Keep me instead in the lap of my mother; which made me immortally feel that I was only an unscrupulous child ever since the time this earth was created.

Don't place me in freezing caves harbored in the heart of the avalanche; metamorphosing passionately crimson blood in my veins; into stoically white ice,
Keep me instead for perennial decades in the arms of my beloved; triggering infernos of untamed desire in each strand of my skin; as the Sun blazed like a dynamite in vivaciously blue sky.

Don't place me in abhorrently obnoxious pages of medieval literature; crippling my wandering mind with a mind-boggling labyrinth of innumerable dates,
Keep me instead in fabulously seductive tunnels of poetry; propelling me to soar like a handsome eagle through mists of desire; even as I lay on the brink of absolute extinction.

Don't place me in a well deluged with greazy oil; inevitably fomenting me to trip on every step I alighted,
Keep me instead on a euphorically rhapsodic carpet of enchanting grass; on which I rolled till times beyond creation; dreaming about all the mesmerizing beauty on this planet.

Don't place me behind the match box shaped table of mahogany; clerically signing a thousand letters every day; till the last day of my survival,
Keep me instead abreast the mystically swimming sharks; fighting fanatically for each of my breath; and yet at the same time profoundly savoring; the true essence of precious life.

And don't place me like a parasite on the doorstep of my parents; right since the first cry of my birth to the final draught of air I exhaled,
Keep me instead O! Almighty Lord on my own feet; immediately after I galloped past the threshold of immaculate childhood; illuminating the eyes of my kin with fireballs of pride; for the son they had so dearly harnessed with their very own

blood.

50. JUST A BIG ZERO

Try impregnating it between L & VE; and you have the most enchanting word ever; in this fathomlessly sprawling universe,

Try adding just a solitary digit to its rotund persona; and you have a numeral which exuberantly commences the chapter of mystically enigmatic numerology,

Try rolling it down the hills with a thoroughly jaded stick; and I am sure you would catapult back into memories of nostalgically impeccable childhood,

Try hurling it in free space; and it traversed magnificently like a majestic eagle; royally flirting in the air; before landing on the stupendously voluptuous carpet of verdant grass,

Try embossing it after the last digit of your parsimonious check; and witness the impoverished account swell to dynamically kingly proportions,

Try slipping it over your countenance; and it engulfs you for times immemorial; in its invincibly fascinating grip,

Try writing it infinite no. of times on a barren page; and you suddenly have the paper staring back at you; profusely pepped up with volatile life,

Try shouting it hysterically down the boundlessly deep gorge; and you inevitably feel a wave of tantalizing freshness; encapsulate your profoundly frazzled senses,

Try overwhelmingly concentrating at the face of a new born child; and you'll find its innocuously charismatic impression wandering in abundance,

Try compressing it just an inconspicuous trifle; and you'll get a line as straight as an arrow; ready to perpetuate infinite kilometers above the gorgeous clouds,

Try blowing a euphorically melodious whistle which stirred insurmountable chords of seduction in the morbid winds around; and you'll see it appear on the perfectly open contours of your lips,

Try placing it over every 1; and you'll find the integer simmer in unfathomable ardor; with poignant empathy radiating till times beyond eternity from its

caricature,

Try molding countless rings of it in rampantly asymmetrical rows; and you'll soon evolve a delectable tunnel which; rekindles the passions of your diminishing soul,

Try glimpsing it on the time piece of the disastrously crude bomb; and you'll hardly have time to reminisce the glorious moments of your life; as the contraption blasted through walls of senility; propelling obnoxious smoke to curl up menacingly towards the sky,

Try sketching it on a lackadaisically rustic bored face; and you'd naturally diffuse into spurts of uninhibited laughter; as the entity miraculously metamorphosed into a clown,

Try viewing the gargantuan Universe through it; and you'll find everything beautifully in focus; marvelously harmonious and synchronized like never before,

Try embodying it after every feasibly conceivable sentence; and believe me this infinitesimal dot; was enough to put an immortal end to it for decades unsurpassable,

Try embracing it at any juncture of your life; and you'll feel the wave of pretentious pompousness wholesomely disappear from your visage; realize your diminutive presence in front of the Almighty Lord,

And inspite of all this; if you still ridicule that the number I was talking about was just a big zero; then I irrefutably invite you to think again.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Life = Death - Volume 3 - Poems On Life, Death

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 3 of the Book titled - Life = Death - Poems on Life, Death (1200 pages) . This enigmatic collection of poems explores and equates the boundless possibilities of life and death and delves into each intricate inexplicability of survival. Parekh's roving philosophical eye brings the unconquerable richness of life to the fore and yet at the same time explicitly highlights the veracity of 'death' as the absolute certainty of every existence. The poet joyously celebrates the occasions of both life and death with equal panache in each poetic stanza sewn with the uncanny mysteries of this Universe. The poems within immortalize both life and death as the ultimate victories and the two most contrastingly amazing and divine sides of creation. Catapulting the reader to the threshold of ultimate ecstasy; they bring about an impromptu twist with the closure of breath and what lies beyond. This charismatically woven collection of poetic verse would equally enamor the narcissist as well as the simple humanitarian to the core.

This book is a humble attempt to enlighten the readers with the equality of life and death-and to live in both of them to the most unparalleled fullest. Embracing only the religion of humanity, as the Lord has commanded every living being on earth. You cant die in life and cant live in death-each of these components are irrefutably equal in every respect and should be worshipped with due obeisance.

CONTENTS

1. THE CHAPTER OF LOVE. THE CHAPTER OF LIFE.
2. FOUND MY OWN CORPSE
3. STARVED
4. A BUCKET OF BREATH
5. THERE WAS NO LOVE BORN GREATER.
6. TIME PASS.
7. IF I WERE AN IMMORTAL HEARTBEAT

8. LEAVE ME ALONE.
9. WHY SHOULD I? -PART 2
10. IT WAS ONLY WHEN - PART 2
11. A POET, AND HIS IMMORTAL POETRY.
12. A POEM A DAY; KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY.
13. UNSTOPPABLE.
14. NO CONTROL.
15. IMMORTALLY LIVING ART.
16. VERITABLE DEATH MINE
17. MY FOREVER SINGLE DROPLET OF SWEAT.
18. CRACK
19. A WRITER IS NEVER UNEMPLOYED
20. DIFFERENT DESTINIES
21. KEEP ME SATISFIED
22. TELL ME WHY?
23. STAGES OF A DAY
24. RESIDUE
25. IF EVER I HAD THE PRIVILEGE
26. NOTHING IN THIS WORLD
27. MONDAY TO SUNDAY
28. HUMAN HEART
29. WITH AN EXISTENCE SUCH AS THIS
30. WHY HAS TRUTH DISAPPEARED O! LORD
31. THE GIRL WHOM I CALLED MY BELOVED
32. LIFE MEANS MORE
33. TRY AND SEE INSTEAD
34. NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF BEGINNING
35. DRINKING MY OWN ANGER
36. EVERY WRITERS BOSS
37. SADLY PUNCTURED
38. A COMPLETE 100 FLOORS
39. THE WORLD OUTSIDE AFTER BATH
40. IN ORDER TO SAVAGELY DIE
41. MY GARISHLY STRIPED HELMET
42. FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT
43. BALANCE
44. BEAUTIFUL DWELLING
45. EVERY DAY
46. HALF A VICTORY
47. SQUINT EYED
48. SWEET ALARM CLOCK
49. THE COLOR OF MY CHEEKS

50. BIG THUMB

1. THE CHAPTER OF LOVE. THE CHAPTER OF LIFE.

The same legs which I once considered supremely bohemian and useless; an incorrigible weight dragging on my body all the time,
Now proved to be my best cars transporting me at swashbuckling speeds to my destination; when the ferocious lion was chasing me; and I was stranded disdainfully in the wilderness of the night.

The same fingers which I once considered be an insipid burden to my hands; bothering me all throughout the tenure of the acerbic day with squalid pools of sweat
that dribbled painstakingly down their periphery,
Now proved like angels having descended freshly from the heavens; as they indefatigably answered the bulky sheets of examination paper; saving me the tyranny of doing murderous college all over again.

The same muscles which I once considered as ostentatious pieces of meat bulging bombastically from beneath my shirt; interfering pertinently when I tried to slip through slim space,
Now proved to be equivalent to the entire army of Herculean strength; protecting me invincibly when I was attacked by the fleet of diabolical demons.

The same stomach which I once considered to be bizarrely obese; extruding out pretentiously beyond the realms of synchronized control; being smirked by every girl who trespassed me in vicinity,
Now proved to be greater than the most qualified of doctor; as it was the sole tool which was able to make the orphan smile; when all other medicines in the world had utterly failed.

The same eyelashes which I once considered to be a gravely cumbersome bother; intractably transgressing across my immaculate vision countless times in a single day,
Now proved to be the greatest ointment existing in the Universe; as they massaged my eye with remarkable rejuvenation in the midst of the tumultuous sandstorm.

The same saliva which I once considered as horrendously cheap; incessantly circulating in my mouth; rendering it sometimes with a disgusting odor unbearable to inhale,
Now proved to be the greatest appetizer generating insurmountable pangs of

hunger in my stomach; assisted me overwhelmingly to masticate my morsels of food; gulp them down delectably with untamed relish.

The same lines on my palms which I once considered to be despicably condemning; for rendering me disastrously penurious; without even a penny in my pocket while other's dwellings overflowed with pompous diamonds and glittering gold,

Now proved to be the greatest destiny; as I escaped without the most minuscule of scratch on my body; even as boundless others of my kind uncouthly perished in the swirl of the ear-shattering earthquake.

The same voice which I once considered to be profoundly detestable; wanted to abscond fathomless miles away as I heard the disgruntling cadence in its sound; felt like dying a tortured death every moment when I cognized the hoarseness it was impregnated with,

Now proved to be the greatest life saver; as my screams brought in the rescue workers; saved me from drowning to the bottom of the mercilessly deep ocean.

The same nails which I once considered ugly and contemptuously dirty; protruding unnecessarily from my rubicund skin; making me the object of cynical ridicule in the heart of the plush conference room,

Now proved to be the greatest weapons in fomenting me to fight with the menacing burglars; preventing them from stealing the possessions that I had sparingly managed to accumulate in all my life.

And the same heart which I once considered to be throbbing without sagacious control; palpitating incoherently in my chest without respite; acting as a perilous impediment; irately disturbing my blissful nights sleep,

Now proved to be the greatest life; beating violently after witnessing the love of its dreams; besieged by a cloud of unfathomable passion and romance; eventually discovering a new purpose to live; discovering a whole new purpose to continue the chapter of love; the chapter of life.

2. FOUND MY OWN CORPSE

Above the soil the cars appeared to be like royal emperors; traversing majestically on the silken coat of long road,

While beneath the soil the same cars seemed to be squalidly coated with mud; painstakingly labored to trudge merrily forward.

Above the soil the matchsticks appeared to be burning in passionate fire; profoundly illuminating the darkness of the wretched night,

While beneath the soil the same matchsticks seemed to be gasping for breath;
relinquishing their boisterous flames in wholesome entirety.

Above the soil the conglomerate of clouds appeared to be a silken carpet;
inundating barren kilometers of mud on earth with robust sheets of sparkling
water,

While beneath the soil the same clouds seemed to be dingy little bellows of
obnoxious gas; brutally entrapped and blended with dark chunks of purple earth.

Above the soil the crops in the farm appeared to be salubrious and ingratiatingly
fresh; swaying delectably with every draught of amicable wind,

While beneath the soil the same crops seemed to be completely corroded;
squelched to barbaric roots hanging flimsily under the ground.

Above the soil the bucket of milk appeared frosty and supremely scintillating;
inevitably enticing cats from the midst of their celestial sleep to gather around
in unison and sip,

While beneath the soil the same milk seemed horrendously dirty; perseveringly
inching its way downwards towards the deep belly.

Above the soil the eggs hatched into scores of immaculate fledglings;
harmoniously puncturing the atmosphere with their lovely rambunctious sounds
and noises,

While beneath the soil the same eggs got overwhelmingly burdened with bulky
mud; strangulated miserably to even spread their legs.

Above the soil the cluster of hideous snakes enjoyed unparalleled privilege in
hunting for their succulent prey; easily sighting it in austere brilliant rays of
Sunlight,

While beneath the soil the same snakes slithered in gloomy mysticism; having
only to content with dead worms and a festoon of inconspicuous bodied ant.

Above the soil the pages of the book seemed a treat to read and intricately
decipher; with the battalion of words prudently embossed inside capturing the
true essence of life under silvery rays of moonlight,

While beneath the soil the same book became simply inaudible to read; and the
termites attacked it pathetically from all sides of its hard bound periphery.

Above the soil the fleet of butterflies danced and frolicked euphorically
generating ebullient draughts of fresh air; hardly sat for a minute besieged by
the ardor of their activity,

While beneath the soil the same butterflies lost their petite wings; had monstrous

difficulty to even open their eyes.

And above the soil I lived in blissful tandem with the Universe; wandering and exploring; conquering and relishing; romancing and procreating,
While beneath the soil the same me; found my place to rest for centuries unprecedented; as a matter of fact; found my own corpse.

3. STARVED

Every writer is starved for a publisher; the indispensable channel to propagate his work ubiquitously into the entire world,

Every granule of desert sand is starved for cloudbursts of rain; those glistening globules of water to impart it with new life,

Every eye is starved for beauty; those ravishing forms of mysticism which grant unsurpassable pleasure and a glint to its exhausted persona,

Every valley is starved for an echo; that voluptuously resonating sound that clashes delectably against the gloominess of the still atmosphere,

Every scorpion is starved for a sting; those robust globs of innocuous flesh; which grace it the astronomical privilege of piercing its ominous tentacles,

Every sports car is starved for a driver; who can grip its steering wheel with insurmountable machismo; speed it at whirlwind speeds; with its nozzle handsomely permeating through majestic carpets of air,

Every dog is starved for a bone; the tantalizing slices of red meat to appease its gluttony till unprecedented limits,

Every mosquito is starved for immaculate entities; on whose impeccable flesh it could sit all day; and satanically suck blood all throughout the savage night,

Every lip is starved for a kiss; that volatile inferno of unimaginable passion it stirred at the tiniest of caress,

Every armpit is starved for sweat; that fountain of shimmering juice which made it feel all the more stupendously exotic,

Every ear is starved for the voice of the nightingale; that ingratiating fantasy which it inevitably fomented; as it slowly drifted before blending with the senses,

Every knuckle is starved for a punch; that astounding feeling of bravado which irrefutably descended; as it pounded through loose balls of open space,

Every soul is starved for childhood; those profusely mischievous moments which divinely tickled it to rise higher above the angels,

Every barren pond is starved for the royal lotus; the magnanimously alluring odor that profoundly illuminated each second of its unfurling life,

Every telephone is starved for a melodious ring; that inexorably tinkling sound that made all around it rise with unanimous solidarity,

Every butterfly was starved for sunlight; those fiery beams of the Sun God which filtered optimistic rays of hope in its miserably cloistered existence; engendered it to dance and fly,

Every mind was starved for ravishing fantasy; fathomlessly fabulous dreams which incessantly kept it in a state of perpetual bliss,

Every heart was starved for its beloved; the incomprehensible ardor she generated to unrelentingly accelerate its each beat,

And every life was starved for love; that immortal affinity it solely desired since the time it took its first breath; the very reason it was still breathing and alive.

4. A BUCKET OF BREATH

A bucket of stones; to built and resurrect my gruesomely broken dwelling,

A bucket of sparkling water; to clean my unwashed body; annihilate the last iota of dirt incorrigibly adhering to remote corner of my skin,

A bucket of food; to wholesomely appease the overwhelming pangs of hunger in my famished stomach; my volcanic desire to chew,

A bucket of flocculent cotton fluff; to impart me with compassionate warmth in the heart of frozen winter,

A bucket of intractable glue; to coalesce the shattered fragments of distorted glass in which I sighted my heavenly reflection,

A bucket of scintillating pearls; to sustain the vagaries of day to day and uncouthly monotonous life,

A bucket of feather tipped pens; to emboss and evolve infinite lines of spell binding literature,

A bucket of ominously black clouds; showering thunderbolts of tantalizing rain on the trajectory of this scorched planet,

A bucket of antiseptic detergent; to decimate those inconspicuous germs lingering round my immaculate persona,

A bucket of sizzling tea; to profusely reinvigorate and stimulate my every languidly dreary morning,

A bucket of appetizing brown chocolate; to stringently awaken the dormant dormitories of my brain,

A bucket of fortified sticks; granting me that impregnable prowess of defending myself against the most heinously hostile of enemy,

A bucket of dead and stupendously lifeless bones; to make me realize the value of harmoniously precious life,

A bucket of incomprehensibly enigmatic enigmas; to prolifically rekindle my dying imagination,

A bucket of flabby caps; to wholesomely sequester me from acerbic rays of the flaming Sun,

A bucket of looming watches; to accurately depict to me every unleashing minute of the day,

A bucket of crisp bonded paper; to facilitate me to compile a grandiloquent book harnessed with my very own blood,

A bucket of freshly extracted poignant ocean salt; to deluge my lackadaisical life with loads of seductive vibrancy,

A bucket of uncontrollable love; to flood my impoverished visage with the ecstatic fire to leap; the turbulent urge to exist amongst a pack of savage wolves

on this planet,

And a bucket of breath to inundate my jacket of fragile brown lungs with freshly reinvigorating air; granting me the unprecedented tenacity to survive; granting me an indomitable urge to live my complete quota of destined years.

5. THERE WAS NO LOVE BORN GREATER.

There was no richness born ever greater; than uninhibitedly dispensing richness itself; to all those despicably besieged with whirlwinds of penurious gloom and maudlin malice,

There was no miracle born ever greater; than Omnisciently disseminating miracles themselves; to all those disastrously orphaned and tyrannically lambasted with whiplashes of indiscriminately ominous despair,

There was no philanthropism born ever greater; than benevolently diffusing grandiloquent philanthropism itself; to even the most fathomless quarters of this enchantingly colossal Universe; uniting with one and all synergistically; in the true spirit of eternal mankind,

There was no compassion born ever greater; than unrelentingly spreading gregarious compassion itself; to all those brutally bereft of the quintessential spirit to live; those heartlessly dithering towards a gruesomely torturous extinction,

There was no happiness born ever greater; than ubiquitously sprinkling the flavor of happiness itself; to each dwelling horrendously submerged with despondently murderous doom; profoundly enlightening the bizarre darkness with optimistic rays of desire,

There was no mysticism born ever greater; than ravishingly wafting the majestic aroma of mysticism itself; to all those obsoletely infirm entities; ludicrously entangled in the miserable web of manipulatively monotonous and sinister prejudice,

There was no enthusiasm born ever greater; than showering the melody of exuberant enthusiasm itself; to all those drearily divested; and lackadaisically stumbling like a pack of soggy matchsticks; even before alighting a single stride,

There was no patriotism born ever greater; than unitedly bequeathing the magnificent splendor of righteous patriotism itself; to all those dastardly countrymen; who sadistically sold their motherland just to augment the stuffing

of gold in the foundation; of their spuriously bombastic abodes,

There was no charisma born ever greater; than resplendently distributing voluptuously enamoring charisma itself; to every lip horrifically enveloped with; pathetically dwindling sadness,

There was no strength born ever greater; than fearlessly impregnating formidable strength itself; embedding unflinching fortitude in all those torturously maim and devastatingly crippled; becoming the vibrant tornado of ebullience in each of their bones,

There was no titillation born ever greater; than the triggering the seductive thunderbolt of divine titillation itself; incinerating cloudbursts of unrelenting yearning in all those organisms; encapsulated with murderously ghastly remorse,

There was no prayer born ever greater; than unequivocally preaching the prayer for togetherness itself; Omnipotently coalescing all caste; creed; color and religion; in the fabric of humanity; and alike,

There was no flamboyance born ever greater; than relentlessly disposing the stupendously passionate wave of flamboyance itself; to all those shattered hutment's of depravation; all those nonchalant entities dying every instant in deserts of diffidence; all the time,

There was no charity born ever greater; than altruistically radiating the most regale rays of charity itself; to all those underprivileged orphaned and haplessly destitute; replenishing their tottered lives with the ointment of; unequivocal sharing,

There was no innocence born ever greater; than splendidly bestowing the Omnipresent virtue of innocence itself; to all those derogatorily heinous devils; ruthlessly bent upon beheading all princely goodness; from living kind,

There was no rhapsody born ever greater; than intractably endowing the unconquerable paradise of rhapsody itself; to all those unfortunately wandering without their loved ones; lighting the flame of jubilation in their lives; once again,

There was no innovation born ever greater; than magnificently dispersing the spirit of innovation itself; to all those being unsparingly lambasted; by whirlpools of disdainful monotony and salacious greed,

There was no life born ever greater; than bountifully gifting the chapter of vivaciously unassailable life itself; to all those immaculate creations of Almighty Lord; painfully creeping in agonizing trauma; towards their gory corpse,

And there was no love born ever greater; than unendingly transmitting the immortal essence of love itself; to all those despairingly broken hearts; rekindling their bountiful treasury of beats once again; with the unsurpassably sweet fragrance of kingly existence.

6. TIME PASS.

I meticulously counted the number of waves; rising and falling in the majestically undulating sea, I sang occasionally with the birds; humming a myriad of spell binding tunes,

I tore a sheet of lanky dilapidated paper; into measly bits of orphaned fragments,

I nonchalantly kicked each stone that confronted me in my way; hurling it high and handsome towards mystical puffs of sky,

O! yes the overwhelming burden on my shoulders seemed to be augmenting each minute; the hour incorrigibly refrained to fly; and for me at the current moment

life was nothing but a big time pass.

I shooed the birds sitting tranquilly on the jaded rocks; chasing them till the point I wholesomely collapsed in a bedraggled heap on cold ground,

I made boundless sandcastles in insurmountably slippery sand; dismantling them as they gathered the slightest of solid proportion,

I held my ear abysmally close to the hollow walls; awaiting for the tiniest of sound that simply wasn't there,

I indefatigably kept chanting a silly tune; giving it the pompously pretentious status of being the astronomical best,

O! yes the overwhelming burden on my shoulders seemed to be augmenting each minute; the hour incorrigibly refrained to fly; and for me at the current moment life was nothing but a big time pass.

I voraciously rubbed my glasses till the time they shone vivaciously bright; although they were already sparkling more than the mid-day Sun,

I tied my handkerchief into unfathomable number of folds; spent countless

moments thereafter in entangling the disdainful mess of my insane creation,

I washed my body vigorously all throughout the night; evacuating the last bit of superficial dirt that just wasn't to be seen,

I flipped through pages of the bulky history book; browsing through an unending labyrinth of dates; with beads of exasperating sweat trickling feverishly down my nape,

O! yes the overwhelming burden on my shoulders seemed to be augmenting each minute; the hour incorrigibly refrained to fly; and for me at the current moment life was nothing but a big time pass.

I yawned like a maniacally fanatic; although the bones incarcerated in my body rared to surge forward with spurts of exuberant enthusiasm,

I chewed slices of tangy gum for times immemorial; evolving a cocoon of bubbles only to obnoxiously burst them,

I incoherently scribbled gargantuan tons of literature on barren paper; expending Herculean loads of my lazy frustration on my tiny little fountain pen,

I relentlessly kept tapping my nimble feet; scowling in inexplicable disdain at whomsoever who encountered me in my way.

O! yes the overwhelming burden on my shoulders seemed to be augmenting each minute; the hour incorrigibly refrained to fly; and for me at the current moment life was nothing but a big time pass.

7. IF I WERE AN IMMORTAL HEARTBEAT

If I were a formidable mountain; towering way above the clouds with my wonderfully enigmatic peaks,

The first thing that I would have done; was to stand like an invincible wall; for all my comrades shivering in despicably inexplicable pain.

If I were a turbulently cascading waterfall; culminating into a blanket of mesmerizing froth after clashing against the festoon of piquantly shimmering rocks,

The first thing that I would have done; was to pacify the insatiable agony of the uncouthly blistering deserts; enveloping pathetically aggrieved entities in my rejuvenating swirl.

If I were ravishingly charismatic pearl; diffusing into a cloudburst of Omnipotent shine; even in the most acrimoniously ghastly night,

The first thing that I would have done; was to profoundly illuminate the lives of all orphans submerged in a dungeon of despair; enlighten their innocently dreary eyes with my perennial glow.

If I were lethally terrorizing bullet; pulverizing everything to inconspicuous ash; the instant somebody released the trigger,

The first thing that I would have done; was to decimate even the most

diminutive trace of evil from the trajectory of this earth; ensuring that it breathed an air of holistic freedom; an air without disgustingly corrupt malice.

If I were a seductively alluring shadow; magnetically extending my caress to the most fantastically panoramic places; far and wide,
The first thing that I would have done; was to encompass all those tyrannically intimidated and enslaved; in the ingratiatingly welcome shelter; that lay embedded in my heavenly arms.

If I were a robustly eternal fruit; blooming into a fountain of sparkling health; as every minute tantalizingly unfurled,
The first thing that I would have done; was to appease the bizarrely disastrous hunger; of all those innocuously philanthropic; tottering towards the brink of horrifically ruthless extinction.

If I were the richest man on this Universe; with my treasury perpetually overflowing with more wealth; than what the entire planet could ever perceive,
The first thing that I would have done; was to scrap even the most infinitesimal speck of poverty from impoverished soil; ensuring that the strong and weak; existed in threads of irrefutable equality; alike.

If I were a hive enshrouded with sacredly oozing honey; melodiously spawning into a cloud of astoundingly benevolent newness; as resplendently milky moonlight fell celestially from the skies,
The first thing that I would have done; was to deluge every prejudiced life with stupendously uniting harmony; substituting each cold-blooded wound; with a gloriously enchanting fortress of mystical romance.

And if I were an immortal heartbeat; existing since countless births in waves of insatiably impregnable passion,
The first thing that I would have done; was to grant every devastatingly bereaved heart the ultimate wish of its survival; witnessing it blossom into unconquerable happiness; as I granted it the blissfully lost love of its life.

8. LEAVE ME ALONE.

Leave me alone; to battle my loneliness till the time I emerged irrevocably triumphant; sprinted forward in untamed exhilaration to bask in the full fervor of life,

Leave me alone; to experience each unfurling moment as it painstakingly unveiled; retrospect my cherished moments of the past; when I innocuously

bounced on the sacrosanct lap of my mother,

Leave me alone; to uninhibitedly free each of my despairingly frazzled senses; incessantly fantasize in the aisles of augmenting desire; yearning for all the bountifully ravishing beauty on this planet,

Leave me alone; to do what I was stupendously best in; pave a blazing path of my own; far away from the interruptions of the monotonously lackadaisical society,

Leave me alone; to explore the more intricate nuances of life; frolick with orphaned children through the mushy meadows; bringing back a smile to their impoverished lives,

Leave me alone; to express the most inner most voices of my conscience; indefatigably meditate to search for that righteousness that had so miserably eluded me all my life,

Leave me alone; to wholeheartedly embrace my fellow comrades in inexplicable agony; philander with whomsoever I desired; irrespective of caste; creed and indiscriminate racial malice,

Leave me alone; to fanatically pursue the art profusely embodied in my blood; intransigently drowning myself into an ocean of unfathomable enthrallment,

Leave me alone; to wander like a prince under the milky beams of moonlight; languidly doze dreaming about paradise in profoundly sweltering sunshine that illuminated the day,

Leave me alone; to passionately follow the holistic ideals of humanity; wholesomely freeing myself from the tyrannically dictatorial norms of the spurious world outside,

Leave me alone; to elope to the astronomical summits of longing whenever I liked; then crawl back lamely on mundane soil for hours immemorial,

Leave me alone; to construct my dwelling in the most exact way I liked; stuffing each of its walls with the spirit of unprecedented brotherhood and harmony; alike,

Leave me alone; to vivaciously evolve every unearthing second; create incredulously magnificent wonders; from the esoterically enigmatic imagery that

turbulently revolved in my mind,

Leave me alone; to dance with the voluptuously divine angel of my dreams; eternalize my every blossoming tomorrow with the poignantly charismatic empathy; in my mates eyes,

Leave me alone; to melodiously sing the rhymes of vibrantly flowering nature; be profoundly mesmerized by the chirping of the nightingale; the roaring of the royal lion; alike,

Leave me alone; to perpetually inscribe in my soul the names that I profusely cherished; ubiquitously disseminate the message of immortal peace and solidarity; to every parasite sucking innocent blood outside,

Leave me alone; to pen down countless lines of philanthropic literature in a single day; incorrigibly blend with the tunes that flowed from each of my senses; for infinite more births yet to come,

Leave me alone; to forever bond with the love of my life; breaking free from the satanically hostile chains of contemporary tradition and bombastic imprisonment,

Leave me alone; to romance; to dream; to share; to imbibe; more importantly to live life the way I wanted it to unfold; the way God had made me and beautifully endowed me to be.

9. WHY SHOULD I? -PART 2

Why should the desert metamorphose itself into an ocean; just because the acrimoniously slithering cactus; wanted it to?

Why should the clouds metamorphose themselves into glittering gold; just because the lecherously manipulative wandering aimlessly; wanted them to?

Why should the patriotic battlefield metamorphose itself into a shivering cocoon; just because the diminutively cowardly scared of leading life; wanted it to?

Why should the pungently intrepid thorn metamorphose itself into overwhelmingly glistening silk; just because the dastardly demons desirous for luxury; wanted it to?

Why should poignant blood fulminating ecstatically through the veins

metamorphose itself into frozen ice; just because the worthlessly vindictive ghost; wanted it to?

Why should the dog metamorphose its unruly bark into a melodiously sacrosanct song; just because some fanatics of spuriously sanctimonious religion; wanted it to?

Why should the inconspicuously irascible ant metamorphose itself into a succulent deer; just because the tumultuously roaring lion; wanted it to?

Why should the overwhelmingly slushy swamp metamorphose itself into a road of formidably gripping concrete; just because those disastrously unable to find their foot; wanted it to?

Why should the preposterously gigantic shark metamorphose itself into an immaculately shimmering pearl; just because the baselessly petrified passengers on the shores; wanted it to?

Why should the boisterously bustling baby metamorphose itself into a symmetrically trimmed angel; just because the ostentatiously threadbare party; wanted it to?

Why should the lethally venomous snake metamorphose itself into hives replenishing with golden honey; just because the pretentiously philosophizing; wanted it to?

Why should the infinitesimally fluttering mosquito metamorphose itself into a paradise of unending fantasy; just because the treacherously snoring terrorist; wanted it to?

Why should the divinely smiling girl metamorphose itself into a puristic boy; just because the traditionally uncouth parents; wanted it to?

Why should the avalanches; earthquakes; tornadoes; metamorphose themselves into sparkling diamonds; just because ruthlessly penalizing mankind; wanted them to?

Why should the despicably ailing old man metamorphose himself into a ghastly corpse; just because the manipulatively parasitic sons; wanted him to?

Why should the invincibly secure lock metamorphose itself into an articulate key; just because the hideous battalion of burglars; wanted it to?

Why should the celestially placid stones metamorphose themselves into appetizing morsels of tangible food; just because horrendously lazy urchins; wanted them to?

Why should each beam of darkness metamorphose itself into the flamboyantly dazzling Sun; just because the satanically barbaric yearning for an eternal day; wanted them to?

Why should immortal love metamorphose itself into invidiously sinister betrayal; just because the rigidly extraneous world; wanted it to?

Why should sacred life metamorphose itself into pathetically gruesome death; just because some power hungry leaders; wanted it to?

And why should I; writing; breathing; fantasizing; poetry from the inner most realms of my heart; metamorphose myself into deplorably stinking office; just because the uncouthly unforgiving society around; wanted me to?

10. IT WAS ONLY WHEN - PART 2

It was only when I disastrously stumbled to taste threadbare mud; that I truly realized the mesmerizing value of standing straight upon my own feet,

It was only when I was gruesomely blinded with pugnacious chili powder in my eyes; that I truly realized the scintillating value of vibrantly bountiful and scintillating sight,

It was only when I was surreptitiously administered abominable gutter water; that I truly realized the celestially ravishing value of the majestically sparkling streams,

It was only when I was brutally incarcerated in the traumatically devastating dungeons; that I truly realized the optimistically brilliant value of the Omnisciently dazzling Sun,

It was only when I was ruthlessly stuffed into the horrifically air tight coffins; that I truly realized the melodiously vivacious value of regally enlightening and seductively spell binding sound,

It was only when the walls of disparagingly disgusting boredom asphyxiated me from all sides; that I truly realized the irrefutably incredulous value of honestly

Omnipotent sweat,

It was only when maelstroms of swelteringly scorching dust slapped me left; right and acrid center; that I truly realized the miraculously rejuvenating value of resplendently heavenly rain,

It was only when jailhouses of murderous monotony pulverized me like inconspicuously criminal mincemeat; that I truly realized the gloriously Omnipresent value of ubiquitously sensuous and timelessly proliferating fantasy,

It was only when lethally venomous snakes savagely strangled me like a frigid mosquito; that I truly realized the ingratiatingly ebullient value of ubiquitously godly innocence,

It was only when an unfathomable whirlpool of inexplicable tears rolled in insatiable agony down my cheeks; that I truly realized the gorgeously exuberant value of everlasting smiles,

It was only when a graveyard of solitariness tightened its grip upon my soul every unfurling minute; that I truly realized the boisterously enthralling value of rambunctiously vivid liveliness,

It was only when each of my finger was barbarically nailed to the ground; that I truly realized the stupendously embellished value of sketching exquisitely panoramic landscape upon barren canvas,

It was only when the diabolical demons chopped my tongue into an infinite pieces; that I truly realized the marvelously emphatic value of poignantly effusive sound,

It was only when I had to inevitably transgress past the bed of acrimoniously ominous thorns; that I truly realized the enchantingly satiny value of royally aristocratic silk,

It was only when I was savagely lambasted by unsparing whiplashes of blatantly insidious lies; that I truly realized the eternally unassailable value of patriotically blazing truth,

It was only when there was nothing in vicinity but invidiously sordid stones and mud to chew; that I truly realized the salubriously jubilant and sacrosanct value of life-yielding food,

It was only when a satanically ghastly accident ghoulishly snatched my beloved;
that I truly realized the triumphantly ardent value of pricelessly inimitable
togetherness,

It was only when my nostrils menacingly decided to gruesomely squelch even the
most infinitesimal iota of breath; that I truly realized the bountifully Omnipotent
value of unshakably iridescent life,

And it was only when every beat of my heart uncouthly leapt out to be the devil's
uxorious breakfast; that I truly realized the immortally unconquerable value of
eternal love.

11. A POET, AND HIS IMMORTAL POETRY.

The clouds in the voluptuously fathomless sky were a poet's eternal dream;
enveloping boundless bits of barren space with tinges of profusely unending
crimson,
While torrential tumblers of enchanting rain cascading down till times beyond
bountiful eternity; were his immortally poignant and exuberant poetry.

The seductively titillating roses in the garden were a poet's everlasting dream;
perpetuating colossal bits of lackadaisical atmosphere with vividly blossoming
color,
While the stupendously Omnipotent fragrance that they emanated; the romantic
swirl in which they swished; was his immortally unassailable and wonderful
poetry.

The ravishingly undulating waves of the gigantically handsome ocean were a
poet's cherished dream; perennially smiling under golden rays of the majestically
Omniscient Sun,
While the resplendently tantalizing froth into which they diffused after clashing
against the regale rocks; was his immortally profound and Godly poetry.

The rambunctiously uninhibited hives swarming with chattering bees were a
poet's fantastic dream; deluging even the most infinitesimal cranny of the
Universe with the poignant elixir of life,
While the beautifully ebullient cisterns of titillating honey that relentlessly oozed
from them; was his immortally melodious and exquisitely embellished poetry.

The panoramically animated meadows of green grass were a poet's prized
dream; harmoniously rustling with the unbelievably exultating breeze,
While the gregarious festoon of dew drops that they exuded at ethereally

mystical dawn; was his immortally fabulous and Omnipotent poetry.

The optimistically divine fireball of Sun was a poet's priceless dream; casting a spell of astoundingly miraculous hope; even in the most drearily beleaguered and diminishing abode,

While the enamoring fountain of blazing rays that it compassionately emanated; was his immortally triumphant and patriotic poetry.

The unshakable shadows of the impeccable conscience were a poet's euphoric dream; metamorphosing even the most devilishly inebriated organism into an apostle of mesmerizing peace,

While the path of irrefutably sparkling righteousness that it philanthropically wafted; was his immortally ingratiating and kingly poetry.

The ecstatically flapping feathers of the spell bindingly amiable nightingale were a poet's charismatic dream; flooding even the most insipidly lugubrious of spaces around with astronomically rejuvenating energy,

While the unfathomably glorious river of tunes that unveiled from her shimmering beak; was his immortally ever-pervading and holistic poetry.

The piquantly rubicund nostrils of the freshly adorned bride were a poet's insatiable dream; inevitably engendering every other thing in the atmosphere to remorsefully wither down,

While the unconquerable inferno of magnificently bedazzling breath that unleashed from them; was his immortally invincible and fascinating poetry.

And the passionately throbbing heart in innocently volatile chest was a poet's unrelenting dream; irrevocably transcending above every other richness on the trajectory of this limitless earth,

While the superbly rhythmic sky of beats that it fulminated into every unfurling instant; was his immortally ubiquitous and priceless poetry.

12. A POEM A DAY; KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY.

For the ravishingly undulating and fathomless oceans; a majestically gliding shark a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the swelteringly impoverished and blistering deserts; a gloriously rejuvenating rainshower a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the mystically ingratiating and voluptuous forests; a royal royally overpowering roar of the lion a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the boundlessly Omnipotent and limitless skies; a regally soaring cloud a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the gorgeously shimmering and immaculate seashores; a magnificently resplendent oyster a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the freshly rain drenched and boisterously bubbling stray ponds; a discordantly croaking frog a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the despicably wailing and disastrously beleaguered beggar; a handsomely robust meal a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the eternally enchanting and enchantingly sweet hive; a rambunctiously frolicking bee a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the ingratiatingly chirping and profusely vivacious sparrow; a marvelously sparkling berry a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the frigidly trembling and brutally frozen avalanches; a ray of unassailably celestial sunshine a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the patriotically blazing and fearlessly unflinching battlefields; a ray of irrefutably unconquerable triumph a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the sagaciously philanthropic and devoutly meditating saint; an entrenchment of spell binding peace a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the manipulatively shrewd and ruthlessly dexterous business tycoon; a succulently appetizing client a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the exuberantly sleazy and seductively raving model; a euphorically tantalizing catwalk a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the morbidly forlorn and ghoulishly derogatory graveyard; an obsolete ghost a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the impeccably glistening and rustically sprawled pebbles; a splendidly cascading waterfall a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the romantically sensuous and poignantly flirtatious philanderer; a charismatically nubile maiden a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the aridly scorched and preposterously singed blades of grass; a bountifully scintillating dewdrop a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the horrendously dithering and despicably sagging nostrils; a puff of ecstatically vibrant breath a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

For the treacherously betrayed and ominously lambasted heart; a beat of immortal love a day; keeps the doctor forever away,

And for my nimbly penurious and diminutively groping persona; an unfathomably enlightening poem a day; keeps the doctor forever away.

13. UNSTOPPABLE.

Unstoppable was the crimson blood circulating ecstatically through the veins; indefatigably pumping the most stupendously vivacious elements of existence in the every organisms body; symbiotically alike,

Unstoppable was the rain euphorically pelting down from fathomless sky; relentlessly inundating impoverished territories of destitute land; with globules of spell binding enchantment,

Unstoppable were the rays of the ferociously blazing Sun; fearlessly disseminating its Omnipotent shine; to even the most obfuscated cranny of this gigantically enthralling Universe,

Unstoppable was the intransigently unending tick-tocking of time; gloriously throbbing with palpable life; meticulously synchronizing the entire planet; and for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Unstoppable was the swirl of the majestically undulating ocean; fulminating into a fountain of unfathomably priceless froth; even in the heart of the perilously blackened night,

Unstoppable was the flame of unassailable desire; uncontrollably proliferating till realms beyond infinite infinity; tantalizing every breathing entity in its magically compassionate incantation,

Unstoppable was the attraction between two opposite sexes; inevitably drawing all humanity close; irrespective of the barriers of caste; creed and worthless color,

Unstoppable was the thunderously volatile prowl of the famished lion; as he royally paraded through the undercurrents of the inscrutable forests; with fires of unparalleled superiority blazing in his eyes,

Unstoppable was the dream of benevolent goodness; miraculously healing even the most traumatically bereaved; with the Omniscient ointment of eternally righteous mankind,

Unstoppable was silken flight of the regally charismatic bird; as it handsomely soared through the clouds of fantastic titillation and vibrancy; magnificently kissing the mists of perennial yearning on its odyssey down towards mother earth,

Unstoppable was the song of the impregnably princely nightingale; perpetuating even the most sordidly dreary of spaces on this colossal Universe; with triumphantly exuberant melody,

Unstoppable was the leap of irrefutably sparkling truth; as it reigned supreme as the most invincible idol alive; harmoniously transpiring the endless planet to take birth profoundly; for centuries unprecedented,

Unstoppable was the marvelously ubiquitous innocence of the newly born infant; irrefutably transcending over all richness of this unfathomable planet; bountifully embracing the spirit of uninhibitedly immaculate freedom,

Unstoppable was the wind of ebulliently unconquerable passion; metamorphosing even the most impossibly intractable of circumstances; into a celestially scintillating paradise,

Unstoppable was the cry of timeless liberation; the unbelievably resurgent force with which countless galloped forward to bond in threads of amiable friendship; far away from the dungeons of retributory malice,

Unstoppable was the jubilantly blazing patriotism of the soldier; who lived immortally in the hearts of the nation; even after relinquishing his very last breath for his sacrosanct motherland,

Unstoppable was path of fabulously victorious conscience; which unsparingly annihilated even the most capricious trace of salaciously heinous evil and lies; with the swords of truth divine,

Unstoppable was sensuously ravenous breath in the body; expunging out with a tumultuous fervor; that made even the most treacherous of devils to blend with the chords of synergistic existence,

Unstoppable was the magically Omnipotent rhythm of the passionate heart; with each of its wonderfully burgeoning beats; eternally coalescing with all love and resplendent congeniality; on this unending planet,

And unstoppable was my ardor to write poetry; flood every bit of barren space on this incomprehensibly vivid planet with the fragrance of love and humanity; spawning into an entrenchment of perpetual bliss; even after I abdicated my last droplet of blood; even after I forever shed my last breath.

14. NO CONTROL.

I could wink exactly when I wanted to; shutting one of my lid with astoundingly articulate dexterity; and in wholesome entirety to the lugubriously manipulative planet outside,

I could yawn exactly when I wanted to; thunderously stretching the contours of my lips to the most unprecedented limits; blissfully resonating into an unfathomably rampant valley of sounds soon thereafter,

I could walk exactly when I wanted to; uninhibitedly alighting my nimble foot from obdurate ground; paving an intrepidly sensuous path of my own; as the world disdainfully entangled in bizarrely disparaging business outside,

I could dance exactly when I wanted to; bountifully synchronizing the movements of my impoverished visage; to majestically blend with the tunes of the seductively tantalizing and milky night,

I could cry exactly when I wanted to; profusely squeezing the sockets of my beleaguered eyes; discordantly inundating even the most infinitesimal particle of the atmosphere; with an unsurpassable ocean of cacophonous wails,

I could whisper exactly when I wanted to; amiably rustling through the partially obfuscated periphery of my wandering lips; enshrouding every bit of belligerent retribution with ravishing enchantment,

I could write exactly when I wanted to; blissfully embellishing fathomless bits of barren paper; with poetry that poignantly diffused from the inner most soul and the Gods,

I could fantasize exactly when I wanted to; unequivocally unveiling the chords of diminutive brain to the stupendously ingratiating melody of this timeless earth; exotically delving into inscrutably titillating territories beyond the obsoletely unknown,

I could smile exactly when I wanted to; exuberantly puffing my enthrallingly rubicund cheeks; wholeheartedly letting the scintillating whites of my teeth harmoniously coalesce with all benign goodness outside,

I could philander exactly when I wanted to; flirtatiously elope behind the hills with the companion of my choice; handsomely allowing the golden rays of the Omnipotent Sun; to envelop me in impregnable entirety,

I could roll exactly when I wanted to; rampantly cascading down the gigantic mountains; regally caressing the veils of intrepidly exhilarating adventure; as I rhapsodically made my way down,

I could bathe exactly when I wanted to; rejuvenate the disastrously gruesome conglomerate of my nerves under the sparkling waterfalls; even after the heart of unbelievably dark midnight,

I could fight exactly when I wanted to; mustering all mighty muscle in a just a single swirl; endeavoring my ultimate best to save my kin; philanthropically save my treacherously devastated motherland,

I could chatter exactly when I wanted to; clatter the piquant buds of my teeth umpteenth number of times in a single minute; shivering in uncontrollably nervous waves of dithering skepticism,

I could eat exactly when I wanted to; celestially assimilating all salubrious fruits of this earth in my penurious palette; astonishingly replenishing each ingredient of my blood with nutrition divine,

I could sleep exactly when I wanted to; wholesomely obscuring my eyes with knots of perennially heavenly silk; irrefutably sequestering myself way beneath in the boundless dungeons; without even the most inconspicuous trace of sound or vibrant light,

I could evolve exactly when I wanted to; fascinatingly gathering all eclectically resplendent assets of the Almighty Lord; to stunningly metamorphose the complexion of this delinquently frazzled Universe,

I could breathe exactly when I wanted to; ebulliently permeating the dolorously remorseful atmosphere with fireballs of vivacious glory; igniting an inferno of untamed celebration even in the center of the despicably deadened night,

O! yes; I could do this; and I could do that; and by the Grace of God I was a majestic master of my own destiny; symbiotically bonding with the eternally transcending and divine,

But I had absolutely not the slightest control on my heart; as its passionately triumphant beats ecstatically wandered without my commands; bonding with all immortal love on this colossal planet; bonding with the spell binding spirit to lead an infinite more lifetimes.

15. IMMORTALLY LIVING ART.

To procreate countless more of your kind was inherently natural; but to instill in them the irrefutably invincible principles of mankind; was a majestically impeccable art,

To replenish your stomach with all tantalizingly piquant food on this Universe was inevitably natural; but to scrupulously digest them and yet sparkle into an ocean of celestially rubicund health; was a perseveringly magical art,

To transit into a heavenly slumber and fantasize uninhibitedly about all ingratiating exoticism on this planet was blissfully natural; but to manifest all those spell binding dreams into an eternal reality; was an unassailably enduring art,

To listen to the fulminating voices of your intrepid soul was poignantly natural; but to invincibly march forward in united patriotism to annihilate the last iota of evil from your sacrosanct motherland; was an indefatigably resplendent art,

To euphorically bathe at the commencement of brilliant Sunshine was iridescently natural; but to utilize every bit of your marvelously sparkling freshness to enlighten all despicably bereaved humanity; was an ebulliently gutsy art,

To dance till eternity in times of ecstatic jubilation was exuberantly natural; but to ubiquitously disseminate the same unending happiness in every dwelling besieged with horrifically remorseful despair; was a handsomely philanthropic art,

To wholeheartedly immerse yourself in your very own religion was holistically natural; but to unequivocally preach the religion of humanity till the last breath of your existing life; was a grandiloquently benign art,

To encapsulate your entire persona with ravishing petals of rose and insatiably overwhelming scent was scintillatingly natural; but to waft the Omnipotent scent of coalesced mankind; on every murderously manipulative cranny of this earth; was a timelessly mesmerizing art,

To profoundly enjoy the divinely melody in the atmosphere was quintessentially natural; but to tirelessly propagate every element of your ebullience to all those miserably crippled and penurious destitute; was a glitteringly humanitarian art,

To sight umpteenth galleries of wonderfully serene objects around you was instinctively natural; but to altruistically become the walking stick of all those horrendously penalized and gruesomely blind; was a miraculously Omniscient art,

To sagaciously invest all your fathomless treasuries of wealth in the best possible gains was prudently natural; but to chivalrously dissipate even a minuscule fraction of your opulence to the service of the devastatingly deprived; was a perpetually sacred art,

To joyously gallop through fields of flirtatiously sensuous freedom was flamboyantly natural; but to hoist all those bereft of hands and feet to destinations transcending the land of paradise; was a benevolently bequeathing art,

To cling to the lap of your mother whenever you felt gorily shattered was incomprehensibly natural; but to perennially ensure that the entire planet irrevocably clung to the strings of enchanting humanity; was a gloriously princely art,

To harmoniously augment the granaries of crimson blood in your countenance was poignantly natural; but to selflessly shed the same for your countrymen incarcerated with treacherous despair; was a glitteringly Omnipresent art,

To decorate your pristinely barren skin with royal pearls and ornaments was splendidly natural; but to stupendously embellish the fabric of all despicably dithering mankind with untamed cloudbursts of love; was a ubiquitously charismatic art,

To act candidly and in synergy with the voice of your intransigently righteous conscience was intrinsically natural; but to wholesomely decimate the salacious web of lies from every corner of this earth with the voice of unconquerably impeccable truth; was a royally regale art,

To tranquilly inhale air all round the clock and with the most prolific of intensity was indispensably natural; but to aristocratically placate the brutally traumatized agony of all those miserably divested with each of your breath; was a passionately Almighty art,

To relentlessly love and bountifully adore the girl of your every dream was tumultuously natural; but dedicating every single beat of your heart to all those orphaned and acrimoniously betrayed; was an unfathomably heavenly art,

And to rhapsodically live this birth and intransigently perceive to survive for an infinite more births yet to come was incredulously natural; but sacrificing each instant of your life to astoundingly spawn a countless new tomorrows of optimistic hope and vibrant courage; was an immortally living art.

16. VERITABLE DEATH MINE

My mind was like the fulminating volcano; which kept on passionately erupting; even after the entire earth had blissfully slept,

My mind was like an uninhibitedly philandering panther; which thunderously roared each unfurling second of the day,

My mind was like a turbulently swirling ocean; which culminated each instant into a flurry of violent waves,

My mind was like the poignant whirlpool of sand; which evolved at cyclonic speeds; sweeping across the fathomless deserts inevitably every afternoon,

My mind was like the blazing inferno; which kept augmenting to astronomical heights with each nimble stroke of the brazen wind,

My mind was like the hideously savage vulture; whose hunger arose the very next moment; after it had just devoured its previous bit of robust carrion,

My mind was like the indefatigably running spider; which didn't rest for even a minuscule minute; entrenched and wavering amidst the silvery strands of its web,

My mind was like streaks of white lightening which profusely enveloped the sky; creating insanely havoc on the whatever space they fell,

My mind was like infinite clouds sprawled vindictively in the cosmos; creeping up every day to try and camouflage vivacious rays of brilliant light,

My mind was like the unstoppably perennial stream; which leapt and swelled; irrespective of the acrimonious battalion of barricades that confronted it in its celestial way,

My mind was like the plane which inexorably kept flying all its life; without stooping down a fraction; or caressing the tarmac with its spongy sheath of wheels,

My mind was like the mystical echo which reverberated countless number of times; after ephemerally clashing against the formidably boundless valley,

My mind was like the lethally bouncing striped shark; which unrelentingly surged forward with hostile euphoria even in the middle of the perilously gloomy night,

My mind was like the centuries old grandfather clock; which continued to tirelessly tick; irrespective of the most deadliest of holocaust or rain,

My mind was like the deafening thud of the dinosaurs foot; which kept going on and on for times immemorial; even after the monster had become remotely obsolete and wholesomely extinct,

My mind was like the globules golden sweat; which kept incorrigibly trickling down the arms; even after applying the most profound balm of stupendously redolent scent,

My mind was like the unfathomably deep well; which indeed did have an opening; but there simply seemed no end,

My mind was like the tangible population; which perpetually kept increasing as each second unveiled into a full fledged minute

In the end it is my humble plea to you; O! Almighty Creator; not to give people a mind like mine; for although I had developed an intrinsic bondage with its vagaries over a period of time; for others it could very well prove to a veritable death mine.

17. MY FOREVER SINGLE DROPLET OF SWEAT.

Not just an inconspicuous droplet; but an unlimited measure of my unabashedly vivacious sensuality; which was the very source of every ounce of ardor wondrously running through each of my veins,

Not just an infinitesimal droplet; but an unlimited measure of my inimitably unparalleled virility; the inferno of untamed desire that sprouted bounteously from every pore of my skin,

Not just an invisible droplet; but an unlimited measure of my profound amiability; my infinite longing to blissfully mélange and embrace every symbiotic form of God's living kind,

Not just a mercurial droplet; but an unlimited measure of my pricelessly invincible truth; the gloriously impeccable reflection of my soul; which was as pristine as the melting of the first snow,

Not just an insipid droplet; but an unlimited measure of my extremely poignant sensitivity; as the color of my skin and soul dramatically changed; to even the most obfuscated of whisper and tune,

Not just a disappearing droplet; but an unlimited measure of my ardently unexplored energy; which proliferated like an undying volcano of compassion; at every single stage of the vibrantly unfurling day,

Not just an impoverished droplet; but an unlimited measure of my fearless honesty; the righteous fulmination of every element of goodness that lingered left; right and center; in my body and in my soul,

Not just a fugitive droplet; but an unlimited measure of my peerless conviction; the unrelenting desire to reach the absolute zenith of goodness; overtopping every ingredient of devil that dared came my way,

Not just a orphaned droplet; but an unlimited measure of my fragrant perseverance; the untiring hours of my life under the fiercest of Sun; that had been spent in order to corroborate my identity,

Not just a senseless droplet; but an unlimited measure of my unbridled poetic imagery; those infinite moments of angst that had so royally brought out the purest imagination from the innermost realms of my soul,

Not just a maimed droplet; but an unlimited measure of my never-dying spirit towards the chapter of existence; as each instant rolled forward to give birth to a triumphantly godly dawn of newness,

Not just a nonsensical droplet; but an unlimited measure of my true potential to conquer every obstacle in my life; the unflinching tenacity in my bones to trample over a corpse of lies; in my eternal quest for truth,

Not just a wastrel droplet; but an unlimited measure of my unshakable effervescence; the intrinsic urge to gallop forward in inscrutable life; even under the most atrocious whiplash of jinxed destiny,

Not just a fetid droplet; but an unlimited measure of my ability to righteously and symbiotically survive; even when brutally enshrouded by the most hideously devouring pack of wolves,

Not just an amorphous droplet; but an unlimited measure of my tireless imagination; which undyingly kept the mystical turbulence alive; in even the most dormant pores of my skin,

Not just an evanescent droplet; but an unlimited measure of my intricate personality; the boundless vacillations of moods that even the tiniest of my nerves; inevitably underwent,

Not just an imperturbable droplet; but an unlimited measure of my inborn artistry; the uncanniness galore in every organ of my body; to evolve a paradise of beauty; out of barbarously lame nothingness,

Not just a miserly droplet; but an unlimited measure of my rivers of everlasting love; which delectably oozed out every unveiling instant of the day and night; at the sight of my immortal beloved, Was my wonderfully enamoring; and forever single; droplet of sweat.

18. CRACK

In order to crack the enigmatic puzzle; I used the most stupendously intricate arenas of my brain,

In order to crack the obdurate nut; I used the astronomical tenacity of my teeth,

In order to crack the astoundingly gloomy silence; I used my stringently

piercing voice,

In order to crack the insurmountably hazy night; I used my twin paired crystalline eyesight,

In order to crack spurious sadness ominously hovering around; I used my amicably compassionate smile,

In order to crack the incorrigibly bellicose brick; I used my fists plummeting like a thunderbolt; on its wretched periphery,

In order to crack the astutely austere corporate tycoon; I used frugal amounts of sly wit; circulating more mystically than the clouds in my blood,

In order to crack the diabolically freezing evening; I used my palms voraciously against the rocks; to generate unsurpassable loads of seductive heat,

In order to crack utter hopelessness; I used the invincible muscle impregnated euphorically in my bones,

In order to crack the ingenious idea; I used my inherent skill of profusely intense concentration,

In order to crack the yawn; I used my unfathomable treasury of will power to rise up to the occasion of pragmatic survival,

In order to crack inexplicably treacherous destiny; I used my spirit of fathomless adventure to confront the acrimonious world,

In order to crack pain; I used my lids to drink back my prolifically dribbling river of traumatized tears,

In order to crack the bottle; I used my nails to adroitly unleash the insurmountably serrated steel cap,

In order to crack the pathway of horrendous dirt; I used my royally sparkling pool of saliva,

In order to crack the majestically enchanting painting; I used my adroitly slender conglomerate of fingers,

In order to crack dismally mind boggling poverty; I used all the wealth I had

assimilated till date; in the tenure of my short life,

In order to crack the chapter of inevitably precious existence; I used my exuberant mountain of Omnipotent breath,

And in order to crack the love of my ultimate dreams; I used the inner most realms of my passionately thundering heart; which shot its beats infinite kilometers above the sky; as each second unfurled itself into the fabulously blossoming spectrum called romance.

19. A WRITER IS NEVER UNEMPLOYED

A needle is never soft; pierces the elastic periphery of the bombastically inflated balloon with a thunderous bang,

A tree is never symmetrical; has branches of all dimensions and sizes dangling from its severely corrugated body,

A fire is never cold; sizzles the mockingly cold night with its festoon of hostile of rays,

An ice is never solid; metamorphoses itself at astounding speeds into a stream of cold water when caressed by the slightest of heat,

A rose is never stinking; inundates the barren and profoundly gloomy surrounding with the tantalizing aroma wafting unequivocally from its crimson body,

A bird is never walking for long miles on the ground; leans overwhelmingly on its pair of flamboyant wings to impart it with that delectable flight,

A diamond is never dull; punctures the eyes of even the blind with its glitter and scintillating shine,

A mushroom is never clean; extrudes disdainfully from the jungle with tufts of incorrigible dirt; loose specks of worm and deplorable soil,

A demon is never sweet; devours millions of innocent in the swirl of its insatiable desire which never dies or subsides,

A potbellied tortoise is never fast; crawls painstakingly through the leafy meadows chewing grass; while its counterparts execute several rounds of the

finishing line,

A man eater leopard is never vegetarian; has an unrelenting zeal for flesh engulfing him every minute; after once relishing the taste of human blood,

A frog is never beautiful; spending its entire life in boundlessly deep interiors of the sordid well; having its coat enveloped with garbage and obnoxious slime,

A scorpion is never innocuous; ardently awaiting to strike its venomous fangs any minute into impetuously innocent flesh wandering unsuspectingly,

A fired bullet is never harmless; as even though it might miss its intended target; it nevertheless ricochets against impeccable wildlife,

A Kangaroo is never slow; bounces several strides at a time; even while harboring clusters of immaculate babies in its bulging belly,

A cow is never unholy; generates new life in all those who consume its supremely sacrosanct and salubrious milk,

A heart is never silent while it lives; palpitates tumultuously inside the chest; increasing its pace to unsurpassable limits after sighting the love of its life,

A breath is never dry; besieges the atmosphere around with Herculean loads of compassionate fervor; triggers the body every minute to run and live,

A life is never disciplined; replete with ups and downs that encompass an entity unsparingly every second; irrespective of the color he possesses or the religion he believes in,

A mother is never cruel to her child; no matter how much the infant cries and kicks her incessantly with its feet,

And a writer is never unemployed; although he might not go to conventional office from 9 in the morning to an exact 10 in the night; yet the fantasies he evolved impregnated new hope and charm; in millions others who monotonously survived.

20. DIFFERENT DESTINIES

The color of his eyes was exactly the same as mine; tawny brown fluttering mischievously towards the majestic Moon,

The strength in his arms was exactly the same as in mine; Herculean muscle bulging prominently from beneath ruffled cloth,

The number of teeth in his mouth were exactly the same as mine; with the hideous assembly of molars and canines ready to masticate food within split seconds of time,

The scent of his perspiration was exactly the same as mine; tantalizingly obnoxious under austere acerbic rays of the Sun,

The shape of his nose was exactly the same as mine; protruding like a pecking falcon straight as an arrow towards the ceiling,

The height which he possessed was exactly the same as mine; having to slouch a trifle as much as I did; when he tried to enter the nocturnal bedroom,

The weight he had on his visage was exactly the same as mine; blessed with an insatiable urge to gobble the same food items as I did with stupendous taste and relish,

The shades of his hair were exactly the same as mine; streaks of pugnacious red nictitating somberly with the dainty draughts of wind; captivating the attention of every damsel wandering in town,

The periphery of his lips was exactly the same as mine; voluptuously luscious pink; emanating the same spurts of raunchy laughter as I did,

The armory of his eyelashes were exactly the same as mine; drooping down to the same angle; flirtatiously winking at every maiden; as much as mine did,

The cadence in his voice was exactly the same as mine; delectably rising and falling with every word that he uttered; every song that he melodiously sang,

The size of his shoe was exactly the same as mine; occupying the same diminutive amount of space on earth; as much as mine did,

The alignment of his backbone was exactly the same as mine; experiencing the same agony as I did after a tumultuously onerous days work; running like a bull to the masters commands,

The clothes that he wore were exactly the same as mine; with his overwhelming

fancy of adorning sleazy silver chains; bizarrely tattooing his chest; as much as mine,

The number of hair that grew on his body were exactly the same as mine; with a slightly more density on the back of the palm than on the entire skeleton,

The speed at which blood gushed through his veins was exactly the same as mine; generating the same euphoria and exultation; as mine did every midnight,

The habits which he executed were exactly the same as mine; with his penchant for staring relentlessly into azure bits of sky; as poignant as mine,

Even the texture of his palm were exactly the same as mine; with innumerable bifurcations and handsome forks replicating my hand in astonishing similarity,

Infact we were born the same second on this earth as identical twins; with 99% of the people having difficulties recognizing us scattered in the crowd,

And yet today he was the President who ruled the entire nation on his fingertips; while I was an abysmally impoverished beggar screaming discordantly on the shivering streets for alms; because of the simple reason that we were similar to each other in every respect from big head to tiny toe; but inevitably had different destinies.

21. KEEP ME SATISFIED

If you starved me to unprecedented limits; then I would inadvertently attempt to pilfer morsels of food from my neighbor's plate,

If you kept scorched me beyond the point of no control; then I would poke out my tongue unknowingly in the mayor's tap; which was leaking water,

If you created me as black as charcoal; with disdainful boils of infection creeping on every inch of my skin; then I would stretch my palms ominously; in an attempt to snatch fair flesh from the princess,

If you made me squint eyed; then I would stare unrelentingly at all plebeians passing; with fantasies revolving rampantly in my mind to grab their eyes,

If you threw me on the street naked in the freezing cold; then I would run helter-skelter in desperation to steal every business tycoon's clothes,

If you crippled me in an accident; rendering me to spend the remainder of my life on a dilapidated wheelchair; then I would greedily slaver in my tongue; the instants I saw robust complexioned legs marching towards victory,

If you caused me to stammer; stuttering at virtually every word that diffused from my mouth; then I would be engulfed by hideous thoughts of switching my tongue with a professional singer; all day,

If you made me stone deaf; with the most tumultuous of volcano's failing to make any impact on my sleep; then I would try and hamper every single individual from opening his mouth,

If you made me mentally retarded; with my brain not even being able to distinguish between a dog and a man; then I would pelt stones at every car I encountered; smashing the windshield glass into infinite pieces,

If you forced me to sleep on a bed of hostile thorns; then I would stealthily enter the King's palace; to take away his golden pillow,

If you made me walk barefoot on a road strewn with abhorrent filth and dirt; then I would steal every shoe loitering aimlessly outside the Temple; to protect my bleeding toes,

If you inundated my nose with a fetid stench of blood the entire day; then I would ruthlessly chop every rose from the soil; to appease my senses with its enamoring scent,

If you deprived me of education; leaving me to bear the taunts of the acrimonious society; then I would resort to illegitimate means of earning money; simply to show the world that they were wrong; silencing their mouths forever,

If you orphaned me in my childhood; never giving me the comfort of nestling in my mothers arms; then I would become a prey to bad habits; with nobody to prudently guide me and illuminate the path of my life,

If you didn't give me space to dig the grave of my cherished ones; then I would extricate the coffin of the pretentious priest; to bury my uncle instead,

If you didn't let me consolidate a single of my dreams; then I would philander without any purpose; simply being a nuisance to the society,

If you didn't give me a right to live; blissfully exist on this earth lost in the world

of my passionate fantasy; then I would fight valiantly for my existence; to enjoy the source of my moist breath trickle down my nostrils,

If you uncouthly snatched away my beloved from my life; leaving me deserted with lifeless tears of blood dribbling down my cheek; then I would go mentally insane; perhaps assassinate everyone whom I came in proximity; before meeting my own end,

Therefore O! lord; this is my humble plea to you; for today and for several more years of my life to unveil; bless me with whatever I want so that I can lead life helping other humans; or let me instead pray to you to, keep me satisfied

22. TELL ME WHY?

Tell me why do we sneeze saliva,
Walk fast when young with life?

Tell me why do we ooze scarlet blood,
Laugh inevitably when tickled with hand?

Tell me why do we desire mineral water,
Shiver with goose bumps in bitter winter cold?

Tell why does tongue oscillate in mouth chamber,
Pools of desperation get formed in the bones?

Tell me why is hair black, lips luscious red,
People round the world crazy for dollar note?

Tell me why are grass blades parrot green,
Cloud mass hindered by skyscrapers in street?

Tell me why is bread coated with peanut butter,
Cow slaughtered in abattoirs for beef?

Tell me why do rich sip black cocktail drink,
Unclothed urchins breathe in dilapidated garbage?

Tell me why are curved shells on sand beaches,
Innocent heads get beheaded in car crash?

Tell me why do we perceive stabs of pain,

Fall deep in sleep at the onset of night?

Tell me why do we transit from youth to old,
Collapse in a heap when hungry for food?

Tell me why does heart throb fast,
There is a purpose in life when we love?

Tell me why did God create man,
Only to snatch him away from realms of earth?

23. STAGES OF A DAY

Yogic exercise with heavy breathing,
drenching of self with tepid water,
chanting of prayers in murky light,
complete visualization of tasks performed,
cup of frosty scalding tea at dawn,
sizzling breakfast at peak of sunrise,
a glass of crushed carrot juice,
with few milligrams of vitamin extract,
followed by a game of long tennis in evergreen lawns,
fast rides in bullet proof sports car,
zipping across snowy landscapes at inches from ground,
few hours of concentrated work at office,
pure vegetable meal at noontime,
packed warm in hi tech aluminum foil,
succeeded by perpetual sound doze,
on cushioned chair overlooking a stream,
attentive discourse evening sessions,
equally speedy return to place of dwelling,
a game of chess with multi-chipped computer,
wiping of sweat with moist cologne tissue,
a ravishing night meal of mixed steak and red wine,
few hours watching television,
followed by rigorous walk in lush green grass,
accompanied by solving crossword puzzles,
and a thunderous collapse on the foam mattress,
with all energy converted to loud snores,
is how I would like to live a single day.

24. RESIDUE

When I boiled squalid mushroom and glittering diamonds together in a cauldron;
placing it above crackling flames of the fire,
The residue obtained contained profound traces of radiating yellow; annihilating
even the most minuscule trace of the black vegetable.

When I boiled fetid sewage along with fragrant petals of crimson rose; above
the naked flames of the stove,
The residue obtained had no sight of dirt; all It emanated was an Omnipotent
essence of the flower.

When I boiled ominous scorpion sting with innocuous butter; roasting the same
over long rods of blistering iron,
The residue obtained looked as brilliant as the sacerdotal body of Sun; and there
were simply no signs of the lethal poison.

When I boiled extracts of the tarnished politicians speech with the martyrs blood;
simmering it on the smoke rising from the cooking range,
The residue obtained had an overwhelming aroma of the valiant soldier; with
every scrap of the leader's notes dying an instantaneous death.

When I boiled acrimonious thorns along with velvety blades of grass; shaking
the mixture profusely over the chimney fire,
The residue obtained had stringently acquired an accentuated olive color of
grass; and the pointed shoots were now converted into soft sponge as an
aftermath.

When I boiled obnoxious petrol along with gallons of fresh liquid; placing the
same above a conflagration of seasoned timber sticks,
The residue obtained was as impeccable as spring water; with the pugnacious
odor of the gasoline drowning a ghastly death.

When I boiled parasitic leech along with the succulent cherry; placing them on
a conglomerate of scorching leaves,
The residue obtained was as scarlet as evanescent dawn; with a mesmerizing
smell of the fruit wafting in the air; and all signs of the worm disappearing into
slim oblivion.

When I boiled frozen cubes of ice along with repugnant green chili; placing the
same in boiler room of a ship,
The residue obtained contained bountiful rivulets of water; with the animosity of
the hostile weed melting inevitably with the ice.

When I boiled omnipresent God along with the diabolical devil; placing them under fiery rays of the rising Sun,
The residue in store was the omniscient Creator standing tall and domineering emitting his perpetual scent; with the satanic monster pulverized to inconspicuous ash.

And when I boiled love with prejudiced hatred; keeping the same to burn in sweltering heat of the desert,
The residue obtained had fathomless waves of perennial love; naturally overshadowing anecdotes of baseless abhorrence.

25. IF EVER I HAD THE PRIVILEGE

If ever I had the privilege of being a sandstone castle; with palatial walls overlooking the flowing river,
I would make sure that all urchins residing on the street; would get adequate shelter from uncouth winter and inclement rain.

If ever I had the privilege of being a star in the sky; with Black wisps of clouds ominously hovering around,
I would make sure that I shone tenaciously all night; illuminating the lives of the impoverished with gargantuan rays of hope.

If ever I had the privilege of being a mammoth elephant; with majestic white tusks protruding prominently from my trunk,
I would make sure that I transported all monkeys to escalating treetops; fight vehemently against savage hunters to protect the jungle.

If ever I had the privilege of being the fathomless ocean; with swirling waves colliding vociferously against the rocks,
I would make sure that all the aquatic life impregnated remained intact; the waters were completely bereft of the slightest of adulteration.

If ever I had the privilege of being an inflated balloon; with a plethora of gaudy strings dangling merrily from my belly,
I would make sure that I tossed and bounced boisterously amidst crippled infants; lighting their faces with an everlasting smile.

If ever I had the privilege of being an incoherent lump of rock salt; with a piquant odor emanating from my persona,
I would make sure that I inundate all those dishes of bland food; with sumptuous

amounts of taste.

If ever I had the privilege of being a long beaked bird; with clawed feet protruding from my slender skinned legs,
I would make sure that I chirped melodiously to placate starved eardrums; guard my eggs against nefarious evil all throughout the chilly night.

If ever I had the privilege of being a conglomerate of clouds in the sky; possessing a tinge of hideous black,
I would make sure that I rained when it mattered the most; ensuring that all animate on earth were saved from the onslaught of drought.

If ever I had the privilege of being a foliated tree; with infinite branches extruding from my tapered trunk,
I would make sure that I sprinkled currency and fruits in commensurate proportions; so that no one in vicinity died of savage starvation.

And if ever by stroke of benevolent fortune I had the privilege of being a man; with the virtue to perceive embedded in my soul,
I would make sure that I unrelentingly loved the person of my dreams; and instill the same with equanimity in every human traversing on mother earth.

26. NOTHING IN THIS WORLD

Nothing in this world can substitute the Sun; its fiery rays wholesomely sizzling cloistered portions of Earth,
Man tried hard to invent electricity; but languid beams of the bulb miserably failed to make an impact in front of the celestial body.

Nothing in this world can substitute the river; its mesmerizing flow between the pathway of cobbled stones,
Man tried hard to bathe in luke warm pond of distilled water; but it pathetically floundered to provide him the rejuvenation he badly needed; the tingling sensations he desired to entrench him entirety.

Nothing in this world can substitute the bird; its vivacious flight in an ambience of silken complexioned clouds,
Man tried hard to evolve the aircraft; but its discordantly whirring noise; the overwhelming commotion it produced while cruising through air; was simply unable to match the flight of the feathered monster.

Nothing in this world can substitute the rose; its ravishing redolence that

stimulated infinite scores of nostrils trespassing in vicinity,
Man tried hard to blend exotic perfumes; bottle the concentrates in Swanky
bottles for display; but their essence gruesomely failed to make an impression;
and their odor subsided with an intensity faster than it had arisen.

Nothing in this world can substitute the mountains; the stupendously panoramic
view of the cascading waterfalls and steep gorges,
Man tried hard to construct palatial resorts; embellishing the same with a host of
contemporary amenities; but the garish concrete appeared as a speck of
inconspicuous dust in the backdrop of the mystical valley.

Nothing in this world can substitute snow; the immaculate globules of white
crystals embedded splendidly on the jagged rocks,
Man tried hard to form ice in meticulous trays; but the monotonously molded
cubes; looked utterly disparaging when compared with the undulating bedsheets
of frozen water sprawled in tandem on the hills.

Nothing in this world can substitute the Neem tree; its herbal branches dangling
holistically; its myriad of corrugated sticks used for scrupulously cleaning teeth,
Man tried hard to use the toothbrush; but its insipid bristles dithered from
evacuating dirt; displayed abashing signs of collapse after being used just for a
few number of times.

Nothing in this world can substitute the pearl; its immortal ramifications that
besiege the atmosphere after popping out from the slimy oyster,
Man tried hard to chisel intricate jewelry; polish it tenaciously till it sparkled; but
its glow perished gradually with the fading of time; and the lackadaisical
ornament refrained to incarcerate attention a month after wearing.

Nothing in this world can substitute truth; the omnipotent power in its voice; the
everlasting spirit it succeeds in portraying,
Man tried hard to speak lies; dexterously hide his fallacies by leaning towards
malice; but in the end he was completely devoured in the radiance of
righteousness; the perennial brilliance of truth.

And nothing in this world can substitute love; the fervor generated by its mere
caress; the unfathomable pleasure of being imprisoned by the same,
Man tried hard to but it superfluously with fat wads of currency; baselessly threw
exorbitant opulence to experience the same; but in the end realized that a single
passionate beat of his heart was enough to evoke; what his entire treasury of
wealth had failed to purchase.

27. MONDAY TO SUNDAY

The joints in my body ached and groaned; my head pulsated like a volcano about to fulminate,

The shrill ringing of the alarm clock had disrupted all signs of blissful sleep; caused an uncanny panic to circulate through my veins,

As I stretched my shoulders disdainfully; took the acrimonious rays of the Sun directly in my eyes; tread my feet nonchalantly on the ground to get ready for the office on MONDAY.

The lids of my eye felt as if they would inevitably shut; the skin encompassing my ankles looked bruised and swollen,

The chords of my heart were throbbing turbulently; every draught of breath cascaded down my nostrils agonizingly,

As I got dressed at the brink of the hour; to drop the kids to school; present my spurious smiles to the outside world on the TUESDAY.

The strands of my hair appeared ruffled; an incongruous stubble extruded from my cheeks,

The exteriors of my lips were mercilessly chapped; pangs of hunger leapt animatedly in my stomach as an aftermath of indigestion,

As I kissed my wife disparagingly on her cheek; made a beeline for the conference; with my socks worn upside down; on the WEDNESDAY.

The armpits in my body emanated a horrendous stench; earth shattering dreams resonated vibrantly through my mind,

My body tossed and turned wildly before awakening; the rings engulfing my neck had transited into an ungainly black,

As I feverishly brushed my teeth with brackish toothpaste sped to the airport in my silver Mercedes, and my tie nearly strangulating my breath on the THURSDAY.

The nerves in my ears had become numb to sound; people in vicinity struck my eyes as an obfuscated blur,

The stairs I descended down seemed like colossal mountains; deafening sneezes occurring sporadically made me feel inherently weak,

As I sat down like a bombastic demon; pale smoke of the cigarette wafting from my mouth striking my adversary; in the breakfast meeting on the FRIDAY.

The rays of hope were silently stirring in my soul; tinges of exuberance seemed to be taking partial control of my speech,

The images of surreal fantasy were painstakingly enveloping my mind; an

insatiable nervousness was boisterously bursting through my knuckles,
As nostalgic memories of my family profoundly lingered in my heart; and the
plane prepared to caress the tarmac of my country on the SATURDAY.

The hour of my freedom had eventually arrived; the ticking of the clock
miserably floundered to make the slightest of impact on my thunderous snores,
The beams of dawn had never seemed so pleasant before; the voice of my wife
had never seemed so enchanting,
As I got up languidly from my sleep; executed a yawn larger than my dwelling;
embraced my children; my new found freedom; ebulliently on the SUNDAY.

28. HUMAN HEART

No complications; not even the slightest trace of mystery engulfing it,

No glamour; not even the most minuscule essence of salacious lechery
embedded in it,

No discrimination; not even an infinitesimal feeling of racism encompassing it,

No hatred; not even a whisker of deceitful sound emanating from it,

No flattery; not even the tiniest space of sanctimonious thought enveloping it,

No artificiality; not even the most inconspicuous iota of debauchery penetrating
it,

No revenge; not even a diminutive particle of vindictive belligerence embodied in
it,

No lies; not even the remotest sign of manipulation lingering close to it,

No pompousness; not even the thinnest cloud of formality entrapped in it,

No hostility; not even the most obsolete form of rampant massacre encapsulating
it,

No stardom; not even the spurious feeling of worthlessly being something
encircling it,

No frigidity; not even the most bizarre sign of perilous old age permeating it,

No infidelity; not even the most ethereal insinuations of betrayal puncturing it,

No makeup; not even the most nascent forms of glitterati hovering around it,

No sadness; not even the most microscopic bits of deplorable gloom circulating around it,

No color; not even the most insipid tinge of haughty design circumventing it,

No cowardice; not even the faintest shadow of fear and retreat entrenching it,

No age; not even the most dreadful dwindling of bones affecting it,

No rest; not even the most thunderous sleep at nightfall ceasing or having any impact on it,

No price; not even the entire wealth amalgamated together in this world able to purchase it,

Only love, desire, an overwhelmingly stupendous ardor to live; an immortal spirit of nostalgia; was how I would; and am sure all of you would choose to describe the violently palpitating and volatile HUMAN HEART.

29. WITH AN EXISTENCE SUCH AS THIS

Full of ecstatic adventure; overwhelmed with exuberant happiness,

Full of unfathomable zeal; an insatiable desire to explore to the most unprecedented limits,

Full of boisterous euphoria; an uncanny sense of adventure blended profusely with streams of scarlet blood,

Full of tangy spice; an ocean of passionate sweat trickling ferociously with the unleashing second,

Full of mystical tunes; inundated with a flurry of fabulously enchanting scent,

Full of untamed escalating spirits; the desire to love and philander lingering astronomically in the soul,

Full of inexplicable punch; deluged with doughty charisma from all possible and

conceivable sides,

Full of mesmerizing beauty; replete with vivacious colors to fathomlessly imagine,

Full of an unsurpassable ability to conquer; trespassing over a blanket of acrid thorns on naked foot,

Full of tingling smiles; a tumultuously vibrant shiver that crept down nimbly through the spine,

Full of insurmountably daunting courage; an unflinching will to confront the mightiest of disaster,

Full of rustic simplicity; with the rudiments of existence replicating primordial life of the jungles,

Full of unrelenting buoyancy; always transgressing a couple of inches above soil,

Full of irresistible attraction; a relentless urge to fully explore the most voluptuous tantalizing form,

Full of blazing dynamism; an incorrigible ardor to march ahead with a perpetual longing to survive,

Full of flamboyant muscle; an incomprehensible urgency to dash forward at the slightest of provocation,

Full of marvelous memories; reminiscing incessantly about innocuously mischievous childhood,

Full of cheek and perennially augmenting spice; rampantly caressing the infinite fruits of gorgeous nature,

Full of blood-curling suspense; a thunderous virtue to swirl as high and handsome as the stormy waves,

Full of boundless enthusiasm; a voice that indefatigably blurted out never say die,

And I don't know what I was or how I might have lived in my past life; but bless me O! Almighty Lord with an existence such as this in my present life.

30. WHY HAS TRUTH DISAPPEARED O! LORD

More invincible than the colossal mountains; virtually impregnable from all sides,
More unfathomable than the blue skies; prevalent in billions of entities
transgressing upon the trajectory of this planet,
More mesmerizing than the voice of the nightingale; illuminating a path of
dazzling optimism in an atmosphere encroached viciously with ominous light,
More transparent than the rays of the heavenly Sun; stringently annihilating the
most minuscule trace of evil forever from this Universe,
Sadly O! Lord why has truth disappeared from earth today; why has its immortal
essence been trampled more indiscriminately than the flies?

More poignant than the crimson streams of blood in body; irrefutably silencing
the web of salacious lies with the power of its divinely voice,
More cherished than any ornament in the world; not procurable for even the
entire wealth assimilated on the planet,
More unsurpassable than the golden horizons; tenaciously standing tall engulfed
with a blanket of its own convictions,
More grandiloquent than any sight decipherable by the eye; escalating
incessantly in a majestic aura that encompassed the divine,
Sadly O! Lord why has truth disappeared from earth today; why has its immortal
essence been trampled more indiscriminately than the flies?

More piquant than the profusely salty ocean; fumigating the most inconspicuous
trace of devilish energy; with the celestial antiseptic in its persona,
More persevering than the infinite tons of sweat shed under sweltering winds of
the day; laboring all the way to repay Almighty Creator in the best possible way,
More natural than the wail of a freshly born organism; worshipped by even the
most Omnipotent for its ubiquitously sacrosanct grace,
More passionate than the handsomely amber flames; incarcerating boundless in
the swirl of its innocuous sincerity,
Sadly O! Lord why has truth disappeared from earth today; why has its immortal
essence been trampled more indiscriminately than the flies?

More straighter than the arrow; embedding the virtue of righteousness even
countless feet beneath soil,
More revered than the footsteps of the amicable mother; holding the most
supreme spot in each heart palpitating under the firmament of sky,
More enchanting than the best of ingratiating perfume; instilling its perpetually
benevolent fragrance in whosoever who even nimbly desired it,
More ancient than even the earth on which we're living on was created; infact the
only treasure with which any palpable entity was born,

Sadly O! Lord why has truth disappeared from earth today; why has its immortal essence been trampled more indiscriminately than the flies?

31. THE GIRL WHOM I CALLED MY BELOVED

The blood which flowed incessantly through my body; was that of my revered mother,
While the entity who propelled it to circulate more passionately than flamboyant sunshine; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The color that profusely engulfed my rubicund lips; was that of my loving mother,
While the entity who triggered it to blossom into a festoon of gregarious smiles; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The bones impregnated bountifully in my supple body; were that of my sacrosanct mother,
While the entity who engendered them to audaciously confront the most acrimonious expeditions of life; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The brain encapsulated blissfully beneath my skull; was that of my divinely mother,
While the entity who punctuated it to perceive beyond the most unfathomable limits; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The contours of my intricately molded persona; were that of my heavenly mother,
While the entity who embedded in them poignant traces of vivacious boisterousness; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The shades of my fabulously glistening eyes; were that of my irrefutably celestial mother,
While the entity who perpetuated them to discriminate between the prudently good and diabolically bad; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The conglomerate of articulate fingers on my hands; were that of my adorable mother,
While the entity who instigated them to evolve the most ingratiating verse in this world; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The voluptuously soft palms protruding from my skeleton; were that of my stupendously amicable mother,

While the entity who harnessed each stage of my destiny to unfurl; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The breath that lingered with unsurpassable equanimity in my nostrils; was that of my Omnipotent mother,
While the entity who caused it to cascade with exuberantly ecstatic compassion; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

And the heart that lay invincibly incarcerated beneath my chest; was that of my immortally cherishable mother,
While the entity who facilitated it to ardently palpitate all night and day; commence on a whole new chapter of love with each of its beat; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

32. LIFE MEANS MORE

Life means imagination; the ability to perceive and dream beyond the absolutely extraordinary,
Life means observation; the magical prowess to imbibe the maximum out of the stupendously magnificent surroundings,
Life means seduction; the uncanny desire of being tantalized every second to the most unprecedented limits,
Life means devotion; the immortal virtue of being obsessed with the entity you uninhibitedly cherish and love,
Life means fascination; the incessant entrenchment perpetuated by all the mesmerizing beauty wandering on this planet,
Life means God; Life means perennially unending; Life means more.

Life means grandiloquent; the royally majestic sights embedded on the trajectory of this boundless planet,
Life means benevolent; the philanthropic element to help all those fellow compatriots in inexplicable misery and tumultuous pain,
Life means turbulent; the vivacious swirl of rampant thoughts and emotions; that engulf one's countenance by storm,
Life means fragrant; the profusely redolent aroma; which emanated from the voluptuous conglomerate of lotus in the pond,
Life means prudent; the incomprehensible ability of the human brain to act the most sagaciously in every situation,
Life means God; Life means perennially unending; Life means more.

Life means unfathomable; the paradise existing beyond unprecedented corridors of perception,

Life means unconquerable; the aura of invincible love encompassing the soul;
which never could die,
Life means unbelievable; the astoundingly amazing string of incidents which
sporadically intruded; simply beyond any power of comprehension,
Life means unimaginable; the land which unfurled afresh; after each ounce of
perceivable perception had completely exhausted,
Life means God; Life means perennially unending; Life means more.

Life means fabulous; more insurmountably enchanting than the silken puffs of
voluptuously crimson clouds,
Life means mysterious; deluged with a myriad of baffling puzzles at every step
you alighted,
Life means mischievous; as boisterously vivacious as the grin of a newly born
infant; as poignant as the tear drop gushing from his eyes,
Life means adventurous; inundated with exuberant spice as each second
unleashed; plunging into the valley of ravishing excitement,
Life means perilous; sandwiched mystically with dangerous impediments; which
made a person rise from the ashes; in his fight for holistic survival,
Life means incredulous; the greatest gift for every tangible organism to be
bestowed upon with; exist in unison till the Almighty Lord commanded,
Life means God; Life means perennially unending; Life means more.

33. TRY AND SEE INSTEAD

Don't blame the overwhelmingly blistering rays of the sweltering Sun; for the
mind boggling proportions of heat it ruthlessly generated,
Try and see instead the beams of optimistic light it profoundly illuminated; in the
lives of infinite souls completely deluged with hopeless despair.

Don't blame the horrendously rotting apple for emanating an obnoxious scent;
corrupting the spurious bliss of the grandiloquent atmosphere,
Try and see instead the ingratiatingly blossoming effect it had on the dwindling
crop; when embedded in soil as pinches of raw manure.

Don't blame the profusely spike studded shoe for abrading your dainty feet;
acting as a gruesome barricade to fresh spurts of air; from seeping inside,
Try and see instead; the astronomical tenacity it offered to your nimble soles; to
transgress undaunted; even through the most acrimoniously swirling fires.

Don't blame the earthquake for treacherously devastating empty buildings;
engendering the waves of the fabulous ocean to escalate taller than the skies,
Try and see instead; the celestial rivulets of water it perpetuated; in the heart

of miserably arid land.

Don't blame the silvery sea shores for inhabiting a battalion of venomously lethal spiders; raring to feast on immaculate chunks of innocent flesh,
Try and see instead; the unfathomable amounts of relaxation they provided to dreary adventurers; the perpetually mystical avenue they proved for lovers before tying the nuptial knot.

Don't blame the clouds in the cosmos for fomenting a thunderously cacophonous noise; clashing mercilessly against each other to produce streaks of frightening lightening,
Try and see instead; the mesmerizing droplets of rain they showered; the life yielding streams of vivacious liquid which poured in ferocious torrents on pathetically groaning soil.

Don't blame the kettle for fulminating in tumultuous heat; scalding innocuous bits of skin with hostile droplets of sizzling liquid,
Try and see instead the heavenly rejuvenation it imparted; with only infinitesimal sips of it; gently dribbling into the gloomy persona.

Don't blame the conscience for being blatantly candid; blurting out things which could have been well camouflaged in realms of astute manipulation and malice,
Try and see instead the stupendously comforting bliss that it provided to the countenance; the most explicit identity it endeavored to reveal of a man dying in embarrassing despair.

And don't blame life for being tyrannical and satanically cruel; whipping you every unfurling second with the sword of inexplicable disease compounded with treacherous pain,
Try and see instead its irrefutably sacred virtue; the infinite buckets of voluptuously passionate breath you inhaled to be living this very moment; survive at your unprecedented best in the most horrific of times.

34. NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF BEGINNING

Ordinarily the boy would have lazed all day on the grassy slopes; emanating huge yawns every other unfurling minute,
But today he ran faster than the most supreme athlete; as the spotted panther was chasing him; ready to rip him apart from the last bone down his spine.

Ordinarily the youngster would have played cards all day; merrily frolicking about teasing girls strolling on the road,

But today he perspired unrelentingly under the Sun; worked like a bull to appease his employer and earn money; as his father was no longer alive to feed him; ensure that he fantasized and slept to his hearts content.

Ordinarily the King would have purchased all that he wanted on this earth; with the unprecedented power of his flamboyant jewels and wealth,
But today he prayed diligently in front of the deity to bless him with a child; a virtue that the entire treasury of his opulence had miserably failed to purchase.

Ordinarily the varied conglomerate of human beings intractably refrained from talking to each other; were supremely nonchalant of even knowing the name of who lived beside them,
But today they slept together under the open sky; conversed amicably with each other irrespective of their inherent hatred; as the devastating earthquake struck the entire city at midnight.

Ordinarily the manipulative minister would have ruined the whole nation; replenishing his personal resources with innocent people's money; demonstrating his theory of 'Survival of the Fittest'; without even knowing the tiny alphabets that constituted life,
But today he ruled the country with overwhelming harmony and justice; as his life was under threat from God's messiah who had descended from the sky; and if
the reins slipped while governing the province; the reins of his life would slip forever in just fractions of seconds.

Ordinarily every fisherman would have sat on the shores masticating red meat and wine; as their warehouses were inundated and overflowing with surplus grain and honey,
But today he ventured out into the heart of swirling ocean; audaciously leapt in the midst of the tumultuous storm; laid his net confronting freezing cold and a battalion of shark; as his village and kin were starving; inevitably reeling under the aftermath of vicious drought.

Ordinarily the housewife would have thrown the pack of nondescript candles with utter contempt as it occupied unnecessary space in her kitchen; replacing it with an array of shimmering silver chains and robust cherries,
But today she incessantly prayed to God for the same; wildly groped through the interiors of the dwelling for that inconspicuous and condensed bundle of wax; as the vast town was abruptly engulfed with perpetual darkness; the stringent beams of brilliant electricity that were once the pride of her house had snapped off without prior notice.

Ordinarily the diminutive chick would never have learnt to fly; feeling invincibly secure under the compassionate warmth of her mothers belly,
But today it soared up high and handsome in the air; kissing the cocoon of clouds as it whistled by; as its mother hadn't returned till late evening; and the pangs of hunger in its stomach were far more effusive than its fear to shut its eyes and hide.

Ordinarily I would have dismissed the idea of going 9 to 9 in the office with sheer contempt and malicious abuse; drowned in the aisles of poetic fantasy and tantalizing desire; penning down infinite lines of poetry sitting as a recluse in the corridors of my cozy home,
But today I found myself smiling pretentiously in front of my employer; obeying even the most infinitesimal of his command; with my head sunk under a mountain of bulky paper and chequebook; as the kicks of the sardonic society and the paucity of funds through the words I evolved; had driven me out of my rosy dreamland to bear the brunt of monotonous Business.

And ordinarily Man wouldn't have done anything on this earth; would have grown older just staring at the moon; if God had given him everything on a platter; satisfied his every need the instant he uttered them as a faint whisper,
But today he was seen running in all quarters of the globe; sweating and toiling under the acerbic rays of the Sun; onerously studying under the horrendously dim light of the night bulb; conquering astronomical peaks with the ingenious thoughts circulating in his brain; as his necessity to exist was his only mother of beginning; infact the only thing that could have metamorphosed him from a sleeping saint into one who meditated continuously.

35. DRINKING MY OWN ANGER

I couldn't hit the earth in my bouts of anger; as it was the one which grew the food necessary for my survival,

I couldn't hit the wall in my bouts of anger; as it was the one which sequestered my scalp against tumultuous storm and rain; it was the one which constituted and fortified my dwelling,

I couldn't hit the tree in my bouts of anger; as it was laden with the fruits I nibbled in my times of relish; imparted me with velvety breeze in the sweltering night,

I couldn't hit the mirror in my bouts of anger; as it magnificently portrayed to me

my pellucid and candid reflection; and doing so I knew would exacerbate the situation further; would make my own hand bleed,

I couldn't hit mothers stomach in my bouts of anger; for it was the singular pouch which had bore me for 9 months unrelentingly; the very sacred sac which was responsible for my existence today,

I couldn't hit the snake in my bouts of anger; for it guarded my treasury of wealth unflinchingly all night and day; and would viciously retort back the instant I raised my fingers to strike,

I couldn't hit the Sun in my bouts of anger; for it was the sole source of light which maneuvered me in the day; lit up my every morning with an enchanting smile,

I couldn't hit the child in my bouts of anger; for it was all the energy I possessed; was the sweetest little form of God running gleefully on this earth,

I couldn't hit the waters in my bouts of anger; for they were the ones who pacified my thirst several times a day; blended my life with loads of mesmerizing cool and shade,

I couldn't hit the silver plate in my bouts of anger; for it was the one in which I actually consumed my food three times in a day; and insulting it could probably result in not getting food even three times a year,

I couldn't hit the car in my bouts of anger; for it was the one which transported me marathon distances; saw to it that I my feet rested in luxury; as I reached the summit at whirlwind speeds,

I couldn't hit my beloved in my bouts of anger; as she was the one who transpired me to live every second; she was the one who took upon herself every affliction to save me from the tiniest of wound today,

I couldn't hit my sister in my bouts of anger; as she was the one whom I played with irrespective of my augmenting age; with whom I shared all my secrets of life; sometimes woke her even in the middle of the night,

I couldn't hit my pet dog in my bouts of anger; as he was the one who was the first to welcome me at ethereal dawn; wag his tail incessantly until the time I took him in my arms,

I couldn't hit my eye in my bouts of anger; for it was the only instrument whom I relied upon to sight this world; and also it would incorrigibly shut tight; as I tried and approached it with my fist,

I couldn't hit the century old boat in my bouts of anger; as it was the one on which my ancestors sailed; the one where my rudimentary roots lay profoundly embedded,

I couldn't hit the cow in my bouts of anger; as it was the only animal which gave me sacrosanct milk; impregnated my bones with Herculean strength to take on the mantle of this entire world,

I couldn't hit the idol of God in my bouts of anger; as it was the one who had evolved me and my kin in the first place; would burn me to inconspicuous ash the moment I irritably hurled my fingers towards his Omnipotent form,

And I couldn't hit a single thing on this earth; for whatever I hit was something sacred or something which was intimately dear; something which I possessed or something which had possessed me for infinite years,

That's when I decided to wholesomely drink my own anger; whenever I was infuriated and my body reverberated beyond the point of no control; rather than unnecessarily victimizing somebody, taking it out on the innocent world.

36. EVERY WRITERS BOSS

Every mouse's boss was the tawny cat; ready to pounce upon its diminutive demeanor each instant; pulverize it to mincemeat with its knife like jaws,

Every river's boss was the colossal ocean; ready to gobble its inconspicuous visage in the gargantuan swirl of its turbulent waves,

Every stone's boss was the lanky mountain; overshadowing its frigid body with its towering shadow; the avalanche of ice descending gathering unprecedented speed it sped down the slope,

Every egg's boss was the enchanting bird; flooding the dreary ambience in vicinity with the mystical tunes that emanated from its beak,

Every infant's boss was its caring mother; who sequestered it from the most non-existent of evil; ensured that it slept while she incessantly stroked its scalp,

Every insect's boss was the disdainfully grizzly lizard; viciously swishing its slender tongue; anticipating them to tantalizingly creep directly into its greedy mouth,

Every web's boss was the silver spider; having the supreme power of dismantling and weaving it all over again; whenever she desired it,

Every ornament's boss was the majestically hooded serpent; hideously hissing sitting over the same; judiciously observing that it refrained to fall into diabolical hands,

Every soil's boss was the indefatigably pelting globules of rain; which inundated its surface with incredulous fertility; conjuring it to blossom into a voluptuous array of fruit and scarlet rose,

Every blank paper's boss was the feather tipped pen; possessing the royal prowess of embossing its barren surface with boundless lines of oligarchic literature,

Every car's boss was its twin pair of brakes; enabling it and imparting it with bountiful resilience to stop and boisterously speed whenever it liked,

Every night's boss was the stringently blazing day; illuminating and metamorphosing its gloomy atmosphere into one with radiant light and fiery rays,

Every star's boss was the resplendent moon; wholesomely trespassing its inconspicuous body with the unfathomable tenacity in its shine,

Every snake's boss was the long toothed mongoose; furtively capsizing it by the slippery neck; making it eventually surrender as it sucked the last drop of blood from its body,

Every tadpole's boss was the preposterously huge whale; eating it at regular intervals in countless clusters; yet not able to fully appease its incomprehensible hunger,

Every wind's boss was the tumultuous storm; sweeping across like thunderbolts of lightening in the world; swallowing every draught of placid breeze that meekly confronted it in its path; and not even wasting time to burp in relishing its robust meal,

Every ghost's boss was the invincibly closed corpse; ensuring that it stayed secured tight within; didn't get even the remotest chance to escape and spread terror on this globe,

Every land's boss was the unending sky; providing a roof to shelter it; proving it a respectable entity to hold its head high,

Every man's boss was the Omniscient Creator; commanding him every second to satisfy the mission which he taken birth on this earth for,

And every writer's boss was his flamboyant fantasy; his spell binding perceptions that unrelentingly dictated him to keep writing every instant of the chilly night; and all throughout the sunny day.

37. SADLY PUNCTURED

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt as soft as the fluffy feather of the flamingo; speeded at lightening speeds towards the Sun; with a mere caress to the accelerator,

While at present the same felt like a thousand bags inundated with sharp stones; simply refraining to budge a single inch from its original position; however onerously I tried to push it.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like the gentle stream of placid water; mesmerizing all scattered in vicinity with its stupendous charisma and flamboyant grace,

While at present the same thrust me violently on the floor; slithered like an untamed freezing lizard; crying incessantly to move a centimeter forward.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it voluptuously kissed me as I sat down on the seat; whizzed me past the enamoring sights of the city like a molten volcano fulminating from the trajectory of moist earth,

While at present the same emanated a horrendously charred stench of burnt rubber; choked; coughed and stuttered infinite number of times as I switched on the ignition.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like the satiny cocoon of clouds having just descended from the sky; pacifying my insurmountably frazzled senses; with the rhythmic music of its synchronized stirring,

While at present the same seemed as cumbersome to handle as the incredulously slippery granules of desert sand; with the exhaust pipe barking hostile plumes of black smoke directly into my eyes.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like an exhilarating aircraft whirring up; ready to transport me across distant corners of the Globe within flash seconds of time,
While at present the same crawled slower than the fattest tortoise; nudging just a single inch; in a single hour.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like a pen embossing words at electric velocities; conquering every territory; flooding every sheet with a billion lines of enchanting poetry,
While at present the same seemed to be perspiring like the mammoth bull; digging its curled horns incorrigibly into the stony ground.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like the vivacious rainbow in the sky; with its scintillating jugglery of mirror explicitly portraying my handsome reflection,
While at present the same seemed to be like the hoarsely begging eunuch; with its voice stuck stronger than the most tenacious of glue; petrifying my blissful ears with its prominently discordant tunes.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like a cleanly floating whistle; permeating the gloomy ambience with its astoundingly fast pulse and robust pace,
While at present it tripped embarrassingly on the ground to taste dust even before I sat; thunderously yawning every second like a lame soldier; when in fact I wanted to reach the hospital to meet my wife in an absolute jiffy,

And as I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like the bouncing kangaroo brimming with poignant euphoria and rubicund strength; able to appease the most minuscule of my demand; transporting me with supreme comfort and nonchalant ease to the destination of my choice; the very place I wanted to be,
While at present it lay pathetically morose; trembling like a deserted orphan on the street; as its twin tyre tubes which were once bulging with astronomical amounts of fresh air; had now been brutally assaulted by a battalion of savage nails; Lay barbarically ripped apart; utterly deflated and sadly punctured.

38. A COMPLETE 100 FLOORS

Scores of squeals inundated the atmosphere; clusters of people hugged each other close in utter pandemonium,

A billion beads of sweat trickled down petrified cheeks; as children took deep

breaths in terrified exhilaration,

A heap of vegetables and fresh fruit lay completely squashed; housewives wailed in discordant unison about the scornful creases to their immaculate clothes,

Torn bits of heavily scented paper stuck to the ceiling; fluttering about incessantly with the gallant wind that infiltrated in through the doors,

Infinite bundles of hair stood up in untamed indignation; repugnantly refusing to sit down even after blissful calm had descended,

Boundless plumes of black smoke arose in the vicinity; with the disastrously dry coughing of the aged becoming all the more apparent as the agonizing minutes crept by,

The tiny floor seemed to be in a complete disarray; with a pool of tears blended with faint blood portraying a profoundly ghastly appearance,

The tales of remorse and dismay seemed to be gaining impetus; as the people inside felt escalated to the zenith of feverish excitement,

The lights flickered and faltered badly; with perennial darkness seeming to be a better option when compared to the continuously batting beams of flimsy bulb rays,

A battalion of unruly mosquitoes relished the splendid opportunity; perched and sucking blood with gay abandon from innocuously rubicund skin,

The hair on everyone's scalp seemed to protrude in spiffy animosity; as if freshly coming out from the heart of a swashbuckling war film,

All sense of judiciousness and prudent discerning; had now been replaced by unconquerable waves of morbid terror,

All food in the stomach had died a gruesome death; the most inconspicuous of desire to consume liquid incorrigibly refrained to arise again,

An innumerable fleet of pedestrians had gathered at the dismal scenario; expressing their sanctimonious sympathy; trying to mollify frazzled nerves with their armory of spurious smiles,

The entire network of bones in the body felt as if terribly jolted; the intricate

cartilage inside felt as if it needed rebirth,

The string of useless thoughts which once bothered and circumvented the mind all night and day; now seemed to be single focused on feasible ways of escape,

The color of skin had metamorphosed to ashen white; the robust river of red blood had stopped flowing hours ago,

The hearts of those incarcerated inside; palpitated more violently than when they had just taken birth,

And you'd be astoundingly surprised at knowing the cause of this holocaust; the disaster which had rendered groups of impeccable humans grappling for their lives in the middle of brilliant daylight; had fomented more perspiration on the body than their was scarlet blood and bone,

As a matter of fact it was just a slim wire of soiled rubber which had snapped; engendering the magnificently colossal lift to plummet like streaks of white lightning towards the ground,

Bounce with a thunderously deafening thud on its cushioned mountain of soft and spongy springs; after traversing down a complete 100 floors of the tall building.

39. THE WORLD OUTSIDE AFTER BATH

When I bathed my body in pure crimson blood; the world outside seemed to be horrendously appalling and ghastly as I stepped out,

When I bathed my body in an ocean of squelched garbage; the world outside seemed to be rotten fish; with all entities wandering in vicinity seeming as if unwashed since marathon years,

When I bathed my body in scintillating white and sacrosanct cow milk; the world outside seemed to be an evanescent fog; with each object striking my eye as a hazy and distorted mirage,

When I bathed my body in stupendously redolent lotus juice; the world outside seemed to be extravagantly fragrant; without the slightest trace of dirt and promiscuous stain,

When I bathed my body in a river of foaming saliva; the world outside seemed to

be as slippery as the eel; the gargantuan roads appeared to be coated with tons of oil; with every single individual falling head on the ground; after unwittingly loosing his heavy grip,

When I bathed my body in a pond of talcum powder; the world outside seemed to resemble a clown; and I held the sides of my stomach incorrigibly tight; as I was a trifle afraid that they would explode out laughing,

When I bathed my body in a pool of blistering Sunlight; the world outside seemed to be burning and scalding hot; with my fingers circumspect of touching any object in fear of being gruesomely charred,

When I bathed my body in a stream of white electricity; the world outside seemed to emit pugnacious sparks; and I dared not put my foot on the earth in danger of getting wholesomely electrocuted,

When I bathed my body in a puddle of vivacious scorpion juice; the world outside seemed to be as ominous as the hideous reptile; with each person appearing to ooze lethal venom from his mouth; instead of eloquent and enchanting speech,

When I bathed my body in a film of pungent tears; the world outside seemed to be effusively crying; every man and woman appeared to be sad; and edging towards the brink of extinction,

When I bathed my body in pulverized cactus pulp; the world outside seemed to be irritable and irascible; with people scratching their scalps every second in utter exasperation,

When I bathed my body in glittering liquid of pure gold; the world outside seemed exorbitantly rich and marvelous; with every person inundated with fancy chequebooks and chains of shimmering pearls,

When I bathed my body in crushed garlic; the world outside seemed like the decaying fish; wafting an odor that fomented me to puke out all that was trapped inside my stomach,

When I bathed my body in the floating clouds; the world outside seemed to be insurmountably windy; with man flying a few feet above the ground flapping his fleshy wings,

When I bathed my body in a fulminating tub of acid; the world outside seemed to be like a sizzling pancake simmering boisterously to erupt in hostile fumes,

When I bathed my body in silvery sands; the world outside seemed to be gradually slipping; with every visible glass and body completely engulfed with monotonous dust,

When I bathed my body in finely pulverized bone powder; the world outside seemed to be an obsolete dead corpse; with ghoulish images of ghosts wandering on the streets instead of robust individuals,

When I bathed my body in a conglomerate of satiny hair; the world outside seemed to be a mesmerizing planet; on which fairies floated and basked in the aisles of unprecedented romance,

When I bathed my body in a pool of pure shit; the world outside seemed to be a stinking dustbin; with every individual vomiting out every second instead of blissfully inhaling air and living,

When I bathed my body in silvery moonlight; the world outside seemed to be an enchanting paradise; with a fleet of tantalizing fairies eating, sipping and sleeping milk,

When I bathed my body in firewood ash; the world outside seemed to be brutally burnt; with every object in vicinity appearing as if charred to wholesomely Black soot,

When I bathed my body in pungent acrylic paint; the world outside seemed to be freshly whitewashed; everything seemed to be newly constructed; with people's faces sparkling even after wee hours of chilly midnight,

When I bathed my body in a lake of molten wax; the world outside seemed to be melting at electric speeds; blatantly prominent outlines of the city seemed to be fading rapidly into thin wisps of oblivion,

When I bathed my body in enigmatically slithering snake skin; the world outside seemed to be hideously snaring; with pedestrians seeming to viciously bite each time they opened their mouths to speak,

When I bathed my body in a finely squelched pulp of green grass; the world outside seemed to be passionately raw; with humans inevitably tickling themselves in a state of restless frenzy,

When I bathed my body in strands of morbid spider web; the world outside

seemed to be an eerie playground; with humans having unpleasantly ghoulish designs engulfing their face,

When I bathed my body in superlatively piquant tomato curry; the world outside seemed to be a delicious pizza taken out right from the sizzling oven; with all tangible and intangible sprawled around appearing to be completely red; appearing as if uninhibitedly blushing unstoppably all the time,

When I bathed my body in a rivulet of vitamin tonic; the world outside seemed to be a pathetic hospital; with people holding their faces in inexplicable despair; orphans wandering on the roads with antiseptic bandages wound to their throats,

When I bathed my body in a bucket replete with foamy soap; the world outside seemed to be a profuse blanket of frothy spray; with denizens walking on an island of spongy bubbles; bursting them pompously with their fingers to clear their way,

When I bathed my body in whirlpools of pulsating rock music; the world outside seemed to be a sleazily blaring discotheque; with countless clusters of youngsters gyrating their bodies to unsynchronized beats of vibrant sound,

When I bathed my body in a shower of raunchy salt; the world outside seemed to be overwhelmingly tantalizing; with even the incomprehensibly old seeming to bounce euphorically with new found rigors of life,

When I bathed my body in plumes of black vehicle smoke; the world outside seemed to be an obfuscated blur; with visibility cutting down to almost an absolute zero and dynamic individuals hopelessly tripping their footing even before they decided to walk,

And eventually when I bathed my body in a compassionate waterfall of her moist breath; the world outside seemed to have vanished in entirety; didn't appear at all no matter how hard I strained my eyes; for all I could feel; imagine; and appreciate was her mesmerizing eyes and lips; the invincible seed of romance; now palpitating turbulently in her heart as I touched her.

40. IN ORDER TO SAVAGELY DIE

In order to embarrassingly fall on the ground; one must first try to audaciously stand,

In order to vehemently cry aloud in astonishingly calm air; one must first try to inculcate the virtue of uninhibited laughter,

In order to be blatantly illiterate; one must first try to imbibe the meaning of sagacious and discerningly literate,

In order to be dismally gloomy; one must first try to flirtatiously smile,

In order to be disastrously defeated; one must first try to embrace exhilarating victory,

In order to feel gruesomely bizarre winds of freezing cold; one must first try to experience the winds of inexorably blistering heat,

In order to starve to unprecedented limits; one must first try to eat succulent morsels of tantalizing food to the most gargantuan of his heart's content,

In order to thunderously sneeze; one must first try to inhale in fresh draughts of exuberant breath,

In order to get overwhelmingly wounded; one must first try to valiantly brandish a sword and fight,

In order to remain as still and motionless as the morbid corpse; one must first try to boisterously march at the crack of every euphoric dawn,

In order to dance naked on the viciously barren streets; one must first try embellish himself completely from fluffy head to diminutive feet,

In order to hysterically scream; one must first try to remain perpetually silent,

In order to fight unceremoniously with innocuous people sleeping in their dwelling; one must first try to incessantly pray,

In order to blink indefatigably without the slightest of control; one must first try to prudently stare for marathon hours on the trot,

In order to perceive the most obnoxious stench existing on this planet; one must first try to profoundly absorb the stupendous scent of the scarlet rose,

In order to thunderously yawn in the midst of the bombastic conference; one must first try to sit sagaciously for countless hours on the desk; without budging

the tiniest either to the right; or the extreme left,

In order to break the glass into infinite splinters of serrated mirror; one must first try to wholesomely admire his reflection to unsurpassable extents; even after ghoulish nightfall,

In order to commit salacious acts of mortifying betrayal; one must first try to wholeheartedly; and truly love,

In order to trip head on to the rock bottom of the obdurate ground; one must first try to dexterously clamber up the escalating and rickety staircase,

In order to go perpetually blind; one must first try to enjoy the spell binding and mesmerizing prowess of handsome sight,

In order to disdainfully drown to the bed of the deep and fathomless ocean; one must first try to uninhibitedly swing his arms and swim,

In order to become barbarically dumb; one must first try to eloquently speak and sing,

And in order to savagely die and brusquely relinquish breath; one must first try and lead life; move his hands and feet for existence; move his hands to blissfully survive.

41. MY GARISHLY STRIPED HELMET

Normally I would have fallen on the ground in a bedraggled heap; as the colossal slabs of concrete tore loose and descended from the terrace of the building, But today I escaped without a single scratch to my scalp; bounced about in robust exhilaration as the mammoth plaster viciously struck my head.

Normally I would have emitted a thunderous yelp as I was hurled on the obdurate road from my scooter; eloping at electric speeds to the nearest hospital to receive exquisite medical treatment, But today I patted my skull in supreme satisfaction; inhaled in a breath of incredulous contentment as I audaciously marched forward after the entire episode.

Normally I would have seen shimmering stars in brilliant daylight; as I bumped my head inadvertently in the doorway while entering the house, But today I was able to stare directly into the pugnacious fireball of the Sun

without batting an eyelid; immediately after the ghastly anecdote unveiled.

Normally I would have taken out life from the boy; as he deliberately hit me with a sharp stone; ran after him wincing in inexplicable agony to try and wring his neck,

But today I hoisted him handsomely in my arms; fed him with a flurry of ravishingly creamy chocolates; instantaneously after he hit me with the bulky brick.

Normally I would have shot all those mosquitoes hovering intransigently around my face; trying to irascibly infiltrate into my skin to drink my precious blood,
But today I invited them open heartedly to chivalrously grace my presence;
infact asked them to invite the most remotest of their friends to come and sing near my nose.

Normally I would have been squelched to raw pulp; cremated in my coffin even before I died; as the monstrous bus ruthlessly bulldozed its way over my innocent head,
But today I got up within fraction seconds of time after the vehicle had skidded by; commented nonchalantly about the tyres not being that heavy as they should have been.

Normally I would have been mercilessly electrocuted as streaks of white lightning struck me on my naked skull; charring me to colorless ash from head to toe,
But today I withstood the storm unflinchingly; rampantly ran without the slightest of fear and circumspection; in the midst of sparks and vivacious electricity falling all around in violent tandem.

Normally I would have coughed incessantly; caught with severe infections and disease as I weaved through the claustrophobic streets of the crowded city,
But today I wandered a perfect double of my regular distance remaining as robust as a resplendent apple; emitting tinkling laughter; executing the smile of my life.

Normally I wouldn't have even got time to perform my last rites and rituals; as the herculean boulder came hurtling down the mountains; banging brutally with my innocuous head,
But today I sat down for breakfast immediately after the appalling incident; munched through the appetizing slices of crimson radish with unprecedented relish.

And normally I would have fainted at every accident that happened; every fall that I was inevitably subjected to; visited disdainful ambulances time and again; stuffed more painkiller in my stomach than mesmerizing food,
But today I sat on the throne like an unconquerably prince; ready to take on the onslaught of the most thunderous of storm; knowing that I would be immortally safe from all sides; as I had adorned my all time darling; my rotund shaped and garishly striped helmet

42. FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT

Every century looked so long; that in the beginning I felt it would last till more than what the Creator could ever have perceived; with the decades towering even higher than all the continents of the Universe amalgamated together,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just devoured my first morsel of food; and time had zipped past all those decades like a flying tornado; faster than the speed of light.

Every decade looked so long; that in the beginning I felt that it would last till more than eternity; with the years painstakingly creeping in before completely unfurling,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just got up from my last nights sleep; and time had zipped past all those years like a flying tornado; faster than the speed of light.

Every year looked so long; that in the beginning I felt it would be more than the unfathomable sky in entirety; with the conglomerate of months simply refraining to whistle by,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just batted my eyelids quite inadvertently; and time had zipped past all those months like a flying tornado; faster than the speed of light.

Every month looked so long; that in the beginning I felt it would be more invincible than the mighty deserts to conquer; with each fortnight stabbing me more than a million thorns coalesced together,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just finished my celestial dream; and time had zipped past all those fortnights like a flying tornado; faster than the speed of light.

Every fortnight looked so long; that in the beginning I felt that it would be more boundless than the colossal ocean to swim in; with each week whizzing like an unrelenting mosquito; buzzing its discordant tunes into my intricately sensitive

eardrum,

But believe me; now it seemed that I had just walked a single step on this earth;
and time had zipped past all those weeks; faster than the speed of light.

Every week looked so long; that in the beginning I felt that it would be more
Herculean than the summit of Everest to conquer; with the coalition of half a
dozen

days battering me disdainfully to the ground,

But believe me; now it seemed that I had just brushed my curly moustache; and
time had zipped past all those days like a flying tornado; faster than the speed of
light.

Every day looked so long; that in the beginning I felt that it would be more
tenacious than the fiery body of Sun to stare at; with the marathon hours poking
me like sizzling roads of steel all over my body,

But believe me; now it seemed that I had just opened my mouth a trifle; and time
had zipped past all those hours like a flying tornado; faster than the speed of
light.

Every hour looked so long; that in the beginning I felt it would be more
acrimonious than the blanket of vicious thorns to tread on; with the persevering
minutes engendering unprecedented amounts of sweat to ooze from my arms,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had just drawn a thin line on the slippery
sand; and time had zipped past all those minutes like a flying tornado; faster
than the speed of light.

Every minute looked so long; that in the beginning I felt it would be more
treacherous than the haunted corpse loitering in the graveyard; the seconds
languidly inching towards the remotely distant finishing point,
But believe me; now it seemed that I had hardly completed my spurious yawn;
and time had zipped past all those seconds like a flying tornado; faster than the
speed of light.

Every second looked so long; that in the beginning I felt it would be more
cumbersome than counting the entire battalion of stars embedded in the
resplendent
cosmos; with the irate tick-tick of the clock getting deafeningly loud to bear as
each instant assiduously revolved by,
But believe me; now when I was 90 years of age about to relinquish life forever;
it seemed that I had just inhaled in a single draught of racy breath; and time had
zipped past all those moments when I was seductively beautiful and young; like
a flying tornado; faster than the speed of light.

43. BALANCE

The eagle soaring handsomely in the air; balanced itself adroitly on its pair of long wings,

The car traversing like a bullet on the satiny carpet of land; balanced itself beautifully on its armory of splendidly inflated tyres,

The colossal building standing on obdurate soil; balanced itself with nonchalant ease on its tremendously fortified foundations,

The cockroach transgressing mournfully towards the sordid lavatory seat; balanced itself with precision degrees of control on its fleet of multiple legs,

The gigantic tree looming large in the bountiful fields; balanced itself amazingly on its jugglery of slender branches; its entwined ensemble of juicy roots,

The boundless pages of the medieval history book; balanced themselves dexterously on the flimsily serrated thread in the absolute center,

The voluptuously rosy tongue; balanced itself marvelously between the two intricate chambers of mouth,

The impeccably flawless shirt; balanced itself gorgeously on its entire festoon of rotund buttons; its dual pair of languidly suspended sleeves,

The ingeniously crafted tiny brain; balanced itself tranquilly between two synchronized hemispheres,

The sizzling cup of heavenly flavored tea; balanced itself divinely between the edges and the compact bottom of the kingly ivory cup,

The celestial waterfall culminating into an superlatively alluring spray after smashing against the rocks; balanced itself animatedly between the gargantuan cliffs of the indefatigably towering mountain,

The corrugated carpet of road; balanced itself meticulously between a dispersed fraternity of vehicles; ranging from as varied as flamboyantly whirring cars to the impoverished and diminutively squeaky bicycle,

The wooden body of big boat; balanced itself delectably between its pair of

gawky oars and the tumultuous fury of the rustic sea,

The perennial coat of absolute darkness; balanced itself magnificently between the brilliantly illuminated day and the shimmering wall of resplendent twilight,

The stubbornly protruding nose; balanced itself in splendid unison between both the island's of rubicund cheek and the merrily dangling earlobes,

The sacrosanct demeanor of the glistening bell; skillfully balanced itself between the holy interiors of the temple and the air circulating placidly outside,

The countless lines sprawled on the sweaty persona of palm; stupendously balanced themselves between the long knotted fingers and the sturdily sculptured wrist,

The dog inundated with fathomless fur on its skin; balanced its intransigently curved tail between its abraded claws and angled legs,

Every human trespassing on the trajectory of this planet; balanced himself magnificently on his two feet and strong arms,

And every life spawned in this Universe by the Creator; sagaciously balanced itself between its share of enchantingly good and diabolically bad.

44. BEAUTIFUL DWELLING

For me it was a retreat where I could shout uninhibitedly; without caring a damn about the pretentious society,

For me it was a castle in which I could parade with or without my bombastic fabric; wear the most shriveled and bedraggled attire of my very own choice,

For me it was a tunnel in which I could swim and frolic; applying tons of slippery mud and wild grass on my supple body,

For me it was a hut in which I could dream unrelentingly all day and night; without the slightest barricade or disturbance from the horrendously conventional world,

For me it was an invincible fortress which sequestered my scalp from brilliant sunshine in the day; warded off the tiniest of evil in the perilously shivering night,

For me it was a delectably placid heaven; where I could dance in unprecedented jubilation anytime,

For me it was a sky of mesmerizing fantasy; where I could conceive the most bizarre and wildest of things; and yet find a right to stay blissfully alive,

For me it was an ocean of fathomless enchantment; where I could stay in complete oblivion from the planet; and yet admire it from my colossal balcony,

For me it was a warehouse of appetizing food; a ravishing enclosure to appease my gluttony several times in a single day; and that too masticating the meal of my choice,

For me it was a golden mattress embodied with flocculent buds of raw cotton; where I could walk in my most natural state; without adhering to the stringent norms of gaudy fashion and pompous clothing,

For me it was a voluptuously blossoming garden; where I could leisurely stroll at any stage of the acrimonious day; inundate its interiors with the most wacky perfume of my choice,

For me it was a rainbow of vivacious colors; where I could entertain myself to the fullest; nostalgically reminisce in the glory of my innocuous childhood; without a soul to interrupt me,

For me it was an asylum where I could behave like an insane lunatic; let the diabolical part of me fulminate to its most overwhelming capacity,

For me it was a laboratory to carry on my ingenious experiments; keep evolving millions of lines of Poetry without actually getting in the way of the intransigently unsparing critics,

For me it was an inevitably precious jewel; which incredulously augmented my existing charm; making me the darling of my sacrosanct wife,

For me it was a sprawling playground scattered with umpteenth number of alluring toys; a place where I could talk to my children with the supreme freedom of a crown prince,

For me it was a divinely temple; wherein I vehemently revered and kept the idol of my God; prayed to it incessantly every morning; before I eventually departed

for interacting with the disdainful world,

For me it was a fountain of boisterous activity; with each day bringing in loads of unsurpassable excitement and astonishing fun,

To be succinctly precise; let me instead curtail the lengthy discussion; and sign off ecstatically by just saying; that it was indeed my daintily adorable and beautiful dwelling.

45. EVERY DAY

In the beginning I perceived that if I consumed colossal morsels of food at a time; then I would be saving myself the bother of painstakingly masticating for the next couple of marathon weeks,

But hardly had an hour elapsed of my devouring the same; that hunger pangs in my stomach began to thunderously reverberate; and in the end I inevitably compromised on scrupulously taking in my meals; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I bathed relentlessly at a time; voraciously scrubbing my body with soap and stringent antiseptic; then I would be saving myself the bother of disdainfully taking a bath in cold water in every shivering morning; for the next couple of marathon weeks,

But hardly had an hour elapsed of my washing my persona; that there crept an uncanny feeling in my brain of being disheveled and dirty; and in the end I inevitably compromised on meticulously taking bath; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I walked indefatigably flexing the muscles of my leg; then I would be saving myself the bother of keeping even a foot on the earth; for the next couple of marathon weeks,

But hardly had an hour elapsed of running inexorably on the ground; that my legs pertinently ached to boisterously jog; and in the end I inevitably compromised on robustly walking; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I guzzled a complete well replete with sparkling water at a time; then I would be saving myself the bother of incessantly taking the pain of sipping liquid down my throat; for the next couple of marathon weeks,

But hardly had an hour elapsed of my gulping down the Natural elixir; that my parched mouth pathetically cried for more solvent; and in the end I inevitably compromised on drinking water several times; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I laughed in deafening guffaws all night; then

I would be saving myself the bother of tenaciously stretching the muscles of my cheek; for the next couple of marathon weeks,
But hardly had an hour elapsed of my uninhibitedly spreading my teeth; that my stomach propelled me to giggle again; and in the end I inevitably compromised on fabulously smiling several times; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I studied tirelessly; read every piece of literature that lay scattered in vicinity at a time; then I would be saving myself the bother of straining my eyes on intricate writing; for the next couple of marathon weeks,
But hardly had an hour elapsed of my finishing the bulky textbooks; that there arose an inscrutable curiosity in my visage of knowing what was the speed of white light; and in the end I inevitably compromised on diligently reading and imbibing; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I wept hysterically; passionately beating my chest with my tightly curled fists at a time; then I would be saving myself the bother of shedding precious tears; for the next couple of marathon weeks,
But hardly had an hour elapsed of my crying spuriously; that I witnessed a tragedy on the streets which compelled my eyes to glisten in astonished horror; and in the end I inevitably compromised of feeling sensitively for mankind; sharing peoples inexplicable sorrow; every day.

In the beginning I perceived that if I fantasized and loved vehemently at a time; then I would be saving myself the bother of taxing my brain for the next couple of marathon weeks,
But hardly had an hour elapsed of my envisaging tantalizing romance; that there arose an insurmountable urge in my countenance to dream again; and in the end I inevitably compromised of compassionately loving; every day.

And in the beginning I perceived that if I took in boundless breaths at a time; then I would be saving myself the bother of exerting the jacket of my soft lungs; rest in celestial peace without pressurizing my heart; for the next couple of marathon weeks,
But hardly had an hour elapsed of my exhilarating activity; that there occurred an unrelenting gasp in my ribs for more fresh air; and in the end I inevitably compromised of leading life slowly and steadily; every day.

46. HALF A VICTORY

It nimbly swished its tail; as the blaring horns of boundless trapped vehicles;
deluged the membranes of its intricate ear,

It incorrigibly refrained to listen; payed a wholesomely deaf ear; as hordes of people hooted in thunderous cacophony all around,

It nonchalantly exonerated all appeals by pedestrians to clear the way; displayed its disgusting disapproval by a feeble flap of its earlobe,

It stood in solitary silence in the midst of the boisterous activity; preferred to gently lick its innocuous calf; rather than walking a step forward; making way for the armory of mammoth trucks blowing their horns to ultimate capacity,

It bloated pompously in conceited pride at the very thought of being the most talked about; invited tiny toddlers to adorn its back; even as their parents admonished them stringently of not doing so,

It merrily lapped at water in an obsolete monsoon pond on the pavement; as countless number of dreary passengers blurted a volley of abuse; utterly famished and miserably trapped in their claustrophobic jeeps,

It blissfully erupted into slimy cakes of cowdung; celestially defecating its morning meal; as several denizens on the street coughed and abysmally stuttered towards inevitable smoke and suffocation,

It stupendously relished the inclement cold with its coat of impeccably white skin; while the youngsters trapped way behind in the haphazardly synchronized traffic; dreadfully envisaged the face of their angry beloved; who would terrorize their cheeks with tenacious slaps; for reaching embarrassingly late,

It fantasized for hours immemorial without fluttering an eyelid; insipidly shook its body to drive away the festoon of cheeky flies feasting on the folds of its neck; while infinite businessmen jolted right from the midst of their harmonious sleep; ordered the driver to abdicate their automobile; took to the wheel themselves and swerved violently on the tarmac to catch the evening flight in an absolute jiffy,

It playfully conversed with umpteenth others of its fraternity; whispering its tale of anguished woes; standing like a formidably impregnable fortress; in the center of the stridently clanging traffic and frugal bits of free space,

It rubbed its nose on the ground deliberately to be sympathetic for its impoverished self; while the inept police station resonated in the throes of indefatigable shrill ringing activity; as citizens resorted to the same in a last bid

to reach the abnormally long looking finishing line,

It slowly gallivanted around like an immaculately mute spectator; sniffing about fruits strewn in vicinity which it supremely cherished; while the crowds on the roads kept augmenting; reaching an unprecedented zenith as the primordial minutes unveiled themselves into marathon hours,

It took a short nap granting eternal rest to its overwhelmingly overstuffed belly; while helpless plebeians shrieked and wailed in fervently mounting frustration,

It inhaled in profusely divine long breaths; while the battalion of haplessly stranded civilians staggered hopelessly for bellows of fresh and ravishing breath,

It angrily kicked at a philanthropist trying to cajole it to shift its dwelling to a safer haven; hovered its pugnacious horns for evoking some moments of frolicking mischief; even before the man could say sorry and exit,

It intransigently remained riveted to its place; although some clever farmers tried to lure it with a packed bundle of green grass and delectable leaf; thereby instilled in individuals all around that patience is indeed the persevering virtue to unparalleled success,

It awoke children in their cozy dwelling from their surreal day dreams; as they gathered around its body to admire and play with its marvelously lovely tail,

And in the end; when the thunderously deplorable sounds of horns; the relentless cursing of people; the ambience inundated with rampant mayhem; was getting a trifle too much on its nerves to bear; the Cow still didn't shift a centimeter from the heart of the road; instead urled its legs snobbishly and sat; giving the humans profoundly disturbed and distressed; their well deserved half a victory.

47. SQUINT EYED

Some presumed that I was staring towards the sky; while some felt that I gazed towards the gutter flowing across cold ground,

Some presumed that I was staring as straight as an arrow towards the blackboard; while some felt that I was flirting around with beautiful girls sitting by the corner,

Some presumed that I was staring towards the scarlet cherries strewn on the

embellished dining table; while some felt that I was conversing merrily with my revered mother,

Some presumed that I was staring at the haystack trying to search for the inconspicuous little needle; while some felt that I was trying to capture the bull's attention to get stupidly gored,

Some presumed that I was staring at the fleet of birds flying high and handsome in air; while some felt that I peering down the crease of my garishly striped pant,

Some presumed that I was staring pleadingly at my Boss spuriously adorned on the golden chair; while some felt that I was capriciously looking out of the ventilator fitted a few inches beneath the square ceiling,

Some presumed that I was staring at the boisterous street inundated with normal pedestrians and swanky cars; while some felt that I was watching television; lazily dozing in the plush drawing room,

Some presumed that I was staring at fish in the waters of the ocean; while some felt that I profoundly admired the stars shine,

Some presumed that I was staring relentlessly at my wife; while some felt that my gaze was furtively concentrated on the exotically alluring neighboring window,

Some presumed that I was staring at the mosquitoes hovering incessantly around my nose; while some felt that I was appreciating the grizzly lizard incorrigibly stuck to the middle of the ceiling,

Some presumed that I was staring at the pages of the literary textbook; while some felt that I was trying to peevishly count the number of hair on my silken scalp,

Some presumed that I was staring into the bathroom mirror for hours immemorial; while some felt that I followed every movement of the sordid cockroach on the sparkling white floor,

Some presumed that I was staring unforgivingly at the hideous monster; while some felt that I was in the midst of blissfully mesmerizing fantasy; voraciously rolling my eyeballs from side to side,

Some presumed that I was staring at the festoon of crimson roses sprouting in voluptuous tandem from the soil; while some felt that I was violently searching for my loved ones in brilliant daylight,

Some presumed that I was staring innocuously at the judge seated on the cradle of irrefutable justice; while some felt that I looked towards the floor in cowardly guilty submission,

Some presumed that I was staring at my watch adroitly wound across my wrist; while some felt that I looked wistfully at the clouds; anticipating thunderbolts of tantalizing rain,

Some presumed that I was staring at the statue of my God placed dead straight; while some felt that I was haphazardly searching for my way on the crowded and bustling lane,

Some presumed that I was staring at her celestially romantic doorstep; while some felt that I was gazing at the old mans forehead,

Some presumed that I was staring at the opalescent fountains fulminating at astronomical heights in the serene atmosphere; while some felt that I nodded every now and then at my vaguely obscure shadow on the ground,

And although I might be squint eyed; I was still better than most of you would ever think; as I possessed this inherently uncanny ability to completely fool whomsoever I desired; whenever I wanted; which you miserably failed to imbibe the slightest; even though you had two pairs of perfect eyes; during the course of your entire lifetime.

48. SWEET ALARM CLOCK

I marched rambunctiously up the steps to my office; greeted my boss before anybody else could with a profoundly amicable smile,
While he slept lazily on his cozy bed; even well past brilliant afternoon.

I got ready for the high priority business meeting; sat in synchronized harmony beside the delegate adorned in an expensively embellished suit; with my pulse nearly racing out of my heart,
While he nimbly turned his back from one side to another; inadvertently shrugged at the flies hovering pertinently round his cheek.

I bounced boisterously on the vacant streets at the crack of glistening dawn;

relentlessly admiring the Sun as it shone to its most overwhelming radiance,
While he drew the quilt even more tenaciously over his head; shielding his eyes
even from the tiniest trace of white light.

I jogged fervently through the verdant lawns; with ravishing grass incessantly
tickling my dreary feet; letting infinite globules of golden perspiration dribble
down my arms,
While he emanated a volley of thunderous snores; inundating the blissful
atmosphere around with his disdainfully pugnacious sound.

I dug gargantuan chunks of fresh soil with my hands as hostile rays of afternoon
filtered through my hazel eyes; sowed a cluster of salubrious seed in every
visible quarter of fecund land,
While he dozed like the most treacherous demon on this planet; sleeping
invincibly with his bohemian feet pointing towards the garland of resplendent
stars.

I executed each of my task meticulously as the clock indefatigably ticked;
harmoniously carrying out all my duties of the day without the slightest of
circumspection or bewilderment,
While he sucked his big thumb worse than a small baby; with a mountain of
silken pillow profusely enveloping his scalp.

I leapt in ecstatic jubilation in torrential sheets of voluptuous rain; splashing my
entire persona in the freshly sparkling stream of seductive water,
While he mumbled incoherent words in his divinely reverie; refrained to budge an
inch; even as a battalion of red cockroach crawled in his limp ear.

I immensely relished each shade of the day; flamboyantly marched past the
serene seaside; with the congenial evening breeze kissing fabulously across my
chest,
While he didn't even know the world in which he was living; whether it was
stringent morning outside or ghastly night.

I reaped the most blissful of merits in life; optimizing each opportunity that came
my way; climbing the ladders to unprecedented success and irrefutable
prosperity,
While he poked his tongue out a trifle; slavered pathetically at the mouth; let the
parasites around suck his morbid blood without being perturbed one bit.

And the only difference between me and him was; that I woke up with a jolted
start every morning; as my sweet alarm clock whipped the last ounce of my

sleep with its deafening noise,
While he was left miserably asleep and doped till well past after midnight; till
when infact I had victoriously completed my full quota of days; my complete
quota of enchanting nights.

49. THE COLOR OF MY CHEEKS

The color of my cheeks was whiter than the innocuous Moon; when I just got up
from sleep with the first rays of ethereal dawn,

The color of my cheeks was more crimson than the poignant rose; when the girl
of my surreal dreams; flirtatiously glimpsed at my countenance,

The color of my cheeks was a morbid yellow; when I was enveloped by the
ominous swirl of ghastly fever,

The color of my cheeks was a tangy blue; as I reached the shores after
swimming voraciously for marathon hours in the vivaciously salty ocean,

The color of my cheeks was a mischievous chocolate brown; after I rhapsodically
trespassed through a slippery slurry of mud; and the rain thunderously pelting
down,

The color of my cheeks was a brilliantly shimmering yellow; after I stood for
gigantic hours under the sweltering midday Sun,

The color of my cheeks was an incorrigible pink; as I entered my dwelling after
spending countless hours sandwiched between colossal slabs of raw ice,

The color of my cheeks was a sparkling golden; after I scrubbed them
voraciously with stringently pungent cakes of fat antiseptic,

The color of my cheeks was blacker than the deplorable coal mines; when I
starved myself for weeks on the trot; sat in an obsolete corner sequestered
wholesomely from the outside world,

The color of my cheeks was an overwhelmingly ashen grey; as I heard the news
of the ship sinking; the treacherous tale of my compatriots losing their lives
under cold water,

The color of my cheeks was greener than the curled grass; when I sat under the
placid shade of the tree; with its astronomically foliate branches flooding my

senses with rejuvenated fervor,

The color of my cheeks was more transparent than the scintillating mirror; when I was in a mood to convey the most surreptitious of thoughts candidly,

The color of my cheeks was a fiery red; when I marched forward in volatile anger; vindictively resolving to teach my erring adversary the lesson of his life,

The color of my cheeks was more blended than a rainbow; when a battalion of girls kissed them; all embellished with myriad textures of swanky lipstick,

The color of my cheeks was a trifle hazy; as I freshly passed out through the conglomerate of puffy clouds,

The color of my cheeks was a pathetic violet; as I consumed frugal amounts of venom; to gently experience the process of extinction,

The color of my cheeks was pragmatically normal; when I intensely concentrated on my work; paid heed to nothing else but the process called practical and routine life,

The color of my cheeks was celestially heavenly; when I had just taken birth; exhaled my first breath on this mesmerizing planet,

And the color of my cheeks disappeared in entirety; floating like an inconspicuous thread into remote oblivion; as I breathed my last; as I was buried fathomless feet in my grave after being declared dead.

50. BIG THUMB

When I held it dead straight and candidly in free space; people thought I was being overwhelmingly rude and cheeky,

When I sucked it passionately in my mouth; people thought I was just an innocuously overgrown child; unfit to exist in monotonous society,

When I curled it stubbornly to form a fist; people thought I was in an invidiously wild mood to punch and fight,

When I slanted it a trifle towards the left or right; people thought I wanted a brazen and speedy lift,

When I pressed it ardently on scintillating white paper after dipping it in sapphire pools of ink; people thought that I was illiterate; didn't even know how to prudently sign,

When I raised it above my shoulders for incessant lengths of time; people thought that I gruesomely stranded; wanted to abscond to more blissful places than the eerie mist surrounding me,

When I folded it pathetically into boundless knots; people thought that I was disdainfully maim; endeavoring my best against crippled time,

When I tapped it relentlessly on the desk; people thought that I was peevishly irritated; desired to be left in immortal peace and all alone,

When I rubbed it voraciously across my armory of teeth; people thought I had dropped freshly from the rustic village; wasn't acquainted the slightest to contemporary toothbrush and stringent paste,

When I hoisted it vivaciously towards my friends in times of perilous examinations; people thought that I was wishing my comrades all the very best,

When I probed it forward to sprinkle crimson vermilion in the hair of my beloved; people thought I had tied the nuptial thread; bonded myself into the swirl of sacred marriage,

When I ominously hurled in sedate atmosphere; people thought I had intentions of breaking somebody's nose; waded back in petrified terror,

When I obnoxiously pointed it downwards towards Black mud; people thought I was in a mood to contemptuously insult; ridicule sagacious entities to inconspicuous dust,

When I caressed it on colossal slabs of white ice; people thought that I trying to generate tremors of inexplicable excitement in my languidly dreary persona,

When I whole heartedly offered it to kids to play; people thought that I was extremely philanthropic; had this insatiable desire to help human kind,

When I twisted it fervently to capsize the pen; people thought that I was in an uninhibited spree to write,

When I engulfed it wholesomely with colored gloves; people thought that I was

involved in heinous crimes; was trying to surreptitiously sequester my trail of vulnerable fingerprints,

When I feverishly bit it umpteenth number of times in the day; people thought that I was encapsulated with incomprehensible anxiety; was waiting for precarious time to rapidly unveil,

When I held it intractably against my lips; people thought I was trying to intimidate them into brutalized silence,

When I amicably waved it towards the chair; people thought that I instructing them to congenially sit and relish in fantasy,

O! My God; although it was just a short stub of fat flesh protruding from my palms; my big thumb was really something to ponder about; my big thumb was incredulously astounding.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Life = Death - Volume 4 - Poems On Life, Death

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 4 of the Book titled - Life = Death - Poems on Life, Death (1200 pages) . This enigmatic collection of poems explores and equates the boundless possibilities of life and death and delves into each intricate inexplicability of survival. Parekh's roving philosophical eye brings the unconquerable richness of life to the fore and yet at the same time explicitly highlights the veracity of 'death' as the absolute certainty of every existence. The poet joyously celebrates the occasions of both life and death with equal panache in each poetic stanza sewn with the uncanny mysteries of this Universe. The poems within immortalize both life and death as the ultimate victories and the two most contrastingly amazing and divine sides of creation. Catapulting the reader to the threshold of ultimate ecstasy; they bring about an impromptu twist with the closure of breath and what lies beyond. This charismatically woven collection of poetic verse would equally enamor the narcissist as well as the simple humanitarian to the core.

This book is a humble attempt to enlighten the readers with the equality of life and death-and to live in both of them to the most unparalleled fullest. Embracing only the religion of humanity, as the Lord has commanded every living being on earth. You cant die in life and cant live in death-each of these components are irrefutably equal in every respect and should be worshipped with due obeisance.

CONTENTS

1. NEITHER COULD LIFE STOP DEATH; NEITHER COULD DEATH STOP LIFE.
2. THE OTHER NAME OF LIFE
3. POURED
4. SOMETHING THAT POURS FROM THE HEART
5. SMALL BOX OF MATCHSTICKS
6. WALKING STICK
7. ACCEPT ME

8. REALIZATION
9. BLOCKED NOSE
10. NO BRAKES ON LOVE
11. SIMPLY THE BEST
12. BENEATH YOUR HEART
13. THE HUMAN MIND IS UNBELIEVABLE
14. SUCCESS WOULD FOREVER BE YOURS
15. FOREVER AN ARTIST
- JUST BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T IN THE MOOD
16. TIME- AN UNSTOPPABLE WHIRLWIND
17. MAJESTICALLY TANNED
18. EQUALLY INTOLERABLE
19. TALENT WITHOUT DETERMINATION
20. MAN OF THE MOMENT
21. AN INFINITE LIVES; AN INFINITE DEATHS
22. IF THE CLOUDS SHOWERED GOLD INSTEAD OF RAIN
23. ONLY THOSE - PART 2
24. WHERE ON EARTH CAN I FIND
25. BEAUTY NEEDS TO BE APPRECIATED
26. THE TRUE SPIRIT OF LIFE
27. IN MY DREAMS
28. IT WAS PERFECTLY NORMAL
29. ONLY AFTER
30. GRILLS
31. AFTER A GOOD NIGHTS SLEEP
32. IN THE EYES OF HATRED
33. CONTROL IT
34. NOT A PENNY MORE; NOT A PENNY LESS.
35. INIMITABLY INFALLIBLE FANTASY
36. FINDING HEAVEN ON EARTH- IN THE PROSTITUTE'S FORM
37. PERPETUALLY AND EXTRAORDINARILY SPICY
38. TRY AND LIVE WITH IT INSTEAD
39. WHY JUST 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY' ONCE A YEAR?
40. O! BLESSED WRITER!
41. PLEASE REMEMBER ALL THE ANSWERS
42. IN THE CURRENT MOMENT
43. AFTER BATHING IN THE FIRST SHOWERS OF PRICELESS RAIN
44. WHO SAYS THAT THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS LIFELESS?
45. TRUTH REMAINS TRUTH FOREVER
46. WHY ARE YOU BOTHERED?
47. UNTIL AND UNLESS
48. FEATHERS

49. I HATE THE HIGH SOCIETY

50. JUST A BEAT

1. NEITHER COULD LIFE STOP DEATH; NEITHER COULD DEATH STOP LIFE.

Neither could rain stop abominably heartless drought whenever it is destined; nor could any drought in anyways put brakes upon bountifully utopian rain; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is majestically destined,

Neither could truth stop horrifically demented lies whenever it is destined; nor could any lies in anyways put brakes upon triumphantly unflinching truth; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is bounteously destined,

Neither could child birth stop bizarrely sadistic impotency whenever it is destined; nor could any impotency in anyways put brakes upon amazingly unassailable child birth; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is exuberantly destined,

Neither could the Sun stop frigidly numbing snow whenever it is destined; nor could any snow in anyways put brakes upon the Omnipotently blazing Sun; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is wondrously destined,

Neither could the Lotus stop dolorously asphyxiating stench whenever it is destined; nor could any stench in anyways put brakes upon the aristocratically blossoming and redolent Lotus; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is invincibly destined,

Neither could Kingliness stop demonically beheading poverty whenever it is destined; nor could any poverty in anyways put brakes upon unsurpassably opulent Kingliness; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is eternally destined,

Neither could goodness stop hedonistically murderous evil whenever it is destined; nor could any evil in anyways put brakes upon miraculously ameliorating goodness; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is infallibly destined,

Neither could evolution stop manipulatively politicized monotony whenever it is destined; nor could any monotony in anyways put brakes upon freshly spell-

binding evolution; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is enchantingly destined,

Neither could happiness stop inexplicably aggrieved tears whenever they're destined; nor could any tears in anyways put brakes upon impregnably philanthropic happiness; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is jubilantly destined,

Neither could perseverance stop amorphously carcinogenic spirits whenever they're destined; nor could any spirit in anyways put brakes upon victoriously peerless perseverance; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is insuperably destined,

Neither could simplicity stop lackadaisically worthless pompousness whenever it is destined; nor could any pompousness in anyways put brakes upon celestially enamoring simplicity; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is ubiquitously destined,

Neither could Luck stop horrifically ghastly accidents whenever they're destined; nor could any accident in anyways put brakes upon bountifully unconquerable luck; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is consummately destined,

Neither could silence stop satanically crucifying screams whenever they're destined; nor could any scream in anyways put brakes upon magically stupefying silence; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is euphorically destined,

Neither could day stop ghoulishly plundering night whenever it is destined; nor could any night in anyways put brakes upon the perpetually winning day; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is spell-bindingly destined,

Neither could humanity stop gorily devastating war whenever it is destined; nor could any war in anyways put brakes upon everlastingly priceless and uniting humanity; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is effulgently destined,

Neither could devotion stop lividly profane infidelity whenever it is destined; nor could any infidelity in anyways put brakes upon unshakably faithful devotion; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is holistically destined,

Neither could innocence stop maliciously perilous adultery whenever it is destined; nor could any adultery in anyways put brakes upon divinely virgin innocence; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is beautifully destined,

Neither could righteousness stop deliriously febrile parasites whenever they're destined; nor could any parasites in anyways put brakes upon truthfully blessing righteousness; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is spectacularly destined,

Neither could life stop torturously annihilating death whenever it is destined; nor could any death in anyways put brakes upon the chapters of vivaciously iridescent and immortal life; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is heavenly destined.

2. THE OTHER NAME OF LIFE

The other name of life; is to spawn into a rhapsodically fresh beginning every unfurling minute of the day; although your past might have indiscriminately pulverized you with an infinite whiplashes of abuse and hedonistic disdain,

The other name of life; is to unfurl into an unsurpassable festoon of resplendently vivacious color; be enamored by the fathomlessly panoramic gorges of Almighty Lord; even while you were in drearily subjugated sleep,

The other name of life; is to frolic in the aisles of rapaciously uncontrollable desire; kiss the most unprecedented apogees of success; even when you felt you were being ruthlessly gored by the ferociously decimating bull,

The other name of life; is to unflinchingly confront the most venomous juggernaut of the evil; perennially smiling with the blessings of the Omnipotent divine,

The other name of life; is to metamorphose even the most ethereal trace of deliriously pernicious insanity; into an unrelenting tornado of exuberantly mesmerizing freshness,

The other name of life; is to uninhibitedly philander under the perpetually blazing rays of the Omniscient Sun; enlightening every dwelling besieged with cancerously arcane despair; even though you were standing beside your veritable shivering grave,

The other name of life; is to symbiotically prosper arm in arm with every echelon of living kind and holistic society; melanging every conceivable color under the Sun; with the religion of unconquerable humanity,

The other name of life; is to keep perennially blossoming into a civilization of fructifying virility; boundless kilometers away from the tombstones of morbidly decrepit manipulation and baselessly lugubrious prejudice,

The other name of life; is to assimilate all goodness that you could fathom from the enchantingly spell binding atmosphere; ubiquitously sprinkle and bestow the same upon every entity that you encountered in your enigmatic way,

The other name of life; is to keep relentlessly blazing like into a whirlpool of artistically untamed exoticism; even as avalanches of grumpily sodomizing politics tried to slander and lethally incarcerate you from all sides,

The other name of life; is to regally lead each unfurling moment that unleashed your way to the most aristocratic limits; and limitlessly ensure the same to every bereaved organism; who was frantically struggling to be alive

The other name of life; is to tirelessly spawn like the poignantly seductive dewdrop; even though it was well past the heart of gruesomely tyrannizing midnight,

The other name of life; is to indomitably stand for the unassailably righteous redolence of Omnipresent truth; overtopple the monsters of hell; with the sword of timelessly sacrosanct unity,

The other name of life; is to indefatigably march on the mission to bond all estranged and disparagingly staggering mankind; with threads of unbreakably euphoric and propitiously beautiful camaraderie,

The other name of life; is to soar like a handsomely unblemished prince through the heavens of bountiful oneness; blissfully perpetuate the mantra of iridescent sharing; amongst all cold-bloodedly dreadful parasites,

The other name of life; is to unstoppably innovate a civilization of peerless jubilation all the time; trigger the element of congenital restlessness in your soul; to harness the most enthrallingly optimum of even the most frigid bits of lackadaisical space,

The other name of life; is to be a messiah of all opprobriously decaying living kind; dissipating the unfathomably majestic energy of your persona; to give birth to an immortally optimistic tomorrow,

The other name of life; is to take birth an infinite times again and again and again; for the beloved whom you had wholesomely dedicated your this life to,

And the other name of life; is to always follow the inner most voices of your heart; coalesce even the most diminutive ingredient of your blood with the spirit of divinely compassionate sensuality; even as the entire uncouthly monotonous world outside treated you as the devil's wife.

3. POURED

The conglomerate of sinister black clouds in the cosmos; poured cloudbursts of torrential rain,

The blazing body of flamboyantly ferocious Sun; poureda garland of profoundly enchanting and fulminating light,

The voluptuously crested nightingale seated on the fir tree; poured a stream of seductively melodious sounds,

The lanky candlestick sizzling in an inferno of handsomely dancing flames; poured an unrelenting river of delectably pearly wax,

The Moon tantalizingly impregnated amidst the quilt of resplendent stars; poured an ocean of uninhibited and milky white beams,

The island of alluringly scarlet roses; poured a valley of stupendously wonderful and exotic redolence,

The oyster held up high in the sky; poured an incredulously enticing volley of immaculately captivating pearls,

The mind at absolute bliss; poured an unfathomable terrain of emphatically varied and enigmatically tingling fantasy,

The fountain pen inundated with sapphire pools of poignant ink; poured a royal lake of majestically embellished and passionate words,

The cat perched agitatedly on the spiky fence; poured an innocuous string of

yelps and effusive 'Meows', The gigantic tree standing domineeringly on the isolated hill; poured a cavalcade of rhapsodic berries and bountiful fruits,

The mouth at divinely harmony; poured a tunnel of mesmerizing sound and fabulously fascinating rhyme,

The eye encapsulated by astronomically escalating jubilation; poured a rainbow of ebulliently glistening tears,

The body inevitably imprisoned by a whirlpool of tumultuously fiery romance; poured a waterfall of overwhelmingly volatile sweat,

The scores of Mother cow's marching placidly through the meadows; poured painstakingly a lake of impeccably frosty and celestial milk,

The wedding album lying obsolete for decades on the profusely dusty shelf; poured a tale of nostalgically animated fantasy which permeated through the inner most compartments of my soul,

The wildly philandering panther; poured a tale of thunderously deafening roar; petrifying even the most minuscule of organism in vicinity till the last bone down their spine,

The nose drowned in unprecedentedly obsessive compassion; poured a dungeon of piquantly pepped up and moist air,

And the heart ever since the time it had started to throb; ever since the time it had first palpitated to commence beautiful life; poured only immortal love; would continue to do so intensifying with each beat; even after the world comes to an abrupt end.

4. SOMETHING THAT POURS FROM THE HEART

Poetry is something as mystical as the mountains; shimmering majestically on the rivers in diffused beams of brilliant Sunshine,

Poetry is something as astonishing as the glittering gold biscuits entrenched deep beneath earth; emanating a profound glow that blended poignantly with the atmosphere,

Poetry is something as ingratiating as the hissing serpent; deluging the morbid ambience around with overwhelming exhilaration,

Poetry is something as ravishing as the blossoming petals of rubicund rose;
wafting its essence ubiquitously through all continents of this colossal Universe,

Poetry is something as grandiloquent as the incredulously embellished castle;
offering an abode to anyone afflicted by inexplicable distress,

Poetry is something as vivacious as the magnificently swirling ocean; with each
of its tangy waves fulminating into a blanket of pungent froth,

Poetry is something as magnanimous as the clouds; which bless the parched soil
and ground with torrential showers of mesmerizing rain,

Poetry is something as resplendent as the fathomless rainbow; dissipating into
vibrant shades of magnificently animated color,

Poetry is something as exuberant as the cheekily dancing peacock; incarcerating
millions in its stupendously enamoring swirl,

Poetry is something as innocuous as the new born infant; touching the hearts of
even the most diabolical with irrefutable ardor,

Poetry is something as soft as voluptuously woven pure silk; exquisitely binding
every religion prevalent on this planet,

Poetry is something as ingenious as the bubbling buds of mushroom; evolving
into celestial sprouts of wonderful white,

Poetry is something as invincible as immortal love; not bound by any spurious
intricacy of the monotonous outside world,

Poetry is something as flamboyant as the fiery Sun; diffusing its sweltering rays
to stringently sizzle even the tiniest nook and cranny of this globe,

Poetry is something as sweet as delectable crusts of brown chocolate; arousing
the most dormant dead senses in the body, with unprecedented amounts of
rejuvenated vigor,

Poetry is something as exotic as the alluring dancers nimble footsteps; that keep
reverberating for times immemorial; even after she relinquished to perform,

Poetry is something as sacrosanct as the holistic cows pearly milk; paving a path

of impeccable truth in whosoever who fervently witnesses it,

Poetry is something as thunderous as the cyclonic sandstorm; which swept incessantly with passionate strokes every day across the boundlessly barren deserts,

Poetry is as swarming as the rambunctious beehives; occupied by countless bees indefatigably busy in spinning tons of golden honey,

And for me poetry is entirely independent of rhyme; meter; structure; mending; tailoring; crisping; written in the most incredulous forms possible; irrespective of age; language; caste; creed or race; O! yes poetry for me is something that pours directly from the heart.

5. SMALL BOX OF MATCHSTICKS

Don't just consider them to be lifeless pieces of wood; soggy and extruding black beads of stingy coal,

Don't just consider them to be a minuscule strand of orphaned stick; lying obsolete on the streets awaiting ardently to be kicked,

Don't just consider them to be a neglected trash lying dilapidated in the dustbin; rotting in morbidly insipid gloom,

Don't just consider them to be a soiled wire coalesced in an obnoxious heap with the squalid soil; being trampled infinite times in a single day,

Don't just consider them to be an incoherent needle; a chunk of worthless shit strewn rampantly amongst the proliferating wilderness,

Don't just consider them to be a dreary speck; emanating an incredulously ghoulish odor in the placid atmosphere,

Don't just consider them to be brutally squelched left overs of furniture; wailing miserably under the uncannily shimmering beams of moon,

Don't just consider them to be worthless beads of profusely broken thorns; burying infinite feet beneath the earth at the slightest of shoving,

Don't just consider them to be globs of savagely pulverized saw dust; having absolutely no complete entity of their own,

Don't just consider them to be coating of a dolorously decaying bone; disdainfully polluting the entire area which they infinitesimally inhabited,

Don't just consider them to be diminutive ants with a black ghastly head; staring indefatigably at each other in nervous exhilaration,

Don't just consider them to be an insipid follicle of hair; shattering into boundless fragments of dirt the instant one inadvertently caressed them,

Don't just consider them to be a lifeless skin of vegetable; waiting in overwhelming anticipation to be dumped into the farthest corner of the city gutter,

Don't just consider them to be shivering crusts of stale bread; blowing away to fathomless kilometers of distance with the tiniest draught of exuberant wind,

Don't just consider them to be a minuscule thread smaller than the key hole; possessing a life of less than even a whole minute,

Don't just consider them to be a favorite meal for the woodpecker; devouring their entire countenance in a singly gulp of its mighty beak,

Don't just consider them to be a horrendously distorted wire with no electricity; hiding themselves way beneath the mud as the sun came out sweltering from the blazing sky,

And don't just consider them to be without a meaning or value in this colossal world; selling at the most threadbare rates in the contemporary market,

For all they needed was just a tiny bellow of air; an incomprehensibly frigid rubbing against abraded stone; and then my small box of matchsticks, had the prowess to char blissful territories into veritable graveyards; laugh to their hearts content; as the so called planet which had once ridiculed them; was now nothing but a ball of diabolically rising flames.

6. WALKING STICK

He held me solidly in his egalitarian palms; sometimes making me almost strangulate for mouthfuls of inevitable breath,

He caressed me every now and then on the cold ground; let beads of his

passionate sweat dribble down my persona with nonchalant ease,

He raised me in exuberance towards the glittering blanket of stars; incessantly narrating mystical tales of this Universe to the flurry of innocuous children,

He dug inconspicuous holes with my mouth trudging soft soil; embossing intriguing shapes in the mud to amuse the dormant compartments of his weary mind,

He danced with tears of euphoria pouring down his cheeks; waving me in placid sheets of air; as he nostalgically reminisced the days when he was a cheeky child,

He banged me boundless number of times in ghastly darkness; endeavoring his best to gain an upper hand over the diabolically satanic night,

He flamboyantly marched clutching me with authority to his wrinkled fingers; attending to the battalion of alien delegates with astronomically stoical ease and inherent charm,

He polished me ardently with the most stupendous quality of wax; painted me in a festoon of vivaciously gaudy color to match his every dress,

He starved me to unprecedented limits; with the only meal that I saliently cherished being the compassionate bellow of warmth imparted by his magical hands,

He swung me violently in all directions when attacked; defending his divinely countenance with the formidable tenacity in my body,

He fidgeted indefatigably with my nose; cuddling and scratching me rampantly when confronted with disdainful bouts of perpetual boredom,

He kept me bereft of the tiniest of cloth; left me shivering with the austere winds slapping me ruthlessly at all quarters; as he silently snored in his afternoon nap,

He occasionally placed me over his colossal ocean of personal belongings; which had taken an entire lifetime for him to perseveringly amass,

He inverted my body every now and again; mischievously smiling with his lips outstretched; as I insatiably cried to once again come back up,

He sometimes inadvertently forgot to carry me; but soon realized my overwhelming importance; as fate made him stumble down on every unveiling step,

He carried me on his head time and again to replicate a circus clown; propel all in vicinity to thunderously laugh till they fell in dreary exhaustion,

He many a moment called me by the names he adored; kissing me gently on my nape as people around him had long gone,

He grasped me the first thing as he awoke at the crack of ethereal dawn; even before he advanced on his journey to the rustic lavatory,

My master was a complete hundred years of age; and for him I wasn't just a mere walking stick; but a thing he kept close to his dwindling chest all day and night; an object he considered the most cherished to his everlastingly youthful heart; a sword that would protect him from the uncouth world; just as he was about to utter his last shout.

7. ACCEPT ME

Accept me for my candid perceptions; the heart that still palpitated more passionately in my chest than the most tumultuous of thunderstorm,
Accept me for my diminutive stature; the unflinching ability with which I could still face the most threatening of disaster,
Accept me for my incongruously bearded cheeks; the crispness in my voice that still had the power to pacify hordes of; overwhelmingly agitated masses,
Accept me for my flurry of profusely lazy habits; the alacrity with which my mind still functioned after midnight,
Over and above all; accept me for what I was and not what I couldn't be.

Accept me for my ugly contoured face; the exorbitant charisma that still flowed uninhibitedly in each of my tear drop,
Accept me for my insurmountably penurious disposition; the richness that still circumvented my conscience which was greater than any living being on this earth,
Accept me for my disastrously broken leg; the Herculean power that still encapsulated my palms; with which I could take on the mantle of this entire Universe,
Accept me for my disdainfully deafening snoring; the unsurpassable compassion I still generated by indefatigably fantasizing about you all throughout the night,
Over and above all; accept me for what I was and not what I couldn't be.

Accept me for my pathetically fading vision; the unfathomable sense or perception that still reigned supreme; triggering me to see even better than those having complete sight,
Accept me for my inherent virtue of speaking the irrefutable truth; the incomprehensible tenacity I still possessed to face the aftermath of violent death,

Accept me for my unrelenting faith in God; the religion of humanity I still propagated in each continent and free space sprawled over this earth,
Accept me for not bathing scrupulously at the unveiling of ethereal dawn; the holistic purity that still enveloped my mind; body and soul; to make the world a paradise to live,
Over and above all; accept me for what I was and not what I couldn't be.

Accept me for utterly outlandish set of ideals I stringently adhered too; the virtue of benevolence which still reigned stupendously supreme in my animate countenance,

Accept me for defying the conventionally monotonous society; the twin meals of bread and butter I still earned; in order to blissfully suffice me and my adorable family,

Accept me for choosing the road which was the darkest and the most obsolete; the optimistic beams of hope I still conjured; as I emerged out victorious from the tunnel of despair,

Accept me for staring relentlessly towards the carpet of blue sky; the resplendent festoon of stars that I still got on earth; to majestically illuminate its every enchanting night,

Over and above all; accept me for what I was and not what I couldn't be.

8. REALIZATION

Concentration gives you the power to dynamically leap forward; solve the most inexplicable enigma of monotonous life,

Frustration renders you with an utter helplessness; which you find difficult to shrug off despite the most Herculean of your attempts to fight against time,

Sedation makes you blissfully sleep and insurmountably fantasize; making you overwhelmingly oblivious to the most stringent of your surroundings; the instant you awoke,

Imagination gives you the stupendous virtue to be prudent; perceive the most hideously evil situation; well ahead of the unfurling decade,

Innovation bestows you with a sense of wholehearted accomplishment; an insatiable urge to exist with waves of ingenious imagery perpetually perpetrating your persona,

Fascination gives you the prowess to feel incomprehensibly celestial; amuse yourself each moment to soar high and abreast with the silken cocoon of blue clouds,

Consternation leaves you open mouthed in unsurpassable disbelief; evacuating the last ounce of wind which circulated rampantly round your robust body,

Tension renders you with dolorously morbid sorrow; ruthlessly assassinating boundless movements of your present day and fathomless minutes of every sweltering night,

Exultation engenders you to bounce euphorically towards the blazing Sun; glistening globules of sheer ecstasy dribbling rhapsodically down your cheeks,

Indentation leaves you with a flurry of ungainly scars; inconspicuously disrupts the heavenly contours of your majestic countenance,

Desperation gives you countless reasons to die; end your tranquil breath by plunging into an island of inevitably sinking sand,

Infection renders you with a lingering sickness; an obnoxiously gruesome taste in your mouth that shatters your delectable premonitions of a harmonious existence,

Inception gifts you the tenacity to conceive higher than the beyond; euphorically enjoy the sweet fruits of creation to the most unprecedented limits,

Emancipation imparts you with a saintly solitude; along with a perennial rest to your manipulatively swirling mind,

Perspiration triggers in you an unfathomable compassion; the inexorably gratifying satisfaction to relish at the end of the valiantly hard fought day,

Expectation leaves you with unwanted anxiety; a relentless craving for witnessing the ultimate unleash right before your emphatic eyes,

Electrocution freezes you in your very roots; satanically annihilating the minutest

trace of breath encapsulating your oligarchic demeanor,

Abortion penalizes you to the most supreme degree; slapping your visage mercilessly for exonerating God's most precious gift to mankind,

Illumination leads you to the realms of ebulliently optimistic hope; dauntingly wading past of sea of diabolical despair; into the doorstep of a vivaciously vibrant tomorrow,

Condemnation leads to suicidal tendencies which pertinently circulate in your mind; an hopeless future which has no happy horizons at all,

Opposition renders your soul with a sense of hearty contentment; immensely fortifying faith in your own set of resilient ideals,

Deception leads you with a place nowhere to run on this boundless planet; getting brutally incarcerated in the end in your trap of irrevocable lies,

Affection grants you with supremely undeniable happiness; the desire to live for your benevolently breathing fellow beings,

And Realization makes you greater than the Divine; granting you with the irrefutable power to metamorphose all your treacherously sinful past into a mesmerizing festoon of infinite more positive tomorrow's.

9. BLOCKED NOSE

Ordinarily I would have heard the sound humming several kilometers away; with my lobes flapping lazily in temperate cocoons of air,
But today I snored thunderously expending my lungs to the most unprecedented capacity; even when a battalion of savage panthers roared menacingly into my ears.

Ordinarily I would have smelt food even when in the heart of deep sleep; insatiably drawn towards it like bolts of white lightening plummeting down from the sky,
But today I presumed it to be slabs of ghoulish stone; infinite daggers ready to permeate my skin; as I trespassed past it with tears of exasperation flooding my eyes.

Ordinarily I would have forgiven hordes of pertinent children fiddling around me; entirely overlooking their flurry of innocuously mischievous gestures; as they

naughtily plucked my hair,

But today I ran with a broomstick in my hands; shooing them away to the most fathomless limits as they cast the most evanescent of shadow into my sacred territory.

Ordinarily I would have waited for times immemorial to hear the voice of the nightingale; blissfully inhaling mountainfulls of mesmerizing air into the voluptuous jacket of my lungs,

But today I beat my fists left; right and center; almost fractured my palms into countless pieces; waiting in frantic desperation for the bird to arrive.

Ordinarily I would have drifted into a land of insurmountably tantalizing fantasy as I philandered freely in a garden of seductive roses; nimbly caressing the ravishing festoon of crimson petals,

But today I ruthlessly ripped the shrub from its tiniest of root; stashed it uncouthly into the realms of the dilapidated dustbin; for making me deafeningly sneeze.

Ordinarily I would have profoundly engrossed myself into the beauty of the brilliantly dazzling Sun; relentlessly admiring the infinite myriad of its sweltering beams; which magnificently sizzled the gloomy planet,

But today I ran maniacally into the cloistered room; miserably shoved my head under the flimsy blanket; encapsulated my entire caricature with straw; from the most inconspicuous rays of the outside world.

Ordinarily I would have taken inexorably meticulous care in sorting out the coat of grey; scattered frugally on the trajectory of my leaning scalp,

But today I made myself gruesomely bald; tearing apart the exotic follicles in a single stretch like an insane lunatic; slithering in the corridors of hopeless captivity.

Ordinarily I would have obediently followed each of my boss's commands; stooping humbly in front of his domineering demeanor; enticing him in giving me a robust increment,

But today I kicked him satanically in his backside for not catering to my needs; hurtled the colossal sheaf of papers right into the white's of his eye; along with the stale cup of coffee he stingily fed me for refreshment.

Ordinarily I would have desired that life continued till times unsurpassable; with each minute unveiling into blissful shades of tranquilly placid existence,

But today I wanted to sky rocket to my last day of survival; completely disappear for eternity into traces of cold air; rather than blowing my nose raw; expelling a

slurry of alien matter in astronomical tons by the unfurling second; bearing inevitably with the tyranny of a blocked nose.

10. NO BRAKES ON LOVE

Put brakes on the sky; if it rains indefatigably; inundating innocent patches of land with ominous waves of flood water,

Put brakes on the volcano; if it fulminates incessantly out of the earth's belly; gruesomely charring every visible entity in vicinity to inconspicuous bits of ash,

Put brakes on the car; if it escalates beyond the point of no control; ricochets uncontrollably towards the precariously poised and hideously gleaming mountain rail,

Put brakes on the couple; if they indiscriminately break laws of nature by delivering a boundless battalion of children; invidiously harbor the treacherous virtues of poverty and despicable unemployment,

Put brakes on the ominously swirling whirlpool; if it becomes lethal for survival; insidiously gobbling innocuous children of God; in its vindictive rage,

Put brakes on the heat; if it mercilessly scorches blissful territories of green grass; torments impeccable traces of life for droplets of indispensable water,

Put brakes on the mind; if it proves self destructive; heinously strangulates the divinely melody of existence with its myriad of abysmally baseless forms,

Put brakes on the mouth; if it starts to blabber incoherent cacophony; wails for spurious sympathy; when infact the world was rapidly fading outside,

Put brakes on the lion; if it metamorphoses into a man-eater; relentlessly planning to assassinate blessed civilization; in the barbaric fury of its satanically glaring jaws,

Put brakes on the ocean of lies; if it starts to become an overwhelming pain in the conscience; proves as a deplorable barricade in every aspect of life,

Put brakes on the tears; if they kept oozing tirelessly all night; with the mind about to shatter and wholesomely decimate in hysterical agony,

Put brakes on laughter; if it augments infectiously by the unleashing second;

portrays a diabolically wretched sight; as someone was being cremated to the grave,

Put brakes on the fingers; if they rise for achieving savage things in life; show an unprecedented obsession to grab God's molecules by the throat,

Put brakes on the superfluous repertoire of rituals; if they start to prove as an acrimonious thorn in the path of unfathomably ardent passion,

Put brakes on the diminutively obnoxious mosquito; if it tries to suck heavenly streams of scarlet blood; hovers menacingly around the eardrum; in order to placate its parasitic gluttony,

Put brakes on the criminals; if their appallingly wicked ideas make life hell for; true masses of philanthropically benevolent mankind,

Put brakes on the alarm clock; if it blew its cacophonous sounds beyond the ceiling; awoke man from the dormitories of enchanting fantasy and blissful sleep,

Put brakes on the devastating earthquake; if it engendered colossal buildings to crumble like a box of matchsticks; indiscriminately pulverizing a township of robust humans into threadbare strands of bone and raw brutal pulp,

Put brakes on breath; if Man started to feel that he was an entity greater than Omnipresent God; started to deliberately violate the universal religion of humanity,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Lord; to refrain from putting brakes on love; for although I might be oblivious to infinite things on this unsurpassable planet; but I do know that its immortally sacrosanct essence was the only thing that existed in your land; had lived since centuries unprecedented in your mesmerizing paradise called sky.

11. SIMPLY THE BEST

Overwhelmingly simplistic; yet the most priceless in the entire Universe,

Insurmountably humble; yet the most prolifically talked about from every mouth,

Harmlessly diminutive; yet the most passionately fulminating towards vivacious

bits of blue sky,

Imprisoned in perpetual darkness; yet more flamboyantly blistering than the dazzling body of Sun,

Enveloped by an ocean of blood; yet instilling compassionate traces of life in whomsoever it encountered,

Bereft of any fragrance; yet propagating its stupendously sacrosanct scent ubiquitously throughout the planet,

Rising and falling placidly like the Moon; yet able to capture every tangible entity in the tumultuous agony of its volcanic swirl,

Not possessed by any fraternity of shape; yet worshipped as the most invincible fortress since centuries immemorial,

Wholesomely devoid of the most minuscule of embellishment; yet the most cherishable ornament of every individual since the first cry of fresh life,

Irrefutably riveted to a singleton place all its life; yet finding an immortally dominant place in every cranny of cosmotic space,

Incomprehensibly without the most tiniest coating of currency coin; yet saluted as the richest of all on the trajectory of this boundless globe,

Philanthropically feather tipped; yet inexorably deluged with an unsurpassable myriad of emotions that lingered in every corner of this planet,

Completely mute and without the most infinitesimal of voice; yet able to pacify the anguished apprehensions of countless beings with an unbelievably astounding calm,

Working indefatigably all day and night; yet fantasizing to the most unprecedented limits with the uncannily innocuous prowess of a mischievously bouncing infant,

Residing in an ocean of stark blackness; yet illuminating the lives of those in inexplicable despair; with optimistic beams of golden light,

Bestowed upon with an abysmally tiny height; yet triggering off dreams beyond fathomless horizons of the sky,

Comprising of just five alphabets; yet encompassing every word in this world in its profusely ardent repertoire,

And throbbing incessantly in times of love; distress; betrayal and obsolete doom; perpetually spreading the melody of its poignant intensity even after veritable death; the human heart is simply the best.

12. BENEATH YOUR HEART

Beneath your complexion which appeared blacker than the sootiest of coal; there lay an ocean of impeccable whiteness and exotic calm,

Beneath your lips which looked disastrously cracked at their lackadaisical contours; there lay mesmerizing fountains of luscious exuberance,

Beneath your eyes which appeared perpetually blind; lay encapsulated the astounding beauty of this colossal Universe; with its myriad of forms tantalizing me every unfurling second,

Beneath your hands which looked overwhelmingly indigenous and rustic; there lay the sacrosanct essence of heart rendering sacrifice,

Beneath your forehead which appeared to be more blunt than bedraggled stone; there lay a mountain of invincible ideas; which kept swirling towards cosmic space as the moments unveiled,

Beneath your hair which looked like a gruesomely dead cat's tail; there lay an everlasting tunnel of voluptuous mysticism; a ravishing path on which none had tread,

Beneath your cheeks which appeared like savagely squashed tomato curry; there lay incarcerated the boisterous enchantment of an innocuously new born child,

Beneath your skin which looked like buried boundless feet under the grave; there lay fathomless rainbows from the azure sky; enlightening me profusely on each bit of mud I holistically caressed,

Beneath your armpits which appeared pathetically deluged with obnoxious ponds of sour sweat; there lay embedded the most stupendously fragrant scent on this planet; tickling me beyond the realms of unfathomable fascination,

Beneath your ears which looked more bitten than the satanically ripped shirt; there lay infinite sounds lingering profoundly in this vast world; melodiously enveloping my dreary soul,

Beneath your bones which appeared to be protruding lifelessly into the atmosphere; there lay the indomitable march towards triumph; the ardor to survive in the most treacherously insidious times,

Beneath your tears which looked like a colorlessly horrendous dustbin sprawled in territories of utter dilapidation; there lay a poignantly effusive string of emotions; which wholesomely metamorphosed even the murderously ruthless into divine angels,

Beneath your conscience which appeared like an inconspicuous mosquito hovering without a purpose of its own; there lay the most irrefutably pious ideals worshipped since decades,

Beneath your palm lines which looked perilously wrecked; there lay the most fabulously alluring destiny that one could ever have seen; an unsurpassable treasury of wealth impossible for ordinary humans to perceive,

Beneath your shadow which appeared infinitesimally timid and obscure; there lay an island of insurmountably enamoring mysticism; on which traversed every enigmatic organism of this Universe,

Beneath your fists which looked incomprehensibly fragile and dainty; there lay embodied Herculean spurts of stamina; an insatiable will to take the mantle of the entire planet,

Beneath your signature which appeared disastrously incoherent; there lay the stamp of the entire globe; the astronomically fortified impression which every entity made during due course of flamboyantly passionate existence,

Beneath your soles which looked profusely cracked like a miserably shattered egg; there lay the footprints of benevolent humanity; a conglomerate of silken roads which led to the most perfect land called paradise,

Beneath your breath which appeared foul and rapidly fading as time unleashed; there lay the miraculously magical prowess of bestowing new life; to countless slithering on their death bed,

And beneath your heart which looked uncouthly tough on the surface; there lay

an unprecedented reservoir of perpetual love; which spread its celestial essence not only this moment; but countless more moments beyond definitions of incessantly ticking time.

13. THE HUMAN MIND IS UNBELIEVABLE

Delving infinite kilometers even above the satiny clouds; rhapsodically exploring blue bits of mystical atmosphere,

Dancing beneath silvery beams of moon light; with an overwhelmingly uncanny urge to probe into paths never transgressed on,

Envisaging beyond ordinary anecdotes of mundane life; fervently wanting to sky rocket to the absolute edge of the whirling tornado,

Intriguingly cracking infinite enigmas of existence; yet insatiably desiring to lay its hands on countless more puzzles loitering in sinister doom,

O! yes the body might wholesomely collapse into a bedraggled heap; but the human mind is unbelievable; simply refraining to cease.

Ardently desiring to slip into a fantasy which never ends; witnessing a cloudburst of mesmerizing dreams even under the most stringently sweltering rays of Sunshine,

Galloping at a speed faster than that of dazzling light; chasing the shadows which lingered even in the most obsoletely dilapidated corners of free space,

Blending with an unending myriad of tunes; evolving boundless rhymes simply out of thin bits of air,

Plummeting several feet beneath raw soil; unrelentingly searching for the remotest traces of alluring exoticism,

O! yes the body might wholesomely collapse into a bedraggled heap; but the human mind is unbelievable; simply refraining to cease.

Insurmountably functioning all day like the vivaciously ticking clock; getting more vociferous than thunderbolts of lightening leaping down from the unfathomably vast sky,

Flapping its wings into the territory which appeared to be the most treacherously

unknown; feeling every inconspicuous object sprawled in vicinity,

Drawn inevitably towards the inexplicably colossal; unrestricted in movement of any kind or form,

Slithering like an untamed reptile; unpredictably loitering in a dense forest of its vividly everlasting perceptions,

O! yes the body might wholesomely collapse into a bedraggled heap; but the human mind is unbelievable; simply refraining to cease.

Performing a dance of profusely enchanting melody every unfurling second; inquisitive about each new aspect in the game called life,

Roaring thunderously like a striped panther towards the winds of oblivion; fulminating like an uninhibited volcano when stirred at times,

Innovating relentlessly; with an inexorably longing to embark on fathomless new expeditions in the course of existence,

Imbibing whatever might be even of the most infinitesimal interest to its cells; probing indefatigably into every conceivable vista of freshly rejuvenating energy,

O! yes the body might wholesomely collapse into a bedraggled heap; but the human mind is unbelievable; simply refraining to cease.

14. SUCCESS WOULD FOREVER BE YOURS

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you always stay flagrantly disheartened; cursing even the most infinitesimal whiplash of wind; that brushed across your sullen cheeks?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you keep nonchalantly prattling about hedonistically lambasted misery; even in the most brilliantly majestic rays of the morning Sun?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you bizarrely ruminate about things which weren't the slightest existing; whiling away countless hours of your life without any sagacious reason or rhyme?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you shudder to attempt innovations beyond the comprehensions of the conventional society; ghoulishly incarcerating

yourself into webs of insane drudgery?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you succumb to the frenetic pace of the monotonous world outside; deliriously perceive only about the devil; about to gruesomely land in your lap?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you miserably fail time and again even in the most harmonious of your projects; pathetically stutter to rise to the absolute epitome of pristine prosperity?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you unrelentingly cry when the maelstrom strikes; shrink like an inconspicuously delinquent mosquito; into your malicious shell?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you lose your temper at the slightest of disparity in the atmosphere; vacillating like a frivolous feather in the aisles of uncertainty; for infinite more births of yours yet to unveil?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you baselessly groan at the tiniest of bruise; when the brutally scorched deserts at the same time didn't utter a word; although they were torturously torched till eternity; in the sweltering Sun?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you nervously cogitate for space to survive; although you the flowers of the most majestically adorable castle; profusely kissed you at the unfurling of every dawn?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you horrendously mess up even the most rustically lucid things in enigmatic existence; although timelessly proliferating brain and brawn were unassailably on your side?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you clasp your nimble head as if a billion knives were stabbing you from all sides; whereas the planet unraveled into shades of vividly burgeoning life; in every conceivable direction outside?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you accept nondescript defeat in every ingredient that enveloped your blood; even before you could leap a single stride towards the heavens of inimitable triumph?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you dishearteningly trembled all spellbinding midnight; just to lecherously vomit in uncontrollable exasperation all throughout the blazingly flamboyant day?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you slither aimlessly on obdurately heartless ground; even as you exerted your eyes to the most ultimate of your capacity; browsing through the definition of victory?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you fidget in the dungeons of decrepit oblivion; even as the most joyously infallible waves of freshness; insatiably wanted to embrace you from all sides?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you feel preposterously blinded; even as the Omnipotent rays of unblemished Moon; celestially perpetuated you in the impeccable whites of your eyes?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you haplessly asphyxiate yourself to a gory death; even as the bountifully sacrosanct mantra of life; royally cascaded from the perennially Omnipresent skies?

Well its simply because you solely depended upon your destiny a trifle too much; eventually transforming into a mountain without a peak when even the tiniest of the astrologer's prediction and the stars bizarrely betrayed you; whereas all that the Almighty Lord had commanded you; was to altruistically keep doing benign deeds till your very last breath,

And then immortal success would forever be yours; without the most ethereal intervention of infidel destiny; and with the invincibly fructifying blessings of his Omnipotent shine.

15. FOREVER AN ARTIST

Whether you placed him on the majestically regale clouds; or whether you placed him on the discordantly blaring and devastatingly dusty streets,

Whether you placed him on royal embellishments of mesmerizing ice-cream; or whether you placed him in the center of the overflowing gutter drain; nonchalantly stinking of nothing but undigested sewage,

Whether you placed him on idols of fantastically glistening gold; or whether you placed him in the heart of the vindictively hedonistic maelstrom; where nothing but savage blood dogmatically rained,

Whether you placed him in the aisles of ardently unending desire; or whether you placed him on the deadpans of traumatically horrific despair and delinquent hopelessness,

Whether you placed him on feathers of unparalleled felicitation; or whether you placed him in a disparagingly pulverized curry of obnoxiously squandering tomatoes and lethal scorpions,

Whether you placed him on the spectacularly bewitching and princely throne; or whether you placed him on a bed of acrimoniously torturous thorns,

Whether you placed him on fathomlessly resplendent sea's of panoramic enchantment; or whether you placed him in the exact middle of the diabolically scorching fires,

Whether you placed him in the heavens of unconquerable prosperity; or whether you placed him in mortuaries of treacherously ghoulish and maiming abuse,

Whether you placed him amidst vivaciously dancing peacocks; or whether you placed him in the murderously asphyxiating coffin alive,

Whether you placed him in the cradles of impregnably unblemished innocence; or whether you placed him in disastrously miserable jailhouses of the forlornly corrupt politician,

Whether you placed him in the meadows of picturesquely panoramic divinity; or whether you placed him in the truculently acrid and perniciously sweltering desert sands,

Whether you placed him in impeccably milky cisterns of enigmatic moonlight; or whether you placed him in the disdainfully fretting pig stalk; where all he got to eat was cannibalistically lackadaisical shit,

Whether you placed him in an armor of patriotically blazing selflessness; or whether you placed him in frigidly sulking and regretfully orphaned ponds of nothingness,

Whether you placed him in the entrenchment of everlastingly fructifying sainthood; or whether you placed him in lackluster mud quagmired with cold-blooded leeches and egregious worms,

Whether you placed him on the skies of handsomely burgeoning victory; or whether you placed him in the gratuitously hideous crocodiles; emaciated mouth,

Whether you placed him in the winds of aristocratically bestowing chivalry; or whether you placed him in fecklessly slavering and tumultuously rebuked saliva,

Whether you placed him in the crystal of miraculously celestial clairvoyance; or whether you placed him between the petulantly shivering; stray dog's tail,

Whether you placed him in an unsurpassable valley of timelessly redolent roses; or whether you placed him in a grotesquely cacophonous skeleton of baselessly orphaned mosquitoes,

Whether you placed him abreast the entire wealth and love on this limitless planet; or whether you placed him on the floors where mercilessly marauded the most satanically greedy of dinosaurs,

And it really doesn't matter where you decided to place him; amidst what shape and form you decided to place his destined life; because if he was true to each beat of his euphoric heart; if he was true to his spirit of harmoniously symbiotic existence; if he was true to the message that the Lord Almighty had ordered him to tirelessly convey; he would forever remain an artist even as ghostly hell relentlessly rained down on earth; O! Yes his immortal art would never ever die.

JUST BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T IN THE MOOD

Just because you weren't in the mood to have that extra shade of tan; doesn't mean that the Omnipotent Sun; wholesomely abdicated to ferociously blaze and perpetually shine,

Just because you weren't in the mood to refreshingly bathe; doesn't mean that the ebullient ocean; wholesomely relinquished to timelessly swirl into a festoon of poignantly reinvigorating and tangy froth,

Just because you weren't in the mood to be enigmatic; doesn't mean that the majestic forests; wholesomely stopped their exuberantly rustling leaves and enchanting winds,

Just because you weren't in the mood to mischief; doesn't mean that the charismatic chimpanzees; wholesomely gave up their astoundingly frivolous appetite to innocuously philander and merrily wink,

Just because you weren't in the mood to gallop; doesn't mean that the ecstatic breeze; wholesomely abandoned its stupendously exhilarating tenacity to impregnably enlighten and desire,

Just because you weren't in the mood to blaze; doesn't mean that the patriotic soldiers; wholesomely left the warfront forever; and let the blissfully sacrosanct soil of their motherland be confiscated by cannibalistically crucifying traitors,

Just because you weren't in the mood to be titillated; doesn't mean that the sensuously tantalizing night; wholesomely metamorphosed into fiercely iconoclastic and unbearably scorching afternoon,

Just because you weren't in the mood to smell; doesn't mean that the vividly enamoring lotus's; wholesomely dumped their fathomlessly invincible and tirelessly blessing scent,

Just because you weren't in the mood to sight; doesn't mean that the panoramically boundless gorges and mountains; wholesomely reduced to a pulverized coffin; of lividly insane nothingness,

Just because you weren't in the mood to pray; doesn't mean that the sky of Omnipresently symbiotic faith; wholesomely extinguished into infinitesimally dolorous and inconsequentially feckless oblivion,

Just because you weren't in the mood to compassionately mélange; doesn't mean that the meadow of priceless humanity; wholesomely deteriorated into a egregiously stagnating gutter of maliciously vindictive prejudice,

Just because you weren't in the mood to listen; doesn't mean that the nightingales of princely togetherness; wholesomely battered their eternally mellifluous throats; into mortuaries of despairingly crippling silence,

Just because you weren't in the mood to illuminate; doesn't mean that the citadel of insuperably royal optimism; wholesomely crumbled to disastrously frigid ash,

Just because you weren't in the mood to frolic; doesn't mean that the jubilantly chirping birds and butterflies; wholesomely bid a perpetual adieu; to the winds of cavorting sensuality and celestial Sunshine,

Just because you weren't in the mood to innovate; doesn't mean that the process of limitless proliferation on this gigantic Universe; wholesomely disappeared into graveyards of penuriously decrepit misery,

Just because you weren't in the mood to persevere; doesn't mean that the

ardently glistening fireball of honest sweat; wholesomely buried itself beneath skeletons of frantically dogmatic desperation,

Just because you weren't in the mood to succeed; doesn't mean that the sword of scintillatingly righteous victory; wholesomely transformed itself into a scorpion of plaintively pallid and bawdy betrayal,

Just because you weren't in the mood to be selfless; doesn't mean that every mother on this wonderfully iridescent planet; wholesomely converted into a penalizing sorceress; morbidly asphyxiating the nimble throat of her new born child,

Just because you weren't in the mood to live; doesn't mean that the chapters of perennially endowing and fructifying life; wholesomely became the stamp of cadaverously cowardly death,

And just because you weren't in the mood to love; doesn't mean that the beats of an immortally blossoming relationship; wholesomely reduced to satanically devilish and flagrantly demolishing hatred.

16. TIME- AN UNSTOPPABLE WHIRLWIND

Whether you be the most triumphant vanguard of all civilization; or whether you be a mist of inimitably silken desire; sensuously enveloping every cranny of this beleaguered planet in cloudbursts of ardent desire,

Whether you be an indomitably towering mountain top; or whether you be a river of perennial enchantment; cascading down the ever-pervading Himalayas,

Whether you be a garden of celestially endowing roses; or whether you be the sky of fathomlessly invincible truth; miraculously mitigating even the most ephemeral speck of sorrow; from the periphery of this estranged Universe,

Whether you be a timelessly resplendent star; or whether you be a boundless playground of ecstatic frolic; merrily cavorting till times beyond eternity; behind the handsomely Sun soaked hills,

Time is an unstopably inevitable whirlwind which simply doesn't stop for you or the greatest of your form if you're not the Lord; so utilize every second of it to the most unprecedentedly euphoric limits; or be swept like a frigidly inane matchstick in its unrelentingly inexorable swirl.

1.

Whether you be a cloud of exotically voluptuous titillation; or whether you be an

impeccably spell binding saint; rising to the most sagaciously sacrosanct degrees of self control,

Whether you be a reindeer of unlimited prosperity; or whether you be an uninhibitedly blazing wave of indefatigably unparalleled optimism,

Whether you be a stupendously unassailable incense stick of unflinching righteousness; or whether you be an enigmatically supernatural idol; selflessly exorcising yourself from even the most infinitesimal bit of worldly desire,

Whether you be the everlastingly titillating voice of the enchanting nightingale; or whether you be an effervescently mystical kite; floating in invincibly untainted sky,

Time is an uncontrollably inevitable maelstrom which simply doesn't stop for you or the greatest of your form if you're not the Lord; so utilize every second of it to the most unbelievably ecstatic limits; or be devoured in its tirelessly unremitting wisps like the orphaned whisker of the sultry broomstick.

2.

Whether you be a tornado of uncanny exhilaration; or whether you be the ebulliently gyrating feathers of the peacock; under the very first drops of eternally magnificent rain,

Whether you be the uncrowned King of the entire opalescent planet; or whether you be the most venerated poet of the century; mellifluously stirring trillions of hearts with the spirit of magical brotherhood and immortal love,

Whether you be a fountain of benevolently untainted innocence; or whether you be the meadows of ubiquitously untamed mischief; unraveling into Godly childhood every unfurling instant of the gloriously Sunlit day,

Whether you be a brazenly revolutionary echo that defies all murderously decrepit convention; or whether you be an unconquerably princely panther; gleefully marauding at your very own will; through the bushy undergrowths of the ravishing forest,

Time is a tirelessly inevitable waterfall which simply doesn't stop for you or the greatest of your form if you're not the Lord; so utilize every second of it to the most propitiously sensational limits; or be buried forever and ever and ever beneath your veritable corpse; losing to its undefeatable essence even before you were born.

3.

Whether you be the heavenly zephyr blissfully blowing across the panoramic landscapes; or whether you be the non-invasively surreal dewdrop amiably clinging to mother grass,

Whether you be the most eclectic entity ever born on this gigantically blessing planet; or whether you be the ultimate harbinger of all torturously bereaved and preposterously aggrieved humanity,
Whether you be that leaf on the tree which never falls; or whether you be the most opulent organism on this colossal Universe; with even the saliva oozing from your mouth being of astoundingly glittering gold,
Whether you be an apostle of timelessly impregnable peace; or whether you be an infallible chariot of unfettered success; embedding the flag of altruistically enamoring triumph on every inch of this symbiotic earth,
Time is an incredulously gushing tornado which simply doesn't stop for you or the greatest of your form if you're not the Lord; so utilize every second of it to the most insuperably royal of limits; or become just another of its haplessly prattling victim; like countless greats have already been in the past; like your raving kind.

17. MAJESTICALLY TANNED

I relentlessly slavered when I was gruesomely tanned; by the rays of bizarrely decrepit and remorsefully maiming; manipulation,

I unrelentingly digressed when I was barbarically tanned; by the rays of sordidly penurious and salaciously incarcerating; lechery,

I pathetically staggered when I was invidiously tanned; by the rays of savagely forlorn and disgustingly disgruntled; politics,

I uncontrollably bled when I was flagrantly tanned; by the rays of sonorously monotonous and indiscriminately bestial; commercialism,

I unstoppably trembled when I was brutally tanned; by the rays of diabolically cold-blooded and insidiously macabre; rioting,

I traumatically wailed when I was disparagingly tanned; by the rays of bawdily unthinkable and lethally jailing; betrayal,

I disconsolately licked lackadaisical soil when I was hideously tanned; by the rays of disastrously malicious and obnoxiously iconoclastic; solitude,

I miserably tottered when I was ominously tanned; by the rays of truculently tyrannical and torturously cadaverous; stagnation,

I disdainfully shattered when I was egregiously tanned; by the rays of fecklessly indolent and preposterously vapid; unemployment,

I horrendously crumbled when I was inclemently tanned; by the rays of unsparingly derogatory and treacherously truncating; conventionalism,

I devastatingly disappeared when I was perniciously tanned; by the rays of devilishly sinister and parsimoniously pillaging; lies,

I hopelessly immolated when I was dastardly tanned; by the rays of haplessly rancid and clandestinely slandering; fear,

I aimlessly collapsed when I was abhorrently tanned; by the rays of raunchily desolate and licentious unworthy; indifference,

I murderously rotted when I was uncouthly tanned; by the rays of insanely pulverizing and ghoulishly lambasting; deliriousness,

I sleazily extinguished when I was acerbically tanned; by the rays of cataclysmically intolerable and atrociously avaricious; caste and creed,

I dichotomously dissolved when I was lasciviously tanned; by the rays of posthumously mordant and perilously cacophonous; corruption,

I tirelessly vomited when I was ignominiously tanned; by the rays of vindictively victimizing and venomously vagabond; war,

I perpetually died when I was opprobriously tanned; by the rays of criminally inhuman and morbidly whipping; rejection,

But I immortalized my life as well as the lives of my comrades in disoriented despair when I was majestically tanned; by the rays of royally everlasting and Omnipotently impregnable; love.

18. EQUALLY INTOLERABLE

There is nothing such as small crime or big crime; for every crime that is ghastily committed; is equally pernicious and a cadaverous graveyard of insane deliriousness,

There is nothing such as small stink or big stink; for every stink that tyrannically emanates; is equally flagrant and a corpse of grotesquely asphyxiating remorsefulness,

There is nothing such as small manipulation and big manipulation; for every manipulation that insidiously flourishes; is equally sinister and a crumbling edifice of vapidly ostracizing fecklessness,

There is nothing such as small devil and big devil; for every devil that cold-bloodedly marauds; is equally satanic and a ghoulishly sadistic carcass of relentlessly victimizing decay,

There is nothing such as small insanity and big insanity; for every insanity that preposterously lambastes; is equally dastardly and an outright crucifixion of the laws of symbiotically propitious existence,

There is nothing such as small prejudice and big prejudice; for every prejudice that maliciously lingers; is equally derogatory and a venomously strangulating battlefield; eventually withering into infinitesimal wisps of livid hell,

There is nothing such as small corruption or big corruption; for every corruption that opprobriously mutilates; is equally cannibalistic and an unstoppably vicious maelstrom of criminally salacious injustice,

There is nothing such as small abuse or big abuse; for every abuse that sinfully curses without any reason or rhyme; is equally decrepit and a gutter of brutally unsolicited trash; that morosely infiltrates impeccable lives,

There is nothing such as small stagnation or big stagnation; for every stagnation that amorphously devastates; is equally traumatic and an inconspicuously unforgiving dungeon of rapacious parasites,

There is nothing such as small infidelity or big infidelity; for every infidelity that ruthlessly betrays; is equally disastrous and an uncontrollably evaporating desert of cancerous sadness,

There is nothing such as small obstacle or big obstacle; for every obstacle that unsavorily stops; is equally bellicose and a frigidly skittish mist which wholesomely dissolves with the voice of eternal righteousness,

There is nothing such as small unGodliness or big unGodliness; for every unGodliness that indiscriminately bombards; is equally penurious and a raunchily threadbare rag that rots in the confines of unforgiving imprisonment,

There is nothing such as small delinquency or big delinquency; for every delinquency that fatally victimizes; is equally punishable and a helplessly

squirming maimed insect for the fabric of resplendent mankind,

There is nothing such as small ghost or big ghost; for every ghost that vengefully jinxes; is equally morbid and a meaninglessly wastrel thorn for all echelon of blissful society,

There is nothing such as small lie or big lie; for every lie that savagely extinguishes; is equally lame and a murderous bedlam of lugubrious non-existence,

There is nothing such as small politics or big politics; for every politics that atrociously disintegrates; is equally disdainful and a perilously numbing blackness of mercilessness which never ends,

There is nothing such as small monotony or big monotony; for every monotony that despicably jails; is equally obnoxious and an unimaginable poison that annihilates every iota of freshness in the; ingratiatingly celestial atmosphere,

There is nothing such as small heartlessness or big heartlessness; for every heartlessness that fiendishly decimates; is equally demonic and a stream of stray blood without the tiniest of rudiments or integrity,

And there is nothing such as small death or big death; for every death that barbarously snatches; is equally intolerable and a final adieu to the chapters of Omnipotently sacrosanct life and unconquerably priceless humanity.

19. TALENT WITHOUT DETERMINATION

Talent without impregnable determination was like; the most panoramically enamoring castle on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of formidably unassailable foundation,

Talent without relentless determination was like; the most fragrantly everlasting rose on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest trace of propitiously effervescent bee or exuberant breeze,

Talent without intransigent determination was like; the most enchantingly heavenly landscape on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest impression of celestial grass or inimitably sacrosanct cow,

Talent without unrelenting determination was like; the most unflinchingly intrepid soldier on this Universe all right; but who was without the slightest insinuation of

scintillating sword,

Talent without immutable determination was like; the most voluptuously tantalizing and euphorically reverberating clouds on this Universe all right; but which were without the slightest enlightenment of quintessentially ravishing rain,

Talent without indomitable determination was like; the most poignantly tangy waters on this Universe all right; but which were without the slightest acceptance by the inscrutably majestic sea,

Talent without unparalleled determination was like; the most brilliantly Omnipotent Sun on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest backdrop of fathomlessly exhilarating sky,

Talent without invincible determination was like; the most gigantically towering mountain on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of unconquerably escalating and peerless peak,

Talent without unstoppable determination was like; the most vividly resplendent waterfall on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of ingratiatingly gurgling noise,

Talent without overpowering determination was like; the most exotically princely pearl on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of skin regally adorning its timeless grace,

Talent without passionate determination was like; the most mellifluously ebullient nightingale on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of spellbinding cadence or rhyme,

Talent without handsome determination was like; the most gloriously sagacious literature on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of pragmatically discerning reader,

Talent without unfettered determination was like; the most eclectically fascinating kite on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest background of timeless sky and emollient clouds,

Talent without unceasing determination was like; the most invaluable luminescent clock on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest sense of scrupulously unraveling and precision time,

Talent without unmasked determination was like; the most beautifully iridescent star shimmering on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest entrenchment of sensuously metaphorical night,

Talent without limitless determination was like; the most delectably queenly feet on this Universe all right; but which were without the slightest of resolutely firm ground to holistically tread,

Talent without untamed determination was like; the most irrefutably truthful soul on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of symbiotically symmetric form; body or shape,

Talent without irrevocable determination was like; the most marvelously artistic lung on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of tempestuously tingling breath or indispensable life,

And Talent without resurgent determination was like; the most compassionately thundering heart on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of movement; flicker; immortally romantic beats and optimistic light.

20. MAN OF THE MOMENT

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Unconquerable Mountains; with my silhouette towering unflinchingly handsome; even as the most hedonistically extemporizing dinosaurs; lambasted over me left; right and brutal center,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Brilliant Sun; with the uninhibitedly Omnipotent aura radiating from my demeanor; enlightening the lamp of optimistic hope in every frigidly diminishing household,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Enigmatic Forests; with an unsurpassably euphoric stream of inscrutable excitement; perennially lingering from the whites of my uncannily princely eyes,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Fathomless Cosmos; with the every bit of the celestially spell binding Universe; compassionately titillating and dancing on my pristine fingertips,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Nostalgically Romantic Past; with even the most infinitesimally obsolete cranny of skin rapaciously longing; for the impeccably glorious moments once again; when I was a Godly infant,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Bountifully Burgeoning Paradise; with all that wafting from my immaculately milky persona being nothing else but; the rainbows of everlastingly unfazed success,

I didn't want to lead life as Man of the Effervescently Ticklish Circus; with even the most diminutively nimble bone of my countenance fulminating into an untamed catharsis of impregnably unparalleled laughter,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Redolently Vivacious roses; ubiquitously disseminating the scent of wonderfully egalitarian existence; in every heart and soul alike,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Opalescently Revolutionary Millennium; metamorphosing even the most evanescent coffin of horrendous despair; with my unfathomable ocean of brilliantly stupefying inventions,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Blazingly Glamorous Hollywood; with even the most ethereally disappearing of my shadows; being crazily engulfed by winds of glitterati and intransigently unending cynosure,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Amiably Blissful Stars; indefatigably shimmering into a festoon of gloriously heavenly ecstasy; for hours and centuries galore,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Endlessly Enamoring Dreams; dogmatically unable to do anything; except open the corridors of my brain to inexorably muse; mesmerize and dream,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Jubilantly Undulating Oceans; unfolding every conceivable minute of my lifetime with the sensuously salty waves; of limitlessly ebullient springiness,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Charismatically Priceless Pearls; enrapturing even the most obfuscated ingredient of my impoverished blood; with the miraculous magic of perpetually grandiloquent Opulence,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Timelessly Fascinating Deserts; unequivocally rolling in the glistening sands; like the most invincibly silken prince of all times,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Romantically Imprisoning Winds; timidly

surrendering even the most inconspicuous iota of my existence to the chapters of voluptuous bewilderment and love,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Blisteringly Dynamic Future; profusely using the firmament of space age; to mollify even the most infidel of my bodily urge,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Pragmatically Perspicacious Today; holistically confronting each moment of my symbiotically destined life; as it mystically unfurled,

But rather if given a choice and by the blessings of the Lord Almighty; I would indeed want to lead life as man of the current moment; unlimitedly relishing the puff of air ecstatically tingling my nostrils this very moment; making me feel the richest organism on earth alive; not only for this birth of mine but for every birth of mine that the Creator made me to triumphantly sail.

21. AN INFINITE LIVES; AN INFINITE DEATHS

An infinite playgrounds of exuberantly rhapsodic smiles; An infinite coffins of inexplicably aggrieving tears,

An infinite gorges of unprecedentedly unceasing ecstasy; An infinite mortuaries of remorsefully decrepit sullenness,

An infinite skies of celestially everlasting enchantment; An infinite barren slopes of debasingly slithering and demonic scorpions,

An infinite entrenchments of majestically resplendent accolades; An infinite begging bowls of horrendously ghastly impoverishment and threadbare disdain,

An infinite temples of unconquerably Omnipotent heavenliness; An infinite cadaverously traumatic spirits; marauding ghoulishly into the impeccable soul,

An infinite anecdotes of gorgeously perennial prosperity; An infinite crutches of bizarrely debilitating and acrimoniously disastrous leprosy,

An infinite meadows of tantalizingly tingling freshness; An infinite dungeons uxoriously dumped with pugnacious feces and ominously lackluster indolence,

An infinite valleys of ingeniously royal inventions; An infinite fecklessly frigid and insipidly sedentary stones; lying crumpled beneath the cacophonically groaning

donkey's hide,

An infinite roses of invincibly enamoring scent; An infinite whiplashes of unsavorily brutal dereliction and pathetically subjugating politics,

An infinite castles bounteously overflowing with iridescently mesmerizing cisterns of gold and jubilant silver; An infinite infinitesimal mosquitoes digging their tentacles harder and harder into treacherously rotting shit,

An infinite uninhibitedly fluttering birds impregably ruling the fathomlessly crystal blue skies; An infinite preposterously diminutive ants; being blown into wisps of ethereal oblivion at the slightest innuendo of wind,

An infinite rainbows of profoundly titillating reinvigoration; An infinite prison bars besmirched with vindictively diabolical prejudice and unendingly malicious ennui,

An infinite winds of blisteringly indomitable victories; An infinite disparagingly disappearing and profane shadows of merciless betrayal,

An infinite oceans of opulently milky pearls; An infinite iconoclastically ragged cobblestones leading to the gallows of unsparing extinction,

An infinite venerated cries of the innocuously newborn; An infinite disheveled grey hair; which mightn't sight yet another dawn,

An infinite Lions patriotically marching with Kingly ease through the paradise of insuperable truth; An infinite insects being indiscriminately trampled by the advancing foot; for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

An infinite scriptures of pricelessly worshipped literature; An infinite hutments of gratuitously salacious illiteracy; existing fathomless kilometers beneath the poverty line,

An infinite fortnights of timelessly blessing sensuousness; An infinite carcasses of ludicrously sordid infertility; inconsolably weeping all the time,

An infinite heavens of ingratiatingly astounding proliferation; An infinite Hell's where only torturously cold-blooded barbarism reigned hedonistically supreme,

An infinite exotically propitious replenishments; An infinite tumultuously torrid deserts of limitlessly sub-servient thirst,

And an infinite unassailably euphoric lives; An infinite despairingly violent and deliriously cruel deaths,

Is what every ingredient of my blood ardently wanted to experience; for the spirit of Immortally unshakable and wonderfully mystical; poetry; poetry and Omnipresently magical Love Poetry.

22. IF THE CLOUDS SHOWERED GOLD INSTEAD OF RAIN

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; the minutest trace of poverty would be annihilated from earth,

The indigent beggars on the street would catapult in sheer ecstasy; stashing as much of coin as they ever dreamt of; in their ragamuffin bags.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; marriages round the globe would occur in chambers of impeccable silk,

With the bride extravagantly embellished in silken cloth; and the bridegroom completely bereft of the onerous tension to earn.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; the commoner would traverse on glistening roads of molded yellow,

The thieves would forget to pilfer; and the Mafia would forget to maraud; as they were now blessed with opulence right from the colossal sky.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; man would incorporate his house with gigantic slabs of the same,

Articulately sculpturing his plates of the gold; ravenously consuming his food from it; profoundly lost in the scintillating glitter.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; people would be saved from the tyranny of monotonous work,

Transit from realms of despondency to one replete with ebullience; easily perishing the desire to perspire and slog.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; clusters of birds would utilize gold in place of threadbare twigs to construct their nests,

The armory of their eggs would hatch in an ambience of ostentatious gold; blended with profuse opulence.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; abhorrent termites would tenaciously gnaw in their deadly pincers,

They would be treated to a ravishing meal of currency coin for a change; were

absolutely delighted; after being used to painstakingly nibbling decayed wood.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; severely afflicted patients would leave their disdainful hospital beds,
Run out rampantly on the streets refraining to rue their pain; spreading out their febrile palms to clasp the gold.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; the fighter pilots flying at unprecedented heights in the sky would forget to fire a fleet of hostile grenade,
They would be too busy to concentrate on the pugnacious war; open the door of the cockpit to get hold of the gold.

If the clouds showered gold instead of rain; every individual would feel overwhelmingly blessed initially; with the rigmarole and turmoil to work completely diminishing,
However the plants sprouting from soil would die a gruesome death; the animal kingdom would fatally relinquish breath;

And the most treasured species of man would disastrously succumb without crystal water; which was now replaced by gold in all forms and traces,
Therefore it is my humble plea to you O! Divine creator; to shower upon the earth bountiful rain; wherein lies impregnated abundantly; the true spirit and the true gold.

23. ONLY THOSE - PART 2

Only those who are perpetually blind; having their lives camouflaged in gruesome darkness,
Can wholesomely realize the value of having pellucid eyes; the gift of mesmerizing sight.

Only those who are maimed; having their feet encapsulated in stirrups of solid steel,
Can perceive the beauty of strong legs; the ensemble of delectably tiny toes treading on fresh chunks of earth.

Only those who are stone deaf; being oblivious to presence of the minutest of noise,
Can cognize the importance of drifting voices; the blissful frequency of melodious sound.

Only those who are dumb; finding it virtually impossible to give substance to

words,

Can conceive the crispness of conversation; the splendor of clear speech.

Only those who are embodied with disdainful boils; tyrannizing disease rendering them as hapless lepers,

Can envisage the grandeur of immaculate skin; the resplendent complexion sparkling profoundly under the sun.

Only those shivering in bizarre cold on the snow clad slopes; infinite strands of hair projecting in tandem on their skins,

Can comprehend the heat generated by crackling fires; the warmth imparted in the interiors of dwellings.

Only those who are bald; without the most minuscule trace of follicles on their barren scalps,

Can appreciate thick curls of entwined hair; the way they sometimes cascaded down in languid harmony.

Only those who are orphaned; being brutally kicked by the uncouth society at all quarters,

Can apprehend the compassion emanating from the mother's lap; her unblemished palms putting the exhausted soul to immortal sleep.

Only those who are in intense affliction; being circumvented with inexplicable misery and pain,

Can grasp the meaning of existing in conjunction with nature; the invincibly appearing smile.

And only those who are deprived of sharing; left unattended without the slightest essence of care,

Can overwhelmingly blend with the spirit of true love; understand in entirety what it takes to fulfill it; lead life perennially with the same.

24. WHERE ON EARTH CAN I FIND

Where on earth can I find a lotus flower; without the slightest of redolence,

Where on earth can I find an olive green coconut; without sweet kernel water,

Where on earth can I find an ocean; without majestically swirling waves of saline solvent,

Where on earth can I find a fleet of fat sheep; without infinite tufts of flocculent wool,

Where on earth can I find a royal horse gallivanting through the fields; without triangular shaped copper hooves,

Where on earth can I find a hooded reptile slithering through the dense forest; without lethal embodiments of poison,

Where on earth can I find a bundle of immaculate cotton; without profuse traces of softness,

Where on earth can I find an iridescent diamond; without a profoundly scintillating shine,

Where on earth can I find a stick of green chili; without a tangy and piquant flavor,

Where on earth can I find an infant; without obstreperously emanating cries,

Where on earth can I find granules of pulverized sugar; without traces of lingering sweetness,

Where on earth can I find a bird soaring high in the silken clouds; without tapered pairs of wings,

Where on earth can I find an innocuous squirrel; without a long and bushy tail,

Where on earth can I find a fulminating volcano; without producing tumultuous amounts of heat,

Where on earth can I find a mammoth elephant; without flamboyant protrusions of wild tusks,

Where on earth can I find a rainbow in the firmament of sky; without vivacious streaks of vivid color,

Where on earth can I find an animate soul transgressing; without inhaling gallons of fresh air,

Where on earth can I find a mother; without empathy for her newly born child,

Where on earth can I find god; without a philanthropic disposition towards his disciples,

And where on earth can I find a family; which hasn't experienced the slightest of affliction; a family whose every single ancestor is yet breathing and alive?

25. BEAUTY NEEDS TO BE APPRECIATED

The Sun in the cosmos itself doesn't know the omnipotence in its shine; the blazing yellow circumventing its persona,
Its only when we profoundly admire its tenacity; the blistering heat it imparts to fumigate pallid earth; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The crimson colored rose itself doesn't know the mesmerizing odor it emanates; the voluptuous complexion profusely embedded in its core,
Its only when we cherish its enchanting fragrance; the stupendous sight it portrays when sighted at evanescent dawn; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The star twinkling amidst naked patches of sky itself doesn't know its shine; the radiance that envelops its incongruous silhouette,
Its only when we applaud it for its resplendence; the illumination it provides in the chilly night; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The boundless ocean itself doesn't know about its infinite size; the unfathomable depth it incorporates in its belly,
Its only when we exuberantly praise its swirling waves; ravishing froth striking the shores; scores of glistening white sharks swimming; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The opalescent butterfly itself doesn't know about its multicolored wings; the swishing tentacles extruding from beneath its eyes,
Its only when we acclaim it for its nimble footed flight in the air; the delectable draughts of wind it engenders while flying; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The vivacious reptile itself doesn't know about its hiss; the mystically slithering body it possesses,
Its only when we laud it for its tantalizingly shimmering skin; the remarkably transparent eyes; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The obdurate shell of coconut itself doesn't know about its stone shell; the

incredulous heights it projects from on the tall tree,
Its only when we value it for its appetizing juice; the immaculate and sumptuous
pulp incarcerated in its walls; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

The slime-coated oyster itself doesn't know about its wealth; the loose ferns
agglutinated to its visage,
Its only when we treasure it for its scintillating pearls; the rejuvenating salty
water which ejects when we slice its body; does it come to realize that it is
indeed beautiful.

The newly born infant itself doesn't know about its innocuous heart; the tiny legs
that caress its mother,
Its only when we clap at it for mustering courage to walk; the frivolous smiles it
does when tickled; does it come to realize that it is indeed beautiful.

Beauty is a virtue embodied in all of us transgressing through the surface of this
earth; it is a blessing we are all born with,
All though we remain indiscreetly oblivious to it; as we don't admire it,
Beauty is too precious to be neglected; too sacrosanct to be ignominiously
condemned; beauty needs to be appreciated.

26. THE TRUE SPIRIT OF LIFE

In order to bring out the true essence of rose; you need to place it in strong
currents of misty breeze,

In order to bring out the true sparkle of diamond; you need to scrub it vigorously
with a coarse chunk of cloth,

In order to bring out the true flavor of milk; you need to tenaciously extract the
same from the sacrosanct demeanor of mother cow,

In order to bring out the true softness of scalp hair; you need to meticulously
entangle the disdainful clusters; swish the hair brush animatedly all over,

In order to bring out the true aroma of swirling waves; you need to make them
collide with the mammoth conglomerate of shining rocks,

In order to bring out the true color of the sky; you need to inundate it with
dazzling beams of sunlight,

In order to bring out the true taste of succulent apple; you need to masticate the

same with overwhelming ardor,

In order to bring out the true strength of cement; you need to sprinkle it with small pints of water everyday; granting it fortification with every hour unleashing,

In order to bring out the true heat of sands; you need to let them sizzle in hostile light rays of the afternoon,

In order to bring out the true complexion of the chameleon; you need to let it philander freely in constantly changing surroundings,

In order to bring out the true size of the preposterously huge whale; you need to place it in a pond replete with small fish,

In order to bring out the true transparency of mirror, you need to sight your reflection in the same; at an hour past unearthly midnight,

In order to bring out the true scent of nondescript mud; you need flood the same with infinite globules of fresh rainwater,

In order to bring out the true voice of the nightingale; you need to provide it with a perpetually still ambience to sing its melodious tunes,

In order to bring out the true smile of a child; you need to hoist it high in the air; kiss and tickle it voraciously in its ribs,

In order to bring out the true speed of the panther; you need to entice him with a flock of nimble footed deer galloping through the forest,

In order to bring out the true belligerence of a soldier; you need to place him against his adversary; on the merciless battlefield,

In order to bring out the true fervor of love; you need to stand by your beloved till times immemorial,

And in order to bring out the true spirit of life; you need to plunge into the sea of vivacious adventure; confront a plethora of acerbic barricades; and yet come out of it all guns blazing.

27. IN MY DREAMS

In my dreams I climbed mount Everest barefoot; reaching the summit within flash seconds of time,
While in real life my feet trembled in the snow; and I relinquished the expedition midway; safely returning home.

In my dreams I pulverized unbaked bricks into infinite splinters; with the mere caress of my hands,
While in real life the conglomerate of bones in my hands developed a factory of crack; after I succeeded doing the same; taking intervals to inhale long breaths.

In my dreams I stood clad in threadbare attire; in bold confrontation with the striped panther; trying to subdue his thunderous growl,
While in real life I clambered up the nearby tree at electric speeds; in order to save my skin getting ruthlessly stripped by the beast.

In my dreams I philandered with the most beautiful women on earth; profoundly admiring their charisma; lured by their mystical grace and charm,
While In real life I refrained from doing so; due to sheer terror of my domineering spouse.

In my dreams I ate the most sumptuous of meals; drank stupendously ravishing grape vine,
While in real life I had to remain contented with minuscule fillings of rice blended with curd; with the occasional chunk of raspberry bread.

In my dreams I basked in the sunshine on the roof of the glistening palace; feasting my eyes on the panoramic view of the blueberry hills; with a fleet of professionals massaging my silhouette,
While in real life I got up with aching bones from my indigenous cot; took the acrimonious rays of sun directly in my hazel eyes.

In my dreams I envisaged myself as an enchanting singer; alluring scores of crowd by the mesmerizing melody in my voice,
While in real life the ones in vicinity abhorrently closed their ears; unable to bear the tyranny of my hoarse and masculine sound.

In my dreams I saw blank checks strewn in bountiful abundance around my demeanor; waiting ardently for my signature and the amount I wished to withdraw,
While in real life I slogged like a bull all sweltering day; didn't have the capacity of handling the parchment; let alone signing one.

In my dreams I perceived white water streams gushing past my entrance gate;
diffusing their spray with poignant alacrity on my face,
While in real life I had the fetid gutter flowing rampantly past my doorsteps; with
an irascible odor wafting; which made me unrelentingly sneeze.

In my dreams I watched enticing films on grandiloquent screens studded with
articulate diamonds; whose scintillating glare was a trifle difficult for my eyes to
absorb,
While in real life there lay a dilapidated television beside my bed; displaying
pictures in spiceless black and white; intentionally distorting the intricate images.

In my dreams I saw ostentatious cars lined up my porch; with the drivers seat
made of satin sponge,
While in real life all I had was a bicycle with an aboriginal bell; and the capricious
brakes failing I needed them the most.

In my dreams I saw angels from the sky cajoling me; cuddling me in the ribs;
reciting historic fables of love and beautiful splendor,
While in real life I had the ominous eyes of my employer staring down at me
menacingly; expecting ingenious policies that would change the complexion of
his bedraggled business.

In my dreams I incessantly fantasized spending marathon hours with the girl I
loved drowning inexorably into the ocean of her immaculate love,
While in real life there were a mountain of barricades which separated us;
prevented us from fulfilling our desires.

Therefore it is my humble plea to you O! Divine Creator; to sequester me from
acerbic realities of mundane life,
Let me voraciously romanticize; let me be in the colossal kingdom of my dreams.

28. IT WAS PERFECTLY NORMAL

It was perfectly normal to burst into pools of uninhibited laughter; after
witnessing a garishly painted clown,

It was perfectly normal to hysterically sob; at the death of someone you
vehemently revered,

It was perfectly normal to trip head-on on your nose; after walking through a
puddle of slushy grease,

It was perfectly normal to tenaciously scratch your scalp; when snow white beads of dandruff camouflaged them in entirety,

It was perfectly normal to purse your lips profusely; after swallowing a sumptuously appetizing meal,

It was perfectly normal to thunderously sneeze; when disdainful granules of incongruous dust entered your nose,

It was perfectly normal to shiver; when you stood bare chested in freezing currents of bizarre winter,

It was perfectly normal to collapse in a bedraggled heap; when you carried a mountain of mud on your slender shoulder,

It was perfectly normal to blush like a scarlet complexioned rose; when you were caught red-handed trying to blatantly flirt with a girl,

It was perfectly normal to pound your fists in raw indignation; when you were encompassed from all sides with unfathomable frustration,

It was perfectly normal to perspire; when you worked arduously under sizzling rays of the Sun,

It was perfectly normal to yawn; when your lids felt overwhelmingly heavy; your body felt drowned in waves of exhaustion,

It was perfectly normal to be insatiably greedy; when you prevailed in an ambience besieged with unprecedented poverty,

It was perfectly normal to experience tingling sensations; after you lazily philandered amidst stalks of nimble grass,

It was perfectly normal to use a volley of harsh expletives; after you were provoked to the threshold limits of tolerance,

It was perfectly normal to scowl animatedly at the class teacher; when she bored you for hours; reciting notes of century old history,

It was perfectly normal to innocuously hiccup; when you swallowed your meals at lightening speeds,

It was perfectly normal to feel stabbed by tremors of lust; when you were in the vicinity of stupendous beauty,

It was perfectly normal to scream in the middle of night; when your dwelling was struck by the vicious onslaught of an earthquake,

And It was perfectly normal to commit a plethora of blunders and errors in the course of your life as a human being; as long as you existed in blissful synergy with nature; wholesomely revered the God who created you; ardently adored the Mother who gave you birth; fervently loved the girl who made you feel you were living and breathing alive.

29. ONLY AFTER

Bathing in an chilled ocean of champagne; consuming small sips of the same with stupendous relish,

Climbing the peak of the snow clad alps; feasting the panoramic view of the gorgeous valley,

Driving flamboyant cars at whirlwind speeds; wildly careening through the colossal expanse of the highway,

Impulsively sketching intricate shapes of brave stalwarts; portraying their charisma to the mundane world,

Tenaciously biting into obdurate chunks of farm apple; reducing the succulent fruit to pulp,

Voraciously rolling in a slurry of wet mud; getting intensely tickled by the poignant aroma,

Riding on bare camelback through the arid regions of the desert; profoundly enjoying the golden sands,

Scrubbing my entire silhouette with an extract of piquant green chili; breathing fumes of boiling gas from my nose,

Embellishing my spouse with the most exquisite of jewelry; inundating her parted hair with crimson vermilion,

Gyrating to blasting music diffusing from the discotheque; swirling uninhibitedly

till wee hours of evanescent dawn,

Decoding the most baffling of enigmas; innovating a plethora of contrivances to assist the commoner,

Soaring high in the air strapped tightly to an inflated balloon; whistling in unison with the passing birds,

Swimming onerously against the high rising waves; swallowing pinches of frothy water in my famished mouth,

Staring unrelentingly at the sapphire sky; trying to unveil the vagaries of life in the twinkling stars,

Roasting a battalion of sumptuous fish on hot embers of coal; chewing the same scrupulously entangling the pointed bones,

Languishing sedately on a mattress of pure silk; bouncing sporadically on the flocculent cotton,

Perspiring like a pig under the sweltering heat of Sun God; bustling robustly in the fervor of youth,

Gallivanting on the streets casually attired; passing chivalrous smiles to all I encountered,

Amalgamating torn pieces of rags; meticulously with the metallic bodkin,

Molding threadbare lumps of greasy wax; into a grandiloquent statue,

Garrulously conversing the entire day with innocuous children; reminiscing my childhood days,

Pinching swollen paper bags with my nail; thereby producing obstreperous bangs,

Polishing the enamel of my teeth incessantly with rustic sticks of tree bark; granting them a perpetual sparkle,

Embossing infinite lines of calligraphy on bonded paper; transforming its pallid persona into one embedded with literary compositions,

Inscribing her name on my chest with a switchblade; imprisoning her close to my heart,

Philandering across umpteenth places of the globe; absorbing the enchanting mysticism of natural forest,

Serving humanity with all my might; extending my services to all those deprived of indispensable vision,

Yes this is no kidding; the above mentioned blended with bountiful more,

Only after which I would like to relinquish breath; and leave for my heavenly abode.

30. GRILLS

When I riveted a grill of pure gold across my window; the burglars stared unrelentingly; thinking I was overwhelmingly rich,
They whispered in inaudible tones about the wealth; they envisaged was stored inside,
Delicately chiseled the grill with their axe; and dexterously pilfered all they could lay their hands on.

When I put a grill of silver bars across my window; the mouths of the burglars slavered at witnessing the gleam,
They abandoned their other plans of robbery; intensely concentrating on my house,
Imagining the wonderful goods inside; and indiscriminately barged in snapping the grill.

When I embedded a grill of immaculate ivory across my window; the burglars had a hard time stifling their startled gasps,
They admired the rustic charm I had incorporated in an innocuous window; contemplating my real wealth,
Atrociously smashed the same with their bludgeons; to savor the taste of my hidden resources.

When I stuck a grill of scintillating and pellucid mirror across my window; the burglars were busy gazing at their reflections,
Thoroughly mesmerized by the transparent grill; the richness that lay blended in the sparkling glass,
Smashed the same into splinters using hard stone; gaining easy access into

my chamber of dreams.

When I used a grill of fragrant rosewood across my window; the burglars got insatiably tickled by the aroma,
They didn't feel like budging an inch; drowned in the celestial aroma,
Later broke the same using slender sticks of explosives; intruded upon the privacy of my nocturnal bedroom.

When I fixed a grill of barbed wire charged with electric current across my window; the burglars were simply intrigued by the contrivance,
They perceived me to me astoundingly clever; pondered profoundly on annihilating my automatic device,
Did the same with clinical precision; abhorrently transgressing through my solitary dwelling.

It then when I decided to have no grill at all; kept the colossal space of window absolutely bare to peep,
The burglars passing didn't even notice; dismissing all thoughts of me possessing the slightest of affluence; ridiculing my threadbare disposition,
They had other houses to sabotage on their list; it was the first time they spared me from possible harm,
And I snored blissfully all night; laughing in my dreams and saying; to stay without a grill is far better than having one.

31. AFTER A GOOD NIGHTS SLEEP

My eyes felt overwhelmingly revitalized; with their focus seeming to be crystal clear,

The network of bones in my body seemed to be well oiled; with that extra ounce of energy incarcerated,

The breath flowing through my nostrils was holistically pure; without the slightest trace of impurity,

Sweat glands under my arms had started producing fresh perspiration,

The mass of curly hair on my palms had stood up alert; with pungent alacrity,

There seemed to be melodious sounds congruously humming in my eardrum; as an aftermath of nocturnal dream,

Scarlet blood circulating through my veins had acquired a lighter tinge; and now flowed with pumped exuberance,

Dried crusts of dirt lined my eyelashes; which I wiped off ecstatically with my nail,

A serene calm now besieged my stomach; after onerous turmoil of the previous day,

Languid yawns now occurred; impregnating my demeanor with robust spurts of exhilaration,

The flesh circumventing my chest glistened all the more profoundly in golden rays of the sun,

New buds of taste had sprouted in clusters on my tongue; producing tantalizing sensations in my mouth,

The fortress of my teeth seemed to be fortified and strong enough; to masticate the hardest of coconut shell,

There was a perfect co-ordination between the mind and brain; a perpetual harmony which harnessed constructive thought flow,

Bouts of intense infuriation had dwindled substantially, replaced by the tendency to gently caress the grass and care,

The clouds had never seemed so blue before; and the Sun had never seemed as dazzling as I could spot it now,

There was passion to work; gleeful run and perspire profusely in the heat,

My voice reverberated loud and stringently from my throat; blended with a perfect crispness to project authority,

All the laziness now seemed to have vanished into thin oblivion; with the last trace of dreariness thoroughly annihilated,

Mind you there was no mystery behind this; I had slept like a hooded monster last night; with thunderous snores piercing the stillness of air,

And as the first rays of dawn hit my eyes; I possessed unprecedented strength to fulfill my duties; love with reinvigorated vigor the ones I ardently admired.

32. IN THE EYES OF HATRED

In the conglomerate of sinister clouds; there lay hidden twinkling stars,
Which emitted brilliant ramifications as the sky cleared; mystically illuminating
the atmosphere.

In the dense clusters of green leaves; there lay hidden the incongruously
sculptured branch,
Which was thoroughly elastic with succulent juice oozing; and provided adequate
nutrition to the leaves.

In colossal slopes of the treacherous mountain terrain; there lay hidden infinite
tunnels; sequestered from acerbic rays of the Sun,
In which resided scores of innocuous rabbit; as well as a fleet of wailing wolf.

In the hostile fangs of poisonous reptile; there lay hidden a hissing sound,
Which permeated the ambience with waves of enchantment; indispensably
captivating the attention of all animals in vicinity.

In the blistering rays of flaming Sun; there lay hidden resplendent tinges of rich
gold,
Which depicted its natural splendor; the mesmerizing spell that it had cast for
centuries unprecedented on this earth.

In the ocean of sizzling lava strewn rampantly circumventing the volcano; there
lay hidden crimson colored fumes,
Which painstakingly arose in the air; eventually blending with the firmament of
sky.

In the diabolical silhouette of wild elephant; there lay hidden twin pairs of
gleaming tusks,
Which bore their way vehemently through the jungle outgrowths; portraying
their magnanimous glory to all.

In every rivulet of the intensely polluted stream; there lay hidden sweet mineral
water,
If only it was scrupulously recycled; stringently annihilating disdainful impurities
impregnated in its persona.

In the body of every little child wandering on this earth; there lay hidden the

Omniscient God,
As immaculate as virgin milk dribbling from cow teats; with the entire universe distinctly visible in the impeccable mouth.

And in the eyes of overwhelming hatred; there lay hidden dormant traces of perpetual love,
Which was ready to yield; the moment you caressed and tickled it with loads of empathy blended with profound care.

33. CONTROL IT

Control it; or prepare to loose all your sense of overwhelmingly sagacious prudence,

Control it; or prepare to blend like a piece of frigid chalk in profoundly bedraggled soil,

Control it; or prepare to slacken your invincible stranglehold on the periphery of precious life,

Control it; or prepare to swoon down inevitably towards the ground; as the heat was no longer conducive for your nerves to bear,

Control it; or prepare to uncouthly erase the ocean of blissfully nostalgic memories forever from your intricate mind,

Control it; or prepare to plunge down into the fathomless deep valley; after successfully clambering up the astronomically gigantic summit,

Control it; or prepare to punctuate gaping holes; in your impeccably synchronized plan of unconquerable triumph,

Control it; or prepare to embarrassingly slip on a road embedded profusely with obdurate spikes,

Control it; or prepare to let the indiscriminate flames of blistering Sun; char you to infinitesimal fragments of insipid ash,

Control it; or prepare to accept pathetically crippling defeat; when unprecedented triumph was just a hair away,

Control it; or prepare to plummet below the diabolical dungeons; for the ultimate

spin of your life,

Control it; or prepare to have blissful entities traversing down the streets turn for your blood; like an untamed pack of parasites,

Control it; or prepare to start counting backwards all over once again; after reaching the colossally unfathomable numeral of infinity,

Control it; or prepare to succumb like a mountain of ice; in front of salacious lechery and blatantly stinking lies,

Control it; or prepare to wander in diminutive wisps of obsolete oblivion; after the planet had discarded you like a piece of shit,

Control it; or prepare to become an impoverished victim of your own idiosyncrasies; trembling uncontrollably on the abysmally heinous crocodile,

Control it; or prepare to get mercilessly entangled into the most treacherously complicated web; in which ironically there was no grizzly haired spider,

Control it; or prepare to take the perilous onslaught of the hideously menacing devil on your lungs; pulverizing them to worthless sand under its satanic might,

Control it; or prepare to relinquish the love that mattered the most to you; in your destined quota of life,

And control your anger; or prepare to perpetually imprison yourself infinite feet beneath your grave; even when you were still breathing and more exuberant than when God had given you new life.

34. NOT A PENNY MORE; NOT A PENNY LESS.

Not an insouciant penny more via sleazily decrepit manipulation; and not even a priceless penny less; because of the most brutally slandering demons; heartlessly maiming every ounce of my inimitable innocence,

Not a worthless penny more via baselessly bawdy lies; and not even a redolent penny less; because of the most chauvinistically marauding demons; vindictively plundering my virginity till beyond the realms of infinite infinity,

Not a lackadaisical penny more via treacherously demeaning politics; and not even an insuperable penny less; because of the most tyrannically flagrant

demons; mercilessly numbing each of my senses till beyond the most bizarre realms of imagination,

Not an impoverished penny more via salaciously murderous corruption; and not even a scintillating penny less; because of the most truculently emotionless demons; crucifying me to the coffins of hell; in my robustly bountiful prime,

Not an ethereal penny more via ominously senseless pretension; and not even an invincible penny less; because of the most preposterously fetid demons; indefatigably drowning me to the rock bottom of morbid nothingness; just in order to retain their spurious stranglehold of mother earth,

Not a sanctimonious penny more via abhorrently impeaching prejudice; and not even a glowing penny less; because of the most hideously imbecile demons; unrelentingly perpetuating their cadaverously non-existent spirits; into my impeccable soul,

Not an invisible penny more via deplorably hedonistic crime; and not even a wondrous penny less; because of the most venomously unsparing demons; incessantly sucking the last droplet of blood from my veins; to nonsensically try and reign supreme for times immemorial,

Not a fugitive penny more via uncontrollably ghastly war; and not even a jubilant penny less; because of the most egocentrically wanton demons; inexorably wasting every single moment of my eclectic existence,

Not an oblivious penny more via sacrilegiously bemoaning parasitism; and not even a victorious penny less; because of the most ignominiously sinful demons; trampling every iota of my divinely virginity; under their claws of unforgiving remorse,

Not an evanescent penny more via cannibalistically greedy deliriousness; and not even an effulgent penny less; because of the most worthlessly roaring demons; intransigently chasing me; till both my feet sank a countless feet beneath dead soil,

Not a penurious penny more via horrifically inconsolable orphaning; and not even a handsome penny less; because of the most tempestuously fickle-minded demons; barbarously strangulating every sound of mellifluous truth in my throat,

Not a lackluster penny more via indescribably licentious prostitution; and not

even a majestic penny less; because of the most garrulously wailing demons; indiscriminately vying for the top compartments of my scalp; ever unfurling instant of my destined life,

Not a subjugated penny more via derogatorily desecrating nakedness; and not even a poignant penny less; because of the most rambunctiously disoriented demons; maiming my hands and feet; to make me beg on the sordidly discordant streets,

Not an indifferent penny more via intolerably assassinating racism; and not even a compassionate penny less; because of the most maniacally lambasting demons; horrendously crippling every insinuation of enchanting fantasy; even before it could have arisen in my brain,

Not a disappearing penny more via incomprehensibly despicable force; and not even an effervescent penny less; because of the most relentlessly sinister demons; ruthlessly disassociating every tangible part of my skull; from my blissfully blessed shoulders,

Not an absconding penny more via forlornly valueless magic; and not even an incredulous penny less; because of the most wretchedly cursed demons; embodying their melancholically jinxed name upon my naked chest; forever and ever and ever,

Not a deteriorating penny more via dingily shriveled nightmares; and not even an artistic penny less; because of the most torturously unsparing demons; keeping me unstoppably trembling; at the cold-bloodedly gleaming gunpoint,

Not a dilettante penny more via lecherously pulverizing death; and not even an undefeated penny less; because of the most shamelessly trouncing demons; murderously excoriating through the fabric of my harmonious lungs; with their jaws of profusely blood-soaked malice,

O! Yes; as all what I'd ever wanted or desired; was only what I truly deserved; was what I was truly destined for on this fathomless earth; was what I truly earned in my path towards unassailably spell-binding truth; was what I could truly and perennially proclaim as my bit of space on this planet divine; was what I truly and unconquerably defined as my share of happiness in the chapters of ever-pervading life; not a penny more than that; not a penny less than that; O! Omnipotent Almighty Lord.

35. INIMITABLY INFALLIBLE FANTASY

Not even the most panoramically exuberant of waterfalls; which perennially culminated into the most invincible heavens of triumphant freshness,

Not even the most spell bindingly pristine of meadows; which miraculously ameliorated even the most deliriously thwarted of senses; with their inimitably unparalleled festoon of golden dewdrops,

Not even the most vivaciously undulating of seas; which interminably evolved into an infinite entrenchments of virgin white froth; unabashedly kissing the shores every now and again like an unabashedly glorious seductress,

Not even the most inscrutably enthralling of forests; which timelessly enamored even the most lugubriously morose elements of the atmosphere; with the spirit of everlastingly reviving nature,

Not even the most tantalizingly nubile vixens; who inevitably perpetuated even the most obsolete cranny of the impoverished flesh; to tower till the highest territories of fathomless sky,

Not even the most uninhibitedly enchanting globules of rain; which instantaneously metamorphosed every trace of forlornly wanton exhaustion; into a cloudburst of magnificently untamed exultation,

Not even the most boundless treasuries of glittering wealth; which virtually possessed the power to buy every ounce of unassailable luxury; on this effulgently ecstatic planet,

Not even the most victoriously flaming rays of the undefeated Sun; which unstoppably transformed every bit of inexplicably cadaverous depression; into an unshakably kingly rainbow of eternal smiles,

Not even the most fearlessly unflinching roar of the lion; which was the absolute epitome of priceless supremacy; in the ravishingly unfettered outgrowths of iridescently soul searching wilderness,

Not even the most magically mellifluous granaries of unconquerable nectar; which limitlessly bonded organisms of every caste; creed; color and kind; into the religion of unbreakably humanitarian sweetness,

Not even the most peerlessly virile lap of the blessedly indomitable soil; which perpetually fructified into the fruits of naturally robust goodness; and ensured

that the mantra of effervescent life forever palpitated,

Not even the most innocuously milky beams of the moon; which redefined even the most haplessly devastating and vindictive blackness; as the profoundly bewitching moonlight midnight,

Not even the most vividly ebullient of rainbows; which tirelessly spawned into an undaunted new civilization of gaiety and charm every unfurling instant; far and a fathomless kilometers away from the prejudices of vituperatively criminal mankind,

Not even the most poignantly intrepid of winds; which forever ensured that there never ever could exist even the most evanescent speck of monotony; which forever made you feel that you were just freshly born,

Not even the most Omniscient mother's milk; which granted every penurious bone of yours; the insurmountable tenacity to victoriously stand up to the most hideously plundering devils,

Not even the most candidly transparent of mirrors; which unhesitatingly revealed the most innermost quarter of your pugnaciously parched soul; gorgeously mitigating you of every trace of your cursed misery,

Not even the most unlimitedly ubiquitous of compassion; which befriended you so majestically in your times of pernicious distress; that you felt yourself as the most blessed organism alive,

Not even the most fierily unadulterated puff of breath; which so regally reinvigorated even the most invisibly deteriorating of your senses; to holistically perceive beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

For if there's anything at all that can forever and ever and ever liberate a true man; then it is none else than his beautifully unbridled and passionately burgeoning ocean of; inimitably infallible fantasy.

36. FINDING HEAVEN ON EARTH- IN THE PROSTITUTE'S FORM

Tell me. Does the Omnipotent Sun in anyways; blaze through her impoverished dwelling an iota less; than it unrelentingly streams in through the bricks of your sanctimoniously incarcerated castle?

Tell me. Do the poignantly royal roses in anyways; waft their mesmerizing

redolence through her dingy dwelling an iota less; than they unremittingly enlighten every conceivable morbid space in your chauvinistically victimizing castle?

Tell me. Does the iridescently milky moonlight in anyways; majestically enamor her shattered dwelling an iota less; than it celestially sweeps across the ostentatiously emotionless chimneys of your sonorously prejudiced castle?

Tell me. Do the nightingales in anyways; ecstatically sing the songs of victory around her inconspicuous dwelling an iota less; than they perennially murmur the hymns of mellifluous freedom in the brutally ensnared gardens of your fetidly dictatorial castle?

Tell me. Do the untamed forests in anyways; cast their spells of unconquerable mysticism on her match-boxed dwelling an iota less; than they timelessly and inscrutably whisper upon the caged boundaries of your atrociously sadistic castle?

Tell me. Do the boundless oceans in anyways; perpetuate their rhapsodic tanginess upon her dingy dwelling an iota less; than they uninhibitedly grant new definitions of unbridled liberation to your sacrilegiously damned castle?

Tell me. Does the victoriously unabashed breeze in anyways; magnificently cool her truncated dwelling an iota less; than it undauntedly soothes every despairingly frazzled nerve within the realms of your acrimoniously perverted castle?

Tell me. Does the euphorically torrential rain in anyways; timelessly fertilize her penurious dwelling an iota less; than it thunderously sweeps every ounce of cadaverous fretfulness from each adulterated whisker of your demonically chained castle?

Tell me. Do the first beams of optimistically unfettered dawn in anyways; ebulliently caress her measly dwelling an iota less; than they bestow fresh rays of priceless hope to every callously blackened cranny of your heartlessly wanton castle?

Tell me. Do the limitlessly fantasizing clouds of heaven in anyways; voluptuously enshroud her restricted dwelling an iota less; than they transcend over every bit of tyrannically diabolical monotony in your ominously worthless castle?

Tell me. Do the seeds of a blissfully futuristic tomorrow in anyways;

compassionately blossom in front of her mercurial dwelling an iota less; than they brilliantly transform every ounce of impotence into invincible fertility; in your uncouthly monotonous castle?

Tell me. Do the iridescent stars in any ways; triumphantly twinkle upon her miserly dwelling an iota less; than they brilliantly illuminate every torturously slandering night in your cold-bloodedly devilish castle?

Tell me. Does the sky of impregnable truth in any ways; unassailably bestow its essence of mellifluous sweetness upon her evanescent dwelling an iota less; than it perennially metamorphoses every whisker of debauchery in your raunchy castle; into an undefeated paradise of righteousness?

Tell me. Does the chapter of eternally blessing procreation in any ways; insuperably enter her stingy dwelling an iota less; than it unceasingly abounds and sacredly inhabits every single living being in your fecklessly cavalier castle?

Tell me. Does the lap of divinely mother nature in any ways; tirelessly shower its spectacularly robust fruits upon her naked dwelling an iota less; than it royally replenishes even the tiniest desire of all those residing; in your ornately subjugated castle?

Tell me. Do the steps of the Omnipresent Temple in any ways; perpetually shower their philanthropically unbiased blessings upon her bourgeoisie dwelling an iota less; than they forever remain potently present in your claustrophobically robotic castle?

Tell me. Does the Universe of unendingly titillating life in any ways; handsomely proliferate in her side-lined dwelling an iota less; than it inevitably replaces every element of deadened injustice; in your lifelessly bigoted castle?

Tell me. Does the heartbeat of immortal love in any ways; perennially fructify in her ethereal dwelling an iota less; than it indefatigably celebrates the true fervor of inimitably unparalleled existence; in your despicably anarchist castle?

So if God and his Omnipresent Nature didn't differentiate the slightest; then tell me you inconsiderately venomous man; who hell were you to consider the sensuously nubile prostitute; a horridly sinful untouchable; who the hell were you to consider the tirelessly bewitching prostitute a deplorably live carrier of disease; devastation; unpardonable betrayal; devilish licentiousness and hopelessly silencing death,

Amazingly and specially even after you surreptitiously fathered countless more of your own kind; via that same unshakably ravishing prostitute form; finding the most gloriously victorious of heavens right here on planet earth and in the tantalizing recesses of her bosom divine.

37. PERPETUALLY AND EXTRAORDINARILY SPICY

Neither too smiling; culminating into the most indefatigably relentless of chortles every unfurling instant; and that too without the slightest reason or rhyme,

Neither too victorious; forever and ever and ever wanting the flag of unfettered triumph; to hoist high and handsome towards the sky; whilst not realizing that each human has his/her own egregiously defeated day,

Neither too fragrant; surreptitiously cloistering every ounce of haplessly despairing stench; which needed immediate and inevitable attention; for the amelioration from treacherous confinement,

Neither too strong; incessantly trying to win every bit of barren space on this fathomlessly enchanting earth; with the radiations of brawn and brain; instead of royally stirring the chords of the compassionate chest,

Neither too colorful; profusely inundating the canvas of this spectacularly unceasing Universe with so much unbelievable vibrancy; that there remained simply no room for rustically righteous and ubiquitous simplicity,

Neither too supreme; insatiably harboring the urge to valiantly rule over every other organism; instead of bonding in the threads of amiably invincible friendship; with one and all symbiotically alike,

Neither too fudged; limitlessly adorned like a bride for times immemorial even after the wedding was long over; ostentatiously overruling the corridors of simplistically truthful humanity,

Neither too lackadaisical; letting the waves of insidiously hedonistic negativity crucify the unsurpassably undefeated passion; inherently lingering in the blessedly fructifying atmosphere,

Neither too sensitive; miserably collapsing into a non-existent pool of forlorn nothingness; with the most infinitesimally parsimonious draught of orphaned wind,

Neither too beautiful; inevitably attracting every tangible piece of attention towards your very inflated self; even as countless more deserving than you slithered in the aisles of desperate oblivion,

Neither too artistic; indefatigably being nothing else but a tirelessly fulminating inferno of tempestuous emotions; pathetically floundering to m lange with infinite more normal men and women of your kind,

Neither too brilliant; interminably evolving into an unsurpassably unbridled civilization of heroic genius every unraveling instant; when your newborn infant wanted just a few humanitarianly ordinary hugs from your soul,

Neither too wealthy; splurging an infinite notes of currency to mollify the most anomalously eccentric of your desire; whereas on the other hand fathomless humans died like a horde of mosquitoes; without those two quintessential morsels of food,

Neither too religious; abnegating several philanthropically symbiotic activities and sinfully considering several innocent as untouchables; on the pretext of staunchly disoriented religion,

Neither too perspicacious; hardly succumbing to any fallacy as you executed a zillion tasks a minute; wantonly overruling the age old axiom of -To err is absolutely human,

Neither too satisfied; massacring the very crux of spell-bindingly tantalizing desire; aimlessly gallivanting through the fields of wastrel inactivity; with even the most invincibly inimitable prosperity at your nimble feet,

Neither too philosophical; inhaling and exhaling each breath of vibrantly ecstatic life in crassly biased idealism; instead of unflinchingly following the mantra of - Survival of the Fittest,

Neither too fiery; baselessly sizzling in the aisles of seductively virile flirtation and uxorious romance; when there existed innumerable mercilessly betrayed hearts; crumbling towards hapless deterioration; right in front of your window pane,

But life I irrefutably feel and in fact should be an efficaciously commensurate blend of all these; O! Yes life should forever and ever and ever be a complete meal; which needn't be quintessentially royal; but would brilliantly suffice and was more than divine; if it was just perpetually and extraordinarily spicy.

38. TRY AND LIVE WITH IT INSTEAD

The harder you try and erase your deplorably unfortunate past from your mind; the harder it cadaverously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your blissful present; into a corpse of treacherously remorseful uncertainties,

The harder you try and erase your deliriously shocking past from your mind; the harder it fecklessly comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your burgeoning present; into a jailhouse of inexplicably inconsolable brooding,

The harder you try and erase your obsessively meaningless past from your mind; the harder it wantonly comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your fructifying present; into a coffin of intransigently stabbing miseries,

The harder you try and erase your sinful ribald past from your mind; the harder it preposterously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your resplendent present; into the gallows of acrimoniously venomous disease,

The harder you try and erase your thoughtlessly gratuitous past from your mind; the harder it wretchedly comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your synergistic present; into the most non-existent wisps of diabolical hell,

The harder you try and erase your baselessly egregious past from your mind; the harder it demonically comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your heavenly present; into haunted house of unceremoniously jinxed memories,

The harder you try and erase your abhorrently dastardly past from your mind; the harder it unrelentingly comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your royal present; into a cloudburst of unforgivably apocalyptic blood,

The harder you try and erase your dejectedly failed past from your mind; the harder it lethally comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your ecstatic present; into a pigstalk of fetid bitterness,

The harder you try and erase your sadistically incarcerated past from your mind; the harder it cannibalistically comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your priceless present; into a rusted iron nail of worthless violence,

The harder you try and erase your criminally excoriating past from your mind; the harder it unceremoniously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your undaunted present; into the most sordidly stagnating oblivion,

The harder you try and erase your brutally assassinating past from your mind; the harder it despicably comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your effulgent present; into a frigidly infidel worm of nothingness,

The harder you try and erase your unbearably torturous past from your mind; the harder it salaciously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your sacrosanct present; into an amorphously emotionless carcass of disdain,

The harder you try and erase your immutably bigoted past from your mind; the harder it sacrilegiously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your victorious present; into a dungeon of barbarously blackened parasitic confinement,

The harder you try and erase your carnivorously stinking past from your mind; the harder it ignominiously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your exuberant present; into a deathful madness of unsurpassable melancholy,

The harder you try and erase your disastrously malevolent past from your mind; the harder it vituperatively comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your unconquerable present; into a graveyard of unendingly cursed sickness,

The harder you try and erase your fearfully dogged past from your mind; the harder it unwontedly comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your rejuvenated present; into an unfathomable gorge of vindictively despairing sadness,

The harder you try and erase your uncouthly terrorized past from your mind; the harder it intractably comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your redolent present; into the ultimate apogees of satanic devastation,

The harder you try and erase your murderously inhumanitarian past from your mind; the harder it viciously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your impregnable present; into a trail of haplessly staggering discontentment,

The harder you try and erase your ghoulishly pugnacious past from your mind; the harder it reproachfully comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your peerless present; into the most unpardonable abuse of the entire Universe,

Therefore; try and accept it as an already happened element of your existence instead; which would never ever repeat itself in your path to presently philanthropically victory; try and live with your past instead.

39. WHY JUST 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY' ONCE A YEAR?

I was amazingly born everytime; I spoke the unflinchingly peerless truth; wholesomely unperturbed and unaffected by the zillion abuses and gory atrocities meted upon me; by the fathomless planet outside,

I was ecstatically born everytime; I wholeheartedly embraced each orphan that I encountered in my way; compassionately and forever carrying him towards his ultimate destination and treating him like one of my very own blood and kin,

I was spell bindingly born everytime; I wafted the essence of eternally fructifying symbiotism from even the most inconspicuous of my senses; holistically melanged with each of my surroundings as one of its most priceless gifts of creation Divine,

I was spectacularly born everytime; I tirelessly evolved panoramically humanitarian poetry; out of wisps of sheer and pathetically dwindling nothingness,

I was ebulliently born everytime; I fearlessly set out to adventure; stumbling upon an infinite more new creations of Mother Nature; when I'd just thought that the world had now come to a virtual standstill,

I was triumphantly born everytime; I wholesomely changed the miserably jinxed destiny lines on my palms; reached the absolute zenith of philanthropic success with sheer hard work and an infinite droplets of righteous sweat,

I was exuberantly born everytime; I earnestly attempted my very best to perpetually coalesce every caste; creed; religion; color and sect under the Omnipotent Sun; into the most unconquerably supreme religion of humanity,

I was victoriously born everytime; I unabashedly proliferated into countless of

my own; sowing the astoundingly virile seeds of my body; to far and wide by the grace of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord,

I was blessedly born everytime; I infallibly marched on the path of unshakable righteousness; even though it was barbarously laden with a countless agonizingly blood-stained thorns,

I was effulgently born everytime; I selflessly entered the body of each disastrously suffering organism on this planet; felt its pain as my very own; and then tried my very best to ameliorate it towards the aisles of celestial paradise,

I was poignantly born everytime; I exuded an infinite droplets of love from every conceivable pore of my impoverished form; then used the same for the creation of a brand new civilization whose foundations rested on the bricks of immortally bounteous compassion,

I was everlastingly born everytime; I took fresh breath into my nostrils; with a perennial resolve to uproot even the most infinitesimal trace of dastardly evil; from the fabric of this conventionally sanctimonious society,

I was interminably born everytime; I uninhibitedly fantasized till even beyond the realms of unlimited eternity; about the pristine pearls of goodness forever falling and blessing the trajectory of earth divine,

I was bountifully born everytime; I euphorically propagated to every existing corner of this limitless Universe; that the religion of humanity was bigger and greater than any other blood relation thriving on this planet,

I was stupendously born everytime; I stopped the indiscriminate felling of trees; planting a countless more seedlings for every blissfully venerated tree mercilessly massacred,

I was enchantingly born everytime; I relentlessly discovered every aspect and pore of my beloved's body; culminating into the ultimate fireball of undefeately tantalizing thrill,

I was supremely born everytime; I royally replenished even the tiniest of my agony and desire; wholesomely enshrouding each of my senses with the resplendently enlightening fruits of mother nature,

I was impregnably born everytime; I kissed the Omniscient feet of my mother to be further blessed; affably cuddled in her altruistic lap; to be timelessly caressed

as once again her newborn child,

I was wonderfully born everytime; I made every haplessly deprived female on earth as my benign sister; invincibly protected her chastity from even the most invisible trace of the devil; and for the remainder of my life,

I was fantastically born everytime; I perpetuated beams of literate enlightenment into the lives of all those worthlessly illiterate; endlessly fought for establishing their egalitarian right in every shoulder and walk of life,

I was insuperably born everytime; the Omnipotent Almighty Lord felt that a worthlessly non-existent molecule such as me; was one amongst his countless blessed ones alive,

Then tell me; why do you wish me and an infinite like me a Happy Birthday only just once in a year; when infact we were born into a countless more undefeated lives; every single instant that we ardently committed ourselves to the unassailable chapters of humanity; goodness and symbiotic life.

40. O! BLESSED WRITER!

Just as the Omnipotent Sun interminably continues to blaze every tangible and intangible speck of this Universe; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the blood-sucking world today,

Just as the brilliantly fecund soil infallibly continues to sprout into quintessentially replenishing fruit; irrespective of whether its gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the salaciously decrepit world today,

Just as the fantastically fathomless ocean impregnably continues to culminate into newer and newer peaks of optimism with every wave; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the diabolically demented world today,

Just as the boundlessly azure sky unrelentingly continues to shower celestially fructifying globules of golden rain; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the meaninglessly shriveled world today,

Just as the poignantly scarlet rose peerlessly continues to waft the scent of beautifully benign oneness to every quarter of this unceasing Universe; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of

appreciation/accolade from the demonically perverted world today,

Just as the venerated mother unflinchingly continues to protect her priceless child from even the most invisible insinuation of danger; irrespective of whether she gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the satanically parasitic world today,

Just as the apogee of Everest unshakably continues to tower towards the skies of panoramically unparalleled righteousness; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the hedonistically venomous world today,

Just as the sensuous nightingale indefatigably continues to sing the hymns of symbiotically unassailable togetherness; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the pathetically sadistic world today,

Just as the unimpeachable moon uninhibitedly continues to enlighten the most lugubriously blackened of night; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the cold-bloodedly violent world today,

Just as the blessed breeze poignantly continues to exhilarate the wretchedly stagnating dullness of the monotonous atmosphere; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the sacrilegiously deteriorating world today,

Just as the persevering armpits righteously continue to exude countless droplets of well-deservedly truthful sweat; irrespective of whether they get or don't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the insanely condemning world today,

Just as the seductively tantalizing blades of uncrushed grass timelessly culminate into an infinite beads of ecstatic dewdrops; irrespective of whether they get or don't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the robotically prejudiced world today,

Just as the impeccably inimitable infants undauntedly continue to discover and evolve an innumerable untainted labyrinths of adventure; irrespective of whether they get or don't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the disastrously cannibalistic world today,

Just as the vivaciously untamed rainbow perennially continues to mystify every speck of jinxed morbidity on this planet; irrespective of whether they get or don't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the carnivorously incarcerated world today,

Just as the virgin pearl undyingly continues to majestically symbolize every caste; creed; color and race on this earth peacefully and alike; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the mercilessly pulverizing world today,

Just as the unconquerable sky perpetually continues to be roof to every single organism on this limitlessly ebullient Universe; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the precariously vindictive world today,

Just as the immortal heart unstoppably continues to throb for the spirit of Omnisciently eternal love; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the manipulatively sneering world today,

Just as the undefeated conscience forever continues to burn in the flame of the ultimate altruistic truth; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the baselessly asphyxiating world today,

Similarly you too; eternally continue to inundate every dolorously barren bit of paper; with the words of Omnipresent truth that miraculously drifted from your pen O! blessed writer; irrespective of whether you get or don't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the heartlessly dwindling world today.

41. PLEASE REMEMBER ALL THE ANSWERS

Ask the pristinely large eyed child; as to how does it feel after losing both his parents; to the most tragically unfortunate and demonically pulverizing of car crash?

Ask the century old royal tree; as to how does it feel after being ruthlessly uprooted from its compassionate mother soil; just for viciously illuminating; the politician's every spurious bonfire night?

Ask the majestically unabashed ocean; as to how does it feel after cold-bloodedly scurrilous man indiscriminately used it for the most derogatory nuclear experimentation; unstoppably killed its aristocratic fish and life; for his

worthlessly impotent cuisine?

Ask the eternally burgeoning mother; as to how does she feel after the most priceless ingredient of her womb; her son; was eventually beheaded by the enemy camp; who'd been diabolically torturing him since times immemorial?

Ask the unsurpassably towering building; as to how does it feel after the brutally devastating earthquake; which uncompromisingly rattled and shattered the foundations of all races and times?

Ask the adroitly blissful fish; as to how does it feel after being heartlessly placed in the unsparingly simmering oven; after relishing and replenishing each element of its life; as the ultimate queen of the fathomless sea?

Ask the bounteously spawning soil; as to how does it feel after being barbarously ploughed with the most invidiously carnivorous pickaxes of menacing steel; in man's rapacious thirst to discover and strike gold?

Ask the vivaciously enamoring rainbow; as to how does it feel after the clouds and rain wholesomely disappeared; with nothing else but the indefatigably blazing Sun evaporating every conceivable thing in the atmosphere?

Ask the exuberantly ecstatic youngster; as to how does it feel after being subjected to the direct wrath of the atom bomb; being further left along with countless more of his generations to crawl without arms and legs; upon salaciously cold ground?

Ask the fearlessly true soldier; as to how does it feel after being gracefully handed back to his respective country by the opposition; and then being addressed as an infertile traitor for the remainder of his life?

Ask the redolently unconquerable rose; as to how does it feel after each of its compassionate petals in infinite millions of its kind; were sinfully plucked and then pervertedly flushed down the lavatory hole?

Ask the tantalizingly moistened dewdrop; as to how does it feel after the acrimoniously unsparing rays of the belligerent summer; evaporated even the most infinitesimal ounce of it; till times immemorial?

Ask the convivially ebullient bird; as to how does it feel after the pugnaciously acid coated kite string; satanically cut the impregnably united mass of its wings; into a worthless two?

Ask the independently invincible flag; as to how does it feel after being conquered and replaced; by the flag of ominously incarcerating and deplorably ribald dictatorship?

Ask the unassailably humanitarian blood; as to how does it feel after being amorphously dissected into the devilish boundaries and vindictive differences of color/caste/creed and tribe?

Ask the ecstatically twinkling eye; as to how does it feel after being subjected to infinite billion tears of sheer hopelessness; inflicted by the venomous commercialism of this treacherously manipulative world today?

Ask the endlessly fantasizing brain; as to how does it feel after being subjected to unendingly sadistic germs of monotony; in order to carry forward the inevitable swirl of pragmatically massacring life?

Ask the immortally passionate heart; as to how does it feel after being hedonistically poisoned with the inconsolable mortuaries; of demonically asphyxiating betrayal?

And the next time you ever feel sad; or hopelessly insignificant; or inexplicably depressed for no ostensible reason and rhyme; even after possessing all of God's impregnably enamoring endowments upon mankind intact; then please for heaven sake do remember all the answers.

42. IN THE CURRENT MOMENT

Whatever bountifully good and resplendent; or the most hideously torturous chambers of unforgivably carcinogenic disaster; on the trajectory of this timelessly enthralling Universe,

Whatever unconquerably righteous and truthful; or the most sinfully perverted anecdotes of brutally sanctimonious lies; on the map of this boundlessly bewitching Universe,

Whatever peerlessly blazing and optimistic; or the most satanically unbearable lanes of deliriously inconsolable dastardliness; on the firmament of this eternally rhapsodic Universe,

Whatever philanthropically symbiotic and victorious; or the most sadistically malevolent gutters of shamefully uxorious defeat; on the ladder of this

unabashedly magnetic Universe,

Whatever magically potent and proliferating; or the most tautologically destructive battlefields of egregiously evaporating infertility; on the mist of this gigantically undefeated Universe,

Whatever miraculously altruistic and benevolent; or the most criminally unforgivable wars of demonically excoriating terrorism; on the notebook of this fathomlessly mesmerizing Universe,

Whatever enchantingly synergistic and beautiful; or the most dementedly disgusting form of venomously prejudiced ugliness; on the wall of this fantastically bestowing Universe,

Whatever charismatically blessed and humanitarian; or the most sacrilegiously condemnable hollows of diabolically parasitic inhumanity; on the playground of this interminably fecund Universe,

Whatever effulgently boisterous and youthful; or the most deplorably shriveled skins of deplorably extinguishing old age; on the cradle of this unbelievably ameliorating Universe,

Whatever unconquerably sparkling and virgin; or the most parasitically bigoted thrones of manipulatively adulterated politics; on the canvas of this incredulously magnanimous Universe,

Whatever brilliantly honest and persevering; or the most abysmally distorted mortuaries of haplessly asphyxiating laziness; on the filament of this regally sacred Universe,

Whatever perspicaciously virtuous and candid; or the most disdainfully circumlocuted routes of hedonistically disoriented deceit; on the periphery of this vividly placating Universe,

Whatever blessedly innocuous and peaceful; or the most vociferously cadaverous graveyards of indiscriminately impoverished war; on the roof of this spell-bindingly euphoric Universe,

Whatever dedicatedly benign and godly; or the most worthlessly stagnating carcasses of the unforgivably wailing agnostic; on the territories of this aristocratically unlimited Universe,

Whatever victoriously liberating and fragrant; or the most vividly decaying stench of maniacally lambasting slavery; on the apogees of this perennially spawning Universe,

Whatever beautifully unparalleled and replenishing; or the most inexhaustibly imbecile pangs of demonically uncurbed hunger; on the shores of this unlimitedly fertile Universe,

Whatever immortally compassionate and faithful; or the most unsavorily gory winds of heinously paralyzing infidelity; on the pores of this supremely panoramic Universe,

Whatever unshakably Omnipresent and lively; or the most excruciatingly crucifying cries of intolerably maiming death; on the strings of this unimaginably versatile Universe,

Every conceivable shade of life exists not in the obliviously sluggish past; and neither in the inexplicably unknown future; but in fact and irrefutably in the unconquerable Now; in this very current moment.

43. AFTER BATHING IN THE FIRST SHOWERS OF PRICELESS RAIN

The most haplessly swishing of arid hair; suddenly metamorphosed into the most ravishingly titillating fronds of supreme ecstasy; after bathing in the first showers of golden rain; that so celestially tumbled from fathomless sky,

The most abjectly chapped lips; suddenly metamorphosed into the most lusciously pink lotus's of voluptuous glory; after bathing in the first showers of priceless rain; that so unabashedly tumbled from enchanting sky,

The most drearily pulverized soles suddenly metamorphosed into the most exhilarating pathways of an intrepidly optimistic tomorrow; after bathing in the first showers of inimitable rain; that so peerlessly tumbled from ebullient sky,

The most deliriously thwarted of brains suddenly metamorphosed into the most spell bindingly intriguing civilizations of sparkling newness; after bathing in the first showers of voluptuous rain; that so majestically tumbled from triumphant sky,

The most exhaustedly flustered of palms suddenly metamorphosed into the most invincibly philanthropic pillars of united strength; after bathing in the first showers of exultating rain; that so uninhibitedly tumbled from infallible sky,

The most demonically constipated of bellies suddenly metamorphosed into the most vivaciously dancing fairies of the tantalizing night; after bathing in the first showers of inscrutable rain; that so poignantly tumbled from ubiquitous sky,

The most morosely sulking eyes suddenly metamorphosed into the most eternally fructifying cisterns of benign happiness; after bathing in the first showers of astounding rain; that so unwontedly tumbled from limitless sky,

The most dismally febrile and shivering teeth suddenly metamorphosed into the most immaculately amazing pearls of exuberance; after bathing in the first showers of royal rain; that so spectacularly tumbled from charismatic sky,

The most lividly deteriorating of pallid skins suddenly metamorphosed into the most miraculously proliferating nests of freshness; after bathing in the first showers of replenishing rain; that so magically tumbled from passionate sky,

The most discriminatingly bigoted of blood suddenly metamorphosed into the most unassailable waterfall of unshakably glorious humanity; after bathing in the first showers of effulgent rain; that so sensuously tumbled from undefeatable sky,

The most meaninglessly yawning of mouths suddenly metamorphosed into the most insuperably emollient heavens of creative energy; after bathing in the first showers of mesmerizing rain; that so seductively tumbled from resplendent sky,

The most disastrously flabbergasted of bones suddenly metamorphosed into the most handsomely unconquerable apogees of patriotism; after bathing in the first showers of virile rain; that so unrelentingly tumbled from unimpeachable sky,

The most despondently squelched of spines suddenly metamorphosed into the most compassionately electrifying beanstalks of sensitivity; after bathing in the first showers of fecund rain; that so indefatigably tumbled from vibrant sky,

The most barbarously robotic of fingers suddenly metamorphosed into the most invincibly burgeoning lanes of ubiquitous artistry; after bathing in the first showers of gregarious rain; that so unbelievably tumbled from azure sky,

The most pugnaciously commercial of destinies suddenly metamorphosed into the most unfathomably bewildering meadows of salivating desire; after bathing in the first showers of vivid rain; that so copiously tumbled from unending sky,

The most vindictively asphyxiated of ears suddenly metamorphosed into the most serenading labyrinths of intricate intimacy; after bathing in the first showers of ameliorating rain; that so fantastically tumbled from egalitarian sky,

The most dejectedly flailing of necks suddenly metamorphosed into the most excitedly reverberating summits of Everest; after bathing in the first showers of adventurous rain; that so effeminately tumbled from aristocratic sky,

The most pervertedly impotent of personalities suddenly metamorphosed into the most incessantly evolving oceans of godly fertility; after bathing in the first showers of Omnipotent rain; that so uncompromisingly tumbled from erudite sky,

And the most satanically betraying of hearts suddenly metamorphosed into the most perpetually blessing calendars of all-time immortal love; after bathing in the first showers of holistic rain; that so everlastingly tumbled from bountiful sky.

44. WHO SAYS THAT THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS LIFELESS?

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; unlimitedly ignited passion when we rolled on profusely rain soaked grass; as marvelously as its peerlessly infallible contours,

Nonone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; unconquerably divinely embrace under the optimistically rising Sun; as majestically as its flawlessly twinkling contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; unassailably ardent emotion as we uninhibitedly divulged the innermost arenas of our heart; as aristocratically as its victoriously unimpeachable contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; fervently tracing each pore of our skins like the greatest of artists; as its triumphantly benign contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; endlessly humming an infinite unabashed tunes of freshly found happiness; as its poignantly enthralling contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; insuperably glorious unity; when we clung to each other like never before in the profoundly tangy waves of the undulating ocean; as its inimitably undefeated contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; eternally unfettered playfulness when we poked each other in the ribs with our bohemian toe; as its regally unshakable contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; insatiably magnetic arousal; when every conceivable hair on our skin stood up till the ultimate peak of Everest; as its peerlessly innocuous contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; unwontedly exhilarating nakedness; when we tantalizingly chased each other in the rapturously moonless night; as its gregariously unbiased contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; everlastingly voluptuous intimacy; when the most luscious tinge of our lips blended with the fabric of the entire Universe; as its earnestly sparkling contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; bewitchingly unparalleled ecstasy; when we fearlessly intermingled each of our breaths in the broadest of daylight; as its affably immaculate contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; innocently unconquerable passion; when we timelessly stared into the inscrutable whites of our eyes; as its marvelously endowed contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; intrepidly emancipating adventure; when we tirelessly explored every seductively enrapturing pathway of mother nature; as its amiably mesmerizing contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; priceless humanitarian bonding; when we forever and ardently coalesced each finger of our palms irrespective of caste/creed/color or tribe; as its splendidly replenishing contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; triumphantly unceasing exultation; when we'd eaten the first meal of our life together in the same altruistic leaf; as its handsomely befitting contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; extraordinarily reverberating sensuousness; when we traced even the most inconspicuous bone of our shivering spines with our tongues; as its iridescently blessed contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; symbiotically redolent proliferation; when we held our new born baby daughter in our delightedly effervescent palms; as its adroitly chiseled contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; immortally blessed love; when we'd first met and proposed in the Omnisciently unshakable realms of the mosque; as its regally harmonious contours,

And can you believe it! Even after doing so much for us; portraying our love so perpetually and in an infinite of its magical forms; to a boundless more of our future generations; the world still stupidly said; that the photograph was spinelessly emotionless and "Lifeless";.

45. TRUTH REMAINS TRUTH FOREVER

Whether the inexplicably shivering beggar spoke it; or whether it diffused magnetically from the stupendously rich man's mouth,

Whether the pathetically diminutive ant spoke it; or whether it diffused roaringly from the overwhelmingly majestic lion's mouth,

Whether the horrendously ugly witch spoke it; or whether it diffused gloriously from the unequivocally beautiful princess's mouth,

Whether the pathetically slithering snake spoke it; or whether it diffused articulately from the voluptuously seductive nightingale's mouth,

Whether the ridiculously staggering clown spoke it; or whether it diffused handsomely from the valiantly fighting; and majestically patriotic soldier's mouth,

Whether the sordidly black slave spoke it; or whether it diffused opulently from the grandiloquently embellished queen's mouth,

Whether the infinitesimally wavering ant spoke it; or whether it diffused domineeringly from the royally towering elephant's mouth,

Whether the tyrannically starved orphan spoke it; or whether it diffused toweringly from the unfathomably blessed and bountiful mountain's mouth,

Whether the irrevocably hideous cactus spoke it; or whether it diffused rhapsodically from the magnanimously showering cloud's mouth,

Whether the perpetually deaf man spoke it; or whether it diffused spell-bindingly from the ingratiatingly tantalizing magician's mouth,

Whether the languidly idling tortoise spoke it; or whether it diffused dynamically from the flamboyantly zipping and dynamic fire's mouth,

Whether the intermittently pertinent mosquito spoke it; or whether it diffused synergistically from the incredulously gorgeous eagle's mouth,

Whether the brutally scorched camel spoke it; or whether it diffused poignantly from the unsurpassably Kingly ocean's mouth,

Whether the gruesomely illiterate urchin spoke it; or whether it diffused integrally from the irrefutably prudent and sacred philosopher's mouth,

Whether the devastatingly old and bedraggled grandfather spoke it; or whether it diffused exuberantly from the lusciously vivacious and enthrallingly dancing angel's mouth,

Whether the grisly haired rat spoke it; or whether it diffused celestially from the heavenly spiritual and charismatic Goddess's mouth,

Whether the ignominiously castigated artist spoke it; or whether it diffused seductively from the wonderfully captivating fairy's mouth,

Whether the hopelessly extinguished candle spoke it; or whether it diffused authoritatively from the benevolently crowned monarch's mouth,

And whether the incomprehensibly shattered heart spoke it; or whether it diffused immortally from the profusely replenished lover's mouth,

Truth would always and irrefutably remain only as TRUTH FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER; bonding all those with a philanthropically symbiotic will to survive; in thunderbolts of everlasting passion; in the blankets of impregnable humanity; alike.

46. WHY ARE YOU BOTHERED?

You just climb the tree with a spirit of adventure drenching each of your bedraggled senses; and the winds of untamed euphoria encapsulating each of your dreary nerves,

Why are you bothered about counting the innumerable number of branches that came in between; the incomprehensibly pertinent barricade of worms and insects that you encountered in your way?

You just eat the mango wholeheartedly with stupendous relish; rhapsodically devouring its majestic skin with the ecstatic buds in your tongue,
Why are you bothered about counting the unsurpassable number of seeds incarcerated in its belly; the baseless strands of bitterness that protruded harmlessly from its body?

You just swim exuberantly across the bountifully ravishing lake; letting the heavenly waters take celestial control over the boundless battalion of frazzled parasites lingering in your insidious blood,
Why are you bothered about counting the meaningless number of ripples that floated on the surface; the innocuously drifting sea weed and frigid lumber that kissed your shriveled skin; as you drifted by?

You just bask in the aisles of unprecedentedly ebullient fantasy and desire; galloping towards the summit of unparalleled happiness as each instant unveiled by,
Why are you bothered about counting the countless number of images that stupendously enshrouded your nimble mind; the fathomless myriad of color which hovered obscurely in the interiors of your intriguingly passionate brain cells?

You just patriotically march for your motherland in all situations alike; beheading the army of lecherously blood-sucking traitors on the other side; with your invincible sword of righteousness,
Why are you bothered about counting the invidiously augmenting number of devils; the unending repertoire of insinuations that they harbored; in their murderous plot to overtopple sagacious mankind?

You just sight your bountifully endowed reflection in the profusely sparkling mirror; admiring the intricate shapes of your countenance bestowed upon you in vibrant abundance; by the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,
Why are you bothered about counting the worthless sheets of dead fiber imprisoned inside the glass; the disdainful blotches of dirt failing occasionally to cast their impression upon its satiny periphery?

You just disseminate the ideals of immortal peace; love and humanity; to the most remotest parts of this boundlessly benign Universe,
Why are you bothered about counting the countless fleet of manipulative

politicians and tycoons; the ropes of treacherous drudgery that they had spun upon the crippled and enslaved; alike?

You just pursue whatever the innermost recesses of your heart dictate;
passionately bonding and blending with the waves of unconquerable artistry and
the Omnipresent aura of fantasy for centuries immemorial,
Why are you bothered about counting the unendingly monotonous jokers around;
for whom nothing else mattered on this earth; but working like an insane
clockwork from nine to nine?

And you just pursue your love in this bloomingly mesmerizing life; immortally
coalescing with its Omniscient spirit every time you were bestowed upon with an
opportunity to be born; robustly once again,
Why are you bothered about counting the ludicrously corrupt barriers of
conventionally rigid society; the tremendously cowardly pattern that they had
adopted since the time that they had emanated their very first breath; the same
dastardly pattern which they wanted you to incorrigibly follow; for ostensibly no
reason or rhyme?

47. UNTIL AND UNLESS

My eyes incorrigibly refused to move; remaining stubbornly mute for centuries
immemorial,
Until and Unless; the impeccable whites of your enamoring sight; perpetually
interlocked with their sporadically twinkling shine.

My toes irrevocably refused to transgress a single step; pathetically freezing like
a mountain of treacherously crippled logs,
Until and Unless; the delectable tinkle of your immaculately divine feet;
perpetually interlocked with their boisterous exuberance.

My lips intransigently refused to smile; resembling the murderously gory
interiors of corpse; even in their celestial prime,
Until and Unless; the rubicund pink of your innocuously tantalizing cheeks;
perpetually interlocked with their new found happiness.

My neck dogmatically refused to drift; ludicrously stoning itself like a lame pillar;
even as the entire beauty of this wonderful planet crept by,
Until and Unless; the compassionate tenderness down your ravishing spine;
perpetually interlocked with its euphoria to surge forward in vibrant life.

My fingers belligerently refused to write; ridiculously retreating into a shell of

rotting nothingness; even as majestic artistry fulminated in their veins,
Until and Unless; the untamed mysticism in your seductive palms; perpetually
interlocked with their resilience rising above the sky.

My stomach venomously refused to eat; starving itself to unprecedented limits;
even as lecherously sank deeper and deeper into my grave,
Until and Unless; the voluptuous charm of your ambiguously titillating belly;
perpetually interlocked with its uncanny urge to relish the unknown.

My brain vindictively refused to fantasize; drowning itself into a blanket of
harrowing sadness; even as the most royal fantasy on this earth blissfully
caressed it from all sides,
Until and Unless; the unfathomably grandiloquent reservoir of your mind;
perpetually interlocked with its yearning; to blossom into euphoric radiance.

My breath tumultuously refused to diffuse; strangulating me to a countless
deaths; inspite of all the oxygen on this planet lingering near my intricate
nostrils,
Until and Unless; the Omnipotent aura of your mesmerizing countenance;
perpetually interlocked with its ebullient redolence; from all sides.

And my heart vehemently refused to beat; freezing to a pool of frigidly morbid
ice; even as torrential rains of insurmountable passion descended down from the
sky,
Until and Unless; the profusely poignant palpitations dancing in your Godly chest;
perpetually interlocked with its immortal urge; to disseminate the essence of
peace; humanity; brotherhood; and symbiotically survive.

48. FEATHERS

When I was tickled with feathers of ghastly lies; I felt beads of insurmountably
anguish and desperation overwhelmingly creep up; on every cranny of my
impoverished persona,

When I was tickled with feathers of overwhelming commercialism; I felt as if
rotting abominably in dungeons of horrifically sinister stagnation,

When I was tickled with feathers of abhorrent malice; I felt as if everything
around me in this colossally mesmerizing Universe; was a threadbare mirage of
gruesomely insipid nothingness,

When I was tickled with feathers of indiscriminate racializm; I felt as if dagger

heads of veritable death; had stabbed me countless kilometers beneath my gory grave,

When I was tickled with feathers of barbaric bloodshed; I felt an uncanny shudder paralyze each element of my spine; collapsed in an ungainly heap on the obdurate ground; relinquishing even the tiniest desire to live,

When I was tickled with feathers of insanely treacherous madness; I felt the artist in me stifle into horrendous oblivion; the harmonious air around me; ominously infiltrating each arena of my innocuous flesh,

When I was tickled with feathers of lecherous savagery; I felt every shade of passionate poignancy evaporate from my blood; plunged into the valley of extinction; instead of melanging with satanically blood sucking society,

When I was tickled with feathers of betrayal; I felt more devastated than the morbidly ghastly coffins; abnegating wholesomely from all desire and worldly virtues of exotic life,

When I was tickled with feathers of lackadaisical monotony; I felt as if every iota of God's voluptuous planet was being ruthlessly lambasted; went deep into the mystical forests to meditate till my absolute end,

When I was tickled with feathers of relentless hostility; I felt as if the entire earth had become a capriciously frigid thread of religion; with the spirit of everlasting humanity disappearing into the aisles of non-existence,

When I was tickled with feathers of deplorably raunchy slavery; I felt as if there was no difference between man and animal; cursing every entity; menacingly under my enslaved breath,

When I was tickled with feathers of despondently crippling solitude; I felt as if being pushed into a dungeon of scorpions every unleashing minute; clenching my teeth till the last bone of my exhilarated body split into a boundless pieces,

When I was tickled with feathers of manipulative give and take; I felt as if my existence was a meaningless gutter of foul sewage; with philanthropism and good will being things of waywardly obsolete past,

When I was tickled with feathers of disparagingly condemnable abuse; I felt each part of my rubicund flesh invidiously tarnished; unable to relive my original

euphoria; even after a million baths,

When I was tickled with feathers of despairingly bizarre blackness; I felt as if optimism was a desert that had perennially dried up; as I slithered aimlessly in a whirlpool of uncouth savagery,

When I was tickled with feathers of ludicrously everlasting castigation; I felt as if there was no value of art in this diabolically cold blooded world; drowned myself forever in the ocean of my shattered versatility,

When I was tickled with feathers of dastardly terrorism; I felt as the world had departed from all elements of fabulous brotherhood and empathy; unrelentingly wailed for the innocently beheaded; before I decided to slit; the conglomerate of my intricate veins apart,

When I was tickled with feathers of disastrously orphaned poverty; I felt tumultuously enraged at the unsurpassably rich; at blowing their surplus opulence in spurious cigar smoke and wine; whilst their naked counterparts outside shivered to an unbearable death,

But when I was tickled with feathers of immortally uninhibited love; I felt the most bountifully endowed entity alive; at last felt the beats of my truculently massacred heart; reach inside my chest to forever lead and romance with; majestic life.

49. I HATE THE HIGH SOCIETY

High society was pompously spurious; blowing pricelessly precious moments of sacrosanct life; in wisps of obnoxiously sleazy cigar smoke,

High society was abhorrently malicious; invidiously castigating its own counterpart behind their back; while garnering a sanctimonious smile in front of the same,

High society was inconspicuously threadbare; harboring diabolically ominous tendencies for the miserably oppressed; evolving castles of rotting currency on their poignantly scarlet blood,

High society was spuriously ostentatious; diffusing the entire tenure of their claustrophobic life; in dungeons of hideously ungainly manipulation,

High society was brutally tyrannical; indiscriminately lambasting the diminutively

innocent; to baselessly inundate their venomous treasuries; with even the very last iota of food in their impoverished stomachs,

High society was insanely ludicrous; unrelentingly dictating the poor to polish their worthless shoes; then wholeheartedly laughing their hearts out; admiring their capriciously grotesque reflection in the same,

High society was ghoulishly devilish; preposterously drinking wine in the realms of their own cheaply glittering chambers; while the immaculately blissful commoner shivered uncontrollably; in the acridly freezing maelstrom outside,

High society was ambiguously hypocrite; perennially breaking hearts like frigid matchsticks; with their devilishly unholy promise towards the chapter of resplendent life,

High society was truculently unforgiving; cold-bloodedly treating even the most inadvertently committed of mistakes; with the vindictively gory heel of their satanic shoe,

High society was abominably authoritative; salaciously dictating their unfathomable graveyard of whims and woes; upon the wonderfully ingratiating fabric of eternal mankind,

High society was treacherously bombarding; demonically marauding the symbiotically triumphant happiness of every righteous household; with raunchily stinking notes of indescribable corruption,

High society was surreptitiously precarious; giving you the merciless slip towards the corpses of ultimate death; when you thought you had secured an invincible stranglehold on the fortress of bountiful life,

High society was heinously wasting; inviting their snobbishly silken cats to eat in plates of fathomlessly scintillating silver; while the disastrously orphaned urchin was breathing his very last outside,

High society was egregiously parasitic; barbarically sucking rivers of blood to rejuvenate their meaningless lives; when all what they actually needed was just two droplets of holistic water,

High society was indefatigably fretting; agonizingly complaining about God's panoramically resplendent creation; just because the Sun filtered an iota too more through their murderously tinted glass,

High society was a ridiculously dead skeleton; incessantly witnessing the Lord's beautifully fragrant creation through glasses of lecherously licentious wine; and then collapsing into countless bits of worthless chowder; as the wind increased its pace even an inconspicuously exhilarating trifle,

High society was ruthlessly heartless; malevolently betraying the souls of impregnably true lovers; morbidly incarcerating them within jailhouses of sanctimonious status; caste; creed and tribe,

High society was tumultuously penalizing; lunatically violating God's every divinely virtue; having the wealth to purchase every confectionary with the opulence in their pockets; yet remaining a sordid failure in the pages of existence,

High society was a robotic tycoon; self-conceitedly squelching the winds of voluptuously regale artistry and breath; with inclemently mechanical behavioral patterns; all throughout the day and enchanting night,

High society was a uxorious dog; uncontrollably wagging its criminally slavering tongue; at even the most fugitively ethereal insinuation of titillation and extra wealth,

High society was parsimonious mosquito; nonsensically disseminating its affluence on nubile vixen and bawdiness; bereft of even the tiniest beat of perpetual love in its insides,

High society was a hollow termite; horrifically guzzling the threads of harmony; symbiotism; unity; with its canines of torturously vengeful prejudice,

High society was an asphyxiating web; which tightened the noose of its ill will more tautly upon you every unfurling minute; derogatorily drowning the element of sparkling truth in your persona; with its gutters of inevitable lies,

High society was torturously imprisoning; crippling the wings of your fascinatingly seductive freedom not only for this; but for an infinite more lives,

High society was a boundless sea allright; but without even the most mercurial trace of waves; compassion and sensuously redolent togetherness,

High society was an ostracizing gallows; lividly laughing at traumatizing sorrow around them; basking in the glory of their falsely fiasco brawn and might,

High society was arrogantly deceitful; bending down like a obeisant snail in front of lambasting superpowers; whereas the Creator ruled every bit of this endless Universe; ever since the moment it was born,

High society was unreasonably questioning; wretchedly molesting innocuous organisms; for ostensibly no fault of theirs or their humbly humanitarian kind,

High society was an impudent stone; shattering not only the truthful glasses; but the irrefutably patriotic conscience of a synergistically common man,

High society was pretentiously civilized; behaving like a astronomically nail polished angel on the bustling streets; while ripping each other apart worse than what wolves could execute; in the bloodstained upholstery of their castle room,

High society was pugnaciously blinded; maniacally overlooking even the most magnificently majestic empathy around; in the monstrously debilitating shine of incongruous coin,

And although it was unfortunate but true that I was born amidst its integrally sodomizing cradle; I had; am; and will always hate the high society till the end of my time; and in every blessed life of mine.

50. JUST A BEAT

Stagnation; Dolorousness and Abominable Indolence; is what I didn't have the capacity to holistically tolerate,

While just an infinitesimal caress of your resplendently heavenly palms; was enough to transform the lugubriously invaded complexion of my cheeks; back to the clouds of stupendously sparkling life.

Raunchiness; Corruption; and Sleazy Betrayal; is what I didn't want to ever hear about in the tenure of my nimbly truncated existence,

While just a diminutive flicker of your flirtatiously mischievous eyes; was enough to metamorphose the whirlpool of monotony enshrouding my dwindling countenance; back to the forests bountifully scintillating life.

Maliciousness; Treachery; and Gory Bloodshed; is what I didn't want to ever be affiliated with till the absolute end of my time,

While just an inconspicuous peck of your majestically enchanting lips; was enough to transit the graveyard of salacious drudgery profoundly instilled within my veins; back to the meadows of fathomlessly exotic life.

Insanity; Depression; Remorseful Isolation; is what I didn't want to ever witness as long as breath diffused in marvelous unison from my nostrils,
While just a timidly mercurial embrace of your astoundingly ravishing palms; was enough to revolutionize my lacklusteriness to wake up from soil; back to the Sun of triumphantly blazing life.

Agony; Torture; and Crippling Slavery; is what I didn't want to ever happen to any harmoniously symbiotic organism on the firmament of this gigantic earth,
While just an ephemerally parsimonious pulsation of your gorgeously melodious voice; was enough to catapult my indescribable corpse of discriminating prejudice; back to the lotus of vibrantly vivacious life.

Uncouthness; Dilapidation; and Bellicose Loneliness; is what I didn't want to ever sink into the dormitories of my pricelessly blessed blood,
While just an insipidly oblivious whisper of your enigmatic visage; was enough to refurbish my pathetically withering desires; back to the elixir of spell bindingly regal life.

Franticness; Desperation; and Crucifying Paralysis; is what I didn't want to ever creep up the entrenchment of my blissfully impeccable soul,
While just an invisible trace of your royally victorious shadow; was enough to recuperate the parasites of cold-blooded hell in my miserably quavering bones; back to the fortress of celestially fragrant life.

Atheism; Nonchalance; and Dividing Religion; is what I didn't want to ever proliferate so baselessly on this timelessly sacrosanct planet,
While just a capriciously transient movement of your righteously marching feet; was enough to convert the web of ominous ill-will in my conscience; back to the waves of ingratiatingly fabulous life.

And Death; Disappearance; Sinful Suicide; is what I didn't want to ever witness on God's most beautifully dexterous and sensuous planet,
While just a diminutively obsolete beat of your princely heart; was enough to rejuvenate the maelstroms of debilitating disaster in my breath; back to the waterfalls of immortal love and vivid life.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Life = Death - Volume 5 - Poems On Life, Death

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 5 of the Book titled - Life = Death - Poems on Life, Death (1200 pages) . This enigmatic collection of poems explores and equates the boundless possibilities of life and death and delves into each intricate inexplicability of survival. Parekh's roving philosophical eye brings the unconquerable richness of life to the fore and yet at the same time explicitly highlights the veracity of 'death' as the absolute certainty of every existence. The poet joyously celebrates the occasions of both life and death with equal panache in each poetic stanza sewn with the uncanny mysteries of this Universe. The poems within immortalize both life and death as the ultimate victories and the two most contrastingly amazing and divine sides of creation. Catapulting the reader to the threshold of ultimate ecstasy; they bring about an impromptu twist with the closure of breath and what lies beyond. This charismatically woven collection of poetic verse would equally enamor the narcissist as well as the simple humanitarian to the core.

This book is a humble attempt to enlighten the readers with the equality of life and death-and to live in both of them to the most unparalleled fullest. Embracing only the religion of humanity, as the Lord has commanded every living being on earth. You cant die in life and cant live in death-each of these components are irrefutably equal in every respect and should be worshipped with due obeisance.

CONTENTS

1. A GIFT CALLED LIFE
2. LIVE AND LET LIVE
3. NO GHOSTS
4. LIFE AND DEATH
5. HEAVENLY SENSUOUSNESS
6. WHETTING APPETITE FOR LOVE
7. LIFE IS A LOVEBIRD

8. ARTISTS VERSUS TYCOONS
9. NO OVERTAKING
10. THE CRY OF THE HEART
11. MAKE ME IMMUNE
12. BE FANATIC
13. EVERY LIFE IS EMPTY
14. EVERLASTING BEATS
15. MORE STRANGER
16. MY IMPOVERISHED LIFE
17. HATCHING OPEN
18. EACH LIFE LOVES
19. ART AND MANIPULATION
20. ULTIMATE REALITY
21. NEWNESS
22. FROM THE DEVIL'S PERSPECTIVE
23. AN INFINITE TIMES BETTER
24. A WHOLE NEW CHAPTER
25. Q & A
26. LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL
27. THE GREATEST SIN
28. I SIMPLY DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE MY TODAY
29. LEAD LIFE LIKE A MAN
30. BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE?
31. IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER
32. LIFE SHOULDN'T SLIP AND FLY
33. INFINITE INFINITY
34. TO THE SERVICE OF MANKIND
35. IF YOU REALLY HAD THE URGE TO CLEAN SOMETHING
36. I STILL HAD LIFE
37. WHAT MADE YOU EVER THINK
38. I LIVE BECAUSE
39. CLICK
40. IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU
41. WHAT IS THE NEED OF?
42. GIVE ME PERPETUAL DEATH INSTEAD
43. WHERE THERE IS NO LOVE
44. LIFE IS NOT A FEATURE FILM
45. WHAT WAS HAPPENING WRONG
46. THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THAT VOICE
47. OUR GREATEST RICHNESS
48. LIVE LIFE WHOLEHEARTEDLY
49. IF I HAD CLOSED MY BREATH YESTERDAY

50. THE GREATEST SIN

1. A GIFT CALLED LIFE

In order to augment the glory of the crystalline sky; God inundated it with a festoon of enchantingly misty clouds,

In order to augment the glory of the lanky tree; God flooded its barren surface with a blanket of fresh green leaves,

In order to augment the glory of the fleshy palm; God embellished its surface with a myriad of fascinating lines bifurcated into islands and forks,

In order to augment the glory of the plain atmosphere; God deluged its gloomy ambience with sizzling rays of brilliant Sunlight,

In order to augment the glory of the colossal ocean; God imparted its boundless surface with a cavalcade of ravishingly frosty waves,

In order to augment the glory of fecund territories of brown soil; God embodied its surface with a wide fraternity of salubrious crop,

In order to augment the glory of the voluptuously fathomless jungles; God placed a battalion of majestic lions on its rustled paths,

In order to augment the glory of the towering mountains; God embedded their treacherous slopes with compassionate balls of white snow,

In order to augment the glory of the redolently scarlet rose; God granted its demeanor with a seductively exotic scent,

In order to augment the glory of the delectably hidden nest; God filled its empty persona with a cluster of stupendously charming and innocuous eggs,

In order to augment the glory of the placid night; God blessed its shivering persona with amicably twinkling stars,

In order to augment the glory of the gorgeously unsurpassable valley; God lit up its dolorous space with a boisterously pepped up and a stringent echo,

In order to augment the glory of the innocuously wandering cow; God imparted it with the prowess of oozing life yielding and sacrosanct milk,

In order to augment the glory of cascading rain; God impregnated the cosmos with a spell binding and vivacious rainbow,

In order to augment the glory of mammoth stacks of diamonds and gold; God triggered their periphery with a mesmerizing and perennial shine,

In order to augment the glory of the blind bat; God granted it with the astounding ability to stick wherever it wanted; to sleep upside down,

In order to augment the glory of the blossoming shoots of bountiful grass; God overwhelmed its tips with tantalizingly alluring dewdrops,

In order to augment the glory of true love; God gave it the highest priority on his agendas of this unfathomable Universe; granted it the virtue of being supremely immortal,

And in order to augment the glory of every human; God swamped his dead body with an armory of passionate heart beats; flooded his dormant lungs with gargantuan bellows of fresh breath; bestowed upon him the most wonderful gift existing on this planet; a gift that we all know today as life.

2. LIVE AND LET LIVE

Smile philanthropically; and let others smile too; to their ultimate hearts content,

Fly uninhibitedly; and let others fly like a prince too; through the majestically bountiful cocoon of crimson clouds,

Wink flirtatiously; and let others wink too; through the aisles of unprecedented desire and rhapsodically ardent happiness,

Gallop enthusiastically; and let others gallop too; in untamed frenzy through the mystically alluring hills; drowned in golden light of the dazzling firebody of Sun,

Donate chivalrously; and let others donate too; with all the goodness assimilated in their magnanimously benevolent souls,

Embrace passionately; and let others embrace too; with thunderbolts of ardent yearning; escalating perennially in their impoverished souls,

Sing melodiously; and let others sing too; unveiling the most innermost arenas of their enslaved conscience; into ebulliently captivating sound,

Dance tantalizingly; and let others dance too; diffusing waves of unrelenting passion in the heart of the romantically philandering midnight,

Fantasize intransigently; and let others fantasize too; basking in the glory of unfathomably stupendous beauty around; being perpetually entrenched by the magnificence of this enigmatically alluring Universe,

Talk dynamically; and let others talk too; discovering a new found confidence in their voice; the sound lingering in each iota of their blood; to make them feel the most blissful entities alive,

Share generously; and let others share too; ubiquitously disseminating the essence of everlasting humanity; to march forward as the strongest civilization; alike,

Evolve intriguingly; and let others evolve too; innocuously harnessing each ingenious idea of theirs into; the corridors of a celestial paradise,

Bond compassionately; and let others bond too; in threads of invincible harmony and mutual symbiosis; together defending the most mightiest of acrimonious attack on this planet,

Walk flamboyantly; and let others walk too; enchantingly leading each day as it unleashed; persevering with stupendous honesty and fortitude; towards their ultimate mission in life,

Philander charismatically; and let other philander too; exploring all the incredulously ravishing beauty on this earth; blossoming each instant into an unbelievable festoon of joyous ecstasy,

Romanticize exotically; and let others romanticize too; enlightening their lives as well as that of their fellow mates; with optimistic hope and vivaciously vibrant celebration,

Breathe royally; and let others breathe too; exhaling each puff of air; with insurmountable exhilaration to lead a countless more magnetically enriching lives,

Love immortally; and let others love too; bonding each heart across the

complexion of this gigantic globe; with the impregnable ocean of compassionate empathy,

Live like a King; and let others live too; soaring higher than the clouds every unveiling minute of Oligarchic existence; gushing forward like an euphoric whirlwind; as each chapter of joy and pain; unfurled inexplicably in life.

3. NO GHOSTS

The ghost of the impoverished beggar; indefatigably chased all those opulently uncouth entities; who had so barbarically kicked him once upon a time; on the streets of rambunctiously threadbare nothingness,

The ghost of the hapless destitute; unrelentingly chased all those tyrannically lambasting tycoons; who had so unsparingly deprived her of pristine innocence once upon a time; maliciously infiltrating into her enchantingly bountiful life,

The ghost of the unfortunate orphan; relentlessly chased all those diabolically evil spirits; who had so ruthlessly torn it apart from its Omnipotent parents once upon a time; penalizing it for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

The ghost of the brutally pulverized leaf; intransigently chased all those ungainly footsteps; who had so deliberately massacred it once upon a time; metamorphosing its cradle of insatiable ecstasy into a graveyard of gruesome silence,

The ghost of the scorching desert; timelessly chased all those acrimoniously sweltering rays of the Sun; which had so truculently whiplashed it once upon a time; perniciously roasting its tranquility with fireballs of unbearable heat,

The ghost of the excoriated shark; endlessly chased all those ominous hunters; who had so demonically slit its throat once upon a time; rendering its unconquerably princely form into an inconspicuous coffin of meaningless bone,

The ghost of the assassinated artist; tirelessly chased all those conventionally stringent section of society; who had so ignominiously ostracized his work once upon a time; snobbishly tainting his marvelous artistry with their pompously deadened spit,

The ghost of the ghastily blinded eye; limitlessly chased all those venomous thorns; who had so mercilessly pierced its periphery once upon a time; invidiously marauding its carpet of spell binding sensuousness with a treachery

befitting a dreaded swine,

The ghost of the maimed urchin; intractably chased all those salacious dictators; who had so lethally victimized its body once upon a time; transformed its gorgeously robust complexion into a shell of reclusively disparaging doom,

The ghost of the tortured slave; immutably chased all those devilish powerhouses; which had so gorily crucified his vivacious soul once upon a time; despicably invading his fountain of uninhibited freedom with chains of incarcerating prejudice,

The ghost of the heinously disintegrated egg; murderously chased all those perilous vultures; who had so satanically smashed it once upon a time; remorsefully depriving it of even the most infinitesimal of chance to witness the mesmerizing planet outside,

The ghost of the pointed cactus; incorrigibly chased all those grotesque mouths; which had so abominably looked down upon it once upon a time; treating it as a piece of insipid shit as they endeavored their best to make fun of it; all the time,

The ghost of the stripped chicken; irrevocably chased all those heartless butchers; which had so cruelly decimated it once upon a time; converting it into a pool of pathetic blood just to titillate the spurious tongues; of countless alien,

The ghost of the annihilated township; uncontrollably chased all those worthless politicians; who had so unimaginably bombarded it once upon a time; converting even the most diminutive cranny of its persona into a battlefield of blood; hatred and abhorrent war,

The ghost of the isolated path; unflaggingly chased all those pompously inflated tycoons; who had so impudently rejected it once upon a time; transiting it into a living mortuary; just to prevent that extra bit of mud from infiltrating into their bombastically worthless shoes,

The ghost of underprivileged children; inexhaustibly chased all those uselessly penalizing mavericks; who had so maliciously laughed upon their nimble demeanor; just because they were a shade stronger by the grace of Almighty Lord,

The ghost of the traumatized seductress; unfathomably chased all those licentiously thwarting devils; who had so forcefully tied her in shackles of captivity once upon a time; cursing her song of tantalizing melody; with the cry

of vengeful death,

The ghost of the betrayed woman; doggedly chased all those perfidiously diseased impressions; which had so astutely trapped her once upon a time; transiently igniting the fires of unbelievable voluptuousness in her life; before ghoulishly shattering her for a countless more lives,

But the seed of immortal love had no ghost; not even the most tiniest of sinister spirit to be afraid of; as it flowered into the most Omnipresent entrenchment of the divine; timelessly blossoming into the feathers of unshakable togetherness; even after all had died; even after the dying of unstoppable time.

4. LIFE AND DEATH

As much enchantingly resplendent was the fabric of; perennially blossoming life, Insidiously penalizing and inexplicably frustrating; were the pathetically dwindling chapters of disastrously gory death.

As much blissfully proliferating was the garden of; vivaciously Omnipotent life, Horrifically crucifying and despicably stagnating; were the coffin nails of remorsefully fretting death.

As much irrefutably truthful was the wind of; exhilaratingly ebullient life, Dolorously manipulative and abhorrently lecherous; were the flagrantly foul gutters of ruthlessly asphyxiating death.

As much patriotically sparkling was the complexion of; vibrantly bountiful life, Salaciously impeding and vehemently whipping; were the stinking graveyards of indescribably orphaned death.

As much refreshingly appetizing was the gorge of; astoundingly mesmerizing life, Lethally lambasting and forlornly decaying; were the satanic gallows of invidiously stifling death.

As much tantalizingly silken was the mist of; enchantingly triumphant life, Cold-bloodedly massacring and vindictively venomous; were the lackluster corpses of ghastily sullen death.

As much exotically enticing was the meadow of; vibrantly titillating life, Gruesomely parasitic and tyrannically torturous; were the mortifying gutters

of despicably abominable death.

As much poignantly perpetual was the bond of; fascinatingly blissful life,
Lecherously lashing and diabolically pulverizing; were the cacophonous skeletons
of grotesquely savage death.

As much celestially placating was the reverie of; gorgeously marvellous life,
Blatantly corrupt and meaninglessly ungainly; were the hopeless dungeons
of disparagingly derogatory death.

As much ravishingly sensuous was the heaven of; scintillatingly Omniscient life,
Ghoulishly indiscriminate and traumatically hideous; were the nonchalant worms
of bizarrely rotten death.

As much innocuously sacred was the cradle of; bountifully proliferating life,
Ominously crippling and preposterously dastardly; were the lackadaisically
disappearing shadows of obsoletely jinxed death.

As much timelessly compassionate was the path of; victoriously blazing life,
Licentiously withering and regretfully castigating; were the heinously endless
curses of drearily dolorous death.

As much regally ubiquitous was the essence of; Omnipresently magnetic life,
Baselessly stunted and horrifically wailing; were the pernicious maelstroms of
sordidly demonic death.

As much flamboyantly glittering was the cistern of; vividly eclectic life,
Worthlessly lazing and sardonically stunted; were the prejudiced whiplashes
of criminally castrating death.

As much beautifully harmonious was the tonic of; Omnipotently bestowing life,
Hatefully hunchbacked and ambiguously stinging; were the hypocrite stones
of disdainfully ostracizing death.

As much holistically eternal was the rainbow of; everlastingly blissful life,
Truculently sucking and maliciously distorted; were the sinister tunes of
mercilessly snapping death.

As much graciously charismatic was the wall of; unshakably patriotic life,
Insanely bereaved and uxoriously fiendish; were the prurient rides of
idiosyncratically feckless death.

As much marvellously bequeathing was the cloudburst of; unconquerably untamed life,
Iratly impudent and obnoxiously sultry; were the rebuking waves of agonizingly suffocating death.

As much wonderfully fragrant was the jacket of; unassailably glorious life,
Inconspicuously snobbish and punitively parsimonious; were the bellicose voices of vengefully woeful death.

As much supremely humanitarian was the armor of; perpetually affable life,
Shiveringly morbid and abusively mercurial; were the ungainly tunes of devastatingly disintegrating death.

As much unsurpassably enthralling was the fortress of; unflinchingly intrepid life,
Ludicrously cowardly and treacherously hollow; were the ignominious potholes of pugnaciously threadbare death.

As much invaluable Godly was the whistle of; never-endingly augmenting life,
Haplessly destitute and unfathomably maimed; were the evil arms of relentlessly weeping death.

And as much fervently passionately was the beat of; immortally resplendent life,
Brutally snatching and weirdly disfigured; were the barbarically blood-coated alphabets of unforgivably condemning death.

5. HEAVENLY SENSUOUSNESS

Insatiably making me erupt into a garden of everlasting enthrallment; profusely blending each of my murderously devastated senses with the most bountiful paradise of the Lord Divine,
Fantastically propelling me to indefatigably dance all night; inundate the curtain of ghastly blackness with the uninhibited frenzy of my tantalizing gyrations,
Royally perpetuating each arena of my nimbly impoverished countenance; with unfathomable rivers of majestically titillating exuberance,
Voluptuously unfurling even the most dolorously strangulated pores of my skin; to perennially coalesce with the clouds of enigmatically eluding fantasy,
Such was the untamed inferno of my poignantly charismatic sensuousness; drowning me forever and ever and ever into an ocean of ardently silken desire.

1.

Fabulously mesmerizing me on every step that I transgressed; blazingly flooding each drearily diminishing nerve of mine with the eternal elixir of unparalleled

excitement,
Bountifully deluging my indolently stony eyeballs with marvelously ever
augmenting exhilaration; impregnating in them an unsurpassable entrenchment
of timeless desire,
Divinely pacifying even the most infinitesimally disgruntled pore of my visage;
with its sky of panoramically rejuvenating freshness,
Unbelievably enchanting even the most lackadaisically loitering ingredient of my
blood; profoundly embellishing my entire body with its of unending graciousness,

Such was the unassailable heaven of my ravishing sensuousness; incessantly
spiraling above the skies of unending yearning; perpetually drifting me solely
towards the path of sparkling enticement.

2.

Miraculously instilling uninhibited spurts of ebullient lightening in my pathetically
croaking voice; euphorically escalating it to wholesomely melange with a fountain
of resplendent goodness,
Piquantly adorning my nonchalantly fading lips with a flavor so intransigently
regale; that I uncontrollably kissed even the most diminutive iota of rhapsody
cascading freely in the beautiful atmosphere,
Magnificently unveiling every bit of asphyxiated emotion brutally trapped in the
innermost realms of my conscience; liberating my body into the aisles of
celestially gallivanting freedom and far away from the uncouth vagaries of this
treacherously manipulative planet,
Voraciously tickling each cranny of my miserably disheveled flesh; witnessing me
ecstatically bounce way beyond the corridors of gloriously princely imagination,
Such was the romantically fiery cistern of my silken sensuousness;
aristocratically draping my mercurial form with the jubilant inebriation and
patriotism of wonderful rhyme.

3.

Gorgeously incinerating my brain to fantasize beyond the land of the charmingly
extraordinary; unrelentingly delving and exploring the territories of insatiably
euphoric wilderness,
Magically bestowing my penuriously dwindling aura with an unsurpassable
festoon of melody; splendidly healing even the most inexplicably traumatic of my
wounds,
Compassionately caressing even the most parsimonious trace of frazzled agony
round my body; with its winds of unshakably unprecedented belonging,
Transiting me into the most astoundingly celestial reverie of my life; fabulously

painting each of my dreams with the unending magic of God's pricelessly
proliferating creation,
Such was the triumphant river of my spell binding sensuousness; resplendently
harnessing every disastrously dithering element of my visage; with a wand of
magically burgeoning intoxication and immortal enthrallment.

6. WHETTING APPETITE FOR LOVE

In order to whet appetite for food; all that was required was the tantalizing scent
of heavenly corn,

In order to whet appetite for the morning; all that was required was; the
boisterously bubbly chirp of the melodious cuckoo,

In order to whet appetite for beauty; all that was required was; ravishingly
seductive breeze; which transited you into an indefinite stupor above the clouds,

In order to whet appetite for fantasy; all that was required was; a fabulously
gorgeous valley inundated with fireballs of mystical enchantment,

In order to whet appetite for farming; all that was required was fathomless acres
of ravenously pristine soil; a rhapsodic festoon of clouds deluging the horizons
with stupendous mysticism,

In order to whet appetite for adventure; all that was required was; boundless
kilometers of undulating terrain; the insatiably titillating waves of the poignantly
gorgeous ocean,

In order to whet appetite for a kiss; all that was required was; celestially divine
contours of voluptuous lips; pursing themselves ardently in the heart of the
charismatic night,

In order to whet appetite for childhood; all that was required was; the irrefutably
sacrosanct mother; incredulously igniting the innocuously frolicking child in your
monotonously commercial eyes,

In order to whet appetite for study; all that was required was; an unparalleled
ambition which had nowhere else; but the ingratiatingly mesmerizing corridors of
paradise to go,

In order to whet appetite for mysticism; all that was required was; an
unfathomable myriad of alluring destiny lines; that unveiled tumultuous enigma;

at every encounter with pragmatic life,

In order to whet appetite for cleanliness; all that was required was; the insurmountably rejuvenating sheet of silken stars; a harmoniously captivating waterfall; handsomely culminating into vivacious froth; after clashing against the wonderful rocks,

In order to whet appetite for artistry; all that was required was the innermost catharsis of the majestic soul; an exuberantly enthralling backdrop of scarlet roses amidst the skies,

In order to whet appetite for galloping; all that was required was; an uninterrupted race track stretching into spell binding wilderness; a royal horse compassionately neighing to be set free,

In order to whet appetite for mischief; all that was required was a fantastically emulating chimpanzee; bouncing in the aisles of free flowing fantasy and surreptitious foliage,

In order to whet appetite for marketing; all that was required was; an insurmountably exciting challenge; a market commensurately disseminated with customers of every fraternity; customers of every kind,

In order to whet appetite for romancing; all that was required was; poignant winds of perpetual stillness; a philanthropically commiserating partner of your choice,

In order to whet appetite for friendship; all that was required was; a magnanimously sharing conscience; a mate to lean upon symbiotically at all times,

In order to whet appetite for war; all that was required was a preposterously treacherous enemy; an unprecedented urge to do or die; for alleviating mankind,

And in order to whet appetite for love; all that was required was a turbulently throbbing heart; and its immortal ocean of everlasting beats; which for infinite births kept you breathing with the divine; and supremely alive.

7. LIFE IS A LOVEBIRD

Life is a resplendent flower; the more you ardently inhale it; the more it casts its

fragrant spell upon each cranny of your disastrously frazzled demeanor; for centuries immemorial,

Life is an invincible mountain; the more you valiantly clamber it; the more it impreguably defends every iota of your bereaved countenance; against the most acrimoniously vicious attacks,

Life is a tantalizing ocean; the more you profusely swim in it; the more it envelops your cloudburst of inexplicable agonies; with its enchantingly rhapsodic tanginess,

Life is a ravishing cloud; the more insatiably you float in it; the more it encapsulates your monotonously beleaguered senses; in an entrenchment of mystically voluptuous sensuousness,

Life is a blazing Sun; the more unflinchingly you stare at it; the more it magnanimously bequeaths upon you the tenacity; to surge relentlessly forward towards your philanthropically divine goals,

Life is a tingling dewdrop; the more bountifully you caress it; the more it enshrouds every element of your disastrously dwindling persona; with majestically tranquil compassion,

Life is a resplendent star; the more uninhibitedly you let it in your dwelling; the more it wholesomely infiltrates your ghastily bereaved conscience; with innocuously twinkling beams of sacrosanct light,

Life is an exhilarating adventure; the more poignantly you pursue it; the more it enthrallingly perpetuates into each of your brutally extinguishing nerves; to unconquerably metamorphose them into the boundaries of spell binding paradise,

Life is an exotic waterfall; the more fervently you bathe in it; the more it astoundingly washes each of your inadvertently committed sin's; maneuvering you towards the path of everlasting prosperity,

Life is a true story; the more passionately you engross in it; the more it romantically titillates each aspect of your insidiously dithering existence; with its insurmountably ingratiating melody,

Life is an Omnipotent form; the more devoutly you respect it; the more it uninhibitedly blesses every aspect of your survival; miraculously transforming all

your traumatized anguish; into a fountain of perennially sparkling happiness,

Life is an Omniscient elixir; the more tenaciously you drink it; the more it handsomely relieves you of even the most infinitesimal of your tensions; indefatigably propelling you to fantasize like a prince,

Life is an enchanting dream; the more unfathomably you perceive it; the more it blissfully it placates all your savagely manipulative apprehensions; engenders you to astonishingly procreate a countless more brilliantly victorious tomorrow's,

Life is a melodious song; the more you patriotically sing it; the more it bestows you with the Herculean tenacity; to wholesomely free your atrociously besieged; and sacred motherland,

Life is an unassailable fortress; the more you vehemently respect it; the more it perpetually sequesters you in its Omnipresent belly; nourishes each cranny of your existence with the tonic of radiantly vivacious righteousness,

Life is a vivid rainbow; the more you profusely absorb it; the more it stupendously inundates your despicably collapsing existence; with an unsurpassable kaleidoscope; of beauty; color; and amiably charming humanity,

Life is a humanitarian necklace; the more you chivalrously wear it; the more it showers upon your penurious visage all richness of this planet; the pricelessly regale religion of mankind,

Life is a Divine heaven; the more you tirelessly salute it; the more it benevolently blesses your pathetically withering nostrils; with unsurpassable fireballs of aristocratically exuberant breath,

And life is a lovebird; the more you ecstatically let it fly; the more it envelops your tyrannically imprisoned heart; with immortal beats of love; love; and only unshakably Godly Love.

8. ARTISTS VERSUS TYCOONS

Artists assimilated the vibrantly unfurling beauty of the atmosphere; majestically on the resplendent palette of their lives,

Tycoons traded the same in the spuriously stinking stock markets; savagely marauding their bountiful fragrance in the web of indescribably salacious savagery.

Artists inundated vivaciously enamoring color even in the most dolorously deadened entities; spawning a civilization of ravishing sensuousness on even the most obsoletely decaying step that they tread,
Tycoons ghastily buried live organisms into threadbare mud; erecting castles of their invidiously malicious wealth; upon unfathomably tyrannized blood and skull.

Artists wonderfully absorbed even the most infinitesimal iota of charismatic voluptuousness from the planet around; eternally making it the ravishing mascara of their philandering eyelashes,
Tycoons ruthlessly boiled the same in cauldrons of manipulative malice; beheading man and animal barbarically alike; to bombastically toast for their nocturnal delights.

Artists insurmountably titillated even the coffins of penalizing midnight; with the stupendously enchanting melody in their vividly wandering sounds,
Tycoons mercilessly invaded every speck of this gloriously palpitating Universe; with the overwhelmingly bizarre cacophony of lecherously crippling monotony.

Artists fulminated into an unsurpassable ocean of fantasy with every unveiling minute; tantalizing even the most alien mountains of absolution; with their beautifully mesmerizing footsteps,
Tycoons fretted; fumed; made life an irascibly unforgiving hell for every entity around them; after stepping out of the realms of the dastardly superficial office.

Artists perpetuated a fathomless garden of spell binding fragrance on every single occasion that they exotically kissed mother earth; erupting into the flavor of timeless humanity for times immemorial; and with the consent of the Creator Divine,
Tycoons tirelessly slithered their way through the gutters of crucifying corruption; asphyxiating the breath of countless innocent; in their quest for reaching the epitome of baselessly empty supremacy.

Artists treated every organism alive as an unshakably ubiquitous paradise; profoundly saluting the scintillating path of compassionate righteousness in every heart throbbing with enamoring life,
Tycoons parasitically lambasted the diminutively poor; uxoriously licked the sordid feet of the domineeringly rich; in their never-ending hunger to possess the ludicrously white collar; for a countless more lifetimes.

Artists irrefutably believed in the sacrosanct cradle of beautiful proliferation; timelessly evolving a township of astoundingly redolent newness in every conceivable direction; that they cast their intoxicating eyes,

Tycoons deliberately impeded God's most cherished process of procreation; on the meaningless pretext that their palaces of sleazily glittering gold; would become a trifle too overcrowded.

And Artists perpetually worshipped nothing else but love; love and perennial love; bonding with its heavenly spirit to immortalize the spirit of ingratiating life on this boundlessly gregarious earth,
While tycoons insidiously broke hearts like a pack of soggy matchsticks; criminally philosophizing an insipidly emotionless environment; sanctimonious cigar smoke; raunchy vixen and wine; as the only mantra to forever survive.

9. NO OVERTAKING

It was intransigently impossible to overtake the Omnipotent Sun; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably overwhelmed by an unfathomable entrenchment of perennially jubilant shine,

It was intractably impossible to overtake the fathomless ocean; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably outclassed by an unending festoon of undulating waves; thunderously sending me backwards; rollicking towards the cold rocks,

It was irrevocably impossible to overtake the sensuous clouds; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably overshadowed by a mist of perpetually enthralling and untamed exhilaration,

It was incorrigibly impossible to overtake the sacrosanct chapters of Creation; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably outnumbered by the infinite rhapsodic cries of fresh birth; that had just unfurled,

It was unbelievably impossible to overtake the scent of humanitarian goodness; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably engulfed with a cistern of invincibly spell binding righteousness,

It was immutably impossible to overtake the assiduous unveiling of time; as every step that I took forward; irrefutably perpetuated even the most infinitesimal senses of my mind; body and soul with the undeniable spirit of pragmatically precious present,

It was indefatigably impossible to overtake the township of heavenly mankind; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably overpowered by the unbreakable compassion of philanthropic oneness,

It was irretrievably impossible to overtake the impregnable thread of truth; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably transcended by the insatiably enlightening inferno of unflinching solidarity,

It was imperceptibly impossible to overtake the bountiful stride of the artist; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably incarcerated in a web of vivaciously everlasting seduction,

It was indomitably impossible to overtake the eternal sounds of innocence; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably surpassed by a civilization of perennially bestowing and optimistic illumination,

It was unsalvageably impossible to overtake the absolute zenith of the gargantuan mountain; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably overruled by pricelessly sheer majesty and unassailable superiority,

It was incomprehensibly impossible to overtake the smile of true friendship; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably encapsulated by a cavern of unendingly benign congeniality,

It was insurmountably impossible to overtake the inherent impetuosity of boisterously bubbling youth; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably mellowed by the flame of ardently ebullient adventure,

It was indescribably impossible to overtake the walls of symbiotic harmony; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably nonplussed by the marvelous aristocracy of enchantingly blessed existence,

It was irredeemably impossible to overtake the Godly Mother's compassion; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably drowned in an unfathomable whirlpool of incessantly burgeoning empathy,

It was unstoppable impossible to overtake the melody of rain soaked air; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably neutralized by a voluptuously nubile seductress; relentlessly titillating even the heart of my most dolorously deadened night,

It was unsurpassably impossible to overtake the patriotism of the sacrificing soldier; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably outshone by a sky of stupendously ever-pervading skill and inimitable bravery,

It was dogmatically impossible to overtake the tunnels of triumphant breath; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably outplayed by the majestically benevolent rhythm of; pristine existence,

And it was hopelessly impossible to overtake the beats of the poignantly gregarious heart; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably outdone by a paradise of immortal love; love and priceless love.

10. THE CRY OF THE HEART

The cry of the lion was majestically thunderous; although it died as the minutes rapidly unveiled; with the stupendous tranquility of the forests taking wholesome control,

The cry of the clouds was insatiably voluptuous; although it faded after a while; as the Sun Omnipotently enlightened even the most infinitesimal entity in neighboring vicinity,

The cry of the shark was royally piercing; although it diminished almost as soon as it had come; with the unfathomably undulating wave wholesomely drowning it into an ocean of mesmerizing froth,

The cry of the eagle was exuberantly aristocratic; although it vanished surreptitiously from the sky in an ethereal flash; as cyclonically untamed maelstroms perpetuated the canvas of the panoramic valley,

The cry of the nightingale was melodiously enchanting; although it blended with the aisles of nothingness after a while; as the triumphantly trumpeting elephants insatiably marauded the meadows; left; right and rampant center,

The cry of the gloriously unflinching warrior was supremely ecstatic; although it coalesced with threadbare mud in an ethereal instant; as an unsurpassably unending tirade of pugnacious bombs; brutally plummeted upon him from the enemy camp,

The cry of the waterfalls was harmoniously enchanting; although it dried up as quickly as flashes of lightening thunder; as the tyranny of the acrimoniously sweltering day evaporated every bit of it; into wisps of obsoletely disappearing oblivion,

The cry of the bee was boisterously swarming; although it soon mellowed to an inconspicuous trace of its original self; as the scent of the magnanimously

everlasting lotus unconquerably enshrouded everything above hard ground,

The cry of the seductress was ebulliently tantalizing; although it disappeared into the ingredients of nothingness like a trice of a bullet; as the silken magic of the titillating night soon gave way to the hideously monotonous day,

The cry of the clocktower was stringently meticulous; although it quickly subsided into a corpse of morbid meaninglessness; as the lanky arm struck past the wonderfully reverberating hour,

The cry of the rainbow was resplendently vivacious; although it fleetingly hid in its shell of sequestered oblivion; as the blanket of poignantly crimson clouds soon took an insurmountably bountiful grip of the fathomless sky,

The cry of the dewdrops was beautifully exhilarating; although it pathetically evaporated into bits of open space; as soon as the Sun blazed to its domineeringly profound radiance in the boundless sky,

The cry of the leaves was mystically seductive; although it transformed into a diminutively subdued mellow; as the victoriously advancing gusty wind now became a song of charismatic love,

The cry of the newly born was Omnisciently effusive; although it became a fugitive impression of its ownself; as the years advanced and the web of inevitably insidious commercialism took disgusting control,

The cry of the brain was fantastically unfathomable and incessantly exploring; although it transited into an inferno of lackadaisical disparagement; as the savagery of uncouth society salaciously overpowered every intricate arena of survival,

The cry of the conscience was irrefutably honest; although it sporadically manipulated itself every now and again; as existence was of the most quintessentially paramount importance amidst the pack of satanically lecherous wolves,

The cry of breath was charismatically sensuous; although it veritably finished in limited amounts of unfurling time; as the strokes of destiny eventually had their unavoidably final say,

But the cry of the heart was immortally unassailable; come what may; passionately shuddering even centuries immemorial after wholesome diminishing

of the bodily
form; perpetually uniting with God's most pricelessly Omnipotent beats of love.

11. MAKE ME IMMUNE

Don't make me immune to resplendent emotions; but make me irrefutably immune to all those outrageously overruling them; brutally pulverizing them under a carpet of insidious monotony,

Don't make me immune to bountifully captivating beauty; but make me intransigently immune to all those mercilessly marauding and ruthlessly neglecting it,

Don't make me immune to fathomless lands of enchanting grass; but make me incorrigibly immune to all those diabolically spitting and barbarically chopping them,

Don't make me immune to undulating waves of the ravishing sea; but make me irrevocably immune to all those derogatorily adulterating and corrupting them with nuclear warfare,

Don't make me immune to the astoundingly Omnipotent scent of the gregarious lotus; but make me irretrievably immune to all those uncouthly devastating its stupendous serenity; with their swords of bizarre commercialism,

Don't make me immune to the majestically divine rays of the flamboyant Sun; but make me unsurpassably immune to all those lecherously castigating them for their sweltering shine,

Don't make me immune to tantalizingly spell binding fantasy; but make me irrevocably immune to all those invidiously massacring it with graveyards of abhorrent prejudice,

Don't make me immune to grandiloquently glittering gold coins; but make me intractably immune to all those pompously tossing them; rather than helping despicably beleaguered mankind,

Don't make me immune to melodiously singing birds; but make me unfathomably immune to all those tyrannically slitting their throats; to spuriously toast for surreptitious nocturnal delights,

Don't make me immune to the symbiotically harmonious religion of humanity;

but make me unprecedentedly immune to all those invidiously infiltrating it with pathetically infinitesimal idiosyncrasies of caste; creed and discriminating color,

Don't make me immune to unconquerably priceless truth; but make me dogmatically immune to all those satanically degrading it with an acrimoniously fretful battlefield of blatant lies,

Don't make me immune to effusively jubilant tears; but make me wholesomely immune to all those who kept relentlessly crying; despite having all the wealth on this gorgeously fathomless Universe,

Don't make me immune to immortally Omniscient martyrs; but make me boundlessly immune to all those who insipidly ridiculed and forlornly condemned their acts of gloriously altruistic heroism,

Don't make me immune to the voluptuous shadows of sensuousness; but make me overwhelmingly immune to all those tried to burn them in the swirl of abominably clockwork machinery,

Don't make me immune to ingratiatingly enigmatic mysticism; but make me truculently immune to all those believing in nothing else but the disdainfully boring ticktocking of time,

Don't make me immune to synergistically surviving wildlife; but make me entirely immune to all those beheading innocent animals; just to placate that inconspicuously extra bit of taste in their nonchalant tongues,

Don't make me immune to eternally fructifying friendship; but make me uncompromisingly immune to all those salaciously trying to poison it with the fangs of indescribably sordid greed,

Don't make me immune to blissfully earthly and panoramically natural sounds; but make me indomitably immune to all those agonizingly trying to trample them; with the voices of threadbare superficiality,

Don't make me immune to the heavenly seductive cisterns of pungent breath; but make me timelessly immune to all those wanting to deliberately snap it; with maelstroms of indiscriminately unending hatred,

And don't make me immune to the immortally sacrosanct chapters of love and the heart O! Almighty Lord; but make me perpetually immune to all those not harboring respect for them; paving their way ahead in life like cold-blooded

parasites.

12. BE FANATIC

Be fanatic; but solely for your fabulously glorious art; incessantly drowning in its stupendously ingratiating glory; irrespective of what the uncouth society said,

Be fanatic; but solely for your philanthropic deeds; indefatigably helping all those tormented whom you encountered in your way; with the inherently blossoming benevolence in your palms,

Be fanatic; but solely for your friendship; manifesting it into the most invincible force on this Universe; an unconquerable strength which handsomely mitigated pathetically shivering living kind,

Be fanatic; but solely for your fantasy; unrelentingly dreaming in the aisles of uncurbed desire; instilling fireballs of desire in every entity dithering lackadaisically towards hopeless extinction,

Be fanatic; but solely for the magnificent beauty you witnessed; entrenching yourself profusely in its royal swirl; disseminating its ravishingly enthralling essence; to each gloomy corner of this Universe,

Be fanatic; but solely for the benevolence lingering profoundly in your soul; indefatigably endeavoring your best to metamorphose all lechery on planet earth; once again into a blissful paradise,

Be fanatic; but solely for the blood in your veins; the ubiquitously scarlet color of which united you irrefutably with every religion of this world,

Be fanatic; but solely for the magnanimous smiles on your rubicund lips; the rhapsodically uninhibited joy; which enlightened disastrously impoverished lives with optimistic rays of hope,

Be fanatic; but solely for the enchantingly golden perspiration that dribbled from your body; the scent of supremely satisfying hardwork; proving as a messiah for all those rotting in the land of satanically dilapidated; shortcuts,

Be fanatic; but solely for the unfathomably melodious sounds that uttered from your throat; bonding horrifically devastated souls with the unprecedented harmony in your voice,

Be fanatic; but solely for the insurmountable fruits of nature you harnessed and cherished; while the manipulative world outside; feasted on sleazy peppermint and whiningly adulterated wine,

Be fanatic; but solely for the Herculean fortitude in your countenance; the unflinching spirit with which you surged forward towards the corridors of prosperity; uplifting your orphaned mates to light a perennial smile to their shattered lives,

Be fanatic; but solely for the unfinished aspirations of your parents; at times achieving the most unsurpassably impossible; to let their souls sleep in eternally celestial rest,

Be fanatic; but solely for the impeccable child philandering in your bones; relentlessly frolicking in the lap of your sacrosanct mother; far away from the manipulatively diabolical vagaries of this planet; and the greedy licking a pile of worthless notes,

Be fanatic; but solely for the incomprehensible power in your wrists; massacring all trace of horrendously stinking evil; forever with your unshakable sword of impregnable righteousness,

Be fanatic; but solely for the ultimate passions engulfing each cranny of your diminutive caricature; rising above the astronomical summits of the towering mountains; to shake hands with the perpetually blazing Sun,

Be fanatic; but solely for your heart; incarcerating in it the soulmate of your dreams resisting all malice; sharing and propagating with her all the goodness you could have ever perceived; since the time you were born on mother earth,

Be fanatic; but solely for your chivalrously advancing footsteps; asking the Almighty to bless you with the magical prowess of transforming each step you tread on; into a paradise for the crumbling world outside,

And be fanatic; but solely for your life; ardently desiring to lead a countless more lives in a single lifetime; provided that you soared above the clouds as each day unveiled into an exotic night; affording the same to all fraternity of God's precious living kind.

13. EVERY LIFE IS EMPTY

Every night is empty without its resplendent festoon of shimmering stars; paving

a path of mysticism through the dreary morbidity all around,

Every desert is empty without its majestically glistening carpet of sands; royally rising and falling with the exuberantly blowing winds,

Every road is empty without its flurry of boisterously gallivanting traffic; granting new dimensions all the time; to its never ending repertoire of enigmatic curves and turns,

Every day is empty without its dynamically flamboyant Sun; bedazzling even the most remotely dilapidated corners of this Universe; with a garland of magnetically golden light,

Every throat is empty without its harmonious melody; the captivatingly rhapsodic sound; that catapulted even the most impoverished; to an enchanting entrenchment beyond realms of mesmerizing eternity,

Every mountain is empty without its irrefutably towering summits; kissing the clouds unflinchingly as they seductively drifted by; proving an ultimate exemplary to all other diminutive aspects of incarcerated life,

Every mind is empty without its unrelenting fountain of enthralling fantasies; relentlessly exploring; discovering; and evolving into a waterfall of stupendous newness; as each instant unveiled,

Every cloud is empty without its tantalizing droplets of rain; the unprecedented enthrallment that it spell bindingly bestowed upon this planet; with its profusely heavenly tumblers of water,

Every palm is empty without its unfathomable myriad of tingling destiny lines; the magnanimous bifurcations which astoundingly governed; stardom and horrendous pitfalls in a mans life,

Every ocean is empty without its ecstatic fish; the voluptuously ravishing elixir that they imparted to the undulating waves; culminating into fireballs of desire before clashing against the scintillating rocks,

Every calendar is empty without its meticulous array of dates; the most euphoric depictions of days and weeks; propelling living kind on the path of radiantly blooming prosperity,

Every flower is empty without its fabulously gorgeous fragrance; the scent that

handsomely pervaded even through the most heinous webs of uncouth lechery;
flooding dwindling souls all across the Universe; with vibrant light,

Every forest is empty without its untamed wilderness; the unsurpassable blend of
leaf and animal and stream; which weaved cloud covers of unparalleled
excitement,

Every vein is empty without its scarlet rivulets of blood; the Omnipotent fuel to
gush forward with insurmountable fervor in life; the only religion that bonded all
human kind,

Every oyster is empty without its marvelously shimmering pearls; the
incredulously embellished globule which fulminated into vivacious happiness,

Every canvas is empty without its vivid splashes of color; inundating the sullen
atmosphere around with waves of poignant compassion; suddenly making drab
moments of life replete with astoundingly exotic charm,

Every conscience is empty without its invincible righteousness; the sacrosanct
virtue which made every organism feel as the richest alive; massacring the very
essence of blatantly coward lies; from the colossal trajectory of this planet,

Every heart is empty without its perpetual beats; the everlasting rhythm which
bonded all across boundless earth; in thunderbolts of insatiable passion; alike,

And every life is empty without its immortal love; the unconquerable soul mate
of its dreams; which was its very reason to dream of an infinite more lives; more
importantly in this lifetime; be blissfully breathing and alive.

14. EVERLASTING BEATS

Sinking countless kilometers beneath the rock bottom of my boots; as I
witnessed the insurmountably gigantic dinosaur making a final countdown for my
bones,

Triumphantly bouncing towards a land higher than the summit of paradise; as I
achieved the most unprecedented ambition of my life,

Freezing ruthlessly to worse than a cold stone; as I heard the overwhelmingly
gloomy news; about the ghastly accident of my beloved,

Thunderously leaping out of my ardent chest; as I encountered the most

fantastically fabulous of my dreams; serendipitously by my side,

Escalating like a tumultuously rebellious inferno; when someone rubbed salt on my nascently raw wounds; in the worst of my times,

Philandering through the tunnels of insatiably tingling desire; as I romanced with the mate of my dreams; as streaks of electric lightening blazed ferociously in the cosmos,

Paralyzing to a frigidly dead bone; as I witnessed gargantuan flocks of unruly mob; torch thousands of innocent alive,

Melting like a philanthropically benevolent candle; when the impeccable child caught my hand; calling me father with profound newness lingering in the whites of his eye,

Wavering in profuse uncertainty; as I had to choose from amongst my sacrosanct mother and enchanting wife; both of whom I loved incomprehensibly; and alike,

Shivering more painstakingly than boundless avalanches of condensed ice; as I viewed my benign fellow mates; being lambasted traumatically from all sides,

Slithering in ecstatic frenzy in umpteenth directions; as I immaculately unveiled each ingenious artistry of my bountiful brain,

Compassionately fortifying itself like an impregnable fortress; when I unflinchingly marched towards the path of irrefutable truth; with the palms of my fellow comrades; invincibly entwined in mine,

Shrinking to fathomless times of its original size; as I heard my name in God's list of those about to die; when I knew that this was the last time; of seeing my cherished ones alive,

Glistening to a shade more flamboyant than the rising Sun; as I made my parents proud of my conquests; proved it to the entire world outside; that I was equal to each droplet of my divinely mothers milk,

Dancing in remorseful solitude; as I knew I had committed the most heinous act of my life; as I knew that it was disparagingly hopeless; to reverse my quota of inadvertently performed misdeeds,

Forcefully fulminating to be instantaneously released; as I was imprisoned in the

land of traitors; in the corridors of those who sinfully condemned God and
priceless humanity,

Dying inconspicuously in its rudimentary roots; as I saw the magnanimous entity
who gave me birth; being lowered down in her ghastly tomb,

And living an infinite lives in a single life; an infinite instants of happiness in a
single moment; when it immortally bonded with the ultimate love of its fervently
adventurous existence,

Was my passionately throbbing heart; unequivocally ensuring that I survived till
my last breath as the richest man alive; a richness not able to be manipulated or
purchased by any spurious wealth; a richness of its sacredly everlasting beats.

15. MORE STRANGER

Truth is sometimes stranger than; the most intriguing of spell binding fiction,

Reality is sometimes stranger than; the most unfathomably rhapsodic of fantasy;
the dreams that insatiably lingered beyond the untamed realms of imagination,

Pragmatism is sometimes more stranger than; the most fascinating scriptures of
art; the mesmerizing silhouettes of the incredulous valley,

Sunlight is sometimes more stranger than; the charismatic mysticism of the
majestic night; the festoon of resplendently twinkling stars which shimmered
relentlessly into a world of stupendous enthrallment,

Stones are sometimes more stranger than; the brazenly undulating ocean;
unfurling into an unprecedented world of enigma; as each wave escalated
towards boundlessly blue sky,

Alphabets are sometimes more stranger than; melodiously enchanting tunes;
perpetually lingering in an ocean of supreme titillation and unbelievable
excitement,

Sweat is sometimes more stranger than; surreally evoking shadow; royally
blending with golden dust; at the onset of mesmerizing twilight,

Boredom is sometimes more stranger than; intransigently augmenting reverie;
which casts its exotic spell for times beyond eternal eternity,

Honesty is sometimes more stranger than; surreptitiously curvaceous lies;
astutely eluding and eloping in tunnels of unparalleled mystique,

Simplicity is sometimes more stranger than; voluptuously enamoring mascara;
inevitably seducing the most sagacious; in webs of uncontrollable desire,

Staring is sometimes more stranger than; anecdotes of flirtatious winking;
evoking a volcano of uncanny attraction; an electricity between entities; existing
even poles apart,

Numerals are sometimes more stranger than; insurmountable lines of heavenly
poetry; dancing in the aisles of romantic captivation and magnetic desire,

Rules are sometimes more stranger than; uninhibited dormitories of astronomical
freedom; the incomprehensibly unrestricted will to do as you like,

Candidness is sometimes more stranger than; the opposite poles of two
magnets; triggering fireballs of cataclysmic passion in the cosmos; the very
instant that they met,

Unemployment is sometimes more stranger than; astounding versatility; the
unbelievably miraculous prowess of a tangible organism to attempt infinite
things at a time,

Humility is sometimes more stranger than; the bountifully divine; spawning a
whole new chapter of existence; as the winds of desire profusely descended,

Maturity is sometimes more stranger than; the innocuously bouncing infant; who
discovered resplendently blossoming paradise; at every step he majestically
tread,

Conventions are sometimes more stranger than; the compassionately gorgeous
entrenchment of sizzling romance; desirously uniting two souls as one,

And death is sometimes more stranger; than vivaciously flamboyant life; which
unfurled each tomorrow with waves of charming bliss; with summits of perpetual
happiness.

16. MY IMPOVERISHED LIFE

A robust framework of tantalizing flesh; for the pertinently hovering mosquito;
stealthily eyeing it for his chance of devastating the same,

A titillating island of amalgamated mincemeat; for the murderously wandering lethal jawed crocodile,

A fascinating chunk of skin for the menacing scorpion; snaring its deadly pincers insidiously towards it; as the Sun transcended well beyond the horizons,

A golden raspberry; for the boisterously buzzing humming bee; relishing on its immaculately glowing periphery; to sing and celestially sleep,

A sporadically hollow trunk; for the merrily philandering squirrel; finding insurmountable heaven in the hollow caverns of its compassionate nostrils and lips,

A ray of optimistic light; for the rampantly loitering worms; crawling into the flamboyantly dynamic apertures of its eye; as ghastly nightfall superceded the heroic day,

A source of incessant entertainment; for the painstakingly persevering tortoise; getting a ravishingly splendid reprieve from its tireless spells of boredom and languid despondence,

An ingratiatingly juicy fruit; for the ominously slithering python; greedily viewing the charismatic gait with which it transgressed,

A delectably crunchy shell; for the preposterously gigantic shark; engulfing its brutal jaws; over its composite conglomerate of mesmerizing flesh and bones,

A fountain of spellbindingly fresh blood; for the hideously uncouth bats; who descended like a tumultuously thunderous maelstrom upon its impeccably shimmering demeanor,

A delightfully prospective client; for the rustic barber; who basked in the realms of stupendous joy while trimming a mountain of hair and bushy beard; from its humble caricature,

An innocent rabbit; for the treacherously murderous criminals; massacring it to infinite bits of minuscule chowder; after ruthlessly evacuating its share of wealth and happiness,

An alluringly voluptuous bone; for the barbaric butcher; stuffing his pockets with astronomical wealth; after trading its indispensable organs of salubrious meat,

A revitalizingly fortified biscuit; for the vociferously growling wolf; pouncing on it devilishly; the instant he even ethereally glimpsed at it,

A magnificently royal feast; for the diabolical vultures flapping around; enveloping it from all ends; horrendously depraving it of the tiniest iota of blood and vital ingredient,

An innocuously compact hill of cheese; for the obnoxiously piquant toothed battalion of mice; relentlessly nibbling on its majestic periphery to reduce it to a corpse; more horrifically distorted than the graves,

A monotonously robotic machine; for the satanically manipulative boss; extricating its potential to the unimaginably unprecedented; before dumping it in the gutter like a piece of orphaned shit,

An infinitesimal molecule; for the Almighty Lord; treating it as he treated every other organism; that he had evolved on the trajectory of this wonderfully fathomless Universe,

But an immortal ocean of love solely for your heart; proliferating into an infinite lives with each of its princely beats; every time it had a chance to be born again; was my impoverished life.

17. HATCHING OPEN

The skies hatch open into bountiful Sunshine; flamboyantly blazing through every morbidly corner of this fathomless Universe,

The waterfalls hatch open into rhapsodically tangy froth; culminating into a whirlpool of tumultuous excitement; after clashing against the royal rocks,

The eggs hatch open into mesmerizing fledglings; deluging the serene atmosphere with their indefatigable flurry of impeccable cries,

The trees hatch open into celestial fruits; the indispensably tantalizing fodder to sustain; every anecdote of mystical life,

The throat hatches open into an unfathomable myriad of sounds; an astounding armory of insinuations; dexterously maneuvering all mankind,

The valley's hatch open into incomprehensible enigma; instilling new found

happiness; in the lives of insanely frustrated souls,

The gutter hatches open into fetidly smelling stench; abominably disrupting the harmony of the divine winds floating around,

The prisons hatch open into abhorrent malice; harboring overwhelming ill will and insidious hatred,

The eyes hatch open into profound streams of intricate empathy; unrelentingly seeking for the compassionate mates of their dreams,

The flesh hatches into a complete organism; incredulously functioning to God's every marvelously Omnipotent command,

The cow hatches open into sacrosanct pails of milk; tirelessly fortifying exuberant bones to decimate; the tiniest trace of evil from the complexion of this soil,

The scalp hatches open into an unsurpassable conglomerate of ravishing hair; whistling and drifting tantalizingly with the ecstatic wind,

The bees hatch open into a glorious fountain of stupendously sweet honey; pacifying the fires of condemnable crime; for everlasting times,

The pearl hatches open into a paradise of insatiable shine; enriching impoverished entities rotting around; in an entrenchment of beauty and timeless captivation,

The lips hatch open into a philanthropic smile; disseminating the essence of immortal humanity; to those quarters of this globe enveloped with ghastly grime,

The devil hatches open into lecherous devastation; sucking blood from innocuous organisms on this planet; only to be pulverized to raw ash by the Omnisciently divine,

The spider hatches open into a silvery web; transgressing majestically across its silken strands; like thunderbolts of lightning descending from scarlet sky,

The grave hatches open into despondently unfinished desires; dissatisfied souls invidiously trying to get an ominous stranglehold on mankind,

The conscience hatches open into irrefutable righteousness; overruling baseless

frigidity with perpetual strokes of unconquerable honesty,

And the heart hatches opens into boundless love; exploring; discovering; embracing; diffusing its infinite forms all across this princely earth; and in the end becoming an immortal slave of its Godly rhyme.

18. EACH LIFE LOVES

Each star twinkles,
Each rose scents,
Each clock ticks,
Each cloud drifts,
Each arm sweats,
Each lip smiles,
Each skin bleeds,
Each eye winks,
Each wind blows,
Each wave undulates,
Each echo mystifies,
Each seed sprouts,
Each mother bears,
Each pig gobbles,
Each fist curls,
Each ball rolls,
Each icecube melts,
Each bird flies,
Each cloth sequesters,
Each dungeon darkens,
Each soul stupefies,
Each nightingale mesmerizes,
Each tooth chews,
Each mosquito bites,
Each peacock blossoms,
Each lion roars,
Each mind dreams,
Each organism evolves,
Each soldier immortalizes,
Each shape signifies,
Each battle vindicates,
Each nose smells,
Each waterfall diffuses,
Each path leads,

Each summit personifies,
Each ideal enlightens,
Each ray brightens,
Each scorpion stings,
Each gutter stinks,
Each tongue satiates,
Each demeanor shadows,
Each root embeds,
Each cow milks,
Each glue sticks,
Each mirror reflects,
Each trend innovates,
Each beauty enchants,
Each destiny enthralls,
Each embrace intimates,
Each stare captivates,
Each pearl scintillates,
Each muscle fortifies,
Each game rejuvenates,
Each effort achieves,
Each foot tramples,
Each ambition drives,
Each lie decimates,
Each manipulation massacres,
Each passion fulminates,
Each wing flaps,
Each journey explores,
Each arrow wounds,
Each talent blooms,
Each mission idolizes,
Each example symbolizes,
Each joy celebrates,
Each tear commiserates,
Each emulation falsifies,
Each experience realizes,
Each desire erupts,
Each benevolence proliferates,
Each proof validates,
Each violence rebels,
Each sleep replenishes,
Each idea metamorphoses,
Each adjective enhances,

Each antiseptic heals,
Each parasite clings,
Each insult pinches,
Each nail scratches,
Each dog barks,
Each bee hums,
Each duck quacks,
Each squirrel nibbles,
Each feeling bonds,
Each silence blesses,
Each rebuke vomits,
Each spider weaves,
Each flame ignites,
Each eraser rubs,
Each brick constructs,
Each dolphin delights,
Each raspberry enthuses,
Each acid burns,
Each insinuation intrigues,
Each leaf withers,
Each snake hisses,
Each pirate plunders,
Each prince rules,
Each enigma eludes,
Each truth eternalizes,
Each emblem patronizes,
Each story modernizes,
Each whip tyrannizes,
Each raconteur soliloquizes,
Each shackle traumatizes,
Each beat pulsates,
Each wine intoxicates,
Each beam dazzles,
Each sword slashes,
Each advertisement beguiles,
Each feather tickles,
Each fire blazes,
Each matchstick incinerates,
Each droplet pacifies,
Each complication tenses,
Each sport recharges,
Each whisper reverberates,

Each model exposes,
Each commodity sells,
Each death depresses,
Each height impresses,
Each relationship harnesses,
Each inspiration leads,
Each medicine rehabilitates,
Each knife cuts,
Each noose strangulates,
Each tail wags,
Each desert simmers,
Each farmer ploughs,
Each scepter protects,
Each conviction delivers,
Each ink embosses,
Each fish swims,
Each frog croaks,
Each leech sucks,
Each astringent cleans,
Each wall defends,
Each cream titillates,
Each desire mellows,
Each romance flowers,
Each monster growls,
Each lunatic frenzies,
Each lover exultates,
Each revolution perseveres,
Each knot entangles,
Each reward astonishes,
Each cynosure reveals,
Each impersonation cheats,
Each coalition unites,
Each sharing satisfies,
Each yawn isolates,
Each poking irritates,
Each design synchronizes,
Each dimension accurates,
Each earthquake devastates,
Each misdeed penalizes,
Each thorn pierces,
Each picture portrays,
Each scowl abhors,

Each lock incarcerates,
Each key unveils,
Each bone crunches,
Each storm transcends,
Each stream gurgles,
Each fountain cascades,
Each suspense chills,
Each grave dooms,
Each cuckoo sings,
Each butterfly frolicks,
Each chameleon changes,
Each sadist tortures,
Each fist clenches,
Each neck rotates,
Each bank secures,
Each handshake binds,
Each repetition emphasizes,
Each panther gallops,
Each fox manipulates,
Each froth tantalizes,
Each caricature mocks,
Each ride frees,
Each hook captures,
Each horizon expands,
Each platform resurrects,
Each foothold maneuvers,
Each sheep bleats,
Each fountain cascades,
Each icecream cools,
Each candle melts,
Each rain stimulates,
Each bicycle pedals,
Each fossil recounts,
Each chocolate ravishes,
Each dragon snares,
Each rat squeaks,
Each sponge compresses,
Each spring rebounds,
Each thumbprint qualifies,
Each age teaches,
Each situation demands,
Each nostalgia yearns,

Each caress stirs,
Each encouragement revives,
Each elastic stretches,
Each file stores,
Each boundary limits,
Each mouth speaks,
Each wave ebbs,
Each bliss bestows,
Each salute respects,
Each cancer debilitates,
Each loss cripples,
Each scenery fascinates,
Each sunshine optimizes,
Each worm burrows,
Each flamingo hibernates,
Each crocodile pulverizes,
Each voluptuous excites,
Each lover sacrifices,
Each possessive obsesses,
Each support amalgamates,
Each ant irritates,
Each speck floats,
Each politician promises,
Each bat suspends,
Each rendezvous intimates,
Each spontaneity renews,
Each marauding destructs,
Each fever disorients,
Each utopia incantates,
Each burglar pilfers,
Each bludgeon strikes,
Each success inspires,
Each imagination transpires,
Each cheek blushes,
Each greed empties,
Each umbrella shelters,
Each culture cares,
Each smoke smolders,
Each film stars,
Each lick wets,
Each melody enthralls,
Each cognition triggers,

Each meditation concentrates,
Each cat meows,
Each volcano erupts,
Each tornado entrenches,
Each python swallows,
Each art expresses,
Each word exemplifies,
Each balance weighs,
Each nerve connects,
Each reflection magnifies,
Each magnet attracts,
Each philanthropism appreciates,
Each demon intimidates,
Each infant cries,
Each balloon bursts,
Each beak pecks,
Each envious condemns,
Each dawn embellishes,
Each infection spreads,
Each massage recharges,
Each host serves,
Each tip epitomizes,
Each soil cultivates,
Each bomb devastates,
Each enclosure obfuscates,
Each garland felicitates,
Each facility facilitates,
Each goodness prevails,
Each current electrocutes,
Each toy plays,
Each fairy marvels,
Each window overlooks,
Each eyeball moistens,
Each trendsetter motivates,
Each messiah ameliorates,
Each pagan violates,
Each mist obscures,
Each pain perpetuates,
Each humanitarian helps,
Each oil greases,
Each draught whistles,
Each conscience guides,

Each monotony exhausts,
Each drama evokes,
Each karma consecrates,
Each religion cares,
Each breath lives,
Each heart palpitates,
Each body relishes,
Each existence decides,
And each life loves.

19. ART AND MANIPULATION

Art immortalizes,
Manipulation wanders in realms of traumatized hell.

Art stupefies,
Manipulation is a balloon of monotony which augments by the unfurling second.

Art mesmerizes,
Manipulation rots in dungeons of stagnation.

Art fortifies,
Manipulation collapses even before it rises from the ground.

Art blossoms,
Manipulation is a vicious whirlwind which always recoils.

Art embraces,
Manipulation strangulates beyond realms of suffocation.

Art showers,
Manipulation salaciously dries every droplet of blood that serenely cascades.

Art tantalizes,
Manipulation annihilates fantasy from its very roots.

Art symbolizes,
Manipulation disdainfully infiltrates irrefutable truth.

Art innovates,
Manipulation puts all dreams to an obnoxious standstill.

Art sings,
Manipulation is the origin of all obstreperous abuse.

Art harbors,
Manipulation ruins the mightiest to raw grains of inconspicuous ash.

Art unites,
Manipulation profoundly dismantles the crux of blissful humanity.

Art enlightens,
Manipulation perpetually fails to break the walls of despair.

Art smiles,
Manipulation brutally sucks the tiniest trace of jubilation in life.

Art entices,
Manipulation repels even the most horrendous battalion of mosquitoes.

Art intoxicates,
Manipulation buries a man breathing celestially beneath his grave.

Art succeeds,
Manipulation rots in corridors of gloom even after amassing unfathomable wealth.

Art blesses,
Manipulation snatches the most cherished people from your life.

Art evolves,
Manipulation puts dismal brakes to the captivating spell of newness and excitement.

Art ignites,
Manipulation spills profuse nonchalance since the first cry of beautiful life.

Art dazzles,
Manipulation extinguishes every trace of light basking in the glory of truth; on the trajectory of this boundless planet.

Art dedicates,
Manipulation insidiously changes color every instant of the day; disappearing brusquely like a deceptive mirage; at the slightest of difficulty.

Art conquers,
Manipulation devastates innocuous angels into lecherous parasites.

Art fulminates,
Manipulation sequesters in horrifically dark vicinities of self imposed doom.

Art epitomizes,
Manipulation melts treacherously into the aisles of nothingness as each minute unveils.

Art purifies,
Manipulation adds dismal stains to the most sacrosanct of mothers milk.

Art intrigues,
Manipulation satanically massacres your ability to think beyond spurious laws of management.

Art perceives,
Manipulation is an invidiously sinister game; of one man trying to incessantly overtopple the other.

Art personifies,
Manipulation slithers miserably on the devils blood coated footsteps.

Art frees,
Manipulation commences and ends capsized in chains of abominable slavery.

Art reveres,
Manipulation is a blatant expletive which emanates from the hedonistic mouth.

Art romanticizes,
Manipulation extricates every diminutive iota of love trapped compassionately in the veins.

Art exultates,
Manipulation jeopardizes the very roots of spell binding fantasy.

Art teaches,
Manipulation evaporates holistic reminiscences; to withered leaves never coming to life again.

Art unveils,
Manipulation chops your wings even before you learn to fly.

Art ameliorates,
Manipulation exacerbates even non-existent pain to the most unprecedented limits.

Art defends,
Manipulation surrenders even after reaching the absolute zenith of victory.

Art challenges,
Manipulation trips you into the dungeon of pathetic cowardice for centuries immemorial.

Art mingles,
Manipulation rips apart the most intimate of friends like obsoletely remote aliens.

Art rehabilitates,
Manipulation poisons the most congenial seeds of love; to beyond the tenterhooks of extinction.

Art propagates,
Manipulation pulverizes pearls of prudent wisdom before they diffuse from the rubicund lips.

Art magnifies,
Manipulation shrinks the most impregnable of countenance to a stature less than the ants.

Art exemplifies,
Manipulation slaughters all power of everlasting rhyme and perspicacious reasoning.

Art imparts,
Manipulation terrorizes you to relinquish all beyond what you had ever imbibed.

Art consecrates,
Manipulation devastates the most synergistic of relationships to summits of devilish prejudice.

Art solves,
Manipulation triggers tumult; transforming every utopia into wholesomely

solitary graveyards.

Art charms,

Manipulation sardonically relieves you of overwhelmingly poignant spice in life.

Art bestows,

Manipulation sucks all benevolence; philanthropically entwined in your soul.

And Art is the very reason I could take birth an infinite times,

While O! Almighty Lord; keep manipulation away even from the most decaying framework of my dead bones; each time I left for my heavenly abode.

20. ULTIMATE REALITY

Fantasy is a milestone,

Truth is the ultimate reality.

Whisper is a mesmerizing sedative,

Voice of the conscience is the ultimate reality.

Clouds are an ethereal fascination,

Sky is the ultimate reality.

Accidents are an evanescent bruise,

Death is the ultimate reality.

Stars are titillation of the night,

Flaming Sun is the ultimate reality.

Photograph is a magnanimous depiction,

The living are the ultimate reality.

Offsprings keep proliferating in every quarter of the Universe,

Sacrosanct mother is the ultimate reality.

Bees swarm boisterously all throughout the day,

Mesmerizing nightingale is the ultimate reality.

Flurry of blatant lies evaporates into wisps of obsolete oblivion,

Irrefutable truth is the ultimate reality.

Grandiloquent ink depicts marvelous glory,

The pages of destiny are the ultimate reality.

Tantalizing globules of sweat captivate the remotest of alien,
Persevering hardwork is the ultimate reality.

Seductive flesh is a transient sensation,
Charismatic beauty is the ultimate reality.

Flirtation melts like frigid beeswax,
Friendship is the ultimate reality.

Scents wear off as the hours unfurl,
Enchanting rose is the ultimate reality.

Kites flap gregariously and then descend,
Euphoric wind is the ultimate reality.

Sharks glide in majestic unison to pulverize their prey,
Rhapsodic ocean is the ultimate reality.

Religion ironically enthralls with its armory of countless nuances,
Philanthropic humanity is the ultimate reality.

Moonshine perpetuates through the blanket of ghastly darkness,
Marvelously enlightening dawn is the ultimate reality.

Dreams are incarcerating avalanches of ice frenziedly distorting shape,
Actions are the ultimate reality.

Teamwork is a stepping stone towards the zenith of success,
Trust is the ultimate reality.

Panthers growl instills a wave of uncanny fear,
Rampant wilderness is the ultimate reality.

Innovation is a streak of dynamic flamboyance,
Blessed intelligence is the ultimate reality.

Abuses are temporary fulminations of the mind,
The pen of the Almighty Creator is the ultimate reality.

Lightening is an inconspicuous spark of electricity in the cosmos,

The ocean of darkness is a perpetual reality.

Mosquito bite is an infinitesimally pertinent,
Compromise with existence is the ultimate reality.

The bars of prison are a hedonistic submission,
Interiors of satanic corpse are the ultimate reality.

Mountains buckle down like soggy matchsticks under earthquakes,
The summit of conviction is the ultimate reality.

Steroids stimulate traces of newfound power,
The ramifications of the heart are the ultimate reality.

Currency triggers smiles more bombastic than the heavens at times,
Wholehearted satisfaction is the ultimate reality.

Exemplifications alleviate stress to substantive degrees,
Acceptance is the ultimate reality.

Fairies dance to give you the most exotic times of your life,
The cry of the cuckoo every morning is the ultimate reality.

Glitter of gold lasts only till the last winds of night,
The compassionate caress of your mother is the ultimate reality.

Silken strands of spidery web thrill beyond the realms of exhaustion,
The lethal sting of wholesome extinction is the ultimate reality.

Cuddling your baby an infinite times revitalized your dreary senses to the
epitome of optimism,
Each act of benevolence is the ultimate reality.

Slithering bare chested on soil impregnated tremors of pleasure,
Devotion to the cause of Almighty God is the ultimate reality.

Tears are momentary radiations of profound suffering,
Sorrow is the ultimate reality.

Attraction is a vivid chain of primordial passion,
Bondage is the ultimate reality.

Skin extinguishes in entirety with advancing years of life,
The everlasting soul is the ultimate reality.

Royal imagery puts you in trance for cardinal parts of the day,
Poetry is the ultimate reality.

Advertising is a baseless spectrum of gimmicks which enthrall,
Dedication towards the divine is the ultimate reality.

Dwelling harbors you from the diabolical devil,
Enigma is the ultimate reality.

Frolicking in the meadows rekindles your diminishing energies a trifle,
The valley of exultating adventure is the ultimate reality.

Wink triggers avalanches of flirtation and naughtiness,
Concentration is the ultimate reality.

Caress embodies feelings to the most supreme core,
Uninhibited sharing is the ultimate reality.

Bornfires stupefy as they escalate towards the cosmos,
Untamed passion is the ultimate reality.

Superstitions are ephemerally efficacious,
Omnipresent Lord is the ultimate reality.

Business is a rejuvenating parasite adding spice and wealth to life,
Art is the ultimate reality.

And infatuation is storm which gradually disappears,
Immortal love is the ultimate reality.

21. NEWNESS

Be it in the very first rays of ethereally magnificent dawn; enlightening every
cranny of despairingly flagrant blackness with unfathomably unceasing majesty,

Be it in the nimble squeaking of the freshly born infant; profoundly enrapturing
monotonously usurped existence; with an unprecedented power to forever
survive,

Be it in the transiently hood-winking beams of the vivaciously uninhibited rainbow; casting their magic on every fretfully beleaguered bone; till times beyond infinite infinity,

Be it in the pristinely nascent shoots sprouting from the corrugated branches of the tree; delightfully swaying in insatiable ecstasy with the virile currents of summer wind,

Be it in any form; shape; color or height; Newness was what I was inexhaustibly searching for every unfurling minute of the day and night; Newness was what tingled every aspect of my existence till even beyond the realms of eternal paradise; O! Yes Newness was what my soul wanted to seek till even countless births after I died.

1.

Be it in the unrestrictedly artistic lines scrawled on barren canvas; embellishing the chapter of mundanely manipulative survival today; with unceasingly copious rivers of color and vibrant charm,

Be it in the infantile trickle of water dribbling painstakingly from the scorched rocks; bounteously perpetuating the sweltering atmosphere around with unbelievably rhapsodic exhilaration,

Be it in the faintly rupturing of the outlines of the immaculate egg; blissfully announcing the arrival of unparalleled exuberance; in a world of otherwise preposterously shriveled decay,

Be it in the premature formation of pearly white mists in the sky; triggering a ray of tantalizingly unsurpassable hope in one and all alike on bereaved earth; that sensuous rain was soon about to fall,

Be it in any form; shape; color or height; Newness was what I was inexhaustibly searching for every unfurling minute of the day and night; Newness was what made me feel the most pricelessly insuperable organism alive; O! Yes Newness was what my soul wanted to seek till even countless births after I died.

2.

Be it in the sporadic bouts of laughter of the ebulliently innocuous child; making truculently agonized heart's all across this boundless Universe; melt and frolic into the meadows of effulgent childhood,

Be it in the incoherently optimistic quacking of the fledgling swans; trying to timelessly disseminate the message of egalitarian peace towards endless sky and emollient earth; wonderfully alike,

Be it in the inconspicuously sensitive dewdrop on the blade of ravenously enthralling grass; radiating into a beam of perpetually golden righteousness; with the first rays of the Sun,

Be it in the intrepidly adventurous wave disappearing wholesomely into the horizons and deep sea; permeating even bit of the gruesomely bedraggled ambience around with celestially tangy happiness,

Be it in any form; shape; color or height; Newness was what I was inexhaustibly searching for every unfurling minute of the day and night; Newness was what unconquerably fuelled every ingredient of my blood to pump life; O! Yes Newness was what my soul wanted to seek till even countless births after I died.

3.

Be it in the singular star that regally twinkled in the grotesquely cloudy and foggily obfuscated night; granting glorious reprieve from a countless inadvertently committed sins,

Be it in the match-boxed minuscule hutment barren without any quintessential amenity of life; yet with a roof so compassionate; that it sequestered you from the most devastating of storm and rain,

Be it in the inarticulately indefatigable buzzing of the bumble bee; spawning into cisterns of invaluablely harmonious nectar; a sweetness which no power on this turgid earth could ever transcend or destroy,

Be it in the whisper of the fugitively nubile maiden; engendering every pore on the satanically lambasted skin to excitedly stand; even as she extinguished into a valley of nothingness; sooner than she had arrived,

Be it in the infinitesimally silken beat of the heart; which arose towards the cosmos for just an instant; but united the entire estranged Universe in chords of immortal love; before it veritably died,

Be it in any form; shape; color or height; Newness was what I was inexhaustibly searching for every unfurling minute of the day and night; Newness was what propelled me to procreate countless more of my very own humanitarian kind; O!

Yes Newness was what my soul wanted to seek till even countless births after I died.

22. FROM THE DEVIL'S PERSPECTIVE

If you viewed the majestic deserts from the forlornly turgid cloud's perspective; they'd seem to be nothing else; but impoverished beggars rotting in the graveyards of hell since times immemorial,

If you viewed innocuous flesh from the treacherously venomous scorpions perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but a ludicrously dwindling bait; exhaling its very last plumes of preposterously extinguishing existence,

If you viewed pristine eyes from the vindictively vituperative bat's perspective; they'd seem to be nothing else; but uxoriously slavering eggs of vicious infidelity; waiting to be pierced and unsparingly bludgeoned till even beyond the corpses of hell,

If you viewed the Omnipotent Sun from the cadaverously sinister night's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but a hedonistically menacing barbecue; roasting every conceivable entity into inconspicuously livid ash,

If you viewed poignant blood from the delinquently scurrilous parasite's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but the most savagely scrumptious meal; ever born on the trajectory of this boundless Universe,

If you viewed uninhibited happiness from the haplessly deadened skeleton's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but the most spuriously unsolicited idiosyncrasy; squandering without any ostensible reason or rhyme on the lap of soil,

If you viewed sagacious literacy from the indiscriminately beheading murderer's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but a fecklessly wastrel bug; an unfathomably heinous prison wasting countless hours of the world,

If you viewed the divinely mother from the salaciously corrupt politicians perspective; she'd seem to be nothing else; but an inanely squatting and baselessly lascivious spider; which needed to be endlessly squelched under the pretext of delirious ambition and barbarous desire,

If you viewed fragrant soil from the tyrannically monotonous builder's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but another bundle of meaninglessly

brown feces; which needed to be ruptured and brutally excoriated to the most unprecedented limits; so that uncouth structures of stone could enlighten the sky,

If you viewed the unadulterated infant from the profanely plucking vulture's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but an ephemeral speck of morning breakfast; whose eyeball's needed to be ghastily devoured as dessert; after iconoclastically snapping apart the blood and fledgling bones,

If you viewed the regal painting from the hoarsely emaciated beggar's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but a wonderful begging bowl; in which could be blissfully accumulated the entire coin- collection of the sweltering day,

If you viewed the eternal meadow from the indefatigably crunching dinosaur's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but a chunk of soggily slandering cake; disappearing into remorseful nothingness at the tiniest exhalation of breath,

If you viewed the enchanting rainbow from the inexhaustibly cold-blooded crocodile's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but an unsurpassably appetizing delicacy; that needed to be tirelessly munched till times beyond infinite infinity,

If you viewed the spell-binding eyelashes from the truculent butcher's perspective; they'd seem to be nothing else; but a fringe of lifeless hair; that would do astoundingly well to garnish the silhouettes of the red meat just unceremoniously cooked,

If you viewed the truthful conscience from the satanically grotesque ghost's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but a coffin of raunchily asphyxiating darkness; devastating countless in its gruesomely amorphous swirl,

If you viewed the intricately hollow ears from the ballistically stinging spider's perspective; they'd seem to be nothing else; but lifelessly morbid hollows in which could spawn the most gratuitously ribald of silken web,

If you viewed perennially burgeoning breath from the lugubriously obsolete grave's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but insurmountably decayed air; which would forever spread cursedly appalling doom,

If you viewed limitlessly blessed life from the invidiously torturous death's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but gallows of gorily cumbersome

oblivion; which massacred more vociferously than ever before; as each instant unveiled,

And if you viewed immortal love from the unceasingly marauding devil's perspective; it'd seem to be nothing else; but the immeasurably insidious valley of betrayal; which snapped the wings of compassionately unequivocal relationship; without the slightest of chance to relent.

23. AN INFINITE TIMES BETTER

Even the most parsimoniously slaving form of light; is an infinite times better than the endlessly ghoulish mortuary of treacherously asphyxiating darkness,

Even the most infinitesimally diminutive form of strength; is an infinite times better than the endless coffins of remorsefully decrepit fear,

Even the most inconspicuously ethereal form of water; is an infinite times better than the endlessly crucifying and barbarously sweltering sand of the desert,

Even the most nimbly mercurial form of vivaciousness; is an infinite times better than the endlessly ghastly jungles of concretely unemotional monotony,

Even the most fugitively nonchalant form of literacy; is an infinite times better than the endlessly dolorous well of ignominiously lambasting unemployment,

Even the most inconspicuously disappearing form of happiness; is an infinite times better than the endlessly hopeless dungeon of inexplicably besmirched sadness,

Even the most ephemerally silent form of faithfulness; is an infinite times better than the endlessly salacious road to vindictively vituperative betrayal,

Even the most inanely tiny form of dwelling; is an infinite times better than the endlessly whiplashed body aimlessly sauntering on boundless kilometers of lackadaisical mud,

Even the most moderately stingy form of food; is an infinite times better than the endlessly devastating battlefield of baselessly torturous and brutally incarcerating hunger,

Even the most evanescently measly form of fruit; is an infinite times better than the endlessly crucifying gallows of disastrously wretched impotency,

Even the most frugally abstemious form of speech; is an infinite times better than the endlessly obsolete mist of acrimoniously orphaned and preposterously wanton dumbness,

Even the most transiently small form of selflessness; is an infinite times better than the endlessly prejudiced ghosttown of salaciously parasitic greed,

Even the most minutely petite form of compassion; is an infinite times better than the endlessly bereaved icicles of frigidly obfuscated and lugubriously shriveled nothingness,

Even the most prematurely microscopic form of artistry; is an infinite times better than the endlessly tyrannized jail of cold-bloodedly massacring and indiscriminately obnoxious debauchery,

Even the most truncatedly miniature form of honesty; is an infinite times better than the endlessly horrifying apocalypses of flagrantly sordid lies,

Even the most rarely measured forms of humanity; are an infinite times better than the endlessly dogmatic tunnel of rampantly blood-sucking crime,

Even the most fadingly teeny forms of wisdom; are an infinite times better than the endlessly unsolicited feces of lecherously wastrel foolishness,

Even the most restrictedly Spartan form of love; is an infinite times better than the endlessly pulverizing hell of abhorrently malicious and acridly hedonistic betrayal,

Even the most rapidly disappearing form of enchantment; is an infinite times better than the endlessly squelching maelstrom of deliriously pugnacious loneliness,

And even the most laconically wrinkled form of life; is an infinite times better than the endlessly scurrilous and torturously exonerating noose of mercilessly demeaning death.

24. A WHOLE NEW CHAPTER

Every day as you arose at the crackle of mesmerizing dawn; you blossomed into celestial freshness; wholesomely shirking the hideously monstrous monotony of the previous bedraggled day,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of blissful dawn; you wholeheartedly smiled the smile of your life; as the Omnipotently golden rays of the Sun smooched you in euphoric entirety,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of enchanting dawn; you became oblivious to the treacherously barbarous tyrannies meted upon you; as even the most infinitesimally inane of your senses completely coalesced with the panoramic mists of mother nature,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of effulgent dawn; you insatiably urged to defecate your miserably asphyxiated bowels; mollify your bereaved stomach with delectably fresh fruit and sparkling water,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of rhapsodic dawn; you devoutly resolved never to repeat your mistakes of the past; astoundingly train every of your delinquent nerve; to perennially surge forward to eternal success,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of bountiful dawn; you profoundly reminisced new memories of your majestically uninhibited childhood; when you cared a damn about this manipulative planet; compassionately suckling in the lap of your heavenly mother,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of victorious dawn; you chalked out countless distinct strategies to irrefutably vanquish the indiscriminately rampaging devil; inexhaustibly striving for complete freedom of your mind; body and soul,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of poignant dawn; you found the intensity of scarlet blood in your veins more profuse than ever; to holistically survive in times that were good as well as diabolically bad,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of Omniscient dawn; you felt an inexorable fervor to discover encapsulating every cranny of your persona; alleviating you from the most severest of your wanton depression; into the aisles of timeless proliferation,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of emollient dawn; you uninhibitedly danced with passionately enthralling ardor; letting every egregiously trapped staleness of your countenance; freely cascade out as beautifully fragrant sweat,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of philanthropic dawn; you found a

boundless array of never-before flavors titillate the buds of your disparagingly emaciated tongue,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of immaculate dawn; you tirelessly danced the whites and blacks of your emphatically crystalline eyes; to the magically unfurling beams of the pristinely whistling atmosphere,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of regale dawn; you flirted with an unfathomable ocean of supreme sensuality; playing hide-n-seek with the evanescently crimson beams of the new-born Sun,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of mystical dawn; you unraveled the mortifying introvert in you to the most unprecedented of your capacity; peerlessly blazing in the untamed ardor of intrepidly unflinching life,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of jingling dawn; you tread your nimble foot more solidly on earth; more and more invincibly embedding your inimitable rudiments on the landscape of the fathomless globe,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of vivacious dawn; you abdicated all your baseless nervousness; scintillated like a true warrior to defend your maliciously usurped and pricelessly venerated motherland,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of titillating dawn; you felt every pore of your fecklessly limpid skin; intransigently desirous of being mischievously tickled by the winds of miraculously never-ending procreation,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of ecstatic dawn; you felt more closer and closer to your impressions on sacred soil; unrelentingly fantasizing about that moment in which was born your very first ancestor,

Every day as you arose at the crackle of vivid dawn; you obeisantly surrendered even the most diminutive of your breath to the unconquerable illumination of the Sun; letting it weave a whole new chapter of your enrapturing existence,

And still some of you had the guts to say that each new day was fretfully boring; each new day had nothing to offer which revolutionary new; each new day brought you closer to your death; each day was just like and nothing but a pathetic facsimile of the very previous day!

25. Q & A

If there was the devil of torturously asphyxiating death right in front and behind my back; insidiously waiting to horrifically choke me till my very last cupful of breath,

If there was the devil of truculently penalizing death right on top and beneath my silhouette; diabolically waiting to bury me an infinite feet beneath my cadaverously satanic grave,

If there was the devil of gruesomely charring death at each corner towards my left and trembling right; intransigently waiting to devour every robust bone of my countenance,

If there was the devil of perpetually silent death at every construable cranny of the atmosphere that I cast my innocuous eyes towards; ominously waiting to cold-bloodedly demolish even the most inconspicuous trace of my holistic existence,

Q= Then you'd be wondering as to where would I save myself; what would I do shield my scalp; as to where the hell would I gallop and go?

A= Well irrespective of whatever; I'd tirelessly march forward in my mission to beautifully converge all spurious fraternities of religion into the religion of unassailable humanity; as it simply wasn't in the hands of the hedonistic devil to give me life or death; and the Creator who had wholesome control over my very first and very last breath; had evolved me to solely to love every of his organism on the trajectory of this fathomless globe.

1.

If there was the devil of vindictively stabbing death right in front and behind my eyes; relentlessly waiting to snap every conceivable fang of my harmonious survival,

If there was the devil of amorphously dastardly death right on top and beneath my shadow; intractably waiting to poison every shade of my synergistic life with the venom of unfathomably sinful hatred,

If there was the devil of parasitically pulverizing death at each corner towards my left and nimble right; sadistically waiting to crucify me to frigidly deadened ash the instant I alighted even a single foot,

If there was the devil of lecherously lambasting death in every perceivable gallery of the atmosphere on which I symbiotically floated; heartlessly waiting to incarcerate every element of triumphant happiness in my soul; in the gallows of murderously sinister hell,

Q= Then you'd be wondering as to where would I save myself; what would I do shield my scalp; as to where the hell would I gallop and go?

A= Well irrespective of whatever; I'd inexhaustibly march forward to wonderfully mitigate every echelon of brutally estranged humanity; as it simply wasn't in the hands of the cannibalistic devil to give me life or death; and the Creator who had

wholesome control over my very first and very last breath; had evolved me to solely to love every of his organism on the trajectory of this fathomless globe.

2.

If there was the devil of bizarrely bludgeoning death right in front and behind my countenance; mercilessly waiting to horribly crunch me like limp meat; the next time when the pangs of hunger arose in his deliriously threadbare stomach,
If there was the devil of tawdrily indiscriminate death right on top and beneath my heart; irrevocably waiting to devastate every of its beats into sleazily obfuscated nothingness; the instant it bonded with the true love of its life,
If there was the devil of scurrilously decrepit death at each corner towards the left and right of my diminutive persona; frenetically waiting to demonically slit the soft skin of my throat; to mollify the itching of his uncouthly slandering nails,

If there was the devil of egregiously slaying death in every ingredient of the atmosphere which I majestically caressed; inconsolably waiting to roast my delightfully supple skin at the crackle of traumatically usurping midnight,
Q= Then you'd be wondering as to where would I save myself; what would I do shield my scalp; as to where the hell would I gallop and go?

A= Well irrespective of whatever; I'd unstoppably march forward to coalesce my soul with the fragrance of perennially proliferating living kind; as it simply wasn't in the hands of the cannibalistic devil to give me life or death; and the Creator who had wholesome control over my very first and very last breath; had evolved me to solely to love every of his organism on the trajectory of this fathomless globe.

3.

If there was the devil of vengefully ribald death right in front and behind my chest; flagrantly waiting to extricate the last droplet of scarlet blood from my poignant veins; to take his treacherously routine morning bath,
If there was the devil of ghastily stoning death right on top and beneath my feet; gorily wanting to feast his eyes on an infinite elements of my caricature; being ruthlessly excoriated by the unsparingly hideous vultures,
If there was the devil of traumatically terrorizing death at each corner towards my left and humble right; raunchily waiting to dissolve me into the coffin of nothingness; everytime I reached the pinnacle of egalitarian bliss,
If there was the devil of ignominiously maiming death in every puff of air that I inhaled into the jacket of my quintessential lungs; endlessly waiting to puncture every trifle of my body with a mortuary of infinite blood-stained thorns,
Q= Then you'd be wondering as to where would I save myself; what would I do

shield my scalp; as to where the hell would I gallop and go?

A= Well irrespective of whatever; I'd unflinchingly march forward diffusing the essence of life and royally let live to the farthest corner of this Universe; as it simply wasn't in the hands of the cannibalistic devil to give me life or death; and the Creator who had wholesome control over my very first and very last breath; had evolved me to solely to love every of his organism on the trajectory of this fathomless globe.

26. LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL

Every minute unleashing all day is a beautiful minute; getting you acclimatized with the pace of life,

Every flower protruding from soil is a beautiful flower; spreading its mesmerizing scent deeply into your nostrils,

Every face smiling in the universe is a beautiful face; brilliantly portraying your visage,

Every bird flying in the cosmos is a beautiful bird; overwhelming your ears with its melodious sounds,

Every mountain towering towards the sky is a beautiful mountain; appeasing your eyes with its picturesque landscapes,

Every root of grass projecting from the jungle is a beautiful root; tingling your senses; making you exotically dream,

Every hand that serves philanthropically is a beautiful hand; propagating an egalitarian spirit in whosoever it caresses,

Every stream that flows through land is a beautiful stream; pacifying the thirst of several scorched in vicinity,

Every eye that views goodness in this world is a beautiful eye; sharing empathy with millions of bereaved lying around,

Every cloud in the sky is a beautiful cloud; showering droplets of euphoric rain on earth; shielding it from acerbic rays of the Sun,

Every language spoken is a beautiful language; assisting a person to convey his innermost of feelings,

Every mirror embedded on the walls is a beautiful mirror; portraying to you your candid reflection,

Every color that circumvents your visage is a beautiful color; symbolizing the oneness of human race,

Every voice that emanates from the throat is a beautiful voice; explicitly expressing a persons needs and desires,

Every mind impregnated within the skull is a beautiful mind; having the unfathomable ability to achieve the impossible,

Every foot that walks innocently is a beautiful foot; leaving behind a trail of holistic footprints,

Every leaf that extrudes from the tree is a beautiful leaf; entrenching the dull; with shades of everlasting green,

Every mother having delivered a child is a beautiful mother; continuing the wonderful process of evolution,

Every heart imprisoned inside the chest is a beautiful heart; passionately throbbing when struck by an ensemble of emotions,

And every entity trespassing through the surface of this earth is a beautiful entity; making the globe a beautiful place to live in; giving rise to the famous and immortal adage; which proudly proclaims that life is beautiful.

27. I WAS EXISTING

Footsteps were plodding,
Shadows were fluttering,
Sun was rising,
Waves were undulating,
Flowers were blossoming,
Butterflies were frolicking,
Landscapes were shimmering,
Eyelids were flashing,
Hands were shaking,
Royalty was basking,
Spindles were weaving,

Waterfalls were gushing,
Fountains were cascading,
Volcanos were fulminating,
Leopards were prowling,
Sirens were blaring,
Rays were streaming,
Cyclones were swirling,
Sands were glistening,
Wrestlers were fighting,
Warriors were blazing,
Sages were concentrating,
Brains were tick-tocking,
Stars were radiating,
Eyeballs were revolving,
Business's were manipulating,
Droplets were trickling,
Winds were blowing,
Beers were guzzling,
Mouths were snoring,
Fires were blistering,
Sweat was persevering,
Pens were writing,
Bumble-bees were buzzing,
Gold was glittering,
Darkness was charming,
Ducks were quacking,
Goats were bleating,
Leaves were rustling,
Roses were blooming,
Teeth were chattering,
Echoes were reverberating,
Exhibitionists were revealing,
Springs were recoiling,
Snakes were hissing,
Cartoons were mimicking,
Ships were docking,
Goldfish were swimming,
Doors were creaking,
Matchsticks were igniting,
Horses were galloping,
Cows were munching,
Mind was evolving,

Energy was dissipating,
Nightingale was singing,
Friendships were flourishing,
Seductress's were titillating,
Soldiers were marching,
Giraffes were bouncing,
Raindrops were pelting,
Pigs were grunting,
Sand was slipping,
Chains were rattling,
Rats were squeaking,
Tails were wagging,
Bareskins were shivering,
Abattoirs were tyrannizing,
Days were sweltering,
Grasses were tingling,
Grasshoppers were hopping,
Spiders were spinning,
Worms were crawling,
Flamingoes were diving,
Dustbins were stinking,
Seeds were sprouting,
Discos were pulsating,
Barbers were trimming,
Keys were jingling,
Lips were smiling,
Hours were unveiling,
Musicians were humming,
Statues were gazing,
Bats were sucking,
Lions were roaring,
Diamonds were scintillating,
Dungeons were dooming,
Earthquakes were devastating,
Dinosaurs were threatening,
Scents were stimulating,
Artists were sketching,
Entrepreneurs were trendsetting,
Cats were meowing,
Shoes were trampling,
Mosquitoes were stinging,
Bombs were exploding,

Children were playing,
Electricity was flickering,
Rainbows were appeasing,
Bubbles were bursting,
Bullets were ricocheting,
Swords were clashing,
Slaves were cursing,
Glass was shattering,
Sharks were pulverizing,
Blind were groping,
Wolves were howling,
Divine were praying,
Renegades were plotting,
Masks were camouflaging,
Diseases were wrenching,
Roofs were sequestering,
Philanderers were dating,
Bandits were looting,
Mothers were dedicating,
Pompous were falsifying,
Lizards were swishing,
Ancestors were recounting,
Insane were stumbling,
Impoverished were starving,
Rich were gloating,
Air was circulating,
Advertisers were gimmicking,
Soil was harboring,
Butter was greasing,
Mirrors were reflecting,
Pearls were enticing,
Bricks were fortifying,
Frogs were croaking,
Smoke was polluting,
Thunder was scaring,
Impersonators were disguising,
Glamour was exposing,
Sleep was gratifying,
Nostalgia was reinvigorating,
Bars were imprisoning,
Mountains were rejuvenating,
Photographs were capturing,

Looks were deceiving,
Colors were merging,
Clouds were mesmerizing,
Celebrities were celebrating,
Philanthropists were uniting,
Politicians were attracting,
Terrorists were incinerating,
Phones were ringing,
Silk was satiating,
Solitude was deteriorating,
Freedom was levitating,
Orphans were remembering,
Cowards were sulking,
Waiters were serving,
Parasites were relishing,
Demons were killing,
Offsprings were wailing,
Strategists were planning,
Dead were stinking,
Lovers were loving,
Souls were hovering,
Breath was diffusing,
Hearts were palpitating,
Cannibals were devouring,

And I was existing

28. I SIMPLY DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE MY TODAY

I didn't remember the color of the shirt I was wearing yesterday; the exact number of buttons adorning its daintily frilled frontal periphery,

I didn't remember the roads which I frequented yesterday; the routes which I had transgressed upon to reach my destination in an absolute jiffy,

I didn't remember the faces I had encountered yesterday; the fascinating flurry of smiles which had so gorgeously made my wretched day,

I didn't remember the food I had eaten yesterday; the stupendous delicacies which had voraciously tickled intricate cavities in my mouth,

I didn't remember the sleazy television serials I had witnessed yesterday; the

comic people on small screen which had made me uninhibitedly laugh; conjured me to transit into a satisfied slumber,

I didn't remember the shops that I had passed yesterday; the resplendent festoon of gaudy lights and glow that had stolen fractions of my moistened breath and air,

I didn't remember the time when I dozed yesterday; the number of hours I slept in loud snores and perennial peace,

I didn't remember the flavor of tea I had consumed several times yesterday; the heavenly aroma that had imparted loads of ravishing warmth to my fatigued demeanor,

I didn't remember the flowers which I had smelt yesterday; feasting on the stupendous fragrance that wafted uncontrollably from their robust body,

I didn't remember the unprecedented cavalcade of exotic dreams which I had conceived yesterday; the ingratiating state of tingling excitement that they had wholesomely rendered me in,

I didn't remember the sounds which I had profoundly heard yesterday; the supremely melodious tunes which had taken complete control of my impoverished body and soul,

I didn't remember the countless verses I had embossed yesterday; the spell binding tunes which I had harnessed and composed with my very own thick blood,

I didn't remember the birds who had perched on my window yesterday; the boisterous chirps that had added insurmountable exuberance and ardor to my solitary life,

I didn't remember the birthday celebrations of my wife which had unveiled yesterday; the unfathomable pomp and gaiety that had enveloped my dwelling from each conceivable side as the evening tranquilly descended,

I didn't remember the perfume which I had applied yesterday; the alluring redolence that it had wholesomely besieged me with at ethereal dawn,

I didn't remember the names of the people who had amicably come to meet me yesterday; the marathon hours that I congenially conversed with the same to

enlighten my wave of gloomy boredom,

I didn't remember the contemporary planes in which I sat yesterday; the grandiloquently plush interiors; the ornamental glass of ethnic silver in which I had sipped opulently red wine,

I didn't remember the signature I had executed yesterday; the flamboyant strokes I had delectably chiseled with my swanky pen on the face of the crisp chequebook,

And I didn't even remember the unsurpassable adulation; the fleet of prestigious accolades; that I had received yesterday; all the scintillating awards and marvelous trophies that adorned my translucent mantelpiece,

For if I remembered my yesterday; drowning myself in the glorious past that had circumvented me relentlessly in the past; then my fingers would automatically refrain to work today,

And basking in the glory of yesterday; I simply didn't want to spoil my fabulously rosy today.

29. LEAD LIFE LIKE A MAN

Drink like a rabbit, gently lapping at water cascading from white water springs of the mountain,

Sleep like a demon, snoring thunderously without even moving a whisker to the most lethal of dynamite explosion,

Perspire like a bull, slogging it hard under the steaming rays of the Sun,

Dance like a peacock, spreading your feathers to a full plumage under exotic outbursts of rain,

Smile like a wild chimpanzee, snaring your snow white teeth without being the slightest overwhelmed by your surroundings,

Run like kangaroo, traversing the dense foliage of the jungle, taking 10 strides at a time,

Scratch like a red ant, resurrecting your destroyed cocoon every next second,

Sing like the Nightingale, inundating every barren spot in vicinity with the ecstatic melody in your sound,

Cry like a crocodile, shedding tears as gargantuan as the cloud on every area you tread,

Sting like a scorpion, piercing supple and innocuous skin with the venomous poison in your fangs,

Talk like a parrot, chattering incessantly as misty wisps of air and the aroma of delectable food struck you in entirety,

Roar like a lion, waking up every entity sleeping blissfully, with a single growl of yours,

Smell like the roots, emanating a voluptuously raw odor, just after the first spells of rain,

Stand like an elephant, weathering each storm trying to blow you with enviable ease,

Dream like an angel, exploring the most wildest regions around the globe with rampant frenzy,

Shiver like a goose, with infinite strands of hair standing up in animation, on the snow,

Slaver like a dog, greedily protruding out your tongue panting passionately for water,

Bathe like the dolphins, diving acrobatically into the sapphire sea's, with your body engulfed completely by the majestic waves,

Chew like a cow, slowly munching your meals with rejuvenated gusto,

Scamper around like a squirrel, leaping friskily on the myriad of dangling branch,

Fly high like the eagles, flapping your wings exuberantly with the cotton cocoon of clouds gliding past your hair,

Kick like a donkey, swinging your legs viciously towards those who tried to

disturb your concentration,

Lick like a cat, sucking every droplet of milk from the steep edged bowl,

Yawn like the hippopotamus, candidly announcing your desire to sleep to even mortals buried in their corpses,

Scream like the dinosaur, with a single echo of yours silencing all commotion in this world,

Stare like the mammoth whale, making your opponent blink a thousand times,

Hear like a fox, detecting the most inconspicuous of sound, coming to know of your adversary, before it actually commenced to attack,

Laze around like the tortoise, not bothering to poke out your head even in the most scorching of Sunlight,

Shine like the stars, punctuating the eerie darkness of the night with your spellbinding glimmer,

Burn like fulminating lava, igniting the most lackluster of individual with the ardor in your flames,

Dig like the mice, making your burrow in loose mud at lightening speeds,

Hide like the reptile, evading all traces of light existing in the Universe,

Peck like the woodpecker, chiseling your way through the most obdurate of wooden log,

Crawl like the spider, mystically weaving your way across the strands of the flimsy web,

Swish like a zebra, moving your tail to wade away the most minuscule of fly buzzing intermittently around your nose,

Eat like a pig, greedily gobbling even the tiniest of toffee wrapper loitering on the road,

Change color like a chameleon, adapting yourself furtively to virtually any surrounding you go into,

Hunt like the vultures, hideously diving down and capsizing your prey,

Be wise like the owl, prudently opening your eyes in the dark as well as stringent light,

Care like the lioness, protecting your child from the faintest signs of evil lurking around,

Enjoy like the otters, having a party of beans and raw wine well past after midnight,

Explore like the panther, mercilessly paving your way through the remotest corner of the forest,

Love like God, annihilating the word discrimination forever from your adulterated brain,

And lead life like a man, wandering and discovering; struggling and romancing, dreaming and working to transform all your dreams; as well as those of several around you into an immortal reality.

30. BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE?

You may have washed your hands; cleaning them scrupulously of the most invisible of stain,

But what about the blood adhering to your heart; the several innocent whom you had beheaded without any rhyme or reason?

You may have eaten stupendously sizzling slices of mutton; masticating the morsels after blending them with handsome salt,

But what about the goat mother who bleated incessantly; after losing her only son, the only flesh she had delivered facing the grueling agony of long months?

You may have laughed the loudest in the crowd; propagating the same infectiously in pedestrians around you,

But what about the old man; who had to trip his footing in a slush of dirty sewage water; in order to cause you to smile?

You may have dressed in the most glamorous of coat and trousers; sprinkling your entire demeanor with an ocean of passionate scent,

But what about those tyrannized sheep who were left shivering in bizarre cold;

after you uncouthly stripped their skins of their natural protection?

You may have spoken the most flowery speech on the mike; drawing loads of adulation from all those who were mesmerized by the beautiful essence in the lines,

But what about the writer whom you had incarcerated in the dungeons; after stealing his writing to stand tall and domineering?

You may have driven in the most contemporary of car; with its golden wheels traversing the meandering lanes of the hill like a galloping panther,

But what about the infinite stalks of fresh grass; the innocuous infants wandering around; whom you had trampled indiscriminately in your insatiable march towards victory?

You may have drunk cartons full of mineral water; quenching your thirst under the scorching Sun of midday,

But what about those people reeling under severe drought; whose wells you had emptied to tingle the food in your stomach?

You may have lived for a 100 years; surviving on the most conventional of medicine and steroids,

But what about those innocent whom you had slaved; in order to clean every iota of dirt you spat on this earth?

And you may have loved; imprisoning every girl you set your eyes on with the power of your wealth,

But what about all those billion lives you had assassinated; in order to satisfy each desire of yours?

31. IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER

It really doesn't matter if we kept awake all night; admired the stars till the last beam of moonlight,

It really doesn't matter if we rubbed squalid tomato's on our uniforms; winked at each other in the classroom,

It really doesn't matter if we drove the car at full speeds; forgetting completely to stop at traffic intersections,

It really doesn't matter if we pummeled the walls; screamed at the top of our voices when we actually had to loads of homework,

It really doesn't matter if we hurled eggs at people on the street; blurted a volley of indiscriminate slang at those trying to control us,

It really doesn't matter if we swam on dolphins in the sea; splashing tones of froth on the ships passing by,

It really doesn't matter if we counted the notes wrong; tore the shopping list into pieces before actually purchasing it,

It really doesn't matter if we bathed in pure ice-cream; didn't wipe our face for hours on the trot,

It really doesn't matter if we stared at the walls; sat lazily swapping flies even in brilliant afternoon,

It really doesn't matter if we shaved of our scalp; danced in a pool of scarlet jelly with the clouds coming in,

It really doesn't matter if we dug the earth; rubbed worms traversing under the soil on our cheeks,

It really doesn't matter if we slapped the postman hard; then tried hard to suppress our giggles as he ran at us full speed; with his stick,

It really doesn't matter if we drank a bottle full of whisky; flirted around dreamily on the busy streets,

It really doesn't matter if we took out our tongues; scowled at our neighbors for not allowing us to play,

It really doesn't matter if we left a battalion of red ant; to roam freely beneath our teachers desk,

It really doesn't matter if we didn't brush our teeth; ran on the roads with our night clothes on,

It really doesn't matter if we caught crabs on the beach; instead of attending formal parties with our parents,

It really doesn't matter if we didn't sit for a moment; kept fidgeting around; once in a while sipping cola and food,

It really doesn't matter if we pinched our sister; teased her as she tried to learn the bicycle,

It really doesn't matter if we set on to conquer Mount Everest; without even equipping ourselves with a single coat,

It really doesn't matter if we ate our breads burnt gruesomely black; wore our shoes without embroidered socks,

It really doesn't matter if we dreamt wildly even in commercial meetings; said i Love you; when the man sitting opposite was questioning us about our yearly income tax,

It really doesn't matter if we played pranks with our aunt; presenting her with a balloon that burst into infinite pieces; instead of a chocolate cake on her birthday,

It really doesn't matter if we spoke lies to save our skins; scampered at electric speeds at the mention of studies,

It really doesn't really matter if we didn't wash our hands; tore apart raw chunks of fruit with our uncivilized teeth,

It really doesn't matter if we didn't comb our hair; grew a beard as long as the elephants trunk,

And it really doesn't matter if we lived life at ease; basking in the glory of every moment to unleash,

As we were so young now; floating on the island of pure ecstasy; and had a thousand tomorrow's left; to really make it matter.

32. LIFE SHOULDN'T SLIP AND FLY

Let the cars on the roads fly; with the passengers seated inside simply astounded by the exuberance in the breeze hitting them like a rocket from all sides,

Let the mountains on earth fly; with their abysmally obscured bottoms; coming eye to eye for the first time in their lives with a dazzling fountain of Sunlight,

Let the gorgeously cascading waterfalls fly; inundating the exasperatedly gloomy

atmosphere with infinite droplets of sparkling water,

Let the frogs philandering in fresh farms fly; frisking and bouncing majestically towards silken cocoons of silver sky,

Let the statues frozen in mock silence on ground fly; stretch their bones in sheer exhilaration after lying thoroughly dormant for centuries on the trot,

Let the eyeballs firmly agglutinated to the sockets fly; casting a glimpse at all the mesmerizing sights of this magnificently fathomless Universe,

Let the spiders rotting in dilapidated corners of the castle fly; deluging the overwhelmingly sweltering atmosphere with glistening fountains of their satiny juice,

Let the camels trespassing painstakingly through the acrimonious desert fly; enjoying their rendezvous with the glorious clouds to the most unprecedented limits,

Let the insurmountably heavy watermelons fly; clashing like the titans with each other when airborne; fulminating into a stream of scarlet juice much to the delight of aliens gallivanting around,

Let the swords lying in a pool of ghastly blood fly; head towards a land of celestial peace; relinquishing those horrendous memories of savagely treacherous war,

Let the mirrors uncouthly shattered on mud fly; evolving a myriad of ingratiatingly fascinating images whilst their expedition through the voluptuous clouds,

Let the elephants loitering assiduously through marshy land fly; have the most fabulous time of their lives; moving faster than the speed of light,

Let the roots embedded infinite kilometers beneath the ground fly; rejuvenate in the marvelously stupendous draughts of air; after a torturously marathon time in incarcerated blackness,

Let the inexorably fur coated cats fly; meowing with unfathomable delights in blue expanse of sky; greedily absorbing the milky rays of moonlight,

Let the monotonously embodied dwellings fly; metamorphosing the dreams of

their occupants into perpetual reality; as they sailed through seductive carpets of profusely poignant breeze,

Let the battalion of nimble red ants fly; feeling engulfed with an aura of oligarchic royalty; as the world now lay neatly sandwiched under their diminutive feet,

Let the scores of innocuous children fly; be irrefutably closer than any other human being to the sacrosanct grace of the Omnipotent Creator,

Let the passionately palpitating heart fly; transgress past the most heinously diabolical barricades; to be in proximity with its immortally divine beloved,

And you could make all other things fly O! Lord; making them transiently experience the absolute time of their lives; but please don't make life fly,

For it is after countless births that we have relished the opportunity of being humans; therefore we want to lead each instant of our existence to the fullest; simply don't want our lives to slip and fly.

33. INFINITE INFINITY

An island which you incessantly dream of; but miserably failed to reach,
A height which is so unsurpassable; that each step you clamber; still found you on obdurate chunks of rock bottom ground,
A size so astronomically colossal; that is beyond the definitions of any size or veritable proportion,
A tunnel so perpetually unending; that perennial blackness engulfed you even if you took birth relentlessly; for countless centuries,
A land where no palpable organism can dare to transgress upon; a land where only the ALMIGHTY CREATOR resided since centuries immemorial; and would continue to rule till the time he wanted; was the land of infinite infinity.

A wave so mammoth; that rose and handsomely swirled even unimaginable kilometers above the vivacious clouds,
A ray so unprecedented; that indefatigably pierced even the most obsolete corner of this Universe with its overwhelmingly stringent light,
A shadow so profoundly mystical; that refrained to subside even after the ghastly blanket of profuse darkness; had wholesomely set in,
A voice so incredulously echoing; that it kept eluding you unrelentingly as it collided like a fulminating tornado against the cold rocks,
A land where no palpable organism can dare to transgress upon; a land where only the Almighty Creator resided since centuries immemorial; and would

continue to rule till the time he wanted; was the land of infinite infinity.

A book so incomprehensibly long; that you remained on the front page; even after browsing for decades unfathomable,

A painting so enigmatically fascinating; that each time you saw it; it metamorphosed into a myriad of fathomless shades,

A tree so astoundingly gigantic; that kept blossoming and proliferating into innumerable branches; as each second unfurled,

A storm so cyclonic; which continued even after the entire planet had slept; caressing every object on this globe with passionate cloudbursts of breeze,

A land where no palpable organism can dare to transgress upon; a land where only the Almighty Creator resided since centuries immemorial; and would continue to rule till the time he wanted; was the land of infinite infinity.

A mountain with its summit augmenting till times beyond eternity; stretching over the most bizarre point of imagination,

A fantasy tumultuously surpassing the realms of unbelievable perception; incorrigibly refraining to quell even after inevitable death,

A cloud whispering an unending tale of existence; with majestic streaks of white lightning royally encompassing every tangible and intangible entity in the inferno of its untamed ferocity,

A mission impossible for anyone to comprehend even an inconspicuous fraction of; a challenge which even the mightiest of mighty pathetically floundered to accomplish,

A song which tirelessly continues to inexplicably haunt every living being; right since the first day of nascent life,

A land where no palpable organism can dare to transgress upon; a land where only the Almighty Creator resided since centuries immemorial; and would continue to rule till the time he wanted; was the land of infinite infinity.

34. TO THE SERVICE OF MANKIND

Just moving your lips up and down doesn't make any sense; the real art lies in speaking articulately; profoundly impressing upon your point on your hostile adversary,

Just shaking your fingers aimlessly in the air doesn't make any sense; the real art lies in embossing spell binding pieces of literature; captivating the entire nation with the unprecedented depth in your words,

Just swishing your legs waywardly in the pools of water doesn't make any sense; the real art lies in audaciously marching towards the summit of victory;

conquering invincible peaks with the colossal strength they possess,

Just admiring your reflection spuriously in the transparent mirror doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in pleasing as many individuals as you can; mesmerize people around you with your stupendous beauty and seductive charisma,

Just writing books after books sitting in the cloistered interiors of your dwelling doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in propagating your work to as far and distant as you can; sharing the essence of your enchanting fantasy with people who badly needed it,

Just perspiring and appreciating your own golden globules of sweat as they trickled down doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in slogging onerously under the mid-day Sun; to enlighten the faces of infinite children who were starving on the streets without their parents,

Just sketching boundless shapes of abstract imagination on sprawling sheets of scintillating canvas doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in capturing the ultimate beauty lingering the cosmos; the lifestyles of our century old ancestors; with the pungent bristles of the gaudy paint brush,

Just playing incessantly imprisoned within the corridors of the ghastly jail doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in stepping out in brilliant daylight; letting the poignant sunshine filter a mystical path across your dainty eyes; frolicking in glee with the rabbits on the hillside,

Just winking your eye to stimulate your own nerves umpteenth times in a day doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in fomenting kids afflicted with inexplicable disease to have a hearty laugh at your batting eyelid,

Just growing a garden of roses in your dingy little kitchen; obfuscated in entirety from the Sun and the world; doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in planting them at every cranny you tread; to spread their supremely mesmerizing fragrance in every house on this planet,

Just punching the sandbag suspended tamely from the ceiling doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in battling the evil circumventing this earth; sucking blood from innocent individuals like an venomous parasite,

Just fantasizing wildly about beauty all day doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in exploring all tantalizing form created by God on this globe; further assisting his cause in continuing the chapter of existence,

Just sleeping for unsurpassable hours on the princely couch doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in sharing it with those who hadn't a roof to sequester their scalps; ensuring that they eventually got a bit of restful slumber,

Just remembering your childhood brooding over your present in utter regret doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in walking on the sea shores again like a child; let the mighty waves of the ocean caress you; make you feel as if you were just born,

Just letting blood rampantly flow in your veins; swelling in gallons every day as you gobbled food like a glutton; doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in engendering it to flow for the person you revered; disseminating it philanthropically to all those who were wounded; who died every second in absence of it,

Just screaming at the top of your lungs standing tall and domineering at the tip of the perilously deep mountain doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in shouting for deprived women; blatantly reveal the atrocities being committed on them; the way the weaker sex was brutally assaulted,

Just swimming under the stars; splashing water lavishly around before ultimately sipping it doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in sprinkling each droplet you possessed upon the land and people struck by savage drought,

Just throbbing your heart violently in perception of the person you cared doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in embracing the same in times of supreme exultation as well as morbid distress,

And just breathing every hour for times immemorial doesn't make any sense; the real art lies in deriving the maximum pleasure out of this life; living every instant for the person you loved; dedicating your life to the service of mankind.

35. IF YOU REALLY HAD THE URGE TO CLEAN SOMETHING

Don't waste your time in spuriously washing your clothes; scrubbing the surplus dirt adhering to your fingers for hours on the trot,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in vigorously shampooing your hair; applying sandalwood balm all across your fatigued body,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in evacuating out the last chunk of dirt imprisoned in the house; dismantling the mountain of obnoxious cobwebs suspended solitarily from the ceiling,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in polishing your shoes till they brilliantly shone; commanding the poor slave every instant to annihilate even the faintest trace of your footprints,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in soaking the table covers in stringent antiseptic; brushing your apron for indefatigable weeks to suck the non existent odor,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in consulting the most prominent of skin specialists; gobbling a battalion of potent vitamins to impart your skin with that immortal glow; you kept dreaming off all night and day,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in rubbing your tongue tenaciously with the serrated stick for marathon minutes at dawn; profusely spraying mammoth bottles of scent into the corridors of your mouth,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in sprinkling bucket full of water to make the windows of your house shine; sucking the dainty river of its precious liquid in order to make your dwelling a darling to sight,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in plucking out the filth between your teeth using the most

delectable of ivory toothpick; inundating your armpits with tantalizing perfume every time you wanted to impress upon the woman of your dreams,
For if you really had the urge to clean something; first clean your mind, heart and life instead.

Don't waste your time in vehemently brushing the roads which led to the temple; licking every step that led to the idol of the Omniscient Creator; for in the first place you'd never be successful; as there was not one path; but irrefutably every lane you tread on; led to the Almighty Lord,
And indeed if you really had the urge to please God; clean something; then first and foremost clean your mind, heart and life instead.

36. I STILL HAD LIFE

The present moment is the most exciting moment; full of boisterous energy and excitement,

The present moment is the most rejuvenating moment; with animated incidents unveiling right before your blissful sight,

The present moment is the most exotic moment; with the newness all around freshly unfurling for one to wholesomely enjoy,

The present moment is the most young moment; with the heart palpitating to its fullest capacity in the glory of untamed passion,

The present moment is the most fabulously fantastic moment; with the world in motion beside propelling you to sweat in silver globules of liquid under the sweltering Sun,

The present moment is the most relishing moment; with the fruits of nature instantaneously falling in your celestial lap,

The present moment is the most uncanny moment; with a string of unexpected anecdotes inevitably unleashing in your path to the top,

The present moment is the most divinely moment; with the mind lost in realms of voluptuously surreal fantasy,

The present moment is the most pragmatic moment; with a compendium of sagacious decisions adding a supremely new cheer to dolorous life,

The present moment is the most volatile moment; with each action culminating into an ocean of bountiful ramifications,

The present moment is the most vociferous moment; with umpteenth number of sounds deluging the morbid ambience from all sides,

The present moment is the most talented moment; with blessed entities from all round the Universe using their brains to profusely insurmountable capacity,

The present moment is the most active moment; with tons of exhilarated breath descending down in vivacious tandem,

The present moment is the most versatile moment; with a myriad of actions being executed in a festoon of mystical patterns all around the boundless cosmos,

The present moment is the most poignant moment; with a varied conglomerate of compassionate emotions pouring in different forms; in different streets,

The present moment is the most innocuous moment; when you tread on the moist soil with nimble caress and intricate grace,

The present moment is the most spell binding moment; greeting you with an entire cloud of wonderfully ravishing surprises,

The present moment is the most testing moment; which gauges your skill to exist amongst a pack of hostile wolves and philanthropically survive,

And for me the present moment is the most richest moment; for although I didn't have exorbitant dungeons replete with gold and silver in my dwelling; I still was breathing; I still had my Creator; I still had my Mother; I still had my beloved; and more importantly than anything; i still had precious traces of God gifted life.

37. WHAT MADE YOU EVER THINK

What made you ever think; that you could exult in the exotic night; without slogging it out under the sweltering sun of the afternoon?

What made you ever think; that you could leap to the summit of Everest, without even being able to crawl on the ground?

What made you ever think; that you could gulp gallons of intoxicating wine, without even tasting colorless water?

What made you ever think; that you could start singing like the magnificent orchestra, when infact you had stupendous difficulty even to talk?

What made you ever think; that you could swim in the choppy sea, without even knowing how to float in the placid pool of water?

What made you ever think; that you could write infinite lines of literature; without even being able to spell primitive words?

What made you ever think; that you could become the supreme president; without even being able to execute clerical work?

What made you ever think; that you could break the gargantuan brick with a single punch of yours; when infact you didn't even possess the power to kill an inconspicuous mosquito?

What made you ever think; that you could fly the huge aircraft; without even knowing how to balance a tricycle?

What made you ever think; that you could converse articulately for hours on the trot, when infact you miserably floundered even to utter a single word?

What made you ever think; that you could stand barechested on the freezing iceberg; when infact you shivered incessantly even in the slightest draught of wind?

What made you ever think; that you could see behind solid walls; when infact you didn't even possess the capacity of recognizing magnified objects infront of your eyes?

What made you ever think; that you could walk on the tight rope with a mask camouflaging your face; when infact you couldn't even maintain your balance on the most strongest of ground?

What made you ever think; that you could sketch the mesmerizing Mona Lisa; when infact you always held the pencil upside down?

What made you ever think; that you could design an incredulous robot; when infact you mistook every chunk of wood for sparks of electricity?

What made you ever think; that you could emulate the royal prince; when infact you couldn't even hold the spoon properly in your hands?

What made you ever think; that you could be the Creator; when infact you didn't even remember your own birth date?

What made you ever think; that you could romance for times immemorial; when infact you didn't even know the first alphabet of Love?

And what on earth made you ever think; that you could grow old and die tomorrow; when infact you didn't even have the slightest of tenacity; crumbled like a pack of soggy cards every unfurling minute today?

38. I LIVE BECAUSE

I dream, because each corner of my surreally inexplicable mind; dictates,

I write, because infinite muscles in my irascibly wandering hand; dictate,

I sleep; because boundless bones in my profoundly exhausted dreary body; dictate,

I shout, because tumultuously insatiable urges in the inner most realms of my throat; dictate,

I gallop; because irascibly proliferating tendencies in the spongy muscle of my legs; dictate,

I smile; because gregariously amicable virtues inevitably besieging my rubicund pair of lips; dictate,

I cry; because the overwhelmingly morbid sorrow in my eyes; dictates, I snore; because the incomprehensibly celestial corridors of invincible sleep; dictates,

I drink; because inexorably scorched and diminishing boundaries of my burnt body; dictates,

I bathe; because incorrigibly squalid cocoons of dust on my countenance; dictates,

I wink; because irrevocably flirtatious attributes in my eyeball; dictates,

I yawn; because the indefatigably fatigued skeleton of my surrendered body;
dictates,

I fight; because the cloud of intrepid belligerence engulfing my boisterous
demeanor; dictates,

I fidget; because pertinently iterative fervor unrelentingly dissipating in my
blood; dictates,

I study; because an irrefutably everlasting desire to be the best in the
professional world; dictates,

I whistle; because insatiable tunnels of fathomless euphoria in my nerves;
dictate,

I play; because the child perpetually buoyant and alive in my impeccable senses;
dictates,

I lie; because inevitably salacious manipulation on the trajectory of this planet;
dictates,

I breathe; because the miserably imprisoned lungs beneath my chest; dictate,

I desire; because the passionately throbbing beats of my ardently romantic
heart; dictate,

And I live; because the love of my life; the love that was my energy to lead an
immortal existence beyond countless new births of mine; dictates.

39. CLICK

It was flashes which made the eyes click; impart them with the profusely
flirtatious rejuvenation to lead life,

It was a smile which made the lips click; portray their voluptuously mesmerizing
beauty to the planet outside,

It was raw muscle which made the bones click; impregnating their persona with
the invincible tenacity to surge forward in life,

It was ravishing food which made the stomach click; impart it with the heavenly

rejuvenation to rise up to the most intransigent occasion of existence,

It was relentlessly escalating fantasy which made the mind click; propelling it to insatiably venture into enigmatic arenas never explored before,

It was enchantingly melodious sounds which made the ears click; instilled in them the inexorable ardor to hear and decipher beyond the pragmatically ordinary,

It was an overwhelmingly poignant river of blood which made the veins click; indefatigably instigate the body to conquer and conjure new heights,

It was the profoundly disseminated labyrinth of lines on the palms which made destiny click; triggered an unfathomable ocean of anecdotes to unveil in life; which one couldn't have conceived even in the wildest of his dreams,

It was the essence of irrefutable empathy which made a relationship click; granted it that impregnable solidarity to withstand the most disastrous of times,

It was profusely tantalizing saliva which made the throat click; perpetuate it to fulminate into a valley of authoritatively domineering sounds,

It was ingeniously insurmountable memory which made the brain click; unleash itself with astronomical confidence in every sphere of existence,

It was a volcano of vivaciously blended emotions which made the conscience click; irrevocably listen to its voice of righteousness; and march forward without the slightest of respite,

It was the thoroughly reinvigorating fragrance of the lotus which made the nostrils click; inhale incessantly to explore even the most minuscule organism of God's fascinating creation,

It was exhilarating bouts of euphoric speed which made the legs click; gallop like an untamed panther through the boundless forests in stupendous ecstasy,

It was the Omnipotent Creator's will that made lovers living continents apart click; break the most diabolically treacherous barricades that came their way,

It was countless hours with the innocuously impeccable children which made nostalgia click; grant a man slithering miserably beside his grave; the status of being young once again,

It was an everlasting rhythm of passionately palpitating beats which made the heart click; throb till times immemorial for the entity it solely admired on this Universe,

And it was love that made life click; make it the most beautiful gift not only on this planet; but also unendingly fathomless kilometers beyond sky.

40. IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU

You might have forever taken away all your clothes from my dwelling; savagely hurling me away like a piece of infinitesimally abhorrent shit,

But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those majestic memories; in which we timelessly stared at each other under the resplendently beaming light; of the full Moon.

You might have forever taken away all your ornaments from my dwelling; nonchalantly spitting upon my tumultuously impoverished demeanor,

But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those princely memories; in which we romantically philandered in the fields of compassionate corn; mischievously blending our rampantly strewn hair with harmonious straw.

You might have forever taken away all your cars away from my dwelling; uncouthly leaving your unfathomable battalion of hunter dogs; to take care of my uncontrollably trembling countenance,

But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those heavenly memories; in which we voluptuously kissed each other on the sensuous lip; as the Sun faded wholesomely beyond the inscrutable horizons.

You might have forever taken away all your wines away from my dwelling; satanically spewing all abuse abominably lingering on this colossal planet; even upon the most immaculately righteous of my stride,

But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those resplendently replenishing memories; in which we spent many a marathon hours together; frantically exploring the unsurpassably ravishing charisma in our skins.

You might have forever taken away all your electronic paraphernalia from my dwelling; ruthlessly kicking me on the bizarrely dilapidated streets to beg; after indiscriminately severing my hands and feet,

But it was irrefutably impossible for your to take away all those impeccable memories; in which we innocently feasted upon Nature's profoundly glamorous beauty at the crack of ephemerally enlightening dawn.

You might have forever taken away all your currency coins from my dwelling;
barbarically commanding the bulldozers of diabolical hatred to squelch me to the
very last bone of my disappearing spine,
But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those bountiful
memories; in which we patriotically united as a single spirit; to philanthropically
serve all tyrannically bereaved mankind; for times immemorial.

You might have forever taken away all your glittering trophies from my dwelling;
ignominiously castigating and stripping me in the front of the entire Universe; for
ostensibly no fault of mine,
But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those Omnipotent
memories; in which we seductively gyrated our shivering bodies; under
tantalizingly cocktail cover of the exotic night.

You might have forever taken away all your breath away from my dwelling;
salaciously ensuring that an unsurpassable dungeon of sinister scorpion; crawled
invidiously on my skin for countless more decades yet to unveil,
But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those mesmerizing
memories; in which we had impregnably pledged to the Almighty Lord; to solely
exist for each other.

And you might have forever taken away all your love from my dwelling;
commanding your vindictively vicious fleet of relentless vultures; to
intransigently suck the last droplet of blood from my nimble visage,
But it was irrefutably impossible for you to take away all those charismatically
wonderful memories; in which we had given our hearts to each other the very
first time we met; embarking on an exhilarating expedition of humanitarian
togetherness.

41. WHAT IS THE NEED OF?

What is the need of spuriously artificial bulb light; when we have the natural light
of the majestically fulminating and Omnipotent Sun; ubiquitously disseminating
perpetual rays of hope in every dwelling besieged with horrendous despair?

What is the need of capriciously artificial cologne scent; when we have the
natural cocoon of vibrantly blossoming roses in the field; timelessly placating
tumultuously aggrieved nerves with the magic of fragrant togetherness?

What is the need of bombastically inflated air-conditioner; when we have the
natural draughts of exuberant breeze; enchantingly blowing to pave a pathway of
rhapsodic ebullience; even in the most devastated of lives?

What is the need of manipulatively blended factory made sweetness; when we have unfathomable tons of natural honey delectably oozing from the grandiloquently rambunctious hives; infiltrating each beleaguered life with; astronomically priceless sweetness?

What is the need of vindictively bottled and artificial spices; when we have indefatigable fields of piquant chili; the natural waves of the gigantic ocean; profoundly perpetuating each despicably shattered life; with the poignant elixir to exotically survive?

What is the need of sleazily scintillating artificial jewelry; when we have the marvelously royal oyster; bountifully culminating into a forest of ingratiatingly euphoric pearls; enlightening every dreary heart and the gory retribution of the night; with milky innocence; alike?

What is the need of the diabolically looming fortresses of mortal and obdurately insensitive steel; when we have the natural entrenchments of perennial mankind; compassionately sequestering even the most tyrannically penurious; in its handsomely sacrosanct belly?

What is the need of insidiously gaudy color towering on each road; when we have the vivaciously natural rainbow shimmering enthrallingly in fathomless bits of sky; enlightening the life of all those miserably shattered; with beams of astounding dexterity?

What is the need of seductively raunchy and pathetically lewd films; when we have the naturally tantalizing carpet of crimson clouds floating in the sky; gorgeously titillating even the most remotely sweltering cranny of this Universe; with thunderbolts of fascinating rain?

What is the need of lethally venomous guns and an anarchic arcade of treacherous bombs; when we have the regally natural blanket of home soil; patriotically blazing in impregnably triumphant glory; above even the most diabolically infidel of traitors?

What is the need of lecherously tainted and ludicrously mechanized cloth; when we have impeccably natural fields of sprawling cotton; chivalrously shielding every orphaned and rich alike; in the heavenly enclosure of its immaculate warmth?

What is the need of bizarrely lugubrious and artificially made somber coffins;

when we have the naturally celestial trenches of mud; to harbor and eternally rest the departed mind; body and soul?

What is the need of nonchalantly dolorous strips of trademarked sunglasses; when we have the pricelessly natural fold of sensuous lids blissfully encapsulating the drearily exhausted eyeball; imparting it with heavenly rejuvenation; even under the most acrimoniously belligerent fireball of Sun?

What is the need of baselessly opulent distilled water geysers; when we have the exuberantly natural cascades of the sparkling waterfalls to bathe under; profoundly
reinvigorate even the most morbidly deadened arena of the crumbling skin?

What is the need of preposterously bludgeoning beats of the meaningless discotheque; when we have the naturally melodious and divinely cadence of the nightingale supremely appease; even the most veritably extinguishing organs of our body?

What is the need of dastardly computers invidiously flashing axioms of truth; when we have the innocuous wails of the freshly born infant; irrefutably proclaiming the cosmos of unassailable righteousness every unfurling minute of the day?

What is the need of nonchalantly lackadaisical tantras; mantras; and religious fanaticism; when we have the Omnisciently Natural blessings of the Almighty Lord; to give us the unprecedented tenacity; of victoriously transcending over the most horrifically hostile; of path?

What is the need of worthlessly puffed up cylinders of artificial oxygen; when we have the Omnipresently natural cisterns of unsurpassably unending air all around; miraculously pacifying even the most gorily dying jacket of lungs?

And what is the need of insipidly bulky pacemakers incessantly trying to revive the beats of the vanishing heart; when we have the immortally natural paradise of unconquerable love; not only ensuring that the heart stayed young forever; but perpetually sought love and was wonderfully alive?

42. GIVE ME PERPETUAL DEATH INSTEAD

Give me perpetual ugliness instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the ungainly prowess; of never being able to enjoy; when others unfurled into a festoon of ravishingly tantalizing beauty and panoramic forms,

Give me perpetual dumbness instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the disastrous prowess; of never being able to enjoy; when others sang in their enchantingly melodious voice,

Give me perpetual blindness instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the murderous prowess; of never being able to enjoy; when others unrelentingly admired the stupendously aristocratic beauty; on the carpet of this gregariously vibrant Universe,

Give me perpetual starvation instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the diabolical prowess; of never being able to enjoy; when others titillated their taste buds; with the most sumptuously delectable fruits of this; blissfully fragrant earth,

Give me perpetual imprisonment instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the penalizing prowess; of never being able to enjoy; when others euphorically gallivanted in the aisles of unprecedented freedom and ravishing enthrallment,

Give me perpetual tears instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the tyrannical prowess; of never being able to enjoy; when others ebulliently danced in the corridors of everlastingly unending happiness,

Give me perpetual boredom instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the brutal prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others ecstatically unveiled into a fountain of newness with unleashing second of the day; eternally reaching out for their ambitions,

Give me perpetual prejudice instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the ghastly prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others compassionately exist in united fireballs of unflinching solidarity; even under the most acrimonious rays of the Sun,

Give me perpetual agony instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the dastardly prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others harmoniously existed for infinite more births yet to come; under a heavenly cistern of tranquil contentment,

Give me perpetual manipulation instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the horrific prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others innocuously poured out their holistic souls; to Omnipotently spread the charisma

of unconquerable togetherness,

Give me perpetual poverty instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the disdainful prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others basked in the glory of their magnanimously philanthropic richness; the ultimate splendor of humanity profusely enveloping their benign souls,

Give me perpetual condemnation instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the gory prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others escalated to the pinnacle of glorious success; kissed the scintillating goals they had dreamt of; since the very first breath that they inhaled,

Give me perpetual insanity instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the venomous prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others bountifully fantasized beyond the splendidly extraordinary; metamorphosed the complexion of this planet with their innovative intrigue,

Give me perpetual infertility O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the preposterous prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others majestically proliferated God's most eternally invincible chapter of creation; with their very own crimson blood and breath,

Give me perpetual betrayal O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the remorseful prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others unassailably embraced their divine beloved; beautifully succumbing to the most wonderfully Omniscient gift on this planet called; love,

Give me perpetual weakness instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the lecherous prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others patriotically blazed towards an impregnable triumph; for their sacrosanct motherland,

Give me perpetual lies instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the savage prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others irrefutably embedded the Omnipresent blessing of truth deep into their innocent conscience; became impeccable harbingers of humanity,

Give me perpetual misery instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the ruthless prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others gloriously gallivanted on their trail towards; the most priceless religion of humanity,

Give me perpetual dilapidation instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the satanic prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others unfurled into a paradise of ingratiating freshness; with every sprouting ray of the divine Sun,

And give me perpetual death instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't curse me ever with the vindictive prowess; of not being able to enjoy; when others marvelously evolved into royal blood; bone and sparkling life; adding fresh breaths of air to countless more optimistic tomorrows.

43. WHERE THERE IS NO LOVE

Where there is no honesty; there is simply not an infinitesimal iota of prosperity; with even the most mightiest of civilizations; disdainfully squelching like a pack of frigid cards; to have a taste of forlornly threadbare dust,

Where there is no compassion; there is simply not a capricious whisker of solidarity; with the most formidably invincible of organisms; sinking infinite feet beneath their sordidly ghastly graves,

Where there is no faith; there is simply not a dolorously minuscule fraction of strength; with even the most unfathomably unconquerable army of scintillating patriots; obnoxiously pulverized to the last bone of their worthless spine,

Where there is no commitment; there is simply not a remote insinuation of success; with even the most fathomlessly rich and bountifully abundant; ludicrously abnegating every iota of their spurious wealth,

Where there is no simplicity; there is simply not a diminutive inch of bloom; with even the most fragrantly robust of humans; murderously prying for each other's throats,

Where there is no freedom; there is simply not an inconspicuously infidel centimeter of growth; with even the most vivaciously bouncing living beings miserably sweating in premature cacophony; towards their morbidly demonic graveyards,

Where there is no innocence; there is simply not an obscurely orphaned chunk of artistry; with even the most eclectically talented of individuals; horrendously rotting in realms of ghastly manipulation; for centuries unprecedented,

Where there is no color; there is simply not an parsimoniously obfuscated haze of

beauty; with even the most panoramically vivid sceneries; haplessly extinguishing into the dormitories of gruesomely obsolete wilderness,

Where there is no ardor; there is simply not a whimsically tiny speck of ambition; with even the most flamboyantly dynamic fortresses of power; blowing into ridiculous nothingness at a stray mouthful of nimble wind,

Where there is no closeness; there is not a pallidly mercurial space of shelter; with even the most boundlessly gigantic and grandiloquent of castles; uncouthly freezing you to; grotesque carcasses beyond recognition,

Where there is no will; there is simply not an inordinately tiny bit of enthusiasm; with even the most overwhelmingly dazzling beams of dynamism; lividly coalescing with the gory waters of the treacherous gutters,

Where there is no mankind; there is simply not a meaninglessly little vial of divinity; with even the most fervently praying fickle minded devotees; being austerey penalized at every step that they trespassed,

Where there is no newness; there is simply not a pathetically neglected hint of evolution; with even the most prolifically proliferating organisms; despondently stagnating in brutal dungeons of despairingly nonchalant misery,

Where there is no patriotism; there is simply not a whimsically insensitive impression of triumph; with even the most indomitably well equipped of soldiers; inevitably shaking hands with preposterously laughable defeat,

Where there is no melody; there is simply not a decipherably stingy blade of sweetness; with the most exhilaratingly entertaining of idols; diabolically failing to impress even the fleeting shadows scattered scraggily around,

Where there is no spirit; there is simply not an ungainly obscured trace of charisma; with even the most inherently inborn of magnetic personalities; savagely evaporating into lackadaisically lackluster wisps of smoke,

Where there is no transparency; there is simply not a baselessly non-existent tip of conscience; with even the most unfathomably impregnable of living beings; eventually crucifying themselves under a tornado of guilt and salacious lies,

Where there is no yearning; there is simply not a remotely abominable puff of breath; with even the most indefatigably inhaling nostrils; being ruthlessly asphyxiated into dormitories; of barbarically strangulated submission,

And where there is no love; there is simply not a worthlessly negligible wind of life; with even the most passionately palpitating and perpetual beats of the heart; demonically incarcerating you in the prison of viciously vindictive dullness and death.

44. LIFE IS NOT A FEATURE FILM

Life is not just a bombastically fancy pancake; which you can gobble in single ecstatic gulp; and then thunderously snore for times immemorial,

Life is not just a sleazily grandiloquent four poster bed; on which you could languish in the aisles of unprecedented desire; and then shut your eyes in perpetual oblivion
to the extraneous world,

Life is not just a capriciously philandering wind; with which you could merrily flirt all day; and then dream about in the island of nothingness for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Life is not just a dangerously fickle minded dream; by which you titillated yourself to the epitome of voluptuous seduction momentarily; and then transited into a lugubriously unfruitful reverie; till the last breath decided to stay in your countenance,

Life is each day that has to be perseveringly fought and lived; life is holistic dormitory of veritable truth and reality; life is immortally priceless; O! yes life is not a feature film.

1.

Life is not just a frigidly romantic cloud; which made you transiently romance behind the sun soaked hills; and then you decided to completely quit,

Life is not just a spuriously scintillating chunk of ice; which you ephemerally suckled to flood your entire persona with delight; and then didn't bother the slightest about the paths you tread,

Life is not just a bottle of invidiously lecherous port wine; which you greedily consumed all night with intransigently untamed gusto; and then failed to recognize your own self the next day; when dawn filtered by your side,

Life is not just a ethereally tantalizing sensation; which you fulminated into trying to touch the firmament of fathomless sky; and then blending indolently with soil as if the earth had ceased to exist,

Life is each moment which has to be tackled with stupendous dexterity and sweat; life is timeless fireball of endeavor and vivaciousness; life is immortally priceless; O! yes life is not a feature film.

2.

Life is not just a fake foam of infinite bubbles; which you could merrily burst into melodiously ravishing froth; and then enjoy the unsurpassably silken warmth for boundless more decades yet to unfurl,

Life is not just an insidiously luminescent and ostentatious bulb; which you used to seek unprecedented pleasure after the onset of dark; and then uncouthly forget the very rudiments which possessed you in entirety,

Life is not just a pathetically seducing whistle in the unfathomable gorge; with which you initially replenished each bone of your persona; and then became an immune animal to the most treacherous of squall and storm,

Life is not just a beautifully constructed fairy castle; in which you romanticized for unending nights on the trot; and then wholesomely disappeared like an infinitesimal mosquito; into non-existent wisps of worthless oblivion,

Life is a blend of the good and the salaciously bad which have to dealt alike; life is a mission of humanity to be accomplished by every living being; life is immortally priceless; O! yes life is not a feature film.

3.

Life is not just an artificially reinvigorating cologne; which you profusely applied on your impoverished cheeks; and then smelt only the spirit of goodness on every lane you transgressed,

Life is not just a ludicrously funny clown; who made you have the most wholehearted laugh of your life for simply a single second; and then left you to treacherously decay; in a tale of incoherently bizarre despair,

Life is not just a pompous fancy dress competition; in which you intangibly masqueraded wearing the most princely attires on this planet; and then were left

to rot in dungeons of despairingly hopeless poverty,

Life is not just a short lived enchanting song; whose jeopardizing melody you could bask on for simply a few minutes; and then despondently shut your eardrums to; even the tiniest insinuation of sound,

Life is an unrelenting journey towards the epitome of self esteem and benevolent mankind; Life is the most wonderfully perpetual gift from Lord Almighty; Life is immortally priceless; O! yes life is not a feature film.

45. WHAT WAS HAPPENING WRONG

What was irrefutably right and blazing; was infinite beams of Sunlight streaming full throttle and astoundingly from the fathomless expanse of sky,
But what was happening horrendously wrong; was that people sulked in derogatorily malicious despondence despite the same; within the spuriously morbid waves of the artificial airconditioner.

What was irrefutably right and ravishing; was enthrallingly exuberant whirlpools of breeze; which unrelentingly caressed the atmosphere all day long,
But what was happening pathetically wrong; was that people viciously leaped for each other's throat despite the same; coldbloodedly locked within cisterns of ominous manipulation.

What was irrefutably right and resplendent; was ebulliently mesmerizing and milky rays of tenaciously silken moonlight,
But what was happening disastrously wrong; was that people wailed in hopelessly greedy unison despite the same; entirely camouflaging their dwellings with
parasites of indiscriminate hatred; in the heart of the romantically marvelous midnight.

What was irrefutably right and vivacious; was perennially bubbling streams of pricelessly majestic water,
But what was happening ludicrously wrong; was that people remained lugubriously famished despite the same; mercilessly toying with the vital elixir to scrub even the most inconspicuous iota of their; sordidly bombastic floors.

What was irrefutably right and tantalizing; was unfathomable cloudbursts of torrentially titillating rain; pelting in harmonious tandem from the aristocratically crimson sky,
But what was happening maniacally wrong; was that people lambasted corpses

of vindictive abuse and lechery despite the same; sank into a spell of remorsefully frustrated exasperation; although the tunes of lovebirds; reverberated handsomely through the air.

What was irrefutably right and melodious; was the enchantingly everlasting nightingale singing synergistically with the rhythm of the serene wind; inundating each cranny of the sultry ambience with gorgeously twinkling sound,
But what was happening brutally wrong; was that people incessantly sank into a well of despondent boredom despite the same; cacophonically pulverizing God's most panoramic elements of celestial creation.

What was irrefutably right and towering; was the mystically gorgeous mountain; philandering into boundless paths of rhapsodically intrepid adventure,
But what was happening murderously wrong; was that people had savagely constricted themselves to lanes of disdainfully ruthless monotony despite the same; choosing to be like the abominably imperturbable stone; rather than gallop towards satiny newness.

What was irrefutably right and indispensable; was the passionately patriotic inferno of unsurpassable breath; that euphorically wafted out as each night unfurled into the brilliant day,
But what was happening diabolically wrong; was that people depicted a profuse inclination to inhale adulterated savagery despite the same; eventually asphyxiating to miserable extinction; although the spirit of pristine youth still lingered for centuries immemorial.

What was irrefutably right and priceless; was the sky of immortally unassailable love; showering droplets of perpetual love to even the most infinitesimal iota of this gigantic planet,
But what was happening unforgivably wrong; was that people barbarically kicked the same to blend with the thorns of pernicious lies; flooded their chests with gruesomely acerbic decay; although the heart was still throbbing by the grace of God.

46. THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THAT VOICE

There was something in that voice; which made me exotically wander through the aisles of untamed fantasy; and unendingly tantalizing seduction,

There was something in that voice; which metamorphosed even the most inexplicably horrendous of my misery; into a blooming paradise of everlastingly

enchancing melody,

There was something in that voice; which enthralled me beyond the dormitories of comprehension; wholesomely freed me of all my murderously monotonous apprehensions; and agonies of the uncouth planet outside,

There was something in that voice; which unrelentingly seduced me even after the heart of dolorously dreary midnight; rekindling every deadened pore of my flesh to blend with the Almighty Divine,

There was something in that voice; which enshrouded every cranny of beleaguered soul with rhapsodic exuberance; an insatiable yearning to philanthropically bond with all my comrades; innocuous and living,

There was something in that voice; which irrefutably taught me the essence of unbiased love towards all my fellow compatriots either rich or despicably poor; taught me that service to mankind was indeed true service to the divine,

There was something in that voice; which transformed me into an invincibly blazing fortress; unflinchingly confronting every impediment that dared come my way; to forever radiate like spell binding Sunshine,

There was something in that voice; which handsomely extricated my manipulatively besieged conscience of all its abhorrent prejudice; bestowing upon me all mesmerizing happiness that profoundly perpetuated the atmosphere,

There was something in that voice; which ebulliently elevated me from my spells of deplorable depression; impregnated a river of unfathomable enchantment in nervously circulating streams of my impoverished blood,

There was something in that voice; which made me feel like a majestic prince of all times; traversing through the lanes of grandiloquent desire; manifesting each of my benign dream into a perpetual reality,

There was something in that voice; which marvelously brought out my humanitarian spirit; made me benevolently commiserate with all my mates; dithering towards the horizons of a ghastly extinction,

There was something in that voice; which royally replenished my frigidly disastrous lips with astoundingly blissful smiles; profusely enlightened my survival with the Omniscient enlightenment to bond with all mankind,

There was something in that voice; which resolutely told me to always follow the unassailable voices of my heart; coalesce my spirit forever with; euphorically evergreen humanity,

There was something in that voice; which perennially transpired me to transcend beyond the ultimate crescendo of magnificent artistry; never made me realize that I was dwindling all hope in vibrant life,

There was something in that voice; which made me disdainfully shun all bombastic cynosure; meditate till beyond realms of eternal eternity; in an incredulously aristocratic entrenchment of bountiful selflessness,

There was something in that voice; which unrelentingly triggered me to implore and eradicate all my devilishly hidden fallacies; philander in the ingratiatingly ravishing charisma of the majestic atmosphere,

There was something in that voice; which numbed all my trauma with its unconquerably Omnipotent aura; made me wonderfully believe in the laws of symbiotic existence; made me believe in my unlimited mountain of positive strengths,

There was something in that voice; which illuminated my perniciously withering existence with the fragrance of unshakable togetherness; made me feel as if Almighty Lord was always there to help me by my side,

There was something in that voice; which made me immortally love every graciously vivacious element of living kind; bow down in due adulation of the powers of the Omnipresent Creator Divine,

And there was something in that voice; which gifted me a countless radiant breaths when in fact I had asked for just one; and could humbly become the very reason for my destitute mates; to be holistically alive.

47. OUR GREATEST RICHNESS

We don't need no ostentatious parties; bombastic mugs of wine guzzling down our throats; as beats of the spuriously titillating disco discordantly inundated the heavenly stillness of the night,

We don't need no superfluous palaces; fathomless rooms of pretentious aristocracy frigidly awaiting to envelop us insidiously in their empty swirl,

We don't need no robotic aircrafts; unfathomably gigantic wings of steel to transport us at thunderously lightening speeds; to the destinations of our choice,

We don't need no sleazily gaudy attires; opulent cisterns of voluptuous silk; artificially enshrouding our poignantly naked skins,

As our palms which had perpetually entwined with each other; unflinching confronting the most acerbic of impediments united together; bonding our destinies forever with the religion of humanity; were irrefutably our greatest richness.

(1)

We don't need no cheaply abominable slang; astounding replications of how the high society ate; spoke and slept,

We don't need no Oriental music; brilliantly incredulous sound systems blaring in pompously rhythmic cadence,

We don't need no mountains of scintillating glass; the most exquisite fraternity of mirror to incessantly admire our nimble reflections,

We don't need no sizzled steak; incongruously butchering the poor animal and then ironically placing it on plates of glittering gold,

As our souls which had perpetually coalesced with each other; imparting us the unassailable ardor to not only exist in this birth; but to philanthropically serve the entire planet and gallop for an infinite more births yet to come; were irrefutably our greatest richness.

(2)

We don't need no aristocratic sheepskins; the most ravishingly embellished wool on the planet; to safeguard us against acrimonious cold,

We don't need no flatulent airconditioners; to garishly placate our overwhelmingly sweltering senses,

We don't need no scintillating cars; the ergonomically plush upholstery pampering us worthlessly as the ultimate kings,

We don't need no dungeons of unfathomably regale wealth; a torrential cascade

of shimmering pearl and silver; not even letting us gasp the slightest,

As our breaths which had perpetually bonded with each other; were our sole elixir to magnificently surge ahead in vibrant life and achieve the pinnacle of astronomically humanitarian success; were irrefutably our greatest richness.

(3)

We don't need no skeleton keys; ingeniously masterminded computers to cunningly manipulate the movements of the entire Universe,

We don't need no Supreme chairs of pure velvet; ardently awaiting to crown us the unparalleled corporate tycoons of the distraught year,

We don't need no fabulously designed sunglasses; cowardly camouflaging our radiant eyes even from the tiniest beam of optimistic light,

We don't need no sardonically inflated cigar smoke; the meaningless clapping of people who vindictively plotted behind our backs,

As our hearts which had perpetually blended with each other; unconquerably beating as a single spirit and passionately alive; were irrefutably our greatest richness.

48. LIVE LIFE WHOLEHEARTEDLY

If you really wanted to laugh; don't just open your mouth like a goldfish; shying tremendously to show your conglomerate of scintillating teeth,
Laugh wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul, and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to cry; don't just make of mockery of emphatically poignant tears; apply pools of crocodile water pretentiously on your rubicund cheeks,
Cry wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to play; don't just bounce like a timid infant having just opened its eyes into this alien world; bringing in shades of bombastic sophistication in your stride,
Play wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to sleep; don't just spuriously place a gruesome eyepatch over your lids; wake up with a jolt at the crack of dawn as the monstrous alarm clock barked stringently into your ears,
Sleep wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to talk; don't just whisper surreptitiously under your breath; utter your words in a complete mumble jumble which only you could vaguely comprehend,
Talk wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to stare; don't just stand behind the shriveled curtains; furtively viewing the alluring sights which enchantingly unveiled,
Stare wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to dance; don't just emulate the movements of celebrities on the big; feel contemptuously embarrassed and sad if you couldn't gyrate as harmoniously as they did,
Dance wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to admire somebody; don't just say that umpteenth number of times to yourself; swooning miserably on the ground everytime you encountered the person of your dreams,
Admire wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to love; don't just say i love you; and run away when the most diminutive of difficulty engulfed you; the acrimonious society estranged you in the whirlpool of rigid convention,
Love wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to die; don't just make pompous public announcements about the same everyday; standing tall and domineering over the sleazy microphone; telling the world to wait for the time when you would be leaving for your heavenly abode,
Die wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

And if you really wanted to lead life; don't just make a nimble effort to slouch from the ground; feeling that beads of fatigue and inexplicable exhaustion were taking their toll on you every second,
Live life wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

49. IF I HAD CLOSED MY BREATH YESTERDAY

If I had cut my fingers yesterday; then how could I hold the scintillating cluster of diamonds strewn abundantly in the fields for me today?

If I had mercilessly chopped off my tongue yesterday; then how could I call the names of the ones I cherished the most; the ones who were actually present before my eyes today?

If I had given my legs to the preposterously huge shark to swallow yesterday; then how could I reach the summit of the gigantic mountain; which was just inches away from my body today?

If I had gruesomely blinded my eyes yesterday; then how could I admire and profoundly relish the mesmerizing sights that unveiled in front of my eyes today?

If I had uncouthly extricated my mass of dainty intestines yesterday; then how could I enjoy the appetizing delicacies laid sumptuously on my palate today?

If I had ruthlessly smashed my neck yesterday; then how could I hoist it towards the Moon; which was shimmering in perennial bliss today?

If I had horrendously punctured both my ears yesterday; then how could I profusely absorb all the enchanting sounds; which splendidly inundated the atmosphere today?

If I had apathetically sewed my lips yesterday; then how could I sing ingratiating songs for the person I loved the most today?

If I had brutally pulverized all the bones in my ribs yesterday; then how could I thunderously gyrate and swing to the tunes of animated nature today?

If I had drilled gaping holes through my armory of teeth yesterday; then how could I chew with unprecedented gusto; the exotic mountain of voluptuous nuts stashed abundantly on my bedside table today?

If I had satanically sheared my intricately seductive eyelids yesterday; then how could I enjoy the stupendously cool coat of dewdrops that hung ardently in the atmosphere today?

If I had insanely evacuated every droplet of blood from the veins in my body yesterday; then how could I donate it to save the life of my mother; who was struggling for breath; and on the tenterhooks of extinction today?

If I had invidiously ripped apart even the last bit of my fingernails yesterday; then how could I scratch at the heavenly chunks of cheese; insatiably caress the titillating couch of fur that engulfed me from all sides today?

If I had injected snake poison in my tender brain yesterday; then how could I embrace the astronomical prowess of memory; the spellbinding ocean of imagination that awaited open handed for me today?

If I had savagely dried the emphatic cloud of moisture from my jeweled eyeball yesterday; then how could I ooze a river of exuberant tears for my separated ones; who had met me after countless number of decades today?

If I had diabolically peeled each pore of my nimble skin yesterday; then how could I accept the color of the entire Universe; uninhibitedly bouncing in my lap today?

If I had abruptly stopped my heart from beating yesterday; then how could I worship the person who was irrefutably in love with me today?

And If I had strangulated my breath yesterday; forcing my being to relinquish life in utter frustration yesterday; then how could I bask in the glory of the brilliant Sun; which kissed my impoverished doorstep passionately today?

50. THE GREATEST SIN

Having supremely spell binding eyes was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you were gruesomely blind; unable to see a step further even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having robust complexioned feet was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you couldn't walk even an inch forward; had not the slightest of capacity to run even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having tenaciously knotted fingers projecting from the palm was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you had grave difficulty in hoisting objects; didn't possess the most minuscule of power to defend yourself even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having dangling earlobes delectably cascading from the periphery of your rubicund cheek was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you couldn't bear the tiniest of sound; floundered miserably to decipher the intricacy of voice even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having a perfectly throbbing heart palpitating in marvelous synchrony inside your chest was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you just didn't have the power to love; the virtue to embrace other humans of your kind even after possessing it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having dual pairs of luscious lips was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you couldn't speak a single word; abysmally stuttered to convey the most infinitesimal of message to your compatriots even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having ravishing clusters of hair on your scalp was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that God had kept you disdainfully bald; that your head shivered uncontrollably in cold even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having boundless lines on your glowing palm was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that your entire life was ruined; your progress had come to an abrupt standstill even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having pompously bulging muscle in your arms was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you were as feeble as a mosquito; couldn't lift your very own body even after having them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having thousands of voluptuously tantalizing eyelashes extruding from your lids was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that your vision was horrendously impaired because of their presence; the world seemed to be an obfuscated blur even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having nails as long as the lanky mountain was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you were unable to make the most diminutive of indentation on

soil; simply couldn't scratch the faintest even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having breath as passionate as sizzling fire was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that there wasn't enough air in the atmosphere for you to inhale; that you could suffocate to death any minute even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having a bucket of sweat trickling down your armpits was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that it was more satanic than a pool of ghastly blood; incessantly complaining of cold and clammy skin even though you possessed it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having an astonishingly spell binding memory was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that it was your mind that killed you every unleashing second; the brain was the cardinal culprit behind your demise even after possessing it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having scarlet rivers of blood circulating through your veins was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that there was no life in your nerves; not a trifle of energy left in your demeanor even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having a salubrious sparkling belly was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that your digestive system was diabolically corroded; the conglomerate of curled intestines in your stomach were strangulating you like a festoon of ominous snakes even after possessing it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having a sturdily sculptured nose extruding from your face was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that your entire persona was brutally mutilated; the nostrils disgustingly disrupted your flow of harmonious breath even after possessing it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having an insurmountably hard skull was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that it was the main cause for transforming all your philanthropic thoughts to as hard as incorrigible stone even after possessing it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

And having an enchantingly blossoming life was simply not a sin at all; but leading it listlessly; trudging your way through just for the heck of it without basking in the stupendous glory of the resplendent moonlight even after

possessing it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Life = Death - Volume 6 - Poems On Life, Death

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 6 of the Book titled - Life = Death - Poems on Life, Death (1200 pages) . This enigmatic collection of poems explores and equates the boundless possibilities of life and death and delves into each intricate inexplicability of survival. Parekh's roving philosophical eye brings the unconquerable richness of life to the fore and yet at the same time explicitly highlights the veracity of 'death' as the absolute certainty of every existence. The poet joyously celebrates the occasions of both life and death with equal panache in each poetic stanza sewn with the uncanny mysteries of this Universe. The poems within immortalize both life and death as the ultimate victories and the two most contrastingly amazing and divine sides of creation. Catapulting the reader to the threshold of ultimate ecstasy; they bring about an impromptu twist with the closure of breath and what lies beyond. This charismatically woven collection of poetic verse would equally enamor the narcissist as well as the simple humanitarian to the core.

This book is a humble attempt to enlighten the readers with the equality of life and death-and to live in both of them to the most unparalleled fullest. Embracing only the religion of humanity, as the Lord has commanded every living being on earth. You cant die in life and cant live in death-each of these components are irrefutably equal in every respect and should be worshipped with due obeisance.

CONTENTS

1. LIFE'S A COMPLETE CIRCLE.
2. UNDEFEATED LIFE
3. NO MONEY, NO HONEY
4. ON THE ROADS OF LOVE
5. WHY SHOULD I? -PART 2
6. BE CONQUERED
7. JUST BECAUSE -PART 2

8. I LOVED IT
9. GRAVE PROBLEMS
10. RATHER THAN FEELING DEPRESSED
11. EMBRACE UNCONQUERABLE LIFE
12. AND STILL EXPECT
13. RETIRED
14. NO
15. I DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE
- 16.1 AND 100
- 17.100% NATURAL
18. I WOULD FOREVER REMAIN
19. IF ANYTHING WAS EVER GOING TO CURE YOU.
20. I LIVE TO DIE ONEDAY. AND DIE TO LIVE EVERYDAY.
21. THE VERY FIRST BREATH IS INFAC T DEATH
- 22.10 FOOT "X"; 5 FOOT CORPSE.
23. IF RAPE IS INEVITABLE; ENJOY IT.
24. NO OPTIONS AFTER DEATH.
25. TIMELESSLY INSEPARABLE TALKING.
- 26.31ST DECEMBER- THE MOST ENVIABLE BACHELOR.
27. A DEATH MORE INCARCERATING
28. PEOPLE MORE CRIMINAL THAN HIM.
29. I WRITE BECAUSE
30. EVERY DAY IS A NEW DAY
31. SENSITIVITY
32. TWO WORDS OF LOVE
33. THE KEY TO LOVE
34. LASTING IMPRESSION
35. EXTRACTIONS
36. HEARTS
38. THROUGH THE CORNER OF MY EYE
39. A LITTLE BIT OF
40. THEY DIDN'T SPARE ME EVEN AFTER MY DEATH
41. SILENT SPECTATORS
42. EVOLUTION
43. HUMAN GOD
44. IF YOU BELIEVED
44. BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH
45. BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH
46. THERE WAS NOTHING LIKE OFFICE
47. I CARE A DAMN ABOUT THIS WORLD
48. YOU COULDNT BUY
49. WHO COULD HAVE EVER IMAGINED

50. REPLACEMENTS

1. LIFE'S A COMPLETE CIRCLE.

The best of the most invincibly fragrant heavens or the worst of the most pathetically deteriorating of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most bountifully Omnipotent heavens or the worst of the most ghastily impoverished of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most blazingly triumphant heavens; or the worst of the most brutally crucifying of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most beautifully iridescent heavens; or the worst of the most sinfully pulverizing of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most unbelievably ecstatic heavens; or the worst of the most cadaverously torturous of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most jubilantly blessing heavens; or the worst of the most traumatically slandering of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most blissfully ubiquitous heavens; or the worst of the most disgracefully devilish of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most symbiotically fructifying heavens; or the worst of the most hedonistically massacring of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most poignantly effulgent heavens; or the worst of the most sadistically cannibalistic of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most Omnisciently ameliorating heavens; or the worst of the most wickedly delirious of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even

think about,

The best of the most irrefutably righteous heavens; or the worst of the most tyrannically lambasting of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most eternally blessing heavens; or the worst of the most cynically disparaging of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most rhapsodically uninhibited heavens; or the worst of the most truculently disintegrating of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most unassailably liberating heavens; or the worst of the most unsparingly excoriating of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most indomitably fearless heavens; or the worst of the most abhorrently parasitic of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most perpetually consecrating heavens; or the worst of the most meaninglessly wanton of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most magically charismatic heavens; or the worst of the most ominously venomous of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most undefeatedly Omnipresent heavens; or the worst of the most sadistically tawdry of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most immortally compassionate heavens; or the worst of the most wretchedly fetid of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

For Life's a complete circle. And whatever blessedly good or unforgivably sinful that you do in the tenure of your destined life; comes back to you sometime or the other in the same equivalent form and in this very lifetime of yours; without caring the slightest; thinking about; or waiting for the tiniest of heaven or ribald

hell to unfurl.

2. UNDEFEATED LIFE

Every despairingly devastating darkness that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an irrefutable way; victoriously leading you to the corridor of optimistically scintillating brilliance,

Every horrendously diabolical impediment that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an unconquerable ray; blissfully unfurling into the paradise of everlastingly blossoming prosperity,

Every viciously traumatic whirlwind that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an invincible messiah; insatiably propelling you on the path of magnificently tranquil euphoria,

Every tyrannically debilitating disease that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an impregnable elixir; ebulliently making you enjoy every instant of rhapsodically redolent life,

Every stinkingly dilapidated gutter that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a reinvigorating garden; celestially inundating every aspect of your beleaguered life with insurmountably unending freshness,

Every morbidly stony wall that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a resplendent sky; vibrantly enshrouding your haplessly shattered senses with bountiful timelessness,

Every sardonically cynical abuse that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a unassailable fortress of solidarity; bestowing you with the tenacity to perennially flower in the chapter of mystically replenishing existence,

Every brutally savage kick that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an unflinching path to blazing success; embracing each iota of your miserably dwindling existence; with overwhelmingly unsurpassable fortitude,

Every satanic whirlpool of tears that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a waterfall of everlasting jubilation; perpetuating each of your drearily dolorous nerves with the; mantra of altruistic contentment,

Every dungeon of horrifically salacious boredom that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a blanket of compassionately enthralling

enthusiasm; becoming your most invaluable glorious asset to; soar high each instant of life,

Every indiscriminately uncouth rejection that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an astoundingly panoramic rainbow of triumph; with the entire Universe saluting your; inherently benevolent prowess,

Every coldblooded meal of stone that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a ravishingly eternal fruit of Nature's euphoric creation; divinely pacifying your savagely frazzled demeanor,

Every grotesquely ghastly distortion that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an island of exhilarating charisma; blessing each of your barbarically anguished veins; with magically miraculous enchantment,

Every sordidly frigid avalanche of ice that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a poignant entrenchment of amiable sharing; enlightening your life with the most gregariously sacrosanct religion of; eternal mankind,

Every worthlessly devilish slap that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an ocean of unassailable accolade; majestically rewarding you for your; intrepidly unstoppable and benign perseverance,

Every ominously malicious hostility that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a gloriously marvelous dusk of victory; beamingly bequeathing upon you the never-dying spirit of; timeless survival,

Every painstakingly feeble globule of sweat that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be the scent of astronomical courage; unequivocally escalating you into the clouds of; bloomingly unshakable success,

Every disdainfully disgusting dirt that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a planet of irrevocable purity; beautifully cleansing every pore of your devastated countenance; with the profuse yearning to forever surge forward in life,

Every lecherously abominable hatred that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a fountain of pricelessly unconquerable love; unbelievably caressing each invidiously corrupt element of your soul; with the sparkling goodness of creation,

And every vindictively sullen corpse of death that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a divine sky of existence; making you immortally stand up to the devil; and gloriously spawn once again; into a tale of mystically undefeated life.

3. NO MONEY, NO HONEY

In today's murderously barbarous world outside; life without money was like that bumble bee; boisterously buzzing and harboring unprecedented love all right; but without even the tiniest iota of mesmerizing honey,

In today's satanically uncouth world outside; life without money was like that ocean; blissfully undulating and harboring unsurpassable love all right; but without even the slightest pinch of tantalizing salt,

In today's delinquently treacherous world outside; life without money was like that tree; celestially breathing and harboring invincible love all right; but without even the most diminutive trace of enchanting fruit,

In today's derogatorily disdainful world outside; life without money was like that sky; endlessly extending and harboring insurmountable love all right; but without even the most infinitesimal trickle of voluptuous cloud,

In today's ignominiously salacious world outside; life without money was like that rose; majestically crimson and harboring unshakable love all right; but without even the most mercurial shade of ingratiating scent,

In today's lugubriously monotonous world outside; life without money was like that bird; gleefully flying and harboring unstoppable love all right; but without even the most ethereal speck of quintessential nest,

In today's plaintively parasitic world outside; life without money was like that pinnacle; unflinchingly towering and harboring perpetual love all right; but without even the most transient ray of Omnipotent Sunlight,

In today's remorsefully licentious world outside; life without money was like that eye; flirtatiously fluttering and harboring insurmountable love all right; but without even the most evanescent mirror of resplendent sight,

In today's preposterously invidious world outside; life without money was like that well; mystically hollow and harboring tremendous love all right; but without even the most minuscule speck of indispensable water,

In today's vindictively vandalizing world outside; life without money was like that dwelling; incomprehensibly vast and harboring unconquerable love all right; but without even the most reminiscent twig of sequestering roof,

In today's disastrously sinful world outside; life without money was like that rainbow; artistically appearing and harboring bountiful love all right; but without even the most obsolete shade of vividly enthralling color,

In today's pathetically morose world outside; life without money was like that waterfall; stupendously uninhibited and harboring indomitable love all right; but without even the most remotest fraction of spell binding freshness,

In today's notoriously commercial world outside; life without money was like that candle; spell bindingly sculptured and harboring limitless love all right; but without even the most transient waft of eternally optimistic flame,

In today's venomously crippling world outside; life without money was like that child; blissfully burgeoning and harboring unprecedented love all right; but without even the most infidel impression of immaculately tantalizing mischief,

In today's baselessly incarcerating world outside; life without money was like that soldier; patriotically blazing and harboring unequivocal love all right; but without even the most inconspicuous trace of glorious victory,

In today's dreadfully asphyxiated world outside; life without money was like that butterfly; harmlessly nestled and harboring pristine love all right; but without even the most dwindling mentions of untamed frolic,

In today's manipulatively sick world outside; life without money was like that brain; astoundingly synchronized and harboring undefeated love all right; but without even the most ephemeral mist of exotically fragrant fantasy,

In today's thoughtlessly estranged world outside; life without money was like that body; tirelessly moving and harboring insatiable love all right; but without even the most invisible cistern of Omnisciently blessing breath,

And in today's miserably beleaguered world outside; life without money was like that heart; thunderously scarlet and harboring ecstatic love all right; but without even the most capricious innuendos of immortal beats.

4. ON THE ROADS OF LOVE

The wheels of symbiotically proliferating humanity; ebulliently galloped on the roads of uninhibitedly peerless freedom,

The wheels of timelessly exhilarating charisma; euphorically galloped on the roads of enigmatically silken fantasy,

The wheels of ingratiatingly titillating sensuousness; enchantingly galloped on the roads of perennially unconquerable compassion,

The wheels of inimitably congenial mischief; exotically galloped on the roads of merrily beautiful flirtation,

The wheels of blazingly undaunted patriotism; fearlessly galloped on the roads of benevolently bountiful selflessness,

The wheels of effulgently triumphant scent; resplendently galloped on the roads of stupendously unbelievable freshness,

The wheels of tirelessly blessing proliferation; handsomely galloped on the roads of quintessentially glorious attraction,

The wheels of inevitably iridescent magnetism; synergistically galloped on the roads of boundlessly benevolent belonging,

The wheels of marvelously internal enrichment; majestically galloped on the roads of spell bindingly unflinching solidarity,

The wheels of royally sparkling brotherhood; indefatigably galloped on the roads of aristocratically benign oneness,

The wheels of impeccably miraculous divinity; unassailably galloped on the roads of irrefutably undefeated righteousness,

The wheels of impreguably passionate speed; gleefully galloped on the roads of pristinely unparalleled confidence,

The wheels of insatiably untamed empathy; celestially galloped on the roads of unequivocally unfettered bonding,

The wheels of everlastingly placating melody; regally galloped on the roads of synergistically serene tranquility,

The wheels of pricelessly quintessential peace; gorgeously galloped on the roads of blessedly blissful simplicity,

The wheels of unshakably ubiquitous truth; vibrantly galloped on the roads of Omnisciently mellifluous godliness,

The wheels of fascinatingly eclectic success; vivaciously galloped on the roads of jubilantly boundless prosperity,

The wheels of poignantly gratifying enlightenment; incessantly galloped on the roads of unendingly heavenly optimism,

The wheels of fathomlessly inexorable happiness; limitlessly galloped on the roads of Omnipotently brilliant life,

And the wheels of irrevocably kingly faith; perpetually galloped on the roads of immortally immaculate love.

5. WHY SHOULD I? -PART 2

Just because its never ever been experimented before; no one's had the time to profusely surmise its unfathomable repertoire of; poignantly delectable intricacies,

Just because its never ever been fantasized before; people had disdainfully shrugged it like a chunk of infinitesimally threadbare shit; stupendously overawed by its unrelenting cascade of stupendous exhilaration,

Just because its never ever been executed before; the most invincible of warriors metamorphosed into grassless meadows; when it came to feeling its regally ebullient goodness,

Just because its never ever been worshipped before; the conventionally ludicrous society preferring to obnoxiously spit on its heavenly rhythm of solidarity; rather than wholeheartedly embrace it as the eternal elixir of their life,

Why should I also be a part of the same obsoletely dilapidated belief; for if a thing is harmonious; holistic; heartfelt; humanitarian and portraying the immortal splendor of love; I would irrefutably blend every bit of my mind; body and soul with it; irrespective of what the entire world outside; preposterously preached and said.

1.

Just because its never ever been saluted before; monotonously cowardly corporates; vengefully pulverizing it as an ignominiously abominable thorn in their way to spuriously sanctimonious success,

Just because its never ever been idolized before; the whirlwinds of bizarrely insane commercialism; giving it not the slimmest of chance to marvelously burgeon,

Just because its never ever been disseminated before; lecherously satanic ganglords assassinating it to inconspicuous mincemeat; even before it could waft a mercurial whisper,

Just because its never ever been practiced before; ruthlessly baseless maelstroms of spurious religion; caste; creed; tribe; egregiously overshadowing it wholesome entirety,

Why should I also be a part of the same indiscriminately meaningless wagewar; for if a thing is everlasting; enigmatic; euphoric; egalitarian and unfurling the sky of immortal love; I would irrefutably blend every bit of my mind; body and soul with it; irrespective of what the entire world outside; preposterously preached and said.

2.

Just because its never ever been symbolized before; ungainly eunuchs preferring tawdrily raunchy flesh; rather than its mist of timelessly sacred ecstasy,

Just because its never ever been spoken about before; powerhouses of maliciously abhorrent greed preferring expletives befitting the sordid gutter; rather than its heart-rendering litany of vividly scintillating life,

Just because its never ever been crowned before; corpses of cadaverous betrayal; asphyxiating its astoundingly eclectic demeanor; even before it uttered a single word,

Just because its never ever been felicitated before; horrendously desecrating jailhouses of salacious greed; tyrannically superceding its heavenly exhilaration; with the swords of prejudice,

Why should I also be a part of the same worthlessly decrepit bedlam; for if a thing is patriotic; princely; pristine; peace loving and culminating into the island of immortal love; I would irrefutably blend every bit of my mind; body and soul with it; irrespective of what the entire world outside; preposterously preached and said.

3.

Just because its never ever been written about before; the most sagaciously righteous of hands; uncontrollably trembling to portray its essence of blazingly flamboyant truth,

Just because its never ever been sung before; vindictively gratuitous elements of the miserably corrupt globe; indefatigably wanting to praise the anarchists of truculent power instead,

Just because its never ever been accepted before; the disheveled commoner showing a profane incline towards fugitively sleazy entertainment; rather than its virtues of everlastingly bonding pricelessness,

Just because its never ever become the hottalk of the town before; with entities finding gossip regarding gory blood; intoxication and war more rewarding; than its bountiful rudiments of panoramically spell binding calm,

Why should I also be a part of the same cold-bloodedly criminal campaign; for if a thing is Omnivorous; Omnipotent; Oligarchic; Omnipresent and consecrating the majestic shades or immortal love; I would irrefutably blend every bit of my mind; body and soul with it; irrespective of what the entire world outside; preposterously preached and said.

6. BE CONQUERED

Let not even the most ferociously blazing rays of the Sun ever conquer you; as you skyrocketed on your indefatigable mission to save bereaved humanity; come what may in your impoverished way,

Let not even the most treacherously parasitic scorpions ever conquer you; as you blazed like the ultimate thunderbolts of righteousness; despite the satanically derogatory stings that perpetuated every cranny of your diminutive countenance,

Let not even the most truculently devastating of earthquakes ever conquer you;

as you culminated into a festoon of compassionately amiable belonging;
perpetually embracing your compatriots in gorily inexplicable pain; although the
earth slipped from beneath your feet,

Let not even the most vindictively swirling oceans ever conquer you; as you
innocuously frolicked beyond the moonlit hills with orphaned infants in your
gregarious arms; although each wave salaciously tried to asphyxiate the very
last iota of breath from your lungs,

But be conquered in mind; body and soul by the winds of immortal love; be
conquered in mind; body and soul by the dewdrops of eternal friendship; be
conquered in mind; body and soul by symbiotically tantalizing beauty; becoming
the robustly redolent shimmer of your eyes.

1.

Let not even the most dictatorially coldblooded chains ever conquer you; as you
uninhibitedly liberated every trace of uxoriously fretting slavery on this boundless
Universe; with your unassailable mantra to fearlessly survive,

Let not even the most diabolically gargantuan of dinosaurs ever conquer you; as
you irrefutably transcended over every speck of ruthless devil on this fathomless
planet; with your voice of sacredly Omnipotent truth,

Let not even the most remorseful corpses of stagnating hell ever conquer you; as
you ebulliently blended every element of your blessed countenance; with the
spirit of goodness for times immemorial,

Let not even the most acrimoniously ghastly thorns ever conquer you; as you
paved your very own path of scintillatingly altruistic patriotism; although the
entire planet lambasted you without the tiniest of respite,

But be conquered in mind; body and soul by the mists of immortal love; be
conquered in mind; body and soul by the elixir of everlastingly victorious
freedom; be conquered in mind; body and soul by the spirit of sparkling
benevolence; becoming the insuperable tenacity of your every stride.

2.

Let not even the most venomously blatant of lies ever conquer you; as you
towered as the tallest entity on this Universe; harmoniously disseminating the
wave of unflinchingly heavenly togetherness,

Let not even the most horrifically rampaging maelstroms ever conquer you; as you timelessly floated as a celestial harbinger of humanity; euphorically surpassing the indiscriminate boundaries of caste; creed; color; and spuriously sanctimonious tribe,

Let not even the most repugantly ignominious of abuse ever conquer you; as you blissfully enlightened the lives of countless deprived and hapless; with the mellifluously fragrant luminosity in your voice,

Let not even the most invidiously strangulating blackness ever conquer you; as you miraculously radiated into a candle of optimistically burgeoning hope; at the footsteps of every dwindling dwelling,

But be conquered in mind; body and soul by the sky of immortal love; be conquered in mind; body and soul by the strings of divinely peace; be conquered in mind; body and soul by the meadows of enthralling adventure; becoming the heart of your destiny lines.

3.

Let not even the most sordidly decrepit of stench ever conquer you; as you blossomed into a fountain of unrelenting ecstasy; philanthropically becoming the smile of every obsoletely beleaguered face; as the day unfurled into sensuous night,

Let not even the most heinously cataclysmic of nightmare ever conquer you; as you unconquerably diffused the scent of symbiotically priceless existence; to far and wide across this endless planet,

Let not even the most delinquently dilapidated corruption ever conquer you; as you rhapsodically galloped with your comrades in turbulent pain on your selfless shoulders; although the embers of gruesomely smoldering viciousness sadistically greeted you on every lane you took,

Let not even the most insanely tyrannizing betrayal ever conquer you; as you Omnisciently propagated the mantra of triumphant solidarity; till the very last puff of air that you exhaled,

But be conquered in mind; body and soul by the Universe of ubiquitous love; be conquered in mind; body and soul by the entrenchment of vibrantly mystical life; be conquered in mind; body and soul by the invincible armor of simplicity;

becoming the profoundly impregnable embellishment of your passionately beautiful heart.

7. JUST BECAUSE -PART 2

Just because you dastardly shut your malicious eyes; doesn't mean that the entire of gargantuan earth outside; also submerged itself into a pool of languidly morose and treacherously stuttering blackness,

Just because you abhorrently shut your cowardly lips; doesn't mean that the entire of colossal earth outside; also besieged itself with tornados of inexplicably whipping misery,

Just because you vindictively froze priceless blood in your parasitic veins; doesn't mean that the entire of fathomless earth outside; also coldbloodedly marauded even the most infinitesimal trace of ecstatic triumph in the royal atmosphere,

Just because you satanically relinquished to fabulously dream; doesn't mean that the entire of vivacious earth outside; also heartlessly trampled the essence of bountifully ebullient creation,

Just because you baselessly exonerated all your ardently sensuous urges; doesn't mean that the entire of boundless earth outside; also frigidly hung itself upside down; like a grotesquely impotent lynchpin,

Just because you horrendously emaciated your forlorn stomach; doesn't mean that the entire of unassailable earth outside; also starved beyond the realms of decrepit rebuke; worthlessly slandering panoramic imagery into cadaverous graveyards of castrated grime,

Just because you tawdrily abrogated your quintessential job; doesn't mean that the entire of mesmerizing earth outside; also dolorously stagnated in maelstroms of truculently prejudiced unemployment,

Just because you ruthlessly kicked every benign goodness with your insanely bohemian feet; doesn't mean that the entire of unsurpassable earth outside; also nonchalantly rotted in obnoxiously stinking gallows of bizarre dilapidation,

Just because you viciously strangulated the venomous chords of your throat; doesn't mean that the entire of iridescent earth outside; also became preposterously oblivious to the timelessly ingratiating enchantment of mellifluous sound,

Just because you sadistically sodomized every pore of your staggering visage with snake hoods of lethal despair; doesn't mean that the entire of fructifying earth outside; also wandered like a wastrel lunatic towards disparagingly penalizing depravation,

Just because you torturously crucified nails into your flaccidly pallid skin; doesn't mean that the entire of eclectic earth outside; also hedonistically metamorphosed every element of its perpetually gratifying bliss into gutters of diabolically self inflicted pain,

Just because you devastatingly torched your reproductive abilities with daggerheads of ghastly illwill; doesn't mean that the entire of silken earth outside; also put an abysmally feckless end to its chapter of perennially heavenly proliferation,

Just because you impudently slapped your sacrosanct mother; doesn't mean that the entire of rhapsodic earth outside; also luridly sold every iota of its sacrosanct rudiments; in exchange for a measly cascade of sanctimonious silver,

Just because you bawdily tonsured your ghoulishly disappearing scalp; doesn't mean that the entire of triumphant earth outside; also mercilessly assassinated every flower of godly truth with unrelentingly senseless whiplashes of criminal lies,

Just because you morbidly extricated your own fanatically aimless brain; doesn't mean that the entire of blooming earth outside; also tyrannically snapped the fangs of its exhilaratingly enthralling and victorious evolution,

Just because you dementedly slaved the uncontrollably shivering; doesn't mean that the entire of righteous earth outside; also flagrantly divided symbiotically coalescing mankind into spuriously sleazy barricades of; religion; caste; creed and tribe,

Just because you barbarously stifled even the most fugitive iota of your delinquently gratuitous breath; doesn't mean that the entire of impregnable earth outside; also salaciously abnegated forever; the winds of perpetually bestowing life,

And just because you violently stopped the murderously castigating beating in your heart; doesn't mean that the entire of immortal earth outside; also abandoned the spirit of unshakable love for the dogs; pulverizing dinosaurs and

ambiguous devils; to growlingly eat.

8. I LOVED IT

I loved it for its unrelentingly euphoric waves; as it culminated into a festoon of handsomely poignant froth after clashing against the jaggedly machismo rocks,

I loved it for its majestically pristine shores; the unfathomable expanse of regally sparkling oysters and shells; timelessly enamoring with their bountifully ultimate splendor,

I loved it for its enchantingly crimson tanginess; as it piquantly flamed like a fireball of enrapturing delight; as first rays of the Omnipotent aristocratically Sun; descended from crystalline blue sky,

I loved it for its protuberantly ebullient adventure; as it intrepidly philandered through every conceivable trajectory of this boundless Universe; all sweltering day and voluptuously tingling night,

I loved it for its incessantly dancing assemblage of divine water; the timeless rhapsody that it marvelously radiated; as the wind triumphantly drifted across its spell binding contours,

I loved it for its royally ingratiating fleet of poignantly charismatic sharks; gliding like insatiably untamed streaks of silken lightening; through even the most unprecedentedly stormy channels,

I loved it for its unsurpassably unending depth; the splendidly eclectic variety fish; enigmatically morass algae and octopus perpetually inhabiting its compassionately vivacious caverns,

I loved it for its unequivocally candid spray; the unconquerably reinvigorating essence of vibrant camaraderie that it wonderfully disseminated; across one and all of this gargantuan planet; alike,

I loved it for its surreally resplendent periphery; the countless colors of robust optimism that it timelessly blossomed into; every unfurling instant of victorious existence,

I loved it for its spirit of unshakably unflinching loyalty; perennially flowing as the most unparalleled mass of united rudiments; even as the fiercest Sun tried to hedonistically evaporate its every trace,

I loved it for its artistically burgeoning splash; beautifully replenishing even the most treacherously sadistic of dwindling palette; with insurmountably vivid charm and prolific graciousness,

I loved if for its invincibly symbiotic solidarity; exuberantly fulminating into a paradise of uncontrollably tangy happiness; as the ravishing carpet of clouds towered over it like a priceless prince from above,

I loved if for its innocuously uncanny cries; the fathomless civilization of blissful freshness that it unraveled into; tantalizing even the most morbid of carcasses from the heart of their graves,

I loved it for its seductively exhilarating rhythm; the exotically mesmerizing cadence of its profoundly revitalizing fabric; which profusely inundated nothing but cisterns of unfettered compassion; in every entity on this gigantic earth,

I loved if for its never ending wind of rubicund ebullience; as it indefatigably whispered the tunes of holistically gratifying existence; on every trace of mud that it blessedly kissed,

I loved it for its ingeniously celestial philosophy of tireless continuity; as its froth swirled high and handsome in the mellifluous air; even as vicious thunderbolts of demonic savagery; pelted intransigently from the graveyards of hell,

I loved it for its panoramically nubile beauty; the tinge of a freshly embellished bride magically pronounced on its emerald belly; although it was wholesomely barren without the slightest of asphyxiating clothes,

I loved it for its inexorably untamed uninhibitedness; its limitless ambition to emolliently coalesce with boundless sky; even as the horizons seemed an ephemerally obsolete cry,

I loved it for its blazingly outspoken bravery; as it supremely transcended over even the most hideously satanic of impediments that came its way; with the astounding dexterity of an unconquerable prince,

O! Yes; I loved the sea more than I could ever love my life; as it gloriously taught me the value of priceless companionship; as it sagaciously taught me never to divide; as it timelessly taught me that love was the most quintessential elixir to heavenly survive.

9. GRAVE PROBLEMS

No problems; even if I had to wear the same nonchalantly bedraggled shirt; drape my chest with its disdainfully torn periphery; as the Sun crept up wonderfully in the sky; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to eat the same lugubriously lackadaisical chunks of leftover bread dissolved in gutter water; as the Sun unfurled from the mesmerizing horizons; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to bathe in the same derogatorily urinated pool of fetidly castigating water; as the Sun enlightened all colossal Universe; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to interact with the same sleazily manipulative people; to sustain my parsimonious livelihood; as the Sun brilliantly sprang up in blue sky; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to answer to the same savagely parasitic devils; as the Sun unveiled into fantastic vibrancy; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to inhabit the same disdainfully dilapidated lavatory; as the Sun cast its flamboyantly Omnipotent rays; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to iterate the same malicious abuses to pave my way amidst torturous ganglords; as the Sun bountifully blossomed into profound radiance; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to sign the same raunchy registers to perpetuate my boss to smile; as the Sun gloriously dazzled in the profusely crimson cosmos; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to frequent the same obsoletely ghoulish and scurrilously crackled roads; as the Sun culminated into a festoon of Omniscient shimmer; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to work like an unrelentingly uxorious ass for the same employer; as the Sun fulminated into blazingly overpowering glory; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to adorn the same savagely rusted rings on my nubile fingers; as the Sun wholeheartedly smiled from the heavens; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to meet the same depravingly dastardly cowards; as the Sun majestically removed all traumatized agony with its Omnipresent glow; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to sleep on the same acrimoniously barren treetops; as the Sun enchantingly illuminated even the most infinitesimal cranny of mother earth; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to walk the same number of steps to the remorsefully sulking corporate office; as the Sun gave birth to new rays of prolifically burgeoning hope; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to witness the same vindictively abhorrent impediments in my way; as the Sun beautifully spawned an unfathomable civilization of triumphant happiness; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to drink water from the same flaccidly flatulent tyre tube; as the Sun unraveled into an unassailable entrenchment of divine charisma; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to exist with the same venomously truculent and indiscriminately trampling entities; as the Sun thunderously flamed into everlastingly heavenly light; everyday,

No problems; even if I had to chant the same treacherously nondescript mantra of religion to save my scalp; as the Sun bountifully blessed every organism on this earth one and alike; everyday,

But grave problems; murderously morbid death; salaciously pulverizing bloodshed; lasciviously infinitesimal nothingness; obsessively maniacal frustration; unforgivably diabolical devils; torturously lambasting death; O! Almighty Lord,

If my mind couldn't spawn into an unsurpassable world of newness; if my mind couldn't unrelentingly perceive the timelessly mushrooming beauty of this gigantic Universe; if my mind couldn't bask in the glory of symbiotically mesmerizing creation for infinite more births yet to come; not just as the Sun showered its first rays of optimism from the sky everyday; but every unveiling instant of the night as well as day.

10. RATHER THAN FEELING DEPRESSED

I would rather unflinchingly embrace the corpses of staggering defeat; than worthlessly entangling myself in the webs of sordid corruption and feeling severely depressed,

I would rather hang myself bizarrely upside down without the most inconspicuous of regret; than being luridly lured by spurious politicians all the time and feeling torturously depressed,

I would rather mercilessly annihilate every chord of my intricate throat with a blazing smile; than being maneuvered like a pompous puppet by the chains of the turgidly conventional society and feeling flagrantly depressed,

I would rather plummet wide-eyed from the epitome of the towering mountain; than being abusively molested by the sanctimoniously rich and feeling invidiously depressed,

I would rather parade bare skinned amidst the pack of hedonistically menacing tigers; than being baselessly pulverized by the dungeons of feckless unemployment and feeling nonchalantly depressed,

I would rather uninhibitedly scream the very last iota of voice in my throat towards blue sky; than being transcended by the rules of emaciating monotony and feeling treacherously depressed,

I would rather fearlessly transgress on a blanket of truculently acrimonious thorns; than being drawn into the aisles of unbearably prejudiced greed and feeling horrendously depressed,

I would rather patriotically behead myself in a pool of fragrantly crimson blood; than surrendering to the traitors of my sacrosanct motherland and feeling barbarically depressed,

I would rather proudly digest a meal of threadbare mud and lackadaisical stone; than feasting at the cost of my comrades in tumultuous grief and feeling sodomizingly depressed,

I would rather altruistically thrash every cranny of my brain till it indiscriminately bled; than targeting my own comrade's scalp for parsimonious wads of debasing money and feeling pugnaciously depressed,

I would rather tirelessly walk on the road towards my eternally triumphant freedom; than being ghastily incarcerated by the devastating clouds of

perniciously debilitating solitude and feeling cold-bloodedly depressed,

I would rather unabashedly proclaim my love to even the most infinitesimal quarter of this colossal Universe; than drowning in the insipid ponds of betrayal and feeling tyrannically depressed,

I would rather timidly pulverize myself into diminutive bits of meaningless ash; than diabolically overpowering the symbiotic empathy of ever holistic organism and feeling lugubriously depressed,

I would rather honorably exonerate apart even the most mercurial vein of mine; than fiendishly propagating the strings of raunchy terror in synergistically existing tribes and feeling doggedly depressed,

I would rather gloriously jump from the high flying aircraft without a single parachute on my impoverished demeanor; than gregariously blending with the traumatizing hijackers and feeling horribly depressed,

I would rather exuberantly immolate my body in flames in my quest for everlasting truth; than being lasciviously enticed by graveyards of abhorrent manipulation and feeling remorsefully depressed,

I would rather deliberately blind my eyes with swords of scintillating righteousness; than inevitably witnessing evil burgeoning on every quarter of earth just because people wanted it to and feeling haplessly depressed,

I would rather intransigently listen to the voices of my immortally throbbing heart; than being made a worthless object of transient ridicule; by every fraternity of the disastrously penalizing society and feeling stupidly depressed,

O! Yes; I would rather intrepidly abrogate breath this very instant from my lungs; than living life like a livid insect; horrifically crippled by the feet of malevolent power and feeling zany depressed.

11. EMBRACE UNCONQUERABLE LIFE

Suicide; is a ghastly lingering spirit between resplendently sparkling heaven and diabolically ghastly hell,

Suicide; is the most desperately hedonistic crime committed against every conceivable fraternity of all mankind,

Suicide; is the most truculently unforgivable outburst of any organism;
murderously imperiling the crux of symbiotically mesmerizing existence,

Suicide; is a ghoulishly amorphous abode; without the most infinitesimal trace of
doors; windows and robustly functioning entities,

Suicide; is an indescribably treacherous venom; which brutally asphyxiates the
impoverished ghost; even after the wholesome end of priceless life,

Suicide; is the most preposterously scurrilous corpse that incarcerated you from
all sides; morbidly dampening every quintessential iota of your blood,

Suicide; is the most luridly mortifying death that an entity could ever undergo;
ensuring that he indefatigably suffocated in diminutive lidfulls of water while the
other world danced; everytime it was born,

Suicide; is the most ultimate curse of the devil upon every civilization; religion
and tribe; afflicting the fabric of society like an uncontrollably lambasting tumor;
which simply had no end,

Suicide; is perniciously sinister balderdash; the most incongruously distorted and
heartlessly inclement fantasy; that the stinking pigs could ever construe,

Suicide; is a coffin of disparagingly bludgeoning solitude; a measly quavering
insect being blown away into the aisles of nothingness; at even the most
mercurial draught of infidel wind,

Suicide; is a salaciously jinxed witch casting her spell of unsurpassable doom;
even upon the most blissfully gratifying of destinies,

Suicide; is a vindictively hollow and lecherously gawky edifice; baselessly
wavering
towards the gallows of emptiness; without the most infinitesimal of foundations,

Suicide; is an inexplicably cancerous sorrow that gruesomely crucifies your soul;
disdainfully maiming you on every step; for infinite more births of yours yet to
unveil,

Suicide; is a flagrantly whipping extinction that had not the tiniest chance to
ebulliently revive; stagnating in the prisons of torturously bleeding hell,

Suicide; is a flaccidly corpulent mosquito parasitically sucking blood every single

day of its life; heartily preferring to sleep on a lavatory of derogatory shit;
abrogating the most majestic of silken delights,

Suicide; is a chain of fanatically unpardonable misery; which perilously dries up
every trace of mellifluously golden voice,

Suicide; is the most prurient caricature of vibrantly ecstatic life; slithering like an
obnoxiously infected worm; in the junkyards of dissolutely demonic dilapidation,

Suicide; is dreadfully sinful abnegating of breath without the Lord's consent; a
misdeed which even his Omnisciently magnanimous grace; could never ever
condone,

Suicide is a tunnel of blindness without any end; Suicide is the most punitive
betrayal of truth; desire; dream and immortal love; Suicide is an unrelentingly
bloodstained night which inconsolably cries,

Therefore massacre the very thought before it transcends you to commit forlorn
suicide O! Man; and instead embrace timeless sensuality; instead embrace
enchancing beauty; instead embrace unconquerable life.

12. AND STILL EXPECT

Could you disastrously empty the sky of its voluptuously crimson clouds; and still
expect it to torrentially shower bountifully blissful droplets of sparkling rain?

Could you ruthlessly extricate the battlefield of its valiantly patriotic warriors;
and still expect it to bring scintillatingly triumphant freedom for its sacrosanct
motherland?

Could you barbarically pulverize the petals of the gorgeously imperial lotus; and
still expect it to fulminate into a river of unfathomably enchanting scent?

Could you unabashedly strip the regale Sun of its flamboyantly sizzling rays; and
still expect it to profoundly dazzle into an ocean of unassailably beautiful shine?

Could you murderously evict the earth of even the most infinitesimal of seed;
and still expect it to salubriously glisten and blossom into the aisles of
optimistically burgeoning prosperity?

Could you cold-bloodedly snap the wings of the boisterously soaring bird; and
still expect it to exuberantly zip forward in cocoons of jubilantly azure sky and

tirelessly fly high?

Could you treacherously evaporate every ounce of water in the limitless oceans; and still expect them to ravishingly undulate into ecstatic waves of rejuvenatingly thunderous froth?

Could you devastatingly bury the glittering diamond infinite feet beneath drearily threadbare mud; and still expect it to unceasingly radiate into a fountain of mesmerizing golden glimmer?

Could you mercilessly thrash the poignantly intricate spinal chord of the infant; and still expect it to unflinchingly gallop towards the skies of eternally triumphant freedom?

Could you preposterously chop the rosy stub of tongue in the mouth; and still expect it to unfurl into the most melodiously spell binding tunes of vivacious existence?

Could you savagely bombard the silken web into a countless incongruously debilitating pieces; and still expect the spider to merrily bounce in the corridors of insatiably uncontrollable ebullience?

Could you horrendously kill both the celestially compassionate parents; and still expect the child to timelessly bloom and invincibly smile?

Could you treacherously inundate the entire dwelling with acrimoniously jejune and prejudiced cockroaches; and still expect the rainbows of irrefutable truth to unconquerable enlighten; even after the very end of veritable time?

Could you diabolically suck every iota of blood from the harmonious body; and still expect it to intrepidly confront every impediment that vindictively confronted it in its way?

Could you devilishly maraud the resplendently impeccable whites; and still expect the eye to diffuse effulgent empathy; vividly sight beyond the contours of beauty and satiny graciousness?

Could you viciously pluck even the most diminutive blade of grass from the everlasting meadow; and still expect the cows to innocuous graze; romantically philander and exude into cisterns of immaculately divine milk?

Could you lay a gory battalion of blood-coated thorns in even the most

ephemeral of his path; and still expect the traveler to dance in the winds of perennial exuberance for times immemorial?

Could you ruthlessly lambaste the stomach with whiplashes of bizarre emaciation; and still expect it to indefatigably languish in the entrenchment of gorgeously blessed replenishment?

Could you crudely lynch a harmlessly symbiotic organism; and still expect it to holistically proliferate countless more of its kind; continue God's chapter of Omnipotent creation till its very last breath?

Could you truculently destroy the impregnable foundations of the towering edifice; and still expect that it relentlessly blazed as the most handsomely highest peak towards; regally crystalline sky?

Could you lasciviously deluge the nimbly placid atmosphere with sleazily tantalizing seductresses; and still expect the impressions of glorious righteousness to reign supreme; on every step that you resolutely tread?

Could you dictatorially assassinate every trace of stringent light; and still expect the pathetically destitute to find the needle from the incomprehensibly colossal haystack?

Could you deliberately constipate every glorious constituent of your body; and still expect to mitigate every fraternity of tumultuously bereaved mankind?

Could you indiscriminately devour an unsurpassable bucket of ghastly needles; and still expect an aura of unparalleled serenity to linger across your persona; for decades limitless more to come?

Could you heinously masticate the one eyed vultures egg; and still expect the bird to bless you with all marvelously scintillating richness of philanthropically magnanimous life?

Could you insanely nail the silken ears with criminally torching iron bars; and still expect them to effusively decipher even the most mercurial trace of non-existent sound?

Could you grow a desert of penalizingly serrated cactus in your backyard; and still expect to witness exotically pristine angels to spawn at even the most evanescent unveiling of ingratiatingly velvety dawn?

Could you lethally maim the legs of the withering old man; and still expect him to victoriously transcend past the barriers of the 1000 M; marathon race?

Could you baselessly terrorize the sordidly trembling and orphaned urchin; and still expect fireballs of inexorably unending love to euphorically leap from every conceivable element of his hapless countenance?

Could you ominously shatter the mirror into boundless bits of obsolete fragments; and still expect it to irrevocably portray the most candid reflection that darted from your dastardly persona?

Could you unimaginably cut all fingers with the nondescript farmaxe; and still expect the palm to unravel every unleashing instant of the day; into an compassionately overflowing barrage of stupendously raw artistry?

Could you wildly run without a cloth on your body abreast the busy traffic street; and still expect the most eclectic accolades of civilized culture to be bestowed upon you; till the earth lived and countless births beyond your time?

Could you vanquish every compassionate draught of air that cascaded from the nostril; and still expect the heavens of passionately pulsating life to flower into the mists of fantastically unending desire?

And Could you tyrannically strip life of the immortal love it throbbed every minute for; and still expect it to become the most pricelessly prosperous; aristocratically rise above every other entity on this gargantuan Universe and ardently survive?

13. RETIRED

There was a time when I incessantly coaxed my boss to relieve me early; liberating me an infinitesimal trifle of my debilitatingly coercing schedule, While today; every bone in my body irascibly itched to step outside; at even the tiniest insinuation of bird cry or flickering light.

There was a time when I gritted my teeth an indefatigable moment in the realms of snobbishly pretentious office; insatiably wanting to nestle in the lap of wholesome solitariness and far away from the impudent hustle-bustle of the sickening corporate crowd, While today; I found the most spuriously lackadaisical of reasons; to tirelessly converse with every stranger that I encountered on the streets.

There was a time when I profoundly felt like charring every cranny of the lecherously asphyxiating office into threadbare ash; uninhibitedly staring at fathomless bits of azure sky without a soul to interrupt my unassailably ebullient fantasy,
While today; I pleadingly looked at even the most sordidly cloistered dustbins; to relentlessly talk to me; share with me the experiences of their life.

There was a time when I was ready to pay any price on this earth to be wholesomely relieved of polishing my devilish boss's shoes; feeling like audaciously slapping every entity in the match-box conference room whiling away its time in slang; smoke and wine,
While today; I unrelentingly envied flamboyant youth euphorically darting towards work at the crack of nine; the spirit of profuse accomplishment in their bones; which had since long left mine.

There was a time when I had truculent nightmares of approaching death very soon even in the most brilliant of daylight; as I had to inevitably blend with the dogmatic corporate world to pay the rent for my very own soil,
While today; I attended every pulsating party without even the slightest of invitation; fervently trying to engage all; from the prince to the butler in my tales of vibrant life; while they kicked my dithering skeleton on the dusty pathways and out.

There was a time when I felt pathetically staggering for fresh breath; amidst unruly crowds of politicians; my tycoon compatriots; and my boss's unreasonable lambasting me for achieving the best; although it meant digging countless feet beneath my grave,
While today; every element of my countenance was disastrously suffocating in the interiors of my own dwelling; with the society rejecting my quaintly quavering voice like frigid nothingness; and without even the most mercurial mission in my decaying hands.

There was a time when I vomited even the last morsel of food in my stomach at the very mention of travelling; dismally sick of putting a pompous smile in front of the inhumanly tight lipped customer; although I felt like spitting on his worthless mercedes,
While today; I felt that the biggest achievement of my life was in my insipidly laborious morning walk; as that was the only opportunity I could salvage; to drift my ailing form from my purposeless house.

There was a time when I obnoxiously detested people who superfluously adorned their bodies with meaningless jewelry; wasting their entire wealth on baseless

ostentation; when countless deprived just needed two morsels of food to lead life,

While today; my greedy eyes uncontrollably sighted the postman every sweltering afternoon; ardently waiting for greetings; gifts; just anything to come my way; enlightening my derogatorily deadened eyes; amidst my lackluster activity of snapping flies.

There was a time when I ferociously jeered at extra population and pertinently perpetuating cries; wanting my very own free space to majestically lead the chapter of vivacious life,

While today; I passionately longed for an unfathomable clutter of voices round my ghoulish abode; incorrigibly clung to the feet of every bystander who passed my trajectory; even as my very own blood; gruesomely abandoned me to die.

O! Yes; there was a time when I was euphorically young; squandering whatever I wanted to; malevolently complaining about dastardly office one in a while; at the same time falling in immortal love; achieving even the most parsimonious of dreams floating in the aisles of unprecedented desire,

While today; I didn't know which direction to tread although the earth beneath me still reverberated with ecstatic cheer; although the planet around me still continued to blossom into triumphant newness; while I perennially craved for those golden days once again; as I had now retired.

14. NO

You've got to learn to speak it; if you profoundly want to become something in life; transcend beyond the realms of desperate malice for times immemorial,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you dazzling dare to revolutionize the complexion of this dreary planet; inundate its trajectory with unbelievably mesmerizing streaks of raw artistry,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you holistically want to lead a life of irrefutable self-dignity; hold your head always high irrespective of the most ghastliest of hell raining on you; from all sides,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you ardently wish to metamorphose even the most infinitesimal of benign dreams; into an unflinchingly eternal reality,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you unshakably crave to evolve an entrenchment of your own voluptuous fantasies; in the very midst of monotonously crippling politics and salacious prejudice,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you indefatigably yearn to philander intrepidly in the heart of resplendently twinkling midnight; tantalizingly romance with the majesty of seductive blackness; while the tycoon world huddled in blankets of disdain inside,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you unequivocally want to blissfully survive; embrace the winds of heavenly triumph; amidst a pack of parasitically blood sucking and insidiously manipulative wolves,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you irrevocably perceive to fulminate into a fireball of unconquerable righteousness; for infinite more births of yours; yet to unveil,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you unsurpassably want to mitigate all truculently lambasted humanity; miraculously free them from the clutches of the remorsefully morbid devil,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you unrelentingly dreamt to blend with the waves of brilliant exuberance; paying a deaf ear to the inclemently meaningless norms of the sardonically turgid society,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you insatiably want to spawn your very own inimitable personality; blossom into a legend from the very grass roots; without emulating any of the luminaries even an inconspicuous trifle,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you invincibly want to embody our cornucopia of priceless truth; amidst an unfathomable civilization of invidiously derogatory corruption,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you intransigently want to accept the treacherously orphaned as your very own ingredient of blood; despite indescribably gory objection from the worthlessly barking society,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you uncompromisingly want to exist every minute for the cause of Omnisciently sparkling mankind; symbiotically mélange with all caste; creed; tribe and religion; bountifully alike,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you relentlessly want to free your sacrosanct motherland; from the viciously pernicious maelstrom of; severely adulterated raunchiness,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you jubilantly want to frolic in the aisles of untainted innocuousness; even as the abominable globe outside were busy perpetuating pints of victimizing venom into the mouths of the newly born,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you unstoppably want to become an optimistic ray of hope for all those miserably shattered; even as crime lethally proliferated on every quarter of this earth; as the clock ticked,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you want to perpetually bond with the spirit of your true love; even as the most mercurial element of the world outside ignominiously lambasted you with dirt and unforgivable abuse,

The word was easy yet unassailably strong; the word consisted of just two alphabets yet bestowed you with the power to confront even the most Herculean of impediments; the word was negative yet imparted you with the tenacity to do whatever right you chose,

So c'mon folks; get ready to celestially fulfill your every dream; get ready to take over the entire conventional planet for the cause of immortal love; get ready to transform this world once again into an enchanting paradise; but before you could do anything; get ready to look the devil in his eye; and say a big no.

15. I DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE

I didn't want to smile; not even express even the most infinitesimal iota of my happiness,

I didn't want to run; not even drift my euphorically exhilarating foot even a fraction forward; to gallop with the perniciously dying winds,

I didn't want to wrestle; not even bulge even an insipid swell of muscle; out of my profoundly poignant and knotted shirt,

I didn't want to sing; not even stretch even the most inconspicuous chord of my throat; to pump melody in the disdainfully bereaved atmosphere,

I didn't want to emulate; not even copy even the most capricious of actions of cold-bloodedly wandering devils; flaming and around,

I didn't want to embrace; not even swirl even the most remote chunk of my poignantly robust flesh; towards devilishly abhorrently entities on this colossal planet,

I didn't want to sleep; not even close my heavenly eyelids an ephemeral inch; to replenish my devastated countenance with spell binding sleep,

I didn't want to flirt; not even liberate even the most fugitive glimpse of my mischievous visage; towards the viciously adulterated ambience around,

I didn't want to triumph; not even unfurl into the most diminutive shadow of blazing vibrancy; amidst the parasites ghastily sucking blood outside,

I didn't want to fantasize; not even tax the crannies of my brain a mercurial shadow; to perceive about thissalaciously penalizing and gory world,

I didn't want to yawn; not even relax my exasperatedly beleaguered body a parsimonious trifle; to relish the fruits of this miserably blood-soaked globe,

I didn't want to eat; not even satiate my horrendously famished tongue an ethereal component; with the fodder of truculently dictatorial tyranny,

I didn't want to stare; not even concentrate an obfuscated bit with my diligent eyes; worthlessly whiling away my time sighting the ungainly rich mercilessly thrashing the diminutively deprived,

I didn't want to bless; not even shower even the most oblivious trace of my empathy; to all those erecting their palaces of gold on bountifully innocent soil; and then opening their discordant mouths to whine,

I didn't want to pray; not even ask the Almighty Lord even an evanescent showering of bliss; with all baselessly marauding and massacring politicians metamorphosing this earth into the most ultimate of disaster,

I didn't want to preach; not even waste even the most faintest rhythm of my sagacious voice; for all those dastardly rascals who sold their own mothers; for bathing in raunchy cigar smoke and wine,

I didn't want to breathe; not even fill my lungs a threadbare trace; with the maliciously venomous graveyard of air; perfidiously lingering outside,

I didn't want to love; not even fulminate even the most inaudible beat of my heart; towards an entrenchment of vindictive lies and worthlessness; that brutally incarcerated me in this robotic age; from all sides,

O! Yes; I have no shame whatsoever in divulging that I didn't want to live anymore in this treacherously lambasting world today; for if this planet as manipulative as it was for just one more minute; then it was better to commit suicide and die; than to kiss the fireballs of celestially sacred life.

16.1 AND 100

When I turned 1; I incoherently mumbled threadbare gibberish; although was blossoming every unfurling minute into an entrenchment of unfathomably never-ending newness,

At 100 I still found myself incoherently mumbling threadbare gibberish; but each word of mine irrevocably led me towards; the valley of remorsefully ghastly and torturously inclement death.

When I turned 1; I found even the most vibrantly opalescent of colors as immaculately satiny white; although was blooming with the scent of symbiotic mankind more ardently as each day unfurled into enchantingly exotic night,
At 100 I still found even the most vibrantly opalescent of colors as immaculately satiny white; but each perception of mine truculently led me towards; the gutterline of squalidly indescribable and baselessly massacring death.

When I turned 1; I gave an inquisitively blank stare at everything alien; although was fascinatingly painting the barren palette of this colossal Universe; with majestically fructifying shades of my innocuous artistry,

At 100 I still found myself giving an inquisitively blank stare at everything alien; but each stare of mine irretrievably led me towards; the corpse of lethally penalizing and grotesquely vicious death.

When I turned 1; I got thunderously astounded at even the most mercurial speck of sound and light; although was fulminating into a cloudburst of unrelenting energy as each instant unveiled into a wholesome minute,

At 100 I still found myself thunderously astounded at even the most mercurial speck of sound and light; but each astonishment of mine perniciously led me towards; the hell of diabolically savage and horrendously abusive death.

When I turned 1; I felt mystically overawed at even the most ethereally meek rays of the evening Sun; although was transcending above the realms of Omnipotent heaven; to be the absolute favorite of Almighty Lord,

At 100 I still found myself mystically overawed at even the most ethereally meek rays of the evening Sun; but each exhilarated sensation of mine ominously led me towards; the graveyards of discordantly dilapidated and vindictively crucifying death.

When I turned 1; I exploded into a mountain of uncontrollable giggles at witnessing even an insipid replica of my reflection in the scintillating mirror; although was spawning into a wave of ebulliently flirtatious timelessness, At 100 I still found myself exploding into a mountain of uncontrollable giggles at witnessing even an insipid replica of my reflection; but each laughter of mine insatiably led me towards; the train of horrifically sardonic and lecherously pulverizing death.

When I turned 1; I inevitably stumbled on every step that I tread in my illusionary quest to reach the sky; although was diffusing a wave of unsurpassably benign graciousness; embracing the religion of humanity wherever I went, At 100 I still found myself stumbling at every step that I tread in my illusionary quest to reach the sky; but each step of mine intransigently led me towards; the gallows of salaciously nonchalant and parasitically gloomy death.

When I turned 1; I got overwhelmingly petrified at even the most parsimonious outrage of people around me; although was uniting more prolifically every second with all stupendously enthralling goodness of the celestial atmosphere, At 100 I still found myself overwhelmingly petrified at even the most parsimonious outrage of people around me; but each scream of mine immutably led me towards; the shadows of gruesomely despicable and tyrannically traumatizing death.

When I turned 1; I inconsolably cried as sordidly blackened night approached; although was paving a path of ubiquitously unassailable and blazing righteousness with my sacredly innocent wails, At 100 I still found myself inconsolably crying as sordidly blackened night approached; but each cry of mine intractably led me towards; the pigstacks of abhorrently stinking and criminally vengeful death.

When I turned 1; I groped in utterly collapsing darkness about various aspects of life even as incredulously brilliant rays of light wholesomely encapsulated the trajectory of fathomless sky; although was the most eternally sparkling mate of angels in the heavenly cosmos, At 100 I still found myself groping in utterly collapsing darkness about various aspects of life even as incredulously brilliant rays of the light wholesomely encapsulated the trajectory of fathomless sky; but each wavering of mine cold-bloodedly led me towards; the shattered glasses of invidiously sinister and insanely dolorous death.

And when I turned 1; I found even the most nimbly subservient entity around me as an unfathomably towering monster; although was embarking onto the road to triumphantly unending existence with the fires of enchantment slowly entering into my nostrils,

At 100 I still found even the most nimbly subservient entity around me as an unfathomably towering monster; but each bewildered sensation of mine incorrigibly led me towards; the dungeons of disparagingly disconsolate and gruesomely gory death.

17.100% NATURAL

At times an inferno of poignantly towering emotions; while at times a meadow of resplendently blissful tranquility that stretched for times immemorial,

At times an astoundingly prolific bombardment of restlessness; while at times a river of celestially milky and exotically unending enchantment,

At times an untamed volcano of tantalizing voluptuousness; while at times as beautifully heavenly as the mystical mists on the spell bindingly gregarious mountaintops,

At times a ferociously undulating sea of unbelievably ecstatic exhilaration; while at times the majestically sleeping castle of fathomless dreams,

At times an indefatigably reverberating catharsis of the countenance; while at times the ingratiatingly innocuous pearl floating in holistic harmony; at the bottom of blue sea,

At times an impudently overpowering monster transcending over the realms of pragmatic sagaciousness; while at times the boundless fleet of silken birds regally sweeping through the clouds,

At times a passionately never ending fire that Omnipotently enlightened the complexion of this dreary planet; while at times a phlegmatically lazing tortoise; paying an absolute deaf ear to the conventionally turgid society,

At times wave of endlessly swirling and enthralling excitement; while at times a nimble dewdrop sensitively curled; and waiting for the very first rays of; fantastically ephemeral dawn,

At times a blazingly marching patriotic soldier for whom even the ghastliest of death caused no fear; while at times at river of amiably drifting contentment; in

complete synergy with the Lord Divine,

At times a profoundly ambiguous wind incessantly vacillating between the limitless shades of vivacious life; while at times the rejuvenating incense sticks of irrefutably sparkling truth,

At times an unrelenting cistern of ebullient happiness; while at times inevitably entrenched by obfuscated skies of disparaging sadness,

At times a perennial whirlwind of insurmountable rhapsody; while at times a timidly retreating butterfly sandwiched in cocoons of sordid remorsefulness,

At times a fireball of indefatigably uxorious fantasy which never ends; while at times an impeccably sleeping angel wholesomely oblivious to the unfurling of rapid time,

At times an unparalleled storm which took the entire living race by radically dramatic surprise; while at times a sheepish leaf wilting towards even the most infinitesimal draught of breeze,

At times carving a way of its very own amidst countless others engulfed with baseless rigidity; while at times stooping like an obeisant angel in front of the Almighty divine,

At times an eternally frolicking peacock vividly flirting behind the hills; while at times fretting and fuming in the aisles of treacherously betraying morbidity,

At times an unsurpassable caravan of philanthropic goodness; while at times lured by fabulously eloping and nubile damsels as the bodies euphorically titillated in the moon soaked night,

O! Yes; at times this; while at times an unfathomable shade of that; but one thing was intransigently undeniable; that whether I lived forever in the paradise of heaven; or whether I forever rotted in the gallows of hell with the word die; my heart was; is and would always remain 100% natural.

18. I WOULD FOREVER REMAIN

Call me a lump of infinitesimally squashed tomato; or Call me the diminutive tip of a sordidly despicable matchstick rotting in the abominably fetid garbage heap,

Call me a languid spider nonchalantly fretting on the damp walls; or Call me the

wisp of that capriciously fleeting cloud which didn't know even the slightest of how to enchantingly rain,

Call me an insipid molecule of threadbare dust being blown to far and obsolete places with the tiniest draught of wind; or Call me a preposterously pot-bellied whale devouring countless innocent in a single mouthful,

Call me a ghastily unforgiving demon blowing my worthless trumpet at will; or Call me a lecherous parasite sucking innocuous blood even as midnight unfurled into the scintillatingly spell binding day,

Call me a baseless moron staring purposelessly into boundless bits of blue sky; or Call me a sleazily mud coated pig aimlessly wandering without even contributing an ethereal iota to the fabric of this colossal planet,

Call me an insane lunatic paying a wholesomely deaf ear to the inclement orders of the conventional society; or Call me an irately impudent brat; indiscriminately feasting on the wealth of my sacrosanct ancestors,

Call me an invidious ant horrifically stinging the chapter of glorious existence; or Call me the grotesquely menacing crocodiles tooth ever ready to pulverize anything in vicinity; to inconsequential pulp,

Call me stray gutter water meaninglessly gushing across the dusty street; or Call me uxoriously fanatic behind the tantalizingly raunchy seductress,

Call me a graveyard of utterly deplorably loneliness; or Call me a lackadaisically nonsensical flower without even the most obfuscated insinuation of scent,

Call me a dastardly traitor turning my back to my sacred motherland; or Call me a wave of unendingly treacherous obsession which could never ever end,

Call me a pugnacious insect buzzing in cacophonically discordant incoherence when the world slept; or Call me a demon having a gargantuan appetite for every insidious thing in the chapter of vibrant life,

Call me the most curled bristle of the sweepers avaricious broomstick; or Call me a complete misfit to symbiotically exist with the harmoniously melodious society, Call me a miserably maimed organism without hands and feet; or Call me abysmally dumb when it came to matters of synergistic pragmatism,

Call me a punitive curse for the trajectory of this boundless planet; or Call me a

bizarre eunuch pathetically unable to procreate even an element of my own kind,

Call me a brutally massacred and orphaned egg; or Call me the disdainfully abhorrent grime on the shoe; which intractably refused to move even an mercurial inch,

Call me a ludicrously fading reflection eventually blending with the oblivious horizons; or Call me an impotently undulating ocean without even the tiniest trace of poignantly ravishing salt,

Call me a disastrously slithering fish without any aim or direction; or Call me a destructive volcano of negative energy; born only to annihilate civilizations to traceless ash,

Call me gory impediment for one and all on this globe alike; or Call me a ghoulishly venomous spirit spreading its remorseful jinx even centuries after veritable death,

And you could Call me by whatever name that you could ever conceive; But for those of you who like me; and even for all those of you who detested even the most remote fraction of my quavering shadow; I would still and forever remain the way I am today; immortally bonded with love; immortally bonded with a fathomless entrenchment of poetry; poetry and just; sensuously Divine Poetry.

19. IF ANYTHING WAS EVER GOING TO CURE YOU.

More than the most unbelievably efficacious of medicines; which irrefutably proclaimed to swipe every trifle of disease forever from your deplorably impoverished form,

More than the most impregnably fortified of milk; which irrefutably proclaimed to impart such an ardent tenacity to every of your shriveled bone; which was harder than the hardest of rock,

More than the most brilliantly scintillating of mirrors; which irrefutably proclaimed to candidly portray even the most hopelessly obfuscated shades of your lugubriously disheveled persona,

More than the most unassailably learned of saints; who irrefutably proclaimed to ameliorate you of even the most ghastliest of pain; by simply caressing a singleton whisker of your hair with their fingertips,

More than the most vividly euphoric of breeze; which irrefutably proclaimed to timelessly rejuvenate even the most tawdrily decrepit of your nerves; pricelessly bestow you with caverns of unprecedented exhilaration,

More than the most indomitably parading of dinosaurs; who irrefutably proclaimed to make you the strongest organism on this fathomlessly emollient Universe; as they hoisted you towards the sky in their arms,

More than the most ravishingly undulating of seas; which irrefutably proclaimed to bless every cranny of your bereaved soul with such tanginess; that you'd never ever feel the perils of treacherous exhaustion,

More than the most jubilantly bewitching of fairies; which irrefutably proclaimed to inexhaustibly liberate you from even the most inconspicuous of your worries; placing you forever in the eternal grass of paradise,

More than most Omnipotently blazing of Sun; which irrefutably proclaimed to vanquish even the most fugitive ounce of depression from your bones; perpetuating you to forever march forward in optimistic rhapsody,

More than the most eternally foliated of trees; which irrefutably proclaimed to limitlessly mollify you with their bountifully symbiotic consanguinity; put you into a state of eternally celestial rest,

More than the most iridescently magnetic of stars; which irrefutably proclaimed to incredulously tantalize you out of your every agony; be perennially there as your sole savior for an infinite more lives,

More than the most stupendously enamoring of rainbows; which irrefutably proclaimed to magically mitigate you of your delirious obsessions; bring out the blessed human in you for times immemorial,

More than the most enviably contemporary of contraptions; which irrefutably proclaimed to incredulously ease every cynically onerous task of your life; at a speed faster than that of fervent light,

More than the most triumphantly virile of seeds; which irrefutably proclaimed to embody in you such an astounding virility; that even the most saddened part of you proliferated into boundless cisterns of effulgent happiness,

More than the most majestically undefeated of kings; who irrefutably proclaimed

to replace even the most ethereal insinuations of your poverty; with a heaven of unceasingly invincible gold; silver and richness,

More than the most sensuously inebriating of clouds; which irrefutably proclaimed to tirelessly enshroud every frazzled dormitory of your brain with royal fantasy; making you fly above the land of infinite infinity even as you alighted your first foot to walk,

More than the most infallibly fearless of friends; who irrefutably proclaimed to forever annihilate every trace of angst in your conscience; with the unbeatably peerless bond of their everlasting friendship,

More than the most immortal fulminations of your blood; breath and heart; which irrefutably proclaimed to keep the dwindling spirit in your devastated countenance; alive for a countless million births yet to unveil,

If anything was ever going to cure you of the worst of your mental or physical ailments; then it is solely and only your perpetually augmenting desire to live and let live from the most innermost realms of your soul; irrespective of whatever you were ever confronted with; of course with the blessings and the grace of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord.

20. I LIVE TO DIE ONEDAY. AND DIE TO LIVE EVERYDAY.

I stayed tirelessly awake only to inevitably sleep one day; and I humanely slept one day; only to truly relish even an inconspicuous moment of being vivaciously awake; everyday,

I unassailably triumphed only to inevitably fail one day; and I humanely failed one day; only to truly relish even the most infinitesimal fragrance of unfettered triumph; everyday,

I inexhaustibly absorbed brilliantly optimistic Sunlight only to inevitably blacken one day; and I humanely blackened one day; only to truly relish even the most obliviously disappearing trace of Omnipotent Sunlight; everyday,

I profusely basked in the glory of rose scent only to inevitably stagnate one day; and I humanely stagnated one day; only to truly relish even the tiniest wisp of eternal scent; everyday,

I astoundingly floated in the clouds only to inevitably bury one day; and I humanely buried one day; only to truly relish even the most evanescent

entrenchment of sensuous clouds; everyday,

I indefatigably adventured only to inevitably robotize one day; and I humanely robotized one day; only to truly relish even the most fugitively eluding winds of tantalizing adventure; everyday,

I timelessly smiled only to inevitably sadden one day; and I humanely saddened one day; only to truly relish even the most obsolete insinuations of heavenly smiles; everyday,

I insuperably preached only to inevitably forget one day; and I humanely forgot one day; only to truly relish even the most vanishing element of wonderfully liberating preaching; everyday,

I unceasingly ate the most synergistically succulent food only to inevitably starve one day; and I humanely starved one day; only to truly relish even the most diminutive iota of jubilantly fructifying food; everyday,

I unflinchingly spoke the truth only to inevitably lie one day; and I humanely lied one day; only to truly relish even the most ethereal innuendo of victoriously Omnipresent truth; everyday,

I infallibly replenished only to inevitably disembowel one day; and I humanely disemboweled one day; only to truly relish even the most obfuscated ounce of compassionately burgeoning replenishment; everyday,

I inexorably conquered only to inevitably slaver one day; and I humanely slavered one day; only to truly relish even the most mercurial aura of royally priceless conquering; everyday,

I endlessly romanced only to inevitably betray one day; and I humanely betrayed one day; only to truly relish even the most infidel thread of perennially spawning romance; everyday,

I limitlessly joked only to inevitably depress one day; and I humanely depressed one day; only to truly relish even the most parsimonious dramatization of everlastingly ebullient joke; everyday,

I uncontrollably proliferated only to inevitably disintegrate one day; and I humanely disintegrated one day; only to truly relish even the most sequestered strand of handsomely amazing proliferation; everyday,

I unfathomably magnetized only inevitably commercialize one day; and I humanely commercialized one day; only to truly relish even the most cloistered fabric of eternally resplendent magnetization; everyday,

I unsurpassably radiated with power only to inevitably shrivel one day; and I humanely shriveled one day; only to truly relish even the most evanescent pathway of Omnipresently blessing power; everyday,

I unceasingly rolled in unlimited riches only to inevitably emaciate one day; and I humanely emaciated one day; only to truly relish even the most feckless ingredient of symbiotically sensuous richness; everyday,

I immortally throbbed only to inevitably stone one day; and I humanely stoned one day; only to truly relish even the most invisible horizon of inimitably consecrating immortality; everyday,

And I unstoppably lived only to inevitably die one day; and I humanely died one day; only to truly relish even the most minuscule shade of Omnisciently ever-pervading life; everyday.

21. THE VERY FIRST BREATH IS INFACIT DEATH

When the Omnipotent Sun first shines brilliantly in fathomless sky; it is infact the very first indication of satanic darkness; inevitably about to usurp every trace of conceivable light on planet divine.

When altruistic Truth first majestically descends upon inscrutable earth; it is infact the very first indication of tawdry evil; inevitably about to settle upon every tangible and intangible leaf of planet divine.

When unlimited Happiness first burgeons in the unconquerable atmosphere; it is infact the very first indication of inexplicable misery; inevitably about to capsize every free space of planet divine.

When the indomitable Lion first roars in the untamed forests; it is infact the very first indication of limitless silence; inevitably about to plummet upon the amazing labyrinth of planet divine.

When Intrepidly blazing Victory first kisses the fabric of the cosmos; it is infact the very first indication of lugubrious defeat; inevitably about to strangulate every perceivable cranny of planet divine.

When Symbiotic Humanity first unites every caste; creed; color on this earth; it is infact the very first indication of sadistic prejudice; inevitably about to divide every holistic parchment of planet divine.

When the most pricelessly inimitable Pearls first glimmer on the trajectory of this earth; it is infact the very first indication of crucifying poverty; inevitably about to dismantle the impregnable crux of planet divine.

When the Righteous Mirror first reflects your truest persona to the entire world; it is infact the very first indication of despondent haziness; inevitably about to disorient the redolent chapters of planet divine.

When the first Virile Leaf royally fructifies from lackadaisically black soil; it is infact the very first indication of hapless decay; inevitably about to quagmire even the most infinitesimal barren space of planet divine.

When the blessed Muscles first radiate into rays of unfettered strength; it is infact the very first indication of cancerous weakness; inevitably about to incarcerate every synergistic turnstile of planet divine.

When the Sensuous Clouds shower their first droplet of golden rain upon ardent earth; it is infact the very first indication of hedonistic drought; inevitably about to gobble every celestial nook & cranny of planet divine.

When the Virile Body first sprouts into unbelievably ecstatic seeds of survival; it is infact the very first indication of jinxed infertility; inevitably about to massacre every palpable speck of planet divine.

When Insuperable Blood first radiates into the unsurpassable fervor of humanity; it is infact the very first indication of amorphous meaninglessness; inevitably about to uproot the complexion of planet divine.

When the Benign Eye first diffuses into cisterns of invincible empathy; it is infact the very first indication of vicarious heartlessness; inevitably about to puncture the filament of planet divine.

When the Fathomless Brain first commences to timelessly fantasize; it is infact the very first indication of heinous deliriousness; inevitably about to disjoint the astounding articulation of planet divine.

When the Unassailable Peak of the mountain first looms large towards incredulous sky; it is infact the very first indication of mortifying downfall;

inevitably about to behead every trifle of success on planet divine.

When the Effulgent Nightingale first sings its most unfathomably mellifluous tune in the crimson evening; it is infact the very first indication of acrimonious malice; inevitably about to gouge every sparkling eye of planet divine.

When the Immortal Heart throbs its first beat of rhapsodically Perpetual love; it is infact the very first indication of invidious betrayal; inevitably about to assassinate every bit of compassion on planet divine.

And when the First form of life bountifully spawns for the first time on this amazingly fragrant globe; it is infact the very first indication of inescapable death; inevitably about to hopelessly end existence on planet divine.

22.10 FOOT "X" 5 FOOT CORPSE.

You might indiscriminately trample countless innocent under your bohemian foot every time you chose to walk; but remember O! greedy Man; that howsoever powerful you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that deplorably stinking and deteriorating; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might parasitically manipulate your way up to the entire wealth on this earth; but remember O! murderous Man; that howsoever ever-pervading you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that disgustingly incarcerating and decimating; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might satanically treat every pious mother as your tawdry brothel; but remember O! chauvinistic Man; that howsoever unshakable you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that truculently dilapidated and penalizing; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might ignominiously keep the entire planet on your squalid foot asking them to lick the criminally ghastly grime; but remember O! rotting Man; that howsoever indomitable you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that unbearably asphyxiating and wastrel; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might salaciously sell your mother and sisters in exchange of a few mountains of currency coin; but remember O! slandering Man; that howsoever undefeatable you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is

and shall always only remain; that diabolically pulverizing and amorphous; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might deliberately transmit the deathly virus of hiv/aids from your body into that of boundless unwittingly innocent; but remember O! wretched Man; that howsoever shrewd you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that hedonistically disgruntled and sinful; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might render fathomless children orphaned; beheading the scalps of their parents right in front of their innocuous eyes; but remember O! devilish Man; that howsoever perennial you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that indefatigably trampling and vindictive; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might open your mouth solely to bark an unsurpassable valley of indescribable abuse; but remember O! dogged Man; that howsoever correct you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that wantonly decrepit and castigating; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might deliriously suck every droplet of blood from the veins of existing organism of this Universe; but remember O! vagabond Man; that howsoever insuperable you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that ominously violent and extinguishing; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might chop the head and foot of every priceless animal in the forest just to embellish the walls of your spurious living room; but remember O! unsavory Man; that howsoever ubiquitous you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that pathetically distraught and feckless; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might ruthlessly devastate an infinite civilizations with your bawdy atom bombs; but remember O! dictatorial Man; that howsoever audacious you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that invidiously ribald and victimizing; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might sadistically like to play cricket with the eyeballs of newborn children after cold-bloodedly gouging them; but remember O! uncouth Man; that howsoever victorious you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; sacrilegiously divesting and hideous; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might barbarously nail your very own idiosyncratically traumatic eccentricities upon every pristine face alive; but remember O! venomous Man; that howsoever supernatural you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that atrociously demonic and cynical; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might mockingly blow away every old person you encountered on the streets with the puffs of your unrelentingly rebuking breath; but remember O! tyrannical Man; that howsoever magical you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that brutally strangulating and vituperative; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might lecherously compel every person on earth to hoarsely beg; but remember O! maniacal Man; that howsoever Kingly you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that disparagingly nullifying and sinking; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might bury all those people who didn't obey your worthless commands to an infinite feet beneath lackadaisical soil; but remember O! impoverished Man; that howsoever Gigantic you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that perilously massacring and balderdash; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might shatter a fathomless hearts with your swords of blood-stained hatred and malice; but remember O! penurious Man; that howsoever Omnipotent you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that preposterously rugged and torn; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

You might lead every moment of your life disseminating only the venom of malicious discrimination into every organism alive; but remember O! licentious Man; that howsoever celestial you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that cannibalistically beleaguered and unsolicited corpse.

And you might snatch the breath of whosoever you wished at gay abandon making use of all your acrimoniously contemporary paraphernalia; but remember O! destitute Man; that howsoever invincible you considered yourself to be; your inevitably ultimate end was; is and shall always only remain; that pugnaciously disoriented and flagrant; 10 foot X 5 foot corpse.

23. IF RAPE IS INEVITABLE; ENJOY IT.

If drowning in the fathomlessly treacherous ocean seems inevitable; why not start to stupendously relish the unbelievably tangy spray of the sea on every pore of your nakedly impoverished skin,

If falling from the absolute epitome of Everest seems inevitable; why not start to passionately embrace every draught of exuberant air; as you unstoppably plummeted like thunderbolts of lightening towards heartless ground,

If being bitten by the diabolically ominous serpent seems inevitable; why not start to unfathomably admire its majestically unconquerable hood; as it uncontrollably quivered under the pristinely impeccable light of the midnight moon,

If being victimized by acrimoniously slandering isolation seems inevitable; why not start to unceasingly kiss the tranquil silence with the periphery of your rubicund lips; even as there wasn't a trace of civilization till countless centuries apart,

If being excoriated into nothingness whilst trapped in a lion's cage seems inevitable; why not start to tirelessly feast your eyes upon the unflinching patriotism; that wafted from every ingredient of your blood that now almost overwhelmed the fabric of the Universe,

If being slit open by a demonically gleaming knife seems inevitable; why not start to mesmerize every cranny of the whites of your eye; with its magical gleam even at the cruelest hour of the ribald night,

If satanically crucifying starvation seems inevitable; why not start to fondle and massage each of your pathetically tyrannized bone; to the most ultimate epitomes of ecstasy and satisfaction,

If cadaverously penalizing blindness seems inevitable; why not start to envisage the entire world as a paradise of uninhibited nakedness; eternally dancing in the winds of sensuously untamed blackness,

If horrendously subjugating deafness seems inevitable; why not start to treat your ears only to the most opulently luxurious and vivaciously tinkling earrings,

If heinously traumatizing poverty seems inevitable; why not start to fantasize about perpetually floating in the clouds; away from every earthly pleasure; and without a cloth to engulf your ebullient form,

If the despairingly deteriorated gallows of jail seem inevitable; why not start to wholesomely blindfold your effulgent eyes; and cognize a life after this currently destitute lifetime of yours,

If being buried under the gorily invidious avalanche seems inevitable; why not start to ardently play and blend with the royally untainted iceflakes; being insurmountably tantalized by their velvety caress; just like a newly born child,

If being salaciously torn apart from your beloved seems inevitable; why not start to fervently appreciate the inexhaustible tenacity with which your heart still throbbed; for the destined remainder of your life,

If being lost in the inexplicably gigantic labyrinth of tunnels seems inevitable; why not start to be enchanted and till the very last breath of your life; by the astoundingly pitch-dark stillness,

If being pugnaciously aborted right in the womb of your mother seems inevitable; why not start to think that this was the greatest blessing that your mother could ever dream of bestowing upon you; even before you were born,

If walking through an endless field of acridly abstruse thorns seems inevitable; why not start to feel perennially blessed; as the blood profusely oozing from your feet; unassailably enriched every ounce of spell-bindingly naked soil,

If being crushed under the unstoppable speeding car seems inevitable; why not start to feel that you're soon going to undergo; an unchallengeable world record for bearing maximum pain,

If the unforgivable hands of death seem inevitable; why not start to unbelievably relish your expedition to either Heaven/Hell; feel like a quintessential ingredient of the boundaries of the uncannily unknown,

And if treacherously besmirching rape seems inevitable; why not start to unprecedentedly enjoy every conceivable contact of skin with ignited skin; why not undyingly enjoy the ultimate dewdrops of virility; now sinfully but eventually amalgamating two bodies as one.

24. NO OPTIONS AFTER DEATH.

Some said that there was only and just brutally crucifying darkness; a wall of satanically pulverizing blackness; after you wholesomely relinquished your very

last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just ghastily crippling silence; an unsurpassable coffin of tyrannically hopeless devastation; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just enchantingly invincible paradise; a festoon of royally resplendent heavens to welcome you; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just gruesomely ribald boredom; unsurpassable mortuaries of deplorably crucifying frustration; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just sadistically satanic torture; brutal excoriation of even the most infinitesimal of bones; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just fetidly abhorrent stench; limitless dungeons of sacrilegious decay; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just insanely bawdy mania; uprooting every ingredient of celestial happiness; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just diabolically annihilating hell; the carcasses of unceasingly vindictive doomsday; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just unconquerably perpetual rebirth; the same form of life being consummately replaced by another; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just true emancipation of the soul; with it entering another symbiotically holy spirit; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just profanely livid loneliness; every iota of the blood being frozen into wisps of inane meaninglessness; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just hedonistically evil distortion; the graveyards of the most cancerously maiming of disease plaguing every ounce of your vibrant existence; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just a despairing oblivion of infinite infinity; helplessness and ominous hopelessness on every step that you dared tread; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just an invidious apocalypse of hysterical sobbing; a haunted house of inconsolably never-ending misery; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just a tomb of indefatigable bad luck; where even the most evanescent droplet of water that you tried to consume metamorphosing into victimizing venom; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just a Universe of blessed re-incarnation; unassailably Omnipotent life spawning on every quarter of earth; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just a pigstalk of stinkingly debasing lies; a jailhouse of lecherously penalizing felony; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just a lugubriously jinxed ghost; forlornly cursed wails of tawdrily decrepit nothingness; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Whilst I said that as long as you lived and there was life; there simply wasn't anything like death; not even the most ethereal of its agnostic insinuation; and after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died; there wasn't the tiniest of possibility of contemplating your deathly options any further; as no form of vibrant life would ever dare even whisper and come back again.

25. TIMELESSLY INSEPARABLE TALKING.

If it was your lusciously mesmerizing lips that wonderfully whispered; then it was my ardently igniting kisses that would do every bit of the timelessly enthralling talking,

If it was your fantastically hazel eyes that tranquilly whispered; then it was my indefatigably vivacious eyelashes that would do every bit of the timelessly flirtatious talking,

If it was your intrepidly celestial ears that charismatically whispered; then it was my inexhaustibly exploring tongue that would do every bit of the timelessly exploring talking,

If it was your seductively redolent feet that uninhibitedly whispered; then it was my irrefutably infallible trail that would do every bit of the timelessly adventurous talking,

If it was your daintily articulate fingers that unrestrictedly whispered; then it was my magically ameliorating artistry that would do every bit of the timelessly passionate talking,

If it was your celestially symbiotic shoulders that fantastically whispered; then it was my innocuously pristine selflessness that would do every bit of the timelessly redolent talking,

If it was your enigmatically unruly armpits that seductively whispered; then it was my priceless golden perspiration that would do every bit of the timelessly bountiful talking,

If it was your impeccably nubile chin that ebulliently whispered; then it were my infinite enamoring goose-bumps that would do every bit of the timelessly undefeated talking,

If it was your voluptuously ardent breasts that resplendently whispered; then it was my unceasingly kneading palms that would do every bit of the timelessly unbridled talking,

If it was your iridescently embellished belly that jubilantly whispered; then it was my unstoppably machismo hunger that would do every bit of the timelessly intermingling talking,

If it was your triumphantly truthful veins that ecstatically whispered; then it was my unassailably crimson blood that would do every bit of the timelessly blessed talking,

If it was your innovatively intriguing brain that unrestrictedly whispered; then it was my astoundingly fathomless fantasy that would do every bit of the timelessly

exhilarating talking,

If it was your exotically desirous thighs that spell bindingly whispered; then it was my uncannily untamed electricity that would do every bit of the timelessly fervent talking,

If it was your unbelievably mellifluous throat that gorgeously whispered; then it was my inimitably new-born voice that would do every bit of the timelessly effulgent talking,

If it was your beautifully sculptured toes that inscrutably whispered; then it was my unfathomably magical shadow that would do every bit of the timelessly endowing talking,

If it was your piquantly hissing panic button that surreptitiously whispered; then it was my mischievously nibbling teeth that would do every bit of the timelessly reinvigorating talking,

If it was your insuperably Omniscient nostrils that beautifully whispered; then it was my immortally unsinkable life that would do every bit of the timelessly united talking,

If it was your perpetually throbbing heart that clandestinely whispered; then it was my unconquerably undying love that would do every bit of the timelessly coalescing talking,

And if unfortunately; not even the most infinitesimal iota of your mind; body or soul ever whispered; then even without the tiniest of your tangible innuendo; each beat of my heart; blood and breath would still forever and ever and ever bond with every aspect of your philanthropically emollient life; would still forever and ever and ever do every bit of the timelessly inseparable talking.

26.31ST DECEMBER- THE MOST ENVIABLE BACHELOR.

The day brought alongwith it; an unsurpassable longing to greet a fantastically new and spellbindingly untainted chapter of beginning,

The day brought alongwith it; a feeling of unconquerably infallible triumph; of surpassing even the most infinitesimal iota of evil; with the winds of an optimistically enlightening tomorrow,

The day brought alongwith it; a profound feeling of untamed nostalgia; as blissful

and emotionally chagrined memories of the past; inundated even the most obsolete quarter of the mind at lightening speeds of time,

The day brought alongwith it; an undefeatable resolution of spending a countless more lives engulfed with symbiotic prosperity; with the very priceless life just about to commence within a few hours,

The day brought alongwith it; an adventure of unbridled ecstasy; transcending over even the most ghastliest of pain and inexplicably treacherous disease,

The day brought alongwith it; an unassailable entrenchment of timeless unity; with organisms of every caste; creed and race; romancing and indefatigably gyrating to the beats of vibrant existence; under the iridescent midnight Sunshine,

The day brought alongwith it; the tunes of eternally rhapsodic joy; as the Sun blazed its most indomitably Omnipotent light ever; before humbly sinking in the horizons to celestially illuminate the world tomorrow; with intrepid light,

The day brought alongwith it; an uncannily exultating reverberation in every conceivable pore of the body; which exuberantly braced itself for the Omnipresent goodness of a majestically brand new hour,

The day brought alongwith it; the most effulgently wistful hours of the entire year; with every unfurling instant catapulting you on to the most brilliantly unfettered paradise,

The day brought alongwith it; an intractably overpowering feeling of the present overruling the past like never before; with every tangible chime to the clock; igniting the pulse and soul to an ultimate crescendo of joyous activity,

The day brought alongwith it; an inexhaustible scent of righteous perseverance; the ultimate culmination of all deeds symbiotically executed; into the invincible rays of a bountifully fructifying tomorrow,

The day brought alongwith it; the most ebulliently blessed memories of the past; with every anecdote of revitalizing freshness gushing past at whirlwind speeds through the impoverished brain,

The day brought alongwith it; a Herculean inferno of restlessly unexplored energy; with every single organism of the Universe in an unbelievable rush to add those punctiliously eventful finishing touches,

The day brought alongwith it; a wholesomely changed perspective about the chapter of vivaciously stupefying life; with every ingredient of scarlet blood feeling; that it was just a few inches away from experiencing victorious totality,

The day brought alongwith it; an interminably jubilant resolution of coining newer and newer targets in destined life; with the quintessential mantra being heavenly prosperity and ubiquitously perpetuating the axiom of Live and let Live,

The day brought alongwith it; an unlimited instinct to survive beyond one's projected time; incredulously metamorphosing every infidel protraction into a gorge of impeccable faithfulness,

The day brought alongwith it; a ray of nimbly vespersed hope; of perhaps the veritably dead and inimitably beloved; reinvigorating once again from the horizons once again tomorrow,

The day brought alongwith it; the beats of unfathomably maverick rejoicing; with every tangible and intangible entity on the globe; pouring even the most oblivious crannies of their hearts out; to express nothing else but Immortal love,

The day brought alongwith it; the most fervently unhindered breathing of the year; an extraordinary feeling of accomplishment pounding the intricate chest; of stepping into new dimensions of flamboyant daylight,

And although you might ardently desire for it to be every day of the beautiful year. But sadly; it would still continue to remain the most enviable bachelor; unfurling only just once every single year. Such was the magic of tantalizing magical and perpetually single; 31st December.

27. A DEATH MORE INCARCERATING

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the walls of my stomach didn't crave for a single morsel of succulently bountiful food; even for an infinite indefatigably painstaking of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the whites and blacks of my eye didn't crave for a single globule of compassionately celestial moisture; even for an infinite limitlessly acerbic of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my intricate veins didn't crave for a single pinch

of poignantly crimson blood; even for an infinite boundlessly treacherous of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the periphery of my lips didn't crave for a single innuendo of blissful smile; even for an infinite unsurpassably satanic of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the hollows of my ears didn't crave for a single trace of euphoric sound; even for an infinite uncouthly divesting of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the periphery of my bones didn't crave for a single horizon of strength; even for an infinite salaciously lambasting of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the trajectory of my cheeks didn't crave for a single triumphant blush; even for an infinite ominously debilitating of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the soles of my feet didn't crave for a single cushion of ebullient grass; even for an infinite indiscriminately crippling of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the curvatures of my untamed nails didn't crave for a single uninhibitedly ardent itch; even for an infinite hedonistically massacring of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the passageways of my throat didn't crave for a single ounce of water; even for an infinite tyrannically devastating of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my armpits didn't crave for a single trickle of enchantingly golden sweat; even for an infinite unstoppably penalizing of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my eyelashes didn't crave for a single feather of fantastically unbridled sensuousness; even for an infinite unceasingly slandering of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my tongue didn't crave for a single jet of tantalizingly emphatic saliva; even for an infinite brutally asphyxiating of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my majestic manhood didn't crave for a single draught of spell binding fertility; even for an infinite parasitically obsolete of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my strangulated nostrils didn't crave for a single breath of unlimitedly mesmerizing freshness; even for an infinite diabolically slaying of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the jagged outlines of my teeth didn't crave for a single wholeheartedly reinvigorating bite; even for an infinite disparagingly oblivious of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if the apertures of my hindside didn't crave for a single symbiotically ameliorating expurgation; even for an infinite traumatically castigated of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my heart didn't crave for a single beat of unassailably fructifying love; even for an infinite tawdrily truculent of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my conscience didn't crave for a single horizon of everlastingly blessed righteousness; even for an infinite violently unsparing of my lifetimes,

It seemed nothing odd to me; if my soul didn't crave for a single beam of optimistically enlightened peace; even for an infinite dolorously pulverizing of my lifetimes,

But if the fathomless realms of my brain didn't crave for immortally bestowing poetry even for an infinitesimal single second; I perished to an end more ghastly than the most forlornly flagrant of hell; a death which was more sadistically incarcerating; than an infinite of an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

28. PEOPLE MORE CRIMINAL THAN HIM.

What kind of a person must he be; indiscriminately trampling even the most infinitesimal trace of civilization that dared come his cadaverous way?

What kind of a person must he be; exuding countless tumblers of wastrel spit; upon the divinely impeccable contours of his father and inimitably venerated mother?

What kind of a person must he be; ruthlessly asphyxiating even the last breath of the fetus in the godly mothers womb; just because it was of a pristinely blessed girl?

What kind of a person must he be; sadistically brewing up only human brains on his treacherously satanic stove; to mollify every ingredient of his hunger for the brilliantly sweltering day and sweet-dish for the remainder of the sinister night?

What kind of a person must he be; gorily selling his mother and daughters for parsimonious wads of money; just in order that he bathed and slept in tubs of tawdrily decrepit sleaze and wine?

What kind of a person must he be; perpetually perpetuating a gunshot straight through the skull; at the slightest insinuation of denial?

What kind of a person must he be; uncouthly annihilating even the most evanescent trace of forest and enchanting wildlife; to erect robotic coffins of the politician on the foundation of pricelessly innocent blood?

What kind of a person must he be; timelessly praying solely for the wholesome destruction of every element of victorious existence; psychotically licking the footprints of the hedonistic devil; till infinite infinity?

What kind of a person must he be; ghoulishly using cisterns of scarlet blood to cleanse even the most non-existent inane pore of his skin; after sacrilegiously eviscerating the same from countless celestial lives?

What kind of a person must he be; defecating the very last impediment in his tyrannically wanton bowels upon the countenance of jubilantly infallible truth; every unfurling instant of the day and murderous night?

What kind of a person must he be; ghastily crunching bones of innocuous living children into inconspicuous chowder; just to relieve the zanily diabolical itching in the corpse of his devilish teeth?

What kind of a person must he be; ignominiously condemning and ostracizing the rules of the Omnipresent Creator; barking every abuse in the dictionary towards the grace of the invincible Almighty Lord?

What kind of a person must he be; unrelentingly wanting to become the ultimate patriarch of the entire planet; at the cost of unceasing terror and abhorrently

fetid war?

What kind of a person must he be; bawdily plucking out the whites of every eye that he encountered in his lifetime; just to bizarrely play a game of lascivious marbles with the same and till endless eternity?

What kind of a person must he be; dementedly digging deeper and deeper into the corpse of dead living organisms; instead of proliferating into triumphantly astounding newness like the sacred mother soil?

What kind of a person must he be; demonically chopping the tongue of every old man and woman; just in order to uxoriously cleanse the squalid soles of his bohemian foot with the same?

What kind of a person must he be; whose sole mission in life was to wholesomely metamorphose every bit of resplendent truth into stinking lies; who interminably strived to snap the wings of immortal love forever and ever and ever?

What kind of a person must he be; ominously wanting to thrust the mask of delirious depression upon the first unfettered rays of the Omniscient Sun; overpower everything on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe; with the cannibalistic blackness of crime?

O.K, for a moment lets leave him aside. For people more criminal; people more diabolically perverted; people more psychotically preposterous were you; me; and everyone else on this boundless earth; who had time to crazily read; ardently write; inexhaustibly fantasize; intricately analyze all this as mentioned above about him; when we had much brilliantly effulgent things to do and relish in our lives; rather than bother about a man such as HIM and every of his lifeless kind.

29. I WRITE BECAUSE

I write to alleviate tumultuously bereaved humanity; impregnate optimistic beams of hope in the lives of all those miserably divested,

I write to unrelentingly explore the enchanting beauty of this gigantic Universe; bountifully assimilate all exotic goodness of the atmosphere in my wandering soul,

I write to give the most voluptuously poignant expression to words; churn majestic artistry out of even the most; inconspicuously threadbare,

I write to blissfully placate my turbulently asphyxiated soul; fulminate into astoundingly vibrant newness; every unfurling instant of the gloriously Sunlit day,

I write to exuberantly trigger the chords of my imagination to the most unprecedented limits; unleash a whirlpool of unfathomable discovery in every alphabet that I chiseled; with my very own blood,

I write to perpetually embrace the winds of seductive romance; titillate every devastatingly frigid arena of my visage; with the profusely irrevocable mysticism in the; vivid atmosphere,

I write to make every haplessly shattered organism on this fathomless planet; celestially unite in the uninhibitedly priceless wings of; scintillating humanity,

I write to ebulliently break the monotony of manipulative office; keep myself boundless kilometers away from; diabolically commercial and spuriously white collared business tycoons,

I write to wholesomely free the innocuously impeccable; from chains of barbaric slavery; and insanely tyrannical incarceration,

I write to wholeheartedly divulge the innermost of my feelings to this unending planet; walk shoulder to shoulder and with profound equanimity lingering in my crystalline eyes; abreast my comrades marching towards irrefutable righteousness,

I write to inculcate Herculean poignancy in my lackadaisical blood; unequivocally ensure that each element of my countenance; blazed ahead in the unparalleled ardor to lead euphoric life,

I write to eternally soar in the clouds of beautifully bestowing companionship; perennially unite with all those with a philanthropic conscience; with all those shedding even the last droplet of their blood for the sake of their sacrosanct motherland,

I write to handsomely relieve the unsurpassable dormitories of imagination in my brain; imparting them a cloudburst of enamoring shapes and panoramic forms,

I write to innocently relive the memories of immaculate childhood; stupendously cherish all those revered moments when I indefatigably flirted in the aisles of

mischievous; eventually interlocking myself in the lap of my mother; for times immemorial,

I write to ubiquitously commiserate with all humanity irrespective of caste; creed or color wonderfully alike; filter a path of supremely optimistic light; through every benign stanza of my verse,

I write to heavenly coalesce with my aboriginal rudiments; embark on a fabulous expedition to backtrack time; fantastically discovering the very first puff of breath from which I was born,

I write to majestically feel the breeze of togetherness; marvelously experience the empathy of all those with a symbiotically holistic soul; even though I stood disastrously alone,

I write to incessantly broaden my perspective about this enthralling earth; enshroud each iota of my bedraggled demeanor; with the everlasting spirit of timelessness,

I write to exhale incomprehensible tornados of air without the slightest of circumspection; so that the air regally entrapped in my penurious lungs; was ecumenically there for all to share,

I write to synergistically exist; execute my plethora of humanely activities; with the most gorgeously melodious dexterity; jubilantly absorbing even the gruesomely acrimonious chapters of mystical life,

Most importantly; I write because my heart wants me to; astoundingly proliferating into a mountain of tantalizing seduction; even as hell rained down from sky to forever lick the earth.

30. EVERY DAY IS A NEW DAY

Every day is a new day; bringing along with it overwhelming loads of happiness; and an unparalleled rhapsody to blissfully lead life,

Every day is a new day; unfurling into a rainbow of spell binding optimism; healing even the most inexplicably ghastly wounds of yesterday; with the flaming rays of the dazzlingly Omnipotent Sun,

Every day is a new day; vivaciously bouncing in the profoundly untamed spirit of existence; wholesomely shrugging your remorseful past into mists of obsolete

oblivion,

Every day is a new day; blooming with the fragrance of unconquerable humanity; incessantly transpiring you to philanthropically surge forward; to resplendently fulfil your humanitarian mission in life,

Every day is a new day; entirely disengaging your mind from the negative energies of the past; as the euphoric horizons of mesmerizing dawn; immaculately greeted the whites of your pristine eyes,

Every day is a new day; triumphantly maneuvering you towards the path of irrefutable righteousness; impregnating a jubilant sparkle in your stride; as the flowers blossomed ebulliently on the frolicking hills,

Every day is a new day; rendering you yet another chance to benevolently win over the gigantically insurmountable planet; with the waves of unprecedented love in your heart,

Every day is a new day; enlightening the lantern of miraculous freshness in every pathetically beleaguered bone of your body; unassailably ensuring that you handsomely confronted even the most devilishly insidious situation in the chapter of life,

Every day is a new day; profusely charming even the most dolorously deadened of your senses with the melodious chirp of the boisterous sparrow; filtering a path of unfathomable exuberance; on every step that you holistically tread,

Every day is a new day; beautifully alluring every frigidly hopeless pore on your skin; with compassionate beams of ardent belonging and princely togetherness,

Every day is a new day; fervently impressing upon you that life was patriotically endless; with each moment unveiling; sagaciously apprising you of its unsurpassably Omnipresent aura,

Every day is a new day; deluging your drearily staggering countenance with the unbelievably ecstatic melody in the atmosphere; celestially uplifting you from the dungeons of disparagingly ominous despair,

Every day is a new day; magnificently greeting you with an incomprehensible ocean of hope and emphatic excitement; making you bask in the essence of a harmoniously symbiotic existence,

Every day is a new day; magnanimously commiserating with all your traumatized anguish; perpetually ensuring that the rays of the divine; majestically caressed each quarter of your tumultuously bereaved soul,

Every day is a new day; stupendously enthralling you with its enamoring entrenchment of tireless proliferation; spawning a gorge of unrelenting enthusiasm on every puff of air that you embraced,

Every day is a new day; weaving its magically reinvigorating spell upon each ingredient of your blood disdainfully frozen under avalanches of bizarre commercialism; perpetuating you with supremely Omniscient power to; synergistically survive,

Every day is a new day; with the astounding network of colors in the cosmos not only soothing your extinguishing existence; but triggering you to mystically unravel into the spirit of vivid glory,

Every day is a new day; indefatigably breathing upon you the most grandiloquent elixir of life; flooding your nostrils with the scent of ravishing roses sprouting full throttle; in the fathomless valley,

Every day is a new day; guiding you on the path of impeccably scintillating truth; wholesomely snapping even the most diminutive fang of derogatory prejudice; from the realms of your innocuous conscience,

And every day is a new day; replenishing each beat of your traumatically anguished heart with enchanting love; immortally metamorphosing every wind of defeat that stared you hopelessly in your eyes; into the Sun of Omnipotent fearlessness.

31. SENSITIVITY

At times crowning as the most unassailably embellished prince; making me triumphant over all my uncouthly coldblooded adversaries,
While at times a devastating hurricane; pulverizing me mercilessly; to blend with inconspicuously threadbare dust.

At times insatiably propelling me to soar handsomely through the majestic clouds; wholesomely oblivious to anything else around,
While at times an evil sorceress; diabolically enshrouding every quarter of my mind; with irascibly vindictive hostility.

At times making me feel as if I was the richest organism alive; with all murderous manipulation on this planet having not the tiniest of space in my mesmerizing life,
While at times an indefatigable tornado of negativity; brutally crippling me towards the corridors of horrific oblivion; even before I could alight a single step.

At times heralding me as the ultimate conqueror and irrefutably unshakable emperor; with all enchanting beauty on this colossal planet; blissfully assimilating in the magnanimously stretched contours of my lap,
While at times an overwhelmingly ludicrous inferno of cowardice; forcing me to sleep in the shell of sequestered doom; for times immemorial.

At times incessantly urging me to surge forward in my mission of celestially exploring the entire Universe; melodiously bask in the glory of bountifully radiant Sunshine,
While at times heinously chopping both my arms and feet with the swords of fear; burying me infinite feet beneath my ghastly grace; although I was profoundly alive.

At times triggering me to fantasize beyond realms of magnificently tantalizing eternity; astoundingly titillating each nerve of my truculently anguished demeanor; with fireballs of vibrant compassion,
While at times ruthless excoriating apart my intricate; with tumultuously lambasting depression.

At times making me invincibly believe in my philanthropically unconventional conquests; wonderfully accepting the religion of mankind as the most unconquerable treasure,
While at times squelching me to insidious chowder; in perception of things which were simply non-existent; in cognizance of a satanic end that was never to be.

At times profusely enlightening me to sing euphorically with all goodness in the atmosphere; poignantly absorbing every element of rhapsody that existed in gregarious tandem; on the trajectory of this gigantic Universe,
While at times tyrannically whipping me left; right and center for ostensibly no fault of mine; transpiring me to conceive gruesome hell; even when I was in the midst of amiably spell binding paradise.

At times divinely relating to every iota of my mind; soul and righteous conscience; making me fulminate into an incredulously resplendent festoon of timelessness,
While at times treacherously imprisoning my uninhibitedly serene river of

priceless thought flow; with salacious chains of self inflicted misery; remorsefully torturing me till the absolute end of my time.

And at times illuminating each beat of my heart with the impregnable light of immortal love; making me ecumenically commiserate with all those; with even the most diminutive fraction of pain,
While at times hurling me towards the corpse of lecherous death every unfurling minute of the bloodstained night and the flamboyantly sweltering day;
abominably charring me to bark a countless deaths; was my sensitivity.

32. TWO WORDS OF LOVE

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives lying by the dilapidated gutters; and today they had blissfully mushroomed into unconquerable monarchs of the biggest corporate empires,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives insidiously languishing like an inconspicuous insect; and today they had blossomed into a bountifully beautiful flower; spreading their stupendous redolence; to even the most remotest corners of this devastated planet,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives stumbling incessantly even before they could alight a single foot; and today they had sprouted into the most impregnable kingdoms; of unbelievably Herculean strength,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives gruesomely submerged beneath a pile of mud and with trespassers uncouthly spitting upon their slaving skins; and today they had fructified into an unfathomable river of enchantingly everlasting melody,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives stagnating like insipid shit near the morbid graveyards; and today they had bloomed into an aristocratic empire of vibrantly unending prosperity,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives indefatigably begging on the obsolete streets; and today they had embedded their places irrefutably; upon the marvelously scintillating throne of charismatic strength,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives being tyrannically lambasted by nothing else but the most horrific of abuse; and today

they had silenced the entire Universe; with the unsurpassable power of their royal artistry,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives suffering devastatingly cursed defeat; and today they had triumphantly blazed through even the most obsolete corner of hell; regally embossing the impression of their unassailable superiority to far and wide across this planet,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives staring into despicably despondent nothingness; and today they had evolved a civilization of contemporarily invincible magic; on even the slightest of winds that they caressed,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives being an infinitesimally rotting shadow which more often than necessary disappeared into the corpse; and today they had added every glittering versatility to their; astounding repertoire of vibrant existence,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives as stray puddles of stinkingly impoverished water; and today they had pricelessly become the rain of vivaciously unrelenting charisma; for every bereaved patch of scorching earth,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives in savage destruction and abhorrent war; and today they had become the most miraculously revered surgeons of philanthropic justice; Omnisciently healing even the most inexplicably brutal of wounds,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives stealing fruits from the fields to placate their insurmountably hungry stomachs; and today they had boundless estates of their own; in which they uninhibitedly danced all night and day with the biscuits of; perpetually shimmering silver,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives hopelessly sleeping by the deserted dogs on the roads; and today they had become the most richest organisms on this planet; with even infinite hands proving a fraction too less to count their majestic gold,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives being ruthlessly orphaned and kicked by the conventionally murderous society; and today they had incredulously procreated a township of their own; an entrenchment in which everything reflected traces of their poignant blood,

There were some who had commenced the very first moments of their lives being subjected to vindictively diabolical curses; and today they had celestially inculcated the power to accurately prognosticate the future of countless on their fingertips; have the entire earth encapsulated in their impregnable shadow,

There were some who had commenced the very first moments of their lives wailing in traumatized anguish without their beloved; and today they had spectacularly spun a tale of seductive romance on every entity that confronted them; reigning supreme in the souls of one and all; alike,

There were some who had commenced the very first moments of their lives frantically gasping for even a pinchful of breath; and today they had risen to that level of unchallengable divinity; wherein the solution to any dilemma lay fragrantly entrenched in their mesmerizing palms,

And there were some like me; and believe me I am not ashamed the slightest to proclaims this; who had come on this God's sacred earth with not even a penny in their penurious pockets and with two words of love; and were profoundly proud to quit it whenever he wanted; again still without a penny in their penurious pockets; and with still two words of immortal love.

33. THE KEY TO LOVE

The key to clamber the steep slope of the mountain; was a knotted rope; blended with overwhelming spirit of adventure,

The key to drive a car; was articulate maneuvering of the steering wheel; along with gallons of golden gasoline,

The key to solve an enigmatic riddles; was flexing the brain to unsurpassable limits; and intense concentration,

The key to grow sumptuous grass on undulating expanse of land; was to sprinkle it with water and fertilizer,

The key to quench insatiable thirst; was to consume a glass of cool and revitalizing water,

The key to feel enlightened; was to stare unrelentingly in open space; sleep under the twinkling stars,

The key to becoming learned; was to grasp basic ingredients of mystical life;
keeping the ears open to prevailing sounds,

The key to overcoming gruesome blackness; was illuminating the atmosphere
with dazzling light,

The key to swim through choppy currents of the swirling ocean; was dexterous
movements of the hands and feet; compounded with exorbitant stamina,

The key to sketch the intricate silhouette of landscape; was articulate fingers;
adroitly molding the bristles of paintbrush,

The key to annihilating the venom in a snake; is ruthlessly snapping off its fangs,

The key to pelting showers of torrential rain; was an agglomerate of sinister
black clouds,

The key to procuring salubrious white eggs; was to rear a robust hen,

The key to controlling haphazard flow of traffic; was to scrupulously regulate the
timing of signals,

The key to produce mesmerizing tunes; was to tickle the vocal chords deep down
the throat; float wholesomely in a world of surreal fantasy,

The key to dancing traditionally; was to generate nimble strokes of the feet;
gyrating to the cadence of sound,

The key to an immaculately sparkling complexion; was diligently consuming fresh
fruits from the farm,

The key to cleanliness; was incorporating stringently in all; a sense of hygiene,

The key to combat vandalism; was to reinforce vacant arenas with formidable
security,

The key to blissful relaxation; was easing cumbersome tensions from the brain;
reinvigorating it with perfume,

The key to stay perpetually happy; was to smile; profoundly appreciate the
newness of nature,

The key to winning marathon sprints; was exerting the muscles of chest and legs to tumultuous capacity,

The key to unprecedented success in life; is an overwhelming desire to achieve; followed by hard work,

And the key to perennial love; was listening to the inner most tunes of throbbing heart; implementing the same to manifest them into reality.

34. LASTING IMPRESSION

The plain cow milk steaming on the stove looked pretty bland; with infinite bubbles emanating from its persona,
However the color of the liquid; with the blend of surplus vitamins impregnated left in my mind a lasting impression.

The tapered blades of ceiling fan appeared quite ordinary; with a series of inconspicuous blemishes adorning the same,
However the exuberant draughts of air it generated; transforming the blazing atmosphere into one with sedative cool; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The branches of the colossal oak tree looked rustic and indigenous with century old corrugations protruding from its exteriors,
However clusters of green leaves sprouting from its body; and the vivacious squirrels clambering its surface; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The thunderclouds in the sky appeared dangerously ominous; casting a diabolical look on the earth,
However voraciously pelting droplets of rain; accompanied with streaks of silver lightning; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The beer in the cylindrical bottle looked like any ordinary liquid; with its plum color not attracting paramount attention,
However the exhilaration that occurred after consuming it; the umpteenth fantasies that revolved incessantly; left in my mind a lasting impression.

Swarms of bees in the hive appeared disillusioning; buzzing with discordant cacophony at unprecedented heights from the ground,
However the nectar oozing from their diminutive bodies; the sharpness of their sting; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The serrated skin alligator in the river waters looked supremely menacing; with its gigantic teeth ready to pulverize innocent bones to chowder,
However the kingly fashion in which it slithered on the slippery mud; the agility with which it swam in water; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The rusty iron nail extruding from the mundane wall appeared disdainful and disparaging; with innumerable crusts of skin peeling off,
However the tenacity it exerted against the brick; its capacity to join pieces of loose wood; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The pigeons soaring high in the clouds didn't grab much attention; as they ubiquitously inhabited every nook and cranny of the globe,
However the dexterity with which they managed to stay airborne; their occasional bouts of melodious chirping; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The cars traversing the streets looked like robotic monsters polluting the air; with their wailing horns disrupting the stillness in the atmosphere,
However the swashbuckling speeds at which they traveled; the intricate imprints they left on wet mud; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The multiple hair broomstick lying solitary on the stony ground appeared full of remorse; with all those passing kicking it vehemently,
However the tones of dust it cleaned from cloistered interiors of the dilapidated room; the sparkling complexion that it imparted to the ordinary floor; left in my mind a lasting impression.

The bell hovering low from the dome shaped roof looked like it needed fresh coats of paint; partially obscuring the view of the omniscient Creator,
However the jingling sound it produced when struck; the mystical reverberation that occurred as an aftermath; left in my mind a lasting impression.

And scores of children I visited in the orphanages appeared quite bedraggled; with sticky mucus flowing rampantly from their eyes and ears,
Blatant streaks of dirt lining their faces; torn rags embellishing their impoverished demeanor,
However the innocence in their immaculate eyes; the boisterousness in their voice; and their vigor to fight against all impediments; left in my mind a lasting impression.

35. EXTRACTIONS

I extracted curd from pure cows milk; after sequestering it for marathon hours

from light,

I extracted stupendously sweet honey from catacomb beehives; after adroitly wading the stinging bees away,

I extracted scintillating pearls from the corrugated oyster shell; after fetching the same from fathomless depths of the ocean,

I extracted poignant salt powder from the sea; after stringently drying the water under the dazzling sun,

I extracted succulent fruits from the towering tree; after many years of planting its inconspicuous seed,

I extracted royal skin from the ominous persona of leopard; after decimating his long whiskered body,

I extracted crystalline water from the belly of earth; after digging to unsurpassable distances below the ground,

I extracted lethal poison from the slithering reptile; after severing its hideous pair of toxic fangs,

I extracted tones of stench and prurient debris; after profoundly squeezing the skin of a rotten vegetable,

I extracted a plethora of hidden insinuations; after attentively listening to the bureaucrat's flowery speech,

I extracted a bountiful ocean of redolence; after assembling a cluster of lilies in the flower vase,

I extracted robust supply of air completely encompassing the squalid room; after I merely caressed the conventional plastic switch labeled as fan,

I extracted compact cubes of triangular ice; after wholesomely freezing the large pitcher of water lying solitary on the slab,

I extracted gold from mundane land cultivating a fleet of crops on it; after onerously digging the soil with my gleaming pickaxe,

I extracted naked electricity from loosely dangling wires; after touching them

with my profoundly wet hands,

I extracted a battalion of brilliant rays from the sun; after unrelentingly staring at it for several minutes,

I extracted sparkling foam from the rotund bar of soap; after vigorously kneading it into fine lather with my bohemian palms,

I extracted scores of raw minerals from the gargantuan body of rock; after delving deep and distantly far into its crevices,

I extracted loads of uninhibited love from my mother; after taking birth from her sacrosanct womb,

I extracted unparalleled empathy from my beloved; after making her the one and only queen of my heart,

And I extracted an omnipotent spirit to exist from life; after having being bestowed upon the form of a human; inhaling gallons of fresh air; by the divine Creator.

36. HEARTS

The heart of crystalline egg shell; lies in life bestowing yellow yolk,

The heart of a fortified brick wall; lies in the amalgamated stone,

The heart of slippery spider; lies in satiny threads of its web,

The heart of tubular body bone; lies in amounts of calcium it impregnates,

The heart of colossal ocean; lies in the intense fervor of salt it possesses,

The heart of humming bee; lies in sumptuous stacks of honey inhabiting the apiary,

The heart of a thoroughbred stallion; lies in its majestically muscled angular leg,

The heart of a tortoise; lies in obdurate covering of its shell,

The heart of an automobile; lies in its proficiency to adeptly brake,

The heart of a postman; lies in philanthropic bundles of letter's awaiting to be delivered,

The heart of a venomous mosquito; lies in frugal vials of sting circulating through its persona,

The heart of a light bulb; lies in bare currents of electricity regulating its radiance,

The heart of brackish mud; lies in its prowess to produce fertile crop,

The heart of succulent grass; lies in profound coatings of chlorophyll imparted by sun,

The heart of a four poster bed; lies in silken sponge which can instill celestial siesta,

The heart of golden butter; lies in unprecedented calories secretly imprisoned,

The heart of the inflated python; lies in its invincible power to strangulate innocent prey,

The heart of shabbily attired clouds; lies in gallons of rain about to plummet down,

The heart of scintillating stone; lies in its transparency under brilliant rays of light,

The heart of the iron clad sailing ship; lies in its dogmatic vigor to wade through stormy waters,

The heart of a tribal cow; lies in freshly extracted pails of virgin milk,

The heart of eloquent speech; lies in the fleshy organ of tongue encompassed by mouth,

The heart of ravishing food; lies in flatulence that inevitably develops a few seconds after consumption,

The heart of a famished dog; lies in piquant slices of raw meat,

The heart of a musician; lies solely in the mesmerizing cadence of voice,

The heart of a fanatic lover; lies captivated by the person he adores,

The heart of a tall edifice; lies in the stolidity of its deep dug foundation,

The heart of the jungle; lies in the enigmatic river trespassing through its interiors,

The heart of the nightingale; lies in enchanting tunes emanating from its beak,

The heart of the mountain; lies in gigantic tunnels embedded with boisterous lava,

The heart of unsolicited beauty; lies in supreme simplicity,

The heart of the diabolical demon; lies in clusters of his menacing teeth,

And the heart of all humans lies in; sources of opulence; the person whom they love;
and the deity they ardently worship.

37. DANCE

The foliage of leaves embossed on the maple tree; danced to turbulent currents of air,

The intricate hands of timepiece; danced coherently with the unwinding of machinery,

The crisp sheets of bonded paper; danced frivolously to the scribbling with writing pen,

The placid demeanor of river water; danced sumptuously to vociferous inputs from floating ships,

The rusty grey persona of the innocuous donkey; danced in indignation when deliberately kissed by cigarette butt,

The succulent fruits high up in the tree; danced in passionate zeal when struck with torrential draughts of rain,

The obnoxiously slimy body of tadpole; danced nimbly in fresh ponds of

monsoon water,

A plethora of cold blooded criminals victimized common man; danced
unrelentingly to fat pads of printed currency,

Scores of fragrant roses on the sprawling landscapes; danced when visited upon
by the humming bee,

The abhorrent caricature of the wall lizard; danced tantalizingly when it
witnessed helpless insects in close proximity,

The translucent fountains of water; danced in enchantment when struck with a
myriad of opalescent color,

The network of cable wires dangling at unprecedented heights in the air; danced
in submission when fed with sumptuous amounts of white electricity,

The crystal shard of transparent glass; danced with exuberance when shown
illusions of ravishing beauty,

A group of youngsters at the ostentatious disco; danced with boisterous energy
after consuming barrels of intoxicating liquor,

The battalion of soldiers clad in neat uniform, danced in organized synchrony as
patronizing rhymes diffused from the loud speaker,

Infinite souls; danced in solitary confinement even years after the person was
buried,

The fleet of birds danced tenaciously; high up in the clouds; when granted
impetus by vibrant pouches of breeze,

The prisoner held captive in jail; danced with spurts of anguish when whipped by
a belt dipped in onion curry,

The animate and inanimate existing; danced onerously in front of God; to get
reprieve from tumultuous sorrow,

And I danced sporadically to tunes emanating from my heart; with mesmerizing
impressions of the girl I loved at close quarters from my face.

38. THROUGH THE CORNER OF MY EYE

The palace looked enchanting like a festoon of blossoming flowers; blended profusely with shimmering lights,
It however appeared blurred and incoherently hazy; when I attempted to see it through the corner of my eye.

The celestial moon in the sky looked like an animate ocean of white pearls,
The same appeared distorted; with slim outlines of ashen grey, when I inadvertently attempted to sight it through the corner of my eye.

The compact sedans traversing city streets; looked like silver fish in the sea with silken grace,
They however appeared like fading mirages; disappearing into a whirlwind of obnoxious dust, when I tried to visualize them through the corner of my eye.

The waterfall cascading down the mountain slope; looked stupendous; with a mesmerizing sound emanating,
It however appeared like a stingy trickle of liquid this time; when I endeavored sighting it through the corner of my eye.

The statue on its pedestal in the city square looked tall and stringently domineering,
The same appeared thoroughly minuscule; utterly inconspicuous when I sighted it through the corner of my eye.

The hands of the grandfather clock; looked saliently clear and ticking with meticulous perfection,
However I had onerous difficulty deciphering the time; when I tried to picture the same through the corner of my eye.

The silhouette of ship floating on the ocean; looked like embossed with infinite number of ivory tusks,
I however had to strain my mind to entangle; whether it was a ship or a boat, when I perspired seeing it through the corner of my eye.

Her magnanimous persona; seemed to radiate waves of indispensable love; looked like an innocuous fairy having descended from the sky,
And let me say this explicitly friends; that it appeared all the more profound; exquisitely glorious, this time when I tried to sight her through the corner of my eye.

39. A LITTLE BIT OF

A little bit of water to quench my thirst; pacifying smoldering flames in my throat,

A little bit of cloth encapsulating my shriveled demeanor; offering me warmth,

A little bit of shoe covering my chapped feet; facilitating me to execute handsome strides,

A little bit of chocolate rum; to impregnate my body with warmth in shivering cold,

A little bit of stone roof over my head; shielding me from the acerbic sun and pelting rain,

A little bit of hair on my scalp; cushioning my bones from body blows of the iron bludgeon,

A little bit of pungent chili in my mouth; tingling dormant zones of my palette,

A little bit of car to roam about uninhibited; gliding enigmatically through winding lanes of the valley,

A little bit of sunshine filtering through the window; stringently fumigating forlorn memories of the past,

A little bit of steam bath at dawn; reinvigorating exhausted muscles of my body,

A little bit of silver watch wound on my wrist; incessantly highlighting the exact time of the day,

A little bit pencil lead in my hands; prompting me to inundate barren sheets of paper with literature,

A little bit of tear in my crystal eyes; portraying a plethora of effusive emotions,

A little bit of entangled rope; on which I could vigorously roll and swing,

A little bit of sweat dribbling down my chest; revealing signs of exhilaration,

A little bit of greenery besieging my vision; catapulting me into waves of ecstatic jubilation,

A little bit of slimy reptile in my arms; cuddling me with its enchanting charm,

A little bit of camera slung over my shoulder; capturing innumerable objects in proximity,

A little bit of moonshine infiltrating through my skin; accentuating its radiance and
supple complexion,

A little bit of cream butter to smear on roasted bread; to savor the pinnacle of appetizing taste,

A little bit of leather riveted to my hands; enabling me to punch my fists in air,

A little bit of agility in my legs; helping me clamber the steep mountain,

A little bit of tinted glass camouflaging my eye; obliterating my vision from acrid rays of the sun,

A little bit of unscrupulous joke; provoking me to burst into unrestrained pools of laughter,

A little bit of stuffed cotton quilt; for me to blissfully sleep in the treacherous night,

A little bit of blessing from the creator; to assist me in versatile arenas of my life,

And a little bit of love; from the girl I intensely loved,

Is all that I needed to rekindle my soul; making me feel I was wholesomely alive.

40. THEY DIDN'T SPARE ME EVEN AFTER MY DEATH

When I was just born; witnessing the first rays of brilliant dawn,
swinging innocuously in my rustic cradle; with intricate bells jingling over
my forehead,
they asked me whether I wanted honey or frosty milk.

When I grew a little older; crawling onerously on my spongy pair of feet,
crying effusively; emitting volatile tears from my cheek,

They asked me whether; I wanted a toy; embracing and hoisting me high in their arms.

When I started going to school; voraciously pedaling my dilapidated bicycle,
Chewing my crimson colored lips; which superbly blended with my babyish white tinge,
They asked me insistently; about the marks I had secured in my arithmetic paper.

When I scrupulously passed high school; passing with exorbitant marks in a plethora of subjects,
The surreal days of childhood; now an evanescent memory of the past,
They asked me the arenas I was going to specialize; trying to decode my aptitude towards life.

When I transited to realms of youth; with impetuous blood circulating in slender veins,
Bulging muscles protruding from the flimsy fabric of my knitted shirt,
They asked me; the ways and indispensable means to perspire in the Sun and earn.

When I procreated a battalion of progeny of my own,
Devoting infinite hours of the day; catering to their boisterous demands,
They asked me; whether the children were mine or did I adopt them.

When I acquired the form of an old man; with grizzly hair encompassing my scalp,
An ocean of bones drooping in my body; with gaping holes clearly visible as I blatantly opened my mouth,
They asked me; how much I had achieved in the tenure of my life,
Trying to test reserve levels of my prevailing endurance.

And eventually when I departed for my heavenly abode; succumbing to perils of old age,
The amalgamate of supple flesh and bones in my body; reduced to sacrosanct ash,
They mercilessly asked the cause of my death; the amount of affluence I had accumulated and now safely stored.

41. SILENT SPECTATORS

They polluted the atmosphere with obnoxious gas; toxic sprays of repulsive

insecticide,
Hunted for treasured species dense foliage of the jungle; ruthlessly chopping
animate green that confronted their way,
The cluster of immaculate trees; observed the proceedings in mute silence as
silent spectators.

They marauded the sapphire ocean with tankers full of deplorable crude oil,
Disrupted the synchrony of ocean bed by traversing through monstrous
submarines,
Scores of fish; blissful coral; watched the tyranny unleash as silent spectators.

They whipped innocuous people with thorny belts; making them cry and
profusely bleed,
Snatched indispensable morsels of food from the miserably afflicted,
The siblings of the same; watched the strokes of rampant vandalism on their
parents as silent spectators.

They uprooted her nest from snuggled interiors and dark corners,
Made a travesty of her eggs; banging the shell hard with the obdurate ground,
The mother bird welled up tears in her eyes; and that was all she could;
watching her dreams crumble to ashes as a silent spectator.

They planted lethal explosives in its core,
Bombing the undulating colossal structure; for mining gold coin,
Splinters of mud erupted along with the bare skin of wandering sheep,
And the gargantuan mountain watched its destruction as a silent spectator.

They spit saliva blended with red betel on his legs,
Made lewd comments; supplemented with a volley of expletives as they passed
him,
The statue of the revered historian; stared helplessly at the miscreants as a
silent spectator.

The lady took bizarre steps to assassinate it,
Consumed the most poisonous of drugs to annihilate its possible trace,
The infant yet to be born; watched the brutal proceedings in its mothers womb;
as a silent spectator.

She plotted ingenious ways and means to leave me,
Rebuked me contemptuously in front of hordes of people,
I knew I was penalized for no fault of mine; and I watched her tumultuous anger
explode as a silent spectator.

There is no power more stronger than the omnipotent Creator,
It is indeed he who chalks out our destiny to unfold,
All we can do is attempt our very best; to diligently fulfill our quota of responsibilities,
The best we can do to help the impoverished; and watch the rest happen as silent spectators.

42. EVOLUTION

Every minuscule bud projecting from fertile clay; evolved into a fragrant flower;
intensely spreading its ravishing aroma,
When sprinkled regularly with bountiful water blended in commensurate proportions of cow manure.

Every mystical star sighted in the cosmos; evolved gradually into the opalescent moon,
When perceived with a perpetual vision; amalgamating the entire sky in the condensed silhouette of whiteness.

Every bare brick coated with flimsy sand; evolved painstakingly into the monumental building,
When stacked dexterously forming a tall structure; slapped vigorously with fillings of piquant paint.

Every egg impregnated with yolk; evolved assiduously into an innocuous fledgling,
When provided conducive amounts of heat by its mother; nourished in entirety by her blood.

Every hillock of silver sand; evolved into the mammoth mountain with steep valleys,
When the mighty wind deposited a conglomerate of mud and debris on a daily basis; thereby changing complexion of the inconspicuous pile.

Every wave of the tiny river; gradually evolved into the gigantic ocean,
As it onerously flowed confronting a plethora of bulky branches and stone; finally linking with the frosty ocean.

Every bit of tentative fish floating insipidly in the sea; evolved after several years into the preposterously huge whale,
As it unrelentingly fed on a relishing meal of coral and sea weed; basked for

marathon hours in full light of the radiant Sun.

Every chimpanzee inhabiting the dense forests; evolved after infinite years into man;
After undergoing dramatic metamorphosis; learning to acclimatize with the civilized society.

Every drizzle of water trickling from the sky; sequentially evolved into thunderous rain,
With accentuated accumulation of ominous black clouds;
provoking the assemblage to pelt down in fury.

And every bit of hatred residing on this earth; eventually evolved into perpetual love,
When dealt with tumultuous passion and unbiased love; a philanthropic attitude to care.

43. HUMAN GOD

He who recognizes the fertility of land; by mere caress of the strewn soil,
Smelling the scent emanating as he tramples the mud; is indeed a true farmer.

He who recognizes burglars; by simply looking straight in their eye,
Intricately reading their jugglery of body movement; complexion of their brutal face; is a true policeman.

He who comprehends the arrival of a cyclonic storm; by the rise and fall of sea waves,
The turbulent clouds obliterating the stars; gusty draughts of wind blowing; is a true sailor.

He who can perceive the entire structure of the grandiloquent building; without even constructing it,
By articulately sketching its labyrinth of outlines; is a true architect.

He who can explicitly understand the disease of an individual; without asking him to divulge his lengthy background,
By innocuously touching his pulse; is a true doctor.

He who can confidently proclaim the denomination of a currency note; without seeing a trace of it with the eye,
By scrupulously feeling its texture; weighing its body; is a true businessman.

He who can write voraciously at all times of the day; without a luxurious ambience of rain and tropical forest,
Tumultuously exercising dormant arenas of his invincible brain; is a true writer.

He who can dive head on in the fathomless valley; bereft of a parachute strapped on his back,
Gleefully gliding down whispering sedately to the floating birds; is a true adventurer.

He who can fight the greatest of war without a sword; conquering the mightiest with prowess of his speech,
Pacifying the most pugnacious by his benevolent ideas; is a true warrior.

He who spreads his entangled net in deep water; going abysmally far inside the sea,
Encountering acerbic waves and swirling storms; is a true fisherman.

He who sends the leather ball whistling past the fence; astronomical distances into the spectator stands; by the silken caress of his bat,
Running onerously on the field; bolstering the spirit of his team; is a true cricketer.

He who recites his dialogues without actually mugging them; speaking with tremendous empathy in his eyes,
Blended with loads of charisma in his demeanor; an ingratiating ability to captivate audiences; is a true actor.

He who innovates a plethora of incredible formulae; without referring to the rules and bulky manuscripts,
Adhering to ingenuous concepts nurtured in his brain; is a true scientist.

He who can sketch mesmerizing shades of nature; synchronized patterns of human beings,
Without actually getting a chance to confront them; with a mediocre looking pencil; is a true artist.

He who can detect the problem in an automobile; by simply listening to the whirring of its engine,
Without peeping into its interior crevices; testing its spark; is a true mechanic.

He who can predict our future meticulously without knowing our date of birth;

the exact time we were born,
By simply glancing at our face; without reading the lines embossed in our palms;
is a true astrologer.

And he who can understand pain and overwhelming affliction; intense anguish of
the bereaved,
The tyranny of being mutilated; sleepless nights of the destitute without
consuming adequate food; helping such people achieve their goals; is a true
human GOD.

44. IF YOU BELIEVED

If you believed in the sweetness of royal pudding,
It's because of decayed yellow sour cream.

If you believed in blissful meadows of lush green grass,
It's because of barren landscapes scorching in the tumultuous fury of the sun.

If you believed in hi- tech computers with a plethora of software chips,
It's because of the onerous task of scribbling on sheets of jute paper.

If you believed in rich milk extracted from cow teats,
It's because of the obnoxious odor inhabiting barrels of canned milk.

If you believed in luxury sedans traversing with silken grace,
It's because of the aching feet rendered sore due the onset of age.

If you believed in holistic sunlight filtering through your skin pores,
It's because of disease breeding in an ambience of ghastly darkness.

If you believed in crisp notes of dollar currency,
It's because of intractable woes of misery and starvation to death.

If you believed in dancing to pulsating beats of country music,
It's because of the tension that encapsulates you while lying solitary.

If you believed in consuming blood red apple juice,
It's because of dreary exhaustion sapping exuberance from your brain.

If you believed in bathing in torrential rain tumbling down,
It's because of the claustrophobic showers projecting from the bathroom rail.

If you believed in inhaling the fresh scent of moistened earth,
It's because of the bountiful smoke drifting in atmosphere.

If you believed in laughing all night long,
It's because of the saline tears that poured incessantly down your cheek.

If you believed in the ergonomic interiors of your cane roof house,
It's because of bitter currents of cold you encountered on the streets.

If you believed in pursuing the quest for education,
It's because of tags of stigmatic tags of illiteracy riveted to your persona.

If you believed in cruising on the grandiloquent ship,
It's because of fear of drowning in unfathomably deep waters of the ocean.

If you believed in sipping black cocktail drinks from crystal mugs,
It's because of unseething agony that grips your heart.

If you believed in adorning the wrists with a sports watch,
It's because of insecurity generated when oblivious to time.

If you believed sleeping like a demon all throughout the vigils of winter night,
It's because of the overwhelming work that awaits your anatomy the succeeding day.

If you believed in loving someone with all your heart and soul,
It's because of meaningless existence that divests all purpose in life.

If you believed in cool waves of air leaking from the air conditioner,
It's because of blistering waves of heat striking you left, right, and center.

If you believed in placid light of the opalescent moon,
It's because of blinding rays of the peninsula of Sun.

If you believed in benevolent goodness that exists,
It's because of volatile outbursts of violent crime.

If you believed in immaculate anecdotes of truth,
It's because of insatiable deception camouflaging the world.

If you believed in youth bustling with euphoric fervor,
It's because of perils that come uninvited in realms of old age.

And if you believed in the supreme aura of sacrosanct Godhead,
It's simply because of the gruesome devil.

45. BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

between the ominous Black clouds and the earth; there lies enchanting breeze
placidly cooling the atmosphere,

Between wholesome pitch darkness and brilliant Sunlight; there lies the
mesmerizing evening; passionately awaiting the night,

Between the summit of colossal mountain and the dusty roads; there lies the
delectably gurgling waterfall; dissipating into silken froth,

Between the mammoth tusked elephant and the minuscule ant; there lies the
innocuous rabbit; playing hide and seek amidst the labyrinth of bushes,

Between the bombastic Mercedes and the threadbare tricycle; there lies a bike;
zipping past the landscapes at lightening speeds,

Between the transparent mirror and mounds of abominable coal; there lies
murky coins of silver; incarcerating all in vicinity with their mystical spell,

Between the stupendously exotic rose and the infinitesimal granules of free soil;
there lies nimble blades of grass; voraciously tickling trespassers with their
tantalizing tendrils,

Between the obstreperously screeching train and the perpetually silent valley;
there lies the bubbling river; granting substantial reprieve from the agony of
sweltering Sun,

Between hostile thorns of cactus and the sweet curry of pulverized sugar; there
lies the robust apple imparting a voluptuous flavor the instant you masticated it,

Between the profusely embellished statue and heap of fetid garbage; there lies
the succulent coconut with a pool of tangy water impregnated in its womb,

Between the grandiloquent castle and the shoddily attired iron drainpipe; there
lies the seaside hut; with waves of the ocean sporadically against its windows,

Between the melodiously singing nightingale and the discordantly wailing

mosquito; there lies the sly fox; whistling harmoniously in open space,

Between the pot bellied giant and the inconspicuous infant; there lies the impetuous youngster; euphorically wandering around,

Between the bird soaring astronomically high and the slithering lizard; there lies the opalescent butterfly flirtatiously fluttering its wings,

Between impeccable truth and nefarious evil; there lies the mischievous monkey playing pranks to appease mankind,

Between the sanctimoniously rich and the bedraggled beggar; there lies the common man; trying to struggle every unleashing minute for existence,

Between garish velvet and immaculate fibers of white; there lies the grey squirrel; frantically trying to search its burrow before Sunset,

Between immortal love and superficial hatred; there lies philanthropic friendship; propagating its essence far and wide,

And between new born life and perilously old death; there lie sweet experiences; which add color to living; a dynamic vibrancy to breath.

46. THERE WAS NOTHING LIKE OFFICE

There was nothing like stink; in the dictionary of the rose; blossoming in the mesmerizing ambience of the valley,

There was nothing like cowardice in the dictionary of the lion; roaring its way thunderously through the dense outgrowths of the jungle,

There was nothing like adulteration in the dictionary of the gushing stream; cascading down the pristine slopes of the gorgeous mountain,

There was nothing like pessimism in the dictionary of the Sun; inundating every spot of earth with blistering rays and dazzling shine,

There was nothing like stain in the dictionary of the eraser; as it ruthlessly annihilated every blemish that it came across and caressed,

There was nothing like color in the dictionary of milk; as it oozed out impeccably white from the teats of the mother,

There was nothing like laziness in the dictionary of the clock; as it ticked diligently; without gasping the slightest for breath all round the clock,

There was nothing like dryness in the dictionary of the clouds; as they showered unrelentingly; flooding scorching mass of sand with heavenly water,

There was nothing like pandemonium in the dictionary of the valley; as it reverberated its echoes sonorous and clear; piercing every nook and cranny of the atmosphere,

There was nothing like sleep in the dictionary of the owl; as it incorrigibly kept awake all night; without batting its eyelids the slightest,

There was nothing like straightness in the dictionary of a dog; as it inevitably kept curling its tail; as hard as you might try and compress it,

There was nothing like euphoria in the dictionary of a yawn; as it was a perennial indication of a person to blissfully close his eyes; snore and sleep,

There was nothing like freezing in the dictionary of the fire; which leapt in handsome flames to try and sizzle the cosmos,

There was nothing like weakness in the dictionary of the boxer; whose swollen fists; craved inexorably to drill a hole through the wall,

There was nothing like bragging in the heart of a humanitarian; whose sole purpose in life was to uplift the downtrodden society,

There was nothing like empathy in the tears of the corrupt politician; who simply cried to gain votes and sympathy of the masses,

There was nothing like manipulation in the dictionary of the mother; as every word she uttered was in the benefit of her child,

There was nothing like devil in the dictionary of the temple; where sacrosanct bells kept ringing the essence of existence till eternity,

There was nothing like death in the dictionary of God; as he was immortal; guiding the destiny of all from the skies,

And there was nothing like office in the dictionary of my mind; as I was

overwhelmingly busy in composing poetry; engrossed in poetic fantasy and entirely oblivious to the vagaries of this mercenary world.

47. I CARE A DAMN ABOUT THIS WORLD

When I was poor and begging on the streets with my arms stretched; they said that I didn't have skill to earn money,

When I was fast asleep on the bed drowned in realms of exotic fantasy; they said that I was lazy and fit for nothing,

When I was walking at electric speeds through the lanes; they said that I a trifle too active; fidgeted about without any rhyme or reason,

When I was merrily eating breakfast; they said that I had a gargantuan appetite,

When I gallivanted mischievously on my bicycle; they said that I simply couldn't afford a car,

When I recited stanzas from the Shakespeare without stuttering the slightest; they said that I had consumed steroids,

When I donated mammoth sums of money for the betterment of the orphaned; they said that I had ulterior motives behind my chivalrous pretence,

When I diligently took bath thrice a day; they said that I was wasting precious water,

When I smiled sympathetically towards the destitute women; they said that I had lecherous intents,

When I danced in ecstatic jubilation; they said that I was polluting the atmosphere with my horrendous tunes,

When I inadvertently killed mosquitoes hovering around my eardrum; they said that I had committed gruesome murder,

When I inevitably sneezed in a cloud of obnoxious smoke; they said that I contaminated the ambience with my spit,

When I looked at my watch from time to time; waiting anxiously for my wife;

they said that I had maniacal tendencies,

When I blissfully read books on literature; they said that I was wasting and condemning precious time,

When I wrote volumes of poetry propagating the spirit of mankind; they said that I was a disdainful piece of burden on the surface of earth,

When I assiduously worked on the computer screen for hours on the trot; they said that I was thoroughly rebuking the pen,

When I boisterously swam in the ocean; they said that I was endangering the aquatic fish,

When I amicably patted my pet dog; they said that I had simply no sense of health and hygiene,

When I covered myself with a quilt to evade the freezing world; they said that I was a coward of the highest degree,

When I stared passionately at my beloved; they said that I had just been released
from the mental asylum,

When I sometimes spoke in innocent whispers; they said that I resembled a new born child,

When I lit a candle to pray to god; they said that I had deliberately broken the enchantment of the night,

When I commenced my journey towards the 100th floor of the building in the escalator; they said that I had no legs of mine at all,

When I sketched the enamoring shapes of the valley with my rustic paints; they said that I didn't possess the ability to write,

When I incessantly lay on the feet of my mother; they said that I was entirely oblivious to the vagaries of this world,

When I meticulously solved mind boggling puzzles of arithmetic; they said that I was very commercial minded,

When I sipped apple juice from the scintillating glass; they said that I stripped several others to satiate my hunger,

When I chewed my nails in raw nervousness; they said that I lacked all ethical values; belonged to the indigenous society,

When I cried vociferously; lamenting the loss of my beloved; they said that it simply a cover to sequester the fact that I had murdered her,

When I worked like a dog in office to achieve astronomical limits; they said that I was a workaholic completely disoriented from the spiritual world,

When I locked my house at night to guard my family against evil; they said that I lacked the virtue of being fearless,

When I fixed the tyre of my car after it had got punctured; they said that I looked like a mechanic,

When I shaved unruly strands of beard from my cheek at dawn; they said that I appeared like a shy girl,

When I hurled a volley of abuse at the thieves intimidating a priest; they said that I was ill-mannered and uncultured,

When I engulfed my forehead with a flabby cap in the peak of summer; they said that I was trying to hide my baldness,

When I went to the temple without wearing my shoes; they said that I didn't have the capacity to purchase one,

When I went to meditate blissfully in the heart of the jungle; they said that I had suddenly metamorphosed into an insane relic,

When I gulped pure and holistically radiant vegetable food; they said that I was trying to disrupt the eco-system,

When I spoke in the language prevalent in my country; they said that I profoundly castigated all other dialects,

When I enveloped my persona in a jet black shirt; they said that I had an aversion for impeccable white,

When I stood tall and domineering in the crowd; they said that I was being showing off and pretending to be bombastic,

When I clenched my teeth in supreme anger; they said that I was trying to display the color of my foreign toothpaste,

When I blew mystical whistles from my mouth; they said that I was trying to be cheeky with young maidens,

When I served milk to all the starved I encountered in the hutments; they said that I had blended poison in prolific quantities,

When I slept with my feet facing the opposite side of the church; they said that God resides everywhere,

When I expressed my philanthropic wish to donate blood; they said that the reason for my being so benign was because I had deadly aids,

When I transgressed barechested on the grass to relieve my overwhelming tension; they said that I suddenly become bankrupt,

When I procreated a battalion of children to continue the chapter of my existence; they said that I had indulged in licentious and sinful acts,

When I viewed images from the television at close quarters after my meals; they said that I was addicted to sleazy entertainment,

When I wore shimmering gemstones on my fingers to have an impact on my destiny; they said that I had furtively stolen them,

When I ploughed the soil onerously to sow food grains; they said that I was committing barbaric acts of brutalizing the soil,

When I passionately uttered I Love You with fire in my eyes; they said that I had memorized it several times from the contemporary textbooks,

No matter what I did; they always opposed me; even if I was irrefutably right and on the path to serve humanity; poking their noses ominously into my affairs; making my life worse than the island of hell every minute; and that's when I said to the Almighty

Lord; that I cared a damn about this world

48. YOU COULDNT BUY

You could purchase pair of teeth; but you couldn't buy their scintillating shine,

You could purchase a handsome tiger; but you couldn't buy his thunderous growl,

You could purchase a glamorous rose; but you couldn't buy its mesmerizing redolence,

You could purchase the entire valley; but you couldn't buy its unfathomable depth,

You could purchase a mammoth slab of ice; but you couldn't buy its frozen coolness,

You could purchase sprawling territories of sand; but you couldn't buy their sweltering heat,

You could purchase a cluster of opalescent striped nightingales; but you couldn't buy their enchanting voice,

You could purchase boundless meadows of grass; but you couldn't buy the coat of dew drops glistening on their surface,

You could purchase the sapphire blue dolphin; but you couldn't buy its rollicking leap,

You could purchase dexterously sculptured paintings; but you couldn't buy the artists mind,

You could purchase the colossal lake; but you couldn't buy the fish proliferating inside; every unleashing second,

You could purchase a pair of eyes from the eye bank; but you couldn't buy their emphatic rays,

You could purchase knotted fingers; but you couldn't buy the things they wrote,

You could purchase a sparkling jewel; but you couldn't buy the impact that it had on your destiny,

You could purchase a swanky car; but you couldn't buy the speeds at which it traversed,

You could purchase a slave; but you couldn't buy the uninhibited freedom of his thoughts,

You could purchase a woman; but you couldn't buy the love residing deep in her conscience,

You could purchase an idol of God; but you couldn't buy the omnipotent power it was capable of executing,

And you could purchase a heart; but you simply couldn't buy its violently palpitating beats; the overwhelming tenacity it had to grant new life.

49. WHO COULD HAVE EVER IMAGINED

Who could have ever imagined that the flower so redolent and fresh in the morning; would one day collapse towards the ground in a shriveled heap?

Who could have ever imagined that the grass so green and lush in bustling autumn; would resemble a ghastly brown in the middle of inclement winter?

Who could have ever imagined that the waves swirling vivaciously in the heart of the ocean; would be frigid streams of water as they reached the silver shorelines?

Who could have ever imagined that the poignant candle flames illuminating the atmosphere; would eventually die a cowardly death with the slightest of breeze?

Who could have ever imagined that the succulent fruit of raspberry; would gruesomely rot and decay in an ambience of dead straw?

Who could have ever imagined that the immaculate and crisp fabric of shirt in the morning; would develop a plethora of blotches after undergoing the tyranny of the day?

Who could have ever imagined that the profoundly scintillating chain of white silver; would one day evolve peels of deplorable rust?

Who could have ever imagined that the milk so revitalizing and tingling; would transit into bitter cream; after a few hours of exposure in stringent light?

Who could have ever imagined that the formidable fortress constructed of exquisite quality iron and mortar; would one day lie blended with the dust; after undergoing the aftermath of a devastating earthquake?

Who could have ever imagined that the cluster of teeth so scintillating and white at dawn; would transit their demeanor into a pallid yellow after consuming the first meal of the day?

Who could have ever imagined that the crystalline gurgling stream cascading down mountain slopes in the peak of monsoon; would be a mere trickle of its original self in acerbic heat of summer?

Who could have ever imagined that crimson blood circulating rampantly through the veins; would metamorphose itself into a colorless liquid; when struck with deadly cancer?

Who could have ever imagined that the appetizing slice of toast dipped in mesmerizing marmalade; would transform into a lackluster chunk of bread; after marathon time of proximity with the mosquitoes?

Who could have ever imagined that the jungle looking so enchanting in daylight; would be a ghastly black soon after stars appeared in the firmament of sky?

Who could have ever imagined that the luxury sedan embodied with glistening interiors and lightening speeds; would be deserted on the solitary pavement; squelched to threadbare junk after the gruesome accident?

Who could have ever imagined that the eyes so exuberant and lively in the morning; would become overwhelmingly dreary and blurred; as nightfall strangled the light in entirety?

Who could have ever imagined that stupendously melodious tunes of music emanating from the throat; would after a while become discordantly appalling when the vocal chords were exhausted?

Who could have ever imagined that sparkling and transparent patches of sky; would wholesomely lose their entity; after being inundated with ominous clouds; suddenly without any sort of prior notice?

And who could have ever imagined that man so robust and bustling in youthful fervor; would one day lie buried in his corpse; waiting for the Creator to recreate

him again?

50. REPLACEMENTS

If bricks in the edifice were replaced by inflated balloons,
The colossal structure would tumble down on earth; like a pack of soft plastic
cards.

If acerbic blades of the ceiling fan were; replaced with satiny Persian cloth,
I would be able to kiss the contraption; even when revolving at full speeds.

If coarse cloth of jagged trouser; was replaced with succulent candy floss,
There would be a battalion of red ant crawling up; devouring the sumptuous
meal.

If a cluster of calcium teeth; were replaced by intricate fillings of wrought iron,
The individual would have the prowess to chew the hardest of stone; yet not be
able to smile.

If the gargantuan body of saline ocean; was replaced by ponds of still water,
There would be no whales swimming; with frothy waves disappearing into
oblivion.

If salubrious juice of jaggery; was replaced by chemical sugar,
A myriad of bowels would expurgate themselves; relinquishing taste.

If shards of obdurate crystal glass; were replaced by gelatine paper,
There would be a chain of robberies committed all day; with the burglars
sleeping sedately throughout the night.

If every iota of soil on ground; was replaced by granules of exquisite silver,
There would be no penurious existing on earth; with all green foliage ceasing to
grow.

If the metal wings of aircraft; were replaced by pure cotton,
The plane would acrobatically nosedive towards the ground; assassinating slim
hopes of survival.

If entwined bones of body; were replaced by plum juice,
The body would inevitably collapse on the ground; diminishing all hopes of
plausible autopsy.

And if humans on the globe; were replaced by mechanized robots,
A plethora of tasks would be executed to meticulous perfection,
And the most versatile organism; would fatally succumb without learning the art
of love.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Life = Death - Volume 7 - Poems On Life, Death

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 7 of the Book titled - Life = Death - Poems on Life, Death (1200 pages) . This enigmatic collection of poems explores and equates the boundless possibilities of life and death and delves into each intricate inexplicability of survival. Parekh's roving philosophical eye brings the unconquerable richness of life to the fore and yet at the same time explicitly highlights the veracity of 'death' as the absolute certainty of every existence. The poet joyously celebrates the occasions of both life and death with equal panache in each poetic stanza sewn with the uncanny mysteries of this Universe. The poems within immortalize both life and death as the ultimate victories and the two most contrastingly amazing and divine sides of creation. Catapulting the reader to the threshold of ultimate ecstasy; they bring about an impromptu twist with the closure of breath and what lies beyond. This charismatically woven collection of poetic verse would equally enamor the narcissist as well as the simple humanitarian to the core.

This book is a humble attempt to enlighten the readers with the equality of life and death-and to live in both of them to the most unparalleled fullest. Embracing only the religion of humanity, as the Lord has commanded every living being on earth. You cant die in life and cant live in death-each of these components are irrefutably equal in every respect and should be worshipped with due obeisance.

CONTENTS

1. INEVITABLE DEATH
2. YOU CAN'T STRANGULATE YOURSELF AND STILL LEAD LIFE
3. PRIORITY
4. PAST, PRESENT AND NEAR FUTURE
5. WHAT REASON HAD YOU
6. ONCE UPON A TIME
7. THE GREATEST TRUTH; THE GREATEST LIE.

8. THE LAST DAY OF HIS LIFE
9. A SINGLE GROWL
10. LIFELESS COMMODITY
11. I WANTED THE WORLD TO RECOGNIZE
12. BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE?
13. BEARDED
14. A SINGLE DEVIL
15. ALL I WANT IS EVERYTHING
16. WHY WAS I LIVING
17. MOOD
18. THE IDEAL HEART
19. THERE WAS A CORNER OF MY MIND
20. HALF HEARTED
21. NO FORMALITY
22. AFTER A TIRED DAY IN OFFICE
23. AS THE LIGHTS CHANGED FROM RED TO GREEN
24. THE WORST THING
25. TILL THE TIME
26. WHISTLE
27. ALWAYS LISTENING TO THE TUNES OF MY HEART
28. DON'T JUST SAY IT
29. ME AND MY BOSS
30. THE HARDEST THING FOR A WRITER TO BEAR
31. FAKE GODFATHER
32. ONLY WRITE POETRY
33. PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE LIFE
34. NO DRINKS
35. MY HEART WAS PURE INDIAN
36. JUST A PAIR OF BONES
37. THE FIRST THING I WOULD DO
38. RAW MATERIALS
39. ROCKING CHAIR
40. WHEN IN DEEP SLEEP
41. DON'T YET DIE
42. ENTIRELY ON THEIR OWN
43. STAY HAPPY; STAY ALIVE
44. HOME SWEET HOME
45. KING OF THE VILLAGE
46. CAN THERE EXIST
47. WHAT IS IT
48. POTRAYAL OF GOD
49. BEDS

50. SNAKE LEATHER BELT

1. INEVITABLE DEATH

Every day I polished my teeth with scintillating toothpaste; scrupulously scrapping even the most minuscule chunk of dirt trapped in the interiors within,

Every day I washed my body tenaciously with raw soap; intricately extracting even the most infinitesimal particle of dandruff from my scalp,

Every day I trimmed my nails; judiciously seeing to it that they didn't protrude even a trifle more than necessary,

Every day I placed my soggy shoes in blistering sunlight; in order to fumigate even the last ounce of fungus disdainfully adhering incorrigibly to my shoes,

Every day I ironed my clothes with a steaming iron; profoundly ensuring that every single little cringe metamorphosed itself into handsome neat folds,

Every day I applied tons of redolent powder on my skin; spraying every cranny of my armpits with rejuvenating fountains of pungent scent,

Every day I massaged soothing sandalwood paste on my cheeks; in order to impart my fatigued complexion with that immortal shine and bountiful glow,

Every day I wore expensive designer shirts; with an array of stunningly gaudy designs embossed within; making me the darling of all teenage girls,

Every day I consumed several bottles of sparkling spring water; to pacify the unrelenting fires smoldering violently in my scorched throat,

Every day I drove in a new car; letting its swanky interiors and Herculean speed flamboyantly ignite the dormant adventurer in my persona,

Every day I visited a myriad of valleys and royal palace; with a festoon of glittering images taking complete control of my fading imagination,

Every day I conversed with the most mesmerizing of fairies every existing in this Universe; let the enchantment in their eyes drown me into a valley of perpetual bliss,

Every day I suckled boundless cans of succulent food and ravishing beer; gulped

and chewed indefatigably to my ultimate heart's content,

Every day I philandered in rustic cowboy boots through sprawling territories of the meadow; chasing the sheep and peacocks; blending myself profusely with the natural environment,

Every day I sighted my reflection in the most fascinating of glass on the globe for hours immemorial; sipped delectable streams of honey and herbal tea; seated within the plush interiors of the grandiloquently golden aircraft,

Every day I signed countless number of cheques with my bulky leather pen; shaking hands with towering business magnates and a flurry of prominent ministers,

Every day I listened to the most enigmatic of tunes floating passionately on this planet, relishing the mystical froth of the waterfalls cascading through my curled eyelashes,

Every day I gobbled down a battalion of robust vitamins; to fortify and replenish my body against dirt and inexplicable disease,

Every day I donated millions of currency coins amongst all those who badly needed it; dispensed the colossal treasury of my wealth with gay abandon and according to my own will,

Every day I basked in the aisles of unprecedented desire; possessing every intangible object I laid my eyes upon; with the unfathomable power of my wealth,

And yet one day; I found myself buried gruesomely under the morbid corpse; with all my so called ostentation and pretention; now thoroughly blended with small specks of smoky dirt;

Inevitable death had unsparingly mixed me along with infinite others in the soil; and the thing that I was never ready to believe at any stage of my bombastic life; had now snatched me away within fractions of seconds along with my entire mountain of so called wealth and fame.

2. YOU CAN'T STRANGULATE YOURSELF AND STILL LEAD LIFE

You can't compress your fingers and still prolifically write,

You can't clench your teeth and still gregariously smile,

You can't sleep tight on the bed and still boisterously run,

You can't stand in freezing snowflakes and still sweat like a horse,

You can't stitch your lips and still loquaciously speak,

You can't stuff cotton in your ears and still hear the pin dropping on pure silk,

You can't squeeze your eyes and still witness the mesmerizing sparrow shrugging rain drops from its body,

You can't tie your hands and still swim against turbulent waves of the choppy ocean,

You can't slit your stomach with a knife; and still devour ravishing chunks of tangy butter,

You can't paint the mirror and still sight your pellucid reflection,

You can't stand on Mount Everest and still view the world as it is,

You can't consume titillating champagne and still decipher mind boggling sums of arithmetic,

You can't wear cowdung coated shoes and still smell like a supremely redolent rose,

You can't walk upside down and still shake hands amicably with your girlfriend,

You can't walk on red-hot embers of coal and still want your feet to develop extra soles,

You can't have shattered teeth and still snap through the obdurate shell of coconut in one snap,

You can't have a snow white beard extruding from your cheeks and still proclaim that you were a teenager,

You can't yawn with your Jaws wide open and still remain dry eyed,

You can't be an insane lunatic and still be able to scrupulously recite each stanza from the Shakespeare,

You can't adorn a diamond ring on your finger and still audaciously declare that you weren't engaged,

You can't get as pink as a radish and still say that you didn't blush the slightest,

You can't protrude out your tongue in anger and still convey to the world that you were a revered saint,

You can't have dark circles under your lids and still perceive yourself to be an innocuous kid,

You can't keep lying on the seashore and still feel in the midst of tingling adventure,

You can't whip the slave left, right, center and still believe that you had blessed him,

You can't act like a crazy clown and still envisage yourself to be the greatest actor,

You can't stammer and still speak with articulate proficiency on the mike,

You can't drive slow and still win the whirlwind speed motor car race,

You can't be bare eyed and still stare unrelentingly into the blazing fireball of Sun,

You can't shout deafeningly and still blow a melodious whistle,

You can't be afraid of a mosquito and still pledge to leap into the unfathomably deep valley head on,

You can't eat Cadbury chocolates and still expect smoke to diffuse ecstatically from your nostrils,

You can't drape your feet in spiked footwear and still topple on the ground like nine pins,

You can't apply mud on your hair and still experience the silken follicles shine,

You can't keep looking at the changing sun and still tell the exact minute of the day,

You can't have a badly fractured hand and still expect to challenge the mightiest wrestler,

You can't have red ants inside your trousers and still sit unperturbed throughout the business meeting,

You can't have savage blood coated on your hands and still divulge to the world that they were as sacrosanct as God,

You can't be incarcerated behind bars of the prison and still play hide-n-seek with your children in the park,

You can't wear a flimsy night suit and still stand without shivering on the frozen lake,

You can't have infinite blemishes of chicken pox and still compare yourself with the shimmering pearl,

You can't be a mundane businessman and still have a passionate penchant for poetic rhyme,

You can't be an imbecile beggar and still think of sleeping all night on the golden couch,

You can't sit in front of the man eater leopard and still recite tranquil rhymes from the holy scriptures,

You can't stick your tongue out and still say that you're well mannered and extremely cultured,

You can't be a ghastly skeleton suspended from the ceiling and still conquer the entire battle field in war,

You can't wink flirtatiously at a girl and still adroitly tell her that she was your sister,

You can't be rustic fisherman and still know the most intricate of computer virus,

You can't spell death wrongly and still have an ambition to die,

You can't simply hold the knife in your hands and still profusely bleed,

You can't open your mouth a trifle lazily and still expect thunderous tunes to blast through the frigid atmosphere,

You can't wear a necklace of glistening diamonds and still feel venomous snakes brutally strangulating your neck,

You can't be a slime coated frog and still conceive yourself to as the astonishingly beautiful crown princess,

You can't eat foul sewage floating in the gutter and still expect pearls to pop out each time you opened your mouth,

You can't tear plain paper into infinite parts and still flood its surface with unending lines of literature,

You can't have lecherous fires blazing in your eyes and still have empathy for the deprived,

You can't worry baselessly and still make people around you wholeheartedly laugh,

You can't maliciously envy your counterparts and still reach the top,

You can't drive a truck blindfolded and still be able to reach the other end of the road safely,

You can't be sitting in one corner of the dark room and still imagine yourself to be a complete man,

You can't develop nerve-wrecking stress and still have blissful peace,

You can't apply effeminate lipstick on your lips and still claim to be Tarzan inhabiting the wild,

You can't drench yourself wholesomely in the rain and still catch blazing fires the very next instant,

You can't draw incongruous lines with your feet and still visualize yourself as the

greatest artist,

You can't brag like a donkey and still whisper to the society that you were unselfishly polite,

You can't keep surging down into deep waters and still view the pinnacle of the tower spiraling high towards the Sun,

You can't roll amidst heaps of glittering gold and still cry hysterically that you were poor,

You can't walk in stark darkness and still sight your shadow following you at close quarters,

You can't have black lizards slithering all over your body and still remain as stoical as frozen ice,

You can't lick hard dirt and still find your tongue as clear as the transparent mirror,

You can't run like a whirlwind volcano and still feel your heart completely dormant in your chest,

You can't sway flirtatiously sighting every girl and still convince your wife that she was the only entity you revered,

You can't be oblivious to the first alphabet of English language and still imbibe every word of the colossal dictionary,

You can't live imprisoned behind the dingy brick wall and still inhale gallons of blissful air,

You can't keep looking at your watch every minute and still announce confidently that you weren't a trifle anxious,

You can't emulate every action happening beside you and still cognize yourself to be entirely independent,

You can't sit languidly in the air-craft to smoothly glide up the hill and still bellow at the top of your lungs that you clambered up all the treacherous slope standing on your toes,

You can't deluge your mouth completely with water and still want jewels to tumble out each time you spoke,

You can't have thorns adhered to all parts of your body and still feel yourself heavily soaked in spongy jelly,

You can't be a satanic barbarian chopping raw flesh and still imagine yourself to have created new life,

You can't bathe in a river of sweet honey and still want the bees to shirk away the instant they sighted you,

You can't lie breathless in the stone clad coffin and still come out bouncing radiantly alive,

You can't have a reserved heart wandering materialistically and still fall madly in love,
And You cant strangulate your emotions; grope uncertainly in a land of cowardice and still lead life

3. PRIORITY

My top most priority was my God; who had bestowed upon me the power to exist and holistically fight for my survival on the surface of this earth,

The next to follow in my life was my Mother; who actually gave me birth; evolving me in the first place to be what I was; at this very second today,

The next to follow in my life was my beloved; who harnessed the true potential lying dormant in my mind for years; triggering me of to achieve unsurpassable realms of success,

The next to follow in my life was my sister; with her innocuously mischievous grin; causing intense rejuvenation of my mind,

The next to follow in my life was my Godfather who played a pivotal role in providing his armory of experienced tips; whether I liked it or didn't like it,

The next to follow in my life were my grandparents; whom I overwhelmingly adored; but at the same time the ones who tried to drown me into the ocean of their age old and stringently mundane theories,

The next to follow in my life was my pet dog; who incessantly wagged its tail in ecstatic jubilation; the instant I entered my dwelling,

The next to follow in my life were my selective bunch of friends; who always supported me in my times of bizarre affliction and inexplicable distress,

The next to follow in my life was my tiny little hutment; appearing as an inconspicuous speck of dirt amidst the dense camouflage of trees; yet providing me shelter to bear the ominous night,

The next to follow in my life were all the impeccably smiling children; whom I got a chance to encounter on the streets; and with whom I felt as if I had gone right back into my innocent childhood,

The next to follow in my life were all the birds perched on the grass laden meadows; enchanting me unrelentingly with their gorgeous singing,

The next to follow in my life were baby carrots sprouting in clusters in the perennial fields; which I merrily munched with gusto to placate my gluttony,

The next to follow in my life was the mesmerizing and boisterous river; in which I splashed indiscriminately and bathed my body for long hours in the morning,

The next to follow in my life were my sagacious teachers; who taught me to be prudent; judiciously execute every activity of living,

The next to follow in my life were all those who might have unknowingly crossed me on the path towards indefatigable struggle; illuminating my life with transient moments of laughter and joy,

The next to follow in my life was the infinite number of Poems I had embossed with my blood; which had imparted me insurmountable happiness as I metamorphosed each of my exotic dreams into reality,

The next to follow in my life was the century old deep well; from which I extracted pails of sparkling mineral water; to quench the insatiable thirst that tickled the burnt chords in my throat,

The next to follow in my life was my contemporary and ultra modern contraptions; the unfathomable perceptions I felt prey to every unveiling minute; to lead life like a king,

And the last of all priorities that followed in my life; was the modest bundles of currency stashed in my Bank account; and an inexorable urge to earn many more of these; to thereby give concrete form to all my fantasies; as well as the fantasies of all those which needed to be desperately satisfied.

4. PAST, PRESENT AND NEAR FUTURE

As innocuous as the wail of a newly born infant; sleeping blissfully in his airtight cradle,
As evanescent as the sun setting behind the mountains; giving way to the descending of night,
As nimble as the fleet footed squirrel; traversing night and day through hollow spaces of the tree,
As tender as a woman draped in pure silk; her embellished eyelids lowered a trifle in meek submission,
As redolent as the tendrils of the blossoming rose; shimmering in magnificent color under orange rays of the Sun,
As impeccable as the spires of the Temple; towering harmoniously towards the sky, Was my early childhood and past.

As speedy as the flying aircraft; cutting placid currents of breeze at electric velocity,
As boisterous as the kangaroo; taking two leaps at a time,
As rambunctious as the humming bee; buzzing discordant and loud at all times,
As tenacious as the milky white moon; profoundly illuminating the ghastly darkness,
As passionate as thunder clouds colliding in the cosmos; and the subsequent pelting down of torrential rain,
As pragmatic as commercial business; equating the intricate nuances of life,
Is my robustly rubicund youth and present.

As mystical as the unfathomable gorge; the echo reverberating loud and stringent across the valley,
As mysterious as the enigmas of the universe; infinite riddles of creation left unexplored,
As inexplicable as the sporadic shedding of leaves in autumn; the rendering of lush green landscapes into barren land,
As poignant as the hood of the serpent; its fangs snaring viciously in spell bound enchantment,
As uncanny as the underground volcano; with its dormant lava unpredictably circulating all around,
And I now leave it entirely on my omniscient creator to chisel my dreams; mold

my destiny; unveil my near future.

5. WHAT REASON HAD YOU

If the small and inconspicuously tiny ant; could foment the mammoth elephant to collapse on the ground,

Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the dainty and fragile wave had the power all by itself to gradually culminate into the entire and colossal ocean,

Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the minuscule spider could spin its web again at thunderbolt speeds; even after it was viciously destroyed infinite number of times,

Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the man who was completely blind; bereft of indispensable centers of sight; could browse through boundless lines of Braille in a single day,

Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the frigid looking and slimy worm could build a mountain of mud; within just a matter of few hours; dexterously carrying small pints of sand on its back,

Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the newly born infant could win over a million hearts; without even uttering a word; just by the virtue of its innocuous smile,

Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the single and infinitesimal flame of candle could illuminate the entire cover of ghastly darkness; as it burnt waveringly inside the solitary hut,

Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the child horrendously orphaned since birth; could become the Prime Minister of his country one fine day,

Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the profoundly lazy and potbellied tortoise; could win the race even when competing with the whirlwind speed rabbit,

Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the miserably stone deaf beggar; could sing melodious songs of enchanting music; being oblivious to the most faintest trace of sound since his very birth,

Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

And If the person even after being dead for infinite years; be immortally present everywhere through the spirit of his benevolent deeds,
Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

6. ONCE UPON A TIME

Every tree standing lanky and towering on the hills; was once upon a time a minuscule seedling,

Every dog barking discordantly on the streets; was once upon a time an innocuous pup; yelping incoherently in the darkness all around,

Every bird soaring handsomely in the sky; was once upon a time a glistening egg; incarcerated beneath soft twigs of the nest,

Every alligator slithering menacingly through the marshy swamps; was once upon a time an inconspicuous tadpole floating nimbly in still water,

Every desert sprawled over infinite territory; was once upon a time a small hillock of disdainfully colored mud,

Every star shimmering brilliantly in the cosmos; was once upon a time a tiny flame of glowing candle,

Every mountain towering domineeringly on the landscapes; was once upon a time an infinitesimal lump of clay,

Every tiger with a deafening growl philandering through the jungles; was once upon a time an infantile cub; having bohemian paws without the slightest of nail,

Every leaf gargantuan in proportion and cascading from the tree; was once upon a time; a raw bud extruding in clusters; proliferating by the hour,

Every volcano fulminating into sizzling fountains; was once upon a time a placid stream of molten liquid,

Every patch of ominous cloud in the sky; was once upon a time thin wisps of atmosphere,

Every slab of fortified wall; was once upon a time a finely pulverized blend of burnt stone,

Every large bone of the body; was once upon a time a profoundly squelched mass of intermingles flesh,

Every squall that swept thunderously across the city; was once upon a time a droplet of saline tear that trickled down the cheek,

Every mass of lethal dynamite that exploded; was once upon a time an incongruous piece of lead,

Every wind that mightily blew in the monsoons; was once upon a time moist breath that flowed intermittently through the nostrils,

Every dinosaur trampling indiscriminately through the meadows; was once upon a time an obnoxiously scented insect,

Every mother surrounded blissfully by children; was once upon a time a freckled and embarrassed girl,

Every reptile profusely impregnated with poison; was once upon a time a stinging beetle,

And every man trespassing on the surface of land; trying to reign supreme over the entire earth; was once upon a time a particle of saw dust; simply a short stub of compressed thread; one out of the millions lying scattered in directions unprecedented.

7. THE GREATEST TRUTH; THE GREATEST LIE.

The greatest comfort existing; is in the moist arms of the impeccable mother,

The greatest light existing; is the dazzling glow of the flamboyantly fiery Sun,

The greatest depth existing; is in the poignant eyes of your beloved,

The greatest salt existing; is in the undulating waters of the saline ocean,

The greatest blessing existing; is the one imparted by the impoverished heart,

The greatest noise existing; is the deafening roar of the fulminating volcano,

The greatest scent existing; is the one emanating profoundly from the redolent rose,

The greatest taste existing; is in the succulent cluster of ravishing plums,

The greatest length existing; is the colossal expanse of crystal blue sky,

The greatest dirt existing; is the massacre of the innocent and the deprived,

The greatest voice existing; is the enchanting sound of the nightingale,

The greatest hand existing; is the one that philanthropically helps others in times of distress,

The greatest color existing; is the one circumventing the resplendent rainbow,

The greatest water existing; is the one trapped delectably inside the hard skull of coconut,

The greatest language existing; is the one symbolizing humanity,

The greatest mirror existing; is the one intricately lining your soul,

The greatest perspiration existing; is the one that dribbled profusely after a hard days work,

The greatest joke existing; is that life is a bed of roses,

The greatest bye existing; was one executed by a dying soldier,

The greatest lie existing; is that man can live forever; and never die,
And the greatest truth existing; is unbiased love; the entity you solely continue living for

8. THE LAST DAY OF HIS LIFE

He smiled as the milkman dropped milk; when usually he would swap his fingers menacingly at him; for arriving even a minute late,

He hoisted the dirty urchin high in his hands; when usually he would shoo all stray children running helter-skelter in the streets; with his stick,

He gave a handsome tip to the waiter; when usually he would scream at the top of his lungs for not being served properly,

He strolled bare chested in the sun-lit balcony; when usually he would adorn himself in the tightest of suit and glossy pant,

He danced rampantly in the rain outside; when usually he would stringently admonish all servants to shut the windows airtight; as soon as the first patch of black cloud lingered in the sky,

He ate the most piquant of chili; when usually he refrained from tasting even small pinches of common salt,

He talked loquaciously all day in a host of languages; when usually he moved his lips sternly; only when required,

He sat for hours on the bed of squalid grass; when usually he never transgressed on anything except shimmering slabs of pure marble,

He sipped chilled champagne with gay abandon; when usually he didn't touch anything except Herbal tea,

He laughed thunderously at the slightest of joke; when usually he was far too stingy even on smiles,

He drove his car himself at lightening speeds; when usually he incorrigibly refused to leave the house ever; without his driver,

He left his wrists bare; gauging the time from position of the Sun; when usually he even slept the entire night with his watch strapped tightly,

He viewed television incessantly at strident volumes; when usually he preferred to brood desolately in solitude,

He sang romantic tunes from contemporary songs; when usually he always condemned and rebuked the advent of pop music,

He masticated at raw slices of poignant cucumber; when usually he commanded the cooks to boil his food to unprecedented limits,

He shook hands magnanimously with the peons; when usually he held a

handkerchief stuffed snugly to his nose; to superficially avoid their odor while confronting them,

He let his hair descend down in wild streaks; when usually he made sure every morning that each follicle was combed and oiled; till its last root projecting from his scalp,

He wore a loose and threadbare ragamuffin shirt; when usually he was embellished in silken fabric; with the most omnipotent of scent inundating every pore of his skin,

He even winked at witnessing lovers in the park; blessing them for their future lives to unfurl; when usually he put such trespassers behind iron bars of custody,

And today he forgave everyone he interacted with; lived life the way he did when he was just born; as he knew it that this was the last time he would ever see this marvelous earth; the last day of his life.

9. A SINGLE GROWL

The inconspicuous little tadpoles kept fluttering their fins; hardly able to make any impact on the violent swirl of water,
While it was only the preposterously huge Blue Whale which gobbled all marine life in vicinity; over-toppled the gargantuan ship; the instant it opened its jaw.

The diminutive stalks of grass swayed pretentiously; being mocked by the wind every unfurling second; as they belted miserably under pressure,
While it was only the thick rooted tree; which not only bore the onslaught of treacherous storm; but also granted loads of compassionate reprieve to the frigid follicles.

The flames of the grandiloquent wax candle appeared insipid and weak; abysmally diminishing with the slightest draught of breeze leaking from the window,
While it was only the blistering fire that leapt high and handsome towards the sky; charring everything that intermingled with its flow; blazing brilliantly in the darkness of the night.

The paltry spray of fountain was delectable to witness; although it subsided completely when the tap was tightly shut,
While it was only the gigantic ocean with undulating waves that swelled and

rose; thunderously clashing with the uncouth chain of shining rocks.

The chirp of the sparrow was weak and fragile; hardly making an impact on animate life prevailing in proximity,
While it was only the deafening roar of the majestic lion; that sent an everlasting echo through the entire jungle; put a standstill to all commotion; terrorizing philandering pranksters to the last bone of their spine.

The superficial string of bombs emitted clouds of frigid smoke after exploding; although they pathetically floundered in making any impact on the colossal structure,
While it was only the earthquake that devastated the entire city; sent mighty buildings tumbling on the ground like a pack of plastic cards.

The fairy tale was embodied with a blend of flowery and disdainful spellings; which were futile as they proved too frugal in tickling the mental imagery,
While it was only the comprehensive dictionary which encapsulated every word spoken on the planet; that instantly triggered imagination and put the mind to immediate work.

The effeminate whispers of the teachers; could hardly pacify the bustling pandemonium in the classroom,
While it was only the stringent shout of the Principal that silenced them in one shot; fomented infinite goose-bumps to creep up their skin.

And the Goldsmith banged his hammer thousands of times; but wasn't able to produce the most minuscule of indentation on the slab of frozen water,
While it was only when the rustic Barbarian thrashed the chunk with his heavy axe; that the ice split into boundless splinters; and crystal water started to painstakingly dribble down.

10. LIFELESS COMMODITY

When I stood on the earth and stared at the sky; I wasn't the least ruffled by what I saw; continuing to stroll at a leisurely pace humming a mystical tune,
While it was only when I peered down from the helicopter amidst the clouds; that I felt an uncanny wave of fear grip my mind; the mind-boggling distance; scaring the daylights out of my breath.

When I stood on the stony ground and sighted the building; I profoundly ridiculed the clothes flapping astray; with every draught of weak wind,
While it was only when I lowered my eyes down; kneeling my elbow against the

balcony of the 100th floor; that I almost did nature's call in my trousers; simply flabbergasted by the boundless depth separating me and the mud.

When I was born blind since birth; I could hardly perceive the benefits of vision; infact made a mockery of those who walked without a stick,
While it was only when I had a perfect pair of glistening eyes; witnessing the ravishing beauty of Globe at close quarters; that I felt petrified to the last bone down my spine; everytime I envisaged of life without sight.

When I was as black as charcoal; the blistering rays of afternoon hardly having any producing effect on my ungainly complexion; I chortled loudly at people applying make-up creams to protect their skin,
While it was only when I was a snobbish alien; embodied with the color of a white powdered angel; that I dreaded the aftermath of even taking a single step in Sunlight.

When I was transgressing on ground for several years without feet; I sympathized with people having bulging legs; infact quite happy to crawl delectably all around using my hands,
While it was only when I was a robust man; adorned in bombastic garment; that I trembled at the tiniest mention of meeting with an accident; having to bear the tyranny of walking with crippled ankles life long.

When I was illiterate; signing every document with my back of my thumb; I was at blissful peace; unaware and miles away from the intricacies of this manipulative world,
While it was only when I had accomplished the most stupendous of education; had my wardrobe inundated with degrees from all corners of the world; that I had nerve-wrecking dreams every night; of the consequences which would stab me; if at all I lost my memory.

When I was philandering in the dark lanes; I slept like a demon on the park benches; adapting the open cover of sky as my sole companion,
While it was only when I was snuggled comfortably under silken sheets; the glimmering lights of the palace; sequestering me from the outside dark and chill; that I hiccupped incessantly; the instant I imagined my body bare chested; enveloped by the freezing winds of the Himalayas.

When I was overwhelmingly sad; struck by hysterical grief since my childhood; I contemplated people pretentiously smiling around me to be the greatest of fools; unperturbed by the jokes they occasionally cracked,
While it was only when I was gifted with all the felicity; bounced in sheer

euphoria every unfurling second of the day; that I shivered uncontrollably; when I thought of my existence without my beloved; plunging forever into the corridors of gloom.

And when I was poor; endeavoring hard each day to fight for my bread; I was the happiest man on this universe; as I had the capacity to fantasize about the most greatest of riches; and was yet contented with the meager means I had for survival,

While it was only when I was exorbitantly wealthy; having a battalion of cars following me wherever I went; that I felt like I was dying every moment; with the thought of all this affluence deserting me some day; and bathing my scalp with raw shrubs of grass instead of perfumed shampoo; transforming me from a Human into a lifeless commodity.

11. I WANTED THE WORLD TO RECOGNIZE

I wanted people to recognize me as a poet penning down volumes of mystical verse; not as a mundane businessman,

I wanted people to recognize me as true perspiration trickling in the Sun; not as the sleazy bottle of artificial scent,

I wanted people to recognize me as bare skin battling all seasons; not as gaudy cloth camouflaging every part of my demeanor,

I wanted people to recognize me as crystalline water cascading down the pristine slopes; not as obnoxious whisky bubbling gently in the barrels,

I wanted people to recognize me as raw power of muscle; not as radiating boxing gloves fitted snugly to my palms,

I wanted people to recognize me as milk naturally oozing from the cow; not as chunks of pallid ice-cream stored in the refrigerator,

I wanted people to recognize me as a ray of sun in the cosmos; not as bombastic gleam of the bulb piercing effeminately through the night,

I wanted people to recognize me as original hoarse voice; not as shrill tunes diffusing over the silver coated mike,

I wanted people to recognize me as impeccable eyes; not as slinky tint of Sunglasses blended with a myriad of beastly designs,

I wanted people to recognize me as a soldier; not as a parasitic leech suckling
fodder from the rosy tree,

I wanted people to recognize me as a dreamy yawn fantasizing unrelentingly; not
as matchbox steps leading to the corporate office,

I wanted people to recognize me as a stalk of grass with glistening dew drops;
not as ghastly spray of fertilizer causing animate to perish in vicinity,

I wanted people to recognize me as wild undergrowths of the valley; not as the
glittering castle carved out of polished sandstone,

I wanted people to recognize me as choppy waves of the ocean; not as disdainful
ringing of the alarm clock at dawn,

I wanted people to recognize me as a nostalgic philanderer; not as the broker
manipulating intricacies of the stock market,

I wanted people to recognize me as a vivacious rainbow draping the velvety sky;
not as flickering lights of the modern disco,

I wanted people to recognize me a scarlet cluster of sensuous grapes; not as the
meticulous array of white spoons and forks,

I wanted people to recognize me as my mothers son; not as a towering
entity garlanded with flowers,

And I wanted the world to recognize me as individual burning every second in
the blazing inferno of love; not as a cupid arranging marriages for couples
based on their horoscopes, caste and creed.

12. BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE?

You may have washed your hands; cleaning them scrupulously of the most
invisible of stain,
But what about the blood adhering to your heart; the several innocent whom you
had beheaded without any rhyme or reason?

You may have eaten stupendously sizzling slices of mutton; masticating the
morsels after blending them with handsome salt,
But what about the goat mother who bleated incessantly; after losing her only

son, the only flesh she had delivered facing the grueling agony of long months?

You may have laughed the loudest in the crowd; propagating the same
infectiously in pedestrians around you,
But what about the old man; who had to trip his footing in a slush of dirty
sewage water; in order to cause you to smile?

You may have dressed in the most glamorous of coat and trousers; sprinkling
your entire demeanor with an ocean of passionate scent,
But what about those tyrannized sheep who were left shivering in bizarre cold;
after you uncouthly stripped their skins of their natural protection?

You may have spoken the most flowery speech on the mike; drawing loads of
adulation from all those who were mesmerized by the beautiful essence in the
lines,
But what about the writer whom you had incarcerated in the dungeons; after
stealing his writing to stand tall and domineering?

You may have driven in the most contemporary of car; with its golden wheels
traversing the meandering lanes of the hill like a galloping panther,
But what about the infinite stalks of fresh grass; the innocuous infants wandering
around; whom you had trampled indiscriminately in your insatiable march
towards victory?

You may have drunk cartons full of mineral water; quenching your thirst under
the scorching sun of midday,
But what about those people reeling under severe drought; whose wells you had
emptied to tingle the food in your stomach?

You may have lived for a 100 years; surviving on the most conventional of
medicine and steroids,
But what about those innocent whom you had slaved; in order to clean every iota
of dirt you spat on this earth?

And you may have loved; imprisoning every girl you set your eyes on with the
power of your wealth,
But what about all those billion lives you had assassinated; in order to satisfy
each desire of yours?

13. BEARDED

I didn't need a pair of scissors; glistening wildly in yellow Sunlight,

I didn't need a knife; protruding gallantly from the slender handle,

I didn't need a hostile blade; with edges as sharp as a savage vulture,

I didn't need after shave cologne; emanating a scent more stupendous than the rose,

I didn't need a pungent slab of aluminum; having its surface as smooth as white ice,

I didn't need a soft sponge; with its body profusely dipped in tingling antiseptic,

I didn't need tablets of colored soap; evolving a bath of bubbles after vigorous scrubbing,

I didn't need high pressured foam; diffusing into a stream of spicy froth the instant I compressed it,

I didn't need long spools of cotton; triangular heaps of bandages to drape across my wounds,

I didn't need shimmering tweezers of pure steel; to scrupulously pluck my hair,

I didn't need sleazy colored dye; with its shade resembling rotten vegetables decaying in the dark,

I didn't need a blow dryer; ejecting out tones of hot air at whirlwind speeds,

I didn't need a barrel of vanity powder; to spuriously illuminate the contours of my face,

I didn't need a bowl of moisturizing cream; to incessantly massage each pore of my skin,

I didn't need sizzling face pads; to caress the breath flowing harmoniously out of my nose,

I didn't need a mirror; to admire my reflection for marathon hours in the scintillating glass incorporated within,

I didn't even need to waste a single second more in the morning; reaching the

office well before the boss came in,

And the strange thing was; that even if someone donated all the above contraptions to me completely free; I still would blatantly reject them,

By now you must be at the edge of your seats to know the secret of my existence; well the answer to this is more simpler than your voice; as I didn't have even the slightest of free space on my cheeks; or to put it more succinctly I was bearded

14. A SINGLE DEVIL

A single rotten apple with flies feasting on its succulent body; decays the entire ensemble of robust apples,

A single stain of black dye sprawling rampantly; spoils the beauty of the entire white fabric,

A single hole in its heavy and metallic body; uncouthly drowns the entire ship,

A single stream of venom oozing gently; contaminates the entire river of impeccable milk,

A single bit of sewage smelling fetidly; annihilates the beauty of the entire garden laden with blossoming petals,

A single virus in the blood stream; metamorphoses the individual from rubicund and healthy to insane and sick,

A single particle of dandruff loitering in animosity; pollutes the entire conglomerate of lustrous and shining hair,

A single nail overgrown and dirty; imperils the look of the entire palm embossed with mystical lines,

A single dark cloud in the cosmos; adulterates the entire sky which is blue and crystal clear,

A single town clock running late; delays the life of the entire city; with most of the people yawning as the sun crept up in brilliant afternoon,

A single loophole in the house; entices the entire team of burglars to maraud at will; pilfer stealthily through closed doors at night,

A single crack in the bone; foments the entire leg to walk in contorted pain; limp across the road for mercy,

A single spark of white electricity; electrocutes the entire family; triggering the house to explode in volatile fury,

A single crease in the crisp shirt; debases the entire demeanor which was otherwise quite sparkling and flawless,

A single snore thunderously emanating; breaks the silence of tranquil and blissful sleep,

A single shiver down the petrified spine; engenders the snake to pierce its lethal fangs and bite,

A single stroke of stringent red; disturbs the harmony of the otherwise splendid marksheet,

A single lie spoken; condemns a person beyond all anecdotes of his honesty,

And a single devil in the mind; not only ruins all the sanctity previously existing; but also finishes a person in mind, body and eternal soul.

15. ALL I WANT IS EVERYTHING

All I want is a chain of thick gold adorning my neck,

All I want is a stream of white champagne to incessantly titillate my throat,

All I want is a swanky car that can transport me long distance, at the mere caress of a button,

All I want is a book of spell binding fairy tales, which flood my mind with intrigue and enigma,

All I want is a castle with towering walls, carved all over in delectable sandstone,

All I want is an appetizing meal of vegetable cherry, which makes me slaver till my last drop of saliva is exhausted,

All I want is a silken sheet of floss, draping my body in entirety,

All I want is golden globules of sweat, tingling me exotically as the cascaded down my nape,

All I want is swirling waves of the ocean, splashing their raw salt on my lips as they struck,

All I want is an ensemble of voluptuous reptile, lingering loosely from my scalp,

All I want is silver chained wrist watch, its dainty twinkling resonating in my ears all day long,

All I want is the rubicund apple sprouting from the tip of Mount Everest, bite through its body with gusty fervor,

All I want is a sparkling pillow impregnated with white pearls, the mysticism in their reflection drowning me into their splendor,

All I want is a candle with a perpetual glow, its resplendent radiance illuminating my ghastly night,

All I want is a dream that never ended, took me on a wild journey of waterfalls and snow clad penguins,

All I want is a pot-bellied tortoise, snuggling close to my heart when I was tense,

All I want is an ivory broomstick, which could fly me high and handsome towards blazing portions of the sky,

All I want is sizzling soup of spicy coriander, which caused tears of satisfaction to roll down my cheeks in tandem,

All I want is a robust pigeon perched languidly on the rooftop; fluttering its wings to produce delectable draughts of air,

All I want is immaculate milk; bombastic chunks of cream floating in a silver bowl,

All I want is peanut butter; with its dazzling slices of yellow tingling the most

remotest bud of my taste,

All I want is a ravishing watermelon; titillating my tongue beyond the point of no control,

All I want is long sheets of flawless paper; to embed its surface with a million lines of poetry,

All I want is a mind functioning unrelentingly; fantasizing even while in deep sleep,

All I want is a dolphin diving handsomely in the pool; with its glistening fins splashing across my face; sprinkling it with imprisoned droplets of water,

All I want is a multi-legged octopus; spreading its tentacles the instant I gently tapped it,

All I want is a snake leather whip; emanating exotic noises as I dared to slash the warm air with it,

All I want is a dawn encompassing me with its voluptuous coolness; refraining to develop into the hostile day,

All I want is a glass full of dewdrops; to be placed beside my morning plate of bread and breakfast,

All I want is a cat with furry skin; purring across my chest in my times of distress,

All I want is a hunch-backed camel gazing at me amicably; flooding my nostrils with its natural scent,

All I want is a gargantuan brass bell; punctuating the atmosphere with stringent tunes,

All I want is a trouser embossed with golden buttons; as long as the terrain of the Himalayas,

All I want is a crystal globe; that depicted my future as every second unleashed into a wholesome minute,

All I want is a bottle replete with inebriating rum; which overflowed even after I

had consumed the last bit of it,

All I want is a road which transited me without walking the slightest; to the place where the Sun met the land,

All I want is a field sprawling over infinite hectares of land; in which there grew only rotund buds of mushroom,

All I want is a word that was the longest; and which didn't exist in the most contemporary of dictionary,

All I want is a dungeon stashed with golden biscuits; with their shine tearing apart all premonitions of poverty and disgrace,

All I want is an academic degree of the highest pedigree and status; without even slogging it a single hour in the day,

All I want is a necklace sewn with a myriad of pearls; attached to innumerable oysters live and breathing alive,

All I want is eyes with lids of the most toughest of steel; ensuring that I didn't become blind even in an atmosphere swirling with pugnacious thorns,

All I want is a bohemian hand; which could snap a mountain of iron bricks in a single stroke,

All I want is a scintillating telephone; on which I could converse for hours without it being actually connected,

All I want is an enigmatic herb; which could keep me eternally young and with brilliant black hair even after I crossed 100,

All I want is a spring; which kept on bouncing and rebounding; thereby making me uncontrollably laugh,

All I want is cocoons of golden brown potatoes; roasted delectably over in crackling fires,

All I want is clusters of red cherries; with handsome porcupines crawling nimbly on their surface,

All I want is silver crested stars of the cosmos; to profoundly illuminate my

every night,

All I want is pinnacle of every mountain existing; to rest in meek submission on my worktable desktop,

All I want is a wild elephant; which swishes tones of water merrily all around with its trunk,

All I want is a frozen slice of bread; that delectably melts in my mouth stimulating me profoundly all throughout the day,

All I want is a rainbow dissipated into infinite colors; lingering mystically in my eyeball,

All I want is a liquid that makes me completely invisible; imparts me with the power to trespass with supreme ease; even into the house of the president,

All I want is a bird that perches compassionately on my shoulders; drifts me into a blissful slumber rhyming harmoniously in my ears,

All I want is an army of mosquitoes bereft of venom; tingling each pore of my skin; with every bite of theirs,

All I want is a shirt sewn with glittering diamonds; which I used as a substitute for my mirror; whenever I felt the urge to sight my reflection,

All I want is a room so obsolete and remote; that I could distinctly hear even the sound of my breath,

All I want is a ring embedded with a magical stone; that turned my fortunes dramatically; a few hours after wearing it,

All I want is a whale fish as tall as the sky; which would let me marvel each part of its glistening body; feel its royal snout with my bare fingers,

All I want is a pool full of steaming water; with droplets of cascading wine revitalizing each patch of my dead skin,

All I want is an echo reverberating deafeningly through the valley; that reached out to every entity; sprawled across different quarters of the globe,

All I want is a hive of discordantly buzzing humming bees; oozing sweet nectar;

slowly caressing my lips on their periphery as it fell,

All I want is a slogan; that encapsulates all sentences ever penned down in this world,

All I want is a key; that decodes with supreme ease through the most impregnable of lock,

All I want is a solvent; that makes me wholesomely invisible the instant I sprinkle it on my skin,

All I want is teeth of obdurate steel; that can crack the most hardest of nut,

All I want is a brimming cup of revitalizing tea; that incorrigibly refrains to get cold; even when I neglect it for days on the trot,

All I want is a plane; that flies on pure spit and water; so that each drop of my saliva is gainfully utilized,

All I want is a gun; that shoots boundless bullets of wild raspberry; the instant I pressed the trigger,

All I want is a greeting card; that sings mesmerizing rhymes and stares into my eyes for real,

All I want is strawberry cake; as long in length as the Himalayas,

All I want is a ball that bounces to the 100th floor; after I nimbly threw it on the ground,

All I want is moustache; which sparkled better than diamonds in day; had more hair in it than my scalp,

All I want is dwelling; that doesn't budge even an inch; even after the mightiest of earthquake; the most tumultuous of bombardment,

All I want is a magic wand; which metamorphoses all chunks of decaying sewage into glittering gold,

All I want is an abuse; that single handedly replicated all evil loitering in this world,

All I want is a ship; that doesn't topple even when attacked by a battalion of hostile sharks,

All I want is robot; that comprehends each desire of mine; without even me uttering a single word,

All I want is passionate fires; which keep circulating inexorably in my blood; even after I became abysmally old,

All I want is a pen; which kept engendering me to write; with the ink in its body augmenting; with each verse of mine,

All I want is tongue; that kept resonating in my mouth; even while in deep sleep,

All I want is ears; which could detect the most inconspicuous of sound; sitting even a million kilometers away from the point where the pin actually dropped,

All I want is a ghost; whom only I could sight at night; hoisting me high and handsome in the cosmos; near my dead ancestors,

All I want is caverns deep down the ocean; with frozen icicles suspended from their roof; voraciously tickling the last breath of mine,

All I want is a blueprint; which can decode the most baffling enigmas of life,

All I want is a field replete with fresh cowdung; collected from all species of animals wandering on this globe,

All I want is a rope; which caught me my prey; as I languidly tossed it in free air,

All I want is a tomato as gargantuan as the dinosaur; which ripped apart into infinite pieces of juice; the moment I sat on it,

All I want is a chair; that transported me right into the realms of paradise; the instant I sat on it,

All I want is a mischievous child; audaciously carrying on the chapter of my existence,

All I want is a girl; who could love me more than myself; make me feel every

unfurling second that I was indeed alive,

All I want is true love; bask in its immortal glory for decades immemorial,

Well I think I have bored you enough; caused you to yawn several times; as the list is endless; the entire world is rampantly revolving in my brain, and my fantasies to unveil are tremendously boundless to be contained in this plain text; so let me instead sign off by saying that all I want is everything.

16. WHY WAS I LIVING

Why were you smiling spuriously; when actually you were completely shattered from inside?

Why were the trees blissfully casting their shadows; when actually they felt that they would wither away?

Why was the sun shining; when actually it felt that it would submerge into a pool of darkness?

Why was the rose blossoming handsomely towards the sky; when actually every droplet of its juice was being savagely sucked by the parasite?

Why were the birds chirping melodiously; when actually their nests were completely destroyed?

Why were the waves simmering placidly; when actually they were soon to be enveloped by a tumultuous storm?

Why was it raining; when actually the clouds had faded decades ago?

Why were the fish swimming gleefully; when actually they knew that they were going to be devoured by a hostile shark the very next moment?

Why were the eyes radiant; when they were actually going to be besieged by wholesome blindness within a few seconds?

Why was the car traversing like a prince; when actually it was going to plummet into the steep valley; as soon as it reached the bridge?

Why were the fires blazing vivaciously towards the sky; when actually they were going to blend with loose mud; as soon as the rain came down?

Why was the businessman busy in millions of dollars worth of business deals; when actually he had lost completely in matters of the heart?

Why was the rainbow shimmering bombastically in the cosmos; when it actually was going to fade away into thin wisps of oblivion; as soon as the clouds gathered in?

Why were the buildings standing fortified; tall; and domineering; when actually they were going to be reduced to inconspicuous rubble; with meager strokes of the devastating earthquake?

Why was the mosquito greedily sucking blood; when actually it was going to get perennial rest in the lizards stomach very soon?

Why was the ghost wandering in the dilapidated mansion; when he actually knew that he had left for his heavenly abode centuries ago?

Why did a human being consider himself God at times; when he actually couldn't even guess; as to what was happening just a few centimeters behind his back?

Why was the old lady shouting exuberantly at the top of her lungs; when she was actually going to relinquish breath any second; due to diminishing old age?

And why was I living; showing the world my stoical demeanor; working like a machine as if I wasn't the least affected; when in fact I actually knew that I had died long ago; and what people saw outside; was just a skeleton of mine; without mind; body and spirit?

17. MOOD

When I was in a good mood; the elevator seemed to be made of pure gold; transporting me towards the cotton wool of clouds in the sky,
While when I was in a bad mood; the same lift seemed to resemble a hideous snake; trying to strangulate me to death with its snaring jaws.

When I was in a good mood; the verdant patches of soil looked mesmerizing; with vivacious stalks of grass appearing splendid to sight in the backdrop of the valley,
While when I was in bad mood; the same fields of grass looked like sinking sand; ready to suckle me and blend me with century old dungeons beneath land.

When I was in a good mood; the upper story's of the building; looked like biscuits of pure silver; shimmering profoundly under the Sun,
While when I was in a bad mood; the same floors appeared to be boxes of broken matchsticks; badly distorted and just on the verge of collapsing down.

When I was in a good mood; the Sun seemed to be a blazing ball of fire; flamboyantly permeating every rotting cranny of insipid earth,
While when I was in a bad mood; the same appeared as an acrid island of acid; charring every soul trespassing on mud; to inconspicuous ash.

When I was in a good mood; the waves of the ocean seemed majestic; rising and falling delectably with each current of enchanting wind;
While when I was in a bad mood; the assemblage of waters appeared to be ghastly blood; engulfing each puff of my breath with brutal perceptions of hell.

When I was in a good mood; the watch on my wrist; looked like a marvel of technology; apprising me accurately of the changing seasons and night,
While when I was in a bad mood; the contraption seemed wholesomely appalling; depicting to me the seconds left until my death.

When I was in a good mood; people hovering around me; looked like immaculate angels; bestowing upon me their mystical touch,
While when I was in a bad mood; the same humans seemed to be ghosts just arisen from their coffins; staring at me with animosity; as if to gobble me up with their eyes.

When I was in a good mood; the fishes swimming in the glass aquarium; looked like fairies having descended from the sky,
While when I was in a bad mood; the same seemed like mammoth sized sharks; hurtling at lightening speeds for the veins of my throat.

When I was in a good mood; the picture I viewed on television; seemed to be a stupendous piece of art; enamoring me to the last bone in my spine,
While when I was in a bad mood; the same appeared to be a boring documentary; like a million needles piercing me from all sides.

And when I was in a good mood; life seemed beautiful & fascinating; wonderful and animated; bubbling with tremendous euphoria and excitement; as each dawn unveiled into darkness,
While when I was in a bad mood; it struck me viciously like infinite deaths together; embedding and replacing every ounce of enthusiasm in my mind; with the seeds of treacherous negativity.

18. THE IDEAL HEART

The ideal height is the one; that can stand tall and domineering in a crowd bustling with infinite number of unruly pedestrians,

The ideal weight is the one; that can facilitate a person to sprint like a panther; even in the most obsolete of his dreams,

The ideal skin is the one; which can bear the brunt of sweltering Sun; as well as be unflinching in the winds of freezing winter,

The ideal feet are ones; which assist the wanderer to step even on smoldering fires,

The ideal eyes are the ones; which emanate a glimmer to live; even when tightly closed,

The ideal hand is the one; that defends you singlehandedly; imparting you with the tenacity to lead life; even when confronted with a battalion of thorns,

The ideal tongue is the one; that oscillates to produce voice; silences its critics as and when required,

The ideal stomach is the one; which scrupulously digests food; keeps itself well in proportion; to stand good stead in front of the acerbic society,

The ideal cheeks are the ones; which blush sporadically; adding tinges of robust vibrancy to the otherwise pallid atmosphere,

The ideal thumb is the one; which punches the air in triumph to announce irrevocable victory,

The ideal armpits are the ones; which remain submerged in silver perspiration; after performing an arduous days work,

The ideal shirt is the one; which scintillates impeccably; even after passing through the dust storm,

The ideal tooth is the one; that chews indefatigably; till the last bud of taste is appeased and satisfied,

The ideal hair is the one; which cascades down in splendid harmony; shimmering majestically under the moon,

The ideal nail is the one; that scratches like a wild cat; embedding the attackers flesh with numerous numbers vicious wounds; in order to survive,

The ideal walk is the one; which perpetuates the head to be always held high,

The ideal prayer is the one; which asks God to bestow upon his masses the virtue of brotherhood and equality,

The ideal religion is the one; which since years unprecedented has always respected humanity,

The ideal philosophy is the one; which allows to live and to blissfully let live,

The ideal pleasure is the one; which spreads a smile to the faces of all those afflicted and in bizarre pain,

The ideal sacrifice is the one; in which you abdicate breath for the sake of million different souls to be born,

The ideal love is the one; in which one is prepared to die for the other,

The ideal breath is the one; which evolves passionate moisture in the air after caressing it,

And the ideal heart is the one; which never ceases to beat; throbs violently; each time when given doses of love.

19. THERE WAS A CORNER OF MY MIND

Even as I felt that I had sown seeds in my entire field; and felt waves of contentment wholesomely entrench my persona,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me of the barren lands nearby which were yet to ploughed.

Even as I felt that I had earned exorbitant amounts of wealth; inundating my treasury with infinite number of gold coins,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me that there were still countless number of people lying naked in the chilly cold; and who desperately needed my help.

Even as I felt that I had written unfathomable volumes of literature; simply didn't need to emboss a single word further,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me that there were innocent roaming illiterate on the streets; who needed to be taught; who needed my help to learn and write.

Even as I felt that I had walked unsurpassable distance by foot; conquering astronomical peaks of all mountains towering higher than the clouds,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me that there were boundless boys and girls who were helplessly limp; and who needed my assistance to help them to walk without sticks.

Even as I felt that I had consumed the best of food; had eaten every possible dish every existing or made in this world,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me that there were countless number of beggars crying hoarsely by the river side; starved to unprecedented; and awaiting my presence frantically to be fed.

Even as I felt that I had worn the most gorgeous of fabric; adorned my persona in the most exquisite of attire found on this globe,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me that there were innumerable number of destitutes; hiding their flesh in embarrassment from this uncouth world; and whose bodies were waiting all night and day; to be encompassed by my surplus cloth.

Even as I felt that I had gulped the most exotic of wine; drowned my body into unprecedented tremors of voluptuous excitement,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me of the millions of people scorching in the drought ridden desert; needed just few droplets from my rivers overflowing with water.

Even as I felt that I had dated the girl of my dreams; eventually marrying her to bind us in the bonds of immortal romance,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me of the thousands of impoverished hearts; who were left stranded in solitude; and who needed me to impregnate in them just fractions of my love.

And even as I felt that I had lived life to its fullest capacity; and now needed to die blending my breath blissfully with the Creator,
There was a corner of my mind which still didn't allow me to rest; as there were unlimited numbers of children being born every second in each quarter of the

globe; who were required to be fed with pearls of wisdom I had acquired in this lifetime; and who needed a pillar to support their nimble foundations which had just taken life.

20. HALF HEARTED

When I wore a pant with only half a button; I had to abashingly clutch it with both hands; every time I rose from my seat,

When I sat under only half a tree; the pugnacious rays of the Sun unsparingly struck me from all quarters,

When I wrote only half a line; I found encompassed with overwhelming bankruptcy; as my neighbors filled in the rest of the amount; and made merry till eternity,

When I ate only half the food; my stomach initially felt nice; but cried incessantly for the remainder of the night; when struck with pangs of starvation and hunger,

When I walked in only half a shoe; I felt obnoxious pebbles tickle my feet; barbaric thorns infiltrate into my flesh every second,

When I boarded only half a plane; I found myself in my coffin soon; as it stormed ruthlessly into the ocean a few minutes after taking off,

When I read only half the advertisement; I found myself sweeping the corridors of a multinational company; which I had visited; presuming to become a senior employee,

When I saw only half the dream; I felt bereaved and deprived the entire day to follow; as I yet and fervently awaited for the princess to arrive,

When I chopped only half the tree; I initially lazed blissfully under its shade; but soon found the remaining monstrous wood; tumble down towards my skull with a creaking & thunderous noise,

When I bathed only half my body; there were people laughing at me on every corner of the street; as some part of me was as black as coal; while some was pearly white,

When I cried only half a tear; my eyes metamorphosed to swollen and black; and

I found it exceedingly difficult to keep them open and sight,

When I closed only half the door; the thieves entered my dwelling merrily in the night; stole with gay abandon; what they had always dreamt of,

When I dug the foundation to only half of its depth; the building collapsed like a ball of soft cotton on the very next day; with the slightest draught of wind kissing its exteriors,

When I gave only half a punch; my adversary thought as if I was cuddling him; and wasted no time in pulverizing me to raw dust; to blend with the soil,

When I penned down only half the book; the audience burnt my effigy in volatile fury on the streets; being severely anguished at being deprived of the ending,

When I heard with only half my ear; the ferocious lion tore me apart to pieces; as I wholesomely unaware when he furtively crept from behind; and capsized me by my collar,

When I swam using only half my arms; the perilously swirling waves of the ocean eventually drowned me to the bottom; and I was squelched to raw pulp by the ominously gliding shark,

When I quelled down only half the fire; the smoldering flames gradually gained impetus in the night; viciously charred every part of my body; including the entire forest,

When I loved only half a girl; I was never able to procreate my progeny in this world; miserably dithered to continue the chapter of existence,

And when I lived life only half hearted; I failed at every step I took; and success always seemed a mountain above; even after I had clambered the previous one.

21. NO FORMALITY

I hated flamboyant parties; strident and sleazy music diffusing from the contemporary discotheque,

I hated drinking mineral water in scintillating glasses of silver; sighting my reflection in polished exteriors of the same,

I hated swanky cars transporting me at whizzing speeds; embellished attendants spuriously smiling; inviting me to enter the same,

I hated glittering restaurants adorned with a festoon of lights; waiters making their clients laugh; just for the sake of being showered with exorbitant tips,

I hated the overwhelmingly scented businessman; whose ideals infact smelt more than the most rotten stack of sewage,

I hated the word thank you; when the person uttering it actually had intentions of killing you; profoundly lurking in his eyes,

I hated masticating my food infinite times before gulping; an armory of intricate knives and oval shaped spoons laid meticulously on the table,

I hated it when someone welcomed me with a myriad of garlands and golden coins; ordered a battalion of attendants to fan me; at every step I took,

I hated going up the hill in shimmering escalators; when infact the meandering pathways would drown me into a state of mystical enchantment,

I hated sitting in the air-conditioned room; with scores of commercial delegates blowing ostentatious wisps of smoke; obnoxiously into thin air,

I hated shaking hands without any sense; as a stream of visitors kept barging in the colony all day,

I hated speaking baselessly and in deliberate slang; when infact the rustic language of my country was splendidly enough to express my feelings; put me in unprecedented ease at all times,

I hated nibbling tangy gum and acting snobbish; youngsters who blew their fathers money; without the slightest of contemplation and hesitancy,

I hated the conventional ways of marriage with people from distant countries thronging in; when infact the hearts of those tying the thread were poles apart,

I hated the toothbrush with an ensemble of curves and spongy rubber; when infact I had the medicinal branches of the blossoming Neem tree; to clean my teeth and my cheeks,

I hated individuals who praised me; escalated me to the pinnacle of Everest with

their flattery; when infact there was a river of prejudice flowing in their flesh everywhere; instead of crimson blood,

I hated the priests who propagated only their respective religions; when infact God was omnipresent; and resided in every heart and soul,

I hated all those parents who spoke to their children in English instead of their own indigenous languages; just because it was prevalent like wild fire all over the globe,

I hated artificial sweetener added to juice; when infact its original flavor was incredulously ravishing to sip and relish,

Well until now I presume; you must have already understood what sort of a person was I; and for those of you who have not; let me tell you; that I was a man who hated all kinds of bombastic pretensions; infact a man of no formality.

22. AFTER A TIRED DAY IN OFFICE

The Sun had never seemed so brilliant before; with its pungent rays streaming through the eerie darkness,

The winds had never seemed so exciting before; whizzing past my scalp in nervous exhilaration,

The leaves had never seemed so greener before; with the dew drops on their surface shimmering profoundly in the morning light,

The voice of the Nightingale had never seemed so melodious before; drifting me into waves of unparalleled rhapsody,

The river had never seemed so buoyant before; with the swirling waters; culminating into tons of froth as I whistled by,

The meadows of grass had never seemed so blossoming before; with the mystical camouflage drowning me into an ocean of enchantment,

The clouds in the cosmos had never seemed so robust before; with each patch of cotton wool resembling chunks of rejuvenating ice-cream,

The echo in the valley had never seemed so thunderous before; engendering a billion droplets of dry sweat to envelop my body,

The trio of rabbits leaping through the pastures had never seemed so boisterous before; innocently bouncing over the pathway of shriveled twigs,

The children dancing on the dance floor had never seemed so pepped up before; gyrating their bodies to the tunes of vivacious wild life,

The sizzling slices of bread had never seemed so ravishing before; rekindling even the most dormant taste bud down my throat,

The designs embossed on the walls of the caves had never seemed so realistic before; as if events which had happened centuries ago were unfurling bit by bit before my eyes,

The peacock under pelting rain had never seemed so majestic before; with the kingly plumage of its feathers captivating me in complete mind, body and soul,

The boats sailing on the sea had never seemed so magnificent before; with the stars shimmering resplendently in the sky engulfing them with silvery light,

The tears of the new born infant had never seemed so emphatic before; with their mesmerizing softness making my heart leap in exultation,

The ring on my finger had never seemed so glistening before; with the rays emanating from its demeanor adding a glitter to my morbid eyes,

The body of my beloved had never seemed so tantalizing before; with each area on her skin; enticing me to coalesce into an everlasting embrace,

The lap of my mother had never seemed so warm and compassionate before; luring me into invincible and heavenly sleep,

And the photo of my God had never seemed so radiant before; with his omnipotent aura firmly reinstating my lost faith in all mankind,

O! yes after a tired day in the office; slaving more than 12 hours under my pretentious boss's nose; the world outside seemed as if it was recreated again; and things which seemed like wholesomely dead in office hours; now struck me as if they were bouncing and alive; as if they had been just born.

23. AS THE LIGHTS CHANGED FROM RED TO GREEN

A thousand heads surged forward; whizzing at electric speeds past the assemblage of dense trees,

A thousand mouths heaved a sigh of relief; releasing tones of frustrated spit imprisoned inside,

A thousand fists punched free air; pounded the vibrant space around in unmatched exhilaration,

A thousand eyes glistened in happiness; oozing out tears of unsurpassable joy,

A thousand hearts throbbed thunderously; executing several beats at a time,

A thousand legs kicked gallons of loose mud; probed forward in unrelenting euphoria,

A thousand tongues swished in boisterous fervor; expressing tales of new found adventure,

A thousand lips opened in volatile fury; with exultating sounds of complete triumph reverberating loud and clear through the atmosphere,

A thousand watches ticked astoundingly fast; increasing their pace infinite times more than usual,

A thousand armpits diffused an ocean of sweat; with each droplet trickling down; merrily under the austere and blazing Sun,

A thousand fingers rose animatedly towards the heaven; thanking the Almighty lord in unanimous unison,

A thousand ears sprang up in stupendous arousal; regaining back their ability to trace the most minutest of sound; a thing which had relinquished for the last few minutes,

A thousand shirts suddenly started to flutter passionately; gaining momentum with each slap of vivacious breeze,

A thousand pair of hair stood up erect in alacrity on the scalp; with all the dreariness encompassing them; now disappearing into invisible wisps of oblivion,

A thousand bones commenced to dance in ecstatic jubilation; suddenly retrieving back their energy after long minutes of boring rest,

A thousand veins transported blood faster than the shark; augmenting its supply to the heart; thoroughly charged by the noise of unruly traffic and stridently clanging horns,

A thousand bellows of smoke escalated ferociously towards the sky; as motion began once again with unprecedented ardor,

A thousand wheels gushed forward in uncontrollable anger and respite; as the accelerator was squeezed incorrigibly to its maximum limit,

And strangely but profoundly true; the reason for all the above pandemonium was an almost inconspicuous movement of the traffic bulb; which had just changed from red to green.

24. THE WORST THING

The worst thing that could have happened to a fish; was that it fell innocently in the midst of the sweltering desert instead of slithering voluptuously in its tank,

The worst thing that could have happened to a cockroach; was that it found itself perched at the top of a kingly throne; instead of feasting its tentacles on the foul smell of the lavatory,

The worst thing that could have happened to a loaded gun; was that it found itself hurled right into the heart of the salty sea; instead of firing a pugnacious volley of bullets,

The worst thing that could have happened to a cow; was that it was placed in an ambience engulfed with rotten garbage; instead of wandering blissfully on the pristine and green slopes,

The worst thing that could have happened to a tongue; was that it was dipped mercilessly into fuming water; instead of sipping delectable pints of herbal tea,

The worst thing that could have happened to a bee; was that it was compelled to swim in a pond replete with saliva; instead of boisterously evolving gallons of sweet honey in its hive,

The worst thing that could have happened to a soldier; was that he was stationed

to feed new born children; instead of fighting valiantly in the battlefield of war,

The worst thing that could have happened to a cloud; that it was brutally dissipated by invidious space crafts; instead of coalescing into a dense conglomerate; and showering tantalizing droplets of rain,

The worst thing that could have happened to an eyeball; was getting exposed to a field of acrimonious thorns; instead of imparting it with an incessant stream of revitalizing moisture,

The worst thing that could have happened to a golden ring; was that it was gruesomely dumped several feet beneath the earth; instead of scintillating magnificently under pearly rays of the majestic moon,

The worst thing that could have happened to a priest; was drifting inevitably towards salacious desires; instead of inexorably drowning the mind, body and soul; in the service of Almighty Lord,

The worst thing that could have happened to the feet; was to walk on blistering embers of fire; instead of stepping on a carpet of flocculent silk and Persian wool,

The worst thing that could have happened to a slab of ice; was being kept on the fire sizzling full throttle; instead of basking away in the interiors of the glorious refrigerator,

The worst thing that could have happened to a building; was that it was constructed in the zone of the devastating earthquake; instead of standing tall and fortified on chunks of healthy soil,

The worst thing that could have happened to the gargantuan bubble of soap; was that it was pierced a few seconds after it rose; instead of swelling profoundly and proliferating many other of its kind in the atmosphere,

The worst thing that could have happened to a child; was to get orphaned as soon as he took birth; instead of frolicking merrily in the arms of his mother,

The worst thing that could have happened to seasoned sticks of firewood; was bearing the brunt of unrelenting rain and culminate into a rot; instead of igniting into crackling flames in the starry night,

The worst thing that could have happened to a car; was stuttering every minute

while clambering up the hills; instead of whizzing through the mystical lanes of the valley at kingly speeds,

The worst thing that could have happened to a contemporary watch; was to stop ticking; instead of accurately depicting time every unfurling second of the day,

And the worst thing that could have happened to me was; sitting like a moron in the office; browsing through a labyrinth of bulky files and papers; instead of gallivanting on the hills with my beloved; and simultaneously penning down emphatically enchanting lines of poetry.

25. TILL THE TIME

Till the time there was brilliant light; there existed the spell of gruesome darkness,

Till the time there was perennial happiness; there existed the blanket of dolorous sadness,

Till the time there was voluptuous wine drowning you into enchantment; there existed stark starvation,

Till the time there was the swirling and vivacious ocean; there existed the scorching deserts,

Till the time there was the ravishing slice of pudding; there existed the blunt and disdainful mountain of stones,

Till the time there was unprecedented security and comfort; there existed nefarious theft,

Till the time there were impeccable slabs of marble which were spotlessly clean; there existed the horrendous stains of grease,

Till the time there was the king seated on the supremely embellished throne; there existed his battalion of docile slaves,

Till the time there was a wave of ultra modernization circulating in this world; there existed indigenous and rustic tribes,

Till the time there was succulent flesh and mesmerizing fraternities of skin; there existed the morbid corpse lying buried beneath the coffin,

Till the time there was alacrity and unrelenting work under the sunshine; there existed blissful and spell binding sleep,

Till the time there was obstreperous sound and thunderous noise; there existed virtue of pin drop silence,

Till the time there were tantalizing droplets of rain cascading on the earth; there existed the fury of uncouth drought,

Till the time there were tenacious and fortified slabs of colossal timber lined up towards the heavens; there existed a series of pertinent gaps and holes,

Till the time there were fields of scintillating white fur encapsulating the countryside; there existed the obnoxiously black flow of the gutter,

Till the time there were exotic dreams revolving vividly through each strata of the mind; the power to fantasize escalated to its highest; there existed complete insanity and madness,

Till the time there was pure love impregnated wildly in each iota of the body; there existed blasphemous betrayal,

Till the time there was delectable taste arising on the buds of the rosy tongue; there existed pools of colorless saliva strewn pathetically on the streets,

And till the time there was moist breath descending down the nostrils; life going on in harmony with the Creator; there existed inevitable pain and absolute death.

26. WHISTLE

It produced a melodious sound on emanating; flooding the gloomy ambience with profound tinges of rhapsody,

It awoke the squirrels fast asleep in the dense bushes; as they scampered helter-skelter to hunt for their prey,

It generated ripples amongst clusters of dead leaves; making them stand erect on their frigid tips,

It substantially pacified the uncontrollably sobbing child; fomenting a gregarious

smile to spread on his innocuous face,

It engendered scores of youngsters sulking under the Sun; to dance and swirl ecstatically with the vivaciously drifting winds,

It penetrated like a sugar coated arrow through the stillness of the valley; circulating delectably through every dwelling,

It captivated the attention of every single passerby; causing them to blink their eyes in utter astonishment and disbelief,

It had an incredulous impact on the dolphins floating in the sea; causing them to somersault in animated exhilaration,

It was prolifically used amongst gangs of ominous thieves; as a subtle signal to furtively communicate,

It had a mesmerizing effect on the severely traumatized nerves of the mentally afflicted; allowing them slim moments of reprieve from their debilitating and crippling condition,

It gave the tongue a versatile opportunity to use itself; in the most dexterous way possible and to the fullest,

It proved as an excellent alternative for a person who didn't remember even a single line of the song; and yet had all the desire in the world to loudly sing it,

It had the velvety grace of a shadow; as well as the hostility of a valiant scream well blended together,

It lit an ethereal ray of hope in the eyes of the man dying; as he felt it poignantly infiltrate into his ears,

It reinstated loads of rejuvenation and confidence in a person just about to appear for an interview; as he executed it audaciously before entering the boss's cabin,

It broke all the awkwardness and formality between two politicians; once they did it before sitting to settle their country's difference,

It was infact the best and most consummate way; in which a dumb man could communicate for long distances; after using just a trifle of his wind,

And the best thing about it was; that it was the surest and sweetest signal to entice a girl's heart; when several others of its kind had miserably failed,

Now could you have ever envisaged in the most wildest of your dreams; that a thing as inconspicuous as a tiny whistle; was able to achieve what the most stupendous of remedies couldn't? Infact just an infinitesimal bellow of limp breath could have produced such a drastic effect on all mankind.

27. ALWAYS LISTENING TO THE TUNES OF MY HEART

It suddenly told me to lick the road with my tongue; when I was blissfully driving enchanted by the melody in the air and the surroundings,

It ordered me to eat a blanket of thorns without flinching the slightest; as I was wholesomely lost in my dreams under the enigmatic tree shade,

It told me to soak my head into fetid pools of gutter water; when I was busy sipping voluptuous pints of sugarcane rum in the corridors of the rustic country bar,

It told me to poke my neighbors with sizzling rods of iron; enjoy the agonizing scene that unfurled; as I placidly playing cards with my wife at midnight,

It told me to jump from the aircraft without strapping a parachute on my body; as I lost in due admiration of the cotton cocoon of blue clouds dazzling voluptuously in the morning light,

It told me to chew balls of steel with stupendous relish; when I was toiling in the fields; waiting anxiously for my crops to reap,

It told me to cut my finger with the gleaming knife; when I was writing a letter to my impeccable beloved,

It told me to cross the street when the lights were still red; brandishing my body against scores of whirlwind vehicles; as I was milking the cow for my morning breakfast,

It told me to hurl out a volley of abashing abuse to the President; when I was infact munching popcorn and watching television,

It told me to bathe in steaming acid use vicious scorpion instead of soap; as I

engrossed in bulky files and heaps of paper at office,

It told me to play hide and seek with the diabolical shark; as I blew the ensemble of candles on my birthday cake,

It told me to bash my head umpteenth times against the wall; as I was traversing merrily through the hills; with the girl of my dreams sitting on my shoulder,

It told me to leap up to the sky and steal all the stars; as I addressing the entire planet on the National network,

It told me to swallow the venomous lizard wandering through the thick jungles; as I was sitting in rapt attention; with my eyes focussed towards the deity I profoundly worshipped,

It told me to gallivant stark naked through the town; as I was assiduously involved in decoding peaceful solutions to war,

It told me to count to the number of words I spoke in the day; as I combing my hair blending it with lots of perfumed coconut oil,

It told me to put my hands in the lions mouth; as I was playing with small children; hugging them close to my chest,

It told me to sleep on a bed of smoldering embers; as I was dancing jubilantly after tasting the first success of my life,

It told me to put a battalion of stinging ants in my clothes; as I was shaking hands compassionately with the Magician outside the train,

It told me to walk backwards till I reached the other side of the globe; as I gauge the unsurpassable depth of the valley,

It was a nefarious monster ordering me to execute at times the weirdest of things existing in this world; when infact there was not the slightest of necessity; nor the slightest of compulsion by Almighty Lord to do so,

And that's when I made one solemn resolve of never being a slave of my mind; never yielding to its irascible desires no matter how strongly it dictated me to do so; as I had from now decided to always listen to the tunes of my heart.

28. DON'T JUST SAY IT

Those who consider themselves to be highly creative; basking in the glory of their ingenious ideas; are infact never creative at all,

Those who consider themselves extremely intelligent; claiming to remember every thing ever embossed in the history books; are infact never intelligent at all,

Those who consider themselves to be valiantly brave; proclaiming to conquer every power on this earth; are infact never brave at all,

Those who consider themselves to be beautiful; the only angels traversing on this planet; are infact never beautiful at all,

Those who consider themselves to be tall; the most gigantic amongst any entity ever created; are infact never tall at all,

Those who consider themselves as shrewd and overwhelmingly tactful; are infact never tactful at all,

Those who consider themselves to be the most versatile musicians in this world; are infact never singers at all,

Those who consider themselves to be the best swimmers; bombastically announcing that they could trespass across the colossal belt of the ocean even in the most tumultuous of storm; are infact never swimmers at all,

Those who consider themselves to be the most mesmerizing artists; able to sketch any form or shape better than God; are infact never artists at all,

Those who consider themselves to be great dancers; adept at performing every definable step under the Sun with stupendous mysticism and charm; are infact never dancers at all,

Those who consider themselves to be unprecedentedly skilled surgeons; curing every wound visible by the mere caress of their palms; are infact never surgeons at all,

Those who consider themselves to be dynamic managers; adroitly maneuvering all the workforce with the inherent appeal and cadence in their voice; are infact never managers at all,

Those who consider themselves to be the most flawless of priests; sanctimoniously conveying to the globe about their prowess to communicate with God; are in fact never priests at all,

Those who consider themselves to be the most ferocious of hunters; able to capsize any animal into their custody by simply grabbing it at its throat; are in fact never hunters at all,

Those who consider themselves to be great politicians; claiming to know every intricate nuance in the textbooks; harnessing the optimum benefits for their country; are in fact never politicians at all,

Those who consider themselves to be the benign philanthropists of this society; advertising in every paper and street of how much they have helped mankind; are in fact never philanthropists at all,

Those who consider themselves to be Oligarchic kings; royally seated on the throne and dispassionately ruling their nation; are in fact never kings at all,

Those who consider themselves as magicians of the highest degree; able to metamorphose every thing they touched into shimmering oysters and pearls; are in fact never magicians at all,

Those who consider themselves to be super humans; having the ability to prognosticate what was going to happen at nightfall right at the commencement of the brilliant day; are in fact never humans at all,

For who were you to consider yourself as anything; when in fact; he being the Creator didn't think of himself at all,

And if you still really perceive that you are something; then don't just say it or keep considering; go out there and prove it; and then and only then give yourself a chance to reclaim the glory of your pretentiously spoken words.

29. ME AND MY BOSS

My Boss wanted me to browse scrupulously through each alphabet of the 'Economic Times'; digest the numerical figures prevailing in the market; better than I digested my whole days food,
While in fact I wanted to read the enchantment in her voluptuous eyes; drown in the silken cascade of her mesmerizing hair.

My Boss wanted me to dance to his tunes all day; sway instantaneously to the most minuscule of his commands and instructions,
While infact I wanted to dance with her in the aisles of passionate desire; blend my senses wholesomely with the wonderful scent that emanated from her persona.

My Boss wanted me to sleep on a bed of bulky checkbooks and disdainful office files; dreaming about the company's profit and loss accounts even during my deep slumber,
While infact I wanted to lie down with her on the marshy slopes; profoundly feeling the gentle waters of the river nimbly caress my toes.

My Boss wanted me to incessantly fantasize about his corporate adversaries; trying to perceive all round the clock a flurry of ingenious ways to cunningly defeat them,
While infact I wanted to solely fantasize about her; dream about living with her on cloud nine; every unveiling second of the day.

My Boss wanted me to speak in bombastic slang and smile as soon as I encountered any of his revered customers; putting up an overwhelmingly spurious pretence under my meticulously ironed shirt,
While infact I wanted to whisper in her ears only the unending tales of my desire; embrace her for immortal moments in the formidable grip of my romance.

My Boss wanted me to sip colorless tea sitting in the matchbox shaped conference room; taking down notes as the minister spoke,
While infact I wanted to drink all the sweetness from her lips; probing my tongue wildly across every corner of her skin.

My Boss wanted me to paint every barren space I saw; with slogans haughtily advertising about his company,
While infact I wanted to paint her entire body with the color of my love; emboss on every part of her flesh the tenacity of my intricate feelings.

My Boss wanted me to count daily the balance lurking in the reserve lockers; shrewdly negotiate every iota; seeing to it that nobody got even a penny more than what they deserved,
While infact I wanted to count all the hair trapped within her eyelashes; sight my reflection in her palms sparkling with robust health.

My Boss wanted me to boast pretentiously about his greatness in front of his

wife; admire his obnoxiously filthy demeanor in front of every girl that trespassed across his shadow,
While infact I wanted to boast only about her; write volumes and volumes of literature describing each of her spell binding parts.

And my Boss wanted me to eat, breathe, and sleep Business; refraining me to wander or even think beyond monotonous realms of his pathetic office,
While infact I wanted to eat, breathe, sleep only her name; keep her imprisoned in my heart; not only for this birth; but for infinite more births to come.

30. THE HARDEST THING FOR A WRITER TO BEAR

The hardest thing for a mother to bear; was the sudden death of her new born and sweet infant,

The hardest thing for a Businessman to bear; was the abrupt closure of his Business; his goods being auctioned in the market at a price lesser than stones,

The hardest thing for a bird to bear; was that her eggs got stolen by the vicious snake right in front of her eyes,

The hardest thing for a desert to bear; was its barren and magnificently shimmering sands; being extravagantly flooded with water,

The hardest thing for a boxer to bear; was opprobrious defeat; being decimated to the floor by his timid adversary,

The hardest thing for an automobile to bear; was the dismal snapping of its brakes; as it was just seconds away from reaching the summit of the mountain,

The hardest thing for the eye to bear; was its inability to recognize its most revered and beloved; even as she passed at whisker lengths from its body,

The hardest thing for a eunuch to bear; was the volley of insults and ignominious rebukes it received; the hilarious laughter which it was subjected to; for noabsolutely no fault of its at all,

The hardest thing for the shoe to bear; was exploding into infinite fragments; the moment it tread nimbly on the soil,

The hardest thing for the consortium of diabolical black clouds to bear; was not being able to incessantly rain; even after floating rampantly for hours in the sky,

The hardest thing for a robust swimmer to bear; was lying like a frigid mute leaf in the pool; when the race to the trophy was just about to commence,

The hardest thing for the lips to bear; was the acrimonious society coming in between them and their enchanting lover,

The hardest thing for the wealthiest man on this earth to bear; was the girl of his dreams kicking all his opulence; eloping with that beggar instead; whom she had ardently given her heart,

The hardest thing for the impeccable and sparkling shirt to bear; was being ripped apart to uncouth strands; as it confronted head on with the worst of cyclonic storm,

The hardest thing for the conscience to bear; was overwhelming guilt pounding on it like a volcano from all sides; as it agonizingly conceived its tale of blatant lies,

The hardest thing for the spring waters to bear; was getting adulterated by infinitesimal specks of dirt; as they gushed past contaminated slopes of lecherous mankind,

The hardest thing for the lion to bear; was being ingeniously outwitted by the hunter; despite being crowned the irrefutable king of the jungle,

The hardest thing for the hands to bear; was their inefficiency to save several lives in vicinity as they were incarcerated in chains; although they knew the Herculean strength circulating in their bones,

The hardest thing for God to bear; was infinite numbers of his molecules fighting with each other on this earth; the very planet which he had created as paradise; now metamorphosing into a river of hostile death,

And the hardest thing for a writer to bear; when despite dedicating all his mind, body and soul to his profession; chiseling every alphabet he perceived with his very own blood; his work didn't sell.

31. FAKE GODFATHER

For him I wasn't a passionate poet penning down thousands of lines of mystical poetry,

What he considered me was just an employee; relentlessly running in and out;
through the doors of his bombastic office.

For him I wasn't the innocuous child wandering at will through the jungles,
What he considered me was just an embellished servant; attending to each of his
clients with a big and ostentatiously false smile.

For him I wasn't the angel sipping milk delectably from mother cow,
What he considered me was just a hi-tech attendant; scrupulously sorting and
arranging his plethora of computer files.

For him I wasn't the fantasy eye casting my shadow on every pretty damsel that
I encountered on the streets,
What he considered me was a financial institution who could extract money from
the uncouth world; dispense it judiciously to pacify even the tiniest of his
demands.

For him I wasn't the angel who slept cozily for indefatigable number of hours on
the silken couch,
What he considered me was just an electric paced machine barging through the
door of his office at the crack of dawn; and before anyone else entered his
empire.

For him I wasn't the philanderer gallivanting with brazen relish through the
winding hills,
What he considered me was just a physically fit and robust individual who could
clamber and descend the stairs leading to his cabin umpteenth number of times.

For him I wasn't the carefree and reckless student bunking classroom with
nonchalant ease to meet my beloved,
What he considered me was just a special insect; who buzzed incessantly around
his visage; pretentiously praising him about things he had never committed.

For him I wasn't the impetuous youngster who spent every night drowned in
gallons of intoxicating whisky dancing to the beats of vivacious music,
What he considered me was a professional with dynamic speech; the only man
who could entertain his guests for weeks together on the glittering telephone.

For him I wasn't just the tiny kid playing boisterously with several other of my
kind,
What he considered me was an audacious and gallant chested soldier; standing
tall and domineering to protect his assets; opening the door of his car; every

time he felt an urge to drive fast towards the valley of enchantment.

For him I wasn't the emperor of my dreams; sitting on the profusely jeweled throne,

What he considered me was just somebody who could spot and shrug off all the disdainful hair sticking to his shirt; evolve ingenious ideas to fetch him his emoluments for years to unveil.

For him I wasn't the maverick munching toffee and simultaneously writing love letters,

What he considered me was a perfect 'Butter Man'; adroitly convincing and polishing the shoes of his vast repertoire of alien customers.

For him I wasn't the mischievous teenager bursting into pools of uninhibited laughter every other second,

What he considered me was just a vibrant entity who wrote his International speech; cajoled his vain senses when he found himself encompassed by a state of inexplicable nervousness.

For him I wasn't the pampered boy feasting my eyes on a fathomless ensemble of ravishing fruits and curd,

What he considered me was just an executive who could prolifically travel all around the country; while he slept blissfully with the girl of his dreams; with nothing else except his snores to disturb him.

For him I wasn't a prince swimming in an ocean of pearls; tossing an armory of jewels like matchsticks in the air,

What he considered me was just an infinitesimal little banana; whose skin he could ruthlessly peel whenever he wanted; before savoring the entire fruit.

For him I wasn't the baby cuddling tightly to my mother's invincible lap; drifting off to blissful sleep as she sung mystical rhymes into my ear,

What he considered me was just a mature broker; intricately manipulating and shielding each of his shady and illegal deals.

For him I wasn't the adventurous crusader; profoundly admiring a blanket of voluptuous stars from the summit of the hill,

What he considered me was just an expert salesman; propagating the essence of his hollow ideals far and wide; standing dead straight as if struck by a hostile arrow; nodding my head boundless number of times to the faintest of whispers he uttered.

For him I wasn't God's vehement disciple; inexorably ringing the bells of the temple; wholesomely lost in the omnipotent aura of the Creator,
What he considered me was just an obnoxious table of reception; uttering hi, hello, sorry, thank you, all throughout the waking day and for some part of the moistened night.

For him I wasn't my beloved's lover; enveloped intensely in the supremely volatile arms of her romance,
What he considered me was just a dirty solicitor; ever ready to fight every legal case of his; win every battle triumphantly in front of the judge.

For him I wasn't human at all; with feelings, desires; fantasies; emotions; ..
What he considered me was just his chained employee; licking his feet in meek submission; executing all his Business deals to astronomical perfection.

As these were the things inevitable to be done; to get that pay cheque of mine at the end of every month; and of course till that time he could take the privilege of dominating me,
But mind you irrespective of my compulsion to exist; he would only for the time being remain my fake Godfather; but could never replace and was nowhere near even the minutest shadows of my adorable and omniscient Creator.

32. ONLY WRITE POETRY

Could the ocean ever dream of relinquishing its majestic waves; flowing as placid as the solitary pond spawned by the monsoons?

Could the sky ever dream of existing without its conglomerate of puffy clouds; stare sheepishly towards the earth like a dead canvas painted with blue?

Could the mother ever dream of killing her child; slicing its robust meat to satisfy her gluttony?

Could the fish ever dream of living without water; slithering miserably on ground like the venomous snake?

Could the cow ever dream of eating thorns instead of leafy grass; lazing in desolate solitude without oozing even an iota of milk?

Could the elephant ever dream of running as fast as the spotted panther; climbing up the hazel tree trunk with the nimble ease of a bushy squirrel?

Could the desert ever dream of being enveloped with pools of crystal water; all its shimmering and fathomless sands drenched completely with spongy liquid?

Could the freezing ice-cream ever dream of charring an individual to raw soot; reducing his demeanor to inconspicuous particles of grey ash?

Could the obnoxious river of sweat ever dream of diffusing marvelous scent; spreading its fragrance far and wide to every corner of the vast globe?

Could the incongruous little street fly ever dream of sitting on the royal throne; barking orders to soldiers and countrymen instead of sitting on rotten fruit?

Could the intoxicating bottle of scarlet whisky ever dream of becoming a saint; instilling godly virtues in a person consuming it; instead of making him swoon on the ground?

Could the stray rat ever dream of weaving immaculate fabric; eating on the table with scintillating forks and spoons; instead of poking its nose pertinently at the cheese kept in the refrigerator?

Could the wife who loved her husband over and above everything on this planet ever dream of murdering him; slashing his veins for perfectly no rhyme or reason?

Could the ghost imprisoned deep inside the dilapidated corpse ever dream of facing the entire army; defeating the valiant commanders; instead of inhabiting haunted house?

Could the honey trickling delectably from the beehive ever dream of decimating a person; make him loose his last breath; instead of tickling him mischievously in his stomach?

Could the ominous beaked vampire ever dream of instilling new life in people; benevolently helping humanity; instead of brutally sucking gallons of blood from the body of human?

Could the white skinned and satanic shark ever dream of giving children a flurry of amicable smiles; reciting to them stories of their motherland; instead of pulverizing them to mincemeat with its knife like jaws?

Could the Creator ever dream of destroying the entire Universe; erasing the globe from its very rudimentary roots; instead of imparting fresh life every

unleashing instant?

Then how the hell could you ever dream that I went to office from the crack of every dawn; to the striking of every midnight; when infact my mind; body and sensitive soul; wanted to do nothing else but float in the aisles of surreal desire; bask in the glory of the beauty hovering around; profoundly admire and imbibe all the beauty existing in this world; when infact all myself created till date and still to evolve wanted to only write poetry.

33. PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE LIFE

One moment I felt as if I was dismally sinking to the rock bottom of the fathomlessly deep ocean; while the very next instant God placed me in the captains cabin; on the opulently diamond studded ship,

One moment I felt as if I was not even able to remember my very own name; while the very next instant God made me the most ingenious Scientist ever born on this planet,

One moment I felt as if I was slowly losing my ability to sight; with the world seeming an obfuscated blur through my drearily batting lids; while the very next instant God made me a lanky beaked hawk; able to dive from astronomical heights; catch my succulent prey in a just single dip,

One moment I felt as if I was going to be brutally pulverized in the gruesome car accident; while the very next instant God placed me on the top most summit of the mountain; made me witness the entire world as a blissfully astounding paradise,

One moment I felt as if I was begging disdainfully on the appallingly shivering streets; while the very next instant God granted me a seat on the supremely embellished golden throne; made me the most invincible and worshipped king,

One moment I felt as if I was writhing miserably on the floor in thoroughly lost despair; while the very next instant God made me the impregnably towering fortress; which was simply unable to invade from any side,

One moment I felt as if I was starving without a droplet of water being visible till far and remote distances; while the very next instant God inundated my empty bowl with tantalizing morsels of food; pacified my scorching throat to an extent that it never felt thirsty all my life,

One moment I felt that I was being assaulted by a gang of viciously satanic demons; running like a matchstick through the desolate lanes of the city; while the very next instant God made me the president of the country; with a fleet of armed bodyguards following me like a shadow wherever I went,

One moment I felt that I was stuttering on every word that I spoke; was hardly able to complete a single sentence without pathetically floundering infinite number of times; while the very next instant God made me the best musician trespassing on this earth; mesmerizing millions with the magnetic charisma in my voice,

One moment I felt that I was stumbling embarrassingly at every step I took; while the very next instant God made me a handsome eagle soaring majestically through open blue sky; covering miles of territory on the trot; with a single wing flap of mine,

One moment I felt that I was going to use my thumb to sign all my documents; as I was transiting into blatantly illiterate; while the very next instant God bestowed upon me the prowess of evolving billions of lines of poetry in a single working day,

One moment I felt that I was swooning towards the obdurate ground after a deadly venomous sting; while the very next instant God deluged my life with sweet nectar; made me philander like a prince in an ocean of celestial honey,

One moment I felt that I was overwhelmed with mind boggling stress; would be crushed under the tyranny of monotonous routine which wouldn't spare me the slightest; while the very next instant God blessed me with divinely sleep; swept away even the tiniest of my tension; like the Sun melts white ice,

One moment I felt that I would plummet inevitably into the valley as the brakes of my car abruptly failed; while the very next instant God made me walk without a scratch to my body out of the jammed door; while my automobile exploded into a fireball of pugnacious flames,

One moment I felt that I was shivering hysterically in inexplicable fever and horrendous disease; while the very next instant God made me the perennial waterfall; which delighted millions with its robustly cascading silvery froth,

One moment I felt that I was disappearing into oblivion; with my entity soon about to fade into an island of nothingness; while the very next instant God made me as tall as the boundlessly gargantuan sky; looming large over every

other entity on the trajectory of this planet,

One moment I felt that I was crying indefatigably; there was nothing except tears in my uncouthly unpardonable life; while the very next instant God made me break into a battalion of flirtatious smiles; profusely lit up and triggered my life with everlasting happiness,

One moment I felt that I was losing all my power; the bulging muscle in my shoulder was evaporating into obsolete oblivion; while the very next instant God made me the strongest individual on this globe; possessing the supreme tenacity to scrap evil from its very slim and non-existent roots,

And one moment I felt that I was dying; on the brink of relinquishing passionate breath any unveiling second; while the very next instant God not only flooded my staggering lungs with unprecedented amounts of fresh air; but bequeathed upon me the power to exist beyond; past; present and future life.

34. NO DRINKS

When I was in a mood to profusely tease my neighbors; I had a drink of tangy lemon juice,

When I wanted to swim against choppy waves of the turbulent ocean; I had a drink of wildly rejuvenating rum,

When I wanted to float in the aisles of unprecedented desire; shrugging off the slightest of my stringent inhibitions; I had a drink of voluptuously red whisky,

When I wanted to philander euphorically through the supremely dense and camouflaged forests; I had a drink of mystically refreshing coconut water,

When I wanted to fight the lion disastrously barehanded; I had a drink of profoundly seductive wine; which instilled in me the false impression that I was greater than God, upon consumption,

When I wanted to walk naked on the freezing mountain slopes; I had a drink of piquantly poignant and electric green chili,

When I wanted to simply lie down on the couch; disentangling my mind from the vagaries and intricacies of this monotonous world; I had a drink of plain and rustic water,

When I wanted to fantasize till eternity; live in a satiny cocoon of clouds all my life without respite; I had a drink of overwhelming nicotine,

When I wanted to vomit out deliberately; puking out the last iota of what I had consumed just a few hours ago; I had a drink of disdainful soap with its bubbles exploding gently in my throat,

When I wanted to emulate a mad man in astounding similarity; I had a drink of horrendous donkey saliva,

When I wanted to commence prolific activity every dawn; I had a drink of delectably sizzling and hot tea,

When I wanted to give the insurmountably constipated bowels in my stomach some relief; I had a drink of boisterously bubbling soda,

When I wanted to holistically blend with the ecstatic conversation circulating in the conference; be an integral part of the festivity; I had a drink of ebulliently golden beer,

When I wanted to gallivant on the stallion through the labyrinth of fabulous hills; I had a drink of passionately peppy pineapple juice,

When I wanted to grandiloquently celebrate my birthday; say cheers to the entire world sitting in the clammy interiors of my drawing room; I had a drink of superlatively intoxicating vodka,

When I wanted to leap in animated exhilaration in the middle of the night; halt my incessantly running nose from dribbling further; I had a drink of salubrious and steaming chicken soup,

When I wanted to appease my mother; make amends for the plethora of inadvertent mistakes which I had committed; I had a drink of impeccable cow milk; kneading it assiduously from her sacrosanct body,

When I wanted to reach the astronomical summit of Mount Everest; I had a drink of reinvigorating and tenacious brandy; once every few minutes,

When I wanted to retain a splendidly formidable memory; I had a drink of fortified iron syrup; impregnating power to my being; power to my bones,

When I wanted to speak in slang; pretend an intrinsic part of the high society

without actually belonging to it; I had a drink of pretentiously sleazy brown cola,

But when I wanted to lead life; I didn't have any drink at all; for there was no magical liquid or extract made which would make me suffice its variety; in fact it was an uphill struggle which was to be relentlessly fought; an invincible mission which no spurious drink on this earth could ever conquer.

35. MY HEART WAS PURE INDIAN

The cheese that I had for morning breakfast was pure Italian; with its tanginess drowning me into waves of euphoria,

The ring adorning my finger was from the ancient pyramids of Arabia; glistening splendidly all day and night,

The shampoo that I used; was a herbal extract from the caves of Mount Everest; impregnating my hair with a satiny caress,

The calculator I used; was from Japan; deciphering mind-boggling puzzles within lightening fraction of seconds,

The shoes I wore were colonial British; woven with exquisite quality leather,
The watch on my wrists was authentically Swiss; shimmering majestically under the moonlight,

The scents that lined my mantelpiece; were from the deserts of Arabia; replacing all stink with their mesmerizing redolence,

The belt that held my pants single piece; was evolved from the skin of African python,

The ice cubes that floated in my glass of whisky; were from the summit of the frozen Himalayas,

The carpets engulfing every floor of my dwelling; were stitched with exclusive quality Persian wool,

The gallons of water that I consumed every hour; were extracted from the pristine springs of the Alps,

The mascara embellishing my eyelashes; was from the markets of ravishing France; that attracted every female inevitably towards me,

The food that I gulped for nocturnal supper; was from the delectable kitchens of Turkey,

The clothes that I used to cover my shivering skin; were from the contemporary and gaudy showrooms of America,

The conch shells that I used to announce my voice to the world; were from the coastal islands of Australia,

The roses that were fitted adorably in my vase; were from the sprawling gardens of China,

The tea that I sipped with enormous pleasure; was made from petals strewn in the orchards of Pakistan,

Infact even the contraptions I used to measure my intimate heart beat was of precision quality and pure German,

While inspite of all these; I still had the greatest reverence for the soil I was born in; my heart was pure Indian.

36. JUST A PAIR OF BONES

Beneath my shirt; the gaudy clothes that engulfed my body,
Beneath the infinite mass of hair; that sprouted from my scalp and skin, Beneath
the exorbitantly costly rings; scintillating majestically from my finger,
Beneath the golden sweat that oozed profusely down my nape; cooling my
agitated senses,
Beneath the aroma of musk perfume; diffusing from my armpits,
Beneath the mesmerizing black mascara; painted intricately on my eyelashes,
Beneath the Spanish watch; luminating royally from my wrist,
Beneath the snake leather footwear; fitted to designer perfection on my toes,
Beneath all the delectable food dumped in my stomach; sleeping blissfully inside,

Beneath the voluptuous lipstick; embossed glossily on my lips,
Beneath the mystical lines of my palm; portraying me to the world as a king, I
was just a pair of bones.

Beneath swanky cars; which I drove at rocketing velocities through the streets,
Beneath all the wine that I had consumed; which was extracted from the tangiest
of herbs,

Beneath dungeons of wealth; which I had stashed upto the brim with glittering gold,
Beneath all the fantasies revolving pompously in my brain; engendering the entire world to spin on my fingertips,
Beneath the feather coated couch on which I slept; gleefully tossing my mountain of jewels,
Beneath all the Business clients who saluted me; opening their mouth in open mouthed admiration,
Beneath the billion kilometers of land I possessed; on which philandered women of my very own choice,
Beneath all the intricate figurines and scents lined on my mantelpiece; the boundless leopard skins suspended from walls of my palace,
Beneath all the princely languages; that flowed out at ease from my tongue,
Beneath several tales of love and enchantment; that I had executed out with my beloved, Beneath all the pretensions I had of presuming myself to be some sort of God; although without the ability of even knowing what would happen a few seconds after,
I was simply a light weight skeleton; just a pair of bones.

37. THE FIRST THING I WOULD DO

If I were a ferocious panther the first thing I would do; was devour my prey with unprecedented relish,
Then sleep in my den in the heart of the jungle cloistered from acrid light; impregnating the atmosphere with my snores.

If I were an inconspicuous mosquito the first thing I would do; was to extract parsimonious amounts of blood from supple complexioned flesh,
Then buzz incessantly in vicinity of the eardrum; driving the individual to the threshold of raw indignation.

If I were a long legged spider the first thing I would do; was to weave my silken web with the sticky gel in my belly,
Then patiently wait for innocuous insects to get trapped in; before pulverizing them to succulent pulp.

If I were a handsome grey lizard the first thing I would do; was to stealthily pounce on my victim; strangulating it with my coherently synchronized teeth,
Then perching myself in hidden cavities of the tube light; laboriously try and swallow my sumptuous meal.

If I were an indolent cow grazing on the hills the first thing I would do; was

to munch lush green grass protruding from the soil,
Then spend marathon hours chewing the same; succeeded by an afternoon
siesta; with the sun shining in my eyes.

If I were a preposterously huge elephant wandering through the swampy
marshes; the first thing I would do; was submerge my trunk in water;
evacuating colossal amounts of the solvent,
Then sprinkling the same with equanimity and brute power; on all animals in
the surrounding.

If I were a disdainfully colored cockroach the first thing I would do; was to
swish my tentacles rampantly in exuberance,
Then cling as tightly as possible to inner seams of the lavatory seat; waiting
for dawn to descend in utter exasperation.

If I were a enchanting cuckoo the first thing I would do; was to adroitly flex
vocal chords deep down in my throat,
Inundating the ambience with melodious music; profoundly enjoying the
aftermath of the same.

If I were a heinous criminal the first thing I would do; was to sabotage prime
property,
Stripping the overwhelmingly rich of their affluence; philandering all throughout
the night under sleazy lights of the blaring discotheque.

If I were a normal human being the first thing I would do; was to find the
inevitable love of my life,
Incarcerate the same for the remaining time till I breathed air; dedicate my
entire time towards protection of her being.

And If I were the omniscient Creator the first thing I would do; was to annihilate
all poverty and suffering,
Make sure that all those living continued to live in perpetual contentment; for
decades immemorial.

38. RAW MATERIALS

The raw material required for growing a foliated tree; was its inconspicuous
little seeds,

The raw material required for building a magnificent palace; was a plethora of
baked bricks and finely pulverized sand,

The raw material required for forming the sky; was a blend of black and immaculate white clouds,

The raw material required for making a computer; was a conglomerate of contemporary chips with a host of sophisticated software,

The raw material required for forming the mammoth ocean; was astronomical amounts of salt water,

The raw material required for preparing appetizing curd; was decayed and left over remains of bitter milk,

The raw material required to fire a hollow nozzle gun; was a grey bullet; that flew at electric speeds after swiftly releasing the trigger,

The raw material required for digging a well in the stony ground; was a chiseled pickaxe compounded with onerous effort,

The raw material required for riding a bicycle; was dexterous maneuvering of the same alongwith the skill of fine balance,

The raw material required for writing script; was the slender sculptured fountain pen replete with sapphire ink,

The raw material required for igniting bundled logs of dry wood; was a minuscule and lead coated matchstick,

The raw material required for cautioning against unscrupulous burglars; was a contemporary alarm bell,

The raw material required for soaring high in the air abreast of the hovering clouds; was a pair of strong and robust wings,

The raw material required to compose a poem; was a jugglery of intricate words; alongwith perfect synchronization of rhyme,

The raw material required to smile; was twin pairs of lips opening partially; radiating loads of compassionate warmth,

The raw material required for spreading rampant riots; was baseless communalism,

The raw material required for propagating corruption; was power hungry leaders
adroitly manipulating innocuous people,

The raw material required for impregnating fear; was merciless torture of the
deprived; incessant tormenting of the underprivileged,

The raw material required for dying; was forcible closure of the nostrils;
succeeded by abrupt failure of the heart,

And the raw material required for blissfully living; was unrelentingly caring
for our dear ones; diligently praying to the deity we believe; patronizing
universally the essence of philanthropic love.

39. ROCKING CHAIR

When I sat on it exerting my full weight; it squealed inaudibly permeating the
stillness of atmosphere with feverish cacophony,
Nimbly revolving a few centimeters on the polished floor; eventually adjusting
disconcertingly to the situation.

When I poked it with a conglomerate of pointed needles; it let out silent gasps,
The upholstery was now embedded with a plethora of incongruous holes;
although I could still spread my legs on it and sit.

When I emptied a barrel of fuming acid on it; it got severely butchered and
uncouthly ripped apart,
The spongy foam now buckled under the slightest of my caress; and people who
visited my cabin perceived it as a minor bomb blast.

When I tried standing erect on it swirling rampantly to blaring tunes diffusing
from the CD systems; it initially complied with my desire,
Although after a while I found myself adhering to the opposite wall of the room;
as it had inevitably skidded and flung me like a discarded heap.

When I incorrigibly refrained to clean it; letting hordes of dust settle on its
persona,
I had to suffer unrelentingly from sporadic bouts of thunderous coughing; with
the minuscule particles entering my nose.

When I washed it with freezing water in winter castigating for disobeying my
command; it appeared forlorn and meek in the beginning,

However when the next day I entered my office; there was a derogatory odor intensely hovering in the air; also I saw a fleet of termite gnawing the soft wood with overwhelming relish.

When I endeavored to emboss script on its body; it incessantly rotated and shook; bouncing with gay abundance on its springs,
Driving me wild beyond the threshold of definable frustration; and I finally gave up on my persevering effort.

When I kicked it in its rear; exerting tumultuous force with my bohemian feet,
It placidly lay down topsy-turvy several paces further; and I had scrupulously make sure whether all parts were intact; before relaxing on it again.

When I tried incinerating it; submerging it wholesomely in my left over alcohol; it caught flames which rose high and handsome towards the sky,
All that was now left of it was charred ashes; which I consummately used to sprinkle as manure over my plants.

But let me tell you folks; I had enjoyed it the most; supremely relished its company for marathon hours on the trot,
When I swung it tenaciously to and fro; with my feet languidly sprawled on the table; my eyes partially closed; and my rocking chair virtually putting me into a mystical slumber.

40. WHEN IN DEEP SLEEP

When in deep sleep you seemed like an immaculate angel; breathing heavily with incoherent sounds emanating from your semi open lips,
While the instant you awakened; you pummeled your fists against the wall; clenched your teeth in indignation.

When in deep sleep you seemed to be profoundly oblivious to your surroundings;
with your lids firmly agglutinated to your eyeball,
While the instant you awakened; you cast a series of despicable looks; castigating me severely for the inconspicuous smudges aligning the furniture.

When in deep sleep you changed positions umpteenth times in a minute; with your clothes strewn in a disheveled heap,
While the instant you awakened you stringently made sure that I sat up straight without flinching the least; the attire that I wore was neatly creased and meticulously ironed.

When in deep sleep you mystically smiled; perhaps envisaging the fairies in the cosmos; with an enchanting glow encompassing your facial contours,
While the instant you awakened you were crimson with anger; rebuked me for not scrupulously washing my face.

When in deep sleep you inadvertently caressed my hair; fondling with my cheeks as if admiring their pudgy softness,
While the instant you awakened you were aghast at being late for office; slapped me hard for not braiding my hair.

When in deep sleep you unwittingly uttered all those things stored well within your heart; vanquishing all apprehensions that engulfed your silhouette,
While the instant you awakened you started manipulating the words to speak; refrained from giving me the tiniest of insinuation.

When in deep sleep you sometimes walked innocuously; languishing in the aisles of romantic fantasy,
While the instant you awakened you uncouthly barked orders for a cup of tea; splashed the same on the walls when it was not sizzling to the temperature you desired.

When in deep sleep you wriggled inside the cozy delights of your quilt; blissfully exploring the moisture beneath the pillow you slept,
While the instant you awakened you threw aside the covers in intense infuriation; frantically searching for your radiant watch and glistening chain.

When in deep sleep you unconsciously laughed; when I poked a thin blade of grass in your ears; gave me a celestial smile,
While the instant you awakened you barked a volley of abashing expletives; condemning me for not polishing your shoes.

When in deep sleep you were the perfect husband for whom I had heaps of adulation; while the instant you awakened I had lost all reverence for your persona,
As I wished and prayed fervently to the almighty; to transform you like the way you were when in deep sleep.

41. DON'T YET DIE

One day you will ebulliently bounce on the pinnacle of blossoming prosperity;
with the ingratiatingly fantastic melody of the atmosphere; blending handsomely

with every ingredient of your crimson blood,

One day you will catapult to the absolute epitome of scintillating stardom; with even the most infinitesimal of your wish; immortalizing with the heavens divine,

One day you will irrefutably achieve all what you were harmoniously striving for; celestially diffusing the spirit of compassionate brotherhood; in every nook and cranny of the gigantic Universe; alike,

One day you will forget all your lambasting miseries and tantalizingly smile; exploring an enthralling township of beauty; on every step that you transgressed,

One day you will find all vibrantly tingling goodness of this planet bountifully blessed in your outstretched lap; with the whispers of ravishing enchantment; immaculately enlightening your every night,

One day you will unequivocally march only on the path of priceless truth; wholesomely abdicating forever and ever and ever; the web of tyrannically disparaging lies,

One day you will triumphantly emerge from the graveyards of despairing gloom; perpetually inundate even the most inconspicuous speck on this earth; with unfathomably benign happiness,

One day you will transform the gory complexion of this planet; bring back a resplendent smile on the lips of the all those uncouthly divested; by the grace of Almighty God,

One day you will stupendously fantasize only about unshakable solidarity; holistically embark upon an unflinching mission to impregnably unite all caste; creed; tribe and color; in the threads of unassailable humanity,

One day you will find the most beautifully affable mate of your life; who altruistically stood by your impoverished side; even as diabolical hell indefatigably rained from the sky outside,

One day you will fulminate into a cloud of torrential jubilation; wonderfully titillate every iota of this despicably famished earth; with the majestic sweetness of your creation,

One day you will insatiably dance in the aisles of unprecedented desire; gyrate to

the tunes of unending harmony; even as the most stringently sweltering rays of the Sun; ferociously charred everything to spurious dust,

One day you will inhale the most sensuously rejuvenating scents of the atmosphere; replenish every aspect of your penuriously dwindling existence; with the fathomless freedom of the; boundlessly bestowing cosmos,

One day you will tranquilly bond with your heavenly soul; discover even the most diminutive fragment of your sparkling conscience; to propagate the ubiquitous essence of simplicity,

One day you will get more than what you could have ever perceived in the most wildest of your dreams; as you selflessly diffused the same; to all those brutally strangled in the dormitories of unbelievably merciless agony,

One day you will embrace the winds of timeless romance; bask in the glory of earth's most wonderfully symbiotic relationship; for infinite more births yet to unleash,

One day you will breathe an air so impeccably sacrosanct and without even the tiniest trace of adulterated manipulation; that your conscience will inevitably coalesce with the Omnisciently divine,

One day you will love so immortally with the partner of your choice; that even the most belligerently satanic of devils; would become entirely oblivious to the word called ghastly crime,

And that day was invincibly sure to come in yours and every benevolent entity's life; so keep optimistically conceiving and working towards that day; don't lose hope; don't yet die.

42. ENTIRELY ON THEIR OWN

Reason to fear was with those who had resplendently sparkling sight; as even the tiniest thought of a blur obfuscating their eyes; made them uncontrollably tremble towards the aisles of nothingness,

While the ones blind since the very first cry of birth; surged intrepidly forward with nothing to lose; as the only Sun for them was an island of wholesomely penalizing blackness.

Reason to fear was with those who had fathomless treasuries of gold and compassionate belonging; as even the tiniest thought of misery coming their

way; made them frantically chew the last chunk of their skins,
While the ones brutally orphaned and penniless since the very first cry of
birth; merrily gallivanted forward with nothing to lose; as the most majestic
cheer for them; was their soul of despicably wavering loneliness.

Reason to fear was with those who had perennially floated in opulent wines
and tantalizing food; as even the tiniest thought of prosperity deserting them;
made them sweat like a coward with nothing to lose; as their most
charismatically sensuous expression was a despondent dungeon of remorsefully
lambasting silence.

Reason to fear was with those who had enchantingly vibrant ears; as even the
tiniest thought of voices abandoning them; made them insanely wander through
clouds of frazzled emptiness,
While the ones perpetually deaf since the very first cry of birth; harmoniously
surged forward with nothing to lose; as their most poignantly volatile inspiration
to exist was a graveyard of pin drop solitude.

Reason to fear was with those who were unconquerable kings; as even the tiniest
thought of the diamonds popping out from their pompous crowns; made them
inexplicably beat their fists towards the corridors of diabolical hell,
While the ones opprobriously squelched like rotten tomatoes since the very
first cry of their birth; exuberantly surged forward with nothing to lose; as their
most pristine moments in life were nothing but a gutter of unsurpassable filth.

Reason to fear was with those who incessantly tantalized themselves with the
feathers of enchanting desire; as even the tiniest thought of all nubile fantasy
abnegating them; made them maniacally bleed in threadbare dust,
While the ones bizarrely lynched since the very first cry of birth; blisteringly flew
forward with nothing to lose; as their most gloriously fecund prowess was to
procreate none like their own.

And reason to fear was with those who passionately palpitated into fireballs of
togetherness every instant; as even the tiniest thought of their beloved betraying
them; made them desperately rip apart their veins into an infinite ungainly bits,
While the ones disparagingly bereft of love since the very first cry of birth;
phlegmatically ticktocked forward with nothing to lose; as the most marvelously
cherished aspect of their survival; was to be left entirely on their own.

43. STAY HAPPY; STAY ALIVE

Stay on top of the blisteringly sweltering equator; uncontrollably basking in the

insatiably flamboyant glory of the Omnipotent Sun,

Stay on resplendently inebriating avalanches of scintillating ice; bountifully feasting every ingredient of your crimson blood; on the stupendously frosty mountains,

Stay on rustic landscapes of indigenously panoramic mud; indefatigably tingling even the most infinitesimal bud of your skin; with melodiously enchanting grass,

Stay under the unrelentingly cascading waterfalls; replenishing your drearily insipid nerves with the mantra of harmoniously holistic; symbiotism,

Stay wherever you like; but stay in rhapsodically ebullient happiness; stay ubiquitously diffusing into a fountain of everlasting jubilation; stay forever and philanthropically alive.

1.

Stay abreast the ferociously dazzling fires; metamorphosing even the most frigidly pernicious moments of your bedraggled life; into a sky of unconquerable optimism,

Stay intrepidly relaxing on the gigantic shark's back; unfurling into a gorge of unfathomably exhilarating adventure; as each instant rampantly zipped by,

Stay tirelessly under the placidly mesmerizing Moon; enchantingly pacifying your tumultuously frazzled persona; with euphorically impeccable charisma,

Stay intractably near the aromatically appetizing kitchens; supremely tantalizing your disastrously impoverished nostrils; with the most delectably exotic cuisine that lingered on this gigantic Universe,

Stay wherever you like; but stay unassailably bonded in threads of solidarity; stay as God's most innocuously blessed organisms; stay forever and philanthropically alive.

2.

Stay rolling with the immaculately burgeoning mushrooms; marvelously saluting their honesty; as the first rays of dawn unleashed from the royally ethereal horizons,

Stay wholesomely blended with hives of the boisterous honey bee; profusely enveloping every cranny of your diminutive demeanor; with unsurpassably never-ending sweetness,

Stay unflinchingly confronting the most mightiest of tornadoes; relishing the sheer propensity of compassionate moisture; on every impression of your pathetically fading visage,

Stay powerlessly surrendered at the pristine feet of your divine beloved; profoundly nourishing every droplet of your scarlet blood; with all beauty that serendipitously enshrouded this planet,

Stay wherever you like; but stay always encapsulated with impregnable prosperity; stay shoulder to shoulder with your comrades in inexplicably traumatic pain; stay forever and philanthropically alive.

3.

Stay lifelong with all unfortunately staggering destitute; inundating enlightening rays of desire in the lives of all those vindictively orphaned,

Stay intransigently upon the sordidly uninhibited rooftop; languishing in the aisles of unending desire; without caring two hoods about the conventionally diabolical society,

Stay brazenly bare chested on the ecstatically gallivanting horse; timelessly exploring the ravishing aura of this earth; as the majestically glorious wind gushed past the whites of your joyously blazing eyes,

Stay concisely synchronized in the dormitories of the swanky corporate office; rejoicing the quintessential fundamentals of pragmatic management; to their unprecedented fullest,

Stay wherever you like; but stay with a smile blessing your countenance till times beyond eternity; stay pricelessly bonded with the fabric of eternally melanging mankind; stay forever and philanthropically alive.

44. HOME SWEET HOME

I might have euphorically gallivanted to the absolute summit of the rhapsodic mountain; and handsomely kissed the gloriously vivacious crescent of seductive rainbow,

I might have unrelentingly waded through the poignantly salty oceans; dancing till unsurpassable eternity with the resplendently enamoring dolphins,

I might have timelessly philandered through the mystically jubilant forests; rhythmically acclimatizing my ebulliently racing pulse; with the enigmatically tantalizing rustling of fresh leaves,

I might have fervently rolled on titillating mud; encapsulating even the most infinitesimal arena of my exploring demeanor; with profoundly rejuvenating ecstasy,

But eventually at the end of the optimistic day and as the Sun eventually transcended blissfully past the ethereal horizons; there was nothing as compassionately comforting; as home; sweet home.

1.

I might have relentlessly bathed under the gorgeously sparkling waterfalls; wholesomely oblivious to even the most ardent puff of breath that ecstatically descended down my nostrils,

I might have mischievously flirted with fathomless nubile maidens; playing games of voluptuous hide and seek; as the thunderbolts of rain pelted torrentially from crimson sky,

I might have embarked on the most exhilarating expedition of my lifetime; audaciously leaping towards the clouds; as the entrenchment of perennially silken dawn engulfed one and all; holistically alike,

I might have disdainfully lost track of pragmatic time; as I endlessly fantasized beyond the realms of eternally sacrosanct paradise,

But at the end of the enlightening day and as the Sun eventually disappeared in wholesome entirety for the remainder of the ghastly night; there was nothing as Omnisciently gratifying; as home; sweet home.

2.

I might have tirelessly recounted tales of ingratiating adventure; to the entire planet; fulminating into a reservoir of bubbling enthusiasm as each second unleashed into a wholesome minute,

I might have unflinchingly faced the most truculently acrimonious of winds;
towering as an apostle of irrefutable righteousness; by the grace of Almighty
Lord,

I might have arisen like streaks of uncontrollable lightening in the middle of the
night; to eccentrically reminisce the most marvelously majestic moments of my
diminutively impoverished existence,

I might have astoundingly evolved a boundless fountain of creativity; on even
the most indigenously dilapidated path; that I nimbly transgressed,

But at the end of the unassailable day and as the Sun eventually whispered a
fugitive adieu to the gigantic sky; there was nothing as philanthropically uniting;
as home; sweet home.

3.

I might have inherently inherited an uncanny ability of articulately using my
fingers; to encompass the colossal beauty of this wonderfully panoramic planet;
in the canvas of my immaculately tiny palms,

I might have incessantly chortled into tornadoes of frolicking happiness;
perpetually smiling even in the most disastrously ungainly moments of penalizing
existence,

I might have tossed in a restless inferno of unending excitement; conceiving the
most spell bindingly fantastic vibrations on this Omnipotent earth,

I might have vociferously placed my footstep on every single cranny of this
unfathomably fantastic planet; indefatigably discovering the charisma in God's
most sacred atmosphere; till the very last beat of my heart; and with my
minuscule little mind,

But at the end of the benign day and as the Sun eventually paid its last tributes
to regally aristocratic brightness; there was nothing as pricelessly humanitarian;
as home; sweet home.

45. KING OF THE VILLAGE

He had moustache to be proud of,
earlobes pierced with circular rings of brass,

wound a gaudy turban on his scalp,
wore frilled cloth clinging tautly to his skinny frame,
clasped an iron bludgeon for self defense,
chopped tree wood with thick blades of stainless steel,
climbed bare walls of brick with large urban feet,
took bath in monsoon ponds of muddy water,
adroitly lit roaring fires with bundles of dead sea weed,
relied on changing positions of the Sun for an update on time,
showered fruit and petal on daintily sculptured feet of the deity,
guffawed whole heartedly at mindless chatter prevalent in village,
coated walls of his mud baked hut with pure cowdung plaster,
hurtled a volley of loud abuse at son for skipping school,
milked the cow to professional perfection,
wore a jugglery of threads sewn with superstition,
uttered inaudible phrases in broken English,
guiding overseas tourist through dilapidated walls of the castle,
being the solitary source of monthly wages,
was a thorough blend of impetuousness and rural flamboyance,
his dreams had never crossed territories of his village,
with reflections of unexplored charisma lurking in his eyes,
he proclaimed loud with dignity to be the king of the village.

46. CAN THERE EXIST

Can there exist rain without smoke grey clouds in the cosmos,

can there exist desert without quintals of slippery sand,

can there exist flower shrub without variegated petals of color,

can there exist winter without mercury dipping below freezing,

can there exist pure ivory without elephant trampling through forest,

can there exist a cigarette without bitter leaves of venom tobacco,

can there exist taste without minute buds flowering on fleshy tongue,

can there exist a boat without oars firmly riveted to the sides,

can there exist incessant wind without circular revolutions of the motored fan,

can there exist gold without tinges of passionate yellow,
can there exist white pearls without symmetrically carved oyster shell,
can there exist cinema halls without palatial expanse of the silver screen,
can there exist a perfect morning without melodious chirping of the cuckoo,
can there exist salt without sea water splashing on the chain of mighty coal rock,
can there exist blood without pores of flesh being punctured,
can there exist thick lava without collisions in interior crevices of earth,
can there exist a lock without a key kissing articulate junctions of proximity,
can there exist finger nail coat without surplus fillings of powdered calcium,
can there exist mountain rivers without mass of water tumbling down at speed,
can there exist a church without Jesus nailed to sandalwood cross,
can there exist breath without nostrils containing sticky mucus,
can there exist a computer without a host of programmed microchips,
can there exist aquatic fish without an ambience of luke warm water,
can there exist an aircraft in space without a pair of steel wings,
can there exist life without consumption of portable water,
can there exist man on earth without traces of love he thoroughly deserves.

47. WHAT IS IT

What is it that makes us speak with eloquence,
Oscillates the fleshy organ of tongue in mouth.

What is it that makes us decipher infinite lines of condensed literature,
Lies trapped in hollow sockets of visual apparatus.

What is it that makes us sweat like an invincible river,
Exorbitantly saps reserve quotas of hidden energy.

What is it that tickles daintily stitched threads of conscience,
Vacillates with every unfolding minute of life.

What is it that makes our hair stand when bitter cold,
Causes surplus goose-bumps multiplying infectiously by the minute.

What is it that lifts our bodies from periphery of earth,
Prompts us to run fast when struck with fear.

What is it that bestows us with a satiny shadow,
Attracts us unanimously towards impeccable pillars of love.

What is it that triggers us to laugh with zeal and profound enthuse,
Imparts us with the bountiful quality of being chivalrous.

What is it that causes incoherent pressure to evacuate our bowels,
Facilitates in healing raw islands of sordid wounds.

What is it that makes us cry in bouts of agonizing hysteria,
Renders us mutilated exposed to the tyranny of life.

What is it that makes us hungry like untamed demons,
Inspires us to trample the innocent indiscreetly.

What is it that makes us oblivious to ticking hours of the clock,
Give our hearts to the person we vehemently love,
Dedicate our lives in due submission of the deity we adore and pray.

48. POTRAYAL OF GOD

The magnanimous personality of God lies in all,
multiple Gods we do encounter,
as brilliant sunshine transits into starry night,
the prime Creator being twin meals of boiled rice,
succeeded by a liter barrel of ground water solvent,
sealed bamboo, metal, concrete, roofs,
sheltering human flesh, from torrential rain,
acerbic rays of light, whirlwinds of obnoxious dust.

the next God is handsome white cotton cloth,
encapsulating shivering bare bodies with perennial warmth.

God nestles in starch white currency notes,
earned through perspiring hard labor, streaks of gifted intelligence,
quenching gross demands of routine life.

God inhabits crimson red, fragrant rose,
emanating from clay mud, tickling masses of humans,
fleets of birds, with its omnipotent scent of love.

the supreme personality of Godhead,
luminates large in all those bathing in ponds of benevolence,
reinforcing egalitarian beliefs in all races,
breathing oxygen coated with malice,
living as a united bundle of iron sticks, for decades of harmonious existence.

49. BEDS

When I tried sleeping on a king sized bed of pure gold,
engulfed my persona in quilts embossed with biscuits of exquisite silver,
I took extreme caution while tossing and turning,
my body vehemently refrained to sleep all night,
so as to preserve crisp creases in the rich bricks of dazzling yellow.

When I attempted sleeping on luxury beds embodied in ornate satin,
a mattress of wild musk grass firmly riveted to its face,
with ravishing cologne sprinkled bountifully all over,
and slippery floss tickling numerous zones of my silhouette,
the royal environment of sponge evaporated indispensable traces of sleep.

When I ventured sleeping on colossal beds of pearl soap tablets,
with minute scriptures articulately scribbled all over,
and the fragrance of sea oyster emanating wildly from all quarters,
my body felt fidgety, satisfying itself with abstemious amounts of sleep.

When I dared sleeping on plush beds of dotted panther skin,
the softness in flesh texture sinking me down,
ghastly premonitions of the live beast flooded my mind,
I awakened with panic stricken jolts in middle of the night.

I then made resolute resolves to sleep on bed carpets of solitary road,
with the creamy moon impregnating me with beams of tranquil calm,
mundane noises of vehicular traffic sporadically flooding my ear,
the tepid breeze my passionate companion,
and the pitch dark blackness my quilt for the night,
I instantaneously fell asleep with dreariness of the previous nights now converted
to loud snores.

50. SNAKE LEATHER BELT

I used it to lambaste bald patches of fair skin,
it obliged readily executing brute power with austere amounts of sting.

I viciously strangled slender necks twisting it,
it bit the skin tenaciously to cause abrupt death.

I suspended it in Luke warm waters of the monsoon lake,
it in turn hoisted a jugglery of golden fish for me to relish.

I stealthily caressed umpteenth pores of my tender flesh with it,
it tantalizingly tickled me to erupt into whirlpools of laughter.

I stuck it firmly to the bare wall; with a backdrop of morbid jungle,
it strikingly resembled the slithering body of a silver snake.

I utilized it as a versatile pulley to evacuate me pails of water,
it did so with jocular smiles; also fetching me my drowned purse alongwith
crystal water.

I embedded it to the ceiling fan forming a tight noose,
got ready to fit in my stocky neck; and a few seconds after to relinquish breath.

I mercilessly burnt it in a heap to proliferate fire,
harmoniously heat substantially cold arenas of my body.

I tugged it dexterously with my palms; pulling my beloved towards me,
then enjoyed the effeminate warmth of her breath cascading down my nape.

It worked like a slave; meticulously performing all tasks to perfection,
although I must mention that my snake leather belt
looked far more enchanting while wound on my potbellied waist,
rather than when executing a plethora of mundane task.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Life = Death - Volume 8 - Poems On Life, Death

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 8 of the Book titled - Life = Death - Poems on Life, Death (1200 pages) . This enigmatic collection of poems explores and equates the boundless possibilities of life and death and delves into each intricate inexplicability of survival. Parekh's roving philosophical eye brings the unconquerable richness of life to the fore and yet at the same time explicitly highlights the veracity of 'death' as the absolute certainty of every existence. The poet joyously celebrates the occasions of both life and death with equal panache in each poetic stanza sewn with the uncanny mysteries of this Universe. The poems within immortalize both life and death as the ultimate victories and the two most contrastingly amazing and divine sides of creation. Catapulting the reader to the threshold of ultimate ecstasy; they bring about an impromptu twist with the closure of breath and what lies beyond. This charismatically woven collection of poetic verse would equally enamor the narcissist as well as the simple humanitarian to the core.

This book is a humble attempt to enlighten the readers with the equality of life and death-and to live in both of them to the most unparalleled fullest. Embracing only the religion of humanity, as the Lord has commanded every living being on earth. You cant die in life and cant live in death-each of these components are irrefutably equal in every respect and should be worshipped with due obeisance.

CONTENTS

1. LONG LIVE GODLY LIFE
2. GODLY ALPHABET 'I'
3. HAPPINESS
4. DEATH WILL ALWAYS REMAIN DEATH
5. DEFINITELY- IMMORTALLY BONDING LOVE
6. NOTHINGNESS

7. LIVING SINGLE-HANDEDLY AND SINGULARLY IN ITSELF.
8. WHAT HAPPENS
9. JUST GIVE ME ONE MEAL
10. BITS AND PIECES
11. BLOOD RED APPLE JUICE
12. BOREDOM
13. BUTTONS
14. WALKING BACKWARDS
15. ARTILLERY FOR SURVIVAL
16. THE DARKER SIDE AND THE BRIGHTER ASPECT
17. DESTINY
18. NEVER ASK
19. THE HEART OF BETRAYAL
20. I CAN'T BELIEVE
21. A LIFETIME
22. I WANTED TO ACCEPT
23. GREED AND SELFLESSNESS
24. LIVE LIFE TRULY KINGSIZE
25. BECAUSE
26. A CARPET OF LIFE
27. MAN- THE MAKER OF HIS OWN DESTINY
28. TOMORROW NEVER COMES
29. ITS ENTIRELY UPTO YOU
30. ONLY TO PROVE
31. I WAS NOT UPSET THE SLIGHTEST
32. THIS VERY MOMENT, TODAY
33. LIFE IN THE HEART OF
34. 2 CENTIMETERS OF BRAIN
35. POETRY; POETRY AND ONLY POETRY
36. WHAT USE WAS IT? - PART 2
37. NO RETIREMENT.
38. WHO THE HELL EVER SAID; THAT SWEAT STINKS?
39. FRESH BIRTH.
40. BUT ATLEAST LOVE ME WHEN I'M ALIVE
41. TILL THE TIME YOU WERE MAGNIFICENTLY ALIVE
42. LIVING.
43. FIRST - PART 2
44. YOU JUST PERPETUALLY CONTINUE
45. WITH EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART
46. LIMITLESSLY MAGICAL SPICE
47. TOMORROW- THE MOST PERPETUALLY TRUE CHAMPION
48. SLEEP

49. DEATH - A COUNTLESS TIMES BETTER

50. LIFE GIVES BIRTH TO HAPPINESS

1. LONG LIVE GODLY LIFE

Every innocuous step that you have marvelously bequeathed upon my dwindling stride; was unsurpassably more than infinite gardens of spuriously scintillating and penalizing currency,

Every instant of jubilation that you have royally bequeathed upon my miserably fading visage; was overwhelmingly more than infinite treasuries of bombastically malevolent and devastating currency,

Every tantalizing dream that you have ingratiatingly bequeathed upon my nonchalantly wandering mind; was irrefutably more than infinite cloudbursts of viciously hurtling and truculent currency,

Every poignant blush that you have celestially bequeathed upon my pathetically abraded cheeks; was unfathomably more than infinite entrenchments of abominably prejudiced and worthless currency,

Every stream of crimson blood that you have gorgeously bequeathed upon my disastrously fatigued veins; was incomprehensibly more than infinite skies of ominously cacophonous and gory currency,

Every unflinchingly tenacious that you have unassailably bequeathed upon my shriveled muscles; was astronomically more than infinite oceans of capriciously obsolete and doomsday currency,

Every inscrutably enigmatic destiny line that you have fabulously bequeathed upon my erringly minuscule palms; was intransigently more than infinite tunnels of abhorrently stinking and imprisoning currency,

Every ingredient of robustly sparkling health that you have gloriously bequeathed upon my debilitating body; was ubiquitously more than infinite whirlpools of insipidly dithering and horrific currency,

Every benevolently philanthropic goodness that you have sacredly bequeathed upon my beleaguered soul; was unconquerably more than infinite mountains of ominously differentiating and victimizing currency,

Every impeccable artistry that you have spell bindingly bequeathed upon my

diminutive aura; was unbelievably more than infinite cisterns of lividly acrimonious and insidious currency,

Every integrally gratifying talent that you have blissfully bequeathed upon my penurious countenance; was grandiloquently more than infinite farms of uncouthly massacring and raunchy currency,

Every wave of untamed euphoria that you have heavenly bequeathed upon my ludicrously orphaned senses; was gigantically more than infinite lands of brutally tyrannizing and decimating currency,

Every seductively enthralling shadow that you have fantastically bequeathed upon my capriciously fluttering demeanor; was unbelievably more than infinite caverns of traumatically lambasting and salacious currency,

Every spurt of poignant enthusiasm that you have wonderfully bequeathed upon my irascibly estranged persona; was unshakably more than infinite hurricanes of diabolically pulverizing and crippling currency,

Every enamoring melody that you have uninhibitedly bequeathed upon my indigently dying throat; was invincibly more than infinite wells of horrendously stagnating and adulterated currency,

Every globule of astoundingly golden sweat that you have aristocratically bequeathed upon my lackadaisically indolent shoulders; was colossally more than infinite dungeons of treacherously rotting and invidiously dilapidated currency,

Every iota of eternal truth that you have Omnisciently bequeathed upon my deleteriously hollow conscience; was undoubtedly more than infinite warfields of belligerently ghoulish and assassinating currency,

Every puff of stupendously harmonious breath that you have divinely bequeathed upon my languidly tiny nostrils; was irretrievably more than infinite hell's of murderously morbid and insane currency,

Every beat of impregnable love that you have Omnipotently bequeathed upon my frantically searching heart; was unprecedentedly more than infinite corpses of remorsefully forlorn and vindictive currency,

And even if I took birth for a countless more lifetimes O! Almighty Lord and unequivocally liberated all my wealth; I would still be an infinite births too short to repay you back for all sacrosanct goodness; that you have so magnanimously

showered upon me,

In the end; I humbly abnegate praying; long live humanity; long live innocence; and most importantly; long live love; and long live GODLY life.

2. GODLY ALPHABET 'I'

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was disgustingly conceited; and brought alongwith it; only a dungeon of haplessly asphyxiating doom,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was chauvinistically male; and brought alongwith it; only a maelstrom of pessimistically demented energy,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was devastatingly deteriorating; and brought alongwith it; only a gutter of ignominiously fetid malevolence,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was atrociously invidious; and brought alongwith it; only a mortuary of indiscriminately ghastly meaninglessness,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was vindictively obstreperous; and brought alongwith it; only a coffin of despairingly treacherous defeat,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was drearily egocentric; and brought alongwith it; only a nightfall of never endingly maiming blackness,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was intolerably blasphemous; and brought alongwith it; only a fecklessly oblivious vacuum of ungainly remorsefulness,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was robotically insane; and brought alongwith it; only a holocaust of indelibly ribald obsessiveness,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was demonically perverted; and brought alongwith it; only a jailhouse of treacherously massacring madness,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was tyrannically lambasting; and brought alongwith it; only a carcass of ominously demeaning expletives,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was cadaverously foul some; and brought alongwith it; only tears of inexplicably assassinating gloom,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was lethally crucifying; and brought alongwith it; only a graveyard of doggedly unbearable stench,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was hedonistically slandering; and brought alongwith it; only a preposterously gory shadow of disdain,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was agonizingly incarcerating; and brought alongwith it; only a dust storm of profanely decrepit rebelliousness,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was pugnaciously disconcerting; and brought alongwith it; only a haplessly excoriating bed of venomous thorns,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was preposterously ludicrous; and brought alongwith it; only falsely sycophantic winds of wretched wantonness,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was devilishly beheading; and brought alongwith it; only the footsteps of licentiously whipping hell,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was inconspicuously imbecile; and brought alongwith it; only the cancerous blisters of hopelessly disparaging extinction,

You might say that alphabet 'I' singularly by itself; was unacceptably dictatorial; and brought alongwith it; only the ghosts of sinfully plundering selfishness,

But have you ever wondered; that unless and until you don't endlessly love your ownself; unless and until you don't commence to timelessly admire every facet of your divinely blessed existence; unless and until you don't unflinchingly worship the 'I' in your very ownself; how can you ever dream of loving and wholesomely embracing others; how can you ever dream of reaching out to and immortally bonding with every echelon of bountiful living kind?

Because for you to dream of; or ever dare of becoming the united 'We'; you inevitably needed to start first with your very own self; you inevitably needed to start with the Godly alphabet 'I'.

3. HAPPINESS

Happiness is in sighting the stars that twinkle exuberantly in the sky; profoundly

illuminating the treachery of the murderously satanic night,

Happiness is in gallivanting freely through the meandering hills; letting the breeze from the scarlet horizons; tickle you profusely till the ultimate spine down your nape,

Happiness is in benevolently donating; witnessing an invincible smile light up; on impoverished faces submerged in a cloud of derogatory sadness,

Happiness is in bouncing ebulliently on the lap of your sacrosanct mother; completely surrendering your immaculate identity in her magnanimously divine swirl,

Happiness is in inundating barren mountains of canvas with resplendent color; assimilating the mesmerizing beauty of the planet; in astoundingly vivacious shapes and forms,

Happiness is in inhaling the fragrance of soil and ravishing rose; being enthralled till times beyond eternity; as you rolled full throttle on the seductive carpets of lush green grass,

Happiness is in whistling melodiously across the gorgeously fathomless gorge; let the mystical volley of exotic echoes encompass your boisterous visage from all ends,

Happiness is in floating uninhibitedly in the placid lakes; let the animated festoon of incredible dolphins; leap ecstatically by your side,

Happiness is in dancing vibrantly with the impeccable fairies; profoundly relish the marvelously pearly rays of shimmering moon; on each cranny of your drearily devastated skin,

Happiness is in fighting unrelentingly for the ultimate essence of truth; disseminating its Godly virtue to the most farthest and remotest corner of this gigantic earth,

Happiness is in discovering an insurmountable battalion of newness every unfurling second of the day; bemusing the gloomy cells of your mind with unprecedented intrigue,

Happiness is in harboring all whom you encountered in their times of despairing distress; embracing them equally with the candle of humanity; flaming profusely

in your soul,

Happiness is in harnessing the fruits of nature to the most optimum limits; watching them perpetually blossom as you traversed through the corridors of tantalizing paradise,

Happiness is in evolving new trends with your own blood; coining a sea of benign philosophies; which benefit the most infinitesimal of living kind,

Happiness is in dedicating your life to the service of the deprived; persevering as the most richest man on this Universe; while your fellow comrades existed under the stupendously magnificent glory of royal Sunshine,

Happiness is in commencing each day as a fresh chapter of life; intrepidly transcending over the miseries of the dolorous past; filtering blissful pouches of space to survive,

Happiness is in breathing for your cherished mission till times immemorial; following the innermost voices of your passionately throbbing heart; even as the uncouth world outside lambasted you insidiously from all sides,

Happiness is in leading life higher than the clouds; affording the same the same to your tangible friends; till the moment Almighty Lord wanted you to wander and survive,

Happiness is in considering yourself to be just a whisker of God's infinite Creation; and yet feeling the most endowed molecule alive,

Happiness is in caring; Happiness is in sharing; Happiness is in unity; Happiness is in beauty; Happiness is in immortal love; most importantly true Happiness is in the chapter called LIFE.

4. DEATH WILL ALWAYS REMAIN DEATH

Lies will always remain treacherously lambasting Lies.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the handsomely invincible Everest; or whether you place it amidst the most bountifully proliferating of soil; makes not even the slightest of difference.

Hatred will always remain baselessly abhorrent Hatred.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the enchantingly inimitable clouds; or whether you place it amidst every droplet of tantalizingly mesmerizing

rain cascading; makes not even the most infinitesimal of difference.

Terrorism will always remain tyrannically abominable Terrorism.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the tangily undulating waves; or whether you place it amidst the fathomlessly jubilant shores; makes not even the most ethereal of difference.

Indiscrimination will always remain pathetically maiming Indiscrimination.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the poignantly scarlet rose; or whether you place it amidst the mist of everlastingly burgeoning scent; makes not even the most transient of difference.

War will always remain hedonistically slandering War.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the vivaciously intrepid tree; or whether you place it amidst the compassionately impregnable roots; makes not even the most obfuscated of difference.

Fear will always remain wantonly inexplicable Fear.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the unassailably humanitarian dwelling; or whether you place it amidst the insuperably emollient foundations of righteousness; makes not even the most obliterated of difference.

Cold-bloodedness will always remain diabolically unsavory Cold-bloodedness.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the pricelessly egalitarian sky; or whether you place amidst the unconquerably redolent earth; makes not even the most obsolete of difference.

Slavery will always remain preposterously forlorn Slavery.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the vividly victorious rainbow; or whether you place it amidst the ecstatically galloping atmosphere; makes not even the most evaporating of difference.

Hysteria will always remain lividly impotent Hysteria.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the effulgently sparkling meadows; or whether you place it amidst the resplendently sensuous dewdrops; makes not even the most inconspicuous of difference.

Depression will always remain intolerably crucifying Depression.

Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the optimistically flaming Sun; or whether you place it amidst unflinchingly royal golden rays; makes not even the most insouciant of difference.

Dishonesty will always remain traumatically truculent Dishonesty.
Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the incomparably voluptuous gorge; or whether you place it amidst the most astoundingly stupefying tranquility; makes not even the most imperturbable of difference.

Politics will always remain sacrilegiously depraving Politics.
Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the peerlessly unsurpassable moon; or whether you place it amidst the most iridescently twinkling shimmer; makes not even the most fugitive of difference.

Rape will always remain unforgivably sinful Rape.
Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the eternally Omniscient temple; or whether you place it amidst infinite rivers of miraculous holiness; makes not even the most disappearing of difference.

Corruption will always remain disgustingly deteriorating Corruption.
Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the unceasingly symbiotic brain; or whether you place it amidst an endless unconquerable dreams of glorious brotherhood; makes not even the most inane of difference.

Prostitution will always remain satanically abject Prostitution.
Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the impeccably pristine oyster; or whether you place it amidst the most indomitably benign shimmer of innocence; makes not even the most ephemeral of difference.

Laziness will always remain lackadaisically meaningless Laziness.
Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the tirelessly ever-pervading paradise; or whether you place it amidst the amiably dancing fairies of tomorrow; makes not even the most nonchalant of difference.

Betrayal will always remain gratuitously demonic Betrayal.
Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of mellifluously harmonious beehive; or whether you place it amidst all the rhapsodically interminable sweetness of the Universe; makes not even the most feckless of difference.

Devilishness will always remain horrifically penalizing Devilishness.
Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of the undefeatedly Omnipotent saint; or whether you place it amidst every sermon of invincibly coalescing humanity; makes not even the most flickering of difference.

And Death will always remain inevitably torturous Death.
Whether you place it on the absolute epitome of unshakably Omnipresent

Heaven; or whether you place it amidst every veritably blessed ingredient on this Universe; makes not even the most hapless of difference.

5. DEFINITELY- IMMORTALLY BONDING LOVE

Perhaps the dictionary of the rambunctiously gallivanting bumble bee; obstreperously started and ended with solely the words; 'Beautifully golden Honey',

Perhaps the dictionary of the voluptuously crimson clouds; sensuously started and ended with solely the words; 'Unceasingly fantasizing rain',

Perhaps the dictionary of the fathomlessly majestic desert; aridly started and ended with solely the words; 'Unsparingly emaciating heat',

Perhaps the dictionary of the wretchedly devastating earthquake; tempestuously started and ended solely with the words; 'Uncouthly endless destruction',

Perhaps the dictionary of the magically ameliorating leaves; enchantingly started and ended solely with the words; 'Vivaciously ardent breeze',

Perhaps the dictionary of the ubiquitously spell binding forest; uncannily started and ended solely with the words; 'Boundlessly unfettered Enigma',

Perhaps the dictionary of the inimitably indomitable Sun; fierily started and ended solely with the words; 'Unflinchingly optimistic blaze',

Perhaps the dictionary of the mystically sabbatical snake; clandestinely started and ended solely with the words; 'Lethally surreptitious venom',

Perhaps the dictionary of the triumphantly unbridled butterfly; exuberantly started and ended solely with the words; 'Jubilantly undying frolic',

Perhaps the dictionary of the incomparably venerated cow; dedicatedly started and ended solely with the words; 'Timelessly fructifying worship',

Perhaps the dictionary of the indiscriminately marauding dinosaur; atrociously started and ended solely with the words; 'Ruthlessly slandering massacre',

Perhaps the dictionary of the resplendently milky moon; altruistically started and ended solely with the words; 'Perennially enlightening shimmer',

Perhaps the dictionary of the mundanely jaded road; morosely started and ended solely with the words; 'Pathetically lugubrious abrasion',

Perhaps the dictionary of the insuperably infallible mountains; brilliantly started and ended solely with the words; 'Undaunted strength galore'

Perhaps the dictionary of the punctiliously ticking clock; perseveringly started and ended solely with the words; 'Indefatigably unfurling time',

Perhaps the dictionary of the unabashedly scarlet rose; inscrutably started and ended solely with the words; 'Unlimitedly compassionate fragrance',

Perhaps the dictionary of the marvelously undulating sea; poignantly started and ended solely with the words; 'Timelessly burgeoning adventure',

Perhaps the dictionary of the monstrosly grisly spider; mysteriously started and ended solely with the words; 'Eclectically amazing slipperiness',

Perhaps the dictionary of the obsessively possessive parents; inexorably started and ended solely with the words; 'Our own blood/children',

Perhaps the dictionary of the seductively emollient dewdrop; celestially starred and ended solely with the words; 'Eternally emancipating bliss',

Perhaps the dictionary of the sullenly cadaverous graveyard; forlornly started and ended solely with the words; 'Fetidly asphyxiating ghostliness',

Perhaps the dictionary of the affably moistened nostril; interminably started and ended solely with the words; 'Pricelessly undefeated life',

Perhaps the dictionary of the fantastically rain soaked soil; magnificently started and ended solely with the words; 'Limitlessly unshakable virility',

Perhaps the dictionary of the unbelievably infinite Universe; spectacularly started and ended solely with the words; 'Miraculously mitigating creation',

Perhaps the dictionary of the redolently invincible conscience; irrefutably started and ended solely with the words; 'Unconquerably heavenly truth',

Perhaps the dictionary of the unassailably ecstatic blood; effulgently started and ended solely with the words; 'Incomparably sparkling humanity',

Perhaps the dictionary of the inscrutably sculptured palm; tantalizingly started and ended solely with the words; 'Inexplicably unraveling destiny',

Perhaps the dictionary of the ferociously blood-curling terrorist; barbarously started and ended solely with the words; 'Venomously satanic hatred',

But Definitely; without the most infinitesimal shadow of doubt and universally; the dictionary of every organism living and symbiotically alive; uninhibitedly started and ended solely with the words; Immortally bonding love.

6. NOTHINGNESS

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate caverns of fantastically tantalizing and stupendously reinvigorating; 'Beauty',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate clouds of rhapsodically enlightening and indefatigably unbridled; 'Fantasy',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate sermons of pricelessly inimitable and insuperably emollient; 'Humanity',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate sounds of unsurpassably unhindered and majestically embellished; 'Creation',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate oceans of unceasingly undefeated and astoundingly proliferating; 'Virility',

Therefore; how dare you ever proclaim that the word 'Nothingness'; was none but a fecklessly rotting gutter of insipidly cadaverous feces; how dare you ever proclaim that 'Nothingness' was the sole cause of haplessly deteriorating extinction and death in the world today.

1.

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate fields of eternally emancipating and timelessly bestowing; 'Selflessness',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate dewdrops of spell bindingly fructifying and jubilantly proliferating; 'Freshness',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate lines of endlessly titillating and beautifully garnished; 'Poetry',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate pathways of irrefutably unconquerable and handsomely ameliorating; 'Truth',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate mirrors of wonderfully Omnipresent and ubiquitously embracing; 'Righteousness',

Therefore; how dare you ever proclaim that the word 'Nothingness'; was none but an inconsequentially morbid ingredient of helplessness; how dare you ever proclaim that 'Nothingness' was the sole cause of sacrilegiously wanton extinction and death in the world today.

2.

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate yearning of symbiotically undefeated and holistically benign 'Companionship',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate cradle of invincibly enlightening and triumphantly ecstatic; 'Optimism',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate waves of fearlessly impregnable and gloriously altruistic; 'Martyrdom',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate petals of profusely utopian and unlimitedly blessing; 'Euphoria',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate winds of irresistibly magnetic and inevitably extraordinary; 'Attraction',

Therefore; how dare you ever proclaim that the word 'Nothingness'; was none but a non-existent of corpse of sadistically jinxed decay; how dare you ever proclaim that 'Nothingness' was the sole cause of unforgivably murderous extinction and death in the world today.

3.

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate songs of iridescently ebullient and victoriously vivid; 'Freedom',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate epitomes of spectacularly mesmerizing and indomitably unfettered; 'Courage',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate shapes of timelessly enthralling and fabulously royal; 'Creativity',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate foundations of bountifully consecrating and undauntedly unshakable; 'Honesty',

It was out of sheer 'Nothingness'; that there arose the most ultimate beats of immortally fragrant and perennially bonding; 'Love',

Therefore; how dare you ever proclaim that the word 'Nothingness'; was none but a fugitively deserted oblivion of insane treachery; how dare you ever proclaim that 'Nothingness' was the sole cause of flagrantly crucifying extinction and death in the world today.

7. LIVING SINGLE-HANDEDLY AND SINGULARLY IN ITSELF.

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most inimitably priceless accolade; on the trajectory of this enchantingly indomitable earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most triumphantly unchallengeable accomplishment; on the trajectory of this spell-bindingly ubiquitous earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most effulgently indisputable victory; on the trajectory of this eternally fructifying earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most unassailably supreme fantasy; on the trajectory of this resplendently new-born earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most unbelievably unconquerable artistry; on the trajectory of this blissfully symbiotic earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most Omnipotently sacred preaching; on the trajectory of this celestially mollifying earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most unceasingly persevering exercise; on the trajectory of this magnetically

enigmatic earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most beautifully untainted desire; on the trajectory of this ecstatically unprejudiced earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most unfathomably exhilarating target; on the trajectory of this iridescently benign earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most undauntedly reinvigorating adventure; on the trajectory of this poignantly charismatic earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most inexplicably unraveling destiny; on the trajectory of this handsomely unbridled earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most undefeatedly majestic melanging; on the trajectory of this vibrantly intrepid earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most indispensably compulsive ingredient; on the trajectory of this incredulously Omnipresent earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most insuperably unfettered power; on the trajectory of this beautifully untarnished earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most efficaciously optimistic vitamin; on the trajectory of this altruistically jubilant earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most emancipating poetic odyssey; on the trajectory of this surreally emollient earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most sensuously inebriating titillation; on the trajectory of this flamboyantly igniting earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most

astoundingly proliferating virility; on the trajectory of this benevolently unabashed earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most infallibly timeless inspiration; on the trajectory of this magically mitigating earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most unflinchingly efficacious remedy; on the trajectory of this endlessly enlightening earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most spectacularly ameliorating concession; on the trajectory of this pristinely ebullient earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most limitlessly liberating rebirth and re-incarnation; on the trajectory of this stupendously satiny earth,

And Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most immortally compassionate love; on the trajectory of this marvelously tantalizing earth.

8. WHAT HAPPENS

What happens when branch leaves wither in freezing winter,
the tree body stands devoid of leafy clothing all day and night.

What happens when frosty cream is sucked from cow milk,
the solution rendered listless, resembles white mineral water.

What happens pure petrol is mixed with stale kerosene,
the car machinery stutters, vomits in pain, unable to budge an inch further.

What happens when a horse is kissed by fiery cigarette butt,
it throws its master topsy-turvy, galloping at mounting spurts of speed.

What happens when the vociferous sea is evacuated of water,
demonic thunder clouds of rain refrain from being formed.

What happens when children are introduced to the nefarious world of crime,
they indulge in rampant massacre, consuming human blood like stream water.

What happens when chunks of bread are left to die,
red ant and a plethora of fungus devour it rapidly.

What happens when body is drenched with rotten tobacco juice,
there develops an everlasting stench of decayed lizard.

What happens when coconut shell is slammed hard on human skull,
the fruit bursts open proving feeble against volatile energy of the brain.

What happens when we swallow a pitcher full of scotch whisky,
the inbuilt body clock remains in heavy sedation all Sunlit day.

What happens when partially blind left are to waver on the busy street,
they guide themselves adroitly, relying solely on sensory touches of touch and smell.

What happens when human beings are replaced by robots,
tasks get executed to immaculate perfection, without palpable emotions of hatred and unbiased love.

9. JUST GIVE ME ONE MEAL

He took shallow breaths at irregular intervals,
was clad in clothes bereft of stitching,
drops of blood oozed when he coughed,
thin bones clattered when he walked,
people dispersed when he perched beside them,
the air had a stench of starved perspiration as he passed,
white stream water transited to garbage Black,
as he dipped his caricature in holy
assemblage of the Ganges,
his feet were bare, diffused into cracks as he tread on thorns,
he hardly had saliva to spit on the earth.

{1}

Harsh Sunlight days sped into sultry nights,
his shoulders drooped further with advancing age,
desires faded in oblivion, with brutal strokes of destiny,
he had stopped seeing dreams since eternity,
his body had turned numb to pain and abuse,
he had a solitary desire to eat one full meal.

it seemed god heard his call,
far off in the park, lay sprawled left overs of bread,
prompting him to run in glee,
he devoured the chunks in flash seconds of time,
made guttural sounds while gulping tap water,
looked at the sky with fingers juxtaposed in recesses of torn flesh,
laboured his way, for a place to sleep in the merciless night.

10. BITS AND PIECES

I accumulated bits and pieces of exquisite cloth,
took surplus spools of thread and slender bodkin,
stitched them all into a rich long articulate fabric,
which I proudly christened as my silken summer suit.

I amalgamated bits and pieces of pliable rubber,
acquired bountiful amounts of glue from bark of tree,
coagulated the curry of glue and rubber, exposing them to the Sun to dry,
the eventual outcome was as enchanting as twinkling stars in the sky,
what I now held in my palms was a pair of solidly punched and angular
cowboy boots.

I gathered bits and pieces of coastal silver sands,
moulded them deftly with soft pressure of my knotted fingers,
engraving intricate designs on the exterior periphery of structure,
embedding the pure sand walls with a plethora of translucent shells,
the sight for me to witness was a feast to my hungry eyes,
a midget sized sandcastle now stood ornately in vociferous currents of ocean
wind.

I assembled bits and pieces of wine red brick,
prepared a blend of cement and crushed chips of granite,
studded vacant spots on the exterior with pure Italian glass,
laid a colossal drainpipe from head to toe,
the aftermath of which saw me in direct confrontation,
with the magnanimous silhouette of the princely edifice.

And finally when I mixed bits and pieces of my tears with hers,
the liquid was resplendent with a mystical aura,
it made us reminiscent of the times of distress and gruelling agony,
when we lived bifurcated by feckless boundaries of class and status,
we still drank the concoction regularly decades after tying the nuptial chord,

it quenched our thirst like God cures all those afflicted with heinous pain.

11. BLOOD RED APPLE JUICE

I flung pointed pebbles leaning on the balcony rail,
gnawed incessantly at my soft finger flesh,
poked at entangled knots of hair mixing long fingernails with scalp zone,
spit loads of saliva on pavements of stale concrete,
kicked violently at loose chunks of sand lying unattended,
tore every bit of transparent cloth in close proximity,
trampled on infinite insects that lurked infuriatingly across my way,
devoured solid bones of calcium, crushing them with my teeth,
peeled crisp wall paint in plenty with incoherent strokes of footnail,
ripped triangular caps from compressed bottles of soda drink,
spilled jars containing carbon ink on satiny covers of the bedroom mattress,
plucked masses of grass blades rolling languidly in undulating landscape of the garden,
transformed pencil ends to distorted junk by repetitive chewing,
added tones of salt to fruit juice before consumption,
pedaled my bicycle till a river of sweat descended down my neck,
revolved my body in clockwise journeys at electric beats of music,
trimmed waste hair emanating sparsely from twin nostrils,
applied scented lotion to the back of palm to revitalize skin,
roamed aimlessly through solitary streets at the onset of midnight.
Weird situations of nil work had made me fidgety,
Obsessions for exorbitant adventure seemed to be fast fading,
I strolled at fast pace across the periphery of my fruit orchard,
Clambered up a tall tree bearing blood red apple,
Snatched it deftly from within its house of Green leaf,
Drank sweet juice charged with small pints of ravishing flavour,
From deep cores within its delicately tender heart.

12. BOREDOM

I viewed television for long hours on the trot,
Flickering images of the screen flooding inert regions of my eye,
I suddenly felt my head throbbing like a thousand needles,
And I shut my eyes with ardent fervor; to avoid getting blatantly bored.

I swam with zealous strokes in sapphire blue waters of the swimming pool,
Floating occasionally with my vision riveted to the placid moon,
The exuberance prevalent at the start was slowly dwindling,

And the very perception of crossing parallel stretches of water,
Rendered me feeling dreadful and bored.

I drove my parrot green automobile at breathtaking speeds,
Manoeuvring dexterously through sharp bends of the valley,
With mesmerizing tunes o music piercing me like steel arrows,
Days sped into ghastly nights; the rally was yet far from accomplished,
And I prayed fervently to god to exit from this utterly boring rigmarole.

I sprawled a bunch of dotted cards on the fur topped desk,
Shuffling them with meticulous precision and care,
With a scintillating bottle of rum lying by my side;
As the vigils of dusk took a stranglehold on day,
the once coherent images; struck me as indecipherably blurred,
twin pairs of my eyes were bored; succumbing gladly to indispensable sleep.

I chanted unrelentingly the mantra of God,
Swaying with robust energy to the omniscient personality of the Creator,
Drowned in totality with the essence of celestial rays,
Fulfilling the imperative quota of duties; towards my counterpart human being,
The ritual slaughtered traces of boredom from my life;
Reinforcing exasperated avenues of my mind with the vastness of spiritual
creation.

13. BUTTONS

The colossal deodar tree was embossed with infinite buttons of parrot green,
which swayed frivolously with ravishing currents of enigmatic breeze.

The sky was flooded with buttons of flocculent white,
Dispersed into cocoons of rain yielding humid gas.

The contemporary pistol was embedded with a fleet of compact lead buttons,
Capable of annihilating palpable entities to lifeless souls.

Palatial waters of the emerald ocean were abundant with hordes of fish,
Which swam with acrobatic ease in swirling waters; under the nocturnal moon.

The sizzling agglomerate of continental soup was resplendent with buttons of
tubular mushroom,
Which disintegrated into sumptuous splinters when savored by a cluster of teeth.

Pellucid glass of the time piece; incorporated slender buttons of metal,
Which arduously circulated in clockwise journeys throughout decades of survival.

Succulent pulp of the watermelon; held captive a plethora of brown buttons,
Which had sour juice trapped in deep recesses of soft kernel.

The driving wheel of scintillating automobile; possessed a conspicuously
protuberant button,
Producing discordant sounds when compressed to supreme angularity.

Mammoth jerry cans of cow milk; consisted of tangible buttons of salubrious
cream,
Which reinvigorated dreary mechanisms of the body with unprecedented energy.

The magnanimous jaw of alligator was juxtaposed with an army of acerbic
button,
Ready to ferociously strip bountiful flesh from strong bone.

Silver sands of the sea shore were emollient with surplus fillings of mystical
buttons,
Which shone brilliantly in the midday Sun; nestled in tranquil under a cameo of
stars.

And visual apparatus of my eye was blessed with translucent buttons of vision,
Which envisaged her love in the day; inevitably sighting her on every piece of
land,
Sleeping in contentment with her fragrance pilfering my thought flow for the
ruthless night.

14. WALKING BACKWARDS

If humans on land started to abruptly walk backwards,
with their eyes focused towards empty spaces in the front,
they would inadvertently lose their balance tumbling like a pack of cards,
on the obdurate surface of muddy ground.

If cars powered with speed guns traversed backwards,
monumental elevations of buildings would seem fading in oblivion,
it would be eternity before one reached the place of work,
there would be embarrassing accidents at all quarters,
rendering the traffic in disdainful jeopardy.

If thoroughbred stallions galloped backwards,
execute insane behavior while carrying their possessors,
their masters would whip them black and blue,
for not obeying stringent instructions even after consuming with relish,
fresh tendrils of red radish with spicy leaves of coriander.

If saline waves of the ocean receded backwards with outrageous bursts of wind,
the sand on shores would die in parched starvation,
fishes would find it painstakingly cumbersome to swim,
there would be no ships sailing on the erratic persona of the sky blue sea.

If slender needles of the tower clock ticked backwards,
minutes, hours, days would simply fail to proceed,
the youth would exist in resplendent exuberance for decades to come,
all decayed and old would fail to wither, staying alive for times immemorial,
and there wouldn't be a fresh soul born for centuries to be confronted.

15. ARTILLERY FOR SURVIVAL

The car ate gallons of golden gasoline spray,
the pen survived on compressed mass of carbon ink.

the lizard devoured species of small insects,
the light bulb shone to swift currents of white electricity.

the birds lived on suspended wind in atmosphere,
the rock crevices hungrily gulped salty sea waves.

the tree sucked moisture from interior core of soil,
triangular ice cubes fed on incessant supply of frozen air.

the pigments of green derived fodder through bright Sunshine,
red crested parrot nibbled spicy chunks of homemade pickle.

the cigarette sticks relied solely on milligrams of lethal tobacco,
thick skinned elephant swallowed a truck load of healthy leaves.

the placid night was cooled by strong beams of the tranquil moon,
the marine octopus relished a meal of long fish and crab.

the wall clock functioned due to meticulous unwinding of chains,
the bumble bee rested in jars of natural honey.

the computer processed data from a configuration of microchips,
exhaustion was accentuated further by infinite beads of sweat dripping down.

the humans existing lived on a cascade of currency,
whilst I occupied the soil, entirely listening to tunes of my heart.

16. THE DARKER SIDE AND THE BRIGHTER ASPECT

The darker side of blindness was an unrelenting camouflage of austere black,
while brighter aspect of the same was a sensitive tuning of the hollow ear drum.

The darker side of a wounded bruise was gushing streams of blood flowing,
while brighter aspect of the same; was firm resilience to anguish and pain.

The darker side of the ocean was drowning to death,
while brighter aspect of the same was; a cluster of striped fish swimming.

The darker side of squashed vegetable was clouds of insidious stench emanating,
while brighter aspect of the same was blissful manure for an artillery of dead
shrub.

The darker side of a computer was a total entropy of handwriting,
while brighter aspect of the same was crisp outlines of calligraphy ornately
printed.

The darker side of the twin horned cow was that it was fat and indolent,
while brighter aspect of the same was that it suckled gallons of fresh milk.

The darker side of the Sun was acrimonious rays cauterizing tender patches of
skin,
while brighter aspect of the same was complete fumigation of the water logged
environment.

The darker side of a candy chocolate was a plethora of cavities in mouth palette,
while brighter aspect of the same was waves of felicity submerging a person in
euphoria.

The darker side of moon was that it diffused feeble beams of opalescent light,
while brighter aspect of the same was that it illuminated gruesome darkness with
rays of hope.

The darker side of residing in a jungle was immense fear of savage beasts, while brighter aspect of the same was bathing in crystal waters of the virgin river.

The darker side of being a dog was being treated with loads of contempt and malice, while brighter aspect of the same was ferociously growling canine teeth at strangers.

The darker side of death was traumatic pain and tumultuous sorrow, while brighter aspect of the same was to give someone a chance to live.

The darker side of love was infinite perils lurking in the society, while the brighter aspect of the same was relishing the feeling of being cared.

17. DESTINY

I blended a considerate proportion of wild sand and water,
smearing the paste with a sweet curry of white fish chowder,
neatly aligning the assembly of bricks to form a wall,
with acrid light beams of the sun fortifying the construction,
I then left destiny handle my twin storied house.

I slogged like a tribal bull all sweltering day,
burnt midnight oil to its unprecedented capacity,
flipping diligently through minuscule literature printed on decaying parchment
of books,
mustered enough tenacity to appear in the examinations,
leaving destiny to decide the outcome of my Herculean effort.

I drove my automobile at languid speeds,
caressing the gears with meticulous precision,
maneuvering the vehicle with coherent strokes imparted to the steering wheel,
applying stringent pressure on the horn before overtaking,
leaving destiny to implement whether i should relinquish breath in a car crash; or
live.

I onerously molded my fingers to sketch,
feeding bare bonds of paper with ornate lines of the moist mountain,
vigorously shading fluorescent rays of the sun with my lead tipped pencil,
filling enchanting spots of the lake with crimson color,

left it entirely on destiny to be appreciated by true connoisseurs of art.

I viciously perspired beneath the flaming Sun,
performing routine tasks; catering to activities of monotonous life,
ploughing virgin chunks of clay; sandwiched amidst towering bull,
milking the cow for rich complexioned frothy cream,
left it to mother destiny to chalk plans of action in my life.

18. NEVER ASK

Never ask a man perpetually blind; to desiccate an infinitesimal needle from the unfathomably colossal haystack,

Never ask a bird withering horrendously on the ground; to flap its brutally severed wings and fly,

Never ask a panther growling full throttle; to emanate a melody that would transit human into a blissful slumber,

Never ask an insatiably parasitic leech; to magnificently heal your profusely bleeding wounds,

Never ask an abysmally sweltering desert; to quench the agonizing flames overwhelmingly engulfing your scorched throat,

Never ask an insurmountably barbaric butcher; to pacify the intransigent wails of a freshly born infant,

Never ask a horrendously broken pencil; to sketch the most fabulously intricate corners of the Universe,

Never ask a satanically ruthless assassin; to churn unsurpassable lines or mystically romantic poetry,

Never ask a diabolically thorny cactus; to become your voluptuously mesmerizing mattress for the heart of the night,

Never ask a gigantic avalanche of ice; to compassionately ignite your pathetically dwindling and frozen senses,

Never ask a flirtatiously capricious wink; to resolve higher than the summit of the unconquerable cosmos,

Never ask an incomprehensibly squalid pig; to perpetuate the dolorous atmosphere with enchanting scent,

Never ask the clock ticking at swashbuckling speeds; to transit back into the realms of nascent childhood,

Never ask the stalk of frigidly diminishing grass; to stand like an invincible fortress against the most tumultuous of storm,

Never ask the vivaciously thundering streaks of lightening; to squeak like a kitten; camouflage in the corridors of dormant solitude,

Never ask dungeons inundated with glittering gold; to beg like impoverished urchins on the treacherously deserted street,

Never ask the irrevocably dead stone; to fulminate into rhapsodic spurts of animated laughter,

Never ask a enigmatically heartfelt poet; to function like monotonous clockwork in the periphery of manipulative office,

Never ask a bewitching sorceress; to philanthropically bless humanity with the essence of uninhibited sharing,

Never ask a newly embellished bride; to discard her soul mate like cakes of snobbishly neglected charcoal,

And never ask the lecherously blood sucking devil; to love; taint its immortal essence with the seed of malice proliferating hideously in his heart.

19. THE HEART OF BETRAYAL

The sting of the mosquito; renders just an inconspicuous spurt of pain on naked flesh,

Whereas the sting of greed; profoundly decimates blissful civilizations into horrendous bits of pulverized ash.

The growl of the panther; transiently paralyzes boisterous traces of palpable life, Whereas the growl of violence; metamorphoses brilliantly blazing light of the day into a cloud of perpetual darkness.

The sword of piquant iron; renders you ethereally unconscious with its flurry of inevitable wounds,
Whereas the sword of lies; buries you infinite feet beneath your grave;
massacring your conscience into sleazy pulp towards the fathomless sky.

The blanket of thorns; foments you to squeal a trifle everytime you tried to tread upon your spellbinding feet,
Whereas the blanket of slavery; makes you a criminal for centuries unprecedented in the court of celestial existence.

The whirlpool of sand; obscured your vision for infinitesimal instants;
ephemerally sequestering you from the reality of life,
Whereas the whirlpool of manipulation; irrevocably cursed each organism alive with the most tyrannical of deaths.

The bars of the prison; made irascible inroads into normally unveiling lifestyles,
Whereas the bars of pompousness; made irrefutably sure you kept hovering between heaven and hell even before veritable death.

The tunnel of darkness; temporarily dislocated you; propelling you to stumble towards the ground as you frantically tried to gauge your gloomy surroundings,
Whereas the tunnel of crime stretched beyond realms of infinite infinity; with the only end being your hedonistically distorted corpse.

The clouds of thunder clashed viciously in the sky; dumbfounding you for fraction seconds of time,
Whereas the clouds of discrimination; invincibly ensured that there would not be the tiniest trace of light; even in the most Omnipotent of Sunshine.

And the heart of stress; fluttered nervously every now and again; but still survived on potent panaceas of holistic medicine,
But the heart of betrayal; remained perpetually frozen for infinite births of it to unveil; even though it harbored the most tumultuous of beats.

20. I CAN'T BELIEVE

I can't believe that there were eyes more beautiful than yours in this entire Universe; the poignant empathy they bestowed on every soul they glimpsed,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were hair more ravishing than yours in this entire

Universe; the voluptuously satin caress they radiated; as they vivaciously swished,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were lips more enchanting than yours in this entire Universe; the amicable smile that incarcerated the most remotest of alien in their compassionate swirl,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were palms more mystical than yours in this entire Universe; the labyrinth of irrefutably determined lines that entirely enveloped your flawless skin,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were footprints more perpetual than yours in this entire Universe; the embodiments of priceless solidarity they left on every path they resolutely tread,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were expressions more effusive than yours in this entire Universe; the boisterous ardor they embedded in one and all; imparting life at the very tenterhooks of extinction,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were breaths more passionate than yours in this entire Universe; the immortal virtue with which they metamorphosed lifeless souls beneath the corpse to blissfully alive,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

I can't believe that there were beats more romantic than yours in this entire Universe; the unrelenting tenacity with which your heart palpitated; solely for the person it loved,
And if there were indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

And I can't believe that there was a life more fulfilling than yours in this entire

Universe; devoting each of its unfurling seconds to the philanthropically uninhibited service of dwindling mankind,
And if there was indeed; then I was prepared to die before death actually occurred; this very moment today.

21. A LIFETIME

A lifetime of sharing; unveiling the most intricate secrets; overtopping the barriers of the disdainfully acrid society,

A lifetime of poignant emotions; with the inner most recesses of the heart effusively portraying their ultimate even in the heart of chilly night,

A lifetime of caring; compounded with the uninhibited spirit of selfless sacrifice,

A lifetime of frolicking in the aisles of untamed desire; with the winds of doom miserably dwindling to curb the flame of perpetual romance,

A lifetime of belief; with the devil of sinister misconception vanishing completely into wisps of obsolete oblivion,

A lifetime of overwhelmingly exuberant adventure; marching intrepidly; with invincible solidarity to achieve our goals,

A lifetime of mesmerizing fantasy; perennially wound in each others arms in a mystical entrenchment of our own,

A lifetime of respecting our revered ancestors; worshipping the path of impeccably righteous ideals which they so diligently persevered till the time they died,

A lifetime of empathy for our fellow compatriots; transgressing shoulder to shoulder with in their moments of ecstasy and inexplicable sorrow,

A lifetime of staring profoundly into our eyes; no matter what evil tried to infiltrate into the carpets of this blissful world,

A lifetime of philandering like newly discovered lovers; tickling each other till tears of incomprehensible freedom trickled down our eyes,

A lifetime of procreating our own progeny; proudly carrying forward God's most marvelous chapter of existence,

A lifetime of accepting each other; of what we were; and of what we unfortunately couldn't be,

A lifetime of holding hands with each other; confronting the mightiest of obstacle that came our way; with the wave of our immortal love,

A lifetime of understanding each other; discovering the most minuscule of our likes and dislikes to the boundaries beyond sagacious comprehension,

A lifetime of vows and resolutions; to serve each other till the time we relinquish our breath; match each other step for step,

A lifetime of perseverance; an unrelentingly enduring struggle that saw us eventually clamber up the summit of glittering success,

A lifetime of loving each other so insatiably; that the most treacherous of pain metamorphosed into a million smiles,

And most importantly; a lifetime of life; and a lifetime of death; is how I wanted to lead my life with you O! beloved; till the time Almighty Lord wanted us to be.

22. I WANTED TO ACCEPT

I didn't want to simply smile; I wanted to accept its fascinating glory and fabulous charm; instead,

I didn't want to simply cry; I wanted to magnanimously accept its treacherous sorrow; instead,

I didn't want to simply sleep; I wanted to accept its ravishingly surreal dream till times immemorial; instead,

I didn't want to simply shiver; I wanted to accept its mysteriously uncanny tingling; instead,

I didn't want to simply starve; I wanted to its inevitable descending upon my impoverished caricature; instead,

I didn't want to simply desire; I wanted to accept its stupendously passionate and ardent virtue; instead,

I didn't want to simply get crippled; I wanted to accept its tyrannical blow as a beautiful gift; instead,

I didn't want to simply sweat; I wanted to accept its onerous trickle as the seeds of incessant perseverance; instead,

I didn't want to simply admire; I wanted to accept all the planet as a paradise of mesmerizing beauty; instead,

I didn't want to simply dream; I wanted to accept it as a marvelously enchanting fantasy which blossomed into infinite petals of prosperity every unfurling minute; instead,

I didn't want to simply achieve the unconquerable; I wanted to accept its poignant triumph as an outburst from the celestial heavens; instead,

I didn't want to simply metamorphose the definitions of art; I wanted to accept wholeheartedly its indefatigably changing forms; instead,

I didn't want to simply marry the ultimate love of my life; I wanted to accept its most bountifully perpetual bondage; instead,

I didn't want to simply memorize; I wanted to accept my brain for its insurmountable labyrinth of intriguing dilemmas; instead,

I didn't want to simply respect; I wanted to accept its divinely sacrosanct blessings; instead,

I didn't want to simply gallop; I wanted to accept the incomprehensibly fast pace of life to its fullest; instead,

I didn't want to simply breathe; I wanted to accept its Omnipotent essence with open hands till times upto which the Creator wanted; instead,

I didn't want to simply love; I wanted to accept its most immortal element for countless more lives of mine; instead,

I didn't want to simply create; I wanted to accept everything around me as the most gorgeous organism of God's evolution; instead,

And I didn't want to simply die; I wanted to accept its unavoidable web with the same smile on my face as when I was freshly born; instead.

23. GREED AND SELFLESSNESS

Greed indiscriminately penalizes,
Selflessness is the ultimate panacea; for uniting all innocuously harmonious; for
centuries immemorial and alike.

Greed baselessly tyrannizes,
Selflessness is an Omnipotent fabric; which irrefutably transcends you above the
resplendent heavens; to be the unequivocal favorite of the divine.

Greed ruthlessly snatches,
Selflessness is the only road to everlasting prosperity; coalescing even the most
salaciously treacherous with the scent of the bountifully bestowing soil.

Greed manipulatively stagnates,
Selflessness is the most priceless core of enthralling existence; enlightening
unassailable beams of hope; in all those dwellings miserably impoverished;
without optimism and light.

Greed horrendously massacres,
Selflessness is an Omnisciently miraculous ointment; which heals the most
bizarre wounds of the overwhelming rich and pathetically destitute; alike.

Greed uncouthly divests,
Selflessness is a enchantingly silken flower; which disseminates the true spirit of
mankind; to even the most infinitesimal parts; of this fathomless globe.

Greed lethally poisons,
Selflessness is a grandiloquently mesmerizing sky; which relentlessly showers
the blessings of the Almighty; upon all philanthropically benign.

Greed pulverizes beyond recognition,
Selflessness is a unendingly radiating horizon; which brilliantly sparkles all night
and day; with the rainbow of unconquerable righteousness.

Greed maliciously obfuscates all truth,
Selflessness is the most Omnipresent harbinger of celestial peace; unstopably
heading towards the paradise of scintillating success.

Greed insidiously cripples,
Selflessness is a majestically flapping bird that hoists even the most

devastatingly deprived; making one perpetually realize his ultimate mission in destined life.

Greed sadistically abhors,
Selflessness is the most candid reflection of every organism's inner self; the most stupendously supreme richness to be holistically alive.

Greed mockingly whips,
Selflessness is an invincible mountain of humanity; which sequesters the infirm and strong; in its compassionately synergistic belly; alike.

Greed has no beginning; no end,
Selflessness is the most unbelievably blazing road to the enamoring heavens; the most insatiably fulfilling endowment in vivacious life.

Greed rots under the grave for centuries unprecedented,
Selflessness is an eternally bequeathing fruit; which magically ensures that benevolent mercy reigns supreme; till the time there was life on this unsurpassable planet.

Greed is a morbidly decaying stone,
Selflessness is the sole pillar of solidarity that's stands patriotically amidst a world of dilapidated doom; an astronomical strength that makes every entity achieve its most sacrosanct mission in; impoverished existence.

Greed is a viciously ghastly foe,
Selflessness is like the innocuous cry of a new born infant; without the tiniest of blemish upon its supremely Godly swirl.

Greed incoherently babbles,
Selflessness is a perennially enchanting song of enamoring sagaciousness; which beautifully quells even the most thunderously satanic of squall; with its wave of egalitarian calm.

Greed is the most abominable chunk of garbage in the gutter,
Selflessness is a torrential downpour of endless charisma; unequivocally perpetuating a smile on even the most haplessly maimed faces.

Greed hopelessly annihilates,
Selflessness is the most royal blanket of incredulously euphoric happiness; disseminating the virtue of unshakable togetherness; every time the earth was magnanimously born.

Greed strangulates you without a chance,
Selflessness is emphatically blazing Sunshine; that dazzles into fireballs of
divinely light; even after veritable death.

Greed murders your stride even before you could alight a foot,
Selflessness is the most regale conqueror of all prejudiced desires; making you
yearn for only the cradle of unsurpassable innocence.

Greed excoriates you into impotent ash,
Selflessness is a river of unbreakable unity; a religion which only knows to
chivalrously donate the magnificence of spell binding mankind; upon one and all;
bountifully alike.

Greed surreptitiously slaps,
Selflessness is an idol of unbelievable courage; a tenacity that makes you
fearlessly overcome; even the most belligerently ominous impediments in
pragmatic life.

Greed traumatically imprisons,
Selflessness is an evergreen leaf of Godly freedom; an impregnable will to
forever follow the path of the Almighty Divine.

Greed savagely pricks you to barbarically bleed,
Selflessness is a wave of artistic aristocracy; that marvelously pacifies every iota
of your ditheringly frazzled senses; with the poetry of symbiotic Creation.

Greed hands you instantaneously to the devil,
Selflessness is a blooming wand that altruistically kisses all your acerbic agonies
away; propelling you to be born beautifully; a countless times yet again.

Greed plummets into the valley of worthless nothingness,
Selflessness is that heavenly milk of the mother; which ubiquitously feeds every
child ruthlessly orphaned; due to diabolical strokes of time.

Greed discordantly wails all the time,
Selflessness transcends the most grandiloquently timeless treasures on this
earth; to forever blend with redolently gratifying heavens.

Greed digs your grave deep at every step you tread,
Selflessness wholesomely absolves you from victimizing earthly bondage;
liberating your soul to incessantly float in clouds of mystical love.

Greed knives you deep when you turn your back,
Selflessness is an invaluable window of mutually gratifying existence; being the
utmost savior of one and all; across this boundless planet.

Greed penalizes you gorily even beyond death,
Selflessness is a wind which astoundingly charms; exquisitely embellishing each
of your murderously malevolent veins; with the freshness of unparalleled
humanity.

Greed acerbically immolates you in waves of meaningless lust,
Selflessness is the wheel of indefatigably proliferating evolution; immaculately
meditating in the aisles of enamoring contentment.

Greed venomously strips you of even the most minuscule of your resources,
Selflessness is a meadow of congenial tranquility; pioneering an unconquerable
camaraderie; between man and the ravishing environment.

Greed austerely metamorphoses you into a dreaded animal,
Selflessness is an entrenchment of supremely ever-pervading faith; that looms
large as the only messiah; even after sky had tumultuously transposed with
muddy earth.

Greed horrifically blinds you even in the most flamingly boisterous of Sunlight,
Selflessness is a magically resonating rhythm of sheer eloquence; an evening of
gorgeously replenishing fulfillment.

Greed gobbles you like an inconspicuous mosquito,
Selflessness is a scepter of incomprehensible goodness; always ensuring that you
traversed like an undefeated prince; all your life.

Greed diabolically stings you when you think that you've conquered the entire
world,
Selflessness is the sole mantra for humanitarian success not only in this birth;
but every time the Creator thought you worthy; of priceless life.

Greed acrimoniously spits on you as though you were nonchalant shit,
Selflessness is a true stalwart of handsomely rustic motherland; unendingly
defending you from all viciously sordid hurdles of ominous existence.

Greed doesn't pity you the slightest even in the revered lap of your untainted
mother,

Selflessness is a tree with countless rejuvenatingly amiable branches; eventually melting into the tree of immortal humanity.

Greed ludicrously beheads your scalp like a piece of worthless wind,
Selflessness is a jewel which scintillates even after the heart of perniciously savage midnight; illuminating every abode besieged with despicable lechery with beams of fragrant light.

Greed buries you alive without taking even the tiniest permission from your destiny,
Selflessness is the sole elixir that instills astonishing reinvigoration in your capriciously muddled veins; irrevocably perpetuates you to spawn fascinating newness; on every lane that you interweaved through.

Greed only transpires you to sign the signature of gruesomely bellicose death,
Selflessness is the most enchanting mist of true belonging; ebulliently uniting you with your rudiments of nostalgic birth.

Greed disparagingly distorts you beyond holistic proportions,
Selflessness is the most regale sensation that makes you bask in the glory of supremely sensuous timelessness; transforming every anguish of yours into the; fortress of the Creator divine.

Greed admonishingly dictates you worse than a baseless slave,
Selflessness is your most humble compatriot in good times and preposterously bad; majestically replenishing every empty space of your penurious survival; with the gifts of wonderfully Creation.

Greed brutally vandalizes even your lackadaisically nonchalant skeleton,
Selflessness is the most princely element of Mother Nature; profusely oozing oceans of untamed love; onto every organism who intrepidly adopted it.

Greed straddles disgusting brakes upon your fertile reservoir of imagination,
Selflessness is a redolently unfazed scent that envelopes you with unfathomable jubilation from all sides; makes you ecstatically wander through the aisles of incredulously eclectic newness.

Greed uncouthly confiscates your conscience; to hand it over to the blood sucking vampires,
Selflessness is a valley of overwhelmingly unimaginable exhilaration; an expedition which portrays to every living being; the true meaning of existence.

Greed coldbloodedly rains parasites on you; even after you were no more than a ghost sulking in the frigid atmosphere,
Selflessness is idol of Almighty Lord in his most poignantly towering forms;
gloriously blessing all those with an immaculate soul; upon the trajectory of this vast planet.

And greed abominably drills such a hole in your heart; that it was difficult to sagaciously discern you from; lackluster space,
While selflessness is the most unassailable chapter of bountifully immortal love;
bonding your beats not only with your sacred beloved; but all vibrant beauty on the planet and time.

24. LIVE LIFE TRULY KINGSIZE

Dream as big as you can; but huddled in a sordidly devastated corner; will get you astoundingly closer forever; to the cowardly doorsteps of penalizing hell,
While it is only those who take the blazingly blistering Sun directly on their patriotic eyeballs; who eventually metamorphose every benign fantasy of theirs;
into an eternal reality.

Talk as valiant as you can; but shriveled manipulatively beside the despicably dolorous graves; will get you for sure to sulk forever; in the shadow of the preposterously diabolical devil,
While it is only those who uninhibitedly shed every iota of their persevering sweat under the sweltering afternoon; who eventually escalate to the ladder of philanthropically glittering success.

Dare as Herculean as you can; but pathetically camouflaged in the maliciously surreptitious belly of the horrifically stagnating dungeons; will find you forever a companionship of the miserably gory skeletons,
While it is only those who fearlessly tread on every path of exhilaratingly intrepid existence; unflinchingly embracing even the most invidious of impediment that confronted them in their benevolent way; who eventually succeed in disseminating the spirit of blissful brotherhood; to the most fathomless corners of this Universe.

Run as thunderous as you can; but indefatigably curled from all ends in disgustingly stale sponge; will land you forever in the despondently dwindling corridors of treacherous sleep,
While it is only those exuberantly gallop forward with the same gusto in their share of bizarre pain and happiness alike; who eventually and irrefutably transform all crippling disease into celestial paradise.

Sing as melodiously as you can; but incarcerated within walls of savagely asphyxiating depression; propels you inevitably to have breakfast with perpetually deadened tones,

While it is only those who harmoniously share the inner most recesses of their unequivocally truthful soul with all sparkling goodness in the atmosphere; who eventually transcend past the dormitories of; the eternally gratifying and resplendent heavens.

Pledge as vehemently as you can; but shrinking to an infinitesimally disappearing minnow; in the lap of the incorrigibly closed and retreating fist; will forever ensure that you remain disastrously famished for times immemorial,

While it is only those who kiss ghastly death in its face to unrelentingly surge ahead in righteously scintillating life; who eventually become the perennial martyrs of mankind.

Smile as wide as you can; but after the heart of sinister midnight and that too relishing behind the acrimoniously salacious cactus; will forever make you rot in gutters of forlorn loneliness,

While it is only those who altruistically relinquish every speck of their own jubilation to enlighten a ray of unconquerable hope in disparagingly despairing lives; who eventually cherish the most impregnable blessings of the Omnipotent divine.

Breathe as deep as you can; but buckets of murderously blood stained desperation; will gorily curse upon you forever and countless more births to come; a survival more acrid than cloudbursts of hell,

While it is only those who synergistically inhale and exhale the essence of unassailable honesty; who eventually and immortally continue to exist as the priceless leaders of humanity.

And love as unfathomable as you can; but brutally imprisoning your beats in the rat race of stinkingly beleaguered commercialism; will convert you into a lecherous ghost even in the most robustly pristine of your youth,

While it is only those who wholeheartedly open and unite their hearts with unconquerable love; who eventually pioneer the grandiloquent religion of togetherness; who eventually are able to live life truly kingsize.

25. BECAUSE

Because it was torrentially raining from fathomless carpets of crimson sky; I was flamboyantly ecstatic; surging forward many a continent; with unprecedented

euphoria in my veins,

Because the Sun was brilliantly shimmering; I was full and profound with dazzling enlightenment; to optimistically lead each instant of vivaciously blissful life,

Because the nightingale was melodiously singing; I felt besieged with whirlwinds of tantalizing enchantment; profusely reinvigorating every iota of my beleaguered countenance; with the celestial cadence in the atmosphere,

Because the ocean was ravishingly undulating; I felt philandering on the most exhilarating expedition of my life; handsomely kissing all benign goodness uninhibitedly wandering around; with the fervor of an ebulliently untamed prince,

Because the sheep were innocuously chewing grass on the velvety meadows; I felt as if immaculately bouncing through the turnstiles of supreme innocence; harmoniously assimilating all philanthropic graciousness prevalent on this bountiful planet,

Because the kite was soaring majestically through the silken clouds; I felt unequivocally bereft of even the most infinitesimal of tensions in murderously manipulative life; euphorically galloping forward to embrace the winds of astounding mysticism,

Because perennial rivers of holistic honey dribbled delectably from the hive; I felt like an unassailably priceless prince; romantically enshrouding every cranny of my devastated persona; with fireballs of compassionate yearning,

Because the wind swept the panoramic landscape in tumultuous torrents; I felt unfathomably rhapsodic; boisterously leaping like a new born child; nostalgically reminiscing the most gloriously scintillating moments of my impoverished life,

Because streaks of poignant lightening vividly bludgeoned the misty sky; I felt unsurpassable waves of dynamic patriotism prolifically enshroud my demeanor from all sides; propelling me to relinquish every breath of mine; for the sake of my sacrosanct motherland,

Because the squirrels were fervently bustling through the gregarious kaleidoscope of vibrantly rustling trees; I felt as if existence was endless; chalking my very own path to survive; on every step that I tread,

Because the lions were thunderously roaring; I felt valiantly encapsulated by a wind of unflinching charisma; indefatigably blazing my way forward; on the path of eternal righteousness,

Because the dewdrops were romantically glimmering in the ethereal morning light; I felt like an illuminating beam of fortitude; magnanimously infiltrating into every dwelling entrenched with horrendously inexplicable despair,

Because unconquerably voluptuous scent wafted from the garden of stupendously blossoming roses; I felt as if even the most inconspicuous of misery had wholesomely vanquished from my life; freshly embarking on a trail of gorgeously spell binding newness,

Because the Moon flirted resplendently in the firmament of aristocratic sky; I felt profusely drowned in an enigmatic reservoir of milky fantasy; enthralling every pore of my dead flesh; with the incomprehensible titillation of the starry night,

Because the lids mischievously winked with the beautifully setting Sun; I felt overwhelmingly seduced by nubile maidens whistling in rapturous delight; bequeathing a countless more lives of mine; at their mysteriously pristine feet,

Because my newly born child wailed in immaculately Godly unison; I felt as if the most grandiloquently richest organism alive; marvelously condoning even the most vociferously pertinent of my enemies; yet alive,

Because the shadows inscrutably lengthened with the rampantly fading light; I felt indefatigably stumbling upon a path of innovatively ingenious intrigue; fabulously whispering the innermost desires of my soul; to the radiantly silent leaves,

Because my mother incessantly kept me close to her divinely bosom; I felt the most invincibly blessed man on this gigantic planet; taking birth for times immemorial; only in the impregnable walls of her heavenly womb,

And because the thunderbolts of immortal love perpetually perpetuated into the corridors of my passionately palpitating heart; I felt as if synergistically breathing till beyond the realms of wonderful eternity; felt as if death could not even make the slightest dent on me; and forever alive.

26. A CARPET OF LIFE

I wore a brilliantly orange cloak of vibrant oranges; when I felt I was ardently

surging forward; towards the fireballs of untamed exuberance,

I wore a sedately tranquil apron of celestial dewdrops; when I felt a wave of overwhelming contentment wholesomely enshrouding; every iota of my profusely fatigued countenance,

I wore a seductive cistern of rustling tree leaves; when I felt the bountifully enchanting winds of the astoundingly tantalizing night; tickle me like a new born child,

I wore a mystically fragrant garland of robust roses; when I felt every step of my impoverished existence; unfurling into an unfathomably priceless ocean of virile dreams,

I wore a thunderously poignant tiger skin; when I felt the insatiable inferno of surreptitious carnal desire; transcend its ebullient spell over each of my; devastatingly beleaguered senses,

I wore a titillating cloud of enamoring velvet; when I felt the skies of profoundly enigmatic mysticism; unrelentingly bequeathing upon me; the spell binding rain drops of perennial yearning,

I wore a statue of profusely intrepid earth; when I felt the unflinchingly impregnable mountain of blazing patriotism; scintillating unleash from every pore of my nimble visage,

I wore a piquant shawl of tumultuously fiery chili; when I felt irascibly provoked by the uncouthly savage and acrimoniously conventional society; when the spirit of retribution was all that diffused from my diminutive soul,

I wore a gorgeous sheet of emphatically whistling bells; when I felt jubilantly philandering through the aisles of fascinating romance; euphorically hoodwinking the majestic Sun; before it kissed the horizons goodbye,

I wore a sparkling scarf of innocuously radiating pearls; when I felt as if the entire grandiloquence on this Universe; had divinely blended with each droplet of my effusively scarlet blood,

I wore a dilapidated curtain of threadbare cotton; when I felt invidiously stabbed for centuries immemorial; by dolorously depressing coffins of; bizarre loneliness,

I wore a incredulously slim handkerchief of moisture; when I felt the blistering

heat of the treacherously sweltering Sun; disdainfully scorch my demeanor to;
gruesomely livid ash,

I wore a compassionately warm mattress of sheepskin; when I felt particles of
forlorn remorsefulness infiltrate deep down into my soul; when the avalanches of
freezing winter unsparingly endeavored their best; to asphyxiate the last breath
out of my lungs,

I wore boundless helmets of formidable solidarity; when the sky surrounding me
rained down globules of penalizing hell; ruthlessly lambasting my body with
whirlwinds of maliciously disparaging discontent,

I wore colossal jackets of ravishing watermelon skin; when I felt my mind was
going insanely berserk; when I felt that I needed to melodiously placate that
extra iota of my; vindictive steam,

I wore a robotic map of pragmatic commercialism; when I felt that I was drifting
a trifle too much; towards the world of surreally meaningless and lackadaisical
nothingness,

I wore an irrefutably unassailable fortress of truth; when I felt that I was
blissfully transiting into impeccable childhood; seeking the most mesmerizing of
solace in life; in the feet of my divinely mother,

I wore a stupendously grandiloquent entrenchment of breath; when I felt that I
was deliberating dwindling towards my morbidly insidious corpse; when I felt as
if I had abnegated all charm to exist,

And I wore an immortal carpet of unconquerable life; when I felt I was falling in
sacred love; perpetually entwining every element of my persona with my
heavenly beloved; forever and ever and ever.

27. MAN- THE MAKER OF HIS OWN DESTINY

It was perhaps natural if the deserts blamed the flaming Sun for acrimoniously
blistering into tumultuous heat; as they were perpetually unable to do anything;
other than just relentlessly whirling into a pool of disdainful dust and mirage; all
night and brilliant day,

It was perhaps natural if the trees blamed the vengeful hurricanes for
devastating their blissful entity into an inconspicuously bedraggled heap; as they
were perpetually unable to anything; other than just incessantly embedding their

roots deeper and deeper into stony cocoons of lackluster soil,

It was perhaps natural if the crops blamed the torrential floods for wholesomely disorienting them into pools of frigidly soiled banana skins; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just obediently sway in the direction of the nimble winds,

It was perhaps natural if the frogs blamed the despondent well for perniciously incarcerating them into dungeons of despair; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just loquaciously leaping within the interiors; for countless more births yet to unveil,

It was perhaps natural if the oceans blamed the fleet of ominously advancing ships for profusely adulterating their ravishingly tantalizing waters; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just tirelessly undulating into a fountain of rhapsodically tangy froth,

It was perhaps natural if the roses blamed the abominable gutters for insidiously tarnishing its mystical island of ebullient scent; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just blossom into eternal fragrance with the unfurling of ethereal dawn,

It was perhaps natural if the grass blamed the treacherously trampling juggernaut of trucks for squashing them indiscriminately into graveyards of horrendous death; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just fluttering in unbelievably aristocratic unison; to the commands of the seductively enthralling breeze,

It was perhaps natural if the mountains blamed the brutally freezing snow for making them ludicrously shiver even in the heart of the flamboyantly boisterous day; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just gigantically tower into the handsome gorge of clouds; for boundless more births yet to unveil,

It was perhaps natural if the dungeons blamed the ominous blackness for barbarically asphyxiating them in galleries of unsurpassable doom; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just being timelessly submerged infinite kilometers; beneath the surface of jubilant earth,

It was perhaps natural if the nightingale blamed the ferocious lion for satanically massacring the celestial melody in its fascinating sound; as it was perpetually unable to do anything; other than just beautiful unveil the mesmerizing chords of

its throat; to incomprehensible ecstasy,

It was perhaps natural if the photograph blamed euphoric vivaciousness for continuously teasing it to beyond the threshold limits of endurance; as it was perpetually unable to do anything; other than just stare in patient innocuousness; infinite hours on the trot,

It was perhaps natural if the spider blamed the wildly whirling winds for decimating its web into a pulverized junkyard; as it was perpetually unable to do anything; other than just frantically run and suspend itself nervously from the silken strands,

It was perhaps natural if the honey blamed the lethally venomous snake for salaciously marauding its township of ebullient sweetness; as it was perpetually unable to do anything; other than just ooze into a enchantingly spell binding harmony; every unveiling instant of the day,

It was perhaps natural if the rainbows blamed the viciously clandestine clouds for snobbishly obfuscating their vibrantly resplendent sparkle; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just vividly sprout up and stringently adhere to the sky; in times of both Sunshine and bountiful rain,

It was perhaps natural if milk blamed stagnatingly dilapidated water for rendering its immaculately salubrious persona into a worthless pool of insipid nothingness; as it was perpetually unable to anything; other than just cascade in synergistic harmony from the sacred teats of Mother cow,

It was perhaps natural if the parrots blamed cages for surreptitiously imprisoning their compassionately uninhibited freedom; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just cheekily chirp in innocently holistic tandem,

It was perhaps natural if the ants blamed the savagely marching elephants for squelching them to countless kilometers beneath their veritably stinking graves; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just harmlessly squirm in collective troops and symbiotically upon cold soil,

It was perhaps natural if the fruits blamed the capricious branches of the tree for hurling them uncouthly towards the apathetic ground at the slightest draught of breeze; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just robustly augmenting in shape and size; as time merrily elapsed by,

But it was unfathomably preposterous if man blamed the Almighty Creator for his

unrelenting string of ridiculous failures; for although the Omnipotent Lord had majestically spawned him with passionately crimson blood and bone; he was himself and irrefutably the maker of his own destiny.

28. TOMORROW NEVER COMES

I will blossom into an island of sparkling newness; diffusing a river of profusely humanitarian empathy,
But only at the crack of marvelously voluptuous dawn; tomorrow.

I will ubiquitously waft a wave of irrefutable righteousness; annihilating every trace of salacious lechery entrapped within my persona,
But only at the first rays of ethereal Sunrise and beauty; tomorrow.

I will diligently assimilate all principles of holistically sagacious life; spawn into an eternal flower of uninhibited mankind,
But only at the primordial unfurling of brilliantly royal morning and cheer;
tomorrow.

I will flamboyantly march towards the most bedazzling targets of tranquility; incinerating the candle of humanity in every household besieged with miserably asphyxiating darkness,
But only at the unraveling of timeless sunshine and rhapsody; tomorrow.

I will exuberantly race towards the ravishingly tantalizing finishing line; wholeheartedly embracing every cloud of philanthropically glittering success,
But only at the unveiling of silken light and heavenly boisterousness; tomorrow.

I will enthusiastically adore every benevolently animate and inanimate entity; with profound empathy in my impeccable soul,
But only at the whispering of scintillating morning and exhilaration; tomorrow.

I will compassionately blaze into a perennial fireball of titillating seduction; magnificently enamoring all nubile maidens of my dreams,
But only at the fulminating of crusading brightness and patriotism; tomorrow.

I will dance with unprecedented euphoria under the blanket of resplendent stars; unequivocally surging forward with my comrades in the voice of unflinching existence,
But only at the commencement of bountifully mystical light and ecstasy;
tomorrow.

I will rhetorically encapsulate all fathomless artistry lingering in the spell binding atmosphere; on the vivacious kaleidoscope of my barren canvas,
But only at the evolution of vibrant illumination and enchantment; tomorrow.

I will celestially uplift all those bereaved and gruesomely orphaned children; towards the corridors of gloriously unsurpassable happiness,
But only at the approaching of immaculately white light and poignant newness; tomorrow.

I will wholesomely emancipate from even the most infinitesimal of evil; shrugging every iota of ludicrously pathetic delinquency from my countenance,
But only at the shimmering of optimistic light and romantic fragrance; tomorrow.

I will ebulliently party with all my mates in inscrutably traumatizing pain and withering; blissfully maneuvering them towards the footsteps of Omniscient prosperity,
But only at the very first chirp of the melodious cuckoo and dynamism; tomorrow.

I will flirtatiously wink behind the gorgeously Sun soaked gorges; innocuously reminiscing my most revered moments as a child in the sacrosanct lap of my mother;
But only at the rising of Orange light in the cosmos and torrentially endless life; tomorrow.

I will profusely write countless lines of aristocratically Oligarchic literature; entrenching every bit of fabulously serene beauty of this gigantic Universe,
But only at the unfolding of enthralling scintillation and incredulous transpiration; tomorrow.

I will amicably sequester one and all under my spotless roof; wipe the tears of all those disastrously maimed and sprouting with spurious richness alike,
But only at the radiating of miraculously Omnipotent morning and dewdrops; tomorrow.

I will condone all those who I might previously penalized for inadvertent fallacies of theirs; commence my humble expedition to metamorphose this planet into a perpetual paradise,
But only at the holy shimmering of dazzling light and golden honey; tomorrow.

I will indefatigably pray with all my heart; soul and conscience; for God to bless all those mothers having unfortunately lost their children at war,

But only at the nascent unfurling of vividly astounding brightness and melodious tranquility; tomorrow.

I will unrelentingly dedicate each beat of my passionately palpitating heart; every instant of my beleaguered life to the service of unassailably wonderful and godly mankind,

But only at the ripening of Omnipresently healing Sunrise and limitless enthrallment; tomorrow.

And so poor man; he loitered and worthlessly killed a countless today's waiting for a tomorrow that never came; and would never ever come; as it profoundly abhorred people who wasted their majestically sparkling present; dreaming of an unfathomably uncertain future; which only God had the right to preside and decide.

29. ITS ENTIRELY UPTO YOU

God has given you a perfect pair of arms; passionately circulating with a fountain of poignantly crimson blood; dexterously maneuvering in umpteenth directions; dissipating tons of exuberant energy,

Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to ruthlessly massacre civilizations; or whether you bequeath an irrefutably immortal cloud of love; with the compassion entrapped within their holistic fists.

God has given you a perfect pair of eyes; blissfully sighting fathomless kilometers of ravishing beauty on the trot; assimilating all mesmerizing beauty of the atmosphere in an infinitesimally single wink,

Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to salaciously discern solely the diabolical hovering since centuries immemorial; or whether you uninhibitedly cast a spell of their marvelously philanthropic softness; to even the tiniest cranny of this colossal Universe.

God has given you a perfect pair of fingers; articulately flexing to the most unprecedented degrees; miraculously hoisting for you all those ingredients that you desired; to execute the remainder of your lifetime,

Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to savagely perpetuate into gruesomely exacerbated wounds; or whether you profoundly engrossed them all night and brilliant day; to sketch the unfathomably unending charisma of this bountiful planet.

God has given you a perfect pair of feet; ebulliently galloping ahead with exhilarated tenacity; to resplendently rejoice in profuse admiration of royally

spell binding life,

Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to mercilessly pulverize the innocuously innocent; or whether you evolve a scintillating pathway of unassailable righteousness; on every step that you harmoniously tread.

God has given you a perfect pair of lips; voluptuously enticing even the most lackluster cloud in the sky; with the insatiably ardent charisma in their rubicund periphery,

Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to parasitically suck blood of all those tyrannically divested; or whether you majestically stretch their circumference to affably harbor all religion; caste; creed; color; in whirlpools of ecstatic happiness; and alike.

God has given you a perfect pair of shoulders; celestially sparkling in the unsurpassably untamed fervor of vibrant life; unflinchingly romancing through even the most acrimoniously ghastliest of times,

Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to invidiously carry the ghosts of prejudiced malice towards the land of infinite infinity; or whether you stoop them benevolently to embrace all those insipidly maimed and withering; in perennial winds of mankind.

God has given you a perfect pair of ears; prudently discerning even the most inconspicuous iota of euphoric sound; lingering serenely in the magnanimously princely atmosphere,

Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to insidiously absorb the voices of horrendously pathetic crime and treacherously gunning bullets; or whether you beautifully blend them with the synergistically united tunes of existence; for infinite more births yet to unveil.

God has given you a perfect pair of teeth; piquantly slicing through all replenishing fruits of Mother Nature; to most wonderfully placate your ever augmenting gluttony,

Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to brutally bite the gloriously coalesced fabric of heavenly survival; or whether you immaculately chatter them in rhythmic tunes; to trigger off a festoon of blossoming smiles; on the faces of orphaned children.

And God has given you a perfect pair of nostrils; Omnisciently inhaling fireballs of passionately palpitating existence every unfurling instant; impregnating the body with the ardor to live for centuries unprecedented,

Its entirely upto you; whether you use them to incessantly expunge ominously abhorrence upon the innocently symbiotic world; or whether you dedicate

and bond every breath of yours; with countless of your harmless kind; in the wave of perpetual solidarity and friendship; alike.

30. ONLY TO PROVE

If you smile only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of smile; then you never smile wholeheartedly; pathetically curbing the compassionately fabulous sparkle; that naturally sprouted on your poignant face,

If you dance only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of dance; then you never dance wholeheartedly; stringently adhering to an intractably dogged repertoire of beats and rhythms; brutally asphyxiating the gloriously free energy radiating uninhibitedly through each pore of your ecstatic body,

If you fight only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of fight; then you never fight wholeheartedly; stumbling like a pack of frigidly soggy cards in front of the salaciously enemy camp; as you had ludicrously sold all your inherent patriotism; to the textbooks of bizarrely insipid rigidity,

If you sing only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of singing; then you never sing wholeheartedly; indefatigably humming only a fixed set of cadence and music; barbarically incarcerating the stupendously melodious melody in your blissfully boundless throat,

If you wink only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of wink; then you never wink wholeheartedly; trying too hard to get that meticulously monotonous perfect closure of an eye; savagely annihilating the untamed spirit of rhapsodic flirtation in your; mystically spell binding countenance,

If you dress only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of dressing; then you never dress wholeheartedly; always making a mockery of your entire persona; disdainfully suppressing the gorgeously artistic temperament embracing each cranny of your sensuously drifting skin,

If you pray only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of prayer; then you never pray wholeheartedly; profusely enshrouded by an inexplicable dilemma as to worship which entity on this fathomless planet; whereas the Creator resided bountifully in every goodness of your philanthropically benign soul,

If you learn only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of learning; then you never learn wholeheartedly; relentlessly trying to imbibe only what was

there in authentically printed textbooks; not listening to the fathomless sounds of Mother Nature; which by themselves evolved into a whole new chapter of euphoric existence,

If you sleep only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of sleep; then you never sleep wholeheartedly; intransigently trying to rehearse the right combination of movement and gruesomely pitch darkness for times immemorial; while all that your dreary senses wanted was motionless and eternal rest,

If you donate only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of donate; then you never donate wholeheartedly; capriciously whiling away your time in capriciously discerning the varied denominations of your wealth; whereas true humanity glistened profoundly in your marvelously egalitarian heart,

If you dream only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of dream; then you never dream wholeheartedly; measuredly fantasizing in a stubborn set of directions; whereas the incomprehensibly unending beauty of the immortal planet lingered around you; to be celestially assimilated,

If you yawn only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of yawn; then you never yawn wholeheartedly; fanatically concentrating upon the degree curvature upto which your mouth opened; disastrously massacring the moment to savor your surreal laziness,

If you teach only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of teaching; then you never teach wholeheartedly; perennially succumbing to the heinous onslaught of the overwhelmingly bored students; as you inexorably chanted the same guidebook; for centuries unprecedented,

If you eat only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of eating; then you never eat wholeheartedly; lunatically ensuring that not the slightest morsel of food got insidiously entrapped between your teeth; whereas your tongue uncontrollably slavered to relish the magical flavor of an unrestricted existence,

If you drive only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of driving; then you never drive wholeheartedly; ridiculously contemplating the explicitly precise distance between the tyre tread and hill; abominably shunning the wonderfully panoramic sceneries of the scintillating gorges ahead,

If you persevere only to spuriously prove the dictionary meaning of persevere; then you never persevere wholeheartedly; incessantly busy in producing countless droplets of painstaking sweat on your shriveled demeanor; whereas

true perseverance lay in unflinchingly following the innermost voices of your soul; metamorphosing all your benevolent dreams into an immortal reality,

If you enjoy only to spuriously prove the dictionary meaning of enjoy; then you never enjoy wholeheartedly; always putting baseless hurdles to your gratifying fulfillment; not drowning yourself completely into the river of everlasting ecstasy,

If you admire only to spuriously prove the dictionary meaning of admire; then you never admire wholeheartedly; being irrevocably content on sighting the very first beautiful object that confronted you in your way; whereas as the planet was an astounding kaleidoscope of unbelievably unending color and ravishing charm,

If you breathe only to spuriously prove the dictionary meaning of breathing; then you never breathe wholeheartedly; insanely calculating the tons of air that entered your princely nostrils every minute; whereas the entire atmosphere was willing to become your exuberantly vivacious breath,

And if you live only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of living; then you never live wholeheartedly; murderously refraining your heart to beat a shade too fast or slow due to the fear of cardiac attacks; whereas the flames of passionately unassailable love lay a begging near your voluptuous chest; to bestow upon you an infinite more divine births.

31. I WAS NOT UPSET THE SLIGHTEST

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world kicked me brutally on my hindside; for ostensibly not the slightest fault of mine, Infact I harbored insurmountable pride in my eyes; that you profusely loved every element of my impoverished persona; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world satanically lambasted me with swords of bizarre commercialism; ruthlessly ripping apart my art into a countless pieces of infinitesimal ash, Infact I felt it an irrefutably astronomical honor; that you marvelously enlightened me with your spell binding voice every unfurling minute; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world

tyrannically spat upon my hideously exacerbated wounds; stabbed my enchanting existence with austere chains of monotonous manipulation and malice,

Infact I felt perpetually gratified and stupendously contented; that you cast your spell of Omniscient righteousness upon my devastated conscience; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world never could comprehend the sensitive poet in my poignantly crimson veins; heinously snubbed my artistry as threadbare pieces of meaninglessly worthless and insanely languid shit,

Infact I felt the most blessed organism existing on this colossal Universe; as you unassailably embossed my impression upon the royal canvas of your soul; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world used me as a inconsequentially canister for disposing their mountain of spuriously bombastic sweat; ludicrously jeered me to the most unprecedented limits; for the most scintillatingly perfect stride of mine,

Infact I perceived myself to be the richest person breathing and exuberantly alive; as you perennially longed to compassionately caress me with your divinely palms; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world barbarically annihilated even the most tiniest of my rudiments; penalized me more than the cross of Christ; for adulterating their conventionally stringent fabric; with my whirlpools of blissful fantasy,

Infact I encountered bountiful paradise on every step that I alighted; as your celestial fragrance impregnably descended in torrential frenzy down my nape; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world chopped me into an infinite pieces of raw chowder; hung my hide upside down to eternally protect their dwellings stuffed with; capricious ostentation,

Infact I profoundly relished the most invincibly grandiloquent fruits of creation; as you philanthropically stared and admired every hidden attribute of my demeanor; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

I was really not upset the slightest about the fact; that the entire world acridly abused me for solely following the innermost voices of my heart; thrashed me like an orphaned bundle of frigidly insipid dust to the walls of horrendously diabolical oblivion,

Infact I felt like the most formidably ecstatic force on this Universe; as you wholesomely engulfed me in your unconquerably celestial shadow; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

And I was really not upset the slightest about the fact that; the entire world exhaled each of their breaths more vociferously; just in order that I perpetually vanish into fragile wisps of baseless extinction; and treacherously die,
Infact I felt myself gloriously proliferating into a blissful planet of astounding newness every instant; as you bonded each passionate beat of your heart forever with mine; immortally accepted me in mind; body and holistic spirit; for whatever I veritably was; and for boundless more births of mine.

32. THIS VERY MOMENT, TODAY

Yesterday was a thing of the acrimoniously disheartening past; melting insipidly into wisps of nonchalantly obsolete oblivion,
C'mon let's march unflinchingly forward with untamed fervor; blaze like the Sun of righteous ebullience; this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the remorsefully sordid past; treacherously dissolving into horizons of meaningless nothingness,
C'mon let's embrace the winds of unequivocally philanthropic humanity; coalesce all mankind irrespective of color; creed and religion; in threads of unending compassion; this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the morbidly disillusioning past; being ruthlessly annihilating by swords of indiscriminately ghastly prejudice,
C'mon let's bloom into a fountain of resplendently twinkling newness;
ubiquitously wafting the scent of eternal mankind on every path that we tread;
this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the devastatingly gruesome past; penalizing you to the most unprecedented of limits; for ostensibly no fault of yours,
C'mon let's magnanimously sparkle into the flower of blissful togetherness;
dedicate a countless lifetimes to the service of despicably impoverished mankind;
this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the dolorously tyrannical past; eventually vanquishing into the graves of desolation; like an infinitesimally wounded mosquito, C'mon let's miraculously bequeath a civilization of celestial contentment; upon all those shivering in murderously savage malice; this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the salaciously turgid past; pathetically dissipating into a lackadaisical mirage of non-existent worthlessness, C'mon let's dance ecstatically under the Omnisciently pearly moonlight; to harmoniously deluge all hearts bereaved and desolately disgruntled; with royal jewels of stupendous enthrallment; this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the acridly abominable past; lugubriously juxtaposing with the penuriously pertinent dungeon of indolent insects, C'mon let's unitedly swirl into an inferno of insatiable desire; inevitably allure fathomless orphaned in the magnetism of our unparalleled charisma; this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the wretchedly sinister past; ultimately being ruthlessly kicked like a howling devil; by every element of the spell binding atmosphere, C'mon let's profusely blend ourselves with indispensable elements of amiable mankind; metamorphose all dithering stagnation and agony into a land more bountiful than fabulous paradise; this very moment; today.

And Yesterday was a thing of the brutally shattered past; lecherously destroyed into capricious shells of rotting dilapidation; as the minutes unfurled by, C'mon let's intrepidly gallop forward with the full fervor of vivaciously fertile life; procreate countless more of our kind to continue God's most sacred chapter of existence; evolve an immortal township of love; love and only unassailable love with our very own poignant blood; this very moment; today.

33. LIFE IN THE HEART OF

Life in deserts was sandy,
Life in caves was lonely,
Life in ocean was salty,
Life in stars was resplendent,
Life in car was modern,
Life in mountains was exhilarating,
Life in Sun was brilliant,
Life in forests was mystical,
Life in shadows was enigmatic,

Life in battlefield was belligerent,
Life in pearls was exotic,
Life in office was monotonous,
Life in sky was breezy,
Life in submarine was voluptuous,
Life in trees was mischievous,
Life in roses was fragrant,
Life in grass was intoxicating,
Life in webs was silken,
Life in paradise was divine,
Life in temples was sacrosanct,
Life in gutter was abhorrent,
Life in dirt was deplorable,
Life in rain was seductive,
Life in beehives was vivacious,
Life in wine was sensuous,
Life in computers was brazen,
Life in nests was sequestering,
Life in statues was stationary,
Life in icebergs was freezing,
Life in anthills was irascible,
Life in lakes was placid,
Life in locks was invincible,
Life in photographs was still,
Life in gardens was pleasant,
Life in mousetrap was asphyxiating,
Life in fists was curled,
Life in prison was disdainful,
Life in whirlpool was spinning,
Life in theater was dramatic,
Life in art was enchanting,
Life in boats was undulating,
Life in diamonds was glittering,
Life in moon was milky,
Life in kitchen was appetizing,
Life in beauty was ravishing,
Life in titillation was enticing,
Life in fantasy was stupendous,
Life in mothers lap was blissful,
Life in medicine was healing,
Life in corpse was standstill,
Life in lavatory was pathetic,

Life in seedlings was blossoming,
Life in horseback was gallivanting,
Life in snakeskin was slithering,
Life in oven was sizzling,
Life in greenery was sedative,
Life in rebellion was evoking,
Life in discrimination was appalling,
Life in benevolence was gratifying,
Life in humanity was God,
Life in cheese was tangy,
Life in achievement was exultating,
Life in ambition was propelling,
Life in eyelashes was flirtatious,
Life in palms was dependant,
Life in fashion was bombastic,
Life in recluse was esoteric,
Life in keyhole was inconspicuous,
Life in kites was exuberant,
Life in glass was reflecting,
Life in tea was rejuvenating,
Life in sheep was impeccable,
Life in rocks was jagged,
Life in chains was abominable,
Life in feathers was tickling,
Life in egotism was preposterous,
Life in dawn was brandnew,
Life in dewdrops was mesmerizing,
Life in intrigue was electrifying,
Life in eloquence was mystifying,
Life in clock was pragmatic,
Life in childhood was nostalgic,
Life in robots was mechanical,
Life in fabric was shielding,
Life in soul was stupefying,
Life in roots was entangling,
Life in chains was hedonistic,
Life in bareness was lascivious,
Life in haziness was romantic,
Life in knives was lethal,
Life in chili was piquant,
Life in swings was fascinating,
Life in lechery was insane,

Life in rhythm was celestial,
Life in pulse was frantic,
Life in lies was cowardice,
Life in superstitions was non-existent,
Life in revenge was pugnacious,
But life in the heart of your beloved; was; is; and
will always be love; love and only love.

34.2 CENTIMETERS OF BRAIN

As much as it could stupendously perceive; it had the power to brutally
devastate,

As much as it could magnanimously harbor; it had the power to corrupt the
most sagacious of truth,

As much as it could devotionally dedicate; it had the power to conceive the most
unprecedentedly lecherous existing on this planet,

As much as it could intriguingly fantasize; it had the power to parasitically drain
out every iota of glorious memory,

As much as it could magically evolve; it had the power to swipe traces of blissful
civilization; in lightening fractions of seconds,

As much as it could fantastically tantalize; it had the power to disastrously
famish the most invincible; for centuries immemorial,

As much as it could unfathomably grasp; it had the power to diabolically
relinquish; within a single wink of an eye,

As much as it could reside in perpetual realms of solitude; it had the power to
fulminate more treacherously than infinite volcano's trapped beneath the earth,

As much as it could disseminate the fragrance of philanthropic mankind; it had
the power to diabolically crush the immaculately impeccable in the swirl of its
menacing manipulation,

As much as it could majestically accomplish; it had the power to rampantly
deteriorate well beneath the rudiments of its roots,

As much as it could formidably heal; it had the power to gruesomely exacerbate

the tiniest of wounds; beyond the corridors of infinite infinity,

As much as it could blossom into an island of enchanting paradise; it had the power to insidiously melt; transcending over boundaries of the most obsolete oblivion,

As much as it could divinely meditate; it had the power to indefatigably swim in torrential sea deluged with preposterously ominous sharks,

As much as it could overwhelmingly pacify; it had the power to trigger malicious fireballs of discrimination; in religions bonding as united on this earth,

As much as it could bask in the grandiloquent splendor; it had the power to recede immortally into its grave; even though it was animatedly alive,

As much as it could aristocratically relax; it had the power to tumultuously inundate benevolent goodness; with insane mad,

As much as it could ravishingly romance; it had the power to sow the seeds of despairing betrayal; in every heart it met,

As much as it could unbelievably dream; it had the power to drown in cloudbursts of cacophonous manipulation,

As much as it could unsurpassably exist; it had the power to vanish like pathetic devil; before even the winds could transgress in azure sky,

And as much as I called it my mind; believe me it had the ubiquitous power to be anybody's 2 centimeters of brain; entrenched well within the skull and shivering inside.

35. POETRY; POETRY AND ONLY POETRY

Telling me to go to office; spending marathon hours of the day under menacing eyes of my disgustingly manipulative boss,
Was like asking a man to gallop to the absolute pinnacle of Everest; without fingers on his hands; toes on his bohemian feet.

Telling me to go to office; tolerating the spurious mountain of smiles besieging my boss's face; behind which sprouted the satanic devil,
Was like commanding the crystal blue expanse of brilliantly empty sky; to shower upon torrential cloudbursts of majestically pelting rain.

Telling me to go to office; incorrigibly adhering to each instruction of my boss;
which could in fact imperil the ambience of the celestially blissful surrounding,
Was like the world's richest man not getting the object he badly wanted; even as
his treasury overflowed with glittering gold and superfluously satanic silk.

Telling me to go to office; bowing down with obeisance in front of the
unsurpassable battalion of blood sucking clients who frequented; the abominable
interiors day in and day out,
Was like leaving the most preposterously gigantic fish; in heart of the
overwhelmingly sweltering desert.

Telling me to go to office; singing an incessant fountain of praise for my boss in
front of the treacherously conventional society; when in fact my beloved fervently
awaited my presence; with tears welling in her eyes,
Was like asking a soul wholesomely dead since centuries unprecedented; to
bounce with euphoric exhilaration; just like a new-born child.

Telling me to go to office; breathing in monotonous space indefatigably round the
clock; when in fact my impeccably struggling comrades; desperately wanted my
help outside,
Was like placing the most appetizingly succulent meals on this globe before the
roaring lion; when ironically he didn't possess a single tooth in his colossal mouth.

Telling me to go to office; yes-bossing my hideously uncouth seniors; as they
kicked me relentlessly on my hindside; for apparently no fault of mine,
Was like expecting a garden of mesmerizing roses to blossom on cold blooded
chains of bare rock; without a droplet of rock; without a chunk of fertile soil.

Telling me to go to office; cuddling my boss's pertinently pampered son; amiably
caressing the festoon of glorious jewels on his snobbish persona; as if he was my
own blood,
Was like asking the belligerent martyr to shoot an arrow in the bird's eye; without
a bow in his fingers; a robust thumb on his palms.

Telling me to go to office; lick the already glowing paths with my tongue; so that
the most infinitesimal speck of dirt didn't stick to my boss's designer class shoes,

Was like asking the flamboyantly flaming Sun; to deluge every corner of this
planet; with a blanket of morbidly deplorable darkness.

So it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty lord; to make me quit horrendous

office forever; relinquish its corridors of insatiable greed and malice till the time I lived,
Keep writing; evolving, fantasizing; breathing; eating; sleeping; dying and taking an infinite more births; for just poetry; poetry and just poetry.

36. WHAT USE WAS IT? - PART 2

You might be having the most powerful arms on this Universe; harboring Herculean strength in their formidable biceps,
But what use were they when you utilized them to indiscriminately trample the innocent; instead of defending your fellow comrades withering towards the tenterhooks of absolutely despicable extinction?

You might be having the most mesmerizing eyes in this Universe; majestically shimmering under profusely golden rays of the Sun,
But what use were they when you utilized them to sight and blend with the evil; instead of helping innocent beings when hell rained down severely upon their spotless countenance?

You might be having the most magnificent smiles on this Universe; blossoming into a festoon of stupendous grandiloquence; as the moon cast its resplendence on mundane mud,
But what use were they when you utilized them to appease the hideously manipulative; instead of embracing orphaned children; trembling without their parents and benevolent mankind?

You might be having the most robust complexioned palms in this Universe; impregnated with a myriad of destiny lines which were veritably unconquerable from all sides,
But what use were they when you utilized them to behead immaculate scalps like frigid matchsticks; instead of wiping of the tears from all those mothers; completely shattered and devastated in life?

You might be having the most talented brain in this Universe; astoundingly remembering even the first alphabet you spoke at birth; even while you about to relinquish your last breath,
But what use was it; when you utilized it to evolve weapons of deadly destruction; instead of metamorphosing God's planet once again; into a splendid paradise?

You might be having the most spell binding voice on this Universe; engendering boundless heads to rivet towards you; the instant you unveiled your mouth,

But what use was it; when you utilized it to uncouthly abuse the old and depriving; instead of soothing the trauma in bereaved hearts with the ingratiating melody in your sound?

You might be having the most mystical shadow in this Universe; fluttering like the heavens at the onset of charismatically seductive twilight,
But what use was it; when you utilized it to stealthily creep and strangulate your impeccably sleeping mates; instead of profoundly enlightening the lives of those brutally drugged with monotonous malice?

You might be having the most tenacious conscience on this Universe; absorbing even the unfathomably sinister in your obdurately resilient swirl,
But what use was it; when you utilized it to disseminate tornado's of ungainly guilt; instead of guiding the despairing world outside towards optimistic light?

And you might be having the most passionate heart on this Universe; throbbing more ardently than the brilliantly flaming Sun,
But what use was it; when you utilized it satanically to assassinate celestially divine relationships; instead of bonding people of different tribes all across the fathomless continent; with threads of immortal love.?

37. NO RETIREMENT.

You can disdainfully retire a man from his job; but not from his eternal work of creating spell bindingly effulgent newness; on even the most inconspicuous step that he tread,

You can treacherously retire a man from his job; but not from his fathomless festoon of fantasies; which reigned supreme in every cranny of his brain; an infinite centuries even after veritable death,

You can unceremoniously retire a man from his job; but not from his perennial desire to embrace every sensuously enthralling entity on this Universe; discovering his ultimate sublimation in his companion's compassionate breath,

You can tawdrily retire a man from his job; but not from his unceasing longing to royally replenish every ounce of his body; with the most blissfully fructifying fruits of nature's creation,

You can parasitically retire a man from his job; but not from his indefatigable yearning to mate with his eternally majestic beloved; witness his seeds spawn into the most indomitably resplendent fields of an optimistic tomorrow,

You can diabolically retire a man from his job; but not from his most quintessentially ardent instinct; to jubilantly survive amidst a pack of sadistically howling wolves,

You can preposterously retire a man from his job; but not from his uncanny ability to magnetize countless audiences; with his unbelievably enigmatic persona and mellifluously triumphant voice,

You can cynically retire a man from his job; but not from his untamed spirit of timelessly burgeoning adventure; the fervently tantalizing goose-bumps of mystery that cropped up on his skin,

You can horrifically retire a man from his job; but not from his philanthropically synergistic bonding with the boundless planet outside; his unconquerable melanging with every echelon of inimitably priceless humanity,

You can ignominiously retire a man from his job; but not from the infinite passions that he harbored; towards every evanescent ray of the Sun; towards every beautifully redolent particle of the atmosphere,

You can salaciously retire a man from his job; but not from his irrefutably fearless steps marching towards; the victory of peerlessly unshakable truth over the wantonly terrorizing devil,

You can insouciantly retire a man from his job; but not from his poignant desire to procreate a countless more of his own holistic kind; registering his very best effort at continuing the chapters of Universal existence,

You can tyrannically retire a man from his job; but not from his pricelessly artistic embodiments; all those amorphously inane shapes and forms to which he'd added undefeated color; with his very own blessed palms,

You can unsavorily retire a man from his job; but not from his endless penchant to attain newer and newer heights; in whatever was most emolliently appeasing to his soul,

You can foolhardily retire a man from his job; but not from his astoundingly unflinching memory; his power to perpetually imbibe even the most ethereal trace of goodness suspended profusely in the atmosphere,

You can irascibly retire a man from his job; but not from his unendingly righteous

perseverance; the unassailably golden sweat that dribbled from his arms; whilst he galloped forward to make this estranged world; once again a better place to live,

You can ruthlessly retire a man from his job; but not from his entrenchment of interminably ameliorating peace; the divinely contentment that naturally flowed through even the most obsolete of his veins,

You can demonically retire a man from his job; but not from his everlasting yearning to breathe; victoriously inhale an impregnably celestial meadow of breath; each time his lungs dismally shrunk inside his chest,

And You can baselessly retire a man from his job; but not from his inborn ability to fall in love at any stage of his life; immortally bonding each of beat of his heart with the person he adored; the Omnipotent beloved who granted him an infinite more lives and lifetimes.

38. WHO THE HELL EVER SAID; THAT SWEAT STINKS?

It was the most irrefutably truthful essence of your persona; the most blissfully honest fructification of your majestic soul,

It was a stream of indefatigably golden brilliance; that celestially dribbled down the skin of the richest and poorest on this fathomless planet; symbiotically alike,

It was the ultimate scent of your unconquerable righteousness; a royal cascade of iridescent tranquility; that mollified even the most traumatically frazzled of nerves,

It was the most fantastically tantalizing sensation on your skin; a feeling that transcended you beyond the meadows of paradise; as it uninhibitedly gushed from head to toe of your body; in unabashedly electric fervor,

Who the hell ever said that; Sweat was preposterously clumsy; Sweat was a worthlessly obnoxious piece of shit; Sweat was lividly repulsive; O! yes; who the hell ever said that 'Sweat Stinks'.

(1) .

It was the most invisible fabric of every pore of your delectable skin; yet the most insuperably replenishing; naturally air-conditioning every of your

acrimoniously agitated senses; under the ferociously blistering rays of mid-day Sun,

It was the most irretrievably sure source of your vitality; fearlessly proclaiming your inner temerity and conviction to the planet outside; at every rapidly ticking hour of the day,

It was the most holistic thing that could have ever happened to your body; in perfect symbiosis with the magically ameliorating environment and at the same time distinguishing you to be an infinite shades lesser than the Lord Almighty,

It was an emotionally fired rivulet that carried all your tensions and inexplicably motley emotions; to be eventually evaporated into the firmament of the atmosphere,

Who the hell ever said that; Sweat was tyrannically incarcerating; Sweat was a fecklessly asphyxiating; Sweat was abysmally smelly; O! yes; who the hell ever said that 'Sweat Stinks'.

(2) .

It was a perennial river of compassionate brotherhood; that trickled in ever-pervading unison from the chest of every living entity on this boundless earth; unhindered and alike,

It was the most handsomely enamoring spectacle to sight; as it glistened more spectacularly than ever; under the very first rays of amber dawn and the very last rays of impeccably milky moonlight,

It was the most mute vibration on the human body; yet conveying a boundlessly unbridled civilization of emotions and feelings; like the wail of a freshly born child,

It was more mischievously tangy than the most tangiest of salt; drifting you towards an unsurpassable tunnel of profound mysticism; as you traced each of its stream with your delicate fingers; till the very end,

Who the hell ever said that; Sweat was ignominiously slavish; Sweat was amorphously licentious; Sweat was diminishingly foolish; O! yes; who the hell ever said that 'Sweat Stinks'.

(3) .

It was the most enchantingly transparent liquid that your body could ever exude; from which reflected the very true persevering spirit of your blessed existence,

It was the most inimitably priceless garland of silken pearls; as its globules naturally swelled in size to irrevocably cling to every aroused pore of your; uncontrollably exhilarated body,

It was more indispensable than your breath; heartbeat and soul; as in its absence you felt a tornado of haplessly disparaging frustration; boil to the tumultuous limits inside your lifelessly livid skin,

It was the most immortal of all substances tangible or intangible; as a singleton droplet of it in soil; sowed the seeds of tirelessly fragrant effort; embracing every echelon and dimension of invincible humanity,

Who the hell ever said that; Sweat was diabolically tawdry; Sweat was abnormally anomalous; Sweat was disgustingly unholy; O! yes; who the hell ever said that 'Sweat Stinks'.

39. FRESH BIRTH.

Almost every person on this fathomlessly enchanting earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; inimitably venerated mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first unconquerably stared into the whites of my impoverished eyes; giving my unfinished optimism; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this boundlessly spell binding earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; impregnably divine mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first interlocked her magical fingers with mine; giving my flagrantly unfinished conviction; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this magnetically jubilant earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; celestially sacred mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first ardently kissed me on the contours of my destitute lips; giving my haplessly unfinished sensuality; fresh birth; for an infinite more of

my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this unlimitedly emollient earth; observers his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; bountifully Godly mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first unrestrictedly surrendered her chastity to me; giving my hopelessly unfinished fertility; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this unbelievably ecstatic earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; innocuously Omnipotent mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first rescued me from the mortuaries of suicide; giving my treacherously unfinished desires; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this unabashedly ebullient earth; observers his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; spell-bindingly Omniscient mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first sensuously traced her tantalizing fingers through every bone of my spine; giving my brutally unfinished vitality; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this ubiquitously blessing earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; triumphantly unflinching mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first embraced me in her insuperably mitigating grip; giving my despairingly unfinished footsteps; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this timelessly endowing earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; Omnipresently vibrant mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first astoundingly sketched my nimbly shrunken form; giving my unsparingly unfinished identity; fresh birth; for an infinite more my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this limitlessly enthralling earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; unshakably faithful mother,
But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first blown her fierily immortal breath on my cheeks; giving

my vividly unfinished deliriousness; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this interminably majestic earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; blessedly unparalleled mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first mischievously cavorted with me through sparkling ponds of rain; giving my egregiously unfinished monotony; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this beautifully bounteous earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; indomitably Godly mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first uttered my name from her unfettered tongue; giving my pathetically unfinished integrity; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this inscrutably tingling earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; perpetually altruistic mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first inseparably mated with me; giving my treacherously unfinished manhood; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this poignantly candid earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; incomparably benign mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first proposed me as her ultimate lifepartner; giving my unbearably unfinished hysteria; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this eclectically egalitarian earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; perennially towering mother, But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first cast her venerated shadow upon mine; giving my insouciantly unfinished stride; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this gigantically blessed earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; enchantingly ameliorating mother,

But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first uncontrollably tickled me with her big toe; giving my

deplorably unfinished ashes of intensity; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this unsurpassably undying earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; beautifully unadulterated mother,

But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first signed her every impression upon my blood; giving my indescribably unfinished cowardliness; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this incredulously vivacious earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; wonderfully unprejudiced mother,

But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first made me sleep in her selflessly humanitarian lap; giving my indiscriminately unfinished restlessness; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

Almost every person on this untiringly victorious earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; undefeatedly queenly mother,

But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first placed her miraculously emancipating palms on my frazzled head; giving my ruthlessly unfinished frustrations; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

And almost every person on this amazingly proliferating earth; observes his birthday on the date that he was born of the womb of his; unshakably royal mother,

But I for one; would like to wholeheartedly celebrate only that very day as my birthday; when she'd first bonded every beat of her heart with mine; giving my cursedly unfinished love; fresh birth; for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes.

40. BUT ATLEAST LOVE ME WHEN I'M ALIVE

I really wouldn't mind it even an infinitesimal trifle; if you salaciously chose to and forever buried my body an infinite feet beneath the surface of tawdrily fetid earth; after my breath had died and my wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an inconspicuous trifle; if you barbarously chose to and forever kept my body in the cold-bloodedly heartless freezer; after my

breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an insouciant trifle; if you mercilessly chose to and forever kept my body on the treacherously vulture laden terrace; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a diminutive trifle; if satanically chose to and forever kept chopping my body into a countless pieces of nothingness; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an ethereal trifle; if you diabolically chose to and forever burnt my body on the most vindictively smoldering embers of iron; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an evanescent trifle; if you demonically chose to and forever cemented my body into the asphyxiatingly penurious hollows of the wall; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a teeny trifle; if you sadistically chose to and forever trampled my body with your uncouthly bohemian shoe; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a mercurial trifle; if you intolerably chose to and forever kept submerging my body into the most violently blistering of acid; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a fugitive trifle; if you venomously chose to and forever bombarded my body with the most ruthlessly excoriating of bombs; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a vespered trifle; if you sinfully chose to and forever fed my body to the most pugnaciously stinking of pigs; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an obfuscated trifle; if you ominously chose to and forever spat on my body the most ignominiously ludicrous of your spit; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a teeny trifle; if you tyrannically chose to and forever crushed my body under the most atrociously rampaging bulldozer; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a transient trifle; if you hedonistically chose to and forever kept my body pathetically strangulated in the most wretchedly preposterous of coffin; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an oblivious trifle; if you forlornly chose to and forever stitched every pore of my body with the most horrendously bellicose of thread; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a flickering trifle; if you wickedly chose to and forever plundered my body with an infinite blood-curling nails; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a truncated trifle; if you dementedly chose to and forever dissected every minute cranny of my body to tingle your perverted senses; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a cloistered trifle; if you viciously chose to and forever suspended my body ridiculously upside down from the scorpion studded ceiling; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a pallid trifle; if you horrifically chose to and forever tossed my body to the unsurpassably emaciated sharks; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even a non-existent trifle; if you deliriously chose to and forever ate every bone from the skeleton of my body for nocturnal supper; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

I really wouldn't mind it even an invisible trifle; if you criminally chose to and forever kept my body in a region of haplessly disoriented vacuum; where there existed no land or holistic space; after my breath had died and wholesome death,

O! Yes; I really wouldn't mind it even a quavering trifle; if you unforgivably chose and forever did whatever you wanted with every part of my body after my breath had died and wholesome death; whether you torturously crucified me in ghastly hell or stabbed me an infinite times; an infinite kilometers even beyond its amorphous realms,

But atleast love me when I'm alive.

41. TILL THE TIME YOU WERE MAGNIFICENTLY ALIVE

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely threadbare and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this fathomless Universe; were the sermons of truthfulness that you selflessly disseminated; till the time you were holistically alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely balderdash and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this boundless Universe; were the rays of righteously unparalleled optimism that you ignited on every step that you tread; till the time you were symbiotically alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely nonsensical and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this incomprehensible Universe; were the pathways of egalitarian justice that you insuperably ensured; till the time you were blissfully alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely salacious and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this limitless Universe; was the celestial instinct to live and let live that you ubiquitously preached; till the time you were unabashedly alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely rubbish and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this gregarious Universe; were the seeds of majestically virile proliferation that you sowed; till the time you were unassailably alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely evanescent and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this unceasing Universe; was the bond of philanthropically compassionate friendship that you interminably spread; till the time you were royally alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely lugubrious and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this spell binding Universe; were the hymns of mellifluously emancipating piousness that you sing; till the time you were bounteously alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely morbid and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this triumphant Universe; was the tirelessly augmenting empathy in your eyes for every caste; creed; fraternity of living; till the time you were vivaciously alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely decrepit and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this astounding Universe; were the pathways of unflinchingly fearless humanity that you pave; till the time you were redolently alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely foolhardy and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this heavenly Universe; was the magic of benign togetherness that you invincibly hissed; till the time you were unconquerably alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely crippling and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this unfettered Universe; were those indomitably subliming smiles from your lips in good times and bad; till the time you were beautifully alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely debasing and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this gigantic Universe; were those swords of impregnable truth that you used to assassinate the ruthlessly blasphemous devil; till the time you were jubilantly alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely pulverizing and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this unfathomable Universe; were those enamoring words/symbols/drawings of immortal love that you'd so inimitably sketched; till the time you were undefeately alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely feckless and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this spectacular Universe; were those pearls of priceless enlightenment that you'd bestowed upon countless haplessly deprived; till the time you were indisputably alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely baseless and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this resplendent Universe; was the mirror of divine righteousness that reflected from even the most obfuscated cranny of your shadow; till the time you were fantastically alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely useless and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this unending Universe; was the foundation of fragrantly undying perseverance that you built; till the time you were handsomely alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely tawdry and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this everlasting

Universe; was that you timelessly followed the innermost tunes of your heart for the betterment of all mankind; till the time you were iridescently alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely hopeless and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this mesmerizing Universe; was the innumerable orphans that you serenaded and accepted as a quintessential ingredient of your very own family; till the time you were poignantly alive.

Whether you breathed till '1' or till 'Infinite' was entirely purposeless and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this ever-pervading Universe; were the countless hearts which you endlessly united in the threads of Immortally Omnipresent love; till the time you were magnificently alive.

42. LIVING.

When humbly interrogated as to what were they doing; the unbelievably voluptuous clouds; sensuously replied; that they were extremely busy pelting majestically unfettered globules of golden rain,

When humbly interrogated as to what were they doing; the beautifully foliated trees; brazenly replied; that they were extremely busy producing astoundingly reinvigorating currents of vivid breeze,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the uninhibitedly glorious ocean; tangily replied; that it was extremely busy culminating into an endless wave of unabashedly mischievous froth,

When humbly interrogated as to what were they doing; the inimitably scarlet roses; celestially replied; that they were extremely busy disseminating vibrantly stupefying fragrance; to far; and fathomless wide,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the eternally resplendent forests; enigmatically replied; that they were extremely busy in triggering untamed cloudbursts of newness and unhindered enthrallment; all throughout the day and poignantly star-studded night,

When humbly interrogated as to what were they doing; the unflinchingly indomitable epitomes; fearlessly replied; that they were extremely busy in sequestering every fraternity of living kind from even the most evanescent onslaught of the diabolically squelching devil,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the unconquerably virile soil; peerlessly replied; that it was extremely busy proliferating into boundless civilizations of miraculous newness; every unfurling instant that the Universe ticked,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the seductively emollient meadow; blissfully replied; that it was extremely busy blossoming into a heaven of ubiquitously panoramic dewdrops,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the incessantly chattering bumble bee; vivaciously replied; that it was extremely busy in profusely inundating each recess of its hive; with spectacularly priceless honey,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the blazingly Omnipresent Sun; blisteringly replied; that it was extremely busy in permeating the rays of unassailable optimism; to even the most remorsefully obfuscated arena of this everlasting earth,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the jubilantly enamoring waterfall; effulgently replied; that it was extremely busy in serenading the frazzled nerves of countless; with the perpetually liberating cascade of its kingly water,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the victoriously unceasing sky; aristocratically replied; that it was extremely busy harnessing and protecting every element of symbiotic goodwill; upon this handsomely emphatic Universe,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the iridescently shimmering Moon; beamingly replied; that it was extremely busy in metamorphosing every ounce of the sordidly crucifying night; into a sea of triumphantly unscathed and enchanting milk,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the ecstatically eclectic desert; aridly replied; that it was extremely busy in timelessly evolving into the most gorgeously unstoppable whirlpools of magically silken dust,

When humbly interrogated as to what were they doing; the insuperably charming mountains; undauntedly replied; that they were extremely busy in generating waves of invincible compassion to perennially envelop every shivering organism alive; in their wholeheartedly friendly belly,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the amazingly dexterous

rainbow; magnetically replied; that it was extremely busy in igniting that indispensably missing spark of life; even in the most unsurpassably sweltering of daylight,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the incredulously multiplying atmosphere; intrepidly replied; that it was extremely busy in becoming that inevitably quintessential puff of breath; that an infinite million organisms so desperately needed to exist; every unveiling instant of destined life,

When humbly interrogated as to what were they doing; the blessedly rejuvenating stars; unanimously replied; that they were extremely busy in perpetuating even the most invisible bit of nocturnal blackness; with undying figments of sacred hope,

And when humbly interrogated as to what was I doing; I instantaneously and without the slightest of thought; rumination; or further investigation replied to whosoever who ever dared to ask me; that I was simply living.

43. FIRST - PART 2

All of us on this fathomlessly enchanting Universe; might be of wholesomely and unimaginably different; colors. But that's really insignificant and comes NEXT.

All of us on this bountifully brilliant Universe; might be of wholesomely and spell-bindingly different; heights. But that's really nonsensical and comes NEXT.

All of us on this fantastically eclectic Universe; might be of wholesomely and astoundingly different; physiques. But that's really inconspicuous and comes NEXT.

All of us on this boundlessly resplendent Universe; might be of wholesomely and unsurpassably different; strengths. But that's foolhardy and comes NEXT.

All of us on this gregariously proliferating Universe; might be of wholesomely and incredibly different; philosophies. But that's really worthless and comes NEXT.

All of us on this beautifully embellished Universe; might be of wholesomely and entirely different; castes. But that's really meaningless and comes NEXT.

All of us on this handsomely unbridled Universe; might be of wholesomely and indescribably different; urges. But that's really insouciant and comes NEXT.

All of us on this poignantly fructifying Universe; might be of wholesomely and implausibly different; dialects. But that's really unthinkable and comes NEXT.

All of us on this endlessly mesmerizing Universe; might be of wholesomely and incomprehensibly different; fortunes. But that's really preposterous and comes NEXT.

All of us on this timelessly embracing Universe; might be of wholesomely and irretrievably different; psyches. But that's really livid and comes NEXT.

All of us on this stupendously enthralling Universe; might be of wholesomely and inconceivably different; feelings. But that's really non-existent and comes NEXT.

All of us on this redolently blessed Universe; might be of wholesomely and inexpressibly different; skins. But that's really ethereal and comes NEXT.

All of us on this miraculously alleviating Universe; might be of wholesomely and irrevocably different; tribes. But that's really disappearing and comes NEXT.

All of us on this perennially royal Universe; might be of wholesomely and unutterably different; signatures. But that's really feckless and comes NEXT.

All of us on this majestically untainted Universe; might be of wholesomely and incommunicably different; weights. But that's really purposeless and comes NEXT.

All of us on this triumphantly mellifluous Universe; might be of wholesomely and inexplicably different; premonitions. But that's really oblivious and comes NEXT.

All of us on this Omnisciently bestowing Universe; might be of wholesomely and perplexingly different; brains. But that's really transient and comes NEXT.

All of us on this magically healing Universe; might be of wholesomely and unfathomably different; dreams. But that's really fleeting and comes NEXT.

All of us on this magnetically multiplying Universe; might be of wholesomely and unceasingly different; nationalities. But that's really subjugated and comes NEXT.

But all of us on this eternally egalitarian Universe; have been; are and will forever and ever and ever; symbiotically continue to be God's most priceless unconquerable 'HUMANS/LIVING BEINGS'. Now that's really and irrefutably immortal and comes ' FIRST '.

44. YOU JUST PERPETUALLY CONTINUE

Victory or Defeat are merely and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to fearlessly march forward; on the path of eternally spell-binding righteousness,

Victory or Defeat are inconspicuous and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue in your mission to metamorphose every bit of arid stagnation on this planet; into a valley of enchantingly fructifying green,

Victory or Defeat are immaterial and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to disseminate the essence of insuperably redolent peace; on every conceivable path you dared tread,

Victory or Defeat are insouciant and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to tirelessly sermonize the mantras of unassailably pristine humanity; to every tangible cranny of the planet and even beyond,

Victory or Defeat are infinitesimal and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to embrace organisms of every caste; creed; color; religion and tribe; as compassionately as one of your invincible kin,

Victory or Defeat are inconsequential and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to behead even the most non-existent trace of the vituperative devil; with your sword of unconquerable truth,

Victory or Defeat are fugitive and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to reign supreme as the ultimate harbinger of blissfully peerless humanity,

Victory or Defeat are ephemeral and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to soar high and handsome in the skies of heavenly fantasy with each of your holistically breathing mates; and with Lord as your ultimate savior,

Victory or Defeat are unimportant and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to unabashedly continue the chapters of venerated proliferation; using every ounce of indomitable virility trapped in your royal stride,

Victory or Defeat are transient and only two sides of the coin; you just

perpetually continue to sleep in the lap of your Omnipotent mother; although the entire Universe outside spat and indefatigably ridiculed at your childish hide,

Victory or Defeat are inveterate and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to evolve into a fountain of everlastingly synergistic goodness; although all that showered around you was nothing else but the truculently victimizing devil's rain,

Victory or Defeat are penurious and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to optimistically enliven even the most infidel iota of brutally ignominious monotony; with your philanthropic smiles,

Victory or Defeat are preposterous and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to be the triumphantly guiding beacon; for every drearily lambasted traveler; in the throes of the ghastly midnight,

Victory or Defeat are secondary and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to bring an unflinchingly blazing renaissance in every perversely subjugated sphere of life; timelessly ensuring that every echelon of living kind; forever and ever and ever liberated into the gloriously free skies,

Victory or Defeat are intermittent and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to be the sole magician in every haplessly devastated orphans soul and ecstatically ameliorating his disastrously empty life,

Victory or Defeat are feckless and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to altruistically render even the most oblivious cranny of your mind; body and soul; to the unshakable service of your celestially blessed motherland,

Victory or Defeat are evaporating and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to become the sight of all those who were hopelessly blind; undyingly drifting them towards a freshly blazing Sun of hope,

Victory or Defeat are absconding and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to sow the seeds of divinely truth; on every vindictively barren patch of soil on this fathomless planet,

Victory or Defeat are inexplicable and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to garland the ideals of simplicity; and make them an integral element of your conscience; breath; soul and life,

Victory or Defeat are ethereal and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually

continue to fight for the cause of egalitarian justice; with bounteous non-violence as the only weapon of your nimbly prostrating shadow,

And Victory or Defeat are evanescent and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to immortally throb for the winds of selfless love; and thereby let each impregnable beat of your heart; forever bond with every bit of panoramic goodness on this unshakably captivating earth.

45. WITH EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART

Not even the most voluptuously sensuous of clouds; surreally wandering till eternity in fathomless cosmotic space; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most tantalizingly nubile of dewdrops; profoundly shimmering in nocturnal moonlight like the ultimate queen's garland of exotic pearls; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most invincibly Herculean mountaintops; unflinchingly towering towards the heavens in the face of the mightiest of attack; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most royally undulating seas; timelessly blessing the pristine shores with gloriously unassailable froth; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most perennially overflowing of treasuries; from which rained solely a torrentially unstoppable cascade of mystically resplendent silver and gold; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most mellifluously rejuvenating of nightingales; perpetuating the unlimitedly dreary atmosphere with miraculously ameliorating sounds; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most boundlessly burgeoning of skies; celestially reflecting an ocean of bounteously virile crystalline blue; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most vivaciously cascading droplets of rain; metamorphosing every tawdrily sinister patch of aridness on earth into a paradise of mesmerizing beauty; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most ubiquitously silken strands of the inscrutable spider's web; aristocratically glimmering in opulently milky moonlight; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most amazingly vivid of rainbows; filtering fresh rays of optimism and hope in the forlornly dreary sky; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most redolently proliferating of soil; the magical virility which unfathomably multiplied in lightening seconds of time; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most beautifully poignant of roses; synergistically radiating their handsomely scarlet personality to every conceivable cranny of this boundless Universe; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most triumphantly blazing of Sunshine; blistering a path of irrefutably fearless righteousness in the most bashful face of blemishing defeat; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most victoriously iridescent of moonlight; unceasingly enlightening the sordidly hedonistic fabric of the wretchedly incarcerating night; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most effulgently undefeated of blood; indefatigably diffusing the spirit of intrepidly exhilarating camaraderie; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most boundlessly unfettered of deserts; the flamingly impregnable expanse of poignant golden granules; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most tranquilly bewitching of shadows; the uncannily titillating tinge of timeless mystery that they incessantly emanated; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most fierily magnetic of breath; the endlessly insuperable cavern of seduction that it ignited in every tangible and intangible open space which it wholesomely enshrouded; had the slightest of inspiration,

Whilst with every beat of my heart; there unlimitedly triggered unconquerably sparkling fantasy in even the most obsolete dormitory of my brain; and I inevitably and inspiringly wrote an infinite lines of Immortal Love Poetry; till even beyond the definitions of veritably ultimate and hopelessly silencing death.

46. LIMITLESSLY MAGICAL SPICE

In every sensuously enamoring woman that I philandered with; timelessly flirting

and cavorting behind the freshly rain soaked hills of paradise,

In every beautifully intrepid lane that I traversed through; leading every uncontrollably exultating pore of my body; into an unceasing gorge of interminably burgeoning adventure,

In every salubriously scintillating meal that I rapaciously devoured; to celestially mollify the haplessly disgruntling pangs of hunger; shooting like thunderbolts of lightening in my emaciated intestines,

In every jubilantly effulgent droplet of dew that I held in my outstretched palms; profoundly reinvigorating each of my haplessly impoverished senses; with the profuse bewilderment of bewitching mother nature,

In every conceivable open patch of sky that I sighted with my naked eye; as the Sun unrelentingly sizzled a handsomely inimitable golden,

In every sip of bounteously crystalline water that I poignantly sipped; letting the quintessential liquid uninhibitedly soothe every treacherously mangled chord of my discordant throat,

In every living being that I wholeheartedly embraced in my walk towards eternally fructifying success; by the grace of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

In every tangible and intangibly rhapsodic tune that drifted into my obviously trembling eardrums; alleviating me of all my misery and inexplicably asphyxiating pain,

In every blade of grass that I endlessly frolicked with; unabashedly tossing and turning; under the mischievously twinkling carpet of pristine stars,

In every triumphantly ecstatic mirror that I sighted my reflection; candidly unraveling each bit of goodness and inevitable badness in my life; like the cry of an impeccably newborn child,

In every robustly fascinating fruit that I plucked from the gargantuan tree; whose unbelievably ubiquitous juice I relished; till times beyond infinite infinity,

In every frostily undulating sea that I indefatigably swam; of course inevitably and in the end; miserably floundering to kiss the boundless opposite end; with my singular hands and feet,

In every barren sheet of innocuous paper that I inundated with my writings; not

preferring the slightest to leave even a singleton speck of open space; between the lines I perpetually embossed,

In every bit of rustically chocolate brown soil that I ploughed; to sow the seeds of fantastically divine virility; and upon which I made my royal bed every iridescently beaming night,

In every piece of quintessentially Spartan cloth that clung to the contours of my nimble body; unflinchingly sequestering me all night and day; from the acrimoniously intolerable heat; inconsolably unbearable cold; storm and rain,

In every aristocratically painted brick that I used in the foundation of my compassionately comforting dwelling; that bore my weight fearlessly; against the mightiest of mayhem and vindictive maelstrom,

In every spell-bindingly pungent fantasy that my ignited brain perceived; which was infact my sole and the most ardent source of blissfully leading each destined moment of my priceless life,

In every heartily exuberant slap of wind that embraced me uncalled; tirelessly engendering me to romanticize in a land more bountifully replete than; victoriously blossoming paradise,

In every passionately fiery kiss that I indulged into; making me feel the most extraordinarily virile and unassailable organism; on the trajectory of this fathomlessly resurgent Universe,

If not anything; and I really really don't care even an ethereal trifle; but I definitely; and at even a cost greater than every of my perennially rejuvenating breath; wanted spice; spice and limitlessly magical spice.

47. TOMORROW- THE MOST PERPETUALLY TRUE CHAMPION

'Yesterday'; was bizarrely pessimistic; morosely lingering into the treacherously inexplicable past; for no ostensible rhyme or reason,

'Today'; is stringently pragmatic; reminding you of your definitive set of responsibilities; towards your kin and every harmoniously spell-binding echelon of mankind,

'Just now'; is stupendously exhilarating; with the unstoppably inevitable whirlwinds of action; celestially unfurling right in front of your eyes,

But 'Tomorrow' is the most perpetually true champion; is the most indomitably optimistic of them all; with invincible horizons of hope; charting undyingly brand new pathways of unfettered success; on every step that you would ever dare to undertake.

1.

'Yesterday'; was threadbarely pessimistic; fretfully reminiscing into the sinfully dolorous past; which was of the most unsurpassably nonsensical value to every living being holistically alive,

'Today' is astutely pragmatic; triggering every tangible and intangible pore of your skin; to tirelessly fight for survival of the robustly fittest,

'Just Now' is innovatively exhilarating; with the panoramically untainted valleys of adventure; profoundly romanticizing with the intrepidly vivacious whites of your eye,

But 'Tomorrow' is the most perpetually true champion; is the most brilliantly optimistic of them all; with a whole new uninhibited civilization of ardent hope; knocking victoriously upon every impoverished rib of your chest.

2.

'Yesterday' was deliriously pessimistic; maniacally clinching to the morbidly incarcerating past; which had already disappeared like the lame dogs tail; into the sadistically sinful corpses of oblivion,

'Today' is irrefutably pragmatic; perpetuating you to solely walk forward; into the quintessential routines of the world; and as straight as the blazingly fiery rays of the Sun,

'Just Now' is fearlessly exhilarating; wherein even the most magnetic bolts of thunder from the sky; cascaded at your weary feet; before you emanate your very next breath,

But 'Tomorrow' is the most perpetually true champion; is the most unassailably optimistic of them all; when every fresh ray of rhapsodically triumphant dawn; reinvigorates life into even the most hopelessly motionless and dead.

3.

'Yesterday' was diabolically pessimistic; forlornly brooding into the past; and letting its lugubrious jinx; insouciantly dull even the most ecstatically jubilant of your nerves,

'Today' is unconquerably pragmatic; confronting even the most ghastliest of situation; with the boundless valor of a poignantly unabashed warrior,

'Just Now' is amazingly exhilarating; when the winds of instantaneous romance and timelessly unbridled fantasy; swept you of your resplendent feet; like a majestically Omnipotent prince,

But 'Tomorrow' is the most perpetually true champion; is the most undefeatedly optimistic of them all; wherein your every philanthropically humble desire; has an insuperable chance of metamorphosing into Omnipresent reality.

4.

'Yesterday' was hopelessly pessimistic; wantonly burrowing into the maiming past; and wholesomely allowing the most intolerably hedonistic spasms of negativity; to rule supreme in every pore of your lambasted form,

'Today' is beautifully pragmatic; giving you no option whatsoever of wailing over your battered destiny; as each stroke of oncoming wind; vociferously commands you to symbiotically acclimatize to the current moment,

'Just Now' is compassionately exhilarating; as you immediately witness all the burgeoning virile and truculently bad; unfurling right in front of your eyes; and happening handsomely live on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe,

But 'Tomorrow' is the most perpetually true champion; is the most sparkingly optimistic of them all; as the chapters of everlastingly proliferating life royally replace the coffins of inevitably gory and lackadaisical death

48. SLEEP

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost dormitories of your brain to think of nothing else but; disdainfully decrepit and treacherously sluggish; laziness.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost caverns of your brain to think of nothing else but; impotently tormented and

ignominiously lecherous; dormancy.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost shelves of your brain to think of nothing else but; hopelessly extinguishing and inexplicably blackened; oblivion.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost hollows of your brain to think of nothing else but; nonchalantly embarrassing and indefatigably slandering; yawns.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost gorges of your brain to think of nothing else but; transiently hapless and morbidly darkened; incarceration.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost molecules of your brain to think of nothing else but; inexplicably torturous and diabolically penalizing; waywardness.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost cisterns of your brain to think of nothing else but; ominously unsolicited and wantonly crucifying; frustration.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost maps of your brain to think of nothing else but; inconsolably unforgivable and inexorably feckless; nothingness.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost tunnels of your brain to think of nothing else but; uncannily crippling and hedonistically reverberating; fear.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost epitomes of your brain to think of nothing else but; insurmountably maiming and quintessentially criminal; wastage.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost labyrinths of your brain to think of nothing else but; wretchedly bewildering and psychotically hapless; amorphousness.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost ingredients of your brain to think of nothing else but; ephemerally sinister and hideously threatening; blindness.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost festoons of your brain to think of nothing else but; unwontedly obsolete and unsurpassably embarrassing; snores.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost nerves of your brain to think of nothing else but; ludicrously non-existent and meaninglessly oblivious; impotency.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost impressions of your brain to think of nothing else but; gruesomely stinking and indelibly sacrilegious; stagnation.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost lanterns of your brain to think of nothing else but; evanescently self-induced and devilishly resonating; impoverishedness.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost trajectories of your brain to think of nothing else but; salaciously decaying and lividly imperiling; disease.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost bowels of your brain to think of nothing else but; ethereally morose and sadistically moaning; corpse.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost figments of your brain to think of nothing else but; unfortunately lambasting and fervently nostalgic; goodbye.

But I ask all of you living beings on this fathomlessly iridescent and Omnipotent Universe; that can you remain unconquerably awake without divinely sleep.

49. DEATH - A COUNTLESS TIMES BETTER

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of tawdrily inconsolable isolation; an infinite times every unfurling instant of resplendently destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of murderously ungainly abuse; an infinite times every unfurling instant of beautifully destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite

deaths of unforgivably criminal torture; an infinite times every unfurling instant of vivaciously destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of acrimoniously ribald humiliation; an infinite times every unfurling instant of bountifully destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of hedonistically abominable slavery; an infinite times every unfurling instant of symbiotically destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of atrociously cannibalistic vindication; an infinite times every unfurling instant of iridescently destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of baselessly trembling fear; an infinite times every unfurling instant of redolently destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of inexplicably tormenting disease; an infinite times every unfurling instant of celestially destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of cannibalistically sacrilegious uncertainty; an infinite times every unfurling instant of mellifluously destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of horrifically wanton impeachment; an infinite times every unfurling instant of jubilantly destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of horrendously asphyxiating oblivion; an infinite times every unfurling instant of triumphantly destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of unceremoniously treacherous debauchery; an infinite times every unfurling instant of effulgently destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of intolerably filthy stench; an infinite times every unfurling instant of poignantly destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of preposterously pathetic decay; an infinite times every unfurling instant of eclectically destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of inanely meaningless infertility; an infinite times every unfurling instant of compassionately destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of venomously decrepit stagnation; an infinite times every unfurling instant of effervescently destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of worthlessly demonic prejudice; an infinite times every unfurling instant of sparkingly destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of bawdily worthless manipulation; an infinite times every unfurling instant of majestically destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of truculently lambasted frustration; an infinite times every unfurling instant of beamingly destined life,

It was a countless times better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of indefatigably nonchalant hopelessness; an infinite times every unfurling instant of symbiotically destined life,

And it was a countless better to die this very minute; than to suffer an infinite deaths of perpetually maiming cowardice; an infinite times every unfurling instant of victoriously destined life.

50. LIFE GIVES BIRTH TO HAPPINESS

Clouds give birth to tantalizing droplets of rain; pacifying the murderous agony of scorching desert sands,

Rose gives birth to stupendously ravishing fragrance; casting a spell of unconquerable happiness in those lives; deluged with horrendous despair,

Sun gives birth to magnificently flamboyant rays; filtering a path of profuse

optimism in every space; tottering towards helpless extinction,

Soil gives birth to rhapsodic fountains of fruit and water; ensuring that none remained disastrously famished; for centuries immemorial,

Ocean gives birth to tantalizingly tangy globules of salt; inundating drab existence with cloudbursts of spice and insurmountable poignancy,

Stars give birth to an incredibly serene calm; miraculously metamorphosing the complexion of the ghastly night; into one shimmering with milky pearls,

Leaves give birth to exuberantly fluttering breeze; enveloping dreary souls in its ebulliently vociferous swirl; as it merrily whipped by,

Benevolence gives birth to invincible humanity; incessantly reigning as the supreme leader; even as the planet entangled in webs of lechery and salacious malice,

Freedom gives birth to the innermost expression; the mesmerizing fulmination of a persons senses; which propels him to blissfully lead an infinite more lives,

Mother gives birth to the perpetually divine; the immaculately wailing offspring for which; God's specially descended down from fathomless cosmos to bless,

Truth gives birth to harmonious unity; organisms from all across the unfathomable planet; embracing each other irrespective of prejudice; caste or creed,

Honesty gives birth to intransigent conviction; an astronomical within the most feeble of entities; to catapult to the pinnacle of ultimate success,

Fantasy gives birth to turbulently seductive desire; relentlessly exploring and absorbing the unsurpassable beauty lingering on this planet,

Perseverance gives birth to glorious rays of newness; evolving and achieving even the most inconspicuous of your philanthropic dream; as golden perspiration trickled under the sweltering Sun,

Faith gives birth to the incomprehensibly unbelievable; with man successfully shooting to the summit of the impossible; uttering the name of the entity he adored,

Conscience gives birth to irrefutable righteousness; which the even the entire wealth on this spuriously bombastic world; miserably failed to purchase,

Eyes give birth to profoundly caressing empathy; wholeheartedly commiserating and bonding; with even the most remotest of alien in devastating pain,

Love gives birth to indispensably precious survival; the everlasting spirit to celestially exist; beyond ones ordinary time,

And life gives birth to perennial happiness; an unconquerably sacred joy and bliss that makes each birth; exist in symbiotic synergy with the bountifully divine.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Life- A Non-Negotiable Compromise

Whether you face it with exuberantly unconquerable gusto; or whether you unrelentingly keep fretting for its tyrannical share of inevitable ruthlessness,

Whether you face it with endlessly triumphant euphoria; or whether you disdainfully blame even the most nimbly silken step that you tread,

Whether you face it with bountifully unprecedented charisma; or whether you wither away like a derogatorily insipid leaf in front of its sporadically uncouth vagaries,

Whether you face it with ebulliently relentless enchantment; or whether you keep fretting uncontrollably like a dilapidated corpse; fed up of its manipulative lambasting,

Whether you face it with stupendously exhilarating ecstasy; or whether you keep intransigently abusing it for impoverishing you so barbarously; while at the same time feeding your egalitarian counterparts in plates of pure gold,

Whether you face it with ardently irrevocable tenacity; or whether you whether you implacably slander it for rendering you as insipidly capricious as a forlornly withering leaf; for ostensibly no fault of yours,

Whether you face it with ingratiatingly timeless fascination; or whether you keep cursing it with ominously pugnacious fanaticism; for the baseless bickering it gave you on your hindside; ever since you were an innocuous child,

Whether you face it with unflinchingly intrepid exultation; or whether you indefatigably shoot at it for not catapulting you to the epitome of vibrant prosperity; for even the most heroically paradigm of your deeds,

Whether you face it with unfathomably impregnable solidarity; or whether you viciously stab at it with even the most infinitesimal element of your countenance; for snatching the only roof from above your desolate head,

Whether you face it with uninhibitedly divinely contentment; or whether you impudently spit on it for inexplicably crippling you with insidious disease,

Whether you face it with astronomically aristocratic courage; or whether you cannibalistically ostracize it for its vicissitude of precariously uncanny

discrepancies,

Whether you face it with unsurpassable unassailable determination; or whether you perennially hid your nonchalantly trembling skin; from its flamingly prowling eyes,

Whether you face it with blissfully cavorting happiness; or whether you weep a billion tears a minute; for it horrifically divesting you of your pristinely near and dear,

Whether you face it with celestially fructifying enthusiasm; or whether you assassinate it using every trace of your priceless blood; for not listening to the inner most tunes of your passionately mesmerizing heart,

Whether you face it with royally silken graciousness; or whether you uselessly expend every unfurling minute of your day; thunderously castigating its winds of gratuitously indiscriminate inequality,

Whether you face it with everlastingly iridescent eclecticism; or whether you deliberately sink you pathetic form infinite feet beneath your grave; just to escape its unending labyrinth of harsh realities,

Whether you face it with unstopably patriotic breath; or whether you tirelessly attempt to entirely snap its ungainly wings; for not supporting you to transcend to
the ultimate heavenly paradise,

Whether you face it with immortally insuperable love; or whether you wanted it to diminish away like a gutter of frigidly futile worm; for parasitically sucking every iota of your amiable camaraderie and happiness,

For if you are not the Omnipotently Almighty Lord; life was; is and will always remain to be a tornado of inexplicable vacillations; a Sun which at times rises and at times coldbloodedly sets; a flower which at times blossoms into optimistic fragrance and at times invidiously crumbles away; an ocean which at times swirls towards the majestic sky and at times is nothing but a bed of lackadaisically decrepit stones,

So its better if you faced it smilingly and without the slightest of cacophonic regret; because for every organism breathing and blessedly alive and not the Lord Divine; life has been and will always continue to be a nonnegotiable compromise.

Nikhil Parekh

Life After Death

My eyes open with tremendous velocity,
my lips mumble the essence of life,
my teeth grit, like a formidable fortress,
my body probes with upsurgent fervor,
as i am exuberant beyond capacity.

{1}

the pain subsides to nothingness,
a memorandum of life time cherishment,
as the unprecedented force of destiny,
the curtain spread of wilderness,
strikes a deal with the traumatic cadence of survival,
mesmerized by the amazing body machinery,
dictating a 'sizzling new chapter of existence'

{2}

ah! many a lesson learnt,
fiddling with natural mechanisms,
leads to the horrendous path of treacherous agony,
evaporating every ounce of enthusiasm,
drowning 'me' into dark cataclysmic waters.

{3}

the drainpipe of creativity,
finally succumbing to human fallacy,
trying to breathe through minute pores of legitimate versatility,
devastated every minute by the inevitable lechery of self productivity,
with an abysmal desire to challenge almighty,
leading to convulsive repetitions of suicidal simplicity,
finally assassinating the eccentric chapter, of sinful imagination,
dismantling the torrid structure of rigid thought flow,
from its very non existent roots,
accentuating 'harmony with nature' as the peak of reality

Nikhil Parekh

Life- An Immortal Poetry

Life is unconquerably; resplendent poetry of the most highest degree; incredibly pacifying every infinitesimal urge of the miserably unfinished soul,

Life is perpetually; majestic poetry of the most highest degree; royally gifting countless impoverished souls; with insatiably unending fantasy,

Life is ubiquitously; vibrant poetry of the most highest degree; triumphantly metamorphosing each ethereal trace of misery; into a fireball of ingratiatingly untamed happiness,

Life is marvelously; bountiful poetry of the most highest degree; beautifully placating every hedonistically traumatized agony; with the exuberance of untainted breath,

Life is indomitably; enchanting poetry of the most highest degree; harmoniously coalescing every organism irrespective of caste; creed; color or tribe; into the religion of Omnipresent oneness,

Life is unceasingly; triumphant poetry of the most highest degree; wholesomely massacring every speck of the horrifically parasitic devil; with the scepter of unshakable righteousness,

Life is tirelessly; fantastic poetry of the most highest degree; iridescently glimmering like the stream of ultimate unity; even in the heart of insidiously macabre midnight,

Life is blessedly; exotic poetry of the most highest degree; inevitably triggering an unprecedented maelstrom of eclectic fantasy; in every brain on this planet; enigmatically alike,

Life is irrefutably; sensuous poetry of the most highest degree; miraculously rekindling every shade of claustrophobically dwindling expression; with a wave of undauntedly perennial heavenliness,

Life is astoundingly; impeccable poetry of the most highest degree; forever erasing the wounds of dastardly salaciousness; with its eternal mantra of everlasting mankind,

Life is unrestrictedly; divinely poetry of the most highest degree; spell bindingly

mollifying every cranny of the planet in hapless distress; with Sunrays of unparalleled optimism,

Life is fearlessly; aristocratic poetry of the most highest degree; irrevocably inebriating each strangulated nerve of the body with a voluptuousness; impossible to break for infinite more births yet to unravel,

Life is intransigently; seductive poetry of the most highest degree; astonishingly proliferating till even beyond the corridors of infinite infinity; into an unassailable entrenchment of newness and untamed euphoria,

Life is symbiotically; intrepid poetry of the most highest degree; magnanimously charming every entity expunging air; with its impregnable cisterns of versatility,

Life is unsurpassably; gregarious poetry of the most highest degree; evolving a citadel of unflinching camaraderie on every layer of soil that it spawned; with the blessings
of the Lord Almighty,

Life is boundlessly; tantalizing poetry of the most highest degree; vividly enshrouding every element of the pathetically stuttering heart and soul; with a curtain of radiantly titillating magnetism,

Life is inexorably; blossoming poetry of the most highest degree; enlightening every dwelling besieged with inexplicably prurient despair; with the lamp of inextinguishably prosperous togetherness,

Life is unlimitedly; mystical poetry of the most highest degree; unveiling a festoon of queenly opportunities to be usurped by every living being; handsomely alike,

And Life is endlessly; immortal poetry of the most highest degree; unstoppably culminating into a sky of fathomless freshness every unfurling second of the day and milky night; even after horizons of pragmatic existence had long ended.

Nikhil Parekh

Life And Death

As much enchantingly resplendent was the fabric of; perennially blossoming life,
Insidiously penalizing and inexplicably frustrating; were the pathetically
dwindling chapters of disastrously gory death.

As much blissfully proliferating was the garden of; vivaciously Omnipotent life,
Horribly crucifying and despicably stagnating; were the coffin nails of
remorsefully fretting death.

As much irrefutably truthful was the wind of; exhilaratingly ebullient life,
Dolorously manipulative and abhorrently lecherous; were the flagrantly foul
gutters of ruthlessly asphyxiating death.

As much patriotically sparkling was the complexion of; vibrantly bountiful life,
Salaciously impeding and vehemently whipping; were the stinking graveyards of
indescribably orphaned death.

As much refreshingly appetizing was the gorge of; astoundingly mesmerizing life,

Lethally lambasting and forlornly decaying; were the satanic gallows of
invidiously stifling death.

As much tantalizingly silken was the mist of; enchantingly triumphant life,
Cold-bloodedly massacring and vindictively venomous; were the lackluster
corpses
of ghastily sullen death.

As much exotically enticing was the meadow of; vibrantly titillating life,
Gruesomely parasitic and tyrannically torturous; were the mortifying gutters
of despicably abominable death.

As much poignantly perpetual was the bond of; fascinatingly blissful life,
Lecherously lashing and diabolically pulverizing; were the cacophonic skeletons
of grotesquely savage death.

As much celestially placating was the reverie of; gorgeously marvellous life,
Blatantly corrupt and meaninglessly ungainly; were the hopeless dungeons
of disparagingly derogatory death.

As much ravishingly sensuous was the heaven of; scintillatingly Omniscient life,

Ghoulishly indiscriminate and traumatically hideous; were the nonchalant worms of bizarrely rotten death.

As much innocuously sacred was the cradle of; bountifully proliferating life,
Ominously crippling and preposterously dastardly; were the lackadaisically disappearing shadows of obsoletely jinxed death.

As much timelessly compassionate was the path of; victoriously blazing life,
Licentious withering and regretfully castigating; were the heinously endless curses
of drearily dolorous death.

As much regally ubiquitous was the essence of; Omnipresently magnetic life,
Baselessly stunted and horrifically wailing; were the pernicious maelstroms of sordidly demonic death.

As much flamboyantly glittering was the cistern of; vividly eclectic life,
Worthlessly lazing and sardonically stunted; were the prejudiced whiplashes of criminally castrating death.

As much beautifully harmonious was the tonic of; Omnipotently bestowing life,
Hatefully hunchbacked and ambiguously stinging; were the hypocrite stones of disdainfully ostracizing death.

As much holistically eternal was the rainbow of; everlastingly blissful life,
Truculently sucking and maliciously distorted; were the sinister tunes of mercilessly snapping death.

As much graciously charismatic was the wall of; unshakably patriotic life,
Insanely bereaved and uxoriously fiendish; were the prurient rides of idiosyncratically feckless death.

As much marvellously bequeathing was the cloudburst of; unconquerably untamed life,
Iratly impudent and obnoxiously sultry; were the rebuking waves of agonizingly suffocating death.

As much wonderfully fragrant was the jacket of; unassailably glorious life,
Inconspicuously snobbish and punitively parsimonious; were the bellicose voices of vengefully woeful death.

As much supremely humanitarian was the armor of; perpetually affable life,

Shiveringly morbid and abusively mercurial; were the ungainly tunes of
devastatingly disintegrating death.

As much unsurpassably enthralling was the fortress of; unflinchingly intrepid life,
Ludicrously cowardly and treacherously hollow; were the ignominious potholes of
pugnaciously threadbare death.

As much invaluable Godly was the whistle of; never-endingly augmenting life,
Haplessly destitute and unfathomably maimed; were the evil arms of relentlessly
weeping death.

And as much fervently passionately was the beat of; immortally resplendent life,
Brutally snatching and weirdly disfigured; were the barbarically blood-coated
alphabets of unforgivably condemning death.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Blossoms Into Vitality

Petals blossoms into flowers,
Clouds blossom into rain,
Seeds blossoms into trees,
Minutes blossom into hours,
Bricks blossom into dwellings,
Anger blossoms into destruction,
Exuberance blossoms into newness,
Nervousness blossoms into exhaustion,
Teamwork blossoms into unity,
Perseverance blossoms into success,
Beauty blossoms into enchantment,
Intrigue blossoms into enigma,
Trends blossom into innovations,
Eggs blossom into fledglings,
Rose blossoms into scent,
Sun blossoms into optimism,
Stars blossom into radiation,
Soil blossoms into vegetation,
Art blossoms into exoticism,
Ice blossoms into waterfalls,
Fire blossoms into compassion,
Imagination blossoms into concepts,
Wine blossoms into sedation,
War blossoms into hatred,
Pearls blossom into resplendence,
Dreams blossom into floatation,
Fashion blossoms into style,
Roots blossom into stem,
Salt blossoms into tanginess,
Strength blossoms into fortitude,
Resilience blossoms into conviction,
Surrender blossoms into despair,
Truth blossoms into harmony,
Relationships blossom into empathy,
Violence blossoms into prejudice,
Discrimination blossoms into bloodshed,
Scalp blossoms into hair,
Love blossoms into passion,
Peace blossoms into solidarity,

Rainbow blossoms into vivacity,
Endeavor blossoms into sweetness,
Tunes blossom into songs,
Mind blossoms into ingenuity,
Wilderness blossoms into mysticism,
Flames blossom into ardor,
Corpses blossom into ghosts,
Retreat blossoms into sadness,
Bondage blossoms into rebel,
Faith blossoms into worship,
Infidelity blossoms into nemesis,
Idiosyncrasy blossoms into nothingness,
Spiders blossom into webs,
Benevolence blossoms into humanity,
Independence blossoms into character,
Renunciation blossoms into divine,
Introspection blossoms into discovering,
Emotions blossom into yearning,
Death blossoms into extinction,
And life blossoms into vitality.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Gives Birth To Happiness

Clouds give birth to tantalizing droplets of rain; pacifying the murderous agony of scorching desert sands,

Rose gives birth to stupendously ravishing fragrance; casting a spell of unconquerable happiness in those lives; deluged with horrendous despair,

Sun gives birth to magnificently flamboyant rays; filtering a path of profuse optimism in every space; tottering towards helpless extinction,

Soil gives birth to rhapsodic fountains of fruit and water; ensuring that none remained disastrously famished; for centuries immemorial,

Ocean gives birth to tantalizingly tangy globules of salt; inundating drab existence with cloudbursts of spice and insurmountable poignancy,

Stars give birth to an incredibly serene calm; miraculously metamorphosing the complexion of the ghastly night; into one shimmering with milky pearls,

Leaves give birth to exuberantly fluttering breeze; enveloping dreary souls in its ebulliently vociferous swirl; as it merrily whipped by,

Benevolence gives birth to invincible humanity; incessantly reigning as the supreme leader; even as the planet entangled in webs of lechery and salacious malice,

Freedom gives birth to the innermost expression; the mesmerizing fulmination of a persons senses; which propels him to blissfully lead an infinite more lives,

Mother gives birth to the perpetually divine; the immaculately wailing offspring for which; God's specially descended down from fathomless cosmos to bless,

Truth gives birth to harmonious unity; organisms from all across the unfathomable planet; embracing each other irrespective of prejudice; caste or creed,

Honesty gives birth to intransigent conviction; an astronomical within the most feeble of entities; to catapult to the pinnacle of ultimate success,

Fantasy gives birth to turbulently seductive desire; relentlessly exploring and

absorbing the unsurpassable beauty lingering on this planet,

Perseverance gives birth to glorious rays of newness; evolving and achieving even the most inconspicuous of your philanthropic dream; as golden perspiration trickled under the sweltering Sun,

Faith gives birth to the incomprehensibly unbelievable; with man successfully shooting to the summit of the impossible; uttering the name of the entity he adored,

Conscience gives birth to irrefutable righteousness; which the even the entire wealth on this spuriously bombastic world; miserably failed to purchase,

Eyes give birth to profoundly caressing empathy; wholeheartedly commiserating and bonding; with even the most remotest of alien in devastating pain,

Love gives birth to indispensably precious survival; the everlasting spirit to celestially exist; beyond ones ordinary time,

And life gives birth to perennial happiness; an unconquerably sacred joy and bliss that makes each birth; exist in symbiotic synergy with the bountifully divine.

Nikhil Parekh

Life In The Heart Of

Life in deserts was sandy,
Life in caves was lonely,
Life in ocean was salty,
Life in stars was resplendent,
Life in car was modern,
Life in mountains was exhilarating,
Life in Sun was brilliant,
Life in forests was mystical,
Life in shadows was enigmatic,
Life in battlefield was belligerent,
Life in pearls was exotic,
Life in office was monotonous,
Life in sky was breezy,
Life in submarine was voluptuous,
Life in trees was mischievous,
Life in roses was fragrant,
Life in grass was intoxicating,
Life in webs was silken,
Life in paradise was divine,
Life in temples was sacrosanct,
Life in gutter was abhorrent,
Life in dirt was deplorable,
Life in rain was seductive,
Life in beehives was vivacious,
Life in wine was sensuous,
Life in computers was brazen,
Life in nests was sequestering,
Life in statues was stationary,
Life in icebergs was freezing,
Life in anthills was irascible,
Life in lakes was placid,
Life in locks was invincible,
Life in photographs was still,
Life in gardens was pleasant,
Life in mousetrap was asphyxiating,
Life in fists was curled,
Life in prison was disdainful,
Life in whirlpool was spinning,
Life in theater was dramatic,

Life in art was enchanting,
Life in boats was undulating,
Life in diamonds was glittering,
Life in moon was milky,
Life in kitchen was appetizing,
Life in beauty was ravishing,
Life in titillation was enticing,
Life in fantasy was stupendous,
Life in mothers lap was blissful,
Life in medicine was healing,
Life in corpse was standstill,
Life in lavatory was pathetic,
Life in seedlings was blossoming,
Life in horseback was gallivanting,
Life in snakeskin was slithering,
Life in oven was sizzling,
Life in greenery was sedative,
Life in rebellion was evoking,
Life in discrimination was appalling,
Life in benevolence was gratifying,
Life in humanity was God,
Life in cheese was tangy,
Life in achievement was exultating,
Life in ambition was propelling,
Life in eyelashes was flirtatious,
Life in palms was dependant,
Life in fashion was bombastic,
Life in recluse was esoteric,
Life in keyhole was inconspicuous,
Life in kites was exuberant,
Life in glass was reflecting,
Life in tea was rejuvenating,
Life in sheep was impeccable,
Life in rocks was jagged,
Life in chains was abominable,
Life in feathers was tickling,
Life in egotism was preposterous,
Life in dawn was brandnew,
Life in dewdrops was mesmerizing,
Life in intrigue was electrifying,
Life in eloquence was mystifying,
Life in clock was pragmatic,

Life in childhood was nostalgic,
Life in robots was mechanical,
Life in fabric was shielding,
Life in soul was stupefying,
Life in roots was entangling,
Life in chains was hedonistic,
Life in bareness was lascivious,
Life in haziness was romantic,
Life in knives was lethal,
Life in chili was piquant,
Life in swings was fascinating,
Life in lechery was insane,
Life in rhythm was celestial,
Life in pulse was frantic,
Life in lies was cowardice,
Life in superstitions was non-existent,
Life in revenge was pugnacious,
But life in the heart of your beloved; was; is; and
will always be love; love and only love.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Is A Dedication

A dedication to all benign goodness in the atmosphere; the wave of philanthropic altruism which bonds one and all in the fabric of eternal mankind,

A dedication to the unflinching spirit of timeless existence; the most astounding chapter of divinely proliferation; which perennially ensured that the world never came to a veritable standstill,

A dedication to the rhapsodically cascading rivulets of water; miraculously placating even the most traumatically agonizing and brutally scorched throats,

A dedication to the panoramically crimson clouds in fathomless sky; sensuously embellishing the carpet of the majestically enchanting night,

A dedication to the infernos of irrefutably sparkling honesty; which metamorphose even the most hideously diabolical; into the mists of perpetually sacrosanct righteousness,

A dedication to the Omnipotent light of the fantastically blazing Sun; which enlightened even the most sordidly beleaguered quarters of this earth; with the light of triumphantly blissful happiness,

A dedication to the inscrutably mesmerizing forests; which stupendously enthrall till beyond the realms of infinite infinity; unveiling into an entrenchment of bountiful beauty and grace,

A dedication to harmoniously sacred marriage; which unassailably bonds two lovers in rainbows of compassionate sharing; and for infinite more births yet to unleash,

A dedication to the celestial melody in the ebulliently rejuvenating air; which works as an Omniscient panacea; for even the most insidiously lugubrious disease sauntering and alive,

A dedication to the mischievously amiable smile of the child; which magically transformed even the most diabolically marauding; into a land of ingratiatingly beautiful paradise,

A dedication to the unfettered love of the poignantly divine mother; which was the most Omnipresent exemplification of affably gratifying love and togetherness,

A dedication to the timelessly tantalizing night; which splendidly ignited unfathomable maelstroms of ecstatic yearning; even in the most dolorously decaying entities alive,

A dedication to the magnificently perpetual vivacity of the boundless Universe; which spawned into Omnipotently new life; every unfurling second of the day and night,

A dedication to the irrefutably resolute tenacity of all those disastrously maimed and still alive; bouncing in the full and profound euphoria of magnanimously scintillating life,

A dedication to the ideals of glorious selflessness; the ecumenically resplendent essence of One God; and an unconquerably One Humanity,

A dedication to the threads of invincible friendship; which intrepidly confronts even the most acrimoniously ghastly impediments; with an exuberantly jubilant smile,

A dedication to the ubiquitously uniting and priceless breath; which regally blessed upon every organism irrespective of caste; creed or religion; the right to be symbiotically surviving and holistically alive,

A dedication to the immortally impregnably beats of the heart; which coalesced you forever and ever and ever with the most bountifully cherishable love of your life,

A dedication to all those whom you are wonderfully acquainted with; to all those who were quintessential in inspiring you; to surge forward victoriously in vibrant life,

O! Yes Life is marvelously endowing paradise of friendship; beauty and heavenly bonding; Life is the most unfathomably precious gift from the Almighty Lord; Life

is a sacred dedication.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Is A Lovebird

Life is a resplendent flower; the more you ardently inhale it; the more it casts its fragrant spell upon each cranny of your disastrously frazzled demeanor; for centuries immemorial,

Life is an invincible mountain; the more you valiantly clamber it; the more it impreguably defends every iota of your bereaved countenance; against the most acrimoniously vicious attacks,

Life is a tantalizing ocean; the more you profusely swim in it; the more it envelops your cloudburst of inexplicable agonies; with its enchantingly rhapsodic tanginess,

Life is a ravishing cloud; the more insatiably you float in it; the more it encapsulates your monotonously beleaguered senses; in an entrenchment of mystically voluptuous sensuousness,

Life is a blazing Sun; the more unflinchingly you stare at it; the more it magnanimously bequeaths upon you the tenacity; to surge relentlessly forward towards your philanthropically divine goals,

Life is a tingling dewdrop; the more bountifully you caress it; the more it enshrouds every element of your disastrously dwindling persona; with majestically tranquil compassion,

Life is a resplendent star; the more uninhibitedly you let it in your dwelling; the more it wholesomely infiltrates your ghastily bereaved conscience; with innocuously twinkling beams of sacrosanct light,

Life is an exhilarating adventure; the more poignantly you pursue it; the more it enthrallingly perpetuates into each of your brutally extinguishing nerves; to unconquerably metamorphose them into the boundaries of spell binding paradise,

Life is an exotic waterfall; the more fervently you bathe in it; the more it astoundingly washes each of your inadvertently committed sin's; maneuvering you towards the path of everlasting prosperity,

Life is a true story; the more passionately you engross in it; the more it romantically titillates each aspect of your insidiously dithering existence; with its

insurmountably ingratiating melody,

Life is an Omnipotent form; the more devoutly you respect it; the more it uninhibitedly blesses every aspect of your survival; miraculously transforming all your traumatized anguish; into a fountain of perennially sparkling happiness,
Life is an Omniscient elixir; the more tenaciously you drink it; the more it handsomely relieves you of even the most infinitesimal of your tensions;
indefatigably
propelling you to fantasize like a prince,

Life is an enchanting dream; the more unfathomably you perceive it; the more it blissfully it placates all your savagely manipulative apprehensions; engenders you to astonishingly procreate a countless more brilliantly victorious tomorrow's,

Life is a melodious song; the more you patriotically sing it; the more it bestows you with the Herculean tenacity; to wholesomely free your atrociously besieged; and sacred motherland,

Life is an unassailable fortress; the more you vehemently respect it; the more it perpetually sequesters you in its Omnipresent belly; nourishes each cranny of your existence with the tonic of radiantly vivacious righteousness,

Life is a vivid rainbow; the more you profusely absorb it; the more it stupendously inundates your despicably collapsing existence; with an unsurpassable kaleidoscope; of beauty; color; and amiably charming humanity,

Life is a humanitarian necklace; the more you chivalrously wear it; the more it showers upon your penurious visage all richness of this planet; the priceless regale religion of mankind,

Life is a Divine heaven; the more you tirelessly salute it; the more it benevolently blesses your pathetically withering nostrils; with unsurpassable fireballs of aristocratically exuberant breath,

And life is a lovebird; the more you ecstatically let it fly; the more it envelops your tyrannically imprisoned heart; with immortal beats of love; love; and only unshakably Godly Love.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Is As Omnipotent As God

Life is as sweet as a chocolate; go and greedily crunch it,

Life is as ravishing as the choppy ocean; go and swim in it,

Life is as dense as the deciduous forest; go and voraciously philander in it,

Life is as perspicuous as the scintillating mirror; go and sight your reflection in it,

Life is as green as the sprawling grasses; go and exuberantly roll in it,

Life is as impeccable as frosty cows milk; go and perseveringly gulp it,

Life is as fragrant as the mesmerizing scarlet rose; go and smell it,

Life is as warm as the cozy quilt; go and comfortably snuggle in it,

Life is as voluptuous as brown chunks of mud; go and ebulliently plough it,

Life is as vivid as the rainbow in the cosmos; go and surreptitiously perceive it,

Life is as surreal as blissful heaven; go and inexorably fantasize about it,

Life is as contemporary as the swanky car; go and drive it,

Life is as slippery as the slimy oyster shells; go and intensely feel it,

Life is as thorny as the gigantic cactus; go and prick it,

Life is as poignant as green chili; go and tenaciously chew it,

Life is as heavy as the mammoth boulder; go and skillfully hoist it,

Life is as strong as the formidable fortress wall; go and wrestle with it,

Life is as grandiloquent as the bombastic palace; go and languish in it,

Life is as brilliant as the dazzling sun; go and bask directly beneath it,

Life is as dark as the cloistered well; go and dip your persona in it,

Life is as enchanting as the placid moon; go and profoundly admire it,

Life is as blistering as the scorching deserts; go and run unrelentingly in it,

Life is as beautiful as the dainty fairy; go and gently caress it,

Life is as incredulous as the conventional aircraft; go and fly high in it,

Life is as comic as the circus clown; go and tumultuously laugh with it,

Life is as steep as the lanky mountain; go and adroitly clamber it,

Life is as tingling as the gushing mountain stream; go and uninhibitedly bathe in it,

Life is as intricate as the mothers womb; go and worship it,

Life is as horrendous as the swirling whirlpool; go and audaciously confront it,

Life is as enigmatic as the meticulously spun spiders web; go and entangle it,

Life is as simple as a line drawn on the floor; go and vigorously enjoy it,

Life is as savage as a sword; go and fight valiantly with it,

Life is as vibrant as the majestic peacock spreading its feathers; go and supremely relish it,

Life is as romantic as the person you care for; go and incorrigibly love it,

Life is as sacrosanct as the Omnipotent Creator; go and wholesomely lead it.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Is Beautiful

Every minute unleashing all day is a beautiful minute; getting you acclimatized with the pace of life,

Every flower protruding from soil is a beautiful flower; spreading its mesmerizing scent deeply into your nostrils,

Every face smiling in the universe is a beautiful face; brilliantly portraying your visage,

Every bird flying in the cosmos is a beautiful bird; overwhelming your ears with its melodious sounds,

Every mountain towering towards the sky is a beautiful mountain; appeasing your eyes with its picturesque landscapes,

Every root of grass projecting from the jungle is a beautiful root; tingling your senses; making you exotically dream,

Every hand that serves philanthropically is a beautiful hand; propagating an egalitarian spirit in whosoever it caresses,

Every stream that flows through land is a beautiful stream; pacifying the thirst of several scorched in vicinity,

Every eye that views goodness in this world is a beautiful eye; sharing empathy with millions of bereaved lying around,

Every cloud in the sky is a beautiful cloud; showering droplets of euphoric rain on earth; shielding it from acerbic rays of the Sun,

Every language spoken is a beautiful language; assisting a person to convey his innermost of feelings,

Every mirror embedded on the walls is a beautiful mirror; portraying to you your candid reflection,

Every color that circumvents your visage is a beautiful color; symbolizing the oneness of human race,

Every voice that emanates from the throat is a beautiful voice; explicitly expressing a persons needs and desires,

Every mind impregnated within the skull is a beautiful mind; having the unfathomable ability to achieve the impossible,

Every foot that walks innocently is a beautiful foot; leaving behind a trail of holistic footprints,

Every leaf that extrudes from the tree is a beautiful leaf; entrenching the dull; with shades of everlasting green,

Every mother having delivered a child is a beautiful mother; continuing the wonderful process of evolution,

Every heart imprisoned inside the chest is a beautiful heart; passionately throbbing when struck by an ensemble of emotions,

And every entity trespassing through the surface of this earth is a beautiful entity; making the globe a beautiful place to live in; giving rise to the famous and immortal adage; which proudly proclaims that life is beautiful.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Is Musical

Politicians are overwhelmingly influential,
Demons are hideously diabolical,
Fish are gorgeously continental,
Panthers are savagely cannibal,
Flowers are wonderfully natural,
Forests are exotically mystical,
Manipulative are stringently tyrannical,
Earth is intriguingly elliptical,
Dreams are tantalizingly surreal,
Economy is monotonously fiscal,
Artists are esoterically whimsical,
Villagers are rustically local,
Meditators are profoundly stoical,
Priests are devotedly ecclesiastical,
Learned are insatiably philosophical,
Lecherous are irrevocably clerical,
Philanthropists are amiably social,
Maelstroms are tumultuously radical,
Eyesight is beautifully focal,
Soil is ravishingly real,
Innovators are stupendously sensational,
Summits are panoramically phenomenal,
Frustrated are inevitably lackadaisical,
Castles are grandiloquently palatial,
Rats are an irascible squeal,
Relationships are unbelievably special,
Ambitions are indispensably consequential,
Romance is passionately torrential,
Princes are majestically regal,
Talents are bountifully integral,
Scorpions are acridly lethal,
Bloodshed is devastatingly fatal,
Survival is essentially fundamental,
Lies are living burial,
Explorations are innately trial,
Nightingales are charismatically rhetorical,
Tombs are morosely memorial,
Simplicity is intransigently ideal,
Mankind is perennially central,

Traditions are blissfully primordial,
Mushrooms are innocuously congenial,
Owls are ominously nocturnal,
Blisters are horrendously external,
Devils are solely physical,
Resemblance's are amazingly accidental,
Rates are vacillatingly quotational,
Bad are always optional,
Assassins are obviously cremational,
Hatred is shattering interval,
Staunchness is inherently rural,
Force is ghastly denial,
Ambiguity is sleazily dual,
Superficiality is supremely facial,
Clowns are wholeheartedly jovial,
Diffident are indefatigably skeptical,
Happiness is celestially floral,
Imprisonment is an traumatizing ordeal,
Faithfulness is an everlasting moral,
Tangible are inevitably mortal,
God is perpetually immortal,
Unity is timelessly eternal,
Addiction is obsessively habitual,
Thoughts are royally pictorial,
Genes are ostensibly racial,
Universe is marvelously total,
Time is unavoidably alluvial,
Devotion is magnanimously cathedral,
Lasers are contemporarily digital,
Thrones are glitteringly imperial,
Encounters are puristically circumstantial,
Grasslands are placidly pastoral,
Infidelity is mockingly neonatal,
Humanity is irrefutably vital,
Blessings are exuberantly instrumental,
Adventures are euphorically inspirational,
Philanderers are alluringly bilingual,
Success is thoroughly motivational,
Separation is tragically emotional,
Assimilation is incessantly educational,
Patriotism is ebulliently national,
Peace is divinely international,

Goodwill is symbiotically rational,
Greedy are disastrously nominal,
Indigenous are intrinsically tribal,
Jokes are capriciously trivial,
Oppressors are brutally satirical,
Robots are astoundingly mechanical,
Oceans are fantastically tidal,
Fairies are impeccably sensual,
Earth is incredibly substantial,
Bees are rambunctiously vocal,
Cuckoos are austerely punctual,
Diseases are cripplingly sabbatical,
Bullets are venomously cylindrical,
Seductresses are profusely ornamental,
Alphabets are harmoniously sequential,
Wink is a flirtatious signal,
Love is immortally magical,
And life is enchantingly musical.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Is Not A Feature Film

Life is not just a bombastically fancy pancake; which you can gobble in single ecstatic gulp; and then thunderously snore for times immemorial,

Life is not just a sleazily grandiloquent four poster bed; on which you could languish in the aisles of unprecedented desire; and then shut your eyes in perpetual oblivion
to the extraneous world,

Life is not just a capriciously philandering wind; with which you could merrily flirt all day; and then dream about in the island of nothingness for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Life is not just a dangerously fickle minded dream; by which you titillated yourself to the epitome of voluptuous seduction momentarily; and then transited into a lugubriously unfruitful reverie; till the last breath decided to stay in your countenance,

Life is each day that has to be perseveringly fought and lived; life is holistic dormitory of veritable truth and reality; life is immortally priceless; O! yes life is not a feature film.

1.

Life is not just a frigidly romantic cloud; which made you transiently romance behind the sun soaked hills; and then you decided to completely quit,

Life is not just a spuriously scintillating chunk of ice; which you ephemerally suckled to flood your entire persona with delight; and then didn't bother the slightest about the paths you tread,

Life is not just a bottle of invidiously lecherous port wine; which you greedily consumed all night with intransigently untamed gusto; and then failed to recognize your own self the next day; when dawn filtered by your side,

Life is not just a ethereally tantalizing sensation; which you fulminated into trying to touch the firmament of fathomless sky; and then blending indolently with soil as if the earth had ceased to exist,

Life is each moment which has to be tackled with stupendous dexterity and

sweat; life is timeless fireball of endeavor and vivaciousness; life is immortally priceless; O! yes life is not a feature film.

2.

Life is not just a fake foam of infinite bubbles; which you could merrily burst into melodiously ravishing froth; and then enjoy the unsurpassably silken warmth for boundless more decades yet to unfurl,

Life is not just an insidiously luminescent and ostentatious bulb; which you used to seek unprecedented pleasure after the onset of dark; and then uncouthly forget the very rudiments which possessed you in entirety,

Life is not just a pathetically seducing whistle in the unfathomable gorge; with which you initially replenished each bone of your persona; and then became an immune animal to the most treacherous of squall and storm,

Life is not just a beautifully constructed fairy castle; in which you romanticized for unending nights on the trot; and then wholesomely disappeared like an infinitesimal mosquito; into non-existent wisps of worthless oblivion,

Life is a blend of the good and the salaciously bad which have to dealt alike; life is a mission of humanity to be accomplished by every living being; life is immortally priceless; O! yes life is not a feature film.

3.

Life is not just an artificially reinvigorating cologne; which you profusely applied on your impoverished cheeks; and then smelt only the spirit of goodness on every lane you transgressed,

Life is not just a ludicrously funny clown; who made you have the most wholehearted laugh of your life for simply a single second; and then left you to treacherously decay; in a tale of incoherently bizarre despair,

Life is not just a pompous fancy dress competition; in which you intangibly masqueraded wearing the most princely attires on this planet; and then were left to rot in dungeons of despairingly hopeless poverty,

Life is not just a short lived enchanting song; whose jeopardizing melody you could bask on for simply a few minutes; and then despondently shut your

eardrums to;
even the tiniest insinuation of sound,

Life is an unrelenting journey towards the epitome of self esteem and benevolent mankind; Life is the most wonderfully perpetual gift from Lord Almighty; Life is immortally priceless; O! yes life is not a feature film.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Is So Much Like The Cobweb.

Life is so much like that silken cobweb; at times shimmering like a majestically untamed prince; in due allegiance under the iridescently silvery light of the moon,

Life is so much like that inexplicable cobweb; at times just disintegrating into a countless bits and pieces; without the slightest of ostensible reason or rhyme,

Life is so much like that royal cobweb; at times triumphantly swirling towards the highest epitomes of success; even as the most blasphemously perverted of hell torrentially reigned down upon planet divine,

Life is so much like that floundering cobweb; at times haplessly tripping down on an infinite occasions; just as its spider would be subjected to; whilst just a centimeter away from the zenith of victory,

Life is so much like that insuperable cobweb; at times uniting every thread; religion; caste; creed; tribe alike; into an impregnable amalgamated religion of selfless humanity,

Life is so much like that uncanny cobweb; at times frightening the very guts of your innermost soul; as you just nimbly brushed past it; even in the most blazingly peerless of daylight,

Life is so much like that priceless cobweb; at times each infinitesimal strand of which; was hopelessly and lecherously incomplete; without the other; without symbiotically coalescing with the other,

Life is so much like that surreptitious cobweb; at times stealthily skulking only past ghoulish midnight; when even the sadistically venomous annals of death had transiently slept,

Life is so much like that infallible cobweb; at times forming and agglutinating with such faithful relationships; which were invincibly blessed and eternally inseparable,

Life is so much like that inscrutable cobweb; at times wholesomely obscuring its very identity; in the enigmatically titillating labyrinths of shrunken oblivion,

Life is so much like that glimmering cobweb; at times scintillating with the

richness of naturally panoramic creation; enlightened to full and profound glory of enchantingly mesmerizing existence,

Life is so much like that cowardly cobweb; at times shriveling to the size of a pea; at even the most evanescent talk of danger; about to paralyze and set in,
Life is so much like that candid cobweb; at times revealing even the minutest of its evolutions and fibers; indefatigably and in each instant of the flamboyant sweltering Sun; and sensuously nubile night,

Life is so much like that livid cobweb; at times unfurling into its most impotent shades of infidelity; when the network of manipulative prejudice dismally collapses into wholesome nothingness,

Life is so much like that unending cobweb; at times impregnably harboring billions of symbiotically enthralling networks in its swirl; feeding them interminably with the juices of its perennial compassion,

Life is so much like that unabashed cobweb; at times wholesomely allowing itself to be unstoppably caressed and fondled; by every wantonly wastrel speck of air that it encountered in its way,

Life is so much like that innocuous cobweb; at times metamorphosing itself into that newborn child once again; entirely unbridled with inexhaustible caravans of creativity; sparkling from every of its stride,

Life is so much like that dangerous cobweb; at times being irretrievably trapped into a maze of hopelessly confounded uncertainties; and sucked deeper and deeper into the mortuaries of worthlessness,

And life is so much like that voluptuous cobweb; at times inevitably enticing every ounce of goodness in the Universe to magnetically mélange with its unassailable colors; to craft victoriously mellifluous dimensions of a brilliantly unfettered tomorrow.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Leads To Realization

Air leads to exhilaration,
Leaves lead to recreation,
Sky leads to fascination,
Waterfall leads to rejuvenation,
Tea leads to reinvigoration,
Currency leads to continuation,
Sacrifice leads to emancipation,
Dance leads to titillation,
Music leads to incantation,
Enigma leads to innovation,
Admiring leads to exultation,
Jewels lead to glorification,
Dreams lead to pacification,
Lies lead to falsification,
Vocabulary leads to diction,
Shadows lead to mystification,
Empathy leads to relation,
Unity leads to amalgamation,
Hardwork leads to perspiration,
Brutality leads to strangulation,
Clarity leads to perception,
Vitality leads to procreation,
Time leads to evolution,
Lechery leads to emulation,
Overeating leads to eructation,
Acceptance leads to acclimatization,
War leads to destruction,
Hatred leads to desertation,
Discipline leads to attention,
Solidarity leads to fortification,
Benevolence leads to mitigation,
Trespassing leads to violation,
Monotony leads to manipulation,
Racism leads to discrimination,
Longing leads to obsession,
Desire leads to compulsion,
Greed leads to abduction,
Belligerence leads to fulmination,
Blending leads to culmination,

Alternatives lead to cogitation,
Drought leads to starvation,
Frenzy leads to fiction,
Understanding leads to translation,
God leads to creation,
Drudgery leads to exhaustion,
Stars lead to ramifications,
Waves leads to salination,
Conscience leads to purification,
Rituals lead to ablution,
Etiquette's lead to demonstration,
Brain leads to complications,
Conditions lead to alterations,
Discovery leads to exploration,
Joy leads to celebration,
Balance leads to floatation,
Mission leads to repetition,
Suffering leads to immolation,
Shyness leads to limitation,
Prudence leads to introspection,
Brooding leads to retrospection,
Beauty leads to inspection,
Religion leads to partition,
Belief leads to escalation,
Art leads to undulation,
Fantasy leads to sedation,
Foresight leads to maturation,
Disease leads to inoculation,
Greatness leads to personification,
Circumstances lead to habituation,
Surrender leads to dereliction,
Rusticity leads to simplification,
Eccentricity leads to aberration,
Rebel leads to vindication,
Lightening leads to electrocution,
Reverence leads to salutation,
Diabolism leads to abolition,
Wrong leads to decimation,
Staring leads to infatuation,
Massacre leads to afforestation,
Difficulty leads to confusion,
Exoticism leads to temptation,

Mistrust leads to misinterpretation,
Romance leads to fructification,
Deceit leads to dramatization,
Freezing leads to crystallization,
Perseverance leads to inception,
Fear leads to trepidation,
Insanity leads to hallucinations,
Peace leads to distinction,
Pertinence leads to indentation,
Disaster leads to extinction,
Parasites lead to infection,
Health leads to complexion,
Sagaciousness leads to assimilation,
Analysis leads to dimensions,
Pompousness leads to pretensions,
Poverty leads to deprivation,
Discussions lead to suggestions,
Boundaries lead to bifurcations,
Drinking leads to intoxication,
Sensuality leads to sensation,
Pragmatism leads to moderation,
Lust leads to ignition,
Love leads to gratification,
Change leads to mutation,
Intensity leads to saturation,
Sparkle leads to reflection,
Delinquency leads to rejection,
Trauma leads to migration,
Misdemeanor leads to detention,
Inaccuracy leads to circumspection,
Breath leads to exultation,
And life leads to realization.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Means More

Life means imagination; the ability to perceive and dream beyond the absolutely extraordinary,
Life means observation; the magical prowess to imbibe the maximum out of the stupendously magnificent surroundings,
Life means seduction; the uncanny desire of being tantalized every second to the most unprecedented limits,
Life means devotion; the immortal virtue of being obsessed with the entity you uninhibitedly cherish and love,
Life means fascination; the incessant entrenchment perpetuated by all the mesmerizing beauty wandering on this planet,
Life means God; Life means perennially unending; Life means more.

Life means grandiloquent; the royally majestic sights embedded on the trajectory of this boundless planet,
Life means benevolent; the philanthropic element to help all those fellow compatriots in inexplicable misery and tumultuous pain,
Life means turbulent; the vivacious swirl of rampant thoughts and emotions; that engulf one's countenance by storm,
Life means fragrant; the profusely redolent aroma; which emanated from the voluptuous conglomerate of lotus in the pond,
Life means prudent; the incomprehensible ability of the human brain to act the most sagaciously in every situation,
Life means God; Life means perennially unending; Life means more.

Life means unfathomable; the paradise existing beyond unprecedented corridors of perception,
Life means unconquerable; the aura of invincible love encompassing the soul; which never could die,
Life means unbelievable; the astoundingly amazing string of incidents which sporadically intruded; simply beyond any power of comprehension,
Life means unimaginable; the land which unfurled afresh; after each ounce of perceivable perception had completely exhausted,
Life means God; Life means perennially unending; Life means more.

Life means fabulous; more insurmountably enchanting than the silken puffs of voluptuously crimson clouds,
Life means mysterious; deluged with a myriad of baffling puzzles at every step you alighted,

Life means mischievous; as boisterously vivacious as the grin of a newly born infant; as poignant as the tear drop gushing from his eyes,
Life means adventurous; inundated with exuberant spice as each second unleashed; plunging into the valley of ravishing excitement,
Life means perilous; sandwiched mystically with dangerous impediments; which made a person rise from the ashes; in his fight for holistic survival,
Life means incredulous; the greatest gift for every tangible organism to be bestowed upon with; exist in unison till the Almighty Lord commanded,
Life means God; Life means perennially unending; Life means more.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Overrules Death

Light overrules pathetic darkness,
Happiness overrules morbid sadness,
Greenery overrules blistering sands,
Optimism overrules lackadaisical diffidence,
Conviction overrules decaying weakness,
Radiance overrules overwhelming gloom,
Boisterousness overrules stingy silence,
Fragrance overrules dilapidated stench,
Charisma overrules stagnated boredom,
Smile overrules ostentatious tears,
Goodness overrules diabolically evil,
Pioneers overrule manipulatively mundane,
Literacy overrules bohemian thumb,
Water overrules spurious whisky,
Freshness overrules deliberate dwindling,
Enigma overrules monotonous lifestyles,
Passion overrules opprobrious nonchalance,
Flames overrule soggy matchsticks,
Alacrity overrules ominous dumbness,
Summits overrule lecherous plottings,
Adventure overrules abhorrent suicide,
Peace overrules satanic hatred,
Mysticism overrules chauvinistic ego's,
Tranquility overrules scorching summers,
Freedom overrules incarcerated slavery,
Art overrules baseless commercialism,
Wings overrule tyrannically dictatorial,
Immaculate overrule hideously tarnished,
Beauty overrules uncouth ugliness,
Nostalgia overrules snobbish bossism,
Truth overrules blatant lies,
Belief overrules sanctimonious superstitions,
Exuberance overrules despicable withering,
Melody overrules disgruntling cacophony,
Unity overrules treacherous bloodshed,
Compassion overrules horrendous indifference,
Perseverance overrules malicious trickery,
Childhood overrules mature melancholy,
Dance overrules lackluster sleep,

Courage overrules devastating depression,
Wind overrules claustrophobic fanaticism,
Angels overrule bloodsucking beasts,
Harmony overrules stuttering violence,
Ambition overrules aimless staring,
Meadows overrule cold-blooded rocks,
Time overrules obsolete oblivion,
Honey overrules lambasting bitterness,
Sun overrules debilitating blackness,
Stars overrule gory graveyards,
Majestic overrule mundane attitudes,
Non-violence overrules indiscriminate massacre,
Pearls overrule horrific feces,
Oceans overrule parsimoniously stingy,
Philanderers overrule austere businessmen,
Rainbows overrule deplorable survival,
Friendship overrules derogatory self-conceit,
Philanthropism overrules savage war,
Benevolence overrules abominable condemnation,
Enthrallment overrules murderous disdain,
Sacrifice overrules innocent slaying,
Activity overrules dithering solitude,
Patriots overrule devilish traitors,
Grass overrules cannibalistic vultures,
Sharing overrules pretentious presidents,
Mother overrules crippling brutality,
Soil overrules sleazy fertilizer,
Empathy overrules menacing drudgery,
Impeccable overrule acrimonious blemishes,
Tanginess overrules orphaned pity,
Exhilaration overrules irrevocable stubbornness,
Realization overrules faulty penance,
Humanity overrules parasitic stardom,
Knowledge overrules primordial rituals,
Shadows overrule bombastically embellished,
Memories overrule false reflections,
Whistling overrules clenched frustration,
Marching overrules obnoxious contraptions,
Swimming overrules pertinent numbness,
Speech overrules cheap advertisements,
Hope overrules vindictively rusty,
Rhetoric overrules nervous stammering,

Ideals overrule prognosticated destinies,
Snow overrules asphyxiating gas,
Consistency overrules flash-of-pan speed,
Panaceas overrule miserable disease,
Emotions overrule signed documents,
Parenthood overrules partying culture,
Grip overrules ludicrous slithering,
Flirtation overrules insidious adulthood,
Whole hearted-Embracing overrules nonchalant prayers,
Singing overrules incoherent wails,
Conscience overrules sinister judgement,
Heart overrules conventional textbooks,
Soul overrules unfortunate accidents,
Love overrules invidious betrayal,
And life overrules the chapter of inevitable death.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Shouldn't Slip And Fly

Let the cars on the roads fly; with the passengers seated inside simply astounded by the exuberance in the breeze hitting them like a rocket from all sides,

Let the mountains on earth fly; with their abysmally obscured bottoms; coming eye to eye for the first time in their lives with a dazzling fountain of Sunlight,

Let the gorgeously cascading waterfalls fly; inundating the exasperatedly gloomy atmosphere with infinite droplets of sparkling water,

Let the frogs philandering in fresh farms fly; frisking and bouncing majestically towards silken cocoons of silver sky,

Let the statues frozen in mock silence on ground fly; stretch their bones in sheer exhilaration after lying thoroughly dormant for centuries on the trot,

Let the eyeballs firmly agglutinated to the sockets fly; casting a glimpse at all the mesmerizing sights of this magnificently fathomless Universe,

Let the spiders rotting in dilapidated corners of the castle fly; deluging the overwhelmingly sweltering atmosphere with glistening fountains of their satiny juice,

Let the camels trespassing painstakingly through the acrimonious desert fly; enjoying their rendezvous with the glorious clouds to the most unprecedented limits,

Let the insurmountably heavy watermelons fly; clashing like the titans with each other when airborne; fulminating into a stream of scarlet juice much to the delight of aliens gallivanting around,

Let the swords lying in a pool of ghastly blood fly; head towards a land of celestial peace; relinquishing those horrendous memories of savagely treacherous war,

Let the mirrors uncouthly shattered on mud fly; evolving a myriad of ingratiatingly fascinating images whilst their expedition through the voluptuous clouds,

Let the elephants loitering assiduously through marshy land fly; have the most

fabulous time of their lives; moving faster than the speed of light,

Let the roots embedded infinite kilometers beneath the ground fly; rejuvenate in the marvelously stupendous draughts of air; after a torturously marathon time in incarcerated blackness,

Let the inexorably fur coated cats fly; meowing with unfathomable delights in blue expanse of sky; greedily absorbing the milky rays of moonlight,

Let the monotonously embodied dwellings fly; metamorphosing the dreams of their occupants into perpetual reality; as they sailed through seductive carpets of profusely poignant breeze,

Let the battalion of nimble red ants fly; feeling engulfed with an aura of oligarchic royalty; as the world now lay neatly sandwiched under their diminutive feet,

Let the scores of innocuous children fly; be irrefutably closer than any other human being to the sacrosanct grace of the Omnipotent Creator,

Let the passionately palpitating heart fly; transgress past the most heinously diabolical barricades; to be in proximity with its immortally divine beloved,

And you could make all other things fly O! Lord; making them transiently experience the absolute time of their lives; but please don't make life fly,

For it is after countless births that we have relished the opportunity of being humans; therefore we want to lead each instant of our existence to the fullest; simply don't want our lives to slip and fly.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Was.

It wasn't about just euphorically singing; unrelentingly permeating every thwarted wind of the sullen atmosphere; with unprecedented melody,

It wasn't about just tantalizingly gyrating; rhythmically pulsating your entire countenance; to the beats of the voluptuously enchanting night,

It wasn't about just bountifully philandering; timelessly exploring the unsurpassably panoramic beauty of this limitless Universe; moving the immaculate whites of your eye,

It wasn't about just ecstatically swimming through oceans of majestic triumph; replenishing even the most infinitesimal cranny of your beleaguered demeanor; with unparalleled rhapsody,

It wasn't about just savoring the most ingratiating fruits of nature; marvelously titillating the truculently traumatized chords of your throat; with the elixir of vivacious happiness,

It wasn't about just soaring regally through the conglomerate of silken clouds; gloriously embracing the unfathomably priceless jubilation that wandered sensuously in the land of paradise,

It wasn't about just blissfully gratifying your eternal desires; celestially proliferating your very own kin; to indefatigably continue God's most enamoring chapter of creation,

It wasn't about just coalescing with all innocuous mankind one and alike; blazingly surging forward to win ebullient cheer for the sake of your beautifully sacrosanct motherland,

It wasn't about just compassionately sequestering yourself in the lap of your divine mother; impeccably playing games of hide-n-seek; behind the honey laden hills,

It wasn't about just perpetually imbibing the fragrance of the scarlet roses; diffusing the scent of irrefutable truth to the most farthest corner of this unbelievably gargantuan planet,

It wasn't about just unflinchingly standing for the cause of unassailable

righteousness; valiantly brandishing the armor of solidarity in the most treacherously invidious of times,

It wasn't about just melodiously suckling heavenly sweetness from the beehive; tirelessly disseminating the essence of gregariously amiable friendship; to every organism holistically alive,

It wasn't about just intransigently fantasizing beyond the corridors of imagination; ingeniously evolving a civilization of stupendously innovative resplendence,

It wasn't about just harmoniously closing your eyes; wholesomely allowing the carpet of magically bestowing sleep to poignantly brush you; from every conceivable side,

It wasn't just irrefutably melanging with people whom you unequivocally adored; propagating the spirit of unconquerable existence; to even the most fugitively minuscule trace of palpable life,

It wasn't just about philanthropically enlightening the sordidly orphaned and destitute with fireballs of optimism; perennially ensuring that no child ever grew up in disdainful realms of the stinking dustbin,

It wasn't just about marvelously sketching the aristocratic beauty of this mesmerizing earth; deluging every bit of brutally tormented soul with a fountain of everlasting happiness,

It wasn't just about seductively inhaling and exhaling breath countless times each day; profoundly blooming with supremely invincible ardor; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

It wasn't just about dedicatedly listening only to the tunes of your poignantly thundering heart; incorrigibly worshipping and following each of its beats; till the instant you abnegated your very last breath,

It wasn't just handsomely fomenting a wave of ubiquitous romance in the air; relentlessly marching forward to unite with every innocently living being on the trajectory of this boundless globe,

Life was infact a pricelessly immortal combination of all of the above; Life was infact the most Omnipotent blessing by the Almighty Lord; Life was infact more gorgeously beautiful than what you could ever have perceived even in the most

wildest of your dreams.

Nikhil Parekh

Life Without A Purpose

Life without a purpose; is like a luxury liner maneuvering wildly through the ocean without a rudder,
Life without a purpose; is like a creeper growing up tall without a brick wall for support,
Life without a purpose; is like a aircraft flying high in the sky without a skilled captain,
Life without a purpose; is like an unruly classroom without a learned teacher,
Life without a purpose; is like a drunkard man traversing through the streets hurling
a volley of expletives,
Life without a purpose; is like a river flowing berserk without side embankments,
Life without a purpose; is like a intricate necklace of beads without a finely chiseled supporting wire,
Life without a purpose; is like a submissive population reeling under the tyranny of dictatorship,
Life without a purpose; is like a crackling fire blazing without enclosures to prevent it spreading,
Life without a purpose; is like a flamboyant car without a steering wheel,
Life without a purpose; is like a stealthy spider swirling around wildly in its web,
Life without a purpose; is like a stray dog growling for food; mercilessly snatching the same from others of its kind,
Life without a purpose; is like mesmerizing rose growing on bountiful meadows; bereft of fragrance,
Life without a purpose; is like lovers courting each other without tying sacrosanct threads of matrimony,
Life without a purpose; is like a lion gulping his food without scrupulously chewing,
Life without a purpose; is like the moon in the sky without scintillating shine,
Life without a purpose; is like road of raw concrete without obstreperous traffic,
Life without a purpose; is like the most voluptuous of face without a frivolous smile,
Life without a purpose; is like an intricately chiseled brain without an ocean of thoughts,
Life without a purpose; is like eating sumptuous food; without relishing the same,
Life without a purpose; is like an inherited rich man; without having the cognizance to spend his affluence,
Life without a purpose; is like breath inhaled in the body; without being sensitively felt,

Life without a purpose; is like palpable heart impregnated in the chest; without having the capacity to throb,
O! yes life without a purpose; is like living life listlessly; although being actually dead.

Nikhil Parekh

Life, Love And Humanity

Desert; Sands; and flamboyantly escalating fires; for compassionately warming up frigidly deteriorating souls; wholesomely drenched with avalanches of uncouth neglect,

Flowers; Petals; and Mesmerizing scent; for inundating the impoverished nostrils with unbelievable spurts of rhapsodically untamed fragrance,

Moon; Shimmer; and Voluptuously ravishing night; for deluging the monotonously bedraggled tycoon; with tumultuous whirlwinds of insatiable passion,

Ocean; Waves; and Seductively poignant tanginess; for paving a valley of unprecedented adventure; in deliberately withering pathetic entities,

Sky; Clouds; and tantalizingly fulminating rain; for metamorphosing ludicrously staggering soil; into a fountain of magically blooming newness,

Bees; Hives; and harmoniously gorgeous honey; for applying the balm of blissful sweetness; upon organisms entrenched with horrifically despondent prejudice,

Mountains; Gorges; and Majestically tingling silence; for the treacherously imprisoned wanderer; asphyxiating to extinction in chains of manipulative malice,

Time; Perseverance; and Astoundingly zipping speed; for the invidiously languid traveler; who wanted gold to be fed without the slightest of effort into his overwhelmingly gaping mouth,

Artistry; Beauty; and unsurpassable enchantment; for the diabolically frustrated writer; baseless loitering without the most infinitesimal trace of fantasy in his tyrannically shattered mind,

Panacea; Antiseptic; and loads of uninhibited care; for the despicably tottering patient inflicted by wounds of heinously sardonic society,

Trees; Fruits; and robust cascades of nutrition; for the disastrously famished beggar; crumbling towards tenterhooks of a hopelessly diminutive extradition,

Shears; Blades; and piquantly unfathomable sharpness; for the rustically bearded nomad; having lost all sense of direction in the rampantly unending wilderness,

Roof; Walls; and incomprehensibly compassionate shelter; for those profusely devastated; and stifling to a pathetic exoneration in the acrid cold outside,

Heavens; Fairies; and a paradise replenished with countless angels; for the savagely orphaned child; being kicked at every step it alighted; by the conventionally murderous society,

Lips; Kisses; and everlastingly benign smiles; for the profoundly betrayed lover; counting the last breaths to his wholesome decimation; even in the perennial prime of vibrant life,

Sight; Passion; and unimaginably mystical enthrallment; for the agonizingly deprived blind,

Truth; Nonviolence; and uninhibitedly philanthropic benevolence; for baselessly bifurcated religion; blended with indiscriminate massacre of innocent mankind,

Sharing; Understanding; and incessantly unflinching support; for the deliberately trapped immaculate criminal; becoming a victim to the lechery of stinking politics,

Swords; Armor; and invincible bravery; for the soldier whose vision was fervently diminishing; as he relentlessly fought for his irrefutably sacrosanct motherland,

Life; Love; and immortally impregnable humanity; for the entire planet despicably withering in the aisles of corruption and racial bloodshed; for the planet which with these threesome; would unequivocally transform once again into a paradise.

Nikhil Parekh

Life-An Everlasting Seduction.

Seduction by the poignantly drifting scent of the titillating rose; unrelentingly triggering me to fantasize beyond the realms of the astoundingly extraordinary; and the land of the fantastically unknown,

Seduction by the majestically floating clouds in fathomless sky; insatiably propelling me to dance like an untamed fairy; unleashing even the most intricate of my senses in uninhibited euphoria,

Seduction by ebulliently pelting rivers of ecstatic rain; timelessly metamorphosing each element of my drearily impoverished soul; into the celestial fountains of scintillating paradise,

Seduction by the unbelievably enthralling melody of the voluptuous nightingale; Omnisciently alleviating me of my monotonously bizarre and vindictive monotony,

Seduction by the spirit of irrefutably everlasting humanity; magnificently enveloping my traumatically besieged contours with the balm of unequivocally heavenly sharing,

Seduction by the Omnipresent light of the regally blazing Sun; beautifully reinvigorating even the most infinitesimally acrid complexion of my morbidly asphyxiated skin,

Seduction by the enchantingly swarming and rambunctious bees; wholesomely driving even the most obsolete iota of lackadaisical loneliness from my horrendously beleaguered conscience,

Seduction by the unfathomably silken winds of the ingratiating evening; marvelously soothing every step of my frantically frenzied and indefatigably exhausted stride,

Seduction by the fascinatingly inebriating full plumage of the resplendent peacock; profusely evoking even the most inconspicuous part of my skin; towards an unsurpassable entrenchment of tantalizing beauty and goodness,

Seduction by the immaculately pearly light of the Omnipotent Moon; sensuously unfurling the wanderer trapped uncouthly in my estranged nerves; towards a planet of blissful timelessness,

Seduction by the divinely cascading waterfalls of frosty water; miraculously replenishing my lugubriously invalid visage; with astronomically endless ecstasy,

Seduction by the incredulously sacred fragrance of the ubiquitous lotus; triumphantly descending on every part of my persona like a wonderfully nubile seductress let uncontrollably loose,

Seduction by the innocuously philandering messengers of God; plunging even the most obnoxiously victimized element of my demeanor; into the valley of inimitably priceless mischief,

Seduction by the panoramically vivacious meadows of honey coated grass; relentlessly transpiring me to blend each of my agonizingly frazzled senses with the stupendously godly melody of the atmosphere,

Seduction by the bed of gorgeously velvet dewdrops; harmoniously making me wholesomely juxtapose with the rudiments of holistically boundless existence,

Seduction by the fabulously amiable cosmos of twinkling stars; enlightening even the most sordidly massacring path on which I transgressed; with a cistern of irrevocably unprecedented happiness,

Seduction by the magnificently ethereal and spell binding horizons; handsomely mitigating me of even the most perilously sinister apprehensions of the gruesomely sweltering and scorching day,

Seduction by unassailable infernos of passionately fulminating breath; stirring me more and more astonishingly closer towards the Lord's most revered chapters of; procreation; proliferation and perpetual existence,

Seduction by the beats of the immortally unconquerable heart; intransigently enticing me into a sky of eternally endless love; as each instant unveiled into a wholesomely cherished minute,

O! Yes; Life was the most gloriously titillating seductress dancing on my doorsteps; Life was the most beautiful gift of the Almighty Creator upon this undefeated Universe; Life was a sensuous lovebird of pristine togetherness; Life was an everlasting seduction.

Life—an Immortal Victory

Life is an unconquerably poignant victory of the chivalrously benign; over the horrendously manipulative and bizarrely monotonous,

Life is an irrefutably sparkling victory of profoundly magnanimous scent; over the gutters of dilapidated stagnation and abhorrent malice,

Life is an invincibly glorious victory of the impeccably uninhibited; over the lecherously besieged and traumatically cheating,

Life is an unassailably bountiful victory of the Omnisciently blazing; over the remorsefully lugubrious corpses dithering in gruesomely morbid blackness,

Life is an effusively intractable victory of the fathomlessly free; over the diminutively miserly and salaciously incarcerated,

Life is an irrevocably unflinching victory of the boundlessly gregarious; over heinously plotting and diabolically merciless crime,

Life is an unequivocally priceless victory of the selflessly benevolent; over abominably withering graveyards of lackadaisically non-existent greed,

Life is an timelessly scintillating victory of the fearlessly patriotic; over the ant-hole of preposterously ungainly and dolorously retreating cowardice,

Life is an irretrievably blistering victory of the ubiquitously open-hearted; over the pathetically dwindling dictators of stinking politics,

Life is a spell bindingly fabulous victory of the tranquilly resplendent waterfall; over the acrimoniously sweltering and insidiously charring desert,

Life is an unfathomably inimitable victory of Omipresently enlightening truth; over the disdainfully corroding dungeons of ignominiously derogatory lies,

Life is an insurmountably compassionate victory of profoundly replenishing symbiosis; over the indiscriminately gory and baselessly biased bloodshed,

Life is an impregnably holistic victory of magnificently vivacious perseverance; over despicably sordid and worthless laziness,

Life is a timelessly unshakable victory of marvelously majestic honesty; over the horrendously squelched web of disconcertingly malicious deceit,

Life is an ingratiatingly blissful victory of congenially unending compassion; over the jail of savagely coldblooded and horrifically lambasting slavery,

Life is an unrelentingly sacrosanct victory of immutably dedicated beliefs; over the insanely fickle minded mirror of wandering doom,

Life is an overwhelmingly cherished victory of the beautifully good; over the parasitically blood-sucking and egregious evil,

Life is an Omnisciently sacred victory of harmoniously everlasting melody; over the rambunctiously discordant and ominous sounds of ill will,

Life is an unbelievably true victory of passionately mesmerizing breath; over the invidiously torturous chapters of surreptitiously ghastly death,

And life is an immortally regale victory of ebulliently ecstatic love; over the devilishly sinister and satanic tornado's of dismally shattering betrayal.

Nikhil Parekh

Lifeless Commodity

When I stood on the earth and stared at the sky; I wasn't the least ruffled by what I saw; continuing to stroll at a leisurely pace humming a mystical tune, While it was only when I peered down from the helicopter amidst the clouds; that I felt an uncanny wave of fear grip my mind; the mind-boggling distance; scaring the daylights out of my breath.

When I stood on the stony ground and sighted the building; I profoundly ridiculed the clothes flapping astray; with every draught of weak wind, While it was only when I lowered my eyes down; kneeling my elbow against the balcony of the 100th floor; that I almost did nature's call in my trousers; simply flabbergasted by the boundless depth separating me and the mud.

When I was born blind since birth; I could hardly perceive the benefits of vision; infact made a mockery of those who walked without a stick, While it was only when I had a perfect pair of glistening eyes; witnessing the ravishing beauty of Globe at close quarters; that I felt petrified to the last bone down my spine; everytime I envisaged of life without sight.

When I was as black as charcoal; the blistering rays of afternoon hardly having any producing effect on my ungainly complexion; I chortled loudly at people applying make-up creams to protect their skin, While it was only when I was a snobbish alien; embodied with the color of a white powdered angel; that I dreaded the aftermath of even taking a single step in Sunlight.

When I was transgressing on ground for several years without feet; I sympathized with people having bulging legs; infact quite happy to crawl delectably all around using my hands, While it was only when I was a robust man; adorned in bombastic garment; that I trembled at the tiniest mention of meeting with an accident; having to bear the tyranny of walking with crippled ankles life long.

When I was illiterate; signing every document with my back of my thumb; I was at blissful peace; unaware and miles away from the intricacies of this manipulative world, While it was only when I had accomplished the most stupendous of education; had my wardrobe inundated with degrees from all corners of the world; that I had nerve-wrecking dreams every night; of the consequences which would stab

me; if at all I lost my memory.

When I was philandering in the dark lanes; I slept like a demon on the park benches; adapting the open cover of sky as my sole companion,
While it was only when I was snuggled comfortably under silken sheets; the glimmering lights of the palace; sequestering me from the outside dark and chill; that I hiccupped incessantly; the instant I imagined my body bare chested; enveloped by the freezing winds of the Himalayas.

When I was overwhelmingly sad; struck by hysterical grief since my childhood; I contemplated people pretentiously smiling around me to be the greatest of fools; unperturbed by the jokes they occasionally cracked,
While it was only when I was gifted with all the felicity; bounced in sheer euphoria every unfurling second of the day; that I shivered uncontrollably; when I thought of my existence without my beloved; plunging forever into the corridors of gloom.

And when I was poor; endeavoring hard each day to fight for my bread; I was the happiest man on this universe; as I had the capacity to fantasize about the most greatest of riches; and was yet contented with the meager means I had for survival,
While it was only when I was exorbitantly wealthy; having a battalion of cars following me wherever I went; that I felt like I was dying every moment; with the thought of all this affluence deserting me some day; and bathing my scalp with raw shrubs of grass instead of perfumed shampoo; transforming me from a Human into a lifeless commodity.

Nikhil Parekh

Life's A Brilliant Mixture Of It All

Is life solely about benevolently donating each passionately eclectic instant of yours; to every tangible and intangibly hapless fragment of deteriorating living kind?

Is life solely about fervently loving someone so much; that brand new definitions of love were immortally embedded once again in every perceivably suspended ingredient—of the invincible atmosphere?

Is life solely about fantasizing beyond the realms of the ordinary; plunging deeper and deeper each zipping second; into an unfathomable gorge of inscrutably uncanny excitement?

Is life solely about inexhaustibly admiring every single of the Omniscient Lord's infinite creations; transforming into the truest poet at the tiniest insinuation of blossoming nature divine?

Is life solely about befriending everyone around you irrespective of caste; creed; religion or tribe; and irrespective of whether it was the worst of your enemy pugnaciously staring down the whites of your eyes?

Is life solely about titillating the obscurest bud of taste in your tongue; with the most inimitable cuisines directly from the lap of mother nature; for a countless hours in a day?

Is life solely about indefatigably sermonizing the ideals of symbiotically peaceful existence; which you'd yourself imbibed in each ingredient of your blood; as you'd unflinchingly traversed through every of its lane?

Is life solely about burying your face unimaginably deep into the bosom of your sacred mother; and then feeling the most unconquerable man alive—in the cold-blooded face of even the ghastliest of death?

Is life solely about living out even the most bizarre of your whims and eccentricities to the fullest; walking on your self created cloud nine all the time; as long as it didn't the tiniest hurt any living kind?

Is life solely about triumphantly breathing in the spirit of unassailable humanity; and unsparingly beheading even the most obfuscated trace of the devil; to amorphously feckless chowder?

Is life solely about incessantly singing hymns of beauty; perpetuating even the most robotically dilapidated cranny of the atmosphere; with the freshness of miraculously blessing creation?

Is life solely about sizzling each unfurling second in the flames of adventure; precariously teetering on the edge of space; yet feeling the adrenalin rush towards the ultimate summits of paradise?

Is life solely about earnestly saluting each act of altruistic kindness; falling in due obeisance only in the feet of immortal love; as it spread like a magicians wand in each poignant heartbeat alike?

Is life solely about looking forward to the optimistic rays of tomorrow; untiringly rising everytime you hopelessly flounder into nothingness and fall; to become the eternal scent of a new dawn?

Is life solely about timelessly finding your very own inimitably priceless identity amidst a pack of satanically pouncing wolves; challenging the tyrannical norms of destiny to chart the pathway of your own dreams?

Is life solely about irrefutably saying no to even the most diminutive insinuation of dreaded lies; torching the mortuaries of lackadaisicalness forever with the Omnipresent flame of truth?

Is life solely about developing relationships more insuperably thicker than those of the 'blood'; where the tide of humanitarian compassion and friendship beautifully transcended over one and all?

Is life solely about reliving those impeccably golden moments of the exuberant past; transiting back into those fresh cries of birth—where the whole world for once became—a cradle of magnificent togetherness?

No. It never was 'solely'; but life's an emphatically brilliant mixture of it all.

Nikhil Parekh

Life's A Complete Circle.

The best of the most invincibly fragrant heavens or the worst of the most pathetically deteriorating of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most bountifully Omnipotent heavens or the worst of the most ghastily impoverished of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most blazingly triumphant heavens; or the worst of the most brutally crucifying of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most beautifully iridescent heavens; or the worst of the most sinfully pulverizing of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most unbelievably ecstatic heavens; or the worst of the most cadaverously torturous of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most jubilantly blessing heavens; or the worst of the most traumatically slandering of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most blissfully ubiquitous heavens; or the worst of the most disgracefully devilish of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most symbiotically fructifying heavens; or the worst of the most hedonistically massacring of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most poignantly effulgent heavens; or the worst of the most sadistically cannibalistic of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most Omnisciently ameliorating heavens; or the worst of the most wickedly delirious of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most irrefutably righteous heavens; or the worst of the most tyrannically lambasting of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most eternally blessing heavens; or the worst of the most cynically disparaging of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most rhapsodically uninhibited heavens; or the worst of the most truculently disintegrating of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most unassailably liberating heavens; or the worst of the most unsparingly excoriating of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most indomitably fearless heavens; or the worst of the most abhorrently parasitic of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most perpetually consecrating heavens; or the worst of the most meaninglessly wanton of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most magically charismatic heavens; or the worst of the most ominously venomous of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most undefeatedly Omnipresent heavens; or the worst of the most sadistically tawdry of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

The best of the most immortally compassionate heavens; or the worst of the most wretchedly fetid of hells; were an infinite kilometers too far away; to even think about,

For Life's a complete circle. And whatever blessedly good or unforgivably sinful that you do in the tenure of your destined life; comes back to you sometime or the other in the same equivalent form and in this very lifetime of yours; without caring the slightest; thinking about; or waiting for the tiniest of heaven or ribald

hell
to unfurl.

Nikhil Parekh

Life's The Way You See It

For some it was a garden of bountifully mesmerizing roses; while some could only indefatigably witness the acrimoniously pugnacious thorns,

For some it was a surreally rhapsodic cloud showering perennial enchantment; while some could only relentlessly feel penalized by the shades of gruesomely pulverizing black,

For some it was a forest of panoramically evergreen vivaciousness; while some could only fretfully rebuke the enigmatically inexplicable travails and trails,

For some it was an ocean of unsurpassably unassailable happiness; while some could only unrelentingly blame the maliciously lambasting maelstrom of pernicious waves,

For some it was an unflinching fortress of timelessly blissful solidarity; while some could only implacably feel the disparagingly deteriorating abrasions with the inevitably unstoppable unfurling of time,

For some it was a tantalizingly celestial nightingale; while some could only dogmatically the curse the inconspicuous pinches of harmlessly holistic adulteration in the air,

For some it was a meadow of eternally priceless peace; while some could only incorrigibly experience the frigid chunks of obnoxiously threadbare dirt,

For some it was a fireball of insuperably untamed passion; while some could only intractably feel outlandishly intimidated by the wisps of hideously black smoke; that disastrously obfuscated their vision,

For some it was an ebulliently fathomless book of unendingly euphoric adventure; while some could only tirelessly feel asphyxiated by the sheer and inexplicably unfurling volume,

For some it was a bountifully persevering ladder to eternal success; while some could only intransigently castigate the unfathomable array of steep stairs,

For some it was an unbelievable rainbow of heavenly versatility; while some could only ruthlessly feel the incomprehensibly endless festoon of harsh shades,

For some it was an Omnipotent Sun of invincibly righteous hope; while some could only acrimoniously feel the boundlessly austere rays left; right and spurious center,

For some it was a iridescently twinkling star of unprecedented optimism; while some could only remorsefully feel the infinitesimally uncanny flicker; inflamingly imperil their sanctimonious existence,

For some it was an immortally patriotic march towards glorious martyrdom; while some could only grievingly feel the blood soaked sacrifices in the triumphant odyssey in between,

For some it was an unshakably sacrosanct mother who timelessly proliferate God's Omnipresent chapter of survival; while some could only preposterously feel the savage waves of bedlam labour pain; in between,

For some it was the most blessed icing on even the most diminutive little thing that they had achieved; while some could only relentlessly shiver to the winds of rejuvenating coolness,

O! Yes; For some it was an indomitably victorious inferno of passionately loving heartbeats; while some could only limitlessly grouse the reverberating sound; ignominiously admonishing it for bringing cacophony in their dwindling stride,

Because although the Omniscient Creator had bestowed it in the most holistically unconquerable of forms upon every organism symbiotically alike; Life's the way you chose it to be; Life's the way you make of it; Life's the way you believe it to be; Life's the way you see it.

Nikhil Parekh

Light Of Love

The light diffusing from the sun was stupendously dazzling in the morning;
gaining profound intensity by the onset of afternoon,
Although as the hours zipped by; the same Sun set behind the mountains; with
its brilliant rays now transiting into pathetic Black.

The light emanating from the moon was an immaculate white; subtly illuminating
the darkness of the night;
Although as the first hours of dawn stealthily crept in; the moonlight simply
faded; without leaving a single trace.

The light radiating from the high voltage bulb was wholesomely flamboyant;
piercing with stringent velocity through particles of gloom,
Although when I merely caressed the switch with my fingers; it abruptly shut
up without the slightest of struggle.

The light diffusing from the volcano was belligerent and hostile; torching all
the animate that came in proximity,
Although when the tremors subsided; the same sparkle got submerged in clouds
of insipid smoke.

The light emerging from traffic signals appeared scintillating; blending
perfectly with the flurry of traffic traversing the roads at nights,
Although the contraption failed to produce the same effects in the morning;
when the natural shine of the sun overwhelmingly took over.

The light originating from the stars was silvery in complexion; besieging the
ambience with an enchanting mysticism,
Although when came the next morning; there was no sign of the light as well as
the galaxy of prominent stars.

The light ejecting out from the mountain stream was a juxtaposition of several
colors; as the sunrays punctured it,
Although it vanished into oblivion as nightfall took its toll on the day.

The light arising from the computer screen was creamy and fluorescent;
enticing the mundane man with lots of ease,
Although when I punched the button to a position of closure; there was a dull
background of gray that flooded my eyes.

The light emitting from the sky was sapphire blue; with blissful tinges of golden,
Although the same was sighted as ominously black; with the thunder clouds
hovering around.

And the light of our love was as everlasting as the fragrance of God,
It radiated a perpetual immortal glow; which neither faded in darkness; not
disappeared in the brightest of light.

Nikhil Parekh

Lighting The Lantern Of My Love

I might have miserably floundered to metamorphose wild roots of bohemian tree; into the astronomical summits of the flamboyantly scintillating mountain,

I might have ludicrously stumbled in my attempts to; scrupulously blend every iota of fathomless sky; with inevitably priceless granules of patriotic soil,

I might have made a pathetic mockery of myself; while incessantly endeavoring to convert the heinously treacherous crocodile; into a celestially fragrant saint,

I might have insanely dithered to illuminate the devastatingly ulterior interiors of the gutter; into a garden of bountifully fragrant and voluptuously everlasting rose,

But I still felt like the most blessed organism on this boundlessly gregarious Universe; as I had triggered the fire of my unassailable love in her impeccable eyes; perpetually bonding with her mind; body and philanthropic spirit; for fathomless more births yet to unveil.

I might have staggered like a grotesquely cacophonous clown; while inundating every granule of swelteringly acrimonious desert soil; with fountains of resplendent water,

I might have crumbled more ludicrously than a pack of insipid cards; as I indefatigably endeavored to quell the most diabolically perilous of hurricane; with the wavering harmony in my impoverished voice,

I might have relentlessly hung on the branches of sinister desolation; as I unflinchingly attempted to profoundly rejuvenate; graveyards deluged with a countless corpse,

I might have despicably sung the tunes of worthless nothingness; while irrevocably trying to mélange all religions across the mesmerizing Universe; into the unequivocal religion of humanity,

But I still felt like the most blessed organism on this endlessly ebullient Universe; as I had impregnably become every element of her marvelously enigmatic destiny; perpetually bonding with her mind; body and philanthropic spirit; for fathomless more births yet to unveil.

I might have tasted venomously inconspicuous dust; while leaping from the spacecraft bare chested; to frolic like an angel in the realms of unprecedented desire; after hitting the uncouthly obdurate ground,

I might have been pulverized into indolent bits of infinitesimal tomato curry; while brazenly attempting to stop the satanic tornado of lechery; with the unsurpassable resilience lingering in my patriotic stride,

I might have horrendously torched all my fingers into savagely lambasted ash; as I tried to enamoringly sketch the most gorgeously charismatic forms on this planet; on barren landscapes of crinkled paper,

I might have withered into a pool of invidiously ghastly blood; while benevolently trying my best; to revive profusely debilitated orphans; from their graves of bizarrely inexplicable prejudice,

But I still felt like the most blessed organism on this euphorically timeless Universe; as I could miraculously sight her Omnipotent countenance each time I opened my eyes and in deep sleep; alike; perpetually bonding with her mind; body and philanthropic spirit; for fathomless more births yet to unveil.

I might have intransigently failed in every examination of mine; being ruthlessly kicked like a frigidly disgruntled matchstick; on the lanes of remorsefully abhorrent malice,

I might have reduced to a droplet of diminutively indecipherable ice; as I explicitly tried to envisage the contours of magnanimously astounding beauty; in the entrenchment of glimmering mirrors; leaning by the ferocious fireside,

I might have obsoletely reconciled to live with the pertinently slithering worms; after being deplorably ostracized by all conventional norms and philosophies; of the murderously morbid society,

I might have crucified myself on nails of despondently rotting depression; ignominiously castigated and insidiously rebuked by all fraternities of mankind; as I tried to diffuse the waves of uninhibitedly synergistic freedom; in monotonously slaving tribes,

But I still felt like the most blessed organism on this Omnisciently exotic Universe; as I had eternally succeeded in lighting the lantern of my perennial love in the corridors of her immortal heart; perpetually bonding with her mind; body and philanthropic spirit; for fathomless more births yet to unveil.

Nikhil Parekh

Like Nobody Else

I admired your immaculate eyes every unleashing minute; for drowning me in the glory of their stupendously emphatic moisture,

I caressed your voluptuous coat of black hair for times immemorial; feeling their softness tingle me till the last bone down my spine,

I entwined my palms with your heavenly fingers; bonding my impoverished soul with yours for centuries unfathomable,

I passionately kissed your seductively rosy lips; absorbing their sweetness with relentless ardor and charm,

I floated handsomely in your tantalizing dreams; philandering audaciously on cloud nine with your countenance resting on my shoulders,

I ardently smelt the fiery breath that descended like a volcano from your nostrils; feeling that unprecedented enthusiasm swelling prolifically in your pulse,

I profoundly engrossed myself into the cadence of your mesmerizing voice; blending completely with the mystical enigma that enveloped your every stride,

I ran like an untamed panther behind your enchanting shadow; intricately following its contours till I collapsed on the hard ground in a drearily bedraggled heap,

I lay on your stomach for marathon hours of the day and for every instant of the tumultuously stormy night; my head rising and falling with each breath of yours which was now wholesomely mine,

I stood like an invincible fortress by your side; trying my Herculean best to wade off the most minuscule of evil hovering by your divinely side,

I wrote your name with my blood infinite times in a single day; making it an immortal epitome for every lover transgressing fanatically on the trajectory of this planet,

I voraciously rubbed your fabulously silken skin in freezing whirlwinds of snow; imparting your majestic visage with incomprehensible loads of compassionate warmth,

I stared like a child into the contours of your vivacious face; exploring something new and incredulously rejuvenating; as you winked innocuously under the milky moonlight,

I worshipped your celestial feet every dawn; as the first beam of sunlight timidly filtered through my gloomily obfuscated window,

I tickled you uncontrollably in your ribs; supremely relishing the astoundingly tinkling charisma in your tangy laughter,

I patiently waited for your footsteps to arrive; completely lost in a gorgeously romantic fantasy; moving my head nimbly towards the handsomely setting amber sun,

I confided to you even the most weirdest perceptions of my mind; sharing with you each embarrassing moment of my life,

I sketched enamoring shapes of your oligarchic persona with articulate strokes of my paint brush; imprisoning your unparalleled beauty on the blank canvas of my body,

And I loved your heart LIKE NOBODY ELSE could ever dare to do; not only in this birth; but for fathomless more births to unfold and evolve into new life.

Nikhil Parekh

Like The Sacrosanct Heavens

Like a romantically drifting cloud; indefatigably playing hide and seek with the swelteringly simmering Sun,
Was her magnificently mischievous and stupendously wandering wink; as she flirted with me in the aisles of untamed desire; behind the majestically moonlit hills.

Like a voluptuously silken angel; descending magically from the island of bountifully wonderful paradise,
Was her royally magnificent and ecstatically euphoric stride; as she swished like an ebulliently embellished fairy towards my; mortifyingly impoverished countenance.

Like a melodiously chirping sparrow; boisterously deluging the sullen atmosphere with the sounds of; profusely rhapsodic happiness,
Was her sparkingly scintillating and delectable footsteps; as she poignantly galloped with profound empathy in her soul; towards my diminutively impoverished countenance.

Like an innocuous freshly spawned infant; enshrouding every dilapidated cranny of this colossal Universe; with its insatiably jubilant wails,
Was her marvelously seductive and ravishingly enthralling smile; as she unfurled the silken cocoon of her lips; uninhibitedly showering her charisma upon my pathetically beleaguered demeanor.

Like an eternally fragrant rose; tantalizingly diffusing its astoundingly ingratiating redolence; to even the most fathomless quarters of this boundless planet,
Was her graciously celestial and timelessly priceless sleep; as she unrelentingly fantasized about the mystical aspects of endowing creation and me; in every of her gloriously fantastic dreams.

Like a hive of splendidly golden honey; incessantly oozing the Omnisciently miraculous sweetness of blissful creation,
Was her resplendently twinkling and beautiful finger; as she vehemently entwined her palms; for times immemorial and unassailably with mine.

Like torrential cloudbursts of rain pelting enigmatically; from the overwhelmingly handsome carpet of fathomless sky,
Were her spectacularly panoramic and piquantly rubicund cheeks; as she fantastically blushed in the corridors of uncontrollable yearning; ethereally

sighting the contours of my; shimmeringly obfuscated shadow.

Like a compassionate fireball of belonging; astronomically augmenting in proportion as each second thunderously zipped by,
Was her unfathomably grandiloquent and impeccably harmonious kiss; as she profusely pecked every iota of my; nervously fluttering cheeks .

Like an impregnable fortress of unflinching solidarity; towering tall and aristocratic even against the most ungainly acrimonious of storms,
Was her incredulously bestowing and benevolently gratifying embrace; as she intractably clung to my violently throbbing demeanor; more perpetually than a Mother clinging to her new born child.

And like the irrefutably sacrosanct entrenchment of Heaven; radiating for countless more births yet to unveil; with the Omnipotent aura of Almighty Lord,
Was her immortally wonderful and gloriously enamoring love; as she perennially bonded every beat of her heart; every philanthropism of her conscience with me;

and to be forever mine; mine and only mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Like There Were An Infinite More Tomorrows

I wanted you to kiss me on my tantalizingly svelte lips this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and undyingly augmenting compassion,

I wanted you to kiss me on my jubilantly intrepid forehead this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and inimitably priceless understanding,

I wanted you to kiss me on my exhilaratingly nubile feet this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and beautifully untainted adventure,

I wanted you to kiss me on my poignantly blossoming cheeks this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and spell-bindingly inebriated flirtation,

I wanted you to kiss me on my sensuously embellished eyelashes this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and profusely exemplary mischief,

I wanted you to kiss me on my intricately sensitive ears this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and ebulliently enlightening whispering,

I wanted you to kiss me on my irrefutably persevering sweat this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and resplendently emollient righteousness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my seductively wavering nape this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and ubiquitously unending cavorting,

I wanted you to kiss me on my fantastically unbridled belly this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and triumphantly unconquerable virility,

I wanted you to kiss me on my ecstatically burgeoning bosom this very moment;

but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting
and victoriously unceasing fieriness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my candidly emphatic eyes this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and timelessly insuperable solidarity,

I wanted you to kiss me on my fearlessly unprejudiced chest this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and magically ameliorating selflessness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my inexplicably criss-crossed palms this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and limitlessly enigmatic destiny,

I wanted you to kiss me on my ravishingly titillating hair this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and vivaciously effulgent uncanniness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my altruistically Spartan hands this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and eternally emancipating goodness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my magnetically enticing shadow this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and indefatigably healing togetherness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my blissfully rhapsodic throat this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and tirelessly proliferating mellifluousness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my impeccably unimpeachable conscience this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and miraculously amalgamating truthfulness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my unshakably blessed heart; this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting

and immortally Omnipotent love,

And I wanted you to kiss me on my unsurpassably passionate nostrils this very moment; but like there going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and symbiotically humanitarian existence.

Nikhil Parekh

Limca Book Of Records - India And Her People At Their Very Best.

Tribute Poetry on the Limca Book of Records India - which is India's Best Book of Records, also Ranked 2nd in the World officially to Guinness Book of World Records; written in appreciation of its awe - inspiringly enthralling pages.

They were pages which sparkled with the most eclectic brilliances of life- in its countless shapes and vivacious forms,

They were pages which unconquerably rose over every discrepancy of caste; creed; color and race- to showcase the inexplicable and unusual genius of the united living race,

They were pages which were the most fearlessly unbiased in content—portraying the absolute truth to the world; in all its unbelievable glory; candour and victory galore,

They were pages which escalated reading pleasure to the most unattainable of heights—bedazzling every ingredient of the atmosphere with the undying courage; grit and fortitude of all mankind,

They were pages which spun a web of unparalleled enchantment into the deepest recesses of the soul—stupefying each vein with the utmost magnificence and wonders of the world,

They were pages which when read by every commoner made him feel closer to his rudiments on mother earth—truly glorifying the spirit of majestic existence to its unsurpassable best,

They were pages which were the breathing pulse of not just a nation of a billion people—but which stirred the chords of every living heart towards the hilt of unimaginable achievement,

They were pages which truly immortalized the adage 'Impossible is indeed a word in the dictionary of fools—for no human will to conquer the extraordinary can ever be defeated; except by the Almighty God,

They were pages wherein the bizarre most of fantasies took shape of undefeated reality—as the planet outside passionately rose to the uncanny thrill; challenges

and enigma of life,

They were pages for which not the tiniest of nightfall seemed to exist—as minuscule mortals just like each one of us on earth; immortalized them with the Sun of brilliance in his/her own inimitably distinctive style,

They were pages whose unbelievable fragrance of newness pumped fresh life into every depressed and dead—charmed civilization after an infinite civilization with the most spectacularly golden moments of their time,

They were pages which encompassed even the minutest details of invention, innovation and the brilliance laden in each draught of wind—beautifully depicting each stark shade of existence at its infallible best,

They were pages which were a royal blend of amazing editorial dexterity and talent extraordinaire—which ignited even the most dormant arenas of the brain to perceive beyond the definitions of pragmatic time,

They were pages which truly proved that the whole world was your audience—whilst you were the sole magician on stage; to mesmerize, enchant and overpower the impossible in your tiny fist,

They were pages which coined miraculously new levels of human endurance and possibility—unveiling a boundless new dimensions to every sealed opportunity of life,

They were pages which were true patriots till their very last breath and beyond—not only saluting their beloved soil; but portraying its most undefeated essence to the entire world outside,

They were pages which increased your conviction to lead life multifold with each read-triggered each ingredient of your blood to do something uniquely exuberant—and do it now,

They were pages which conquered over even the most invisible trace of the devil and lies—with the most spectacularly charismatic adventures of victory—that mankind has ever witnessed,

They were pages from India's best book of Records: ' The Limca Book of Records' ranked only 2nd officially to the Guinness Book of World Records—highlighting the very best from amongst a billion Indians- year after year after year of the most unbelievably spectacular living achievement,

And not because I was a 10-time National record holder for my Poetry with the book; but my heart ranks 'The Limca Book of Records' the best amongst every other book on earth - as it veritably depicts my sacrosanct motherland 'India and her beloved people at their very best'.

Nikhil Parekh

Limitlessly Magical Spice

In every sensuously enamoring woman that I philandered with; timelessly flirting and cavorting behind the freshly rain soaked hills of paradise,

In every beautifully intrepid lane that I traversed through; leading every uncontrollably exultating pore of my body; into an unceasing gorge of interminably
burgeoning adventure,

In every salubriously scintillating meal that I rapaciously devoured; to celestially mollify the haplessly disgruntling pangs of hunger; shooting like thunderbolts of lightening in my emaciated intestines,

In every jubilantly effulgent droplet of dew that I held in my outstretched palms; profoundly reinvigorating each of my haplessly impoverished senses; with the profuse bewilderment of bewitching mother nature,

In every conceivable open patch of sky that I sighted with my naked eye; as the Sun unrelentingly sizzled a handsomely inimitable golden,

In every sip of bounteously crystalline water that I poignantly sipped; letting the quintessential liquid uninhibitedly soothe every treacherously mangled chord of my discordant throat,

In every living being that I wholeheartedly embraced in my walk towards eternally fructifying success; by the grace of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

In every tangible and intangibly rhapsodic tune that drifted into my obliviously trembling eardrums; alleviating me of all my misery and inexplicably asphyxiating pain,

In every blade of grass that I endlessly frolicked with; unabashedly tossing and turning; under the mischievously twinkling carpet of pristine stars,

In every triumphantly ecstatic mirror that I sighted my reflection; candidly unraveling each bit of goodness and inevitable badness in my life; like the cry of an impeccably newborn child,

In every robustly fascinating fruit that I plucked from the gargantuan tree; whose unbelievably ubiquitous juice I relished; till times beyond infinite infinity,

In every frostily undulating sea that I indefatigably swam; of course inevitably and in the end; miserably floundering to kiss the boundless opposite end; with my singular hands and feet,

In every barren sheet of innocuous paper that I inundated with my writings; not preferring the slightest to leave even a singleton speck of open space; between the lines I perpetually embossed,

In every bit of rustically chocolate brown soil that I ploughed; to sow the seeds of fantastically divine virility; and upon which I made my royal bed every iridescently beaming night,

In every piece of quintessentially Spartan cloth that clung to the contours of my nimble body; unflinchingly sequestering me all night and day; from the acrimoniously intolerable heat; inconsolably unbearable cold; storm and rain,

In every aristocratically painted brick that I used in the foundation of my compassionately comforting dwelling; that bore my weight fearlessly; against the mightiest of mayhem and vindictive maelstrom,

In every spell-bindingly pungent fantasy that my ignited brain perceived; which was infact my sole and the most ardent source of blissfully leading each destined moment of my priceless life,

In every heartily exuberant slap of wind that embraced me uncalled; tirelessly engendering me to romanticize in a land more bountifully replete than; victoriously blossoming paradise,

In every passionately fiery kiss that I indulged into; making me feel the most extraordinarily virile and unassailable organism; on the trajectory of this fathomlessly resurgent Universe,

If not anything; and I really really don't care even an ethereal trifle; but I definitely; and at even a cost greater than every of my perennially rejuvenating breath; wanted spice; spice and limitlessly magical spice.

Nikhil Parekh

Live And Let Live

Smile philanthropically; and let others smile too; to their ultimate hearts content,

Fly uninhibitedly; and let others fly like a prince too; through the majestically bountiful cocoon of crimson clouds,

Wink flirtatiously; and let others wink too; through the aisles of unprecedented desire and rhapsodically ardent happiness,

Gallop enthusiastically; and let others gallop too; in untamed frenzy through the mystically alluring hills; drowned in golden light of the dazzling firebody of Sun,

Donate chivalrously; and let others donate too; with all the goodness assimilated in their magnanimously benevolent souls,

Embrace passionately; and let others embrace too; with thunderbolts of ardent yearning; escalating perennially in their impoverished souls,

Sing melodiously; and let others sing too; unveiling the most innermost arenas of their enslaved conscience; into ebulliently captivating sound,

Dance tantalizingly; and let others dance too; diffusing waves of unrelenting passion in the heart of the romantically philandering midnight,

Fantasize intransigently; and let others fantasize too; basking in the glory of unfathomably stupendous beauty around; being perpetually entrenched by the magnificence of this enigmatically alluring Universe,

Talk dynamically; and let others talk too; discovering a new found confidence in their voice; the sound lingering in each iota of their blood; to make them feel the most blissful entities alive,

Share generously; and let others share too; ubiquitously disseminating the essence of everlasting humanity; to march forward as the strongest civilization; alike,

Evolve intriguingly; and let others evolve too; innocuously harnessing each ingenious idea of theirs into; the corridors of a celestial paradise,

Bond compassionately; and let others bond too; in threads of invincible harmony and mutual symbiosis; together defending the most mightiest of acrimonious attack on this planet,

Walk flamboyantly; and let others walk too; enchantingly leading each day as it unleashed; persevering with stupendous honesty and fortitude; towards their ultimate mission in life,

Philander charismatically; and let other philander too; exploring all the incredulously ravishing beauty on this earth; blossoming each instant into an unbelievable festoon of joyous ecstasy,

Romanticize exotically; and let others romanticize too; enlightening their lives as well as that of their fellow mates; with optimistic hope and vivaciously vibrant celebration,

Breathe royally; and let others breathe too; exhaling each puff of air; with insurmountable exhilaration to lead a countless more magnetically enriching lives,

Love immortally; and let others love too; bonding each heart across the complexion of this gigantic globe; with the impregnable ocean of compassionate empathy,

Live like a King; and let others live too; soaring higher than the clouds every unveiling minute of Oligarchic existence; gushing forward like an euphoric whirlwind; as each chapter of joy and pain; unfurled inexplicably in life.

Nikhil Parekh

Live Each Moment Of Your Life

Live each moment of your life with so much of unassailable exuberance and cheer today; that you simply didn't regret death even an infinitesimal iota; if it did viciously snatch you; at the crack of ethereal dawn; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of insatiable ebullience and cheer today; that you simply didn't regret death even a frugal whisker; if it did perniciously asphyxiate you; at the unfurling of evanescent sunrise; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of rhapsodic gusto and ardor today; that you simply didn't regret death even a minuscule denomination; if it did ominously pulverize you into nothingness; at the first glimmer of the new day; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of sensuous voluptuousness and titillation today; that you simply didn't regret death even a capricious trifle; if it did satanically annihilate you towards the land of the devil; at the very first ticking of the clock; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of invincible fortitude and flamboyance today; that you simply didn't regret death even a threadbare amount; if it did diabolically torture you; at the very first beam of light; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of blooming enthusiasm and philanthropism today; that you simply didn't regret death even a parsimonious fraction; if it did salaciously massacre you; at the unfolding of dazzling light; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of unprecedented fervor and bliss today; that you simply didn't regret death even a diminutive speck; if it did savagely assassinate the last remnants of your shadow; at the fabulous unveiling of brightness; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of poignant seduction and enthrallment today; that you simply didn't regret death even a minute fragment; if it did insidiously maim all your elements of survival; at the beckoning of scintillating morning; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of divine faith and solidarity today; that you simply didn't regret death even a paltry moment; if it did lecherously incarcerate you in its penalizing swirl; at the first cry of the cuckoo; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of Herculean tenacity and triumph today; that you simply didn't regret death even an inconspicuous trifle; if it did brutally slaughter you into a countless pieces; at the blossoming of faint morning; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of astronomical euphoria today; that you simply didn't regret death even a frigid second; if it did tyrannically snap your bountifully beautiful breath; at the very first fragrance of the morning; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of holistic replenishment and vivacity today; that you simply didn't regret death even a tiny instant; if it did perennially enslave you in the domains of beleaguered hell; at the fructification of splendidly revitalizing morning; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of tantalizing fantasy and boisterousness today; that you simply didn't regret death even an obfuscated inch; if it did barbarically decimate you to insipid extinction; at the dancing of the very first sunbeams; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of irrefutable righteousness and honesty today; that you simply didn't regret death even an obsolete whisper; if it did traumatically squelch all your ambitions; at the rapid rising of the Sun from the behind the clouds; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of untamed exhilaration and patriotism today; that you simply didn't regret death even a dithering segment; if it did brusquely close the chapter of your glittering existence; at the primordial unraveling of brilliant newness; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of ingratiating fascination and humor today; that you simply didn't regret death even a diminutive sequel; if it did choose to lambaste only you out of countless breathing; at the romantic chirp of scintillation; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of vibrant effulgence and enchantment today; that you simply didn't regret death even a worthless instant;

if it did devastatingly paralyze your senses forever; at the shimmering of ravishing morning; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of innocuous benevolence and mysticism today; that you simply didn't regret death even a pecuniary bit; if it did vindictively exonerate you to an unsolicited ghost; at the unraveling of blistering Sunshine; tomorrow,

And live each moment of your life with so much of indefatigable compassion and immortal love today; that you simply didn't regret death even an illegitimate whiff; if it did hand you over to the blood soaked hands of the devil; at the commencement of the sweltering day; tomorrow.

Nikhil Parekh

Live Life Higher Than The Clouds

I didn't want to overrule anybody; make philanthropically blissful entities my slaves,

I didn't want to supercede anybody; make my wishes come true at the cost of peoples happiness,

I didn't want to overshadow anybody; make only presence felt all throughout the globe; when my fellow counterparts were crippled and needed all the support,

I didn't want to dominate anybody; ask individuals to emancipate; just to satisfy my insatiably gargantuan desire to become the king,

I didn't want to petrify anybody; display to the world the worthless power of my pompously inflated muscles,

I didn't want to slap anybody; in order to save my cheeks the tiniest of tyranny that could occur because of the wind,

I didn't want to snatch food from anybody; only to appease the sanctimonious buds of taste that lingered every minute on my preposterously fat tongue,

I didn't want to wake up anybody; just because I wanted to snore thunderously even well past after brilliant sunlight,

I didn't want to abuse anybody; meting my personal frustrations on innocuous souls who hadn't committed the remotest of crime,

I didn't want to rob anybody; simply to placate my unrelenting ardor of becoming overnight rich; inundating my hollow treasury with biscuits of diamond and glittering gold,

I didn't want to pinch anybody; just to pacify the pertinently peevish tendencies lurking irately in my mind,

I didn't want to scold anybody; blurt out murderously stringent tunes; simply to quench my perennial longing to shout,

I didn't want to force anybody; profusely exercise my chauvinist characteristics; in order to prove that I perpetually reigned supreme,

I didn't want to blind anybody; just to get back the pathetically diminishing vision of both my rotund eyes,

I didn't want to laugh at anybody; jeer a person to unprecedentedly embarrassing heights; just to supremely satisfy my swollen ego,

I didn't want to intimidate anybody; speak in ostentatious slang; simply because I knew that the person beside me was entirely oblivious even to his own name,

I didn't want to drown anybody; just because I wanted to remain floating; inhale in infinite mouthfuls of celestially fresh air,

I didn't want to bite anybody; just because I wanted to smother the niggling sensation in my conglomerate of decayed teeth,

I didn't want to kill anybody; just because I felt that I was veritably dying; had an immortal wish to be always breathing and full of vibrant life,

All I wanted is O! Omnipotent Lord; was to live life higher than the clouds; and offer the same with irrefutable equality to all my blessed fellow beings.

Nikhil Parekh

Live Life Truly Kingsize

Dream as big as you can; but huddled in a sordidly devastated corner; will get you astoundingly closer forever; to the cowardly doorsteps of penalizing hell, While it is only those who take the blazingly blistering Sun directly on their patriotic eyeballs; who eventually metamorphose every benign fantasy of theirs; into an eternal reality.

Talk as valiant as you can; but shriveled manipulatively beside the despicably dolorous graves; will get you for sure to sulk forever; in the shadow of the preposterously diabolical devil, While it is only those who uninhibitedly shed every iota of their persevering sweat under the sweltering afternoon; who eventually escalate to the ladder of philanthropically glittering success.

Dare as Herculean as you can; but pathetically camouflaged in the maliciously surreptitious belly of the horrifically stagnating dungeons; will find you forever a companionship of the miserably gory skeletons, While it is only those who fearlessly tread on every path of exhilaratingly intrepid existence; unflinchingly embracing even the most invidious of impediment that confronted them in their benevolent way; who eventually succeed in disseminating the spirit of blissful brotherhood; to the most fathomless corners of this Universe.

Run as thunderous as you can; but indefatigably curled from all ends in disgustingly stale sponge; will land you forever in the despondently dwindling corridors of treacherous sleep, While it is only those exuberantly gallop forward with the same gusto in their share of bizarre pain and happiness alike; who eventually and irrefutably transform all crippling disease into celestial paradise.

Sing as melodiously as you can; but incarcerated within walls of savagely asphyxiating depression; propels you inevitably to have breakfast with perpetually deadened tones, While it is only those who harmoniously share the inner most recesses of their unequivocally truthful soul with all sparkling goodness in the atmosphere; who eventually transcend past the dormitories of; the eternally gratifying and resplendent heavens.

Pledge as vehemently as you can; but shrinking to an infinitesimally disappearing minnow; in the lap of the incorrigibly closed and retreating fist; will forever

ensure that you remain disastrously famished for times immemorial,
While it is only those who kiss ghastly death in its face to unrelentingly surge
ahead in righteously scintillating life; who eventually become the perennial
martyrs of mankind.

Smile as wide as you can; but after the heart of sinister midnight and that too
relishing behind the acrimoniously salacious cactus; will forever make you
rot in gutters of forlorn loneliness,
While it is only those who altruistically relinquish every speck of their own
jubilation to enlighten a ray of unconquerable hope in disparagingly despairing
lives; who eventually cherish the most impregnable blessings of the Omnipotent
divine.

Breathe as deep as you can; but buckets of murderously blood stained
desperation; will gorily curse upon you forever and countless more births to
come; a survival
more acrid than cloudbursts of hell,
While it is only those who synergistically inhale and exhale the essence of
unassailable honesty; who eventually and immortally continue to exist as the
priceless leaders of humanity.

And love as unfathomable as you can; but brutally imprisoning your beats in the
rat race of stinkingly beleaguered commercialism; will convert you into a
lecherous ghost even in the most robustly pristine of your youth,
While it is only those who wholeheartedly open and unite their hearts with
unconquerable love; who eventually pioneer the grandiloquent religion of
togetherness; who eventually are able to live life truly kingsize.

Nikhil Parekh

Live Life Wholeheartedly

If you really wanted to laugh; don't just open your mouth like a goldfish; shying tremendously to show your conglomerate of scintillating teeth,
Laugh wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul, and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to cry; don't just make of mockery of emphatically poignant tears; apply pools of crocodile water pretentiously on your rubicund cheeks,
Cry wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to play; don't just bounce like a timid infant having just opened its eyes into this alien world; bringing in shades of bombastic sophistication in
your stride,
Play wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to sleep; don't just spuriously place a gruesome eyepatch over your lids; wake up with a jolt at the crack of dawn as the monstrous alarm clock barked stringently into your ears,
Sleep wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to talk; don't just whisper surreptitiously under your breath; utter your words in a complete mumble jumble which only you could vaguely comprehend,
Talk wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to stare; don't just stand behind the shriveled curtains; furtively viewing the alluring sights which enchantingly unveiled,
Stare wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to dance; don't just emulate the movements of celebrities on the big; feel contemptuously embarrassed and sad if you couldn't gyrate as harmoniously as they did,
Dance wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to admire somebody; don't just say that umpteenth number of times to yourself; swooning miserably on the ground everytime you encountered the person of your dreams,
Admire wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to love; don't just say i love you; and run away when the most diminutive of difficulty engulfed you; the acrimonious society estranged you in the whirlpool of rigid convention,
Love wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

If you really wanted to die; don't just make pompous public announcements about the same everyday; standing tall and domineering over the sleazy microphone;
telling the world to wait for the time when you would be leaving for your heavenly abode,
Die wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

And if you really wanted to lead life; don't just make a nimble effort to slouch from the ground; feeling that beads of fatigue and inexplicable exhaustion were taking their toll on you every second,
Live life wholeheartedly with your whole body; whole mind; whole soul; and feel the difference instead.

Nikhil Parekh

Live No Evil

Say no evil; refraining to bring even the most inconspicuous of hatred to your immaculately divine lips,

See no evil; closing your eyes as they lecherously wandered; casting their diabolical glimpse upon innocuous entities trespassing through this mighty planet,

Propagate no evil; disseminating only philanthropic benevolence from your palms; in every entity you encountered; during your impoverished existence upon Mother Earth,

Hear no evil; basking only in the glory of melodiously captivating sound; gushing like an untamed whirlwind to the faintest cry of your fellow comrades in inexplicable distress,

Sing no evil; chopping your tongue to an infinite bits of inconspicuous ash; the instant it uttered things against God's most enthrallingly mesmerizing planet,

Patronize no evil; harboring only the irrefutable essence of celestial peace profoundly within your magnanimous soul; blatantly ostracizing those who condemned wonderful humanity,

Fantasize no evil; drifting the intriguing chords of your brain towards a land more enchanting than paradise; the instant the devil tried capsizing it from all sides,

Philosophize no evil; tirelessly browsing through only textbooks of charismatic mankind; immortalizing its spirit till even centuries after; you relinquished breath and died,

Shield no evil; audaciously vanquishing every single trace of malice from the gloomy interiors of your dwelling; substituting it with an everlasting stream on perpetual love,

Paint no evil; using your fingers to uplift tyrannized humanity; sketching with them an infinite myriad of shapes; that profusely enlightened disastrously devastated lives,

Chase no evil; indefatigably embarking upon a mission to save earth from bloodshed; evacuate the most inconspicuous iota of treachery from the

complexion of satanic soil,

Eat no evil; relishing the fruits of freedom every moment of your diminutive life; escalating higher than the rhapsodic clouds with your comrades by your majestic side,

Transcend no evil; perennially existing beneath the blessings of the Omnisciently divine; savoring as well diffusing harmonious happiness; to every iota of this boundlessly beautiful planet,

Confront no evil; praying intransigently to the Almighty Lord; for decimating even the most infinitesimal trace of sin; from the innocent organisms lives,

Sleep no evil; relentlessly dreaming about an island of unsurpassable unity; with the rich and poor marching towards the corridors of sweet success; alike,

Trade no evil; sharing only the essence of benign compassion with every organism on this globe; enriching its life with uninhibited smiles,

Do no evil; intransigently revolting against each part of your shivering body; till the time it alighted only for immortalizing the unflinching spirit of humankind,

Love no evil; ardently embracing only those with empathy in their hearts; bonding with their passionate beats; in every birth you took birth again,

And live no evil; unfathomably exploring; discovering; altruistically evolving each moment of your life to exist higher than the skies; endeavoring your very best to alleviate the lives of all those submerged in pain; of those drowning in a web of lies.

Nikhil Parekh

Living Dead

Blind me gruesomely for life; emptying the entire canister of piquant red chili powder into my innocuous eyes,

Cut each of my fingers mercilessly; with the hostile pair of cleavers gleaming menacingly beside the kitchen sink,

Ridicule me severely in public; ostracizing me for my plethora of misdeeds; stripping me naked in the heart of the city,

Break a bulky cluster of rotten eggs on my scalp; giving me dead scorpion stuffed between stale bread; to forcefully munch for breakfast,

Snap the brakes of my car deliberately before I left in the morning; so that the automobile plummeted horrendously into the steep valley; eventually exploding and charring me into a cloud of black plumes,

Hurl a battalion of abuses at me every night before I drifted into tranquil sleep; addressing me by ghastly names that I had never envisaged in the wildest of my dreams,

Spit at me all the saliva loitering freely in your mouth; vomiting on my face all the foul food which you had consumed for lunch last afternoon,

Put a slab of pugnacious thorns beneath my head; instead of the fir coated and silken pillow,

Give me acid to drink instead of mineral water; uncouthly assassinating the intricate intestines encompassed within my stomach,

Completely empty my bank account; spending each penny of my hard earned money on bombastic clothes you cherished and adored,

Kick me in my rear like a stray dog wandering on the streets; ordering me to run to the most minuscule of your commands even after midnight,

Pummel me brutally in my stomach; banging your fists relentlessly into my chest; just a minute after I was released from the operation room,

Slash my wrists with your heinous nails; ordering me to speak for you every time

you opened your mouth,

Pour boiling tea directly on my tender lap; instead of letting it harmoniously cascade into the cup stringently clasped in my hands,

Sketch mortifying cartoons of my visage on the walls; displaying them proudly to every visitor who frequented our dwelling,

Keep inscrutably smiling at me when I was inundated with work; hiding my importantly indispensable files far away from sight,

Scream hysterically in my ears; fomenting them to rip apart in barbaric disarray; puncturing austerely through my sensitive membranes,

Corrupt the mind of my child against me with appalling tales; telling him that I was a cold blooded criminal; when infact I was an ordinary sage,

Try and strangulate my neck umpteenth number of times in a day; endeavoring your best to extricate the last iota of breath trapped in my lungs,

Whip me for indefatigable number of hours with your broomstick; commanding me to walk upside down with my hands clinging to my ears,

But please O! beloved, don't ever leave me and go; for this painful ordeal that I underwent every day was far less than the living dead I would become; if you suddenly left me.

Nikhil Parekh

Living Dead - Part 2

You might perhaps not need their altruistic support anymore; as you now felt yourself to be the strongest organism on the Universe; blazing through even the most fearful of maelstroms; in the untamed effervescent flavor of youth,

You might perhaps not need their compassionate fragrance anymore; as you now had the most pricelessly opulent of scents; sanctimoniously lined up on the windshield of your majestically crimson Mercedes,

You might perhaps not need their amiably bonding house anymore; as you now resided in the most invincibly diamond studded castle; on this fathomlessly enamoring planet,

You might perhaps not need their selflessly guiding lights anymore; as you now evolved a civilization of unparalleled newness on every path you transgressed; pierced through even the most ghoulishly appalling darkness with your spell bindingly hawk-eyed sight,

You might perhaps not need their celestial nourishment anymore; as triumphant blood now flowed through your ebulliently ecstatic veins; at a speed faster than magical white lightening,

You might perhaps not need their profoundly heartwarming caress anymore; as you now merrily cavorted with the girl of your choice behind the rain soaked hills; with her hands convivially exploring every cranny of your miserably trembling skin,

You might perhaps not need their indefatigable inspiring anymore; as you now had the entire planet subliming you to unflinchingly march forward; to ubiquitously disseminate the royally unfettered power of your God-gifted artistry,

You might perhaps not need their optimistically enlightening talks anymore; as you now had perennially imbibed the good's and bad's of inscrutably fantastic existence; deep into the dormitories of your blessed soul,

You might perhaps not need their irrefutably authoritative signature anymore; as you now had majestically carved a brilliant niche for your ownself on this limitlessly mesmerizing planet; and people around knew you by your very own inimitably victorious identity,

You might perhaps not need their lighthearted jokes anymore; as you now had the power to cognize even the most funniest of anecdotes on the boundless Universe; laugh every bone of your body out on the incomprehensible parody generated,

You might perhaps not need their impeccably divinely spirit anymore; as you now had assimilated all the unconquerably Omniscient spirituality of this timelessly extemporizing planet; tirelessly meditating in front of the Immortal Lord Almighty,

You might perhaps not need their enchantingly undefeatable voice anymore; as you now had discovered that the chords of your mesmerizing throat could timelessly enthrall one and all on this boundlessly insuperable Universe; wonderfully alike,

You might perhaps not need their splendidly recharging pat on the back anymore; as you now had the most iridescently tantalizing waterfalls and maidens to unassailably ignite even the most infidel of your senses,

You might perhaps not need their uninhibitedly emotional bonding anymore; as you now had the heart of your eternally blessed lover to wholesomely lean and infallibly depend upon,

You might perhaps not need their impregnably untainted shoes anymore; as you now created an ingeniously unconquerable pathway of effulgent freshness; on even the most evanescent chunk of soil that you tread,

You might perhaps not need their perpetually heartfelt presents anymore; as every part of your diminutive persona; was now torrentially showered upon by every bit of panoramically eclectic richness on this victorious planet,

You might perhaps not need their unceasingly fertile smiles anymore; as you now had the indomitable virility to proliferate into infinite more of your kind; procreate your progeny till the time earth existed by the Grace of Omnipresent Lord Almighty,

You might perhaps not need their unsurpassably ardent breath anymore; as each time you now exhaled romancing in the elixir of youth; nothing else emanated but the fiery first rays of the Omnipotently golden Sun,

You might perhaps not need their Omnipresently throbbing hearts anymore; as

you now had perennially coalesced every beat of your endowed existence with your heavenly venerated beloved,

But irrespective of whether you needed them the tiniest iota or not; without their blessings your identity wasn't even an obsolete piece of preposterously bizarre nothingness; without their blessings you stood neither in heaven and not even the most diabolical of hell; without their blessings success forever metamorphosed into gruesome failure before you could even scent it; O! Yes without the blessings of your Godly Parents you weren't just dead; but a sinfully satanic living dead.

Nikhil Parekh

Living Single-Handedly And Singularly In Itself.

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most inimitably priceless accolade; on the trajectory of this enchantingly indomitable earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most triumphantly unchallengeable accomplishment; on the trajectory of this spell-bindingly ubiquitous earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most effulgently indisputable victory; on the trajectory of this eternally fructifying earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most unassailably supreme fantasy; on the trajectory of this resplendently new-born earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most unbelievably unconquerable artistry; on the trajectory of this blissfully symbiotic earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most Omnipotently sacred preaching; on the trajectory of this celestially mollifying earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most unceasingly persevering exercise; on the trajectory of this magnetically enigmatic earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most beautifully untainted desire; on the trajectory of this ecstatically unprejudiced earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most unfathomably exhilarating target; on the trajectory of this iridescently benign earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most undauntedly reinvigorating adventure; on the trajectory of this poignantly charismatic earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most inexplicably unraveling destiny; on the trajectory of this handsomely unbridled earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most undefeatedly majestic melanging; on the trajectory of this vibrantly intrepid earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most indispensably compulsive ingredient; on the trajectory of this incredulously Omnipresent earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most insuperably unfettered power; on the trajectory of this beautifully untarnished earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most efficaciously optimistic vitamin; on the trajectory of this altruistically jubilant earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most emancipating poetic odyssey; on the trajectory of this surreally emollient earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most sensuously inebriating titillation; on the trajectory of this flamboyantly igniting earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most astoundingly proliferating virility; on the trajectory of this benevolently unabashed earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most infallibly timeless inspiration; on the trajectory of this magically mitigating earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most unflinchingly efficacious remedy; on the trajectory of this endlessly enlightening earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most spectacularly ameliorating concession; on the trajectory of this pristinely ebullient earth,

Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most
limitlessly liberating rebirth and re-incarnation; on the trajectory of this
stupendously
satiny earth,

And Living; single-handedly and singularly in itself; is the greatest and the most
immortally compassionate love; on the trajectory of this marvelously
tantalizing earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Living.

When humbly interrogated as to what were they doing; the unbelievably voluptuous clouds; sensuously replied; that they were extremely busy pelting majestically unfettered globules of golden rain,

When humbly interrogated as to what were they doing; the beautifully foliated trees; brazenly replied; that they were extremely busy producing astoundingly reinvigorating currents of vivid breeze,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the uninhibitedly glorious ocean; tangily replied; that it was extremely busy culminating into an endless wave of unabashedly mischievous froth,

When humbly interrogated as to what were they doing; the inimitably scarlet roses; celestially replied; that they were extremely busy disseminating vibrantly stupefying fragrance; to far; and fathomless wide,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the eternally resplendent forests; enigmatically replied; that they were extremely busy in triggering untamed cloudbursts of newness and unhindered enthrallment; all throughout the day and poignantly star-studded night,

When humbly interrogated as to what were they doing; the unflinchingly indomitable epitomes; fearlessly replied; that they were extremely busy in sequestering every fraternity of living kind from even the most evanescent onslaught of the diabolically squelching devil,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the unconquerably virile soil; peerlessly replied; that it was extremely busy proliferating into boundless civilizations of miraculous newness; every unfurling instant that the Universe ticked,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the seductively emollient meadow; blissfully replied; that it was extremely busy blossoming into a heaven of
ubiquitously panoramic dewdrops,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the incessantly chattering bumble bee; vivaciously replied; that it was extremely busy in profusely inundating each recess of its hive; with spectacularly priceless honey,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the blazingly Omnipresent Sun; blisteringly replied; that it was extremely busy in permeating the rays of unassailable optimism; to even the most remorsefully obfuscated arena of this everlasting earth,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the jubilantly enamoring waterfall; effulgently replied; that it was extremely busy in serenading the frazzled nerves of countless; with the perpetually liberating cascade of its kingly water,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the victoriously unceasing sky; aristocratically replied; that it was extremely busy harnessing and protecting every element of symbiotic goodwill; upon this handsomely emphatic Universe,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the iridescently shimmering Moon; beamingly replied; that it was extremely busy in metamorphosing every ounce of the sordidly crucifying night; into a sea of triumphantly unscathed and enchanting milk,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the ecstatically eclectic desert; aridly replied; that it was extremely busy in timelessly evolving into the most gorgeously unstoppable whirlpools of magically silken dust,

When humbly interrogated as to what were they doing; the insuperably charming mountains; undauntedly replied; that they were extremely busy in generating waves of invincible compassion to perennially envelop every shivering organism alive; in their wholeheartedly friendly belly,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the amazingly dexterous rainbow; magnetically replied; that it was extremely busy in igniting that indispensably missing spark of life; even in the most unsurpassably sweltering of daylight,

When humbly interrogated as to what was it doing; the incredulously multiplying atmosphere; intrepidly replied; that it was extremely busy in becoming that inevitably quintessential puff of breath; that an infinite million organisms so desperately needed to exist; every unveiling instant of destined life,

When humbly interrogated as to what were they doing; the blessedly rejuvenating stars; unanimously replied; that they were extremely busy in perpetuating even the

most invisible bit of nocturnal blackness; with undying figments of sacred hope,

And when humbly interrogated as to what was I doing; I instantaneously and without the slightest of thought; ruminating; or further investigation replied to whosoever who ever dared to ask me; that I was simply living.

Nikhil Parekh

Long Iron

Infinite stretch of white metal,
Running parallel through unlimited access of territory,
Laid on mounds of defined camber,
Spaced at varying distances,
Connected by planks of resistant timber,
Criscrossing flexibly through a maze of routes,
Firmly stuck by tight screw; nut and bolt,
Welded to designer perfection,
In a kingdom of pointed stones,
And shady domains of tree foliage,
Bearing loads of flesh and cargo,
Along with metallic skeletons of speedy trains,
Excreting clouds of smoke as they pass,
Produced in coal chambers of captain room,
The train chugs blatantly,
With horns blaring in obstreperous unison,
Through steep slopes; cloistered tunnels,
Icy cliffs; steel bridges,
A jungle of stations; distant towns,
Embracing sticks of long iron rail,
On a compatible basis; for centuries of blissful travel.

Nikhil Parekh

Long Live Godly Life

Every innocuous step that you have marvelously bequeathed upon my dwindling stride; was unsurpassably more than infinite gardens of spuriously scintillating and penalizing currency,

Every instant of jubilation that you have royally bequeathed upon my miserably fading visage; was overwhelmingly more than infinite treasuries of bombastically malevolent and devastating currency,

Every tantalizing dream that you have ingratiatingly bequeathed upon my nonchalantly wandering mind; was irrefutably more than infinite cloudbursts of viciously hurtling and truculent currency,

Every poignant blush that you have celestially bequeathed upon my pathetically abraded cheeks; was unfathomably more than infinite entrenchments of abominably prejudiced and worthless currency,

Every stream of crimson blood that you have gorgeously bequeathed upon my disastrously fatigued veins; was incomprehensibly more than infinite skies of ominously cacophonous and gory currency,

Every unflinchingly tenacious that you have unassailably bequeathed upon my shriveled muscles; was astronomically more than infinite oceans of capriciously obsolete and doomsday currency,

Every inscrutably enigmatic destiny line that you have fabulously bequeathed upon my erringly minuscule palms; was intransigently more than infinite tunnels of abhorrently stinking and imprisoning currency,

Every ingredient of robustly sparkling health that you have gloriously bequeathed upon my debilitating body; was ubiquitously more than infinite whirlpools of insipidly dithering and horrific currency,

Every benevolently philanthropic goodness that you have sacredly bequeathed upon my beleaguered soul; was unconquerably more than infinite mountains of ominously differentiating and victimizing currency,

Every impeccable artistry that you have spell bindingly bequeathed upon my diminutive aura; was unbelievably more than infinite cisterns of lividly acrimonious and insidious currency,

Every integrally gratifying talent that you have blissfully bequeathed upon my penurious countenance; was grandiloquently more than infinite farms of uncouthly massacring and raunchy currency,

Every wave of untamed euphoria that you have heavenly bequeathed upon my ludicrously orphaned senses; was gigantically more than infinite lands of brutally tyrannizing and decimating currency,

Every seductively enthralling shadow that you have fantastically bequeathed upon my capriciously fluttering demeanor; was unbelievably more than infinite caverns of traumatically lambasting and salacious currency,

Every spurt of poignant enthusiasm that you have wonderfully bequeathed upon my irascibly estranged persona; was unshakably more than infinite hurricanes of diabolically pulverizing and crippling currency,

Every enamoring melody that you have uninhibitedly bequeathed upon my indigently dying throat; was invincibly more than infinite wells of horrendously stagnating and adulterated currency,

Every globule of astoundingly golden sweat that you have aristocratically bequeathed upon my lackadaisically indolent shoulders; was colossally more than infinite dungeons of treacherously rotting and invidiously dilapidated currency,

Every iota of eternal truth that you have Omnisciently bequeathed upon my deleteriously hollow conscience; was undoubtedly more than infinite warfields of belligerently ghoulish and assassinating currency,

Every puff of stupendously harmonious breath that you have divinely bequeathed upon my languidly tiny nostrils; was irretrievably more than infinite hell's of murderously morbid and insane currency,

Every beat of impregnable love that you have Omnipotently bequeathed upon my frantically searching heart; was unprecedentedly more than infinite corpses of remorsefully forlorn and vindictive currency,

And even if I took birth for a countless more lifetimes O! Almighty Lord and unequivocally liberated all my wealth; I would still be an infinite births too short to repay you back for all sacrosanct goodness; that you have so magnanimously showered upon me,

In the end; I humbly abnegate praying; long live humanity; long live innocence;
and most importantly; long live love; and long live GODLY life.

Nikhil Parekh

Longest Poem Written By Nikhil Parekh - Only As Life

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About The Poetry Book

Longest Poem written by Parekh contains a Herculean,7389 words,46257 characters. Composed in his own inimitable style and with stupendous intensity all throughout, the poem is a royal treatise to the chapters of the English language and is the first of its kind evolved in pure poetic verse till the end, unlike many of its contemporaries. The verses within are humble salutations to the boundless chapters of life and love and are a reflection of the poet's brain, bizarrely stretched to the most unprecedented limits. Now available in the form of a book, this singular poem is one of the most outstanding example of thousands of similies encompassed under one roof and delivered to optimum effect. The poem continues to be unparalleled in its length and one of the most unflaingly distinctive of its kind in the universal english poetic fraternity.

This book aims at eventually arriving at the veritable meaning of the chapter called ' Life ' - interweaving through countless elements and analogies offered by the boundless creations of God - unfurling each instant around us.

The Poem

Every star in the wonderfully resplendent cosmos; may or may not enthrallingly shine,
And every thing on this Universe that flamboyantly shines; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a STAR.

Every flower sprouting from fathomless kilometers of land; may or may not diffuse rhapsodic fragrance,
And every thing on this Universe that is seductively fragrant; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a FLOWER.

Every cloud in the voluptuously crimson sky; may or may not pelt tantalizing droplets of golden rain,

And every thing on this Universe that is enigmatically misty; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a CLOUD.

Every tree on bountifully fertile soil; may or may not blossom into an astounding flurry of succulent fruit,
And every thing on this Universe that spawns into countless of its kind; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a TREE.

Every battlefield on vindictively belligerent mud; may or may not metamorphose into the ultimate victory of mankind,
And every thing on this Universe that massacres and indiscriminately sucks blood; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a BATTLEFIELD.

Every clock that incessantly functions for centuries immemorial; may or may not transit you into incredulously ravishing waves of untamed nostalgia,
And every thing on this Universe that monotonously ticks; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a CLOCK.

Every lion philandering rampantly through the profusely robust jungles; may or may not be a man-eater,
And every thing on this Universe; that was vociferously ferocious; could not be irrefutably termed; only as LION.

Every hive sandwiched amidst the magnificently royal foliage; may or may not be boisterously buzzing,
And every thing on this Universe; that was melodiously chattering and sweet; could not be irrefutably termed as; only a HIVE.

Every eye majestically embossed in the sockets of the charismatically alluring face; may or may not be emphatic,
And every thing on this Universe with poignantly gushing tears; could not be irrefutably termed; only as an EYE.

Every salubrious coconut suspended from the branches; may or may not harbor ingratiatingly sweet water in its belly,
And every thing on this Universe that was obdurately hard; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a COCONUT.

Every dungeon countless kilometers beneath soil; may or may not harbor an unfathomable conglomerate of snakes,
And every thing on this Universe as dark as the ghastly night; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a DUNGEON.

Every stream voluptuously cascading through the mountains; may or may not be culminating into ecstatic froth,
And every bit of water wandering freely on this Universe; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a STREAM.

Every song captivatingly floating through the surreally mesmerizing atmosphere; may or may not convey the message profoundly imbibed within,
And every voice that emanated on this Universe; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a SONG.

Every thorn surreptitiously creeping from nimble covers of soil; may or may not acrimoniously infiltrate into innocuous skin,
And every thing on this Universe that was piquantly sharp; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a THORN.

Every wind exuberantly blowing across the gorgeous valley; may or may not strike the rocks,
And every draught of euphoric air on this Universe; could not be irrefutably termed; only as WIND.

Every chili tangily extruding from immaculate layers of soil; may or may not turbulently sting the tongue,
And every thing on this Universe that was thunderously spicy; could not be irrefutably termed; only as CHILI.

Every spider fabulously slithering through its sticky web; may or may not inhabit the same for a fathomless lifetimes,
And every thing on this Universe that was intractably sticky and entangled; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a SPIDER.

Every hill rising splendidly above mundane soil; may or may not have its summit kissing the absolute zenith of the rosy clouds,
And every thing on this Universe that was the top most storied; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a HILL.

Every egg left completely solitary by itself; may or may not hatch into an immaculately divine fledgling,
And every thing on this Universe that was oval and pearly white; could not be irrefutably termed; only as an EGG.

Every milestone enthusiastically stretching beyond realms of imagination; may or

may not evoke inscrutable pleasure,
And every thing on this Universe that was delightfully delirious; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a MILESTONE.

Every mark ardently embossed since birth on the body; may or may not prove to
be astonishingly auspicious,
And every thing on this Universe that was holy and holistic; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a MARK.

Every peacock dancing under zealously thundering rain; may or may not make
you entirely oblivious to all other activities on earth,
And every thing on this Universe that was iridescently feathered; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a PEACOCK.

Every shadow shimmering uncontrollably like a new born prince; may or may not
cast a spell upon your drearily sagging countenance,
And every thing on this Universe that was tranquilly enchanting; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a SHADOW.

Every wine bubbling furtively in marvelously crystal glass; may or may not
intoxicate you beyond sagacious control; as you guzzled it down with wild frenzy,

And every thing on this Universe that was viciously inebriating; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as WINE.

Every snake charismatically slithering through the jungles; may or may not
incarcerate you in an enclosure of unending mysticism,
And every thing on this Universe that was ominously hissing; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a SNAKE.

Every nail agglutinated to the gigantic wall; may or may not disdainfully rust as
time unfurls,
And every thing on this Universe that was piquantly pointed; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a NAIL.

Every slave heinously lambasted by its dictatorial master; may or may not yield
wholesomely to his commands,
And every thing on this Universe that was painstakingly persevering under the
Sun; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a SLAVE.

Every joke ridiculously bizarre and funny; may or may not invoke pools of
unlimited laughter,

And every thing on this Universe that made you smile; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a JOKE.

Every destiny enigmatically encompassed within the palms; may or may not lead to the unequivocal gates of prosperity,
And every thing on this Universe that vacillatingly truant; could not be irrefutably termed; only as DESTINY.

Every hair that was unsurpassably old; may or may not be grizzly white in color,
And everything on this Universe that was insipidly tender follicle; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a HAIR.

Every precariously poised knife; may or may not barbarically deprive a person of vibrant life,
And everything on this Universe that was menacingly gleaming; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a KNIFE.

Every blade of alluringly enchanting grass; may or may not buckle capriciously under the violently overwhelming storm,
And everything on this Universe that was spawning bountifully from soil; could not be irrefutably termed; only as GRASS.

Every garland blooming into a festoon of unparalleled chivalry; may or may not impart fathomless grandiloquence,
And every thing on this Universe that was profusely decorated; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a GARLAND.

Every crocodile hideously writhing in the marshes; may or may not pulverize its prey eloping rapidly through the dense bushes,
And every thing on this Universe that was rustically serrated skinned; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a CROCODILE.

Every telephone celestially ringing; may or may not bring to you the message you forever desired,
And every thing on this Universe that was vibrantly humming; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a TELEPHONE.

Every toy frolicking gregariously in the playful showroom; may or may not transit you back to realms of innocuous childhood,
And every thing on this Universe that was innocently bouncing; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a CHILD.

Every bell gloriously ringing in the holy temple; may or may not bequeath upon you the entire richness of this globe,
And every thing on this Universe that rapped with an enchanting sound; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a BELL.

Every roof compactly stitched with brazen straw and rubicund brick; may or may not sequester you perpetually from the satanically speeding storm,
And every thing on this Universe that imparted transient shelter; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a ROOF.

Every dewdrop emphatically radiating as the first rays of dawn kissed blue sky; may or may not be pacify the scorching trauma in your throat,
And every thing on this Universe that was fabulously slippery; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a DEW DROP.

Every rope fantastically knotted into boundless folds; may or may not catapult you to the ultimate summits of your life,
And every thing on this Universe that was tenaciously curled; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a ROPE.

Every pilot exuberantly whistling past the scenery; may or may not crash against the sinister façade of acrid rocks,
And every thing on this Universe that was flying like a rocket; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a PILOT.

Every crab cunningly crawling on the placidly nestling shores; may or may inject its vindictive sting into immaculate flesh,
And every thing on this Universe that was surreptitiously sauntering; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a CRAB.

Every rivulet of crimson blood circulating through countless humans; may or may not be philanthropic,
And every thing on this Universe that was ardently red; could not be irrefutably termed; only as BLOOD.

Every embellished king seated on the scintillating throne; may or may not be a dispenser of celestial justice,
And every thing on this Universe which was unequivocally princely; could not be irrefutably termed; only as KING.

Every earthquake devastating to the most horrifically abominable core; may or may not swipe civilizations in its uncouthly treacherous swirl,

And every thing on this Universe which was resonating cataclysmically; could not be irrefutably termed; only as an EARTHQUAKE.

Every ocean ebulliently undulating under milky beams of moonlight; may or may not drown ships in its savage bottom,
And every thing on this Universe that was mischievously salty; could not be irrefutably termed; only as OCEAN.

Every opulently inspiring piano when delectably strung; may or may not strike an intimate chord with hearts obliviously strewn around,
And every thing on this Universe that rhythmically rose and fell in a titillating cadence; could not be irrefutably termed; only as PIANO.

Every ingenious idea blossoming in the brain; may or may not lead to the pinnacle of astronomically irrevocable success,
And every thing on this Universe that intransigently dreamt; could not be irrefutably termed; only as an IDEA.

Every philanthropist incorporating the mission to save humanity in his soul; may or may not reach the most despicably shivering quarters of this colossal planet,
And every thing on this Universe that was supremely chivalrous; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a PHILANTHROPIST.

Every story deluged with overwhelming romance and enigma; may or may not evoke the intrinsic catharsis of the persona,
And every thing on this Universe that was an incredulous adventure; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a STORY.

Every wink flirtatiously executed; may or may not lead lovers to the bridge of clandestine absconding,
And every thing on this Universe which was even the slightest closure of the eye; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a WINK.

Every woman vividly enamoring; may or may not trigger inferno's of raw desire through lackadaisical ingredients of insipid blood,
And every thing on this Universe that was unbelievably beautiful; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a WOMAN.

Every castle embedded with exotically evoking royalty; may or may not give you the ultimate gratification of your diminutive life,
And every thing on this Universe that was aristocratically splendid; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a CASTLE.

Every chunk of wood floating nonchalantly through water; may or may not decay towards corridors of obsolete extinction,
And every thing on this Universe that was opprobriously rotting; could not be irrefutably termed; only as WOOD.

Every cow reigning supremely in an entrenchment of divinity; may or may not alleviate the lives of neglected urchins,
And every thing on this Universe that was gloriously shining milk; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a COW.

Every prejudice stinkingly pulverizing its enemies to infinitesimal ash; may or may not swipe civilization from its very roots,
And every thing on this Universe that was turbulently angry; could not be irrefutably termed; only as PREJUDICE.

Every dog satanically galloping through the insidiously empty streets; may or may not find its robustly juicy bone,
And every thing on this Universe that was diabolically barking; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a DOG.

Every terrorist pledging to finish blissful human race like a horde of inconsequential flies; may or may not manifest his cowardly mission into a veritable truth,
And every thing on this Universe that was abhorrent malice; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a TERRORIST.

Every whisper magnetically caressing the placid winds; may or may not weave a tale of sensuously inexplicable compassion,
And every thing on this Universe that was gently diffusing; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a WHISPER.

Every insect irascibly hovering around celestial beings; may or may not accomplish its task of fomenting irritation,
And every thing on this Universe that pertinently pinches you; could not be irrefutably termed; only as an INSECT.

Every game evoking rhapsodic sensations of unprecedented exhilaration; may or may not linger in memory for eternal times,
And every thing on this Universe that was joyously interacting; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a GAME.

Every cat fretting in frustrating starvation; may or may not get a chance to smack its spout with heavenly milk,
And every thing on this Universe that was cleverly awaiting its chance; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a CAT.

Every beggar wailing on the tyrannical streets; may or may not appease his gluttony to the epitome of his appeasing contentment,
And every thing on this Universe that was spreading its palms; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a BEGGAR.

Every kite soaring handsomely in fathomless bits of sky; may or may not escalate above the euphoric clouds,
And every thing on this Universe that was ecstatically flying; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a KITE.

Every bird flapping ravishingly through the boundless skies; may or may not be a harbinger of unparalleled peace and divinely brotherhood,
And every thing on this Universe that was wholeheartedly free; could not be irrefutably termed; only as BIRD.

Every robot fantastically evolved for meticulous perfection; may or may not someday; substitute its counterparts of the human kind,
And every thing on this Universe that was mechanically monotonous; could not be irrefutably termed; only as ROBOT.

Every color vivaciously trespassing dazzling space; may or may not seduce you into a cavern of everlasting yearning,
And every thing on this Universe that was vividly contrasting; could not be irrefutably termed; only as COLOR.

Every Herculean muscle enveloping tenacious shoulders; may or may not surge forward to uplift despondently bereaved humanity,
And every thing on this Universe that was formidably strong; could not be irrefutably termed; only as MUSCLE.

Every parrot squawking animatedly in its cage; may or may not replicate its master word for word; alike,
And every thing on this Universe that was relentlessly chattering; could not be irrefutably termed; only as PARROT.

Every mother compassionately hugging her child all throughout the day; may or may not be able to instill in him the benign ideals of existence,

And every thing on this Universe that was protecting you from disaster; could not be irrefutably termed; only as MOTHER.

Every gigantically inflated balloon lingering in air; may or may not burst; when vigorously pecked by the woodpeckers,
And every thing on this Universe that fulminated with a prolific bang; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a BALLOON.

Every cloth marvelously woven of exquisite Persian wool; may or may not sequester you from the hideously blowing winds of torrential winter,
And every thing on this Universe which was worn all night and day; could not be irrefutably termed; only as CLOTH.

Every gladiator adorned patriotically; may or may not snatch triumph for his sacrosanct motherland,
And every thing on this Universe that was blazingly brave; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a GLADIATOR.

Every picture woven with thrill and melodramatic excitement; may or may not penetrate emphatically through common masses,
And every thing on this Universe that was stupendously entertaining; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a PICTURE.

Every pen inundated with gallons of overwhelmingly volatile ink; may or may not spin countless lines of fascinatingly sparkling calligraphy,
And every thing on this Universe that was spotlessly written; could not be irrefutably termed; only as PEN.

Every fortress invincibly impregnated with a festoon of scarlet bricks; may or may not defend the most mightiest of attacks,
And every thing on this Universe that was towering in unbelievable charisma; could not be irrefutably termed; only as FORTRESS.

Every spring magnificently coiled into intricately glistening folds; may or may not bounce back beyond the realms of infinite infinity,
And every thing on this Universe that was insurmountably spongy; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a SPRING.

Every mirror embedded in oligarchic chicory rosewood; may or may not candidly reflect; the inner most voice entrapped intensely in the soul,
And every thing on this Universe that explicitly divulges; could not be irrefutably termed; as only a MIRROR.

Every line drawn exotically on seductively simmering soil; may or may not reach its ultimate goal,
And every thing that was pragmatically straight; could not be irrefutably termed;
as only a LINE.

Every amicable lip blending uninhibitedly with all benevolent alike; may or may not blossom into an astoundingly tantalizing smile,
And every thing on this Universe that was chortling into wildly desirous guffaws;
could not be irrefutably termed; only as a LIP.

Every desert sizzling ruthlessly under the invidiously flaming Sun; may or may not witness the most inconspicuous trace of green in its entire life,
And every thing on this Universe which was just specks of dust; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a DESERT.

Every loudspeaker blaring ferociously through the atmosphere; may or may not spread its voice to the most remotest corner of this Universe,
And every thing on this Universe that was vociferously squealing; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a LOUDSPEAKER.

Every swimming pool shimmering under pearly moonlight; may or may not entice boisterously bubbling youth in its serenely glistening lap,
And every thing on this Universe that was tepidly blue water; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a SWIMMING POOL.

Every skin glowing in perennial flavor of robust health; may or may not wrinkle profusely with inevitably advancing age,
And every thing on this Universe that was blushing complexion; could not be irrefutably termed; only as SKIN.

Every curtain majestically sprawled across the window; may or may not sequester the mansion from each ray of incorrigibly filtering sunlight,
And every thing on this Universe that was lanky bedspread of cotton wool; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a CURTAIN.

Every trophy irrevocably radiating in the sparkle of fascinating success; may or may not highlight the epitome of unparalleled success,
And every thing on this Universe that was beautiful triumph; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a TROPHY.

Every afternoon blazing in scorchingly tenacious light; may or may not make you

abhorrently perspire,
And every thing on this Universe that was swelteringly hot; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as AFTERNOON.

Every blink playfully swiping the territory of the dry eye; may or may not grant it
with the blanket of poignant moisture it badly desired,
And every thing on this Universe that was flickering violently; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a BLINK.

Every fossil mysteriously engraved in the chain of century old rocks; may or may
not reveal the explicit portrait of its possessor,
And every thing on this Universe that was overwhelmingly scribbled glass; could
not be irrefutably termed; only as a FOSSIL.

Every splurge relentlessly lavishing in glorious ostentation; may or may not end
in getting you all the virtues of life that you desired,
And every thing on this Universe that was overtly spendthrift; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as SPLURGE.

Every cross stringently inscribed on the walls; may or may not succeed in
delivering in its message of restricting insidious activity,
And every thing on this Universe that was strictly inclement; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a CROSS.

Every holiday enchantingly basking in the glory of opulent paradise; may or may
not rejuvenate your traumatically brutalized senses,
And every thing on this Universe that was even a trifle free; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a HOLIDAY.

Every headache pertinently pulsating in every cranny of the mind; may or may
not devastate you entirely to collapse pathetically on cold ground,
And every thing on this Universe that was irritatingly paining; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as HEADACHE.

Every stomach ravenously thundering in pangs of uncontrollable hunger; may or
may not consume the unfathomably colossal mountain of food,
And every thing on this Universe that was provokingly hungry; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a STOMACH.

Every country unbelievably sprawling; may or may not harbor the vivaciously
salty sea shores,
And every thing on this Universe that was a prolific gathering of individuals;

could not be irrefutably termed; only as a COUNTRY.

Every mushroom dingily leaping up from dilapidated soil; may or may not savor
a place in the menu cards of each grandiloquently flourishing restaurant,
And every thing on this Universe that was button shaped and fleshy; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a MUSHROOM.

Every thought enigmatically wandering through realms of the discovering mind;
may or may not culminate into a celestially blooming fantasy,
And every thing on this Universe that was intriguingly baffling; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a THOUGHT.

Every helmet adorned courageously on the head; may or may not succeed in
protecting the skull; as the mountains crashed down viciously upon it,
And every thing on this Universe that was shielded the scalp; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a HELMET.

Every tear that emphatically descended down from the eye; may or may not
reflect an island of shivering sadness,
And every thing on this Universe that was effusively tangy; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a TEAR.

Every rabbit philandering through the verdant meadows; may or may not escape
from the diabolical alligators in the slushy marshes,
And every thing on this Universe that was inimitably docile; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a RABBIT.

Every minute that mechanically sped past the body of the clock; may or may not
portray the rapidly unfurling essence of time,
And every thing on this Universe that was spectacularly time; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a MINUTE.

Every word compassionately embossed in the gigantic dictionary; may or may
not trigger chords of ever augmenting empathy,
And every thing on this Universe that was scribbled by a pen; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a WORD.

Every boxer prancing perilously in the ring; may or may not inflict a total
knockout of his unsuspecting opponent,
And every thing on this Universe that was puffed glove; could not be irrefutably
termed; only as a BOXER.

Every folly committed unwittingly by a human; may or may not lead to severely crippling disaster,
And every thing on this Universe that was incongruously muddled; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a FOLLY.

Every finger ejecting in marvelous unison from the hands; may or may not be able to grip the indispensable threads of existence,
And every thing on this Universe that was an amalgamation of lanky bones; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a FINGER.

Every team bonded in the spirit of unbelievable harmony; may or may not kiss the crescendo of victory as it unflinchingly progressed,
And every thing on this Universe that was united together; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a TEAM.

Every pencil extravagantly lead tipped; may or may not sketch each intricately fabulous contour of the scarlet landscape,
And every thing on this Universe that was with a tip; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a PENCIL.

Every slang spoken in passionately Oriental fashion; may or may not perpetuate thunderbolts of inevitable attraction,
And every thing on this Universe that was supremely stylish; could not be irrefutably termed; only as SLANG.

Every night dissipating a spell of unmatched desire; may or may not incinerate seductive currents down your spine,
And every thing on this Universe that was enthrallingly dark; could not be irrefutably termed; only as NIGHT.

Every spectacle embedded with meticulously perfect glass; may or may not bestow upon you the crystalline vision of your overpowering choice,
And every thing on this Universe that was transparently scintillating; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a SPECTACLE.

Every dragon cataclysmically trespassing through the forest; may or may not succeed in charring the entire wilderness; into bedraggled fragments of chowder,

And every thing on this Universe that was breathing fire from its mouth; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a DRAGON.

Every mouth lavishly set amidst the captivating contours of the face; may or may

not utter the tunes of ultimate reality,
And every thing on this Universe that was foolishly chattering; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a MOUTH.

Every Sun beam wonderfully sizzling upon mud; may or may not fumigate its
deathly decay; with the austere ardor in its flaming demeanor,
And every thing on this Universe that was golden rays; could not be irrefutably
termed; only as a SUN.

Every noodle dangling pleasantly from the ceiling; may or may not be able to
incarcerate profuse aliens; in its gregarious swishes,
And every thing on this Universe that was voluptuously pudgy; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a NOODLE.

Every festival religiously followed by countless on the planet; may or may not
bond all those murderously sucking blood; in bonds of eternal love,
And every thing on this Universe that was holistically ritualistic; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a FESTIVAL.

Every cactus lingering pompously in the royally shimmering deserts; may or may
not penetrate its hostile nettles into innocent beings caressing it,
And every thing on this Universe that was growing from sand; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a CACTUS.

Every key articulately molded into an intriguing shape; may or may not pilfer
through the code of the dogged lock,
And every thing on this Universe that was intricately slender; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a LOCK.

Every paper when fanatically crushed by the fist; may or may not transform its
fragile caricature into a flexible ball,
And every thing on this Universe that was printed by your side; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as PAPER.

Every worm worthlessly slithering through murderous darkness; may or may not
radiate; emphatically brilliant rays of light,
And every thing on this Universe that was diminutively curvaceous; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a WORM.

Every iceberg lecherously hood-winking under the nocturnal blanket of stars;
may or may not emerge triumphant in decimating the colossal ship,
And every thing on this Universe that was immutably solidified water; could not

be irrefutably termed; only as an ICEBERG.

Every firecracker raring to thunderously burst; may or may not bedazzle every single arena of the cosmos with flaming light,
And every thing on this Universe that was incoherently rambunctious; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a FIRECRACKER.

Every discotheque sleazily swarming with sanctimonious youngsters; may or may not ignite the night with cloudbursts of untamed desire,
And every thing on this Universe that was bombastically cheap; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a DISCOTHEQUE.

Every panther rebelliously sprinting under pearly rays of Moon; may or may not capsizes the incredulously succulent prey of its choice,
And every thing on this Universe that was flamingly bellicose; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a PANTHER.

Every missile shooting violently through innocent carpets of air; may or may not strike its desirous range of fixed targets,
And every thing on this Universe that was ricocheting like a lunatic boomerang; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a MISSILE.

Every automobile speeding like a celestial angel through the romantically panoramic landscapes; may or may not catapult you to the realms above eternally enchanting eternity,
And every thing on this Universe that was racing beyond its limits; could not be irrefutably termed; only as an AUTOMOBILE.

Every blind man trespassing across the discordantly bustling street; may or may not transcend past it without a single scratch,
And every thing on this Universe that was boundlessly dark; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a BLIND MAN.

Every butterfly fluttering gloriously in blistering Sunshine; may or may not hoist the gaudy caterpillars of its inherent choice,
And every thing on this Universe that was serenely flapping; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a BUTTERFLY.

Every damsel young and seductively charming; may or may not be able to entrap the perfect man of her choice,
And every thing on this Universe that was pristinely bubbling; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a DAMSEL.

Every wall constructed of Herculean strength steel; may or may not stagger like a pack of mosquitoes as the uncouth disaster struck,
And every thing on this Universe that was compactly solid; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a WALL.

Every spice wavering appetizingly in the atmosphere around; may or may not tingle the taste buds beyond unprecedented capacity,
And every thing on this Universe that was deliciously poignant; could not be irrefutably termed; only as SPICE.

Every guarantee spoken intractably; may or may not manifest itself into a perennially secure reality,
And every thing on this Universe that was an everlasting promise; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a PROMISE.

Every banana skin teasingly huddled on the floor; may or may not engender you to dramatically slip,
And every thing on this Universe that made you trip; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a BANANA.

Every talent unbelievably lingering in a timid visage; may or may not flower into eclectically supernatural success,
And every thing on this Universe that was inherently gifted; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a TALENT.

Every zip meticulously riveted to the garment; may or may not snugly hold it in position on the flabby waist,
And every thing on this Universe that was a precise juggernaut of steely teeth; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a ZIP.

Every bubble rising euphorically in limp air; may or may not erupt into a fountain of ecstatic froth,
And every thing on this Universe that was perfectly soapy; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a BUBBLE.

Every boomerang carved melodiously out of roasted wood; may or may not hurl back towards infinity; after releasing its loop,
And every thing on this Universe speedily retreating back; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a BOOMERANG.

Every root deeply embedded in corridors of chocolate brown soil; may or may not

withstand the onslaught of the mercilessly whipping storm,
And every thing on this Universe that was coated with grizzly mud; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a ROOT.

Every screw fantastically engineered to unprecedented degrees of perfection;
may or may not be able to hold the tumbledown scaffolding,
And every thing on this Universe that was enveloped with revolving threads;
could not be irrefutably termed; only as a SCREW.

Every crayon superbly blossoming into a myriad of gorgeously garish color; may
or may not be able to sketch playfully upon the barren demeanor of boundlessly
barren canvas,
And every thing on this Universe that was invariably wax like; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a CRAYON.

Every teacher sagaciously imparting the indispensable values of life; may or may
not form a perpetual rapport with his students,
And every thing on this Universe that was distinguishably bespectacled; could not
be irrefutably termed; only as a TEACHER.

Every circus flooded with an incredulous township of acrobatics; may or may not
bring laughter to the faces of those horrifically deprived,
And every thing on this Universe that was musically entertaining; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a CIRCUS.

Every prison savagely torturing the blood stained criminal for his plethora of
misdeeds; may or may not be able to keep him for countless more of his
lifetimes,
And every thing on this Universe that was morbidly dark; could not be irrefutably
termed; only as a PRISON.

Every traveler nomadically wandering since the time he was born; may or may
not be able to tread foot on each cranny of this fathomlessly intriguing planet,
And every thing on this Universe that was walking barefoot; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a TRAVELER.

Every barber resting like a king in his gloriously plush saloon; may or may not
scrap the last bit of dirt from his clients hair,
And every thing on this Universe that was clip-clopping scissors; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a BARBER.

Every government romping to power after the manipulative elections; may or

may not succeed in wholesomely protecting the sacred solidarity of its people,
And every thing on this Universe that was the nerve center of power; could not
be irrefutably termed; only as GOVERNMENT.

Every scientist incessantly engulfed in chambers of bubbling test tubes and space
crafts; may or may not discover the gene that could assassinate devil forever,
And every thing on this Universe that was clad in apron and gloves; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a SCIENTIST.

Every train whistling royally through the wilderness of the jungles; may or may
not impart inexorable exhilaration to its passengers seated despondently inside,
And every thing on this Universe that was shrieking and on rails; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a TRAIN.

Every mask fabulously woven in different dimensions; may or may not
completely conceal the true identity of its dastardly beholder,
And every thing on this Universe that was clandestine cloistering; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a MASK.

Every arrow chiseled more lethally sharp than the knife; may or may not
puncture its obsessively focussed target,
And every thing on this Universe that was dedicatedly mission oriented; could
not be irrefutably termed; only as an ARROW.

Every article laden with eloquently vibrant imagery; may or may not reflect the
supremely volatile spirit of harmonious survival,
And every thing on this Universe that was a jugglery of rhapsodic words; could
not be irrefutably termed; only as an ARTICLE.

Every maze severely entangled in complications and enigmatic riddles; may or
may not lead wholeheartedly to a victorious outlet,
And every thing on this Universe that was profoundly criss-crossed; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a MAZE.

Every couple bonded in threads of holy matrimony; may or may not immortalize
the never dying spirit of love; for decades immemorial,
And every thing on this Universe that was intimate togetherness; could not be
irrefutably termed; only as a COUPLE.

Every pig disdainfully snoring in the aisles of lackadaisical laziness; may or may
not lavish gulping down the pile of ragged rubbish,
And every thing on this Universe that was fetidly dirty; could not be irrefutably

termed; only as a PIG.

Every crown zealously jeweled at all quarters; may or may not fit the scalp of the timidly feverish prince,
And every thing on this Universe that was stupendously majestic; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a CROWN.

Every scar pruriently creeping up on innocent skin; may or may not reveal the invidiously hostile disaster that had devilishly engendered it,
And every thing on this Universe that was distortedly ugly; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a SCAR.

Every adage perennially existing since this earth was created; may or may not change the tottering complexion of every impoverished life,
And every thing on this Universe that was an impactful philosophy; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a PHILOSOPHY.

Every garage splendidly harboring a battalion of trendy cars; may or may not incorporate stealthy cobwebs in its Aztec interiors,
And every thing on this Universe that was collapsible shutters; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a GARAGE.

Every battery prolifically charged all throughout the night; may or may not diffuse into light which killed even the most tiniest iota of disgusting darkness,
And every thing on this Universe that was animatedly charged up; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a BATTERY.

Every fork bifurcated into countless blades; may or may not be able to hoist the crooked piece of sturgeon; sizzling tantalizingly in the chicory plate,
And every thing on this Universe that was bent needles; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a FORK.

Every bull doggedly adorned in robes of satanic red; may or may not succeed in uncouthly goring its unsuspecting opponent,
And every thing on this Universe that was intransigently stubborn; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a BULL.

Every coin iridescently clattering in the insatiable aura of its opulence; may or may not bring astonishingly good luck to its cherished beholder,
And every thing on this Universe that was marvellously glimmering; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a COIN.

Every geyser mechanically controlled with an unbelievable flurry of contemporary contraptions; may or may not generate water warm enough to withstand the chilling cold,
And every thing on this Universe that was compassionately warm; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a GEYSER.

Every drink glowing a fiery crimson; may or may not inebriate its consumer beyond the realms of pragmatic control,
And every thing on this Universe that was ardently beautiful elixir; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a DRINK.

Every cheek radiantly basking in robustly spell binding health; may or may not blush to a profuse crimson; when thoroughly embarrassed,
And every thing on this Universe that was emphatically changing color; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a CHEEK.

Every ear dangling in razor sharp precision from the head; may or may not be able to catch the most inconspicuously minuscule sound loitering around,
And every thing on this Universe that was somberly flapping; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a EAR.

Every hero galloping in incredible cynosure and popularity; may or may not rap the chord of humanity in impoverished hearts alike,
And every thing on this Universe that was resplendently starry; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a STAR.

Every string resiliently suspended in open space; may or may not balance the weight of the monster trying nonchalantly to tread on its slim periphery,
And every thing on this Universe that was wearily extruding from lackadaisical rags of barbarically ripped garment; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a STRING.

Every organism evolved by Omnisciently Almighty lord; may or may not become a harbinger of humanity in the tenure of its life,
And every thing on this Universe that the eye witnessed; could not be irrefutably termed; only as an ORGANISM.

Every moustache sprouting into a splendidly masculine bush; may or may not be able to captivate the heart of the seductively wandering lady,
And every thing on this Universe that was a coalition of hair; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a MOUSTACHE.

Every personality having a distinctive aura of its own; may or may not achieve the wings of heaven; after it emancipated breath and died,
And every thing on this Universe that was charismatically graceful; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a PERSONALITY.

Every denim jaded stupendously to a stonewash finish; may or may not appease the dynamically plodding youth,
And every thing on this Universe that was substantially faded; could not be irrefutably termed; only as DENIM.

Every scale astutely incorporating all nuances of measurement; may or may not be able to measure the absolute pinnacles of the sky,
And every thing on this Universe that was fervently calibrated; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a SCALE.

Every obsession fanatically inhabiting each ingredient of the blood; may or may not thrive amidst the hostile pack of wolves,
And every thing on this Universe that was insanely lunatic; could not be irrefutably termed; only as an OBSESSION.

Every smell nostalgically hovering in free space; may or may not incinerate adorably fond memories of existence,
And every thing on this Universe that inadvertently reached the nostrils; could not be irrefutably termed; only as SMELL.

Every longing as ardent as the roar of a lion; may or may not imprison the organism of its choice,
And every thing on this Universe that you immortally dreamt of; could not be irrefutably termed; only as LONGING.

Every treasury unimaginably glittering beyond infinite infinity; may or may not be able to purchase the happiness it so desired in life,
And every thing on this Universe that was scintillatingly gorgeous luxury; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a TREASURY.

Every cockroach loitering aimlessly around the lavatory seat; may or may not choose to frighten innocent beings,
And every thing on this Universe that was pathetically filthy; could not irrefutably be termed; only as a COCKROACH.

Every aircraft possessing an Oligarchic pair of wings; may or may not transport its passengers safely; in face of torrentially death storms,

And every thing on this Universe that was frenziedly flying; could not be irrefutably termed; only as an AIRCRAFT.

Every athlete fervently dashing towards the finishing line; may or may not wholeheartedly embrace the finishing line,
And every thing on this Universe that was unflinchingly running; could not be irrefutably termed; only as an ATHLETE.

Every season Omnisciently descending upon harmonious civilization; may or may not heal the wounds of uncouthly tyrannizing destiny,
And every thing on this Universe that most synergistically metamorphosed its complexion; could not irrefutably be termed; only as SEASON.

Every prodigy catapulting to the summit of unconquerable success; may or may not be a benevolent human being,
And every thing on this Universe that was astoundingly proliferating; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a PRODIGY.

Every novel propelled with an armory of fascinating tales; may or may not hold the attention of its reader till the very last page,
And every thing on this Universe that was vibrantly worded; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a NOVEL.

Every angel that descended from the Omnipotent heavens; may or may not grant you; your unrelenting repertoire of boundless wishes,
And every thing on this Universe with silken grace and charm; could not be irrefutably termed; only as an ANGEL.

Every heart that throbbed an infinite times in passionate chests all across the planet; may or may not find the most supreme love of its life,
And every thing on this Universe that fervently beats; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a HEART.

Every soul that wanders frantically across the inexplicably mysterious realms of this gigantic planet; may or may not find the peace which it ardently desired,
And every thing on this Universe that is holistically immortal; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a SOUL.

Every corpse morbidly rotting towards extinction; may or may not contain the impoverished caricature of those dead,
And every thing on this Universe which impoverishedly clatters; could not be irrefutably termed; only as a CORPSE.

Every conscience which formed the nerve center of a persons existence; may or may not be perpetually righteous,
And every thing on this Universe that is honest and the inner most; could not be irrefutably termed; only as CONSCIENCE.

Every life that transgresses through sweltering cocoons of shimmering sand; may or may not be blissfully happy,
And every thing on this Universe that is blooming with unprecedented joy; could not be irrefutably termed; only as LIFE.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Looking For Lifepartners

Some wanted her to be extravagantly rich; disposing wealth wholeheartedly with both hands; adorning the most stupendously grandiloquent jewels on her countenance,

Some wanted her to be sanctimoniously beautiful; overshadowing every other entity on this Universe; with her blushing vanity and flamingo pink,

Some wanted her to be more melodious than the nightingale; pacifying their monotonous juggernaut of ghastly apprehensions; blissfully all night and day,

Some wanted her to march forward with the times; transgressing against the most Herculean in power; with insatiable ambition lingering in her eyes,

Some wanted her to be a nimble bodied squirrel; confining and sequestering herself; in the realms of profuse tradition; far away from the lecherous eyes of the chauvinistic society,

Some wanted her to be a tool to procreate their generations; be indispensably instrumental in evolving a living replica of their own kind,

Some wanted her to cook ravishingly appetizing meals incessantly round the clock; appease their diabolical gluttony to the most unprecedented limits,

Some wanted her to keep their abodes immaculately clean; affording them a world of ostentatious serene and spotless calm,

Some wanted her to indefatigably their inferno of lustful desire; give them the everlasting happiness of their lives,

Some wanted her to be gorgeously tall; tantalizing them into a tornado of fantasy; which transcended each crescendo over the fathomless sky,

Some wanted her to be catty eyed; deluging their impoverished existence with mountains of charismatic mysticism and enigmatic charm,

Some wanted her to be utterly dumb; an object of irrefutable timidity; upon which they lambasted upon their ocean of devilishly dictatorial commands,

Some wanted her to be incredulously influential; tirelessly blending with

pompously inflated party culture; winning the most formidable in the world with her; spuriously scented slang,

Some wanted her to be an invincible fortress; behind whom they could hide and save their skins; in the most torrentially treacherous of attacks,

Some wanted her to be an uninhibited comedian; infiltrating vividly through their despairing agony; with her unending repertoire of spell binding jokes and humor,

Some wanted her to be immensely educated; virtually acquiring all the degrees in the world; to support them and their insurmountably augmenting commandment of gargantuan family,

Some wanted her to be an inborn artist; majestically sketching their ludicrous visages; portraying their manipulative smile at its best to the outside world,

Some wanted her to be profoundly rustic; transiting them back into their timeless rudiments; passionately inhaling their impressions of their ancient kind,

Some wanted her to be overtly focussed; inspiring them every unleashing second in life; uplifting their bulky bodies from the ground; everytime they felt disastrously exhausted to walk,

Some wanted her to be a versatile Doctor; curing them of their inexplicable grave of dwindling disease; applying the balm of her medicine and love on their commercial wounds,

Some wanted her to be a mesmerizing psychic; forecasting their glorious destinies accurately at each step; alleviating them from the stinking pile of rubble and inconspicuous ash,

Well some wanted her like this; While some wanted her like that,

While frankly speaking; it really didn't matter to me; even if she was deaf; dumb; blind; maimed; short; thin as a bone or disdainfully fat; as long as she harbored

the ideals of philanthropic humanity in her every breath; or to simply put it as long as my life partner was simply human.

Nikhil Parekh

Looking Forward To

The night looked forward to the brilliant morning; completely engulfing its chill with flamboyant light,

The deserts looked forward to rain; a billion droplets of water to quench their insatiable thirst,

The freezing slopes of the snow laden Antarctica; looked forward to a flurry of playful penguins; wandering around pompously with their protuberant necks poking out,

The dying plumes of black smoke; looked forward to fresh heat; incinerating their pathetic persona once again; into crackling flames of golden fire,

The blood shot and morbid eyes of the convict; looked forward to loads of compassionate empathy and moisture,

The solitary patches of the winding and century old road; looked forward to boisterous traffic; scores of innocuous children inundating its gloomy ambience with lots of cheer and spice,

The slaves toiling unrelentingly all night and day; looked forward to some time occupying the seat of their master; thereby metamorphosing all their imprisoned dreams into reality,

The goats philandering amidst appalling piles of rotten garbage; looked forward to sprawling meadows of fresh grassland; blissfully munching corn and succulent vegetable,

The gang of eunuchs begging in their discordant voices on the streets; looked forward to another birth in which they were born as perfect humans; were able to exist harmoniously and procreated their progeny,

The brave soldier sleeping dormant in his bunker; looked forward to a blood curling war; fighting with all his might to protect his country,

The completely dried river bed; looked forward to tumultuous spells of rain to overwhelm its surface; yet again with scores of twinkling fish and water,

The brutally chopped tongue; looked forward to growing again; loudly speaking all the words it had perceived in its times of distress; in a single stroke of time,

The wholesomely barren streets of lanky canvas; looked forward to being embedded with rustic color; an ensemble of vivacious lines rendering it with a profoundly dynamic appearance,

The pair of scarlet crested parrots incarcerated in their metallic cage; looked forward to soaring high and handsome in the sky; relishing and enjoying a life of freedom like most of their counterparts were doing at the time,

The famished alligator nestling on the banks of the river; looked forward to the tantalizing scent of humans; crunching them into fine grains of mincemeat with its knife like jaws,

The boundless fragments of cloth lying buried under the debris; looked forward to being united as one garment of the flag; flutter in magnificent pride and glory while portraying the spirit of their nation,

The writer involved in mundane jobs of this world in order to survive; looked forward to gallivanting through the enchanting camouflage of the valley; keep writing incessantly as each day took stranglehold of the night,

The receptionist sitting idle in the ghost town; looked forward to the melodious ringing of the telephone; greeting the person on the opposite side with a crisp 'hello',

The grizzly haired lizard traversing through the lining of the concrete wall; wistfully looked forward to sleeping in the jungle; with innumerable insects hovering seductively around its nose,

And my heart captured mercilessly in my chest; eagerly looked forward to breaking free every second from the norms and whims of this unceremonious society; basking in the heaven of burning romance; loving and embracing every moment the person it adored; the entity in the first place that it throbbed violently; several times a minute for.

Nikhil Parekh

Losing My Virginity

The rhapsodically untainted leaves; lost their virginity to the tantalizingly draughts of the unstoppably ecstatic and beautifully silken breeze,

The indomitably ferocious Sun; lost its virginity to the evanescent beams of the spell bindingly eclectic and enchantingly blessed dawn,

The triumphantly fertile earth; lost its virginity to the plodding of the vibrantly obstreperous and intrusively adulterated footsteps,

The unassailably glorious mountain peak; lost its virginity to the sensuous wisps of the bountifully bestowing and celestially surreal clouds,

The stupendously undulating sea; lost its virginity to the shimmering sands of the poignantly titillating and handsomely maverick shores,

The magnanimously stupefying night; lost its virginity to the jubilant streaks of the sensuously untamed and inimitably unconquerable white lightening,

The melodiously gurgling throat; lost its virginity to the poignant streams of the irrefutably transparent and seductively slippery spit,

The astoundingly intricate veins; lost their virginity to the life-yielding rivulets of the ubiquitously crimson and blessedly sacrosanct blood,

The royally sculptured palms; lost their virginity to the inexplicable lines of enigmatically eclectic and inevitably mystical destiny lines,

The profoundly fantastic hill-slopes; lost their virginity to the exultating cascade of the blissfully ameliorating and victoriously frosty waterfall,

The altruistically barren paper; lost its virginity to the coherent embellishment of the enthusiastically fulminating and literately majestic sapphire ink,

The unbelievably rubicund lips; lost their virginity to the raging inferno of unstoppably fiery and fervently royal kisses,

The amazingly silver web; lost its virginity to the surreptitiously tingling impression of the unprecedentedly fast and multifariously talented spider,

The exuberantly blossoming rose; lost its virginity to the boisterous body of the rambunctiously raconteur and incessantly chattering bumble bee,

The exhilaratingly curved road; lost its virginity to the wanton cavalcade of the indefatigably buzzing and indiscriminately marauding vehicles,

The ebulliently robust cheeks; lost their virginity to the unabashed swirl of the incongruously unruly and uninhibitedly machismo beard,

The fabulously emollient grassblades; lost their virginity to the beauteous sprinkling of the eternally burgeoning and timelessly golden dewdrops,

The indispensably ardent nostrils; lost their virginity to the unrelenting festoon of the perennially blossoming and undyingly infallible breath,

The timelessly persevering armpits; lost their virginity to the righteous fountain of unflinchingly fragrant and philanthropically egalitarian sweat,

And I; lost my virginity not just for this birth; but for an infinite more births of mine yet to unfurl; to you and no other girl but you in this entire fathomlessly benign Universe; O! pricelessly immortal beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Love

There were various sounds in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the sound of the discordantly wailing eunuch,

There were various truths in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the inevitable arrival of death,

There were various places in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the island of ghastly hell,

There were various things in this world which you didn't like; one of them was starvation to unprecedented limits,

There were various heights in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the abnormally long height of the dinosaur,

There were various situations in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the arrival of devastating earthquake,

There were various delays in this world which you didn't like; one of them was waiting at a claustrophobic traffic signal,

There were various liquid's in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the venom oozing from tail of the scorpion,

There were various words in this world which you didn't like; one of them was a phrase that abused your mother,

There were various speeds in this world which you didn't like; one of them was that of sinking sand,

There were various holes in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the burrow which lead to the red ants,

There were various clouds in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the blackest of them all; engulfing blissful territories of this earth with overwhelming flood water,

There were various colors in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the appalling color of cold blood,

There were various birds in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the savagely croaking vulture,

There were various dreams in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the perception of a loudly laughing devil,

There were various waters in this world which you didn't like; one of them was a sea laden with a million sharks,

There were various tree's in this world which you didn't like; one of them was an ugly cactus embedded with a battalion of pugnacious thorns,

There were various animals in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the menacing alligator,

And inspite of all this there was only one thing in this world; which I am definitely sure that all of you liked; and for those of you who didn't I really pity; for the thing I am talking about was infact the very first reason that made you read all the lines in harmony till this line; O! yes what I am about to convey; is already at the top of your minds; for it is none other than love

Nikhil Parekh

Love - A Perpetual Poison

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as a valley of unendingly rhapsodic freshness,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as an enamoringly miraculous prince; of symbiotically fragrant togetherness,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as an impregnable civilization of propitious beauty and unfathomably unceasing
charisma,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as a radiantly bounteous garden of; limitlessly altruistic scent,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as a vivaciously euphoric rainbow; of unconquerable timelessness,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as an eternal fairy of divine graciousness; ardently embracing one and all;
redolently alike,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as a rapaciously untamed inferno of unparalleled sensuousness; profoundly
enlightening every cranny of your despairingly macabre life,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as a cloud of vibrantly inebriating desire; ubiquitously showering the blessings of
philanthropic mankind; till even beyond you abnegated your last breath,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as thunderbolts of unsurpassable excitement; with the untamed ecstasy to
discover lingering profusely in the whites of your impeccable eyes,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as a mist of endlessly silken yearning; fervently blending you with winds of
uncontrollably exuberant triumph,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as an insurmountably tantalizing seductress; unraveling a sky of fathomless
enchantment; on every step that you tread,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as the epitome of gloriously unfettered prosperity; and for a countless more
rhapsodically unconquerable lifetimes,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as the ultimate darling of all tribes; with the magic of effulgent harmony;
coalescing you forever and ever and ever with every holistic ingredient of the
atmosphere,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as an insuperably majestic harbinger of priceless truth and humanity; to unite
every speck of disgruntled hatred with the knots of unflinching solidarity,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as a poignantly undulating sea of exhilarating adventure; a benevolent fantasy
that unstoppably culminates into dewdrops of unrestricted sensuality,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as the most charismatically favorite molecule of Omnipotent Lord Almighty; the
most prized possession next to the sacred toe of his ever-pervading feet,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as an undefeated Sun of optimistically blazing hope; in the corridor of every
despairingly shattered and traumatic life,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as a boundless Universe of everlasting proliferation; the magically untainted
tenacity to evolve infinite more of your own synergistic kind,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as a selflessly immortal soldier; timelessly mitigating your venerated
motherland; from the clutches of salaciously incarcerating prejudice,

And Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once
again; as a breath of blessedly fantastic life; such a fearlessly invincible
existence that not even the most diminutive of devil on this entire Universe;
could ever dream to
destroy or devilishly dismantle.

Nikhil Parekh

Love & Divorce

It took an infinite brutally famished nights and days; endless emaciating moments of penance in front of the Omnipotent Lord Almighty; in order to unite two passionately interlocked and true lovers,

It took an infinite odysseys through the most venomously untamed outgrowths of wilderness; in order to unite two bountifully redolent and true lovers,

It took an infinite anecdotes of unflinchingly challenging the most unthinkably impossible; in order to unite two innocuously resplendent and true lovers,

It took an infinite moments of stony silence; at times unlimited hours of patiently peering into haplessly cloudless sky; in order to unite two ardently blessed and true lovers,

It took an infinite bleeding footsteps whilst transgressing through an unceasing pathway of fiendishly stabbing thorns; in order to unite two jubilantly intricate and true lovers,

It took an infinite droplets of bloodshed; whilst undergoing war against the truculently unforgivable devil; in order to unite two unassailably cheerful and true lovers,

It took an infinite nightmarish nights of confronting the cold-bloodedly sinister ghost face to face; in order to unite two bountifully triumphant and true lovers,

It took an infinite instances of wading through the battlefields of horrifically slandering bad luck; in order to unite two jauntily effulgent and true lovers,

It took an infinite bangs of the skull against the heartlessly conventional wall of the diabolically manipulative society; in order to unite two blissfully frolicking and true lovers,

It took an infinite bones soaked in valiantly fearless blood; whilst fighting against the perpetrators of chauvinism; in order to unite two exuberantly spell binding and true lovers,

It took an infinite gallows of inconsolably deafening misery and eventually asphyxiating death; in order to unite two compassionately silken and true lovers,

It took an infinite graveyards of invidiously maiming silence; submission and wholesome oblivion; in order to unite two fervently ecstatic and true lovers,

It took an infinite rivers of hard earned sweat; whilst trying to explain and unveil each intricate thread of righteousness to the outside world; in order to unite two symbiotically ebullient and true lovers,

It took an infinite screams of everlasting permeating through the coffins of deplorably diminishing hell; in order to unite two wondrously enchanted and true lovers,

It took an infinite ticks of the painstakingly thwarting clock; whilst waiting for the most consummately royal moment to strike; in order to unite two enchantingly gorgeous and true lovers,

It took an infinite inexplicably tormenting riddles to uninhibitedly confront and decipher; in order to unite two beautifully amiable and true lovers,

It took an infinite flagrantly slit throats; whilst bare-bodiedly opposing the mortuary of lies; in order to unite two holistically melanging and true lovers,

It took an infinite unbelievable sacrifices; which rendered even the most resilient of physical form into the most desperately sullen carcass; in order to unite two ubiquitously charismatic and true lovers,

And Yet. Paradoxically Yet. It took those same two lovers just uttering that heinous word thrice; or just putting a legal application in the court; or just walking in different directions altogether; to vindictively "Divorce" each other; to get ruthlessly separated for a lifetime; after they had so immortally and altruistically met.

Nikhil Parekh

Love After Love

There was color after color had forever finished; when you uninhibitedly winked;
under the Omnipotently steaming rays of the majestically
afternoon Sun,

There was excitement after excitement had forever finished; when you
paraded barefoot on sensuous mud; and commanded the clouds to
inexhaustibly thunder and rain,

There was empathy after empathy had forever extinguished; when the whites of
your eyes moistened in profound concern; at the tiniest cry of eternal living kind,

There was strength after strength had forever dissolved; when you unflinchingly
paraded in the most vindictively devastating of maelstrom; brilliantly
metamorphosing all ghoulishly subjugated misery into an immortal love paradise,

There was hope after hope had forever deteriorated; when you symbiotically
smiled towards the boundless heavens; royally liberating every tense pore of
your fantastically enamoring skin,

There was peace after peace had forever vanquished; when you celestially
chanted the mantra's of harmoniously proliferating existence; in blistering
day and enchanting midnight; wonderfully alike,

There was fertility after fertility had forever crumbled; when you sowed the
first seeds of timelessly synergistic existence; in every ingredient of the
atmosphere and charismatically poignant soil,

There was optimism after optimism had forever ended; when you royally stared
for just a fraction of a second; towards every conceivable dimension of haplessly
staggering planet earth,

There was humanity after humanity had forever collapsed; when you
compassionately embraced every organism; irrespective of caste; creed or
color and perpetually in your invincibly Omnipotent swirl,

There was beauty after beauty had forever vanished; when you miraculously
rejuvenated every dying leaf of mother nature; with the Omnipotently

unassailable power in your redolent palms,

There was oneness after oneness had forever died; when you unequivocally hoisted even the most despicably beleaguered orphan as well as the most wealthiest of organism; in your Godly palms; Omnisciently alike,

There was triumph after triumph had forever drowned; when you ubiquitously entwined your Omnipresently unassailable fingers; with every haplessly tormented organism's palms; on this limitless earth,
There was truth after truth had forever evaporated; when you uttered even the most faintest of whisper; from the realms of your mellifluously unfettered and tirelessly blessing throat,

There was fantasy after fantasy had forever massacred; when you perennially metamorphosed even the most tiniest trifle of gory suffering; into an entrenchment of exuberantly golden dewdrops,

There was brotherhood after brotherhood had forever desecrated; when you left the impressions of your insuperably sacred persona; upon every perceivable cranny of delinquently derelict soil,

There was passion after passion had forever shriveled; when you perpetually ignited the fires of blazingly undefeatable righteousness; in every lividly flaccid and victimizingly dilapidated corner of this limitless planet,

There was belief after belief had forever faded; when you spell-bindingly expounded upon the fantastically egalitarian principles of inevitably symbiotic life and death,

There was breath after breath had forever diminished; when you miraculously mitigated every stonily dead corpse; towards the mists of eternally jubilant paradise,

There was innovation after innovation had forever gone; when you created an infinite virile and regale earth's out of sheer vapid nothingness; even as you transited into unshakably deep sleep,

And there was love after love had forever dissipated; when you ardently looked at every organism on this boundlessly effervescent Universe; letting a singleton beat of your heart; wholeheartedly and eternally spawn into a cosmos of unbreakable friendship; beauty and philanthropic desire.

Love At First Sight

I didn't know who she was; what was her veritable name,

I had no idea how she looked; the most minuscule perception of her shadow,

I was completely oblivious to the color of her hair; the shade of mascara she applied to her eyes,

I didn't know where she lived; the slightest of insinuation regarding her religion,

I was wholesomely unaware of the cadence of her voice; the tone in which she spoke,

I miserably dithered in guessing her true age; wasn't apprised the least of the course she was studying,

I failed to conceive whether she was rich or indigent; the hierarchy that possessed her,

I never could imagine the silhouettes of her lips; the freckles prevalent in tandem on her face,

I hadn't the slightest premonition about her nature; whether she was tranquil or loved to menacingly shout,

I couldn't contemplate the people she liked; the hobbies that entrenched her life in her pastime,

I had never visualized her stature; whether she was tall or abnormally midget,

I didn't know the rings that adorned her fingers; the texture of the fabric that embellished her countenance,

I was at a profound loss of her words to describe her dreams; the things which she fantasized about the most,

I appeared imbecile when someone queried me about her looks; whether she was

ominous as the diabolical monster; or was a replica of godly white,

I hadn't the slightest idea of the food she liked; the appetizing delicacies that titillated her appetite,

I was badly befuddled; at a loss for words; when quizzed about the places she adored; the animals she liked,
I couldn't cogitate the least regarding her hair; whether it cascaded down till the floor; or she had it as short as a man,

I didn't know where she last came from; the next step she was going to tread in town,

Yet when we met; banging inadvertently against each other on the crowded street; our eyes seemed locked till infinite times; the words I Love You; just mumbled out themselves; and we were proud to proclaim that it was indeed 'LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT'.

Nikhil Parekh

Love At First Sight - Part 2

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; smelling the most tantalizingly redolent and supremely pristine of rose,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; adventuring into the most stupendously exhilarating and inscrutably pristine forests,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; tasting the most majestically sensuous and beautifully replenishing wine,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; sighting the most panoramically blissful and fathomlessly endowing treasures of this Universe,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; dancing under the most vivaciously blistering and brilliantly unfettered rays of the enamoring morning Sun,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; uttering the most pricelessly unconquerable and bountifully blessing elements of truth,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; celebrating the most sacredly ameliorating and irrefutably benevolent victory to unprecedented limits,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; wholesomely blending even the most infinitesimal pore of their miserably estranged conscience; with the winds of unparalleled righteousness,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; bathing under the most invincibly celestial and timelessly exuberant of waterfall,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; excoriating every bit of ruthlessly incorrigible and parasitically delinquent dirt from their nubile skins,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; procreating just one of their handsome kin; and thereby becoming an integrally indispensable benefactor of symbiotically godly proliferation,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; indomitably signing

with their robust palms; on the chapters of enchantingly emollient and unbelievably ecstatic life,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; transiting their fretfully beleaguered bodies into heavenly slumber; during the royally twinkling night,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; accepting the fact that they were indeed born from the womb of their Omnisciently compassionate and eternally sparkling mother,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; enshrouding every bone of their forlornly amorphous bodies; with the fabric of insuperably uniting humanity,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; listening to the most impeccably glorious and undefeatedly replenishing voices of their hearts,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; synergistically plunging into the ocean of unflinchingly pious and ever-pervadingly Omnipotent; fertility,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; inhaling inimitably natural and unconquerably rhapsodic air,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; lighting a parsimoniously singular candle; to magnificently enlighten the complexion of the cadaverously hedonistic and brutally stinging night,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; accepting the fact that they were harmoniously existent on the periphery of this boundless Universe; although they had the power to explicitly envisage the same in the first place,

But there was none on this impregnably endless earth who thought even an obfuscated once before falling in love; letting every beat of their heart immortally bond with the soul mate of their destined life; letting every beat of their heart become unshakably one with the most Omnipresent gift of creation; letting every beat of their heart become a perpetual victim of "Love at first sight".

Love Eases Life

Fantasy eases reality,
Waves ease stress,
Clouds ease monotony,
Lifeboats ease drowning,
Coconuts ease thirst,
Trust eases apprehensions,
Confidence eases debility,
Obsession eases extinction,
Belonging eases desertation,
Coordination eases manipulation,
Solutions ease aberrations,
Plantation eases afforestation,
Sacrifice eases greed,
Assimilation eases ruination,
Brotherhood eases enmity,
Sunlight eases depression,
Salt eases lacklusteriness,
Fragrance eases boredom,
Sponge eases roughness,
Herbs ease disease,
Enigmas ease pragmatism,
Embraces ease professionalism,
Smiles ease frustration,
Dance eases hypertension,
Art eases solitude,
Philanthropism eases greed,
Innovation eases staleness,
Mysticism eases hopelessness,
Rainbows ease oblivion,
Dwelling eases wandering,
Moonshine eases blackness,
Caring eases insecurity,
Deeds ease aimlessness,
Nostalgia eases routine,
Sleep eases turmoil,
Deodorant eases perspiration,
Rain eases drought,
Butterflies ease seriousness,
Nature eases pompousness,

Signals ease traffic jams,
Whistles ease fanaticism,
Rabbits ease lechery,
Friendship eases barriers,
Pickles ease tastelessness,
Laxatives ease constipation,
Faith eases failure,
Solidarity eases minority,
Communication eases infidelity,
Romancing eases dreariness,
Flirting eases sonority,
Contentment eases poverty,
Festivals ease dilapidation,
Food eases emaciation,
Belief eases trepidation,
Children ease decay,
Conscience eases misdeeds,
Breath eases extinction,
Doctors ease suffering,
Kangaroos ease sulking,
Birds ease stagnation,
Chess eases monotony,
Kisses ease infertility,
Salutes ease cowardice,
Enlightenment eases confusion,
Woolens ease cold,
Water eases toxins,
Walking eases muscles,
Clocks ease oblivion,
Willpower eases obesity,
Winking eases seniority,
Leading eases introversion,
Currency eases survival,
Enthusiasm eases dwindling,
Foresight eases decimation,
Prudence eases stumbling,
Possession eases loneliness,
Variety eases staleness,
Hymns ease atheism,
Simplicity eases prejudice,
Prayers ease devils,
Synchronization eases aimlessness,

Regularity eases fiascos,
Cleanliness eases parasites,
Acceptance eases agony,
Hypnotism eases lunatics,
Perseverance eases capriciousness,
Captions ease length,
Interludes ease jailing,
Interjections ease drags,
Counselling eases addicts,
Optimism eases remorse,
Ramifications ease morbidity,
Encounters ease isolation,
Adoption eases worthlessness,
Fun eases age-limits,
Divine eases impediments,
Mothers ease rigidity,
And love eases life.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Had Never Seemed So Immortal

Food had never seemed better than it did today; when I was profusely famished to the last core of my bedraggled intestines; frantically dithering in dungeons of bizarre starvation,

The valley had never seemed so mesmerizing than it did today; when I found every cranny of my devastatingly monotonous countenance; wholeheartedly breaking free;
from chains of tyrannical deprivation,

Sleep had never seemed so grandiloquent than it did today; when I was indefatigably exhausted to the last bone of my treacherously withering spine; and every beleaguered bone of my body; intransigently refused to go even a step further,

Poetry had never seemed so sparkling than it did today; when I uninhibitedly unveiled the disastrously manipulative arenas of my commercially stringent brain; into a fathomless world of fantasy and tantalizingly never-ending desire,

Fur had never seemed so compassionate than it did today; when I uncontrollably trembled in the desolate chill; with nothing but ungainly solitariness; camouflaging me insidiously from all sides,

Roses had never seemed so exotic than they did today; when I pathetically staggered on every step I alighted; insurmountably asphyxiated by the winds of bizarre bloodshed and satanically vicious lechery,

Tears had never seemed so heartwarming than they did today; when I witnessed my long lost mate in robustly blissful form and resplendently bouncing; after centuries immemorial,

Artistry had never seemed so exquisite than it did today; when I frolicked in the garden of voluptuous enchantment; far away and wholesomely oblivious to the parasitic vagaries; of this blood sucking planet,

The ocean had never seemed so reinvigorating than it did today; when I voraciously blended each pore of my disdainfully squalid body with the tangy waves; after
almost a decade of rotting in the viciously dilapidated gutters,

Speed had never seemed so exhilarating than it did today; when I reached the dwelling of my perniciously extinguishing kin; just flash seconds before they could bid a royal adieu; to the overwhelming mysticism of this perpetual earth,

Light had never seemed so Omnipotent than it did today; when I despondently transgressed through a tunnel of gruesome blackness; with the lids of my eyes savagely sealed by chains of dolorous prejudice,

The pen had never seemed so priceless than it did today; when I churned an unfathomable epic of poignant emotions with its embellished nib; candidly baring out
the inner most recesses of my aimlessly loitering soul,

Smiles had never seemed so gratifying than they did today; when I felt gorily constipated in a web of blatantly hideous lies; burying my face deep down in dust; to chat with the remorsefully diminutive worms in black soil,

Rainbows had never seemed so vivacious than they did today; when I venomously stagnated in the aisles of insatiably penalizing depression; counting the last days of my life even in the absolute prime of; scintillating nubile youth,

Whistles had never seemed so replenishing than they did today; when I frenziedly groped for the right direction; wholesomely lost amidst the terrorizing maze of; stoically impersonal space age robots,

Mirrors had never seemed so congenial than they did today; when I ardently waited for an invincibly philanthropic friend to lean upon; amusing my impoverished senses with my very own minuscule reflection; for infinite more births of mine yet to
come,

Butterflies had never seemed so frolicking than they did today; when I lay penuriously maimed in corridors of devilishly lambasting hell; irrevocably entrenched by a wall of invidious nothingness,

Breath had never seemed so Omnipotent than it did today; when I was miserably slithering on the ground without the most infinitesimal trace of heavenly air; about to completely abnegate my senses forever; to disappear into non-existent wisps of tragic oblivion,

And love had never seemed so immortal than it did today; when my heart was tumultuously throbbing for the girl whom I had perennially desired; the soul

mate

for which each beat intensely flaming in my chest; could die this very instant
for.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Is Blind

It could be overpoweringly uncompromising; with its magnetic swirl transcending over every conceivable organism in holistic vicinity,

It could be profoundly one sided; with the unfathomable chariots of ardent desire chasing the mesmerizing mists of eluding seduction; day in and day out,

It could be brutally unforgiving; with even the most mercurial iota of suspicion; disastrously ruining its silken fabric; till times beyond infinite infinity,

It could be unflinchingly exhilarating; with even the truculently mighty of maelstroms disintegrating like a pack of frigid matchsticks; in front of its invincibly divine caress,

It could be majestically passionate; with its kiss of timeless voluptuousness becoming an Omnipotent glow; even as the gallows of disparaging hell wholesomely coalesced with sacred earth,

It could be ebulliently promiscuous; with its spell of inevitably everlasting sensuousness; diffusing amongst entities even before the perpetual bondage of sacred marriage,

It could be endlessly jittery; with even the most minuscule of event unfurling; engendering a boundless flutter in its whirlpool of fathomless sensitivity,

It could be euphorically triumphant; with its unassailably fragrant spirit; blazingly emerging as the ultimate messiah of amiable togetherness; even from the coffins of treacherously thwarting death,

It could be unconquerably resplendent; with every other color in the boundless atmosphere; proving a shade too dolorously dull; in front of its ravishingly spell binding vivaciousness,

It could be uxoriously timid; succumbing in wholesome entirety to even the most poignantly intricate commands of its partner; howsoever baselessly worthless that they might have seemed,

It could be flamboyantly blistering; irrefutably dominating even the most contemporarily gracious styles; with its aura of Omniscient symbiotism and

enthralingly enchanting beauty,

It could be indefatigably tantalizing; engulfing the gigantic planet in mists of unendingly vivid compassion; fabulously pacifying the voice of murderous monotony with the mantra of unshakable companionship,
It could be Omnipresently philanthropic; bonding every religion; caste; creed; and tribe; in the beats of perennially beautiful and melanging mankind,

It could be relentlessly dreamy; with even the most torturously devastating winds of gory bloodshed and crime; miserably failing to have the tiniest of impact on
its gregariously fantasizing demeanor,

It could be tirelessly penalizing; as one partner altruistically bore the brunt of the other's pompous idiosyncrasies; still garnering all love on this planet for his lambasting rhyme,

It could be thunderously sensuous; with its rays of eternally gratifying compassion; ubiquitously overpowering even the heart of the most exotically ecstatic night,

It could be indomitably truthful; with its reflection of undefeatably sparkling righteousness; pricelessly disseminating to even the most forlornly fretful and malicious quarters of this gargantuan earth,

It could be unbelievably sacrificing; with both partners blissfully ready every unfurling minute to relinquish the last iota of their breath; for timelessly saving each other,

But one thing was profusely indisputable and for sure; that love knew no religion; boundaries or limits; Love was an uninhibited bird soaring higher than the skies for times immemorial; Love was a thread which none could break except the Gods; Love was bold; Love was Berserk; Love was beautiful; Love was bountiful, Love was boundless, O! Yes, Love is BLIND.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Is Living

Sunrays are fascinatingly blazing,
Lotus's are blissfully blooming,
Skies are torrentially pelting,
Beauty is redolently everlasting,
Frogs are majestically croaking,
Eagles are ingratiatingly soaring,
Grasshoppers are rambunctiously chattering,
Rainbows are vivaciously scintillating,
Eyelids are flirtatiously winking,
Waterfalls are marvelously rejuvenating,
War's are abhorrently stinking,
Gorges are unfathomably mystifying,
Trees are rhapsodically frolicking,
Clocks are meticulously ticking,
Nightingales are melodiously singing,
Crocodiles are ominously menacing,
Whispers are seductively tantalizing,
Dolphins are ecstatically leaping,
Clouds are voluptuously fascinating,
Rainshowers are gloriously titillating,
Fairies are impeccably mesmerizing,
Devils are viciously devastating,
Harbingers are fragrantly blossoming,
Oceans are gorgeously undulating,
Eyeballs are indefatigably revolving,
Bloodstreams are poignantly bestowing,
Beasts are satanically marauding,
Earlobes are resplendently dangling,
Deserts are unsurpassably sweltering,
Maelstroms are tirelessly hurling,
Dungeons are hideously depraving,
Nights are sensuously tingling,
Fortresses are compassionately sequestering,
Castles are grandiloquently reinvigorating,
God's are perennially blessing,
Fountains are vividly sparkling,
Prisons are diabolically traumatizing,
Hell is treacherously penalizing,
Soldiers are patriotically fighting,

Criminals are murderously vandalizing,
Valleys are panoramically enticing,
Dreams are resplendently ingratiating,
Philanthropists are impeccably shimmering,
Nights are voluptuously revitalizing,
Humanity is perpetually uniting,
Cowards are incessantly whining,
Palaces are grandiloquently glistening,
Solidarity is perennially amalgamating,
Scent is timelessly sprouting,
Bees are boisterously buzzing,
Owls are enigmatically quizzing,
Traitors are unrelentingly dithering,
Icicles are frigidly frosting,
Grassblades are supremely enamoring,
Scientists are invariably pondering,
Corpses are salaciously decaying,
Truth is forever celebrating,
Dinosaurs are mercilessly stampeding,
Bells are divinely tinkling,
Cows are holistically milking,
Sheep are innocuously grazing,
Manipulation is satanically abhorring,
Wines are sensuously intoxicating,
Stars are vividly radiating,
Fanatics are insanely iterating,
Clowns are inherently laughing,
Spiders are bountifully weaving,
Bats are vindictively sucking,
Nature is symbiotically entertaining,
Dictators are insidiously domineering,
Angels are miraculously healing,
Sweat is fabulously persevering,
Corruption is deliriously maiming,
Petals are intricately sensing,
Roots are unassailably defending,
Reality is candidly believing,
Lions are euphorically roaring,
Prejudiced are discordantly whimpering,
Robots are miserably asphyxiating,
Charisma is inevitably attracting,
Benevolence is ever-pervadingly scintillating,

Lies is disgustingly rotting,
Peacocks are marvelously dancing,
Squirrels are immaculately munching,
Leopards are indiscriminately crunching,
Politicians are shrewdly pulverizing,
Tycoons are monotonously demoralizing,
Cottonbuds are pristinely sheltering,
Matchsticks are capriciously flaming,
Infidel are pathetically caning,
Eyelids are indefatigably raving,
Conscience is endlessly assimilating,
Mountains are gloriously towering,
Footprints are explicitly unraveling,
Shadows are fascinatingly appealing,
Ancestors are regally soliloquizing,
Tornado's are gustily blowing,
Fans are ebulliently circulating,
Breath is astoundingly evolving,

And love is Omnisciently living.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Is Magic

Devils are hideously diabolic,

Children are impeccably nostalgic,

Miseries are inexplicably traumatic,

Waves are voluptuously charismatic,

Cuckoos are stupendously rhetoric,

Mothers are inevitably sympathetic,

Clouds are torrentially colic,

Mobs are unrelentingly toxic,

Flowers are wonderfully exotic,

Villagers are tirelessly nomadic,

Humans are diminutively mimic,

Dungeons are despicably claustrophobic,

Winds are exuberantly rhapsodic,

Emotions are poignantly automatic,

Benevolent are royally aristocratic,

Manipulative are spuriously melodramatic,

Perfectionists are meticulously systematic,

Lava's are pugnaciously volcanic,

Maelstrom's are violently cyclonic,

Parasites are insidiously dogmatic,

Vampires are treacherously gothic,
Earthquakes are dangerously seismic,
Fantasies are astoundingly oligarchic,
Ambitious are unsurpassably workaholic,
Dinosaurs are incomprehensibly gigantic,
Lakes are beautifully pacific,
Butchers are uncouthly barbaric,
Critics are ignominiously sardonic,
Emblems are sagaciously symbolic,
Bombastic are insanely idiotic,
Politicians are ludicrously ironic,
Murderers are devilishly satanic,
Passionate are surreally alcoholic,
Forests are boundlessly enigmatic,
Trendsetters are mysteriously psychic,
Angels are immaculately magnetic,
Deaths are horrendously tragic,
Traitors are invidiously horrific,
Pastimes are intriguingly mystic,
Nightingales are melodiously music,
Arithmetic is insatiably logic,

Rocks are mystically geologic,
Madmen are abnormally sadistic,
Prudent are practically phlegmatic,
Achievers are ebulliently pragmatic,
Blissful are diligently yogic,
Believers are differently eccentric,
Visionaries are masterfully fantastic,
Kangaroos are uninhibitedly frolic,
Divinely are philanthropically holistic,
Stones are harmoniously stoic,
Stalwarts are blazingly heroic,
Hair are spellbindingly static,
Roots are tantalizingly aromatic,
Prejudiced are irrefutably rheumatic,
Stars are resplendently cosmic,
Clowns are ridiculously comic,
Cherries are supremely scholastic,
Silks are gloriously majestic,
Clouds are enchantingly romantic,
Deploration is dangerously attic,
Lecherous are astutely parasitic,

Rich are opulently fanatic,
Pungent are beautifully turmeric,
Orientially veiled are handsomely Arabic,
Forces are effusively cubic,
Morons are derogatorily zombic,
Adventurers are enthrallingly maverick,
Housewives are sometimes sarcastic,
Soldiers are immortally titanic,
Scarecrows are frigidly plastic,
Specialists are targetedly specific,
Clocks are everlastingly tic-tic,
Workaholics are monotonously hectic,
Mornings are dynamically optimistic,
World is fathomlessly scenic,
Suspicious are dolorously pessimistic,
Wounds are disastrously septic,
Anthems are spiritedly patriotic,
Show-offers are temporarily cosmetic,
Trustworthy are overwhelmingly phonetic,
Mannerisms are prominently genetic,
Innocent are impregnably photogenic,

Christians are staunchly catholic,
Aggrieved are unavoidably acidic,
Vindictive are explosively ballistic,
Philosophers are brilliantly poetic,
Organisms are astoundingly symmetric,
Rainshowers are perennially exotic,
Smugglers are inherently narcotic,
Survival is celestially synergistic,
Frogs are disdainfully cacophonic,
Cowards are pathetically laconic,
Valleys are fabulously panoramic,
Hearts are puristically intrinsic,
And love is universally magic.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Is Not Just A Dream

Love is not just a definition,
It is a boundless reservoir of empathy; not yielding the slightest even in the most acrimonious of storm.

Love is not just a word,
It is an impregnable fortress; which withstands the most mightiest of condemnation and torrential attack.

Love is not just a desire,
It is an immortal relationship; blossoming into a festoon of benign goodness as each instant unveiled.

Love is not just an infatuation,
It is an astounding rainbow inundated with infinite colors and charm; bonding in threads of a perpetual relationship for centuries immemorial.

Love is not just a gift,
It is the summit of ultimate ecstasy in every living beings life; escalating like an untamed inferno; seductively over the starry skies.

Love is not just a philosophy,
It is a perennially sacred verse; which miraculously alleviates the most gruesome of suffering; by its mere incantation from the periphery of the lips.

Love is not just a spark,
It is an everlasting desire which astonishingly proliferates as time passes; transcending over the worst of boredom; misery and pain.

Love is not just a titillation,
It is an enchanting caress which makes you feel the richest entity alive; embracing all religion and mankind; in the swirl of its Omnipotent aura.

And love is not just a dream,
It is an immortal reality which has been there even before this earth was created; bonding hearts all across the trajectory of this boundless Universe in its enthralling entrenchment; giving them a reason to beat.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Is Priceless

Stones are lackadaisically worthless,
Gutters are preposterously baseless,
Greed is invidiously senseless,
Depression is devastatingly meaningless,
Mania's are obsessively weightless,
Enmity is salaciously bottomless,
Traitors are treacherously groundless,
Stagnation is venomously valueless,
Diabolism is vindictively useless,
Manipulation is hideously profitless,
Emptiness is ominously fruitless,
Ghosts are disconcertingly hopeless,
Frigidity is inevitably hapless,
Boredom is lethally purposeless,
Death is despairingly motionless,
Cowardice is ludicrously skulless,
Infidelity is pathetically pointless,
Oceans are bountifully fathomless,
Lies are maliciously soundless,
Fantasies are unrelentingly boundless,
Tangible are rhapsodically countless,
Expressions are poignantly dateless,
Lechery is disastrously voiceless,
Beggars are ridiculously gutless,
Sleazy are bombastically strapless,
Adventurous are exhilaratingly shoeless,
Orphaned are deplorably houseless,
Benevolence is perennially timeless,
Murderers are laughably spineless,
Excitement is incomprehensibly numberless,
Awestruck are unbelievably speechless,
Imprisoned are brutally expressionless,
Compassion is irrefutably wordless,
Butchers are satanically soulless,
Deserts are ditheringly treeless,
Corpses are insidiously passionless,
Indigenous are rustically mannerless,
Dungeons are insanely windless,
Feathers are fantastically noiseless,

Nonchalant are parsimoniously listless,
Innocent are harmoniously creaseless,
Clouds are inscrutably ceaseless,
Vegetables are celestially boneless,
Terrorists are bizarrely bloodless,
Parasites are staggeringly breathless,
Corruptive are mockingly spiritless,
Dissatisfied are overwhelming restless,
Insidious are invasively rimless,
Doleful are drearily cordless,
Maniacal are profusely airless,
Waterfalls are blissfully hairless,
Silken are immaculately seamless,
Monotonous are turgidly dreamless,
Graveyards are stinkingly toothless,
Blood-sucking are incorrigibly motherless,
Absolution is divinely painless,
Nothingness is indolently aimless,
Pompous are indigently shameless,
Sewers are immutably nameless,
Pigs are greedily brainless,
Assassins are indispensably fatherless,
Vandals are horrifically flowerless,
Cockroaches are disgustingly tuneless,
Philanthropists are unequivocally taintless,
Pretentious are horrendously cultureless,
Gloom is inexplicably colorless,
Skies are unfathomably limitless,
Demons are insidiously starless,
Barbaric are despondently seedless,
Prejudiced are ignominiously friendless,
Relationships are impregnably measureless,
Depression is tyrannically lusterless,
Capricious are staggeringly careless,
Tornado's are tumultuously gearless,
Afternoons are swelteringly moonless,
Honesty is irrefutably stainless,
Malicious are impoverishedly armless,
Birds are ecstatically footless,
Fairies are ravishingly beardless,
Impeachment is grotesquely faceless,
Entrepreneurs are intrepidly fearless,

Logs are obdurately foamless,
Enigmas are tantalizingly keyless,
Horizons are obviously clueless,
Hollowness is penalizingly handless,
Dishonest are insatiably penniless,
Lazy are waveringly jobless,
Hell is torturously heartless,
Nature is flirtatiously wireless,
Shadows are diminutively powerless,
Blood-thirsty are wholesomely artless,
Destinies are waveringly mapless,
Dare-devils are snobbishly wreckless,
Pragmatic are prudently cloudless,
Cursed are lamely childless,
Infants are perpetually faultless,
And love is immortally priceless.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Is The Most Immortal.

Justice is the most stupendously grandiloquent; when sagaciously dispensed from the palms of irrefutably sparkling and unconquerable righteousness,

Scent is the most rhapsodically charismatic; when it ardently wafts from the marvelously poignant belly; of handsomely scarlet rose,

Rain is the most gloriously enthralling; when it cascades in tumultuously frenzy from the fathomlessly majestic blanket; of scintillatingly silver clouds,

Milk is the most impeccably sacrosanct; when it delectably oozes from divinely Mother cow's; blissfully untainted countenance,

Salt is the most ebulliently vivacious; when it uninhibitedly diffuses in torrentially euphoric spurts; from the gorgeously undulating waves of the; mystically resplendent ocean,

Pearls are the most incredulously enamoring; when they celestially pop out in bountifully perennial abundance; from the soul of the royally immaculate oyster,

Melody is the most wonderfully epitomized; when it eternally gyrates from the astoundingly spell binding and magnificent beak; of the sapphire crested nightingale,

Beauty is the most Omnipotently well defined; when it unequivocally radiates from the eyes of all those harmoniously innocent; synergistically surviving in the true spirit of Godly life,

Dew drops are the most voluptuously seductive; when they profusely titillate the magically tranquillandscape; of panoramically inscrutable grass,

Hope is the most unassailably priceless; when it intransigently sparks from the profoundly innocuous whites; of unflinchingly optimistic eyes,

Artistry is the most ingeniously innovative; when it intrinsically fulminates from the heavenly entrenchments of mystically boundless; Mother Nature,

Light is the most impregnably Omnipotent; when it spawns from the lap of the flamboyantly flaming; and profusely poignant island of fiery Sun,

Wind is the most exotically ravishing; when it celestially originates; from the magnanimously sensuous cocoon of; compassionately foliated and pristine tree leaves,

Honesty is the most unchallengeably candid; when it sparkingly evolves from the inner most realms of; the unsurpassably truthful conscience,

Dexterity is the most magnanimously brilliant; when it emanates from the Omnisciently impeccable breath; of the miraculously mischievous and freshly born infant,

Graciousness is the most splendidly humanitarian; when it sprouts from the perpetually redolent flower; of timelessly amiable benevolence,

Philanthropism is the most perennially rejuvenating; when it selflessly stems from the roots of everlastingly enchanting; tree of undefeatable humanity,

Breath is the most veritably vital and overwhelmingly enthralling; when it ubiquitously disseminates from the gregarious nostrils; of unequivocally compassionate sharing,

Life is the most vividly versatile and marvelously rhetoric; when it springs from all those stalwarts patriotically existing; and instilling the elements of bountiful creation; in one and all of divinely mankind; alike,

And love is the most immortally mesmerizing; when it glitters in holistically harmonious symbiosis from the inner most core; of the humanitarianly humble heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Is The Most Sacred Form Of God

Love is a cloudburst of emotions; a torrential downpour of feelings from the inner most core of the heart,

Love is a rainbow of mesmerizing colors; effusively portraying the insatiably volatile urges of existence,

Love is a fathomless art; encompassing the most exotic elements of bountiful creation,

Love is an immortal seed; which blossoms into a festoon of blissfully invincible relationships,

Love is an ocean of benevolence; which propagates its ubiquitous essence all across the territories of this colossal Universe,

Love is a tantalizing fountain; which showers its droplets of philanthropic gratitude; uninhibitedly on all who happen to trespass its sacred grace,

Love is infinite beams of the profusely ecstatic Sun; shimmering a path of optimistic hope in the lives of those deluged with inexplicable despair,

Love is a melodious song; which enralls and profoundly captivates even the most remotely alien; in the swirl of its enchanting cadence,

Love is an overwhelmingly turbulent storm; which thoroughly incarcerates even the most prejudiced of individuals in the aura of its poignant form,

Love is an impregnable bridge; getting more and more fortified; with the thunderously throbbing intensity of fervent breath,

Love is a stupendously fragrant flower; dissipating its unbiased scent in every disastrously impoverished soul,

Love is a harbinger of peace; a bird which unrelentingly soars high in the clouds of supremely incredulous freedom,

Love is an ingratiating fantasy; which never ends; culminating into a celestial paradise of insurmountable harmony,

Love is a magical wand; which heals the most ghastliest of wounds; with the divinely ointment of its Omniscient caress,

Love is a perennially sparkling waterfall; which cascades down into a pool of blissfully everlasting contentment,

Love is an overwhelmingly precious jewel; which keeps on indefatigably scintillating; even after the most inconspicuous trace of light; fades gruesomely forever,

Love is an arrow of unsurpassable victory; possessing the tenacity to permeate through the hearts of even the most diabolical of monsters,

Love is a candle; which inexorably burns; illuminating the most morbidly gloomy ambience; with the formidable glow of compassionate mankind,

Love is a Mother; who induces her intimately caring virtue in each child of the Almighty Creator,

Love is an idol of heavenly prosperity; proliferating at astounding speeds; once introduced in the most rawest of its forms,

Love is an irrefutably sacred phrase; worshipped by people from all fraternities; since centuries immemorial,

Love is a resplendently alluring star; which radiates marvelous glory of truly benign existence,

Love is an island of pure honey; wholeheartedly embracing those shivering in tyrannical agony; within the corridors of its rejuvenating warmth,

Love is a priceless gift; which even all the assimilated power and wealth on this planet; miserably failed to purchase,

Love is an relentless epic; encapsulating the most fabulously exotic rhyme on the trajectory of this earth,

Love is the most sacred form of God; instilling Omnipotent beams of unshakable unity in every organism; inhaling air under blue sky,

Over and above all; Love is the sole reason why every single entity on this earth exists; infact the very beginning of passionately palpitating signs of vital life.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Is.

Love is that eternally compassionate fire which never subsides; unrelentingly triggering untamed fireballs of insatiable desire; in every caste; creed; and religion; thunderously alike,

Love is that voluptuously silken sky which never ends; torrentially pelting its droplets of divine brotherhood; upon even the most infinitesimally remote cranny of beleaguered earth,

Love is that timelessly priceless flower which never withers; ubiquitously wafting its scent of perpetually invincible harmony; to the most fathomless parts of this gigantically mesmerizing planet,

Love is that marvelously melodious bird which never plummets; perennially soaring through the clouds of grandiloquently majestic empathy; blessing all those tyrannically deprived; for centuries immemorial,

Love is that unassailably towering mountain which never crumbles; intrepidly annihilating even the most minuscule trace of sinister evil; entrenching all those with an impeccable soul in the mists of enchanting symbiosis,

Love is that robustly enamoring fruit which never decays; magnificently placating the traumatized agony of the entire earth; with its seeds of celestially unending procreation,

Love is that tantalizingly heavenly shadow which never fades; astoundingly weaving a web of spell binding enigma; upon all those brutally asphyxiated with a miserably monotonous and manipulative life,

Love is that royally aristocratic feather which never deteriorates; metamorphosing your dreary caricature into one besieged with rhapsodic delight; perennially placing you in clouds above the island of titillating paradise,

Love is that impregnable philanthropic fortress which never falls; sequestering all those savagely lambasted in its Omnipotent belly; irrefutably waving the flag of mesmerizing mankind; for infinite more births to unveil,

Love is that wonderfully seductive whisper which never vanishes; fabulously instilling in you the beautifully eclectic art of sharing; intransigently teaching you to respect and adore; all impeccably existing living kind,

Love is that Omnisciently royal angel which never wrongs; blissfully bequeathing the carpet of benign goodness; upon all those with a will to tranquilly and synergistically survive,

Love is that amicably blossoming light which never extinguishes; perpetuating every dwelling stagnating in horrifically ghastly doom and misery; with the rays of optimistically Omnipotent hope,

Love is that resplendently fascinating sparkle which never dulls; candidly portraying to you your innermost self; bestowing the ominously prejudiced parts of your conscience; with the magical rainbow of divine righteousness,

Love is that flamboyantly brilliant Sun which never sets; unfathomably blazing a path of radiant courage and everlasting bloom; upon all those disastrously dwindling towards lackadaisical despair,

Love is that enchantingly vibrant fantasy which never finishes; abundantly granting all those despicably orphaned an egalitarian right to holistically survive; incinerating a blaze of ardent innovation; even in the heart of the sordidly deadened night,

Love is that unshakably patriotic soldier which never staggers; forever glittering like the God's in the sky in the spirit of proliferating newness; veritably ensuring that life spawned gorgeously; on every advancing footstep,

Love is that poignantly crimson blood which never discriminates; blending every single organism across this boundlessly gregarious planet; in the threads of ever pervading humanity,

Love is that sensuously passionate breath which never dies; brilliantly evolving the most benevolently formidable of lives; unconquerably ensuring that every immaculate organism bonded with the; Omnipresently divine,

And love is that ardently throbbing heart which never stops; immortally uniting all those with a fervent will to live and let live; in an ocean of gratifying togetherness; in a garland of the fragrant divine.

Love Me

Caress me; triggering every part of my diminutively impoverished countenance; to fulminate into a thunderstorm of sensuously exhilarating fantasy,

Kiss me; wildly igniting every dormant pore of my pathetically dwindling skin; to erupt into a paradise of everlastingly mesmerizing beauty,

Tickle me; making me mischievously reminisce all innocuously glorious moments of my philandering childhood; engulfing the mists of disparaging desperation enshrouding my forehead with the hills of rollicking playfulness,

Pat me; compassionately consoling even the most infinitesimal pore of traumatized agony in my trembling soul; profoundly reinvigorating every step that I transgressed with the light of Omnipotent togetherness,

Cuddle me; resplendently tracing the murderously exhausted outlines of my sagging ribs; with the insatiably enchanting magic in your divinely fingers,

Enlighten me; Omnisciently filtering a path of magically proliferating righteousness in the chapter of my disastrously disappearing and faltering life,

Refresh me; voluptuously painting the canvas of my baselessly treacherous existence; with the colors of your panoramically spell binding enchantment,

Bless me; inundating the insidiously shattering threads of my life; with the untamed fires of perpetual truth; majestically blazing in your unflinching eyes,

Titillate me; indefatigably melanging the tantalizing rivulets of golden sweat in your ravishing visage; with the unparalleled heat that diffused from my form; all the time,

Fascinate me; unfurling into an unsurpassable entrenchment of exotically harmonious newness; marvelously awakening me from my despairing coffin of brutally sullen remorsefulness,

Pinch me; flirtatiously carving an unfathomable tunnel of desire through my obsoletely drifting senses; metamorphosing every diffidently deteriorating pore of my body into a fathomlessly regale valley of perennial poetry,

Inspire me; incessantly urging me to intrepidly keep marching ahead; evolve into

the Sun of unconquerably humanitarian victory on every step that I nimbly tread,

Drown me; profusely encapsulating even the most inconspicuous element of my truculently extradited demeanor; with the mantra of ecstatically symbiotic sharing,

Tempt me; inevitably evoking even the most dolorously deadened arena of my lackluster body; to timelessly coalesce with the profoundly unsurpassable artistry diffusing from your breath,

Unwind me; uninhibitedly freeing every ingredient of asphyxiating manipulation from my countenance for centuries unprecedented; endowing a wind of eternal bliss upon every droplet of my invidiously evaporating blood,

Tame me; holistically blending the merciless prejudice ruthlessly ingrained in my worthless persona; with the priceless aristocratic rudiments of mother nature,

Embrace me; wholesomely bonding even the most feeble part of your magnetic body forever with mine; letting your amiably Omnipresent warmth; be my most faithful

friend till the end of my time,

Tease me; being the ultimate angel of my indigently cursed life; fomenting me to ebulliently explode into an insurmountably endless gorge of endless cries,

And love me; immortally uniting the beats of your philanthropically palpitating heart forever with mine; irrefutably making sure that not even the most minuscule of ghost or spirit could ever invade; our tireless rhyme.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Me - Poetry 2

Talk to me; perpetrating handsomely through my spells of inexplicable gloom,

Look at me; admiring the gregarious contours of my face; making me feel that I was the Queen of the sparkling hills,

Dance with me; fomenting me to release tons of lazy energy; sweat passionately under the shimmering blanket of milky moonlight,

Sketch me; granting my impoverished identity the status of a princess; basking in the unprecedented delights of her grandiloquent palace,

Smile at me; engendering me to feel that I was indeed intriguing; had a right to rhapsodically exist on the trajectory of this planet,

Shout at me; abruptly breaking my string of invidious obsessions; maneuvering me towards the bright side of existence,

Wink at me; flirtatiously swirling in the atmosphere; as rain drops pelted thunderously from ominous cocoons of sky,

Embrace me; igniting the blistering inferno of love to the inner most recesses of my body; catapulting me into a land of sheer and tumultuous ecstasy,

Tickle me; evoking me to burst into pools of uninhibited laughter; enjoy the journey of existence to its fullest; with the Sun dazzling mystically through the whites of my eye,

Pat me; impregnating spurts of rejuvenated confidence in my visage; to surge forward with flamboyant gusto and face life,

Pamper me; making me feel that I was an innocuous young child once again; the nostalgic days of mesmerizing childhood were still alive and perpetually afresh,

Sing for me; triggering me to escalate beyond the realms of the gigantic cosmos; feel pompously elevated when compared with the rest of the world,

Promise me; imparting my countenance an ocean of Herculean strength; giving it the astronomical reassurance of having your impregnable grace by its side,

Caress me; fondling the voluptuous strands of my hair with your heavenly fingers; making me feel that I was blissfully blessed and complete,

Pinch me; instilling that insurmountably naughty urge in my body; perpetuating me to gallop in boisterous fun behind the group of gallantly running kangaroos,

Scold me; making me realize that I wasn't the only one who had a right to exist in this Universe; as I levered my head in due reverence in front of Almighty Lord,

Imitate me; embodying in me the feeling of unsurpassable youth; the overwhelming tenacity to leap forward in enigmatic jubilation,

Cry on me; sharing my loads of unfathomable sorrow; the grief that was uncouthly trapped in my heart since the time I was born,

Accept me; tolerating my vicious circle of whims and fallacies; as I can candidly tell you; that I was profoundly human at heart,

Most importantly love me; making me feel that I was the most special person breathing on this earth; the most special person fantastically fit and alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Only That Girl.

Eat whatever you ever wanted to; tantalizing even the most obfuscated of your taste buds with the food of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the incessantly nagging planet outside,

Wear whatever you ever wanted to; embellishing every nakedly impoverished cranny of your skin with the fabric of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the disdainfully castigating planet outside,

Dream whatever you ever wanted to; inundating every dormant arena of your brain with the fantasy of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the tyrannically overruling planet outside,

Adventure to wherever you ever wanted to; choosing even the most ethereal of destination of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the truculently slandering planet outside,

Help whosoever you ever wanted to; befriending even the most invisibly cloistered shadow of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the hedonistically chauvinistic planet outside,

Sketch whatever you ever wanted to; perennially portraying ecstatic beauty of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the mindlessly monotonous planet outside,

Swim wherever you ever wanted to; coalescing every fragment of your robotically asphyxiating skin into the liquid of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the miserably enslaved planet outside,

Wink at whatever you ever wanted to; flirtatiously signaling to the mischievous entity of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the tawdrily incarcerating planet outside,

Cry for whatever you ever wanted to; uninhibitedly letting golden globules of tear cascade down your cheeks for the organisms of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the indiscriminately insurgent planet outside,

Yearn for whatever you ever wanted to; inexhaustibly wanting to replenish even the most infinitesimal pore of your flesh with the fantasies of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the ominously conventional planet outside,

Fight for whatever you ever wanted to; entirely extinguishing even the last shadows of your life for the things of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the lackadaisically wailing planet outside,

Write whatever you ever wanted to; unceasingly embellishing even the most obliterated bits of virgin paper with the words of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the vindictively victimizing planet outside,

Invite whatever you ever wanted to; tirelessly harboring even the most evanescent ounce of happiness of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the diabolically parasitic planet outside,

Defeat whatever you ever wanted to; undyingly trouncing over even the most parsimoniously fleeting devils of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the satanically demented planet outside,

Evolve whatever you ever wanted to; spawning into the most astoundingly inimitable fecundity of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the viciously penalizing planet outside,

Sing whatever you ever wanted to; unabashedly perpetuating every bit of the atmosphere with the tunes of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the unsparingly slandering planet outside,

Silence whatever you ever wanted to; indefatigably numbing countless devilish mouths of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the nonsensically wanton planet outside,

Breathe whatever you ever wanted to; relentlessly flooding the jacket of your quintessential lungs with the vibrations of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the loquaciously pugnacious planet outside,

Believe in whatever you ever wanted to; indelibly worshipping the Omnipotent powers of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the fecklessly ostracizing planet outside,

But if you really wanted to feel the most unconquerably priceless entity on this

boundless Universe; then love only that girl who loved you more than you could ever love your very own life; wholesomely surrendering even the most transient element of your heart; body and soul; for her to immortally bond with; whenever she wished; whenever she unflinchingly liked.

Nikhil Parekh

Love -Part 2

Neither did it become more stupendously extraordinary than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more flagrantly dwindling than ever before,

Neither did it become more blissfully fragrant than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more despicably cadaverous than ever before,

Neither did it become more triumphantly brilliant than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more treacherously defeated than ever before,

Neither did it become more truthfully emollient than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more sinfully satanic than ever before,

Neither did it become more exuberantly ecstatic than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more forlornly decrepit than ever before,

Neither did it become more unflinchingly unfettered than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more parasitically coward than ever before,

Neither did it become more timelessly liberating than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more hideously incarcerating than ever before,

Neither did it become more mellifluously ebullient than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more salaciously cacophonous than ever before,

Neither did it become more beautifully panoramic than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more ruthlessly ugly than ever before,

Neither did it become more royally inimitable than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more ludicrously floundering than ever before,

Neither did it become more astoundingly proliferating than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more hilariously impotent than ever before,

Neither did it become more unbelievably devoted than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more hedonistically agnostic than ever before,

Neither did it become more optimistically enlightening than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more deplorably discouraging than ever before,

Neither did it become more euphorically gallivanting than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more lugubriously morbid than ever before,

Neither did it become more beautifully evolving than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more grotesquely stagnant than ever before,

Neither did it become more resplendently radiating than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more blackened depravation than ever before,

Neither did it become more holistically learned than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more perniciously illiterate than ever before,

Neither did it become more incredulously tangy than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more lackadaisically staunch than ever before,

Neither did it become more spell bindingly passionate than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more aimlessly amorphous than ever before,

Neither did it become more eternally fructifying than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more cynically rotten than ever before,

Neither did it become more extraordinarily priceless than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more egregiously penurious than ever before,

Neither did it become more Omnipotently Life-yielding than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more gorily corpselike than ever before,

Neither did it become more jubilantly blossoming than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more pathetically disheveled than ever before,

Neither did it become more vivaciously sparkling than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more acerbically rustic than ever before,

Neither did it become more magnanimously benevolent than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more vindictively venomous than ever before,

Neither did it become more charismatically adorable than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more dismally cancerous than ever before,

Neither did it become more jauntily versatile than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more indiscriminately jinxed than ever before,

Neither did it become more fantastically artistic than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more vapidly monotonous than ever before,

There was no question of it altering itself to something "More" or something "Less" with the fading of time or "Ever Before"; There was no question of it being "More Blooming" or "More Decaying" as time sped through the chapters of Omnipotent existence or "Ever Before"; because "Love" was; is and shall perpetually remain pricelessly unconquerable; because "Love" was; is and shall forever reign every sphere of earth and altruistically symbiotic existence as "Omnipresently Immortal".

Nikhil Parekh

Love Perpetually

Run exuberantly and with such unprecedentedly untamed exhilaration in every conceivable of your veins today; as perhaps there might not be even the most diminutive insinuation of brilliant tomorrow; to run once again,

Sing tirelessly and generating such ebulliently unfathomable enchantment in the dolorously decrepit atmosphere today; as perhaps there might not be even the most infinitesimal unfurling of optimistic tomorrow; to sing once again,

Work indefatigably and with such unsurpassable ardor in each globule of your endlessly dribbling sweat today; as perhaps there might not be even the most inconspicuous horizon of enlightening tomorrow; to work once again,

Fantasize unrelentingly and with such extreme enthusiasm in every ingredient of your brain today; as perhaps there might not be even the most ethereal unraveling of spell binding tomorrow; to fantasize once again,

Philander unceasingly and with such unparalleled gusto through the landscapes of resplendently panoramic nature today; as perhaps there might not be even the most minuscule mention of unflinching tomorrow; to philander once again,

Smile unlimitedly and with such stupendously fervent yearning in the rubicund periphery of your lips today; as perhaps there might not be even the most evanescent ray of inimitable tomorrow; to smile once again,

Achieve inexorably and with such ecstatically insatiable temerity in every of your valiant bones today; as perhaps there might not be even the most frigid shadow of celestial tomorrow; to achieve once again,

Discover unstoppably and with such profoundly unconquerable euphoria in every ingredient of scarlet blood that flowed handsomely through your veins today; as perhaps there might not be even the most obsolete feather of royal tomorrow; to discover once again,

Learn unhindered and with such Omnipotently untainted diligence in your soul today; as perhaps there might not be even the most wastrel innuendo of bountiful tomorrow; to learn once again,

Triumph impreguably and with such blazingly fearless patriotism in your conscience today; as perhaps there might not be even the most dilapidated shell of heavenly tomorrow; to triumph once again,

Concentrate irrevocably and with such fathomlessly blessing dedication today; as perhaps there might not be even the most cloistered realm of majestic tomorrow; to concentrate once again,

Donate philanthropically and with such altruistically impeccable godliness today; as perhaps there might not be even the most disappearing caress of priceless tomorrow; to donate once again,

Mesmerize eloquently and with such victoriously magnetic sensuousness today; as perhaps there might not be even the most inane burgeoning of blazing tomorrow; to mesmerize once again,

Sleep tranquilly and with such compassionately invincible coziness in your countenance today; as perhaps there might not be even the most fugitive complexion of benevolent tomorrow; to sleep once again,

Joke inexhaustibly and with such unequivocally bounteous freedom in every nerve of your persona; as perhaps there might not be even the most ephemeral voice of dazzling tomorrow; to joke once again,

Express poignantly and with such artistically undaunted effusiveness in every element of your visage today; as perhaps there might not be even the most transient sunrise of flamboyant tomorrow; to express once again,

Flirt tantalizingly and with such boundlessly overpowering rapaciousness behind the honey draped hills today; as perhaps there might not be the even the most shimmering iota of insuperable tomorrow; to flirt once again,

Breathe an infinite billion times and with such unimaginable greed in your nostrils today; as perhaps there might not be even the most vagabond speck of miraculous tomorrow; to breath once again,

But Love perpetually and with the inferno of uncontrollably effulgent desire towering slowly and slowly to an unassailably fantastic crescendo; as by the grace of Omnipresent Almighty Lord; for love there were not only an infinite more undefeated tomorrows; but an infinite glorious poetic rhymes; an infinite

heavens of benign paradise; an infinite more immortal lives.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Stories Are Immortal

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the art of uninhibitedly poignant sharing; devoting every element of your destined life; to the custody of your immaculate partner,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the wave of stupendously supreme faith; a perpetual trust in the character of your impeccable partner,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is a tornado of tumultuous newness unleashing every instant; flooding the soul with boundless colors of vibrant spice,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the idol of impregnable belief; an unimaginably everlasting trust in your partners ability to emerge ebulliently triumphant; in every path of fabulously enamoring life,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are winds of immaculately robust nostalgia; perpetuating both partners to float in the aisles of innocent desire; and forever be exuberantly alive,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are mountains of astronomically vivacious courage; defending the sacrosanct essence
of mesmerizing relationship; for centuries immemorial,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are rays of unassailably optimistic hope; overshadowing all those penuriously devastating moments in life; with the light of enchanting happiness,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are intermittently transient beams of mischievous flirtation; reinvigorating your relationship with the astounding colors of piquant existence,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are pillars of mutually synergistic support; which harmoniously weave the stupendously supreme fabric of oligarchic romance,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the spirit of escalating belonging; which makes both partners feel forever young and

boisterously gyrating to embrace radiantly handsome survival,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are fathomless milestones of insurmountably tingling newness; incinerating each pore of your abominably frazzled body; with unfathomably celestial melody,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are the fruits of eternally flamboyant caring; deluging each ingredient of scarlet blood; with the panacea to survive against the most treacherously acrimonious of times,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are clouds of tantalizingly voluptuous craving; which make both partners wholesomely oblivious to the lecherously manipulative vagaries; of this manipulatively blood sucking society,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the sky of incomprehensible possession; which impregnably bonds both partners; in threads of amicably symbiotic brotherhood,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the unequivocal shelter of bountiful compassion; sequestering both partners; in an inexorable fortress of everlasting solidarity,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the flower of eternally fragrant humanity; invincibly ensuring that both partners benevolently embraced all their immaculate counterparts; irrespective of caste; creed and religion; alike,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the cradle of divinely romance; transpiring both partners to bond with realms of sacrosanct heaven; for centuries immemorial,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the fabric of unsurpassably heavenly empathy; which indefatigably coalesces both partners; in threads of rhapsodically contented symbiosis,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the resplendent fountain of forgiveness; uplifting the honest conscience to entirely melange with Omniscient Godhead,

And love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the ocean of ardently never ending heartbeats; spawning infinite new lives of perpetual yearning at every step; altruistically ensuring that God's most revered entrenchment of creation; forever and unconquerably stayed alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Story.

It was a story of untamed passion; which escalated higher than the skies; as they kissed each other till eternity; with the Sun descending down the obsolete horizons,

It was a story of astounding enthrallment; as they stared relentlessly at each other; for centuries immemorial,

It was a story of wonderfully surreptitious flirtation; as they gallivanted in brazen exhilaration behind the misty hills,

It was a story that profoundly tantalized even the most dreariest of leaves; as they enveloped their bodies in whirlpools of seductive caress,

It was a story of immaculate innocence; as they blossomed into merrily tinkling laughter; stupendously intrigued as the tiniest of petals bloomed into happiness,

It was a story that captivated even the most uncouthly manipulative in its divine swirl; as they unrelentingly fantasized in a mystical entrenchment of their own,

It was a story of ravishing titillation; as they gyrated their compassionate bodies; cataclysmically under the radiantly shimmering moon,

It was a story of unparalleled enigma; as they wandered inscrutably through the dense forests; their shadows evading the satanic world outside; like the voluptuously rustling tree leaves,

It was a story of benevolent sharing; as they stood unflinchingly like an invincible rock; in times of distress and supreme joy; alike,

It was a story of insatiable dreaming; as they wandered in the land of gloriously golden paradise; profusely teasing the grass blades with their mischievous toes; as they walked,

It was a story of irrefutable triumph; as they perpetually coalesced their spirits as one; defying the acrimoniously lecherous society,

It was a story of inexorably euphoric melody; as they let their voices drift ecstatically; into handsome cocoons of free sky,

It was a story of astronomical faith in the divine; as they endeavored their best to alleviate shivering humanity; wholeheartedly embracing their fellow comrades in pain,

It was a story of profound companionship; as they uninhibitedly laughed and cried together; emphatically expressing their most inner most feelings of existence,

It was a story of spell binding faith; as they wholesomely massacred even the most inconspicuous element of evil; trying to venomously perpetuate into their blissfully charming relationship,

It was a story that diffused respect for all philanthropic; as they gorgeously blended their impeccable souls; with all those benign marching in this world,

It was a story of inexplicably evoking vacillations; as they emerged undefeated; wading through a sea of unfathomable adversities; that viciously attacked them from all sides,

It was a story that sprung into a perennially new beginning every time you thought that it had ended; as they took birth an infinite times; to live for one another; once again,

Most importantly; it was a story that bonded two throbbing hearts in an aura of Omnipotent love; it was a story of their gloriously sacrosanct passion that caused even the mightiest in the heavens to bow down at their feet; it was their IMMORTAL LOVE STORY.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Versus Terrorism

Terrorism indiscriminately divides,
Love is an Omniscient panacea which wholeheartedly embraces; one and all.

Terrorism treacherously plots,
Love is a flower which diffuses its divinely scent; to the most remotest corners of this Universe.

Terrorism insidiously massacres,
Love is a seed which blossoms perennially; into the chapter of blissful prosperity.

Terrorism baselessly orphans,
Love is a cloud which showers happiness; even after veritably mortal death.

Terrorism tyrannically dictates,
Love is an uninhibitedly cascading stream; which pacifies one and all.

Terrorism devastates civilizations,
Love is a mystically gorgeous shadow; casting the unbreakable spell of humanity for centuries immemorial.

Terrorism perpetuates agonizing hatred,
Love is an Omnipotent ointment; which heals the most savagely brutal of wounds.

Terrorism evokes ghastly memories,
Love is a fountain; which fulminates every unleashing second into a river of insatiable ecstasy.

Terrorism diabolically poisons,
Love is the highest peak of unparalleled joy; overshadowing all wealth and commodity on this gigantic planet.

Terrorism maliciously mutilates,
Love is an invincible march towards victory; the most cherished achievement for an organism in its life.

Terrorism gruesomely cripples beyond hope,
Love is an unconquerably formidable armor; which harbors all religion; tribe; and

mankind in its ardent womb.

Terrorism propagates gory bloodshed,

Love is a fathomless ocean of nostalgic belonging; which perpetually makes you feel; as if you were just born.

Terrorism beheads innocent,

Love is a poignantly bonding wave; which melts the most invidiously sinister; in its heavenly swirl.

Terrorism uncouthly lambastes at every step,

Love is an everlasting dream of peace; which lingers till times beyond absolute eternity.

Terrorism disastrously explodes into viciousness,

Love is a brilliantly optimistic ray; which touches the heart of the rich and miserably deprived; alike.

Terrorism deliberately dismantles,

Love is an intransigently undefeated arrow; ubiquitously spreading the message of celestial brotherhood; in every iota of this boundless globe.

Terrorism heinously corrupts,

Love is a sacred apostle of bountiful relationships; always ensuring you got the very blessed and harmonious in life.

Terrorism stinks in dungeons of hell,

Love is a tantalizing dewdrop which enchants you beyond the boundaries of paradise; making you feel the most richest entity alive.

Terrorism horrendously incinerates,

Love is a torrential downpour of celestial fantasy; which makes the most pathetically dwindling organism; entirely oblivious to pain.

Terrorism blasts through existence,

Love is a benevolent culmination of the divine; rising amicably and unscathed from the ashes; even centuries after losing breath.

Terrorism horrifically stagnates,

Love is a flirtatiously philandering wind through the hills; the perfectly symbiotic rudiments of all existing on this earth.

Terrorism remorsefully regrets,
Love is a mesmerizing voice which proliferates more stronger as the moments unfurl; blowing away all devil in a single breath.

Terrorism disrupts resplendent sleep,
Love is a caress which triggers waves of compassionate electricity; profoundly enlightening the hearts of all those; impeccably deprived.

Terrorism vandalizes beyond the point of sagacious control,
Love heals all tottering towards extinction; irrespective of whether they are poor or unsurpassably rich.

Terrorism shatters the slimmest hope to live,
Love lends its philanthropic shoulders to the weak and infirm; making them blossom into cheerful beams of sheer ebullience.

Terrorism sucks blood tirelessly,
Love spawns countless new lives every instant; naturally continuing God's more revered chapter of existence.

Terrorism incessantly plunders and blunders,
Love is a web of melodiously sweet honey; which nourishes every organism; right from its birth to the final stage of its inevitable death.

Terrorism irrevocably numbs,
Love is a fireball of unending titillation towering towards the sky; rejuvenating life with lost charm and spice.

Terrorism voices its opinions through bullets,
Love is the most successful mission of a persons life; making him live an infinite heavens; in pragmatically present life.

Terrorism pulverizes immaculate to raw chowder,
Love is a boat which glides like a prince through the most tumultuous of storm; transporting its passengers to the land of beauty and paradise.

Terrorism separates kin from kin,
Love imparts the astronomical tenacity to be live without the tiniest of breath; yet feel the strongest entity alive.

Terrorism indefatigably kicks like a dinosaur,
Love besieges each contour of your lips with a timeless smile; an ardor to live

higher than the clouds; at every stage of life.

Terrorism stumbles even before it alights,
Love is a grandiloquent fortress piercing the souls of all tangible kind; quelling
each desire with its magical touch.

Terrorism sleazily petrifies,
Love is a bond which grows more firmer as each second elapses; unshakable
against any attack; in this gigantic world.

Terrorism acrimoniously stings,
Love is a perennially silken feather which puts you to an eternal slumber;
replenishing back an ocean of enthrallment into your dreary eyes.

Terrorism condemns all rhyme and religion,
Love is a fantastic identity of its own; embracing all living with the ever
pervading spirit of mankind.

Terrorism converts each day into an infinite thorns,
Love is the most fulfilling wish that you could ever desire; a flame of intimate
yearning; escalating higher than the skies.

Terrorism kicks you out; from each heart on this soil,
Love is a treasury that augments as you use it; stirring the innermost chords of
your conscience; for the betterment of humanity.

Terrorism rains hell,
Love is a fairy cuddling your senses into a land of magnanimous serenity;
enriching all your purpose in destined life.

Terrorism scraps all self-esteem,
Love is a flamboyant patriot; showering an unfathomable number of lives; for
its counterparts in sorrow.

Terrorism is filthy manipulation,
Love is the greatest poet on the trajectory of this earth; captivating the most
wickedly alien; in the swirl of its marvelous entrenchment.

Terrorism deteriorates all values,
Love is the pinnacle of irrefutable prosperity; uplifting your impoverished visage
to the Creator; every time you tread you step on bare soil.

Terrorism rots the entire township,
Love is the air you breathe; the goodness which you feel; the feeling of benign devotion that profusely encapsulates each cranny of your robust countenance.

Terrorism monstrously violates,
Love is a stupendously exotic wine; which makes you perceive only ravishing beauty; till the time you survive.

Terrorism misleads at every step,
Love is an Omnipresent messiah straight from God's land; vanquishing each hurdle that dared come your way.

Terrorism devilishly imprisons,
Love is a bird soaring handsomely in the clouds of freedom; hoisting all chained that came its way; on its exuberantly flapping wings.

Terrorism cold bloodedly snatches,
Love is a majestic art with royal shine; illuminating the most derogatory darkness; with its impregnable beams of hope yielding light.

Terrorism discordantly abuses,
Love is a charismatic magnet; attracting the most murderously rash in the untamed inferno of its passionate beats.

And Terrorism ultimately dies,
While love is the most wonderful gift of Almighty Lord; a stringent adieu to each deplorable past; an immortal beginning to every spell binding tomorrow.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Versus Terrorism - Part 1 - Poems On Anti Terror, Peace, Love, Brotherhood

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems is actually Part 1 of the Book titled - Love Versus Terrorism (409 pages) . In a planet usurped today by graveyards of terrorism, this poetic collection imparts enlightenment, optimism, courage and an eternal desire to breathe free. GOD'S sacred earth isn't the way it used to be when it was created, thanks to greed of man which has indiscriminately torn apart every creed, color and definition of time for the 5 alphabets called 'MONEY'. The devil has spread terror in the name of religion, in the name of God, most abusively, without the slightest remorse. This book brilliantly equates 'Love' and 'terrorism' at every step and goes on to timelessly prove that no matter how ghastly terrorism perpetuates into the atmosphere, immortal love perennially triumphs over one and all on the earth. A startling collection of anti terror poems in an hour when the world wants them more than anything else, Parekh's words act as a harbinger of peace to infinite masses agonizingly estranged in brutal violence and bloodshed. A must read for every patron of global peace out there!

An Introduction to The Book

Love Versus Terrorism unconquerably depicts at each stage that no matter how wretched the wrath of terrorism has penetrated into the planet today-Love forever emerges victorious. Because God has created it as the most Omnipotent panacea for one and all humanity and the living kind. As long as the earth exists, the devil would continue to exist in various forms and shapes-trying his best to insidiously harm living kind. But the power of truth, love, compassion would not only conquer it in all respects, but would continue to bond the entire planet in threads of everlasting humanity. So that the best religion that pervades over one and all is the 'Religion of Humanity'. This book is an unflinching salute to the chapters of love, peace and brotherhood-which are the most efficacious panacea

to conquer dastardly terrorism.

CONTENTS

1. THE TERRORISTS BELONGED TO NO RELIGION
2. NO ORGANISM IS A BORN TERRORIST
3. THE PERFECT HANDSHAKE
4. GHASTLY WAR COULD ONLY WIN
5. CURSED TERRORISM
6. AGAINST THE DEVIL'S WHINE
7. GREATNESS
8. TO GOD'S HELL - TRIBUTE TO AMERICA, PART 1
9. UNITED TOGETHER
10. FREEDOM
11. NON VIOLENCE
12. STITCHED
13. THE EXACT DEFINITION OF ANTI TERRORISM-IMMORTAL LOVE.
14. MY HEART CRIES - TRIBUTE TO AMERICA, PART 2
15. PLEASE STOP WAR
16. THEY WERE STILL ALIVE - TRIBUTE TO AMERICA, PART 3
17. EVEN GREATER
18. THE WORLD TRADE CENTER SHALL STAND TALL FOREVER -TRIBUTE TO AMERICA, PART 4
19. WHY THE HELL HAVE YOU MADE THIS GHASTLY BULLET?
20. TERRORISM AND IMMORTAL LOVE
21. PULT (PEACE, UNITY, LOVE, TRUTH.)
22. ALL BLOOD IS PASSIONATE RED.
23. A HEART FOR ANOTHER HEART
24. HEART TO HEART
25. WHY NOT WE FOREVER LIVE IN THE SAME BREATH?
26. WE AREN'T AFRAID
27. I TRULY HATE CRIME
28. COME LETS EMBRACE OUR NEW RELIGION
29. RATIO AND PROPORTION
30. SKY OF PIOUS PEACE.
31. HUMANITARIAN SECT
32. UNPARDONABLE CRIME
33. THE FLAG OF LOVE
34. IMMORTAL SOLDIERS - PART 1
35. LIVE NO EVIL
36. HUMANITY AND HAPPINESS
37. VICTORY SHALL FOREVER BE

38. TELL ME WHO CAN STOP YOU?
39. IMMORTAL SOLDIERS - PART 2
40. DON'T YOU DARE O! DEVIL
41. LOVE VERSUS TERRORISM
42. THE GREATEST VICTORY
43. MORE IMMORTAL THAN BLOOD RELATION
44. THE TRUE MARTYRS
45. YOU WERE NOTHING
46. MIRACULOUSLY UNITING CRIMSON BLOOD.
47. IGNITE THE LAMP OF HUMANITY
48. THE FLAME OF TRUTH
49. NO POWER EVER BORN
50. VIOLENCE

1. THE TERRORISTS BELONGED TO NO RELIGION

They belonged to no religion. As they solely surrendered to the religion of the devil -which ruthlessly beheaded countless innocent; infirm and freshly born; in the name of sacred Lord Almighty,

They belonged to no color. As they solely pledged to the color of the devil — which wanted to invidiously incarcerate every effervescent shade of life; into the gallows of hopeless and haplessly stymied black,

They belonged to no territory. As they solely blended with the territory of the devil -which satanically wanted to snatch; maim; bombard and eventually merge every blissful corner of mother earth into its graveyards of inconsolable blood,

They belonged to no language. As they solely hissed the language of the devil - which inexhaustibly plundered; rebuked and abused the fabric of humanity and nicety; with the jinx of baseless sacrifice and the corpse,

They belonged to no mindset. As they solely clung to the mindset of the devil —which unthinkably yearned to build the most glittering castles of Gold on the foundations of innocuous bone; gory blood and life distorted to amorphous pulp,

They belonged to no atmosphere. As they solely salivated in the atmosphere of the devil - which tirelessly feasted all night and day on the stench of innocent blood -drinking; lavishing and languishing in it to lead life Kingsize,

They belonged to no roots. As they solely squandered in the roots of the devil - which executed the most terrorizing acts on all living kind-praying to the sight of

fanatically splattered blood and shattered skull; to give them the power to survive,

They belonged to no category. As they solely rotted in the category of the devil - which wanted to rule the planet clamped in a spurious little incapacitated fist; assassinating every source of life with treacherously lame cowardice,

They belonged to no caste. As they solely clung to the caste of the devil — which forlornly stymied every vibrant form of emerging life; laughed at how easily humans disintegrated into boundless bits at the tiniest of dastardly provocation,

They belonged to no character. As they solely spoke the character of the devil —which believed the best integrity and the best survival was in rising above every conceivable soul on earth; if not by hook then by hideous crook,

They belonged to no government. As they solely stagnated in the government of the devil — which barbarously chopped off fingers, hands; feet; veins; limbs and throats of bountiful humans at the tiniest of error; and in order to assert sanctimonious superiority,

They belonged to no soil. As they solely sputtered in the soil of the devil-which constituted the granules of all hell; dungeons after dungeons of children who lay dead-just to affirm some hell of a non-existent sadistic strength,

They belonged to no Church; Temple; Monastery or Mosque. As they solely wept in the mortuary of the devil - inexhaustibly wanting to metamorphose the trajectory of this planet into insipid ash; the sinful veil of the bloodstained corpse,

They belonged to no definition. As they solely endorsed the definition of the devil — which was out on a rampage to plunder Mother earth and its children as much as it could; taking ultimate refuge within realms of the fetid carcass,

They belonged to no village. As they solely inhabited the village of the devil - where each abode was a unbearably shrieking tombstone; and the clothes that everyone wore were sequined with chopped tongues; limbs and unfinished desire,

They belonged to no forest. As they solely rummaged through the forest of the devil - where all that was seen and heard was bellows of ghoulish smoke and agonizing scream; where life was insidiously sacrificed at the altar to immortalize the self,

They belonged to no heart. As they solely slaved in the heart of the devil - which was nothing but a gorge of inexplicable sinking drudgery; and continued to meaninglessly exist without the most insouciant of beats,

They belonged to no face. As they solely deteriorated in the face of the devil - which constituted of the most ridiculously non-existent vacuum; that thrived on the curses given by everyone of those that he'd tortured and kept doing so,

Hey! Wait a minute; they were children of the same God as you and me were alright. Because after all God owns the entire Universe and all its Life,

But they chose to follow the path of the devil against God's wishes. They were infact what every single one of us in the world today hatefully addressed by the word 'Terrorists'.

2. NO ORGANISM IS A BORN TERRORIST

No petal is ever born disdainfully decayed; from the womb of the redolently mesmerizing and celestially effulgent flower,

No fledgling is ever born a hideously treacherous vulture; from the womb of the uninhibitedly ecstatic and timelessly soaring bird,

No raindrop is ever born smeared with satanic blood; from the womb of the impeccably glorious and fathomlessly endowing sky,

No ray is ever born a mass of bedlam nothingness; from the womb of the Omnipotently Golden and brilliantly optimistic Sun,

No sound is ever born cold-bloodedly cacophonous; from the womb of the vividly resplendent and ebulliently mellifluous nightingale,

No flake of ice is ever born cannibalistically brown; from the womb of the innocuously placid and endlessly enamoring snowball,

No globule of milk is ever born sadistically venomous; from the womb of the unsurpassably sacrosanct and benevolently munching cow,

No mischief is ever born insidiously crucifying; from the womb of the vivaciously dancing and eternally cavorting rainbow,

No salt is ever born diabolically asphyxiating; from the womb of the rhapsodically undulating and perennially poignant sea,

No soldier is ever born a disparagingly gory traitor; from the womb of the Omnisciently proliferating and peerlessly blessing soil,

No echo is ever born ludicrously silent; from the womb of the unfathomably deep and inscrutably reverberating gorge,

No truth is ever born an egregiously marauding lie; from the womb of the unconquerably Omnipresent and Perpetually bestowing heavens,

No honey is ever born iconoclastically prejudiced; from the womb of the fantastically boisterous and enchantingly exotic honey bee,

No fruit is ever born forlornly deteriorated; from the womb of the quintessentially mollifying and blissfully symbiotic mud,

No lion is ever born mercilessly trampling; from the womb of the uninhibitedly fearless and synergistically blossoming forest,

No epitome is ever born lugubriously crumbling; from the womb of the invincibly compassionate and inimitably towering mountain,

No continent is ever born atrociously bombarding; from the womb of the tirelessly panoramic and unbelievably majestic globe,

No breath is ever born hissing parasitically pugnacious fire; from the womb of the insuperably heavenly and insurmountably moistened nostril,

No beat is ever born murderously betraying; from the womb of the unassailably godly and passionately thundering heart,

And no organism is ever born a reproachfully indiscriminate terrorist; from the womb of its unshakably priceless and altruistically blessing mother.

3. THE PERFECT HANDSHAKE

When I shook hands with a waiter; interrupting his monotonous sequel of serving delicacies,

The handshake was pretty lackadaisical; the aftermath of which rendered me with grease and a perennial stench of garlic diffusing from my palms.

When I shook hands with a beggar; forcefully clasping his disheveled fingers in mine,
The handshake was absolutely nonchalant; it was as if I had awakened a dying man from the course of his blissful sleep.

When I shook hands with a pot-bellied butcher; nimbly requesting him to relinquish his sharp cleavers before he executed the same,
The handshake almost squelched my bones to fine chowder; and an obnoxious scent of foul fish and meat wafted profusely from my palm thereafter.

When I shook hands with a clean shaven barber; smiling amicably as I noticed an effeminate tinge of polish on his nails,
The handshake was as frigid as a slithering worm; also I had to scrub my palms vigorously after the same; to free them from the unscrupulous strands of hair and shampoo; incorrigibly clinging tightly.

When I shook hands with a flamboyant model; gently entwining my hands in her dainty fingers,
The handshake was as cold as frozen ice; and I had to wash my hands with stringent acid soon after; to get rid of the vanity aroma that nearly choked me to death.

When I shook hands with the bespectacled doctor; confidently gripping the back of his hand in mine,
The handshake was a replica of the printed encyclopedia; and I almost swooned on the ground after inhaling the despicable odor of chlorine and potent antiseptic.

When I shook hands with a madman; prudently catching him unaware when he was snoozing under the Sun,
The handshake seemed to last till eternity; almost engendering me to abdicate my breath; as the imbecile idiot displayed no signs releasing me; against the most resilient of my efforts.

When I shook hands with the meticulous business tycoon; in an ambience inundated with majestic drapery and redolent flowers,
The handshake was the most sophisticated I had ever encountered; and I deliberately rolled my hands in sordid sand after the same; to add some vibrancy; break free from the impeccable aura of the superficial corporate world.

When I shook hands with the convict; incarcerated behind iron bars of the dingy

prison,

The handshake was murderous; also the agony in his cold blooded eyes; the nefarious devil lurking in his brow; made me scamper at electric speeds towards the exit gate.

When I shook hands with the drunken truck driver; soaring past verdant landscapes; the splendidly gorgeous valleys,
The handshake was pretty bizarre; as he treated my petite palms like the steering wheel of his vehicle; maneuvering them frantically in several directions at a time.

When I shook hands with the bare chested washerman; in the midst of his fervent washing activity,
The handshake was as slippery as the shimmering dolphin; and he almost squashed my hands against the obdurate floor; overwhelmingly replete with a soapy bath of detergent and carbolic.

And eventually when I shook hands with the soldier; in a backdrop of guns; marching commandos; and hostile war,
The handshake this time was THE PERFECT HANDSHAKE; as he fearlessly entangled his fingers in mine; and the fragrance of his loyalty lingered till times greater than eternity in my eyes; as I saluted his indomitable spirit; the tenacity in his persona to emancipate life for his country.

4. GHASTLY WAR COULD ONLY WIN

Ghastly war could only win; countless screams of all those haplessly orphaned children; who hopelessly stared into the desolately maiming open spaces of hell; with the blood soaked bodies of their parents upon their innocuous shoulders,

Treacherous war could only win; countless curses of all those brutally lambasted mothers; who indiscriminately lost their exuberant young sons; to the arrow of carnivorously unforgivable malice,

Sadistic war could only win; countless nightmares of all those inexplicably shivering on the heartlessly obdurate ground; barbarously naked and without the tiniest leaf of humanity to engulf their wailing bones,

Inconsolable war could only win; countless slaps of all those relentlessly searching for their inseparably lost ones; whose even the most infinitesimal whisker wasn't to be found; under the most tenaciously blazing of sunlight,

Cold-blooded war could only win; countless abuses of all those rendered devastatingly homeless; who now had no other option than to perennially reside upon graveyards of horrendously charred ash,

Parasitic war could only win; countless tears of all those still uncontrollably oozing priceless blood; even infinite hours after the Sun had celestially set,

Wanton war could only win; countless agonies of all those who were left to salaciously crawl on a single hand and foot for the remainder of their lives; indefinably mutilated by the cannibalistic swords of dastardly abhorrence,

Hedonistic war could only win; countless impotencies of all those who were left without their sacrosanct beloved's; and in whom the desire to further procreate had inevitably died like the last brick of the deadened coffin,

Unsparing war could only win; countless infidelities of all those who'd completely lost faith in every fraternity of living kind; gorily witnessing their loved ones being acrimoniously pulverized like insouciantly deplorable matchsticks,

Satanic war could only win; countless vindications of all those inimitably new born infants; who'd unfortunately seen their mother being ruthlessly slained; felt her blood-soaked skull instead of amiably suckling her breast,

Prejudiced war could only win; countless frustrations of all those whose most gloriously unfettered and victorious future; had now been forever burnt into flames of inanely decrepit meaninglessness,

Licentious war could only win; countless dumbness of all those perpetually stunned by the impact of the intransigent heartlessness; all those whose voice forever refrained to waft out of their throats; as they saw their own brothers and children being buried alive; right in front of their eyes,

Disastrous war could only win; countless diseases of all those whose every iota of flesh had been tawdrily ripped apart; to remorsefully reveal their profusely pus laden bones,

Imbecile war could only win; countless insecurities of all those who'd lost every ounce of their physical and emotional possession in vibrant life; for whom every trembling footstep forward; seemed to be like the most massacring valley of death,

Diabolical war could only win; countless blood-drops of all those who lay

miserably unattended and inconsolably wounded; for whom there seemed nothing else but a mortuary of despondently never-ending darkness; in front of even the most ethereal of their senses,

Heinous war could only win; countless sarcasms of all those who were neither a part of it; or all those who never lost any of their loved ones to its tyrannical swirl; but whose tongues still developed a flagrant flavor simply listening to all delirious atrocities going around,

Deteriorating war could only win; countless idiosyncrasies of all those who were mentally tortured by its whiplashes of apathetic ferociousness; for whom every instant of life had now metamorphosed into the gutters of worthless insanity,

Unceremonious war could only win; countless living-deaths of all those still existing just for the sake of inhaling and exhaling out air; but for whom the entire Universe was nothing but an ominous skeleton of unrelentingly stabbing blackness,

And cowardly war could only win; countless betrayals of all those who once upon a time immortally loved; but now whose every beat had wholesomely metamorphosed into slandering sinfulness; tirelessly witnessing blood and malice as the only signatures of blessed life.

5. CURSED TERRORISM

The bird of ghastly terrorism might undoubtedly fly all right; but without the most ethereal trace of direction; and miserably collapsing in its non-existent grave; as its decayed wings woefully crumbled mid-air,

The waterfall of indiscriminate terrorism might undoubtedly cascade all right; but it never was able to touch even an inconspicuous iota of pricelessly venerated soil,

The car of crucifying terrorism might undoubtedly chug forward all right; but it soon uncontrollably exploded into such an inferno of indecipherable nothingness; that was impossible to find even in the corpses of obviously paralytic hell,

The soil of sadistic terrorism might undoubtedly sprout all right; but every fruit which it dared to parsimoniously bear; salaciously sank an infinite feet beneath worthless mud; even before they could kiss the first beams of morning light,

The clouds of unforgivable terrorism might undoubtedly rain all right; but every

globule of water that they satanically oozed; was that of venomously cannibalistic and mercilessly slandering blood,

The mountains of slaving terrorism might undoubtedly stand all right; but every epitome of theirs was shamefully and sinfully inverted; like the endlessly outstretched palms of the cadaverously wailing beggar; who never ever witnessed even the most insouciant trifle of wealth all his wretchedly impoverished life,

The eyes of nondescript terrorism might undoubtedly see all right; but every ray that radiated from their whites metamorphosed into the most remorsefully maiming graveyard of deplorable blackness; even in insuperably flaming Sunlight,

The tree of vindictive terrorism might undoubtedly fructify all right; but every of its leaf charred you to the most inconsolably pathetic extinction; instead of mollifying every frazzled nerve of yours with mesmerizing shade,

The sea of unsparing terrorism might undoubtedly swirl all right; but each of its demonically asphyxiating wave; drowned you into a mortuary of wanton meaninglessness; even before you could emanate your first or last breath,

The Sun of frigid terrorism might undoubtedly shine all right; but every of its criminally diabolical ray; could foment nothing else but only tirelessly beheading nightfall; even in the peak of irrefutably blistering day,

The Moon of brutal terrorism might undoubtedly twinkle all right; but every of its deliriously surreptitious beams; metamorphosed even the most impeccably divine child; into an unstoppably marauding dinosaur of perverted crime,

The mirrors of agonizing terrorism might undoubtedly reflect all right; but every image that they vividly portrayed; was that of the vengefully bombarding and bizarrely demented devil,

The sky of ominous terrorism might undoubtedly stretch all right; but even the most transiently feckless ounce of space in it; irretrievably and solely belonged to the coffins of despicably pulverizing hell,

The veins of heartless terrorism might undoubtedly bleed all right; but every droplet of blood that they frenetically oozed; bore the color of carnivorously amorphous and unsurpassably lackadaisical nothingness,

The meadows of tyrannical terrorism might undoubtedly dew all right; but globule of sanctimoniously ironical golden; was the most unconquerably despicable venom that planet earth could ever produce,

The mouth of truculent terrorism might undoubtedly speak all right; but every word that it rambunctiously uttered; was the most ignominiously sinful abuse on the grace of the Omnisciently Almighty Lord,

The shadows of acrimonious terrorism might undoubtedly lurk all right; but timelessly impregnating only germs of baselessly excoriating fear; in one and all; disgustingly alike,

The nostrils of plagued terrorism might undoubtedly breathe all right; but each puff of air that they notoriously inhaled; buried them deeper and deeper into the most horrendously torturous gorges of inveterate death,

And the heart of cursed terrorism might undoubtedly throb all right; but each beat that it penuriously diffused; barbarously incarcerated every single organism on this fathomless planet; into chains of hedonistically assassinating war and limitless hatred.

6. AGAINST THE DEVIL'S WHINE

Don't fight in the name of Religion; the same Religion which gave you your own identity to impregnably exist in the first place; fervently worship one particular form of Godhead till the last breath of your life,

Don't fight in the name of Color; the same Color which bestowed upon you your very inimitably charismatic personality; amidst billions of different organism on the trajectory of this fathomlessly effulgent Universe,

Don't fight in the name of Blood; the same Blood which perennially perpetuated the feeling of exuberant rebirth in every ingredient of your persona; even as you were just about to embrace the gallows of gory death,

Don't fight in the name of Height; the same Height which timelessly endowed you with your very own blissfully clambering stature; over every conceivable element of feckless mud on planet divine,

Don't fight in the name of Power; the same Power which infallibly bestowed upon you the united conviction; to tackle every insidious adversity with your

unflinchingly royal stride,

Don't fight in the name of Nationality; the same Nationality which profoundly enshrouded even the most infinitesimal shades of your personality; with the flag of its majestically unconquerable individuality,

Don't fight in the name of Motherland; the same Motherland which so compassionately bore even the most egregious of your idiosyncrasies not just for 9 months; but for an infinite more enchanting lifetimes,

Don't fight in the name of Superiority; the same Superiority which harmoniously ensured that you timelessly towered like the ultimate prince; alongwith every other organism of your kind,

Don't fight in the name of Heaven; the same Heaven which perpetually ensured that you invincibly burgeoned in the cradle of paradise; where existed nothing else but the unassailably priceless hilt of truth,

Don't fight in the name of God; the same God who miraculously caressed your impoverished existence in an infinite shapes and forms; every unfurling second of your enigmatically sparkling life,

Don't fight in the name of Holy Scripture; the same Holy Scripture which indefatigably and ardently taught you just one thing; that every living organism irrespective of caste; creed; stature and tribe; is wondrously alike,

Don't fight in the name of Democracy; the same Democracy which endlessly allowed you to palpitate in the beat of undefeated freedom; exercise your very own symbiotic right to the most unprecedented of your capacity,

Don't fight in the name of Flesh; the same Flesh which magically aroused every tangible pore of your skin to even the most insouciant vibration of the atmosphere; triggered in you the most sensuously tantalizing sensations of all times,

Don't fight in the name of Signature; the same Signature which represented the true resoluteness of your personality; irrespective of your wealth or stature,

Don't fight in the name of Temple/Mosque/Church/Monastery; the same Temple/Mosque/Church/Monastery; in which you sought indefinite refuge; In your times of inexplicably assassinating duress,

Don't fight in the name of Food; the same Food whose quintessentially synergistic ingredients; eventually became the undyingly resurgent swirl of blood in even the most oblivious of your veins,

Don't fight in the name of Wealth; the same Wealth which so handsomely replenished every perceivable of your mortal need; and put even the most acrimoniously frazzled nerve of yours to bountiful sleep,

Don't fight in the name of Love; the same Love which made you forever feel the most insuperably priceless organism alive; and the closest to the heartbeat of the Omniscient Creator Divine,

Instead; if you really had this impudently boiling urge to fight; then please all of you on planet earth unite together in the religion of eternal humanity; and fight till death AGAINST the name and even the tiniest innuendo of the devil's whine.

7. GREATNESS

Greatness was in the bountifully altruistic lap of mother nature; which didn't raise its voice even an infinitesimal whisper; although plucked an infinite times for its fruit and nutrient; by despicably impoverished man,

Greatness was in the wholehearted smile of the newborn child; which brought the most pricelessly inimitable cheer; to even the most morbidly deadened corpses floating fecklessly in the atmosphere,

Greatness was in the timelessly rejuvenating spray of the waterfall; which tirelessly mollified the most horrendously agitated of nerves; profoundly blended with the rays of golden sunlight,

Greatness was in the first droplet of uninhibitedly blessing rain that fell from the sky; divinely enriching every conceivable patch of ghoulishly arid mud with the elixir of vivacious life,

Greatness was in the sacredly unblemished eye; which conveyed the most exhilarating tales of an infinite lifetimes entirely in its whiteness and blackness; and the perennial beams that it emanated of Omnipotent life,

Greatness was in the unimpeachable uniform of the soldier; who sacrificed his life without the tiniest of thought or hesitation; as the very first step of the enemy alighted towards his venerated motherland,

Greatness was in the pathway that forever and ever led to the Sun of righteousness; where there shone nothing else but the Heaven of infallibly brilliant humanity,

Greatness was in the tongue which licked compassion into the most inexplicably venomous of wounds; fully aware that it could disastrously and irrevocably be an impoverished victim of the same,

Greatness was in the everlastingly redolent fantasy; which united the entire planet irrespective of caste; creed; religion or kind; into a singleton wave of unassailably fragrant oneness,

Greatness was in the unpretentious voice that always rose in favor of the oppressed; became their sole guiding ray of enlightenment; in even the most vindictively blackened and hopeless night,

Greatness was in the unparalleled exuberance of the rustic wind; which never ever let any organism on earth feel lonely; as it enchantingly whistled past their cheeks every unfurling minute,

Greatness was in the indefatigably conquering entrepreneur; who still considered the mission to be a countless shades bigger than him; whose mission to evolve newness forever continued till the time he lived,

Greatness was in the haplessly childless mother; who still blessed every symbiotically married couple on the trajectory of this fathomless planet; to procreate several amazing of their kind,

Greatness was in the truthful rivers of sweat which ran down the armpits; paying the most royal tributes to the unflinchingly fearless chapters of undying perseverance,

Greatness was in the majestically uninterrupted melody of wondrous creation; which arose from the innermost realms of the triumphantly passionate heart,

Greatness was in the multiple colors of the astoundingly eclectic rainbow; which radiated separately and profoundly in their own shades; but together spawned the beam of unparalleled hope,

Greatness was in the heart which knew only to perpetually disseminate the paradise of love; although its very own beats were salaciously betrayed by the people it befriended in its destined life,

Greatness was in the tireless nostril which kept instilling impregnable life; into every miserably stony corpse; dolorously stagnating till eternity in sinfully satanic vacuum,

And greatness was in every entity; every moment; every hour on this endlessly enthralling Universe; which forever and ever and ever; throbbed with the sky of miraculously reincarnating simplicity.

8. TO GOD'S HELL - TRIBUTE TO AMERICA, PART 1

For the sake of all those trapped mercilessly beneath the rubble; fighting helplessly against death,

For the sake of all those wails flooding the atmosphere; the fountain of innocent blood sprayed indiscriminately around,

For the sake of all those struggling for breath; moving their arms and feet despairingly under savage concrete,

For the sake of all those attendants; buried ruthlessly under the weight of their serving trays,

The perpetrators should be penalized to the highest degree; should be sent to God's hell.

{1}

For the sake of all those cars squelched to threadbare metal; infinite shards of acrid glass sprawled satanically around,

For the sake of all those firemen buried alive; while inadvertently trying to extricate the individuals trapped; douse the unrelenting flames and smoke,

For the sake of all those chunks of limp flesh sprinkled horrendously around; the torn remnants of victims peeping out from every corner,

For the sake of all those who were maimed for life; losing their limbs under bulky rods of hot iron,

The perpetrators should be penalized to the highest degree; should be sent to God's hell.

{2}

For the sake of all that darkness that engulfed the streets; in the heart of the brilliant morning,

For the sake of unprecedented terror that had crept in everyone's souls; after the barbaric attacks,

For the sake of all those offices pulverized to inconspicuous dust; which were once the nerve center of the entire world,
For the sake of all those mourning relatives; that wept in uncontrolled hysteria as realization dawned upon,

The perpetrators should be penalized to the highest degree; should be sent to God's hell.

{3}

For the sake of unsurpassable devastation that had crept in all quarters of the planet; after the vicious attack,

For the sake of terrorizing the entire world; by committing irrevocable acts of brutality,

For the sake of all those graveyards; now brimming to capacity with lifeless mortals,

For the sake of countless numbers of wives waiting for their husbands; even when they knew that there were frugal chances of finding them alive,

And over and above all for the sake of all those lives lost; all those infants crawling without support on the ground; all those families rendered missionless after losing inevitable parts of their blood; all those mothers anxiously waiting for their son's to return with tears welling in their eyes,

The perpetrators should be penalized to the highest degree; should be sent to God's hell.

9. UNITED TOGETHER

A world laden with overwhelming prosperity; touching the hearts of all living

organisms alike,

A world of ubiquitous equality; disseminating the message of perpetual love in every corner submerged with ghastly darkness,

A world of insurmountably transparent simplicity; with all organisms candidly divulging the inner most feelings of their hearts,

A world of celestial unity; with the drooping; the poor; and the stinkingly rich; marching ahead; shoulder to shoulder,

A world of ravishing titillation; with romance being the cardinal savior under milky beams of majestic moonlight,

A world of uninhibited expression; with nobody being a slave of spuriously bombastic aristocracy,

A world of vivacious color and charisma; with each individual deluging the atmosphere; with an astounding repertoire of gifted talents,

A world of jubilant laughter and cheer; with children and the old; fulminating into a cloud of invincible happiness; alike,

A world of irrefutable altruism; with each entity contributing its best; towards the benign service of philanthropic mankind,

A world of symbiotic relationship; with people embracing each other; in times of exuberant joy; as well as disparagingly crippling pain,

A world of bountiful progress; with the amalgamated efforts of all tribes combined; yielding the sweetest fruits of magical success,

A world of pacific calm; with each living being harboring peace and goodwill in his soul; to blend wholesomely with the divine,

A world of mesmerizing beauty; with the untamed wilderness of the forests; proliferating into a fountain of newness; every unveiling second,

A world of impregnable security; with no child ever being orphaned; immaculately sleeping for centuries immemorial; in the lap of its sacrosanct mother,

A world of perennial goodwill; with each human ardently wishing the best for his fellow counterpart in inexplicable misery,

A world of marvelous mysticism; with every unfurling path; blossoming into a voluptuously enticing chapter of existence,

A world of friendship and eternal peace; healing the most horrifically gory wounds; with the balm of unconquerable camaraderie,

And a world of immortally passionate love; profusely bonding the beats of tangible existence; for infinite births more; till the Creator bestowed life upon earth,

Is what I have always desired since the time I inhaled my very first breath; and although I indefatigably pray all night and day; to the Almighty lord,

Believe me; it can wholesomely manifest into an unshakable reality; with me; you and all of us on this colossal planet; united together.

10. FREEDOM

Freedom to laugh; uninhibitedly chortle whilst embracing the fathomless expanse of the mystical valley,

Freedom to talk; candidly voicing my innermost opinions; with absolutely no restraints from the conventional society,

Freedom to dance; vivaciously gyrate to the enchanting beams of the milky moon; well past the heart of ravishing midnight,

Freedom to socialize; blend with any organism; caste or creed; that I was inevitably drawn too,

Freedom to write; inundating the periphery of unfathomable bits of bonded paper; with the passion circumventing my soul,

Freedom to sing; coherently or incoherently humming an unsurpassable myriad of tunes; even as the world caged itself in boundaries of malice,

Freedom to wink; flirtatiously philander in the aisles of heavenly desire; through the romantically enigmatic hills,

Freedom to dress; enveloping my impoverished persona; with the cloth rustic embellishments of my choice,

Freedom to eat; feasting upon food from all quarters of the planet; as long as it was robust; as long as it was divine,

Freedom to romanticize; unrelentingly fantasize into the wildest entrenchment's of exoticism; till times immemorial,

Freedom to meditate; being profusely encompassed in whirlwinds of profuse concentration; even as a battalion of scorpions crawled down my nape,

Freedom to sleep; embracing everlasting slumber in the flamboyantly flaming day; stare like an intransigent owl all throughout the resplendently starry night,

Freedom to desire; handsomely floating through clouds of fabulous silk; bowing down in timid obeisance upon the feet of invincibly alluring angels,

Freedom to gallop; running in rhapsodic exhilaration with the majestic winds; as the crimson fireball of Sun tantalizingly set; behind the charismatic sky,

Freedom to procreate; evolving countless of my own kind; magnanimously contributing my best to continue God's charming chapter of existence,

Freedom to swim; voraciously peddling through choppy fountains of salty froth; as the undulating waves of the enthralling ocean; catapulted me to a land above ultimate paradise,

Freedom to survive; unequivocally extracting my share of happiness from this parsimoniously lecherous society,

Freedom to love; wholeheartedly accepting all with a benign heart and tumultuous passion to serve God's humanity,

And most importantly freedom to live O! Almighty Lord; making me the richest entity alive; relishing each element of your impeccable planet till the last breath I diffused; till the time I throbbed my last heart beat.

11. NON VIOLENCE

Non violence is not about being lambasted like raw mince meat; for apparently no fault of yours,

It is infact a seed of love that proliferates ubiquitously around the globe; your voice against tyrannized injustice and uncouth radicalism.

Non violence is not just staring at sky like dumb sheep; while the lecherously manipulative around incessantly whipped your bare chest,
It is infact the most magnificent self defense mechanism of your body; which gives you the astronomical conviction to confront the mightiest of acrimonious attack.

Non violence is not just retreating into your cocoon of overwhelming shyness; as the world outside brutally transgressed upon your back,
It is infact a bird soaring high and handsome in the aisles of uninhibited freedom; your sacred messages to the society propagating immortal love and peace.

Non violence is not about rotting in dungeons of obsolete oblivion; while the hideously devilish danced in venomous wine outside,
It is infact about fearlessly bonding the benevolent alike; preparing every tangible organism of God's mesmerizing creation to; disseminate the wave of brotherhood in all quarters of the planet.

Non violence is not running like a whipped slave; to even the most inconspicuous command of those misusing the centerstage of power,
It is infact a candidly philanthropic answer to all diabolical; scrapping the gory pedestal of satanic savagery from its roots; with the insurmountable resilience of your righteous conscience.

Non violence is not shivering in inexplicable weakness; as the invidiously dictatorial guffawed after murdering people outside,
It is infact the candle of irrefutably Omnipotent light; enlightening impoverished masses towards a bountiful beginning; a wonderfully optimistic tomorrow.

Non violence is not nodding your head to each act of torturous malice; licking the dust left by cold-blooded demons sucking blood,
It is infact a flower diffusing its scent of unequivocal freedom to far and wide across earth; ensuring that its rays of perpetual unity; invincibly escalated above all boundaries defined and undefined.

Non violence is not being maimed at every step you alighted; while stinking butchers of civilization used your shoulder to talk with the skies,
It is infact the perennial ladder to benign success; your most innermost voice of expression which granted you the fortitude to lead an infinite more lives; even after you died.

And Non violence is not surrendering your heart; body and soul; at the most diminutive command of the parasitic traitors who wanted to ruthlessly devastate celestial mankind,

It is infact an arrow of immortal victory; which pierces through every shadow of evil lingering on this fathomless Universe; yet spawning and giving fresh birth to an everlasting human race; a harmonious livingkind.

12. STITCHED

In order to stitch barren patches of colossal sky; all that was required as a conglomerate of voluptuously silken clouds,

In order to stitch the miserably dilapidated walls of the castle; all that was required was a flurry of handsome bricks and fortified cement,

In order to stitch the overwhelmingly blood shot eye; all that was required was river of poignantly emphatic tears,

In order to stitch the ragged sheet of wretchedly torn paper; all that was required was parsimonious droplets of efficacious glue,

In order to stitch brutally bruised and pathetic wounds; all that was required was minuscule traces of potently healing antiseptic,

In order to stitch a battalion of smashed teeth; all that was required was astronomical fillings of invincibly tenacious calcium,

In order to stitch the hungrily parched desert crying hoarsely under the sweltering Sun; all that was required was an ocean of deliciously sweet and sparkling water,

In order to stitch a dolorous pair of profusely gloomy lips; all that was required was tinkling laughter; an intriguingly enchanting smile,

In order to stitch the pigeon lying gruesomely injured and helplessly slithering on the ground; all that was required was a pinch of fresh mud; which almost intransigently fomented it to soar robustly and fly,

In order to stitch profoundly distorted chunks of ice; all that was required was a refrigerator; with its power to chill escalating exuberantly towards blue sky,

In order to stitch the disastrously disheveled web; all that was required was a silvery spider which traversed to and fro; faster than the speed of dazzling light,

In order to stitch the haywire and incoherently absurd story; all that was required was a thoroughly imaginative and ardent writer,

In order to stitch insurmountably morbid anecdotes of painstaking gloom; all that was required was an uninhibitedly hilarious joke,

In order to stitch the abhorrently looking gaping holed shoe; all that was required was meticulous pairs of glossily dangling lace,

In order to stitch a ghastily abraded battlefield of lies; all that was required was the omnipotent essence of irrefutable truth,

In order to stitch unfathomable kilometers of space deluged with perilously treacherous darkness; all that was required was stringent beams of optimistic light,

In order to stitch dead shades of rapidly diminishing life; all that was required was inconspicuous mouthfuls of celestially blissful breath,

In order to stitch the satanically shattered self esteem; all that was required was candidly listening to the voice of the inner most conscience,

And in order to stitch the shamefully dispersed land of violence and obnoxious hatred; all that was required was a stream of immortal love; a stream that caused crime to perpetually fall.

13. THE EXACT DEFINITION OF ANTI TERRORISM-IMMORTAL LOVE.

Whatever's Love in its most Immortally fructifying and blissfully embracing form; is infact the exact; comprehensive and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most infallibly heavenly and faithfully invincible form; is infact the exact; honest and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most pristinely uninhibited and compassionately unabashed form; is infact the exact; transparent and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most brilliantly blazing and eternally egalitarian form; is infact the exact; unchallengable and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most ecstatically peerless and royally ameliorating form; is infact the exact; impregnable and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most Omnisciently blessing and symbiotically ever-pervading form; is infact the exact; indisputable and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most triumphantly effulgent and resplendently sparkling form; is infact the exact; unfettered and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most unconquerably mellifluous and timelessly healing form; is infact the exact; unprejudiced and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most perennially innocuous and vibrantly enthralling form; is infact the exact; unalterable and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most perpetually spawning and magically proliferating form; is infact the exact; panoramic and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most everlastingly synergistic and regally harboring form; is infact the exact; unobstructed and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most enchantingly celestial and ubiquitously mollifying form; is infact the exact; uninterrupted and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most astoundingly victorious and timelessly harmonious form; is infact the exact; undying and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most unbelievably charismatic and unlimitedly rhapsodic form; is infact the exact; refreshing and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most incredulously magnetic and inherently fortified form;
is infact the exact; perspicacious and most irrefutable definition of Anti
Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most pricelessly natural and unflinchingly bestowing form;
is infact the exact; unceasing and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most undefeated benign and tirelessly uniting form; is
infact the exact; inimitable and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most altruistically contenting and bountifully miraculous
form; is infact the exact; unassailable and most irrefutable definition of Anti
Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most immortally unhindered and fantastically liberating
form; is infact the exact; unshakable and most irrefutable definition of Anti
Terrorism,

So the next time you need to exactly define Anti Terrorism; please don't open
your lugubriously monotonous dictionaries for a word so spell bindingly quelling
as this; please directly take its most fearless definitions from the chapters of
Immortal Love; instead.

14. MY HEART CRIES - TRIBUTE TO AMERICA, PART 2

If only the building was empty; with scintillating mirrors on its wall creating a
ghost appearance; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as it was occupied by thousands of souls; laughing
merrily and sipping coke.

If only the building was empty; with its computerized interiors staring in mock
silence; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as it echoed profoundly with the voices of people inside;
the occasional ringing sounds of the mobile phones.

If only the building was empty; with its state of the art architecture desperately
waiting to be tapped; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there was poignant cigarette smoke hovering around;
as scores of business tycoons; contemplated on the economy in the conference
room.

If only the building was empty; with its satin carpets sulking under the formal

air-conditioners; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were several youngsters munching sandwiches
inside; strolling at brusque speeds through the labyrinth of alleys.

If only the building was empty; with its silver ceiling lights shimmering
mournfully into open space; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were volumes of cargo and citizen in the
elevator; trying to reach the 100th floor in an absolute jiffy.

If only the building was empty; with the emerald drapery completely engulfing
the windows; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were more than a lakh eyes wandering around;
trying to decipher enigmatic puzzles embossed in bulky files.

If only the building was empty; with its diamond studded doors stringently shut
to the world; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were boundless footsteps that were
passionately heard; as a battalion of executives marched in all day and night.

If only the building was empty; with its handsome towers escalating lifelessly
towards the sun; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were a million needles of watch ticking from the
wrists of flamboyant professionals; ingeniously working on unfathomable
concepts and ideas.

If only the building was empty; with its heavily scented ambience voluptuously
drowning one off to sleep; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were shadows inside looming larger by the
minute; as darkness descended by.

And if only the building was empty; with its magnificent assembly of chairs and
tables lying deserted inside; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were more than fifty thousand individuals
breathing blissfully in the corridors; awaiting death and inevitable pain; as the
hijacked airliner barbarically stormed its way in, and crashed inside.

15. PLEASE STOP WAR

Please Stop War; Please Stop indiscriminately terrorizing hatred to reign as the
most supremely inebriating and acrimoniously rebuking ingredient; of the
atmosphere,

Please Stop War; Please Stop Poverty from perpetuating its maliciously ghastly curse to every quarter of the planet; as countless innocent were rendered hopeless; and without a single roof to sequester their scalps,

Please Stop War; Please Stop indiscriminately uncouth racialism; ghettoizing holistically bountiful society; into frigidly polarized and abominably shivering halves,

Please Stop War; Please Stop uncontrollably atrocious misery without the tiniest rhyme or reason; as boundless innocuous civilians cadaverously rotted in the aisles of reproachfully stabbing disease,

Please Stop War; Please Stop limitless impeccable infants from treacherously emaciating; with every conceivable trace of food and water; pugnaciously metamorphosing into vindictively gory blood,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the coffin of unforgivable diabolism straddle its grip; upon every pristinely untainted chest and soul; till times beyond infinite infinity,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the nightmare of perpetual disaster from ghoulishly enshrouding every philanthropic brain; even in the most blisteringly Omnipotent of daylight,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the scorpion of egregious abhorrence venomously blinding even the most effusively brilliant of your senses; to mortuaries of inexplicably endless despair,

Please Stop War; Please Stop politicians from taking unprecedented advantage of the same; salaciously busy in gobbling votes from the one community that they sanctimoniously supported,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the intransigently hazardous apocalypses of nuclear war; cursedly victimizing countless more generations yet to be born; with the fangs of unfathomably incurable apathy and angst,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the indescribably penalizing stench of inhumanity forever disrupt the fabric of God's eternal paradise; mercilessly torch every trifle of compassionate sensitivity alive,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the graveyard of satanically torturing tears; replace every beautifully burgeoning smile; replace every construable instant of

symbiotically enamoring felicity,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the thorn of torridly tawdry unemployment to arise out of sheer nothingness; unsparingly lambasting its amorphous bigotry upon triumphantly bustling blood and youth,

Please Stop War; Please Stop Mother Soil from being lethally inundated with raunchily unceremonious bone and decaying carcass; rather than being miraculously harnessed with the seeds of majestically blessing fertility,

Please Stop War; Please Stop every pricelessly new born infant from being barbarously orphaned; as its parents inadvertently became the fury of the violently rampaging and senselessly blinded mob,

Please Stop War; Please Stop every speck of fretfully asphyxiating desperation; wholesomely overrule the chapters of unassailably Omnipresent truth and gloriously undaunted honesty,

Please Stop War; Please Stop fecklessly livid nervousness heckling every sagaciously celestial bone alive; with every organism frenetically praying for its next breath; instead of insuperably relishing its present one,

Please Stop War; Please Stop contemptuously baseless condemnation of the Lord's eternally symbiotic living beings; tossing away inimitably endowed life like a chunk of wailing feces; while sadistically kissing the coffin till times immemorial,

Please Stop War; Please Stop utterly derogatory annihilation of the panoramically enthralling environment; as it forever disappeared into the aisles of meaninglessness; while human brutally clashed sword with blood tainted sword,

And Please Stop War; Please Stop every beat of the perennially throbbing heart from bawdily wrenching in the hell of devil; rather than timelessly uniting with the immortally Omniscient paradise of the fathomlessly indomitable Almighty Lord

16. THEY WERE STILL ALIVE - TRIBUTE TO AMERICA, PART 3

The bellows of smoke that rose in the air; still had poignant traces of their breath,

The splinters of glass shattered all around; still had profound stains of their

blood,

The gargantuan slabs of concrete lying in disarray; still had brutally pulverized fragments of their valiant bones,

The incoherently shaped mirrors poking out from the rubble; still had their terrorized reflections,

The sordid bits of paper blended with stone; still had embodiments of their last minute declarations,

The disastrously squelched telephone pieces; still had shrill recordings of their horrified and ghastly screams,

The unconsumed cakes of food adhering to the severely distorted lifts; still had vivacious traces of their saliva,

The strands of metallic junk diffusing from the broken car seats; still had the blurred photo of their beloved,

The ripped apart fragments of curtain cloth wound limply around the gleaming iron nails; still contained curled masses of their blood soaked hair,

The disdainfully beaten pieces of plaster engulfed in clouds of dust; were still impregnated with scores of their shimmering teeth,

The mud sprinkled for kilometers on the stretch; was still moist with their river of agonized tears; which must have profusely oozed out from their cheeks,

The mammoth sized pillars which once held the building one piece from beneath; were still flooded with bouquet's of bruised flowers which they had been just rewarded for their achievements,

The eagle which incessantly encircled the appalling sight; still had their expensive chains of silver in its beak,

The thoroughly dismantled upholstery buried several feet under the debris; still contained compassionate traces of their warmth,

The computer screens split apart into infinite halves; still displayed nostalgic images of their eyes,

The majestic wall paintings battered and bashed from all sides; still had animated marks of their caress,

The revolving chairs now an inconspicuous shadow of themselves; still had a fine conglomerate of chocolate powder; which they must be merrily munching a few seconds before,

The colossal chimneys which were now reduced to matchsticks; still had their countless dreams rampantly lingering around,

And who says they were dead? , for if not anybody; but it is my firm belief that they were living; as no matter how unprecedented was the tragedy; no matter how horrific their destiny had been; their hearts were palpitating louder than outside world several feet below the rubble; with each beat louder than the other and proclaiming that THEY WERE STILL BREATHING AND ALIVE.

17. EVEN GREATER

It was great to wholeheartedly smile; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was spreading its celestial essence to the most miserably orphaned quarters of this boundless Universe,

It was great to marvelously fantasize; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was granting a right to every person irrespective of caste; creed; or religion; to profoundly do the same; alike,

It was great to stupendously sight; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was philanthropically assisting all those besieged with gruesomely devastating blindness; immortalizing their dreams into an eternal reality,

It was great to eat tantalizing food; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to feed the horrendously famished and deprived; witness them blossom into the celestially benign citizens of tomorrow,

It was great to dress up ravishingly beautiful; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to embellish every miserably abandoned infant; with the ornaments of perpetual love and care,

It was great to invincibly marry; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to unite passionately palpitating hearts all across the fathomlessly magnificent Universe; in threads of everlasting romance,

It was great to incessantly march towards your benevolent goals; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to educate and profusely transpire all those indiscriminately sucking each other's blood; with the perennial fragrance of humanity,

It was great to acquire astronomical wealth; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to help the treacherously afflicted destitute; magnanimously bequeath upon them a dwelling of vibrant compassion; sequestering them from the vicious onslaught of neglect,

It was great to have Herculean muscles jutting profoundly from all quarters of your body; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to massacre the parasites of evil in entirety from this colossal gregarious earth; relentlessly tower tall as the ultimate harbinger of all mankind,

It was great to have scarlet blood cascading poignantly through your intricate veins; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to save as many innocent lives as possible from despairing extinction; in the tenure of your transiently fading life,

It was great to melodiously sing; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to harmoniously pacify all traumatized agony incinerated due to malicious manipulation; with the supremely magical cadence in your voice,

It was great to uninhibitedly dance; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to sway in exhilarating gay abandon with all those disastrously maimed; uplift their impeccable souls to blend with the Omnisciently divine,

It was great to illuminate your abode with blazing light; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to Omnipotently enlighten all those hutments uncouthly lingering in pools of ghastly sadness and unprecedented suffering,

It was great to mischievously philander through the aisles of unfathomable desire; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to return their ecstatically lost childhood's to children; brutally pulverized by ostentatious norms of the stinking rigid society,

It was great to tower barefoot upon the summit of the gloriously unconquerable mountain; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to mitigate derogatorily castigated humanity from chains of lecherous slavery; hoist them to forever exist above the surreally romantic clouds,

It was great to be successful in every acrimonious examination of your life; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to pioneer all those hopelessly shattered lives; towards the epitome of bountifully resplendent prosperity,

It was great to be sagaciously truthful; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to disseminate the elements of peace; brotherhood; and symbiotic existence; in every organism that you holistically encountered in your blissful way,

It was great to royally breathe; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to bestow life upon all immaculate entities despondently crumbling; rejuvenating the cold-bloodedly insidious globe once again; into an overwhelmingly mesmerizing paradise,

And it was great to immortally love; but an irrefutable feeling even greater than that; was to perpetually coalesce every cranny of this aristocratically glittering planet; in the winds of compassionate sharing; in waves of impregnable peace; over and above all; in unassailable petals of inseparable mankind.

18. THE WORLD TRADE CENTER SHALL STAND TALL FOREVER -TRIBUTE TO AMERICA, PART 4

It stood taller than any other structure in the sky; kissing the ensemble of cotton clouds as they drifted by,

It looked like a towering giant; in front of the matchbox sized houses sprawled disdainfully around,

It caused infinite number of necks to stretch to their maximum; and yet its summit eluded their eyes,

It offered spell binding views; and the privilege to witness jumbo sized planes whistling from arms length from its body,

It withstood the most tumultuous of storm; the most thunderous of rain; incorrigibly refraining to budge an inch from its original ground,

It was the first structure on which the rain fell from the sky; later cascading down in minuscule rivulets towards soil,

It was the lone warrior which loomed large above all; when the entire city was inundated by a swirling flood,

It appeared almost invincible; with its formidable strength evading the mightiest of attack,

It reflected a tinge of robust pink; even when caught unaware in the midst of escalating flames,

It was the most contemporary piece of architecture ever existing; with its ergonomic interiors offering luxury befitting a king,

It was the very first expedition that students pursuing design were taken too; while visiting the modern city,

It was a manifestation of a battalion of ingenious design; involving countless engineers from all over the planet,

It was a feast to sight for the naked human eye; with its scintillating mirrors magnificently depicting the island of flaming Sun,

It harbored unfathomable number of royal conference rooms; golden elevators which transited you into a surreal spin; transporting you to a thousand meters above earth in fractions of seconds,

It was home for boundless individuals; evolving incredulous technology as each day crept from the horizon,

It was the nerve center for all business and trade; dictated life around the planet like nothing else did,

It was a monument about which; infinite lines had been written in the past; with the ink in the pen augmenting as each alphabet was drawn,

It was the stupendously captivating sight ever in history; fomenting every contemporary artist to ponder about,

And even today; even as each of its impregnable floor is reduced to raw ash; the perpetrators assuming themselves to be victorious have miserably failed; as its memories will live immortally in our hearts and The World Trade Center shall stand tall forever and ever and ever.

19. WHY THE HELL HAVE YOU MADE THIS GHASTLY BULLET?

It either lethally wounded you; brutally divesting you of even the most infinitesimal bit of your celestially burgeoning happiness,

Or it either venomously blinded you for the remainder of your life; as it mercilessly zipped past the whites of your symbiotically effulgent eyes,

Or it either indefinitely fractured your bones; dolorously rendering you to beg on one foot; till the time breath was still ardent in each heavenly nostril of yours,

Or it either indiscriminately slandered you; leaving you without the most inconspicuous trifle of water and food; right in the heart of the truculently acrimonious deserts,

Or it either baselessly tortured you to the most unprecedented limits; as at times the coffins of agony in every ingredient of your blood; seemed more Herculean than the corridors of infinite infinity,

Or it either indelibly cursed you; wherein you found that every step that you unflinchingly alighted; led only to the graveyards of death; death and inconsolably hedonistic bloodshed,

Or it either penalizingly divided you into a boundless halves; separating you forever and ever and ever from the ones you most eternally adored; embraced and loved,

Or it either unforgivably slapped you; leaving such a tawdrily cancerous indentation upon the fabric of your impeccable life; which was impossible to ever erase,

Or it either stained even the most mercurial line of your destiny with treacherous blood; the stains of which cold-bloodedly asphyxiated you for an unlimited more lifetimes,

Or it either created parasitic boundaries and differences with your neighboring symbiotic caste; creed; nationalities and tribe; lambasting every conceivable cranny of your brain with the wrath of inexplicably frustrating prejudice,

Or it either unsparingly bludgeoned you into the corpses of bizarrely forlorn extinction; before even you ever had the time to utter your wistfully fervent breath,

Or it either treated you as if you were the greatest criminal on planet divine;

when infact you'd spent every unfurling instant of your life profoundly dedicated to the service of ubiquitously ever-pervading living-kind,

Or it either tirelessly victimized you beyond tangible degrees of comprehension; fomenting even the most oblivious nerve of yours to tremble in uncontrollable abhorrence and satanic malice,

Or it either vanquished the Sun of unfettered optimism forever and ever and ever from your gloriously priceless lifetime; leaving you sacrilegiously drenched into solely a mortuary of baselessly crippling darkness,

Or it either ominously jinxed you for every unleashing second of your life; wherein whatever you dared caress; bawdily metamorphosed into the most disparagingly delinquent coal-mine,

Or it either tyrannically distorted the contours of your pristinely inimitable face; rendering you as the most penuriously ugly organism on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe,

Or it either vindictively stopped the influx of prosperity in your life; replacing even the tiniest bit of happiness; with traumatically augmenting sorrow and devastatingly devouring war,

Or it either made you as uxoriously hollow as the lifeless corpse even as you breathed; after witnessing countless of your own innocent kin and kind; unstoppably bleeding to the last breath of their life,

Or it either incessantly perpetuated you to lick lackadaisically ribald mud; as your jaws got unfortunately trapped into the sadistically cannibalistic enemy camp,

Or it either hung your head in shame every time you took birth; in front of all those whom you had meaninglessly assassinated in a trice of a second; without any ostensible reason or rhyme and only on the pretext of war,

Or it either snatched your beloved from so perpetually far away from you; that even the most preposterously wildest of your dreams couldn't ever imagine of ever reaching her,

Then why the hell have you made this ghastly " Bullet " O!
Impoverished Man; releasing it in countless numbers every unveiling instant of Omnipotent life; when all that was required was just one true beat of Immortal love earnestly wafting from your heart; enough to transform this boundless

Universe into a veritable paradise; enough to enshroud even the most evanescent bit of misery into an unconquerably blissful entrenchment of the Creator Divine

20. TERRORISM AND IMMORTAL LOVE

You either take to terrorism; to tirelessly liberate the enslaved agony of your soul; at being ruthlessly divested of those quintessentially blissful ingredients of life; at the hands of chauvinistic anarchists,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already liberated of even the tiniest of your agony; with every unfurling beat of your interminably passionate heart.

You either take to terrorism; to earn unsurpassable treasuries of currency; without slogging and persevering it the hard way out in inexplicably enamoring existence,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already the most pricelessly blessed organism on planet divine; with every unfurling beat of your majestically unimpeachable heart.

You either take to terrorism; to assert your dominance over countless other entities of your living kind; upon whom you otherwise felt you could never ever have supremely ruled,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already the most compassionately undefeatable organism alive for innumerable more births of yours; with every unfurling beat of your royally impeccable heart.

You either take to terrorism; to rightfully avenge and heal the sordidly ungainly wounds on your persona; dastardly inflicted by a handful of truants; nations; enemies or kingdoms,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already miraculously ameliorated and healed of every of your internal and external wound; with every unfurling beat of your symbiotically amiable heart.

You either take to terrorism; to enrich every single person of your kin; with the most unconquerably enviable luxuries of life; infallibly prove to them that the entire world run on your singular commands,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already making not just your kin; but every living being on this Universe; experience the ultimate utopia of the heavens; with every

unfurling beat of your magnanimously ardent heart.

You either take to terrorism; to limitlessly capture every cranny of this earth;
embed your very own signature on every conceivable space and object
frequenting the most invisibly thinnest of air,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love"; is an infinite times better
option instead; as you're already Omnipresent on every tangible trajectory of this
fathomless Universe; with every unfurling beat of your enchantingly silken heart.

You either take to terrorism; to grant even the most incomprehensibly uncurbed
fantasy of yours; the most final proportions of execution and unlimited
supremacy,
But I'll tell you take to "Immortal Love"; is an infinite times better
option instead; as you're already floating in the cradle of unending fantasy
suspended from the clouds of paradise; with every unfurling beat of your
bounteously magnetic heart.

You either take to terrorism; to greedily assimilate all what you ever could in an
entire lifetime; in just a single moment of barbarously indiscriminate power,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love"; is an infinite times better
option instead; as you're already blessed with all the wealth; all the virtues of a
countless more lives this very moment; with every unfurling beat of your
vivaciously virile heart.

You either take to terrorism; to pass time and simultaneously metamorphose
every ardent dream of yours into an unbreakable reality; as just a single bullet
violently reverberated from your pistol,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love"; is an infinite times better
option instead; as you're already engaged in the most unassailably fructifying
activity without having to seek any other profession; with every unfurling beat of
your victoriously effulgent heart.

You either take to terrorism; to prove that there was no God who existed on the
firmament of this endless Universe; and it was solely you who controlled the
destinies of every entity existing and beyond; at the tap of your intricately
nimble finger,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love"; is an infinite times better
option instead; as you're already the most Omnipotent God of every aspect of
your very ownself; with every unfurling beat of your jubilantly unfettered heart.

You either take to terrorism; to gain the fame and attention of the entire globe;
as every other option that you tried left you aimlessly wandering in the jailhouses

of bizarrely maiming extinction,

But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already the most indisputably crowned king of vivid existence; with every unfurling beat of your spell-bindingly triumphant heart.

You either take to terrorism; to live each moment of life unfathomably larger than it seems; with every tangibly beautiful object and puff of air on this unending earth; handsomely capsized and placed upon your bohemian fists,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already parading as the most insuperable and tallest organism on this boundless Universe; eternally higher than the clouds; with every unfurling beat of your wondrously bewitching heart.

You either take to terrorism; to bring about a spectacularly blissful renaissance and improvement in the condition of your own country and tribe; sadistically oppressed by some cannibalistic superpowers of the ever-proliferating earth,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already being victoriously reborn and reincarnated alongwith every single dead and living organism on this ecstatic planet; with every unfurling beat of your everlastingly humanitarian heart.

You either take to terrorism; just because of your ominously repressed and thwarted desires of the flesh; just because your venerated wife was openly flirting and sinfully liaisoning with another man right in front of your very own eyes,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already being married to an infinite epitomes and skies of sensuous virility every single instant; with every unfurling beat of your poignantly infallible heart.

You either take to terrorism; to break the norms of the conventionally turgid society; which have virtually no substance and identity; and which have forced the entire human society to live in the dungeons of maniacal incarceration since centuries unprecedented,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already liberating towards the winds of the ultimate heaven and impregnable freedom; gregariously bonded with the entire heavenly Universe; with every unfurling beat of your perennially mesmerizing heart.

21. PULT (PEACE, UNITY, LOVE, TRUTH.)

A wave of supreme contentment entrenching your soul; permeating your heart

with an enchanting rhapsody; even though you were besieged with the most penurious circumstances on this planet,

An ever proliferating nostalgia to transit into childhood once again; euphorically bouncing in the lap of your sacred mother,

A desire to relinquish all worldly possessions; to save the lives of your fellow comrades engulfed with uncontrollable misery and pain,

An everlasting dream in your mind; to exist for centuries unsurpassable even after your death; dedicating your life to the service of love and mankind,

And you have the most stupendously serene rainbow of PEACE; diffusing its infinite colors to coalesce into the celestially symbiotic survival of all religion and human kind.

A mountain of trust in each other's doings; profusely blindfolded belief in the mother who bore you nine months in her womb,

An insatiable conviction to act upon the voice of your innermost conscience; follow the path of irrefutable righteousness; come whatever perilous in your way,

An untamed spirit to free God's divinely world; from the clutches of manipulatively uncouth devils,

An overwhelmingly resilient virtue of igniting astronomically brilliant fires; even in the most ghastliest of darkness hovering around,

And you have the most impregnable fortress of UNITY; with each second of unfurling black; yielding way for fathomless more lights.

A bit of compassionate care; uninhibited concern for your compatriots in inexplicable pain,

A petal of perpetual happiness; without a trace of abhorrent malice,

A cloud of tranquility lingering in all quarters of the Universe; instilling the virtue of harmony in one and all,

A trail of altruistic sacrifice; with the heart wanting to shower unprecedented more; even after palpitating each beat,

And you have a mesmerizing river of immortal LOVE; disseminating its Omnipresent essence in every entity blissfully breathing and alive.

An insurmountably valiant attitude to annihilate your own life; instead of catering to indiscriminate lies,

An incomprehensible belief in treading on the path of the Creator; ignoring the thorns of greed making you vehemently bleed all your way,

An incorrigible vow of bowing your head only in front of his Omnipotent grace; or else pulverizing it if the demons so wanted,

An inexorable longing to march unflinchingly ahead; irrespective of the religion you followed; entwining your palms with your fellow mates; to save the globe from getting destroyed,

And you have the most ubiquitously worshipped element of TRUTH; which none possessed the capacity to dismantle before this earth was evolved; and none would till the time it would continue to holistically exist.

22. ALL BLOOD IS PASSIONATE RED.

You might ruthlessly extract it from people of different Heights from all across this fathomlessly brilliant Universe; cynically pulverizing their intricately blessed veins,

You might sadistically extract it from people of different Weights from all across this boundlessly benign Universe; cadaverously slicing through their astoundingly sensitive veins,

You might unsparingly extract it from people of different Nationalities from all across this timelessly resplendent Universe; brutally rummaging through their inimitably divine veins,

You might lecherously extract it from people of different Skin Colors from all across this limitlessly unceasing Universe; disastrously excoriating through their non-invasively bountiful veins,

You might hideously extract it from people of different Ideals from all across this wonderfully philanthropic Universe; tawdrily biting through their redolently symbiotic veins,

You might demonically extract it from people of different Sensitivities from all across this pricelessly indefatigable Universe; cannibalistically ripping through their jubilantly sculptured veins,

You might hideously extract it from people of different Demeanors from all across this endlessly blossoming Universe; atrociously ripping through their daintily innocuous veins,

You might tyrannically extract it from people of different Beliefs from all across this tirelessly spectacular Universe; parasitically sucking it from their beautifully nubile veins,

You might hedonistically extract it from people of different Brains from all across this indefatigably glorious Universe; wantonly nibbling through their poignantly unfettered veins,

You might chauvinistically extract it from people of different Communities from all across this pungently ecstatic Universe; criminally slandering through their unbelievably ebullient veins,

You might treacherously extract it from people of different Intuitive Instinctiveness from all across this triumphantly unsurpassable Universe; despicably burrowing through their serenely shimmering veins,

You might vengefully extract it from people of different Muscle Power from all across this amazingly inscrutable Universe; vindictively victimizing through their placidly holistic veins,

You might sinfully extract it from people of different Corneal Shades from all across this victoriously effulgent Universe; monstrously trespassing through their wonderfully untainted veins,

You might barbarously extract it from people of different Personalities from all across this inexhaustibly synergistic Universe; blasphemously plundering through their innocuously humble veins,

You might carnivorously extract it from people of different Artistries from all across this unfathomably majestic Universe; devilishly eating through their emolliently unbridled veins,

You might ignominiously extract it from people of different Determinations

from all across this pristinely spell-binding Universe; venomously pilfering through their eclectically nimble veins,

You might lasciviously extract it from people of different Continents from all across this philanthropically unlimited Universe; unabashedly digging through their splendidly priceless veins,

You might indiscriminately extract it from people of different Religions from all across this beautifully luminescent Universe; deplorably bombarding through their immaculately unhindered veins,

But eventually you'd find that from everywhere that you had heartlessly extracted; the color of blood was solely red; red and an irrefutable passionate red; and it was impossible for you to trace back its individual origin once you amalgamated the same into an unassailably united mass,

For if it was the Omnipotent Almighty Creator who had decided that all blood on this boundless earth was; is; and irrespective of caste; creed; status and race would forever remain red; then who the hell were you inconspicuous molecular man; who wanted to sleazily divide God's eternally united earth into an infinite parts of prejudice; war and hatred; who the hell were you to worthlessly discriminate?

23. A HEART FOR ANOTHER HEART.

An eye for another eye; would definitely plunge the entire world into a mortuary of cringing darkness—would definitely make the entire world blind,

A tongue for another tongue; would definitely dumb the entire world into a wall of haplessly delirious silence—would definitely make the entire world mute,

An ear for another ear; would definitely plague the entire world into a unfathomably deep gorge of sadistic nothingness-would definitely make the entire world deaf,

A lip for another lip; would definitely devastate the entire world into a corpse of irrevocably jinxed sadness-would definitely make the entire world flagrantly morose,

A hand for another hand; would definitely plummet the entire world into a carcass of fetidly indescribable hopelessness-would definitely make the entire world beg beyond holistic heights,

A spine for another spine; would definitely incarcerate the entire world into chains of sacrilegiously blackened slavery—would definitely make the entire world denigrated beyond self respect,

A stomach for another stomach; would definitely emaciate the entire world into infinite skulls of reproachful hunger—would definitely make the entire world vindictively starve,

A neck for another neck; would definitely curse the entire world into an inconsolably hideous dungeon of emptiness—would definitely make the entire world a bloodily anarchist battlefield,

A vein for another vein; would definitely devastate the entire world into a demonically sadistic lacunae—would definitely make the entire world plaintively emotionless,

A finger for another finger; would definitely coerce the entire world to cacophonically beg for a lifetime on the streets—would definitely make the entire world a pile of worthlessly rusted brittle pins,

A skin for another skin; would definitely freeze the entire world into a gutter-pipe of shivering and cloistered hopelessness—would definitely make the entire world crumble even under the strongest of blistering Sun,

A shoulder for another shoulder; would definitely deteriorate the entire world into a slushpile of abysmally pitiful remorse—would definitely make the entire world directionless,

A leg for another leg; would definitely sink the entire world into the marshes of despondently orphaned doomsday—would definitely make the whole world forlornly maimed,

A scalp for another scalp; would definitely lead the entire world into a ghost-town of venomously sordid blackness—would definitely make the whole world a hallucinated fool,

A bone for another bone; would definitely squelch the entire world beyond the threshold of unimaginable despair—would definitely make the whole world irrevocably maimed,

A tooth for another tooth; would definitely bruise the entire world into dastardly

tastelessness—would definitely make the whole world remorsefully bland,

A cheek for another cheek; would definitely distort the entire world into a coffin of crucified ugliness- -would definitely make the entire world a perennially maudlin scarecrow,

A blood-drop for another blood-drop; would definitely metamorphose the entire world into a veritably breathing hell—would definitely make the entire world a reproachfully stinking ghost,

Whist a heart for another heart - would definitely immortalize the entire world into the religion of eternal mankind - make the entire world fall forever and ever and ever without a chance to ever rise up; into the ocean of immortal humanity and love.

24. HEART TO HEART

Eye to Eye; and there perpetually evolves; an unassailably glorious fabric of divinely mesmerizing and beautifully unprejudiced; empathy,

Ear to Ear; and there perpetually evolves, a sky of fantastically unparalleled and ecstatically astounding; sensitivity,

Lip to Lip; and there perpetually evolves; a forest of inscrutably untamed and timelessly fructifying; passion,

Finger to Finger; and there perpetually evolves; a heaven of inimitably majestic and poignantly intricate; artistry,

Bone to Bone; and there perpetually evolves; a fortress of unflinchingly handsome and fearlessly peerless; unity,

Shoulder to Shoulder; and there perpetually evolves; a mountain of indomitably unfettered and limitlessly coalescing; compassion,

Hair to Hair; and there perpetually evolves; a garden of spell bindingly tantalizing and effulgently romancing; sensuousness,

Eyelash to Eyelash; and there perpetually evolves; a meadow of unsurpassably unbridled and eternally ubiquitous; mischief,

Blood to Blood; and there perpetually evolves; a civilization of irrefutably honest

and unconquerably fragrant; oneness,

Tongue to Tongue; and there perpetually evolves; a cistern of unfathomably mellifluous and delectably rejoicing; sweetness,

Foot to Foot; and there perpetually evolves; a valley of inscrutably magical and jubilantly romancing; adventure,

Nail to Nail; and there perpetually evolves; a playground of regally innocuous and bountifully twinkling; uninhibitedness,

Cheek to Cheek; and there perpetually evolves; a cloud of unbreakably nubile and charmingly pristine; desire,

Brain to Brain; and there perpetually evolves; an entrenchment of ingeniously amazing and tirelessly proliferating; innovation,

Skin to Skin; and there perpetually evolves; a mist of limitlessly untainted and ardently unhindered; longing,

Chest to Chest; and there perpetually evolves; a cradle of everlastingly unbridled and triumphantly symbiotic; compassion,

Belly to Belly; and there perpetually evolves; a thunderstorm of profoundly blessing and timelessly igniting; virility,

Thigh to Thigh; and there perpetually evolves; an epitome of passionately bonding and indefatigably yearning; electricity,

Shadow to Shadow; and there perpetually evolves; a gorge of tranquilly resplendent and unstoppably effervescent; mysticism,

Sweat to Sweat; and there perpetually evolves; a torrential rainshower of ecstatically ever-pervading and perennially mollifying; seduction,

Nape to Nape; and there perpetually evolves; a fountain of effulgently ingratiating and magically reinvigorating; excitement,

Toe to Toe; and there perpetually evolves; a wind of jubilantly unrestricted and brazenly intrepid; enthrallment,

Soul to Soul; and there perpetually evolves; an atmosphere of insuperably

heritage and unceasingly priceless; infinite infinity,

Conscience to Conscience; and there perpetually evolves; a seed of unconquerably redolent and boundlessly uniting; truth,

Forehead to Forehead; and there perpetually evolves; a whirlpool of unabashedly wonderful and inexhaustibly beautiful; creativity,

Nostril to Nostril; and there perpetually evolves; a planet of synergistically melanging and interminably procreating; life,

Heart to Heart; and there perpetually evolves; a Universe of Immortally Omnipotent and sacredly Omnipresent; Love.

25. WHY NOT WE FOREVER LIVE IN THE SAME BREATH?

A different spoon for you and a different spoon for me; why not we forever digest with the same spoon; whose metal was made of the threads of invincibly compassionate symbiotism,

A different glass for you and a different glass for me; why not we forever drink in the same glass; whose walls were made of the fathomless entrenchments of unshakably faithful friendship,

A different vehicle for you and a different vehicle for me; why not we forever travel in the same vehicle; whose body was made of the spirit of unflinchingly unconquerable togetherness,

A different plate for you and a different plate for me; why not we forever eat in the same plate; whose base was made of the elements of Perennially fructifying humanity,

A different cloth for you and a different cloth for me; why not we forever cover our shivering bodies with the same cloth; whose fabric was made of the eternally bounteous rudiments of Mother Nature,

A different dwelling for you and a different dwelling for me; why not we forever live in the same dwelling; whose roof was made of the most unassailable skies of priceless brotherhood,

A different job for you and a different job for me; why not we forever do the same philanthropic job together; whose each conceivably working hour was for

the perennial amelioration of all tyrannically deprived living kind,

A different path for you and a different path for me; why not we forever walk on the same path; whose every tangible bifurcation, fearlessly led to the ultimate epitomes of impregnable truth and sparkling righteousness,

A different tune for you and a different tune for me; why not we forever listen to the same tune; whose every decibel miraculously quelled all indiscriminate terrorism and royally led all towards the path of immortal love,

A different fantasy for you and a different fantasy for me; why not we forever delve into the same fantasy; whose silken paradise comprised of nothing else but; the ubiquitously spell binding beats of infallible love,

A different river for you and a different river for me; why not we forever bathe in the same river; whose waters eventually melanged with the unsurpassably bestowing ocean of peace,

A different country for you and a different country for me; why not we forever live in the same country; whose infinite foundations were erected on the ingredients of altruistic unity,

A different name for you and a different name for me; why not we forever embrace the same name; whose characters just spoke of nothing else but the indefatigably consecrating spirit of humanitarian oneness,

A different religion for you and a different religion for me; why not we forever befriend the same religion; whose boundless intricacies eventually and finally coalesced; with the everlasting religion of humanity,

A different inspiration for you and a different inspiration for me; why not we forever adapt the same source of inspiration; whose peerlessly optimistic rays of divine light; interminably perpetuated their way through the most despicable tunnels of asphyxiating pain and blackness,

A different shade for you and a different shade for me; why not we forever rest under the same shade; whose every reflection symbiotically unfurled the fathomless moods of vivaciously pristine Mother Nature,

A different school for you and a different school for me; why not we forever study in the same school; whose every classroom undyingly taught the principles of triumphant selflessness,

A different breath for you and a different breath for me; why not we forever survive in the same breath; whose unparalleled fieriness timelessly led towards the chapters of bounteously utopian life,

A different beat for you and a different beat for me; why not we forever love in the same heartbeat; whose every immortal palpitation brought every living being on the trajectory of this planet; closer and closer to the Omnipotent Lord divine

26. WE AREN'T AFRAID

We aren't afraid of the treacherous mountains; infact keep them in our back side pockets,

We aren't afraid of the freezing winds; infact sheltered them in a solitary whisker of our profusely poignant moustache,

We aren't afraid of the lethal bullets flying horrendously around; infact we face them with our chests escalating unflinchingly and handsome towards the azure sky,

We aren't afraid of the acrimoniously sweltering sands; infact caress them like a prince marching uninhibitedly towards the corridors of victory,

We aren't afraid of overwhelming thirst; infact posses the capacity to remain without a droplet of water; it the situation so demands,

We aren't afraid of mighty avalanches of snow; infact treated them like insipid broomsticks sticking innocuously to our valiant eyelashes,

We aren't afraid of indiscriminate abuse; infact let them pass like pieces of disdainful shit; from one ear of ours to the other,

We aren't afraid of the most ominous of crocodile; infact carried his live skin intrepidly; with a profound sense of equanimity on our shoulders,

We aren't afraid of tumultuously vindictive storm; infact inhaled its merciless winds with astronomical ease through our fearless nostrils,

We aren't afraid of perpetual blackness; infact stared at it in its uncouth eye; till it wholesomely disappeared into infinitesimal wisps of non-existent sky,

We aren't afraid of truckloads of blood; infact shed it with insurmountably supreme pride; to defend the soil on which we tread since our first cry,

We aren't afraid of the battalion of satanic swords gushing towards our head; infact held them like peanuts in our palms; inscribing our names with their tips on our belligerently barren chests,

We aren't afraid of excruciating pain; infact smiled indefatigably whilst in the heart of it; and till the time our mission was blissfully accomplished,

We aren't afraid of inexplicable spirits loitering in the atmosphere; infact coined our own destinies; with sweat of sweet perseverance; flowing gloriously from our audaciously muscled shoulders,

We aren't afraid of lecherous politics; infact blow the manipulative leaders involved; with minuscule draughts of our drearily languid breath,

We aren't afraid of the most horrifically traumatic aftermaths; infact accept them with an invincible glow radiating resiliently from our eyes,

We aren't afraid of sacrificing our lives at the slightest intimation; infact ardently waited for our chance to relinquish breath; and blend our impeccable souls with the Almighty Creator,

We aren't afraid of losing our loved ones; infact had bid them adieu forever; when we plunged wholeheartedly on our path towards irrefutable righteousness,

Just one minute; before you start thinking that we were God's; let me clarify that we were not; but we definitely take unfathomable pleasure in proclaiming ourselves to be the immortal soldiers of our MOTHERLAND.

27. I TRULY HATE CRIME

I hated it; like a dog wandering on the street detests to be lambasted,

I hated it; like thunder clouds in sky which simply refrain to rain,

I hated it; like the seasonal stream of water which protests vehemently against drying,

I hated it; like a sacrosanct priest in the church who intractably rejects worldly pleasures,

I hated it; like the unscrupulous burglar in the street despises to be apprehended,

I hated it; like walls of the palatial mansion severely repulsed ghastly darkness,

I hated it; like the palpable and intricate heart rebukes the closure of breath,

I hated it; like the sensitive tongue in mouth hates to be mercilessly scalded,

I hated it; like silver sands of the ocean thoroughly despise acerbic rays of brilliant sun,

I hated it; like the aircraft soaring high in puffs of clouds hates to collide with the ground,

I hated it; like fresh fruits dangling from tree branches hated to become rotten,

I hated it; like the synchronized demeanor of computer hated a host of virus,

I hated it; like the gleaming surface of immaculate marble hates yellow stain,

I hated it; like an innocuous child abhorrently detests to be scolded,

I hated it; like the motorized lift in the edifice hated to close brusquely midway,

I hated it; like the scintillating edge of sword hated to acquire rust,

I hated it; like the grandiloquent ship sailing on the sea hated to sink,

I hated it; like the people with perfect sight hated to transit to blind,

I hated it; like the silken spider in its web hates to loose balance and fall,

I hated it; like the innocent hate to be tyrannized and brutally mutilated,

I hated it; like compact cubes of solid ice hated to melt,

I hated it; as much as the marathon champion hated to loose the race,

I hated it; as much as a cluster of fortified teeth in the mouth hated to painstakingly decay,

I hated it; as much as I hated to relinquish indispensable breath and die,

Oh! Yes the thing that I hated has been hated profoundly since centuries unprecedented; by all those having a philanthropic spirit to live,

And now I think is the conducive moment to audaciously reveal; that the thing I hated the most was indiscriminate crime.

28. COME LETS EMBRACE OUR NEW RELIGION

Religion is that - what even the most infinitesimal cranny of your eyes wanted to see—inexhaustibly absorb; admire; yearn for till times beyond infinity and even beyond your veritably stinking grave,

Religion is that - what each ingredient of your blood inexhaustibly craved to be a part of - flow for with an untamed zeal resembling the unendingly vivacious expanse of the crystalline blue sky,

Religion is that - what the innermost voices of your conscience felt to be the ultimate truth - irrespective of whatever be the place; time; situation; moment or conditionality of impoverished & truncated life,

Religion is that—what every part of your feet wanted to ardently step on - pave an inimitably righteous path of their very own amidst a brutal quagmire of emotions and squalid commercialism all around,

Religion is that - what your hands wanted to give the most unflinchingly definitive shape to - such an unfailing silhouette of eternal friendship which was impossible for even the most beguiling of demons to disrupt,

Religion is that- what your lips wanted to kiss 24 X 7 - perpetuating even the most bizarrely frazzled persona to uninhibitedly soar in wisps of unfettered paradise,

Religion is that - what your nostrils wanted to inhale till the last breath of life - an entrenchment of unassailable compassion which made existence the most priceless chapter of destiny,

Religion is that - what your fingers wanted to timelessly intertwine with each unveiling instant - bask in the spirit of invincibly bountiful friendship for times beyond an unfathomable infinite,

Religion is that—what each part of your ears wanted to mellifluously hear -
enthrall to the most unprecedented of capacities in the everlastingly symbiotic
tunes of blissful survival,

Religion is that—what your palms wanted to infallibly clasp forever and ever and
ever - that united strength of togetherness that granted you the temerity to
palpitate even in the most apocalyptically disastrous of storms and times,

Religion is that—what your mouth wanted to perennially talk and sing praises
about - rhapsodically engulfing each element of the atmosphere around you with
the unbridled happiness of a countless lifetimes in one,

Religion is that—what each of your bones felt the most resolutely strong for -
defending each honest and fructifying voice from within like the citadel of the
gods,

Religion is that—what your mind fantasized till beyond the most unbelievably
beautiful limits—and thereby felt in the seventh heaven of ubiquitous prosperity
whilst traversing each instant on mundane earth,

Religion is that—what your shoulders philanthropically hoisted from one end of
your adventure to the other—being a selfless harbinger of humanity to mitigate
each ounce of sorrow with profound camaraderie and care,

Religion is that—what your legs want to ecstatically gallop after; like the horizons
indefatigably running after the Sun—the most tantalizing mirage which tirelessly
triggers you to achieve more and more and more,

Religion is that—what the tiniest cranny of your soul unshakably radiates -
permeating such a yearning that you continued to wondrously exist beyond your
corpse for a countless more lives and lifetimes,

Religion is that—what your heart feels is the absolute epitome of
righteousness—no matter how uncouthly the barbarous planet outside chose to
devour every bit of you; from your very roots,

So folks lets forget everything else; come lets move united and forward; come
lets live this immortal religion of our hearts to the fullest; come lets forget our
disdainfully castrated pasts and give this new religion of ours a fresh try—and
our very very best.

29. RATIO AND PROPORTION

The ratio of HEDONISM: HAPPINESS perhaps on this fathomless Universe; might have pathetically dwindled to a preposterously abominable; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of ESTRANGEMENT: EQUALITY perhaps on this boundless Universe; might have abysmally faltered to an acrimoniously pugnacious; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of POLITICS: PEACE perhaps on this mesmerizing Universe; might have sadistically extinguished to an acridly bellicose; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of SALACIOUSNESS: SAGACIOUSNESS perhaps on this colossal Universe; might have disastrously deteriorated to an insipidly threadbare; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of CHAUVINISM: CHEERFULNESS perhaps on this gigantic Universe; might have pruriently withered to an aridly lackadaisical; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of MALICE: MYSTICISM perhaps on this unfathomable Universe; might have obnoxiously stumbled to an dolorously decrepit; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of WAR: WIND perhaps on this fathomless Universe; might have vengefully reduced to a flagrantly atrocious; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of VINDICTIVENESS: VERSATILITY perhaps on this spell binding Universe; might have remorsefully evaporated to a savagely infinitesimal; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of TRAVESTY: TRUTH perhaps on this unending Universe; might have insanely massacred to a indescribably abashing; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of BANE: BLOOM perhaps on this limitless Universe; might have sardonically butchered to a fretfully nonchalant; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of DISASTER: DREAMS perhaps on this unconquerable Universe; might have sordidly slithered to a raunchily beleaguered; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of POVERTY: PROSPERITY perhaps on this unsurpassable Universe; might have gruesomely disappeared to a delinquently despondent; INFINITY:

ZERO; today,

The ratio of UNEMPLOYMENT: UNINHIBITEDNESS perhaps on this gregarious Universe; might have treacherously shattered to a bawdily slavering; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of ABHORRENCE: ABLUTION perhaps on this timeless Universe; might have egregiously crumbled to a uxoriously incarcerated; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of JINX: JUBILATION perhaps on this enchanting Universe; might have disdainfully converted to a disparagingly dastardly; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of BETRAYAL: BREATH perhaps on this boundless Universe; might have painstakingly debilitated to a derogatorily dreary; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of LASCIVIOUSNESS: LOVE perhaps on this triumphant Universe; might have tawdrily sunk to a baselessly cannibalistic; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

But the ratio of the CREATURE: CREATOR; was; is and will forever be an Omnipotently majestic; ZERO: INFINITY; till the time he commanded this earth to be; and even beyond the most ephemerally fugacious speck of space.

30. SKY OF PIOUS PEACE.

The waves emanating from it were astronomically spell binding; tranquilly pacifying even the most diabolically traumatized; with the spirit of Omnipotent humanity,

The colors diffusing from it were vivaciously resplendent; gregariously embellishing even the most brutally impoverished of entities; with the magic of eternally compassionate timelessness,

The tunes wafting from it were enchantingly mesmerizing; blissfully placating even the most inexplicable of miseries of truculently bereaved human kind,

The rays wafting from it were Omnipotently uniting; celestially melanging all religion and tribe; into the invincible fortress of pricelessly symbiotic sharing,

The winds disseminating from it were bountifully benevolent; philanthropically endowing the sacred essence of existence to every dwelling; that they triumphantly gushed into,

The droplets cascading from it were Omnisciently healing; regally soothing even the most tyrannically macabre of pain; with townships of enthrallingly beautiful symmetry,

The reflections exuding from it were majestically ubiquitous; in which every organism alive; could innocuously perceive the essence of its harmoniously synergistic survival,

The mists floating from it were triumphantly tantalizing; marvelously engendering a cradle of silken paradise; even in the hearts of the most salaciously monotonous and devilish murderers,

The leaves whistling from it were aristocratically gregarious; royally bringing even the most fathomlessly distant and prejudiced quarters of the earth; to collectively replenish themselves with the fruits of heavenly fructifying nature,

The shadows flowing from it were immaculately ingratiating; irrefutably cleansing the heinously despicable soul with the rhythm of unconquerable righteousness,

The beats pulsating from it were perpetually vibrant; handsomely revolving the threads of the entire civilization; with levers of magnetically sparkling and unparalleled truth,

The rivers tumbling from it were perennially rhapsodic; transcending past the spuriously parsimonious entrenchments of abhorrent manipulation; to spawn a valley of unsurpassably impregnable sensuousness,

The melody gallivanting from it was magnificently iridescent; victoriously towering over even the most insipidly mercurial iota of gruesome badness; with its profoundly unassailable sweetness,

The empathy fulminating from it was stupendously unshakable; forming bonds of ubiquitously serene companionship; between the disastrously penurious and powerhouses of ostentatious wealth; alike,

The charisma unveiling from it was incomprehensibly fantastic; casting its spell of exhilaratingly ebullient fantasy; upon all those with an immaculately affable heart,

The numerals pouring from it were spotlessly undefeatable; irrevocably portraying the flag of blazing victory; at even the most minuscule turn that the earth took and enchantingly radiated into,

The breath dispersing from it was undeterrably unflinching; instilling boundless caverns of life and luck into the lives of even those; morbidly disintegrated and countless feet beneath their graves,

The love circulating from it was immortally inimitable; Omnipresently deluging the life of every deplorably devastated entity; with universally sparkling and poignant togetherness,

It needed no pretensions; caste; creed; wealth or power to purchase; it needed no specific township to occupy; as it was ready to divinely assimilate into every heart harmoniously willing to accept it; be the timeless jewel of every immaculate eye; such was the everlastingly princely SKY OF PIOUS PEACE.

31. HUMANITARIAN SECT

Be it overwhelmingly tall; or be it the shortest man on this astronomically majestic Universe,

Be it preposterously obese; or be it a marvelously perfect angel with gloriously sparkling body contours,

Be it robustly pink; or be it the most horrendously ungainly looking man wandering on the trajectory of this mesmerizing planet,

Be it an impeccable messiah; or be it the most salaciously manipulative entity; entangled in a web of commercially bizarre malice,

O! Yes; Be it any religion or even the most oblivious of dialect; the color of blood running in everybody's veins was a poignant scarlet; so c'mon mates lets relinquish baseless discrimination forever; and immortally bond ourselves; in the everlastingly priceless HUMANITARIAN SECT.

2.

Be it incomprehensibly penurious; or be it an organism blessed with all the unfathomable embellishment of this earth,

Be it immaculately white; or be it a human more horrifically blacker than sordid charcoal in veritable complexion,

Be it an insipidly inconspicuous laggard; or be it the most stupendously fastest and euphoric man on this boundless Universe,

Be it ominously infertile; or be it the most articulately blossoming artist evolving insatiably compassionate enigma; on every step that he blissfully transgressed,

O! Yes; Be it any continent or even the most oblivious of dialect; the color of blood running in everybody's veins was a poignant scarlet; so c'mon mates lets relinquish baseless discrimination forever; and immortally bond ourselves; in the everlastingly
priceless HUMANITARIAN SECT.

3.

Be it irrefutable Hindu; or be it a resolute Mohammedan sacredly chanting in the Omnipotent mosque; tirelessly all day and night,

Be it intransigently staunch; or be it an individual uninhibitedly unleashing into a fountain of eternally resplendent freedom; every unfurling minute of the brilliant day,

Be it voluptuously charismatic; or be it a rudimentary rustic buffoon; wandering wholesomely bereft of even the most capricious of knowledge of this enchanting planet,

Be it a sagaciously chivalrous philosopher; or be it a pathetically illiterate beggar cacophonically wailing on the discordantly uncouth streets,

O! Yes; Be it any tribe or even the most oblivious of dialect; the color of blood running in everybody's veins was a poignant scarlet; so c'mon mates lets relinquish baseless discrimination forever; and immortally bond ourselves; in the everlastingly priceless HUMANITARIAN SECT.

4.

Be it abominably prejudiced; or be it an altruistically regale spirit celestially and ubiquitously diffusing the scintillating essence of mankind,

Be it ingeniously innovative; or be it an obnoxiously dumb human; not knowing how to use even his vividly big thumb,

Be it piquantly sharp and truculently volatile; or be it a living being as placid as

the miraculously placating midnight Moon,

Be it malevolently disgruntled; or be it an entity who existed for nothing else but; ecumenically disseminating the spirit of ingratiating happiness,

O! Yes; Be it any culture or even the most oblivious of dialect; the color of blood running in everybody's veins was a poignant scarlet; so c'mon mates lets relinquish baseless discrimination forever; and immortally bond ourselves; in the everlastingly priceless HUMANITARIAN SECT.

32. UNPARDONABLE CRIME

To enter it was as easy as the wail of a freshly born child; as you suddenly escalated to the absolutely unprecedented summit; of awesome power, While you found yourself lambasted to threadbare bits of inconspicuous dust; the very instant you decided to wholesomely relinquish its; preposterously ghastly swirl.

To enter it you didn't require the slightest of guts; as the profusely overwhelming cascade of lethal guns in your hand; made you feel more powerful than the most indomitable of prince, While you transited into an infinitesimal pool of disdainful mosquito curry; the very instant you decided to quit its heinously gory swirl; for good.

To enter it you didn't need even the slightest of brainwork; as the profound feeling of raw power sunk deep into your malevolently prejudiced soul, While you had the worst nightmare of your life which incorrigibly refrained to end; the very instant you tried to spit on its derogatory web of insidious lechery.

To enter it was the most lucrative moment of your impoverished life; as you envisaged nothing but castles of glittering gold on even the most sordidly remorseful step; that you tread, While you got kicked worse than the orphaned stone; in lunatic whirlpools of your own blood; the very instant you even thought a ludicrous fraction; of relinquishing it forever and ever and ever.

To enter it was a live life kingsize dream for you; with fathomless territories of innocuously opulent land; diminutively reeling under your savagely merciless authority, While you relentlessly wailed worse than an agonizingly dying man; embedding your feet deeper and deeper into the morbid graveyard; the very instant you perceived even the tiniest of abdicating; its uncouthly barbaric swirl.

To enter it all you needed was an ungainly bunch of surreptitiously hideous contacts; as you proudly envisaged yourself to be one day seated on the throne of this entire Universe,
While you had veritably no saliva left in your mouth to swallow; the very instant you resolutely planned to abnegate; its treacherously bloodstained dormitory.

To enter it you had perhaps waited all your life; conceiving silken luxury to perennially kiss your penuriously devastated footstep; and that too within the wink of an eye,
While you found yourself devouring garbage left over by the pigs for centuries immemorial; the very instant you eventually realized; and wanted to forever shun its uncouthly parasitic caress.

To enter it was the most ego satisfying time for you; as you could now ruthlessly slap back all those who had even inadvertently scratched you; with the unfathomably invidious power of dastardly weaponry,
While you irrefutably didn't get even the most mercurial of chance to sight the morning Sun once again; the very instant you benevolently resolved; to abandon its ghoulishly forlorn dungeon of meaninglessness.

And to enter it all you had to do was sporadically utter the word CRIME; and Lo! Behold there was some salacious gangster or the other fervently waiting there to optimally exploit your innocence to the most unsurpassable limits,

While you insensitively scrubbed your entity from this earth forever with your own blood laden hands; the very instant you took a solemn pledge; to vanquish its menacingly slandering territory.

33. THE FLAG OF LOVE

When I tried hoisting the flag of greedy corruption; it initially soared towards the absolute zenith; basking in the glory of horrendously manipulative deeds,
However after a while it left me astoundingly dumbfounded; as it melted like a frigid matchstick; under the most feeblest light of the Golden Sun.

When I tried hoisting the flag of brutal violence; it initially shot up higher than the clouds; overwhelmingly hooting with heinous power; trapped in its knuckles,
However as the clock ticked; my eyes nearly popped out searching for it; as it blended like a speck of infinitesimal dust; in the ethereally fading horizons.

When I tried hoisting the flag of blatant lies; it initially galloped like a prince over

every obstacle; riding high on a foundation of bizarrely obnoxious manipulation,
However as time unveiled; I nearly fell unconscious laughing; as a mere infant
swapped it from its very roots; like a parasitic mosquito hovering in plain air.

When I tried hoisting the flag of irascible slavery; it initially glided like a majestic
eagle; smoothly sailing over the weak; with satanic power and diabolical force,
However as the hours crept; I stood transfixed in sheer disbelief; as the same
found itself infinite kilometers beneath its corpse; with the tiniest draught of
rustling leaves.

When I tried hoisting the flag of sinister cowardice; it initially weathered the most
treacherous of storm and rain; hiding and treacherously plotting from well within
its insidious cocoon,
However as moonlight descended; I emitted a whistle of sheer triumph; as it
pathetically strangulated to death in its own coffin; even as the Sun played hide
and seek behind the crimson clouds.

When I tried hoisting the flag of baseless discrimination; it initially catapulted to
an ultimate crescendo; lecherously tormenting color and tribes which it didn't
like,
However as the evening crept past; I heaved a sigh of blissful relief; as it charred
to a dustbin of inconsequential coal; even before the most diminutive whirlwind
of freedom whipped by.

When I tried hoisting the flag of sinful terrorism; it initially flamed like an
untamed inferno in the cosmos; ruling the impeccable planet in a swirl of
uncouth bloodbath,
However as the days unfurled; I bounced ebulliently in a land more stupendous
than paradise; as it meowed like a tame cat; even before all united goodness;
alighted a single step outside.

When I tried hoisting the flag of insane bloodshed; it initially hissed like a tireless
snake; relishing its new found freedom of wholesomely assassinating millions; at
free whim,
However as dates sped themselves on the calendars; I guffawed the loudest
laugh of my life; as it lay nonchalantly like a miserable stone on the ground;
being ruthlessly kicked by even the ants who trespassed its dastardly way.

But when I tried hoisting the flag of immortal truth and love; although initially
the cloth showed no heroics of escalating to the pinnacle of glittering stardom,
However at the end; as each night blossomed into the vibrantly optimistic day; it
became a patriotic wave; bonding all hearts irrespective of caste; creed; color;

race; in the mission to save mother earth; alike.

34. IMMORTAL SOLDIERS - PART 1

They ran on frozen ice; draping their bodies in threadbare minimum of
inexpensive cloth,
Took their positions scrupulously behind incoherent lumps; aiming dead straight
with their missiles.

They hardly paid attention to food; surviving on parsimonious amounts of water
compounded with intermittent meals,
Swirled their eyes rampantly in all directions; trying to track the slightest of
movement; the most inconspicuous of sound.

They didn't budge an inch at the sound of bullet firing; instead retorted back
with indiscriminate gunfire of their own,
Belligerently attacking with their grenades and tanks; trying vehemently to
push back the infiltrators.

They used their fists onerously to dig furrows in the snow; sequestering
themselves from the opposite camp,
Used every trick in their armory to entice the intruders; before mercilessly
assassinating them.

They constructed their camps in the inclement cold; dexterously spreading the
heaps of canvas they had onerously carried on their shoulder,
Listened diligently to crisp voices emanating from their walkie talkies;
endeavoring to adhere to every command of their seniors as stringently as
possible.

They were quite accustomed to the obstreperous noise echoing far and distant
throughout the valley; as it was an indispensable part of their lives,
Incessantly chalked plans to capture their adversaries with surprise; without
giving them the tiniest of insinuation.

They hardly talked about their miseries; the streams of blood trickling
down their bare palms,
Instead courageously pepped up each other; envisaging the sweetness of
victory; applying cold water to their wounds as an antiseptic medicine.

They audaciously struck their swords into their opponents chest; remaining
unperturbed by the tyrannical gasps of profound anguish,

Took several soldiers at a time; still remaining invincibly triumphant in the end.

They remembered their families on infinite occasions of time; nostalgically reviving the blissful moments they had spent back home,
However phlegmatically shrug such thoughts away; when they saw them interfering with the safety of their country.

They were unrelentingly fighting to save their nation; at prime cost of sacrificing their lives; ensuring that a majority of their population rested cozily in their homes,

I considered myself nowhere near the most obscure fractions of their shadows;
as I was dying every moment to save my cowardly life,
While they lived for centuries unprecedented even after death; as they had deservedly earned the proud status of being 'IMMORTAL SOLDIERS'.

35. LIVE NO EVIL

Say no evil; refraining to bring even the most inconspicuous of hatred to your immaculately divine lips,

See no evil; closing your eyes as they lecherously wandered; casting their diabolical glimpse upon innocuous entities trespassing through this mighty planet,

Propagate no evil; disseminating only philanthropic benevolence from your palms; in every entity you encountered; during your impoverished existence upon Mother Earth,

Hear no evil; basking only in the glory of melodiously captivating sound; gushing like an untamed whirlwind to the faintest cry of your fellow comrades in inexplicable distress,

Sing no evil; chopping your tongue to an infinite bits of inconspicuous ash; the instant it uttered things against God's most enthrallingly mesmerizing planet,

Patronize no evil; harboring only the irrefutable essence of celestial peace profoundly within your magnanimous soul; blatantly ostracizing those who condemned wonderful humanity,

Fantasize no evil; drifting the intriguing chords of your brain towards a land more enchanting than paradise; the instant the devil tried capsizing it from all sides,

Philosophize no evil; tirelessly browsing through only textbooks of charismatic mankind; immortalizing its spirit till even centuries after; you relinquished breath and died,

Shield no evil; audaciously vanquishing every single trace of malice from the gloomy interiors of your dwelling; substituting it with an everlasting stream on perpetual love,

Paint no evil; using your fingers to uplift tyrannized humanity; sketching with them an infinite myriad of shapes; that profusely enlightened disastrously devastated lives,

Chase no evil; indefatigably embarking upon a mission to save earth from bloodshed; evacuate the most inconspicuous iota of treachery from the complexion of satanic soil,

Eat no evil; relishing the fruits of freedom every moment of your diminutive life; escalating higher than the rhapsodic clouds with your comrades by your majestic side,

Transcend no evil; perennially existing beneath the blessings of the Omnisciently divine; savoring as well diffusing harmonious happiness; to every iota of this boundlessly beautiful planet,

Confront no evil; praying intransigently to the Almighty Lord; for decimating even the most infinitesimal trace of sin; from the innocent organisms lives,

Sleep no evil; relentlessly dreaming about an island of unsurpassable unity; with the rich and poor marching towards the corridors of sweet success; alike,

Trade no evil; sharing only the essence of benign compassion with every organism on this globe; enriching its life with uninhibited smiles,

Do no evil; intransigently revolting against each part of your shivering body; till the time it alighted only for immortalizing the unflinching spirit of humankind,

Love no evil; ardently embracing only those with empathy in their hearts; bonding with their passionate beats; in every birth you took birth again,

And live no evil; unfathomably exploring; discovering; altruistically evolving each moment of your life to exist higher than the skies; endeavoring your very best to

alleviate the lives of all those submerged in pain; of those drowning in a web of lies.

36. HUMANITY AND HAPPINESS

Bring life to your devastatingly chapped and gloomy lips; with a gorgeous ocean of profusely amicable smiles,

Bring life to your dolorously isolated and groping eyes; with a poignant river of boundlessly emphatic beauty,

Bring life to your pathetically dried and shriveled veins; with a vivacious sky of piquantly crimson blood,

Bring life to your ludicrously staggering and maimed brain; with perennial rivers of seductively mesmerizing fantasy,

Bring life to your horrendously famished and dithering stomach; with exquisite cuisine's of ravishingly exotic food,

Bring life to your ruthlessly jaded and orphaned palms; with a vivid fountain of magically inexplicable destiny lines,

Bring life to your pathetically dwindling and despondent ears; with an endless forest of mystically resplendent sounds,

Bring life to your treacherously lambasted and tyrannized cheeks; with untamed fireballs of ecstatically dancing exuberance,

Bring life to your insipidly malignant and termite ridden hair; with a marvelous waterfall of blissful sandalwood paste,

Bring life to your languidly incoherent and sleepy fingers; with a scintillating rainbow of magnificently royal pearl rings,

Bring life to your incorrigibly dumb and insidiously slimy tongue; with a torrentially uninhibited whirlpool of fabulously silken voice,

Bring life to your savagely fluttering and extinguishing shadow; with a fascinating tornado of bountifully spell binding enchantment,

Bring life to your rustically bohemian and perilously stagnating feet; with the

timelessly majestic pathways of eternally bequeathing artistry,

Bring life to your horrifically sagging and irately dysfunctional eyelids; with an unfathomable mountain of impeccably flirtatious winks,

Bring life to your icily stoned and turgidly abhorrent neck; with an acrobatically ebullient island of incessantly drifting movement,

Bring life to your murderously crippled and sardonic imagery; with an insatiable paradise of exuberantly frolicking angels,

Bring life to your monotonously manipulative and blatantly lying conscience; with the Omnipotent light of irrefutably sacrosanct humanity,

Bring life to your despicably withering and tumultuously tortured nostrils; with the Omniscient panache of voluptuously divine breath,

Bring life to your lecherously betrayed and shattered heart; with the one and only religion of unsurpassably immortal love,

And bring life to your satanically broken and commercially convoluted life; with the everlasting tonic of unassailable humanity and happiness

37. VICTORY SHALL FOREVER BE

Every maelstrom of unendingly truculent misery was whiplashed upon you by the hedonistic devil; as he salaciously marauded with his fingers soaked in innocent blood,

God was irrefutably a beam of Omnipotent righteousness; who not only blessed you with the insurmountable power to conquer all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,

Giving supreme liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would be pathetically decimated to inconspicuous ash; and victory shall forever be of unassailably majestic truth.

Every corpse of ghoulishly ungainly torture and invidiousness was thrust upon you by the parasitic devil; as he indiscriminately trampled left; right and center; with brutally lascivious hunger lingering in his eyes,

God was irrefutably a Sun of unconquerably princely hope; who not only blessed

you with the unsurpassable power to behead all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,

Giving uninhibited liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would be transformed into wisps of insipid nothingness; and victory shall forever be of invincibly glorious truth.

Every spirit of cadaverous desperation and malice was jinxed upon you by the savage devil; as he unsparingly plodded forward to devour all organisms alive,

God was irrefutably the sky of fathomless beauty and ingratiating enchantment; who not only blessed you with the unflinching power to vanquish all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,

Giving unrestricted liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would crumble into disdainful oblivion; and victory shall forever be of altruistically patriotic truth.

Every hell of preposterously raunchy sin and bawdiness was thrashed upon you by the hideous devil; as he dogmatically barked the tunes of abhorrently despicable lies,

God was irrefutably a religion of symbiotically Omnipresent mankind; who not only blessed you with the peerless power to destroy all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,

Giving unparalleled liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would wholesomely reduce into graveyards of parsimonious nothingness; and victory shall forever be of pristinely unblemished truth.

Every whirlwind of indescribably penalizing lechery and sodomizing torment was slapped upon you by the devastating devil; as he insanely burnt till the last bone of his spine in the coffins of unrelenting hatred,

God was irrefutably an Omniscient harbinger of everlasting peace; who not only blessed you with inimitable fortitude to blow away all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,

Giving undaunted liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would be charred to inconsequential ash; and victory

shall forever be of gloriously immortal truth.

Every speck of acrimoniously cancerous and destructive disease was stabbed upon you by the incarcerating devil; as he intransigently sulked in the gallows of coldbloodedly rotten death,

God was irrefutably the priceless cosmos of perpetually royal fructification; who not only blessed you with the unchallengeable prowess to massacre all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,

Giving unstoppable liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would dissolve into the dustbins of extinction; and victory shall forever be of blazingly impeccable truth.

Every trace of orphaned wailing and hapless loneliness was tainted upon you by the ignominious devil; as he exhaled scorpions of remorseful prejudice even in deep sleep,

God was irrefutably a timelessly vivacious rainbow of desire and fearless hope; who not only blessed you with the insuperable ardor to finish all evil; but created infinite more of your kind every unfurling minute of the night and day,

Giving uncontrollable liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would lose every element of his existence; and victory shall forever be of immaculately bountiful truth.

38. TELL ME WHO CAN STOP YOU?

With fires blazing unrelentingly in your ardent eyes; and the perennial desire to keep surging forward till success charismatically kisses your doorstep,

With an insatiable desire to conquer every acrimonious impediment that dared confront you in your way; and the essence of tireless perseverance profoundly blended with every ingredient of your scarlet blood,

With a perpetual longing to always be the philanthropic best in whatever you benevolently undertook; and the blessings of your parents hovering like an invincible fortress round your impoverished visage,

Most importantly with your humble heart forever commiserating with all religion; caste; creed; and color; royally alike; and with all your reservoir of

unprecedented energy resolutely diffusing for goodness,

Tell me who on earth can ever stop you in your benign mission to uplift despairingly bereaved humanity; tell me who on earth can ever make the tiniest of dent on your march towards uniting your brethren; in the strings of unassailable mankind?

1.

With the vacillating maelstroms of distress and inexplicable anguish; miserably dithering to deter you even an inconspicuous trifle; and your visage towering like an unflinching mountain in all situations; alike,

With the charisma on an impregnable warrior written majestically on your blissfully smiling lips; and your marvelous resilience paving a way steadily through the sea of vicious acerbity,

With the heart of a courageous lion relentlessly throbbing inside your intrepid chest; and your unstoppable momentum only rejuvenating you beyond the limits of untamed imagination,

Most importantly with altruistic obeisance ingrained deeply within each of your veins; and the urge to serve your countrymen in pain; perpetuating you inevitably from all sides,

Tell me who on earth can ever stop you in your mission of wholesomely decimating the most infinitesimal trace of evil from the trajectory of this colossal planet; tell me who on earth can ever think of disturbing even a fraction of your divinely shadow?

2.

With nothing but the humanitarian epitome of triumph transcending supreme in your sight; and your eyeballs refraining to incorrigibly stoop; to even the most truculent of adversity that came its way,

With the fervent poignancy in your voice silencing all horrendously ungainly sardonism; and the tumultuous intensity in your stride making even the most Herculean of devils ludicrously shrink in their shells,

With the blessings of Omnipotent Lord Almighty making you more formidably unshakable on every step that you tread; and your bones wholesomely ready to

sacrifice any amount of flesh; to save the lives of countless innocent,

Most importantly with the irrefutable paradise of truth embedded perpetually in your conscience; and its righteous sounds drifting you towards a civilization of unending togetherness,

Tell me who on earth can ever stop you in your mission of metamorphosing all treachery into scintillatingly optimistic goodness; tell me who on earth can ever think of ruffling even a minuscule feather in your aristocratic cap?

3.

With oceans of profuse dynamism patriotically enshrouding you from all sides; and the chapters of eternal righteousness your priceless companions for the remainder of your expedition,

With the spirit of uninhibited freedom magnificently embossed in each element of your valiantly shimmering visage; and the wings of sparkling honesty making you fly a boundless continents; at a single time,

With the ravishingly vivacious beauty of the entire Universe incessantly revolving round the harmonious dormitories of your brain; and insidiously languid sleep remaining fathomless miles away from your countenance; as you advanced on your path towards the divine,

Most importantly with your majestically humanitarian attitude that made even the greatest of God's salute you; and your ideals which had their rudiments in the principles of timeless creation,

Tell me who on earth can ever stop you in your mission to become a ray of sheltering light for all those uncouthly divested; tell me who on earth can ever think of burying even your remotest of footprint; into the devilish graves?

39. IMMORTAL SOLDIERS - PART 2

Whether it be the tumultuous tornado mercilessly slashing our throats; or whether the rain came down so treacherously from the sky; that we couldn't even see an infinitesimal step further,

Whether an unfathomable battalion of savage panthers tried to tear us apart in our way; or whether the ground felt salaciously slipping under our hopelessly

galloping feet,

Whether ominous daggerheads of uncertainty plagued us as we advanced forward; or whether the sky seemed to be miserably blending forever with inconspicuous earth,

Whether an unsurpassable dungeon of diabolical scorpions parasitically blood from our patriotic veins; or whether the freezing mountains seemed so unassailable; that tears refrained to stop down our cheeks,

We will indefatigably continue to march forward for our country as its immortal soldiers; will intractably cease to rest until the last iota of our sacrosanct motherland; is blissfully relieved from the clutches of the tyrannical devil.

1.

Whether a gorge of acrid thorns viciously hit us in the soft spots of our eyes; or whether there wasn't even the tiniest droplet of water available to placate the murderously traumatized agony; in our throats,

Whether the Sun shone so swelteringly that each speck of energy sagged inevitably from our dreary bones; or whether the ghastly blackness of the night; disdainfully maimed us in every step that we alighted,

Whether the profound memories of our children made the blood chillingly freeze in our veins; or whether an avalanche of bombs from the other side; disintegrated our caricature into an infinite pieces of worthless sawdust,

Whether diabolical earthquakes tried to heinously devour us in our stride; or whether the entrenchment of devilish hell was all that was ostensibly visible on every lane we chose,

We will unflinchingly continue to march forward for our country as its immortal soldiers; will irrefutably deny breath to relinquish our nostrils; until every space of our divinely motherland; is perennially bereft of the sweat of invidious traitors.

2.

Whether corpses of remorsefully devastating despair were the only things to greet us as we entered into the color of dawn; or whether perniciously heinous swords indiscriminately chopped of our chest; nose and feet,

Whether maelstroms of horrendously torturous captivity loomed large on every step that we trespassed; or whether the cries of disparaging extinction augmented in intensity as each instant unfurled into an entire minute,

Whether whirlpools of unbearable pain stabbed us beyond realms of holistic reprieve; or whether the weight of our own deteriorated visage's became so onerous; that it yearned to sink to beneath soil for an eternal rest,

Whether the insatiably Herculean tenacity of the opposing force made us tremble in sheer disbelief; or whether the lap of our divinely mother incessantly called us back to be invincibly cuddled,

We will unconquerably continue to march forward for our country as its immortal soldiers; will throw all sleep and rest away from our blazingly bloodshot eyes; until even the last fragment of our heavenly motherland; jubilantly rejoices in the essence of glorious victory.

3.

Whether all uncouth lechery on this planet was let loose upon our innocent bodies; or whether vengefully sinister sharks ardently waited ahead to pulverize us into abominable mincemeat,

Whether even the most mesmerizing of thoughts in our minds froze to just the singleton corpse of hopelessness; or whether lethally hideous venom was impregnated into our skins after removing all blood inside,

Whether brutally amputated parts of our bodies pathetically decayed in the aisles of asphyxiating boredom; or whether the anxious voices of our wives back home sapped every trace of energy from our resolute souls,

Whether powerhouses of lecherous greed gave us the status of martyrs after we altruistically shed our lives; or whether our vision became an insipidly obfuscated blur as the enemy camp tyrannically gouged us; for the remainder of our lives,

We will perpetually continue to march forward for our country as its immortal soldiers; will never let our lives see even the most remote beam of light; until the breath from every quarter of our revered motherland; spawned from only the sons of its very own choice.

40. DON'T YOU DARE O! DEVIL

It was a bundle of overwhelmingly sparkling joy; please don't mercilessly maraud its flesh; with your obnoxiously uncouth nails,

It was a sacrosanct leaf of freshly blossoming life; please don't invidiously inundate its immaculate brain; with your horrendously truculent tales of bizarre manipulation,

It was a fairy having just descended from the heart of celestial sky; please don't gruesomely maim it with your indiscriminately cold-blooded stride,

It was the ultimate fulfilling fantasy of any two perpetual lovers; please don't heinously strangulate the last iota of breath from its innocuously godly body; with your infernos of indescribably sordid malice,

It was a quintessentially ardent constituent in God's chapter of timeless procreation; please don't ghastily blind it forever; even before it could open its mesmerizing eyes,

It was an Omnipotent lantern illuminating countless dwellings besieged with disparaging despair; please don't ruthless snap its hands; with your fangs of vindictive hatred,

It was an unassailable harbinger of humanity; please don't venomously poison its holistically vibrant soul; with your lecherously stinking world of politics and crime,

It was an astoundingly eclectic and unconquerable prince; please don't lay a battlefield of your pugnaciously acrid thorns in whatever path that it crawled and blissfully tread,

It was a fountain of inexorably unending happiness; please don't satanically thrash its ears; with your whips of derogatorily unforgivable savagery,

It was an everlastingly smiling doll which embraced all mankind; please don't sinfully replace its bountifully adorable laughter; with your ghoulish teardrops of torturously penalizing hell,

It was the most divine fantasy of every organism alive; please don't hideously cripple its unblemished originality; with your disparaging greed and ostracizing prejudice,

It was an unparalleled jewel of the poignant eye; please don't salaciously rip

apart its skin; with your profusely blood stained and barbaric butcher knife,

It was a blessing from the cosmos to all fraternity of mankind breathing and alive; please don't trade its innocently benign flesh; for your sinister wads of debasing money,

It was the most impregnable Sun of tomorrow; a spell bindingly guiding light; please don't horrifically confound its boundless resplendence; with your cloudcovers of treacherously gory night,

It was an unfathomable cistern of perennial enchantment; please don't bawdily kick it with your bohemian toes; always sunk way beneath the graveyards of insane lifelessness,

It was the greatest star ever shining on marvelous earth divine; please don't brutally plagiarize it with corpses of illiteracy and pernicious sodomy; instead of gifting it with effulgent toys,

It was a horizon which had absolutely no end; please don't vengefully asphyxiate its chords of celestial existence; with the disdainful abhorrence for all surviving; ostensibly burgeoning in your eyes,

It was an immortal heartbeat pulsating with unstoppable life; please don't tyrannically deprive it of all the fathomless tributaries of love; that it was destined to assimilate every unfurling minute of its beautiful life,

In the name of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord O! Devil; please don't in anyway harm the new born child; even if your desire to kill transcends everything else on this planet; you can readily take my life; but please don't harm the child; don't you dare harm the freshest outcry of newborn life

41. LOVE VERSUS TERRORISM

Terrorism indiscriminately divides,
Love is an Omniscient panacea which wholeheartedly embraces; one and all.

Terrorism treacherously plots,
Love is a flower which diffuses its divinely scent; to the most remotest corners of this Universe.

Terrorism insidiously massacres,
Love is a seed which blossoms perennially; into the chapter of blissful prosperity.

Terrorism baselessly orphans,
Love is a cloud which showers happiness; even after veritably mortal death.

Terrorism tyrannically dictates,
Love is an uninhibitedly cascading stream; which pacifies one and all.

Terrorism devastates civilizations,
Love is a mystically gorgeous shadow; casting the unbreakable spell of humanity
for centuries immemorial.

Terrorism perpetuates agonizing hatred,
Love is an Omnipotent ointment; which heals the most savagely brutal of
wounds.

Terrorism evokes ghastly memories,
Love is a fountain; which fulminates every unleashing second into a river of
insatiable ecstasy.

Terrorism diabolically poisons,
Love is the highest peak of unparalleled joy; overshadowing all wealth and
commodity on this gigantic planet.

Terrorism maliciously mutilates,
Love is an invincible march towards victory; the most cherished achievement for
an organism in its life.

Terrorism gruesomely cripples beyond hope,
Love is an unconquerably formidable armor; which harbors all religion; tribe; and
mankind in its ardent womb.

Terrorism propagates gory bloodshed,
Love is a fathomless ocean of nostalgic belonging; which perpetually makes you
feel; as if you were just born.

Terrorism beheads innocent,
Love is a poignantly bonding wave; which melts the most invidiously sinister; in
its heavenly swirl.

Terrorism uncouthly lambastes at every step,
Love is an everlasting dream of peace; which lingers till times beyond absolute
eternity.

Terrorism disastrously explodes into viciousness,
Love is a brilliantly optimistic ray; which touches the heart of the rich and miserably deprived; alike.

Terrorism deliberately dismantles,
Love is an intransigently undefeated arrow; ubiquitously spreading the message of celestial brotherhood; in every iota of this boundless globe.

Terrorism heinously corrupts,
Love is a sacred apostle of bountiful relationships; always ensuring you got the very blessed and harmonious in life.

Terrorism stinks in dungeons of hell,
Love is a tantalizing dewdrop which enchants you beyond the boundaries of paradise; making you feel the most richest entity alive.

Terrorism horrendously incinerates,
Love is a torrential downpour of celestial fantasy; which makes the most pathetically dwindling organism; entirely oblivious to pain.

Terrorism blasts through existence,
Love is a benevolent culmination of the divine; rising amicably and unscathed from the ashes; even centuries after losing breath.

Terrorism horrifically stagnates,
Love is a flirtatiously philandering wind through the hills; the perfectly symbiotic rudiments of all existing on this earth.

Terrorism remorsefully regrets,
Love is a mesmerizing voice which proliferates more stronger as the moments unfurl; blowing away all devil in a single breath.

Terrorism disrupts resplendent sleep,
Love is a caress which triggers waves of passionate electricity; profoundly enlightening the hearts of all those; impeccably deprived.

Terrorism vandalizes beyond the point of sagacious control,
Love heals all tottering towards extinction; irrespective of whether they are poor or unsurpassably rich.

Terrorism shatters the slimmest hope to live,

Love lends its philanthropic shoulders to the weak and infirm; making them blossom into cheerful beams of sheer ebullience.

Terrorism sucks blood tirelessly,

Love spawns countless new lives every instant; naturally continuing God's more revered chapter of existence.

Terrorism incessantly plunders and blunders,

Love is a web of melodiously sweet honey; which nourishes every organism; right from its birth to the final stage of its inevitable death.

Terrorism irrevocably numbs,

Love is a fireball of unending titillation towering towards the sky; rejuvenating life with lost charm and spice.

Terrorism voices its opinions through bullets,

Love is the most successful mission of a persons life; making him live an infinite heavens; in pragmatically present life.

Terrorism pulverizes immaculate to raw chowder,

Love is a boat which glides like a prince through the most tumultuous of storm; transporting its passengers to the land of beauty and paradise.

Terrorism separates kin from kin,

Love imparts the astronomical tenacity to be live without the tiniest of breath; yet feel the strongest entity alive.

Terrorism indefatigably kicks like a dinosaur,

Love besieges each contour of your lips with a timeless smile; an ardor to live higher than the clouds; at every stage of life.

Terrorism stumbles even before it alights,

Love is a grandiloquent fortress piercing the souls of all tangible kind; quelling each desire with its magical touch.

Terrorism sleazily petrifies,

Love is a bond which grows more firmer as each second elapses; unshakable against any attack; in this gigantic world.

Terrorism acrimoniously stings,

Love is a perennially silken feather which puts you to an eternal slumber; replenishing back an ocean of enthrallment into your dreary eyes.

Terrorism condemns all rhyme and religion,
Love is a fantastic identity of its own; embracing all living with the ever
pervading spirit of mankind.

Terrorism converts each day into an infinite thorns,
Love is the most fulfilling wish that you could ever desire; a flame of intimate
yearning; escalating higher than the skies.

Terrorism kicks you out; from each heart on this soil,
Love is a treasury that augments as you use it; stirring the innermost chords of
your conscience; for the betterment of humanity.

Terrorism rains hell,
Love is a fairy cuddling your senses into a land of magnanimous serenity;
enriching all your purpose in destined life.

Terrorism scraps all self-esteem,
Love is a flamboyant patriot; showering an unfathomable number of lives; for
its counterparts in sorrow.

Terrorism is filthy manipulation,
Love is the greatest poet on the trajectory of this earth; captivating the most
wickedly alien; in the swirl of its marvelous entrenchment.

Terrorism deteriorates all values,
Love is the pinnacle of irrefutable prosperity; uplifting your impoverished visage
to the Creator; every time you tread you step on bare soil.

Terrorism rots the entire township,
Love is the air you breathe; the goodness which you feel; the feeling of benign
devotion that profusely encapsulates each cranny of your robust countenance.

Terrorism monstrously violates,
Love is a stupendously exotic wine; which makes you perceive only ravishing
beauty; till the time you survive.

Terrorism misleads at every step,
Love is an Omnipresent messiah straight from God's land; vanquishing each
hurdle that dared come your way.

Terrorism devilishly imprisons,

Love is a bird soaring handsomely in the clouds of freedom; hoisting all chained that came its way; on its exuberantly flapping wings.

Terrorism cold bloodedly snatches,
Love is a majestic art with royal shine; illuminating the most derogatory darkness; with its impregnable beams of hope yielding light.

Terrorism discordantly abuses,
Love is a charismatic magnet; attracting the most murderously rash in the untamed inferno of its passionate beats.

And Terrorism ultimately dies,
While love is the most wonderful gift of Almighty Lord; a stringent adieu to each deplorable past; an immortal beginning to every spell binding tomorrow.

42. THE GREATEST VICTORY

The greatest victory for a mother was; when she was able to invincibly protect her child from all evil lurking rampantly in the night; and marathon hours of the sunlit day,

The greatest victory for a soldier was; when he valiantly bore the hostile opposition; waved the flag of his country in the heart of the colossal enemy camp,

The greatest victory for a spotted panther was; when it mercilessly capsized its prey by the neck; ripped it apart into boundless fragments before handsomely devouring it down,

The greatest victory for the black conglomerate of clouds was; when despite the fulminating fire ball of Sun behind; they were able to pour down indefatigably upon the surface of the earth,

The greatest victory for the inconspicuous little mosquito was; when it sucked gallons of blood from robust flesh; dexterously evaded all in vicinity who tried to capture it,

The greatest victory for the mammoth shark was; when it unsparingly overtopped the mighty ship with her snout; gobbled each of its passengers to satisfy its gluttony for the unveiling hour,

The greatest victory for the diminutive red ant was; when she stung the gigantic

elephant on his feet; made him plummet to the ground and taste dust like a pack of molten matchsticks,

The greatest victory for the ocean was; that it never dried irrespective of the most acerbic of drought; kept swirling with its ravishing waves striking astoundingly against the rocks,

The greatest victory for the gleaming axe was; when it sliced gargantuan stalks of the century old tree with sheer disdain; engendering the lanky stem to collapse with a sigh on the mud,

The greatest victory for the lips was; when they were able to passionately kiss the girl they desired; taking complete control over her mind, body, and soul,

The greatest victory for the tabby cat was; when she sprang upon clusters of unsuspecting mice; masticated them with whole hearted relish as the first rays of dawn crept from the sky,

The greatest victory for the blazing fire was; when it charred to raw soot whatever that dared to trespass its blistering path,

The greatest victory for the devotee was; when he was able to appease the creator with his overwhelming devotion and penance; rise to the pinnacle of success with the blessings of Almighty God,

The greatest victory for the eye was; when it was able to sight the most mesmerizing places in this Universe; keep staring for times immemorial; deeply into the eyes of the person it revered and loved,

The greatest victory for the hideously wailing vulture was; when it viciously plucked out flesh from the body of the dead; feasted on its meal with a flame of exultation burning in its eyes,

The greatest victory for the infinite territories of the sprawling desert was; when it was able to entice millions of unsuspecting adventurers; luring them with its fake mirages which were nothing else but pure sand,

The greatest victory for the blood flowing in the body was; when it blended with the soil in which it was born,

And the greatest victory for Man on this planet was; when he knew himself thoroughly; conquered all his desires and emotions; joined hands with his fellow

comrades; putting in his ultimate in order to save humanity.

43. MORE IMMORTAL THAN BLOOD RELATION

If there was any relation more Omnipotent than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the silken fabric of irrefutably priceless humanity,

If there was any relation more unassailable than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the mesmerizing valley of marvelously scintillating truth,

If there was any relation more perpetual than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the bountiful paradise of symbiotically enamoring togetherness,

If there was any relation more evergreen than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the gorgeous waterfall of uninhibitedly innocuous mankind,

If there was any relation more everlasting than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the fathomless sky of unconquerably blazing righteousness,

If there was any relation more Omniscient than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the profuse fireball of fragrantly blossoming patriotism,

If there was any relation more poignant than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the enigmatic forest of eternally tantalizing sensuousness,

If there was any relation more Omnipresent than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the enchanting spires of unsurpassably overpowering seduction,

If there was any relation more ingratiating than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the Sun of flamboyantly glittering Optimism,

If there was any relation more fabulous than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the bird of heavenly burgeoning ecstasy,

If there was any relation more Godly than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the handsome meadow of profoundly philanthropic benevolence,

If there was any relation more resplendent than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the river of timelessly melodious mankind,

If there was any relation more revered than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the sacrosanct apostle of glorious empathy,

If there was any relation more divinely than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with unshakable mountains of blessing solidarity,

If there was any relation more princely than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the clouds of spell bindingly titillating fantasy,

If there was any relation more beautiful than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the wings of unparalleled and ardently ravishing desire,

If there was any relation more formidable than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the endless oceans of perennially bonding friendship,

If there was any relation more boundless than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the fantastically vibrant chapters of mystically unfurling life,

And if there was any relation more immortal than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the invincible beats of love; love; and majestically true and unbiased love.

44. THE TRUE MARTYRS

You might have emptied unfathomable barrels of blood from your body for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you all the richness of this gigantic world; in return instead,

But the true martyrs are those who unflinchingly dare to shed even a single droplet of their inconspicuous blood; for the sake of their majestically sacrosanct motherland.

You might have unsparingly thrashed all bones of your body to pulverized curry

for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you the entire wisdom of this exotic earth; in return instead,
But the true martyrs are those who lend even a diminutive iota of their altruistic shoulder; to alleviate their priceless motherland; from the clutches of bizarrely barbaric captivity.

You might have ruthlessly exploded even the last trace of your voice for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you all fascinating enchantment of this ever-pervading Universe; in return instead,
But the true martyrs are those who blazingly utter even a single word; to defend their gloriously royal motherland; against salaciously acrimonious traitors.

You might have lecherously maimed both your hand and feet for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you the Omnipotent power to conquer the entire planet; in return instead,
But the true martyrs are those who intrepidly take even a single step forward; to relinquish the last iota of life; for blissfully preserving their; fabulously indomitable motherland.

You might have vindictively burnt both your eyes for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you the spell binding power to maneuver the destinies of all on this fathomless earth; in return instead,
But the true martyrs are those who fearlessly protect even a single fraction of soil; for regally immortalizing their; beautifully divine motherland.

You might have treacherously sliced the entire network of your intestines for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you all the voluptuous charisma of the boundless globe; in return instead,
But the true martyrs are those who smilingly bear even the most lethal wounds on their chest; perpetually ensuring that no power on this Universe could ever; invidiously intrude upon their blessed motherland.

You might have venomously poisoned your entire brain for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you all the invincibly glittering success of the unsurpassable earth; in return instead,
But the true martyrs are those who patriotically sacrifice even an infinitesimal portion of their memory; evolving the most ingenious of ideas; to wholesomely bereft their compassionate motherland; from the ignominy of extinction.

You might have ominously exonerated the entire air from your nostrils for your ownself; praying to Lord Almighty; to grant you all lives on this colossal planet and that too for infinite more births to yet unveil; in return instead,

But the true martyrs are those who uninhibitedly diffuse even a single breath of theirs; to spawn a civilization of perennial newness; on every cranny of their bountifully resplendent motherland.

And you might have tyrannically extricated every iota of caring from your heart for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you the happiness of all on this unending globe; in return instead,

But the true martyrs are those who selflessly donate a single beat of their love; for embellishing every quarter of their heavenly motherland; with the spirit of timelessly proliferating existence.

45. YOU WERE NOTHING

Whether you were stinkingly rich; or whether you spent your entire lifetime begging discordantly on the bizarrely impoverished streets; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be majestically equal,

But one thing was for unconquerably sure; that in front of his Omnipotently Supreme grace; you were nothing but a coffin of frigidly crumbling and egregiously disoriented matchsticks.

Whether you were indomitably overpowering; or whether you slithered like a maim dog to catch even the most strident parts of your shadow; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be spell bindingly equal,

But one thing was for immutably sure; that in front of his Royally Unshakable empire; you were nothing but a dustbin orphaned with inconspicuously lackadaisical flies.

Whether you were innovatively brilliant; or whether you slept like a dumb tubelight even under the most flamboyantly exhilarating of Sun; for the Lord Almighty you and other every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be bountifully equal,

But one thing was for irrefutably sure; that in front of his Omnipresently iridescent paradise; you were nothing but a carcass of ethereally rotting bones.

Whether you were as white as a sensuously silken angel; or whether you chugged like hedonistically black charcoal even in the blackness of the wholesomely obfuscated night; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be resplendently equal,
But one thing was for unchallengably sure; that in front of his unassailably fathomless aura; you were nothing but a molecule in the mist of nothingness;

that was never going to be born.

Whether you were taller than impregnably charismatic Everest peaks; or whether you shorter than the preposterously tiny ant's eggs; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be inimitably equal,

But one thing was for irrevocably sure; that in front of his unshakably boundless form; you were nothing but a measly droplet of stray water; rapidly drying even before the day could unveil out.

Whether you were an everlasting apostle of blissfully symbiotic peace; or whether you stared in decrepit haplessness all your life towards abysmal sky; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be regally equal,

But one thing was for invincibly sure; that in front of his Perpetually Omniscient fragrance; you were nothing but a trashcan of disillusioned invectives; disastrously trembling under your unsavory grave.

Whether you were like a stupendously boisterous bee; or whether you castrated each unraveling instant of your life in the corpses of treacherously remorseful loneliness; for the Lord Almighty you and every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be fantastically equal,

But one thing was for insuperably sure; that in front of his magnanimously bestowing heart; you were nothing but a gutter of repugnantly untreated sewage; rotting like waif feces without the slightest integrity of your own.

Whether you conversed in the most aristocratically impregnable of English; or whether you dolorously stagnated in the dungeons of illiteracy with belligerent rats; for the Lord Almighty you and every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be celestially equal,

But one thing was for triumphantly sure; that in front of his unlimitedly divine form; you were nothing but a puff of nonchalant dust; disintegrating into a billion particles of meaninglessness with the tiniest draught of breeze.

Whether you were greatest leader of devout religious spirituality; or whether the womb that bore you 9 months was that of a wastrel prostitute; for the Lord Almighty you and every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be harmoniously equal,

But one thing was for unendingly sure; that in front of his Victoriously Ebullient Kingdom; you were nothing but a fecklessly diseased ghost; cadaverously wandering without the slightest of entity or coruscated form.

And whether you were the most immortally cherished lover; or whether you were horribly maimed and blinded since the very first cry of inscrutable life; for the Lord Almighty you and every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be beautifully equal, But one thing was for irretrievably sure; that in front of his Glory of limitless righteousness and truth; you were nothing but a parsimoniously slaving lacunae of dirt; drowning more and more rapidly into the mortuary of hopelessly evaporating hell.

46. MIRACULOUSLY UNITING CRIMSON BLOOD.

As invincible as the peaks of unfathomable Everest; which were the very first to salute royally Omnipotent sunshine in the center of undying sky,

As fierily dynamic as the orange ball of Sun; which transcended and won over the most inconspicuous of misery on this planet; with its unflinching light,

As compassionately amiable as every draught of whispering wind; which gave reprieve to every beleaguered traveler around from the myriad harshness of existence,

As mellifluously tingling as the fresh water forest stream; unhindered and uninhibited by every sordidly plagued discrepancy of the distrustfully robotic world,

As resplendently pristine as the bountiful rainbow in azure space; which inevitably evoked everyone to stroke the paintbrush of sensitivity on the inexhaustible pathways of life,

As unsurpassable as the victoriously tangy oceans; which affably fathered and mothered life of every conceivable kind on this planet; in gigantic recesses of poignantly frothy water,

As sensuously enthralling as every blade of grass sprouting from mundane soil; tickling the most monstrously hideous of devil into a reverie of tantalizing newness,

As unbridled as the immaculate pearl hidden deep within the oyster; dazzling every frigid ounce of despair with optimistic white; even as blackness tried all the more to wretchedly confiscate all light,

As unabashedly charismatic as the first cries of a newborn child; which magnetized people of all caste; creed; sizes and shapes into a close huddle; to

witness the most blessed creation of the Almighty Lord,

As ecstatically fresh as thundershowers of rain charging from the sky; which bubbled into a newfound effervescent energy of togetherness; after blending with each ingredient of voluptuous soil,

As eternally rapturous as the unparalleled voice of the nightingale; which united every single heart in vicinity; with the interminable tenacity to symbiotically survive in its voice,

As untiringly positive as the nascent rays of dawn; which engulfed every bit of the Universe with a profoundly robust energy to live once again; after the gallows of haplessly jinxed death,

As gregariously redolent as the scent of the scarlet rose; which mollified every speck of traumatized apprehension around with the embrace of everlasting fantasy,

As fearless as maverick streaks of silver lightening in magical sky; which quelled every orphaned ingredient of nervous energy in the atmosphere—with the rustically naked valor to enlighten and survive,

As perseveringly timeless as freshly ploughed fields of mother nature; which earnestly spawned into fruits of eternal creation till beyond veritable time; in the face of beauty and apocalyptic devil alike,

As magical as mother earth's copious magnetic energy; which insuperably drew one and all on the trajectory of the fathomless planet; into a womb of unassailably divine warmth,

As harmoniously fructifying as golden nectar; which wondrously mended even the most devastatingly estranged of hearts with the unlimited sweetness of the Lord's Omnipresent Creation,

As inscrutably alluring as an infinite different pathways on earth; which led you to an infinite different destinations of charmed adventure; with all eventually uniting into a singleton mass of life's undefeated truth,

Was the miraculously life-yielding crimson blood in every living vein; forever and ever and ever uniting every caste; creed; religion; color; shape and tribe on God's blessed planet; into the one and only Religion of Humanity.

47. IGNITE THE LAMP OF HUMANITY

For every wish of goodness that diffused from your soul- praying to God to bless everyone with happiness, bliss, peace and immortal love- even as your friends and foes virulently abused you,
For every bountifully fresh sapling that you planted into barren soil; and all those others that you dreamt of sowing in fathomless fecund landscapes of mud,
For every handshake of yours with complete strangers; whom you embraced in your times of happiness and crippling duress alike- for being a part of the same Universe that you lived in,
For every song of oneness that emanated from the innermost realms of your heart- disseminating the message of a benign existence- even as living beings all around deliberately turned into sadistic parasites,
For every droplet of your blood that you donated for your fellow beings in distress- without worrying about your own bones which had started to bizarrely display more than your skin,
For every helping hand that you lent to those without sight to cross the cacophonous buzzing street- leaving them to their destination in spirit of undefeated humane brotherhood,
For every morsel of your food that you shared with all those starving- and then miraculously felt your very own stomach to be replenished without a grain- but solely with the wand of selflessness,
For every wounded animal on the street that you tried to resuscitate with your love; when everyone walking beside presumed it to have attained its veritable grave,
For every negatively nagged comment upon you that you transformed into an optimistic opportunity- accommodating one and in your diminutive dwelling- which was palatial with your love,
For every trail of yours that unflinchingly fought the most wretchedly asphyxiating of odds- just to ensure that the truthful voice of every God-gifted existence prevailed,
For every morbidly stagnating piece of canvas that you splashed with myriad colors and hues of a burgeoning existence- as the planet around you unraveled in its most inscrutably magical shapes and forms,
For every unnecessary complexity of a frazzled existence- that you solved with such child-like ease- with the universal quintessential elements of symbiotic existence,
For every inconsolably wailing infant that you hugged close to your heart- lending it your name; surname and astronomical care- after its biological parents hadn't the courage to accept it for being a girl,
For every bit of happiness that you spontaneously triggered amidst a pall of robotically commercial gloom- by being just as how the Creator had sent you

upon the planet divine and unpretentiously natural,
For every ounce of manipulative currency that you burnt- not letting anything
besmirch your path of friendship and eternal love- as Love was the most
priceless gift from the Lord Divine,
For every bit of infallible determination that you so blissfully transmitted-
inspiring every bit of human impairment to become a blessing to survive,
For every poetic verse that you evolved out of sheer and vapid nothingness- to
perpetuate drearily beleaguered bits of survival with the scepter of magical
newness,
For every bit of informality that you perpetuated wherever you went- that
relieved people of their unduly worries as in you they found a friend for life - who
would never ever betray them the slightest,
May the entire mortal world join you in your every philanthropic conquest; then
and together become a unified voice of love; a unified spirit of existence which
knew no religion; caste; color; creed or tribe- but which only arose in uninhibited
camaraderie to ignite the lamp of humanity

48. THE FLAME OF TRUTH

All disdainfully salacious lechery assassinated forever and ever and ever; not
even a minuscule speck of it on the trajectory of this wonderfully gifted planet,

All acrimoniously bawdy prejudice decimated forever and ever and ever; not
even a parsimonious speck of it on the complexion of this marvelously panoramic
planet,

All derogatorily baseless lies pulverized forever and ever and ever; not even an
ethereal speck of it on the periphery of this majestically unassailable planet,

All raunchily egregious indiscrimination swiped forever and ever and ever; not
even an evanescent speck of it on the circumference of this regally exotic planet,

All truculently hedonistic insanity thrashed forever and ever and ever; not even
an ephemeral speck of it on the fabric of this benevolently tranquil planet,

All stupidly fretful obsessions massacred forever and ever and ever; not even an
obsolete speck of them on the cradle of this fantastically blessed planet,

All mercilessly lambasting crime extinguished forever and ever and ever; not
even a transient speck of it on the garden of this beautifully enchanting planet,

All remorsefully nonchalant laziness eradicated forever and ever and ever; not

even a fugitive speck of it on the citadel of this invincibly proliferating planet,

All diabolically marauding politics vanquished forever and ever and ever; not even an inconspicuous speck of it on the mirror of this resplendently arcane planet,

All horrendously maiming pain liberated forever and ever and ever; not even an insipid speck of it on the playground of this iridescently scented planet,

All venomously lethal rampaging extradited forever and ever and ever; not even an infidel speck of it on the leaf of this pristinely burgeoning planet,

All tyrannically barbarous imprisonment exonerated forever and ever and ever; not even a feckless speck of it on the entrenchment of this marvelously glorious planet,

All brutally maniacal idiosyncrasies exonerated forever and ever and ever; not even an oblivious speck of them on the lap of this sacredly gorgeous planet,

All invidiously ghastly poverty expurgated forever and ever and ever; not even a disappearing speck of it on the borders of this triumphantly ebullient planet,

All meaninglessly ominous perversions trampled forever and ever and ever; not even a dingy speck of them on the pathways of this spell bindingly spectacular planet,

All depravingly ignominious cowardice squelched forever and ever and ever; not even a vanishing speck of it on the turnstiles of this astoundingly unfathomable planet,

All coldbloodedly abhorrent disease torched forever and ever and ever; not even an invisible speck of it on the waves of this rhythmically benign planet,

All disastrously despicable slavery removed forever and ever and ever; not even an infinitesimal speck of it on the meadows of this convivially bonding planet,

All miserably asphyxiating drudgery trounced forever and ever and ever; not even a measly speck of it on the pedestal of this timelessly bestowing planet,

All threadbarely incarcerating monotony defeated forever and ever and ever; not even a remote speck of it on the grasslands of this indomitably towering planet,

All nonsensically vindictive pompousness exonerated forever and ever and ever;
not even a fleeting speck of it on the winds of this aristocratically fabulous
planet,

And if you had commenced to think that the above and infinite more was
because the God's from the cosmos had exclusively descended from the cosmos
to do the needful; then you're in for the most rudest shock of your life,

For it was none other than the flame of eternal truth in each of our soul's; that
the Lord had so congenitally gifted us with; which if we started to wholeheartedly
use; then the devil would hide its tail and disappear from the entrenchment of
this vibrantly miraculous planet; forever and ever and ever.

49. NO POWER EVER BORN

They could perhaps ruthlessly snatch our eyes; horrifically blinding us with their
derogatory barbarism; for the remainder of our impoverished lives,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the unfathomable whirlpools of compassionate empathy; that
we harbored for each other; in our everlastingly insuperable and brilliant hearts.

They could perhaps mercilessly snatch our ears; lecherously annihilating them
from our face; with their satanically blood stained swords,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the unprecedented fascination that we harbored for each other;
in our bountifully timeless and philanthropic hearts.

They could perhaps indiscriminately snatch our bellies; deliriously extricating
even the last bit of our intricately blissful intestines,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the insurmountable magnetism that we harbored for each
other; in our beautifully vivid and eclectic hearts.

They could perhaps perfidiously snatch our legs; tyrannically incarcerating and
maiming us in chains of maliciously unending torture; till the time we
relinquished our last breath,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the inexorable passion that we harbored for each other; in our
resplendently twinkling and unconquerable hearts.

They could perhaps lethally snatch all our dreams; truculently bludgeoning our
brains on coldblooded rock; replenishing their parasitic stomachs with the

gruesomely grotesque and pulverized curry,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the unflinching solidarity that we harbored for each other; in
our iridescently burgeoning and panoramic hearts.

They could perhaps irascibly snatch our arms; hedonistically forcing us to
discordantly beg on the threadbare streets; so that their pockets perennially
glittered with sanctimoniously sleazy silk and gold,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the tirelessly ardent longing that we harbored for each other;
in our gloriously effulgent and diligent hearts.

They could perhaps salaciously snatch our smiles; venomously infiltrating even
the most inconspicuous iota of our happiness; with perverted mortuaries of
uxoriously sadistic prejudice,

But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the majestically royal camaraderie that we harbored for each
other; in our sensuously galloping and impeccable hearts.

They could perhaps brutally snatch our shadows; ignominiously extraditing us
from the civilization outside; just to lick the floors of their already spick and span
dwelling,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the spirit of sacrifice that we harbored for each other; in our
passionately impregnable and unparalleled hearts.

And they could perhaps gorily snatch our wealth; rendering us to stagger in the
aisles of uncouth nothingness; while they spuriously cavorted in the glory of our
perseveringly righteous prosperity,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the immortally inimitable love that we harbored for each other;
in our magnetically bonded and celestial hearts.

50. VIOLENCE

Horrendously weird was not the term to describe it; speak about it even an
inconspicuous trifle,

Satanically ghastly was not the image that befitted it; able to perceive it in the
most faintest of its form,

Barbarically Murderous was not the expletive adept for it; hardly able to portray an evanescent glimpse of its worthless virtue,

Uncouthly indiscriminate was not the way it could be explicitly explained; discussed about even in the most ephemeral of perception prevailing and possible,

Intolerably repulsive was not the adjective that highlighted it; miserably floundering to envelop it even in its most obscurest of its treacherous shadows,

Diabolically stinking was not the odor that wafted from it; proving insurmountably miserly in front of its savage grace,

Overwhelmingly corpse like was not the depth to assign it; proving more diminutive than a mosquito in front of its fathomless valley inundated with bloody sins,

Repugnantly cacophonous was not the sound which diffused from it; got completely overshadowed when you witnessed its vindictively threatening caricature,

Utterly penurious was not the acronym fit to depict its wealth; stumbled unrelentingly when compared with its abysmally hollow ocean of brittle pearls,

Pathetically cowardly was not the attribute to christen it with; as its tales of merciless barbarism had gruesomely assassinated many a divinely smile,

Feverishly distorted was not the synonym to address it; as it was the most hideously nefarious thing that could ever have existed on this Universe,

Acrimoniously thorny was the shape to describe it; as it fell deafeningly down in its own eyes; every time it tried to hoist up from hard ground,

Brutally ill willed was not the emotion to annotate it; as it lived the entire quota of its baseless life in realms of deplorably diminishing hell,

Gloomily morbid was not the quality it harnessed; as it dug its own graveyard on every lane it transgressed,

Hopelessly frustrated was not the idea it harbored; as it oozed more tears than the whole planet weeping at a single time together,

Menacingly cruel was not the wave it spread; as it salaciously charred all who came in its swirl; into threadbare granules of black ash,

Inexorably blood thirsty was not the accolade it deserved; as it spread rivers deluged with innocuous blood across every territory of this boundlessly colossal Universe,

And the most 'Abhorrently hated of all' was a phrase still too less for it to be named with; as it was a jargon which every dictionary on this soil would gladly have liked to terminate,

O! yes the devil I am talking about; has made us kill each other like animals in our very own homes; has made us an imprisoned slave in God's most sacred paradise; has made us breathe hostile fire from our nostrils instead of blissful breath,

And even before I eventually tell you the word; I fervently wish from my heart that all of you forget it; for after all it's the worst word of all words; infact a small figment of your own stupid creation called VIOLENCE.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Versus Terrorism - Part 2 - Poems On Anti Terror, Peace, Love, Brotherhood

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 69 differently titled Poems is actually Part 2 of the Book titled - Love Versus Terrorism (409 pages) . In a planet usurped today by graveyards of terrorism, this poetic collection imparts enlightenment, optimism, courage and an eternal desire to breathe free. GOD'S sacred earth isn't the way it used to be when it was created, thanks to greed of man which has indiscriminately torn apart every creed, color and definition of time for the 5 alphabets called 'MONEY'. The devil has spread terror in the name of religion, in the name of God, most abusively, without the slightest remorse. This book brilliantly equates 'Love' and 'terrorism' at every step and goes on to timelessly prove that no matter how ghastly terrorism perpetuates into the atmosphere, immortal love perennially triumphs over one and all on the earth. A startling collection of anti terror poems in an hour when the world wants them more than anything else, Parekh's words act as a harbinger of peace to infinite masses agonizingly estranged in brutal violence and bloodshed. A must read for every patron of global peace out there!

An Introduction to The Book

Love Versus Terrorism unconquerably depicts at each stage that no matter how wretched the wrath of terrorism has penetrated into the planet today-Love forever emerges victorious. Because God has created it as the most Omnipotent panacea for one and all humanity and the living kind. As long as the earth exists, the devil would continue to exist in various forms and shapes-trying his best to insidiously harm living kind. But the power of truth, love, compassion would not only conquer it in all respects, but would continue to bond the entire planet in threads of everlasting humanity. So that the best religion that pervades over one and all is the 'Religion of Humanity'. This book is an unflinching salute to the chapters of love, peace and brotherhood-which are the most efficacious panacea

to conquer dastardly terrorism.

CONTENTS

1. THE RELIGION OF MANKIND
2. THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY
3. WHAT'S MOST IMPORTANT AND QUINTESSENTIAL
4. MAN COMES WITHOUT ANYTHING. LIVES WITHOUT ANYTHING. DIES WITHOUT ANYTHING.
5. SUPREMELY IMMORTAL
6. HOW ABOUT IMMORTAL LOVE?
7. DON'T KILL. BUT FOREVER CONQUER.
8. BE CAPTURED.
9. CRY
10. ULTIMATE UTOPIA
11. TRUTH AND THE DEVIL
12. WHEN THE HEART WASN'T THROBBING
13. GOD MADE ME - POEM 2
14. IMMORTALLY UNITED MANKIND
15. WHAT'S LOVE ALL ABOUT?
16. IMPREGNABLE HUMANITY
17. THE SOUND OF THE HEART
18. JUST A MINUTE TO DESTRUCTION
19. ALL A PERSON COULD TAKE BENEATH HIS GRAVE
20. I WHOLESOMELY BELONGED.
21. AS LONG AS I HAD PRICELESS HOPE
22. COME LET'S WHOLEHEARTEDLY ALLOW
23. AS LONG AS
24. WHAT PURPOSE DID LIFE HAVE TO EXIST?
25. THE TREE OF IMMORTAL HUMANITY
26. THE SKY OF IMMORTAL LOVE
27. LIFE, LOVE AND HUMANITY
28. RELIGION OF HUMANITY-II
29. UNITED HUMAN KIND
30. HUMAN
31. TRIBUTARIES OF LOVE
32. JUST UNITE
33. EXISTING AS ONE
33. EXISTING AS ONE
34. BLESS ME WITH POETRY.
35. STRINGS OF BENIGN HUMANITY
36. I LIVE TO LOVE

37. I LOVED YOU SOLELY FOR
38. STATE OF THE ART
39. THE BEST
40. DON'T CEASE
41. THE TRUE CHALLENGE
42. JUST 4 ALPHABETS
43. A TRUE MAN
44. EXISTENCE
45. THROUGH THE PAGES OF MY HEART
46. JUST ONE OF THEM
47. ONCE AGAIN TOMORROW
48. SEASON OF LOVE
49. IRREFUTABLY MURDEROUS
50. THROUGH THE TUNNELS OF
51. WHEN MY HEART FELT HEAVY
52. TAKING THE PLUNGE
53. BLESSED OR NOT BLESSED
54. UNCONQUERABLE
55. THE ONLY SOUNDS!
56. AND YOU HUMAN BEING
57. EVERY OF THOSE MOMENTS
58. CAN ONLY BE REALIZED
59. ETERNAL CREATION
60. THERE AND THEN ITSELF
61. LIVE EACH MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE
62. I SALUTE THOSE
63. PLEASE SAVE THE PLANET
64. FRAGMENTS OF LOVE
65. MOB!
66. HOME & PARADISE
67. REWRITING HISTORY WITH POEMS OF IMMORTAL LOVE
68. IMMORTALLY SPLASHED
69. YOUR BEST COMPANY, IS YOU YOURSELF

1. THE RELIGION OF MANKIND

The most tenacious of threads protruding from the scalp ludicrously dithered and deteriorated; with advancing age that insidiously camouflaged them with coffins of dilapidated white,
But the threads of humanity were immortally timeless; unassailably augmenting from strength to strength; swirling as the most scintillating wave of benign togetherness; as each second crept by.

The most stupendously grandiloquent of fortresses succumbed like a pack of capriciously elastic cards; as bombs of treachery rained torrentially from the sky,

But the fortress of humanity was immortally impregnable; unflinchingly defending the entire tornado of devils bare-chested; with each of its brick entwined in the melodiously magical color of; philanthropic mankind.

The most vivacious of fruits extruding marvelously from ravishing soil; acrimoniously extinguished into winds of obsoletely horrendous oblivion; at the very first spell of salacious drought,

But the fruits of humanity were immortally bountiful; perennially flowering and spawning into a civilization of miraculously bequeathing symbiosis; even as the most fathomless of horizons; blended with impoverished earth.

The most scintillating of swords inexplicably lost their way; as the blanket of gruesome darkness took an ominous stranglehold over the brilliantly aristocratic day,

But the sword of humanity was immortally patriotic; indefatigably decimating even the most infinitesimal trace of evil forever from the morbidly remorseful atmosphere; compassionately sequestering all innocent in its humanitarian island of; ubiquitous belonging.

The most boundless of gloriously undulating oceans vindictively dried; as manipulative humans devised perniciously abominable contraptions to adulterate them all night and sweltering day,

But the ocean of humanity was immortally resplendent; perpetually pacifying the thirst of all those in barbaric devastation; Omnisciently appeasing even the most remotely frazzled nerve; with the tonic of unconquerable righteousness.

The most sagaciously sacrosanct of religion on this planet found itself engulfed by dungeons of horrific bloodshed; as uncouthly rudimentary fanatics; diabolically massacred it with a graveyard of stinking politics and gory corruption,

But the religion of humanity was immortally unshakeable; enchantingly melanging every humble molecule of Almighty Lord; in entrenchments of unsurpassable solidarity; and alike.

The most dazzlingly dynamic of colors wore away into sinister whirlpools of dust; as the blistering Sun insatiably flamed for times immemorial upon; the murderously cracked soil,

But the color of humanity was immortally celestial; growing more and more

astoundingly passionate as the seconds rampantly zipped by; merging all religion; caste; and spurious color; into the divine river of; unitedly priceless and Godly existence.

The most vibrantly thunderous of voices shrunk to a pathetically mollified mellow; as tyrannically torturous fireballs of lightening; pelted unforgivingly from the colossal firmament of sky,
But the voice of humanity was immortally blazing; perpetuating countless rays of spell binding hope in all those dwellings besieged with orphaned loneliness and infirmed destitute; eventually evolving as the most irrefutably supreme sound; of all mankind.

The most flamboyantly fiery of breaths mockingly evaporated into devilishly hideous spaces of the ghastly corpse; when destiny and the cloudbursts of death whippingly proclaimed; that it was time up,
But the breath of humanity was immortally living; incredulously proliferating infinite new lives of optimistically endowing hope as the minutes unfurled; unrelentingly pioneering a blissful waterfall of mesmerizing tomorrow's; with winds of sensuous sharing and empathy.

And the most tumultuously throbbing hearts wholesomely relinquished every iota of their beats; as the streams of blood intractably refrained to enter them; due to crippling cholesterol and truculent tension,
But the heart of humanity was immortally loving; eternally entwining every dejectedly wavering soul in an unfathomable cosmos of exuberantly ecstatic beauty and contentment; making every innocuous organism on this Universe feel as the richest alive; and forever embracing the religion of mankind.

2. THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY

There was a man named John who was born a Christian; went to the sacrosanct Church from the very first day of his life,
Scrupulously read through every page of the bible; even keeping the same beneath his pillow when he transited into a slumber,
Embellished his neck with a chrome tipped cross; the holy silhouette of Jesus embedded to perfection,
Although the blood that flowed through his veins was crimson red like his counterpart mates; and the tones of air that he expunged from his nose when he respired was no different than any human inhabiting the globe.

There was a man named Rahim who was born an Arab; diligently visited the shimmering Mosque every Friday,

Refrained to close his eyes at night without sedulously reciting his prayers;
chanting the name of his god umpteenth times in a single day,
Browsed through intricate lines of the Quran-e-Sharif with nonchalant ease;
keeping a photo of his god safely incarcerated in his wallet,
Although the color of his lips was same as that of his siblings in America; and the
sweat that dribbled down his nape was no different than any human residing on
this earth.

There was a man named Tai chi who was born a Chinese; spoke profoundly in a
pure native dialect,
Fervently worshipped all the oriental Gods; a plethora of Sacerdotal symbols
embossed on colossal and gray stone walls,
Was wholesomely oblivious to anything in the market except an ensemble of
authentic sea food; incessantly danced to stridently rustic folk tunes,
Although the texture of his pudgy lips was as soft as his friends in the United
Kingdom; and the whites of his eye was no different than any human
transgressing through the world.

There was a man named Ram who was born an Indian; commenced each of his
morning clambering steps of the divine temple,
Could narrate marathon passages from the Bhagwad Gita like the back of his
palm; keeping it perennially wound to his chest,
Conversed in eloquent Hindi; profusely remembering his god before undertaking
any activity in his life,
Although there was an insatiable urge to expurgate his bowels like his fellow
beings in the Antarctica; and the conglomerate of bones in his body was no
different than any human traversing on the soil of this boundless land.

Why was it that these men had common characteristics; despite of them
believing in different gods,
Despite of them residing in varied countries; unfathomable kilometers of distance
separating them,
Barricades of language bifurcating them; colors of the skin indiscriminately
discriminating them,
Well the answer to this is as simple as the wail of a newly born child; for all of
them were perpetually bound by the religion of humanity.

3. WHAT'S MOST IMPORTANT AND QUINTESSENTIAL

It really doesn't matter even an infinitesimal trifle; whether you started to write
from the extreme last page of the notebook; or penned the first alphabet; from
the barren first,

What's most important and quintessential; is that every word you wrote fostered the spirit of oneness and brotherhood; amongst every echelon of humanity and living kind; and for times immemorial.

It really doesn't matter even an insouciant trifle; whether you shake hands with your compatriots; using your left hand or irrefutably solid right,
What's most important and quintessential; is that every handshake of yours is altruistically compassionate; brings you more closer and closer with the spirit of immortally unassailable humanity.

It really doesn't matter even an inconspicuous trifle; whether you converse in your rustically bohemian native language or use Internationally aristocratic English; to convey your uninhibited flurry of thoughts,
What's most important and quintessential; is that every word that you seamlessly utter; forever mollifies indiscriminately prejudiced war; and mélanges the entire Universe with the ocean of invincibly unfettered peace.

It really doesn't matter even an ethereal trifle; whether you sleep in the voluptuous night; or unabashedly snore every minute of the blazingly hot day,
What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you sleep; you do it solely to recharge every element of your body; to indefatigably fight against even the tiniest insinuation of evil; during the hours you were holistically awake.

It really doesn't matter even an evanescent trifle; whether you timelessly work in the plush interiors of the plush corporate office; or build tent and write poetry; inexorably staring at the Sun and iridescent Moon; out of boundless kilometers of empty space,
What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you holistically earn your livelihood; you use it to the most unprecedented limits; to exist as the most royal person alive and at the same time afford the same royalty to your fellow comrades in inexplicable agony and pain.

It really doesn't matter even a threadbare trifle; whether you alighted your left foot forward; or commenced each exhilarating expedition of yours with your right sole insuperably embedded in chocolate brown soil,
What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you dared tread on effulgent earth; each footstep of yours unflinchingly marched forward only towards the sky of inimitably priceless truth; honesty; humanity and righteousness.

It really doesn't matter even a hapless trifle; whether you pray with devoutly folded palms; or raised all your fingers in synchronized chorus towards

resplendently gargantuan bits of sky,

What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you pray; you earnestly ask for the celestial amelioration of living kind as well as yourself; from the innermost recesses of your amiable heart.

It really doesn't matter even a deteriorating trifle; whether you ate innocent blades of vivaciously whispering grass; or replenished the disastrously emaciated walls of your intestine with chicken; to mollify your hunger and inevitably survive,

What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you eat; eat no further after your hunger subsides; and use every ingredient of fresh blood formed in your body; for the benevolently priceless service of torturously squelched humanity.

It really doesn't matter even a transient trifle; whether you married the girl of your own religion; or chose to tie the nuptial thread with an orphaned urchin residing; fathomless continents; languages; traditions; and religions apart, What's most important and quintessential; is that whosoever you chose to marry; try and inundate that person's life with unsurpassable happiness; and spawn a new civilization of fresh life; perennially amalgamating every bit of your virility with hers.

It really doesn't matter even a fugitive trifle; whether you were buried an infinite feet after death; or whether your body was burnt to parsimoniously obsolete and disappearing ash,

What's most important and quintessential; is that till the time you inhaled your last breath; you fruitfully and by the grace of Omnipotent God; spent every instant of your life; disseminating the message of eternal peace; and wholeheartedly embracing every form of panoramically divine life.

4. MAN COMES WITHOUT ANYTHING. LIVES WITHOUT ANYTHING. DIES WITHOUT ANYTHING.

Bizarre loneliness when I was writing; after all who'd sit beside an eccentrically fanatic brain; try and decipher the infinite wild fantasies that engulfed each ounce of his soul till times beyond eternity,

Wretched loneliness when I was eating; after all who'd relish the prospect of waiting till forgetfully odd hours of the day and night; to see me devour gigantic chunks of food at a time; with my unkempt bohemian hands,

Crippling loneliness when I was driving; after all who had the zeal to wade

through a boundless kilometers on the trot on plain roads; transported to another world of divine sublimity—with the congruent and incongruent beats of full volume music,

Insane loneliness when I was on bed; after all who'd want to stay wide awake like the ghoulish owl all night; and then snore like a dead man as the Sun unrelentingly blazed and burnt all arid day,

Vindictive loneliness when I was in a formal party; after all who'd want to stand with an emotional fool who spoke like a new born baby with his heart; shrugging deep into his shell amidst the tiniest manipulative subtleties of the tongue,

Forlorn loneliness when I was walking; after all who'd want to amble with a person who kept unabashedly gazing at the sky—divulging his innermost secrets with it; rather than trust the frivolously prejudiced human race,

Abject loneliness when I was angry; after all who'd want to be beside an individual who was insanely ready to quit his life that very moment; for protecting even the tiniest leaf of the tree which the society outside massacred on various religious pretexts,

Egregious loneliness when I was victorious; after all who'd want to be a part of ones ecstatically unabashed celebrations; which saw one cuddle just like an inconsolably crying newborn child; into the lap stretched from the idol of the Creator Divine,

Disastrous loneliness when I faltered and floundered; after all who'd want to be a part of a reclusively dogmatic losing camp; in this world where each second unfurling was defined as quick money,

Despairing loneliness when I bonded into matrimony; after all who'd accept an esoteric recluse lost in an entrenchment of enigma 24 X 7; when there were so many societal formalities to be relished & fulfilled,

Sadistic loneliness when I ventured to earn; after all who'd pat the back of an employee who made the entire organization bankrupt in a single instant; donating every bit of wealth towards philanthropy and all ailing living kind,

Inexplicable loneliness when I chatted with my kin; after all who'd want their sibling to be writing poetry sitting at home all the time; when the society outside was minting millions with every stroke of technology,

Brutal loneliness when I visited the doctor; after all who'd associate with an epitome of fanatic sensitivity; wherein the world stood wholesomely ready to be clinically cured & executed,

Jinxed loneliness when I tried to save mother nature; after who'd want to make me a friend and thus relinquish cutting those freshly born branches of the tree; which were infact an ungainly nuisance to their otherwise crystal clear vision,

Debilitating loneliness when I visited the Temple; Mosque; Church or Monastery; after all who'd like to befriend someone who trespassed beyond his own religion; visualizing only a singleton form of the Lord in each holy place of bountiful worship,

Insidious loneliness when I converted into humanity; after all who'd like to chat with someone who'd chosen a religion which simply wasn't defined in the infinite pages of what their ancestors and society had to say,

Satanic loneliness when I adopted a child; after all who'd want to mingle their potently masculine or feminine shadows; with a man whom they thought had adopted; only for he was too weak to procreate his very own blood,

Diabolical loneliness when I died; after all who'd want to associate even in the most remotest possible way with the lifeless; in their so alled triumphant terminologies and successful management mantras of ife,

And though all my life I refused to believe this; but how true was it when God said; that man comes on this earth without anything; continues to symbiotically exist without anything; and eventually goes under the soil; again without anything.

After all who are we to challenge his Omnipotent principles of existence?

5. SUPREMEY IMMORTAL

The scarlet rose was mortal; but its alluring essence that lingered for centuries unprecedented in the dreary atmosphere; was supremely immortal,

The blue crested nightingale was mortal; but its enchanting sound diffusing rhapsodic melody in every corner of the fathomless Universe; was supremely immortal,

The dark dotted tiger was mortal; but its thunderously deafening roar that

instilled a wave of inexplicable terror in infants even before they were born; was supremely immortal,

The consortium of ominously dark clouds was mortal; but the mesmerizing beauty and flamboyant grace which they imparted to the firmament of azure sky; was supremely immortal,

The marble shaped eye was mortal; but the marvelously magnificent picture of the world which it provided to the impoverished persona; was supremely immortal,

The battalion of resplendent stars twinkling in the cosmos were mortal; but the tenacious illumination which they conjured up every single night; was supremely immortal,

The feather tipped fountain pen was mortal; but the infinite lines of inspiration it had embodied for the entire planet to enjoy and imbibe; was supremely immortal,

The innovative Scientist was mortal; but his ensemble of ingenious inventions which metamorphosed the complexion of this world; were supremely immortal,

The contemporarily sleazy watch was mortal; but the time that ticked over; prevailed profoundly ever since the very instant this earth was created; was supremely immortal,

The ardent philosopher was mortal; but his scores of unequivocally philanthropic ideals casting a spell on tangible life for decades immemorial; were supremely immortal,

The furtively deceptive mirage was mortal; but the sprawling blanket of scorchingly flaming desert sands; was supremely immortal,

The incident which happened faster than the speed of white light was mortal; but the piquant memories it left behind; besieging the mind in wholesome entirety; was supremely immortal,

The festoon of diamonds was mortal; but the incorrigibly fervent glow that it radiated; coining irrefutable benchmarks in fragile personalities; was supremely immortal,

The solitarily deserted monsoon pond was mortal; but the verdant vegetation it

left behind; which kept proliferating at amazing speeds into infinite more of its kind; was supremely immortal,

The speed of thought was mortal; but the ecstatic whirlpool of exhilaration it generated; was supremely immortal,

The compassionately amicable smile was mortal; but the feeling of good will which it perpetuated worldwide; was supremely immortal,

The activity of mischievous flirtation was mortal; but the eternal love it blissfully culminated into was; supremely immortal,

And the body was mortal; someday found itself inevitably beneath the morbid grave; but the spirit of the perpetual soul it left behind; was supremely immortal

6. HOW ABOUT IMMORTAL LOVE?

For those of you who thought that there was no greater light on this Universe; than the ferociously flaming light; of the blisteringly flamboyant; afternoon Sun,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater power on this Universe; than the power of unfathomable treasures of; majestically glittering gold and silver,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater color on this Universe; than the astoundingly vivacious color; of the vividly shimmering rainbow,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater force on this Universe; than the tumultuously incomprehensible force; of the brazenly intrepid tornado,

How about immortal love; whose Omnipotent aura miraculously healed the wounds of all despicably shivering alike; whose essence of celestial equality; made even the Greatest of God's in the cosmos; salute it in for times immemorial?

1.

For those you who thought that there was no greater height; than the unsurpassably unconquerable height of the mountain; handsomely kissing the clouds,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater compassion; than the

overwhelmingly poignant compassion; of caring only for your near and dear,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater heat on this Universe;
than the insurmountably overpowering heat fulminating in your persona; to
ecstatically march towards the corridors of untamed triumph,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater beauty on this Universe;
than the ravishingly silken beauty of your nubile maiden; who danced to every
tune of your heart,

How about immortal love; whose Omnipresent fortress of mankind embraced all
those miserably orphaned in its poignant belly; whose fragrance of invincible
truth made even the greatest of God's in the cosmos; humbly bow to it for
countless more births yet to come?

2.

For those of you who thought that there was no greater comfort on this
Universe; than the unprecedented winds of comfort; in the seductively tantalizing
lap of your Mercedes,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater voice on this Universe;
than the melodiously enchanting voice; of the everlasting nightingale,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater rejuvenation on this
Universe; than the rejuvenation imparted by the; voluptuously undulating and
frosty beach waves,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater softness on this
Universe; than the impeccable tufts of soft cotton; sprouting with puristic
harmony in the fathomlessly sprawling fields,

How about immortal love; whose impregnable blanket of perpetual solidarity
united the entire living race into the most formidable power alive; whose essence
of timelessly uninhibited sharing made even the greatest of God's in the cosmos;
worship it for boundless more centuries yet to come?

3.

For those of you who thought that there was no greater freedom on this
Universe; than wandering with free equanimity; at the crack of ethereal dawn;
and even after the advancing sinister midnight; rhapsodically alike,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater religion on this Universe; than the irrefutably sacred religion which you intrinsically belonged to; the religion which you uttered from your very first cry,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater smell on this Universe; than the supremely stupendous and vibrantly ingratiating smell of the scarlet rose,

For those of you who thought that there was no greater knowledge on this Universe; than the astronomically endless knowledge assimilated in unbelievable proportions; within the dormitories of your tiny brain,

How about immortal love; whose Omniscient form brought a charismatic festoon of magical smiles to even the most disastrously deadly of corpse; whose essence of

divinely yearning and righteousness; made even the greatest of God's in the cosmos; crown it as the most unconquerable blessing to lead vibrant life?

7. DON'T KILL. BUT FOREVER CONQUER.

Don't mercilessly kill silence; neither get killed by its hopelessly asphyxiating swirl; but forever conquer its worthlessly decrepit hell; with the symbiotically enthralling triumph in your voice; instead,

Don't cold-bloodedly kill lies; neither get killed by its maliciously venomous vacuum; but forever conquer its diabolically abhorrent corpse; with the unfathomable gorge of truth in your soul; instead,

Don't heartlessly kill unemployment; neither get killed by its wantonly jilted shadow; but forever conquer its cannibalistically wastrel decay; with the perennial enlightenment of symbiotism in every ingredient of your blood; instead,

Don't uncouthly kill perversion; neither get killed by its deliriously incoherent mortuaries; but forever conquer its demonically sadistic impressions; with the pearls of innocence so poignantly reflecting from the whites of your eyes; instead,

Don't tyrannically kill racism; neither get killed by its hedonistically carnivorous coffins; but forever conquer its barbarously unkempt idiosyncrasies; with the religion of priceless humanity in every beat of your heart; instead,

Don't viciously kill crime; neither get killed by its lethally capsizing graveyards; but forever conquer its truculently unforgivable leash; with the impregnable lamp of truth perpetually glowing in your conscience; instead,

Don't vindictively kill spirits; neither get killed by their savagely acrimonious curse; but forever conquer their nonexistently appalling spell of bad luck; with the flame of righteously tireless perseverance in each of your footsteps; instead,

Don't salaciously kill laziness; neither get killed by its uselessly indolent ingredients; but forever conquer its treacherously lackadaisical gallows of stagnation; with the timelessly majestic and golden globules of your honest sweat; instead,

Don't impetuously kill greed; neither get killed by its satanically maiming mortuaries; but forever conquer its hideously amorphous dungeons of dismal decadence; with the rivers of resplendently benign selflessness cascading through your veins; instead,

Don't indiscriminately kill infidelity; neither get killed by its ghastily stabbing inundation; but forever conquer its beguilingly distraught fangs; with the beats of Immortal Love; compassionately palpitating in your heart; instead,

Don't rebelliously kill poverty; neither get killed by its gruesomely emaciating estrangements; but forever conquer its ruthlessly strangulating roots; with the unlimited opulence of God's creation; which was profoundly embodied in your veins; instead,

Don't violently kill depression; neither get killed by its traumatically beheading pathways; but forever conquer its maniacally wastrel gutters of emptiness; with the victoriously congenital spirit of happiness in your soul; instead,

Don't pugnaciously kill prostitution; neither get killed by its bawdily shriveled ghosts; but forever conquer its sleazily sinful fabric of devastation; with your peerlessly unflinching specter of faithfulness; instead,

Don't savagely kill impotency; neither get killed by its ludicrously inane oblivion; but forever conquer its baselessly dastardly existence; with the endlessly abundant seeds of proliferation in your identity; instead,

Don't brutally kill hatred; neither get killed by its ferociously slandering fumes; but forever conquer its devilishly blasphemous tunnels of deterioration; with the spirit of inimitably priceless unity reflecting from even the most infinitesimal of

your shadow; instead,

Don't ominously kill terrorism; neither get killed by its disastrously rotten stench; but forever conquer its indescribably despicable signature; with the waves of eternally altruistic peace drifting from each pore of your persona; instead,

Don't deplorably kill atheism; neither get killed by its heinously massacring bad-will; but forever conquer its sacrilegiously tarnished ramification; with your everlasting faith in Omnipotent God and truth; instead,

Don't irately kill the devil; neither get killed by his perilously sinister desecration; but forever conquer his coffins of sadistically tormenting lethality; with the blessedly undefeated humanitarian spirit in you; instead,

And don't vituperatively kill death; neither get killed by its hopelessly numbing daggers; but forever conquer its lividly crucifying grip; with each unassailably brilliant breath
of your nostrils; instead.

8. BE CAPTURED.

Float in the valleys of eternally ravishing desire; letting each miserably tyrannized nerve of yours; being wholesomely consumed by the sensuously velvet blackness that majestically ruled each inch,

Romance in the clouds of amiably handsome compassion; letting the mellifluously silken puffs of ivory white; rekindle the chords of flirtatiously newborn mischief in your soul,

Fantasize in the forests of unabashedly glorious enigma; letting the stupendously virgin dew drops of mother nature; ignite the ultimate spark in your drearily monotonous life,

Languish in the webs of inexplicably titillating creativity; uninhibitedly expressing every ounce of lazy energy entrapped in your bones; to the most unprecedented limits,

Bask in the sun of blazingly unfettered triumph; letting the rays of unflinching optimism; royally enlighten every pore of your penuriously diminishing existence,

Adventure in the sea of indefatigably roaring exhilaration; letting the waves of

exultating freedom; liberate every incarcerated ingredient of your estranged blood,

Create in the cradle of innocuously untamed childhood; letting the unfathomably swirling energy of fresh creation; metamorphose you once again into the spell-binding aroma of the wondrous birth,

Sleep in the belly of ubiquitously healing Mother Nature; blending even the most latent pore of your skin; with the most ecstatically pristine rudiments of your heritage and creation,

Gallop in the fields of ardently bountiful festivity; gushing past at a speed greater than that of turbulent wind; witnessing the melody of magical creation; ebulliently spawn at every step,

Embrace in the heaven of egalitarian companionship; shrugging even the most infinitesimal of your discrimination; to assimilate the oneness of God's creation in each pulse of your existence,

Sing in the breeze of brazenly unstoppable evolution; letting the infallible rhapsody in your sound; perpetuate a tingling newness; in an infinite more civilizations yet to arrive,

Scintillate on the apogees of timelessly impregnable freedom; letting every torturously enslaved ingredient of your countenance; perennially shimmer in the undefeated playground of this effulgent Universe,

Dance in the night of unconquerably enthusing bewilderment; wholesomely letting your gauntly impoverished bones; gyrate to the beats of the miraculously uniting Blackness,

Whisper in the wilderness of inscrutably untainted imagination; letting the fragrance of your poignantly cascading breath; melange and become wholesomely one with the vastness of the voluptuous atmosphere,

Flirt through the hillocks of vividly reverberating enthrallment; gleefully entwining your palms with those of every nubile maiden alive; to happily march the walk of spectacular life,

Procreate in the lap of tantalizingly timeless earth; planting the seeds of your unsurpassably endowed virility; to let the chapter of life continue for an infinite more births as alive,

Rationalize on the streets of quintessentially inevitable practicality; letting each deplorably beleaguered and hackneyed sense of yours; get the real ferocious punch of life,

Breathe in the civilizations of candidly untamed openness; letting not even the most invisible insinuation of manipulation or prejudice; set abhorrent fire to your soul,

And then eventually be captured in the unassailable entrenchment of perpetually blessing love; to ensure that this Universe fervently palpitates now; and continues to beautifully do so; forever and ever and ever

9. CRY

If only my tears; could forever wash away the brutal disparities of mankind; the invidious discrimination that divided the spellbindingly united human race; into salacious segments of nothingness,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the devastating loneliness from every hapless orphans face; the deplorably crucifying solitude that it faced at the hands of amorously heartless destiny,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the preposterously crippling blackness from every blind eye; cadaverously hurtling towards the coffins of hopelessness right since the first cry of birth,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the baselessly maiming idiosyncrasies in the name of religion; which transformed life harder than the most obdurate of stone; every unfurling instant,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the feckless abhorrence from every prejudiced heart; which criminally masticated even the freshest form of existence; into meaningless bits of oblivion,

If only my tears; could forever wash away disdainfully emaciating impoverishment; those inevitably stabbing pangs of hunger which converted even the most sensible living being; into an unkempt devil,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the obnoxiously venomous smoke and dust from every blissful leaf on the city streets; the maliciously deteriorating human spit that dribbled down the tree roots,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the senseless negativities from each living brain; the inexplicably traumatizing depression that worthlessly rendered exuberant life; as a sinfully lifeless pillar,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the footprints of vindictively assassinating anarchy; the inconsolable wounds inflicted upon the nimble; by the hedonistic Lordships of malevolently corrupt power,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the livid superiority in every mans voice; the wretchedly lambasting domination that he abominably asserted on every sacred woman's womb,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the inextricably lethal scars left on mother nature's belly; by rampantly pulverizing powerhouses of robotic commercialism,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the surreptitiously blasphemous glances; which were cast on every innocuous widow's countenance; by the rapaciously thwarted society outside,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the stains of morbidly gory blood; which ignominiously flourished on the heart of mother earth; after every heartlessly massacring war,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the inveterate arrogance of human creation; the inanely beheading aridness that even the closest of blood-relations displayed to each other; in pursuit of worldly greed and fame,

If only my tears; could forever wash away every divorce that unceremoniously occurred between a husband and wife; the non-existent suspicions that they harbored against each other,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the disastrously impeaching emptiness in every source of existence; the unfathomable trauma of having to lead life to the fullest; without the priceless beloved,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the shame of every naked organism on the tawdrily freezing streets; the ramifications of intolerable penuriousness that wafted from every exploited and malnourished chest,

If only my tears; could forever wash away the silence of despairingly uncouth

death; the state of irrevocably lamenting helplessness that then enshrouded every ingredient of the atmosphere,

Then. O! Yes absolutely and irrefutably then. Irrespective of how cowardly the world outside termed me to be. I was prepared to forever and ever and ever cry.

10. ULTIMATE UTOPIA

You definitely get nothing else but diabolically stabbing hell; by venomously blinding innocuous children; just in order to make them your fortune collectors on the threadbare street; whilst you blew away their earnings in tawdry smoke and wine,

You definitely get nothing else but truculently ineffable hell; by sadistically torturing your old parents; viciously dictating them to lick the last iota of grime from your sordid floor; whilst you deliberately dirtied it once again with your plethora of misdeeds,

You definitely get nothing else but deplorably asphyxiating hell; by maiming countless helpless and infirm under your devilishly speeding car tyre; just to mollify the unbearably perverted rush of adrenalin in your persona,

You definitely get nothing else but venomously evaporating hell; by devilishly exploiting the weaknesses of all those people whom you knew; and once upon a time had made them confide in you; just to deliriously strangulate later on with their very own inevitable shortcoming,

You definitely get nothing else but blasphemously deteriorating hell; by salaciously cutting down fathomless forests and trees; just for erecting your monstrously robotic coffins of; despicably corporate concrete,

You definitely get nothing else but sinfully pulverizing hell; by pugnaciously embossing the stamp of the raunchily marauding devil; upon every impregnable venerated space of righteousness,

You definitely get nothing else but cold-bloodedly torturous hell; by unrelentingly trampling over a boundless innocent and impoverished; to uncouthly leap up the ladder; whose each step was success profusely soaked; in impeccable blood,

You definitely get nothing else but violently victimizing hell; by viciously making people slave for you; as you heartlessly incarcerated even the most infinitesimal ounce of their pristinity; in the shackles of your unforgivable drudgery,

You definitely get nothing else but parasitically demonic hell; by uncouthly spitting upon the inimitably unconquerable creativity of artists; condemning them as nothing else but ignoramus wastrels; untiringly staring into meaningless bits of sky,

You definitely get nothing else but inconsolably hideous hell; by unsparingly desecrating every Image; Idol; Church; Mosque; Temple; Monastery of Almighty Lord; just to meaninglessly prove that it was none other than you; who held the reigns of this boundlessly bestowing Universe,

You definitely get nothing else but cruelly emaciating hell; by manipulatively separating two true lovers; just because your own love could never ever fructify and eternalize in the chapter of vivacious life,

You definitely get nothing else but ghastily slaving hell; by truculently going against the laws of symbiotism and nature divine; crafting an idiosyncratically crucifying path of your very own; which eventually led to the mortuaries of ultimate oblivion,

You definitely get nothing else but licentiously devastating hell; by unbearably dividing the entire spell bindingly united planet; into despondently fetid corpses of caste; creed; color; spurious tribe and kind,

You definitely get nothing else but invidiously lambasting hell; by criminally divorcing your sacrosanct spouse forever from your life; just too fulfill your satanic passions; differently every sinister midnight,

You definitely get nothing else but unthinkable torturous hell; by hedonistically raping every nubile woman that you encountered; excoriating her divinely chastity; only to emerge victorious in each of your rapacious desires,

You definitely get nothing else but penuriously devastating hell; by perpetuating the most treacherously unforgivable riots of all times; atrociously manipulating religious sentiment; to gain the political mileage of your life,

You definitely get nothing else but maliciously amorphous hell; by listening and implementing upon every derogatorily inhuman voice; whereas each ardently earnest beat of your heart; forever told you to spread the message of peace and compassionate friendship,

You definitely get nothing else but reproachfully lamenting hell; by sinfully

committing dastardly suicide; closing your breath forever and without the orders of the Omniscient Almighty,

On the contrary you definitely get nothing else but ultimate utopia; in every instant of your present and future life; with each element of gory brilliantly metamorphosing into Godly paradise; the moment you simply spoke; implemented; and perennially advocated the mantra of Immortal Love; wrote and substituted the same for the above spitefully abhorrent lines

11. TRUTH AND THE DEVIL

The devil unstoppably took pride in salaciously writing; the book of obnoxious caste-creed and venomously penalizing hatred,

The devil unstoppably took pride in acrimoniously writing; the book of indiscriminate bloodshed and disastrously traumatizing ruthlessness,

The devil unstoppably took pride in vengefully writing; the book of tyrannical devastation and lecherously bellicose orphaning,

The devil unstoppably took pride in fretfully writing; the book of vindictive war and satanically criminal holocausts,

The devil unstoppably took pride in maliciously writing; the book of coldblooded barbarism and manipulatively bizarre malice,

The devil unstoppably took pride in forlornly writing; the book of worthless ghosts and mortuaries brutally anointed with fresh blood,

The devil unstoppably took pride in indigently writing; the book of nonchalant spuriousness and fecklessly insipid meaninglessness,

The devil unstoppably took pride in torturously writing; the book of ominous animosity and hedonistically pugnacious illwill,

The devil unstoppably took pride in dictatorially writing; the book of licentious bawdiness and insanely threadbare nothingness,

The devil unstoppably took pride in heinously writing; the book of lascivious poverty and baselessly crippling uncertainty,

The devil unstoppably took pride in savagely writing; the book of despicable

defeat and lethally ballistic atrociousness,

The devil unstoppably took pride in raunchily writing; the book of dolorous delinquency and insidiously slandering betrayal,

The devil unstoppably took pride in preposterously writing; the book of scurrilous lunatism and barbarously incarcerating fiendishness,

The devil unstoppably took pride in frigidly writing; the book of jejune mockery and impudently castigating brazenness,

The devil unstoppably took pride in heartlessly writing; the book of ghastly bloodshed and indefatigably bombarding politics,

The devil unstoppably took pride in malevolently writing; the book of prurient shit and debasingly corrupt profanity,

The devil unstoppably took pride in diffidently writing; the book of impeachable slavery and tempestuously crucifying sanctity,

The devil unstoppably took pride in dreadfully writing; the book of gruesome extinction and sordidly smutty fragrance,

The devil unstoppably took pride in whippingly writing; the book of wastrel withering and invidiously jailing eccentricity,

The devil unstoppably took pride in grotesquely writing; the book of merciless decimation and countless estranged lives,

The devil unstoppably took pride in gorily writing; the book of sadistic despondency and ignominiously deteriorating mankind,

The devil unstoppably took pride in stupidly writing; the book of Goddamned solitude and murderously decrepit decay,

The devil unstoppably took pride in cacophonically writing; the book of indolent withering and agonizingly cancerous disease,

The devil unstoppably took pride in belligerently writing; the book of lost oblivion and corrosively mad lamentation,

The devil unstoppably took pride in perniciously writing; the book of stinking

discrimination and dastardly languid nervousness,

But no matter what he wrote; where he did choose to write; what language he preferred to maliciously scribble; what ink he used to cold-bloodedly lambaste; what expression he made to lousily concentrate,

Even the most infinitesimally evanescent alphabet inside his books was irrefutably metamorphosed into a stream of immortally unending love; by the intransigently blazing inferno of truth; simplicity; humanity; benevolence; beauty; and the unassailably Almighty Lord.

12. WHEN THE HEART WASN'T THROBBING

When the thunderously voluptuous clouds weren't showering golden rain; they were still wonderfully enamoring countless; in the swirl of their unsurpassably untainted sensuality,

When the poignantly scarlet roses weren't blossoming into ecstatic vitality; they were still tirelessly disseminating the scent of seduction; to every cranny of this fathomlessly blissful Universe,

When the beautifully nubile lips weren't burgeoning into a festoon of smiles; they were still amiably kissing every conceivable form of astounding desire; on the trajectory of this boundlessly iridescent earth,

When the honestly persevering armpits weren't sweating into cisterns of shimmering sweat; they were still diffusing the spirit of tirelessly unparalleled righteousness to every entity; traversing symbiotically alive,

When the effulgently victorious wind wasn't blowing into draughts of exuberantly pristine breeze; it was still enthralling countless haplessly divested organisms; with its fearlessly divine stillness,

When the robustly ecstatic mouth wasn't synergistically consuming indispensable morsels of food; it was still enlightening an infinite miserably deprived entities on planet earth; with the profound enchantment of its voice,

When the majestically unfettered mother wasn't feeding her own impeccable babies; she was still wafting an invincible atmosphere of eternal compassion to every tangible and intangible quarter of this victorious Universe,

When the unflinchingly handsome soldiers weren't valiantly fighting at war; they

were still perpetuating indomitably fearless molecules of royal bravery; in every preposterously dastard heart alive,

When the poignantly blissful soil wasn't sprouting into insuperably princely grain; it was still generating thunderbolts of untamed virility; into every ounce of impotence in the lackadaisical atmosphere,

When the beautifully enamoring cheeks weren't blushing into unbelievably crimson radiance; they were still culminating into a cloudburst of sensuously priceless mischief; all across the interminable planet,

When the passionately emerald grass blades weren't oozing beautifully synergistic dewdrops; they were still rhapsodically culminating into a civilization of bounteously rejuvenating newness,

When the insuperably determined mountains weren't peaking towards the ultimate summits of eternity; they were still altruistically sequestering every fraternity of living kind in their fortified lap; far away from hedonistic duress,

When unbelievably blessed Man & Woman weren't tirelessly mating; they were still stupefying every patch of insouciantly barren mud that they tread on; with their undyingly untamed virility,

When the innocuously resplendent stars weren't vividly twinkling; they were still evolving into a fireball of unlimitedly fantastic and enigmatically jubilant enthuse,

When the artistically nimble veins weren't carrying poignantly crimson blood; they were still disseminating the spirit of unassailably blessing humanity; to the farthest corner of this magically ameliorating Universe,

When the ingeniously unconquerable brain wasn't insatiably fantasizing into the realms of paradise; it was still pragmatically acting to the inevitably quintessential instincts of; Survival of the fittest,

When the amazingly sensitive ears weren't dangling into the dormitories of unsurpassable stardom; they were still brilliantly sensitive to even the most infinitesimal whisker of sound,

When the victoriously pristine nostrils weren't breathing fireballs of spell-binding existence; they were still perpetuating the indispensable instinct of indefatigable life; into every organism haplessly staggering and yet alive,

And when the fathomlessly benign heart wasn't throbbing the beats of perennially fructifying love; it was still triggering the waves of pricelessly inimitable humanity in every bit of tangible space and organism; on this limitlessly unfettered Universe.

13. GOD MADE ME - POEM 2

God made the voluptuously sapphire crested nightingale; only so that it could stupendously placate all murderously frazzled nerves; with the ingratiating melody in its seductive sound,

God made the sparkingly tranquil rivers; only so that they could astoundingly appease the scorchingly famished throats of countless dreary; with their perennially mystical enthrallment,

God made the vivaciously blazing Sun; only so that it could dazzle its Omnipotent shine to even the most infinitesimally remote corners of this Universe; compassionately comfort one and all; with its marvelously majestic warmth,

God made the celestially resplendent stars; only so that they could shimmer a path of profoundly enamoring mysticism; magnanimously enlighten; the heart of the sullenly gory night,

God made torrential cloudbursts of golden rain; only so that they could tantalizingly reinvigorate acrimoniously parched granules of deadened soil; impregnate scintillating beams of life in those heading towards a morbid extinction,

God made the enigmatically slithering serpent; only so that it could stupendously stupefy the dolorously pallid ambience of the forests; with its inscrutably hissing sounds,

God made the voluptuously titillating rose; only so that it could ubiquitously disseminate its fragrance of perpetual equality to even the most obsolete cranny of this planet; transform all those besieged with murderous monotony into an apostle of humanitarian peace,

God made the dexterously chiseled pen; only so that it could emboss countless lines of patriotic literature; handsomely evoke a revolution of holistic togetherness; with the unassailable power of words,

God made the royally towering mountains; only so that they could amiably sequester all tyrannically bereaved in their invincibly formidable swirl; be the very first exemplaries of success perennially kissing the fathomless sky,

God made the ravishingly frothy oceans; only so that they could tantalizingly harbor all innocuously aquatic life; culminate into indispensably priceless salt for the survival of all living beings whether rich or indigent; alike,

God made the vividly boisterous butterflies; only so that they could fascinatingly flutter under profound rays of the midday Sun; mischievously philander and frolic with eternal lovebirds behind the aristocratic hills,

God made the eclectically sprouting seeds; only so that they could bountifully sprout into beautifully salubrious nutrition; become every living organism's ultimate panacea to harmoniously survive,

God made the meticulously ticking clock; only so that it could incessantly depict the radically changing shades of ebullient time; sagaciously apprise all about the inevitably passing moments of vibrant life,

God made the fabulously euphoric shadow; only so that it could magnificently soothe the diabolical dungeons of abhorrence; with its spell bindingly silken and exotic touch,

God made the rambunctiously innocuous and piquant hen; only so that it could rhetorically lay a shimmering festoon of poignant eggs; ensure that life indefatigably lingered in the atmosphere; with its series of passionate quacks,

God made the supremely princely peacock; only so that it could dance the most gloriously charming dance on this planet; under torrential downpours of ebulliently alluring rain,

God made the gregariously clashing clouds; only so that they could grandiloquently deluge the brutally dilapidated cracks on devastated soil; with unsurpassable tumblers of rejuvenating liquid,

God made the tirelessly buzzing and swarming bees; only so that they could continuously diffuse into a web of glitteringly golden honey; ecumenically diffuse a spell of magical sweetness to every dwelling submerged with horrifically disparaging despair,

God made the regally wide eyed owl; only so that it could prudently admonish

everyone in vicinity about the most diminutive insinuation of oncoming danger; while the world snored thunderously under the wholesomely crippling blackness of the night,

And God made me; every ingredient of my impoverished heart; blood and soul; only so that I could love you and dedicate every iota of enthusiasm in my body towards writing poetry; for infinite more births yet to come.

14. IMMORTALLY UNITED MANKIND

I wanted this entire world to unite exactly like; those rambunctiously uninhibited honey bees; feeling so unshakably victorious; in their unconquerably amalgamated and swarming hive,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those wondrously ecstatic honey bees; feeling so infallibly victorious; in their melodiously symbiotic and stupendously artistic hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those effulgently boisterous honey bees; feeling so unsurpassably victorious; in their gregariously mesmerizing and benevolently heart shaped hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those timelessly enthralling honey bees; feeling so impregnably victorious; in their jubilantly emollient and perennially holistic hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those enchantingly blissful honey bees; feeling so ardently victorious; in their ebulliently buzzing and unfathomably enlightening hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those ubiquitously unflinching honey bees; feeling so insuperably victorious; in their eternally resplendent and opulently embellished hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those amiably iridescent honey bees; feeling so uncompromisingly victorious; in their unconquerably utopian and copiously oozing hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those symbiotically enamoring honey bees; feeling so limitlessly victorious; in their interminably silken and voluptuously nubile hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those redolently celestial honey bees; feeling so everlastingly victorious; in their affably bonding and indefatigably exploring hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those astoundingly bewitching honey bees; feeling so supremely victorious; in their tirelessly synergistic and quintessentially sweetened hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those congenially robust honey bees; feeling so ecumenically victorious; in their unbelievably intricate and endlessly eclectic hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those incredulously optimistic honey bees; feeling so blazingly victorious; in their charismatically endowed and vivaciously effulgent hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those brilliantly versatile honey bees; feeling so unshakably victorious; in their inexhaustibly scintillating and gorgeously unabashed hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those bounteously burgeoning honey bees; feeling so unstoppably victorious; in their marvelously majestic and infallibly enriched hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those unflinchingly fearless honey bees; feeling so inimitably victorious; in their ravishingly pristine and innocuously fluttering hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those mischievously tangy bees; feeling so sacredly victorious; in their unceasingly blessed and gloriously shimmering hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those artistically innovative honey bees; feeling so unimpeachably victorious; in their spectacularly varied and peacefully protective hives,

I wanted the entire world to unite exactly like; those profusely passionate honey bees; feeling so royally victorious; in their pricelessly egalitarian and unendingly joyous hives,

And after perpetually uniting like these unassailably Omnipotent honey bees; I wanted every single organism in the world including my very own self; to forever

extinguish; massacre; trounce even the most inconspicuous insinuation of the devil in the Universe; exerting our profoundly undying power; of now a freshly formed and Immortally united mankind

15. WHAT'S LOVE ALL ABOUT?

No asphyxiating rules; not the slightest seed of ghastly terrorizing commercialism around,

No bizarre monotony; not the slightest innuendo of debilitating stagnation insidiously floating around,

No usurped definitions; not the slightest of deliriously incarcerating society; to brutally jail it in its way,

No prejudiced manipulation; not the slightest of cold-blooded barbarism stealthily lurking at clandestine crannies of wastrel civilization,

No traumatic agony; not the slightest teardrop of frustrating malice; which baselessly annihilated countless impeccable; in its cadaverously inane swirl,

No frigid infertility; not the slightest of crippling infidelity that stabbed you beyond the threshold of extinction; the instant you turned your back,

No vicarious salaciousness; not the slightest of animosity permeating vindictively into the fabric of spellbindingly enchanting humanity,

No nefarious meanness; not the slightest of derogatory inflammation perilously creeping into the synergistically benign structure of humanity,

No wreckless insomnia; not the slightest of invidious laziness disparagingly stagnating the vivacious mantra of blissfully burgeoning existence,

No tawdry indiscrimination; not the slightest of vengeful parasites satanically sucking innocuous blood from the heart of this symbiotically celestial planet,

No inexplicable hopelessness; not the slightest of disparity preposterously corrupting the spirit of unsurpassable unity inherently impregnating the pricelessly insuperable atmosphere,

No deplorable delinquency; not the slightest of vituperatively ostracizing devil; that treacherously deserted you in your times of blood-curling duress,

No squelching torture; not the slightest of fretfully ribald deterioration;
indefatigably endangering the rudiments of irrefutable truth in the fathomless
planet,

No fiendish robbery; not the slightest spell of doomsday depriving holistically
coalescing bodies; of their unparalleled elixir to fantastically exist,

No spurious religion; not the slightest of bawdy fanaticism; mercilessly snatching
loved ones from their adorably venerated kin,

No blood-thirsty injustice; not the slightest travesty of the oceans of
unconquerably glorious righteousness; the principles of ubiquitously sacrosanct
friendship,

No worthless shivering; not the slightest of relentlessly shivering in the torturous
cold outside; while demons of lies marauded at rampant will on this boundless
planet,

No abysmal nonchalance; not the slightest of lackluster cancerously
weakening the crux of stupendously proliferating and timelessly blessing life,

Only immortally endowing life; Only unflinchingly united existence; Only truth
blazing into eternal Omnipotence; Only perpetually fructifying bondage; Only
exhilaration unprecedented culminating into the realms of everlastingly
propitious paradise,

That's what 100% Love has forever taught you; that's what 100 % Love does to
you every unfurling minute of your diminutively impoverished life; that's what
100% Love all about.

16. IMPREGNABLE HUMANITY

You've taken my very own scarlet blood O! heavenly son; so its irrefutably
natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my astoundingly pristine and
timelessly priceless; duplicate,

You've taken my very own venerated milk O! beautiful son; so its irrefutably
natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my bountifully blossoming and
unabashedly impeccable; duplicate,

You've taken my very own intriguing brain O! enamoring son; so its irrefutably

natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my celestially amazing and mischievously bouncing; duplicate,

You've taken my very own silken shadow O! stupendous son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my wonderfully untainted and jubilantly ecstatic; duplicate,

You've taken my very own uninhibited smile O! majestic son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my inimitably magnetic and fabulously effulgent; duplicate,

You've taken my very own inscrutable destiny lines O! effervescent son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my incredulously handsome and victoriously unimpeachable; duplicate,

You've taken my very own inimitably humble name O! royal son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my poignantly iridescent and eternally fructifying; duplicate,

You've taken my very own romantic artistry O! blazing son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my triumphantly unfettered and symbiotically innocent; duplicate,

You've taken my very own mellifluous voice O! charismatic son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my bounteously emollient and euphorically fearless; duplicate,

You've taken my very own towering height O! regale son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my indisputably peerless and synergistically truthful; duplicate,

You've taken my very own passionate eyes O! resplendent son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my fearlessly humanitarian and tirelessly discovering; duplicate,

You've taken my very own chocolate brown color O! holistic son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my invincibly wondrous and spell-bindingly ecstatic; duplicate,

You've taken my very own ebullient body contours O! benign son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my immaculately benevolent and magnanimously humanitarian; duplicate,

You've taken my very own fiery breath O! rhapsodic son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my blissfully unadulterated and interminably bubbly; duplicate,

You've taken my very own optimistic face O! vivacious son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my timelessly flowering and melodiously rejuvenated; duplicate,

You've taken my very own broadened shoulders O! magical son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my gloriously unprejudiced and nostalgically rueful; duplicate,

You've taken my very own princely dimples O! victorious son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my spotlessly unbiased and surreally panoramic; duplicate,

You've taken my very own compassionate heart O! unshakable son; so its irrefutably natural and nothing great; that you're exactly my adorably sensitive and ubiquitously indomitable; duplicate,

So whereas it was absolutely natural and nothing great that you were my exactly astounding duplicate O! heavenly son;

The greatest of all virtues; the greatest of all gifts; the greatest of all endowment; the greatest of all power; the greatest of all virility; the greatest of all divinity; was in fact given to you by the Omniscient Lord; who miraculously blessed you and every organism alike with the pricelessly impregnable religion of "Humanity" to symbiotically survive for an infinite more of your destined lifetimes

17. THE SOUND OF THE HEART

The sound of barking dogs brought alongwith it; overwhelming morbidity; a wave of heinous viciousness; that indefatigably triggered you to explore the cannibal entrapped in your conscience,

The sound of cascading rain brought alongwith it; tantalizing spurts of rhapsody; making you euphorically gallop forward in the scintillating exuberance of vibrant life,

The sound of the whistling train brought alongwith it; the untamed spirit of

exhilarating adventure; when you traversed like a king; incessantly embarking upon an expedition of sparkling newness,

The sound of the falling leaves brought alongwith it; a nostalgically forlorn feeling of dilapidation; as you uncontrollably withered in destructive imagery; regretfully shunning all corridors of optimistic hope and bountiful cheer,

The sound of the fulminating volcano brought alongwith it; a tumultuously vindictive wave of malicious prejudice; as you sizzled in the unremitting heat of abhorrent war and parasitic vice,

The sound of the melodious nightingale brought alongwith it; a wind of stupendously everlasting calm; blissfully soothing the unfathomable mountain of your bizarrely frazzled senses; with the ointment of insatiable empathy,

The sound of the winking eyelids brought alongwith it; ardent fireballs of mischievous flirtation; as you surreptitiously philandered behind the Sun soaked hills; with the seductively nubile maidens of your choice,

The sound of the roaring lion brought alongwith it; unassailably flamboyant domination; as you blazed more tenaciously than the orange oven of Sun; basking in the unsurpassable glory of your benign success,

The sound of the chirping sparrow brought alongwith it; ebulliently ecstatic jubilation; instilling in you the uninhibited freedom to envelop yourself in fervent carpets of unending boisterousness,

The sound of the gurgling fountain brought alongwith it; harmoniously symbiotic prosperity; which unequivocally taught you to embrace all tribes irrespective of religion; caste; creed; in synergistic unison; and alike,

The sound of the majestic eagle brought alongwith it; unprecedented puffs of enthrallment; a perennial desire in you to royally soar through the golden entrenchment of clouds; breathed in the mists of desire for times immemorial,

The sound of marching soldiers brought alongwith it; cloudbursts of irrefutably glorious patriotism; an intrinsically overpowering sensation in your persona; to unflinchingly fight for your sacrosanct motherland,

The sound of ticking clock brought alongwith it; a fathomless civilization of endless meticulousness; impregnating in you the sagacious pragmatism; to diligently execute all your duties of the enigmatically unveiling day,

The sound of the unruly crow brought alongwith it; an unrelenting ocean of mortifying disgrace; as you felt like abnegating every iota of charisma and glorious charm; forever from the innermost recesses of your impoverished demeanor,

The sound of the reverberating lightening brought alongwith it; perpetually augmenting and magnetic excitement; as you felt the inferno of titillating yearning rise like new born infant; bubbling like white fire through every ingredient of your crimson blood,

The sound of singing children brought alongwith it; impeccably satiny righteousness; profoundly incinerating in you the immaculate light of timeless innocence; to be alive as the ultimate harbinger of benign humanity,

The sound of indolent pigs brought alongwith it; fading horizons of languidly decaying and capricious nothingness; as a arrow of wastrel insignificance perpetuated you from all sides; inevitably drawing each bone of your dreary countenance; towards a world of sleep and stinkingly greasy dirt,

The sound of passionate breath brought alongwith it; an unconquerable dawn of resplendently proliferating evolution; triggering in you the most priceless desire to live; and astoundingly procreate boundless more of your own holistic kind,

And the sound of thunderous heartbeats brought alongwith it; an immortally everlasting sky of glistening love; which not only encapsulated you; but the entire living kind; in irrefutably invincible threads of ever-pervading humanity.

18. JUST A MINUTE TO DESTRUCTION

The tree took a century to grow to unprecedented limits; blossoming into boundless branches and resplendent foliage,
And it took you just a minute to chop it to the ground; with barbaric strokes of your gleaming pickaxe.

The mountains took thousands of years to evolve; with their summits towering handsomely towards the sky; camouflaged in a heap of pristine snow,
And it took you just a minute to pulverize their blissful demeanor to flimsy ash; bombarding them ruthlessly with your hi-tech and contemporary bombs.

The colorful tribes trespassing on the planet took several decades to spawn; indulging into a myriad of festivity and sacrosanct beliefs,

And it took you just a minute to make them the most acrimonious of enemies;
poisoning their minds against each other; with your deceiving and manipulative
talk.

The tantalizingly salty waters of the ocean took centuries to form; harboring an
ingratiating variety of fish and vivacious coral weeds,
And it took you just a minute to adulterate its entire visage; dropping
abominable buckets of crude oil from the ship.

The atmosphere took infinite births to be created; kissing every part of the globe
with its silken caress,
And it took you just a minute to pollute it indiscriminately; blowing obnoxious
gases from your vehicle; at a full throttle.

The soil took millions of years to preserve wells of precious liquid; entrapping
droplets of scintillating water deep within its core,
And it took you just a minute to savagely plunder its harmony; inserting your
hydraulic and contemporary drilling equipment to empty it; till it cried.

The cow wandering timidly on the slopes took loads of agonizing time to fill the
colossal buckets with its milk; each globule of white oozing having the fortitude to
outclass the most ingenious of vitamins single handedly,
And it took you just a minute to blend it with cheap saliva; to augment its
quantity; before you commercially sold it to unsuspecting customers.

The old men and women spent their entire lifetimes to incessantly worship and
revere their culture and heritage; sacrificed their heads to prevent even a single
blemish from infiltrating into their land,
And it took you just a minute to ruthlessly transgress across them; satanically
maraud their ideals; and embracing alien winds just because they suited your
taste.

The World Trade Center took countless months to construct; sheltered thousands
of individuals; some of the most innovative brains from all across the continent,
And it took you just a minute to squelch it to bellows of black dust; using your
cowardly and diabolical mind to smash it with airplanes; having innocent people
trapped inside.

It took more than times ever perceivable to harness the spirit of love; spreading
it like wild fire into the heart of every human being walking on this soil;
every palpable entity gallivanting with a glimmer of hope in its eyes,
And it took you just a minute to completely destroy its mesmerizing essence;

leaving it no scope at all to flourish with all your killings; war and hostility.

19. ALL A PERSON COULD TAKE BENEATH HIS GRAVE

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the perennial love that he'd generated; by compassionately uniting two miserably jilted hearts in the threads of ubiquitously endless romance,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the bountiful love that he'd generated; by standing like an unflinching wall between mother nature and ghastly human kind; and saving it from even the most infinitesimal of heinous scratch,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the magical love that he'd generated; by tirelessly melanging every caste; creed; color and tribe under the flaming Sun; into the religion of pricelessly unconquerable humanity,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the redolent love that he'd generated; by altruistically teaching every fraternity of humanity; that the true essence of all life was benign simplicity,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the triumphant love that he'd generated; by forever trouncing the malady of abhorrent lies; with the sword of his unfettered truth,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the unparalleled love that he'd generated; by giving his name to all those born miserably orphaned; adopting them as his very own kin and children for an infinite lifetimes,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the rhapsodic love that he'd generated; by feeding countless a brutally famished stomach; royally replenishing impoverished need with the inevitable fodder for life,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the ubiquitous love that he'd generated; by saving wondrously innocent and enchanting life; from the venomously unsparing curse of ghoulish war,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the celestial love that he'd generated; by perpetuating the sky of selfless peace; in every of those organism trying to demonstrate superiority via cold-blooded nuclear war,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the immeasurable love that he'd generated; by becoming the sole voice of those indescribably oppressed; fighting till his last breath to secure them timeless justice,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the astounding love that he'd generated; by enlightening every conceivable space on this planet; with the songs of eternally fructifying compassion,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the unsurpassable love that he'd generated; by spending every moment of his life with those incurably sick and suffering; acting as their sole brethren when the entire world had left them to sulk and die,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the impregnable love that he'd generated; by writing an infinite lines of miraculously ameliorating poetry; all for the betterment of living kind and for majestically depicting even the most inconspicuously glorious of its emotions,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the interminable love that he'd generated; by sacrificing even his very own kin and closest family; if they were amongst those who transgressed against the fabric of brotherhood,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the unbelievable love that he'd generated; by handsomely educating; befriending and further patronizing the girl child; just like
any other ordinary boy,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the undying love that he'd generated; by miraculously illuminating the dullest fragment of canvas; with every conceivable shade of nature's unlimited paradise,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the magnanimous love that he'd generated; by donating every single ingredient of his wealth and blood; to all those without even a roof on their head to survive,

All a person could take beneath his grave; was the indefinable love that he'd generated; by becoming the walking stick of every old man and woman; seeking their blessings further to reinvigorate all mankind,

And all a person could take beneath his grave; was the immortal love that he'd generated; by uniting every beat of his passionate heart; forever and ever and ever with the strings of everlastingly blossoming humanity.

20. I WHOLESOMELY BELONGED.

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable religion; which disseminated the essence of perennial unity; on the trajectory of this fathomlessly emollient Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable caste; which palpitated with the unendingly handsome spirit of compassion; on the trajectory of this boundlessly intriguing Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable color; which interminably radiated with the melody of vivacious freshness; on the trajectory of this eternally bountiful Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable shade; which reverberated to the tunes of pricelessly inimitable harmony; on the trajectory of this everlastingly inscrutable Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable sect; which forever towered towards the Sun of brilliantly optimistic hope; on the trajectory of this spectacularly proliferating Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable art; which perpetually perpetuated the ardor of unassailable breath into even the most lugubrious speck of the atmosphere; on the trajectory of this beautifully iridescent Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable hour; which granted unbelievably egalitarian importance; to every unfurling instant of the day as well as the ghoulish midnight; on the trajectory of this wondrously inebriating Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable religious shrine; which wafted the scent of insuperably redolent oneness; on the trajectory of this triumphantly ecstatic Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable blood group; which eventually led to the heavens of unconquerable symbiotism; on the trajectory of this amazingly fructifying Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable fantasy; which led to unparalleled holistic enlightenment of every cranny of the impoverished brain; on the trajectory of this unfathomably eclectic Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable climate; which tirelessly refreshed the mind; body and soul with the untamed exhilaration of nature divine; on the trajectory of this gigantically vivid Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable tribe; which had each of its rudiments profoundly embedded into the soils of unflinchingly impregnable brotherhood; on the trajectory of this effulgently blessed Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable palm; which uninhibitedly entwined in mine; royally commemorating the undefeated equality of all living kind; on the trajectory of this rhapsodically sensuous Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable pathway; which fearlessly marched towards the kingdom of unparalleled truth and righteousness; on the trajectory of this ebulliently stupefying Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable wind; which stirred an irrevocably replenishing sense of fulfillment in the soul; on the trajectory of this timelessly magnetic Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable language; which austerely shunted abuse and celestially preached the wordings of peace; on the trajectory of this ubiquitously unfettered Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable breath; which undyingly resonated with the infernos of evergreen passion; on the trajectory of this enchantingly regale Universe,

I wholesomely belonged to every conceivable heart; which perennially throbbed for the spirit of immortally majestic love; on the trajectory of this cheerfully enigmatic Universe,

And I wholesomely belonged to everything; anything- everywhere; anywhere on the trajectory of this boundlessly ravishing Universe; which like the above; forever and ever and ever led to the religion of invincibly ameliorating humanity.

21. AS LONG AS I HAD PRICELESS HOPE

I might be currently in hapless shreds; without even the most diminutive coin of currency in my inconspicuously bedraggled pockets,
But as long as I had the jewel of priceless hope in my soul; I reserved the

insurmountable tenacity to metamorphose every iota of pain into a paradise of unfettered happiness; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the Omnipotent Lord Almighty.

I might be currently begging discordantly on the stony streets; without even a strand of infinitesimal saliva to mellifluously tingle my bereaved throat,
But as long as I had the Sun of optimistic hope in my soul; I reserved the indomitable power to overtopple even the most mightiest of cannibalistic parasites; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the bountiful Lord Almighty.

I might be currently feeding myself on frigid shit from the dustbin cover; without a feather of integrity of my own; as the world relentlessly lambasted my timidly trembling skin,
But as long as I had the star of resplendent hope in my soul; I reserved the Herculean prowess of soaring to the ultimate pinnacles of blazing success; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the inimitable Lord Almighty.

I might be currently exhaling each breath of mine in the traumatically beleaguered gutter pipe; without even the most mercurial strength left in my miserably bloodstained lips; to wholeheartedly smile,
But as long as I had the flower of fragrant hope in my soul; I reserved the invincible dexterity to spawn into a sky of unfathomably exhilarating newness; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the Omnipresent Lord Almighty.

I might be currently staring meaninglessly into orphaned patches of azure sky; without a single roof over my head; to sequester me from acrimoniously truculent storm and rain,
But as long as I had the sea of tangy hope in my soul; I reserved the uncanny mysticism to timelessly charm even the most lugubriously livid particle of the atmosphere; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the unassailable Lord Almighty.

I might be currently yawning in supremely fretful nonchalance; without the slightest of cynosure and glitterati; and with the most venomously lethal mosquitoes hovering around my hopelessly deserted skin,
But as long as I had the garland of ingratiating hope in my soul; I reserved the profound exuberance to convert even the most bizarrely impossible into the sky of impregnable success; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the Omniscient Lord Almighty.

I might be currently emaciating with a zillion thorns of brutal dishonesty being treacherously plundered into my intestines; and without the minutest trace of dawn in my every unforgivingly imprisoning night,
But as long as I had the rainbow of pristine hope in my soul; I reserved the untamed ebullience to bare-footedly adventure into the most fathomless crannies of this enchanting Universe; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the ever- pervading Lord Almighty.

I might be currently unemployed at all quarters; without the empathy of a single organism on this boundlessly enamoring Universe,
But as long as I had the spirit of sacred hope in my soul; I reserved the infallible energy to blaze into an infinite philanthropically enlightening tomorrows; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of the miraculous Lord Almighty.

And I might be currently devastated and torturously ripped apart in every aspect of my life; without any ingredient of this Universe getting stirred by the unstoppable beating of my impoverished heart,
But as long as I had the fortress of perpetual hope in my soul; I reserved the uninhibited magnetism to fall into the oceans of immortally gratifying love; as my inevitably destined moment wholeheartedly descended from the lap of unchallengeable Lord Almighty.

22. COME LET'S WHOLEHEARTEDLY ALLOW

There's a sweet little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to majestically blossom till the pinnacle of resplendently ingratiating prosperity,

There's a mesmerizing little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to evolve into an unfathomably compassionate gorge of friendship; as tangy as the rhapsodically ebullient oceans,

There's an enchanting little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to marvelously burgeon till times beyond iridescent eternity; and enthuse even the most obfuscatedly alien of our times,

There's a euphoric little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to spawn like an insatiably fragrant flower of gorgeous companionship; as the Sun blazed vibrantly from behind the mellifluous hills,

There's a poignant little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to

enthrall even the mostobsoletely dithering nerves in our beleaguered bodies; to the most stupendously unprecedented limits,

There's a jubilant little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to ingratiatingly gallop to kiss the epitome of dazzling timelessness; and for centuries immemorial,

There's a victorious little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to Omnipotently transcend; over the pernicious precipices of our disastrously dwindling derogatorily manipulative souls,

There's an innocuous little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to profoundly rejuvenate our bizarrely estranged senses; with the vivaciously sacrosanct tonic of life,

There's an embellished little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to majestically drape our insipidly feckless deliriousness; with cisterns of unsurpassable sensuousness,

There's a fantastic little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to irrefutably overshadow our disparagingly deteriorating gloom; with fountains of timeless happiness,

There's an intriguing little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to invincibly sequester us in its bountiful swirl; fathomless kilometers away from the mortuary of inexplicable despair,

There's an ecstatic little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to Omnisciently overpower our insurmountable battalion of idiosyncrasies; with the its magical ointment of godly freshness,

There's a spell binding little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to encapsulate us in its panoramically vivid embrace; bless every aspect of our haplessly shattered existence; with the gorgeously fructifying elixir of life,

There's an eclectic little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to weave the unconquerable spell of its royal artistry; upon our monotonously delinquent life,

There's a sacrosanct little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to magnanimously bless our ominously extradited rhythm; with its benevolently humanitarian beats,

There's a sparkling little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to miraculously cleanse all our dastardly cloistered dirt; with its heaven of fathomless righteousness,

There's a melodious little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to annihilate even the most mercurial trace of prejudiced paradoxism in our blood; with its tunes of celestially unassailable truth,

There's a beautiful little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to enshroud us with philanthropic graciousness; insuperably conquering the cry of the ungainly devil with the winds of perennially uninhibited freedom,

There's a mystical little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to everlastingly stupefy us with an entrenchment of impregnable newness; with the limitless enthuse of its pristine eyes,

And there's an exhilarating little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to inundate the song of immortal love; in our forlornly disbelieving and satanically fretful lives.

23. AS LONG AS

It was perfectly OK; even if you were profusely fastidious about your food; wanted to eat the most flirtatiously rubicund morsels of tantalizing fruit before commencing every of your delectable meal,

It was perfectly OK; even if you were overwhelmingly squeamish about the way you dressed; insatiably desired to embellish your nimble countenance; with the finest fraternity of regale silk that was found on the rustic mountain sheep,

It was perfectly OK: even if you were unfathomably obsessive about the things you liked and abominably disliked; at times even waking a countless night on the incessant trot; to heavenly placate even the most infinitesimal of your desire,

It was perfectly OK: even if you euphorically danced without the slightest rhyme or reason at the crackle of voluptuous midnight; even as the world perpetually snored in immutably forlorn unison,

O! Yes it was perfectly OK even if you executed the most wildest of your idiosyncracies; as long as you indefatigably proliferated God's symbiotically burgeoning living kind; as long as you invincibly stood with every sect of

humanity;
till the time you aristocratically emanated your very last breath.

1.

It was perfectly OK: even if you assiduously clambered fathomless nights on the trot; just to mischievously roll every of your luridly beleaguered senses with the ultimate epitome of the freezing Himalayas,

It was perfectly OK; even if you uninhibitedly rolled through marshes of uncouthly untamed wilderness; ardently scratching your frolicking flesh with every conceivable thorn that lay; disdainfully sprawled in vicinity,

It was perfectly OK; even if you unrelentingly chased unruly dogs in fields of hay; jubilantly philandered with chuckling hen as the Sun set in spell binding harmony behind the mesmerizing hills,

It was perfectly OK; even if you sporadically nibbled at chunks of obnoxiously worthless cheese like a new born infant; although you had handsomely swept well past the threshold of eclectic maturity; countless years ago,

O! Yes; it was perfectly OK even if you exuded into the most skittish of your tantrums left; right and wayward center; as long as you perennially bonded with God's most Omnipotent spirit of love; gloriously saluted every religion and color alike; as the religion of divinely mankind.

2.

It was perfectly OK; even if you obsessively waited for torrential drops of rain to thunderous rain to pelt; sadly from the heart of a profanely cloudless sky,

It was perfectly OK: even if you were the first organism on this gargantuan planet to irately soliloquize words grotesquely upside down; paving an esoteric pathway of your very own; which had never ever been replicated on this Universe before,

It was perfectly OK; even if you intransigently wanted the most ephemeral beauty of this unsurpassably unending cosmos before your impeccable eyes all the time; timelessly basking in the glory of nothing else but sensuously ingratiating graciousness,

It was perfectly OK; even if you uniquely chose to transgress through the acridly flaming thorns of truth; while the ostentatiously conventional society danced in the aisles of horrifically derogatory manipulation; outside,

O! Yes; it was perfectly OK even if you drifted every aspect of your life towards the most unimaginable of your whims; as long as you philanthropically mitigated all vindictively assaulted humanity from graveyards of depravation; as long as you made eternally everlasting righteousness the sole mantra of your nimble existence.

3.

It was perfectly OK; even if you ecstatically rollicked in the lap of your revered mother; every unraveling moment of the brilliantly stupendous day; and each wind of the resplendently star studded night,

It was perfectly OK: even if you immutably plucked stoical blades of lackadaisical grass all life; intrepidly staring at phlegmatic puffs of robustly emerald sky to victoriously rejoice,

It was perfectly OK; even if you erred more number of times than you took quintessentially ravishing breath; stuttering like a nonchalant skeleton on every exuberant step that you lamely tread,

It was perfectly OK; even if you profoundly dedicated infinite births of yours solely to the essence of majestic artistry; although there was not an inconspicuous penny in there; and as your robotically mundane mates minted mines of imperially glittering gold; outside,

O! Yes; it was perfectly OK even if you gyrated your uninhibited countenance solely to the tunes of your heart; mind; conscience and no one else; as long as you patriotically dazzle into the rainbows of a vibrantly optimistic tomorrow; as long as you liberate every beat of your heart to love the atmosphere of oneness; to love the atmosphere of Omnipresent human kind.

24. WHAT PURPOSE DID LIFE HAVE TO EXIST?

What purpose did the grass have to exist; without the astoundingly scintillating sheath of perpetual dewdrops; the mystical rejuvenation that they imparted at the crack of every ethereally ebullient dawn?

What purpose did the sky have to exist; without the crimson conglomerate of

handsomely thunderous clouds; the vivacious charisma that they imparted by indefatigably clashing and culminating into torrential thunderballs of mesmerizing rain?

What purpose did the mountains have to exist; without the majestically glittering festoon of invincible peaks; the unassailable ardor that they imparted all night and sweltering day?

What purpose did the trees have to exist; without the aristocratic fountain of exotically sensuous leaves; the princely charisma that they imparted; with the serenely rustling and tranquil breeze?

What purpose did the mother have to exist; without the impeccably new born child; the godly rays of newness that it imparted; with each of its princely wails?

What purpose did the rose have to exist; without the boisterously buzzing honey bee; the unfathomable tons of nectar it blissfully secreted; nimbly perched on the ravishingly voluptuous petals?

What purpose did the castle have to exist; without its stupendously royal garland of kings and queens; the unassailable spirit of triumph that they irrefutably provided; to even the most remotely lackadaisical of its barren walls?

What purpose did the soil have to exist; without the quintessential cistern of priceless fertility; the amazingly prolific and indispensable elixir of life; which blissfully spawned endlessly vibrant life?

What purpose did the night have to exist; without the resplendently milky curtain of enthralling moonlight; the timelessly alluring beams of immaculate white; which profoundly enlightened every cranny of dolorously murderous stillness?

What purpose did the gutters have to exist; without the abominably abhorrent pigs; the savagely uncouth stomachs of theirs; which scrapped every iota of dirt forever; within lightening seconds of time?

What purpose did the deserts have to exist; without the overwhelmingly sweltering landscape of blistering sands; the disdainfully acrimonious heat that they imparted; and that too smilingly for centuries immemorial?

What purpose did the avalanches have to exist; without the austere frozen winds of winter; the deathly chill that held their gruesomely appalling contours; stoically in the most meticulous of shape?

What purpose did the web have to exist; without the inscrutably silken spider; the incomprehensible entrenchment of enthrallment that it imparted; while indefatigably interweaving through the gorgeously satiny strands?

What purpose did the eyes have to exist; without the panoramically wonderful kaleidoscope of beauty around; the spell binding reinvigoration that it uninhibitedly imparted; to one and all; holistically alike?

What purpose did the battlefields have to exist; without the patriotically marching soldiers; the intrepid waves of impregnable triumph that they imparted; while unequivocally shedding their life for the sake of their sacred countrymen?

What purpose did the treasuries have to exist; without the unlimited cistern of opulently glittering gold; the unbelievably grandiloquent aura that it imparted for the entire world to; salaciously witness?

What purpose did the mind have to exist; without the ecstatically swirling whirlpool of untamed fantasy; the divinely fascinating cloud of romantic philandering that it imparted; forever to the drearily tyrannized nerves?

What purpose did the nostrils have to exist; without the pricelessly vibrant forest of mystically piquant breath; the unconquerable jacket of oligarchic life that it imparted; to every hopelessly wandering living; inundated with turbulent distress?

And what purpose did life have to exist; without the invincible jewel of compassionate love; the Omnipotent thread of egalitarian sharing that it celestially instilled in all mankind; to bond them forever and ever and ever; in the perpetual religion of humanity?

25. THE TREE OF IMMORTAL HUMANITY

No religion ever teaches you to abhorrently discriminate; pulverize the innocuously innocent to inconspicuous bits of ludicrously frigid ash,

No religion ever teaches you to maliciously murder; parasitically suck blood from the veins of the divinely immaculate; in order to appease the Goddess of blissful existence,

No religion ever teaches you to perniciously prejudice; malevolently castigate

inexplicably deprived tribes; with swords of bizarre commercialism,

No religion ever teaches you to aimlessly loiter; invidiously plucking impeccable flesh at gay abandon; whenever the bowels of your languidly famished intestines; treacherously desired,

No religion ever teaches you to insidiously corrupt; adulterate the holistically celestial fabric of innocent society; with webs of meaningless manipulation,

No religion ever teaches you to heinously snatch; uncouthly divest symbiotically harmonious beings of; their daily fodder and indispensably glorious roof,

No religion ever teaches you to ignominiously abuse; vehemently ostracize the sagaciously sacrosanct ideals of a person on the path towards irrefutable righteousness; with the venom of gory lechery entrapped in your throat,

No religion ever teaches you to ruthlessly excoriate; barbarically strip the flesh of the timidly diminutive; to embellish your bodies with compassionately silken warmth,

No religion ever teaches you to mercilessly overtopple the penuriously hapless; erect your palaces of spuriously grandiloquent silver; on the foundations of their pricelessly poignant blood,

No religion ever teaches you to worthlessly sleep; ominously whiling every fantastically fragrant minute of life; staring maniacally towards the fathomless carpets of non-existent space,

No religion ever teaches you to devastatingly orphan; acrimoniously separate heavenly infants like cakes of insipid sawdust; from their Omnipotent mother's womb,

No religion ever teaches you to tyrannically lambaste; bombard blissful civilizations in wisps of nonchalant smoke and disgruntling malice,

No religion ever teaches you to brutally besiege; savagely capture the most cherished possessions of a philanthropic traveler; to inundate your own treasuries; with loads of pompous wealth,

No religion ever teaches you to disparagingly trick; drown another person to the rock bottom of the hideously sinister grave; just to achieve your so called pinnacle of; lackadaisically glittering success,

No religion ever teaches you to diabolically lie; unsparingly annihilate your benign compatriots with daggerheads of sullen depression; just to metamorphose yourself; into a fortress of invincible power,

No religion ever teaches you to viciously dream; indefatigably fantasize about deplorably thrusting your lust upon angels frolicking in blue sky; pristine maidens philandering upon; chocolate brown crusts of soil,

No religion ever teaches you to salaciously betray; shatter princely hearts all across the Universe; with perilously gory battlefields of; caste; creed or race,

No religion ever teaches you to oppressively take breath away; decimate synergistically rhapsodic entities to corpses of infinitesimal hair; just to stuff enough air in your lungs to last you for a countless lifetimes,

And No religion on this earth; ever overshadows another religion or could be irrefutably termed as the best; in this man made rat race for insurmountable power; as they all had; have; and will forever have their roots firmly embedded; in the tree of immortal humanity.

26. THE SKY OF IMMORTAL LOVE

Happiness galore; diffusing into waves of tumultuous rhapsody as every instant unveiled into a wholesomely tantalizing minute,
Prosperity galore; as the clouds of freedom perennially showered their endowment of eternally unfading romance; upon the trajectory of this disastrously impoverished planet,
Vivacity galore; as the marvelous festoon of resplendently twinkling stars; danced uninhibitedly in the heart of the voluptuously titillating night,
Prudence galore; as it instilled the most sagaciously pragmatic chapters of existence; in devastatingly hopeless souls,
Was the fireball of immortally fabulous love; spawning into a timeless chapter of boundlessly mesmerizing creation; in every quarter of this magnificently enamoring Universe.

Youth galore; as it blossomed into a river of enchanting newness with the unfurling of every dawn; wholesomely abnegating even the most minuscule essence of despairing solitude,
Omnipotence galore; as it intrepidly withstood the most acrimoniously tyrannical attack; profusely coalescing with every element of blissfully condoning humanity,

Attraction galore; as it inevitably straddled even the most diabolically alien in its

impreguably unfettered swirl; irrespective of caste; creed or status; alike,
Beauty galore; casting a spell of unbreakably rhapsodic fantasy; upon drearily
staggering and even the most treacherously satanic demons; alike,
Was the mountain of invincibly everlasting love; harboring one and all in its
Godly belly; sequestering even the most diminutively pathetic in its divine
shadow; to evolve into a royally majestic tomorrow.

Resplendence galore; as it sparkled into a flaming inferno of vivid propensity to
tickle the night; miraculously enlightening every abode rotting in dilapidated
despondency; with unconquerably optimistic light,
Humanity galore; as it embraced the richest and even those miserably dithering
beneath ghastly mud; in the aisles of perennially untamed happiness,
Faith galore; as it uprooted even the most lecherously savage fortresses of evil
from their very non-existent lackadaisical roots; with its triumphant march
ahead,
Boisterousness galore; as it indefatigably radiated the beats of a symbiotically
priceless existence; that led to the ultimate corridors of compassionately
bestowing paradise,
Was the arrow of Omnisciently unfathomable love; striking the vicious targets of
malicious evil every time it was released; scrapping even the most remotest
trace of hostile belligerence; from the periphery of this gigantically fascinating
planet.

Titillation galore; as it ecstatically seduced even the most gruesomely devastated
souls in its timelessly melodious grace; to bloom into a unshakably blessed;
mankind,
Electricity galore; as it incinerated thunderbolts of insurmountable desire; even
in the heart of the murderously frigid night,
Mysticism galore; as it tingled you into an entrenchment of inexplicably gorgeous
wilderness; as every molecule of alluring enigma; struck a passionate chord with
the ravishing complexion of night,
Bonding galore; as it indispensably melanged all those with an amicably
philanthropic disposition; in cisterns of incomprehensibly incarcerating humanity,
Was the sky of unequivocally grandiloquent love; immortally existing as the
queen of all turbulently passionate hearts; the irrefutably embellished king; of all
magical mankind.

27. LIFE, LOVE AND HUMANITY

Desert; Sands; and flamboyantly escalating fires; for compassionately warming
up frigidly deteriorating souls; wholesomely drenched with avalanches of uncouth

neglect,

Flowers; Petals; and Mesmerizing scent; for inundating the impoverished nostrils with unbelievable spurts of rhapsodically untamed fragrance,

Moon; Shimmer; and Voluptuously ravishing night; for deluging the monotonously bedraggled tycoon; with tumultuous whirlwinds of insatiable passion,

Ocean; Waves; and Seductively poignant tanginess; for paving a valley of unprecedented adventure; in deliberately withering pathetic entities,

Sky; Clouds; and tantalizingly fulminating rain; for metamorphosing ludicrously staggering soil; into a fountain of magically blooming newness,

Bees; Hives; and harmoniously gorgeous honey; for applying the balm of blissful sweetness; upon organisms entrenched with horrifically despondent prejudice,

Mountains; Gorges; and Majestically tingling silence; for the treacherously imprisoned wanderer; asphyxiating to extinction in chains of manipulative malice,

Time; Perseverance; and Astoundingly zipping speed; for the invidiously languid traveler; who wanted gold to be fed without the slightest of effort into his overwhelmingly gaping mouth,

Artistry; Beauty; and unsurpassable enchantment; for the diabolically frustrated writer; baseless loitering without the most infinitesimal trace of fantasy in his tyrannically shattered mind,

Panacea; Antiseptic; and loads of uninhibited care; for the despicably tottering patient inflicted by wounds of heinously sardonic society,

Trees; Fruits; and robust cascades of nutrition; for the disastrously famished beggar; crumbling towards tenterhooks of a hopelessly diminutive extradition,

Shears; Blades; and piquantly unfathomable sharpness; for the rustically bearded nomad; having lost all sense of direction in the rampantly unending wilderness,

Roof; Walls; and incomprehensibly compassionate shelter; for those profusely

devastated; and stifling to a pathetic exoneration in the acrid cold outside,

Heavens; Fairies; and a paradise replenished with countless angels; for the savagely orphaned child; being kicked at every step it alighted; by the conventionally murderous society,

Lips; Kisses; and everlastingly benign smiles; for the profoundly betrayed lover; counting the last breaths to his wholesome decimation; even in the perennial prime of vibrant life,

Sight; Passion; and unimaginably mystical enthrallment; for the agonizingly deprived blind,

Truth; Nonviolence; and uninhibitedly philanthropic benevolence; for baselessly bifurcated religion; blended with indiscriminate massacre of innocent mankind,

Sharing; Understanding; and incessantly unflinching support; for the deliberately trapped immaculate criminal; becoming a victim to the lechery of stinking politics,

Swords; Armor; and invincible bravery; for the soldier whose vision was fervently diminishing; as he relentlessly fought for his irrefutably sacrosanct motherland,

Life; Love; and immortally impregnable humanity; for the entire planet despicably withering in the aisles of corruption and racial bloodshed; for the planet which with these threesome; would unequivocally transform once again into a paradise.

28. RELIGION OF HUMANITY-II

Clouds from all across the astronomically colossal Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and mesmerizing sky,

Rivers from all across the wonderfully boundless Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and tangy ocean,

Rays from all across the fathomlessly seductive Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and blazing Sun,

Scents from all across the gorgeously endless Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and exuberant breeze,

Hillocks from all across the gloriously mighty Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and towering mountain,

Resplendence from all across the tantalizingly blooming Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and milky moon,

Tunes from all across the fabulously emollient Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and everlasting song,

Eyes from all across the seductively blossoming Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and priceless sight,

Colors from all across the mystically uncanny Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and vivacious rainbow,

Plants and wildlife from all across the stupendously charismatic Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and perennial forests,

Sparks from all across the bountifully sprinkling Universe; eventually melange with immortally irrefutable and thunderous lightening descending from the sky,

Ice cubes from all across the incredulously ingratiating Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and gargantuan avalanche,

Philanthropism from all across the splendidly majestic Universe; eventually melanges with immortally irrefutable and timeless truth,

Sands from all across the ravishingly beautiful Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and grandiloquently golden deserts,

Desires from all across the exotically tingling Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and royally unending fantasy,

Tears from all across the vibrantly ecstatic Universe; eventually melange with immortally irrefutable and inevitable sadness,

Temples; Churches; Mosques; Monasteries; from all across the boundlessly proliferating Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and Omnipotent aura of Godhead,

Winks from all across the dynamically glowing Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and frolicking island of flirtation,

Lovers from all across the euphorically spell binding Universe; eventually melange with immortally irrefutable and invincible love,

And every religion; whether Hindu; Buddhist; Christian; or Islam; from all across the enthrallingly magnetic Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and unconquerable; religion of humanity.

29. UNITED HUMAN KIND

The sweat that flowed when you killed; was like the orphaned wings of a parasitic leech; left to devastate on its own in this fathomless Universe,

The sweat that flowed when you lied; was like a lifeless skeleton suspended in non-existent air; pulverizing to inconspicuous ash; at the tiniest insinuation of drifting wind,

The sweat that flowed when you hated; was like a crocodile slithering disastrously; without the most minuscule droplet of water; in the heart of the insurmountably sweltering deserts,

The sweat that flowed when you devilishly conspired; was like grandiloquently embellished; bereft of a single tangible soul,

The sweat that flowed when you lambasted your parents; was like a dog opening its mouth an infinite times; and yet not able to poignantly bark,

The sweat that flowed when you betrayed; was like a billion scorpions stinging a new born infant; strangulating him to death; even before he was alive,

The sweat that flowed when you condemned mankind; was like the satanic tremor of a ghastly earthquake; metamorphosing your visage to a pack of frigidly burnt cards,

The sweat that flowed when you disrupted harmony; was like a horrendously blind man; walking on the summit of the Himalayas,

The sweat that flowed when you brutally hijacked; was like a ludicrous scarecrow; melting to blend with soil; at the most obsolete of Sunshine,

The sweat that flowed when you indiscriminately whipped; was like a colossal juggernaut of stinking lizard; dancing in your stomach after your afternoon meal,

The sweat that flowed when you rebelled Almighty Lord; was like an infinitesimal mosquito surrendering; before its master even wept,

The sweat that flowed when you abusively tyrannized; was like the worst nightmare of your existence; transforming each instant of your destiny into a countless breaths without life,

The sweat that flowed when you maliciously stabbed; was like a tree on soil since centuries unprecedented; without the most diminutive of thorn or voluptuous leaf,

The sweat that flowed when you poisoned children; was like a miserably freezing avalanche of ice; not melting even under the most austerely brilliant of Sunshine,

The sweat that flowed when you adulterated blissful society; was like an docile ant; merrily forcing the ferocious panther; to have the last run of its life,

The sweat that flowed when you slit the innocent; was like a dungeon of uncouth daggers; indefatigably lingering in the absolute center of your mouth,

The sweat that flowed when you ridiculed the celestially elderly; was like an haggardly pale stone; being kicked; tossed; kidded and decimated by all fraternity of living kind,

The sweat that flowed when you snatched happiness; was like pathetically rotting carrion; being relentlessly ripped apart by a hostile battalion of vultures and wandering wolves,

While the sweat that flowed when you loved and lived life; was like the divine taking birth as man; immortalizing this planet; with the essence of united human kind.

30. HUMAN

I would hate it if you called me an Indian; tracing my rudiments to an unfathomable myriad of customs and aboriginal traditions,

I would hate it if you called me a Russian; linked various stages of my life to stringent vodka; and exhilarating games of chess,

I would hate it if you called me a Chinese; harboring tiny pairs of eyes; and an intrinsic tendency in my blood to feast on tantalizingly roasted sea food,

I would hate it if you called me an Englishman; blurting countless sentences a day in bombastic slang; blushing to more crimson than the scarlet rose; in poignant alacrity of the stupendously cold winds,

I would hate it if you called me a turbaned Sikh; disseminating oligarchic cigar smoke towards the azure cosmos; brandishing my enemies with valiant strokes of my scintillating sword,

I would hate it if you called me a staunch Muslim; ferociously beating the drums in order to appease Almighty Lord; sagaciously reading through the Quran-e-Sharif; umpteenth number of times in the sweltering day,

I would hate it if you called me a Christian; profusely relishing port wine and robust lamb; whispering with snobbish sonority; as the breeze tried to swipe the majestic candles away,

I would hate it if you called me an Afghani; pampering my royal beard to the fullest as the minutes unveiled; glowing more fairer than the Sun at times; as the moon bloomed full throttle in the resplendent sky,

I would hate it if you called me a Japanese; existing in a world of earthquakes and technology; attired in an oriental tycoon suit; and horn rimmed glasses fitting snugly to the bridge of my nose,

I would hate it if you called me a Scotsman; embellishing my dwelling with exotic ivory and titillating cheese; frolicking in the Alps with my boisterously ebullient kin,

I would hate it if you called me a German; towering like a gentle giant above the ground without a boot on my ingenious feet; riding in supreme exultation every instant on the frontiers of spell binding innovation,

I would hate it if you called me a Hindu; chanting entury old hymns in front of the Omnipotent Lord; entrenching my feeble wrists in a vivid festoon of sacred thread,

I would hate it if you called me an African; dancing in frenzied passion to the beats of the voluptuous jungle; with a jugglery of Herculean muscle protruding

from beneath the layers of my magnificently sooty skin,

I would hate it if you called me an Australian; fantastically juggling bountiful discs towards the sky; munching mesmerizing burgers; as the sands by the sea metamorphosed to a perfect golden,

I would hate it if you called me a Burmese; indigenously thumping the soil to appease the rain Gods; swimming voraciously amidst the waves; to capsize my share of fish,

I would hate it if you called me a Pakistani; marching through the streets like a king in my robes of Persian silk; enriching myself in a world of song and princely poetry,

I would hate it if you called me a Buddhist; admiring my tonsured scalp which shone more seductively than the cascading waterfalls; incessantly gallivanting through a tunnel of statues and monarchs,

And I would equally hate it if you called me or compared me even a fraction with Almighty Lord; possessing magical powers to transform threadbare mud into glittering gold,

Instead I would be overwhelming honored; could slain my life this very instant for all of you out there; if only you christened and embraced me; as a human.

31. TRIBUTARIES OF LOVE

The tributaries of horrendous starvation; culminate into despairing sadness,

The tributaries of heinous malice; culminate into perpetual hatred,

The tributaries of irrefutable muteness; culminate into baseless introspection,

The tributaries of nonchalant perceptions; culminate into an island of mocking nothingness,

The tributaries of manipulatively salacious lechery; culminate into a tunnel of ghastly darkness,

The tributaries of mesmerizing fragrance; culminate into a paradise of enchanting beauty,

The tributaries of abhorrent stench; culminate into ignominiously rotting
dungeons of solitude,

The tributaries of insatiable desire; culminate into a fountain of rejuvenating
ecstasy,

The tributaries of intransigent conviction; culminate into the invincible summit of
sweet success,

The tributaries of unrelenting fantasy; culminate into a trail of overwhelmingly
ravishing seduction,

The tributaries of blissful satisfaction; culminate into fireballs of immutably
exultating victory,

The tributaries of passionate art; culminate into a valley of unparalleled grandeur
and stupendous enthrallment,

The tributaries of malicious discrimination; culminate into incomprehensibly
deplorable corridors of satanic hell,

The tributaries of immortal unity; culminate into an impregnable fortress
towering infinite kilometers above the cotton clouds,

The tributaries of retreating cowardice; culminate into the dormitories of
perilously gleaming corpse; even since the first cry of fresh life,

The tributaries of blatant illiteracy; culminate into distortedly dilapidated shells of
maimed existence,

The tributaries of treacherous slavery; culminate into a diabolical curse lingering
for unsurpassable more births to yet unveil,

The tributaries of impeccable innocence; culminate into the ultimate heaven on
the trajectory of pragmatically functioning planet,

And the tributaries of perpetual love; culminate into an everlasting relationship;
to which even the greatest of Gods in the sky; bowed down too and forever
blessed.

32. JUST UNITE

Don't philosophize; just fantasize,
Don't cry; just create,
Don't beg; just bang,
Don't surrender; just smash,
Don't extinguish; just evolve,
Don't drift; just daunt,
Don't rhyme; just revolve,
Don't go; just gallop,
Don't haunt; just Halloween,
Don't inundate; just inspire,
Don't wilt; just wink,
Don't jinx; just jog,
Don't kick; just kiss,
Don't meander; just mix,
Don't loot; just love,
Don't ogle; just ooze,
Don't quack; just quell,
Don't tear; just tie,
Don't smother; just sing,
Don't abuse, just admire,
Don't brag; just believe,
Don't punch; just procreate,
Don't falsify; just fire,
Don't abhor; just appease,
Don't bark; just become,
Don't fidget; just finish,
Don't expose, just embrace,
Don't throw; just thrive,
Don't waste, just wrap,
Don't command; just commiserate,
Don't emancipate; just engulf,
Don't dry; just dream,
Don't beguile; just bond,
Don't massacre; just merge,
Don't cling; just clap,
Don't hang; just habituate,
Don't squabble; just seduce,
Don't despair; just dance,
Don't blurt; just benign,
Don't treason; just team,
Don't reason; just rhyme,
Don't pierce; just peace,

Don't seize; just smile,
Don't frown; just frolick,
Don't relinquish; just ride,
Don't growl; just grin,
Don't sweat; just sweeten,
Don't coax; just captivate,
Don't fulminate; just free,
Don't stick; just suckle,
Don't poison; just proliferate,
Don't slaver; just shimmer,
Don't retrospect; just respect,
Don't comment; just compliment,
Don't muse; just music,
Don't brood; just blossom,
Don't flaunt; just face,
Don't tyrannize; just titillate,
Don't irritate; just idolize,
Don't latch; just leap,
Don't hijack; just heal,
Don't jabber; just joy,
Don't bombard; just bring,
Don't piece; just peace,
Don't sneak; just seek,
Don't abridge; just attune,
Don't parry; just print,
Don't maudlin; just milk,
Don't belch; just begin,
Don't discriminate; just darling,
Don't frazzle; just flirt,
Don't zigzag; just zip,
Don't pervade; just purify,
Don't sin; just sanctify,
Don't dull; just dart,
Don't demolish; just donate,
Don't measure; just maverick,
Don't rotate; just remember,
Don't grimace; just gyrate,
Don't desert; just drool,
Don't brazen; just bear,
Don't dim; just dazzle,
Don't maraud; just melange,
Don't fix; just freelance,

Don't zombie; just zing,
Don't elongate; just engender,
Don't corrigendum; just clean,
Don't duplicate; just dream,
Don't squelch; just spawn,
Don't clown; just consecrate,
Don't nuisance; just news,
Don't attack; just acclimatize,
Don't mew; just mollify,
Don't holocaust; just harbor,
Don't incinerate; just irrigate,
Don't beguile; just blatant,
Don't boo; just booze,
Don't ennui; just eternalize,
Don't adjudicate; just adjust,
Don't bludgeon; just bloom,
Don't misguide; just mesmerize,
Don't redirect; just read,
Don't renunciate; just restore,
Don't dodge; just disseminate,
Don't misconceive; just mitigate,
Don't forge; just form,
Don't fudge; just flow,
Don't drain; just date,
Don't impersonate; just incorporate,
Don't psychic; just patronize,
Don't fire; just fantasize,
Don't menace; just marvel,
Don't drown; just devote,
Don't retreat; just relish,
Don't jail; just jingle,
Don't whimper; just whistle,
Don't expect; just accept,
Don't spread; just sanctify,
Don't break; just bring,
Don't fight; just free,
Don't groan; just grow,
Don't batter; just bounce,
Don't preach; just pass,
Don't shout; just scintillate,
Don't argue; just adore,
Don't dither'; just dream,

Don't stamp; just salute,
Don't deny; just do,
Don't simmer; just scintillate,
Don't recoil; just reinvigorate,
Don't grunt; just give,
Don't remove; just redial,
Don't tonsure; just taste,
Don't undulate; just utopia,
Don't condition; just courage,
Don't imitate; just intimate,
Don't cremate; just create,
Don't pretend; just pursue,
Don't tarnish; just truce,
Don't rip; just ravish,
Don't camouflage; just climb,
Don't ostracize; just oasis,
Don't dread; just dimple,
Don't flinch; just fructify,
Don't scowl; just surge,
Don't negate; just nictitate,
Don't duplicate; just drape,
Don't sedate; just sanctify,
Don't laze; just levitate,
Don't emancipate; just exult,
Don't incinerate; just illuminate,
Don't fret; just fly,
Don't doom; just drool,
Don't traumatize; just tantalize,
Don't manipulate; just marry,
Don't cognize; just click,
Don't suppress; just start,
Don't taunt; just taste,
Don't betray; just bond,
Don't stammer; just speak,
Don't slave; just save,
Don't abrade; just ameliorate,
Don't meander; just music,
Don't stink; just sweeten,
Don't pass; just plunge,
Don't flaunt; just fulminate,
Don't trespass; just transcend,
Don't spill; just soar,

Don't tie; just team,
Don't neigh; just navigate,
Don't slither; just swim,
Don't bray; just brain,
Don't scarecrow; just swim,
Don't avalanche; just amalgamate,
Don't kick; just kindle,
Don't trick; just take,
Don't butter; just believe,
Don't characterize; just culminate,
Don't drag; just dance,
Don't fight; just forget,
Don't chop; just cement,
Don't violate; just voice,
Don't cry; just consecrate,
Don't dump; just dangle,
Don't pounce; just persevere,
Don't rebel; just rendezvous,
Don't zany; just zeal,
Don't irk; just ink,
Don't juvenile; just jargon,
Don't quaver; just quench,
Don't disturb; just dart,
Don't fume; just ferry,
Don't erupt; just ensure,
Don't shunt; just save,
Don't show; just succeed,
Don't peep; just pedal,
Don't laze; just love,
Don't ambush; just acclimatize,
Don't breach; just begin,
Don't restrict; just race,
Don't mash; just mollify,
Don't crucify, just cease,
Don't limit; just leap,
Don't frown; just flute,
Don't weigh; just wander,
Don't terrorize; just tingle,
Don't brawl; just bingo,
Don't weep; just wonder,
Don't undulate; just ultimate,
Don't thunder; just tune,

Don't sweat; just sizzle,
Don't parasite; just paradise,
Don't reel; just real,
Don't rectify; just read,
Don't fever; just flourish,
Don't repeat; just replenish,
Don't compress; just coalesce,
Don't siren; just solace,
Don't intersperse; just interact,
Don't imbroglio; just incarcerate,
Don't levy; just light,
Don't cage; just conquer,
Don't soot; just satisfy,
Don't cross; just caress,
Don't exonerate; just erect,
Don't cogitate; just click,
Don't mutilate; just mold,
Don't soil; just settle,
Don't eradicate; just eternalize,
Don't remorse; just rejuvenate,
Don't mutilate; just mitigate,
Don't beat; just bless,
Don't shoot; just shower,
Don't lie; just listen,
Don't crash; just caress,
Don't mess; just mingle,
Don't bore; just breathe,
Don't fool; just follow,
Don't suck; just satiate,
Don't duck, just drum,
Don't ponder; just proliferate,
Don't boss; just bestow,
Don't slash; just solve,
Don't tempt; just touch,
Don't uncouth; just undo,
Don't war; just welcome,
Don't thrash; just tinkle,
Don't envy; just exult,
Don't bend; just blossom,
Don't hide; just harbor,
Don't char; just cheer,
Don't dog; just do,

Don't jail; just jingle,
Don't pamper; just prove,
Don't taunt; just team,
Don't worry; just whistle,
Don't vanish; just ventilate,
Don't assassinate; just accept,
Don't mug; just master,
Don't jam; just jolly,
Don't groan; just grin,
Don't dawdle; just dare,
Don't incinerate; just illuminate,
Don't disguise; just dream,
Don't complicate; just concentrate,
Don't plot; just philander,
Don't smoke; just smother,
Don't age; just ace,
Don't chase; just culminate,
Don't murder; just merge,
Don't emphasize; just empathize,
Don't trick; just triumph,
Don't dither; just develop,
Don't mock; just marvel,
Don't sink; just seek,
Don't insist; just implement,
Don't pin point; just prove,
Don't preach; just participate,
Don't sulk; just shine,
Don't bore; just bound,
Don't nibble; just neutralize,
Don't wriggle; just win,
Don't vain; just voyage,
Don't zigzag; just zoom,
Don't yell; just yearn,
Don't x-ray; just x-mas,
And don't utter; just unite.

33. EXISTING AS ONE

We might be two different breaths; but will continue to exist as one;
rhapsodically relishing each moment of profoundly mystical life,

We might be two different mouths; but will continue to exist as one; singing till

the last chord down our throat got exhausted; basking in the glory of the divinely atmosphere,

We might be two different feet; but will continue to exist as one; transgressing unflinchingly over every barricade of acrimonious existence; surging unabashedly ahead on our path towards righteousness,

We might be two different brains; but will continue to exist as one; evolving the most ingenious ideas on this planet; indefatigably striving to metamorphose God's beautiful creation once again into a paradise,

We might be two different hands; but will continue to exist as one; facing the mightiest of onslaught with invincible determination; pulverizing the nefarious devil to inconspicuous bits of insipid ash,

We might be two different destinies; but will continue to exist as one; overtopping all the barbaric odds and spirits that inevitably came our way; with the astounding conviction in our blood,

We might be two different lips; but will continue to exist as one; smiling high and handsome towards the flaming Sun; even though the nights had wholesomely strangulated our blissful days,

We might be two different eyes; but will continue to exist as one; incarcerating the fathomless beauty of this wonderful planet in our lids; crying tears of blood to enlighten the lives of our compatriots in inexplicable pain,

We might be two different ears; but will continue to exist as one; profusely enjoying the captivating melody in the air; unrelentingly on the lookout for our sacrosanct siblings on this globe,

We might be two different tongues; but will continue to exist as one; eloquently speaking and emanating God's wonderful voice; conversing in the dialect of ubiquitous humanity,

We might be two different skins; but will continue to exist as one; merrily frolicking in an enchanting paradise of our own; far away from the obnoxious vagaries of Black and white,

We might be two different shadows; but will continue to exist as one; not relinquishing our entities even a diminutive trifle in the blistering day; as well as

the satanically devil ridden night,

We might be two different signatures; but will continue to exist as one; evolving a script which is the most unshakeable of them all; a jargon which none in this vast world could ever conceive to emulate,

We might be two different bloods; but will continue to exist as one; decimating every disease from its very non-existent roots; perennially bouncing towards the sky with a tumultuous euphoria to grasp for life,

We might be two different desires; but will continue to exist as one; insurmountably superceding every beautiful dream that lingered in the air; mating in the perpetual flame of belonging,

We might be two different heights; but will continue to exist as one; caressing the incredulously shimmering stars as we philandered; nestling contentedly in the belly of the milky moon in the lap of silken sleep,

We might two different enigmas; but will continue to exist as one; enthralling monotonously struggling identities in this Universe; with the ravishing tinkle in our stride,

We might be two different souls; but will continue to exist as one; coalescing as an inseparable spirit to withstand each acrid chapter of indispensable survival,

And we might be two different hearts; but will continue to exist as one; even after our mortal deaths; for infinite more births to come.

34. BLESS ME WITH POETRY.

My eyes felt like invidiously smoldering fireballs of tyrannical anguish; although everything around me; euphorically blossomed towards the resplendent corridors of unsurpassable eternity,

My hands felt like pathetically deadened corpses of lugubrious stone; although everything around me; compassionately craved to be benevolently caressed,

My stomach felt like a preposterously famished inferno slithering towards the aisles of nothingness; although everything around me; was an unfathomably replenished and tantalizing bowl of salubrious goodness,

My brain felt like a truculently lambasting dungeon; although everything around me; was blissfully gyrating to the tunes of astoundingly spell binding life,

My bloodstreams felt like frozen avalanches of brutally insipid ice; although everything around me; culminated with incredulously poignant vividness into a rainbow of panoramic aristocracy,

My fingers felt like irascibly rotten and torturously pulverized tomatoes; although everything around me; was an unbelievably gorgeous kaleidoscope of majestically unfurling artistry,

My lips felt like capriciously neglected and agonizingly burnt matchsticks; although everything around me; was an ingratiatingly overwhelming cloud of jubilant sensuousness; fervently waiting to be kissed,

My cheeks felt like gruesomely livid abuses of abhorrently orphaned hatred; although everything around me; was a beautifully embellished and voluptuously embellished bride,

My feet felt like sordidly rotten pancakes of dismally ghastly defeat; although everything around me; was a solely a trail of unassailably victorious footsteps,

My nose felt like an unsurpassable graveyard of horrifically penalizing stench; although everything around me; was a miraculously spawning garden of divinely scent,

My ears felt like abstrusely quaint stones of murderous deafness; although everything around me; was ecstatically yelling with the unstoppable ardor to gloriously lead stupendously exhilarating life,

My hair felt like derogatorily bald wires of viciously stabbing venom; although everything around me; was ebulliently rustling in the miraculously Omniscient and enamoring breeze,

My skin felt like a vindictively sweating orphanage of unlimited despair; although everything around me; was an aristocratically blissful cloud of ravishing beauty and tranquilly charming graciousness,

My voice felt like a horrendously dumb door of an insanely disheartening mental asylum; although everything around me; was melodiously triggering an island of boundlessly everlasting compassion,

My neck felt like an inconspicuously vandalized piece of soggy shit; although everything around me; was a marvelously titillating landscape of fervently timeless beauty; propelling even the most alien of organism to bend in submissive obeisance,

My conscience felt like a disgustingly arid mountain of heinously sinister lies; although everything around me; was the irrefutably unconquerable shadow of divinely truth,

My breath felt like a traumatically asphyxiating whiplash of ever-augmenting desperation; although everything around me; was a paradise of extraordinarily fructifying air; victoriously galloping forward every unleashing minute of the day,

My heart felt like a profusely bombarded township of betrayal; although everything around me; was a civilization of perennially burgeoning camaraderie; an unshakably palatial mansion of majestically immortal love,

And that is exactly what happened when I didn't pen down the inner most fulminations of my heart for just a single instant; let alone the permutations of an entire day,

It is therefore my humble plea to you O! Almighty Lord; to bless me with impregnable poetry every unfurling minute of the day; so that I not only survive the destined quota of my life; but continue to serve humanity and symbiotically exist for a countless more lifetimes.

35. STRINGS OF BENIGN HUMANITY

When I was philandering through the despicably lugubrious dungeons; the beats of my heart were as remorseful as the miserably sulking snakes; lecherously crippling all my glorious desire to live,

When I was soaring like an angel amidst the vivaciously pungent clouds; the beats of my heart were as ecstatic as torrential thundershowers of silver rain; enshrouding every element of my persona with unfathomable happiness,

When I was loitering aimlessly beside the ghastly graveyards; the beats of my heart were as devastatingly forlorn as dead skeletons; as I incessantly churned an unsurpassable ocean of the satanically evil; in the top most compartments of my mind,

When I was insidiously thrown in a cistern of vindictive acid; the beats of my

heart shrieked vociferously in utter disbelief; intransigently cursing every strata of the blissfully living and those nonchalantly non-existent; alike,

When I was surreptitiously wandering in ominously alien territory; the beats of my heart were as nervous as the rampantly fluttering butterflies; indefatigably pounding on me to quickly make my way; to the invincible walls of my home,

When I was patriotically marching through the ferociously pugnacious warfield; the beats of my heart were as thunderous as streaks of electric lightening descending from the sky; insatiably ringing with full cry of life; to triumphantly gallop past the euphorically blazing; finishing line,

When I was indolently dozing in the heart of the acrimoniously sweltering desert; the beats of my heart were as lackadaisical as frigidly capricious and decaying mushrooms; unfathomably greedy for ravishingly titillating rhyme and liquid,

When I was seated in the center of the sleazily spurious and glittering corporate office; the beats of my heart were as savagely vengeful as the hideously curled scorpion; blaming even the most celestial element of this Universe; for unfortunately placing me amidst a bunch of baselessly commercial tycoons,

When I was frenziedly rolling in seductive meadows of lanky grass; the beats of my heart were as romantic as the tantalizingly dancing shadows of dusk; enshrouding every cranny of my impoverished demeanor; with unparalleled longing and vibrant desire,

When I was fanatically writing blissfully panoramic poetry; the beats of my heart were as silken as Divine angels philanthropically bequeathing upon the true splendor of irrefutable humanity; handsomely dictating each ingredient of my crimson blood to evolve countless lines of magnificently spell binding literature,

When I was frantically groping for my way amongst a horrifically pulverizing battalion of murderous sharks; the beats of my heart were as cataclysmic as tumultuously erupting volcano's; urgently imparting all strength on this fathomless planet to my hands and legs; to impregnably reach the serenely amicable shores,

When I was flirtatiously winking outside her impeccable kitchen window; the beats of my heart were as ebullient as the vibrantly dancing peacocks; weaving a chapter of timeless enchantment; across each nerve of mine dithering towards a horrendously diabolical extinction,

When I was incarcerated devilishly behind the deplorably despondent prison bars; the beats of my heart were as relentlessly restless as flickering beams of cloud camouflaged sunlight; overwhelmingly imploring me to shatter my shackles; and surge uninhibitedly free in the enigmatic world outside,

When I was compassionately suckling an unsurpassable ocean of honey; the beats of my heart were as melodious as the ecstatically singing nightingale; instigating me to perennially gallivant on the path of solidarity; a road to benevolently proliferating mankind,

When I was standing barechested on the summit of the astronomically gigantic and freezing mountain; the beats of my heart were as exhilarated as the bountifully diving dolphins; turbulently pioneering me to coin mesmerizing chapters of a synergistic existence; on every path that I enthusiastically tread,

When I was seated on the bombastically embellished King's throne; the beats of my heart were as inflated as the trumpet of non-existent paradise; dawning the essence of boundlessly unlimited power; upon every iota of my devastatingly shriveled senses,

When I was in the sacrosanct lap of my Godly mother; the beats of my heart were as pristine as the wails of a freshly born infant; making me insurmountably rejoice moments of everlasting childhood; even as I was about to abdicate my last breath to menacing disease,

When I was staring eye to eye in the dynamically blazing eyes of my unconquerable father; the beats of my heart took an intransigent pledge never to stop; until and unless I perpetually metamorphosed into the astounding Venus star; for centuries immemorial,

But when I fell in love with the most enchanting girl of my enamoring dreams; the beats of my heart relinquished me uncouthly forever; only to bond with the immortal mountain of her priceless romance; to further coalesce the entire planet with the strings of benign humanity.

36. I LIVE TO LOVE

I don't eat to live; I live to eat tantalizing morsels of exotic food; placate insurmountable pangs of my gluttony with the rudiments of captivating nature,

I don't smell to live; I live to smell to exotically redolent and vivaciously

blooming flowers; dance with the fairies on the summits kissing the Moon,

I don't philander to live; I live to philander in the aisles of untamed desire and perennially everlasting fantasy,

I don't admire to live; I live to admire all the wonderfully philanthropic; the boundlessly unsurpassable beauty lingering on this bountiful planet,

I don't sleep to live; I live to sleep; dream unrelentingly into a land transcending paradise; wholesomely oblivious to the uncouthly manipulative vagaries besieging vicious mortals,

I don't sweat to live; I live to sweat; persevering my best under golden rays of the flamboyant Sun; to caress the ultimate crescendo's of unparalleled success,

I don't sing to live; I live to sing; blending the tunes diffusing from my poignant throat; stupendously with the eternal bliss in the marvelous atmosphere,

I don't blink to live; I live to blink; mischievously flirt with nubile maidens; trespassing through a carpet of ingratiating mysticism; and incredulous enthrallment,

I don't philosophize to live; I live to philosophize; disseminating the perpetually harmonious essence of truth and benevolent brotherhood; to every cranny of this Universe entrenched with inexplicable pain,

I don't hear to live; I live to hear; profusely absorb the most enamoring sounds in free space; to catapult above the majestically heavenly clouds,

I don't procreate to live; I live to procreate; spawn countless of my kind; ensuring that I continued the chapter of existence; even after I abdicated my last iota of breath,

I don't race to live; I live to race; letting the spirit of uninhibited exhilaration forever reign supreme in each of my devastated senses; eternally surging forward to rejoice the awesomely Omnipotent colors of life,

I don't study to live; I live to study; indefatigably endeavor to imbibe all the benign goodness entrapped within the cocoons of; invincible solidarity,

I don't bathe to live; I live to bathe; intransigently deluge each pore of my ruthlessly bedraggled skin; with magically rejuvenating mountain water,

I don't evolve to live; I live to evolve; blossoming into an unfathomable festoon of newness as each instant unveiled; romanticizing in the full ardor of existence; until I quit my final breath,

I don't adventure to live; I live to adventure; intrepidly crusading over all impediments that confronted me in my way; plunging into a valley of unimaginable exuberance; even in the heart of precariously tingling midnight,

I don't write to live; I live to write; inundating fathomless volumes of ecstatically barren paper; with exquisitely Oligarchic fantasy and the epitomes of literature,

I don't breathe to live; I live to breathe; ignite thunderbolts of incomprehensible desire with each puff of air I exhale; supremely exult in the flames of compassionate sharing that life had to wholesomely offer me,

And I don't love to live; I live to love; insatiably dedicating each of my heartbeat to the person I cherished; taking birth an infinite times more than infinity; to be born only as her lover; once again.

37. I LOVED YOU SOLELY FOR

Come into my life with majestic earrings embellishing your Divinely earlobes; or step into its compassionate swirl without even a single cloth on your uncontrollably trembling body,

Come into my life with flamboyantly swanky cars entrenching you from all sides; or step into its resplendent garden without even a single shoe encapsulating your profusely bleeding feet,

Come into my life with voluptuously poignant mascara enveloping your ravishing eyelashes; or step into its tantalizing aroma without even the most inconspicuous trace of light; lingering around your nimble eyes,

Come into my life with gloriously charismatic lipstick besieging your rubicund lips; or step into its intrepid expeditions without even the tiniest trace of happiness; hovering around your ghastly devastated countenance,

Materialistic things sleazily fade into non-existent wisps of dilapidated oblivion; while I loved you solely for the irrefutably overwhelming honesty in your impeccable conscience; which relentlessly transpired me to invincibly march on the path of scintillating righteousness.

Come into my life with robotic loudspeakers incorrigibly extruding from each cranny of your tongue; or step into its redolent island without the even most diminutive sound emanating from your innocently dumb mouth,

Come into my life with unfathomably glittering watches strapped to your glimmering hands; or step into its exhilarating pathway; without even the most solitary ounces of strength; clinging to their feeble softness,
Come into my life with an unsurpassable ocean of marvelous opulence uninhibitedly flowing from your grandiloquent treasuries; or step into its rustic simplicity; without even a minuscule penny in your disdainfully bedraggled pockets,
Come into my life with an incomprehensible fountain of royally scarlet ink profoundly disseminating from your glistening fingers; or step into its fanatically vivacious swirl; without even possessing the slightest of prowess; to emboss even your very own name,
Materialistic things eventually extinguish to an isolation more gory than treacherous death; but I loved you solely for your pricelessly philanthropic soul; which eternally instilled in me the unflinching spirit to survive; wholesomely bonding me in the threads of impregnably everlasting humanity.

Come into my life with bombastically ostentatious ointments adhering to your flesh; or step into its blazing winds; without even the most infinitesimal iota of skin camouflaging your immaculately famished bones,
Come into my life with an unfathomable reservoir of titillating alien scent wafting from your arms; or step into its fathomless enigma; without even the most insipid of charm; enshrouding your sagging visage,
Come into my life with glitteringly imported cardigans euphorically draping your tantalizing chest; or step into its vividly pristine shell; without even a leaf to surreptitiously hide your indigenously obdurate flesh,
Come into my life with castles pretentiously illuminated by artificially astounding brightness; or step into its enchanting melody; without the most capricious your reflection being perceivable; even in the most brilliantly bedazzling Sunlight,
Materialistic things are ominously annihilated as one fashion heartily overrules the other; but I loved you solely for the indefatigable patriotism in your heavenly stride; irrevocably drifting me to sacrifice my entire life; to the service of innocuously benign
mankind.

Come into my life with a spell binding empire of a billion corporate houses in your commercial booty; or step into its vividly iridescent paradise; without even a single individual acknowledging; your rampantly fading name,
Come into my life with a pompously inflated fleet of magnificent aircrafts circling round the winds of untamed prosperity; or enter its blissfully fulminating tunnel; without even indispensable hands and legs to fortify your intricately sculptured persona,
Come into my life with an unassailably destructive symposium of missiles and

street-smart soldiers by your side; or enter its supremely gratifying domains; without even properly knowing the complete spelling of the belligerent word, fight,

Come into my life with chains of stupendously enthralling gold and silver nearly asphyxiating your already diamond studded neck; or enter its ardently pulsating dancefloor; without even the most remotest of sparkle in your diligently scarlet blood,

Materialistic things dig boundlessly lecherous corpses of stagnation for themselves on every step they tread; while I loved you solely for your immortally unconquerable heartbeats; the panoramic breath in your passionately inhaling nostrils; which was my only ray to reach the Divine.

38. STATE OF THE ART

State of the Art cars; to philander in; whistle past the ingratiatingly voluptuous countryside like a trice of a bullet,

State of the Art fabric; to compassionately entrench the shivering flesh of my body; gallivant in the most garishly pompous fashion; through contemporary city streets,

State of the Art aircrafts; to transport me to the most fathomlessly unbelievable parts of the globe; as I royally caressed through mystical puffs of cotton clouds,

State of the Art lawns; for me to transgress through at the crack of nostalgic dawn; profusely absorb the exotic river of golden dew drops with the silken periphery of my feet,

State of the Art watches; to display the accurate unveiling of time; illuminate the dolorous atmosphere with their ethnically silver shine,

State of the Art computer; to punch in keywords at thunderbolt velocities; reach even the most obsolete corner of this planet with the innocuous ease of a new born child,

State of the Art footwear; which was thoroughly resilient against the most tumultuous of storm; trespassed like an untamed panther over a blanket of satanically acrimonious thorns,

State of the Art swimming pool; in which I plunged for a stupendously rejuvenating swim; fantasizing unrelentingly under the festoon of amicably twinkling stars,

State of the Art pen; with its grandiloquently golden nib embossing my
magnanimous signature over every currency check I endorsed,

State of the Art food; with the most exotic cuisine on this earth served
majestically on my platter; a labyrinth of embellished spoons fervently awaiting
an encounter with my slavering mouth,

State of the Art sun glasses; to sequester me from the acrid Sun; enticing gasps
of incredulously augmenting admiration; from my battalion of followers on the
streets,

State of the Art shampoo; to impart a fabulous redolence to my scalp;
engendering an unsurpassable cloud of bubbles to handsomely diffuse in placid
carpets of air,

State of the Art garlands impregnated with a gorgeous conglomerate of
shimmering pearls; to make me feel infinite times higher than the crowned king,

State of the Art office; equipped with the most swanky contraptions; which
shrunk the entire world; into an infinitesimally minuscule wired village,

State of the Art farms; through which I flirted when my mind commanded;
frolicking in gay abandon with clusters of immaculately furry sheep,

State of the Art libraries overwhelmed with the most enigmatically captivating
books; which I supremely relished to read; under the seductively plush air of the
air-conditioner,

State of the Art cameras; for me to capture the most astoundingly mesmerizing
sights in this Universe; click infinite times in a single instant; to relax the
pertinently welling pressure of my palms,

State of the Art breath to inhale; filtered by the most stringently conventional air
purifiers; ensuring that I lived my life to the most unprecedented of its capacity,

But most importantly; uninhibitedly natural rudiments of love; which made me
actually enjoy all that was State of the Art; kept me for unfathomable births;
always alive.

39. THE BEST

Invincible; yet fabulously silken; ingratiatingly poignant; and charismatically brilliant,
Unparalleled; yet supremely satiny; melodiously celestial; and fathomlessly blissful,
Unsurpassable; yet delightfully rhapsodic; divinely feathery; and astoundingly compassionate,
Formidable; yet overwhelmingly profuse; serenely fantastic; and gloriously placating,
O! yes love was a bountifully showering cloud; that put all traumatic apprehensions to an eternal rest; O! yes love was immortally and irrefutably; simply the best.

Flamboyant; yet romantically pacific; surreally blossoming; and incredulously spell-binding,
Tumultuous; yet voluptuously fragrant; seductively titillating; and harmoniously incarcerating,
Overpowering; yet delectably dainty; ebulliently captivating; and mystically enchanting,
Ever Pervading; yet astronomically beautiful; perpetually mesmerizing; and enigmatically caressing,
O! yes love was a perennially cascading rain of unprecedented happiness; that was the most Omnipotent panacea for all inexplicable gloom; O! yes love was immortally and irrefutably; simply the best.

Passionate; yet unbelievably forgiving; stupendously radiant; and prolifically proliferating,
Piquant; yet magically tranquil; handsomely robust; and miraculously contented,
Blazing; yet wonderfully gratifying; ubiquitously united; and tantalizingly alluring,

Fulminating; yet philanthropically blessing; jauntily smiling; and pricelessly bonding,
O! yes love was an Omnipresent seed embedded in all hearts one and alike; that imparted the most richest reason to life; O! yes love was immortally and irrefutably; simply the best.

Triumphant; yet articulately appeasing; nimbly fantasizing; and eloquently shimmering,
Gallopig; yet rosily philandering; gorgeously cooling; and sparkingly resplendent,
Candid; yet ravishingly attractive; emphatically commiserating; and benevolently humanitarian,
Omniscient; yet uninhibitedly embracing; humbly simplistic; and royally

enlightening,

O! yes love was the ultimate religion of humanity; that impregnably coalesced all tribes irrespective of caste; creed and color alike; O! yes love was immortally and irrefutably; simply the best.

40. DON'T CEASE

Cease to barbarically fight; but don't cease to profoundly admire; poignantly stare into the eyes of irrefutably holistic humanity,

Cease to treacherously rot; but don't cease to uninhibitedly swim; rhapsodically bouncing in waves of exhilarated benevolence,

Cease to insidiously discriminate; but don't cease to perpetually unite in threads of unconquerable mankind; bequeathing a cloud of unprecedented prosperity upon every chunk of soil that you harmoniously tread,

Cease to lecherously lie; but don't cease to escalate higher than the dormitories of unassailably marvelous eternity; bonding with flames of everlasting truth,

Cease to lazily loiter; but don't cease to exuberantly gallivant in the aisles of perennial freedom; unequivocally marching towards the walls of philanthropically glittering success,

Cease to monotonously scrub; but don't cease to indefatigably fantasize in the winds of never ending desire; bestowing and gregariously conceiving all the majestic goodness; that handsomely floated in the piquant atmosphere,

Cease to brutally incarcerate; but don't cease to blissfully donate; inundate every space traumatically besieged with sullenly dilapidated darkness; with miraculously Omnipotent rays of; true friendship,

Cease to surreptitiously plan; but don't cease to candidly divulge the innermost voices of your enchantingly sagacious conscience; bask in the unparalleled glory of irrefutable righteousness,

Cease to maliciously bark; but don't cease to melodiously sing; deluge the remorsefully morbid air around; with the stupendously mesmerizing cadence of brotherhood; in your coherently compassionate voice,

Cease to satanically poison; but don't cease to apply the most unequivocally

Omnipresent panacea of love upon all those murderously deprived; healing their fathomlessly inexplicable ocean of wounds; with the fragrance of humanity in your blood,

Cease to tyrannically lambaste; but don't cease to frolic in the lanes of ingratiatingly enamoring flirtation; rejoicing the most impeccable moments of divine childhood; even when you were about to exhale out the last breath of your impoverished life,

Cease to baselessly kill; but don't cease to wholeheartedly embrace every blessedly human on this planet; irrespective of caste; creed; or spuriously meaningless community,

Cease to dig ghastly graves; but don't cease to harness the most grandiloquent castles of amicable sharing with the Herculean fervor in your soul; impregnably ensure that no innocuously celestial organism on this planet; slept without a roof over his head,

Cease to parasitically corrupt; but don't cease to ubiquitously disseminate the Omniscient message of scintillating honesty; to even the most diminutively minuscule corner; of this boundlessly congenial Universe,

Cease to hideously adulterate; but don't cease to unsurpassably sparkle in the rays of eternal romance; propagating the light of invincible sharing to every township; flooded with malevolently terrorizing bloodshed,

Cease to devilishly manipulate; but don't cease to incessantly donate the fruits of silken Mother Nature; arousing souls dead in mundane commercialism; with thunderbolts of passionately towering desire,

Cease to diabolically pulverize; but don't cease to gloriously bond; ebulliently bringing all tribes and colors existing squeamishly under the sky; to symbiotically melange into the fabric of ever pervading; humanity,

Cease to horrendously snatch breath; but don't cease to proliferate God's chapter of exotically timeless existence; spawning a new chapter of scintillating existence; with every new puff of air that you ardently inhaled,

And cease to uncouthly betray; but don't cease to amalgamate heart's broken all across the fabulously radiating Universe; in threads of immortal belonging; in the rainbows of mystically immortal love.

41. THE TRUE CHALLENGE

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to distribute exuberant air; but the true challenge lies in evolving the winds of newness; out of bizarrely preposterously bits of inane nothingness,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to clamber the slope of the mountain; but the true challenge lies in evolving indomitably unflinching patriotism; out of grains of fecklessly infinitesimal sand obsoletely sprinkled around,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to swim in the ocean; but the true challenge lies in evolving the waters of eternally mesmerizing freedom; out of unsurpassably derogatory hopelessness,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to smell the rose; but the true challenge lies in evolving the fragrance of everlasting togetherness; out of salaciously invidious brutality lingering everywhere,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to eat tantalizing food; but the true challenge lies in evolving fruits of unassailably egalitarian humanity; out of endlessly adulterated and disparagingly lackadaisical soil,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to run; but the true challenge lies in evolving the unconquerable speed of benign goodness; out of maliciously lugubrious and acridly sodomizing politics,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to sight; but the true challenge lies in evolving the lantern of perennially mesmerizing hope in the eyes of one and all alike; out of haplessly beleaguered Blackness,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to express; but the true challenge lies in evolving insuperable righteousness in every cranny of the heart; out of murderously delirious betrayal all around,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to shoot; but the true challenge lies in evolving a sky of Omnipotent honesty to forever kill the indiscriminately marauding devil; out of corpses of endlessly massacring stagnation,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to smile; but the true challenge lies in evolving an unsurpassable heaven of happiness in every dwelling

besieged with obnoxious despair; out of cold-bloodedly flagrant and unsparing diabolism around,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to dress up; but the true challenge lies in evolving the perpetual warmth of uninhibited friendship in good times and bad; out of satanically squelching maelstroms of crippling hatred around,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to measure time; but the true challenge lies in evolving a timeless township of earnestly respectful punctuality; out of dastardly delinquent and rotting laziness,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to adventure; but the true challenge lies in evolving an inimitable forest of exhilaratingly untainted enchantment; out of monotonously bizarre and truculently lambasting commercialism,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to sleep; but the true challenge lies in evolving a peerless blanket of invincibly celestial tranquility; out of frenetically disappearing nervousness,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to be seduced; but the true challenge lies in evolving a limitless sea of tantalizing euphoria; out of a desert of raunchily decrepit decay and ghastly desolation,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to dance; but the true challenge lies in evolving an boundless entrenchment of creativity in even the most penuriously diminishing of soul; out of mortuaries of nonchalantly stinking death,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to write; but the true challenge lies in evolving a treasury of unfathomably royal sensitivity; out of treacherously barren and meaninglessly blank paper,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to breathe; but the true challenge lies in evolving an unbreakable relationship of symbiotic humanity; out of barbarously goddamned manipulation and frigid snobbishness,

And there were an infinite ways in the modern world today to love; but the true challenge lies in evolving an immortal heartbeat of everlastingly unshakable equality; out of hedonistically cacophonous and intransigently cursing hell's around.

42. JUST 4 ALPHABETS

Just 4 alphabets had the amazing power in them; to metamorphose every trace of satanically marauding evil; into a festoon of rhapsodically triumphant and unflinching righteousness,

Just 4 alphabets had the unassailable power in them; to bestow perpetual victory to even the most apocalyptically obsolete cranny of this Universe; estranged with sadistic defeat,

Just 4 alphabets had the Omnipotent power in them; to trounce the blasphemous devil forever and ever and ever; render its entity to more inanely worthless than the invisible ghost in the atmosphere,

Just 4 alphabets had the limitless power in them; to perennially melange every tribe; race; color and creed on this fathomless Universe; into an invincibly singleton religion of humanity,

Just 4 alphabets had the unconquerable power in them; to diffuse the most bountifully fructifying scent of harmony; amidst even the most treacherously violent of mobs,

Just 4 alphabets had the uncanny power in them; to bring even the most ghastliest war on this boundless planet; to a completely celestial standstill,

Just 4 alphabets had the unsurpassable power in them; to pervade over every trace of goodness and diabolical badness on the periphery of this globe; reign majestic and supreme till times beyond infinite infinity,

Just 4 alphabets had the unlimited power in them; to annihilate misery forever from its non-existent roots; miraculously ameliorate even the most vindictively acrimonious of wounds with the balm of eternal friendship,

Just 4 alphabets had the untainted power in them; to unceasingly blaze into the light of effulgently jubilant optimism; even in the heart of the murderously invidious midnight,

Just 4 alphabets had the undaunted power in them; to transcend over every mortuary of penuriously wastrel fear; and then rhythmically blend their altruistic spirit with the paradise of the Creator Divine,

Just 4 alphabets had the astronomical power in them; to reinvigorate spell
bindingly fresh life; into even the most hopelessly deadened coffins of the
unknown,

Just 4 alphabets had the mesmerizing power in them; to endow the uninhibitedly
peerless wings of expression; to every organism holistically breathing and alive,

Just 4 alphabets had the unprecedented power in them; to celestially imbue the
principles of a unitedly ebullient existence in every living being on earth; when
the most inexhaustible of scriptures and philosophies had miserably floundered
and squandered,

Just 4 alphabets had the unbelievable power in them; to take on the battalion of
all that was hedonistically devilish on this inscrutable planet; bare-chested;
barefooted; and indefatigably uninterrupted,

Just 4 alphabets had the insuperable power in them; to redefine the solar-plexus
of existence today; immortalize it for an infinite more births yet to unveil; with
the cradles of altruistically symbiotic sharing,

Just 4 alphabets had the unfathomable power in them; to infallibly illuminate a
candle of unfettered victory in every abode pathetically submerged with haplessly
asphyxiating blackness,

Just 4 alphabets had the immeasurable power in them; to perpetuate even the
most threadbarely impotent of entity and soil; with magically proliferating fertility
and solidarity,

Just 4 alphabets had the unrestricted power in them; to unconquerably ensure
that philanthropically selfless life never ended on this gigantic Universe; even
centuries after the physical form had veritably shed its skin; faded and died,

Just 4 alphabets had the bounteous power in them; to unassailably bond every
beat of the heart with the heaven of compassionately sharing; make each
organism on earth feel as if it had just majestically arrived from the womb of its
mother; as if it was just Omnipresently born,

And if you opened your mouth just 4 evanescent times; you'll not only be able to
spell its Omniscient grace; but feel engulfed by its sky of pricelessly inimitable
Godliness; feel every pore of your persona timelessly blessed by its Omnipotent
splendor in just a single lifetime; as the alphabets were none other but the
Almighty Lord's alltime favorite; the alphabets were the most Universally

undefeatable rudiment of creation; the alphabets were none other but; love.

43. A TRUE MAN

A true farmer is the one who never forgets his fields; the soil in which his rudiments lie firmly embedded; even in times of uncouth dryness and arid drought,

A true scientist is the one who never forgets his plethora of ingenious inventions; the innumerable number of gifts which he had given mankind; even in times when he was brutally rejected; deserted disastrously by all transgressing beside him,

A true poet is the one who never forgets his enchanting verse; the unfathomable lines of mystical passion which he had evolved with his own blood; even in times when the entire world refrained to buy a single copy of his book; and all his work was decaying like a rotten heap of vegetables in the interiors of the obsolete hut,

A true elephant is the one who never forgets his Herculean strength; the astounding power that reverberated from his body as he strolled; even in times when he lay timidly wounded on the ground,

A true painter is the one who never forgets his drawings; vivaciously stroking his brush on plain canvas all day; even in times when critics just ripped apart his drawings into infinite shreds; the instant they sighted it,

A true prince is the one who never forgets his magnificent castle; the grandiloquent aura which once encompassed his body in majestic entirety; even in times when he was forced to beg on the streets; and his palace had been gruesomely evacuated,

A true teacher is the one who never forgets his essence of impartial knowledge; the diligent times when he spent days and nights under the midnight oil with his scores of his disciples; even in times when the same students spat on his face for scolding them; ridiculed him to the most unprecedented limits,

A true magician is the one who never forgets his spell binding tricks; the jugglery of enamoring antiques that he possessed in his repertoire after years of assiduous practice; even in times when he failed to captivate the audiences; people hurled footwear and garbage at him instead of fat wads of currency,

A true tree is the one who never forgets its mesmerizing foliage of dense leaves; the boundless number of birds and insects wandering on its periphery; even in times when it was ruthlessly stripped by the onset of delectable autumn; the animals which had once made it their dwelling place; now scorned at it in utter hatred,

A true star is the who never forgets its profound shimmer; the countless centuries for which it shone unrelentingly in the sky; even in times when the conglomerate of hideously black clouds engulfed it from all sides; obscured it wholesomely from the view of this world,

A true dog is the one who never forgets to incessantly wag its tail; barks poignantly as a fleet of strangers encroached upon in the dark; even in times when its master starved it of succulent food; kicked it in its stomach for apparently no reason or rhyme,

A true watch is the one which never forgets to keep on ticking indefatigably; moving its arms voraciously all round the clock; even in times when the entire Universe had slept; and there was nothing but stark darkness after the Sun had blissfully slept in the skies,

A true warrior is the one who never forgets his battlefield; keeps fighting inexorably till the very end; even in times when he knew that it was just a few moments before the opposition captured him; withdrew his last breath from his body,

A true saint is the one who never forgets to meditate; wholesomely drown himself into the Omnipotent perception of Almighty lord; even in times when demons around him trying as hard as possible to disturb his penance and unflinching concentration,

A true doctor is the one who never forgets to treat people suffering from bizarre affliction beside him; applies the ointment of his love on several bruises oozing blood and pain; even in times when the same patients he had treated before were planning to kill him; poison the milk he gulped for morning breakfast,

A true ocean is the one who never forgets its colossal waters; the gigantically swirling waves it generated since times immemorial; even in times when its body shrunk to a mere trickle; the tyranny of pugnacious heat had sucked its frothy spray away,

A true bomb is the one who never forgets its thunderous capacity to explode;

fulminate into fathomless plumes of black gas; even in times when water pelted down in tremendous fury from the sky; the showers of monsoon rain played a complete spoilsport,

A true mother is the one who never forgets her child; anxious about its safety all day and year; attending to the most tiniest of his pampered commands; even in times when her baby matured into an impetuous youngster; and now no longer slept in the shade of her compassionate lap,

A true lover is the one who never forgets his beloved; keeps loving her for infinite more births to unveil without expecting the slightest favor; even in times when the acrimonious society stood as a hostile quiver of arrows; chopped his every step even before he put his foot on the ground,

And a true man is the one who never forgets his home soil; kisses the soil he was born on; every night before he slept; every day as he opened his eyes with brilliant light; even in times when the entire planet was undergoing a spurious metamorphosis; with people crazily embracing other religion and land; thinking the same place which had produced them; the same place which nurtured and harnessed their lives; had now become outdated.

44. EXISTENCE

The eyes exploded into a flurry of tears; sometimes of celestial bliss; sometimes reeling under the onslaught of hysterical agony,

The nose exploded into a stream of gruesomely sticky mucus; succeeded by violent draughts of passionate air,

The legs exploded into an inevitable fast run; as the striped panther furtively following them came at whisker lengths of snapping distance,

The fingers exploded into a mountain of voracious writing; transforming the sheer magic embedded in them into exquisite calligraphy,

The stars in the cosmos exploded into a fountain of resplendent light; illuminating the ghastly darkness prevailing in all quarters with ravishing light,

The gutter exploded into a whirlpool of gruesomely stinking sewage; diffusing an obnoxiously horrendous stench for boundless kilometers in vicinity,

The Sun exploded into a vicious fireball of flames; charring every evil to minuscule ash in the wrath of its sweltering heat,

The volcano exploded into fulminating lava; diffusing tumultuous heat and agony as it gushed out of the earth's belly like an electric paced rocket,

The tongue exploded into a volley of supremely melodious sounds; engulfing the dolorously morose ambience around with enthralling music,

The mouth exploded into a thunderously loud yawn; languidly expressing its immortal desire to exotically dream and sleep,

The rose exploded into an ocean of scent every dawn; permeating every entity that trespassed in surrounding; with the essence of its mystically alluring aroma,

The fire cracker exploded into a festoon of brilliantly pugnacious sparks; puncturing the voluptuous carpet of night with unparalleled boisterous fervor,

The photograph exploded into a cavalcade of hidden emotions; putting up a blatantly stoical look in front of its master; sulking within as it was thoroughly incapable of taking birth again,

The ripe and rotten tomato exploded into a shower of fetidly red curry; fomenting all those around to relinquish the last bit of taste they had in their mouths,

The assembly of exorbitantly costly diamonds exploded into a corridor of intransigent shine; made people ogle at their impeccably splendid demeanor for centuries unprecedented,

The indefatigably tired arms exploded into a pool of seductive sweat; trickling down slowly to blend with scorched mud,

The fathomless deep gorge encompassing the entire spell binding mountain range; exploded into an ensemble of eerie echoes; granting Godly status to an inconspicuously tiny sound,

The turbulently rising waves of the colossal ocean exploded into a blanket of tantalizing froth; flooding the life of impoverished entities with tangy spice and the ardor to survive,

The heart imprisoned in the chest exploded into a series of passionate

palpitations; profoundly blending with the ultimate love its life,

And every life born on this planet; exploded into newness and energy; exploded into fascinating enchantment and enigma; exploded into the unending battle called and worshipped as existence.

45. THROUGH THE PAGES OF MY HEART

When I browsed through the pages of the sleazy magazine; all that lay there was a flurry of pretentious pictures; blended with glamorous entities displaying garish flesh,

When I browsed through the pages of the dictionary; all that lay there was infinite number of words and phrases; a mind-boggling treasury of exquisite language,

When I browsed through the pages of the history textbook; all that lay there was a chronologically synchronized table of dates; ancient tales of Kings and conquered territories,

When I browsed through the pages of the hi-tech computer; all that lay there was a plethora of mind-boggling intricate puzzles; a whole maze of stupendously baffling software; which I had no head or tail too,

When I browsed through the pages of the chequebook; all that lay there; was infinite no of blank lines; the irrefutably embossed seal of the banks involved,

When I browsed through the pages of the arithmetic notebook; all that lay there was a battalion of monotonous numbers; compounded with an insurmountable compendium of boundless problems and solutions,

When I browsed through the pages of the hotel register; all that lay there was a scrupulous order of guests that kept coming and going; fascinating information about rooms incorporated within the grandiloquent interiors,

When I browsed through the pages of the adventure novel; all that lay there was surreal representations of inanimate objects; overwhelmingly exaggerated perceptions; that had no connections with pragmatic life,

When I browsed through the pages of the botanical encyclopedia; all that lay there was exhaustive information encompassing varied plants of this Universe; blended with fathomless illustrations leading to their mesmerizing evolution,

When I browsed through the pages of the telephone directory; all that lay there was countless numbers of individuals and places; an indispensably handy reference to the demographics of several nations,

When I browsed through the pages of the family album; all that lay there were nostalgic impressions of the past; blissful memories that profusely swept across like a volatile fountain of sweltering lava; across the top most compartments of my mind,

When I browsed through the pages of the engineering handbook; all that lay there was tons of inexplicable numerals; a cavalcade of designs on which the foundations of this world could be handsomely constructed,

When I browsed through the pages of the majestic atlas; all that lay there was unfathomable depictions of this fascinating globe; intricate lines bonding continents with synchronized harmony,

When I browsed through the pages of the medical thesis; all that lay there was a scrupulous listing of life yielding medicines; a stringent smell of antiseptic permeating profoundly in the gloomy atmosphere,

When I browsed through the pages of my mothers old diary; all that was there was her rejuvenating experiences of boisterous youth; the times she had ardently labored to harness me with her very own blood and sweat,

When I browsed through the pages of the Emperors leaf; all that lay there was a royal tale of his oligarchic dictatorship; the undulating framework of good and bad that he had executed for his people in tumultuous distress,

When I browsed through the pages of enchanting fairy tales; all that lay there was an ingratiating aura that engulfed those medieval times; a voluptuously eloquent voice that roused me instantaneously from deep sleep,

When I browsed through the pages of the management presentation; all that lay there was unimaginable number of spurious manipulations; to extract the best you possibly could from a simple human being,

And when I browsed through the pages of my heart; it was there that lay the wealth of this entire planet; it was there that I found all the love and compassion I could ever have dreamt of; as each passionate beat unveiled into an infinite lives.

46. JUST ONE OF THEM

Life is an amalgamation of infinite emotions; perpetual happiness is just one of them,

Life is a blend of infinite scents; the fragrance of invincible success is just one of them,

Life is a labyrinth of infinite paths; the road to irrefutable truth is just one of them,

Life is a rainbow of infinite colors; the shade of profound empathy is just one of them,

Life is a cloud of infinite perceptions; seductively ravishing fantasy is just one of them,

Life is a conglomerate of infinite flames; unrelenting passion is just one of them,

Life is a combination of infinite winds; the air of boisterous rhapsody is just one of them,

Life is a compilation of infinite words; vivacious newness is just one of them,

Life is a quiver full of infinite arrows; the dagger of blissful contentment is just one of them,

Life is a forest of infinite berries; the fruit of selfless sacrifice is just one of them,

Life is a calendar of infinite dates; the day of fresh birth is just one of them,

Life is a coalition of infinite rivers; the waters of heavenly prosperity are just one of them,

Life is an assimilation of infinite anecdotes; an encounter with exuberant adventure is just one of them,

Life is a journey of infinite moods; amicably smiling lips is just one of them,

Life is a mountain of infinite burrows; the cave of unfathomable enchantment is just one of them,

Life is a myriad of infinite pearls; the jewel of self purification is just one of them,

Life is a wall of infinite mirrors; the glass candidly portraying an explicit identity is just one of them,

Life is a whirlpool of infinite patterns; the dance of perennially euphoric triumph is just one of them,

Life is a consortium of infinite feelings; the element of benevolent care is just one of them,

Life is a hill with infinite summits; the peak of astronomically fortified conviction is just one of them,

Life is an ocean of philosophies; the perspective of independent existence is just one of them,

Life is an agglomerate of infinite shapes and forms; the contours of impeccable beauty are just one of them,

Life is a tornado of infinite messengers; the harbinger of everlasting peace is just one of them,

Life is a garden of infinite virtues; immortally unconquerable love is just one of them,

And life is a culmination of infinite beats; the rhythm of the passionately palpitating heart is just one of them

47. ONCE AGAIN TOMORROW

Yesterday was just a thing of the horrendously treacherous past; fading and dissipating rapidly into thin wisps of obsolete oblivion,
Lets unite in strings of perpetual harmony and compassion today; to blossom into a vibrantly optimistic and spell binding tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the diabolically heinous past; pathetically blending with insipid bits of raw ash,
Lets unite in whirlpools of insurmountable solidarity today; unflinchingly facing even the most acridly mighty challenges; proudly sprouting into the blissful

civilizations of tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the lecherously abhorrent past; stinking like a million rats; beneath the dungeons of manipulative malice,
Lets unite in irrefutable rings of truth today; massacring every iota of horrifically despairing lie and sadness; culminating into a wonderfully brilliant tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the remorsefully morbid past; rapidly deteriorating to coalesce with the murderous graves,
Lets unite in clouds of celestial peace today; indefatigably fantasizing above a land of enchanting paradise; to give birth to a divinely non-violent tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the devastatingly evil past; sinking into an sea of baseless nothingness to melange with the inconspicuously mundane sands,
Lets unite in winds of uninhibited sharing today; ubiquitously commiserating with shivering mankind around; to fulminate into a fountain of irrevocably bestowing tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the ominously ghastly past; stabbing like a trillion malevolent daggerheads; before it eventually blew with the infinitesimally capricious dust,
Lets unite in tornado's of untamed passion today; incinerating flames of overwhelming desire even in the most frozen of waters; to majestically bloom into a intrepidly flamboyant tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the savagely decaying past; perpetuating its deplorably surreptitious shadow into the fabric of the blissful society; before it finally withered into a corpse of absolute submission,
Lets unite in skies of philanthropic benevolence today; endeavoring our very best to alleviate debilitatingly deprived society; escalate exuberantly into an Omnipotently egalitarian tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the insidiously remote past; ludicrously baring its meaningless fangs before it wholesomely lost every iota of its voice,
Lets unite in the religion of humanity today; to unequivocally disseminate the immortal virtue of mankind; dazzle into a bountifully royal tomorrow.

And yesterday was just a thing of the tragically shattered past; profusely betraying light and hope; before it was ferociously punished to the island of satanic hell,
Lets unite in beats of immortal love today; embracing one and all irrespective of caste; creed and color; alike; to sway forever in the corridors of marvelous

heaven; everytime the Creator wanted us to be born once again tomorrow.

48. SEASON OF LOVE

With it; descended petals of insatiable rhapsody from the sky; as the heavens opened full throttle to uninhibitedly shower blessings; upon its revered grace,

With it; there came streams of perpetual harmony cascading from the mountains; diffusing into a froth of unfathomably never ending excitement,

With it; fulminated the most fantastic dreams wandering on this mesmerizing planet; evoking the fabulous artist surreptitiously hidden in each of your traumatically agonized nerves,

With it; danced the most tantalizing fairies till the heart of voluptuous midnight; bouncing and frolicking till eternity in the profound effulgence of its; overwhelmingly seductive charm,

With it; came whirlpools of unconquerable excitement; igniting the ludicrously lackadaisical volcano's sleeping in your impoverished soul,

With it; devastated jungles bloomed into a gorgeously perennial festoon of enchantment and health; flowering into a profusely brilliant tomorrow,

With it; crept shadows of mystically tingling enigma; inundating your murderously severed senses with winds of incredulously exotic ecstasy,

With it; treacherously devastated dwellings metamorphosed themselves into the most stupendously grandiloquent castles; towering beyond the skies; to relish the wholesomely unleashed glory of the flamboyant Sun,

With it; there pelted thunderously deafening rain upon the periphery of scorchingly pathetic desert soil; caressing its penuriously staggering surface; with compassionate fireballs of golden moisture,

With it; insatiably galloped the chariots of handsome prosperity; replenishing every element of despairingly broken lives; with the fruits of eternally sacrosanct heaven,

With it; there spread an invincible wave of humanity even in the most lecherously salacious parts of this fathomless continent; and the religion of humanity overtoppled the diabolical devil forever,

With it; stars in the cosmos incessantly flirted in the aisles of desire; deluging each cranny of this ridiculously maimed planet; with milky beams of enamoringly dancing light,

With it; the time in gargantuan clocks; slid back into overwhelmingly poignant nostalgia; with every old and miserably withering; transforming back into a Godly child; once again,

With it; all savagely belligerent war on this claustrophobically estranged earth came to a veritable end; and the flag of immortal peace reigned supreme; for centuries immemorial,

With it; every bit of infinite sky was enveloped with an Omnipotently everlasting radiance; with an unsurpassable flurry of angels frolicking in unequivocally untamed ecstasy,

With it; there arose the most magnificently embellished tune on this unending Universe; transforming its manipulatively bedraggled demeanor into one replete with exuberantly enthusiastic youth,

With it; all those disastrously indigent and hoarsely famished; reached their ultimate paradise of; philanthropic opulence in life,

With it; ghosts lingering insidiously beneath their coffins; took birth as the most impregnably alluring magicians; for a countless more lifetimes,

With it; indispensable oceans of breath got instilled in the diminutively lifeless; and the waywardly lost world found the paths of majesty once again,

And neither did it require the slightest of stringent preparation; nor did it require you to wholeheartedly donate the entire richness that you had painstakingly assimilated in the tenure of your impoverished life,

Just open the perpetual beats of your heart to embrace all those you cherished and cared for; and Lo! Behold! ; there torrentially descended the season of everlasting love.

49. IRREFUTABLY MURDEROUS

I wholeheartedly agree that barbarously sinful might be all those; who ruthlessly snatch innocuous children from the sacrosanct lap of their mothers,

But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire show wholesomely unperturbed; and still had the guts to say that they were blissfully non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that treacherously indiscriminate might be all those; who brutally lambast the witheringly decrepit; for ostensibly not the slightest fault of theirs,

But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire savagery with unprecedented amusement; and still had the guts to say that they were celestially non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that satanically ribald might be all those; who tawdrily diffuse the daggerheads of drugs and pernicious illiteracy; amongst innocently wandering youth,

But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire chapter unfurl with astounding concentration; and still had the guts to say that they were timelessly non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that truculently insane might be all those; who bawdily sell their very own wife's; for a few extra sips of raunchily capricious wines; to sanctimoniously rev up their worthless night,

But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire holocaust with uninhibited laughter; and still had the guts to say that they were non-invasively non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that devilishly ominous might be all those; who acrimoniously abandon their comrades in agonizingly traumatic pain; to hideously gallivant towards the clouds of ethereal prosperity themselves,

But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire misery without a freckle of empathy on their emotionless faces; and still had the guts to say that they were heavenly non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that licentiously coldhearted might be all those; who perpetuate gorily bloody war in the name of religion; color; caste; creed and tribe,

But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire catastrophe sipping rejuvenating tea under their silken blankets; and still had the guts to say that they were ingratiatingly non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that tyrannically dictatorial might be all those; who hedonistically burn innocuous entities alive; just to feed the ghastly remnants to their frivolously growling pet dogs,

But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire unruly bedlam without the slightest batting of their eye; and still had the guts to say that they were enchantingly non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that venomously criminal might be all those; who gruesomely blinded jubilantly exuberantly cavorting organisms; just to ridiculously catapult to the pinnacle of transiently penalizing prosperity,
But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire derogatory imprisonment with princely equanimity; and still had the guts to say that they were spell bindingly non-violent.

I wholeheartedly agree that preposterously malignant might be all those; who rampantly broke compassionately bonded hearts; just to bathe their fetidly penurious backsides with some extra titillation,
But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire macabre lunaticism with their tongue smacking their nonchalantly chapped lips; and still had the guts to say that they were bountifully non-violent.

And I wholeheartedly agree that dastardly devils might be all those; who snap the fangs of their symbiotically holistic compatriot's existence; just to grant themselves an infinite more perilous lives,
But irrefutably murderous are and forever will be those; who watch the entire torturous crucifying with their hands in their air-conditioned pockets; and still had the guts to say that they were immortally non-violent

50. THROUGH THE TUNNELS OF

Only the hideously corrupt and treacherously dastardly; could bawdily drift through the tunnels of; abhorrently ungainly manipulation,

Only the impeccably enchanting and innocuously righteous; could patriotically march through the tunnels of; unshakably irrefutable truth,

Only the raunchily infinitesimal and baselessly threadbare; could insidiously hover through the tunnels of; maliciously truculent depravation,

Only the drearily meaningless and vindictively plotting; could ominously trespass through the tunnels of; lunatically barbaric discrimination,

Only the poignantly sensitive and ravishingly exotic; could bountifully trespass through the tunnels of; ingratiatingly tantalizing sensuousness,

Only the cold-bloodedly savage and ruthlessly slandering; could esoterically wade through the tunnels of; satanically crippling disease,

Only the unflinchingly resilient and exhilaratingly fearless; could blissfully transgress through the tunnels of; fascinatingly invincible solidarity,

Only the aristocratically artistic and surreally wandering; could gorgeously float through the tunnels of; tantalizingly proliferating newness,

Only the despicably rotting and preposterously obsolete; could aimlessly loiter through the tunnels of; flagrantly stinking failure,

Only the lethally venomous and diabolically pulverizing; could shamelessly maraud through the tunnels of; rebelliously gory bloodshed,

Only the tyrannically lambasting and purposelessly ostracizing; could horrifically step through the tunnels of; abominably castigating illiteracy,

Only the intrepidly exhilarating and exuberantly gushing; could resplendently philander through the tunnels of; beautifully spell binding adventure,

Only the freshly born and benevolent hearted; could astoundingly gyrate through the tunnels of; panoramically vivacious Godliness,

Only the sardonically conventional and spuriously high society; could remorsefully stab through the tunnels of; deleteriously gory bloodshed,

Only the vibrantly untamed and compassionately engulfing; could exotically zip through the tunnels of; ecstatically melodious romance,

Only the fabulously synergistic and holistically humane; could gregariously interweave through the tunnels of; celestially gratifying paradise,

Only the intricately effeminate and unsurpassably obsessed; could triumphantly parade through the tunnels of; regally sparkling artistry,

Only the passionately palpitating and immortally bonding; could divinely fly through the tunnels of; perpetually unconquerable love,

Only the diligently persevering and unrelentingly unstoppable; could magnanimously whistle through the tunnels of; spell bindingly scintillating fortune,

Only the patriotically brave and altruistically sacrificing; could unchallengeably wade through the tunnels of; victoriously Omnipotent immortality,

Only the mystically enigmatic and charismatically magnetic; could timelessly gallivant through the tunnels of; marvelously conjuring magic,

Only the perennially liberated and wonderfully melanging; could stupendously bounce through the tunnels of; endlessly ebullient laughter,

But every tangible organism; irrespective of caste; creed; color; stature; height or tribe; every entity harboring insurmountable love for the God's chapter of symbiotically proliferating creation; has; is and will always fantastically burgeon through the tunnels of; eternally egalitarian and blessing humanity.

51. WHEN MY HEART FELT HEAVY

When my eyes felt preposterously heavy; I majestically treated them with infernos of bountifully unparalleled empathy,

When my lips felt insurmountably heavy; I fabulously treated them with an unfathomable balm of gregariously blossoming smiles,

When my ears felt satanically heavy; I resplendently treated them with a mesmerizing valley of ingratiatingly tantalizing sounds,

When my shoulders felt frantically heavy; I beautifully treated them with the miraculously rejuvenating cascade of the timelessly heavenly waterfalls,

When my palms felt murderously heavy; I philanthropically treated them with the fabric of everlastingly sacrosanct and Omnipotent mankind,

When my feet felt drearily heavy; I symbiotically treated them with unfathomable elements of celestially fascinating righteousness,

When my blood felt asphyxiatingly heavy; I divinely treated it with unsurpassable rivers of fragrantly coalescing compassion,

When my fingers felt disastrously heavy; I jubilantly treated them with unfathomably regale fireballs of unrelentingly endowing artistry,

When my brain felt devastatingly heavy; I enchantingly treated it with fathomless cloudbursts of spellbindingly exotic fantasy,

When my bones felt cripplingly heavy; I harmoniously treated them with the panoramically ebullient cradle of endlessly reinvigorating nature,

When my lids felt ominously heavy; I rhapsodically treated them with an incomprehensible immeasurable valley of eternally titillating sensuousness,

When my conscience felt treacherously heavy; I blazingly treated it with unconquerable fortresses of patriotically unflinching honesty,

When my tongue felt salaciously heavy; I melodiously treated it with a perpetual hive of invincible sweetness and sparklingly benign graciousness,

When my stomach felt thunderously heavy; I amiably treated it with the synergistically fructifying fruits of sacredly proliferating Mother Nature,

When my neck felt monotonously heavy; I holistically treated it with cushions of heavenly silk; engulfing even the most infinitesimal cranny of my visage with the blooming carpets of iridescent paradise,

When my deeds felt unbearably heavy; I philanthropically treated them with the perennially beautiful religion of priceless mankind,

When my shadow felt insidiously heavy; I victoriously treated it with the unassailable path of exhilaratingly unstoppable righteousness,

When my breath felt diabolically heavy; I fearlessly treated it with the Omnipotently scintillating Sunrays of vivaciously triumphant life,

And when my heart felt lethally heavy; I immortally treated it with the stupendously humanitarian impressions of love; love and only undefeatably true love.

52. TAKING THE PLUNGE

When I took a plunge into the treacherously perilous valley; all that was left of me; was countless pieces of raw chowder; disintegrated incoherently amidst the conglomerate of ominous rock,

When I took a plunge into the web of unprecedented lies; all that was left of me;

was flaming embers of inconspicuous ash; pathetically melting in the trauma of insatiable malice,

When I took a plunge into the violently circulating ceiling fan; all that was left of me; was boundless bits of profuse blood and diminutive bone; as the wings mercilessly beheaded me from each of my precious senses,

When I took a plunge into the dungeon of hideous scorpions; all that was left of me; was a mockingly ghastly bodied caricature; as the beats infiltrated their insidious fangs; well beneath the domains of my immaculate flesh,

When I took a plunge into the battlefield of indiscriminate bloodshed; all that was left of me; was a horrendously ruptured eye; frantically groping for illumination; even in the most flamboyantly sweltering Sunlight,

When I took a plunge into the fathomless avalanches of satanic ice; all that was left of me; was a skeleton of indefatigably clattering bones; rejected by even the most famished of crocodile,

When I took a plunge into the lactating lionesses den; all that was left of me; was infinitesimal bits of hair strewn incongruously on cold ground; as the monster penalized me to the most unsurpassable decree; for trying to steal her impeccable cubs,

When I took a plunge into the graves of my revered ones; all that was left of me; was an unrelenting cloudburst of tears; as I sadly remembered my near and dear; eccentrically transiting into sheer nostalgia; even as the clock astoundingly sped,

When I took a plunge into the sea of lethally glaring sharks; all that was left of me; was stray pieces of brutally decimated cloth; which the beasts apparently didn't like,

When I took a plunge into the land of manipulative commercialism; all that was left of me; was a stone ghastily immune to all ecstasy and pain; even as globules of tantalizing rain pelted ferociously outside,

When I took a plunge into the corridors of abhorrent betrayal; all that was left of me; was a poisonous arrow ludicrously flying in all directions; eventually burying itself infinite kilometers beneath dead soil; miserably failing to hits its target outside,

When I took a plunge into the abominably thorny cactus; all that was left of me; was a scarecrow with an insurmountable flurry of scratches; wildly groping for water; as sound irrevocably ceased to escape out of my imprisoned mouth,

When I took a plunge into the horrifically despondent gutter; all that was left of me; was a sardonically titillating entity; becoming an unsurpassably bountiful delight for savage pigs,

When I took a plunge into a pond of heinously discriminating grease; all that was left of me; was a fountain of inexplicable nervousness; disastrously stumbling to kiss mud; each time I tried to elope and alight,

When I took a plunge into the precarious electricity switchboard; all that was left of me; was barbarically electrocuted embers of worthless shit; simply unable to coalesce into a bonded entity for never ending times,

When I took a plunge into monotonous clockwork machinery; all that was left of me; was an insipid leaf of disdainful pragmatism; drifting sadly away from enchanting fantasy and wonderfully exotic life,

When I took a plunge into nonchalantly lackluster asphalt; all that was left of me; was an incorrigibly condensed stone; lackadaisically rotting every second towards the corpses of hell; as the globe smiled and sang outside,

When I took a plunge into the platform of incomprehensibly murderous knives; all that was left of me; was an unfathomably bleeding soul; lingering with supreme lunatism between fabulous heaven; and depraving hell,

And when I took a plunge into the immortal beats of your benevolent heart; all that was left of me; was countless of my kind reborn again; impregnably fortifying their pledge as each morning unveiled; to embrace the entire planet; in invincible threads of love and mankind

53. BLESSED OR NOT BLESSED

If the whites of my eyes were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but the Omnipotent contours of your magnanimously disseminating face,

If my fingers were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but the charismatically eternal folds of your bountifully redolent palms,

If my feet were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your unceasingly sacrosanct impressions; upon the intrepidly unflinching trajectory of this stupendously mellifluous Universe,

If my blood was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your spirit of timelessly impregnable humanity; the unfathomable ocean of blissful brotherhood that brilliantly drifted from even the most infinitesimal of your senses,

If my scalp was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your wonderfully gregarious and unconquerably divine pat,

If my ears were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your Omnisciently mitigating and inimitably spell binding voice,

If my bones were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your peerlessly Herculean tenacity; to perennially tower up for the cause of philanthropically divine righteousness,

If my lips were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your eternally resplendent and unshakably embracing smile,

If my throat was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your perpetually unhindered sweetness; which proliferated more indomitably than ever; in the mightiest of storms,

If my eyelashes were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your unequivocally simplistic embellishment; which inexhaustibly glistened as the most priceless imagery; in the fathomlessly never-ending Universe,

If my arms were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your insuperably marvelous sweat; from which radiated the true essence of majestically truthful perseverance,

If my reflection was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your stupendously unfathomably royalty; your invincibly Omnipresent aura; that sent chills down to the last spine of every tangible and intangible devil,

If my chin was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be

nothing else but your unsurpassably endless meadow of pristine mischief; your astoundingly unbeatable ability to enlighten even the most morbidly eviscerating of atmosphere,

If my shoulders were blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your spirit of unbelievably Samaritan togetherness; poignantly coalescing every fraternity of living kind,

If my voice was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your sacredly unparalleled ideals; which handsomely liberated the entire treacherously estranged planet; like the wail of a innocuously new born child,

If my persona was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your infallibly fragrant tenacity; to wade through the most cannibalistically parasitic of hurdles; like an unfettered silken prince,

If my conscience was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your everlasting voice of symbiotically humanitarian existence; which uninhibitedly let mother earth proliferate for times beyond infinite infinity,

If my breath was blessed forever to hold just a single thing; then it would be nothing else but your unending exhilaration to surge forward towards the heavens of goodness; even after the coffins of veritably pulverizing death,

But irrespective of whether my heart was forever blessed or not to hold just a single thing; its beats would still hold nothing else but the river of your immortal love; the sky of humanitarian godliness which enshrouded everything fathomless kilometers around you and the center of your regale chest

54. UNCONQUERABLE

Some as insatiably flaming as the flamboyant Sun; dazzling into a pool of profuse brilliance as each instant unfurled into a wholesome minute,

Some as resplendently mystical as the milky moon; ecstatically weaving a tale of unfathomable enigma; on every path that they cast their spell,

Some as boisterously buzzing as the unsurpassable hive of honey bees; piquantly diffusing an exhilarating expedition of timelessness; from their silken whites,

Some as gorgeous as the celestially cascading waterfalls; beautifully placating all

traumatized anguish around; with their uninhibited wave of philanthropism,

O! yes there were literally a boundless fraternity of eyes that I had witnessed;
but the Omnipotence in your impeccable whites; the aura of unparalleled
humanity which enshrouded your lids; was irrefutably unconquerable.

1.

Some as rhapsodically melodious as candies of blooming sugarcane; handsomely
perpetuating one and all alike; with their astounding freshness to lead life,

Some as ferocious as prowling panthers; ardently awaiting to gobble all
innocuously blissful; in their gruesomely diabolical swirl,

Some as surreptitious as manipulatively sly wolves; treacherously plotting for
your perennial illwill; without yielding even the tiniest of insinuation,

Some as bubbly as vivacious rainbows in the fathomless sky; unveiling into an
unending festoon of versatility in glorious existence,

O! yes there were literally a boundless fraternity of eyes that I had witnessed;
but the magnetism in your supremely majestic whites; the benign impressions of
the entire Universe beautifully encapsulated every time you closed your divine
lids; was irrefutably unconquerable.

2.

Some as winking as the uncontrollable tornado; submerged in an
incomprehensible ocean of flirtatious mischief; all blackened night and sweltering
day,

Some as natural as the very first rays of Sunlight; emanating a river of royally
fascinating fortitude; on every path that they harmoniously perceived,

Some as voluptuous as tantalizing seductresses in paradise; inevitably attracting
even the most lecherously uncouth; in the realms of their timeless sensuousness,

Some as patriotic as the miraculous newness of creation; altruistically ready
every minute to relinquish the last iota of their rays; for the sake of their
sacrosanct motherland,

O! yes there were literally a boundless fraternity of eyes that I had witnessed; but the Omnipresence in your marvelously regale whites; the endless Universe of priceless justice which perpetually flowed when you opened your princely lids; was irrefutably unconquerable.

3.

Some as frigidly steely as overwhelming avalanches of white ice; not succumbing to even the most tumultuously truculent of; disparaging pain,

Some as gorgeously titillating as ebulliently enticing red wines; inevitably captivating the immaculately nubile valentine,

Some as supremely amicable as fragrant lotus; wholesomely blending with even the most ruthlessly lambasting entity; that unfortunately came their way,

Some as turbulent as unstopably thunderous streaks of vivid lightening in the cosmos; unrelentingly fighting till the last breath of their life; for getting their egalitarian share of rights,

O! yes there were literally a boundless fraternity of eyes that I had witnessed; but the Omniscient religion of humanity in your fabulous whites; the immortality to live; procreate infinite new enthralling lives; and to let live in your meditating lids; was irrefutably unconquerable.

55. THE ONLY SOUNDS!

Some said that the present instant was the most rhapsodically fantastic instant; while some said that they were bountifully better of waiting for the golden rays of optimistic tomorrow,

Some said that the most exhilarating mission of their life was to kiss the peerless apogee of Everest; while some said that they found inimitable heaven sauntering amiably on fathomlessly plain ground,

Some said that there wasn't a thing as unassailable as the punctiliously plush interiors of the corporate office; while some said that the spirit of uninhibitedly untamed poetry was the most eternally fructifying in the chapter of resplendently enigmatic life,

Some said that the Universe had metamorphosed into a vindictively concrete jungle; while some said they salvaged perpetual pride taking blissful refuge in

their unflinchingly venerated mother soil,

Some said that the most compassionate warmth on this earth was in the womb of your divinely mother; while some said that sensuously endless fantasy was their profusely sole passion to survive,

Some said that the holistic vegetable was the most appetizing meal; while some said that the brutally emaciated ravines of their stomach could be miraculously placated by nothing else but unfathomably tantalizing chicken soup,

Some said that rebirth was responsible for their vividly exultating existence today; while some said that there was nothing but scientific laws that evolved every living organism boundlessly on this unbelievably enthralling planet,

Some said that unassailable truth was the only panacea to survive; while some said that unprecedented degrees of subterfuge and prejudice had to be adapted in order to breathe amidst the diabolically commercial retrace today,

Some said that unlimited success was their only mission to live; while some said that the waves of celestial contentment majestically spawned even the most infinitesimal ingredient of their scarlet blood,

Some said that the cradle of innocuous childhood was the most spellbindingly insuperable gift of life; while some said that ruling the world as its most mature and unparalleled conqueror was what they were born for,

Some said that all they yearned for was voluptuously titillating clouds of perennial rain; while some said that rolling tirelessly in the aridly arcane and indefatigably grandiloquent desert sands; was what each bone of their body vociferously demanded,

Some said that the policy of live and let live was the most ultimate of the Omnipotent Creator's commands; while some said that Survival of the fittest was what he had expected out of every construable entity on this fathomless planet,

Some said that the lines poignantly embodied on the palm scrupulously maneuvered everyone's destiny; while some said that intransigently dedicated hard work could change even the most brilliantly fortunated stars,

Some said that they wanted to take an infinite births for the sake of their heavenly beloved; while some said that this singular life of theirs was an unsolicitedly acrimonious thorn in their hindside,

Some said that the only dream that lingered in the whites of their eyes was devilishly decrepit politics; while some said that they longed to unfurl every minute of their lives as a diminutively humble common man,

Some said that the wings of egalitarian freedom should be bestowed upon every echelon of the society alike; while some said that all should exist as rustically cannibalistic and mating wolves as during the time; when the earth was first born,

Some said that the entire beauty of this vibrantly panoramic Universe could be encompassed in a barren canvas of plain white; while some said that a single life was just a speck of lackadaisically malnourished nothingness; for admiring the marvels of God's blessed earth,

Some said that money could virtually buy everything in the 21st century on this inexhaustible globe; while some said that the inferno of love was the most magnetically unceasing elixir on which this entire world survived,

And some said this; while some said that; but believe it or not; neither did I have the time to hear; neither could I utter an invisibly single word; neither did I have the time to meticulously comprehend; neither could I budge the periphery of my tongue even an ethereal trifle,

As both my lips were unconquerably interlocked with the lips of my immortal beloved; and the only sounds which we could hear; speak or execute; were the sounds of love; love and nothing but unshakably eternal and royal love!

56. AND YOU HUMAN BEING

The Sun was one of the most blazingly Omnipotent entity on this fathomless Universe; yet it never ever said that the earth which it inundated with optimistic light; was lugubriously depressed and dark,

The Rose was one of the most fragrantly spellbinding entity on this boundless Universe; yet it never ever said that the atmosphere which it perpetuated with timelessly humanitarian scent; was flagrantly rotting and obsolete,

The Mountain was one of the most indomitably strong entity on this limitless Universe; yet it never ever said that the infants which it sequestered all night and day; were grotesquely dilapidated and weak,

The Sea was one of the most vivaciously tangy entity on this unsurpassable Universe; yet it never ever said that the shores which it timelessly smooched with pristine froth; were inanely decrepit and beleaguered,

The Rain was one of the most sensuously virile entity on this enamoring Universe; yet it never ever said that the deserts which it metamorphosed into resplendent paradise; were deliriously emaciated and sick,

The Mud was one of the most propitiously spawning entity on this unlimited Universe; yet it never ever said that the tendril which it evolved out of sheer nothingness; was insipidly fragile and juvenile,

The Moon was one of the most charismatically enlightening entity on this unprecedented Universe; yet it never ever said that the night which it majestically illuminated with iridescently milky light; was invidiously appalling and abject,

The Wind was one of the most exuberantly triumphant entity on this unconquerable Universe; yet it never ever said that the leaf which it ecstatically reinvigorated; was remorsefully crinkled and in inexplicable duress,

The Horizon was one of the most unfathomably infinite entity on this Omniscient Universe; yet it never ever said that the human which it unbelievably enthralled with its tantalizing perception; was treacherously robotic and crawling on parsimonious earth,

The Grass was one of the most royally panoramic entity on this eternal Universe; yet it never ever said that the cattle which it quintessentially fed till times beyond eternity; was vituperatively greedy and parasitic,

The Pearl was one of the most pricelessly celestial entity on this symbiotic Universe; yet it never ever said that the space which it perennially charmed; was threadbarely indolent and idiosyncratic,

The Rainbow was one of the most vividly victorious entity on this blissful Universe; yet it never ever said that the sky which it regally ignited with its unparalleled color; was nonsensically lackadaisical and augmenting towards emptiness,

The Dewdrop was one of the most tantalizingly rhapsodic entity on this gargantuan Universe; yet it never ever said that the feet which it jubilantly tingled; were miserably chapped and dwindling into hopeless fatigue,

The Root was one of the most indispensably formidable entity on this stupendous Universe; yet it never ever said that the tree which it granted solidarity to even in the most vindictive of apocalypses; was fecklessly invisible and lividly limp,

The Destiny Line was one of the most impregnably deciding entity on this magnetic Universe; yet it never ever said that the palm which it granted royally unfettered authority; was egregiously diseased and slaving towards the soil,

The Star was one of the most gloriously opalescent entity on this astounding Universe; yet it never ever said that the blackness through which it convivially perpetuated; was cadaverously hopeless and defunct,

The Nostril was one of the most effusively lifeyielding entity on this infallible Universe; yet it never ever said that the lungs which it perennially perfumed with Omnipotent air; were flagrantly clumsy and wisps of nothingness,

The Snow was one of the most beautifully mollifying entity on this spectacular Universe; yet it never ever said that the slopes which it imperially enveloped with festoons of impeccable white; were infinitesimally barren and sadistically desolate,

And you Human Being; An Inconspicuously oblivious piece of nothingness in front of the Omniscient Lord Almighty; had the baseless temerity to torture; discriminate; abhor; abuse; treat your comrades worse than animals just because they were poor and destitute; just because the color of your skin was white; just because that extra parchment of spurious currency note; aimlessly squandered from your pompous trouser pocket; just because you felt you'd meaninglessly coined the axiom: that the Sun never sets on the british empire, when infact the Creator had created this earth as pricelessly and incomparably one

57. EVERY OF THOSE MOMENTS

What did the Sun do after it had disappeared into the dimly sullen horizons was none of my business; however the whites and blacks of eyes had danced in vivaciously untamed exhilaration; every of those moments when it had brilliantly dazzled into an unsurpassable civilization of Omnipotent light,

What did the Mountains do after they had gone behind the ominously appalling clouds was none of my business; however each bone of my body had felt as the most pricelessly united entity on this Universe; every of those moments when

they had altruistically sequestered me and infinite more of my kind; in good times and bad,

What did the Rainbow do after rain in Sunlight had exhausted was none of my business; however each pore of my skin had danced like a majestically unparalleled king; every of those moments when it had effulgently unfurled into the boundless amazing colors of vibrant life,

What did the Rose do after it had curled its petals in sonorous nighttime was none of my business; however each breath of mine had felt the most unconquerably priceless cistern of happiness; every of those moments when it had ubiquitously disseminated its scent of symbiotically unshakable friendship; to far and wide,

What did the Wave do after it had dissipated into penuriously invisible froth was none of my business; however I had felt that all misery had forever metamorphosed into sensuously untamed adventure; every of those moments when it had handsomely undulated towards the most supreme peak of the sky,

What did the Snake do after it had diminished into the morbidly fretful hole was none of my business; however I'd felt the winds of profound mysticism finding a permanent abode in my body; every of those moments when it had raised its nictitated its hood in uncannily royal unison with the fading light,

What did the Moon do after unlimited skies of light had taken a complete stranglehold of darkness was none of my business; however each of my expressions had felt the most amiably compassionate; every of those moments when it'd diffused beams of impregnably impeccable milkiness; marvelously resuscitating the complexion of the frigidly deteriorating night,

What did the Dancer do after locking the cadaverously lifeless door was none of my business; however each cranny of my silhouette had felt like the paradise of ultimate seduction; every of those moments when she'd uninhibitedly gyrated her silken feet on tantalizingly moistened soil,

What did the Peacock do after it had hidden its face behind its feathers was none of my business; however I'd felt peerlessly unflinching triumph blissfully kissing my doorstep; every of those moments when it had effulgently unveiled its feathers full bloom; at the tiniest innuendo of pristine rain,

What did the Mirage do after it had dissolved into a corpse of obsolete disdain was none of my business; however I'd felt fantasizing in a land beyond infinite

infinity; every of those moments when it had unceasingly seduced even the most obliviously dormant arena of my caricature,

What did the Edifice do after it had been buried deep into soil by the devastating earthquake was none of my business; however every cell of my persona had felt brimming with interminably ecstatic activity; every of those moments when people of every caste; creed and tribe had unrestrictedly bustled in its interiors; from morning to charming night,

What did the Clock do after its batteries had flagrantly exhausted was none of my business; however I'd felt that life was an unstoppably inexplicable odyssey; every of those moments when it had indefatigably ticked into the aisles of endlessness,

What did the Rain do after the fathomless heavens had wholesomely cleared was none of my business; however countless hair on my flesh had stood up in limitlessly victorious euphoria; every of those moments when it had torrentially cascaded like a new born child from the heart of the skies,

What did the Lips do after they had shrunk behind sanctimoniously spurious lipstick was none of my business; however each deadened speck of my countenance had felt bountiful with ebullient life; every of those moments when they'd blossomed into an unassailable smile,

What did the Shark do after drowning boundless feet beneath the waters was none of my business; however I'd felt seated on the throne of unshakably resplendent royalty; every of those moments when it had fearlessly glided like the strongest organism on this earth; wonderfully rejuvenating the tangy waters of frosty sea,

What did the Footprint do after completely melting with the advancing sands; however I'd felt an unrelenting wave of nostalgia engulf each of my senses; every of those moments when it had beautifully blended with the rudiments of glorious time,

What did Breath do after Life had brusquely ended was none of my business; however each ingredient of my blood had felt insuperably blessed; every of those moments when it had Omnisciently spawned a cosmos of timeless existence; everytime I had inhaled,

What did Memory do after the Brain had been atrociously paralyzed was none of my business; however I'd felt the most artistically sensitive organism on the

planet; every of those moments when it had assimilated infinite magical elements of survival in its invincible swirl,

And what did the Heart do after the graveyards of betrayal had venomously capsized was none of my business; however I'd felt as there were lives beyond an infinite lives; every of those moments when it had radiated the beats of Immortally symbiotic love.

58. CAN ONLY BE REALIZED

How brilliantly Omnipotent was the Sun; can truly be realized only in the invidiously stabbing and hopelessly asphyxiating; winds of darkness,

How redolently effulgent was the Rose; can truly be realized only in the abhorrently despairing and dolefully egregious; dustbins of stink,

How iridescently twinkling was the Star; can truly be realized only in the banefully penalizing and dreadfully directionless; mists of the night,

How poignantly scarlet was Blood; can truly be realized only in amorphously lackadaisical and nonchalantly livid; gutters of water,

How indomitably unshakable was the Mountain; can truly be realized only in frigidly crumbling and pathetically deteriorating; deserts of sandy soil,

How ecstatically triumphant was Victory; can truly be realized only in the devastatingly staring and ignominiously pulverizing; mirror of defeat,

How Omnisciently powerful was Breath; can truly be realized only in the cadaverously meaningless and remorsefully wastrel; coffins of extinction,

How mischievously tangy was the Sea; can truly be realized only in the despicably squelching and indiscriminately terrorizing; mortuaries of boredom,

How unassailably pious was the newborn Infant; can truly be realized only in the pompously prejudiced and vindictively victimizing; corpse of the sanctimoniously political world,

How Omnipresently virile was the Seed; can truly be realized only in the treacherously forlorn and ludicrously obsolete; graveyards of infertility,

How eternally resplendent was the Wind; can truly be realized only in the

parsimoniously strangulated and demonically manipulated; webs of sweat,

How mellifluously sweet was Honey; can truly be realized only in the miserably sadistic and truculently excoriating; vials of poison,

How boisterously effervescent was the Bumble Bee; can truly be realized only in the ghoulishly sullen and sacrilegiously silent; ghosts of nothingness,

How quintessentially life-yielding was Rain; can truly be realized only in the unbearably apocalyptic and abominably stabbing; jailhouses of drought,

How beautifully enamoring was fantasy; can truly be realized only in the flagrantly crippling and morbidly monotonous; chains of the corporate office,

How timelessly liberating was freedom; can truly be realized only in the venomously ostracizing and unsparingly hedonistic; gallows of slavery,

How eternally altruistic was humanity; can truly be realized only in the savagely destroying and acrimoniously bloody; maelstroms of war,

How Omnipotently unconquerable was the Lord; can truly be realized only in the uncontrollably assassinating and unsparingly knifing; hell's of the barbarously rampaging devil,

And how Immortally insuperable was Love; can truly be realized only in the atrociously sinister and unforgivably emptying; howls of disastrously bombarding betrayal.

59. ETERNAL CREATION

The Parent's job just doesn't end at giving birth to the child; but to irrefutably ensure that the infant was nourished with their breath and blood till the time it could unflinchingly fend for its symbiotic survival; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created them for,

The Sun's job just doesn't end at giving birth to light; but to irrefutably ensure that the rays optimistically enlightened even the most infinitesimally lugubrious cranny of remorsefully cloistered earth; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Rose's job just doesn't end at giving birth to fragrance; but to irrefutably

ensure that the majestic resplendence ebulliently blossomed into the lives of countless haplessly beleaguered and bereaved; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Peak's job just doesn't end at giving birth to victory; but to irrefutably ensure that the royal triumph peerlessly massacred even the most ethereal iota of devilishness from this Universe; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

Nature's job just doesn't end at giving birth to newness; but to irrefutably ensure that the evolution metamorphosed every bit of egregiously stagnating ghoulishness into a sky of rhapsodic freshness; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Cloud's job just doesn't end at giving birth to rain; but to irrefutably ensure that the water stupendously ignited vivaciously iridescent life in every ingredient of hopelessly dying soil; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Conscience's job just doesn't end at giving birth to truth; but to irrefutably ensure that the righteousness insuperably conquered every trace of diabolical lies on earth and the atmosphere; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Ocean's job just doesn't end at giving birth to salt; but to irrefutably ensure that the tanginess wonderfully illuminated every treacherously spiceles and deliriously lackadaisical moment of life; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Poet's job just doesn't end at giving birth to fantasy; but to irrefutably ensure that the dream spellbindingly impregnates the winds of Omnipotent romance into monotonously monstrous robots; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created him for,

The Lip's job just doesn't end at giving birth to smiles; but to irrefutably ensure that the happiness altruistically perpetually perpetuates into every dwelling incarcerated in chains of murderous gloom; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The Rainbow's job just doesn't end at giving birth to vividness; but to irrefutably ensure that the color timelessly enshrouded every gruesomely befriended orphan; miserably deteriorating on the globe; was what the Almighty Creator

had eternally created it for,

The Shadow's job just doesn't end at giving birth to tranquility; but to irrefutably ensure that the peacefulness granted celestial reprieve to every bizarrely estranged soul squandering on this Universe; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created it for,

The philanthropist's job just doesn't end at giving birth to unity; but to irrefutably ensure that the oneness miraculously coalesced every spuriously staggering and cold-bloodedly fighting caste; creed and tribe into the unassailable religion of humanity; was what the Almighty Creator had eternally created him for,

The wind's job just doesn't end at giving birth to freedom; but to irrefutably ensure that the liberation unequivocally freed every element of torturously enslaved earth till times immemorial; was what the Almighty Creator had created it for,

The night's job just doesn't end at giving birth to sensuality; but to irrefutably ensure that the passion brilliantly transformed every speck of infertility into the chapters of everlastingly Omniscient procreation; was what the Almighty Creator had created it for,

The eyelash's job just doesn't end at giving birth to flirtation; but to irrefutably ensure that the mischief serenely catapulted every fretfully frenetic organism into realms of impeccable childhood; was what the Almighty Creator had created it for,

The soldiers job just doesn't end at giving birth to martyrdom; but to irrefutably ensure that the valor to timelessly serve the mothersoil; throbbed fearlessly in every chest; even centuries after his veritable death; was what the Almighty Creator had created him for,

The breath's job just doesn't end at giving birth to life; but to irrefutably ensure that the exultation inexhaustibly transcended over; even the most inane anecdote of baseless corruption and demeaning death; was what the Almighty Creator had created it for,

And the heart's job just doesn't end at giving birth to Love; but to irrefutably ensure that the compassionate togetherness tirelessly bonded the entire planet into a paradise of Omnipresently unshakable strength; was what the Almighty Creator had created it for

60. THERE AND THEN ITSELF

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the police; who could vanquish the devil within instants; if using their firepower and authority; in the most righteously efficacious manner,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the press; who could bring even the ghastliest of devil to shame; by the unflinchingly triumphant power of the pen,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the wrestler; who could easily pulverize the devil into infinitesimal nothingness; with just a punch of his unsurpassably muscled arm,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the ocean; which could entirely drown the devil in whisker lengths of time; towards the most obsolete depths of treacherously rock-bottom nothingness,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the thorns; who could brutally rip apart even the goriest of devil into inanely decrepit shreds; by their mere and pecuniary caress,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the army; who could trample the devil into non-existent wisps of feckless oblivion; by merely marching under the blazing Sun; and on the pathways of righteousness,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the dungeons; which could hopelessly asphyxiate every salacious intention of the devil; into the maiming blackness of nimble submission,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the tornadoes; which could nonchalantly sweep back the devil into its indescribably unbearable hell; within just a singleton gust of strong wind,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the saint; who could render every element of ribald drudgery in the devil to inconspicuous ash; with just a single hiss of his miraculously divine breath,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the magician; who could perpetuate the soul of the heartless devil to forever disappear from this bountiful earth; by simply touching his mystical wand over its deteriorating contours,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the Sun; who could char even the most

invisible traces of the hideous devil into meaningless chowder; by simply the power of just one of its Omnipotent morning rays,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the Politician; who could ensure that the devil rotted lifelong behind morbidly sullen prison bars; by a simple ring of the phone to his unfathomable jugglery; of astutely manipulated resources,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the Butcher; who could eventually render the devil into just a ludicrous assortment of flesh and bones; lifelessly suspended from the roof of his shop; with just one stroke of his gigantically gleaming cleaver,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the forests; who could miserably confound the devil till eternity, within their unendingly painstaking labyrinths of carnivorously stabbing wilderness,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the night; who could endlessly blind even an infinite eyes of the marauding devil; with its congenitally crippling vacuum of sheer Blackness,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the mirages; who could indefatigably titillate the devil into the mortuaries of imbecile devastation; thwarting its every cadaverous effort into the realms of penurious submission,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the graveyard; which could cast such a paralyzing jinx over the tawdry devil; that it relentlessly slithered all its life like emotionless feces,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching my fathers and forefathers; who could trash the devil into the corpses of wastrel decay; utilizing their experience of several hundred years and with the sword of scintillating truth,

Instead. If I find the devil; raping; tormenting; or doing anything bad to my mother; whom infact I consider my own country; my own motherland; I'll simply kill it/finish it/behead it there and then itself; without prior intimations/insinuations or justifications given to anywhere on earth; or to anyone

61. LIVE EACH MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE

Live each moment of your life with so much of unassailable exuberance and cheer today; that you simply didn't regret death even an infinitesimal iota; if it

did viciously snatch you; at the crack of ethereal dawn; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of insatiable ebullience and cheer today; that you simply didn't regret death even a frugal whisker; if it did perniciously asphyxiate you; at the unfurling of evanescent sunrise; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of rhapsodic gusto and ardor today; that you simply didn't regret death even a minuscule denomination; if it did ominously pulverize you into nothingness; at the first glimmer of the new day; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of sensuous voluptuousness and titillation today; that you simply didn't regret death even a capricious trifle; if it did satanically annihilate you towards the land of the devil; at the very first ticking of the clock; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of invincible fortitude and flamboyance today; that you simply didn't regret death even a threadbare amount; if it did diabolically torture you; at the very first beam of light; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of blooming enthusiasm and philanthropism today; that you simply didn't regret death even a parsimonious fraction; if it did salaciously massacre you; at the unfolding of dazzling light; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of unprecedented fervor and bliss today; that you simply didn't regret death even a diminutive speck; if it did savagely assassinate the last remnants of your shadow; at the fabulous unveiling of brightness; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of poignant seduction and enthrallment today; that you simply didn't regret death even a minute fragment; if it did insidiously maim all your elements of survival; at the beckoning of scintillating morning; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of divine faith and solidarity today; that you simply didn't regret death even a paltry moment; if it did lecherously incarcerate you in its penalizing swirl; at the first cry of the cuckoo; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of Herculean tenacity and triumph today; that you simply didn't regret death even an inconspicuous trifle; if it did

brutally slaughter you into a countless pieces; at the blossoming of faint morning; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of astronomical euphoria today; that you simply didn't regret death even a frigid second; if it did tyrannically snap your bountifully beautiful breath; at the very first fragrance of the morning; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of holistic replenishment and vivacity today; that you simply didn't regret death even a tiny instant; if it did perennially enslave you in the domains of beleaguered hell; at the fructification of splendidly revitalizing morning; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of tantalizing fantasy and boisterousness today; that you simply didn't regret death even an obfuscated inch; if it did barbarically decimate you to insipid extinction; at the dancing of the very first sunbeams; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of irrefutable righteousness and honesty today; that you simply didn't regret death even an obsolete whisper; if it did traumatically squelch all your ambitions; at the rapid rising of the Sun from the behind the clouds; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of untamed exhilaration and patriotism today; that you simply didn't regret death even a dithering segment; if it did brusquely close the chapter of your glittering existence; at the primordial unraveling of brilliant newness; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of ingratiating fascination and humor today; that you simply didn't regret death even a diminutive sequel; if it did choose to lambaste only you out of countless breathing; at the romantic chirp of scintillation; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of vibrant effulgence and enchantment today; that you simply didn't regret death even a worthless instant; if it did devastatingly paralyze your senses forever; at the shimmering of ravishing morning; tomorrow,

Live each moment of your life with so much of innocuous benevolence and mysticism today; that you simply didn't regret death even a pecuniary bit; if it did vindictively exonerate you to an unsolicited ghost; at the unraveling of blistering Sunshine; tomorrow,

And live each moment of your life with so much of indefatigable compassion and immortal love today; that you simply didn't regret death even an illegitimate whiff; if it did hand you over to the blood soaked hands of the devil; at the commencement of the sweltering day; tomorrow.

62. I SALUTE THOSE

We have seen many conquer the astronomical summit of the mountain; baring their chests against the mighty winds,
But I salute those who have conquered their conscience; followed its righteous voice to blend themselves profusely with the Almighty.

We have seen many conquer the battlefield; win even its most minuscule cranny with their tales of stupendous valor and unflinching bravery,
But I salute those who have conquered the sacrosanct virtue of peace; existing in celestial harmony with the blessings of the Creator.

We have seen many conquer the ferociously raging fires; succeeding in quelling its flames with frantic efforts of their adroit bodies,
But I salute those who have conquered pain; learn to progress shoulder to shoulder with what destiny has had to inevitably offer them.

We have seen many conquer gargantuan loads of wealth; reach the unbelievable zenith; having their pockets replete with glistening gold and silver,
But I salute those who have conquered desire; the lecherous wave of dictatorial fanaticism; which ruins countless innocent lives.

We have seen many conquer the stars; reach planets beyond the earth in the most ingeniously designed spacecrafts,
But I salute those who have conquered greed; breathe in blissful buckets of air in the sparse area of mud they were bestowed upon.

We have seen many scream their lungs; shout in profound hysteria to make their voice heard even beyond the satiny clouds,
But I salute those who have conquered their hearts; poignantly executed the message of its beats; even though it meant ultimate disaster in every arena of survival.

We have seen many live without food and water for days; accomplish incredulous feats; to register their place forever in the all time book of records,
But I salute those who have conquered their expectations; sacrifice their sole

objects of worship; entirely for their fellow compatriots who needed them even the slightest.

We have seen many lovers making promises galore; romancing in the aisles of insatiably unrestricted passion; even after the sun had arisen,
But I salute those who wholesomely relinquished the tiniest longing of their lives; dedicate their lives to make this world a better place to live.

And we have seen many sorrowfully accepting the irrevocable atmosphere of death; sadly bidding adieu to the heavenly pleasure of this Universe,
But I salute those who rejoiced at closing the chapter of existence; emanated a divinely smile while laying down their lives for their country; remained immortal even after dying in the minds of each of their countrymen wandering; and those still waiting to be alive.

63. PLEASE SAVE THE PLANET

I have never witnessed the clouds bursting so ferociously in the sky before;
streaks of diabolical lightening sweep viciously across the fathomless cosmos,

I have never witnessed the waves rise so treacherously in the oceans before;
savagely clashing in torrents against the chain of black rocks,

I have never witnessed the soil reverberate more thunderously before; every
structure on obdurate ground collapsing like a pack of frigid matchsticks,

I have never witnessed the breeze so violently rustling before; an
incomprehensibly sinister voice echo through the hollow valleys,

I have never witnessed lava so fulminating from the belly of earth before;
charring even the most infinitesimal of organism in near vicinity,

I have never witnessed avalanches build up so prolifically before; mammoth
mountains of insidiously freezing ice; uncouthly devouring each innocuous
structure; as they diffused into infinite balls of snow,

I have never witnessed that ominously orange tinge in the sky before; the wave
of untamed anger lingering profound and austerely profuse; even after the Sun
had
disappeared beyond the horizons,

I have never witnessed the Moon stay so long behind the blanket of clouds

before; accentuating evil shades of the night to the most unprecedented limits,

I have never witnessed the river swell so gigantically before; incarcerating even the most astronomical summit of the colossal mountain; in its tumultuous swirl,

I have never witnessed the fires blazing so poignantly before; with the flames relentlessly crackling; even torrential downpours of inclement rain,

I have never witnessed the scorpions running so menacingly in the fields before; ready to stab their venomous fangs into whomsoever who came their way,

I have never witnessed the battalion of vultures soaring so ardently over the bustling city; awaiting every unleashing minute to descend down; and pluck the eyes of humble entities hovering around,

I have never witnessed the atmosphere turn a ghastly scarlet at the unveiling of ethereal dawn; droplets of satanic blood raining down unrelentingly from the festoon of tree leaves,

I have never witnessed the sands whistle at such thunderbolt velocities before; wholesomely blinding innocuous personalities who unwittingly crept their way,

I have never witnessed the fleet of panthers unite together before; galloping towards the blissful township; to ruthlessly pulverize the township of impeccable humans into raw bone,

I have never witnessed the rocks tumble down in such a rampant frenzy before; fanatically augmenting their fervor as they were just about to kiss the chocolate brown mud,

I have never witnessed spider weaving its web so boisterously before; oozing countless threads every single second to strangulate its timid prey; to horrendous death,

And I have never witnessed everything in such a frantic turmoil before; everything barbarically looming like a sword upon the holistic earth,

Therefore it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Lord; on behalf of all my philanthropic countrymen; please forgive us if we might have committed anything inadvertently against your Omnipotent grace; and even if you don't want to forgive us; please save this mesmerizing planet from disastrous extinction.

64. FRAGMENTS OF LOVE

Just fragments of seeds were enough to harness the entire tree; make it an incredibly awesome entity towering handsomely towards blue sky,

Just fragments of bricks were enough to construct a cozy dwelling; impart loads of compassionate shelter and rejuvenating warmth from winds of uncouth winter,

Just fragments of raw wood were enough to mold an amicable nest; impregnably sequester the cluster of impeccable eggs; from ominous snake and devastating storm,

Just fragments of clouds were enough to shower golden droplets of mesmerizing rain; pacify the thirst of the tumultuously scorching desert with life bestowing liquid,

Just fragments of vivacious color were enough to give the morbidly corpse like wall a new look; terminate its years of pathetic isolation with resplendent streaks of paint,

Just fragments of sunshine were enough to pierce through the blanket of menacingly mourning darkness; trigger of optimistic beams of hope in hopelessly shattered lives,

Just fragments of naturally potent herb were enough to annihilate the inexplicably lingering disease; swipe it out entirely to profoundly reinvigorate the diminishing soul,

Just fragments of salt were enough to impregnate a heavenly aroma into morsels of lackadaisical food; perpetuate an insatiable hunger in the dead bowels to the most astronomical limits,

Just fragments of nectar were enough to heal the wounds of acrimonious bitterness; fortify the broken bonds of betrayed relationship,

Just fragments of silken thread were enough for the pot-bellied spider to exist in formidable security; snore to its heart's content under pearly rays of the celestial moon,

Just fragments of the lotus flower were enough to enlighten the gloomily stinking

atmosphere; infiltrate a ray of profuse hope into the lives of those besieged with incomprehensible sadness,

Just fragments of daunting courage were enough to face the most deadliest of evil single handedly and without a ruffle to the bushy coat of whiskers,

Just fragments of words were enough to convey overwhelming gratitude; thank your true compatriots from the inner most compartments of your conscience,

Just fragments of truth were enough to valiantly permeate through the web of salacious lies; illuminate the entire universe with the radiance of candidly omnipotent light,

Just fragments of smile were enough to wholesomely assassinate the most minuscule trace of enmity; forge a path of irrefutable care in each individual it encountered in its way,

Just fragments of freedom were enough to feel like a king even while entrapped in satanic chains; fomenting you to unrelentingly dream higher than the unfathomable skies,

Just fragments of peace were enough to drastically metamorphose the entire battlefield of ghastly blood shed; into one with symbiotic harmony and united strength,

Just fragments of empathy were enough to succeed in making this planet once again a veritable paradise; spread the religion of mankind to even the most obscure regions on this globe,

And just fragments of love were enough to win over the heart; survive as the most richest in this world; infact survive as the most richest molecule of Almighty lord till the time he wanted you to breathe good life.

65. MOB!

They didn't see what religion I belonged to; the clothes I had adorned freshly for leading the new day,

They didn't see the family which harbored me; the fleet of young brothers and sisters that frantically waited for me to return back home,

They didn't see whether I was driving the most swankiest of automobile; or

whether I was barefoot and clad in threadbare rags,

They didn't see the flurry of passionate emotions welling up in my eyes; the appetizing meals of rice; I had just consumed for breakfast to appease my famished gluttony,

They didn't see marathon hours of turmoil I underwent every day; the painstaking agony with which I had amassed parsimoniously meager savings for vital survival,

They didn't see the insatiable desire lingering in my mind to explore this fathomless Universe; enjoy the bountiful fruits of nature to the most unprecedented limits,

They didn't see the locality which I was proudly inhabiting; the unfathomable volumes of poetry I had embossed with my very own scarlet blood till date,

They didn't see the loyalty with which I had served my nation; the Herculean struggle I had undertaken to alleviate my fellow compatriots in inexplicable distress,

They didn't see the unrelenting ardor in my sweat; the overwhelming tenacity in my voice to chant the name of my revered mother,

They didn't see the incomprehensible list of tasks that I had yet to finish; the countless number of duties I planned to diligently execute in the remainder of my life,

They didn't see the passion fulminating in my heart to contribute my best to the society; endeavor my absolute fullest to try and metamorphose this treacherous planet into a veritable paradise,

They didn't see the stream of uninhibited love cascading turbulently through my conscience; the prolific intensity with which I embraced whosoever who approached me with a tear in his eye,

They didn't see the inexorably caring looks on my parents faces; the way they pampered me like a prince; even though I was well past mid life,

They didn't see the ecstatic tunes I hummed each dawn; rhapsodically chased the boisterous cuckoos through the myriad of innocuous green meadows down the hills,

They didn't see the unsurpassable amount of feeling I possessed for my loving wife; the times when I longed to be perpetually by her mesmerizing side,

They didn't see the colossal album of photographs I flipped through each day; nostalgically transiting back into impeccable childhood as the pages unveiled,

They didn't see the color of my skin; whether I was traditionally rustic brown; or had profound traces of alien white,

They didn't see the benevolent prayers I chanted; before retiring for bed every gorgeously enchanting night,

They didn't see the immaculate crusts of beard on my face; the emphatic lines of destiny on my palms jubilantly wailing to surge forward in life,

They didn't see the initials adhering to my countenance; the name my divinely parents had christened me with; when I had just emitted my first cry,

They didn't even see the astronomical number of years for me to become this big; the agony borne by infinite elements of the society to make me blossom in existence,

And even if they did see; they pretended to be deaf; dumb and wholesomely blind; indiscriminately torching thousands alive with their families; burning boundless innocent entities in a concoction of petrol and ghastly acid; rampantly charring the entire township of blissful angels into a pugnacious ball of Black flames; o! Almighty God save everybody from the mob.

66. HOME & PARADISE

I didn't need palaces inundated with unfathomable treasuries of gold and silver; sheets of

sanctimoniously silken richness to sleep and tirelessly exist,

Home & Paradise for me was where elements of perennially blessing and fantastically unconquerable truth lived,

Home & Paradise for me was where there was rustic simplicity galore; without the most infinitesimal iota of manipulation,

Home & Paradise for me was the place where there wasn't the tiniest speck of salacious bloodshed; where the spirit of unassailable symbiotism reigned majestically supreme,

Home & Paradise for me was the atmosphere where pristine innocence was the

mantra of life for times immemorial; where the fragrance of Immortal Love blessed every palpable organism in its Godly swirl.

I didn't need clouds showering gold coins of the highest pedigree; political power of the most unprecedented authority to mercilessly rule over the entire boundless planet,

Home & Paradise for me was where rainbows of celestial peace and disarmament were the color of the Omnipotent day; gave impregnable tenacity to blissful blossom for

a countless more enchanting nights,

Home & Paradise for me was the island where unparalleled happiness flowered; out of helping my fellow comrades and truculently beleaguered human being,

Home & Paradise for me was where there wasn't the most ethereal trace of hedonistic monotony; and innovative freshness culminated into the most pricelessly everlasting song of humanity,

Home & Paradise for me was the kite which forever sailed into the forest of enigmatically enthralling adventure; splendidly tantalizing every dormant cranny of my nimble body.

I didn't need the most fantastically glittering jewelry on my body; a never-ending fountain of immaculately milky pearls profusely pouring on my demeanor from all sides,

Home & Paradise for me was in the first sign of regale life spawning from quintessential soil; the inimitable versatility with which it diffused its magnetism upon one and all alike,

Home & Paradise for me was where the ghastly mortuary of lies had evaporated into inane nothingness; where only righteousness was the miraculous wind that diffused from the mouth,

Home & Paradise for me was in that fabric; which perennially wafted the scent of the unshakably sacrosanct mother,

Home & Paradise for me was in the clouds; in which exuberantly soared the birds of timelessly uninhibited freedom.

I didn't need unsurpassably unceasing power; the reigns of this entire Universe in my hands; to whimsically rule at my wacky will,

Home & Paradise for me was where every human under the sky; bonded in the religion of humanity; irrespective of caste; creed and spurious religion; alike,

Home & Paradise for me was in the veils of mischievous sensuousness; the aristocratic setting of the evening Sun behind the mystically rain soaked hills,

Home & Paradise for me was where ubiquitous camaraderie disseminated its humanitarian caress on every patch of ebulliently fructifying soil,

Home & Paradise for me was in the mirrors of insuperably glorious honesty; the

cradle of the new born child; whose very first cries resembled the spirit of the perpetually triumphant and Omnipotent divine.

67. REWRITING HISTORY WITH POEMS OF IMMORTAL LOVE

Without it; the entire planet would solely disseminate the fragrance of heavenly compassion; once again bonding into an ocean of mystically symbiotic sharing; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would perpetually master the act of bountiful sharing; once again lending its shoulder to its fellow beings at every stage of inexplicable existence; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would blossom into the most mesmerizing cistern of peace; once again enchantingly whispering the tunes of ubiquitous harmony; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would metamorphose each ounce of ghastly bloodshed into unflinching togetherness; once again embracing the mantra of oneness in the breath; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would miraculously coalesce into solely the religion of humanity; once again forgetting every gory discrimination; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would commence to sing the magical tunes of love at first sight; once again romancing in the aisles of unbridled desire each instant of destined life; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would celebrate each living second that unleashed as the most Omnipotent panacea of success; once again living like a king till death chokes; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would commemorate death as the ultimate fruition of every existence; once again replenishing the spiritual center to the core; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would understand the greatest achievement lay in selflessly serving all fraternities and forms of humanity; once again tracing its quintessentially sacred roots; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would realize that benevolent deeds and not

baseless power could attain heaven; once again inexhaustibly striving to uplift impoverished humanity; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would irrevocably dissolve all its arrogance into a pool of humanitarian humility; once again assimilating true independence in each of its robust veins; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would let nature uninhibitedly spawn in delectable unison with every of their zealous step; once again seeking invincible refuge in the lap of mother earth; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would patronize the impregnable spirit of live and let live; once again speaking only the dialect of spellbindingly united companionship; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would resemble a virgin island of untainted faith and meditation; once again lost in the unparalleled fervor to seek the divine; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would believe in only one Creator who untiringly taught the religion of humanity to one and all; once again simplifying the true elixir to blissfully survive; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would truly imbibe that honesty is the ultimate scepter of all righteousness; once again cleansing the soul like that of a newborn child; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would tolerate each human for what they were and not for what they couldn't be; once again stretching its feet only till its quota of allotted space on the venerated soil; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would replace every non-existent corpse of terrorism and revenge with the sky of infallible brotherhood; once again following each perpetual cry of the heart; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Therefore if I had the entire of it; where 'it = each bit of murderous money squandering on this earth'; I wouldn't waste an instant pondering further; but would burn it immediately into wisps of livid nothingness-so that every line written as above triumphantly leapt from these sheets of mundane paper; to rewrite the chapters of history once again with the poems of immortal love.

68. IMMORTALLY SPLASHED

The impoverished eyes irrefutably loved it; when joyously splashed with unfathomable cisterns of overwhelmingly poignant empathy,

The disastrously impeached lips irrefutably loved it; when amiably splashed with a sky of fathomlessly benign smiles,

The insanely beleaguered hair irrefutably loved it; when ebulliently splashed with insatiable whirlwinds of exotically euphoric breeze,

The treacherously orphaned spider irrefutably loved it; when voluptuously splashed with an unsurpassable river of gorgeously compassionate silk,

The traumatically scorched grass blades irrefutably loved it; when tantalizingly splashed by a ravishing fountain of effusively mesmerizing dewdrops,

The pathetically monotonous ears irrefutably loved it; when fascinatingly splashed by a bountiful ocean of enchantingly melodious sounds,

The drearily lambasted skin irrefutably loved it; when thunderously splashed by an unrelenting downpour of euphorically everlasting rain,

The dolorously languishing snakes irrefutably loved it; when ominously splashed by a vindictive dungeon of diabolically threatening venom,

The lecherously tyrannized nests irrefutably loved it; when beautifully splashed by an immaculate festoon of marvelously ingratiating and pristine eggs,

The preposterously decaying walls irrefutably loved it; when resplendently splashed by a majestic kaleidoscope of vivaciously charismatic and seductive color,

The brutally orphaned children irrefutably loved it; when eternally splashed by infernos of insatiable belonging and gregariously comforting togetherness,

The boundlessly barren sky irrefutably loved it; when gloriously splashed by the unendingly crimson blanket of pungently enamoring clouds,

The truculently trembling and frigid body irrefutably loved it; when affably splashed by an insatiably untamed fabric of comforting cloth,

The capriciously withering and lackadaisically swaying flower irrefutably loved it; when boisterously splashed by a delectably exotic swarm of effervescent honey bees,

The haplessly staggering artist irrefutably loved it; when aristocratically splashed by exhilaratingly undulating waves of stupendously miraculous color,

The salaciously ostracized mother irrefutably loved it; when heavenly splashed by an ever-pervading cradle of supremely spell binding and unconquerable innocence,

The despondently dejected and miserably crestfallen irrefutably loved it; when timelessly splashed by an unassailably panoramic entrenchment of celestial freshness,

The inevitably maimed and gruesomely blinded man irrefutably loved it; when philanthropically splashed by impregnably perennial winds of Godly humanity,
The hopelessly dying and dithering nose irrefutably loved it; when ecstatically splashed by invincibly perpetual curtainspreads of majestically limitless breath,

And the profoundly betrayed and despicably shattered heart irrefutably loved it; when immortally splashed by sacred rainbows of tireless togetherness; by a relationship that unshakably possessed it for infinite more births; yet to come.

69. YOUR BEST COMPANY, IS YOU YOURSELF

Nobody on earth could eat for you other than you yourself; in order to blissfully mollify all those thwarting pangs of hunger; which if left untreated—would render you soon into a brutally disheveled corpse,

Nobody on earth could walk for you other than you yourself; in order to magically ease the wretchedly restless energy circumventing your bored feet; as they fervently stamped earth and kissed the oncoming exuberant draughts of air,

Nobody on earth could talk for you other than you yourself; in order to give voice to all those quintessentially simmering thoughts; inevitably wanting to be poured outside the barren chest,

Nobody on earth could watch a film for you other than you yourself; in order to fantasize and emotively feel beyond realms of the extraordinary; which mundane life otherwise never allowed you to dare,

Nobody on earth could smile for you other than you yourself; in order to feel bounteously happy from the innermost realms of your soul; for living every moment in the true pulse of bountifully enamoring life,

Nobody on earth could sleep for you other than you yourself; in order to render every cranny of your drearily impoverished countenance that heavenly respire; and gallop once again towards effulgent righteousness the instant you opened your eyes,

Nobody on earth could dream for you other than you yourself; in order to visualize the most inscrutable enigmas and colors on this Universe; and then express them in myriad forms like poetry; paintings; music by the grace of the Almighty Lord,

Nobody on earth could wash for you other than you yourself; in order to be bereft of all incorrigibly adulterated grease; and then emerge into dazzling fresh Sunshine to unabashedly enjoy for a countless more lifetimes,

Nobody on earth could sing for you other than you yourself; in order to perpetuate obsolete wisps of fleeting atmosphere; with the passionate fire of melody enveloping your innocuous soul,

Nobody on earth could swallow for you other than you yourself; in order to let breath flow like an uninhibited river of happiness; and at the same ensure that the stomach solely sung the hymns of contentment,

Nobody on earth could kiss for you other than you yourself; in order to melange the avalanche of your ignited emotions with another soul; and thereby perpetually evolve with an unconquerably new fragrance of life,

Nobody on earth could dance for you other than you yourself; in order to let every incarcerated vindication of your monotonous bones; liberate into the surreal pulse of rhythmically palpitating night,

Nobody on earth could express for you other than you yourself; in order to perpetuate every fragment of the atmosphere around; with your very own inimitable identity which radiated even after veritable death,

Nobody on earth could achieve for you other than you yourself; in order to grant every nerve under your skin the essence of unparalleled contentment; and charting your own infallible course to victory amidst a pack of satanic wolves,

Nobody on earth could embrace for you other than you yourself; in order to timelessly coalesce every fabric of your existence with the religion of living kind; and thus feel the most insuperably blessed entity alive,

Nobody on earth could procreate for you other than you yourself; in order that you played your own distinctively significant part in continuing God's chapter of creation; in perfect symbiosis with the beats of nature divine,

Nobody on earth could hear for you other than you yourself; in order to form your very own unduplicated perception of everything happening around you; undeterred by the tyrannical bigotry of the planet outside,

Nobody on earth could die for you other than you yourself; in order that you quit breath solely on the commands of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord; and made way for a fresher new civilization of magical goodness,

Nobody on earth could live for you other than you yourself; in order to be an integral element of the drapery of this effervescent planet; and further embellish each step that you tread on with the spirit of immortal love,

Then why do you keep weeping that you were all alone; when you had in fact the most invincibly blessed company on earth to disseminate love; friendship and undying charm—which was by the Grace of God none other; but you yourself.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

Love Was In The Air

Every rose in the bountiful gardens profoundly bloomed with it; blissfully assimilating its enchanting goodness in each of its vivaciously redolent petals,

Every beam of the miraculously Omnipotent Sun profusely blazed with it; triumphantly pronouncing its unflinchingly spell binding impression upon the colossal Universe,

Every droplet of the ravishingly mesmerizing waterfall marvelously glimmered with it; casting an irrefutably unconquerable spell of divine exoticism upon each organism alive,

Every leaf of the mystically corrugated tree exuberantly swirled with it; ebulliently leaping towards celestial paradise; in the swirl of its compassionately poignant caress,

Every seductively tantalizing nightingale timelessly sung it; gorgeously portraying its astoundingly unfathomable charisma; to the entire beleaguered planet outside,

Every enamoring rainbow in the fathomless cosmos danced euphorically to its tunes; culminating into an incredulously amazing kaleidoscope of panoramic beauty; and rejuvenating color,

Every blade of harmoniously nimble grass ecstatically swayed to it; innocuously fulminating its sensuous cascade of golden dewdrops; as vibrant dawn overtook the complexion of the ghastly night,

Every ingratiatingly silken web insurmountably dazzled with it; divinely dissipating its unassailably Omnipotent glow; to all those miserably dithering towards the aisles of treacherous nothingness,

Every exotically crimson cloud torrentially showered it; engulfing bizarrely barren landscapes of malicious prejudice; with incomprehensibly unending spurts of holistic symbiosis,

Every amiably philandering meadow gregariously harbored it; harnessing the tree of invincible humanity; with its perennial tributaries of uninhibited freedom,

Every wonderfully soaring bird affably encapsulated it; flooding each element of

the dolorously sultry atmosphere around; with waves of unbelievably Omniscient charisma,

Every mystically chanting cuckoo majestically whispered it; ubiquitously disseminating its relentless glory; to the most obscurely ethereal regions of this limitless planet,

Every voluptuously scented root proudly possessed it; unequivocally depicting to one and all alike; that it was the most quintessential rudiment of every organism to survive,

Every boisterously bubbling bee made it the honey of its hive; ecumenically oozing its entrenchment of perpetual sweetness; overtoppling the hideous devil with its melody of; everlasting togetherness,

Every serenely pacifying dusk pricelessly encompassed it; entirely metamorphosing every heinously barbaric into an apostle of peace; with its impregnable chapters of eternal contentment,

Every rhapsodically drifting wind intransigently embraced it; basking in the unprecedented aura of its timeless sensuousness; for centuries immemorial,

Every holistically truthful soul indefatigably lived it; naturally letting its immaculately godly elements; take wholesomely gratifying control for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Every resplendently jubilant breath stupendously relished it; insatiably suckling unsurpassable fireballs of inspiration from its Omnipresent grace; to forever emerge a philanthropic winner in the chapter of vivid existence,

O! Yes love was profusely there in the air; Love was profusely there in every synergistically beautiful element of this gigantic earth; Love was profusely there in every human poignantly existing,

And more exclusively than anything; Love had taken an immortal bondage of their hearts tonight; with their innocent spirits amalgamating as a singleton idol of unconquerable timelessness; under the milky downpour of the sacrosanct Moon.

Nikhil Parekh

Love You

When she looked at me; glancing mildly at the hidden contours of my face,
I perceived overwhelming waves of euphoria thunderously pound on my chest;
suddenly felt as handsome as the jeweled prince.

When she came face to face with my persona; at the contemporary shopping
store,
I inadvertently lost my balance; tripping down towards the floor in dumbfounded
consternation; with the contents of my shopping bag rampantly dispersing all
over.

When she discussed about me in hushed voices; profoundly aggrandizing facts
about my demeanor amidst her friends,
I felt tumultuously exhilarated; felt as if I had conquered the highest summit in
my non-illustrious career.

When she waved to me from across the bustling street; blatantly displaying the
rubicund skin of her intricate palms,
I worked with a rejuvenated vigor at office; meticulously executed all tasks in
half the time I usually took.

When she chivalrously offered to share her umbrella; in a voluptuous ambience
of torrential rain pelting down,
I felt ravishing sensations stab my body; insurmountable gratitude towards her
engulf my conscience.

When she assisted me to up pick my handkerchief from the muddy ground; our
eyes locked for marathon seconds of time,
I felt inexplicable shivers run down my spine; and there seemed to be mystical
reverberations that echoed clear and strident through my mind.

When she talked with me on telephone; the captivating melody in her voice
seemed to be drowning me in waves of rhapsody,
And I had to ask her to iterate her message at the end of the conversation; as I
was irrevocably involved all the time in grasping the sweetness in her sound;

When I opened her letter under enchanting light of the moon; I was mesmerized
sighting her exquisite handwriting,

The frenzy in my blood was so accentuated; that I swooned on the ground

blissfully falling into a slumber with her writing resting on my eyes.

When she addressed me by my name; I felt the conglomerate of bones in my legs transform into ethereal paper,
I could hardly believe my ears; and pleaded with her to say it incessantly until her mouth ached.

And the most memorable moment of my life came when she said to me I love you, whispering it while nimbly brushing across my cheek,
It was one instant of my life, which I will perpetually remember; one instant that the entire wealth in this world could fail to purchase.

Nikhil Parekh

Love, Love And Only Love

When I was trespassing through the profusely verdant lawns; I waited for the rain to pelt down in tumultuous fury; drench every agonized pore of my skin with mesmerizing globules of water,

When I was wandering through the dungeons; I waited for the serpent to crawl up my nape; mystically whisper its tales of ingratiating enchantment into the chords of my sensitive eardrum,

When I was loitering through the aisles of the grandiloquent hotel; I waited for my fellow compatriot waiter to serve me dinner; and invite me wholeheartedly inside,

When I was lying on the temple doorstep; I waited for the sacrosanct bells to ring; God's approbations to the new expeditions of my unveiling life,

When I was digging sandcastles on the shores; I waited for the tangy waves to engulf me in entirety; catapult and wholesomely encapsulate in the realms of exuberant fantasy,

When I was contemplating on the 100th floor of the colossal edifice; I waited for the conglomerate of voluptuously seductive clouds to majestically sweep past my rubicund cheeks,

When I was pathetically strangulated in the monotonous office; I waited for those moments when I would race out like a volcano; thump my fists in unprecedented exhilaration towards blissful carpets of breeze,

When I was tossing in inexplicable nervousness on my king poster bed; I waited for my revered mother to give me a peck on my cheek; make me feel like the most invincible entity on this Universe,

When I was incarcerated by the winds of thunderously snoring sleep; I waited for unfathomably gorgeous dreams to perpetuate into my mind; transport me into a land of insatiable ecstasy,

When I was haplessly brooding over my brutal destiny on the cold ground; I waited for my mischievous sister to pummel me in the ribs; make me shrug all

responsibility to be a new born child once again,

When I was on the astronomically mammoth summit of the mountain; I waited for the first rays of the Omnipotent Sun to kiss me; completely annihilate even the most minuscule trace of devil lingering in my countenance,

When I was in the heart of the jungle; I waited for the royally undaunted lion to arrive; instill in me loads of incomprehensible conviction; with just his single solitary roar,

When I was overwhelmingly tense and frazzled beyond capacity under the mind-boggling work load; I waited for a magnanimous yawn; releasing me uninhibitedly from corridors of desperation,

When I was seated abreast the golden mellow of the ornate candle; I waited for infinite lines of romantic poetry to flow in torrential downpours from my fingers; encompassing all the fragrant beauty whispering on this planet,

When I was staring unrelentingly towards the cosmos; I waited for the resplendent moon to arrive; illuminate the profound darkness of my soul with its festoon of immaculately shimmering rays,

When I was relentlessly marching on my path to save dwindling humanity; I waited for blessings to shower from the sky; to metamorphose my humble mission into a perpetual reality,

When I was dozing under the gigantic tree; I waited for the coconut to trip down; pacifying the traumatized valleys in my throat with its stupendously rejuvenating water,

When I robustly inhaling and alive; I waited for the divine light to prudently guide me; engender me to sacrifice my life for irrefutable justice to every living kind,

When I was traversing past the morbid graveyard; I waited for breath to relinquish me in entirety; bond me forever with my mates sleeping blissfully beneath the soil,

And when I was in front of my immortal beloved; I waited for her to say I LOVE

YOU, making me entirely oblivious to the most treacherous of pain on my body;
making me speak, worship; and die for; LOVE, LOVE AND ONLY LOVE.

Nikhil Parekh

Love; Love And Simply Love

I couldn't talk non stop; for after a while; the chords of my intricate throat started to hurt; and a gruesome hoarseness besieged my persona,

I couldn't walk non stop; for after a while; the soles of my feet started to ache; and the conglomerate of dreary bones in my body demanded celestial rest,

I couldn't write non stop; for after a while; my fingers swelled like a plump tomato; and the disdainful sweat on my palms started to drip obnoxiously on barren sheets of white paper,

I couldn't stare non stop; for after a while; my voluptuously soft cushion of lids fell down with a sigh; and the whites of my eye were desperate to get rid of the tumultuous stinging,

I couldn't eat non stop; for after a while; the tunnels of my stomach threatened to puke; and the buds of my tongue abhorrently repulsed the most exotic of taste,

I couldn't dance non stop; for after a while; the fantasy in my mind wholesomely subsided; and I inevitably collapsed on soil for my nocturnal slumber under the resplendent stars,

I couldn't plough non stop; for after a while; the acrimonious rays of the Sun stabbed me like a billion needles; and the gallons of golden sweat which dribbled; made me loose holistic degrees of control,

I couldn't swim non stop; for after a while; the tenacity in my arms seemed to be diminishing; and the fathomless expanse of waters made me return back to the heavenly shores,

I couldn't party non stop; for after a while; the pretentious smoke of cigar took its toll on my natural nerves; and the sonorously manipulative style of talking; assassinated all my raw exuberance in its premature buds,

I couldn't study non stop; for after a while; beads of exasperation began to entrench me from all sides; and life became nothing but a series of disastrously monotonous equations to confront,

I couldn't sing non stop; for after a while; all tunes existing seemed to be

puncturing me like fulminating volcano's; and I lost complete identity of my very own voice,

I couldn't dream non stop; for after a while; the pragmatic realities of life started to pinch me overwhelmingly; and the penurious conditions which currently engulfed me; obstructed me in my path of transforming all my perceptions into a perpetual reality,

I couldn't fight non stop; for after a while; realization dawned upon me that it was all baseless; and I needed to contribute something towards deteriorating mankind,

I couldn't sleep non stop; for after a while; I felt the blistering mid day sunshine filtering unbearably through my eyes; and the framework of my countenance became restless to be on the move,

I couldn't drive non stop; for after a while; the world outside became an incessantly revolving whiz; and I frantically wanted to trespass at normal speeds once again,

I couldn't rule non stop; for after a while; I felt as if I was completely losing my indigenous identity; and the voice of my conscience commanded me to rest blissfully in the lap of my revered mother,

I couldn't focus non stop; for after a while; the insurmountably restless urges in my soul got the better of me; and I found myself pondering on everything else; other than what I was supposed to concentrate,

I couldn't play non stop; for after a while; the will to majestically survive made me march dynamically towards the summit; slither with uninhibited passion; to achieve all my goals in life,

I couldn't hate non stop; for after a while; the inexorably omnipotent voice of my mind condemned me for my cowardly behavior; and the blood circulating in my veins fomented me to embrace my fellow mates in pain,

I couldn't lie non stop; for after a while; an astronomically ardent desire to disentangle myself from this web of lechery; and my tongue candidly conveyed its explicit set of ideals,

But there was only one virtue which I could do non stop; and which not only I;

but every entity with a throbbing heart has been doing since centuries
immemorial; a virtue which even the greatest of God's have bowed down too; a
virtue which has its immortal essence dissipated in every nook and cranny of this
boundless planet; O! yes I feel the richest man on this earth to proclaim it as
LOVE; LOVE AND SIMPLY
LOVE.

Nikhil Parekh

Loved By Her Love

My proudest desire; was to be relentlessly desired by her mystically voluptuous eyes; whether they stared lamely into exotic space; or whether they shut themselves into a boundlessly celestial reverie,

My proudest possession; was to be intransigently possessed by her seductively enamoring arms; the compassionate whirlpools of fragrant moisture; that tumultuously encapsulated the inside of her palms,

My proudest fantasy; was to be insatiably fantasized by her intriguingly spell binding brain; become an integral part of her every sensuously titillating dream,

My proudest philosophy; was to be ardently philosophized by her philanthropically benign countenance; as she disseminated every element of goodness in my impoverished soul; to the most fathomless corners of this enchanting earth,

My proudest voice; was to be indefatigably voiced by her melodiously blissful throat; become the poignant rudiments of every sound; that emanated from her rubicund tongue,

My proudest certificate; was to be irrefutably certified by her impeccably majestic grace; as she not only made me feel the opulently blessed organism alive; but marvelously vanquished even the most inadvertently committed sins; of my past life,

My proudest symbol; was to be unequivocally symbolized by her piquantly perpetual senses; as she tirelessly traced every disastrously trembling contour of my body; till infinite kilometers beyond the land of; bountifully everlasting paradise,

My proudest charm; was to be miraculously charmed by her Omnipotent presence; blend every element of my staggeringly debilitated persona; with her magnetically sacrosanct; religion of humanity,

My proudest aspiration; was to be irrevocably aspired by her seductively dancing footsteps; become every silken path on which she tread her; fabulously fervent grace,

My proudest poetry; was to be unrelentingly poeticized by her ecstatically

gushing tears of unprecedented happiness; become every landscape of fantastically flowering beauty; which she magnificently sketched on the; gloriously barren canvas,

My proudest obsession; was to be overwhelmingly obsessed by every droplet of Omnisciently crimson blood that traversed like thunderbolts of white lightning through her veins; become everything that she caressed in the tenure of her; blissfully endowed lifetime,

My proudest purification; was to be sagaciously purified by her patriotically marching stride; as she conquered even the most diminutive speck of evil in the atmosphere; with the unfathomable river of empathy; in her mesmerizing conscience,

My proudest feeling; was to be incessantly felt by her harmoniously godly fingers; escalate to the most eternal clouds of steaming romance; as she magically spun the web of her untamed yearning; around every famished pore of my dreary silhouette,

My proudest perception; was to be timelessly perceived by the unsurpassable flames of belonging in her redolent chest; gyrate as the only angel of her life; in the immaculate whites of her eyes,

My proudest teaching; was to be prudently taught by her magnanimously righteous grace; become every ubiquitously priceless principle of mankind; that she diffused like a Goddess; to the remotest corner of this colossal planet,

My proudest light; was to be magnetically lighted by the lamp of her perennially augmenting ebullience; as she uncontrollably fulminated into cloudbursts of sheer euphoria; at the tiniest of my caress,

My proudest reflection; was to be emphatically reflected in every glimmer that marvelously radiated from her flamboyantly bedazzling sweat; become every line of destiny wonderfully besieging her Omnipresent hands,

My proudest breath; was to be impregnably breathed by her ardently blazing nostrils; become every iota of ravishing air which she inhaled; into the realms of her innocuously heaving chest,

My proudest love; was to be immortally loved by her unassailably charismatic heart; perpetually live and die; with its handsomely palpitating beats; alike.

Nikhil Parekh

Lover's Eye.

Through the lovers eye; even the most fetidly repugnant of gutters; suddenly seemed like the most enchantingly glistening streams of jubilantly victorious paradise,

Through the lovers eye; even the most devastatingly burning forests of hell; suddenly seemed like the most unflinchingly blazing beams of the eternally undefeated Sun,

Through the lovers eye; even the most tauntingly hapless of failures; suddenly seemed like the most invincibly glorifying epitomes of inimitably unparalleled success,

Through the lovers eye; even the most morosely tear stained cheeks; suddenly seemed like the most robustly ecstatic toffees of perennially fructifying happiness,

Through the lovers eye; even the most cadaverously perverted of spirits; suddenly seemed like the most infallibly wondrous warriors of an optimistically effulgent tomorrow,

Through the lovers eye; even the most deliriously cacophonous madhouses; suddenly seemed like the most ultimate paradise's of spell bindingly ameliorating symbiotism,

Through the lovers eye; even the most acridly fathomless deserts; suddenly seemed like the most tantalizingly replenishing gardens of; majestically bestowing heaven,

Through the lovers eye; even the most cold-bloodedly excoriating of blood-coated thorns; suddenly seemed like the most torrentially pristine rain of royally ecstatic pearls,

Through the lovers eye; even the most disastrously orphaned of infants; suddenly seemed to be the most unconquerably aristocratic prince and princesses; of every conceivable space and time,

Through the lovers eye; even the most cursedly ghoulish houses; suddenly seemed to be the most invincibly compassionate dwellings in which resided countless families; of pricelessly humanitarian togetherness,

Through the lovers eye; even the most sadistically gleaming bars of prison;
suddenly seemed to be the most blessedly fecund cradles of all-round prosperity;
where there existed not the tiniest trace of feckless malice,

Through the lovers eye; even the most despondently impotent of barren soil;
suddenly seemed to be the most infallibly burgeoning cloud of unchallengable
fertility,

Through the lovers eye; even the most irascibly squabbling of organisms;
suddenly seemed to be the most ubiquitously harmonious harbingers of
Omniscient truth and peace,

Through the lovers eye; even the most lecherously demonic parasites; suddenly
seemed to be the most holistically surviving lanterns and mists of unprecedented
joy,

Through the lovers eye; even the most laconically nonchalant entrenchments of
oblivion; suddenly seemed to be the most vividly boisterous playgrounds
of uninhibitedly iridescent frolic,

Through the lovers eye; even the most satanically plundering of traitors;
suddenly seemed to be the most rhapsodically gyrating fairies; just descended
from the womb of heaven divine,

Through the lovers eye; even the most venomously gory battlefields of prejudice
and lies; suddenly seemed to be the most blissfully mollifying rainbows of
impregnable universal peace,

Through the lovers eye; even the most lethally unbearable anecdotes of
infidelity; suddenly seemed to be the most amiably bonding mists of eternally
victorious love,

And I just wished and wished and incessantly wished and prayed; that each one
of us living beings who have so derogatorily become robotically commercial
stonepieces these days; fall in true love this very instant irrespective of our age;
caste; creed; status; color or tribe; and then forever and ever and ever possess
the Immortal "Lovers Eye".

Nikhil Parekh

Loving You More Immortally

He looked salaciously at your eyes; pondering on umpteenth ways to extricate the last iota of moisture,
While I glimpsed at them; to get wholesomely absorbed in the golden stream of profuse empathy that cascaded down your cheek.

He looked at your flesh; fervently desiring to be torturously tempted into a whirlpool of unending seduction,
While I glimpsed it; insatiably wanting to become an irrevocably integral constituent of your blood.

He kept you in his dwelling; to tantalize himself beyond the realms of unprecedented desire; manifesting his heinous intents into an optimum reality,
While I incarcerated you perpetually within the corridors of my moist breath; making sure that you frolicked till eternity in the land of resplendent stars.

He sketched you to assimilate all the millions that lay buried on this fathomless continent; utilizing your divinely smile to unsurpassable advantage,
While I drowned myself perennially in your sacrosanct shadow; becoming entirely oblivious to the contours of my own body in the swirl of your mystical enchantment.

He fed you with meals all throughout the day; so that you pacified the most infinitesimal of his demand; executed his midnight chores; to save him from the tyranny of the sinister night,
While I encapsulated your majestic countenance like an invincible fortress from all sides; ensuring that you nestled in celestial bliss for countless more births to unveil.

He forced you to tickle him torrentially as every minute unfurled; bouncing in untamed euphoria as you haplessly squirmed towards the ground,
While I always made it intransigently sure to adhere to the most extreme silhouettes of your lips; be the sole reason of your every compassionate smile.

He invidiously used you as an ingenious key to unveil the most formidable of lock; twisting you till the times your soul had no tears to cry,
While I was the passionate set of lines which evolved freshly on your palms; each time you clenched your impeccable fists to rise above the meadow of macabre blackness.

He manipulated your life like a frigid matchstick; lighting and extinguishing it
hideously to enlighten his times of disdainful remorse,
While I pledged to the Creator to give me an infinite deaths; to make each life of
yours a marvelously glorious paradise.

And he was one of those devils who loved you only for your flurry of
grandiloquent riches; wanting to transiently taste the beauty the lord had
endowed you with,
While I was there present every instant in your heart; loving you more
immortally than any entity in heaven or earth; with each of your unleashing
beats.

Nikhil Parekh

Made Me Realize

The creases burgeoning sonorously on my forehead; made me realize; that I was getting painstakingly older,

The streaks of tantalizingly white lightening in the ambience around; made me realize; that I was incessantly erupting into a fireball of untamed sensuousness,

The voluptuous entrenchment of majestic roses in the garden; made me realize; that I wanted to timelessly philander through the aisles of uninhibitedly tingling romance,

The outlines of agonizing fervency on the periphery of my impoverished lips; made me realize; that I wanted to be insatiably kissed till times well beyond eternity,

The profusely articulate lines of destiny on my diminutive palms; made me realize; that each instant of my life; had been enigmatically embellished by the Lord Almighty,

The rambunctiously discordant reverberations in my stomach; made me realize; that even the most infinitesimal element in my intestine; was uncontrollably growling for sumptuous food,

The torrential downpours of silken rain in the atmosphere; made me realize; that the fantasizing wanderer in my soul; wanted to euphorically dance till the end of my time,

The unrelentingly Omnipotent blaze of the blistering Sun; made me realize; that I wanted to ubiquitously disseminate the essence of symbiotic brotherhood; to all my fellow comrades in inexplicably shivering distress,

The uncouthly indiscriminate trampling of the satanic devil; made me realize; that I wanted to relinquish every iota my penurious breath; in my mission to perpetually save all tyrannized mankind,

The ebulliently boisterous chirping of the innocuous squirrels and birds; made me realize; that I wanted to stretch my wings of inherent freedom; and soar like a regale prince through the gates of mesmerizing paradise,

The vivaciously resplendent rainbows in the cosmos; made me realize; that there

were an unsurpassable shades to my infinitesimal life; with each of them eventually blossoming into a valley of charismatic enchantment,

The vibrantly pulsating beats of the bountifully bubbling nightingales; made me realize; that there was still an innocent child in my manipulatively bizarre conscience; erupting into a fountain of untamed ecstasy; every unfurling instant of the brilliant day,

The ravishingly rejuvenating waterfalls on the slopes; made me realize; that I ardently needed to be caressed from all sides; replenishing every ingredient of my famished blood with all astronomically aristocratic beauty; that hovered in the atmosphere,

The indefatigable twitching of my uncannily exploring eyelids; made me realize; that I wanted to fervently discover every beautifully twinkling cranny of this wonderful Universe; infinite births even after my veritable death,

The relentlessly ricocheting echoes in the gorge; made me realize; that the inferno of hidden desires in me; was tumultuously urging to fulminate into wisps of magical togetherness,

The poignantly crimson color of my blood; made me realize; that there was irrefutably only one religion in the entire planet; and that was the religion of priceless humanity,

The titillating whispers of the tranquil tree leaves around; made me realize; that each pore of my indigently trembling skin; wanted to be compassionately caressed by unfathomable reservoirs of truth; and sparkling righteousness,

The gloriously piquant that wafted down my surrendering nostrils; made me realize; that life was the most enlightening endowment upon every living being; the harmoniously sacred mantra to bond with the Almighty Divine,

And the intransigently throbbing beats of my passionate heart; made me realize; that there I had fallen in love; bonding more invincibly with its heavenly swirl; as each second unveiled into a civilization of newness; as each moment brought alongwith it the perpetual blessings; of the Almighty Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

Made Only For Each Other

Our eyes were made only to poignantly stare at each other; with even the most boundless of Universe outside; miserably stumbling in their attempts; of breaking our profoundly spell binding compassion,

Our hands were made only to ardently intertwine with each other; with even the most countless of Universe outside; pathetically staggering; every time it tried to; disintegrate our everlastingly enchanting spirit of solidarity,

Our ears were made only to fervently listen to each other; with even the most fathomless of Universe outside; ludicrously tasting dust; every time it tried to; perpetuate our united vicinity with its unfathomable flurry of prejudiced sounds,

Our lips were made only to handsomely kiss each other; with even the most unlimited of Universe outside; disdainfully vomiting stink; every time it tried to; barbarically butcher our aisles of sensuous timelessness,

Our cheeks were made only to voluptuously tingle each other; with even the most unending of Universe outside; preposterously faltering; every time it tried to; insidiously infiltrate our immaculate virility with its vindictively ominous diabolism,

Our destinies were made only to majestically blend with each other; with even the most endless of Universe outside; digging its veritable corpse; every time it tried to; savagely permeate our existence with the clouds of commercial blackness,

Our voices were made only to euphorically sing with each other; with even the most relentless of Universe outside; sordidly sinking in its grave of doom; every time it tried to; invidiously pilfer its worthless cacophony in our impregnable rhyme of a united existence,

Our blood was made only to perennially coalesce with each other; with even the most colossal of Universe outside; becoming an inconspicuous fraction of its formidable self; every time it tried to; mélange abhorrently spurious religion in our uninhibited existence,

Our bellies were made only to tantalizingly dance with each other; with even the most gigantic of Universe outside; being pulverized to infinitesimal ash; every

time it tried to; maliciously disrupt our titillating ebullience in the heart of the resplendently starry night,

Our shadows were made only to ecstatically frolic with each other; with even the most Herculean of Universe outside; retracting to insipid nothingness; every time it tried to; satanically overrule our eternal forms with its cold-blooded sardonism,

Our chins were made only to beautifully stupefy each other; with even the most everlasting of Universe outside; shrinking to an infinitesimal matchstick; every time it tried to; acrimoniously disrupt our regally priceless and exotic essence of sharing,

Our teeth were made only to mischievously nibble each other; with even the most unprecedented of Universe outside; reducing to a mocking caricature of meaninglessness; every time it tried to; brutally massacre our unshakable relationship; with venomously exonerating lechery,

Our shoulders were made only to indefatigably march abreast each other; with even the most incomprehensible of Universe outside; transforming to flagrant despair; every time it tried to; salaciously poison our blazingly benign patriotism,

Our feet were made only to triumphantly surge forward with each other; with even the most unrelenting of Universe outside; tirelessly tasting threadbare dust; every time it tried to; menacingly deluge our intrepid survival; with the dungeons of penalizing cowardice,

Our hair were made only to exhilaratingly blow together; with even the most ever pervading of Universe outside; ridiculously retreating into its shell of unpardonable shame; every time it tried to; bombard our innocuous survival; with its entrenchments of deliberate doom,

Our skins were made only to bountifully sweat with each other; with even the most overwhelming of Universe outside; ludicrously collapsing in a heap of bedraggled non-existence; every time it tried to; numb our blistering nerves with avalanches of insane melancholy,

Our nostrils were made only to blissfully breathe with each other; with even the most unfathomable of Universe outside; shattering into an infinite pieces; every time it tried to; tyrannically penetrate into our sacrosanct fortress of perpetual

sharing,

Our souls were made only to last a countless more births with each other; with even the most unshakable of Universe outside; horrifically forgetting its very own identity; every time it tried to; viciously bludgeon our belief's in the Almighty divine; with its sword of devilish manipulation,

And our hearts were made only to immortally love each other; with even the most proliferating of Universe outside; being thrashed into disparagingly despondent oblivion; every time it tried to; uncouthly massacre our enigmatic passion; with its pistols of rigid convention.

Nikhil Parekh

Magical Palm

Dark forked lines sprawling on flesh,
stretching wildly on soft areas of palm,
crisscrossed with stars, circles, triangular
indentations,
bifurcating hand skin into several compartments,
oval islands depicting inevitable tensions,
chained strings highlighting spells of discomfort,
forked terminations, resulting in webs of imagination,
protuberant mounts, a must for prosperity,
angularly curved thumb, a sign of flexibility,
blazing tinge's of red, demonstrating radiant health,
sacred specks of brown portraying affluence,
with the trio of main lines being,
that of life, heart, and intricate mind,
all having an eminent bearing on vagaries of life,
studded firmly on interior skin mass,
arising while in Luke warm recesses of womb,
with tiny fists being divested of movement,
gaining in prominence with advancing age,
a hot subject of contention in astral groups,
indispensable to be compared,
before tying threads of holy matrimony,
an issue of permutated deliberation,
causing religious blasphemy on asiatic land,
i stare at my palm for long hours,
trying to unfold my future in scattered lines, fading
skin of magical palm.

Nikhil Parekh

Magnificently Enchanting Night

The calm which the stringent day miserably dithered to provide; was profoundly imparted by the chilly breeze of the dark night,

the tumultuous passion which the austerely acerbic day failed to provide; was profoundly imparted by the agony of the resplendent night,

The ocean of dreams which the acrimonious day floundered every second to provide; was profoundly imparted by the mesmerizing fantasy of the velvety night,

The cloud of tingling sensations which the sultry day stumbled to provide; was profoundly imparted by the tantalizing charisma of the moonlit night,

The poignant aroma of romance which the brilliantly sweltering day tripped to provide; was profoundly imparted by the overwhelmingly silvery night,

The delectably sweet flavor which the harshly perspiring day dawdled to provide; was profoundly imparted by the surreal and stormy night,

The stupendous congeniality which the monstrously illuminated day succumbed to provide; was profoundly imparted by the superlatively friendly and voluptuous night,

The tunnel of unrelenting adventure which the monotonous day ludicrously refrained to provide; was profoundly imparted by the spell binding and exotically perfumed night,

The astoundingly fragrant aura which the nondescript day faltered to provide; was profoundly imparted by the piquantly pepped up night,

The enigmatic tales of fascinating mystery which the day abysmally shirked to provide; was profoundly imparted by the enticing and profusely titillating night,

The vivacious rainbow of colors which the incorrigibly boring day fluttered to provide; was profoundly imparted by the gorgeously whispering night,

The flamboyant rays of fire which the cloudy day horrendously nictitated to provide; was profoundly imparted by the vividly vibrant night,

The dreary trail of incredulous sedation that the day obnoxiously dwindled to provide; was profoundly imparted by the incomprehensibly seductive night,

The magical wave of longing that the stoical day irrevocably refused to provide; was profoundly imparted by the mystically simmering night,

The cold beads of unprecedented exhilaration that the abysmally hot day pathetically slithered to provide; was profoundly imparted by the majestic and princely night,

The ardently milky aroma which the intractably bright day disastrously shivered to provide; was profoundly imparted by the ravishingly dainty night,

The unparalleled tremors of ecstasy which the brutal beams of day insurmountably struggled to provide; was profoundly imparted by the stringently spicy winds of night,

The opulent showers of nostalgia which the murderously blazing day wavered to provide; was profoundly imparted by the opalescent shades of the night,

And the celestial stupor which the savagely bubbling day thoroughly failed to provide; was profoundly imparted by the magnificently enchanting night.

Nikhil Parekh

Mahatma Gandhi

This man living was a blessing to earth,
His character truly spotless and bright,
With every bit of immaculate truth in it,
In a great vast and mangled world of politics,
Resolved to serve the nation
And to be a true stalwart cum true knight.

His persevering hand always got up for the right cause,
To crush evil with a strong force,
And gave infinite masses of people renewed hope.
His ideas were as firm as bare unprocessed bricks,
Bore tense enigmatic moments in peace,
And let ghastly crime on earth cease.
A quick glimpse of his wheatish face,
Can reveal a just and fair case.
His steps to righteous success were never stopped,
As they got mighty obstacles chopped.
He pointed to the right way,
Kept people round the globe always gay.
The essence of his benevolent deeds spread far and wide,
Prepares all humans for the onerous bout.
The ashes of his body still depict,
As to where the real freedom of India lives.

Nikhil Parekh

Majestically Tanned

I relentlessly slavered when I was gruesomely tanned; by the rays of bizarrely decrepit and remorsefully maiming; manipulation,

I unrelentingly digressed when I was barbarically tanned; by the rays of sordidly penurious and salaciously incarcerating; lechery,

I pathetically staggered when I was invidiously tanned; by the rays of savagely forlorn and disgustingly disgruntled; politics,

I uncontrollably bled when I was flagrantly tanned; by the rays of sonorously monotonous and indiscriminately bestial; commercialism,

I unstoppably trembled when I was brutally tanned; by the rays of diabolically cold-blooded and insidiously macabre; rioting,

I traumatically wailed when I was disparagingly tanned; by the rays of bawdily unthinkable and lethally jailing; betrayal,

I disconsolately licked lackadaisical soil when I was hideously tanned; by the rays of disastrously malicious and obnoxiously iconoclastic; solitude,

I miserably tottered when I was ominously tanned; by the rays of truculently tyrannical and torturously cadaverous; stagnation,

I disdainfully shattered when I was egregiously tanned; by the rays of fecklessly indolent and preposterously vapid; unemployment,

I horrendously crumbled when I was inclemently tanned; by the rays of unsparingly derogatory and treacherously truncating; conventionalism,

I devastatingly disappeared when I was perniciously tanned; by the rays of devilishly sinister and parsimoniously pillaging; lies,

I hopelessly immolated when I was dastardly tanned; by the rays of haplessly rancid and clandestinely slandering; fear,

I aimlessly collapsed when I was abhorrently tanned; by the rays of raunchily desolate and licentiously unworthy; indifference,

I murderously rotted when I was uncouthly tanned; by the rays of insanely pulverizing and ghoulishly lambasting; deliriousness,

I sleazily extinguished when I was acerbically tanned; by the rays of cataclysmically intolerable and atrociously avaricious; caste and creed,

I dichotomously dissolved when I was lasciviously tanned; by the rays of posthumously mordant and perilously cacophonous; corruption,

I tirelessly vomited when I was ignominiously tanned; by the rays of vindictively victimizing and venomously vagabond; war,

I perpetually died when I was opprobriously tanned; by the rays of criminally inhuman and morbidly whipping; rejection,

But I immortalized my life as well as the lives of my comrades in disoriented despair when I was majestically tanned; by the rays of royally everlasting and Omnipotently impregnable; love.

Nikhil Parekh

Make Love Every Moment; Every Day

The most perfect day for "Cricket" was; when the Sun blazed indefatigably from fathomless sky; with brilliantly invincible streams of light and air transcending everything else in the atmosphere,

The most perfect day for "Adventuring" was; when the mists of unparalleled sensuousness dribbled from every conceivable leaf of the forest; when every ingredient of soil on which you tread was engulfed with tantalizingly fresh globules of rain,

The most perfect day for "War " was; when your battalion of soldiers were consummately equipped and armed; and more so when the desire to win for their impoverished motherland reigned the most supreme in their hearts,

The most perfect day for "Chess" was; when you stretched the corridors of your imagination even beyond the uncannily extraordinary; interminably concentrating every unfurling instant; like the mid-day Sun,

The most perfect day for "Hunting" was; when stony silence overruled every trajectory of the boundless forests; fomenting you to surreptitiously approach your hedonistically man-eater prey,

The most perfect day for "Fantasizing" was; when an unsurpassable cradle of voluptuously enchanting clouds embellished every bit of barren sky; enamoring even the most fecklessly stagnating pore of your skin with unceasingly blessed rhapsody,

The most perfect day for "Dancing" was; when every blade of hair on your fantastically virile skin; stood up in effulgent exhilaration towards the astounding semi-crescent of the pearly Moon,

The most perfect day for "Kite-Flying" was; when uninhibitedly triumphant draughts of wind inundated every cranny of the atmosphere; unbelievably transported holistic thread and paper to serenaded heights of blue sky,

The most perfect day for " Football" was; when millions of fans cheered in ecstatic unison; everytime the ball headed towards the goal post under the flamboyantly sweltering rays of the mid-day Sun,

The most perfect day for " Skating" was; when even the most inconspicuous portion of soil that you tread; metamorphosed into beautifully untainted white ice,

The most perfect day for " Whistling" was; when even the most weirdest of your dreams; your every earnestly philanthropic effort in the chapter of vibrant life; seemed to be fructifying into the most blissfully unconquerable of reality,

The most perfect day for " Bathing" was; when the ravishingly shimmering waterfall ardently invited you; to feast upon its perpetually reinvigorating spray as it cascaded victoriously and freely into the valley of bewitchingly untamed wilderness,

The most perfect day for " Wrestling" was; when even the most dolorously dying muscle of your body; insatiably urged to punch its way; to fight for its very own symbiotic right; through the fabric of this endless Universe,

The most perfect day for " Examination" was; when the person you loved; adored and worshipped the most; inexhaustibly stood by your side as your most unflinching mate; even as the planet commenced to wholesomely extinguish and subside,

The most perfect day for " Driving" was; when you felt the benign spirit of your soul blend with your car and road; when whichever trail you chose to go took you towards an epitome higher than the skies,

The most perfect day for " Partying" was; when people of all caste; creed; tribe; color and race; invincibly melanged as the most celestially endowed gathering under the Sun; united in waves of symbiotic brotherhood for times immemorial,

The most perfect day for " Swimming" was; when each wave of the

sea glistened in spell-binding harmony with impregnably golden sunshine; when the shores became your ultimate abode and the majestic sea your only savior,

The most perfect day for "Living" was; when the nostrils were not just greedy for inhaling and solely flooding their individual lungs with unprecedented euphoria; but wanted to bestow happiness on countless other lives as well; altruistically exhaling out the same,

Whist the most perfect day for "Love" is every unfurling moment; every sensuous night; every blazing day; irrespective of any circumstance; situation; belonging or activity; so start to fall in love; replenish with love; blossom into love; make priceless love every beat of your immortally palpitating heart; this very moment today.

Nikhil Parekh

Make Me Immune

Don't make me immune to resplendent emotions; but make me irrefutably immune to all those outrageously overruling them; brutally pulverizing them under a carpet of insidious monotony,

Don't make me immune to bountifully captivating beauty; but make me intransigently immune to all those mercilessly marauding and ruthlessly neglecting it,

Don't make me immune to fathomless lands of enchanting grass; but make me incorrigibly immune to all those diabolically spitting and barbarically chopping them,

Don't make me immune to undulating waves of the ravishing sea; but make me irrevocably immune to all those derogatorily adulterating and corrupting them with nuclear warfare,

Don't make me immune to the astoundingly Omnipotent scent of the gregarious lotus; but make me irretrievably immune to all those uncouthly devastating its stupendous serenity; with their swords of bizarre commercialism,

Don't make me immune to the majestically divine rays of the flamboyant Sun; but make me unsurpassably immune to all those lecherously castigating them for their sweltering shine,

Don't make me immune to tantalizingly spell binding fantasy; but make me irrevocably immune to all those invidiously massacring it with graveyards of abhorrent prejudice,

Don't make me immune to grandiloquently glittering gold coins; but make me intractably immune to all those pompously tossing them; rather than helping despicably beleaguered mankind,

Don't make me immune to melodiously singing birds; but make me unfathomably immune to all those tyrannically slitting their throats; to spuriously toast for surreptitious nocturnal delights,

Don't make me immune to the symbiotically harmonious religion of humanity; but make me unprecedentedly immune to all those invidiously infiltrating it with pathetically infinitesimal idiosyncrasies of caste; creed and discriminating color,

Don't make me immune to unconquerably priceless truth; but make me
dogmatically immune to all those satanically degrading it with an acrimoniously
fretful battlefield of blatant lies,

Don't make me immune to effusively jubilant tears; but make me wholesomely
immune to all those who kept relentlessly crying; despite having all the wealth
on
this gorgeously fathomless Universe,

Don't make me immune to immortally Omniscient martyrs; but make me
boundlessly immune to all those who insipidly ridiculed and forlornly condemned
their acts of gloriously altruistic heroism,

Don't make me immune to the voluptuous shadows of sensuousness; but make
me overwhelmingly immune to all those tried to burn them in the swirl of
abominably
clockwork machinery,

Don't make me immune to ingratiatingly enigmatic mysticism; but make me
truculently immune to all those believing in nothing else but the disdainfully
boring
ticktocking of time,

Don't make me immune to synergistically surviving wildlife; but make me
entirely immune to all those beheading innocent animals; just to placate that
inconspicuously extra bit of taste in their nonchalant tongues,

Don't make me immune to eternally fructifying friendship; but make me
uncompromisingly immune to all those salaciously trying to poison it with the
fangs
of indescribably sordid greed,

Don't make me immune to blissfully earthly and panoramically natural sounds;
but make me indomitably immune to all those agonizingly trying to trample
them; with the voices of threadbare superficiality,

Don't make me immune to the heavenly seductive cisterns of pungent breath;
but make me timelessly immune to all those wanting to deliberately snap it; with
maelstroms of indiscriminately unending hatred,

And don't make me immune to the immortally sacrosanct chapters of love and

the heart O! Almighty Lord; but make me perpetually immune to all those not
harboring
respect for them; paving their way ahead in life like cold-blooded parasites.

Nikhil Parekh

Make Me One Of Your Disciple

If you were the redolent rose; shooting delectably from ravishing crusts of brown soil,
Then please bestow upon me your scent; flooding the most intricate of my senses with your stupendous fragrance.

If you were the colossal sky; profusely embedded with a cocoon of magnificently silken clouds,
Then please shower upon me droplets of enchanting rain; drenching my persona wholesomely with tantalizing globules of fresh water.

If you were the gigantic tree; prolifically impregnated with succulently delicious cherries and a cluster of salubrious fruit,
Then please drop a berry or two in my lap; making me relish the unsurpassably mesmerizing taste of mother nature.

If you were the mountain; completely engulfed by a blanket of incredulously white and crystalline snow,
Then please melt upon me your stream of sparkling liquid; profoundly titillating every pore of my frigid and lackluster skin.

If you were the celestial body of flaming Sun; blazing in flamboyant fervor all throughout the blistering day,
Then please besiege me with your festoon of fiery rays; generating waves of euphoric passion in my dreary demeanor.

If you were the resplendent battalion of marvelously shimmering stars; scattered in immortal harmony on the map of the boundless cosmos,
Then please allure me in the beam of your unending charm; the inscrutable enigma in your poignant shine.

If you were a mammoth elephant; having invincible fortitude embodied in your tusks and legs,
Then please impart me with a little skill to defend myself; sharing just few secrets of your mind boggling strength.

If you were the sacrosanct cow; being worshipped ubiquitously for your incomprehensible prowess to bless mankind,
Then please give me a few droplets of your holy milk; supremely rejuvenate my every morning with the adorable river of your pious energy.

If you were an astute Businessman; cunningly manipulating every move in the industry; stashing your warehouses with exorbitant wealth and unparalleled affluence,

Then please elucidate me with some tricks of your trade; giving me a chance to fight for my survival in this ruthlessly selfish world.

If you were the sweltering sands of golden desert; harboring billions of tons of sand and vivacious cactus,

Then please impart me with minuscule fractions of your tumultuously compassionate heat; to illuminate and enlighten my gruesomely frozen night.

If you were the royally oligarchic castle; harboring infinite numbers of supremely majestic rooms,

Then please give me some space to live however minuscule; to sequester my head from the tyranny of the satanic devil; the bitterness of the gorgeously voluptuous night.

If you were the frozen slab of benevolent ice; dribbling painstakingly as the afternoon augmented its pace,

Then please tell a chunk of yours to be my pillow; when I was struck disastrously by the brunt of disastrous drought.

If you were the melodious nightingale perched blissfully on the hills; captivating the hearts of all ages with your seductive voice,

Then please recite to me just one of your tunes; flooding my life and soul with unprecedented happiness.

If you were the ocean with vivaciously swirling waves; rising and falling incessantly before clashing against the rugged chain of cold rocks,

Then please splash a trifle on my obscurely tiny window; evoking fathomless tremors of sheer exultation to creep up poignantly down my spine.

If you were a girl with hazel shades of eye; an unprejudiced heart throbbing violently in your impeccable chest; a desire to audaciously fight against whatever odds that confronted you in your path,

Then please spare a moment of yours in my life; making me feel that I had good friend to lean upon.

If you were a mother who loved her child immensely; unrelentingly devoting every unfurling minute of yours in harnessing his innocuous blood and flesh,

Then please take me in your lap just once; teach me how to discerningly

discriminate between all the good and ominously bad.

And if you were Almighty God; diffusing your omnipotent aura in every little cranny of this Universe; holding it upright on the nail tip of your tiny finger, Then please make me one of your disciple out of the countless already existing; give me the power to fight every hurdle; embody in me the tenacity to lead life; and over and above all bestow upon me the philanthropic ability to serve all mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

Man And God

Man pathetically stumbled on every step that he tread; taking Herculean loads of time to find his footing amidst the perilously slippery landscapes,
God unassailably controlled even the most infinitesimal movement of every entity; tangible or intangible on the trajectory of this fathomless earth;
majestically and all the time.

Man profoundly concentrated only at one thing at a time; sporadically fantasizing every now again; into an entrenchment of insatiable wilderness,
God unshakably controlled even the most mercurial thought that diffused from the minds of every organism; on the canvas of this bountifully resplendent Universe.

Man committed an unsurpassable ocean of fallacies in his lifetime; inevitably erring when the winds of difficulty crept in an iota too harshly for the nimbly ingratiating body,
God irrefutably controlled even the most parsimonious traces of destiny of every organism; being the overwhelmingly impeccable entrenchment of righteousness in its soul.

Man ludicrously wilted as the horrifically ghastly impediments in his way; intensified their pressure an infinitesimal trifle,
God regally controlled even the most inconspicuous trace of strength of every organism; philanthropically endowing it with an insurmountable tenacity to massacre all evil with the sword of eternally scintillating humanity.

Man unwittingly wilted under the truculent pressure of the savagely acrimonious society; clambering the ladder of blatantly gory lies right since the very first cry of life,
God Omnisciently controlled even the most diminutive cry of every organism; metamorphosing its salaciously abusive demeanor into a fathomless paradise of patriotic truth.

Man disastrously failed at umpteenth occasions of mystical life; spending many an indefatigable night in the dungeons of disparagingly inexplicable gloom,
God Omnipotently controlled even the most insipid longing of every organism; blazingly deluging its existence with an unending fireball of gloriously exhilarating optimism.

Man wholesomely shut his eyes at the downfall of midnight; sequestering himself

in the impregnable delights of his abode to thoroughly wade off the onslaught of the mercilessly wandering devil,
God resplendently controlled even the most ethereal dreams of every organism; ingratiatingly embellishing its soul and conscience with a garland of perpetually ubiquitous togetherness.

Man hopelessly sweated under the tyrannically treacherous rays of the Sun; disdainfully gasping for rejuvenating air in a civilization enshrouded with insidiously ghastly pollution,

God Omnipresently controlled even the most ephemeral breaths of every organism; bestowing it with a splendidly synergistic resilience; to lead a fathomless more lifetimes.

And man incessantly kept aimlessly strolling between the lanes of companionship and malicious betrayal; vacillating like an extinguishing matchstick to the whiplashes of unforgiving destiny,

While God immortally controlled even the most evanescent beat of every organism; flooding its survival with the waterfall of love; love and nothing else but everlastingly enchanting love.

Nikhil Parekh

Man Comes Without Anything. Lives Without Anything. Dies Without Anything.

Bizarre loneliness when I was writing; after all who'd sit beside an eccentrically fanatic brain; try and decipher the infinite wild fantasies that engulfed each ounce of his soul
till times beyond eternity,

Wretched loneliness when I was eating; after all who'd relish the prospect of waiting till forgetfully odd hours of the day and night; to see me devour gigantic chunks of food at a time; with my unkempt bohemian hands,

Crippling loneliness when I was driving; after all who had the zeal to wade through a boundless kilometers on the trot on plain roads; transported to another world of divine sublimity—with the congruent and incongruent beats of full volume music,

Insane loneliness when I was on bed; after all who'd want to stay wide awake like the ghoulish owl all night; and then snore like a dead man as the Sun unrelentingly blazed and burnt all arid day,

Vindictive loneliness when I was in a formal party; after all who'd want to stand with an emotional fool who spoke like a new born baby with his heart; shrugging deep into his shell amidst the tiniest manipulative subtleties of the tongue,

Forlorn loneliness when I was walking; after all who'd want to amble with a person who kept unabashedly gazing at the sky—divulging his innermost secrets with it; rather than trust the frivolously prejudiced human race,

Abject loneliness when I was angry; after all who'd want to be beside an individual who was insanely ready to quit his life that very moment; for protecting even the tiniest leaf of the tree which the society outside massacred on various religious pretexts,

Egregious loneliness when I was victorious; after all who'd want to be a part of ones ecstatically unabashed celebrations; which saw one cuddle just like an inconsolably crying newborn child; into the lap stretched from the idol of the Creator Divine,

Disastrous loneliness when I faltered and floundered; after all who'd want to be a

part of a reclusively dogmatic losing camp; in this world where each second unfurling was defined as quick money,

Despairing loneliness when I bonded into matrimony; after all who'd accept an esoteric recluse lost in an entrenchment of enigma 24 X 7; when there were so many societal formalities to be relished & fulfilled,

Sadistic loneliness when I ventured to earn; after all who'd pat the back of an employee who made the entire organization bankrupt in a single instant; donating every bit of wealth towards philanthropy and all ailing living kind,

Inexplicable loneliness when I chatted with my kin; after all who'd want their sibling to be writing poetry sitting at home all the time; when the society outside was minting millions with every stroke of technology,

Brutal loneliness when I visited the doctor; after all who'd associate with an epitome of fanatic sensitivity; wherein the world stood wholesomely ready to be clinically cured & executed,

Jinxed loneliness when I tried to save mother nature; after who'd want to make me a friend and thus relinquish cutting those freshly born branches of the tree; which were infact an ungainly nuisance to their otherwise crystal clear vision,

Debilitating loneliness when I visited the Temple; Mosque; Church or Monastery; after all who'd like to befriend someone who trespassed beyond his own religion; visualizing only a singleton form of the Lord in each holy place of bountiful worship,

Insidious loneliness when I converted into humanity; after all who'd like to chat with someone who'd chosen a religion which simply wasn't defined in the infinite pages of what their ancestors and society had to say,

Satanic loneliness when I adopted a child; after all who'd want to mingle their potently masculine or feminine shadows; with a man whom they thought had adopted; only for he was too weak to procreate his very own blood,

Diabolical loneliness when I died; after all who'd want to associate even in the most remotest possible way with the lifeless; in their so alled triumphant terminologies and successful management mantras of ife,

And though all my life I refused to believe this; but how true was it when God said; that man comes on this earth without anything; continues to symbiotically

exist without anything; and eventually goes under the soil; again without anything.

After all who are we to challenge his Omnipotent principles of existence?

Nikhil Parekh

Man Eater At Large

The birds on the trees screeched hysterically; permeating the atmosphere with their shrill ringing,
Cars on the streets swerved wildly; clashing head on with the electric poles,
Children studying diligently in school; rushed out in a frenzy from the building,
Women busy chatting in shopping malls; froze in their footsteps; drowned wholesomely in the chaotic pandemonium,
Infants crawling innocuously on the floor started to cry incessantly; banging their diminutive fists against the table,
Businessmen contemplating the intricacies of market; dropped their money; galloped like a boisterous kangaroo for life,
The meticulous bus conductor forgot to halt at stops; speeded the vehicle; whizzing like a demon through the placid countryside,
People languishing in the pool with the sun sizzling their frigid skin; sprinted to seek shelter in the dense jugglery of bush as the last resort,
Clusters of teenagers painstakingly sucking ice-candy; devoured it in a single gulp; sacrificing all pleasure and relish,
Dogs barking vociferously at unsuspecting strangers; subdued their voices to mellowed yawns,
The barber who was leisurely trimming scalp hair; plucking a thin strand at a time; scraped apart the entire beard; in a state of bewilderment; infinite beads of sweat trickling down his nape,
The petrified scientists in their state of agony; inadvertently launched space shuttles well ahead of the scheduled time,
The pop star dancing like an angel to pulsating tunes; collapsed with a thud on the floor like soggy matchsticks,
Security guards deployed on the border; fled helter-skelter using every iota of their imbibed skill; to salvage immediate shelter,
Doctors in their clinics took potent pills for palpitation; to pacify their volcanically throbbing hearts,
Fishes swimming majestically in imprisoned aquariums; slithered like never before; to the vibrations of passionate tension,
Mosquitoes profoundly engrossed in sucking ripe blood; left in a hurry; flying to unprecedented heights of the ceiling,
The spider raced several times in its web; feeling the insurmountable agony bursting in its tentacles,
The artist sketching panoramic valleys; almost swallowed the brush in his mouth; made a sheer travesty of the image in nervous excitement,
The prime minister articulately delivering the speech in his sonorous voice; disdainfully dropped the mike,

The sun rays winked a little from their blazing shine; the winds blowing across roads shivered inexplicably,
It was a complete mayhem out there; as the 10 foot long leopard escaped from caged bars; gallivanted like a king through the busy traffic lanes; and a single growl from the beast had people proclaiming in all directions of the; man eater at large.

Nikhil Parekh

Man Had

Man had the ability to walk on articulately carved feet,
man had an uncanny knack of tackling problems.

man had large palms which could be curled into a fist,
man had sharp beads of visual apparatus distinguishing between good and evil.

man had lips which turned scarlet when he chewed green leaves of betel,
man had eardrums detecting the minutest of sound.

man had the capacity to perspire in the flaming Sun,
man had twin pair of nostrils which excreted snores at night.

man had a mass of shiny hair projecting from shaven scalp,
man had finger nails blended with several coats of white calcium.

man had bulging arm muscle raising cotton fabric of his shirt,
man had a bunch of well chiseled teeth biting through the hardest of sugarcane stick.

man had built palaces with silver granite and volumes of red brick,
man had bathed for centuries in water extracted from earths crust.

man had the prowess of memorizing long stanzas of numeric verse,
man had a body which had evolved from the primitive ape.

man had a voice that could be synthesized into melodious notes of music,
man had acquired occult powers by incessant worship of the divine Creator.

man had the infinite power of bringing stars to the earth,
man had ruled over all living and created for centuries since he was born.

Nikhil Parekh

Man Of The Moment

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Unconquerable Mountains; with my silhouette towering unflinchingly handsome; even as the most hedonistically extemporizing dinosaurs; lambasted over me left; right and brutal center,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Brilliant Sun; with the uninhibitedly Omnipotent aura radiating from my demeanor; enlightening the lamp of optimistic hope in every frigidly diminishing household,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Enigmatic Forests; with an unsurpassably euphoric stream of inscrutable excitement; perennially lingering from the whites of my uncannily princely eyes,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Fathomless Cosmos; with the every bit of the celestially spell binding Universe; compassionately titillating and dancing on my pristine fingertips,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Nostalgically Romantic Past; with even the most infinitesimally obsolete cranny of skin rapaciously longing; for the impeccably glorious moments once again; when I was a Godly infant,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Bountifully Burgeoning Paradise; with all that wafting from my immaculately milky persona being nothing else but; the rainbows of everlastingly unfazed success,

I didn't want to lead life as Man of the Effervescently Ticklish Circus; with even the most diminutively nimble bone of my countenance fulminating into an untamed catharsis of impregnably unparalleled laughter,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Redolently Vivacious roses; ubiquitously disseminating the scent of wonderfully egalitarian existence; in every heart and soul alike,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Opalescently Revolutionary Millennium; metamorphosing even the most evanescent coffin of horrendous despair; with my unfathomable ocean of brilliantly stupefying inventions,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Blazingly Glamorous Hollywood; with even

the most ethereally disappearing of my shadows; being crazily engulfed by winds of glitterati and intransigently unending cynosure,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Amiably Blissful Stars; indefatigably shimmering into a festoon of gloriously heavenly ecstasy; for hours and centuries galore,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Endlessly Enamoring Dreams; dogmatically unable to do anything; except open the corridors of my brain to inexorably muse; mesmerize and dream,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Jubilantly Undulating Oceans; unfolding every conceivable minute of my lifetime with the sensuously salty waves; of limitlessly ebullient springiness,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Charismatically Priceless Pearls; enrapturing even the most obfuscated ingredient of my impoverished blood; with the miraculous magic of perpetually grandiloquent Opulence,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Timelessly Fascinating Deserts; unequivocally rolling in the glistening sands; like the most invincibly silken prince of all times,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Romantically Imprisoning Winds; timidly surrendering even the most inconspicuous iota of my existence to the chapters of voluptuous bewilderment and love,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Blisteringly Dynamic Future; profusely using the firmament of space age; to mollify even the most infidel of my bodily urge,

I didn't want to lead life as MAN of the Pragmatically Perspicacious Today; holistically confronting each moment of my symbiotically destined life; as it mystically unfurled,

But rather if given a choice and by the blessings of the Lord Almighty; I would indeed want to lead life as man of the current moment; unlimitedly relishing the puff of air ecstatically tingling my nostrils this very moment; making me feel the richest organism on earth alive; not only for this birth of mine but for every birth of mine that the Creator made me to triumphantly sail.

Man- The Maker Of His Own Destiny

It was perhaps natural if the deserts blamed the flaming Sun for acrimoniously blistering into tumultuous heat; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just relentlessly whirling into a pool of disdainful dust and mirage; all night and brilliant day,

It was perhaps natural if the trees blamed the vengeful hurricanes for devastating their blissful entity into an inconspicuously bedraggled heap; as they were perpetually unable to anything; other than just incessantly embedding their roots deeper and deeper into stony cocoons of lackluster soil,

It was perhaps natural if the crops blamed the torrential floods for wholesomely disorienting them into pools of frigidly soiled banana skins; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just obediently sway in the direction of the nimble winds,

It was perhaps natural if the frogs blamed the despondent well for perniciously incarcerating them into dungeons of despair; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just loquaciously leaping within the interiors; for countless more births yet to unveil,

It was perhaps natural if the oceans blamed the fleet of ominously advancing ships for profusely adulterating their ravishingly tantalizing waters; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just tirelessly undulating into a fountain of rhapsodically tangy froth,

It was perhaps natural if the roses blamed the abominable gutters for insidiously tarnishing its mystical island of ebullient scent; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just blossom into eternal fragrance with the unfurling of ethereal dawn,

It was perhaps natural if the grass blamed the treacherously trampling juggernaut of trucks for squashing them indiscriminately into graveyards of horrendous death; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just fluttering in unbelievably aristocratic unison; to the commands of the seductively enthralling breeze,

It was perhaps natural if the mountains blamed the brutally freezing snow for making them ludicrously shiver even in the heart of the flamboyantly boisterous day; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just gigantically tower into the handsome gorge of clouds; for boundless more births yet to unveil,

It was perhaps natural if the dungeons blamed the ominous blackness for barbarically asphyxiating them in galleries of unsurpassable doom; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just being timelessly submerged infinite kilometers; beneath the surface of jubilant earth,

It was perhaps natural if the nightingale blamed the ferocious lion for satanically massacring the celestial melody in its fascinating sound; as it was perpetually unable to do anything; other than just beautiful unveil the mesmerizing chords of its throat; to incomprehensible ecstasy,

It was perhaps natural if the photograph blamed euphoric vivaciousness for continuously teasing it to beyond the threshold limits of endurance; as it was perpetually unable to do anything; other than just stare in patient innocuousness; infinite hours on the trot,

It was perhaps natural if the spider blamed the wildly whirling winds for decimating its web into a pulverized junkyard; as it was perpetually unable to do anything; other than just frantically run and suspend itself nervously from the silken strands,

It was perhaps natural if the honey blamed the lethally venomous snake for salaciously marauding its township of ebullient sweetness; as it was perpetually unable to do anything; other than just ooze into a enchantingly spell binding harmony; every unveiling instant of the day,

It was perhaps natural if the rainbows blamed the viciously clandestine clouds for snobbishly obfuscating their vibrantly resplendent sparkle; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just vividly sprout up and stringently adhere to the sky; in times of both Sunshine and bountiful rain,

It was perhaps natural if milk blamed stagnatingly dilapidated water for rendering its immaculately salubrious persona into a worthless pool of insipid nothingness; as it was perpetually unable to anything; other than just cascade in

synergistic harmony from the sacred teats of Mother cow,

It was perhaps natural if the parrots blamed cages for surreptitiously imprisoning their compassionately uninhibited freedom; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just cheekily chirp in innocently holistic tandem,

It was perhaps natural if the ants blamed the savagely marching elephants for squelching them to countless kilometers beneath their veritably stinking graves; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just harmlessly squirm in collective troops and symbiotically upon cold soil,

It was perhaps natural if the fruits blamed the capricious branches of the tree for hurling them uncouthly towards the apathetic ground at the slightest draught of breeze; as they were perpetually unable to do anything; other than just robustly augmenting in shape and size; as time merrily elapsed by,

But it was unfathomably preposterous if man blamed the Almighty Creator for his unrelenting string of ridiculous failures; for although the Omnipotent Lord had majestically spawned him with passionately crimson blood and bone; he was himself and irrefutably the maker of his own destiny.

Nikhil Parekh

Man-The Biggest Hypocrite

He thanked the simmering rays of the Sun from the innermost realms of his heart; for compassionately befriending his every heartlessly chilly winter morning,

Whilst the same man unrelentingly abused the same Sun for transforming him into a gutter of disdainful sweat; as the peak of afternoon crept by and he trespassed his terrace barefoot.

He thanked the voluptuous puffs of clouds for permeating each instant of his otherwise bedraggled day; with unparalleled fantasies of desire; charm and inseparable longing,

Whilst the same man viciously abused the same clouds for bruising him beyond repair; as he stumbled into the valley shouting for his life; losing his footing into the velvety fading light.

He thanked the tree to no end for providing him the most blissful shade of his life; wading all his worries to an eternal rest as he uninhibitedly slept on its motherly trunk,

Whilst the same man intransigently abused the same tree for becoming an infuriating hindrance; as he frantically searched for his beloved amidst the fathomless network of forest grapevines; branches; stalks and leaf.

He thanked the gigantic waves till his last trace of voice; for rhythmically lifting his boat high and handsome towards the sky; with poetically vivacious strokes galore,

Whilst the same man bawdily abused the same waves for betraying him as he sank to the rock bottom of the ocean with his boat; suddenly not able to withstand the undefeated flamboyancy of the waves anymore.

He thanked the surreally silent night with all his might; for giving him that much needed inevitable reprieve from the vagaries of this planet; where every robotic morning of worry led him to think only suicide,

Whilst the same man unsparingly abused the same night for rendering him in a state of abject loneliness; deserting him in fear of being indiscriminately robbed as he incoherently babbled with the winds.

He thanked the unflinchingly straight walls with tears of gratitude in his eyes; for being his best and most faithful companion; as he talked to them when the entire world shunted and made parodies of his eccentric delights,

Whilst the same man vindictively abused the same walls for badly bruising his

nose and imprisoning him till eternity; each time he tried to run and feel the fresh atmosphere; outside.

He thanked the fathomless desert for triggering his imagination to the most unprecedented limits; as the endless expanse of golden sands made him a spontaneous artist filled with prolific joy of the living kind,
Whilst the same man inconsolably abused the same desert for making him completely lose his moorings; hopelessly stranding him amidst a labyrinth of only dust; as he winced to take on the force of one of his chilliest nights.

He thanked the gustily blowing wind with open arms; for soaring his kite like the ultimate magician up into bits of limitless sky; as his fingers swayed to the tunes of the ardently charged string,
Whilst the same man inexorably abused the same wind for ruthlessly pushing him to a racy death- -100 floors down his building; as it blew just a trifle too harder for his comfort and his foot inadvertently tripped.

He thanked the triumphantly scintillating glass for honestly portraying every contour of his personality; as he stood up with integrity on his hard earned patch of soil,
Whilst the same man implacably abused the same glass for making him an inferior societal neglect; as it reflected scores of other thousands of beings more beautiful than him; and he now prepared himself to lead a life ahead full of misery; self-destruction and gloom.

He thanked the virgin streaks of white lightening for igniting the most dormant arenas of his brain; leading him to discover the inexplicably mysterious world beyond the mundane,
Whilst the same man horrifically abused the same lightening for reducing him into bits of invisibly ludicrous ash; as he stood a bit longer under it to admire it in its
full and untamed glory.

He thanked the tumultuously pelting drops of sensuous rain with passionate folded palms; for blessing every disastrously parched nerve of his with rhapsodic delight,
Whilst the same man barbarously abused the same rain for indefinitely stranding him within four walls; as the incessant downpour exasperatingly cut his every feasible link with the commercial globe outside.

He thanked the boundlessly dense forests for allowing him to discover his quintessential roots; as he let the seductive spray of the dew evoke memories of

the supernatural and beyond; in the spectacularly star-studded night,
Whilst the same man remorsefully abused the same forests for making him a
wastrel wanderer; slapping the tag of a good-for-nothing eccentric recluse into
his
now mysteriously groping eyes.

He thanked the compassionate woman living with him for making him feel
complete in every aspect of his existence; transcending his every desire beyond
the zenith of fulfillment,
Whilst the same man cruelly abused the same woman for circumscribing his life
into realms of responsibility; rendering him a mere puppet to fulfill his worldly
duties bereft of all spice; after a while.

You know why. Because every Man on earth; myself included; is the biggest
Hypocrite

Nikhil Parekh

Marooned

Marooned on the island of dismally obnoxious hatred; I tore the spell binding jacket of my lungs in relentless frustration; ardently desiring nothing else but exuberantly free space amidst the uninhibitedly tantalizing clouds,

Marooned on the island of treacherously sordid politics; I indefatigably kept gnawing my raw nails on the fecklessly corrugated wall; tirelessly wishing for the aisles of blissful freedom to kiss my pathetically devastated bones,

Marooned on the island of dreadfully pulverizing poverty; I vituperatively kept staring at open space; yearning for perpetual freedom on the slopes of the Omnipotently sun soaked hills,

Marooned on the island of bizarrely hapless unemployment; I deliriously punctured every construable vein of my nimble body; endlessly searching for nothing else but the gateways of everlastingly enchanting freedom,

Marooned on the island of salaciously egregious betrayal; I incessantly whimpered like a uncontrollably slaving corpse; insurmountably wishing for moments immemorial of ebulliently unshakable freedom,

Marooned on the island of obliviously cursed dilapidation; I unceasingly bit my tongue into a boundless pieces; unstoppably praying for eternally bestowing freedom to kiss the contours of my brutally emaciated lips,

Marooned on the island of boorishly baseless boredom; I vicariously licked grotesquely fetid molehills of crippling dirt; fervently wanting the paradise of indomitably burgeoning freedom to descend upon my impoverished soul,

Marooned on the island of raunchily petulant indiscrimination; I unsparingly excoriated every trace of happiness from my soul; desperately desiring the mists of exotically iridescent freedom to forever swirl across my estranged abode,

Marooned on the island of maliciously prejudiced discontentment; I sadistically plucked the whites of my eye out of my sockets; unlimitedly hoping for the playgrounds of unequivocally priceless freedom to enshroud me from all sides,

Marooned on the island of derogatorily debilitating fever; I repugnantly snubbed at even the most emollient of fantasies that swept my brain; inexorably

perceiving the meadows of celestially philanthropic freedom,

Marooned on the island of blood-sucking inequality; I broke down into an tornado of cataclysmic meaninglessness; relentlessly chasing the rainbow of perennially euphoric freedom,

Marooned on the island of invidiously amorphous atrophy; I aimlessly ran the satanic cleavers on my intricate veins; wistfully conceiving the fireballs of unsurpassably insuperable freedom,

Marooned on the island of commercial monotony; I disparagingly blew worthless saliva for hours immemorial; irrefutably wanting to hold the wand of miraculously mitigating freedom; in the center of my intrepid palms,

Marooned on the island of maniacally hypochondriac depression; I listlessly admired death to the most unprecedented limits; inveterately wishing for the march of patriotic freedom; to become my quintessential way,

Marooned on the island of fanatically religious eccentricity; I uxoriously tampered with every blissfully vivid mechanism of my body; insatiably wanting to bond with only with the essence of unassailably righteous freedom,

Marooned on the island of dastardly squelching rumors; I was confounded with the most inexplicably annihilating of cancer; eternally wanting to blend myself with the cisterns of Omnipresently enthralling freedom,

Marooned on the island of bombastically tawdry pretention; I unsavorily defecated prurient shit from every palpable pore of my body; intransigently wanting the whitewash of effulgent freedom; to take complete control of my abhorrently beleaguered senses,

Marooned on the island of mercilessly cold-blooded ruthlessness; I banged my brain into a countless pieces against cold rock; irrevocably waiting each minute for the clouds of sensuously liberating freedom; to transcend over my flagrantly deteriorating form,

But Marooned on the island of Immortal Love was the first time in my life when I felt that freedom was everywhere I roamed; freedom had become the most Omnipotent lamp in my soul; freedom was an unparalleled spirit of united existence that would continue to exist even after this earth wholesomely ceased; and it was also the very first time in my life when I prayed to the Lord; to forever

keep me
marooned.

Nikhil Parekh

Married

When the tender skinned cub was innocuous and small; he played frivolously all day in his cage; sequestered from the ominous attack of vicious predators, However when the same kid matured into the majestic lion; it was indispensable to leave him in the dense jungle.

When the buds were minuscule in size; they were kept in clusters in the contemporary vase; shielding them from the tenaciously blowing wind, However when they blossomed into crimson flowers; proliferating at amazing speeds by the unveiling day; it was indispensable to let them spread on sprawling acres of farmland.

When the river was new oozing parsimonious rivulets of water intermittently; it inhabited the obscure regions between the valley, However as torrential rain unrelentingly pelted down; the stream swelled astronomically in size; and it was now indispensable to blend the same with the colossal ocean.

When the fish were small; they were scrupulously kept in a grandiloquent tank; impregnated with loads of coral and sea food, However when they speedily augmented in size; it was indispensable to place them beside the preposterously huge whale.

When the eggs were pearly white with their shells wholesomely intact; the mothers sat on them incessantly harnessing them with their effeminate warmth, However when they hatched out into slender beaked fledglings; it was indispensable to teach them the art of flying high in the sky.

When the pup was just born wailing incoherently in the air; it slept like an angel leaning against the belly of its mother, However when it started frisking around the garden; it was indispensable to make him realize the importance of his bark.

When the venomous spider aimlessly loitered on the ground; it took shelter for many hours in cocoons of wet mud, However the minute it had spun its web; it was indispensable for it to trap its prey; before strangulating the same with its slimy juices.

When the honeybee just took its first breath; it buzzed inexorably against the

ear drum of its queen mother,
However as it developed its wings rampantly flying in the air; it was
indispensable for it to produce fresh honey.

When the child lay in its cradle he emulated the most impeccable form of life
existing on this earth; effusively crying for milk and attention,
However when he grew up into a complete individual; it was indispensable for
him to earn his own bread; exploring different arenas of the monotonous world.

And when two lovers witnessed each other; they were incorrigibly mesmerized by
each others presence; romanced and languished in the aisles of desire,
However after a marathon period had elapsed; and their relationship had
culminated into one of perpetual understanding; it was indispensable for them to
get united into threads of holy matrimony; to eventually get married

Nikhil Parekh

Maximum Comfort

A writer found maximum comfort in his pen; indefatigably penning and exploring with it the mystical vagaries of this astoundingly colossal planet,

A frog found maximum comfort in the well; philandering and rhapsodically bouncing in the morbidly smelling interiors for centuries immemorial,

A lotus found maximum comfort in the sewage pond; disseminating its fragrance to the most remotest corner of this enigmatically wavering Universe; blossoming into captivating melody as the first rays of Sun kissed the clouds,

A philosopher found maximum comfort in his unsurpassable repertoire of philanthropic books; blending each ingredient of his blood profusely; with the patriotically spell binding literature,

A shark found maximum comfort in the ocean; gliding like a majestic prince through its profoundly incomprehensible waters; furtively waiting for its chance to pulverize immaculate prey,

A dog found maximum comfort in his masters feet; voraciously wagging its tail as it witnessed the magnanimous entity who fed it with bread; invincibly guarding all throughout the treacherous night; as its guardian snored in ravishing delight,

An eagle found maximum comfort in the sky; exuberantly soaring higher than the euphoric winds; nestling in the aisles of untamed royalty and ecstatic flight,

A corporate tycoon found maximum comfort in his office; astutely ordering and manipulating people like inconspicuous insects; to catapult to unbelievably dizzy heights,

A bee found maximum comfort in its hive; feasting and culminating into magnificently golden honey; diffusing its profuse melody; to all those deplorably deprived,

A snake found maximum comfort in its gloomy den; loitering in ghastly darkness for decades unprecedented; slithering ominously as surreptitious darkness; wholesomely overshadowed brilliant light,

A crocodile found maximum comfort in the overwhelmingly swampy marshes;

menacingly writhing its impoverished caricature; twitching its eyes with a sinister gleam; as it saw humans approaching its lethal side,

A barber found maximum comfort in his saloon; chopping unruly masses of diabolical hair; with the astounding dexterity of his piquantly pepped up knife,

A politician found maximum comfort in his blood stained chair; embedding it deeper and deeper by the unveiling minute upon innocent organisms alive; to shake his uncouth hands with the stars twinkling in emerald sky,

A mouse found maximum comfort in his island of tantalizing cheese; delectably nibbling its poignantly appetizing periphery; then smacking its diminutive lips; and sleeping upon the same in blissful pride,

A mechanic found maximum comfort with his indispensable tools; feeling like the richest man alive; as he fixed the most perplexing of broken machinery; in lightening thunderbolts of time,

A spider found maximum comfort in its charismatically silver web; weaving it relentlessly as the world killed and fought outside; clinging to its slimy strands; like the infant irrefutably embracing his mothers lap,

A painter found maximum comfort in his fathomlessly spotless canvas; deluging its silken persona; with vivaciously titillating strokes of the enthralling countryside,

A cockroach found maximum comfort near the lavatory seat; dancing in a wonderful kingdom of his own; as time swept well past the unearthly hour of cold-blooded midnight,

A child found maximum comfort in the lap of his divinely mother; perpetually resting in her lap; as the planet turned upon him like a ruthless warrior from all sides,

A nightingale found maximum comfort in the ethereal mists; surreally solitary; as it cast the unconquerable spell of its stupendous melody; upon all those baselessly shivering by the graveside,

And my heart found maximum comfort bonding with your immortal beats; and I felt that I had witnessed infinite heavens in a single lifetime; with each of your passionate breath; unitedly diffusing with mine.

Maximum Pleasure

The soap derived maximum pleasure; in cleaning tons of disdainful dirt; scrupulously polishing each pore of the rotten body,

The conglomerate of ominously black clouds derived maximum pleasure; in thunderously showering down upon the earth; inundating its fathomless barren territories with sparkling water,

The obdurate and thick skinned crocodile derived maximum pleasure; in pulverizing robust and supple flesh into slender fragments of fine chowder,

The young maiden derived maximum pleasure; sighting and admiring herself infinite number of times in the mirror; combing her hair; deftly plucking the slightest of blemish that cropped up on her persona,

The fur coated unruly street dog derived maximum pleasure; barking and howling agonizingly the entire night; keeping vigil while the rest of the world slept like God's,

The eyes derived maximum pleasure; when fully open and gazing at the mesmerizing beauty wandering delectably through the mystical foliage,

The scarlet rose derived maximum pleasure; after diffusing its enchanting fragrance prolifically all around in vicinity,

The granules of silvery sand lying scattered in the parched desert derived maximum pleasure; in suckling virtually any kind of liquid; be it mineral water or ghastly cans of kerosene,

The keys on the typewriter derived maximum pleasure; when punched at electric speeds; tenaciously by fingers functioning in splendid synchronization,

The fleet of birds wading solitarily on the river waters derived maximum pleasure; when flying high and handsome in patches of crystal blue sky; relishing the caress of a cocoon of ravishing clouds as they soared by,

The gaudy complexioned shirt derived maximum pleasure; when worn on the chest of the flamboyant president; displaying itself bombastically to as many people possible in the outside world,

The fortress of teeth embodied within the lips derived maximum pleasure; in intricately masticating rubicund morsels of glistening carrot; nibbling at the roots in
lazy exultation,

The mouse derived maximum pleasure; after capturing a battalion of mice; ruthlessly imprisoning them till they were handed over to the master,

The golden elevator derived maximum pleasure; after reaching the absolute pinnacle of the building; safely transporting an armory of people to their required destinations,

The minuscule matchstick derived maximum pleasure; after igniting to a full bloom; profoundly illuminating every household lingering in a pool of morbid darkness,

The egg derived maximum pleasure; after hatching into a tiny little and wonderful fledgling,

The feather tipped pen derived maximum pleasure; in embedding million's of lines of literature; granting stupendous status to every blank sheet of paper,

The omniscient entity of God derived maximum pleasure; in creating boundless human beings and animate life; blessing all individuals with the virtue to survive and unprecedented happiness,

Every mother derived maximum pleasure; in nourishing her child with her own blood and sacred milk; harnessing its reservoir of hidden energies to the fullest,

And every heart derived maximum pleasure; in throbbing thunderously for the person it vehemently revered; living solely and fervently for the person it loved on
this planet.

Nikhil Parekh

Me And My Boss

My Boss wanted me to browse scrupulously through each alphabet of the 'Economic Times'; digest the numerical figures prevailing in the market; better than I digested my whole days food,
While infact I wanted to read the enchantment in her voluptuous eyes; drown in the silken cascade of her mesmerizing hair.

My Boss wanted me to dance to his tunes all day; sway instantaneously to the most minuscule of his commands and instructions,
While infact I wanted to dance with her in the aisles of passionate desire; blend my senses wholesomely with the wonderful scent that emanated from her persona.

My Boss wanted me to sleep on a bed of bulky checkbooks and disdainful office files; dreaming about the company's profit and loss accounts even during my deep slumber,
While infact I wanted to lie down with her on the marshy slopes; profoundly feeling the gentle waters of the river nimbly caress my toes.

My Boss wanted me to incessantly fantasize about his corporate adversaries; trying to perceive all round the clock a flurry of ingenious ways to cunningly defeat them,
While infact I wanted to solely fantasize about her; dream about living with her on cloud nine; every unveiling second of the day.

My Boss wanted me to speak in bombastic slang and smile as soon as I encountered any of his revered customers; putting up an overwhelmingly spurious pretence under my meticulously ironed shirt,
While infact I wanted to whisper in her ears only the unending tales of my desire; embrace her for immortal moments in the formidable grip of my romance.

My Boss wanted me to sip colorless tea sitting in the matchbox shaped conference room; taking down notes as the minister spoke,
While infact I wanted to drink all the sweetness from her lips; probing my tongue wildly across every corner of her skin.

My Boss wanted me to paint every barren space I saw; with slogans haughtily advertising about his company,
While infact I wanted to paint her entire body with the color of my love; emboss on every part of her flesh the tenacity of my intricate feelings.

My Boss wanted me to count daily the balance lurking in the reserve lockers;
shrewdly negotiate every iota; seeing to it that nobody got even a penny more
than
what they deserved,
While infact I wanted to count all the hair trapped within her eyelashes; sight my
reflection in her palms sparkling with robust health.

My Boss wanted me to boast pretentiously about his greatness in front of his
wife; admire his obnoxiously filthy demeanor in front of every girl that trespassed
across his shadow,
While infact I wanted to boast only about her; write volumes and volumes of
literature describing each of her spell binding parts.

And my Boss wanted me to eat, breathe, and sleep Business; refraining me to
wander or even think beyond monotonous realms of his pathetic office,
While infact I wanted to eat, breathe, sleep only her name; keep her imprisoned
in my heart; not only for this birth; but for infinite more births to come.

Nikhil Parekh

Me. Just Me

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from optimistic light; slithering a world of desperate malice; was the abominably vindictive scorpion for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from hedonistically decaying stench; blossoming in an atmosphere of celestially redolent harmony; was the poignantly pink Lotus for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from despairingly deteriorating lies; triumphantly dancing till times immemorial in sacred paradise; was the chapter of gloriously pristine truth for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from veritably pragmatic civilization; indefatigably trying to flagrantly jinx all blissful humanity; was the treacherously satanic ghost for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from dimly forlorn barrenness; spawning into a cloudburst of newness every unfurling instant of life; was the blessedly silken raindrop for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from fecklessly wanton boredom; enriching every ingredient of the atmosphere with the ultimate fabric of ecstasy; was the vivaciously virgin rainbow for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the chains of asphyxiating depression; cascading into an endless stream of unbelievably sensuous beauty; was the timelessly majestic waterfall for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the agonizingly traumatic teardrop; uninhibitedly plunging into a gorge of unsurpassably emollient victory; was the blissful smile for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the parasitic bombardment ghastly war; unassailably towering against the most gigantic of devils on this Universe; was the fortress of unconquerably handsome unity for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the clutches of the insanely pulverizing monster; fearlessly ruling the entire planet from within its diminutive cradle; was the new born baby infant for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the seeds of astounding fertility; wailing in unceremonious angst upon the haplessly deserted streets; was the vociferously clapping eunuch for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the desolately maiming night; magically ameliorating every tyrannized organism with its Omnipotently sizzling rays; was the exuberantly Omnipresent Sun for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from cursedly diminishing oblivion; unceasingly ticking its way with every shade of changing light on earth; was the stupendous clock of immutable reality for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the unsparingly devastating hurricane; caressing every organism with miraculously rejuvenating rest; was the heaven of wonderfully resuscitating sleep for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the horizon of spell binding memory; amazingly harnessing every untold truth and lie; every voice that floated inconspicuously on earth; was the inscrutably boundless subconscious mind for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the peerlessly liberated forests; heartlessly subjugating even the most pricelessly insuperable of emotion; was the manipulatively robotized corporate world for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from gorily invidious death; culminating into freshness every unfurling minute of kingly existence; was undefeatedly Omniscient breath for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from every anecdote of pugnacious savagery; limitlessly rendering invincibly compassionate warmth for an infinite more lifetimes; was the inimitably venerated lap of the Mother for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from salaciously beheading betrayal; immortally embracing one and all with unlimited power to procreate a countless lives; was the flame of godly love for you.

And Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from mundanely decrepit reality; romancing in a whirlpool of seductively tantalizing fantasy; although there wasn't the tiniest insinuation of currency coin in my pockets; the tiniest morsel of food in my severely emaciated stomach; was me; yes me; exactly as Lord Almighty had wanted me; just for you

Nikhil Parekh

Medicine Magic

Two compartments of soft gelatin plastic,
dissolvable in spit and glandular secretions,
dipped in thick grey brilliant dye,
compressed by steel jaws of modern machine,
functioning till wee hours of midnight,
with meticulous efficiency and robotized control,
producing miniature plastic at lightning speed,
causing the strips of plastic to overlap,
into tiny shells bouncing in dispatch jars,
incorporating milligram amounts of medicine powder,
having curative potential to eliminate ailments,
attacking virus, anemia, brain malfunction,
intractable woes of cancer&aids,
assassinating diseased outgrowths,
nestling in perennial supply of red blood,
targeting the heart of sickened behavior,
with mixed ingredients of sulphur, oxide, potassium,
and derivatives of molecular compounds,
procurable in a host of potency and cost,
from a franchise of licensed medical shops,
guaranteeing reprieve from invincible pain,
an effective way of ending misery,
decades of darkened existence,
masses of weakened body machinery,
gasps of insufficient contorted breath,
a savage killer of soaring body heat,
when taken with adequate amounts of water,
at regular intervals of the day,
is simply called and saluted as medicine magic

Nikhil Parekh

Melted

The candlewax castle melted like a pack of soft cards; under blistering rays of flamboyantly fiery sunshine,

The panther melted at its mouth; when it sighted a robust fleet of deer galloping rampantly through the wilderness,

The desert sands inevitably melted in scorching summer; at the sight of the celestially rejuvenating pool of shimmering mirage,

The clouds in the cosmos melted thunderously; as they hovered over a blanket of profusely green trees and mystical shrub,

The dog's tongue melted insatiably; as it cast its greedy eyes upon the juicy chunk of bone poking alluringly from its masters pocket,

The beggar melted in mind; body and soul; as he perceived a dungeon inundated with opulently glittering gold in his nocturnal dreams,

The lips melted in unsustainable passion; as they saw the person of their most stupendous conceptions; right before their rubicund periphery,

The giant melted in wholesome entirety; as it witnessed the colossal kingdom of fleshy molecules wandering helplessly without an iota of caution or sagacious calm,

The mirror melted in a million pieces; as it confronted the ghastly skeleton of a man; who once upon a time used to admire himself in the same,

The snow melted on the boundless hills; as fireballs of pugnacious light caressed it vindictively; from every conceivable side,

The voice melted into a trickle of its original self; as an atmosphere of satanic terror; abruptly snapped the melody of its heart,

The conglomerate of gigantic leaves melted to bits of inconspicuous raw ash; as flames of pugnaciously golden fire escalated high and handsome towards the sky,

The thunderously deafening echo melted into gruesome nothingness; as it

clashed umpteenth number of times against the chain of cold blooded rocks,

The blatantly audacious footsteps melted into infinitesimally remote space; as they were besieged by the blood curling sound of menacing death,

The slabs of brilliantly sparkling yellow butter melted into a curry of slim grease; when brutally spread with a gleaming knife on the periphery of supremely handsome and sizzling toast,

The pair of vivaciously emphatic eyes melted into diminutively shrunk plastic; as they sighted the lifeless body of the person they vehemently adored and loved,

The boisterous chirping of sporty birds melted submissively; as the last beam of brightness disappeared brusquely behind the cocoon of scarlet sky,

The life of a tangible individual melted in wholesome entirety; as and when the Creator waved his hand and wanted,

And my heart melted into an island of tumultuously tantalizing paradise; at the tiniest whisper of my beloved; the most faintest cry of her enchantingly everlasting romance.

Nikhil Parekh

Mine Not Me

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my creative energies; my perpetual desire to evolve unendingly magical newness; out of inanely shriveled nothingness,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my rhapsodic fantasies; my indefatigably resurgent brain; culminating into a the most celestial cistern of uninhibitedly velvety imagination,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my nubile flesh; my every endlessly emaciated strand of hair; standing up in unprecedentedly fervent anticipation; towards the triumphantly blazing sky,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my sensuously rubicund tongue; my intransigently unflinching urge to discover the apogees of excitement and unparalleled sensuality,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my intrepidly dancing feet; my timelessly fragrant valley of fearlessly fructifying adventure; at every single step that I nimbly alighted,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my ravishingly ecstatic belly; my eternally augmenting wishes; of interminably slaving at the footsteps of inimitably priceless joy,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my silken palms; my inevitably inexplicable tryst with enigmatic destiny; the winds of change that unabashedly confronted me every unfurling minute,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my uncanny shadow; my tireless drowning into a gorge of untamed enchantment; profoundly embracing the start-studded night as my sole savior,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my poignant lips; my irrevocably undefeated ardor in life; to unshakably coalesce with the winds of lusciously compassionate belonging,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my philanthropic shoulders; my intrinsically altruistic feelings to ameliorate every fraternity and sect of living kind; from the clutches of hedonistically chauvinistic depravation,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my magnetic ears; my boundlessly intricate ability to discern even the most ethereal ounce of goodness; from amidst an unlimited corpse of diabolical ghastliness,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my bountifully glistening sweat; my undying zest to romanticize in the aisles of pristine beauty; for an infinite more births of mine,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my jubilantly unconquerable smiles; my ever-pervading spirit to remain forever cheerful; even in the face of the most goriest of extinction or massacring death,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my flirtatious eyelashes; my tendencies of mystically inborn mischief; which smooched the ultimate crescendo of intimacy as the Sun sank behind the fathomless horizons,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my virgin thighs; my cloudbursts of potent fertility; which erupted into an unassailable forest of ebullient creation; every unleashing instant of destined life,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my humanitarian blood; my uncurbed fires to conquer the ultimate epitomes of truth; undefeatedly unite every caste; creed and tribe on this earth; into the religion of mankind,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my passionate breath; my victoriously emollient desire to royally Live and Let Live; for a countless more brilliantly enlightening lifetimes,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my immortal heartbeats; my every signature of Omnipotently true love; on the pricelessly enamoring fabric of ubiquitous virility,

O! Yes; I've always wanted a man O! Omnipresent Lord; who could perpetually share even the most infinitesimal aspect of Mine for centuries immemorial; but definitely not a man who worthlessly shared Me with a countless more of his tawdrily satanic and sacrilegiously gluttonous kind

Nikhil Parekh

Mine And Only Mine

She could either indiscriminately slap me; or could embrace me more invincibly than the first rays of dawn could ever dream of embracing the fabric of hopelessly castrated darkness; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either brutally bury me an infinite feet beneath earth; or could worship me as the ultimate savior of her inimitably priceless identity; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either torturously stab me a countless times on my chest; or could apply the balm of miraculously mitigating companionship on even the most infinitesimal pore of my impoverished skin; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either ruthlessly spit on my persona; or could unflinchingly drink every globule of golden sweat that sprouted uninhibitedly from my armpits; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either diabolically blind both the whites of my eyes; or could make me the undisputed crown of her vivaciously fluttering eyelids; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either suck every ingredient of my blood to feed it to her dogs; or could sacrifice every meal of her existence to even the most infidel of my demands; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either ghastily excoriate every speck of my skin to use as the doormat of her dingy abode; or could ardently cleanse every pore of her olive complexioned skin with the acridly gratuitous dirt stuck between my toes; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either lasciviously snap the buds of my tongue into a boundless billion halves; or could inexhaustibly tremble and slaver for even the slightest trace of her persona to emanate from my fervent breath; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either discard me from every aspect of her survival; or could triumphantly sleep with every cranny of her body impregnably intermingled with mine; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either unabashedly ostracize me in front of the entire planet; or could tirelessly consecrate even the most devilishly sacrilegious thing that I did; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,
She could either unsparingly use every bone of my body to spice up her inanely colorless soup; or could fall on my feet as my ultimate slave even though I kicked her till infinite infinity; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either wholesomely ignore even the most passionately reverberating of my screams; or could kiss me with such an untamed ardor in her lips that even the most blazing of fires would plummet to shame; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either incessantly ridicule me as the most impotent organism ever on this fathomless Universe; or could be a fecund mother to an endless battalion of my children for a countless lives; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either cadaverously incarcerate me in whiplashes of fetid monotony; or could be the most tantalizingly sensuous woman of my dreams; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either devastated even the most evanescent trace of my happiness to raw ash; or could be every tear of victoriously effulgent happiness that cascaded from my eyes; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either treat me as a bawdily lecherous male mascot to the demands of her nubile flesh; or could forever bond with me in threads of triumphantly holy matrimony; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either scurrilously abhor me like no one else did on the planet; or could Immortally love me as the sole messiah of her every dream; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

And she could either devilishly assassinate the chapter of my existence from planet divine; or could make every breath that I exhaled as the sole and most unassailable elixir of her life; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

But the infallible truth of the matter is; that no matter whether the earth ceases to exist; no matter whether every bit of devastating hell perpetually blends with lackadaisical ground; no matter whether every ounce of unconquerable breath was forever snatched from the atmosphere; she would always be associated with me; she would always remember and remain with me

in some form or the other; she would never ever leave me and would always be mine; mine and none other's but mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Miracle Warmth

Voracious winds caused waves to crash against the mighty rock,
deafening sounds emanated as boulders tumbled down the mountain,
cacophonous tunes echoed as fat fingers compressed horn socket,
golden sunlight prompted sapphire stones to radiate light,
switchblade knife ripped through rich balls of cushioned foam,
electric grinders churned fruit pulp to sweetened juice,
rubber beds sunk deep as i collapsed for the night,
dry laden air had coats of moisture as light showers cascaded down,
white puffs of clouds surged forward,
with momentum imparted by passing aircraft.
peacock feathers went majestically berserk,
as signs of thunder skyrocketed in the cosmos.
humming bees buzzed with feverish activity,
oozed honey from catacombed pores of their body.
lush green grass blades cropped at barren regions of landscape,
after mere sprinkling of dried goat manure.
stream velocity rose with sporadic ease,
as crisp currents of water, confronted drifting logwood.
bicycle wheels galloped through undulating landscape,
at increasing pressure generated by foot sole.

I dug deep tunnels in sand lagoons,
suspended my flesh in molten earth, to experience brief intervals of
compassionate warmth.

Nikhil Parekh

Miraculously Uniting Crimson Blood.

As invincible as the peaks of unfathomable Everest; which were the very first to salute royally Omnipotent sunshine in the center of undying sky,

As fierily dynamic as the orange ball of Sun; which transcended and won over the most inconspicuous of misery on this planet; with its unflinching light,

As compassionately amiable as every draught of whispering wind; which gave reprieve to every beleaguered traveler around from the myriad harshness of existence,

As mellifluously tingling as the fresh water forest stream; unhindered and uninhibited by every sordidly plagued discrepancy of the distrustfully robotic world,

As resplendently pristine as the bountiful rainbow in azure space; which inevitably evoked everyone to stroke the paintbrush of sensitivity on the inexhaustible pathways of life,

As unsurpassable as the victoriously tangy oceans; which affably fathered and mothered life of every conceivable kind on this planet; in gigantic recesses of poignantly frothy water,

As sensuously enthralling as every blade of grass sprouting from mundane soil; tickling the most monstrously hideous of devil into a reverie of tantalizing newness,

As unbridled as the immaculate pearl hidden deep within the oyster; dazzling every frigid ounce of despair with optimistic white; even as blackness tried all the more to wretchedly confiscate all light,

As unabashedly charismatic as the first cries of a newborn child; which magnetized people of all caste; creed; sizes and shapes into a close huddle; to witness the most blessed creation of the Almighty Lord,

As ecstatically fresh as thundershowers of rain charging from the sky; which bubbled into a newfound effervescent energy of togetherness; after blending with each ingredient of voluptuous soil,

As eternally rapturous as the unparalleled voice of the nightingale; which united

every single heart in vicinity; with the interminable tenacity to symbiotically survive in its voice,

As untiringly positive as the nascent rays of dawn; which engulfed every bit of the Universe with a profoundly robust energy to live once again; after the gallows of haplessly jinxed death,

As gregariously redolent as the scent of the scarlet rose; which mollified every speck of traumatized apprehension around with the embrace of everlasting fantasy,

As fearless as maverick streaks of silver lightening in magical sky; which quelled every orphaned ingredient of nervous energy in the atmosphere—with the rustically naked valor to enlighten and survive,

As perseveringly timeless as freshly ploughed fields of mother nature; which earnestly spawned into fruits of eternal creation till beyond veritable time; in the face of beauty and apocalyptic devil alike,

As magical as mother earth's copious magnetic energy; which insuperably drew one and all on the trajectory of the fathomless planet; into a womb of unassailably divine warmth,

As harmoniously fructifying as golden nectar; which wondrously mended even the most devastatingly estranged of hearts with the unlimited sweetness of the Lord's Omnipresent Creation,

As inscrutably alluring as an infinite different pathways on earth; which led you to an infinite different destinations of charmed adventure; with all eventually uniting into a singleton mass of life's undefeated truth,

Was the miraculously life-yielding crimson blood in every living vein; forever and ever and ever uniting every caste; creed; religion; color; shape and tribe on God's blessed planet; into the one and only Religion of Humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

Mirrors

When I stared unrelentingly into broken shards of irregular mirror,
The reflection that emanated was grotesquely distorted; with my nose appearing
to be broken at a myriad of places.

When I sighted my face in a thick sheet of mirror stained with a crimson slurry of
blood,
I resembled the diabolical devil; with ghastly streaks of brutal red embellishing
my forehead.

When I viewed my persona in a sea green mirror; hoisted towards blazing
light of the Sun,
Intricate features of my body appeared evidently blurred; and a bunch of hair on
my scalp looked like blades of grass.

When I held a mirror painted with black; abreast twin pairs of my crystalline
eyes,
I felt as if I had been divested of vision; with an ocean of perpetual darkness
striking me at blinding speeds.

When I attempted to picture my silhouette; in the translucent mirror of the
emerald sea,
The image appeared preposterously hazy in the primordial stages; disappearing
at instants of boisterous waves transiting into frothy spray.

When I tried to spot my demeanor in the immaculate mirror of moon,
The reflection appeared overwhelmingly clear; but soon got obliterated by a
cluster of black clouds.

When I audaciously attempted to view my outlines in the blistering mirror of the
flaming Sun,
I inevitably failed to do so; as the acrid beams of light decimated all
my capacity to see.

When I tried to distinguish my color in a mirror camouflaged in frosty milk,
I inexorably looked like a clown; with my dexterously chiseled features
transforming to fat smudges of white.

When I endeavored decoding my face in an absolutely Pellucid mirror,
I could sight it as it was sculptured at the reigning moment; without traces of

emotion and empathy.

And eventually when I attempted to see my face in the mesmerizing mirror of my beloved's eyes,
This time though the reflection which diffused was the clearest of all; and I sighted a blissful smile on my lips,
Which was a perennial signal that we loved each other; as much as we feared to die.

Nikhil Parekh

Mob!

They didn't see what religion I belonged to; the clothes I had adorned freshly for leading the new day,

They didn't see the family which harbored me; the fleet of young brothers and sisters that frantically waited for me to return back home,

They didn't see whether I was driving the most swankiest of automobile; or whether I was barefoot and clad in threadbare rags,

They didn't see the flurry of passionate emotions welling up in my eyes; the appetizing meals of rice; I had just consumed for breakfast to appease my famished gluttony,

They didn't see marathon hours of turmoil I underwent every day; the painstaking agony with which I had amassed parsimoniously meager savings for vital survival,

They didn't see the insatiable desire lingering in my mind to explore this fathomless Universe; enjoy the bountiful fruits of nature to the most unprecedented limits,

They didn't see the locality which I was proudly inhabiting; the unfathomable volumes of poetry I had embossed with my very own scarlet blood till date,

They didn't see the loyalty with which I had served my nation; the Herculean struggle I had undertaken to alleviate my fellow compatriots in inexplicable distress,

They didn't see the unrelenting ardor in my sweat; the overwhelming tenacity in my voice to chant the name of my revered mother,

They didn't see the incomprehensible list of tasks that I had yet to finish; the countless number of duties I planned to diligently execute in the remainder of my life,

They didn't see the passion fulminating in my heart to contribute my best to the society; endeavor my absolute fullest to try and metamorphose this treacherous planet into a veritable paradise,

They didn't see the stream of uninhibited love cascading turbulently through my conscience; the prolific intensity with which I embraced whosoever who approached me with a tear in his eye,

They didn't see the inexorably caring looks on my parents faces; the way they pampered me like a prince; even though I was well past mid life,

They didn't see the ecstatic tunes I hummed each dawn; rhapsodically chased the boisterous cuckoos through the myriad of innocuous green meadows down the hills,

They didn't see the unsurpassable amount of feeling I possessed for my loving wife; the times when I longed to be perpetually by her mesmerizing side,

They didn't see the colossal album of photographs I flipped through each day; nostalgically transiting back into impeccable childhood as the pages unveiled,
They didn't see the color of my skin; whether I was traditionally rustic brown; or had profound traces of alien white,

They didn't see the benevolent prayers I chanted; before retiring for bed every gorgeously enchanting night,

They didn't see the immaculate crusts of beard on my face; the emphatic lines of destiny on my palms jubilantly wailing to surge forward in life,

They didn't see the initials adhering to my countenance; the name my divinely parents had christened me with; when I had just emitted my first cry,

They didn't even see the astronomical number of years for me to become this big; the agony borne by infinite elements of the society to make me blossom in existence,

And even if they did see; they pretended to be deaf; dumb and wholesomely blind; indiscriminately torching thousands alive with their families; burning boundless innocent entities in a concoction of petrol and ghastly acid; rampantly charring the entire township of blissful angels into a pugnacious ball of Black flames;

o! Almighty God save everybody from the mob.

Nikhil Parekh

Modern Day Devil- Money

It was neither the most brutally depraving of war; which unsparingly buried
countless innocent; an infinite feet beneath their sadistic graves; for no
ostensible reason
or rhyme,

It was neither the most treacherously pulverizing of prejudice; the salacious
desire to rise above your own peers; at the most unbearably tawdry costs of
existence,

It were neither the most bizarrely abysmal chapters of poverty; which fomented
several to wholesomely strangulate their necks; in fear of bearing the pangs of
agonizing emaciation in every of their conceivable bone,

It was neither the most acrimonious deliriousness of the brain; which led to the
most horrendously sacrilegious condemnation of living kind; with each fretfully
hackneyed route leading to the hell of nothingness,

It was neither the most acerbic of deforestation; the satanically barbarous
assassination of mother nature's womb; which led to the most unstoppably
wretched curses of all times,

It was neither the most derogatorily demented of manipulation; the baselessly
divesting drudgery with which one man; left no stones unturned in exploiting his
fellow and compatriot human being,

It was neither the most vituperatively wagging tongue; which hurled a boundless
abuse to its very own mother and sister; before trading them off like worthlessly
lifeless pieces of plaintive skin,

It was neither the most mortifying anecdotes of vindication; which led to
cataclysmic conflicts between even the closest of siblings; with the spirit of
reverence dying a torturous death,

It was neither the most sardonic ridicule on the oppressed and weaker sects of
the society; the uncontrollable guffaws that enshrouded the human lip; at
witnessing other organisms inferior to its sanctimonious swirl,

It was neither the most preposterously robotic rat race for survival; wherein the
foundations of prosperity; were shamelessly erected upon the breathing bodies

of innumerable helpless; men; women and children,

It was neither the most orphaned traces of blood; disdainfully weighed into monotonous machines; and then sold in black market according to the so called calibrations of the human race,

It was neither the most deplorable discrimination of human beings; on the basis of meaninglessly bawdy insinuations of caste; creed; color; race; frivolous status or tribe,

It was neither the most indiscriminate killing of rare wildlife; just for the mere and senseless appeasement; of that murderously anarchic celebrity's tongue,

It was neither the most perverted rapes on innocent women; by those high on rapacious wine and palatial sensuousness; using the wickedly inscrutable interiors of their mansions; for the deprivation of mankind,

It was neither the most indescribably pugnacious war for superiority; the diabolical desire to gobble alive another human; in order to perennially perch upon the absolute epitome of silver and gold,

It was neither the most egregiously uttered curses for all living kind; the insidiously ulterior motive to reduce life to a lame corpse; whilst pretentiously smiling towards the body of the flaming Sun,

It was neither the most unthinkable forms of dastardly suicide; the sinful closure of life; after which the spirit ghoulishly lingered between the amorphously lambasting land of heaven and hell,

It was neither the most blasphemously jinxed ingredients of betrayal; the demolition of the immortal heartbeats like a pack of futile cards; in order to fecklessly pursue the so called 'commercial ambitions' of life,

Infact if at all there was a thing which indeed led to all of the above; was the 'Father and Mother' of all of the above; then it was none other than an insanelly modern day devil; worshipped today like crazy by one and all by the name 'Money'.

Nikhil Parekh

Monday To Sunday

The joints in my body ached and groaned; my head pulsed like a volcano about to fulminate,

The shrill ringing of the alarm clock had disrupted all signs of blissful sleep; caused an uncanny panic to circulate through my veins,

As I stretched my shoulders disdainfully; took the acrimonious rays of the Sun directly in my eyes; tread my feet nonchalantly on the ground to get ready for the office on MONDAY.

The lids of my eye felt as if they would inevitably shut; the skin encompassing my ankles looked bruised and swollen,

The chords of my heart were throbbing turbulently; every draught of breath cascaded down my nostrils agonizingly,

As I got dressed at the brink of the hour; to drop the kids to school; present my spurious smiles to the outside world on the TUESDAY.

The strands of my hair appeared ruffled; an incongruous stubble extruded from my cheeks,

The exteriors of my lips were mercilessly chapped; pangs of hunger leapt animatedly in my stomach as an aftermath of indigestion,

As I kissed my wife disparagingly on her cheek; made a beeline for the conference; with my socks worn upside down; on the WEDNESDAY.

The armpits in my body emanated a horrendous stench; earth shattering dreams

resonated vibrantly through my mind,

My body tossed and turned wildly before awakening; the rings engulfing my neck had transited into an ungainly black,

As I feverishly brushed my teeth with brackish toothpaste sped to the airport in my silver Mercedes, and my tie nearly strangulating my breath on the THURSDAY.

The nerves in my ears had become numb to sound; people in vicinity struck my eyes as an obfuscated blur,

The stairs I descended down seemed like colossal mountains; deafening sneezes occurring sporadically made me feel inherently weak,

As I sat down like a bombastic demon; pale smoke of the cigarette wafting from my mouth striking my adversary; in the breakfast meeting on the FRIDAY.

The rays of hope were silently stirring in my soul; tinges of exuberance seemed

to be taking partial control of my speech,
The images of surreal fantasy were painstakingly enveloping my mind; an
insatiable nervousness was boisterously bursting through my knuckles,
As nostalgic memories of my family profoundly lingered in my heart; and the
plane prepared to caress the tarmac of my country on the SATURDAY.

The hour of my freedom had eventually arrived; the ticking of the clock
miserably floundered to make the slightest of impact on my thunderous snores,
The beams of dawn had never seemed so pleasant before; the voice of my wife
had never seemed so enchanting,
As I got up languidly from my sleep; executed a yawn larger than my dwelling;
embraced my children; my new found freedom; ebulliently on the SUNDAY.

Nikhil Parekh

Money

You could metamorphose into an impeccable saint; and then incessantly castigate it; for its salaciously treacherous and hideously ungainly intent,

You could step into the shoes of an immaculate angel; and then indefatigably rebuke it; for corrupting the fabric of the celestially blissful atmosphere,

You could transform into a bountifully blessing cloud; and then irascibly condemn it; for its baseless proportions of abhorrently stinking malice,

You could wholesomely blend with harmonious goodness; and then unrelentingly pulverize it; for its heinously malicious waves of insidious remorsefulness,

You could uplift your soul to the bountifully everlasting heavens; and then relentlessly ostracize it; for its lecherously vindictive swirl; that perfidiously infiltrated the fabric of innocuous humanity,

You could catapult to the summit of patriotically blazing freedom; and then unrelentingly abuse it; for its spell of disdainfully abominable commercialism and horrifically ghastly captivity,

You could blissfully traverse on a blanket of unequivocally scintillating pearls; and then unstoppably slander it; for being a pertinently perilous insect; satanically sucking blood from all living beings,

You could embellish yourself with flames of stupendously unassailable honesty; and then timelessly decimate it; for its waves of discordantly unwarranted prejudice,

You could reach the corridors of rhapsodically eternal paradise; and then intractably slash at it; for it being an intolerable impediment; that traumatically poisoned one and all; in their way to holistic righteousness,

You could drown yourself in the winds of enchantingly sensuous melody; and then ruthlessly crucify it; for its nonchalantly monotonous caress of the; radiantly blooming society,

You could become a fulminating ray of dazzling Sunshine; and then tirelessly exonerate it with your candid voice; for not functioning according to the principles

of the; Almighty divine,

You could transcend beyond the realms of benign goodness; and then unsparingly whip it; for diffusing a path of murderous war; all across God's most ravishingly splendid continent,

You could dance in the aisles of marvelous empathy; and then savagely shoot it; for lethally disobeying the ideals of symbiotic existence; diffusing vindictive hatred in the hearts of one and all; alike,

You could chant the most sacred mantras on this Universe; and then unflinchingly squelch upon it; for its merciless ways of leading life; for the sinister darkness of ill will that it instilled in passionately palpitating hearts,

You could synergistically epitomize all resplendently beautiful on this colossal planet; and then tyrannically distort it; for being so brutal on all those innocuously wandering; under the carpet of heavenly life,

You could bask ingratiatingly in the glory of profoundly impeccable moonlight; and then intransigently demolish it; for its icicles of cowardliness; that degraded the existence of every organism alive,

You could intrepidly clamber up the slopes of exhilarating adventure; and then fearlessly bang it; for its stench of surreptitious badness; acridly pilfering into the lives of innocuous mankind,

And do what you could; rebuke it; perennially annihilate it; diabolically spit on its cacophonically bereaved soul; excoriate it apart into an infinite pieces,

But you knew as much as I did today; that it was the cardinal reason of our existence; with the rest of the planet following us unequivocally on the same footsteps,

For all those who proclaimed that they were fathomless miles away from it; still indispensably needed it; as every speck of luxuriously opulent cloth on their bodies; every bit of resplendently replenishing meal in their famished stomachs; every bit of bullet proof roof sequestering their heads; was partly due to it; such was the power of hateful; yet pacifying money.

Nikhil Parekh

Moneyhood

Above all FATHERHOOD; the unflinchingly charismatic spirit that it perennially portrayed to this colossally propitious and spell bindingly heavenly planet,

Above all WOMANHOOD; the sensuously tantalizing garden of ingratiating fantasy; that it disseminated to every impoverished organism alive,

Above all SISTERHOOD; the godly entrenchment of sacred sharing; that it perpetuated in even the most hedonistically tyrant of skull wandering on this gigantic earth,

Above all SAINTHOOD; the perspicuously enlightening beams of hope that it unequivocally distributed; to every miserably derelict entity on this fathomless globe,

O! Yes above everything today; has risen the corpse of MONEYHOOD; O! Almighty Lord; victimizing countless innocent in its deathly swirl; wholesomely metamorphosing the pristinely untainted map of your Universe; into frigidly threadbare and decrepit currency paper.

1.

Above all BROTHERHOOD; the magically wonderful essence of symbiotic existence; that it timelessly and altruistically culminated into,

Above all NEIGHBOURHOOD; the harmoniously blissful feeling of unconquerable solidarity; uninhibitedly gushing out like unstoppable blessings from azure sky,

Above all ETERNALHOOD; the preachings of celestial contentment and mellifluous exuberance; being the mantra of every unfurling minute of vibrant life,

Above all BOYHOOD; the inexhaustibly rejuvenating odyssey of boisterous youth; towards more and more exhilaratingly enigmatic discovery,

O! Yes above everything today; has risen the mortuary of MONEYHOOD; O! Almighty Lord; lambasting boundless newborn with swords of bizarrely murderous commercialism; wholesomely metamorphosing the pristinely untainted map of your Universe; into inconspicuously worthless and sadistically stinking currency paper.

2.

Above all LIKELIHOOD; the ethereally illuminating rays of hope that congenitally came along with the most tempestuously acrimonious of adversity,

Above all MOTHERHOOD; the unending cosmos of everlasting caring that brilliantly consecrated even the most diminutive iota of viciousness on this boundless world,

Above all MANHOOD; the fearlessly patriotic streak of blazing triumph; that forever exorcized the planet of the seeds of parasitic cowardice,

Above all KINGHOOD; the regally epitomizing throne of success; that radiated like a handsomely unfettered prince; on every patch of inanely barren soil,

O! Yes above everything today; has risen the ghost of MONEYHOOD; O! Almighty Lord; indiscriminately assassinating the fabric of truth and humanity; wholesomely metamorphosing the pristinely untainted map of your Universe; into sordidly stagnant and criminally barbarous currency paper.

3.

Above all KNIGHTHOOD; that blisteringly towered into a fire of princely gallantry and crusade for the cause of benign righteousness,

Above all CHILDHOOD; that perpetually blossomed into an ocean of timeless innocence; like the angels of the creator having descended from the heart of paradise,

Above all LIVELIHOOD; that quintessentially engendered every single entity on this earth to honesty perspire; for melodiously harnessing the fruits of profligate nature,

Above all LOVELIHOOD; that panoramically enthralled even the most remorsefully alien; with the unfathomably unceasing vividness of the rhapsodically resplendent atmosphere,

O! Yes above everything today; has risen the curse of MONEYHOOD; O! Almighty Lord; unsparingly excoriating the fragrance of sensuously embellished existence; wholesomely metamorphosing the pristinely untainted map of your Universe; into uxoriously delirious and frantically penurious currency paper

Nikhil Parekh

Mood

When I was in a good mood; the elevator seemed to be made of pure gold;
transporting me towards the cotton wool of clouds in the sky,
While when I was in a bad mood; the same lift seemed to resemble a hideous
snake; trying to strangulate me to death with its snaring jaws.

When I was in a good mood; the verdant patches of soil looked mesmerizing;
with vivacious stalks of grass appearing splendid to sight in the backdrop of the
valley,
While when I was in bad mood; the same fields of grass looked like sinking sand;
ready to suckle me and blend me with century old dungeons beneath land.

When I was in a good mood; the upper story's of the building; looked like
biscuits of pure silver; shimmering profoundly under the Sun,
While when I was in a bad mood; the same floors appeared to be boxes of
broken matchsticks; badly distorted and just on the verge of collapsing down.

When I was in a good mood; the Sun seemed to be a blazing ball of fire;
flamboyantly permeating every rotting cranny of insipid earth,
While when I was in a bad mood; the same appeared as an acrid island of acid;
charring every soul trespassing on mud; to inconspicuous ash.

When I was in a good mood; the waves of the ocean seemed majestic; rising and
falling delectably with each current of enchanting wind;
While when I was in a bad mood; the assemblage of waters appeared to be
ghastly blood; engulfing each puff of my breath with brutal perceptions of hell.

When I was in a good mood; the watch on my wrist; looked like a marvel of
technology; apprising me accurately of the changing seasons and night,
While when I was in a bad mood; the contraption seemed wholesomely appalling;
depicting to me the seconds left until my death.

When I was in a good mood; people hovering around me; looked like immaculate
angels; bestowing upon me their mystical touch,
While when I was in a bad mood; the same humans seemed to be ghosts just
arisen from their coffins; staring at me with animosity; as if to gobble me up with
their
eyes.

When I was in a good mood; the fishes swimming in the glass aquarium; looked

like fairies having descended from the sky,
While when I was in a bad mood; the same seemed like mammoth sized sharks;
hurtling at lightening speeds for the veins of my throat.

When I was in a good mood; the picture I viewed on television; seemed to be a
stupendous piece of art; enamoring me to the last bone in my spine,
While when I was in a bad mood; the same appeared to be a boring
documentary; like a million needles piercing me from all sides.

And when I was in a good mood; life seemed beautiful & fascinating; wonderful
and animated; bubbling with tremendous euphoria and excitement; as each
dawn unveiled into darkness,
While when I was in a bad mood; it struck me viciously like infinite deaths
together; embedding and replacing every ounce of enthusiasm in my mind; with
the seeds of treacherous negativity.

Nikhil Parekh

Morbid Structure Of Creation

I altruistically stared at the wall,
Pale and white with a few blemishes,
A solid fortress of cement concrete,
Embellished with multiple coats of rich paint,
A silent barrier impregnated with juxtaposed bricks,
Fiery red; burnt brown and black,
The acting alloys of the nonchalant structure,
Firmly sealed to its fecund foundations,
Embedded deep in intricate recesses of mud,
Which cries out loud with every inch of vertical invasion,
Radiating rampantly with discordant ease; with every unfurling minute,
Breaking the harmony of the coagulated network; of trillions of soil molecules,
Rendering them hopeless and haphazardly scattered,
As the morbid structure of creation,
Painstakingly penetrates into deep oceans of dark mud.

Nikhil Parekh

More And More Closer

As each second unfurled into a wholesome minute; the winds of time gallivanted ahead at astoundingly incomprehensible speeds,

As each minute unveiled into a wholesome hour; the painstakingly persevering needles of the clock now; chiming in spell bindingly unanimous unison,

As each hour galloped into a wholesome afternoon; the brilliantly dazzling Sun blazing its Omnipotent shine full throttle,

As each afternoon speeded into the wholesome night; the resplendent blankets of moonlight casting an spell of eternal mysticism; upon the most horrendous of blackness prevailing,

I felt more and more closer to my mission of alleviating bereaved humanity from realms of inexplicable anguish; I felt more resolutely invincible in my advancing footsteps; by the grace of Almighty Lord.

1.

As each night unraveled into a wholesome dawn; the melodiously enchanting cuckoos; enshrouding each cranny of the beleaguered atmosphere; with their celestially ingratiating sounds,

As each dawn sprinted into a wholesome week; the pragmatically meticulous routines of life now profusely consolidated to a mammoth extent,

As each week danced into a wholesome fortnight; the essence of ubiquitous sharing; now ardently creeping into the insatiably yearning quarters of the dwindling soul,

As each fortnight shot into a wholesome month; the vivaciously changing colors of the boisterous season; now imparting their profound sensuousness to the mangled conglomerate of frazzled nerves in the body,

I felt more and more closer to my mission of metamorphosing all traumatized lechery on this planet once again into a divine paradise; I felt more overwhelmingly empowered in every word that I spoke; by the grace of Almighty Lord.

2.

As each month raced into a wholesome year; the soil now astonishingly adept and handsomely blending; to the vacillating shades of flamboyant light; freezing cold; and torrential rain,

As each year escalated into a wholesome decade; the battlefields of savage bloodshed now sprouting with the plants of ravishing freedom,

As each decade blossomed into a wholesome century; the good and diabolically bad of life now nostalgically reverberating in fathomless playgrounds of open space,

As each century unfolded into a wholesome millennium; the inadvertently committed sins of past existence; now blissfully washed with the radiantly sparkling rays of a crimson tomorrow,

I felt more and more closer to my mission of irrefutably ensuring that no organism slept a famished night; I felt my conscience unassailably radiating with nothing else but truth; by the grace of Almighty Lord.

3.

As each millennium gushed into a wholesome birth; the most infinitesimal bits of lechery in the atmosphere now completely annihilated; by the cries of freshly born Divine,

As each birth sprouted into a wholesome Era; the fields of contemporary modernity now frantically searching for their; scintillatingly simplistic rudiments,

As each era whirled into a wholesome civilization; the vividly striking newness of wonderfully mesmerizing creation; now radically replacing the stagnating dormitories of rusty past,

As each civilization eventually faded into wholesome timelessness; each element of the enthrallingly supreme sky beautifully blending with; bountifully existing earth,

I felt more and more closer in my mission to save priceless humanity from the salaciously brutal clutches of the despairing devil; I felt more invincible in my perspective of sacrificing my entire life for the service of mankind; by the grace of Almighty Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

More Immortal Than Blood Relation

If there was any relation more Omnipotent than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the silken fabric of irrefutably priceless humanity,

If there was any relation more unassailable than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the mesmerizing valley of marvelously scintillating truth,

If there was any relation more perpetual than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the bountiful paradise of symbiotically enamoring togetherness,

If there was any relation more evergreen than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the gorgeous waterfall of uninhibitedly innocuous mankind,

If there was any relation more everlasting than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the fathomless sky of unconquerably blazing righteousness,

If there was any relation more Omniscient than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the profuse fireball of fragrantly blossoming patriotism,

If there was any relation more poignant than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the enigmatic forest of eternally tantalizing sensuousness,

If there was any relation more Omnipresent than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the enchanting spires of unsurpassably overpowering seduction,

If there was any relation more ingratiating than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the Sun of flamboyantly glittering Optimism,

If there was any relation more fabulous than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the bird of heavenly burgeoning ecstasy,

If there was any relation more Godly than blood relation; then it was nothing

else; but the relation with the handsome meadow of profoundly philanthropic benevolence,

If there was any relation more resplendent than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the river of timelessly melodious mankind,

If there was any relation more revered than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the sacrosanct apostle of glorious empathy,

If there was any relation more divinely than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with unshakable mountains of blessing solidarity,

If there was any relation more princely than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the clouds of spell bindingly titillating fantasy,

If there was any relation more beautiful than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the wings of unparalleled and ardently ravishing desire,

If there was any relation more formidable than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the endless oceans of perennially bonding friendship,

If there was any relation more boundless than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the fantastically vibrant chapters of mystically unfurling life,

And if there was any relation more immortal than blood relation; then it was nothing else; but the relation with the invincible beats of love; love; and majestically true and unbiased love.

Nikhil Parekh

More Immortally Godly Than Ever Before.

That very same blood which seemed so pricelessly scarlet in your veins; looked disdainfully pugnacious and unfathomably repelling; when removed from your body and sighted on lackadaisically indolent ground instead,

That very same sweat which seemed so Omnipotently golden in your armpits; looked parsimoniously orphaned and lugubriously opprobrious; when removed from your body sighted on parasitically threadbare ground instead,

That very same saliva which seemed so sensuously enticing on your tongue; looked penuriously decrepit and acrimoniously forlorn; when removed from your body and sighted on baselessly wanton ground instead,

Those very same teeth which seemed so charismatically twinkling in your mouth; looked disastrously broken and uncontrollably shivering; when removed from your body sighted on ethereally nonchalant ground instead,

Those very same hair which seemed so astoundingly ravishing on your scalp; looked fretfully wanton and inanely diminishing; when removed from your body and sighted on worthlessly barren ground instead,

That very same wax which seemed so uninhibitedly artistic in your ears; looked disgustingly deplorable and fetidly acrid; when removed from your body and sighted on dolorously blackened ground instead,

That very same moisture which seemed so royally Omniscient in your eyes; looked pathetically variegated and ominously jinxed; when removed from your body and sighted on remorsefully wasting ground instead,

Those very same bones which seemed so indomitably Herculean in your arms; looked frigidly hapless and intractably deteriorating; when removed from your body and sighted on despairingly delinquent ground instead,

That very same mucus which seemed so superbly befitting in your nostrils; looked desolately cursed and deliriously ignominious; when removed from your body and sighted on insatiably cringing ground instead,

That very same brain which seemed so ingeniously unparalleled in your skull; looked treacherously diabolical and perilously stagnating; when removed from your body and sighted on stupidly obdurate ground instead,

Those very same eyelashes which seemed so Omnipresently mischievous on your eyelids; looked diminutively hopeless and brutally pulverized; when removed from your body and sighted on fugitively identitiless ground instead,

Those very same nails which seemed so unbelievably artistic on your fingers; looked demonically astray and despicably trembling; when removed from your body and sighted on monotonously stony ground instead,

That very same birthmark which seemed so invincibly prestigious on your skin; looked atrociously sinister and hedonistically isolated; when removed from your body and sighted on tempestuously quavering ground instead,

That very same smile which seemed so Omnipresently magnificent on your lips; looked inconsolably shriveled and disastrously fading; when removed from your body and sighted on emotionlessly crumpled ground instead,

That very same food which seemed so marvelously replenishing in your stomach; looked satanically vomiting and unforgivably stinking; when removed from your body and sighted on worthlessly balderdash ground instead,

Those very same destiny lines which seemed so unassailably resolute on your palms; looked unbearably disgruntled and vapidly excoriated; when removed from your body and sighted on horrifically bland ground instead,

That very same conscience which seemed so righteously Omnipotent in your soul; looked sadistically tyrannized and inevitably adulterated; when removed from your body and sighted on mundanely reverberating ground instead,

That very same breath which seemed so unconquerably life-yielding in your lungs; looked amorphously non-existent and invisibly wailing; when removed from your body and sighted on truculently lambasted ground instead,

Paradoxically to the above; those very beats which seemed so bountifully passionate in your heart; looked more Immortally Godly; looked more unflinchingly powerful and perpetually uniting than ever before; when removed from your body; and sighted not only on colorless ground; but even the most evanescently mercurial cranny of this Universe instead.

Nikhil Parekh

More Stranger

Truth is sometimes stranger than; the most intriguing of spell binding fiction,

Reality is sometimes stranger than; the most unfathomably rhapsodic of fantasy;
the dreams that insatiably lingered beyond the untamed realms of imagination,

Pragmatism is sometimes more stranger than; the most fascinating scriptures of
art; the mesmerizing silhouettes of the incredulous valley,

Sunlight is sometimes more stranger than; the charismatic mysticism of the
majestic night; the festoon of resplendently twinkling stars which shimmered
relentlessly into a world of stupendous enthrallment,

Stones are sometimes more stranger than; the brazenly undulating ocean;
unfurling into an unprecedented world of enigma; as each wave escalated
towards boundlessly blue sky,

Alphabets are sometimes more stranger than; melodiously enchanting tunes;
perpetually lingering in an ocean of supreme titillation and unbelievable
excitement,

Sweat is sometimes more stranger than; surreally evoking shadow; royally
blending with golden dust; at the onset of mesmerizing twilight,

Boredom is sometimes more stranger than; intransigently augmenting reverie;
which casts its exotic spell for times beyond eternal eternity,

Honesty is sometimes more stranger than; surreptitiously curvaceous lies;
astutely eluding and eloping in tunnels of unparalleled mystique,

Simplicity is sometimes more stranger than; voluptuously enamoring mascara;
inevitably seducing the most sagacious; in webs of uncontrollable desire,

Staring is sometimes more stranger than; anecdotes of flirtatious winking;
evoking a volcano of uncanny attraction; an electricity between entities; existing
even poles apart,

Numerals are sometimes more stranger than; insurmountable lines of heavenly
poetry; dancing in the aisles of romantic captivation and magnetic desire,

Rules are sometimes more stranger than; uninhibited dormitories of astronomical freedom; the incomprehensibly unrestricted will to do as you like,

Candidness is sometimes more stranger than; the opposite poles of two magnets; triggering fireballs of cataclysmic passion in the cosmos; the very instant that they met,

Unemployment is sometimes more stranger than; astounding versatility; the unbelievably miraculous prowess of a tangible organism to attempt infinite things at a time,

Humility is sometimes more stranger than; the bountifully divine; spawning a whole new chapter of existence; as the winds of desire profusely descended,

Maturity is sometimes more stranger than; the innocuously bouncing infant; who discovered resplendently blossoming paradise; at every step he majestically tread,

Conventions are sometimes more stranger than; the compassionately gorgeous entrenchment of sizzling romance; desirously uniting two souls as one,

And death is sometimes more stranger; than vivaciously flamboyant life; which unfurled each tomorrow with waves of charming bliss; with summits of perpetual happiness.

Nikhil Parekh

More Than God Could Have Missed Earth

Your voice seemed to me a supremely obfuscated blur; although you were standing at whisker lengths from my body; screaming hysterically into my sensitive eardrum,

Your footsteps seemed to me like a frigidly lazy yawn; although you were tumultuously banging your bohemian feet across the savagely metallic floor,

Your laughter seemed to me like lame ducks floating on the docile pond; although you were thunderously chortling into loud guffaws as you watched the clown fall down,

Your eyes seemed to me like dark clouds hovering in dull consternation; although you were staring ferociously towards my visage as if planning to eat me for nocturnal supper,

Your dance seemed to me like the dead squirrel lying on the stone since ages; although you were vivaciously swishing your bones to stridently blaring sleazy music,

Your hands seemed to me like flimsy spider webs; although you were clapping them ardently under the mid day Sun,

Your clothes seemed to me like vaguely obsolete shadows; although you had adorned your demeanor in fabulously glittering attire,

Your lips seemed to me like squelched and frivolously light pulp; although you had embellished them with garish lipstick; were pursing them indefatigably as each minute unveiled by,

Your hair seemed to me like decayed strands of the morbid broomstick; although you flirtatiously fluttered them at thin distances from my cheeks,

Your fingers seemed to me like evanescently buried fossils; although you had flooded them with incredulous strings of scintillating diamonds and pearls,

Your tongue seemed to me like lifeless tiger skin suspended dolorously from the ceiling; although you cheekily moved it inside your mouth umpteenth number of times in a single minute,

Your sweat seemed to me like a transiently fading mirage melting at electric speeds as the seconds unfurled by; although you let it pour poignantly upon my eye as you conversed boisterously by my side,

Your feet seemed to me like the miserably evaporating waterfall lasting for only frugal periods after the monsoons; although you had encompassed them in alluring chains of white silver; audaciously struck your big toe in the center of my chest,

Your skin seemed to me like fermented milk rotting in open space since ages; although you had inundated it with overwhelmingly austere rose scent; and it glowed more tenaciously than the moon had ever shone,

Your nails seemed to me like old frogs croaking in timid submission just before their death; although you had pruned them meticulously with contemporary times; vibrantly cuddled my soft cheeks with your piquantly painted nail polish,

Your ears seemed to me like colorless pools of saliva loitering on the dusty street; although you had decorated their dainty periphery with opulent jewelry; dangled them seductively before my face,

Your belly seemed to me like charred firewood; nimbly smoldering embers of subsiding fire; although you had enveloped it in mesmerizing silk; gyrated it voluptuously to captivate my attention,

Your height seemed to me like the diminutively inconspicuous dwarfs; although you trespassed on spiffy heels; stood at a handsome stature from the nonchalantly flat ground,

Your bangles seemed to me like infinitesimal beads of orphaned cotton; although you shook them vehemently near my ears; permeating the still ambience around with volcanic noise,

And I am profoundly sorry to say O! beloved that all I was able to make out of you was a blurred and a slim mosquito; unable to appreciate your alluring charisma and royal grace,

As I gawked at your persona in open mouthed amazement; missing you perhaps

more than God could have missed this earth when you were gone; was infact meeting you after 3 torturously complete days.

Nikhil Parekh

Morsels Of Invincible Love

Gregarious morsels of ravishing clouds; to feed the lap of the fathomlessly spell binding sky; inundate its barren persona with satiny charm and compassionate grace,

Heavenly morsels of mesmerizing scent; to feed the overwhelmingly sullen atmosphere; enshroud it with waves of unparalleled enlightenment,

Indispensable morsels of robust food; to feed the impoverished walls of the treacherously famished intestines; flood the stomach with beams of blissful contentment,

Patriotic morsels of vibrant energy; to feed the unsurpassably exhausted soldier; fighting relentlessly; to free his motherland; from the corridors of diabolical captivity,

Impeccable morsels of boisterous rhyme; to feed the incessantly wailing child; embed a twinkle on his dreary face; as he commenced his first hours of the brilliant day,

Irrefutable morsels of sacrosanct truth; to feed the indiscriminately blood sucking parasites; consecrate their abominably castigated lives with celestial joy,

Philanthropic morsels of benign peace; to feed the lecherously satanic enshrouded by whirlpools of manipulation; trigger them to wholesomely blossom in the supremely ecstatic spirit of vivacious life,

Immaculate morsels of placid grass; to feed the divinely cow mother; as she pacified the thirst of millions with her marvelously revered milk,

Mystical morsels of esoteric enchantment; to feed the fanatically groping magician; tickle his unsurpassable armory of tricks with overwhelmingly new found excitement,

Bountiful morsels of melodious honey; to feed the garrulously quarreling insipid politicians; profoundly illuminate their miserably shivering lives; with the ointment of majestic happiness,

Immutably morsels of holistic non-violence; to feed the murderously vicious terrorists; entrench their despicably horrendous countenances; with the

Omnipotent light of symbiotic existence,

Inscrutable morsels of bewildering effulgence; to feed the voluptuously tantalizing night; perpetually fulfill its thirst for the unknown; till decades immemorial,

Unconquerable morsels of unflinching courage; to feed the disastrously orphaned and maimed; propel them to surge forward exuberantly in every aspect of their ditheringly devastated lives; to eventually kiss the ultimate dormitories of sparkling success,

Embellished morsels of stupendous charisma; to feed the unrelentingly tossing bride; grant her every philanthropic desire; to blend with the clouds of marvelously proliferating eternity,

Flamboyant morsels of blistering sunshine; to feed the astronomically wonderful summit of the gargantuan mountain; perennially ensure that it bathed in glorious fountains of; princely light,

Eclectic strokes of ingratiating paint; to feed the trajectory of the hopelessly barren canvas; profusely emboss every iota of its pathetically trembling visage; with unprecedented hope and ebullient cheer,

Enamoring morsels of innocuous leaves; to feed the army of aimlessly wandering squirrels and scarlet striped parrots; engendering them to vividly incinerate the abysmal stillness of the staggering night,

Inevitable morsels of Omniscient breath; to feed the caverns of stupefying nostrils; flood them with the impregnable elixir; to handsomely lead every moment of bestowing life,

Blossoming morsels of fascinating newness; to feed the disastrously stale arenas of frenziedly extinguishing life; sprinkle its parasitically fatigued contours; with the exuberant color to exist; beyond its destined times,

And invincible morsels of immortal love; to feed the tumultuously throbbing blankets of the sensuous heart; granting it the most divinely reprieve from its inadvertently committed sins; of past; present; and future life; rendering it as eternally alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Mortal To Immortal

A zillionth time I commanded my hands to arduously work; and they still languidly crept under silken carpets of sand; as the Sun majestically blazed from the sky,

A zillionth time I commanded my feet to march towards unflinching adventure; and they still tickled the tantalizingly sensuous orchard of fructifying raspberries with their big toes,

A zillionth time I commanded my lips to mumble inexhaustible hymns of righteousness; and they still pursed themselves uncompromisingly to indefinitely feast at the romantic moisture of the blowing mists,

A zillionth time I commanded my eyes to indefatigably search for newness in the atmosphere; and they still shut themselves into invincible sleep; to celestially fantasize into a land beyond infinite infinity,

A zillionth time I commanded my skin to ardently perspire; to nurture the true spirit of existence; and it still intransigently craved for an unstoppably fiery embrace; aimlessly loitering on avalanches of white ice,

A zillionth time I commanded my throat to diffuse into endlessly humanitarian melody that would wonderfully mitigate every tyrannized echelon of humanity; and it still unceasingly drowned itself into tawdrily voluptuous rivers of scarlet wine,

A zillionth time I commanded my shadow to blissfully mollify the drearily bedraggled traveler; and it still purposelessly sauntered through the inscrutable forests; perennially wanting to bond with limitless compassion,

A zillionth time I commanded my blood to peacefully coalesce with the ocean of priceless oneness; and it still tempestuously gushed up and down my veins; like an untamed volcano in the corpses of hell,

A zillionth time I commanded my hair to compassionately swirl towards the aisles of ebullient paradise; and they still lackadaisically smothered amidst phlegmatic dry leaves stonily staring towards chocolate brown soil,

A zillionth time I commanded my bones to tirelessly surge to miraculously ameliorate the haplessly orphaned; and they still ached and sanctimoniously

groaned till the realms of eternity; at the tiniest puff of wind,

A zillionth time I commanded my nape to drift towards every of those despairing dwellings which needed me the most; and it still laconically couched beneath a cistern of enthralling pearls; reminiscing the most immaculate moments of its life under their pristine glimmer,

A zillionth time I commanded my ears to unendingly listen to the unfathomably royal melody of mother nature; and they still intractably drifted towards the raunchily blaring music of the inarticulate discotheque,

A zillionth time I commanded my conscience to impregnate itself with nothing else but peerlessly sparkling truth; and it still sporadically got carried away towards the devastatingly obsolete mist of blatantly decrepit lies,

A zillionth time I commanded my belly to gyrate uninhibitedly to the tunes of the unbelievably unhindered nightingale; and it still did nothing else but gluttonously gobbling countless morsels of food in a single minute; before becoming the snore of the fathomless planet outside,

A zillionth time I commanded my brain to spell bindingly innovate; and it still immutably delved into moments of my unfettered childhood; the laziness encircling each of my bones; when I snoozing in the lap of my sacrosanct mother,

A zillionth time I commanded my skeleton to devote every bit of its entrapped energy to the service of eternally unbreakable mankind; and still it wasted its amazingly Herculean tenacity; into seductively titillating women and wine,

A zillionth time I commanded my teeth to incessantly chew for the unfortunately old; and still they irrevocably spent their entire lifetime; masticating such a stolen pedigree of fruit; which in never any birth was ever theirs,

A zillionth time I commanded my breath to ignite inimitably passionate fires even in the heart of frigid ice; and it still endlessly flowed without the slightest reason or ostensibly sagacious rhyme,

But before I could ever perceive an ethereal iota or ever dream to authoritatively command; my heart had already commenced to bond its beats with infinite fragments of love; my heart had already commenced to perpetually burgeon with the Omnipotent freshness of creation; my heart had already commenced to metamorphose every mortal into immortal with the power of; omnipresent

friendship.

Nikhil Parekh

Mother

To every triumphant smile of yours; she bounced like the ultimate walls of paradise; blooming like a festoon of freshly sprouting and everlastingly blissful roses,

To every celestial snore of yours; she felt like the most invincible queen on this colossal planet; caressing her invincibly majestic fingers through your curls; so that not even the most infinitesimal of evil on this earth; could ever dream of disturbing you,

To every mischievous cavorting of yours; she felt at the most incredulous epitome of camaraderie; showering upon you every happiness of her sacrosanct soul; for infinite more births of yours yet to unveil,

To every blazingly patriotic march of yours; she felt the most astronomically privileged organism on this boundless Universe; as tears of unconquerably royal pride cascaded down her beautifully effulgent cheeks,

To every inexplicably traumatic pain of yours; she altruistically abdicated her countless nights worth of sleep; unflinchingly standing by your side; even as licentious lascivious leeches of bizarre disease pelted upon you from; every conceivable side,

To every ardently insatiable desire of yours; she bowed down in gloriously timid acquiescence; indefatigably searching even the most diminutive cranny of this earth; to procure you all eternally unassailable bliss,

To every inquisitively blank stare of yours; she boisterously reverberated like a magically placating fairy; magnanimously bestowing every plausibly fascinating answer in your frantically outstretched and restless lap,

To every mellifluously enchanting expression of yours; she swirled in unprecedented euphoria under the poignantly dancing clouds; stupendously replenishing each of her divine senses with your wave of endlessly sparkling jubilation,

To every astoundingly emollient accomplishment of yours; she scintillating applauded till beyond the realms of infinite infinity; uninhibitedly proclaiming your commemoration; to every entity that she encountered on this limitless globe,

To every ephemerally fugitive whisper of yours; she relentlessly groped even in the meadows of the most horrifically ghastly nothingness; to try and decipher the true meaning of your insipidly infidel prattling,

To every garrulously emaciated gnarl of yours; she magnificently embellished your satanically slaving palette; with the most fabulously redolent fruits of nature's ingratiatingly panoramic creation,

To every euphorically untamed cry of yours; she liberated her sagacious persona of even the most lambastingly deleterious of tensions; tumultuously overjoyed at your blessedly momentous exultation,

To every immaculately impetuous stubbornness of yours; she gorgeously empathized with you like the Omnipotent Lord; bounteously fructifying your agonizingly wandering soul; till the last droplet of her blood flowed and shimmered into shine,

To every artistic eclecticism of yours; she beamed more celestially than Omnipresent sunshine; transpiring you to exuberantly surge forward; even as the ruthlessly conventional society outside murderously asphyxiated her of her final breath,

To every remorsefully unfinished dream of yours; she flew you on her wings of insuperably regale companionship; making you feel the most pricelessly endowed and surreally mesmerizing entity ever alive,

To every ebulliently vivacious word of yours; she implacably clapped till scarlet blood froze in her philanthropic veins; being a resplendently quintessential element of your enthusiasm in life; even as insane lunatics outside bawdily slandered at her charming graciousness,

To every disastrously financial crisis of yours; she handsomely emptied all wealth on this cosmos in your wailing palms; at times tawdrily trading her flesh to lecherously venomous thorns; in order to witness tinkling laughter on your face again,

To every insidiously inevitable betrayal of yours; she immortally inundated each beat of your gruesomely livid dereliction; with all the love that she could ever have assimilated; in this life and beyond,

And even as the uncouthly prejudiced world outside failed to recognize you even

in the most brilliantly dazzling of sunlight; her Omniscient palms protected the most mercurial shades of your life from beneath her veritable grave; even before you could incongruously mumble mother.

Nikhil Parekh

Mother & The Artist.

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of wonderfully emollient freshness; every unfurling instant of impregnably magnificent existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of spellbindingly undefeated innocence; every unfurling instant of symbiotically pristine existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of timelessly unconquerable truth; every unfurling instant of bounteously magnanimous existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of unfathomably unfettered creativity; every unfurling instant of timelessly burgeoning existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of royally triumphant resplendence; every unfurling instant of unconquerably majestic existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of eternally exhilarating vivaciousness; every unfurling instant of redolently insuperable existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of unbelievably ameliorating optimism; every unfurling instant of marvelously benign existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of brilliantly liberated camaraderie; every unfurling instant of iridescently inscrutable existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of unshakably virgin righteousness; every unfurling instant of beautifully untainted existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of uninhibitedly heavenly frolic; every unfurling instant of tantalizingly sensuous existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of compassionately humanitarian friendship; every unfurling instant of magically mitigating existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of miraculously everlasting freshness; every unfurling instant of invincibly coalescing existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of pricelessly ubiquitous oneness; every unfurling instant of robustly blessed existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of unbreakably Omnipotent desire; every unfurling instant of victoriously effulgent existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of unceasingly reinvigorating fantasy; every unfurling minute of oignantly charismatic existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of insurmountably intrepid enchantment; every unfurling minute of rhapsodically unhindered existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of Omnisciently tranquil serenity; every unfurling instant of endlessly bestowing existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of perpetually fragrant breath; every unfurling instant of Omnipresently benevolent existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of Immortally ardent love; every unfurling instant of limitlessly fructifying existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of fantastically alleviating poetry; every unfurling instant of boundlessly splendid existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms

into an infinite children of fabulously effervescent tanginess; every unfurling instant of spiritually uplifting existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of unlimitedly enlightening Sunshine; every unfurling instant of infallibly luminescent existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of immaculately godly melody; every unfurling instant of amiably melanging existence,

Because. And Only Because. A Mother is; has and shall for times immemorial remain the Greatest Sculptor of every organism on this astoundingly multiplying Universe; A Mother is the Greatest Artist.

Nikhil Parekh

Mother And Child

Although he was pathetically diminutive; she still considered him to be the most towering entity on this fathomless planet; blessing her more than the Almighty,

Although he stammered disdainfully at every word; she still considered him to be the greatest singer ever born; with his stupendous melody invincibly enriching her devastated senses,

Although he was as black as horrendously charred charcoal; she still considered him to be more scintillating; than the ferociously flamboyant Sun; deluging her moments of despairing blackness with optimistic hope,

Although he horrifically muddled every word he wrote; she still considered him to be an overwhelmingly passionate poet; flooding every aspect of her impoverished life with unprecedented happiness,

Although he fought cats and dogs with his neighboring comrades; she still considered him to be an apostle of peace; a messiah enlightening each path of her dwindling life,

Although he stood bizarrely last in the entire class; she still considered him to be the most intelligent organism on this Universe; unrelentingly pampering even the most minuscule of his desire; with the profound compassion in her soul,

Although he always stumbled ludicrously towards the ground even on his formidably secure tricycle; she still considered him to be as incredulously winning sportsman; winning every medal for her ardently throbbing heart,

Although he was preposterously fat like a rotund tomato; she still considered him to be handsomely charismatic; the most redolent rose blossoming in her barren garden,

Although he was a disastrous failure in every aspect of life that he ventured into; she still considered him to be a profuse philanthropist; alleviating her from her corpse; to sit on the irrefutably embellished throne,

Although he was a disgustingly deplorable cook; burning each meal that he endeavored to prepare; she still considered him to be a silken angel; appeasing her traumatic hunger for centuries immemorial,

Although he was unprecedentedly mischievous; she still considered him as the most gentle individual alive; as he lit up an everlasting smile upon her severely mutilated lips,

Although he philandered aimlessly through the dusty streets; clad only in threadbare rags of jute; she still considered him to be the richest entity alive; inundating each moment of her survival with unfathomable endowment from the heavens,

Although he was insurmountably fastidious about the everything in life; she still considered him to be a royal prince; catering to even the most inconspicuous of his commands; bouncing in perennial youth everytime she swung him in her arms,

Although he irascibly snored while fast asleep; she still considered him a celestial harbinger of perpetual peace; wading away the most tiniest of tensions from her miserably claustrophobic life,

Although he unsurpassably revolted against the conventionally monotonous society; she still considered him to be the most resplendently sparkling star in sky; illuminating the gruesomely shivering interiors of her dwelling with enchantingly Godly light,

Although he broke everything that he hoisted in his rustically bohemian palms; she still considered him to be an unshakable idol of solidarity; magnificently comforting her in her times of despondently crumbling distress,

Although he was a rampantly free bird; gallivanting at unchallengable will to even the most remotest corner of the globe; she still considered him to be the most pricelessly precious ornament of her countenance; impregnating her lost soul with tumultuous happiness,

Although he deteriorated like a pack of soggy matchsticks; even before alighting a single foot; she still considered him to be the strongest man alive; rescuing her orphaned life; replenishing it with the rhapsodic essence of existence,

And although he did everything wrong; losing all that he had in his truncated lifespan even before he had acquired it; she still considered him to be her only God; her only savior; the only power that bestowed upon her the astronomical prowess to take birth; a countless more number of times,

As she was his sacrosanct mother; and he was; and would immortally remain;

forever as her immortally impeccable child.

Nikhil Parekh

Mother And Wife

Neither could I relinquish your impeccable memories from the whites of my eye;
forgetting you for times immemorial,
Nor could I allow anyone else to be the perpetual queen of my eyelashes; except
for her majestically mesmerizing countenance.

Neither could I pulverize my rubicund lips; given to me by you after countless
hours of enduring turmoil,
Nor could I allow anyone else to be their ravishing smile; except for her
impeccably floating gorgeous shadow.

Neither could I char all those enchanting fantasies; which you had wonderfully
nourished me to witness,
Nor could I allow anyone else to be the divinely mediator of mind; except for
her tantalizingly alluring voice.

Neither could I brutally abdicate your innocuously heavenly caress; that transited
me every night into realms of invincible sleep,
Nor could I allow anyone else to touch me even the slightest; except for the
profuse enigma that circumvented her intriguing soul.

Neither could I disobey your unfathomable battalion of benevolent commands;
disgruntling the slightest before your revered grace,
Nor could I allow anyone else to enslave me; except for her magnanimously
romantic aura; that blended royally with the stars in blue sky.

Neither could I change the color you'd imparted to my skin; harnessing me with
scarlet streams of your very own poignant blood,
Nor could I allow anyone else to be the rhapsodic excitement of my flesh; except
for her unbelievably voluptuous body; which ignite fireballs of passion in the
heart of the dead night.

Neither could I savagely exonerate the mystical language; which you'd
unrelentingly taught me since nascent years of immaculate childhood,
Nor could I allow anyone else to be the words of my tongue; except for her
philanthropic persona; which insatiably craved to embrace all humanity.

Neither could I lead my life without your irrefutably sacred charm; propelling me
each instant to be handsomely alive,
Nor could I allow anyone else to be the breath in my lungs; the passionately

throbbing beats of my heart; except for her immortally augmenting flame of love.

For on one hand you were the Godly mother who gave me birth in the first place; nourishing me with your mind; body and blood; while on the other; she was the wife who ensured that I was today; blissfully breathing each of my dreams and unconquerably alive

Nikhil Parekh

Mothers

When the golden eagle laid her eggs in pallid interiors of the jail prison,
in a pathetic ambience of torn spider web and wild rat,
the inmates wailing their woes at discordant tunes,
the obdurate periphery of snow white shells simply refrained from hatching,
the fledglings suffocated to death in the rudimentary
ocean of yolk and blood.

the gaudily striped magpie built her nest of raw twigs and grass,
nestling precariously on tall precipice of the mountain,
in which she delivered a festoon of small yellow eggs,
there suddenly came torrential rain pelting down,
the sky camouflaged with flashes of cold crimson red,
her precious pearls of palpable silver plummeted down the valley,
diffusing into infinite splinters after colliding with a chain of rock.

the long legged ostrich laid her king sized egg in soggy fields of paddy,
nurturing them with loads of compassion and motherly warmth,
slept in a tranquil bliss all throughout the monsoon night,
she wept in inconsolable grief, as first rays of dawn filtered past her eyes,
the babies were no longer hers, as they now lay safely impregnated,
within the slimy intestines of the slithering reptile.

the above mentioned were rare cases of callous mothers,
the premonitions i held for my mother were simply astounding,
she hailed from a godly pedigree of mammalian mothers,
guarded me against evil all night and blistering day,
caressed me in her arms yielding to my faint cries,
suckled me with milk, reinforcing my tender bones,
left me to wander on the soil of parasitic earth,
after i acquired a mountain of maturity blended with the spirit to live.

Nikhil Parekh

Mouse Trap

I waited ardently all night and day to imprison your tiny grace; enticing you with my balls of tangy cheese,
I inhabited the most illuminated corner of the room; so that you could sight me in profound traces of white light,
I greedily glimpsed the minuscule of your intricate movement; fervently following your diminutive silhouette like a panther on the prowl,
I surreptitiously envisaged countless strategies to torment you; inevitably opening my lid a trifle in insurmountable agony,
I incessantly relished the bouncy pairs of springs in my body; the soft chunks of sponge sprawled in haphazard disharmony in my gleaming cage,
I had this sole ambition to trap you in my present life; with my mind indefatigably revolving round the contours of your pertinent body,
I was partly impaired from crystalline vision; witnessed the outside world as an partially obfuscated haze through my myriad of bars and rods,
I was procurable at threadbare rates from the market; with people generally wading their hands as far from me; as consummately possible,
I shivered in the freezing cold every night; while my master had a smashing time sandwiched handsomely under the gorgeously woven exquisite quilt,
I was wholesomely illiterate since infantile birth; the only name that I ruthlessly chanted each second was yours; impatiently awaiting to savagely besiege you,
I had remained starved since fathomless decades; feasting on only bottomless perceptions of rubicund flesh,
I got barbarically kicked infinite times in a single day; with people washing their feet soon after with the strongest of medicinal herb; instead of depicting traces of poignant empathy,
I didn't need a single penny for survival; bore the brunt of drought and flood with overwhelming equanimity on my rusty body,
I hardly knew what day of the month it was; with a battalion of red ant and irascible termites crawling freely on my slippery hinges,
I had a disdainfully obnoxious stench emanating from my soiled demeanor; was repugnant to whomsoever who had his eyes on my dilapidated condition,
I stood just a few inches above the ground; always feeling overpowered by all entities who trespassed heavily through the cold ground,
I harbored dirt and fetid filth all throughout my existence; wistfully hoping for you to stealthily pass by my side,
And I might just appear to be an empty container of junky iron; rotting in the realms of unprecedented agony and solitary gloom,
But mind you 'Mouse'; I the 'Mouse Trap' have always wanted to gobble you all my life; and once you were in my custody you little scoundrel; try as hard as you

can; let even the sky come down on earth; But this time I wont let you out.

Nikhil Parekh

Moustache

When I curled it slightly with my fingers it resembled the angular horns of the placid cow; standing up in alacrity,
Shimmering vibrantly in the sunshine; with unruly bristles of hair protruding out rampantly from umpteenth quarters.

When I combed it scrupulously with a serrated brush; it settled to perfectly commensurate proportions,
Adhering amicably to my lips; appearing as sedate as an angel having long gone off to sleep.

When I applied exorbitant coats of sweet honey on it; it acquired profound tinges of enchanting amber,
There wafted a heavenly aroma into my nostrils; also a scores of irksome red ants crawled to relish the paradise.

When I rubbed it against the naked cheek of my beloved; it engendered a plethora of scarlet blemishes,
She blushed heavily in consternation; and there were infinite tingling sensations impregnated all over her persona.

When I refrained to trim it all along the unveiling week; it proliferated untidily in clusters,
My face now appeared like that of a passionate buffoon; and it seemed as if I had relinquished all interest in life.

When I breathed vigorously into it expending my lungs to full capacity; it wavered a little; disconcertingly perturbed by the onslaught,
Retorted back in intense indignation; prompting me to scratch my skin till it virtually bled.

When I swished at it wildly with my tongue; feverishly caressing a battalion of blades in the process; it didn't seem to mind the least,
Stuck diligently to my flesh in an amalgamated heap; sedately slept for a few hours until the saliva dried.

When I rubbed it frivolously during business meetings; it seemed to have a psychological influence in calming my frayed nerves,
Substantially eased tumultuous tension from my mind; granting me a winning edge over my adversaries.

When I let sweat dribble profusely into it; feebly attempting to resist the flow; it looked all the more handsome,
With the full light of the sun accentuating its drooping periphery; and the aftermath made me feel like a real man.

But when I tonsured it inadvertently; completely annihilating it from my silhouette; I appeared comically distorted; with a feminine disposition inevitably descending on my demeanor,
Although I considered myself as extremely lucky and blessed; as my moustache once again grew into bushy clusters rapidly a few days after shaving; and I thereby took a solemn pledge of never plucking it again.

Nikhil Parekh

Mr. And Mrs. Omnipotent Love

When Miss Voluptuously Enchanting Rain met Mr. Spell Bindingly Effulgent Earth;
they insuperably became; Mr. & Mrs. Eternal fructifying Prosperity,

When Miss Boisterously Frolicking Bumble Bee met Mr. Unbelievably Fragrant
Louts; they perpetually became; Mr. & Mrs. Eternally Sparkling Vivaciousness,

When Miss Ingratiatingly Royal Sensitivity met Mr. Uninhibitedly Fulminating
Freedom; they impregnably became, Mr. & Mrs. Unflinchingly Unbelievable
Patriotism,

When Miss Exhilaratingly Timeless Fantasy met Mr. Unsurpassably Eternal
Seduction; they perennially became; Mr. & Mrs. Tantalizingly Effulgent
Proliferation,

When Miss Charismatically Symbiotic Smiles met Mr. Effeminately Poignant
Valley; they unassailably became; Mr. & Mrs. Ubiquitously Unparalleled Artistry,

When Miss Intimately Convivial Sweetness met Mr. Holistically Symbiotic Wind;
they unshakably became; Mr. & Mrs. Regally Priceless Mankind,

When Miss Ferociously Austere Anger met Mr. Profusely Unlimited Honey; they
timelessly became; Mr. & Mrs. Eclectically Vivid Tanginess,

When Miss Enthrillingly Pristine Blackness met Mr. Flamboyantly Flaming Sun;
they tirelessly became; Mr. & Mrs. Exuberantly Mollifying Evening,

When Miss Marvelously Insatiable Compassion met Mr. Fearlessly Altruistic
Fortitude; they irrevocably became; Mr. & Mrs. Everlastingly Unblemished Unity,

When Miss Surreptitiously Philandering Mist met Mr. Bewitchingly Esoteric
Adventurer; they indomitably became; Mr. & Mrs. Fathomlessly Stupefying
Enigma,

When Miss Unrestrictedly Expressive Tigress met Mr. Phlegmatically Reticent Air;
they unstoppably became; Mr. & Mrs. Celestially Pleasant Atmosphere,

When Miss Aristocratically Ingenious Rainbow met Mr. Artistically Fantastic
Poetry; they harmoniously became; Mr. & Mrs. Unrelentingly Exotic Adventure,

When Miss Inexorably Profound Concentration met Mr. Limitlessly Luminiscent Dedication; they exultatingly became; Mr. & Mrs. Inimitably Ecstatic Victory,

When Miss Resplendently Discovering Freedom met Mr. Dazzlingly Unconquerable Truth; they unceasingly became; Mr. & Mrs. Supremely Enamoring Paradise,

When Miss Astoundingly Ingenious Punctuality met Mr. Incomprehensibly state-of-the-art Precision; they infallibly became; Mr. & Mrs. Gloriously Unassailable Picture-Perfect,

When Miss Panoramically Virgin Beauty met Mr. Mellifluously Priceless Rudiments; they invincibly became; Mr & Mrs. Sensuously Heavenly Mother-Nature,

When Miss Fascinatingly Relentless Dreamer met Mr. Gregariously Synergistic Philosopher; they inevitably became; Mr. & Mrs. Unbreakably Unlimited Friend,

When Miss Vibrantly Untamed Breath met Mr. Passionately Vivid Enthusiasm; they unrestrictedly became; Mr. & Mrs. Sacredly Blessing Life,

And when Miss Divinely Thundering Heart met Mr. Unimaginably Burgeoning Freshness; they immortally became; Mr. & Mrs. Endlessly Omnipotent Love.

Nikhil Parekh

Mrs. Namita Shah-You Mean The World To My Child.

How can I thank you for all those bountiful values of goodness that you've so magically inculcated in my child's innocent brain?

How can I thank you for so compassionately holding my child's hand in an alien premises-when I wasn't the slightest around to hear her inconsolable cries?

How can I thank you for making the whole process of monotonous studies—such an enchanting playground of richness for my child's eyes?

How can I thank you for so beautifully taming my child into a symbiotically civilized angel—from an unruly doll only obsessed with her very own toys?

How can I thank you for so adeptly solving each barricade in the path of my child—as she indulged the first chords of her infinite mind into the whole process called 'learning in school'?

How can I thank you for so magically triggering a smile on the face of my child—as she nervously fidgeted for her own space amidst several more of her kind?

How can I thank you for so magnanimously bearing with each bit of my child's peskiness—converting each tear that dribbled from her eyes into the most perfect nursery rhyme of life?

How can I thank you for so thoughtfully introducing my child to each new aspect of school—letting her marvelously adjust to even the remotest component in the new atmosphere—at her very own pace?

How can I thank you for guarding my child like an invincible fortress of friendship—whilst teaching her the quintessential alphabets of knowledge at the same time?

How can I thank you for untiringly being the eyes of my child as she feebly weaved her way through each bit of unknown territory- amongst the incredibly tall walls of her first school?

How can I thank you for observing even the most intricate development of my child—and then making constant persevering notes on how to improve her all round performance in the chapter called life?

How can I thank you for being the most adorable home for my child away from her real home-and being the most perfect mother for her and all her mates as well in mundane schooltime?

Well let me just start by saying Mrs. Shah -'That you mean the world to my child'.

Nikhil Parekh

Music: The Food For Life

Music is an enchanting reverie which never ends; inundating your dying soul with perpetual happiness,

Music is a mesmerizing bird which keeps soaring endlessly through the mystical clouds; nostalgically transiting you back into realms of impeccable childhood,

Music is a resplendent star in the cosmos; which incessantly keeps rejuvenating withering lives from the brink of despairing extinction,

Music is a tantalizing whisper which astoundingly proliferates in the mind as each second unveiled; truly escalating the spirit of existence,

Music is a poignant panacea for the most inexplicable of ailment; profoundly blending the rhythm of the passionate heart with all the goodness prevailing in the atmosphere,

Music is a wave of euphoric rhapsody; which washes away all those sins; you may have inadvertently stumbled upon,

Music is a profusely redolent rose; uninhibitedly disseminating its scent to whomsoever who wanted to inhale it,

Music is the invincible ladder to ebullient success; propelling you to rise from the obnoxious ashes; everytime you horrendously faltered in your step,

Music is a vivacious rainbow; deluging mundane survival with compassionate loads of vibrant color and charm,

Music is a captivating fountain; bestowing each life it besieged with a festoon of emphatic melody,

Music is the most effusive form of expression; stirring the most inner most recesses of the conscience to unbelievably unprecedented limits,

Music is more gorgeous than the voluptuous shadow; unfurling an unsurpassable tale of tantalizing mystery in each of its tunes,

Music is the most immaculate sound which a tangible organism could ever emanate; the most sacrosanct tune; which perpetually unites one and all; alike,

Music is a seductive trail that leads to the most marvelously tingling fantasy; a dream which only the angels in the heavens could coalesce with and conceive, Music is a indomitable protagonist; absorbing even the most infinitesimal trace of acrimonious hostility; in the swirl of its tenacious pulse,

Music is a magnificently surreal cloud which relentlessly rains; blessing the lives of countless with the essence of its sacred grace,

Music is a velvety feather which not only triggers an untamed exultation in breathless identities; but rekindles them to lead a myriad of infinite more exciting lives,

Music is the religion you believe in; the language in which your very first ancestor used to merrily converse,

Music is the solitary ray of dazzling light in the preposterously morbid tunnel; engendering you to emerge victorious in the Herculean struggle called life,

Music is an arrow which hits its target completely blindfolded; rises as the uncrowned prince; even as the entire planet headed towards inevitably disdainful destruction,

Music is an intriguingly innocuous child; that stays forever young even after undergoing an incomprehensible battalion of deaths,

Music is the insurmountable spice which fomented even the dead to rise from their graves; dance in stupendously sultry winds in the throes of moonlit midnight,

Music is the most wonderful entertainment bereft of a single penny; and yet amazingly reinvigorating the entire system with blissful synergies that the body had always desired,

Music is the sparkle of ones eye; the glow which every personality radiates in the most divinely contented stage of life,

Music is the whistling air you breathe; the ecstatic spurts of energy you expend while trespassing on every path of life; the celestial flurry of smiles on your countenance as you are enthralled by the creation of God,

Music is indeed the reason why you live; the reason why you will always choose to love; or shall we say music is the irrefutable food for life.

Nikhil Parekh

My Adventures Of The Jungle

I butchered unwanted outgrowths that came my way,
crushed thorny cactus under bare soles of my feet,
hung freely from forked elastic branch of mango tree,
bathed in icy streams flowing past a plethora of rock,
screamed at full lung capacity to resemble aboriginal apes, bit my teeth in
thick folds of green banana skin,
covered my body with dotted fragments of tree bark skin,
rode bare back on untamed African elephant,
burnt a roaring fire of brittle tree logwood,
engulfed my mouth in fleshy delights of smoked deer meat,
slept like a demon in moist interiors of my large rock cavern,
camouflaged from sight by thunderous waterfall,
cascading from dizzy heights of the mountain.

acerbic rays of the sun filtered at dawn,
through innumerable crevices of my dilapidated cave roof,
awakening me with jolts of unwarranted surprise,
as i started my expedition towards the century old buried Temple.

there were steps that led a trail into deep recesses of earth,
at the end of which lay sprawled a dungeon of riches,
with silver coins raining from the oval roof,
diamond and yellow gold was stashed abundantly,
pieces of ivory projected from the wall,
i then lost balance, high degrees of self control,
my weary legs collapsed on the floor,
to roll in a bed of glittering gold, with globules of white silver pouring down.

Nikhil Parekh

My Baby

The Dinosaur perceived it to be an inconspicuous insect; a small speck of dirt lying sprawled amongst infinite others of its kind,

The red ants on the floor perceived it to be a colossal mountain; with black roots on its summit,

The clouds hovering in the cosmos perceived it to be; a passing draught of placid wind,

The yellow beaked birds floating in the pond; perceived it to be a flimsy fledgling having just hatched out,

The ominous reptiles slithering in unchopped meadows of grass; perceived it to be a gigantic worm with bulging eyes,

The fiery body of sun in the sky; perceived it to a hindrance; irascibly blocking its scintillating rays,

The rustic chimpanzees perched high on the trees; perceived it to be a tiny inclusion into their vivacious tribe,

The chameleon transgressing through the incongruous bushes; perceived it to be a gargantuan mosquito; impossible to be gobbled,

The stray dogs philandering through the desolate streets; perceived it to be a chunk of sumptuous chicken; the very sight of which made them profusely slaver at their mouths,

The obstreperously humming bees in their cat combed hives; perceived it to be an organism of their fraternity; when it incessantly cried,

The monstrous sharks in the deep ocean; perceived it to be a fragile and sticky tadpole; without its tail,

The discordantly buzzing mosquitoes; perceived it to be a blend of rich flesh and blood; a rare treat to encounter once in a while,

The silver spider entwined within the intricate threads of its web; perceived it to be a crusader; who could squelch its dwelling at any moment,

The squirrels wandering through the meandering burrows; perceived it to be a sumptuous nut; soft and supple to nibble,
The diabolically toothed alligator in the swampy marshes; perceived it to be crunchy bread for breakfast,

The pigs ambling languidly on the streets; perceived it to be a sophisticated bundle of scented garbage,

The rats trespassing through the floors at night; perceived it to be a freshly prepared conglomerate of food,

The creator who evolved him from my womb; perceived him to be a human being; a tangible entity out of the millions he had created,

While I perceived ' MY BABY'; to be the most beautiful person in this world; the most priceless treasure ever existing on this planet; Yes your guess is as good as mine; for I was none other than his mother.

Nikhil Parekh

My Baby Daughter's Originality.

Not her daintily bountiful feet- which were the source of life in its uninhibited fullest in the brilliantly sunlit household,

Not her incongruous mumbling in the middle of the night; as she restlessly tossed and turned from one periphery of the King poster bed to another,

Not her vividly carefree artistry- which splashed color and gregarious charm - resuscitating fresh life into the solitarily deadened canvas,

Not her streak for emulating fashion- earnestly trying to be a trendsetter in her own
pristine self- as she swayed joyfully under the stars in the royally moonlit night,

Not her unpredictable temperament- which flared up at the tiniest of provocation to box everyone around her and then tranquilly quell as a silent stream to eventually merge with the sea,

Not her intriguing genius that captivated the attention of the brightest in the world- as she collaged thin bits of obsolete waywardness to harness new dimensions of creativity,

Not her mischievously uninhibited smile- that led me merrily dancing in the surreal
velvet of clouds - envisaging earth the most blessedly beautiful place to be,

Not her inherently philanthropic streak- her magnanimously diminutive persona which donated without inhibition- even whilst the richest of the richest sneered in contempt,

Not her gorgeously unruffled hair which marked her identity as one who loved to play and revel in the glory of enchanting music- occasionally running the hair comb through her dolls,

Not her sipper which she clung to with ecstatic fervor and unparalleled joy- whilst suckling droplets of impeccable milk at dawn,

Not her victorious enthusiasm to relish existence to its exhilarating fullest- as her sacredness was a treasured gift from Lord Almighty to do and disseminate good around her,

Not her pedaling her cycle with new found spurts of energy- as she raced past the finishing line and immediately hugged me with invincible zeal to celebrate her monumental feat,

Not her unfettered sighs of admiration as she browsed television- garlanding her favorite actors and actresses with tiny claps in her perception,

Not her unshakeable flair for choosing the right match of food at the right time - as she was one poignant aficionado of pungent taste and spice- making her meal a vibrant delight,

Not her unbridled passion for adventure as she made new friends irrespective of caste; creed; religion or tribe- explored new and natural pathways lugged on my shoulders in a piggy-back,

Not her artistically molded fingers with which she shaped clay into the choicest shapes of intricacy- and admirably wrote in handsome calligraphy upon listless paper- in a tenacity to succeed,

Not her magnetic ability to grasp things that she liked- and then form a story of the various characters she perceived- fearlessly reciting the same to adult audience in her own unduplicated aura,

Not her rushing to me like wounded crop at the tiniest fall which happened quite inadvertently with the floor- and then I compassionately circled her in my arms showing her the fecund fields outside,

But what bowled me over. Was my baby daughter's originality.

Nikhil Parekh

My Best Friend- The Lord Almighty.

My mother could never ever become my friend; too busy in her household chores and pursuing the passions of her life; always looking upon me as her newborn child; even though I catapulted to the greatest of heights,

My father could never ever become my friend; able to view nothing else but the colossal edifices of the robotic corporate empire before his eyes all night and day; with an occasional pat here and there on my head; too busy earning for the inevitable needs of the gargantuan family,

My sister could never ever become my friend; profoundly engaged in her own family and the crankiness of impetuous youth; with most of our conversations eventually resulting into the most thunderously demented of squabbles,

My grandfather could never ever become my friend; staunchly following his age old rigidly tyrannical ideologies; which I thoroughly detested and severely shirked to follow,

My grandmother could never ever become my friend; being the ultimate apostle of orthodoxy and implementing only what the scriptures said; whilst I was one who solely listened to my passionate heart's commands,

My brother could never ever become my friend; as pangs of inconsolable jealousy radiated in gay abundance from our persona's; in order to become the favorite child of our revered parents,

My wife could never ever become my friend; as we virtually digressed in every opinion; being the indefatigably scowling and blasphemously blaming north pole and south pole; contained in a single house,

My children could never ever become my friend; as they were just irascible infants; whose unendingly hysterical shrieks made me plead an unfathomable times on my knees; let alone whisper the word sanctity,

My uncle's and aunts could never ever become my friend; as they were profusely party circuit; those same very sanctimonious shows of meaningless drudgery; that I spat upon even in the wildest of my dreams,

My neighbors could never ever become my friend; as they lead life like a frigidly dysfunctional robotic clock; whilst every instant of my impoverished life; was

enshrouded with unabashed sensuousness and spontaneity,

My colleagues could never ever become my friend; timelessly plotting schemes to bury me alive in my corpse; in their parasitically unceasing quest of escalating to the pinnacle of blood soaked success,

My surroundings could never ever become my friend; as they too in their salaciously inebriated and adulterated state; stabbed me a zillion times to adopt the path of untruthful commercialism; whilst I eternally wanted to mélange each beat of my heart with the rudiments of nature divine,

My countrymen could never ever become my friend; as nearly each one of them endlessly ran after the currency coin; time and again at the cost of the soil which they inhabited; whilst I perpetually considered the beats of love to be above every dimension and money on this blessed planet,

My teachers could never ever become my friend; because there was always this stringent definition of respectability that came in between; our openheartedly divulging the innermost secrets of our hearts,

My profession could never ever become my friend; as I couldn't play even the most infinitesimal of games with it; had to bow down before it like the ultimate power before granting it that unassailably meticulous touch; so that the world accepted it and I symbiotically survived,

My great ancestors and far off siblings/kin could never ever become my friend; as I hardly knew anything of them other than their names; and it wasn't my habit to entrust unshakable blind faith; into the most unchartered of territories,

My servants could never ever become my friend; as I never considered them as servants in the first place; whilst they unstoppably reminded me of the same ghastly discrimination of this barbaric society; by licking dirt right in front of my eyes although I severely reprimanded them,

My very own breath could never ever become my friend; as I had the most insane of panic attacks with each inhalation of mine; overtly skeptical and unsure of whether another of its kind would find way into my nostrils or not,

Yet. I wasn't ever desperate and alone. Yet I wasn't ever devastated and betrayed. Yet I wasn't ever paralyzed and depressed. As I forever had the hands of my best friend: 'The Lord Almighty' to soothe my brow; to uninterruptedly and unabashedly talk to; in my times of duress and exultation; in my times of life and

death; who made me feel closer and closer to my mission of ameliorating all sick
and deprived humanity;
who made me feel the most unconquerably priceless organism alive.

Nikhil Parekh

My Broken Heart Needed

The broken door of pure rosewood needed a carpenter to repair it; replenishing its distorted edges with loads of compassionate varnish and an array of hostile nails,

The broken slabs of building needed an engineer to refurbish it; reinforcing its surface with lanky beams and columns; fortifying its gaping string of holes with rich chunks of cement and concrete,

The broken pieces of cloth needed a tailor to stitch them; blend the scattered fragments together; to evolve the stupendous garment again,

The broken checkbooks and torn documents of financial operation needed a banker to resurrect them; spawn ingeniously manipulative policies to ensure that all business bounced back to robust normalcy,

The broken switchboards needed an electrician to configure them; intermingle the boundless conglomerate of wires to produce sparkling beams of untainted light,

The broken fields needed a farmer to plough them; sow the right concoction of seeds and manure; in order to metamorphose the gruesome sand into blossoming land of enchanting fertility,

The broken words of the book needed a writer to rearrange them; meticulously sort out the baffling jumble into magnificent lines of captivating literature,

The broken spacecraft needed the scientist to remold it; splendidly synchronize its arms and tail; impregnate it with the most contemporary of machinery; to enable it to gush at electric speeds towards the heart of the blue sky,

The broken ornaments needed the goldsmith to reinvigorate them; chisel the shards of unruly metal into scintillating necklaces of fabulous silver,

The broken carving on the wall needed the artisan to harness it; convert its disrupted demeanor into one with astounding solidity and oligarchic magnificence,

The broken shoe lying desolate in the attic needed a cobbler to mend it;

transform its mocking and dusty caricature into one with exquisite shine and abundant lace,

The broken gutter needed a plumber to renovate it; wholesomely stop the flow of spewing debris; converting the rotten stench emanating into one of placid and stringent calm,

The broken painting needed an artist to embellish it; join all the horrendously massacred shapes into mesmerizing contours of the spell binding fairy,

The broken bone needed a doctor to coalesce it; bond the severely depleted fragments together to give birth again to a rubicund entity,

The broken song needed a musician to reconstruct it; embody it with jazzy tunes and revitalizing melody; profusely recreating its stolen glory again,

The broken bird needed an ornithologist to rejuvenate it; apply balm to its torn feathers; in order to impart it with tumultuous force and propel it to fly,

The broken watch needed a watchmaker to wind it; oil its rusty coalition of springs; so that it ticked incessantly as time drifted by,

The broken law and order in the city needed a policeman to rectify it; instill a sense of impregnable security amongst citizens; with valiant acts of his dynamic bravery,

The broken democracy in the world needed a flamboyant leader to uplift it; judiciously channelize all the energy of people for the betterment of this planet,

The broken lawns sprawling disdainfully over colossal expanses of the valley needed a gardener to reinvigorate them; prudently squelch the unwanted weeds; in order to ensure that the roses bloomed merrily without parasites,

The broken King needed a host of beautiful slaves to stimulate his dead senses; obey the most minuscule of his command; appease him thoroughly with dance; and the tantalizing cadence in their voice,

The broken marriage needed a team of counselor's to recap it; solve the infinitesimal differences that had led to the execution of this bizarre event in life,

The broken beliefs needed a sagacious saint to rebuild them; bring the abysmally lonely disciple closer to the realms of the omnipotent Ceator,

The broken snapshot needed the photographer to reframe it; meticulously arrange the solitary chunks into a complete picture; depicting once again the smiling and boisterous family,

The broken victim needed the pressman to alleviate her pain; highlight to the world in his article; about the plethora of lecherous atrocities committed on her impeccable body,

The broken stomach needed a waiter to satisfy it; serving it with mouth watering delicacies and thereby ensuring that it succumbed to blissful and contented sleep,

The broken laughter needed a clown to re-establish it; inundate its miserable life with unsurpassable amount of smile and ecstasy,

The broken web needed a spider to reweave it; embedding its mercilessly split trajectory; again with silver threads of slime,

The broken sea needed a battalion of fish and coral reefs to reform itself; relive the incredulous moment of glory when it had just been created in this Universe,

The broken discotheque needed scores of impetuous boys and girls to enliven it; flood its dreary ambience with fiery passion; pulsating dance; and voluptuous movement,

The broken history needed an archaeologist to recount it; search for the missing links and clues that once upon a time led to the formation of noble dynasties,

The broken hive needed boundless number of bees to refill it; encompass each pore its persona with their discordant buzzing; and supremely sweet streams of honey,

The broken vegetables needed a chef to realign them; prepare appetizing delicacies out of the shoddy mass of loose grass and fruit,

The broken children needed a philanthropist to liberate them; fill their lives with all the jubilation and fantasy which they were so desperately bereft off,

The broken mind needed a psychiatrist to retrieve it; bring it to proportion with the civilized society; from the corridors of despondency and lost oblivion,

The broken ship needed a captain to coherently steer it; surge it forward with gusto and insurmountable exhilaration into the deep waters of the sapphire ocean,

The broken army needed a brave and an audacious soldier to instigate it; see to it that it emerged victorious without the slightest of blemish to its motherland,

The broken den needed the lion to enlighten it; prove it once again to the world that it harbored none other; but the irrefutable king of the jungle,

The broken morning needed the cuckoo to animate it; drive away all the gloominess prevailing in the atmosphere; with the mesmerizing rhythm in its voice,

The broken line needed a teacher to restore it; explicitly explain it to the student its symbolic meaning and astronomical importance,

The broken voice needed a ventriloquist to harness it; extract the hidden melody to the summit of its capacity; portray to entire world the euphoric essence of sound,

The broken automobile needed a mechanic to invigorate it; lubricate its dying parts; pumping tons of fresh air in its tyre; granting it the power to conquer the most treacherous of slopes,

The broken balls needed a juggler to enhance their charm; spin them at mind boggling speeds; revolving them at all angles in the breeze before delectably collapsing on the bed of pure silk,

The broken valley needed environmentalists to plant it with infinite saplings; see the inconspicuous nodules ripen into dense forests within a matter of fading months,

The broken house needed a ensemble of detectives to find the culprits; hunt out the criminals who transformed the family living in perpetual bliss into deceased corpses buried beneath the earth,

The broken women needed faithful husbands to alleviate their tale of deprivation; making them witness a new and vibrantly optimistic face of tomorrow,

The broken lives needed a messiah from the heavens to rehabilitate them;

shower their bereaved souls with immeasurable happiness,

And my broken heart needed a girl who could fully comprehend my sorrow; love me like no one else did on this globe; bonding every beat of mine with her violently throbbing heart; healing every incurable wound of mine; blending her breath with mine for times and births immemorial.

Nikhil Parekh

My Brutally Devastating Devil

On surface you might see me wholeheartedly laughing the corners of my mouth out; but that was just to hide the inexplicable germs of agony indefatigably encircling my soul,

On surface you might see me triumphantly gyrating even the most inconspicuous bone of my body; but that was just to hide the perennial blows of flagrant defeat that had just mercilessly bludgeoned me from all sides,

On surface you might see me exuberantly slurping unsurpassable sips of pristinely victorious Alp water; but that was just to hide the unfathomably despicable dryness that had circumscribed every of my veins; since centuries immemorial,

On surface you might see me incessantly chattering like the boisterously untamed bumble bee; but that was just to hide the ghoulishly crucifying solitariness that unrelentingly stabbed every ingredient of my scarlet blood,

On surface you might see me passionately kissing even the most infinitesimal draught of air; but that was just to hide tears of inevitably strangulating disease transcending every other thing in my body,

On surface you might see me timelessly involved in one philanthropic mission or another; but that was just to hide the insurmountably treacherous lackluster parasitically eviscerating every ounce of my enthusiasm from the fabric of my life,

On surface you might see me mellifluously humming the most unbelievably blessed of tunes; but that was just to hide the corpses of disdainfully cacophonous cynicism which had incarcerated me since many a lifetime,

On surface you might see me uninhibitedly blessing countless a humanity; but that was just to hide the uncontrollably raving devil; salaciously slandering every conceivably naked pore of my impoverished flesh,

On surface you might see me beautifully cleansing every wound of my body with the balm of rhapsodically unfettered Mother Nature; but that was just to hide the limitless mortuaries of inane artificiality; which had haplessly hollowed every cranny of my existence,

On surface you might see me earnestly promising in every sphere of life; but that was just to hide the mercilessly robotic falseness; which had unfortunately become the very solar plexus of my survival,

On surface you might see me surreally closing my eyes as if forever fantasizing in the mists of brilliantly unhindered paradise; but that was just to hide the insidiously delirious mania that had ruthlessly estranged every iota of my unsparingly crippled brain,

On surface you might see me tirelessly evolving into an invincible entrenchment of mesmerizing newness; but that was just to hide the venom of ghastily pulverizing infertility bizarrely lambasting the complexion of my existence,

On surface you might see me like a magically charismatic prince gallivanting in the corridors of eternal freedom; but that was just to hide the egregiously sadistic whiplashes of unsolicited trauma that inexhaustibly disintegrated me into an infinite bits of meaninglessness,

On surface you might see me blazing like the most undauntedly sizzling Sun; but that was just to hide the countless nights of appallingly criminal darkness; that had besieged me since the very first cry of virgin birth,

On surface you might see me profoundly engrossed in the canvas of miraculously ameliorating artistry; but that was just to hide the horrifically untouchable staleness; that lugubriously trailed along with every incorrigible shadow of mine,

On surface you might see me robustly bouncing in the prime of celestial youth; but that was just to hide the fathomless gallons of sinful liquor that had already vaporized my liver in its wholesome entirety,

On surface you might see me chanting the rhymes of symbiotically priceless existence; but that was just to hide the tornados of inexorably massacring vindication; restlessly brewing up in every crevice of my conscience,

On surface you might see me fierily breathing like the most intrepidly ebullient of adventurer; but that was just to hide the hell of unlimitedly penalizing death that had already imprisoned me; an infinite births ago,

And On surface you might see me embracing every living being in the swirl of Immortal friendship; but that was just to hide the poison of satanically asphyxiating betrayal that had irrevocably infiltrated every nerve of my persona; as the ultimate gift from the girl I'd once upon a time unstoppably loved; the girl

to whom I'd selflessly dedicated every instant of my life once upon a time; but
the very girl whom I today proclaim as my brutally devastating Devil.

Nikhil Parekh

My Complaint

My heart speaks in violent fury,
Raging over like wild white fire,
Ruling all emotions,
Holding the pointed time about,
O! I wished with all my energy for a gentle calm voice,
Neutralizing all my sorrow,
Wading past the tumultuous agony that besieges me,
Settling my cumbersome entity on mother earth.

An ardent desire pounding on it for years,
Crushed by the effervescence of fate,
Like a dicey off stand dance,
Glancing mockingly at effort,
Giving a thoroughly dull start,
To withstand truck loads of pain all throughout.

Nikhil Parekh

My Creator

For as long as the sun has shone in the cosmos; filtering a path of electric light through the silken puffs of clouds,

For as long as the moon has shimmered amidst a pool of darkness; emitting a stream of mystical silver rays,

For as long as the river has cascaded down the mountain slopes; culminating into a fountain of mesmerizing froth; after blending with the sparkling rocks,

For as long as the deserts have formed whirlpools of sand; with turbulent currents of dust sweeping majestically across every unleashing minute,

For as long as the rose has emanated its enchanting redolence; left its lingering fragrance to wholesomely besiege ones dreary persona,

For as long as raw salt has lived in the sea; rising and falling rampantly with the undulating waves,

For as long as the birds have chirped melodiously on the trees; inundating the nonchalant atmosphere with waves of enthralling music,

For as long as the potbellied turtle has philandered innocuously; nibbling merrily at the fat chunk of green leaves,

For as long as the stars have twinkled in the cloudless sky; granting celestial reprieve from the ominous dark circumventing the earth,

For as long as blistering lava has remained incarcerated in earth's belly; traveling at lightening speeds through a labyrinth of its crevices,

For as long as the chameleon has changed its shades; camouflaged itself perfectly with its vibrant surroundings,

For as long as the rain has plummeted from the sky; drenching scorched slabs of soil with stupendously cool water,

For as long as peacock has danced animatedly; opening its full plumage with violent outbursts of wind in the monsoons,

For as long as the iridescent rainbow has appeared in the sky; presenting a festoon of colors for one to sight,

For as long as the echo has reverberated in the deep valley; permeating bit by bit
into its everlasting darkness,

For as long as the virtue of attraction has existed between mammals; drawing them closer into an intimate embrace, bestowing upon them the power to procreate,

For as long as there has been irrefutable truth; the essence of it hovering alive directions unprecedented,

For as long as the omnipresent aura of love encapsulates us all; bonding us perpetually with the threads of humanity,

And for as long as there has been the first leaf; the first droplet of liquid; the first living being on this earth; there has existed the person whom I am grateful for creating me; the one whom I today know as my first ancestor; my omniscient Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

My Darling Unfettered Umbrella

It made spell bindingly intriguing shapes in construction sand; as I thrust its tip with the most nonchalantly uninhibited ease and without giving a damn,

It brought about unabashed laughter when tickled with in the ribs; proving an astoundingly great and cost-free playmate to relish life,

It helped me draw wondrously enamoring designs in loosened clay; as I swished its tip with perseveringly passionate tenacity to reach my imaginative direction,

It pummeled incongruously delectable holes in the wall; when sagaciously used to reach the other side of the room; when every other alternative had failed,

It proved a quintessential humane tool for self-defense; as merely raising its awkwardly gaunt persona towards an impersonator; made him retract right back to the entrance gate,

It made an excellently formidable walking stick; with a resolute grip on stony ground and compassionately fondling the palms with its bountifully semi-circular end,

It acted as an enchantingly philanthropic pulley in times of duress; when I offered its tapered tip to people stuck in the flood; that helped me hoist them to safe places of comfort,

It made one of my most flexibly rejoicing bats; as I used its neatly serrated body to bludgeon the ball flying towards me; to high and handsome outside the rickety fence,

It appeared as a wand of practicality in my hands; starkly proclaiming that I'd like to mind my own business and expect the same from others; wherever I went,

It made me feel at my youthfully effervescent best; as I tapped it on cold floor-to the passionately unhindered tunes of the loudspeaker on the bustling street,

It acted as a rhapsodically make-shift broomstick at times; clearing unsolicited garbage that spontaneously appeared in the way; swishing left and right with all its might on sordid road,

It acted as a magnanimously enthralling storage pouch; as I kept all sorts of meaningful tid-bits and coins in its inner recesses; emptying the same wholesomely only after reaching the safe environs of home,

It served as a mesmerizing respite against mosquito bite; as one used its somberly protruding tip to scratch; alleviate the pang of rash after the obnoxious sting,

It proved an impeccably honest shoulder to lean upon; share; cuddle; caress and clasp- without expecting the tiniest from me in return; as the world outside suddenly turned deaf to what I said,

It gave me a feeling that I was holding an unparalleled winners trophy at times; as I nimbly tread my way to the train holding it invincibly against my chest,

It gave me a feeling of sparkling newness as I trawled my fingers through its scintillatingly shiny spokes; which jutted out in synchronized tandem to define its ebullient outlines,

It was so compassionately adjustable; as it shrunk to almost a quarter of its size when I closed it; at times even to less than my little thumb to accommodate like a toy in my pocket,

It snugly hung in almost every corner and wall nail when the time came to retire for the day; reminding me of the optimistic fervor that I needed to start a freshly flamboyant dawn,

But I liked it the most when my unfettered Umbrella opened full bloom at the punch of a button; unfurling the colors of joy of my impoverished existence; and sequestering me from the acrimonious afternoon heat just like a new born child.

Nikhil Parekh

My Daughter's Fascinating Pillow.

She hugged it tight to her adorably tiny chest - as fierce thunderstorms and lightening announced the onset of the profoundly vivacious monsoon,

She carried it like the most invincibly cherished of her toys - fantastically bemused by its spongy texture and compassionate friendship - kissing its rotund periphery with her nimble lips,

She unabashedly chided it for being transiently lost - as she found it after an excruciating search from amongst her plethora of toys of multitudinal shapes and fraternities - immediately hiding it in her cup-board - so that none could inadvertently venture it out again,

She cuddled close to it like it was the best of her friends - joyously assimilating her daily dose of several varied colorful cartoon characters and films - alongwith her favorite platter of wondrously tantalizing snacks; ofcourse,

She uninhibitedly tossed it high up in the air and then darted at electric speeds to catch it safely in her impeccably dainty arms; at times also allowing it have a free fall and then burst into laughter as it timidly bounced,

She used it as one of her most creative hotspot's - scribbling and embodying its surface with every conceivable graffiti that her innocuous brain could conceive - letting her ingenious kid fingers vividly sketch upon it with color; paint; gratitude and inimitable charm,

She sporadically involved it in her impetuously playful fights - hurling it an incongruous left; right and center to differentiate her own little toy territory in her room from the rest; eventually collapsing on the floor in sheer and exuberant exhaustion,

She proudly brandished it criss-crossed in open space - as if she was a fearless soldier marching towards the corridors of victory - her very own fantasy triumph which was amiably frolicking with her parents and savoring her reinvigorating dollops of lime candy ice - cream; towards the end of the blissful day,

She mischievously patted it with all her minuscule might - to tease her pet dog
as he
patiently knelt on his hind legs as a mark of distinguished respect to her - and
then she caressed him on his convivial ears and merrily gallivanted of to play
with him
on the open terrace,

She nonchalantly kicked it to express her frustration as the electricity went out -
more
so; since she knew that neither would it experience even the most insouciant of
pain - nor would she harm herself in anyway,

She used it as her most unfettered and darling punching bag - childishly
pummeling
those prized fists of hers into royal cotton fabric - as she relished her earthly
freedom to its natural and unfettered best,

She intermittently took it alongwith her in the car - as she leaned her full weight
upon it to perch like a princess and fantasize goodness - as the vehicle
majestically sped
through the wilderness of the intrepid streets; interspersed with motley traffic,

She made it the most fantabulously decorated roof of her playhouse - with the
walls
made of rustic straw, stick, lace, plastic, cap, paper and whatever worthily
intriguing
object that she could lay her hands upon - as she entered her thrilling abode with
her
impeccably loved friend,

She sank deep within its cozily empowering recesses when tired after the
evening's
play - and then beautifully shrugged herself to complete her school work with
utmost
sincerity - greet the new tomorrow with philanthropy and astounding creativity,

She deliberately plucked at its stitching and ripped apart its cover to threadbare
junk - to roll upon it; in its gloriously bohemian baldness - and then beautify it
with a richly
embroidered cloth of her very own stellar choice,

She narrated her different stories about her experience with it with mortally

unmatched aplomb - which could almost be published as a book by some of the best publishers in the world; as she happily jostled on the tree on the absolute edge of the magnificently plush lawn,

She languished in its unparalleled serenity in her moments of silence - then came up

with some of the most comic anecdotes of her trysts with existence - spontaneously

rushing to hug those cherished to her as she felt earnestly versatile,

I, her father, simply adored her benevolent feelings towards it,

But she, my cute daughter, truly loved her fascinating Pillow.

Nikhil Parekh

My Faith In God -When I Felt I Was Dying

With every majestic sunset making way for the Immaculate moon; that astoundingly depicted the multifarious shades of this Universe—which was a gift from the Omnipotent Creator,

With every draught of exuberant wind; that evolved into a whole new mist of rhapsodic excitement; out of sheer and insipid nothingness,

With every dainty petal of the poignant rose; that permeated a scent of oneness in the otherwise monotonously subjugated atmosphere,

With every vivacious stroke of the mesmerizing rainbow; that charmed the entire Universe; fraught with its own inexplicably unsolicited misery,

With every infinitesimal speck of the atmosphere; that invincibly clung to the bodies of us living beings; befriending an entire Universe of solidarity—from its own realms of isolation and despair,

With every step that marched forward to maintain the royal equilibrium of life; ensure that life went on despite anything and everything; but only by the grace of God,

With every flight of unbridled fantasy; that made even the most inconspicuously ordinary of living being; catapult beyond the definitions of desire,

With every squeak that escaped the throat; triumphantly piercing the bizarre sullenness and silence of the atmosphere with a desire to be embraced by one and all,

With every sensuously tantalizing night; that unfurled into the morning of a bountifully optimistic and brilliant dawn,

With every solemn pledge of goodwill in the graveyard; that bedazzled the ghastly silence of remorseful death; with a new found longing to disseminate love and life,

With every rumble of inscrutable thunder in the sky; that brought alongwith it the optimistic promise of rain; an infallible reason to cheer in the aisles of ecstasy,

With every inimitably righteous footprint left on soil; that carved an entire pathway of unflinching goodness; love and peace; as the quintessential elements to lead life with,

With every idea that uninhibitedly germinated from the brain; blossoming into boundless sparks of freshness; to unite the entire planet into the religion of love,

With every affable outgrowth that joyously leapt out of soil; instantaneously engulfed with the blessed rays of the Sun; after an equally compassionate cuddling by mother soil,

With every handshake executed between people of all race; religion and color; paving way for the most immortal and unassailable religion of humanity,

With every lump of frigidly asphyxiating snow; that perseveringly labored its way to becoming the most adorable stream of love; as its eventual outcome,

With every step traversing on the road not taken; permeating robotic chunks of the atmosphere with tantalizing splashes of adventure,

With every anecdote of failure that strengthened one's resolve to succeed all the more; metamorphosing every bit of morbid ash into an opportunity to holistically survive,

My faith in God grew; as irrespective of whatever has happened or would happen from now on; I know it would be for the good—

As God is my faith; God is my life- God gives me the power to symbiotically survive with one and all till the time he commanded-

And whenever he decides to take me away from this earth of his; I sincerely pray from my heart and soul to him; to be able to utter his name in poetry and song; when I felt I was dying.

Nikhil Parekh

My Father- Definition Of Class

Grey bristles of pointed hair,
Ruddy complexioned facial aura,
Small beads of visual apparatus,
Shrewd silhouette of pink lips,
Portraying firm outlines of decision,
A glittering bunch of 32 teeth,
A long sprawled pungent nose; sensitive to minutest of change,
An eye opening infectious smile,
Hands dangling from brave sockets,
Knotted fingers on the prow,
With a heart pounding in cavities of innocence,
A coagulation of speedy catalyts,
Primitive bohemian feet clambering up walls of unfettered triumph,
High pitched mental machinery,
Harnessing loads of talent,
Lurking in realms of faith in self,
Thoroughly greased to simplistic proportions,
A gift of precious inheritance,
Combined with onerous perspiration,
With unceasing steps towards overwhelming success,
A diligent disciple of the Almighty Lord,
With burning incense sticks of truth,
Nailed deep to his persona,
A blend of righteousness and dedicated humor,
Short stature compiled with euphoric honesty,
An idol of indigenous prosperity,
Having empathy and compassion to pain,
A gifted molecule of billions existing,
Is how I would like to describe my father.

Nikhil Parekh

My First Son

Every divinely smile of his; made me blossom into an unsurpassable paradise of astounding newness; as I ebulliently surged forward with the untamed fervor of vibrant life,

Every naughty wink of his; made me timelessly flirt behind the sun soaked hills; as I perennially felt like a immaculately new born child; in the sacrosanct lap of my mother; once again,

Every princely footstep of his; made me forever assimilate all benign goodness in the stupendously splendid atmosphere; enshrouding my life with unfathomable righteousness,

Every innocuous cry of his; made me indefatigably transpire towards transcending beyond the pinnacles of irrefutably glittering philanthropism; amiably bond in threads of humanity; with my fellow comrades in inexplicably horrendous distress,

Every delectable snore of his; made me relentlessly fantasize about the fathomlessly bountiful wonders of this magnanimous planet; trace back my very first rudiments; to the sacred lap of everlasting romance,

Every heavenly finger of his; made me ecstatically leap in an ocean of enchanting enthrallment; fantastically conceive the most incredulously grandiloquent contours of priceless mankind; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Every innocent shadow of his; made me unequivocally feel the most blessed organism on this Universe; as I felt every manipulatively beleaguered cranny of my impoverished demeanor; being sparkingly replenished each minute,

Every celestial blush of his; made me exuberantly wander in lanes of incomprehensibly boundless jubilation; as I felt I had wholesomely vanquished all sorrows of mine with the; blissful cradle of scintillating newness,

Every incoherent word of his; made me rhapsodically stumble upon an expedition of blooming optimism; discovering a profusely magical radiance in every wind of the atmosphere; that I wholeheartedly embraced,

Every melodious whisper of his; made me benevolently float with the angels of royal humanity; attune my disastrously dilapidated existence; in synergy with the principles of; benign mankind,

Every spotlessly untainted yawn of his; made me feel bereft of all my inadvertently committed sins; as I marvelously rejuvenated every iota of my famished existence; with the impregnable fervor of uninhibited togetherness,

Every poignant expression of his; made me feel rejoicingly human; as I fulminated even the innermost parts of my soul; to beautifully blend with the river of; unassailably glorious honesty,

Every innocuous maneuver of his; made me supremely drift into an entrenchment of Omnipotently shimmering belief; as I pioneered a sparkling Sun of patriotism; on every step that I harmoniously tread,

Every droplet of his vivacious blood; made me flamingly rise to kiss the fireballs of unbelievably euphoric compassion; tirelessly disseminate the unconquerable mantras of eternal friendship; to the most fathomless parts of this earth,

Every spontaneously ingratiating frown of his; made me deeply realize that even the most greatest of humans are sporadically fallible; infact just an infinitesimally minuscule fraction of the Almighty divine,

Every freshly protruding teeth of his; made me intransigently salute God for so handsomely evolving freshness; for so aristocratically creating and molding each element of; wonderfully mesmerizing mankind,

Every piquantly tiny fist of his; made me intractably believe in my integrally inborn spirit of never dying enthusiasm; as I tirelessly diffused the rainbow of vivacious hope; in every dwelling brutally asphyxiated with murderous gloom and despair,

Every resplendently enamoring breath of his; made me forever feel that I was radiantly dancing on the carpet of blissfully unending survival; leading each instant of my existence; in holistic symbiosis with the united rays of all; living kind,

And every beat of his passionately throbbing heart; made me alive even from the corridors of despicably gory hell; more importantly love my first son; as much

as the Creator loved this ravishing planet

Nikhil Parekh

My Forever Single Droplet Of Sweat.

Not just an inconspicuous droplet; but an unlimited measure of my unabashedly vivacious sensuality; which was the very source of every ounce of ardor wondrously running through each of my veins,

Not just an infinitesimal droplet; but an unlimited measure of my inimitably unparalleled virility; the inferno of untamed desire that sprouted bounteously from every pore of my skin,

Not just an invisible droplet; but an unlimited measure of my profound amiability; my infinite longing to blissfully mélange and embrace every symbiotic form of God's living kind,

Not just a mercurial droplet; but an unlimited measure of my pricelessly invincible truth; the gloriously impeccable reflection of my soul; which was as pristine as the melting of the first snow,

Not just an insipid droplet; but an unlimited measure of my extremely poignant sensitivity; as the color of my skin and soul dramatically changed; to even the most obfuscated of whisper and tune,

Not just a disappearing droplet; but an unlimited measure of my ardently unexplored energy; which proliferated like an undying volcano of compassion; at every single stage of the vibrantly unfurling day,

Not just an impoverished droplet; but an unlimited measure of my fearless honesty; the righteous fulmination of every element of goodness that lingered left; right and center; in my body and in my soul,

Not just a fugitive droplet; but an unlimited measure of my peerless conviction; the unrelenting desire to reach the absolute zenith of goodness; overtopping every ingredient of devil that dared came my way,

Not just a orphaned droplet; but an unlimited measure of my fragrant perseverance; the untiring hours of my life under the fiercest of Sun; that had been spent in order to corroborate my identity,

Not just a senseless droplet; but an unlimited measure of my unbridled poetic imagery; those infinite moments of angst that had so royally brought out the purest imagination from the innermost realms of my soul,

Not just a maimed droplet; but an unlimited measure of my never-dying spirit towards the chapter of existence; as each instant rolled forward to give birth to a triumphantly godly dawn of newness,

Not just a nonsensical droplet; but an unlimited measure of my true potential to conquer every obstacle in my life; the unflinching tenacity in my bones to trample over a corpse of lies; in my eternal quest for truth,

Not just a wastrel droplet; but an unlimited measure of my unshakable effervescence; the intrinsic urge to gallop forward in inscrutable life; even under the most atrocious whiplash of jinxed destiny,

Not just a fetid droplet; but an unlimited measure of my ability to righteously and symbiotically survive; even when brutally enshrouded by the most hideously devouring pack of wolves,

Not just an amorphous droplet; but an unlimited measure of my tireless imagination; which undyingly kept the mystical turbulence alive; in even the most dormant pores of my skin,

Not just an evanescent droplet; but an unlimited measure of my intricate personality; the boundless vacillations of moods that even the tiniest of my nerves; inevitably underwent,

Not just an imperturbable droplet; but an unlimited measure of my inborn artistry; the uncanniness galore in every organ of my body; to evolve a paradise of beauty; out of barbarously lame nothingness,

Not just a miserly droplet; but an unlimited measure of my rivers of everlasting love; which delectably oozed out every unveiling instant of the day and night; at the sight of my immortal beloved, Was my wonderfully enamoring; and forever single; droplet of sweat.

Nikhil Parekh

My Friend

He was as strong as an ox,
youthful exuberance pumped through his chest bones,
rich blood flowed in all veins of body,
golden sweat dripped down muddy contours of cheek,
long strands of hair rose occasionally with the wind,
snake leather belt was wound tightly to waist,
aroma of fresh sea water cologne emanated from cheek,
he stood tall several inches from the ground,
clad in crisp denim shirt and cream trousers,
my friend geared up to attend the midnight dance,
as his high powered bike left whirlwinds of dust behind.

he traversed the vacant streets at breakneck speeds,
listening to mystical tunes of enigma,
coherently increasing wrist pressure on speed bar,
with full illumination of focus lights,
clouds of sand grains whizzed at intimate contacts of wheel and ground,
chilly currents of winter breeze collided across his chest,
he had a large heart residing in dormitories of self respect,
at the moment he was a reckless maniac,
ready to blend torrential thunder with earth,
zipping like a demon past towering mansions of the city,
nevertheless he still would remain as my friend.

Nikhil Parekh

My Garishly Striped Helmet

Normally I would have fallen on the ground in a bedraggled heap; as the colossal slabs of concrete tore loose and descended from the terrace of the building,
But today I escaped without a single scratch to my scalp; bounced about in robust exhilaration as the mammoth plaster viciously struck my head.

Normally I would have emitted a thunderous yelp as I was hurled on the obdurate road from my scooter; eloping at electric speeds to the nearest hospital to receive exquisite medical treatment,
But today I patted my skull in supreme satisfaction; inhaled in a breath of incredulous contentment as I audaciously marched forward after the entire episode.

Normally I would have seen shimmering stars in brilliant daylight; as I bumped my head inadvertently in the doorway while entering the house,
But today I was able to stare directly into the pugnacious fireball of the Sun without batting an eyelid; immediately after the ghastly anecdote unveiled.

Normally I would have taken out life from the boy; as he deliberately hit me with a sharp stone; ran after him wincing in inexplicable agony to try and wring his neck,
But today I hoisted him handsomely in my arms; fed him with a flurry of ravishingly creamy chocolates; instantaneously after he hit me with the bulky brick.

Normally I would have shot all those mosquitoes hovering intransigently around my face; trying to irascibly infiltrate into my skin to drink my precious blood,
But today I invited them open heartedly to chivalrously grace my presence; infact asked them to invite the most remotest of their friends to come and sing near my nose.

Normally I would have been squelched to raw pulp; cremated in my coffin even before I died; as the monstrous bus ruthlessly bulldozed its way over my innocent head,
But today I got up within fraction seconds of time after the vehicle had skidded by; commented nonchalantly about the tyres not being that heavy as they should have been.

Normally I would have been mercilessly electrocuted as streaks of white lightning struck me on my naked skull; charring me to colorless ash from head

to toe,

But today I withstood the storm unflinchingly; rampantly ran without the slightest of fear and circumspection; in the midst of sparks and vivacious electricity falling all around in violent tandem.

Normally I would have coughed incessantly; caught with severe infections and disease as I weaved through the claustrophobic streets of the crowded city,
But today I wandered a perfect double of my regular distance remaining as robust as a resplendent apple; emitting tinkling laughter; executing the smile of my life.

Normally I wouldn't have even got time to perform my last rites and rituals; as the herculean boulder came hurtling down the mountains; banging brutally with my
innocuous head,
But today I sat down for breakfast immediately after the appalling incident; munched through the appetizing slices of crimson radish with unprecedented relish.

And normally I would have fainted at every accident that happened; every fall that I was inevitably subjected to; visited disdainful ambulances time and again; stuffed more painkiller in my stomach than mesmerizing food,
But today I sat on the throne like an unconquerably prince; ready to take on the onslaught of the most thunderous of storm; knowing that I would be immortally safe from all sides; as I had adorned my all time darling; my rotund shaped and garishly
striped helmet

Nikhil Parekh

My Godly Wife

A little piquant; tangily bouncing in the aisles of untamed yearning; and a little sweet; profusely deluging the morbidly sullen atmosphere with the ingratiatingly captivating melody in her voice,

A little ecstatic; uninhibitedly philandering amidst the stars of tantalizing fantasy; and a little romantic; compassionately embracing all those disastrously bereaved that; confronted her in her majestic way,

A little vivacious; indefatigably expending her ebullient energy of goodness to the world around; and a little spell binding; incarcerating even the most alien of personality in her mystically divine swirl,

A little doughty; formidably facing the unsurpassable armory of impediments that hindered her in her royal stride; and a little dainty; exotically tingling frigid globules of soil; with her insurmountably titillating caress,

Was my invincibly mesmerizing wife; who not only bestowed upon me a countless births to survive; even in this impoverished singleton birth of mine; but was
infact the sole air that I breathed in life; the very reason that I was blissfully alive.

A little shy; magnificently curling her seductive eyelashes under twinkling rays of the pearly Moon; and a little loquacious; cataclysmically divulging her soul out; when she felt the insatiable desire to express herself,

A little crimson; blushing like the blooming lilies when I first sighted her; and a little pink; snoozing and relentlessly fantasizing above the corridors of paradise; when in nostalgically deep sleep,

A little enigmatic; inscrutably wandering through a web of magical enchantment; and a little pragmatic; manipulating her daily routine to survive in this stringently conventional society; with astounding agility,

A little flirtatious; gallivanting in gay abandon behind the hills just as the Sun wholesomely blended with the horizons; and a little sonorous; admonishing unruly urchins for tainting her kitchen floor; in her fervently deep throated voice,

Was my immortally everlasting wife; who was not only my perpetual inspiration to benevolently bond in threads of sacrosanct humanity; but was infact the sole air that I breathed in life; the very reason that I was blissfully alive.

A little dreamer; perennially lost in clouds of euphorically unending fantasy; and a little artistic; fabulously enshrouding barren bits of canvas; with the stupendously radiant artistry in her philanthropic palms,

A little patriotic; unequivocally surging forward to mitigate her motherland from the clutches of diabolically evil; and a little surreal; leaping like a fleet footed fairy; to enlighten gloom all around her; with the rays of Omnipotent mankind,

A little saintly; possessing incomprehensibly magical powers to heal the most bizarre of wounds with the ointment of her impregnable caring; and a little innocent; incessantly reminiscing those exuberant moments of fresh birth; when she was just born,

A little ubiquitous; tirelessly functioning as a benign messiah of all deprived humanity; and a little tantalizing; igniting my every frigidly devastating night with; unrelenting fireballs of tumultuous passion,

Was my unassailably heavenly wife; who not only; magnanimously fulfilled every benevolent desire of my heart; with the melody in her stride; but was infact the sole air that I breathed in life; the very reason that I was blissfully alive.

A little surreptitious; concealing the inexplicable miseries that she was uncouthly subjected to; entirely to herself; and a little volatile; fulminating into an boundless kaleidoscope of resplendently gregarious color; as the Sun gloriously crept up in the sky,

A little flamboyant; blazing a path of irrevocably scintillating triumph on every humanitarian mission she embarked; and a little timid; succumbing to every innocuous longing that vociferously diffused from my mouth,

A little blissful; marvelously pacifying even the most barbarically frazzled nerves with the river of her fascinating entertainment; and a little ardent; passionately coalescing with every beat of my ferociously palpitating heart; till times immemorial,

A little sporadic; intermittently bursting into spurts of divinely philosophies to

holistically survive in the conquest of life; and a little motherly; soothing my unfathomable battalion of anguished tensions; with the aura of her Omnisciently celestial senses,

Was my impregnably Godly wife; who not only showered me with eternally transpiring and contenting happiness; but was infact the sole air that I breathed in life; the very reason that I was blissfully alive.

Nikhil Parekh

My Heart Cries - Tribute To America, Part 2

If only the building was empty; with scintillating mirrors on its wall creating a ghost appearance; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as it was occupied by thousands of souls; laughing merrily and sipping coke.

If only the building was empty; with its computerized interiors staring in mock silence; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as it echoed profoundly with the voices of people inside; the occasional ringing sounds of the mobile phones.

If only the building was empty; with its state of the art architecture desperately waiting to be tapped; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there was poignant cigarette smoke hovering around; as scores of business tycoons; contemplated on the economy in the conference room.

If only the building was empty; with its satin carpets sulking under the formal air-conditioners; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were several youngsters munching sandwiches inside; strolling at brusque speeds through the labyrinth of alleys.

If only the building was empty; with its silver ceiling lights shimmering mournfully into open space; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were volumes of cargo and citizen in the elevator; trying to reach the 100th floor in an absolute jiffy.

If only the building was empty; with the emerald drapery completely engulfing the windows; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were more than a lakh eyes wandering around; trying to decipher enigmatic puzzles embossed in bulky files.

If only the building was empty; with its diamond studded doors stringently shut to the world; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were boundless footsteps that were passionately heard; as a battalion of executives marched in all day and night.

If only the building was empty; with its handsome towers escalating lifelessly towards the sun; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were a million needles of watch ticking from the

wrists of flamboyant professionals; ingeniously working on unfathomable concepts and ideas.

If only the building was empty; with its heavily scented ambience voluptuously drowning one off to sleep; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were shadows inside looming larger by the minute; as darkness descended by.

And if only the building was empty; with its magnificent assembly of chairs and tables lying deserted inside; then I would have been the least bothered,
But now my heart cries; as there were more than fifty thousand individuals breathing blissfully in the corridors; awaiting death and inevitable pain; as the hijacked airliner barbarically stormed its way in, and crashed inside.

Nikhil Parekh

My Heart Dictated Me

My legs dictated me to run; chase her reflection till the point it became entirely invisible; blending with the ethereally fading horizons,

My eyes dictated me to sight; admire her mesmerizing countenance for hours immemorial; drown myself into the river of voluptuous charm that lay trapped beneath her skin,

My lips dictated me to sing; keep on incessantly evolving rhymes and tunes to stupendously please her enamoring visage,

My hands dictated me to caress; run rampantly through her mass of supremely seductive hair; shiver with inexplicable excitement as they brushed across her immaculate complexion,

My ears dictated me to listen; profoundly blend myself with her enthralling voice; stretch myself to the most mightiest of limits to decipher even the faintest traces of rhapsodic ecstasy in her sound,

My mind dictated me to fantasize; try and conceive her in the most incredulous forms that existed on this Universe; philander uninhibitedly with her majestic grace; through mystical lanes sandwiched well beneath the towering mountains,

My teeth dictated me to inexorably chatter; tremble in unsurpassable trepidation crouched like a potato on her divinely doorstep; ardently waiting for her to arrive in timid submission,

My nose dictated me to smell; profusely coalesce myself with her enchanting fragrance; fill my appetite for marathon hours that unveiled in the day; inhaling the ravishing that wafted from her impeccable countenance,

My bones dictated me to dexterously move; in order to save her sacrosanct visage; from the minutest of evil suspended in the air circumventing her,

My eyelashes dictated me to bat; render myself in innocuous submission; in front of her heavenly demeanor; transiting me way back into joyfully innocent childhood,

My tongue dictated me to lick; clean every iota of path she was about to tread on and celestially purify; with my stream of passionately dribbling and volatile

saliva,

My nails dictated me to probe; nimbly trail down her nape; to thunderously ignite the waves of unconquerable compassion between our blessed entities,

My arm dictated me to dig; adroitly pave the foundations of our dwelling; construct it with formidable brick and stone; for us to blissfully reside during the remainder of our destined life,

My shoulders dictated me to carry her philanthropically magnanimous body; protect her from even the most inconspicuous shadow of danger; perilously lurking behind her ravishing form,

My throat dictated me to leap and bounce; gasp in incomprehensible ebullience; with its Adams apple swirling more vivaciously than the volcano; the moment it witnessed her fabulously fascinating grace,

My lungs dictated me to stay silent; create an ambience of perpetual solitude; so that she didn't get disturbed the slightest in her spell of unimaginably intense concentration,

My skin dictated me to tremble in boisterous excitement; shiver more hysterically than freezing snow in the peak of blazing summer; in order to welcome her Kingly persona with diminutive humility,

My conscience dictated me to immortally bond with her sacred soul; stand taller than the skies beside her; whenever she needed me,

And my heart dictated me to love her; embed this existing life of hers with so much care; that it was more than what anybody could ever possibly muster; even in infinite lives.

Nikhil Parekh

My Heart Relied On

The tree relied overwhelmingly on soil; those trapped granules of spell binding moisture; to make it bountifully blossom towards the Kingly Sun,

The tongue relied inevitably on slippery saliva; basked in the glory of voluptuous softness for times immemorial; as it pursed itself passionately on the scarlet lips,

The ocean relied insurmountably on its undulating festoon of ravishing waves; the tantalizing globules of wild salt incarcerated within; which propelled it to swirl in uninhibited frenzy,

The watch relied indispensably on its pair of slender needles; to indefatigably traverse round the clock; portray explicit shades of accurate time,

The eyeball relied inevitably on its lids; the rejuvenating blankets of tears they oozed; with poignant intensity every unfurling second,

The pencil relied tumultuously on its handsomely bonded lead; to emboss boundless lines of exquisite literature; deluge the surface of barren paper with exotic calligraphy,

The dog relied profusely on its tail; to portray its flurry of candid emotions; the state of being which it was blatantly circumvented with,

The envelope relied irrevocably on its set of contemporary stamps; the meticulous strings of denomination riveted on its body; that transported it at swashbuckling speeds to far and distant across the globe,

The mountain relied intransigently on its towering summits; which ensured that it leapt in vivacious glory towards azure bits of golden sky; majestically loomed large above everything else in vicinity,

The whale relied incorrigibly on its battalion of pugnacious jaws; which bestowed upon it the power to rip apart the most mightiest of entities into inconspicuous bits of pulverized chowder,

The boat relied profoundly on its twin set of oars; to dexterously maneuver it like a price even in the most ominously turbulent of storm,

The lips relied compassionately on a gregarious smile; the ingratiating aura which it imparted to their pathetically parched demeanor,

The spider relied unsurpassably on silken strands of its velvety web; running to its hearts content across the labyrinth of threads without the slightest of shame or respite,

The peacock relied unrelentingly on droplets of sparkling rain; the heavenly water which cascaded from the sky; evoking it to spread its oligarchic feathers into a royal bloom and dance,

The arms relied incomprehensibly on bulging bits of muscle; to impregnate in them the power to doughtily fight; the power to audaciously survive,

The brain relied unfathomably on memory; those nostalgic reminiscences of the past; which triggered it to gain unstoppable momentum and surge forward with ecstatic reflections lingering enchantingly for times,

The diamond relied tirelessly on shine; that queenly glint which made it the unprecedented darling of all tribes,

The body relied perpetually on tangible breath; which instilled in it the tenacity to valiantly fight for its rights; and blissfully survive,

And my heart relied solely on immortal love; the omnipotent essence of which made it passionately throb even centuries after veritable death.

Nikhil Parekh

My Heart Was Pure Indian

The cheese that I had for morning breakfast was pure Italian; with its tanginess drowning me into waves of euphoria,

The ring adorning my finger was from the ancient pyramids of Arabia; glistening splendidly all day and night,

The shampoo that I used; was a herbal extract from the caves of Mount Everest; impregnating my hair with a satiny caress,

The calculator I used; was from Japan; deciphering mind-boggling puzzles within lightening fraction of seconds,

The shoes I wore were colonial British; woven with exquisite quality leather,
The watch on my wrists was authentically Swiss; shimmering majestically under the moonlight,

The scents that lines my mantelpiece; were from the deserts of Arabia; replacing all stink with their mesmerizing redolence,

The belt that held my pant single piece; was evolved from the skin of African python,

The ice cubes that floated in my glass of whisky; were from the summit of the frozen Himalayas,

The carpets engulfing every floor of my dwelling; were stitched with exclusive quality Persian wool,

The gallons of water that I consumed every hour; were extracted from the pristine springs of the Alps,

The mascara embellishing my eyelashes; was from the markets of ravishing France; that attracted every female inevitably towards me,

The food that I gulped for nocturnal supper; was from the delectable kitchens of Turkey,

The clothes that I used to cover my shivering skin; were from the contemporary and gaudy showrooms of America,

The conch shells that I used to announce my voice to the world; were from the coastal islands of Australia,
The roses that were fitted adorably in my vase; were from the sprawling gardens of China,

The tea that I sipped with enormous pleasure; was made from petals strewn in the orchards of Pakistan,

Infact even the contraptions I used to measure my intimate heart beat was of precision quality and pure German,

While inspite of all these; I still had the greatest reverence for the soil I was born in; my heart was pure Indian.

Nikhil Parekh

My Impoverished Life

A robust framework of tantalizing flesh; for the pertinently hovering mosquito; stealthily eyeing it for his chance of devastating the same,

A titillating island of amalgamated mincemeat; for the murderously wandering lethal jawed crocodile,

A fascinating chunk of skin for the menacing scorpion; snaring its deadly pincers insidiously towards it; as the Sun transcended well beyond the horizons,

A golden raspberry; for the boisterously buzzing humming bee; relishing on its immaculately glowing periphery; to sing and celestially sleep,

A sporadically hollow trunk; for the merrily philandering squirrel; finding insurmountable heaven in the hollow caverns of its compassionate nostrils and lips,

A ray of optimistic light; for the rampantly loitering worms; crawling into the flamboyantly dynamic apertures of its eye; as ghastly nightfall superceded the heroic day,

A source of incessant entertainment; for the painstakingly persevering tortoise; getting a ravishingly splendid reprieve from its tireless spells of boredom and languid despondence,

An ingratiatingly juicy fruit; for the ominously slithering python; greedily viewing the charismatic gait with which it transgressed,

A delectably crunchy shell; for the preposterously gigantic shark; engulfing its brutal jaws; over its composite conglomerate of mesmerizing flesh and bones,

A fountain of spellbindingly fresh blood; for the hideously uncouth bats; who descended like a tumultuously thunderous maelstrom upon its impeccably shimmering demeanor,

A delightfully prospective client; for the rustic barber; who basked in the realms of stupendous joy while trimming a mountain of hair and bushy beard; from its humble caricature,

An innocent rabbit; for the treacherously murderous criminals; massacring it to

infinite bits of minuscule chowder; after ruthlessly evacuating its share of wealth and happiness,

An alluringly voluptuous bone; for the barbaric butcher; stuffing his pockets with astronomical wealth; after trading its indispensable organs of salubrious meat,

A revitalizingly fortified biscuit; for the vociferously growling wolf; pouncing on it devilishly; the instant he even ethereally glimpsed at it,

A magnificently royal feast; for the diabolical vultures flapping around; enveloping it from all ends; horrendously depraving it of the tiniest iota of blood and vital ingredient,

An innocuously compact hill of cheese; for the obnoxiously piquant toothed battalion of mice; relentlessly nibbling on its majestic periphery to reduce it to a corpse; more horrifically distorted than the graves,

A monotonously robotic machine; for the satanically manipulative boss; extricating its potential to the unimaginably unprecedented; before dumping it in the gutter like a piece of orphaned shit,

An infinitesimal molecule; for the Almighty Lord; treating it as he treated every other organism; that he had evolved on the trajectory of this wonderfully fathomless Universe,

But an immortal ocean of love solely for your heart; proliferating into an infinite lives with each of its princely beats; every time it had a chance to be born again; was my impoverished life.

Nikhil Parekh

My Life Without You

My life without you; was like the resplendently exotic rose left disdainfully estranged; amidst an acrimonious battalion of ballistically pugnacious cactus,

My life without you; was like the brilliantly vibrant eye left penuriously staggering; amidst a venomous graveyard of invidiously sinister darkness,

My life without you; was like the astoundingly aristocratic Sun left miserably sulking; behind a treacherously penalizing coffin of shaggily disheveled and adulterated clouds,

My life without you; was like the regally bountiful pearls left inexorably fretting; in the sordidly gory interiors of the raunchily fetid gutter pipe,

My life without you; was like the exuberantly triumphant bird left hopelessly wailing; behind the diabolically victimizing and satanically gleaming prison bars,

My life without you; was like the pinnacle of the unassailable mountain left dreadfully defeated; under a frigidly threadbare avalanche of feckless ice,

My life without you; was like the patriotically blazing warrior left relentlessly cursing his luck; amidst the manipulatively parasitic politicians,

My life without you; was like the euphorically victorious ocean left to lugubriously slaver; amidst the dastardly cockroaches of the diminutively soiled lavatory seat,

My life without you; was like the fantastically eclectic artist left to unstoppably asphyxiate; obnoxiously imprisoned within the walls of the monotonously matchbox shaped and wastrel office,

My life without you; was like the newly embellished bride left hysterically sobbing; amidst insurmountably punitive layers of cadaverously widowed white,

My life without you; was like the blissfully wedded couple left to enjoy their iridescent honeymoon; amidst the rambunctiously dusty and discordantly begging streets,

My life without you; was like the intrepidly young man left to miserably deteriorate; amidst heavy numbered glasses; forlorn crutches and a bedraggled

walking stick,

My life without you; was like timelessly ticking clock left to vindictively weep;
amidst the infinitesimally worthless dwelling of the invisible ghosts,

My life without you; was like the exquisitely redolent and feather tipped pen left
to become delirious; amidst the mordantly corrugated periphery of the jaggedly
cold-hearted rocks,

My life without you; was like the unflinchingly handsome panther left to
disparagingly growl; amidst lackluster blades of nimbly vegetarian and teasingly
evanescent grass,

My life without you; was like the unfathomably mellifluous nightingale left to
bang its beak; amidst the brutally stuttering horde of the hedonistically stone
deaf,

My life without you; was like irrefutably scintillating truth and humanity left to
march; in the land of the ignominiously scurrilous and baselessly devilish hell,

My life without you; was like rhapsodically insatiable breath left to perniciously
wither; under the hood of the dolorously damned and strangulating coffin of
extinction,

And my life without you O! Eternal beloved; was like the passionately immortal
heart heartlessly left; amidst the sadistically unsavory scorpions of severely
jinxed betrayal.

Nikhil Parekh

My Love For You

More passionate than the beating of my heart; the ferocity with which it throbbed
all day and night,

More faster than the blink of my eye; the revitalizing moisture it provided to my
rotund eyeball,

More vivacious than the hair on my scalp; the speed at which they blew in the
most tumultuous of storm,

More darker than the lines on my palm; which profoundly evolved and portrayed
my destiny to the outside world,

More dense than the blood which flowed through my veins; the grueling agony
with which it extruded out of my skin when I was hurt,

More stronger than the tenacity of my bones; the astronomical resilience which
they displayed in resisting the hostile enemy,

More acerbic than the sharpness of my nails; the poignancy which they depicted
while scraping against the mosquito bites on my skin,

More luscious than the color of my lips; the voluptuous complexion that they
attained when I pursed them seductively with spurts of my saliva,

More pungent than the perspiration that trickled down my nape; the tremors of
excitement generated when I reached the pinnacle of success,

More potent than the lines of poetry which I had embedded till date; the
unfathomable heaps of literature I had produced in the tenure of my life,

More tangy than the flavor in my mouth; the countless numbers of appetizing
delicacies that I had consumed in each phase of the day,

More stupendous than the most fabulous of my dreams; the most wonderful I
could ever have envisaged; while I was awake or fast asleep,

More sensitive than my ability to hear; decipher and crack the most intricate of
sound prevailing in vicinity,

More wild than the most deafening of my speech; the hysterical shouting I
executed when thoroughly provoked,

More mystical than the most lankiest of my shadow; the fairies I invited every
night to dine and chat with,

More infinite than the clusters of hair protruding from my scalp and arms; the
millions new which took solid roots every day,

More enchanting than the breath that descended down my nostrils;
unsurpassable number of times in the hour,

More intense than my empathy for any entity; ever living or dead on the
trajectory of this planet, Is my love for you and only you O! beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

My Love Still Lay In Your Heart

I might have reached the astronomical summit of bountiful prosperity;
assimilating unfathomable wealth in the tenure of my short life,
But my childhood still lay profoundly in your impeccable eyes; frolicking
uninhibitedly with you behind the trees; wholesomely oblivious to the
manipulative vagaries of mankind.

I might have created magic; registering my name in the ultimate records;
insatiably conquering towering conquests by Gods grace,
But my destiny still lay in the lines of your immaculately ravishing palms;
clinging incorrigibly to your majestic shadow; as you led me through the
ravishingly undulating terrain of life.

I might have become a cherishable constituent of all society; with people
insurmountably craving for my compassionate company; to any other richness in
this
gigantic Universe,
But my desires still lay in your voluptuously wandering skin; tantalizing me
beyond the point of untamed control; as I fulminated into fireballs of ecstatic
passion; high and handsome towards blue sky.

I might have attained the realms of prudent maturity; perhaps faster than any
tangible being; leading life higher than the clouds every unleashing instant of the
flamboyant day,
But my ambitions still lay in your magnanimous soul; which propelled me
indefatigably; to sacrifice every moment of impoverished existence; to the
service of
dwindling humanity.

I might have successfully accomplished the unimaginably impossible; winning the
accolades of the overwhelmingly rich; and horrendously poor; alike,
But my artistry still lay hidden in your compassionate veins; unrelentingly
making me blossom into a fountain of versatile magic; making me explore the
entire beauty of this fathomless planet; as the Sun rose fragrantly in the sky;
once again.

I might have irrefutably won countless a battle; wholesomely freeing my
motherland; from the onslaught of the most acrimoniously treacherous traitors,
But my inspiration still lay hidden in your intrepidly unflinching gait; triggering
me to leap a boundless steps completely blind; and yet emerge out of the most

horrific of fires; as perfectly exuberant and alive.

I might have rewritten the parameters of history; inundating the periphery of mesmerizing earth; with my unsurpassable repertoire of intriguing inventions,
But my dedication still lay in your delectably sacrosanct feet; bowing down to your heavenly grace as your immortal slave; and then winning every race in the world; like thunderbolts of ebullient lightening; falling from the sky.

I might have survived for innumerable centuries; transcending over all mortals as an angel; who irrevocably refused to pathetically die,
But my breath still lay in your euphorically fiery nostrils; passionately living for all living kind; incessantly bonding with all those alleviating pain; with the blessings of Omniscient lord by our side.

And I might have led an infinite lives in a single lifetime; proving an exemplary for all those tottering towards nervous extinction; as a messiah that never cried,
But my love still lay incarcerated in your immortal heart; and your invincible ocean of throbbing beats; miraculously giving me all the energy to metamorphose
monotonously sinister earth once again; into a veritable paradise.

Nikhil Parekh

My Mind

In the darkness that surrounds me,
a light wavers above my head,
maneuvering my thoughts to moonlight,
with a blurred destiny to handle,
through finely stitched fields of a happy pepped up mind.

that light gives me guided hope,
in the black starry night,
reinvigorating my belief in mystic faith,
winding entangled keys of my mind.

the cool air hits my eyes,
tracing salty liquid of complexity,
knocking the healthy blue tinge away,
in that varied shocking manner,
from top compartments of my mind.

those punching thoughts press my mind,
leading me to the abysmal world below,
in an atmosphere of heavily laden gloom,
as i discover my concious breath at last.

Nikhil Parekh

My Mortal Friend's Birthday.

The moment was to rejoice; to uninhibitedly forget the sorrows of a lecherously non-existent past,
The moment was to distribute sweets and cookies of all shapes and sizes; to far and distant across the fathomless living planet,
The moment was to culminate into a fountain of tantalizing freshness; with a healing spray that magically caressed even the most minutest of hearts,
The moment was to perpetuate every bit of savage blackness around; with the rays of ecstatically newborn and unfettered hope,
The moment was to liberate from the sins of a morose past life; gloriously expedite towards the Sun of a brand new tomorrow,
The moment was to have several rounds of heartiest congratulations and best wishes all around; with tears of celestial happiness rolling down the cheeks,
The moment was the most unassailably privileged one; one which had the world waiting since so maddeningly long,
The moment was of a sole triumphant winner; with the entire battlefield lying otherwise sordid; desolate; decrepit and dry,
The moment beckoned for time to ultimately stop; as happiness of such a magnitude would never ever unfurl; and in such pulsating beats on this planet,
Most importantly than anything else; the moment now was of my friends birthday; who not only called me Friend by formal introduction; but considered me his mortal friend at each beat of innermost soul and heart.

Nikhil Parekh

My Newborn Daughter

The doll composed of fantastically embellished plastic; insensitively smiled all day and night; even when the planet outside was being brutally lambasted and indiscriminately pulverized,
But true happiness was the one that radiated from the pristine lips of my newborn daughter; which was as Omnipotent as the first rays of the unassailably golden Sun.

The doll composed of spell-bindingly opulent plastic; spuriously wore the most luxurious of frocks all day and night; even when countless organisms haplessly shivered in fetid realms of the abhorrently orphaned dustbin,
But true royalty eternally blossomed from the altruistic skin of my newborn daughter; which was as invincible as the fabric of symbiotic existence on this fathomless planet.

The doll composed of gloriously regale plastic; mechanically sang all day and night; even as boundless infants were prematurely killed in the womb of their mothers; for ostensibly no fault of theirs and just because they were the girl child,
But true mischief perpetually wafted from the untainted cries of my newborn daughter; which was as impeccably divine as the sacrosanct cow's milk.

The doll composed of resplendently fabulous plastic; remained turgidly imperturbable all day and night; even as the apocalypses of sorrow rained unrelentingly outside,
But true godliness unceasingly diffused from the unconquerable silhouette of my newborn daughter; which was as truthfully symbiotic as the crown of paradise in limitless sky.

The doll composed of charismatically shimmering plastic; baselessly fasted all day and night; even as the billions of devastated urchins outside wanted to see it boisterously dance and enchantingly play,
But true devotion was the one which emanated from my newborn daughters innocently suckling mouth; which was as pure as the first droplet of fructifying rain which harmoniously tumbled from the timeless heavens.

The doll composed of marvelously redolent plastic; nonchalantly stared in mute silence all day and night; even as salaciously wanton parasites rampantly extricated blood from innocent beings outside,
But true courage brilliantly sparkled from the infallible eyes of my newborn

daughter; which was as everlasting as every ingredient of peerless righteousness in the vividly bountiful atmosphere.

The doll composed of stupendously contemporary plastic; bombastically adorned an unending cornucopia of diamonds and silver all day and night; even as innumerable beggars counted their last puff of breath; unfortunately outside, But true aristocracy profusely drooled from the fearlessly cavorting eyelashes of my newborn daughter; which was as pricelessly inimitable as the peaks of the unfathomably indomitable Everest.

The doll composed of unbelievably environment friendly plastic; inanely snored all day and night; even as endless innocent were cannibalistically devoured in the coffins of disdainfully decrepit prejudice, But true life spawned from the indefatigably exploring persona of my newborn daughter; which was as eclectically astounding as the iridescently euphoric rainbows in the blessedly effulgent cosmos.

And the doll composed of gorgeously perfumed plastic; artificially kissed the bed all day and night; even as virtually every organism around it helplessly wailed in the mortuaries of ghastly hell, But true love sprouted from the immortal heartbeats of my newborn daughter; which were as Omnipresently united as the religion of ubiquitously endowing humanity

Nikhil Parekh

My Only Obsession

When I first met her; I was insatiably crazy about her eyes; fervently tracing the contours of her poignantly stopping eyelids with the untamed ardor in my fingers,
While today; they had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I profoundly blended my mind; body and entire spirit; with their marvelously shimmering river of ecstatic empathy.

When I first met her; I was inexorably crazy about her lips; indefatigably kissing their compassionate periphery; to ignite fireballs of tantalizing seduction in the piquantly scarlet streams of my blood,
While today; they had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I commenced each dawn with exuberant gusto in my stride; simply by sighting their fiery redness.

When I first met her; I was insurmountably crazy about her hair; sailing in their ravishing titillation; to timelessly escalate to a land above; fabulously mesmerizing paradise,
While today; they had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I danced in the aisles of serene contentment; invincibly entrapped in the stupendously magical entrenchment of their voluptuous softness.

When I first met her; I was fanatically crazy about her belly; entangling each pore of my flesh in a wave of sensuously augmenting delight; as she gyrated under the magnificently enchanting moonlight,
While today; it had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I caressed its royally gentle softness; everytime I felt that the frantically wandering world outside; unsparingly pulverized me to the soil.

When I first met her; I was ardently crazy about her eyelashes; flirtatiously philandering with her behind the honey colored hills; as she batted them with gorgeously bewildering delight,
While today; they had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I perennially slept entirely oblivious to the treacherous vagaries of this planet; with my turbulent breath profusely dancing over her; intriguingly satiny softness.

When I first met her; I was unfathomably crazy about her palms; salvaging every opportunity to tangily trace the fathomless battalion of mystical lines; embedded in their fascinating recess,

While today; they had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I bonded each element of my impoverished destiny with her; vivaciously euphoric and rhapsodically bouncing life.

When I first met her; I was stupendously crazy about her charismatically radiating chin; as I incessantly pecked her on the same; with winds of tumultuous compassion circumventing every iota of my ebulliently trembling countenance, While today; it had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I replenished my devastatingly staggering senses; by merely sighting its; robustly enamoring grace.

When I first met her; I was unsurpassably crazy about her reflection; trying to decipher a countless more births of mine in the eternally unending chapter of her majestic footsteps, While today; it had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I erected every anecdote of my flamboyantly optimistic life with its shades; had no remorse whatsoever relinquishing my last breath in its ingratiating shimmering.

When I first met her; I was incomprehensibly crazy about her breath; relentlessly trying to capsize every puff of scented air that she exhaled; in the indigently destitute essence of my pathetic existence, While today; it had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I found myself blessed with all the happiness on this boundless planet; rhythmically tracing the cadence of its everlastingly enticing swirl.

And when I first met her; I was intransigently crazy about her heartbeats; passionately discerning their marvelously pristine propensity; embracing her in the incorrigible grip of my famished arms, While today; they had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I handsomely bonded with their immortal tenacity to exist; felt the richest man alive; each time she granted me love; each time she granted me the most unequivocally priceless gift to survive.

Nikhil Parekh

My Poetry

Nothing above it; not even an infinitesimal iota towering above its majestically untainted and gloriously unhindered swirl,

Nothing below it; not even a mercurial iota lurking beneath its fantastically pristine and sensuously enthralling identity,

Nothing antagonistic to it; not even an inconspicuous shade contradicting its bountifully emollient and triumphantly benign ramifications,

Nothing to the right of it; not even a transient degree swerving from its effulgently mellifluous and timelessly ecstatic shadow,

Nothing to the left of it; not even an ethereal millimeter away from its victoriously beautiful and interminably poignant cascade,

Nothing overlapping it; not even the most invisible whisker trying to obscure its ebulliently virile and royally unassailable luminescence,

Nothing sidelining it; not even the most obfuscated ingredient of royalty attempting to devour its altruistically brilliant and impregnably sparkling integrity,

Nothing overlooking it; not even an ephemeral molecule of indifference to its fervently undefeated and unconquerably ubiquitous caress,

Nothing victimizing it; not even an invisible ingredient of venomous commercialism trying to ensnare its uninhibitedly magical and voluptuously fecund wings,

Nothing beyond it; not even a diminutive speck of tantalizing mirage; trying to seductively lure beyond its beautifully sculptured and unbelievably enamoring contours,

Nothing surrounding it; not even an evanescent mist of mouth watering temptation encapsulating its perennially fructifying and compassionately befriending scepter,

Nothing blocking it; not even an unmentionably fugitive obstruction to its timelessly unfettered and astoundingly inimitable fragrance,

Nothing hypnotizing it; not even an obliterated spell of drudged witchcraft trying to control its insuperably magnificent and fathomlessly spotless soul,

Nothing empowering it; not even the tiniest trace of the tyrannically robotic devil trying to maliciously overwhelm its undyingly winning and divinely infallible incantation,

Nothing questioning it; not even a single moment of interrogation to its unshakably irreproachable and eternally burgeoning seed,

Nothing dictating it; not even an infidel insinuation of cold-blooded doggedness against its wondrously omnipotent and insatiably passionate heartbeats,

Nothing burying it; not even a minuscule thread of manipulation trying to brutally asphyxiate its eternally ravishing and universally blissful appeal,

Nothing discarding it; not even a transitory beacon of oblivion viciously trying to gobble its everlastingly sacrosanct and endlessly intrepid odysseys,

As whatever I had; dreamt or ever possessed; was solely and perpetually in it; was solely and perpetually for it; was solely and perpetually about it; was in fact solely and perpetually "IT"; itself; and this "IT"; would forever and ever and ever mean my "Poetry";.

Nikhil Parekh

My Royal Rhythm.

Your blissful happiness; was my impregnable bridge to transgress upon for centuries immemorial; even after I had died,

Your inexplicable anguish; was my invincibly augmenting revolution; to massacre every trace of malice from the trajectory of this colossal planet,

Your mesmerizing smile; was my insurmountable tenacity to trigger brilliant beams of optimistic light; in a tunnel engulfed with macabre darkness,

Your philanthropic fragrance; was my incessant source of inspiration to ubiquitously disseminate the essence of mankind; to the most remotest corners of this planet,

Your poignant empathy; was my Herculean fortitude to assist my fellow comrades; in moments of deplorably dwindling distress,

Your enchanting reflection; was my unprecedented fervor to incarcerate the stupendously alluring beauty of this gigantic universe; within the whites of my eye,

Your heavenly footsteps; were my unsurpassable strength to propel forward; exhilaratedly embrace every obstacle in life; until I succeed,

Your lecherous defeat; was my overwhelming ardor to extricate the seeds of manipulative diabolism from their very ignominious roots; behead them with the sword of irrefutable righteousness,

Your enlightening essence; was my sole tool to dedicate my entire life; profoundly towards nurturing and harboring the gift of perennial love,

Your valiant victory; was my astronomical conviction; which didn't buckle the slightest; even under the most invidiously tumultuous of storm,

Your melodious voice; was my overpowering exuberance to exist; even with my visage dreadfully sunken beneath the ghastly corpse,

Your discerning senses; were my unconquerable waves of prudence; in sagaciously discriminating between the good and the ominously bad,

Your unfathomable innocence; was my everlasting reservoir of strength to survive and bear; amongst an uncouth battalion of blood sucking tangible beings,

Your never dying spirit; was my Omnipotent whirlwind to blossom like a magnificently glorious lotus; from a pile of tragically smoldering ash,

Your explicitly candid expressions; were my cloudbursts of daunting audacity; even when hanged like an orphaned pig; on the hideously menacing gallows,

Your majestic sweat; was my tunnel of unrelenting endeavor; the insatiable compassion in my eyes; to metamorphose god's planet once again; into a wonderful
paradise,

Your impeccable conscience; was my undefeated bonding with love which grew more and more fortified; even as the boundless expanse of sky treacherously blended
with mundane earth,

Your Omniscient breath; was my sacred chapter of divinely life; unveiling into an incredible myriad of new vistas every minute; making me live an infinite exotic lives; in each desire of mine,

And your immortal heart; was my royal rhythm to love; live; embrace; transcend and perpetually reign supreme over every devil that lingered in air; over every bad that dared.

Nikhil Parekh

My Silence Will Speak To You

Never ever would I cause you the most inconspicuous of harm; if you preferred to relinquish every ounce of your life for a complete stranger; whilst neglecting me like a heap of fetid rubbish-in the farthest corner of the trash can,

Never ever would I cause you the most invisible of harm; if you indulged in senseless gossip with your friends for hours immemorial; and then blaming time for not asking me how I lead my entire day,

Never ever would I cause you the most deteriorating of harm; if you admired every insignificant achievement of your close kin; whilst treating each world record of mine as some orphaned jinx fallen from the sky,

Never ever would I cause you the most baseless of harm; if you neatly clipped every piece of literature you'd read all day; whilst proclaiming the infinite lines of my poetry as just a disdainful squandering of time,

Never ever would I cause you the most ethereal of harm; if you spuriously supported me for every weakness of mine; only to outrageously reveal the same to the world outside; blackmailing me for the tiniest loss of my temper,

Never ever would I cause you the most floundering of harm; if you viciously abused and slapped me in front of my own blood; just because I'd fearlessly expressed my individualistic point of view in closed doors,

Never ever would I cause you the most oblivious of harm; if you sanctimoniously entwined your arms in mine; and then cavorted for major part of life with the charismatic clinician of your choice-as I turned behind,

Never ever would I cause you the most insipid of harm; if you blatantly declared each ounce of my passion for my favorite things in life; as insane madness of the highest degree,

Never ever would I cause you the most limpid of harm; if you unsparingly ridiculed me for my gluttony when I was hungry; whereas you plucked countless living leaves of the tree time and again—for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

Never ever would I cause you the most infinitesimal of harm; if you started to snore like a boundless combined monsters; the instant I tried to uninhibitedly pour the past and present of my heart; beside your collapsing stride,

Never ever would I cause you the most forgetful of harm; if you ignominiously slandered the way I solely listened to my heart and got bankrupt; whilst you assimilated coin over perspiring coin—were an ardent fan of every astute brain who went on to built an emotionless empire,

Never ever would I cause you the most languid of harm; if you diabolically retaliated as if to wholesomely behead me; to just a spurt of my anger which only went to show I was human and not God,

Never ever would I cause you the most frigid of harm; if you laughed louder than the planet outside on each of my follies; showing me the sadistic shade of the devil whilst staying close to my breath all my life,

Never ever would I cause you the most obsolete of harm; if you continued to sleep as the thieves came in and made merry; and then rebuked me for being a coward and not confronting them—thought I was at a distant place that time,

Never ever would I cause you the most non-existent of harm; if you inexhaustibly hummed praises of your close kin though they discarded you; whilst I was the one who came running to the faintest of your cries,

Never ever would I cause you the most disappearing of harm; if you clapped for the very politicians who sat on power thrones; whose foundations gorily rested on innocent blood of my pristine brothers, sisters and benign kin,

Never ever would I cause you the most insouciant of harm; if you cursed me from the innermost ingredients of your blood to die each instant of my destined life—only because I opposed you and your conventionally tyrannical society for lighting venomous crackers to greet and appease the Gods,

Never ever would I cause you the most evanescent of harm; if you tied the nuptial knot with me solely to get a handsome roof to live under-and thereby absolve your kin from the excruciating agonies of an added existence,

Nevertheless wife. Though I would never ever harm even the most mercurial hair on your skin in any manner whatsoever—but for every painful beat of my heart that you were responsible- My silence will speak to you.

Nikhil Parekh

My Son

He was one inconspicuous entity in this entire planet; for whom I could sacrifice all the wealth which I had arduously assimilated till date,

He was one magnificent angel cuddling the silken sheets; for whom I could relinquish every iota of smile; lingering uninhibitedly in my persona,

He was one fountain of mesmerizing emotions; for whom I could remain famished without a single droplet of water; all marathon night and flaming day,

He was one impeccable bundle of overwhelming joy; for whom I could annihilate all tumultuous passion fulminating in my heart; bond with the threads of manipulative reality,

He was one angel with a glorious conscience; for whom I could lead my entire life without my pairs of robust hands and feet,

He was one immaculate cloud inundated with optimistic beams of new found hope; for whom I could walk barefoot; for centuries unprecedented on a mountain of acrid thorns,

He was one celestial marvel deluging the air around with Omnipotent light; for whom I could sip the most heinous of poison; the very first day; each time I took birth as a man once again,

He was one enthralling adventure who captivated everyone in his charismatic swirl; for whom I could blindfold myself perpetually; plunge without the slightest of apprehension in my eyes into a valley of sinister darkness,

He was one sacrosanct idol of happiness bouncing towards the sky; for whom I could burn all my inevitable belongings into threadbare realms of ghastly hell,

He was one innocuous jewel of prosperity; for whom I could bury myself boundless kilometers beneath gigantic avalanches of white ice; without a cloth to drape my nimble body,

He was one philanthropic spirit floating in a river of majestic goodness; for whom I could stand unflinchingly amidst the most inclement of fires; till the last bone down my spine charred to an appalling death,

He was one epitome of ubiquitous solidarity; a messiah of every religion created by man; for whom I could selflessly impart every beat of my passionately palpitating heart,

He was one enchanting scent; disseminating his immortal essence wherever he crept; for whom I could confront the mightiest of disasters every unveiling second of the day,

He was one tornado of effusive empathy; more grandiloquent than the heavens when he danced; for whom I could lick the most morbidly sweltering sand; sprinkled on the uncouth rocks,

He was one Omnipresent mirror of righteousness; candidly reflecting to the world its battalion of sins; for whom I could wholeheartedly embrace the corridors of extinction; in the most magnificent stages of my life,

He was one diminutively blue eyed beauty singing in the winds of exhilarating jubilation; for whom I could emboss unsurpassable lines of poetry; even after the last droplet of blood in my veins had utterly exhausted,

He was one Omniscient ray of ethereally everlasting light; for whom I could survive till endless infinity; in a dungeon replete with hideous scorpion,

He was the most sacred fruit of our invincible love; for which me and my divinely beloved; had prayed since our several past lifetimes,

Most importantly; he was my blood, my breath; my heart; my soul; for whom I was ready to be born again only to face a countless more deaths; for infact he was none other than my ultimate identity; he was my son.

Nikhil Parekh

My Talk Had No End

When I met the gardener; all I ended up talking with him was; a battalion of wild shrubs and creepers dangling in tandem from the century old dilapidated wall,

When I met the businessman; all I ended up talking with him was; a myriad of astutely commercial plans; a stupendously manipulative analysis of the present day
stock market,

When I met the tennis champion; all I ended up talking with him was; the handsome strokes he executed in the marathon game; the astounding dexterity with which he
maneuvered the ball all round the court of voluptuous grass,

When I met the clouds; all I ended up talking with them was; the incredulously exotic showers of turbulent rain which caressed earth full throttle; the heavenly reprieve they gave our soil from the tyranny of scorching summer,

When I met the pig; all I ended up talking with him was; the daily heaps of gruesomely stinking garbage; the insatiable gluttony he felt every single
unleashing minute of the day,

When I met the convict; all I ended up talking with him was; the murky side of life; the uncouthly satanic ocean of blood in which he found himself inevitably
drowning in as time unveiled,

When I met the priest; all I ended up talking with him was; the sacrosanct repertoire of scriptures embossed in the Bible; the mystical balance between
good and
the repulsively bad in daily life,

When I met the politician; all I ended up talking with him was; the nonchalant list of boring policies he planned to evolve over a period of time; the relentless
list of portfolio's which he had ushered to his ministers; putting me to sleep right
before his
bulging eyes,

When I met the soldier; all I ended up talking with him was; an unending tale of daunting war; the insurmountable tenacity he had displayed while indefatigably
fighting for his home soil,

When I met the dancer; all I ended up talking with him was; the latest trends in contemporary disco; the seductively tantalizing styles which he implemented to keep his audience fully boisterous; even after wee hours of yawning midnight,

When I met the avalanche of augmenting snow; all I ended up talking with him was; the bizarre cold experienced perennially at all times; the overwhelming agony of being mutilated by austerely cold winds from left; right and center,

When I met the eunuch; all I ended up talking with it was; the unsurpassable sorrow with which it was bestowed upon this life; the perpetual longing in its heart to take birth in infinite lives; again as man,

When I met the doctor; all I ended up talking with him was; the stringently obnoxious odor of potent medication; the ingeniously life yielding drugs which had just arrived in the conventional market,

When I met the housewife next door; all I ended up talking with her was; the boundless chores of duty to be fulfilled each day; the irascible humming of her children which kept her wide awake all night,

When I met the author; all I ended up talking with him was; his countless ocean of innovative ideas; the names of his publishers and the names of his cherished books,

When I met the robust complexioned grandfather; all I ended up talking with him was; the fathomless string of his life time experiences; the nostalgic reminisces of his innocuous youth; which fomented a passionate flurry of silver tears to well up his eyes,

When I met the bald man; all I ended up talking with him was; the inexplicable tyranny that had confronted him when he was young; the step by step account of how he had lost his precious shock of scintillating black hair,

When I met the girl of my dreams; all I ended talking with her was; a mind-boggling chain of fantasies rampantly circulating in my mind; a paradise on which I inherently wanted both of us to exist for centuries unprecedented,

When I met the mother who had born me; all I ended talking with her was; the days when I was a mischievous child; the colossal tunnel of fairy tales I used to intriguingly listen sandwiched invincibly secure; within deep recesses of her belly,

While it was only when I met the Creator; that I talked without the slightest of restraint and inhibition; talked for times unending about what I felt was my perception of life; talked virtually about anything I felt like discussing on this majestically boundless planet; and it was here that for the first time; MY TALK WAS INFINITE, MY TALK HAD NO END.

Nikhil Parekh

My Toothbrush

I used it to scrape streaks of blatant dirt; adhering languidly to my neck,
Rubbed it vigorously against my bare skin; the instant I felt petulant sensations
of itching.

I dipped it in a barrel of aromatic paint; keeping It immersed in a concoction of
flamboyant color,
Slapped it hard against the barren wall; inundating her surface with
reinvigorating opalescent color.

I used it as a broomstick to swipe off tones of obnoxious dust; applying
tumultuous pressure on its fragile persona,
Buried it deep beneath the ground for few seconds; to evacuate pugnacious
worms.

I caressed it gently against my nostril; applying its noninvasive hair to my lips,
Produced a deafening sneeze soon after; as an inevitable aftermath of the
application.

I held it high In the air; clenching it tightly in my rubicund palms,
Swirled it unrelentingly in right angled patterns; using it as a contrivance for
seeking indispensable help.

I melted it in crackling fires; transforming its body into a shriveled wire,
Painted the same with pure gold; winding it dexterously against my slender neck.

I used it to wipe my effusive tears; holding it in close proximity of my intricate
eye,
Pressing it against my heavy eyelids; to gently massage exhausted arenas of my
brain.

I rotated it wildly in the arid autumn breeze; trying to assassinate a fleet of
ominous mosquitoes,
Trying to impregnate waves of uncanny terror in all insects hovering around;
perched innocuously in dark corners.

I fitted its head with a metallic cap; embossing it with fluorescent color,
Even had the audacity to fix it in my pocket; substituting nicely for my fountain
pen.

My toothbrush however looked the best; when coated with a flimsy layer of
germicidal toothpaste,
Scrubbed onerously against the periphery of my disdainfully yellow teeth;
imparting them a scintillating shine.

Nikhil Parekh

Nails

When i deftly plucked heinous iron nails from the soft trunk of maple tree,
cleaning its stalk with a blend of husk perfume and mineral water,
despicable patches of fungal green; vanished without leaving stingy traces,
the demeanor of lumber now transited to summit's of impeccability,
and the tree swallowed fresh gulps of air; having been hindered for several
years on the trot.

as i ripped of an assembly of wooden nails from the sordid plaster of walls,
the contraption was left isolated with king sized holes,
hostile beams of sunlight now sabotaged the interiors,
the rain and wind entered without formal invitation,
alongwith envious neighbors breaking barriers of intimate privacy.

when i trimmed unruly portions of nails from my protuberant finger,
coherently chiseling irregular indentations with the abraded base,
the appearance of my palm thereafter left me in dumbstruck stupor,
the hands once savage; now replicated articulate designs of fashion,
with the fairer sex casting frivolous glances at the web of masculinity
stripped of muddy nail.

and when i tried and evacuate colossal sized nails from the body of Christ,
emancipating his silhouette from the ghastly prisons of trauma,
he stringently admonished me whispering,
let blood trickle from my arms; an ocean of tears dribble down my cheek,
i want to free the world from realms of pain and enigmatic misery,
set an example by inflicting upon this body of flesh and bone; fathomless
distress that encompasses my fellow beings.

Nikhil Parekh

Naked Eyes

When i shielded my eyes from blistering rays of midday Sun,
wearing frivolous black tints of exquisite glass,
palpable objects on the streets appeared faded and disgustingly murky,
with all garment in flocculent white; seeming to be dipped in grey sewage water,
i felt as if sporadic flashes of blindness had stealthily encroached my vision.

as i obscured my eyes; with bulky frames of high powered glass,
slender avenues of my eyeball resembled fully ripened eggs of the farm hen,
single silhouettes of plebeians struck my eye as multiple,
i groped my way faltering over bedraggled stone,
reached back my place of dwelling limping; with a host of broken bones.

after i sealed my eyes with a tightly wound linen cloth,
acerbic rays of sun god; flooded my vision as an ocean of red fire,
there was gruesome darkness camouflaging me at the onset of twilight,
i had to be escorted in person; with embarrassing stares hissed by oncoming
individuals.

when i obliterated my eyes with round balls of blood red plastic,
frothy white milk looked like ghastly human blood,
dazzling bandwidths of crimson pierced my eye,
and i refrained completely from consuming all that was pearly white.

and when i kept my eyes naked for all day and humid night,
the results were exhilaratingly remarkable,
pungent outlines of clock tower needles now reflected clearly,
the sunbeams were as sharp as never before,
the full moon shone with undulating islands of misty black,
it was that very moment that i holistically resolved,
to keep my eyes completely naked for the tenure i was destined to walk on
mother earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Natural Drink

when drops of fuming acid fell down on the ground,
infinite blades of green grass wailed in cacophonous unison,
the soil was subjected to unrelenting agony; engulfed with waves of acerbity.

when globules of crimson paint cascaded on the ground,
a plethora of leaf was submerged with obnoxious color,
strangling life rendering pores of tangible breath.

when pellets of aromatic effluent tumbled on the ground,
there arose an utter pandemonium; nimble ants and toads ran helter-skelter,
the rustic ambience of soil; now transited to inevitable distortion.

When fetid gutter water leaked out on the ground,
Streams of blotted liquid now imprisoned land,
And there proliferated a battalion of venomous mosquito with toxic sting.

When an extract of raw sugarcane juice was poured on the ground,
The coagulated balls of clay relished it on primordial encounter,
But soon vomited out the surplus with sighs of increasing impatience.

When a pressured spray of pesticide was sprayed uniformly on the ground,
Animate creepers repelled it with all their might,
The mud shrieked disdainfully; unable to bear the tyranny of being mutilated.

And when finally crystal water plummeted from silver grey clouds,
Famished granules of soil; heaved gargantuan sighs of relief,
Hungrily suckled the natural drink they were deprived of for marathon
hours on the trot

Nikhil Parekh

Nature's Glamorous Beauty

The earth's surface of solid crust,
has been uplifted in the form of rust.

The densely foliated trees sway in their rustic dress,
capturing the bleary eyes of a children cresh.

The wind blows, the gale comes, the mountain river chanting a perfect rhyme,
that will make people forget ghastly crime,
to have several days of relevant peace, and let insane bloodshed on earth cease.

The wild creepers murmur amongst themselves,
the days freshness, the cologne smell.

The frothy waterfall, the heavenly day,
the obnoxious mountains lined in the way.

Smiling in heavy consternation, the evening owl glared menacingly, quietly
devouring freshly laid bird egg, butchering red walls of manly courage.

Nikhil Parekh

Necessity Is The Mother Of Beginning

Ordinarily the boy would have lazed all day on the grassy slopes; emanating huge yawns every other unfurling minute,
But today he ran faster than the most supreme athlete; as the spotted panther was chasing him; ready to rip him apart from the last bone down his spine.

Ordinarily the youngster would have played cards all day; merrily frolicking about teasing girls strolling on the road,
But today he perspired unrelentingly under the Sun; worked like a bull to appease his employer and earn money; as his father was no longer alive to feed him; ensure that he fantasized and slept to his hearts content.

Ordinarily the King would have purchased all that he wanted on this earth; with the unprecedented power of his flamboyant jewels and wealth,
But today he prayed diligently in front of the deity to bless him with a child; a virtue that the entire treasury of his opulence had miserably failed to purchase.

Ordinarily the varied conglomerate of human beings intractably refrained from talking to each other; were supremely nonchalant of even knowing the name of who lived beside them,
But today they slept together under the open sky; conversed amicably with each other irrespective of their inherent hatred; as the devastating earthquake struck the entire city at midnight.

Ordinarily the manipulative minister would have ruined the whole nation; replenishing his personal resources with innocent people's money; demonstrating his theory of 'Survival of the Fittest'; without even knowing the tiny alphabets that constituted life,
But today he ruled the country with overwhelming harmony and justice; as his life was under threat from God's messiah who had descended from the sky; and if the reins slipped while governing the province; the reins of his life would slip forever in just fractions of seconds.

Ordinarily every fisherman would have sat on the shores masticating red meat and wine; as their warehouses were inundated and overflowing with surplus grain and honey,
But today he ventured out into the heart of swirling ocean; audaciously leapt in the midst of the tumultuous storm; laid his net confronting freezing cold and a

battalion of shark; as his village and kin were starving; inevitably reeling under the aftermath of vicious drought.

Ordinarily the housewife would have thrown the pack of nondescript candles with utter contempt as it occupied unnecessary space in her kitchen; replacing it with an array of shimmering silver chains and robust cherries,
But today she incessantly prayed to God for the same; wildly groped through the interiors of the dwelling for that inconspicuous and condensed bundle of wax; as the vast town was abruptly engulfed with perpetual darkness; the stringent beams of brilliant electricity that were once the pride of her house had snapped off without prior notice.

Ordinarily the diminutive chick would never have learnt to fly; feeling invincibly secure under the compassionate warmth of her mothers belly,
But today it soared up high and handsome in the air; kissing the cocoon of clouds as it whistled by; as its mother hadn't returned till late evening; and the pangs of hunger in its stomach were far more effusive than its fear to shut its eyes and hide.

Ordinarily I would have dismissed the idea of going 9 to 9 in the office with sheer contempt and malicious abuse; drowned in the aisles of poetic fantasy and tantalizing desire; penning down infinite lines of poetry sitting as a recluse in the corridors of my cozy home,
But today I found myself smiling pretentiously in front of my employer; obeying even the most infinitesimal of his command; with my head sunk under a mountain of bulky paper and chequebook; as the kicks of the sardonic society and the paucity of funds through the words I evolved; had driven me out of my rosy dreamland to bear the brunt of monotonous Business.

And ordinarily Man wouldn't have done anything on this earth; would have grown older just staring at the moon; if God had given him everything on a platter; satisfied his every need the instant he uttered them as a faint whisper,
But today he was seen running in all quarters of the globe; sweating and toiling under the acerbic rays of the Sun; onerously studying under the horrendously dim light of the night bulb; conquering astronomical peaks with the ingenious thoughts circulating in his brain; as his necessity to exist was his only mother of beginning; infact the only thing that could have metamorphosed him from a sleeping saint into one who meditated continuously.

Neither Could Life Stop Death; Neither Could Death Stop Life.

Neither could rain stop abominably heartless drought whenever it is destined; nor could any drought in anyways put brakes upon bountifully utopian rain; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is majestically destined,

Neither could truth stop horrifically demented lies whenever it is destined; nor could any lies in anyways put brakes upon triumphantly unflinching truth; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is bounteously destined,

Neither could child birth stop bizarrely sadistic impotency whenever it is destined; nor could any impotency in anyways put brakes upon amazingly unassailable child birth; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is exuberantly destined,

Neither could the Sun stop frigidly numbing snow whenever it is destined; nor could any snow in anyways put brakes upon the Omnipotently blazing Sun; whenever it's inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is wondrously destined,

Neither could the Lotus stop dolorously asphyxiating stench whenever it is destined; nor could any stench in anyways put brakes upon the aristocratically blossoming and redolent Lotus; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is invincibly destined,

Neither could Kingliness stop demonically beheading poverty whenever it is destined; nor could any poverty in anyways put brakes upon unsurpassably opulent Kingliness; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is eternally destined,

Neither could goodness stop hedonistically murderous evil whenever it is destined; nor could any evil in anyways put brakes upon miraculously ameliorating goodness; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is infallibly destined,

Neither could evolution stop manipulatively politicized monotony whenever it is destined; nor could any monotony in anyways put brakes upon freshly spell-

binding evolution; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is enchantingly destined,

Neither could happiness stop inexplicably aggrieved tears whenever they're destined; nor could any tears in anyways put brakes upon impregnably philanthropic happiness; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is jubilantly destined,

Neither could perseverance stop amorphously carcinogenic spirits whenever they're destined; nor could any spirit in anyways put brakes upon victoriously peerless perseverance; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is insuperably destined,

Neither could simplicity stop lackadaisically worthless pompousness whenever it is destined; nor could any pompousness in anyways put brakes upon celestially enamoring simplicity; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is ubiquitously destined,

Neither could Luck stop horrifically ghastly accidents whenever they're destined; nor could any accident in anyways put brakes upon bountifully unconquerable luck; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is consummately destined,

Neither could silence stop satanically crucifying screams whenever they're destined; nor could any scream in anyways put brakes upon magically stupefying silence; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is euphorically destined,

Neither could day stop ghoulishly plundering night whenever it is destined; nor could any night in anyways put brakes upon the perpetually winning day; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is spell-bindingly destined,

Neither could humanity stop gorily devastating war whenever it is destined; nor could any war in anyways put brakes upon everlastingly priceless and uniting humanity; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is effulgently destined,

Neither could devotion stop lividly profane infidelity whenever it is destined; nor could any infidelity in anyways put brakes upon unshakably faithful devotion; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is holistically destined,

Neither could innocence stop maliciously perilous adultery whenever it is destined; nor could any adultery in anyways put brakes upon divinely virgin innocence; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is beautifully destined,

Neither could righteousness stop deliriously febrile parasites whenever they're destined; nor could any parasites in anyways put brakes upon truthfully blessing righteousness; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is spectacularly destined,

Neither could life stop torturously annihilating death whenever it is destined; nor could any death in anyways put brakes upon the chapters of vivaciously iridescent and immortal life; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is heavenly destined.

Nikhil Parekh

Nelson Mandela

This man living was a blessing to earth,
His character truly spotless and bright,
With every bit of immaculate truth in it,
In a great vast and mangled world of politics,
Resolved to serve the nation
And to be a true stalwart cum true knight.
His persevering hand always got up for the right cause,
To crush evil with a strong force,
And gave infinite masses of people renewed hope.
His ideas were as firm as bare unprocessed bricks,
Bore tense enigmatic moments in peace,
And let ghastly crime on earth cease.
A quick glimpse of his wheatish face,
Can reveal a just and fair case.
His steps to righteous success were never stopped,
As they got mighty obstacles chopped.
He pointed to the faultlessly right path,
Kept people round the globe astoundingly calm.
The essence of his benevolent deeds spread far and wide,
Prepares all humans for the non violent bout.
The ashes of his body would uninhibitedly depict,
As to where the real freedom of South Africa lives.

Nikhil Parekh

Neutral

Neither did she grin flirtatiously towards my countenance; winking at me intermittently to let her playful intentions known,
Nor did she scowl in utter disdain witnessing my facial contours; shrugging me off like a baseless mountain of matchstick.

Neither did she languish in the astoundingly seductive scent that wafted from my arms; clinging passionately to my shivering persona,
Nor did she kick me ruthlessly with her feet; prosecuting me to ash like an ungainly trespasser.

Neither did she appreciate the tunes that I melodiously sung in the dolorous atmosphere; nodding her head in the cadence of the alluring sound,
Nor did she push me off guard; hurtling me down the treacherously truculent slope of the deep valley.

Neither did she stare at me as the Sun unveiled magnificently from behind the horizons; absorbing my untamed passion in her eyelashes,
Nor did she cast an overwhelmingly cold shoulder as she lingered beside me; making me wholesomely disappear in the cloud of dust which emanated when she kicked.

Neither did she empathize with the agony that poured from my eyes; the whirlwind of inexplicable desire that engulfed my demeanor all night and day,
Nor did she tell her pet to lick the tears that lay disheveled on my shadow; strangulating the breath out of me with her dingy broomstick.

Neither did she realize the unprecedented river of infatuation that besieged my blood; the fulminating volcano of attraction that I harbored for her every unleashing instant,
Nor did she neglect me like paint miserably peeling from the walls; battering me into realms of absolute submission.

Neither did she ever caress me with her nails; never understanding how much I wanted to hear her whisper in my ardent ears,
Nor did she discard me in the very instance she sighted my rubicund lips; shunting me perpetually from the tiniest iota of her ingenious memory.

Neither did she bond with the beats of my turbulently pulsating heart; exploring its unfathomable dormitories of love; which wanted to be solely her slave,

Nor did she ever divulge any hatred for my diminutive stature on this boundless planet; burying me infinite feet under my corpse; when I was blissfully breathing and alive.

And neither did she love me till the time I existed; not comprehending the compassion in my soul to be reborn a countless times; for being immortally hers,

And nor did she possess any intention to kill me like an pertinently irascible mosquito; nor did she want that I left mother earth in an incredulous hurry.

Its definitely startling; but true; God had made several relationships like ours which were neutral; yet unique relationships bonded by invincible threads of humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

Never Ask

Never ask a man perpetually blind; to desiccate an infinitesimal needle from the unfathomably colossal haystack,

Never ask a bird withering horrendously on the ground; to flap its brutally severed wings and fly,

Never ask a panther growling full throttle; to emanate a melody that would transit human into a blissful slumber,

Never ask an insatiably parasitic leech; to magnificently heal your profusely bleeding wounds,

Never ask an abysmally sweltering desert; to quench the agonizing flames overwhelmingly engulfing your scorched throat,

Never ask an insurmountably barbaric butcher; to pacify the intransigent wails of a freshly born infant,

Never ask a horrendously broken pencil; to sketch the most fabulously intricate corners of the Universe,

Never ask a satanically ruthless assassin; to churn unsurpassable lines or mystically romantic poetry,

Never ask a diabolically thorny cactus; to become your voluptuously mesmerizing mattress for the heart of the night,

Never ask a gigantic avalanche of ice; to compassionately ignite your pathetically dwindling and frozen senses,

Never ask a flirtatiously capricious wink; to resolve higher than the summit of the unconquerable cosmos,

Never ask an incomprehensibly squalid pig; to perpetuate the dolorous atmosphere with enchanting scent,

Never ask the clock ticking at swashbuckling speeds; to transit back into the realms of nascent childhood,

Never ask the stalk of frigidly diminishing grass; to stand like an invincible fortress against the most tumultuous of storm,

Never ask the vivaciously thundering streaks of lightening; to squeak like a kitten; camouflage in the corridors of dormant solitude,

Never ask dungeons inundated with glittering gold; to beg like impoverished urchins on the treacherously deserted street,

Never ask the irrevocably dead stone; to fulminate into rhapsodic spurts of animated laughter,

Never ask a enigmatically heartfelt poet; to function like monotonous clockwork in the periphery of manipulative office,

Never ask a bewitching sorceress; to philanthropically bless humanity with the essence of uninhibited sharing,

Never ask a newly embellished bride; to discard her soul mate like cakes of snobbishly neglected charcoal,

And never ask the lecherously blood sucking devil; to love; taint its immortal essence with the seed of malice proliferating hideously in his heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Never Ever Before.

She might be disastrously penurious; treacherously begging with her bizarrely mutilated palms on the solitary streets,
But the whites of her impeccably Godly eyes; harbored such vibrantly unending compassion for my diminutive persona; that was never ever witnessed on this gigantic earth before.

She might be tyrannically deprived; haplessly slithering on ruthlessly cold ground without even the most inconspicuous stroke of wonderful fortune,
But the contours of her magnanimously bountiful lips; harbored such ebullient jubilation for my resiliently advancing footsteps; that was never ever witnessed on
this fathomless earth before.

She might be horrendously maimed; gruesomely victimized by unscrupulously torturous elements of the acrimoniously conventional society,
But the resplendent festoon of her seductively enamoring eyelashes; harbored such irrefutably unshakable empathy for my wavering soul; that was never ever witnessed on this boundless earth before.

She might be appallingly blinded since the very first cry of her birth; pathetically tip-toeing at every juncture of life; at times horrifically staggering to coalesce with threadbare mud,
But the miraculously unflinching chords of her voice; harbored such impregnable conviction for my unconventionally righteous deeds; that was never ever witnessed on this limitless earth before.

She might be disdainfully timid; a merely insipid caricature of mercurially minuscule bones; as she sadly stuttered at even the most inconspicuous draught of wind,
But the Omnisciently immaculate streams of blood in her body; harbored such affection for even the most evanescent of my shadow; that was never ever witnessed
on this gargantuan earth before.

She might be more blacker than abominably sooty charcoal in complexion; with every quarter of the turgidly lambasting society; spitting on her in sardonic nonchalance,
But the invincibly pristine aura circumventing every part of her demeanor; harbored such astronomical respect for my deserted countenance; that was

never ever witnessed on this mesmerizing earth before.

She might be as deaf as a stone; with the world outside unstopably abusing her; as they knew she would still continue to stoically smile at their demonish faces,

But the intricately sensuous conglomerate of veins in her sacrosanct visage; harbored such poignancy for my resurgently galloping stride; that was never ever

witnessed on this relentless earth before.

She might be rustically indigenous and simplistic; with even the most capricious iota of glamour being unsurpassable miles away from her rudimentary persona,

But the unassailable fireballs of perpetual breath in her nostrils; harbored such indefatigable support for each of my philanthropic mission; that was never ever witnessed on this Herculean earth before.

And yes; she might be existing in a tumbledown shack of frigid seaweed; right since the moment she emanated her very first breath; during the course of being uncouthly whipped by the inclement planet outside; and till the last instant that she bid the earth a final goodbye,

But the glorious river of unconquerable beats in her heart; harbored such immortal love for my life and beyond; that was never ever witnessed on this eclectic

earth before.

Nikhil Parekh

Never In My Entire Life

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to celestially rest; sleep still immutably refrained to blissfully perpetuate into my devastatingly beleaguered lids,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to scrumptiously relish; hunger just didn't arouse an infinitesimal spark in my traumatically subjugated stomach,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to intrepidly clamber the mountain slopes; my feet just dwindled into a disheveled trash and without the tiniest of passion towards lackadaisical soil,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to splendidly memorize; the synchronization just didn't happen articulately in my bizarrely mumbled brain; with all sagaciousness dissolving into a mayhem of meaninglessness,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to blazingly triumph; the winds of victory ran just further and further away from me; leaving me flummoxed and licking preposterously fetid garbage,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to mischievously flirt; even the most inconspicuous ant in my vicinity sported a dreadfully sonorous look; and the broomsticks of acrimonious monotony kicked me left; right and dead center,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to adventurously swim; even the most inanely mercurial of wave hurled me like a sadistically pulverized mosquito; towards the disappearing shores,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to artistically spawn; the knots in my fingers just kept curling tirelessly into a vindictively closed fist; into a graveyard of morbid hopelessness,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to sensuously slither; every pore of my decrepit body started to chant mundane rhymes of stereotypical arithmetic; and the atmosphere around me evaporated itself into a ball of arid nothingness,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to astoundingly procreate; every part of my body found itself besieged with diabolically aggrandizing stagnation; withering into wisps of vespereal oblivion,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to earn wealth; the atrociously sodomizing whiplashes of the manipulatively commercial world; buried me an infinite feet beneath soil; although I was robustly alive,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to execute magic; each ounce of tantalizing mysticism metamorphosed into a lunch box of practicality around me; and the mysterious destiny lines on my palms started to seem like robotic squares and triangles drawn with bland chalk,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to wholesomely cleanse; obnoxiously irrevocable dirt still invidiously camouflaged my fragrant persona; at times rendering it one befitting a dreadfully unwashed pig,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to endlessly preach; my tongue intractably stuck in the deepest corner of my throat; and all that came out of my mouth was ludicrous balderdash; which attracted every fraternity of stray dog,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to intriguingly emulate; the society around me amorphously transited into a state of baffling atrophy; deserting me with none to copy except gutless air,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to mellifluously sing; it rained bombs and unprecedentedly deafening noise all around; making my voice seem like a mocking pin dropping in an ocean of uncontrollable activity,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to adapt truth; the ignominiously victimizing devil deliriously infiltrated my conscience; with the wrath of profanely dilapidated lies,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to bountifully breathe; the fangs of wholesomely silencing death seemed nearer and nearer to my silhouette; torturously asphyxiating me beyond the final thresholds of redemption,

But never in my entire life have I ever felt that I wasn't able to love when I've ardently and altruistically wanted to; with the Omnipotent Lord Almighty transforming every tangible and intangible object in my vicinity into a paradise of unconquerable friendship; the very instant that I merely uttered it; the very instant its beats leapt uninhibitedly from my heart

Nikhil Parekh

Never Live In Death; Never Die In Life

There was simply no happiness in inexplicably venomous sadness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of sadness in the heavens of jubilantly poignant and resplendently enamoring; happiness,

There was simply no daylight in morosely sadistic blackness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of blackness in the sun of optimistically unfettered and spell-bindingly perennial; daylight,

There was simply no faith in treacherously slandering infidelity; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of infidelity in the skies of unendingly unconquerable and compassionately everlasting; faith,

There was simply no truth in deplorably sacrilegious lies; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of lies in the utopia of eternally sacrosanct and unflinchingly peerless; truth,

There was simply no melody in venomously discordant deliriousness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of deliriousness in the caverns of ecstatically unbelievable and vivaciously exuberant; melody,

There was simply no humanity in indiscriminately devastating war; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of war in the bloodstreams of pricelessly unassailable and fearlessly Omnipotent; humanity,

There was simply no nature in preposterously robotic monotony; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of monotony in the lap of divinely effervescent and rhapsodically exultating; nature,

There was simply no open-heartedness in lecherously ominous manipulation; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of manipulation in the rain of torrentially unfettered and beautifully panoramic; open-heartedness,

There was simply no innocence in licentiously demented adultery; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of adultery in the womb of impregnably divinely and interminably fructifying; innocence,

There was simply no love in demonically pulverizing terrorism; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of terrorism in the heart of immortally burgeoning and ubiquitously evolving; love,

There was simply no simplicity in despicably marauding prejudice; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of prejudice in the cradle of everlastingly bountiful and victoriously undaunted; simplicity,

There was simply no compassion in mercilessly despondent indifference; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of indifference in the clouds of timelessly bestowing and unconquerably embracing; compassion,

There was simply no fire in nonchalantly decrepit nothingness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of nothingness in the aisles of passionately rejuvenating and royally untamed; fire,

There was simply no brotherhood in tyrannically meaningless selfishness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of selfishness in the paradise of bounteously ebullient and amiably transcending; brotherhood,

There was simply no freshness in egregiously wanton stagnation; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of stagnation in the rainbow of unlimitedly triumphant and mellifluously astounding; freshness,

There was simply no transparency in cadaverously confiscating politics; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of politics in the mirror of candidly discerning and righteously radiating; transparency,

There was simply no freedom in profanely bigoted incarceration; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of incarceration in the mists of limitlessly bewitching and undauntedly priceless; freedom,

There was simply no life in satanically worthless death; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of death in the throne of perpetually winning and Omnipresently undefeated; life,

Therefore I say; do not think the slightest of life after you're crucified to ghastly death; and never ever even utter the word death whilst profoundly relishing and effulgently romancing; proliferating; gyrating and adventuring; in the immortal entrenchment of life.

Nikhil Parekh

Never Say Die

Say that I was a coward; running faster than the speed of white light; at the most minuscule premonition of danger,

Say that I looked horrendously ugly; repugnantly wading off even my reflection away from my entity,

Say that I was overwhelmingly penurious; starving to unprecedented limits; in the realms of my dilapidated hutment,

Say that I was oblivious of the art of love; staring like an insane moron into bare bits of disdainfully monotonous space,

Say that I was astronomically dirty; dissipating an ocean of treacherous filth on every path I tread,

Say that I was an inconspicuous mosquito; a transiently fleeting reflection which disappeared even before it had appeared,

Say that I was salaciously lecherous parasite; sucking blood indiscriminately from whomsoever who encountered me in my way,

Say that I was mockingly blind in the most dazzling of sunlight; tripping pathetically towards remote wisps of oblivion,

Say that I was full of malevolent fantasies; wishing insidiously evil as soon as people turned their innocuous backs,

Say that I was insurmountably haggard; resembling a hoarsely whimpering beggar; even in the most majestic of my suit,

Say that I was appallingly dumb; without a voice of my own; even though provoked beyond the point of satanic control,

Say that I was an unscrupulous rascal; philandering aimlessly on the streets; when in reality I toiled even after midnight; to assimilate fodder for the entire house,

Say that I was a diabolical assassin; rampantly massacring innocent scalps; for frugal wads of sleazy money,

Say that I was a replica of the preposterously fat elephant; evoking everyone to laugh as they sighted my erratically funny caricature,

Say that I was an acrimonious desert; without harboring the slightest trace of love or poignant empathy,

Say that I was a decayed stalk of shriveled mushroom; being blown worse than a whisker; down the slopes of the lanky mountain,

Say that I was a hideously menacing drunkard; mumbling incoherently for times immemorial; even though I drank nothing but pure water all my life,

Say that I was the most torturous of all husbands; meting my personal frustration on your rubicund skin; when infact you had incarcerated me in a blanket of blood coated chains; since the time we had tied the nuptial thread,

Say that I didn't know the way to live; howling like an imbecile dog; tearing my hair in the heart of the boisterously bustling lane,

And say anything you like O! beloved; condemning me beyond the boundaries of incomprehensible imagination; give me infinite deaths crucifying me with daggers of your hatred; BUT FOR HEAVEN SAKE NEVER SAY DIE.

Nikhil Parekh

Never Snatch

Never snatch the Omnipotent Sun; from the fathomless expanse of mesmerizing blue sky,

Never snatch the poignantly ravishing salt; from the belly of the tantalizingly undulating ocean,

Never snatch the triumphantly scintillating tip; from the gorgeously invincible silhouette of the gigantic mountain,

Never snatch robustly crimson blood; from the boundless conglomerate of intricately bustling veins,

Never snatch the boisterously humming bee; from the heart of the resplendently blossoming flower; philandering merrily with the exuberant breeze,

Never snatch the rhapsodically ebullient melody; from the victoriously drifting and tantalizing breeze, Never snatch the immaculately Heavenly Moon; from the voluptuously titillating wilderness of the enchanting night,

Never snatch the vibrantly flamboyant wings; from the majestically soaring and uninhibitedly innocuous bird,

Never snatch the thunderously impregnable roar; from the throat of the royally ferocious and unequivocally supreme Lion,

Never snatch celestially ingratiating innocence; from the impeccably frolicking and pristinely princely child,

Never snatch eloquently magnetic voice; from the spell bindingly ravishing and sweet nightingale,

Never snatch irrefutably unconquerable pride; from the soul of the immortally departed and valiant martyr,

Never snatch poignantly glistening sands; from the panoramically sweltering landscape of the blisteringly golden desert,

Never snatch naturally proliferating virility; from a harmoniously blending and symbiotically breathing organism,

Never snatch the rustically embellished roots; from the colossally sprawling and aristocratically tree,
Never snatch the wave of sensuously titillating embarrassment; from the freshly adorned and nimbly trembling bride,

Never snatch indispensably Omniscient breath; from a man who altruistically devoted every instant of his life to the service of humanity; tirelessly endeavoring to unite the entire planet in threads of eternal mankind; perpetually alike,

Never snatch immortally unassailable love; from two hearts perennially bonded in chords of symbiotically priceless compassion,

And it is my humble plea to you O! Omnipotently Almighty Lord that no power on this Universe ever succeeds in accomplishing the above; more importantly; no power on this Universe ever succeeds in snatching a Divinely sacred mother; from her newly born and immaculate child.

Nikhil Parekh

Newly Born Eyes

For them; there was simply no difference between the diminutively poor and the unfathomably rich; as they considered both to be symbiotically blending and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the preposterously obese and the parsimoniously thin; as they considered both to be gregariously melanging and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the unprecedentedly black and the spuriously white; as they considered both to be handsomely opulent and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the overwhelmingly tall and absurdly short; as they considered both to be impeccably charismatic and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the insurmountably dynamic and perseveringly consistent; as they considered both to be immaculately bountiful
and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the stringently prudent and the unrelentingly fantasizer; as they considered both to be ubiquitously resplendent
and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the incomprehensibly splurging and the timidly abstemious; as they considered both to be vivaciously bouncing
and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the voluptuous rose and the acrimonious thorn; as they considered both to be philanthropically swaying
and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the majestically powerful and the scraggily impoverished; as they considered both to be beautifully synergistic
and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the fathomless clouds and the

inconspicuous granules of mud; as they considered both to be magnetically bonding and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the brutally maimed and the robustly bouncing; as they considered both to be royally gyrating and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the regally silken and the inherently pointed; as they considered both to be ingratiatingly mystical and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the haplessly blinded and dazzling Sunshine; as they considered both to be impeccably egalitarian and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the triumphantly jubilant and miserably defeated; as they considered both to be blissful equal and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the vivacious rainbow and silent stones; as they considered both to be God's mesmerizing creation and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the American slang and rustically indigenous; as they considered both to be ecumenically vibrant and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the unshakably powerful Politician and the unfortunately struggling poor man; as they considered both to be fantastically surviving and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the enchantingly breathing and the wholesomely dead; as they considered both to be nature's inevitability and alike,

O! yes; for they were none other than the most Omnipotently honest form of the Lord divine; they were none other than unconquerable fortresses of everlasting honesty; they were none other than the innocent child's newly born eyes.

Nikhil Parekh

Newness

Be it in the very first rays of ethereally magnificent dawn; enlightening every cranny of despairingly flagrant blackness with unfathomably unceasing majesty,

Be it in the nimble squeaking of the freshly born infant; profoundly enrapturing monotonously usurped existence; with an unprecedented power to forever survive,

Be it in the transiently hood-winking beams of the vivaciously uninhibited rainbow; casting their magic on every fretfully beleaguered bone; till times beyond infinite infinity,

Be it in the pristinely nascent shoots sprouting from the corrugated branches of the tree; delightfully swaying in insatiable ecstasy with the virile currents of summer wind,

Be it in any form; shape; color or height; Newness was what I was inexhaustibly searching for every unfurling minute of the day and night; Newness was what tingled every aspect of my existence till even beyond the realms of eternal paradise; O! Yes Newness was what my soul wanted to seek till even countless births after I died.

1.

Be it in the unrestrictedly artistic lines scrawled on barren canvas; embellishing the chapter of mundanely manipulative survival today; with unceasingly copious rivers of color and vibrant charm,

Be it in the infantile trickle of water dribbling painstakingly from the scorched rocks; bounteously perpetuating the sweltering atmosphere around with unbelievably rhapsodic exhilaration,

Be it in the faintly rupturing of the outlines of the immaculate egg; blissfully announcing the arrival of unparalleled exuberance; in a world of otherwise preposterously shriveled decay,

Be it in the premature formation of pearly white mists in the sky; triggering a ray of tantalizingly unsurpassable hope in one and all alike on bereaved earth; that sensuous rain was soon about to fall,

Be it in any form; shape; color or height; Newness was what I was inexhaustibly searching for every unfurling minute of the day and night; Newness was what made me feel the most pricelessly insuperable organism alive; O! Yes Newness was what my soul wanted to seek till even countless births after I died.

2.

Be it in the sporadic bouts of laughter of the ebulliently innocuous child; making truculently agonized heart's all across this boundless Universe; melt and frolic into the meadows of effulgent childhood,

Be it in the incoherently optimistic quacking of the fledgling swans; trying to timelessly disseminate the message of egalitarian peace towards endless sky and emollient earth; wonderfully alike,

Be it in the inconspicuously sensitive dewdrop on the blade of ravenously enthralling grass; radiating into a beam of perpetually golden righteousness; with the first rays of the Sun,

Be it in the intrepidly adventurous wave disappearing wholesomely into the horizons and deep sea; permeating even bit of the gruesomely bedraggled ambience around
with celestially tangy happiness,

Be it in any form; shape; color or height; Newness was what I was inexhaustibly searching for every unfurling minute of the day and night; Newness was what unconquerably fuelled every ingredient of my blood to pump life; O! Yes Newness was what my soul wanted to seek till even countless births after I died.

3.

Be it in the singular star that regally twinkled in the grotesquely cloudy and foggily obfuscated night; granting glorious reprieve from a countless inadvertently committed sins,

Be it in the match-boxed minuscule hutment barren without any quintessential amenity of life; yet with a roof so compassionate; that it sequestered you from the most devastating of storm and rain,

Be it in the inarticulately indefatigable buzzing of the bumble bee; spawning into cisterns of invaluablely harmonious nectar; a sweetness which no power on this turgid earth could ever transcend or destroy,

Be it in the whisper of the fugitively nubile maiden; engendering every pore on the satanically lambasted skin to excitedly stand; even as she extinguished into a valley of nothingness; sooner than she had arrived,

Be it in the infinitesimally silken beat of the heart; which arose towards the cosmos for just an instant; but united the entire estranged Universe in chords of immortal love; before it veritably died,

Be it in any form; shape; color or height; Newness was what I was inexhaustibly searching for every unfurling minute of the day and night; Newness was what propelled me to procreate countless more of my very own humanitarian kind; O! Yes Newness was what my soul wanted to seek till even countless births after I died.

Nikhil Parekh

Newspaper

It contained infinite lines of embossed literature; printed with blackest ink one could find,
It contained innumerable adages highlighting real life situations; a jugglery of frivolous cartoons,
It contained a brief report portraying prevalent weather; an accurate analysis of the total rain,
It contained a column incorporating the price of gold and silver; the erratic fluctuations of the stock market,
It contained a page for entertainment; indicating the latest releases on silver screen as well as the alluring serials to be telecast on television,
It contained an enthusing section on sports; the current positions of teams battling it out sedulously around the globe,
It contained critical issues on the world of pragmatic politics; a daily update on the leaders who sculptured the nation,
It contained items about wide spread burglaries; a discerning insight into the lives of the crime lords,
It contained bountiful sections on fashion and glamour; blatantly revealing the most contemporary trends in the nation,
It contained elements of medical science; the astronomical advancements in the field of intricate surgery,
It contained condensed biographies of living legends; the revered historians who left an accentuated mark in this world,
It contained an amalgamated space for ludicrous jokes; instilling loads of levity in the atmosphere,
It contained battalion of advertisements; with newly opened companies endeavoring to lure as big a market as they possibly could,
It contained a rectangular space for sacrosanct quotes; a conglomerate of sagacious axioms from the holy bible,
It contained flash reports about outbursts of sporadic violence in city; cautioning all concerned to stay confined to their homes,
It contained indispensable information about the intensely afflicted; trying to propagate the message of ecumenical brotherhood and peace,
It contained animated pictures of wild animals; a sneak into the mystical life encompassing the dense jungles,
It contained a bulk of segments exhibiting local news; the rise and fall of luminaries in the town,
It contained all those things which were inevitable to know; in order to prudently survive in this world,
And I preferred reading it rather than watching the commercial news; as my

newspaper emanated delectably crisp noises as I browsed; also I could even scrutinize it any time of the day if I so desired.

Nikhil Parekh

No

You've got to learn to speak it; if you profoundly want to become something in life; transcend beyond the realms of desperate malice for times immemorial,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you dazzling dare to revolutionize the complexion of this dreary planet; inundate its trajectory with unbelievably mesmerizing streaks of raw artistry,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you holistically want to lead a life of irrefutable self-dignity; hold your head always high irrespective of the most ghastliest of hell raining on you; from all sides,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you ardently wish to metamorphose even the most infinitesimal of benign dreams; into an unflinchingly eternal reality,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you unshakably crave to evolve an entrenchment of your own voluptuous fantasies; in the very midst of monotonously crippling politics and salacious prejudice,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you indefatigably yearn to philander intrepidly in the heart of resplendently twinkling midnight; tantalizingly romance with the majesty of seductive blackness; while the tycoon world huddled in blankets of disdain inside,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you unequivocally want to blissfully survive; embrace the winds of heavenly triumph; amidst a pack of parasitically blood sucking and insidiously manipulative wolves,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you irrevocably perceive to fulminate into a fireball of unconquerable righteousness; for infinite more births of yours; yet to unveil,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you unsurpassably want to mitigate all truculently lambasted humanity; miraculously free them from the clutches of the remorsefully morbid devil,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you unrelentingly dreamt to blend with the waves of brilliant exuberance; paying a deaf ear to the inclemently meaningless norms of the sardonically turgid society,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you insatiably want to spawn your very own inimitable personality; blossom into a legend from the very grass roots; without emulating any of the luminaries even an inconspicuous trifle,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you invincibly want to embody our cornucopia of priceless truth; amidst an unfathomable civilization of invidiously derogatory corruption,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you intransigently want to accept the treacherously orphaned as your very own ingredient of blood; despite indescribably gory objection from the worthlessly barking society,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you uncompromisingly want to exist every minute for the cause of Omnisciently sparkling mankind; symbiotically mélange with all caste; creed; tribe and religion; bountifully alike,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you relentlessly want to free your sacrosanct motherland; from the viciously pernicious maelstrom of; severely adulterated raunchiness,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you jubilantly want to frolic in the aisles of untainted innocuousness; even as the abominable globe outside were busy perpetuating pints of victimizing venom into the mouths of the newly born,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you unstoppably want to become an optimistic ray of hope for all those miserably shattered; even as crime lethally proliferated on every quarter of this earth; as the clock ticked,

You've got to learn to speak it; if you want to perpetually bond with the spirit of your true love; even as the most mercurial element of the world outside ignominiously lambasted you with dirt and unforgivable abuse,

The word was easy yet unassailably strong; the word consisted of just two alphabets yet bestowed you with the power to confront even the most Herculean of impediments; the word was negative yet imparted you with the tenacity to do whatever right you chose,

So c'mon folks; get ready to celestially fulfill your every dream; get ready to take over the entire conventional planet for the cause of immortal love; get ready to transform this world once again into an enchanting paradise; but before you could do anything;
get ready to look the devil in his eye; and say a big no.

Nikhil Parekh

No Accommodations.

Just a single droplet of water; could never ever in its most eccentrically wildest of dream; envisage of filling up the entire fathomless ocean,
But the limitlessly enthralling ocean whether disdainfully empty or full; could handsomely accommodate an infinite droplets of water; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single succulent fruit; could never ever in its most bizarrely evanescent of dream; perceive of filling up the entire gigantic tree,
But the bountifully ebullient tree whether gruesomely empty or full; could majestically accommodate an infinite fruits; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single grain of brazen sand; could never ever in its most obviously staggering of dream; conceive of filling up the entire boundless desert,
But the endlessly sweltering desert whether tawdrily empty or full; could infallibly accommodate an infinite sand grains; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single virile seed; could never ever in its most obsoletely dilapidated of dream; visualize of filling up the entire inexhaustible meadow,
But the bounteously fructifying meadow whether salaciously empty or full; could unflinchingly accommodate an infinite seeds; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single hillock of mud; could never ever in its most fugitively parsimonious of dream; anticipate of filling up the entire unfathomable mountain,
But the indomitably gargantuan mountain whether hideously empty or full; could aristocratically accommodate an infinite hillocks of mud; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single ray of dazzling light; could never ever in its most obscurely extinguishing of dream; cognize of filling up the entire unconquerable Sun,
But the triumphantly Omnipotent Sun whether bawdily empty or full; could uninhibitedly accommodate an infinite rays of light; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single puff of air; could never ever in its most fecklessly disappearing of dream; contemplate of filling up the entire victorious atmosphere,

But the effulgently unending Atmosphere whether treacherously empty or full;
could jubilantly accommodate an infinite puffs of air; even when perpetually
asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single iridescent star; could never ever in its most forlornly vanishing of
dream; imagine of filling up the entire unfettered cosmos,
But the ever-pervadingly enigmatic cosmos whether sleazily empty or full; could
symbiotically accommodate an infinite twinkling stars; even when perpetually
asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single speck of ice; could never ever in its most ethereally miserly of
dream; envision of filling up the entire unassailable avalanche,
But the inscrutably Herculean avalanche whether dastardly empty or full; could
incredulously accommodate an infinite specks of pristine ice; even when
perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single comprehensible word; could never ever in its most transiently
diminishing of dream; contemplate of filling up the entire unceasing dictionary,
But the spectacularly sagacious dictionary whether ignominiously empty or full;
could wonderfully accommodate an infinite prudent words; even when
perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single uncanny color; could never ever in its most preposterously
deteriorating of dream; think of filling up the entire unbelievable rainbow,
But the stupendously fantastic rainbow whether worthlessly empty or full; could
magically accommodate an infinite tranquil colors; even when perpetually asleep
and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single ferocious lion; could never ever in his most remotely collapsing of
dream; fathom of filling up the entire bewitching forest,
But the endlessly bewildering forest whether inanely empty or full; could
handsomely accommodate an infinite untamed lions; even when perpetually
asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single holistic second; could never ever in its most pathetically evaporating
of dream; comprehend of filling up the entire eventful year,
But the amazingly marathon year whether lividly empty or full; could blissfully
accommodate an infinite punctilious seconds; even when perpetually asleep and
without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single breathing organism; could never ever in its most victimizingly
flailing of dream; picture of filling up the entire enamoring earth,

But the inimitably unparalleled earth whether punitively empty or full; could ebulliently accommodate an infinite living organisms; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single redolent root; could never ever in its most penuriously dwindling of dream; foresee of filling up the entire synergistic plant,
But the compassionately effervescent plant whether deliriously empty or full; could easily accommodate an infinite fragrant roots; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

But just a single beat of immortal love; was enough to enshroud the entire passionately throbbing heart with an unlimited cistern of companionship; companionship and only eternally blossoming companionship,

Whereas the unceasingly palpitating heart; wholesomely and upfront refused to accommodate an infinite beats; as it was just that single beat of love that had spelt perpetual magic upon it; had enslaved it in Omnipotently invincible entirety; not only for this birth; but for an infinite more lives and lifetimes yet to come.

Nikhil Parekh

No Brakes On Love

Put brakes on the sky; if it rains indefatigably; inundating innocent patches of land with ominous waves of flood water,

Put brakes on the volcano; if it fulminates incessantly out of the earth's belly; gruesomely charring every visible entity in vicinity to inconspicuous bits of ash,

Put brakes on the car; if it escalates beyond the point of no control; ricochets uncontrollably towards the precariously poised and hideously gleaming mountain rail,

Put brakes on the couple; if they indiscriminately break laws of nature by delivering a boundless battalion of children; invidiously harbor the treacherous virtues of poverty and despicable unemployment,

Put brakes on the ominously swirling whirlpool; if it becomes lethal for survival; insidiously gobbling innocuous children of God; in its vindictive rage,

Put brakes on the heat; if it mercilessly scorches blissful territories of green grass; torments impeccable traces of life for droplets of indispensable water,

Put brakes on the mind; if it proves self destructive; heinously strangulates the divinely melody of existence with its myriad of abysmally baseless forms,

Put brakes on the mouth; if it starts to blabber incoherent cacophony; wails for spurious sympathy; when infact the world was rapidly fading outside,

Put brakes on the lion; if it metamorphoses into a man-eater; relentlessly planning to assassinate blessed civilization; in the barbaric fury of its satanically glaring jaws,

Put brakes on the ocean of lies; if it starts to become an overwhelming pain in the conscience; proves as a deplorable barricade in every aspect of life,

Put brakes on the tears; if they kept oozing tirelessly all night; with the mind about to shatter and wholesomely decimate in hysterical agony,

Put brakes on laughter; if it augments infectiously by the unleashing second; portrays a diabolically wretched sight; as someone was being cremated to the

grave,

Put brakes on the fingers; if they rise for achieving savage things in life; show an unprecedented obsession to grab God's molecules by the throat,

Put brakes on the superfluous repertoire of rituals; if they start to prove as an acrimonious thorn in the path of unfathomably ardent passion,

Put brakes on the diminutively obnoxious mosquito; if it tries to suck heavenly streams of scarlet blood; hovers menacingly around the eardrum; in order to placate its parasitic gluttony,

Put brakes on the criminals; if their appallingly wicked ideas make life hell for; true masses of philanthropically benevolent mankind,

Put brakes on the alarm clock; if it blew its cacophonous sounds beyond the ceiling; awoke man from the dormitories of enchanting fantasy and blissful sleep,

Put brakes on the devastating earthquake; if it engendered colossal buildings to crumble like a box of matchsticks; indiscriminately pulverizing a township of robust humans into threadbare strands of bone and raw brutal pulp,

Put brakes on breath; if Man started to feel that he was an entity greater than Omnipresent God; started to deliberately violate the universal religion of humanity,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Lord; to refrain from putting brakes on love; for although I might be oblivious to infinite things on this unsurpassable planet; but I do know that its immortally sacrosanct essence was the only thing that existed in your land; had lived since centuries unprecedented in your mesmerizing paradise called sky.

Nikhil Parekh

No Chance For Time To Speak

We hardly had the time; to know each other's name; the fraternity of religion that the tyrannically conventional society had maliciously placed us in,

We hardly had the time; to conceive each other's fantasies; the compassionately seductive whirlpool of thoughts that circumscribed our tantalizingly nimble brains,

We hardly had the time; to gauge each other's destinies; the inscrutable configuration of lines on our palms which perhaps held the key to our enigmatically future lives,

We hardly had the time; to impregnably embrace each other; uninhibitedly feel the profoundly unconquerable sensuousness; embedded in our pristinely impeccable skins,

We hardly had the time; to perceive each other's humorous instincts; the uncannily ludicrous clown in our demeanor's; that sporadically usurped our souls,

We hardly had the time; to write marathon epic's of poetry about each other; artistically swishing our articulate fingers; in unlimitedly due admiration of our majestic senses,

We hardly had the time; to wink at each other; timelessly flirt and philander in euphorically effervescent youth; through the perennially effulgent rivers and hills,

We hardly had the time; to pamper each other's ego; profusely garnish every cranny of our countenance with the vividly panoramic goodness of the gigantic planet; around,

We hardly had the time; to clandestinely date each other; intrepidly elope on bare horseback skins; to the most exhilaratingly rhapsodic crannies of the erotically wild and deciduous forests,

We hardly had the time; to surreptitiously mischief with each other; unabashedly

pull at our hair and rubicund chin; to bountifully cherish the fruits of eternally exuberant youth,

We hardly had the time; to gloriously triumph our presence; ebulliently rejoice to the most unprecedented limits; hand in hand; dancing under the iridescently milky moon,

We hardly had the time; to fathom each other's families; the societal status; prestige and relationships that our parent's had tenaciously assimilated; in the destined tenure of their lives,

We hardly had the time; to ecstatically laugh and cry; poignantly engross our personalities in an unfathomable myriad of humanitarian emotions; exploring the brilliantly sensitive side of life,

We hardly had the time; to enchantingly mesmerize each other; insuperably cast the incantation of our magically unadulterated innocence; upon our fervently dancing nerves,

We hardly had the time; to unsurpassably thank each other; for our celestially miraculous interaction; at a rambunctious corner of an contumaciously disheveled street,

We hardly had the time; to romanticize the essence of life; unassailably clasping our hands till times beyond eternal eternity; under Omnipotently spell binding rays of the afternoon Sun,

We hardly had the time; to speak our heart out; timelessly listen to the insides of our chests; palpitating more passionately than the annals of extraordinarily benign paradise,

We hardly had the time; to comprehend each other's ambitions; the stupendously enamoring missions that we wanted to embark upon in the chapter of our beautifully blissful life,

O! Yes; Believe it or not; we really didn't find time for doing anything of any sort; as the very first instant that we witnessed each other; the beats of our hearts and soul unconquerably bonded in the garland of immortal love; our lives became one by the grace of the Omniscient Divine; without giving time the tiniest of chance to speak or intervene.

No Clouds

When I looked up at the sky in my states of penalizingly noxious prejudice; with my fists overwhelmingly raring to pulverize all around me; into inconspicuously threadbare shit,
All I could see was clouds with vindictive streaks of manipulatively beguiling violet; threateningly seeming to brutally strangulate the very fabric of enchanting existence.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of lecherously augmenting discontent; with even the most replenishing of riches failing to trigger the slightest jubilation in my preposterously greedy life,
All I could see was clouds with cataclysmically malicious streaks of dirty grey, perniciously adulterating the impeccable fountain of mesmerizing existence.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of remorseful anguish; with my persona treacherously abandoning even the most humanitarian sects of the blissfully sagacious society,
All I could see was clouds with thunderous reverberations of gory red; raining down unrelentingly cold-blooded downpours of diabolical hell.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of indefatigably castigating rebuke; with my tongue lambasting sardonically heinous abuse at even the most bountifully blooming entity that it encountered in its way,
All I could see was clouds with decaying tinges of lugubriously decaying yellow; insidiously plotting every unfurling second of the day to baselessly pulverize melodiously exotic existence.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of raunchy uxoriousness; being irrevocably drawn towards sleazily derogatory smoke; vixen and wine,
All I could see was clouds with thunderbolts of perfidiously white lightening; intractably bent upon metamorphosing every aspect of glorious existence into mists of meaningless chowder.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of horrifically debilitating insanity; with every cranny of my countenance maniacally marauding even the most holistic ingredient of the spell bindingly rhapsodic atmosphere,
All I could see was clouds with pugnacious battlefields of ghastly brown; salaciously trying their best to corrupt the ingratiatingly majestic charisma of vibrant existence.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of tasteless exasperation; tirelessly fuming and fretting at even the most fantastically reinvigorating shades of my inexorably fantasizing mind,
All I could see was clouds with abominably lackadaisical grains of chalky turquoise;
surreptitiously planning to nondescriptly imprison; the regally soaring colors of ebulliently euphoric existence.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of treacherous nonchalance; slithering like an infidel insect in the marshes of desperation; without the tiniest of mission or ambition in vivacious life,
All I could see was clouds with sordid maelstroms of disparagingly dolorous black; torturously thrashing and uprooting the tree of marvelously aristocratic existence.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of satanic disbelief; not trusting even the most blazing inferno of patriotically perpetual truth,
All I could see was clouds with inconspicuous traces of ephemeral blue;
venomously poisoning the sacrosanct demeanor of existence to abscond towards the graveyards of non-existent death.

When I looked up at the sky in my states of criminal hatred; parasitically sucking innocent blood; just in order to spuriously titillate the already scrumptiously rejuvenated trajectories of my skin,
All I could see was clouds with tyrannical prisons of cheating green; miserably eluding eternally iridescent existence of its; profoundly bountiful passion and graciousness.

But when I looked up at the sky in my states of perennially unassailable love; harboring nothing else but the spirit of timeless companionship in my heart; for every caste; creed; religion and organism; royally alike,
I saw no clouds at all; not even the most mercurial trace of devilish savagery around; as all that stared into my innocuous eyes was the Omnipotent light of the Sun; which immortally enlightened me to live and let live; forever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

No Combats

In order to combat the arrow of abhorrently maiming prejudice; I used the wave of bountifully compassionate and beautifully celestial; companionship,

In order to combat the arrow of baselessly dastardly fear; I used the mountains of unsurpassably fearless and peerlessly unblemished; courage,

In order to combat the arrow of libidiously penalizing raunchiness; I used the scent of righteously scintillating and divinely benign; humanity,

In order to combat the arrow of venomously acrid manipulation; I used the sword of exuberantly unflinching and altruistically blistering; patriotism,

In order to combat the arrow of lasciviously terrorizing drought; I used the cloud of inimitably crimson and gregariously perennial; rain,

In order to combat the arrow of fecklessly frigid depression; I used the sea of rhapsodically untamed and fragrantly effervescent; happiness,

In order to combat the arrow of turgidly brutal monotony; I used the sky of fathomlessly ingratiating and timelessly triumphant; freedom,

In order to combat the arrow of egregiously fetid laziness; I used the mist of spell bindingly exhilarating and blessedly proliferating; newness,

In order to combat the arrow of irrationally indiscriminating greed; I used the mantra of eternally fantastic and benevolently tranquil; selflessness,

In order to combat the arrow of hedonistically salacious slavery; I used the rainbow of vivaciously victorious and irrefutably unassailable; freedom,

In order to combat the arrow of deliriously diabolical insanity; I used the inferno of harmoniously seductive and perpetually symbiotic; mankind,

In order to combat the arrow of lackadaisically directionless dereliction; I used the Sun of timelessly ticking and everlastingly blazing; truth,

In order to combat the arrow of torturously tormenting chauvinism; I used the meadows of holistically placating and impregnably priceless; simplicity,

In order to combat the arrow of vindictively fretful debauchery; I used the tunes of uninhibitedly embracing and ubiquitously uniting; poetry,

In order to combat the arrow of bizarrely estranged commercialism; I used the panacea of vividly efficacious and invincibly bonding; brotherhood,

In order to combat the arrow of treacherously asphyxiating boredom; I used the cisterns of fantastically fantasizing and tantalizingly silken; sensuousness,

In order to combat the arrow of invidiously incarcerating betrayal; I used the tonic of irretrievably unending and tirelessly unfettered; faith,

In order to combat the arrow of poisonously pernicious death; I used the carpet of surreally enigmatic and bounteously heavenly; life,

But in order to combat the arrow of immortally unshakable love; I didn't use; not did I ever wanted to use even the most infinitesimal of defense; as I let it wholeheartedly pierce the corridors of my penuriously slaving heart; let it liberate me forever and ever and ever; from the tensions of greedy life; from the aftermaths of ghastly death.

Nikhil Parekh

No Control.

I could wink exactly when I wanted to; shutting one of my lid with astoundingly articulate dexterity; and in wholesome entirety to the lugubriously manipulative planet outside,

I could yawn exactly when I wanted to; thunderously stretching the contours of my lips to the most unprecedented limits; blissfully resonating into an unfathomably rampant valley of sounds soon thereafter,

I could walk exactly when I wanted to; uninhibitedly alighting my nimble foot from obdurate ground; paving an intrepidly sensuous path of my own; as the world disdainfully entangled in bizarrely disparaging business outside,

I could dance exactly when I wanted to; bountifully synchronizing the movements of my impoverished visage; to majestically blend with the tunes of the seductively tantalizing and milky night,

I could cry exactly when I wanted to; profusely squeezing the sockets of my beleaguered eyes; discordantly inundating even the most infinitesimal particle of the atmosphere; with an unsurpassable ocean of cacophonous wails,

I could whisper exactly when I wanted to; amiably rustling through the partially obfuscated periphery of my wandering lips; enshrouding every bit of belligerent retribution with ravishing enchantment,

I could write exactly when I wanted to; blissfully embellishing fathomless bits of barren paper; with poetry that poignantly diffused from the inner most soul and the Gods,

I could fantasize exactly when I wanted to; unequivocally unveiling the chords of diminutive brain to the stupendously ingratiating melody of this timeless earth; exotically delving into inscrutably titillating territories beyond the obsoletely unknown,

I could smile exactly when I wanted to; exuberantly puffing my enthrallingly rubicund cheeks; wholeheartedly letting the scintillating whites of my teeth harmoniously coalesce with all benign goodness outside,

I could philander exactly when I wanted to; flirtatiously elope behind the hills with the companion of my choice; handsomely allowing the golden rays of the

Omnipotent Sun; to envelop me in impregnable entirety,

I could roll exactly when I wanted to; rampantly cascading down the gigantic mountains; regally caressing the veils of intrepidly exhilarating adventure; as I rhapsodically made my way down,

I could bathe exactly when I wanted to; rejuvenate the disastrously gruesome conglomerate of my nerves under the sparkling waterfalls; even after the heart of
unbelievably dark midnight,

I could fight exactly when I wanted to; mustering all mighty muscle in a just a single swirl; endeavoring my ultimate best to save my kin; philanthropically save my treacherously devastated motherland,

I could chatter exactly when I wanted to; clatter the piquant buds of my teeth umpteenth number of times in a single minute; shivering in uncontrollably nervous
waves of dithering skepticism,

I could eat exactly when I wanted to; celestially assimilating all salubrious fruits of this earth in my penurious palette; astonishingly replenishing each ingredient of my blood with nutrition divine,

I could sleep exactly when I wanted to; wholesomely obscuring my eyes with knots of perennially heavenly silk; irrefutably sequestering myself way beneath in the boundless dungeons; without even the most inconspicuous trace of sound or vibrant light,

I could evolve exactly when I wanted to; fascinatingly gathering all eclectically resplendent assets of the Almighty Lord; to stunningly metamorphose the complexion of this delinquently frazzled Universe,

I could breathe exactly when I wanted to; ebulliently permeating the dolorously remorseful atmosphere with fireballs of vivacious glory; igniting an inferno of untamed celebration even in the center of the despicably deadened night,

O! yes; I could do this; and I could do that; and by the Grace of God I was a majestic master of my own destiny; symbiotically bonding with the eternally transcending
and divine,

But I had absolutely not the slightest control on my heart; as its passionately triumphant beats ecstatically wandered without my commands; bonding with all immortal love on this colossal planet; bonding with the spell binding spirit to lead an infinite more lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

No Dividers

The highways of sadistically unending brutality; were ghastily inundated with an infinite dividers of limitlessly indiscriminate and tyrannically lambasting hatred,

The highways of anomalously manipulated lies; were hedonistically inundated with an infinite dividers of fecklessly insane and truculently pernicious reproachfulness,

The highways of chauvinistically tarnished anarchy; were treacherously inundated with an infinite dividers of ignominiously demented and vindictively invidious opposition,

The highways of gorily torturous death; were maliciously inundated with an infinite dividers of indescribably massacring and interminably agonizing misery,

The highways of unsparingly barbarous lies; were criminally inundated with an infinite dividers of ominously pulverizing and horrifically wanton sinfulness,

The highways of crazily beheading molestation; were disdainfully inundated with an infinite dividers of gruesomely opprobrious and inconsolably unsolicited suffering,

The highways of deliriously inane obsession; were pathetically inundated with an infinite dividers of penuriously tormented and haplessly dithering frustration,

The highways of lethally cold-blooded politics; were tawdrily inundated with an infinite dividers of never-endingly inexplicable and bizarrely slandering fear,

The highways of gratuitously profane slavery; were venomously inundated with an infinite dividers of horrendously dilapidated and cadaverously evanescent oppression,

The highways of preposterously robotic commercialism; were abhorrently inundated with an infinite dividers of sacrilegiously intolerable and wickedly debasing corruption,

The highways of indolently shriveled laziness; were perennially inundated with an infinite dividers of baselessly meandering and drearily unnecessary decay,

The highways of malevolently paranoid gloom; were surreptitiously inundated with an infinite dividers of interminably withering and atrociously debilitating disease,

The highways of meaninglessly ungainly cowardliness; were nonchalantly inundated with an infinite dividers of unrelentingly castigating and licentiously floundering infertility,

The highways of parsimoniously cursed illiteracy; were inevitably inundated with an infinite dividers of unsurpassably unforgivable and diabolically stabbing unemployment,

The highways of ghoulishly lonely widowhood; were sorrowfully inundated with an infinite dividers of unfathomably obfuscated and wretchedly deteriorating belief,

The highways of bawdily excoriating adultery; were immorally inundated with an infinite dividers of unforgivably beheading and endlessly amorphous cursedness,

The highways of indefatigably penalizing war; were unfaithfully inundated with an infinite dividers of nonsensically uncalled and ferociously hateful bloodshed,

The highways of acridly maligned betrayal; were vapidly inundated with an infinite dividers of unstoppable incarcerating and distastefully demonic darkness,

Whilst the highways of pricelessly immortal and unassailably divine love; never ever had; and never ever would have; any imperiling dividers.

Nikhil Parekh

No Drinks

When I was in a mood to profusely tease my neighbors; I had a drink of tangy lemon juice,

When I wanted to swim against choppy waves of the turbulent ocean; I had a drink of wildly rejuvenating rum,

When I wanted to float in the aisles of unprecedented desire; shrugging off the slightest of my stringent inhibitions; I had a drink of voluptuously red whisky,

When I wanted to philander euphorically through the supremely dense and camouflaged forests; I had a drink of mystically refreshing coconut water,

When I wanted to fight the lion disastrously barehanded; I had a drink of profoundly seductive wine; which instilled in me the false impression that I was greater than God, upon consumption,

When I wanted to walk naked on the freezing mountain slopes; I had a drink of piquantly poignant and electric green chili,

When I wanted to simply lie down on the couch; disentangling my mind from the vagaries and intricacies of this monotonous world; I had a drink of plain and rustic water,

When I wanted to fantasize till eternity; live in a satiny cocoon of clouds all my life without respite; I had a drink of overwhelming nicotine,

When I wanted to vomit out deliberately; puking out the last iota of what I had consumed just a few hours ago; I had a drink of disdainful soap with its bubbles exploding gently in my throat,

When I wanted to emulate a mad man in astounding similarity; I had a drink of horrendous donkey saliva,

When I wanted to commence prolific activity every dawn; I had a drink of delectably sizzling and hot tea,

When I wanted to give the insurmountably constipated bowels in my stomach some relief; I had a drink of boisterously bubbling soda,

When I wanted to holistically blend with the ecstatic conversation circulating in the conference; be an integral part of the festivity; I had a drink of ebulliently golden beer,
When I wanted to gallivant on the stallion through the labyrinth of fabulous hills; I had a drink of passionately peppery pineapple juice,

When I wanted to grandiloquently celebrate my birthday; say cheers to the entire world sitting in the clammy interiors of my drawing room; I had a drink of superlatively intoxicating vodka,

When I wanted to leap in animated exhilaration in the middle of the night; halt my incessantly running nose from dribbling further; I had a drink of salubrious and steaming chicken soup,

When I wanted to appease my mother; make amends for the plethora of inadvertent mistakes which I had committed; I had a drink of impeccable cow milk; kneading it assiduously from her sacrosanct body,

When I wanted to reach the astronomical summit of Mount Everest; I had a drink of reinvigorating and tenacious brandy; once every few minutes,

When I wanted to retain a splendidly formidable memory; I had a drink of fortified iron syrup; impregnating power to my being; power to my bones,

When I wanted to speak in slang; pretend an intrinsic part of the high society without actually belonging to it; I had a drink of pretentiously sleazy brown cola,

But when I wanted to lead life; I didn't have any drink at all; for there was no magical liquid or extract made which would make me suffice its variety; in fact it was an uphill struggle which was to be relentlessly fought; an invincible mission which no spurious drink on this earth could ever conquer.

Nikhil Parekh

No End-Products

The end product of indiscriminatingly venomous war; was the gruesome coffin of baselessly decrepit and rotting; prejudice,

The end product of abjectly hypochondriacal insanity; was the forlornly malevolent dungeon of unceremoniously dilapidated and treacherously obnoxious; manipulation,

The end product of monotonously decrepit commercialism; was the desolate web of abhorrently disdainful and lethally tyrannizing; regret,

The end product of sinfully dastardly lies; was the fiendish gallows of disparagingly derogatory and nonchalantly ridiculing; poverty,

The end product of indolently ignoramus illiteracy; was the pernicious well of devastatingly prurient and ignominiously lambasting; unemployment,

The end product of devilishly irrational obsession; was the sinister gutter of hopelessly debilitating and disgustingly horrendous; emptiness,

The end product of uncontrollably stinking expletives; was the pugnacious battlefield of truculently terrorizing and nastily demonic; hatred,

The end product of salaciously whipping politics; was the hapless tornado of vindictively orphaned and traumatically feckless; decay,

The end product of bizarrely delirious ghettoizm; was a shriveling civilization of unsolicitedly profane and remorsefully recoiling; fear,

The end product of unreasonably oozing wounds; was a cadaverous spirit of disparagingly deteriorating and gorily grotesque; extinction,

The end product of brutally excoriating injustice; was an annihilating avalanche of torridly impotent and parasitically ominous; retribution,

The end product of lecherously unwarranted sleep; was a bawdily amorphous vacuum of maniacally decimating and forlornly weeping; frustration,

The end product of ludicrously slaving cowardice; was an acrimonious pig stalk of worthlessly snarling and everlastingly lifeless; shit,

The end product of invidiously maiming betrayal; was a convoluted whisker of inconspicuously erratic and listlessly evaporating; nothingness,

The end product of atrociously murdering disrespect; were the ridiculous crutches of insipidly detrimental and rebelliously ballistic; self affliction,

The end product of heartlessly hedonistic massacring; was the satanically thrashing curtain of horrifically depriving and endlessly egregious; hell,

The end product of barbarously knifing atheism; was the merciless gallows of inevitably flagrant and inexhaustibly cold-blooded death,

The end product of sinfully incarcerating bachelorhood; was the jinxed corpse of indefatigably hurting and limitlessly penalizing; loneliness,

But "Immortal Love" had not the tiniest of aftermath; as it kept perpetually proliferating into paradise of unassailably heavenly togetherness and eternally compassionate humanity for infinite more births yet to unveil; and had not the slightest of end or meaningless end-product.

Nikhil Parekh

No Experimentation

I indefatigably experimented with my clothes; at times aimlessly wandering in skimpily bedraggled shorts; while at times majestically embellishing even the most lackadaisical bone of my impoverished body; with a paradise of unendingly coruscating satin,

I unrelentingly experimented with my food; at times plaintively surviving on inconspicuously threadbare morsels of dolorous bread; while at times regally titillating my emaciated taste buds with Imperial slices of Italian cheese and sensuously exotic champagne,

I limitlessly experimented with my dwelling; at times ludicrously residing in preposterously stinking gutter pipes; while at times enchantingly snoring in castles

of exquisitely Oriental gold and resplendently twinkling pearls,

I tirelessly experimented with my makeup's; at times coating my diminutively trembling skin with sleazily libidinous mascara; while at times vivaciously painting my entire visage with celestially voluptuous blackberry juice,

I relentlessly experimented with my slang's; at times conversing in an incongruously unruly rustic accent which only the dogs could understand; while at times

unassailably silencing one and all on this gigantic planet; with the power of my eloquently mesmerizing speech,

I unfathomably experimented with my temperament's; at times laconically floating like a cadaverously silent graveyard in the aisles of insipid nothingness; while

at times tempestuously fulminating into a boundless cosmos of insatiably heart-rendering passion,

I incessantly experimented with my footwear; at times nonchalantly trespassing through the eccentrically skewed dungeons barefoot; while at times encapsulating

my ebulliently protruding toes; with the most exorbitantly supreme snake leather skins,

I continuously experimented with my perfumes; at times smudging every speck of my languishing demeanor with a bizarre concoction of tomatoes and indolent mushrooms; while at times bathing in a heavenly pond of blissful musk till times

immemorial,

I unstoppably experimented with my languages; at times fanatically absorbing myself into the fathomless literary volumes of my very own native tongue; while at times ubiquitously disseminating the essence of global peace and eternal brotherhood in; iridescently International English,

I unlimitedly experimented with my toothbrushes; at times ruthlessly brushing across the consortium of my decaying yellow with stringently inclement tree twigs; while at times using a myriad of contemporarily world class brands to bounteously enlighten the bedraggled cavities in my mouth,

I zanily experimented with my smells; at times disastrously snoozing the entire day inhaling squalidly rebuked attic air; while at times triumphantly dancing till spaces beyond eternity; to the redolently mesmerizing scent of the divinely atmosphere,

I unsparingly experimented with my women; at times losing all interest in life with girls full of sardonically barbarous criticism; while at times jubilantly dancing with the ultimate nubile angels having descended from the lap of beautifully blessed heaven,

I countlessly experimented with my jewelry; at times wearing esoterically jinxed necklace's of gruesomely infidel bones; while at times handsomely draping my shivering persona with aristocratically poignant cascades of brilliant diamond,

I ardently experimented with my desires; at times withering away like a stoically feckless leaf even in the most spellbindingly rhapsodic of winds; while at times uncontrollably spawning into a thunderbolt of insuperably blistering passion; swiping every trajectory of mother earth with everlastingly unfettered energy,

I obsessively experimented with my colors; at times choosing the most dirties shade of brown to woefully lambaste my penalizing coffin; while at times blossoming into eclectic rainbows of glorious prosperity; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil,

I unceasingly experimented with my titillations; at times using monotonous rockets of fretful paper to stimulate my treacherously dying pores; while at times wonderfully assimilating the most panoramically exotic treasures of this earth; to blend with the invincible enthuse of my bloodstreams,

I timelessly experimented with my fantasies; at times tyrannically envisaging only about matchbox shaped corporate offices with potbellied tycoons wasting marathon hours in sonorous cigar smoke and the robotically disdainful mobile phone; while at times intransigently dreaming all day and night about the chapters of enriching proliferation and philanthropic goodness on the fabric of this gigantic Universe,

I uninhibitedly experimented with my philosophies; at times conceiving the prejudiced manipulation was quintessential to exist amidst the pack of horrifically bloodsucking wolves today; while at times pioneering the mantra of selfless sacrifice in even the most mercurial quarter of this world,
And if there was indeed one thing on this planet; which I never did or would ever want to experiment with; then it was our immortal love; for my heart was forever yours O! Godly Beloved; right since the time it first euphorically leapt out for you; and till the time death do us apart; without the slightest of baffling experimentation in between.

Nikhil Parekh

No Formality

I hated flamboyant parties; strident and sleazy music diffusing from the contemporary discotheque,

I hated drinking mineral water in scintillating glasses of silver; sighting my reflection in polished exteriors of the same,

I hated swanky cars transporting me at whizzing speeds; embellished attendants spuriously smiling; inviting me to enter the same,

I hated glittering restaurants adorned with a festoon of lights; waiters making their clients laugh; just for the sake of being showered with exorbitant tips,

I hated the overwhelmingly scented businessman; whose ideals infact smelt more than the most rotten stack of sewage,

I hated the word thank you; when the person uttering it actually had intentions of killing you; profoundly lurking in his eyes,

I hated masticating my food infinite times before gulping; an armory of intricate knives and oval shaped spoons laid meticulously on the table,

I hated it when someone welcomed me with a myriad of garlands and golden coins; ordered a battalion of attendants to fan me; at every step I took,

I hated going up the hill in shimmering escalators; when infact the meandering pathways would drown me into a state of mystical enchantment,

I hated sitting in the air-conditioned room; with scores of commercial delegates blowing ostentatious wisps of smoke; obnoxiously into thin air,

I hated shaking hands without any sense; as a stream of visitors kept barging in the colony all day,

I hated speaking baselessly and in deliberate slang; when infact the rustic language of my country was splendidly enough to express my feelings; put me in unprecedented ease at all times,

I hated nibbling tangy gum and acting snobbish; youngsters who blew their fathers money; without the slightest of contemplation and hesitancy,

I hated the conventional ways of marriage with people from distant countries thronging in; when infact the hearts of those tying the thread were poles apart, I hated the toothbrush with an ensemble of curves and spongy rubber; when infact I had the medicinal branches of the blossoming Neem tree; to clean my teeth and
my cheeks,

I hated individuals who praised me; escalated me to the pinnacle of Everest with their flattery; when infact there was a river of prejudice flowing in their flesh everywhere; instead of crimson blood,

I hated the priests who propagated only their respective religions; when infact God was omnipresent; and resided in every heart and soul,

I hated all those parents who spoke to their children in English instead of their own indigenous languages; just because it was prevalent like wild fire all over the globe,

I hated artificial sweetener added to juice; when infact its original flavor was incredulously ravishing to sip and relish,

Well until now I presume; you must have already understood what sort of a person was I; and for those of you who have not; let me tell you; that I was a man who hated all kinds of bombastic pretensions; infact a man of no formality.

Nikhil Parekh

No Gaps

The gap between the brilliantly extreme " North Pole"; and supremely celestial "South Pole: "; was infinite; yet you weren't perturbed even an infinitesimally ethereal iota,

The gap between blistering Sunlit " East"; and desolately whimpering " West "; was infinite; yet you weren't disoriented even a clammily squelched iota,

The gap between the enigmatically enchanting " Nature ";and disdainfully monotonous " Concrete Building"; was infinite; yet you weren't hassled even an inconspicuously parsimonious iota,

The gap between the fathomlessly iridescent "Sky"; and frantically bombarded "Land "; was infinite; yet you weren't bothered even an ephemerally shrinking iota,

The gap between the nostalgically tempestuous " Past "; and pragmatically placating " Present "; was infinite; yet you weren't perpetuated even an fugitively frigid iota,

The gap between irrefutably unassailable " Truth "; and derogatorily cold-blooded " Lies ";was infinite; yet you weren't pierced even a fleetingly diminutive iota,

The gap between beautifully blessing " Humanity "; and hedonistically treacherous " Insanity "; was infinite; yet you weren't moved even an fecklessly evanescent iota,

The gap between diabolically pulverizing " Crime"; and unsurpassably bountiful " Motherhood "; was infinite; yet you weren't permeated even a nonchalantly disappearing iota,

The gap between punctiliously sagacious " Logic"; and deliriously

decrepit

"Rampancy" was infinite; yet you weren't touched even a
diminutively insolvent iota,

The gap between ubiquitously enamoring " Honesty " and
despondently barbarous

" Politics" was infinite; yet you weren't affected even a worthlessly
floating iota,

The gap between ebulliently exhilarating " Freedom" and disastrously
dilapidated

" Incarceration " was infinite; yet you weren't troubled even a
ludicrously obsolete iota,

The gap between compassionately tantalizing " Sweetness" and
venomously ballistic " Retribution " was infinite; yet you weren't
distraught even a mercurially fading iota,

The gap between perennially fructifying " Rain" and devastatingly
truculent

" Drought" was infinite; yet you weren't vexed even a baselessly
inane iota,

The gap between beautifully blessing " Paradise" and the
malevolently cannibalistic

" Parasite" was infinite; yet you weren't disturbed a threadbarely
nonexistent iota,

The gap between the lecherously victimized " Gutter" and the
majestically insuperable steps of " Heaven" was infinite; yet you
weren't dwindled even
an invisibly infidel iota,

The gap between heartlessly sermonizing " War" and eternally
resplendent " Childhood" was infinite; yet you weren't shaken even a
meagerly fractional
iota,

The gap between deplorably decaying " Illiteracy" and prosperously
burgeoning

" Kinsmanship" was infinite; yet you weren't pierced even a stingily
corrugated iota,

The gap between brutally decimating " Anarchy" and uninhibitedly priceless
" Artistry " was infinite; yet you weren't whiplashed even a mundanely measly iota,

The gap between the impregnably priceless " Innocence" and bombastically prejudiced " Manipulation" was infinite; yet you weren't frazzled even a incoherently diminishing iota,

And paradoxically to the above the gap between immortally heavenly "Life"
and inevitably destined " Death" was just a single breath; yet you dreadfully bemoaned about that moment; uncontrollably trembled at its very thought even before you devoured your first morsel of food on this fathomless planet; even before you emitted your very first cry.

Nikhil Parekh

No Ghosts

The ghost of the impoverished beggar; indefatigably chased all those opulently uncouth entities; who had so barbarically kicked him once upon a time; on the streets of rambunctiously threadbare nothingness,

The ghost of the hapless destitute; unrelentingly chased all those tyrannically lambasting tycoons; who had so unsparingly deprived her of pristine innocence once upon a time; maliciously infiltrating into her enchantingly bountiful life,

The ghost of the unfortunate orphan; relentlessly chased all those diabolically evil spirits; who had so ruthlessly torn it apart from its Omnipotent parents once upon a time; penalizing it for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

The ghost of the brutally pulverized leaf; intransigently chased all those ungainly footsteps; who had so deliberately massacred it once upon a time; metamorphosing its cradle of insatiable ecstasy into a graveyard of gruesome silence,

The ghost of the scorching desert; timelessly chased all those acrimoniously sweltering rays of the Sun; which had so truculently whiplashed it once upon a time; perniciously roasting its tranquility with fireballs of unbearable heat,

The ghost of the excoriated shark; endlessly chased all those ominous hunters; who had so demonically slit its throat once upon a time; rendering its unconquerably princely form into an inconspicuous coffin of meaningless bone,

The ghost of the assassinated artist; tirelessly chased all those conventionally stringent section of society; who had so ignominiously ostracized his work once upon a time; snobbishly tainting his marvelous artistry with their pompously deadened spit,

The ghost of the ghastily blinded eye; limitlessly chased all those venomous thorns; who had so mercilessly pierced its periphery once upon a time; invidiously marauding its carpet of spell binding sensuousness with a treachery befitting a dreaded swine,

The ghost of the maimed urchin; intractably chased all those salacious dictators; who had so lethally victimized its body once upon a time; transformed its gorgeously robust complexion into a shell of reclusively disparaging doom,

The ghost of the tortured slave; immutably chased all those devilish powerhouses; which had so gorily crucified his vivacious soul once upon a time; despicably invading his fountain of uninhibited freedom with chains of incarcerating prejudice,

The ghost of the heinously disintegrated egg; murderously chased all those perilous vultures; who had so satanically smashed it once upon a time; remorsefully depriving it of even the most infinitesimal of chance to witness the mesmerizing planet outside,

The ghost of the pointed cactus; incorrigibly chased all those grotesque mouths; which had so abominably looked down upon it once upon a time; treating it as a piece of insipid shit as they endeavored their best to make fun of it; all the time,

The ghost of the stripped chicken; irrevocably chased all those heartless butchers; which had so cruelly decimated it once upon a time; converting it into a pool of pathetic blood just to titillate the spurious tongues; of countless alien,

The ghost of the annihilated township; uncontrollably chased all those worthless politicians; who had so unimaginably bombarded it once upon a time; converting even the most diminutive cranny of its persona into a battlefield of blood; hatred and abhorrent war,

The ghost of the isolated path; unflaggingly chased all those pompously inflated tycoons; who had so impudently rejected it once upon a time; transiting it into a living mortuary; just to prevent that extra bit of mud from infiltrating into their bombastically worthless shoes,

The ghost of underprivileged children; inexhaustibly chased all those uselessly penalizing mavericks; who had so maliciously laughed upon their nimble demeanor; just because they were a shade stronger by the grace of Almighty Lord,

The ghost of the traumatized seductress; unfathomably chased all those licentiously thwarting devils; who had so forcefully tied her in shackles of captivity once upon a time; cursing her song of tantalizing melody; with the cry of vengeful death,

The ghost of the betrayed woman; doggedly chased all those perfidiously diseased impressions; which had so astutely trapped her once upon a time; transiently igniting the fires of unbelievable voluptuousness in her life; before ghoulishly shattering her for a countless more lives,

But the seed of immortal love had no ghost; not even the most tiniest of sinister spirit to be afraid of; as it flowered into the most Omnipresent entrenchment of the divine; timelessly blossoming into the feathers of unshakable togetherness; even after all had died; even after the dying of unstoppable time.

Nikhil Parekh

No Guarantee

I can give you my life; precious years of my overwhelmingly sacred existence; at the tiniest of your commands,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; an irascible volcano which devastates; at times higher than the sky; while at times embedding itself infinite kilometers beneath
the grave.

I can give you my life; each iota of wealth that I had assimilated; at the slightest cry of your painstaking distress,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times romanticizing in the aisles of desire; while at times licking raw sands like an insane lunatic.

I can give you my life; showering upon you all the mesmerizing happiness that lingered around my countenance; when you stumbled brutally on every path,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times glistening like the epitome of ultimate prosperity; while at times indefatigably barking like a wounded dog; slithering towards the corridors of extinction.

I can give you my life; bestowing upon you all the goodness that profusely circumvented my soul; when you spoke of the tiniest of discomfort,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times blossoming vibrantly like a vivacious peacock; while at times sadistically whipping itself with ghastly chains of diabolical hell.

I can give you my life; sacrificing every smile that besieged my rubicund lips; to witness you harness the true essence of existence,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times relishing the fruits of nature in celestially harmonious melody; while at times disastrously unable to breathe; imprisoned in chains of self destruction and diffidence.

I can give you my life; embellishing each path you tread on; with streams of my very own crimson blood; nourishing you with my breath to a land more exotic than paradise,
But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times harvesting the most wonderful fantasies on this Universe; while at times hissing ominously on the lanes of isolated malice.

I can give you my life; pacifying your every unfinished desire; even as you bounced in stupendously supreme contentment and intrigue,

But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times invincibly towering above all on this planet; while at times traumatizing itself like a billion scorpion bites.

I can give you my life; inundating your haplessly empty palms with the most beautiful gifts on this planet; ensuring that you walked on a silken carpet while thorns of treachery; savagely pierced my eyes,

But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times as impeccable as mothers milk; while at times obsessively trying to lambaste its unfathomable repertoire of; untapped potential.

And I can give you my life; seeing to it that you led an infinite more lives of bliss; relinquishing my breath as many number of times,

But I take no guarantee of my brain; at times ubiquitously disseminating the essence of divine; while at times a satanic demon; penalizing me for apparently no fault of mine.

Nikhil Parekh

No Heart Except Hers

No hands to caress my nape except hers; tantalizingly tingling every famished pore of my drearily exhausted and lackadaisically hanging skin,

No eyes to sight my countenance except hers; as she made me feel like a majestically unparalleled king; with each of her tumultuously ardent stares,

No lips to kiss me except hers; transiting me into a land of enchantingly fragrant paradise; as she vivaciously smooched the contours of my devastatingly dithering lips,

No ears to hear me except hers; as she made every word that I spoke more Omnipotent than the Almighty Lord; sensuously discerning the unfathomably overwhelming compassion in my rhythmic sounds,

No voice to console me except hers; as she transformed my lugubriously acrimonious visage into realms of everlasting fantasy; with the exuberantly rhapsodic melody that wafted from the innermost arenas of her fabulously ingratiating throat,

No strength to support me except hers; as she miraculously rejuvenated each of my treacherously dwindling senses; with the irrefutably patriotic ardor in her royally emphatic footsteps,

No nails to scratch me except hers; as she boisterously weaved her titillatingly teasing fingers through the impoverished caricature of my ribs; nostalgically transiting me back; into the cradle of impeccable childhood,

No teeth to nibble my skin except hers; as she triggered fireballs of untamed euphoria through every iota of my bloodstream; escalating me above the clouds of bountiful freedom; to dance with the ultimate angels of humanity,

No hair to swish me except hers; as she marvelously cascaded the fathomlessly voluptuous sheet of follicles over my rubicund cheeks; seducing me into a cavern of uninhibitedly unprecedented excitement,

No belly to dance with me except hers; resplendently gyrating with me under milky rivers of ecstatic moonlight; even as the atmosphere slept in the perpetual stillness; of the serenely star studded night,

No neck to lean upon me except hers; as she astoundingly drifted me into a world of ebulliently melodious enthrallment; mischievously flirting with me behind the ethereally dusk enveloped hills,

No destiny intertwining with me except hers; as she handsomely spawned the chapter of our holistic existence; on the paths of impregnably alluring triumph; be it brilliant day or the insurmountably forlorn night,

No whistle to intrigue me except hers; as she unfathomably incarcerated every element of my penuriously trembling demeanor; in the blanket of enigma mystically embracing her unassailably priceless soul,

No fantasy to drown me except hers; as she deluged each cranny of my devastatingly bedraggled flesh; with unconquerable infernos of; vibrantly eternal and flamboyant desire,

No whispers to seduce me except hers; as she majestically led me on a ravishingly glorious expedition of timeless beauty; bequeathing a rainbow of blissful contentment; over my deplorably extinguishing shadows,

No saliva to tickle my skin except hers; as she profusely slavered on my indigently starved skin in her divinely deep sleep; transforming me into a cloud of torrentially showering excitement and unrelenting pleasure,

No conscience to lead me except hers; as she enlightened each path that I dared to tread my painstakingly bleary foot on; with unfathomable rays of optimistically sparkling hope and beautiful belonging,

No breath to impart me life except hers; as she chivalrously bestowed upon me a countless more births to celestially survive; extricating me like a poignantly embellished prince from beneath my gorily invidious grave,

And No heart to bond with my beats except hers; as she taught me the most irrefutably priceless lessons of truth; desire and unsurpassable romance; taught me to incessantly love and let others exist in the swirl of its immortally sacrosanct spirit.

Nikhil Parekh

No Heart Should Ever Miss

No bird should ever miss the exuberant breeze; the unsurpassable bits of vivacious sky; which triggered it to shrug all inhibitions and perpetually fly,

No panther should ever miss the exotic wilderness of the fathomless jungle; the kingly ambience of the royal den which passionately awaited its oligarchic personality,

No butterfly should ever miss flamboyant sunlight; those vividly boisterous rays that unveiled its grandiloquent beauty; fomented it to gleefully fun and frolic,

No fish should ever miss the ravishingly swirling sea; the unfathomable depths of emerald water which made them magnificently glide like a prince; till times ahead of eternity,

No cloud in the cosmos should ever miss the torrential fountain of rain; the incomprehensible sea of golden water which tumbled down in ecstatic frenzy; upon
disastrously parched ground,

No mother should ever miss playing with her most cherished child; tossing it amicably in air; after harnessing it with her blood and milk,

No glowworm should ever miss the stupendously alluring night; the voluptuous blanket of blackness that aptly propelled it to emanate its dazzling glow,

No eyelid should ever miss a flirtatious wink; the infinitesimally inconspicuous action which sparked of; a flurry of mischievously animated smiles,

No lip should ever miss an insatiably passionately kiss; the ardent caress which made it float in realms of impregnably fascinating fantasy,

No tortoise should ever miss the sprawling meadow of plush grass; the astoundingly remarkable bliss it was blessed to laze in; along with pecking at a festoon of
innocuous insects wandering carelessly around,

No pen should ever miss to marvelously scribble and write; the insurmountable grandiloquence it imparted to simple words; granting them a stature beyond the kings,

No fruit should ever miss the tantalizing bedcover of succulent leaves; the boundless network of chocolate brown tendrils which sequestered it from the most turbulent storm and rain,

No serpent should ever miss guarding an unprecedentedly colossal treasury of gold biscuits; protecting perseveringly earned wealth with the power of its irrefutably sacred hood,

No valley should ever miss the ingratiatingly spell binding echo; the enigmatic tunnel of reverberations that diffused thereafter; the captivating tunes which had so much to say,

No mind should ever miss a relentlessly proliferating fantasy; the indefatigably enchanting reverie it placed the body in; to exist even beyond infinite births,

No ear should ever miss the fabulously gorgeous tunes of the nightingale; the overwhelmingly seductive melody in the rhapsodic sound; which made the soul oblivious to all inexplicable misery and sadness,

No throat should ever miss heavenly mountain water; the divinely liquid that cascaded down gently from the pristine slopes; imparting ultimate contentment to the viciously struggling conscience,

No nostrils should ever miss compassionately volatile breath; the cloudbursts of rejuvenating air flowing incessantly into the lungs; pioneering fresh traces of life every unfurling instant,

And no heart should ever miss the immortal river of love; which made just one singular life of tangible existence; equivalent to countless more lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

No Holdbacks

There were times when I held dogmatically back my sleep; even though my disastrously beleaguered eyes felt like forever popping out of their brutally tyrannized sockets,

There were times when I irretrievably held back my smiles; even though the corners of my lips miserably ached to profoundly blossom; till times beyond majestically glorious eternity,

There were times when I irrevocably held back my hunger; even though the thunderously hedonistic reverberations in my stomach; woke even the most truculent of demons in the cosmos; from aisles of deep siesta,

There were times when I stubbornly held back my triumph; even though the Sun of blistering success; came on my doorstep to uninhibitedly kiss my impoverished feet,

There were times when I torturously held back my creativity; even though unsurpassable cloudbursts of blissfully fructifying fantasy; royally sprouted from every conceivable cranny of my mind,

There were times when I uncaringly held back my tears; even though countless mirrors of hapless desperation shattered to horrendously maiming nothingness; inside
the dormitories of my weeping soul,

There were times when I resolutely held back my yawns; even though the insurmountably unceasing bedspreads of laziness; slowly and slowly lulled each of my senses into a soporific lullaby,

There were times when I devoutly held back my aspirations; even though the rhapsodically ebullient fireball of optimistic dynamism; wholesomely circumscribed every ingredient of my effervescent blood,

There were times when I fanatically held back my bravado; even though the winds of unflinching fearlessness; indefatigably perpetuated me to fight for justice till the very last bone down my spine thrived,

There were times when I deliriously held back my frolic; even though the impeccably mischievous child in me; torturously asphyxiated to a prematurely

decrepit end,

There were times when I barbarously held back my desires; even though the titillations of insatiable sensuality in the pores of my skin were more poignantly unconquerable; than streaks of regally white lightening in scarlet sky,

There were times when I ungainly held back my philosophies; even though the unprecedented urge to disseminate the essence of gloriously unfettered mankind; spawned like an insuperable fortress in every comprehensible cranny of my countenance,

There were times when I baselessly held back my dreams; even though the caverns of unfathomably effulgent excitement; timelessly burgeoned in every rivulet of crimson blood; that ecstatically encircled my brain,

There were times when I nonsensically held back my freedom; even though every dormitory of my mind; body and victorious soul; wanted to timelessly kiss the ultimate apogees of tranquilly coruscated paradise,

There were times when I immutably held back my poetry; even though the profoundly illuminated lanterns of bountiful sensitivity; caressed a miraculously new high in the fabric of my life,

There were times when I bigotedly held back my fists; even though the urge to defend myself against the treacherously rapacious and indiscriminately marauding monsters; rose beyond the heavens in my diminutively nimble body,

There were times when I intransigently held back my melody; even though the uncurbed desire to effusively blend with the colors of panoramic nature; passionately drifted from each word that I spoke,

There were times when I intractably held back my breath; even though the invaluable instinct of sustaining life; tempestuously pounded like the entire force on this earth; upon my despairingly aggrieved and strangulated lungs,

But at no time of my parsimoniously truncated life could I ever hold back the beats of my endlessly fervent heart; could I ever hold back the wave of unshakable romance that it perennially culminated into; could I ever dream of holding back my immortal love for you and only you; O! Pricelessly divine beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

No Mind Should Never Ever Be Wasted

No tree; should never ever be indiscriminately felled; replacing its astoundingly symbiotic breeze and compassionate fertility; with threadbare pieces of frigidly skewed twigs; instead,

No conscience; should never ever be acridly tainted; replacing its irrefutably unassailable spirit of divine righteousness; with abominable coffins of derelict corruption; instead,

No lip; should never ever be vindictively stitched; replacing its inimitably unparalleled ocean of smiles and eternal happiness; with bizarrely dastardly sorrow; instead,

No scalp; should never ever be barbarously tonsured; replacing its sensuously vivacious flock of hair; with cadaverously invidious baldness; instead,

No finger; should never ever be horrifically curled; replacing its uninhibitedly fathomless artistry; with dungeons of claustrophobically remorseful hell; instead,

No sweat; should never ever be robotically stopped; replacing its emolliently glorious essence of perseveringly truthful existence; with the cynically emotionless ice of the monotonously mechanical air-conditioner; instead,

No blood; should never ever be perniciously distilled; replacing its unsurpassably poignant ardor; with the drudgery of unceremoniously unsympathetic manipulation; instead,

No eye; should never ever be deliberately blinded; replacing its impeccably panoramic and limitlessly holistic capacity to sight; with amorphously gory mortuaries of crippling darkness; instead,

No stomach; should never ever be torturously emaciated; replacing its robustly celestial capacity to feed the entire body; with impoverished stones of reproachfully stymied emptiness; instead,

No ear; should never ever be vituperatively deafened; replacing its unbelievably unfathomable sensitivity to every form of Lord's sounds; with horribly stagnating dilapidation till times immemorial; instead,

No eyelash; should never ever be sadistically clipped; replacing its unceasingly enchanting and flirtatiously mischievous flashing; with a inanely wastrel and traumatically iconoclastic stare; instead,

No tongue; should never ever be cold-bloodedly tied; replacing its inexhaustibly reinvigorating chirpiness; with the unbearable devils of irretrievably distraught dumbness; instead,

No Sun; should never ever be insidiously jailed; replacing its Omnipotently optimistic glimmer; with the maelstroms of sinfully debilitating darkness; instead,

No Mother; should never ever be tyrannically adulterated; replacing her fabric of Omnipresently insuperable belonging; with licentiously ribald parasites of unforgivable prostitution; instead,

No shoulder; should never ever be ruthlessly compressed; replacing its unflinchingly royal wave of selfless camaraderie; with intolerably deteriorating debauchery; instead,

No breath; should never ever be inexorably choked; replacing its timelessly burgeoning enlightenment of effulgent life; with the gallows of depravingly ostracizing extinction; instead,

No body; should never ever be deliriously tortured; replacing its triumphantly righteous exuberance to undauntedly surge ahead; with the winds of impoverishedly crumbling and lividly maniacal worthlessness; instead,

No heart; should never ever be salaciously betrayed; replacing its immortal beats of perpetually bonding love; with infinite dinosaurs of devilishness and deceit; instead,

And No mind; should never ever be wasted; replacing its boundless cocoons of unrestrictedly silken fantasy and indefatigably proliferating innovation; with the wails of the cacophonically howling skeleton; instead.

Nikhil Parekh

No Money, No Honey

In today's murderously barbarous world outside; life without money was like that bumble bee; boisterously buzzing and harboring unprecedented love all right; but without even the tiniest iota of mesmerizing honey,

In today's satanically uncouth world outside; life without money was like that ocean; blissfully undulating and harboring unsurpassable love all right; but without even the slightest pinch of tantalizing salt,

In today's delinquently treacherous world outside; life without money was like that tree; celestially breathing and harboring invincible love all right; but without even the most diminutive trace of enchanting fruit,

In today's derogatorily disdainful world outside; life without money was like that sky; endlessly extending and harboring insurmountable love all right; but without even the most infinitesimal trickle of voluptuous cloud,

In today's ignominiously salacious world outside; life without money was like that rose; majestically crimson and harboring unshakable love all right; but without even the most mercurial shade of ingratiating scent,

In today's lugubriously monotonous world outside; life without money was like that bird; gleefully flying and harboring unstoppable love all right; but without even
the most ethereal speck of quintessential nest,

In today's plaintively parasitic world outside; life without money was like that pinnacle; unflinchingly towering and harboring perpetual love all right; but without even the most transient ray of Omnipotent Sunlight,

In today's remorsefully licentious world outside; life without money was like that eye; flirtatiously fluttering and harboring insurmountable love all right; but without even the most evanescent mirror of resplendent sight,

In today's preposterously invidious world outside; life without money was like that well; mystically hollow and harboring tremendous love all right; but without even the most minuscule speck of indispensable water,

In today's vindictively vandalizing world outside; life without money was like that dwelling; incomprehensibly vast and harboring unconquerable love all right; but

without even the most reminiscent twig of sequestering roof,

In today's disastrously sinful world outside; life without money was like that rainbow; artistically appearing and harboring bountiful love all right; but without even the most obsolete shade of vividly enthralling color,

In today's pathetically morose world outside; life without money was like that waterfall; stupendously uninhibited and harboring indomitable love all right; but without even the most remotest fraction of spell binding freshness,

In today's notoriously commercial world outside; life without money was like that candle; spell bindingly sculptured and harboring limitless love all right; but without even the most transient waft of eternally optimistic flame,

In today's venomously crippling world outside; life without money was like that child; blissfully burgeoning and harboring unprecedented love all right; but without even the most infidel impression of immaculately tantalizing mischief,

In today's baselessly incarcerating world outside; life without money was like that soldier; patriotically blazing and harboring unequivocal love all right; but without even the most inconspicuous trace of glorious victory,

In today's dreadfully asphyxiated world outside; life without money was like that butterfly; harmlessly nestled and harboring pristine love all right; but without even the most dwindling mentions of untamed frolic,

In today's manipulatively sick world outside; life without money was like that brain; astoundingly synchronized and harboring undefeated love all right; but without even the most ephemeral mist of exotically fragrant fantasy,

In today's thoughtlessly estranged world outside; life without money was like that body; tirelessly moving and harboring insatiable love all right; but without even the most invisible cistern of Omnisciently blessing breath,

And in today's miserably beleaguered world outside; life without money was like that heart; thunderously scarlet and harboring ecstatic love all right; but without even the most capricious innuendos of immortal beats.

Nikhil Parekh

No New Definitions

When our lusciously poignant lips met; there were invincibly new definitions which were coined; of unconquerably triumphant and bountifully unlimited; desire,

When our immaculately benign eyes met; there were spell-bindingly new definitions which were coined; of pricelessly impregnable and beautifully untainted; empathy,

When our harmoniously eclectic fingers met; there were majestically new definitions which were coined; of victoriously enamoring and resplendently impeccable; artistry,

When our unabashedly blushing cheeks met; there were insuperable new definitions which were coined; of marvelously unprejudiced and piquantly unparalleled; excitement,

When our astoundingly sensitive eyelashes met; there were unbelievable new definitions which were coined; of wondrously unadulterated and pristinely immaculate; mischief,

When our effulgently burgeoning brains met; there were spectacular new definitions which were coined; of unconquerably redolent and timelessly evolving; fantasy,

When our uninhibitedly tantalizing feet met; there were unassailable new definitions which were coined; of ebulliently wild and inimitably discovering; adventure,

When our fantastically rubicund tongues met; there were incredulous new definitions which were coined; of imperially rekindling and indomitably endless; electricity,

When our incomparably princely palms met; there were revolutionary new definitions which were coined; of symbiotically enthralling and inscrutably titillating; destiny,

When our intricately flapping ears met; there were jubilant new definitions which were coined; of interminably enamoring and fabulously reinvigorating;

sensitivity,

When our profoundly charged thighs met; there were undisputed new definitions which were coined; of undyingly mesmerizing and undefeately sparking; thunder,

When our voluptuously nubile navels met; there were unfettered new definitions which were coined; of unlimitedly charismatic and ubiquitously unshakable; sensuousness,

When our stupendously ravishing hair met; there were unbreakable new definitions which were coined; of serenely serendipitous and perennially seductive; heavenliness,

When our effervescently tender necks met; there were unchallengable new definitions which were coined; of everlastingly fructifying and universally melanging; compassion,

When our righteously humanitarian bloodstreams met; there were undefeated new definitions which were coined; of perpetually transcending and fragrantly spawning; humanity,

When our unprecedentedly aroused bellies met; there were irrefutable new definitions which were coined; of incorrigibly exuberant and handsomely unperturbed; magnetism,

When our tenderly resonating spines met; there were intransigent new definitions which were coined; of tirelessly faithful and aristocratically augmenting; belonging,

When our passionately electrified bodies met; there were ever-pervading new definitions which were coined; of stupendously affable and unstoppably immeasurable; virility,

Whilst when our immortally throbbing hearts met; there were not the tiniest of new definitions coined; as our love was not a new thing at all for this human birth of ours; but had its most Omnipotent rudiments embodied deep within our innermost heartbeats; since an infinite previous births of ours; which had been in an unimaginably different spectrum of shapes and forms.

No Options After Death.

Some said that there was only and just brutally crucifying darkness; a wall of satanically pulverizing blackness; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just ghastily crippling silence; an unsurpassable coffin of tyrannically hopeless devastation; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just enchantingly invincible paradise; a festoon of royally resplendent heavens to welcome you; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just gruesomely ribald boredom; unsurpassable mortuaries of deplorably crucifying frustration; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just sadistically satanic torture; brutal excoriation of even the most infinitesimal of bones; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just fetidly abhorrent stench; limitless dungeons of sacrilegious decay; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just insanely bawdy mania; uprooting every ingredient of celestial happiness; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just diabolically annihilating hell; the carcasses of unceasingly vindictive doomsday; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just unconquerably perpetual rebirth; the same form of life being consummately replaced by another; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just true emancipation of the soul; with it entering another symbiotically holy spirit; after you wholesomely relinquished

your very
last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just profanely livid loneliness; every iota of the blood being frozen into wisps of inane meaninglessness; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just hedonistically evil distortion; the graveyards of the most cancerously maiming of disease plaguing every ounce of your vibrant existence; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just a despairing oblivion of infinite infinity; helplessness and ominous hopelessness on every step that you dared tread; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just an invidious apocalypse of hysterical sobbing; a haunted house of inconsolably never-ending misery; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just a tomb of indefatigable bad luck; where even the most evanescent droplet of water that you tried to consume metamorphosing into victimizing venom; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just a Universe of blessed re-incarnation; unassailably Omnipotent life spawning on every quarter of earth; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just a pigstalk of stinkingly debasing lies; a jailhouse of lecherously penalizing felony; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Some said that there was only and just a lugubriously jinxed ghost; forlornly cursed wails of tawdrily decrepit nothingness; after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died,

Whilst I said that as long as you lived and there was life; there simply wasn't anything like death; not even the most ethereal of its agnostic insinuation; and after you wholesomely relinquished your very last breath and died; there wasn't the tiniest of possibility of contemplating your deathly options any further; as no form of vibrant life would ever dare even whisper and come back again.

No Organism Is A Born Terrorist

No petal is ever born disdainfully decayed; from the womb of the redolently mesmerizing and celestially effulgent flower,

No fledgling is ever born a hideously treacherous vulture; from the womb of the uninhibitedly ecstatic and timelessly soaring bird,

No raindrop is ever born smeared with satanic blood; from the womb of the impeccably glorious and fathomlessly endowing sky,

No ray is ever born a mass of bedlam nothingness; from the womb of the Omnipotently Golden and brilliantly optimistic Sun,

No sound is ever born cold-bloodedly cacophonous; from the womb of the vividly resplendent and ebulliently mellifluous nightingale,

No flake of ice is ever born cannibalistically brown; from the womb of the innocuously placid and endlessly enamoring snowball,

No globule of milk is ever born sadistically venomous; from the womb of the unsurpassably sacrosanct and benevolently munching cow,

No mischief is ever born insidiously crucifying; from the womb of the vivaciously dancing and eternally cavorting rainbow,

No salt is ever born diabolically asphyxiating; from the womb of the rhapsodically undulating and perennially poignant sea,

No soldier is ever born a disparagingly gory traitor; from the womb of the Omnisciently proliferating and peerlessly blessing soil,

No echo is ever born ludicrously silent; from the womb of the unfathomably deep and inscrutably reverberating gorge,

No truth is ever born an egregiously marauding lie; from the womb of the unconquerably Omnipresent and Perpetually bestowing heavens,

No honey is ever born iconoclastically prejudiced; from the womb of the fantastically boisterous and enchantingly exotic honey bee,

No fruit is ever born forlornly deteriorated; from the womb of the quintessentially mollifying and blissfully symbiotic mud,

No lion is ever born mercilessly trampling; from the womb of the uninhibitedly fearless and synergistically blossoming forest,

No epitome is ever born lugubriously crumbling; from the womb of the invincibly compassionate and inimitably towering mountain,

No continent is ever born atrociously bombarding; from the womb of the tirelessly panoramic and unbelievably majestic globe,

No breath is ever born hissing parasitically pugnacious fire; from the womb of the insuperably heavenly and insurmountably moistened nostril,

No beat is ever born murderously betraying; from the womb of the unassailably godly and passionately thundering heart,

And no organism is ever born a reproachfully indiscriminate terrorist; from the womb of its unshakably priceless and altruistically blessing mother.

Nikhil Parekh

No Overtaking

It was intransigently impossible to overtake the Omnipotent Sun; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably overwhelmed by an unfathomable entrenchment of perennially jubilant shine,

It was intractably impossible to overtake the fathomless ocean; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably outclassed by an unending festoon of undulating waves; thunderously sending me backwards; rollicking towards the cold rocks,

It was irrevocably impossible to overtake the sensuous clouds; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably overshadowed by a mist of perpetually enthralling and untamed exhilaration,

It was incorrigibly impossible to overtake the sacrosanct chapters of Creation; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably outnumbered by the infinite rhapsodic cries of fresh birth; that had just unfurled,

It was unbelievably impossible to overtake the scent of humanitarian goodness; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably engulfed with a cistern of invincibly spell binding righteousness,

It was immutably impossible to overtake the assiduous unveiling of time; as every step that I took forward; irrefutably perpetuated even the most infinitesimal senses of my mind; body and soul with the undeniable spirit of pragmatically precious present,

It was indefatigably impossible to overtake the township of heavenly mankind; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably overpowered by the unbreakable compassion of philanthropic oneness,

It was irretrievably impossible to overtake the impregnable thread of truth; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably transcended by the insatiably enlightening inferno of unflinching solidarity,

It was imperceptibly impossible to overtake the bountiful stride of the artist; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably incarcerated in a web of vivaciously everlasting seduction,

It was indomitably impossible to overtake the eternal sounds of innocence; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably surpassed by a civilization of perennially bestowing and optimistic illumination,

It was unsalvageably impossible to overtake the absolute zenith of the gargantuan mountain; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably overruled by pricelessly sheer majesty and unassailable superiority,

It was incomprehensibly impossible to overtake the smile of true friendship; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably encapsulated by a cavern of unendingly benign congeniality,

It was insurmountably impossible to overtake the inherent impetuosity of boisterously bubbling youth; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably mellowed by the flame of ardently ebullient adventure,

It was indescribably impossible to overtake the walls of symbiotic harmony; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably nonplussed by the marvelous aristocracy of enchantingly blessed existence,

It was irredeemably impossible to overtake the Godly Mother's compassion; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably drowned in an unfathomable whirlpool of incessantly burgeoning empathy,

It was unstoppably impossible to overtake the melody of rain soaked air; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably neutralized by a voluptuously nubile seductress; relentlessly titillating even the heart of my most dolorously deadened night,

It was unsurpassably impossible to overtake the patriotism of the sacrificing soldier; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably outshone by a sky of stupendously ever-pervading skill and inimitable bravery,

It was dogmatically impossible to overtake the tunnels of triumphant breath; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably outplayed by the majestically benevolent rhythm of; pristine existence,

And it was hopelessly impossible to overtake the beats of the poignantly gregarious heart; as every step that I took forward; was irrefutably outdone by a paradise of immortal love; love and priceless love.

No Payments

You don't have to pay the clouds to ecstatically rain; torrentially shower golden droplets of ebullient liquid; upon fathomlessly parched territories of; desolately naked soil,

You don't have to pay the flowers to diffuse scent; blossom into romantically swirling mists of desire; to blissfully bequeath their fountain of unfathomable fragrance; to one and all; redolently alike,

You don't have to pay the soil to fructify into fruit; astoundingly spawn a civilization of bountiful prosperity; a celestial township of unitedly Herculean strength,

You don't have to pay the wind to rhapsodically blow; profoundly perpetuate each cranny of the despairingly bedraggled atmosphere; with the insurmountably vivacious elixir to triumphantly surge ahead in life,

You don't have to pay the Sun to royally rise; inundate every iota of the dolorously darkened earth; with optimistically heavenly and Omnipotent rays of dazzling light,

You don't have to pay the cow to uninhibitedly ooze milk; disseminate its irrefutably sacrosanct essence to the most remotest corner of this Universe; miraculously fortify sagging bones with its divinely aura,

You don't have to pay the Moon to resplendently shimmer; enchantingly radiate infinite streams of milky moonlight; to metamorphose every drearily beleaguered night; into the fulfilling river of paradise,

You don't have to pay the grass to exotically tingle your feet; profusely incinerate infernos of tantalizingly untamed desire in your impoverished countenance; as you gallivanted on it at the crack of ravishingly ethereal dawn,

You don't have to pay the waterfall to mystically enlighten; magically besiege every part of your monotonously staggering demeanor; with tangily inscrutable sensations of; seductively gorgeous life,

You don't have to pay the cuckoo to awaken you every morning; melodiously deluge your dwindling soul; with stupendously everlasting tunes of; harmoniously new-found excitement,

You don't have to pay the sea to impart you frosty salt; mischievously tickle every despicably despondent nerve of your manipulative form; with unprecedented adventure and exhilarating froth,

You don't have to pay the dolphins to voluptuously dance; incinerate the impeccably wandering child in your treacherously incarcerated senses; make you delightfully sing under the blazing Sun,

You don't have to pay the deserts to compassionately warm; engender pricelessly silver beads of effulgent perspiration; to trickle handsomely down your diminutive nape,

You don't have to pay the child to indefatigably intrigue; incredulously bewilder even the most stringently commercial tycoon in you; to innocuously dream beyond the realms of infinite infinity,

You don't have to pay the Almighty Creator to endlessly evolve; as he Omnisciently maneuvered even the most inconspicuous element of your life; blessed you with the spell binding virility; to procreate countless more of your holistic kind,

You don't have to pay the conscience to unequivocally dispel sagacious righteousness; irrevocably refrained you in your salaciously advancing footsteps; every time you were greedily enticed towards the heinously wrong,

You don't have to pay your mother to bear you in her godly womb; blissfully nourish even the most minuscule bone in your visage; to see you eternally blossom into the ray of timeless happiness,

You don't have to pay breath to keep you vivaciously bouncing and beamingly alive; joyously impound every extinguishing desire of your insidiously asphyxiated body; with the unsurpassable ardor to lead glorious life,

And you don't have to pay the heart to bestow upon you the immortal love of your life; bond its unassailably majestic beats with the most gorgeously priceless mission; of your each extraordinarily jubilant lifetime.

No Permissions

The clouds didn't need even the most capricious of permission whatsoever; to torrentially diffuse into unrelenting thunderbolts of ecstatically golden rain,

The rose didn't need even the most infinitesimal of permission whatsoever; to grandiloquently culminate into a fountain of ebullient scent; stupendously mystify every iota of the bedraggled atmosphere,

The grass didn't need even the most spurious of permission whatsoever; to euphorically tingle traumatically dreary soles; miraculously metamorphose all swelteringly dolorous into a cistern of rhapsodic freshness,

The sheep didn't need even the most mercurial of permission whatsoever; to leave behind a trail of immaculate belonging; profusely inundate the disastrously commercial arena with meadows of glorious innocuousness,

The stars didn't need even the most parsimonious of permission whatsoever; to resplendently twinkle all night; timelessly deluge the ghastly curtainspread of sullen darkness; with whirlwinds of optimistic light,

The Sun didn't need even the most diminutive of permission whatsoever; to flamboyantly blaze through every quarter of this colossal Universe; ubiquitously disseminate its spell of enchanting optimism to every dwelling besieged with horrendous despair,

The mountains didn't need even the most tiniest of permission whatsoever; to compassionately sequester the infirm in their affable belly; tower majestically as harbingers of irrefutable solidarity; for centuries immemorial,

The bees didn't need even the most obfuscated of permission whatsoever; to evolve into royal whirlpools of bountiful honey; infiltrate the lugubrious complexion of the dusty afternoon; with melodiously spell binding honey,

The waves didn't need even the most insignificant of permission whatsoever; to culminate into tantalizingly reinvigorating froth; unrelentingly ooze a ravishing entrenchment of poignantly heartfelt salt,

The nightingale didn't need even the most measly of permission whatsoever; to stupendously titillate each dying nerve of the disdainfully frazzled body; with an ocean of unsurpassably everlasting enchantment,

The squirrel didn't need even the most oblivious of permission whatsoever; to frolic impeccably through the mists of untamed desire; uninhibitedly fulminate into an astounding kaleidoscope of vivacious color as it gallivanted through the handsome trees,

The leaves didn't need even the most nonchalant of permission whatsoever; to seductively rustle into silken carpets of exuberant breeze; profusely solemnize the complexion of the disastrously decaying air; with reflections of insatiably unending happiness,

The hands didn't need even the most insipid of permission whatsoever; to wholeheartedly clap at every blissful occasion of existence; effusively express their jubilant enthrallment to the most unprecedented limits,

The waterfalls didn't need even the most non-existent of permission whatsoever; to ingratiatingly placate drearily scorched travelers; bequeath a legacy of sparkling togetherness upon all those murderously pinched by the corpse of bizarre commercialism,

The butterflies didn't need even the most evanescent of permission whatsoever; to gorgeously flutter in exotically regale sunshine; manifest into an unfathomable sky of eternal mischief all marathon day,

The true martyrs didn't need even the most ethereal of permission whatsoever; to audaciously fight for their sacrosanct motherland; relinquish every iota of their breath for the sake of their beautifully revered country,

The rainbows didn't need even the most transient of permission whatsoever; to Omnisciently engulf every withering cranny of this Herculean planet; with fabulous infernos of ardent companionship,

The infant didn't need even the most remotest of permission whatsoever; to holistically savor divine milk from the chest of its Godly mother; unleash into a string of Omnipotently incoherent wails; as the Sun disappeared in wholesome entirety from blue sky,

And the Heart didn't need even the most microscopic of permission whatsoever; to ecstatically liberate its incomprehensible river of passionate beats; immortally bond them with the soul mate of its existence; perpetually unite them with the entity it solely loved.

Nikhil Parekh

No Power Ever Born

They could perhaps ruthlessly snatch our eyes; horrifically blinding us with their derogatory barbarism; for the remainder of our impoverished lives,

But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine; who could snatch the unfathomable whirlpools of compassionate empathy; that we harbored for each other; in our everlastingly insuperable and brilliant hearts.

They could perhaps mercilessly snatch our ears; lecherously annihilating them from our face; with their satanically blood stained swords,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine; who could snatch the unprecedented fascination that we harbored for each other; in our bountifully timeless and philanthropic hearts.

They could perhaps indiscriminately snatch our bellies; deliriously extricating even the last bit of our intricately blissful intestines,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine; who could snatch the insurmountable magnetism that we harbored for each other; in our beautifully vivid and eclectic hearts.

They could perhaps perfidiously snatch our legs; tyrannically incarcerating and maiming us in chains of maliciously unending torture; till the time we relinquished our last breath,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine; who could snatch the inexorable passion that we harbored for each other; in our resplendently twinkling and unconquerable hearts.

They could perhaps lethally snatch all our dreams; truculently bludgeoning our brains on coldblooded rock; replenishing their parasitic stomachs with the gruesomely grotesque and pulverized curry,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine; who could snatch the unflinching solidarity that we harbored for each other; in our iridescently burgeoning and panoramic hearts.

They could perhaps irascibly snatch our arms; hedonistically forcing us to discordantly beg on the threadbare streets; so that their pockets perennially glittered with sanctimoniously sleazy silk and gold,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine; who could snatch the tirelessly ardent longing that we harbored for each other; in our gloriously effulgent and diligent hearts.

They could perhaps salaciously snatch our smiles; venomously infiltrating even the most inconspicuous iota of our happiness; with perverted mortuaries of uxoriously sadistic prejudice,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine; who could snatch the majestically royal camaraderie that we harbored for each other; in our sensuously galloping and impeccable hearts.

They could perhaps brutally snatch our shadows; ignominiously extraditing us from the civilization outside; just to lick the floors of their already spick and span dwelling,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine; who could snatch the spirit of sacrifice that we harbored for each other; in our passionately impregnable and unparalleled hearts.

And they could perhaps gorily snatch our wealth; rendering us to stagger in the aisles of uncouth nothingness; while they spuriously cavorted in the glory of our perseveringly righteous prosperity,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine; who could snatch the immortally inimitable love that we harbored for each other; in our magnetically bonded and celestial hearts.

Nikhil Parekh

No Pre-Requisites

If you don't know how to swim; then please don't plunge yourself into the ferociously choppy seas; or else you'd unsparingly drown to the ominously uncouth rock bottom,

If you don't know how to spell; then please don't inexhaustibly yearn to become a writer; or else you'd be ruthlessly lambasted by whiplashes of mercilessly ignominious contempt and unfathomable disdain,

If you don't know how to fly; then please don't plummet from the summit of the indomitably Herculean mountain; or else you'd find it'll be impossible for you to collect your countless shattered bones; after you hit emotionlessly hard ground,

If you don't know how to tune; then please don't sing; or else you'd have boundless hordes of rancidly rabid dogs endlessly chasing you; pugnaciously responding to your cadaverously cacophonous wails,

If you don't know how to chew; then please don't uninhibitedly eat; or else you'd miserably choke and horrendously stutter to a terribly torturous and diabolically cold-blooded death,

If you don't know how to admire; then please don't pretentiously sight; or else you'd be solely gobbled by corpses of prejudiced sorrow; amorphously sauntering in the earth and atmosphere,

If you don't know how to imbibe; then please don't tirelessly learn; or else you'd be wasting pricelessly limitless moments of your life staring into balderdash nothingness; whilst infinite more of your kind resplendently bloomed till times beyond eternal eternity,

If you don't know how to humanize; then please don't pray; or else you'd be righteously penalized by Omnipotent Lord Almighty; for disrespecting his quintessential principles of majestic creation,

If you don't know how to symbiotically mélange; then please don't procreate; or else you'd indiscriminately pulverized by your very own kin; in the murderous rat-race of survival of the fittest,

If you don't know how to be happy; then please don't smile; or else you'd feel

like a parasitically sanctimonious leech; a hedonistically pertinent thorn in the fabric of celestially selfless jubilation,

If you don't know how to be a magnanimously philanthropic cloud; then please don't rain; or else you'd be heartlessly emptying every ingredient of scarlet blood from your body; metamorphosing into a graveyard instead,

If you don't know how to flirt; then please don't wink; or else you'd be considered a delinquently salacious and tawdry traitor; by every fraternity of holistically surviving living kind,

If you don't know how to fantasize; then please don't stretch your brain; or else you'd be wholeheartedly inviting the truculently hideous devil; to thrash you left; right and center instead,

If you don't know how to protect; then please don't adapt the haplessly orphaned; or else you'll be digging dual graves for both you and him; egregiously losing to the carnivorously maiming parasites; loitering on every side,

If you don't know how to walk; then please don't exuberantly run; or else you'd taste inanely hateful dust; even before you could dare to alight a single foot; in the most obsolete of your dreams,

If you don't know how to respect all humanity; then please don't ostentatiously preach; or else you'd become the first victim of that vituperatively blood-stained war of racialism; that you were so pompously trying to quell,

If you don't know how to patriotically blaze for your mothersoil; then please don't declare unendingly volatile war; or else you'd be inevitably massacred by your own men; who'd embed their own flags of victory upon your bereaved throne,

If you don't know how to synergistically live; then please don't breathe; or else you'd be placed the lowest in the chain of indispensable survival; ready to be taken for the unholy devil's supper anytime,

But if you don't know anything at all on this earth; are even oblivious to your very own voice and name; then please get ready to love; for Immortal Love doesn't demand any status; caste; creed or wealth; it just perpetually embraces you making you feel the most Omnipotently blessed organism alive; and mind you; unlike everything else; it never has; ever had; or will ever have; any pre-requisite

Nikhil Parekh

No Prison. Just Heaven.

Steal it in such unsurpassably untamed amounts; an infinite times more than what the last bone of your diminutively shivering spine; could ever parsimoniously conceive or desire,

Steal it in such ardently unlimited amounts; an infinite times more than what the most rustically crinkled curvature of your lips; could ever nonchalantly conceive or desire,

Steal it in such fanatically unfathomable amounts; an infinite times more than what the most infinitesimal ingredient of your blood; could ever ephemerally conceive or desire,

Steal it in such zealously unstoppable amounts; an infinite times more than what the most indolently unperturbed siesta of yours; could ever ethereally conceive or desire,

Steal it in such boundlessly passionate amounts; an infinite times more than what the most lugubriously withering shadow of yours; could ever nascently conceive or desire,

Steal it in such uninhibitedly fathomless amounts; an infinite times more than what the most dolorously dying nerve of yours; could ever prematurely conceive or desire,

Steal it in such gigantically unfettered amounts; an infinite times more than what the most lazily inconspicuous heartbeat of yours; could ever remotely conceive or desire,

Steal it in such undefeatedly Herculean amounts; an infinite times more than what the most obviously estranged fantasies of yours; could ever nimbly conceive or desire,

Steal it in such unbelievably gargantuan amounts; an infinite times more than what the most feeblest senses of yours; could ever inconspicuously conceive or desire,

Steal it in such rampantly unhindered amounts; an infinite times more than what the most heavily drooping of your lids; could ever fugitively conceive or desire,

Steal it in such jubilantly unrestricted amounts; an infinite times more than what the most flailing of your trail; could ever fractionally conceive or desire,

Steal it in such indisputably unconquerable amounts; an infinite times more than what the most stingily decrepit dormitory of your brain; could ever miserly conceive or desire,

Steal it in such indiscriminately uncontrollable amounts; an infinite times more than what the most tiniest of your identity; could ever flutteringly conceive or desire,

Steal it in such overwhelmingly rhapsodic amounts; an infinite times more than what the most emptiest iota of your existence; could ever evanescently conceive or desire,

Steal it in such immeasurably colossal amounts; an infinite times more than what the most lackadaisically collapsing hair of yours; could ever fleetingly conceive or desire,

Steal it in such enormously irretrievable amounts; an infinite times more than what the most cowardly whispering of your breaths; could ever stingily conceive or desire,

Steal it in such endlessly inexhaustible amounts; an infinite times more than what the most incongruously distorted of your fingertip; could ever faintly conceive or desire,

Steal it in such gluttonously insatiable amounts; an infinite times more than what the most mercurial glint of your eye; could ever primordially conceive or desire,

And steal it as much as you like; an infinite times more than what the most non-existent element of your life could ever conceive or desire; but it was the only stealing on the trajectory of this invincible earth for which you didn't land in ghastly prison; but instead perpetually secured for yourself an unshakable place in the cradle of Omnipresent Heaven,

Such was the unassailably majestic power of eternally proliferating love.

Nikhil Parekh

No Replacements

Rhapsodic joy replaced; agonizing anecdotes of despairing sadness,

Opulent wealth replaced; disastrously impoverished caricatures of; miserably slithering poverty,

Impeccably sparkling light replaced; deplorably fetid darkness; a dungeon of parasitic gloom since centuries unprecedented,

Tornados of Herculean strength replaced; despicably withering bodies; tottering towards the corridors of extinction,

A festoon of torrentially amicable smiles replaced; morbidly frustrating boredom; pulverizing you to raw ash each instant,

Voluptuously charismatic blankets of mysticism replaced; stringent monotony; augmenting more hideously than the devils as time unveiled,

Nostalgic childhood replaced; lecherous incidents of ghastly manipulation; tyrannizing you to the realms of ultimate doomsday,

Incessantly ticking clock replaced; baseless laziness; perpetually massacring the last iota of exuberant energy from your robust body,

Invincible conviction replaced; entities stuttering at every step they took; eventually collapsing like a pile of inconspicuous matchsticks,

Persevering hard work replaced; lackadaisically nictitating mice; surrendering in meek submission; even before the mission commenced,

Prudently sagacious education replaced; hopeless caverns of pathetic illiteracy; pulverizing a person like mincemeat; in today's acrimonious society,

Irrefutable truth replaced; gory corpses of blatant lies; infiltrating like a pertinent leech into blissful quarters of society,

Immaculate skies of honesty replaced; heartbreaking encounters of betrayal; utterly devastating an individual to lead a shamefully crippled life,

Indefatigable cloud covers of innovation replaced; abhorrent stagnation; rotting

treacherously towards the satanic atmosphere of hell,

Insatiable simplicity replaced; the unfathomable webs of bizarre complication;
uncouthly stabbing each asset of preciously gifted life,

Enchanting rain's of fantasy replaced; frigidly heinous commercial reality;
profusely incapacitating man from; enriching with God's grace,

Resplendently twinkling stars replaced; anguished wounds in inexplicable pain; a
terrorizing darkness that enveloped like perilous swords from all sides,

Ravishingly exotic ocean's of fragrance replaced; insurmountably decaying stench
of the gutters; inundated with crime; lies and derogatory messengers of
mankind,

The innocent voice of the conscience replaced; all sinister sins of past; present
and future lives,

But there was no replacement for Love; as the moment you tried to replace it; it
only got substituted by more formidable equations of immortal love; for as long
as life on the planet existed; for as long as it took birth again; and again and
again.

Nikhil Parekh

No Retirement.

You can disdainfully retire a man from his job; but not from his eternal work of creating spell bindingly effulgent newness; on even the most inconspicuous step that he tread,

You can treacherously retire a man from his job; but not from his fathomless festoon of fantasies; which reigned supreme in every cranny of his brain; an infinite centuries even after veritable death,

You can unceremoniously retire a man from his job; but not from his perennial desire to embrace every sensuously enthralling entity on this Universe; discovering his ultimate sublimation in his companion's compassionate breath,

You can tawdrily retire a man from his job; but not from his unceasing longing to royally replenish every ounce of his body; with the most blissfully fructifying fruits of nature's creation,

You can parasitically retire a man from his job; but not from his indefatigable yearning to mate with his eternally majestic beloved; witness his seeds spawn into the most indomitably resplendent fields of an optimistic tomorrow,

You can diabolically retire a man from his job; but not from his most quintessentially ardent instinct; to jubilantly survive amidst a pack of sadistically howling wolves,

You can preposterously retire a man from his job; but not from his uncanny ability to magnetize countless audiences; with his unbelievably enigmatic persona and mellifluously triumphant voice,

You can cynically retire a man from his job; but not from his untamed spirit of timelessly burgeoning adventure; the fervently tantalizing goose-bumps of mystery that cropped up on his skin,

You can horrifically retire a man from his job; but not from his philanthropically synergistic bonding with the boundless planet outside; his unconquerable melanging with every echelon of inimitably priceless humanity,

You can ignominiously retire a man from his job; but not from the infinite passions that he harbored; towards every evanescent ray of the Sun; towards every beautifully redolent particle of the atmosphere,

You can salaciously retire a man from his job; but not from his irrefutably fearless steps marching towards; the victory of peerlessly unshakable truth over the wantonly terrorizing devil,

You can insouciantly retire a man from his job; but not from his poignant desire to procreate a countless more of his own holistic kind; registering his very best effort at continuing the chapters of Universal existence,

You can tyrannically retire a man from his job; but not from his pricelessly artistic embodiments; all those amorphously inane shapes and forms to which he'd added undefeated color; with his very own blessed palms,

You can unsavorily retire a man from his job; but not from his endless penchant to attain newer and newer heights; in whatever was most emolliently appealing to his soul,

You can foolhardily retire a man from his job; but not from his astoundingly unflinching memory; his power to perpetually imbibe even the most ethereal trace of goodness suspended profusely in the atmosphere,

You can irascibly retire a man from his job; but not from his unendingly righteous perseverance; the unassailably golden sweat that dribbled from his arms; whilst he galloped forward to make this estranged world; once again a better place to live,

You can ruthlessly retire a man from his job; but not from his entrenchment of interminably ameliorating peace; the divinely contentment that naturally flowed through even the most obsolete of his veins,

You can demonically retire a man from his job; but not from his everlasting yearning to breathe; victoriously inhale an impregnably celestial meadow of breath; each time his lungs dismally shrunk inside his chest,

And You can baselessly retire a man from his job; but not from his inborn ability to fall in love at any stage of his life; immortally bonding each of beat of his heart with the person he adored; the Omnipotent beloved who granted him an infinite more lives and lifetimes.

No Shortcut

The shortcut to reach the towering summit of the building; was to use the gold embossed escalator,

The shortcut to pass the treacherous waves of the tumultuously stormy sea; was an electric paced motorboat,

The shortcut to reach the astronomical peak of the colossal mountain; was a swanky airplane which flew faster than the speed of light,

The shortcut to topmost fruit suspended from the branch of the gigantic tree; was a ladder with coherently aligned metal rungs,

The shortcut to painstakingly masticating gargantuan morsels of food; was to consume equivalent amounts of tiny vitamin capsules,

The shortcut to walking long distances on bare foot; was the bombastically haughty and silken complexioned and scarlet sports car,

The shortcut to assiduously taxing the dainty fingers to pen down fathomless lines of literature; was the feather tipped and stupendously contemporary computer,

The shortcut to bathing in cold water at the crack of every dawn; was to inundate your armpits with exotic scent; fool people as if you had washed your gruesomely sordid persona umpteenth number of times in the day,

The shortcut to browsing onerously through the overwhelmingly bulky book; was to simply read its last page and drift off to blissful sleep,

The shortcut to surreal fantasy and incredulously haywire fantasy; was to put abrupt brakes to your wild imagination,

The shortcut to delivering the marathon speech for indefatigable hours on the trot; was to tell somebody to dub it perfectly in your voice,

The shortcut to witnessing vivaciously striped lions wandering through a labyrinth of paths in the dense jungles; was to spot and profoundly admire them in their locked cage,

The shortcut to waiting for rain to pelt down in harmonious unison from the sky; was to stand under an incessant stream of artificial bathroom shower water,

The shortcut to sedulously tying buttons and wearing several garments every fresh morning; was to not change your previous attire at all,

The shortcut to pertinently sniffing every now and again infinite times in a single day; was just one deafening and volcanic sneeze which nearly brought the roof down with its poignant ferocity,

The shortcut to speaking a hundred lies; is uttering an irrefutably solitary yet formidably invincible truth,

The shortcut to glancing at the watch every unleashing second of the day; is to gaze languidly forward to relish the color of natural light,

The shortcut to crawling miserably on obdurate ground in an unfathomably enduring endeavor to reach the finishing line; is to wear a pair of ice skates; travel faster than the speed of light,

The shortcut to prolifically earning quick money; was to marry a rich mans daughter; and worship him more than the almighty lord all your palpable life,

The shortcut to speaking relentlessly all day; was to phlegmatically maneuver your snobbish fingers in thin wisps of gentle air,

But as a matter of fact there simply was no shortcut to life; as one had to lead it every second; every minute; every hour; every day; till the time he was bestowed upon with the divinely prowess of inhaling breath; till the time the Omniscient Creator gave the order to live and love.

Nikhil Parekh

No Smoking

NO smoking; NO offensively ghoulish odor lugubriously stabbing every gorgeously impeccable and rhapsodic ingredient of the atmosphere,

NO smoking; NO horrendously inexplicable disease infiltrating into the Body invidiously; treacherously asphyxiating you towards your veritable grave,

NO smoking; NO disgustingly manipulative webs of bizarre lechery; threateningly overwhelming even the most infinitesimal trace of goodness in eternal mankind,

NO smoking; NO insidiously negative energies corrupting the fabric of innocuous holistic humanity; satanically lambasting the Omnipotent effervescence of unconquerable truth,

NO smoking; NO truculently diabolical tyranny to the ingratiating jacket of lungs; not even the tiniest of abuse to the most wonderfully sculptured and impeccably nimble body,

NO smoking; NO maliciously ghastly whirlpools of stinking white; venomously permeating into the heavenly nostril; perfidiously obfuscating crystal clear centers of enamoring sight,

NO smoking; NO bouts of insanely maniacal frustration ominously creeping up the pious soul; relentlessly trying to mercilessly pulverize ravishingly mesmerizing existence,

NO smoking; NO beads of drearily rotten sweat dribbling from the innocent forehead; no preposterously pugnacious scent of the obsolete gutters emanating from harmonious body perspiration,

NO smoking; NO irascibly murderous vacillations of the heart; not even the most inconspicuous maelstroms of penalizing blood pressure and victimizing adulteration,

NO smoking; NO indefatigably abhorrent series of pathetically whooping cough; not even the most diminutive trace of gory infection in the chords of the enchantingly sensuous throat,

NO smoking; NO coffins of horrifically crippling cancer rampantly marauding the poignant bloodstreams; surreptitiously clambering up the body to devilishly inflict the chapters of permanent death,

NO smoking; NO inhibitions whatsoever in melanging with the lap of sacrosanct nature; and every panoramic fruit of God's unsurpassably bountiful creation; wholeheartedly welcoming your immaculately humanitarian stride,

NO smoking; NO tense apprehensions of a miserably truncated life; not even the most mercurial of fear at all of prematurely snapping the fangs of existence; with your very own trembling hands,

NO smoking; NO indiscriminately whipping malice; with every religion; caste; creed; color; tribe on this planet; symbiotically blending in the religion of priceless mankind,

NO smoking; NO recklessly sleepless nights; with licentiously bellicose nightmares maiming you beyond the realms of sagacious recognition,

NO smoking; NO diffidently stumbling footsteps; not even the most parsimonious trace of fear encapsulating your countenance,

NO smoking; NO salaciously coldblooded parasites loitering all over your traumatically frazzled body; truculently evicting even the last ounce of your exuberant energy,

NO smoking; NO aimlessly ominous wandering in the corridors of vengeful neglect; not even the most invisible trace of vindictively forlorn and malevolent obsession,

NO smoking; NO ignominious condemnation thrust into your nimble face; no opprobrious rebuke assassinating you on every step that you transgressed,

NO smoking; NO blood stained tears rolling down your harmless cheeks; not even the slightest trace of castigating anguish enshrouding the blissful contours of your face,

NO smoking; NO wars of savagely destroying loneliness annihilating every trace of your vivid exhilaration; with a sky of unfathomably unending freshness miraculously coalescing with your stride,

NO smoking; NO witnessing your profusely decaying form in the mirror every dawn; with the beats of everlasting sensuousness forever being the profound embellishment of your innocent eyes,

NO smoking; NO regret for the celestially scintillating chapter of life; not even the most diminutive curse of past lives; ever caressing you for timeless times,

NO smoking; NO ruthlessly abrading your destiny lines with your own breath; with every instant of life unfurling into a garden of bountifully endowing beauty and graciousness,

NO smoking; NO demons pilfering into your visage as the Sun went behind the sky; with the Omnipotent glow of righteousness forever being as your only companion; your only and unbreakable pride,

NO smoking; NO ghosts perilously decimating you from all sides; with a paradise of invincibly princely triumph irrevocably kissing you till the very end of your time,

NO smoking; NO squeamishly threadbare dirt imprisoning every element of your demeanor; with the mantra of synergistic existence being your only fodder to spell bindingly survive,

NO smoking; NO noose tightening ghastily round your intricately effusive neck; with every aspect of life suddenly illuminating with ebulliently untamed gusto and aristocratic cheer,

NO smoking; NO savagely blood shot and torturously dry eyes; not even the most infidel blemish of dolorously pale blackness on the contours of your resplendently silken skin,

NO smoking; NO repentance for uselessly leading enamoring life; not even the most fugitive feeling of massacring the heart of God's gloriously enchanting creation,

NO smoking; NO challenging the laws of pricelessly proliferating existence; synergistically surrendering every iota of your visage to the unprecedented treasurehouse of royal mankind,

NO smoking; NO painstakingly walking through stringently restricted

zones; with every organism on this Universe traversing shoulder to shoulder through the zone of; ubiquitously Omnipotent mankind,

NO smoking; NO sporadic stuttering of vivaciously volatile breath; not even the most tiniest of impediment in the passage of euphorically everlasting air and existence,

NO smoking; NO thorns of acrimoniously criminal prejudice and bloody crime; with the pathways of survival astoundingly radiating with the profoundly vibrant elixir of friendship and irrefutably spell binding prosperity,

NO smoking; NO ghostly incarceration of the conscience in corpses of remorseful stagnation; with the rainbow of sparkingly heavenly truth reigning supreme for infinite more births yet to unveil,

And NO smoking; NO bidding adieu to the fabric of Omnisciently ever-pervading life; with the entrenchment of sacrosanct existence perpetually blending forever and ever and ever with the Creator Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

No Stoppages

There were towering faces of unassailably domineering mountains; to stop the unrelentingly untamed maelstrom of wind,

There were unfathomably stringent bars of antiseptic carbolic; to stop the intransigently uncouth flow of pertinent germs and disease,

There were dazzling rays of the blazingly sweltering Sun; to stop the ferociously torrential onslaught of tumultuously cyclonic rain,

There were unsurpassable curtain spreads of seductively tantalizing night; to stop the acrimoniously persevering rays of the barbarically excoriating day,

There were gargantuan chunks of dried lumber and stone; to stop the flow of the vociferously bubbling and incorrigibly relentless stream,

There were clouds of majestically sparkling hope; to stop the insidiously advancing dungeon of haplessly penalizing depression,

There were exhilarating expeditions of intrepid adventure; to stop the mundanely vicious attack of bizarrely crippling monotony,

There were perennially invincible rays of uninhibited freedom; to stop the diabolically salacious whirlwinds of despicable imprisonment,

There were an incomprehensible festoon of vivaciously bustling smiles; to stop the rampantly vindictive onslaught of dolorously lambasting depression,

There were deluging hosepipes of rapturously exuberant water; to stop the plethora of hostile fumes from charring all in surrounding vicinity; to infinitesimally insipid ash,

There were bountifully resplendent meadows of everlasting green grass; to stop the ominously perfidious attack of penuriously lackadaisical drought,

There were whirlpools of irrefutably candid honesty; to stop the painstakingly lecherous advent of blatantly derogatory and hideous lies,

There were indefatigable cloudshowers of miraculously Omniscient innovation; to stop the murderously menacing shadow of heinously delinquent stagnation,

There were rainbows of Omnipresently shimmering faith and solidarity; to stop the invidiously infiltrating and satanically pulverizing devil,

There were formidably tenacious enclosures of Herculean strength; to stop the perilously ungainly convicts from eloping in the aisles of miserably maiming violence; once again,

There were waterfalls of astoundingly reinvigorating freshness; to stop the acridly horrendous dust storms of prejudice; from brutally lambasting your sacredly crimson blood,

There were tirelessly diffusing buckets of incomprehensible breath; to stop the remorsefully sullen blankets of the dreadful corpse; from ruthlessly asphyxiating priceless survival,

There were fountains of philanthropically immortal love and humanity; to stop the dwindling inferno of wicked betrayal; from stepping even an infinitesimal iota inside,

But there was nothing on or beyond this astronomically aristocratic Universe to stop the chapter of life; to stop the gloriously sacrosanct chapter of proliferation; to stop existence from reigning marvelously supreme for centuries unprecedented,

And if indeed there was somebody then it was not mundane human or his unending list of sleazy contraptions; as the reigns of this entire planet; danced solely to the tunes of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord; were solely his and would remain his forever; to execute.

Nikhil Parekh

No Swapping

I had absolutely not the most infinitesimal iota of hesitation; rampantly swapping cars with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this set of four wheels; it would be some another set of sleazily mechanical four wheels; to transport me to the destination of my choice.

I had absolutely not the most diminutive trace of circumspection; wildly swapping house with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this pair of brick walls; it would be some another fortress of bawdily embellished brick walls; to sequester me all throughout the acrimoniously frozen night.

I had absolutely not the most capricious speck of skepticism; uncontrollably swapping beds with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this mattress of sponge; it would be some another mattress embedded with lifeless dunlop; to sanctimoniously rest my monotonously beleaguered and dreadfully estranged bones.

I had absolutely not the most ethereal of deliberations; unceremoniously swapping cigarettes with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this pipe of tobacco; it would be some another pipe filled with lasciviously inebriating tobacco; to spuriously tantalize my miserably bereaved senses amidst echelons of the pompously preposterous high society.

I had absolutely not the most ephemeral of uncanniness; imperturbably swapping jewels with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this design of diamond; it would be some other design of meaninglessly scintillating diamond; to adorn the overwhelmingly salacious and greedy pair of bones; in my worthlessly molecular body.

I had absolutely not the most evanescent of vibrations; nonchalantly swapping wine and vixen with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this flesh and intoxication it would be some another tawdrily titillating flesh and sensuousness; to make me abhorrently enliven every evening of my already; brutally devastated life.

I had absolutely not the most obsolete of repercussions; timelessly swapping

pieces of land with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this patch of land then it would be
some another dolorously adulterated chunk of land; to hold my vapidly quavering
and treacherously indolent feet.

I had absolutely not the most minuscule of apprehensions; blatantly swapping
food with you,
After what difference does it make; if not this morsel of eatery then it would be
some another morsel of parasitically acquired eatery; to mollify the demonically
untamed pangs of hunger; in my rancidlyribald and savagely cannibalistic
stomach.

I had absolutely not the most tiniest of reservations; explicitly swapping eyes;
ears; lips; legs and shadow with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this vision; organs and senses; then
it would be some another penuriously measly vision; organ and senses; to
punctiliously guide me through each unfurling moment of my diminutively
destined life.

But I couldn't for even the most priceless ingredient of life in me; swap the
divinely womb which evolved me and the beloved who nourished my
impoverished existence outside of it; for an infinite more lifetimes,
Because not only would it make a staggering difference to me if I did so; but
God's entire planet would dwindle and deteriorate outside the instant I dare even
think of such a dastardly act; I dare even think of raunchily swapping his two
most sacrosanct gifts; his two most immortal blessings in my blood and life.

Nikhil Parekh

No Teaching

The eyes didn't need to be taught how to wink; flirtatiously entice even the most obsoletely alien of entities; in their voluptuously seductive swirl,

The lips didn't need to be taught how to smile; unfurl into an unfathomable gorge of ecstasy; amiably bonding with one and all on this planet; ravishingly alike,

The veins didn't need to be taught how to disseminate blood; triumph in the aisles of timelessly ardent desire; fantastically embracing all entities on this colossal planet; in the religion of benign humanity,

The ears didn't need to be taught how to hear; euphorically assimilate all vibrantly untamed ebullience in the melodious atmosphere; in the delectable hollow of their drum; and for centuries immemorial,

The feet didn't need to be taught how to walk; victoriously surge forward with the winds of vacillating time; indefatigably transpiring countless organisms to keep celestially progressing till the very end of their time,

The cheeks didn't need to be taught how to blush; enamoringly bequeath upon a legacy of eternally unending compassion; as the fireball of Sun gloriously faded down the resplendent horizons,

The hands didn't need to be taught how to intertwine; form impreguably everlasting friendships; bountifully enlightening the sordid ambience with the winds of philanthropic togetherness,

The tongue didn't need to be taught how to emanate sound; deluge the preposterously grave morbidity around; with vividly unparalleled boisterousness,

The shadows didn't need to be taught how to mysticize; unveil into an unsurpassable sea of enigma; as each instant sped into a wholesomely gratifying minute,

The stomach didn't need to be taught how to digest; synergistically imbibe all tantalizingly robust morsels of food; and then expurgate all invidiousness at the first light of exotically evanescent dawn,

The neck didn't need to be taught how to turn; handsomely absorb the insurmountably panoramic beauty of this fragrant Universe; drifting in countless

surreal directions; one at a time,

The eyelashes didn't need to be taught how to seduce; marvelously titillate even the most obfuscatedly alien of personalities; in their stupendously ingratiating reflection,

The conscience didn't need to be taught how to be truthful; tirelessly march on the paths of irrefutably unconquerable righteousness; even as diabolical hurricanes of hell pelted left; right and center on the periphery of this gargantuan planet,

The throat didn't need to be taught how to gulp; innocuously guzzle the melodiously convivial elixir of existence; for boundless more births yet to come,

The chin didn't need to be taught how to twinkle; iridescently fulminate into cisterns of untamed innocence; everytime it was tickled by the arms of overwhelmingly uncontrollable care,

The armpits didn't need to be taught how to sweat; aristocratically exude rivers of golden perspiration; regally bond with the holistic mantra of persevering survival; as long as the Omnipotent lord wanted them to be,

The mouth didn't need to be taught how to yawn; immaculately expressing that the opprobriously penalizing fatigue of the body; needed to be substituted by divinely rest,

The nostrils didn't need to be taught how to breathe; perennially exhale and inhale Oligarchic carpets of spell bindingly Omnipresent air; symbiotically bond with all caste; creed; religion and tribe; unassailably and alike,

And the heart didn't need to be taught how to love; immortally coalesce even the most infinitesimally ephemeral of its beat with its soul mate; right since the first cry of beautifully bestowed birth.

Nikhil Parekh

No Training

Train your mind in such a way; that whenever it fantasized; it was only a river of altruistically ameliorating goodness; effulgently basking in the amazingly panoramic colors of living kind,

Train your hands in such a way; that whenever they rose; it was only for invincibly defending every fraternity of humanity; and even after they sunk an infinite feet beneath their morbid graves,

Train your lips in such a way; that whenever they handsomely stretched; it was only for disseminating a wave of eternally fructifying happiness; in every dolorously usurped ingredient of the tyrannized atmosphere,

Train your feet in such a way; that whenever they traversed; it was only for pulverizing even the most infinitesimal trace of parasitic diabolism; with the scepter of blazingly unparalleled righteousness,

Train your stomach in such a way; that whenever it growled; it was only for consuming the propitiously plentiful fruits of everlastingly proliferating mother nature; without shedding a droplet of cannibalistically macabre blood,

Train your eyes in such a way; that whenever they opened; it was only for sighting God's incredulously eclectic beauty of creation; gregariously empathizing with every symbiotically breathing living being; celestially alike,

Train your fingers in such a way; that whenever they wrote; it was only the message or irrefutably unconquerable truth; the message of priceless togetherness which touched the hearts of one and all alike,

Train your tongue in such a way; that whenever it unfurled; it was only for singing in holistic synergy with the countless tunes of the timelessly blessing atmosphere; mollifying even the most traumatized of agony with unbelievably ecstatic melody,

Train your shoulders in such a way; that whenever they hoisted; it was only for mitigating boundless devastated urchins from the corpses of hedonistic slavery; to the paradise of compassionately unceasing oneness,

Train your conscience in such a way; that whenever it whispered; it was only for immortalizing the heaven of truth; without the tiniest innuendo of devilishly

decrepit guilt,

Train your eyelashes in such a way; that whenever they winked; it was only for cavorting with their innocuously pristine counterparts; in perfect tandem with the vivaciously shimmering rays of the Omnipotently orange Sun,

Train your shadow in such a way; that whenever it wafted; it was only for providing unsurpassably bounteous reprieve to the drearily lambasted traveler; for magically restoring the equanimity of lugubriously estranged mankind,

Train your eyebrows in such a way; that whenever they danced; it was only for profoundly enlightening several besieged with gorily cancerous disease; amuse the tawdrily fretting corridors of monotony to the most unprecedented limits,

Train your ears in such a way; that whenever they sprang; it was only for imbibing the tunes of brilliantly victorious unity; synergistically assimilating every speck of coalescing consanguinity on this earth around,

Train your bones in such a way; that whenever they itched; it was only for endlessly preserving the majestically unfathomable treasures of Lord's creation; for bonding into a mountain of insuperably philanthropic friendship,

Train your soul in such a way; that whenever it yearned; it was only for being insurmountably magnetized by the exhilaration of sacrosanct existence; culminating into a wind of eternal freshness even after veritable death,

Train your throat in such a way; that whenever it wailed; it was only for beautifully slurping the mists of tantalizing sensuousness; which would keep it magnificently young even as its burial in the dastardly grave,

Train your nostrils in such a way; that whenever they exhaled; it was only for perpetuating a sky of unflinchingly patriotic camaraderie; in every speck of ghastily barren space on this lecherously deteriorating globe,

But leave the emollient beats of your passionate heart perpetually free; for if you trained them they would learn to manipulate and cheat; while freedom would allow them to spread love; love and only immortal love; as fathomlessly as the Creator had created them to be

Nikhil Parekh

No Updatons.

The walls of even the most majestic of castle needed updatons from time to time; to replenish their disdainfully grisly surface with coats of vivaciously bountiful paint,

The bed of even the most sparkingly celestial river needed updatons from time to time; to evict it of manmade adulterations and decaying strands of drifting seaweed,

The floors of even the most holistic of abodes needed updatons from time to time; stringently scrubbing them of the inevitably abominable carpet of dust sprawled around; extricating the blotches of food and oil that might have inadvertently soiled them,

The skins of even the most accomplished of sages needed updatons from time to time; harmoniously rejuvenating them with spell bindingly princely water and the balms of fragrantly holistic mother nature,

The dogs of even the most aristocratically resplendent pedigree needed updatons from time to time; stringently innoculating their fleet footed bodies; with contemporary doses of anti-rabies,

The edifices harboring even the most ultra modern amenities needed updatons from time to time; blissfully refurbishing their quaint infrastructure with the marvels of astoundingly robotic space age,

The lips of even the most robust organism needed updatons from time to time; embellishing them with the astoundingly gregarious sweetness of Mother Nature and her bountiful fruits divine,

The profiles of even the most impregnably blue chip companies needed updatons from time to time; dexterously keeping them in meticulous synergy with the tumultuously vacillating market conditions,

The soil of even the most bloomingly fecund of gardens needed updatons from time to time; enveloping their trajectory with latest seed and fertilizer; to miraculously optimize their sparkling output,

The shoes of even the most fathomlessly rich tycoons needed updatons from time to time; replacing their sordidly worn out soles; with fresh linings of

tenacious rubber and majestic grace,

The hair of even the most blissfully amiable entities needed updations from time to time; symbiotically abnegating them of horrendously savage outgrowths; harmoniously civilizing them with poignant pints of musk oil,
The songs of even the most greatest of musicians needed updations from time to time; vibrantly remixing them with an unfathomable reservoir of passionately pulsating beats; and the rhythm of the enchanting night,

The photographs of even the most scintillating dimensions needed updations from time to time; placing them into exotically regale albums to enthrallingly capture the moments of beautifully relishing past,

The interiors of even the most stupendously conventional cars needed updations from time to time; refurbishing them with ultra-modern gadgets and silken upholstery; to magnanimously enhance the ebulliently exhilarating drive,

The ears of even the most perspicaciously wandering organisms needed updations from time to time; explicitly extricating them of obnoxiously unwanted wax and daily debris; ecstatically adorning them with tantalizing earrings and voluptuous vivacity,

The armory of even the most accomplished of doctors needed updations from time to time; jubilantly apprising them of latest technology and miraculously blessing research; to metamorphose all traumatically inexplicable pain into a fountain of everlasting happiness,

The shirts of even the most impeccably glorious cotton needed updations from time to time; concisely scrubbing them of disdainful blotches and sweat stains; embodying them with an unfathomable myriad of floral design; to celestially enlighten the complexion of the morbidly dreary night,

The nostrils of even the most fearlessly philandering organisms needed updations from time to time; poignantly deluging them with fountains of euphorically revitalizing breath; from all sides,

And if there was one thing on this Universe that didn't need the most minuscule of updation; it was irrefutably the immortally palpitating heart; as its beats continued to perpetually love with the same intensity; even after it had entered its mortal grave.

No Wealth; No Worshipping Required

No wealth required; not even the most infinitesimal shade of the scintillating currency coin ever needed; which robustly jingled till handsome eternity,

No versatility required; not even the most inconspicuous shade of spell binding talent ever needed; which unassailably cast its own inimitable supremacy; upon every other bit of monotony; satanically thriving on this commercial planet,

No majesty required; not even the most infidel shade of princeliness ever needed; which irrefutably overwhelmed; every ounce of oblivious ordinariness in the fabric of the unceasing atmosphere,

No punctuality required; not even the most ethereal shade of timeliness ever needed; which gave the most resounding slap in the face of preposterously lambasting indolence,

No power required; not even the most transient shade of domination ever needed; which forever massacred the molehill of weakness; like the most hapless of white ants,

No pretension required; not even the most ephemeral shade of gaudiness ever needed; which sneeringly surpassed every trifle of bohemian rusticity; in the boundless Universe,

No victory required; not even the most insouciant shade of unshakable triumph ever needed; which insuperably embedded the flag of jubilation; upon every lugubriously blackened corner of planet earth,

No beauty required; not even the most disappearing shade of astoundingly miraculous panorama ever needed; which irrefutably crucified all lacklusteriness on boundless earth,

No politics required; not even the most frugal shade of dexterously successfully manipulation ever needed; which inevitably guided the way to the ultimate of a person's dreams; in this fetidly wretched planet today,

No endless incantations required; not even the most evanescent shades of mellifluously subliming rhymes ever needed; which put every element of frazzled desperation to celestial rest,

No impeccable white robes required; not even the most diminutive shades of tirelessly meditative holiness ever needed; which interminably dissolved all blemishes into a coffin of amorphous nothingness,
No scarlet blood required; not even the most obfuscated shades of undefeated crimson passion ever needed; which perpetuated new life in the most cadaverously slaughtering of graveyards,

No clairvoyance required; not even the most impoverished shades of unconquerable Omniscience ever needed; which made every other living being on this earth appear like; lividly vanishing feces,

No authority required; not even the most invisible shades of sanctimoniously silencing superiority ever needed; which made countless others to slave under; just the imperceptible tip of your little finger,

No brilliance required; not even the most dying shades of pricelessly ameliorating evolution ever needed; which triumphantly snapped the fangs of all doomed stagnation in the world,

No immortality required; not even the most fugitive shades of infallibly everlasting demeanor ever needed; which forever put the word "death" to indescribable shame,

No worshipping required; not even the most penurious shades of maniacal blind faith ever needed; which was an end to the hideously ghoulish spirit of the agnostic,

Instead. If you really wanted to become a perpetually integral ingredient of the Omnipotent Lord's blood; all you had to do was uninhibitedly leave every element of your body to float in the stream of humanity; and let every of your heartbeat spontaneously and effortlessly bond with the sky of Omnipresent Love.

Nikhil Parekh

Nobody

Nobody could have loved rain more on this entire Universe; than the horrifically scorching and miserably slaving desert sands,

Nobody could have loved a child more on this entire Universe; than its magnanimously sacrosanct mother,

Nobody could have loved grass more on this entire Universe; than the timid horned and adorably nimble cow,

Nobody could have loved milk more on this entire Universe; than the freshly born impeccable infant; wailing like an angel in its cradle,

Nobody could have loved clouds more on this entire Universe; than the royally soaring flight of the majestic eagle,

Nobody could have loved light more on this entire Universe; than the despairingly stinking and morbidly dilapidated dungeons,

Nobody could have loved victory more on this entire Universe; than the immortal soldier fighting to save his motherland,

Nobody could have loved flowers more on this Universe; than the boisterously buzzing and philandering humming bee,

Nobody could have loved the silvery web more on this Universe; than the enigmatically dancing golden spider,

Nobody could have loved reflection more on this Universe; than the pellucid glass of the incredulously scintillating mirror,

Nobody could have loved nostalgia more on this Universe; than the man about to bond with veritable brink of wholesome extinction,

Nobody could have loved the well more on this Universe; than the handsomely croaking frog; bouncing as water pelted down from the sky,

Nobody could have loved sight more on this Universe; than the perpetually blind; stumbling at each step; even in the most flamboyantly brilliant of Sunshine,

Nobody could have loved fantasy more on this Universe; than the insatiably dreaming artist; profusely entrenched in the mesmerizing beauty of this planet,

Nobody could have loved the Moon more on this Universe; than the enchanting stillness of the seductively rhapsodic night,

Nobody could have loved passionate fires more on this Universe; than sorrowfully trembling avalanches of frozen ice,

Nobody could have loved the tree trunk more on this Universe; than the flirtatiously ambling and delectably footed squirrel,

Nobody could have loved dawn more on this Universe; than the fervently anticipating cockerels; dying to inundate the atmosphere with their flurry of rambunctious sound,

Nobody could have loved the night more on this Universe; than the somberly mystical and starry eyed; grandfather owl,

Nobody could have loved loved more on this Universe; than all those orphaned and trembling with their shattered destinies on; appallingly stone-hearted streets,

And nobody could have loved you more on this Universe; than my ardently thundering heart; which had you and only you; as it's sole fantasy; as it's perpetual and ultimate cry.

Nikhil Parekh

Nobody As Passionate

There was nobody on this fathomless Universe as passionate about poignant rain; as the thunderously reverberating conglomerate of crimson clouds,

There was nobody on this colossal Universe as passionate about sweltering sands; as the majestically sprawling islands of the tenaciously glistening deserts,

There was nobody on this gigantic Universe as passionate about exuberant wind; as the vivaciously rustling leaves of the magnificently blossoming tree,

There was nobody on this boundless Universe as passionate about piquantly rejuvenating salt; as the unsurpassably glorious and ravishingly undulating oceans,

There was nobody on this unfathomable Universe as passionate about astoundingly bedazzling light; as the tumultuously fulminating fireball of golden Sun,

There was nobody on this gregarious Universe as passionate about silken scent; as the enchantingly everlasting rose; unveiling its whirlpool of untamed artistry; under the resplendent light of the milky moon,

There was nobody on this unending Universe as passionate about handsomely gurgling froth; as the mystically wonderful waterfall; mesmerizing one and all in the swirl of its princely cascade,

There was nobody on this Herculean Universe as passionate about regale evening; as the ethereally inscrutable horizons; diffusing the essence of synergistic equality to far and wide across this celestial earth,

There was nobody on this amiable Universe as passionate about slithering mysticism; as the marvelously gliding serpent; rhetorically coiling into surreptitious folds; to entice the heart of the night,

There was nobody on this limitless Universe as passionate about innocuous mischief; as the impeccably vibrant child; unrelentingly discovering an incomprehensible entrenchment of newness on every step that it charismatically tread,

There was nobody on this eclectic Universe as passionate about wavering

enigma; as the uncannily vivid shadow; aristocratically tingling every sagging visage; with cisterns of exotic wonderment,

There was nobody on this divinely Universe as passionate about sacrosanct motherland; as the patriotically blazing soldier; unflinchingly towering upon the diabolical traitors; till the very last iota of his blessed breath,
There was nobody on this timeless Universe as passionate about united strength; as the tenaciously towering mountains; symbiotically withstanding the most acrimonious of storms; sequestering millions of innocent masses from agonizing pain,

There was nobody on this redolent Universe as passionate about expressing emotions; as the compassionately heartfelt writer; incredulously weaving a tale of superbly effusive artistry; portraying the inner most feelings of his heart,

There was nobody on this charismatic Universe as passionate about the freshly born baby; as the godly mother; who miraculously nourished it with her very own blood; for a persevering 9 months,

There was nobody on this astronomical Universe as passionate about immaculate milk; as the sacredly munching cow; surviving itself on nimble grass; to bequeath upon the world the most priceless elixir of life,

There was nobody on this endowing Universe as passionate about scintillating pearls; as the fantastically pristine oyster; harboring it for centuries immemorial; from even the most diminutive trace of malice,

There was nobody on this vast Universe as passionate about spell binding breath; as the chapter of tirelessly ebullient life; sprouting into a fountain of melody as each instant royally unleashed by,

And there was nobody on this twinkling Universe as passionate about immortal love; as the ardently throbbing heart; unassailably bonding each of its magical beats with beauty and freshness; sensuously lighting the trail of an insatiably uncurbed romance.

Nikhil Parekh

Nobody Is A Slave Of Anybody.

Nobody is a slave of anybody; emotionlessly slaving to even the most infinitesimal commands of the master; being incarcerated within chains of sadistic malice; whilst robustly exuberant blood fulminated in his veins,

Nobody is a puppet of anybody; indefatigably dancing to the music of sacrilegious prejudice; pathetically maneuvered like melting ice; towards the mortuaries of
the cold-blooded devil,

Nobody is a commodity of anybody; being raunchily sold and repackaged within the next few minutes; just to earn a tawdrily decrepit armory of cannibalistically greedy notes,

Nobody is a shadow of anybody; incorrigibly sticking to the most anomalous form of venomously parasitic living being; just to mollify the most unthinkably perverted of whims,

Nobody is a lynchpin of anybody; being incessantly hammered for no ostensible reason or rhyme; just to tickle the funny bone of the rich man; whose demonic throne was solely and profusely soaked in innocent blood,

Nobody is a follower of anybody; blindly accepting even the most idiosyncratic ideologies of the opposite man; just because he was sanctimoniously adorned in a brilliantly white robe,

Nobody is a student of anybody; meaninglessly imbibing the principles of existence within the 4ft X 4 ft classroom and amidst a robotically dictatorial pile of books; when infact the true mantra of life was timelessly learnt by leaving the body and soul
wholesomely uninhibited and reverberating with the symbiotic surroundings,

Nobody is a leftover of anybody; being worthlessly kicked into the furthest corners of the unbearably fetid dustbin; after tirelessly appeasing the satanic gluttony of the so called; blasphemous master,

Nobody is a reflection of anybody; blandly portraying his beautifully rubicund face on every wall and mirror; whenever the other wretchedly febrile organism wanted to sight his own face; but was afraid of witnessing his abysmally gory contours,

Nobody is a waiter of anybody; serving the most tantalizingly ecstatic dishes at the most mercurial kick to the rear; whilst himself famishing the last bone down his spine into the tunnels of spiteful nothingness,

Nobody is a sweeper of anybody; uxoriously cleaning and licking the last iota of grime from the master's shoe; and then dementedly entering his bathroom to clean his lividly soiled lavatory seat,

Nobody is a flatterer of anybody; seamlessly praising even the most dingily misanthropic deeds ever committed on all mankind; just to ensure himself a diminutive roof over his worthlessly molecular head,

Nobody is a pathway of anybody; senselessly laying himself on the most acrimoniously vindictive battalion of abject thorns; so that the feet of the other living
being perennially tread on royal silk; whenever he chose to limp or walk,

Nobody is a prey of anybody; entirely sacrificing even the most inconspicuous element of his life to the devil's command; simply to superstitiously increase the age of his every sibling,

Nobody is a dwelling of anybody; foolishly trying to accommodate even the most merrily triumphant of living being in his body; unacceptably making all living kind go to pathetic sleep; even before it could learn to walk on its own feet,

Nobody is an experiment of anybody; wantonly allowing even the most evanescent pore of his body; to be perpetuated with an infinite medicines and sinister contraptions; for the so called amelioration of human kind,

Nobody is a whore of anybody; criminally surrendering every ounce of venerated flesh bestowed upon by the Almighty; just to titillate the already pugnaciously impotent hairs on the male chauvinists skin,

Nobody is a breath of anybody; sinfully ending his very own priceless life; just in order to rejuvenate and bless another organisms despondently venomous body; which was already chosen by the heavens to irrefutably die,

Everybody works shoulder to shoulder with everybody. But we all are; have been and shall always be; slaves, commodities; puppets; experiments; breaths; preys; pathways; flatterers; sweepers; waiters; leftovers; students; followers; shadows and an

infinite more; of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

Nobody's Ever Stopped You

Nobody's ever stopped you from profoundly relishing enchanting beams of poignantly brilliant sunlight; just because there already existed the murderously ghoulish night;

Nobody's ever stopped you from insatiably feasting upon the scent of the compassionately scarlet rose; just because there already existed the grotesquely fetid and abhorrently stinking gutter,

Nobody's ever stopped you from triumphantly blazing in the fields of unflinching righteousness; just because there already existed ignominiously ostracizing and manipulative deceit,

Nobody's ever stopped you from intrepidly exultating on the ultimate summit of benign strength; just because there already existed the infinitesimally abysmal coffin of cowardliness,

Nobody's ever stopped you from embedding even the most diminutive cranny of your persona with the petals of simplicity; just because there already existed the gallows of pompously pulverizing prejudice,

Nobody's ever stopped you from inexhaustibly drinking the elixir of perpetual truth; just because there already existed the unsurpassably gory mortuary of meaninglessly decrepit lies,

Nobody's ever stopped you from uninhibitedly romancing with the winds of boundlessly victorious freedom; just because there already existed the treacherously vindictive and agonizingly chauvinistic whip of slavery,

Nobody's ever stopped you from uniting the brutally estranged planet with the thread of oneness; just because there already existed the satanic web of indiscriminately parasitic politics,

Nobody's ever stopped you from indefatigably being a harbinger of all humanity; just because there already existed the delirious devil gobbling humans; animals and living organisms; pugnaciously alike,

Nobody's ever stopped you from mellifluously perpetuating the atmosphere with the hymns of global brotherhood; just because there already existed the

salaciously diabolical cacophony of severely self destructive selfishness and malice,

Nobody's ever stopped you from timelessly catapulting to newer summits of spell bindingly intriguing innovation; just because there already existed the clammily monotonous hole in the belly of slavering soil,

Nobody's ever stopped you from tirelessly dancing in the mists of sensuously untamed mischief; just because there already existed the lasciviously incarcerating graveyard of monotonous chicanery,

Nobody's ever stopped you from boisterously chirping with the full and unparalleled fervor of blessed life; just because there already existed the preposterously stagnated and withering dungeon of stony silence,

Nobody's ever stopped you from philanthropically liberating your fellow comrades in unimaginably horrific despair; just because there already existed cannibalistic anarchy in every corner of the sleazily commercial world,

Nobody's ever stopped you from endlessly procreating an infinite more virile of your own kind; just because there already existed the spuriously criminal droplet of perilously impairing infertility,

Nobody's ever stopped you from continuously fantasizing into the land of the Omnipotently endowing; just because there already existed the cobwebs of scurrilously obsolete and obfuscated dilapidation,

Nobody's ever stopped you from forever coalescing with the wave of unshakable oneness; just because there already existed a myriad of indiscriminatingly separating religion on the trajectory of this Universe,

Nobody's ever stopped you from holistically cleansing every frazzled pore of your demeanor with the waterfall of bountifully symbiotic life; just because there already existed the dirt of unbearably venomous dastardliness,

Nobody's ever stopped you from inhaling and exhaling boundless galleries of exotically fresh air; just because there already existed nonchalantly asphyxiating and despairing lifelessness,

And nobody's ever stopped you from immortally dedicating every beat of your heart to the person you love; just because there already existed the shadows of

torturously slandering and flagrantly ghastly betrayal.

Nikhil Parekh

Non Violence

Non violence is not about being lambasted like raw mince meat; for apparently no fault of yours,
It is infact a seed of love that proliferates ubiquitously around the globe; your voice against tyrannized injustice and uncouth radicalism.

Non violence is not just staring at sky like dumb sheep; while the lecherously manipulative around incessantly whipped your bare chest,
It is infact the most magnificent self defense mechanism of your body; which gives you the astronomical conviction to confront the mightiest of acrimonious attack.

Non violence is not just retreating into your cocoon of overwhelming shyness; as the world outside brutally transgressed upon your back,
It is infact a bird soaring high and handsome in the aisles of uninhibited freedom; your sacred messages to the society propagating immortal love and peace.

Non violence is not about rotting in dungeons of obsolete oblivion; while the hideously devilish danced in venomous wine outside,
It is infact about fearlessly bonding the benevolent alike; preparing every tangible organism of God's mesmerizing creation to; disseminate the wave of brotherhood in all quarters of the planet.

Non violence is not running like a whipped slave; to even the most inconspicuous command of those misusing the centerstage of power,
It is infact a candidly philanthropic answer to all diabolical; scrapping the gory pedestal of satanic savagery from its roots; with the insurmountable resilience of your righteous conscience.

Non violence is not shivering in inexplicable weakness; as the invidiously dictatorial guffawed after murdering people outside,
It is infact the candle of irrefutably Omnipotent light; enlightening impoverished masses towards a bountiful beginning; a wonderfully optimistic tomorrow.

Non violence is not nodding your head to each act of torturous malice; licking the dust left by cold-blooded demons sucking blood,
It is infact a flower diffusing its scent of unequivocal freedom to far and wide across earth; ensuring that its rays of perpetual unity; invincibly escalated above all boundaries defined and undefined.

Non violence is not being maimed at every step you alighted; while stinking butchers of civilization used your shoulder to talk with the skies,
It is infact the perennial ladder to benign success; your most innermost voice of expression which granted you the fortitude to lead an infinite more lives; even after you died.

And Non violence is not surrendering your heart; body and soul; at the most diminutive command of the parasitic traitors who wanted to ruthlessly devastate celestial mankind,
It is infact an arrow of immortal victory; which pierces through every shadow of evil lingering on this fathomless Universe; yet spawning and giving fresh birth to an everlasting human race; a harmonious livingkind.

Nikhil Parekh

Noodles

When i caressed barren regions of my flesh with furry noodles of wool,
nimble hair stuck to skin stood up in animation,
as i broke into volleys of irresistible laughter.

as i kneaded long noodles of raw paper pulp,
there was a conglomerate of reddish white wax formed,
and a heavenly fragrance of garnished paper tickled moistened hair in my nostril.

when i gulped compact noodles of gelatin capsule,
the magical powder spread parasitically through infinite veins,
rendering me with bleak rays of hope, as i relinquished gruesome pain.

when i swung vociferously on noodles of thickly knotted thread,
poignant missiles of air colliding with my body through the interstitched holes,
there were languid feelings enveloping bountiful layers of my persona,
prompting me to shut my eyes tightly and sleep.

as i smeared supple regions of skin with unsymmetrical noodles of virgin clay,
washed my body in the holy waters of Ganges,
the natural antiseptic displayed spectacular aftermaths,
transforming morbid exteriors of my demeanor into a brilliant sparkling white.

when i consumed spongy noodles blended with bulky extracts of spice,
drank gallons of golden beer causing them to drown,
i fell down with indispensable thuds on the king poster bed,
envisaging tall mountains with silver peaks, in my everlasting slumber.

when i felt agonizing noodles of her precious tears dribble down my neck,
i wiped them thoroughly with my tender lips,
obliterated her from blasphemous sectors of the world,
reinforcing her eyes with the passionate tenacity of my love.

Nikhil Parekh

Nostalgia

The fish slithering in the claustrophobic swimming tank; had a nostalgia for swirling waters of the gargantuan ocean,

The flower sprouting from the cloistered pot; had a nostalgia for growing in farm soil; with an ambience of wind blowing tenaciously,

The spider crawling in dingy corners of the dilapidated mansion; had a nostalgia for traversing through vivacious threads of web; dangling from trees in the amazon forest,

The crimson beaked bird incarcerated in grilled cage; had a nostalgia for flapping its wings exuberantly in the sky,

The blistering lava imprisoned at unprecedented depths beneath the ground; had a nostalgia to fulminate into infinite fountains in fresh air,

The globules of fat moisture trapped in ominous thunder clouds; had a nostalgia for cascading down rampantly in the form of glistening rain,

The biscuits of glittering gold embedded in dilapidated dungeons; had a nostalgia for; people admiring them in dazzling rays of the sun,

The lifeless panther embodied in the mammoth photograph; had a nostalgia for coming out alive; open his jaws in a domineering growl,

The blind man traversing on the streets with a disdainful stick; had a nostalgia for sighting the world; fantasizing it in its most stupendous form ever,

The battalion of frogs in the solitary and deep well; had a nostalgia for bathing in pools of monsoon water,

The hunch backed camel trespassing through the crowded city streets; had a nostalgia for wandering languidly in the sandy desert,

The diminutive flames of wax candle stifling with the slightest of breeze; had a nostalgia for being the escalating flames of a crackling fire,

The granules of white salt jailed tightly in pellucid bottles; had a nostalgia for being sprawled on the saline sea shores,

The scientists stalling for time on marshy soil; had a nostalgia every minute for inhabiting the opalescent moon,

The tones of noxious gas encapsulated in an inflated balloon; had a nostalgia for whistling past the air at lightening speeds,

The pallid milk stored in canisters of rusty iron; had a nostalgia for oozing out from blossoming teats of the sacrosanct cow,

The people residing in alien countries; had a nostalgia for returning back as quickly as possible to blend with their native mud,

The orphaned child wailing incoherently on the dusty roads; had a nostalgia for embracing his departed mother,

And every palpable entity treading on this earth; had a nostalgia for finding its soul mate; languishing in the aisles of desire and perpetual relationship; till the time it inhaled air and blissfully existed.

Nikhil Parekh

Not A Penny More; Not A Penny Less.

Not an insouciant penny more via sleazily decrepit manipulation; and not even a priceless penny less; because of the most brutally slandering demons; heartlessly maiming every ounce of my inimitable innocence,

Not a worthless penny more via baselessly bawdy lies; and not even a redolent penny less; because of the most chauvinistically marauding demons; vindictively plundering my virginity till beyond the realms of infinite infinity,

Not a lackadaisical penny more via treacherously demeaning politics; and not even an insuperable penny less; because of the most tyrannically flagrant demons; mercilessly numbing each of my senses till beyond the most bizarre realms of imagination,

Not an impoverished penny more via salaciously murderous corruption; and not even a scintillating penny less; because of the most truculently emotionless demons; crucifying me to the coffins of hell; in my robustly bountiful prime,

Not an ethereal penny more via ominously senseless pretension; and not even an invincible penny less; because of the most preposterously fetid demons; indefatigably drowning me to the rock bottom of morbid nothingness; just in order to retain their spurious stranglehold of mother earth,

Not a sanctimonious penny more via abhorrently impeaching prejudice; and not even a glowing penny less; because of the most hideously imbecile demons; unrelentingly perpetuating their cadaverously non-existent spirits; into my impeccable soul,

Not an invisible penny more via deplorably hedonistic crime; and not even a wondrous penny less; because of the most venomously unsparing demons; incessantly sucking the last droplet of blood from my veins; to nonsensically try and reign supreme for times immemorial,

Not a fugitive penny more via uncontrollably ghastly war; and not even a jubilant penny less; because of the most egocentrically wanton demons; inexorably wasting every single moment of my eclectic existence,

Not an oblivious penny more via sacrilegiously bemoaning parasitism; and not even a victorious penny less; because of the most ignominiously sinful demons; trampling every iota of my divinely virginity; under their claws of unforgiving

remorse,

Not an evanescent penny more via cannibalistically greedy deliriousness; and not even an effulgent penny less; because of the most worthlessly roaring demons; intransigently chasing me; till both my feet sank a countless feet beneath dead soil,

Not a penurious penny more via horrifically inconsolable orphaning; and not even a handsome penny less; because of the most tempestuously fickle-minded demons; barbarously strangulating every sound of mellifluous truth in my throat,

Not a lackluster penny more via indescribably licentious prostitution; and not even a majestic penny less; because of the most garrulously wailing demons; indiscriminately vying for the top compartments of my scalp; ever unfurling instant of my destined life,

Not a subjugated penny more via derogatorily desecrating nakedness; and not even a poignant penny less; because of the most rambunctiously disoriented demons; maiming my hands and feet; to make me beg on the sordidly discordant streets,

Not an indifferent penny more via intolerably assassinating racism; and not even a compassionate penny less; because of the most maniacally lambasting demons; horrendously crippling every insinuation of enchanting fantasy; even before it could have arisen in my brain,

Not a disappearing penny more via incomprehensibly despicable force; and not even an effervescent penny less; because of the most relentlessly sinister demons; ruthlessly disassociating every tangible part of my skull; from my blissfully blessed shoulders,

Not an absconding penny more via forlornly valueless magic; and not even an incredulous penny less; because of the most wretchedly cursed demons; embodying their melancholically jinxed name upon my naked chest; forever and ever and ever,

Not a deteriorating penny more via dingily shriveled nightmares; and not even an artistic penny less; because of the most torturously unsparing demons; keeping me unstopably trembling; at the cold-bloodedly gleaming gunpoint,

Not a dilettante penny more via lecherously pulverizing death; and not even an

undefeated penny less; because of the most shamelessly trouncing demons;
murderously excoriating through the fabric of my harmonious lungs; with their
jaws of profusely blood-soaked malice,

O! Yes; as all what I'd ever wanted or desired; was only what I truly deserved;
was what I was truly destined for on this fathomless earth; was what I truly
earned in my path towards unassailably spell-binding truth; was what I could
truly and perennially proclaim as my bit of space on this planet divine; was what
I truly and unconquerably defined as my share of happiness in the chapters of
ever-pervading life; not a penny more than that; not a penny less than that; O!
Omnipotent Almighty Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

Not At The Cost

I wanted to uninhibitedly laugh; but not at the cost of someone else's precious tears,

I wanted to flirtatiously play; but not at the cost of someone else's; sacred prayers,

I wanted to prolifically grow; but not at the cost of incarcerating someone in behind the ominously threatening prison bars,

I wanted to be exorbitantly rich; but not at the cost of someone else's inevitable poverty,

I wanted to be fairer than the most grandiloquent blanket of white ice; but not at the cost of someone else's despairing blackness,

I wanted to be an irrefutably worshipped king; but not at the cost of an someone maim on the streets,

I wanted to be a river which incessantly flowed; but not at the cost of a miserably devastated and bizarrely scorched desert,

I wanted to be an overwhelmingly learned saint; but not at the cost of someone disparagingly struggling; who didn't even know how to use his thumb,

I wanted to be the most powerful entity on this Universe; but not at the cost of someone dwindling towards oblivion in unprecedented starvation,

I wanted to indefatigably travel in gorgeously golden aircrafts; but not at the cost of someone walking barefoot for infinite kilometers under the sweltering Sun; without a penny in his pocket,

I wanted to emanate the most stupendously ravishing of perfume ever conceived on this planet; but not at the cost of someone rotting like pulverized tomatoes in the treacherously sinister dungeon,

I wanted to be an avalanche of fabulously sweet sugar; but not at the cost of acrimonious bitterness profusely encapsulating someone's tongue,

I wanted to be the flamboyantly radiating Sun; but not at the cost of someone living in perpetually augmenting darkness,

I wanted to be the most seductively tantalizing dream ever fantasized about on this planet; but not at the cost of someone else's horrific nightmare,

I wanted to be an everlasting wave; inexorably aiming for the absolute realms of mesmerizing sky; but not at the cost of someone's despondently famished shores,

I wanted to be a rhapsodic mountain of poignantly tangy salt; but not at the cost of someone else's abysmally raw wounds,

I wanted to be a hawk sighting the most infinitesimal of object even in the heart of the dead night; but not at the cost of someone else's tyrannically traumatized blindness,

I wanted to be the most passionate lover on this boundlessly unsurpassable globe; but not at the cost of someone else's brutally broken heart,

And I wanted to live till times unfathomable beyond the shadows of existence; but not at the cost of someone else's deliberately forceful death.

Nikhil Parekh

Not Made, But Uncontrollably Mad

Their eyes weren't just MADE for each other; but were uncontrollably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to timelessly disentangle the tantalizing enigmas of life; in each other's affable whites,

Their lips weren't just MADE for each other; but were insatiably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to perpetually interlock with each other; and then savor the ultimate sweetness of Omnipotent creation,

Their fingers weren't just MADE for each other; but were unceasingly MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to unassailably entwine with each other; and then trounce every devil with the power of unshakable compassion,

Their palms weren't just MADE for each other; but were unthinkable MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to irrevocably print each other's destiny; on the back of their rudimentary hands,

Their nape's weren't just MADE for each other; but were unfathomably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to endlessly turn in unison to even the tiniest trace of poignant sensitivity; and then unitedly decipher each intricate strand of time,

Their veins weren't just MADE for each other; but were inexhaustibly MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to perennially coalesce with each other; and then give birth to one single stream of invincibly humanitarian blood,

Their foreheads weren't just MADE for each other; but were intransigently MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to unflinchingly strike each other; and then to drift into a fantasy of unbreakable togetherness for an infinite more lives yet to unveil,

Their ears weren't just MADE for each other; but were intractably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to incessantly tingle each other; and then get roused to the absolute hilt of desire; with the most diminutive flutter of breeze,

Their feet weren't just MADE for each other; but were incorrigibly MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to tread each conceivable step

together; and pave of path of celestial yearning wherever they went,

Their tongues weren't just MADE for each other; but were unequivocally MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to ardently suckle each other; and then savor the impregnable harmony of existence; for an infinite lifetimes,

Their bellies weren't just MADE for each other; but were unstoppably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to undyingly seduce each other; so that the profuse virility of life stayed alive; even in the coffin of death,

Their throats weren't just MADE for each other; but were unsurpassably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to mélange into the voice of bounteously undefeated oneness; and then supercede each wail of the hedonistic devil,

Their hair weren't just MADE for each other; but were unlimitedly MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to rapaciously intermingle with each other; and then rejoice forever in the ravenous hunger to make love,

Their skins weren't just MADE for each other; but were unabashedly MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to trigger unprecedented euphoria in each other's pores; and then to witness every sensuousness of creation mischievously seeping in,

Their shoulders weren't just MADE for each other; but were inconsolably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to hoist every hapless orphan on their united platform; towards the Sun of optimistically blessed light,

Their arms weren't just MADE for each other; but were inexorably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to insuperably embrace each other's shivering form; stay like this—most infallible and unperturbed even in the mightiest of storms,

Their souls weren't just MADE for each other; but were unendingly MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to blissfully overlap each other; even countless centuries after the veritable evaporation of the physical form,

Their breaths weren't just MADE for each other; but were untiringly MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to undauntedly explore each other's fieriness; and then culminate into the immortally uncurbed volcano's of raw passion,

Their hearts weren't just MADE for each other; but were perpetually MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to bond together and forever and ever and ever into a Heaven of Omnipotent love.

Nikhil Parekh

Not The Slightest Of Impact

Countless full-fledgedly floated in the clouds every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most infinitesimal of impact upon their sensuously untainted and perennially enchanting swirl,

Countless full-fledgedly swam in the ocean every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most diminutive of impact upon its rhapsodically undulating and ebulliently pristine waves,

Countless full-fledgedly smelt the rose every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most ethereal of impact upon its spell bindingly effulgent and effulgently triumphant fragrance,

Countless full-fledgedly philandered on the mountain peak every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most minuscule of impact upon its indomitably unflinching and peerlessly Herculean strength,

Countless full-fledgedly feasted on the golden dewdrop every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most ephemeral of impact upon its everlastingly mesmerizing and victoriously unfettered shine,

Countless full-fledgedly clambered the tree every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most parsimonious of impact upon its magnificently burgeoning and poignantly tempestuous virility,

Countless full-fledgedly sighted the Sun every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most fugitive of impact upon its Omnipotently perpetual and insuperably blazing radiance,

Countless full-fledgedly transgressed upon the surface of earth every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most inconspicuous of impact upon its Omnipresently bountiful and marvelously fructifying sacredness,

Countless full-fledgedly admired the rainbow every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most mercurial of impact upon its unbelievably enthralling and unsurpassably mellifluous vivaciousness,

Countless full-fledgedly relished the milk of the cow every unveiling instant; but

that still didn't have even the most tiniest of impact upon its inimitably unparalleled and unrestrictedly beautiful Omniscience,

Countless full-fledgedly frolicked in the desert every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most evanescent of impact upon its unfathomably royal and timelessly iridescent sands,

Countless full-fledgedly tossed the infant every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most disappearing of impact upon its insuperably redolent and timelessly undying integrity,

Countless full-fledgedly caressed the leaves every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most obsolete of impact upon their profoundly exuberant and ecstatically vivid breeze,

Countless full-fledgedly embraced the night every unveiling instant; but that didn't have even the most obfuscated of impact upon its impeccably wonderful and incredulously everlasting milkiness,

Countless full-fledgedly caught rain in their palms every unveiling instant; but that didn't have even the most cloistered of impact upon its uninhibitedly liberating and priceless divine freshness,

Countless full-fledgedly talked about blood every unveiling instant; but that didn't have even the most measly of impact upon its inexhaustibly consecrating and gloriously symbiotic aura,

Countless full-fledgedly cuddled in their respective mother's lap every unveiling instant; but that didn't have even the most truncated of impact upon its limitlessly fragrant and compassionately unconquerable godliness,

Countless full-fledgedly inhaled air into their nostrils every unveiling instant; but that didn't have even the most nonchalant of impact upon its tirelessly unhindered and emolliently revitalizing newness,

And countless full-fledgedly explored the heartbeat every unveiling instant; but that didn't have even the most unremarkable of impact upon its blessedly emollient and unshakably unflinching immortality.

Not The Tiniest Of Difference At All

It would make a world of difference; if you left the fish to exotically swim in the majestically undulating ocean; or the spuriously embellished and parsimoniously asphyxiated aquarium,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the parrot to unequivocally fly in uninhibitedly royal sky; or the treacherously maudlin and brutally sanctimonious cage,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the rainbow to vivaciously dazzle in the fathomlessly endowing cosmos; or the regally glass-facaded ceiling of your monotonously concrete business-house,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the flower to perennially blossom in unassailably Omnipotent soil; or the grandiloquently pompous and morosely incarcerate vase,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the cactus to unrestrictedly sprawl in the royally boundless and blistering desert; or the austerely dingy pot near the kitchen sink,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the dew drop to fantastically glisten on the pristinely princely grass blade; or the besmirched window of your soiled bathroom,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the lion to gloriously parade in the exuberantly bountiful jungle; or the disparagingly robotized entrenchment of the inclemently scurrilous zoo,

It would make a world of difference; if you left Sunshine to tirelessly blaze every conceivable quarter of symbiotic earth; or the chauvinistically corporatish patio on the sordidly malicious edifice terrace,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the snake to joyously philander amidst the inscrutably untamed creepers of the forest; or the treasury of abhorrently blood soaked and sinful jewels,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the frog to boisterously exult in the freshly rain soaked well; or the egregiously stale sump of vituperatively adulterated chemical water surrounding the lavatory seat,

It would make a world of difference; if you left truth to unconquerably triumph in the realms of the Omnisciently blessed conscience; or miserably stashed beneath the entire truck load of currency coin of this endlessly corrupt world,
It would make a world of difference; if you left the peacock to enchantingly dance in the flirtatiously winking meadow; or the derogatorily cigarette laden courtyard of the butcher's raunchy dwelling,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the owl to intransigently stare in the wilderness of the fabulously tantalizing night; or the mournfully flagrant darkness beneath the treacherous corpse,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the polar bear to ebulliently frolic on the slopes of the innocuously snow clad and grand Everest; or the deterioratingly artificial chill of the match-boxed air-conditioner,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the candle to fearlessly enlighten every cranny of the mystically blackened night; or abysmally cadaverous hollow in the lecherously rusted coffin,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the newborn infant in the insuperably godly breast of its mother; or the wretchedly vindictive cradle beside the despondently harried nurse,

It would make a world of difference; if you left breath to euphorically cascade down the quintessentially life-yielding nostrils; or the worthlessly abject pores of the worthlessly decaying skeleton,

It would make a world of difference; if you left the chameleon in the astoundingly vivid camouflage; or the mechanized stripes of lasciviously parasitic color on the mundanely asphyxiating brick wall,

But it would make not the tiniest of difference ever and at all; if you left the beats of Immortal Love; to throb in the hearts of an organism tall or short; an organism black or white; an organism rich or poor; an organism blind or with sight; an organism fertile or infertile; as long as there was God's blessings upon this Universe; O! Yes, as long as there was God's blessedly bonding and ubiquitously symbiotic life

Nikhil Parekh

Nothing

The instant I haughtily proclaimed that there was none more taller than me on this fathomless Universe; I was reduced to a disdainfully pulverized mosquito; as unfathomably mammoth avalanches of ice converged upon my staggering form from all sides,

The instant I bawdily proclaimed that there was none more fairer than me on this boundless Universe; I was reduced to a speck of inanely ludicrous charcoal; as ferociously unsparing rays of the Sun licked every conceivable pore of my trembling skin,

The instant I spuriously proclaimed that there was none more stronger than me on this unceasing Universe; I was reduced to an inconspicuously frigid pool of spit; as impregnably inimitable mountains crushed me into dungeons of insipid worthlessness,

The instant I ostentatiously proclaimed that there was none more compassionate than me on this endless Universe; I was reduced to a bizarrely barren and uncontrollably shivering pinch of sand; as inferno's of everlasting desire wholesomely burnt me in their perpetual swirl,

The instant I sanctimoniously proclaimed that there was none more intelligent than me on this limitless Universe; I was reduced to an infinitesimally amorphous spirit meaningless floating around; as the enchantingly radiating constellation of stars in the sky majestically overwhelmed the pretentious daylights of my mind,

The instant I deliriously proclaimed that there was none more eclectic than me on this inexhaustible Universe; I was reduced to a lugubriously wastrel stone; as the ravishingly unstoppable maelstrom marched uninhibited in its way,

The instant I parasitically proclaimed that there was none more handsome than me on this mystical Universe; I was reduced to an wretchedly ethereal shadow; as countless magically effulgent fairies descended immaculately from the land of silken paradise,

The instant I satanically proclaimed that there was none more wealthier than me on this mesmerizing Universe; I was reduced to a horrifically maimed pauper licking dust on the bucolic streets; as the panoramically unassailable fruits of mother nature; dimmed the last iota of light from the whites of my eyes,

The instant I licentiously proclaimed that there was none more influential than me on this timeless Universe; I was reduced to a graveyard of dilapidated fretfulness; as inevitably devastating earthquakes snatched the land from beneath my feet; within lightening seconds of time,

The instant I salaciously proclaimed that there was none more fantasizing than me on this Herculean Universe; I was reduced to a horrendously shattered fragment of sordid glass; as the unprecedentedly indomitable exoticism of the clouds above miraculously overshadowed everything in vicinity,

The instant I diabolically proclaimed that there was none more humanitarian than me on this magical Universe; I was reduced to a wisp of debilitatingly obsolete dereliction; as the holistically beautiful principles of united existence around left me desperately searching for my very own abhorrent voice,

The instant I invidiously proclaimed that there was none more fragrant than me on this tireless Universe; I was reduced to a decaying whisker of dolorously decrepit fecklessness; as the stupendously Omnipotent scent of the rose rendered me absolutely useless for all times,

The instant I devilishly proclaimed that there was none more pious than me on this godly Universe; I was reduced to a pint of parsimoniously adulterated and venomous ash; as the winds of patriotically altruistic freedom in the atmosphere enshrouded even the most diminutive cranny of my withering veins,

The instant I vindictively proclaimed that there was none more vociferous than me on this Omnipotent Universe; I was reduced to a furtively clandestine corpse of torturous desolation; as the unsurpassably unconquerable roar of the jungle entirely dissolved my voice into doldrums of vagrant worthlessness,

The instant I sadistically proclaimed that there was none more adventurous than me on this magnetic Universe; I was reduced to a disastrously waif tentacle of a lackadaisical crab; as the exhilaratingly ebullient sea sailed over me till times beyond infinite infinity,

The instant I beguilingly proclaimed that there was none more celestial than me on this indomitable Universe; I was reduced to a nonchalantly disassociated tail of a grotesque corpse; as the effervescently tranquil fabric of the princely night; blinded me beyond corridors of sagacious recognition,

The instant I sinfully proclaimed that there was none more immortal than me on this evergreen Universe; I was reduced to a cadaverous bellow of

disparagingly bellicose hell; as the civilizations of insuperable love; perpetuated me to crumble in the flame of my own repugnantly redundant prejudice,

The instant I proclaimed that there was none more everlasting than me on this enamoring Universe; I was reduced to a mortuary of despairingly Measly shit; as the chapters of unavoidably destined death took complete control over each of my betrayingly slaving senses,

For if there is just one word to describe us living beings in front of the Omnisciently Creator Divine; it was nothing else but the word ' Nothing '; and if one of his molecules like me tries to be too smart in proclaiming himself to be this and that instead of ' Nothing '; then the Lord makes sure that we are indeed reduced to

' Nothing ' that very moment itself; forever and ever and ever in front of his Perennially Unassailable grace.

Nikhil Parekh

Nothing In This World

Nothing in this world can substitute the Sun; its fiery rays wholesomely sizzling cloistered portions of Earth,
Man tried hard to invent electricity; but languid beams of the bulb miserably failed to make an impact in front of the celestial body.

Nothing in this world can substitute the river; its mesmerizing flow between the pathway of cobbled stones,
Man tried hard to bathe in luke warm pond of distilled water; but it pathetically floundered to provide him the rejuvenation he badly needed; the tingling sensations he desired to entrench him entirety.

Nothing in this world can substitute the bird; its vivacious flight in an ambience of silken complexioned clouds,
Man tried hard to evolve the aircraft; but its discordantly whirring noise; the overwhelming commotion it produced while cruising through air; was simply unable to match the flight of the feathered monster.

Nothing in this world can substitute the rose; its ravishing redolence that stimulated infinite scores of nostrils trespassing in vicinity,
Man tried hard to blend exotic perfumes; bottle the concentrates in Swanky bottles for display; but their essence gruesomely failed to make an impression; and their odor subsided with an intensity faster than it had arisen.

Nothing in this world can substitute the mountains; the stupendously panoramic view of the cascading waterfalls and steep gorges,
Man tried hard to construct palatial resorts; embellishing the same with a host of contemporary amenities; but the garish concrete appeared as a speck of inconspicuous dust in the backdrop of the mystical valley.

Nothing in this world can substitute snow; the immaculate globules of white crystals embedded splendidly on the jagged rocks,
Man tried hard to form ice in meticulous trays; but the monotonously molded cubes; looked utterly disparaging when compared with the undulating bedsheets of frozen water sprawled in tandem on the hills.

Nothing in this world can substitute the Neem tree; its herbal branches dangling holistically; its myriad of corrugated sticks used for scrupulously cleaning teeth,
Man tried hard to use the toothbrush; but its insipid bristles dithered from evacuating dirt; displayed abashing signs of collapse after being used just for a

few number
of times.

Nothing in this world can substitute the pearl; its immortal ramifications that besiege the atmosphere after popping out from the slimy oyster,
Man tried hard to chisel intricate jewelry; polish it tenaciously till it sparkled; but its glow perished gradually with the fading of time; and the lackadaisical ornament refrained to incarcerate attention a month after wearing.

Nothing in this world can substitute truth; the omnipotent power in its voice; the everlasting spirit it succeeds in portraying,
Man tried hard to speak lies; dexterously hide his fallacies by leaning towards malice; but in the end he was completely devoured in the radiance of righteousness; the perennial brilliance of truth.

And nothing in this world can substitute love; the fervor generated by its mere caress; the unfathomable pleasure of being imprisoned by the same,
Man tried hard to but it superfluously with fat wads of currency; baselessly threw exorbitant opulence to experience the same; but in the end realized that a single passionate beat of his heart was enough to evoke; what his entire treasury of wealth had failed to purchase.

Nikhil Parekh

Nothingness

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate caverns of fantastically tantalizing and stupendously reinvigorating; "Beauty";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate clouds of rhapsodically enlightening and indefatigably unbridled; "Fantasy";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate sermons of pricelessly inimitable and insuperably emollient; "Humanity";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate sounds of unsurpassably unhindered and majestically embellished; "Creation";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate oceans of unceasingly undefeated and astoundingly proliferating; "Virility";,

Therefore; how dare you ever proclaim that the word "Nothingness"; was none but a fecklessly rotting gutter of insipidly cadaverous feces; how dare you ever proclaim that "Nothingness"; was the sole cause of haplessly deteriorating extinction and death in the world today.

1.

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate fields of eternally emancipating and timelessly bestowing; "Selflessness";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate dewdrops of spell bindinglyfructifying and jubilantly proliferating; "Freshness";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate lines of endlessly titillating and beautifully garnished; "Poetry";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate

pathways of irrefutably unconquerable and handsomely ameliorating;
"Truth";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate
mirrors of wonderfully Omnipresent and ubiquitously embracing;
"Righteousness";,

Therefore; how dare you ever proclaim that the word "Nothingness";
was none but an inconsequentially morbid ingredient of helplessness; how dare
you ever proclaim that "Nothingness"; was the sole cause of
sacrilegiously wanton extinction and death in the world today.

2.

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate
yearning of symbiotically undefeated and holistically benign
"Companionship";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate
cradle of invincibly enlightening and triumphantly ecstatic;
"Optimism";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate
waves of fearlessly impregnable and gloriously altruistic;
"Martyrdom";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate
petals of profusely utopian and unlimitedly blessing; "Euphoria";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate
winds of irresistibly magnetic and inevitably extraordinary;
"Attraction";,

Therefore; how dare you ever proclaim that the word "Nothingness";
was none but a non-existent of corpse of sadistically jinxed decay; how dare you
ever proclaim that "Nothingness"; was the sole cause of unforgivably
murderous extinction and death
in the world today.

3.

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate

songs of iridescently ebullient and victoriously vivid; "Freedom";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate epitomes of spectacularly mesmerizing and indomitably unfettered; "Courage";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate shapes of timelessly enthralling and fabulously royal; "Creativity";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate foundations of bountifully consecrating and undauntedly unshakable; "Honesty";,

It was out of sheer "Nothingness"; that there arose the most ultimate beats of immortally fragrant and perennially bonding; "Love";,

Therefore; how dare you ever proclaim that the word "Nothingness"; was none but a fugitively deserted oblivion of insane treachery; how dare you ever proclaim that "Nothingness" was the sole cause of flagrantly crucifying extinction and death in the world today.

Nikhil Parekh

Now Or Never

When I thought of philandering with her high on the summit of the Himalayas;
feeling the icy winds dash past my stomach,
All that happened in the end was that; I ended up taking her out for a cup of
sedate tea; the instant I met her.

When I thought of kissing her wildly on her cheeks; making exotic noises while
executing the same,
All that happened in the end was that; I found myself seated in front of her in
the bullock cart; playing a pack of cards.

When I thought of drenching myself with her; profusely in the rain,
All that happened in the end was that; I found myself crunching chocolate
biscuits staring desperately into open space.

When I thought of embedding a redolent rose in her hair; letting the dense
ensemble of flower tickle me voraciously on my lashes,
All that happened in the end was that; I found myself watering the lawns with
her; the rusty lawn sprinkler sedately held in my hands.

When I thought of bathing under the fountains with her; splashing her visage
with tangy cold drink diffusing from my mouth,
All that happened in the end was that; I found myself shopping with her in the
grocery store; searching frantically for a pack of soggy matchsticks.

When I thought of painting her enamouring visage; instructing her to sit mute
without even budging a trifle from her place,
All that happened in the end was that; I found myself lighting a candle in the
church; intensely listening to the admonitions of the priest.

When I thought of applying honey on her lips; before greedily slurping the same
from the periphery with my tongue,
All that happened in the end was that; I found myself tenaciously pulverizing
medicinal herbs; to blend in the water she had to consume after her nocturnal
supper.

When I thought of embracing her tightly; in an ambience encapsulated with walls
of frozen ice,
All that happened in the end was that; she slapped me thunderously on my chin;
for gawking at her open eyed in brilliant sunlight and afternoon public.

When I thought of blowing air from my nostrils into her ears; flooding them
mercilessly with melodious tunes emanating from my mouth,
All that happened in the end was that; she engaged me in the task of swapping
every mosquito hovering around her face.

But it was only when I thought of proposing her; audaciously proclaiming in front
of the society as to how much I loved her,
Was that she smiled at me for the first time; fell in a celestial stupor on my feet;
running her hands wildly across the strands of my hair; tears of joy gushing
down her cheeks and at the same time staring deeply into my eyes; scolding me
for hiding my love till today; telling me candidly that it could have been now or
never.

Nikhil Parekh

O! Blessed Writer!

Just as the Omnipotent Sun interminably continues to blaze every tangible and intangible speck of this Universe; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the blood-sucking world today,

Just as the brilliantly fecund soil infallibly continues to sprout into quintessentially replenishing fruit; irrespective of whether its gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the salaciously decrepit world today,

Just as the fantastically fathomless ocean impreguably continues to culminate into newer and newer peaks of optimism with every wave; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the diabolically demented world today,

Just as the boundlessly azure sky unrelentingly continues to shower celestially fructifying globules of golden rain; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the meaninglessly shriveled world today,

Just as the poignantly scarlet rose peerlessly continues to waft the scent of beautifully benign oneness to every quarter of this unceasing Universe; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the demonically perverted world today,

Just as the venerated mother unflinchingly continues to protect her priceless child from even the most invisible insinuation of danger; irrespective of whether she gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the satanically parasitic world today,

Just as the apogee of Everest unshakably continues to tower towards the skies of panoramically unparalleled righteousness; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the hedonistically venomous world today,

Just as the sensuous nightingale indefatigably continues to sing the hymns of symbiotically unassailable togetherness; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the pathetically sadistic world today,

Just as the unimpeachable moon uninhibitedly continues to enlighten the most lugubriously blackened of night; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the cold-bloodedly violent world today,

Just as the blessed breeze poignantly continues to exhilarate the wretchedly stagnating dullness of the monotonous atmosphere; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the sacrilegiously deteriorating world today,

Just as the persevering armpits righteously continue to exude countless droplets of well-deservedly truthful sweat; irrespective of whether they get or don't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the insanely condemning world today,

Just as the seductively tantalizing blades of uncrushed grass timelessly culminate into an infinite beads of ecstatic dewdrops; irrespective of whether they get or don't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the robotically prejudiced world today,

Just as the impeccably inimitable infants undauntedly continue to discover and evolve an innumerable untainted labyrinths of adventure; irrespective of whether they get or don't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the disastrously cannibalistic world today,

Just as the vivaciously untamed rainbow perennially continues to mystify every speck of jinxed morbidity on this planet; irrespective of whether they get or don't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the carnivorously incarcerated world today,

Just as the virgin pearl undyingly continues to majestically symbolize every caste; creed; color and race on this earth peacefully and alike; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the mercilessly pulverizing world today,

Just as the unconquerable sky perpetually continues to be roof to every single organism on this limitlessly ebullient Universe; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the precariously

vindictive world today,

Just as the immortal heart unstoppably continues to throb for the spirit of Omnisciently eternal love; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the manipulatively sneering world today,

Just as the undefeated conscience forever continues to burn in the flame of the ultimate altruistic truth; irrespective of whether it gets or doesn't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the baselessly asphyxiating world today,

Similarly you too; eternally continue to inundate every dolorously barren bit of paper; with the words of Omnipresent truth that miraculously drifted from your pen O! blessed writer; irrespective of whether you get or don't get; the tiniest ounce of appreciation/accolade from the heartlessly dwindling world today.

Nikhil Parekh

O! Divinely Beloved

When truculent cloudbursts of rain pelted violently from crimson blankets of sky;
treacherously flooding immaculately nimble earth with viciously stormy water,
And acrimonious rays of the devastatingly sweltering Sun; scorched everything
blissful on the trajectory of this boundless Universe,
When demons ruled in uninhibited tandem; insidiously casting their spell of
unsurpassably diabolical doom upon every cranny of this wonderful earth; that
they satanically trespassed,
And uncouth avalanches of freezing ice; crushed countless innocent in their
ferociously ghastly swirl,
Your mesmerizing voice was the only power O! priceless Beloved; that made me
wholesomely oblivious to all sinister hell raining around me; profoundly drowning
me into a world of exotically voluptuous enchantment and supreme peace.

When dungeons of hideously venomous scorpions ran in torrential frenzy; to
spread inexplicably shivering terror; and savagely sting,
And barbarically horrific fires augmented to vindictive glory every unleashing
minute; disastrously charring everything blissful; in nature's bountiful vicinity,
When winds of bizarre nothingness profusely enveloped every harmonious
dwelling; perpetuating fangs of doomsday in entities synergistically alive,
And lecherously tumultuous gutter waters; gushed in frenziedly; to drown
immaculate children in their deadly swirl,
Your incomprehensibly enchanting smile was the only entrenchment O!
sacrosanct Beloved; that sequestered me impregably in its charismatic waves;
propelling me
to take a countless more births once again; even as crippling debilitation
cascaded gorily from every quarter of the sky.

When unsparingly ominous earthquakes rattled celestial civilizations like a pack
of deteriorated matchsticks; mercilessly pulverizing even the most formidable of
fortresses to juxtapose with raw ash,
And unfathomable battalions of lethally prejudiced snakes danced in uncanny
excitement at midnight; asphyxiating boundless innocuous to death; under cold
rays of the Moon;
When fathomlessly sprawling oceans of tangy water; ruthlessly evaporated to a
capriciously inconspicuous globule of saw dust;
And an endless sky of heinously perilous vultures descended down; to pluck out
robust flesh from bodies divinely alive,
Your heavenly eyes were the only rays O! Omniscient Beloved; that deluged each
cranny of my impoverished life with Omnipotent light; an unparalleled optimism

to emerge perpetually victorious in every philanthropic act of mine; even as jails of the devil had incarcerated one and all; alike.

When fireballs of breath seemed to be miserably dwindling from my body; every symbiotically blessed space around me; metamorphosing into a land of perennially stinking cowardice,
And an unfathomable barricade of hurdles confronted me in my way; triggering me to collapse countless kilometers beneath the ground; even before I commenced
my holistically handsome walk;
When all food on this marvelously royal planet; transformed into threadbare chunks of ludicrously dumb stone,
And life on the majestically endowed sphere of land; was brutally tyrannized to gruesome submission; by abominably oppressed traitors of hell,
Your immortal love was the only gift O! divinely Beloved; which bonded my despicably trembling beats with the spirit to unflinchingly survive; take birth an infinite more times; as the ultimate harbinger of benign humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

O! Heavenly Mother

The battalion of servants in vicinity loved you for your chivalrous tendencies; the benevolent disposition of your heart to cater to them with an egalitarian smile,

The dog wandering on the lawns loved you for giving him a juicy bone; overwhelmingly placating his famished gluttony for the hungry day to yet unveil,

The fleet of boisterous sparrows perched on the barren rooftops loved you for deluging their bowl with sparkling globules of water; delectably pacifying their thirst in the peak of acrimoniously sweltering summer,

The Man at the grocery store loved you for your benign mannerisms; the compassionately warm thanks you uttered; as you accomplished your every purchase,

The toddler crawling innocuously on the ground loved you for your intimate softness; the vivacious innocence with which you hoisted them high and handsome towards the misty sky,

The cat sitting on the fence loved you for the ravishingly frosty milk you fed it every dawn; irrefutably ensuring that it kept smacking its rubicund tongue for countless hours thereafter,

The widow residing next door loved you for your uninhibited support; the stupendous empathy with which you made her inexplicable tears a part of your own persevering life,

The ground through which you transgressed all day and night loved you for your voluptuously satiny caress; the unbelievably astronomical care you took to avoid the ruthless trampling of its soft granules,

The beggars trembling uncontrollably on the streets loved you for your profound sympathy; the profusely philanthropic attitude you displayed while feeding them with precious meals of bread and brime,

The succulent bunch of scarlet cherries loved you for embellishing them like a royal prince; placing them majestically on the icing of the valentine cake,

The orphans on the streets loved you for providing them with a place to rest;

invincibly harboring them with loads of comforting warmth in the realms of the perilously treacherous night,

The paintbrush lying still on the mantelpiece loved you for sketching mesmerizing lines of the landscape; imparting new life to the fathomlessly barren and dull sheets of dolorously dilapidated canvas,

The festoon of garish clothes stashed in the wardrobe loved you for meticulously ironing them; washing them scrupulously in an ocean of enchantingly bubbly foam,

The clouds floating in the cosmos loved you for admiring them till eternity; drowning yourself completely into the tantalizing blanket of their unparalleled glory,

The vibrantly gaudy butterflies fluttering in free space loved you for your youthful leap; the astoundingly incredulous way in which you rejoiced with them in the aisles of rampant fun and ecstatic frolic,

The freshly born infant loved you for your mischievous smile; the peck you gave it on its robust cheeks; fomenting it inevitably to euphorically bounce forward with newly discovered life,

The irascibly pertinent rat loved you for your unsurpassable pity; the incomprehensible mercy you portrayed by leaving it to gallivant like a king in the fields; after releasing it from the horrendously obnoxious mousetrap,

The Man of the house loved you for your unprecedented sense of responsibility; the incessant stream of love that kept pouring relentlessly and without the slightest of expectation from your divinely heart,

And I loved you O! Heavenly Mother for bearing me 9 months in your sacred womb; raising me up this big with perpetual longing and care; so that I could enjoy the world in its most fullest form today; coin plans to blissfully live for infinite more tomorrows.

Nikhil Parekh

O! How He Wished And Wished And Wished.

Unfortunately, it was only his flagrantly dismantled dead body; that brought people of all religions; caste; creed and color blissfully together; clasping their palms in unison in front of the Almighty Lord-for bountiful liberation of the bereaved soul,

Unfortunately, it was only his lividly fetid dead body; that brought even the most squabbling of plunderers to the feet of the deceased; beseeching solace for every hedonistically committed of their misdeed,

Unfortunately, it was only his forlornly silent dead body; that inexhaustibly perpetuated even the most maniacally corporate and robotic; to perceive beyond the dungeons of the commercial world,

Unfortunately, it was only his ghastily distorted dead body; that evoked a cloudburst of torrential sympathy in even the cruelest of heart; fomented the devil the weep just that once in his entire-insensitively lunatic life,

Unfortunately, it was only his morbidly castrated dead body; that spontaneously triggered a humanitarian helping attitude; with the entire fathomless planet eternally wishing to exist under a singleton roof,

Unfortunately, it was only his morosely unembellished dead body; that made every living organism realize the true value of enigmatic life; that very existence which it preposterously blew up; in inconspicuous smoke; and relentlessly sardonic laughter,

Unfortunately, it was only his worthlessly decrepit dead body; that made countless human pray in meek obeisance; asking the Omnipotent Lord to condone them for their inadvertently committed sins of a past and present life,

Unfortunately, it was only his shockingly still dead body; that stirred an impregnable revolution in the most impotently dormant of hearts; to collectively rise for the cause of justice; beheading even the tiniest innuendo of the devil that dared come their way,

Unfortunately, it was only his pathetically paralyzed dead body; that stringently provoked even the stingiest to come forward; magnanimously donate for the garlands; funereal expenses; burial and haplessly left behind kin,

Unfortunately, it was only his brutally pulverized dead body; that churned the most immaculately truthful of poetry; perpetually equating the good's and bad's of many an inexplicably infinite lifetime,

Unfortunately, it was only his immovably maimed dead body; that drove the flock of the greatest lazy sleepers out of their beds; now energized to contribute something for the betterment of society; with the sense of shame ruling supreme over every ingredient of their blood,

Unfortunately, it was only his bizarrely taciturn dead body; that metamorphosed the parasitic arrogance in each footstep that tread on soil; into a celestial leaf of everlastingly symbiotic humility,

Unfortunately, it was only his incomprehensibly speechless dead body; that fomented the pulse of existence; to beat solely for the heaven of unassailably enamoring companionship,

Unfortunately, it was only his indelibly stagnating dead body; that brought about infinite moments of pin-drop silence; amidst the heart of devastatingly bombarding and abhorrent war,

Unfortunately, it was only his hopelessly jeopardized dead body; that evolved an ambience of sheer urgency in the boundless atmosphere; that none should ever succumb like a lifeless matchstick to the devil's non-existent sword,

Unfortunately, it was only his unfathomably irreparable dead body; that made the deliriously agnostic; believe every bit in the miraculous and magnificent powers of the Omnisciently ameliorating God,

Unfortunately, it was only his indiscriminately charred dead body; that made man wholeheartedly embrace even the worst of his enemy; give him shelter under his very own compassionate roof—in utter shock and disbelief,

Unfortunately, it was only his unrecognizably damaged dead body; that made emotionlessly maverick society; believe irrefutably and all the more in the Omnipresent freshness of the new-born child—the timelessly revitalizing chapters of life,

O! how he wished and wished and wished sitting there in heaven; that even an iota of the above had happened when he was alive in soul; conscious mind and physical form.

Nikhil Parekh

O! Immortal Beloved.

My humble salutations to you O! Tantalizing Beloved; for so magnanimously tolerating my eccentrically esoteric repertoire of idiosyncrasies; my marathon hours of sky gazing in the heart of spell bindingly ravishing midnight,

My eternal salutations to you O! Beautiful Beloved; for so chivalrously toleration my congenital habits of challenging conventional society; my unsurpassable ocean of intrepid opinions; which were solely and profusely my very own,

My priceless salutations to you O! Eternal Beloved; for so open heartedly tolerating my inherent tendencies to flirt and philander; romanticize in the aisles of surreally tantalizing desire; till infinite more births of mine,

My unflinching salutations to you O! Pristine Beloved; for so handsomely tolerating my bizarre antagonism from the conventionally turgid society; my principles irrevocably discarding every other religion on this planet; except the religion of unconquerably Omnipotent mankind,

My endless salutations to you O! Celestial Beloved; for so pioneeringly tolerating my sporadic bouts of exasperating nonchalance; my wholesome delineation from the monotonously outside world,

My boundless salutations to you O! Majestic Beloved; for so blissfully tolerating my infuriatingly lambasting anger; my unsurpassable mountain of baseless whims and uxoriously incarcerating habits,

My indefatigable salutations to you O! Inimitable Beloved; for so astoundingly tolerating my disparagingly crucifying agonies; my horrendously harrowing nightmares which at times rendered me worse than lividly cadaverous mortuaries; even in the shimmer of the brilliantly sunlit day,

My intransigent salutations to you O! Mellifluous Beloved; for so magically tolerating my dictatorially chauvinistic ego; my lecherously bohemian demeanor and shaggily uncut toenails,

My unfathomable salutations to you O! Heavenly Beloved; for so miraculously tolerating my disdainfully abusive tongue; my incongruously abstruse babbling like a newborn child; as I snored in the aisles of profoundly solitary sleep,

My triumphant salutations to you O! Immaculate Beloved; for so regally tolerating my fastidiously pernicious obsessions; my unendingly esoteric titillations and tastes of the tongue,

My everlasting salutations to you O! Unblemished Beloved; for so magnificently tolerating my abhorrently prejudiced odor; my outlandishly obsolete way of dressing even as I trespassed amidst the imperially exquisite society,

My timeless salutations to you O! Gorgeous Beloved; for so enchantingly tolerating my ominously dribbling perspiration; my inscrutably inexplicable aura which enshrouded me like a draught of irrevocable wind from all ends,

My ubiquitous salutations to you O! Adorable Beloved; for so patiently tolerating my disastrously stuttering and maimed stride; my hands that smelt of ghoulishly foul fish all day; as I aimlessly sauntered amongst the piles of lifeless crabs and desolate sand,

My godly salutations to you O! Effulgent Beloved; for so wonderfully tolerating my irascibly sneezing nose; my perennial fits of discontentment; which never ever got placated even with the most aristocratic of wealth,

My victorious salutations to you O! Iridescent Beloved; for so fragrantly tolerating my disastrously penurious demeanor; my rotten juggernaut of hollow luck; which venomously marauded my pockets with more and more holes; as the instants zipped by,

My spell binding salutations to you O! Sacrosanct Beloved; for so sagaciously tolerating my uninhibitedly exotic fearlessness; my uncanny slips into the unfettered wilderness from time to time; without even leaving the tiniest of innuendo behind,

My ardent salutations to you O! Unconquerable Beloved; for so opulently tolerating my erotically decrepit fantasies; my unstoppably brute masculine force; which at times was more tempestuous than raw thunderbolts of lightening to confront,

My convivial salutations to you O! holistic Beloved; for so remarkably tolerating my inevitably decaying breath; my viciously cancerous presence all day and even after the clock hours gallivanted well past; the strokes of invidiously sinister

midnight,

And my tireless salutations to you O! Immortal Beloved; for so synergistically tolerating me as your diminutively impoverished husband; bonding even the most infinitesimal element of your heart; soul and conscience with mine; even though I was just an undeservingly scurrilous stranger trying to parasitically creep into your blessed life.

Nikhil Parekh

O! Omnisciently Flawless Beloved.

The night obviously seemed incredulously titillating to me; but its voluptuously inscrutable magnetism wholesomely created an infinite unabashed goosebumps on my skin; only when you were sitting beside me; O! eclectically beautiful beloved,

The sands obviously seemed gloriously glistening to me; but their uninhibitedly undaunted exhilarated wholesomely metamorphosed every ounce of my monotony into a festoon of unparalleled charisma; only when you were sitting beside me; O! insuperably benevolent beloved,

The deserts obviously seemed boundlessly captivating to me; but their unsurpassable grandeur wholesomely tingled every dormant lackadaisical arena of my brain; only when you were sitting beside me; O! Omnisciently flawless beloved,

The forests obviously seemed endlessly bewildering to me; but their profoundly tantalizing mysticism wholesomely ignited my most fantastically uncurbed desires; only when you were sitting beside me; O! triumphantly ubiquitous beloved,

The rose obviously seemed poignantly scarlet to me; but its stupendously mesmerizing scent wholesomely reached my nostrils; only when you were sitting beside me; O! everlastingly unflinching beloved,

The sea obviously seemed fabulously undulating to me; but its uninhibitedly tangy spray; wholesomely sank into each of my veins; when you were sitting beside me; O! magically ravishing beloved,

The rain obviously seemed ever-pervadingly bounteous; but its tantalizingly amazing virility wholesomely became a quintessential ingredient of each of my symbiotic blood drop; only when you were sitting beside me; O! redolently celestial beloved,

The wind obviously seemed passionately embracing to me; but its miraculously ameliorating softness wholesomely bewitched each of my frazzled nerve; only when you were sitting beside me; O! ravishingly effulgent beloved,

The mountains obviously seemed indomitably fearless to me; but their ingeniously impregnable valor wholesomely fortified every single of my bone; only when you were sitting beside me; O! unbelievably panoramic beloved,

The meadows obviously seemed tranquilly resplendent to me; but their timelessly victorious softness wholesomely caressed every nubile patch of my skin; only when you were sitting beside me; O! perpetually benign beloved,

The soil obviously seemed copiously blossoming to me; but its limitlessly unhindered virility wholesomely replenished each of my inexplicably diseased senses; only when you were sitting beside me; O! eternally sacrosanct beloved,

The Sun obviously seemed blazingly fiery to me; but its unconquerably Omnipotent rays wholesomely enlightened even the most oblivious trifle of negative energy in me; only when you were sitting beside me; O! interminably jubilant beloved,

The bumble bee obviously seemed indefatigably chattering to me; but its ecumenically mellifluous nectar wholesomely soothed the inferno of unprecedented frustration in me; only when you were sitting beside me; O! ecstatically charming beloved,

The oysters obviously seemed inimitably priceless to me; but their gorgeously unfettered sparkle wholesomely enlivened the corpse of dead desire in me; only when you were sitting beside me; O! undyingly effervescent beloved,

The trees obviously seemed vivaciously windy to me; but their surreptitiously fascinating rustle wholesomely dissolved into even the most intangible corner of my eardrum; only when you were sitting beside me; O! regally invincible beloved,

The rainbow obviously seemed indefinably spectacular to me; but its handsomely flirtatious shimmer wholesomely cavorted with every advancing footstep of mine; only when you were sitting beside me; O! bountifully spell-binding beloved,

The moon obviously seemed marvelously majestic to me; but its innocuously synergistic cisterns of milk wholesomely cuddled me in my times of extremely sacrilegious duress; only when you were sitting beside me; O! Omnipotently blessed beloved,

The snowflakes obviously seemed fabulously priceless to me; but their amazingly

seductive swirl wholesomely rejuvenated each of my agonizingly thwarted veins;
only when you were sitting beside me; O! tirelessly Omnipresent beloved,

And the heart obviously seemed passionately palpitating to me; but its
unassailably endless beats wholesomely cast their immortal spell upon every
unveiling instant of my impoverished life; only when you were sitting beside me;
O! effulgently
scintillating beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Object Of Desire

Thick sheets of raw cardboard paper,
sewn from dried pulp mixture,
processed and woven in looming mill machine,
a commodity manufactured at threadbare costs,
desert brown in color, and rough in texture,
cut to various shapes of
square, rectangle, triangle, penta and cone,
with steel cutters piercing its hard flesh,
particles of golden sawdust floating in air,
transforming barbaric paper to trimmed angel,
rendering it feasible for further treatment,
the prime of which is an overlapping fold,
followed by rich wax paint,
printing designs befitting all occasions,
like marriage, love, laughter and examination,
with finely calligraphed captivating quotes,
accentuating magical conversion of raw paper, into royal greeting card,
a carrier of fluctuating emotions,
a cheaply procurable object of desire

Nikhil Parekh

Obsessed To Sleep

There was nothing else to ponder on,
minutes and hours went whistling by,
days sped into pitch dark night,
acid rays of sunlight shone on hilltop roof,
bird music was the only confrontation,
with high pitched gurgling of mountain stream,
deafening sound of dry gusty wind,
mammoth bedspread of tree leaf cover,
sapphire blue puffs of drifting cloud mass,
canvas tent cloth shielding me in darkness,
perched right up at the conical precipice,
grey striped lizards gliding through rock crevice,
deciduous forests sprawled down the slope,
stretching into silver lining of distant horizon,
thick grass cover cushioning soil,
candle wax transiting to white grease,
as hot flames douse its periphery, provide orange light,
fleet of fighter jets leave trails of white smoke,
the fluffy camp bed sinks with my weight,
red cloth ceiling embarrassed by my continuous gaze,
the atmosphere enveloped with silent melody,
emanating from vocal chords deep down my throat,
advocating my penchant for omnipresent peace,
my unending tryst, for obsession with nil work.

Nikhil Parekh

Ocean Of Blood

Before me stretches the gargantuan ocean of blood,
O! helmsman be my eternal companion,
Launch me into it face down,
The turbulent waves of blood shake our boat,
But don't be afraid my friend,
For at every step there's god to be,
To wipe the tear drops from our eyes,
And to be our eternal friend.

Our boat is going too fast,
Slow it down a trifle my friend,
To bring it in terms with the actual pace of life,
Where lies agonizing sorrow and grief,
With a thick intensity,
For us to handle with our boat,
Trespassing calmly over it,
For every step that passes by; is a path to the open world.

O! Friend come near; lets prepare to jump,
In the concoction of blood and water that surrounds us,
For we have now left this life far behind,
And are prepared for the time to come,
Do not be afraid of the consequences my friend,
For this world will laugh at you and me,
I can hear the laugh loud and reverberating a few feet behind us,
C'mon lets prepare to jump.

Nikhil Parekh

Ocean Of Dreams

Olive green grenades of juicy fruit,
silver grey oysters touching ocean beds,
round yellow moulds of gold biscuits,
black leather made of pure python skin,
glass trolleys from projecting pivots of Ferris wheel,
leather bound volumes of English dictionary,
sliding metallic doors of refrigerated apparatus,
big tyre treads of fantasy Toyota,
wrought iron legs of four poster bed,
mesmerizing voice of the tower cuckoo clock,
articulately carved statues of marble,
jeweled parker pens with ball pointed refill,
exquisite clothing for all kinds of wear,
luminating dials of strapped wrist watch,
everlasting chill of window air conditioner,
lush green lawns with high converging fountains,
sprawling meadows of migratory birds,
blood curling growl of hybrid Alsatian,
electronic computers with surplus microchips,
100 pails of freshly extracted cow milk,
royal game of chess played on checkered squares,
brown thatched roofs of clay huts,
inflated sharpened pencil shell of scud missiles,
dense camouflaged orchards of red apple,
solitary confinement amidst an assemblage of graves,
bronze plated flower vase with red roses,
flashing signal lights in London streets,
loose cattle wandering on Swiss plateau's,
a motor boat cruise of river Thames,
multicolored flags of global nations,
rotund policemen on Asian roads,
mega suspense thrillers of James bond,
acres of fertile farm land,
electric charged atmosphere of stock market floor,
bottles of tightly corked Australian champagne,
furry green tables of playing cards,
slender skies for zipping through snow,
throaty chuckles while viewing Walt Disney,
rich tapestry of aircraft seat,

mono-rails trespassing African jungles,
museums possessing antiquated fossils,
revolving trophies of championship wins,
hunched camel back on desert soil,
cigarettes containing filtered tobacco,
frogs croaking in discordant unison,
midnight stars in a twinkling cameo,
i wake up with pricked jerks,
drenched with cold ice water,
thrown in disdain by my plump mother,
one thing's for certain,
my mind is a vast ocean of dreams.

Nikhil Parekh

Oceans Of Love.

A handful of salt to impregnate flavor in my lackadaisical food; relish the most tantalizingly exotic meal of my life; for centuries immemorial,

A handful of smiles to enlighten the trajectory of my derogatorily sullen lips; punctuate my lugubriously dreary entrenchment of solitude; with triumphantly ebullient cheer,

A handful of empathy to marvelously pacify my treacherously disheveled eyes; inundate their regretfully stony whites with unfathomable charisma and voluptuous charm,

A handful of muscle to stupendously refurbish my flailing arms; grant them the sparkling tenacity to exuberantly surge forward with profound gusto of life,

A handful of pristine water to gorgeously placate my traumatically agonizing throat; bountifully replenish even the most infinitesimal of my senses with the most ingratiating gift of God,

A handful of flirtation to mischievously titillate my monotonously beleaguered soul; handsomely mitigate me of my apprehensions in the chapter of monotonously uncouth life,

A handful of blood to astoundingly rejuvenate my pathetically diminishing nerves; trigger even the most lividly devastated arenas of my visage; on a voyage of poignantly crimson fire,

A handful of cloth to fantastically embellish my disastrously shriveled body; beautifully instill a wave of amiable compassion in each of my devastatingly debilitating senses,

A handful of fragrance to divinely mesmerize my penuriously staggering countenance; metamorphose me forever and ever and ever into a cloud of mystically ravishing paradise,

A handful of inebriation to magnificently tranquilize my preposterously rambunctious voice; blend my disdainfully wavering spirit with the rhythmic

pulsations of the divine,

A handful of resilience to add boundless sparks to my abominably defeated stride; majestically instilling in me the ability to confront the most horrendously acrimonious of impediments that came my side,

A handful of mascara to vibrantly illuminate my dimly drooping eyelashes; perpetuating me to erupt into an unrelenting festoon of fantasy and spell bindingly gracious rhyme,

A handful of truth to irrefutably bless my salaciously pulverized conscience; Omnisciently flood its woefully fretting and stagnating dormitories with the mantra of symbiotic existence,

A handful of artistry to regally stimulate each deliberately indolent nerve of my nimble demeanor; deluge the fathomlessly barren canvas of my life; with the profusely fascinating essence of blissful existence,

A handful of playfulness to celestially unfurl my ruthlessly mature and tyrannical senses; unbelievably bring out the princely child ardently clinging to each element of my passionate countenance,

A handful of river for me to royally bathe off the remorseful disease from my lambasted skin; perennially reinvigorate the manipulatively besieged conglomerate of my bones to coalesce with the rudiments of my sacred existence,

A handful of sensuousness to miraculously engulf each cranny of my vengeful brain; with an unsurpassable reservoir of enthrallingly euphoric and vivacious fantasy,

A handful of breath to Omnipotently enshroud my forlornly extinguishing nostrils; invincibly bestow my lungs with the charismatically ecstatic chapters of undefeated life,

But unfathomable oceans of love to Omnipresently liberate my heart; perpetually bond its beats with the winds of procreation; togetherness; mankind; pricelessly immortalizing the meaning of my impoverished life.

Nikhil Parekh

Ointments

In order to mend the broken slabs of bedraggled building; all that was required was an ointment of rich cement and raw brick,

In order to mend the broken web of spider; all that was required was an ointment of silvery threads and slime,

In order to mend the disastrously scorched territory of soil; all that was required was an ointment of cool and revitalizing water,

In order to mend the broken links of the enigmatic jigsaw puzzle; all that was required was an ointment of pragmatic intelligence,

In order to mend the broken bits of scattered paper; all that was required was an ointment of glue and sticky adhesive,

In order to mend the broken periphery of lips; all that was required was an ointment of glossy lipstick,

In order to mend the disdainfully broken finger; all that was required was an ointment of thoroughly powdered and fine calcium,

In order to mend the broken down car; all that was required was an ointment of golden petrol,

In order to mend the broken fields of sprawling grass; all that was required was an ointment of pure and natural goat manure,

In order to mend the broken stomach; all that was required was an ointment of appetizing food and voluptuous fruit juice,

In order to mend the broken and stammering speech; all that was required was an ointment of; stupendous confidence in self,

In order to mend the broken city; all that was required was an ointment of paramount resilience; the fortitude to stand together and reconstruct the same paradise,

In order to mend the broken and age old computer; all that was required was an ointment of hi-tech software chips; and a flurry of ingenious program,

In order to mend the broken and slowly fading light; all that was required was an ointment of the blistering Sun,

In order to mend the broken eye; all that was required was an ointment of glistening moisture; and passionate fantasy revolving fanatically each second,

In order to mend the broken shirt and trousers; all that was required was an ointment of colored buttons and long spools of silken thread,

In order to mend the broken individual; all that was required was an ointment of reassurance compounded with heaps of unparalleled empathy and care,

In order to mend the broken throat; all that was required was an ointment of warm and sizzling herbal tea; a peaceful day's rest to soothe every traumatized vein,

In order to mend the broken relationship; all that was required was an ointment of perpetual and amicable understanding,

In order to mend the broken nose; all that was required was an ointment of moist and overwhelmingly compassionate breath,

And in order to mend the broken heart; all that was required was an ointment of care; an ointment that spread the immortal roots of love; whenever and wherever applied.

Nikhil Parekh

Omnipotent Almighty

He didn't need overwhelmingly lengthy articles written about him; to proclaim his glory sanctimoniously all around the globe,

He didn't need an armory of praise from a spurious bunch of individuals; to escalate his persona to the pinnacle of supremacy,

He didn't need television interviews to depict his supernatural powers; the miracles he could perform within lightening fractions of seconds,

He didn't need a cavalcade of cars following him; ploughing their way unceremoniously through innocent pedestrians to declare his raw power,

He didn't need an ocean of flowers everyday at his doorstep; to enlighten his spirits and drown him into a cocoon of enchantment,

He didn't need a battalion of bodyguards guarding his visage; armed gunmen trying to sequester him from all the evil in this world,

He didn't need an ambience of voluptuous clouds to relax in; mesmerizing fairies dancing around him and kissing his feet,

He didn't need a flurry of photographers clicking him umpteenth times in a single minute; trying to salvage the best of his face in different shades of light,

He didn't need jug fulls of water and mystical wine to be served every hour; the most sumptuous cuisine to be brought before him to eat sizzling fresh from the frying pan,

He didn't need groups of mavericks inexorably shouting slogans to propagate him; defending religion at the cost of infinite lives,

He didn't need a letter of introduction every time he tread on this earth; professionals in the media savvy world to announce every move he was about to make,

He didn't need a new and embellished space craft every morning; to transport him to the most fascinating places in this Universe; have ravishing cocktails with every Nation's Prime Minister,

He didn't need a Mountain replete with bombastic gold and silver; dungeons impregnated with fathomless bundles of currency showered upon him incessantly as the clock ticked,

He didn't need a wardrobe inundated with garish clothes; golden cufflinks and chains to adorn his body at the crack of every dawn,

He didn't need a cruise ride of the Atlantic every night; with stars shimmering in the cosmos propelling him fantasize to the most unprecedented limits and dream,

He didn't need traditionally attired attendants hovering indefatigably around his demeanor; fanning his face to ruthlessly massacre the last mosquito humming morbid tunes,

He didn't need slippers lined with resplendent silver to walk in the Bedroom; a bed studded with fabulous diamonds to nestle and blissfully sleep,

He didn't need a fleet of impeccable priests to engulf him and divulge to him his destiny to unveil; analyze his palms to intricately prognosticate the future life he had to be lead,

And he didn't need any glamour and glitteratti; any pomp or gaiety to appease; any spurious propaganda to uplift his soul;

For a single word of his was enough to destroy; and at the same time create this entire planet; a single step of his was enough to give shape to what he had created; a single breath of his was enough to give life to his unfathomable creation; he was the most invincible form of a human being; HE was infact none other THAN OMNIPOTENT ALMIGHTY.

Nikhil Parekh

Omnipotent Raindrop

It waded of even the most traumatically rapacious of
my tensions; with the astoundingly mellifluous cadence
in its glorious uninhibited cascade,

It majestically cleared the deleterious morass of
manipulation enshrouding my eyes; with its stupendously sparkling and
uninhibitedly rhapsodic globules,

It victoriously beheaded all my bizarrely staggering
dereliction; with its perennially princely and
unrelenting shower of divine righteousness,

It profoundly enlightened every cranny of my drearily
lambasted veins; with its fabulously rhythmic and
unbelievably magnetic melody,

It perpetually replenished my lividly morose lips; with its unfathomable forest of
timeless charisma; drenching each contour of my devastatingly limp persona;
with cisterns of unconquerable ecstasy,

It marvellously embellished even the most
infinitesimal follicle of my despairingly beleaguered
eyelashes; with its torrentially ebullient and
enchanting downpour,

It triumphantly freed me of all my spuriously bellicose tawdriness; blissfully
pacifying the innermost realms of my incarcerated soul; with its spell bindingly
united showering,

It regally silenced the very essence of dastardly fear
in my countenance; with its unflinching spirit of
unassailably euphoric adventure,

It impregnably taught me the morals of harmoniously
philanthropic existence; with its insatiably gregarious embracing of all tribes;
benevolently and alike,

It wholesomely massacred even the most mercurial trace
of desperation in my blood; with its unsurpassable

festoon of everlastingly seductive scent,

It emolliently decorated even the most capricious step
that I transgressed; with its convivially vibrant
impressions of intoxicating life,

It forever ensured that I frolicked through meadows of
fantastically resplendent childhood; triggering in me
an implacable urge to sensuously discover the beauty of
this entire Universe; drowning myself in obeisant
admiration of its untainted belly,

It made me wholesomely oblivious to all gory death;
agony and satanically horrific pain; with its fountain
of unbelievably exotic iridescence,

It handsomely liberated me of my truculently barbarous
fanaticism; with its eternally indomitable rainbows of
truth and celestially burgeoning solidarity,

It gorgeously transpired the most poignantly intricate artist from within the
deepest ingredients of my blood; engendering me to spawn a civilization of
synergistically intriguing newness; with its droplets of bountifully exultating
compassion,

It nursed me like what my sacrosanct mother used to
feed me when I was a newborn child; with its fabric of
ardently heavenly and unshakable togetherness,

It profusely inundated my life with nothing else but
love; love and rivulets of invincibly immortal love;
with its serendipitously gracious wave of priceless
humanity,

And to imagine that it did all of the above without
even a minuscule pinch to my pocket; a fugitive
penalization to my advancing stride; O! Yes; such was
the Omnipotent magic of the tantalizingly beautiful
and aristocratically opalescent raindrop.

Nikhil Parekh

Omnipresent Mother

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a valley of stupendously exotic and tantalizingly resurgent; freshness,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a cloudburst of eternally symbiotic and pricelessly invincible; humanity,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a dynamite of unceasingly ardent and unconquerably righteous; energy,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a waterfall of indefatigably enthralling and poignantly divine; sensuousness,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a cocoon of immeasurably blissful and bountifully unlimited; fantasy,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a mist of magically ameliorating and timelessly coalescing; friendship,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times ever unfurling instant; into a meadow of uninhibitedly mesmerizing and celestially unrestricted; mischief,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a cradle of inimitably artistic and insuperably fragrant; newness,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into an ocean of unsurpassably undefeated and enchantingly everlasting; desire,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a dewdrop of astoundingly unprecedented and limitlessly royal; sensitivity,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a field of unbelievably emollient and effulgently jubilant; victory,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a kaleidoscope of amazingly fructifying and unendingly subliming; color,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a fortress of altruistically philanthropic and boundlessly unbreakable; unity,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a rainbow of charismatically unfettered and ubiquitously endowing; versatility,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a fireball of handsomely augmenting and perennially passionate; longing,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a seed of indomitably glorious and marvelously proliferating; virility,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a Sun of profoundly optimistic and unstoppably blazing; enlightenment,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a pearl of unlimitedly ecstatic and vibrantly unshakable; creativity,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a paradise of supremely unmatched and resplendently miraculous; breath,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a heartbeat of immortally fervent and timelessly uniting; love,

But still you just called one particular day in the entire year as your " Happy Birthday"; as it was that very day when you'd crawled out from the womb of the Greatest source of life; it was that very day when you'd liberated from the womb of the Greatest God on this Universe; who was none other but your Omnipresent Mother.

Nikhil Parekh

Omnisciently Ameliorating God.

In order to delete treacherously malevolent lies forever from this fathomless Universe; one had to just use the scepter of unflinchingly fearless truth,

In order to delete ominously maiming darkness forever from this boundless Universe; one had to just use the infallible light of the triumphantly flaming Sun,

In order to delete vindictively lambasting racism forever from this limitless Universe; one had to just use the altruistically uniting and priceless religion of compassionate humanity,

In order to delete salaciously numbing robotism forever from this bewitching Universe; one had to just use the indefatigably effulgent gorge of timelessly inscrutable adventure,

In order to delete cursedly devastating hunger forever from this timeless Universe; one had to just use the eternally mollifying fruits of perennially consecrating Mother Nature,

In order to delete demonically beheading infidelity forever from this unfettered Universe; one had to just use the magical bond of unassailably humanitarian friendship,

In order to delete inexplicably hysterical sorrow forever from this Herculean Universe; one had to just use the inimitably impregnable happiness of ubiquitously bountiful creation,

In order to delete lividly cold-blooded nothingness forever from this miraculous Universe; one had to just use the sweet flavor of mystically burgeoning and victorious life,

In order to delete ludicrously wastrel impotency forever from this ecstatic Universe; one had to just use the infinite seeds of stupendously undefeated virility; strewn in gay abundance in every cranny of earth divine,

In order to delete deliriously penalizing mania forever from this eternal Universe; one had to just use the everlasting mantra of unconquerably harmonious symbiotism,

In order to delete abhorrently squelching war forever from this unlimited

Universe; one had to just use the spell binding waves of unchallengably quelling peace,

In order to delete satanically demeaning bribery from this unsurpassable Universe; one had to just use the undyingly jubilant fire of majestically victorious honesty,

In order to delete crucifying gallows of hatred forever from this impenetrable Universe; one had to just use the Omnipresent heartbeats of Immortally befriending love,

In order to delete deplorably amorphous cowardice forever from this resplendent Universe; one had to just use the perpetually glistening skin of selflessly passionate unity,

In order to delete the mortuaries of agnostic disbelief forever from this ebullient Universe; one had to just use the peerless monasteries/temples/churches/mosques of unshakable faith,

In order to delete haplessly assassinating despair forever from this untainted Universe; one had to just use the perennially blessed light of poignant conviction,

In order to delete sadistically orphaning death forever from this unparalleled Universe; one had to just use the Omnipotent cradle of freshly born and artistic life,

In order to delete lugubriously morbid wastefulness from this insuperable Universe; one had to just use the ingeniously innovative winds of euphorically evolving fantasy,

But in order to delete the "Impossibly Impossible"; as well as forever metamorphosing it into an irrefutable "Possible" on this emancipating Universe; one had to just leave it to the Omnisciently ameliorating God.

Nikhil Parekh

On A Holiday

I felt woolen threads of afghan carpet tickling me,
a saga of emotions draining golden reserves of energy.
i saw cherry red apples dangling from leafy tree twigs,
swam rapidly across chilly currents of deep water.
i kicked loose chunks of dirt with my spiked shoe,
rode on bare horseback through soggy fields of unripened paddy.
i drenched myself with saliva dribbling from my mouth,
fed the cows with lush green bundles of country grass.
i devoured greedily, roasted slices of barbecued goat,
paced vigorously through sea sand hosting an army of venomous crab.
i drove my slender nosed sedan at breakneck speeds,
whistled at the top of my lungs piercing placid carpets of air.
i swayed rhythmically to infectious tunes of music,
sipped chocolate rum from large beer mugs of bone china.
i stared at my reflection in sparkling mountain water,
draped myself in expensive linen suit with tinges of gold.
i dug tunnels in mud with crowbars of metal,
fondled long silky ears of my pet Alsatian.
i painted the courtyard walls with hasty strokes of king sized brush,
snored like a demon through humid passing hours of the summer night.

Nikhil Parekh

On Every Morsel Of Food

On every morsel of food scattered in distant territories of the earth,
there lies a name inscribed of; the person about to consume it.

On every bit of fertile clay projecting from hard land,
there lies a name embossed of; wild grass about to grow.

On every bit of bare bruise sprouting on the surface of skin,
there lies a name riveted of; the magical technology of healing.

On every bit of undulating water containing tones of salt,
there lies a name embedded of; the aquatic fish and spongy coral.

On every bit of flaming sun and celestial moon,
there lies a name embodied; of the supreme creator.

On every bit of perspiration dribbling down with tenacity,
there lies a name pressed of; the onerous amount of hard work.

On every bit of succulent looking barren tree branch,
there lies a name firmly stapled of; the fresh buds about to take birth.

On every bit of crystal water plummeting from crystalline tips of the mountain,
there lies a name dogmatically printed of; the living organism dying of thirst.

On every bit of charisma inhabiting oblivious regions of the globe,
there lies a name emphatically glued of; the human eye.

On every heart that throbs with a benevolent disposition,
there lies a name imprisoned of; the person it loves.
And on every bullet of lead that ricochets after striking the air,
there lies a name of the person living; about to die.

Nikhil Parekh

On My Day

I was confronted with cumbersome amounts of jigsaw puzzles,
which on my day would unleash themselves with nonchalant ease.

i felt inadvertently stabbed at umpteenth places of my persona,
infinite thorns punctured spongy sheath of my car tyre,
the same refrained to happen when on my day.

i fell from unprecedented heights of the tower,
escaped unhurt devoid of agonizing bruise on my day.

i felt exhausted, stripped of reserve quota's of volatile energy,
was yet able to accomplish disdainful tasks on my day.

i felt impeccable pieces of memory deserting me when delivering my best,
the same got reinforced with sacrosanct knowledge when on my day.

i felt as if torn to bone by menacing white sharks in the sapphire ocean,
assassinated the same mammal with adroit strokes of blade when on my day.

i lost stringent consciousness after consuming intoxicating red wine,
danced like an untamed elephant, tearing my hair,
all solitary winter night when on my day.

i felt violent palpitations lambaste my heart while facing brunt of weekly test,
the same transited to impassionate waves of relaxed demeanor,
magical contours encompassing my face when on my day.

i devoured sour cream fermented with bacteria as the first meal of dawn,
received a silken cascade of rich pearly milk when on my day.

i kept searching for misplaced notes within an ambience of juxtaposed objects,
saw the same looming large in close proximity with eyeball when on my day.

she averted me with obnoxious fervour all throughout the course of unfolding
years,
was perched blissfully abreast my heart when on my day.

Nikhil Parekh

On My Own Feet

Don't place me in a morbid graveyard; dolorously inundated with perpetually lifeless souls,
Keep me instead in an island replete with boisterously bouncing children; effusively releasing themselves every instant into the full spirit of mesmerizing existence.

Don't place me in a hideously diabolical dungeon; brimming perilously to the soil with treacherously lifeless cobwebs,
Keep me instead in a fathomless field blossoming with scented flower; profusely diffusing their heavenly odor to catapult me into a world of insurmountable fantasy.

Don't place me in disdainfully monotonous chains of pragmatic life; with each unleashing second punctuating me like a thousand insidious needles all over my nimble body,
Keep me instead in a torrential cloudburst of exotic fantasy; voluptuously unfolding its boundless shades after the Sun had disappeared to give way to the grandiloquently star studded night.

Don't place me on the luminous dial of the incessantly ticking grandfather clock; reminding me every moment of the time left until my abdication of breath,
Keep me instead in the lap of my mother; which made me immortally feel that I was only an unscrupulous child ever since the time this earth was created.

Don't place me in freezing caves harbored in the heart of the avalanche; metamorphosing passionately crimson blood in my veins; into stoically white ice,
Keep me instead for perennial decades in the arms of my beloved; triggering infernos of untamed desire in each strand of my skin; as the Sun blazed like a dynamite
in vivaciously blue sky.

Don't place me in abhorrently obnoxious pages of medieval literature; crippling my wandering mind with a mind-boggling labyrinth of innumerable dates,
Keep me instead in fabulously seductive tunnels of poetry; propelling me to soar like a handsome eagle through mists of desire; even as I lay on the brink of absolute extinction.

Don't place me in a well deluged with greazy oil; inevitably fomenting me to trip on every step I alighted,

Keep me instead on a euphorically rhapsodic carpet of enchanting grass; on which I rolled till times beyond creation; dreaming about all the mesmerizing beauty on this planet.

Don't place me behind the match box shaped table of mahogany; clerically signing a thousand letters every day; till the last day of my survival, Keep me instead abreast the mystically swimming sharks; fighting fanatically for each of my breath; and yet at the same time profoundly savoring; the true essence of precious life.

And don't place me like a parasite on the doorstep of my parents; right since the first cry of my birth to the final draught of air I exhaled, Keep me instead O! Almighty Lord on my own feet; immediately after I galloped past the threshold of immaculate childhood; illuminating the eyes of my kin with fireballs of pride; for the son they had so dearly harnessed with their very own blood.

Nikhil Parekh

On The Gallows Of

On the gallows of blisteringly everlasting patriotism; hung the unflinchingly venerated; martyr,

On the gallows of disastrously unforgiving hell; hung the mercilessly massacring and ruthlessly cold-blooded; tyrant,

On the gallows of brutally delirious insanity; hung the disdainfully dilapidated and reclusively shunting loner,

On the gallows of perpetually glistening truth; hung the blissfully iridescent and beautifully blessed; harbinger of humanity,

On the gallows of disheveled dastardliness; hung the viciously decrepit and salaciously invidious parasite,

On the gallows of eternally fructifying pricelessness; hung the shadows of celestially invincible and euphorically triumphant; simplicity,

On the gallows of ominously disappearing non-existence; hung the indiscriminately pulverizing and heartlessly victimizing; murderer,

On the gallows of flagrantly orphaned stink; hung the mortuaries of sadistically torturous and debasingly criminal; bigotry,

On the gallows of cadaverously sinister ignominy; hung the graveyards of perniciously bizarre and lividly maiming; retribution,

On the gallows of venomously besmirched treachery; hung the vapid coffins of hideously vituperative and fecklessly banal; laziness,

On the gallows of intransigently egregious abuse; hung the ghost of criminally derogatory and atrociously simpering; lies,

On the gallows of pathetically diminishing insult; hung the baselessly abysmal skull of the worthlessly deteriorating and horrifically manipulative; politician,

On the gallows of severely asphyxiating accident; hung the carcasses of ruggedly infidel and demonically callous; carelessness,

On the gallows of unstoppably victimizing boredom; hung the parsimoniously unsavory crevices of penalizingly truculent and indefatigably iconoclastic; poverty,

On the gallows of infinitesimally two-pence sordidness; hung the ant hole of maliciously adulterated and preposterously decadent; chicanery,

On the gallows of continuously stabbing misery; hung the dungeon of unsparingly molesting and heinously beheading; crime,

On the gallows of lethally sinful banishment; hung the thorn of obsoletely contumacious and pruriently disillusioning; racialism,

On the gallows of stonily wastrel death; hung the jinxed hood of jejune jailing and haplessly disorienting; atheism,

And on the gallows of gloriously fragrant immortality; hung the silhouette of Omnipresently endowing and divinely enamoring; love; love and only immortal love.

Nikhil Parekh

On The Other Side

The entire land of grandiloquent palaces on one side; and me and my sweet little dwelling on the other side,

The entire ocean on one side; and me and my tangy little bottle of salt on the other side,

The entire forest replete with vivacious wild life on one side; and me and my pet cat on the other side,

The entire cosmos strewn with silken clouds on one side; and me and my pristine painting on the other side,

The entire library inundated with books on one side; and me and my romantic letter on the other side,

The entire market flooded with sizzling pizza's on one side; and me and my dainty little chunk of chocolate on the other side,

The entire fleet of aeroplanes on one side; and me and my articulately chiseled statue of rustic clay on the other side,

The entire dungeon embedded with scintillating diamonds on one side; and me and my forehead smeared with ash on the other side,

The entire well overflowing with mineral water on one side; and me and my intricate table spoon of mustard oil on the other side,

The entire theater displaying pictures from around the globe on one side; and me and my ravishing fantasies on the other side,

The entire conglomerate of emerald mattress on one side; and me and my bamboo stuffed pillow on the other side,

The entire township of lecherous evil on one side; and me and my intransigent ideals on the other side,

The entire army marching with hostile dagger heads on one side; and me and the confidence of my mother on the other side,

The entire atmosphere entrenched with abuses on one side; and me and incorrigible tenacity to recite rhymes on the other side,

The entire planet functioning monotonously on one side; and me and my island of unrelenting dreams on the other side,

The entire human race brooding unceremoniously for money on one side; and me and my passion for romance on the other side,

The entire graveyard sprawled with morbid corpses on one side; and me and my Creator standing unperturbed on the other side,

The entire society with its bombastic pretensions on one side; and me and my open hearted speech on the other side,

The entire world and its worthless norms of religion and creed on one side; and me and my beloved locked in an immortal embrace on the other side.

Nikhil Parekh

On The Roads Of Love

The wheels of symbiotically proliferating humanity; ebulliently galloped on the roads of uninhibitedly peerless freedom,

The wheels of timelessly exhilarating charisma; euphorically galloped on the roads of enigmatically silken fantasy,

The wheels of ingratiatingly titillating sensuousness; enchantingly galloped on the roads of perennially unconquerable compassion,

The wheels of inimitably congenial mischief; exotically galloped on the roads of merrily beautiful flirtation,

The wheels of blazingly undaunted patriotism; fearlessly galloped on the roads of benevolently bountiful selflessness,

The wheels of effulgently triumphant scent; resplendently galloped on the roads of stupendously unbelievable freshness,

The wheels of tirelessly blessing proliferation; handsomely galloped on the roads of quintessentially glorious attraction,

The wheels of inevitably iridescent magnetism; synergistically galloped on the roads of boundlessly benevolent belonging,

The wheels of marvelously internal enrichment; majestically galloped on the roads of spell bindingly unflinching solidarity,

The wheels of royally sparkling brotherhood; indefatigably galloped on the roads of aristocratically benign oneness,

The wheels of impeccably miraculous divinity; unassailably galloped on the roads of irrefutably undefeated righteousness,

The wheels of impregnably passionate speed; gleefully galloped on the roads of pristinely unparalleled confidence,

The wheels of insatiably untamed empathy; celestially galloped on the roads of unequivocally unfettered bonding,

The wheels of everlastingly placating melody; regally galloped on the roads
of synergistically serene tranquility,

The wheels of pricelessly quintessential peace; gorgeously galloped on the roads
of blessedly blissful simplicity,

The wheels of unshakably ubiquitous truth; vibrantly galloped on the roads
of Omnisciently mellifluous godliness,

The wheels of fascinatingly eclectic success; vivaciously galloped on the roads
of jubilantly boundless prosperity,

The wheels of poignantly gratifying enlightenment; incessantly galloped on the
roads of unendingly heavenly optimism,

The wheels of fathomlessly inexorable happiness; limitlessly galloped on the
roads
of Omnipotently brilliant life,

And the wheels of irrevocably kingly faith; perpetually galloped on the roads
of immortally immaculate love.

Nikhil Parekh

On The Station Of Love

The train of profoundly spine tingling mysticism stopped only on the station; of astoundingly fantastic and uncannily tantalizing bewilderment,

The train of symbiotically coalescing philanthropism stopped only on the station; of eternally resplendent and timelessly bountiful mankind,

The train of poignantly unending compassion stopped only on the station; of perpetually unshakable and gloriously unconquerable friendship,

The train of blazingly truthful expression stopped only on the station; of majestically blissful and implacably kingly artistry,

The train of altruistically uninhibited sharing stopped only on the station; of perennially burgeoning and euphorically triumphant happiness,

The train of mischievously philandering flirtation stopped only on the station; of enchantingly ebullient and serendipitously clandestine seduction,

The train of unflinchingly intrepid bravery stopped only on the station; of boundlessly revered and unconquerable immortality,

The train of panoramically eclectic beauty stopped only on the station; of stupendously benevolent and undefeated graciousness,

The train of Omnipotently scintillating optimism stopped only on the station; of gloriously embellished and impregnably inimitable victory,

The train of intransigently exploring intrigue stopped only on the station; of ingratiatingly mesmerizing and ecstatically vibrant innovation,

The train of synergistically united existence stopped only on the station; of irrefutably invincible and jubilantly unlimited righteousness,

The train of divinely sacrosanct worship stopped only on the station; of congenitally blessed and indomitably Omniscient motherhood,

The train of beautifully unblemished sacrifice stopped only on the station; of profusely fascinating and unsurpassably regale benevolence,

The train of harmoniously creative energy stopped only on the station; of vividly burgeoning and immaculately unassailable newness,

The train of insatiably untamed passion stopped only on the station; of unequivocally limitless and fantastically effulgent embrace,

The train of innocently heart rendering playfulness stopped only on the station; of unrestrictedly iridescent and gorgeously oblivious childhood,

The train of indefatigably experimenting style stopped only on the station; of radiantly fructifying and ubiquitously blossoming freshness,

The train of Omnipotently blessed life stopped only on the station; of bounteously spawning and magically unfurling adventure,

And train of unstoppably throbbing hearts stopped only on the station; of immortally godly and wonderfully uninhibited love.

Nikhil Parekh

Once Again

After witnessing your ravishingly enamoring eyes; I felt as if as bountiful feathers of beauty had descended upon this impoverished planet; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your fabulously congenial lips; I felt as if the drearily dilapidated winds had suddenly commenced to vivaciously sing; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your tantalizingly delectable belly; I felt as if stars in the sky had profoundly enlightened every cranny of this ludicrously gloomy planet; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your immaculately golden cheeks; I felt as if the withering summits had ebulliently escalated well above the corridors of azure sky; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your voluptuously bushy eyebrows; I felt as if the monotonously bedraggled Universe had embraced the aisles of uninhibited freedom; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your ingratiatingly mesmerizing voice; I felt as if the blanket of manipulatively bizarre apprehensions had metamorphosed into an enchanting paradise; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your immaculately compassionate palms; I felt as if streams of tingling melody cascaded through the agonizingly scorching sands; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your stupendously brazen hair; I felt as if the unfathomable battalion of sullen peacocks; danced the best dance of their lives; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your profusely inscrutable shadow; I felt as if each ray of the majestic Sun scintillated in magnificent brilliance; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your marvelously ecstatic earlobes; I felt as if milky moonlight seductively chased all beauty on this fathomless earth; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your gloriously gyrating belly; I felt as if angels had plummeted down from the cosmos to frolic; once again; after centuries immemorial,
After witnessing your unbelievably inebriating redolence; I felt as if the lackadaisical evening blazed through the corridors of untamed exhilaration; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your intriguingly sprouting nostrils; I felt as if every treacherously tyrannized stone on this earth had metamorphosed into celestial life; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your incredulously glistening fingers; I felt as if a carpet of astounding enthrallment had settled miraculously on every dwelling besieged with inexplicable pain; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your supremely divinely sound; I felt as if all those tottering pathetically towards the tunnels of abominable extinction had got a reason to live; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your majestically poignant feet; I felt as if a fantastically euphoric garden of roses had spawned on every desolately capricious path; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your astonishingly sparkling perspiration; I felt as if the clouds of prosperity had caressed the globe's feet; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your passionately diffusing breath; I felt as if the perpetual essence of peace and unity had ubiquitously disseminated to every quarter of the staggering planet; once again; after centuries immemorial,

And after witnessing your immortally beating heart; I felt as if every invidiously sinister anecdote of uncouth betrayal had transformed into the chapter of eternal love; love and only love; once again; after centuries immemorial.

Nikhil Parekh

Once Again Back In The Creator's Heaven

There were some who ardently waited for all majestic pearls on this fathomless Universe—to become every insouciant line on their destiny palms—and keep perennially shimmering happily everafter,

There were some who irrevocably waited for every leaf of artistic green to grow in their backyards—to timelessly enshroud even the most rapidly deteriorating of their senses with the magical touch of nature divine,

There were some who fervently waited for all the resplendently twinkling stars in sky to become the glint of their eyes—grant them that eternally enamoring spirit of mischief which forever made them the darling of all crowds,

There were some who tirelessly waited for every bit of beauty on this Universe to ebulliently assimilate into each shadow of their form—so that wherever they went every other form of life miserably dwindled before their invincible charm,

There were some who incorrigibly waited for each ounce of gold and silver on earth to inundate their empty plates—use them as their every conceivable meal with every arising spasm of hunger and thirst,

There were some who unendingly waited for the most bewitchingly enigmatic waterfalls to become the glory of their silhouette—thereby impregnate each dwindling bone of theirs with unbridled darts of passion galore,

There were some who intransigently waited for each wave of the inimitably roaring sea to play with their limp backs—quelling each dastardly apprehension of theirs with the untamed swirl of majestic tanginess,

There were some who endlessly waited for the bedazzling Sun to rise each day from the center of their brains—so that they unconquerably illuminated each path that they tread on with world-record breaking intelligence,

There were some who unsurpassably waited for infinite red roses to perpetually blossom on each step they tread—to feel like the most unparalleled king traversing through the lanes of ultimate utopia,

There were some who limitlessly waited for the boundless power of Everest to bless their arms—so that they pulverized even the mightiest of devils with utter disdain—and with a singleton swish of the thumb,

There were some who unimaginably waited for sheer ambrosia to gorgeously titillate their taste buds-attain the status of Omnipotent Godhead—existing as a nonconspicuous man on the trajectory of earth,

There were some who unstoppably waited for the most supernatural fabrics to cascade from fructifying sky-the simpleton clothes that eventually became their most impregnable armor to defend the worst of adversity in life,

There were some who unconditionally waited for the miraculous prowess of conquering the ultimate limits of the horizon-so that they forever shook hands with the Sun even after it'd bid adieu to the winds of the globe,

There were some who unrelentingly waited for each trace of melody on the planet to become the music of their ears-timelessly resonate to the beats of God's naturally bounteous creation as it vivaciously unfurled,

There were some who unlimitedly waited for angels in the form of their own offspring- -the 'avatars' of the Lord born out of their own flesh and blood-so that they witnessed an uncountable miracles in just their single lifetime,

There were some who inexhaustibly waited for every tangible and intangible honor on earth to be added beside their name-so that they received the most magnificently crisp salutes wherever they went,

There were some who uncontrollably waited for each ingredient of their blood to metamorphose into the winds of the most supremely ageless—so that no death ever dared touch them even at its veritably destined time,

There were some who intractably waited for a countless lovers to uninhibitedly smooch their truncated existence—attain the pleasure and sensuousness of an indefinable more lifetimes in this very happening life,

Whilst I waited and still more passionately waited than ever before for the last day of my life-because after that I knew I would meet all those whom I immortally loved; missed and inconsolably cried for in this life-once again back in the Creator's Heaven

Nikhil Parekh

Once Again Tomorrow

Yesterday was just a thing of the horrendously treacherous past; fading and dissipating rapidly into thin wisps of obsolete oblivion,
Lets unite in strings of perpetual harmony and compassion today; to blossom into a vibrantly optimistic and spell binding tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the diabolically heinous past; pathetically blending with insipid bits of raw ash,
Lets unite in whirlpools of insurmountable solidarity today; unflinchingly facing even the most acridly mighty challenges; proudly sprouting into the blissful civilizations of tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the lecherously abhorrent past; stinking like a million rats; beneath the dungeons of manipulative malice,
Lets unite in irrefutable rings of truth today; massacring every iota of horrifically despairing lie and sadness; culminating into a wonderfully brilliant tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the remorsefully morbid past; rapidly deteriorating to coalesce with the murderous graves,
Lets unite in clouds of celestial peace today; indefatigably fantasizing above a land of enchanting paradise; to give birth to a divinely non-violent tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the devastatingly evil past; sinking into an sea of baseless nothingness to melange with the inconspicuously mundane sands,
Lets unite in winds of uninhibited sharing today; ubiquitously commiserating with shivering mankind around; to fulminate into a fountain of irrevocably bestowing tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the ominously ghastly past; stabbing like a trillion malevolent daggerheads; before it eventually blew with the infinitesimally capricious dust,
Lets unite in tornado's of untamed passion today; incinerating flames of overwhelming desire even in the most frozen of waters; to majestically bloom into a intrepidly flamboyant tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the savagely decaying past; perpetuating its deplorably surreptitious shadow into the fabric of the blissful society; before it finally withered into a corpse of absolute submission,
Lets unite in skies of philanthropic benevolence today; endeavoring our very best to alleviate debilitatingly deprived society; escalate exuberantly into an

Omnipotently egalitarian tomorrow.

Yesterday was just a thing of the insidiously remote past; ludicrously baring its meaningless fangs before it wholesomely lost every iota of its voice,
Lets unite in the religion of humanity today; to unequivocally disseminate the immortal virtue of mankind; dazzle into a bountifully royal tomorrow.

And yesterday was just a thing of the tragically shattered past; profusely betraying light and hope; before it was ferociously punished to the island of satanic hell,
Lets unite in beats of immortal love today; embracing one and all irrespective of caste; creed and color; alike; to sway forever in the corridors of marvelous heaven; everytime the Creator wanted us to be born once again tomorrow.

Nikhil Parekh

Once Upon A Time

Every tree standing lanky and towering on the hills; was once upon a time a minuscule seedling,

Every dog barking discordantly on the streets; was once upon a time an innocuous pup; yelping incoherently in the darkness all around,

Every bird soaring handsomely in the sky; was once upon a time a glistening egg; incarcerated beneath soft twigs of the nest,

Every alligator slithering menacingly through the marshy swamps; was once upon a time an inconspicuous tadpole floating nimbly in still water,

Every desert sprawled over infinite territory; was once upon a time a small hillock of disdainfully colored mud,

Every star shimmering brilliantly in the cosmos; was once upon a time a tiny flame of glowing candle,

Every mountain towering domineeringly on the landscapes; was once upon a time an infinitesimal lump of clay,

Every tiger with a deafening growl philandering through the jungles; was once upon a time an infantile cub; having bohemian paws without the slightest of nail,

Every leaf gargantuan in proportion and cascading from the tree; was once upon a time; a raw bud extruding in clusters; proliferating by the hour,

Every volcano fulminating into sizzling fountains; was once upon a time a placid stream of molten liquid,

Every patch of ominous cloud in the sky; was once upon a time thin wisps of atmosphere,

Every slab of fortified wall; was once upon a time a finely pulverized blend of burnt stone,

Every large bone of the body; was once upon a time a profoundly squelched mass
of intermingles flesh,

Every squall that swept thunderously across the city; was once upon a time a droplet of saline tear that trickled down the cheek,

Every mass of lethal dynamite that exploded; was once upon a time an incongruous piece of lead,

Every wind that mightily blew in the monsoons; was once upon a time moist breath that flowed intermittently through the nostrils,

Every dinosaur trampling indiscriminately through the meadows; was once upon a time an obnoxiously scented insect,

Every mother surrounded blissfully by children; was once upon a time a freckled and embarrassed girl,

Every reptile profusely impregnated with poison; was once upon a time a stinging beetle,

And every man trespassing on the surface of land; trying to reign supreme over the entire earth; was once upon a time a particle of saw dust; simply a short stub of compressed thread; one out of the millions lying scattered in directions unprecedented.

Nikhil Parekh

One Day

Even if it takes an infinite lifetimes; an unsurpassable decade of overwhelmingly sweltering days and mercilessly chilly nights; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite mountains; a boundless number of treacherously jagged slopes and acrimoniously deep gorges; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite thunderstorms; fathomlessly unrelenting cloud showers of treacherously acrid blood rain; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite parasites; satanically pulverizing and indiscriminately marauding monsters; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite wars; lethally penalizing abhorrence and graveyards of salaciously excoriating prejudice; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite gutters; brutally squelching shit and unsurpassable dungeons of criminally unforgiving oppression; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite ghosts; truculently cadaverous spirits trying to gruesomely devour even the most infinitesimal trace of happiness; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite nightmares; an unfathomable graveyard of livid carcasses that jinxed every aspect of existence; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite thrashings; lecherously heinous chains of cold-blooded barbarism and remorseful manipulation; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite abuses; every element of the obnoxiously conventional society assassinating the spirit of uninhibitedly timeless compassion; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite thorns; countless beds of torturously smoldering coal venomously baying trap on every conceivable path of the Universe; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite infernos; incomprehensibly gargantuan maelstroms of gorily scorching lava; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite kicks; a diabolically proliferating populace of dissolute

devils decimating every construable constituent of amiability to invisible ash; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite sacrifices; an inexplicably tyrannically coffin of cancerous disease wholesomely asphyxiating every cell of the holistic body; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite dust storms; inexorably terrorizing heat ghastily evaporating the very last trace of blissful civilization burgeoning around; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite tickings of the grandfather clock; a limitless number of chimes of the indefatigably sweeping long arm; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite mockeries; insurmountably condemning slang raunchily trying to drown the wave of eternal friendship; in between,

And even if it takes an infinite deaths; the depraving dungeons of hell entirely swiping holistic traces of invincible life; in between,

One day we will unite in bonds of immortally sacred marriage; One day we will everlastingly illuminate every cranny of the miserably besieged atmosphere with the essence of our triumphantly blended breath; O! Yes One day our love will win over every superfluous idiosyncrasy of this planet; with only the Almighty Lord to bless; bless and unassailably bless.

Nikhil Parekh

One God

It might perhaps take more than an infinite perennially blossoming trees; to make this brutally estranged earth today; a more holistically fantastic paradise to live in and blissfully exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite tantalizingly exuberant nightingales; to make this traumatically lambasted earth today; a more symbiotically compassionate paradise to live in and beautifully exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite magnanimously twinkling stars; to make this miserably sadistic earth today; a more convivially magnetic paradise to live in and synergistically exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite marvelously vivacious rainbows; to make this obnoxiously wretched earth today; a more magnificently royal paradise to live in and unequivocally exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite invincibly overpowering mountains; to make this agonizingly decrepit earth today; a more celestially jubilant paradise to live in and unassailably exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite sensuously bewitching meadows; to make this horrendously dastardly earth today; a more tranquilly enchanting paradise to live in and insuperably exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite romantically bestowing clouds; to make this dreadfully beleaguered earth today; a more holistically vibrant paradise to live in and timelessly exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite vividly boisterous bees; to make this monotonously deadened earth today; a more effulgently mystical paradise to live in and indefatigably exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite globules of tantalizingly artistic rain; to make this vindictively upbraiding earth today; a more exotically triumphant paradise to live in and tirelessly exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite ubiquitously enthralling roses; to make this mercilessly indiscriminate earth today; a more benevolently harmonious paradise to live in and timelessly exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite rays of the flamboyantly fumigating Sun; to make this truculently satanic earth today; a more enthrallingly euphoric paradise to live in and magically exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite arrows of irrefutably priceless justice; to make this sordidly staggering earth today; a more blazingly patriotic paradise to live in and peerlessly exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite playgrounds of uninhibitedly cavorting honey; to make this disparagingly corrupt earth today; a more fearlessly intrepid paradise to live in and unflinchingly exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite mists of perennially fragrant simplicity; to make this spuriously sanctimonious earth today; a more ecstatically handsome paradise to live in and sensuously exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite fireballs of philanthropic courage; to make this delinquently betraying earth today; a more righteously embracing paradise to live in and regally exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite breaths of indomitably indisputable innocence; to make this cannibalistically murderous earth today; a more miraculously mitigating paradise to live in and eternally exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite beats of pricelessly untainted love; to make this savagely parasitic earth today; a more Omnipotently benign paradise to live in and gregariously exist; once again,

It might perhaps take more than an infinite moments of truthful perseverance; to make this barbarously incarcerating earth today; a more bountifully proliferating paradise to live in and unambiguously exist; once again,

But there has; is; and shall forever be just "One God"; not only controlling every infinitesimal action; not only impregnably monitoring even the most inconspicuous wish of infinite more than the infinite above for this birth; but for an infinite more births of bliss and marvelous blithe.

Nikhil Parekh

One Heart

Bestow me with infinite hands to conquer; invincibly incarcerate every area on the trajectory of this earth in my vice like grip,

Bestow me with infinite eyes to sight; admire every single bit of enchanting charisma embodied in this colossal planet,

Bestow me with infinite legs to walk; reach even the most far off places in this world; explore and ebulliently wander to the most unprecedented limits of my minds content,

Bestow me with infinite fingers to write; so that I could emboss the most boundless scriptures that people couldn't conceive; even in the most rampantly frenzied
of their nocturnal dreams,

Bestow me with infinite brains to fantasize; fomenting me to perceive what lay camouflaged within the exotic conglomerate of voluptuously silken clouds,

Bestow me with infinite tongues to talk; so that I could converse in an unsurpassable myriad of eclectic languages at once; with just a inconspicuously tiny stroke of my mouth,

Bestow me with stomach's to eat; so that I could unrelentingly keep on devouring appetizing food; strewn in bountiful abundance and on every lane I tread,

Bestow me with infinite bones to fight; valiantly stand beneath the ferociously blazing Sun; annihilate treacherous evil all across the world into threadbare ash,

Bestow me with infinite lips to smile; congenially spread the message of philanthropic humanity; to far and distant across the mighty Universe,

Bestow me with infinite droplets of sweat to romance; so that I could bask in the untamed glory of ecstatically exuberant and handsomely escalating passion,

Bestow me with infinite eyelashes to flirt; engendering me to inevitably wink at the most beautiful damsels; gallivanting with gay abandon on varied parts of this earth,

Bestow me with infinite noses to smell; propelling me to submerge myself into incredulous exoticism; sniffing even the most diminutive of fragrance emanating in bliss from the beneath soil,

Bestow me with infinite ears to hear; deciphering the melody in countless voices at a time; with an abruptly nonchalant nod of my head,
Bestow me with infinite necks to dance; gyrate under milky rays of the moon; for centuries immemorial without the slightest of fatigue or exasperated respite,

Bestow me with infinite teeth to chew; masticate succulent berries laden on each area of the gigantic mountain with overwhelmingly astounding joy and blissful relish,

Bestow me with infinite shadows to mystique; drown myself into an unfathomable island of enigma and tantalizing mystery,

Bestow me with infinite nails to scratch; defend myself and my fellow beings against the most diabolical power that trespassed on the surface of this fathomless Universe,

Bestow me with infinite breaths to survive; exist beyond the most deplorable gloom that had precariously engulfed this colossal planet,

But make sure you bestow me with only One Heart to live O! Omnipotent Creator; and over and above all do make sure that you gave it only to the ultimate girl of my dreams; the entity whom I would love forever and immortally know as my beautiful beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

One Instant

One instant we were scratching wildly; deeply embedding unruly nails in our skins,
While the next moment we embraced each other tightly; placidly lying down on the couch.

One instant we were pulling our hair; almost uprooting each strand firmly adhered to its scalp,
While the next moment we fondled each others palms; intricately tracing the lines that lay deeply embodied therein.

One instant we were pummeling ourselves in the stomach; hurling a volley of abashing expletives at one another,
While the next moment we stared unrelentingly into each others eyes; drowning ourselves wholesomely into an ocean of mesmerizing dreams.

One instant we were kicking frantically; tickling ourselves voraciously in the ribs; and our hands coated with piquant chili powder,
While the next moment we whispered nimbly in each others ears; reciting enchantingly true and passionate tales of fantasy.

One instant we were making obnoxious faces; scowling at one another with our tongues audaciously peeking out,
While the next moment we assisted each other in the kitchen; to harmoniously prepare appetizing delicacies; for nocturnal supper.

One instant we were screeching rampantly like savage tigers; inundating our eardrums with thunderous sound,
While the next moment we went off to blissful sleep; safely and securely in each others arms.

One instant we were rolling in a slush of squalid mud; splashing dirty water fervently on our bare skins,
While the next moment we sang in unison with the nightingale; drifted our minds towards sedative sounds; emanating from the dense undergrowths of the jungle.

One instant we were brandishing swords on our bodies; clanging them incoherently against each other,
While the next moment we sprinkled dying plants with water; sipping the

same gently from our hands.

One instant we were fighting like cats and dogs; banging the pillow at one another; till the fluff whizzed out in a frenzy,
While the next moment we kissed each other on the forehead; applying antiseptic creams on our bruises.

And one instant we looked at one another in sheer hatred; with rays of contempt emitting belligerently from our eyes,
While the next moment we confessed that we were madly in love; prayed to the Creator to keep us bonded in the strings of immortal romance.

Nikhil Parekh

One Must Learn

In order to taste the sweet kernel of coconut; one must learn to break open its obdurate shell,

In order to experience the ravishing aroma of waves; one must learn to tenaciously swim in the choppy waters,

In order to imbibe the splendor of the desert; one must learn to traverse audaciously on the blistering hot silver sands,

In order to relish the coolness of ice; one must learn how to scrupulously masticate it,

In order to savor the flavor of milk; one must learn to adroitly squeeze it from blossoming cow teats,

In order to enjoy the scent of lotus flower; one must learn to bathe in a pond replete with a curry of slushy mud; blended commensurately with creepers sprawling in all directions,

In order to hear strident tunes of music; one must learn to keep his ears in close affinity with the rustic country discotheque,

In order to bask in pure light; one must learn to sit perseveringly under fiery golden rays of the sun,

In order to extract exorbitant amounts of gold; one must learn to dig till unfathomable depths; with hostile blade of pickaxe intermittently brazing against the knee,

In order to embellish the body with serrated crocodile skin; one must learn to kill the ferocious beast; then adroitly strip its skin from its diabolical network of bones,

In order to uninhibitedly smile; one must learn to flex ones lips profoundly; stretching the cheeks as far as possible,

In order to sip delectable tea; one must learn to burn his taste buds profusely; as the steaming liquid came in proximity with the tongue,

In order to witness exuberant wails of an innocuous infant; one must learn to deliver the same after undergoing months of painstaking agony,

In order to sketch mesmerizing shapes of the hills; one must learn to commensurately blend root color; vivaciously swishing the brush on sprawling sheets of plain white canvas,

In order to envisage celestial fairies and angels; one must learn to exert the tendons of his brain to fullest capacity; and then dream,

In order to get bountiful crops; one must learn to sow the right proportion of salubrious seeds,

In order to make the morbid surface of walls sparkle; one must learn to whitewash them; with mammoth chunks of chalk powder and paint,

In order to feel tangy perspiration trickle down the nape; one must learn to clamber up the mountain barefoot in sweltering waves of heat,

In order to survive; one must learn to stand unflinching against the hostile vagaries of this world; prove his true mettle in every sphere of life,

And in order to love; one must learn to unselfishly sacrifice; wholesomely dedicate his mind; body and soul to the deity he reveres; the person who made him feel every unveiling minute of the day; that he was breathing; he was alive.

Nikhil Parekh

One Of My Fellow Kind

I wanted one foot on the summit of freezing Everest; and the other foot on rock hard slabs of civilized ground,

I wanted one foot in insurmountably blazing infernos of forest fire; and the other foot on an pristine island of divinely white ice,

I wanted one foot on a mesmerizing blanket of verdant grass; and the other foot on a savage battlefield of belligerently acrid thorns,

I wanted one foot on a paradise of bountifully rhapsodic joy; and the other foot on anecdotes of placidly solitary gloom,

I wanted one foot on a stupendously boisterous hive of poignantly swarming bees; and the other foot on the graveyard which harbored nothing but clouds of celestial peace,

I wanted one foot on a Godly festoon of salubriously rubicund fruits; and the other foot on miniscule pints of inexplicable illness,

I wanted one foot on a supremely benevolent platform of uninhibited humanity; and the other foot on remotely rare spurts of flirtatious mischief,

I wanted one foot on an irrefutable idol of sacred truth; and the other foot on a shallow ocean of blatantly glaring lies,

I wanted one foot on a profusely redolent carpet of voluptuous rose; and the other foot on the flimsily open lid of the fetid dustbin,

I wanted one foot on a boundless township of immortal romance; and the other foot on the wildly philandering horse which traversed past the neighboring girl's doorstep,

I wanted one foot on a field of opulently glistening fabric; and the other foot on diminutive rags of tottered jute,

I wanted one foot on lanes inundated with melodiously sweet sugarcane; and the other foot on a pinch of piquantly passionate ocean salt,

I wanted one foot on an electric paced galloping air-plane; and the other foot on

the potbellied tortoise which thought infinite times before taking even a single step,

I wanted one foot on a tantalizingly relentless chain of seductive fantasy; and the other foot on profoundly pragmatic thought which brought me back into the mainstream of day-to-day life,

I wanted one foot on the mystical valley reverberating thunderously with heavenly sound; and the other foot on the unimaginative road strewn with bits of paper and regular traffic,

I wanted one foot on the unsurpassably towering giant's scalp; and the other foot on the mousetrap delectably sandwiched in the cloistered interiors of the dilapidated household,

I wanted one foot on the pungently sharp scintillating sword; and the other foot on the tremendously blunt coconut which kept sinking deeper as I tossed it about,

I wanted one foot on a majestic desert basking in the glory of princely sunlight; and the other foot on evanescent shades of the diabolically treacherous night,

I have wished a life like this O! Almighty lord; right since the time I emitted my first cry; and would feel the most privileged if you bestowed a life such as this; to perhaps if not me; then atleast one of my fellow kind.

Nikhil Parekh

One Sided

I loved the Himalayas for their snow clad peaks; the thin wisps of clouds marking the silver linings of the horizon,
However I hated the freezing currents of air descending down its slopes; the gusty avalanches of ice killing millions while trying to conquer it.

I loved the pen for inundating white paper with infinite lines of literature; granting a status to words which was greater than swords,
However I hated it when it penned down the death sentence; assisted the judge in making his final decision.

I loved the clouds for showering blissful droplets of rain; instilling new life in dead weeds and parched soil,
However I hated them for deluging low lying regions near the coast; sweeping several innocent in the fury of its waves.

I loved the handkerchief for its satiny caress; the delectable pillow it formed for me to sleep in the night,
However I hated it when the insane murderer, used it as a tool to strangulate the last iota of breath.

I loved the winding road to the palace; the festoon of lights shimmering, metamorphosing it into a marvel to stare at dusk,
However I hated it when it was slippery; fomented the cars to swerve wildly and collide thunderously with each other.

I loved the dainty wrist watch for displaying time all day; apprising me diligently of the sun setting behind the sea's,
However I hated it when it candidly announced; the seconds left until my death.

I loved the tree for its lanky stalks and sprawling branches; the clusters of ravishing fruit it bore on its leaves,
However I hated it when it fell with a thud; squelching innocuous children that came under its mighty sway.

I loved the fire for its crackling flames; the loads of compassionate warmth it generated well past after midnight,
However I hated it when it capsized my beloved in its swirl; charred her body to inconspicuous ash within a matter of few minutes.

I loved eating fish entangled in a conglomerate of seaweed; roasting it to perpetual golden brown; before dipping in piquant curry,
However I hated it when one of its intricate bones stuck incorrigibly in my throat;
making me greedily gasp for life.

And I loved to desire; drown myself into the ocean of love; sizzle profoundly in the corridors of romance,
However I hated it when my passion was one sided; and the person whom I could die for couldn't even recognize my body when I was alive.

Nikhil Parekh

One Step Forward

When I took one step forward towards the Sun; I fell back like thunderbolts of lightning; charred to an inconspicuous speck in the swirl of its stringently sizzling rays,

When I took one step forward towards the Moon; I transited into a stupendously ravishing reverie in its profound shimmer; staggering inevitably towards realms of inevitable unconsciousness,

When I took one step forward towards the volcano; I wafted into infinitesimal corridors of remote oblivion; thoroughly whipped by its gruesomely fulminating aura,

When I took one step forward towards the well; I abruptly found myself engulfed by a fleet of hostile crocodile; the diabolically forlorn waters trying to strangulate my body from all sides,

When I took one step forward towards the mirage; I soon realized I had been horrendously tricked; and all that I was able to capsize was sultry currents of sweltering blank atmosphere,

When I took one step forward towards the thorn; I pierced the intricately rubicund skin of my foot; and a stream of crimson blood began to profusely ooze from my despairing caricature,

When I took one step forward towards the ghost; I was encapsulated by a severely debilitating fever; with a wave of inexplicable disease lingering incessantly around my innocuous persona,

When I took one step forward towards the dinosaur; he pulverized me till my last bone had blended wholesomely with soil; blowing my existence forever from this planet; like bristles of the broomstick,

When I took one step forward towards sinking sand; I felt myself plummeting down towards the innermost belly of satanic mud; before even I had time to speak; the names of whom I overwhelmingly loved,

When I took one step forward towards the waves; I inadvertently stumbled into the tumultuously violent storm; and soon witnessed the menacing jaws of shark

marching down my throat,

When I took one step forward towards the rainbow; I found myself so profoundly entrenched by an infinite myriad of colors; that I almost forgot my original identity in pragmatic life,

When I took one step forward towards the shattered glass; I glimpsed all contours of my countenance distorted hideously beyond the realms of ugliness; propelling me to swoon on the ground in sheer disbelief,

When I took one step forward towards the evening; I discovered nothing but morbid darkness; and an uncouthly eerie silence that confronted me; in whichever direction I transgressed,

When I took one step forward towards treacherous lies; after a while I found myself so pathetically entangled by the blanket of heinous lechery; that I even forgot to pronounce my name correctly,

When I took one step forward towards the serpents den; the blood in my veins froze in its very roots; as the venomous monster slapped me viciously with its mystical tongue,

When I took one step forward towards the ant; the diminutive parasite suddenly coalesced with infinite more of its kind; metamorphosed the skin of my cheeks into a perpetual crimson; making my head bow down before my teacher in shame,

When I took one step forward towards the whispering leaves; each part of my visage was inundated with unfathomable frustration; as I simply couldn't make head or tail of the message they were trying to convey,

When I took one step forward towards the grave; I rebounded back countless feet in fraction seconds; as the unbearable agony of seeing my loved ones buried;
made me relinquish all traces of life,

While when I took one step forward towards my beloved; it was for the first time that each step of mine transformed into boundless more; and I kept marching with an invincible conviction; chanting the virtue of immortal love; till the last breath from my body flowed.

Nikhil Parekh

One Woman

I might have eaten different varieties of food every day; appeasing my gluttony with the exact taste that circulated instantaneously in my tongue,

I might have worn different clothes every day; vacillating between contemporary and traditional fabric; to succeed in my spurious attempts of looking the best,

I might have talked in different dialects every day; maneuvering my tongue several times; to achieve that bombastic slang which I had perpetually dreamt of,

I might have wandered in different directions every day; incessantly discovering and stimulating my insatiable greed for adventure,

I might have read different books every day; profoundly engrossed in the inscrutable tales of enchanting mystery and romance,

I might have slept at different places every day; sometimes under the tenacious moonlight blending with placid grass; while sometimes on the astronomical summit of the mountain feasting on the tremendously deep pink gorge,

I might have looked in different directions every day; trying my ultimate best to decipher the intricacies of this fascinating planet,

I might have bathed in different waters every day; sometimes standing under the artificial bathroom shower; while sometimes splashing my arms in supremely poignant ocean salt,

I might have driven different cars every day; sometimes the astoundingly sleek silver Mercedes; while sometimes the battered jalopy to play a few pranks on fellow beings,

I might have adorned my wrists with different watches every day; zealously observing as the seconds ticked into oblivion with each unveiling night,

I might have admired different sights every day; fantasizing almost every minute to unprecedented realms of bizarre imagination,

I might have danced on different floors every day; sometimes on scintillating slabs of marvelous granite; while sometimes brazenly striking my bohemian foot

on the muddy ground,

I might have inadvertently broken different things every day; sometimes the glittering bowls extruding from the mantelpiece; while sometimes the tiny mountains of sand that suddenly came my way,

I might have drunk different liquids every day; quenching my thirst with the most conducive flavor that my throat cried for,

I might have sat on several different places every day; ranging from as obdurate as the stubborn stone; to the ambiguous oasis of satiny fur strewn on the hills,

I might have shaken hands with different people every day; unabashedly interacting with each section of the vast society,

I might have listened to different tunes every day; feasting my sensitive ears to a fathomless pedigree of mind bogging and profusely enthralling music,

I might have frequented different continents every day; whizzed past over boundless territories of land and water; seated like a prince on the lavish upholstery of my personal plane,

I might have bought different toys every day; in my endeavor to amuse myself profoundly; reminisce way back into memories of, memories of unadulterated and innocuous childhood,

I might have worshipped different deities every day; advocating my firm belief in each form of God existing; through far and wide in this secularly woven orthodox world,

I might have taken the blessings of different mothers every day; revering and insurmountably respecting their irrefutable tenacity to evolve new life,

But let me tell you; that although everything in my life had been different every day, I still have no inhibitions in declaring that I have loved only one woman from the bottom of my heart; the very woman whom I would continue to adore for centuries immemorial; the very woman whose essence would keep lingering around my impoverished soul even under my grave, the woman who is none other than my beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Only A Mother

Only a mother could dress the impoverished child so insurmountably fantastically; like nobody else on this fathomlessly vibrant earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could educate the hapless child so indomitably handsomely; like nobody else on this boundlessly fragrant earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could appreciate the despairing child so insuperably amiably; like nobody else on this limitlessly serene earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could cuddle the trembling child so impeccably wonderfully; like nobody else on this endlessly enchanting earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could kiss the solitary child so blissfully compassionately; like nobody else on this beautifully vibrant earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could embrace the orphaned child so euphorically poignantly; like nobody else on this majestically exotic earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could enlighten the fretful child so royally enamoringly; like nobody else on this mystically effulgent earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could shield the decrepit child so unflinchingly invincibly; like nobody else on this fabulously mesmerizing earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could play with the discovering child so heavenly innocuously; like nobody else on this timelessly adorable earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could feed the emaciated child so ingratiatingly celestially; like nobody else on this triumphantly glorious earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could pray for the extradited child so insatiably unrelentingly; like nobody else on this gloriously bountiful earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could bless the maimed child so Omnipotently altruistically; like nobody else on this blazingly vivacious earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could immortalize the ostracized child so indomitably miraculously; like nobody else on this victoriously ebullient earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could understand the speechless child so irrefutably Omnisciently; like nobody else on this unsurpassably magnetic earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could patronize the lambasted child so unequivocally selflessly; like nobody else on this redolently resplendent earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could embellish the bruised child so eclectically artistically; like nobody else on this mellifluously robust earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could sing for the blind child so vividly tirelessly; like nobody else on this graciously magnanimous earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could mimic the mischievous child so spell bindingly joyously; like nobody else on this astoundingly fructifying earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could pacify the wailing child so sacredly abundantly; like nobody else on this regally aristocratic earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could defend the dilapidated child so intractably handsomely; like nobody else on this exquisitely panoramic earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could revitalize the dwindling child so Omnipresently fabulously; like nobody else on this insurmountably evolving earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could worship the destitute child so implacably faithfully; like nobody else on this limitlessly ardent earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

And it was only a mother who could love the newborn child so perpetually radiantly; like nobody on this blessedly uninhibited earth; could ever dream of; or ever could.

Nikhil Parekh

Only After

Bathing in an chilled ocean of champagne; consuming small sips of the same with stupendous relish,

Climbing the peak of the snow clad alps; feasting the panoramic view of the gorgeous valley,

Driving flamboyant cars at whirlwind speeds; wildly careening through the colossal expanse of the highway,

Impulsively sketching intricate shapes of brave stalwarts; portraying their charisma to the mundane world,

Tenaciously biting into obdurate chunks of farm apple; reducing the succulent fruit to pulp,

Voraciously rolling in a slurry of wet mud; getting intensely tickled by the poignant aroma,

Riding on bare camelback through the arid regions of the desert; profoundly enjoying the golden sands,

Scrubbing my entire silhouette with an extract of piquant green chili; breathing fumes of boiling gas from my nose,

Embellishing my spouse with the most exquisite of jewelry; inundating her parted hair with crimson vermilion,

Gyrating to blasting music diffusing from the discotheque; swirling uninhibitedly till wee hours of evanescent dawn,

Decoding the most baffling of enigmas; innovating a plethora of contrivances to assist the commoner,

Soaring high in the air strapped tightly to an inflated balloon; whistling in unison with the passing birds,

Swimming onerously against the high rising waves; swallowing pinches of frothy water in my famished mouth,

Staring unrelentingly at the sapphire sky; trying to unveil the vagaries of
life in the twinkling stars,

Roasting a battalion of sumptuous fish on hot embers of coal; chewing the same
scrupulously entangling the pointed bones,

Languishing sedately on a mattress of pure silk; bouncing sporadically on the
flocculent cotton,

Perspiring like a pig under the sweltering heat of Sun God; bustling robustly in
the fervor of youth,

Gallivanting on the streets casually attired; passing chivalrous smiles to all I
encountered,

Amalgamating torn pieces of rags; meticulously with the metallic bodkin,

Molding threadbare lumps of greasy wax; into a grandiloquent statue,

Garrulously conversing the entire day with innocuous children; reminiscing my
childhood days,

Pinching swollen paper bags with my nail; thereby producing obstreperous
bangs,

Polishing the enamel of my teeth incessantly with rustic sticks of tree bark;
granting them a perpetual sparkle,

Embossing infinite lines of calligraphy on bonded paper; transforming its pallid
persona into one embedded with literary compositions,

Inscribing her name on my chest with a switchblade; imprisoning her close to my
heart,

Philandering across umpteenth places of the globe; absorbing the enchanting
mysticism of natural forest,

Serving humanity with all my might; extending my services to all those deprived
of indispensable vision,

Yes this is no kidding; the above mentioned blended with bountiful more,

Only after which I would like to relinquish breath; and leave for my heavenly
abode.

Nikhil Parekh

Only Follow Your Heart.

Do definitely be inspired by all those minuscule globules of water; which miraculously spurned fresh life and magical greenery—into fathomless kilometers of acrimoniously arid-stagnating land,

Do definitely be inspired by all those undaunted apogees of the mountains; which unflinchingly stood like a lone warrior amidst boundless bits of sky—triumphantly bracing every storm and maliciously holocaustic light,

Do definitely be inspired by all those diminutive petals of the scarlet rose; which perpetuated the dolorously dying atmosphere—with the royal scent of compassionate belonging and invincible togetherness,

Do definitely be inspired by all those invisibly gutsy ants; which fomented even the most demonically parading monsters to collapse like a pack of frigid cards—with just a singleton sting to their big foot,

Do definitely be inspired by all those unconquerable rays of the Sun; which blessed each symbiotically palpitating life on the trajectory of soil—with the scepter of fearlessly blazing truth and righteousness,

Do definitely be inspired by all those blissfully blessed mothers—who suckled their new born solely with their impeccably sacrosanct milk—which became the greatest power for the child to survive for an infinite more lifetimes,

Do definitely be inspired by all those voluptuously enriched clouds; which triggered new rays of hope in the life of every mercilessly scorched organism on earth; endlessly waiting for those pricelessly inimitable showers of the first monsoon,

Do definitely be inspired by all those be-dazzlingly patriotic soldiers; who altruistically laid their lives for their motherland—smiling embraced the gallows of death so that their mothersoil remained free—at the swish of a thumb,

Do definitely be inspired by all those amiably rustling trees; which rendered their healing shade to the agonizingly dreary traveler—wondrously cooled the atmosphere with their ravishing breeze; even as the afternoon unsparingly tried to char their wholesome existence,

Do definitely be inspired by all those vivaciously dancing rainbows; which

fomented inexhaustible chores of cheers from every discovering mouth on the Universe—replenishing robotically devastating life with splashes of tantalizingly reinvigorating color,

Do definitely be inspired by all those mellifluously tiny nightingales; which punctuated each shade of rapidly deteriorating and mundane existence—with the Omnipotent balm of benign sound,

Do definitely be inspired by all those indefatigably advancing footsteps of truth; which didn't budge an inch from their course of unparalleled righteousness—no matter how hard did the devil try to lure them towards the seductresses of vindictively victimizing hell,

Do definitely be inspired by all those citadels of honest solidarity; which victoriously withstood even the ghastliest of attack on this planet-united together in the strings of affable brotherhood,

Do definitely be inspired by all those jubilantly dazzling droplets of sweat- a ramification of the utmost anecdotes of perseverance; wherein every organism started from the scratch in the scorching heat—to leave a significant mark upon this planet,

Do definitely be inspired by all those poignantly undulating waves of the ocean; which cast their unbreakably enchanting spell upon every miserably harried fraternity of living kind; with every tiny sprinkle of their heavenly froth,

Do definitely be inspired by all those benevolently twinkling stars; which unassailably weaved a way towards philanthropically ultimate success—even through the most dreadfully morose and blackened nights,

Do definitely be inspired by all those gorgeously golden waterfalls; which insuperably recharged every deplorably dwindling pore of the beleaguered body-transporting each organism to the ultimate levels of unimaginable ecstasy,

Do definitely be inspired by all those chapters of marvelous evolution; which spawned into infinite civilizations of fresh life and enthralling emotion; under the impregnable fatherly roof of the open sky,

Do definitely be inspired by all those geniuses of the undefeated human brain; which created unbelievably masterpieces of art and literature; out of sheer and limp nothingness,

But forever believe in; infallibly listen to; and only follow the innermost voices
and immortal beats of your very own Omnisciently ubiquitous heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Only For Your Immortal Beats

My hands lived only for your philanthropic destiny lines; the magnanimous essence of humanity which they encapsulated in their enigmatic myriad of terminations,

My eyes lived only for your astoundingly charismatic form; the Omnipotent aura it marvelously radiated; even in the most gloomiest of dwindling light,

My skin lived only for your majestically royal caress; the unprecedented tremors of unbelievable excitement it ignited; the instant it sensuously stroked my impoverished flesh,

My lips lived only for your stupendously rhapsodic melody; the torrential globules of voluptuous passion; which cascaded down like an angel from your nape,

My blood lived only for your grandiloquently everlasting smiles; the insatiable compassion that enveloped your silhouette; as you alighted your each benign step,

My cheeks lived only for your mystically ravishing shyness; the astoundingly bountiful empathy; which profusely disseminated from your impeccable soul,

My tongue lived only for your incredulously benevolent disposition; the uninhibited fountain of freedom which gushed from your supreme visage; rendering it obediently wagging for more,

My brain lived only for your fabulously unfathomable realms; the land of stupendous titillation on which you tread every instant; the perpetual fantasies that you harbored to alleviate all suffering from dithering mankind,

My conscience lived only for your irrefutably divine righteousness; the immaculate ideals entrenching each iota of your persona; annihilating every bit of heinously lecherous dirt; from the complexion of this gigantic planet,

My voice lived only for your unprecedentedly tantalizing shadow; bewildering me like a new born infant; everytime it appeared and then vanished into realms of never ending enchantment,

My bones lived only for your supremely heavenly gait; the impregnable

conviction with which; you maneuvered tottering mankind towards thunderbolts
of unitedly
bright light,

My ears lived only for your celestially exuberant sound; putting an end to the
most inconspicuous of misery with its everlasting cadence; the untamed ardor in
its romantically enthralling swirl,

My nerves lived only for your ecstatically twinkling feet; the unflinching fervor
with which they marched forward; making countless a slave of their unending
mission to transpire the religion of humanity,

My fingers lived only for your magnificently fulminating art; exploring every inch
of its incomprehensible richness; getting perennially entangled in the ocean of
its inimitably Oriental charm,

My neck lived only for your fantastically alluring belly; dexterously manipulating
boundless turns a minute; in order to trace its most diminutively seductive
movement,

My eyebrows lived only for your unbelievable festoon of countless forms; at
times a baby clinging to the lap of your mother; while at times towering above all
the diabolical; to metamorphose uncouth bloodshed into a blissful paradise,

My soul lived only for your unconquerable spirit; instilling the most
astronomically emphatic elements of vivacious life; in organisms even infinite
kilometers beneath their graves,

My nostrils lived only for your passionately turbulent breath; the resplendence of
Omnipresent humanity that it wholeheartedly diffused; to the most farthest
corner
of this shivering Universe,

And my heart lived only for your immortal beats; the mesmerizing rhythm with
which they flowed while existing higher than the clouds; and affording the same
to their fellow compatriots aimlessly wandering around.

Nikhil Parekh

Only If I Would

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; unequivocally disseminate the stupendously grandiloquent essence of blissful peace; in every dwelling besieged with satanic bloodshed,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; philanthropically act as a harbinger of irrefutably righteous and eternally sparkling humanity; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; uninhibitedly sacrifice every iota of my poignantly crimson blood; to handsomely alleviate my benign comrades; in overwhelmingly inexplicable pain,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; indefatigably mitigate my fellow compatriots in devastating distress; harbor all religions and tribes alike; under the most royally majestic roof of priceless humanity,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; placate the astronomical pangs of hunger in all those despairingly staggering; with the resplendently twinkling fruits of compassionate sharing and care,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; light the Omnipotent lantern of impregnable love; in every treacherously betrayed and innocuous soul; alike,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; unflinchingly transcend over all diabolical malice rampantly massacring blissful life; metamorphose every element of distressing pain; into a magical wand of mesmerizing benevolence,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; torrentially diffuse a cloudburst of bountifully ecstatic melody; envelop all those haplessly impoverished; in magnanimous swirls of rhapsodically enchanting fantasy,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; perpetually annihilate all spuriously stinking differentiation of the bombastically rich and the bizarrely poor; miraculously replace salacious misery; with unassailable cisterns of global unity,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; march indefatigably on the invincibly sacred pathways of glittering truth; patriotically perpetuate every

web of hideously ghastly lies; with the timeless glow of the impeccable conscience,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; unsurpassably waft the fragrance of marvelously emollient perseverance; to perennially overshadow the morbid ghastly winds; of worthless commercialism,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; become the celestially maneuvering light; of all those devastatingly without sight; having nothing but evil hurricanes of blackness; wholesomely camouflaging every cranny of their sight,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; pacify even the most minuscule apprehension of the horrendously maimed and destitute; with the ointment of unprecedented sharing; with the ultimate splendor of humanity,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; magically embrace all those brutally orphaned infants tottering on the viciously dusty streets; hoist them from the despicably abhorrent garbage bins; and make them the beats of my serene chest,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; boundlessly proliferate enigmatic life on every lane that I nimbly tread; forever ensure that no organism with an innocent heart got pulverized by the wastrel demons,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; ubiquitously inculcate a wave of spell binding literacy in every human alive; decimating every root of ostracizing depravation and uncouth malice,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; blossom into a sky of tantalizing newness every unfurling minute of the day; bequeath a princely legacy of unfathomable happiness; upon all those breathing and synergistically alive,

Give the reins of the entire world to me; only if I would; find the most gratifying love of everybody's life; transform every space of malevolent enmity under the stars; into a gloriously euphoric paradise,

And give the reins of the entire world to me O! Almighty Lord; only if I would; die a countless deaths every unleashing second; only to immortally ensure that each of my passionately cascading breaths instilled a fathomless new lives; in all those immaculate about to blend with winds of insidious oblivion.

Nikhil Parekh

Only In My Memories.

She was a girl; who wouldn't ever dream of exploiting all those weaknesses of mine; that she'd inevitably come to know after clinging close to my compassionate chest all these years,

She was a girl; who knew exactly what to speak to me at the right moment; never even once thwarting my senses with inexplicably stabbing taunts and comments,

She was a girl; who wiped each of my tears with her everlasting kisses; standing unflinchingly beside me; in my times of disaster and duress; never making me feel that men hadn't the right to cry,

She was a girl; who adroitly knew how to mollify my ravenous palette; cooking every known delicacy under the Sun; to eventually share the same with me; befriending me forever in her silken lap,

She was a girl; who never even once criticized me for my bizarrely dwindling finances; stood abreast me like the rock of Gibraltar; when the entire world outside had pounced upon me like an insipid mouse,

She was a girl; who listened patiently for hours immemorial to even the most oblivious whisper of my heart; inexhaustibly appreciating me for what I originally was; and not for what the world had made of me in my moments of strife,

She was a girl; who idolized my feeling of self respect; never reaching out to even the closest of our kin for help; even though we continued to survive on fragments of rotten measly bread and in the gutter pipe,

She was a girl; who left all riches; relatives and everything else on this fathomless Universe; wanting nothing but to only bond with each beat of my fervently wailing heart,

She was a girl; who never minded my idiosyncratic shunting of the society and my preposterously eccentric lifestyle; truly commiserating as to what it was like being a fulltime artist and evolving fresh poetic rhyme,

She was a girl; who wholeheartedly joined me in my mission of reaching out to every fraternity of living kind; donating even the last ounce of our blood to the betterment of all those breathing under the sky,

She was a girl; who wasn't afraid in voicing her opinion if I was unwittingly drifting towards malice; enlightening every subjugated aspect of my existence; with the triumphantly optimistic cadence of her voice,
She was a girl; who ardently worshipped me as I did to her; immediately after our prayers first to the Omnipotent Almighty Lord; and to our respective parents who bestowed us with the first scream of life,

She was a girl; who would never dream of telling me a lie; never betray me even though I was severely maimed and blind; even as the closest of my blood relation left me for exploring more exciting new vistas of life,

She was a girl; who could amazingly comprehend the tiniest of my desires; by glimpsing just for a fraction of a second; into the twinkling whites of my roving eye,

She was a girl; who instead of ridiculing me everytime I floundered in life; gave me the invincible Herculean temerity; the inspiration to forever massacre the devil with the undying flame of truth in my soul,

She was a girl; who never retaliated even once at the angriest of my outburst; understanding my sporadic frustration; and covering my lips with a billion kisses to metamorphose my fierceness into a cloud of symbiotic love,

She was a girl; who gracefully acknowledged my deep and insuperable love for my mother; perfectly knowing that her place was always reigning supreme in each of my immortally volatile heartbeats,

She was a girl; who inseparably bonded each breath of hers with mine; whilst it was victoriously living; and even when it started to uncannily stutter to enter into the graveyards of death,

She was a girl; who shared my passion of giving birth to as many offsprings as we could; contributing our very best in the newness and ecstatically uninhibited proliferation of the gigantic Universe,

She was a girl; who couldn't exist even a minute without my heartbeat close to hers; who most certainly died alive even if I unknowingly drifted my mischievous stare towards another of her kind,

She was a girl; who could recognize me wholesomely blindfolded; amongst zillions of other men strolling silently around; just by my fleeting stride; just by

the aroma of the most diminutive droplet of sweat on my arms,

Unfortunately she was a girl; and would always remain a girl who existed only in my memories-as my ideal life-partner; in today's sacrilegiously robotic and commercially discriminating world outside.

Nikhil Parekh

Only In Your Priceless Heart

It was only in your heavenly eyes; that I could see tales of my unprecedented mischief; the mists of untamed desire through which I tirelessly philandered till I relinquished the very last iota of my breath,

It was only in your voluptuous lips; that I could see the insatiable inferno of my poignant desire; sensuously blooming every time that you eternally smiled,

It was only in your bountiful blood; that I could see my irrefutably inseparable rudiments; the most impregnable elixir of my existence; which perennially kept me coalesced with the trajectory of mother earth,

It was only in your titillating stride; that I could see my spirit of exhilaratingly ebullient adventure; unfurling into a cloud of everlasting newness; everytime you gyrated your ravishing body under the milky moon,

It was only in your divinely palms; that I could see even the most infinitesimal ingredient of my mystically vacillating destiny; Omnisciently maneuvering every path that I dared to tread in the chapter of life,

It was only in your majestic brain; that I could see the unrelenting cloudburst of my fervent fantasies; celestially culminating into a paradise of unbelievably fecund enthrallment,

It was only in your Omnipotent voice; that I could see my indefatigably unflinching tenacity; which grew more stronger and stronger; as you sacredly chanted the mantra of righteousness; forever and ever and ever,

It was only in your silken shadow; that I could see my unsurpassable entrenchment of spell binding dreams; which unfurled into an unassailable reality as you compassionately embraced the romantically swirling winds,

It was only in your ravishing eyelashes; that I could see my fountains of boundless empathy; my integral desire to perpetually bond with all mankind; irrespective of caste; creed or spurious color; philanthropically and alike,

It was only in your articulate fingers; that I could see my unfathomable reservoir of triumphant artistry; the infinite vivaciously panoramic shades of this Universe; lurking royally in my soul,

It was only in your seductive cheeks; that I could see my lanterns of unparalleled excitement; ecstatically enlightening into a sky of fathomlessly ingratiating togetherness,

It was only in your tantalizing toes; that I could see my final odyssey in vibrant life; feel the overpowering reverberations of time that relentlessly surged me forward to blend with the oneness of all living kind,

It was only in your nubile skin; that I could see my flirtatiously prowling childhood; the countless droplets of freshness that I exuded into; at the crack of every melodiously replenishing dawn,

It was only in your dimpled chin; that I could see my profoundly effeminate impressions; the insurmountably unbelievable sensitivity in each of my senses; that
magically bonded with every iota of benevolence in the atmosphere,

It was only in your magnanimous shoulders; that I could see my benign virtues to serve all despicably beleaguered humanity; miraculously mitigate all those tyrannically deprived to the corridors of perennial prosperity,

It was only in your sparkling conscience; that I could see my mirrors of unequivocally marvelous truth; the pages of unconquerable innocence that kept turning one
after another; in the journey of my penurious life,

It was only in your mesmerizing belly; that I could see my uninhibitedly endless horizons of gyrating freedom; the forests of aristocratic enthrallment which encapsulated me from all sides,

It was only in your Omnipresent breath; that I could see every aspect of my impoverished life beautifully evolving; blooming into a valley of endless euphoria even after my veritable death,

And it was only in your priceless heartbeats; that I could see my immortal love; the true and most blessed gift of the Creator; compassionately throb for infinite more births of yours and mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Only Once

I was perhaps born to intrepidly adventure an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my parsimoniously truncated and inevitably transient life,

I was perhaps born to vivaciously dance an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my diminutively truncated and inevitably ethereal life,

I was perhaps born to uninhibitedly swim in untamed sea an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my hopelessly truncated and inevitably ephemeral life,

I was perhaps born to mellifluously mesmerize an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my disastrously truncated and inevitably short-lived life,

I was perhaps born to unrestrictedly rejoice an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my impoverishedly truncated and inevitably flickering life,

I was perhaps born to artistically evolve an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my penuriously truncated and inevitably fugitive life,

I was perhaps born to altruistically share an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my miserably truncated and inevitably transient life,

I was perhaps born to pragmatically learn an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my pathetically truncated and inevitably fluttering life,

I was perhaps born to flirtatiously mischief an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my deterioratingly truncated and inevitably evanescent life,

I was perhaps born to diffuse the religion of humanity an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my abstemiously truncated and inevitably fleeting life,

I was perhaps born to spell-bindingly innovate an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my bucolically truncated and inevitably momentary life,

I was perhaps born to majestically procreate an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my dejectedly truncated and inevitably diminishing life,

I was perhaps born to peerlessly triumph an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my stingily truncated and inevitably succinct life,

I was perhaps born to tantalizingly desire an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my frowningly truncated and inevitably short-termed life,

I was perhaps born to sensuously kiss an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my despairingly truncated and inevitably mercurial life,

I was perhaps born to unassailably patronize goodness an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my haplessly truncated and inevitably passing life,

I was perhaps born to undauntedly tower for Omnipotent truth an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my fearfully truncated and inevitably crumbling life,

I was perhaps born to royally breathe an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my ironically truncated and inevitably nomadic life,

I was perhaps born to voluptuously embrace an infinite number of times; in the tenure of my unsparingly truncated and inevitably withering life,

But irrespective of an infinite infinities for which I was perhaps born to execute in the tenure of my inevitably shortened life; by the grace of God; I was born to only once; Immortally love and veritably die.

Nikhil Parekh

Only One

There were infinite of them which you adored; because of their vibrantly unending kaleidoscope of ingratiating forms; harboring an eternal compassion for all mankind,

There were infinite of them which you saluted; because of their unflinchingly blazing patriotism; their untamed spirit to perennially surge forward in vivacious life,

There were infinite of them which you cherished; because of their uninhibited entrenchment of empathy; which sequestered all those dithering miserably in inexplicable anguish,

There were infinite of them which you revered; because of their astronomically aristocratic prowess of; enshrouding even the most dolorously insane cranny of this Universe; with unprecedented timelessness,

There were infinite of them which you worshipped; because of their Omnipotent reservoir of humanity; their incessant fulmination into the most priceless river of symbiotic sharing,

There were infinite of them which you patronized; because of their blissfully everlasting innocence; the untainted charisma that lingered in their dormitories of gregarious companionship; for times immemorial,

There were infinite of them which you idolized; because of their supremacy over all other things on this boundless Universe; as they spread the scent of charismatic seduction; to every dwelling magnanimously wholehearted,

There were infinite of them which you respected; because of their Omnipresent command over the lives of every organism on this fathomless planet; the unparalleled magnificence that they unleashed into every ticking instant of existence,

There were infinite of them which you romanced; because of their unfathomably poignant ocean of effusive camaraderie; bonding even the most disgruntled of entities on this earth; in the spirit of impregnable togetherness,

There were infinite of them which you adulated; because of their ravishingly frosty cloud of mysticism; wonderfully flooding each aspect of brutally tyrannized

survival; with the fruits of regally princely mankind,

There were infinite of them which you kissed; because of their gorgeously melodious gorge of bountiful beauty; inevitably enticing even the most horrendously alien of organism; in their intriguingly redolent swirl,

There were infinite of them which you believed; because of their invincible swirl of immutable righteousness; the unsurpassable mountain of resplendent honesty; that they had incarcerated bloomingly within,

There were infinite of them which you embraced; because of their celestially unbelievable innocence; their indefatigable tenacity to; forever stand for the cause of unshakable truth,

There were infinite of them which you immortalized; because of their marvelously pristine ability to inundate even the most remorseful of corpses; with a valley
of royally ebullient colors,

There were infinite of them which you remembered; because of their tireless chapter of astounding procreation; the incredulously sparkling palpitations of newness that they instilled in every organism; worthy of priceless life,

There were infinite of them which you followed; because of their Omnisciently unassailable aura of unity; bestowing fireballs of flamboyant hope upon all those; despicably devastated in the pages of existence,

There were infinite of them which you fantasized; because of their fantastically silken grace; their miraculously healing touch which metamorphosed even the most crippling of weakness; into the island of rhapsodic paradise,

There were infinite of them which you yearned; because of their fragrantly lovely sweetness; as their song of heavenly companionship; put even the most savagely
traumatizing of your worries; to an absolute rest,

But there was only one of out of those infinite hearts; which allowed you to immortally bond with each of its passionately throbbing beats; there was just one heart which imprisoned your love invincibly and for infinite more births; yet to come.

Only One Door

When the waves of depression uncontrollably transcended above conceivable limits; not being placated by even the most rhapsodically tantalizing cloud of ebullient happiness,
When the dungeons of misery gruesomely exacerbated to limits beyond bizarre recognition; with the most impeccable harbingers of humanity dithering to make the slightest of; philanthropic indentation,
When the prisons of diabolical insanity vindictively proliferated all the time; and the most melodiously enchanting sagaciousness pathetically staggered to cause even an; inconspicuously infinitesimal difference,
When all routes leading to blissful prosperity had perpetually closed; being tyrannically whipped by whirlwinds of devilishly horrendous discontent,
There was only one door in the entire Universe; which still had perennially unassailable light; there was only one door which still harbored one and all irrespective of caste; creed and spurious religion alike; O! yes it was indeed a door; which irrefutably led to the Omnisciently sacred feet of Almighty Lord.

1.

When disastrous ugliness had taken an incorrigibly rebellious stranglehold over the entire planet; and the most exotically fragrant of bountiful beauty; wholesomely stumbling to perpetuate in; even a minuscule fraction,
When tears of immaculately innocent flowed like unfathomable oceans of anguish; and even the most formidably prudent panaceas despicably failing to comfort them even an inconspicuous iota,
When pugnacious thunderbolts of ominous fire rained ferociously from fathomless carpets of sky; and even the most heavenly winds of compassion ghastily dithering to quell them; even a remotely obsolete dimension,
When gutters of crime and stench had embedded their roots horrifically into sagacious soil; and even the most Herculean of stalwarts; being blown apart to ludicrous dust by the most insipid of their voices,
There was only one door in this Universe; which immortally glimmered with vibrant hope and humanity; there was only door that majestically treated even the
most devastatedly maimed as the ultimate crown prince; O! yes it was indeed a door; which irrefutably led to the invincibly Omnipotent aura of the Almighty Lord.

2.

When the orphanages of poverty massacred countless innocuous in their satanically demonic swirl; and even the most astoundingly fresh chapters of evolution;
nonchalantly succumbing in their benign mission,
When every holistic dwelling on this planet gorily collapsed under the treacherous might of murderous manipulation; and even the most benevolent wings of peace; being shattered to disdainfully rotting dust,
When rivers acrimoniously flowed with waters of pricelessly wailing blood; and even the most salubriously eternal fruits of creation; lugubriously drying in their footsteps of alleviating perpetual mankind,
When thunderbolts of indiscriminate terror pelted unsparingly upon all those blissfully humanitarian; and the fortress of united solidarity reverberated like an infant; under the onslaught of the cold blooded devil,
There was only one door in this Universe; which unrelentingly radiated with the charisma of celestially panoramic existence; there was only one door which uninhibitedly sequestered you in its compassionately poignant swirl; O! yes it was indeed a door; which irrefutably led to the impregnably ever pervading paradise of the Omnipresently Almighty Lord.

3.

When boundless impeccable living were uncouthly lambasted for ostensibly no fault of theirs; and even the most scintillatingly articulate pathways of glorious success; now retracting like a mouse into its incarcerated shell,
When a savagely insidious carpet of darkness lecherously besieged the sparkling eyes; and even the most enlightening beams of profound optimism; despairingly faltering in their progress to trigger hope once again,
When the innermost dormitories of the soul and conscience harbored nothing but a dustbin of blatant lies; and even the most patriotic swords of truth; incessantly failing to chop acerbic badness from its very roots,
When derogatory traps of barbarically snared their fangs on every step that the innocent tread; and even the most mightiest powerhouses of fortitude; disgustingly deviating in their way to assist penalized humanity,
There was only one door in this Universe; which unflinchingly supported the cause of divine righteousness; there was only door which infinite organisms knocked even in the middle of the whipping midnight; O! yes it was indeed a door; that irrefutably led to the marvelously forgiving chamber of the unconquerable Almighty Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

Only Those

Its Omnipotent light can be felt by one and all on this colossal Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly attain its resplendently sparkling majesty,

Its eternally fantastic fragrance can be felt by one and all on this gigantic Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly blend with its perpetually ecstatic rudiments,

Its timeless enthrallment can be felt by one and all on this Herculean Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly imbibe its poignantly burgeoning intricacies,

Its perennial seduction can be felt by one and all on this unassailable Universe alike; but only those Who fall in love; can truly experience its rainbow of compassionate togetherness,

Its magnanimously bountiful philanthropism can be Felt by one and all on this limitless Universe alike; But only those who fall in love; can truly become the fabric of its boundless sensuousness,

Its bounteously proliferating reverberations can Be felt by one and all on this fathomless Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly embrace its winds of unconquerably supreme righteousness,

Its unflinchingly marvelous solidarity can be felt By one and all on this endless Universe alike; but Only those who fall in love; can truly perch on the Throne of impregnable prosperity,

Its ingratiatingly holistic charisma can be felt by one and all on this unsurpassable Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly revel in its inimitably unparalleled glory for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Its waves of heavenly royalty can be felt by one And all on this relentless Universe alike; but only Those who fall in love; can truly swim in its ocean of ebulliently eclectic color,

Its waves of jubilant rhapsody can be felt by one and all on this unending Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly imbibe its impeccably ubiquitous swirl for centuries immemorial,

Its patriotically altruistic soul can be felt by one and all on this boundless Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly mélange with its winds of invincible mankind,

Its resonations of Samaritan goodness can be felt by one and all on this insurmountable Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly become an inseparable ingredient of its indomitable stride,

Its Omnisciently beautiful radiance can be felt by one and all on this limitless Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly enrapture every famished pore of their dwindling skin with its ointment of silken companionship,

Its mists of enamoringly titillating enigma can be felt by one and all on this bounteous Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly replenish even the most diminutive aspect of their existence with its magical wand,

Its entrenchment of timelessly agglutinating unity can be felt by one and all on this blooming Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly march shoulder to shoulder with its essence of amiably ecumenical oneness,

Its vibrations of irrevocably scintillating righteousness can be felt by one and all on this Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly assimilate its regale splendor to divinely bless every instant of their pristine lives,

Its indefatigably pulsating rhythm can be felt by one and all on this Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly float in its sacrosanct cradle of dreams and blessing paradise,

Its streams of aristocratically timeless gratification can be felt by one and all on this Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly gallop on its satiny cloud of mystical mellifluousness,

Its insuperably exhilarating breath can be felt by one and all on this vivid Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly bond even the most capricious iota of their soul with the Omnipresent iridescence of the Lord Divine,

And its breathtakingly plentiful illumination can be felt by one and all on this tireless Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly coalesce with its beats of immortally poignant camaraderie and glimmering graciousness.

Only Those - Part 2

Only those who are perpetually blind; having their lives camouflaged in
gruesome darkness,
Can wholesomely realize the value of having pellucid eyes; the gift of
mesmerizing sight.

Only those who are maimed; having their feet encapsulated in stirrups of solid
steel,
Can perceive the beauty of strong legs; the ensemble of delectably tiny toes
treading on fresh chunks of earth.

Only those who are stone deaf; being oblivious to presence of the minutest of
noise,
Can cognize the importance of drifting voices; the blissful frequency of melodious
sound.

Only those who are dumb; finding it virtually impossible to give substance to
words,
Can conceive the crispness of conversation; the splendor of clear speech.

Only those who are embodied with disdainful boils; tyrannizing disease rendering
them as hapless lepers,
Can envisage the grandeur of immaculate skin; the resplendent complexion
sparkling profoundly under the sun.

Only those shivering in bizarre cold on the snow clad slopes; infinite strands of
hair projecting in tandem on their skins,
Can comprehend the heat generated by crackling fires; the warmth imparted in
the interiors of dwellings.

Only those who are bald; without the most minuscule trace of follicles on their
barren scalps,
Can appreciate thick curls of entwined hair; the way they sometimes cascaded
down in languid harmony.

Only those who are orphaned; being brutally kicked by the uncouth society at all
quarters,
Can apprehend the compassion emanating from the mother's lap; her
unblemished palms putting the exhausted soul to immortal sleep.

Only those who are in intense affliction; being circumvented with inexplicable misery and pain,
Can grasp the meaning of existing in conjunction with nature; the invincibly appearing smile.

And only those who are deprived of sharing; left unattended without the slightest essence of care,
Can overwhelmingly blend with the spirit of true love; understand in entirety what it takes to fulfill it; lead life perennially with the same.

Nikhil Parekh

Only To Prove

If you smile only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of smile; then you never smile wholeheartedly; pathetically curbing the compassionately fabulous sparkle; that naturally sprouted on your poignant face,

If you dance only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of dance; then you never dance wholeheartedly; stringently adhering to an intractably dogged repertoire of beats and rhythms; brutally asphyxiating the gloriously free energy radiating uninhibitedly through each pore of your ecstatic body,

If you fight only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of fight; then you never fight wholeheartedly; stumbling like a pack of frigidly soggy cards in front of the salaciously enemy camp; as you had ludicrously sold all your inherent patriotism; to the textbooks of bizarrely insipid rigidity,

If you sing only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of singing; then you never sing wholeheartedly; indefatigably humming only a fixed set of cadence and music; barbarically incarcerating the stupendously melodious melody in your blissfully boundless throat,

If you wink only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of wink; then you never wink wholeheartedly; trying too hard to get that meticulously monotonous perfect closure of an eye; savagely annihilating the untamed spirit of rhapsodic flirtation in your; mystically spell binding countenance,

If you dress only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of dressing; then you never dress wholeheartedly; always making a mockery of your entire persona; disdainfully suppressing the gorgeously artistic temperament embracing each cranny of your sensuously drifting skin,

If you pray only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of prayer; then you never pray wholeheartedly; profusely enshrouded by an inexplicable dilemma as to worship which entity on this fathomless planet; whereas the Creator resided bountifully in every goodness of your philanthropically benign soul,

If you learn only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of learning; then you never learn wholeheartedly; relentlessly trying to imbibe only what was

there in authentically printed textbooks; not listening to the fathomless sounds of Mother Nature; which by themselves evolved into a whole new chapter of euphoric existence,

If you sleep only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of sleep; then you never sleep wholeheartedly; intransigently trying to rehearse the right combination of movement and gruesomely pitch darkness for times immemorial; while all that your dreary senses wanted was motionless and eternal rest,

If you donate only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of donate; then you never donate wholeheartedly; capriciously whiling away your time in capriciously discerning the varied denominations of your wealth; whereas true humanity glistened profoundly in your marvelously egalitarian heart,

If you dream only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of dream; then you never dream wholeheartedly; measuredly fantasizing in a stubborn set of directions; whereas the incomprehensibly unending beauty of the immortal planet lingered around you; to be celestially assimilated,

If you yawn only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of yawn; then you never yawn wholeheartedly; fanatically concentrating upon the degree curvature upto which your mouth opened; disastrously massacring the moment to savor your surreal laziness,

If you teach only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of teaching; then you never teach wholeheartedly; perennially succumbing to the heinous onslaught of the overwhelmingly bored students; as you inexorably chanted the same guidebook; for centuries unprecedented,

If you eat only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of eating; then you never eat wholeheartedly; lunatically ensuring that not the slightest morsel of food got insidiously entrapped between your teeth; whereas your tongue uncontrollably slavered to relish the magical flavor of an unrestricted existence,

If you drive only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of driving; then you never drive wholeheartedly; ridiculously contemplating the explicitly precise distance between the tyre tread and hill; abominably shunning the wonderfully panoramic sceneries of the scintillating gorges ahead,

If you persevere only to spuriously prove the dictionary meaning of persevere; then you never persevere wholeheartedly; incessantly busy in producing countless droplets of painstaking sweat on your shriveled demeanor; whereas true perseverance lay in unflinchingly following the innermost voices of your soul; metamorphosing all your benevolent dreams into an immortal reality,

If you enjoy only to spuriously prove the dictionary meaning of enjoy; then you never enjoy wholeheartedly; always putting baseless hurdles to your gratifying fulfillment; not drowning yourself completely into the river of everlasting ecstasy,

If you admire only to spuriously prove the dictionary meaning of admire; then you never admire wholeheartedly; being irrevocably content on sighting the very first beautiful object that confronted you in your way; whereas as the planet was an astounding kaleidoscope of unbelievably unending color and ravishing charm,

If you breathe only to spuriously prove the dictionary meaning of breathing; then you never breathe wholeheartedly; insanely calculating the tons of air that entered your princely nostrils every minute; whereas the entire atmosphere was willing to become your exuberantly vivacious breath,

And if you live only to spuriously prove the dictionary definition of living; then you never live wholeheartedly; murderously refraining your heart to beat a shade too fast or slow due to the fear of cardiac attacks; whereas the flames of passionately unassailable love lay a begging near your voluptuous chest; to bestow upon you an infinite more divine births.

Nikhil Parekh

Only Write Poetry

Could the ocean ever dream of relinquishing its majestic waves; flowing as placid as the solitary pond spawned by the monsoons?

Could the sky ever dream of existing without its conglomerate of puffy clouds; stare sheepishly towards the earth like a dead canvas painted with blue?

Could the mother ever dream of killing her child; slicing its robust meat to satisfy her gluttony?

Could the fish ever dream of living without water; slithering miserably on ground like the venomous snake?

Could the cow ever dream of eating thorns instead of leafy grass; lazing in desolate solitude without oozing even an iota of milk?

Could the elephant ever dream of running as fast as the spotted panther; climbing up the hazel tree trunk with the nimble ease of a bushy squirrel?

Could the desert ever dream of being enveloped with pools of crystal water; all its shimmering and fathomless sands drenched completely with spongy liquid?

Could the freezing ice-cream ever dream of charring an individual to raw soot; reducing his demeanor to inconspicuous particles of grey ash?

Could the obnoxious river of sweat ever dream of diffusing marvelous scent; spreading its fragrance far and wide to every corner of the vast globe?

Could the incongruous little street fly ever dream of sitting on the royal throne; barking orders to soldiers and countrymen instead of sitting on rotten fruit?

Could the intoxicating bottle of scarlet whisky ever dream of becoming a saint; instilling godly virtues in a person consuming it; instead of making him swoon on the ground?

Could the stray rat ever dream of weaving immaculate fabric; eating on the table with scintillating forks and spoons; instead of poking its nose pertinently at the cheese kept in the refrigerator?

Could the wife who loved her husband over and above everything on this planet

ever dream of murdering him; slashing his veins for perfectly no rhyme or reason?

Could the ghost imprisoned deep inside the dilapidated corpse ever dream of facing the entire army; defeating the valiant commanders; instead of inhabiting haunted house?

Could the honey trickling delectably from the beehive ever dream of decimating a person; make him lose his last breath; instead of tickling him mischievously in his stomach?

Could the ominous beaked vampire ever dream of instilling new life in people; benevolently helping humanity; instead of brutally sucking gallons of blood from the body of human?

Could the white skinned and satanic shark ever dream of giving children a flurry of amicable smiles; reciting to them stories of their motherland; instead of pulverizing them to mincemeat with its knife like jaws?

Could the Creator ever dream of destroying the entire Universe; erasing the globe from its very rudimentary roots; instead of imparting fresh life every unleashing instant?

Then how the hell could you ever dream that I went to office from the crack of every dawn; to the striking of every midnight; when in fact my mind; body and sensitive soul; wanted to do nothing else but float in the aisles of surreal desire; bask in the glory of the beauty hovering around; profoundly admire and imbibe all the beauty existing in this world; when in fact all myself created till date and still to evolve wanted to only write poetry.

Nikhil Parekh

Only You O! Beloved

For as far as my arms could stretch; extending to the most unprecedented of their capacity in free space,

For as far as my eyes could sight; opening wider than the blazing Sun,

For as far as my ears could hear; straining themselves agonizingly to decipher the most inconspicuous trace of sound; lingering for kilometers in vicinity,

For as far as my feet could run; conquering unfathomable miles of territory without buckling or flinching the slightest,

For as far as my mind could wander; perceiving even the most remotest and weirdest of things existing on this earth,

For as far as my voice could travel; expending my lungs to the most bizarre capacity,

For as far as my pen could write; inundating every barren bit of paper on this globe; with countless lines of literature,

For as far as my hands could caress; extending forward as straight as an arrow; and to fullest of their capacity,

For as far as my sweat could flow; after dribbling off painstakingly from my skin,

For as far as my neck could turn; dexterously twisting itself to sight objects even behind the back,

For as far as my hair could rise; after being voraciously tickled by the mesmerizing wind,

For as far as my fantasy could continue; dreaming about delectable fairies dancing in wonderland,

For as far as my breath could reach; chiseling a tunnel replete with passionate moisture as it blew,

For as far as my stomach could inflate; as I tried to swell it after deliberately taking in volumes of free oxygen imprisoned in air,

For as far as my lips could open; after being viciously attacked by a thunderous yawn,

For as far as my fists could punch; paving their way unrelentingly to win virgin landscapes prevailing on this planet,

For as far as my memory could capture; recognizing even the most obsolete of grass sticks after a monstrous night's sleep,

And as far as my heart could beat; incorporating all the emotions that lingered in the atmosphere; as well as those beyond the celestial heavens,

There was only one thing that I revered and loved; cared and cherished more than myself; and that was you O! beloved; Infact only you o! beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

On-The-Spot Death-Without A Helmet.

These were the same hands that compassionately traced his royally new-born smile; till the absolute ends to where it uninhibitedly stretched on his majestically enamoring face,

These were the same hands that hoisted him high and handsome into free spaces of exhilarated air; joyously reminiscing their very own childhood as they witnessed the most beautiful gift of creation blossoming to its magnificent fullness,

These were the same hands that fervently sorted his favorite dolls and toys; from an inexhaustible marketplace of myriad accessories; strings; fresh gizmos lethargically strewn around,

These were the same hands that perspired into an infinite droplets of ardent sweat; each sweltering day and night under the sky; persevering through boundless lanes of hardships in order to give him the best of life,

These were the same hands that stood like an unflinching fortress; in the way of each pernicious impediment and storm that dared come his innocuously blessed way,

These were the same hands that stringently cleansed even the most unthinkable fetid and decayed of his bowel discharge; an umpteenth time a day; so that he forever rollicked and dreamt in his cradle of eternal happiness,

These were the same hands that mischievously tickled him to countless guffaws of unabashed laughter; stood infallibly like the rock of Gibraltar behind even the weirdest of his childish explorations,

These were the same hands that unwaveringly collected each droplet of his saliva and vomit; unceasingly cajoled and patted his pristine forehead; until he transited into profound celestial sleep,

These were the same hands that held his inconspicuously measly fingers; following him untiringly for an innumerable days and agonizing nights; until he learnt to unconquerably walk,

These were the same hands that taught him to grip a pen; legitimately scribble and write; merrily going through the endless learning motions countless a time;

and bearing the most vicious of his rebellious kicks with a smile,

These were the same hands that wiped each tear of inexplicable discomfort that dribbled from his eyes; replacing them and each of his moistened eyelashes with the most victorious pearls of paradise,

These were the same hands that snatched him everytime from the jaws of gory death; as he inadvertently tended to fall into the gorge of extinction; the corpse of uncertainty time after time,

These were the same hands that adroitly guided him through each mangled pathway of inscrutable life; slowly and slowly evolving a sensible youngster out of his blabbering childhood rhetoric,

These were the same hands that perpetually entwined with his in applause and congratulations; everytime he emerged humanitarianly triumphant; amongst a pack of asphyxiating worldly wild wolves,

These were the same hands that matched his exhilarated knuckles punch for punch; as he galloped in the peak of spell-binding youth; trying to wondrously decipher his dreams amidst bits of fantastic blue sky,

These were the same hands that put his palms in the palms of his dreamgirl forever and ever and ever; blessed them both in the threads of invincibly sacrosanct marriage,

These were the same hands that once again played and passionately nourished his offsprings like they'd nurtured him several years ago; now that he'd turned proud father himself,

And unfortunately these were those very same fatherly hands that now burnt him on his inconsolable pyre; and then banged themselves into a mist of thwarted nothingness; as he met with an accident; cracked his skull which was carelessly without a helmet; and on-the-spot died.

Nikhil Parekh

Open Mouthed Yawn

As it occurred there was a pungent moisture that besieged my eyes; engendering them to open a bit wider than usual,

As it occurred there seemed to be a dreariness in my bones; an insatiable desire to close of the lights,

As it occurred my shoulders seemed to be stooping towards the earth; a wave of indolence circumventing my persona,

As it occurred my palms seemed pale; developed a profound abhorrence to hoist the pen and write,

As it occurred the gloss on my hair seemed to be pretty lackluster; with the curly strands now settling into a shriveled heap,

As it occurred the blood circulating through the network of my veins seemed to slacken its speed; abdicating the exhilaration it had possessed a few hours before,

As it occurred the soles of my feet automatically stretched; endeavoring to ease the tumultuous tension stabbing them,

As it occurred the atmosphere seemed to be enveloped by a pin drop stillness; with the sound of the nocturnal nightingale drifting clearly in my ears,

As it occurred the muscles of my cheek got exorbitantly flexed; exposing the complete armory of my crystalline teeth,

As it occurred the bulky portion of my skull suddenly felt ethereal; invisible enigmas of my mind seemed to have instantly terminated,

As it occurred I perceived insurmountable tensions of the monotonous day evaporate into thin oblivion; felt a rejuvenated enthusiasm to lead life,

As it occurred I felt the beating of my heart get steadier; supreme mollification of the organs that surrounded it,

As it occurred I felt a sense of philanthropic forgiveness descend upon my demeanor; the virtue of embracing all in proximity,

As it occurred I got engulfed with loads of heavenly contentment; with ravenous desires for food gradually diminishing,

As it occurred voices hovering in the air seemed to be getting hazier by the zipping second; the crisp outlines of the blistering sun now appeared as an indistinct blur,

As it occurred I seemed to be turning dramatically nostalgic; reminiscing innocuous memories of my childhood,

As it occurred the restless tossing on the bed seemed to be progressively subsiding; the breath wafting from my nostrils felt a trifle heavier,

As it occurred I recited the last prayers before ending the day; looked with a wistful sigh towards starry sky,

As it occurred I shut my eyes with overwhelming intensity; transited into a deep slumber; brusquely bidding goodbye to my beloved,

You must be wondering that the thing so magnanimously portrayed must be nothing less than a palace of gold; well I think this time you're in for a shock; for I am describing nothing else but our very own and perennially lazy; open mouthed yawn.

Nikhil Parekh

Openly

Secretly she admired my fluttering eyelashes; insatiably wanting to trap every element of her magnetic countenance; forever and wholesomely with mine,

Secretly she insatiably romanticized about my patriotic stride; relentlessly wanting me to trespass through her gateways of unparalleled romance,

Secretly she unrelentingly dreamt about intermingling her fingers with mine; compassionately incarcerating even the most infinitesimal ingredient of my countenance; with her bountiful rhyme,

Secretly she timelessly perceived about philandering with me behind the gloriously sun soaked hills; mischievously nibbling the barren regions of my chest; as frosty winds of winter embraced us from all sides,

Secretly she intransigently fantasized about wandering with me through the aisles of boundless desire; basking in the untamed glory of my ardently blazing perspiration,

Secretly she limitlessly conceived herself to be perennially sandwiched within my frantically outstretched arms; replenishing even the most mercurial of her senses; with the scent of unprecedented brazenness that enshrouded my visage,

Secretly she insurmountably pictured herself in my lap on the absolute summit of the moonlit hills; profoundly relishing the ravishing beams of the moon; as my breath poignantly cascaded on her tantalizing skin,

Secretly she indefatigably visualized my rollickingly fluttering earlobes; fervently desiring to peck them with her sensuous teeth; all sweltering day and night,

Secretly she continuously envisaged the periphery of my charismatically rubicund lips; triumphantly wishing to enigmatically kiss me; till the very end of my time,

Secretly she fathomlessly wanted to encapsulate the irrefutably sparkling honesty of my soul; exotically blending with the fragrance that diffused from my masculine armpits,

Secretly she endlessly daydreamt about my swirling hair; irrevocably wanting to run her poignantly intricate fingers through my boundless garden of silken strands,

Secretly she ingratiatingly gallivanted with my ethereally sensuous shadow;
eternally coalescing with my fantastically wandering impressions for decades
immemorial,

Secretly she blissfully gyrated with my nimbly compassionate visage; pulsating
with the persevering rhythm of my life; on even the most acrimoniously
disastrous step that I tread,

Secretly she uxoriously lay at my rustically bohemian feet; drowning into a world
of unfathomable enchantment; celestially enthralled as I innocuously snored,

Secretly she irrefutably philosophised even the most diminutive cadence that I
uttered; unflinchingly believing in whatever I decided to undertake in the chapter
of my vibrantly mesmerizing life,

Secretly she found me the ultimate prince of even the most evanescent of her
dreams; divinely patronizing the essence of my ideals to even the most
fathomless quarters of this colossal Universe,

Secretly she kept me forever in the innermost realms of her conscience and
breath; sacredly cherished even the most inconspicuous iota of my aura in the
very center

of her majestic chest,

Secretly she remained imprisoned in the whites of my eye for infinite more births
of mine yet to unveil; immortally bonding every aspect of her existence forever
with my every stride,

But OPENLY she loved me; transcending over all caste; creed; spurious religion
and tribe on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe; and OPENLY she
disclosed it to one and all on this earth and beyond; that I was hers and would
always remain like that till the end of time.

Nikhil Parekh

Or Else Become

Either give all those impoverished; their relentless festoon of dreams; granting every blissful fantasy of theirs lingering in their hearts,
Or become a majestic pearl of imagination yourself; diffusing royally grandiloquent thoughts from your innermost soul.

Either give all those feebly dithering towards extinction; their lost quota of invincibly formidable strength,
Or become a perpetual mountain of power yourself; sequestering the disastrously infirm; from every uncouthly treacherous onslaught of manipulatively stinking mankind.

Either give all those shivering in gruesome blackness; their oligarchic tunnels of brilliantly flamboyant light,
Or become a perennially everlasting inferno of flames yourself; compassionately healing inexplicably oozing wounds; with the Omnipotence in your senses.

Either give all those ruthlessly famished; their tantalizingly appetizing morsels of robust food,
Or else become a fountain of gloriously rubicund fruit yourself; appeasing inevitable pangs of life-threatening hunger; with the indispensable nutrients in your scarlet blood.

Either give all those pathetically sad; their share of unprecedentedly blossoming happiness,
Or else become a garland of wholehearted smiles yourself; incessantly metamorphosing diabolical gloom into rhapsodically exuberant joy.

Either give all those barbarically orphaned; their indispensable winds of unequivocal sharing and warmth,
Or else become a river of bountiful endowment yourself; uplifting the treacherously deprived till the time they reached the ultimate paradise; that they had always intrinsically desired.

Either give all those with maimed arms and feet; their insatiable exhilaration to gallop forward ebulliently in every aspect of enigmatic life,
Or else become a messiah of unfathomable peace and love yourself; enlightening all satanically devastated lives; with the ingratiatingly gorgeous aura of your countenance.

Either give all those mentally retarded; their naturally nascent ocean of incredulous creativity,
Or else become a cloud of fragrant intelligence yourself; ubiquitously disseminating the spirit of fabulous newness in every township besieged with lackadaisically dumb boredom.

And either give all those having lost romance; their unsurpassable sky of ecstatically ravishing happiness,
Or else become an immortally unceasing idol of sacrosanct love; showering the essence of philanthropic humanity; passionately bonding every tumultuously bereaved heart that you witnessed.

Nikhil Parekh

Orphan On The Street

I awoke with an enchanting smile in the morning on a mattress of painted silver,
the orphan in the street wiped his face of obnoxious dirt.

I entered my Spanish lavatory to expurgate my bowels,
the orphan in the street sat down in wild grass emanating from fields of paddy.

I brushed my teeth with satiny floss and dental paste,
the orphan in the street used a brittle neem stick to polish his worn enamel.

I washed my face with perfumed soap and lascivious cream,
the orphan on the street used a curry of mud to clean streaks of blotted dirt.

I draped my persona with garments of rich denim blended with flocculent thread,
the orphan on the street wore a soiled jute sack hanging like a scarecrow on his
body.

I slipped my dainty toes in cushioned interiors of my velvet shoes,
the orphan on the street left his chapped bohemian feet bare.

I dedicated gargantuan amounts of time trimming my bushy whiskers,
the orphan on the street was obsessed chopping slices of tree lumber.

I exited for office; in the royal camouflage of my honey brown Mercedes,
the orphan in the street traversed kilometers in the naked Sun; to reach the mill
he worked in.

I worked in an refrigerated ambience juxtaposed with abundant flora,
the orphan in the street perspired in sweltering currents of heat.

I came back home before dusk strangulated light,
the orphan on the street arrived a few minutes past midnight.

I then thought I had seen enough of agony; distressing discrimination,
took the orphan in the street within the candid comfort of my arms,
fed him with sumptuous food; after scrubbing his silhouette with tons of carbolic,

made him sleep in furry quilts beside me;
with mesmerizing notes of music diffusing from the CD systems.

He slept like an untamed horse all night; and when he got up in the morning;
there were tears dribbling down his soft cheek,
he hadn't words to express his gratitude; the spontaneity of love he had; for the
first time in his life received.

Nikhil Parekh

Orphaned

What is the use of taking a blind man to Switzerland; when infact he wasn't even able to sight his own reflection in brilliant Sunlight,

What is the use of giving a swanky car to a person who was lame; when infact his legs were gruesomely crippled; as short as his little finger,

What is the use of placing a person who was stone deaf; in an ambience of pulsating music; when infact he couldn't even hear his own voice,

What is the use of giving a mike to a person who was dumb; when infact he wasn't even able to utter a single word,

What is the use of placing a dainty statue in the boxers hand; when infact he would pulverize it to mincemeat; after giving it one long look,

What is the use of releasing the bird from its cage; when infact it had no wings; walked nimbly with tentative steps on the ground,

What is the use of feeding a beggar with voluptuous wine; when infact what he actually needed was morsels of solid food,

What is the use of appointing a Businessman as the commander of the army, when infact he was thoroughly busy contemplating the cost of the rifles; instead of shooting with them a flurry of bullets,

What is the use of giving a meaty bone to a toddler; when infact he wasn't even able to sip cold milk,

What is the use of tying a watch on the hands of the giant; when infact he was snoring thunderously in deep sleep; wasn't perturbed the slightest of what was going on in his surroundings,

What is the use of giving a pistol in the hands of a pop-corn vendor; when infact all he did was to evacuate all its bullets; thinking that they were colored popcorn,

What is the use of igniting a matchstick in unrelenting downpour of rain; when infact it would extinguish in entirety; as the first droplet of water struck its

surface,

What is the use of bestowing an illiterate person with boundless books on ethnic literature; when infact he didn't even know how to catch a pen between his fingers,

What is the use of a contemporary telephone and a majestic Internet booth; when infact there were arid sands of the sweltering desert, sprawled around for miles together,

What is the use of providing gaudy clothes to a person; who was incessantly found swimming under water,

What is the use of laying trap for the mouse; who was infact busy digging a burrow for his entire family; rather than being enticed by the appetizing cucumber
suspended inside,

What was the use of placing a demon in front of the sacrosanct deity of God; when infact he was used to chopping humans skulls; as every night unveiled into dawn,

What is the use of giving millions of dollars worth of wealth; to an old man creeping at lightening pace towards his grave,

And what is the use of imparting life to an infant, O! Lord; after orphaning him; just a few seconds after he was born.

Nikhil Parekh

Our Divinely Honeymoon.

Never before did our lips kiss each other with such unconquerable intensity; unstoppably exploring each other's profoundly exhilarating ravines of sweetness; as if there wasn't going to be another instant to live,

Never before did our eyes stare at each other with such unparalleled fervor; celestially deciphering a countless inscrutable enigmas in the ocean of innocuously fluttering white and mesmerizing black,

Never before did our fingers intertwine in each other with such unbreakable tenacity; uniting for a boundless more lifetimes yet to unveil; just in those fugitive instants of time,

Never before did our cheeks abrade against each other with such unlimited yearning; turn a shade more crimson than the sensuously setting Sun; to yearn even more than infinity for each other,

Never before did our napes feel each other with such unfathomable ardor; gloriously plunging into the deepest gorges of untamed exhilaration; to evolve a whole new civilization of companionship,

Never before did our navels intermingle in each other with such unmatched yearning; brilliantly transcending over every other conceivable definition of pleasure and pain; on this eternally blessed earth,

Never before did our spines lean against each other with such insuperable magic; letting every damned inhibition liberate forever and ever and ever into fathomless bits of reinvigorating blue sky,

Never before did our bloodstreams crave for each other with such undefeated vigor; wanting to unite as a singleton signature of unabashed humanitarian compassion; for times beyond an infinite lifetimes,

Never before did our eyelashes long for each other with such unshakable temerity; perennially wanting to keep only each other's reflection entrapped within the silken hair; so that even the most tantalizing of alien distraction crumbled to inane ash,

Never before did our chests caress each other with such triumphant fire; letting an ocean of overpoweringly undying ecstasy; blissfully mélange with every

perceivable ingredient of existence,

Never before did our feet tickle each other with such infallible mischief;
fomenting us to explode into uninterrupted skies of laughter; even in the most
staring face of inexplicable misery and duress,

Never before did our elbows nudge each other with such wondrous enthrallment;
adroitly executing every cognizable insinuation under the sky; to perpetually
attract our spirits to become one,

Never before did our palms lock into each other with such unshakable
camaraderie; allowing only the lines of our invincibly everlasting friendship;
become the ultimate bifurcations of our destiny,

Never before did our tongues lap each other with such unending desire; savoring
the inimitable melody of our distinct creations; to give fresh birth to even the
most wildest dreams of our impoverished lives,

Never before did our Adams apple bump into each other with such insatiable
madness; leading every moment of life as the very best of mates; standing
unflinchingly and laughing against the most ferocious of holocausts,

Never before did our shoulders hug each other with such unbridled magnetism;
assimilating every miraculously palpable warmth of destined life; in the invisible
gap between our breathless bosoms,

Never before did our thighs crush each other with such untamed rampancy;
exuding into an unsurpassable inferno of untapped virility; romancing till the last
star twinkled in the wee hours of dawn,

Never before did our nostrils inhale each other with such victorious enthusiasm;
wholesomely making the inherent scents of our personalities; the sole mantra
and inspiration to fearlessly live and die,

Never before did our hearts palpitate for each other with such uncontrollable
excitement; with each beat immortalizing the essence of our love towards the
furthermost epitome of god's paradise,

As they did and perennially continued to do; on our very first and
divinely honeymoon.

Our Greatest Richness

We don't need no ostentatious parties; bombastic mugs of wine guzzling down our throats; as beats of the spuriously titillating disco discordantly inundated the heavenly stillness of the night,

We don't need no superfluous palaces; fathomless rooms of pretentious aristocracy frigidly awaiting to envelop us insidiously in their empty swirl,

We don't need no robotic aircrafts; unfathomably gigantic wings of steel to transport us at thunderously lightening speeds; to the destinations of our choice,

We don't need no sleazily gaudy attires; opulent cisterns of voluptuous silk; artificially enshrouding our poignantly naked skins,

As our palms which had perpetually entwined with each other; unflinching confronting the most acerbic of impediments united together; bonding our destinies

forever with the religion of humanity; were irrefutably our greatest richness.

(1)

We don't need no cheaply abominable slang; astounding replications of how the high society ate; spoke and slept,

We don't need no Oriental music; brilliantly incredulous sound systems blaring in pompously rhythmic cadence,

We don't need no mountains of scintillating glass; the most exquisite fraternity of mirror to incessantly admire our nimble reflections,

We don't need no sizzled steak; incongruously butchering the poor animal and then ironically placing it on plates of glittering gold,

As our souls which had perpetually coalesced with each other; imparting us the unassailable ardor to not only exist in this birth; but to philanthropically serve the entire planet and gallop for an infinite more births yet to come; were irrefutably our greatest richness.

(2)

We don't need no aristocratic sheepskins; the most ravishingly embellished wool on the planet; to safeguard us against acrimonious cold,

We don't need no flatulent airconditioners; to garishly placate our overwhelmingly sweltering senses,

We don't need no scintillating cars; the ergonomically plush upholstery pampering us worthlessly as the ultimate kings,

We don't need no dungeons of unfathomably regale wealth; a torrential cascade of shimmering pearl and silver; not even letting us gasp the slightest,

As our breaths which had perpetually bonded with each other; were our sole elixir to magnificently surge ahead in vibrant life and achieve the pinnacle of astronomically humanitarian success; were irrefutably our greatest richness.

(3)

We don't need no skeleton keys; ingeniously masterminded computers to cunningly manipulate the movements of the entire Universe,

We don't need no Supreme chairs of pure velvet; ardently awaiting to crown us the unparalleled corporate tycoons of the distraught year,

We don't need no fabulously designed sunglasses; cowardly camouflaging our radiant eyes even from the tiniest beam of optimistic light,

We don't need no sardonically inflated cigar smoke; the meaningless clapping of people who vindictively plotted behind our backs,

As our hearts which had perpetually blended with each other; unconquerably beating as a single spirit and passionately alive; were irrefutably our greatest richness.

Nikhil Parekh

Our Invincible Creator-Sun God

Perpetually blinding me to all hopelessness on this gigantic Universe; as I gaped indefatigably like a new born child; towards its infinite streams of unflinching golden and austere light,

Perpetually blinding me to all depression on this boundless Universe; as I ebulliently galloped under its unrelentingly amber goodness; the invincible scepter of its profoundly royal light,

Perpetually blinding me to all venomousness on this endless Universe; as I unabashedly let each of its unconquerably blazing rays; wondrously kiss and heal my inexplicably fluttering chest and soul,

Perpetually blinding me to all manipulation on this untiring Universe; as I let its miraculously healing rays; blissfully perpetuate into even the most obfuscated ingredient of my blood,

Perpetually blinding me to all ugliness on this fathomless Universe; as all I witnessed was exotic life burgeoning to its royal fullest; through its undyingly mellifluous beams of freshness; and until the last point till where its rays stretched,

Perpetually blinding me to all parasites on this dimensionless Universe; as I inherently relished to honestly perspire and break into a billion droplets of perspiration for my bread; under its fierily untamed and crimson light,

Perpetually blinding me to all inequality on this inscrutable Universe; as I profusely admired the unison of its countless rays into a united mass of compassionate togetherness; before eventually falling and illuminating the trajectory of earth divine,

Perpetually blinding me to all greed on this limitless Universe; as I earnestly worshipped its unimaginably altruistic goodness; ubiquitously disseminated in the form of victorious light; to even the remotest cranny of morbidly slithering soil,

Perpetually blinding me to all destiny and tawdry magic on this bewitching Universe; as I learnt to irrefutably sculpt my very own path and life of truth; under the Omnipresent fullness of its philanthropic light,

Perpetually blinding me to all negativity on this undaunted Universe; as I

emerged victorious and as the most royal emperor; following the innermost tunes of my heart; under its rays of Omniscient positivity,

Perpetually blinding me to all fear on this unfettered Universe; as each of its divinely undefeated rays; lit lanterns of priceless hope in the wretched blacks of my cowardly eyes; in every direction that I turned under the sky,

Perpetually blinding me to all infidelity on this enamoring Universe; as I wholesomely imbibed that true power was in melodious togetherness; with fingers forever interlocked in the spirit of camaraderie; under its tirelessly roaring inferno of passionate light,

Perpetually blinding me to all hysteria on this unhindered Universe; as each frazzled nerve of my brain celestially savored its euphorically infallible blaze; to forever rise as a civilization of symbiotic newness,

Perpetually blinding me to all balderdash on this ecstatic Universe; as I articulately interweaved every conceivable ingredient of my existence to the hilt of satisfaction; under its eternally subliming shades of dawn,

Perpetually blinding me to all terrorism on this inexhaustible Universe; as all I could sight were the innumerable flames of uninhibited love; under its swelteringly princely rays which coalesced the entire planet into one; irrespective of the baseless boundaries of caste; creed; color or tribe,

Perpetually blinding me to all despairing blackness on this redolent Universe; as I could sight nothing else but unassailably blistering daylight; till even beyond the horizons; under its divinely unbreakable spell,

Perpetually blinding me to all stagnation on this emollient Universe; as till wherever my vision stretched; all I witnessed was freshness proliferating at the speed of light; under its ardently unbridled cosmos of creativity,

Perpetually blinding me to all death on this unshakable Universe; as all that reached my nostrils was the spirit of undyingly blessed and humanitarian existence; under its vivaciously humming rays of eternal freedom,

Was not just singularly mine; not just singularly yours; but unitedly ours and only ours; very very special and majestically invincible Creator; in the form of the brilliant 'Sun God'.

Our Love Story Was Being Perpetually Written

The celestially emollient perspiration might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! spell binding beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our timelessly impeccable perseverance; was being perpetually written by the unassailably Omnipotent Lord Almighty,

The lusciously seductive lips might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! magnetic beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our tirelessly insatiable passion; was being perpetually written by the insuperably Omnipresent Lord Almighty,

The innocuously untainted eyes might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! beautiful beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our bountifully burgeoning empathy; was being perpetually written by the royally unshakable Lord Almighty,

The mischievously flirtatious eyelashes might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! virile beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our uninhibitedly rhapsodic flirtation; was being perpetually written by the infallibly brilliant Lord Almighty,

The inscrutably silken palms might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! pristine beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our majestically unfettered destiny; was being perpetually written by the indomitably Omniscient Lord Almighty,

The poignantly crimson blood might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! heavenly beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our unconquerably humanitarian relationship; was being perpetually written by the victoriously mesmerizing Lord Almighty,

The fearlessly unflinching bones might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! everlasting beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our peerlessly faithful strength; was being perpetually written by the unendingly fructifying Lord Almighty,

The artistically nubile whispers might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! enchanting beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our mellifluously impregnable romance; was being perpetually written by the undefeated spectacular Lord Almighty,

The unbelievably ecstatic goose-bumps might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! redolent beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our unrelentingly amazing

excitement; was being perpetually written by the benevolently undaunted Lord Almighty,

The blissfully intriguing virility might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! eternal beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our euphorically innocent children; was being perpetually written by the unchallengably priceless Lord Almighty,
The effusively restless feet might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! sacrosanct beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our enigmatically blessed adventure; was being perpetually written by the triumphantly unfettered Lord Almighty,

The ravishingly fluttering hair might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! poignant beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our bewitchingly unparalleled sensuality; was being perpetually written by the ubiquitously egalitarian Lord Almighty,

The tenderly nectar-laden fingers might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! undying beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our incomparably utopian artistry;
was being perpetually written by the invincibly ever-pervading Lord Almighty,

The seductively rain-soaked napes might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! effulgent beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our divinely rekindling electricity; was being perpetually written by the interminably benign Lord Almighty,

The congruously exuberant whistles might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! regale beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our unlimitedly boundless happiness; was being perpetually written by the magnanimously Herculean Lord Almighty,

The stupendously panoramic brains might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! adorable beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our insuperably unceasing fantasies; was being perpetually written by the ardently venerated Lord Almighty,

The fascinatingly reverberating spines might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! resplendent beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our endlessly enthralling titillation; was being perpetually written by the unconquerably truthful Lord Almighty,

The fiery passionate breaths might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! inimitable

beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our iridescently spell-binding
life; was being perpetually written by the perennially ameliorating Lord Almighty,

And the fathomlessly compassionate hearts be undoubtedly yours and mine O!
tantalizing beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our immortally fragrant
love; was being perpetually written by the marvelously all-powerful Lord
Almighty.

Nikhil Parekh

Our Love Was That Spirit

Our love was that summit of the astronomically impregnable mountain; which immortally kissed the island of Sun,

Our love was that cloud in the fathomlessly vivacious cosmos; which immortally showered thunderbolts of seductively compassionate rain,

Our love was that flower protruding from majestic soil; which immortally blossomed into a countless petals of enigma; diffusing its scent to the most remotest cranny of this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe,

Our love was that royal scalp; which immortally kept blooming into perennial youth and ravishing majesty,

Our love was that ocean frolicking on mundane land; which immortally undulated into a cloudburst of everlasting fantasy and desire; disseminating the froth of humanity to every quarter of this planet besieged with venomous malice,

Our love was that branch of the gregarious tree; which immortally flowered into countless more; standing unflinchingly like an invincible fortress in the mightiest of rain and storm,

Our love was that harmoniously captivating song; which immortally escalated beyond the skies; even as the hideously blood sucking civilization came to a veritable end,

Our love was that vibrantly pulsating dance; which immortally cast its spell upon one and all; alike,

Our love was that marvelous souvenir of art; which immortally portrayed truth; benevolence; humanity; in the most unfathomable of its stupendously grandiloquent forms,

Our love was that writing on the unconquerable walls; which immortally showed way to the path of unflinching righteousness; even in the most heinously perilous dark,

Our love was that wind of exuberant compassion; which immortally kept augmenting irrespective of any season that unleashed; any diabolical catastrophe; that dared tried come and stop it in its way,

Our love was that ray of optimistically Omnipotent light; which immortally filtered a valley of sacrosanct newness; scrapping the very essence of abominable violence from its very roots,

Our love was that jewel in the embellished king's crown; which immortally glistened in the corridors of bountiful enthrallment and irrefutable solidarity,

Our love was that dimension of uninhibited sharing; which immortally expanded even as sinister hell pelted on soil; embracing all irrespective of caste; creed; color; in the religion of humanity; alike,

Our love was that destiny line of the intricate palm; which immortally prospered into a garden of inevitably fabulous attraction; enveloping every iota of the devastated atmosphere with magnetic happiness,

Our love was that door of success; which immortally unveiled into a festoon of sacredly Omniscient learning; indefatigably exploring the endlessly glorious shapes of ecstatic life,

Our love was that principle of triumph; which immortally enlightened more ferociously than the flaming Sun; charring even the most infinitesimal bit of betrayal; with the swords of undeterred unity,

Our love was that rainbow of overwhelmingly insatiable vivacity; which immortally bloomed in the aisles of emollient belonging; even after rain and blistering shine; had wholesomely disappeared from the sky,

And our love was that spirit of unshakeable passion; which immortally took birth as a single breath; as a single divinely heart; every time the Creator bestowed upon it a chance; to be born and blissfully spawn; once again.

Nikhil Parekh

Our Love Would Immortally Conquer.

Our physical forms might inevitably evaporate one day; but the unbelievable melody of our united breath; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most infinitesimal speck of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably diminish one day; but the rhapsodically unfettered essence of our divinely childhood; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most obfuscated iota of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably disappear one day; but those uninhibitedly mischievous glances that we cast at each other as if the Sun had just risen from behind the hills; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most inconspicuous trace of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably collapse one day; but our bounteously unflinching camaraderie in good times and diabolically evil; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most parsimonious cranny of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably asphyxiate one day; but the unsurpassable magnetism in our eyes for each other; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most feckless fragment of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably surrender one day; but the unlimitedly ecstatic desire for each other in every pore of our skins; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most oblivious parchment of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably shatter one day; but those infallible promises which we'd committed to never ever let go our grip; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most evanescent rooftop of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably massacre one day; but each of those sensuously reinvigorating kisses which ignited us till realms beyond infinite infinity; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most transient figment of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably behead one day; but every of those symbiotically melaning fantasies that we'd dreamt together; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most invisible space of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably deteriorate one day; but every song of pricelessly inimitable righteousness that we'd sung in unabashed unison; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most fugitive fabric of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably subjugate one day; but every alphabet of the redolent poetry that we'd penned on each other; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most wavering firmament of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably crumble one day; but the indelibly unfailling mantra that we'd always harbored to triumph over the devil; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most nonchalant arena of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably vanquish one day; but the unrelenting ardor that reigned supreme in our souls to save and exist only for each other; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most lugubrious corridor of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably bury one day; but every of those iridescently heart-rendering cisterns that we'd traced on each other's flesh; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most fleeting molecule of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably fade one day; but the brilliantly unstoppable virility that we'd experienced in our bodies everytime we were together; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most remote tunnel of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably succumb one day; but our intrepidly exhilarating elixir to lead every stage of life as it unfurled; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most inane ounce of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably obliterate one day; but the insuperably Omnipotent fire that rose to the ultimate apogee of the sky as our pulsating bodies met; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most faltering element of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably extinguish one day; but the fervently maniacal longing in each of our breaths to celestially mélange irrespective of whatever; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most disassociated scaffolding of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably char one day; but every of those ebulliently artistic dances that we'd performed on rainsoaked grass with our bodies entwined; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most orphaned patch of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably dwindle one day; but every of those seeds that we'd sowed with the united amalgamation of our poignantly crimson blood; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most fugitive leaf of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably disintegrate one day; but every word of Omnipresent truth that we uttered with our lips inseparably interlocked; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most lackadaisical filament of this Universe; for times immemorial,

And Our physical forms might inevitably finish one day; but that heaven of unshakably Omniscient love which had impregnably imprisoned every beat of our throbbing heart; when we'd very first met; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most minuscule trajectory of this Universe; for times immemorial.

Nikhil Parekh

Our Relation

Our relation was just as profoundly perpetual as that between the Ocean and the Shores; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's pristine grace,

Our relation was just as celestially perpetual as that between the Sun and the Earth; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's fructifying grace,

Our relation was just as blessedly perpetual as that between the Lotus and the Raindrop; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's redolent grace,

Our relation was just as sacredly perpetual as that between the Tree and the Breeze; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's vivacious grace,

Our relation was just as emolliently perpetual as that between the Rose and the Bumble Bee; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's unadulterated grace,

Our relation was just as brilliantly perpetual as that between the Oyster and the Pearl; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's royal grace,

Our relation was just as unbelievably perpetual as that between the Soldier and the Sword; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's blistering grace,

Our relation was just as insuperably perpetual as that between the Grass and the Dew; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's blissful grace,

Our relation was just as indomitably perpetual as that between the Cow and the Meadow; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's venerated grace,

Our relation was just as truthfully perpetual as that between the Peacock and the Monsoon; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally

loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's enamoring grace,

Our relation was just as symbiotically perpetual as that between the Clouds and the Horizons; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's eternal grace,

Our relation was just as infallibly perpetual as that between the Desert and the Mirage; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's silken grace,

Our relation was just as unshakably perpetual as that between the Moon and the Night; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's enchanting grace,

Our relation was just as fantastically perpetual as that between the Crop and the Soil; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's burgeoning grace,

Our relation was just as mellifluously perpetual as that between the Breast and the Milk; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's Omniscient grace,

Our relation was just as interminably perpetual as that between the Mind and the Dream; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's adventurous grace,

Our relation was just as sensuously perpetual as that between the Nostril and the Breath; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's poignant grace,

Our relation was just as divinely perpetual as that between the Martyr and the Mud; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's altruistic grace,

And our relation was just as ubiquitously perpetual as that between the Heart and the Beat; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's benign grace.

Our Relationship.

Our relationship was extraordinarily distinguished into an infinite infallible layers:

At times that of an obedient disciple and symbiotically sermonizing teacher; whilst blissfully imbibing the chapters of resplendently victorious life,

At times that of an impetuously screaming brother and wildly scratching sister; whilst squabbling over the most infinitesimally unwonted things; existing on the trajectory of earth divine,

At times that of brutally parched soil and lackadaisically dying grass blades; whilst thirstily suckling even the most inconspicuous globule of priceless rain water; that unabashedly tumbled from fathomless sky,

At times that of a ferociously chasing lion and nimbly scampering deer; whilst frenetically searching for those quintessential morsels of life-bestowing food; in the day,

At times that of sacredly ameliorating soul and righteously palpitating conscience; whilst unconquerably assimilating the principles of the most royally undefeated truth,

At times that of a desperately groping man and adroitly sharp pickaxe; whilst exhaustibly digging for those indispensably luminescent coins of glittering gold,

At times that of an inscrutably dancing pen and impeccably triumphant paper; whilst fervently penning down eternally burgeoning lines of Omnipotent poetry,

At times that of the intriguingly electric brain and sensuously magical eyes; whilst unstoppably fantasizing beyond the aisles of victoriously ebullient desire,

At times that of a ubiquitously nourishing mother and uninhibitedly expressing child; whilst flagrantly hurt from countless pernicious elements of the atmosphere,

At times that of a prudently guiding father and impudently argumentative son; whilst making the most poignantly sensitive decisions of vibrant life,

At times that of a blissfully snoring master and inevitably persevering slave;
whilst the demands of unceasingly strenuous life; demanded commensurate
portions of rest and ardent activity,

At times that of insuperably redolent blood and ecstatically blessed veins; whilst
being immortally bonded into the most invaluable unshakable religion of
humanity,

At times that of the eclectically sculptured masculine palm and inexplicably
intrepid destiny lines; whilst handsomely rising up to even the most intangible
challenge
posed by enchanting life,

At times that of a compassionately invincible nest and wholeheartedly sprawling
tree; whilst jubilantly trying to safeguard diminutively innocent infants; from
every precariously stabbing element of life,

At times that of an indomitably towering edifice and impregnably unflinching
foundation; whilst trying to timelessly maintain the most peerlessly undefeated
equilibrium of existence,

At times that of frostily effervescent milk and royal toppings of enamoring
cream; whilst passionately trying to savor even the most imperceptibly seductive
flavor of survival,

At times that of an immortally passionate heart and unassailably throbbing
beats; whilst freshly falling into the gorges of everlastingly epitomizing love,

And at times that of a stupendously virile husband and ravishingly potent wife;
whilst invincibly wrapped in conjugal rhapsody in the fronds of the naked
mattress; and making fearlessly untamed love.

Nikhil Parekh

Our Very First Wedding Night

It was a night for which we both had ardently waited; like the uncouthly sweltering deserts wait; for the first droplets of resplendently bountiful rain,

It was a night for which we both had timelessly waited; like the unfathomably emaciated shark in the boundless oceans waits; for plentiful scores of succulently ravishing fish,

It was a night for which we both had unlimitedly waited; like the disastrously Spartan stillness of the forests waits; for the first roars of the majestically parading and invincibly towering lion,

It was a night for which we both had unceasingly waited; like the lugubriously decaying candle-wick waits; for the infallibly dancing flames to kiss its chapped periphery,

It was a night for which we both had inexhaustibly waited; like the haplessly dying cow waits; for unsurpassably pristine meadows of bountifully unadulterated grass,

It was a night for which we both had passionately waited; like the hopelessly asphyxiating blackness of the evening waits; for the optimistically enlightening twinkling of the impeccable stars,

It was a night for which we both had limitlessly waited; like the dreadfully morbid corpse waits; for reinvigorating traces of spell bindingly perennial life,

It was a night for which we both had unendingly waited; like the gruesomely barren sheets of lackadaisically sullen paper wait; for countless lines of exquisitely compassionate calligraphy,

It was a night for which we both had eternally waited; like the sullenly solitary epitome of the Herculean mountain waits; for a compassionately unbridled and impregnable embrace,

It was a night for which we both had untiringly waited; like the brutally parched buds of the tongue wait; for endless number of sips of gloriously Omnipotent water,

It was a night for which we both had unstoppably waited; like the unflinchingly true martyr waits; for the moment when he could altruistically shed his life for his unassailably sacrosanct motherland,

It was a night for which we both had frenetically waited; like the robustly seasoned cricket bat waits; for the first juicy full toss of the over to synergistically arrive,

It was a night for which we both had fervently waited; like the first jubilantly nubile petal of the scarlet rose waits; to be insuperably embraced and ecstatically smelt,

It was a night for which we both had indefinitely waited; like the traumatically bleeding feet wait; for being wholeheartedly welcomed by a pathway of poignant lotus's and ebulliently traversing through the same,

It was a night for which we both had indefatigably waited; like the miserably flailing wind of undefeatable righteousness waits; for the celestially victorious mirror of truth,

It was a night for which we both had intransigently waited; like the helplessly squeaking fledgling in the shattered nest waits; for its wings to ecstatically develop and wonderfully fly,

It was a night for which we both had irretrievably waited; like the remorsefully shriveled veins in the body wait; for incessantly fructifying streams of blessedly crimson blood,

It was a night for which we both had intractably waited; like the nostril ruthlessly buried an infinite feet beneath mundane earth waits; for unfathomable skies of rhapsodically fresh breath,

It was a night for which we both had undyingly waited; like the indiscriminately pulverized heart and soul in the chest wait; for even the most diminutive innuendos and beats of immortal love,

And It was a night for which we both had unimaginably waited to perpetually and wholesomely unite in mind; body; soul and breath; like every tangible organism on the planet waits for the Lord to enter its impoverished life; it was a night in which we were going to be forever bonded in the oceans of conjugal bliss; it was a night which was going to be our very first wedding night.

Paint My Heart

Paint the fathomless kaleidoscope of barren sky; with resplendently ingratiating and vivid clouds,

Paint boundless kilometers of devastated land; with effulgent roses and bountifully blossoming seeds,

Paint countless expanses of lackadaisically dying deserts; with majestic oceans of gigantic cactus and insatiably passionate streams of golden water,

Paint pathetically withering and staggeringly leafless trees; with an unfathomable forest of sparkling fruit and melodiously exuberant cheer,

Paint uncouthly wastrel and brutally kicked stones; with enamoring charisma; and voluptuously tingling exoticism,

Paint acrimoniously ghastly and bloodsucking battlefields; with the miraculously philanthropic ointment of benign humanity,

Paint devastatingly orphaned and penuriously stumbling lives; with perennially unsurpassable blankets of compassionate love,

Paint ungainly devilish and insanely cold blooded parasites; with an eternally everlasting fragrance of benevolent mankind,

Paint the insidiously maverick and doggedly diabolical rocks; with ecstatically tangy spray of the ravishing sea's,

Paint the squeamishly distorted and deplorably cowardish traitors; with brazenly intrepid winds of patriotically scintillating bravery,

Paint the obsoletely dilapidated and turgidly monotonous walls; with vivacious streaks of fabulous color and overwhelmingly sporting frolic,

Paint the rambunctiously unruly well of stinking frogs; with the curtainspread of blissfully tranquil peace and harmonious synergy,

Paint the souls of all those tyrannically commercial; with symbiotic fountains of uninhibitedly gratifying relationships,

Paint pugnacious arrows of satanically evil; with irrefutably priceless elements of honesty and astoundingly opulent humanity,

Paint the morbidly sullen and remorsefully obnoxious cradle of atmosphere; with an unimaginably Herculean valley of tantalizing sounds,

Paint truculently dictatorial and stringently treacherous brains; with passionately romantic flames of graciously seductive fantasy,

Paint the inevitably guilty and ghastily lying walls of the conscience; with the perpetually blistering fabric of sagaciously glittering truth,

Paint insurmountably vast graveyards of sordidly dead; with poignantly iridescent waterfalls of vibrantly tingling life,

And paint my fanatically wandering and relentlessly restless heart O! Almighty Lord; with the divinely immortal and the most celestial religion existing in this world; called UNASSAILABLE LOVE.

Nikhil Parekh

Paradise

Paradise was in your eyes; if they unsurpassably harbored the feeling of philanthropic benevolence for all mankind,

Paradise was in your lips; if they gave a smile to your impoverished comrades in inexplicable pain; flooding their tottering lives with unprecedented happiness,

Paradise was in your voice; if it disseminated the essence of immortal peace; pacified the tyrannized agony of the innocent deprived; with the benign melody in your sound,

Paradise was in your shoulders; if they hoisted all those orphaned shivering disastrously on barren streets; towards the ultimate summit of bountiful prosperity,

Paradise was in your palms; if they blessed all those destitutes obnoxiously battered in life; molding their vibrant destinies; with the insurmountable tenacity of your fingers,

Paradise was in your ears; if they profoundly heard the disastrously augmenting wails of the impeccable in distress; gushing like an untamed whirlwind; to be their messiah in their hour of tumultuous discomfort,

Paradise was in your emotions; if they were fulminated turbulently for withering mankind; profusely commiserating with both ecstasy as well as pain,

Paradise was in your fantasy; if it incessantly revolved round making this planet a better place to exist; culminated into a fountain of astronomical sacrifice and goodwill,

Paradise was in your lids; if they enlightened the lives of the deplorably frustrated; winking and thereby triggering insatiable cloudbursts of desire,

Paradise was in your shadow; if it overwhelmingly calmed down irascible discrimination; sequestered dying man in its compassionate swirl,

Paradise was in your flesh; if it ignited fireballs of intransigent passion; in the lives of those frigidly hovering like ghastly ghosts; without their soul mates,

Paradise was in your bones; if they magnanimously bore the load of tangible

organisms in pain and traumatic torture; carrying them indefatigably; till the time

they acquired the fortitude to construct their own abode in life,

Paradise was in your wealth; if it was unequivocally used to alleviate dwindling humanity; scrap the essence of malnourishment and stinking poverty; from the trajectory of this fathomless Universe,

Paradise was in your blood; if it flowed uninhibitedly for your countrymen in horrendous despair; becoming the unfathomable resilience of their bodies; to fight

against evil infiltrating their serene kind,

Paradise was in your soul; if it existed for centuries immemorial; combating the devil with its irrefutable spirit of truth; every time that it dared to vindictively arise,

Paradise was in your conscience; if it fought for unconquerable righteousness all night and day; towering above the clouds like an embellished prince; after affording the same to all its fellow beings; incarcerated in webs of malice,

Paradise was in your breath; if it ardently instilled life in the immaculately lifeless; reinvigorate devastatingly shattered lives with the scent of exuberant newness,

And paradise was in your heart; if it took an infinite more births for the person it loved; ensuring that the waves of immortal love; formed invincible bonds; uniting the rich and poor alike; from even the most remotest corners of this boundless planet.

Nikhil Parekh

Paradise Of Love.

How could I ever feel sad; let even the most minuscule iota of gloom linger insidiously near my sensitive senses?

As my life blossomed into a garden of voluptuously fragrant roses; each time I uttered your sacrosanct name.

How could I ever feel deprived; stumble inexplicably in a land of frustration and parasitically venomous malice?

As my life lit up into a billion candles of optimistic hope; each time I glimpsed your perennially charismatic smiles.

How could I ever feel an insane lunatic; deliriously chasing the maniacal tunnel of nothingness; which led into the ghastly graveyard?

As my life became a playground of mesmerizing fun and frolic; each time I heard the passionate pulsations; of your seductively heavenly voice.

How could I ever feel without an entity of my own; staggering ludicrously in the corridors of abominably orphaned dilapidation?

As my life escalated to the most spectacularly compassionate summits kissing the clouds; each time I sighted you trespassing like a silken angel; through the mystical hills.

How could I ever feel rotting in the aisles of devastating stagnation; not reaching a single milestone; even though I galloped a countless steps?

As my life glowed more blazingly than the Omnipotently golden Sun; each time I stared innocuously into the poignantly rhapsodic empathy; engulfing your enchanting eyes.

How could I ever feel that I was disastrously penurious; with hostile rats circulating in my pant pockets; instead of shimmering currency coin?

As my life culminated into richest treasure on this earth alive; each time I kissed you ardently; on your marvelously everlasting lips.

How could I ever feel that I was gruesomely blind; with even the most feeble rays of light; irrevocably refraining from entering into my lame eyes?

As my life fulminated into a fountain of invincible happiness; each time your gorgeously tantalizing breath; blended wholesomely with mine.

How could I ever feel that I was an uncouth murderer of mankind; inevitably surviving in a world profusely entrenched with manipulative and mortifying

cowardice?

As my life bloomed into an apostle of celestial peace; each time I bonded my wayward senses; with the magnanimous benevolence enshrouding each element of your immaculate countenance.

How could I ever feel aimlessly loitering; without a single target accomplished in the destined tenure of my impoverished life?

As my life basked in the glory of unparalleled success; each time I took divine refuge; in the magnetically alluring shadows of your stupendous feet.

And how could I ever feel kicked barbarically by the monotonously conventional society; for apparently no fault of mine; and simply because I stuttered to coalesce with their lecherous spirit?

As my life spawned into the ultimate PARADISE OF LOVE; each time I let the beats of your immortal heart; enslave me for fathomless times.

Nikhil Parekh

Passing Through Her Heart

As I tried to pass through the flamboyant Sun; its blistering rays wasted no time at all in charring me to inconspicuous bits of stray ash,

As I tried to pass through the pearly Moon; its tenacious beams permeated through my spell of profound concentration; and it was difficult for me to recognize my own entity as I got out,

As I tried to pass through the valley of silken clouds; I had tumultuous difficulty in opening my eyes; miserably failed to recognize my cherished ones in the obfuscated haze that engulfed me in wholesome entirety,

As I tried to pass through pugnacious plumes of black smoke; I wildly vomited all what I had consumed for breakfast at dawn and succulent supper at night,

As I tried to pass through a river of bubbling acid; all what I found was a conglomerate of my own pulverized bones after exuberantly reaching the banks,

As I tried to pass through the morbidly dark tunnel; I felt my voice ghoulishly echo; fomenting the last hair down my spine to stand in electric unison,

As I tried to pass through the virgin sea shores; I winced in tumultuous anguish as an obnoxious cluster of crabs stung my flesh with deadly poison,

As I tried to pass through the densely camouflaged jungles; my heart and soul nearly sank into my boots; and I found my trousers profusely wetted as the thunderous roar of the tiger crept stunningly close to my skin,

As I tried to pass through the pitch dark street; I experienced the worst encounter of my life; when a gang of thieves satanically stole all my possessions; left me stranded without a single cloth on my body,

As I tried to pass through the sliding lift doors; I felt a sudden spasm in my hand; and before realization could dawn upon the barbaric metal had already taken several of my innocuous fingers,

As I tried to pass through the scintillating mirror door; infinite shards of acrimonious glass hurtled out in frenzy; and I settled with a terrified gasp on the floor with blood oozing from virtually every cranny of my body,

As I tried to pass through a cotton factory; I found myself sneezing unrelentingly with deafening snorts; as invisible threads voraciously tickled sensitive arenas of my robust nose,

As I tried to pass through lanky slopes laden with overwhelming avalanches of snow; I felt my teeth rattling like a woodpecker; and each bone of mine died a gory death punctured by the vicious cold,

As I tried to pass through the sooty coal mine; my complexion metamorphosed to worse than a black cat; and people around me ran helter-skelter; envisaging me

to be an dreadful alien from the third world,

As I tried to pass through the freshly constructed wall; the end result found me wearing a coat of obdurate cement on my face; half a brick on my scalp; with a mountain of mud burying me without prior notice into my grave,

As I tried to pass through completely full cylinders of heavy gas; after a while I found countless bits of my flesh blown away like specks of compressed dirt in the atmosphere; the ingenious cavities of my brain shooting like an untamed fountain towards the sky,

As I tried to pass through the overflowing bath of fragrant shampoo; I found myself sputtering and stuttering without control; and gigantic balloons of froth wafted from my mouth everytime I ventured to open my mouth,

As I tried to pass through the wire entrenched walls of the formidable fortress; I catapulted like an insipid butterfly for miles on the trot; and the shock that occurred nearly electrocuted to ghastly death,

But when I tried to pass through her enchanting heart; I found myself trapped for immortal times bonded with threads of invincible love; and not only did I regain
back my previous one; but was bestowed upon with fathomless more blissful and spell binding lives.

Nikhil Parekh

Passionate

The dog was passionate after the bone; could run any degree of distance to capsize it in his greedy mouth,

The fish was passionate after salty water; was ready to fight the preposterously mighty shark in order to swim in an ambience of coral and glistening coral weeds,

The squirrel was passionate after the succulently delicious nut; nibbling it with great fervor after she had firmly entangled it between her famished jaws,

The vulture was passionate after satanic chunks of dead meat; soared unrelentingly in circles over the morbid graveyard; all throughout the day and each minute of the starlit night,

The ant was passionate after orphaned bits of fermented bread; crawling on the same with a whole army of its friends; tearing apart its body with untamed gusto,

The desert sands were passionate after sparkling water; made the ominous conglomerate of black clouds their best friends; wailed in unison to shower upon their disastrously parched surface; with torrential sheets of rain,

The pen was passionate after pools of sapphire blue fountain ink; harbored a perennial desire to embed barren paper with boundless lines of free verse,

The bird was passionate after its cluster of innocuous eggs; inexorably stayed awake the entire night guarding them against the tiniest of evil; imparting them the compassionate warmth to hatch into mesmerizing fledglings,

The watch was passionate after its pairs of needles; which incessantly ticked all day and night; producing a daintily gurgling sound as each second unleashed by,

The chimpanzee was passionate after the raw sheaf of green bananas; peeling a second one of its salubrious pulpy skin; even before he had properly gobbled down the first one down,

The cat was passionate after its bowl of frosty milk; surreptitiously waited in the dark ceiling; for its chance to guzzle down the liquid at insane speeds,

The mongoose was passionate after the venomous snake; tremendously relishing even the slightest of opportunity to imprison one in its jaws; rip apart the diabolical hood and the river of venom; to have a feast under the tenacious moon,

The veins were passionate after scarlet streams of blood; wanted them at any cost to circulate rampantly through their body; render them with robust health and overwhelming gratification,

The tongue was passionate after voice; had this insatiable urge to speak every minute; bask in the pompous glory of the flurry of sounds it generated,

The sky was passionate after its iridescent blanket of stars; wanted every divinely night of its to be studded with infinite shimmering jewels of their kind,

The witch was passionate after new born children; slurped its mouth in unfathomable ecstasy when she saw a healthy baby being born on this globe,

The drunkard was passionate after opulent bottles of cherry wine; banging his feet; uncouthly tearing his head apart in frustration when he was denied access to his favorite elixir,

The mosquito was passionate after ripe flesh; indefatigably tyrannizing blissfully sleeping angels with its obnoxiously repelling sting,

The cow was passionate after leafy mountains of green grass; painstakingly munching it all throughout the day to wholesomely appease its sacrosanct senses,

The mother was passionate after her child; starving her stomach to unprecedented limits; in order to feed her impeccable infant,

The Creator was passionate after this entire Universe; articulately synchronizing and governing the movement of each tangible and intangible being; ensuring that the essence of life remained for immortal times,

And I was passionate after my beloved; wildly captivated in the bonds of her flamboyantly fiery love; blending with her moist breath since countless births gone; and countless more births to unveil.

Nikhil Parekh

Passionate Love

One shouldn't sleep more than necessary; as extra sleep induces paramount laziness; ruins the ability of a person to work diligently,

One shouldn't eat more than necessary; as extra food lying dumped in the stomach; reduces your ability to have fun; fantasize and sizzle in the corridors of romance,

One shouldn't dance more than necessary; as extra gyrating the body; weakens the stem of mesmerizing ideas in the brain; instilling the legs with inevitable sleep,

One shouldn't whistle more than necessary; as extra whistling causes the air in the mouth to exhaust; and makes a person falter in his speech; grasp for breath; immediately after it,

One shouldn't cry more than necessary; as extra shedding of tears makes the eye bloodshot and and swollen; rendering a person unfit to walk on the streets,

One shouldn't write more than necessary; as extra penning down of words creates a disdain for majestic art; and the fragile fingers then intractably refuse to even emboss down your name,

One shouldn't swim more than necessary; as the poignant spray of the saline sea causes erratic allergy to the entire skin; also there is always the danger of the monstrous shark creeping in,

One shouldn't drink wine more than necessary; as the alcohol has a profoundly inebriating effect on the nerves; makes a person loose complete control of his actions; body and speech; after consuming a few sips,

One shouldn't blow one's nose more than necessary; as excessive sneezing; engenders the moisture in the nostrils to amazingly evaporate; and a person ends up inhaling bellows of hostile fire; instead of compassionate air,

One shouldn't shout more than necessary; as unprecedented screaming; foments the chords in your throat to wear out; and you eventually find yourself unable to even mew as softly as the cat; after a few minutes,

One shouldn't talk more than necessary; as baseless talk yields plenty of secrets;

and a person sometimes in his inexorable urge to talk; doesn't notice the bored yawns becoming eminent and clear in the vicinity,

One shouldn't clean more than necessary; as unsurpassable amount of cleaning; leads to scraping away the oils of nature; the rudiments of color which add loads of vibrancy to life,

One shouldn't spend more than necessary; as exorbitant expenditure results in dismal bankruptcy; and suddenly the accounts replenished with surplus money till yesterday; seem to be like veritable ghost towns today,

One shouldn't fight more than necessary; as incessant war leads to lots of bloodshed; and what started as just a test of nerves and skill; now ends up being a battle of blood,

One shouldn't read more than necessary; as overwhelmingly browsing through the books night and day; has disastrous aftermaths on robust sight,

One shouldn't kick more than necessary; as ferocious kicking evokes heaps of tension; perpetuates hurling of a volley of abuses at each other; and thereby disrupting the placid environment,

One shouldn't spit more than necessary; as continuous spitting produces squalid streaks of dirt in the area's you tread; and sometimes you find yourself tripping head on; in the same slime you ejected out on this earth,

One shouldn't preach more than necessary; because at times you tend to become a victim of your own ideals; rather than having an impact and changing the lives of other humans,

I think I have bored you enough with this unending list of shouldn't's, but before emancipating I would like to tell you; that there is indeed a thing that you should do more than necessary; and which does not have anything such as necessary or unnecessary in the dictionary of its existence,

O! yes the thing I am talking about is none other than your all time favorite, and which you must be dying to proclaim at the moment as passionate love.

Nikhil Parekh

Past, Present And Future Life

One moment I felt as if I was dismally sinking to the rock bottom of the fathomlessly deep ocean; while the very next instant God placed me in the captains cabin; on the opulently diamond studded ship,

One moment I felt as if I was not even able to remember my very own name; while the very next instant God made me the most ingenious Scientist ever born on this planet,

One moment I felt as if I was slowly losing my ability to sight; with the world seeming an obfuscated blur through my drearily batting lids; while the very next instant God made me a lanky beaked hawk; able to dive from astronomical heights; catch my succulent prey in a just single dip,

One moment I felt as if I was going to be brutally pulverized in the gruesome car accident; while the very next instant God placed me on the top most summit of the mountain; made me witness the entire world as a blissfully astounding paradise,

One moment I felt as if I was begging disdainfully on the appallingly shivering streets; while the very next instant God granted me a seat on the supremely embellished golden throne; made me the most invincible and worshipped king,

One moment I felt as if I was writhing miserably on the floor in thoroughly lost despair; while the very next instant God made me the impregnably towering fortress; which was simply unable to invade from any side,

One moment I felt as if I was starving without a droplet of water being visible till far and remote distances; while the very next instant God inundated my empty bowl with tantalizing morsels of food; pacified my scorching throat to an extent that it never felt thirsty all my life,

One moment I felt that I was being assaulted by a gang of viciously satanic demons; running like a matchstick through the desolate lanes of the city; while the very next instant God made me the president of the country; with a fleet of armed bodyguards following me like a shadow wherever I went,

One moment I felt that I was stuttering on every word that I spoke; was hardly able to complete a single sentence without pathetically floundering infinite number of times; while the very next instant God made me the best musician

trespassing on this earth; mesmerizing millions with the magnetic charisma in my voice,

One moment I felt that I was stumbling embarrassingly at every step I took; while the very next instant God made me a handsome eagle soaring majestically through open blue sky; covering miles of territory on the trot; with a single wing flap of mine,

One moment I felt that I was going to use my thumb to sign all my documents; as I was transiting into blatantly illiterate; while the very next instant God bestowed upon me the prowess of evolving billions of lines of poetry in a single working day,

One moment I felt that I was swooning towards the obdurate ground after a deadly venomous sting; while the very next instant God deluged my life with sweet nectar; made me philander like a prince in an ocean of celestial honey,

One moment I felt that I was overwhelmed with mind boggling stress; would be crushed under the tyranny of monotonous routine which wouldn't spare me the slightest; while the very next instant God blessed me with divinely sleep; swept away even the tiniest of my tension; like the Sun melts white ice,

One moment I felt that I would plummet inevitably into the valley as the brakes of my car abruptly failed; while the very next instant God made me walk without a scratch to my body out of the jammed door; while my automobile exploded into a fireball of pugnacious flames,

One moment I felt that I was shivering hysterically in inexplicable fever and horrendous disease; while the very next instant God made me the perennial waterfall; which delighted millions with its robustly cascading silvery froth,

One moment I felt that I was disappearing into oblivion; with my entity soon about to fade into an island of nothingness; while the very next instant God made me as tall as the boundlessly gargantuan sky; looming large over every other entity on the trajectory of this planet,

One moment I felt that I was crying indefatigably; there was nothing except tears in my uncouthly unpardonable life; while the very next instant God made me break into a battalion of flirtatious smiles; profusely lit up and triggered my life with everlasting happiness,

One moment I felt that I was losing all my power; the bulging muscle in my

shoulder was evaporating into obsolete oblivion; while the very next instant God made me the strongest individual on this globe; possessing the supreme tenacity to scrap evil from its very slim and non-existent roots,

And one moment I felt that I was dying; on the brink of relinquishing passionate breath any unveiling second; while the very next instant God not only flooded my staggering lungs with unprecedented amounts of fresh air; but bequeathed upon me the power to exist beyond; past; present and future life.

Nikhil Parekh

Past, Present And Near Future

As innocuous as the wail of a newly born infant; sleeping blissfully in his airtight cradle,
As evanescent as the sun setting behind the mountains; giving way to the descending of night,
As nimble as the fleet footed squirrel; traversing night and day through hollow spaces of the tree,
As tender as a woman draped in pure silk; her embellished eyelids lowered a trifle in meek submission,
As redolent as the tendrils of the blossoming rose; shimmering in magnificent color under orange rays of the Sun,
As impeccable as the spires of the Temple; towering harmoniously towards the sky, Was my early childhood and past.

As speedy as the flying aircraft; cutting placid currents of breeze at electric velocity,
As boisterous as the kangaroo; taking two leaps at a time,
As rambunctious as the humming bee; buzzing discordant and loud at all times,
As tenacious as the milky white moon; profoundly illuminating the ghastly darkness,
As passionate as thunder clouds colliding in the cosmos; and the subsequent pelting down of torrential rain,
As pragmatic as commercial business; equating the intricate nuances of life,
Is my robustly rubicund youth and present.

As mystical as the unfathomable gorge; the echo reverberating loud and stringent across the valley,
As mysterious as the enigmas of the universe; infinite riddles of creation left unexplored,
As inexplicable as the sporadic shedding of leaves in autumn; the rendering of lush green landscapes into barren land,
As poignant as the hood of the serpent; its fangs snaring viciously in spell bound enchantment,
As uncanny as the underground volcano; with its dormant lava unpredictably circulating all around,
And I now leave it entirely on my omniscient creator to chisel my dreams; mold my destiny; unveil my near future.

Nikhil Parekh

Patience-The Greatest Artist

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to profoundly admire even the most infinitesimal droplet of rain that cascaded from the sky; eventually absorbing into deep recesses of parched soil?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to notice the streaks of latent agony lingering in the afforested land; where the truant man played the most ruthlessly barbarous devil of his kind?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to untiringly appreciate the most orphaned first rays of the evanescent golden dawn; which filtered a fresh chapter of beginning through cold-bloodedly damned blackness?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to blend even the most intangibly dying ingredient of your blood; with each vivaciously exuberant stripe of the enthralling rainbow in enigmatic sky?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to feast every pore of your miserably emaciated nostrils; on the ecstatically unfettered scent of the freshly rain soaked mud?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to be an integral element of every stillness of the atmosphere; the perpetual silence enshrouding - which unveiled a countless mysteries untold of wandering man?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to conceive a boundless steps towards eternal success in your mind; before you could even alight the first physical step on veritable soil?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to be tolerant to every fraternity; caste; creed that existed in the human race; inseparably coalesce with all—to spawn into an unassailable singular mass of living kind?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to treat each anecdote of the severest failure with a smile in your stride; and yet optimistically treating each sunset as the messiah to the next Sunrise?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to talk to your very ownself; miraculously soothe your traumatically frazzled nerves with the unflinchingly fearless baritone that wafted from your throat?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to distinctly distinguish even the tiniest bird in the flapping in blue sky; just by the inimitable ebullience in its wondrous chirp?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to feel the astoundingly unparalleled goodness of creation; even amidst the most bizarrely slipping particles of hapless quick sand?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to make friendships with the most alien; sharing each estrangement of your heart like being the greatest pals of all times?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to grant a philosophical expression to even the most mundane thought of your mind; delve into the more inscrutably tantalizing version of vibrant life?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to capture even the most intricately vacillating shades of mother nature in the whites of your eye; to spurn enamoring poetry in each tear drop of untamed joy that dribbled down
your cheeks?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to caress the obscurest contours of your silhouette in the ripples of the placid lake; loving each aspect of your persona so that you could thenshower the same bountifully upon countless more of your living kind?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to read someone else's mind—intransigently concentrating upon each bead of sweat that culminated upon the terse creases of the forehead?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt the art of love to its unabashed fullest; stretching the fathomless boundaries of your brain to beyond the definitions of monotonous convention—and into a heaven of impregnable beauty?

Ah well! Irrespective of what people say and would keep opining till the time they had voice and the earth existed-'Patience' for me is the greatest artist and brings out the greatest artist in you—Isn't it irrefutably true?

Peaceful Friend

A dog is an animal of peace and love,
He is adolescent and tough.
He has his ears cocked high up in the air,
His feet are locked in mystery's grace,
He disappears around without a trace.
His indignant eyeballs are lovely brown,
Which depict the splendor of his hometown.
His body is well muscled, his cheeks jutting out,
as he prepares himself for the final bout.
His silky whiskers are well pruned and sturdy,
They can withstand the inevitable heat of summer,
They get geared up for a lot to come.
He has teeth as sharp as a mouse,
He has this uncanny ability to find himself a fulfilling spouse.
He has his tail endowed to him by nature,
Which shakes and wags vociferously at instant of joy,
But shrinks in fear at sights of a wicked boy.
His square and robust head ultimates to express itself,
His stomach hungry to human grace.

Nikhil Parekh

Penalizing Hell

When the impeccable infant spread its arms towards the heavens; it was blessed with; overwhelming happiness and unprejudiced innocence,

When the scorching deserts spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; ravishing tumblers of bountifully fragrant water,

When the withering flower spread its arms towards the heavens; it was blessed with an astounding battalion of stupendously redolent petals,

When the dilapidated castle spread its arms towards the heavens; it was blessed with; insurmountable grandiloquence and its lost crown prince,

When the philanthropists spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; the astronomical tenacity to alleviate impoverished mankind,

When the disastrously parched lips spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; an enchantingly everlasting smile,

When the horrendously blind spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; an Omnipotent vision to sight beyond ordinary human kind,

When the massacred mountains spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; an invincibly towering summit; shimmering majestically in all seasons and light,

When the trembling spider spread its arms towards the heavens; it was blessed with; unprecedentedly long strands of silken web; for it to rejoice till indefatigable times,

When the brutally pulverized ant raised its arms towards the heavens; it was blessed with; formidable strength and a celestial dwelling to survive with infinite more its kind,

When the treacherously imprisoned birds raised their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; countless more wings to fly; soar unitedly in free space; till times beyond pragmatic life,

When childless couples raised their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; the most magnificently royal impression of their kind; an astounding replica

of their blood; an fascinating evolution of their kind,

When the ruthlessly fractured bones raised their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; Herculean power to confront any evil that confronted them in their way; a harmoniously coalesced framework to march towards revered righteousness,

When the horrifically barren farms spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; divinely blooming crop; marvelously pacifying the hunger of; those weeping towards extinction,

When the tyrannically tortured slave spread its arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; the spirit of perpetually celestial freedom; granting it glorious reprieve from the hands of its barbaric master,

When the wounded soldier spread his arms towards the heavens; he was blessed with; unfathomable resilience to fight for his motherland; disseminate the Godly spirit of humanity; in every frantically fighting religion; alike,

When the devastatingly crippled spread their arms towards the heavens; they were blessed with; supremely gratifying attributes of life; bonding them with their ultimate mission of existence,

When the overwhelmingly famished heart spread its arms towards the heavens; it was blessed with; immortal oceans of love; propelling it to exist for infinite more births to come,

And when the uncouthly murderous devil spread his arms towards the heaven; he was blessed with; only the land of hell; hell; and penalizing hell.

Nikhil Parekh

People More Criminal Than Him.

What kind of a person must he be; indiscriminately trampling even the most infinitesimal trace of civilization that dared come his cadaverous way?

What kind of a person must he be; exuding countless tumblers of wastrel spit; upon the divinely impeccable contours of his father and inimitably venerated mother?

What kind of a person must he be; ruthlessly asphyxiating even the last breath of the fetus in the godly mothers womb; just because it was of a pristinely blessed girl?

What kind of a person must he be; sadistically brewing up only human brains on his treacherously satanic stove; to mollify every ingredient of his hunger for the brilliantly sweltering day and sweet-dish for the remainder of the sinister night?

What kind of a person must he be; gorily selling his mother and daughters for parsimonious wads of money; just in order that he bathed and slept in tubs of tawdrily decrepit sleaze and wine?

What kind of a person must he be; perpetually perpetuating a gunshot straight through the skull; at the slightest insinuation of denial?

What kind of a person must he be; uncouthly annihilating even the most evanescent trace of forest and enchanting wildlife; to erect robotic coffins of the politician on the foundation of pricelessly innocent blood?

What kind of a person must he be; timelessly praying solely for the wholesome destruction of every element of victorious existence; psychotically licking the footprints of the hedonistic devil; till infinite infinity?

What kind of a person must he be; ghoulishly using cisterns of scarlet blood to cleanse even the most non-existent inane pore of his skin; after sacrilegiously eviscerating the same from countless celestial lives?

What kind of a person must he be; defecating the very last impediment in his tyrannically wanton bowels upon the countenance of jubilantly infallible truth; every unfurling instant of the day and murderous night?

What kind of a person must he be; ghastily crunching bones of innocuous living children into inconspicuous chowder; just to relieve the zanily diabolical itching in the corpse of his devilish teeth?

What kind of a person must he be; ignominiously condemning and ostracizing the rules of the Omnipresent Creator; barking every abuse in the dictionary towards the grace of the invincible Almighty Lord?

What kind of a person must he be; unrelentingly wanting to become the ultimate patriarch of the entire planet; at the cost of unceasing terror and abhorrently fetid war?

What kind of a person must he be; bawdily plucking out the whites of every eye that he encountered in his lifetime; just to bizarrely play a game of lascivious marbles with the same and till endless eternity?

What kind of a person must he be; dementedly digging deeper and deeper into the corpse of dead living organisms; instead of proliferating into triumphantly astounding newness like the sacred mother soil?

What kind of a person must he be; demonically chopping the tongue of every old man and woman; just in order to uxoriously cleanse the squalid soles of his bohemian foot with the same?

What kind of a person must he be; whose sole mission in life was to wholesomely metamorphose every bit of resplendent truth into stinking lies; who interminably strived to snap the wings of immortal love forever and ever and ever?

What kind of a person must he be; ominously wanting to thrust the mask of delirious depression upon the first unfettered rays of the Omniscient Sun; overpower everything on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe; with the cannibalistic blackness of crime?

O.K, for a moment lets leave him aside. For people more criminal; people more diabolically perverted; people more psychotically preposterous were you; me; and everyone else on this boundless earth; who had time to crazily read; ardently write; inexhaustibly fantasize; intricately analyze all this as mentioned above about him; when we had much brilliantly effulgent things to do and relish in our lives; rather than bother about a man such as HIM and every of his lifeless kind.

Perception Of A Jungle

I lay on primitive mass of chocolate brown soil,
digging cupfuls of earth with brackish hand,
engraving incoherent designs with big toe,
smearing my face with slippery mud,
envisaging,

the splendor of the fragrant rose,
the timeless chirping of humming sparrow,
nocturnal movements of colored reptile,
sedate swim of lethal alligator with king sized jaw,
prolific sprint of striped leopard for prey,
non invasive walk of multi-legged insects,
green light radiating from twin eyeballs of owl,
entangled network of crisscrossed antelope horn,
mammoth silky strands of African spider web,
pure white monstrous egg of wailing vulture,
black haired apes feeding on jackfruit,
slender necked peacock exposing kingly feather,
pouch bellied kangaroo racing at whirlwind speed,
fleet footed squirrels eluding acerbic rays of light,
i suddenly feel dirty, coated with pungent clay mud,
the vigils of darkness taking a stranglehold on murky light,
prompting me to climb wooden rungs of my treetop house,
sleep in tranquil, snore like a beast, on elastic wood of forked tree branch.

Nikhil Parekh

Perfect Examples

Moist lotus flower coated with dewdrop paint,
floating in dark green jungle waters,
faded pink in color, thorny stalk buried in slimy river bottom,
with swarms of honey bees clawing wildly for nectar,
is a perfect example of uninhibited ravishing beauty.

white water springs descending down the mountain slope,
washing tonnes of dirt in its flow,
gurgling mystically while meandering through ground stone,
bacteria free liquid when bottled at source,
is a perfect example of spotless crystalline purity.

dazzling rays emanating from golden sun ball,
imparting heat to all planets in the solar system,
feeding a plethora of green shrub throughout the day,
fumigating disease on earth with stringent pools of Sunshine,
is a perfect example of priceless and abundant light.

hot streams of liquid bubbling beneath parched core of earth,
trapped for years by bulky mass of mud and rock,
gushing velocity causing irregular cracks,
annihilating all life existing, submerging it in oceans of boiler heat,
is a perfect example of unfathomable power of dormant lava.

Nikhil Parekh

Perfect Scenery-Clouds End

Here as i sit with network of green to surround,
the Falcon soaring high in the blue sky,
a blanket of dew drops on the fresh green leaves,
shining a perpetual golden brown.

the silence and tranquility of the blissful air,
blueberry flowers on steep slopes of valley,
causing mystical ravines of my heart to flood with beauty and sizzling
excitement,
the magic touch of heavenly green spreads all over,
there follows a heavy downpour of tropical rain,
macro droplets of water cascade everywhere,
with the grass blades crying out in anticipation to swallow the rain drops,
clear and transparent, quenching their thirst for divine blessings,
leaving them submerged in a river of celestial love.

tall pine trees had their drooping branches covered with white snow,
shielded the valley in heat with their shade and warmth,
enriching every inch of soil with their overgrown root,
as golden rays of the sun shine on their leaves,
displaying vivid contrasts of velvety green and satin yellow,
obscuring my eyes with film of salty tears,
enjoying this lovely rapturous sight,
fulfilling desires lurking in my soul with vibrant echoes of ravishing nature.

Nikhil Parekh

Perfectly O.K.

Laziness is perfectly O.K.; as long as you ensure a world of dream and tantalizing fantasy for your fellow mates; engulfed with hopeless despair,

Overwhelming frustration is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure; blissfully smooth pathways; for your Nation marching towards everlasting prosperity,

Weakness is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure Herculean strength; for all those tottering towards the brink of horrendous extinction,

Boredom is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure stupendously jubilant rhapsody for destitute urchins; disastrously shivering without their parents,

Darkness is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure a fabulous civilization of vibrantly optimistic light; for all organisms brutally incarcerated within dungeons of despicable blackness,

Monotony is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure a planet more voluptuously ravishing than paradise; for all those treacherously blinded; without the tiniest iota of sight,

To bleed is perfectly O.K; as long as you miraculously heal the savagely vindicated wounds of patriotic comrades injured in war,

Overwhelmingly diminutive is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that the severely maimed slithering on soil; attained a status more invincible than the Himalayas,

Being a bedraggled beggar was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that all mothers diabolically kicked by the hideously conventional society; metamorphosed to the most opulent beings on this boundless Universe,

Reducing to a bundle of inconspicuous ash was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure to procreate countless more entities of your kind; marvelously philandering under resplendent rays of the milky moon,

Painstakingly slow is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that your gruesomely debilitated compatriots; raced like a tornado past the finishing line,

Staying insurmountably famished was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that;

all those satanically starved; replenished their bellies with exotically enticing food,

Dithering to a mute shadow was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; the seed of perpetual humanity blossomed into an impregnable tree,
Pathetically dark is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; all faces enveloped with disease and sooty dust; transformed into the most mesmerizing silhouettes;
on
this earth,

Utter dumbness is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; the voice of each deplorably tyrannized; poignantly reached the ultimate harbingers of solidarity and peace,

Ludicrously drowning is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; all those innocent children lost; safely reached their formidably secure abodes,

Indefatigably weeping is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; a perennially proliferating smile; lit up the faces of all those besieged with traumatized agony and inexplicable pain,

Aimlessly sky gazing is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that; a wave of insatiable ambition enveloped all those rendered jobless; and disdainfully slaving without a firm purpose in life,

Sacrificing the love of your life was perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure that a wave of unconquerable love; united every broken heart in the swirl of compassionately revered relationship,

And relinquishing breath wholeheartedly is perfectly O.K; as long as you ensure life in every dead thereafter; creating infinite of your kind; every time the earth was born again; and again and again.

Nikhil Parekh

Perils Of Old Age

There was a heavy shrinkage of body bones,
supple parchments of skin had now transited to decayed yellow,
the cheeks had sunk well within cavities of hollow,
juicy pulp of lips resembled jagged outlines of smashed rock,
the harmony of teeth was broken by gaping tunnels of black,
crystal marbles of the eye had relinquished the power to see,
handsome pairs of shoulders stooped disconcertingly towards earth,
a paltry few hair on the scalp had turned a disdainful grizzly white,
frigid feet now ached when i placed them on the ground to walk,
knotty hard fingers had shriveled to bonded sticks of soft pencil,
chambers in the ear abnegated all voices in proximity,
huge tendrils of white fiber emanated from my nose,
calcium coats of nail had stopped growing on my finger,
the kidneys malfunctioned with a plethora of stone,
chocolate brown sacs of liver had condensed to small specks.

i felt newly born again, needing someone to cuddle me, make me go to sleep,
alas! i was all alone leading life in absolute desolation,
my spouse had deserted me several years ago,
the people around viewed me with contempt and loads of dejection,
my tongue quavered violently when wanting to speak,
bowels in my intestines refused all food,
the walking stick now bore insults, the brunt of few pounds of my weight,
i was 90 years old, on the verge of extinction from realms of mother earth,
tear drops from my eyes had dried decades ago,
the only gratification was, that i still breathed air, reminisced radiant
images of my youth.

Nikhil Parekh

Perpetual Command

Neither were the most emphatically beautiful of yours crystalline eyes; in anyways or could ever dream even an infinitesimal iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most lusciously resplendent of your charismatic lips; in anyways or could ever dream even a minuscule iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most pristinely impeccable of your artistic fingers; in anyways or could ever dream even an ethereal iota; of being of solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most divinely inimitable of your spell-binding expressions; in anyways or could ever dream even an infidel iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most exuberantly galloping of your unflinching legs; in anyways or could ever dream even a fugitive iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most truthfully emollient of your righteous soul; in anyways or could ever dream even an evanescent iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most enchantingly bestowing of your magnanimous voice; in anyways or could ever dream even an ethereal iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most intriguingly insuperable of your fathomless brain; in anyways or could ever dream even a livid iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most poignantly unconquerable of your priceless bloodstreams; in anyways or could ever dream even a disappearing iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most redolently sculptured of your bountiful neck; in anyways or could ever dream even a translucent iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most triumphantly jubilant of your robust Adams apple; in anyways or could ever dream even a nonchalant iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most ebulliently unshakable of your celestial bones; in anyways or could ever dream even an inane iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most fantastically revitalizing of your ardent sweat; in anyways or could ever dream even an obfuscated iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most philanthropically handsome of your majestic shoulders; in anyways or could ever dream even an obliterated iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most invincibly patriotic of your bedazzling shadow; in anyways or could ever dream even a bleary iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most impreguably blazing of your infallible brawn; in anyways or could ever dream even a vacillating iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most eternally indispensable of your aristocratic breath; in anyways or could ever dream even a dilapidated iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither were the most immortally passionate of your Omnipotent heartbeats; in anyways or could ever dream even a lackadaisical iota; of being solely and forever yours,

Neither was the most Omnipresently royal of your astounding victory; in anyways or could ever dream even a non-existent iota; of being solely and forever yours,

And neither were the most pricelessly unfathomable of your inexhaustible worldly possessions; in anyways or could ever dream even a meaningless iota; of being solely and forever yours,

For even the most diminutive ingredient of your persona; and all what you had; have or will ever dare the capacity to possess; is of the Omniscient Almighty Creator; and is solely destined to timelessly execute and dance to his; and only his and none else's PERPETUAL COMMAND.

Nikhil Parekh

Perpetual Liaisoning

The sky had a perpetual liaisoning with the satiny conglomerate of silken clouds; harboring a festoon of marvelously voluptuous mists in its profusely azure belly,

The ocean had a perpetual liaisoning with the ravishingly undulating waves; watching in profound pride as they disseminated into majestic froth; after clashing against the royal rocks,

The forests had a perpetual liaisoning with inscrutably tingling wilderness; rustling in vivaciously rampant fervor; as the Moon cast upon its impeccably milky shine,

The dog had a perpetual liaisoning with the overwhelmingly meaty bone; insatiably groping in the brilliant daylight; as well as well past after the heart of treacherous night; till the time he capsized his jaws on it,

The cow had a perpetually liaisoning with glistening grass; relentlessly munching it; feasting upon its tantalizing blanket of dewdrops as every ethereal dawn; transcended poignantly over the starry skies,

The fortress had a perpetual liaisoning with handsomely burnt bricks; standing unflinchingly to even the most acrimoniously ghastly attack; upon its formidable foundations of raw conviction and strength,

The oyster had a perpetual liaisoning with stupendously shimmering pearls; clinging tightly to their magnanimously scintillating persona; for centuries immemorial,

The artist had a perpetual liaisoning with the boundlessly ingratiating canvas; inundating its fathomlessly barren contours; with vibrant strokes of resplendently tinkling color and astounding charm,

The pig had a perpetual liaisoning with the unsurpassable pile of hideously stinking garbage; rummaging its way indefatigably through the filth; even after veritably relinquishing every iota of its contaminated breath,

The bird had a perpetual liaisoning with the seductively enthralling carpets of blissful air; flapping its wings unrelentingly as it crept boisterously towards; the ebulliently enchanting horizons,

The Sun had a perpetual liaisoning with the flamboyantly blistering afternoon; as it ferociously blazed a trail of uninhibited freedom through the rambunctiously sweltering atmosphere,

The palm had a perpetual liaisoning with the romantically domineering destiny lines; encapsulating every instant of unfathomably exuberant life as the each instant unveiled into a wholesomely celestial minute,

The writer had a perpetual liaisoning with the enamoringly feather tipped pen; dipping it in passionate whirlpools of scarlet ink; before he spun an oligarchic web of supreme artistry; with his fragrant garden of words,

The teacher had a perpetual liaisoning with his battalion of innocuously sacrosanct students; showering upon them a lake of sagaciously divine philosophies; propelling them to blossom wholesomely into the chapter called precious life,

The finger had a perpetual liaisoning with its lanky army of nails; dexterously manipulating its slender contours; even through the most acridly treacherous oceans of dithering discomfort,

The poem had a perpetual liaisoning with enigmatically esoteric verse; culminating superbly into unfettered rhyme; as it fabulously weaved its way through a mountain of enchantingly augmenting fantasy,

The leaves had a perpetual liaisoning with the euphorically rhapsodic breeze; fluttering ardently like an untamed king every minute; tirelessly desirous to be caressed on their magnificently alluring trajectory,

The soul had a perpetual liaisoning with unfinished yearning; intransigently lingering around the skeleton; until it irrefutably catapulted to the most astronomical summit of its belonging,

The nose had a perpetual liaisoning with compassionate thunderbolts of breath; existing in harmonious unison with the planet outside; as each godly puff of air exhaled out in synergistically symbiotic tandem,

And the heartbeat had a perpetual liaisoning with the immortal chapter of love; unconquerably evolving into life; invincibly proliferating into the everlasting bloom of existence; impregnably marching ahead to commence a whole new chapter of heavenly survival.

Nikhil Parekh

Perpetual Privilege

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the mother; was to feed her baby; with gallons of uninhibitedly sacrosanct milk,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the flower; was to disseminate its spell binding fragrance; to those quarters of the earth; despondently besieged with horrifically despicable doom and unsurpassable gloominess,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the star; was to inundate the complexion of the drearily exhausted night; with unprecedented whirlwinds of captivating mysticism,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the clouds; was to incessantly shower upon its globules of celestial water; upon miserably slithering cocoons of ominously entrenched and overwhelmingly parched soil,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the lips; was to trigger maelstroms of invincible passion; in fatigued bodies treacherously engrossed; in digging their very own graves,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the singer; was to divinely pacify its colossal battalion of penuriously staggering audiences; with overwhelmingly melodious music,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the dwelling; was to impregnably grant shelter to the insidiously deprived; heal the most lecherously devastated senses with the ointment of compassionate sharing,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the pen; was to emboss exquisite lines of majestic artistry upon boundlessly barren sheets of paper; weave an unsurpassable trail of magical enigma with scarlet ink incarcerated in its congenial belly,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the tree; was to bequeath an incomprehensible tunnel of bountiful fruits; upon organisms remorsefully curled in famished malice,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the sheep; was to unequivocally bestow its amiably cozy tufts of wool; engulfing all those malevolently orphaned; in blankets of poignantly swirling warmth,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the newspaper; was to ubiquitously keep its readers apprised about the latest global happenings unveiling; timelessly and all round the clock,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the mountain; was to unrelentingly tower above all on the trajectory of this mesmerizing Universe; undisputedly be the first one to kiss the golden Sun; as it marvelously blazed through; azure carpets of blissful sky,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the monkey; was to scrupulously teach its inherent art of astounding emulation; to its freshly born repertoire of flirtatiously mischievous siblings,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the soldier; was to free his immaculately revered motherland; from the clutches of insatiably murderous diabolism,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the arrow; was to strike its barbarically savage target head-on; even before it could dare to bat an infinitesimally single eyelid,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the stream; was to celestially placate the thirst of countless bleary eyed travelers; magnificently rejuvenate every element of their bedraggled senses; propelling them to philanthropically triumph in life,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the doctor; was to benevolently cure his patients of their most inexplicable ailments and despairing pain; scrap stinking debilitation and disease; from its very non-existent roots entirely from the trajectory of this eternally infinite planet,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the saint; was to ensure that his unending entrenchment of diligent disciples; perennially disseminated the immortal essence of peace; love and sagacious truth; to even the most remotest corners of this mammoth Universe,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the body; was to unsurpassably accomplish its optimum quota of benevolent deeds and desire in the tenure of its transiently stipulated life; afford the same to its fellow compatriots in irascible distress,

And the most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the heart; was to immortally

shower upon its pricelessly vivacious beats of love on every soil that it
handsomely gallivanted; instilling the most supremely royal gift of Almighty Lord;
in every entity existing; and those yet to evolve into; fragrantly vibrant
life.

Nikhil Parekh

Perpetual Were The Moments

Golden were the moments; when I gallivanted through the rain soaked hills; with the boisterous chirping of the sparrows being my everlastingly exhilarating rhyme,

Golden were the moments; when I swam uninhibitedly in the marvelously undulating sea; with an unfathomable cascade of tangy froth; insurmountably tantalizing each of my monotonously dreary senses,

Golden were the moments; when I unrelentingly whispered with the enigmatically rustling trees; profusely blending even the most infinitesimal of my senses with the winds of inimitably ebullient ecstasy,

Golden were the moments; when I poignantly danced with the resplendent peacocks; euphorically relishing every bit of majestically crimson cloud; in the fathomless firmament of blue sky,

Golden were the moments; when I indefatigably floated in the aisles of unsurpassable fantasy; tirelessly conceiving the exuberantly unending beauty of this bountifully boundless earth,

Golden were the moments; when I was an immaculate child; wholesomely bereft of even the most inconspicuous vagaries of existence; blissfully bouncing in the lap of my divinely sacrosanct mother,

Golden were the moments; when I had first stepped into the dormitories of school; ingratiatingly relishing the camaraderie of my mates; erupting into compassionate whirlpools of laughter at even the tiniest of provocation,

Golden were the moments; when I felt the blazingly beautiful rays of the morning Sun; Omnisciently healing even the most inexplicable trace of disease; invidiously enshrouding my nimble countenance,

Golden were the moments; when I relentlessly rolled on gregariously fresh grass; sensuously inhaling the tantalizing aroma of glistening dewdrops; as the Moon glimmered to its most profound radiance in the cosmos,

Golden were the moments; when I suckled honey from the melodiously brimming hives; embellishing my impoverished visage with the astronomically aristocratic

sweetness of the Mother Nature,

Golden were the moments; when I clambered like an untamed chimpanzee upon the mystically philandering hills; drifted in surreal unison with the romantically gorgeous clouds; for centuries unprecedented,
Golden were the moments; when I smelt the unbelievably effulgent lotus; profusely drowning my mind; body and wavering soul; into an unsurpassable ocean of
chivalrously fabulous scent,

Golden were the moments; when I played with the rollicking crabs on the pristine seashores; with the majestic froth of the titillating sea handsomely tingling each of my haplessly staggering breath,

Golden were the moments; when I innocuously flirted with ravishingly nubile maidens in the realms of ardent desire; igniting fires of unconquerable passion; even in the heart of the morbidly insipid night,

Golden were the moments; when I earnestly prayed to the Almighty Lord; philanthropically serving all fraternities of harmoniously holistic living kind,

Golden were the moments; when I reminisced my past with my eternal parents; irrefutably saluting all insurmountably endless perseverance that they had displayed to bring me up; every instant of their hard-fought life,

Golden were the moments; when I unfurled into a meadow of fascinatingly limitless artistry; vivaciously painting the infinite shades of existence; on the barren canvas of my devastatingly wandering life,

Golden were the moments; when I gallivanted barefoot under the enchantingly streaming moonlight; beautifully submerging my entire persona in impeccable cisterns of emollient milk,

Golden were the moments; when I regally expunged my every breath; was triumphantly endowed by a chance from the Almighty Lord; to celestially diffuse into
fabulously voluptuous and vibrant shades of eclectic life,

Golden were the moments; when I divinely penned down gorgeously symbiotic poetry; profusely reveling the countless shades of charismatic enchantment; that were
a stupendous gift from the Lord Almighty,

Golden were the moments; when I thoroughly enthralled even the most intricate of my senses; intensely listening to the enigmatically astounding reverberations of the; thunderously echoing valley,

Golden were the moments; when I amiably communicated with different tribes; caste and creed; feeling the niceness of wonderfully royal humanity; heavenly perpetuate every shade of my dwindling survival,

Golden were the moments; when I traced the piquant outlines of my palms; resplendently endeavoring to decipher the eluding trajectories of spell binding destiny,

Golden were the moments; when I timelessly lay at the feet of my revered mother; incorrigibly following her paths of unshakable righteousness; on every sphere of the earth that she humbly tread,

Golden were the moments; when I feasted my penuriously blinded eyes; on the magically proliferating winds of glorious nature; witnessed in awe-struck splendor; as innocent fledglings hatched in mesmerizing tandem from their crystalline eggs,

Golden were the moments; when I patriotically marched forward to unflinchingly lead life; resolutely pledged to unite all mankind one and alike; even as the most treacherously ghastly impediments tried to brutally thwart me on my way,

But perpetual were the moments; when I fell in love; immortally bonding every ingredient of my blood with her godly life; as she led me like a priceless prince through the corridors of magnificent newness; through the fortresses of a friendship which would continue taking birth; even after the entire earth had come to a gruesomely stuttering end.

Nikhil Parekh

Perpetually And Extraordinarily Spicy

Neither too smiling; culminating into the most indefatigably relentless of chortles every unfurling instant; and that too without the slightest reason or rhyme,

Neither too victorious; forever and ever and ever wanting the flag of unfettered triumph; to hoist high and handsome towards the sky; whilst not realizing that each human has his/her own egregiously defeated day,

Neither too fragrant; surreptitiously cloistering every ounce of haplessly despairing stench; which needed immediate and inevitable attention; for the amelioration from treacherous confinement,

Neither too strong; incessantly trying to win every bit of barren space on this fathomlessly enchanting earth; with the radiations of brawn and brain; instead of royally stirring the chords of the compassionate chest,

Neither too colorful; profusely inundating the canvas of this spectacularly unceasing Universe with so much unbelievable vibrancy; that there remained simply no room for rustically righteous and ubiquitous simplicity,

Neither too supreme; insatiably harboring the urge to valiantly rule over every other organism; instead of bonding in the threads of amiably invincible friendship; with one and all symbiotically alike,

Neither too fudged; limitlessly adorned like a bride for times immemorial even after the wedding was long over; ostentatiously overruling the corridors of simplistically truthful humanity,

Neither too lackadaisical; letting the waves of insidiously hedonistic negativity crucify the unsurpassably undefeated passion; inherently lingering in the blessedly fructifying atmosphere,

Neither too sensitive; miserably collapsing into a non-existent pool of forlorn nothingness; with the most infinitesimally parsimonious draught of orphaned wind,

Neither too beautiful; inevitably attracting every tangible piece of attention towards your very inflated self; even as countless more deserving than you slithered in the aisles of desperate oblivion,

Neither too artistic; indefatigably being nothing else but a tirelessly fulminating inferno of tempestuous emotions; pathetically floundering to mélange with infinite more normal men and women of your kind,

Neither too brilliant; interminably evolving into an unsurpassably unbridled civilization of heroic genius every unraveling instant; when your newborn infant wanted just a few humanitarianly ordinary hugs from your soul,

Neither too wealthy; splurging an infinite notes of currency to mollify the most anomalously eccentric of your desire; whereas on the other hand fathomless humans died like a horde of mosquitoes; without those two quintessential morsels of food,

Neither too religious; abnegating several philanthropically symbiotic activities and sinfully considering several innocent as untouchables; on the pretext of staunchly disoriented religion,

Neither too perspicacious; hardly succumbing to any fallacy as you executed a zillion tasks a minute; wantonly overruling the age old axiom of -To err is absolutely human,

Neither too satisfied; massacring the very crux of spell-bindingly tantalizing desire; aimlessly gallivanting through the fields of wastrel inactivity; with even the most invincibly inimitable prosperity at your nimble feet,

Neither too philosophical; inhaling and exhaling each breath of vibrantly ecstatic life in crassly biased idealism; instead of unflinchingly following the mantra of - Survival of the Fittest,

Neither too fiery; baselessly sizzling in the aisles of seductively virile flirtation and uxorious romance; when there existed innumerable mercilessly betrayed hearts; crumbling towards hapless deterioration; right in front of your window pane,

But life I irrefutably feel and in fact should be an efficaciously commensurate blend of all these; O! Yes life should forever and ever and ever be a complete meal; which needn't be quintessentially royal; but would brilliantly suffice and was more than divine; if it was just perpetually and extraordinarily spicy.

Nikhil Parekh

Perpetually Rekindling Electricity.

Every of my unbelievably ardent kiss fell on her sensuously reinvigorating lips; and each ecstatically fiery kiss of hers too; fell more fervently than ever before; on mine.

Every of my sensuously untamed sweat drop fell on her effulgently golden skin; and each uninhibited sweat drop of hers too; fell more uncontrollably than ever before; on mine.

Every of my resplendently ebullient tear fell on her pristinely inimitable chin; and each victorious tear of hers too; fell more beautifully than ever before; on mine.

Every of my intrepidly unhindered muscle fell on her artistically ameliorating shoulders; and each triumphant muscle of hers too; fell more symbiotically than ever before; on mine.

Every of my unstoppably philandering finger fell on her voluptuously naked back; and each wandering finger of hers too; fell more amazingly than ever before; on mine.

Every of my eternally mellifluous song fell on her ravishingly enamoring ears; and each majestic song of hers too; fell more ardently than ever before; on mine.

Every of my panoramically fructifying fantasies fell on her tantalizingly nubile skin; and each iridescent fantasy of hers too; fell more insuperably than ever before; on mine.

Every of my fierily proliferating desires fell on her seductively rubicund cheeks; and each passionate desire of hers too; fell more unconquerably than ever before; on mine.

Every of my jubilantly intricate eyelashes fell on her poignantly venerated forehead; and each rousing eyelash of hers too; fell more magnetically than ever before; on mine.

Every of my harmoniously crimson blood drop fell on her irrefutably royal destiny lines; and each blossoming blood drop of hers too; fell more unassailably than ever before; on mine.

Every of my spectacularly fertile ingredient fell on her magically barren crevices of love; and each Omnipotent fertile ingredient of hers too; fell more vociferously than ever before; on mine.

Every of my unshakably everlasting embrace fell on her splendidly redolent hips; and each timeless embrace of hers too; fell more infallibly than ever before; on mine.

Every of my brazenly dancing hair fell on her enigmatically bountiful neck; and each vivacious hair of hers too; fell more poignantly than ever before; on mine.

Every of my impeccably heartfelt ideology fell on her synergistically emancipating soul; and each unflinching ideology of hers too; fell more unsurpassably than ever before; on mine.

Every of my inevitably irrevocable destiny line fell on her fabulously quavering chest; and each spell binding destiny line of hers too; fell more euphorically than ever before; on mine.

Every of my unabashedly humanitarian element fell on her innocuously divine feet; and each benign humanitarian element of hers too; fell more unbeatably than ever before; on mine.

Every of my incredulously enchanting shadow fell on her blessedly rejuvenating countenance; and each vivid shadow of hers too; fell more tenaciously than ever before; on mine.

Every of my immortally truthful heartbeat fell on her pricelessly inimitable bosom; and each subliming heartbeat of hers too; fell more faithfully than ever before; on mine.

And as all this blissfully unfurled; there insuperably sparked such a perpetually rekindling electricity in even the most dreariest speck of this Universe; that every true lover on this altruistic earth; heaven or hell; was perennially gifted by the Omniscient Lord; an infinite more compassionate lives and lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Pillar Of Love

They blasted it with the most pugnacious of explosive; planting corrugated sticks of dynamite around its periphery,
It bravely bore the onslaught; didn't sway a single inch; instead fortified its roots firmly into the ground.

They fired a volley of bullets from my compact pistol; caressing the air at swashbuckling speeds before striking the wall,
It stood unperturbed like a handsome prince; and there was not the slightest of indentation.

They hurled at it colossal buckets of fuming acid; drenching its demeanor with blistering liquid,
It refrained to change its complexion; and sparkled even more after the aftermath.

They incessantly sprinkled it with disdainful petrol wildly bursting from hospices; then ignited the same with a blazing torch;
It however refrained to catch fire; shimmered mystically under the pearly moon.

They attempted to chop it down with their acrimonious axe; indiscriminately slashing at its body,
It neither bled nor wept; while the axes after a while seemed to be thoroughly battered and bruised.

They dug the earth to fathomless depths; feeding its foundation with a battalion of parasitic termites,
It resisted their ominous attack; the termites after several days felt exorbitantly exhausted and eventually slept.

They tied it with chains and iron shackles; tugged at it with from all sides exerting tumultuous strength,
It didn't utter the slightest of whisper; neither did it move a centimeter; proving their vindictive attempts worthlessly futile.

They left a fleet of hostile vulture to devour it; pulverize its persona to threadbare rags,
It remained as stoical as ever; and the birds flew away without trying to invade and harm it.

They then banged and pummeled it with their fists; as a manifestation of their
anger and frustration,
Used all paraphernalia they could lay their hands on to dismantle it; it still stood
like rock unmoved by the proceedings.

It had withstood the severest of test on umpteenth an occasion; without yielding
to pressures of ostentation and society,
And grew more formidable, as the prejudiced tried to crush it; the dictators tried
to capture it; and the opulent tried to purchase it,
It had remained as fresh as a new born for centuries unprecedented; it
possessed the immortal blessings of God,
O! yes it was indeed the one and only invincible pillar of love.

Nikhil Parekh

Pipes

Fleshy pipes of my legs carried me long distance,
made sure i was triumphant in every race of life.

wooden pipes filled with sedative tobacco caused me drown in aroma,
ensured that i floated in paradise, a few hours after consumption.

steel pipes of the pistol made me feel like an uncrowned king,
blessed me with loads of comfort and unprecedented power.

twin pipes of my nose facilitated me to take in air,
breathe in a celestial bliss for the time till i lived.

knotted pipes of my palm fingers gave me versatility to write,
held with earnest solidarity steaming mugs of milk for me to drink.

infinite pipes of hair descended down my scalp,
cushioning my skull from brutal blows of metal and wind.

a crimson pink pipe of tongue extruded from chambers of mouth,
blessing me with the authority to win the world through my speech.

there were pipes of fragile plastic in all rooms of my house,
providing me with bountiful amounts of ground water.

angular pipes of bone protruded from my elbow,
assisting me hold my head down when struck by unfathomable shame.

nostalgic pipes crept haphazardly from throbbing pores of my heart,
oozing incessantly the agony of existence,
the blissful tales of my everlasting love.

Nikhil Parekh

Place Me In Her Immortal Feet

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a dinosaur would brutally pulverize me; or whether the electric bolts of lightening would strike me head-on from the ominous sky,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and blend with gruesomely pathetic cocoons of soil.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a sword would rip me apart to infinite pieces; or whether the lion would swallow me without a single yawn,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and settle down forever in the interiors of my abominably ghastly corpse.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a speeding truck would satanically crush my bones; or whether a dungeon of venomous snakes would stab each part of my eye,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and coalesce with stinkingly grizzly walls of my murderous coffin.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether an earthquake would devastate me to raw ash; or whether a forest of wild elephants would break each bone of my tender spine,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and melange forever with horrendous worm and termite countless kilometers beneath soil.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a battlefield of hostile vultures would pluck my heart out; or whether the roof would suddenly collapse on my

skull; metamorphosing me into an inconspicuous fly,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and bond with wisps of worthlessly non-existent oblivion.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a violently cataclysmic sea would drown me; or whether the horde of cold-blooded wolves would make a

curry

out of me; for their nocturnal delights,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and forever sink into the trajectories of imprisoning nothingness.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a bullet would explode the most intricate arenas of my brain; or whether the ominously satanic witches would

sacrifice me like white mice,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and leave for my expedition of irrevocably ultimate disaster.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a shock would treacherously electrocute each ingredient of my body and blood; or whether the mountain of lethal scorpions would pierce my innocuous flesh; like barbaric chicken fry,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and disparagingly disappear without leaving; even a single trace of mine.

And I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether the land of mesmerizing heaven sent its harbingers to take me; or whether uncouthly lecherous hell descended on every step that I tread by,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and sleep like ghost in my grave; with no medicine able to open my dead eyes.

Nikhil Parekh

Placid And Perfect

The stream lit days of peace,
Flow past the agony of time,
So quiet, so serene, so blissful, yielding their touch softly; bit by bit,
Cruising smoothly over the field of messy emotions,
To give life to the tiny molecules of beginning,
In a supreme entrenchment of their own.

Sweet tunes pierce suspended carpets of air,
Gorgeously tranquil and splendid,
Oozing out silent tremors of love,
In circular rings of boisterous feelings,
Far distance away from the trapped world of complications,
In an ambience of mustard green dew drops,
Depicting short parables of perfect excitement,
Precarious with the fading of time.

Nikhil Parekh

Platform Of Love

When I tried running on a platform of white ice; I scornfully slipped; and in the end all that I was able to taste was incredulously frozen water,

When I tried running on a platform of tangy salt; I inevitably lost my footing; and there was nothing but vivaciously ominous powder all over my trembling skin,

When I tried running on a platform of brilliantly yellow and pure butter; I hurled forward with a stifled gasp after some time; with the follicles of my hair incorrigibly sticking to each other like the gigantic tree and its flimsy roots,

When I tried running on a platform of scintillating glass; I abysmally floundered; tripped head on to have my supple skin ruthlessly punctured and in pools of ghastly blood,

When I tried running on a platform of feathered silk; I dismally broke the bones of my dainty nose; and my eyeballs popped out like bouncy springs reverberating incessantly in free space,

When I tried running on a platform of silver sands; I collapsed with a thunderous thud on the obdurate floor; with my shoe flying over my shoulder and all my expensive pair of clothes ripping apart mercilessly at their sensitive seams,

When I tried running on a platform of slimy oyster shells; I heard a deafeningly banging noise inundate the atmosphere; winced in incomprehensible amount of agony after twisting my knee to unprecedented limits,

When I tried running on a platform of astoundingly smooth talcum powder; I fell 10 steps backward instead of marching towards realms of irrefutably victory,

When I tried running on a platform of disdainful grease; I kept intractably jogging at a single spot for hours on the trot; while in fact all my adversaries had already reached the voluptuous strings of the finishing line,

When I tried running on a platform of satiny white paper; there were infinite obstreperous and unruly voices that deluged the soft ambience; and all that resulted as an outcome was prominently gaping holes in the body of the sheet which now fitted snugly on my scalp,

When I tried running on a platform of rolling marbles; all that was heard after a

while was my horrifically petrified screams and gasps as I found myself plunging towards an ocean of gruesome blackness blended with dilapidated nothingness,

When I tried running on a platform of freshly green banana skins; I banged on my hindside with a force greater than the force of Nature; and the complexion of my cheeks metamorphosed to an embarrassingly childish crimson,

When I tried running on a platform of spongy rubber balls; I successfully managed to crush a few in my initial conquests of reaching my mission; but soon shuddered overwhelmingly before kissing dust on the ground; dug partial graves for myself in loose soil,

When I tried running on a platform of lifeless whale skin; I inadvertently shouted beyond hysterical boundaries as if the monster was alive; collided terribly on my ribs as I took just a few steps forward,

When I tried running on a platform of insurmountably red cherries; all I accomplished doing was finely pulverizing the succulent fruit; while the inconspicuously tiny seeds fomented me to tremble hopelessly towards the cold floor,

When I tried running on a platform of pure Cadbury chocolate; my feet primordially enjoyed transgressing through the supremely soft bed; but after a while got horrendously entangled in the mess; felt as if deplorably sinking into the valley of death,

When I tried running on a platform of glittering diamonds; in the beginning I felt insatiably delighted at possessing such lavish amounts of opulence; but soon regretted my decision tremendously; as their pointed surface uncouthly infiltrated into my heart; satanically assassinating the tiniest traces of tangible life,

When I tried running on a platform of congenital lies; I landed up in such a hell; that it was profoundly sickening to bear with the aftermath's that unleashed thereafter in my life,

When I tried running on a platform of salacious lechery and malice; I ended up being imprisoned in my own sinful trap; a prison which infact had a gleaming lock without a single key,

While it was only when I tried running on a platform of immortal love; that my life gained full fledged momentum; irrevocably refrained to look backwards;

transited to blissfully bouncing and wholesomely alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Please

Please do disturb me in enchanting night of chilly winter,
when i sleep like an angel; strangulated in the fragrance of blueberry musk.

Please keep miles away when i drive my battered jalopy,
with the horns wailing; and rustic shards of metal protruding out.

Please take me with you in mesmerizing waters of the blue ocean,
for i desire to swim parallel to the pearly white shark; and sapphire blue whale.

Please help me carry cumbersome loads hung to my dainty shoulders,
As I contracted a deadly sprain, tripping down from the balcony rail.

Please flood my mundane ears with pungent notes of captivating music,
Nostalgically imprisoning me in mind, body and soul.

Please inspire me to read vociferously through innumerable pages of history
literature,
Rendering me capable to conquer invincible might's of examination.

Please prepare a concoction of steaming brown coffee with extracts of pure
honey,
Facilitating me to perspire in solitary hours past midnight.

Please help me disentangle a jugglery of thread wound to my wrist,
Releasing my blood from jaws of sinister captivity.

Please refrain from indulging in animated talk with pedestrians,
As volcanic pangs of jealousy would shoot through my veins.

Please adorn your hair with scented braids of rose flower,
Drowning my starved nostril into waves of everlasting euphoria.

Please don't get angry when I commit erroneous blunders,
As I surely would patch up for them at prime costs of my life.

Please walk beside me with your hands entwined in mine,
For me to perceive the passionate warmth radiating from your fingers.

Please stay with me for the time we breathe,

For if you deserted me; I would simply relinquish all power to live.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Bestow Upon Me

Please bestow upon me the status of being a jeweler; owning a palatial shop embodied with scintillating diamonds and gold,
Only if I had the heart to embellish all those earlobes which were bare; all fingers with an urge to dispense justice; with beads of exotic white pearls.

Please bestow upon me the status of being a soldier; cherished awards and amulets adorning my bedroom mantelpiece,
Only if I possessed the tenacity to valiantly fight; was ready to relinquish life any minute; for the sake of my country.

Please bestow upon me the status of being a Poet; penning down infinite lines of mystical verse,
Only if I propagated the immortality of love; the spirit of humanity; the essence of life through my Poetry.

Please bestow upon me the status of being a King; and my treasury overflowing incessantly with opulent riches,
Only if I had the philanthropic ability to disseminate the same equally; amongst all the people of my Kingdom.

Please bestow upon me the status of being a Pilot; performing astounding and acrobatic feats; nose-diving in free space,
Only if I safely transported all passengers; without the slightest of scratch from one destination to another.

Please bestow upon me the status of being an Astrologer; impregnated with the incredulous ability of prognosticating the future,
Only if I used the same for saving lives; implemented it prudently for the betterment of mankind.

Please bestow upon me the status of being a wrestler; with bulging muscles protruding from under my shirt; making me almost an invincible entity to conquer,
Only if I used my omnipotent power to annihilate the demons; vanquish ominous elements endangering the society.

Please bestow upon me the status of being an Artist; sketching mesmerizing shapes with my brush at lightening speeds,
Only if I could utilize my blood to beautify existence; convey the message of

those deprived; through my drawings.

Please bestow upon me the status of being a Singer; diffusing enchanting and spell binding tunes from my throat,
Only if I opened my mouth every time my country needed me to speak; put people engulfed with hysterical grief; to blissful sleep with my voice.

And Please bestow upon me the status of being a Human; appeasing my hunger and thirst twice every day,
Only if I worked hard to earn my own bread; walked ahead in tandem with my fellow counterparts; entwining their palms with mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Come Back O! Beloved

Every bit of fabric in this remorsefully dilapidated room; reminded me of your fabulously enchanting grace; the way you sensuously wrapped yourself in resplendent cotton; at the first rays of ethereally marvelous dawn,

Every bit of mirror in this treacherously solitary room; reminded me of your bountifully embellished lips; as you poignantly adorned yourself like a newly embarrassed bride; replenishing the astounding parting of your hair with; spell bindingly crimson vermilion,

Every bit of paper in this desolately forlorn room; reminded me of your regally articulate fingers; as you inundated fathomless landscapes of barren canvas; with the gregariously enamoring beauty of the Universe around,

Every bit of wall in this drearily stabbing room; reminded me of your unflinchingly intrepid solidarity; the impregnable compassionate swirl of your philanthropic shoulders round me; when the planet beside had become a ghost town,

Every bit of mysticism in this horrendously lonely room; reminded me of your unrelentingly blissful fantasies; the voluptuous garden of piquant breaths that you emanated; well past the heart of enchanting midnight,

Every bit of toy in this perniciously sullen room; reminded me of your ecstatically jubilant stride; the wonderfully benign smile on your glorious lips; as you philandered beyond the lanes of timelessness with the angels divine,

Every bit of plant in this maliciously dolorous room; reminded me of your magnanimously miraculous caress; as you stupendously quelled all traumatized agony around; with the celestial melody in your voice,

Every bit of candle in this obdurately obstinate room; reminded me of your profoundly unbelievable dexterity; as you marvelously molded threadbare clay into silken apostles of peace; with ravishingly unending euphoria in your palms,

Every bit of friction in this manipulatively morose room; reminded me of your insatiably augmenting nubile beauty; as you blazingly ignited a trail of

unsurpassable excitement; even in the most lividly frozen nerve of my impoverished body,

Every bit of clock in this bizarrely abandoned room; reminded me of your incredulously impeccable meticulousness; as you symbiotically blended your Omnipotent soul; with all benevolent goodness of the earth around,

Every bit of darkness in this dogmatically lambasting room; reminded me of your seductively titillating footsteps; the thunderously streaks of ebullient lightening that you wafted; under the curtainspread of the Moonless night,

Every bit of sound in this insipidly dithering room; reminded me of your Omnisciently humanitarian voice; the heartfelt empathy that you harbored for all organisms one and alike; in each sentence that diffused from your eternal mouth,

Every bit of dust in this preposterously sordid room; reminded me of your boisterously bubbling visage; as you voraciously cleansed each ingredient of dirt;

before bowing down your nimble head in front of Lord Almighty,

Every bit of sharpness in this invidiously rotting room; reminded me of your vivaciously vibrant alacrity; as you emerged resurgently victorious; even in the most devilishly sinister situation of uncouth life,

Every bit of scent in this diabolically debasing room; reminded me of your everlasting fragrance; as you sparkled into a sky of heavenly freshness; a fairy of harmonious goodwill; every unfurling minute of the day,

Every bit of bed in this salaciously demoralizing room; reminded me of your rhapsodically tantalizing sleep; as you relentlessly fomented a whirlpool of never-ending excitement; with your uninhibited nudges and turns,

Every bit of air in this vengefully asphyxiating room; reminded me of your indefatigable elixir to exuberantly surge ahead in life; tenaciously determine yourself to holistically exist for a countless more lifetimes,

And every bit of light in this murderously neglected room; reminded me of your immortally Omnipresent love; as you perpetually bonded your sacrosanct spirit forever and ever and ever; with mine,

So wherever you are; please come back O! Beloved; as each beat of my

impoverished heart and this room misses you; as the roof of this dwelling would pathetically collapse without you; as without you we all were a ghastly corpse with artificial breath; as without you life would never be life; ever again.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Come Back O! Beloved - Part 2

Appallingly crippling blackness; even in the most Omnipotently blazing of Sunlight; as the most triumphant of Sun unflinchingly blazed upon the trajectory of this fathomlessly enchanting Universe,

Ghoulishly invidious blackness; even in the most everlastingly mesmerizing meadows of brilliantly unfettered freshness and newness,

Criminally stabbing blackness; even in the most triumphantly blistering pathways of freedom and royally magical liberation of the soul,

Hopelessly asphyxiating blackness; even in the most ecstatically vibrant rainbows; dancing in the aisles of unsurpassably unceasing exhilaration,

Deplorably cadaverous blackness; even in the most mellifluously rhapsodic moments of boundlessly spell binding life; even as every iota of bitterness was beautifully metamorphosed into exuberant paradise,

Satanically strangulating blackness; even in the most pricelessly victorious of artistry; even as dewdrops of Omnipotent virility cascaded uninhibitedly from every speck of the limitless sky,

Ominously deteriorating blackness; even in the most innocuously endowing playgrounds of blessed childhood; even as there blossomed nothing else but enthralling innovation in every ingredient of the ebullient atmosphere,

Sinfully sodomizing blackness; even as infinite couples around coalesced into the eternally unbreakable wedlock; even as the winds of symbiotically infallible compassion reigned supreme till times immemorial,

Remorsefully condemning blackness; even as every iota of the most hideously cannibalistic crime on this earth transformed into a paradise of unassailable friendship and global brotherhood,

Incorrigibly cancerous blackness; even in the heart of the most vivaciously unfettered sea; even as waves timelessly clashed against the rocks to diffuse into an unparalleled gorge of frosty tanginess,

Truculently victimizing blackness; even at the steps of the most sacredly Omniscient temple; church; mosque; monastery; even as countless impregnably replenished themselves with everlasting blessings of the Almighty Lord,

Hopelessly staggering blackness; even as the scepter of Omnipresent truth reigned as the only power on this boundless Universe; forever ending the dismally salacious mortuary of tawdry lies,

Unsurpassably annihilating blackness; even as godly angels magically descended from the miraculously ameliorating heavens; perennially applying the balm of happiness on even the most infinitesimal trace of lambasted misery around,

Forlornly incarcerating blackness; even in the most wonderfully celestial downpour of beautifully effulgent rain; even as an unconquerable blanket of perpetual green spawned from threadbarely lackadaisical soil,

Carnivorously crippling blackness; even as the entire wealth of the unceasing planet lay uninhibitedly in the garden outside; even as there was nothing else but benign goodness in each platelet of the atmosphere,

Acrimoniously knifing blackness; even in the most inscrutably tantalizing forests of sensuousness; even as the elements of poignant romance were the only constituents that were found in crimson blood,

Inconsolably pugnacious blackness; even as the most unstoppably marauding of demons were wholesomely trounced to inconspicuous ash; even as the most diminutive shadow of the badness transited into the epitomes of insuperable optimism,

Flagrantly whiplashing blackness; even as the Creator blessed every source of life that he'd evolved on this unending planet; with eclectically never-ending life,

Venomously sadistic blackness; even as unlimited skies of divine blissfully wafted from the nostrils; even as the definition of every death had wholesomely disappeared from the dictionary of symbiotic creation,

Yes; there was just blackness and nothing else but deplorably asphyxiating blackness without you O! Beloved; even in the most brilliantly enlightening lights and life; even in the most pricelessly indomitable breaths of existence; even in the most inimitably blessed ingredient of my blood as it gushed all around,

And if you really wanted my blackness to forever end; if you really wanted my blackness to forever embrace the wisps of non-existence; if you really wanted my blackness to fructify into new light; then please come back to me from wherever you are right now; please come back to me and hold my hands which were; are and shall forever remain your ultimate slave; on this terrestrial ground.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Come Soon

Sheets of fascination wholesomely blinded my eyes; engulfing them with thunderbolts of exotic excitement,

Waves of insurmountable passion flowed rampantly through my blood; permeating me every minute like a quiver full of stinging arrows,

An ocean of enchantment lingered insatiably in the corridors of my mind; transiting me into a state of rhapsodic slumber,

Springs of sweet honey dribbled tantalizingly down my throat; titillating me beyond the point of no control,

Cloudbursts of mesmerizing fantasy enveloped my persona from head to toe; imprisoning me in the swirl of tumultuously poignant desire,

A river of perspiration trickled passionately down my chin; escalating me to a place infinite kilometers over paradise,

A garden of stupendously fabulous scent descended ferociously down my nostrils; virtually swiping my feet in a surreal dream from the surface of earth,

Clouds of overwhelmingly fervent longing encircled my eyelashes; fomenting them to drool down in timid submission,

Fountains of astronomical mysticism embedded my soul; drowning me inevitably into a lake of alluring enigma and incomprehensible charm,

An inexorable tenacity to explore encapsulated my fists and fingers; evoking me to draw boundless myriad of incoherent forms; with frenzied movements on the glistening sands,

A beehive of captivating mirages deluged my imagination; engendering me to think beyond the fathomlessly extraordinary,

rainbows of compassion entrenched my conscience; enticing me at a velocity faster than that of light; towards the entirely unknown,

Tornado's of unbelievable attraction blew towards my facial contours; making me wholesomely oblivious to the rapid unfurling of time,

Pearls of untamed jubilation danced euphorically in my belly; reaching an ultimate crescendo; as I caressed my body lazily on the chocolate brown ground,

Dagger heads of poignant belonging drifted down my rubicund cheeks; inundating them with a tinge more voluptuous than the supremely redolent rose,

An island of uncanny emotions placidly nestled in my veins; welling up thunderously towards eternity as each second speedily zipped by,

A meadow of emphatically seductive feelings possessed every action I executed; propelling me to surge forward with unrestricted exhilaration,

And each beat of my violently palpitating heart; cried aloud to witness your ingratiatingly royal countenance,

Please do come soon; for I was about to exhale my last breath without you; Please do come soon; bond your breath with mine O! Beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Do Consult The Creator

For a faint idea about the road; the places it leads to; consult the rustic and aboriginal tourist guide,

For a faint idea about the body; a first hand knowledge of its intricate parts; consult the specialist and prudent doctor,

For a faint idea about the cosmos; a glimpse into the history of stars; consult the hi-tech and contemporary astronaut,

For a faint idea about the battlefield; the weapons used in pugnacious war; consult the intrepid warrior,

For a faint idea about the garden; the fraternity of plants protruding from its ripened soil; consult the bushy haired gardener,

For a faint idea about the building; its majestic elevation towering splendidly towards the sky; consult the dexterous and skillful architect,

For a faint idea about the computer; a sagacious browsing through its fundamentals; consult the software prodigy,

For a faint idea about the scores of birds; the sounds they emanated while singing in melodious cadence; consult the dedicated ornithologist,

For a faint idea about medieval history; the vacillations of the kingly empire; consult the monk sitting beneath the gigantic tree,

For a faint idea about your destiny; the meaning of all those infinite bifurcation's on your palm; consult the prudent and mystical palmist,

For a faint idea about the ocean; the preposterously huge sharks lurking around in gay abandon; consult the domineering and bespectacled captain,

For a faint idea about the bus; the routes it travels on and stops; consult the pot-bellied and uniformed conductor,

For a faint idea about the solvents bubbling in the laboratory; the innumerable equations scribbled rampantly on the blackboard; consult the ingenious scientist,

For a faint idea about the paintings; the mesmerizing shapes sketched and evolved within the canvas; consult the gullible and unshaven artist,

For a faint idea about poetry; the inexplicable meaning embedded within the royal verse; consult the innovative and indefatigably writing writer,

For a faint idea about shimmering jewels; the grandiloquent chains of pearls scintillating wildly behind transparent glass; consult the wiry bodied and lanky goldsmith,

For a faint idea about catching the panther; explicitly divulging the name of the animal by merely viewing its remote footprints; consult the savage and sprint footed African hunter,

For a faint idea about solving mind boggling puzzles of arithmetic; cracking every riddle encapsulated within the school textbooks; consult the stern and stringent voiced teacher,

For a faint idea about love; romancing in the aisles of unsurpassable desire and emotion; consult your enchanting beloved,

For a faint idea about interacting with the acrimonious society; consult your mother; richly experienced in adeptly dealing with the same,

But for a complete idea about life; its share of good and gruesomely evil; its blissful rise and unpredictable pit-falls; the spirit of survival and letting one simultaneously exist; the origin of religion segregating entire mankind; the inevitable urge to procreate and continue this Universe;

Don't ask me; for I cant even give you a faint idea; all I can say is that for pacifying your present anxieties and whatever that may futuristically arise, please do consult the Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Don't Ever Leave Me

Even if you didn't glimpse an infinitesimal iota towards me the entire sweltering day; neglecting me like a chunk of threadbare shit; as you wholeheartedly flirted with your surreptitious paramour right in front of my eyes,

Even if you didn't appreciate my worldclass accomplishments an inconspicuous trifle; sadistically preferring to feed the wood on my scintillating trophies; to your fleet of obnoxiously indolent termites,

Even if you didn't cuddle my innocuously trembling chin an infidel bit; blasphemously drenching my impoverished persona with acrimonious cauldrons of diabolical acid,

Even if you didn't clap for me the slightest as I triumphantly kissed the glorious pinnacles of Everest; ignominiously ridiculed me for looking like a frigid scarecrow; from the point where she sighted me on robust earth,

Even if you didn't kiss me on my passionately slavering cheeks; satanically diverting all gruesomely grisly lizards of the house; to insidiously crawl on them instead,

Even if you didn't mischievously cavort with me through the bountifully sun soaked hills; truculently lambasting my nimbly shivering skin with whiplashes of devilish hatred instead,

Even if you didn't regally cajole me in my times of disparagingly deteriorating duress; using my tears instead of table salt; for titillating your spuriously roasted meat; instead,

Even if you didn't rejoice with me as I assimilated every speck of celestial enlightenment on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe; heinously preferring to clandestinely gallop with ghoulish corpses in sinister darkness; instead,

Even if you didn't respect the most benevolent of my deeds an ephemeral trace; saluting the lascivious dungeon of sleazy parasites with profound admiration in your eyes; instead,

Even if you didn't pay heed to the most despairingly traumatic of my cries;

uninhibitedly dancing to the tunes of my horrific agony; violently smooching your boyfriend; instead,

Even if you didn't empathize the tiniest with my overwhelmingly dreary bones after I acridly faced the onslaught of the remorsefully manipulative society; gagging a mortuary of torching needles into my mouth as I holistically snored, Even if you didn't fantasize about my regally brandishing sword and patriotic scepter; ludicrously chortling your breath out; as I valiantly stepped into the rampaging battlefield; to defend my very own sacrosanct motherland,

Even if you didn't relentlessly walk by my side as I trespassed through all the good and sordidly bad in life; vengefully laid the most lecherously bawdy barricades in every of my advancing paths; instead,

Even if you didn't cook tantalizing morsels of food for my miserably emaciated stomach; ruthlessly extricated my mass of intricately poignant intestines; to feed the cacophonically wailing eunuchs outside; instead,

Even if you didn't mesmerize my uxoriously livid nerves with mellifluously ebullient sound; mercilessly left the horde of salaciously victimizing wolves upon my naked flesh; when I was snoozing; instead,

Even if you didn't believe one bit in the most sagaciously righteous of my preachings; maliciously blowing the rambunctiously blowing horns of your car full throttle; the instant I attempted to open my nimble mouth,

Even if you didn't like it an evanescent speck if I took your name; barbarously slashed the rosy pink of my lips with the malevolently prejudiced butcher's knife; if I dared to praise your enamoring countenance,

Even if you didn't respect me an ethereal iota for all my immortally compassionate love; tirelessly kept expurgating your feces upon my skull; envisaging it to be your favorite lavatory seat,

Nevertheless; Your mere presence itself has and will forever inspire me; making me feel the most pricelessly blessed entity alive; miraculously metamorphosing every element of my grief into a paradise of unconquerable happiness,

So therefore it is my humble request to you O! eternal beloved; execute whatever conceivable torture you could upon my diminutive persona; crucify me with all the badness that exists on this Universe; blind me with all the hatred in your life;

but please don't leave me to lead a life more penalizing than death; please don't ever leave me.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Don't Forget To Pray

Even if you didn't remember to wash your body early in the morning; slept cozily in your bed even after the Sun brilliantly crept up in the sky,

Even if you didn't behave nicely with your wife; castigating her incessantly for her scores of inadvertent failures,

Even if you didn't speak eloquently with your boss; howling at him a volley of horrendous abuse; giving a taste of his own medicine,

Even if you didn't drive your vehicle to synchronized speed limits; swerving it like a wild panther let loose from the tyranny of the jungles,

Even if you didn't sort your food meticulously with an array of shimmering spoons and forks; savagely tore through the chunks of fruit with untamed passion,

Even if you didn't say 'hello' every time you received a phone; barked a thunderous expletive; before eventually slamming down the receiver,

Even if you didn't wear clothes to cover your skin; ran stark naked on the streets; loudly proclaiming to the world that you were unrestricted and wholesomely free,

Even if you didn't study for the examinations; engrossed yourself thoroughly in earning money through a series of nefarious means instead,

Even if you didn't write or speak a single word in the entire day; pretended yourself to be the greatest; expecting people to perceive your every demand; by simply looking into your emphatic eyes,

Even if you didn't budge an inch after the disastrous earthquake struck the entire nation; remained as stoical as ice to the inexplicable suffering happening all around,

Even if you didn't switch on the lights of your house as the last rays of day had entirely faded away; incorrigibly resolved to remain in perennial darkness and gloom; spreading the same as far and wide as you could,

Even if you didn't drink water every time you felt thirsty; instead pacified the

scorching chords of your throat with oligarchic wine,

Even if you didn't respect your elders; treated small children in your neighborhood with profound hostility,

Even if you didn't pay your bills for the month; remained sunk in your own world of voluptuous fantasy all day and night,

Even if you didn't eat pure vegetarian food to appease your famished bowels; annihilated innocent animals instead to add taste to your lackluster tongue,

Even if you didn't sit peacefully at one place for dedicated long hours; fidgeted about beating the bush with your impetuous palms instead,

Even if you didn't adhere to each of your promises; betrayed the person whom you loved; not being able to accept the increasing pressures of mankind,

Even if you didn't admire the enchanting melody of the singing birds; profusely patronized the voice of the hideous vultures instead,

And even if you lead life unconventionally; metamorphosing each blissful moment into veritable hell; acting upon your fancy whims and eccentricities,

Please don't forget to pray to God; worship him in whatever form you had the prowess to conceive him,

For let me tell you; that you might be considering yourself very unique; self made persons having the supreme ability to implement each of your liquid thoughts into action; but without his blessings you were all simply broken strands of matchsticks orphaned on the ground; and before the last flame on your body dies a ghastly death;

C'mon get down on your heels; and fold your hands in front of the Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Don't Make Me Rich!

If it came at the cost of; massacring countless innocent; in the wrath of derogatorily baseless politics,

If it came at the cost of; entangling the unassailably righteous dormitories of the conscience; in a graveyard of malignant manipulation,

If it came at the cost of; mercilessly marauding over a sea of priceless emotions and camaraderie; incarcerating the spirit of humanity in chains of diabolically inclement torture,

If it came at the cost of; venomously adulterating the fabric of pristinely spell binding mother nature; with monstrously monotonous edifices of bizarrely decrepit commercialism,

If it came at the cost of; violently metamorphosing every bit of blissful sanctity and compassionate brotherhood; into an amorphously agnostic coffin of devilishness,

If it came at the cost of; debasingly victimizing the lap of the sacrosanct mother; with whiplashes of threadbarely insane salaciousness,

If it came at the cost of; indiscriminately lambasting hatred; ghoulishly ghettoizing priceless mankind; into spurious fraternities of caste; creed and feckless color,

If it came at the cost of; chauvinistically treacherous prejudice; the maimed anarchy of a handful of dictators; devastating every ingredient of love from the trajectory of this benevolently emollient planet,

If it came at the cost of; truculently abusing the haplessly old; propelling them to ooze tears of torturous blood; every unfurling minute of the Omnipotently rejuvenating day,

If it came at the cost of; vindictively replacing every rivulet of quintessentially gifted blood in the body; with uxoriously bawdy wine and intransigently unending hatred,

If it came at the cost of; gruesomely overriding the civilization of unsurpassably insuperable harmony; with the scorpions of ill-will and despondently debilitating

disease,

If it came at the cost of; murderously trading innocuously nubile skin; amongst salaciously rampaging and demonically sucking parasites,

If it came at the cost of; invidious violence sowing its lugubriously sinful seeds; on every quarter of his regally timeless and fantastically burgeoning Universe,

If it came at the cost of; ominously weeping betrayal; maliciously creeping into every holistically immaculate and perpetually loving heart,

If it came at the cost of; every anecdote of altruistically immortal bravery; drowning forever and ever and ever into wisps of worthless cigar smoke and lasciviously disappearing wine,

If it came at the cost of; divinely motherhood being immutably rebuked in the center of the town; its triumphantly venerated elements being excoriated apart into disastrous nothingness,

If it came at the cost of; insanely polluting God's symbiotically celestial environment; with obnoxious chemicals and nuclear bombs of the most unimaginably hateful degree,

If it came at the cost of; cannibalistically making the poor more poorer and criminally commemorating the sins of the pompously rich; as the ultimate crescendos of life and unshakable humanity,

Then please leave me exactly the way I was born O! Almighty Lord; without a single cloth or ornament on my impoverished body; without the tiniest of embellishment on my uncontrollably shivering bones; please don't ever give me any wealth; please don't ever make me mighty or rich.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Don't Mind

Please don't mind if I visited your dwelling wearing battered shoes; with my lace obnoxiously sprawled across and a myriad of holes blatantly visible in my socks, As I had poignant reflections of your face circulating in my dreams; was prepared to leap in blistering fires at the slightest of insinuation you gave me.

Please don't mind if the shirt clinging tautly to my silhouette had a plethora of wrinkles; abhorrent blotches of black sweat appeared on the collar, As I perceived you to be the most wonderful person in the world; would take all those daggers hurled at you; directly on my bare chest.

Please don't mind if my hands were coated with slimy grease; incongruous stubs of nails extruded from my fingers, As I uttered your celestial name with the first rays of evanescent dawn; was wholesomely ready to bear the brunt of rebukes passed on you by the uncouth society.

Please don't mind if I didn't possess dexterous eloquence to speak; the charisma of a prince incarcerated in my demeanor, As I unrelentingly fantasized about your mesmerizing voice all day; would consume even obdurate stones; if that is what you decided to serve me for nocturnal supper.

Please don't mind if my lips were profusely chapped; my teeth didn't display a scintillating shine, As I could spot your ingratiating smile amidst millions; would perennially stay close to your feet even if you mercilessly whipped me.

Please don't mind if I had unshaven cheeks; with clusters of incongruous hair protruding out in misalignment, As I would try my stupendous best to sequester you from the slightest of dust blowing; engulf your persona from all sides to protect you from the piercing cold.

Please don't mind if I walked incoherently; unable to emulate the articulate steps of a jeweled prince, As I would make sure your dainty feet refrained to touch the tainted earth; carrying you wherever you went on my rubicund shoulders.

Please don't mind if I didn't embellish my neck with pearls; adorn my fingers with dazzling gold,

As I would discriminate you from all opulent existing in this world; decimate all those individuals who ever tried to purchase you.

Please don't mind if I didn't wear flamboyant sun shades over my eyes; went rampantly philandering through undulating mountain slopes and wild territory,
As I would like you to use them as a pellucid mirror; every time you had the insatiable urge to sight your face.

Please don't mind if I was oblivious to pulverizing my food with forks and knives; blending and kneading it with my raw hands,
As I would make sure you ate the best of delicacies; would prepare delectably appetizing meals for you with my very own hands.

Please don't mind if I emitted rambunctious snores while in deep slumber; inundating the atmosphere with a profoundly sounding cacophonous buzz,
As I would see to it that you slept like a queen all night; safeguarding you against ominous evil lurking in close proximity.

And please don't mind If I didn't have exorbitant wealth; biscuits of gold to eat for breakfast; pools replete with resplendent silver to submerge my visage in,
As I would famish myself to bizarre limits; wholesomely ensuring you were gratified every moment; tears of unprecedented ecstasy dribbled incessantly from your eyes; till the time you existed

Nikhil Parekh

Please Don't Order Her To Die

Take away my eyes instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her blind,

Take away my voice instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her dumb,

Take away my shadow instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her disappear,

Take away my feet instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her crippled and maim,

Take away all my happiness instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her depressed and maniacally gloomy,

Take away all my wealth instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her beg on the streets,

Take away all my dreams instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't break the blissful spell of her tantalizing fantasy,

Take away all my energy instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her weak and on the point of inevitable collapse,

Take away all my clothes instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her shiver uncontrollably,

Take away every chunk of my mind instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't mentally exert her even the slightest,

Take away my fluffy bed and mattress instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her sleep on the naked floor,

Take away all my teeth instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't give her even the slightest difficulty while she chewed food,

Take away all my blood instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't alleviate her zest and enthusiasm for life,

Take away all the juice trapped sumptuously in my stomach instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't starve her to bizarre limits,

Take away every trace of beauty from my body instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her ugly and hideously wicked,
Take away each hair shimmering on my scalp instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her embarrassingly bald,

Take away all my fingers instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her relinquish her ability to fantastically sketch,

Take away my breath instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't carry her to the heavens,

Take away my heart beat instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't stop hers from throbbing passionately,

And take away my life instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't order her to die.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Don't Show Me Death

Show me clusters of obnoxious cockroaches; crawling miserably towards the dingy and thoroughly fetid bathroom seat,

Show me an ocean of vicious scorpions; ready to pounce upon and pugnaciously strangulate their prey,

Show me a mountain of garbage emanating a stupendously ghastly odor; repugnantly wading off the tiniest of soul trying to trespass its stinking persona,

Show me a gruesomely deadly spider; oozing overwhelming amounts of poison from its morbidly corrugated tentacles,

Show me a garden of rebellious thorns; fervently awaiting to rip apart the last ounce of breath from my daintily tender body,

Show me an insurmountably distorted mask; with its ghoulish skull like demeanor driving away all zeal and enthusiasm from the conglomerate of my veins,

Show me an open mouthed fleet of hostile sharks; probing menacingly forward with their knife like jaws ready to pulverize the most strongest of entity into diminutive mincemeat,

Show me a pool of satanic blood; acrid strands of glass extruding from innocuous sheets of flawless skin,

Show me a well inundated with diabolical toothed rats; wild chimpanzees snaring their teeth to snap apart blissful traces of life,

Show me the dilapidated box of empty coffin; waiting ardently for a dead body to occupy its solitarily obsolete space,

Show me the wretched visage of the completely squelched building; with plush chunks of colored glass and silken upholstery poking out like pathetically small worms,

Show me a badly injured person; oozing blood from his body like an uncontrollably rampant fountain,

Show me a wholesomely blind man; staggering and floundering abominably on every step that he took on brilliantly illuminated ground,

Show me a wounded battalion of tigers; snarling perilously through the foliated outgrowths of the unimaginably treacherous jungle,

Show me a sac replete with colorless stones; clanging deafeningly against each other with tumultuous ill will and ominous hatred,

Show me an orphaned infant shivering hysterically in the freezing winds; with the crimson blood in his veins virtually frozen to small cubicles of white ice,

Show me fathomless sheets of torn fabric; with infinite dots of blood and sordid mucus adhering to it vehemently from all sides,

Show me the unprecedentedly gory scene of the vivacious battlefield; deluged from all sides with hoarsely crying warriors; ruthlessly cut hands and feet loitering dismally in a stream of thick blood,

Show me terribly crumpled bits of incoherent paper; flooded with script that was incomprehensibly abusive,

Show me a woman weeping sadly; as she passionately missed her husband while he was away for just a brief interval of time,

Show me a castle profusely occupied by brutal demon horns; wickedly vicious snake skins suspended listlessly from the hollow ceiling,

Show me a deplorably broken mirror; reflecting a flurry of lifeless images; further exacerbating the condition of the already dull atmosphere,

Show me an insane lunatic; crazily thrashing his head countless number of times against the obdurate wall; trying to crunch every bone of his body with every bang to the brick,

Show me an ambience entrenched with deathly blackness; permeating my impeccable countenance like infinite arrows coated with malice,

Show me the devil; towering tall and colossal towards the sky; ready to assassinate my scalp into unsurpassable no of tiny bits; at the slightest provocation he received,

And O! Lord please show me anything which might be horrendously obnoxious;
anything which might be most despondently displeasing to the eye; anything
which
might be horrifically corrupt and detrimental to celestial society; but please don't
show me death; don't show me perpetual demise.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Forgive Me

I know I may have pinched you several times; causing you to wince in contorted agony,

I know I may have pummeled you to the ground; hurling at you a volley of poignant abuse,

I know I may have kicked you in the stomach; made a face at you resembling a hideous demon,

I know I may have splashed your face with orange juice; soiling your impeccable clothing with infinite blemishes of black paint,

I know I may have stared at you in animosity; fomenting you to ooze tears down your glistening cheeks,

I know I may have made you trip; poking my large toe deliberately in your way,

I know I may have scowled at you umpteenth number of times; tickling you in your ribs when you didn't want it the slightest,

I know I may have shrug off the breakfast plate in utter disdain; dictating you thunderously to make it all over again,

I know I may have sprinkled upon you freezing water; inundating your persona with frozen ice in the peak of winter,

I know I may have used my pen to thrash you; more than I might have used it to write literature,

I know I may have philandered with several girls; giving them a peck on their cheeks right in front of your eyes,

I know I may have dropped debris intermittently on the ground; just to appease myself sighting you picking them up,

I know I may have wrecked you out of tranquil sleep large no of times in the night; with a volley of my monstrous snores,

I know I may have interrogated you till eternity; asking you divulge an account

of each minute; in order to pacify my suspicions,

I know I may have forgotten your birthday; not remembering to wish you on the hour which God created you,

I know I may not have written to you; even after being weeks away from you on a business trip,

I know I may have drunk boundless pegs of voluptuous wine; stumbling on half the words I uttered in front of your revered parents,

I know I may have curtailed you to household chores; refraining you from stepping out in this flamboyant world,

And I know I may have behaved like a perfect brute all these years; rebuking you on many occasions in front of the society,

But then; they were those moments when the human in me had metamorphosed into a savage animal; the tyranny of earning had crippled the innocent child in me;
annihilating all my perceptions about romance and bondage,

While let me candidly tell you today; that I have always loved you; valued your caress more than any other object existing in this world; have longed for your company more than the Sun has longed to shine; and I know that perhaps you wouldn't even prefer to look at me in this lifetime of mine; but I will still say this; as I love you more than myself; that please forgive me.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Never Free Me

You could free me this very instant from my eyes; but please never free me of that everlastingly bountiful entrenchment of beauty; that they had so marvelously witnessed; during the tenure of my impoverished life,

You could free me this very instant from my shoulders; but please never free me of the unflinching in which they had so handsomely blazed; during the tenure of my truncated life,

You could free me this very instant from my lips; but please never free me of the philanthropic festoon of smiles that they had so gregariously executed; during the tenure of my traumatically shortened life,

You could free me this very instant from my feet; but please never free me of the exhilarating adventure that they had so gorgeously experienced; during the tenure of my disastrously dithering life,

You could free me this very instant from my eyelashes; but please never free me of the unfathomable seduction that they had so tantalizingly blended with; during the tenure of my indigently curtailed life,

You could free me this very instant from my ears; but please never free me of the magnanimously enthralling sounds that they had so ravishingly heard; during the tenure of my preposterously ungainly life,

You could free me this very instant from my fingers; but please never free me of the spell binding artistry that they had so majestically diffused; during the tenure of my pathetically slithering life,

You could free me this very instant from my blood; but please never free me of the religion of humanity that it had so royally coalesced with; during the tenure of my timidly disappearing life,

You could free me this very instant from my voice; but please never free me of the unparalleled righteousness that it had so regally exhibited; during the tenure

of
my sordidly despicable life,

You could free me this very instant from my skin; but please never free me of the unconquerable titillation that it had so wonderfully felt; during the tenure of my dolorously bereaved life,

You could free me this very instant from my brain; but please never free me of the unfathomably enchanting fantasy that it had so seductively perceived; during the tenure of my fugitively destitute life,

You could free me this very instant from my hair; but please never free me of the unassailable ecstasy that they had so ebulliently been a part of; during the tenure of my ethereally nonchalant life,

You could free me this very instant from my teeth; but please never free me of the intrepid resilience that they had so magnificently oozed; during the tenure of my insipidly dwindling life,

You could free me this very instant from my perspiration; but please never free me of the persevering essence that it had so resplendently disseminated; during the tenure of my ghoulishly asphyxiating life,

You could free me this very instant from my bones; but please never free me of the astronomical resilience that they had so flamboyantly displayed; during the tenure of my profoundly lambasted life,

You could free me this very instant from my shadow; but please never free me of the voluptuous softness that it had so fantastically diffused; during the tenure of my agonizingly fluttering life,

You could free me this very instant from my conscience; but please never free me of the irrefutably sparkling righteousness that it had so tirelessly wafted; during the tenure of my manipulatively besieged life,

You could free me this very instant from my soul; but please never free me of the humanitarian goodness that it had so bountifully liberated; during the tenure of
my monotonously obsolete life,

You could free me this very instant from my breath; but please never free me of the timeless sensuousness that it had so Omnisciently perpetuated; during the

tenure of my lugubriously faltering life,

And you could free me this very instant from my heart O! Almighty Creator; but please never free me of the immortal love that it had so blissfully bonded with; during the tenure of my diminutively relinquishing life.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Remember All The Answers

Ask the pristinely large eyed child; as to how does it feel after losing both his parents; to the most tragically unfortunate and demonically pulverizing of car crash?

Ask the century old royal tree; as to how does it feel after being ruthlessly uprooted from its compassionate mother soil; just for viciously illuminating; the politician's every spurious bonfire night?

Ask the majestically unabashed ocean; as to how does it feel after cold-bloodedly scurrilous man indiscriminately used it for the most derogatory nuclear experimentation; unstoppably killed its aristocratic fish and life; for his worthlessly impotent cuisine?

Ask the eternally burgeoning mother; as to how does she feel after the most priceless ingredient of her womb; her son; was eventually beheaded by the enemy camp; who'd being diabolically torturing him since times immemorial?

Ask the unsurpassably towering building; as to how does it feel after the brutally devastating earthquake; which uncompromisingly rattled and shattered the foundations of all races and times?

Ask the adroitly blissful fish; as to how does it feel after being heartlessly placed in the unsparingly simmering oven; after relishing and replenishing each element of its life; as the ultimate queen of the fathomless sea?

Ask the bounteously spawning soil; as to how does it feel after being barbarously ploughed with the most invidiously carnivorous pickaxes of menacing steel; in man's rapacious thirst to discover and strike gold?

Ask the vivaciously enamoring rainbow; as to how does it feel after the clouds and rain wholesomely disappeared; with nothing else but the indefatigably blazing Sun evaporating every conceivable thing in the atmosphere?

Ask the exuberantly ecstatic youngster; as to how does it feel after being subjected to the direct wrath of the atom bomb; being further left along with countless more of his generations to crawl without arms and legs; upon salaciously cold ground?

Ask the fearlessly true soldier; as to how does it feel after being gracefully handed back to his respective country by the opposition; and then being addressed as an infertile traitor for the remainder of his life?

Ask the redolently unconquerable rose; as to how does it feel after each of its compassionate petal in infinite millions of its kind; were sinfully plucked and then pervertedly flushed down the lavatory hole?

Ask the tantalizingly moistened dewdrop; as to how does it feel after the acrimoniously unsparing rays of the belligerent summer; evaporated even the most infinitesimal ounce of it; till times immemorial?

Ask the convivially ebullient bird; as to how does it feel after the pugnaciously acid coated kite string; satanically cut the impregnably united mass of its wings; into a worthless two?

Ask the independently invincible flag; as to how does it feel after being conquered and replaced; by the flag of ominously incarcerating and deplorably ribald dictatorship?

Ask the unassailably humanitarian blood; as to how does it feel after being amorphously dissected into the devilish boundaries and vindictive differences of color/caste/creed and tribe?

Ask the ecstatically twinkling eye; as to how does it feel after being subjected to infinite billion tears of sheer hopelessness; inflicted by the venomous commercialism of this treacherously manipulative world today?

Ask the endlessly fantasizing brain; as to how does it feel after being subjected to unendingly sadistic germs of monotony; in order to carry forward the inevitable swirl of pragmatically massacring life?

Ask the immortally passionate heart; as to how does it feel after being hedonistically poisoned with the inconsolable mortuaries; of demonically asphyxiating betrayal?

And the next time you ever feel sad; or hopelessly insignificant; or inexplicably depressed for no ostensible reason and rhyme; even after possessing all of God's impregnably enamoring endowments upon mankind intact; then please for heaven sake do remember all the answers.

Please Save The Planet

I have never witnessed the clouds bursting so ferociously in the sky before;
streaks of diabolical lightening sweep viciously across the fathomless cosmos,

I have never witnessed the waves rise so treacherously in the oceans before;
savagely clashing in torrents against the chain of black rocks,

I have never witnessed the soil reverberate more thunderously before; every
structure on obdurate ground collapsing like a pack of frigid matchsticks,

I have never witnessed the breeze so violently rustling before; an
incomprehensibly sinister voice echo through the hollow valleys,

I have never witnessed lava so fulminating from the belly of earth before;
charring even the most infinitesimal of organism in near vicinity,

I have never witnessed avalanches build up so prolifically before; mammoth
mountains of insidiously freezing ice; uncouthly devouring each innocuous
structure; as they diffused into infinite balls of snow,

I have never witnessed that ominously orange tinge in the sky before; the wave
of untamed anger lingering profound and austere profuse; even after the Sun
had
disappeared beyond the horizons,

I have never witnessed the Moon stay so long behind the blanket of clouds
before; accentuating evil shades of the night to the most unprecedented limits,

I have never witnessed the river swell so gigantically before; incarcerating even
the most astronomical summit of the colossal mountain; in its tumultuous swirl,

I have never witnessed the fires blazing so poignantly before; with the flames
relentlessly crackling; even torrential downpours of inclement rain,

I have never witnessed the scorpions running so menacingly in the fields before;
ready to stab their venomous fangs into whomsoever who came their way,

I have never witnessed the battalion of vultures soaring so ardently over the
bustling city; awaiting every unleashing minute to descend down; and pluck the
eyes of humble entities hovering around,

I have never witnessed the atmosphere turn a ghastly scarlet at the unveiling of ethereal dawn; droplets of satanic blood raining down unrelentingly from the festoon of tree leaves,

I have never witnessed the sands whistle at such thunderbolt velocities before; wholesomely blinding innocuous personalities who unwittingly crept their way,

I have never witnessed the fleet of panthers unite together before; galloping towards the blissful township; to ruthlessly pulverize the township of impeccable humans into raw bone,

I have never witnessed the rocks tumble down in such a rampant frenzy before; fanatically augmenting their fervor as they were just about to kiss the chocolate brown mud,

I have never witnessed spider weaving its web so boisterously before; oozing countless threads every single second to strangulate its timid prey; to horrendous death,

And I have never witnessed everything in such a frantic turmoil before; everything barbarically looming like a sword upon the holistic earth,

Therefore it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Lord; on behalf of all my philanthropic countrymen; please forgive us if we might have committed anything

inadvertently against your Omnipotent grace; and even if you don't want to forgive us; please save this mesmerizing planet from disastrous extinction.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Say Something Atleast

It might be the most insanely balderdash and deteriorating rhyme on this enchantingly fathomless earth; I still wont mind it even an infinitesimal trifle,

It might be the most perniciously sinister and abhorrent abuse on this spell bindingly colossal earth; I still wont mind it even a diminutive iota,

It might be the most savagely distorted and feckless mumble-jumble on this redolently unassailable earth; I still wont mind it even a mercurial inch,

It might be the most truculently perverted and sordid imagery on this charismatically blessed earth; I still wont mind it even a minute whisper,

It might be the most satanically incarcerated and preposterous rhyme on this endlessly enthralling earth; I still wont mind it even an invisible speck,

It might be the most grotesquely ghoulish and cacophonous on this timelessly mesmerizing earth; I still wont mind it even an obsolete fraction,

It might be the most remorsefully fretful and dolorous monologue on this iridescently majestic earth; I still wont mind it even an inconspicuous bit,

It might be the most notoriously atrocious and sanctimonious slang on this magically Omnipotent earth; I still wont mind it even an insipid chunk,

It might be the most rambunctiously garrulous and irascible sound on this gigantically eclectic earth; I still wont mind it even a diminishing periphery,

It might be the most indescribably hoarse and irate word on this bountifully burgeoning earth; I still wont mind it even a nonchalant component,

It might be the most treacherously invidious and quavering wail on this stupendously triumphant earth; I still wont mind it even a parsimonious firmament,

It might be the most derogatorily nonsensical and disdainful shit on this boundlessly gregarious earth; I still wont mind it even an evanescent centimeter,

It might be the most villainously decrepit and tawdry fantasy on this

unsurpassably gargantuan earth; I still wont mind it even an ephemeral trace,

It might be the most luridly heinous and prejudiced animosity on this magnificently celestial earth; I still wont mind it even a fugitive figment,

It might be the most indiscriminately lambasting and unrelenting litany of complaints on this beautifully convivial earth; I still wont mind it even a non-existent speck,

It might be the most ludicrously staggering and exhausted adieu on this gloriously flamboyant earth; I still wont mind it even a infidel step,

It might be the most uncontrollably ferocious and devastating echo on this magnetically enigmatic earth; I still wont mind it even an obfuscated segment,

It might be the most dwindlingly asphyxiated and tortured beat on this Omnisciently sacrosanct earth; I still wont mind it even an fleeting section,

But please O! eternal Beloved; for God's sake O! Heavenly Beloved; howsoever absurd and inconsequential it may be; I really wont mind it the least; but say something atleast,

For I could bear an infinite deaths smilingly and without the slightest of complaints; rather than witnessing you as silent as a stone in the ghastly grave; so for heaven sake please; please; please say something atleast.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Smile

A smile on your lips comes absolutely free; spreading waves of unsolicited exhilaration in my persona,
A smile on your lips looks mystically enchanting; resembling sweet coats of molten nectar,
A smile on your lips accentuates your immaculate teeth; portraying your mesmerizing grace,
A smile on your lips gives me loads of renewed hope; instantly assassinating all the anguish I face,
A smile on your lips reveals your boisterous nature; encompassing me completely in supreme exultation,
A smile on your lips impregnates me with hope; prompting me to overcome a battalion of dismal failures,
A smile on your lips makes me walk fast; keep up pace with the uncouth speed of mundane world,
A smile on your lips looks ravishing in the tenacious moonlight; instigating me to stare unrelentingly in your sapphire eyes,
A smile on your lips sculpts your face to resemble a fairy; bestowing upon my dreary soul a plethora of riches,
A smile on your lips makes me oblivious to time; and hours unleash themselves into days without traces of boredom,
A smile on your lips reinvigorates my exhausted bones; encouraging me to walk for marathon distances in sweltering heat of the Sun,
A smile on your lips makes me feel exorbitantly special; placing me several shades above the common pedestrian,
A smile on your lips makes me ostentatiously dream; sequestering me from harsh realities; blending me with ostentatious walls of the palace,
A smile on your lips incorporates me with tumultuous confidence; making me extravagantly speak at business meetings,
A smile on your lips gives you that frivolous look; melting my stringently compact composure; instilling my demeanor with inevitable desires,
A smile on your lips makes me feel flying high in thin clouds; incessantly constructing a building of dreams,
A smile on your lips reinstates my belief in mankind; inducing me to be philanthropic towards my fellow beings,
A smile on your lips pacifies soaring temperatures of viral fever in my silhouette; alleviating the soreness in my intricate throat,
A smile on your lips makes me incorrigibly feel I am real; have a definite purpose while existing on this earth,

A smile on your lips distinguishes you from the solitary girl; granting you the
invincible status of being holistically alive,
So for heaven sake sweet heart; wake up from the realms of unconsciousness
and
please smile.

Nikhil Parekh

Please Stop War

Please Stop War; Please Stop indiscriminately terrorizing hatred to reign as the most supremely inebriating and acrimoniously rebuking ingredient; of the atmosphere,

Please Stop War; Please Stop Poverty from perpetuating its maliciously ghastly curse to every quarter of the planet; as countless innocent were rendered hopeless; and without a single roof to sequester their scalps,

Please Stop War; Please Stop indiscriminately uncouth racialism; ghettoizing holistically bountiful society; into frigidly polarized and abominably shivering halves,

Please Stop War; Please Stop uncontrollably atrocious misery without the tiniest rhyme or reason; as boundless innocuous civilians cadaverously rotted in the aisles of reproachfully stabbing disease,

Please Stop War; Please Stop limitless impeccable infants from treacherously emaciating; with every conceivable trace of food and water; pugnaciously metamorphosing into vindictively gory blood,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the coffin of unforgivable diabolism straddle its grip; upon every pristinely untainted chest and soul; till times beyond infinite infinity,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the nightmare of perpetual disaster from ghoulishly enshrouding every philanthropic brain; even in the most blisteringly Omnipotent of daylight,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the scorpion of egregious abhorrence venomously blinding even the most effusively brilliant of your senses; to mortuaries of inexplicably endless despair,

Please Stop War; Please Stop politicians from taking unprecedented advantage of the same; salaciously busy in gobbling votes from the one community that they sanctimoniously supported,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the intransigently hazardous apocalypses of nuclear war; cursedly victimizing countless more generations yet to be born; with the fangs of unfathomably incurable apathy and angst,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the indescribably penalizing stench of inhumanity forever disrupt the fabric of God's eternal paradise; mercilessly torch every trifle of compassionate sensitivity alive,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the graveyard of satanically torturing tears; replace every beautifully burgeoning smile; replace every construable instant of symbiotically enamoring felicity,

Please Stop War; Please Stop the thorn of torridly tawdry unemployment to arise out of sheer nothingness; unsparingly lambasting its amorphous bigotry upon triumphantly bustling blood and youth,

Please Stop War; Please Stop Mother Soil from being lethally inundated with raunchily unceremonious bone and decaying carcass; rather than being miraculously harnessed with the seeds of majestically blessing fertility,

Please Stop War; Please Stop every pricelessly new born infant from being barbarously orphaned; as its parents inadvertently became the fury of the violently rampaging and senselessly blinded mob,

Please Stop War; Please Stop every speck of fretfully asphyxiating desperation; wholesomely overrule the chapters of unassailably Omnipresent truth and gloriously undaunted honesty,

Please Stop War; Please Stop fecklessly livid nervousness heckling every sagaciously celestial bone alive; with every organism frenetically praying for its next breath; instead of insuperably relishing its present one,

Please Stop War; Please Stop contemptuously baseless condemnation of the Lord's eternally symbiotic living beings; tossing away inimitably endowed life like a chunk of wailing feces; while sadistically kissing the coffin till times immemorial,

Please Stop War; Please Stop utterly derogatory annihilation of the panoramically enthralling environment; as it forever disappeared into the aisles of meaninglessness; while human brutally clashed sword with blood tainted sword,

And Please Stop War; Please Stop every beat of the perennially throbbing heart from bawdily wrenching in the hell of devil; rather than timelessly uniting with the immortally Omniscient paradise of the fathomlessly indomitable Almighty Lord

Nikhil Parekh

Poem On Blood Donation- Donating Blood- Means Loving It All The More

I presumed you loved it- as it was your spirit to successfully accomplish your every philanthropic mission- with the blessings of the Omnipotent Lord Almighty,

I presumed you loved it- as it most ecstatically charged up you up- as you leapt forward to uninhibitedly blossom in the garden of vibrantly bestowed life,

I presumed you loved it- as it was your humane lifeline to mélange so serenely with your surroundings- become a quintessential constituent in the atmosphere of symbiotic camaraderie,

I presumed you loved it- since it was your amiable stamp amongst all mortals- as you traversed shoulder to shoulder with every of your fellow human; blessed with the fundamental principles of existence,

I presumed you loved it- since it taught you the value of priceless life- inspired you to live life to its very fullest and endeavor your earnest best to afford the same to your fellow beings in duress,

I presumed you loved it- as it evoked the artist in you to burgeon in realms of unfettered sensuousness- as you assimilated your creative potential from slim space- before sharing it with the outside world,

I presumed you loved it- as it added that extra ounce of zeal in your step- as you embarked upon every adventure that you were passionate about- in a life unpredictably mystical but blessed,

I presumed you loved it- since it transcended you above all barriers of caste; creed; religion and color to bond with the religion of oneness and humanity,

I presumed you loved it- as it magnetically drew you closer to your soulmates in life- reminding you that chapters of life bore royal fruition when confronted with true love,

I presumed you loved it- as it revitalized your complexion and countenance to appear as that of a handsome human- prone to all that was further destined- but resiliently following the path of truth,

I presumed you loved it- as though silent- it triggered an inferno of universal desire in your nimble silhouette- as you evolved your virile kin and family further on
this infallibly flawless Universe,

I presumed you loved it- as it helped you coin a new definition of compassionate companionship- one that accepted one and all for what they were and as they had come into God's planet divine,

I presumed you loved it- as its healing balm empowered you to start afresh after every of your humanely trip and fall- let the blazingly Omnipotent rays of the Sun God energize you towards your righteously benevolent mission in life,

I presumed you loved it- as it fortified your bond of togetherness not only with your biological kin- but with your environment and with every living being in harmonious friendship,

I presumed you loved it- as it gave you the strength to never betray your own conscience- and irrespective of wherever you were and whatever you did- you were answerable to Omnipresent God,

I presumed you loved it- as it led you through astounding myriad colors of a poignant survival- which all eventually amalgamated and united into a rainbow of altruistic caring,

I presumed you loved it- as it gradually and very moderately transformed you into a blissful adult from a diminutive infant- in perfect accordance with the winds of creation- bestowed upon by the Omniscient Creator,

I presumed you loved it- as you honestly paved your path through the multifarious replenishing fields and shades of existence- being just othing in front of the unassailable Lord,

And I am definitely sure that you would love your blood all themore- -if you donated it to all those in dire need of it— thereby giving true meaning to the essence of humanitarian unity and humane oneness,

For the chapters of Life and Death are in God's hands - but donating blood is just one great humanitarian way in which you could help your blessed fellow living being.

Poetry

If its from the center of the voluptuously enriching clouds; then it has got to be nothing else but; tantalizing droplets of blissfully soothing and blessedly emollient rain,

If its from the petals of the splendidly embellished rose; then it has got to be nothing else but; fantastically unhindered and impregnably enamoring fragrance,

If its from the pristinely untainted labyrinths of soil; then it has got to be nothing else but; brilliantly optimistic and fabulously embellished fertility,

If its from the gigantically undulating ocean; then it has got to be nothing else but; vivaciously wonderful and spell-bindingly poignant salt,

If its from the blessedly sacrosanct cow; then it has got to be nothing else but; celestially fortifying and unconquerably compassionate milk,

If its from the gallantly boisterous bumble bee; then it has got to be nothing else but; vividly enchanting and mellifluously iridescent honey,

If its from the dedicatedly twinkling eye; then it has to got be nothing else but; undauntedly handsome and triumphantly blazing intensity,

If its from the Omnipotently infallible Sun; then it has got to be nothing else but; brilliantly unfettered and undefeatedly spell-binding light,

If its from the poignantly ecstatic Wind; then it has got to be nothing else but; profoundly sensuous and unimaginably innovative exhilaration,

If its from the indomitably Herculean Mountain; then it has got to be nothing else but; perpetually subliming and convivially enshrouding unity,

If its from the fathomlessly fantastic sky; then it has got to be nothing else but; perennially venerated and artistically uninhibited openness,

If its from the marvelously virgin pearl; then it has got to be nothing else but; unfathomably resplendent and timelessly bewitching artistry,

If its from the fearlessly Godly Mother; then it has got to be nothing else but;

altruistically eternal and wonderfully ameliorating care,

If its from the realms of insurmountably ignited yearning; then it has got to be nothing else but; boundlessly unparalleled and inimitably effulgent ecstasy,
If its from the jubilantly cavorting sheep; then it has got to be nothing else but; unsurpassably unadulterated and gloriously unimpeachable innocence,

If its from the victoriously scarlet blood; then it has got to be nothing else but; ardently unending and blazingly unhindered passion,

If its from the innocuously golden sweat; then it has got to be nothing else but; irrefutably righteous and truthfully synergistic perseverance,

If its from the inexhaustible dormitories of the brain; then it has got to be nothing else but; surreally titillating and majestically fructifying fantasy,

If its from the mouth of the invincible lion; then it has got to be nothing else but; unlimitedly unconquerable and ferociously untamed aristocracy,

If its from the soul of the newborn child; then it has got to be nothing else but; unassailably fecund and brilliantly optimistic truth,

If its from the body of the astoundingly gifted seed; then it has got to be nothing else but; timelessly endowing and astoundingly blessing proliferation,

If its from the lines of the incoherently sculptured palm; then it has got to be nothing else but; inexplicably reverberating and uncannily inscrutable adventure,

If its from the fierily robust nostrils; then it has got to be nothing else but; inevitably divine and magically mitigating breath,

And if its from the innermost realms of the passionate heart; then it has got to be nothing else but immortally Omnipresent and endlessly captivating
"Poetry"

Nikhil Parekh

Poetry - Happy New Year.

On this euphorically victorious occasion, as the 31st December of 2015 has now unfurled into a brilliantly omnipotent Sunlit morning of January 1; 2016, genuinely wanted to share my Poem.

May the coming year, bestow upon you bountiful Riches,

Bless you with all that is wholeheartedly benevolent,

Reinforce your life with fathomless number of living years,

Exempt you from all misdeeds you inadvertently committed,

Eradicate traces of hysterical agony from your heart,

Transform the bleary caricature of your face into one with sacrosanct smiles,

Freeze tears of inexplicable gloom, which oozed profusely from your immaculately magical eyes,

Safeguard you invincibly against deathly mishaps and obnoxious falls,

Fill your belly with sumptuous food every unleashing minute of the day,

Quench your thirst for philanthropic prosperity; with sacrosanct blessings from the ALMIGHTY LORD,

Clear evil mists obscuring your demeanor,

Evacuate the pointed thorns adhering solidly to your nimble feet,

Endow you with uninhibited charisma; harmoniously drawing flocks of people,

Drive away the vindictive ready to strangulate you,

Place you in a palace flowing with versatile calm,

Revitalize your soul as the Sun dazzles bright every dawn,

Here's my friend; wishing you and all those bouncing in the insatiable euphoria to
lead a countless more lives every day,

A VERY BLISSFUL AND CELESTIAL HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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Read my 47 varied Books at -

Nikhil Parekh

Poetry; Poetry And Only Poetry

Telling me to go to office; spending marathon hours of the day under menacing eyes of my disgustingly manipulative boss,
Was like asking a man to gallop to the absolute pinnacle of Everest; without fingers on his hands; toes on his bohemian feet.

Telling me to go to office; tolerating the spurious mountain of smiles besieging my boss's face; behind which sprouted the satanic devil,
Was like commanding the crystal blue expanse of brilliantly empty sky; to shower upon torrential cloudbursts of majestically pelting rain.

Telling me to go to office; incorrigibly adhering to each instruction of my boss; which could infact imperil the ambience of the celestially blissful surrounding,
Was like the world's richest man not getting the object he badly wanted; even as his treasury overflowed with glittering gold and superfluously satanic silk.

Telling me to go to office; bowing down with obeisance in front of the unsurpassable battalion of blood sucking clients who frequented; the abominable interiors day
in and day out,
Was like leaving the most preposterously gigantic fish; in heart of the overwhelmingly sweltering desert.

Telling me to go to office; singing an incessant fountain of praise for my boss in front of the treacherously conventional society; when infact my beloved fervently awaited my presence; with tears welling in her eyes,
Was like asking a soul wholesomely dead since centuries unprecedented; to bounce with euphoric exhilaration; just like a new-born child.

Telling me to go to office; breathing in monotonous space indefatigably round the clock; when infact my impeccably struggling comrades; desperately wanted my help outside,
Was like placing the most appetizingly succulent meals on this globe before the roaring lion; when ironically he didn't possess a single tooth in his colossal mouth.

Telling me to go to office; yes-bossing my hideously uncouth seniors; as they kicked me relentlessly on my hindside; for apparently no fault of mine,
Was like expecting a garden of mesmerizing roses to blossom on cold blooded chains of bare rock; without a droplet of rock; without a chunk of fertile soil.

Telling me to go to office; cuddling my boss's pertinently pampered son; amiably caressing the festoon of glorious jewels on his snobbish persona; as if he was my own blood,

Was like asking the belligerent martyr to shoot an arrow in the birds eye; without a bow in his fingers; a robust thumb on his palms.

Telling me to go to office; lick the already glowing paths with my tongue; so that the most infinitesimal speck of dirt didn't stick to my boss's designer class shoes,

Was like asking the flamboyantly flaming Sun; to deluge every corner of this planet; with a blanket of morbidly deplorable darkness.

So it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty lord; to make me quit horrendous office forever; relinquish its corridors of insatiable greed and malice till the time I lived,

Keep writing; evolving, fantasizing; breathing; eating; sleeping; dying and taking an infinite more births; for just poetry; poetry and just poetry.

Nikhil Parekh

Pointing Back- Questioningly And Unforgivably At You

Whether you ludicrously pointed it; at the scantily clad beggars on the street; whose begging bowls were as empty as the impoverished carcasses that had formed in their stomachs,

Whether you disgustingly pointed it; at the brutally scorched river bed; from which protruded the most acrimoniously cold-blooded of stones; lamenting in the curse of an infinite impotent lifetimes,

Whether you accusingly pointed it; at those fearlessly patronizing harbingers of peace; whose views were wholesomely antagonistic to your wretchedly contemporary and robotic line of thought,

Whether you deplorably pointed it; at all those as slow as the pot-bellied tortoise; consuming a major chunk of their lives to achieve their targets; as they miserably withered in their inevitable disability,

Whether you parasitically pointed it; to your very own ailing and disabled parents; for not perpetuating every vein of yours with the best currency and wine; even as they breathed their last moment of existence,

Whether you venomously pointed it; towards the empty sky; where there lingered not even the most infinitesimal of cloud; casting solely unrelentingly harsh light and no rain,

Whether you sadistically pointed it; towards all those incessantly wailing children; orphaned since the very first cry of birth; disdainfully spending the prime years of childhood in the nonchalantly fetid dustbin,

Whether you salaciously pointed it; towards the widow's dwelling; whose every aspect of life; now plaintively resembled the most horrendously shattered forms of glass; indefatigably quavering in her white robe without her husband,

Whether you sardonically pointed it; towards the penuriously starving artist; to whom the entire planet had showed its insanely rude tongue; for interminably philosophizing and fantasizing; instead of routinely melanging with its sanctimonious fabric,

Whether you lecherously pointed it; towards the nimble footed dwarf; who went cadaverously unnoticed; even whilst walking amidst a inconspicuous horde of red

ants,

Whether you bawdily pointed it; towards the unfortunate blind man; who possessed coffins of hapless emptiness instead of eyeballs; for whom life was a mortuary of asphyxiating blackness; since the very first cry of fresh birth,

Whether you lividly pointed it; towards the unkempt tree; whose branches uncontrollably wept in the sweltering summer; bereft of even the tiniest leaf of compassionate shade,

Whether you violently pointed it; towards the childless couple; who inconsolably led a countless sleepless nights; considering themselves to be the most cursed entities on planet divine,

Whether you ignominiously pointed it; towards the unfathomable valley; which timelessly reverberated and echoed with nothing else; but satanically maiming emptiness,

Whether you pervertedly pointed it; towards all those temples; mosques; monasteries and churches built on bare brick; which were home to the greatest of God's in most rustically bohemian of their forms,

Whether you meanly pointed it; towards the deaf and dumb man; who wandered like a discarded animal; amongst the indifferently galloping and wantonly commercial planet,

Whether you obnoxiously pointed it; towards the penuriously beleaguered lover; who was the laughing stock of the entire uncouth society; whose heart as well as pockets jingled with nothing else but; at times betrayal; at times love,

Whether you vindictively pointed it; towards the hour of silent midnight; whose every conceivable cranny was miserably obfuscated from every source of exultation and vivid life,

O! yes; point one finger of yours anytime; anywhere and as worthlessly accusingly as you could to anyone; anyform on this miraculously blessed planet; but do remember O! human; that the remaining three of your fingers shall always point back; questioningly and unforgivably at you.

Nikhil Parekh

Police

P stands for PATRIOTISM; an insatiably untamed gusto in the demeanor; to uninhibitedly relinquish life; for the sake of the sacrosanct motherland,
P stands for PITY; wholesomely blending with the sentiment of the tyrannically terrorized; flooding their abode with beams of astronomical courage,
Not for hideously dictatorial POWER; indiscriminate trampling of the innocuously timid; with swords of manipulative greed and beguiling prejudice.

O stands for OBEDIENCE; a flamboyantly stringent ray of discipline; to scrupulously metamorphose all deplorably malevolent lies; into the irrefutably blazing island of invincible truth,
O stands for OPERATIONAL; a perennial yearning to march on the path of righteousness and duty; be the most scintillating stalwarts of the society,
Not for barbaric OSTRACISM; overwhelmingly castigation of the oppressed tribes; ominous massacring of the deprived; to dig the foundations of spuriously glittering wealth.

L stands for LISTENING; philanthropically lending the ear to the cry of disastrously lecherous pain; gallantly marching forward to swipe all traces of crime from this colossal planet,
L stands for LEADERSHIP; being the very first to plunge into the unfathomable sea of ungainly turbulence; transforming it into an island of benevolence; with the most sagacious use of law,
Not for salacious LANGUISH; insidiously feasting on nubile flesh and opulent wine; while the destitute got soaked in ghastly blood by the diabolical demons.

I stands for INTELLIGENCE; astoundingly discerning and punishing the horde of heinous parasites; out of the gigantic civilization blissfully existing in tranquil peace,
I stands for INTREPIDITY; a never-ending spirit of confronting the bizarrely unknown; staying awake as the sentinels of peace all invidious night; while the innocent slept to their hearts delight,
Not for impudent INEPTNESS; profusely dedicated to culinary delights of the preposterously protruding stomach; while hell rained in torrentially uncontrolled frenzy; from the fathomless sky outside.

C stands for COMPASSION; a blissful synchronization with the hearts of the common man; truly commiserating with their agony; while at the same time removing them from the disdainfully abominable muddle; of savage corruption,

C stands for COMMAND; a vibrantly dynamic volcano of blistering authority;
which imparts the Omnipotent fortitude to; wholesomely vanquish the
most lethal of devil,
Not for cowardly CORRUPTION; accepting bribe to polish even the most
infinitesimal speck of dirt on the shoe; a stain that would ironically take decades
to gather.

E stands for EQUALITY; judiciously catering to the sorrows of all caste; creed;
and tribes; with an insatiable fervor of sparkling benevolence; and alike,
E stands for ENERGY; an unrelenting euphoria to unitedly rise to the cause of the
Nation's prosperity; tirelessly strive to eradicate the most tiniest trace of lethal
doing; forever from the trajectory of this boundless earth,
Not for forced ENMITY; using the devastatingly maimed as a stick to walk
forward; on the powerhouse politicians; irately meaningless demand.

Nikhil Parekh

Polish

I polished my shoe using a blend of molten wax and color; exerting onerous strokes with my hands,
As an aftermath they shone brilliantly under the sun; however after a few hours of transgressing through the streets; they were completely covered with squalid mud.

I polished the nondescript wall using a canister full of turpentine oil; painting the same with shades of sparkling white,
As a result it appeared a stupendous treat to the eye; however after a while I noticed abashing chocolate smudges which the children must have left while playing.

I polished the necklace of lackluster silver by dipping it in pure milk; vigorously kneading its periphery applying stringent lemon,
As a manifestation it shimmered magnificently under the beams of moon; however when I sighted it after a few days it had again acquired incorrigible stains of black juxtaposed with perspiration.

I polished my plate of food submerging it in a bath of foam; then scrubbing it with a cloth of flocculent silk,
It glistened marvelously as if brand new; however after consuming my meal of rice and curry; it again got coated with blemishes of black and blue.

I polished the windscreen of my car drenching it in tepid water; then massaging it till it emanated a screeching sound,
The effect was so incredulous that I could almost spot stars sleeping behind the sun; however after few minutes of driving the glass again looked tainted with a sheet of nascent dust lining its borders.

I polished my finger nails using scarlet nailpolish; meticulously applying it to engulf the entire surface,
The effect was pretty exotic as they conspicuously glimmered under the lights; however after a fortnight the color seemed to as evanescent as the passing storms.

I polished my teeth using a fat smear of tangy toothpaste; resolutely stroking the brush umpteenth times on their surface,
As a consequence the armory of my enamel radiated like scintillating pearls; however as the day unveiled itself into night; I saw a host of germ and

bacteria sticking merrily to them.

I polished my attire using an antiseptic bar of detergent; brushing away the most minuscule particle of dust from my collar,
As a result of which I got profoundly noticed in public; however after a few minutes a speeding car sprayed a drizzle of fetid water while passing; and my immaculate demeanor was now converted to mere shambles.

I polished the floor all day using all sorts of modern contrivances; even going to the extent of licking it clean with my tongue,
As an inevitable outcome it emitted brilliant ramifications of purity; however after sometime was rendered indescribable; as unruly strangers entered with their dirty feet.

But as far as my beloved was concerned she didn't need the slightest of sparkle; the slightest of ostentation to project her persona,
The inner beauty of her heart perennially shone; irrespective of changing seasons and the unleashing of time,
She was the only person who by my perception was the most beautiful; the one who didn't need the slightest of polish.

Nikhil Parekh

Pond Of Water

I dabble my feet in a pool of water,
Lying solitary on deserted tarmac,
A blend of algae and dirt,
With a caravan of powerful stench emanating,
Perceived obnoxiously by the breath center,
Comprising hairy tunnels of sticky mucus,
Creating waves of hazy drops,
Suspended in elastic walls of blotted water,
In an ambience of moistened blackness,
Appalling gloom of the sweltering night,
With fleet of birds chirping incessantly,
Propagating freedom through aviatory rhymes.
The water factory of micro-organisms,
Awaits galleries of blistering sunshine,
A million seconds of bated breath,
Fumigating it with clean rays of filtered light,
Breaking chains of trapped water,
Few days of stagnated persona,
Evaporating a hectare of water pond,
An assemblage of seasonal rainfall,
Into crispy delights of thin atmosphere.

Nikhil Parekh

Potrayeral Of God

The magnanimous personality of God lies in all,
multiple Gods we do encounter,
as brilliant sunshine transits into starry night,
the prime Creator being twin meals of boiled rice,
succeeded by a liter barrel of ground water solvent,
sealed bamboo, metal, concrete, roofs,
sheltering human flesh, from torrential rain,
acerbic rays of light, whirlwinds of obnoxious dust.

the next God is handsome white cotton cloth,
encapsulating shivering bare bodies with perennial warmth.

God nestles in starch white currency notes,
earned through perspiring hard labor, streaks of gifted intelligence,
quenching gross demands of routine life.

God inhabits crimson red, fragrant rose,
emanating from clay mud, tickling masses of humans,
fleets of birds, with its omnipotent scent of love.

the supreme personality of Godhead,
luminates large in all those bathing in ponds of benevolence,
reinforcing egalitarian beliefs in all races,
breathing oxygen coated with malice,
living as a united bundle of iron sticks, for decades of harmonious existence.

Nikhil Parekh

Poured

The conglomerate of sinister black clouds in the cosmos; poured cloudbursts of torrential rain,

The blazing body of flamboyantly ferocious Sun; poured a garland of profoundly enchanting and fulminating light,

The voluptuously crested nightingale seated on the fir tree; poured a stream of seductively melodious sounds,

The lanky candlestick sizzling in an inferno of handsomely dancing flames; poured an unrelenting river of delectably pearly wax,

The Moon tantalizingly impregnated amidst the quilt of resplendent stars; poured an ocean of uninhibited and milky white beams,

The island of alluringly scarlet roses; poured a valley of stupendously wonderful and exotic redolence,

The oyster held up high in the sky; poured an incredulously enticing volley of immaculately captivating pearls,

The mind at absolute bliss; poured an unfathomable terrain of emphatically varied and enigmatically tingling fantasy,

The fountain pen inundated with sapphire pools of poignant ink; poured a royal lake of majestically embellished and passionate words,

The cat perched agitatedly on the spiky fence; poured an innocuous string of yelps and effusive 'Meows', The gigantic tree standing domineeringly on the isolated hill; poured a cavalcade of rhapsodic berries and bountiful fruits,

The mouth at divinely harmony; poured a tunnel of mesmerizing sound and fabulously fascinating rhyme,

The eye encapsulated by astronomically escalating jubilation; poured a rainbow of ebulliently glistening tears,

The body inevitably imprisoned by a whirlpool of tumultuously fiery romance; poured a waterfall of overwhelmingly volatile sweat,

The scores of Mother cow's marching placidly through the meadows; poured painstakingly a lake of impeccably frosty and celestial milk,
The wedding album lying obsolete for decades on the profusely dusty shelf;
poured a tale of nostalgically animated fantasy which permeated through the inner most compartments of my soul,

The wildly philandering panther; poured a tale of thunderously deafening roar;
petrifying even the most minuscule of organism in vicinity till the last bone down their spine,

The nose drowned in unprecedentedly obsessive compassion; poured a dungeon of piquantly pepped up and moist air,

And the heart ever since the time it had started to throb; ever since the time it had first palpitated to commence beautiful life; poured only immortal love; would continue to do so intensifying with each beat; even after the world comes to an abrupt end.

Nikhil Parekh

Powerless

Powerful to smile; as I heard something abysmally resonating in ludicrous vicinity,

Powerful to fight; as I confronted the mightiest of disaster with astronomical fortitude and tenacity,

Powerful to sleep; as I snored more thunderously than the demons; resting in overwhelmingly celestial contentment,

Power to admire; as I sighted the mesmerizing puffs of clouds floating passionately in azure sky,

Powerful to sketch; as I masterfully captured the labyrinth of picturesque sights which majestically dotted the fathomless gorge,

Powerful to sing; as I inundated the gloomy atmosphere with everlasting waves of seductively rhapsodic melody,

Powerful to mimic; as I possessed the incomprehensibly fascinating virtue to emulate a boundless myriad of voice,

Powerful to write; as I deluged a mountain of disdainfully barren paper; with exquisite lines of oligarchic literature,

Powerful to fantasize; as I triggered the chords of enigmatic imagination to the most ebulliently unprecedented limits,

Powerful to speak; as I silenced unrelentingly menacing mobs of fanatic people; with the domineering authority in my voice,

Powerful to dance; as I gyrated my body in insatiable agony under profusely milky rays of enchanting moonlight,

Powerful to run; as I galloped like the vivacious panther; through the mystical forests at the unveiling of each ephemeral dawn,

Powerful to flirt; as I had this inexplicable tenacity to incarcerate any alien in the swirl of my indefatigable mischief,

Powerful to dig; as I impregnated a tunnel of vibrantly optimistic hope; in layers of obdurately infidel soil,

Powerful to stare; as I relentlessly looked the sweltering sun without flinching the slightest; for hours immemorial,

Powerful to chew; as I masticated the most resilient morsels of food into handsome bits of pulverized chowder,

Powerful to forsee; as I perspicaciously tackled each aspect of pragmatically monotonous life; measuring each step of mine as I walked,

Powerful to breathe; as I lived each moment of life to its most unbelievable capacity; with the euphoria to perennially discover fervently besieging me,

But powerless to face her; as I wholesomely submitted my humble countenance to the wave of her turbulently swirling love; bonding my heart; body and soul with
the immortal essence of her sacred existence.

Nikhil Parekh

Praying For Forgiveness- To God And His Holy Messengers

My love for you; was my sole religion; transcending over every other discrepancy of caste; creed; color; tribe and humbly endeavoring to unite the entire planet with the best religion of them all; The Religion of Humanity,

My obeisance towards you; was my sole enrichment to live; imbibe the true fragrance of existence in perfect symbiosis with every speck of your fathomlessly wonderful environment,

My salutations towards you; were my sole honor to survive amidst a pack of wolves; be unwavering in my stride and mission of goodness; even as the cannibals of greed converged upon me from all ends,

My prayers imploring you; were my sole directions in this truncated lifetime; doing my destined job to my very best by your grace; and then leaving everything else upon your Omnipotent stride to decide,

My speaking your name; was my sole blessedly enlightened moment of life; making me oblivious to every diabolical dagger thrust towards me; and rising with infallible truth- with the first rays of sunrise,

My remembering your divine light; was my sole lantern of happiness amidst the bemoaning blackness that tightened its vice like grip; empowering me to tower above every color; and yet emerge victorious with the color of love,

My faith in you; was my sole pillar of strength; metamorphosing every diminutively trembling bone of mine to march on the path of righteousness; carving a history of love out of sheer and vapid nothingness,

My perception of you; was the sole end of my imagination; as you owned the entire Universe and beyond; and everything good in this life commenced and blissfully ended with the boundaries you gave me to live,

My embracing your living Mosque, Temple, Church, Monastery; was my sole moment of fulfillment that absolved me of even the most inadvertently committed of my sins; and evolved a brand new path of vibrant life,

My asking your mercy; was the sole boon of my beleaguered twilight; as I could

now exuberantly mélange shoulder to shoulder with the world outside; and only bow my head at your Omniscient feet,

My visualizing your sky; earth and the atmosphere that lay in between; was the sole poetry that radiated from my countenance; as my humane ability to cognize started and ended with whatever you limited me to see,

My following your Omnipresent light; was the sole path that I tread on in this devout survival; letting every uninhibited ounce of positive energy in my heart; to escape into sacrosanct wisps of the atmosphere,

My intensity to become one with your light; was the sole essence of everything humanitarian that I executed as the days unveiled; earnestly attempting my very best to unite all living kind; into an earth of love,

My belief in whatever you had destined was for the good; was the sole principle on which I placed the roots of my life; which again was the most wondrously mesmerizing gift to traverse upon earth; from your heavens,

My poems for you; were the sole reason that I always felt as if in compassionate paradise amongst the most usurping of humans; but your Omnipotent aura of love ruling my conscience over one and all,

My yearning to be in perpetual bewilderment of your majestic Universe; was my sole expression to flourish on planet divine; entwining my palms in unflinching unity with my fellow mates in duress,

My worshipping you from the innermost realms of my heart; was the sole ritual of holiness that I performed till I quit breath; loving you and your invincibly unparalleled ways in the best manner that you taught me to,

Therefore O! Lord Almighty and your holy messengers; I hereby pray to you to forgive me for even the most inadvertently committed of my misdeed;

And if you cannot pardon me; then give me death this very instant in whatever form you may choose to; But please don't be angry with me; Please don't stop loving me-for without your love; I'd be as good as ghastily dead; and yet with breath.

Nikhil Parekh

Precious

Spurious are those who bombastically manipulate,
Hideous are those who barbarically cheat,
Pompous are those who capriciously brag,
Surreptitious are those who devilishly flirt,
Prodigious are those who prolifically burgeon,
Promiscuous are those who raunchily unleash,
Lugubrious are those who remorsefully castigate,
Dolorous are those who sullenly fret,
Licentious are those who bawdily embrace,
Capricious are those who insipidly wither,
Porous are those who candidly fulminate,
Superfluous are those who unnecessarily flaunt,
Outrageous are those who traumatically condemn,
Ignominious are those who unrelentingly abuse,
Courageous are those who unflinchingly confront,
Audacious are those who intrepidly adventure,
Salacious are those who sleazily ostracize,
Sanctimonious are those who ostentatiously purify,
Delicious are those who harmoniously synthesize,
Deleterious are those who perniciously destroy,
Ominous are those who abhorrently envy,
Perilous are those who precariously slither,
Ostentatious are those who invidiously epitomize,
Pretentious are those who treacherously plot,
Vociferous are those who discordantly chatter,
Tumultuous are those who poignantly embark,
Ubiquitous are those who celestially patronize,
Rambunctious are those who cacophonically utter,
Sensuous are those who tantalizingly fantasize,
Voluptuous are those who eternally romance,
Ferocious are those who vengefully pluck,
Glamorous are those who aristocratically cynosure,
Blasphemous are those who malevolently plunder,
Loquacious are those who indefatigably chatter,
Dexterous are those who articulately maneuver,
Malicious are those who vindictively stab,
Victorious are those who unitedly surge,
Torturous are those who worthlessly asphyxiate,
Pugnacious are those who morbidly attack,

Insidious are those who tyrannically lambaste,
Glorious are those who spell bindingly blaze,
Fabulous are those who magnificently dream,
Marvelous are those who wonderfully synchronize,
Tremendous are those who passionately bond,
Incredulous are those who rejuvenatingly proliferate,
Onerous are those who perseveringly sweat,
Sonorous are those who airily shun,
Notorious are those who diabolically cheat,
Flirtatious are those who mischievously wander,
Vicious are those who parasitically evict,
Parsimonious are those who stingily poison,
Pious are those who impeccably sanctify,
Atrocious are those who sinfully infiltrate,
Acrimonious are those who hatefully whip,
Luminous are those who benevolently shimmer,
Vivacious are those who resplendently blossom,
Precocious are those who rhythmically mushroom,
Thunderous are those who deafeningly reverberate,
Innocuous are those who truthfully breathe,
Obnoxious are those who disdainfully backbite,
Scurrilous are those who brutally desensitize,
Gracious are those who charismatically melange,
Ludicrous are those who maniacally discriminate,
Opprobrious are those who impeachingly debase,
Sumptuous are those who ravishingly relish,
Ravenous are those who disastrously impoverish,
Egregious are those who ruthlessly orphan,
Ambitious are those who tirelessly conceive,
Bounteous are those who philanthropically disseminate,
Courteous are those who wholeheartedly blend,
Zealous are those who fervently pursue,
Arduous are those who insatiably long,
Assiduous are those who diligently progress,
Dubious are those who ingloriously ruminate,
Ambiguous are those who inexplicably vacillate,
And precious are those who symbiotically exist.

Nikhil Parekh

Precious Tears

O! Mother why do you shed your costly tears for me?
I'm horrid and of no use to this world,
With every unforgiving minute to my credit,
And the agony of my presence; causing tears to your eyes,
Those eyes which once oozed tears of ebullient happiness and joy,
Newness and excitement,
With the past memories reflecting poignantly in them,
And the most moisture engulfing them; making those tears more costly and
inimitably priceless.

Please close your eyes,
For I have not the strength; to see your sorrow pouring out,
Just for the sake of a wretched boy,
Those holy white drops of your pain; purify the area on which they fall,
Creating tremors of faith,
Depicting your immortal glory to all.
Your eyes are so astoundingly beautiful,
Weren't meant to cry,
But to enjoy the tears of ecstasy gushing out instead,
Every instant; creating sweet rivulets of love,
Away from my unearthly soul,
In a blissful world you would like to live in,
Leaving my disgraceful form; in the hands of the supreme form.

My every unpardonable deed,
Leads me to those pointed thorns, where I await my harsh destiny.
O! Dear mother please don't cry,
Don't waste the wonderful years of your life,
For a coward like me, uncaring, unloving, causing misery to your impeccable
heart,
Leave this devilish character,
Far away from your mesmerizing shadow,
Giving those eternal eyes of yours some rest,
But for heaven sake please don't cry.

Nikhil Parekh

Pregnant

He made my eyes spell bindingly pregnant; with insurmountable mountains of perennially compassionate empathy; the unrelentingly fantastic tunnels of desire hovering in his life,

He made my lips magnetically pregnant; with an unlimited festoon of poignantly amiable smiles; the winds of boundlessly triumphant euphoria that indefatigably circumvented his existence,

He made my skin resplendently pregnant; with a valley of fathomlessly nubile goose-bumps; handsomely disseminating the charismatic electricity of his majestic persona; wholesomely into mine,

He made my hair astoundingly pregnant; with an unsurpassable ocean of stupefying exhilaration; permeating them ravishingly with the ebulliently magical caress that lay in his princely palms,

He made my ears exotically pregnant; with waterfalls of everlasting melody; blissfully enshrouding the baseless hollowness of my life with his tunes of vibrantly victorious existence,

He made my mouth beautifully pregnant; with an endlessly fructifying garden of harmonious scent; enthrallingly imparting the fragrance of his eternally flamboyant survival entirely into mine,

He made my blood passionately pregnant; with untamed infernos of ecstatically scintillating yearning; celestially diffusing his spirit of philanthropically divine mantra of life; profusely into even the most inconspicuous of my stride,

He made my pulse ingratiatingly pregnant; with the waves of intrepidly unflinching adventure; sensuously bestowing his mystically emphatic touch all over my uncontrollably trembling body,

He made my shadow fascinatingly pregnant; with magnificent cisterns of fantastically unending enigma; bestowing upon his cradle of unbelievably royal voluptuousness on every cranny of my drearily lambasted skin,

He made my teeth blazingly pregnant; with limitless skies of bountifully scintillating shine; gorgeously bequeathing the legacy of his aristocratically

patriotic footsteps; upon the fabric of my shattered life,

He made my fingers dexterously pregnant; with unfathomable shades of regale artistry; chivalrously blending the reservoir of gargantuan sensitivity of his senses; in unshakable entirety with mine,

He made my chest fearlessly pregnant; with fortresses of solidarity and invincible courage; altruistically imparting the magnanimously pristine goodness of his soul; to every bit of inadvertently malicious lies in the chapter of my life,

He made my conscience pregnant; with unassailable fireballs of godly truth; marvelously wafting the astonishingly proliferating and righteous scent of his stride; into my miserably withering life,

He made my cheeks pregnant; with an unending entrenchment of bountifully embellished scarlet blushes; magically pouring the reverberations of his overwhelmingly sensitive visage; into the meaninglessly wavering crux of heartless existence,

He made my hands gloriously pregnant; with an impregnably ubiquitous canvas of aristocratic destiny lines; timelessly maneuvering even the most mercurial iota of my existence with the winds of uninhibited freedom; that incessantly emanated from his demeanor,

He made my brain fabulously pregnant; with unlimited aisles of thunderously overpowering fantasy; the enthrallingly heavenly rhythm of his existence being the ultimate dream that I tirelessly perceived,

He made my breath pricelessly pregnant; with insatiably untamed whirlpools of vibrantly eclectic life; miraculously healing even the most inexplicably cancerous of my wounds; with his melody of benign mankind,

He made my belly sacredly pregnant; with his mischievously bouncing child; making me feel as the most richest organism on this Universe; without even a penny in my pocket and for infinite more births of mine,

And he made my heart immortally pregnant; with his tale of jubilantly iridescent love; a perpetual bonding which none on the planet could ever conquer; even after the planet itself came to a veritably ghastly end.

Nikhil Parekh

Preliminary Investigation

I silently eavesdrop on my mind,
Wading past a sea of darkness,
Across rash currents of mangled thoughts,
Trying to search for cryptic clues,
Breathing in domains of mystic behaviour,
Breeding in pools of trivial obsessions,
Bleeding at various sensitive junctions,
Weeping every unfolding second,
Proliferating in leaps and bounds; in changing color of the light.

Obsessions they were with iterative hammering,
Struck firmly by 100 pounds of fresh iron,
Submerged in hot cream of fading luck,
Striking soft tissues enclosed in precious brain,
Weak and feeble to resist the mighty onslaught,
Disintegrating into crumbled imagination,
Whipping brutally inactivated zones of subconscious,
Causing downpour of torrential agony,
Cascade of non-existent thoughts,
Finally uprooting all the goodness that ever prevailed,
Mind you friends, This was just a preliminary investigation,
As I stealthily eavesdropped on my brain.

Nikhil Parekh

Pre-Requisite's

I felt like consuming soft cones of chilled raspberry ice-cream,
nibbling gently at the appetizing kernel of white nut,
all i needed was a glutinous mouth to swallow,
a sheaf of crisp currency notes as a pre-requisite.

i felt like swimming underwater for long intervals of time,
caressing the mangled outgrowths of coral reef with my supple skin,
it was therefore indispensable to be a prolific swimmer,
with the aqualung apparatus and an ocean of courage being a pre-requisite.

i felt like sketching intricate shapes of roman Gods,
filling the same with glossy color and embroidered silk,
i knew i had to be a true connoisseur of mystical art,
also posses a pair of articulate fingers as an inevitable pre-requisite.

i felt like flying as the birds in the azure sky,
relishing the poignant breeze slapping across my face,
this seemed possible; if i was a fairy in the tales of Arabian nights,
with twin pair of corrugated wings as a solitary pre-requisite.

i dreamt and lived life with blissful visions of acquiring solace in heaven,
spending unsurpassable lengths of time with the Creator,
i had in turn to fulfill fathomless duties on earth,
with a plethora of chivalrous deeds being a pre-requisite this time.

Nikhil Parekh

Priceless Love

Drink it; or become a droplet of its enchantingly golden wave,

Climb it; or become a rock of its fabulously mesmerizing slope,

Admire it; or become a jewel of its philanthropically magnanimous beauty,

Whisper it; or become an echo of its ubiquitously spreading poignant aroma,

Follow it; or become a footprint of its seductively enigmatic trail,

Worship it; or become an idol of its invincibly immortal blessings,

Feel it; or become an entrenchment of its voluptuously satiny and profoundly magnetic caress,

Succumb to it; or become the ethereal contours of its majestically enlightening shadow,

Philander with it; or become the winds of its ravishingly exhilarated and unconquerable journey,

Dream it; or become a cloud of its beautifully everlasting fantasy,

Preach it; or become a chapter of its divinely sacrosanct and perpetually fragrant philosophies,

Proliferate it; or become a molecule of its perennially multiplying creation,

Relish it; or become a comrade of its tantalizingly euphoric countenance,

Dance with it; or become the rhythm of its never ending infinite beats,

Embrace it; or become the shyness of its unrelentingly bonding caress,

Smile at it; or become the lips of its exuberantly tingling and rhapsodic laughter,

Consecrate it; or become a grandiloquent bell in its irrefutably sacred shrine,

Sacrifice for it; or become the ideal of its unflinching undefeated convictions,

Breath it; or become a minuscule draught of its stupendously Omnipotent air,
And live it; or live for its unfathomable Godly spirit; and remember it till the last
time you ever saw this planet; and even centuries thereafter; as PRICELESS
LOVE.

Nikhil Parekh

Pricelessly Equal

Neither were you more extravagantly fairer than me; neither were you more pathetically weaker than the most lugubriously dwindling bone down my spine,

Neither were you more bountifully truthful than me; neither were you more disastrously lying than most salaciously perverted ingredient of my blood,

Neither were you more blazingly dynamic than me; neither were you more dolorously cowardly than the most grotesquely ribald germs of fear in my stagnating brain,

Neither were you more eclectically brilliant than me; neither were you more shamefully dwindling than the most asphyxiated corpse of hopelessness in my shriveled persona,

Neither were you more unflinchingly triumphant than me; neither were you more bawdily defeated than the most forlornly crippling of my failures,

Neither were you more effulgently passionate than me; neither were you more treacherously stagnating than the most decaying figment of meaninglessness in my decrepit body,

Neither were you more resplendently surreal than me; neither were you more satanically monotonous than the most lecherously deteriorating of my corporate profiles,

Neither were you more ingeniously evolving than me; neither were you more redundantly parasitic than the most viciously slandering apogees of my rubicund tongue,

Neither were you more royally blessed than me; neither were you more unfortunately lambasted than the most salaciously withering moments of my devastated life,

Neither were you more exuberantly sensuous than me; neither were you more lackadaisically nonchalant than the most preposterously wasting of my moods,

Neither were you more miraculously fertile than me; neither were you more ludicrously impotent than the most onerously slaving of my shattered times,

Neither were you more invincibly honest than me; neither were you more venomously flagrant than the most vividly distorted of my fugitively obliterating shadow,

Neither were you more infallibly faithful than me; neither were you more carnivorously betraying than the most miserably battered of my crumbling senses,

Neither were you more inimitably talented than me; neither were you more sleazily blanch than the most inanely amorphous of my egregiously estranged nerves,

Neither were you more ecstatically galloping than me; neither were you more indolently stationery than the most faintest of my penuriously diminishing of whispers,

Neither were you more ebulliently redolent than me; neither were you more repugnantly stinking than the most obliviously morbid of my insane carcass of bones,

Neither were you more symbiotically philanthropic than me; neither were you more violently prejudiced than the most perniciously obsessive of my nightmares,

Neither were you more vivaciously unfettered than me; neither were you more ominously incarcerated than the most dangerously chained idiosyncrasies of my indifferently strangulated existence,

And Neither were you more vibrantly living than me; neither were you more perpetually dead than the most hopelessly flailing of my very final breath,

Only because the Omnipotent Creator had created both you and me; and every other of our infinite living kind; even the most infinitesimally disappearing aspect of every one of us alive on planet divine; as forever priceless; inequitably synergistic and wonderfully equal.

Nikhil Parekh

Priority

My top most priority was my God; who had bestowed upon me the power to exist and holistically fight for my survival on the surface of this earth,

The next to follow in my life was my Mother; who actually gave me birth; evolving me in the first place to be what I was; at this very second today,

The next to follow in my life was my beloved; who harnessed the true potential lying dormant in my mind for years; triggering me of to achieve unsurpassable realms
of success,

The next to follow in my life was my sister; with her innocuously mischievous grin; causing intense rejuvenation of my mind,

The next to follow in my life was my Godfather who played a pivotal role in providing his armory of experienced tips; whether I liked it or didn't like it,

The next to follow in my life were my grandparents; whom I overwhelmingly adored; but at the same time the ones who tried to drown me into the ocean of their age
old and stringently mundane theories,

The next to follow in my life was my pet dog; who incessantly wagged its tail in ecstatic jubilation; the instant I entered my dwelling,

The next to follow in my life were my selective bunch of friends; who always supported me in my times of bizarre affliction and inexplicable distress,

The next to follow in my life was my tiny little hutment; appearing as an inconspicuous speck of dirt amidst the dense camouflage of trees; yet providing me
shelter to bear the ominous night,

The next to follow in my life were all the impeccably smiling children; whom I got a chance to encounter on the streets; and with whom I felt as if I had gone right back into my innocent childhood,

The next to follow in my life were all the birds perched on the grass laden meadows; enchanting me unrelentingly with their gorgeous singing,

The next to follow in my life were baby carrots sprouting in clusters in the perennial fields; which I merrily munched with gusto to placate my gluttony,

The next to follow in my life was the mesmerizing and boisterous river; in which I splashed indiscriminately and bathed my body for long hours in the morning,
The next to follow in my life were my sagacious teachers; who taught me to be prudent; judiciously execute every activity of living,

The next to follow in my life were all those who might have unknowingly crossed me on the path towards indefatigable struggle; illuminating my life with transient moments of laughter and joy,

The next to follow in my life was the infinite number of Poems I had embossed with my blood; which had imparted me insurmountable happiness as I metamorphosed each of my exotic dreams into reality,

The next to follow in my life was the century old deep well; from which I extracted pails of sparkling mineral water; to quench the insatiable thirst that tickled the burnt chords in my throat,

The next to follow in my life was my contemporary and ultra modern contraptions; the unfathomable perceptions I felt prey to every unveiling minute; to lead life like a king,

And the last of all priorities that followed in my life; was the modest bundles of currency stashed in my Bank account; and an inexorable urge to earn many more
of these; to thereby give concrete form to all my fantasies; as well as the fantasies of all those which needed to be desperately satisfied.

Nikhil Parekh

Programmed

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to diffuse resplendent shade; was the gregariously blooming and enchantingly exuberant tree,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to disseminate Omnipotent light; was the aristocratically flamboyant and blisteringly blossoming Sun,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to generate rhapsodically unlimited tanginess; was the boundlessly ebullient and triumphantly undulating Ocean,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to fulminate into a paradise of eternal sensuousness; was the ravishingly titillating and celestially egalitarian dewdrop,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to mystically enthrall even the most alien creature; was the enigmatically uncanny and convivially compassionate forest,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to spawn into a civilization of sacrosanct vivaciousness; was impeccably invincible and blessed mother's milk,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to waft into stupendously enamoring redolence; was the poignantly crimson petal and unconquerably majestic rose,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to effulgently bond one and all in the bonds of humanity alike; was the everlastingly perpetual spirit of timeless camaraderie and companionship,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to stand as the most unflinching citadel even as hell gorily reverberated from each cranny of this fathomless planet; was the blissfully melanging and unassailably fragrant religion of mankind,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to expunge a valley of vivid boisterousness; was the astoundingly sweet and eclectically buzzing honey bee,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to culminate into regally inebriating melody; was the beautifully emerald crested and innocuously mellifluous nightingale,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to radiate into peacefully mesmerizing rhythm; was the marvelously cavorting and miraculously cascading waterfall,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to pulverize even the most diminutive trace of devil into insipidly worthless nothingness; was the voice of pricelessly unconquerable and victoriously unfettered truth,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to seductively dance with the beats of the moonlit night; was the panoramically animated and ingratiatingly nimble footed peacock,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to rejuvenate even the most sordidly dreary soles; was the unsurpassably tranquil and gloriously placating grass meadow,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to magnificently quell all lunatically prejudiced bloodshed; was the ubiquitously shimmering and timelessly bountiful wand of; simplicity and peace,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to sustain impregnably sparkling life; was the whirlwind of eloquently endless and perennially bestowing breath,

Programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to indefatigably coalesce with the beats of profoundly magical love; was the passionately thundering and innocently volatile heart,

And programmed since birth by Lord Almighty to unrelentingly write altruistic poetry; was the inconspicuously nimble palm that protruded from my impoverished body; was the 2 centimeters of brain that lay placidly in my skull; was my every ingredient of humble blood; breath and soul; was; is and will always remain by his Omnipotent grace; only me.

Nikhil Parekh

Promise Me

Promise me you wont change like the seasons; leaving me solitary and dilapidated wandering aimlessly on the mountains,

Promise me you wont transform your color like the vivacious chameleon; betraying me when I had started loving you the most,

Promise me you wont swirl away like the passing winds; abandoning me in a state of inexplicable despair and tears,

Promise me you wont gallivant unscrupulously with another man; besieging me with waves of bizarre shock; freezing my blood in its veins,

Promise me you wont philander the ominous streets at night incarcerating me in chains; causing me to wait with my eyes wide open until you returned back,

Promise me you wont disappear like the moon in the cosmos; leaving me insurmountably anguished bereft of your presence,

Promise me you wont strangulate me like a reptile; for it is not the deadly venom I would fear; rather would feel extremely disillusioned by the concept of immortal love,

Promise me you wont vanish away from my sight like the ephemeral rainbow; for I will stand unrelentingly till I saw you again,

Promise me you wont metamorphose your shape with enhancing age; for I wanted you just like the innocuous child I met several years ago,

Promise me you wont evaporate like the floating clouds; leaving me midway in my insatiable quest to conquer life,

Promise me you wont radiate intermittently like the uncanny stars; for I desired you to be my perennial source of shine,

Promise me you wont retreat your neck back like the protuberant tortoise; for I needed you as my tumultuous inspiration when on the battlefield,

Promise me you wont fall like the fruit when subjected to the onslaught of a mighty cyclone; for I would not possess the slightest power to pick you up and

witness your lifeless face,

Promise me you wont dry like the monsoon river; for I wholesomely depended on the stirrings of your soul to pacify my thirst,

Promise me you wont get erased like the pencil marks do when scrubbed by a rubber; for my life would collapse in disdainful shambles if you weren't here,

Promise me you wont fly away like birds do in hibernation; leaving me sobbing hysterically; thumping my hands against the wall; until they bled,

Promise me you wont shirk furtively away from my presence; for I would be left with no other option but ripping apart my throbbing heart,

Promise me you wont get carried away by all the glamour and graffiti; for I might miserably flounder to provide you with all the ostentation; all I could do was inundate you with true love from my persona,

Promise me you wont elope like the bees into different houses; for I needed you indispensably to apply sweet honey on my lips,

And promise me you'll never leave me come what may in the tenure of our lives; for I would relinquish breath the second you did so; not possessing the tenacity to survive without your celestial body.

Nikhil Parekh

Proud Inheritance

A brittle shell camouflaged my body,
engraved with multicolored stripes of steel gray,
slimy in texture, resembling dead chunks of wood,
as hard as a rock, unmoved when blasted with explosive.

a fleshy neck protruded from my hollow skull,
imprisoning a slender pink tongue swallowing glow worm,
compact sets of teeth were for churning meal,
i retraced my nose within cozy comforts of body pouch,
the moment it smelt the unmistakable aroma of approaching man.

a pair of eyeball beads composed my vision,
sighting appetizing prey in murky ambience of light,
maneuvering my lazy feet to the place I resided,
triggering my instincts of self defense,
warning me round the clock of possible predators encroaching upon.

I swam at painstaking speed in stagnant pond of monsoon water,
Nibbled floating weed, drank lots of liquid,
Lay topsy-turvy on clay strewn banks of river,
With my belly bathing in dazzling rays of the Sun God,
My head inches within my tubular body,
Whirlwinds of tension far away from my silhouette,
Meditating jungle rhymes in this state of dormancy,
Till pangs of hunger stimulated me to hunt,
I knew the creator had blessed me with more than a century of life,
As I had proudly inherited the form of a tortoise from my still alive mother.

Nikhil Parekh

Proud Of My Father. Happy Birthday To You.

A dynamite of blazing optimism as the steps tread resolutely upon hapless floor,

Majestic bristles of grey engulfing a handsomely robust jawline,

Raw bundle of energy compounded with fearless streaks of adventure to clamber the
mountain,

An unparalleled commitment to each project undertaken; to take it to an honest
success,

A desire to excel in whatever stage life offered; without the tiniest of enviousness
towards others who were better off,

Thorough professionalism which never got office work to home; relishing the
verdant landscapes of the lawn with a rejuvenating stroll,

A flamboyant charmer with unmatched talking skills; that converted the most
dogmatic No into a mesmerizing Yes,

Sheer astuteness compounded with an unbiased desire to make it independently;
evolving a lavish civilization from threadbare scratch,

Rustic truth which earned hostile foes at occasions more than friends; but which
culminated into royally satisfying victory at the end,

Profound love for the environment and wildlife; flourishing with mother nature in
its lap; without asserting the slightest of spurious power or might,

A loyalty to spouse whose examples were cited to household's in strife; as an
outstanding human saga of real life conviction, faith, understanding and
forbearance,

Hailed as the Supremo of Denim in our very own Manchester of Textiles;
Ahmedabad,

Most importantly a faith in God and his holy messengers which gave him his own
inimitable position on mortal earth; as he happily jostled in his freshly

constructed
Kingsized farmhouse,

The man turns 59 years today by the grace of God.

And though I have no regrets of not following his marketing prowess and write Poetry instead. I am still proud to have him as my Father.

Here's wishing you Daddy a Happy Birthday for today, this gloriously enthralling
25th July,2009

Nikhil Parekh

Pult (Peace, Unity, Love, Truth.)

A wave of supreme contentment entrenching your soul; permeating your heart with an enchanting rhapsody; even though you were besieged with the most penurious circumstances on this planet,

An ever proliferating nostalgia to transit into childhood once again; euphorically bouncing in the lap of your sacred mother,

A desire to relinquish all worldly possessions; to save the lives of your fellow comrades engulfed with uncontrollable misery and pain,

An everlasting dream in your mind; to exist for centuries unsurpassable even after your death; dedicating your life to the service of love and mankind,

And you have the most stupendously serene rainbow of PEACE; diffusing its infinite colors to coalesce into the celestially symbiotic survival of all religion and human kind.

A mountain of trust in each other's doings; profusely blindfolded belief in the mother who bore you nine months in her womb,

An insatiable conviction to act upon the voice of your innermost conscience; follow the path of irrefutable righteousness; come whatever perilous in your way,

An untamed spirit to free God's divinely world; from the clutches of manipulatively uncouth devils,

An overwhelmingly resilient virtue of igniting astronomically brilliant fires; even in the most ghastliest of darkness hovering around,

And you have the most impregnable fortress of UNITY; with each second of unfurling black; yielding way for fathomless more lights.

A bit of compassionate care; uninhibited concern for your compatriots in inexplicable pain,

A petal of perpetual happiness; without a trace of abhorrent malice,

A cloud of tranquility lingering in all quarters of the Universe; instilling the virtue of harmony in one and all,

A trail of altruistic sacrifice; with the heart wanting to shower unprecedented more; even after palpitating each beat,
And you have a mesmerizing river of immortal LOVE; disseminating its Omnipresent essence in every entity blissfully breathing and alive.

An insurmountably valiant attitude to annihilate your own life; instead of catering to indiscriminate lies,

An incomprehensible belief in treading on the path of the Creator; ignoring the thorns of greed making you vehemently bleed all your way,

An incorrigible vow of bowing your head only in front of his Omnipotent grace; or else pulverizing it if the demons so wanted,

An inexorable longing to march unflinchingly ahead; irrespective of the religion you followed; entwining your palms with your fellow mates; to save the globe from getting destroyed,

And you have the most ubiquitously worshipped element of TRUTH; which none possessed the capacity to dismantle before this earth was evolved; and none would till the time it would continue to holistically exist.

Nikhil Parekh

Q & A

If there was the devil of torturously asphyxiating death right in front and behind my back; insidiously waiting to horrifically choke me till my very last cupful of breath,

If there was the devil of truculently penalizing death right on top and beneath my silhouette; diabolically waiting to bury me an infinite feet beneath my cadaverously satanic grave,

If there was the devil of gruesomely charring death at each corner towards my left and trembling right; intransigently waiting to devour every robust bone of my countenance,

If there was the devil of perpetually silent death at every construable cranny of the atmosphere that I cast my innocuous eyes towards; ominously waiting to cold-bloodedly demolish even the most inconspicuous trace of my holistic existence,

Q= Then you'd be wondering as to where would I save myself; what would I do shield my scalp; as to where the hell would I gallop and go ?

A= Well irrespective of whatever; I'd tirelessly march forward in my mission to beautifully converge all spurious fraternities of religion into the religion of unassailable humanity; as it simply wasn't in the hands of the hedonistic devil to give me life or death; and the Creator who had wholesome control over my very first and very last breath; had evolved me to solely to love every of his organism on the trajectory of this fathomless globe.

1.

If there was the devil of vindictively stabbing death right in front and behind my eyes; relentlessly waiting to snap every conceivable fang of my harmonious survival,

If there was the devil of amorphously dastardly death right on top and beneath my shadow; intractably waiting to poison every shade of my synergistic life with the venom of unfathomably sinful hatred,

If there was the devil of parasitically pulverizing death at each corner towards my left and nimble right; sadistically waiting to crucify me to frigidly deadened ash the instant I alighted even a single foot,

If there was the devil of lecherously lambasting death in every perceivable gallery of the atmosphere on which I symbiotically floated; heartlessly waiting to incarcerate every element of triumphant happiness in my soul; in the gallows of murderously sinister hell,

Q= Then you'd be wondering as to where would I save myself; what would I do

shield my scalp; as to where the hell would I gallop and go ?

A= Well irrespective of whatever; I'd inexhaustibly march forward to wonderfully mitigate every echelon of brutally estranged humanity; as it simply wasn't in the hands of the cannibalistic devil to give me life or death; and the Creator who had wholesome control over my very first and very last breath; had evolved me to solely to love every of his organism on the trajectory of this fathomless globe.

2.

If there was the devil of bizarrely bludgeoning death right in front and behind my countenance; mercilessly waiting to horribly crunch me like limp meat; the next time when the pangs of hunger arose in his deliriously threadbare stomach,
If there was the devil of tawdrily indiscriminate death right on top and beneath my heart; irrevocably waiting to devastate every of its beats into sleazily obfuscated nothingness; the instant it bonded with the true love of its life,
If there was the devil of scurrilously decrepit death at each corner towards the left and right of my diminutive persona; frenetically waiting to demonically slit the soft skin of my throat; to mollify the itching of his uncouthly slandering nails,

If there was the devil of egregiously slaying death in every ingredient of the atmosphere which I majestically caressed; inconsolably waiting to roast my delightfully supple skin at the crackle of traumatically usurping midnight,
Q= Then you'd be wondering as to where would I save myself; what would I do shield my scalp; as to where the hell would I gallop and go ?

A= Well irrespective of whatever; I'd unstoppably march forward to coalesce my soul with the fragrance of perennially proliferating living kind; as it simply wasn't in the hands of the cannibalistic devil to give me life or death; and the Creator who had wholesome control over my very first and very last breath; had evolved me to solely to love every of his organism on the trajectory of this fathomless globe.

3.

If there was the devil of vengefully ribald death right in front and behind my chest; flagrantly waiting to extricate the last droplet of scarlet blood from my poignant veins; to take his treacherously routine morning bath,
If there was the devil of ghastly stoning death right on top and beneath my feet; gorily wanting to feast his eyes on an infinite elements of my caricature; being ruthlessly excoriated by the unsparingly hideous vultures,
If there was the devil of traumatically terrorizing death at each corner towards my left and humble right; raunchily waiting to dissolve me into the coffin of nothingness; everytime I reached the pinnacle of egalitarian bliss,

If there was the devil of ignominiously maiming death in every puff of air that I inhaled into the jacket of my quintessential lungs; endlessly waiting to puncture every trifle of my body with a mortuary of infinite blood-stained thorns,

Q= Then you'd be wondering as to where would I save myself; what would I do shield my scalp; as to where the hell would I gallop and go ?

A= Well irrespective of whatever; I'd unflinchingly march forward diffusing the essence of live and royally let live to the farthest corner of this Universe; as it simply wasn't in the hands of the cannibalistic devil to give me life or death; and the Creator who had wholesome control over my very first and very last breath; had evolved me to solely to love every of his organism on the trajectory of this fathomless globe.

Nikhil Parekh

Questions

I asked the road; the things that perturbed her the most,
She replied saying; that she was mutilated every unleashing minute,
By the juggernaut of trucks; and cloud showers of swollen rain.

I asked a cluster of fish in the Monsoon River; about the ultimate fantasy of their
lives,
The answer that followed was studded with arduous lines of brevity,
As they unanimously dreamt of swimming in stormy waves of the ocean.

I asked the domestic lizard to narrate its tale of woes,
It didn't ponder even for a fraction of a second,
Curtly saying; that it was a paucity of succulent insect that kept her starved
these days.

I asked the bleary eyed moon to impassively blurt out its agony,
The celestial figure in the sky retorted with a volley of eloquent expletive,
Blaming a fleet of monstrous spaceships; pilfering through its exquisite decorum.

I asked the merrily swaying trees; to recount me their expeditions of the
blistering day,
They retaliated with traumatic screams; with white blood trickling down their
entity,
Rebuking the farmer; who had sliced them down for daily fodder.

I asked the stray dogs in the street about their conditions of blissful health,
They made a gallant mockery of my question barking,
We aren't fastidious about food; all we need is a solitary place to sleep.

I then interrogated my tangible heart to disclose its candid feelings,
There were mystical vibrations which shook my entire silhouette,
Beads of cold sweat camouflaged my shock of black hair,
As it responded to my query saying; that it wanted to imprison forever,
Posses for times unfathomable; the holistic form it loved on this earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Quit Ragging Or Go To Hell

Pathetically dastardly are those who indiscriminately rag; having the bugs of spurious inferiority circulating lecherously in their feckless veins,

Baselessly stupid are those who torturously rag; exerting their potato shaped muscles on savage meaninglessness; when they very well knew that they could have used the same to fruitfully evolve a civilization of bountifully stupefying newness,

Preposterously frustrated are those who morbidly rag; venting their ludicrously extra shades of enthusiasm in harassing the mantra of innocence; instead of utilizing the same to astoundingly score well in their exams,

Luridly squalid are those who penalizingly rag; desperately torching their innermost senses like a pugnacious volcano every unfurling minute; rotting all their lives in the corridors of dislocated hell,

Barbarously rancid are those who tirelessly rag; worthlessly wasting the most pricelessly precious moments of their life; in stripping someone's chastity instead of embracing the winds of immortal love,

Abhorrently prejudiced are those who insanely rag; meting out their personal impoverishment upon poignantly nimble bodies; and then foolishly proclaiming the same as their path to ultimate martyrdom,

Disparagingly delinquent are those who surreptitiously rag; endlessly dying of the fear of the Sun all day; as they had not a spot on this fathomless earth to hide their deeds of raunchily asphyxiating blackness,

Remorsefully imprisoned are those who deliberately rag; making sardonically abusing innocuous entities their morning cup of tea; when even the most lugubriously fetid gutter water irrevocably denied to enter their criminal mouths,

Venomously parasitic are those who treacherously rag; lasciviously extricating every iota of happiness from other people's lives; and then foolhardily justifying themselves by saying that this was the order from the Almighty Divine; as they were genuinely deprived,

Cold-bloodedly maniacal are those who hedonistically rag; savagely using honest shoulders to clamber the ladder of success; eventually finding that the sky of

prosperity was never for theirs to be,

Diabolically cannibalistic are those who truculently rag; pulverizing the name of their godly parents to gorily infidel ash; letting the fragrance of their sacrosanct mother's milk evaporate into licentious nothingness; as they trampled their immaculate

brethren right in front of her heavenly eyes,

Abstrusely wayward are those who congenitally rag; finding banging weak bones every instant as the greatest occupation on this Universe; instead of proving their mettle in the symbiotically competitive world outside,

Penuriously decrepit are those who pretentiously rag; satanically trying to decimate their timid compatriots with the power of their bombastic wealth and wine; entirely oblivious to the terrorizing hell ardently waiting for them; by his orders after their demise,

Bawdily ghoulish are those who malevolently rag; eventually ending up licking lackluster dust and staggeringly jobless at their same comrade's feet; whom they had once rebuked and who had now metamorphosed into a patriarch of unlimited prosperity,

Esoterically decayed are those who purposelessly rag; gnawing their nails raw in ghastly blood from inside; letting the carnivorously amorphous devil take complete control of their mind; body and soul; while they brutally assassinated traces of ecstatic senility,

Uxoriously cantankerous are those who ignominiously rag; embedding more and more despicable coffin nails in their life; as they sadistically extradited the fabric of self-esteem from countless unblemished souls and lives,

Intolerably derogatory are those who unreasonably rag; trying their best to scare the thunderbolts of life from holistically unsuspecting newcomers; when they were themselves nothing more than a fragment of eternal misery from their disdainful insides,

Parsimoniously flagrant are those who sordidly rag; with even the most mercurial element of their bodies diminishing into corpses of extinction; before they had time to exhale their unfinished breath,

Therefore it is my humble plea to all those who play this poisonous game of

ragging; please abdicate it as soon as possible; to be perhaps accepted by the Almighty Lord once again;

Otherwise rag as much as you can; perhaps with none to check you this very moment and countless more moments when you would assume yourself to be the ultimate

price; but then be prepared for a hell which was more horrific than the most bizarre of death; which not me; but the Lord Almighty had designed for you; O! yes

specially you; and please believe him not me; because it was just for you and for nobody else; but you.

Nikhil Parekh

Rain, Rain And Triumphant Rain

Infinite bodies had pathetically shriveled into nothingness; as blistering rays of the Sun unsparingly blazed left; right and profuse center,

Whirlpools of obnoxiously debilitating sweat oozed from umpteenth arenas of the body; as boundless scores of innocuous organisms; reeled under the vicious onslaught of sweltering heat,

Fathomless kilometers of panoramically lush green land; now disdainfully metamorphosed into torturously slithering and lambasted deserts,

Pristine flakes of spell binding snow perched delectably on the mountaintops; now abominably melted in meek submission; under the ferocious inferno of the simmering afternoon,

The boisterously vivacious branches of the mystical forests; now bore a sullenly barren look; as the leaves mercilessly crackled under the outrageously fuming Sun,

Unfathomable hordes of innocuously philandering cattle; were now rendered to disgustingly hollow skeletons of sordid dilapidation; as the soil penuriously scorched everything in conceivable vicinity,

The corporate tycoon now looked like an insane lunatic with bloodshot eyes; as the most spell bindingly impeccable of his shirt; was now enveloped in abhorrent pools of grime and sweat,

The most tenaciously resilient of abodes now creaked an inconspicuous trifle; cursing till beyond realms of eternal eternity; as the wave of summer horrendously augmented its acrid propensity,

The most voluptuous nimble and enchanting soles; now barbarically bled at all quarters; as the earth on

which they holistically transgressed; had now transformed itself into insidiously torching charcoal,

Denizens sluggishly snubbed each other in truculent exasperation; as diabolical rays of the unrelenting Sun; austere pulverized their dormitories of exotically bountiful fantasy,

The most majestic of lions in the inscrutable jungle; dastardly retreated into their caves; unbelievably forgiving their prey; as the treacherously unruly heat took firm roots into their fur,

Children wholesomely forgot their innocently replenishing smiles; as the day progressed more tyrannically than ever; putting hideously crippling brakes on even the most infinitesimal of their activity,

The newly wedded relinquished all desire to love; as the only thing that they were remorsefully overwhelmed with; was the adversely admonishing and severely reprimanding light of the midday Sun,

All anecdotes of irrefutably sparkling honesty; now converted into the graveyard of blatantly manipulative lies; as entities staggered more brutally than ever under the salaciously whipping carpet of ominous summer,

The squirrels and kangaroos now transgressed as slow as the pot-bellied tortoise; feeling the preposterously invidious heat horrifically hamper their otherwise; astoundingly vivacious reflexes,

Resplendent river levels had dramatically reduced; with an unsurpassable army of crabs; snakes and ants; frantically scurrying out of the mud every now and again; as the earth cooked like an unstoppable volcano inside,

The most lightning paced of rambunctious spiders now sat dolorously in one corner of their den; wholesomely fatigued in the onerously persevering heat; to ecstatically reconstruct their broken webs,

Fireballs of sensuously drifting and timelessly
exhilarating breath; now seemed as frantically last
bid to enter the gory corpse; in a valiantly vain
attempt to elope from the tumultuous heat,

The passionately palpitating beats of the immortal heart; were slowly losing their
fervency; too exhausted in pumping blood for the pugnaciously sapped and burnt
body; rather than pulsate for the spirit of unassailable love,

And if there was ever an invincibly singleton solution
to all of the above; then it was nothing but the most
pricelessly proliferating form of the ALMIGHTY LORD;
O! yes it was RAIN, RAIN AND TRIUMPHANT RAIN.

Nikhil Parekh

Rain, Rain And Unstoppably Rain

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those lugubriously famished leaves; which wailed in unrelentingly incongruous unison; for those eternally blissful droplets of water,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those fathomless mounds of fetidly acrid mud; which inevitably wanted to be refreshingly washed; since years immemorial,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those miserably asphyxiated deserts; whose tears had cadaverously metamorphosed into treacherously meaningless sands; vindictively stabbing countless in the afternoon heat,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those innocuously pristine cattle and animals; who were these days solely busy; in counting each other's haplessly shriveled cartilage of horrifically emaciated bones,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those forlornly barren beds of the boundless ocean; which had gruesomely died till the very last bone of their non-existent spines,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those pricelessly new born infants; who embraced death by the countless numbers; in the unsparingly diabolical heat of the Sun,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those chunks of lividly impotent mud; from the periphery of which there sprouted nothing else but an indescribably fuming battalion of pugnaciously distorted cracks,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those impoverished villagers; whose inarticulately mud-caked

abodes pathetically melted; under the undying fury of
the heartlessly charring Sun,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
dolorously dried meadows of grass; which exuded into
unfathomable mortuaries of sadistic blood; rather than
a festoon of enchantingly golden dew-drops,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
dogmatically sweating scalps and skins; which could
suffer from any instant from a complete nervous
breakdown; without the tiniest droplet of water in
their taps,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
lecherously empty wells which fretted in the aisles of
decrepit oblivion; with their innumerable tumblers of
water now despondently replaced by impugning dust,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
unfinished lamenting desires of true lovers; which
could royally fructify only when two voluptuously wet
bodies; invincibly united into one sensuous breath,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
unlimited ingredients of the ruthlessly scorched
atmosphere; whose living ghost tirelessly haunted and
imperiled; even the most celestially bountiful of victory,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
vituperatively parched lips; which hurled an
unsurpassable volley of incoherent abuse; as whenever
they desperately opened; all they could taste was
sordidly tormented mud,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
resplendently inscrutable forests; which now resembled
robotically devastated factories of sacrilegiously
monotonous charcoal,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
unfortunately doomed nostrils; which had nothing else

but disdainfully belligerent bellows of venomous smoke
to quintessentially inhale,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
rustic farmers with endless kilometers of land; but
from whose soil sprouted nothing else but the most
brutally lambasting curses of starvation,

If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all those
penuriously strangulated throats; from which emanated
only the most cursedly discordant wails of
preposterously imprisoning helplessness,

And If not for me; then atleast for the sake of all
those immortally passionate hearts; which had now
transformed into the epitomes of satanically
unforgivable infidelity; in absence of the most
unconquerable elixir required to sustain life,

Please open your vivaciously undefeated belly O!
Omnipotent Sky; please culminate into the most
thunderously voluptuous of clouds; and please
torrentially rain; rain; rain and unstopably RAIN.

Nikhil Parekh

Rainbow

Violent streaks of nail polish Violet,
Circular shades of flaming Indigo,
Thick envelope of heavenly cloud Blue,
Fat smear of bright parrot Green,
Thin smudges of neglected dirty Yellow,
Peripheral paint lines of blazing Orange,
Encapsulating outlines of deathly Red,
Prompted by brilliant sunshine in cascading rain,
Sky patches of light blue,
Sun ball shining in full heat at boiling point,
Thin wisps of pale white cloud cover,
Dispersed in distant boundaries of the Sun,
Shriveled to an iota of their traditional attire,
Which is dark grey with blushes of black,
Now discharging rain in sunlight,
Forming a perfect vibgyor rainbow,
To the insurmountable delight of living organism,
Existing in spiceless moments of robotically worldly life.

Nikhil Parekh

Rather Than Betray

It was countless times better to relentlessly stagger in the sweltering heat outside; with the ferociously hedonistic rays of the afternoon Sun making me slaver like a dog on flaming soil,
Rather than betray the irrefutably truthful voice of my conscience; and lie like an unemployed laggard in the caverns of blackened nothingness.

It was countless times better to unflinchingly walk on a platform of acrimoniously pernicious thorns; surrender the nimble soles of my feet to uncouthly uncontrollable bleeding,
Rather than betray the majestically truthful voice of my conscience; and surreptitiously steal onto the sheets of unfathomable luxury; with a nefariously wicked glint in my eye.

It was countless times better to shiver bare-chested in the ruthlessly annihilating blizzard outside; letting each bone of my body nervously reverberate till times beyond infinite infinity,
Rather than betray the pricelessly truthful voice of my conscience; and indiscriminately force my cumbersome form into someone else's emolliently hard-earned dwelling.

It was countless times better to be unsparingly excoriated by the demonic sword of the turgidly truculent society; abnegating even the most infinitesimal trace of worldly pleasure forever and ever and ever,
Rather than betray the peerlessly truthful voice of my conscience; and nod my head like a disgracefully dastardly rat to the gutterpipe of flagrant lies.

It was countless times better to scorch to an indescribably ghastly death; letting the chords of my throat scurrilously burn in unbearably agonizing turmoil,
Rather than betray the symbiotically truthful voice of my conscience; and lackadaisically lap at the pool of venomously malicious water in the treacherously profane enemy camp.

It was a countless times better to lasciviously sell each part of my worthless body; let hideously untamed vultures of cowardly malice rip apart my flesh to their vapid heart's delight,
Rather than betray the bountifully truthful voice of my conscience; and trade my sacrosanct mother for ensuring few breaths of my worthlessly decrepit existence.

It was a countless times better to be buried under fathomless masses of cold-

bloodedly slandering rock; find my veritable corpse an infinite feet beneath mud
even as I exhaled air in the pristine prime of my life,
Rather than betray the regally truthful voice of my conscience; and order my
impeccable child to carry the load of the corrupt planet; so that I could snore and
pugnaciously survive.

It was a countless times better to deliriously loiter on the streets without a cloth
to engulf my rickety form; become the endlessly laughing stock of every single
cranny of this limitless globe,
Rather than betray the triumphantly truthful voice of my conscience; and wear
the skin of my father like a cannibalistically satanic parasite all my life.

It was a countless times better to metamorphose wholesomely into blind;
entirely shut the fangs of my existence to even the most ethereally flickering
beam of light,
Rather than betray the eternally truthful voice of my conscience; and keep
staring into fecklessly wastrel corpses of nothingness; inspite of being blessed
with two brilliantly bright eyes.

It was a countless times better to rot in the mortuaries of unceasingly squelching
hell; let the most unsurpassably excruciating torture in the devil's land
deteriorate me into a scarecrow of insipid meaninglessness,
Rather than betray the beautifully truthful voice of my conscience; and break the
heart of my immortal beloved; for sensuously alien flesh and vituperatively
tantalizing raunchiness.

Nikhil Parekh

Rather Than Feeling Depressed

I would rather unflinchingly embrace the corpses of staggering defeat; than worthlessly entangling myself in the webs of sordid corruption and feeling severely depressed,

I would rather hang myself bizarrely upside down without the most inconspicuous of regret; than being luridly lured by spurious politicians all the time and feeling torturously depressed,

I would rather mercilessly annihilate every chord of my intricate throat with a blazing smile; than being maneuvered like a pompous puppet by the chains of the turgidly conventional society and feeling flagrantly depressed,

I would rather plummet wide-eyed from the epitome of the towering mountain; than being abusively molested by the sanctimoniously rich and feeling invidiously depressed,

I would rather parade bare skinned amidst the pack of hedonistically menacing tigers; than being baselessly pulverized by the dungeons of feckless unemployment and feeling nonchalantly depressed,

I would rather uninhibitedly scream the very last iota of voice in my throat towards blue sky; than being transcended by the rules of emaciating monotony and feeling treacherously depressed,

I would rather fearlessly transgress on a blanket of truculently acrimonious thorns; than being drawn into the aisles of unbearably prejudiced greed and feeling horrendously depressed,

I would rather patriotically behead myself in a pool of fragrantly crimson blood; than surrendering to the traitors of my sacrosanct motherland and feeling barbarically depressed,

I would rather proudly digest a meal of threadbare mud and lackadaisical stone; than feasting at the cost of my comrades in tumultuous grief and feeling sodomizingly depressed,

I would rather altruistically thrash every cranny of my brain till it indiscriminately bled; than targeting my own comrade's scalp for parsimonious wads of debasing money and feeling pugnaciously depressed,

I would rather tirelessly walk on the road towards my eternally triumphant freedom; than being ghastily incarcerated by the devastating clouds of perniciously debilitating solitude and feeling cold-bloodedly depressed,

I would rather unabashedly proclaim my love to even the most infinitesimal quarter of this colossal Universe; than drowning in the insipid ponds of betrayal and feeling tyrannically depressed,

I would rather timidly pulverize myself into diminutive bits of meaningless ash; than diabolically overpowering the symbiotic empathy of ever holistic organism and feeling lugubriously depressed,

I would rather honorably exonerate apart even the most mercurial vein of mine; than fiendishly propagating the strings of raunchy terror in synergistically existing tribes and feeling doggedly depressed,

I would rather gloriously jump from the high flying aircraft without a single parachute on my impoverished demeanor; than gregariously blending with the traumatizing hijackers and feeling horribly depressed,

I would rather exuberantly immolate my body in flames in my quest for everlasting truth; than being lasciviously enticed by graveyards of abhorrent manipulation and feeling remorsefully depressed,

I would rather deliberately blind my eyes with swords of scintillating righteousness; than inevitably witnessing evil burgeoning on every quarter of earth just because people wanted it to and feeling haplessly depressed,

I would rather intransigently listen to the voices of my immortally throbbing heart; than being made a worthless object of transient ridicule; by every fraternity of the disastrously penalizing society and feeling stupidly depressed,

O! Yes; I would rather intrepidly abrogate breath this very instant from my lungs; than living life like a livid insect; horrifically crippled by the feet of malevolent power and feeling zany depressed.

Nikhil Parekh

Ratio And Proportion

The ratio of HEDONISM: HAPPINESS perhaps on this fathomless Universe; might have pathetically dwindled to a preposterously abominable; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of ESTRANGEMENT: EQUALITY perhaps on this boundless Universe; might have abysmally faltered to an acrimoniously pugnacious; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of POLITICS: PEACE perhaps on this mesmerizing Universe; might have sadistically extinguished to an acridly bellicose; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of SALACIOUSNESS: SAGACIOUSNESS perhaps on this colossal Universe; might have disastrously deteriorated to an insipidly threadbare; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of CHAUVINISM: CHEERFULNESS perhaps on this gigantic Universe; might have pruriently withered to an aridly lackadaisical; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of MALICE: MYSTICISM perhaps on this unfathomable Universe; might have obnoxiously stumbled to an dolorously decrepit; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of WAR: WIND perhaps on this fathomless Universe; might have vengefully reduced to a flagrantly atrocious; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of VINDICTIVENESS: VERSATILITY perhaps on this spell binding Universe; might have remorsefully evaporated to a savagely infinitesimal; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of TRAVESTY: TRUTH perhaps on this unending Universe; might have insanely massacred to a indescribably abashing; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of BANE: BLOOM perhaps on this limitless Universe; might have sardonically butchered to a fretfully nonchalant; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of DISASTER: DREAMS perhaps on this unconquerable Universe; might have sordidly slithered to a raunchily beleaguered; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of POVERTY: PROSPERITY perhaps on this unsurpassable Universe; might have gruesomely disappeared to a delinquently despondent; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of UNEMPLOYMENT: UNINHIBITEDNESS perhaps on this gregarious Universe; might have treacherously shattered to a bawdily slaving; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of ABHORRENCE: ABLUTION perhaps on this timeless Universe; might have egregiously crumbled to a uxoriously incarcerated; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of JINX: JUBILATION perhaps on this enchanting Universe; might have disdainfully converted to a disparagingly dastardly; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of BETRAYAL: BREATH perhaps on this boundless Universe; might have painstakingly debilitated to a derogatorily dreary; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

The ratio of LASCIVIOUSNESS: LOVE perhaps on this triumphant Universe; might have tawdrily sunk to a baselessly cannibalistic; INFINITY: ZERO; today,

But the ratio of the CREATURE: CREATOR; was; is and will forever be an Omnipotently majestic; ZERO: INFINITY; till the time he commanded this earth to be; and even beyond the most ephemerally fugacious speck of space.

Nikhil Parekh

Raw Materials

The raw material required for growing a foliated tree; was its inconspicuous little seeds,

The raw material required for building a magnificent palace; was a plethora of baked bricks and finely pulverized sand,

The raw material required for forming the sky; was a blend of black and immaculate white clouds,

The raw material required for making a computer; was a conglomerate of contemporary chips with a host of sophisticated software,

The raw material required for forming the mammoth ocean; was astronomical amounts of salt water,

The raw material required for preparing appetizing curd; was decayed and left over remains of bitter milk,

The raw material required to fire a hollow nozzle gun; was a grey bullet; that flew at electric speeds after swiftly releasing the trigger,

The raw material required for digging a well in the stony ground; was a chiseled pickaxe compounded with onerous effort,

The raw material required for riding a bicycle; was dexterous maneuvering of the same alongwith the skill of fine balance,

The raw material required for writing script; was the slender sculptured fountain pen replete with sapphire ink,

The raw material required for igniting bundled logs of dry wood; was a minuscule and lead coated matchstick,

The raw material required for cautioning against unscrupulous burglars; was a contemporary alarm bell,

The raw material required for soaring high in the air abreast of the hovering clouds; was a pair of strong and robust wings,

The raw material required to compose a poem; was a jugglery of intricate words; alongwith perfect synchronization of rhyme,

The raw material required to smile; was twin pairs of lips opening partially; radiating loads of compassionate warmth,

The raw material required for spreading rampant riots; was baseless communalism,

The raw material required for propagating corruption; was power hungry leaders adroitly manipulating innocuous people,

The raw material required for impregnating fear; was merciless torture of the deprived; incessant tormenting of the underprivileged,

The raw material required for dying; was forcible closure of the nostrils; succeeded by abrupt failure of the heart,

And the raw material required for blissfully living; was unrelentingly caring for our dear ones; diligently praying to the deity we believe; patronizing universally the essence of philanthropic love.

Nikhil Parekh

Reach Out To Humanity, God Will Reach Out To You

Reach out to the mystically panoramic trees; and exuberantly frolicking wind will reach out to every frenetically beleaguered pore of your body; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the exotically burgeoning clouds; and mystically tantalizing globules of rain will reach out to every brutally emaciated cranny of your persona; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the indomitably towering mountains; and invincibly compassionate companionship will reach out to every inexplicably shivering bone of your body; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the uninhibitedly ecstatic nightingales; and inimitably mellifluous sound will reach out to every disastrously bereaved footstep of yours; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the majestically undulating ocean; and unsurpassably rhapsodic tanginess will reach out to every heartlessly rotting image in your brain; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the freshly born blissful child; and unassailably regale heavenliness will reach out to every forlornly parasitic cranny of your soul; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the flamboyantly Omnipotent Sun; and tirelessly blessing rays of optimistic enlightenment will reach out to every cold-bloodedly bloodshot ingredient of your eyes; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the iridescently twinkling rainbow; and unflinchingly peerless vivaciousness will reach out to every lugubriously dilapidated muscle of your countenance; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the royally swaying roses; and innocuously unadulterated fragrance will reach out to every derogatorily prejudiced hair of your persona; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the lap of the wonderfully sacred mother; and insurmountably incomparable selflessness will reach out to every delinquent dream of yours; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the tantalizingly effulgent night; and an unfathomable gorge of glorious enchantment will reach out to every dreadfully extinguishing reflection of yours; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the marvelously shimmering dewdrops; and unbelievably charismatic artistry will reach out to every unceremoniously mangled nail of yours; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to altruistically blazing patriotism; and incomprehensibly sacred immortality will reach out to every iota of your crimson blood; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to quintessentially fructifying soil; and magnificently sparkling fruits of creation will reach out to every monotonously surreptitious attitude of yours; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the ebulliently whistling air; and unlimitedly unceasing freedom will reach out to every hedonistically tormented of your stride; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to exhilaratingly emollient forest; and a cosmos of fathomlessly priceless adventure will reach out to every dementedly ungainly virtue of yours; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the spirit of egalitarian symbiotism; and the breaths of effulgently mesmerizing life will reach out to every pathetically dying beats of your conscience; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to the passionately thundering heart; and the winds of Omnipresently immortal love will reach out to every aspect of your murderously satanic existence; will wholeheartedly reach out to you,

Reach out to every fraternity of humanity and plentiful living kind handsomely alike; and the Omniscient Almighty Lord will reach out to every radiation of your worthlessly molecular survival; will wholeheartedly reach out to you.

Nikhil Parekh

Ready To Die

Death is fantastically silencing; after which there existed not even the most inconspicuous iota of rambunctious sound; not even the most ethereal traces of malicious cacophony; to disdainfully wake you up from your eternal sleep.

Death is handsomely emancipating; after which you felt neither the most diminutive of agony slandering you; neither the most inexplicably crucifying of worries
tickle your estranged soul.

Death is unbelievably artistic; after which even the most infinitesimal ingredient of your blood and irrefutably righteous conscience; forever coalesced with the undefeated majesty of the atmosphere.

Death is endlessly mollifying; after which there remained not even the most infidel of desire; just the perpetual bonding of every ounce of your goodness; with the unshakable spirit of the Omnipotent Lord.

Death is unconquerably immune; after which your physical form felt not the slightest of pain; even when stabbed by an infinite knives; or viciously cremated into
the valley of hell.

Death is insuperably royal; after which even the most cannibalistically excoriating of your enemies; offered their humblest prayers for your soul to rest in everlasting peace.

Death is incredulously non-invasive; after which no religion on earth could sanctimoniously claim you as solely its; as you eventually and inevitably sunk into
the belly of soil.

Death is beautifully resting; after which there seemed not even the most fugitive element of uncontrollable anxiety; after which the profanely robotic rat race for survival of the fittest; forever faded into wisps of non-existent oblivion.

Death is unsurpassably enchanting; after which there seemed to emanate an unshakably ameliorating radiance from your face; which spell-bindingly cracked even the most deplorably asphyxiated riddles of existence.

Death is magically economical; after which your body didn't need even the most transient shades of replenishment; after which even the most uncontrollably strongest of your urges; amazingly metamorphosed into altruistic contentment.

Death is self sermonizing; after which the chapter of your life became a holistically open philosophy; with countless extemporizing upon the quality of their survival; bounteously learning from your boundless rises and pitfalls.

Death is the end of vicious ambition; after which you could massacre no more innocent lives; erect your palaces on no more innocent blood; in your baselessly ever-pervading desire to supremely reign over the entire Universe.

Death is Omnipresently powerful; after which even the most fearlessly infallible superpowers of this planet; miserably floundered to cause even the most obscurest of indentation; upon the contours of your body.

Death is the absolute end of devastation; after which there existed only the most invincibly emollient meadows of paradise; for every bit of symbiotic goodness that you'd ever done in your destined life.

Death is the most astounding magician; after which even the most murderously massacring of your pain; forever transformed into the most celestial pastures of blessing sleep.

Death is ubiquitously unprejudiced; after which there remains not even the most evanescent puff of hatred in your heart; for every form and fraternity of creation all around you.

Death is everlastingly consecrating; after which even the most diabolically sinful of your deeds; are forever and ever and ever washed away; with every form of newness that exuberantly spawns into the firmament of the vividly ecstatic Universe.

Death is inimitably immortalizing; after which every bit of unflinchingly pristine righteousness that you breathed in the tenure of your life; perennially becomes an ardently optimistic tunnel of light; for countless more of your blessed kind.

So Mate; ready to Die! But think an infinite times before you do so. Because like all other best things on this Universe; even Death comes at a price. And unfortunately for you; me and every other organism created by the Omniscient Lord Almighty; that price is the ultimate threshold of pain that we could ever

experience; in not just a single lifetime; but an infinite more of our infinite lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Realization

Concentration gives you the power to dynamically leap forward; solve the most inexplicable enigma of monotonous life,

Frustration renders you with an utter helplessness; which you find difficult to shrug off despite the most Herculean of your attempts to fight against time,

Sedation makes you blissfully sleep and insurmountably fantasize; making you overwhelmingly oblivious to the most stringent of your surroundings; the instant you
awoke,

Imagination gives you the stupendous virtue to be prudent; perceive the most hideously evil situation; well ahead of the unfurling decade,

Innovation bestows you with a sense of wholehearted accomplishment; an insatiable urge to exist with waves of ingenious imagery perpetually perpetrating your persona,

Fascination gives you the prowess to feel incomprehensibly celestial; amuse yourself each moment to soar high and abreast with the silken cocoon of blue clouds,

Consternation leaves you open mouthed in unsurpassable disbelief; evacuating the last ounce of wind which circulated rampantly round your robust body,

Tension renders you with dolorously morbid sorrow; ruthlessly assassinating boundless movements of your present day and fathomless minutes of every sweltering night,

Exultation engenders you to bounce euphorically towards the blazing Sun; glistening globules of sheer ecstasy dribbling rhapsodically down your cheeks,

Indentation leaves you with a flurry of ungainly scars; inconspicuously disrupts the heavenly contours of your majestic countenance,

Desperation gives you countless reasons to die; end your tranquil breath by plunging into an island of inevitably sinking sand,

Infection renders you with a lingering sickness; an obnoxiously gruesome taste in

your mouth that shatters your delectable premonitions of a harmonious existence,

Inception gifts you the tenacity to conceive higher than the beyond; euphorically enjoy the sweet fruits of creation to the most unprecedented limits,

Emancipation imparts you with a saintly solitude; along with a perennial rest to your manipulatively swirling mind,

Perspiration triggers in you an unfathomable compassion; the inexorably gratifying satisfaction to relish at the end of the valiantly hard fought day,

Expectation leaves you with unwanted anxiety; a relentless craving for witnessing the ultimate unleash right before your emphatic eyes,

Electrocution freezes you in your very roots; satanically annihilating the minutest trace of breath encapsulating your oligarchic demeanor,

Abortion penalizes you to the most supreme degree; slapping your visage mercilessly for exonerating God's most precious gift to mankind,

Illumination leads you to the realms of ebulliently optimistic hope; dauntingly wading past of sea of diabolical despair; into the doorstep of a vivaciously vibrant tomorrow,

Condemnation leads to suicidal tendencies which pertinently circulate in your mind; an hopeless future which has no happy horizons at all,

Opposition renders your soul with a sense of hearty contentment; immensely fortifying faith in your own set of resilient ideals,

Deception leads you with a place nowhere to run on this boundless planet; getting brutally incarcerated in the end in your trap of irrevocable lies,

Affection grants you with supremely undeniable happiness; the desire to live for your benevolently breathing fellow beings,

And Realization makes you greater than the Divine; granting you with the irrefutable power to metamorphose all your treacherously sinful past into a mesmerizing festoon of infinite more positive tomorrow's.

Reborn Only As Your Lover

A part of me in monotonous realms of satanic office; capsizing upon my share of bread; to sustain on the trajectory of this gigantic planet,

A part of me on the tantalizing seaside; profoundly relishing the tanginess of the mighty ocean; which tingled me beyond the corridors of untamed control,

A part of me in the mesmerizing garden; profusely drowned in the scent of the overwhelmingly seductive rose,

A part of me in the morbid graveyard; sadly mourning and reminiscing all those close to me; now no longer a reality in this world,

A part of me on the ergonomic dining table; savoring indispensable morsels of food; to keep me holistically running and alive,

A part of me on the evanescent horizons; frenziedly salvaging fortification to blissfully pass the menacingly treacherous night,

A part of me in the sacrosanct lap of my mother; reliving the poignant memories of impeccable childhood,

A part of me unsurpassably engrossed in bulky study books; endeavouring my best to achieve the most unprecedented in the career of my choice,

A part of me dancing vivaciously in the forests; playing hide and seek; amidst the rustling of voluptuous leaves; the silken beams of milky moonshine,

A part of me rebelling unrelentingly against traitors infiltrating my motherland; combating them with the sword of irrefutable righteousness,

A part of me gallivanting flirtatiously through the hills; philandering till times beyond eternity; until I stumbled upon the romance of my life,

A part of me persevering under whole hearted rays of the acrimonious summer; deluged in a blanket of golden perspiration; as I slogged without the most inconspicuous of reprieve,

A part of me swimming ardently in the salty ocean; romanticizing and titillating in the majestically royal splendor of enchanting life,

A part of me with my dynamically flamboyant father; zealously aiming always to be infinite steps above the very best,

A part of me perched on the revered knees of my grandparents; fervently listening to their unfathomable myriad of adventures in real life,

A part of me astoundingly baffled by the vagaries of this uncouth society; unable to comprehend why fellow beings of human fraternity; considered themselves above divine godhead,

A part of me humming an insurmountable battalion of spiffy tunes; to rekindle my pathetically diminishing spice in life,

A part of me indulged into disdainfully forced manipulation in order to survive; articulately maneuvering my way into the spurious treasury of power tycoons,

A part of me writing boundless lines of mystical poetry; letting my scarlet veins erupt into tumultuously rhapsodic delight,

A part of me blissfully asleep; dreaming and bouncing ebulliently in a land more enthralling than fabulous paradise,

A part of me in celestial heavens; blossoming each instant into a fountain of unconquerable happiness; bestowed upon me by the Omnipotent Lord,

A part of me in diabolically savage hell; being whipped for my plethora of misdeeds; by the heinously vicious breath of the devil,

A part of me on the sizzling Sun; admiring the incomprehensible beauty of this earth; in the most candidly vivid of its perspective,

A part of me in the dungeons of doomsday; sulking and fretting; overpowered by tornados of despairing hopelessness,

But all of me; my mind; my body; my soul; incarcerated in the passionately thundering beats of your heart; not only for this lifetime; but even after I had quit
it prematurely; to be reborn only as your lover; forever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

Reborn To Love

She was 100 years old; yet the blood that flowed through her intricate veins; insatiably yearned to a frolic like a teenaged damsel; once again,

She was 100 years old; yet the expressions on her shriveled chin; could captivate even the most remotely alien; in a spell of exotically never ending enchantment,

She was 100 years old; yet the impeccable whites of her fading eyes; unraveled a tale of poignant nostalgia; and resplendently unprecedented charm,

She was 100 years old; yet the melody in her bountifully wavering voice; unsurpassably enshrouded traumatized hearts; with perennially rhapsodic happiness,

She was 100 years old; yet the emphatically embossed lines on her palm; celestially depicted a tale of sheer majesty to; bloomingly unfurl,

She was 100 years old; yet the tenacity in her diminutively feeble footsteps; was enough to face the acrimoniously advancing army; beautifully singlehanded,

She was 100 years old; yet the magical smile on her divinely lips; still enlightened countless paths besieged with murderously barbaric gloom; with rays of unprecedented euphoria,

She was 100 years old; yet the astounding enigma in the lines of her forehead; spoke fathomless volumes of an angel; gallivanting in unfathomable entrenchments of untamed desire,

She was 100 years old; yet the determination in her fragile bones; was irrefutably enough; to survive for a countless more births yet to poignantly unveil,

She was 100 years old; yet the ecstasy in her nascently subdued taste buds; was overwhelming enough; to taste the most appetizing morsels of eclectically titillating food,

She was 100 years old; yet the desires in her majestic soul; were a philanthropic ocean; to ubiquitously unite and serve all; mankind,

She was 100 years old; yet the impregnable ardor of her ideals; was a miraculous rainbow of optimistic hope; Herculean strength; and an everlasting will to bless all humanity,

She was 100 years old; yet the astounding titillation of her shadow; was still as luminescent as that of a freshly born immaculate infant,

She was 100 years old; yet the overpowering effulgence that tinkled as she walked; was a garden of blissfully tranquil and exotically fragrant enchantment,

She was 100 years old; yet the impressions of her heavenly feet; were a cloud of perpetually endowing happiness,

She was 100 years old; yet the symbiotic synergy that crawled through even the most infinitesimal iota of her compassionate demeanor; was an ocean of unprecedented enthrallment; and silken charm,

She was 100 years old; yet the Omnipotent artistry in her trembling fingers; was a landscape of incredulously panoramic versatility; and ebullient color,

She was 100 years old; yet the fire in her sacrosanct breath; the unparalleled ardor in her fulminating heart; was an unconquerable fortress; of an infinite more redolent lives,

And she was 100 years old; yet the immortal love in her heart was just the same when our eyes had first met; as she unassailably took birth as my lover once again; even after she had abdicated her last puff of vital breath.

Nikhil Parekh

Rebuilding A New Gujarat

Lets visit all areas disastrously decimated; try and bring a smile to those lips swollen with inexplicable pain,

Lets extricate injured bodies from beneath the debris; transport them at swashbuckling speeds to the nearest hospital,

Lets evacuate all that mangled junk sprawled on the streets; dump it at a place where none can sight it,

Lets sit around people sobbing with uncontrolled hysteria; wipe the tears trickling down their cheeks with omnipotent words of consolation,

Lets search our dwellings voraciously for indispensable amenities; distribute them chivalrously amongst those shivering in the inclement cold,

Lets audaciously clamber up shattered edifices; help people retrieve their precious and lifetime belongings,

Lets construct mammoth tarpaulin tents; to sequester people who fear to venture back into their abode,

Lets sing melodious tunes which resolutely permeate the atmosphere; portraying the insatiable urge to survive,

Lets lift all those orphaned on our shoulders; try our best to emulate their slain parents,

Lets philander on the dilapidated lanes carrying gargantuan bundles of immaculate bandage; scrupulously wind the same on people with fresh wounds,

Lets assist the police in tracing those deplorable builders; charge them with the highest treason for swindling innocuous people,

Lets curtail rumor mills from escalating high; prevent all possible pandemonium resulting as a baseless aftermath,

Lets provide fortification to substantially weakened structures; meticulously ensuring they get reinforced with the highest pedigree of cement,

Lets take aerial snaps of the towns annihilated; emboss the same in newspapers;
for the world to get a glimpse of the unfathomable tragedy,

Lets converse for marathon hours with the survivors; try our best to comprehend
their concerns and requirements,

Lets intensely communicate on behalf of those bereaved; make indefatigable
attempts to locate their siblings overseas,

Lets pay equal attention to scores of animals maimed; try and mitigate their
suffering by adeptly dressing their wounds,

Lets carry pails of fresh water in all those colonies; wholesomely obfuscated
from the outside world,

Lets educate the people more vociferously; about the earthquake and its possible
ramifications,

Lets procure tones of stringent chlorine tablets from the government; allot them
benevolently to try and impede infection from circulating,

Lets donate blood traversing through our veins; giving it to those who haven't
enough of it left in their shriveled bodies,

Lets chisel out ways and magnanimous means to employ millions; who have
been
divested of their jobs and homes,

Lets adopt all those wailing infants; who were found incarcerated in the arms of
their dead mothers,

Lets stand tall and unflinching in this hour of insurmountable crisis; assist the
people all round the globe; as well as those surviving to; rebuild a new Gujarat

Nikhil Parekh

Rectangular Bar Of Chewing Gum

It imparted an incredulously tangy taste to my tongue; embedding its flavor in the remotest corners of my mouth,
Made irrefutably sure that I emanated a ravishing aroma all day; without the tyranny of brushing my garden of pointed teeth.

It engendered me to produce loads of saliva; spitting it intermittently on concrete pavements,
Changed the complexion of my voice from a rustically hoarse and sonorous; to one which was sweet American slang.

It served as an excellent alternative to passing time; as I painstakingly rolled it behind my lips,
Molding it into a plethora of shapes before eventually gulping it; occasionally protruding some part of it in the outside air.

It had the ability to incorrigibly stick to strands of my hair; unceremoniously sticking between the silken follicles,
Resisting all attempts to come out when I plucked; with the only option remaining was mercilessly tonsuring my scalp with a barbaric razor.

It fomented an incessant flow of tingling sensations in my persona; producing a host of slurping noises as I talked,
Impregnated my body with a feeling of perpetual contentment; reigning supreme over all other existing taste.

It intractably blended with my intestines when I inadvertently swallowed it; resting peacefully like a parasitic leech,
And despite frantic attempts on my part to drive it out; didn't extrude as I expurgated my bowels.

It proved to be an indispensable commodity while in business meetings; easing tumultuous tension from my nerve-racked mind,
Helping me divert my attention sporadically; envisage and chalk new policies with loads of innovative precision.

It caused me to slip when adhering to the rough floor; losing my balance awkwardly as I unconsciously tread on,
Although I didn't rebuke or castigate it vehemently; as I found myself lying on the celestial feet of my sweetheart.

It impregnated a chirpy aura to my demeanor; making me superficially perceive
years beyond my age,
And the best thing about it was that it formed a gigantic bubble when I
dexterously inflated it; blowing slim draughts of air trapped in my chest,
As it snapped with a thunderous bang into multiple fragments; which was all
that was now left of my rectangular bar of chewing gum.

Nikhil Parekh

Red Ant Power

Wrinkled folds of elephant skin were painted golden yellow,
ivory tusks were encircled with ornate black,
sturdy teak wood seat was strapped to its body,
large fringe of hair grew on slender tail,
the elongated trunk had several corrugations,
scalp was abraded by uprooting tall tree structures,
the pachyderm marched through the wilderness,
crushing an armoury of shrub, dismantling bird house with caressing trunk,
bellowed exuberantly as the sky turned crimson,
added leaps to its stride with torrential rain,
carried passengers at towering heights from the ground,
bathed in gushing currents of the mountain river,
splashing rockets of solvent on the surrounding flamingo's,
drenching itself with icy spray of spring water.

there was a fleet of ants residing in cocoons of soil,
bustling with feverish activity,
transporting milligram amounts of food grain,
for relishing meals all throughout the day.
the African beast trampled their den,
disrupting the harmony of their united network,
killing them in colossal numbers, sped haughtily for a good nights sleep.
the ants wanted to teach him a lesson,
caught up with him, clung to his tail, foot,
occupied vantage points on his body,
finally inserting their venom stings on the hard skinned mammal,
causing him to collapse in a heap, displaying the supreme might of red ant
power.

Nikhil Parekh

Redder Than The Reddest Of Rose—my Valentine.

Redder than the reddest of rose was your ecstatically silken shadow; sensuously engulfed under the unparalleled flaming rays of Sun—as you gleefully scampered up the mystically barren cliff,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your voluptuously scarlet lips; profusely coated with mischievous shades of dancing scarlet; as you painstakingly devoured each ounce of the betel leaf; bit by tantalizing bit,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your bountifully robust palms; as you grazed them uninhibitedly against every strand that spawned from soil; in your unceasing gestures of embracing all exhilaration on the planet,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your dainty forehead; as you passionately knelt it for several hours against plaintive floor; in your invincible obeisance to the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your daintily gratifying feet; as you jubilantly dug them in and out of chunks of rustic mud; that was compassionately heavenly after the first thundershowers this season,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your seductively undefeated cheeks; as you blushed more naively than the first rays of dawn; perceiving the prince charming of your blissful life with surreal stars in your eyes,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your nectar laden fingers; as you weaved them more zealously than ever before in oceans of myriad color; suddenly illuminating white canvas with the boundless enigmas of your soul,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your perpetually benign blood; which graciously embraced the religion of humanity at every step you tread; in each of its unflinchingly everlasting ingredient,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your ebulliently shimmering nails; as you inexhaustibly gnawed at them in a child like innocence; whilst pondering over the infinite unsolved mysteries of this fathomless Universe,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your astoundingly curious ears; instantaneously rising to the hilt of heaven to the tiniest of appreciation and then burying themselves under countless feet of soil—at sarcasm as it humanely

came,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your affably poignant bosom; heaving and falling like the pristine ebbs and tides of the great majestic sea; as each current of the eclectically fickle wind caressed it with new-found electricity,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your regally titillating eyelashes; as you let them unabashedly absorb the most fervent streaks of lightening as well as nimble sunset; with indescribable stunning panache,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your royally galloping legs; as you ran far beyond the horizons of sunset to shake hands with the utterly unknown; pumping raw exhilaration at every step that you dared tread,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your implacably nubile skin; metamorphosing into a fantastic crimson with each scorching draught of the summer wind and as the freezing breeze of winter bit in with all its fury,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your artistically charmed nose; as you nuzzled it across every gregarious tree stalk in vicinity; exploring your rudiments of a countless inscrutable lifetimes,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your ravishingly swaying hair; cascading till well below your hips in an inimitable glory of their own; resembling a simmering ravine of half-baked emotions as the rainbow appeared in the sky,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your magically mollifying nape; as you rolled on a bed of natural thorns time and again to explore your whacky side; with the moonless night as your sole savior,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your eternally sacrosanct womb; which had the power of to start the process of all blessedly rubicund creation; with the orders of the Omniscient Almighty Lord,

Therefore who needs an incoherently lifeless rose to celebrate 'Valentines Day'- Instead; every beautiful soul out there on the planet-redder than the reddest of rose; will you be my companion for life and beyond-this Valentine.

Nikhil Parekh

Reference

The most priceless thing that the clouds in fathomlessly crimson sky could ever refer you to; was tantalizing globules of golden rain,

The most priceless thing that sweltering sands of the desert could ever refer you to; was acrimonious tornadoes of painstakingly persevering heat,

The most priceless thing that the unfathomably voluptuous blades of grass could ever refer you to; was an enchantingly everlasting carpet of silken dewdrops,

The most priceless thing that the bountifully rustling leaves could ever refer you to; was unrelenting entrenchments of euphorically exotic breeze,

The most priceless thing that the indomitably scintillating mountain peaks could ever refer you to; was the Omnipotently ferocious blaze of the majestic Sun,

The most priceless thing that the inscrutably untamed forests could ever refer you to; was the profoundly regale crest; of the thunderously poignant lion,

The most priceless thing that the insurmountably choppy ocean could ever refer you to; was a profusely tangy waterfall; of spell bindingly rejuvenating salt,

The most priceless thing that the flame of sparkling truth could ever refer you to; was the unassailably grandiloquent religion of mankind,

The most priceless thing that the seductively titillating rose could ever refer you to; was a relentless fountain of stupendously endowing scent,

The most priceless thing that the fascinatingly pristine oyster could ever refer you to; was a gloriously delectable whirlpool of resplendently mesmerizing pearls,

The most priceless thing that the disdainfully impoverished beggar could ever refer you to; was indispensable morsels of divinely appetizing food,

The most priceless thing that the marvelously iridescent rainbow could ever refer you to; was the emphatically boisterous spirit of supremely astounding vivaciousness,

The most priceless thing that the penuriously orphaned could ever refer you to;

was the compassionately sequestering walls of the harmoniously placating dwelling,

The most priceless thing that the silver droplets of redolent sweat could ever refer you to; was unendingly persevering timelessness,

The most priceless thing that the charismatically sensuous lips could ever refer you to; was an incredulously gregarious sky of fabulously fantastic smiles,

The most priceless thing that the indefatigable patriots could ever refer you to; was the flag of unconquerably magnificent; and triumphantly blazing victory,

The most priceless thing that the fleet footed squirrel could ever refer you to; was an insatiably unbelievable river of ebullient frolic,

The most priceless thing that the marvelously rubicund nostrils could ever refer you to; was intransigently passionate maelstroms of reinvigoratingly tingling breath,

And the most priceless thing that the perpetually bountiful heart could ever refer you to; was an immortally royal Universe of impregnable love; love and only celestial love.

Nikhil Parekh

Reflections Of Childhood

Those days were golden when I was a kid,
deprived of all responsibility,
divested of the urge to earn, run for fodder,
slept all night in cozy delights of my quilt,
to be woken up by the first rays of dawn,
shrill ringing bell of the portable clock,
brief shower with tap water, clad in cream uniform,
greeted by the welcome aroma of mud brown coffee,
ravishing crumbs of bread submerged in jam,
a quick glimpse at unfinished assignments,
vigorous coats of polish activating shoe shine,
meticulous combing of ruffled slept hair,
carefree manipulation of things to be purchased,
hasty packaging of school artillery in leather bag,
animated deliberation with my mother on study hours,
I now marched at fast pace towards the bus stop.

The wind was chilly, sunlight had a role of guest
appearance,
leafy tree foliage camouflaged the road,
droplets of salt water blew from the violent sea,
exuberant birds soared high in the clouds,
lazy yawns echoed through, long van interiors,
occasional clatter of ticket punch pads,
the glass paned bus finally switched routes,
heading towards suburban areas of walled city,
braked to a halt abreast my majestic school building,
the electric school bell was ringing, catholic prayers
had just begun,
as I galloped with my friends, to my compact class room,
now engulfed profoundly with full morning Sunlight.

Nikhil Parekh

Rejoicing My First Cry

In your immaculately spell binding eyes; I found an astronomical ocean of Omnipotent light; maneuvering my every dwindling footstep towards the untamed fireballs of prosperity,

In your celestially rubicund palms; I found my impoverished destiny bloom past the corridors of eternity; spawning into a wholesomely new chapter of fabulous creation,

In your poignantly crimson and holistic blood; I found the impregnably overwhelming tenacity; to stand unflinchingly against the most acrimoniously treacherous attacks,

In your ingratiatingly sacrosanct voice; I found the rudiments of the most enthralling existence; blending my soul with ubiquitously perpetual elements of irrefutable truth and peace,

In your invincibly supreme shadow; I found a perennial river of ecstatic enchantment to lead life beyond my times; embrace one and all in the royal religion of humanity; alike,

In your stupendously profound footprints; I found a tornado of passionate nostalgia; reminiscing all those priceless moments of fantastic life; that had blissful kept me alive,

In your wonderfully intriguing mind; I found a divinely solution to relinquish all indiscriminately uncouth killing; a messiah to keep the fathomless planet harmoniously bonded; and bountifully breathing,

In your magnanimously benign shoulders; I found an uninhibitedly compassionate comfort; which even the most opulently embellished contraption on this earth; miserably dithered to provide,

In your incredulously mesmerizing signature; I found the ultimate stamp of flamboyant authority; an everlasting longing to philanthropically succeed; irrespective of the unfathomable juggernaut of impediments that dared crumble me in my way,

In your incomprehensibly godly womb; I found the most majestic proliferation of

Almighty's colossal evolution; as I worshipped it indefatigably for decades
immemorial,

In your impeccably cascading eyelashes; I found the most innocently heavenly
charisma on this boundlessly gregarious Universe; coalescing myself for infinite
more births yet to unveil; in an impregnable entrenchment of truth; non-violence
and unbelievable calm,

In your innocuously alluring earlobes; I found all the Omnipresent sound of this
fathomlessly overpowering earth; as I radiated like an ebullient fairy; in the
mystically poignant aura of its irrefutable reverberations,

In your miraculously rejuvenating stride; I found the unimaginably resilient
fervor to flamboyantly surge forward in life; fight till my last iota of breath; to
free my motherland from the dungeons of lecherously manipulative captivity,

In your beautifully slender fingers; I found marvelously fulminating artistry; an
incessant reservoir of solidarity to bless all those horrendously deprived; with the
Omniscient powers of the divine,

In your benevolently unfettered smile; I found all unsurpassable richness of
heaven in my penurious lifetime; a tumultuous transpiration to solely listen to
the innermost voices of my conscience; and yet prudently survive,

In your piquantly protruding nose; I found unequivocally egalitarian philosophies
leading to the path of unconquerable righteousness; an unprecedented ardor to
forever blossom in; vibrant life,

In your integrally rhapsodic ideals; I found an unchallengeable conviction to
patriotically sequester all devastatingly tottering mankind; rise above my graves
to the tiniest insinuation of my comrades in insidious pain,

In your passionately fragrant breath; I found an unending volcano of euphorically
sprouting life; a perpetual desire to exist in glorious symbiosis; with countless
more
of my diminutive kind,

In your immortally unparalleled heartbeats; I found the love that I had always
insatiably desired; the wholesomely compassionate beams of comfort that kept
every despicably wandering organism; kingly and alive,

But it was only in your gorgeously sacerdotal lap O! divine mother; that I found

all the happiness of my disastrously staggering life; perennially basking in the
aisles of fresh birth once again; rejoicing forever and ever and ever; the first cry
of
my beautifully gifted life.

Nikhil Parekh

Relax

RELAX. Let the whole world outside crazily Run. As you're the only one who's eventually destined to bond with her perpetually sacrosanct fragrance; by the grace of the Omnisciently Almighty Lord,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside desperately Run. As you're the only one with whom she had insatiably desired to bond; since the very first cry of her everlastingly mesmerizing birth,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside bizarrely Run. As you're the only one who care's for her; more than anyone else on this gigantic earth could ever cogitate; or ever could,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside pugnaciously Run. As you're the only one whom she unrelentingly fantasized about; all blisteringly sunlit day and every unfurling minute past the heart of fantastically voluptuous midnight,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside disastrously Run. As you're the only one whom she congenitally likes to court; keep perennially embedded as the most priceless jewel in the center of her impeccable eyes,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside ludicrously Run. As you're the only one who's dedicated to even the most infinitesimally fugacious cause of her vibrant life; embracing every obnoxious impediment that came her way without a tear in your victorious eye,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside lunatically Run. As you're the only one whom she intransigently prayed for since she emanated her very first breath; immortalizing you as her eternal mate even before her brain had the power to think,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside fanatically Run. As you're the only one whom she tirelessly sketched on the pristine seas shores; even as the truculent waves irritatingly swiped your impressions umpteenth times in a single minute,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside disparagingly Run. As you're the only one whom she considered as revered as her godly parents; to bountifully harness the chapter of her iridescently beautiful life,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside deliriously Run. As you're the only one whom

she indefatigably serenaded; even as the most hedonistically torrential of maelstroms; lambasted the earth from every construable side and space,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside preposterously Run. As you're the only one whom she irrefutably considered her every destiny line; the fascinating litany of events timelessly unveiling in her blessed life,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside egregiously Run. As you're the only one whose name she chanted even in the realms of unconsciously deep sleep; Omnisciently witnessing your portrait in every goodness that she poignantly caressed,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside insipidly Run. As you're the only one whom she unflinchingly patronized; even as corpses of bawdily indescribable savagery asphyxiated her from all sides,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside baselessly Run. As you're the only one whom she envisaged as the ultimate prince of her destitute life; unassailably enlightening the lamps of her fretfully withering existence,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside superfluously Run. As you're the only one whom she sensuously cavorted with in every wink that she mischievously took,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside remorsefully Run. As you're the only one whom she marvelously solemnized for your articulately astounding versatility; insuperably blending with the blood that flowed through your artistic veins,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside fecklessly Run. As you're the only one whom she impregnably wanted to be a quintessential ingredient of her existence; the pinnacle of successful fragrance in her truncated life,

RELAX. Let the whole world tyrannically Run outside. As you're the only one whom she had perpetually coalesced with even the most mercurial breath that she diffused; for infinite more births yet to unleash,

And RELAX. Let the whole world barbarously Run outside. As you're the only one whom she had immortally given all her heart and love to; unconquerably enveloping herself in your embrace so passionate; that even the God's considered it sinful to break.

Nikhil Parekh

Religion Of Humanity-2

Clouds from all across the astronomically colossal Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and mesmerizing sky,

Rivers from all across the wonderfully boundless Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and tangy ocean,

Rays from all across the fathomlessly seductive Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and blazing Sun,

Scents from all across the gorgeously endless Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and exuberant breeze,

Hillocks from all across the gloriously mighty Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and towering mountain,

Resplendence from all across the tantalizingly blooming Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and milky moon,

Tunes from all across the fabulously emollient Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and everlasting song,

Eyes from all across the seductively blossoming Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and priceless sight,

Colors from all across the mystically uncanny Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and vivacious rainbow,

Plants and wildlife from all across the stupendously charismatic Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and perennial forests,

Sparks from all across the bountifully sprinkling Universe; eventually melange with immortally irrefutable and thunderous lightening descending from the sky,

Ice cubes from all across the incredulously ingratiating Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and gargantuan avalanche,

Philanthropism from all across the splendidly majestic Universe; eventually melanges with immortally irrefutable and timeless truth,

Sands from all across the ravishingly beautiful Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and grandiloquently golden deserts,

Desires from all across the exotically tingling Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and royally unending fantasy,

Tears from all across the vibrantly ecstatic Universe; eventually melange with immortally irrefutable and inevitable sadness,

Temples; Churches; Mosques; Monasteries; from all across the boundlessly proliferating Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and Omnipotent aura of Godhead,

Winks from all across the dynamically glowing Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and frolicking island of flirtation,

Lovers from all across the euphorically spell binding Universe; eventually melange with immortally irrefutable and invincible love,

And every religion; whether Hindu; Buddhist; Christian; or Islam; from all across the enthrallingly magnetic Universe; eventually melange with the immortally irrefutable and unconquerable; religion of humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

Reliving.

Her bountifully sprouting and vividly tiny lips; made me relive all timeless sweetness that I had ever experienced in the tenure of my penuriously holistic life,

Her impeccably glistening and mischievously darting eyes; made me relive all irrefutable innocence that I had ever experienced in the expedition of my timidly wavering life,

Her innocuously rubicund and minuscule cheeks; made me relive all heavenly freshness that I had ever experienced in the entrenchment of my nimbly trespassing life,

Her poignantly pudgy and silken fingers; made me relive all everlasting compassion that I had ever experienced in the adventure of my tantalizingly vacillating life,

Her vivaciously princely and marvelous eyelashes; made me relive all regally unending charisma that I had ever experienced in the path of my celestially persevering life,

Her Omnisciently diminutive and fragrant belly; made me relive all gregarious royal softness that I had ever experienced in the undulating terrain of my enchantingly vacillating life,

Her irrefutably heavenly and inconspicuously flapping ears; made me relive all unfathomable beauty that I had ever experienced in the fabric of my tirelessly fascinating life,

Her resplendently sacred and symbiotic feet; made me relive all Samaritan goodness that I had ever experienced in the travails of my mystically unveiling life,

Her insurmountably captivating and invincibly immaculate voice; made me relive all blissfully unending melodies that I had ever experienced in the fountain of my astoundingly dexterous life,

Her innocently eclectic and poignant frown; made me relive all ingratiatingly boundless humanity that I had ever experienced in the rainbow of my enigmatically unfurling life,

Her divinely synergistic and restlessly exploring neck; made me relive all sparkling righteousness that I had ever experienced in the cauldron of my dramatically unfolding life,

Her unconquerably sacrosanct and beautifully radiating forehead; made me relive all wonderfully enchanting fantasies that I had ever experienced in the palette of my panoramically seductive life,

Her infinitesimally non-invasive and profusely philanthropic chest; made me relive all impregnably truthful anecdotes that I had ever experienced in the tunnel of my relentlessly surging life,

Her gregariously frosty and satiny tongue; made me relive all affably melanging brotherhood that I had ever experienced in the footsteps of my ebulliently enthralling life,

Her piquantly chiseled and snow white nose; made me relive all brazenly flamboyant impetuousness that I had ever experienced in the chords of my blisteringly volatile and high strung life,

Her unbelievably soft and rampantly uninhibited hair; made me relive all eternally majestic vibrations that I had ever experienced in the centerspread of my unsurpassably sensitive life,

Her unequivocally impeccable and victorious conscience; made me relive all unflinchingly spotless moments that I had ever experienced in the arena of my wonderfully exhilarating life,

Her perpetually proliferating and Omnipotent breath; made me relive all ecstatically gratifying embellishment that I had ever experienced in the trajectory of my intricately animated life,

And her immortally unassailable and godly heart; made me relive all majestically unbreakable love that I had ever experienced in the tirelessly endeavoring journey of my vibrant life.

Nikhil Parekh

Remarriage

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the majestically tantalizing shadow; of my eternally enchanting wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the impeccably embellished smile; of my bountifully spawning wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the Omnipotently blazing stride; of my amiably enthralling wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the unflinchingly altruistic solidarity; of my compassionately cuddling wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the ingratiatingly fantastic charisma; of my eclectically panoramic wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the Omnisciently exotic splendor; of my immaculately heavenly wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the ubiquitously unending timelessness; of my exhilaratingly ebullient wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the philanthropically benign graciousness; of my ecstatically triumphant wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the jubilantly spell binding vivaciousness; of my astoundingly sacred wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the boundless fascinating fantasies; of my iridescently perennial wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with

the euphorically vivid aura; of my sensuously celestial wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the intrepidly brazen chested spirit; of my ecumenically effulgent wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the profoundly intoxicating enigma; of my limitlessly enthusing wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the exultatingly marvelous fragrance; of my gloriously mysterious wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the beautifully vibrant synergy; of my fantastically humanitarian wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the symbiotically harmonious ramifications; of my congenially intriguing wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the irrefutably unassailable transparency; of my charmingly mellifluous wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the romantically blessing breath; of my innovatively princely wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the unshakably godly demeanor; of my pristinely piquant wife; once again,

And O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the unconquerably immortal heart; of my unabashedly loving wife; once again.

Nikhil Parekh

Remarry

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal eyes; which were the only rays that propelled
me to see; although I was radiantly bouncing and alive.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal lips; engendering me to smile; everytime I felt
like collapsing like a bedraggled heap on worthless ground; everytime I felt as if
blending with the winds of horrendous extinction.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal shadow; drowning me into aisles of
unprecedented yearning and flamboyant desire; as I felt like massacring each
element of my demeanor into an infinite inconspicuous pieces.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal dreams; which made me fantasize beyond all
the monotonously ordinary; romance in the majestically sensuous land of
bountiful
paradise.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal tenacity; that imparted in me the impregnable
resilience to rise up to the most invidiously treacherous anecdote; which I
encountered in tangible life.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal memories; which made me transit back into
realms of impeccable childhood; pampering the most minuscule of my senses like
a
prince; when I was about to sink boundless kilometers beneath the macabre mud
of my veritable corpse.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal blood; which perpetuated me to relish life
higher than the clouds; blossom with rubicund health and happiness; when in fact
I wanted to perpetually embrace morbid disease.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,

But of course with your immortal soul; which bonded me for centuries
immemorial in its invincible grip; even as I wanted to fade like a diminutive
mosquito; into
wisps of meaninglessly dilapidated oblivion.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal breath; which fomented me to lead each
unveiling minute of my destined life to most unsurpassable of its capacity;
making me emerge a stupendously passionate winner; on every footstep I
transgressed.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal heart; whose beats not only kept me alive in
the inevitable staring of hopeless death; but ensured that I ubiquitously
propagated the essence of philanthropic mankind; in every virtue I spread; in
every direction I tread.

Nikhil Parekh

Remember That One Day

Before you snobbishly kick them with your unwashed shoe; indiscriminately treat them like a piece of lackadaisically infinitesimal and threadbare shit; for not cleaning the floors before you drunkardly arrived,
Remember that one day the strokes of inevitability would make you as weak and agonizingly old like they way they were today; with your kin mercilessly lambasting you more truculently than what you did to them; dared or horrifically dreamt.

Before you torturously abuse them for not listening properly to the most invidiously preposterous of your commands; cacophonically screaming into their ears in
an attempt to open their ailing pores wide,
Remember that one day the infernos of inevitability would make you as deaf; ineptly accurate and old; like the way they were today; with your kin unsparingly pulverizing the chords of your blissful existence more criminally; than what you did to them; dared or sinfully dreamt.

Before you flagrantly spit on them for snatching the spice from your life; ruthlessly chaining their hands and knees; so that they didn't interfere the slightest in your licentious merry-making; vixen and nubile wine,
Remember that one day the corridors of inevitability would make you as debilitatingly diseased and old; like the way they were today; with your kin blinding you beyond the realms of recognition more lethally; than what you did to them; dared or ostracizingly dreamt.

Before you treacherously maim them with thorns of acridly whipping hatred in their feet; just because they disturbed your pompously pretentious sleep with their innocuous coughing,
Remember that one day the clouds of inevitability would make you as pathetically withering and old; like the way they were today; with your kin sardonically feeding the last bone of your spine to the dogs more abominably; than what you did to them; dared or heinously dreamt.

Before you vindictively terrorize them with your obnoxiously hired hoodlums; just because their saggingly fatigued shoulders dithered to carry you all the way; across to your silly striped Mercedes,
Remember that one day the mists of inevitability would make you as morosely dreary and old; like the way the were today; with your kin brutally gouging your

innocent eyes more grotesquely; than what you did to them; dared or fretfully dreamt.

Before you rebuke them like a rotting coffin of shit; thrashing them black and blue in front of the entire world; just because they didn't give you money to gamble; enshroud yourself with the winds of savage narcotics,
Remember that one day the dungeons of inevitability would make you as haplessly bruised and old; like the way they were today; with your kin slitting the veins
of your throat more vengefully; than what you did to them; dared or ignominiously dreamt.

Before you insidiously try and poison the every morsel of food that they impeccably devoured; just because their sagaciously pious school of thought didn't match shade by shade to your maliciously adulterated mind,
Remember that one day the rivers of inevitability would make you as eccentrically rigid and old; like the way they were today; with your kin preferring to consume your meat rather than that of the chickens and more insanely; than what you did to them; dared; or penalizingly dreamt.

Before you threatening thwart the passage of their spell binding breath; just because they cried in hysterical pain in front of you and embraced you like no one else on
this planet ever did,
Remember that one day the fortresses of inevitability would make you as helplessly bereaved and old; like the way they were today; with your kin laying the foundations of their castles more lecherously upon your dead body; than what you did to them; dared; or gorily dreamt.

And before you snatch the remaining love in their already diminishing lives; just because they compassionately uttered your name before your manipulatively tycoon friends; in their wonderfully quavering and enigmatic voice,
Remember that one day the waves of inevitability would make you as nervously betrayed and old; like they way they were today; with your kin maniacally spitting on
the beats of your hearts before roasting them and feeding them to the pigs more indescribably; than what you did to them; dared; or egregiously dreamt.

Nikhil Parekh

Remember This. The Next Time You Set Out To Rape.

You're not just raping her sacrosanct flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; brutally raping; the untainted spirit of her symbiotically bountiful existence,

You're not just raping her effulgent flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; indiscriminately raping; her impeccably unhindered and divinely image
in the fathomless world,

You're not just raping her victorious flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; unforgivably raping; the countless ideals of Godly motherhood; that her persona had inevitably established on planet earth,

You're not just raping her melodious flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; diabolically raping; her unconquerable individuality to independently exist as a female on this spell binding Universe,

You're not just raping her harmonious flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; sacrilegiously raping; the ever-pervading mantra of holistic spirituality; that enchantingly lingered in her soul,

You're not just raping her enamoring flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; demonically raping; every single ray of hope that she'd so triumphantly conceived; amidst a mortuary of ghoulishly asphyxiating blackness,

You're not just raping her jubilant flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; cold-bloodedly raping; the immortally unflinching cradle of truth and solidarity in her pious conscience,

You're not just raping her beautiful flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; torturously raping; the thread of insuperable humanity with which she'd felt so perpetually bonded with; till this very plagued moment,

You're not just raping her nubile flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; fanatically raping; the heavenly virginity of each tangible and intangible pore of her wondrously blessed form,

You're not just raping her ecstatic flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're

infact and forever; inconsolably raping; the very melody and sweetness of her God-gifted creation,

You're not just raping her uninhibited flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; truculently raping; the wings of her everlastingly fructifying freedom,

You're not just raping her majestic flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; venomously raping; the fathomless labyrinths of artistry that she paved; on every of her advancing footstep,

You're not just raping her scintillating flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; hedonistically raping; the optimistically blazing Sun of her destiny; which now wanted to do nothing else but extinguish wholesomely,

You're not just raping her inimitable flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; ominously raping; her signature of ultimate authenticity; righteousness and eternally enthralling compassion,

You're not just raping her celestial flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; sinfully raping; every of her blissful fantasy and vision; of succeeding in whatever philanthropic that she wanted to do,

You're not just raping her bounteous flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; pugnaciously raping; even the tiniest of her desire to synergistically mélange with every fraternity of humanity; further on,

You're not just raping her ubiquitous flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; tyrannically raping; the inherently effervescent and pristinely unabashed child gallivanting in each of her stride,

You're not just raping her royal flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; cannibalistically raping; the inimitably distinctive aura of infallible innocence; that perennially radiated from every tangible dimension of her persona,

You're not just raping her euphoric flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; uncouthly raping; even the tiniest insinuation of color; charm and vibrancy; from the chapter of her now vindictively devastated life,

So please do remember the above; the next time you set out to rape a woman;
O! maniacally perverted man

Nikhil Parekh

Renunciation

Renunciation from dolorously heinous stagnation; the corpses of crippling decay that had so vindictively strangulated every aspect of my impoverished existence,

Renunciation from preposterously dastardly stench; the unfathomably abominable filth of bizarre manipulation; that had so treacherously pulverized me on every step
that I dared to tread,

Renunciation from despicably claustrophobic monotony; the knives of insane bloodshed and gory war; pugnaciously stabbing me from all sides,

Renunciation from indefatigably squelching dreariness; the seeds of invidious laggardness; making me disdainfully collapse like a pack of frigid matchsticks; even before I alight a single step,

As I perpetually blended myself with the unsurpassably exotic petals of the poignantly proliferating nature; solely inhaling its Omnipotently philanthropic fragrance; for infinite more births of mine yet to handsomely unveil.

1.

Renunciation from tyrannically lambasting slavery; the blood-stained chains of malevolent dictatorship which had so brutally excoriated the shades of my vivaciously resplendent existence,

Renunciation from robotically corporate machinery; the pompously spurious and ghastly walls of ignominiously castigating office; which had so indiscriminately incarcerated me from nine to nine,

Renunciation from graveyards of fretful cowardliness; the ghosts of baselessly horrific fear; venomously poisoning my immaculately fantastic mind all the time,

Renunciation from the shells of grotesquely sinister diffidence; the feckless hypochondriac that tried to annihilate me with its swords of unrelenting viciousness; every unfurling minute of the day and the bountifully star studded night,

As I surrendered every ingredient of my mind; body and soul; to the invincibly Omnipresent inferno of spell binding righteousness; coalescing with the fabric of

unflinching truth till the Lord had destined the very last breath of my life.

3.

Renunciation from the conventionally meaningless society; the derogatorily sinful wisps of sleazy cigar smoke and sanctimonious slang; which had rendered my survival more exacerbated than the wounds of a wailing dog,

Renunciation from the tornadoes of gory war; the rain of innocent blood that poured unstopably on my countenance; as countless lost their lives in battles of color and tribe,

Renunciation from the gutters of unforgivable corruption; the raunchy wad of salacious notes; indefatigably trying to weigh every ingredient of my holistically blessed survival,

Renunciation from disastrously stray loneliness; the winds of murderously rebuked isolation; overwhelmingly overpowering me; for ostensibly not the slightest fault of mine,

As I wholeheartedly embraced the religion of eternally endowing humanity; blissfully burgeoning in its swirl to continue God's most sacred chapter of creation; perpetually bonding with every synergistically living organism and its kind.

4.

Renunciation from shattered glasses of asphyxiated boredom; the whiplashes of irascibly pernicious and anomalous sodomy that truculently impeded me; on every stage of my life,

Renunciation from the web of transiently surreptitious desire; the untamed infernos of insurmountably bawdy delight that sporadically crept up from nowhere in clear space; into my wandering soul,

Renunciation from the tunnels of abhorrently sordid betrayal; the pathetically reverberating edifices of prurient prejudice; parasitically deteriorating the beats of my marvelously celestial existence,

Renunciation from inexplicably slandering misery; the incomprehensibly livid ant
holes of cancerous disease; which so tumultuously augmented in every part of
my
sensitive blood and skin,

As I immortally bonded every beat of my heart with hers forever and ever and
ever; with the unassailably unparalleled fires between our bodies miraculously
quelling all agonizing pain not only for this birth; but each time the Creator gifted
this earth to
eclectic mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

Replacements

If bricks in the edifice were replaced by inflated balloons,
The colossal structure would tumble down on earth; like a pack of soft plastic cards.

If acerbic blades of the ceiling fan were; replaced with satiny Persian cloth,
I would be able to kiss the contraption; even when revolving at full speeds.

If coarse cloth of jagged trouser; was replaced with succulent candy floss,
There would be a battalion of red ant crawling up; devouring the sumptuous meal.

If a cluster of calcium teeth; were replaced by intricate fillings of wrought iron,
The individual would have the prowess to chew the hardest of stone; yet not be able to smile.

If the gargantuan body of saline ocean; was replaced by ponds of still water,
There would be no whales swimming; with frothy waves disappearing into oblivion.

If salubrious juice of jaggery; was replaced by chemical sugar,
A myriad of bowels would expurgate themselves; relinquishing taste.

If shards of obdurate crystal glass; were replaced by gelatine paper,
There would be a chain of robberies committed all day; with the burglars sleeping sedately throughout the night.

If every iota of soil on ground; was replaced by granules of exquisite silver,
There would be no penurious existing on earth; with all green foliage ceasing to grow.

If the metal wings of aircraft; were replaced by pure cotton,
The plane would acrobatically nosedive towards the ground; assassinating slim hopes of survival.

If entwined bones of body; were replaced by plum juice,
The body would inevitably collapse on the ground; diminishing all hopes of plausible autopsy.

And if humans on the globe; were replaced by mechanized robots,

A plethora of tasks would be executed to meticulous perfection,
And the most versatile organism; would fatally succumb without learning the art
of love.

Nikhil Parekh

Residue

When I boiled squalid mushroom and glittering diamonds together in a cauldron;
placing it above crackling flames of the fire,
The residue obtained contained profound traces of radiating yellow; annihilating
even the most minuscule trace of the black vegetable.

When I boiled fetid sewage along with fragrant petals of crimson rose; above
the naked flames of the stove,
The residue obtained had no sight of dirt; all It emanated was an Omnipotent
essence of the flower.

When I boiled ominous scorpion sting with innocuous butter; roasting the same
over long rods of blistering iron,
The residue obtained looked as brilliant as the sacerdotal body of Sun; and there
were simply no signs of the lethal poison.

When I boiled extracts of the tarnished politicians speech with the martyrs blood;
simmering it on the smoke rising from the cooking range,
The residue obtained had an overwhelming aroma of the valiant soldier; with
every scrap of the leader's notes dying an instantaneous death.

When I boiled acrimonious thorns along with velvety blades of grass; shaking
the mixture profusely over the chimney fire,
The residue obtained had stringently acquired an accentuated olive color of
grass; and the pointed shoots were now converted into soft sponge as an
aftermath.

When I boiled obnoxious petrol along with gallons of fresh liquid; placing the
same above a conflagration of seasoned timber sticks,
The residue obtained was as impeccable as spring water; with the pugnacious
odor of the gasoline drowning a ghastly death.

When I boiled parasitic leech along with the succulent cherry; placing them on
a conglomerate of scorching leaves,
The residue obtained was as scarlet as evanescent dawn; with a mesmerizing
smell of the fruit wafting in the air; and all signs of the worm disappearing into
slim oblivion.

When I boiled frozen cubes of ice along with repugnant green chili; placing the
same in boiler room of a ship,

The residue obtained contained bountiful rivulets of water; with the animosity of the hostile weed melting inevitably with the ice.

When I boiled omnipresent God along with the diabolical devil; placing them under fiery rays of the rising Sun,
The residue in store was the omniscient Creator standing tall and domineering emitting his perpetual scent; with the satanic monster pulverized to inconspicuous ash.

And when I boiled love with prejudiced hatred; keeping the same to burn in sweltering heat of the desert,
The residue obtained had fathomless waves of perennial love; naturally overshadowing anecdotes of baseless abhorrence.

Nikhil Parekh

Retired

There was a time when I incessantly coaxed my boss to relieve me early;
liberating me an infinitesimal trifle of my debilitatingly coercing schedule,
While today; every bone in my body irascibly itched to step outside; at even the
tiniest insinuation of bird cry or flickering light.

There was a time when I gritted my teeth an indefatigable moment in the realms
of snobbishly pretentious office; insatiably wanting to nestle in the lap of
wholesome solitariness and far away from the impudent hustle-bustle of the
sickening corporate
crowd,
While today; I found the most spuriously lackadaisical of reasons; to tirelessly
converse with every stranger that I encountered on the streets.

There was a time when I profoundly felt like charring every cranny of the
lecherously asphyxiating office into threadbare ash; uninhibitedly staring at
fathomless bits of azure sky without a soul to interrupt my unassailably ebullient
fantasy,
While today; I pleadingly looked at even the most sordidly cloistered dustbins; to
relentlessly talk to me; share with me the experiences of their life.

There was a time when I was ready to pay any price on this earth to be
wholesomely relieved of polishing my devilish boss's shoes; feeling like
audaciously slapping every entity in the match-box conference room whiling
away its time in slang; smoke and wine,
While today; I unrelentingly envied flamboyant youth euphorically darting
towards work at the crack of nine; the spirit of profuse accomplishment in their
bones; which had since long left mine.

There was a time when I had truculent nightmares of approaching death very
soon even in the most brilliant of daylight; as I had to inevitably blend with the
dogmatic corporate world to pay the rent for my very own soil,
While today; I attended every pulsating party without even the slightest of
invitation; fervently trying to engage all; from the prince to the butler in my tales
of vibrant life; while they kicked my dithering skeleton on the dusty pathways
and out.

There was a time when I felt pathetically staggering for fresh breath; amidst
unruly crowds of politicians; my tycoon compatriots; and my boss's unreasonable
lambasting me for achieving the best; although it meant digging countless feet

beneath my grave,

While today; every element of my countenance was disastrously suffocating in the interiors of my own dwelling; with the society rejecting my quaintly quavering voice like frigid nothingness; and without even the most mercurial mission in my decaying hands.

There was a time when I vomited even the last morsel of food in my stomach at the very mention of travelling; dismally sick of putting a pompous smile in front of the inhumanly tight lipped customer; although I felt like spitting on his worthless mercedes,

While today; I felt that the biggest achievement of my life was in my insipidly laborious morning walk; as that was the only opportunity I could salvage; to drift my ailing form from my purposeless house.

There was a time when I obnoxiously detested people who superfluously adorned their bodies with meaningless jewelry; wasting their entire wealth on baseless ostentation; when countless deprived just needed two morsels of food to lead life,

While today; my greedy eyes uncontrollably sighted the postman every sweltering afternoon; ardently waiting for greetings; gifts; just anything to come my way; enlightening my derogatorily deadened eyes; amidst my lackluster activity of snapping flies.

There was a time when I ferociously jeered at extra population and pertinently perpetuating cries; wanting my very own free space to majestically lead the chapter of vivacious life,

While today; I passionately longed for an unfathomable clutter of voices round my ghoulish abode; incorrigibly clung to the feet of every bystander who passed my trajectory; even as my very own blood; gruesomely abandoned me to die.

O! Yes; there was a time when I was euphorically young; squandering whatever I wanted to; malevolently complaining about dastardly office one in a while; at the same time falling in immortal love; achieving even the most parsimonious of dreams floating in the aisles of unprecedented desire,

While today; I didn't know which direction to tread although the earth beneath me still reverberated with ecstatic cheer; although the planet around me still continued to blossom into triumphant newness; while I perennially craved for those golden days once again; as I had now retired.

Return Running Back

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Destiny" in the most enchantingly celestial of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this boundless Universe; only to the periphery of the rustically bohemian palms,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Smile" in the most spell bindingly opulent of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this fathomless Universe; only to the peripher of the altruistically compassionate lips,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Empathy" in the most beautifully unassailable of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this limitless Universe; only to the periphery of the synergistically twinkling eye,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Hunger" in the most magically untainted of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this colossal Universe; only to the periphery of the tirelessly impoverished stomach,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Truth" in the most jubilantly mesmerizing of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this gigantic Universe; only to the periphery of the synergistically burgeoning conscience,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Fantasy" in the most victoriously unfettered of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this interminable Universe; only to the periphery of the uninhibitedly gifted brain,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Humanity" in the most astoundingly sparkling of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this unceasing Universe; only to the periphery of the symbiotically enchanting veins,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Strength" in the most fantastically emollient of paradise; it would inevitably and still return

running back; from wherever on this endless Universe; only to the periphery of the blessedly venerated soul,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Perseverance" in the most fabulously scintillating of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running

back; from wherever on this insuperable Universe; only to the periphery of the righteously perspiring armpits,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Adventure" in the most enthrallingly undying of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running

back; from wherever on this poignant Universe; only to the periphery of the nimbly dancing feet,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Optimism" in the most indisputably pristine paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back;

from wherever on this Herculean Universe; only to the periphery of the fearlessly advancing stride,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Ecstasy" in the most gloriously bewitching of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this unlimited Universe; only to the periphery of the intricately nubile skin,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Melody" in the most amazingly glistening of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this unsurpassable Universe; only to the periphery of the wonderfully vivacious throat,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Artistry" in the most resplendently enigmatic of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this unbridled Universe; only to the periphery of the magnetically embellished fingers,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Sensitivity" in the most adorably effervescent of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this ebullient Universe; only to the periphery of the bounteously unimpeachable ears,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Mystery" in the most vibrantly virile of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back;

from wherever on this unbelievable Universe; only to the periphery of the
tranquilly ameliorating shadow,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Sensuality" in the
most iridescently redolent of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running
back; from wherever on this interminable Universe; only to the periphery of the
eternally fiery nostrils,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Humility" in the
most ubiquitously proliferating of paradise; it would inevitably and still return
running back; from wherever on this impregnable Universe; only to the periphery
of the harmoniously obeisant neck,

And try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Love" in the
most incredulously bedazzling of paradise; it would inevitably and still return
running
back; from wherever on this magical Universe; only to the periphery of the
immortally throbbing heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Rewriting History With Poems Of Immortal Love

Without it; the entire planet would solely disseminate the fragrance of heavenly compassion; once again bonding into an ocean of mystically symbiotic sharing; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would perpetually master the act of bountiful sharing; once again lending its shoulder to its fellow beings at every stage of inexplicable existence; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would blossom into the most mesmerizing cistern of peace; once again enchantingly whispering the tunes of ubiquitous harmony; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would metamorphose each ounce of ghastly bloodshed into unflinching togetherness; once again embracing the mantra of oneness in the breath; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would miraculously coalesce into solely the religion of humanity; once again forgetting every gory discrimination; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would commence to sing the magical tunes of love at first sight; once again romancing in the aisles of unbridled desire each instant of destined life; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would celebrate each living second that unleashed as the most Omnipotent panacea of success; once again living like a king till death chokes; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would commemorate death as the ultimate fruition of every existence; once again replenishing the spiritual center to the core; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would understand the greatest achievement lay in selflessly serving all fraternities and forms of humanity; once again tracing its quintessentially sacred roots; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would realize that benevolent deeds and not baseless power could attain heaven; once again inexhaustibly striving to uplift impoverished humanity; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would irrevocably dissolve all its arrogance into a pool of humanitarian humility; once again assimilating true independence in each of its robust veins; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would let nature uninhibitedly spawn in delectable unison with every of their zealous step; once again seeking invincible refuge in the lap of mother earth; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would patronize the impregnable spirit of live and let live; once again speaking only the dialect of spellbindingly united companionship; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would resemble a virgin island of untainted faith and meditation; once again lost in the unparalleled fervor to seek the divine; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would believe in only one Creator who untiringly taught the religion of humanity to one and all; once again simplifying the true elixir to blissfully survive; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would truly imbibe that honesty is the ultimate scepter of all righteousness; once again cleansing the soul like that of a newborn child; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would tolerate each human for what they were and not for what they couldn't be; once again stretching its feet only till its quota of allotted space on the venerated soil; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Without it; the entire planet would replace every non-existent corpse of terrorism and revenge with the sky of infallible brotherhood; once again following each perpetual cry of the heart; just like when the Lord had freshly created it,

Therefore if I had the entire of it; where 'it = each bit of murderous money squandering on this earth'; I wouldn't waste an instant pondering further; but would burn it immediately into wisps of livid nothingness-so that every line written as above triumphantly leapt from these sheets of mundane paper; to rewrite the chapters of history once again with the poems of immortal love.

Nikhil Parekh

Rightfully Yours

It was my luxury car; which I had purchased out of my own hard earned money;
my countless hours of unrelenting perspiration,

It was my dungeon of glittering gold; which I had assimilated after marathon
years of acrid perseverance and unending strife,

It was my palatial dwelling; which I had articulately constructed; splashing a
slurry of water and soft cement with my very own hands,

It was my profusely embellished watch; which I had bought from the exotic
showrooms of France; while philandering exuberantly through the intricate lanes
of the intriguingly jeweled city,

It was my adorably immaculate shirt; which I had mended infinite times; so that
it enveloped my skin delectably to designer perfection and charismatic grace,

It was my supremely handsome toy; which I had kept on my bedroom window;
to amuse myself to unprecedented limits as I woke up from blissful sleep; with a
jolt
every dawn,

It was my tantalizingly alluring perfume; which I had extricated tenaciously from
the roots of the ravishingly foliated rose tree,

It was my fantasy; which I perceived relentlessly day in and day out; without the
slightest of respite; basking in the aisles of unfathomable desire and
incomprehensible passion,

It was my tawny cat intensely embodied with silken fur; which I cuddled
flirtatiously; before sleep and to thunderously spice my every night,

It was my scintillating diamond ring; which I intransigently admired for hours
immemorial; sitting tranquilly beneath the enchanting beams of celestial
moonshine,

It was my barrel of exorbitantly expensive rum; which I seductively sipped; to
slip into a world of unsurpassable fantasy; miles away from the tyranny of this
acrimonious world in the swirl of its voluptuously intoxicating charm,

It was my wardrobe of exquisitely glimmering pearls; inundating my eyes with fabulous light; when the world outside had started getting stringently appalling and hazily dim,

It was my impeccable handkerchief culminating into boundless knots; bearing the insignia of towering luminaries from all round the colossal globe,

It was my gargantuan assemblage of land; harboring a fathomless ensemble of delectable fruit and salubrious vegetable on its marvelously fecund foundations,

It was my emerald studded fountain pen; assisting me prolifically in my endeavor to write infinite lines of spell binding and wholesomely enthralling literature,

It was my consortium of contemporary factories; which manufactured and evolved the most intricate and dainty objects ever sighted on the surface of this vast planet,

It was my oligarchic ivory cigar; catapulting me vivaciously into the realms of seventh heaven; the instant I inhaled the most minuscule of its addictively titillating smoke,

It was my overwhelming inspiration and fortified tenacity; that saw me sail through the most acerbically Herculean task,

It was my resplendently silver cap which pompously augmented my inconspicuous demeanor; enticed the most seductive of damsels to come at whisker lengths from my shivering body,

It was my ostentatiously bulging tablet of luxury soap that produced the most captivating of scented froth; sent me into fits of tumultuous delight the moments I meekly caressed it on my dead skin,

And it was my perspiration; my efforts; my prudent sagaciousness; my inherent charm; my prolific prowess to .; but let me tell you O! revered Mother; this impoverished life of mine was given to me by you divinely grace; was rightfully yours for many more births yet to come.

Nikhil Parekh

Rocking Chair

When I sat on it exerting my full weight; it squealed inaudibly permeating the stillness of atmosphere with feverish cacophony,
Nimbly revolving a few centimeters on the polished floor; eventually adjusting disconcertingly to the situation.

When I poked it with a conglomerate of pointed needles; it let out silent gasps,
The upholstery was now embedded with a plethora of incongruous holes;
although
I could still spread my legs on it and sit.

When I emptied a barrel of fuming acid on it; it got severely butchered and uncouthly ripped apart,
The spongy foam now buckled under the slightest of my caress; and people who visited my cabin perceived it as a minor bomb blast.

When I tried standing erect on it swirling rampantly to blaring tunes diffusing from the CD systems; it initially complied with my desire,
Although after a while I found myself adhering to the opposite wall of the room;
as it had inevitably skidded and flung me like a discarded heap.

When I incorrigibly refrained to clean it; letting hordes of dust settle on its persona,
I had to suffer unrelentingly from sporadic bouts of thunderous coughing; with the minuscule particles entering my nose.

When I washed it with freezing water in winter castigating for disobeying my command; it appeared forlorn and meek in the beginning,
However when the next day I entered my office; there was a derogatory odor intensely hovering in the air; also I saw a fleet of termite gnawing the soft wood with overwhelming relish.

When I endeavored to emboss script on its body; it incessantly rotated and shook; bouncing with gay abundance on its springs,
Driving me wild beyond the threshold of definable frustration; and I finally gave up on my persevering effort.

When I kicked it in its rear; exerting tumultuous force with my bohemian feet,
It placidly lay down topsy-turvy several paces further; and I had scrupulously make sure whether all parts were intact; before relaxing on it again.

When I tried incinerating it; submerging it wholesomely in my left over alcohol; it caught flames which rose high and handsome towards the sky,
All that was now left of it was charred ashes; which I consummately used to sprinkle as manure over my plants.
But let me tell you folks; I had enjoyed it the most; supremely relished its company for marathon hours on the trot,
When I swung it tenaciously to and fro; with my feet languidly sprawled on the table; my eyes partially closed; and my rocking chair virtually putting me into a mystical slumber.

Nikhil Parekh

Romancing

The rocks were romancing with the vivacious waves; enjoying the rhapsodic tanginess on their exotically bare bodied periphery,

The sheep were romancing with the voluptuous carpet of grass; rolling in untamed jubilation on its stalks; as the Sun descended over the golden horizons,

The horses were romancing with the mystical mountains; gallivanting like a jeweled prince through the unfathomable labyrinth of gorgeously twisted paths,

The cricket bat was romancing with the glistening leather ball; tossing it like a majestic eagle; deep and profound into the heart of the wonderfully enchanting clouds,

The roses were romancing with the stupendously vibrant winds; fluttering like a pampered prince; as the air profusely besieged each petal in whirlpools of exhilaration,

The eyeballs were romancing with the passionately winking lids; relishing and wholesomely embracing the compassionate coat of tingling moisture,

The fathomless deserts were romancing with the marvelously eluding mirages; being tantalized to the most unprecedented limits; as they danced the fascinating dance of their lives,

The reptiles were romancing with raunchy cocoons of soil; slithering with insurmountable frenzy; as celestial moonshine penetrated through the curtainspread of the phlegmatic night,

The bees were romancing with the impeccably sacrosanct lotus; transiting into waves of silken delight; seductively suckling the aromatic nectar incarcerated inside,

The pen was romancing with boundless sheets of bonded paper; inundating its serene trajectory with exquisite calligraphy; weaving through the essence of immortal times,

The palms were romancing with the enigmatic destiny lines; blossoming into a land of overwhelming of unparalleled mystique; as each ray crept; as each instant unveiled,

The crocodiles were romancing with the incongruous marshes; ominously pulverizing robust prey; lurking in the glory of ethereal light as mesmerizing dawn unleashed on the banks,

The valley was romancing with the royally oligarchic echoes; swirling in the enormous fountainhead of unsurpassable ecstasy and opulent charm,

The snowballs were romancing with the Omnipotent morning light; melting with unconquerable titillation into streams of gurgling melody,

The candle was romancing with the magnanimously Kingly flames; infiltrating astounding beams of optimism; in the morbid entrenchment scurried with black mice,

The mosquito was romancing with immaculate flesh; indefatigably tickling and sucking it; till the ultimate layer of its soul's contentment,

The lips were romancing with the unrelenting island of whispers; kissing the enthralling softness of their resonance; floating with their glory into a land beyond paradise,

The child was romancing with its divinely mother; bouncing in her heavenly lap; innocently reaching out to the most remotest stars in the scarlet sky,

And my mind; body and breath; were romancing with your philanthropic heart; perpetually bonding with its beats; to always emerge the triumphant winner; to add
immortal dimensions to exhausted life.

Nikhil Parekh

Roof Top Terrace

I ambled languidly on my rooftop terrace at evanescent dawn,
Invisibly faint rays of light gently caressing my silhouette; a chilly breeze blowing
across my soft ear,
The cuckoo gave loud chirps; a blend of resplendent birds soared high in the
impeccable clouds,
I felt dreariness besieging my exhausted eyes; and soon dozed off lost in realms
of a mystical reverie.

I woke up with startled jerks; stupendously bewildered by dazzling light of the
full Sun,
Splashed my face several times with cold water; trying to audaciously stare into
the crimson ball of fire,
Although I miserably failed in my attempt; as the astronomical proportion of heat
burnt my scalp,
And I submissively sat down reading the crisp newspaper; in remote dark
corners of the terrace.

The crystal sky now displayed the midday sun; blazing down viciously in full fury,

Sweltering hot currents of breeze now blew across the window; virtually melting
all in proximity to water,
As I incessantly consumed large pitchers of sweet liquid; refrigerated to freezing
ice,
To get temporary reprieve from the distressing agony of the Sun God.

A few hours later dusk strangulated the exorbitant heat; radiating serene pink
light,
The eagles in the sky were now returning back to their dwelling; densely foliated
trees rustled vivaciously in the gusty wind,
The atmosphere was impregnated with obstreperous voices; as children played in
the silver sand,
I stood in mute silence; leaning on periphery of the colossal water tank; as I
witnessed the mesmerizing sight of the Sun going down.

As the seconds zipped by; dusk unveiled itself into starry night,
The sky now; was entirely obfuscated from the Sun; looked enchanting with a
cavalcade of stars,
Emanating mystical light; illuminating the darkness with a bountiful sparkle,
I watched her innocuous features; the beauty of her form a few feet below;

thanked the Creator for putting her to sleep,
Incorrigibly vowed to spend many more days on my roof top terrace; as her
sighs now converted into deafening snores.

Nikhil Parekh

Roots

The castle in the forest appeared haughty and ostentatious; with gaudy drapes majestically camouflaging its windows,
Although it had its roots firmly embedded in lackluster mud; which was blended incongruously with glowworms and reptile.

The ocean looked colossal; with gigantic waves swirling tumultuously towards the sky,
Although it had its roots in granules of frigid sand; replete with coral leaves and soggy hillocks of clay.

The gold mines appeared marvelously glittering; emanating a perennial glow of extravagant prosperity and opulence,
Although it had its roots firmly embedded in obnoxious slabs of coal; a coat of ghastly black encapsulating its scintillating demeanor.

The silhouette of sun looked stupendously dazzling; emitting infinite rays of fire permeating pugnaciously through the dark,
Although it had its roots sprawled since centuries unprecedented in the lackadaisical sky; with placid patches of blue in vicinity sheltering it; to make its dream come true.

The clothes on the prince's body appeared incredibly alluring; with every individual confronting him; instantly fantasizing himself adorning the same,
Although the royal garb had its roots in innocuous tufts of country cotton; sprouting in multiple clusters from the ground.

The edifice overlooking the shopping mall looked gargantuan; with several bystanders transgressing the streets; admiring it unanimously in open mouthed consternation,
Although it had its roots in dexterously ploughed soil; juxtaposed commensurately with raw cement and concrete.

The President's destiny appeared enchanting; as he stood tall and domineering on the dais; with an indomitable spirit to conquer profoundly lingering in his eyes,
Although it had its roots in the lines of his spongy palm; the labyrinth of mounts and stars impregnated in his tiny fist.

The Banyan tree looked like a fascinating fortress; with scores of animals and birds wandering vivaciously through its cascading branches,
Although it had its roots deeply embodied in recesses of moist earth; and a conglomerate of nutrients in the same; nurturing it to rise to unbelievable heights.

And the Creator appeared invincible; with the entire universe distinctly visible; each time he opened his mouth,
Although he had his roots entwined with philanthropic simplicity; the rudiments of equality granting him the unprivileged aura of ruling over the entire cosmos; residing in every heart that throbbed benevolently; palpitated passionately for life.

Nikhil Parekh

Rope Of Love

When they tied me in ropes of slender steel; mercilessly cupping my hands in an airtight embrace,
I felt submerged by disparaging despair in the beginning; although after a while I used my ingenuity and managed to wriggle out completely free from my bondage.

When they wound me in ropes of sparkling diamonds; the acerbic edges of stone pricked me severely in my veins,
I was a blend of tribulation and supreme rhapsody at witnessing the jewels; although after a few hours I astutely succeeded to chisel the same and hastily absconded.

When they strangled me in ropes of threadbare rubber; securely tying my hands and feet,
I felt the breath imprisoned in my chest stifling every unleashing minute; although I somehow achieved to find a rusty knife; eloped like the frisky giraffe after chafing my ropes.

When they enmeshed me in ropes of acrimonious thorns; the stinging nettles made me profusely bleed,
I felt an obfuscated blur encircle my eyes; although after a few determined gasps; I opened my barricades insurmountably flexing my muscles; and decamped surreptitiously via the boundless ocean.

When they tethered me uncouthly in ropes of live snakes; with the hooded monster snaring its venomous fangs on my cheek,
I felt an armory of Goosebumps creep up on my skin; sweat dribbling like torrential rain from my body; although in the end I was able to defeat my lethal adversary; and fled for my life as fast as those tiny legs of mine could carry me.

When they enslaved me in ropes of thick tree roots; a plethora of worms and pugnacious ants crawled on my body from the same,
I initially felt miserable with the insects abhorrently tickling my flesh; although a few minutes of intense contemplation; I was able to unwind the knots; and galloped as speedily as I could from the dense jungle.

When they captivated me in ropes of blistering iron; stuffing my mouth

with tones of fetid cotton,
I thought this was going to be my last day of holistic survival;
although within seconds I discovered a gas stove nearby; judiciously used the
flames to snap open my chains and then transgressed through the heavy door to
escape.

When they incarcerated me in ropes of coarse cloth; hanging me upside
down with my feet tautly kissing the tall ceiling,
I started perceiving the world as being grotesquely distorted; although
after a few breaths I used my teeth to acrobatically open my chords; and fled
the disdainful scenario; leaping through partially open window.

When they bound me in ropes of crude glass pieces; stripping every bit
of cloth from my persona,
I felt a stream of fresh blood oozing incessantly from my raw wounds;
although I still managed to break free vehemently flinging the pointed shards
from my arms.

And eventually when they imprisoned me in the 'ROPE OF LOVE'; with my
beloved lying blissfully by my side,
I endeavored as hard as possible to scamper away; but this time though
the mesmerizing essence of her entity; the invincible power of her devotion
for my being; held me incorrigibly on the ground; to bask for centuries
unprecedented in the glory of her widespread arms.

Nikhil Parekh

Rotund Bar Of Lipstick

When I applied it on my eyes; rubbing it vigorously all around the intricately drooping lids,
It looked pretty sensuous with a frivolous aura circumventing my persona;
although petulant sensations of itching started after some time had elapsed; and
I removed it entirely with a coarse cloth.

When I smeared it gently across my scalp; it produced an inevitable tickling vibration all over;
The massage was revitalizing and terrific; although scores of people made a travesty of me outside; as my hair had converted from black to shades of effeminate pink.

When I dabbed it on the perspicuous surface of mirror; it produced incoherent smudges everywhere,
The silhouettes now displayed were considerably voluptuous; although when I tried to sight my reflection in the glass it appeared to be a befuddled blur.

When I held it in the path of oncoming beams of stringent sunlight; it emitted out brilliant ramifications,
Imparted a prominently scarlet tinge to the golden rays; although it dramatically reduced the tenacity of light, which illuminated the cloistered darkness.

When I endeavored to scribble literature with it; the lines I embossed looked like written with pure blood,
The mundane sheet of paper suddenly appeared special; although I found it intractably difficult to read the script.

When I brushed it harshly against wet soil; inserting its tip fully into the mud,
That brought some vibrancy into the nondescript chunk of land; although it created monumental complications; as some pedestrians mistook it to be early insinuations of volcano erupting; and fled instantly for their lives.

When I held it close to my nostrils; substituting it for my antiseptic inhaler,
A poignantly ravishing aroma flooded my lungs; although after a few minutes I felt a sneeze about to thunderously emanate from the aperture of my mouth.

When I spread it commensurately across my armory of teeth; there were tingling reverberations that initially struck me,
With the buds in my tongue liking the sudden change in taste; although when I

exposed them to the world while speaking; they shirked away from me in utter abhorrence; perceiving me to be a satanic devil.

When I caressed it across my morning bread instead of using conventional butter; the dough looked immensely appetizing,
Seeming as if someone had stashed it full of succulent cherry; although when I ate; I felt an insurmountable urge to puke out the same.

I must mention though I realized its optimum value after rubbing it on the lips of my beloved; blending it scrupulously with her saliva when she pursed them,
She looked like a mesmerizing fairy and it now became inevitable for me to kiss her; savoring the flavor of her delectable lips as well as my rotund bar of lipstick.

Nikhil Parekh

Route To Examinations

I felt drowned in waves of pungent distraction,
as flickering images of the television flooded inert regions of my eye.

i felt possessed by gargantuan amounts of languid energy,
rolled on the spongy mattress placed on flat rosewood of my bed.

i felt strangulated by feckless obsessions draining reserve quota's of energy,
as gallons of saliva leaked copiously from my mouth.

i felt submerged in violent fantasies all throughout the Sunlit day,
danced with lively animation on the blazing roof of my sloping terrace.

i felt captivated by the poignant aroma of the garden rose,
drank with gusto, sickening sweet curry of beehive honey.

i felt imprisoned by the melodramatic chirping of striped nightingale,
abruptly froze in my footsteps, shrugging away loads of consequential work.

i felt mesmerized by husky voices of my beloved floating in the air,
opened multiple windows of my house to distinguish the heavenly cadence in
her sound.

I felt nostalgia for native land imprison my heart,
As infinite Goosebumps crept stealthily on fragile pores of my skin.

I felt holocausts approaching me from all quarters of the globe,
Plucked several blades of grass from fertile patches of clayey mud.

The final examinations were looming large round the corner,
Dreamy regions of mind found cumbersome to decipher intermingled lines of
book,
There were coats of sedation enveloping my persona,
Reminisces of childhood era punctured diligent balloons in my mind,
Fragrant premonitions of my love next door increased multifold the beating of
heart,
One thing was dead sure,
If this was the route I adopted till my exams commenced,
Truckloads of luck would desert me midway,
Nefarious outcomes would haunt me for the rest of my life,

It was a pragmatic certainty,
That my youthful demeanor was likely to succumb miserably,
When confronted with the might of annual examinations.

Nikhil Parekh

Royal Love Itself.

O! Yes; it was none other Omnipotent love solely by itself and in its most gloriously unimpeachable form; which majestically conquered an infinite more meadows of resplendently burgeoning love,

O! Yes; it was insuperable love solely by itself and in its most compassionately unfettered form; which undyingly harnessed an infinite more skies of immortally interminable love,

O! Yes; it was royal love solely by itself and in its most charismatically poignant form; which triumphantly suckled an infinite more droplets of sensuously nubile love,

O! Yes; it was virgin love solely by itself and in its most pristinely unadulterated form; which irresistibly mated with an infinite more rainbows of vivaciously cavorting love,

O! Yes; it was timelessly eternal love solely by itself and in its most ubiquitously untainted form; which unsurpassably evolved an infinite more cisterns of wonderfully emollient love,

O! Yes; it was victoriously mellifluous love solely by itself and in its most iridescently magnanimous form; which indefatigably patronized an infinite more harbingers of spell-bindingly heavenly love,

O! Yes; it was bountifully ecstatic love solely by itself and in its most euphorically fructifying form; which inevitably invited an infinite more cosmos's of perennially ameliorating love,

O! Yes; it was universally blessing love solely by itself and in its most rhapsodically divine form; which tirelessly perpetuated an infinite more gorges of metaphorically copious love,

O! Yes; it was wonderfully Omnipresent love solely by itself and in its most bountifully extemporizing form; which aristocratically transpired an infinite more atmosphere's of harmoniously egalitarian love,

O! Yes; it was unbelievably redolent love solely by itself and in its most humanitarianly priceless form; which ardently worshipped an infinite more

temples of
unassailably venerated love,

O! Yes; it was unceasingly serendipitous love by itself and in its most gorgeously unshakable form; which intriguingly sketched an infinite more natural landscapes of stupendously inscrutable love,

O! Yes; it was ever-pervadingly young love by itself and in its most robustly impregnable form; which limitlessly sung an infinite more songs of beautifully virile love,

O! Yes; it was everlastingly seductive love by itself and in its most Omnisciently potent form; which magnetically exuded into an infinite more reverberations of unflinchingly indomitable love,

O! Yes; it was blissfully emancipating love by itself and in its most thunderously compassionate form; which irrefutably signed an infinite more bonds of indisputably benevolent love,

O! Yes; it was symbiotically fragrant love by itself and in its most spectacularly multiplying form; which infallibly united with an infinite more fortresses of peerlessly fathomless love,

O! Yes; it was mystically enamoring love by itself and in its most perpetually invincible form; which unchallengably reincarnated an infinite more mists of celestially endless love,

O! Yes; it was magically reinvigorating love by itself and in its most supremely innocuous form; which unstopably spawned into an infinite more seeds of regally fearless love,

O! Yes; it was ebulliently fiery love by itself and in its most rejoicingly transcending form; which perennially breathed an infinite more breaths of passionately godly love,

O! Yes; it was surreally tantalizing love by itself and in its most immorally faithful form; which unabashedly tied the nuptial thread with an infinite more brides of effervescently boisterous love.

Nikhil Parekh

Royally Alive

The rays of flamboyant Sun; sizzle me beyond the threshold of ultimate ecstasy,

The rays of the resplendent stars; reinvigorate my dolorously dreary night with stupendous charm and vibrant twinkles,

The rays of untamed desire; trigger me to insatiably dream; transcending the boundless realms of enigmatic eternity,

The rays of the milky moon; catapult me into a land of tumultuous jubilation; where I romance in waves of ebullient frolic,

The rays of profuse nostalgia; transit me into realms of impeccable childhood; where I bounce with uninhibited mischief; in the sacrosanct lap of my mother,

The rays of tantalizing beauty; make me indefatigably feel that I was in incredulously enchanting paradise; blending blissfully with the divine,

The rays of irrefutable honesty; lead me to intransigently believe that there were still humans existing in today's blood sucking world,

The rays of lecherous bloodshed; make me feel like relinquishing every iota of what I had assimilated till today; whiling life in perpetual recluse; away from man's cannibalistically stinking world,

The rays of mystical enigma; propel me to ponder upon the most inexplicable of ingredients; blended exotically with the atmosphere,

The rays of voluptuous rhapsody; maneuver the most intricate of my senses across the most fathomless continents of poignantly escalating passion,

The rays of celestial peace; make me handsomely oblivious to the insurmountable battalion of manipulation; unveiling in torrential cloudbursts every succeeding minute,

The rays of invincible friendship; make me feel more fortified than the most Herculean of fortress; projecting from this planet,

The rays of wholesome freedom; foment me miraculously to realize that I was leading my life to the fullest; basking in the melodious glory of the wind to the

ultimate of its capacity,

The rays of illegitimate discrimination; make me feel as if I was transgressing full throttle in the dormitories of hell; although I was still replete with robust energy and breathing alive,

The rays of ambition; inundated my persona with whirlpools of overwhelming desire to excel; achieve the most acrimoniously persevering goals; with an unstinted pride in my eyes,

The rays of heavenly wisdom; stimulated an unsurpassable myriad of benevolence in my mind; drifting me towards the summit of inevitable realization,

The rays of salaciously guilty conscience; make me crumble down like an edifice of brittle cards; although I possessed the entire wealth on this boundless globe,

The rays of betrayal; make each breath of mine overwhelmed with a billion pugnacious knives; uncouthly asphyxiating traces of my serene existence,

The rays of philanthropic unity; grant me the Omnipotent tenacity of leading an infinite lives more; in this solitarily single lifetime of mine,

And the rays which emanated from your majestic eyes; make me feel that I was in everlasting love; make me feel that I was stronger than any entity on this earth and royally alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Royally Handsome And Beautiful Sunset

The entire earth metamorphosed into deplorable gloom;
as it nimbly disappeared behind the towering hills,

The forests in vicinity were profusely engulfed with
appalling pink light; as it sank down abysmally a few
hours after brilliant afternoon,

The birds started returning to their intricately cozy
nests; as it fluttered violently into vivacious shades
of dull crimson,

The sharks bobbing their heads in vicious exuberance
above the poignantly swirling waves; contentedly
rested on the sandy bed as it started to play hide and
seek even more vigorously with the unfurling minutes,

The spuriously pompous light of the electric bulb took
complete control; as its flamboyantly golden color
transited into one sedate pink,

The battalion of stray dogs started to pathetically
wail; as it gave way for the stars to take a wholesome
stranglehold and faintly shimmer,

The lanky hands of the grandfather clock showed signs
of inadvertent laziness; as it abruptly vanished
behind the cocoon of black clouds,

The majestic lion relinquished hunting for prey;
exhaustedly retired in his colossal den; as it
evaporated like specks of dirt from the periphery of
the silver horizon,

The disdainfully sordid cockroach slowly and ominously
crawled towards the stinking lavatory seat; as it
wholesomely left the boundless sky,

The horses galloping in boisterous unison on the
marshy slopes; walked in a silent row towards their

stables; as it seemed to be mournfully coalescing with
bland mud,

The astoundingly fat tortoise became more indolent
than ever retreating its stubby neck inside its
striped shell; as it fell like a frigid thread and
eloped away from the atmosphere,

The bones in the ebullient body started getting
profoundly dreary; beads of hopeless sweat dribbled
down the arms; as it seemed to be gobbled in entirety
by the sapphire blue sky,

The savage python slithered miserably through the
meandering bushes; as it started to develop shades of
ghastly brown on its persona,

The voluptuous green blanket of leaves drooped down in
meek submission; as its rays got more and more tender
and frigid with the unleashing second,

The redolent petals of the stupendously blossoming
lotus folded themselves invincibly in defense; as it
emancipated into the island of nothingness,

The overwhelmingly formidable King ordered his troops
to cease hostile war; as it cast perilously dark
shadows upon the soil of this planet,

The rosy and incessantly chattering tongue now fell a
trifle silent; as it winked in nervous euphoria;
sighed its last before being transiently erased into
thin oblivion,

The signs of all palpable life in this Universe seemed
to be feebly subsiding; as it displayed sure signs of
shrinking to the size of an infinitesimally small pea,

And as you all know; it left the earth every evening
to settle for a long rest before it thunderously
blazed again with immortal enthusiasm at dawn; with
people from all continents round the globe irrefutably

proclaiming it since centuries unprecedented; as the
ROYALLY HANDSOME & BEAUTIFUL SUNSET.

Nikhil Parekh

Ruling Over Every Beat Of My Heart.

It might be throbbing unrelentingly in pain; after witnessing the pathetically windling state of mother nature; the infinite invidious atrocities inflicted upon her belly; by salaciously robotic man,

It might be throbbing indefatigably in ecstasy; after witnessing the pristinely untamed roar of the ocean; as magical tangy froth swirled in unison; to the first cry of exuberant dawn,

It might be throbbing unabatedly in remorse; after witnessing the lifelessly decrepit skeleton of a human; brutally suspended in the center of the street; by insane powerhouses of corruption and wealth,

It might be throbbing untiringly in desire; after witnessing the sensuously vivacious woman step unclothed out of the waterfall; and into the inscrutable wilderness of the moonless night,

It might be throbbing unstopably in contempt; after witnessing the indescribably humiliation still suffered by those infirm and deprived women; at the mercilessly marauding feet of the rich,

It might be throbbing uncontrollably in mystique; after witnessing the most diminutive of whisper rebound effortlessly from the highest apogees of the valley; before eventually culminating into an unconquerable echo,

It might be throbbing extraordinarily in vindication; after witnessing the completely idiosyncratic and barbaric discrimination meted upon even new born children; in the name of so-called spurious religion and creed,

It might be throbbing intransigently in euphoria; after witnessing the evolution of the miraculously resplendent rainbow; from the core of absolute nothingness and unsparingly sweltering Sun in the afternoon sky,

It might be throbbing unflinchingly in belligerence; after witnessing countless innocuous trees being ruthlessly insulted and castrated; to give way to disdainful corporate houses of emotionless concrete,

It might be throbbing fierily in excitement; after witnessing triumphantly virgin droplets of rain; unabashedly cascade and timelessly impregnate; fathomless

kilometers of barren soil,

It might be throbbing uninterruptedly in grief; after witnessing the full fury of nature; as just a few milliseconds of the earthquake brought the mightiest of civilizations toppling down; formed mountain and ocean from the absolute graveyards of nowhere,

It might be throbbing unimaginably in victory; after witnessing just a single ray of truth; everlastingly towering over even the most boundless mortuaries of satanic manipulation and bawdy lies,

It might be throbbing unlimitedly in hopelessness; after witnessing the unattended cry of millions of orphaned children; which were enough to shake the roots of any civilization; but yet miserably floundered to awaken the sanctimonious sleep of those grown up and enriched,

It might be throbbing fervently in enchantment; after witnessing the most bewildering twists; turns and trysts with destiny; the inexplicably spine-chilling adventures of the chapter called life,

It might be throbbing fearlessly in renaissance; after witnessing the oppressed being unsparingly mutilated even further; by cold-blooded politicians sinking their non-existent foundations deeper and deeper into innocent blood,

It might be throbbing poignantly in selflessness; after witnessing that the richest and the poorest on this gigantic earth; blended in a few globules of parsimonious mud; after veritable death,

It might be throbbing undauntedly in misery; after witnessing the criminal exploitation of impeccable women; chauvinistically treating them as infinitesimal shit; in certain strata of even the 21st century,

It might be throbbing tirelessly in love; after witnessing the dream mate of its inborn choice; standing right in front of it and perennially kissing it with the sunshine of life,

It might be throbbing ardently in nostalgia; after witnessing those same very places; those same very pinches of sacred soil; where it'd lived its entire childhood; gleefully cavorted behind the snow laden hills of time,

It might be throbbing wondrously in life; after witnessing those unending puffs of

infallibly exultating breeze; that pricelessly infiltrated into the chest; every conceivable and unfurling instant of the day,

But throb as much as it might want for anybody; anything; anyplace on this spectacularly proliferating earth; if there was anyone who entirely ruled; governed and sat like an unshakable royal prince on every beat of my heart; then it was only the omnipresently blessing Almighty Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Sachin Ramesh Tendulkar - Blessedly Best

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his eyes; then it was none other than humanitarianly " HONEST ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his nose; then it was none other than holistically " HUMBLE ";,

If there was just one on this entire planet to describe his hands; then it was none other than astoundingly " ARTISTIC ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his cheeks; then it was none other than wonderfully " WEATHERED ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his energy; then it was none other than unimaginably " UNCEASING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his eyebrows; then it was none other than celestially " CONCENTRATING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his speech; then it was none other than supremely " SIMPLISTIC ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his zeal; then it was none other than uncontrollably " UNTAMED ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his lips; then it was none other than convivially " CHARISMATIC ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his brain; then it was none other than fathomlessly " FANTASIZING ";

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his shoulders; then it was none other than unitedly " UBIQUITOUS ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his lips; then it was none other than serenely " SMILING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his vision; then if was none other than inimitably " INGENIOUS ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his conviction; then it was none other than fearlessly " FANTASTIC ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his ideals; then it was none other than selflessly " SCINTILLATING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his feet; then it was none other than gloriously " GALLOPING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his prowess; then it was none other than prolifically " PROLIFERATING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his integrity; then it was none other than spotlessly " SYMBIOTIC ";,

If there as just one word on this entire planet to describe his will power; then it was none other than tirelessly " TWINKLING ";

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his records; then it was none other than unshakably " UNPARALLELED ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his shots; then it was none other than perpetually " PRISTINE ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his technique; then it was none other than resplendently " ROYAL ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his talent; then it was none other than limitlessly " LUMINESCENT ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his motivation; then it was none other than inexhaustibly " INSPIRING ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his Fitness; then it was none other than vibrantly " VICTORIOUS ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his fame; then it was none other than unfathomably " UNLIMITED ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his milestones; then it was none other than impossibly " INCOMPREHENSIBLE ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his awards; then it was none other than beautifully " BRILLIANT ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his persona; then it was none other than endlessly " ECSTATIC ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his bowling; then it was none other than unexpectedly "UNCANNY";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his heroics; then it was none other than stupendously " SPECTACULAR ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his bat; then it was none other than amazingly " AGGRESSIVE ";,

If there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his sportsmanship; then it was none other than uninhibitedly " UNBLEMISHED ";,

And if there was just one word on this entire planet to describe his cricketing class; then it was none other than blessedly BEST.

Nikhil Parekh

Sacrifice

What difference would it make to the oceans round the world; if they sacrificed a million droplets of their water?

But the same could infact; create a river for people starving below the disastrous poverty line; prove as life bestowing fluid for impoverished life in the deserts; crawling towards the tenterhooks of extinction.

What difference would it make to meadows all across the globe; if they sacrificed just a whisker of their stupendously unfathomable carpet of grass?

But the same could infact; evolve a marvelous mattress for all those orphaned slithering on cold blooded ground; transit them into a blissful slumber; relishing the mysticism of the ravishing night.

What difference would it make to gigantic buildings protruding from varied territories of the globe; if they sacrificed just an inconspicuous little brick; from their majestically towering structure?

But the same could infact; construct a magnificently luxurious dwelling; for innocently naked trembling uncontrollably on the dusty streets; deluging their uncouthly aggrieved lives with beams of optimistic happiness.

What difference would it make to the tumultuously augmenting storm; to sacrifice only a single of its royally whistling winds?

But the same could infact; entirely metamorphose the persona of the morbidly stinking dungeons; into one replete with spiffy vivaciousness and exuberance worth a lifetime.

What difference would it make to the fires roaring unrelentingly towards the cosmos; to sacrifice a diminutive flame of theirs; from the handsomely untamed inferno that penetrated charismatically into the clouds?

But the same could infact; become the ultimate candle of happiness for those existing in inexplicably treacherous darkness; mitigating them towards the corridors of a cheerful beginning.

What difference would it make to the most learned man on this Universe; to sacrifice just a trifle of his benevolent philosophies; out of the infinite ideals he harbored?

But the same could infact; prove as an invincible platform for the illiterate; impregnate a distinct glint of hope in their despairing eyes; to rise as the noble stalwarts of tomorrow.

What difference would it make to immortal lovers across the fathomless earth; to sacrifice just an infinitesimal iota of their love; diffuse just a fraction from their boundless repertoire of sharing and understanding?

But the same could infact; work miracles for all those blind; maimed; deaf and horrendously mutilated; profusely rejuvenate in them the Omnipotent spirit to be alive.

What difference would it make to all those robustly alive and happy; to sacrifice a minute each day to water the soil; spare a few moments to assist the ailing; cross the boisterously bustling lanes?

But the same could infact; transform this world into a mesmerizing green heaven; profoundly appease the God's to bless all with bountiful endowment.

And what difference would it make to all those unfathomably rich; to sacrifice just a penny from their overwhelmingly bulging pockets; part with a ludicrous fragment of their affluence; out of the gold literally reaching the skies?

But the same could infact; relinquish all traces of deplorable poverty from all quarters of the planet; engender the ordinary to embrace the extraordinary; in a wave of united bliss; in a wave of perpetual happiness

Nikhil Parekh

Sadly No Beats

The most disgraceful thing for the skies; was to have their gorgeously fathomless periphery; savagely encrypted by a battalion of ominously heinous clouds,

The most disgraceful thing for the dog; was to have its handsomely harmonious body; brutally kicked by its charismatically revered master,

The most disgraceful thing for the deserts; was to have their boundlessly celestial carpet of glistening sands; inundated with Herculean tons of capriciously insipid water,

The most disgraceful thing for the discotheque; was to have its bombastically sleazy interiors; holistically invaded by blissfully sacrosanct prayer and painstakingly persevering rhyme,

The most disgraceful thing for the forests; was to have their mystically romantic and profusely scented surroundings; heinously perpetuated by obnoxiously acrimonious gas; become a commercial warehouse for monotonously vindictive business magnates,

The most disgraceful thing for the sharks; was to impregnate their preposterously mammoth mouths with diminutively worthless vegetables; slither incessantly on frigid soil amidst a mountain of; lackadaisically nonchalant seaweed,

The most disgraceful thing for the cow; was to perennially ooze opulently spurious wine from its overwhelmingly divinely teats; replenish its stomach with parsimonious garbage left overs; left by the uncouthly barbaric society for its nocturnal meal,

The most disgraceful thing for the ocean; was to have its ravishingly undulating and timeless expanse of waves; salaciously pervaded upon by hideously gargantuan tankers of morbidly murderous oil,

The most disgraceful thing for the birds; was to have their rhetorically nimble and flamboyantly boisterous demeanor's incarcerated behind appalling prison bars; being treacherously bereft of galloping flight,

The most disgraceful thing for the old; was to have their devastatingly ailing

bodies being treated like pieces of insanely threadbare shit; being opprobriously castigated from their own dwellings; by their irascibly impudent kin,

The most disgraceful thing for the corpse; was to have its dolorously dreary interiors sagaciously infiltrated by vivaciously sparkling life; bloom into miraculous resplendence; the very word which was a lethal venom for its perilously sinister ears,

The most disgraceful thing for the teacher; was to be belligerently rebuked by his unsurpassable horde of immaculate students; being boycotted with the tag of "Liar";, for ostensibly no fault of his,

The most disgraceful thing for the athlete; was to disastrously stumble into obdurately mortifying soil; the instant he alighted his robustly sparkling foot; in electric exuberance from the starting line,

The most disgraceful thing for the writer; was to have his most priceless countless volumes of spell binding literature; menacingly excoriated apart into a trillion specks of lackluster dust; the very alphabets which he had so ardently harnessed with his very own; crimson blood,

The most disgraceful thing for the stomach; was to meaninglessly puke out even the last iota of food synergistically entrapped within; after consuming the most harmoniously blessed ingredients of Mother Nature,

The most disgraceful thing for the shadow; was to have its stupendously enigmatic contours lecherously punctured by maniacally concrete civilizations of rigidity; have its silken grace manipulatively trespassed by greedy tycoons,

The most disgraceful thing for the conscience; was to be incomprehensibly burdened by a dungeon of blatantly abhorrent lies; wholesomely vanquish its spirit of irrefutably godly righteousness; at the slightest of greedy provocation,

The most disgraceful thing for existence; was to be indefatigably enshrouded by precarious hurricanes of stagnating death; perpetually relinquish its Omnipotent aura; to the deplorable hell of non-existence,

And the most disgraceful thing for love; was diabolically bellicose betrayal; being viciously slapped by the person it had uninhibitedly devoted its countless lifetimes; being left to wander with solely a remorseful heart; but sadly no beats.

Nikhil Parekh

Sadly Punctured

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt as soft as the fluffy feather of the flamingo; speeded at lightening speeds towards the Sun; with a mere caress to the accelerator,
While at present the same felt like a thousand bags inundated with sharp stones; simply refraining to budge a single inch from its original position; however onerously I tried to push it.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like the gentle stream of placid water; mesmerizing all scattered in vicinity with its stupendous charisma and flamboyant grace,
While at present the same thrust me violently on the floor; slithered like an untamed freezing lizard; crying incessantly to move a centimeter forward.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it voluptuously kissed me as I sat down on the seat; whizzed me past the enamoring sights of the city like a molten volcano fulminating from the trajectory of moist earth,
While at present the same emanated a horrendously charred stench of burnt rubber; choked; coughed and stuttered infinite number of times as I switched on the ignition.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like the satiny cocoon of clouds having just descended from the sky; pacifying my insurmountably frazzled senses;
with the rhythmic music of its synchronized stirring,
While at present the same seemed as cumbersome to handle as the incredulously slippery granules of desert sand; with the exhaust pipe barking hostile plumes of black smoke directly into my eyes.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like an exhilarating aircraft whirring up; ready to transport me across distant corners of the Globe within flash seconds of time,
While at present the same crawled slower than the fattest tortoise; nudging just a single inch; in a single hour.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like a pen embossing words at electric velocities; conquering every territory; flooding every sheet with a billion lines of enchanting poetry,
While at present the same seemed to be perspiring like the mammoth bull; digging its curled horns incorrigibly into the stony ground.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like the vivacious rainbow in the sky; with its scintillating jugglery of mirror explicitly portraying my handsome reflection,
While at present the same seemed to be like the hoarsely begging eunuch; with its voice stuck stronger than the most tenacious of glue; petrifying my blissful ears with its prominently discordant tunes.

As I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like a cleanly floating whistle; permeating the gloomy ambience with its astoundingly fast pulse and robust pace,
While at present it tripped embarrassingly on the ground to taste dust even before I sat; thunderously yawning every second like a lame soldier; when in fact I wanted to reach the hospital to meet my wife in an absolute jiffy,

And as I alighted my scooter in the morning; it felt like the bouncing kangaroo brimming with poignant euphoria and rubicund strength; able to appease the most minuscule of my demand; transporting me with supreme comfort and nonchalant ease to the destination of my choice; the very place I wanted to be,
While at present it lay pathetically morose; trembling like a deserted orphan on the street; as its twin tyre tubes which were once bulging with astronomical amounts of fresh air; had now been brutally assaulted by a battalion of savage nails; Lay barbarically ripped apart; utterly deflated and sadly punctured.

Nikhil Parekh

Sadly Without Its Beats

Please let us sing together; flooding the dolorously sultry atmosphere; with the ingratiating passion in our voice,

Please let us smile together; enlightening the lives of our dwindling compatriots with optimistic rays of hope,

Please let us whistle together; piercing the sullen carpets of air with our boisterously bubbly tunes; spawning new life into the countless; as every instant unveiled,

Please let us fantasize together; conceiving the most mesmerizing beauty overwhelming this fathomless Universe; catapulting into a land as enchanting as the divine,

Please let us evolve together; procreating our own progeny; so that we contributed our very best towards continuing your cherished chapter of existence,

Please let us eat together; appeasing the hunger of our famished stomachs; to transit thereafter into realms of majestically heavenly sleep,

Please let us pray together; asking you to alleviate us of our sins committed inadvertently; asking you to bless the entire human race with unfathomable happiness,

Please let us mischief together; frolicking in the aisles of innocuous childhood; even after crossing the threshold of manipulative maturity,

Please let us run together; accomplishing our mission of saving the planet with invincible grit and determination; bonding our spirit with all those philanthropic; in the true spirit of solidarity,

Please let us embrace together; incarcerating our tumultuously rising flames in our body as one; under torrential cloudbursts of rain,

Please let us cry together; commiserating wholesomely with our pain; resiliently proliferating from the ashes again; to challenge every aspect of acrimoniously treacherous life,

Please let us dance together; mystically diffusing our magical incantation in every flower that blossomed under sizzling rays of the Sun,

Please let us whisper together; portraying the most innermost feelings of our heart to unprecedented limits beyond the sky; triggering off the marvelously milky night with glory of our untamed romance,

Please let us swim together; conquering each diabolically swirling wave with the insurmountable conviction in our bodies; profusely blending with the exuberant spirit of adventure,

Please let us sketch together; encapsulating the most stupendously ravishing beauty in this Universe in the barren canvas; that lay delectably on our palms,

Please let us drink together; assimilating all the happiness on this boundless planet; toasting the most memorable moments of our lives in the astoundingly silken darkness,

Please let us hear together; absorbing the unsurpassable melody in the winds; gyrate beyond corridors of ecstasy for times immemorial,

Please let us breathe together; live each moment of existence to its unfathomable fullest; living life higher than the clouds and affording the same for our fellow comrades,

And please grant us death together O! Almighty Lord; for if you took one of us away before the other; then of course the heart would definitely continue to live; but
sadly without its beats.

Nikhil Parekh

Saluting The Street Dogs.

You unsparingly reprimanded them when they ferociously barked - mischievously chased other damsels of their fraternity and indulged in the most uncivilized of fights,

You lambasted them - instantaneously unbuckling your waist belts - for chasing your car down the quiet highway; annoyed that its flamboyant splendor was marred by the unscrupulous behavior,

You; at occasions; drove at breakneck speeds - thrusting the reason to be an emergency - and mowed through their peaceful abodes which were haphazardly strewn across the orphaned road,

You hurled stones randomly on their innocuous bodies - on the spurious pretexts of them being besmirched with dirt and debris from the gutters - and intruding the spotless environs around you with their hapless demeanor,

You incorrigibly refused to touch them or any part of their body even an insouciant iota - scientifically quoting the fact that this could lead to rabies and a host of unceremonious disease - with statesmanly like pride,

You sprayed the most opulent of your perfume in the air if they trespassed your house walls uninvited - terming the stench that thereby emanated as abhorrently unbearable - though you yourself hadn't taken a bath since many days,

You had the best laugh of your life as they traumatically wailed on the pavement beside you - sadistically consoling yourself of emphatic victory for the day - though the boss had just nonchalantly fired you,

You took excruciating effort to find the contact details of those government vans who could uncouthly pick them up from your locality - complaining against the dirt; disease; unhygienic conditions; and waste that they spread - and surprisingly this was the only matter you found worthy in your existence to rebel,

You side-lined them as the lowest strata of the society - an irascible menace to

every

religion existing under the Sun; barbarically shutting the doors on their mouth - even as you rejoiced and celebrated bounteous opportunities of survival,

You took potshots at them with your freshly purchased air-gun - placing apples and

other nondescriptly sized objects on their heads - as this placed you in a princely pedestal; not ever mustering the courage to sit a real throne,

You horrendously spat at them - saliva which at instances was laced with obnoxious

chewing gum; tobacco; discarded food and pernicious tooth prick - as this made you feel seated behind the luxurious wheel of the limousine - though you were currently driving the laborious bicycle,

You used their name as a vindictively hurled expletive - lividly abusing your colleagues with the same - as how to react alternatively and express your emotions never crossed your prejudiced thought,

You took their photographs not to sympathize or flatter - but depict the abysmal state of poverty in your country that could go ahead and win an Oscar - and also because they were earnestly happy to oblige,

You snatched the succulently tantalizing meals they received sporadically from philanthropists - wisely declaring that these didn't befit them - when the abject reality was that the hole in your own plate had just gotten a trifle bigger,

You mercilessly beat them with approximately the same sized and complexioned stick

that your counterpart had hit you with - for here there was not the tiniest of reprisal as you flaunted your non-existent bravado - and yet you felt you'd had your revenge,

You ferociously kicked them left, right and center as you walked the muddy trail - as if they were barricades of loose sand that hampered your path - at the same instant also giving you an opportunity to demonstrate your powerless might,

You bizarrely held their impeccable new born kids by their feet upside down - to worthlessly demonstrate how helpless they were in this gargantuan world - whereas

God was; is and shall be; the ultimate master and invincible decision maker of his entire planet,

You brutally sold them to unsuspecting foreigners who presumed they were yours - as you artificially cuddled them in your lap - to earn that indispensable currency coin and consume that quintessential meal to survive,

Yet. And ironically. You; still salute these 'Street dogs' whom you pugnaciously abandoned and hideously punched - as they guarded you in their own inimitable natural capacity in the thick of the blackened night - and then their discordant growl
was the sweetest sound to your ears; as you knew their mortal forms were there
to
protect you - even as the thieves crept.

Nikhil Parekh

Same Requirement

Different requirements of food for infinite stomachs; some preferring gargantuan mountains of ingratiatingly appeasing fruit; while some blissfully satiating themselves with rustically plain bread and brine,

Different requirements of bravery for infinite chests; some preferring Herculean amounts of unflinching fortitude; while some wholesomely content whiling away their lives in the realms of disdainfully dastardly dilapidation,

Different requirements of empathy for infinite souls; some preferring to be uncontrollably deluged with the chapters of compassionately eternal togetherness;
while some wanting to be let obnoxiously aloof even as maelstroms of hell vindictively blended with the trajectory of earth,

Different requirements of embellishment for infinite demeanor's; some preferring to be profusely adorned with unfathomably iridescent jewelry; while some loving to be left obsoletely plaintive on the lackadaisically barren hills,

Different requirements of hearing for infinite ears; some preferring to be indefatigably enshrouded with naturally enchanting rhyme; while some wanting to
tirelessly lambaste themselves with thunderously unending euphoria of the sleazy discotheque,

Different requirements of moisture for infinite eyeballs; some preferring to be amiably flooded with unsurpassable rivers of celestially sparkling moisture; while some phlegmatically shrugging apart the excess liquid into wisps of insipid nothingness,

Different requirements of strength for infinite shoulders; some preferring to embrace the whirlwinds of boundlessly augmenting tenacity; while some wanting to languish in dungeons of moderate timidity; for the remainder of their lives,

Different requirements of hair for infinite scalps; some preferring to be relentlessly enshrouded with silken carpets of unsurpassable black; while some utterly disdainful about unruly outgrowths projecting sanctimoniously from their heads,

Different requirements of blood for infinite skins; some preferring a turbulently

uninhibited catharsis of it incessantly in their body; while some wanting the wonderfully scarlet elixir to serenely flow like fading sunshine,

Different requirements of fantasy for infinite brains; some preferring to panoramically dream about even the most diminutively capricious element of existence; while some austerely incarcerating their minds in graveyards of abhorrently manipulative monotony,

Different requirements of destinies for infinite palms; some preferring to have an astoundingly insurmountable repertoire of forks and lines on the back of their hand; while some insatiable desirous of a life more plainer than the horrendously flat hills,

Different requirements of voice for infinite throats; some preferring to fulminate into an exuberantly unending and evergreen song every unfurling minute of the day; while some more inclined towards a nonchalantly laconic reverie; even as life didn't give them a second chance,

Different requirements of air for different armpits; some preferring an intransigently endless blast of ebulliently reinvigorating breeze till the very last step of existence; while some inexorably wanting to break into tornado's of cold-bloodedly insane sweat,

Different requirements of saliva for different mouths; some preferring to incessantly slaver into fructifying whirlpools of untamed ecstasy; while some wanting themselves as dry as horrifically grassless and squelched charcoal,

Different requirements of truth for different conscience's; some preferring to irrefutably blaze into an insuperable inferno of righteousness for infinite more births yet to unveil; while some inevitably falling prey to the corpse of scurrilously invidious lies,

Different requirements of flirtation for infinite eyelashes; some preferring to mischievously culminate into a flurry of surreptitious winks every now and again; while some reticently agglutinated to the brow in dogmatic sternness and indomitable concentration,

Different requirements of breath for infinite nostrils; some preferring to effulgently inhale as much of resplendent air as conceivable on this Universe till

the time majestic life palpitated; while some deliriously snapping the very fangs
of existence;
with their very own parasitically deleterious hands,

But same requirement of immortal love for infinite organisms; with every
religion; caste; creed; color; sect and tribe limitlessly wanting to encompass
every step that they alighted with its Omnipotently heavenly radiance; limitlessly
wanting to make its vividly majestic rhythm the sole beats of their impoverished
lives.

Nikhil Parekh

Save Your Love. Save Water.

You profoundly relished it when it struck the brutally emaciated pores of your impoverished skin - as you uninhibitedly rolled under the cistern that cascaded down
the mountain slope,

You saluted it as it unabashedly stormed your lavatory seat - making every trace of
filthiness entirely disappear in lightening traces of time - and then quietly fade as you
closed the flush,

You were poignantly enamored when it fell ecstatically from the fantabulous sky -
mollifying you from the tyrannically lambasting man-made adulteration; smoke;
pollution and industrial heat,

You wondrously adored it whilst sprinkling it on the dust laden leaves and
scorched
trees - and then experience an unparalleled contentment of surviving in
symbiotic glory with the royal natural habitat,

You felt modestly philanthropic as you poured it into empty glasses desperately
held by orphans on the street - as serving humanity was one of the most
quintessential
reasons of your blessed existence,

You rhapsodically danced as you blended it with a gargantuan cube of ice and left
it in a tub - for birds to bathe and feast - as the Sun flamboyantly ignited a most
piously
brilliant afternoon,

You felt sensuously fantastic and jubilant to strive towards success after bathing
in it - as the rays of a brand new effulgent dawn ushered you to find your own
benevolently inimitable identity on the planet,

You suddenly and spontaneously felt beautiful after washing your face with it -
for when the tawdrily spurious layers of deplorable cream; powder; scent and
lipstick peeled out - there you lay in your ravishingly unscathed charm - under
the cover of
a nakedly seductive night,

You ebulliently liked it - when it granted your siblings that much needed reprieve
in
swelteringly burning summer - as they thoroughly splashed themselves with it -
and
then welcomed the torching heat in invincible friendship,

You felt genuinely intrigued when you sprayed it with compassionate fury across
the
freshly ploughed fields - as the seasoned hosepipe in your palms exposed you to
newer dimensions of kindness - and the seed inside the mud became your best
friend,

You were endearingly mesmerized at the ripples that were formed on its surface
- as
you joyously hurled a harmless pebble on it horizontally and then witnessed it
skid with artistic grace - before eventually sinking to the rock bottom,

You were magnetically enthralled when you kissed it - as it became your
sincerest
companion when you needed to celebrate triumph for goodness - and you
hugged it in amiable brotherhood - though it inevitably slipped,

You felt an unparalleled desire to be closer to your rudiments - as you envisaged
a
house by its side - which though was threadbare and bohemian - but which
befriended and nourished you amidst the natural wilderness with tantalizing
calm,

You emphatically admired it for so tranquilly dousing the hideous flames - and
becoming an instant hero amongst the hapless people assembled by their
woefully
burning building - and as the fire - extinguisher had despicably failed,

You victoriously applauded it for bringing about undefeated friendship - as people
of all religions; castes; creed; color; faiths and tribes - unhesitatingly proceeded
to dip in it and get rid of inconsequential difference,

You gratefully cherished the awe-inspiringly varied sounds it made as it filled
your
barren overhead tank - replacing the worthless emptiness within the lifeless walls
-

with one of the most indispensable mortal elixir to nourish life,

But you loved it the most when you drank it and suckled at it like a freshly born child - whether it be after your meal or before it - as it revitalized you to pursue the path of righteousness and charismatic brotherhood,

Therefore won't you protect your true lover from being destroyed; rebuked; slapped
and unnecessarily spilled.

Do your naturally unfettered and earnest best. Do something good when you truly feel for it.

Save your love. Save Water.

Nikhil Parekh

Scent And Spice

I consumed rice blended with fish curry,
added pinches of salt to exit from realms of bland taste.

i licked bare brick wall coated with sand plaster,
devoured spicy remains of natural plastic paint.

i trampled violently through fields of red pepper,
sprayed finely crushed powder in the vicinity of shivering tongue.

i swam at feverish pace in extreme salty solvent of the Caribbean sea,
wiped myself dry to feel allergic patches of faded red.

i pumped the air with a blend of perfume and green mustard seed,
sat for patient hours basking in a film of spicy atmosphere.

i rolled in clay mud sprinkled with pungent fertilizer,
smeared my wheatish face with semicircular cakes of flavored mud.

i sat on a cushion containing fermented yellow sour cream,
smelt of obnoxious odour all throughout the passing day.

i rubbed naked patches of my skin with hot repellent balms,
danced all day with thunder storms of ecstasy echoing through my eardrum.

i tore big chunks of orange ginger from tender branches of sapling,
drenched myself with a tumbler full of aromatic water.

i desired to breathe in an ambience of ravishing alligator perfume,
swim in colossal ponds of suspended salt for the remaining tenure of my life.

Nikhil Parekh

School Bag

They uninhibitedly abused me in their own innocently gathered slangs; terming me an unnecessarily bulky mountain of nothingness,

They scorned at me like I was a piece of rotten charcoal; nonchalantly dismissing me away from their rhapsodic activities for the day,

They told me I was good for nothing but presumptuously preaching them; when they wanted to frolic and play in their mortal capacities,

They admonished me for being a laggard; sauntering at a pace slower than dead stone; at times even seeming like a gargantuan unmovable boulder to their delicate palms,

They indignantly kicked me out of the way; as I appeared a jocular misfit amidst their row, shelf, floor and tub of surreal dolls and majestic toys,

They had the time of the life trying to snap me in entirety from my seams; stealthily poking me with that mischievous scissor using all their might; before mummy had a chance to stringently intervene,

They disdainfully stood over me using me as a perfect bridge; to form a perfect circle with their joyously unfettered hands; hands intertwined in innocuous hands,

They rebelliously dumped stale leftovers of their food; socks; chewing gum; clay; into my forlorn interiors- just to teach me a lesson for burdening their shoulders; on which they wanted to carry their favorite chocolate,

They mockingly used me with gay abandon to scratch wherever they wanted; which gave them that quintessential wave of relief as well as saved their tiny hands
the bother,

They impudently held me in their nimble hands criss-crossed in absence of their plastic swords; and flung me with great fervor to see who won in their game of the musketeers,

They taunted me in the most sardonic of their tones for seeming like a piece of junk; whose resting place was infact the dumpyard instead of the delectably cozy

realms of their compassionate abode,

They advised me like an adult to find a worthwhile job and be constructively engaged; rather than whiling away my time nagging their inimitably fragrant childhood,

They considered me as the most abominable outsider; shutting me tight into their cupboards as they discussed their secrets and intrepid plans to be consolidated into action soon,

They had me shred into smithereens of insipidness at the tiniest of opportunity; hurling me to the hungry vultures in their backyards to disintegrate and devour,

They vowed not to talk to those who gave me as a Happy Birthday present to them; as they'd rather go without a gift- than involve themselves into the practicality of life with me by their side,

They slapped me most impeccably as only they could do; venting their entire fury on me as a mute spectator; whenever reprimanded by their parents for not doing home-work,

They used me as a perfect punching bag; boxing into my countenance with their uninhibitedly raw palms- emulating their favorite Boxing stars preparing for the big Wrestling day,

Yet. And ironically Yet. The same kids tossed me gleefully the next morning upon their pristine shoulders; marched with unfettered abandon towards their school- hugging me like I was a prince,

No. Incase you assumed that I was something of a royal charmer, let me assure you I wasn't any of that. But I was what you mortals might've addressed as school bag as you grew up by the grace of the Almighty Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

School Laboratory

Steaming hot acid in glass crucibles,
stone slabs of individual apparatus,
labeled conical flasks with neutral bases,
glass cupboards full of performance journals,
hi-tech microscopes for analysis,
round jars of swimming flower roots,
specimens of algae, rats, and dead frog,
black full-scale charts of chromosome study,
programmed calculators strewn in fluorescent light,
electric meters with voltage fluctuating,
dangling copper wires for connection,
sharpened lead for sketching designs,
steel spheres suspended from oscillating threads,
cross ventilation for absorbing fumes,
mega dissection boxes with scientific artillery,
shaving blades for tearing root,
round the clock botanical demonstrations,
high powered glare bulbs,
bountiful samples of colored compounds,
thickened glass fish aquarium,
shining granite holding multiple computers,
with a host of modern software chips,
black canes of adjudicating supervisors,
ready to slash at instants of wrongdoing,
lavatories blended with pungent antiseptic,
with germicidal tablets of white carbolic,
collapsible springs attached to bar magnets,
the window overlooking bare bricks of school entrance,
projecting from dizzy heights of clock tower,
with blue apron adorning my stature,
a compulsory must during practical hours,
is a first hand discription of my school laboratory.

Nikhil Parekh

Scolding

The farmer gaped at crusts of dry brown earth,
acres of land lying fallow in merciless heat,
bountiful crop wilting under stringent light of the Sun,
crevices in land splitting wider by the zipping second,
he then scolded the plain regions of dark blue sky,
for not acquiring ominous tinges of violent grey.

the striped panther rested on moistened portions of land,
snoring chivalrously in a kingdom of celestial sleep,
visualizing a cluster of humans in thick flesh and blood,
pouch bellied kangaroo wiping its brutal teeth,
he then scolded dead rabbit meat, lying well tucked within the hollow of his
stomach,
for ruining his perceptions of a royal sized meal.

drenched clothing hung on strong metal ropes,
soaked immensely in sweat and tap water,
fluttering sporadically with agitated outbursts of wind,
and the ambience consisting of dull murky light,
eventuality of thunder showers tumbling from the sky,
the wet shirts then scolded the Sun,
for not hissing fireballs of natural light,
thereby baking the humid persona of cloth with full round beams of Sunshine.

hordes of fish got infected with disease,
gaspd for breath at great depths of the ocean,
lay strewn on the shore thrown by the exotic currents of waves,
the water showed traces of contamination,
black coats of oil and grease were found in gay abundance,
the aquatic family then scolded the impetuous humans,
for polluting its saline composition in the quest for displaying nuclear superiority.

he had simply no inhibitions,
lived life in high esteem and loads of respect,
inspite of not witnessing a single ray of light since birth,
executed all his tasks to immaculate perfection,
leaning heavily on his stick with stripes of white and red,
traversing miles of territory,
with an assemblage of gruesome blackness as his faithful companion,

he thought several times of scolding the creator like his counterpart mates
mentioned above,
although he refrained registering his complaint,
he possessed a rock solid opinion,
it was better to exist being obscured from light,
than not to live at all.

Nikhil Parekh

Searching True Love.

There were infinite on this boundless Universe; who intransigently searched for fugitive gold; insatiably wanting to replenish even the whites of their eye with the spuriously glittering biscuit,

There were infinite on this colossal Universe; who tirelessly searched for tantalizing beauty; tumultuously wanting to embrace every voluptuous vixen on this earth; in their murderously uncouth grip,

There were infinite on this gregarious Universe; who relentlessly searched for uninhibited freedom; irrevocably wanting to blend the innermost of their senses with all vivaciously enchanting titillation in the atmosphere,

There were infinite on this boundless Universe; who unendingly searched for opulent wine; barbarically wanting to deluge every bit of their disastrously impoverished persona; with the avarice of inebriation all day and night,

While my treacherously betrayed heart; perennially searched for true love; unsurpassably wanting to melange every iota of my despairingly dying senses with the magic of heavenly relationship.

1.

There were infinite on this unconquerable Universe; who incorrigibly searched for bizarre manipulation; insidiously wanting to extract the optimum they could from the earth; in the tenure of their truncated lives,

There were infinite on this aristocratic Universe; who dogmatically searched for uncouth crime; salaciously wanting to reach the epitome of unprecedented prosperity; by brutal massacre and beheading tribes,

There were infinite on this enamoring Universe; who irretrievably searched for ravishing fragrance; limitlessly wanting to incarcerate every element of stupendous intoxication; impregnably inside their chest,

There were infinite on this charismatic Universe; who frantically searched for sleazy entertainment; ethereally wanting to titillate their morbidly withering skin with the reverberations of; gaudily embellished skin,

While my forlornly fretting heart; perpetually searched for true love; irrefutably

wanting to bond with the essence of sparkling truth; irrefutably
wanting to be the beats of rhythm divine.

2.

There were infinite on this princely Universe; who unrelentingly searched for
mind-boggling enigmas; unequivocally wanting to deluge their ingenious minds
into an untamed flurry of rhapsodic activity,

There were infinite on this gargantuan Universe; who traumatically searched for
negativity; insanely wanting to lambaste all innocuous civilization; with
the devil hovering ghoulishly in their soul,

There were infinite on this benign Universe; who holistically searched for
symbiotic proliferation; vehemently wanting to mate with the partner of their
choice; to handsomely bequeath a civilization of ebullient freshness even after
their veritable death,

There were infinite on this vivacious Universe; who Omnisciently searched for
mesmerizing peace; intractably wanting to enshroud every aspect of their
truculently traumatic survival; with bountifully benevolent solidarity,

While my invidiously thwarted heart; indefatigably searched for true love;
miraculously wanting to coalesce with the fabric of eternal goodness; with the
spirit of timelessly invincible mankind.

3.

There were infinite on this synergistic Universe; who ungainly searched for
savagely raw power; pruriently wanting to manipulate the lives of countless
innocent;
with whiplashes of domineeringly threadbare force,

There were infinite on this mammoth Universe; who satanically searched for
appetizing mutton; uncontrollably wanting to placate their taste buds with
palpably bloody meat and immaculate flesh,

There were infinite on this Omnipotent Universe; who voluptuously searched for
grandiloquent artistry; endlessly wanting to paint the canvas of their existence;
with the victoriously gorgeous colors of God's creation,

There were infinite on this unsurpassable Universe; who exhaustively searched

for sagacious wisdom; pragmatically wanting to implement all principles of revitalizing life; in each hour of their progressing survival,

While my unsparingly whipped heart; humbly searched for true love; unprecedentedly wanting to accept it as the most Omnipresent panacea to lead this; and a countless more spell binding lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Seaside Hut

I lived all life in seaside hut,
with frothy spray bearing granules of salt,
dripping through octagon cavities of straw cane roof,
sheets of loose sand whistling past glass pane,
long tapered pine laden with juicy coconut,
showered in plenty with strong draughts of wind,
hairy crabs peeping from wet cocoons of sand,
royal horse carts making spiral journeys in coastal mud,
smart navy ships at obscure distances from humansight,
sleek motor boats churning through white waves,
plaintive wooden rafts with projecting fishing net,
mammoth piers of resistant timber, securing ship rope,
fiber glass stalls selling coconut flesh,
stray vendors mixing iced candy,
toddlers drilling awesome shapes in sand,
teenagers rubbing liquid sun tan lotion,
grey haired masses walking at brisk pace,
fleet of cranes sipping brackish water,
agilitic birds capsizing fish in moulded beak,
acrid sunlight heating ocean in day,
moonlit rays pacifying sea thirst at night,
huge assemblage of waters crashing against black rock,
with sea swelling in leaps and bounds,
in torrential agony of cloud rain,
and warm gulps of herbal tea,
I simply love my seaside hut.

Nikhil Parekh

Season Of Love

With it; descended petals of insatiable rhapsody from the sky; as the heavens opened full throttle to uninhibitedly shower blessings; upon its revered grace,

With it; there came streams of perpetual harmony cascading from the mountains; diffusing into a froth of unfathomably never ending excitement,

With it; fulminated the most fantastic dreams wandering on this mesmerizing planet; evoking the fabulous artist surreptitiously hidden in each of your traumatically agonized nerves,

With it; danced the most tantalizing fairies till the heart of voluptuous midnight; bouncing and frolicking till eternity in the profound effulgence of its; overwhelmingly seductive charm,

With it; came whirlpools of unconquerable excitement; igniting the ludicrously lackadaisical volcano's sleeping in your impoverished soul,

With it; devastated jungles bloomed into a gorgeously perennial festoon of enchantment and health; flowering into a profusely brilliant tomorrow,

With it; crept shadows of mystically tingling enigma; inundating your murderously severed senses with winds of incredulously exotic ecstasy,

With it; treacherously devastated dwellings metamorphosed themselves into the most stupendously grandiloquent castles; towering beyond the skies; to relish the wholesomely unleashed glory of the flamboyant Sun,

With it; there pelted thunderously deafening rain upon the periphery of scorchingly pathetic desert soil; caressing its penuriously staggering surface; with compassionate fireballs of golden moisture,

With it; insatiably galloped the chariots of handsome prosperity; replenishing every element of despairingly broken lives; with the fruits of eternally sacrosanct heaven,

With it; there spread an invincible wave of humanity even in the most lecherously salacious parts of this fathomless continent; and the religion of humanity overtoppled the diabolical devil forever,

With it; stars in the cosmos incessantly flirted in the aisles of desire; deluging each cranny of this ridiculously maimed planet; with milky beams of enamoringly dancing light,

With it; the time in gargantuan clocks; slid back into overwhelmingly poignant nostalgia; with every old and miserably withering; transforming back into a Godly child; once again,

With it; all savagely belligerent war on this claustrophobically estranged earth came to a veritable end; and the flag of immortal peace reigned supreme; for centuries immemorial,

With it; every bit of infinite sky was enveloped with an Omnipotently everlasting radiance; with an unsurpassable flurry of angels frolicking in unequivocally untamed ecstasy,

With it; there arose the most magnificently embellished tune on this unending Universe;
transforming its manipulatively bedraggled demeanor into one replete with exuberantly enthusiastic youth,

With it; all those disastrously indigent and hoarsely famished; reached their ultimate paradise of; philanthropic opulence in life,

With it; ghosts lingering insidiously beneath their coffins; took birth as the most impregnably alluring magicians; for a countless more lifetimes,

With it; indispensable oceans of breath got instilled in the diminutively lifeless; and the waywardly lost world found the paths of majesty once again,

And neither did it require the slightest of stringent preparation; nor did it require you to wholeheartedly donate the entire richness that you had painstakingly assimilated in the tenure of your impoverished life,

Just open the perpetual beats of your heart to embrace all those you cherished and cared for; and Lo! Behold! ; there torrentially descended the season of everlasting love.

Nikhil Parekh

Seeking Solace

When I felt that the pace of life was overwhelmingly hectic; I sought solace in the blissful backdrop of the mystical valley,

When I felt that my legs were indefatigably tired; I sought solace in the king poster bed; tucking them cozily under the frilled mattress,

When I felt that each bone impregnated in my body hurt like a thousand corpses; I sought solace in the rejuvenating pool of herbal liquid,

When I felt that my tongue had lost all sensation of taste and aroma; I sought solace in a bunch of stupendously seductive grapes dangling in the dense forests,

When I felt that my scalp was being attacked by infinite battalions of red ant and termite; I sought solace under the waterfall of medicated shampoo; to wholesomely annihilate the last scrap of dirt from its very roots,

When I felt that my fingers simply refrained to write; I sought solace in clouds of soft and impeccable cotton; gently caressing each strand and thereby giving maximum ecstasy to my starved flesh,

When I felt that my brain had lost all its ability to perceive; monotonously trapped in the disparaging issues of the commercial world; I sought solace in a stream of red wine; gulping down the ravishing elixir; to stimulate my dead cells enjoying immortal sleep,

When I felt that my feet had gone horrendously numb; transforming into mammoth slabs of frozen ice; I sought solace in front of the crackling fire; imparting my soles the revitalization to leap in animated exultation and gallop,

When I felt that I was getting insanely bored; with pangs of uncanny frustration creeping up slowly into my soul; I sought solace on the boisterous floor of the vivacious disco; swinging my body to a billion beats of pulsating music,

When I felt that the sweltering rays of Sun were piercing with pungent hostility into my skin; I sought solace in the dainty interiors of my timid and little hut,

When I felt that the storm of hunger was brewing up incorrigibly in my stomach; I sought solace in shimmering plates inundated with appetizing morsels of pure

curd and steaming rice,

When I felt that the stillness of atmosphere was severely taking its toll on my senses; I sought solace with the melodiously whistling bird,
When I felt that my heart beat was on the verge of extinction; the throbbing which was once prolifically violent in my chest; now not heard at all; I sought solace in the arms of my beloved; feeling her breath trigger off my smothering passions once again,

When I felt that the rotten stench of obnoxious vehicle smoke virtually strangulating the last ounce of air suspended in my lungs; I sought solace in a garden of fragrant lotus; with the tingling odor adding a smile perpetually to my face,

When I felt that planet earth had become too claustrophobic to exist; with every single space jammed by hordes of people and machinery; I sought solace in the dark dungeons; where the slithering serpent captivated me wholesomely with its charm and dance,

When I felt that the dust from the deserts was irascibly irritating my eyes; I sought solace in the heart of the ocean; where the frothy foam and fish entrenched me with insurmountable exhilaration,

When I felt that scores of stinging mosquitoes from the city perilously intruded upon and spoilt my every night; I sought solace on the top of the mountain; where the air was; pristine and fresh, and where I was in talking distance with the stars,

When I felt that the darkness of the satanic night was casting its evil spell upon me from all sides; I sought solace in the invincible lap of my mother,

And when I felt that my faith in mankind was gradually dwindling; with an insatiable urge to flee this Universe forever burning high and handsome in my persona every second; I sought solace in front of the Creator; kneeling in submissive stupor on his feet; to experience the rays of encouragement; the omnipotent power to survive.

Nikhil Parekh

Sensitivity

At times crowning as the most unassailably embellished prince; making me triumphant over all my uncouthly coldblooded adversaries,
While at times a devastating hurricane; pulverizing me mercilessly; to blend with inconspicuously threadbare dust.

At times insatiably propelling me to soar handsomely through the majestic clouds; wholesomely oblivious to anything else around,
While at times an evil sorceress; diabolically enshrouding every quarter of my mind; with irascibly vindictive hostility.

At times making me feel as if I was the richest organism alive; with all murderous manipulation on this planet having not the tiniest of space in my mesmerizing life,
While at times an indefatigable tornado of negativity; brutally crippling me towards the corridors of horrific oblivion; even before I could alight a single step.

At times heralding me as the ultimate conqueror and irrefutably unshakable emperor; with all enchanting beauty on this colossal planet; blissfully assimilating in the magnanimously stretched contours of my lap,
While at times an overwhelmingly ludicrous inferno of cowardice; forcing me to sleep in the shell of sequestered doom; for times immemorial.

At times incessantly urging me to surge forward in my mission of celestially exploring the entire Universe; melodiously bask in the glory of bountifully radiant Sunshine,
While at times heinously chopping both my arms and feet with the swords of fear; burying me infinite feet beneath my ghastly grace; although I was profoundly alive.

At times triggering me to fantasize beyond realms of magnificently tantalizing eternity; astoundingly titillating each nerve of my truculently anguished demeanor; with fireballs of vibrant compassion,
While at times ruthless excoriating apart my intricate; with tumultuously lambasting depression.

At times making me invincibly believe in my philanthropically unconventional conquests; wonderfully accepting the religion of mankind as the most unconquerable treasure,
While at times squelching me to insidious chowder; in perception of things which

were simply non-existent; in cognizance of a satanic end that was never to be.

At times profusely enlightening me to sing euphorically with all goodness in the atmosphere; poignantly absorbing every element of rhapsody that existed in gregarious tandem; on the trajectory of this gigantic Universe,
While at times tyrannically whipping me left; right and center for ostensibly no fault of mine; transpiring me to conceive gruesome hell; even when I was in the midst of amiably spell binding paradise.

At times divinely relating to every iota of my mind; soul and righteous conscience; making me fulminate into an incredulously resplendent festoon of timelessness,
While at times treacherously imprisoning my uninhibitedly serene river of priceless thought flow; with salacious chains of self inflicted misery; remorsefully torturing me till the absolute end of my time.

And at times illuminating each beat of my heart with the impregnable light of immortal love; making me ecumenically commiserate with all those; with even the most diminutive fraction of pain,
While at times hurling me towards the corpse of lecherous death every unfurling minute of the bloodstained night and the flamboyantly sweltering day; abominably charring me to bark a countless deaths; was my sensitivity.

Nikhil Parekh

Serial Killer

The car shot at high speeds through deserted lanes,
trampling scraps of paper, bushy outgrowths of foliage,
zipping at speeds escalating by the minute,
leaving truck loads of plain golden dust behind.

his hands were smudged with cold blood,
sweatshirt of rich denim clung to his waist,
tinted strips of glass shielded his savage eyes,
stubby fingers poked from tightly stitched leather gloves,
bulging muscle almost tore his shirt sleeve,
streaks of sun tan blended perfect with ruddy complexion,
long strands of auburn hair looked gruesomely brutal,
thick chains of pure gold hung from short neck bone,
uncut fingernails contained crusts of human blood,
a gleaming gun barrel projected from trouser pocket,
heavy perspiration trickled down his arms and cheek,
wailing horns of the police now reached him loud and stringent,
the cops were hot on his trail since decades,
although he eluded them on more occasions than once.

this time the scenario looked dimly distraught,
he knew had few breaths now to breathe,
reminiscences of past misdeeds flooded his mind,
those days of ruling as a professional killer had now faded into oblivion,
the car swerved violently,
came to an abrupt halt striking against heavy tree lumber,
buckets of blood leaked from mutilated parts of his body,
infinite bones of his body lay crushed beneath the burning debris,
slender windpipe of breath now split in halves,
the once saluted form lay completely lifeless,
as a volley of bullets erupted from compact pistol apertures,
aimed at random to assassinate all traces of the serial killer.

Nikhil Parekh

Service To The Divine!

Service to all those gruesomely blinded; unable to sight even an infinitesimal iota of their reflection in the most brilliant of sunlight; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those pathetically maimed; disastrously stumbling for life on each step; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those mentally bereaved; wholesomely immune to the wonderfully bountiful beauty around; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those abominably orphaned; uncouthly bereft of the ones they solely loved and adored; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those tyrannically lambasted; brutally kicked from all quarters of the treacherous society; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those saddeningly deaf; devastatingly unable to hear even the most thunderous sound that uttered from their throat; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those miserably dumb; groping till times immemorial in a whirlpool of ghastly darkness; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to those inexplicably gloomy; wandering maniacally with the whiplash of barbaric destiny upon their shoulder; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those penuriously widowed; bearing the savagery of the vindictive world after the departure of their mates; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those disdainfully oppressed; being unrelentingly condemned by spuriously bombastic and diabolical power leaders; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those remorsefully lonely; existing for the remainder of their lives in dungeons of ominous morbidity and obsolescence; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those ludicrously crumbling; being pulverized every instant at the hands of the satanic devil for ostensibly no fault of theirs; is irrefutably true

service to the divine,

Service to all those indefatigably rotting; stagnating under the onslaught of the evil in the corridors of pernicious hell; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those unfathomably shivering; blending prematurely with threadbare soil without a roof to harbor their heads; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those penalizingly enslaved; devilishly forced to lick the dirt all sweltering day and sullen night; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those insidiously crippled; slithering without arms and feet on ditheringly cold ground; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those precariously famished; extinguishing into nothingness as the winds of tumultuously torturous starvation took complete control; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to the staggeringly impoverished; surviving in gutters of malicious hatred well below the poverty line; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Service to all those viciously injured; with agonizing blood oozing from their immaculate veins indiscriminately refraining to cease the slightest; is irrefutably true service to the divine,

Over and above all; Service to all mankind; irrespective of caste; creed; religion and color alike; is irrefutably true service to the divine

Nikhil Parekh

Seven Stars- A Peculiar Configuration

The celestial placid shape in the sky,
Gains the shape of a question mark,
To give vague and abstract clues,
Depicting conventional meanings of life.

The star configuration gives new life to the door of hope,
Diverting the mind to sacred paths,
Leaving a person in a quandary,
Groping for reasons of non commercial survival.

It gives him a glimpse of his vibrant nature,
Pointing accurately to the heart core of life,
In this space age of computer and robot,
To bring a spiritual upstanding in life.

It sharpens ones outline,
Finely chiseling dormant parts of brain,
Making one mentally sound and fit,
Portraying to the world ones brand new gift.

Nikhil Parekh

Shadow

Dominating its presence right since birth,
in sunlight, moonshine, and artificial light,
pitch dark in color at all instants of time,
sewn perpendicular to pair of feet,
lurking stealthily on all kinds of surface,
unobstructed passage of black light,
trespassing nuclear stations, barbed wire,
high flung walls, towering gates of wrought iron,
mass of water, galleries of glass cubicles,
with utmost ease of a crowned prince,
kissing unknown strangers with soft intimacy,
embracing hot patches of dirt,
with tender caress of shady moisture,
cooling dreary passengers scorched in the sun,
priceless comfort without a pinch to the purse,
emanating wildly from all living and created,
disappearing entirely at nightfall,
and abrupt closure of switchboard light,
twice the length of person possessing it,
a magnified presentation of existing object,
as i stare at the relaxed composure of my shadow.

Nikhil Parekh

Shall We

Shall we climb mount Everest,
rest in shady domains of tree foliage.

shall we eat spicy food coated with cheese,
remain awake till late hours of the night.

shall we laugh till stream of tears roll down our cheek,
splash our feet in gushing torrents of river water.

shall we make sandcastles in ocean sand,
gallop through paddy fields on strong race horse.

shall we play relishing games of card poker,
greedily gulp steaming brown coffee from mugs.

shall we drive through streets of the crowded city,
ring incessantly metallic bells of towering Church.

shall we scrub marble floors with wet sponge,
wash sins of past lives with our precious blood.

shall we talk on telephone for unsurpassable length of time,
watch us grow every unfolding minute of life.

shall we paint canvas with smudges of mixed color,
perspire together in scorching heat of unforgiving Sun.

shall we move our bodies to pulsating music,
serve humanity with all possible dedication and might.

shall we tear apart our hair in anger,
wade our way through artificial tunnels of ice.

shall we consume barrels of intoxicating wine,
get marooned in scarcely populated african jungle.

shall we fly high in gas balloons,
snap photographs of the mesmerizing moon.

shall we leap into dark death valleys,
stay united for many births as humans.

Nikhil Parekh

Share With Me

Share with me your eyes; not because I was horrendously blind,
But because I am sure; that together our sight combined; would alleviate all our
blind compatriots towards corridors of indispensably optimistic light.

Share with me your breath; not because my lungs abhorred to breathe the
disdainfully polluted air outside,
But because I am sure; that together our passion combined; would ignite
fireballs of untamed rhapsody; in the heart of the cold blooded night.

Share with me your hands; not because all my fingers felt insipidly weak; to
hoist even a minuscule object from soil,
But because I am sure; that together our fortitude combined; would scrap every
iota of evil; march unflinchingly towards a celestially blissful humankind.

Share with me your mind; not because my brain stared like a baseless idiot into
fathomless expanses of empty space,
But because I am sure; that together our intelligence combined; would mitigate
all indiscriminate racialism from hateful souls lingering on the planet;
philanthropically assist all those dreadfully maimed; to the euphoric winds of
cloud nine.

Share with me your legs; not because my feet melted like a ludicrously pathetic
ant; under the most nimble rays of sunshine,
But because I am sure; that together our stride combined; would evacuate all
parasitic traitors from the periphery of our motherland; trigger cloudbursts of
resilience in
all lackadaisical living kind.

Share with me your ears; not because I showed no reaction at all; even as
devastating earthquakes rattled civilizations to raw ash,
But because I am sure; that together our hearing combined; would empathize
with each morbidly shivering organism in this world; bring those to absolute
justice; who were incessantly tyrannizing mankind.

Share with me your voice; not because I stammered like an intermittently
nervous shadow; on each word that stumbled from my mouth,
But because I am sure; that together our sound combined; would inundate this
fathomless globe with ingratiating melody; profusely enriching the lives of
all those engulfed with inexplicable despair.

Share with me your shoulders; not because I didn't possess an iota of muscle in my arms; collapsing like a pack of frigid cards; at the tiniest insinuation of the capricious winds,

But because I am sure; that together our power combined; would deluge the lives of those miserably orphaned since childhood with courageous light; transporting them to a land more beautifully enticing than paradise.

Share with me your soul; not because my deplorably empty entity; wavered uncertainly between the aisles of gorgeous heaven; and malicious hell,

But because I am sure; that together our benevolence combined; would; instill the fabulously wonderful elements of existence in waywardly loitering organisms; catapult them back to their most enthralling rudiments of cherished life.

And share with me your heart; not because the beats in mine sporadically fluttered towards the caverns of obsolete oblivion; tottering infinite kilometers beneath the grave; even while robustly alive,

But because I am sure; that together our love combined; would; invincibly immortalize the spirit of uninhibited freedom; the divinely spirit to live and let live; bonding for times immemorial; the rich; poor; and impoverished; alike.

Nikhil Parekh

Sharp Scissors

I used to cut thick strands of the abysmally long rope; bifurcating it into commensurate halves,
Then use the same in hoisting out bulky loads from the sequestered well; fetch water from the river standing on top of the lanky mountain.

I used it to adroitly scrape blotches of disdainful mud adhering to my shoe; evacuate the debris from inside the soles,
So when I wore my disheveled footwear the next time out; it appeared profoundly scintillating under the fiery body of Sun.

I used it to scrupulously tear pieces of gaudy cloth into thin strips; vibrantly displaying a host of vivid colors,
Then stuck them into my straw brimmed hat; wore a strap of snake leather; to resemble the perfect cowboy.

I used to ruthlessly rip apart through pudgy chunks of plush upholstery; brutally extricating the sponge out,
In my frantic search for finding the missing jewels; apprehending the scores of nefarious criminals.

I used it to poke my beloved in the soft cartilage of her ribs; hovering it in the vicinity of her ear like a petulant mosquito,
Only to hear her anguished rebuking; the deliberately cold meals she served me for nocturnal supper.

I used it to tenaciously dig the fresh mounds of mud; making a plethora of inconspicuous holes in proximity of the plants,
Facilitating their accelerated growth; providing them with augmented space to breathe.

I used it to spread the golden smear of butter on my morning bread; coherently applying jam to my succulent fruit,
Thereafter Relishing my meal immensely; with sporadic beams of light falling in shimmering pools on my dreary eyes.

I used it to frivolously prick inflated balloons; inserting it with meticulous precision in their protuberant body,
Tremendously enjoyed the thunderous bang; the monstrous reverberations that besieged the atmosphere as an inevitable aftermath.

I even used it sometimes as a substitute to my pen; dipping it extravagantly
in a bottle replete with blue blooded ink,
However it floundered to achieve the required proficiency; and it was an apathy
to view the mangled lines of literature that I had scribbled on the finely
agglutinated paper.

But one thing was for sure; and I know all of you would ubiquitously agree with
the same,
My pair of sharp scissors served me the best when I used it to trim the
unruly hair inhabiting my scalp; the deplorable strands of moustache waywardly
drooping down my chin,
Astoundingly transforming my demeanor from that of a bushy demon; to that of
an impeccable God.

Nikhil Parekh

Shaven Scalps

As i shaved corrugated exteriors of the deodar tree,
the palpable object of wood shivered incessantly all frosty night.

when i shaved the skin of rustic African leopard,
he was left behind with a conglomerate of bones and naked flesh,
assassinating buoyant traces of pride nestling in infinite parts of his body.

when i shaved the thorny skin of juicy pineapple,
ripping the fruit into triangular halves with my butcher knife,
appetizing slices of nutrition lay lifeless for me to consume.

when i shaved hectares of paint sticking to house walls,
savagely rubbed every iota of polish with crystal sandpaper,
the structure resembled a morbid mortuary devoid of sparks of color.

when i shaved the gaudy black skin from tinted car glass,
punctured its doors with grey lead flying haphazardly from my pistol,
the sedan appeared as if donated in charity,
fresh from the dilapidated domains of the village junkyard.

when i shaved the transparent skin of electric bulb of light,
severed the dainty filaments of voltage inside,
the contrivance resembled soft yellow pulp of rotten mango.

when i shaved ornately sculptured skin of oyster shell,
evacuated frugal amounts of saline water trapped inside,
impeccable pearls of brilliant white bounced in my awaiting palms.

when i shaved chunks of hair from the human scalp,
scrubbed it hard with a concoction of oil and perfume till it shone,
engraved it with mystical scriptures portraying the ancient era,
the bald dome looked strikingly similar to,
sparkling idols of God assembled in the tranquil golden light of the Temple.

Nikhil Parekh

She Collapsed

She collapsed like a pack of soft cards; tumbling with nonchalant ease towards the ground,

She collapsed like briquettes of black coal plummeting rampantly; caressing the earth at tumultuous speeds,

She collapsed like silken feathers of a protuberant pigeon; hurtling towards the soil at swashbuckling velocity,

She collapsed like a flimsy spider web; diffusing incoherently into infinite splinters of grey thread,

She collapsed like a stick of ice candy; melting rapidly around the periphery of bare wood,

She collapsed like a ball of swollen paper; deflated thoroughly with a rusty iron pin,

She collapsed like a jagged rope of jute; dangling languidly from unprecedented heights of the wall,

She collapsed like an insipid follicle of hair; adhering frigidly to the scalp,

She collapsed like a snow-white flamingo; diving down when permeated by a fleet of pugnacious lead bullets,

She collapsed like an ultra light wire of aluminum; distorting horrendously with the zipping second,

She collapsed like a log of loose timber; embedded with scented saw dust powder,

She collapsed like a rotund bar of glittering gold; impregnated with chips of badly squashed pearls,

She collapsed like a pipe inundated with water; bulging incongruously at the sides,

She collapsed like a mountain of free mud; blending profusely with the clayey

soil,

She collapsed like a spongy button; bouncing umpteenth number of times on the roughened mud,

She collapsed like a pouch of chili powder; bursting irrationally into a million particles on the floor,

She collapsed like a conglomerate of matchsticks; blown in entirety with infinitesimal draughts of wind,

She collapsed like a lifeless beetle; as if stripped of its opalescent wings,

She collapsed like a lackadaisical sandwich divested of pepper; lying dilapidated and forlorn amidst heaps of garbage,

She collapsed like a steel nugget does; when heated in swirling fires of sweltering heat,

She collapsed like a slender nib of a fountain pen; when pressed nimbly on bonded paper,

She collapsed like a shard of tainted glass; when struck by a small sized corrugated stone,

She collapsed like a ship incorporating scores of rooms; resting on a foundation of white sand,

She collapsed like pallid tendrils of a parasitic creeper; sticking nimbly to the greasy wall,

She collapsed like a chain of jingling silver; suspended apathetically from the angular neck,

She collapsed like a rotten fruit; squelching disdainfully beneath the most negligible of pressure,

She collapsed like a diseased snake; slithering helplessly in the sprawling creepers,

She collapsed like a stone wall hovering tentatively in the air; without the slightest of concrete foundation,

She collapsed like whirlwinds of yellow dust; eventually mixing with the desert sand,

She collapsed like a cracked needle; emanating screeching noises while juxtaposing with the mud,

She collapsed like the broken shell of a monstrous egg; crumbling erratically in all directions,

She collapsed like a pierced balloon; cascading in its bedraggled shape into the green fields,

She collapsed like weak water; transforming into large pools after striking the earth,

She collapsed like long noodles; breaking indiscriminately even when touched by the faintest of heat,

She collapsed like a lifeless individual; existing on this earth without a perpetual entity,

There was a time when she was constructed taking loads of scrupulous care; soaring high in the silken clouds; intimately kissing the rustic breeze,

She had never dreamt of falling; neither had the tiniest of insinuation of the events to unveil the succeeding day,

While at present she lay completely camouflaged under a mangled heap of debris; with a large ensemble of buried bodies crying hoarsely in pain,

The building which augmented the pride of the street for many years; now lay wholesomely decimated; gruesomely destroyed after suffering the brunt of the disastrous earthquake.

Nikhil Parekh

She Laughed And Laughed And Laughed To Death

When I chattered a nineteen to the dozen about each of my child's astoundingly spell-binding brainwaves; she laughed at me as loudly as the clouds thunderously colliding in the sky,

When I snored like a dinosaur the entire sunlit day and inexhaustibly fantasized with my eyes wide open in the night; she laughed at me as loudly as the roaring waves clashing against the cold-blooded demonic rocks,

When I voiced even the slightest of my apprehension about casualties that could inevitably occur in today's adulterated world; she laughed at me as loudly as the bombs exploding into fathomless bits of unending atmosphere,

When I at times uninhibitedly divulged my pertinently asphyxiating idiosyncrasies; she laughed at me as loudly as the unabashedly screeching power horns in the overwhelmingly traffic laden street,

When I indefatigably secluded myself from the rest of the planet to pen an infinite lines of immortal love poetry; she laughed at me like a countless demons marauding the innocent with their unstoppable bohemian feet,

When rivers of unceasing tears cascaded from my eyes at the tiniest leaf being ruthlessly chopped; she laughed at me like the endlessly triumphant roar of the mercilessly parading lion,

When I crazily followed even the most invisible of her reflection all day and marathon night; she laughed at me like the untamed crackling flames of the vindictively scarlet fire,

When I stood like the most impregnable of fortress in front of her-to protect her against the ghastliest of impediment; she laughed at me like the earth uncouthly separating into a boundless craters whilst an earthquake,

When I lived each instant of my life like an emotional fool-wholesomely enshrouded by shrewd practicality from all ends; she laughed at me like a witch casting her wicked spell over many an innocuous civilization and life; alike,

When I granted true love an importance greater than any denomination of money on this planet; she laughed at me like the unsparingly diabolical rocks; which tumbled unmanageably from the absolute epitome of the hill,

When I got up with innumerable beads of frigid sweat all over my chest—after the barbarous nightmare; she laughed at me like devilish volcano which vomited itself in violent spurts from the belly of the earth; and towards the highest cranny of the sky,

When I solely listened to the tunes of my passionate heart-though the commercial world gorily stabbed each bone of my persona; she laughed at me like the ghosts unashamedly dancing in the jinxed graveyard,

When I pledged in the name of each droplet of my blood- to exist with her for an infinite more lifetimes; she laughed at me like the insatiably carnivorous barking of thunder; before the advent of the actual storm,

When I proclaimed my desire to procreate a boundless more of my own kind—stringently adhering to the laws of nature divine; she laughed at me like the broken stars listlessly plunging down a boundless kilometers; from the moonless sky,

When I earnestly expressed whatever had happened with me in the course of the tyrannical day; she laughed at me like the unimaginably murderous storm that surreptitiously struck the heart of the effervescent sea,

When I fondled my adorable pet as he lapped my face-thanking me profusely for being his master; she laughed at me like the earth shattering scream of the wantonly plundering and pillaging devil,

When I told her to heartlessly behead me instead of ruthlessly exploiting several of my sensitivities; she laughed at me like the cannibalistic striking of uncountable blood-stained swords; in the ghoulish battlefield of war,

When I skipped many a meal and activity- -unbelievably engrossed in my work; which was all for the amelioration of humanity; she laughed at me like the infinite heart-wrenchingly cadaverous cries of hell,

When I austere expressed my desire to divorce her as life had become a sorrow greater than death-with her; she laughed at me like the torrential downpours of blood from freshly split skulls,

And when I eventually died not able to take her unbearably heartless nonsense anymore; she died too—losing both her life and balance- -uncontrollably laughing now at my lifeless carcass; like the most insane shivering of the corpse.

Nikhil Parekh

She Loved Her Baby More Than She Loved Her God

She hurled him high in the air; exuberantly catching him in her safe arms,
Suckled him passionately with her milk; harnessing his tiny form with her warmth,
Played with him incessantly; instructing him how to unwind the soft toy train,
Cleansed his mischievous face frequently of mud and blotted ink,
Held his fragile fingers firmly in hers; trying to inculcate in him the art of walking,
Tickled him voraciously on his belly; which prompted him to incoherently giggle; displaying fresh buds of his newly formed teeth,
Placed him in the bathtub filled with heaps of flocculent foam; thoroughly scrubbing his minuscule silhouette,
Gave him a honey soother to chew; in order to facilitate the metamorphosis of his teeth,
Rubbed his supple body with emollient olive oil; basking him in the full light of the Sun,
Applied black lining of mascara on his drooping eyelashes; to accentuate his huge crystal eyes,
Tied jingling chains to his feet; which produced a tinkling sound as he ran,
Taught him the indispensability of language; with a bulky book of articulate alphabets lying by her side,
Scrupulously changed his yellow diaper; as he had a habit of intermittently wetting,
Sprinkled tons of aromatic powder on his arms; attempting to make his somber complexion multiple shades fairer,
Placed him amidst an island of inflated balloon; which he inadvertently pinched; and was dumbfounded on hearing the thunderous noise produced thereafter,
Fed him with a pulverized curry of milk and fresh corn; at painstaking speeds; for him to digest the same with ease,
Cuddled his shock of curly hair entwining her fingers; combed it after giving him a revitalizing massage,
Took him out in the spongy grass to play; introducing him to a cluster of new children,
Wiped his tears with her tender lips; when he unrelentingly cried; pacified him by singing melodious rhymes,
Kept all doors locked; providing him a formidable enclosure to inhabit; saving his innocuous form; from hideous eyes of the evil,
She loved her baby more than she loved her God;
Gave him his last feed of sumptuous milk; before putting him off to a blissful slumber.

Nikhil Parekh

She Loved Me For My Money

I filled the bathtub to the brim; with a solution of my crystalline tears,
She entered; cleansed her blotted hands in the same; exited as phlegmatically as
she had come.

I eccentrically plucked infinite hair from my scalp; throwing them in a heap on
the cold floor,
She swept the same with uncouth ease; into the hollow realms of the fetid
dustbin.

I peeled intricate arenas of my skin; with fresh blood oozing out from my
wounds,
She roasted them with salt curry; consuming the appetizing delicacy for
nocturnal supper.

I banged my fist hard against the formidable wall; developing a plethora of
fractured bone,
She frigidly tread on the same; exerting unrelenting pressure from her large feet.

I inscribed her name on my bare chest; with the chiseled end of a dagger,
She laughed boisterously witnessing the same; confronting me with a volley of
expletives.

I presented her with a bunch of fragrant rose; at the onset of every dawn,
She tore the petals with meticulous proficiency; saving the raw buds as natural
manure for the plants.

I stripped of bulk of my clothing; to cover her in the abysmal freezing winter
cold,
She shrugged of the same with intrepid nonchalance; to cover her pet sleeping
peacefully beside the fire.

I ran marathon distances in the sweltering sun; to fetch her cool water,
She held the glass for a minute in her hands; spilling its contents completely to
blend with disdainful mud.

I carried her unfathomable distances in the desert; when she was unconscious
and in tumultuous anguish,
However the moment she woke up; she gave me a cheeky smile; spitting loads

of saliva on my face.

I fed her like a child when she was ill; contracting lethal virus in her blood,
She bludgeoned me with poignant slaps; mutilating my persona; the moment
she acquired back her reservoir of strength.

I worshipped her like a sacrosanct deity; fantasizing about her all monotonous
day and night,
She kicked me in my rear like a slave; commanding me to kiss her toes.

There was a time when I was blessed with bountiful riches; she then loved me
like nobody else,

The tyranny of fate today had rendered me exorbitantly penurious; with meager
savings to my credit,

She had always admired me for my affluence; my insatiable gluttony for
embellishing her with gold,

And at the reigning moment when I was haplessly struggling on the solitary
streets,
She wanted me to relinquish breath; as much as she had once upon a time;
superficially loved me.

Nikhil Parekh

She Really Loved You.

She irrefutably loved it when you lavishly admired her toes; adroitly fitted them with the most tantalizingly silver amulets - that lent sensuous charm to her impoverished existence,

She unbelievably loved it when you gently held her palms - eclectically traced her destiny lines on her velvety skin - added unparalleled meaning to her life with your ecstatic charisma,

She wondrously loved it when you snuggled close to her during when the earthquake struck - were her invincible pillar of support and royally replenished her desire with friendship,

She profoundly loved it when you admired the artistry that unfolded as she descended the rustic steps - and more so because you said that in front of several of your other girlfriends - magnanimously deserving,

She unhesitatingly loved it when you ran your fingers through her ravishing hair just moistened by fresh first thundershowers of the monsoon - and which ignited her to feel the ecstasy in the wind blowing gustily around,

She truly loved it when you exhorted her to sit down amidst the bountifully green environs - and then sketched the most immaculately bewildering portrait of her - that all your talent could ever muster,

She uninhibitedly loved it when you shared meal with her in the same plate - which though disintegrated and bohemian - enthralled with the variedly ebullient ingredients of companionship,

She unabashedly loved it when you audaciously shouted at any human who acted deplorably with her - took her far away from the pandemonium of the congested streets - within the fantabulous wilderness of the hills,

She innocuously loved it when you embraced her unassailably close to your chest
-
humming her most favorite song as your pristine lips grazed her astoundingly
gregarious ears,

She compassionately loved it when you mischievously pecked her on the cheek
and
ran away - soon returned back to dance with her - breaking barriers of caste;
creed;
color and tribe - to revel in the flames of seductive romance,

She indisputably loved it when you called her amazingly versatile for those
inconspicuous toys of different shapes and sizes; that she'd crafted of clay -
empowering the lives of disastrously abandoned children with mellifluous
triumph,

She joyously loved it when you penned an impromptu poem on her - emanating
like the natural currents of the frostily virgin waterfall - as she placidly perched
herself on the meadow of desire and fantasized for goodness,

She effulgently loved it when you wholesomely shrugged off all your stringent
societal formalities in front of her; divulging your true and unrestricted self to her
- which was in fact her greatest richness to cherish on this beautiful planet,

She brilliantly loved it when you instantaneously tore a part of your expensive
shirt to
wrap around her fresh wound - informally carried her on your philanthropic
shoulders to her dwelling as she amiably wrapped her arms around you,

She splendidly loved it when you proposed her out for the best date of her life -
and
then instead of presenting her with spuriously costly and feckless jewelry - gifted
her a letter conveying your truest feelings for her - just as the Sun royally set
and the
magnificently phlegmatic night arrived,

She adorably loved it when you sincerely applauded her inimitably melodious
voice -
which won over prejudice with its naturally articulate tune of love - mesmerized
the
fabric of humanity towards an optimistically benevolent tomorrow,

She fabulously loved it when you fearlessly and most gladly traversed with her to the places she wanted - rendering her the most vibrantly faithful company that she could ever perceive of - and your artistic wittiness ensuring that she merrily jostled towards undefeated positivity,

She unquestionably loved it when you kissed her - and the enamoring sweetness of your togetherness - which then propounded a unique proposal in front of the world - that which was of the, Religion of humanity,

But in spite of all this - she would still hate you if you didn't say the real thing pretty soon - those majestically unconquerable words to solemnize your sincerity and truthful relationship - those unmatched pearls of joy which were one of the most ultimate mortal gifts in a girl's existence - those blissfully bonding words that so gloriously resuscitated the various desolate pathways of life - those alphabets which were of course - I Love you .

Nikhil Parekh

She Really, Truly And Immortally Loved You.

When you possessed the most wealth in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because of the lure of forever and ever and ever; leading a majestically luxurious and opulent life,

When you possessed the most impregnably conspicuous muscles in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they knew that there was none other than you; who could protect them from even the most diabolical of catastrophe,

When you possessed the most inimitably gifted sense of humor in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they perennially wanted to be unabashedly tickled in their funny bone; even when uncontrollable mayhem reigned supreme upon the planet divine,

When you possessed most rare gift of magical clairvoyance in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they thought they'd lead a sparkling life forever; wholesomely averting every ghastly disaster that came their way; pre-warned by your miraculous aura,

When you possessed the most hypnotically mellifluous voice in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they thought that they'd eternally float in the aisles of paradise; as you sang the most sensuously romantic of songs,

When you possessed the biggest birthmark in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they felt that timelessly being with you; would also ensure that their otherwise jinxed and jilted destinies; would suddenly metamorphose into the most burgeoning flower of good luck,

When you possessed the most pricelessly embellished poems in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because of wanting their beauty to be transcended to the ultimate epitomes of superiority; as you indefatigably immortalized them in your verse,

When you possessed the most number of Nobel prizes for peace in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they thought that they'd never get a man more tranquil and tame than you; to infallibly exist for a

countless more lifetimes,

When you possessed the most slavish nature in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they could make you lick the grime from their

boots all day and night; victoriously keep the chains of every aspect of your life in their tiny fist,

When you possessed the most unassailably scented body in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they could forever drift away from the

ghoulish stink of sanctimonious worldliness; compassionately mollify their nostrils till their very last breath,

When you possessed the most insuperably masculine form in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they could then give vent to the most

uninhibitedly uncurbed of their desires; ravenously cuddling up the electrified hair on your brilliantly sculpted chest,

When you possessed the most terrorist organizations in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely to trade their tantalizingly seductive flesh; for every moment of their vividly undefeated life,

When you possessed the most number of Kingdoms in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely to unconquerably control the lives of boundless

countrymen; as the invincibly unbridled queen of all times,

When you possessed the most intriguingly innovative brain in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely to be discovered of a limitless intricate emotions of theirs; which were otherwise deplorably spat upon by the sleazily commercial planet,

When you possessed the most poignantly sensuous lips in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely to be endlessly kissed and thereby culminate into a untamed fireball of unfettered passion; for as long as this earth exists,

When you possessed the most artistically blessed fingers in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely so that even the most infinitesimal part of their body could be admired and sketched; at the tiniest of their commands; and in every conceivable shade of light,

When you possessed the most unshakable fame in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely so that even the most untrimmed cranny of their bohemian fingernails; became the perpetually 24 X 7 X 365 talk of every single organisms mouth; on this unceasing globe,

When you possessed the most sharp vision in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely so that that they could put their foot into every possible profitable venture existing; and then exit whenever the odds were astutely foreseen by you,

When you possessed the most loudly throbbing heart in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely assuming that here was where they could get the ultimate fructification and friendship of their otherwise; wantonly infidel lives,

But when you didn't possess any of the above; and if yet there was just a single woman who came to you on the trajectory of this fathomlessly bewitching Universe; then it was solely and solely because she really; truly and immortally loved you; for what you were in your most natural form; just as the Almighty Lord had bountifully sent you.

Nikhil Parekh

She Was There

She was there in every song that I heard; existing as its most stupendously melodious elements; drowning my impoverished countenance; in waves of perennially rhapsodic ecstasy,

She was there in every path that I tread; existing as a trail of seductively tantalizing enigma; to deluge me in a blanket of insatiably untamed wilderness,

She was there in every fantasy that I perceived; existing as a thunderbolt of compassionately eternal yearning; propelling me to forever surge forward in the unprecedented euphoria; to lead spell binding life,

She was there in every fruit that I consumed; existing as the most pricelessly titillating nutrition in its skin; handsomely placating my irrevocably unruly pangs of hunger; for centuries immemorial,

She was there in every word that I spoke; existing as its most vociferously emphatic impression; triggering me to triumphantly incessantly march towards the boundaries of irrefutable success,

She was there in every fabric that I wore; existing as its most majestically silken warmth; to encapsulate me with waves of tumultuously ardent passion from all sides,

She was there in every mission that I achieved; existing as its winds of sacrosanct ebullience; perpetually transpiring me to embrace all fraternities of humanity; in bonds of unrelenting sharing; alike,

She was there in every ingredient of my blood; existing as a rainbow of eclectic vibrancy; engendering me to evolve a sparkling new chapter of life; from even beneath the most goriest of ashes,

She was there in every night that enveloped me; existing as an unfathomable juggernaut of resplendently twinkling stars; flooding each arena of my pathetically devastated skin; with incomprehensible happiness,

She was there in every shadow of mine; existing as an angel of unflinching solidarity in its tiniest of caress; entrenching me in a garden of gloriously flamboyant
fragrance; from all ends,

She was there in every philosophy that I preached; existing as its most impeccably righteous element; poignantly inspiring me to disseminate the impregnable essence of affable brotherhood; to the remotest corner of this boundless Universe,

She was there in every wink that cascaded over my eyes; existing as a fireball of mischievously eluding flirtation; to incinerate each of my disastrously bedraggled senses; into a planet more bountiful than gregariously twinkling paradise,

She was there in every miracle that I witnessed; existing as a harbinger of ultimate peace in each stride that I took; instigating me to spawn a fascinating civilization of uninhibited freedom and celestial togetherness,

She was there in every goodness that I cherished; existing as a mist of marvelously bequeathing humanity; that made me holistically live and let live; for infinite
more births of mine,

She was there in every blooming beauty that I sighted; existing as a cradle of untamed exhilaration in my deplorably dwindling visage; to make me escalate above the definitions of staleness and a carpet of overwhelmingly staggering blackness,

She was there in every rhyme that I spun; existing as a ray of velvety voluptuousness in the immaculate whites of my eye; sensuously draping me in a world of endlessly enchanting excitement,

She was there in every race that I run; existing as a thunderbolt of unsurpassable fervor; in each of my synergistically advancing footsteps,

She was there in every breath that I inhaled; existing as a stream of intransigently fiery life; that royally enabled me to stand tall and intrepidly towering; for a countless
more vivaciously ecstatic lives,

And she was there in every beat that I throbbed; existing as a Universe of immortally invincible love; bestowing me with the richness to comprehend the true richness of life; bestowing me with a festoon of boundless colors; to serve all mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

She Wasnt Bothered.

She wasn't bothered an infinitesimal trifle; if I didn't look at the most seductive of her form; even once in a marathon day; preferred to view the scurrilously untamed growls of manipulative wilderness; instead,

She wasn't bothered an ephemeral speck; if I didn't accolade her even for the most triumphantly brilliant of her accomplishments; leant a cold shoulder amidst all other glitterati that she was enshrouded with,

She wasn't bothered a transient iota; if I didn't caress the outlines of her ignited lips; nonchalantly looked the other side; even as she burnt infinite times in the inferno of unbridled love,

She wasn't bothered an evanescent ounce; if I didn't accompany her to the most important destinations in her life; worthlessly engaged myself in tawdrily licking the floor instead,

She wasn't bothered a fugitive bit; if I didn't wish her on her cherished birthday and anniversaries; spuriously pretended to be too entangled in the process of earning money; and thereby forgetting the priceless moments of her life,

She wasn't bothered a parsimonious morsel; if I didn't comply the tiniest with even the most brilliantly sagacious of her decisions; drifted on the pathways of sheer and emotional impracticality instead,

She wasn't bothered an invisible degree; if I didn't impregnate her glorious existence with my seeds; happily leading her entire life with her maiden prim and trim form with great pleasure instead,

She wasn't bothered an impoverished scrap; if I didn't query her regularly about her likes and dislikes; thereby on numerous an occasion trespassing against her wishes; quite innocuously and inadvertently,

She wasn't bothered a mercurial shadow; if I didn't devoutly intertwine my fingers fervently within hers; taking vows to lead life compassionately united together; for an infinite more lifetimes,

She wasn't bothered a feckless crumb; if I didn't understand and commiserate with her for what she originally was; for every righteous desire lingering passionately in the innermost realms of her soul,

She wasn't bothered a diminutive fragment; if I didn't humbly bow down to her knees; even once in my entire lifetime; profoundly thanking her for blessing every conceivable aspect of my measly existence,

She wasn't bothered an oblivious tidbit; if I didn't attend to her even in the most inexplicably ghastliest of agony; took her for as much granted as the blue bits of mundanely unending sky,

She wasn't bothered a vanishing fleck; if I didn't live up to my promise of being a true lover; after so ardently proposing to her the infinite vows of true love; once upon a time,

She wasn't bothered an obliterated freckle; if I didn't invincibly mélange each of my breath with hers; as the most diabolical of maelstroms descended upon us; unexpectedly at each quarter of life,

She wasn't bothered a worthless grain; if I didn't embrace her boundless propensities and passions in life; belittling them in my obsessive whirlpool of unparalleled corporate ambition,

She wasn't bothered an evaporating smidgen; if I didn't behave properly with the nearest of her kin; deliberately made sure that I was not the tiniest of involved in any of her so called social community groups and gatherings,

She wasn't bothered a pathetic tad; if I didn't take her for an intrepid expedition of the entire planet; although was a passenger of every flight that left the ground; than of the scorching land,

She wasn't bothered a lackadaisical trice; if I didn't utter her name for countless years on the trot; summoned her most brusquely; by a battalion of uncannily indecipherable gestures instead,

And neither was she ever bothered even a teeny trifle to know the cause of my silence, my anger; my indifference; my nonchalance towards her; as long as I kept giving her every comfort of life; as long as she relished the most sanctimoniously extravagant pleasures of life; as long as she saw the desire to become the richest man on this planet lingering unassailably in my eyes; as long as she kept getting her inevitable share of money as my wife.

She Will Have To Stay Alive

She will have to laugh with pungent raptures of melody,

She will have to cry with effusive sobs of unsolicited hysteria,

She will have to nimbly dance to acrobatic leaps of the skipping rope,

She will have to crunch raw slices of blood red radish with arduous zeal,

She will have to walk upright in blistering currents of austere sun god,

She will have to smear her forehead with sacrosanct shades of vermilion,

She will have to adorn her dainty earlobe with jingling chains of white silver,

She will have to bounce with resplendent euphoria at times of felicity,

She will have to kiss the satiny tendrils of fragrant rose at the diffusion of dawn,

She will have to submerge her silhouette in salty waves of the ocean,

She will have to consume cupid mouthfuls of chocolate candy floss,

She will have to knead colossal masses of spongy dough to prepare appetizing sundries,

She will have to emboss mascara on her eyes; shielding them with traditional grace,

She will have to bathe with sheer nostalgia in pelting showers of monsoon rain,

She will have to sing in a voice replicating mesmerizing tunes of the nightingale,

She will have to perspire like a bull; while making indispensable attempts to clean the house,

She will have to break into guffaws of uninhibited laughter; when witnessing an authentic clown,

She will have to pen down enchanting lines of calligraphy; depicting rustic

civilizations,

She will have to ride like a professional; on striped bare back of thoroughbred stallion,

She will have to decipher enigmatic puzzles in life; Inevitable for survival,

She will have to sleep like an angel all throughout the perilous night,

She will have to slog in the monotonous light of the diurnal day,

I would excuse her even if she failed to execute all of the above mentioned,

If only she kept herself alive for centuries unprecedented; for me to love on this earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Shivers

The tall silhouette of sodium light pole shivered incessantly,
When fed with Herculean amounts of white electricity.

Golden sands of the scorched desert shivered in submission,
As tumultuous currents of nocturnal breeze; swept past them at midnight.

Soggy patches of unadulterated clay shivered with nostalgia,
An aftermath of being submerged in icy rain water; after months of blistering heat.

Phlegmatic territories of green river water shivered in ecstasy,
As they bore the brunt of rosewood boats; traversing tantalizingly through their surface.

Naked parchment of white ivory paper shivered in agony,
After invading its harmony with a plethora of blemishes; leaking from the fountain pen.

Pale Grey tarmac of the road shivered in incorrigible agony,
As onerous tyre treads of steel; trespassed them unrelentingly.

Glossily striped skin of the venomous reptile shivered in cupid ebullience,
The moment it saw the succulent body of fleet footed rabbit.

Undulating demeanor of the mystical mountain shivered in bewilderment,
As it was camouflaged in entirety by crispy bedsheets of brilliant snow.

The sacrosanct body of cow shivered with philanthropic gratitude,
As it was adeptly divested of large Jerry cans of milk.

And infinite arenas of my flesh shivered with a volley of squalid goose-bumps,
Which didn't disappear for decades immemorial,
Embossing my tangible heart with uncouth scars of shattered romance,
My eyes flooding with an ocean of tears at her slightest mention;
several years after the Creator took her prematurely away from my life.

Nikhil Parekh

Should I Call You?

Should I call you the most priceless necklace of my soul; or should I address you as a tantalizing fairy; having celestially descended from the vivaciously silken skies?

Should I call you a carpet of voluptuously titillating grass; or should I address you as a tantalizing globule of rain; marvelously placating each of my drearily bedraggled senses?

Should I call you an everlastingly blooming forest of enchanting seduction; or should I address you as a resplendent fountain of timeless tradition; encapsulating each of my nervously mystical nerves?

Should I call you a magical harp of harmoniously enthralling music; or should I address you as a whirlwind of compassionately unending fantasy; triggering me to dream beyond; the realms of bountiful imagination?

Should I call you a fathomless sky of limitless ecstasy and ebullient grace; or should I address you as an insatiably ardent inferno of ever augmenting enigma?

Should I call you a majestically seductive eagle soaring handsomely through the clouds of unprecedented desire; or should I address you as magnificent petal of incomprehensible fascination; taking Omnipotent control of my beleaguered life?

Should I call you a tornado of exuberantly emphatic air; or should I address you as a satiny mattress of exotically tranquil contentment; blissfully nourishing my every unfinished desire; to the most insurmountable limits?

Should I call you a majestically sprouting fruit of ecstatic solidarity; or should I address you as a colossal ocean of ingratiating empathy; tingling me ravishingly all across my devastated body?

Should I call you the princess of irrefutably unconquerable beauty; or should I address you as an unassailably priceless friend; commiserating astoundingly with my every jubilation; and inexplicable pain?

Should I call you a garland of congenially glittering diamonds; or should I address you as a cloudburst of perennially rising yearning; torrentially bestowing upon me hurricanes of; poignantly exhilarating seduction?

Should I call you a mountain of unflinchingly limitless unity; or should I address you as the ultimate panache for my philanthropic success; as you cast the spell of your Omniscient belonging; profusely upon each element of my heart and soul; alike?

Should I call you an eternal rainbow of delectable sensuousness; or should I address you as vividly spell binding harmony; an impeccably nostalgic fairy; who transited me unwittingly into the corridors of immaculate childhood?

Should I call you the epitome of fabulously enamoring enthrallment; or should I address you as a tumultuously blazing seductress; igniting thunderbolts of vibrant longing; in every ingredient of my extinguishing blood?

Should I call you a paradise of insurmountably titillating pearls; or should I address you as a virgin field of unceasing prosperity; with your innocuous rudiments profoundly embedded in the pores of my; trembling conscience?

Should I call you a boisterously nubile and bubbly mermaid; or should I address you as the Goddess of celestial humility; who uninhibitedly bequeathed upon me; the principles of timeless love?

Should I call you a vivid kaleidoscope of unfathomably cheerful color; or should I address you as a scintillating expanse of intriguing happiness; a perennially unfazed spirit of adventure that swiped me like torrents of white lightning; from my capriciously insipid feet?

Should I call you a royally piquant bee weaving tons of unsurpassably melodious honey; or should I address you as a intrepidly brazen nightingale; chirping the tunes of unequivocally philanthropic existence; all night and sweltering day?

Should I call you Omnipresently synergistic whirlpools of fiery breath; or should I address you as a cavern of unsurpassable excitement; perpetuating me to handsomely philander in the land of the romantically unknown?

And should I call you the immortally passionate beating of my penurious heart; or should I address you the solely irrefutably love of my life; the very reason that I was blissfully breathing; and heavenly alive?

Nikhil Parekh

Showers

Ominous black clouds in the firmament of sky; showered thunderous rain,
Deluging dry earth with bountiful water; quenching the thirst of umpteenth
organisms dying premature.

The densely foliated apple tree; showered clusters of dry leaves on the ground;
blended commensurately with dead twigs,
Facilitating the infertile soil to blossom productively; yielding a plethora of
vegetable and lush green grass.

The dilapidated ceiling glistening nefariously in the silver moonlight; showered
several crusts of decayed paint on the ground,
Impregnating it with a soft cushion; so that the stray rats could seek blissful
refuge; and sleep.

The astral body of Sun dancing vivaciously in the cosmos; showered tenacious
beams of dazzling light on the earth,
Annihilating inexplicable disease from its non-existent roots; giving the mundane
pedestrian a new hope to live.

The metallic pipe suspended in the bathroom had intricate nozzles incorporated;
showered ravishing droplets of water when switched on,
Drenching exhausted individuals with revitalizing liquid; cleansing the disdainful
blotches riveted to their skins.

The colossal mountains strangulated with mesmerizing white snow; showered icy
liquid in peak summer,
Which trickled down languidly on the ground; intensely tickling innocuous
toddlers passing by.

The healthy persona of rustic cow; showered tons of milk when deftly caressed
on its teats,
Silenced incessantly crying infants when they tasted the same; passionately
suckling its young ones just born.

The wildly suspended pungent breeze; showered astronomical amounts of dust
as it blew,
Imprisoning gargantuan dust and sand in its flow; vomiting the same on high
swirling waves of the ocean.

She stood tall and domineering; way above the rest of the lecherous world;
showering me with perpetual cascades of her magnanimous love,
Instilling my impoverished soul with immortal happiness; catapulting me to
heights of incredible jubilation.

And the Omnipresent aura of God; showered the earth with us humans; existing
in varied color and species,
Bestowing upon us the power to procreate our generations; the unrelenting
prowess to create; discover and love.

Nikhil Parekh

Signals

When the olive green light enclosed in translucent sheath of glass beeped,
it was a subtle signal for pedestrians to unanimously surge forward,
zipping past disdainful white lines of the zebra crossing; at animated pace.

when acres of soil sprawled on earth scorched onerously in the flaming sun,
an infinite assembly of hollow crevice blended infectiously at several quarters,
it was a indispensable signal for grey clouds to shower torrential rain.

when insidious white powder dribbled in unison from the jet black sheath of
scalp hair,
inevitable sensations of itching cropped up at barren regions of musk brown skin,

it was a lucrative signal for applying chivalrous coats of medicated shampoo.

when a cluster of fish slithered haplessly on arid surface of virgin ground,
trembling with cold shivers nibbling neglected chunks of wild mushroom,
it was a desperate signal to inundate the ambience of fish with surplus water.

when the passenger plane nose-dived into satiny azure cocoons of humid air,
intricate machinery of the steel bird relinquishing to perform,
it was an emergency signal for the passengers to strap their air bags and leap
down.

when the robust farm hen laid a festoon of pearly white eggs,
nestling them with intimate warmth of her feathery quill,
it was an harmonious signal from the creator for the fledglings to hatch.

when there was a brusque interruption of the human breath,
innumerable palpable cavities of heart throbbed with emphatic exhilaration,
it was a sure signal for the person to evacuate this earth.

and when she waited anxiously for me to return in wee hours of dawn,
refraining to consume even a droplet of water in my solitary absence,
praying tenaciously to the almighty for me to return,
it was an incorrigible signal that she loved me as she feared to die.

Nikhil Parekh

Signing Your Heart

I wanted to embellish your poetic eyelashes; with the voluptuous excitement that lingered profusely on each pore of my impoverished skin,

I wanted to deluge your mesmerizing hair; with the passionate moisture embracing my fervently trembling palms; wanting to mystically explore each arena of your exotic body,

I wanted to adorn your ravishing lips; with the insurmountable festoon of compassionate kisses; lingering deep within my seeking soul,

I wanted to paint your impeccable cheeks; with unfathomable reservoir of artistry in my mind; with every design of captivating enthrallment that I could envisage on planet earth,

I wanted to beautify your adorable neck; with the poignant swirl of my philandering shadow; indefatigably waiting all night and day; for your magical caress,

I wanted to bedeck your mischievous ears; with the irrefutably righteous voice of my conscience; looking for solace in your divinely countenance; since times immemorial,

I wanted to consecrate your sacrosanct forehead; with the scarlet blood in my veins; perpetually desiring to save you from even the most inconspicuous of evil; loitering in the atmosphere,

I wanted to inundate your spell binding brain; with the essence of philanthropic mankind; wanting to serve dwindling humanity; with your perennial camaraderie always by my side,

I wanted to garland your heavenly feet; with the unprecedented devotion in each cranny of my demeanor; wanting to be your slave for infinite more births; yet to unveil,

I wanted to grace your tantalizing belly; with the stamp of my everlasting exuberance; augmenting rhapsodically above the boundless sky; each time I witnessed you pass by,

I wanted to embroider your delectable fingers; with euphoric caresses of my

untamed adventure; eternally romancing with your incredulous glory; in the
aisles of uninterrupted desire,

I wanted to gratify each of your titillating senses; with the balm of my insatiable
longing; incarcerating you forever in the web of never ending desire,
I wanted to enlighten your sensuously volatile shoulders; with the explosive
magnetism in each of my nerve; wanting to tumultuously entangle with your
magnanimously charismatic visage,

I wanted to enrich your marvelously scented fragrance; with the flurry of
enigmatic echoes that ardently diffused from my sound; frolicking with you till
beyond the summit of ultimate ecstasy,

I wanted to pamper your every boisterous command; with the Herculean
strength of my muscle; transporting you to the most remotest places you
wanted; within the
most feeble wink of your eyes,

I wanted to glorify your gorgeously melodious voice; with the magic that uttered
from my flaming breath; igniting tremors of unparalleled mystique in
your; delightfully fascinating persona,

I wanted to fortify your enchanting existence; with each invincible element of my
form; forcibly snatching you from realms of veritable death; to march with the
astonishingly beautiful tomorrow,

And I wanted to sign your Omnipotent heart; with the immortal seal of my love;
which inevitably made us the most blissful entities alive; ubiquitously spreading a
wave of happiness in all organisms engulfed with hopeless sadness; in all
destitute and despairing eyes.

Nikhil Parekh

Silent Spectators

They polluted the atmosphere with obnoxious gas; toxic sprays of repulsive insecticide,
Hunted for treasured species dense foliage of the jungle; ruthlessly chopping animate green that confronted their way,
The cluster of immaculate trees; observed the proceedings in mute silence as silent spectators.

They marauded the sapphire ocean with tankers full of deplorable crude oil,
Disrupted the synchrony of ocean bed by traversing through monstrous submarines,
Scores of fish; blissful coral; watched the tyranny unleash as silent spectators.

They whipped innocuous people with thorny belts; making them cry and profusely bleed,
Snatched indispensable morsels of food from the miserably afflicted,
The siblings of the same; watched the strokes of rampant vandalism on their parents as silent spectators.

They uprooted her nest from snuggled interiors and dark corners,
Made a travesty of her eggs; banging the shell hard with the obdurate ground,
The mother bird welled up tears in her eyes; and that was all she could;
watching her
dreams crumble to ashes as a silent spectator.

They planted lethal explosives in its core,
Bombing the undulating colossal structure; for mining gold coin,
Splinters of mud erupted along with the bare skin of wandering sheep,
And the gargantuan mountain watched its destruction as a silent spectator.

They spit saliva blended with red betel on his legs,
Made lewd comments; supplemented with a volley of expletives as they passed him,
The statue of the revered historian; stared helplessly at the miscreants as a silent spectator.

The lady took bizarre steps to assassinate it,
Consumed the most poisonous of drugs to annihilate its possible trace,
The infant yet to be born; watched the brutal proceedings in its mothers womb;
as a silent spectator.

She plotted ingenious ways and means to leave me,
Rebuked me contemptuously in front of hordes of people,
I knew I was penalized for no fault of mine; and I watched her tumultuous anger
explode as a silent spectator.

There is no power more stronger than the omnipotent Creator,
It is indeed he who chalks out our destiny to unfold,
All we can do is attempt our very best; to diligently fulfill our quota of
responsibilities,
The best we can to help the impoverished; and watch the rest happen as silent
spectators.

Nikhil Parekh

Silver Cobweb

It glistened magnificently under the brilliant sun; resembling the enigmatic and mystical angel,
It shimmered majestically under the fluorescent beams of moon; looking like the swirling waves of sea eventually culminating into froth,
It wavered rampantly with the gusty breeze; occasionally snapping apart some of its flocculent threads,
It nonchalantly greeted the inclement rain; thoroughly despising fat globules of water striking against its flimsy silhouette,
It trapped scores of innocuous insects in its viscous womb; a plethora of young fledglings who tried to permeate its territory,
It was firmly riveted to bifurcated branches of rustic trees; enmeshing a host of boisterous termites who dared try and butcher it,
It had boundless strands of silk; interwoven at incongruous distances of space,
Its beauty appeared all the more accentuated at ephemeral dawn; with hazy rays of light marking its incoherently rotund periphery,
It feasted and supremely relished a meal of blood sucking bat; which inadvertently got ensnared flying haphazardly in the night,
It was embossed with tinges of dull gray; with its color appearing almost invisible to the unsuspecting intruder,
It also inhabited residential dwellings; a cluster of cloistered places and dilapidated mansions being its hot favorite,
It got mercilessly blown away in thunderous storms; who dismantled it from its very roots without the slightest of respite,
It was wholesomely silky in complexion; with its long follicles partially engulfed by poisonous juices,
It looked ominous in the ambience of open space; and yet at the same time was a treat to admire for the scientist and philanderer,
It was profoundly oblivious to sound; the only thing it relied on being nimble sensations of touch,
It itself didn't possess the slightest of odor; the only scent that wafted from its demeanor was that of incarcerated prey,
It was a dreadful nuisance for housewives; who didn't spare it the moment they sighted it; swapping it uncouthly with their tall broomsticks,
It was virtually found inhabiting all corners of the globe; not sparing the even the most immaculate of corner,
And the most incredulous thing about it was that it impregnated a potbellied spider; which was ever ready to unsparingly gobble any palpable organism that got caught,

Which hereby concludes the story of the network of satiny threads which formed the silver cobweb.

Nikhil Parekh

Simplistic Quilt

Amidst the freezing chill that descended impromptu upon the planet; as human being stacked himself with woolens of myriad shapes and proportions and yet groaned in indecipherable disdain,

amidst the pathetically abysmal solitariness of the night; where unabashed wolves majestically philandered and danced; before vindictively hunting for the meat of their nocturnal prowls,

amidst the cacophonous sound of motorized traffic which was interspersed with pugnacious smoke; meaningless horns; impetuous youngsters hurling abuse as they overtook innocuous pedestrians - lambasting the spirit of their freshly acquired adulthood,

amidst the unruly heaps of garbage piled rampantly on the streets; carried intermittently by the storm to a multitude of corners of the society; culminating into obnoxiously rotten frigidities,

amidst the savagely acrimonious and commercial establishment of offices - where plethora of cash transactions were executed; without due respect to the integrity of an earnest human and his ideals of philanthropic goodness,

amidst the ruthlessly indiscriminate felling of enamoring trees - which builders undertook surreptitiously after dusk had fallen; to articulately evade public fury and yet construct their fancifully towering edifices - of nonchalantly dead mortar and concrete,

amidst the scuffles and squabbles that sporadically plagued living beings - as they deliberately found fault with each other; even as marvelous romance could easily have been the flavor to uninhibitedly cherish and relish,

amidst the abominably hostile firing of missiles and declaration of terrorizing war - which nations on different sides of the border indulged into - in a worthless display of feckless might and power - instead of rejoicing in the religion of humanity,

amidst the treacherously salacious rat race to achieve unchallengeable success - trespassing and massacring the closest of blood relations including parents - in case their set of benevolent ideals impeded the path even an insouciant trifle,

amidst deplorably parasitic political practices; where it didn't matter the slightest as to which party came to power - since none of them responded to the voice of the impoverished citizen - the same common man who'd triumphantly elected them,

amidst the dreadfully hideous paucity of quintessential amenities like food grain and fruit; which had ridiculously manifested due to inflation and dastardly corruption - even as the soil yielded its absolute best,

amidst the lugubriously stretched spurious parties that flowed with venomous cigarette smoke and sinful liquor - with the corporate pedigree of the society flaunting the most expensive showrooms of different designer revelry - whilst the orphan, maimed, wounded and famished slavered without a roof on their scalp,

amidst the today's teacher who unnecessarily loaded the talented child with ominously large assignments - in frivolous attempt to improve the reputation of the best academically oriented school in town,

amidst the fiercely savage growl of the panther which had escaped the forest since that had more human than animals - in its quest for finding a new symbiotic habitat; gloriously unfettered,

amidst the preposterously fetid gutter that had developed cracks in the trajectory of its pipe - from which crawled out ants and worms of every conceivable and incongruous shape; to irascibly creep into the beautiful serenity of the magnificently embellished dwelling,

amidst the ludicrously artificial formality that members of different households followed at occasions - sonorously holding hands like the most cultured entities of this planet seated beside each other - but actually wanting to slap in their envious animosity; soon after,

amidst the tempestuously scorching lava that rolled down at lightening speeds from the volcanic mountain - having the tenacious potential of charring near and surrounding vicinity to sheer and dismal nothingness,

amidst the parched land of the wholesomely evaporated lake that had become so; as officials had extricated it completely to erect the most spectacularly royal complex; fostering all fraternities of contemporary sport,

If I found solace and peace inside a mesmerizing object; then it was my

delightfully cozy and simplistic quilt.

Nikhil Parekh

Simply Denied To Die

The royally striped lion although uncouthly imprisoned behind the bars of cage;
simply denied to eat green chunks of grass,

The flamboyantly sizzling Sun although deceitfully imprisoned behind the clouds;
simply denied to relinquish its dazzling rays of light,

The grandiloquently colossal ship although ruthlessly imprisoned on land; simply
denied to walk,

The lethally slithering scorpion although pathetically imprisoned in a jar of water;
simply denied to permeate its tail and sting,

The fabulously scented rose although gruesomely imprisoned amidst a heap of
fetidly stinking garbage; simply denied to emancipate its wonderful fragrance,

The true soldier although surreptitiously imprisoned in the enemy territory;
simply denied to divulge the secrets of his Motherland,

The brilliantly scintillating pearl although ominously imprisoned in a blanket of
perpetual darkness; simply denied to abdicate its enchanting glimmer,

The sacrosanct mother although murderously imprisoned in the land of the devil;
simply denied to feed her child satanic blood,

The boisterously vivacious bird although diabolically imprisoned behind walls of
ghoulish ice; simply denied to lie on its back and sleep,

The audaciously crawling crocodile although forcefully imprisoned in a cave
replete with pure vegetables; simply denied to open its armory of knife like jaws,

The overwhelmingly towering mountain although savagely imprisoned in the red
ant's mole; simply denied to detach its oligarchic crown summit,

The immortally laughing clown although mercilessly imprisoned in the realms of
the morbid graveyard; simply denied to shrug off his heavenly smile,

The ardently throbbing heart although barbarically imprisoned in the domains of
the conventionally wretched society; simply denied to slacken the intensity of its

passionately palpitating beats,

The gargantuan stomach although treacherously imprisoned in the fathomless deserts; simply denied to devour the appetizingly silver sands,

The insurmountably determined eyes although miserably imprisoned amidst an island of blood and horrendous impediments; simply denied to ooze even a droplet of tear,

The irrefutably saintly body although inevitably imprisoned under the coffin; simply denied to embrace even the tiniest of evil,

The religion of humanity although perilously imprisoned amidst spurious norms of the world outside; simply denied to sell its omnipotent dignity,

The invincible arrow of truth although disastrously imprisoned in an ocean of insatiable lechery; simply denied to drift towards the luxurious cream of blatant lies,

The astronomically resilient beams of courage although imprisoned behind black walls of despair; simply denied to succumb to the hopeless sorrow,

And the uninhibitedly divine virtue of love although cruelly imprisoned infinite feet beneath the barriers of baseless civilization; simply denied to fade away; simply denied to die.

Nikhil Parekh

Simply Not Enough

When I held a fat slab of wax in blistering fire; it painstakingly melted as the passionate flames kissed its dainty periphery; eventually reducing to a pool of solitary liquid,

When I held a trunk of seasoned wood in blazing waves of orange fire; the timber mercilessly charred into embers of raw ash; as the seconds unveiled by and the heat augmented to tumultuous proportions,

When I held a mountain of blank paper in the menacing swirl of the pugnacious fire; all that was left of them was profoundly black soot; inconspicuous threads of fluff as the vicious plumes licked them from all sides,

When I held a field of silky cotton in the sweltering ball of fire; the magnificent cloth evaporated into a thick cloud of white smoke; blended with the open sky as the fire galloped at the fire galloped at fierce pace,

When I held a dungeon of gold biscuits and jewels in the belligerent hell of fire; all that remained after a few seconds; was a golden stream of orphaned pale yellow; that floated unceremoniously through the granules of soil,

When I held a cluster of ravishing fruits and succulent berries in the heart of the vindictively escalating fire; there was onerous difficulty to search even for the seeds; a few minutes after the hostile flames attacked from all sides,

When I held a conglomerate of coiled wires in the ominous conflagration of unrelenting fire; all that was left after a while was dilapidated fragments of shattered metal; overwhelmingly disrupted by the towering heat,

When I held a cabin of scintillating glass in the forest of inexorably savage fire; the same people who used to throng it incessantly to admire their tantalizing silhouettes; now ran miles away after sighting their horrendously distorted reflection,

When I held a fleet of swanky automobile in the center of the whirlwind speed fire; there was a deafeningly thunderous bang that occurred; and what once seemed to be the princely cavalcade of cars now exploded and disappeared into plumes of black smoke,

When I held a festoon of scarlet roses in the repugnant blanket of brutal fire; all that remained after fractions seconds of time was inconspicuous globules of ash; and the scent which was once supremely redolent now resembled that emanating from
the morbid graveyard,

When I held an ocean of sweet milk in flamboyant wisps of fire; an obnoxiously burnt stench blended with the still atmosphere; and the solvent which once was ubiquitously known all round the globe for its superlatively salubrious properties; the impregnable strength it imparted after consuming it; now appeared like threateningly dark paint dribbling down slowly from the walls,

When I held a sac of robust potatoes in the thick of fulminating fire; all that I got to eat after an hour was gruesomely charred stone; pathetic slices of dust that arose in bountiful amounts all around,

When I held the majestic tusks of elephant in the throes of the animatedly leaping fire; all that remained after a day was diminutive shells of utterly hopeless despair; being swept away with even the most tiniest draught of wind,

When I held the royal castle in the middle of the agonizingly volatile fire; the place replicated a barren farmland after a few days; and people trespassing around thought that something fresh needed to be constructed; that some crops needed to be
freshly sowed,

When I held the exorbitantly opulent bank in the agitated island of springing fire; the unfathomable notes of currency wailed in inevitable gloom; and what was once a colossal storehouse for satisfying the most infinitesimal of people's needs; now lay buried several feet beneath the dust,

When I held an insurmountably long rope of tangy toothpaste in the entrenchment of boiling fire; there initially wafted an incomprehensibly poignant aroma in the air; soon to be replaced by winds of rotten fish scent,

When I held a mammoth box of matchsticks in the body of venomously rising fire; there reverberated a noise that was greater than a thousand bombs; as the sticks
incinerated instantaneously into a cloudburst of unending flames;
irrevocably refraining to subside,

When I held a billion follicles of mesmerizing hair in the belly of acrimoniously stringent fire; the resultant fibers that came out were so profoundly scarred; that even the ghoulish faced witch refrained to adorn them,

But when I held me and my beloved in the core of the same treacherous fire; its flames no doubt pulverized our bodies to a pair of frugal bones; but were simply not enough make even the slightest of dent on our immortal love; the perpetual harmony and bliss in which our souls existed for unsurpassable times together; even after our death.

Nikhil Parekh

Simply The Best

Overwhelmingly simplistic; yet the most priceless in the entire Universe,

Insurmountably humble; yet the most prolifically talked about from every mouth,

Harmlessly diminutive; yet the most passionately fulminating towards vivacious bits of blue sky,

Imprisoned in perpetual darkness; yet more flamboyantly blistering than the dazzling body of Sun,

Enveloped by an ocean of blood; yet instilling compassionate traces of life in whomsoever it encountered,

Bereft of any fragrance; yet propagating its stupendously sacrosanct scent ubiquitously throughout the planet,

Rising and falling placidly like the Moon; yet able to capture every tangible entity in the tumultuous agony of its volcanic swirl,

Not possessed by any fraternity of shape; yet worshipped as the most invincible fortress since centuries immemorial,

Wholesomely devoid of the most minuscule of embellishment; yet the most cherishable ornament of every individual since the first cry of fresh life,

Irrefutably riveted to a singleton place all its life; yet finding an immortally dominant place in every cranny of cosmotic space,

Incomprehensibly without the most tiniest coating of currency coin; yet saluted as the richest of all on the trajectory of this boundless globe,

Philanthropically feather tipped; yet inexorably deluged with an unsurpassable myriad of emotions that lingered in every corner of this planet,

Completely mute and without the most infinitesimal of voice; yet able to pacify the anguished apprehensions of countless beings with an unbelievably astounding calm,

Working indefatigably all day and night; yet fantasizing to the most unprecedented limits with the uncannily innocuous prowess of a mischievously bouncing infant,

Residing in an ocean of stark blackness; yet illuminating the lives of those in inexplicable despair; with optimistic beams of golden light,
Bestowed upon with an abysmally tiny height; yet triggering off dreams beyond fathomless horizons of the sky,

Comprising of just five alphabets; yet encompassing every word in this world in its profusely ardent repertoire,

And throbbing incessantly in times of love; distress; betrayal and obsolete doom; perpetually spreading the melody of its poignant intensity even after veritable death; the human heart is simply the best.

Nikhil Parekh

Simply Useless

A lock is simply useless without its key; the slender chip of squashed metal that unwinds it open,

An ocean is simply useless without its waves; the undulating swirl of frothy waters that rise and cascade down,

An eyeball is simply useless without its lids; the flexible folds of dainty skin that envelops them with glistening moisture,

A tree is simply useless without its basket of green leaves; the mushrooming buds of olive color that appear on it in infinite clusters,

A dog is simply useless without its bark; the crisp sounds that profoundly announce its presence when it opens its mouth,

A doll is simply useless without its silken hair; the artificial fronds of fluffy golden that extrude from its petite scalp,

A wall is simply useless without its conglomerate of compact bricks; a blend of chipped stone and lime that is inevitable to make it domineeringly stand,

A bird is simply useless without its wings; the feathers that make it soar high and handsome in the sky,

An ensemble of ominous clouds is simply useless without rain; the droplets of liquid that plummet vociferously towards the earth,

A mammoth whale is simply useless without its colossal teeth; the diabolical pair of jaws which pulverizes its prey to inconspicuous shreds of bone,

A pentagon shaped diamond is simply useless without its shine; the scintillating glimmer that grants it the stupendous status of being the king of jewels,

A sacrosanct and rollicking cow is simply useless without its milk; the frosty pearls of life that trickle from its teats,

A slithering reptile is simply useless without its venom; the lethal poison that imparts it deadly tenacity to strangulate breath,

A century old giant watch is simply useless without its long needles; the lanky strips of iron which incessantly display accurate time,

A spider is simply useless without its silken web; the mystical strands of shimmering silver; on which it remains suspended till the time it lives,

A chunk of plain bread is simply useless without dazzling butter; the tangy taste that titillates the mouth when munched passionately with the same,

A slimy frog is simply useless without its cacophonous croak; its hoarse voice that wrecks out the last ounce of blissful sleep from all those in vicinity,

A scorpion is simply useless without its pugnacious sting; the animosity in its fangs; which bursts uninhibitedly when it strikes,

A cactus is simply useless without its thorns; the knife like protrusions which prevents it from being gobbled up,

A fan is simply useless without its blades; the white metal which generates tumultuous draughts of wind,

An elephant is simply useless without its tusks; the obdurate horns of ivory which portray its majesty; which help him uproot mighty trees,

A devil is simply useless without its satanic visage; the ghastly traces of malice hidden deep within his eyes, his thunderous voice which scares scores of innocuous individuals,

And man is simply useless without the mother who gave him birth; the girl who loves him beyond limits of comprehension; who alongwith him is instrumental in delivering the next generation; the people of tomorrow.

Nikhil Parekh

Since The Time

Since the time I sighted your mesmerizing eyes; their emphatic blackness shimmering incessantly,
I have simply forgotten all darkness; become oblivious to the descending of every night.

Since the time I sighted your voluptuous lips; the stupendous pink embodied profoundly on their silhouette,
I have simply forgotten all color; have become blind to the millions of scarlet rose protruding from soil.

Since the time I sighted your cascading hair; the silken sheen majestically glimmering from them in brilliant sunlight,
I have simply forgotten all softness; have become embarrassingly unaware of the fluffy robes that draped my persona.

Since the time I sighted your intricate nails; the way you scratched them into your skin when agitated,
I have simply forgotten all ornaments; have become completely numb to the most poignant of caress and touch.

Since the time I sighted your cheeks; the enchanting tinge of crimson circumventing your skin,
I have simply forgotten all complexion; become a perfect alien to the blood circulating in my veins.

Since the time I sighted your nose; the moist air diffusing from your nostrils mystically enlivening the dead atmosphere,
I have simply forgotten all breeze; the very breath that circulated in my lungs; kept me alive.

Since the time I sighted your rosy tongue; the incredulously melodious voice that drifted each time you opened your mouth,
I have simply forgotten all sound; have become deaf to the most thunderous of voice permeating into my eardrum.

Since the time I sighted your palm; the enigmatic lines bifurcating it splendidly to portray your destiny,
I have simply forgotten all designs; treat with abhorrent contempt the most marvelous of painting suspended from royal walls of the palace.

Since the time I sighted your scintillating earring; the tinkling noise it made each time you gently nodded your head,
I have simply forgotten all shine; was wholesomely drowned into the glow it emanated for times immemorial.

Since the time I sighted your heart; the way it violently throbbed every time you confronted me,
I have simply forgotten all entities on earth; thoroughly lost in the intensity of its beat; the tremors it ignited on each occasion; and the language of my mind it spoke; as I held it near.

Nikhil Parekh

Sinful Identity

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so handsomely procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first infantile cry; overflowed with unfathomable oceans of glittering gold, But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I baselessly rejoiced and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; miserably dithered in my impoverished life to carve a philanthropically blissful identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so majestically procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first baby cry; had an endless inundation of sparkling currency coin, But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I parasitically feasted and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; pathetically staggered in my diminutive life to carve a synergistically blazing identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so wonderfully procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first incoherent cry; remained perpetually embellished with resplendently enamoring diamonds, But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I derogatorily marauded and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; dismally stuttered in my truncated life to carve a celestially vibrant identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so marvelously procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first nimble cry; contained every speck of prosperity on this timeless planet, But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I indiscriminately terrorized and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; meaninglessly quavered in my destined life to carve a beautifully magnanimous identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so amazingly procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first inaudible cry; had its foundations resting on an insurmountable mountain of pearls, But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I savagely massacred and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; horrendously trembled in my penurious life to carve an iridescently kingly identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so gorgeously

procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first incongruous cry; solely diffused the fragrance of everlastingly priceless richness, But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I satanically splurged and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; gruesomely faltered in my pecuniary life to carve a spell bindingly righteous identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so divinely procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first evanescent cry; harbored countless trees from which gloriously fructified currency coin instead of leaves,

But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I ruthlessly blew and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; disdainfully lost in my flickering life to carve an enchantingly vivacious identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so Omnipotently procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first meek cry; was the hub of all state-of-the art businesses that unfurled on the trajectory of this fathomless planet, But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I insanely trampled and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; flagrantly wavered in my limited life to carve an ingratiatingly altruistic identity of my very own.

And it wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so blessedly procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first nervous cry; was the most indefatigably serenaded castle in the entire world since times immemorial, But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I cold-bloodedly spat and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; unscrupulously dithered in my indigent life to carve a harmoniously distinct identity of my very own.

Nikhil Parekh

Sitting Beside Them

As I surveyed the area sitting like a prince on the helicopter seat; sipping with great relish; from a canister replete with chilled champagne,
The scenes that struck my vision were profoundly appalling; and a silent sob escaped my breath; making me nostalgic about my blissful past.

When I trespassed the streets in the swanky Mercedes; a cavalcade of cars following me in stringent unison,
I felt a cold shiver creep down my spine; disseminated a few bundles of scented currency chivalrously amongst the afflicted.

When I philandered through the village; royally seated on a horse; incessantly pulling its reins; instigating it to gallop faster,
I felt nimbly moved by the situation that confronted me; made an appeasing speech to the masses to keep their calm.

While I transgressed through the hutments; masticating sumptuous delicacies; in the stupendously air-conditioned compartment of my train,
I could hear stifled wails kissing my ears; and I immediately instructed my colleagues to investigate more scrupulously into the matter; act philanthropically with the tyrannized people.

As I sighted the land; soaring high in my luxurious gas balloon; with a silken ensemble of clouds caressing me voluptuously; every unleashing second,
I saw a tiny conglomerate of people scampering in terror on the lanes; felt a bit petrified at the sight of disaster; which in turn fomented me to drop multiple packets of food; to sanctimoniously assist those circumvented by bizarre anguish.

When I glimpsed the houses through my field glasses; nibbling at robust chunks of apple; sitting on the deck of the majestic ship,
I saw hazy shadows of blood and panic; and incoherently babbled a message through the loud speaker; appealing to the belligerent individuals to relinquish their swords.

As I peeked at the distraught scenario; eavesdropping on the brutal proceedings from the balcony of my grandiloquent bungalow,
I ordered my guards to tighten security; instructed them to transport ladies and helpless infants to corridors of safety.

When I was apprised of the gruesome situation; after viewing it explicitly on the monstrous monitor of the planetarium,
I dictated a nation wide alert; instantaneously dispatching battalions of army and relief supply to cater to those rendered homeless.

While it was only sitting beside them; that I realized their veritable grief; the devastation they had suffered after the killer earthquake,
And what had taken me infinite expeditions to imbibe; now became as clear to me as the back of my palm; as I embraced them wholeheartedly; felt their moist tears dribble down my cheek; candidly yet emphatically portraying the aftermath of disaster.

Nikhil Parekh

Sketch In Natural Color

Water seeped fast through the tall drainpipe,
muddy pools of liquid inhabited desolate patches of the street,
bed sheets of road dust were drenched in the inclement showers,
smudged portions of leaf glistened with water droplets,
a distinct aroma of freshly bathed mud rose in the air,
the birds chirped violently amidst the drifting clouds,
as the sky now disguised in devil black wept like never before.

semicircular skin with coats of light red,
blended with crushed lead graphite powder and tinges of pink floral paint,
fell down, on the immaculate floor polished with molten wax,
diffusing into minute particles with the blowing wind,
licking the periphery of Arabic marble with coal grain,
as i sharpened my bonded pencil,
with vociferous strokes of the razor switchblade.

i then took a huge white canvas cloth,
natural oil paint derived from tree bark and virgin clay,
prepared a concoction of color paste and tap water,
sketched the grey clouds colliding with passion,
olive green bunches of wet tree leaf,
the thunder showers of torrential rain pouring down,
the backdrop of sun smiling behind the clouds,
all i used was my sharpened pencil, and a thick water brush,
dipped in natural extract of mixed color.

Nikhil Parekh

Skin

When i felt the scarred and abraded skin of unripened orange,
it caused silent tremors in multiple pores of my flesh.

when i touched the cold skin of pale chipped marble,
shivers of dormant jubilation made me smile.

when i caressed rough skin of unprocessed grey stone,
feelings of utter disdain crept slowly through cellars of my blood.

when i felt the satiny skin of pure silk garment,
a serene calm descended painstakingly over my persona.

when I touched the skin of crystal flowing mountain water,
nostalgic memories flooded in domains of longing heart.

when I slapped the skin of languid grass blades,
tingling sensations catapulted me to dizzy heights of ecstasy.

when I kneaded thoroughly the skin of unbaked dough,
circulation of red blood increased by leaps and bounds in all regions of body.

when I licked the skin of sickening sweet chocolate candy,
it sent spurts of energy to torn cells of anguished heart.

When I sipped nonchalantly elastically translucent skin of brown rum,
Waves of pungent alcohol drowned me in webs of disaster sedation.

when I cuddled the furry skin of the striped leopard,
I experienced overwhelming courage acting as my companion.

When I raised the lifeless skin of my beloved to the Creator,
I felt like charring it first, to have an everlasting scent of her divine grace

Nikhil Parekh

Sky Of Pious Peace.

The waves emanating from it were astronomically spell binding; tranquilly pacifying even the most diabolically traumatized; with the spirit of Omnipotent humanity,

The colors diffusing from it were vivaciously resplendent; gregariously embellishing even the most brutally impoverished of entities; with the magic of eternally compassionate timelessness,

The tunes wafting from it were enchantingly mesmerizing; blissfully placating even the most inexplicable of miseries of truculently bereaved human kind,

The rays wafting from it were Omnipotently uniting; celestially melanging all religion and tribe; into the invincible fortress of pricelessly symbiotic sharing,

The winds disseminating from it were bountifully benevolent; philanthropically endowing the sacred essence of existence to every dwelling; that they triumphantly gushed into,

The droplets cascading from it were Omnisciently healing; regally soothing even the most tyrannically macabre of pain; with townships of enthrallingly beautiful symmetry,

The reflections exuding from it were majestically ubiquitous; in which every organism alive; could innocuously perceive the essence of its harmoniously synergistic survival,

The mists floating from it were triumphantly tantalizing; marvelously engendering a cradle of silken paradise; even in the hearts of the most salaciously monotonous and devilish murderers,

The leaves whistling from it were aristocratically gregarious; royally bringing even the most fathomlessly distant and prejudiced quarters of the earth; to collectively replenish themselves with the fruits of heavenly fructifying nature,

The shadows flowing from it were immaculately ingratiating; irrefutably cleansing the heinously despicable soul with the rhythm of unconquerable righteousness,

The beats pulsating from it were perpetually vibrant; handsomely revolving the threads of the entire civilization; with levers of magnetically sparkling and

unparalleled truth,

The rivers tumbling from it were perennially rhapsodic; transcending past the spuriously parsimonious entrenchments of abhorrent manipulation; to spawn a valley of unsurpassably impregnable sensuousness,

The melody gallivanting from it was magnificently iridescent; victoriously towering over even the most insipidly mercurial iota of gruesome badness; with its profoundly unassailable sweetness,

The empathy fulminating from it was stupendously unshakable; forming bonds of ubiquitously serene companionship; between the disastrously penurious and powerhouses of ostentatious wealth; alike,

The charisma unveiling from it was incomprehensibly fantastic; casting its spell of exhilaratingly ebullient fantasy; upon all those with an immaculately affable heart,

The numerals pouring from it were spotlessly undefeatable; irrevocably portraying the flag of blazing victory; at even the most minuscule turn that the earth took
and enchantingly radiated into,

The breath dispersing from it was undeterrably unflinching; instilling boundless caverns of life and luck into the lives of even those; morbidly disintegrated and countless feet beneath their graves,

The love circulating from it was immortally inimitable; Omnipresently deluging the life of every deplorably devastated entity; with universally sparkling and poignant togetherness,

It needed no pretensions; caste; creed; wealth or power to purchase; it needed no specific township to occupy; as it was ready to divinely assimilate into every heart harmoniously willing to accept it; be the timeless jewel of every immaculate eye; such was the everlastingly princely SKY OF PIOUS PEACE.

Nikhil Parekh

Slab Of Peanut Butter

When I rolled languidly in it; dabbling my feet as incoherently as I could,
The entire exterior of my skin acquired a brilliant yellow tinge; with satiny soft
crusts of cream adhering to me in sticky unison.

When I made a pillow of it and slept; my head completely engulfed within the
ravishing aroma of milk,
I relished the exorbitant softness; the mesmerizing effect of sponge in proximity
with my dreary bones.

When I threw molds of it frivolously at my counterparts; splashing the same;
exerting insurmountable force of my wrists,
They retreated back in utter disbelief trying to digest the incredulous turn of
events; but in the end profoundly enjoyed the golden globules cascading slowly
down
their cheeks.

When I applied parsimonious amounts of it to the lackluster wall; smearing the
blend with equanimity using my incongruous hands,
The dilapidated room suddenly displayed fresh signs of illumination; an
enchanted glow now permeated through the web of cloistered darkness.

When I rubbed it across my dry lips; vigorously spreading it all over till my
fingers ached,
My smile now looked all the more accentuated with a rosy sheen; and my
moustache radiated an everlasting perpetual glow.
When I dropped it inadvertently on the floor; not bothering to put it back in its
compact container,
The scenario to witness the next morning was stupendously horrendous; as there
was a battalion of black ants merrily sleeping; smacking their tentacles in
satisfaction.

When I dipped my fountain pen in it; making sure that the entire frame remained
submerged in for quite sometime,
I had tumultuous difficulty while writing script; as my fingers inevitably slipped;
and I failed miserably to grasp the pen; let apart embossing literature with it.

When I tried dancing in it; slithering my body as freely as the mystical serpent,
I soon changed my visions about holistic life; as I toppled head on towards the
ground; buckling under the island of frictionless wax.

When I scrubbed my scalp tenaciously with it; instead of using contemporary soap,

The aftermath caused my hair to shoot up in straight clusters; it was incorrigibly difficult to retain back their normal shape; and I resembled a lunatic having just landed from planet mars.

Although when I scrupulously coated it on my morning bread; roasting the dough over rosewood logs inhabiting the fireplace,

My slab of peanut butter tasted the best; and I devoured mighty chunks to satiate my gluttony; licked every scrap of it adhering to the pellucid bottle.

Nikhil Parekh

Slave

In reality I felt like kicking him straight in his face; but in the end I found myself saying that You're looking amazing sir,

In reality I felt like savagely retaliating to his volley of abuse; but in the end I found myself admiring the cadence of his voice,

In reality I felt like munching the same meals laid ravishingly on his plate; but in the end I found myself sipping plain water which he had profusely used to wash his hands,

In reality I felt like wearing the same designer clothes which he adorned himself in every minute; but in the end I found myself wearing rags which he had discarded after they became a trifle tight,

In reality I felt like possessing the scintillating Mercedes nestling splendidly in his driveway; but in the end I found myself driving the same at his commands; transporting him safely to office,

In reality I felt like spraying the same scent that he used in gay abandon on his armpits; but in the end I found myself inhaling the same from kilometers apart; busy sweeping the majestic corridors before the guests arrived,

In reality I felt like bashing him left, right and center in his belly; but in the end I found myself cleaning the dirt adhering to the lining of his shoes,

In reality I felt like strolling as domineeringly in the lawns as he did, but in the end I found myself following him at close quarters; of course as his shadow,

In reality I felt like exposing his blatant lies to the world; but in the end I found myself nodding my forehead in poignant consent to whatever he uttered,

In reality I felt like disseminating all his illegally earned wealth amongst the impoverished masses including myself; but in the end I found myself investing it prudently in ingenious schemes; to ensure him maximum returns,

In reality I felt like banging the telephone receiver on his balding head; but in the end I found myself attending to every call; and amicably transferring him the line,

In reality I felt like sitting in the conference room in his place; with the cool air of the air-conditioner putting me off to blissful slumber; but in the end I found myself serving glasses of cocktail and appetizing delicacies; at the slightest command of his crisp voice,

In reality I felt like drinking apple juice every hour as he did; but in the end I found myself peeling open the tin; for him to tantalizingly gulp the same,

In reality I felt like speaking in American slang as he did; but in the end I found myself silencing the unruly crowds around; to thereby facilitate him to speak,

In reality I felt like hurling every object in proximity as he did when agitated; but in the end I found myself collecting the shattered remains; molding them into toys again for him to break,

In reality I felt like laughing all day as he did with my lips stretched to the most extreme limits; but in the end I found myself learning new jokes everyday; in order to trigger off his smiles,

And in reality I felt like owning all what he did; but in the end I felt myself completely helpless; as I was born naked in the dustbin; thoroughly deprived of wealth; and to feed myself and my family of ten children; he would always have to remain my master; and I his obedient slave

Nikhil Parekh

Sleep

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost dormitories of your brain to think of nothing else but; disdainfully decrepit and treacherously sluggish; laziness.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost caverns of your brain to think of nothing else but; impotently tormented and ignominiously lecherous; dormancy.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost shelves of your brain to think of nothing else but; hopelessly extinguishing and inexplicably blackened; oblivion.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost hollows of your brain to think of nothing else but; nonchalantly embarrassing and indefatigably slandering; yawns.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost gorges of your brain to think of nothing else but; transiently hapless and morbidly darkened; incarceration.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost molecules of your brain to think of nothing else but; inexplicably torturous and diabolically penalizing; waywardness.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost cisterns of your brain to think of nothing else but; ominously unsolicited and wantonly crucifying; frustration.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost maps of your brain to think of nothing else but; inconsolably unforgivable and inexorably feckless; nothingness.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost tunnels of your brain to think of nothing else but; uncannily crippling and hedonistically reverberating; fear.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost epitomes of your brain to think of nothing else but; insurmountably maiming and quintessentially criminal; wastage.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost labyrinths of your brain to think of nothing else but; wretchedly bewildering and psychotically hapless; amorphousness.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost ingredients of your brain to think of nothing else but; ephemerally sinister and hideously threatening; blindness.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost festoons of your brain to think of nothing else but; unwontedly obsolete and unsurpassably embarrassing; snores.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost nerves of your brain to think of nothing else but; ludicrously non-existent and meaninglessly oblivious; impotency.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost impressions of your brain to think of nothing else but; gruesomely stinking and indelibly sacrilegious; stagnation.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost lanterns of your brain to think of nothing else but; evanescently self-induced and devilishly resonating; impoverishedness.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost trajectories of your brain to think of nothing else but; salaciously decaying and vividly imperiling; disease.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost bowels of your brain to think of nothing else but; ethereally morose and sadistically moaning; corpse.

Sleep. Just the very mentions of it; instantaneously triggered the innermost figments of your brain to think of nothing else but; unfortunately lambasting and fervently nostalgic; goodbye.

But I ask all of you living beings on this fathomlessly iridescent and Omnipotent Universe; that can you remain unconquerably awake without divinely sleep.

Sleep Still Refused

Even though I ran boundless kilometers on the trot; with the Sun flaming full throttle on the nimble pores of my visage,
Sleep still incorrigibly defied my eyes; even as my legs as heavy as the overwhelmingly gargantuan mountain range; inundated with acrid thorns.

Even though I indefatigably read all throughout the heart of the sultry night; with the whites of my eyes metamorphosing to an ominously venomous red,
Sleep still immutably eluded my bleary countenance; even as each ingredient of my blood crawled towards the tenterhooks of inevitable extinction.

Even though I ate the most appetizing meals on this colossal Universe; appeasing the gluttony of my visage to the most unprecedented limits,
Sleep still insidiously betrayed my soul; even as each pore of my flesh badly wailed to perennially rest.

Even though I ploughed infinite distance on the roll; like an avalanche of ice; pathetically melting under the choking fireball of Sun,
Sleep still treacherously dawdled from my conscience; even as the impoverished caricature of my skull; pledged to devastatingly disentangle itself from my sagging shoulders.

Even though I bulldozed my way through the disdainfully mighty battle; eloping countless lands barefoot; saving my skin from the lecherous traitors,
Sleep still drifted unfathomable miles from my drearily dwindling bones; even as the most intricate dormitories of my brain; lambasted like a billion snakes every unleashing minute.

Even though I hoisted a battalion of unsurpassable bricks over my shoulders; indefatigably cutting across the deplorable dungeon of gloom lingering ahead,
Sleep still miserably obfuscated my drowning persona; even as I died an incomprehensible number of deaths in my body inside.

Even though I swam intransigently across the torrentially choppy ocean; exerting the astronomically brute force of my bones; against the vociferously roaring storm,
Sleep still maniacally vindicated my senses; even as each hair on my demeanor; pathetically decayed to coalesce with threadbare soil.

Even though I wept for centuries immemorial; infiltrating my vision deliberately

with a million needles soaked in scorpion blood,
Sleep still repelled each of my insurmountably tyrannical body; even as the last
ounce of robust exhilaration wholesomely evaporated from my heart and soul.

And even as the entire Universe slept in blissful peace; snoring in the aisles of
perpetual contentment and mystical enthrallment; outside,
Sleep still refused to enter my blood; my body; my soul;
As although I had achieved the most cherished missions of my life; my eyes
continued to frantically grope for the love of their lives; the mate of their
dreams;
the mate that made them fantasize and dream; even while they were open
and alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Slum Children

We might be poor; but our hearts are undoubtedly richer than the rest,

We might be squalidly attired; but the blood flowing through our veins is purer than the most crystalline of stream,

We might be wandering on foot; but our speed is more than the swankiest of cars,

We might brush our teeth with raw bamboo sticks; but our jaws can easily squelch the toughest of steel,

We might smell of perspiration under the sun; but our bodies are endowed with a heavenly odor,

We might sleep under the open sky; but generate more warmth than the contemporary room heater,

We might not possess grandiloquent pens; but can evolve mystical designs with our bohemian fingers,

We might eat with spoons and forks; but enjoy each edible meal to our hearts content,

We might not bathe under mineral water; but relish our swim in the exotic rivers,

We might not possess sunglasses of exquisite quality tint; but have the tenacity to stare the sun right in its eyes,

We might not have luxurious school bags to stash our books; but cherish the privilege of carrying them in our hands,

We might not speak in bombastic slang; but have the power to perceive beyond the great sea's,

We might not have a flurry of servants to wipe our tears; but have enormous fortitude to hold them back,

We might never have flown in an aircraft; but have soared higher than anybody

else in the clouds; in our dreams,

We might not be able to apply jam on our breads; but are happy to eat it with the soil of our motherland coated on its surface,

We might not resemble a Hollywood star; but the radiance we emanate is more stringent than the day,

We might not have millions of dollars incarcerated in the bank; but have indeed the blessing of God; the love of our mother to resurrect our broken lives,

We might not use perfumed shampoo; but still our hair shine marvelously under the moon,

We might not have golden roads to traverse on all day; but still come out resurgent; alive from the blazing fires,

We might be adorned in shabby rags; but our barren skin doesn't mind being penetrated by the most acerbic of thorns,

We might have pangs of hunger reverberating in our stomach; but are capable of facing the entire army single handed,

And people might christen us as slum children glaring us each minute with contemptuous stares; but we consider our huts as the most colossal of palace; with each granule of mud impregnated in its walls giving us a scent of our perseverance; the essence of our motherland

Nikhil Parekh

Small Box Of Matchsticks

Don't just consider them to be lifeless pieces of wood; soggy and extruding black beads of stinky coal,

Don't just consider them to be a minuscule strand of orphaned stick; lying obsolete on the streets awaiting ardently to be kicked,

Don't just consider them to be a neglected trash lying dilapidated in the dustbin; rotting in morbidly insipid gloom,

Don't just consider them to be a soiled wire coalesced in an obnoxious heap with the squalid soil; being trampled infinite times in a single day,

Don't just consider them to be an incoherent needle; a chunk of worthless shit strewn rampantly amongst the proliferating wilderness,

Don't just consider them to be a dreary speck; emanating an incredulously ghoulish odor in the placid atmosphere,

Don't just consider them to be brutally squelched left overs of furniture; wailing miserably under the uncannily shimmering beams of moon,

Don't just consider them to be worthless beads of profusely broken thorns; burying infinite feet beneath the earth at the slightest of shoving,

Don't just consider them to be globs of savagely pulverized saw dust; having absolutely no complete entity of their own,

Don't just consider them to be coating of a dolorously decaying bone; disdainfully polluting the entire area which they infinitesimally inhabited,

Don't just consider them to be diminutive ants with a black ghastly head; staring indefatigably at each other in nervous exhilaration,

Don't just consider them to be an insipid follicle of hair; shattering into boundless fragments of dirt the instant one inadvertently caressed them,

Don't just consider them to be a lifeless skin of vegetable; waiting in overwhelming anticipation to be dumped into the farthest corner of the city gutter,

Don't just consider them to be shivering crusts of stale bread; blowing away to fathomless kilometers of distance with the tiniest draught of exuberant wind,

Don't just consider them to be a minuscule thread smaller than the key hole; possessing a life of less than even a whole minute,

Don't just consider them to be a favorite meal for the woodpecker; devouring their entire countenance in a singly gulp of its mighty beak,

Don't just consider them to be a horrendously distorted wire with no electricity; hiding themselves way beneath the mud as the sun came out sweltering from the blazing sky,

And don't just consider them to be without a meaning or value in this colossal world; selling at the most threadbare rates in the contemporary market,

For all they needed was just a tiny bellow of air; an incomprehensibly frigid rubbing against abraded stone; and then my small box of matchsticks, had the prowess to char blissful territories into veritable graveyards; laugh to their hearts content; as the so called planet which had once ridiculed them; was now nothing but a ball of diabolically rising flames.

Nikhil Parekh

Smile

When the astute businessman smiled profoundly exposing his entire armory of teeth; it seemed deliberate and artificial,
I developed an instantaneous abhorrence for him; as he seemed to be having evil intentions lurking furtively in his mind.

When the power hungry politician on the stage smiled; embellished scrupulously in magnificent attire; it seemed as if he was putting in a marathon amount of effort,
He was forcing his lips wide trying to appease the boisterous crowd; when actually the interior realms of his mind wanted him to thunderously snore and sleep.

When the potbellied postman standing on the door smiled; it looked as if he was trying to conceal his intense infuriation,
The ulterior motive behind his congeniality was to extract a glass of cool water; munch at some sizzling refreshments; when he actually felt that he threw the bulky parcels on the ground and ran away.

When the stringent policeman smiled at the culprit; it seemed as if he was vehemently trying to suppress his intense indignation,
All he was doing was nimbly buckling under a threat to his family; when he knew he should be indiscriminately thrashing the criminal for his plethora of barbaric deeds.

When the waiter in the restaurant effeminately smiled; it blatantly appeared as if he was unwillingly pretending,
The bulging purses of his customers had made him adapt to unfair means; while in reality he fervently wished to splash a glass of water on their faces for rebuking and condemning him.

When the doctor in the operation theatre smiled; on first sight it seemed as if he was philanthropic and committed diligently to the impoverished society,
Although after a while I saw him guffawing loudly; while accepting a colossal sum of money for his benevolent deed.

When the drunkard man swaying rampantly on the street smiled; it appeared as if he was hiding a trail of forlorn misery,
There was an accentuated sea of anguish lingering in his inebriated eyes; and he stretched the corners of his cheek simply to pacify apprehensions regarding his

health.

When the magician swirling on the stage smiled; it seemed as if it was an intentional attempt to allure the audience,
The conglomerate of his bones felt weary after performing for the entire day; and all he wanted was a cup of steaming coffee compounded with infinite hours of blissful silence.

When the omniscient creator smiled on this earth; there was no questioning the authenticity of his smile,
Although it encompassed scores of organisms; the tangible and ethereal; and I had only a minuscule fraction of his smile to preserve meticulously with me.

And when my beloved smiled staring deeply at me with her emphatic eyes; she put an abrupt end to all my quandaries regarding the world,
It was a smile, which impregnated in me a new spirit to live; a smile which was exclusively meant for me and mind you this time I wasn't ready to share.

Nikhil Parekh

Smoke

When I burnt a cluster of succulent green leaves; torching the same with the poignant matchstick,
There arose a faded green smoke in the air; causing my intricate eyes to profusely tear.

When I burnt solid crusts of white wax; holding it in the brilliant candle flame,
Infinite streams of hot liquid ran down my palms; diffusing into grey smoke;
embossing them with blotches of burnt black.

When I burnt gigantic sheets of plastic with my cigarette lighter; there emanated clouds of achromatic smoke,
It took marathon hours to burn; producing the most unbearable stench I had ever smelt.

When I burnt mountains of brown mud; igniting the same with hot embers of coal; the colossal structure simply refrained to burn,
There arose dying wisps of smoke in the atmosphere; and the tumultuous heat produced made me flee and run.

When I burnt enormous bundles of white cotton; after submerging the same in disdainful kerosene,
There were clouds of black smoke engulfing all in proximity; with occasional fluffs of distorted cloth entering my eye.

When I burnt lush green grass sprawled on the meadows; inducing sinister current from a copper wire,
There arose frigid blue smoke; incarcerating the air; which repulsively tickled my nostril; making me puke out consumed food.

When I burnt live cables of electricity suspended on the streets; firing a volley of lead bullet,
There arose white smoke in the air blended with golden sparks; and I ran like a panther; for fear of being electrocuted.

When I burnt fetid sewage decaying in an oblivious heap; with blazing sticks of fire,
There arose crimson smoke in the air; and the odor was so obnoxious; that it entered through my ears when I closed my nose.

When burnt a close compatriot of mine; placing his lifeless form over a bundle
of dry rosewood,
There arose a wheatish smoke in the air; I reminisced all his actions; and the
nostalgia made me cry.

And eventually when I burnt myself; immolating my demeanor with pure
gasoline,
The smoke that arose in the air was brilliant red; and the fragrance was the most
emollient of all; as it contained profound traces of her heart; portraying the
essence of our love.

Nikhil Parekh

Snake Leather Belt

I used it to lambaste bald patches of fair skin,
it obliged readily executing brute power with austere amounts of sting.

I viciously strangulated slender necks twisting it,
it bit the skin tenaciously to cause abrupt death.

I suspended it in Luke warm waters of the monsoon lake,
it in turn hoisted a jugglery of golden fish for me to relish.

I stealthily caressed umpteenth pores of my tender flesh with it,
it tantalizingly tickled me to erupt into whirlpools of laughter.

I stuck it firmly to the bare wall; with a backdrop of morbid jungle,
it strikingly resembled the slithering body of a silver snake.

I utilized it as a versatile pulley to evacuate me pails of water,
it did so with jocular smiles; also fetching me my drowned purse alongwith
crystal water.

I embedded it to the ceiling fan forming a tight noose,
got ready to fit in my stocky neck; and a few seconds after to relinquish breath.

I mercilessly burnt it in a heap to proliferate fire,
harmoniously heat substantially cold arenas of my body.

I tugged it dexterously with my palms; pulling my beloved towards me,
then enjoyed the effeminate warmth of her breath cascading down my nape.

It worked like a slave; meticulously performing all tasks to perfection,
although I must mention that my snake leather belt
looked far more enchanting while wound on my potbellied waist,
rather than when executing a plethora of mundane task.

Nikhil Parekh

Snatch Me Instead

If you were going to slap her in the face while she was sleeping under the stars;
slap me instead,

If you were going to brutally maim her when she tripped from the 90th floor of
the building; maim me instead,

If you were going to make her blind as she inadvertently pierced the sewing
needle into her eyes; blind me instead,

If you were going to starve her for food as she faltered to earn her livelihood in
this uncouth society; starve me instead,

If you were going to make her unconscious as her neighbors poisoned the water
she daintily gulped; make me unconscious instead,

If you were going to chop her fingers when the thieves marauding the house
committed the heinous crime; chop my fingers instead,

If you were going to make her perpetually dumb as she attempted to sing; make
me dumb instead,

If you were going to burn her to ashes when the miscreants on the street
drenched her body with a tank inundated with kerosene; burn me instead,

If you were going to make her fall from the pinnacle of the gigantic mountain as
she mercilessly slipped after reaching the top; make me fall instead,

If you were going to evoke unrelenting tears from her eyes as her close siblings
perished in a car accident; make me cry instead,

If you were going to overwhelmingly embarrass her as she hid her face
embedded with pimples amidst her friends; embarrass me instead,

If you were going to make her abdicate her memory as she unfortunately struck
her head against a bed of obdurate stones after falling down; make me lose my
memory instead,

If you were going to reduce her to infinite pieces of mincemeat after the lion
savagely attacked her in the forests; slaughter me to a billion pieces instead,

If you were going to leave obnoxious elements loitering on the deserted roads to stare at her with lecherous desire; leave them on me instead,
If you were going to trap her between colossal chunks of concrete and rusted metal as her house came crashing down in the tumultuous earthquake; pulverize my house and trap me instead,

If you were going to drown her in the swirling and ferocious waves of the ocean after the whale overtopped her boat; drown me to the bottom instead,

If you were going to give her inexplicable mental trauma each day making her stutter for words she once spoke with authority and pride; traumatize and madden me instead,

If you were going to make her lie in a pool of ghastly blood by the riverside as the pugnacious rays of the Sun wholesomely took upon their toll; make me ooze a
sea of blood instead,

And if you were going to snatch her away from the surface of this earth forever closing the chapter of her existence; snatch me instead; as if you didn't do so Almighty Lord; then you would be taking two lives at a time; as I would inevitably join her in heaven a few moments after; whether you wanted or didn't want me too.

Nikhil Parekh

So Sacredly Immortal

The eternal compassion that radiated from her nubile persona was so overwhelmingly fantastic; that it made me wholesomely oblivious to even the most poignantly lurking of my shadow,

The enchanting tunes that diffused from her spell binding throat were so unassailably aristocratic; that they made me stagger like piles of infinitesimally pulverized nothingness; in due obeisance of her profoundly sacrosanct grace,

The untamed voluptuousness that drifted from her bountifully effulgent hair was so majestically vivacious; that it made me feel like an inconspicuously fleeting reflection; in front of the fathomless cosmos and panoramically wonderful world outside,

The silken smiles that blossomed from her amiably charismatic lips were so philanthropically beautiful; that they made me feel an eternally blessed constituent of gregariously blooming humanity,

The oceans of unsurpassable empathy oozing from her emphatic eyes were so effusively ardent; that they metamorphosed even the most ethereal iota of my misery; into a fountain of ebulliently unprecedented happiness,

The reverberations that emanated when she walked were so unflinchingly righteous; that they made me irrefutably salute the apostle of truth; for infinite more births of mine yet to unfurl,

The scent of unparalleled benevolence that disseminated from her soul was so fabulously eclectic; that it wholesomely swapped even the most capricious trace of malicious monotony from my life; forever and ever and ever,

The titillation that ingratiatingly wafted from her sensuous belly was so incredulously unbelievable; that it swiped me like a magical prince from my feet; to indefatigably float in the aisles of celestially rhapsodic paradise,

The unlimited spirit of ecstasy that bloomed from her golden perspiration was so regally astounding; that it made every element of my despicably dwindling countenance triumphantly surge ahead towards the; entrenchment of unshakable glory,

The whirlpools of fantasy jubilantly liberating from her nerves were so profoundly sensitive; that they perpetuated an Omnipotent mountain of hope; into my parsimonious hutments of treacherously morbid remorse,

The yawn encircling her marvelously pristine mouth was so harmoniously natural; that it entirely sacked even the most diminutive trace of ghastly manipulation from my demeanor; miraculously transforming me into just the way when I was freshly born,

The cisterns of crimson blood circulating in her veins were so benign; that they Omnisciently granted a healing touch; to even the most disastrously sordid and horrendously mutilated wounds of mine,

The winds of flirtatious mischief gushing from her intricate skin were so vividly mesmerizing; that they transited me way back into realms of exhilarating adolescence; the times when even the most subtle mention of a woman; would transcend me to heavens beyond paradise,

The serendipitous mysticism unveiling from her artistic speech was so astonishingly magnetic; that it made me completely immune to even the worst of pain; smiling as an sleeping prince even as daggerheads of indescribable viciousness; stabbed me from all sides,

The fortress of boundless solidarity in her arms was so royally endowing; that it instilled in me the indefatigable tenacity; to unnervingly propel forward even as inevitable death replaced scintillating life,

The innocence in her timelessly fluttering eyelashes was so impeccably untainted; that it became my sole mantra to blissfully form perpetually passionate bonds with the Creator Divine,

The virgin boisterousness in her iridescent visage was so tirelessly fantastic; that it shrugged the asphyxiated ropes of tiredness forever away from my trembling body; bestowed upon me a perennially new lease to lead life,

The heavenly exultation in her breath was so victoriously vivid; that it annihilated the chapters of death forever from my rambunctiously croaking existence; aristocratically impregnated in me the ability to countlessly proliferate into handsome new life,

And the beats that popped out from her heart were so sacredly immortal; that

they spawned caravans of uninhibited love on every step that I tread;
symbolizing each instant of my life with a Samaritan purpose; symbolizing the
thunderbolt of my life as a uniting harbinger of all mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

So That I Forget

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to indiscriminately hate; embrace one and all in the perpetual religion of humanity; alike,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to treacherously suck blood; ubiquitously diffuse the fragrance of immortal peace; to the most fathomless quarters of this mesmerizing Universe,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to uncouthly lambaste; unite with the spirit of everlasting mankind; and wholesomely blend with the rudiments of irrefutably holistic truth,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to gorily excoriate all innocent shivering; perennially gallivant in the aisles of uninhibited rhapsody and ecstatically augmenting melody,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to ruthlessly abuse; disseminate all unequivocal goodness of the atmosphere; to all those miserably tottering hutment's; besieged with inexplicably morose hopelessness,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to barbarically exploit; swirl in a mist of ebulliently benevolent fantasy with my impeccable comrades; towards the island of blissful paradise,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to satanically murder; heal despicably wounded infants; with the ointment of unassailable caring and sharing,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to speak horrifically deplorable lies; perennially raise the flag of invincible honesty; to blend with clouds of celestial harmony; in fathomless sky,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to manipulatively tyrannize; compassionately bond with my fellow compatriots; irrespective of their caste; color or kind,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to aimlessly loiter; indefatigably pursue the path of symbiotic righteousness in every time I was born; put in my most tumultuous endeavors to save the dwindling planet; and then leave the rest; to Almighty Lord,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to torrentially exploit; harbor all my despondently trembling mates; in blankets of unconquerably grandiloquent brotherhood,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to ignominiously castigate; profoundly appreciate the unfathomably enamoring beauty of this resplendently boundless Universe; harnessing the fruits of goodwill with my very own poignant blood,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to baselessly adulterate; march synergistically forward with countless more of my diminutive kind; to spawn a wholesomely bountiful and gregariously blossoming tomorrow,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to maniacally devastate; exist in stupendously serene patriotism with redolently fabulous nature; disburse the unprecedented richness of humanity; to all those camps flourishing with diabolical terrorists,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to worthlessly wither; resiliently contribute my best to fathomlessly proliferate God's most sacrosanct chapter of existence; procreate incomprehensible more of my impoverished kind,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to indefatigably cry; unsurpassably deluge the lives of orphaned children; with an unrelentingly endless festoon of impregnable smiles,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to ominously massacre; maneuver the heinously conventional and astronomically rigid society; to the summits of unflinchingly pristine unity,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to break hearts; romance in the realms of untamed desire and tantalizing fantasy; pacify the thirst of opprobriously whipped humanity; with oceans of Omnipotent light,

Over and above all; Love me; so that I perpetually forget to despairingly die; stay alive for countless more robust births yet to unfurl; but only to be a messiah of the underprivileged; an apostle of divinely peace; and an inconspicuous molecule of God but a harbinger of humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

So What

So what if the Sun disappeared behind the crimson clouds; rendering the fabulously fathomless township in a blanket of solitarily placid darkness,

So what if the Sun sunk in wholesome entirety behind the gargantuan mountains; entirely abdicating even the tiniest trace of graciously bright light,

So what if the Sun pathetically mellowed down in blazing complexion; dismally obfuscating even the most overwhelmingly towering entity in visible vicinity,

So what if the Sun preposterously appeared to be an infinitesimal minnow; even in front of the most capriciously fleeting shadow around,

The voluptuously enthralling still greeted you like a majestically unassailable prince; and believe me the night was more stupendously enchanting than the acrimoniously sweltering day.

1.

So what if the Sun horrendously dimmed as the hours frantically unleashed by; blinding the boundless Universe in whirlpools of inexplicably inscrutable blackness,

So what if the Sun nervously started to flutter; as sombre winds of timidly serene evening commence to perseveringly take complete control,

So what if the Sun inevitably developed shades of subtle darkness; pathetically mitigating its tumultuously blistering ferocity upon the trajectory of this unendingly colossal planet,

So what if the Sun bid a transient adieu to the gigantically sprawling earth; soon after celestially

placating dusk enshrouded its magical subtlety from every conceivable side,

The seductively euphoric night was still your eternally resplendent companion for the countless instants ahead; and believe me the night was more ebulliently exhilarating than the tenaciously tyrannical and monotonous day.

2.

So what if the Sun started to lackadaisically waver in unfathomable sky; obnoxiously hiding behind the thunderous conglomerate of lightening and clouds,

So what if the Sun languidly stretched its ferociously blistering palms for ethereal rest; eventually melanging with the Omnipotent horizons,

So what if the Sun abruptly decided to relinquish the periphery of this scintillating earth; leaving the world around in bizarre blackness; without the most diminutive of insinuation or prior notice,

So what if the Sun sporadically felt its rays being irrevocably overpowered by the onset of the ecstatically titillating evening; making holistic way for nocturnal intricacies to impregnably transcend,

The marvelously bountiful night was still there for you to spell bindingly rejoice; and believe me the night was more Omnisciently captivating than the manipulatively besieged corporate day.

3.

So what if the Sun resolutely shut down its formidably invincible shutters; at the first signs of ephemerally fickle minded dusk,

So what if the Sun intractably refrained to unbelievably blaze till centuries unprecedented on the trot; without the slightest of rest or evanescent interlude,

So what if the Sun remorsefully departed for its short lived abode; transiently evicting its insurmountably replenishing treasuries of optimism; till it shone once again at glorious dawn,

So what if the Sun lost its tinges of flaming red and triumphant resurgence; non-invasively giving way to dastardly darkness to be the uncrowned prince for some time,

The magnificently immortal night was still a blissful messiah for you to uninhibitedly exult; and believe me the night was more compassionately bonding than the truculently scorching and unsparing day.

Nikhil Parekh

Soapy Springs For Luxurious Cleansing

The crystal maze of sparkling water,
Interwoven with threads of molecular attraction,
Adhering to peripheral blocks of scarlet plastic,
With off shooting molecules,
In angled semicircular configuration,
A boisterous echo of soapy texture,
Thoroughly spongy and elastic in dimension,
Bustling with insipidly feverish activity,
Diffusing into minuscule pearls of froth,
Clashing with robust excitement,
As I pour oblong vessels of water,
Drenching my mass of composite flesh,
Strands of curly hair,
With perennial gift of surplus liquid,
Blended with flamboyant antiseptic minerals,
Jutting from the dilapidated steel taps,
With surplus blotches of bronze,
Drawn from amazing depths of the earth's belly,
Finally tumbles down in a united assemblage,
A carnival of frothy soapy spray,
A melodious gurgling spring of purity,
The finest form of luxurious cleansing,
Evacuating encrypted pores of blocked emotions; from deep within hidden
recesses of my body.

Nikhil Parekh

Sole Plus Point

You bestowed upon him just the steering wheel; and the very next instant he lecherously demanded for the entire showroom of glittering grandiloquent cars; to drive on a fresh wheel every new minute,

You bestowed upon him just a minuscule stone; and the very next instant he salaciously demanded for the entire mountain with astoundingly towering peaks; so that he stood on the epitome to rule the whole planet,

You bestowed upon him just a tiny jewel; and the very next instant he barbarically demanded for the entire wealth of this earth; to eat; walk and sleep on a platter of unequivocal gold,

You bestowed upon him just a globule of water; and the very next instant he insidiously demanded for the entire ocean of boisterously tangy salt; to solely sail on its handsomely undulating waves,

You bestowed upon him just a robust fruit; and the very next instant he ruthlessly demanded the entire forest of unfathomable delicacy; to placate even the wholesomely dead bowels of his impudent stomach,

You bestowed upon him just a solitary roof; and the very next instant he tyrannically demanded all the castles in this Universe; to harbor his unsurpassable plethora of heinous misdeeds,

You bestowed upon him just a stringent voice; and the very next instant he snobbishly demanded all the blissful melody on this planet; to indefatigably appease even the most remotest of sordid wax; incarcerated in his bohemian eardrum,

You bestowed upon him just a beautiful dream; and the very next instant he invidiously demanded for the land of ravishingly bountiful paradise; profusely titillating even the most infinitesimal chords; of his lackadaisically sensuous appetite,

You bestowed upon him just a stream of vital blood; and the very next instant he dreadfully demanded the scalp of every other living being; to immortalize his so called spurious of existence; to make him unequivocally; the strongest organism

alive,

You bestowed upon him just a compassionate stone to sleep; and the very next instant he sordidly demanded all mesmerizing fur and scintillating satin in this world to be at his feet; so that he could indiscriminately trample and play with it,

You bestowed upon him just an inconspicuous fragrance; and the very next instant he worthlessly demanded the fairies from the cosmos to descend down and
unrelentingly dance in front of him; so that he swayed in the aisles of voluptuous desire for centuries immemorial,

You bestowed upon him just a tumbler of rain from the sky; and the very next instant he diabolically demanded the entire entrenchment of rhapsodically vivacious clouds; so that he could evolve the destiny of countless; while majestically sailing in free space,

You bestowed upon him just a quintessential fabric; and the very next instant he sardonically demanded the skins of all those fabulously impeccable and exotic; so that he could appear ostentatiously beautiful for infinite more births yet to unveil,

You bestowed upon him just an impoverished smile; and the very next instant he thunderously demanded every speck of tinkling laughter on this globe; so that he could never ever plummet into the web of despicable doom; even after veritable death,

You bestowed upon him just a wing to fly; and the very next instant he domineeringly demanded the entire expanse of fathomless sky; to be heralded as the most unassailable conqueror of all times,

You bestowed upon him just an inconsequential dream; and the very next instant he senselessly demanded the memory of all intelligent beings on this earth; so that he never forget his nonchalant identity; even if hell rained down torrentially from the vast sky,

You bestowed upon him just an offbeat breath; and the very next instant he insanely demanded the lives of all those immaculate existing; to pompously inundate his lungs with unsurpassable carpets of air; to last him a countless lifetimes,

You bestowed upon him just a lackluster heartbeat; and the very next instant he truculently demanded the perpetual fireball of love in this entire Universe; so that he lived life like an unconquerable king; even as his grave of horrific despair waited for him; on his every dwindling stride,

For although Man is such and even worse at times; eventually it is this very greed of his that becomes his sole plus point; in distinguishing him starkingly and forever; from the Almighty Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

Solely An Immortal Mother.

Some called her a tantalizing seductress; philandering uninhibitedly through the inscrutably rustling forests,
Some called her an angel having just descended from the sky; bountifully pacifying even the most traumatically agonized senses; with the stupendous charisma in her voice,
Some called her a poignantly tangy wave; profusely enlightening the gruesomely pallid atmosphere around; with the incredulous euphoria in her ravishing stride,
Some called her an unfathomably enigmatic wind; that mystically tingled countless of impoverished souls; in the heavenly swirl of her compassionately diffusing breath,
But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; feeding it with celestial granaries of impeccable milk; and loads of overwhelmingly silken warmth.

Some called her a gloriously alluring pack of metamorphosing cards; enthusing boundless with the magic in her triumphant smile,
Some called her an insurmountably nubile vixen; voraciously drowning even the most lecherously monotonous; in an untamed thunderbolt of never ending raw desire,
Some called her a fabulously evading mirage; captivating even the most insensitively alien; in the ingratiating aroma that lingered incomprehensibly around each of her vivacious senses,
Some called her an unsurpassable carpet of marvelously scarlet roses; profoundly illuminating every dwindling path that she tread on; with the philanthropic divinity enshrouding her immaculate conscience,
But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; cuddling its tuft of innocuously heavenly hair indefatigably throughout the day; sequestering it from the even most infinitesimal of evil every moment of the disastrously horrendous night.

Some called her an unparalleled magician; metamorphosing every shattered heart that she caressed; into an enthralling paradise which kissed the realms of eternity,
Some called her an irrefutably bestowing fairy Goddess; fulfilling every wish of the despicably shivering and miserably penurious,
Some called her an exuberantly swimming mermaid; deluging the invidiously pathetic gloom around; with her unbelievably enamoring charisma and tinkling footsteps,
Some called her a panacea for even the most devastatingly debilitated disease; impregnably finding reprieve under nothing else on this planet; but

her magnanimously showering palms,
But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; sacrificing everything in
her life; to witness it eternally blossom into the most invincibly unflinching entity
alive.

Some called her a fantasy come true for all births; tickling the most inner most
dormitories of the ludicrously bedraggled mind; with optimistic hope and
intrepidly soaring adventure,
Some called her a neverending heartthrob; royally making them feel the most
opulent organisms ever alive; as they perpetually bonded with her flamboyantly
pulsating festoon of rhythmic beats,
Some called her a gorgeously blissful experience; rejuvenating their obsoletely
remorseful blood; with the unconquerable exhilaration of life,
Some called her reflection that triggered fathomless whirlpools of insatiable
yearning; coining a whole new chapter of mesmerizing existence,
But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; keeping it incessantly close
to her womb; bequeathing upon it all the tenacity in this world to survive; even
after she veritably died.

Nikhil Parekh

Solely Ardent Winners.

Hatred Vs Hatred. Both of them deliriously lost; apart from them being the most haplessly growling failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; unrelentingly roamed in the lavatories of the hideously asphyxiating devil.

Prejudice Vs Prejudice. Both of them flagrantly lost; apart from them being the most vindictively gruesome failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; barbarously tortured every conceivable pore of their bodies with the sword of the salacious devil.

War Vs War. Both of them devastatingly lost; apart from them being the most truculently ghoulish failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; licked the boots of the atrociously cannibalistic devil; clean of the last iota of grime.

Lies Vs Lies. Both of them pathetically lost; apart from them being the most derogatorily tyrannical failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; wholeheartedly let the parasitic devil shoot them right in the whites of their innocuous eyes.

Chauvinism Vs Chauvinism. Both of them bawdily lost; apart from them being the most diabolically disoriented failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; immutably followed the sacrilegiously inane footsteps of the devil; till infinite infinity.

Infertility Vs Infertility. Both of them horrendously lost; apart from them being the most tawdrily disgruntled failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; hopelessly invited the raunchily plundering devil;
right into the heart of their compassionate nocturnal quilt.

Crime Vs Crime. Both of them ridiculously lost; apart from them being the most preposterously dastardly failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; inevitably deteriorated into the despicably marauding fists of the rebuking devil.

Terrorism Vs Terrorism. Both of them egregiously lost; apart from them being the most ominously maiming failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; were inexorably gobbled by the

shadow of
the remorsefully sulking devil.

Perversion Vs Perversion. Both of them heartlessly lost; apart from them being the most sadistically silencing failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; lost even the most infinitesimal iota of their blissful senses; to the lethally massacring devil.

Extinction Vs Extinction. Both of them deplorably lost; apart from them being the most incomprehensibly victimizing failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; intransigently sniffed the rancid stench of the loquaciously foolhardy devil for times immemorial.

Blackness Vs Blackness. Both of them maliciously lost; apart from them being the most satanically glaring failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; got brutally kicked in their hindside; by the torturously jinxed devil.

Infidelity Vs Infidelity. Both of them malevolently lost; apart from them being the most profanely bemoaning failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; got indiscriminately chopped to inconspicuous mincemeat; by the uncontrollably maniacal devil.

Inhumanity Vs Inhumanity. Both of them treacherously lost; apart from them being the most lugubriously goddamned failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; were bitten to lividly harried oblivion; by the inconsolably rabid devil.

Rape Vs Rape. Both of them vapidly lost; apart from them being the most bizarrely shameful failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; suffered perennial imprisonment in the coffins of hell; where the unabashedly cruel devil reigned supreme.

Cowardliness Vs Cowardliness. Both of them indefinitely lost; apart from them being the most garrulously dislocated failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; irrevocably drowned in the ocean of the tyrannically lambasting devil; forever and ever and ever.

Madness Vs Madness. Both of them disconsolately lost; apart from them being the most inexplicably demented failures in their very own individual selves. And

to

top that; those who dared compare them; incorrigibly clung to the non-existent impotent caricature of the devil; like a freshly born eunuch.

Monotony Vs Monotony. Both of them miserably lost; apart from them being the most cynically dissolving failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; indispensably wailed the tunes of the licentiously lamenting devil; till even beyond the very last breath of their lives. Politics Vs Politics. Both of them dolorously lost; apart from them being the most vituperatively intolerable failures in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; were left absolutely free; in the graveyard of the savagely crucifying devil.

Whilst Love Vs Love. Both of them were the solely ardent winners; apart from them being the most pricelessly Omnipotent magicians in their very own individual selves. And to top that; those who dared compare them; perpetually transcended and consecrated the definition of the word "Comparison"; perpetually resided in the heavenly lap of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

Solely In Your Immortal Heart

When I sighted my face in the astoundingly scintillating mirror; it appeared stringently harmonious and well defined; although I soon became an obsoletely hazy blur of inconspicuous dust; as the Sun commenced on its expedition beyond the remorseful horizons,
While it was solely in your irrefutably immaculate eyes; that I profoundly radiated into sparkling newness; in the wholesomely gregarious; and spell binding fragrance of vivaciously bountiful life.

When I sighted my face in the overwhelmingly crystalline mirror; it appeared magically synchronized and pragmatically proper; although I soon became a wisp of disastrously non-existent oblivion; when flying stones shattered the glass into a countless fragments of infinitesimal ash,
While it was solely in your unflinchingly melodious and intrepid voice; that I unassailably confronted even the most treacherously acrimonious impediments of existence; became an eternally gratifying song; mystically blending with the gloriously divine.

When I sighted my face in the astronomically white mirror; it appeared monotonously routine as usual; with each contour radiating as explicitly as the Creator had evolved it; although I soon became a capriciously fleeting mirage as murderously diabolical shadows of the night took a vicious stranglehold of the flamingly sweltering day,
While it was solely in your poignantly crimson and philanthropic blood; that I embraced all humanity irrespective of caste; creed; and bombastic color; in threads of vibrantly unending compassion; and alike.

When I sighted my face in the magnificently polished mirror; it appeared a normal human caricature with lots of emphatic protrusions; although I soon disappeared into realms of dilapidated remoteness; as someone threw a pail of water upon the artificial glass,
While it was solely in your voluptuously seductive whispers; that I unrelentingly explored the unparalleled mysticism of vividly blissful survival; felt like the most blessed organism on this Universe; holistically alive.

When I sighted my face in the unfathomably glittering mirror; it reflected back an astoundingly exactreplica of my very own self; although I soon became an

infinitesimally insipid worm slithering under the corpse; as the flamboyant Sunrays played mischievous games of hide and seek with the petrified glass, While it was solely in the inscrutably royal lines of your Omnipotent palms; that I discovered my true identity; bloomed into a fathomless more ecstatic lives; of profusely symbiotic prosperity.

When I sighted my face in the scrupulously oiled and lanky mirror; it depicted an amazingly similar posture of my persona in the umpteenth ways that I maneuvered it; although I soon became a sheet of nonchalant nothingness; as rambunctiously unruly children engulfed it with coarse blankets from all sides, While it was solely in your miraculously heavenly stride; that I found an intrepidly new spirit to survive; marvelously romance with all the unsurpassably ravishing resplendence suspended in the atmosphere.

When I sighted my face in the mechanically proficient and candidly transparent mirror; it incredulously portrayed every element of my countenance as the Lord had created it; although I soon became a puff of ominously pathetic smoke; as vicious fighter jets heinously bombarded the; ingratiating atmosphere, While it was solely in your rhapsodically tantalizing cheeks; that I irrefutably towered over the entire planet as an unconquerably embellished prince; lived life to the very fullest and ultimate of its exhilarating capacity.

When I sighted my face in the dazzling trajectory of the gigantic mirror; it marvelously highlighted every visible cranny of my visage to spell binding perfection; although I soon became a ludicrously slain martyr; as belligerent soldiers trampled the glass to domains beyond veritable recognition, While it was solely in your majestically titillating breath; that I celestially culminated into the fruits of an eternally tranquil creation; unequivocally bonding with my comrades in inexplicable misery and ebulliently bouncing; alike.

And when I sighted my face in the opalescent expanse of the rustically enamoring mirror; it prudently emanated the same effulgence as that splendidly encapsulating my caricature; although I soon became a lecherously unknown piece of forlorn string; as the fleet of ungainly urchins spat condemningly on the sizzling glass, While it was solely in your immortally passionate and invincible heart; that I found the most perennially quenching love of my life; embarked on the most benign mission of live and let live; of course with your Omniscient blessings perpetually by my side.

Solely Mine

I insatiably loved the fragrance of the ingratiatingly ebullient rose; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my diminutively penurious kind,

I ardently loved the euphorically uninhibited chirp of the celestial nightingale; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my treacherously tottering kind,

I insurmountably loved the mystically inscrutable rustle of the vivid forests; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my disastrously staggering kind,

I unsurpassably loved the effulgently undulating waves of the untamed sea; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my ethereally obsolete kind,

I limitlessly loved the unflinchingly blazing patriotism of the peerless soldiers; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my remotely disappearing kind,

I eternally loved the corridors of resplendently untainted and majestic paradise; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my preposterously slaving kind,

I unconditionally loved the first showers of Omnipotently mitigating rain; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my horrifically thirsty kind,

I tirelessly loved the vivaciously effervescent rainbow in fathomless sky; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my monotonously decrepit kind,

I relentlessly loved the indomitably towering apogees of the intrepidly glorious mountain; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my ludicrously dastardly kind,

I irrevocably loved the Omnisciently nascent sparkle of victorious dawn; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my abjectly depressed kind,

I immutably loved the quintessentially heavenly droplets of the sacrosanct cow's milk; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my vindictively diseased kind,

I intransigently loved the blissfully cavorting terrain of the pristine countryside; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my remorsefully subservient kind,

I endlessly loved the impeccably shimmering stars in the heart of blackened midnight; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my dreadfully decaying kind,

I unconquerably loved even the tiniest innuendo's of magnificently burgeoning freshness and innovation; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my manipulatively usurped kind,

I selflessly loved all those horrendously bereaved and torturously lambasted; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my mercurial Samaritan kind,

I irretrievably loved the timelessly panoramic valleys and their exhilarating echoes; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my brutally emaciated kind,

I unequivocally loved the fabulously unfettered birds royally soaring in the cosmos; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my unceremoniously incarcerated kind,

I unfathomably loved Medieval heritage and anecdotes of handsome Kinsmanship; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my surreally discovering kind,

I intractably loved irrefutably righteous breath; happiness and perennially bestowing life; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my boundlessly greedy kind,

And I immortally loved the redolently blossoming girl next door; but although after realizing an instant later that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my forlornly isolated kind; I could for the first time in my life see that the love wonderfully spawning in each beat of her unassailable heart was solely for me; wanted to insuperably imprison only me; was forever of none

other xyz's but solely mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Solely On The Beats Of Immortal Love

My lips could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical lipstick; my heart perpetually lived this fathomlessly enchanting Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally unassailable love,

My eyes could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical glasses; my heart perennially lived this boundlessly burgeoning Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally unshakable love,

My stomach could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical food; my heart timelessly lived this countlessly iridescent Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally triumphant love,

My hair could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical oil; my heart tirelessly lived this spell bindingly victorious Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally unceasing love,

My throat could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical water; my heart inexhaustibly lived this limitlessly eclectic Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally humanitarian love,

My teeth could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical toothpaste; my heart unstoppably lived this fragrantly artistic Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally invincible love,

My ears could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical earrings; my heart unlimitedly lived this magnetically enamoring Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally emollient love,

My tongue could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical taste; my heart unceasingly lived this handsomely regale Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally altruistic love,

My fingers could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical pens; my heart continuously lived this royally fantastic Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally magnetic love,

My skin could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical cream; my heart untiringly lived this magically silken Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats

of Immortally Omnipotent love,

My bones could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical calcium; my heart indefatigably lived this effulgently euphoric Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally Omniscient love,

My brain could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical arithmetic; my heart interminably lived this gloriously sensuous Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally redolent love,

My eyelashes could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical mascara; my heart never-endingly lived this unbreakably symbiotic Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally priceless love,

My armpits could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical perfume; my heart unfalteringly lived this synergistically eternal Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally infallible love,

My spine could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical sponge; my heart unflaggingly lived this ebulliently fructifying Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally intrepid love,

My wrists could perhaps survive quintessentially practical watch; my heart incessantly lived this spectacularly spawning Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally blessed love,

My feet could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical shoes; my heart non-stop lived this brilliantly unerring Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally insuperable love,

My barren skin could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical cloth; my heart immeasurably lived this celestially bestowing Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally uniting love,

And my nostrils could perhaps survive on quintessentially practical oxygen; my heart indefinitely lived this ecstatically vibrant Universe and even beyond; solely on the beats of Immortally Omnipresent love.

Nikhil Parekh

Solitariness.

Some married for just insatiable financial gain; profoundly exploiting every ounce of the unending wealth of their girl; to replenish each of their desire with everlasting mountains of silver and glittering gold,

Some married for just timelessly proliferating their dying kin; so that the sensuous freshness of two bodies; paved the way forward for many a more civilization; of their own blood,

Some married for just wholesome and uninterrupted obsession; chasing even the most infinitesimal desire of their girl to the most unprecedented limits; listening to nothing else but the subtlest of her whispers; on this gigantic planet,

Some married for just uncannily enthralling recreation; sighting an unfathomable cistern of newness in their girl's face; everytime they needed to refresh themselves from the tyranny of the manipulative corporate world,

Some married for just blissfully mollifying fulfillment; catapulting to the absolute realms of seventh heaven; as each impoverished pore of two bodies met; in a thunderously untamed unison,

Some married for just celestial recuperation; splendidly healing the most inexplicable wounds of their past with the unconquerable melody in their girl's voice; the magical tunes of inspiration that she sang in their bereaved ears,

Some married for just spurious societal status; so that they had a sanctimoniously doll like feminine partner hand in hand with them; at every cocktail and political toast; that they had to attend,

Some married for just a perfectly meticulous housekeeper; so that the Spartan hands of their girl forever exonerated those invisible cobwebs and untidiness; gave them the most astoundingly organized life that they'd always dreamt,

Some married for just wondrous psychological healing; so that their medically trained girl; slowly and slowly unwinded the disastrously mangled nerves of their brain; to make them overcome their baseless fears; and then rise like the rock of Gibraltar to face any damned obstacle on earth,

Some married for just appeasing their perennially starved bowels; with their girl who was an absolute blessing from the heavens; tantalizing the most dwindling

of their taste buds; with the aroma of an infinite new dishes and recipes that she cooked every enlightening dawn,

Some married for just mere companionship; as all they wanted from the chapter of robotic life; was a girl who could triumphantly break their corpses of mundane solitariness,

Some married for just releasing the animal within; utilizing the robust flesh of their girl whenever uncontrolled demonic desire arose; and then disposing her off like pieces of invisible shit,

Some married for just an exposure to the opposite sex; after confining almost every single routine day of their treacherous lives; within the precincts of home; school; college and office,

Some married for just appeasing countless other members of close kin; placating the unsurpassably frazzled nerves of perennially worrying mothers and staunch grandmothers; by tying the thread with the girl of their choice,

Some married for just unrelenting domination; wherein their girl never ever raised her eyebrows even once; though subjected to their infinite acts of dastardly chauvinism; their tyrannical outbursts of thwarted masculine strength,

Some married for just the dungeons of esoteric perversion; ruthlessly implementing the most sadistic of their fantasies upon their girl; in the most blackened and whipping corners of this earth; far away from the tiniest scent of living kind,

Some married for just emotional security; seeking a perpetual shoulder to lean upon and indefatigably cry—the unending list of their listlessly wastrel and livid idiosyncrasies,

Some married for just true and passionate love; paying a deaf ear to even the most inconsolably deplorable abuses of the conventional society; rising as the most powerful force on earth for a humanitarian cause with their girl; at the footsteps of the Lord,

Whilst I feel that I married my girl—only to be forever cursed by a spell of undyingly asphyxiating and murderously abominable 'Solitariness'.

Nikhil Parekh

Something That Pours From The Heart

Poetry is something as mystical as the mountains; shimmering majestically on the rivers in diffused beams of brilliant Sunshine,

Poetry is something as astonishing as the glittering gold biscuits entrenched deep beneath earth; emanating a profound glow that blended poignantly with the atmosphere,

Poetry is something as ingratiating as the hissing serpent; deluging the morbid ambience around with overwhelming exhilaration,

Poetry is something as ravishing as the blossoming petals of rubicund rose; wafting its essence ubiquitously through all continents of this colossal Universe,

Poetry is something as grandiloquent as the incredulously embellished castle; offering an abode to anyone afflicted by inexplicable distress,

Poetry is something as vivacious as the magnificently swirling ocean; with each of its tangy waves fulminating into a blanket of pungent froth,

Poetry is something as magnanimous as the clouds; which bless the parched soil and ground with torrential showers of mesmerizing rain,

Poetry is something as resplendent as the fathomless rainbow; dissipating into vibrant shades of magnificently animated color,

Poetry is something as exuberant as the cheekily dancing peacock; incarcerating millions in its stupendously enamoring swirl,

Poetry is something as innocuous as the new born infant; touching the hearts of even the most diabolical with irrefutable ardor,

Poetry is something as soft as voluptuously woven pure silk; exquisitely binding every religion prevalent on this planet,

Poetry is something as ingenious as the bubbling buds of mushroom; evolving into celestial sprouts of wonderful white,

Poetry is something as invincible as immortal love; not bound by any spurious intricacy of the monotonous outside world,

Poetry is something as flamboyant as the fiery Sun; diffusing its sweltering rays to stringently sizzle even the tiniest nook and cranny of this globe,
Poetry is something as sweet as delectable crusts of brown chocolate; arousing the most dormant dead senses in the body, with unprecedented amounts of rejuvenated vigor,

Poetry is something as exotic as the alluring dancers nimble footsteps; that keep reverberating for times immemorial; even after she relinquished to perform,

Poetry is something as sacrosanct as the holistic cows pearly milk; paving a path of impeccable truth in whosoever who fervently witnesses it,

Poetry is something as thunderous as the cyclonic sandstorm; which swept incessantly with passionate strokes every day across the boundlessly barren deserts,

Poetry is as swarming as the rambunctious beehives; occupied by countless bees indefatigably busy in spinning tons of golden honey,

And for me poetry is entirely independent of rhyme; meter; structure; mending; tailoring; crisping; written in the most incredulous forms possible; irrespective of age; language; caste; creed or race; O! yes poetry for me is something that pours
directly from the heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Sometimes

Sometimes more tender than a new born child; nostalgically remembering those moments when it was just born,
Sometimes as ferocious as thunderbolts of lightening in the sky; capsizing everyone around; in the tumultuous agony of its insatiable desire.

Sometimes more mystical than the dungeons infinite feet beneath obdurate soil; harboring a festoon of secrets impossible to comprehend,
Sometimes as candid as a mirror; blurting out its innermost of feelings like a parrot on a talking spree.

Sometimes more colorful than the resplendent rainbow in the cosmos; disseminating its myriad of boundless colors to every entity on this planet,
Sometimes as dolorous as the dying soul; painstakingly withering away towards its inevitably horrendous grave.

Sometimes more blistering than the fulminating volcano; casting its enchanting spell on every philanthropic being on this globe,
Sometimes as cowardly as the worm; disappearing into its diminutive den; as the slightest insinuation of fading light.

Sometimes more fast than the cyclonic whirlwind; instilling a wave of ebullient euphoria in every pathetically diminishing body,
Sometimes as reticent as the infinitesimally silent whisper; which even it didn't posses the capacity to hear.

Sometimes more fathomless than the entire richness of this world; sharing its priceless forms with all who badly needed it,
Sometimes as slithering miserly in the caves of nothingness; begging for mercy; to whomsoever who came its way.

Sometimes more invincible than the most ultimate point of existence; sequestering the righteous from each conceivable acrimonious storm,
Sometimes as collapsing like a pack of burnt cards; even before the wind blew a trifle its way.

Sometimes more divinely than the Creator who evolved it; incarcerating all the mesmerizing beauty of this planet in its inner most core,
Sometimes as dastardly as the diabolical devil; advancing menacingly towards the destruction of living kind.

O! yes the HUMAN HEART, was Sometimes more passionate than the gift called life; perpetually bonding those who loved each other for immortal times,
While Sometimes as treacherous as the satanic scorpion; betraying its own beats; which it once upon a time irrefutably adored.

Nikhil Parekh

Somewhere

Somewhere in the boundless stacks of golden hay; there lies incorporated an intricately pointed needle,

Somewhere in the sprawling fields of wild creepers; there exists the poignantly scented rose,

Somewhere in the enormous barrels of lethal poison; there lies impregnated; frugal pinches of profoundly sweet honey,

Somewhere in the arid land of the colossal desert; there lies a shimmering pool of slippery oasis,

Somewhere in the ominous castle with dilapidated interiors; there lives the mesmerizing and celestial fairy,

Somewhere in bland chunks of food; there lies embedded parsimonious fillings of piquant salt,

Somewhere in the vast expanse of black charcoal board; there lies embodied conspicuous lines of white chalk,

Somewhere in the midst of the mammoth ocean; there exists the preposterously huge whale,

Somewhere in the conglomerate of disdainfully dusty stones; there lies encapsulated the lustrous white pearl,

Somewhere in the field of hideously snaring reptiles; there exists an fur skinned innocuous rabbit,

Somewhere in the assemblage of utensils producing a discordantly clanging noise; there exists a perpetually silent pigeon feather,

Somewhere in the disheveled heap of blotted cloth; there lies a garment of impeccable and glistening silk,

Somewhere in the mangles debris of blistering lava; there exists a ravishingly cool spring of crystalline water,

Somewhere amidst the ensemble of dead bodies incarcerated in stone coffins;
there exists sporadic incidences of fresh life,
Somewhere in the midst of bedraggled urchins incessantly begging for alms;
there lives a jeweled prince,

Somewhere in the smoldering ashes of crackling fire; there exists the newly born
child,

Somewhere in the thick of intense corruption; abysmal incidences of
unsurpassable lechery; there exists a solitarily honest man,

Somewhere in gruesome darkness for a million kilometers in the jungle; there
exists a minuscule beam of stringent light,

Somewhere amidst a consortium of satanic devils trying to destroy the earth;
there exists the omniscient creator,

And somewhere in this mundane world; with blood sucking individuals inhabiting
every nook and cranny; there exists an unbiased girl who can love me like no
one else ever did; making me feel every unfurling minute that I was alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Sorry

I inadvertently broke sparkling glass panes; while playing cricket,
blurted a pathetic sorry to the outrageous occupants,
before they could take evasive action of slapping me on my face.

i tickled my little brother with curled strokes of pigeon feather,
said an innocent sorry when he was on the verge of erupting into a volley of
abuse.

i woke my mother from tranquil realms of midnight sleep,
demanding ravishing items to devour as a feast,
uttered a condoling sorry; when she was on the pinnacle of gaining complete
consciousness.

i gulped nightmarish amounts of scotch whisky,
swung my body like a person strangulated by uninhibited emotion,
whispered a down to earth sorry when the cops caught me red-handed.

i brusquely collided head on with the milkman carrying pails of fresh cream,
toppling them on the ground; with rivulets of milk radiating all over,
said iterative numbers of sorry; thoroughly condemning my irate act.

i sketched egg shaped cartoons of my balding math's teacher,
pasting the graffiti on the walls for all to relish,
blurted a timidly echoing sorry; when he raised the cane to whip my satiny flesh.

i fought like wild cats with my beloved in the day,
causing incorrigible agony to her throbbing heart,
kissed her forehead; saying a sorry which came from deep within my conscience,
to see her smiling with the same intensity with which she first wept.

Nikhil Parekh

Sound

High pitched blaring sound of rock music,
silent gurgling rhyme of partially frozen water.

agonizing screams of deceased for help,
sardonic laughter of affluent sipping grape vine.

rubbing flint stone, produces fiery sound of malevolence,
evacuated gas from earth core, diffusing into clouds of noxious smoke.
crisp noises emanate as shoe soles crush dry leaf,
excreted spit falls with soft thud, kissing the ground.

blooming flowers sway, whistle with the air,
throat chords flex, on savage consumption of bone meal.

pungent voices echo, when lead match brushes sandpaper corrugations,
scorched earth erupts in raptures on intimate contact with drizzling water.

mega gas balloons burst with a bang, on mere caress by pin,
traffic comes to a standstill at instants of security barking stop.

teeth chatter wildly when hit by chilly draughts of breeze,
exuberant voices greet the onset of tropical monsoon.

white flamingo's sing in rustic breeze of autumn,
sedate sounds float, from dying embers of crackling firewood.

i cry with tenacity, wail in hysteria towards the sky,
pray fervently, to bestow all existing with the sound of omnipresent
happiness

Nikhil Parekh

Spare My Heart

You could take away all my fingers; mercilessly feeding them to the unfathomable horde of satanic wolves; immediately after,
But I would still pray to you cupping my blissfully pudgy palms; unrelentingly admiring the astounding versatility of your enamoring creation; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away all my toes; barbarically evaporating them into the aisles of worthless nothingness,
But I would still pray to you standing on the heel of my rudimentary feet; intransigently saluting the celestially panoramic silhouette of your insurmountably colossal Universe; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away both my pairs of lips; disastrously penalizing their poignant pink; with infinitesimal chunks of sordid mud,
But I would still pray to you tenaciously mumbling with my rustically indigenous jaws; staring in profound adulation of your poignantly vivacious timelessness; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away every ingredient of my scarlet blood; sprinkling the same in torrential spurts over; nonchalantly lackadaisical globules of acrimoniously sweltering; desert soil,
But I would still pray to you superbly synchronizing my profusely impoverished caricature; incessantly stopping down in due humility of your unconquerably Omnipotent power; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away all my voice; abominably blending each euphorically mesmerizing sound of mine; into the valley of despicably slandering nothingness,

But I would still pray to you; unflinchingly meditating in my mind; marvelously kissing every rhapsodically ebullient element of your priceless creation; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away both my shoulders; wholesomely squelching them to inconspicuous sawdust; before hurling them towards the famished fleet of; menacingly growling crocodiles,
But I would still pray to you; dexterously bending my feet in due obeisance of your; resplendently everlasting aura which united all mankind; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away both my eyes; gruesomely divesting me of even the most

inconspicuously ethereal shade of light; for the remainder of my long life,
But I would still pray to you; perceiving the mantra of holistic existence humbly
in the corridors of my tiny brain; altruistically praising your Omniscient radiance
to one and all on this fathomless planet; O! Almighty Lord.
You could take away every iota of my breath; satanically thrusting me to
boundless kilometers beneath my despondently ghastly corpse,
But I would still pray to you; scrupulously reminiscing all my fantastically
exuberant moments on mother earth; supremely idolizing your Omnipresent
grace as the sole panacea to harmoniously survive; O! Almighty Lord.

And you could take away whatever you wanted from this penuriously grotesque
caricature of mine; metamorphosing me entirely into the exact color of dust that
you wanted; O! Almighty Lord; but I humbly request you to spare my
passionately palpitating heart,

As in its center existed the perennially vibrant melody of my immortal Beloved;
whose invincible fragrance imparted me the fortitude to confront even a
countless deaths in this single birth of mine; and for whose divinely form; I could
relinquish this very moment; a countless more lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Spectacularly Majestic Life

As long as there was a relentless urge to drink the most enthrallingly ecstatic elixir's of this fathomless planet; marvelously satiate the infuriatingly irascible sensations in the miserably parched throat,

As long as there was an ardent urge to intrepidly adventure through the mystically redolent fields of enchanting life; be mesmerized by the ebulliently passing winds to the most unprecedented limits,

As long as there was an unflinching urge to zip through fathomless bits of crystal blue space; feel tirelessly mollified by the sensations of enthralling newness timelessly wandering in the celestial atmosphere,

As long as there was an insatiable urge to get voraciously tickled in the ribs; by bountifully tantalizing seductresses; triggering a whirlpool of unsurpassable desire all throughout the fabric of the everlasting night,

There was a desire to exhilaratingly breathe; there was a desire to exist till times beyond infinite infinity; O! Yes there was spectacularly majestic life.

1.

As long as there was an unprecedented urge to sight the limitlessly panoramic beauty of this perennially bestowing planet; replenish even the most infinitesimal of your beleaguered senses with its unbelievably stupendous splendor,

As long as there was an unparalleled urge to benevolently share; royally assimilate all goodness on this timelessly Samaritan planet,

As long as there was an irrevocable urge to tirelessly procreate; magnificently proliferate God's most sacrosanct chapter of creation and effulgent newness; till the very last veritable breath that you exhaled,

As long as there was an incorrigible urge to artistically evolve; intermingle even the most inconspicuous speck of your countenance; with the winds of magically bestowing poetry,

There was a desire to fantastically breathe; there was a desire to exist in astounding synergy with the belly of nature divine; O! Yes there was perpetually insuperable life.

2.

As long as there was an intransigent urge to mischievously cavort through rain soaked mud; soar surreally through the mellifluously robust cocoon of silken clouds,

As long as there was an immutable urge to drown into the aisles of endless sensuality; let the boundless oceans of connubial bliss wholesomely transcend over your every priceless minute,

As long as there was an irretrievable urge to diffuse convivial laughter; philanthropically ameliorate sadistically whiplashed living kind; towards an optimistically brilliant tomorrow,

As long as there was an infallible urge to handsomely replenish the wildly reverberating pangs of hunger in your stomach; with the miraculously healing fruits of robust nature,

There was a desire to charismatically breathe; there was a desire to exist perennially bonded with your eternal beloved; O! Yes there was unconquerably emollient life.

3.

As long as there was an inexorable urge to unveil your eyes to the rainbows of vivaciously burgeoning righteousness; forever quell diabolically insidious crime with the waves of ubiquitous peace and synergistic humanity,

As long as there was an irrefutable urge to clasp hand in hand and walk fearlessly forward; stand peerlessly tall to defend the cause of blazingly patriotic truth,

As long as there was an unending urge to embellish the body like a newly-wedded bride; live and let live like an unshakable prince; even though were about to abjure
from every kingly pleasure of survival,

As long as there was an intractable urge to earn your very own livelihood; royally fend for your own body and bone; without being a salaciously decrepit parasite on lame orphanages and kin,

There was a desire to unchallengably breathe; there was a desire to exist forever huddled as a child in the impregnable lap of your heavenly mother; O! Yes there was pristinely magical life.

Nikhil Parekh

Speed Breaker

Thickened bulges of curved black tarmac,
painted with stripes of brilliant silver white,
right angled patches of dull yellow,
riveted firmly to loose base of mud ground,
bulging handsomely a few inches above the rock bottom base,
blended with coats of sand and dust in the summer day,
smeared partially with slimy drops of car oil,
kissed hard by bulky tyre tread trespassing,
found virtually on every open street of the city,
and mammoth empty patches of the national highway,
an obnoxious hazard prompting reduction of electric speed,
repetitive squealing of brakes in close vicinity of its periphery,
few meters of air-borne journeys after a head-on confrontation,
existing in variable sizes of ultra large, medium and baby stretch of wax mould,
getting a few hours of disturbed sleep after the clock hour strikes midnight,
i the speed breaker warn you of the following,

never drive at nerve wrecking speed,
compress lever bars of the dipper while overtaking at night,
transform all groans into smiles while on the driving wheel,
don't gallop at fast speed when the alcohol meter overflows in your body,
give the underprivileged pedestrians on foot faint chances to cross the road,
and last of all bear this in top shelves of your mind forever,
slacken wheel speed to zero as and when you approach a speed breaker.

Nikhil Parekh

Spirit Never Dies

Artists die; their art never dies,
Trees die; their wind never dies,
Music dies; its tunes never die,
Birds die; its flight never dies,
Roses die; their scent never dies,
Ocean die; their tanginess never dies,
Eyes die; their empathy never dies,
Fires die; their passion never dies,
Forests die; their mysticism never dies,
Clouds die; their enchantment never dies,
Moonlight dies; its resplendence never dies,
Peacocks die; their dance never dies,
Kings die; their royalty never dies,
Time dies; its essence never dies,
Moments die; their memories never die,
Light dies; its horizons never die,
Sportsmen die; their euphoria never dies,
Humanitarians die; their philanthropism never dies,
Lips die; their smiles never die,
Kisses die; their intensity never dies,
Soldiers die; their bravery never dies,
Courtesans die; their seduction never dies,
Ink dies; its literature never dies,
Idols die; their morals never die,
Eagles die; their majesty never dies,
Caresses die; their compassion never dies,
Echoes die; their enigma never dies,
Footsteps die; their path never dies,
Saints die; their blessings never die,
Storms die; their flamboyance never dies,
Cuckoos die; their dawn never dies,
Embraces die; their warmth never dies,
Beehives die; their sweetness never dies,
Shadows die; their incantation never dies,
Lightening dies; its exhilaration never dies,
Beauty dies; its fragrance never dies,
Pioneers die; their conviction never dies,
Conjurers die; their magic never dies,
Philosophers die; their ideals never die,

Waterfalls die; their exuberance never dies,
Fantasies die; their excitement never dies,
Exemplaries die; their reflection never dies,
Explorers die; their expedition never dies,
Clocks die; their time never dies,
Muscles die; their ardour never dies,
Desires die; their fascination never dies,
Relationships die; their intimacy never dies,
Fairies die; their innocence never dies,
Crops die; their soil never dies,
Deeds die; their virtue never dies,
Styles die; their grace never dies,
Castles die; their grandiloquence never dies,
Mothers die; their tenderness never dies,
Civilizations die; their rudiments never die,
Religion dies; its equality never dies,
Palms die; their destiny never dies,
Blood dies; its poignancy never dies,
Revolution dies; its belligerence never dies,
Winks die; their flirtation never dies,
Food dies; its taste never dies,
Flesh dies; its character never dies,
Brain dies; its ideas never die,
Squirrel dies; its vivaciousness never dies,
Perspiration dies; its perseverance never dies,
Fingers die; their signature never dies,
Language dies; its expression never dies,
Exhibitions die; their masterpieces never die,
Exemplifications die; their experiences never die,
Gladiators die; their brazenness never dies,
Glaciers die; their rejuvenation never dies,
Color dies; its vibrancy never dies,
Poet dies; his poetry never dies,
Messiahs die; their truth never dies,
Panthers die; their growl never dies,
Awards die; their triumph never dies,
Nightingale dies; its melody never dies,
Fabric dies; its shelter never dies,
Horse dies; its gallop never dies,
Caves die; their voluptuousness never dies,
Designs die; their harmony never dies,
Comrades die; their friendship never dies,

Whistles die; their ebullience never dies,
Events die; their activity never dies,
Species die; their impressions never die,
Night dies; its captivation never dies,
Mission dies; its optimism never dies,
Solitude dies; its contentment never dies,
Dolphins die; their animation never dies,
Spiders die; their webs never die,
Youth dies; its exultation never dies,
Entrepreneurs die; their vision never dies,
Renaissance dies; its freedom never dies,
Lovers die; their love never dies,
Heart dies; its beats never die,
Body dies; its benevolence never dies,
Breath dies; its omnipotence never dies,
And life dies; but its spirit never dies.

Nikhil Parekh

Squint Eyed

Some presumed that I was staring towards the sky; while some felt that I gazed towards the gutter flowing across cold ground,

Some presumed that I was staring as straight as an arrow towards the blackboard; while some felt that I was flirting around with beautiful girls sitting by the corner,

Some presumed that I was staring towards the scarlet cherries strewn on the embellished dining table; while some felt that I was conversing merrily with my revered mother,

Some presumed that I was staring at the haystack trying to search for the inconspicuous little needle; while some felt that I was trying to capture the bull's attention to get stupidly gored,

Some presumed that I was staring at the fleet of birds flying high and handsome in air; while some felt that I peering down the crease of my garishly striped pant,

Some presumed that I was staring pleadingly at my Boss spuriously adorned on the golden chair; while some felt that I was capriciously looking out of the ventilator fitted a few inches beneath the square ceiling,

Some presumed that I was staring at the boisterous street inundated with normal pedestrians and swanky cars; while some felt that I was watching television; lazily dozing in the plush drawing room,

Some presumed that I was staring at fish in the waters of the ocean; while some felt that I profoundly admired the stars shine,

Some presumed that I was staring relentlessly at my wife; while some felt that my gaze was furtively concentrated on the exotically alluring neighboring window,

Some presumed that I was staring at the mosquitoes hovering incessantly around my nose; while some felt that I was appreciating the grizzly lizard incorrigibly stuck to the middle of the ceiling,

Some presumed that I was staring at the pages of the literary textbook; while

some felt that I was trying to peevishly count the number of hair on my silken scalp,

Some presumed that I was staring into the bathroom mirror for hours immemorial; while some felt that I followed every movement of the sordid cockroach on the sparkling white floor,

Some presumed that I was staring unforgivingly at the hideous monster; while some felt that I was in the midst of blissfully mesmerizing fantasy; voraciously rolling my eyeballs from side to side,

Some presumed that I was staring at the festoon of crimson roses sprouting in voluptuous tandem from the soil; while some felt that I was violently searching for my loved ones in brilliant daylight,

Some presumed that I was staring innocuously at the judge seated on the cradle of irrefutable justice; while some felt that I looked towards the floor in cowardly guilty submission,

Some presumed that I was staring at my watch adroitly wound across my wrist; while some felt that I looked wistfully at the clouds; anticipating thunderbolts of tantalizing rain,

Some presumed that I was staring at the statue of my God placed dead straight; while some felt that I was haphazardly searching for my way on the crowded and bustling lane,

Some presumed that I was staring at her celestially romantic doorstep; while some felt that I was gazing at the old mans forehead,

Some presumed that I was staring at the opalescent fountains fulminating at astronomical heights in the serene atmosphere; while some felt that I nodded every now and then at my vaguely obscure shadow on the ground,

And although I might be squint eyed; I was still better than most of you would ever think; as I possessed this inherently uncanny ability to completely fool whomsoever I desired; whenever I wanted; which you miserably failed to imbibe the slightest; even though you had two pairs of perfect eyes; during the course of your entire lifetime.

Nikhil Parekh

Stages Of A Day

Yogic exercise with heavy breathing,
drenching of self with tepid water,
chanting of prayers in murky light,
complete visualization of tasks performed,
cup of frosty scalding tea at dawn,
sizzling breakfast at peak of sunrise,
a glass of crushed carrot juice,
with few milligrams of vitamin extract,
followed by a game of long tennis in evergreen lawns,
fast rides in bullet proof sports car,
zipping across snowy landscapes at inches from ground,
few hours of concentrated work at office,
pure vegetable meal at noontime,
packed warm in hi tech aluminum foil,
succeeded by perpetual sound doze,
on cushioned chair overlooking a stream,
attentive discourse evening sessions,
equally speedy return to place of dwelling,
a game of chess with multi-chipped computer,
wiping of sweat with moist cologne tissue,
a ravishing night meal of mixed steak and red wine,
few hours watching television,
followed by rigorous walk in lush green grass,
accompanied by solving crossword puzzles,
and a thunderous collapse on the foam mattress,
with all energy converted to loud snores,
is how I would like to live a single day.

Nikhil Parekh

Stamp

Every envelope needed a stamp of indispensable denomination; in order to successfully depart and proficiently reach its consummate place of destination,

Every writer needed a stamp of his publisher as well as his consortium of ardent admirers; in order to gain profound inspiration and surge ahead with flamboyance
in life,

Every mountain needed the stamp of blistering Sun; in order to feel pompously elated and tower handsomely towards open patches of blue sky,

Every dog needed the stamp of its master; in order to incessantly wag its tail in exuberant happiness; loyally guard colossal property that lay perilously vulnerable all throughout the treacherous night,

Every mother needed the stamp of her innocuous child; in order to make her life complete in all respects; in order to make her realize that she was indeed the richest woman alive,

Every palm needed the stamp of enigmatic lines; in order to provide it the unfathomably mystical and rich luxury of destiny,

Every horse needed the stamp of its rider; in order to gallop majestically through undulating expanse of boundless land; win the race amidst countless other of its kin and kind,

Every pen needed the stamp of its manufacturer; in order to optimistically emboss unsurpassable lines of exquisite literature; keep indefatigably writing with
tumultuous confidence,

Every ocean needed the stamp of its vivaciously swirling waves; in order to portray to the world that it was turbulently tangy and a stupendously magnificent sight,

Every chest needed the stamp of impeccable fabric; in order to accentuate its robustly bulging contours to the outside world; present itself congenially and blend superbly with the intricacies civilized society,

Every day needed the stamp of date; in order to depict its overwhelmingly vital significance; keep in tandem with the exact unleashing of whirlwind time,

Every meadow of green grass needed the stamp of the sacrosanct cow; in order to prove that it was indeed the most exotic food found on this planet; had encompassed in its blades all the inevitable ingredients to sustain life,
Every web woven with slimy thread needed the stamp of the long legged spider; in order to cast its mystically enigmatic impression on the aliens who faintly witnessed it,

Every boat needed the stamp of a captain; in order maneuver adroitly through the stormy waters; transport its scores of insurmountably nostalgic passengers; safely to the welcome shores,

Every jeweled throne needed the stamp of a prince; in order to continue its lineage of oligarchic legacy; look incredulously royal even under the most diminutive rays of moonlight,

Every skeleton needed the stamp of rubicund flesh; in order to tenaciously move; rise up with inexorable resilience to each horrendous barricade of life,

Every kettle needed the stamp of reinvigorating sizzling brown tea; in order that people caressed its glistening periphery with loads of compassionate warmth,

Every shoe needed the stamp of bohemian foot; in order to kick rhapsodically in ebullient atmosphere; hurl itself with rampant freedom to every nook and cranny that it liked,

Every eye needed the stamp of sparkling vision; in order to profusely engross and admire the unfathomable number of sights that existed bountifully in this world,

Every tongue needed the stamp of commanding voice; in order to make its presence felt amongst a horde of wolves; and celestially survive,

And every heart needed the stamp of immortal love; to passionately palpitate not only in life; but even infinite years after inevitable death.

Nikhil Parekh

Stark Naked

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally austere uniform of the disciplinarian policeman; which contained not even the most infinitesimal insinuation of a salaciously decrepit blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally checkered uniform of the Spartan taxi-driver; which contained not even the most insouciant insinuation of a diabolically slaving blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally impeccable uniform of the persevering butler; which contained not even the most lackadaisical insinuation of a penuriously tawdry blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally shrewd uniform of the negotiating politician; which contained not even the most intangible insinuation of a bawdily ghoulish blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally simplistic uniform of the emotionless waiter; which contained not even the most invisible insinuation of a wretchedly tyrannical blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally hygienic uniform of the clinical doctor; which contained not even the most inconspicuous insinuation of a dingily flagrant blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally stretchable uniform of the unflinching athlete; which contained not even the most parsimonious insinuation of a devilishly imbecile blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally flannel uniform of the laconic clerk; which contained not even the most infidel insinuation of a vindictively truculent blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally navy-blue uniform of the impoverished sweeper; which contained not even the most transient insinuation of a licentiously incoherent blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally professional uniform of the unnerved business magnate; which contained not even the most

ethereal insinuation of a satanically incongruous blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally straightened uniform of the stringent school teacher; which contained not even the most ephemeral insinuation of a pugnaciously devastating blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally sanctimonious uniform of the artificial air-hostess; which contained not even the most evanescent insinuation of a devilishly treacherous blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally crisp uniform of the reticent barber; which contained not even the most fugitive insinuation of a wickedly sacrilegious blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally brackish uniform of the obdurate fisherman; which contained not even the most disappearing insinuation of a nonchalantly unsolicited blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally plaintive uniform of the mechanical ombudsman; which contained not even the most oblivious insinuation of a hedonistically lambasting blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally calibrated uniform of the robotic engineer; which contained not even the most obfuscated insinuation of a preposterously delirious blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally grey uniform of the perfectionist cobbler; which contained not even the most diminishing insinuation of a hideously sadistic blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally labeled uniform of the tireless concierge; which contained not even the most sequestered insinuation of a sinfully sordid blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally scented uniform of the nonplussed priest; which contained not even the most obsolete insinuation of a dastardly balderdash blemish,

But yet; and inevitably yet; irrespective of the caste; creed; religion; race or the most unsurpassably undefeated aura of the formal uniform adorning it; the heart beneath it was unabashedly free; the heart beneath it was unbelievably emotional; the heart

beneath it was insuperably humanitarian; O! yes the heart beneath the chest was stark naked.

Nikhil Parekh

Start And End

Perennially insuperable happiness STARTS; exactly from the point where the traumatic voices of self inflicting insanity and meaningless frigid depression; ENDS,

Blazingly inimitable triumph STARTS; exactly from the point where the cadaverously ignominious and deliriously forlorn graveyard of betrayal; ENDS,

Enchantingly royal sensuousness STARTS; exactly from the point where the stone of egregiously inane and treacherously decrepit stagnation; ENDS,

Stupendously bestowing literacy STARTS; exactly from the point where the apocalypse of dastardly manipulation and population explosion; ENDS,

Resplendently effulgent scent STARTS; exactly from the point where the gallows of pathetically devastating and monotonously invidious boredom; ENDS,

Unflinchingly fearless martyrdom STARTS; exactly from the point where the venom of grotesquely ludicrous and abjectly derelict cowardliness; ENDS,

Peerlessly unsurpassable beauty STARTS; exactly from the point where the web of diabolically distorted and disgustingly gratuitous politics; ENDS,

Handsomely fructifying titillation STARTS; exactly from the point where the mortuary of baselessly slaving and hedonistically lurid commercialism; ENDS,

Eternally blessing truth STARTS; exactly from the point where the well of abysmally hopeless and haplessly staggering lies; ENDS,

Unconquerably divine poetry STARTS; exactly from the point where the daggerhead of indiscriminatingly torturous and malevolently salacious greed; ENDS,

Timelessly enamoring success STARTS; exactly from the point where the fog of viciously disparaging and endlessly hyperbolic ego; ENDS,

Astoundingly panoramic proliferation STARTS; exactly from the point where the carcass of agnostically hypochondriac and threadbare abstention; ENDS,

Magically heavenly brotherhood STARTS; exactly from the point where the

battlefield of demonically cold-blooded and brutally unsolicited slavery; ENDS,

Uninhibitedly priceless freedom STARTS; exactly from the point where the
whiplash of satanically corrupt and horrifically incarcerating dictatorship; ENDS,

Perpetually benign melody STARTS; exactly from the point where the tune of the
cacophonically parasitic and ungainly squelching devil; ENDS,

Ubiquitously regale harmony STARTS; exactly from the point where the war of
bawdily infinitesimal and worthlessly murderous power; ENDS,

Timelessly endowing humanity STARTS; exactly from the point where the prison
of tyrannically truculent and flagrantly penalizing indiscrimination; ENDS,

Miraculously blessed paradise STARTS; exactly from the point where the tornado
of dogmatically rotting and mercilessly annihilating abhorrence; ENDS,

And Immortally Godly love STARTS; exactly from the point where the holocaust
of sinfully stuttering and sleazily obfuscated retribution; ENDS.

Nikhil Parekh

Start Being Creative

Creativity is a shadow that incessantly flutters; changing its dimensions every unleashing second,

Creativity is something which is indefatigable; proliferating to the most unprecedented limits as each idea manifests,

Creativity is a milestone which always eludes; running further and further away; just when you thought you'd perpetually achieved it,

Creativity is a dream that could besiege you even under the most sweltering rays of sunlight; disappearing into infinitesimal wisps of non-existence; as abruptly as it had come,

Creativity is an island that crops up like thunderbolts of lightening; suddenly from amidst the most remotest portions of clouds in the sky,

Creativity is a hunger which never subsides; remaining disastrously famished; even after masticating the most wonderful fruits on this earth,

Creativity is a flower which blossoms into infinite petals every unveiling instant; endlessly shooting towards the sky; even after its ultimate summit had been reached,

Creativity is mesmerizing froth which kept you always exuberant; wholesomely rejuvenating the most pathetically dying nerves in your body,

Creativity is a fabulously voluptuous mirage that you sighted even in the murkiest of light; enticing you in its web of seductive unpredictability,

Creativity is a newly born infant; inexplicably metamorphosing its patterns as each moment of the day unleashed,

Creativity is a rainbow of multitudinal colors; magnificently spreading its fragrance of newness in every person whose life was engulfed with despicable doom,

Creativity is an ocean of tumultuously undulating waves; with each wave instantaneously reforming itself to unsurpassable proportions; after clashing against

the conglomerate of treacherous rocks,

Creativity is the chapter of relentless procreation; with each entity in the Universe giving birth to an unrelenting myriad of trendsetting forms,

Creativity is the flamboyant Sun which forever glows; dissipating its festoon of grandiloquently exuberant rays to every dying room; which badly needed it,

Creativity is an echo which reverberates till eternity; tirelessly changing its pitch like the heart of a passionately robust lover,

Creativity is the pulse of uncertainty; a sound escalating higher than turbulent thunder and yet remaining unheard,

Creativity is an insurmountably tantalizing seductress; luring your entire countenance to realms beyond the point of no control,

Creativity is an arrow which doesn't kill; instead harnesses ebulliently animated traces of sacrosanct life; all the time,

Creativity is a road with incomprehensible number of bifurcations; with each path leading to the most beautiful gift called; Existence,

And most importantly Creativity is not exclusive; its there hidden in all of you; So c'mon lets start discovering it gorgeously priceless forms; infact the time is now ripe enough to start being creative.

Nikhil Parekh

Starved

Every writer is starved for a publisher; the indispensable channel to propagate his work ubiquitously into the entire world,

Every granule of desert sand is starved for cloudbursts of rain; those glistening globules of water to impart it with new life,

Every eye is starved for beauty; those ravishing forms of mysticism which grant unsurpassable pleasure and a glint to its exhausted persona,

Every valley is starved for an echo; that voluptuously resonating sound that clashes delectably against the gloominess of the still atmosphere,

Every scorpion is starved for a sting; those robust globs of innocuous flesh; which grace it the astronomical privilege of piercing its ominous tentacles,

Every sports car is starved for a driver; who can grip its steering wheel with insurmountable machismo; speed it at whirlwind speeds; with its nozzle handsomely permeating through majestic carpets of air,

Every dog is starved for a bone; the tantalizing slices of red meat to appease its gluttony till unprecedented limits,

Every mosquito is starved for immaculate entities; on whose impeccable flesh it could sit all day; and satanically suck blood all throughout the savage night,

Every lip is starved for a kiss; that volatile inferno of unimaginable passion it stirred at the tiniest of caress,

Every armpit is starved for sweat; that fountain of shimmering juice which made it feel all the more stupendously exotic,

Every ear is starved for the voice of the nightingale; that ingratiating fantasy which it inevitably fomented; as it slowly drifted before blending with the senses,

Every knuckle is starved for a punch; that astounding feeling of bravado which irrefutably descended; as it pounded through loose balls of open space,

Every soul is starved for childhood; those profusely mischievous moments which divinely tickled it to rise higher above the angels,

Every barren pond is starved for the royal lotus; the magnanimously alluring odor that profoundly illuminated each second of its unfurling life,
Every telephone is starved for a melodious ring; that inexorably tinkling sound that made all around it rise with unanimous solidarity,

Every butterfly was starved for sunlight; those fiery beams of the Sun God which filtered optimistic rays of hope in its miserably cloistered existence; engendered it to dance and fly,

Every mind was starved for ravishing fantasy; fathomlessly fabulous dreams which incessantly kept it in a state of perpetual bliss,

Every heart was starved for its beloved; the incomprehensible ardor she generated to unrelentingly accelerate its each beat,

And every life was starved for love; that immortal affinity it solely desired since the time it took its first breath; the very reason it was still breathing and alive.

Nikhil Parekh

State Of The Art

State of the Art cars; to philander in; whistle past the ingratiatingly voluptuous countryside like a trice of a bullet,

State of the Art fabric; to compassionately entrench the shivering flesh of my body; gallivant in the most garishly pompous fashion; through contemporary city streets,

State of the Art aircrafts; to transport me to the most fathomlessly unbelievable parts of the globe; as I royally caressed through mystical puffs of cotton clouds,

State of the Art lawns; for me to transgress through at the crack of nostalgic dawn; profusely absorb the exotic river of golden dew drops with the silken periphery of my feet,

State of the Art watches; to display the accurate unveiling of time; illuminate the dolorous atmosphere with their ethnically silver shine,

State of the Art computer; to punch in keywords at thunderbolt velocities; reach even the most obsolete corner of this planet with the innocuous ease of a new born child,

State of the Art footwear; which was thoroughly resilient against the most tumultuous of storm; trespassed like an untamed panther over a blanket of satanically acrimonious thorns,

State of the Art swimming pool; in which I plunged for a stupendously rejuvenating swim; fantasizing unrelentingly under the festoon of amicably twinkling stars,

State of the Art pen; with its grandiloquently golden nib embossing my magnanimous signature over every currency check I endorsed,

State of the Art food; with the most exotic cuisine on this earth served majestically on my platter; a labyrinth of embellished spoons fervently awaiting an encounter with my slavering mouth,

State of the Art sun glasses; to sequester me from the acrid Sun; enticing gasps of incredulously augmenting admiration; from my battalion of followers on the

streets,

State of the Art shampoo; to impart a fabulous redolence to my scalp;
engendering an unsurpassable cloud of bubbles to handsomely diffuse in placid
carpets of air,

State of the Art garlands impregnated with a gorgeous conglomerate of
shimmering pearls; to make me feel infinite times higher than the crowned king,

State of the Art office; equipped with the most swanky contraptions; which
shrunk the entire world; into an infinitesimally minuscule wired village,

State of the Art farms; through which I flirted when my mind commanded;
frolicking in gay abandon with clusters of immaculately furry sheep,

State of the Art libraries overwhelmed with the most enigmatically captivating
books; which I supremely relished to read; under the seductively plush air of the
air-conditioner,

State of the Art cameras; for me to capture the most astoundingly mesmerizing
sights in this Universe; click infinite times in a single instant; to relax the
pertinently welling pressure of my palms,

State of the Art breath to inhale; filtered by the most stringently conventional air
purifiers; ensuring that I lived my life to the most unprecedented of its capacity,

But most importantly; uninhibitedly natural rudiments of love; which made me
actually enjoy all that was State of the Art; kept me for unfathomable births;
always alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Stay Happy; Stay Alive

Stay on top of the blisteringly sweltering equator; uncontrollably basking in the insatiably flamboyant glory of the Omnipotent Sun,

Stay on resplendently inebriating avalanches of scintillating ice; bountifully feasting every ingredient of your crimson blood; on the stupendously frosty mountains,

Stay on rustic landscapes of indigenously panoramic mud; indefatigably tingling even the most infinitesimal bud of your skin; with melodiously enchanting grass,

Stay under the unrelentingly cascading waterfalls; replenishing your drearily insipid nerves with the mantra of harmoniously holistic; symbiotism,

Stay wherever you like; but stay in rhapsodically ebullient happiness; stay ubiquitously diffusing into a fountain of everlasting jubilation; stay forever and philanthropically alive.

1.

Stay abreast the ferociously dazzling fires; metamorphosing even the most frigidly pernicious moments of your bedraggled life; into a sky of unconquerable optimism,

Stay intrepidly relaxing on the gigantic shark's back; unfurling into a gorge of unfathomably exhilarating adventure; as each instant rampantly zipped by,

Stay tirelessly under the placidly mesmerizing Moon; enchantingly pacifying your tumultuously frazzled persona; with euphorically impeccable charisma,

Stay intractably near the aromatically appetizing kitchens; supremely tantalizing your disastrously impoverished nostrils; with the most delectably exotic cuisine that lingered on this gigantic Universe,

Stay wherever you like; but stay unassailably bonded in threads of solidarity; stay as God's most innocuously blessed organisms; stay forever and philanthropically alive.

2.

Stay rolling with the immaculately burgeoning mushrooms; marvelously saluting their honesty; as the first rays of dawn unleashed from the royally ethereal horizons,

Stay wholesomely blended with hives of the boisterous honey bee; profusely enveloping every cranny of your diminutive demeanor; with unsurpassably never-ending sweetness,

Stay unflinchingly confronting the most mightiest of tornadoes; relishing the sheer propensity of compassionate moisture; on every impression of your pathetically fading visage,

Stay powerlessly surrendered at the pristine feet of your divine beloved; profoundly nourishing every droplet of your scarlet blood; with all beauty that serendipitously enshrouded this planet,

Stay wherever you like; but stay always encapsulated with impregnable prosperity; stay shoulder to shoulder with your comrades in inexplicably traumatic pain; stay forever and philanthropically alive.

3.

Stay lifelong with all unfortunately staggering destitute; inundating enlightening rays of desire in the lives of all those vindictively orphaned,

Stay intransigently upon the sordidly uninhibited rooftop; languishing in the aisles of unending desire; without caring two hoods about the conventionally diabolical society,

Stay brazenly bare chested on the ecstatically gallivanting horse; timelessly exploring the ravishing aura of this earth; as the majestically glorious wind gushed past the whites of your joyously blazing eyes,

Stay concisely synchronized in the dormitories of the swanky corporate office; rejoicing the quintessential fundamentals of pragmatic management; to their unprecedented fullest,

Stay wherever you like; but stay with a smile blessing your countenance till times beyond eternity; stay pricelessly bonded with the fabric of eternally melanging mankind; stay forever and philanthropically alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Stealing My Heart

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my car; whizzed past the meandering slopes of the valley at roaring speeds; and blended profusely with the spirit of adventure,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my swanky perfume bottle; flooded your entire entity by prolifically sprinkling the same; basked in the aisles of unsurpassable fragrance that emanated as a ramification,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my shoes; audaciously clambered up the mountains; tightly fitting them to your nimble skinned soles,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my drum replete with glistening jewels; embellished your entire body with scintillating garments portraying them bombastically to the outside world,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my appetizing morsels of food; feasted on the same sipping delectable pints of red wine on the verdant slopes of the ecstatic waterfall,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my entire wardrobe of clothes; philandered through the rustic fields adorned in cowboy boots; audaciously brandishing your tomboyish attire,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my feather tipped pen; sketched exquisite shapes of the voluptuous stars lingering in the cosmos; emptied all the ink entrapped within to sign the bulky chequebooks,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my books; had a smashing time in browsing through the majestic ensemble of beautiful words; drowning yourself wholesomely into the tantalizing fantasy imprisoned within,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my colossal dwelling; leaving me scorched and dry on the streets to uncertainly weave my way around,

It didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my children; frolicked and enjoyed with them on the sea shores; while I brooded incessantly in moments of gruesome silence,

It didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my diamond studded sword; swished it violently around; pretentiously pretending to inhabit the royal throne,

It didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my bushy beard and moustache; tossing my hair around in unprecedented glee; after plucking them from my skin furtively in the night,

It didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole every single penny of my wealth; absconded away with the gargantuan conglomerate of currency that I had perspired for all my life,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my entire fleet of teeth; adroitly removing them after injecting me with unfathomable doses of sedation; giving them as a special bone to your pet dog to relish and chew,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my fame; perfidiously bad mouthed about me to as far and wide as you possibly could in this world; trying to abysmally look me down in front of people whom I irrefutably revered and adored,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my infectious smile; whipping me indefatigably with your acerbic string of sardonic comments; made me cry by hurling at me abuses which I had never come across in the most wildest of my dreams,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my ideals; inevitably compelling me to act against my own wishes; blackmailing me indiscriminately by exploiting my supremely sensitive points,

And it really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my life; made me relinquish precious breathing; secretly poisoning the water I gulped; viciously adulterating my big tumbler of morning milk with snake venom,

As all these things were too trivial to bother me; for you had already committed a robbery even greater than this stealing my heart when you met me several years ago; making me a slave of your immortal love;

And today whatever else you stole did not impact me the slightest; simply and miserably failed to bother me at all.

Nikhil Parekh

Steel Bird

Waiting majestically on grey tarmac,
100 feet of solid steel mass,
eloquent window panes visible in elevation,
consisting of resistant shatter proof fiber glass,
stubby nose coated with black caps of steel,
the entire body sleeping on a framework of elongated steel,
stuck to an assembly of high quality radial Dunlop,
aerodynamic flaps of protruding wings,
enabling necessary leverage in thin air,
ergonomically soft cabin interior,
seat belts dangling from oval plastic,
bulb arrows leading to emergency exits,
inflated life vests camouflaged in cabin roof,
television monitors displaying altitude and speed,
revolving trolleys serving continental food,
circulating dailies stored in cloth racks,
overhead lockers containing hand baggage,
with tonnes of cargo in its hollow belly,
nestling in hangars for refueling,
ready to fly a million kilometers of air journey,
towering above snow alps, violent seas,
concrete cities, dense forests,
bearing signatures of Air India, British airways, Royal ,
flying at unbelievable heights of half a lac feet,
the highest flying tapered bird,
made up of light aluminum foil and steel,
a carrier of unparalleled privilege,
the fastest mode of transport available,
is the air bus 320.

Nikhil Parekh

Still Craving For More

A million kisses on her mischievously magical palms; as she intriguingly darted to explore every bit of the ecstatically astounding atmosphere,

A million kisses on her flirtatiously dancing lids; as she inadvertently fluttered those diminutively silken folds; at the slightest insinuation of vibrant light,

A million kisses on her immaculately divine lips; as she Omnisciently unveiled into a festoon of enchanting smiles; after every feed of her Mother's milk,

A million kisses on her innocuously flapping ears; as she poignantly bounced to even the most inconspicuous sounds; euphorically feasting on the first rays of the Sun; like no other entity on planet alive,

And my lips still unrelentingly craved for more; such was the timeless incantation of her newly born spirit; such was the luminescence of her impeccable soul; such was the charisma of her tiny; but immortal heart.

1.

A million kisses on her sacredly minuscule forehead; as she regally stared at my alien face in innocent bewilderment,

A million kisses on her jubilantly tinkling feet; as she naughtily thrust at all that she encountered in vicinity; with her unfathomably burgeoning euphoria,

A million kisses on her royally mesmerizing neck; as she immaculately maneuvered it umpteenth number of times in a single minute; passionately searching for her mother's breast,

A million kisses on her eternally bountiful eyelashes; as she winked every now and again; demanding to be celestially hoisted towards the fathomless sky; by virtually all her by her tiny side,

And my lips still intransigently wandered for more; such was the miraculous impression of her Omnipresent soul; such was the unsurpassably resplendent radiance of her every new born footstep; such was the charisma of her tiny; but immortal heart.

2.

A million kisses on her profusely baby powder coated armpits; as she unleashed into a fountain of wonderful laughter; gleefully poking me in my ribs,
A millions kisses on her Omnipotently golden belly; as she perennially snuggled closer and closer to my chest; with the onset of the remorsefully fearful and sordid night,

A million kisses on her marvelously embellished shadow; as she enchantingly crawled towards an entrenchment of endowing goodness; every unfurling minute of
the brilliantly sparkling day,

A million kisses on her microscopic yet philanthropic shoulders; as she harbored nothing but unassailable love for all mankind; bonding every element of her countenance with the religion of humanity,

And my lips still ardently prayed for more; such was the glorious essence of her perpetually amiable sharing; such was the unblemished spirit that encapsulated her newly born demeanor; such was the charisma of her tiny; but immortal heart.

3.

A million kisses on her magnificently curly hair; as she fervently suckled her big thumb to divinely appease every ingredient of her; invincibly scarlet blood,

A million kisses on her robustly ebullient tongue; as she rejuvenated life in even the most lugubriously dead; with her inarticulately affable sky of natural cries,

A million kisses on her profoundly rubicund palms; as she frolicked in the aisles of beautifully captivating childhood; entirely oblivious to the rigors of tyrannical destiny and this satanically savage planet,

A million kisses on her freshly spawning fingernails; as she unveiled into a palace of everlasting newness; heavenly bouncing in the lap of her Godly mother,

And my lips still indefatigably sought for more; such was the benign power of her newly born soul; such was the inimitable propensity in her effusively spell binding cries; such was the charisma of her tiny; but immortal heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Still Reigning Supreme

Although it stands in a pool of disdainful mud; with wild creepers camouflaging it in entirety,
The lotus still reigns supreme; due to its lingering redolence; the stupendously enamoring color of its leaves.

Although it is obliterated by a conglomerate of ominous thunder clouds; black gases whistling past it at swashbuckling speeds,
The moon still reigns supreme; due to its scintillating and perennial shine; which profoundly illuminates the night.

Although it flies amidst a fleet of hideous vultures; sounds of vicious wailing uncouthly caressing its wings,
The nightingale still reigns supreme; due to its incredibly mesmerizing voice which permeates the atmosphere.

Although she swims underwater with pugnacious sharks slithering in proximity; the multilegged octopus fervently awaiting every single opportunity to strangulate it,
The mermaid still reigns supreme; due to its silken complexioned skin; the vivaciousness incorporated in its body.

Although it lies obfuscated behind the fortress of lanky mountains; the colossal shadows trying to wholesomely submerge it,
The sun still reigns supreme; due to its blistering rays; the overwhelming tenacity in its shine able to dazzle every nook and cranny of the earth.

Although it lies incarcerated in cloistered space; a slimy shell sequestering it completely from the outside world,
The pearl still reigns supreme; due to its unrelenting capacity to glow; inundate the life of whosoever who purchases it with an inevitable sparkle.

Although it sprouts from primordial wild clay; with fetid puddles of slush sprawled abundantly around,
The button mushroom still reigns supreme; due to its delectably appeasing silhouette; the exultation it generates when squelched between pair of teeth.

Although it gushes past a plethora of belligerent barricades; jagged rocks hindering its progress at every juncture possible,
The white water mountain stream still reigns supreme; due to its tingling noise;

the reinvigorating feeling it imparts when drunk with cupped hands.

Although it lies imprisoned in dungeons of doom; ghastly waves of air striking it each minute unveiling,
The biscuit of gold still reigns supreme; due to the perpetual glow emanating from its persona; its uncanny ability to overpower all commodities existing.

And although he existed in a world besieged with corruption; blood sucking individuals trying to massacre civilization,
The angel still reigned supreme; due to an impeccable aura engulfing his demeanor; the unprecedented faith he had in his mother; his beloved; and the Almighty who had created him.

Nikhil Parekh

Still Searching For The Love Of My Life

Her views for me; were like the reproachful views of the hideously cold-blooded snake; for the swiftly articulate and timelessly boisterous mongoose,

Her views for me; were like the cannibalistic views of the gorily invidious gutter; for the valley of enchantingly mesmerizing cleanliness,

Her views for me; were like the acrid views of the vindictively emaciating desert' for the untamed cloudbursts of relentlessly blessing and celestially mollifying rain,

Her views for me; were like the pugnaciously indescribable views of treacherous blood; for the Omnipotently endowing rays of the majestically unassailable and righteous Sun,

Her views for me; were like the unceremonious views of the lazily wastrel tortoise; for the indefatigably tick-tocking arms of the punctiliously infallible clock,

Her views for me; were like the ghastly views of salaciously asphyxiating terrorism; for the mists of symbiotically ecstatic and vivaciously effulgent happiness,

Her views for me; were like the parasitic views of horrifically crippling blackness; for the brilliantly unfettered and unconquerably blazing day,

Her views for me; were like the malevolent views of the satanically abominable cockroach; for the unsurpassably ebullient redolence of the tantalizingly fresh rose,

Her views for me; were like the prejudiced views of the fecklessly dumb stone; for the insuperably regale strings of the uninhibitedly soaring kite,

Her views for me; were like the inconsolable views of the amorously terrorizing corpse; for the chapters of marvelously benevolent and inimitably unparalleled life,

Her views for me; were like the ribald views of acrimoniously strangulating venom; for the impeccably wonderful and quintessentially fortifying cow's milk,

Her views for me; were like the rabid views of the inanely dastardly ghost; for the limitless civilization of euphorically chirping living beings,

Her views for me; were like the tawdry views of intolerably squelched infertility; for the skies of boundlessly enthralling and invincibly enlightening procreation,

Her views for me; were like the slandering views of the diabolically corrupt politicians; for the irrefutably glorious and altruistically truthful man,
Her views for me; were like the vengeful views of nonchalantly drugged perspiration; for the unflinchingly peerless and perennially fructifying sword of patriotism,

Her views for me; were like the heinous views of dogmatically incarcerating glue; for the explicitly emollient mirror of perpetually radiating truth,

Her views for me; were the like derogatory views of insidiously crucifying betrayal; for the heart of immortally glorifying and magnanimously blessing love,

Her views for me; were like the chauvinistic views of the manipulatively mechanized robots; for the fathomless cornucopia of God's astoundingly created emotionally responsive organisms,

And though we had been forcefully married for a countless lifetimes; and within the devoutly conventional norms of the tyrannically whipping world outside; she was nothing else than my incessantly cursing and fault-finding wife; while remember O!

adorably nubile maidens outside; that I was still resplendently young and searching for the true love of my life!

Nikhil Parekh

Still The Richest

Not a single cloth to camouflage my devastatingly tottering body; as I trespassed like a ghoulishly grotesque ghost; through the uncouthly chilly winds of vengefully freezing winter,

Not a single penny in my brutally bedraggled pockets; as I insanely loitered like a barbaric lunatic; through the lanes of overwhelmingly stinking poverty; and depraving cowardice,

Not a single sound in my satanically rotting throat; as I groped like a parsimoniously dumb rat; through the painstakingly debilitated corridors; of dolorous doom and deprivation,

Not a single hair to envelop my penuriously gleaming scalp; as I became an unsurpassable mountain of deplorable ridicule for the rich and rustically impoverished; alternatively and alike,

Not a single shade to entrench my hopelessly deadened facial contours; as I pathetically stumbled on every step; into a dungeon of ghastly depression and horrendous prejudice,

Not a single blush encompassing my haplessly beleaguered cheeks; as I frigidly slithered like colorlessly asphyxiated water; through the deserts of sweltering solitude,

Not a single jewel embellishing my capriciously dithering flesh; as I got inevitably spat upon; by even the most despicably nonchalant of pigs,

Not a single smile encapsulating my unfathomably cracked and sleazy lips; as I fulminated into an unending volley of remorseful tears; even in the most vibrantly ecstatic moments of vivid life,

Not a single fantasy in my lecherously manipulative brain; as I parasitically sucked whatever I could lay my hands upon; to holistically survive,

Not a single line on my insidiously lackadaisical palms; as I maniacally groped without the slightest of direction; destiny and ambition; for centuries immemorial,

Not a single twinkle in my treacherously withering eyes; as I invidiously sighted nothing but hideously commercial corruption; even in the most majestic land of the handsomely divine,

Not a single muscle in my abominably delirious arms; as I got wholesomely pulverized by even the most minuscule ants; the instants that they nimbly brushed
by my disgustingly flailing side,

Not a single morsel of food in my tyrannically famished stomach; as I approached veritable extinction more vociferously by the unfurling minute; with a cloud of abhorrent darkness incorrigibly lingering around my bizarrely annihilated persona,

Not a single shadow emanating from my profusely penalized countenance; as I aimlessly wandered without an entity of my own; through the lanes of murderously
crippling doom,

Not a single cheer in my severely deprived demeanor; as I embraced the walls of lugubrious nonchalance; to be worthlessly squelched to piles of inconspicuous ash; on every path that I tread,

Not a single fortification in my savagely strangulated senses; as I disappeared into wisps of non-existent oblivion; at the tiniest puff of air that wafted; from the irascibly pertinent mosquitoes mouth,

Not a single enchantment in my devilishly maimed veins; as I blended with threadbare granules of insipid dust on the baseless streets; devouring obdurately dreary stones hurled at me by the entire planet; and from every possible side,

Not a single breath in my sullenly constipated nostrils; as I relinquished even the most infinitesimal desire to survive; even as I was in the pristine prime of everlasting youth,

But still the most richest man on this Universe; as I had her pricelessly invincible heartbeats; the immortal river of her Godly love; perpetually imprisoned in the inner most arenas of my chest; fulminating like a princess unassailable; and forever
mine.

Stimulation

The tree leaves swayed with injected stimulation from breezy draughts of air,
shedding its foliage at sporadic intervals of time.

stagnant patches of river water formed silken ripples,
with buoyant stimulation offered by cruising boat,
was lined with white froth in abundance when the boat exceeded barriers of
speed.

hungry particles of mud transformed into wet slurry,
when fed with stimulation from the pelting drops of rain,
forming soft cushions of water for the birds to take their morning baths.

feeble men started working with newly discovered exhilaration,
when poked with stimulation of mouthwatering food and spring water,
dreary bones now functioned with fresh supply of newly formed blood.

dilapidated engine of car shot ahead with bursts of speed,
when reinforced with stimulation blend of petrol and oil,
the life bestowing concoction flooding scorched testubes in its engine.

bodies heavily soaked in sleep got boisterously active,
when submerged in volatile stimulations of steaming coffee,
wee hours of the night suddenly came alive,
as black currants of coffee barged open doors of blissful sleep.

we will exit out of nefarious deeds and malpractice,
relinquish the crown of prejudice forever,
breathe air, reminiscent of the era in which we were born,
provided we get conducive stimulations that tickle unexplored avenues of our
heart,
give us the omnipresent love we as a community of humans have ever
perceived.

Nikhil Parekh

Stitched

In order to stitch barren patches of colossal sky; all that was required as a conglomerate of voluptuously silken clouds,

In order to stitch the miserably dilapidated walls of the castle; all that was required was a flurry of handsome bricks and fortified cement,

In order to stitch the overwhelmingly blood shot eye; all that was required was river of poignantly emphatic tears,

In order to stitch the ragged sheet of wretchedly torn paper; all that was required was parsimonious droplets of efficacious glue,

In order to stitch brutally bruised and pathetic wounds; all that was required was minuscule traces of potently healing antiseptic,

In order to stitch a battalion of smashed teeth; all that was required was astronomical fillings of invincibly tenacious calcium,

In order to stitch the hungrily parched desert crying hoarsely under the sweltering Sun; all that was required was an ocean of deliciously sweet and sparkling water,

In order to stitch a dolorous pair of profusely gloomy lips; all that was required was tinkling laughter; an intriguingly enchanting smile,

In order to stitch the pigeon lying gruesomely injured and helplessly slithering on the ground; all that was required was a pinch of fresh mud; which almost intransigently fomented it to soar robustly and fly,

In order to stitch profoundly distorted chunks of ice; all that was required was a refrigerator; with its power to chill escalating exuberantly towards blue sky,

In order to stitch the disastrously disheveled web; all that was required was a silvery spider which traversed to and fro; faster than the speed of dazzling light,

In order to stitch the haywire and incoherently absurd story; all that was required was a thoroughly imaginative and ardent writer,

In order to stitch insurmountably morbid anecdotes of painstaking gloom; all that

was required was an uninhibitedly hilarious joke,

In order to stitch the abhorrently looking gaping holed shoe; all that was required was meticulous pairs of glossily dangling lace,

In order to stitch a ghastily abraded battlefield of lies; all that was required was the omnipotent essence of irrefutable truth,

In order to stitch unfathomable kilometers of space deluged with perilously treacherous darkness; all that was required was stringent beams of optimistic light,

In order to stitch dead shades of rapidly diminishing life; all that was required was inconspicuous mouthfuls of celestially blissful breath,

In order to stitch the satanically shattered self esteem; all that was required was candidly listening to the voice of the inner most conscience,

And in order to stitch the shamefully dispersed land of violence and obnoxious hatred; all that was required was a stream of immortal love; a stream that caused crime to perpetually fall.

Nikhil Parekh

Stone Pillow

I took irregular pieces of threadbare stone,
painted them with vibrant flashes of crimson red,
chiseled them to look like porous stone idol,
cut them with an iron knife into multiple fragments,
dipped them in steaming acid to divest them of natural shine,
soaked them in chocolate curry, rendering them a breeding ground for insect,
baked them in an oven transforming them into roasted potato,
mixed them with spicy pickle charging them with tinges of spice,
hurled them at window panes shattering glass into infinite molecules of glass,
polished them with golden emery till they shone as crystal diamond,
lay them at random on wet mud surface to act as a tar road,
diffused them with electric machine into a heap of fine powder charcoal,
blended them with sandalwood paste to yield heavenly aroma in the day,
stacked them in coarse bags of denim ready to be dispatched in foreign land,
used them as beads of playing marble colliding with soft thuds,
melted them in boiling gas flame forming light grey tonic sticky in complexion.

the night was engulfed with chilly currents of wind,
soft portions of my neck stabbed me like a thousand needles,
intimate portions of scalp demanded adequate backrest,
that was exactly when vital brain waves struck me,
i crushed all the stone piece into a solitary slab,
covered it with rich dunlop cushion foam,
slept like a prince all night and sunlit day,
on my very own & innovative stone pillow

Nikhil Parekh

Stop

To stop the raucously speeding train; all you needed to do was to pull the stringently wound up chain,

To stop the uncontrollably advancing river; all you needed to do was to close the impregnably stolid gates of the dam; to the maximum of their capacity,

To stop the disastrously scorching desert of acrimonious sands; all you needed to do was to sprinkle a bountiful cistern of tantalizing water; under the roof of the celestially fathomless sky,

To stop the menacingly growling lion; all you needed to do was to place a playground full of blood red meat; right in front of his salaciously rapacious and gruesomely squandering eyes,

To stop the rebelliously augmenting avalanche; all you needed to do was to place a lackadaisically flat and inanely nimble road; at the rock bottom of the perilously diabolical hill,

To stop the watch from tirelessly tick-tocking; all you needed to do was to austere remove its pair of punctiliously revolving needles; forever and ever and ever,

To stop the ferociously slapping seawaves; all you needed to do was to put a chain of unsurpassably regale rocks in their way; as they rose high and handsome to a triumphantly ultimate crescendo,

To stop the demonically cold-blooded criminal; all you needed to do was to metamorphose even the most infinitesimal trace of vengeance in his brutally estranged conscience into a gorge of compassionately unparalleled love,

To stop the venomously hissing and satanic snake; all you needed to do was to let loose the astoundingly fleet footed mongoose upon him; like a trice of white lightning diffusing from crimson sky,

To stop the viciously swerving car; all you needed to do was to sagaciously compress its pair of twinbrakes; to the most unprecedented of your body capacity,

To stop the unsavory traitors and beguiling enemy; all you needed to do was to

transcend over every aspect of their disparagingly treacherous identity; with the mantra of unflinchingly fearless righteousness,

To stop the parasites from unstoppably wailing; all you needed to do was to place them in a mortuary of ghoulishly fretful and perfidiously rotting skeletons,
To stop destructively advancing technology; all you needed to do was to transport the uncouthly marauding devils; into the sacrosanct lap's of their heavenly mothers,

To stop lecherously lazy sleep; all you needed to do was to keep your eyes wide open solely towards the most symbiotically benign mission of your diminutively impoverished life,

To stop unceremoniously devilish stench; all you needed to do was to inclemently usurp every bit of its disgruntled persona with the fragrance of priceless humanity; even before it could arise,

To stop indiscriminately squelching torture; all you needed to do was to ubiquitously apply the balm of philanthropically miraculous empathy and untainted brotherhood,

To stop the freshly born and inexhaustibly weeping infant; all you needed to do was to feed in its mother's eternally mollifying breast,

To stop gorily crucifying death; all you needed to do was to perpetually continue god's chapter of blessed procreation; proliferate into infinite more of your humble kind,

And to stop the perennially overflowing heart; all you needed to do was to find another heart with whom its beats uninhibitedly bonded; and then remained united
as the apogee of altruistic companionship; for countless more births to come.

Nikhil Parekh

Stop Feeling Sorry

If you're perennially smiling; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose innocuous cheeks were inundated with nothing else; but an unsurpassable whirlpool of tears,

If you're blazingly intrepid; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose uncontrollably quavered at even the most inconspicuous whisper of the evanescently cowardly wind,

If you're stupendously white; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose skins were jinxed with a color; more acrimoniously blacker than the most pathetically blackened of charcoal,

If you're bountifully virile; don't feel sorry at all for all those who couldn't proliferate into even a mercurial shadow of their own; even in the most astoundingly pristine of their youth,

If you're unbelievably creative; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose brains were in a state of amorously stony inertia; right since the very first cry of euphorically resplendent birth,

If you're invincibly strong; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose frigid veins disdainfully popped out of their impoverished skins; whose stomachs shriveled into recesses of nothingness forever and ever and ever,

If you're amazingly eclectic; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose robotic footsteps; led them to nowhere else but the most blasphemously delinquent graves of nonsensical monotony,

If you're incomparably wealthy; don't feel sorry at all for all those who spent every unfurling instant of their horrifically dismantled lifetime; within the lecherously incarcerated confines of the parsimonious gutterpipe,

If you're spell bindingly robust; don't feel sorry at all for all those who were afflicted with the most invidiously penalizing of cancer/aids; for whom death was the most inevitably sadistic signature of life,

If you're ebulliently athletic; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose bodies were indescribably maimed; tawdrily thwarted into disparaging oblivion for ostensibly no fault of theirs,

If you're unfathomably sensitive; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose ears weren't anything but jewels without the slightest of luster; as brutal strokes of destiny had limitlessly rendered them stone deaf,

If you're miraculously hawk-eyed; don't feel sorry at all for all those who could sight nothing but a corpse of crucifying blackness in front of their eyes; even under the most Omnipotently brilliant of Sunlight,

If you're mellifluously sweet-tongued; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose tongues blurted nothing but inanely incomprehensible balderdash; as the thorns of decrepit dumbness had stung them right in the center of their spines,

If you're beautifully sculptured; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose faces; inadvertently resembled the most preposterously distorted of dinosaurs,

If you're inevitably magnetic; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose countless zillion efforts; still miserably floundered to entice the heart of even an ethereally insouciant fly,

If you're brilliantly patriotic; don't feel sorry at all for all those who preferred to sell their mother's and souls; instead of mustering the tenacity to take the onslaught of the rampaging devil on their barren chests,

If you're altruistically sacrosanct; don't feel sorry at all for all those who spent almost every unleashing second of their devastated lives; on the ultimate precipices of mental retardation and in a dilapidated mental asylum,

If you're unassailably breathing; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose life was just for the sake of the externally worthless physical form; whose soul had died the most ghastliest of death at the hands of torturous fate; an infinite births ago,

If you're immortally in love; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose beats did quintessentially liberate into the atmosphere like yours; but unfortunately failed to coalesce with the eternally fructifying and ultimate love of their life,

Because. The instant you started to feel the least sorry for all these kind of organisms and countless more hopelessly deprived of their kind; you'd be in fact giving them an instantaneous death which would be more gory than the most goriest of death could ever be; a death caused by sympathetic disdain; a death caused by your attitude of crumbling weakness; a death caused by your feeling of sheer helplessness; a death caused by your inability to accept them as

blessedly normal entities alive,

Whilst the instant you stopped feeling sorry for them; wholeheartedly embracing them instead; as just one of your blessed kind; the instant you selflessly reached out to even the most infinitesimal aspect of theirs; the instant you tried and did your very best for them blending each of your gregarious breath with theirs; that very instant and by the grace of God; you'd not only be attaining the most supreme epitome of divinity; but commencing upon an expedition united with them; to exist as the most pricelessly unconquerable form of celestial living kind.

Nikhil Parekh

Stop Ghastly Female Foeticide Right Now!

By ruthlessly killing the female fetus right in its sacred womb itself; you're infact ruthlessly killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of unassailably divine fertility,

By indiscriminately killing the female fetus right in its magical womb itself; you're infact indiscriminately killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of miraculously replenishing compassion,

By torturously killing the female fetus right in its sacrosanct womb itself; you're infact torturously killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of uninhibitedly heavenly mischief,

By insanely killing the female fetus right in its celestial womb itself; you're infact insanely killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of invincibly panoramic beauty,

By truculently killing the female fetus right in its Omnipotent womb itself; you're infact truculently killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of interminably blessing philanthropism,

By cannibalistically killing the female fetus right in its victorious womb itself; you're infact cannibalistically killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of pricelessly inimitable artistry,

By heartlessly killing the female fetus right in its perennial womb itself; you're infact heartlessly killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of unconquerably unprejudiced truth,

By cold-bloodedly killing the female fetus right in its blessed womb itself; you're infact cold-bloodedly killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of limitlessly poignant proliferation,

By unforgivably killing the female fetus right in its priceless womb itself; you're infact unforgivably killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of amazingly burgeoning creativity,

By sadistically killing the female fetus right in its insuperable womb itself; you're infact sadistically killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of blissfully ubiquitous fragrance,

By wretchedly killing the female fetus right in its unfettered womb itself; ' you're infact wretchedly killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of passionately bonding equality,

By criminally killing the female fetus right in its Omniscient womb itself; you're infact criminally killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of enchantingly stupefying melody,

By venomously killing the female fetus right in its fructifying womb itself; you're infact venomously killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of unshakably ameliorating brotherhood,

By barbarously killing the female fetus right in its unimpeachable womb itself; you're infact barbarously killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of unfathomably exhilarating mysticism,

By hedonistically killing the female fetus right in its bountiful womb itself; you're infact hedonistically killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of unsurpassably undefeated goodness,

By cadaverously killing the female fetus right in its jubilant womb itself; you're infact cadaverously killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of infallibly bewitching prosperity,

By demonically killing the female fetus right in its ebullient womb itself; you're infact demonically killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of everlastingly symbiotic happiness,

By worthlessly killing the female fetus right in its triumphant womb itself; you're infact worthlessly killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of unconquerably sumptuous versatility,

By violently killing the female fetus right in its eternal womb itself; you're infact violently killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of ever-pervadingly righteous strength,

But by sacrilegiously killing the female fetus in its Omnipresent womb itself; you're infact sacrilegiously killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which definitely and would 100% be of an infinite infants; children; girls; women; boys; men; uncles; aunts; fathers; mothers; grandfathers; grandmothers; and an endless list of an endless more relations to you; galore

Nikhil Parekh

Stop Killing Animals

They were wholesomely innocent; not entangled in any discrepancy of spurious religion whatsoever,

They didn't need any wealth to live; harmlessly replenishing their innocuous stomachs; with Nature's bountiful endowment,

They hadn't a single cloth on their heavenly bodies; yet handsomely managed their survival; without infiltrating the slightest into your conventional society,

They safeguarded your possessions like an invincible fortress; while you slept in the untamed luxury of opulent wine and seductive vixen,

They were bereft of a name; yet attended to the most infinitesimal of your command; by whatever prefix; that you chose to call them,

They gave the most exhilarating rides to your children on their bare backs; at times wincing tumultuously under the pain; while your kin had the time of their lives,

They galloped like a profusely embellished prince through the spiraling hills; timidly retreating back as the Sun transcended beyond the ethereal horizons,

They harbored a festoon of poignant empathy in their eyes; feeling devastatingly distraught as man killed man; for power,

They frolicked playfully under the enchanting moon; cuddling their young ones securely to their womb,

They had an astounding prowess of smell; at times wholesomely depending upon it to find their way; as their sight blinded in the most tenaciously brilliant of sunshine,

They splashed every dawn under rejuvenating waterfalls
of the mountains; yielding you frosty milk for your
appetizing breakfast,

They imitated you at sporadic occasions; triggering
you to have the most wholehearted laugh of your lives,

They wagged their tails in ecstatic jubilation witnessing the revered grace of their
master; irrespective of the fact that he belted out his frustration of the day;
ruthlessly on their nimble hindsides,

They were complete oblivious to vicious circles of
hatred; lies; lecherous ambition; confronted each
moment of life as it came; with ardent simplicity in
their bodies,

They soared like a king amidst the celestial clouds;
rendering you their salubrious eggs; even before they
had hatched,

They had not the slightest of moral education; yet
sacrificed their lives for their soldiers; in the
acrimonious battlefield of war,

And they had a heart more passionately throbbing than
their human counterparts; weeping and profoundly
lamenting the loss of their loved ones,

They were barbarically called; Chickens, Pigs, Dogs,
Cats, Cows, Birds, Monsters, Wolves, Rabbits; Mice;
Ants and Frogs,

With people cutting; roasting; slaughtering;
strangulating; consuming; them for their daily meals;
as they still showered their blessings to all living
kind,

Therefore it is my plea to all you humans out there;
don't give them any status in your monotonous society;
but at least can you stop killing animals.

Straight Answers

Where do we get succulent fruit from; scores of raspberry attached to fresh green leaves,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the tall and finely corrugated tree.

Where do we get flocculent wool from; clusters of fur curled up in bountiful heaps,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the rotund and blissful mountain sheep.

Where do we get salt from; tones of white powder to impregnate favor to our meals,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the magnanimous and turbulently swirling ocean.

Where do we get milk from; immaculate curd dribbling to consume; for blissfully commencing every morning,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the sacrosanct and robust cow.

Where do we get glistening leather from; sleazy chunks of cloth to make our pocket purses,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the slithering and tantalizing reptile.

Where do we get scintillating pearls from; impeccable jewels untouched by adulteration,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the delectably molded shell of oyster.

Where do we get loads of illumination from; dazzling rays to fumigate the profusely moistened earth,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than celestial body of the blazing Sun.

Where do we get mesmerizing fragrance from; gorgeous scent profoundly besieging our nostrils,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the crimson colored and dew drop coated lotus.

Where do we get rain from; pelting globules of liquid blended with streaks of white lightning,

The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the colossal expanse of the ominously black sky.

Where do we get bountiful blessings from; tones of unsurpassable success in every sphere of life which we undertake,

The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the omniscient Almighty.

Where do we get insurmountable love from; the exuberant spirit in life to contentedly exist,

The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the impeccable beloved.

And where do we get an outlet to uninhibitedly express our emotions; informally blurt out the most inconspicuous problem of our mind,

The answer to this is as ubiquitous as ever; for it is none other than the divine mother.

Nikhil Parekh

Stream Of Love

O! that crystal clear stream flowing,
From tall precipices of the mountain; cascading below,
Those granules of spring water resemble love,
Make brand new paths to go,
Forming tributaries of eternal love,
Gushing at volatile speeds into the mystic world beneath.

The twisted path made by river flow,
Emphatic with light yellow tinges and glow,
With absolutely no hindrances to grow.
It imparts the secrete messages of hidden compassion,
Spreading its enchanting touch all over,
To this frenzied exhausted world,
With serene black calmness to follow.

The stream descends down in a placid manner,
With euphemistically soothing gurgling sounds,
Radiating in its splendid beauty,
To spread permanent messages of unbiased love,
To give relief in its arms,
Resembling gargantuan twists and turns of empathy.

Nikhil Parekh

Strings

As i loosened taut strings of my dotted lemon purse,
there oozed out incredible amounts of corrugated currency coins; falling with
sedate thuds on spongy cushions of carpet green grass,
luring cupid individuals in mammoth numbers towards their salacious
demeanour,
pacifying raging fires; in order to sustain mystical vagaries of life.

as dense foliage of trees released venom strings from the devil grey clouds,
pudgy globules of water pelted down with monstrous fury,
wiping traces of obdurate dirt from mud painted leaves,
sweeping fragile tufts of clay; effusive clusters untamed fauna,
inundating every centimeter of barren land with gallons of; pure rain water.

when i dexterously snapped entwined chords of my inflated parachute,
soaring like a princely eagle at invincible altitudes of the sky,
the contraption nose dived towards the chain of chafed rocks,
colliding with obstreperous bangs against stiletto outlines of pointed stone,
and i relinquished breath without; animated struggle with the Creator.

as i opened my mouth to bark a string of incoherent words,
woven with threads of intransigent abuse,
the babble seemed feckless and disillusioning,
prompting masses of people to vindictively spew spit behind my back.

and when she decoded tension ridden strings of my nictitating heart,
i erupted opulently into raptures of ebullient emotion,
rebuking forever the insecurity that besieged my persona,
making me oblivious to the most heinous of pain,
drowning me under furry quilt covers of celestial sleep.

Nikhil Parekh

Strings Of Benign Humanity

When I was philandering through the despicably lugubrious dungeons; the beats of my heart were as remorseful as the miserably sulking snakes; lecherously crippling all my glorious desire to live,

When I was soaring like an angel amidst the vivaciously pungent clouds; the beats of my heart were as ecstatic as torrential thundershowers of silver rain; enshrouding every element of my persona with unfathomable happiness,

When I was loitering aimlessly beside the ghastly graveyards; the beats of my heart were as devastatingly forlorn as dead skeletons; as I incessantly churned an unsurpassable ocean of the satanically evil; in the top most compartments of my mind,

When I was insidiously thrown in a cistern of vindictive acid; the beats of my heart shrieked vociferously in utter disbelief; intransigently cursing every strata of the blissfully living and those nonchalantly non-existent; alike,

When I was surreptitiously wandering in ominously alien territory; the beats of my heart were as nervous as the rampantly fluttering butterflies; indefatigably pounding on me to quickly make my way; to the invincible walls of my home,

When I was patriotically marching through the ferociously pugnacious warfield; the beats of my heart were as thunderous as streaks of electric lightening descending from the sky; insatiably ringing with full cry of life; to triumphantly gallop past the euphorically blazing; finishing line,

When I was indolently dozing in the heart of the acrimoniously sweltering desert; the beats of my heart were as lackadaisical as frigidly capricious and decaying mushrooms; unfathomably greedy for ravishingly titillating rhyme and liquid,

When I was seated in the center of the sleazily spurious and glittering corporate office; the beats of my heart were as savagely vengeful as the hideously curled scorpion; blaming even the most celestial element of this Universe; for unfortunately placing me amidst a bunch of baselessly commercial tycoons,

When I was frenziedly rolling in seductive meadows of lanky grass; the beats of my heart were as romantic as the tantalizingly dancing shadows of dusk;

enshrouding

every cranny of my impoverished demeanor; with unparalleled longing and vibrant desire,

When I was fanatically writing blissfully panoramic poetry; the beats of my heart were as silken as Divine angels philanthropically bequeathing upon the true splendor of irrefutable humanity; handsomely dictating each ingredient of my crimson blood to evolve countless lines of magnificently spell binding literature,

When I was frantically groping for my way amongst a horrifically pulverizing battalion of murderous sharks; the beats of my heart were as cataclysmic as tumultuously erupting volcano's; urgently imparting all strength on this fathomless planet to my hands and legs; to impregnably reach the serenely amicable shores,

When I was flirtatiously winking outside her impeccable kitchen window; the beats of my heart were as ebullient as the vibrantly dancing peacocks; weaving a chapter of timeless enchantment; across each nerve of mine dithering towards a horrendously diabolical extinction,

When I was incarcerated devilishly behind the deplorably despondent prison bars; the beats of my heart were as relentlessly restless as flickering beams of cloud camouflaged sunlight; overwhelmingly imploring me to shatter my shackles; and surge uninhibitedly free in the enigmatic world outside,

When I was compassionately suckling an unsurpassable ocean of honey; the beats of my heart were as melodious as the ecstatically singing nightingale; instigating me to perennially gallivant on the path of solidarity; a road to benevolently proliferating mankind,

When I was standing barechested on the summit of the astronomically gigantic and freezing mountain; the beats of my heart were as exhilarated as the bountifully diving dolphins; turbulently pioneering me to coin mesmerizing chapters of a synergistic existence; on every path that I enthusiastically tread,

When I was seated on the bombastically embellished King's throne; the beats of my heart were as inflated as the trumpet of non-existent paradise; dawning the essence of boundlessly unlimited power; upon every iota of my devastatingly shriveled senses,

When I was in the sacrosanct lap of my Godly mother; the beats of my heart were as pristine as the wails of a freshly born infant; making me insurmountably rejoice moments of everlasting childhood; even as I was about to abdicate my last breath to menacing disease,

When I was staring eye to eye in the dynamically blazing eyes of my unconquerable father; the beats of my heart took an intransigent pledge never to stop; until and unless I perpetually metamorphosed into the astounding Venus star; for centuries immemorial,

But when I fell in love with the most enchanting girl of my enamoring dreams; the beats of my heart relinquished me uncouthly forever; only to bond with the immortal mountain of her priceless romance; to further coalesce the entire planet with the strings of benign humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

Strip

Strip me of my mascara; and I'll fight you with my eyes; with untamed fires blazing in the whites of my revolving eyeballs,

Strip me of my lips; and I'll fight you with my smiles as enchanting as the profusely enigmatic forests,

Strip me of my hair; and I'll fight you with my scalp; as ferocious as the flamboyantly flaming Sun,

Strip me of my rings; and I'll fight you with my tenaciously resilient fingers; tossing you like insipid pancake to fathomless kilometers beyond the sky,

Strip me of my blinks; and I'll fight you with my profoundly piercing stares; ensuring that you lost your sleep till times beyond eternity,

Strip me of my skin; and I'll fight you to the brink of extinction; with the overwhelmingly tumultuous fervor in my bones,

Strip me of my chastity; and I'll fight you with the sword of barbarism rebelliously lurking in every minuscule ingredient of my blood,

Strip me of my blusshon; and I'll fight you with the insurmountably Herculean strength of my cheeks,

Strip me of my scent; and I'll fight you with the raw rivers of perspiration trickling in the milky moonlight; on my arms,

Strip me of my honesty; and I'll fight you with the impeccable voice of my conscience; annihilating your profusely manipulative existence from its very roots,

Strip me of my voice; and I'll fight you with the poignant grit in my teeth; chopping off your spurious vain into a horde of infinitesimally timid fragments,

Strip me of my wealth; and I'll fight you with my astoundingly rudimentary existence; drive you back with my innocuously nascent force; bestowed upon me by the
grace of Almighty God,

Strip me of my clothes; and I'll fight you with the insatiably naked strength of my impoverished body,

Strip me of my feet; and I'll fight you with the formidable power in my knuckles; resisting you with every unit of my demeanor synchronized as a whole,
Strip me of my destiny; and I'll fight you with the incredulously majestic shadows of my persevering life,

Strip me of my brain; and I'll fight you with the irrefutably sacrosanct virtue of my conviction; impregnating the light of sagaciousness in your mind,

Strip me of my love; and I'll fight you with the thunderously palpitating beats of my profusely aggrieved heart,

Strip me of my blood; and I'll fight you with the astronomical energy horrendously trapped in my battalion of veins,

And you can strip me of my life O! satanic devil; but I'll still fight you with the inevitable power of self defence; and the blessings of my Omnipotent Creator; from beneath my corpse.

Nikhil Parekh

Style

Abruptly crisp; sonorously manipulative; Astutely target oriented; was the style of the checkered suit businessman,

Vibrant breezy; Beautifully serene; Stupendously animated; was the style of the gigantic trunk oak tree,

Boisterously escalating; Tenaciously clashing; Fabulously salty; was the style of the boundlessly undulating ocean,

Impeccably innocent; Entirely oblivious to vagaries of monotonous life; as innocuous as the virgin sea shores; was the style of the freshly born and incessantly sleeping child,

Viciously wicked; Perilously threatening; Furtively clever; was the style of the acerbic tailed & lethally venomous scorpion,

Bountifully colossal; Blissfully serene; Dynamically fluttering; was the style of the unfathomable expanse of azure sky,

Overwhelmingly verbose; Inundated with countless alphabets; Encompassing every word on this planet; was the style of the leather bound and enchantingly embellished dictionary,

Tangily seductive; Voluptuously enticing; Ravishingly beautiful; was the style of the young maiden,

Blatantly deplorable; Thunderously smelly; Obnoxiously fat; was the style of the garbage coated and pretentiously inflated pig,

Magically smooth; Uninhibitedly unrestricted; Handsomely buoyant; was the style of the wide spread and majestically gliding eagle,

Brilliantly flamboyant; Omnipotent & supremely enthusing; Sizzling the entire Universe in the swirl of its austerely fiery rays; was the style of the Kingly Sun,

Disdainfully dirty; Mischievously poking; Large eyed and petrified; was the style of the gargantuan rat sleeping peacefully on a bar of immaculate cheese,

Gorgeously sweet; Insurmountably tantalizing; Heavenly scented; was the style

of the incomprehensibly spongy and cherry tipped triangular cake,

Pertinently harassing; Relentlessly irate; Perniciously and incorrigibly permeating; was the style of the inconspicuously diminutive mosquito,

Preposterously large; Heinously diabolical; Mammoth jawed and cannibalistic; was the style of the stoically silver shark,

Rambunctiously busy; Rampantly darting around; Mystically diffusing delectable globs of golden honey; was the style of the electric paced and diving bumble bee,

Poignantly sharp; Celestially tasting; Astronomically reinvigorating; was the style of the profusely aromatic morning tea,

Unsurpassably slippery; Wildly woven; Intractably sticky; was the style of the splendidly captivating and criss-crossed spider web,

Stringently barking; Irrefutably loyal; Blessed with an astounding prowess to smell even the most obscure of footprints; was the style of the fur coated sheep dog,

Unimaginably blessed; Engendering a person to march forward all his life; Vivaciously pouring tears of happiness and sadness at times; was the style of the effusively turbulent eye,

Infectiously sweet; Crunchy & Delicious; Incredulously exotic; was the style of the raw crystals of scintillating white sugar,

Tumultuously freezing; More transparent than any mirror; Shimmering ingratiatingly under milky moonlight; was the style of the mountain of white ice,

Astoundingly cozy; Wonderfully compassionate; Exquisitely sheltering naked skin from inclement cold; was the style of the richly evolved and meticulously stitched satiny quilt,

Insurmountably heavy; Extraordinarily abraded demeanor; Remaining as stoical as dead even in bizarre affliction; was the style of the bulky grey stone boulder,

Magnificently striped; Dispersed into shades of mesmerizing beauty; Tremendously fascinating; was the style of the opalescent rainbow,

Abusively dirty; Repugnant to virtually all mankind; Abhorrently white sandwiched between glowing follicles of scalp hair; was the style of pugnacious dandruff,

Deadly disastrous; Inexorably earth shattering; Unprecedentedly devastating; was the style of the cold blooded and killer earthquake,

Melodiously cascading; Clashing into a billion globules of sparkling froth; Gorgeously caressing the periphery of black rock; was the style of the profoundly exuberant and gurgling waterfall,

Unflinchingly brave; An intrepid adventurer; Compromising on nothing but the traitors scalp; was the style of the true soldier,

Love without discrimination; Unquestionably sacrosanct visage; Thoughts about her child solely lingering in her mind; was the style of the Divinely mother,

Incessantly on the prowl; Ruthlessly assassinating innocent heads for meager bundles of currency; Traces of humanity evaporated into remote oblivion; was the style of
the cold blooded criminal,

Inevitably smiling; Instilling life in morbidly dead veins; Heaps of talcum powder irrevocably sticking to his face; was the style of the comically attired circus clown,

Opulently glimmering; Overpowering everything in vicinity by the tenacious power in its shine; Coined as the richest source of human survival; was the style of the
fat bodied gold coin,

Deluged with blissful scent; Beyond perceptions of captivating beauty; Sprouting like a magician from a pond of dirty water; was the style of the prolifically redolent and pink lotus,

Dolorously dull; Strangled with gruesomely contemptuous malice; Aligned with a massive battalion of blood sucking termites; was the style of the impregnably hostile prison cell,

Rosily pink; Intransigently titillating; Chattering infinite times in a single day; was the style of velvety soft lips,

A glistening thirst quencher; Pacifying scorched chords of the throat beyond the mightiest of perception; Guzzled by every palpable being till the time he exists and even in times of after life; was the style of pure and plain spring water,

Bombastically sleazy; Nictitating with a festoon of garish lights; A clandestine retreat for heartthrobs after midnight; was the style of the indefatigably pulsating country discotheque,

Continuously ticking; Accurately depicting various shades of life; Portraying to all the immense value of time; was the style of the towering and century old grandfather clock,

Lifelessly still; Nostalgically reminiscent; Placid yet profusely demonstrative; was the style of the decade old and dusty photograph,

Exorbitantly mounted; Embossed with several lines; The ultimate chapter of destiny; was the style of the scarlet complexioned rubicund palm,

Infinitesimally tiny; Blended with a rectangle and square; Kissing the key umpteenth number of times in a day; was the style of the intricately dainty enigmatic keyhole,

Supremely tantalizing; Astonishingly curled; Flirtatiously flashing; was the style of the gentle and beautiful eyelashes,

Vehemently stinking; Freely available all day; Enticing an armory of flies the instants it caressed the ground; was the style of colorlessly trapped saliva,

Astoundingly incarcerating; Playfully rollicking; Acrobatically jumping; was the style of the adorable and honey crested dolphin,

Satanically awesome; Taller than the skies; Ghoulishly growling; was the style of the savagely stepping devil,

Perpetually invisible; Able to cast its wicked spell over innocent human beings; Lighter than the lightest of thread; was the style of the lecherously minded ghost,

Standing like a pillar in times of distress; Helping without the slightest of expectation; Praying for her brothers safety in whatever arena he stepped; was the style of the unprejudiced sister,

And Passionately free; Invincible to all powers of this globe; Immortally existing since centuries unprecedented; Divinely blending palpitating hearts together; was the style of love; infact the style of the Omnipresent Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Success

Success is not just; placing the roof of Everest directly into your palms,
Infact it lies in conquering the same; with untamed exhilaration in your bones;
with a spirit of profuse thrill lingering all over your twinkling countenance.

Success is not just; blessing you with an ocean of gold; as you woke up from the
heart of deep sleep,
Infact it lies in assiduously persevering your way to it; with an unrelenting desire
to be triumphant at every stage.

Success is not just; placing a platter of tantalizing food before you; even as you
nimblely uttered "F", Infact it lies in ploughing soil under the
acrimonious Sun; poignantly perspiring to sow and harness the marvelous fruits
of a dynamically vibrant tomorrow.

Success is not just; gifting you the key to the most grandiloquent castle in this
colossal Universe,
Infact it lies in constructing it brick by brick; blending your blood in its
impregnable walls; to reside in it; for infinite more births of yours yet to come.

Success is not just; endowing you with all stupendous beauty; which incessantly
titillates and mesmerizes this planet,
Infact it lies in dedicating countless lifetimes in savoring its charm; devoting
yourself mind; body and soul to relish each of its exotically ravishing forms.

Success is not just; uttering an i Love you; to every beautiful damsel you
encountered on the trajectory of this earth,
Infact it lies in tirelessly proving yourself to it; burning like a thousand candles
every instant; to see your partner blossom into; the fragrant flower of bountiful
prosperity.

Success is not just; deluging you from all sides with gigantic textbooks of
sagacious truth; even as you walked in a land of foolhardy cowardice,
Infact it lies in disseminating its irrefutably sacrosanct essence; spreading its
Omnipotent light to the most remotest iota of this mammoth globe.

Success is not just; making you the strongest entity breathing in this world; even
as you yawned languidly towards the dreary moon,
Infact it lies in invincible conviction engulfing your visage; the uninhibited
catharsis of your heart and body; which made your tiny bodied caricature; the

most immortal organism alive.

And success is not just; showering upon you a boundless births; even as you compulsively lived each moment of your worthless life,
Infact it lies in audaciously plunging into the valley of exuberant adventure; victoriously emerging from the deepest of coffins; saluting and embracing existence;
as the ultimate of its kind.

Nikhil Parekh

Success Would Forever Be Yours

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you always stay flagrantly disheartened; cursing even the most infinitesimal whiplash of wind; that brushed across your sullen cheeks?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you keep nonchalantly prattling about hedonistically lambasted misery; even in the most brilliantly majestic rays of the morning Sun?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you bizarrely ruminate about things which weren't the slightest existing; whiling away countless hours of your life without any sagacious reason or rhyme?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you shudder to attempt innovations beyond the comprehensions of the conventional society; ghoulishly incarcerating yourself into webs of insane drudgery?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you succumb to the frenetic pace of the monotonous world outside; deliriously perceive only about the devil; about to gruesomely land in your lap?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you miserably fail time and again even in the most harmonious of your projects; pathetically stutter to rise to the absolute epitome of pristine prosperity?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you unrelentingly cry when the maelstrom strikes; shrink like an inconspicuously delinquent mosquito; into your malicious shell?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you lose your temper at the slightest of disparity in the atmosphere; vacillating like a frivolous feather in the aisles of uncertainty; for infinite more births of yours yet to unveil?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you baselessly groan at the tiniest of bruise; when the brutally scorched deserts at the same time didn't utter a word; although they were torturously torched till eternity; in the sweltering Sun?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you nervously cogitate for space to survive; although you the flowers of the most majestically adorable castle; profusely kissed you at the unfurling of every dawn?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you horrendously mess up even the most rustically lucid things in enigmatic existence; although timelessly proliferating brain and brawn were unassailably on your side?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you clasp your nimble head as if a billion knives were stabbing you from all sides; whereas the planet unraveled into shades of vividly burgeoning life; in every conceivable direction outside?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you accept nondescript defeat in every ingredient that enveloped your blood; even before you could leap a single stride towards the heavens of inimitable triumph?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you dishearteningly trembled all spellbinding midnight; just to lecherously vomit in uncontrollable exasperation all throughout
the blazingly flamboyant day?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you slither aimlessly on obdurately heartless ground; even as you exerted your eyes to the most ultimate of your capacity; browsing through the definition of victory?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you fidget in the dungeons of decrepit oblivion; even as the most joyously infallible waves of freshness; insatiably wanted to embrace you from all sides?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you feel preposterously blinded; even as the Omnipotent rays of unblemished Moon; celestially perpetuated you in the impeccable whites of your eyes?

Have you ever wondered; as to why do you haplessly asphyxiate yourself to a gory death; even as the bountifully sacrosanct mantra of life; royally cascaded from the perennially Omnipresent skies?

Well its simply because you solely depended upon your destiny a trifle too much; eventually transforming into a mountain without a peak when even the tiniest of the astrologer's prediction and the stars bizarrely betrayed you; whereas all that the Almighty Lord had commanded you; was to altruistically keep doing benign
deeds till your very last breath,

And then immortal success would forever be yours; without the most ethereal

intervention of infidel destiny; and with the invincibly fructifying blessings
of his Omnipotent shine.

Nikhil Parekh

Such A Man Was I

A man of no formality; unstoppably abhorring all those who spun webs of sanctimoniously derogatory prejudice; on every step that they traversed,

A man of who insuperably believed that every religion was alike; blending each ingredient of my blood forever and ever and ever with the religion of priceless humanity,

A man who considered that every one of us alive was the greatest criminal; as we trampled countless insects and micro organisms as we breathed and walked; because every form of life for the Creator was symbiotically alike,

A man who liked to perpetually oppose tyrannically chauvinistic convention; uninhibitedly liberate ever pore of his body with the winds of vivaciously panoramic nature,

A man who felt that procreation should be to the most unprecedented limits between organisms and without the tiniest of restraint; timelessly proliferating the Lord's sacredly Omnipotent chapter of creation,

A man who felt that every organism irrespective of caste; creed and status; was the most inimitably beautiful and ecstatically talented artist alive,

A man who felt that it made no difference whether you slept all day; or snored in the night; as the Almighty Creator had chiseled every unfurling instant of life celestially alike,

A man who paid two cents for maliciously decrepit superstition; unflinchingly believing that timeless perseverance and benign hard work; were the only mantras to gloriously triumphant success,

A man who immutably wanted to assassinate all those diabolical men; who sold their mothers and sisters in order to worthlessly rejoice in parsimonious couplets of tawdry wine,

A man who felt that the power of true friendship; was a power transcending even the greatest of contemporary superpowers on the trajectory of this unbelievably untiring Universe,

A man who irrefutably believed that if there was a singular elixir to rhapsodically

triumph in life; then it was none other than sensuously Spell binding fantasy,

A man who perpetually wanted to shed every ounce of inhibition; parade wholesomely naked with the magnetically inscrutable leaves and animals; in the uncannily exuberant jungles,

A man who indefatigably believed that artists were not mechanically moulded from textbooks; but were born Omnipotently eclectic and blessed; right from the womb of their godly mother,

A man who wanted to trounce the salaciously profane devil from its very non-existent roots forever and ever and ever; even though it meant an infinite scorpions of hell burying him deeper into his grave; by the unleashing second,

A man who unshakably believed that children are the ultimate messengers of God; although the rest of the world profusely worshipped currency note and corporate concrete,

A man who emptied even the last ingredient of his blood to altruistically serve estranged humanity; even though he himself was one of those horribly slaving and emaciated on the threadbare impoverished streets,

A man who became immune to even the most ghastliest of pain; if it ever dared become an irascible hindrance in the peerlessly unconquerable path towards majestically undefeatable truth,

A man who profoundly preferred to eat in the bowl of the penuriously decaying leper; rather than licking the dishes of the abjectly corrupt politician; just for assimilating stinking wads of frivolous notes,

A man who inexhaustibly believed that the greatest education for any organism holistically breathing; was to imbibe the principles of insuperably compassionate living kind,

A man who ardently anticipated every new unveiling moment; with the freshness of a newborn child; perceiving even the tiniest millisecond of life to be the ultimate paradise,

A man who wanted to cavort every instant of his life in the cradle of vividly enamoring nature and wildlife; timelessly watching the environment spawn into effulgent greenness; unfathomable distances away from the vagaries of the flagrantly blood-sucking planet outside,

A man who unendingly wanted to metamorphose even the most ethereal trace of maniacal depression; into the mists of fantastically philanthropic and selflessly bestowing brotherhood,

A man who unnervingly believed that even sky gazing was an unparalleled art; specially in today's times when the unsparingly treacherous world; dreamt boisterous business even in deep sleep,

A man who eternally believed that God was one; God was every form of invincibly divine goodness; when the planet had ruthlessly named him in different forms and shapes; unceasingly trying to prove that their individual beliefs and idols were infinite shades above the rest,

A man who considered life and death to be blessedly equal; as both were wonderfully egalitarian gifts from the Omnisciently Almighty Lord; as every form in which he'd instilled breath; had to oneday inevitably die,

A man who melted more pathetically than the abstemious candle; at the slightest tear drop that humanity suffered; inconsolably weeping at the sight of living kind being disastrously lambasted; by disdainful powerhouses of wealth,

A man who could as easily fall in love as the vespere wind; but then immortally dedicate each beat of his heart to her magically venerated grace; even fathomless centuries after existence had completely diminished,

A man who brusquely massacred even the most impregnable of blood relation; if it came in between his way of perpetually coalescing with every fraternity of unbreakable humanity,

A man who breathed an infinite resplendent lives and an infinite traumatic deaths only for unassailably heavenly poetry; whilst the planet was extraordinarily busy building edifices of commercial currency coin; outside,

O! Yes; I might sound esoterically different; I might sound wildly uncivilized; I might sound eccentrically delirious; I might sound as if walking preposterously upside down; I might sound as if quaintly existing centuries even before the earth was evolved; but believe it or not; such a man was i.

Nikhil Parekh

Such Was The Power Of Immortal Love

It made you uninhibitedly laugh; triggering you to escalate perennially above a land of unparalleled happiness,

It made you turbulently cry; candidly divulging the inner most voices of your soul; in each iota of ebullient atmosphere around,

It made you melodiously sing; emanate the most harmonious tunes from your despairing throat; although you miserably stuttered to spell your very own name,

It made you bounce rhapsodically on mists of enchanting paradise; till the last droplet of blood in your veins compassionately flowed,

O! yes such was the power of immortal love; that it made you feel the richest entity alive; perpetually bonding your immaculate spirit with angels above the divine.

It made you wholeheartedly embrace; shrugging all your abominable apprehensions; despicably discriminating united humanity,

It made you bask in the glory of unrelentingly untamed fantasy; surreally floating in a magical entrenchment of everlasting excitement,

It made you stand like an impregnable fortress; weather the most acrimonious of storm with astronomical fire blazing in your eyes,

It made you philander like an innocent child; exploring and blossoming into exhilarating newness; as each instant unveiled philosophically outside,

O! yes such was the power of immortal love; that it made you feel like an embellished prince; perpetually bathing in the scent of voluptuous lotus; on cloud nine.

It made you believe in yourself; reaffirming your faith in every sect of wonderful human kind,

It made you break the estranged monotony of your bedraggled life; reminisce in

the enthrallment of all those beautiful moments that you had encountered in adventurous life,

It made you soar like a majestic eagle through the fathomless expanse of exuberant sky; even as you made the most nimblest of effort to walk,

It made you successful in whatever philanthropic you undertook; enveloping your drearily diminishing persona; with tornado's of unsurpassable delight,

O! yes such was the power of immortal love; that not only did it make each moment of your present life a veritable paradise; but granted you the unconquerable tenacity to exist for an infinite more lifetimes.

It made you attempt the unbelievably alluring; yet emerge out triumphant without a scar to your robust smiles,

It made you tirelessly dream; perceiving and evolving the most wonderfully mesmerizing feelings; lingering bountifully on the trajectory of this colossal planet,

It made you benevolently empathize for your fellow comrades in inexplicable agony; treat every element of their pain as your very own,

It made you desire beyond the realms of pragmatically conventional imagination; incinerating whirlpools of passionate electricity in each of your indolently dormant veins,

O! yes such was the power of immortal love; that it blessed you with the most blissful characteristics to be alive; took you the closet to your ultimate mission in life
and Almighty Lord; alike.

Nikhil Parekh

Suddenly Metamorphosed

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like frigidly decrepit chunks of unsolicited manure; but when it came to sequestering you from the clutches of the salaciously marauding devil; my hands suddenly metamorphosed into the most invincibly unshakable power on this fathomless Universe,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like parsimoniously squashed and squalid contours of the pig-stalk; but when it came to enlightening you from the aisles of inexplicable morbidity; my lips suddenly metamorphosed into the most redolently Omnipotent smile on this boundless Universe,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like hopelessly crumbling matchsticks of scurrilous disdain; but when it came to peeling every layer of sugarcane skin for you; my teeth suddenly metamorphosed into a fortress
of unbreakably fantastic temerity,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like haplessly cancerous parasites egregiously fretting even in the most brilliant of sunlight; but when it came to compassionately carrying you to your destination; my shoulders suddenly metamorphosed into a rock of unflinchingly Herculean solidarity,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like inconspicuously mortified ants; but when it came to indefatigably galloping to quench your every dream; my feet suddenly metamorphosed into a dynamite of endlessly springing freshness,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like lugubriously extinguishing horizons; but when it came to searching you in the most blackened of night; my eyes suddenly metamorphosed into a Sun of unceasingly triumphant light,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like lifeless twigs of dangling uncertainty; but when it came to sketching your benign silhouette; my fingers suddenly metamorphosed into the most artistically bounteous paradise of panoramic beauty,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like a pertinently evanescent mosquito fluttering every now and again; but when it came to uninhibitedly cavorting with you behind the pristinely rain soaked hills; my

eyelashes suddenly metamorphosed into an undefeatable sky of blissful mischief,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; it might otherwise seem like an apocalypse of wanton dumbness; but when it came to singing in your divinely praise; my throat suddenly metamorphosed into a heaven of sensuously mellifluous nightingales,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like a corpse of meaninglessly indolent sleep; but when it came to impregnably safeguarding you while you celestially slept; my eyelids suddenly metamorphosed into a volcano of insuperable alacrity,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; it might otherwise seem like a penuriously pulverized ladder of nothingness; but when it came to uprooting even the most infinitesimal trace of evil surrounding you; my spine suddenly metamorphosed into an unassailably majestic cosmos of intrepid strength,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; it might otherwise seem like a desperately flailing flea of bizarre emptiness; but when it came to tranquilly caressing every pore of your estranged persona in the acrimoniously unsparing mid-day Sun; my shadow suddenly metamorphosed into a cistern of magnificently bountiful harmony,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like flaccidly flagrant caterpillars loathing towards fulsome extinction; but when it came to wounding any organism who dared to diabolically tease you; my nails suddenly metamorphosed into the sharpest sword of vindication on this eternal Universe,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like a desolately slavering stream of balderdash jelly; but when it came to withstanding any warrior on earth who tried to ruthlessly snatch you; my bones suddenly metamorphosed into wall of unbreakably peerless determination,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; it might otherwise seem like lividly colorless and cadaverously cursing saliva; but when it came to coalescing every ingredient of your life with the religion of humanity; my blood suddenly metamorphosed into a heaven of eternally interminable oneness,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; it might otherwise seem like a non-existent gutter of derogatory raunchiness; but when it came to disseminating your voice of everlasting truth to the farthest quarter of this planet; my conscience suddenly metamorphosed into an unstoppable fire of royal righteousness,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like languidly senseless cockroaches extruding from my diminutive scalp; but when it came to tantalizing every pore of your remorsefully depressed skin; my hair suddenly metamorphosed into a cascade of timelessly silken togetherness,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; it might otherwise seem like a pugnaciously massacring mirage of death; but when it came to miraculously resuscitating your lifeless form; my breath suddenly metamorphosed into an Omnipresently effulgent caravan of sparkling life,

And don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem infidel palpitations of dismally deteriorating oblivion; but when it came to inimitably inundating every aspect of your life with Immortal friendship; my heartbeats suddenly metamorphosed into the Creator of Omniscient love.

Nikhil Parekh

Suddenly.

Suddenly my lips blossomed into a celestial smile; overshadowing all the bizarre apprehensions that I was confronted with; just few seconds ago,

Suddenly my eyes blended with an unfathomable fountain of dreams; relinquish every iota of gruesome blindness that had uncouthly besieged me since years,

Suddenly my hair stood up in ecstatic exhilaration; almost uprooting the scalp as they danced the dance of their lives; without a trace of diminutive wind,

Suddenly my blood galloped like infinite tornado's through my veins; massacring all signs of devastating disease that had so irrevocably enveloped each of my senses,

Suddenly my palms started to indefatigably clap; rising with the profoundly exuberant breeze; in their perennial desire to kiss the mystical cocoon of glorious clouds,

Suddenly my teeth commenced to relentlessly chatter; and my throat sung the most fabulous song of its enslaved life,

Suddenly my ears erupted out of their spell of hopeless deafness; compassionately drifted to even the most infinitesimally exotic sound lingering around,

Suddenly my stomach reverberated with insatiable pangs of hunger; resolving to remain famished till eternity; even though I consumed the most appetizing morsels of food on this planet,

Suddenly my shadow fluttered in ebullient enthrallment; surreally stretching its realms; beyond the land of seductively gyrating fairies,

Suddenly my fingers united to write boundless lines of poetry; sketching the fathomlessly mesmerizing contours of the enigmatic gorge; even though they were brutally paralyzed,

Suddenly my neck enchantingly wandered in all directions; frantically searching for that slim ray of unparalleled excitement,

Suddenly my feet intransigently galloped through the romantically bountiful meadows; diffusing incomprehensible spurts of enthusiastic energy; on every step they tread,

Suddenly my cheeks blushed astoundingly to a volatile crimson; inevitably attracting even the most insipid of dead grass blades; in their splendidly rubicund swirl,

Suddenly my skin developed countless royal goose-bumps; tantalizingly experiencing and basking in the glory; of magnificently vacillating weather,

Suddenly my pulse raced like a star shooting majestically from gregarious sky; even though I sat cross-legged; in the sullen heart of my ghastly corpse,

Suddenly my mind fantasized above the corridors of the incredulously extraordinary; perceiving the most mystically grandiloquent forms of this Universe; even when despondently enshrouded with treacherously deadly tumor,

Suddenly my soul united with the Omnipresently divine; and I felt that I had attained godly heaven; for fathomless more births of mine,

Suddenly I felt my heart throb passionately for all that was philanthropically beautiful on this earth; immortally bonding its beats with the ultimate soul mate of its dreams,

And suddenly I fell in love even before I could shrug the dreariness of the previous night; perpetually embracing the beloved who added optimistic dimensions to my impoverished life; more importantly the girl who made me feel alive beyond my destined time.

Nikhil Parekh

Sun God

Some called it a blazing volcano; sizzling every nook and cranny of the earth with its fiery rays,

Some called it fulminating lava erupting at swashbuckling speeds; charring everything that came its way into infinitesimal bits of invisible ash,

Some called it an ocean of swirling fire; with its omnipotent power to penetrate through the most gruesome of prevailing darkness,

Some called it a majestic lion fully charged up; roaring indefatigably till everything around it was in blissful calm,

Some called it a vivacious and golden crystal of smothering coal; able to cure even the most inexplicable of disease loitering on this earth,

Some called it a flaming and a supremely transparent mirror; having the incredible power of gobbling all other shadows on this planet except its own,

Some called it a battlefield of the highest degree; simply invincible to defeat; even by the most valiant battalion of soldiers,

Some called it an angry cloud that never rained; evaporating every trace of evil from the gloomy trajectory of ground,

Some called it an amber bowl of boiling honey; causing even the most impregnable of entity staring into it to inevitably wink,

Some called it a cascading waterfall of blistering energy; taking the demon by tumultuous force in its impetuous wrath,

Some called it an inland of unprecedented courage; impregnating even the weakest body standing beneath it; with daunting strength and fortitude,

Some called it the King of all eggs always shining; fomenting boundless number of mammalian eggs to hatch into innocuous fledglings; providing them with the most conducive quantity of heat,

Some called it a dazzling fountain of bubbling acid; which left no scope at all for misery; till the time it grandiloquently glowed all day,

Some called it the most unadulterated body ever created; with every soul on this globe; unanimously revering it for the irrefutable sanctity it possessed,
Some called it a flamboyantly shimmering spoon; which looked after each and every object breathing; saw to it that everyone was sumptuously fed,

Some called it a scintillating sword; having the prowess to wholesomely annihilate the one it wanted with its marvelously gleaming edge,

Some called it the ultimate savior in times of unwarranted distress; igniting rays of hope with its omnipresent light,

Some called it an immeasurable diamond; with its unsurpassable depth; defeating the worst of chilly night,

Different people living in different tribes christened it by countless names and opinions; absolutely astounded by the strength of its unconquerable beams,
But I will always call and worship it as my undefeated God; my loving and immortally adorable Sun God.

Nikhil Parekh

Sun- Our Sole Reservoir Of Strength.

The most inexplicably ghastliest and torturous of diseases; got wholesomely cured; under its Omnipotently fiery and divinely blazing rays,

The most acrimoniously venomous and meaningless of prejudices; got disdainfully massacred; under its handsomely unflinching and timelessly liberating rays,

The most indiscriminately massacring and terrorizing of wars; became forever non-existent; under its spectacularly virile and majestically emollient rays,

The most diabolically tormenting and unsparing of ghosts; metamorphosed into nothingness; under its Omnisciently royal and fearlessly invincible rays,

The most deliriously demented and sadistic of brains; became righteously blissful; under its jubilantly ecstatic and timelessly ameliorating rays,

The most insanely stinking and lividly battered of shit; became fragrantly meaningful; under its royally ubiquitous and interminably sweltering rays,

The most drearily remorseful and incarcerating of blackness; became optimistic daylight; under its triumphantly sagacious and unchallengably sacred rays,

The most intolerably gory and unpardonable of crimes; got celestial salvation; under its universally benevolent and indefatigably golden rays,

The most peevishly subjugated and imprisoned of veins; became uninhibitedly free; under its magnetically unabashed and extraordinarily flamboyant rays,

The most uncontrollably hedonistic and sinister of obsessions; commenced to march on the path of eternal truth and symbiotism; under its unconquerably

beautiful and unflinchingly dazzling rays,

The most sadistically perverted and sacrilegious of imagery; transformed into a paradise of dreams; under its gorgeously Omnipresent and undyingly benign rays, The most vehemently vengeful and dogmatic of stubbornness; became a gorge of infallible peace; under its vivaciously inimitable and synergistically unabashed rays,

The most ominously lethal and treacherous of rebellion; became holistically compassionate camaraderie; under its bountifully fathomless and undefeatedly honest rays,

The most cadaverously jinxed and cursed of spirits; became miraculously blessing freshness; under its limitlessly extemporizing and spell-bindingly captivating rays,

The most unfortunately unfinished and fretful of desires; became the most successful reality of tomorrow; under its unalterably glowing and synergistically blessed rays,

The most cannibalistically atrocious and heinous of impoverishment; became boundlessly inimitable priceless; under its magically glittering and regally insuperable rays,

The most wantonly lecherous and maiming of atheism; became unassailably pristine devotion; under its selflessly victorious and inexhaustibly incomparable rays,

The most disastrously delinquent and castrating infertility; transformed into the ultimate seeds of charismatic evolution; under its unceasingly enlightening and impeccably godly rays,

The most bizarrely crippling and doomed hopelessness; became the winds of exuberantly galloping tomorrow; under its wonderfully effulgent and faultlessly fecund rays,

And inspite of all this; isn't it strange; that you;
me and virtually every other human being on earth; ran
away from the everlasting firebody of the Omnipotent
Sun; worthlessly complaining that it was a trifle too
harsh for our skins; burning us; blackening us;
charring us; making us relentlessly perspire;
worthlessly slandering the Sun infront of the stupidly
lifeless air-conditioner; for salaciously tiring us;
whereas it was our sole reservoir of strength;
inspiration and power to survive; in veritable
reality?

Nikhil Parekh

Sun Temple

The atmosphere was enveloped with raspberry essence,
octagon pillars held the vast expanse of egg shaped roof,
mystical scriptures were engraved on stone,
the floor was strewn with century old clay,
the exquisite elevation was an architectural treat,
a trio of saffron flags blew on towering roof,
tubular well was 1000 feet deep in belly of earth,
the dungeons contained armoury of knife, and gleaming sword,
the idol of sun god hissed fire,
the sacrificial altar, was smeared with holy ash,
metal boards showcased clippings of war,
melodious sounds, a ramification of,
brass tongues striking golden bodied bell,
blistering sunshine baked the structure in day,
effeminate light of the moon embraced it all night,
ivory tusks projected from stuffed elephants in crimson grey,
ornamental doors were embroidered with brass,
a grisly haired guide, held bulky manuscripts,
entertained hordes of visitors, fleet of school children,
with nostalgic memories of the golden era,
in which were built the fiery walls of the SUN TEMPLE.

Nikhil Parekh

Sunday

It came after 6 days of grueling work,
6 days of assiduous effort under the scorching ball of Sun,
6 days of unrelenting tasks executed at electric pace,
6 days of insufficient meals blended with stingy
amounts of obnoxious coffee,
6 days of absolution from amicable domains of family,
6 days of sedulous expeditions in packed to capacity commuter trains,
6 days of deprivation from a ravishing game of long tennis,
6 days of obliteration from revitalizing spray of the ocean,
6 days of conscious efforts to wear feckless and spurious smiles,
6 days of wandering in a claustrophobic ambience of lackluster paper,
6 days of monotonous salute to the disillusioning supremo,
6 days of dedicated projects; with eyes incorrigibly glued to the computer,
6 days of incessant perspiration dribbling down crisp shirt,
6 days of onerous struggle to compete with intellectuals,
6 days of nostalgia for peace; weighing heavily on mind,
6 days of obstreperous noise piercing through soft ear,
6 days of aching feet; with spasmodically restless back,
6 days of impatient sigh's and a perpetual longing for melodious sleep.

The seventh day finally did arrive,
I drew back multiple blinds in my apartment house,
to let sizzling rays of dawn fumigate my persona,
slept late in the morning; oblivious to hassles of mundane work,
consumed barrels of enticing beer; nibbling fresh nut on the silver sands of
the beach,
languidly strolled a few miles with the pungent spray of the water,
stimulating my dreary eyes; as i candidly prayed to the Creator,
to bless me and my family with bountiful more Sunday's.

Nikhil Parekh

Sunrise To Sunset

As much as its dazzling rays of light stupendously astonished me; I was in profound admiration of it slipping gently down the ethereal horizons,

As much as its fiery inferno of unstoppable radiance brilliantly illuminated every part of me; I was in profound admiration of its majestically changing color; as the hours crept by,

As much as its blazing shades veritably catapulted towards the ultimate zenith of paradise; I was in profound admiration of it fluttering nervously as winds of evening inevitably took over their toll,

As much as its ocean of tantalizingly sizzling brightness mystically spell bounded me; I was in profound admiration of it winking flirtatiously from amidst the clouds; as nightfall was about to descend by,

As much as its golden aura of supreme Omnipotence enshrouded each of my impoverished senses; I was in profound admiration of it dancing in timid submission; after its spell of the dazzling morning came to an end,

As much as its Omnipresent charisma enthralled me beyond the realms of pragmatic control; I was in profound admiration of its ravishingly fading persona; as inexplicably enigmatic shadows descended by,

As much as its poignantly scarlet countenance caressed me from all ends; I was in profound admiration of it sleeping like an angel; all throughout the domains of the seductively exotic night,

As much as its vibrantly dancing flames stupefied me into meek submission towards the ground; I was in profound admiration of its nimble acceptance of transient blackness; before it could once again and roaringly shine,

As much as its Omniscient glow mesmerized me beyond the boundaries of enamoring paradise; I was in profound admiration of its drastically fading complexion as it bid the earth an ephemeral goodbye,

As much as its incomprehensibly invincible tenacity left me searching for breath; I was in profound admiration of its gorgeously new born pink; as resplendence stars transcended the sky,

As much as its sacrosanct aura enthralled me into ebulliently soaring euphoria; I was in profound admiration of its charmingly flickering rays; eventually dissolving into short lived darkness,

As much as its trail of flamboyant fire incredulously made me its humble slave; I was in profound admiration of its blissfully melodious harmony as the hours gradually cascaded by,

As much as its profusely majestic shimmer engendered me to convolute into clouds of unparalleled ecstasy; I was in profound admiration of its sedately contented visage; as it settled to relish the breeze of the star- studded midnight,

As much as its irrefutably princely demeanor made me gasp in stunned and utter disbelief; I was in profound admiration of its handsomely extinguishing light; as it immortally resolved to rise once again,

As much as its unequivocal grandiloquence granted me the tenacity to lead a countless more lives; I was in profound admiration of its amber mellow; as it shrunk serenely behind the poignant hills,

As much as its ingratiatingly captivating beams seduced me into a web of overwhelming mysticism; I was in profound admiration of its rhapsodic enthrallment; as it coalesced wholesomely with the undulating sea,

As much as its tumultuously compassionate aura
pacified all my traumatically agonized apprehensions
in life; I was in profound admiration of its divinely
silent withdrawal from the cosmos; as the onset of
every dusk,

As much as its insurmountably flaming aura ignited
fireballs of untamed passion in my every dreary night;
I was in profound admiration of its nascently slim
horizons; as it took the plunge into oblivion for some hours,

As much as its remarkably stringent rays fumigated
each iota of my despondently dreary countenance; I was
in profound admiration of its marvelous obeisance;
dissipating into a festoon of gorgeous empathy; as it
gave way to the Moon,

And as much as its brilliantly fresh rays made me
salute it till countless births of mine; as immortal
SUNRISE; I was in profound admiration of it melanging
gloriously with the tepid horizons; settling deep
within my heart and soul as fantastic SUNSET

Nikhil Parekh

Supremely Immortal

The scarlet rose was mortal; but its alluring essence that lingered for centuries unprecedented in the dreary atmosphere; was supremely immortal,

The blue crested nightingale was mortal; but its enchanting sound diffusing rhapsodic melody in every corner of the fathomless Universe; was supremely immortal,

The dark dotted tiger was mortal; but its thunderously deafening roar that instilled a wave of inexplicable terror in infants even before they were born; was supremely immortal,

The consortium of ominously dark clouds was mortal; but the mesmerizing beauty and flamboyant grace which they imparted to the firmament of azure sky; was supremely immortal,

The marble shaped eye was mortal; but the marvelously magnificent picture of the world which it provided to the impoverished persona; was supremely immortal,

The battalion of resplendent stars twinkling in the cosmos were mortal; but the tenacious illumination which they conjured up every single night; was supremely immortal,

The feather tipped fountain pen was mortal; but the infinite lines of inspiration it had embodied for the entire planet to enjoy and imbibe; was supremely immortal,

The innovative Scientist was mortal; but his ensemble of ingenious inventions which metamorphosed the complexion of this world; were supremely immortal,

The contemporarily sleazy watch was mortal; but the time that ticked over; prevailed profoundly ever since the very instant this earth was created; was supremely immortal,

The ardent philosopher was mortal; but his scores of unequivocally philanthropic ideals casting a spell on tangible life for decades immemorial; were supremely immortal,

The furtively deceptive mirage was mortal; but the sprawling blanket of

scorchingly flaming desert sands; was supremely immortal,

The incident which happened faster than the speed of white light was mortal; but the piquant memories it left behind; besieging the mind in wholesome entirety; was supremely immortal,

The festoon of diamonds was mortal; but the incorrigibly fervent glow that it radiated; coining irrefutable benchmarks in fragile personalities; was supremely immortal,

The solitarily deserted monsoon pond was mortal; but the verdant vegetation it left behind; which kept proliferating at amazing speeds into infinite more of its kind; was supremely immortal,

The speed of thought was mortal; but the ecstatic whirlpool of exhilaration it generated; was supremely immortal,

The compassionately amicable smile was mortal; but the feeling of good will which it perpetuated worldwide; was supremely immortal,

The activity of mischievous flirtation was mortal; but the eternal love it blissfully culminated into was; supremely immortal,

And the body was mortal; someday found itself inevitably beneath the morbid grave; but the spirit of the perpetual soul it left behind; was supremely immortal

Nikhil Parekh

Sweat

Slender slices of steel acquired the complexion of molten curry,
when amber flames of the fire licked their persona with savage heat.

infinite blades of lush green grass were camouflaged in dew drops,
after blissful long spells of winter night sleep.

brutally scorched skin of desert camel oozed droplets of water,
when struck by incessant heat reigning with immense fervour in all quarters.

ornate petals of the red daisy produced nectar in abundance,
after hosting a cluster of humming bees having fertile sacs of golden honey.

concrete walls embodied with red brick displayed slimy coats of moisture,
after brand new strokes of ravishing wall paint.

the ergonomically sculptured car seat felt amazingly humid,
after i inhabited it, sank on it relishing my posture, for unsurpassable lengths of
time.

the surface of earth vomited Herculean amounts of sizzling lava,
imprisoned within its innermost core for decades in strangulation.

colossal masses of rich black clouds excreted gallons of water,
when hovering in close proximity with the green periphery of earth.

wild branches of the raspberry tree expurgated fat globules of bitter milk,
as i adroitly ripped their skins with my fingernails.

my body perspired like hell when thoroughly exposed to currents of warm
Sunshine,
as blistering waves of heat sapped reserve quota's of energy,
sweating like an untamed pig all along the sultry ambience of pitch dark night.

Nikhil Parekh

Sweat Bath

Neither was the most contemporarily powerful of air-conditioner needed; even as the heat outside raced to an unbearable scorch,

Neither was there the most infinitesimal puff of wind that could provide any respite; as time painstakingly crawled to welcome a fresh dawn,

Neither did ice form into mesmerizing cubes even in the deepest freeze; as virtually everything in vicinity was shredded asunder in fiery whirlpools of the afternoon,

Neither did wondrously tantalizing waves of the oceans reach the penurious doorstep; as they were pragmatically speaking - continents and poles apart,

Neither did the most rhapsodically delectable ice-creams and candies cause a diminutive dent; as the blazing heat pulverized the same into frigid pulp-even before they could reach the lips,

Neither did the most mellifluously nostalgic of songs cause an impact- as shades of adulterated humane yellow pierced the atmosphere; as draughts of warm air swept their might,

Neither did the most enchanting of praises reach the ears; as asphyxiating dust and morbid smoke; squandered through a landscape of population with a forlorn will to kill,

Neither did the darkest shades of black tinted glass come to any rescue- as though the dark films sequestered from direct impact; they absorbed heat at the same time to eventually distort beyond recognition,

Neither did the merrily artificial tap of water provide the tiniest of solace; as it soon started to emit hostile steam usurped by the storm of volcanic heat which wavered fiercely around,

Neither did the glass of freshly extracted fruit juice render the slightest of rejuvenation- as it miserably evaporated to reveal the last grains of sugar and salt blended within; as famished palms groped fervently ahead to clutch it,

Neither did snow flakes disdainfully thrown astray by the passing carts create a whiff of cool- as the parched tarmac devoured those few globules of water first;

even before any living form dared creep near them,

Neither did the most majestic of castles generate a shy beam of shade; as their walls themselves scorched like a ravaging bulldozer; sulking at the angst that came along with the heat- instead of a grain of compassionate comfort,

Neither did the historically quaint well guarantee any beacon of a promise; as when one tread right to its mystically intrepid bottom- the discovery did yield hollowness but without a droplet of liquid to compliment,

Neither did the sensuously nestled swimming pool offer a fantasy of revitalizing delight; as arid winds laced with venomous smoke stabbed its periphery; metamorphosing its charmed persona into a parsimoniously fetid gutter line,

Neither did the princely fountain adorning the bustling street offer a trifle of an enthrallment- as the spray that once upon a time kissed the chin after ricocheting off ground; now abruptly dried midway in fireballs of acrimonious heat,

Neither did the couch of astoundingly pure velvet generate any comfort; as before anyone could nestle on its enamoring softness- its covers melted in the tyrannical heat- and out came charging the unabashed coiled springs,

And yet I was unabashedly relishing each ounce of my existence; even as the tumultuous summer heat whipped every bit of joy from the solar-plexus of survival,

As I romanced in the golden stream of mortal sweat that sensuously dribbled down my skin- to give me my victorious "Sweat-Bath".

Nikhil Parekh

Sweet Alarm Clock

I marched rambunctiously up the steps to my office; greeted my boss before anybody else could with a profoundly amicable smile,
While he slept lazily on his cozy bed; even well past brilliant afternoon.

I got ready for the high priority business meeting; sat in synchronized harmony beside the delegate adorned in an expensively embellished suit; with my pulse nearly racing out of my heart,
While he nimbly turned his back from one side to another; inadvertently shrugged at the flies hovering pertinently round his cheek.

I bounced boisterously on the vacant streets at the crack of glistening dawn; relentlessly admiring the Sun as it shone to its most overwhelming radiance,
While he drew the quilt even more tenaciously over his head; shielding his eyes even from the tiniest trace of white light.

I jogged fervently through the verdant lawns; with ravishing grass incessantly tickling my dreary feet; letting infinite globules of golden perspiration dribble down my arms,
While he emanated a volley of thunderous snores; inundating the blissful atmosphere around with his disdainfully pugnacious sound.

I dug gargantuan chunks of fresh soil with my hands as hostile rays of afternoon filtered through my hazel eyes; sowed a cluster of salubrious seed in every visible quarter of fecund land,
While he dozed like the most treacherous demon on this planet; sleeping invincibly with his bohemian feet pointing towards the garland of resplendent stars.

I executed each of my task meticulously as the clock indefatigably ticked; harmoniously carrying out all my duties of the day without the slightest of circumspection or bewilderment,
While he sucked his big thumb worse than a small baby; with a mountain of silken pillow profusely enveloping his scalp.

I leapt in ecstatic jubilation in torrential sheets of voluptuous rain; splashing my entire persona in the freshly sparkling stream of seductive water,
While he mumbled incoherent words in his divinely reverie; refrained to budge an inch; even as a battalion of red cockroach crawled in his limp ear.

I immensely relished each shade of the day; flamboyantly marched past the serene seaside; with the congenial evening breeze kissing fabulously across my chest,
While he didn't even know the world in which he was living; whether it was stringent morning outside or ghastly night.

I reaped the most blissful of merits in life; optimizing each opportunity that came my way; climbing the ladders to unprecedented success and irrefutable prosperity,
While he poked his tongue out a trifle; slavered pathetically at the mouth; let the parasites around suck his morbid blood without being perturbed one bit.

And the only difference between me and him was; that I woke up with a jolted start every morning; as my sweet alarm clock whipped the last ounce of my sleep with its deafening noise,
While he was left miserably asleep and doped till well past after midnight; till when infact I had victoriously completed my full quota of days; my complete quota of enchanting nights.

Nikhil Parekh

Sweet Success

There were no surreptitious secrets to achieve it; bask in its gloriously scintillating laurels for centuries immemorial,

There were no clandestine shortcuts to catapult to it; shimmer in its unparalleled cynosure; like no other entity on this astronomically colossal Universe,

There were no easy rides to gallop towards it; unequivocally embellish it in your forehead; for countless more births of yours yet to unveil,

There were no magical mantras to wholesomely assimilate it; irrefutably ensure that it was solely yours; from amongst infinite more on this unendingly gargantuan planet,

There were no incoherent insinuations to perpetually incarcerate it; perennially ensure that it didn't budge even an inconspicuous inch from your invincible custody,

There were no ominously nefarious means to blissfully absorb it; witness it become the unfathomably poignant radiance; that reflected profusely from your disastrous soul,

There were no dexterously ambiguous methods to lure it; unleash it from the unsurpassably limitless Universe; to make it the bountiful carpet of your stinking household,

There were no miraculous rockets to unflinchingly escalate to it; sight the entire planet as an infinitesimal insect; sitting on its majestically kingly countenance,

There were no ravishingly melodious tunes to seduce it; make it the profoundly aristocratic jewel of your impoverished eyes; while the rest of the globe envied you in utter disbelief,

There were no swords to nonchalantly pluck it; bestow it with astronomical ease in the heart of your dwindling palms; for times immemorial,

There was no tenacious breeze to swipe it entirely in one single go; proudly solemnize your severely devastated existence; with all stupendous glory that lay in the resplendent cosmos,

There were no sleazily titillating colors to tantalize it; uninhibitedly make it the celestial radiance of your frigidly capricious skin; for decades unprecedented,

There were no bombastic pools of crocodile tears to melt it; trap its divinely prosperity forever; in the swirl of your insidiously non-existent imagery,

There were no ideals of spuriously pathetic business management to grasp it; forever embed its triumphantly glittering flag on the roof of your vengefully dithering dwelling,

There were no rigid textbook incantations to seek it; gyrate in the spell of its heavenly ebullience; irrespective of ghastly night or spell bindingly sweltering day,

There were no ingeniously scientific formulas to wonderfully evolve it; preserve it without the slightest of effort; for incomprehensibly unstoppable decades on the trot,

There were no flash in the pan one-night-stands to reach it; let its marvelously enamoring intensity; descend upon every cranny of your lecherously diminutive visage,

There were no bizarrely commercial manipulations to trade it; make it the most unassailably treasured aspect of your despicable life; in exchange of fathomless treasuries of your rotting wealth,

And if there was any way to immortally reach it; divinely experience it in every philanthropic smile of your survival; then it was irrefutably and only timeless perseverance; a Sun of blazing hard work; that undisputedly leads you to the heaven of; unconquerably sweet success.

Nikhil Parekh

Sweet Water Coconut

The Sun blazes in full radiance,
the mercury soars to kingly proportions,
as sheets of dust blow in turbulence,
the parched tarmac bellows hysterically,
trees shriek in disbelief,
vulcanized rubber groans in despair,
as the sandstorm vocalizes its arrival.

Every eyeball gets averted,
to the green tripod of cool water,
stacked in gay abundance on thick jute sacks,
hailing from tall timber with slender branches,
deriving its nutrition from the pure wet sand,
christening it as the darling of all lands.

Colossal crowds flock the asphalt,
drifted by thirst and scorched excitement,
with sweaty palms, icy bandannas,
awaiting encounter with the hard green shell,
fingers clinging currency notes,
the queue shifts at a meandering pace,
as I finally get my chance,
to savor the natural taste in a coconut.

Nikhil Parekh

Swimming Pool

The crystal water looked marvelously blue,
shining like a glowworm in the infectious moonlight,
filled in a hexagon tank lined with pure sandstone,
with,
stainless metal slides converging down from amazing
heights,
long strips of diving board for a headlong plunge,
crisscrossed threads of netlon bifurcating it into equal halves,
large injections of disinfectant added at fixed intervals of time,
cozy changing rooms stacked with luxury towel,
mega perfume canisters for swimming in ecstasy,
inflated circular rings of rubber for wading through the deep,
an ambience of pine tree and sprawling lawn proved more than conducive,
the swimming pool was a treat to the eye in blistering heat of the summer
month.

i couldn't resist any further,
waves of exhilaration dismantled sensible imagery,
as i clambered short rungs of the steep ladder,
gave a shrill scream, relishing thoroughly the icy waters,
after plummeting 50 feet down from,
the ergonomically sculptured diving board.

Nikhil Parekh

Switch Of The Air-Conditioner Please

I felt unrelentingly strangulated; with exhausted blasts of wind emanating from my nose,
Gloominess besieging me with tumultuous force; piercing through my innocuous heart,
An ocean of sweat dribbled down at astoundingly slow speed; trespassing my brow,
The crispness of my shirt; now transited into a completely bedraggled texture,
An inevitable sensation to scratch engulfed my naked skin; and intricate areas of sandwiched between the curly mass of my hair,
A fetid odor wafting from my mouth; permeated the rustically plush ambience,
Incessant shuffling of my feet; made me feel intensely uncomfortable,
Trapped mosquitoes stung succulent chunks of my flesh; inundating my palms with embarrassing blemishes,
My hands felt stiff; starved and thoroughly deprived of the tiniest of movement,
Folds of my skin camouflaging my eye felt heavy; my vision growing disconcertingly blurred by the unleashing minute,
A plethora of jerks rattled the most tenacious of my bone; waking me up every second from my blissful reveries,
that is when I unabashedly shouted in the luxury car, to switch of the air-conditioner please.

Nikhil Parekh

Symbols

Shaking a cluster of hair vigorously; was a symbol of euphoric ecstasy,
Moving the feet unrelentingly; was a symbol of acute nervousness,
Punching the fists vehemently in placid air; was a symbol of impetuous indignation,
Opening the lips partially towards the moon; was a symbol of celestial dreaming,
Fluttering the eyelids viciously; was a symbol of flirtatious mischief,
Clenching the fortress of teeth in a grimace; was a symbol of incorrigible anger,
Whistling incessantly to tunes of unheard music; was a symbol of frantic fantasizing,
Biting the supple nail coat of calcium from fingers; was a symbol highlighting sheer contemplation,
Beads of cold sweat uncannily trickling down the forehead; was a symbol of intense fear,
A battalion of crimson pores emanating from tender skin; was a symbol of contracting disdainful measles,
Excruciating pain in the bones while hoisting the bucket; was a symbol of distressing fracture,
Frequent sensations of emptying the bladder; was a symbol of anticipatory excitement,
A plethora of goose-bumps diffusing from soft flesh; was a symbol of shivering in austere cold,
Waking up with startled jerks a few hours after midnight; was a symbol of witnessing a ghastly nightmare,
Obstreperously swallowing gargantuan gulps of cold water; was a symbol of insatiable thirst,
Gasping for precious breath after long sprints of running; was a symbol of tumultuous exhaustion,
Unruly stubs of hair projecting from the disheveled face; was a symbol of refraining to shave,
Intractably staring at piles of glittering gold in the treasury; was a symbol of malicious cupidity,
Licking the lips voraciously after consumption of meal; was a symbol of fulfilling gratification,
Dancing exuberantly till the first rays of new dawn; was a symbol of overwhelming jubilation,
Sleeping for marathon hours extra even after the rising of dazzling Sun; was a symbol of lackluster life,
And the violent beating of heart; blended with feelings of uninhibited passion; was a symbol of instantaneous love.

Nikhil Parekh

Sympathy Is Worse Than Death

Sympathy makes an organism feel dreadfully weak—as if the world around it had metamorphosed into a coffin of morose blackness; though an infinite streams of scarlet blood still ran enthusiastically through each of its blessed veins,

Sympathy makes an organism feel lividly inferior—with every living being in vicinity appearing to be a boundless times stronger; though they both were royally equal by the grace of the unparalleled Omnipotent Lord,

Sympathy makes an organism inadvertently lick decrepit dust—whereas it should've been unflinching marching forward in the fervor of bustling youth; head held high with its compatriot organism and only bowing down before the Lord Almighty,

Sympathy makes an organism a veritably devilish parasite-forever leaning and sucking upon its good-willed befriender; though volcano's of latent energy itched to fulminate from each of its robustly handsome veins,

Sympathy makes an organism wholesomely lose its own voice—as it started to profusely relish the extravagant attention and care; preferred to fantasize about the things that it'd like to do in life; rather than honestly sweat it out and reach there,

Sympathy makes an organism overwhelmingly finicky and fastidious about the tiniest of things—again and again finding faults with the most majestically perfect of creation; as there was always a person to wholesomely commiserate with its every eccentricity and peevish demand,

Sympathy makes an organism haplessly infertile-pathetically unable to indulge into even the most sensuously bountiful pleasures of life; as inevitable habit compelled it to let others complete its job of proliferating its very own kin,

Sympathy makes an organism miserably fail again and again-as the inexplicably stabbing blackness that it'd enshrouded itself with; incorrigibly denied any beam of optimistic sunlight to triumphantly creep in,

Sympathy makes an organism look frenetically naked even when fully clothed-as it indefatigably kept begging for being fed even that morsel of food; which lay copiously sprawled right into the center of its palms,

Sympathy makes an organism an irrefutable devil on the prowl-inexhaustibly searching for that shoulder to baselessly weep; and then disgustingly sleep-float in an unfathomable ocean of tears,

Sympathy makes an organism a dreadfully unbearable burden upon the planet—as it neither wholesomely died nor lived; just kept flagrantly loitering in-between the dormitories of certainty and uncertainty,

Sympathy makes an organism hopelessly deteriorate into nothingness with every unleashing minute—as his unstoppably taking the support of others; made his very own spine rust and eventually crumble to inconspicuous dust,

Sympathy makes an organism an irrevocably maimed beggar—as he shamefully lost all his ability to sight; hear and fearlessly speak; wantonly clinging like a deplorable leech to the panic button of every second person on the street,

Sympathy makes an organism a coffin of cursed negativity—spreading the wretched stench of satanic dependency upon every step that he dared tread; and thereby maligning the true spirit of symbiotically independent life,

Sympathy makes an organism lose all priceless self respect—an attribute which was profoundly embedded in each of its veins just like an infinite other of its counterpart; right since its very first divinely breath,

Sympathy makes an organism look like an invisible ghost in front of the mirror—such an abominable jinx that was impossible to break; once it surreptitiously passed itself on upon another equally insipid organism,

Sympathy makes an organism come to such an exasperating stage—that it started to unceasingly ridicule its very ownself; as there virtually none else in this world who was as inconsolably sick and helpless as its rapidly flailing form,

Sympathy makes an organism come to an earth-screeching lifeless halt—as after a period of time every door on the Universe brutally shut up on its deliberately tear stained face; and that's when the true reality and hardship of life hit it right in the center of its eye,

And sympathy makes an organism entirely dead even in the heart of exuberantly infallible life—a lifelessly fetid carcass which was spat upon and shunted by every section of the society; even before it could try lifting its very first footstep on soil

by itself

Nikhil Parekh

Table Salt

When I rolled ravenously in it; inscribing incoherent patterns in the powder
with my big toe,
It stuck to innumerable pores of my tender skin; poignantly tickling every part of
my body.

When I smeared a parsimonious amount of it on my tongue; the taste buds
instantly stood up; as if after a marathon period of prolonged rest,
My throat cried for water soon after; to pacify its inevitable thirst.

When I sprinkled it gently in the drifting breeze; it rose high and handsome in
the atmosphere; adhering to the crisp tree leaves,
While some part of it descended down painstakingly; causing my eyes to
profusely water as it barged in forcefully.

When I blended it with pure water; vigorously stirring the concoction till it
spewed bubbles of sparkling froth,
The elixir produced was wholesomely spicy to drink; and I washed my mouth
scrupulously clean; after consuming a few sips.

When I rubbed it fervently against the periphery of succulent fruit; completely
engulfing the same with its surplus fillings,
The berry remained as fresh as ever even after several weeks had elapsed;
unperturbed by the onslaught of deleterious insects.

When mixed it with the chocolate brown soil; it acquired evanescent tinges of
cream,
The mud now looked far more enticing; with streaks of impeccable white clearly
accentuated.

When I heated it on the stove to form a composite bar of soap; it willingly
underwent the metamorphosis,
And I felt hot fumes emanating from my persona; when I took bath with it.

When I hurled it mischievously at passing pedestrians; they were partially
perplexed by my uncanny behavior,
Their initial anger soon converted into intense indignation; as they were left
scratching their flesh raw till it bled.

When I dissolved colossal pints of it in the fathomless ocean; it was supremely

grateful,
Thanking me from its heart for submerging it back; in the place it actually
belonged to.

And eventually when I added frugal pinches of it in my food; my supper transited
to the tastiest of all times,
With commensurate proportions of sweetness and spice; overwhelmingly
gratifying the pangs of hunger in my stomach,
It was now that my bottle of table salt had served me to its absolute best;
had indeed embodied lots of color to my spiceless life

Nikhil Parekh

Tablet Of Soap

Washing tonnes of daily dirt,
a hexagon shaped carbolic bar,
producing gargantuan amount of froth when rubbed vigorously,
obnoxious odour when mixed with fruit juice,
waves of scented euphoria for bulk of the day,
scraping blanket of germs from skin,
whitewashing body with germicidal paint brush,
gently caressing flesh with rich lather,
culminating into elastic bubble spray,
blending superbly with tepid tap water,
fumigating scalp hair, slaying chains of dandruff,
reinvigorating natural electric balance of body,
extremely bitter in taste with a mesmerizing smell,
a thorough essential inhabiting wash rooms,
available in plain, multicolored bars, wrapped in gaudy paper,
transforming breathing idols of dirt, to immaculate Gods,
also used for washing, smudged clothes,
long silky curls of animal skin,
initiating allergic reaction while entering the eye,
is my beautiful red luxury tablet of soap

Nikhil Parekh

Tablets Of Immortal Love.

Tablets of overwhelmingly fabulous scent; to conquer acrimoniously debilitating headache; miraculously soothe and rejuvenate the traumatized nerves of scalp,

Tablets of nostalgically rhapsodic and impeccable childhood; to conquer murderously diabolical monotony; impregnate mystically reinvigorating dimensions to sordid life,

Tablets of unflinchingly intrepid patriotism; to conquer horrifically impeaching traitors; annihilating them with swords of irrefutable righteousness; to teach them the ultimate lessons of their life,

Tablets of enthrallingly mesmerizing beauty; to conquer despicably grotesque ugliness; treacherously dilapidated stagnation rotting in the aisles of salaciously miserable hell,

Tablets of euphorically exotic and ravishing wind; to conquer the curtainspread of dolorously derogatory depression; trigger optimistic beams of desire in the unfathomably satanic sonority; of the lecherous night,

Tablets of vivaciously resplendent rainbows; to conquer the dungeon of deplorably painstaking silence; blissfully perpetuate the gory cocoon of remorse with; fountains of ebulliently jubilant cheer,

Tablets of melodiously fascinating sound; to conquer the barbarically corrugated gutter of rambunctiously blood sucking noise; the voices of indiscriminately abhorrent terror spread all around,

Tablets of insatiably jubilating charisma; to conquer the corpse of dreadfully pathetic remorse; ignite the light of eternal happiness in all those deliberately dwindling towards a ominous extinction,

Tablets of poignantly bountiful compassion; to conquer the hideously profuse and ailing wounds of disdainful malice; coalescing one and all alike; in the mesmerizing cistern of humanity,

Tablets of enchantingly blissful fantasy; to conquer daggerheads of lunatic mania; transit the unsurpassably frazzled demeanor; into one with resplendently twinkling sleep,

Tablets of wonderfully magical and Omnipotent rain; to conquer the acridly sweltering heat of the tyrannically lambasting deserts; replenish all those impoverishedly famished with miraculous blessings; of the majestic Almighty Lord,

Tablets of tantalizingly divine and benign smiles; to conquer the inexplicably unrelenting agony of the imprisoned soul; unfurl into a cloud of vivacious timelessness,

Tablets of exuberantly exhilarating speed; to conquer the graveyard of lackadaisical laziness; resurgently bond in waves of uninhibited solidarity; to blaze on the path towards truth and philanthropic triumph,

Tablets of astoundingly procreating evolution; to conquer the obsolete walls of morbidly forlorn oblivion; spawn an incomprehensible civilization of tingling newness on even; the most nonchalantly nondescript pathways of existence,

Tablets of mischievously flirtatious and naughty winking; to conquer the venomous savagery of the abominable corporate world; romance like a prince in the aisles of unequivocally unprecedented desire,

Tablets of Omnisciently fabulous and discerning sight; to conquer the blanket of worthlessly ghastly darkness; emerge out as the most priceless messiah of humanity and adding a celestial sparkle to all brutally devastated lives,

Tablets of unassailably glittering and unshakable truth; to conquer heinously pernicious well of malevolently stinking lies; filter the Sun of Omnipresent hope; in all those despairingly crippling lives,

Tablets of invincibly ecstatic and heavenly breath; to conquer the ludicrously dithering deathbed of disparaging death; ubiquitously disseminate the tonic of pricelessly grandiloquent life; every time the planet earth was once again; marvelously born,

And tablets of immortally glorious and impregnable love; to conquer the insidiously sinister chapter of betrayal; irrefutably sign every page in the textbooks of vibrant life; with the spirit of Godly togetherness; the most sacred endowment of Almighty God.

Nikhil Parekh

Tails

When the rustic horned cow swished its slender tail,
hordes of buzzing flies absconded at fast pace for saving their lives.

when the fur coated sheep dog wagged its angular tail,
there were waves of euphoric ecstasy that hovered around his persona.

when the radiant eyed tawny cat fluttered her bulky tail,
it was an evident signal that she could ferociously attack any moment.

when the acrobatic monkey swayed its nimble tail,
several of its progeny hung to it; making merry in sedative currents of autumn breeze.

when the rubicund complexioned chameleon caressed her tail with ground,
it was a symbol of optimism; highlighting her perennial urge to hunt.

when the serrated skin alligator flashed its menacing tail,
the beast conveyed exorbitant amounts of pleasure; while basking in the midday Sun.

when the fast track stallion batted its aspirant tail,
there was an accentuated indication of his charged emotions; at the commencement of race.

when a battalion of red ants flickered their tails,
they danced with blissful harmony in a godown stashed full with salubrious food grain.

when the colossal sized dinosaur moved its Herculean tail,
virgin expanses of solid earth; diffused into inarticulate crevices of gaping hole.

and when the omnipotent demeanour of Godhead lifted his tail,
he hoisted the entire universe with overwhelming spurts of ease,
on which lived the affluent, the poor, the animate and intangible; and a host of animals which had previously swished their tails.

Nikhil Parekh

Taking The Plunge

When I took a plunge into the treacherously perilous valley; all that was left of me; was countless pieces of raw chowder; disintegrated incoherently amidst the conglomerate of ominous rock,

When I took a plunge into the web of unprecedented lies; all that was left of me; was flaming embers of inconspicuous ash; pathetically melting in the trauma of insatiable malice,

When I took a plunge into the violently circulating ceiling fan; all that was left of me; was boundless bits of profuse blood and diminutive bone; as the wings mercilessly beheaded me from each of my precious senses,

When I took a plunge into the dungeon of hideous scorpions; all that was left of me; was a mockingly ghastly bodied caricature; as the beats infiltrated their insidious fangs; well beneath the domains of my immaculate flesh,

When I took a plunge into the battlefield of indiscriminate bloodshed; all that was left of me; was a horrendously ruptured eye; frantically groping for illumination; even in the most flamboyantly sweltering Sunlight,

When I took a plunge into the fathomless avalanches of satanic ice; all that was left of me; was a skeleton of indefatigably clattering bones; rejected by even the most famished of crocodile,

When I took a plunge into the lactating lionesses den; all that was left of me; was infinitesimal bits of hair strewn incongruously on cold ground; as the monster penalized me to the most unsurpassable decree; for trying to steal her impeccable cubs,

When I took a plunge into the graves of my revered ones; all that was left of me; was an unrelenting cloudburst of tears; as I sadly remembered my near and dear; eccentrically transiting into sheer nostalgia; even as the clock astoundingly sped,

When I took a plunge into the sea of lethally glaring sharks; all that was left of me; was stray pieces of brutally decimated cloth; which the beasts apparently didn't like,

When I took a plunge into the land of manipulative commercialism; all that was

left of me; was a stone ghastily immune to all ecstasy and pain; even as globules of tantalizing rain pelted ferociously outside,

When I took a plunge into the corridors of abhorrent betrayal; all that was left of me; was a poisonous arrow ludicrously flying in all directions; eventually burying itself infinite kilometers beneath dead soil; miserably failing to hit its target outside,

When I took a plunge into the abominably thorny cactus; all that was left of me; was a scarecrow with an insurmountable flurry of scratches; wildly groping for water; as sound irrevocably ceased to escape out of my imprisoned mouth,

When I took a plunge into the horrifically despondent gutter; all that was left of me; was a sardonically titillating entity; becoming an unsurpassably bountiful delight for savage pigs,

When I took a plunge into a pond of heinously discriminating grease; all that was left of me; was a fountain of inexplicable nervousness; disastrously stumbling to kiss mud; each time I tried to elope and alight,

When I took a plunge into the precarious electricity switchboard; all that was left of me; was barbarically electrocuted embers of worthless shit; simply unable to coalesce into a bonded entity for never ending times,

When I took a plunge into monotonous clockwork machinery; all that was left of me; was an insipid leaf of disdainful pragmatism; drifting sadly away from enchanting fantasy and wonderfully exotic life,

When I took a plunge into nonchalantly lackluster asphalt; all that was left of me; was an incorrigibly condensed stone; lackadaisically rotting every second towards the corpses of hell; as the globe smiled and sang outside,

When I took a plunge into the platform of incomprehensibly murderous knives; all that was left of me; was an unfathomably bleeding soul; lingering with supreme lunatism between fabulous heaven; and depraving hell,

And when I took a plunge into the immortal beats of your benevolent heart; all that was left of me; was countless of my kind reborn again; impregnably fortifying their pledge as each morning unveiled; to embrace the entire planet; in invincible threads of love and mankind

Tale Of Tradition

Forehead coated with red vermilion,
with spreading incense of intense loyalty,
long hair parted in equal coconut oil,
body smeared with sacred halves,
greased with century old ash,
bunch of flower braids entangled in braid,
diffusing into petals of love,
circular rings piercing nose and ear,
lighting up skin lobes with glittering gold,
long threads with sandalwood beads,
tied to beautifully crafted necks,
long fingers covered with red nail paint,
steel bangles dangling from wrists,
black mascara adorning shielding eyes,
sprawled tattoos depicting religion,
engraved on large lined palms,
lips portraying tinge of natural fleshy pink,
broad shoulder bones toughened with household chores,
with embroidered silk covering every inch of flesh,
preparing appetizing delicacies in enclosed kitchens,
a saga of unending sacrifice,
and an excellent chanter of the vedic rhyme,
an autobiography of self discipline,
giving birth to offspring's like me,
and a host of eminent personalities,
is the traditional Indian woman.

Nikhil Parekh

Talent Without Determination

Talent without impregnable determination was like; the most panoramically enamoring castle on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of formidably unassailable foundation,

Talent without relentless determination was like; the most fragrantly everlasting rose on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest trace of propitiously effervescent bee or exuberant breeze,

Talent without intransigent determination was like; the most enchantingly heavenly landscape on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest impression of celestial grass or inimitably sacrosanct cow,

Talent without unrelenting determination was like; the most unflinchingly intrepid soldier on this Universe all right; but who was without the slightest insinuation of scintillating sword,

Talent without immutable determination was like; the most voluptuously tantalizing and euphorically reverberating clouds on this Universe all right; but which were without the slightest enlightenment of quintessentially ravishing rain,

Talent without indomitable determination was like; the most poignantly tangy waters on this Universe all right; but which were without the slightest acceptance by the inscrutably majestic sea,

Talent without unparalleled determination was like; the most brilliantly Omnipotent Sun on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest backdrop of fathomlessly exhilarating sky,

Talent without invincible determination was like; the most gigantically towering mountain on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of unconquerably escalating and peerless peak,

Talent without unstoppable determination was like; the most vividly resplendent waterfall on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of ingratiatingly gurgling noise,

Talent without overpowering determination was like; the most exotically princely pearl on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of skin regally

adorning its timeless grace,

Talent without passionate determination was like; the most mellifluously ebullient nightingale on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of spellbinding cadence or rhyme,

Talent without handsome determination was like; the most gloriously sagacious literature on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of pragmatically discerning reader,

Talent without unfettered determination was like; the most eclectically fascinating kite on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest background of timeless sky and emollient clouds,

Talent without unceasing determination was like; the most invaluable luminescent clock on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest sense of scrupulously unraveling and precision time,

Talent without unmasked determination was like; the most beautifully iridescent star shimmering on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest entrenchment of sensuously metaphorical night,

Talent without limitless determination was like; the most delectably queenly feet on this Universe all right; but which were without the slightest of resolutely firm ground to holistically tread,

Talent without untamed determination was like; the most irrefutably truthful soul on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of symbiotically symmetric form; body or shape,

Talent without irrevocable determination was like; the most marvelously artistic lung on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of tempestuously tingling breath or indispensable life,

And Talent without resurgent determination was like; the most compassionately thundering heart on this Universe all right; but which was without the slightest of movement; flicker; immortally romantic beats and optimistic light.

Nikhil Parekh

Tangible Forms Of Mud

White specks of dust were visible floating in the air,
as acrimonious beams of sunshine filtered through the dark room.

golden splinters of sawdust flew in bountiful amounts,
as the serrated periphery of carpenter file, sank deep in the body of rich slabs of
mahogany wood.

granules of silver sand blew gustily in the air,
colliding with the eyeball at turbulent velocities,
as volatile bursts of wind hoisted them high in the air,
blessing them magnanimous degrees of elevation.

morbid chunks of graveyard soil stuck to my boots,
as i trespassed the solitary mass of humid land,
weaving my way through a network of coffins,
bearing crucified souls of those buried alive during war.

i lost ergonomic proportions of poise and balance,
hurtling face down towards rock iron sheets of ground concrete,
as my feet caressed disdainful cakes of cow dung plaster,
the slimy sheath of natural manure prompting me to fall like a pack of cards.

my skin glittered like pure gold,
infinite arenas of my flesh exhibited looks of freshly painted silver,
there was a mystical radiance overflowing from my eyes,
as i soaped myself vigorously with handfuls of richly scented fertile mud.

Nikhil Parekh

Tantalising My Heart

Tantalizing my impoverished eyes; was her ingratiatingly ravishing belly; as she swished like the ultimate seductress of ecstatic fantasy; through the glorious curtainspread of the pristine forests,

Tantalizing my diminutive lips; was her fabulously enamoring smile; as she majestically bequeathed upon her magical grace; upon every step that she royally trespassed through,

Tantalizing my indigently bedraggled palms; was her sensuously titillating flesh; as she blossomed like an impeccable fairy; disseminating the essence of humanity on every particle of the rhapsodic atmosphere; that she tenderly caressed,

Tantalizing my rustically bohemian feet; were her unsurpassably delectable fingertips; as she weaved a trail of poignantly euphoric compassion; to magnificently metamorphose my treacherously beleaguered life,

Tantalizing my blearily exhausted eardrum; was her exotically spell binding voice; as she marvelously whispered the secrets of a charismatically enigmatic existence; at the crack of every seductively ethereal dawn,

Tantalizing my devastatingly dithering teeth; was her immaculately shimmering nape; as she swirled piquantly in a garden of unfathomably gregarious rose; surrendering herself in wholesome totality to the mists of unprecedented desire,

Tantalizing my uncouthly estranged tastebuds; was the captivating softness in her melodious touch; as she bounced exhilaratingly on the carpet of untamed yearning; for centuries incomprehensible,

Tantalizing my staggeringly famished veins; was her unassailable ardor to propel forward in life; patriotically march towards the corridors of irrefutable triumph; to spawn and sparkle a holistically vibrant tomorrow,

Tantalizing my painstakingly withering tongue; was her candidly explicit speech; as she divulged the innermost recesses of her heart; to bloom into a fountain of ubiquitous honesty and unequivocal humanity,

Tantalizing my pathetically shriveled spine; was her voluptuously sizzling

reflection; as she spun the tale of our everlastingly mesmerizing romance; to blend with the paradise of bountiful glory in blue sky,

Tantalizing my ludicrously barren scalp; was the rhythmic cadence of her daintily plodding footsteps; as she frolicked like an impeccable angel behind the inscrutably starlit gorges; with each of her flaming senses; profusely intertwined with mine,

Tantalizing my lecherously exhausted brain; was her relentless repertoire of tingling fantasies; as she vivaciously danced in a fathomless myriad of blissful forms; in every divinely dream of mine,

Tantalizing my ridiculously sagging shoulders; was her insatiable fervor to unflinchingly confront the most acrimonious of obstacles; tower tall as the fortress of philanthropism for countless more births to fantastically unveil,

Tantalizing my worthlessly sinking destiny; was her benign disposition to embrace one and all alike in inexplicable misery; as she dedicated each instant of her immaculately heavenly life; to the service of dwindling mankind,

Tantalizing my cacophonically rickety legs; was her profound vigor to stand by the path of impregnable righteousness; as she chanted the miraculous mantras of a united existence; till the time she abnegated her last breath,

Tantalizing my despondently dejected conscience; was the invincibly truthful glow in the whites of her Omnipotent eyes; as she sacrificed herself to a billion bizarre deaths; just to wonderfully diffuse the priceless scent of goodness,

Tantalizing my worthlessly wandering soul; was her unconquerable imagery of timelessly coalesced brotherhood; as she harmoniously galloped forward with her comrades in distress; bonded in threads of perennial solidarity,

Tantalizing my gloomily disappearing breath; was her unbelievable fortitude to excel in every benevolent sphere of life; as she blazed like an ebullient inferno of unstoppable newness; defying the baseless norms of the murderously conventional society,

And tantalizing my nonchalantly disgruntled heart; was her ocean of immortally celestial love; as she incarcerated me forever in the realms of her resplendent

chest; taught me forever to love; love and boundlessly exist; only for the
sacrosanct spirit of
holy love.

Nikhil Parekh

Tapered And The Spiciest

Fresh beanstalks of green chili,
Standing upright in fecund patches of clay,
Strewn in crusty jigsaw moulds,
With famished caterpillars in its womb,
Swarms of obstreperous flies buzzing around,
And hordes of white mice sprinting with a squeaking sound.

Water clogs arid balls of cracked mud,
Jutting out fiercely; from hose pipes composed of coarse cloth,
Forming pulpy rivulets; amidst the garnished stalks,
Drenching the untilled land; with pearls of natural nutrients,
Pure and crystalline from the inner core of earth.
The parrot green buds then ripened in quick succession,
Into macro skin coverings of saliently dark green,
The entire camouflage whistled with the win,
Withering the plethora of standing stalks,
Heaps of chili now lay in a mangled wreck,
Giving rise to the Tapered and the Spiciest

Nikhil Parekh

Tarzan Of The Jungle

He rambunctiously gallivanted through the dense shrubs; swirled at gay abandon
on extruding creepers of animate trees,
Tenaciously rubbed rotund pieces of flint stone; to incinerate a smokeless fire,
Feasted himself on clusters of ripened bananas; a conglomerate of wild apple and
succulent fruit,
Viciously attacked savage beasts; strangulating the same by mercilessly grabbing
their slender necks,
Garrulously gulped water from the fresh water springs; stooping as low as he
could to submerge his face entirely in the ravishing water,
Philandered merrily through cloistered underground caves; basking in the gleam
of the glittering gold coins; with his pet rattler wound round his neck,
Audaciously crept his hands into venomous spider webs; passionately fondling
with its serrated tentacles,
Replicated the voices of a host of birds with astoundingly similarity; meticulously
deciphering the meaning conveyed therein,
Clambered up with nonchalant ease; a cluster of tall trees with the uncanny
agility of a mongoose,
Didn't mind ravenous mosquitoes sucking his blood; inviting them chivalrously to
bite his skin,
Intrepidly battled the hostile crocodile on the marshy swamps; snapping apart its
jaws into minuscule fragments,
Had a severe abhorrence for alien tourists; marauding his privacy with a fleet of
boats and contemporary contrivances,
Possessed infinite pairs of bulging muscles; which glistened magnificently under
the golden sun,
Had incongruous wisps of long hair cascading freely down his back; abnormally
large peripheral eyes resembling the moon,
Ate sumptuous fish raw; after catching them from fathomless distances beneath
the pellucid stream,
Rode bareback throughout the meandering forest; sitting majestically on the
back of a striped panther,
Could stare unrelentingly at sun for hours; without flinching the slightest
portion of his lids,
Communicated adroitly with the wildlife circumventing; using a plethora of
vibrant insinuations,
Had an armory of pearly teeth; which crept up enchantingly from under his
luscious lips,
Was oblivious to the prevailing time; day and month of the unveiling year;
wholesomely relying on the sun and moon to guide his way through,

He had been left years ago by his mother; amongst a cluster of savage wolves,
Suckled milk from the protuberant teats of his lion mother; sleeping quietly as an
angel against her fur coated belly,
With a threadbare piece of loin cloth being his sole attire since times
immemorial; he was adeptly christened by all as tarzan of the jungle.

Nikhil Parekh

Tears Might Have Dried From My Eyes

Tears might have dried from my eyes with the rapid unfurling of time; and the winds of the tumultuous maelstrom ferociously sweeping past my impoverished facial contours,

But I still melt into miserably icy nothingness; slithering like a hopeless shadow on the ground; without the fireballs of justice in your irrefutably Omnipotent voice.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as the seasons galloped by; and the waves of bizarre manipulation took their toll on me; to lead contemporary life,

But I still metamorphose into insipidly infinitesimal ash; wailing incessantly towards the corridors of fathomless eternity; without the marvelously majestic radiance

on your bountiful cheeks.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as the Sun took its blazingly fiery toll over the entire Universe; and an unfathomable mountain of responsibility thrust on my shoulders compelled me to slog like a monotonous bull,

But I still shatter into an infinite pieces of meaninglessness; vengefully abhorring even the most gloriously fascinating of my bodily contours; without the unconquerable valley of sacrosanct righteousness; in your silken palms.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as the nights sped into blossoming days; and the insatiably unending pace of life commanded me to safeguard my persona; from the salaciously hostile pack of wolves,

But I still perennially lambaste myself with whiplashes of treacherous suffering; shrinking to a mere whisker of my original self; without your unflinchingly charismatic ideals of divine mankind.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as the fortnights unbelievably accelerated into marathon years; and the burden to replenish my disastrously famished stomach;

so overwhelming that thoughts refrained to enter my ruthlessly tyrannized brain,

But I still remain cripplingly awake all throughout the tenure of the savage night; dreaming of nothing but ghastly death; without your impeccable sky of blessings that sprouted from your; gloriously immaculate soul.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as the fireball of Sun every dawn sizzled tenaciously; and the inevitable urge to sequester my kin; took astronomically

limitless proportions in my brain,

But I still feel more devastated than the remorsefully sullen corpse; stabbing my persona with knives of desperation at the slightest of excuse; without your wand of Omnipresently royal humanity.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as the tumultuous intensity of the air outside torrentially caressed me all the time; and the norms of this

conventionally mundane society kicked me brutally; if I cried,

But I still feel like a gruesomely decimated piece of shit; wasting each moment of robustly vital life; without your incredulously magnetic and timeless touch.

Tears might have dried from my eyes as I was born again after a countless

births; and the horrendously augmenting robotism of this planet; rendering each part of my dwindling body; to just an unemotional machine,

But I still feel like a solitary warrior perennially oozing blood in the midst of the

ominously excoriating battlefield; barbarically dying every instant although

possessing fountains of mystical breath; without your aroma of ingratiating oneness and stupendously ever-pervading charm.

And tears might have dried from my eyes as fleeting minutes sped into

wholesomely new civilizations of tomorrow; with each element of my penurious visage extraordinarily busy; in acclimatizing to the devilish dust around,

But I still indefatigably pledged to end priceless life; with each beat of my heart

transforming into a skeleton of worthless hatred; without your perpetually

poignant principles of humanity; your unassailable belief in the religion of unshakable mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

Tears Of Immortal Love

When I saw the ocean swirling ecstatically towards the sky; trying to touch the Sun in its profoundly untamed glory;
There were tears of sheer adventure that dribbled from my eyes; transiting me into a land of fabulously enchanting fantasy.

When I saw the moon creeping nimbly into vibrantly blue cosmos; making way for the magnificently star studded night,
There were tears of placid contentment that trickled from my eyes; and my whole body commenced to prepare itself for a celestially satisfying nocturnal sleep.

When I saw the silhouette of the preposterously diabolical giant menacing full throttle towards me; ready to gobble upon my innocuous form,
There were tears of uncanny fear that oozed from my eyes; as each part of my skin got engulfed with profusely nervous sweat.

When I saw my fellow compatriots in tumultuous pain; with uncouth wounds of hopeless despair encompassing the periphery of their cracked lips,
There were tears of inexplicable sorrow that poured from my eyes; as I took a resolution to once again transform God's created earth into a veritable paradise.

When I saw the potbellied spider fall infinite times; yet rise again to eventually accomplish weaving its cozy web,
There were tears of fortified conviction that flowed from my eyes; as each bone in my impoverished demeanor; got ready to confront the most mightiest of challenge on this planet.

When I saw the boundless conglomerate of pigeons pecking each other passionately; in wee hours of the wonderfully ravishing night,
There were tears of uninhibited passion that crept out of my eyes; as a cloudburst of insatiable desire shot through cabin compartments of my brain.

When I saw the festoon of red ants clambering on the towering elephant; fomenting him to fall like a box of soggy matchsticks on obdurate ground,
There were tears of awe inspiring self confidence that gushed out of my eyes; as I realized suddenly that true power lies solely in the mind.

When I saw the sacrosanct virtue of truth being massacred indiscriminately on all quarters of this Universe; being weighed with a platter of spurious currency all

the time,

There were tears of utter hopelessness that shot out of my eyes; as I spat my wholesome best on disastrously dwindling mankind.

When I saw the divinely countenance of my mother parading by my side; bustling around in thorough anticipation of my well being,

There were tears of overwhelming gratitude that drizzled from my eyes; as I touched her feet in due obeisance; poignantly kissed her palms for bringing me into this fathomless world.

And when I saw the vivaciously enchanting visage of my beloved; her incomprehensibly alluring fragrance that took complete control over my every breath,

There were tears of immortal love that cascaded from my eyes; as I embraced her perpetually in my arms; obscuring our entities forever from this manipulatively blood thirsty planet.

Nikhil Parekh

Tell Me Who Can Stop You?

With fires blazing unrelentingly in your ardent eyes; and the perennial desire to keep surging forward till success charismatically kisses your doorstep,

With an insatiable desire to conquer every acrimonious impediment that dared confront you in your way; and the essence of tireless perseverance profoundly blended with every ingredient of your scarlet blood,

With a perpetual longing to always be the philanthropic best in whatever you benevolently undertook; and the blessings of your parents hovering like an invincible fortress round your impoverished visage,

Most importantly with your humble heart forever commiserating with all religion; caste; creed; and color; royally alike; and with all your reservoir of unprecedented energy resolutely diffusing for goodness,

Tell me who on earth can ever stop you in your benign mission to uplift despairingly bereaved humanity; tell me who on earth can ever make the tiniest of dent on your march towards uniting your brethren; in the strings of unassailable mankind?

1.

With the vacillating maelstroms of distress and inexplicable anguish; miserably dithering to deter you even an inconspicuous trifle; and your visage towering like an unflinching mountain in all situations; alike,

With the charisma on an impregnable warrior written majestically on your blissfully smiling lips; and your marvelous resilience paving a way steadily through the sea of vicious acerbity,

With the heart of a courageous lion relentlessly throbbing inside your intrepid chest; and your unstoppable momentum only rejuvenating you beyond the limits of untamed imagination,

Most importantly with altruistic obeisance ingrained deeply within each of your veins; and the urge to serve your countrymen in pain; perpetuating you inevitably from all sides,

Tell me who on earth can ever stop you in your mission of wholesomely decimating the most infinitesimal trace of evil from the trajectory of this colossal planet; tell me who on earth can ever think of disturbing even a fraction of your divinely shadow?

2.

With nothing but the humanitarian epitome of triumph transcending supreme in your sight; and your eyeballs refraining to incorrigibly stoop; to even the most truculent of adversity that came its way,

With the fervent poignancy in your voice silencing all horrendously ungainly sardonism; and the tumultuous intensity in your stride making even the most Herculean of devils ludicrously shrink in their shells,

With the blessings of Omnipotent Lord Almighty making you more formidably unshakable on every step that you tread; and your bones wholesomely ready to sacrifice any amount of flesh; to save the lives of countless innocent,

Most importantly with the irrefutable paradise of truth embedded perpetually in your conscience; and its righteous sounds drifting you towards a civilization of unending togetherness,

Tell me who on earth can ever stop you in your mission of metamorphosing all treachery into scintillatingly optimistic goodness; tell me who on earth can ever think of ruffling even a minuscule feather in your aristocratic cap?

3.

With oceans of profuse dynamism patriotically enshrouding you from all sides; and the chapters of eternal righteousness your priceless companions for the remainder of your expedition,

With the spirit of uninhibited freedom magnificently embossed in each element of your valiantly shimmering visage; and the wings of sparkling honesty making you
fly a boundless continents; at a single time,

With the ravishingly vivacious beauty of the entire Universe incessantly revolving round the harmonious dormitories of your brain; and insidiously languid sleep remaining fathomless miles away from your countenance; as you advanced on

your path towards the divine,

Most importantly with your majestically humanitarian attitude that made even the greatest of God's salute you; and your ideals which had their rudiments in the principles of timeless creation,

Tell me who on earth can ever stop you in your mission to become a ray of sheltering light for all those uncouthly divested; tell me who on earth can ever think of burying even your remotest of footprint; into the devilish graves?

Nikhil Parekh

Tell Me Why?

Tell me why do we sneeze saliva,
Walk fast when young with life?

Tell me why do we ooze scarlet blood,
Laugh inevitably when tickled with hand?

Tell me why do we desire mineral water,
Shiver with goose bumps in bitter winter cold?

Tell why does tongue oscillate in mouth chamber,
Pools of desperation get formed in the bones?

Tell me why is hair black, lips luscious red,
People round the world crazy for dollar note?

Tell me why are grass blades parrot green,
Cloud mass hindered by skyscrapers in street?

Tell me why is bread coated with peanut butter,
Cow slaughtered in abattoirs for beef?

Tell me why do rich sip black cocktail drink,
Unclothed urchins breathe in dilapidated garbage?

Tell me why are curved shells on sand beaches,
Innocent heads get beheaded in car crash?

Tell me why do we perceive stabs of pain,
Fall deep in sleep at the onset of night?

Tell me why do we transit from youth to old,
Collapse in a heap when hungry for food?

Tell me why does heart throb fast,
There is a purpose in life when we love?

Tell me why did God create man,
Only to snatch him away from realms of earth?

Tenacious Moonlight

The vivid moonlight amidst the vast expanse of black,
Mesmerizing with tranquil tunes,
Whispers its sanity below,
To dark and moisture laden sultry air,
Intruding upon the blissful silence.

The spiritual harmony in whitish tinge,
Scrapes away ghastly black petals of malice,
Glistening in quiet contentment,
Revealing non violent signs of complete triumph,
Sprinkling crystalline dew drops of everlasting love.

It invades upon the softness of the night,
Giving rise to springs of spontaneous affinity,
Dreary to a host of artificial emotions,
Blazing its entrance into the world,
With strong mists of belief in self as its lone saviour.

Nikhil Parekh

Terrorism And Immortal Love

You either take to terrorism; to tirelessly liberate the enslaved agony of your soul; at being ruthlessly divested of those quintessentially blissful ingredients of life; at the hands of chauvinistic anarchists,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already liberated of even the tiniest of your agony; with every unfurling beat of your interminably passionate heart.

You either take to terrorism; to earn unsurpassable treasuries of currency; without slogging and persevering it the hard way out in inexplicably enamoring existence,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already the most pricelessly blessed organism on planet divine; with every unfurling beat of your majestically unimpeachable heart.

You either take to terrorism; to assert your dominance over countless other entities of your living kind; upon whom you otherwise felt you could never ever have supremely ruled,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already the most compassionately undefeatable organism alive for innumerable more births of yours; with every unfurling beat of your royally impeccable heart.

You either take to terrorism; to rightfully avenge and heal the sordidly ungainly wounds on your persona; dastardly inflicted by a handful of truants; nations; enemies or kingdoms,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already miraculously ameliorated and healed of every of your internal and external wound; with every unfurling beat of your symbiotically amiable heart.

You either take to terrorism; to enrich every single person of your kin; with the most unconquerably enviable luxuries of life; infallibly prove to them that the entire world run on your singular commands,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already making not just your kin; but every living being on this Universe; experience the ultimate utopia of the heavens; with every unfurling beat of your magnanimously ardent heart.

You either take to terrorism; to limitlessly capture every cranny of this earth;
embed your very own signature on every conceivable space and object
frequenting the most invisibly thinnest of air,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love"; is an infinite times better
option instead; as you're already Omnipresent on every tangible trajectory of this
fathomless Universe; with every unfurling beat of your enchantingly silken heart.
You either take to terrorism; to grant even the most incomprehensibly uncurbed
fantasy of yours; the most final proportions of execution and unlimited
supremacy,
But I'll tell you take to "Immortal Love"; is an infinite times better
option instead; as you're already floating in the cradle of unending fantasy
suspended from the clouds of paradise; with every unfurling beat of your
bounteously magnetic heart.

You either take to terrorism; to greedily assimilate all what you ever could in an
entire lifetime; in just a single moment of barbarously indiscriminate power,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love"; is an infinite times better
option instead; as you're already blessed with all the wealth; all the virtues of a
countless more lives this very moment; with every unfurling beat of your
vivaciously virile heart.

You either take to terrorism; to pass time and simultaneously metamorphose
every ardent dream of yours into an unbreakable reality; as just a single bullet
violently reverberated from your pistol,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love"; is an infinite times better
option instead; as you're already engaged in the most unassailably fructifying
activity without having to seek any other profession; with every unfurling beat of
your victoriously effulgent heart.

You either take to terrorism; to prove that there was no God who existed on the
firmament of this endless Universe; and it was solely you who controlled the
destinies of every entity existing and beyond; at the tap of your intricately
nimble finger,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love"; is an infinite times better
option instead; as you're already the most Omnipotent God of every aspect of
your very ownself; with every unfurling beat of your jubilantly unfettered heart.

You either take to terrorism; to gain the fame and attention of the entire globe;
as every other option that you tried left you aimlessly wandering in the jailhouses
of bizarrely maiming extinction,
But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love"; is an infinite times better
option instead; as you're already the most indisputably crowned king of vivid

existence; with every unfurling beat of your spell-bindingly triumphant heart.

You either take to terrorism; to live each moment of life unfathomably larger than it seems; with every tangibly beautiful object and puff of air on this unending earth; handsomely capsized and placed upon your bohemian fists, But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already parading as the most insuperable and tallest organism on this boundless Universe; eternally higher than the clouds; with every unfurling beat of your wondrously bewitching heart.

You either take to terrorism; to bring about a spectacularly blissful renaissance and improvement in the condition of your own country and tribe; sadistically oppressed by some cannibalistic superpowers of the ever-proliferating earth, But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already being victoriously reborn and reincarnated alongwith every single dead and living organism on this ecstatic planet; with every unfurling beat of your everlastingly humanitarian heart.

You either take to terrorism; just because of your ominously repressed and thwarted desires of the flesh; just because your venerated wife was openly flirting and sinfully liaisoning with another man right in front of your very own eyes, But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already being married to an infinite epitomes and skies of sensuous virility every single instant; with every unfurling beat of your poignantly infallible heart.

You either take to terrorism; to break the norms of the conventionally turgid society; which have virtually no substance and identity; and which have forced the entire human society to live in the dungeons of maniacal incarceration since centuries unprecedented, But I'll tell you to take to "Immortal Love" is an infinite times better option instead; as you're already liberating towards the winds of the ultimate heaven and impregnable freedom; gregariously bonded with the entire heavenly Universe; with every unfurling beat of your perennially mesmerizing heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Thank You

Thank you for providing your shoulder; for me to lean upon in my times of inexplicable distress,

Thank you for wiping my tears; when they oozed out profusely all day and night,

Thank you for camouflaging my skin under your garment; when it was wholesomely helpless and unable to face this world,

Thank you for whispering into my ears words of courage and fortitude; when the infiltrators were just about to barge into my camp,

Thank you for standing by my stubborn attitude; sticking to my ideals; even though it meant sacrificing precious years of your life,

Thank you for serving me with appetizing delicacies; preparing food for me according to my whims; even at the middle of freezing night,

Thank you for consoling me incessantly; when dawn seemed far away; and when success was just a short-lived night,

Thank you for pacifying my anger; when in fact if you didn't; I would have landed in prison for assassinating lecherous mankind,

Thank you for caressing my raw bruises with your soft palms; impregnating in them the divine power to heal at amazing speeds,

Thank you for tolerating my flirtatious tendencies; still accepting me as your husband; inspite of my philandering whenever I got the chance,

Thank you for assisting me in taking the most prudent decision; clutching my body tightly when I felt I would swoon like dead fish on the ground,

Thank you for shaving off unruly strands of beard from my cheek every morning; massaging my scalp vigorously to impart me with Godly rejuvenation,

Thank you for patiently listening to my rebukes; cooling my frazzled senses with the ointment of your romance,

Thank you for keeping our house meticulously clean; spreading the tantalizing

perfume of your passionate breath in every corridor that I tread,

Thank you for bearing my progeny; helping me continue my chapter of existence; even decades after I died,

Thank you for making me feel like a man; everytime I felt cowardly; thought of relinquishing this world,

And over and above all thank you for making all my dreams come true; inspiring me to become what the world recognized me today; a good father; a good individual; and most importantly a good human being; to light several other's gloomy day.

Nikhil Parekh

Thanking The Creator

If i lost a leg in vagaries of disdainful war,
i would limp for the remainder of my disillusioning life,
thanking the Creator for having blessed me with a twin pair of sturdy feet.

if my persona was brusquely submerged in gruesome darkness,
dazzling light of the sun seemed as smudged outlines of molten ice-cream,
i would thank the creator for bestowing upon me the hind sight of hearing.

if daintily painted coats of my nail got severely punctured,
the skin peeling off with droplets of pure blood,
i would thank god for embedding hollow sockets of my arm with iron hands
jutting out.

if infinite hair on my scalp tumbled down in lackluster unison,
rendering my head resembling a barren ocean; bereft of goldfish,
i would thank the almighty for endowing me with the power to regenerate.

if i sporadically lost the gift of eloquent speech,
incorrigibly failing in my attempts to utter the faintest of sound,
i would heartily thank god for showering me with the gift of effusive expression.

if my heartbeats temporarily deserted me at midnight,
my face contorting spasmodically gripped with the onset of deathly paralysis,
i would convey my thanks to the creator; for atleast sparing my life.

and if my beloved departed tragically for her expedition to heaven,
relinquishing me alone in a world of abhorrence and corruption,
with nostalgic memories of the times we laughed,
broke down into tears at the slightest of provocation,
i would still thank the Almighty for the time he kept her,
for me to obsessively admire; on this earth.

Nikhil Parekh

That Exactly And Perpetually Meant

I wasn't the most infinitesimal iota sad; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was enshrouded by cloudbursts of untamed ecstasy; and was invincibly happy,

I wasn't the most parsimonious iota negative; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was indefatigably embracing the Sun of unflinchingly unbridled optimism; and was triumphantly positive,

I wasn't the most minuscule iota impotent; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was proliferating into astoundingly victorious newness every unfurling instant of the day; and was unassailably virile,

I wasn't the most mercurial iota defeated; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was kissing the most royal epitomes of insuperable success; and was unbelievably victorious,

I wasn't the most infidel iota ugly; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was unceasingly blessed with the heavens of celestial resplendence; and was inimitably beautiful,

I wasn't the most vanishing iota diminishing; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was the most unconquerable crusader of tomorrow; and was eternally blossoming,

I wasn't the most diminutive iota hapless; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was serendipitously bestowed in every singleton aspect of destined life; and was impregnable fortunate,

I wasn't the most invisible iota weak; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was boundlessly impregnated with the most undaunted of calcium; and was fearlessly strong,

I wasn't the most fugitive iota sacrilegious; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was the most untainted apostle of sacredness; and was Omnipotently divine,

I wasn't the most abstemious iota wayward; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was unshakably parading towards the path of symbiotic righteousness; and was indisputably straight,

I wasn't the most oblivious iota criminal; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was the most unconquerable harbinger of humanity; and was miraculously philanthropic,

I wasn't the most inconspicuous iota cacophonous; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was incessantly bouncing in the aisles of harmonious rhapsody; and was gloriously mellifluous,

I wasn't the most obsolete iota invisible; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was seen on every tangible and intangible cranny of this fathomless Universe at the same time; and was majestically Omnipresent,

I wasn't the most eloping iota dirty; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was perched on the most unshakably bountiful apogee of hygiene; and was Omnisciently clean,

I wasn't the most surreptitious iota abhorrent; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was tirelessly embracing every echelon of humanity till my very last veritable breath; and was limitlessly egalitarian,

I wasn't the most evaporating iota nostalgic; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was inexorably galloping on the Spartan roads of quintessential livelihood; and was profoundly pragmatic,

I wasn't the most vespereed iota parasitic; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was wholeheartedly donating every fraction of my wealth with both my hands; and was timelessly benevolent,

I wasn't the most obfuscated iota delirious; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was blissfully nestling in the nests of magically uplifting calmness; and was effulgently calm,

I wasn't the most dilapidated iota ribald; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was tirelessly floating in castles of unsurpassably glittering gold and silver and was incomparably royal,

I wasn't the most evanescent iota lying; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was the most indomitable ray of eternally enlightening righteousness; and was bounteously truthful,

I wasn't the most ethereal iota lazy; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was wafting into the sweat of timelessly righteous symbiotism all night and day; and was undyingly persevering,

I wasn't the most transient iota devastating; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was evolving unlimited skies of synergistic miracles on every pathway that I tread; and was unstoppably magical,

But although I wasn't the most ephemeral iota "Dead"; yet that exactly and perpetually meant; that every beat of my immortal soul would forever continue to love; you; you and only you; every unraveling instant of my enchanting life; and would continue to be "Alive"; for you; and only you; O! poignantly godly Beloved; even an infinite centuries after my treacherously gory death.

Nikhil Parekh

That I Was Blind - A Poem To Sensitize Those With Eye-Sight Towards Those Who Are Blind.

Outside; the Sun fire-lit every sagging bit of nerve and adulterated soil; into an unparalleled wind of optimism; blazing into dynamic freshness,
For me though; the blackness grew even more disconcerting than ever;
slowly crippling all my dimensions of beauty and charm- a blackness which rendered my existence into hysteric sadness with no respite.

Outside; the leaves blossomed into sparkling freshness from their tender buds;
as mists of desire not only kissed them; but gave them the tenacity to lead a fulsome life,
For me though; the blackness pierced more ominously than a zillion smoldering thorns; leading me to dungeons of despair-a blackness which made me lose my way everytime I tread with new-found hope on rustic soil.

Outside; there was unimaginably fervent hustle-bustle as people of all color;
caste; creed; race and religion-jostled helter-skelter in the rat race of survival of the fittest,
For me though; the blackness spun its web of disdainful loneliness till the last grain of my fantasy-a blackness which made me shunt every fabric of society in a baseless apprehension of cold rejection.

Outside; there swirled festivity of all gigantic size and proportion; with crackling thunder and white lightening of the sky; giving people more reason to uninhibitedly cheer,
For me though; the blackness metamorphosed every piece of my creativity into color of the morbid grave-a blackness which made me miserably writhe and flounder in the most primary of duties towards life.

Outside; the shadows grew dismally taller and smaller depending on shades of the majestic day; as it earnestly gave way to an even more royally spell-binding and sensuous night,
For me though; the blackness made every joyous bit of existence a squandering non-existence-a blackness which made me worse than a new-born infant reaching out to a mother; sibling or hand everytime-only to find empty space.

Outside; the planet behaved at gay abandon; throwing a spirit of untamed adventure to the winds; as it dared to take the path unexplored and experience the mystical vibrations of the unknown,

For me though; the blackness crucified every inscrutable imagery into ashes of nothingness; a decrepit blackness that had rendered every tear drop of mine to being merely called saline.

Outside; undulating waves of the ocean rose more and more euphorically towards the profoundness of the sky; as ravishing storms and thunder kissed its emerald water,

For me though; the blackness diabolically cursed with the most intolerable of stench—a blackness which was a wall worse than jail; painstakingly dissolving me into a hell of dreaded hatred.

Outside; people leapt out of bed at the most evanescent crackle of dawn; full of undaunted ebullience to start afresh and with pride in their souls; leaving the chapters of erroneously faltering past well behind,

For me though; the blackness sinfully rendered every instant of life howsoever past; present or future as just the same; a blackness which made me stagnate into wretched gloom as I haplessly groped to find the edge of my bed.

Outside; boundless civilizations of all living kind relished intricate varieties of food; huddled together to form their own inimitable chains for hearty 'Breakfast'; succulent 'Lunch' and sumptuous 'Dinner',

For me though; the blackness discarded me like a chunk of orphaned feces in busiest of streets; a blackness which at times made my trembling hands feed my ears; eyes and forehead; if they were the slightest occupied in finding a place for me to sit.

Outside; the globe changed everyday by the power of unduplicated imagination; as a united mass of living beings dared to envision; empower and enlighten with their mysticism extraordinaire,

For me though; the blackness hissed the ugliness of despairing extinction; a blackness that made me perceive every space on this planet as a miserably Lost World.

Outside; there eternally continued the chapters of effulgent life and inevitable death; till the time God commanded this earth to symbiotically exist,

For me though; the blackness heinously tightened its grip around my neck; a blackness which made me feel as if traversing alive like a meaningless corpse and being lambasted by the mortuaries of death.

No No. Before you start presuming me to be the worst kind of jinxed human existing. Let me tell you that I wasn't any of the sort.

As the truth was far more unbearably unfortunate. That I was Blind.

Nikhil Parekh

That Woman

Every tree flooded the atmosphere with vibrantly exhilarating breeze; blissfully impregnating a wave of enchantment in the dolorously deadened atmosphere around,

But my eyes were intransigently searching for that tree which yielded compassionate shade; engulfing even the most infinitesimal iota of my monotonous dreariness; with astoundingly heavenly tranquility.

Every cloud in the fathomless sky looked vividly enchanting; celestially drifting into boundless bits of satiny space,

But my eyes were uncompromisingly searching for that cloud which would torrentially rain; entrench every dying pore of my countenance with ecstatic tumblers

of; divinely ravishing rain water.

Every wave in the gigantic ocean was gloriously undulating; disseminating into a festoon of enamoring froth after clashing against the chain of majestically ragged rocks,

But my eyes were unrelentingly searching for that wave which would reach the shores of my tyrannically tortured life; Omnisciently enlightening it with unconquerable optimism and tanginess.

Every flower marvelously blossomed at the crack of bountifully fascinating dawn; regally lighting the complexion of the mystically resplendent valley,

But my eyes were indefatigably searching for that flower which would deluge the withering coffin of my existence with unassailable fragrance; handsomely perpetuate each aspect of my life with the sacred spirit of mankind.

Every shadow beautifully lengthened after the ball of flaming Sun disappeared behind the horizons; eventually blending with the fabric of the royally twinkling night,

But my eyes were irrevocably searching for that shadow which would wholesomely drape my diminutively trembling form; with an unprecedentedly enthralling

maelstrom of eternal sensuousness.

Every trail unfurled into a mystically appeasing entrenchment; an uncanniness that was a challenge for the living organism to dexterously tackle,

But my eyes were relentlessly searching for that trail which would perennially lead me into the aisles of amiable togetherness; where I could uninhibitedly bond

with life; irrespective of spurious caste; creed; color of tribe.

Every ray of the Omnipresent Sun ingratiatingly sizzled the earth; blazing its way through even the most clammiest crannies of disparagingly darkened malice,
But my eyes were unfathomably searching for that ray which would trigger a sky of benign goodness in my brutally lambasted life; maneuver me towards the meadows of irrefutably princely righteousness.

Every breath that diffused pumped quintessential life into the abysmally collapsing form; rejuvenating the undefeatedly unparalleled elixir of survival to the most unsurpassable limits,
But my eyes were inexhaustibly searching for that breath which would be my timeless companion for infinite more births to come; never making me feel that I was treacherously solitary; orphaned and alone.

And every woman on this colossal globe was inherently beautiful; possessing the most pricelessly tender characteristics of the Lord's symbiotic creation,
But my eyes were tirelessly searching for that woman who would bond the beats of her heart forever with mine; forever love me more than I could ever love my own life.

Nikhil Parekh

The 3 Magical Alphabets Dna

They were 3 ALPHABETS which wove a web of intrigue, even in the most monotonously arid of atmosphere,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which held their own inimitable identity; amongst an infinite others which simply made no rhyme or realistic sense,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which tantalized the most ordinary of brain; to fantasize beyond realms of the unknown,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which had the might to evolve a complete living race from the scratch; with the blessings of the Almighty Lord,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which traced the most infinitesimal aspect of origin; then rose slowly and gradually to tower as the spirit of life as existence progressed,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which constituted the backbone of every personality alive; its intelligentia to carve a path amidst a pack of wolves,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which rose over every caste; creed; religion and race; depicting every soul's true mirror to the world even after it'd died,

They were 3 ALPHABETS explicitly explained every ounce of evolution with everlasting mysticism; as life painstakingly ticked every minute to survive,

They were 3 ALPHABETS which injected color, charm, enlightenment into every barren piece of paper; everytime one chose them to write,

And the best part. When these 3 ALPHABETS united together they formed the most revolutionary and enthralling newspaper of my choice.

Showering courageous journalism from all round the globe with every first rays of the Sun.

This very Newspaper is now in my hands. Its known as the Daily News & Analysis or rather shall we say the magical 3 alphabets united together to proclaim its short form as the dna.

The Air Which My Mother Breathed

The air leaking from the air-conditioner was ergonomically cold,
Pacifying tumultuous anger of people; frantically quarreling in the acrimonious
summer heat.

The air diffusing from the ground; after fresh spells of monsoon rain,
Possessed a heavenly aroma of unbaked grass; tantalizing the nostrils into a
partial stupor.

The air emanating from saline waves of the ocean; was blended with fine spray
of sand,
Revived nostalgic reminiscences of the evanescent past; impregnating the body with
the spirit of adventure.

The air in close proximity with parched sands of desert; was like a sizzling
inferno,
Was not conducive to breathe; provoking loud yelps and screams when caressed
by nimble pair of feet.

The air prevailing at astronomical heights of the mountain precipice; was
astoundingly thin,
Leading to austere problems of suffocation; camouflaging the face with mighty
cylinders of oxygen.

The air floating in the dilapidated mansion; was blended with truckloads of dust,
Prompted iterative bouts of sneezing; had an obnoxious stench of dead rat and
literature.

The air circulating in the cake shop; was ingratiatingly ravishing,
Inundating innumerable bowels with insatiable hunger; acting as an inevitable
stimulant to eat.

The air revolving round the dense foliage of trees; was as pure as an angel,
Expurgating its harmful ingredients into the blanket of leaves; acquiring the
sedate calm of shining moon.

The air imprisoned inside a rubber balloon; died a gruesome death every
unleashing minute,
Got perpetual freedom in the end; as the contraption burst with obstreperous
bangs.

The air that flowed out of humid nostrils; was luke warm in temperature,
Revealing a plethora of passion captivated within the soul; highlighting the zest
to lead life.

And the air my mother hissed down my persona; was the most immaculate of
them all,
For it was the very air that had created me; the air that had articulately
nourished my arms and feet,
The air which had made me actually witness; the atmosphere I was engulfed by;
at the reigning moment.

Nikhil Parekh

The Arrow Of Love

When an arrow of barbaric iron struck me on my chest; rivulets of blood trickled down rampantly,
Soft portions of flesh were brutally invaded; and I emitted loud screams of anguish under my vanishing breath.

When an arrow of glittering gold struck me perilously close to my ribs; I initially felt elated at witnessing the opulence embedded,
However after a while the beats of my heart reduced dramatically; and
An uncanny numbness seemed to be encompassing my persona.

When an arrow of acrimonious thorns struck me in my eye; I felt a sudden gush of blindness encroach upon my silhouette,
The world now seemed an obfuscated blur of its original self; and I now sighted the dazzling sun in the sky as gruesomely black.

When an arrow of piquant chili struck me in the center of my nostrils;
I experienced fuming sensations engulf my breath,
Eloped as fast as my skinny legs could carry me; to dip my burnt skin in revitalizing water.

When an arrow of obnoxious tobacco struck me on my lips; the derogatory odor made me inevitably cough,
Some of the derogatory powder had also entered my intricate intestines;
and I vomited out the poisonous extract with my inebriated eyes feebly closing down.

When an arrow of resplendent silver struck me in my legs; I at the onset appreciated the gleam and accentuated shine,
Although after a few seconds had elapsed; collapsed in a bedraggled heap on the stony floor; unable to bear the tyranny anymore.

When an arrow of pointed glass struck me in my face; indiscriminately permeating through my cheek,
I felt as if stabbed by millions of scorpion tails; lost holistic consciousness instantaneously succumbing to the mighty onslaught.

When an arrow of golden honey struck me on my rotund stomach; this time I felt no pain not even the slightest of discomfort,
However with rising of the next dawn; a conglomerate of parasites and

leech had camouflaged my skin from the world; greedily sucking the nectar as well as long pieces of my bone.

When an arrow of charred wood struck me in my shoulder; it mercilessly ripped apart the protruding muscle,
Made sooty indentations on my sparkling complexion; sapping away exuberant sources of energy from my demeanor.

And eventually when the 'ARROW OF LOVE' struck me in the middle of my forehead; I felt mystical sensations inundate my soul,
There was a revolutionary stirring which occurred in my heart; making me completely forgetful to the heaps of tribulation I had suffered just minutes before,
Drowning me into an ocean of celestial harmony; a land where there existed nothing else but an insatiable spirit to romantically exist and care.

Nikhil Parekh

The Art Of Shaving

Transparent droplets of water rolled down my cheek,
crusty white liquid was produced in bountiful spray,
piercing tunes blasted from sleek sound systems,
fountains of water oozed from the shower at electric speeds,
hot geyser lights burned incessantly,
coats of wall plaster glistened in dull radiance,
tablets of green soap lay bare on the mantelpiece,
rich spun towels hung from articulately curved hooks,
tons of washing powder evacuated a cluster of bacteria,
as i stared into the crystal mirror,
suspended a few feet below the ceiling weaved with corrugations.

i filled a large tumbler with mineral water,
dissolved filaments of chili for pungent perfume,
poured frosty denim foam wildly compressing the nozzle pipe,
stirred the mixture with round sticks of silver,
caressed hard stalks of my hair,
with pea sized amounts of yellow cream,
scraped untidy mass of overgrown stubble,
with deft strokes of twin platinum blades,
splashed my face clean with handfuls of ice water,
slaughtered remnant traces of untrimmed hair,
with steady applications of blow dryer gun,
breathed a sigh of relief at last,
sprinkling my immaculately shaven flesh,
with revitalizing wisps of the cologne aftershave.

Nikhil Parekh

The Art Was Always Yours

The more stringently you tried to attempt it; the more abominably it ran away from you; eluding you like the wail of the surreptitiously wailing fox,

The more austerely you searched for it; the more abhorrently it shirked you; cold bloodedly kicking you on your; intricately silken hindside,

The more incorrigibly you wanted it; the more salaciously it whipped you; pugnaciously repelling you till realms beyond infinite infinity; to wander in a land of worthless nothingness,

The more indefatigably you chased it; the more viciously it stabbed you; sporadically appearing right before your eyes; but unfortunately never being only yours,

The more intractably you tried to follow it; the more venomously did it fox you; rendering you gasping for breath and life; as you miserably staggered upon every step,

The more intransigently you stared at it; the more manipulatively it got more and more inconspicuous in size; literally blinding you to grope in a tunnel of gruesomely hapless darkness,

The more forcefully you tried to evolve it; the more ludicrously it jeered you; making meaningless mockery of your charismatic persona; in front of the entire Universe outside,

The more stubbornly you tried to assimilate it; the more smoothly it vanished from your impregnably clenched fists; handsomely soaring abreast the satiny clouds; while you spat angrily at your very own reflection,

The more resolutely you tried to capture it; the more rebelliously it slapped you; as you pathetically swooned for times immemorial upon treacherously cold ground,

The more greedily you tried to savor it; the more triumphantly it escaped from your mind for infinite more yet to come; leaving you to stagnate; in a ghastly corpse of remorseful morbidity,

The more possessively you tried to embrace it; the more congenially it blended with every other entity on this fathomless planet; except your ardently yearning soul,

The more obsessively you tried to chant it; the more heinously it slipped from the very center of your tongue; dumbing you perpetually; to bear the tyranny of the murderously savage world outside,

The more irretrievably you tried to cherish it; the more it started to fade like an obsolete mirage from the whites of your eye; as you ridiculously ended up relinquishing the last iota of breath; for its priceless sake,

The more fervently you tried to pray for it; the more it made sure that it would reside in another dwelling and not yours; submerging you forever in whirlpools of disastrously gory darkness,

The more iteratively you tried to make it a fanatic part of your religion; the more it deserted you like the flames desert the crumbling matchstick; making sure that your entity coalesced only with raw dust,

The more tirelessly you tried to conquer it; the more irascibly surreptitious it became; enticing you like a nubile princess beside its seductive grace; before eventually making you taste maliciously stinking pig skin on the obdurate ground,

The more insanely you tried to make it an integral element of your breath; the more violently it shrugged your shivering visage; hatefully hurling you back to the very place; where you belonged before you were born,

The more cleverly you tried to bond it with every of your lackadaisically penurious beats; the more it dolorously dulled even the most infinitesimal trace of energy in your chest; as you asked the Lord to condone you from; devastatingly penalizing death,

It was unfortunately unlike other things in life; which when you tried the hardest for; would eventually and forever be yours,

For all you had to do was uninhibitedly open the chords of your mind; heart and soul; breathe naturally in symbiotic conjunction with God's bountiful Universe; and Lo! Behold; the greatest artist poured out from your beautiful countenance; and the art that had always beguiled you previously; was now and timelessly; always yours.

The Beats Of Immortal Love

Enigmatic were the beats of the heavenly waterfall; pelting in ecstatic unison on the chain of fathomlessly mesmerizing rocks,

Melodious were the beats of the enchanting lotus; charismatically swaying in the rhapsodically tangy breeze that enveloped the air from all sides,

Ravishing were the beats of the seductive clouds; boundlessly tantalizing the colossal Universe with their compassionately vivid sensuousness,

Fabulous were the beats of the fecund bees; tirelessly disseminating into an ocean of unfathomably beautiful honey; as the Sun blazed to its most unprecedentedly profound radiance in azure sky,

Blissful were the beats of the rustling trees; vivaciously casting a mist of ardently endless desire; even in the heart of the most dolorously deadened night,

Tantalizing were the beats of the poignant sea; exotically swirling to indefatigably blend with silken carpets of timelessly endowing sky,

Fascinating were the beats of the majestic eagle; beautifully flapping its royal wings till times beyond eternity; celestially embracing the heavenly winds,

Symbiotic were the beats of melanging mankind; where all organism irrespective of caste; creed and spurious tribe; iridescently coalesced into the religion of unconquerably scintillating humanity,

Triumphant were the beats of the patriotic soldier; unflinchingly confronting even the most ghastly acrimonious impediment with an innocuous smile,

Truculent were the beats of the unforgiving cyclone; disastrously devastating even the most infinitesimal speck of holistic life in vicinity; to preposterously threadbare shit,

Exuberant were the beats of the opalescent butterfly; mischievously fluttering its wings; under the Omnipotently dazzling rays of the afternoon Sun,

Nonchalant were the beats of the lugubrious tortoise; lackadaisically snoring on swampy soil; even as an unsurpassable battalion of panthers ferociously roared

in from all sides,

Blistering were the beats of the glistening desert; unrelentingly flaming full throttle; every unfurling minute of the sweltering day and even in the entrenchment

of tranquilly serene midnight,

Holistic were the beats of the divinely saint; unfurling each shade of his philanthropically magnanimous life; to the service of eternally endowing and scintillating mankind,

Invincible were the beats of mesmerizing friendship; ebulliently evolving into a mist of unbreakable togetherness; to jubilantly unveil into the astronomically aristocratic colors of vivid life,

Exhilarating were the beats of intrepid adventure; blossoming into overwhelmingly thunderous newness; as every lane led into the echoes of the uncannily unknown,

Ingratiating were the beats of the dancing peacock; tantalizing even the most appallingly gruesome corpse of grizzly blood; to wholesomely blend with the magically regale rhythm of mother nature,

Piquant were the beats of uninhibited candidness; propelling untamed fires to erupt into the timidly grandiloquent soul; diffusing a cloudburst of effusive poignancy in even the most insipid arena of the atmosphere,

Miraculous were the beats of Omniscient breath; gloriously instilling life in even the most blood soaked corpses of the devil; proving the most fantastic panacea to lead the chapter of mystically undulating life,

And Immortal were the beats of Godly love; bonding every organism; caste; creed; color and stature on the trajectory of this gigantic planet; into the mantra of unshakable oneness; into the paradise of wonderful sharing; into the fragrance of everlastingly united existence.

Nikhil Parekh

The Best

Invincible; yet fabulously silken; ingratiatingly poignant; and charismatically brilliant,
Unparalleled; yet supremely satiny; melodiously celestial; and fathomlessly blissful,
Unsurpassable; yet delightfully rhapsodic; divinely feathery; and astoundingly compassionate,
Formidable; yet overwhelmingly profuse; serenely fantastic; and gloriously placating,
O! yes love was a bountifully showering cloud; that put all traumatic apprehensions to an eternal rest; O! yes love was immortally and irrefutably; simply the best.

Flamboyant; yet romantically pacific; surreally blossoming; and incredulously spell-binding,
Tumultuous; yet voluptuously fragrant; seductively titillating; and harmoniously incarcerating,
Overpowering; yet delectably dainty; ebulliently captivating; and mystically enchanting,
Ever Pervading; yet astronomically beautiful; perpetually mesmerizing; and enigmatically caressing,
O! yes love was a perennially cascading rain of unprecedented happiness; that was the most Omnipotent panacea for all inexplicable gloom; O! yes love was immortally and irrefutably; simply the best.

Passionate; yet unbelievably forgiving; stupendously radiant; and prolifically proliferating,
Piquant; yet magically tranquil; handsomely robust; and miraculously contented,
Blazing; yet wonderfully gratifying; ubiquitously united; and tantalizingly alluring,

Fulminating; yet philanthropically blessing; jauntily smiling; and pricelessly bonding,
O! yes love was an Omnipresent seed embedded in all hearts one and alike; that imparted the most richest reason to life; O! yes love was immortally and irrefutably; simply the best.

Triumphant; yet articulately appeasing; nimbly fantasizing; and eloquently shimmering,
Galloping; yet rosily philandering; gorgeously cooling; and sparkingly resplendent,

Candid; yet ravishingly attractive; emphatically commiserating; and benevolently humanitarian,
Omniscient; yet uninhibitedly embracing; humbly simplistic; and royally enlightening,
O! yes love was the ultimate religion of humanity; that impregnably coalesced all tribes irrespective of caste; creed and color alike; O! yes love was immortally and irrefutably; simply the best.

Nikhil Parekh

The Best - Part 2

Prejudiced are those who baselessly dramatize,
Majestic are those who voluptuously romanticize,
Cowardly are those who meaninglessly ostracize,
Marvelous are those who unrelentingly fantasize,
Dastardly are those who treacherously traumatize,
Penurious are those who vengefully victimize,
Magicians are those who enchantingly soliloquize,
Devils are those who uncouthly penalize,
Artisans are those who articulately specialize,
Demons are those who mercilessly cauterize,
Satanic are those who spuriously philosophize,
Traitors are those who insidiously aggrandize,
Enamoring are those who ravishingly tantalize,
Resurgent are those who unflinchingly patronize,
Resolute are those who perpetually idolize,
Brave are those who magnificently acclimatize,
Greatest are those who altruistically sacrifice,
Prudent are those who sagaciously apprise,
Turgid are those who ruthlessly baptize,
Ominous are those who manipulatively plagiarize,
Patrons are those who intricately recognize,
Harbingers are those who ubiquitously rationalize,
Samaritans are those who relentlessly nationalize,
Morbid are those who incessantly vandalize,
Surreptitious are those who perilously scandalize,
Astute are those who succinctly concise,
Diabolical are those who indiscriminately pulverize,
Ingenious are those who innovatively sensationalize,
Innocuous are those who resplendently eternalize,
Bombastic are those who pretentiously glamorize,
Holistic are those who worship Sunrise,
Uncanny are those who enigmatically mysticize,
Savage are those who menacingly exorcise,
Triumphant are those who intractably epitomize,
Failures are those who wickedly avarice,
Pertinent are those who indefatigably criticize,
Enthusiasts are those who uplift bourgeoisie,
Philanthropic are those who congenially harmonize,
Obsessive are those who dogmatically habitualize,

Lovers are those who tirelessly immortalize,
Insects are those who remorsefully advice,
Monotonous are those who unreasonably legalize,
Visionaries are those who sagaciously
Institutionalize,
Blessed are those who holistically collectivize,
Alluring are those who chant moonrise,
Abominable are those who ingloriously immobilize,
Victorious are those who honestly rise,
Exhilarating are those who ebulliently surprise,
Perfectionists are those who intricately synchronize,
Meticulous are those who precisely systemize,
Persevering are those who chronologically itemize,
Devout are those who blissfully traditionalize,
Cold Blooded are those who barbarically polarize,
Dictatorial are those who chauvinistically mercerize,
Unpardonable are those who satanically brutalize,
Divine are those benevolently synthesize,
Charismatic are those who humanitarianly symbolize,
Vindictive are those who unsurpassably tyrannize,
Entrepreneurs are those who coherently channelize,
Anarchists are those who roughly agonize,
Prudent are those who quickly summarize,
Lackadaisical are those who disdainfully mechanize,
Derogatory are those who worthlessly demoralize,
Abhorrent are those who frigidly desensitize,
Opportunists are those unequivocally maximize,
Insane are those who sinfully pressurize,
Enthusing are those who spell bindingly surprise,
Gimmick are those who sleazily advertize,
Gifted are those who unbiasedly memorize,
Humane are those who naturally mortalize,
Indescribable are those who incessantly demonize,
Remarkable are those who heavenly conceptualize,
Lackluster are those who nonchalantly neutralize,
Affable are those who wholeheartedly socialize,
Corpselike are those who purposelessly sterilize,
Unpredictable are those who atrociously disguise,
Melanging are those who synergistically franchise,
Intelligent are those who poignantly familiarize,
Discerning are those who perceptively characterize,
Fairies are those who unbelievably mesmerize,

Perfectionists are those who comprehensively totalize,
Martyrs are those who selflessly actualize,
Comrades are those who uninhibitedly solemnize,
Ungainly are those who truculently terrorize,
And The best are those who sportingly realize.

Nikhil Parekh

The Best I Could Do

I admit that I didn't have the ability to save all those dying in the war just sitting on my couch in the dining room; but the best I could do was to sincerely pray to God in my mind; to save the innocent from brutal atrocity and death,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to predict what was going on behind the solid brick wall; but the best I could do was to try and evacuate; the person trapped therein; scared and petrified to the last bone down his spine; in an ambience enveloped with stinging scorpion and black cockroach,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to perceive whether it would be my wife or a complete stranger as I hoisted the telephone receiver; but the best I could do was to patiently listen; and then retort back with the most consummate answers that came to my conscience,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to cognize as to what depths would I strike water beneath the soil; but the best I could do was to tenaciously plough the same using both my hands; till the time my perspiration yielded those crystalline droplets I was so frantically searching for; to pacify my thirst,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to contemplate upon the exact number of apples hidden within the dense foliage of the gigantic tree; but the best I could do was to sedulously clamber up the same; dexterously use my fingers and thumb to nimbly pluck them; before consuming them with unprecedented gusto and relish,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to envisage the number of humans which the diabolical shark had chewed up alive; but the best I could do was warn as many people as possible whom I encountered on the beach; about the staying away from the perilous sea; and keeping their eyes open and wide for the big fish,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to meticulously visualize the color of the cloth stashed in the godown's; but the best I could do was to onerously rummage through all the piles one by one; in search of that perfect fabric I had always dreamt of,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to prognosticate as to who would be the first individual I would confront when commencing the first hour of my morning; but the best thing I could do was greet him with a smile and congenially say Good Morning,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to recite the exact percentage of obnoxious gases circulating perniciously in the atmosphere; but the best I could do was to grow a new tree every day; in order to blissfully exist and protect the environment,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to immediately quote the name of the author who had written the scriptures which were more than a thousand years old; but the best I could do was to scrupulously read through his verse; pay my homage and due admiration to him for the pearls he had embossed,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to decipher what exactly the mad man was saying; as he kept opening his mouth without the slightest of sound; but the best I could do was to help him express his ideas better; endeavor to understand the essence of the agony; that he might have been going through,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to forecast as to whether it would rain or not; but the best I could do was to assist my fellow beings afflicted with bizarre drought; disseminate surplus water accumulated in my backyard to as far and distant as I could; along with softly praying to the Creator,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to predict the exact second of the day; without even looking at my watch; but the best I could do was to gauge the hour with the rising positions of the Sun & Moon; thereby carry on my activities incessantly without any negligence,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to imagine as to how much cash was stored in the villagers account; but the best I could do was to safeguard it at the cost of my life; standing tall like a formidable fortress in the path of the evil and satanic eye,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to prudently discern the nature of an individual only a few seconds after I met him; but the best I could do was to establish an amicable relationship with him over a period of time; accept his pro's and con's as a part of erring humanity; and progressing life,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to accurately count all the blades of grass protruding from the fields; but the best I could do was to free a battalion of cows and famished sheep into the same; allow them to have the time of their lives,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to know whether the milk I was about to

gulp had traces of lethal poison in it or not; but the best I could do was to swallow it down my throat with my eyes blindfolded; if someone offered it to me with loads of empathy and love in his heart,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to comprehend what was lingering in her eyes; but the best I could do was to wholesomely blend with the flames of her romance; intermingle my breath completely in the swirl of her love,

And I admit that I didn't have the ability to precisely speak out my destiny; intricately know as to what event was going to unveil before my eyes at what time; but the best I could do was to execute each activity of my life with stupendous fervor;

Try and help as many people as I could in the remaining years of my future set apart by Almighty Lord; and lead life to its fullest possible; every day; every hour; every minute; every second.

Nikhil Parekh

The Best Lover

Your eyes made me the best poet in this Universe; penning down unsurpassable lines of mystical verse; profoundly lost in the tunnel of their majestic enchantment,

Your cheeks made me the best artist in this Universe; sketching the mesmerizing outlines of your shadow as you royally walked,

Your hair made me the best dancer in this Universe; gyrating enigmatically under the milky moon as they swished; drowning myself profusely in the exuberant energy that radiated from their countenance,

Your eyelashes made me the best sculptor in this Universe; molding ingratiating magic out of threadbare bits of clay; capturing the beauty of the wind in my myriad of vivacious shapes,

Your lips made me the best musician on this Universe; diffusing an incomprehensible battalion of melodious tunes; wholesomely drifting with the divinely aura
lingering around your demeanor,

Your scent made me the best Doctor on this Universe; efficaciously treating the most heinous of disease with nonchalant ease; instilling in me insurmountable fortitude to rise upto every occasion of life,

Your fingers made me the best magician on this Universe; as I cast my astounding spell on every entity who encountered me in my way; tumultuously inspired by your magnetic senses,

Your palms made me the best astrologer on this Universe; prognosticating the most inconspicuous of disaster likely to happen; remembering the rhapsodically tinkling sound of your footsteps,

Your leap made me the best athlete in this Universe; exploring every corner of the planet; with untamed euphoria engulfing the most remotest corner of my dreary bones,

Your speech made the best philosopher in this Universe; advocating the most sacrosanct ideologies of humanity; blending with the uninhibited philanthropism which flowed handsomely from your visage,

Your tenacity made me the best devotee in this Universe; supremely realizing the irrefutably invincible results of conviction in the inner self,

Your charisma made me the best achiever on this Universe; rising from a traumatized mountain of ashes; each time I tripped like a pack of devastated cards on obdurate ground,

Your soul made the best scholar on this Universe; disseminating all that I had imbibed since the first cry of nascent birth; to the most obsoletely neglected parts
of this colossal earth,

Your stride made me the best conqueror on this Universe; marching unrelentingly with an unflinching glimmer in my eyes; to keep escalating even after the absolute summit of success,

Your spirit of unity made me the best humanitarian on this Universe; embracing even the most alien around me; as my revered garland of brothers and sisters,

Your smile made me the best optimist on this Universe; incinerating a sky of dazzling light; in the midst of satanically savage and despairing darkness,

Your conscience made me the most truthful being on this Universe; relinquishing the tiniest trace of evil; drifting into a paradise of impeccable righteousness,

Your breath made me the best person existing alive on this Universe; having the astronomical resilience to take birth an infinite times; till the time I metamorphosed my dreams as well as those of my mates; into an immortal reality,

And your heart made me the best lover on this Universe; bonding with the threads of perpetual belonging; riding and sharing the wave of ebulliently swirling passion; in every form; that I took birth again and again and again.

Nikhil Parekh

The Best Of The Best Of The Infinite Best

I didn't want to be like the best ocean on this Universe; unrelentingly kissing nothing else but the gloriously pristine shores,

I didn't want to be like the best mountain on this Universe; unassailably towering like an unflinching citadel; even in the most hedonistically acrimonious of maelstroms,

I didn't want to be like the best forest on this Universe; mystically swishing to the exuberantly enigmatic winds of time; all night and beautiful day,

I didn't want to be like the best pearl on this Universe; unconquerably enthralling even the most treacherously alien; with my resplendently majestic shimmer and shine,

I didn't want to be like the best statue on this Universe; indefatigably having a gargantuan battalion of impeccable devotees; flocking my feet in humble obeisance and perennially round the clock,

I didn't want to be like the best flower on this Universe; unbelievably pacifying even the most horrendously unlimited trace of pain; with my stupendously royal scent,

I didn't want to be like the best cloud on this Universe; perpetually deluging every disconcertingly bereaved cranny of parched earth; with my exotically tantalizing raindrops,

I didn't want to be like the best watch on this Universe; nonplussing even the most astonishingly ingenious of organisms with my timelessly ticking and invincible perfection,

I didn't want to be like the best dwelling on this Universe; assimilating even the most infinitesimally insipid beauty of this romantically panoramic planet; in my blissfully compassionate swirl,

I didn't want to be like the best artist on this Universe; miraculously churning an unfathomable ocean of godliness; even in the most inanely pulverized scrap of impoverished paper,

I didn't want to be like the best philosopher on this Universe; with even the most

indomitable of superpowers bowing down like flaccid mice; on my incongruously bohemian feet,

I didn't want to be like the best bird on this Universe; magically sailing like an impregnable prince through even portions above azure sky; stooping down with extraordinarily nonchalant ease; to pluck at the fish of my choice,
I didn't want to be like the best clown on this Universe; perpetuating even the most drearily dying entity; to fulminate into a cloudburst of enchantingly newborn laughter,

I didn't want to be like the best prodigy on this Universe; perpetually shutting the mouths of every single entity elder to me with my uncannily inimitable charisma; and right since the very first cry of my life,

I didn't want to be like the best adventurer on this Universe; intrepidly singing through an indefatigable number of arcane twists and turns; fearlessly snoozing with the snakes all throughout the heart of iridescently twinkling midnight,

I didn't want to be like the best lover on this Universe; altruistically sacrificing my infinite lives and breath; for the person I so impreguably cherished and loved,

I didn't want to be like the best fragrance on this Universe; incredulously titillating one and all handsomely alike; with my eternally spell binding scent,

I didn't want to be like the best luminary on this Universe; perennially radiating and marvelously serenaded; by unshakable cynosure; cynosure and just relentless cynosure,

I just wanted to be myself; I just wanted to be the human I was destined to be; For in the first case no entity tangible or intangible; no organism or human on this planet could ever be or ever dream of being the best; as the "Best" would perpetually remain the Almighty Lord who had created them all,

All of them as a holistically symbiotic institutions in themselves; blissfully proliferating the mantra's of his sacrosanct existence; but still ethereally infinitesimal molecules when compared to his Omnipotent stature; as HE was the only ULTIMATE; the only BEST OF THE BEST OF THE INFINITE BEST.

Nikhil Parekh

The Best Ride

When I took a ride in the aircraft flying at unprecedented heights; I initially felt besieged by waves of tumultuous exhilaration,
I was immensely enjoying my expedition; when suddenly the plane nose-dived towards the ground; and I found myself pulverized to splinters; along with the plush upholstery.

When I took a ride in the submarine transgressing through fathomless depths of seawater; there was an overwhelming feeling of conquering the aquatic world; that circumvented my persona,
However after a while I felt uneasy envisaging the exorbitant rates that I had paid for the journey; also a trifle harried at witnessing minuscule droplets of water leaking through its body

When I took a ride in the swanky car; dictating a volley of orders to the meticulously dressed chauffeur; I felt like an uncrowned king,
Although infinite strands of hair stood up in poignant alacrity; a river of sweat descended down my cheek; when he acrimoniously retorted back compressing the accelerator to full angularity; and the automobile sky rocketed into the menacing rocks.

When I took a ride on a donkey; the innocuous creature unflinchingly compromised to my bulky weight,
But my felicity wasn't to last for long; as after a while it violently tossed me high in the air; eventually toppling me on the ground to make me lick disdainful mud from my face.

When I took a ride in the city bus; I felt insurmountably secure while at the same time paying inconspicuous rates for the travel,
However after a few minutes the atmosphere became thoroughly claustrophobic; and there was an incessant pandemonium of unruly voices drifting in my ears.

When I took a ride sitting on the mammoth elephant; profoundly admiring the panoramic view that unleashed itself while trespassing through the dense forests; I felt stabbed by an ocean of wild rhapsody,
Although after a while when the beast got exhausted; it petulantly sprayed a fountain of water on my face; hoisting the same from the monsoon river.

When I took a ride on a primordial bicycle; in the beginning I felt spurts of robust enthusiasm rise high in my blood,

However after unrelentingly pedaling in the sun; my feet got immensely dreary and I collapsed in a bedraggled heap on the earth.

When I took a ride in the gigantic and revolving Ferris wheel; I perceived the entire world as a dancing fairy,
Although as time elapsed my head started to inevitably feel heavy; my eyes looked supremely bleary; and there were irascible sensations to puke out what I had just eaten for supper.

When I took a ride on the preposterously huge whale; clinging tightly to its magnificent back; I felt stupendous freshness of the ocean winds inundate my nostrils,
I also conceived of being in paradise; with the terrestrial planet being several miles from my sight; however my ecstasy was short lived as the fish got ravenous after a few moments and devoured me like a mosquito.

And I have now no inhibitions in divulging that the best ride; I ever had in my life was when I was a unscrupulous child tightly straddled to the back of my mother, Relishing the perennial warmth of her effeminate scent; the stringent admonitions she gave me for not consuming my morning milk; and the magical caress of her hands through thin wisps of newly formed hair

Nikhil Parekh

The Best Thing

The best thing that the eyes could do; was to stare indefatigably into free space;
relentlessly admire the mesmerizing treasures of this earth,

The best thing that the feet could do; was to walk tirelessly on the path leading
towards victory,

The best thing that the flower could do; was to disseminate its aroma as far and
wide as the world existed,

The best thing that the clouds could do; was to pelt down furiously;
gargantuan droplets of rain,

The best thing that the tongue could do; was to move vivaciously in the chamber
of the throat and produce sound,

The best thing that the birds could do; was to spread their wings to wide angles;
and then sweep buoyantly across the sky,

The best thing that the soil could do; was to proliferate millions of grains; evolve
all the food which was necessary for existence,

The best thing that the scorpion could do; was to viciously swish its hideous
fangs; and lethally strike,

The best thing that the snow could do; was to melt at lightening speeds under
the celestial sun; and thereby cascade down the mountain in rivulets of
sweet water,

The best thing that the sea could do; was to rise high and swirling towards the
sky; impetuously crash its massive assemblage of froth on the chain of
scintillating rocks,

The best thing that the sun could do; was to sizzle darkened areas on this planet
with its brilliant shine,

The best thing that the dolphins could do; was to leap acrobatically in the ocean;
add vibrancy and color to the otherwise pallid atmosphere,

The best thing that the telephone could do; was to passionately ring; portray the

voice of the person opposite; crisp and crystal clear,

The best thing that the mosquito could do; was to hover pertinently in the vicinity of the eardrum; suckle ripe and youthful blood,

The best thing that the shirt could do; was to completely engulf the bare chest; sequester it from bizarre cold and shivering,

The best thing that the owl could do; was to keep awake all night; prudently watch the activities going on; without uttering the slightest,

The best thing that the gutter could do; was to accumulate tones of fetid sewage; diffuse a stench more obnoxious than the pig,

The best thing that the frog could do; was to gleefully skip around; croak discordantly to pollute the mystical ambience around,

The best thing that the poet could do; was to pen down infinite lines of enchanting verse,

The best thing that the stars shining in the cosmos could do; was to illuminate every person's fading night,

The best thing that the child could do; was to incessantly play; bang its innocent wrists demanding into its mothers belly,

The best thing that the dog could do; was to bark vigilantly; petrify the ominous assailants to the last bone of their spine,

The best thing that the shoe could do; was to indiscriminately trample all that it tread upon,

The best thing that the pen could do; was chisel intricate calligraphy; emboss the surface of bonded paper with exquisite literature,

The best thing that the ball could do; was to bounce as soon as it struck the hard floor,

The best thing that the candle could do; was to profoundly brighten the atmosphere with its escalating flames,

The best thing that the spider could do; was to ooze out sticky juice from its body; spin silken threads of its web in a matter of seconds,

The best thing that the glue could do; was to stick parchments of dispersed paper into a complete and single sheet,

The best thing that the binocular could do; was to facilitate the evanescent tip of the mountain to appear like a gas balloon,

The best thing that the king could do; was to judiciously govern his empire; drown himself into the aisles of uninhibited wine and pleasure,

The best thing that the wall clock could do; was to keep ticking all day and night; move its hands tirelessly in round circles to depict accurate time,

The best thing that the eraser could do; was to scrap across jumbled lines of dirt; magically transform the paper with a hundred blemishes into one; sparkling and brand new,

The best thing that the mind could do; was to keep fantasizing; perceive the most exotic; spinning in countless different directions; even while in deep sleep,

The best thing that the lips could do; was to stretch themselves freely; smile and kiss,

The best thing that the muscles could do; was to swell themselves into a perfect curve; and forcefully punch the air,

The best thing that the key could do; was to dexterously break open through the mechanism of the iron lock,

The best thing that the diamond ring could do; was to amicably occupy a place on the engagement finger,

The best thing that the matchstick could do; was to ignite the entire warehouse; into a blazing ball of flames,

The best thing that the rope could do; was to hoist the pail of water from the unfathomable depths of the well,

The best thing that the towel could do; was scrupulously scrub all the dirt and water adhering to the skin; metamorphosing an unruly devil into an angel,

The best thing that the tortoise could do; was to recede its neck back into its

cozy shell; and live for a thousand years,

The best thing that the fountain could do; was to catapult high in the air; shower all across into boundless droplets of delectable froth,

The best thing that the scissors could do; was to articulately chisel shapes through cloth and paper; chop all unnecessary bits extruding out extravagantly,

The best thing that the worms could do; was to glow radiantly at night; while pertinently trespassing through the jungle,

The best thing that the saliva could do; was to rot after being spat on the ground; decay all palpable life in proximity; capsizing it in the wrath of disease,

The best thing that the drapery could do; was to sequester the castle from sweltering heat; ensure that the shadows lingered longer in acrimonious summer,

The best thing that the calculator could do; was to decipher enigmatic sums of arithmetic; evolve solutions to the most mind-boggling of puzzles,

The best thing that the toothbrush could do; was to poignantly caress the armory of teeth; extricate the last bit of dirt stuck in their cavity,

The best thing that the mouse could do; was to nibble gaping holes into the silken floss of cloth,

The best thing that the coffin could do; was to house the dead; impart heavenly peace to those tragically bereaved,

The best thing that the businessman could do; was spend hours on the floor of the stock market; adroitly contemplating the prices of rising and falling shares,

The best thing that the heart could do; was palpitate thunderously; romancing every instant of life,

And the best thing that a human could do; was to love till the time he lived; try and embody the same in each entity he confronted or was about to encounter

Nikhil Parekh

The Best Way To Pay Him Back

The best way to pay him back for giving me precious sight; was to help all those staggering haphazardly in the darkness with their eyes wholesomely blinded,

The best way to pay him back for inundating my treasury with overwhelming gold and infinite biscuits of silver; was to disseminate it judiciously amongst all those impoverished; and who really needed it,

The best way to pay him back for stashing my warehouses and stomach with the most delectable of food; was to feed everyday all those famished since ages; orphans, destitute and the old on the brink of ghastly death,

The best way to pay him back for curing me of inexplicable disease; vanquishing all my pain with a single caress of his magical fingers; was to do my best in saving as many lives as possible all around; provide my shoulder for the weak to lean upon,

The best way to pay him back for the robust blood he circulated incessantly through my veins; was to donate an infinitesimal fraction of the same; to those who desperately needed it,

The best way to pay him back for the mesmerizing voice that he had bestowed upon me with; was to sing as unrelentingly as I could far and wide across the globe; try and mollify the sorrow prevailing in hidden quarters of the streets,

The best way to pay him back for making me as strong as an ox; with raw muscle bulging bombastically from my demeanor; was to use it to protect all those infirm and weak woman; who were being deprived by the lecherous society,

The best way to pay him back for endowing me with a splendidly ingenious brain; was to utilize all my knowledge accumulated to evolve ideas to save perishing mankind,

The best way to pay him back for inundating my driveway with a battalion of swanky cars; was to take all orphaned children for a whirlwind ride; trigger off tingling smiles on their dead faces,

The best way to pay him back for embedding every space of my cupboard with incredulous suits and dresses; was to cover as many shivering bodies as I could;

with heaps of cloth and compassionate warmth,

The best way to pay him back for showering upon me with thousands of lines of poetry; was to recite them to all those bereaved and in bizarre affliction; when every other medicine had miserably failed to have the slightest of impact,
The best way to pay him back for giving me a tinkling smile; making sure that I didn't cry even once in my entire life; was to spread the essence of the same to all those
just about to die,

The best way to pay him back for giving me a sixth sense to prognosticate mystical happenings; was to admonish people before hand; of the possible dangers that might be lurking around their visage,

The best way to pay him back for flooding my wells with sparkling water; impregnating every open space in my house with streams of voluptuous froth; was to pacify the thirst the every person I encountered on the roads; the villagers scorching under sweltering heat of the Sun; bearing the brunt of acrimonious drought,

The best way to pay him back for giving me such a caring and adorable mother; who attended to even the most minuscule of my commands; was to embrace all those children suffering on the streets; starting each day of theirs with begging bowls scintillating in their palms,

The best way to pay him back for imparting me the love of my life; was seeing to it that no heart in this world ever broke; trying without respite to blend once again; shattered souls together,

The best way to pay him back for giving me breath; seeing to it that it robustly flowed every hour, every minute, every second; was to procreate several more on my own; continuing the revered chapter of his existence,

And the best way to pay him back for giving me life; charting my destiny to be not less than a hundred years; was to diligently serve all the afflicted; in fact serve to the most optimum of my ability; all mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

The Best Way To Tackle Life

The best way to tackle depression; was to start running rampantly; with the moonlight to guide you wherever you went,

The best way to tackle dreariness; was to splash your eyes infinite times with sea water; let the rejuvenating spray take complete control of your agonized nerves,

The best way to tackle fear; was to stare unrelentingly into the eyes of the devil; without flinching the slightest,

The best way to tackle pimples cropping up on the skin; was to scrub your face thoroughly with fresh riverside mud; commence work as soon as possible; leaving the rest upon time to heal,

The best way to tackle hysterical sorrow; was to laugh uncontrollably as if nothing happened; blend yourself wholesomely with the pragmatic present,

The best way to tackle boredom; was to frantically whistle any tune that struck your mind; stringently piercing the silence of the night,

The best way to tackle shyness and reservations; was to take a stroll every morning on the 200th floor of the building; letting the pugnacious rays of the sun; sizzling every pore of your petrified skin,

The best way to tackle a financial crisis; was presuming yourself to be the richest man in your fantasy; continuing to work with all that you were endowed with; to irrefutably succeed,

The best way to tackle the boss's insults and plethora of rebukes; was to pay heed to them with one ear; and let them pass away like non-existent wisps of smoke from the other,

The best way to tackle the hideous looking burglar, was to welcome him with a glass of chilled coke and smiles; depicting to him that you weren't a trifle perturbed by his vicious onslaught into the house,

The best way to tackle a sore throat; was to sing at the top of your lungs any tune that struck your heart; drowning yourself completely in the rhapsody of the sound; thereby converting your affliction into a beautiful asset,

The best way to tackle a stream of negativity lingering inevitably in your mind; was to resolutely iterate that you were going to win; the first thing as you woke up at the blossoming of dawn,

The best way to tackle the incessant stammering you did in front of your beloved; was to stand tall to your full height; hold back your breath for long seconds of time; before you audaciously blurted out 'I love you'; with fire blazing in your eyes,

The best way to tackle the stormy sea; was to swim against the choppy waves with insurmountable fervor; greet each swirl of water as it rose with a yell catapulting you to victory,

The best way to tackle your tears from oozing every second; was to resiliently drink them clenching your teeth; as soon as they arose,

The best way to tackle the uncouth world; was to be least affected by the lecherous society; keep surging ahead relentlessly; till the last iota of your mission was accomplished,

The best way to tackle the wildly swishing cricket ball; was to whip it left, right and center; with swashbuckling strokes of your bat,

The best way to tackle pain; was to turn a blind eye to it whenever it happened; considering yourself unsurpassably lucky in comparison to those who had already died,

The best way to tackle your urge to keep living immortally; was to realize that there wasn't a single household in the entire universe; with all its members breathing alive,

And the best way to tackle life; was to execute your daily tasks to the pinnacle of your ability; help as many people as you encountered on the streets in some way or the other; and then leave the rest to the Almighty Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

The Biggest Victory For Me

The biggest happiness on this earth for me; was your velvety string of voluptuous eyelashes,

The biggest anticipation on this earth for me; was your daintily tinkling and approaching footsteps,

The biggest beauty on this earth for me; was the ensemble of ravishing hair cascading lusciously down your petite shoulders,

The biggest security on this earth for me; was your immortal embrace making me invincible against any attack of the hostile world,

The biggest festival on this earth for me; was your enchanting pair of lips enticing me to rise like an untamed arrow even from the midst of thunderous snore and sleep,

The biggest literature on this earth for me; was the one embossed on your heart; the one hidden in your enigmatic eyes; which I took several lives to decipher,

The biggest mysticism on this earth for me; was your stupendously alluring shadow; that made me fall with a shudder on the naked ground,

The biggest imagination on this earth for me; was the countless strokes of your rubicund tongue as you spoke; uttering the English language with great command and unprecedented supremacy,

The biggest fire on this earth for me; was the desire burning in your soul; the overwhelming passion circulating rampantly in your crimson blood,

The biggest scent on this earth for me; was your golden perspiration that dribbled unrelentingly from your arms and toes,

The biggest atmosphere on this earth for me; was the breath flowing from your nose; the compassionate air diffusing imprisoning me in inseparable bonds of love,

The biggest fame on this earth for me; was to be known by your grace; to be called umpteenth number of times by you in the unveiling day,

The biggest wealth on this earth for me; was your unfathomable reservoir of emotion; the sparkling tears of ecstasy that oozed from your eyes as you sighted me,

The biggest venom on this earth for me; was the volley of expletives you hurled at me when profoundly agitated,

The biggest bruise on this earth for me; was the short time phase when you left me and went to visit your relatives,

The biggest religion on this earth for me; was the things you revered; the message you vehemently wanted to propagate and instill in all mankind,

The biggest shock on this earth for me; was when you closed your eyes for fractions of a second; sank to the ground for just a moment in sheer exhaustion,

The biggest pleasure on this earth for me; was lying every brilliant dawn and starry night in the impregnable folds of your lap; blending wholesomely with you as the winds drifted by,

And the biggest victory on this earth for me; was your body; the way it delectably swished and moved; the way it slept and awoke; and over and above all the way it uninhibitedly admired me for all what I was; irrespective of my infinite faults and fallacies.

Nikhil Parekh

The Biscuit Of Love

When I consumed a fat biscuit of mud; trying to masticate it fervently with my angular teeth,
I simply failed to succeed; the mud impregnated a bitter taste in my mouth;
and I inevitably puked out the curry with anguished sighs and gasps.

When I devoured a biscuit of stone; gulping It down with a glassful of mineral water,
My stomach felt a trifle uneasy trying hard to accept this alien food; and it finally came out intact and composite; a few hours after I painstakingly expurgated my bowels.

When I chewed a biscuit of royal gold; endeavoring to soften it with the slimy layer of my saliva,
Horrendous feelings of wasting currency engulfed my mind; and I immediately spewed out the biscuit; trying to retain its natural contour and shine.

When I ate a rotund biscuit of condensed chocolate; replete with bountiful fillings of sweet candy,
I felt good in the beginning; but my felicity soon transited into dismay; when the blood report indicated that I had astronomically high levels of sugar.

When I tasted a piquant biscuit of green chili; blended commensurately with garlic powder,
I rampantly screamed as if stabbed by a thousand burnt needles; scampered like never before to the nearest source of portable water.

When I put a biscuit of almond soap in my mouth; there was gargantuan froth produced as a manifestation,
Infinite bubbles elastic in texture now emanated whenever I opened my mouth; and there was an insurmountable urge in my persona to thoroughly cleanse my tongue.

When I languidly placed a biscuit of frozen snow in my mouth; the complexion of my face transformed to a scarlet crimson,
Unfathomable clusters of taste died there itself; and I felt gruesome shivers cascading down my spine.

When I attempted to gnaw at a biscuit of rusty iron; there was tumultuous force exerted on my teeth,

They finally buckled under the intractable pressure; leaving rivulets of sticky blood oozing from my lips.

When I feverishly tried to eat a biscuit of compressed honey; there was an infectious sweetness that enveloped my mouth,
But when I got up in the morning after a contended nights sleep; there was a battalion of red ant crawling all over; inserting their tiny pincers in my flesh.

And eventually when I consumed the biscuit of love; which was stitched meticulously by her; with threads of our perpetual love,
My body felt profoundly rejuvenated; all the dreariness seemed to have evaporated into thin air; and it was now that I felt that I was invincible; beyond the inexplicable limits of this world.

Nikhil Parekh

The Blue Ocean

The vast turbulent waters have a shade of cloud blue,
Possessing strong and high rising waves,
That gives a nice and hearty feeling,
And are unable to touch the highest nail on the ceiling.

The sky laughs at the waves,
Greeted them with a lop-sided grin,
Advising them to keep fit and trim.

The advancing waters kiss the shore line,
They want to be near the sand,
To get far and distant from the obstreperous ferry band.
The waters move with the tune of the air,
Creating loud and stringent blares.

The sand seeps gallons of water at the shore,
Acting as a good and natural utility bore,
The colossal sea waters eventually evaporate into a dark cloud,
That gives the sound of loud rumbling thunder,
Pelting down sheets of much awaited torrential rain,
To enrich and develop the oncoming food grain.

Nikhil Parekh

The Brave Are Definitely Those

Bravery is not the slightest in salaciously sucking blood; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so diabolically suck their blood; asking the Omnipotent Lord to further enlighten them with the spirit of benevolently
priceless selflessness,

Bravery is not the slightest in brutally racist discrimination; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so satanically discriminate them; asking the unassailable Lord to further bless them with the winds
of symbiotically infallible oneness,

Bravery is not the slightest in sacrilegiously unforgivable abuse; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so wretchedly abuse them; asking the triumphant Lord to further enrich them with mellifluously unshakable
harmony,

Bravery is not the slightest in inconsolably delirious hatred; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so tyrannically hated them; asking the Omnipresent Lord to further replenish them with oceans of unsurpassable compassion,

Bravery is not the slightest in fanatically religious intolerance; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so horrendously desecrate them; asking the undefeated Lord to further sublime them with the one and
only religion of humanity,

Bravery is not the slightest in devilishly deteriorating lies; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so maliciously deceive them; asking the eternal Lord to further immortalize them with the heavens of altruistic truth,

Bravery is not the slightest in inflicting pugnacious impoverishment; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so hideously make them poor; asking the ubiquitous Lord to further gift them with the insuperably
redolent aura of unity,

Bravery is not the slightest in sadistically blinding; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so ghastily blinded them; asking the Omniscient Lord to further bestow them with the light of unconquerably egalitarian optimism,

Bravery is not the slightest in perpetuating dastardly homelessness; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so gorily devastated them; asking the benign Lord to further illuminate them with the lantern of pricelessly poignant togetherness,

Bravery is not the slightest in treacherously penalizing war; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so unsparingly bombarded them; asking the ever-pervading Lord to further rejuvenate them with the endlessly victorious Universe of peace,

Bravery is not the slightest in demonically victimizing rape; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so heartlessly raped them; asking the everlasting Lord to further ameliorate them with the desire to live and let live every unfurling instant of life,

Bravery is not the slightest in disastrously poisoning with the seeds of prejudice; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so egregiously vindicated them; asking the undying Lord to further motivate them with the quintessentially perennial ingredients of humanity,

Bravery is not the slightest in cold-bloodedly massacring artistry; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so wantonly maimed their arms and legs; asking the royal Lord to further fortify them with the skies of jubilantly amiable brotherhood,

Bravery is not the slightest in ominously dumbing the tongue; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so tawdrily circumscribed their freedom of speech; asking the impregnable Lord to further reinvigorate them with the limitless melody of divine creation,

Bravery is not the slightest in truculently freezing the senses; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so hedonistically pulverized their fantasies; asking the infallible Lord to further embellish them

with the unendingly amalgamated strength of majestic living kind,

Bravery is not the slightest in despicably slandering slavery; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so bigotedly incarcerated them; asking the interminable Lord to further liberate them with the mantra
of ecstatically divinely proliferation,

Bravery is not the slightest in licentious shameful betrayal; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so cannibalistically broke their hearts; asking the bountiful Lord to further rehabilitate them with all the richness of mother nature on this fathomlessly enamoring planet,

Bravery is not the slightest in politically perverted terrorism; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those so mercilessly evaporated every trace of their felicity; asking the unchallengeable Lord to further metamorphose them into the ultimate paradise of peace and humanitarian prosperity,

And Bravery is not the slightest in sinfully killing an infinite of living and mankind; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so uncouthly asphyxiated the air in their lungs; asking the Lord to further consecrate them with the immortally philanthropic atmosphere of vivid life

Nikhil Parekh

The Bride

Shielding her eyes like a new born infant; with traditional tinges of profuse mascara embellishing her tantalizing eyelashes,

Pursing her voluptuously sculptured lips to the most unprecedented limits; beads of silver perspiration dribbling down her innocuous cheeks,

Admiring her persona profoundly; intermittently glimpsing at the mirror; which glowed all the more with her mesmerizing countenance,

Humming mystically to herself; as she restlessly tossed on the grandiloquent carpet of moist grass,

Shivering in inexplicable excitement; like the dainty globules of snow melting in poignant harmony under the dazzling Sun,

Exuberantly inhaling the scent of the gorgeously blossoming flowers; drowning herself into the heavenly fragrance that emanated; till centuries immemorial,

Giggling uncontrollably at the tiniest provocation by her friends; thoroughly astounded by her incredulously tinkling laughter resonating countless times after colliding with the walls,

Spending fathomless hours in front of her ostentatious vanity glass; adorning each part of her vivacious body; with a festoon of royally shimmering pearls,

Blushing to unfathomable limits with the ebulliently gushing breeze; chasing gaudily striped butterflies with a tenacity befitting the timeless angels,

Fidgeting with her nails in tumultuous rhapsody; an inferno of insatiable passion dancing ardently in her eyes,

Fantasizing beyond pragmatic boundaries of comprehension; philandering with the stupendously singing fairies high beyond realms of the sky,

Basking in the pearly magnificence of the midnight moon; with her hands entwined in an insurmountably compassionate stranglehold,

Whistling in inexorable ecstasy at the birds perched on the trees; tracing the intricate lines of her palms with her enchantingly glistening index finger,

Nostalgically reminiscing those moments when she first cried in the lap of her mother; and the stage now when she was about to become one,
Trespassing barefoot on the paths freshly blended with rain; with the unbelievably seductive sound of her golden anklets rousing every entity on this Universe; from the heart of deep sleep,

Indefatigably feeling higher than the sapphire ocean of clouds; although she transgressed in the fullest of her senses on bare bits of loose soil,

Intransigently wishing for time to come to an abrupt standstill; with her astronomically ravishing beauty taking complete control of the mundane atmosphere,

Awaiting with fervent anticipation for the immortally sacred marriage ceremony to unveil; bonding her forever with the mate of her every dream,

She prayed tirelessly to the Creator; to bestow every day of her life like this one; when she majestically crowned herself and proudly proclaimed to all listening; that she
was indeed the BRIDE.

Nikhil Parekh

The Candle Wax Palace

I built a palace of pure molten wax,
painting it with gaudy coats of tree root color,
studding the kingly doors with brooches of gold,
providing a plethora of waterfall dribbling down,
the fragile walls built with reinforced slabs of burnt candle debris.

the blistering waves of sun caused hot juices to flow,
placid reflections of full moon embodied it with loads of strength,
obnoxious currents of wind punctured depressions in its wall,
torrential whips of rain rendered it softer in texture,
prowling mass of mice burrowed tunnels of semicircular dimension,
handsome eagles laid white eggs on its roof,
a cluster of termite nibbled at foundations way below the ground,
a battalion of hybrid horse ran across its periphery,
venomous snakes slithered on satiny floors,
sharp nailed leopards clawed incessantly for instant gratification.

the arduous spells of summer soon arrived,
uncouth light of the sun now replaced the cushion of suspended moisture,
blazing rays of sun god now engulfed it with buoyant tenacity,
stringent currents of merciless wind pounded with full might,
the wax cried all scorching day,
wept infinite tears bereft of traces of respite,
colossal exteriors of the palace deteriorated at amazing speeds,
the savage heat of sun had prompted the inevitable,
transforming the palace once flooded with grandiloquent riches,
reducing it to an ocean of candle wax strewn on acres of fertile farm land.

Nikhil Parekh

The Cavity Was Purely Mine

Each building had boundless floors; but for me the best floor was the floor on which she resided; danced in tireless exuberance and untamed passion every unfurling hour,

Each city had boundless roads; but for me the best road was the one on which she trespassed; purifying the soil on which she tread with her sacrosanct footsteps,

Each garden had boundless roses; but for me the best rose was the one she caressed; left her exotic perfume lingering mystically upon its enchanting persona,

Each tree had boundless branches; but for me the best branch was the one on which she sat; imparting it her compassionate warmth and stupendously charismatic grace,

Each dictionary had boundless words; but for me the best word was the one she uttered; explicitly pronounced it with majestic authority,

Each cloud in the cosmos showered boundless droplets of rain; but for me the best droplet was the one that drenched her completely; made her look even more voluptuous in the creamy shine of the moonlit night,

Each kite had boundless strings; but for me the best string was the one which she adroitly pulled; fomenting the canvas to escalate with handsome supremacy in the boisterous packet of fervent air,

Each day had boundless minutes; but for me the best minute was the one in which she smiled; profoundly illuminated the abysmally dreary atmosphere with the rhapsody circulating in her countenance,

Each light had boundless rays; but for me the best ray was the one which fell on her gorgeously hazel eyes; providing my miserably defeated body with the inevitable rejuvenation and tenacity it badly wanted,

Each mountain had boundless slopes; but for me the best slope was the one on which she ebulliently wandered; metamorphosing its barren demeanor into one

with fecund and bountiful fertility,

Each bank had boundless notes; but for me the best note was the one which she hoisted; granting it the magical prowess of proliferating at electric speeds on its very own,

Each river had boundless streams; but for me the best stream was the one in which she bathed; sending uncontrollable shivers down my spine when I sighted her tantalizingly ravishing hair,

Each cactus had boundless thorns; but for me the best thorn was the one she inadvertently pricked; as I got an infinitesimally minuscule chance; the supreme privilege of bonding with her droplet of poignantly crimson blood,

Each train had boundless windows; but for me the best window was the one in which she sighted her royal reflection; gave a new definition to beauty as she uninhibitedly admired the fabulously fleeting scenery,

Each hand had boundless lines; but for me the best line was the one she traced; deciphered its deeply enigmatic meaning; the bearing it would have on future life,

Each rainbow had boundless shades; but for me the best shade was the one which she adored; bounced with unprecedented jubilation as it pilfered in through her pellucid bedroom glass,

Each school had boundless children; but for me the best child was the one she lifted in her egalitarian arms; deluging its innocuous ears with tales of mystical mankind,

Each skin had boundless hair; but for me the best hair was the one she ardently stroked; triggering a catharsis of fiery emotions to naturally emit out,

Each showroom had boundless clothes; but for me the best fabric was the one she wore on her superlatively impeccable body; the one which diffused her mesmerizing fragrance for centuries unsurpassable,

And each heart had boundless cavities; but for me the best cavity was the one which immortally incarcerated her love; and as a matter of fact I was irrefutably proud to state that in this case; the cavity belonged only to me; the cavity was purely mine.

The Certificate Of Life

The voluptuously swaying nightingales; magnanimously awarded me with the certificate of blissfully serene singing,

The fathomlessly sluggishly ambling and pot-bellied tortoise; uninhibitedly awarded me with the certificate of non-invasively phlegmatic laziness,

The boundlessly sweltering terrain of the unbelievably scorching desert; deservedly awarded me with the certificate of unrelentingly hard-earned perspiration,

The candidly reflecting and irrefutably unflinching mirror; philanthropically awarded me with the certificate of gloriously majestic truth,

The resplendently rain soaked peacock; celestially awarded me with the certificate of vivaciously enamoring dance,

The insatiably impeccable avalanche of gargantuan ice; bounteously awarded me with the certificate of astoundingly unnerved coolness,

The cocoon of crimson clouds in limitless sky; rhapsodically awarded me with the certificate of inimitably unparalleled sensuousness,

The unequivocally flirtatious squirrel; enchantingly awarded me with the certificate of unsurpassably inscrutable and timeless frolic,

The peerlessly parading and towering lion; unabashedly awarded me with the certificate of priceless exhilarating majesty,

The regally scarlet and poignant wonderful rose; marvelously awarded me with the certificate of undauntedly Samaritan scent,

The Spartan robes of immaculate white; chivalrously awarded me with the certificate of amazingly unbiased simplicity,

The tirelessly undulating and effulgently arcane sea; brilliantly awarded me with the certificate of unendingly effusive tanginess,

The ubiquitously overpowering dinosaur; intrepidly awarded me with the certificate of indomitably Herculean and endless strength,

The exuberantly flapping kites in clear sky; unlimitedly awarded me with the certificate of indefatigably nervous energy,

The mischievously batting eyelids; pristinely awarded me with the certificate of blessedly symbiotic flirtation,

The mystically vacillating and transiently titillating rainbows; graciously awarded me with the certificate of eclectically burgeoning diversity,

The intransigently functioning globe outside; courteously awarded me with the certificate of sagaciously punctilious pragmatism,

The aristocratically nubile maiden with a uncontrollably passionate heart; gregariously awarded me with the certificate of perennially fructifying love,

And the Omnipotent Almighty Lord not only unassailably awarded me with the certificate of fearlessly charismatic life; but impregnated the quintessential tenacity in all of the above and infinite more to be able to benevolently honor me; to award me with spell binding certificates.

Nikhil Parekh

The Chapter Of Existence

Just when I felt my eyes were closing; my lids incorrigibly wanting to shut down,

I saw the tiny buds of rose blossoming outside; the unsurpassable grandeur of its petals engulfing the atmosphere in entirety.

Just when I felt my legs were going limp in exhaustion; the indefatigable stress of the day inevitably pinning me down,

I saw the pouch bellied kangaroo leap across with gigantic strides; traverse the marshy fields overlooking my window with uninhibited and gay abandon.

Just when I felt my tongue relinquishing taste; infinite buds on its surface had died a gruesome death,

I saw the cow philandering in the leafy meadows; munching robust chunks of grass with great relish.

Just when I felt my mouth aching; the chords in my throat abysmally parched and dry,

I saw the orchestra singing loquaciously; madmen screeching at the top of their lungs; attempting to bring the roof on earth.

Just when I felt my hands go pale; every iota of strength sapped wholesomely from the conglomerate of my bones,

I saw uncouth barbarians bludgeoning their way through the forest; annihilating gargantuan tree stalks; exerting monstrous power with their palms.

Just when I felt the skin encompassing my neck sagging profoundly; disdainful wrinkles inhabiting virtually every part of my demeanor,

I saw a cluster of young maidens with sparkling skin; boisterously bouncing on the silken couch.

Just when I felt the waves of sadness vacillate in my soul; bizarre grief stabbing me like daggers of blistering coal,

I saw the clowns of in the circus mischievously smile; with their loud guffaws thunderously piercing the atmosphere.

Just when I felt pulsating pain in my forehead; an avalanche of thorns curtailing it from perceiving further,

I saw a medieval sage reciting hymns in blissful harmony; the unperturbed expressions of his face; depicting that he was in a land of surreal fantasy.

Just when I felt that I was about to sleep; the clockwork machinery in my brain failing to tick forward,
I saw a battalion of roosters flying high in the air; permeating the crispness in the ambience around with their cacophonous sounds.

And just when I felt I was about to die; relinquish the final draught of breath; to rest in my heavenly abode,
I saw a child being born; crying innocuously in the tender palms of its mother; trying to imbibe as much as it could with its large eyes dancing around the earth; to better understand the place it was now going to exist; diligently continuing the CHAPTER OF EXISTENCE.

Nikhil Parekh

The Chapter Of Love. The Chapter Of Life.

The same legs which I once considered supremely bohemian and useless; an incorrigible weight dragging on my body all the time,
Now proved to be my best cars transporting me at swashbuckling speeds to my destination; when the ferocious lion was chasing me; and I was stranded disdainfully in the wilderness of the night.

The same fingers which I once considered be an insipid burden to my hands; bothering me all throughout the tenure of the acerbic day with squalid pools of sweat
that dribbled painstakingly down their periphery,
Now proved like angels having descended freshly from the heavens; as they indefatigably answered the bulky sheets of examination paper; saving me the tyranny of doing murderous college all over again.

The same muscles which I once considered as ostentatious pieces of meat bulging bombastically from beneath my shirt; interfering pertinently when I tried to slip through slim space,
Now proved to be equivalent to the entire army of Herculean strength; protecting me invincibly when I was attacked by the fleet of diabolical demons.

The same stomach which I once considered to be bizarrely obese; extruding out pretentiously beyond the realms of synchronized control; being smirked by every girl who trespassed me in vicinity,
Now proved to be greater than the most qualified of doctor; as it was the sole tool which was able to make the orphan smile; when all other medicines in the world had utterly failed.

The same eyelashes which I once considered to be a gravely cumbersome bother; intractably transgressing across my immaculate vision countless times in a single day,
Now proved to be the greatest ointment existing in the Universe; as they massaged my eye with remarkable rejuvenation in the midst of the tumultuous sandstorm.

The same saliva which I once considered as horrendously cheap; incessantly circulating in my mouth; rendering it sometimes with a disgusting odor unbearable
to inhale,
Now proved to be the greatest appetizer generating insurmountable pangs of

hunger in my stomach; assisted me overwhelmingly to masticate my morsels of food; gulp them down delectably with untamed relish.

The same lines on my palms which I once considered to be despicably condemning; for rendering me disastrously penurious; without even a penny in my pocket while other's dwellings overflowed with pompous diamonds and glittering gold,
Now proved to be the greatest destiny; as I escaped without the most minuscule of scratch on my body; even as boundless others of my kind uncouthly perished in the swirl of the ear-shattering earthquake.

The same voice which I once considered to be profoundly detestable; wanted to abscond fathomless miles away as I heard the disgruntling cadence in its sound; felt like dying a tortured death every moment when I cognized the hoarseness it was impregnated with,
Now proved to be the greatest life saver; as my screams brought in the rescue workers; saved me from drowning to the bottom of the mercilessly deep ocean.

The same nails which I once considered ugly and contemptuously dirty; protruding unnecessarily from my rubicund skin; making me the object of cynical ridicule in the heart of the plush conference room,
Now proved to be the greatest weapons in fomenting me to fight with the menacing burglars; preventing them from stealing the possessions that I had sparingly managed to accumulate in all my life.

And the same heart which I once considered to be throbbing without sagacious control; palpitating incoherently in my chest without respite; acting as a perilous impediment; irately disturbing my blissful nights sleep,
Now proved to be the greatest life; beating violently after witnessing the love of its dreams; besieged by a cloud of unfathomable passion and romance;
eventually
discovering a new purpose to live; discovering a whole new purpose to continue the chapter of love; the chapter of life.

Nikhil Parekh

The Chapter Of Vibrant Life

At times a river of sensuously everlasting happiness; while at times an inexplicable thorn stabbing you with pints of traumatized anguish,

At times a mesmerizing cloud of blossoming prosperity; while at times an incorrigible impediment engendering you to preposterously stagger towards the aisles of hopelessness,

At times a fountain of unbelievable resplendence; while at times testing you against the most horrendously ominous storms; which unrelentingly seemed to have not the slightest of respite,

At times a euphorically surging bird flapping in the realms of ebullient jubilation; while at times inevitably making you trip towards the dungeons of frantically bizarre desperation,

At times a melodiously enchanting song placating even the most murderously diabolical of your nerves; while at times asphyxiating your visage; with precarious testaments of painstaking perseverance,

At times an ultimate harbinger of celestial peace; while at times marauding your brain with a boundless mountain of; compulsively crippling thoughts and prejudice,

At times a waterfall of voluptuously seductive glory titillating you till times beyond eternity; while at times an ominous maelstrom of intractable difficulty; penalizing you from every ostensible side,

At times a thunderbolt of ingenious innovation; while at times a disastrously insane wastrel; infiltrating you with daggerheads of insipidly debilitating nothingness,

At times a garden of stupendously enthralling vivaciousness; while at times an unsparingly acrid blade that menacingly greeted you; at every step that you transgressed,

At times a gorgeously enthralling paradise of bestowing scent; while at times an assiduously testing examination of the severest of odds; making you wither into a penurious shadow of disdainful remorse and neglect,

At times an ecstatic whirlpool of rejuvenating freshness entirely metamorphosing the complexion of your abominably bedraggled life; while at times a corpse of baseless tensions; depriving you of even the most infinitesimal wink of sleep,

At times an irrefutably triumphant medallion of blazing victory; while at times insidiously lambasting you with swords of monotonously mundane commercialism and abhorrent malice,

At times the most candidly blissful reflection of your impeccable soul; while at times tumultuously besieging your entire countenance; with heinously incarcerating beads of impeding sweat,

At times the tantalizingly exotic carpet of the gregariously twinkling night; while at times a vociferously crumbling sea of disparaging despair; viciously hurtling you from your most unequivocally consolidated place in pragmatic existence,

At times a mountain of unconquerably Herculean strength safeguarding you against the most treacherously salacious evil; while at times an inscrutable cistern of black magic; invidiously transforming your every wish into a mirage of meaninglessness,

At times an unassailable inferno of divine righteousness transcending you above the most immaculate angels in fathomless sky; while at times a savagely tyrannical panther; instilling in you an insatiably unending flame of lecherous greed,

At times the most priceless elixir to ebulliently bounce in every instant of rhapsodic survival; while at times vengefully slapping you with whirlwinds of defeat; staring with uncouth barbarism in your innocent eyes,

At times a resplendently robust fruit culminating into rays of revitalizingly Omnipotent hope; while at times more slippery than the surreptitiously perilous eel; triggering you to plummet headon on a snake of slithering nonchalance,

And at times an immortal bonding of existence bountifully coalescing you with all those whom you pricelessly loved; while at times more sardonically bitter than venom could ever have tasted; such was the vacillating chapter of vibrant life.

The Child Of The Lord

Child of the Omnipotently everlasting Sun; was the gloriously ecstatic and flamboyantly pristine ray,

Child of the blissfully voluptuous cloud; was the ecstatically mesmerizing and seductively fragrant globule of water,

Child of the enchantingly exotic lotus; was the ever-pervading meadow of celestially bountiful and spell binding fragrance,

Child of the enigmatically proliferating forest; was the panoramically motley entrenchment of; vividly uninhibited nature and philandering animal,

Child of the ardently towering mountain; was the indomitably united civilization of brilliantly unfettered strength,

Child of the resplendently milky moon; was the fantastically fathomless pond of euphorically twinkling shine,

Child of the innovatively blessed mind; was the untamed whirlpool of rapaciously surreal and joyously unblemished dreams,

Child of the seductively clandestine night; was the unparalleled cavern of impregnably unending and fascinatingly miraculous sensuousness,

Child of the insuperably true artist; was the timeless wind of magically bestowing and eternally fructifying poetry,

Child of the unflinchingly altruistic soldier; was the sword of unassailably scintillating and pricelessly inimitable patriotism,

Child of the infallibly unrelenting optimism; was the unshakably undaunted epitome of astoundingly redolent and perpetually blossoming success,

Child of the vibrantly soaring butterfly; was the jubilantly emollient and majestically radiant hill of mystically ingenious frolic,

Child of the uncontrollably fluttering shadow; was the abysmally tranquil cave; of enticingly glorious and bounteously benign mysticism,

Child of the immutably egalitarian mirror; was the arrow of perennially spawning and limitlessly invincible righteousness,

Child of the royally embossed lexicon; was the astonishingly eclectic treasurehouse of convivially perspicacious and pragmatically opulent words,

Child of the ingratiatingly princely breath; was the chapter of unconquerably sparkling and iridescently tireless life,

Child of selflessly bonding symbiotism; was the philanthropically undefeatable religion of pricelessly benign and rhapsodically heavenly humanity,

Child of the insatiably thundering heart; was the victorious paradise of fathomlessly abounding and immortally divine love,

And Child of the Omnipresently Almighty Lord; was the inscrutably stupefying shell of this entire Universe; on which organism of every size; shape and color for

him was wonderfully alike; on which he holistically coalesced one and all in the mantra of mankind; on which he showered love; love and only endless love; on which he fearlessly paraded as the Ultimate master for times till even beyond infinite infinity; and till the moment he liked.

Nikhil Parekh

The Cold Blooded Rock

The chain of black stretched all over,
the pointed surfaces, the leading of suicidal death,
the tedious climb encircled by emotionless faces,
all of which have a maniacal look,
abraded exteriors of rock posses shining faces,
spreading waves of savage delight and brutal splendor,
trapping innocent prey in their vice like grip.

the air mightily pounds on its surface,
removing small chunks of graphite powder,
transporting loose pieces of stone down the valley,
leaking inside the comfort houses of several ant and white rabbit.

hollow crevices in the rock are filled with crusty liquid,
growing in stature by the advancing day,
bubbling in nervous energy imparted by sheltered warmth,
at last gushing out in frenzy,
forming volatile springs of boiling lava,
assassinating possible signs of life in several kilometers of vicinity.

Nikhil Parekh

The Color Of My Cheeks

The color of my cheeks was whiter than the innocuous Moon; when I just got up from sleep with the first rays of ethereal dawn,

The color of my cheeks was more crimson than the poignant rose; when the girl of my surreal dreams; flirtatiously glimpsed at my countenance,

The color of my cheeks was a morbid yellow; when I was enveloped by the ominous swirl of ghastly fever,

The color of my cheeks was a tangy blue; as I reached the shores after swimming voraciously for marathon hours in the vivaciously salty ocean,

The color of my cheeks was a mischievous chocolate brown; after I rhapsodically trespassed through a slippery slurry of mud; and the rain thunderously pelting down,

The color of my cheeks was a brilliantly shimmering yellow; after I stood for gigantic hours under the sweltering midday Sun,

The color of my cheeks was an incorrigible pink; as I entered my dwelling after spending countless hours sandwiched between colossal slabs of raw ice,

The color of my cheeks was a sparkling golden; after I scrubbed them voraciously with stringently pungent cakes of fat antiseptic,

The color of my cheeks was blacker than the deplorable coal mines; when I starved myself for weeks on the trot; sat in an obsolete corner sequestered wholesomely from the outside world,

The color of my cheeks was an overwhelmingly ashen grey; as I heard the news of the ship sinking; the treacherous tale of my compatriots losing their lives under cold water,

The color of my cheeks was greener than the curled grass; when I sat under the placid shade of the tree; with its astronomically foliate branches flooding my senses with rejuvenated fervor,

The color of my cheeks was more transparent than the scintillating mirror; when

I was in a mood to convey the most surreptitious of thoughts candidly,

The color of my cheeks was a fiery red; when I marched forward in volatile anger; vindictively resolving to teach my erring adversary the lesson of his life,

The color of my cheeks was more blended than a rainbow; when a battalion of girls kissed them; all embellished with myriad textures of swanky lipstick,

The color of my cheeks was a trifle hazy; as I freshly passed out through the conglomerate of puffy clouds,

The color of my cheeks was a pathetic violet; as I consumed frugal amounts of venom; to gently experience the process of extinction,

The color of my cheeks was pragmatically normal; when I intensely concentrated on my work; paid heed to nothing else but the process called practical and routine life,

The color of my cheeks was celestially heavenly; when I had just taken birth; exhaled my first breath on this mesmerizing planet,

And the color of my cheeks disappeared in entirety; floating like an inconspicuous thread into remote oblivion; as I breathed my last; as I was buried fathomless feet in my grave after being declared dead.

Nikhil Parekh

The Common Factor

I was as hot as blistering fire; while she was stoical as placid ice,

I was ready to plunge into the unfathomably deep gorge; while she preferred to lie down in contentment on the silken mattress,

I was crimson red in anger when provoked; while she maintained a moon white complexion even when tormented to bizarre limits,

I was thirsty every unfurling second; while she was abstemious; able to sustain a marathon period on bland chunks of bread and water,

I was bubbling with tumultuous exhilaration to clamber Mount Everest; while she sat cross-legged on the floor; passive and unperturbed,

I was incessantly fantasizing about enigmatic tunes prevailing under the deep sea; while she preferred to brood in perpetual solitude,

I was floating high and handsome in the cotton wool of clouds; while she was more inclined towards browsing through books of commercial finance,

I was inevitably fidgeting about dismantling intricate bells in vicinity; while she languished in the same position for days; without causing the slightest ruffle on the pillow she caressed,

I was tearing food with exuberant gusto; pulverizing succulent grapes into fine juice with my teeth, while she inhaled the aroma of wine for infinite minutes; before eventually savoring it down her throat,

I was passionately dying to bathe in the rain; while she was abhorrent to the most minuscule sound of thunder; relishing the safety of the shower instead; with a plastic cap engulfing her head,

I was driven by waves of impetuosity every dawn; marching at electric speeds in my quest to conquer the planet, while she woke up after the world had arisen; suckling warm tea in the camouflage of her flocculent sheepskin,

I was chucking at every mosquito trying to infiltrate into my blissful eardrum; while she let them feast on her tantalizing blood; shrugging them off phlegmatically every once in a while,

I was busy contemplating about every individual I encountered; trying to decode through vagaries of his mind, while she sat like an impeccable sheep in front of strangers; more intent on appeasing him than unveiling the cadence of his voice,

I was ardently waiting to capsize upon every opportunity; to consolidate it into a veritable reality; while she let the weeks slip into fortnights; relying overwhelmingly on destiny to deliver,

I was stupendously confident in my abilities to tackle any barricade that confronted me in my way; while she was too meek to envisage as well as bear the slightest of difficulty,

I was burning in the aisles of desire as every draught of wet wind blew past my silhouette, while she let seasons come and go; refrained from igniting the sparks of romance between our entities,

I was philandering in the playground of fun; mischievously intermingling with the children playing on mushy grass; while she knelt stern and tight-lipped on the couch; scoffing disdainfully at the unruly noises made by our child,

I was always found transgressing the roads with wild curls of my hair blowing in tandem with the wind; while she drained the shampoo to the last drop; vigorously sorting the most infinitesimal of knot in her hair,

We were different in almost every thing we did; perhaps perceived all situations circumventing our bodies wholesomely antagonistic; but at the end of the day the common factor was; that we still loved each other; prayed unrelentingly to the creator to give us the power; of relinquishing our breaths together.

Nikhil Parekh

The Creator Was Everywhere

Be it the grandiloquently colossal castle; or the fetidly stinking gutter hosting a fleet of obnoxious cockroaches,

Be it the mystically shimmering Moon; or the sweltering sands of the mammoth desert,

Be it the fathomless expanse of the azure blue sky; or the minuscule nest of the piquant beaked woodpecker,

Be it the stupendously scented rose; or the yellow mushroom decaying to oblivion in the heart of the hills,

Be it the enigmatically deep and uncannily marvelous dungeon; or the contemporary match box shaped town square,

Be it the festoon of resplendently twinkling stars in the cosmos; or the clammy interiors of the dingy little and sordid hut,

Be it the electric paced stallion galloping through rubicund farmlands; or the potbellied tortoise traversing with Herculean effort on the hard ground,

Be it the astronomically huge ocean impregnated with flocks of blue whales; or the small trace of saliva lying desolate in the obsolete attic,

Be it the tumultuous streaks of pugnacious white lightening; or the diminutive beehive camouflaged sedately amidst the trees,

Be it the conventionally advanced computer; or the clerk who hardly knew how to sign,

Be it the impeccable tufts of cotton sprouting in blissful tandem from the fields; or the solitary rope suspended morbidly from the ceiling,

Be it the incredulously fast paced aircraft kissing the air faster than the speed of light; or the hunch backed camel yawning embarrassingly under the gargantuan cactus,

Be it the mountain laden with astonishingly scintillating jewels from all round the continent; or the droplet of blood oozing down the skin,

Be it the most invincible man trespassing on this earth; or the astoundingly small infant who had just emitted its first cry,

Be it the densely inhabited jungle with majestically roaring lions; or the soft toy of plastic standing on just a brick,

Be it the delectable meal of spell binding caramel chocolates; or the nail embedded pathetically in the broken wall,

Be it the superlatively rosy tongue chattering incessantly all throughout the brilliant day; or the stone which lay in perpetual silence beneath the lanky grass,

Be it the island which perennially received the most tenacious rays of the Sun; or the blind man's world completely obfuscated from the slightest trace of visible light,

Be it the balloon pompously inflated with incomprehensible amounts of air; or the morose tyre lying completely squashed like frigidly white ice,

Be it the entire army marching valiantly towards inevitable victory; or the impoverished beggar begging for alms every minute,

Be it the glittering gold watch ticking indefatigably round the clock; or the placidly still statue which didn't speak or move at all,

Be it the loudest echo ever heard on this globe; or the inaudible whisper dying before it even came out,

Be it the thunderously domineering shadow of the towering edifice; or the ethereal shadow blending every now and then with the dolorous darkness,

Be it the revered interiors of the adorable dwelling; or the utterly disgusting and abhorrent steps leading to your mundane office,

Be it the crackling flames of fire that leapt ebulliently towards the coalition of emerald clouds; or the shivering piece of freezing snow dangling from the Christmas tree,

Be it the assembly of magnificently radiating mirrors bundled up in an enamoring heap; or the distorted strand of moustache floating like an insipid speck in the atmosphere,

Be it the most remarkable of memory that could conceive every possible situation to unfurl on the trajectory of this planet; or the mockingly dumb worm writhing on brown soil,

Be it the impregnable gates leading to the presidential rooms; or the inconspicuous little matchstick feeling soggy and despondently gloomy after the rains,

Be it the unbelievably big bed stuffed with ravishingly compassionate softness and warmth; or the acrimonious thorn awaiting surreptitiously for innocent flesh,

Be it the ingratiatingly sweet voice of the voluptuous nightingale; or the pertinent mosquito brooding in the profoundly hollow well,

Be it the most formidable stick in the bodyguard's hands; or the finely pulverized pulp of ripe banana,

Be it the overwhelmingly blissful paradise harboring the angels; or the timidly remorse voice of hell,

Be it the longest fabric ever woven and beautifully stitched; or the threadbare string of dilapidated shells orphaned mercilessly on the sea shores,

Be it the heart beating turbulently engulfed in the flames of unrelenting passion; or the incongruous follicle of hair sadly detached and lying as still as the mud,

Be it the ingenious key able to crack through the labyrinth of intricate lock; or the ludicrous buffoon who kept falling even before he could rise,

Be it the luscious periphery of seductively alluring lips; or the bland water incarcerated in small jugs of wood,

Be it the awesome congregation of inscrutably swirling waves crashing splendidly against the rocks; or the dismally melting jelly in the austere heat of blazing afternoon,

Be it the unfathomable peak of Mount Everest; or the limp marble rolling on flat soil,

Be it the animatedly leaping Kangaroo with its pack of siblings in its bulging pocket; or the perpetually still photograph hanging in the sleazy dressing room,

Be it the exorbitantly costly shoes adorned by the King as he walked on the streets; or the nakedly petite foot coalescing with dust each time it kicked,

Be it the poignantly sharp kitchen knife ripping apart through vegetables with nonchalant ease; or the blunt sand with no taste of its at all,

Be it the rivulets of perspiration dribbling tantalizingly through exotic skin; or the brutally wounded territories of bruise that were left uncouthly unattended,

Be it the beautifully embellished crown of the blue blooded prince; or the mortifying bed about to split into splinters on which the laborer slept,
Be it the most skillful doctor's clinic which was inundated with a host of invaluable countless medicines; or the doorstep of the patient attacked by a mysteriously inexplicable disease,

Be it the wholesomely fascinating magician conjuring mind boggling tricks on the stage; or the ordinary soldier who wasn't acquainted the slightest with the art of bombastic sophistication,

Be it the handsomely heroic stag staring at its reflection in the mesmerizing persona of transparent water; or the horrendously ugly eunuch smoking his life into relentless oblivion,

Be it a man following staunch religion all day and every single night; or the furtive castaway who didn't know what was God at all,

Be it the most invincible of abode above ground; or the evanescent corpse buried boundless feet beneath,

You name it and he was there; and you didn't have to walk marathon miles to reach the temple; church; mosque; or monastery to worship him; you could very well close your eyes and pray to him wherever you wanted; for the Almighty Creator was Omnipresent; the creator was everywhere.

Nikhil Parekh

The Creator Was Present In Each Heartbeat Of Immortal Love

Neither was he solely of the intransigently sermonizing Christian; tirelessly prostrating in front of the magnificently embellished idol of 'Jesus Christ',

Neither was he solely of the fanatically resolute Muslim; who indefatigably immersed himself all night and day; into the sacred literature of the 'Quran-e-Sharif',

Neither was he solely of the nimble bodied Hindu; who intractably chanted the name of 'Rama' an infinite times; in a single unabashedly simpleton minute,

Neither was he solely of the altruistically renounced monk; who sat till the absolute end of infinity; in front of the impeccably white statue of 'Gautam Buddha',

But; the Omnipotent Almighty Creator was perennially present in every ingredient of blood; which belonged to all those who ubiquitously disseminated and forever bonded with the spirit of Immortal Love.

1.

Neither was he solely of the irrevocably faithful Christian; who let a boundless opportunities in his life go astray; if they insidiously transgressed against the scriptures of his God,

Neither was he solely of the timelessly kneeling Muslim; who wasn't prepared to leave the insuperable walls of his Mosque; renouncing every worldly pleasure of glorious existence,

Neither was he solely of the selflessly robed Hindu; who never went even an infinitesimal whisker against his stringent culture and tradition; who slept; ate and prayed only on the deserted steps of the quaint temple,

Neither was he solely of the nomadic Buddhist; who relentlessly roamed from one of the deciduous forest to the other; in his perpetual search of the invincible form of 'Buddha',

But; the Omnipresent Almighty Creator was perennially present in every whiff of

breath; which belonged to all those who forever undertook upon themselves the mission of healing every despairing life and heart; with the panacea of Immortal Love.

2.

Neither was he solely of the unimpeachably pious Christian; who dedicated every instant of his existence; ardently rotating the venerated rosary through the knots of his hands,

Neither was he solely of the immutably single focused Muslim; who fervently believed that all religions; beliefs; nationalities; led to the ultimate Heaven of 'Allah',

Neither was he solely of the devoutly expressionless Hindu; who experienced the power of the entire Universe; simply by staring at the portrait of his 'Bhagwan'; sculptured in pink stone,

Neither was he solely of the unceasingly silent Buddhist; who tried his very best to assimilate and practice the paths of his undefeated God; the undying imprints of the peace-loving 'Buddha',

But; the Omniscient Almighty Creator was perennially present in every beat of the heart; which belonged to all those who were the unflinchingly fearless harbingers of love; even in the land of the ghoulishly massacring demon.

3.

Neither was he solely of the unfailingly earnest Christian; who spent an infinite of his lifetimes; lighting the candles of his majestic church; in his profound admiration and appreciation of the Lord,

Neither was he solely of the wondrously enchanted Muslim; who uttered the name of 'Allah' at every juncture of life; and even whilst agonizingly abnegating from the heavenly physical form,

Neither was he solely of the passionately olive skinned Hindu; who kept the name of each one in his kin as 'Bhagwan'; to timelessly safeguard himself against every evil spirit and be in due salvation of his God,

Neither was he solely of the beautifully terse Buddhist; who spent every unfurling

instant of his life; kissing the holy footprints of the impregnable 'Gautam Buddha',

But; the unassailable Almighty Creator was perennially present in every voice; which belonged to all those who unconquerably sang the song of unbiased friendship; who unnervingly and forever defended the Universe of Immortal Love

Nikhil Parekh

The Cry Of The Heart

The cry of the lion was majestically thunderous; although it died as the minutes rapidly unveiled; with the stupendous tranquility of the forests taking wholesome control,

The cry of the clouds was insatiably voluptuous; although it faded after a while; as the Sun Omnipotently enlightened even the most infinitesimal entity in neighboring vicinity,

The cry of the shark was royally piercing; although it diminished almost as soon as it had come; with the unfathomably undulating wave wholesomely drowning it into an ocean of mesmerizing froth,

The cry of the eagle was exuberantly aristocratic; although it vanished surreptitiously from the sky in an ethereal flash; as cyclonically untamed maelstroms perpetuated the canvas of the panoramic valley,

The cry of the nightingale was melodiously enchanting; although it blended with the aisles of nothingness after a while; as the triumphantly trumpeting elephants insatiably marauded the meadows; left; right and rampant center,

The cry of the gloriously unflinching warrior was supremely ecstatic; although it coalesced with threadbare mud in an ethereal instant; as an unsurpassably unending tirade of pugnacious bombs; brutally plummeted upon him from the enemy camp,

The cry of the waterfalls was harmoniously enchanting; although it dried up as quickly as flashes of lightening thunder; as the tyranny of the acrimoniously sweltering day evaporated every bit of it; into wisps of obsoletely disappearing oblivion,

The cry of the bee was boisterously swarming; although it soon mellowed to an inconspicuous trace of its original self; as the scent of the magnanimously everlasting lotus unconquerably enshrouded everything above hard ground,

The cry of the seductress was ebulliently tantalizing; although it disappeared into the ingredients of nothingness like a trice of a bullet; as the silken magic of the titillating night soon gave way to the hideously monotonous day,

The cry of the clocktower was stringently meticulous; although it quickly

subsided into a corpse of morbid meaninglessness; as the lanky arm struck past the wonderfully reverberating hour,

The cry of the rainbow was resplendently vivacious; although it fleetingly hid in its shell of sequestered oblivion; as the blanket of poignantly crimson clouds soon took an insurmountably bountiful grip of the fathomless sky,

The cry of the dewdrops was beautifully exhilarating; although it pathetically evaporated into bits of open space; as soon as the Sun blazed to its domineeringly profound radiance in the boundless sky,

The cry of the leaves was mystically seductive; although it transformed into a diminutively subdued mellow; as the victoriously advancing gusty wind now became a song of charismatic love,

The cry of the newly born was Omnisciently effusive; although it became a fugitive impression of its ownself; as the years advanced and the web of inevitably insidious commercialism took disgusting control,

The cry of the brain was fantastically unfathomable and incessantly exploring; although it transited into an inferno of lackadaisical disparagement; as the savagery of uncouth society salaciously overpowered every intricate arena of survival,

The cry of the conscience was irrefutably honest; although it sporadically manipulated itself every now and again; as existence was of the most quintessentially paramount importance amidst the pack of satanically lecherous wolves,

The cry of breath was charismatically sensuous; although it veritably finished in limited amounts of unfurling time; as the strokes of destiny eventually had their unavoidably final say,

But the cry of the heart was immortally unassailable; come what may; passionately shuddering even centuries immemorial after wholesome diminishing of the bodily form; perpetually uniting with God's most pricelessly Omnipotent beats of love.

Nikhil Parekh

The Darker Side And The Brighter Aspect

The darker side of blindness was an unrelenting camouflage of austere black,
while brighter aspect of the same was a sensitive tuning of the hollow ear drum.

The darker side of a wounded bruise was gushing streams of blood flowing,
while brighter aspect of the same; was firm resilience to anguish and pain.

The darker side of the ocean was drowning to death,
while brighter aspect of the same was; a cluster of striped fish swimming.

The darker side of squashed vegetable was clouds of insidious stench emanating,
while brighter aspect of the same was blissful manure for an artillery of dead
shrub.

The darker side of a computer was a total entropy of handwriting,
while brighter aspect of the same was crisp outlines of calligraphy ornately
printed.

The darker side of the twin horned cow was that it was fat and indolent,
while brighter aspect of the same was that it suckled gallons of fresh milk.

The darker side of the Sun was acrimonious rays cauterizing tender patches of
skin,
while brighter aspect of the same was complete fumigation of the water logged
environment.

The darker side of a candy chocolate was a plethora of cavities in mouth palette,
while brighter aspect of the same was waves of felicity submerging a person in
euphoria.

The darker side of moon was that it diffused feeble beams of opalescent light,
while brighter aspect of the same was that it illuminated gruesome darkness with
rays of hope.

The darker side of residing in a jungle was immense fear of savage beasts,
while brighter aspect of the same was bathing in crystal waters of the virgin
river.

The darker side of being a dog was being treated with loads of contempt and

malice,
while brighter aspect of the same was ferociously growling canine teeth at
strangers.

The darker side of death was traumatic pain and tumultuous sorrow,
while brighter aspect of the same was to give someone a chance to live.

The darker side of love was infinite perils lurking in the society,
while the brighter aspect of the same was relishing the feeling of being cared.

Nikhil Parekh

The Day

The day the carpet of voluptuous grass; stung like a million acrimonious thorns,

The day the conglomerate of mesmerizing clouds; showered mud instead of grandiloquent rain,

The day the majestic waves in the ocean; blossomed into sickening sugar instead of tangy globules of pungent salty froth,

The day the crystalline islands of eye; oozed satanic blood instead of poignant waterfall of tears,

The day the fiery Sun in the sky; shrunk into a cloud of darkness; instead of emanating brilliantly shimmering light,

The day the astronomical summit of the mountain; metamorphosed into an inconspicuous ant; instead of kissing the royally glowing moon,

The day the princely eagles; commenced to walk like ordinary man; instead of soaring handsomely through the cocoon of satiny clouds,

The day the festoon of exotic leaves; incorrigibly stuck to their origin; instead of exuberantly whistling with the astoundingly enchanting wind,

The day the incredulously captivating rose; remained profusely lackluster; instead of diffusing its marvelous fragrance to every cranny of the atmosphere,

The day the ingratiatingly striped frogs; slept in domains of gloomy tranquility; instead of croaking their hearts out under ferocious cloudbursts of heavenly rain,

The day the timelessly ticking clock; started to move backwards; instead of galloping forward with traces of new found life,

The day the vivacious rainbow in the sky; remained colorless; instead of culminating into a magnificent paradise of color and ravishing charisma,

The day the shade of poignantly crimson blood; started to differ; instead of being immortally same for all tribes on this planet,

The day the rambunctiously buzzing beehives; started to produce belligerent

scorpions; instead of a sacrosanct stream of golden honey,

The day the magnanimous nightingale; blurted hoarse tunes of disdainful cacophony; instead of deluging the atmosphere with its melodiously everlasting songs,

The day the golden eyed owl; remained awake all day; instead of guarding its compatriots in the heart of the chilling night,

The day the essence of invincible truth; crumbled like infinitesimal ash towards the ground; instead of conquering the mightiest with the blessings of Almighty Creator,

The day the inevitable reservoir of breath in body; commanded a person to gruesomely die; instead of propelling him to bounce forward to relish every moment of enigmatically unveiling life,

The day the passionately palpitating heart; taught two lovers to cheat; instead of bonding for times immemorial in the threads of unconquerable romance,

That very day; that very hour; that very minute; I was ready to sacrifice everything of mine on this planet; go and perennially rest in the arms of my Creator; even if the devil that day wanted to bestow me with infinite more lives.

Nikhil Parekh

The Day - Part 2

the day she sobbed with unsubiding hysteria,
i would try and assassinate the reason for her agony from its very existent roots.

the day she slept barefoot; bearing the tumultuous onslaught of winter winds,
i would cover her trembling body with furry skin of mountain bear.

the day she bruised her skin; with prolific streams of blood oozing out,
i would kiss it with passionate warmth; leaving it for it to heal with bonds of our omnipresent love.

the day she sequestered herself in realms of isolation,
i would make her violently laugh to exit from vigils of solitary boredom.

the day she sneezed incessantly; with heat soaring to Herculean proportions in her body,
i would prepare sizzling hot cupfuls of incense tea; for her to get some respite.

the day she complained of her temples throbbing,
i would massage her scalp with deft strokes of my palm.

the day she giggled freely with a pack of lecherous strangers,
i would scold her for betraying me; with my anger rising to unprecedented limits.

the day she seemed exhausted to raise her feet,
i would hoist her on my shoulders to make her witness the outside world.

the day she screamed at me for arriving late,
i would try and pacify her anger by tickling her vociferously.

the day she seemed hapless while knitting me a sweater,
i would try and execute fervent attempts to solve her dilemma.

the day she was struck viciously by deathly fangs of the garden snake,
i would extract the venom with my teeth; bringing her back to consciousness.

and the day she said she wanted to terminate our relationship; leaving me forever,
i would simply have no other option but to die.

The Day I Didn't Breathe

The day I didn't wear clothes; I shivered uncontrollably in the austere breeze of uncouth winter,

They day I didn't eat food; I found myself miserably slithering towards the corridors of precarious starvation,

The day I didn't write poetry; I found my fingers virtually paralyzed; and the blood in my robust veins metamorphosed into a morbidly colorless liquid,

The day I didn't bathe; I felt pools of disdainfully fetid sweat; stab my impeccable visage more than a billion treacherous thorns,

The day I didn't sleep; I felt daggerheads of insurmountably fatigued exasperation; assassinating each iota of my blissfully mental peace,

The day I didn't wink; I felt the romantic youth in me die an obnoxiously famished death; all mischief in the atmosphere pathetically desert me like a piece of dilapidated garbage,

The day I didn't pray; I felt like a diabolical monster; drifting further and further away from the sacrosanct countenance of Omnipotent God,

The day I didn't lie in the lap of my mother; I felt as if the world had come to a brusque end; there wasn't an iota of humanity prevailing in any quarter of this colossal Universe,

The day I didn't swim; I felt as if the insatiable exuberance in my bones had died a profusely asphyxiated death,

The day I didn't discover; I felt as if my incredulously augmenting fantasy; had ruthlessly blended with ethereally dwindling horizons,

The day I didn't dream; I felt that life was a barbarically monotonous workshop; with each hour of the day relentlessly restricted to the realms of parasitic office,

The day I didn't realize; I felt horrendously pompous and pretentiously inflated; with my conscience whipping me to profusely apologize to the mesmerizing winds outside,

The day I didn't drink water; I felt the tumultuously scorching agony in my throat; compelling me to swoon like withering fish on the ground,

The day I didn't tease my sister; I felt as if I sitting astoundingly close to my grave; although I was just on the threshold to commence life,

The day I didn't gaze at the resplendent stars; I felt as if my world was intransigently confined to the four bare brick walls of my dwelling,

The day I didn't respect my elders; I felt that I was boisterously irascible fly; about to be inevitably squashed by the sword of righteousness,

The day I didn't listen to my heart; I felt as if I had horrifically failed in every attempt of mine; although I stood towering on the absolute pinnacle of life,

The day I didn't wholeheartedly love; I felt there was no reason to survive; started prematurely on my journey to the heavens; without the tiniest insinuation of Almighty Lord,

And the day I didn't breathe; there was no time for me to feel or romanticize about hell or heaven; for I lay like a wholesomely mute corpse; infact to cut the story short; I was irrefutably dead.

Nikhil Parekh

The Deserted Mansion

Steaming coffee in the tall mugs was growing cold,
long table cloth was developing blotches of brown mud stain,
the ground floor was engulfed in heaps of disdainful dust,
sparkling glass tops displayed infinite scratch marks,
a basket of fresh fruit now lay squashed in neglect,
utensils of stainless steel had transformed into pale bronze,
rich portraits portraying war scenes hung listlessly from the wall,
heaps of literary books lay buried under a mountain of sand,
pitchers full of mineral water now bred a cluster of fungus,
roof light bulbs had formed a fountain of cracks,
ivory doors of cupboards were smudged with bird manure,
wooden legs of furniture had crawling termite,
the mirror on the staircase gave ghostly reflections,
wild stalks of grass projected from the infertile soil.

he had bid farewell to the earth decades ago,
lived life like a thorough eccentric when alive,
his mansion now lay deserted,
tucked within the picturesque plains of the tropical forests,
the desolate palace was worth a handsome fortune,
if only someone ventured through dense territories of the jungle,
unveiling the monastery standing solitary in its mystical charm,
in a camouflage of parasitic creepers trying to suck blood from the wall of
century
old brick.

Nikhil Parekh

The Dress In Pure And Powerful Black

The dress to unsurpassably thrill her; lift her to infinite altitude from her nimble feet; as she was plaintively traversing through bland patches of erratically cut green grass,

The dress to uncannily excite her; metamorphose even the most disparagingly infertile of her moods; into a eternally ardent and royal proliferation,

The dress to timelessly enchant her; rouse even the most cadaverously limp follicle of hair on her skin; to beyond the epitome of Everest; in the revitalizing stillness of the atmosphere,

The dress to majestically silence her; quell even the most insouciant of her apprehensions; with the invincible magic of profound charisma and compassionate royalty,

The dress to perennially magnetize her; perpetuate even the most ephemerally fluttering of shadow; to follow and forever entwine with the essence of your personality,

The dress to inimitably impress her; tirelessly evoke the most inscrutable tingling in her flesh; an unstoppable yearning in her chest to embrace every quarter of your demeanor,

The dress to uncontrollably triumph her; attain perpetual victory over her silken countenance; as she nimbly surrendered even the most ethereal of her intimate senses to your unconquerably handsome swirl,

The dress to timelessly conquer her; leave an intransigent impression of your wondrously fervent personality; upon every globule of fiery sweat that dribbled down her ecstatic skin,

The dress to effortlessly liberate her; wholesomely emptying even the most disastrously maiming of her tensions into sheer nothingness; as she solely floated in the aisles of untamed desire,

The dress to inadvertently capture her; eventually gather complete control over even the most oblivious insinuations of her shadow; as she helplessly melted deeper and deeper into the blacks of your piercing eyes,

The dress to inexplicably provoke her; trigger the dormant labyrinths of creative energy entrapped in her spirit; to unlimitedly fulminate into an unceasing festoon of miraculous innovation,

The dress to undyingly fascinate her; foment her to fantasize beyond the realms of the mundane; and till the last cloud that hovered on the blissfully golden horizons,

The dress to unchallengably win her; infallibly draw even the most imperturbable part of her persona towards your undefeated masculinity; even in the most invisibly flickering of light,

The dress to pricelessly cast a spell on her; make her minutely feel even the most unexplored of your vibrant imagery; through heart-renderingly poignant telepathy,

The dress to reincarnate the artist in her; granting fresh life to the haplessly dead tombs of virility in her soul; as she unabashedly let nectar to slip from each pore of her body; and blend with every single ingredient of the atmosphere,

The dress to effulgently impregnate her; replenish every aspect of her drearily impoverished existence; with everything that was beautifully and merrily abounding on this uninhibited planet,

The dress to insuperably propose her; with a surety of nothing else but 'yes' rebounding back from the swish of her tongue; as majestically kissed the farthest finger of her queenly hands,

The dress to phlegmatically reborn her; inevitably make her rise from her languid corpse; unfathomably flustered by the sheer size and enigmatic shades of your larger than life personality,

Was. O! Yes undoubtedly was. The Dress in Pure and Powerful Black. In the Pure blackness of the voluptuously embellished and sensuously blessed night.

Nikhil Parekh

The Easiest Way To Provoke Me

The easiest way to provoke a madman; was to recount to him the incidents of his life which actually triggered off his madness,

The easiest way to provoke a politician; was to vehemently oppose the policies he proposed,

The easiest way to provoke a roadside beggar; was to keep reminding him incessantly of his poverty and impoverished state,

The easiest way to provoke a school teacher; was to give preposterously wrong answers; to every question she asked,

The easiest way to provoke a gardener; was to furtively keep plucking the fruits from his trees; driving him beyond the point of imaginable exasperation,

The easiest way to provoke a lion; was to snatch its prey with astounding ease; right from the center of its jaws,

The easiest way to provoke the musician; was to blurt out cacophonous tunes every time he felt; that he had established himself into a perfect rhythm,

The easiest way to provoke guests entering the dwelling; was to blend your oily scalp hair; in the tea you hospitably served them,

The easiest way to provoke the mammoth elephant; was to leave a battalion of red ants next to his feet; when he was overwhelmingly relishing his meal of green leaf,

The easiest way to provoke the peon in the office; was to order him to serve you a glass of water; as soon as the poor fellow had delivered the previous one,

The easiest way to provoke the soldier; was to let the enemy pass from under his nose; camouflaged in the color of the surrounding; to evade the most ingenious of his senses,

The easiest way to provoke the monstrous shark; was to shoot its jaded body with a fleet of lanky harpoons,

The easiest way to provoke a clown; was to burst into hysterical sobs, when he

performed his comic acts,

The easiest way to provoke the priest; was to disturb his profound concentration;
when he was lost in reciting the name of God,

The easiest way to provoke the magician; was to steal away the wand he used to
execute magic & transform all stone into gold,

The easiest way to provoke a writer; was to cynically view his work; tell him
blatantly on his face; that he wouldn't earn even a penny out of the infinite
volumes of literature he had taken pains to pen down,

The easiest way to provoke the Almighty creator; was to violate his laws of
existence; drift on a nefarious path that eventually found him decimate you to
raw ash,

And the easiest way to provoke me; was to lay eyes on my beloved; try and cast
a spell on her already engaged heart; which either found me killing the person
who dared to do so; or in case if I failed; bidding goodbye to this earth forever.

Nikhil Parekh

The Eternal Kiss

You came as a complete stranger in my life; tantalizing me an angel with your mystical flurry of exotic smiles,
While today you had become the glistening empathy in my eyes; the tears of rhapsody that I oozed unrelentingly; as the skies showered rain on parched soil.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; seducing me every now and again; with your enchanting shadow that swept nimbly past my dwindling countenance,
While today you had become every smile that passionately besieged my crimson lips; the mesmerizing pink that perennially enveloped its tragically devastated contours.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; retreating your palms mischievously; even as I brushed past their immaculate fingers like a crown prince,
While today you had become the color of my robust skin; the incredulously dancing pores that crept on my flesh; as I rejoiced in an everlasting dance; till the realms of eternity.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; disclosing to me your ethereal glimpse; as I frantically groped and stared into the winds of remotely infinite oblivion,
While today you had become the only hope that I harbored and possessed in my life; the perpetual ray of optimistic light; which was my ultimate savior wherever I went.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; flirtatiously whispering into my ears; as the Sun gloriously dimmed its light beyond the scarlet horizons,
While today you had become each word that I explicitly spoke; the melodious fountain of wonderful rhyme; that compassionately emanated from deep within my throat.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; pinching me on my cheek; and then disappearing entirely as the winds ferociously rebelled away from my shriveled visage,
While today you become each dream I perceived; each zenith I kept indefatigably achieving; as the world deteriorated in morbid caverns of manipulative malice.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; tempting me like a voluptuously

titillating mirage; into the innermost depths of untamed wilderness,
While today you had become the paths which I majestically rolled on; the silken
carpet of dewdrops that tingled me beyond the most unprecedented summit
of ecstasy; as darkness unveiled.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; igniting passionate webs of
insatiable desire; the instants I witnessed your charismatically fading form,
While today you had become every droplet of water I slurped down my mouth;
the very reason that I inhaled breath; as all in this colossal planet were inevitably
dying.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; winking at me voraciously with your
enigmatically mysterious looks,
While today you had become the irrefutably righteous voice of my conscience;
propelling me philanthropically to serve all mankind.

And you came as a complete stranger in my life; making me entirely unknown to
your religion and form; as I stumbled head on upon your footprints; towards the
obdurately treacherous ground,
While today you had become the eternal kiss of my existence; the immortal love
which entrenched my heart so formidably; that it kept throbbing; even as my
soul
had bonded entirely with the Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

The Exact Definition Of Anti Terrorism-Immortal Love.

Whatever's Love in its most Immortally fructifying and blissfully embracing form; is infact the exact; comprehensive and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most infallibly heavenly and faithfully invincible form; is infact the exact; honest and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most pristinely uninhibited and compassionately unabashed form; is infact the exact; transparent and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most brilliantly blazing and eternally egalitarian form; is infact the exact; unchallengable and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most ecstatically peerless and royally ameliorating form; is infact the exact; impregnable and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most Omnisciently blessing and symbiotically ever-pervading form; is infact the exact; indisputable and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most triumphantly effulgent and resplendently sparkling form; is infact the exact; unfettered and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most unconquerably mellifluous and timelessly healing form; is infact the exact; unprejudiced and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most perennially innocuous and vibrantly enthralling form; is infact the exact; unalterable and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most perpetually spawning and magically proliferating form; is infact the exact; panoramic and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most everlastingly synergistic and regally harboring form; is infact the exact; unobstructed and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most enchantingly celestial and ubiquitously mollifying form; is infact the exact; uninterrupted and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most astoundingly victorious and timelessly harmonious form; is infact the exact; undying and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most unbelievably charismatic and unlimitedly rhapsodic form; is infact the exact; refreshing and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most incredulously magnetic and inherently fortified form; is infact the exact; perspicacious and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most pricelessly natural and unflinchingly bestowing form; is infact the exact; unceasing and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most undefeated benign and tirelessly uniting form; is infact the exact; inimitable and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most altruistically contenting and bountifully miraculous form; is infact the exact; unassailable and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

Whatever's Love in its most immortally unhindered and fantastically liberating form; is infact the exact; unshakable and most irrefutable definition of Anti Terrorism,

So the next time you need to exactly define Anti Terrorism; please don't open your lugubriously monotonous dictionaries for a word so spell bindingly quelling as this; please directly take its most fearless definitions from the chapters of Immortal Love; instead.

Nikhil Parekh

The Exotic Effect Of Air

The cool and stupendous effect the air has,
Can never be got by poisonous nerve gas.
The exotic effect of soft blue air,
Cane never be obtained by mechanized gear.
But O! when the air becomes black and swollen,
It yields riches like a dried pollen.
Its lost in its thoughts which never come true,
Due to the incessant quarrel between the two.
The air finally comes down on earth with great force,
To cover the distance of its natural course.

Nikhil Parekh

The Final Thought

Only in a world of freedom can a child unfold and bloom,
For it is his birthright not to be gloomy.

He cries and says let me go away,
For he shows corrupt masses of elderly his own natural
way.

He takes a pledge to be always free,
He expresses this thought of his with lots of glee.

He breaks an object with inanimate ease,
For to do new things he has a long lease.

A smile spreads on naughty outlines of his face,
For he is living at the will of others grace.

An anxious look creeps in his large innocent eyes,
For he is existing in a world of money sucking flies.

At last he makes one final thought,
To reject the elders who gave him broth.

Nikhil Parekh

The Final Verdict

I draped my silhouette in flowing robes of immaculate silk,
With golden brooches extruding out from the exquisitely stitched chicken collar,
An aromatic rose embossed solitarily in the upper pocket,
With the piquant musk cologne diffusing haphazardly from my cheek,
And a conspicuous triangle of sandalwood luminating large on tender regions of
my forehead.

When I came in proximity with a leper; he passed eloquent remarks
commenting,
On the impeccable complexion exhibited by my radiantly supple skin.

When I confronted a person bereft of sight; he scrupulously appreciated,
The sonorous crispness that was incorporated in my stringent voice.

When I inadvertently collided with a pedestrian; divested of the gift of sound
and speech,
He exorbitantly admired the varsity of blended color that was visible to the
naked eye.

When I traversed past a person; walking with crutches to support his mutilated
leg,
He cast lingering glances towards the bulging muscle that clung to my
impregnable feet.

When I encountered a ragamuffin beggar; strolling through the vacant street,
He riveted his gaze cupidly towards the prominent projections in my trouser
pocket.

When I met an illiterate individual; using his ink coated thumb to sign a sheaf of
documents,
He glanced at me with abhorrent prejudice; cursing my dexterous ability to write
and speak.

When I came in close association with an opulent businessman,
He gauged me suspiciously; contemplating various sources of my possible
income.

When I came in cahoots with a professionally acknowledged wrestler,
He clasped my wrist in his invincible grip; thereby testing eventual aftermath's of

my grip.

When I came face to face with a belligerent soldier,
He made ludicrous mockery of my attire; haughtily envisaging his own dress on
the border.

When I came abreast of a rustic villager; carrying a bludgeon in his hand,
He stared unrelentingly; praising the contemporary styling of my clothes.

And finally when I met the girl I loved; she said I was looking voluptuously
enchanting,
Flooding a myriad of open spaces on my shirt with passionate kisses,
I then fell in an enigmatic trance; disdainfully shrugging the opinions of a
host of people I had previously encountered, with bountiful arenas in my mind
considering her remarks as the final verdict.

Nikhil Parekh

The First And Last Name.

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which diabolically asphyxiates every ounce of felicity; every unfurling instant of robust existence,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which criminally crucifies even the most evanescent insinuation of invincibly sparkling truth,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which unsavorily and indefatigably slanders the very crux of majestically fructifying existence,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which venomously prejudices even the most inseparable relations of sacrosanct blood,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which chauvinistically lambastes you till even beyond the realms of hedonistically devastating hell,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which annihilates even the most insouciant of your desire to compassionately befriend your mates in duress,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which renders you as the most bawdily pathetic beggar; even after you'd mastered every single virtue of unconquerable honesty,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which wholesomely pulverizes every iota of philanthropic goodness; intrinsically augmenting in your freshly born soul,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which vindictively demolishes even the most unassailably replenished of civilizations; like inanely decrepit matchsticks,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else

but "Currency Note"; a name which engenders such a preposterously disgusting stench; that there spreads nothing else but a morass of incorrigibly satanic hatred,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which has its non-existent roots profusely soaked in nothing else; but a disheveled drainpipe of blood; blood and only gorily sacrilegious blood,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which foments even the most inimitably holistic of man; to unforgivably metamorphose into an indiscriminately rampaging terrorist,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which salaciously plunders every aspect of symbiotic survival; with the coffins of unsparingly treacherous enmity,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which perpetuates even the most passionately venerated of blood; to worthlessly slaver into the aisles of wantonly pugnacious nothingness,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which no doubt allows you to parade in palaces of sanctimoniously glittering gold; but bereft of the even the tiniest beat in your god-gifted heart,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which limitlessly tortures the most invisible of your ghost; even after you abdicated veritable breath and died,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which forever transforms the most fearlessly infallible of your signature; into that of the horrifically marauding devil,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which is more insanely worthless than licentious meaninglessness; but which has the uncanny power to make every caste; creed; religion; and tribe; mercilessly bleed until death,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which is unanimously disliked; castigated and shrugged by every form of the Omnipotent Creator; in the cosmos and Universe divine,

But ever since the time that this earth has been evolved out of obsolete air; and by the grace of the Omniscient Lord Almighty; right until the moment it continues to enchantingly breathe; symbiotically palpitate; astoundingly proliferate; celestially bless and undauntedly survive,

The FIRST and LAST name of life; has been; is; and shall forever and ever and ever continue to be love; love and only blessedly "Immortal Love";

Nikhil Parekh

The First Cries

It was a moment which had blissfully bestowed all astounding beauty of this colossal Universe; in our diminutively impoverished laps,

It was a moment which impregnated such an exhilarating cheer to our cheeks; that we became wholesomely oblivious; to even the most infinitesimal definition of bizarre sadness,

It was a moment which perpetually annihilated even the tiniest iota of our guilt; inundating our frantically traumatized souls; with the marvelously ingratiating melody of the; enthralling atmosphere,

It was a moment which miraculously transformed the treacherously sullen contours of our defeated faces; into the blazingly triumphant fireball; of Omnipotent sunshine,

It was a moment which bountifully transpired the most eclectic artist from our bereaved bloodstreams; articulately molding us into an entrenchment of stupendously vivacious beauty and unparalleled charm,

It was a moment which blessed us with the Herculean tenacity; to smilingly confront; even the most acrimoniously vicious disaster; in inscrutable life,

It was a moment which brought back an ocean of unbelievable empathy in our manipulatively prejudiced eyes; eternally taught us to compassionately coalesce with all resplendent mankind,

It was a moment which indefatigably triggered us to enchantingly sing and dance; exuberantly gyrate our nimble forms forever; under the voluptuously seductive curtain of; milky midnight,

It was a moment which perpetuated us to wholeheartedly laugh; magnificently express the inner most of our feelings; to symbiotically exist as one for centuries immemorial,

It was a moment which Omnisciently took away even the most horrifically remorseful of our grief; perennially enveloping us in the swirl of; divinely mesmerizing existence,

It was a moment which majestically swept us of our drearily tyrannized feet; to timelessly soar in the paradise of; ravishingly charismatic togetherness,

It was a moment which made us live each second to the most stupendously unprecedented limits; sagaciously realize the most exotically wonderful essence; of gloriously Omnipresent life,

It was a moment which instilled in us an untamed spirit of unconquerable pride; a cloud of blissful contentment which even the greatest of God's in the cosmos; found hard to believe,

It was a moment which spell bindingly redefined every languidly insidious element of our miserable existence; fulfilling even the most evanescent of our wishes; with the heavenly replenishment of this entire planet,

It was a moment which transited us back into realms of our very own impeccable childhood; far away from the vagaries of this salaciously corrupt Universe; and frolicking in the lap of our Mother to our absolute heart's content,

It was a moment which regally transformed every tear from our despicably withering eye; into a priceless jewel of uncrowned glory; showering synergistic prosperity on every step that we transgressed,

It was a moment which fulminated the fire of irrefutable truth in our invidiously beleaguered conscience; tirelessly propelling us forward; to unite every scattered thread on this gigantic planet; in the light of celestial righteousness,

It was a moment which beautifully enshrouded us with unassailable whirlwinds of sensuously ecstatic breath; wholesomely disassociating us from the chapter of lugubriously ghastly death,

And it was a moment which unequivocally made us the richest organisms on this Universe; ironically without a penny in our rudimentary pockets;

As the first cries of our freshly born daughter; embedded its godly impression in our joyous hearts; for infinite more births yet to come; and imparted us with the ardor to exist; forever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

The First One

Why did you stare at me with profound hostility; trying to devour me uncouthly with your ghastly expression?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to wipe off my tears; as I hurt myself on the floor and started to cry.

Why did you kick me ruthlessly with your feet; abusing me incessantly with a volley of horrendous expletives?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to protect me; as scores of burglars attacked me viciously with their pairs of gleaming knives.

Why did you scorn at me in utter disdain; refraining to talk to me no matter how vehemently I pleaded?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to sing umpteenth number of songs melodiously in my ears; to put me off to blissful sleep.

Why did you starve me of food; hid all baskets of fruits in the house as I frantically groped for them at midnight?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to steal appetizing food from the neighborhood; in order to satiate my taste buds; the moment I let out a string of hysterical squeals.

Why did you frown at me in overwhelming irritation; drenching my clothes completely by hoisting at them your pails of colored yolk,

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to dress me up again; iron the garments I was about to wear to the most meticulous of perfection.

Why did you mischievously embody the bed I was going to sleep with a flurry of thorns; leaving a fleet of red ants of dauntingly march through?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to apply the balm of your love on my wounds; swipe the last iota of dirt with sheer contempt outside our house.

Why did you puncture the tyre of my car as I was about to leave for office; deflating the last bit of air trapped robustly inside?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to carry me upon your shoulders; take me wherever I wanted; sequestering me from the

acrimonious world; behind the cushion of your voluptuous hair.

Why did you insult me in a group at the riverside party; ostracizing me for not having worn clothes of the matching color?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to apologize to all; and then proclaiming loud and stringent to the world; that your husband was
the best of all.

Why did you try and snatch my children away from me; trying to possess them more than anyone else in this world?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to recount to them tales of my childhood adventures; the path I undertook in life to achieve the corridors of success.

And why did you leave me; domineeringly banging the door in my face; cursing your destiny at the top of your lungs for marrying me in the first place?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to inevitably turn back with fiery love swirling in your eyes; comprehending the passion in my
heart; and lock yourself in my embrace for times immemorial.

Nikhil Parekh

The First Thing I Would Do

If I were a ferocious panther the first thing I would do; was devour my prey with unprecedented relish,
Then sleep in my den in the heart of the jungle cloistered from acrid light; impregnating the atmosphere with my snores.

If I were an inconspicuous mosquito the first thing I would do; was to extract parsimonious amounts of blood from supple complexioned flesh,
Then buzz incessantly in vicinity of the eardrum; driving the individual to the threshold of raw indignation.

If I were a long legged spider the first thing I would do; was to weave my silken web with the sticky gel in my belly,
Then patiently wait for innocuous insects to get trapped in; before pulverizing them to succulent pulp.

If I were a handsome grey lizard the first thing I would do; was to stealthily pounce on my victim; strangulating it with my coherently synchronized teeth,
Then perching myself in hidden cavities of the tube light; laboriously try and swallow my sumptuous meal.

If I were an indolent cow grazing on the hills the first thing I would do; was to munch lush green grass protruding from the soil,
Then spend marathon hours chewing the same; succeeded by an afternoon siesta;
with the sun shining in my eyes.

If I were a preposterously huge elephant wandering through the swampy marshes;
the first thing I would do; was submerge my trunk in water; evacuating colossal amounts of the solvent,
Then sprinkling the same with equanimity and brute power; on all animals in the surrounding.

If I were a disdainfully colored cockroach the first thing I would do; was to swish my tentacles rampantly in exuberance,
Then cling as tightly as possible to inner seams of the lavatory seat; waiting for dawn to descend in utter exasperation.

If I were a enchanting cuckoo the first thing I would do; was to adroitly flex

vocal chords deep down in my throat,
Inundating the ambience with melodious music; profoundly enjoying the
aftermath of the same.

If I were a heinous criminal the first thing I would do; was to sabotage prime
property,
Stripping the overwhelmingly rich of their affluence; philandering all throughout
the night under sleazy lights of the blaring discotheque.

If I were a normal human being the first thing I would do; was to find the
inevitable love of my life,
Incarcerate the same for the remaining time till I breathed air; dedicate my
entire time towards protection of her being.

And If I were the omniscient Creator the first thing I would do; was to annihilate
all poverty and suffering,
Make sure that all those living continued to live in perpetual contentment; for
decades immemorial.

Nikhil Parekh

The First Thing That Flooded My Mind

When they said fruits; the first thing that flooded my mind was the succulent clusters of scarlet apple suspended in harmony from the tree,

When they said salt; the first thing that flooded my mind was the colossal expanse of sea leaping magnificently and without restraint towards the sky,

When they said animal; the first thing that flooded my mind was the majestic and dense furred lion; sprinting towards me at electric pace with fire in its eyes,

When they said light; the first thing that flooded my mind was the belligerent fireball of Sun; blazing a stream of unprecedented beauty; through every deserted spot on this earth,

When they said sedation; the first thing that flooded my mind was the spell binding light of the moon; the conglomerate of its pearly rays enchanting my every night,

When they said melody; the first thing that flooded my mind was the voluptuous nightingale; tingling the most dreariest of my senses with reinvigorating sound,

When they said dust; the first thing that flooded my mind was the undulating terrain of the desert; the disdainful hillocks of sand terribly scorched and crying for water,

When they said dream; the first thing that flooded my mind were the ravishing clouds of heaven; infinite number of fairies dancing in the aisles of unfathomable desire and romance,

When they said ice; the first thing that flooded my mind was the frozen slopes of the Himalayas; the sheet of snowy white which delectably enveloped the ensemble of fir trees,

When they said laughter; the first thing that flooded my mind; was the rustic clown viciously stretching the contours of his face; until people in the audience had tears rolling down their eyes,

When they said color; the first thing that flooded my mind was the superbly resplendent rainbow; casting a mystical spell on this earth with its rhapsodic

glow
and shine,

When they said office; the first thing that flooded my mind; was a bunch of monotonous morons; with their noses obnoxiously buried beneath bulky sheaf of paper,

When they said poison; the first thing that flooded my mind; was the hideous looking serpent; snaring its fangs wickedly at the innocent child,

When they said speed; the first thing that flooded my mind; was the pouch bellied kangaroo; galloping at lightening pace; cutting across the whiplash of wind and entangled forest with two steps at a time,

When they said ugliness; the first thing that flooded my mind; was the gruesomely distorted face of the lanky eunuch; sending shivers down the spine of the infant newly born,

When they said beauty; the first thing that flooded my mind was the crown princess; with her eyelashes appearing as if soaked in rich nectar; and the fragrance emanating from her tantalizing form pacifying all my apprehensions,

When they said jewel; the first thing that flooded my mind was the virgin pearl; incarcerated securely in the heart of the oyster,

When they said muscle; the first thing that flooded my mind was the tanned wrestler; tenaciously rubbing oil on his legs and palms,

When they said power; the first thing that flooded my mind was the omnipotent creator; able to create and destroy at stupendous will,

When they said upbringing; the first thing that flooded my mind was my mother; who had nourished me to become what I was today; with the blood and milk in her body,

And when they said love; the first thing that flooded my mind was my beloved; her incredible entity taking complete control of my senses and my soul.

Nikhil Parekh

The First Thing; The Only Thing

When I opened my eyes; the first thing that they sighted in this entire Universe;
was your charismatically mesmerizing shadow,
While after I fell fast asleep; the enigma in your swirl was the only wave that
profusely entrenched me; wholesomely blending with your enthralling beauty for
times immemorial.

When I opened my hands; the first thing that they caressed in this entire
Universe; was your magnetically enchanting skin,
While after I clenched them into a passionate fist; the only memories that they
cherished were your impeccably vibrant impressions; which granted them the
unfathomable tenacity to philander for times beyond eternity.

When I opened my lips; the first thing they kissed in this entire Universe; were
your voluptuously rubicund cheeks,
While after I austerely pursed them; the only reason that they smiled for; were
your emphatically vivacious expressions; the everlasting melody which emanated
from deep within your throat.

When I opened my nostrils; the first thing that I inhaled in this entire Universe;
was your enticingly ravishing and stupendously drifting scent,
While after I perpetually closed them; the only optimism they harbored was your
Omnipotently augmenting aura; lost in its mystical charm for infinite more births
yet to unveil.

When I opened my hair; the first thing that I imbibed in this entire Universe; was
your impregnably unending conviction,
While after I clamped them into an incarcerated heap; the only excitement that
they could absorb was the tingling rhapsody of your breath; making them steer
into a land of silken beauty and ecstatic enthrallment.

When I opened my ears; the first thing that they heard in this entire Universe;
were your divinely footsteps; exuberantly thundering through the wilderness,
While after I pulverized them to stone deaf; they only maneuvered to your flurry
of exotic commands; turning wholesomely oblivious to the tunes of the uncouthly
manipulative society.

When I opened my mouth; the only thing I could savor in this entire Universe;
was your insatiably proliferating and alluring freshness,
While after I stringently clenched it; the only power that propelled me to exist

without a morsel of food; yet as the strongest organism alive; was your
astoundingly philanthropic benevolence.

When I opened my mind; the first thing that I fantasized was about your
Omnipresently Godly soul,
While after I ruthlessly shut it down; the only dream it unrelentingly perceived
was that of your sacrosanct visage; which cast a perennial spell; upon every
element in my blood for boundless times.

And when I opened my heart; the first thing that it relentlessly throbbed for on
this entire Universe; was the cadence of your intriguingly passionate persona,
While after I irrevocably closed its doors; the only thing it immortally lived for;
was your uninhibited love; forever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

The First Time

The first time when I swam in fathomless waters of the Atlantic; my legs felt dreary with feverish exhilaration; my heart palpitated 100 beats faster, There was an incredulous feeling of confronting the storm; floating abreast the opalescent fish; caressing the drifting corals as I plunged down.

The first time when I ate freezing icecream; infinite buds of taste stood up on my tongue in bewildered alacrity, I greedily gulped the blend of protuberant cherry and cream inadvertently smearing some of it on my nose; to satiate my thirst in the scorching winds of summer.

The first time when I witnessed an accident; the lifeless form of an innocuous pedestrian lying in a river of crimson blood, Uncanny shivers ran down my spine at swashbuckling speeds; a dark blur obliterated my eyes; and I swooned in a disheveled heap on the ground.

The first time when I saw a crackling fire; heaps of logs being incinerated by a tiny matchstick, I felt besieged by waves of curiosity; unwittingly poking my fingers in the sapphire blue flames; although I quickly withdrew them before my flesh got charred to soot.

The first time when I smoked a cigarette; I felt something vindictively burning in my throat, There were incessant bouts of coughing; succeeded by clouds of grey air wafting from my mouth.

The first time when I drove my car; I felt tumultuous power encompassing me; as I could increase the speed at a mere kiss to the accelerator, However when I did so; the automobile sky rocketed towards the sky; eventually crashing into the bakery full of rotten eggs and cakes.

The first time when I sat in the aircraft; I felt overwhelmed by the ostentatious interiors; the trays of plum juice being served in kingly fashion, I thought of opening the translucent glass window as I usually did as I got up from sleep; this time though I was rebuked by the airhostess from doing so; as it could mean a difference between life and death.

The first time when I drank peach flavored wine; there was a massive cyclone that engulfed my mind,
I seemed to have lost refined degrees of sophistication; barked a volley of malicious expletives looking my employer straight in his eyes.
The first time when I heard the tiger growl in the jungle; the sonorous screeching of the owl; I felt clusters of hair stand like needles on my skin,
Also I didn't need to find a plush lavatory; as I had performed the call of nature in my pants.

The first time I attended a bombastic party; with a conglomerate of sparkling lights falling in dispersed beams; I felt awkward reverberations entrench me from all sides,
And my situation exacerbated; when my parents introduced me to the ensemble of dignitaries; who sipped beer as casually as they had mineral water from their glass.

The first time I held a gun in my hands; they unrelentingly shivered with cold sweat dribbling down my forehead,
I knew I had to kill my adversary to save my own life; but in the end succumbed to the tyranny of fate; as I couldn't muster the tenacity to fire.

The first time when I heard my name; the voice of my mother stringently addressing me in her domineering,
I felt as impregnable as god in the sky; as I had now been bestowed supreme recognition to my otherwise neglected entity.

And the first time when I saw her; sighting her silken hair blowing with the wind; I instantly fell in the dungeon of love,
Wanting to be incarcerated with her celestial form; away from the nuances of the world for ever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

The Flag Of Love

When I tried hoisting the flag of greedy corruption; it initially soared towards the absolute zenith; basking in the glory of horrendously manipulative deeds,
However after a while it left me astoundingly dumbfounded; as it melted like a frigid matchstick; under the most feeblest light of the Golden Sun.

When I tried hoisting the flag of brutal violence; it initially shot up higher than the clouds; overwhelmingly hooting with heinous power; trapped in its knuckles,
However as the clock ticked; my eyes nearly popped out searching for it; as it blended like a speck of infinitesimal dust; in the ethereally fading horizons.

When I tried hoisting the flag of blatant lies; it initially galloped like a prince over every obstacle; riding high on a foundation of bizarrely obnoxious manipulation,
However as time unveiled; I nearly fell unconscious laughing; as a mere infant swapped it from its very roots; like a parasitic mosquito hovering in plain air.

When I tried hoisting the flag of irascible slavery; it initially glided like a majestic eagle; smoothly sailing over the weak; with satanic power and diabolical force,
However as the hours crept; I stood transfixed in sheer disbelief; as the same found itself infinite kilometers beneath its corpse; with the tiniest draught of rustling leaves.

When I tried hoisting the flag of sinister cowardice; it initially weathered the most treacherous of storm and rain; hiding and treacherously plotting from well within its insidious cocoon,
However as moonlight descended; I emitted a whistle of sheer triumph; as it pathetically strangled to death in its own coffin; even as the Sun played hide and seek behind the crimson clouds.

When I tried hoisting the flag of baseless discrimination; it initially catapulted to an ultimate crescendo; lecherously tormenting color and tribes which it didn't like,
However as the evening crept past; I heaved a sigh of blissful relief; as it charred to a dustbin of inconsequential coal; even before the most diminutive whirlwind of freedom whipped by.

When I tried hoisting the flag of sinful terrorism; it initially flamed like an untamed inferno in the cosmos; ruling the impeccable planet in a swirl of uncouth bloodbath,

However as the days unfurled; I bounced ebulliently in a land more stupendous than paradise; as it meowed like a tame cat; even before all united goodness; alighted a single step outside.

When I tried hoisting the flag of insane bloodshed; it initially hissed like a tireless snake; relishing its new found freedom of wholesomely assassinating millions; at free whim,

However as dates sped themselves on the calendars; I guffawed the loudest laugh of my life; as it lay nonchalantly like a miserable stone on the ground; being ruthlessly kicked by even the ants who trespassed its dastardly way.

But when I tried hoisting the flag of immortal truth and love; although initially the cloth showed no heroics of escalating to the pinnacle of glittering stardom, However at the end; as each night blossomed into the vibrantly optimistic day; it became a patriotic wave; bonding all hearts irrespective of caste; creed; color; race; in the mission to save mother earth; alike.

Nikhil Parekh

The Flame Of Truth

All disdainfully salacious lechery assassinated forever and ever and ever; not even a minuscule speck of it on the trajectory of this wonderfully gifted planet,

All acrimoniously bawdy prejudice decimated forever and ever and ever; not even a parsimonious speck of it on the complexion of this marvelously panoramic planet,

All derogatorily baseless lies pulverized forever and ever and ever; not even an ethereal speck of it on the periphery of this majestically unassailable planet,

All raunchily egregious indiscrimination swiped forever and ever and ever; not even an evanescent speck of it on the circumference of this regally exotic planet,

All truculently hedonistic insanity thrashed forever and ever and ever; not even an ephemeral speck of it on the fabric of this benevolently tranquil planet,

All stupidly fretful obsessions massacred forever and ever and ever; not even an obsolete speck of them on the cradle of this fantastically blessed planet,

All mercilessly lambasting crime extinguished forever and ever and ever; not even a transient speck of it on the garden of this beautifully enchanting planet,

All remorsefully nonchalant laziness eradicated forever and ever and ever; not even a fugitive speck of it on the citadel of this invincibly proliferating planet,

All diabolically marauding politics vanquished forever and ever and ever; not even an inconspicuous speck of it on the mirror of this resplendently arcane planet,

All horrendously maiming pain liberated forever and ever and ever; not even an insipid speck of it on the playground of this iridescently scented planet,

All venomously lethal rampaging extradited forever and ever and ever; not even an infidel speck of it on the leaf of this pristinely burgeoning planet,

All tyrannically barbarous imprisonment exonerated forever and ever and ever; not even a feckless speck of it on the entrenchment of this marvelously glorious planet,

All brutally maniacal idiosyncrasies exonerated forever and ever and ever; not even an oblivious speck of them on the lap of this sacredly gorgeous planet,

All invidiously ghastly poverty expurgated forever and ever and ever; not even a disappearing speck of it on the borders of this triumphantly ebullient planet,

All meaninglessly ominous perversions trampled forever and ever and ever; not even a dingy speck of them on the pathways of this spell bindingly spectacular planet,

All depravingly ignominious cowardice squelched forever and ever and ever; not even a vanishing speck of it on the turnstiles of this astoundingly unfathomable planet,

All coldbloodedly abhorrent disease torched forever and ever and ever; not even an invisible speck of it on the waves of this rhythmically benign planet,

All disastrously despicable slavery removed forever and ever and ever; not even an infinitesimal speck of it on the meadows of this convivially bonding planet,

All miserably asphyxiating drudgery trounced forever and ever and ever; not even a measly speck of it on the pedestal of this timelessly bestowing planet,

All threadbarely incarcerating monotony defeated forever and ever and ever; not even a remote speck of it on the grasslands of this indomitably towering planet,

All nonsensically vindictive pompousness exonerated forever and ever and ever; not even a fleeting speck of it on the winds of this aristocratically fabulous planet,

And if you had commenced to think that the above and infinite more was because the God's from the cosmos had exclusively descended from the cosmos to do the needful; then you're in for the most rudest shock of your life,

For it was none other than the flame of eternal truth in each of our soul's; that the Lord had so congenitally gifted us with; which if we started to wholeheartedly use; then the devil would hide its tail and disappear from the entrenchment of this vibrantly miraculous planet; forever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

The Flaming Sun

Red rays of sunlight peep through my window,
focusing a path of mystic beauty,
shimmering into a pool of darkness,
falling directly in my wide open eyes,
tracing a look of abstract fear,
absorbing flimsy shells of courage,
deserting me in a state of speechless exuberance.

the flaming sun i see,
resembles the door of a fresh heart,
throbbing with a mild intensity,
red and gracious in color,
filtering burdened pores of intricate mind,
for a renewal of liveliness,
and powerful glints of hope astride.

the blazing Sun behind me,
pats my back and says,
i want to come down, sit beside you my friend,
to enjoy this world from close quarters,
and lo! behold he is racing down,
his size has shrunken to a podded pea,
the world has turned upon him like a bee,
for if he comes down on earth,
who will give them courage and antiseptic light,
they would be left solitary on ground,
with dampness of humanity to surround.

Nikhil Parekh

The Fruit Of Ever-Pervadingly Fructifying Love.

A one to one with her majestically emphatic eyes; and I felt as if dancing in the aisles of pristinely burgeoning paradise; for an infinite more births of mine,

A one to one with her lusciously redolent lips; and I felt as if uninhibited exhilaration couldn't have been ever better; with my desire to survive now more insuperably profound; than the entire wave of existence on this fathomless planet,

A one to one with her impeccably royal conscience; and I felt as if there was the Sun of Omnipotent truth; on even the most infinitesimally fugitive cranny of this colossal Universe,

A one to one with her magically resplendent palms; and I felt as if I was united in the cosmos of everlasting humanity for times immemorial; as if I was destined to forever bond with every conceivable fraternity of mankind,

A one to one with her robustly effulgent cheeks; and I felt as if timelessly singing in the caverns of immaculately unadulterated childhood; wonderfully assimilating every ounce of heavenly mischief from the spell-binding atmosphere,

A one to one with her iridescently twinkling feet; and I felt as if unlimitedly fantasizing in the raindrops of untamed sensuality; with life seeming to be the ultimate dance of enriching optimism,

A one to one with her flirtatiously winking eyelashes; and I felt as if revived from countless feet beneath my cadaverously morbid grave; with every quintessential life as fresh as vividly poignant ocean salt,

A one to one with her euphorically passionate veins; and I felt as if the most emolliently empathizing organism on this boundless earth; invincibly coalescing with every celestial stream of living kind,

A one to one with her ravishingly cascading hair; and I felt every ounce of excitement on earth and endless kilometers beyond; had thunderously descended down in glorious unison; upon the treacherously emaciated pores of my dying skin,

A one to one with her tantalizingly exotic belly; and I felt as if the unsurpassably enchanting fabric of seductive night had blessedly arrived; even as acrimoniously

blistering rays of the Sun stabbed me in the whites and blacks of my eyes,

A one to one with her mellifluously endowing voice; and I felt as if the most unprecedentedly ebullient epitomes of mesmerizing paradise; blissfully enshrouded me from every construable side,

A one to one with her miraculously benevolent shadow; and I felt as if I had been wholesomely absolved of even the tiniest of my sins in past and present life; unassailably wrapped in the belly of unflinching compassion for centuries unfathomable,

A one to one with her artistically eclectic fingers; and I felt as if the mantra of "United We Stand"; was the only sermon to panoramically survive for a countless births beyond my truncated time,

A one to one with her endlessly subliming camaraderie; and I felt as if the power of gregariously bonding oneness; was an ardor greater than the greatest of wealth on this inexhaustibly charming globe,

A one to one with her fantastically evolving brain; and I felt as if perennially priceless life spawned out of bizarrely tawdry nothingness; jubilantly embellishing every cranny of the lackadaisically corrupt world; with the fragrance of triumphant fantasy,

A one to one with her gloriously golden sweat; and I felt as if the essence of unconquerable honesty; timelessly transcended over even the most infidel whisker of the devil; frivolously transgressing venerated mother soil,

A one to one with her Omnipresently godly soul; and I felt as if holistically consecrated by the winds of divine disarmament; with every trace of haplessly deteriorating terrorism; forever and ever and ever evaporating into the coffins of hell,

A one to one with her melodiously sweet nape; and I felt as if rainshowers of torrential virility erupted from even the most deadened pores of my skin; as I unstoppably surged forward to continue the Lord's sacrosanct chapters of procreation,

A one to one with her unbelievably exultating bosom; and I felt as if my body was nothing but a gorge of endlessly augmenting desire; harmoniously placated by virgin milk in the kingly atmosphere,

A one to one with her victoriously fiery breath; and I felt as if the unshakably

intrepid elixir of life could never ever end; with even the most disastrously penalizing trauma on this planet; wonderfully metamorphosing into a cloud of revitalizing happiness,

And a one to one with her immortally throbbing heartbeats; and I felt as I was born to do nothing; to say nothing; to dream nothing; to spawn nothing; but just the fruit of ever-pervadingly fructifying love; love and only beautiful love.

Nikhil Parekh

The Garland Of Immortal Love

Not the slightest of apprehensions at all; basking in a land of gloriously flamboyant sunlight and wonderfully tantalizing imagery,

Not the slightest of cynicism at all; unequivocally marching forward in the melodiously blissful triumph of unfettered success,

Not the slightest of tears at all; smiling wholeheartedly as each instant of life unveiled;

whether in acrimoniously menacing storm; or whether in blissful valleys with grandiloquent moonshine bountifully pelting down,

Not the slightest of lechery at all; with every cloud of horrifically augmenting despair; automatically metamorphosing into a fountain of perennially blooming happiness,

Not the slightest of defeat at all; with unparalleled victory kissing you at every step you alighted; invincibly paving its way toward an unconquerable tomorrow; centuries immemorial,

Not the slightest of manipulation at all; uninhibitedly bouncing in a world of eternally cascading richness; and tranquilly resplendent calm,

Not the slightest of desperation at all; perpetually relishing the unfathomably gorgeous reservoir; of natures magnificent sparkle; compassionately dancing with the impeccably descending fairies,

Not the slightest of shame at all; congenially embracing and bonding with all religions; caste; creed on this planet; alike,

Not the slightest of hesitation at all; plunging like a majestically silken fairy; into an unsurpassably mystical valley; of endlessly exhilarating adventure,

Not the slightest of fanaticism at all; ubiquitously disseminating the immortal essence of peace and harmonious love; to the most remotest corner of this enthrallingly fathomless Universe,

Not the slightest of debilitation at all; with all Herculean power on this boundlessly Omnipotent planet; becoming your integral strength to face even the

most

mightiest of inexplicable disaster,

Not the slightest of disease at all; indefatigably sprouting into a paradise of mesmerizing fantasy; and voluptuously seductive charm,

Not the slightest of nervousness at all; audaciously catapulting to the absolute zenith of prosperity; walking shoulder to shoulder with the winds of courage; fortitude and scintillating bravado,

Not the slightest of fracas at all; celestially flowering into the most stupendously divine world of overwhelming calm,

Not the slightest of dullness at all; unrelentingly spawning into a curtainspread of vibrantly vivacious perception; an insurmountably magical festoon of royal boisterousness,

Not the slightest of morbidity at all; perennially proliferating into a sky of everlasting youth as time thunderously unleashed; irrevocably ensuring that the sacrosanct essence of life; never had a chance to end,

Not the slightest of dumbness at all; relentlessly humming the most marvelously enlightening tunes on this colossal globe; evolving into heavenly rays of freedom and unprecedented optimism,

Not the slightest of hopelessness at all; forever gushing with the incomprehensibly untamed ebullience of existence; bestowing the winds of peace and priceless humanity; upon one and all,

And Not the slightest of discrimination at all; incarcerating every organism with a passionately throbbing heart; in the fabulously impregnable ocean of enigma and romantic passion,

Such was the garland of immortal love; which was the very reason that you were breathing alive today; and would continue to exist as the most blessed for countless more births to come; everytime the Creator waved his little finger for you to be born once again.

Nikhil Parekh

The Gentle Giant

They poured buckets of icy water over him,
drenched his body with steaming hot soup curry,
added pinches of sea salt on his lips,
tickled his eardrum with feckless strokes of bird feather,
left an army of red ant on his body to wander,
tonsured his scalp of thick curls of hair,
pushed and probed his flesh with red hot pokers of wood,
ignited a plethora of wax candle on his chest,
fed hollow regions of his eardrum with a cluster of stinging jungle mosquito,
lambasted him brutal strokes of the snake leather whip,
shouted at deafening voices, beating hands in despair on his flabby chest,
as the unscrupulous giant slept in tranquil peace,
unperturbed by the thunderous commotion stabbing umpteenth parts of his
body.

He had been cast a spell by the goddess of sleep,
To lie dormant for centuries till he existed,
Unfazed by all power on earth,
There was not a soul who could wake him up from sleep.

That's when they executed the following on sudden impulse,
they laid a drum of cooked sweets beside him,
Appetizing fruit juice filled in transparent jars,
Cooked morsels of fish and rice at his feet,
Round pancakes with frosty butter sandwiched in his hands,
they poured a river of pure honey on his belly,
Placed an ornate plate of sizzling turkey caressing his demon lips.

The metamorphosis that occurred placed us in enigma,
Torrential snores of the giant were now being disrupted,
The heavenly aroma of food had thoroughly tickled Cupid zones of his heart,
The smell of boiled toffee exploited his penchant for sweets,
He flinched a couple of times before regaining wholesome consciousness,
And when he stood upright, it was an astounding sight for one to witness,
He stood 100 feet tall, with a long hair cascading down his nape,
The gentle giant now ate the food with gusto,
Devouring occasionally mouthfuls of juice,
Quenching his thirst for the agonizing period of sleep.

The Girl Whom I Called My Beloved

The blood which flowed incessantly through my body; was that of my revered mother,
While the entity who propelled it to circulate more passionately than flamboyant sunshine; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The color that profusely engulfed my rubicund lips; was that of my loving mother,
While the entity who triggered it to blossom into a festoon of gregarious smiles; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The bones impregnated bountifully in my supple body; were that of my sacrosanct mother,
While the entity who engendered them to audaciously confront the most acrimonious expeditions of life; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The brain encapsulated blissfully beneath my skull; was that of my divinely mother,
While the entity who punctuated it to perceive beyond the most unfathomable limits; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The contours of my intricately molded persona; were that of my heavenly mother,
While the entity who embedded in them poignant traces of vivacious boisterousness; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The shades of my fabulously glistening eyes; were that of my irrefutably celestial mother,
While the entity who perpetuated them to discriminate between the prudently good and diabolically bad; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The conglomerate of articulate fingers on my hands; were that of my adorable mother,
While the entity who instigated them to evolve the most ingratiating verse in this world; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The voluptuously soft palms protruding from my skeleton; were that of my stupendously amicable mother,
While the entity who harnessed each stage of my destiny to unfurl; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

The breath that lingered with unsurpassable equanimity in my nostrils; was that of my Omnipotent mother,
While the entity who caused it to cascade with exuberantly ecstatic compassion; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

And the heart that lay invincibly incarcerated beneath my chest; was that of my immortally cherishable mother,
While the entity who facilitated it to ardently palpitate all night and day; commence on a whole new chapter of love with each of its beat; was the girl whom I called my beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

The Goddess Of Love

You'll find her in the frothy waves of the ocean; which fall and rise ebulliently with the most minuscule draught of wind,

You'll find her in the silken conglomerate of pearly clouds; floating smoothly in the sky,

You'll find her in the mesmerizing rose petals; having an evanescent coat of scintillating dew drops,

You'll find her in the vivaciously swirling trees; shedding their leaves sporadically with changing seasons,

You'll find her in the fleet footed nimble rabbit; prowling innocuously around the farm with its abnormally round eyes,

You'll find her in the dazzling sunrays; which fall incessantly on the earth until murky dusk,

You'll find her in the queenly peacock; spreading its feathers to a full blossom at the onset of torrential monsoons,

You'll find her in the golden fish whistling adroitly through deep ocean waters; incorporating an army of incongruous bubbles in its path,

You'll find her in the winged birds soaring high in the sky; chirping in animation at the unveiling of twilight,

You'll find her in the shimmering spires of the historical monument; which glisten profoundly under natural light,

You'll find her in the mystical reptile; slithering its way non-invasively through the marshy swamps,

You'll find her in the flocculent buds of freshly born cotton; sprawled in incoherent heaps on the soil,

You'll find her in the milky peninsula of moon; nestling in equanimity with deleterious wisps of air,

You'll find her in the rubicund complexioned radish; with nodules of ingratiating brown projecting in abundance,

You'll find her in the viciously fluttering web of spider; having an intricate network
of finely intermingled threads,

You'll find her in the boisterously bouncing frog; croaking innocently in puddles of tainted water,

You'll find her in the newly born infant; wailing out uninhibitedly towards its mother,

You'll find her in the rustically humming bumblebees; which were unrelentingly busy round the clock in producing tones of sweet honey,

You'll find her incarcerated in the hard shell of coconut; wherein lies the succulent layer of ravishing pulp,

You'll find her in grizzly bears inhabiting the mountains; traversing harmlessly with several flakes of snow on their backs,

You'll find her in the yellow lilies; having vivid shoots of red sprouting from its oval shaped core,

You'll find her in the silver crested dolphin diving in and out of the undulating sea; spraying gallon of tingling droplets as an aftermath,

You'll find her in tubules of delectable mushroom; protruding in perfect harmony from the moist land,

You'll find her in crystalline water evacuated from the belly of earth; ubiquitously quenching insatiable urges of thirst,

You'll find her in the solitary oasis lying forlorn in the desert; yet scintillating magnificently in daylight,

You'll find her in globules of lukewarm milk; oozing profusely from the swollen teats of mother cow,

You'll find her in thunderous snores permeating the stillness of night; wafting from the mouth of an individual in deep slumber,

You'll find her in the persevering camel; impeccably traversing through scorching deserts; inadvertently moving its hunched back,

You'll find her in blood red cherries; ingratiatingly dangling from branches of the tall tree,

You'll find her in the droplets of salty sweat trickling down ones persona; after a good days-tenacious work,

You'll find her in the profoundly blushing cheek; which got aggrandized by a frivolous poke to the ribs,

You'll find her in the tender palm of a fairy; with infinite lines terminating into incommensurate forks,

You'll find her in the belligerent eyes of a soldier; unafraid to sacrifice his life for the nation,

You'll find her in the pouch bellied kangaroo; racing at swashbuckling speeds through the dense forests,

You'll find her in the conglomerate of green leaves; cascading from the roof of the hollow mountain cavern,

You'll find her in the bubbling broth being made in freezing winter; providing some respite from the irrevocable cold,

You'll find her in the nocturnal shadows; diligently staying riveted to the silhouettes of their masters,

You'll find her in the enamoring mass of black hair; settling down with stupendous grace on the angular shoulder,

You'll find her in the virgin oyster embedded at fathomless depths of the ocean; untouched the slightest by the adulterated ambience of land,

You'll find her in the grandiloquent inscriptions of the palace; the resplendent fountains rising high in the air,

You'll find her in the cow dung cakes adhering to indigenous village walls; shielding the dwelling from acrimonious rays of the sun,

You'll find her in the philanthropic nurse at the hospital; who altruistically serves all those in pain and bizarre affliction,

You'll find her in the spongy blades of grass; thoroughly cushioning the skull from a direct and unscrupulous contact with the stony ground,

You'll find her in the vibrant shades of root color; which the artist uses to inundate his barren sheet of canvas,

You'll find her in rotund bar of brown chocolate; which impregnates the tongue with an irrefutably sweet taste,

You'll find her in melting white water streams; gushing incessantly from the summit of the snow clad mountains at the onset of steaming summer,

You'll find her in finely sliced stem of coriander; which imparts substantial taste to the most lackluster of food,

You'll find her embossed in the sacrosanct scriptures of religious books; all that literature written which circumvents immortal peace,

You'll find her invincibly imprisoned in lips, which smile; generating the essence of life in the nondescript atmosphere,

You'll find her embedded in incongruous recesses of the soil; harboring a fleet of terrestrial organisms in their cozy warmth,

You'll find her squirting as untainted latex; gradually extruding from the stalk of pliable rubber tree,

You'll find her residing in the glittering harp; whose chords produced a mystically melodious tune when dexterously struck,

You'll find her incorporated in the furry mattress; with a jugglery of woolen threads extruding out,

You'll find her embodied in the knotted handkerchief; tossed exuberantly in the air; tickling the cluster of eyelashes as it fell,

You'll find her in the congenial glowworm philandering through the bushes; emitting an iridescent radiance to illuminate the night,

You'll find her in the hapless slippers of the old grandmother; chivalrously distributing sweets amongst young children; recounting to them innumerable tales of the obsolete past,

You'll find her in long trousers of flannel cloth; stitched with fibers of simplicity and care,

You'll find her in pots chiseled of rustic clay; molded articulately with bohemian tribal palms,

You'll find her in twinkling stars scattered to unfathomable distances in the cosmos; glistening amicably in the murderous blackness,

You'll find her in the sapphire veils sequestering the woman's eyes; obliterating her from heinous evil prevalent in the world,

You'll find her in the century old fossil impregnated with a pellucid demeanor; silently yet effusively portraying the tale of existence before a thousand years,

You'll find her in the parachute bobbing indolently under the breeze; gently hovering down on the earth,

You'll find her in crusty flakes of snow; affably clinging to the glass pane window of the dwelling,

You'll find her in the cheeks of a newly born offspring; the scarlet tinge they acquire when he profusely cries,

You'll find her in the bedraggled beard of an old man; nictitating enchantingly with the clean wind,

You'll find her in the sacerdotal bells dangling low in the temple; giving out mesmerizing sounds when conscientiously strung,

You'll find her in vibrant colors of the gorgeous rainbow; announcing its presence when water tumbled from the sky in dazzling brightness,

You'll find her in the saliently thick veins of emerald green betel leaf; diffusing a ravishing aroma when meticulously chewed,

You'll find her in the heavily dunloped toddler pram; which sways rhythmically;

thereby putting the infant into a celestial calm,

You'll find her in trunk of the mammoth elephant; inhaling bucket fulls of water from the river; sprinkling the same with rambunctious noises over the unsuspecting parrots,

You'll find her protuberant neck of a pigeon; swelling it all the more blatantly with the arrival of winter,

You'll find her in drifting weeds of algae; engendering a flurry of incoherent ripples on the surface of the forlorn stream,

You'll find her in pot bellied ducks; discordantly croaking with their flaccid and yellow beaks hoisting small fish from the lake,

You'll find her in the sneeze that turbulently hisses past slimy nostrils; transforming the supremely sophisticated into natural humans,

You'll find her in all items of edible food; satiating the hunger of millions of bowels perishing due to opprobrious poverty,

You'll find her in the juicy watermelon; yielding tantalizingly red water when astutely squeezed,

You'll find her in the bushy squirrel scampering up and down the tree; onerously gnawing at chunks of stolen jackfruit,

You'll find her in the mischievous faced chimpanzee; perfectly emulating the actions of his civilized counterparts on the bustling street,

You'll find her in the cup of steaming filter coffee; which grants loads of reprieve from the insurmountable cold,

You'll find her in the compassionate mascara circumventing the eyes; granting them with that thoroughly effeminate look which they vehemently desired,

You'll find her in all those benevolent leaders; who chalk egalitarian policies for both the affluent and indigent alike,

You'll find her in the tears which sporadically flow down the cheek; which culminate at instants of astronomical felicity,

You'll find her in sparkling waterfalls plummeting down the slope; creating an ingratiating gurgling sound after kissing the earth,

You'll find her in appetizing candy cones overflowing with sweet raspberry; instantly pacifying even the most pernicious of personalities,

You'll find her in the jagged oars of a boat; securely maneuvering the bleary eyed passengers to the shore,

You'll find her in raw chunks of mud; which discharge an exquisite redolence soon after the first spell of rain,

You'll find her in plain strings which the sister ties to her brother on his wrist; symbolizing a perpetual bond of unbiased love,
You'll find her in the soft toys that a child incessantly plays with; fomenting unprecedented smiles on his lips,

You'll find her in underground cloistered tunnels; which provide unsurpassable reprieve to millions during times of pugnacious war,

You'll find her in the nascent seed; which later gives birth to the gigantic sized tree,

You'll find her in nostalgic memories of the past; making an adult reminiscent about his boisterous childhood,

You'll find her in the pulp of ripened banana; producing a fabulous flavor when masticated,

You'll find her in every incommensurate footprint on this earth; depicting the presence of a tangibly breathing entity,

You'll find her in the blood circulating through your veins; instilling the energy to exist with the unfurling of each second,

You'll find her in the eyes of your beloved; prompting you to audaciously leap into the sea of adventure,

You'll find her in every heart throbbing beside you; intensely reinvigorating the spirit to uninhibitedly live,

And you didn't need to spend a single penny to purchase her; a moment to

applaud her; for all you needed to do was to profusely blend with nature and humanity; and you'll find her automatically,

For she was none other than the supremely omnipresent 'GODDESS OF LOVE'.

Nikhil Parekh

The Greatest Concession

At times no concessions; even when you stop the desperately strangulated teenager; from committing heinously unforgivable suicide,

At times no concessions; even when you unflinchingly break the backbone of disparagingly coldblooded crime; metamorphosing every bit of terrorizing loneliness into the aisles of triumphantly resplendent freedom,

At times no concessions; even when you stand like invincible fortress to sequester the miserably bereaved widow; from lasciviously scurrilous gestures of the conventionally ostracizing society,

At times no concessions; even when you wholeheartedly embrace the disastrously orphaned urchin; compassionately nourishing him with every ingredient of your scarlet blood; while the world outside brutally lambasted at gay abandon,

At times no concessions; even when you exhausted even the most infinitesimal iota of your jubilant happiness; to regally replenish the lives of all those savagely breathing under the sordidly treacherous gutter pipes,

At times no concessions; even when you irrefutably supported the cause of eternally sparkling truth; with every step that you tread; ruthlessly excoriating your flesh like a billion macabre thorns,

At times no concessions; even when you altruistically sacrifice your very own profoundly loved ones; for the sake of liberating your timelessly fragrant and revered motherland,

At times no concessions; even when you desecrate evil from its very non-existent roots; celestially disseminate the essence of eternally symbiotic humanity,

At times no concessions; even when you enlighten unconquerable lamps of ebullient hope; in all those dwellings incarcerated within chains of mordantly disparaging despair,

At times no concessions; even when you selflessly shatter every conceivable bone of your intrepid body; to save the innocuous infant from perniciously

insidious drowning,

At times no concessions; even when you benevolently donate every penny of your hard earned wealth; just to see the most pricelessly unassailable smile; on the miserably chapped lips of the disheveled beggar boy,

At times no concessions; even when you treacherously bleed to extinction; in the process of becoming the voice of the tyrannically divested; indefatigably fighting for their cause till your last breath,

At times no concessions; even when you fearlessly confronted the traitors army singlehandedly; incessantly chanting the name of your mothersoil; as they truculently pulverized every ingredient of your handsome countenance,

At times no concessions; even when you uncontrollably shiver in morbidly freezing blackness; just to ensure that every single space of your philanthropic dwelling was inhabited by; witheringly decrepit mankind,

At times no concessions; even when you entirely abandoned each of your fantastically tantalizing dreams; magnanimously dedicating every pore of your body; to the Samaritan service of your respected nation,

At times no concessions; even when you charred your visage to insipidly threadbare ash; frantically attempting to save the mystical forests from torching under the salacious tumult of adulterated fire,

At times no concessions; even when you chivalrously stripped every cranny of your poignant flesh; to passionately embrace the dreary traveler; who was just a pair of grotesquely emaciated bones,

At times no concessions; even when you tirelessly march on your mission to make every person on this earth; prosperous; employed and literate; although fangs of devastatingly forlorn cancer viciously stabbed your intricate veins and blood,

At times no concessions; even as you unfurled into the immortally vibrant colors of goodness and unassailable love; austerely crippling your every inevitable desire; so that the planet continued to exist as a gorgeously charismatic paradise,

O! Yes at times no concessions given to you for doing even the absolute best you could for every construable fraternity of mankind; for invincibly protecting countless lives even as you expunged your very last breath; for being an implacably truthful harbinger of humanity at every path you took timeless stride,

As the greatest concession given to you perpetually by Lord Almighty; was the carpet of vivaciously gifted and fantastically supreme life.

Nikhil Parekh

The Greatest Curse

The greatest curse even after the most spell bindingly fructifying rain had fallen on blissful ground; was when the soil still didn't burgeon the slightest; into the most brilliantly optimistic fruits of a resplendent tomorrow,

The greatest curse even after the most frostily undulating of waves had kissed the shores; was when the atmosphere still didn't culminate the slightest; into the most rejuvenating sprays of unparalleled tanginess,

The greatest curse even after the most rhapsodically rambunctious bees had inhabited the hives; was when the crevices still didn't scintillate the slightest; with the most poignantly enamoring cisterns of bewitching nectar,

The greatest curse even after the most blazingly dynamic of Sun had smooched the earth; was when the air still didn't evolve the slightest; into the most unflinchingly unfettered beams of a victoriously fresh beginning,

The greatest curse even after the most beautifully enchanting of meadows had bathed under profoundly invincible moonlight; was when the grassblades still didn't ooze the slightest; into the most tantalizingly euphoric of golden dewdrops,

The greatest curse even after the most candidly poignant mirror was placed beneath the pellucid afternoon Sun; was when the glass still didn't reflect the slightest; into the most irrefutably truthful images of the soul,

The greatest curse even after the most iridescently silken moon twinkled in treacherously ghastly midnight; was when the darkness still didn't dance the slightest; into the most perennially effulgent beams of enlightenment,

The greatest curse even after the most ebullient waterfalls of newborn water cascaded merrily at the rock bottom; was when the pathways still didn't flower the slightest; into the most undaunted skies of ubiquitous excitement,

The greatest curse even after the most mellifluously congenial lips heavenly opened; was when the ambience still didn't reverberate the slightest; into the most magically ameliorating tunes of compassionate togetherness,

The greatest curse even after the most altruistically benign saints endlessly sermonized the principles of peace and truth; was when the living organisms still

didn't bloom the slightest; into the most uninhibitedly priceless bonds of
impregnable
friendship,

The greatest curse even after the most insuperable foundations of selflessness
stretched to an infinite kilometers beneath soil; was when the structure still
didn't waft the slightest; into the most Omnipotent apogees of unconquerable
truth,

The greatest curse even after the most fearlessly peerless of patriots had shed
their lives in the numbers of an infinite; was when the commoners still didn't
blaze the slightest; into the most celestial ideals of concord; symbiotism and
everlasting freedom,

The greatest curse even after the most incomparably venerated cows grazed for
hours immemorial; was when the teats still didn't ripen the slightest; into the
most infallibly impeccable globules of undefeated milk,

The greatest curse even after the most innocuously freshborn infant footsteps
traversed indefinitely on ground; the pathways still didn't spawn the slightest;
into the most unlimited heavens of immeasurable holiness,

The greatest curse even after the most gloriously scarlet of roses swished in the
vibrantly ecstatic breeze; the wind still didn't enlighten the slightest; into the
most unbridled gorges of unbelievably victorious scent,

The greatest curse even after the most honestly compassionate of parents
dedicated every instant of their life to their offsprings; was when the children
didn't emanate the slightest; into the most limitlessly enthralling rainbows of
unshakable gratitude,

The greatest curse even after the most eternally undying of nostrils tirelessly
exhaled perpetual breath; was when the soul didn't culminate the slightest; into
the most Omnipresently mesmerizing traces of vivid life,

The greatest curse even after the most immortally passionate of heart exuded a
boundless beats; was when the palpitations didn't mushroom the slightest; into
the most Omnipotent paradises of unadulterated love,

And the greatest curse even after the most astoundingly virile of man and
woman coalesced in the threads of sacred matrimony; was when the dwelling
still didn't glisten the slightest; into the most miraculously mischievous children

of a quintessentially blessed God's creation

Nikhil Parekh

The Greatest Gift

The greatest gift that the tree could shower upon this earth; was its stupendous myriad of bountiful fruits and exotic berries,

The greatest gift that the sky could shower upon this earth; was torrential downpours of ravishing rain,

The greatest gift that the ocean could shower upon this earth; was ingratiatingly tangy hillocks of mesmerizing salt,

The greatest gift that the cow could shower upon this earth; was impeccably glistening globules of sacrosanct milk,

The greatest gift that the roses could shower upon this earth; was their astounding entrenchment of spell binding scent,

The greatest gift that the Sun could shower upon this earth; was its Omnipotent festoon of enchantingly golden rays,

The greatest gift that the forests could shower upon this earth; was their enigmatic wilderness; metamorphosing mundane reality into an enigmatic paradise,

The greatest gift that the artist could shower upon this earth; was his unfathomable reservoir of profusely poignant artistry,

The greatest gift that the cuckoo could shower upon this earth; was its explicitly candid voice; which infiltrated like a majestic prince; at the crack of every ethereal dawn,

The greatest gift that the lake could shower upon this earth; was its magnanimous tranquility; the rejuvenating serenity in its nimble lap,

The greatest gift that the mother could shower upon this earth; was her innocently frolicking and divinely offsprings,

The greatest gift that the soldier could shower upon this earth; was irrefutable triumph; for his treacherously tyrannized motherland,

The greatest gift that the teacher could shower upon this earth; was its robust

young citizens; surging towards a brilliantly optimistic tomorrow,

The greatest gift that the fire could shower upon this earth; was its
compassionate inferno of comforting flames; illuminating the ghastly blackness of
the night with; the winds of untamed excitement,

The greatest gift that the pearl could shower upon this earth; was its royally
charismatic aura; which embraced all with an everlasting shine,

The greatest gift that the breath could shower upon this earth; was instilling new
life; inevitably proliferate the chapter of existence for an infinite times,

The greatest gift that the heart could shower upon this earth; was insatiable
energy to achieve the most impossible of fabulous dreams,

The greatest gift that Man could shower upon this earth; was the spirit of
philanthropic humanity; benevolently walking shoulder to shoulder with another
of his fellow kind,

And the greatest gift that God could shower upon this earth; was immortal love;
is immortal love; and will remain immortal love forever.

Nikhil Parekh

The Greatest Honor For Me

It was the greatest honor for me on this fathomless planet; to forever close my lids after sighting the whites of your majestically impeccable eyes,
As in them I regally found the vividly panoramic beauty of this fathomless Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this spell-binding planet; to forever close my lips after tasting the sweetness of your sensuously effulgent cheeks,
As in them I immaculately found the rhapsodically unending triumph of this gigantic Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this limitless planet; to forever close my ears after hearing the inimitably unconquerable ebullience in your mellifluously sacrosanct voice,
As in it I unceasingly found the irrefutably impregnable righteousness of this indomitable Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this boundless planet; to forever close my palms after caressing your divinely sweet fingers,
As in them I euphorically found the eternally everlasting companionship of this gargantuan Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this unbelievable planet; to forever close my mind after profoundly absorbing myself into your timelessly emollient fantasy,
As in it I incomprehensibly found the tantalizingly astounding iridescence of this endless Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this inexhaustible planet; to forever close my veins after worshipping just an infinitesimal ingredient of your insuperably humanitarian blood,
As in it I immutably found the jubilantly symbiotic fragrance of this redolently burgeoning Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this victorious planet; to forever close my feet after kissing the paths that you unflinchingly traversed on,
As in them I unshakably found the scent of fearlessly altruistic truth of this blessing Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this ebullient planet; to forever close my nostrils after feeling your perpetually cascading and altruistically volatile breath,

As in it I invincibly found the royal throne of undefeated life of this venerated Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

And it was the greatest honor for me on this magnetic planet; to forever close my heart after perennially bonding with your magnanimously benign beats, As in them I irretrievably found the enthralling sky of endlessly miraculous love; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

Nikhil Parekh

The Greatest Love

The greatest copyright on this Universe; protecting your philanthropically holistic work; from even the most diminutive insinuation of the salacious devil,

The greatest fantasy on this Universe; transcending over the realms of the stupendously extraordinary; metamorphosing all your dreams into a veritable reality,

The greatest light on this Universe; inundating every cranny of deplorably dwindling soil; with irrefutably Omnipotent light,

The greatest fragrance on this Universe; disseminating the spirit of immortal mankind; ensuring that earth forever remained a blissful paradise,

The greatest mirror on this Universe; explicitly depicting the sins and intricacies; of your past; present and mystically future life,

The greatest mountain on this Universe; vanquishing the most deadliest of diabolical attack; with a silent stroke of his little finger,

The greatest brain on this Universe; incredulously evolving and spawning countless of living kind; bountifully blessing them with the prowess to bask in the aisles of everlasting success,

The greatest savior on this Universe; frequenting those who needed him the most; alleviating them of their misery and inexplicable pain,

The greatest ocean on this Universe; quenching the scorching thirst of fathomless; with his Omnipresent ointment of love; his melody that was unfathomably divine,

The greatest truth on this Universe; scrapping blatant lies from its very non-existent; sowing the seeds of impregnable honesty; in every conceivable tribe,

The greatest star on this Universe; enriching the ghastly silence of the solitary night; with his Omniscient rays of enchanting moonlight,

The greatest destiny on this Universe; majestically maneuvering the lives of those horrifically impoverished; towards Oligarchic royalty and intransigent bliss,

The greatest map on this Universe; astoundingly bifurcating every single iota of land and water; into voluptuously mesmerizing tangible kind,

The greatest knowledge on this Universe; deluging shattered lives wandering maniacally towards suicide; towards the spirit of perennially benevolent times,
The greatest blessing on this Universe; replenishing the life of even the most infinitesimally weak; with unprecedented richness and unparalleled joy,

The greatest dwelling on this Universe; harboring the insurmountably rich; and the disgustingly deprived in his compassionately heavenly swirl; alike,

The greatest power on this Universe; pulverizing the ominously satanic to ludicrous ash; within the single wink of his unconquerable eyes,

The greatest sky on this Universe; showering infinite breathing molecules to lead a harmoniously symbiotic life; bonding their souls with unsurpassable charisma; in every birth he granted them life,

And the greatest love on this Universe; uniting each heart alive with the spirit of uninhibited sharing; the irrevocable spirit to keep serving humanity and be alive,

Was just a minuscule description of my Almighty Lord; who kept bestowing me air to live till the time I committed good deeds upon this earth; squelching me like a pertinent mosquito; the instant I tried to greedily manipulate his benign humanity; and yet dream of being immortally alive.

Nikhil Parekh

The Greatest Offering

Even if you placed the entire wealth of this boundless planet before him; it would still hopelessly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the wealth of invincibly benign selflessness; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire power of this fathomless planet before him; it would still haplessly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the power of infallibly redolent truth; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire charisma of this limitless planet before him; it would still lugubriously prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the charisma of inimitably majestic artistry; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire beauty of this endless planet before him; it would still morbidly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the beauty of compassionately philanthropic simplicity; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire sensuousness of this unceasing planet before him; it would still forlornly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the sensuousness of tantalizingly fructifying time; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire fruits of this unsurpassable planet before him; they would still disdainfully prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the fruits of insuperably eclectic creativity; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire triumph of this gargantuan planet before him; it would still obnoxiously prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the triumph of sacrosanct goodness; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire tranquility of this inexhaustible planet before him; it would still abashingly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the tranquility of symbiotic selflessness; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire fragrance of this inscrutable planet before him; it would still vituperatively prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the fragrance of impregnable righteousness; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire benevolence of this timeless planet before him; it would still baselessly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the benevolence

of divine simplicity; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire honesty of this tireless planet before him; it would still ludicrously prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the honesty of unbelievably infallible straightforwardness; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire virility of this immeasurable planet before him; it would still pathetically prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the virility of astoundingly mitigating evolution; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire inebriation of this royal planet before him; it would still indolently prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the inebriation of mystically unfettered enchantment; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire flamboyance of this ecstatic planet before him; it would still lividly prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the flamboyance of the Optimistically unassailable Sun; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire blood of this effulgent planet before him; it would still disastrously prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the blood of synergistically unshakable living kind; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire knowledge of this motley planet before him; it would still grotesquely prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the knowledge of Omnipotent life and death; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire breath of this unbreakable planet before him; it would still treacherously prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the breath of everlastingly Omnipresent newness; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Even if you placed the entire heartbeats of this marvelous planet before him; it would still delinquently prove to be an infinite infinity lesser than the heartbeat of Immortally inimitable love; that he perpetually and pricelessly possessed,

Contrarily to the above meaningless methods of appeasing him; wherein you tried to weigh him in the spuriously sanctimonious begging bowls of your lascivious wealth; beauty; charm and tawdry power; if you wholeheartedly

embraced just one of your fellow living kind in bizarre distress; pain and inexplicable misery; every single day of your destined time,

The Almighty Creator would consider it to be the most Immortally cherished offering from your side; the most symbiotically mesmerizing gift from your soul; the most selflessly indomitable contribution from every of your heartbeat; and this time it would be beautifully at par with whatever he had dreamt of or possessed.

Nikhil Parekh

The Greatest Shock Of My Life

When I brought her a blissfully bedazzling star; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire fathomless cosmos; perennially studded with a countless amiable stars,

When I brought her a beautifully serene leaf; she instantaneously demanded from me entire gigantic tree; ravishingly swaying with a countless enchantingly enigmatic leaves,

When I brought her an ingratiating pinch of rain-soaked mud; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire boundless earth; bountifully blessed with countless fields of sensuously virile mud,

When I brought her an unbelievably rejuvenating droplet of froth; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire unceasing ocean; ecstatically undulating with a countless droplets of poignant froth,

When I brought her a profusely exhilarated epitome of the hillock; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire unfathomable Everest; impreguably fortified with a countless inimitable hillocks and unconquerable epitomes,

When I brought her a priceless note of soothing melody; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire ubiquitous atmosphere; burgeoning every royal instant with countless waves of stupendously ameliorating music,

When I brought her a profoundly original sketch; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire affable landscape; inherently curled with a countless Omnipotent sketches of mother nature divine,

When I brought her an unflinchingly golden ray of light; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire Omnipresent Sun; permeating every ounce of the lugubrious earth with countless rays of optimism; hope and shine,

When I brought her a whisper of undefeated sensuality; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire voluptuous night; vividly enriched with a countless flavors and shapes of enthralling sensuality,

When I brought her a granule of insuperably glistening sand; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire majestic desert; magically sizzling every sorrow

under the blistering Sun; and with a countless granules of inscrutable sand,

When I brought her a spell-bindingly romantic poem; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire timeless nature; from which sprouted a countless lines of heavenly poetry—every unfurling instant of the day and magnetic night,
When I brought her a compassionately perpetual beat; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire wondrous heart; indefatigably throbbing to the pulse of a countless bonding beats,

When I brought her a puff of jubilantly thunderous cloud; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire undefeated sky; bounteously laden with a countless puffs of miraculously enamoring clouds,

When I brought her an impeccably frozen cubicle; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire pristine avalanche; adroitly intertwined with a countless frozen cubicles of intrepidly thrilling ice,

When I brought a tranquilly fantasizing dewdrop; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire untamed grassland; rejoicing in the true spirit of life at the crack of midnight; and with a countless rivulets of golden dew,

When I brought her a bewitchingly scarlet petal of rose; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire everlasting garden; where there swished a countless ebullient rose-breathless in anticipation of every stroke of the invincibly virile breeze,

When I brought her an immaculately unparalleled pearl; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire silken moon; perennially enlightening every ounce of perilous blackness with countless pearls of milky light,

When I brought her a triumphantly scintillating crown; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire infallible kingdom; the complete queenly control over countless ordinary lives and crowns,

Thus, thoroughly familiar with her insatiably greedy mentality—I in advance brought her the entire love on this endlessly fructifying Universe— but this time I got the greatest shock of my life—as she instantaneously demanded from me only mine— and forever and ever and ever; only mine.

Nikhil Parekh

The Greatest Sin

Having supremely spell binding eyes was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you were gruesomely blind; unable to see a step further even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having robust complexioned feet was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you couldn't walk even an inch forward; had not the slightest of capacity to run even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having tenaciously knotted fingers projecting from the palm was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you had grave difficulty in hoisting objects; didn't possess the most minuscule of power to defend yourself even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having dangling earlobes delectably cascading from the periphery of your rubicund cheek was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you couldn't bear the tiniest of sound; floundered miserably to decipher the intricacy of voice even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having a perfectly throbbing heart palpitating in marvelous synchrony inside your chest was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you just didn't have the power to love; the virtue to embrace other humans of your kind even after possessing it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having dual pairs of luscious lips was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you couldn't speak a single word; abysmally stuttered to convey the most infinitesimal of message to your compatriots even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having ravishing clusters of hair on your scalp was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that God had kept you disdainfully bald; that your head shivered uncontrollably in cold even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having boundless lines on your glowing palm was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that your entire life was ruined; your progress had come to an abrupt standstill even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having pompously bulging muscle in your arms was simply not a sin at all; but

pretending that you were as feeble as a mosquito; couldn't lift your very own body even after having them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having thousands of voluptuously tantalizing eyelashes extruding from your lids was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that your vision was horrendously impaired because of their presence; the world seemed to be an obfuscated blur even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having nails as long as the lanky mountain was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that you were unable to make the most diminutive of indentation on soil; simply couldn't scratch the faintest even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having breath as passionate as sizzling fire was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that there wasn't enough air in the atmosphere for you to inhale; that you could suffocate to death any minute even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having a bucket of sweat trickling down your armpits was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that it was more satanic than a pool of ghastly blood; incessantly complaining of cold and clammy skin even though you possessed it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having an astonishingly spell binding memory was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that it was your mind that killed you every unleashing second; the brain was the cardinal culprit behind your demise even after possessing it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having scarlet rivers of blood circulating through your veins was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that there was no life in your nerves; not a trifle of energy left in your demeanor even after possessing them right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having a salubrious sparkling belly was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that your digestive system was diabolically corroded; the conglomerate of curled intestines in your stomach were strangulating you like a festoon of ominous snakes even after possessing it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having a sturdily sculptured nose extruding from your face was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that your entire persona was brutally mutilated; the

nostrils disgustingly disrupted your flow of harmonious breath even after possessing it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

Having an insurmountably hard skull was simply not a sin at all; but pretending that it was the main cause for transforming all your philanthropic thoughts to as hard as incorrigible stone even after possessing it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin,

And having an enchantingly blossoming life was simply not a sin at all; but leading it listlessly; trudging your way through just for the heck of it without basking in the stupendous glory of the resplendent moonlight even after possessing it right since innocent childhood; was the greatest sin.

Nikhil Parekh

The Greatest Truth; The Greatest Lie.

The greatest comfort existing; is in the moist arms of the impeccable mother,

The greatest light existing; is the dazzling glow of the flamboyantly fiery Sun,

The greatest depth existing; is in the poignant eyes of your beloved,

The greatest salt existing; is in the undulating waters of the saline ocean,

The greatest blessing existing; is the one imparted by the impoverished heart,

The greatest noise existing; is the deafening roar of the fulminating volcano,

The greatest scent existing; is the one emanating profoundly from the redolent rose,

The greatest taste existing; is in the succulent cluster of ravishing plums,

The greatest length existing; is the colossal expanse of crystal blue sky,

The greatest dirt existing; is the massacre of the innocent and the deprived,

The greatest voice existing; is the enchanting sound of the nightingale,

The greatest hand existing; is the one that philanthropically helps others in times of distress,

The greatest color existing; is the one circumventing the resplendent rainbow,

The greatest water existing; is the one trapped delectably inside the hard skull of coconut,

The greatest language existing; is the one symbolizing humanity,

The greatest mirror existing; is the one intricately lining your soul,

The greatest perspiration existing; is the one that dribbled profusely after a hard days work,

The greatest joke existing; is that life is a bed of roses,

The greatest by existing; was one executed by a dying soldier,

The greatest lie existing; is that man can live forever; and never die,
And the greatest truth existing; is unbiased love; the entity you solely continue
living for

Nikhil Parekh

The Greatest Victory

The greatest victory for a mother was; when she was able to invincibly protect her child from all evil lurking rampantly in the night; and marathon hours of the sunlit day,

The greatest victory for a soldier was; when he valiantly bore the hostile opposition; waved the flag of his country in the heart of the colossal enemy camp,

The greatest victory for a spotted panther was; when it mercilessly capsized its prey by the neck; ripped it apart into boundless fragments before handsomely devouring it down,

The greatest victory for the black conglomerate of clouds was; when despite the fulminating fire ball of Sun behind; they were able to pour down indefatigably upon the surface of the earth,

The greatest victory for the inconspicuous little mosquito was; when it sucked gallons of blood from robust flesh; dexterously evaded all in vicinity who tried to capture it,

The greatest victory for the mammoth shark was; when it unsparingly overtopped the mighty ship with her snout; gobbled each of its passengers to satisfy its gluttony for the unveiling hour,

The greatest victory for the diminutive red ant was; when she stung the gigantic elephant on his feet; made him plummet to the ground and taste dust like a pack of molten matchsticks,

The greatest victory for the ocean was; that it never dried irrespective of the most acerbic of drought; kept swirling with its ravishing waves striking astoundingly against the rocks,

The greatest victory for the gleaming axe was; when it sliced gargantuan stalks of the century old tree with sheer disdain; engendering the lanky stem to collapse with a sigh on the mud,

The greatest victory for the lips was; when they were able to passionately kiss the girl they desired; taking complete control over her mind, body, and soul,

The greatest victory for the tabby cat was; when she sprang upon clusters of unsuspecting mice; masticated them with whole hearted relish as the first rays of dawn crept from the sky,

The greatest victory for the blazing fire was; when it charred to raw soot whatever that dared to trespass its blistering path,

The greatest victory for the devotee was; when he was able to appease the creator with his overwhelming devotion and penance; rise to the pinnacle of success
with the blessings of Almighty God,

The greatest victory for the eye was; when it was able to sight the most mesmerizing places in this Universe; keep staring for times immemorial; deeply into the eyes of the person it revered and loved,

The greatest victory for the hideously wailing vulture was; when it viciously plucked out flesh from the body of the dead; feasted on its meal with a flame of exultation burning in its eyes,

The greatest victory for the infinite territories of the sprawling desert was; when it was able to entice millions of unsuspecting adventurers; luring them with its fake mirages which were nothing else but pure sand,

The greatest victory for the blood flowing in the body was; when it blended with the soil in which it was born,

And the greatest victory for Man on this planet was; when he knew himself thoroughly; conquered all his desires and emotions; joined hands with his fellow comrades; putting in his ultimate in order to save humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

The Hardest Thing For A Writer To Bear

The hardest thing for a mother to bear; was the sudden death of her new born and sweet infant,

The hardest thing for a Businessman to bear; was the abrupt closure of his Business; his goods being auctioned in the market at a price lesser than stones,

The hardest thing for a bird to bear; was that her eggs got stolen by the vicious snake right in front of her eyes,

The hardest thing for a desert to bear; was its barren and magnificently shimmering sands; being extravagantly flooded with water,

The hardest thing for a boxer to bear; was opprobrious defeat; being decimated to the floor by his timid adversary,

The hardest thing for an automobile to bear; was the dismal snapping of its brakes; as it was just seconds away from reaching the summit of the mountain,

The hardest thing for the eye to bear; was its inability to recognize its most revered and beloved; even as she passed at whisker lengths from its body,

The hardest thing for a eunuch to bear; was the volley of insults and ignominious rebukes it received; the hilarious laughter which it was subjected to; for noabsolutely no fault of its at all,

The hardest thing for the shoe to bear; was exploding into infinite fragments; the moment it tread nimbly on the soil,

The hardest thing for the consortium of diabolical black clouds to bear; was not being able to incessantly rain; even after floating rampantly for hours in the sky,

The hardest thing for a robust swimmer to bear; was lying like a frigid mute leaf in the pool; when the race to the trophy was just about to commence,

The hardest thing for the lips to bear; was the acrimonious society coming in between then and their enchanting lover,

The hardest thing for the wealthiest man on this earth to bear; was the girl of his dreams kicking all his opulence; eloping with that beggar instead; whom she

had ardently given her heart,

The hardest thing for the impeccable and sparkling shirt to bear; was being ripped apart to uncouth strands; as it confronted head on with the worst of cyclonic storm,

The hardest thing for the conscience to bear; was overwhelming guilt pounding on it like a volcano from all sides; as it agonizingly conceived its tale of blatant lies,

The hardest thing for the spring waters to bear; was getting adulterated by infinitesimal specks of dirt; as they gushed past contaminated slopes of lecherous mankind,

The hardest thing for the lion to bear; was being ingeniously outwitted by the hunter; despite being crowned the irrefutable king of the jungle,

The hardest thing for the hands to bear; was their inefficiency to save several lives in vicinity as they were incarcerated in chains; although they knew the Herculean strength circulating in their bones,

The hardest thing for God to bear; was infinite numbers of his molecules fighting with each other on this earth; the very planet which he had created as paradise; now metamorphosing into a river of hostile death,

And the hardest thing for a writer to bear; when despite dedicating all his mind, body and soul to his profession; chiseling every alphabet he perceived with his very own blood; his work didn't sell.

Nikhil Parekh

The Heart And The Mannequins.

Mannequins of idiosyncratically insipid nothingness; to relentlessly satiate the minds of all those insanely purposeless and pathetically lunatic,

Mannequins of salaciously unending treachery; to insatiably titillate the appetites of all those; uncouthly besieged in the graveyards of bizarrely unforgivable manipulation,

Mannequins of sordidly lecherous dust; to intransigently appease the gluttony of all those; lackadaisically slithering in the aisles of nonchalantly debilitating boredom,

Mannequins of ludicrously collapsing and frigid matchsticks; to sleazily placate the souls of all those; abhorrently prejudiced in the ruthlessly parasitic shackles of greed,

Mannequins of fecklessly worthless and ungainly insomnia; to intractably titillate the eyes of all those; devilishly slandering and massacring; without the most infinitesimal of purpose in vibrant life,

Mannequins of cheaply glittering corruption; to surreptitiously trigger the bloodstream's of all those; tyrannically beheading to catapult to the zenith of baseless power and prosperity,

Mannequins of forlornly fretful obsolescence; to incorrigibly pamper the footsteps of all those; deliberating inflicting torturous pain on self and everlasting humanity,

Mannequins of satanically decaying blood; to demonishly charm the senses of all those; indiscriminately trampling the trajectory of mother earth; with unsurpassably obnoxious drudgery,

Mannequins of blatantly discordant and heinous lies; to dogmatically pump the silhouettes of all those; regretfully incarcerated in whirlwinds of abominably abashing cowardice,

Mannequins of egregiously stony silence; to irretrievably pacify the visages of all those; wasting every unfurling moment of their lives; disconcertingly smarting in the gutters of wastrel neglect,

Mannequins of diabolically perverted and pugnacious stink; to irrefutably tranquilize the tongues of all those; barbarically wanting to gobble immaculately truthful skin,

Mannequins of savagely lambasting and cacophonous abuse; to truculently please the skins of all those; drifting the spell bindingly fathomless Universe into the corpse of murderously threadbare politics,

Mannequins of penalizingly mocking laughter; to irrevocably stimulate the cells of all those; trying to invidiously infiltrate into the web of ingratiatingly celestial peace and unflinching solidarity,

Mannequins of traumatically desensitizing death; to disparagingly inebriate the persona's of all those; wholesomely indifferent to the magnanimously blissful proceedings of this enthralling planet,

Mannequins of disastrously impoverished and gory skeletons; to unrelentingly enlighten the bodies of all those; horrifically unbelieving in the chapters of vivaciously mesmerizing existence,

Mannequins of inexplicably salacious and unprecedented starvation; to inexorably please the spirits of all those; ghoulishly entangled in webs of insidiousness; without a mind; body or soul,

Mannequins of acrimoniously sinister darkness; to indefatigably gratify the ego's of all those; sinking deeper and deeper into the preposterously ghastly crematorium of hideous crime,

Mannequins of lugubriously indolent non-existence; to incessantly cajole the nerves of all those; who cursed even the most bountifully resplendent beauty of God;
from their very first cry,

But an unassailable garden of love; love and only sensuously timeless love; to perennially immortalize the heartbeats of all those; uninhibitedly wanting to wander in a world of freedom; uninhibitedly wanting to breathe forever in a world of philanthropically unending togetherness.

Nikhil Parekh

The Heart Of Betrayal

The sting of the mosquito; renders just an inconspicuous spurt of pain on naked flesh,
Whereas the sting of greed; profoundly decimates blissful civilizations into horrendous bits of pulverized ash.

The growl of the panther; transiently paralyzes boisterous traces of palpable life,
Whereas the growl of violence; metamorphoses brilliantly blazing light of the day into a cloud of perpetual darkness.

The sword of piquant iron; renders you ethereally unconscious with its flurry of inevitable wounds,
Whereas the sword of lies; buries you infinite feet beneath your grave; massacring your conscience into sleazy pulp towards the fathomless sky.

The blanket of thorns; foments you to squeal a trifle everytime you tried to tread upon your spellbinding feet,
Whereas the blanket of slavery; makes you a criminal for centuries unprecedented in the court of celestial existence.

The whirlpool of sand; obscured your vision for infinitesimal instants; ephemerally sequestering you from the reality of life,
Whereas the whirlpool of manipulation; irrevocably cursed each organism alive with the most tyrannical of deaths.

The bars of the prison; made irascible inroads into normally unveiling lifestyles,
Whereas the bars of pompousness; made irrefutably sure you kept hovering between heaven and hell even before veritable death.

The tunnel of darkness; temporarily dislocated you; propelling you to stumble towards the ground as you frantically tried to gauge your gloomy surroundings,
Whereas the tunnel of crime stretched beyond realms of infinite infinity; with the only end being your hedonistically distorted corpse.

The clouds of thunder clashed viciously in the sky; dumbfounding you for fraction seconds of time,
Whereas the clouds of discrimination; invincibly ensured that there would not be the tiniest trace of light; even in the most Omnipotent of Sunshine.

And the heart of stress; fluttered nervously every now and again; but still

survived on potent panaceas of holistic medicine,
But the heart of betrayal; remained perpetually frozen for infinite births of it to
unveil; even though it harbored the most tumultuous of beats.

Nikhil Parekh

The Heart Stayed Young Forever

The flowers blossoming in the fields; withered away as the soil on which they stood was thoroughly stripped of water,

The leaves of the colossal tree disdainfully shriveled and fell; as the onset of autumn took its toll on the surrounding,

The mesmerizing rivers tumbling in fury from the mountains; shrunk to a mere trickle as the Sun radiated its hostile rays in full fury,

The blazing stream of lava which fulminated in tumultuous agony from the ground; cooled as a few days elapsed; and with the drifting of the placid winds,

The ominous looking black clouds reverberated thunderously in the sky; but after a while the rain pelting down reduced its agony; as the Sun filtered passageways of crystalline blue amidst all vicious dark,

The delectable and freshly painted exteriors of the edifice; slowly started to develop shades of pathetic yellow; as they blended with the smoke; and weren't cleaned meticulously every day,

The gargantuan shadows of the wandering giant; seemed to loose their entity completely as the stringent light of the day was encroached completely by night,

The mammoth cubes of frozen ice; shamefully metamorphosed into a pond of water; under sweltering heat of fiery afternoon,

The monstrous Bull ploughing valiantly through the fields all his life; one day found himself seated by the riverside; not even having the capacity to shrug away the flies sitting right on his nose; as the gradual onset of age; had exhausted every ounce of his stamina that he once upon a time proudly possessed,

The dolphin that once swam merrily in the heart of the sea; found itself now kissing the shores; as it felt supremely weary to swim,

The magnificent palace which once used to be the pride of the Royal Kings and monarchs; was now inhabited only with a battalion of cobwebs and dilapidated space; as the years and centuries unveiled by,

The biscuits of silver when extracted raw from deep within the crevices in the earth emanated a scintillating shine and shimmer; but the same transited to cheap nuggets of coal; after being used for several decades; and blending with human oil and perspiration,

The photograph of the individual looked absolutely astounding when snapped on the first day; but the same resembled a ghost when sighted after infinite fortnights; with obnoxious crusts of dust changing him in drastic entirety,

The face of the fairy was dainty and stupendously sweet as she descended from the skies; but she hardly had the power to speak; with scores of bones protruding from her cheeks; as she lived for more than a century on planet earth,

The innocuous wails of an infant were profoundly enamoring to hear when it was just born, however they converted into a sonorous and hoarse; shooing every one away from him; a few months down the line; as he began to walk and joined college,

The battalion of vegetables appeared young and robust as they were just plucked fresh from the sprawling farm; they however turned rotten, black and blue; with an incredibly foul odor dissipating from their body; as the previous day now unfurled into the new dawn,

The dead mans body buried under the ground was embodied with lots of flesh when freshly cremated; but if you dug it up again after a few years; all that was now retrievable was just a pair of bones,

And everything seemed to wither with age; shrivel and shrink as time sped by; but there was just a single thing that gained more impetus with the passing second; got more passionate as even as everything encompassing it seemed to abdicate life; palpitated more violently as the tyranny of age crept by, or shall we say ' the heart stayed young forever '

Nikhil Parekh

The Heart That Was 100% Mine

The blood flowing in her intricate veins; was as red as flaming ball of Sun in the cosmos,
Got instantly agitated when she sighted me; talking vociferously with another of her kind.

The skin covering her tender bones; was as Resplendent as the pelting showers of rain,
Stirred insatiable desires in my soul; when I sighted her dexterously leaping the skipping rope.

The nails embossed on her dainty fingers; were as soft as a mystical fairy,
And she used them to tickle me incessantly; at moments when I was perplexed with life.

The cluster of teeth in her palette; were as white as the Goddess of pearly moon,
With which she cast amicable smiles at me; keeping me in bubbling spirits all throughout the day.

The twin pairs of eyes in her sockets; were as crystalline as the scintillating waterfall,
They were studded with gargantuan traces of empathy; wept hysterically when I was in pain.

The coverings of her luscious lips; were like the succulent fruit of water melon,
Voluptuously enticing me to kiss; blend my passionate warmth with her in entirety.

The petite pair of feet she possessed; were like the gentle river trickling through the forest,
Coherently synchronized themselves to beats of music; danced uninhibitedly when seeing me in jubilation.

The hair on her scalp cascaded down full length; like the waterfall plummeting from precipices of the mountain,
Which she further embellished tying bunches of fragrant flower; swirling them at full speeds towards my face.

The earrings in her fleshy ear lobe; resembled sweet fillings of nectar inhabiting

the bee hive,
Jingled with melody as she walked; enlightening the island of despair in my eyes.

And above all things that mattered; she had impregnated in her chest; an
immaculate heart,
Which throbbed vehemently when witnessing my silhouette; the heart
that was 100% mine.

Nikhil Parekh

The Heart Will Follow

If you indefatigably dream of the radiantly glistening sky; the flamboyantly blistering Sun; will inevitably follow,

If you relentlessly dream to float in the magnificently voluptuous clouds; the astronomically unprecedented summits; will inevitably follow,

If you intransigently dream to irrefutably succeed; thunderbolts of vibrantly mesmerizing prosperity; will inevitably follow,

If you incorrigibly dream of everlasting happiness; the blanket of unconquerably uninhibited philanthropism; will inevitably follow,

If you timelessly dream of invincibly immortal peace; the web of divinely sacrosanct wisdom; will inevitably follow,

If you timelessly dream of the piquantly ravishing ocean; the gloriously impregnable festoon of royal sharks; will inevitably follow,

If you tirelessly dream of the voluptuously majestic night; the garland of exotically glittering and seductive stars; will inevitably follow,

If you unequivocally dream of flirtatiously divine mischief; the realms of stupendously impeccable childhood; will inevitably follow,

If you immutably dream of euphoric poignancy; the incredulously emphatic mirrors of the scintillating eye; will inevitably follow,

If you irrevocably dream of charismatically tantalizing smiles; the marvelously unassailable impressions of innocuous lips; will inevitably follow,

If you incorrigibly dream of perpetual beauty; the celestial lap of your Omnipotent mother; will inevitably follow,

If you endlessly dream of unsurpassably augmenting melody; the voice of the bountifully enthralling nightingale; will inevitably follow,

If you unceasingly dream of perennially Omnipresent fragrance; the flower of astoundingly symbiotic mankind; will inevitably follow,

If you insatiably dream of ingratiatingly exquisite calligraphy; the feather tipped pen dipped in wonderfully scarlet ink; will inevitably follow,

If you intractably dream of vivaciously unraveling compassion; the stupendously incomprehensible wave of humanity; will inevitably follow,

If you uncompromisingly dream of intriguingly enigmatic flirtation; the spell binding hills of boisterously robust youth; will inevitably follow,

If you eternally dream of immaculately glittering triumph; the spirit of overwhelmingly transpiring patriotism; will inevitably follow,

If you boundlessly dream of unflinchingly Omniscient light; the rays of formidably benign hope; will inevitably follow,

If you perpetually dream of ubiquitously bonding brotherhood; the Omnipresent religion of Godly humanity; will inevitably follow,

If you inexhaustibly dream of enamoringly blooming life; the fireballs of tenaciously ardent breath; will inevitably follow,

And if you incessantly dream of fabulously everlasting love; the immortal beats of the sensitively beautiful heart; will inevitably follow.

Nikhil Parekh

The Heaven Of Immortal Love.

THERE ARE SOMETHING'S THAT LAST FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER.

Like the unflinchingly fiery blaze of the majestic Sun; which wholesomely beheaded even the most insouciant trace of hideous negativity; with its eternally subliming shine,

Like the sporadically enthusing twinkling of the stars; which provided those inevitably unconquerable beams of hope; in the ghastily asphyxiating blackness of the treacherous midnight,

Like the undauntedly ravishing roar of the ocean; whose each enigmatic wave profoundly blessed the diabolically cold-blooded rocks; with its ecstatically tangy spray,

Like the astoundingly miraculous virility of mother soil; which indefatigably spawned into the most bountiful creations of tomorrow; despite bearing the brunt of war and vindictive nuclear attack; a countless times,

Like the fathomless fantasizing power of the brain; which could perceive in an infinite directions beyond the land of infinity; even though the body was heartlessly circumscribed within the cadaverous iron bars of prison,

Like the unassailably princely perfume of the scarlet rose; which only knew how to disseminate the mantra of perennially fructifying compassion; amongst one and all entities alive,

Like the peerlessly inimitable melody in the nightingale's voice; which left its own awe-inspiring mark even in an atmosphere; which was dolorously plagiarized with the sounds of abhorrent war and prejudice,

Like the glamorously golden dewdrops on the carpet of velvety grass; which incorrigibly clung like a newborn child every wintry night; and then ushered the ultimate utopia; to every drearily lambasted sole that transgressed,

Like the religion of everlasting humanity; which inherently inhabited every single droplet of blood; that unabashedly ran through the veins of symbiotic organism alive,

Like the infallible exultation in the wind; which perpetuated a spirit of ubiquitous

triumph; into every lividly beleaguered chest; inconsolably drooping towards its grave,

Like the pragmatic ticking of the clock; which never let the crux of blessed life rapidly deteriorate and die; even after veritable death had mercilessly confiscated poignant breath,

Like the undefeated iridescent charisma of the Moon; which metamorphosed the complexion of the goriest of night; into the throne of celestially venerated queen,

Like the unparalleled vivaciousness of the Rainbow; which triggered the desire to effulgently live; in even a man whose both feet were sinking at a speed faster than light; into his jinxed corpse,

Like the universally insatiable thirst for goodness; that victoriously lingered in every innocuous soul; on the trajectory of this insuperably consecrated earth,

Like the voice of brilliantly unfettered truth; that not only forever massacred the morbid graveyard of wanton lies; but made sure that it never ever could insanelly palpitate on the cradle of the planet divine,

Like the invincibly breathtaking epitome of Everest; from which the entire globe looked handsomely alike; irrespective of caste; creed; status; religion; color or spurious tribe,

Like the inscrutably curled lines of the palm; which masterfully depicted the innumerable twists and turns; gave birth to the river of spell-binding destiny in every single organisms life,

Like the ardent breath which synergistically wafted from each nostril; which engendered even the most deadened of ghosts to once again; gallop and royally replenish with spectacularly enthralling life,

And then of course there existed the 'Father & Mother' of all of the above; which bonded all these elements and an infinite more goodness forever together; which was the heaven of 'Immortal Love'

Nikhil Parekh

The Heavenly Beats Were Mine

The marvelously impeccable eyes were hers; while the unprecedented excitement that shimmered relentlessly in them; was solely and immortally mine,

The immaculately divine palms were hers; while the enigmatically inscrutable lines profusely incarcerated within; were solely and immortally mine,

The intricately voluptuous feet were hers; while the seductively gorgeous trail of footprints that they left; were solely and immortally mine,

The majestically tantalizing belly was hers; while the unparalleled titillation that it triggered all night and day; was solely and immortally mine,

The gregariously heavenly lips were hers; while the smile that they celestially generated; was solely and immortally mine,

The enarmoringly ravishing hair were hers; while the mesmerizing trail of rhapsodic fantasy that they swirled into; was solely and immortally mine,

The gorgeously charismatic earlobes were hers; while the unfathomable repertoire of mystical reverberations that they evolved; were solely and immortally mine,

The spotlessly sacrosanct conscience was hers; while the rainbow of irrefutably unflinching ideals that they radiated; were solely and immortally mine,

The conglomerate of impregnably convivial teeth were hers; while the ebullient tenacity with which they ardently masticated; was solely and immortally mine,

The alluringly resplendent cheeks were hers; while the compassionate flurry of poignant blushes that they erupted into; were solely and immortally mine,

The ecstatically princely fingers were hers; while the royal artistry that they fulminated into every unleashing minute of the day; was solely and immortally mine,

The passionately crimson and volatile blood was hers; while the perennially new life that it bestowed upon whomsoever it cascaded; was solely and immortally mine,

The ingratiatingly golden dew drops of perspiration were hers; while the incomprehensibly ebullient scent that they culminated into; was solely and immortally mine,

The boisterously bouncing adams apple was hers; while the insurmountable melody that it bloomed into; was solely and immortally mine,
The philanthropically intrepid shoulders were hers; while the unimaginable benevolence that they hoisted; was solely and immortally mine,

The majestically shimmering shadow was hers; while the tale of indefatigable nostalgia that it eternally weaved; was solely and immortally mine,

The invincibly euphoric soul was hers; while the fabulously emphatic triumph that it disseminated; was solely and immortally mine,

The delectably innocuous nostrils were hers; while the perpetually passionate breath that they blissfully exhaled; was solely and immortally mine,

And the fervently throbbing heart was hers; while the heavenly beats that it magnetically expelled to blend with the rising Sun; were solely and immortally mine.

Nikhil Parekh

The History Teacher

I listened with rapt attention to the sonorous voice,
my feet were locked in recesses of tight boot,
body besieged with several coats of salty sweat juice,
hands trapped in dark realms of trouser pocket,
loose chalk powder smeared on curls of scalp hair,
large palms soaked in a blend of fountain ink and perspiration,
with a carton of paper sprawled before me,
bulky textbook volumes to be read for the day,
i was getting restless by the passing clock second,
as streaks of grey camouflaged the sky,
droplets of fresh monsoon pelted down in savage fury,
large masses of mundane crowd shouted in animated glee,
while me and my counterpart mates absorbed the stringent voice of our history teacher.

the situation had risen beyond limits of tolerance,
our hearts throbbed in mounting excitement,
scorched bodies of ours bathed in pools of exhaustion,
each syllable he uttered struck us with magnified intensity,
restless feet trampled the sun baked floor,
while our teeth clusters gnawed every possible inch of object in proximity,
as we formulated mischivious plans of getting respite,
from crowded interiors of the obnoxious classroom.

we collected small pinches of red chilli extract,
ground it into small fragments of powder mix,
hurled it in chorused unison towards the man who taught us in dedication,
galloped out to smell waves diffusing from freshly soaked mud,
as the history teacher held his face in contorted dismay,
admiring the extravagant courage of aspiring youth existing in the brand new millennium.

Nikhil Parekh

The House Lizard

Clawed feet stuck to concrete wall,
emanating wildly from my 10 cm body,
propagating sandpaper effect as i run,
traversing few miles of territory,
stealthily encroaching communities of insects,
nibbling spider with my lips,
gulping ants, mosquitoes, swarms of flies,
feasting myself on tender bird egg,
bread crumbs, stale fruit, cheese chunks, i ravish,
inhabiting faulty crevice in decayed plaster,
clinging all night to high voltage bulb,
breeding in pitch dark corners of gutter pipe,
several of my shape i procreate,
with tiny beads of twin black eyes,
shooting a fountain of blood when attacked,
climbing high rise structures devoid support,
i have a lengthy period of survival,
prowling boldly into the cleanest of environment,
flickering my tail when provoked by kin,
possessing the capacity to regenerate it,
i'll trespass in your house with informal ease, I need no invitation,
O! yes i am indeed a dirty brown house lizard

Nikhil Parekh

The Human Brain

The more unrelentingly that you stretched it; the more did it explore; every cranny of this astoundingly fathomless Universe,

The more incessantly that you taxed it; the more incomprehensibly sharper did it become; as the minutes unfurled,

The more indefatigably that you kept it awake; the more rhapsodically did it fantasize; about the voluptuously exotic creations of this planet,

The more ardently that you stirred it; the more boundlessly did it fulminate into a marvelous festoon of ideas; which possessed the invincible power to blend sky with chocolate brown soil,

The more unendingly that you manipulated it; the more shrewdly astute did it become; contemplating infinite steps further; before even you could actually alight your nimble foot,

The more tumultuously that you let it loose; the more rampantly did it wander; tirelessly adding fabulous dimensions to the dwindling chapter of existence,

The more ferociously that you reprimanded it; the more stupendously did it coin its plans; to infiltrate through the most impregnable of chains,

The more magnanimously that you unleashed it; the more prudence and knowledge did it imbibe; grasping an incredulous ocean of newness as the Sun peeped
from behind scarlet clouds,

The more that you made it run; the more uncontrollable did it become; relentlessly chasing its favorite fetish; even as your soul left for its celestial abode,

The more that you teased it; the more gloriously stupefying inventions did it produce; wholesomely metamorphosing the definitions of monotonously mundane tomorrow,

The more that you made it perennially sleep; the more dreams did it marvelously perceive; enchantingly galloping in a land beyond fathomlessly wonderful paradise,

The more that you challenged it; the more immortally formidable did it become; registering unconquerable triumph on every adversity; which lingered invidiously in gigantic atmosphere,

The more that you seductively burnt it; the more passionately did it catapult towards jubilant cosmos; profusely stimulating the dreariness of the ghastly night,

The more that you sadistically whipped it; the more uncontrollably did it race towards extinction; brutally transcending the blissful synergies of symbiotic relationships,

The more that you tried to conventionally incarcerate it; the more bonds did it form with the winds of ultimate freedom; royally galloping to fulfill its romantic missions in life,

The more that you torched it with volcano's of hatred; the more faster did it head towards the pathways of self destruction; maliciously closing breath from all quarters of hope,

The more that you pompously polished it; the more compassionately did it embrace the rustic roots of rudimentary existence; abhorring aliens as much as a fish abhors dry sand,

The more you commanded it to love; the more devotedly did it exist for countless more births yet to come; deluging each element of your survival with everlasting happiness,

Worse than a child at times; Conquering barricades within a wink when in the perfect mood; Heading at electric speeds towards its grave without the slightest rhyme or reason; While at times taking an immutable pledge to be forever alive,

the human brain was sometimes your obedient slave, while at times refused all heavens to be your ultimate Master.

Nikhil Parekh

The Human Breath

It occurs all day and night,
through hairy pipes of soft flesh,
contracting and expanding the lung apparatus,
consuming vital oxygen from atmosphere,
bellowing crisp draughts of air in blood,
inflating belly pouches for flash seconds,
imparting vibrant energy to pounding heart,
embracing throat windpipe with soft cushion,
prompting production of waste in chambers of gas,
reinforcing body defense to disease,
radiating natural air conditioning in flesh stuck to skeleton,
regenerating worn out tissue cells,
purifying dark red liquid flowing through veins,
filtering shell stones from kidney sac,
heating cheek and ear when done rapidly,
reinvigorating intricate parts of brain,
occurring in gasps, shallow inhalation, puffed sensations,
even at work while in deep waters,
impossible to be stopped for more than a minute,
an involuntary reflex possessed by all living,
striking against sticky nasal foreign matter,
while entering the body,
is the beautiful and reliable human breath.

Nikhil Parekh

The Human Mind Is Unbelievable

Delving infinite kilometers even above the satiny clouds; rhapsodically exploring blue bits of mystical atmosphere,

Dancing beneath silvery beams of moon light; with an overwhelmingly uncanny urge to probe into paths never transgressed on,

Envisaging beyond ordinary anecdotes of mundane life; fervently wanting to sky rocket to the absolute edge of the whirling tornado,

Intriguingly cracking infinite enigmas of existence; yet insatiably desiring to lay its hands on countless more puzzles loitering in sinister doom,

O! yes the body might wholesomely collapse into a bedraggled heap; but the human mind is unbelievable; simply refraining to cease.

Ardently desiring to slip into a fantasy which never ends; witnessing a cloudburst of mesmerizing dreams even under the most stringently sweltering rays of Sunshine,

Galloping at a speed faster than that of dazzling light; chasing the shadows which lingered even in the most obsoletely dilapidated corners of free space,

Blending with an unending myriad of tunes; evolving boundless rhymes simply out of thin bits of air,

Plummeting several feet beneath raw soil; unrelentingly searching for the remotest traces of alluring exoticism,

O! yes the body might wholesomely collapse into a bedraggled heap; but the human mind is unbelievable; simply refraining to cease.

Insurmountably functioning all day like the vivaciously ticking clock; getting more vociferous than thunderbolts of lightening leaping down from the unfathomably vast sky,

Flapping its wings into the territory which appeared to be the most treacherously unknown; feeling every inconspicuous object sprawled in vicinity,

Drawn inevitably towards the inexplicably colossal; unrestricted in movement of

any kind or form,

Slithering like an untamed reptile; unpredictably loitering in a dense forest of its vividly everlasting perceptions,

O! yes the body might wholesomely collapse into a bedraggled heap; but the human mind is unbelievable; simply refraining to cease.

Performing a dance of profusely enchanting melody every unfurling second; inquisitive about each new aspect in the game called life,

Roaring thunderously like a striped panther towards the winds of oblivion; fulminating like an uninhibited volcano when stirred at times,

Innovating relentlessly; with an inexorably longing to embark on fathomless new expeditions in the course of existence,

Imbibing whatever might be even of the most infinitesimal interest to its cells; probing indefatigably into every conceivable vista of freshly rejuvenating energy,

O! yes the body might wholesomely collapse into a bedraggled heap; but the human mind is unbelievable; simply refraining to cease.

Nikhil Parekh

The Hypochondriac

He felt as if the solid roof of his house would abruptly collapse,
Burying him beneath a conglomerate of cement and bare brick.

He felt as if someone was following him in the darkened ambience of the night,
Would stab him with unrelenting strokes of switchblade knife.

He felt as if he would drown in shallow waters of the pool,
If he ever ventured to take a plunge and swim.

He felt as if there were wailing monsters descending from the sky,
Ready to rip apart precious chunks from his anatomy.

He felt as if the food he ate had traces of lethal venom,
Vomited his bowels clean prior to gulping even a morsel of food.

He felt as if the glass would shatter into infinite splinters,
The moment he caressed it with silken smooth fingers.

He felt he was brutally contaminated and impious,
The instant he touched the silver door knob obscured by minute linings of dust
powder.

He felt as if human blood would trickle instead of mineral water,
If he stood under the protuberant nozzles of the bathroom shower.

He felt as if brittle tip of the pen would break,
Gallons of ink flow rampantly; the second he flexed his fingers to scribble.

He felt as if the liquid he consumed would strangulate his throat vein,
Suffocating intricate pipes leading to his brain.

He felt as if the soil would sink him in its colossal lap,
If he dared stepping on barren pinches of clay mud.

He felt as if a cluster of scorpion would pop out from his mouth,
The instant he hoisted his jaw to speak.

He felt sick; encompassed with intimidating bouts of fever; when his body felt a
trifle warm after basking in sunlit rays.

He knew he was dying a ghastly death every unleashing minute of life,
Confronted with ludicrous ridicule from the society,
There were several of his kind spending their entire lives in cloistered rebuke,
With every filtering beam of dawn looming large as shivering night,
C'mon friends lets do the best we possibly can to help the hypochondriac.

Nikhil Parekh

The Ideal Heart

The ideal height is the one; that can stand tall and domineering in a crowd bustling with infinite number of unruly pedestrians,

The ideal weight is the one; that can facilitate a person to sprint like a panther; even in the most obsolete of his dreams,

The ideal skin is the one; which can bear the brunt of sweltering Sun; as well as be unflinching in the winds of freezing winter,

The ideal feet are ones; which assist the wanderer to step even on smoldering fires,

The ideal eyes are the ones; which emanate a glimmer to live; even when tightly closed,

The ideal hand is the one; that defends you singlehandedly; imparting you with the tenacity to lead life; even when confronted with a battalion of thorns,

The ideal tongue is the one; that oscillates to produce voice; silences its critics as and when required,

The ideal stomach is the one; which scrupulously digests food; keeps itself well in proportion; to stand good stead in front of the acerbic society,

The ideal cheeks are the ones; which blush sporadically; adding tinges of robust vibrancy to the otherwise pallid atmosphere,

The ideal thumb is the one; which punches the air in triumph to announce irrevocable victory,

The ideal armpits are the ones; which remain submerged in silver perspiration; after performing an arduous days work,

The ideal shirt is the one; which scintillates impeccably; even after passing through the dust storm,

The ideal tooth is the one; that chews indefatigably; till the last bud of taste is appeased and satisfied,

The ideal hair is the one; which cascades down in splendid harmony; shimmering majestically under the moon,

The ideal nail is the one; that scratches like a wild cat; embedding the attackers flesh with numerous numbers vicious wounds; in order to survive,

The ideal walk is the one; which perpetuates the head to be always held high,

The ideal prayer is the one; which asks God to bestow upon his masses the virtue of brotherhood and equality,

The ideal religion is the one; which since years unprecedented has always respected humanity,

The ideal philosophy is the one; which allows to live and to blissfully let live,

The ideal pleasure is the one; which spreads a smile to the faces of all those afflicted and in bizarre pain,

The ideal sacrifice is the one; in which you abdicate breath for the sake of million different souls to be born,

The ideal love is the one; in which one is prepared to die for the other,

The ideal breath is the one; which evolves passionate moisture in the air after caressing it,

And the ideal heart is the one; which never ceases to beat; throbs violently; each time when given doses of love.

Nikhil Parekh

The Impeccable Air

When I study the softness and true intimacy of the air,
It encapsulates my mind with an altruistic blare.
The velvety touch, the shadowy grace,
Have evaporated fully without a trace.
The hot and blistering breeze,
Has made the cool atmosphere cease.
The salty scent of air near the volatile sea,
Has always satisfied hordes of humming bee,
And filled innocent minds of school children with lots of glee.
The ravenous smell of the sweet blue air,
Has made man go near it,
For he has in his mind a plethora of thoughts; but no fear,
And as the scorching Sun filters through the sky,
The arid air mass cries aloud,
To get the sympathy of thin wisps of invisible clouds.

Nikhil Parekh

The Indian Cow

White skin folds hanging loosely,
curved tusks of ivory jutting from skull,
large ear flaps providing drafts of air,
scaring away hoards of flies,
big eyeballs shining in car light,
nasal apertures covered with secreted slime,
long tail attached to a fringe of hair,
projecting from recesses of fleshy hind-side,
hunched back resulting in slow walking pace,
black hooves stuck to leg cartilage,
working incessantly in undulating hot soil,
absorbing crisp rays of midday sun,
with metal liners fixed to its leg,
irrespective of age, time, health,
giving liters of milk in a single day,
squeezed out deftly from suspended teats,
living on mere grass, a pure herbivorous disposition,
sometimes sighted consuming sewage and paper,
eaten as tasty beef meat in some nations,
considered as sacrosanct on Indian soil,
given the status of milk yielding mother,
grazing quietly on grasslands of fertility,
with occasional baths in monsoon rain-ponds,
the Indian cow sure commands loads of respect.

Nikhil Parekh

The Inner Voice Of Mind

I thought of swimming in the sparkling waters of the lake,
the inner voice of mind held me back saying,
deathly green waters will suck you deep within the point of no return.

i mused on skiing down the ice clad mountain,
the inner voice of mind refrained me from doing so,
as mighty avalanches of snow would strangulate me,
burying me a few feet beneath the frozen coat of spring water.

i pondered on penning a few lines of composition,
the inner voice of mind made strong inroads of denial,
saying that the carbon ink was sure to leak,
creating embarrassed smudges on the flawless sheet of paper.

i speculated on investing in the stock market,
the inner voice of mind guffawed in pools of laughter,
admonishing me from proceeding forward,
as the entire index would collapse within seconds of my investment.

i visualized gulping large barrels of tropical coconut water,
the inner voice of mind stringently halted my stream of fantasy thought,
reinforcing my mind with obnoxious visions of the water containing traces of
snake poison.

i perceived of spending my life with the person who loved me,
as usual the inner voice of mind prompted me to alter my course of action,
acquainting me of the dire consequences likely to follow,
this time though beats of my heart were stronger than tunes of mind,
facilitating me to work antagonistic to the mind,
execute a perception into pragmatic reality,
despite the precarious influence of inner voice of mind.

Nikhil Parekh

The Instrument Indispensable

The instrument indispensable to stay happy was to stay contented,
The instrument indispensable to feel warm; was to consume a pitcher full of sizzling tea,
The instrument indispensable to unrelentingly fight like a true stalwart; was courage blended with lots of brawn,
The instrument indispensable to swim in the choppy waves of ocean; was dexterous swirling of the hands and feet,
The instrument indispensable to produce ravishing fragrance; was the ornately embellished crimson rose,
The instrument indispensable to uninhibitedly laugh; was to be tickled voraciously in the intricate ribs,
The instrument indispensable to quench thirst; was crystalline sacs of mountain water,
The instrument indispensable to decode accurate time; was a compactly studded wrist watch,
The instrument indispensable to run a computer; was a plethora of coherent microchips,
The instrument indispensable to run marathon distance at swashbuckling speeds; was the tenacity of the leg,
The instrument indispensable to fly a kite at astronomical heights in the sky; was a pliable and slender string,
The instrument indispensable to fumigate infection and gloom from distant corners of the globe; was dazzling rays of Sunshine,
The instrument indispensable to hysterically sob; was the salinity in the eyes juxtaposed with tribulation,
The instrument indispensable to inundate blank canvas with rustic streaks of color; was an articulately sculptured paint brush,
The instrument indispensable to produce loads of salubrious milk; was the mother cow,
The instrument indispensable to inculcate overwhelming strength in the body; was to perseveringly work and consume food,
The instrument indispensable to produce fiery sensations in the palms; was to vigorously knead them,
The instrument indispensable to feel miserably cold; was to stand on the summit of the mountain bereft of any clothes,
The instrument indispensable to produce itching in the scalp; was abhorrent dandruff,
The instrument indispensable to produce blazing fires; was a wildly strewn pile of baked twigs,

The instrument indispensable to produce torrential rain; was a conglomerate of
black thunder clouds,
The instrument indispensable to illuminate a cloistered room; was waves of white
electricity,
The instrument indispensable to produce fetid smell; was a mountain of orphan
sewage,
The instrument indispensable to produce mesmerizing tunes; was the eloquent
and mystical nightingale,
The instrument indispensable to produce pools of ghastly blood; was the
nefarious nozzle of the automatic gun,
The instrument indispensable to provoke violence; was discriminating illusions of
religion,
The instrument indispensable to produce sleep; was feeling exorbitantly
exhausted,
And the instrument indispensable to live; was incessantly love; and incorporate
the same in the hearts of the commoner.

Nikhil Parekh

The Irretrievable Culprit

It was not the unbelievably long road that criminally tired you; the grain of nonchalantly sluggish sand in your dastardly shoe; was the quintessential culprit instead,

It was not the fathomlessly endless sky that parasitically nonplussed you; the cloud of decrepit isolation in your fecklessly spurious brain; was the cardinal culprit instead,

It was not the limitlessly sweltering desert that disdainfully charred you; the heat of treacherously pulverizing prejudice in your soul; was the dogmatic culprit instead,

It was not the unfathomably towering mountain that entirely gobbled you; the slope of baselessly slaving fear in your bones; was the invidious culprit instead,

It was not the inexhaustible wind of winter that disastrously squelched you; the chill of deathly isolation in every ingredient of your blood; was the irrevocable culprit instead,

It was not brilliantly unending sunshine that tanned and perplexed you; the ray of worthless snobbishness in every of your stride; was the immutable culprit instead,

It was not the boundless swirl of the ocean that preposterously drowned you; the salt of acrimoniously lecherous hatred in the dormitories of your conscience; was the vituperative culprit instead,

It was not the unceasing graveyard that venomously jinxed you; the ghost of balderdash fear in your fretfully quavering persona; was the untamed culprit instead,

It was not inexhaustibly overwhelming midnight that insidiously frightened you; the blackness of uxoriously insane insecurity in front of your eyes; was the massacring culprit instead,

It was not continuously barren land that ludicrously withered you; the infertility of holistic expression enshrouding your countenance; was the intransigent culprit instead,

It was not relentlessly vociferous storms that derogatorily uprooted you; the cataclysmically uncontrollable spirit of betrayal in your reflection; was the clandestine culprit instead,

It was not the jet black fleet of cats that unstoppably cursed you; the meow-meow of sleazy superstition in every aspect of your existence; was the incarcerating culprit instead,

It was not the unsurpassably arcane forest that defeated you; the wilderness of salaciously cannibalistic desire in your imagination; was the diabolical culprit instead,

It was not the stupendously tall lavatory seat that shooed you; the stink of maniacally decrepit politics in each globule of your unceremonious sweat; was the barbarous culprit instead,

It was not the indefatigably revolving ceiling fan which unsparingly excoriated you; the blades of depravingly sadistic chauvinism in the center of your chest; were
the murderous culprit instead,

It was not tirelessly diffusing sound that decimated you; the noise of deliriously obsessive idiosyncrasy radiating from every element of your conscience; was the notorious culprit instead,

It was not inexorably patriotic war that swiped you; the battlefield of hedonistically decrepit corruption on which you stupidly transgressed; was the surreptitious culprit instead,

It was not timelessly unfurling life which crippled you; the breath of untruthfully tyrannical deceit emanating from your beleaguered nostrils; was the cowardly culprit,

And it was not fathomlessly never-ending love that lethally melted you; the beat of maliciously profane betrayal lingering in your vindictively bellicose heart; was the irretrievable culprit instead.

Nikhil Parekh

The Key To Love

The key to clamber the steep slope of the mountain; was a knotted rope;
blended with overwhelming spirit of adventure,

The key to drive a car; was articulate maneuvering of the steering wheel; along
with gallons of golden gasoline,

The key to solve an enigmatic riddles; was flexing the brain to unsurpassable
limits;
and intense concentration,

The key to grow sumptuous grass on undulating expanse of land; was to sprinkle
it with water and fertilizer,

The key to quench insatiable thirst; was to consume a glass of cool and
revitalizing water,

The key to feel enlightened; was to stare unrelentingly in open space; sleep
under the twinkling stars,

The key to becoming learned; was to grasp basic ingredients of mystical life;
keeping the ears open to prevailing sounds,

The key to overcoming gruesome blackness; was illuminating the atmosphere
with dazzling light,

The key to swim through choppy currents of the swirling ocean; was dexterous
movements of the hands and feet; compounded with exorbitant stamina,

The key to sketch the intricate silhouette of landscape; was articulate fingers;
adroitly molding the bristles of paintbrush,

The key to annihilating the venom in a snake; is ruthlessly snapping off its fangs,

The key to pelting showers of torrential rain; was an agglomerate of sinister
black clouds,

The key to procuring salubrious white eggs; was to rear a robust hen,

The key to controlling haphazard flow of traffic; was to scrupulously regulate the timing of signals,

The key to produce mesmerizing tunes; was to tickle the vocal chords deep down the throat; float wholesomely in a world of surreal fantasy,
The key to dancing traditionally; was to generate nimble strokes of the feet; gyrating to the cadence of sound,

The key to an immaculately sparkling complexion; was diligently consuming fresh fruits from the farm,

The key to cleanliness; was incorporating stringently in all; a sense of hygiene,

The key to combat vandalism; was to reinforce vacant arenas with formidable security,

The key to blissful relaxation; was easing cumbersome tensions from the brain; reinvigorating it with perfume,

The key to stay perpetually happy; was to smile; profoundly appreciate the newness of nature,

The key to winning marathon sprints; was exerting the muscles of chest and legs to tumultuous capacity,

The key to unprecedented success in life; is an overwhelming desire to achieve; followed by hard work,

And the key to perennial love; was listening to the inner most tunes of throbbing heart; implementing the same to manifest them into reality.

Nikhil Parekh

The King Of Poetry

Even if you failed me in mathematics; giving me the lowest marks in the entire school; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me while clambering the mountain slopes; making me stumble on the very first step itself; It still wouldn't hurt me at all Even if you failed me while talking to colleagues; stuttering miserably on every word I spoke; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in Business; making me incur losses worth millions of rupees; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in making my food; wherein all I managed to prepare was sooty charcoal from the fields laden with infinite vegetables; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in building a house of my own; with all bricks hurtling down towards me before I laid them; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in finding the most precious of my gifts; with the entire team of detectives I hired simply unable to trace them; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in the battlefield; with a river of blood diffusing rampantly from my skin; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me while I was swimming; drowning me uncouthly for marathon hours before I reached the surface; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me while leaping from the sky; with the strings of my parachute failing to unwind; and the bones of my body shattering into a million pieces; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in my flirtatious activities; with scores of girls on the street ridiculing me; when infact I desperately wanted their friendship; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in front of my parents; with them condemning my work as

a lazy tribute to the soil; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me at reaching office early everyday; with my tyre getting punctured midway although I started hours before time; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me at snapping photographs; with people thrashing me black and blue for portraying them as decayed fruits; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me at swallowing medicines; with every attempt of mine to gulp resulting in disastrously puking out the same; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in procuring my livelihood; with every attempt of mine to earn finding me placed in the beggars seat; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in wearing my own clothes; with my shirt inevitably getting torn the instant I tried to fit it over my shoulders; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me while sleeping; jolting me off from my slumber every second with an armory of horrifying dreams; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

Even if you failed me in all quarters of life; making me despicably succumb and lick raw mud; It still wouldn't hurt me at all,

And as I told you O! lord I wouldn't mind it the least if you snatched away everything from me; failed me horrendously in every sphere of life; but please see to it that I kept writing poetry till the time I relinquished my last breath; make me the king of poetry

Nikhil Parekh

The King Of The Current Moment

The treacherously obsolete yesterday I had wholesomely forgotten; with even the most infinitesimal of its vapid impression dissolving into aisles of frigid nothingness,

What was going to happen today I had not the tiniest of innuendo about; groping into the mercilessly coldblooded darkness when I pondered upon the same, Tomorrow was a tantalizing mirage; which kept eluding my invincible grasp more and more; as I tried to indefatigably snatch it,

But nevertheless I was still the unparalleled king of the current moment; rejoicing in its untamed glory to the most unprecedented limits; letting its bountiful majesty take complete control of every of my beleaguered vein.

The disastrously delirious yesterday had wholesomely evaporated from my life; with not even the most vehemently indignant of its maelstroms daring to come near me,

What was going to happen today I had not the most ephemeral insinuation about; shattering into boundless fragments of meaninglessness when I tried to tirelessly envisage about the same,

Tomorrow was a fathomlessly distant dream; about whose veritable reality I couldn't figure out head or spuriously withering tail,

But nevertheless I was still the unassailable king of the current moment; letting its unsurpassable enchantment celestially descend upon even the most diminutive cranny of my mind; body and quavering soul.

The truculently chauvinistic yesterday had completely deserted the chapter of my life; with not even the most evanescent of its jinxed beam; reminiscent in the whites of my eyes,

What was going to happen today I had not the most capricious idea about; being banged like a haplessly disoriented coconut against the walls of diabolical hell; when I tried to flex my brain a trifle too much about it,

Tomorrow seemed to stretch beyond the realms of my molecular imagination; with the fangs of viciously bellicose uncertainty perpetuating me from all sides, But nevertheless I was still the uninhibited king of the current moment; letting its pragmatically panoramic beauty; entirely become the royally seductive veil of my horrendously tyrannized existence.

The baselessly crucifying yesterday had entirely abdicated my nimble presence; extinguishing into worthless horizons of irretrievably reproachful oblivion,

What was going to happen today I had not the most mercurial of gut feeling about; being ruthlessly buried alive in coffins of intractable desperation; as I

tried to valiantly decipher its ingredients of good and forlornly bad,
Tomorrow had still marathon hours to take irrefutably unshakable control; with a
zillion murderous barricades yet to overcome,
But nevertheless I was still the limitless king of the current moment; letting its
magnetically divine energy instill optimistically benign energy in my delinquent
bones; to lead a countless more symbiotic lives.

The morbidly penalizing yesterday seemed gone since times immemorial; with
the first rays of Omnipotently brilliant dawn; transcending over even the most
non-existent speck of the egregiously rampaging devil,
What was going to happen today I had not the most ethereal of understanding
about; being dissolved into mortuaries of hopeless insanity; when I tried to
unambiguously picture the next hour from now,
Tomorrow seemed like it would never come; with the deplorable conundrum of
murderous manipulation and politics around me; engendering me to frenetically
search for my every breath,
But nevertheless I was still the inimitable king of the current moment; letting its
philanthropically synergistic heavenliness; beautifully coalesce each of my senses
with the mantra of wonderfully egalitarian mankind; with the spirit of the Ever-
Pervading; Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

The Language Of My Heart

The language of my lips was uninhibited happiness; compassionately nibbling every element of rhapsodic goodness; that euphorically swam in the panoramic atmosphere,

The language of my eyes was unceasing empathy; a perennially untainted desire to amalgamate my impoverished being; with every conceivable fraternity of living society,

The language of my chin was endless mischief; eternally frolicking with countless nubile maidens on the pristine sea shores; enlightening even the most inane iota of morbid gloom in the atmosphere,

The language of my cheeks was tantalizingly embarrassed euphoria; erupting into a fathomless gallery of nimble goose-bumps; as when the ebulliently fantastic winds of unadulterated autumn gushed in upon the freshly embellished bride,

The language of my shoulders was altruistic philanthropism; tirelessly hoisting my fellow comrades in inclement distress; towards the paradise of their very own choice,

The language of my fingers was untamed artistry; insatiably evolving a glorious civilization of panoramic beauty; out of inconspicuously threadbare wilderness,

The language of my armpits was emolliently hard earned perspiration; the feeling of unsurpassably mollifying contentment of having relentlessly strived forward to blissfully conserve my diminutive existence,

The language of my feet was timelessly inexhaustible adventure; tirelessly philandering upon even the most evanescent cranny of god's wonderfully enchanting creation,

The language of my stomach was inevitably symbiotic hunger; marvelously replenishing the egregiously tyrannized intestines inside; with the bounteously scrumptious fruits of eternal mother nature,

The language of my brain was fathomlessly never-ending fantasy; with not the slightest bit of jejune treacherous monotony daring to perpetuate it for times immemorial,

The language of my bones was unflinchingly blazing patriotism; expending the last ounce of energy trapped within them to the service of their limitlessly sacrosanct motherland,

The language of my shadow was satiny sensuousness; tantalizing even the most parasitically alien into an unending whirlpool of astoundingly invincible ecstasy,

The language of my palms was unavoidably unraveling destiny; transcending above every aspect of my incessant struggle for propitiously mesmerizing existence,

The language of my eyelashes was mischievously flirtatious winking; rejoicing the unassailably divine moments of newborn infancy; even when I had nurtured into perilous greyness of complete manhood,

The language of my blood was pricelessly impregnable humanity; celestially coalescing with every conceivable element of living kind; for an infinite more births yet of mine,

The language of my throat was synergistic melody; tranquilly inundating every lugubriously nonchalant particle of the atmosphere; with the undefeatable chorus of uninhibitedly united brotherhood,

The language of my persona was amazing procreation; endeavoring my very best in continuing god's chapter of venerated evolution; till the absolutely irrevocable end of my breath,

The language of my conscience was irrefutably unshakable truth; perpetually traversing on the path of egalitarian silken righteousness; even as holocausts of hell viciously stabbed the soil of earth,

The language of my nostrils was quintessentially life-yielding breath; compassionately embracing every living organism in whirlpools of vivaciously beautiful desire,

And the language of my heart was immortally Omnipotent love; forever and ever and ever bonding with the beats of my unconquerable beloved; till centuries unprecedented even after my this birth and the destined corpse of my death.

Nikhil Parekh

The Last Day Of His Life

He smiled as the milkman dropped milk; when usually he would swap his fingers menacingly at him; for arriving even a minute late,

He hoisted the dirty urchin high in his hands; when usually he would shoo all stray children running helter-skelter in the streets; with his stick,

He gave a handsome tip to the waiter; when usually he would scream at the top of his lungs for not being served properly,

He strolled bare chested in the sun-lit balcony; when usually he would adorn himself in the tightest of suit and glossy pant,

He danced rampantly in the rain outside; when usually he would stringently admonish all servants to shut the windows airtight; as soon as the first patch of black cloud lingered in the sky,

He ate the most piquant of chili; when usually he refrained from tasting even small pinches of common salt,

He talked loquaciously all day in a host of languages; when usually he moved his lips sternly; only when required,

He sat for hours on the bed of squalid grass; when usually he never transgressed on anything except shimmering slabs of pure marble,

He sipped chilled champagne with gay abandon; when usually he didn't touch anything except Herbal tea,

He laughed thunderously at the slightest of joke; when usually he was far too stingy even on smiles,

He drove his car himself at lightening speeds; when usually he incorrigibly refused to leave the house ever; without his driver,

He left his wrists bare; gauging the time from position of the Sun; when usually he even slept the entire night with his watch strapped tightly,

He viewed television incessantly at strident volumes; when usually he preferred to brood desolately in solitude,

He sang romantic tunes from contemporary songs; when usually he always condemned and rebuked the advent of pop music,
He masticated at raw slices of poignant cucumber; when usually he commanded the cooks to boil his food to unprecedented limits,

He shook hands magnanimously with the peons; when usually he held a handkerchief stuffed snugly to his nose; to superficially avoid their odor while confronting them,

He let his hair descend down in wild streaks; when usually he made sure every morning that each follicle was combed and oiled; till its last root projecting from his scalp,

He wore a loose and threadbare ragamuffin shirt; when usually he was embellished in silken fabric; with the most omnipotent of scent inundating every pore of his skin,

He even winked at witnessing lovers in the park; blessing them for their future lives to unfurl; when usually he put such trespassers behind iron bars of custody,

And today he forgave everyone he interacted with; lived life the way he did when he was just born; as he knew it that this was the last time he would ever see this marvelous earth; the last day of his life.

Nikhil Parekh

The Last Thing I Did Before Going Off To Sleep

The last thing that a donkey did before going off to sleep; was to kick loads of dust in vicinity; swish its tail wildly in sheer contentment,

The last thing that the whale did before going off to sleep; was to glide gleefully through the dark waters; masticating scores of small fish with stupendous relish; as it eventually settled on the coral reefs for its nocturnal slumber,

The last thing that the lion did before going off to sleep; was to thunderously roar; letting his voice reverberate loud and blaring through the entire forest; licking its paws in complete contentment,

The last thing that the leaves did before sleep; was to sway gently with the breeze; whisper to the wind in the mystical voice their umpteenth tales of the day; as they curled up their surface to seek volumes of cozy comfort,

The last thing that the frog did before going off to sleep; was to jump about in animated exhilaration; croak a trifle in its exhausted voice; letting all insects pass in front of his nose; as it blended its slimy body with the sprouting shoots of lush green grass,

The last thing that the peacock did before going off to sleep; was to spread its kingly feathers to a full plumage; perch up blissfully in its nest on the tree; as it nourished its eggs with gallons of passionate air drifting from its beak,

The last thing that the stars did before going off to sleep; was to tenderly kiss the clouds which swept past; shimmer gingerly; lost in a world of enchanting fantasy,

The last thing that the slave did before going off to sleep; was to serve his master a glass of revitalizing water; tucking himself as far as he could; within his threadbare belongings to face the chilly night,

The last thing that the prince did before going off to sleep; was to sip royal pints of grape wine; fondle the entire ensemble of his opalescent jewels; adding a twinkle to his eye as he stretched his legs into an ocean of laziness,

The last thing that the snake did before going off to sleep; was to wander about rampantly in the wilderness; devouring newly hatched eggs with its vicious teeth; as it crawled in its burrow to evade the freezing snow flakes descending

from the sky,

The last thing that the dancer did before going off to sleep; was to frantically gyrate her body; igniting loads of cheer and smiles; as she collapsed like a dead heap on the floor; with her swollen lids incorrigibly refraining to open till the crack of dawn,

The last thing that the tortoise did before going off to sleep; was to poke its neck as far as possible; greedily absorbing the tenacious moonlight; as it turned topsy-turvy on its shell; to feast on the placid cool lingering in the atmosphere,

The last thing that the Bar Man did before going off to sleep; was to swim in a deluge of inebriating whisky; sight his reflection bleary eyed in the same; as he fell on his feet; finally succumbing to the tumult and fatigue he had suffered in the day,

The last thing that the Politician did before going off to sleep; was to make surreptitious phone calls to his contacts spread far and wide; admonishing his guards stringently to be on the vigil all night,

The last thing the mosquito did before going off to sleep; was to incessantly suck blood from the flesh of all those already fast asleep; as it had the biggest laugh of its life waking up everybody; and only then settling into a state of perennially contented rest,

The last thing that the dog did before going off to sleep; was to wag its tail vigorously; daintily suckle at its bowl of milk; as it stuffed its nose deep into the recesses of its masters quilt,

The last thing that the pig did before going off to sleep; was to protrude its nose in a stack of fresh garbage dumped by the neighbors, as it prepared to make its bed; amidst a pile of soiled paper and unconsumed sandwich,

The last thing that the laborer did before going off to sleep; was to emit the loudest yawn of his life; uninhibitedly curse his boss for making him slog like an ant under the sweltering heat of the Sun; as he splashed water in the scorching mud around; clutching his treasured possession's close to his chest; as he took a vow to never wake up and work again,

And the last thing that I did before going off to sleep; was to thank my God for bestowing upon me such a beautiful life; recount to my mother even the most minuscule of thing that I had undergone in the day; and kiss my beloved on her

forehead; before surrendering inevitably to her embrace and thereby give a new definition to the night.

Nikhil Parekh

The Lord Was Perpetually Watching You!

You might utter an infinite abuses on eternally spell-binding creation; in the most nonchalantly decaying of gutter pipe; where there dared not creep even the most parsimoniously uninterested of soul,

You might abominably execute an infinite dastardly lies; in the realms of meaninglessly menacing wilderness; where there dared not creep even the most ethereally lackadaisical of soul,

You might indiscriminately massacre an infinite innocent scalps; in the invidiously asphyxiating blackness of solitary midnight; where there dared not creep even the most fecklessly cowardly of soul,

You might sadistically wail an infinite tunes of death; in the aisles of demonically terrorizing hell; where there dared not creep even the most transiently anomalous of soul,

You might parasitically suck an infinite droplets of new-born blood; in the ominously thwarted labyrinths of the ominously cold-blooded dungeons; where there dared not creep even the most fugitively mercurial of soul,

You might sacrilegiously manipulate an infinite lives like lifeless commodities; in a despicably dying mist of nothingness; where there dared not creep even the most parsimoniously invisible of soul,

You might intransigently ridicule an infinite maimed and blind children; in the deserts of hopelessly crucifying boredom; where there dared not creep even the most inconspicuously intangible of soul,

You might abhorrently bombard an infinite civilizations of newness; in the midst of
devastatingly pin-drop sleep and cadaverous silence; where there dared not creep even the most penuriously deteriorating of soul,

You might satanically poison an infinite elements of altruistic simplicity; in the worthlessly livid vacuum that profanely existed between heaven and hell; where there dared not creep even the most incomprehensibly invisible of soul,

You might malevolently steal an infinite moments of happiness from the symbiotic; in the graveyards of fetidly exacerbated extinction; where there dared

not creep even the most despairingly disappearing of soul,

You might torturously blind an infinite pristinely enchanting of eyes; in the hideously moonless blackness; where there dared not creep even the most ephemerally obfuscated of soul,

You might emotionlessly famish an infinite organisms of quintessential water and food; in the coffins of ruthlessly asphyxiating depression; where there dared not creep even the most despondently obsolete of soul,

You might deliriously incarcerate an infinite winds of philanthropic goodness; in the maniacally murderous tunnels of debauchery; where there dared not creep even the most inaudibly impoverished of soul,

You might heartlessly sell an infinite mothers including your very own; to earn those extra despicably worthless wads of currency; in the intolerably ribald nakedness of dusk; where there dared not creep even the most diminutively insipid of soul,

You might venomously besmirch an infinite brilliantly unfettered spirits of triumph; in the criminally uninhabited lanes of cannibalistic hatred; where there dared not creep even the most unrecognizably fluttering of soul,

You might unforgivably traumatize and hunt an infinite forests and priceless wildlife; in the indistinguishably ghoulish cry of the jinxed owl; where there dared not creep even the most indecipherably measly of soul,

You might barbarously close an infinite holistically impregnable breaths; in the gallows of cold-bloodedly excoriating prison; where there dared not creep even the most non-existent meaningless of soul,

You might lethally perpetuate the poison of betrayal in an infinite immortally passionate hearts; in the mortuaries of the deplorable devil; where there dared not creep even the most conceivably impoverished of soul,

And do whatever you wanted to; do wherever you wanted to; do whenever you wanted to; but remember O! disastrously greedy man; that if not anybody on this

fathomlessly inscrutable Universe; but the Omnipotent Lord Almighty was perpetually watching you and simultaneously ever other organism like you!

The Lord Was Watching You

Although there mightn't be the most bucolic insinuation of light around; with every conceivable ingredient of the atmosphere being gruesomely circumscribed with
a coffin of darkness,

Although every leaf around might have slept an infinite hours ago; with nothing but perpetual stillness being the mantra of the lugubriously sullen evening,

Although every trace of exuberantly ecstatic wind around might have subsided to infinitesimally ethereal dust; with every commercial activity on this fathomless planet coming to an absolute standstill,

Although there might not be the tiniest trace of civilization around; with even the most obsolete shadows of bizarrely treacherous ghosts dogmatically refraining from listlessly floating in free space,

Although the stars might be completely obfuscated in mystical sky; by a viciously thunderous blanket of voluptuously titillating clouds,

Although the enigmatically cavorting spiders around might have transited into unbreakable sleep; with orphaned strands of their royal webs; now disintegrating into a boundless bits of nothingness,

Although the exotically spell binding flowers around might have invidiously crumbled into a disorientedly befuddled heap; with every of their once enchantingly redolent petals now coalescing with wisps of worthlessness,

Although the waves of the ebulliently rhapsodic sea around might have drowned into feckless extinction; with nothing but unimaginably heartless space taking insidious and complete control,

Although even the most subservient element of squelched moisture around might have dried to a ghastly death; with ludicrously imperturbable austerity forever reigning supreme,

Although the uninhibited cries of the newborn around might have horrifically asphyxiated; with even the sound of a mercurial pin irrevocably restraining to come from the ground,

Although the unlimitedly gigantic shadows around might have surreptitiously enveloped every conceivable object in vicinity; with the eyes finding it overwhelmingly difficult to sagaciously discern between the black and scintillatingly white,

Although the innocuously whispering grasshoppers around might have surrendered themselves in mind; body and spirit; to graveyards of horrifically dumb silence,

Although the thunderously resonating echoes around might have pathetically dissolved into a mortuary of decrepit emptiness; resigning to the inevitably acerbic unveiling of time,

Although the inanely fragile footprints around might have shrunk into the aisles of dastardly oblivion; with agglomerated conviviality being a remorsefully far cry,

Although the spirit of unflinchingly fearless patriotism might have ridiculously dwindled around; with unbelievably peaceful sighs replacing the triumphantly blazing clanging of the impregnable swords,

Although the minute hand and hour hand of the grandfather clock around might have remained irretrievably agglutinated at the same spot; even as time rampantly sped by,

Although every speck of brilliant versatility around might have metamorphosed into a miserably slaving well of abysmal nonchalance; with even the most miraculously galloping inspiration fading under the midday Sun,

Although every breath around might have subsided into the realms of hell even before one could inhale it out; and each wisp of life might have grotesquely died,

O! Yes; Even if the entire earth around might have closed its eyes or come to a perpetually disillusioned standstill: Remember that the most fugitively frigid action of yours was being ardently watched by the Omnipotent Lord Almighty; so watch your step dear mate; and make sure that it treads towards righteousness; righteousness and just immortally humanitarian and symbiotically unconquerable righteousness; whenever you dare to tread.

Nikhil Parekh

The Lord's Most Favorite Child.

Celebrate the voluptuously cascading rain; with an unsurpassable flurry of nubile vixens; compassionately matching step to step; of your ebulliently dancing stride,

Celebrate the eternally Omnipotent dawn; with mellifluously impeccable cisterns of honey; unabashedly dribbling across every conceivable pore of your nimbly impoverished body,

Celebrate the sensuously inebriating night; with a plethora of handsomely untainted bonfires; whose unflinchingly golden flames; kissed the farthestmost corner of the fathomlessly enamoring sky,

Celebrate the uninhibitedly liberating holidays; with unlimitedly enthralling labyrinths of adventures; which gave bountifully fresh birth to every dying pore of your skin; every unfurling instant of destined lifetime,

Celebrate philanthropically ameliorating victory; with celestially beautiful smiles; which made you as well everyone around you feel; the most inimitably priceless organism on this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe,

Celebrate invincibly venerated motherhood; with perennially unconquerable compassion; which granted the most poignant fortresses of solidarity; to the majestically newborn child,

Celebrate fantastically unfettered paradise; with unceasingly iridescent caravans of spell binding fantasy; which timelessly escalated you to the footsteps of the Omnipresent divine,

Celebrate unbelievably tranquil loneliness; with magically unhindered enchantment; which inexorably mitigated you of even the most infinitesimally non-existent of your worries,

Celebrate indomitably fearless oneness; with the mantra of ubiquitously unparalleled humanity; which made you feel that there was nothing else but miraculously undefeated heaven; on even the most disappearing step that you nimbly tread,

Celebrate incredulously invincible Everest; with the most ravishingly costliest oceans of shimmering champagne; which seductively sparked an inferno of

unendingly untamed desire in even the most obliviously crumbling of your bones,

Celebrate wonderfully replenishing sleep; with an endlessly fructifying festoon of jubilant dreams; which refreshed the innermost dormitories of your soul; to spawn into an infinite civilizations of newness; the very next rays of glistening dawn,

Celebrate perpetually egalitarian brotherhood; with the sky of fathomlessly bonding and unshakable unity; which perpetuated in you the temerity; to peerlessly behead even the most sacrilegiously assassinating of devil,

Celebrate panoramically effulgent beauty; with unstoppably ardent cloudbursts of appreciation; which evaporated even the most hedonistically frazzled of your nerves; into wisps of insouciantly vanishing oblivion,

Celebrate amazingly earnest candidness; with the ever-pervadingly righteous soil of brilliant honesty; which imparted you the most insuperably royal wings to fly; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

Celebrate triumphantly benign lips; with an everlastingly unflinching kiss of imperceptible passion; which rekindled in you a fresh desire to exist; even when a countless feet beneath your hideously veritable grave,

Celebrate gloriously golden sweat; with a tireless cavalcade of salutations towards the Omnisciently showering sky; which acted as your sole savior in every tangible and intangible sphere of synergistically destined life,

Celebrate ecstatically tantalizing breath; with a fearlessly never-ending hug; which made you feel quintessentially closer; to your incomparably magnetic rudiments,

Celebrate victoriously unmatched heartbeat; with a Universe of fervent gregariousness; which forever coalesced every element of your survival; symbiotically with every fraternity; caste; creed; religion and tribe,

And celebrate every instant of optimistically blessed life; with the beats of immorally Omnipresent love; which granted you a permanent place in the most unassailable thrones of heaven; and which made you this very unfurling moment; the Lord's most favorite child.

Nikhil Parekh

The Magic Of Black

There were infinite who associated it with disdainfully grave infidelity; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with uninhibited sensuousness sprouting from each pore of the skin,

There were infinite who associated it with unrelentingly diabolical massacre; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the quintessential humility in every living being,

There were infinite who associated it with surreptitiously macabre trepidation; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the seeds of beautifully untamed virility,

There were infinite who associated it with gravely anomalous deliriousness; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the invincible sacredness of the twinkling stars,

There were infinite who associated it with sleazily cacophonous drunkenness; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the profoundly rejuvenating awakening of the soul,

There were infinite who associated it with vindictively stabbing pain; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the mellifluously unconquerable sounds of the nightingale,

There were infinite who associated it with amorphously penalizing vacuum; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the most unassailably brilliant fireballs of passion,

There were infinite who associated it with unstoppably demonic disaster; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the umbrella of all bountifully uncurbed freshness,

There were infinite who associated it with treacherously ribald ghoulishness; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the unimpeachably consecrating spirit of the divine,

There were infinite who associated it with carnivorously jinxed emptiness; whilst

there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the ravishingly succulent gallery of unparalleled enchantment,

There were infinite who associated it with satanically lambasting imprisonment; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the intrepidly whispering winds of adventure,

There were infinite who associated it with inexplicably asphyxiating danger; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the triumph of rhapsodic exhilaration over sadistic monotony,

There were infinite who associated it with indefatigably cursed wailing; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the ultimate panacea for triggering an inimitably priceless fantasy,

There were infinite who associated it with lecherously deteriorating nothingness; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the insuperably glorious crown of mysticism,

There were infinite who associated it with devastatingly evaporating misfortune; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the boundless ramifications of the royal destiny lines,

There were infinite who associated it with miserably pulverizing hatred; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the kingly stupor of immortal poetry,

There were infinite who associated it with unfinished tyrannized bemoaning of the soul; whilst there were also infinite of a kind; who associated it with the absolute infallible epitome of creativity,

There were infinite who associated it with insidiously jeopardizing betrayal; whilst there were also infinite of a kind; who associated it with the latent reflection of compassionately truthful love,

There were infinite who associated it with venomously annihilating terrorism; whilst there were also infinite of a kind; who associated it with most blissfully nourishing cradle of perpetual silence,

Such. O! Yes Such. Was the magic of the amazingly multi-personality and ever-pervading color; Black

The Main Culprit

Your voluptuous eyes were the ones that stole my sight; rendered me wholesomely blinded and staring unrelentingly at your stupendous visage,

Your luscious lips were the ones that stole my taste; tumultuously evoking me to only nibble passionately at their rubicund outline,

Your dainty hands were the ones that stole all my Herculean muscle and power; conjuring me to hold them every unfurling second on the sunlit day; marathon hours of the freezing night,

Your ravishing hair was the one that stole my senses; drowning me profoundly in the ocean of their mesmerizing fragrance,

Your poignant nails were the ones that stole my ability to scratch; driving me into a state of uncontrollable frenzy as they tantalizingly stroked their way through my scalp,

Your tinkling feet were the ones that stole my stride; compelling me to kneel in timid obeisance; revering and worshipping them incessantly,

Your scintillating teeth were the ones that stole my ungainly laughter; left me in a spell bound stupor; as I inexorably admired them in the moonlit shades of midnight,

Your velvety shadow was the one that stole my entity; making me thoroughly oblivious to each of my surroundings; victimized and enchanted by its supremely mystical grace,

Your fabulous skin was the one that stole my blood; making it abysmally freeze in my veins as I caressed your heavenly flesh,

Your majestic aura was the one that stole my memory; made me deviate from even the most rigid of my thoughts; perpetuating me to dream of nothing else but your captivating countenance,

Your immaculate ears were the ones that stole all my sensation to hear; making me stone deaf to the most volatile of explosion; as I sweetly suckled your ravishingly dangling and crimson lobes,

Your delectable neck was the one that stole my prowess to turn; riveting my face intransigently towards your tawny cheeks,
Your melodious voice was the one that stole my ability to speak; made me perpetually dumb; overwhelmingly lost in the celestial cadence of its sound; the blissful fervor in its tunes,

Your innocuous birth mark was the one that stole my destiny; as my life solely followed its enamoring contours; blended itself completely with its form and color,

Your tangy tears were the ones that stole my reflection; making me admire the astounding beauty of the world which they encapsulated; the unfathomable empathy which they explicitly reflected,

Your vivacious stomach was the one that stole my hunger; made me emancipate my demonish gluttony; as I pressed my head against it with each of its ingratiatingly rhythmic rise and fall,

Your incomprehensibly moist breath was the one that stole my life; making me a diligent slave of the seductive aroma that you exhaled infinite number of times in a single day,

But your heart was the main culprit of them all; as its every palpable beat stole my flamboyantly fiery desire; stole all the love I had; stole all the love I could ever give.

Nikhil Parekh

The Main Ingredient Of My Thoughts

I consider the weird tenacity of the intransigent air,
That tickles the envelope of my mind,
Unfolding a whole life of misery,
Involving the trickery of its kind.

The rugged terrains stretched like a shell,
Rings nonchalantly in my mind a good nice bell.
A flower blossoms; a bird chirps,
Bringing my mind the best kind of jerks.
At last I get out of this heavenly dream,
To enrich the taste of the real cream.

Nikhil Parekh

The Man In The Photograph

The man in the photograph didn't withdraw air from surrounding,
While I breathed several times a single minute.

The man in the photograph didn't laugh at a hilarious joke,
While I burst into volleys of laughter at mention of the slightest satire.

The man in the photograph didn't feel at all thirsty,
While I couldn't suffice without water for more than an hour.

The man in the photograph wore an impeccable white shirt; devoid of creases,
While the garments that fitted my body were with blotches of stain and grease.

The man in the photograph didn't budge a fraction of an inch,
While I tossed and turned with growing spurts of overwhelming restlessness.

The man in the photograph was clad in threadbare clothes even in chilly winter,
While I draped my persona with furry covers of pure sheepskin wool.

The man in the photograph never developed shabby stubble of beard,
While I shaved my skin scrupulously twice in a single day.

The man in the photograph didn't sweat drops of pungent perspiration,
While I shed water from my armpits every unfolding second in the sun.

The man in the photograph didn't sit for years on the trot,
While I needed to rest occasionally on the ergonomically sculptured leather pouch.

The man in the photograph didn't expurgate his bowels,
While I made frequent journeys to the bathroom after devouring plum juice and water.

The man in the photograph didn't cough when tickled by pigeon feather,
While I erupted into an earth shattering sneeze when struck by cold.

The man in the photograph was holistically phlegmatic,
While I was full of volatile energy; ready to plunge into the sea of adventure.

The man in the photograph had black hair since times immemorial.

While I had acquired grizzly streaks of white with the onset of age.

The man in the photograph didn't struggle to earn money,
While I worked at frantic pace to make my livelihood.

As a matter of fact; the man in the photograph had died decades ago,
And I was still living; all set to change the complexion of this earth.

Nikhil Parekh

The Man, The Orphan, The Die Hard Lady

The man was stripped of sight since he was born,
groping around his way in perpetual darkness as a kid,
shielding his dilapidated eye with thick wipers of charcoal black,
he rapidly learnt the art of deciphering protuberant Braille,
acquired a kingly accolade in contemporary art; being divested precious
ingredients of vision indispensable to execute it.

the orphan was deprived of the ability to disentangle sound,
an aftermath of which he was oblivious to coherent speech,
there was however no massacring his zeal for life,
he decoded words through subtle movements of lips,
was a dedicated pioneer in onerous freedom struggle of his country,
refrained from portraying to the world; that he was deaf as a silent stone.

the lady in the slum possessed twin pairs of crippled feet,
bearing the brunt of irascible car wheels crushing her bones,
she now walked with tapered calipers of cheap cane,
although she had a heart embodied with philanthropic visions,
lending a helping hand to people suffering in miserable plight.

i wandered about jobless for several days,
bestowed upon with all tangible aspects of life,
punching the ground hard in inexplicable frustration looming large,
i then witnessed the lives of the abovementioned; utterly distraught yet ready to
smile,
it was that very day that i felt lucky; and sumptuously blessed,
urged myself to laugh when i felt like sobbing; reminiscing memories of the man,
the orphan, and the die hard lady.

Nikhil Parekh

The Midas Touch

When I want it the most,
I feel the most deprived.
When I like it the most,
It just fades into oblivion.
When I feel it the most,
It stabs me like thousand burnt needles.
When I dig deep for treasure,
It buries itself to unsurpassable heights.
When I stare into space,
It shoots missiles of polluted dust.
When I eat scarlet apple pies,
They turn into pieces of hard stone.
When I drive my dream Mitsubishi,
The twin rubber brakes snap into two.
When I sit on a racehorse,
It kicks like a donkey kissed with cigarette but.
When I plunge into still water,
An outburst of icy waves drown me down.
When I climb seemingly harmless barbed wire,
It spits electric sparks of bare current.
When I flex my voice for impression,
It blurts out discordant notes of music.
When I sip volumes of frosty milk,
It turns to fermented yellow sour cream.
When I run with the wind,
Showers of rain and chill, come pouring down.
When I kneel down on the satiny mattress,
Fluffs of cotton leak out in frenzy.
When I hand glide into deep valleys,
A barricade of sharp rock, causes me to nose dive.
When I sail in a luxury liner,
Water floods into cabin compartments.
When I try gesticulating for help,
My hands get trapped with spasmodic paralysis.
And when finally I feel like sobbing hysterically,
Arrays of tear ducts get blocked.
That's what I call folks,
The one and only my kind of Midas Touch.

The Million Dollar Kiss

When she saw me; she made me feel that I was the most handsome man on this earth,

I felt as if God had cast his omnipotent eyes on me; granting my persona an impeccable status to survive.

When she talked to me; she made me feel that I was tangible and existing, I felt as if God had whispered mystically in my dreams; making me imbibe the essence of life.

When she smiled at me; she made me feel that I was someone extra special, I felt as if God had granted me reprieve from my plethora of sins; inundated my soul with loads of happiness.

When she ran her fingers through my hair; she made me feel that I was a messenger of love, I felt as if God had blessed me with his sacrosanct palms; impregnated in my visage the tenacity to live and let live.

When she held my hands; she made me feel that I had a fortress to lean upon, I felt as if God had endowed me with unsurpassable resilience; his shadow to seek solace in my times of bizarre distress.

When she fed me with ravishing food; she made me feel that I was never hungry, I felt as if God had perpetually filled my stomach; stuffed it with the most sumptuous meal available in this world.

When she tickled me frivolously in my ribs; she made me feel the stupendous exultation of existence, I felt as if God had returned me back my innocuous childhood; placed upon an immortal bed of dreams.

When she put me to sleep; she made me feel that I was blissfully breathing, I felt as if God had exorbitantly rewarded me for my day; showering upon my dreary eyes the virtue of eternal rest.

And when she kissed me; she made me feel that I had infinite reasons to live, I felt as if God had given me the greatest treasure of my life; made me the richest person in past and pragmatic present; to be alive.

Nikhil Parekh

The Moon I Possessed

The moon in the sky was obliterated by a cluster of ashen Grey clouds,
While the moon standing before me; was as immaculate as freshly extracted milk.

The moon in the sky possessed disdainful blotches of dispersed powder,
While the moon standing abreast my heart; was bereft of even a solitary spot of dirt on its body.

The moon in the sky was often invaded by a fleet of alien spaceships,
While the moon I held in close proximity; was obsessively mine.

The moon in the sky bestowed its tenacious radiance only in nocturnal hours of the night,
While the moon caressing my lips; shone brilliantly all sweltering day; as well as in perpetual dark.

The moon in the sky was often overshadowed by flaming rays of the sun,
While the moon lying down on my toes; stood prominently as the lone survivor amidst infinite contestants of beauty.

The moon in the sky offered partial relief from the monotonous heat prevailing in the air,
While the moon smiling parallel to my eyes; pacified all turbulence that arose in my body.

The moon in the sky changed its shape with the unleashing hour,
While the moon whispering in my intricate ear; harbored the same silhouette for marathon numbers of years.

The moon in the sky remained impassive as an obdurate stone; even when I cried,
While the moon nestling beside me in the languid grass; wiped my tears with sumptuous empathy.

The moon in the sky segregated its love; amongst millions of people residing on the globe,
While the moon dwelling with me in my house; loved me as much as it feared to abruptly die.

The moon in the sky didn't breathe a fraction of air,
While the moon staring at me in due adulation for countless hours; breathed
heavily down my neck.

And did you; know that the moon in the sky was as intangible as the withered
leaf;
While the moon I possessed in entirety in my perception; was living; being the
most beautiful girl on this earth

Nikhil Parekh

The Mosque Of My Creator

I saw it everyday from my window; profoundly admiring its magnificent spires
towering supremely high towards the sky,

I stared at it unrelentingly for marathon hours; meticulously absorbing its
stupendous grandeur; the shimmering steps that led to the shrine,

I dreamt about it all throughout the night; fantasizing incessantly about blending
my life with the omnipotent aura it generated,

I indefatigably counted the number of devotees entering its sacrosanct
chambers; prayed to the creator to satisfy all that they had ever wanted,

I clasped both my hands in meek submission; knelt down on my toes to
wholesomely drown in the sounds of melodiously jingling bells,

I snapped countless photographs of it with my contemporary camera; capturing
its alluring charm in poignantly brilliant sunlight; as well as under placid rays of
the Silver moon,

I kissed its floor passionately; stood for fathomless days on the trot in front of its
Divine idol; lost in the eternal ramifications which continuously radiated,

I spoke about it to every stranger I encountered; trying to spread its immortal
magic in as many individuals who were thoroughly oblivious to its enchanting
spirit,

I tried to perceive it in the most wonderful form that was ever conceivable;
epitomizing its marvelous beauty to the pinnacle of my incomprehensible
imagination,

I cleaned its ambience umpteenth number of times in a day with austere
antiseptic; ensuring that the even the last particle of obnoxious dust was
completely annihilated from its very roots,

I studied tirelessly in its incredulously cool interiors; letting the waves from the
sagacious deities overwhelmingly illuminate and cleanse my mind,

I benevolently donated large sums of money; provided all that I could to appease
the diabolical hunger of the tyrannized urchins aimlessly sobbing around its

periphery,

I perspired like a bull in front of its gate; amicably welcoming all who wanted to pay homage to the Gods,

I sprinkled perfumed water on the idols every dawn; embellished each statue embedded inside with a resplendently fragrant festoon of lotus flowers,

I embossed infinite lines of enigmatic poetry every unleashing minute; in my modest attempt to portray its Omniscient essence all throughout the colossal globe,

I tied a bunch of pious threads on my fist; disseminated the same along with sacred vials containing ash to scores of followers thronging its territories every hour,

I intractably refrained to erase it from my memory; even when I left its premises embarking on a voyage for transient instants of time,

I didn't spend even a single second in the day without cognizing its spell binding beauty; inexorably stimulating every iota of my brain to serve the Almighty in the best possible way,

And yet when I got up from my sleep in the sunny morning; the very first thing that I did even before splashing water on my face; was to add a pinch of its holy dust to my eyes; visit the most adorable and revered "MOSQUE OF MY ALLAH, THE MOSQUE OF MY CREATOR".

Nikhil Parekh

The Mosque Of My Omnipotent Creator.

Neither and ever in front of my very own mother; who'd borne me 9 excruciating months in her womb; compassionately safeguarding me even today; a 28 yrs later; against the most infinitesimal trace of the devil,

Neither and ever in front of my very own father; who'd indefatigably worked round the clock; unsparingly abrading the heels of his soles against the merciless corporate tarmac; in order to lavishly attend to each of my minuscule needs,

Neither and ever in front of my very own sister; who'd herself undergone countless an ordeal; just in order to ensure that there always illuminated a smile on my face; and my parents as well as the world only looked at me,

Neither and ever in front of my very own grandmother; who'd astoundingly awakened several a time in the wee hours of midnight; to cater to my every eccentric demand; ecstatically run with my baby legs for unending a distance; with only the moon as savior and her ailing sight,

Neither and ever in front of my very own grandfather; who'd torrentially showered every conceivable gift on this planet upon my childish demands; many a time using droplets of his blood when his treasury of currency coin had disastrously exhausted,

Neither and ever in front of my very own brother; who'd never left a single stone unturned in his endless search for me; as I timelessly wandered in fantasy amidst a sea of humans; at every perceivable direction of sound,

Neither and ever in front of my very own uncle; who'd tirelessly spent every instant of his life; trying to keep me in the most euphoric of spirits; alleviate the inexplicable graves of depression that had sunk deep down into my soul,

Neither and ever in front of my very own aunt; who'd loved and adored me more than her own children; proudly introducing me to her friends and the rest of the world; as the inimitable and very best,

Neither and ever in front of my very own pet; who'd wagged his tail more ardently than the fierily mid-day Sun; everytime the nimble sound of my intricate feet tinkered near his ever-alert ears,

Neither and ever in front of my very own shadow; who'd incorrigibly followed me since the first cry of ebullient life; unflinchingly agglutinated to me like a faithful soldier; irrespective of my sporadic moods and abuse,
Neither and ever in front of my very own niece; who'd virtually exhausted every of her rhapsodic effort; to mischievously transform each tear-drop that dribbled from my eye; into a fountain of perennially fructifying love,

Neither and ever in front of my very own cousin; who'd built countless a castle with me on the glistening sea shores; being always there as my best friend; when everyone else in the world had uncouthly abandoned me,

Neither and ever in front of my very own dwelling; who'd invincibly sequestered me from the most ferocious of maelstrom and disaster; infallibly braved the most extreme wilderness of the sadistic night; whilst I slept in its interiors like an unparalleled crown prince,

Neither and ever in front of my very own neighbor; who'd arrived by my side at the faintest of my cry; be it in the wee hours of night or when atrocious bombs rained left-right-center in wartime; who turned up when some of my closest of blood-relations had deserted me,

Neither and ever in front of my very own heart; who'd perpetually stayed the closest to my inexplicably trembling chest; timelessly entwining every beat of my ordinarily destitute life with the spirit of immortal love,

Neither and ever in front of my very own daughter; who'd forever given me infinite reasons to smile and remain alive; with her divinely inarticulate mumbling; which knew no barriers of caste; creed; religion; status or tribe,

Neither and ever in front of my very own in-laws; who'd tolerated my every indescribable idiosyncrasy; shunting every aspect of my anomalous behavior with an unbreakable wall of silence,

Neither and ever in front of my very own wife; who'd impregably stood by my side in my times of good and bad; not inspiring me the slightest but yet and nevertheless resigning to her fate; and accepting me the way that I was,

But. If at all I wholeheartedly laughed; cried; sang; danced; joked; proliferated; sketched; poeticized; fantasized; liberated; evolved; adventured; slept; triumphed; flirted; wailed; whistled; lived and died; in front of somebody; then it was none else than the mosque of my Omnipotent Creator.

The Most Blessed

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single jewel in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she incessantly led me through a trail of unrelenting fantasy and insurmountable yearning; making me blossom into profoundly enamoring newness with the profuse captivation in her enamoring lips.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single moment of happiness in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she compassionately stared at me till times beyond conceivable eternity.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single cloth in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she cast her invincible magic through each element of my impoverished blood and diminishing senses.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single roof to survive in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she enigmatically teased me into a land more majestic than bountifully resplendent paradise.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single space to enjoy in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she titillated me indefatigably; to ebulliently arouse me out of my ghastly corpse; every time I tried to sleep; in the heart of pernicious midnight.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single talent in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she pacified all my murderously hedonistic apprehensions; with the ingratiating melody in her voice.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single fantasy in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,

Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she instilled the virtue of uninhibited sharing and brotherhood; in each ingredient of my severely decayed blood.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single adventure in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she made me perceive the most voluptuously ravishing sights on this fathomless planet; with the impeccable softness embedded in her marvelous eyes.

And even if you didn't bestow upon me a single droplet of water; a single morsel of food in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she danced like a celestial fairy to grant me a countless more lives; enshrouding my diminutively bedraggled existence with the Omnipotent light of humanity; a mellow greater than the handsomely divine.

Nikhil Parekh

The Most Embarrassing Moment

The most embarrassing moment for a barber was when he inadvertently annihilated all traces of the bushy moustache; alongwith scrupulously trimming scalp hair,

The most embarrassing moment for a pilot was when he dozed off for split seconds; only to witness his spacecraft nose-diving towards gruesome blackness,

The most embarrassing moment for a doctor was when he unwittingly dispensed the wrong medicine; treated the patient for a running nose; although he was suffering from stomach infection,

The most embarrassing moment for a teacher was when she was caught red handed;
for giving full marks to a student who had jotted a romantic picture story instead of solving mind boggling sums of arithmetic,

The most embarrassing moment for a businessman was when he signed a blank check; presuming it to contain a parsimonious amount of money,

The most embarrassing moment for a tailor was when he stitched cloth upside down; evolved a night pant out of the fabric which was supposedly meant for an office shirt,

The most embarrassing moment for an acrobat was when he toppled head on from
the slender string; collapsed on the obdurate ground like a school kid having just started to learn rope walking,

The most embarrassing moment for a tea taster was when he certified inebriating whisky as royal tea; having a mesmerizing aroma and a delectably crackling flavor,

The most embarrassing moment for a baby sitter was when she dropped the infant
on the ground; envisaging it to be a piece of chocolate wrapped in soft candy paper,

The most embarrassing moment for a jeweler was when he added scintillating

pearls to his tea; perceiving them to be crystals of sweet sugar,

The most embarrassing moment for an electrician was when he insipidly handed live current wires in the hands of his customer; instead of giving them the compactly molded switch,

The most embarrassing moment for a zookeeper was when he opened the cage of the ferocious lion; expecting innocuous birds to fly out in tandem,

The most embarrassing moment for a model was when she traversed on the ramp;

with disdainful blotches of sewage adhering stringently to her face,

The most embarrassing moment for an artist was when he painted the sun effeminate blue and the landscape blood red; lost in passionate fantasy while incoherently swishing his brush,

The most embarrassing moment for a singer was when she sang in a tune befitting a crow; the aftermath of a sore throat; drawing squeals of condemnation from the packed audience,

The most embarrassing moment for a car rallyist; was when his vehicle intractably refrained to budge an inch further; no matter how hard he tried to compress the accelerator at the start of race,

The most embarrassing moment for a cobbler was when he stitched the lace alongwith the threadbare holes in the shoe; profoundly engrossed in viewing the swanky cars passing by,

The most embarrassing moment for a photographer was when he snapped the clergymen encircling the ministers; instead of capturing the domineering demeanor of the president,

The most embarrassing moment for a writer was when the ink in his pen exhausted; as he started to emboss the very first page of his book,

And the most embarrassing moment for a person in love was when an alien girl pecked him frantically on his cheek; boldly embraced him in front of his cherished and angry beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

The Most Fervent Slave

Tantalizing were her beautiful eyelashes; as I danced in the aisles of insatiable ecstasy; to even the most infinitesimal of her mischievously spell binding flutter,

Tantalizing were her compassionate lips; as I catapulted to the scintillating walls of ravishingly supernatural heaven; to even the most diminutive of her magnetic pursing,

Tantalizing were her silken ears; as I poignantly reminisced all those sacrosanct moments of my philandering childhood; to even the most inconspicuous of her sensuous swishing,

Tantalizing were her iridescent cheeks; as I fructified into an unfathomable island of panoramic color and charm; to even the most fugitive of her blissful blushing,

Tantalizing were her exhilarating legs; as I exuberantly galloped forward in the wholesomely profound fervor of life; to even the most evanescent of her nimble stride,

Tantalizing were her charismatic palms; as I replenished each of my disastrously dwindling senses to the ointment of philanthropic humanity; to even the most ethereal of her magnanimous claps,

Tantalizing was her resplendent belly; as I profusely engulfed myself into an unsurpassable township of gorgeous sensuousness; to even the most fleeting of her ecstatic thrusts,

Tantalizing were her ravenous hair; as I discovered the priceless rudiments of my impoverished existence; to even the most minuscule of her volatile vivaciousness,

Tantalizing was her everlasting righteousness; as I jubilantly escalated to the epitome of irrefutably unconquerable companionship; to even the most tiniest of her sagacious footsteps,

Tantalizing were her enchanting eyebrows; as I triumphantly transcended past the boundaries of exotic mysticism; to even the most non-existent of her innocuous twitches,

Tantalizing was her fascinating brain; as I Omnipotently lit the lanterns of

seductive desire in my eyes; to even the most mercurial of her glorious fantasy,

Tantalizing were her melodious fingers; as I imbibed the vividly enamoring sweetness of this fathomless planet; to even the most parsimonious of her celestial strokes,

Tantalizing was her harmonious throat; as I ingratiatingly experienced the Omniscient charisma of existence; to even the most capricious of her gregarious sounds,

Tantalizing was her scintillating sweat; as I enthrallingly blended with the true essence of timeless perseverance; to even the most invisible diffusing of her unbelievably unending ardor,

Tantalizing were her reinvigorating smiles; as I boundlessly assimilated all poignant jubilation on this tireless planet; to even the most intricate unfurling of her heavenly lips,

Tantalizing was her unassailable conscience; as I learnt to unflinchingly confront every acrimonious element of survival; to even the most intangible aura of her celestial existence,

Tantalizing was her unshakable breath; as I fulminated into a fireball of resilience to lead a countless more lifetimes; to even the most ephemeral of her victorious exhalations,

Tantalizing was her undefeatable humanity; as I relinquished all spurious caste; creed and tribe to perennially coalesce with the religion of mankind; to even the most transient of her Godly impressions,

But Immortal was her ubiquitous heart; as I unabashedly fell in eternally limitless love; became the most fervent slave of her Omniscient aura; to even the most momentary of her passionately proliferating beats.

Nikhil Parekh

The Most Immortal Of Them All

The Sun might be flamboyant; sizzling dilapidated portions of the earth with its festoon of grandiloquently blistering rays; but you are the most flamboyant of them all,

The flower might be fragrant; diffusing its stupendously exotic redolence to thoroughly dwindling souls; but you are the most fragrant of them all,

The stars might be fabulously resplendent; shimmering their pearly rays in the ocean of perpetual darkness; but you are the most resplendent of them all,

The thunderbolts of white lightening might be vivacious; impregnating infernos of insatiable desire into lifeless souls; but you are the most vivacious of them all,

The crimson clouds in the boundless cosmos might be mystical; as one sighted them nostalgically reminiscing times of immaculate birth; but you are the most mystical of them all,

The protuberant crested sparrow might be boisterous; frolicking in the aisles of uninhibited rhapsody; but you are the most boisterous of them all,

The sheets of impeccably glistening ice might be seductive; melting into a melodious stream of voluptuous water; but you are the most seductive of them all,

The mountain of unsurpassable salt embodied in the undulating waves might be tangy; disseminating into a fountain of exuberant froth as it bounced on the shores; but you are the most tangy of them all,

The summit of the hill might be incredulously fascinating; overlooking into a fathomless myriad of breathtaking scenery; but you are the most fascinating of them all,

The fortress of pure stone might be invincible; withstanding the most acrimonious of onslaughts with astounding solidarity; but you are the most invincible of them all,

The royally oligarchic castle might be unfathomably majestic; with its walls radiating a profusely captivating sheen under milky moonlight; but you are the most majestic of them all,

The shadow might be enigmatically enchanting; incarcerating even the most morose in its inexplicably tingling swirl; but you are the most enigmatic of them all,

The sprawling meadows of verdant grass might be romantic; surreptitiously fostering two lovers away from the monotonous world; but you are the most romantic of them all,

The webs of golden honey trickling from the beehive might be profoundly sweet; marvelously pacifying the most scorchingly traumatized throats; but you are the most sweetest of them all,

The dream might be fantastically innovative; supremely rejuvenating the horrendously dreary nerves of the exhausted brain; but you are the most innovative of them all,

The child might be innocent; with his overwhelmingly mischievous smile imprisoning the hearts of even the most diabolically dictatorial; but you are the most innocent of them all,

The dog might be incomprehensibly faithful to his master; incessantly following him wherever he went irrespective of his mind-boggling poverty; but you are the most faithful of them all,

The breath might be insurmountably Omnipotent; instilling traces of indispensably volatile life in every organism tangible and alive; but you are the most Omnipotent of them all,

The Mother might be sacrosanct; bearing me 9 months in her celestial womb so that I could be what I was today; but you are the most sacrosanct of them all,

And the heart might be immortal; refraining to cease its fulminating battalion of beats even centuries after its death; but let me tell you O! beloved; that you were the most immortal of them all.

Nikhil Parekh

The Most Priceless Thing

The most priceless thing that my mother could ever have bequeathed upon me; was her unconditional support and compassion; even in my times of acrimoniously devastating survival,

The most priceless thing that my sister could ever have bequeathed upon me; was a kaleidoscope of astoundingly intriguing mischief; making me perennially feel that I was that; unscrupulous child once again,

The most priceless thing that my father could ever have bequeathed upon me; was an unrelenting dynamism to propel forward come what may; blaze more ferociously than the midday Sun; even in the heart of the perniciously insidious midnight,

The most priceless thing that my grandmother could ever have bequeathed upon me; was a fabulously ingratiating tale of my sparkingly revered ancestors; an unparalleled urge in me to trace back my aboriginal rudiments; till the last breath I that I inhaled,

The most priceless thing that my neighbors could ever have bequeathed upon me; was an ecstatic spirit of never-dying unity; coalescing every benevolent step of theirs with my; unflinchingly revolution towards righteousness,

The most priceless thing that my friends could ever have bequeathed upon me; was an unprecedented ardor to gyrate in mesmerizing boisterousness; shrug all tensions of the monotonously sweltering day; to wholeheartedly romance with the winds of the ravishing night,

The most priceless thing that my children could ever have bequeathed upon me; was profound whirlpools of immaculate newness; that led me to intransigently grope for fascinating enchantment; on every mesmerizing path that I tread,

The most priceless thing that my shadow could ever have bequeathed upon me; was a cloud of voluptuously titillating excitement; enveloping me in a whirlwind of seductively princely imagination; for decades unfathomable,

The most priceless thing that my echo could ever have bequeathed upon me; was a bountifully ringing ebullience; an unassailable magnet of mysticism that profusely entrenched each of my drearily bedraggled nerves,

The most priceless thing that my pet could ever have bequeathed upon me; was an irrevocably sacerdotal feeling of timeless faith; a fortress of impregnable solidarity to believe forever; in all philanthropic living kind,
The most priceless thing that my dwelling could ever have bequeathed upon me; was enchantingly blissful support in my times of disastrously stagnating isolation; a synergistically placating vivaciousness; that kept me bereft of all debilitation and murderous disease,

The most priceless thing that my pen could ever have bequeathed upon me; was ubiquitously enthralling words of candid humanity; an astoundingly amiable fountain of gregarious relationships; which grew even more formidable in times of dooming distress,

The most priceless thing that my eyes could ever have bequeathed upon me; was the marvelous artistry on the canvas of the fathomless Universe; the gloriously Aristocratic beauty hidden in each tranquil particle; of the handsome atmosphere,

The most priceless thing that my ancestors could ever have bequeathed upon me; was such miraculously Omnipotent parents; whose fragrance of stupendously enlightening existence; is what I will always cherish in every diminutive birth of mine,

The most priceless thing that my God could ever have bequeathed upon me; was an incessant river of boundless creativity; an unsurpassable energy to magically conceive; beyond the intriguingly extraordinary,

The most priceless thing that my conscience could ever have bequeathed upon me; was the immutably unconquerable sword of divine truth; wholesomely extinguishing the very rudiments; of the chapter called lecherous lies,

The most priceless thing that my breath could ever have bequeathed upon me; was a tireless ardor to holistically survive; sensuously fantasize beyond the realms of tantalizing paradise; as each puff of ravishing air entered into my famished nostrils,

The most priceless thing that my heart could ever have bequeathed upon me; was a thunderous obsession to chase the innermost voices lingering in my soul; indefatigably resonate in the beats of a majestically melodious existence,

And the most priceless thing that my beloved could ever have bequeathed upon

me; was an unending ocean of immortal love; relentlessly teaching me to affably share and desire; relentlessly teaching me to be always helping humanity; and enthusiastically alive.

Nikhil Parekh

The Most Treasured Thing For My Heart

The most treasured thing for an ocean; was its unending flurry of swirling waves,

The most treasured thing for a bird soaring astronomically high in blue sky; was her clusters of eggs handsomely stacked in the nest,

The most treasured thing for the ominous network of black clouds; was its king sized droplets of revitalizing rain,

The most treasured thing for the majestic lioness; was her tiny and mischievous little cub sleeping innocently in the den,

The most treasured thing for the eyeball; was its glistening coat of moisture; shimmering splendidly under the blazing Sun,

The most treasured thing for a cup of sizzling coffee; was its tantalizing and rejuvenating aroma,

The most treasured thing for a scorpion jumping in spurts through the bushes; was its hostile and deadly pugnacious sting,

The most treasured thing for a conventionally embellished telephonic contraption; was its loud and melodious series of rings,

The most treasured thing for a fat biscuit of gold; was its perpetual glow that emanated even in the most dullest of light,

The most treasured thing for the lips; was the kiss received from the person they solely loved and revered,

The most treasured thing for a sheet of bonded paper; was the sensitive lining of words that imparted paramount importance to its otherwise vacant persona,

The most treasured thing for a blanket of stars studded in the plain cosmos; was its resplendent shimmer that cast a spell on anyone beneath it,

The most treasured thing for a cacophonous bee buzzing rampantly around in free air; was its serrated hives replete and oozing with stupendously golden wells of honey,

The most treasured thing for a destitute freezing to the point of extinction in the disastrous cold of winter; was the photo of his God held intimate and close to his heart; with a wistful glimmer of hope lingering profoundly in his famished eyes,

The most treasured thing for the bespectacled teacher; was her colossal reservoir of knowledge which she judiciously disseminated amongst a varied array of students,

The most treasured thing for the hollow armpits; was a passionate stream of silver sweat which flowed all around the clock,

The most treasured thing for the tongue; was its eloquent speech; the infinite bundles of currency it was able to generate; by adeptly captivating the opposite party,

The most treasured thing for the mother; was her baby bouncing flirtatiously in her compassionately and invincible arms,

The most treasured thing for Almighty God; was all his disciples; each of the tangible and intangible form that he had evolved to live on this earth,

And the most treasured thing for my heart; was her love; drowning myself wholesomely into the enchantment of her eyes; blending each beat of mine with hers for infinite more births to unveil.

Nikhil Parekh

The Natural Bend

The leaf gorgeously parrot green in color,
Relishes flamboyant tinges of purple on its coat,
Its face tapered and jutting out,
It reveals to all its natural splendour,
Infinite lines adorn its spongy surface,
Bifurcating oblong zones of its sand paper complexion,
Its real beauty comes pouring out,
As the rainy season begins to sprout.
The beauty which is truly emphatic,
Indicates bent points on its slender persona,
Drooping down in a stingy manner,
To get a fleeting glimpse of the earth,
Which nourished it like a baby from its childhood to its present day youth,
The very earth; of which it has been an integral part for decades of existence.
It sways gently in the hot currents of breeze,
Dead eyes disclosing true facts of life,
Hold no fear; are devoid of vacillating emotion,
Leading a person to astral remnants of an ancient phase.
Its time of perennial joy never ends,
For it always shows its naturally sculptured and angular bend.

Nikhil Parekh

The Next Time Do Remember; O! Bigoted Man

The next time you lecherously stare at an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as devilish as you in the fathomless world; who might be profanely staring at your bountifully venerated mother's flesh too; and this very instant,

The next time you demonically try to traumatize an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as diabolical as you in the fathomless world; who might be sinfully trying to traumatize your symbiotically priceless mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you sacrilegiously fantasize about an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as demented as you in the fathomless world; who might be lewdly fantasizing about your invincibly compassionate mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you bawdily abuse an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as chauvinistic as you in the fathomless world; who might be deplorably abusing your wondrously divine mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you cannibalistically advance to overpower an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as imbecile as you in the fathomless world; who might be pugnaciously advancing to overpower your impeccably iridescent mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you sadistically molest an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as wanton as you in the fathomless world; who might be reproachfully molesting your victoriously pristine mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you publicly disrobe an innocent woman to demonstrate your worthlessly decrepit power; remember that there might be someone as criminal as you in the fathomless world; who might be satanically disrobing your impregnable altruistic mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you salaciously leaped to prove your manhood by ominously beheading the innocent woman's scalp; remember that there might be someone

as

cadaverous as you in the fathomless world; who might be hedonistically leaping forward to behead your triumphantly beautiful mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you tyrannically invaded an innocent woman's privacy; remember that there might be someone as barbarous as you in the fathomless world; who might

be blasphemously invading the privacy of your unflinchingly eternal mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you ruthlessly disowned an innocent woman for not the tiniest fault of hers; remember that there might be someone as venomous as you in the fathomless world; who might be truculently disowning your peerlessly holy mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you spit at an innocent woman in pathetic condemnation of her being the weaker sex; remember that there might be someone as deplorable as you in the fathomless world; who might be unrelentingly spitting on your unimpeachably benign mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you devilishly tarnish an innocent woman's image in the society; remember that there might be someone as jinxed as you in the fathomless world; who might be unbearably tarnishing your unconquerably enchanting mother's image too; and this very instant,

The next time you lethally set out to rape an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as downtrodden as you in the fathomless world; who might have cold-bloodedly set out to rape your timelessly worshipped mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you torturously slave an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as lecherous as you in the fathomless world; who might be despicably slaving your infallibly jubilant mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you mercilessly banish an innocent woman from your society; remember that there might be someone as wastrel as you in the fathomless world; who might be sordidly banishing your inimitably majestic mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you fiendishly snatch an innocent woman's true love; remember that there might be someone as ghastly as you in the fathomless world; who might be violently snatching your blissful mother's ultimate love too; and this very instant,

The next time you unforgivably extended your bloodstained palms to asphyxiate an innocent woman's breath; remember that there might be someone as insane as you in the fathomless world; who might be cannibalistically advancing his gory palms to asphyxiate your sacrosanct mother's breath too; and this very instant,

And now don't you meaninglessly put this forward in your defense O! worthlessly bigoted man; that you don't know anything like the Omnipresent Mother; or that you weren't in anyways born out of the Omnipotent Mother's womb.

Nikhil Parekh

The Night Was Still Alive

The butter was still fresh; with adorable crusts of cream oozing poignantly from its molten persona,

The rose was still blossoming; with its ravishing redolence reinvigorating everything around in dull atmosphere,

The stream was still gushing at electric speeds; with its gurgling waters diffusing into spell binding froth after clashing against the chain of ecstatic rocks,

The peacock was still dancing; with its feathers spread wildly wide to a completely full and exotically animated plumage,

The grass blades were still awake; with glistening dew drops now enigmatically caressing their intricate visage,

The stars still twinkled in the sky; with the magnificent white beams of light casting a majestic spell on the body of pathetically scorched earth,

The leaves still vibrantly rustled with the wind; inscrutably whispering their nostalgic tales of day; their stupendously enamoring anecdotes of the past,

The lion still roared euphorically; puncturing the sedate ambience with an uncanny thrill that was never experienced before,

The nightingale still sang its melodious rhymes; captivating every tangible and intangible entity with the fascinating melody in its sound,

The clouds still collided in the sky; pelting droplets of rejuvenating rain in tumultuous fury,

The ducks still floated in the serene pond; fomenting blissful ripples to spread infectiously around; profoundly enlightening the night with their flurry of boisterous quacks,

The chameleon still fluttered its ominous tail; tantalizingly changing color; splendidly blending with the surrounding it went,

The mammoth stacks of green chili were still flaming; violently embodying the area around with a distinctly piquant odor; a scent that could bring life into the

dead,

The Moon still shone a tenacious white; with its creamy rays filtering a path through the stringently dolorous darkness,

The chill still lingered pertinently; perpetuating infinite goose-bumps to inevitably creep up the body,

The horde of impeccable rabbits still frolicked in their burrows; playing hide and seek with the drifting clouds and shine,

The preposterously fat python still slithered through the marshes; furtively awaiting to gobble its prey; in the clandestine darkness concealing his belly,

The spider still spun its web; running at astounding speeds from one end to the other; producing marvelously shimmering silk with its slime,

C'mon let's enjoy ourselves to the fullest O! beloved; bask in the aisles of uninhibited desire and romance; for the night was still young; the darkness had set blazing fire to our senses; the night was still alive.

Nikhil Parekh

The Noble Citizens Of Tomorrow

Watch them bounce in untamed exhilaration; boisterously clap their hands in unison as the sun shines high in the sky,

Watch them play gleefully in the mud; coating it uninhibitedly and with exuberant energy on their innocent faces,

Watch them splash in the sea; munching delicious cookies; embossing fabulous sandcastles in the foamy and shimmering sands,

Watch them pummel each other joyfully in the ribs; triumphantly march forward without a trace of manipulation or fear in their impeccable eyes,

Watch them sing songs in incoherent tandem; not bound by restraints of the monotonously conventional society,

Watch them fantasize to unprecedented limits; surreally swishing their chubby cheeks to a place where the most ingenious of scientists failed to reach even in mind-boggling inventions,

Watch them run behind their mothers back; emanate the most mesmerizing smile ever found on this colossal planet,

Watch them greedily gobble milk and food; make a sheer mess of their plates and clothes as they sat with overwhelming mischief besieging their facial contours for nocturnal supper,

Watch them clamber up their elders without the tiniest of embarrassment; pluck the beard of their fathers with insurmountable naughtiness,

Watch them go to school with their laces always upside down; crusts of innocuous dirt always dribbling down divinely from their nose,

Watch them immaculately emulate their siblings; run rampantly in the loose mud for their place at the winning point,

Watch them evolve incongruous words with their pens; fall asleep midway as if the load was the biggest to confront on this globe,

Watch them walk upside down with their tongues poking out in candid

expression; the cotton encompassing their diminutive bodies fluttering violently with the winds,

Watch them incessantly cry in lap of their mother; make the amusingly astounding gestures with their nimble pink set of dainty jaws,

Watch them intriguingly stare at a flurry of objects in vicinity; trying their best to decipher the meaning of this alien world,

Watch them stumbling inadvertently as they walked; endeavoring to solidly consolidate their intricate footing on earth's ground,

Watch them smear ice-cream all over their robust complexioned minuscule bodies; unwitting perceiving it to be the bubbly family soap,

Watch them indefatigably decorate and feed their fairy dolls; entirely oblivious to the vagaries of this uncouthly parasitic township,

Watch them breathe and live with an ardor; that even the most mightiest of human beings floundered to achieve in infinite lives,

Watch them enjoy the privilege of being God's favorite molecules; easily superceding the most unfathomable of creations in this Universe,

And over and above all; watch these tiny angels grow in the future decades yet to unveil; harness handsomely and with irrefutable conviction into the noble citizens of tomorrow.

Nikhil Parekh

The Oblivious Desert

The brown crusty surface of the desert soil,
Can always be ploughed by hard turmoil.
There is an outburst of an hurricane,
That invades the privacy of the old dame.
The sky is clouded with thick dark clouds,
Pelting drops of thunder rain cover the ground.

The farmer works, the bull cries loud,
For all they want is a rain yielding cloud.
The desert's shrub though green in color,
Will attract scores of rain yet to come,
For mere fulfillment of the empty drum.

Nikhil Parekh

The Omnipresent Creator Is Ours.

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire wealth on this fathomlessly exhilarating planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! vapidly greedy and pernicious man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire strength on this timelessly bewitching planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! vindictively stabbing and cold-blooded man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire sparkle on this beautifully eclectic planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! salaciously pulverizing and malicious man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire desires on this wonderfully untainted planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! devastatingly delinquent and victimizing man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire talent on this stupendously charming planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! treacherously crucifying and wanton man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire virility on this perennially fructifying planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! unbelievably murderous and massacring man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire freedom on this jubilantly galloping planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! satanically perverted and idiosyncratic man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire fame on this ubiquitously vivid planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! tyrannically assassinating and incarcerated man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire versatility on this tirelessly proliferating planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! chauvinistically distorted and maniacal man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire robustness on this amazingly emancipating planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! truculently lambasted and squelched man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire prosperity on this interminably insuperable planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! barbarously bohemian and diabolical man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire fragrance on this fearlessly patriotic planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! lecherously parasitic and impoverished man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire optimism on this triumphantly unbridled planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! ominously cowardly and cannibalistic man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire vibrancy on this beautifully silken planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! hedonistically betraying and venomous man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire celebration on this timelessly sparkling planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! sadistically carnivorous and vituperative man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire enigma on this miraculously mitigating planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! cadaverously grotesque and oblivious man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire sensuality on this bountifully burgeoning planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! greedily beheading and uncouth man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire population on this romantically everlasting planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! abominably monstrous and sinful man,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Where am I denying it. As you say; the entire love on this symbiotically blissful planet; might be yours and solely yours; O! dangerously abhorrent and diseased man,

But remember and please do always keep this nailed into your sanctimoniously prejudiced head; that ever since the time that this earth was evolved and right till the moment that it continues to harmoniously exist; the Omnipotent Lord was; is and shall forever be; as much mine and everybody else's; as he was yours,

O! yes; the Omnipresent Creator was equally of each trace of living civilization that symbiotically thrives on this boundless Universe; the Omnipresent Creator is irrefutably and immortally of all of us; the Omnipresent Creator is ours

Nikhil Parekh

The Omnipresent Mother

What was more sacrosanct; was it her inimitably ebullient and beautifully crimson blood; or was it her celestially invincible and victoriously unflinching; milk?

What was more compassionate; was it her uninhibitedly everlasting and blissfully bonding embrace; or was it her impregnably bountiful and victoriously heavenly; belly?

What was more beautiful; was it her impeccably artistic and timelessly emphatic eyes; or was it her philanthropically helping and magically ameliorating; palms?

What more Omnipotent; was it her pricelessly undefeated and perpetually liberating blessings; or was it her unconquerably miraculous and perennially triumphant; footprints?

What was more fragrant; was it her unceasingly royal and altruistically infallible principles of humanity; or was it her unalterably truthful and gloriously pristine; sweat?

What was more artistic; was it her innocuously nubile and divinely unbridled skin; or was it her Omnisciently curvaceous and mellifluously entwining; fingers?

What was more tranquil; was it her resplendently effulgent and blessedly synergistic lap; or was it her incredulously mollifying and unnervingly venerated; voice?

What was more blessed; was it her tirelessly fructifying and symbiotically blossoming countenance; or was it her selflessly sacrificing and limitlessly endowing; fantasies?

What was more sensitive; was it her daintily twinkling and iridescently euphoric ears; or was it her Omnisciently unimpeachable and boundlessly benign; soul?

What was more queenly; was it her intrepidly fearless and spotlessly unperturbed stride; or was it her brilliantly enriching and immaculately unconquerable; eyelashes?

What was more sheltering; was it her untiringly unhindered and courageously carrying shoulders; or was it her unfathomably mitigating and pricelessly

comforting; shadow?

What was more promising; was it her jubilantly unparalleled and irrefutably unshakable signature; or was it her endlessly undying and fantastically flamboyant; aura?

What was more indomitable; was it her affably melanging and poignantly showering smile; or was it her unlimitedly ardent and astoundingly fecund; strength?

What was more accentuated; was it her peerlessly undefeated and exuberantly transcending stare; or was it her supremely affable and prudently eclectic; nose?

What was more enlightening; was it her celestially melodious and harmoniously uniting voice; or was it her fabulously spotless and charismatically honest; conscience?

What was more life-yielding; was it her unstoppably fervent and amazingly proliferating breath; or was it her ubiquitously spawning and timelessly unassailable; virility?

What was more vivacious; was it her fantastically uncurbed and spell bindingly evolving brain; or was it her innocently kissing and synergistically reviving; lips?

What was more faithful; was it her passionately throbbing and endlessly gregarious heartbeat; or was it her simplistically blessed and eternally persevering bones?

Well the answer to all of the above was a big "nothing"; neither was anything of hers was better than something of hers; neither could anything of hers be compared to anything existing on earth and even beyond infinite infinity; as just everything; O! Yes completely and entirely everything; of her The Omnipresent mother was intransigently Immortal.

Nikhil Parekh

The Omnisciently Unparalleled Lord

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this fathomlessly exultating earth; which was even an infinitesimal iota more fearlessly stronger; than your very own impregnable self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this resplendently tireless earth; which was even an obfuscated iota more charismatically handsome; than your very own nimble self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this romantically unfettered earth; which was even a parsimonious iota more robustly burgeoning; than your very own nubile self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this beautifully jubilant earth; which was even an oblivious iota more triumphantly blazing; than your very own flamboyant self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this spell-bindingly untainted earth; which was even a disappearing iota more inimitably eclectic; than your very own astounding self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this interminably victorious earth; which was even a transient iota more mellifluously mollifying; than your very own truthful self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this vivaciously blessed earth; which was even an ephemeral iota more unflinchingly intrepid; than your very own enigmatic self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this poignantly fascinating earth; which was even a fugitive iota more irrefutably sacrosanct; than your very own venerated self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this compassionately mesmerizing earth; which was even a minuscule iota more innovatively brilliant; than

your very own extemporizing self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this unendingly virile earth; which was even an evanescent iota more tenaciously tangy; than your very own determined self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this unceasingly emollient earth; which was even an infidel iota more pungently artistic; than your very own vivid self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this unsurpassably redolent earth; which was even an ethereal iota more unshakably affluent; than your very own opulent self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this everlastingly proliferating earth; which was even an obliterated iota more insuperably magnetic; than your very own alluring self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this unabashedly blessed earth; which was even a miserly iota more celestially satisfied; than your very own blessed self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this unbelievably pristine earth; which was even a non-existent iota more harmoniously hungry; than your very own symbiotic self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this stupendously ameliorating earth; which was even a feckless iota more philanthropically benevolent; than your very own synergistic self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this vibrantly proliferating earth; which was even a diminutive iota more amazingly virile; than your very own endowed self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this peerlessly limitless earth; which was even a measly iota more tranquilly mollified; than your very own placid self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this ubiquitously egalitarian earth; which was even an abstemious iota more sensuously fiery; than your very own ignited self,

There was no organism ever born on the trajectory of this eternally captivating earth; which was even a deteriorating iota more immortally uniting; than your very own loving self,

For you; me and all of us living beings were; are and shall forever continue to be; pricelessly and incomparably equal on the trajectory of this boundlessly divine planet; whilst if there was anybody who could blow countless of us away in just a singleton draught of inconspicuous breath; then he was none else but the Omnisciently unparalleled Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

The Only Beat I Possessed

The only sound I heard all day; was your mesmerizing voice,

The only color that I fantasized all night; was that of your luscious lips,

The only objects I saw; were what you unrelentingly perceived,

The only skin that I wanted to kiss till infinity; was the one engulfing your crimson cheek,

The only writing I ardently adored; was one that exquisitely flowed from your delectable fingers,

The only relation that I profoundly acknowledged; was your magnificent and immaculate visage,

The only food that I yearned to consume; was the one already pulverized with your scintillating teeth,

The only scent that drowned me into waves of perpetual ecstasy; was one emanating from your ravishing hair,

The only tunes I danced too; were the passionate clapping of your dainty hands,

The only air I breathed; was the one rampantly diffusing from your nostrils,

The only mantra I chanted incessantly; was your irrefutably sacrosanct name,

The only reflection I witnessed; was the one pouring harmoniously from your impeccable eyes,

The only agony I felt; was saline streams of water trickling down your cheek,

The only nostalgia I had for; was poignant memories of your innocuous childhood,

The only shadow that submerged me; was one that radiated majestically from your persona,

The only exhilaration in my life; was tinkling gasps of your vivacious laughter,

The only rest I had; were your fingers silently caressing my forehead,

The only obsession I had; was your everlasting fragrance sending shivers of rhapsody down my spine,

And the **ONLY BEAT I POSSESSED**; was the heart incarcerated in your chest; throbbing turbulently the instant it sighted me; bonding me immortally in the invincible grip of your romance.

Nikhil Parekh

The Only Don't

Do abuse me every unfurling second; blurting a string of unheard expletives; for apparently no fault of mine,

Do slap me hard on my cheeks every day as I got up in the morning; spilling blistering tea deliberately on my daintily nimble skin,

Do thrust your foot vindictively in my way; bursting into a volley of thunderous laughter; as I fell head-on on my rubicund nose,

Do stash all your foul garbage as my pillow; evoking me to inevitably sneeze and cough all enchanting night,

Do poke out your tongue in disdainful cynicism; spitting blatantly on my scalp in front of all who wandered with alacrity on the boisterously brilliant streets,

Do shout to your absolute hearts content in my intricate ears; ruthlessly rupturing all my senses to hear and decipher melodious sound,

Do add overwhelming pints inebriating shrub in my coffee at dawn; so that I slept like a giant the entire day; while you gallivanted like a vamp through the lanes displaying your flamboyant flesh,

Do keep incessantly humming irascible tunes; disrupting my spells of intense concentration; engendering me to forget even the last work which I had spoken; just a moment ago,

Do hurl green chili in my crystalline eyes; making me intransigently emancipate blissful shades of life yielding sight,

Do pummel me hard in my robust stomach; trying your newly learnt boxing skills on me; making me gasp for huge breathfulls of precious life,

Do embarrass me to unprecedented limits as I sat in the midst of the mammoth crowd; savagely snatching the mike away from my palms; as I started to utter the first word of my speech,

Do severe the brakes of my car as I was just about to commence for my exhilarating expedition; triggering my wagon to explode into a ball of

pugnaciously golden flames; charring me to raw saw dust; as I plunged like an inconspicuous mosquito into the perilously unfathomable valley,

Do make me polish the shoes of all your friends till they glistened profoundly under sun shine; giving me only stale chunks of threadbare bread to consume for lunch as well as midnight dinner,

Do emboss your dog's name on my naked chest with your satanically gleaming kitchen knife; rubbing potent doses of salt on my wounds; even before they could
heal the slightest,

Do lambaste me wickedly with a scorpion whip; causing me to shriek in inexplicable anguish; making my day a treacherous nightmare along with my every night,

Do whistle flirtatiously to other boys in the street; with a mischievous twinkle on your face; even as I stared in utter disbelief,

Do give me your worn out clothes to wear; sending people in the town into uncontrollable guffaws; as they perceived me to be half a muscular man; half a ravishing woman,

Do emulate my signature; withdrawing my entire armory of unsurpassable wealth at a single stretch from the banks; rendering me penurious; begging and bizarrely
homeless on the streets,

O.K. and while I would infact tolerate the most astronomically long and unending list of your diabolical do's; it would be on a singular condition of my ONE AND ONLY DON'T, For that is actually not me; but my heart saying; 'PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME'.

Nikhil Parekh

The Only Kiss.

Benign was the rhythm of eternal mankind; Omnipotently diffusing the fragrance of unflinching solidarity; for times immemorial,

Melodious was the rhythm of the dainty waterfall; disseminating into an island of unbelievably rhapsodic froth; every unfurling instant of the day,

Omniscient was the rhythm of the flamboyantly blistering Sun; filtering a path of vibrant optimism; through the life of even the most derogatorily shivering organism alive,

Cacophonous was the rhythm of the discordantly croaking frogs; perniciously infiltrating the blissful atmosphere; with an ominous web of disparagingly dissatisfied sounds,

Impoverished was the rhythm of the treacherously coldblooded devils; savagely massacring holistic civilizations; to spuriously satiate their tastebuds with innocuously sacred blood,

Ruthless was the rhythm of the unsparingly slicing knife; uncouthly excoriating even the most immaculate of entities; to insidiously gleam well past the heart of devilish midnight,

Ingratiating was the rhythm of the stupendously redolent flower; blossoming into a festoon of marvelously exotic scent; every unleashing minute under perennially golden sunshine,

Ubiquitous was the rhythm of gloriously altruistic humanity; unassailably bonding every human irrespective of caste; creed or worthless color; in the stream of compassionate sharing; charismatically alike,

Phlegmatic was the rhythm of the reticently pot-bellied tortoise; languidly feasting under the profoundly enchanting rays of Sun; blissfully snoozing under its obdurate shell; even in the most horrendously vicious of maelstroms,

Rebellious was the rhythm of the brutally incarcerated scorpion; venomously swirling its tail in infinite circles; to whomsoever who dared glimpse its gruesomely tyrannized form,

Enigmatic was the rhythm of the flirtatiously dancing spider; interweaving a tale

of majestic artistry; crisscrossing through a paradise of boundless silk and sheen,
Blazing was the rhythm of the patriotically intrepid soldier; fearlessly embarking upon a mission to relinquish even the very last iota of his breath; for the sake of his magnificently sacrosanct motherland,

Garrulous was the rhythm of the indefatigably chattering monkey; rambunctiously perpetuating tranquil carpets of the resplendent forests; with an unfathomable valley of vivacious sounds,

Shrewd was the rhythm of the manipulative tycoon; who hideously weaved a trail of artificially sardonic sweetness round all his employees; to eventually extricate the maximum of his bombastic choice,

Panoramic was the rhythm of the vividly whistling clouds; euphorically surging forward to jubilantly bask in the glory; of unprecedentedly satiny timelessness,

Impeccable was the rhythm of the freshly born child; divinely replenishing even the most sordidly shattered of hearts; with the Omnipresent mantra of vibrantly titillating life,

Tantalizing was the rhythm of the chirpily nubile maiden; culminating into a downpour of torrentially everlasting sensuousness; on every nimble step that she sacredly tread,

Perpetual was the rhythm of fabulously fecund breath; astoundingly spawning a township of ever-pervading newness; in each cranny of the earth that it magically spread,

Irrefutable was the rhythm of unequivocally Godly truth; pioneering a Universe of unending prosperity; in the soul of whomsoever who unflinchingly harbored it,

Passionate was the rhythm of the unconquerable thundering heart; fulminating into a sky of amiable togetherness more vociferously; as the day sped into the regally iridescent night,

And immortal was the rhythm of symbiotically melanging love; existing as the most priceless flame of life; existing as the only kiss that could invincibly kick death forever away.

The Only Mission

The only mission that my hands were born for; was to defend your magnificently enchanting entity; from the most inconspicuous iota evil lingering around,

The only mission that my legs were born for; was to transport you invincibly safe; to the most splendidly rejuvenating destination of your choice,

The only mission that my eyes were born for; was to enshroud your life with brilliantly majestic sight; enlightening your every disparagingly gloomy path with profoundly optimistic light,

The only mission that my tongue was born for; was to flood each aspect of your monotonously languid existence; with the sound of enamoringly melodious happiness,

The only mission that my lips were born for; was to trigger an everlasting smile upon the impeccable contours of your face; kiss you till times beyond eternal infinity,

The only mission that my teeth were born for; was to perspicaciously disentangle the thorns from the fruits you ate; pulverize all the gruesome impediments that came your way,

The only mission that my shadow was born for; was to entrench your royal countenance from all sides; with incredulously fabulous enigma; and mystically tingling excitement,

The only mission that my neck was born for; was to dexterously drift for you in an infinite directions; finding you the ultimate clouds of paradise; which you had perennially desired,

The only mission that my fingers were born for; was to maneuver you like an invincible fortress even in the most treacherous of darkness; even in the most insidiously bizarre moments of life,

The only mission that my ears were born for; was to indefatigably massacre those diabolical voices trying to ghastily perpetuate through your pristine surroundings; decimate even the most infinitesimal trace of obnoxious sound before it could arise,

The only mission that my blood was born for; was to impregnate all those despairingly lackluster moments of your bedraggled life; with an insurmountably overpowering aroma; more poignant than the rain pelting down,

The only mission that my versatility was born for; was to marvelously fulminate the artist lingering profusely in each of your ecstatically royal senses; engender you to erupt into an unfathomable myriad of bountiful directions,

The only mission that my mind was born for; was to propel you to tirelessly fantasize; dream in an ocean of incomprehensibly silken charm; oblivious to the manipulative vagaries of the uncouth world outside,

The only mission that my lashes were born for; was to ignite the flirtatious child in your charismatic persona; make you feel every instant as if blooming with the freshest cry of blissful life,

The only mission that my patriotism was born for; was to unrelentingly march forward till the time you achieved your absolute goal in life; wholesomely evict the flurry of disastrously abominable traitors hovering around your divine countenance,

The only mission that my skin was born for; was to sequester your immaculately shivering visage; from the acrimonious rays of midday Sun; as well as avalanches of gruesomely freezing winter,

The only mission that my soul was born for; was to perpetually ensure that your irrefutably heavenly spirit continued to robustly exist; even centuries after you had died,

The only mission that my breath was born for; was to make you forever live with the astronomical fervor of life; witness you magnificently blossom into a fountain of resplendently dancing moonlight,

And the only mission that my heart was born for; was to immortally grant you the love of your destined life; not only for this; but fathomless more exotically vibrant lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

The Only Panacea

There was medicine available to kill the hideously parasitic rats; savagely corrupting the robust pile of salubriously sparkling apples,
But the only panacea to wholesomely decimate treacherous terrorism from its very non-existent roots; was immortally united harmony.

There was medicine available to kill the ominously slithering reptile; trying to invidiously infiltrate its lethal fangs into delectable curtains of impeccable flesh,
But the only panacea to wholesomely massacre the web of ghastly lies from every quarter of this planet; was unflinchingly irrefutable truth.

There was medicine available to kill the flurry of obnoxious termites; disdainfully crawling upon immaculately shimmering wood,
But the only panacea to wholesomely annihilate malicious prejudice from insidiously dilapidated hearts; was the ocean of perennially uninhibited sharing.

There was medicine available to kill the mountain of devastating ants; capitalizing on every opportunity to pertinently suck and feast on gloriously radiant blood,
But the only panacea to wholesomely assassinate monotonous manipulation from the lecherous society; was the unfathomable fortress of compassionate belonging.

There was medicine available to kill dogs on the road; diffusing the deadly germs of rabies in every innocent pedestrian wandering around,
But the only panacea to wholesomely scrap barbaric bloodshed and indiscriminate racialism; was the irrefutably everlasting religion of humanity.

There was medicine available to kill miserably pathetic dysentery; metamorphose overwhelmingly drained bodies into one with sparkling charm and astounding charisma,
But the only panacea available to wholesomely slaughter senselessly orphaned greed; was the ointment of perpetually wholehearted and unequivocal acceptance.

There was medicine available to kill the savagely diabolical vultures; perniciously trying to pluck out immaculately glistening eyes,
But the only panacea available to wholesomely destroy traitors from the complexion of soil; was the intrepidly flamboyant spirit of eternal bravery.

There was medicine available to kill the abominably repelling cockroaches;
loitering in countless numbers beside the sullen lavatory seat,
But the only panacea to wholesomely swipe ungainly death forever from this
colossal Universe; was vivaciously Omnipotent and sacred life.

And there was medicine available to kill the irascibly hovering mosquito;
infuriatingly disrupting celestially delightful snores of; ravishing nocturnal sleep,
But the only panacea to wholesomely finish horrifically crippling betrayal from
poisoned souls; was the cloudburst of impregnably IMMORTAL LOVE.

Nikhil Parekh

The Only Person

Even If an inconspicuous particle of dust entered your eye; making you wildly scratch with your tender palms,
That very moment I would go completely blind; wholesomely abdicating the ability to perspicuously see.

Even if you tripped inadvertently on the floor; slightly bruising the skin on your fragile shoulders,
That very moment I would collapse on the ground; developing a series of multiple fracture in my feet.

Even if you coughed a trifle; as an aftermath of poignant pepper encompassing your nostrils,
That very moment I would have unrelenting bouts of rapid breathing; incessantly sneeze till the time my eyes popped out of their sockets.

Even if you perceived a baseless fear; of drizzling rain water disdainfully drenching you,
That very moment I would gruesomely drown in the colossal ocean; incorrigibly refraining to steer my way up the surface.

Even if you tossed and turned petulantly on the bed for a few minutes; before falling into a sound slumber,
That very moment I would irrevocably stare into black space; keeping awake the entire night like a dreaded insomniac.

Even if you banged your robust fists softly into the wall; expressing your profound indignation at getting late for office,
That very moment I would put my hands under the springing axe; pulverizing them into infinite splinters of bone.

Even if you contracted a minuscule infection; with the imbalance in your body disappearing within a few hours of stringent medication,
That very moment I would have astronomically high levels of tribal fever; with the entire of my silhouette burning like a piece of red coal.

Even if you got an iota pierced; by the irascible mosquito unceremoniously hovering around,
That very moment I would be bitten by swarms of stinging bees; inserting their venomous tentacles into my cheeks.

Even if you felt a little suffocated; wading through the claustrophobic
queues for the railway ticket,
That very moment I would relinquish breath in perpetual entirety; and
my heart would cease to throb in its cavity.

All this is because you are the only person I have profoundly loved
in my life sweetheart; the only deity I worship and adore,
And as every breath of yours unleashes; mine gets automatically a million times
faster.

Nikhil Parekh

The Only Route To Heaven

Start & End even the most destructively terrorizing moment of yours; solely with the tributaries of pristinely unsurpassable and eternally enamoring love; encircling every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most treacherously penalizing moment of yours; solely with a cosmos of benevolently unparalleled and inimitably priceless love; perpetuating every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most diabolically sacrilegious moment of yours; solely with a fantasy of beautifully unbridled and timelessly enthralling love; unassailably enveloping every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most devilishly betraying moment of yours; solely with a civilization of unimaginably profound and perennially ebullient love; unconquerably cascading into every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most deplorably blackened moment of yours; solely with an atmosphere of perpetually fructifying and indomitably redolent love; uninhibitedly bonding with every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most inexplicably dogmatic moment of yours; solely with a valley of fathomlessly celestial and insuperably ameliorating love; bountifully breathing in every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most heinously bludgeoning moment of yours; solely with a forest of unbelievably intrepid and ecstatically virile love; undefeatedly blossoming in every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most atrociously incarcerating moment of yours; solely with a sky of triumphantly euphoric and spell-bindingly ever-pervading love; infallibly kissing every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most inexorably asphyxiating moment of yours; solely with a cistern of incredulously virgin and perpetually mollifying love; unflinchingly permeating into every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most bizarrely carcinogenic moment of yours; solely with a rainbow of resplendently exotic and poignantly philanthropic love; brilliantly enlightening every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most torturously cannibalistic moment of yours; solely with a stream of unendingly vivacious and jubilantly effulgent love; celestially engulfing every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most vindictively unsparing moment of yours; solely with a meadow of sensuously tranquil and tantalizingly exhilarating love; magically incorporating every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most tawdrily divesting moment of yours; solely with a cloudburst of endlessly fructifying and blissfully blessed love; invincibly drenching every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most beguilingly abhorrent moment of yours; solely with a squall of spectacularly enigmatic and unshakably iridescent love; marvelously consecrating every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most traumatically indiscriminate moment of yours; solely with a caravan of quintessentially enchanting and ubiquitously mitigating love; exultatingly replenishing every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most venomously prejudiced moment of yours; solely with a Sun of fearlessly illuminating and Omnipresently dominating love; tirelessly frolicking with every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most haplessly extinguishing moment of yours; solely with a Wind of universally fascinating and undauntedly spawning love; inscrutably whispering to every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

Start & End even the most inevitably deathly moment of yours; solely with a cavern of immortally bestowing and effulgently evolving love; Omnisciently entwining with every beat of your symbiotically throbbing heart.

For if you wanted to be forever in heaven after and even before horrifying death; for if you wanted to forever triumph in even the most infinitesimal synergistic aspect of life; for if you wanted to forever remain as one of God's most favorite disciples; then there is no other route except the above that'll ensure you the same; not just for one but an infinite more of your infinite lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

The Only Sounds!

Some said that the present instant was the most rhapsodically fantastic instant; while some said that they were bountifully better of waiting for the golden rays of optimistic tomorrow,

Some said that the most exhilarating mission of their life was to kiss the peerless apogee of Everest; while some said that they found inimitable heaven sauntering amiably
on fathomlessly plain ground,

Some said that there wasn't a thing as unassailable as the punctiliously plush interiors of the corporate office; while some said that the spirit of uninhibitedly untamed poetry was the most eternally fructifying in the chapter of resplendently enigmatic life,

Some said that the Universe had metamorphosed into a vindictively concrete jungle; while some said they salvaged perpetual pride taking blissful refuge in their
unflinchingly venerated mother soil,

Some said that the most compassionate warmth on this earth was in the womb of your divinely mother; while some said that sensuously endless fantasy was their profusely
sole passion to survive,

Some said that the holistic vegetable was the most appetizing meal; while some said that the brutally emaciated ravines of their stomach could be miraculously placated by nothing else but unfathomably tantalizing chicken soup,

Some said that rebirth was responsible for their vividly exultating existence today; while some said that there was nothing but scientific laws that evolved every living organism boundlessly on this unbelievably enthralling planet,

Some said that unassailable truth was the only panacea to survive; while some said that unprecedented degrees of subterfuge and prejudice had to be adapted in order to breathe amidst the diabolically commercial retrace today,

Some said that unlimited success was their only mission to live; while some said that the waves of celestial contentment majestically spawned even the most infinitesimal ingredient of their scarlet blood,

Some said that the cradle of innocuous childhood was the most spellbindingly insuperable gift of life; while some said that ruling the world as its most mature and unparalleled conqueror was what they were born for,

Some said that all they yearned for was voluptuously titillating clouds of perennial rain; while some said that rolling tirelessly in the aridly arcane and indefatigably grandiloquent desert sands; was what each bone of their body vociferously demanded,

Some said that the policy of live and let live was the most ultimate of the Omnipotent Creator's commands; while some said that Survival of the fittest was what he had expected out of every construable entity on this fathomless planet,

Some said that the lines poignantly embodied on the palm scrupulously maneuvered everyone's destiny; while some said that intransigently dedicated hard work could change even the most brilliantly fortunated stars,

Some said that they wanted to take an infinite births for the sake of their heavenly beloved; while some said that this singular life of theirs was an unsolicitedly acrimonious thorn in their hindside,

Some said that the only dream that lingered in the whites of their eyes was devilishly decrepit politics; while some said that they longed to unfurl every minute of their lives as a diminutively humble common man,

Some said that the wings of egalitarian freedom should be bestowed upon every echelon of the society alike; while some said that all should exist as rustically cannibalistic and mating wolves as during the time; when the earth was first born,

Some said that the entire beauty of this vibrantly panoramic Universe could be encompassed in a barren canvas of plain white; while some said that a single life was just a speck of lackadaisically malnourished nothingness; for admiring the marvels of God's blessed earth,

Some said that money could virtually buy everything in the 21st century on this inexhaustible globe; while some said that the inferno of love was the most magnetically unceasing elixir on which this entire world survived,

And some said this; while some said that; but believe it or not; neither did I have the time to hear; neither could I utter an invisibly single word; neither did I have

the time to meticulously comprehend; neither could I budge the periphery of my tongue even an ethereal trifle,

As both my lips were unconquerably interlocked with the lips of my immortal beloved; and the only sounds which we could hear; speak or execute; were the sounds

of love; love and nothing but unshakably eternal and royal love!

Nikhil Parekh

The Only Thing That My Heart Could Beat For

The only thing that my eyes could ever sight was her mesmerizing form; whether they were open or tightly closed,

The only thing that my ears could ever hear were her daintily approaching footsteps; no matter how thunderous was the outside world and traffic,

The only thing that my nose could ever smell was the enchanting fragrance emanating from her arms; the ravishing aroma entrenched in her breath,

The only thing that my tongue could ever speak was her sacrosanct name; fervently iterating each alphabet infinite number of times,

The only thing that my hands were ever able to touch was the contours of her silken hair; with the passionate scent embodied therein catapulting me to the most supreme point of ecstasy,

The only thing that my mind could ever envisage was her emphatic eyes; with I finding myself drowning in the river of fantasy flowing perpetually inside,

The only thing that my feet were ever able to caress as they tread on earth was her shadow; as no matter wherever I went; it followed me with incessant relent,

The only thing that my nails were ever able to scratch was the lining of flirtatious dirt on her neck; intricately tracing in it my near future to unveil,

The only thing that my teeth were ever able to chew was her lips; painstakingly suckling the honey from the recesses deep inside,

The only thing that my skin was ever able to feel was her velvety touch; with her fingers groping uncontrollably across my tanned chest,

The only thing that my shoulders were ever able to carry was her delectably body; bearing her weight with an immortal smile; even under the most sizzling rays of the Sun,

The only thing that my sweat could ever drench was her shimmering and petite stomach; as I curled myself like an infant to blend with its compassionate warmth,

The only thing that my lips could ever smile for was her celestial silhouette as she lay under the moon; appreciate for eternity the gestures she made inadvertently while rolling deep sleep,

The only thing that my blood could ever flow for was to protect her from any possible evil lurking around; donate it to whomsoever she ordered me to; without the slightest of opposition,

The only thing that my efforts could ever yield was the essence of what she taught; listening attentively at all times to the pearls of wisdom that she showered from her mouth,

The only thing that my mouth could ever recount was the story when she was born; the unprecedented happiness she brought into my life; the day she met me,

The only thing that my lids could ever blink for was to make her smile; evacuate her out from the state of intermittent gloom; that she sometimes found herself confronted with,

And the only thing that my heart could ever beat for was her love; trying to capsize her entity in each of its palpitation; in complete; mind, body and spirit.

Nikhil Parekh

The Only Way To Attain God.

They indefatigably tried to win his heart; spuriously appease him by laying all the innocent flowers of this world at his perpetual feet; after barbarously plucking the same from their nimbly priceless roots,

They tirelessly tried to win his heart; worthlessly appease him by laying an ocean of impeccable animal blood at his majestic feet; after indiscriminately slaughtering countless a goat and half asleep sheep,

They unstoppably tried to win his heart; meaninglessly appease him by laying all the currency note in this world at his infallible feet; after cadaverously burying their hands and feet an infinite feet into innocuous feelings and blood,

They irrevocably tried to win his heart; thoughtlessly appease him by laying all the milk in this world at his sacrosanct feet; after hideously extracting each droplet; from the belly of the holistic cow,

They unceasingly tried to win his heart; wantonly appease him by laying all screaming prostitutes in this world at his eternal feet; after satanically disrobing them right in front of their mother's; sisters and aunts,

They unrelentingly tried to win his heart; sanctimoniously appease him by laying all robust trees in this world at his Omnipresent feet; after brutally slaying the same; with their swords of diabolical hate,

They insatiably tried to win his heart; senselessly appease him by laying all children skulls in this world at his bountiful feet; after hedonistically disassociating them
from jubilantly mischievous neck,

They endlessly tried to win his heart; idiosyncratically appease him by laying all the dreams of this world at his unparalleled feet; after asphyxiating the last ounce of fantasy from every brain; as they subjected it to cold-blooded betrayal,

They inexhaustibly tried to win his heart; inveterately appease him by laying each dwelling of this world at this royal feet; after ruthlessly divesting every harmonious organism of a roof over its head,

They unlimitedly tried to win his heart; spinelessly appease him by laying every conceivable epitome of this world at his inimitable feet; after monstrously

bombarding and beheading immaculately towering mountains of snow,

They perennially tried to win his heart; nonsensically appease him by laying every droplet of water in this world at his ever-pervading feet; after venomously evaporating the lap of mother nature; of all its quintessential moisture and oils,

They inexorably tried to win his heart; fecklessly appease him by laying every source of sight in this world at his unconquerable feet; after insanely ripping apart eyeballs from countless untainted twinkling faces; in the name of religious sacrifice,

They irretrievably tried to win his heart; purposelessly appease him by laying every covering of silken skin in this world at his Omnipotent feet; after cannibalistically knifing through unsuspectingly infantile; raw bone; flesh and blood,

They continuously tried to win his heart; mindlessly appease him by laying each morsel of food in this world at his blessed feet; after wantonly forcing every mouth to vomit whatever existed in the intestine; since the very first cry of birth,

They intransigently tried to win his heart; bawdily appease him by laying every color of this world at his venerated feet; after disastrously decimating the very roots of happiness from every replenished and gifted form of life,

They implacably tried to win his heart; amorphously appease him by laying every piece of cloth in this world at his Omniscient feet; after sacrilegiously disrobing infinite organism of their intrinsic integrity and pride,

They timelessly tried to win his heart; wrongly appease him by laying every feminine scalp in this world at his everlasting feet; after blasphemously murdering the girl child right in the mother's womb,

They undyingly tried to win his heart; insensitively appease him by laying every bit of sunshine that fell on the world at his undefeated feet; after viciously submerging every perceivable quarter of earth; into a corpse of manipulatively victimizing blackness,

Yet. Simply no avail. As they all were eventually dragged to the land of inconsolably wailing hell; where they were made to pay an infinite times more; for each of their wickedly executed and indescribably dastardly sins,

Whilst the Omnipotent Creator wrote paradise for the newborn child even as it emanated its very first breath; as it spread its uninhibitedly miraculous palms to embrace all; irrespective of any religion; caste; creed or kind; into its unconquerable heaven of magically immortal love-Thereby apprizing infinite of its predecessors that the only way to attain God in totality was not 'Blood and Sinful Sacrifice' but 'Immortal Love'.

Nikhil Parekh

The Other Name Of Life

The other name of life; is to spawn into a rhapsodically fresh beginning every unfurling minute of the day; although your past might have indiscriminately pulverized you with an infinite whiplashes of abuse and hedonistic disdain,

The other name of life; is to unfurl into an unsurpassable festoon of resplendently vivacious color; be enamored by the fathomlessly panoramic gorges of Almighty Lord; even while you were in drearily subjugated sleep,

The other name of life; is to frolic in the aisles of rapaciously uncontrollable desire; kiss the most unprecedented apogees of success; even when you felt you were being ruthlessly gored by the ferociously decimating bull,

The other name of life; is to unflinchingly confront the most venomous juggernaut of the evil; perennially smiling with the blessings of the Omnipotent divine,

The other name of life; is to metamorphose even the most ethereal trace of deliriously pernicious insanity; into an unrelenting tornado of exuberantly mesmerizing freshness,

The other name of life; is to uninhibitedly philander under the perpetually blazing rays of the Omniscient Sun; enlightening every dwelling besieged with cancerously arcane despair; even though you were standing beside your veritable shivering grave,

The other name of life; is to symbiotically prosper arm in arm with every echelon of living kind and holistic society; melanging every conceivable color under the Sun; with the religion of unconquerable humanity,

The other name of life; is to keep perennially blossoming into a civilization of fructifying virility; boundless kilometers away from the tombstones of morbidly decrepit manipulation and baselessly lugubrious prejudice,

The other name of life; is to assimilate all goodness that you could fathom from the enchantingly spell binding atmosphere; ubiquitously sprinkle and bestow the same upon every entity that you encountered in your enigmatic way,

The other name of life; is to keep relentlessly blazing like into a whirlpool of artistically untamed exoticism; even as avalanches of grumpily sodomizing

politics tried to slander and lethally incarcerate you from all sides,

The other name of life; is to regally lead each unfurling moment that unleashed your way to the most aristocratic limits; and limitlessly ensure the same to every bereaved organism; who was frantically struggling to be alive

The other name of life; is to tirelessly spawn like the poignantly seductive dewdrop; even though it was well past the heart of gruesomely tyrannizing midnight,

The other name of life; is to indomitably stand for the unassailably righteous redolence of Omnipresent truth; overtopple the monsters of hell; with the sword of timelessly sacrosanct unity,

The other name of life; is to indefatigably march on the mission to bond all estranged and disparagingly staggering mankind; with threads of unbreakably euphoric and propitiously beautiful camaraderie,

The other name of life; is to soar like a handsomely unblemished prince through the heavens of bountiful oneness; blissfully perpetuate the mantra of iridescent sharing; amongst all cold-bloodedly dreadful parasites,

The other name of life; is to unstoppably innovate a civilization of peerless jubilation all the time; trigger the element of congenital restlessness in your soul; to harness the most enthrallingly optimum of even the most frigid bits of lackadaisical space,

The other name of life; is to be a messiah of all opprobriously decaying living kind; dissipating the unfathomably majestic energy of your persona; to give birth to an immortally optimistic tomorrow,

The other name of life; is to take birth an infinite times again and again and again; for the beloved whom you had wholesomely dedicated your this life to,

And the other name of life; is to always follow the inner most voices of your heart; coalesce even the most diminutive ingredient of your blood with the spirit of divinely compassionate sensuality; even as the entire uncouthly monotonous world outside treated you as the devil's wife.

Nikhil Parekh

The Palatial Waters

The sparkling surface of evanescent water,
Reveals undiscovered exhilaration in a smooth manner,
The impregnable waters had few ripples,
Withstanding the acerbic summer heat,
Cruising along with radiant buoyancy,
Crawling step by step with dreary resistance to hard bed rock,
Into the open crevices of virgin land,
Covering in entirety; barren regions of dry river bed,
To give sedative effects like those experienced,
After massive consumption of lethal tranquilizer drugs.

Nikhil Parekh

The Perfect Handshake

When I shook hands with a waiter; interrupting his monotonous sequel of serving delicacies,

The handshake was pretty lackadaisical; the aftermath of which rendered me with grease and a perennial stench of garlic diffusing from my palms.

When I shook hands with a beggar; forcefully clasping his disheveled fingers in mine,

The handshake was absolutely nonchalant; it was as if I had awakened a dying man from the course of his blissful sleep.

When I shook hands with a pot-bellied butcher; nimbly requesting him to relinquish his sharp cleavers before he executed the same,

The handshake almost squelched my bones to fine chowder; and an obnoxious scent of foul fish and meat wafted profusely from my palm thereafter.

When I shook hands with a clean shaven barber; smiling amicably as I noticed an effeminate tinge of polish on his nails,

The handshake was as frigid as a slithering worm; also I had to scrub my palms vigorously after the same; to free them from the unscrupulous strands of hair and shampoo; incorrigibly clinging tightly.

When I shook hands with a flamboyant model; gently entwining my hands in her dainty fingers,

The handshake was as cold as frozen ice; and I had to wash my hands with stringent acid soon after; to get rid of the vanity aroma that nearly choked me to death.

When I shook hands with the bespectacled doctor; confidently gripping the back of his hand in mine,

The handshake was a replica of the printed encyclopedia; and I almost swooned on the ground after inhaling the despicable odor of chlorine and potent antiseptic.

When I shook hands with a madman; prudently catching him unaware when he was

snoozing under the sun,

The handshake seemed to last till eternity; almost engendering me to abdicate my breath; as the imbecile idiot displayed no signs releasing me; against the most resilient of my efforts.

When I shook hands with the meticulous business tycoon; in an ambience inundated with majestic drapery and redolent flowers,
The handshake was the most sophisticated I had ever encountered; and I deliberately rolled my hands in sordid sand after the same; to add some vibrancy; break free from the impeccable aura of the superficial corporate world.
When I shook hands with the convict; incarcerated behind iron bars of the dingy prison,
The handshake was murderous; also the agony in his cold blooded eyes; the nefarious devil lurking in his brow; made me scamper at electric speeds towards the exit gate.

When I shook hands with the drunken truck driver; soaring past verdant landscapes; the splendidly gorgeous valleys,
The handshake was pretty bizarre; as he treated my petite palms like the steering wheel of his vehicle; maneuvering them frantically in several directions at a time.

When I shook hands with the bare chested washerman; in the midst of his fervent washing activity,
The handshake was as slippery as the shimmering dolphin; and he almost squashed my hands against the obdurate floor; overwhelmingly replete with a soapy bath
of detergent and carbolic.

And eventually when I shook hands with the soldier; in a backdrop of guns; marching commandos; and hostile war,
The handshake this time was THE PERFECT HANDSHAKE; as he fearlessly entangled his fingers in mine; and the fragrance of his loyalty lingered till times greater than eternity in my eyes; as I saluted his indomitable spirit; the tenacity in his persona to emancipate life for his country.

Nikhil Parekh

The Perfect Housewife

She knew precisely when her baby would sweat; the things that perturbed him the most,
While he was profoundly oblivious to his surroundings; diligently mulling over the sheets of mundane office papers strewn haphazardly on his desk.

She tossed her baby high in the air; scrupulously catching him in her arms; cuddling it with her perennial warmth,
While the moment he caressed it with his barbaric palms; it started to obstreperously cry.

She pinched her baby dexterously on umpteenth regions of his flesh; prompting him to inevitably smile,
While he guffawed on the phone with his business partner; made the child tremble by the impact of his hoarse voice.

She ran waywardly in the spongy grass; trying to chase her baby; instigating him to utilize his tiny feet,
While he admonished the toddler stringently; rebuking him for partially dismantling the furniture.

She bathed her baby in a concoction of soft soap and tones of soapy froth; afterwards allowing him to randomly roll in the wet mud,
While he stared unrelentingly at the computer with open mouthed consternation;

slapped the toddler when he noticed the disdainful blemishes that it had left on the immaculate floor.

She incessantly kept her child in her arms for indefatigable hours until it slept; chanting a blend of fairy tale and music to pacify its mind,
While he snatched him savagely from her hands; shoving him roughly in his cradle;
ordered her to get ready for the ostentatious party.

She bought her baby a battalion of innovative toys; amusing him by ringing jingling bells in his intricate ear,
While he yelled at her for wasting exorbitant amounts investing in the plastic; slammed the door behind her back and retired to sleep.

She devoted marathon hours in the day; endeavoring to teach her baby to

coherently speak and write,
While he castigated her; locked the child in a room; complaining that she didn't
pay
attention to his overwhelming tiredness.

She couldn't bear the tyranny of staying even a minute away from her child;
keeping him in close proximity 24 hours unleashing in the entire day,
While he would go on tours for fortnights on the trot; many a times forgetting
that he had procreated his sibling.

She had earned no money for herself; neither was she ambitious for surreal
fame;
her proudest possession being her innocuous toddler,
Was tenaciously involved in maintaining the plethora of tasks circumventing her
household; refraining entirely to confront the monotonous world,

Yet being penurious; she proclaimed herself to be the richest in this world; as
she was the perfect mother; what we could define in common parlance as the
perfect housewife.

Nikhil Parekh

The Perfect Male Attire

Gloves of sensuality; to caress the skin with unprecedented relish; send shivers of untamed exhilaration down the spine,

Shoes of invincible victory; marching on the remotest of land; waving the flag of triumph in flamboyant spurts of fervor,

A tie blended with flirtatious mischief; used to blindfold the eyes in wholesome entirety,

A watch of incessant speed; ticking indefatigably round the clock; in wee hours of the midnight; as well as in the peak of the brilliantly sunlit day,

A shirt of stupendously woven designs; ruffled majestically at the collar; to captivate the attention of every ravishingly wandering damsel,

A necklace of daintily scintillating pearls; extracted freshly from the oyster; drowning every entity in the ocean of its profoundly pearly shine,

A pair of astoundingly stitched socks; imparting compassionate warmth to the feet; enticing every eye towards the petite leg,

A tantalizing shade of mystical mascara; conjuring every breathing soul around with the magic in its enigmatic charm,

A trouser of pure jute; with mesmerizing rings of denim and golden buttons to engulf the sensuous belly,

Rings of holistic diamond shimmering in tandem on the finger; painstakingly luring every fairy in the unfathomable resplendence of its shine,

A perfume of exotic sandalwood shrub; wafting a supremely seductive aura from the perspiring armpits,

An oil that glistens even under placid rays of the moon; radiates boisterously in pugnacious daylight,

A belt studded profusely with delectable biscuits of opalescent silver; granting the visage a terrifically marvelous shape, keeping the entire demeanor in perfectly synchronized condition,

Sunglasses embodied with vivid fossil shells; engendering females to gasp in open mouthed consternation; metamorphosing the acerbic color of polluted air into enchanting green,

An oligarchic coat embellished with royally sculptured beads; standing out incredulously amongst the group the wild gypsies,

A fountain of redolent rose powder; lingering voluptuously on the robust cheeks; flooding the nose with a poignantly tangy freshness,

An overwhelmingly spiffy hairstyle; and each follicle of the scalp impregnated with rudimentary grass root oil,

Ornamental cufflinks to bond the sleeves; sometimes an alluring tool for visitors to sight their own reflection; admire themselves till timeless eternity,

A grandiloquent pen fitted dexterously to the waist coat pocket; a symbol of unprecedented sophistication; and signing a plethora of autographs on every lady's hands,

Was all that I required to dress in from head to inconspicuous toe; encompass my body in the most fascinating clothing that I could ever dream off or intransigently perceive; infact what I would like to term succinctly as THE PERFECT MALE ATTIRE.

Nikhil Parekh

The Perfect Swim

When I swam in the blistering ocean of golden Sun; infinite arenas of my body got disastrously charred,
Indispensable centers of breath in my body got strangulated; and I relinquished breath with great gasps of disbelief.

When I swam in the molten ocean of iridescent moon; there was a temperate warmth that engulfed my persona,
The immaculate white color submerged me in entirety; and I felt uncannily distraught as gaseous clouds obliterated my gaze.

When I swam in a tank of bubbling acid; there were incoherent screams that emanated from my mouth,
The radiant complexion of my skin transited to briquettes of coal; and the color of my luscious lips now resembled that of my scalp hair.

When I swam in a river replete with frosty milk; I cupidly devoured huge mouthfuls of the same,
I emerged out exuberantly fresh after the swim; only to be attacked by a battalion of red ant and fish.

When I swam in icy streams; accumulated at the base of the snow clad alps,
The formidable fortress of my teeth commenced to repulsively clatter; and I vociferously sneezed my nose; after a few seconds of my swim.

When I swam in volatile electricity; my demeanor got stabbed with a volley of brutal shock,
Clusters of hair stood on my intricate scalp; and I stared dumbfounded at the scenario in utter bewilderment.

When I swam in a silver ocean of slippery mercury; I rolled for marathon distances without flexing my jugglery of muscles,
Although when inadvertently some of it slipped into mouth; the blood abruptly froze in my veins; with my persona transforming to a deathly crystal blue.

When I swam in blotted water blended with traces of obnoxious sewage; a fetid stench flooded my nostrils,
A fleet of disdainful cockroach clambered up my shirt; and the municipality dumped me like a piece of discarded garbage.

When I swam in a curry of chalk powder; I had to put onerous effort to keep afloat,
There was a severe itching in the moist pearls of my eye; and people mistook me for a comedian of the highest fraternity.

And eventually when I swam in bunch of her silken hair; I felt drowned in the savage sea of her perpetual love,
I wanted this swim to go on for times immemorial; and I found this to be the most perfect swim.

Nikhil Parekh

The Perfect Temperature

When I stepped on the tranquil surface of opalescent moon,
The temperature that engulfed me was up to levels of sustainable endurance;
though I felt a trifle uneasy.

When I trespassed through the territory of blistering Sun,
The temperature was astronomical degrees above boiling; transforming my
supple
flesh into briquettes of charred ash.

When I walked through densely sprawled meadows of the wild forest,
The temperature that encompassed my silhouette; was stringently fluctuating;
with the perilous night air stabbing my chest.

When I tread on the snow clad summit of the jagged mountain range,
The temperature prevalent dipped abysmally below freezing; instantly solidifying
volatile blood in my veins.

When I plummeted marathon feet under the surface of sky blue sea,
The temperature I encountered was disdainfully cold; and I felt imprisoned;
draped in a jugglery of water jacket blended with my facial mask of transparent
glass.

When I ambled languidly through the scorching soil of the vast desert,
The temperature that existed was abnormally erratic; with hot winds piercing me
in the day; and equally cold air strangulating my breath at night.

When I audaciously entered the cock pit of an aircraft,
The temperature inside was tailored to ergonomic degrees of comfort; with the
pilot emanating hostile stare towards my demeanor.

When I ran at rollicking speeds through an island of molten lava,
The temperature in vicinity was like sizzling cakes of overburnt stone; chapping
the dainty soles of my feet in entirety.

When I rolled ecstatically on infinite blades of grass; laden with a fresh cover of
glistening dewdrops,
The temperature that radiated; sent shivers down my spine; being a bit too
exaggerated for amicable comfort.

And eventually when I embraced her body in my arms; with a vise like grip,
The temperature this time; was splendidly perfect; incarcerating the two of us in
bondage of perennial love.

Nikhil Parekh

The Photo Of My God

Ordinarily I would have fallen on every step I took; stumbling scornfully on every pebble I encountered in my way; as I hadn't slept a wink since a hundred nights,

But today I had the capacity to traverse barefoot even till the peak of the Himalayas; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have sat completely dumbfounded; relinquishing all capacity to embody a single alphabet on the sheet of paper; as my fingers had violent traces of deadly cancer,

But today I had the capacity to compile boundless volumes of ethnic literature in just a single day; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have failed miserably in the exams; scoring an obnoxious zero in every section that I answered; as I wasn't even apprised the slightest as to which subject was I appearing for,

But today I wrote all the answers at lightening speeds; handing over the answer sheet to my examiner even before he gave me the questions; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have gasped for words; looked like a perfect idiot in front of people; as my half chopped tongue; miserably faltered to utter a word further,
But today I held millions thronging in the audience with my spell binding speech; drowning them in the eloquence of my songs; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have sunk to the bottom of the ocean blending with the tiny fish; as the ship was struck by a tumultuous storm,

But today I swam gallantly against the treacherous waves; with a broad smile encompassing the contours of my face; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have been pulverized to inconspicuous bits of dust; as the car I was traveling in; plunged head on into the deep gorge,

But today I swerved it through the winding lanes of the hill; conquered the zenith of the mountain escaping without a scratch; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have been a scattered pair of bones; sprawled in infinite directions; as I jumped from the edge of the 100th floor,

But today I stood on the ground with my shoulders upright; started playing cricket immediately after landing on the soil; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

Ordinarily I would have broken down into a billion droplets of sweat on witnessing the marching army; with the adrenaline circulating violently in my body; and the hair on my scalp standing up in trepidation; viewing the gleaming swords,
But today I massacred the entire battalion of warriors single handed; with the nonchalant ease of a sleeping prince; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket.

And ordinarily I would have hesitated several times on proposing to the girl I loved; falling in a timid stupor on her feet in front of her parents; every time I felt like whispering the same,
But today I banged the door of her home after midnight; revived the man sleeping dormant in me for years; screamed in her ear; as well as to the entire world; that I loved her; as I had the photo of my God in my pocket

Nikhil Parekh

The Plate Of Love

When there was appetizing fruit placed on a plate of scintillating silver; I didn't feel like eating,
I was a trifle too busy contemplating the price of the plate; though there was nothing wrong with the food.

When I was served immaculately ravishing noodles on a plate of pure gold; I didn't feel like eating,
I was afraid of impregnating blotches on the plate; when I caressed it with my bohemian hands; though there were pangs of hunger reverberating in my stomach.

When I was served a blend of Italian cheese and cucumber on a plate of crystal studded with diamonds; I didn't feel like eating,
I was intensely absorbed in decoding my reflection in the glistening jewels; though the sight of the delicacy made my mouth water.

When I was served a steaming curry of pungent soup on a plate of intricately chiseled marble; I didn't feel like eating,
I was heavily circumspect on staining the marble in the process of eating; though the concoction looked immensely sumptuous.

When I was served roasted almonds juxtaposed with honey on a plate of pure sapphire; I didn't feel like eating,
I was completely lost admiring the dazzling radiance of stone; though there were insatiable desires to tenaciously chew the same.

When I was served sliced onions wound with blood red radish on a plate of flocculent satin; I didn't feel like eating,
I was skeptical that its contents would spill over the sheets; though there was a niggling pain in my fingers to snatch the food.

When I was served a bunch of succulent violet grapes on a plate of exquisite rosewood; I didn't feel like eating,
I was mesmerized by the plethora of designs embossed in the wood; though there were grinding sensations in my fortress of teeth.

When I was served a chocolate brown plum cake strewn with cherry on a plate of voluptuous lotus; I didn't feel like eating,

I was lost in the heavenly fragrance of the flower; though my mouth watered unrelentingly like a starved pig.

When I was served simmering chicken transposed with green leaf on a plate of snake leather; I didn't feel like eating,
I was enchanted by the satiny complexion of the skin; though my eyes popped out of their sockets at witnessing the food.

And eventually when I was served a nutritious agglomerate of curd and rice on a plate stitched with threads of our impregnable love; my beloved feeding me with her dainty fingers,
I cupidly gobbled the same in no time; compensating for my previous failures; food had never tasted so tasty before,
As it did when she fed me recounting tales of her childhood.

Nikhil Parekh

The Plight Of The Four Winged Canvas

The painted strand of fiber is held rigid,
as its variegated counterpart clings to the air,
the cocoon of sapphire mist encroaches upon,
the sun dazzles amidst network of intermingled wrists.
the thread surges with upsurgent fervour,
the canvas races still further.
slow staccato movements of the hands,
nimble turning of the feet,
blaring noises kiss the air,
multicolored strips of plastic cut the glare,
with daintily adorned straw brimmed head gear.
the fibers collectively come abreast,
chorus in unison for equal strength,
the canvas sways wildly,
as the savage battle is put to true test.
the canvas finally snaps into multiple fragments,
floating with gleeful anticipation,
amidst the pulsating tension,
descending with effusive velocity,
with the backdrop of oleander being its lone saviour.
i mull quietly over the proceedings,
the four winged canvas falls with a thud,
gently caressing my large feet,
puts me in a trance; an everlasting sleep.

Nikhil Parekh

The Power Of Black - Poems On Humanity, Social Cause, Poverty, Women Empowerment - Volume 1

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This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 1 of the Book titled - The Power of Black - Poems on Humanity, Social Cause, Poverty, Women empowerment (400 pages) .

Prologue

The Book cardinally aims to end the negative perception and energies associated with the color black and the under-privileged sections of the society. Many a different times the utmost exhilaration spawns from a persons disability as his/her desire to achieve the impossible is several times heightened than the normal counterpart. The magical essence of Black has been epitomized to the hilt in every poetic stanza that follows-to lead to a trail of unassailable victory.

Dedicated To

This collection of poems is endlessly dedicated to the power of the color Black. Black which in common parlance is perceived to be negative and a disability to continue the chapters of life. But this very Black which has been described as the most powerful color for survival on earth. The most magical fragrance of every entities soul which continues to infatuate even beyond the dormitories of heaven and hell.

Acknowledgements

I nikhil parekh am truly grateful to every bit of Blackness enshrouding me, which has made me a magician to express the innermost realms of my soul into poetic verse on blank paper. Black is beautiful. Black triumphs till beyond eternity. Black is the most inscrutably tantalizing fabric of existence. God bless Black.

About The Poetry Book

The poet has genuinely believed that even the most inexplicable of sorrow can be projected as well as alleviated via the power of magical poetry. Wondrously implementing the same in this soothing compendium of poems-Parekh brings to the fore various evils lingering in the society and tries to cure them offering the balm of poetry. The poems contained within are starkly explicit and poignantly debate on various global social causes like female foeticide, blindness, smoking, molestation, adopting the girl child, hiv-aids . In a battle of adroit analogies the poet emphatically portrays even the tiniest of social evil and urges mankind to rise above the same. Poetically he tries to unite hearts all across the Universe in the spirit of love, oneness and compassion to give birth to a renaissance against evil and unjustness. This victorious concoction of poems would appeal to all those who've so selflessly fought for a social cause and to uproot evil forever from the fabric of society.

CONTENTS

1. BLACK FOR THE BLIND.
2. BLACK
3. A WALL OF BLACKNESS- OUR MOST SADISTIC SAVIOR.
4. THE MAGIC OF BLACK
5. HELP THE BLIND
6. THAT I WAS BLIND - A POEM TO SENSITIZE THOSE WITH EYE-SIGHT TOWARDS THOSE WHO ARE BLIND.
7. DOGGEDLY BLIND
8. WHAT ABOUT HIM
9. HAVE HIV/AIDS. YOU STILL LIVE TILL THE CREATOR WANTS YOU TO.
10. AIDS DOESN'T KILL. YOUR ATTITUDE KILLS.
11. POEM ON BLOOD DONATION- DONATING BLOOD- MEANS LOVING IT ALL THE MORE
12. ABORTION—THE GREATEST SIN
13. STOP GHASTLY FEMALE FOETICIDE RIGHT NOW!
14. REMEMBER THIS. THE NEXT TIME YOU SET OUT TO RAPE.
15. THE NEXT TIME DO REMEMBER; O! BIGOTED MAN
16. ADOPT THE GIRL CHILD.
17. ORPHAN ON THE STREET
18. A TO Z IMMORTAL LOVE
19. WAS IT HIS FAULT?
20. DIE JUST ONCE
21. ORPHANED
22. SLUM CHILDREN
23. LAUGHTER THE BEST MEDICINE

24. WHO CARES
25. KILLER EARTHQUAKE
26. REBUILDING A NEW GUJARAT
27. HAD ALL YOUR SO-CALLED MANLINESS DIED?
28. SHE COLLAPSED
29. IF YOU REALLY FELT SORRY
30. QUIT RAGGING OR GO TO HELL
31. TO THE SERVICE OF MANKIND
32. MONEYHOOD
33. SACRIFICE
34. LOVE ME
35. THE BRAVE ARE DEFINITELY THOSE
36. LIVE NO EVIL
37. TSUNAMI AFTERMATH- LIVIDLY LIVING CORPSE
38. TSUNAMI- THE WAVE OF DEATH; DEATH AND ONLY INCONSOLABLE DEATH.
39. EVERY LOVE BRINGS ALONG
40. HUMAN - PART 2
41. UNEMPLOYMENT
42. FOOD AND ITS UNBELIEVABLE POWER.
43. TRULY MAKING A DIFFERENCE FOR GOODNESS.
44. LET THEM GET MARRIED.
45. SALUTING THE STREET DOGS.
46. SAVE YOUR LOVE. SAVE WATER.
47. GOOD THOUGHTS NEED TO BE RIGHTLY IMPLEMENTED.
48. INDIA
49. A TRIBUTE TO THE NOBEL PRIZE - MY HUMBLE SALUTATIONS
50. LOVE IS THE MOST IMMORTAL.

1. BLACK FOR THE BLIND.

Black for the blind is the most unassailable form of survival; a color which epitomizes even the most infinitesimal aspect of their lives to the most handsomely unprecedented limits,

Black for the blind is the most bewitching form of beauty; a color which sensuously enshrouds even the most obfuscated of their nerves; with the most supremely tantalizing enigmas of life,

Black for the blind is the only Sun of insuperable optimism; a color which forever paints the canvas of their haplessly barren life; with perennially untamed forests of desire,

Black for the blind is the most blessing Universe of infinite infinity; a color which quintessentially constitutes every tangible and intangible moment of their inexplicably quavering lives,

Black for the blind is the most tastiest form of food and water; a color which equally crucifies and mitigates them in even the most drearily slaving sphere of their lives,

Black for the blind is the most ecstatically unfettered form of meditation; a color which forever liberates them of even the most ghastliest of their misery and unlimited pain,

Black for the blind is the only perception of unending pricelessness; a color which infallibly clings to even the most oblivious of their contours; irrespective of their caste; creed; religion and tribe,

Black for the blind is the most ultimate source of entertainment; a color which engenders them to wonderfully replenish every crevice of their misery with magically unparalleled exultation,

Black for the blind is the only word that culminates into the entire dictionary; a color which most Omnipotently defines even the most evanescent activity of their ardent lives,

Black for the blind is the most invincible scent of righteousness; a color which transcends the goriest trace of devil; with a passionate atmosphere of unconquerable ubiquitous oneness,

Black for the blind is a fearlessly everlasting celebration; a color which even the greatest of warriors trembled to tread into; whereas with them it remained as rejoicingly during life as after the final insinuations of breath,

Black for the blind is where the most royally blossoming prosperity begins and ends; a color into which the best of gold; silver and happiness metamorphoses into since the very first cry of euphoric life,

Black for the blind is the only Omnipresent God; an invincible form; a divinely color; an undefeated shape; an unshakable power; which perennially rules even the most cloistered ounce of this Universe at its peerless fingertips,

Black for the blind is most gloriously rejuvenating elixir; an inebriating color; which reaches the most tantalizingly seductive crescendo an infinite times; in

just one singular lifetime,

Black for the blind is the most undyingly subliming warrior; a color which reigns perpetually supreme over every innuendo; of even the most dramatic victory and defeat,

Black for the blind is the most benign cradle of infancy; youth; adulthood and old age; a color which indelibly refuses to leave them for even an infidel moment in their entire lifetime,

Black for the blind is an inborn spirit of irrefutable worship; a color which requires not the slightest of hymns; prayers; or venerated water to timelessly consecrate it,

Black for the blind is the most Omniscient jewel of the eye; a color which indefatigably stretches beyond sleep and awakening; into a paradise of the unparalleled Creator Divine,

Black for the blind is the most blessed mantra of life; a color which was the sole reflection of their heart; soul and conscience; a color which wholesomely and indefinitely overpowers the color of their blood and breath too,

O! Yes; Black for the blind is the most unassailable soul mate of survival and beyond; a color to which they are immortally married right since the very first whisper of life; irrespective of whether the planet outside complied with or brutally denied

2. BLACK

Black. A Color which surreptitiously tingles even the most obviously dormant crannies of your soul; to realms beyond the wisps of eternal eternity.

Black. A Color which triggers an unsurpassable inferno of hidden fires in your naked skin; indefatigably tantalizing your nimble shadow to forever blend with the celestially enamoring fabric of the night.

Black. A Color which inevitably magnetizes you towards even the most infinitesimal speck of your surrounding environment; irrespective of your indelibly vociferous denial to survive.

Black. A Color which engenders you to timelessly discover your ever-pervadingly unbridled creativity; as you ardently gyrate in the passionately undying fabric of

the iridescent night.

Black. A Color which stupefies every conceivable patch of the whites of your eye; transfixes you into a state of timelessly eternal bliss; with nothing else but a cloud of everlasting sensuality as your sole savior.

Black. A Color which insatiably augments your desire to inexhaustibly proliferate; inundate every perceivable filament of earth divine with cloudbursts of your untamed virility; with none but amorphous darkness to discover.

Black. A Color which brings out the truest shades of your eclectically vibrant personality; at times unleashing the unfettered animal within you; as you ecstatically slaver and rollick on virgin mud; without a cloth to engulf your uncontrollably shivering skin.

Black. A Color which renders every pore of your impeccable flesh in unlimited bewilderment of the profound feel of boundless depth; transports you into an unending labyrinth of ebulliently perennial desire.

Black. A Color which forever rectifies even the most inconspicuous trace of inconsolably pulverizing misery; coalescing every form of torturous anguish in vicinity with a singleton shade of amazingly mollifying equanimity.

Black. A Color which indefatigably challenges the devil to appear again and again and again; only so that the spirit of triumphantly Omnipotent righteousness; overtopples it beyond dormitories of feasible recognition; everytime.

Black. A Color which forever annihilates even the most evanescent trace of your dolorously beleaguered shadow; encompassing every ingredient of your crimson blood with the undaunted tenacity to holistically survive.

Black. A Color which makes you fearlessly entwine your fingers with the intrepidly unknown; igniting the bonfire of unstoppable adventure in every conceivable corridor of your innocuously pious soul.

Black. A Color which perpetuates even the most extinguishing part of you to fantasize beyond the definitions of the extraordinary; discover the completeness of existence as the flaming Sun sinks well behind the Omnipresent horizons.

Black. A Color which makes you wholesomely forget every tangible idiosyncrasy of caste; creed; tribe or color; as all appeared symbiotically alike under the most celestially ameliorating carpet of the moonless night.

Black. A Color which knew no blazing victory or ghastly defeat; as even the most ethereal trace of war ceased with the descent of the marvelously royal night.

Black. A Color which metamorphoses even the most monotonously robotic part of you into the most seductively mitigating of poet; as you inevitably started to churn fathomless lines of divinely poetry; with every whisper and kiss of the night.

Black. A Color which makes you synergistically neutral to life and death; misery and effulgent happiness; as all you could see; perceive; implement and imbibe; was just darkness; darkness and just timelessly emancipating darkness.

Black. A Color which foments you to exhale the most fervently fiery of your breath; in order to victoriously blaze a stream of optimistically mitigating light; through the tunnel of unendingly embracing darkness.

Black. A Color which facilitates spectacularly untamed lovemaking to the most unconquerable limits; as countless blessed seeds of fertility timelessly permeated the cradle of the atmosphere; with absolutely no hindrance to grow; at an hour always past passionate midnight.

3. A WALL OF BLACKNESS- OUR MOST SADISTIC SAVIOR.

It was a wall of hopelessly crippling and deplorable blackness; a wall whose treacherous realms seemed to stretch to even an infinite kilometers beyond the realms of hopeless infinite infinity,

It was a wall of treacherously terrorizing and parasitic blackness; a wall whose foundations were indelibly soaked in unsurpassable mortuaries of pristinely innocuous blood,

It was a wall of tyrannically hedonistic and bigotic blackness; a wall whose cadaverously invidious dimensions couldn't at all be measured; by any of the holistic living kind,

It was a wall of cynically mocking and crucifying blackness; a wall whose stench of disparagingly venomous lies; granted the most torturous of death; even at every exuberantly unfurling instant of life,

It was a wall of vindictively tawdry and sinful blackness; a wall which spelt devastatingly confounded misery; at every conceivable step that we alighted on

the trajectory of spell binding earth,

It was a wall of traumatically inexplicable and prurient blackness; a wall which was infact the most veritably unfortunate staircase to the unstoppably massacring devil's graveyard,

It was a wall of ignominiously slandering and victimizing blackness; a wall which asphyxiated us more and more lecherously towards penalizing stagnation; even as we were in the most enchanting prime of life,

It was a wall of indescribably silent and neglecting blackness; a wall which disassociated us in criminal entirety; from every tangible and intangible aspect of the symbiotic earth outside,

It was a wall of despondently livid and incarcerating blackness; a wall which led only to the coffins of the cancerously jinxed past; irrespective of the boundlessly bestowing virility trapped in our stride,

It was a wall of ominously abhorrent and abusive blackness; a wall which sealed even the most inconspicuously optimistic aperture of our life; with whiplashes of irrevocably hapless denial,

It was a wall of insidiously jailing and punitive blackness; a wall which indiscriminately bludgeoned even the last ounce of strength from our holistically effervescent veins,

It was a wall of despairingly delinquent and unsparing blackness; a wall which diabolically curtailed us from relishing even the most oblivious of pleasures on this fathomlessly enriching planet,

It was a wall of ghoulishly non-existent and ribald blackness; a wall which tirelessly pulverized us as a piece of excoriated shit; irrespective of our caste; creed; dignity; color or kind,

It was a wall of chauvinistically inflated and unending blackness; a wall which forever rendered us horribly maimed; and bereft of even the most infinitesimal enlightenment in the chapter of our truncated life,

It was a wall of doggedly dying and morbid blackness; a wall which cast its spell of intolerably strangulating evil upon every of our kind; irrespective of any ostensible reason or rhyme,

It was a wall of tirelessly frustrating and penalizing blackness; a wall which just couldn't be felled by even the most perpetual force of righteousness or united might,

It was a wall of maliciously demeaning and spurious blackness; a wall which made us feel like frigidly deteriorating matchsticks; on the firmament of this boundlessly benign Universe,

It was a wall of truculently fetid and never-ending blackness; a wall which fomented us to horrendously stumble and falter; even on the most infallibly unflinching footsteps of life,

It was a wall of brutally tormenting and devilish blackness; a wall which no fraternity of the living race on planet divine; could ever tolerate even for lightening fractions of time; and which we were gifted with for the remainder of our lives,

It was a wall of disgustingly ghastly and unforgiving blackness; a wall which made us at times lose our faith in the Omnipresent Almighty; wholesomely drowned and wavering in a sea of despairing darkness,

It was a wall of blackness which didn't spare us the slightest at even the most ultimate breath of our lives; it was a wall of blackness which was our irrefutably unconquerable destiny irrespective of what the lines on our palms otherwise said; it was such a wall of blackness which would perpetually stay with us as our most sadistic savior as we were born blind; and to break even an obfuscated portion of it we desperately needed eyesight; which we would never ever get in the destined tenure of our utterly devastated lifetime.

4. THE MAGIC OF BLACK

There were infinite who associated it with disdainfully grave infidelity; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with uninhibited sensuousness sprouting from each pore of the skin,

There were infinite who associated it with unrelentingly diabolical massacre; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the quintessential humility in every living being,

There were infinite who associated it with surreptitiously macabre trepidation; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the seeds of beautifully untamed virility,

There were infinite who associated it with gravely anomalous deliriousness; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the invincible sacredness of the twinkling stars,

There were infinite who associated it with sleazily cacophonous drunkenness; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the profoundly rejuvenating awakening of the soul,

There were infinite who associated it with vindictively stabbing pain; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the mellifluously unconquerable sounds of the nightingale,

There were infinite who associated it with amorphously penalizing vacuum; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the most unassailably brilliant fireballs of passion,

There were infinite who associated it with unstoppably demonic disaster; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the umbrella of all bountifully uncurbed freshness,

There were infinite who associated it with treacherously ribald ghoulishness; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the unimpeachably consecrating spirit of the divine,

There were infinite who associated it with carnivorously jinxed emptiness; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the ravishingly succulent gallery of unparalleled enchantment,

There were infinite who associated it with satanically lambasting imprisonment; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the intrepidly whispering winds of adventure,

There were infinite who associated it with inexplicably asphyxiating danger; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the triumph of rhapsodic exhilaration over sadistic monotony,

There were infinite who associated it with indefatigably cursed wailing; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the ultimate panacea for triggering an inimitably priceless fantasy,

There were infinite who associated it with lecherously deteriorating nothingness; whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the

insuperably glorious crown of mysticism,

There were infinite who associated it with devastatingly evaporating misfortune;
whilst there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the
boundless ramifications of the royal destiny lines,

There were infinite who associated it with miserably pulverizing hatred; whilst
there were also another infinite of a kind; who associated it with the kingly
stupor of immortal poetry,

There were infinite who associated it with unfinished tyrannized bemoaning of
the soul; whilst there were also infinite of a kind; who associated it with the
absolute infallible epitome of creativity,

There were infinite who associated it with insidiously jeopardizing betrayal; whilst
there were also infinite of a kind; who associated it with the latent reflection of
compassionately truthful love,

There were infinite who associated it with venomously annihilating terrorism;
whilst there were also infinite of a kind; who associated it with most blissfully
nourishing cradle of perpetual silence,

Such. O! Yes Such. Was the magic of the amazingly multi-personality and
ever-pervading color; Black

5. HELP THE BLIND

There were bedspreads of darkness around him,
rays of light deserted him in peak of youth,
submerging his silhouette in waves of merciless Black,
crippling all fantasies of beauty and form,
subjecting him to brutal strokes of destiny,
caressing him with marathon minutes of despair,
divesting him of essential ingredients of life,
evaporating remnant traces of hope with seconds zipping by.

he read projected script of authentic Braille,
danced with counterpart mate in galleries of incessant gloom,
ate and slept in confinement, till escorted by those with sight,
carried a metallic cane with shades of white and scarlet red,
bore everyday brunt of sardonic laughter,
looked enchanting in strips of stained black glass,

groped his way, confronting traffic with melted introversion,
watched television solely relying on the cadence,
occasionally wore gaudy cloth upside down,
he could dream of none but blackness, as he was oblivious to light,
recognized all in proximity by their voice,
bereft of precious centers of vision he lay unattended,
there are several of his kind devoid of sight,
c'mon friends lets gear up to help the blind.

6. THAT I WAS BLIND - A POEM TO SENSITIZE THOSE WITH EYE-SIGHT TOWARDS THOSE WHO ARE BLIND.

Outside; the Sun fire-lit every sagging bit of nerve and adulterated soil; into an
unparalleled wind of optimism; blazing into dynamic freshness,
For me though; the blackness grew even more disconcerting than ever;
slowly crippling all my dimensions of beauty and charm- a blackness which
rendered my existence into hysteric sadness with no respite.

Outside; the leaves blossomed into sparkling freshness from their tender buds;
as mists of desire not only kissed them; but gave them the tenacity to lead a
fulsome life,
For me though; the blackness pierced more ominously than a zillion smoldering
thorns; leading me to dungeons of despair-a blackness which made me lose my
way everytime I tread with new-found hope on rustic soil.

Outside; there was unimaginably fervent hustle-bustle as people of all color;
caste; creed; race and religion-jostled helter-skelter in the rat race of survival of
the fittest,
For me though; the blackness spun its web of disdainful loneliness till the last
grain of my fantasy-a blackness which made me shunt every fabric of society in a
baseless apprehension of cold rejection.

Outside; there swirled festivity of all gigantic size and proportion; with crackling
thunder and white lightening of the sky; giving people more reason to
uninhibitedly cheer,
For me though; the blackness metamorphosed every piece of my creativity into
color of the morbid grave-a blackness which made me miserably writhe and
flounder in the most primary of duties towards life.

Outside; the shadows grew dismally taller and smaller depending on shades of
the majestic day; as it earnestly gave way to an even more royally spell-binding
and sensuous night,

For me though; the blackness made every joyous bit of existence a squandering non-existence—a blackness which made me worse than a new-born infant reaching out to a mother; sibling or hand everytime-only to find empty space.

Outside; the planet behaved at gay abandon; throwing a spirit of untamed adventure to the winds; as it dared to take the path unexplored and experience the mystical vibrations of the unknown,

For me though; the blackness crucified every inscrutable imagery into ashes of nothingness; a decrepit blackness that had rendered every tear drop of mine to being merely called saline.

Outside; undulating waves of the ocean rose more and more euphorically towards the profoundness of the sky; as ravishing storms and thunder kissed its emerald water,

For me though; the blackness diabolically cursed with the most intolerable of stench—a blackness which was a wall worse than jail; painstakingly dissolving me into a hell of dreaded hatred.

Outside; people leapt out of bed at the most evanescent crackle of dawn; full of undaunted ebullience to start afresh and with pride in their souls; leaving the chapters of erroneously faltering past well behind,

For me though; the blackness sinfully rendered every instant of life howsoever past; present or future as just the same; a blackness which made me stagnate into wretched gloom as I haplessly groped to find the edge of my bed.

Outside; boundless civilizations of all living kind relished intricate varieties of food; huddled together to form their own inimitable chains for hearty 'Breakfast'; succulent 'Lunch' and sumptuous 'Dinner',

For me though; the blackness discarded me like a chunk of orphaned feces in busiest of streets; a blackness which at times made my trembling hands feed my ears; eyes and forehead; if they were the slightest occupied in finding a place for me to sit.

Outside; the globe changed everyday by the power of unduplicated imagination; as a united mass of living beings dared to envision; empower and enlighten with their mysticism extraordinaire,

For me though; the blackness hissed the ugliness of despairing extinction; a blackness that made me perceive every space on this planet as a miserably Lost World.

Outside; there eternally continued the chapters of effulgent life and inevitable death; till the time God commanded this earth to symbiotically exist,

For me though; the blackness heinously tightened its grip around my neck; a blackness which made me feel as if traversing alive like a meaningless corpse and being lambasted by the mortuaries of death.

No No. Before you start presuming me to be the worst kind of jinxed human existing. Let me tell you that I wasn't any of the sort.

As the truth was far more unbearably unfortunate. That I was Blind.

7. DOGGEDLY BLIND

Even if you placed him under the most ferociously blazing Sunlight; with rays of blistering flamboyance disseminating into a pool of profound dynamism around his visage,

Even if you placed him in castles profusely embellished with the most scintillating of jewels; with a crown of unprecedentedly glittering gold perched majestically on his head,

Even if you placed him amidst an unsurpassably titillating cavern of infatuating seductresses; with the inebriation of untamed sensuality overwhelmingly transcending over cranny of the jejune atmosphere,

Even if you placed him in the floodlights of indomitable cynosure; with countless cameras dazzling the enchanting night in mystical shimmer; clicking him from every angle in inexorable adulation,

The air around him still stabbed him like a zillion venomously blood stained thorns; the world around him was nothing but a dungeon of ghoulishly penalizing darkness; as for no fault of his and from the very first cry of his birth; he was born Disastrously blind.

2

Even if you placed him in the stridently pulsating discotheque; with the vivaciously revolving lights triggering a revolution of unparalleled ebullience in the heart of the sonorously deadened night,

Even if you placed him in the center of the fathomlessly sunlit sky; with the beams of the Sun striking him the absolute first; before diffusing down on earth below,

Even if you placed him abreast a billion ingratiatingly glistening oyster shells; with pricelessly resplendent pearls filtering a civilization of beautifully exotic and insatiably milky light,

Even if you placed him on swords of patriotically glowing camaraderie; with the untamed dazzle of victory magnetically permeating through the sullen ambience around,

The air around him still asphyxiated him like fish left to die on the shores; the world around him was nothing but a coffin of vomiting blackness; as for no fault of his and from the very first cry of his birth; he was born haplessly blind.

3

Even if you placed him on the most exquisitely emollient velvet; with endlessly invincible bonfires spiraling towards even portions beyond the sky; just at whisker lengths from his impoverished visage,

Even if you placed him on a bed of irrefutably candid mirrors; with the beams of impregnable honesty emanating; transforming even the most ethereal bit of murkiness into symbiotically spell binding righteousness,

Even if you placed him before the most panoramically fantastic of landscapes on this Universe; with an ocean of inimitably artistic beauty astonishingly unfurling from every construable quarter by his side,

Even if you placed him in a garden of stupendously crimson roses; with the tinges of gorgeously rhapsodic scarlet fathomlessly overpowering every conceivable object in vicinity,

The air around him still murdered him to a morbid death every unveiling instant of his life; the world around him was nothing but a amorphous skeleton of invidious darkness; as for no fault of his and from the very first cry of his birth; he was born cursedly blind.

4.

Even if you placed him on the epitome of unceasing prosperity; with the most adorably enamoring clouds of silk uninhibitedly drifting from all sides,

Even if you placed him on the pinnacle of unassailable Mount Everest; with the Omnipotent festoon of insurmountably illuminating stars and Moon; majestically

kissing him on his poignantly nimble skin,

Even if you placed him on a paradise of tempestuously tantalizing wax; with flames of pristine success sailing high and handsome at every speck of the atmosphere around,

Even if you placed him amidst all the richness of this limitlessly gargantuan planet; with every path that he tread; every thing that he caressed; metamorphosing into a mountain of unbelievably opulent gold,

The air around him still pulverized every element of his existence into a deliriously decaying morass; the world around him was nothing but a frigidly infidel chunk of melting ice; as for no fault of his and from the very first cry of his birth; he was born doggedly blind.

8. WHAT ABOUT HIM

Even though you had beautifully sparkling eyes; with loads of charismatic fortitude entrapped in your bones; still you trembled at the thought of clambering up 100 floors of the colossal building without the escalator, What about him who was perpetually blind; for whom the world was a cloud of gruesome darkness; right since innocuous childhood?

Even though you had voluptuous jewels of eye; Herculean stamina in the bulging muscle of your arm; still the very thought of crossing the jam packed chaotic road; sent inexplicable shivers down your slender spine, What about him who was perpetually blind; for whom there was nothing like brightness or light in the dictionary of the mind?

Even though you had marvelously sparkling pairs of diamond eyes; the stoical ability to confront the most disastrous situation with astronomical ease; still you severely rebelled the prospect of jumping out of the plane with a parachute strapped tightly, What about him who was perpetually blind; for whom the world meant nothing else; but simply an amalgamation of different voice?

Even though you had supremely robust hazel eyes; an uncanny ability to solve mind boggling enigmas in split seconds; still the prospect of swimming with the menacing alligators in the marshy swamps gave you horrendous nightmares every unveiling night, What about him who was perpetually blind, didn't have even the most infinitesimal idea as to what were twinkling stars; what was blistering Sunlight?

Even though you had opalescent rainbow complexioned eyes; the supreme agility in your legs to leap with astounding ease over boundless hurdles at a time, still you wept uncontrollably at the onset of choosing your favorite shirt amongst millions of fabric strewn around,

What about him who was perpetually blind; didn't even know as to whether the cloth engulfing his chest; was a garishly striped shirt or a trouser with swanky shine?

Even though you had mesmerizing blue eyes; invincible strength encompassing your entire demeanor; still you dreaded a trifle at the mention of going to acrimonious war,

What about him who was perpetually blind; who couldn't perceive one bit about the mammoth boulder of stinging needles; just at whisker lengths from his body?

Even though you had phlegmatically cherry red eyes; and exuberant spirit of adventure profusely embedded in your stream of crimson blood; still you flinched a little in your subconscious mind; while nose-diving your jet as straight as an arrow from the cocoon of heavenly clouds towards the periphery of hard ground, What about him who was perpetually blind; couldn't walk a step further without leaning on his red and white cane stick?

Even though you had splendidly shimmering eyes; an insatiable yearning towards oligarchic literature; still you thought multiple times before attempting to write a million pages of poetry a day,

What about him who was perpetually blind; who didn't even know how the 'L' of language looked like; persevered all his life caressing vaguely intricate Braille?

Even though you had astoundingly emphatic eyes; an unbelievable ability to judiciously discern thoroughly embedded in your mind; still you stared uncannily into open space; pondering on how would you ever meet the girl of your divinely dreams,

What about him who was perpetually blind; who couldn't even make out whether it was a man or a woman until it stringently spoke?

And even though you had two pairs of dynamically fiery eyes; a flamboyant swirl encapsulating your visage at every step you strolled; still you weren't 100% confident of facing life; ruminated for marathon hours as to what would besiege you after your death; would there be celestial paradise or ghastly hell, What about him who was perpetually blind; who hadn't witnessed the most minuscule trace of glow since he took his first breath; for whom the solitary

silent room in which he resided; was his only paradise; his only hell?

9. HAVE HIV/AIDS. YOU STILL LIVE TILL THE CREATOR WANTS YOU TO.

If he had been your Brother; then you'd have perhaps mischievously poked at his enchantingly twinkling nose; uninhibitedly cavorting with him through the freshly rain soaked fields of untamed corn,

If he had been your Father; then you'd have perhaps earnestly served him to the best of your ability; sleeping compassionately close to his blessed heart; conceiving it to be the most invincibly celestial fortress on this fathomlessly enamoring planet,

If he had been your Husband; then you'd have perhaps walked shoulder to shoulder with him in every aspect of symbiotically fragrant existence; miraculously ameliorating the terseness in his temples; with the artistry of your mellifluously heavenly fingers,

If he had been your Neighbor; then you'd have perhaps enlightened every instant of his flabbergasting boredom; with the blazingly unfettered optimism in your resplendently innocuous eyes,

If he had been your Uncle; then you'd have perhaps altruistically listened to the experiences of his exhilaratingly intrepid life; convivially sharing supper with him in the darkness of the insidiously sultry night,

If he had been your Teacher; then you'd have perhaps bent in due obeisance to each of his philanthropically eternal commands; trying to imbibe the maximum you could; of his sermons on the chapters of priceless life and humanity,

If he had been your Fan; then you'd have perhaps indefatigably tried to live up to his expectations; everytime you had the opportunity to majestically portray your inimitably iridescent talent to the boundless world,

If he had been your Mentor; then you'd have perhaps worshipped him every unfurling second of the brilliantly streaming day and sensuous night; dedicating every ounce of your magnificent success to his tirelessly sublimating voice,

If he had been your Slave; then you'd have perhaps irrefutably ensured that he got his quintessentially reinvigorating meals of the day; so that he diligently shed every iota of his robust perspiration for you all his life,

If he had been your Shadow; then you'd have perhaps magnanimously allowed him to snuggle close to your chest in the wilderness of the ruthless night; replenishing his every desire with the unequivocal exuberance in your life,

If he had been your Son; then you'd have perhaps perpetually kept him cuddled in your impregnably unflinching lap; sequestering him from even the most infinitesimal treachery of existence; till the very last breath of your life,

If he had been your Ancestor; then you'd have perhaps tantalized every bone of your lugubriously opprobrious survival; wholesomely enshrouded and enchanted; with the inscrutable tales of his pristine past,

If he had been your Sculptor; then you'd have perhaps cherished each of his treasured moldings; profoundly and intimately in the innermost dormitories of your soul; for times immemorial,

If he had been your Godfather; then you'd have perhaps fervently yearned to kiss his divinely feet every unleashing instant of ebulliently enthralling existence; perennially assimilate the ideals of his benign life in every ingredient of your crimson blood,

If he had been your Friend; then you'd have perhaps wholeheartedly welcome him with open arms; wanting to be a perpetual element of every of his joy and inexplicable tribulations,

If he had been your Fiancé; then you'd have perhaps tirelessly dreamt about him a countless days and nights; till the time you didn't forever unite with him; in unassailably sacrosanct connubial bliss,

If he had been your Successor/Kin; then you'd have perhaps spent a limitless moments of your life breathing affably close to him; tirelessly explaining to him the way in which he should disburse your countless millions; after you were veritably dead,

If he had been your Chef; then you'd have perhaps unlimitedly admired the unbelievably incredulous art in his palms; that spell-bindingly evolved the most ravishingly appetizing of delicacies within the ethereal wink of an eye,

But if he wasn't related with you in any manner; then the same Him having HIV/AIDS would have definitely been several ostracized and abused by you; as you disdainfully discarded him from the fabric of your sanctimonious society as a sinful untouchable,

Hopelessly failing to realize that there was no 'Relation/Religion Tag' needed to bond with another living being of your kind; as the Lord had created everyone alike unconquerably bonded in the religion of humanity;

And whereas he could still survive with HIV/AIDS for a long time till the Omnipotent Creator wanted him to breathe and even without your support; but for disrespecting another of your fellow mate; for criminally disowning one similar to you of the Lord's Omnipresent living kind; you for one had definitely confirmed an undeniably ghastly place for yourself in the realms of diabolically pulverizing hell; even before you could reach; the end of your impoverished destined time.

10. AIDS DOESN'T KILL. YOUR ATTITUDE KILLS.

Compassionately shaking hands with them; wont in anyway enshroud every ingredient of your blood with the most unforgivably cancerous of disease; wont in anyway annihilate you forever and ever and ever from the trajectory of this fathomless Universe,

Profusely intermingling your shadow with theirs; wont in anyway diminish you beyond the threshold of disparagingly dolorous oblivion; wont in anyway obfuscate your integrity with the clouds of tawdry salaciousness,

Tirelessly talking with them; wont in anyway make you the most delinquently inferior organism on this boundless earth; wont in anyway char your inimitably distinctive identity,

Amiably kissing them on their rubicund lips; wont in anyway evaporate every ounce of immunity from your body; wont in anyway transform you into the most treacherously cursed entity alive,

Uninhibitedly fondling their silken hair; wont in anyway jinx you with even the most infinitesimal parasite on this limitless earth; wont in anyway trounce you to your dolorously fetid grave,

Mischievously nibbling at their innocuous ears; wont in anyway numb each of your senses to even the tiniest trace of sound; wont in anyway engulf each brilliant day of yours with hopelessly asphyxiating blackness,

Jubilantly adventuring with them in the inscrutable forests; wont in anyway sap you of untamed powerhouse of effulgent energy; wont in anyway make you an

impotent pinch of mud fretting for an infinite lifetimes,

Profoundly staring into the whites of their impeccable eyes; wont in anyway blind you forever from every conceivable iota of pleasure and panoramic light; wont in anyway pulverize you into inanely impoverished nothingness,

Eclectically sketching their harmlessly nimble silhouette; wont in anyway vengefully deteriorate you into a pool of insipid nothingness; wont in anyway render you as the most ignominiously slandered artist alive,

Holistically eating with them in the same bowl; wont in anyway metamorphose you into an ocean of endlessly lambasting tears; wont in anyway inundate the walls of your stomach with venomously aggrieved poison rather than the celestial fruits of the Creator Divine,

Unflinchingly entwining your fingers into theirs; wont in anyway horrendously deplete you of every ounce of your strength; wont in anyway impede you from symbiotically coalescing with the rest of eternally fructifying living kind,

Sleeping impregnably close to them to shelter them at night; wont in anyway grant you a place in the most vindictively unsparing of hell; wont in anyway prematurely bury you a countless feet beneath your veritable grave,

Flirtatiously tickling their nubile skin; wont in anyway hang you upside down in the most brilliantly blazing of Sunlight; wont in anyway seal every other synergistically untainted option for you in the chapter of resplendent life,

Wholeheartedly embracing them as one of your own kin; wont in anyway perpetuate in you the germs of the most ominously tyrannical of disease; wont in anyway render you satanically crippled for the remainder of your life,

Affably conserving each droplet of their golden sweat in your palms; wont in anyway erase the spell binding destiny lines of your existence; wont in anyway proclaim you as a preposterously shameful misfit for the fabric of society,

Altruistically applying the balm of humanity on their inexplicable wounds; wont in anyway assassinate every bit of harmonious knowledge that you had so wonderfully assimilated since the first cry of birth; wont in anyway torment you even after you died,

Uninhibitedly drinking water from their unfinished glass; wont in anyway transform every ingredient of your Omnipotent blood into unbearably vindictive

venom; wont in anyway truculently slain the royal seeds of virility from your endowed life,

Unceasingly enlightening them with the magical artistry in your persona; wont in anyway endanger even the most diminutive shade of existence on the perennial planet; wont in anyway transform you into a sinful eunuch wailing the last words of your life,

Unassailably blending every breath of yours with theirs; wont in anyway defeat you the slightest in any philanthropic quest of your blessed life; wont in anyway abruptly snap the fangs of your miraculously proliferating existence,

Immortally bonding every beat of your heart with theirs; wont in anyway make you the most abhorred criminal of this globe; wont in anyway metamorphose every definition of true love into sadistically betraying hatred,

Paradoxically; whereas doing all the above things with them wont in anyway harm you the tiniest; but their not receiving the same from you would definitely make them die the most ghastliest of death; a death which would not be a result of their suffering from HIV/AIDS, but an extinction which would be the most horrifically gruesome; a death which would be the most perpetually criminal; caused due to opprobrious disdain and neglect by you; you and only you; who was none other than their uncaring fellow human kind.

11. POEM ON BLOOD DONATION- DONATING BLOOD- MEANS LOVING IT ALL THE MORE

I presumed you loved it- as it was your spirit to successfully accomplish your every philanthropic mission- with the blessings of the Omnipotent Lord Almighty,

I presumed you loved it- as it most ecstatically charged up you up- as you leapt forward to uninhibitedly blossom in the garden of vibrantly bestowed life,

I presumed you loved it- as it was your humane lifeline to mélange so serenely with your surroundings- become a quintessential constituent in the atmosphere of symbiotic camaraderie,

I presumed you loved it- since it was your amiable stamp amongst all mortals- as you traversed shoulder to shoulder with every of your fellow human; blessed with the fundamental principles of existence,

I presumed you loved it- since it taught you the value of priceless life- inspired

you to live life to its very fullest and endeavor your earnest best to afford the same to your fellow beings in duress,

I presumed you loved it- as it evoked the artist in you to burgeon in realms of unfettered sensuousness- as you assimilated your creative potential from slim space- before sharing it with the outside world,

I presumed you loved it- as it added that extra ounce of zeal in your step- as you embarked upon every adventure that you were passionate about- in a life unpredictably mystical but blessed,

I presumed you loved it- since it transcended you above all barriers of caste; creed; religion and color to bond with the religion of oneness and humanity,

I presumed you loved it- as it magnetically drew you closer to your soulmates in life- reminding you that chapters of life bore royal fruition when confronted with true love,

I presumed you loved it- as it revitalized your complexion and countenance to appear as that of a handsome human- prone to all that was further destined- but resiliently following the path of truth,

I presumed you loved it- as though silent- it triggered an inferno of universal desire in your nimble silhouette- as you evolved your virile kin and family further on
this infallibly flawless Universe,

I presumed you loved it- as it helped you coin a new definition of compassionate companionship- one that accepted one and all for what they were and as they had come into God's planet divine,

I presumed you loved it- as its healing balm empowered you to start afresh after every of your humanely trip and fall- let the blazingly Omnipotent rays of the Sun God energize you towards your righteously benevolent mission in life,

I presumed you loved it- as it fortified your bond of togetherness not only with your biological kin- but with your environment and with every living being in harmonious friendship,

I presumed you loved it- as it gave you the strength to never betray your own conscience- and irrespective of wherever you were and whatever you did- you were answerable to Omnipresent God,

I presumed you loved it- as it led you through astounding myriad colors of a poignant survival- which all eventually amalgamated and united into a rainbow of altruistic caring,

I presumed you loved it- as it gradually and very moderately transformed you into a blissful adult from a diminutive infant- in perfect accordance with the winds of creation- bestowed upon by the Omniscient Creator,

I presumed you loved it- as you honestly paved your path through the multifarious replenishing fields and shades of existence- being just othing infront of the unassailable Lord,

And I am definitely sure that you would love your blood all themore- -if you donated it to all those in dire need of it— thereby giving true meaning to the essence of humanitarian unity and humane oneness,

For the chapters of Life and Death are in God's hands - but donating blood is just one great humanitarian way in which you could help your blessed fellow living being.

12. ABORTION—THE GREATEST SIN

Abortion. A word that brutally devastates the heart of spell binding imagination; casting a spell of irrevocably endless gloom upon every iota of exhilarating freshness in the atmosphere,

Abortion. A word that is indescribably gory to the most unprecedented limits; dismally silencing priceless life; even before it could take construable roots,

Abortion. A word that profanely imperils god's most sacrosanct chapter of proliferation; horrifically assassinating the rainbows of profound exuberance in life's mystical swirl,

Abortion. A word that perpetuates deliriously ghastly abhorrence amongst all caste; creed and tribe alike; sinfully asphyxiating the mantra of innocuous existence,

Abortion. A word that indefatigably rots in the aisles of murderously cold-blooded hell; snaps every ounce of Samaritan brotherhood from boundlessly bountiful civilizations,

Abortion. A word that decimates even the most unassailable flag of victory to dastardly ash; hedonistically rebels against the Omnipresent Almighty Lord; evoking the most angriest moments from emollient heaven,

Abortion. A word that sends vindictively decrepit chills down till the very last bone of the spine; an unforgivable crime for which even the greatest of God's couldn't grant you reprieve,

Abortion. A word that treacherously jeopardizes holistically burgeoning sanctity; indiscriminately pulverizes stupendously benign goodness to the infinitesimally worthless devil's workshop,

Abortion. A word that foments dolorous discontentment since the very first shimmer of majestically enchanting dawn; metamorphosing every ingredient of poignantly scarlet blood in the body; to ghoulishly amorphous and heartless shit,

Abortion. A word that salaciously reverberates with unsolicited prejudice; baselessly penalizing the fabric of existence; to mollify meaningless idiosyncrasies of pompously tawdry human beings,

Abortion. A word that pronounces intransigently cannibalistic mercilessness; till the time this earth existed and even beyond,

Abortion. A word that disintegrates into countless fragments of inane worthlessness; diffusing nothing but preposterously unwarranted fear; even amidst the most perpetually deadened of graves,

Abortion. A word that is the most cadaverous of invective upon God's paradise of wonderfully symbiotic creation; diabolically squelching the essence of compassionately synergistic togetherness into mists of perfidiously vanishing desolation,

Abortion. A word that wretchedly penalizes the freshly evolving for ostensibly no fault of theirs; a mortuary of endless decay and wicked diabolism,

Abortion. A word that swipes the uninhibitedly everlasting freedom to live and breathe; torturing the naturally harmonious body to the most bizarrely unprecedented limits,

Abortion. A word that propagates nothing but a disease more truculently debilitating than atrocious cancer; ruthlessly killing the effulgent spirit of holistic

survival,

Abortion. A word that not only sucks blessed blood from organisms alive; but tirelessly relishes it; smacking its tyrannical lips in unfathomable contentment,

Abortion. A word that just wasn't there in the dictionary of the God's; a word so deadly that even the most victimizing of hell's trembled to harbor in their sinful repertoire,

Abortion. A word that some females succumbed to today; just to maintain the trim silhouettes of their non-existent stomachs; just to expend more time with the bombastically bawdy high society; just to carve a flamboyantly artificial integrity for themselves in the uxoriously dogmatic professional world; although they very well knew that it would be the greatest sin that they would ever commit not only for this birth; but for an infinite more births of theirs; even after the planet had ceased to exist

13. STOP GHASTLY FEMALE FOETICIDE RIGHT NOW!

By ruthlessly killing the female fetus right in its sacred womb itself; you're infact ruthlessly killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of unassailably divine fertility,

By indiscriminately killing the female fetus right in its magical womb itself; you're infact indiscriminately killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of miraculously replenishing compassion,

By torturously killing the female fetus right in its sacrosanct womb itself; you're infact torturously killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of uninhibitedly heavenly mischief,

By insanely killing the female fetus right in its celestial womb itself; you're infact insanely killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of invincibly panoramic beauty,

By truculently killing the female fetus right in its Omnipotent womb itself; you're infact truculently killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of interminably blessing philanthropism,

By cannibalistically killing the female fetus right in its victorious womb itself; you're infact cannibalistically killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of pricelessly inimitable artistry,

By heartlessly killing the female fetus right in its perennial womb itself; you're infact heartlessly killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of unconquerably unprejudiced truth,

By cold-bloodedly killing the female fetus right in its blessed womb itself; you're infact cold-bloodedly killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of limitlessly poignant proliferation,

By unforgivably killing the female fetus right in its priceless womb itself; you're infact unforgivably killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of amazingly burgeoning creativity,

By sadistically killing the female fetus right in its insuperable womb itself; you're infact sadistically killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of blissfully ubiquitous fragrance,

By wretchedly killing the female fetus right in its unfettered womb itself; ' you're infact wretchedly killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of passionately bonding equality,

By criminally killing the female fetus right in its Omniscient womb itself; you're infact criminally killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of enchantingly stupefying melody,

By venomously killing the female fetus right in its fructifying womb itself; you're infact venomously killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of unshakably ameliorating brotherhood,

By barbarously killing the female fetus right in its unimpeachable womb itself; you're infact barbarously killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of unfathomably exhilarating mysticism,

By hedonistically killing the female fetus right in its bountiful womb itself; you're infact hedonistically killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of unsurpassably undefeated goodness,

By cadaverously killing the female fetus right in its jubilant womb itself; you're infact cadaverously killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which could've been of infallibly bewitching prosperity,

By demonically killing the female fetus right in its ebullient womb itself; you're

infact demonically killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead;
which could've been of everlastingly symbiotic happiness,

By worthlessly killing the female fetus right in its triumphant womb itself; you're
infact worthlessly killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead;
which could've been of unconquerably sumptuous versatility,

By violently killing the female fetus right in its eternal womb itself; you're infact
violently killing an infinite more of your very own generations ahead; which
could've been of ever-pervadingly righteous strength,

But by sacrilegiously killing the female fetus in its Omnipresent womb itself;
you're infact sacrilegiously killing an infinite more of your very own generations
ahead; which definitely and would 100% be of an infinite infants; children; girls;
women; boys; men; uncles; aunts; fathers; mothers; grandfathers;
grandmothers; and an endless list of an endless more relations to you; galore

14. REMEMBER THIS. THE NEXT TIME YOU SET OUT TO RAPE.

You're not just raping her sacrosanct flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're
infact and forever; brutally raping; the untainted spirit of her symbiotically
bountiful existence,

You're not just raping her effulgent flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're
infact and forever; indiscriminately raping; her impeccably unhindered and
divinely image
in the fathomless world,

You're not just raping her victorious flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're
infact and forever; unforgivably raping; the countless ideals of Godly
motherhood; that her persona had inevitably established on planet earth,

You're not just raping her melodious flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're
infact and forever; diabolically raping; her unconquerable individuality to
independently exist as a female on this spell binding Universe,

You're not just raping her harmonious flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so;
you're infact and forever; sacrilegiously raping; the ever-pervading mantra of
holistic spirituality; that enchantingly lingered in her soul,

You're not just raping her enamoring flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're
infact and forever; demonically raping; every single ray of hope that she'd so

triumphantly conceived; amidst a mortuary of ghoulishly asphyxiating blackness,

You're not just raping her jubilant flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; cold-bloodedly raping; the immortally unflinching cradle of truth and solidarity in her pious conscience,

You're not just raping her beautiful flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; torturously raping; the thread of insuperable humanity with which she'd felt so perpetually bonded with; till this very plagued moment,

You're not just raping her nubile flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; fanatically raping; the heavenly virginity of each tangible and intangible pore of her wondrously blessed form,

You're not just raping her ecstatic flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; inconsolably raping; the very melody and sweetness of her God-gifted creation,

You're not just raping her uninhibited flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; truculently raping; the wings of her everlastingly fructifying freedom,

You're not just raping her majestic flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; venomously raping; the fathomless labyrinths of artistry that she paved; on every of her advancing footstep,

You're not just raping her scintillating flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; hedonistically raping; the optimistically blazing Sun of her destiny; which now wanted to do nothing else but extinguish wholesomely,

You're not just raping her inimitable flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; ominously raping; her signature of ultimate authenticity; righteousness and eternally enthralling compassion,

You're not just raping her celestial flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; sinfully raping; every of her blissful fantasy and vision; of succeeding in whatever philanthropic that she wanted to do,

You're not just raping her bounteous flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; pugnaciously raping; even the tiniest of her desire to synergistically mélange with every fraternity of humanity; further on,

You're not just raping her ubiquitous flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; tyrannically raping; the inherently effervescent and pristinely unabashed child gallivanting in each of her stride,

You're not just raping her royal flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; cannibalistically raping; the inimitably distinctive aura of infallible innocence; that perennially radiated from every tangible dimension of her persona,

You're not just raping her euphoric flesh; but by thoughtlessly doing so; you're infact and forever; uncouthly raping; even the tiniest insinuation of color; charm and vibrancy; from the chapter of her now vindictively devastated life,

So please do remember the above; the next time you set out to rape a woman;
O! maniacally perverted man

15. THE NEXT TIME DO REMEMBER; O! BIGOTED MAN

The next time you lecherously stare at an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as devilish as you in the fathomless world; who might be profanely staring at your bountifully venerated mother's flesh too; and this very instant,

The next time you demonically try to traumatize an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as diabolical as you in the fathomless world; who might be sinfully trying to traumatize your symbiotically priceless mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you sacrilegiously fantasize about an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as demented as you in the fathomless world; who might be lewdly fantasizing about your invincibly compassionate mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you bawdily abuse an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as chauvinistic as you in the fathomless world; who might be deplorably abusing your wondrously divine mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you cannibalistically advance to overpower an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as imbecile as you in the fathomless world; who might be pugnaciously advancing to overpower your impeccably

iridescent mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you sadistically molest an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as wanton as you in the fathomless world; who might be reproachfully molesting your victoriously pristine mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you publicly disrobe an innocent woman to demonstrate your worthlessly decrepit power; remember that there might be someone as criminal as you in the fathomless world; who might be satanically disrobing your impreguably altruistic mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you salaciously leaped to prove your manhood by ominously beheading the innocent woman's scalp; remember that there might be someone as cadaverous as you in the fathomless world; who might be hedonistically leaping forward to behead your triumphantly beautiful mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you tyrannically invaded an innocent woman's privacy; remember that there might be someone as barbarous as you in the fathomless world; who might be blasphemously invading the privacy of your unflinchingly eternal mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you ruthlessly disowned an innocent woman for not the tiniest fault of hers; remember that there might be someone as venomous as you in the fathomless world; who might be truculently disowning your peerlessly holy mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you spit at an innocent woman in pathetic condemnation of her being the weaker sex; remember that there might be someone as deplorable as you in the fathomless world; who might be unrelentingly spitting on your unimpeachably benign mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you devilishly tarnish an innocent woman's image in the society; remember that there might be someone as jinxed as you in the fathomless world; who might be unbearably tarnishing your unconquerably enchanting mother's image too; and this very instant,

The next time you lethally set out to rape an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as downtrodden as you in the fathomless world; who might have cold-bloodedly set out to rape your timelessly worshipped mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you torturously slave an innocent woman; remember that there might be someone as lecherous as you in the fathomless world; who might be despicably slaving your infallibly jubilant mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you mercilessly banish an innocent woman from your society; remember that there might be someone as wastrel as you in the fathomless world; who might be sordidly banishing your inimitably majestic mother too; and this very instant,

The next time you fiendishly snatch an innocent woman's true love; remember that there might be someone as ghastly as you in the fathomless world; who might be violently snatching your blissful mother's ultimate love too; and this very instant,

The next time you unforgivably extended your bloodstained palms to asphyxiate an innocent woman's breath; remember that there might be someone as insane as you in the fathomless world; who might be cannibalistically advancing his gory palms to asphyxiate your sacrosanct mother's breath too; and this very instant,

And now don't you meaninglessly put this forward in your defense O! worthlessly bigoted man; that you don't know anything like the Omnipresent Mother; or that you weren't in anyways born out of the Omnipotent Mother's womb.

16. ADOPT THE GIRL CHILD.

Think about the unbelievably unsurpassable amount of happiness that you'd be perpetuating in her life; by wholesomely freeing her from the clutches of the disdainfully incarcerated orphanage,

Think about the endless odes of blissful love that she'd receive; amidst the philanthropically synergistic members of your unceasingly caring family,

Think about the perennial smiles that would so royally enlighten her tear-strained face; never ever leaving her blessed countenance; when she would uninhibitedly sway in your arms; and towards the fathomless sky,

Think about the egalitarian education and ardent courage that you'd be providing her; granting her the most invincible opportunity to walk shoulder to shoulder with the global machismo society,

Think about the compassionate shelter that you'd be granting to her forlornly

impoverished and tiny little persona; being her sole source of quintessential light even in the most murderously blasphemous of night,

Think about the unassailable mountains of respect that you'd be inculcating in her diminutive brain; as you taught her that every religion; caste; creed and organism on this boundless Universe; was pricelessly and inimitably alike,

Think about every step that she walked being moulded with eternal prosperity; as you harnessed it with your euphoric breath; before she even dared to step,

Think about every mundanely treacherous moment of her life being metamorphosed into a paradise of unlimited happiness; as she uninhibitedly poured even the most inconspicuous thing of her heart; near to your unshakable chest,

Think about all those succulently salubrious morsels of food that you'd feed her with all her destined life; never ever letting her fantasize about the world with hunger and ruthless drought,

Think about even the most infinitesimal of her non-invasive desire being quenched to the fullest and even beyond infinite infinity; as you fought the entire acrimoniously ribald planet; to bring all blessed creativity into her innocuously outstretched palms,

Think about the artist that you'd be so unconquerably harnessing in each of her transient senses; with every of your blood; body and inimitably blazing breath,

Think about the insurmountable tenacity that you'd be permeating in her body and soul; to take upon the mantle of all diabolically sacrilegious on this planet; with you forever as her lone savior,

Think about the infallibly interminable identity that you'd be blessing her with; altruistically granting her not only your name and surname; but an inexhaustible ardor to be just her very ownself,

Think about the countless nights that you'd stand invincible guard to her while she impeccably snored; not permitting even the most infidel trace of tawdry profanity touch her divinely skin,

Think about all those unparalleled pleasurable moments when you'd teach her to walk on her own feet; being like the Omnipotent Creator in her life to

timelessly guide her towards the heavens of righteousness,

Think about the innumerable lines of Omniscient Poetry; the limitless number of paintings that you'd be sublimed to make upon her godly aura; and thereby be blessed with the most truthfully effulgent profession on the trajectory of earth divine,

Think about being the sole lantern of fathomless love in her miserably impoverished life; a lantern whose flames would forever erase even the most evanescent of her memory of being venomously orphaned,

Think about all those countless breaths of yours; that you would so heart-renderingly use to magically heal her every inexplicably traumatic wound; miraculously coalescing her ecstatically vibrant form with the cradle of the Omnipresent divine,

Think about being encompassed by an infinite more of her innocent little kind; being addressed by so many names such as 'Father, Mother', 'Grandfather; Grandmother'; as she would wonderfully procreate your tribe in the coming centuries and times,

And if after marriage; both of you are still childless; then just don't think or contemplate any further on anything; just blindfold your eyes with the wand of unconquerable love overruling all; and forever and ever and ever; adopt the immortally twinkling and divinely little girl child.

17. ORPHAN ON THE STREET

I awoke with an enchanting smile in the morning on a mattress of painted silver, the orphan in the street wiped his face of obnoxious dirt.

I entered my Spanish lavatory to expurgate my bowels, the orphan in the street sat down in wild grass emanating from fields of paddy.

I brushed my teeth with satiny floss and dental paste, the orphan in the street used a brittle neem stick to polish his worn enamel.

I washed my face with perfumed soap and lascivious cream, the orphan on the street used a curry of mud to clean streaks of blotted dirt.

I draped my persona with garments of rich denim blended with flocculent thread,

the orphan on the street wore a soiled jute sack hanging like a scarecrow on his body.

I slipped my dainty toes in cushioned interiors of my velvet shoes,
the orphan on the street left his chapped bohemian feet bare.

I dedicated gargantuan amounts of time trimming my bushy whiskers,
the orphan on the street was obsessed chopping slices of tree lumber.

I exited for office; in the royal camouflage of my honey brown Mercedes,
the orphan in the street traversed kilometers in the naked Sun; to reach the mill
he worked in.

I worked in an refrigerated ambience juxtaposed with abundant flora,
the orphan in the street perspired in sweltering currents of heat.

I came back home before dusk strangulated light,
the orphan on the street arrived a few minutes past midnight.

I then thought I had seen enough of agony; distressing discrimination,
took the orphan in the street within the candid comfort of my arms,
fed him with sumptuous food; after scrubbing his silhouette with tons of carbolic,

made him sleep in furry quilts beside me;
with mesmerizing notes of music diffusing from the CD systems.

He slept like an untamed horse all night; and when he got up in the morning;
there were tears dribbling down his soft cheek,
he hadn't words to express his gratitude; the spontaneity of love he had; for the
first time in his life received.

18. A TO Z IMMORTAL LOVE

Alluring; wholesomely luring even the most remotely alien; in its captivatingly
spell binding swirl for centuries immemorial,
Auguring; magnificently evolving the most supremely royal destiny; that you
would ever encounter on the trajectory of this mesmerizing planet,
Attractive; drifting even the most incorrigibly ruthless heads in its direction; as it
magnetically trespassed across voluptuous soil,
Acclimatizing; blossoming beyond the zenith of wonderfully bestowing eternity;
even in the most tumultuously ferocious rain; and ungainly storm,
Was the cradle of immortal love; not only bonding two bodies for countless

births; but perpetually ensuring that their breaths diffused passionately together; for boundless decades yet to come.

Beautiful; charming even the most languidly dreariest of leaf in the morbid atmosphere; with its stupendous vivacity,
Blooming; sprouting and proliferating incomprehensible more of its kind; as every instant unveiled into a complete minute,
Bountiful; bequeathing upon every impoverished entity; whether rich or indigent; the magic of symbiotic existence; alike,
Blessed; engendering you to feel the richest organism on this Universe; once you made its compassionate beats an indispensable ingredient of your wandering soul,
Was the sky of immortal love; not only showering the rain of passionate goodness upon treacherously trembling soil; but perpetually ensuring that it spawned into a civilization of exuberant enthrallment; as every morning freshly overtook the previous sinister night.

Captivating; inevitably drawing even the most diabolical of demons to replenish their shattered lives; with its perennial juice,
Camaraderie; affably bonding disgruntled souls in threads of friendship; enshrouding their bodies with divine benevolence,
Compassionate; triggering fireballs of untamed desire even in the heart of the murderously frigid night,
Calisthenics; astoundingly demonstrating that Herculean power can articulately evolve into a tornado of incredulous eloquence,
Was the fortress of immortal love; not only invincibly defending the most sacred manifestations of eternal romance; but perpetually ensuring that they blissfully gallivanted in corridors of unfettered yearning.

Delectable; as nimble as the fleet footed and innocuous rabbit; although it towered above everything else on this fathomless Universe,
Dreamy; rhapsodically fantasizing in the island of gregarious fascination; even as the lecherous indiscriminately sucked blood outside,
Doughty; marvelously facing every acrimonious obstacle that came its way; triumphantly marching past the limits of unparalleled success,
Dimpled; charismatically blushing into a valley of profound ecstasy; as you relentlessly stared at its tantalizingly seductive contours,
Was the ocean of immortal love; not only pacifying the overwhelmingly scorched ground of betrayal; but perpetually ensuring that it spawned into a paradise or irrefutable truth; and unfathomable belonging.

Eloquent; disseminating its magnanimous melody to every barbarically estranged

cranny of this unsurpassably gargantuan Universe,
Everlasting; spiraling into a cloud of handsome fragrance beyond infinite infinity;
leaving its essence of celestial peace and harmony wherever it went,
Endowed; inundating each iota of lackluster countenances with unbelievable
talent and Oligarchic charm,
Emollient; disbursing its heavenly scent to all those arenas of the gargantuan
continent; besieged with inexplicable despair and euphemistic pain,
Was the ring of immortal love; not only binding all irrespective of caste; creed;
color or race; but perpetually ensuring that they embraced each other in
whirlpools of passionate desire; till the time they relinquished their final breath.

Fabulous; stupendously casting its spell of unconquerable enigma; upon every
lecherously monotonous soul staggering towards hopeless extinction,
Flowering; redolently springing into petals of optimistic light; to enlighten the
lives of those deprived; and defunct of vibrantly melodious life,
Fragrant; ubiquitously disseminating the divinely aroma of brotherhood; in every
speck of soil coalesced with; horrendously stinking manipulation and malice,
Fructifying; yielding the most priceless gifts of egalitarian humanity; without the
most tiniest of investment or prejudice,
Was the rainbow of immortal love; not only perpetuating dungeons of obnoxious
gloom with thunderbolts of perennial hope; but ensuring that every organism
black or white; knocked the doors of glittering success; alike.

Grandiloquent; basking in the glorious splendor of resplendent beauty and
exotically unfurling newness,
Gyrating; pulsating to the most stupefying tunes of ecstatic excitement; as the
crimson fireball of Sun transcended beyond the golden horizons,
Giving; philanthropically donating all elements and celestial virtues; that surged
forward to construct the most formidably resilient human kind,
Glittering; shimmering in the aisles of unmatched splendor and grace; to
metamorphose all devastating disease; into a profusely Omnipotent garland of
happiness,
Was the island of immortal love; not only instilling back euphoric cheer in the
eyes of all those miserably shivering and divested; but perpetually ensuring that
they intrepidly arose to the occasion called life; granting them a countless
bountiful breaths; more to survive.

Highest; superceding everything else that was tangible and intangible; on the
bedspread of this overwhelmingly mystifying Universe,
Handsome; majestically portraying each element of gorgeously endowing life; in
the most dynamically supreme of its forms,
Heavenly; making every benign entity philandering passionately on this planet;

manifest in entirety towards the pinnacle of its ultimate dreams,
Hallmark; the epitome of all achievements and fulfillment in destined life;
distributing its sacrosanct virtue to every despicably devastated entity exhausted
of life,

Was the immortal blanket of love; not only sequestering all those maimed and
deplorably shivering in the winds of its congenial warmth; but ensuring that they
resided as the ultimate kings of prosperity; for infinite more births; yet to come.

Ingratiating; spectacularly unveiling into a myriad of insurmountable brilliance;
for all those deluged with disgusting solitude,

Incarcerating; imprisoning everyone all mortal and immortals; in its
immaculately divine carpet of rhapsodic joy,

Innocuous; metamorphosing every commercially rotting entity; into realms of
holistically sacrosanct childhood; once again,

Invincible; unflinchingly withstanding the most acridly mighty onslaught of the
treacherous devil,

Was the fruit of immortal love; not only placating the hunger of all those
despairingly decimated; but perpetually ensuring that nobody with a benign
heart; never ever slept a famished night.

Jaunty; forever smiling in a world of magical contentment; away and completely
oblivious to the pathetically ludicrous vagaries; of this cold-blooded world,
Jingling; merrily cajoling even the most invidiously frazzled senses; with the
profoundly oriental enchantment; in its glorious voice,

Juvenile; exploring and discovering a whole new world of fabulous excitement as
each instant unleashed; romancing in the tantalizing clouds of unsurpassable
eternity,

Jolly; forever blooming in the unprecedented ardor of existence; dissipating the
true exhilaration of priceless life,

Was the pearl of immortal love; not only filtering divinely bliss through a
hideously distorted web of mangled lies; but perpetually ensuring that the
rudiments of survival; always stayed united above the rest.

Kingly; overshadowing all debris and abhorrent violence on the periphery of this
boundless earth; to emerge irrevocably triumphant in every sphere of inscrutably
seductive life,

Kind; hugging all those baselessly orphaned trembling on the dusty streets;
granting them holistic shelter in its majestic arms,

Karmic; philanthropically spreading the message of brotherhood and sharing;
without expecting the slightest of emolument or salute,

Kaleidoscopic; encompassing multitudinal colors of a purifying existence; swaying
nostalgically in waves of titillating longing; incessantly adding new dimensions to

fatigued life,

Was the immortal Sun of love; not only fumigating the earth to be bereft of treachery and crime; but perpetually ensuring that the clouds showered globules of peace; upon every molecule created by the Almighty Lord; alike.

Lascivious; igniting thunderbolts of intimidating desire; even in the heart of the savagely frozen and sulking pond,

Luminating; radiating the sacred effulgence of humanity to far and wide; caressing all those severely afflicted with its mesmerizing humanitarian touch, Loquacious; indefatigably bubbling in the fullest spirit of life; impregnating countless in the whirlpool of its never-ending enthusiasm,

Lovely; enveloping each grotesquely stumbling organism in the realms of gregariously convivial fantasy,

Was the immortal mountain of love; not only defending the unequivocally righteous cause of humanity from even the most infinitesimal trace of evil; but perpetually ensuring that each contaminated bit of lies; transformed into a cloud above paradise.

Marvelous; ruling the earth with the reigns of equality; ever since the time it was created,

Majestic; governing the entire impoverished planet with supreme tranquility and charm; representing a civilization uninhibitedly encapsulated with gloriously pulsating life,

Mollifying; mellowing cataclysmically unruly storms; with the enamoring sweetness in its sound,

Mystical; weaving a trail of compassionate fascination; for every living being to wholeheartedly trespass upon,

Was the immortal ship of love; not only wading like a resplendent fairy through the most bizarre of maelstroms; but perpetually ensuring that life on the planet; never came to a ghastly standstill.

Nutritious; instilling scintillatingly sparkling radiance; in every being tottering uncouthly in the dormitories of saddened darkness,

Nostalgic; transiting even the most monotonously ungainly; into realms of playfully Godly childhood,

Nomadic; tirelessly surging from place to place; to shower upon one and all; the blessings of divinely sharing; alike,

Noble; congenially bonding with even the most penurious of organisms slithering on cold soil; quenching the thirst of every bleary eyed traveler; with the nectar in its alluring senses,

Was the immortal tree of love; not only rejuvenating the spirit of despondently dying mankind; but perpetually ensuring that diligent lovers; always remained

bonded in bows of solidarity; for immemorial times.

Oligarchic; seated on the most profusely embellished throne of unfathomable prosperity,

Omnipotent; the most powerful spirit domineering one and all; on the crust of this handsomely blessed planet,

Omnipresent; a cloud of unflinching brotherhood that embraced the entire globe in waves of ecstatic rhapsody; to reign supreme even after the sky had blended with threadbare soil,

Omniscient; a poignantly clairvoyant breeze; which mapped your emollient destiny to unfurl; even centuries before you were born,

Was the seed of immortal love; not only sprouting into countless new as each day transcended the sinister night; but perpetually ensuring that the branches of peace; brotherhood; always bloomed till the highest point of the sky.

Princely; casting its royal spell upon diminishing souls; to grant them the most incredulous expedition of their starved lives,

Poignant; passionately philandering through the lanes of sizzling desire; tingling every bit of soil that it tread on; with its spell binding stride,

Piquant; astoundingly bewildering the irascibly pertinent tycoon with the versatility in its footsteps; stinging the devilish with an arrow of candid righteousness,

Pristine; immaculately shimmering in its amazingly virgin glory; not being adulterated even the slightest by the most lethal venom swinging freely around, Was the fireball of immortal love; not only blazing streaks of flamboyant brilliance in every continent it chose to gallivant in; but perpetually ensured that the beams of an enlightening tomorrow; swept past the haplessly staggering; for centuries unprecedented.

Queenly; ubiquitously propagating the essence of harmony and humanity; to every organism strangulated with hideous malice,

Quintessential; inhabiting the most cardinal positions in an individuals existence; instilling in him the unsurpassably miraculous wonders of this dexterous world,

Qualitative; bestowing upon every disparagingly struggling entity; the most royal dream of his choice,

Quantitative; indefatigably multiplying its wonderfully cascading essence; to envelop ruthlessly disgruntled souls in the waves of; vibrantly everlasting imagery,

Was the disc of immortal love; not only drifting even the most devastated towards the fortress of utmost solidarity; but perpetually ensuring that the walls of unfettered freedom; grew more formidable in strength as each day; unfurled into the perilous night.

Ravishing; perennially alluring even the morbid of corpses; with its marvelously silken grace and fascinating form,
Realistic; incorrigibly propelling every organism to adhere to its roots;
irrespective of all notorious poisoning of the manipulative society,
Resplendent; glistening in a festoon of surreally titillating fantasy; benevolently cajoling and harboring all those without a roof,
Rejuvenating; rekindling and superbly replenishing each derogatorily exhausted iota of the fragile visage,
Was the fountain of immortal love; which not only triggered you to gush forward in every aspect of impoverished life; but perpetually ensured that you never abnegated your innocuously integral smile.

Soothing; pacifying the traumatic agony in your breath; with its seductively gregarious whispers,
Satisfying; placating your every brutally tyrannized nerve; with the magic of its; overwhelmingly heavenly touch,
Stimulating; arousing even the most murkiest of corpses in the graveyard; with the lusciousness in its eternal demeanor,
Sacrosanct; a holy spirit to which even the greatest of God's in the cosmos; bent down in appreciative obeisance,
Was the immortal dwelling of love; not only impregnating in you the fortitude to bond in the religion of humanity; but perpetually ensuring that even the most diminutive of disaster stayed fathomless miles away from you; blooming countenance.

Truthful; intransigently marching upon the path of benign goodness; massacring every trace of salacious evil that confronted it; in its impeccable way,
Tantalizing; evoking you to inevitably continue God's sacred chapter of existence; with infernos of longing dancing ebulliently through your bloodstream,

Tangy; embodying each moment of your morbidly clockwork existence; with the vivaciously euphoric spice of life,
Tinkling; relentlessly fulminating with inexorable energy to relish life; entrenching all those aimlessly loitering in its; magnanimous swirl of compassionate brotherhood,
Was the immortal fabric of love; not only safeguarding you against the freezing winds of winter as well as the acrimonious midday Sun; but perpetually ensuring that man shrug all cannibalism; to exist as a blessed human; once again.

Ubiquitous; perennially showering its elements of peace and unflinching brethren; to mockingly belligerent parts of this colossal planet,

Utopia; the ultimate paradise; pride and prosperity of all those alive; and the irrefutable crown of glory; of those about to yet inhale their very first breath, Uninhibited; possessing the astronomical freedom to follow the most innermost realms of the pulsating heart; even though the barbarically ruthless society tried to poke it; left; right and center, Unlimited; endlessly spreading its unconquerable reach to all those; deliberately tottering towards their ominous graves, Was the flower of immortal love; not only diffusing its stupendously charming fragrance to the farthest point of the globe; but perpetually ensuring that the wings of freedom always soared the highest in the clouds; in tandem and alike.

Voluptuous; a garden of enamoringly seductive rose; that superbly blended with the color of the splendidly rubicund cheeks, Vast; encompassing every religion; caste and creed; in the titillating wisps of its blazingly everlasting romance, Vivacious; bubbling with untamed enthusiasm and a spirit that never died; even as death inevitably overtook all shades of life, Vibrant; astonishingly bedazzling even the most murderous plexus of the sordid night; with the aura of its unbelievably Omnipotent light, Was the chapter of immortal love; not only flooding the scorched banks of nothingness with pearls of reinvigorating wisdom; but perpetually ensuring that love stayed as the ultimate master; forever and ever and ever.

Wacky; not following any dictatorially rigid direction or form; as it erupted in rampant spurts from the inner most recesses of the violently palpating heart, Wealthy; the most opulent treasurehouse on this fantastically fecund Universe; pricelessly filtering the light of unity in every miserably cloistered house, Withstanding; undeterred by even the most turbulently ferocious onslaught upon its spotless grace; even as astronomically formidable civilizations crumbled like a pack of soggy cards, Witty; harboring the most uncanny sense of humor on this sprawling earth; tickling the coward hidden deep within you; with the gutsy elixir of animated life,

Was the idol of immortal love; not only granting all philanthropically benign wishes of its followers; but perpetually ensuring that they evolved into a supremely compassionate; humankind.

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X-mas; incessantly celebrating the festival of the happiness; exultating in a world of happiness; far away from the preposterously diabolical world,
X-rayed; candidly expelling all the share of celestial good and horrific bad; even in the most remotely minuscule organism,
Xanthic; dynamically dazzling in the most altruistically vibrant colors of life;

alleviating suffering to reach the summit of unfathomable bliss,
Xeroxed; replicating a carbon copy of its immutably sacrosanct ideals in every
birth; which it had romantically coined at the commencement of the very first
life,
Was the sword of immortal love; not only granting wholesome reprieve from the
diabolically slashing demon; but perpetually ensuring that every religion
melanged into the stream of mesmerizing humanity.

Yearning; gyrating in a whirlwind of exotic desire; being the ultimate cry of
the ecstatically crying heart,
Yielding; bequeathing the blissful wave of harmony upon man and animal alike;
to give birth to a vibrantly blessed living kind,
Yardstick; an ultimate milestone of astronomical success for every aspiring
entrepreneur out there; making sure that those who tried their best; did ardently
metamorphose the definitions of stale success,
Youthful; perennially shrugging the leaves of withering and ailing disease; to
escalate into a heaven of glittering newness,
Was the summit of immortal love; not only breaking barriers of spurious caste;
creed and color; but perpetually ensuring that the color of unequivocal sharing
profusely deepened its shades; as each instant galloped into a monumental
minute.

Zealous; fervently pursuing the most sacred things in life; to unfurl into a whole
new world of bountifully unending aspiration,
Zapping; tumultuously stunning the entire world alike; with its unparalleled
honesty and iridescent charm,
Zooming; reaching all those who passionately wanted it; with a velocity more
than what; white lightning could ever perceive,
Zillion; lingering countless millions in eternal space; as it preached the religion of
oneness; for decades unsurpassable,
Was the candle of immortal love; not only flaming a path of everlasting
brightness in drudgedly devastated lives; but perpetually ensuring that man and
earth existed in harmonious unison; everytime God gave them an opportunity to
do so; for fathomless times.

19. WAS IT HIS FAULT?

Was it his fault; that he was born horrendously blind; witnessing nothing but
remorsefully crippling darkness; since the very first cry of innocuous birth?

Was it his fault; that he was born gruesomely maimed; deplorably staggering
into a valley of insipid nothingness; never able to confront the Sun face-on?

Was it his fault; that he was born preposterously deaf; unknowingly smiling towards the graveyards of extinction; while his tortured kin shouted their voices hoarse; for instantaneous help?

Was it his fault; that he was born with abhorrent mental disorders; remaining as stoical as a decaying leaf; even though the planet abreast him unfurled into an unfathomable entrenchment of panoramically blissful newness?

Was it his fault; that he was born disdainfully dumb; not able to express even the most poignantly fulminating of his desires; as unsurpassable rivers of priceless blood rolled down his nimble cheeks?

Was it his fault; that he was born treacherously orphaned; with the most fantastic days of his childhood being evolved in the realms of the fetidly threadbare dustbin; while children of his age floated through castles of celestial honey?

Was it his fault; that he was born ludicrously jointed at the skull with his twin brother; with every minute of resplendent life feeling more lecherously sordid than the coffins of death; as he winced every moment in agonizingly traumatized pain?

Was it his fault; that he was born with disastrously proliferating tumor in his head; an untamed volcano of misery that kept augmenting more thunderously than white lightening in sky; even as toddlers of his age relentlessly embraced the clouds of uncontrollable euphoria?

Was it his fault; that he was born in the gutters of abominable poverty; with all that he ever got to devour being infinitesimal left overs of bread; that the dogs of the rich had abysmally abandoned?

Was it his fault; that he was born to a bawdily adulterated father; who fed him insurmountable waterfalls of venomous wine; everytime that he demanded for immaculately sacrosanct milk?

Was it his fault; that he was born ridiculously stammering; pathetically stuttering at each word he attempted to speak; while others of his age; melodiously blended with all spell-bindingly enchanting rhyme?

Was it his fault; that he was born worthlessly lynched; being enshrouded by a ghastly incapability of not procreating his progeny; while the planet astoundingly

culminated into a boundless shades of colors outside?

Was it his fault; that he was born inconspicuously midget; mushrooming into only size of a pea at adulthood; while infinite of his compatriots stood as tall as the invincible mountain chimes?

Was it his fault; that he was born as black as feckless charcoal; with even the most flamboyantly scintillating mirrors; gorily shattering into invisible ash; at even the most capricious of his reflection?

Was it his fault; that he was born with the voice of cacophonous crow; with even the most tenaciously Herculean of entities preferring to die; rather than listen to the tunes which emanated from his incongruous throat?

Was it his fault; that he was born dolorously hunchbacked; assiduously struggling with the weight of his lackadaisically doubled body; while even the criminally blood sucking vultures had been endowed a right to uninhibitedly fly in the fathomless sky?

O! Yes; But it was certainly his fault to be born amidst you all; because you were the ones who made him tirelessly realize that he was brutally deprived; although you possessed all of the above;

You were the ones who not only languished in the aisles of catagorically castrated malice; who not only cribbed and cried even after being gifted with such a wonderful birth; who not only jeered at the inevitabilities of mesmerizing creation; but sardonically ensured that there cropped countless more of his kind.

20. DIE JUST ONCE

Would you prefer to gruesomely die every moment waiting for peace to prevail in the ubiquitous atmosphere of salacious war; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to ominously die every moment waiting for your love to come back from the irrevocably ghastly grave; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to venomously die every moment waiting for the Sun of truth to emerge from behind the blackness of this sadistically lambasting and lying planet today; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to inconsolably die every moment waiting for wretchedly asphyxiating politics to retract its poisonous claws from this prejudiced planet; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to bawdily die every moment waiting for priceless humanity that would never rise above the mountain of meaningless currency notes; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to torturously die every moment waiting for rainbows of compassion to emanate from amidst never ending political crime games; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to unbearably die every moment waiting for the petals of triumphant virginity to arise from this sinfully plundered and adulterated soil; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to cold-bloodedly die every moment waiting for beggars to disappear in this world of eternally blood-sucking parasites; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to invidiously die every moment waiting for sacred wildlife to perennially throb amidst the cannibalistically marauding human; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to lecherously die every moment waiting for your very own impetuously angry child to call you father; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to salaciously die every moment waiting for victory; when the ones you adored the most no longer existed; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to criminally die every moment waiting for the rain of prosperity to cascade from the clouds diabolically perpetuated with nuclear pellets; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to indescribably die every moment waiting for the inevitably everlasting curse of greed on mankind to subside; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to abhorrently die every moment waiting for tranquil shade when virtually every tree on this earth had been indiscriminately massacred; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to penuriously die every moment waiting for ignominiously abashed crimes on mothers and women to timelessly cease; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to meaninglessly die every moment waiting for justice to prevail irrespective of caste; creed; or status; in a society where the justice givers themselves were ghastily corrupt; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to deliriously die every moment waiting for those heartbeats of love which had already bonded with someone else; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

Would you prefer to acrimoniously die every moment waiting for the dance of unity and equality amidst that same mankind which didn't even spare to spit upon its own mother; or would you prefer to die just once and forever after bodily death; instead?

I don't know the slightest about you. But I'd prefer to die just once.

21. ORPHANED

What is the use of taking a blind man to Switzerland; when infact he wasn't even able to sight his own reflection in brilliant Sunlight,

What is the use of giving a swanky car to a person who was lame; when infact his legs were gruesomely crippled; as short as his little finger,

What is the use of placing a person who was stone deaf; in an ambience of pulsating music; when infact he couldn't even hear his own voice,

What is the use of giving a mike to a person who was dumb; when infact he wasn't even able to utter a single word,

What is the use of placing a dainty statue in the boxers hand; when infact he would pulverize it to mincemeat; after giving it one long look,

What is the use of releasing the bird from its cage; when infact it had no wings;

walked nimbly with tentative steps on the ground,

What is the use of feeding a beggar with voluptuous wine; when infact what he actually needed was morsels of solid food,

What is the use of appointing a Businessman as the commander of the army, when infact he was thoroughly busy contemplating the cost of the rifles; instead of shooting with them a flurry of bullets,

What is the use of giving a meaty bone to a toddler; when infact he wasn't even able to sip cold milk,

What is the use of tying a watch on the hands of the giant; when infact he was snoring thunderously in deep sleep; wasn't perturbed the slightest of what was going on in his surroundings,

What is the use of giving a pistol in the hands of a pop-corn vendor; when infact all he did was to evacuate all its bullets; thinking that they were colored popcorn,

What is the use of igniting a matchstick in unrelenting downpour of rain; when infact it would extinguish in entirety; as the first droplet of water struck its surface,

What is the use of bestowing an illiterate person with boundless books on ethnic literature; when infact he didn't even know how to catch a pen between his fingers,

What is the use of a contemporary telephone and a majestic Internet booth; when infact there were arid sands of the sweltering desert, sprawled around for miles together,

What is the use of providing gaudy clothes to a person; who was incessantly found swimming under water,

What is the use of laying trap for the mouse; who was infact busy digging a burrow for his entire family; rather than being enticed by the appetizing cucumber suspended inside,

What was the use of placing a demon in front of the sacrosanct deity of God; when infact he was used to chopping humans skulls; as every night unveiled into dawn,

What is the use of giving millions of dollars worth of wealth; to an old man creeping at lightening pace towards his grave,

And what is the use of imparting life to an infant, O! Lord; after orphaning him; just a few seconds after he was born.

22. SLUM CHILDREN

We might be poor; but our hearts are undoubtedly richer than the rest,

We might be squalidly attired; but the blood flowing through our veins is purer than the most crystalline of stream,

We might be wandering on foot; but our speed is more than the swankiest of cars,

We might brush our teeth with raw bamboo sticks; but our jaws can easily squelch the toughest of steel,

We might smell of perspiration under the sun; but our bodies are endowed with a heavenly odor,

We might sleep under the open sky; but generate more warmth than the contemporary room heater,

We might not possess grandiloquent pens; but can evolve mystical designs with our bohemian fingers,

We might eat with spoons and forks; but enjoy each edible meal to our hearts content,

We might not bathe under mineral water; but relish our swim in the exotic rivers,

We might not possess sunglasses of exquisite quality tint; but have the tenacity to stare the sun right in its eyes,

We might not have luxurious school bags to stash our books; but cherish the privilege of carrying them in our hands,

We might not speak in bombastic slang; but have the power to perceive beyond

the great sea's,

We might not have a flurry of servants to wipe our tears; but have enormous fortitude to hold them back,

We might never have flown in an aircraft; but have soared higher than anybody else in the clouds; in our dreams,

We might not be able to apply jam on our breads; but are happy to eat it with the soil of our motherland coated on its surface,

We might not resemble a Hollywood star; but the radiance we emanate is more stringent than the day,

We might not have millions of dollars incarcerated in the bank; but have indeed the blessing of God; the love of our mother to resurrect our broken lives,

We might not use perfumed shampoo; but still our hair shine marvelously under the moon,

We might not have golden roads to traverse on all day; but still come out resurgent; alive from the blazing fires,

We might be adorned in shabby rags; but our barren skin doesn't mind being penetrated by the most acerbic of thorns,

We might have pangs of hunger reverberating in our stomach; but are capable of facing the entire army single handed,

And people might christen us as slum children glaring us each minute with contemptuous stares; but we consider our huts as the most colossal of palace; with each granule of mud impregnated in its walls giving us a scent of our perseverance; the essence of our motherland

23. LAUGHTER THE BEST MEDICINE

It didn't cost even a single penny; instead annihilated all the disparaging gloom that encompassed the air,

It spread waves of stupendous rhapsody all around; making one profoundly oblivious to tumultuous tribulation,

It boosted ones spirits prolifically; helping him substantially to eradicate his reservoir of horrendous memories,

It ubiquitously propagated the spirit of uninhibited freedom; easing the deplorable alacrity in the atmosphere,

It dramatically metamorphosed the pallid demeanor of hospitals; impregnating the debilitated with new rays of animated hope,

It induced loads of frivolity in bombastic parties; causing youthful couples to swirl in supreme exultation,

It radiated the essence of equality in a conglomerate of varied races; establishing a harmonious rapport between the same,

It brought about astounding changes in the life of dilapidated orphans; portraying to them the brighter side of life,

It proved to be remarkably efficient in relaxing unruly disputes; pacifying the irascible groups involved therein,

It worked wonders when executed in front of elders; winning numerous accolades and favors from the society,

It was adept way of conveying ones congenial regards; effusively expressing ones happiness at a particular moment,

It was as natural as the sun in the cosmos; the colossal ocean on earth; inevitably occurring when tickled voraciously in the ribs,

It was a commodity as tangible as the currency note; requiring the most minuscule of effort on part of the individual,

It was an ecumenical medium of communication; between races which spoke in different languages,

It was utterly invincible from all aspects; and couldn't be controlled by the most conventional of scientific device,

It was bountifully prevailing in all continents; every nook and cranny of the wide spread globe,

It appeared all the more ingratiating; when done to perfection by circus clowns,

It highlighted unparalleled ebullience; the propensity of an individual to blissfully exist,

It didn't required any instigation; a conventional contrivance to prompt it; envisaging a funny incidence was the simplest of thing to trigger it off,

It produced a tinkling sound when performed; an enchanting melody that mollified agitated nerves,

It was the most versatile form in which humans could ever express themselves; without having to stretch their brains,

No wonder doctors all around the world unanimously refer to it as laughter the best medicine.

24. WHO CARES

Who cares whether I slept on a furry quilt of satin or a blanket of acridly pointed thorns,

Who cares whether I ate in plates coated with scintillating silver or didn't consume food at all,

Who cares whether I used perfumed soap to scrub my persona or bathed in water leaking abundantly from the gutters,

Who cares whether I wore linen suits blended with rich denim or was wandering in unscrupulous rags on the chilly streets,

Who cares whether I studied diligently browsing trough complicated literature or gallivanted through the country farm,

Who cares whether I took medicine in high fever or gulped sips of red wine to go off to sleep,

Who cares whether I played with ornately embellished soft toys or contented myself molding incongruous shapes in disdainful clay,

Who cares whether I traversed the streets in luxury sedans or spent marathon hours to reach my destination barefoot,

Who cares whether I deciphered mind boggling puzzles or smoked cigarettes incessantly on the house terrace,

Who cares whether I bought fresh fruits from the market or plucked them surreptitiously from the orchard tree,

Who cares whether I flew in the grandiloquent aircraft or swam across choppy waves of the ocean to witness the world,

Who cares whether I behaved somberly in front of my elders or barked a volley of abashing expletives at the same,

Who cares whether I clambered up stairs leading to the sacrosanct church or whiled away the whole of the day gambling for money,

Who cares whether I spent the afternoon relishing the cool air of the airconditioner or perspired like a bull under the sweltering sun,

Who cares whether I celebrated several festivals or feasted on intoxicating beer every night,

Who cares whether I trimmed my moustache scrupulously every day or let my beard grow the way it wanted; taking random roots,

Who cares whether I lead my life doing benevolent deeds or spent the remaining part of it in despicable jail,

Who cares whether I mixed in the high society or had a group of dreaded gangsters as my roommates and friends,

Who cares whether I had blissful dreams in the night or woke up with petrified jerks every ten minutes,

My parents had left when I was an innocuous kid; the treacherous tyranny of a car crash rendering them dead,

And the adulterated society in which I existed today had unanimously christened me an orphan,

Made me wholesomely numb to the spirit of love; made me forget the essence of the word care.

25. KILLER EARTHQUAKE

Just yesterday night I was bathing in a tub replete with silken foam;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw colossal structures reverberating
rampantly in the air outside.

Just yesterday night I was busy perceiving mesmerizing fairies;
While today when I got up in the morning; there was an earth shattering
explosion; puncturing with turbulent velocity through my intricate eardrum.

Just yesterday night I was molding scented clay to intriguing shapes with my
palms;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw screeching birds drifting at electric
speeds; flapping their wings to abscond away as fast as possible.

Just yesterday night I was conversing for marathon hours with my beloved;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw blistering lava fulminate from
umpteenth places on the muddy ground.

Just yesterday night I was watching my favorite film on television;
While today as I got up in the morning; there were gallons of acerbic dust
hurtling directly across the moistened tear coat of my eye.

Just yesterday night I was reminiscing exuberant days of my tender childhood;
While today as I got up in the morning; I heard hysterical screams of people
trapped helplessly beneath concrete debris.

Just yesterday night I took scrupulous care to trim my unruly beard;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw individuals running helter-skelter
to save their lives.

Just yesterday night I was listening to enthralling tunes of western classical
music;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw an old man gasping for breath;
with waves of unprecedented terror entirely circumventing his face.

Just yesterday night I was profoundly involved filling my shopping bag with
succulent fruit;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw mammoth slabs of raw brick
plummet violently towards the ground.

Just yesterday night I was sketching enamouring shapes with vivacious strokes
of my paint brush;
While today as I got up in the morning; I heard a fleet of dogs and cattle
shrieking uncontrollably in inexplicable pain.

Just yesterday night I was penning down lines of romantic poetry; languishing in
aisles of fantasy and desire;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw petrified citizens loudly chanting
the names of their respective gods.

Just yesterday night I was gently caressing soft blades of spongy grass; While
today as I got up in the morning; I saw distraught individuals rummaging for
their life time wealth; amidst the pulverized interiors of their shattered homes.

Just yesterday night I was enthusing my mind trying to decipher mind boggling
puzzles;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw naked infants shivering on the
streets; anxiously searching for their missing parents.

Just yesterday night I was rejoicing with my family sitting abreast the crackling
fire;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw streams of fresh blood blended
profusely with the disdainful sands.

Just yesterday night I was traversing through the bustling streets with the
rollicking laughter of children playing; prominently lingering in the air;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw completely squelched arms and
feet; lying juxtaposed along with the incongruously shaped rusty iron pillars.

Just yesterday night I was frivolously poking my mother in her ribs; sending her
into chortles of uninhibited laughter;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw wholesomely decimated cars and
vehicles; under bulky columns of jagged stone.

Just yesterday night I was ardently sucking flavored ice candy;
While today as I got up in the morning; I saw people burning dead bodies of their
loved ones in a coagulated heap.

Just yesterday night I was cognizing the majestic palaces constructed by the king
of yesteryears;
While today as I got up in the morning; I heard faint cries of innocuous children
trapped hopelessly under a heap of mortar and iron.

Just yesterday night I was incessantly fantasizing my city to be an ocean of enigmatic dreams;

While today as I got up in the morning; my perception disastrously changed within fraction seconds of time; as I saw the entire township; the main ingredient of my existence; sink beneath a mountain of mud; after being viciously attacked by the killer earthquake.

26. REBUILDING A NEW GUJARAT

Lets visit all areas disastrously decimated; try and bring a smile to those lips swollen with inexplicable pain,

Lets extricate injured bodies from beneath the debris; transport them at swashbuckling speeds to the nearest hospital,

Lets evacuate all that mangled junk sprawled on the streets; dump it at a place where none can sight it,

Lets sit around people sobbing with uncontrolled hysteria; wipe the tears trickling down their cheeks with omnipotent words of consolation,

Lets search our dwellings voraciously for indispensable amenities; distribute them chivalrously amongst those shivering in the inclement cold,

Lets audaciously clamber up shattered edifices; help people retrieve their precious and lifetime belongings,

Lets construct mammoth tarpaulin tents; to sequester people who fear to venture back into their abode,

Lets sing melodious tunes which resolutely permeate the atmosphere; portraying the insatiable urge to survive,

Lets lift all those orphaned on our shoulders; try our best to emulate their slain parents,

Lets philander on the dilapidated lanes carrying gargantuan bundles of immaculate bandage; scrupulously wind the same on people with fresh wounds,

Lets assist the police in tracing those deplorable builders; charge them with the highest treason for swindling innocuous people,

Lets curtail rumor mills from escalating high; prevent all possible pandemonium resulting as a baseless aftermath,

Lets provide fortification to substantially weakened structures; meticulously ensuring they get reinforced with the highest pedigree of cement,

Lets take aerial snaps of the towns annihilated; emboss the same in newspapers; for the world to get a glimpse of the unfathomable tragedy,

Lets converse for marathon hours with the survivors; try our best to comprehend their concerns and requirements,

Lets intensely communicate on behalf of those bereaved; make indefatigable attempts to locate their siblings overseas,

Lets pay equal attention to scores of animals maimed; try and mitigate their suffering by adeptly dressing their wounds,

Lets carry pails of fresh water in all those colonies; wholesomely obfuscated from the outside world,

Lets educate the people more vociferously; about the earthquake and its possible ramifications,

Lets procure tones of stringent chlorine tablets from the government; allot them benevolently to try and impede infection from circulating,

Lets donate blood traversing through our veins; giving it to those who haven't enough of it left in their shriveled bodies,

Lets chisel out ways and magnanimous means to employ millions; who have been
divested of their jobs and homes,

Lets adopt all those wailing infants; who were found incarcerated in the arms of their dead mothers,

Lets stand tall and unflinching in this hour of insurmountable crisis; assist the people all round the globe; as well as those surviving to; rebuild a new Gujarat

27. HAD ALL YOUR SO-CALLED MANLINESS DIED?

Had all your so called manliness; the power in your bulging muscle ludicrously died; that you now resorted to satanically selling the innocuously Godly flesh of small children; for replenishing your spurious canisters of beer and tawdry wine?

Had all your so called manliness; the finesse of inimitable creativity in your fingers pathetically died; that you now resorted to mercilessly chopping the Godly fingers of small children; so that more and more plebeian gave them the indispensable currency coin in their begging bowls?

Had all your so called manliness; the sheer euphoria in your raw voice unthinkable died; that you now resorted to sadistically sodomizing the Godly bodies of small children; just to entertain the treacherously chauvinistic high society; and then roll in a fetid lavatory of abominably cursed pearls?

Had all your so called manliness; the optimism to triumph in your eyes flagrantly died; that you now resorted to gorily gouging the Godly eyes of small children; so that every passing onlooker took pity on them; and thereby gave shelter to you too alongwith them; as their spurious father?

Had all your so called manliness; the fervent machismo in your blood inanely died; that you now resorted to invidiously train the Godly fingers of small children to fire a gun; so that you forever slept on a pillow of gold; and were never ever remanded for the heinous crime?

Had all your so called manliness; the inimitable authority in your footsteps lividly died; that you now resorted to execute your worthless experiments on the Godly veins of small children; and then selling your wastrel patents for millions to the demons of the sacrilegious underworld?

Had all your so called manliness; the unparalleled virility in your loins shamefully died; that you now resorted to ghoulishly castrating the Godly organs of small children; so that they became a perennial income source for each of your misdeeds; clapping house to house and at each sanctimonious function of the society; as imbecile eunuchs?

Had all your so called manliness; the blazing dynamism in your throat distastefully died; that you now resorted to coercing the Godly voices of small children to endlessly wail; to capture the hearts and pockets of the biggest connoisseurs and patrons of humanity; alike?

Had all your so called manliness; the inherent brilliance of innovation in your

brain contemptuously died; that you now resorted to rampantly behead the Godly necks of small children; on the barbarous pretexts of feckless religion; caste; creed; color and tribe?

Had all your so called manliness; the unbridled compassion of your chest gruesomely died; that you now resorted to deceitfully lure the Godly spirit of small children into the drudgery of drugs addiction; thereby ensuring to be damningly faithful to your suppliers for the remainder of your life?

Had all your so called manliness; the unassailable temerity of your shoulders mockingly died; that you now resorted to burdening the Godly heads of small children with tons of bricks and rotting garbage piles; making them toil under the unbearable sweltering heat; so that you could relish your afternoon siesta uninterrupted?

Had all your so called manliness; the unshakable perseverance in your armpits wretchedly died; that you now resorted to stripping the Godly persona of small children; forcing them to dance in the derogatorily perverted bars; to savor the most magnanimous of tip from each devilishly inhuman businessman?

Had all your so called manliness; the insuperable fearlessness in your stride foolhardily died; that you now resorted to asphyxiating the Godly throats of small children; wholesomely killing them for a few wads of note; just because they were the cursed girl child?

Had all your so called manliness; the undefeated conviction of your soul penuriously died; that you now resorted to ghastily sacrificing the Godly scalps of small children; in front of the Omnipotent deity; just in order to become nonsensically immortal; after drinking their impeccable blood?

Had all your so called manliness; the undaunted fervor in your veins meaninglessly died; that you now resorted to inexhaustibly slapping the Godly cheeks of small children; just in order to assert your very own non-existent superiority; and release the agony of your itching fingers?

Had all your so called manliness; the indefatigable energy in your knees uselessly died; that you now resorted to ruthlessly commanding the Godly legs of small children; to carry your irascibly cumbersome weight; transport you to the most venomous destination of your life?

Had all your so called manliness; the unconquerable fortitude in your bones hopelessly died; that you now resorted to emaciating the Godly bellies of small

children to ghostly carcasses; just so that you got your quintessential two meals a day; evoking the highest of poignant sentiment?

Had all your so called manliness; the victorious inferno in your breath disgustingly died; that you now resorted to cold-bloodedly silencing the Godly lives of small children; subjecting them to infinite ambiences of 'jihad' and terrorism; so that they conquered the whole world only for your idiosyncrasies and you?

Had all your so called manliness; the immortal epitomes of compassion in your heart haplessly died; that you now resorted to cannibalistically inundate the Godly hearts of small children with nothing but hatred towards the society and each ingredient of the atmosphere; so that they knew nothing but to slave for your devilish smile?

And I really don't know about others. But if ever you did come in front of me in this tenure of my impoverished life; I'll make sure that I forever assassinate your already sinfully dead body; and then pack you off; to the most ostracizing corpses of the devil's graveyard; to the most penalizing dungeons of hell.

28. SHE COLLAPSED

She collapsed like a pack of soft cards; tumbling with nonchalant ease towards the ground,

She collapsed like briquettes of black coal plummeting rampantly; caressing the earth at tumultuous speeds,

She collapsed like silken feathers of a protuberant pigeon; hurtling towards the soil at swashbuckling velocity,

She collapsed like a flimsy spider web; diffusing incoherently into infinite splinters of grey thread,

She collapsed like a stick of ice candy; melting rapidly around the periphery of bare wood,

She collapsed like a ball of swollen paper; deflated thoroughly with a rusty iron pin,

She collapsed like a jagged rope of jute; dangling languidly from unprecedented heights of the wall,

She collapsed like an insipid follicle of hair; adhering frigidly to the scalp,

She collapsed like a snow-white flamingo; diving down when permeated by a fleet of pugnacious lead bullets,

She collapsed like an ultra light wire of aluminum; distorting horrendously with the zipping second,

She collapsed like a log of loose timber; embedded with scented saw dust powder,

She collapsed like a rotund bar of glittering gold; impregnated with chips of badly squashed pearls,

She collapsed like a pipe inundated with water; bulging incongruously at the sides,

She collapsed like a mountain of free mud; blending profusely with the clayey soil,

She collapsed like a spongy button; bouncing umpteenth number of times on the roughened mud,

She collapsed like a pouch of chili powder; bursting irrationally into a million particles on the floor,

She collapsed like a conglomerate of matchsticks; blown in entirety with infinitesimal draughts of wind,

She collapsed like a lifeless beetle; as if stripped of its opalescent wings,

She collapsed like a lackadaisical sandwich divested of pepper; lying dilapidated and forlorn amidst heaps of garbage,

She collapsed like a steel nugget does; when heated in swirling fires of sweltering heat, She collapsed like a slender nib of a fountain pen; when pressed nimbly on bonded paper,

She collapsed like a shard of tainted glass; when struck by a small sized corrugated stone,

She collapsed like a ship incorporating scores of rooms; resting on a foundation of white sand,

She collapsed like pallid tendrils of a parasitic creeper; sticking nimbly to the greasy wall,

She collapsed like a chain of jingling silver; suspended apathetically from the angular neck,

She collapsed like a rotten fruit; squelching disdainfully beneath the most negligible of pressure,

She collapsed like a diseased snake; slithering helplessly in the sprawling creepers,

She collapsed like a stone wall hovering tentatively in the air; without the slightest of concrete foundation,

She collapsed like whirlwinds of yellow dust; eventually mixing with the desert sand,

She collapsed like a cracked needle; emanating screeching noises while juxtaposing with the mud,

She collapsed like the broken shell of a monstrous egg; crumbling erratically in all directions,

She collapsed like a pierced balloon; cascading in its bedraggled shape into the green fields,

She collapsed like weak water; transforming into large pools after striking the earth,

She collapsed like long noodles; breaking indiscriminately even when touched by the faintest of heat,

She collapsed like a lifeless individual; existing on this earth without a perpetual entity,

There was a time when she was constructed taking loads of scrupulous care; soaring high in the silken clouds; intimately kissing the rustic breeze,

She had never dreamt of falling; neither had the tiniest of insinuation of the events to unveil the succeeding day,

While at present she lay completely camouflaged under a mangled heap of debris; with a large ensemble of buried bodies crying hoarsely in pain,

The building which augmented the pride of the street for many years; now lay wholesomely decimated; gruesomely destroyed after suffering the brunt of the disastrous earthquake.

29. IF YOU REALLY FELT SORRY

Don't just repeat POVERTY tirelessly and then feel remorseful; pathetically nodding your head; as if the most unassailable messiah of bereaved humanity, If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then vanquish it forever from its very non-existent roots; and from even the most infinitesimal corner of the pompously rigid society.

Don't just spell POVERTY incessantly and then feel regretful; lugubriously crossing your fingers; as if all mercy had wholesomely disappeared from the trajectory of this colossal planet, If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then unflinchingly surge forward to scrap even the most inconspicuous of its essence from this fathomless Universe; philanthropically mitigate all organism alive from its devastating stranglehold.

Don't just visualize POVERTY indefatigably and then feel destroyed; uncontrollably wailing like a scarecrow umpteenth number of times in a single minute, If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then extricate it for times immemorial with the sparkling righteousness in your soul; enveloping even the most fugitively capricious speck of this globe with a wave of eternally resplendent compassion.

Don't just witness POVERTY intransigently and then feel gruesomely assassinated; nonchalantly sniffing your nose towards the heavens to put the entire blame upon Lord Almighty, If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then behead it for infinite more births yet to unveil with the religion of humanity enshrouding your conscience; ubiquitously disseminate your happiness to all those unfortunately hapless and deprived.

Don't just whisper POVERTY unrelentingly and then feel like threadbare shit;
abominably puking out even the last morsel of food from your languidly churning
stomach,

If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then drive it away with the
Omnisciently sacrosanct shadow of truth; ingratiatingly share the woes and
overwhelming trauma of your counterparts and alien; beautifully alike.

Don't just memorize the spelling of POVERTY incorrigibly to appear for the
examinations; and then feel like an infinitesimally sinful debris of ghoulish
insanity,

If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then perpetually substitute
it with benign love and care; inundating each arena of this insurmountably
gigantic Universe with an ocean of celestially humanitarian empathy.

Don't just reminisce POVERTY insatiably and then feel exonerated; collapsing like
a frigid matchstick towards obdurate ground; with your head timidly sunk like a
dastardly rat between your legs,

If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then patriotically blaze
ahead in the truly scintillating spirit of mankind; diffusing the melody of
symbiotic existence on every step that you holistically transgressed.

Don't just cry POVERTY endlessly and then feel like the demons rotting in coffins
of crucified hell; eventually dissolving like a chunk of soggy pulp into your own
disappearing shadow,

If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then hoist every uncouthly
trembling entity upon your splendidly benevolent shoulders; Omnipotently
enveloping the every trace of coldblooded savagery with the ointment of
passionate love.

And don't just write POVERTY timelessly and then feel like the most hapless livid
entity alive; trying to mercilessly chop your own foot when in fact there wasn't
the slightest trace of axe around,

If you really felt sorry from the bottom of your heart; then replenish its
penuriously castigating grave with an unfathomable river of love; enlightening
the life of every despicably beleaguered human with the rays of Godly mankind.

30. QUIT RAGGING OR GO TO HELL

Pathetically dastardly are those who indiscriminately rag; having the bugs of
spurious inferiority circulating lecherously in their feckless veins,

Baselessly stupid are those who torturously rag; exerting their potato shaped muscles on savage meaninglessness; when they very well knew that they could have used the same to fruitfully evolve a civilization of bountifully stupefying newness,

Preposterously frustrated are those who morbidly rag; venting their ludicrously extra shades of enthusiasm in harassing the mantra of innocence; instead of utilizing the same to astoundingly score well in their exams,

Luridly squalid are those who penalizingly rag; desperately torching their innermost senses like a pugnacious volcano every unfurling minute; rotting all their lives in the corridors of dislocated hell,

Barbarously rancid are those who tirelessly rag; worthlessly wasting the most pricelessly precious moments of their life; in stripping someone's chastity instead of embracing the winds of immortal love,

Abhorrently prejudiced are those who insanely rag; meting out their personal impoverishment upon poignantly nimble bodies; and then foolishly proclaiming the same as their path to ultimate martyrdom,

Disparagingly delinquent are those who surreptitiously rag; endlessly dying of the fear of the Sun all day; as they had not a spot on this fathomless earth to hide their deeds of raunchily asphyxiating blackness,

Remorsefully imprisoned are those who deliberately rag; making sardonically abusing innocuous entities their morning cup of tea; when even the most lugubriously fetid gutter water irrevocably denied to enter their criminal mouths,

Venomously parasitic are those who treacherously rag; lasciviously extricating every iota of happiness from other people's lives; and then foolhardily justifying themselves by saying that this was the order from the Almighty Divine; as they were genuinely deprived,

Cold-bloodedly maniacal are those who hedonistically rag; savagely using honest shoulders to clamber the ladder of success; eventually finding that the sky of prosperity was never for theirs to be,

Diabolically cannibalistic are those who truculently rag; pulverizing the name of their godly parents to gorily infidel ash; letting the fragrance of their sacrosanct mother's milk evaporate into licentious nothingness; as they trampled their immaculate brethren right in front of her heavenly eyes,

Abstrusely wayward are those who congenitally rag; finding banging weak bones every instant as the greatest occupation on this Universe; instead of proving their mettle in the symbiotically competitive world outside,

Penuriously decrepit are those who pretentiously rag; satanically trying to decimate their timid compatriots with the power of their bombastic wealth and wine; entirely oblivious to the terrorizing hell ardently waiting for them; by his orders after their demise,

Bawdily ghoulish are those who malevolently rag; eventually ending up licking lackluster dust and staggeringly jobless at their same comrade's feet; whom they had once rebuked and who had now metamorphosed into a patriarch of unlimited prosperity,

Esoterically decayed are those who purposelessly rag; gnawing their nails raw in ghastly blood from inside; letting the carnivorously amorphous devil take complete control of their mind; body and soul; while they brutally assassinated traces of ecstatic senility,

Uxoriously cantankerous are those who ignominiously rag; embedding more and more despicable coffin nails in their life; as they sadistically extradited the fabric of self-esteem from countless unblemished souls and lives,

Intolerably derogatory are those who unreasonably rag; trying their best to scare the thunderbolts of life from holistically unsuspecting newcomers; when they were themselves nothing more than a fragment of eternal misery from their disdainful insides,

Parsimoniously flagrant are those who sordidly rag; with even the most mercurial element of their bodies diminishing into corpses of extinction; before they had time to exhale their unfinished breath,

Therefore it is my humble plea to all those who play this poisonous game of ragging; please abdicate it as soon as possible; to be perhaps accepted by the Almighty Lord once again;

Otherwise rag as much as you can; perhaps with none to check you this very moment and countless more moments when you would assume yourself to be the ultimate price; but then be prepared for a hell which was more horrific than the most bizarre of death; which not me; but the Lord Almighty had designed for you; O! yes specially you; and please believe him not me; because it was just for

you and for nobody else; but you.

31. TO THE SERVICE OF MANKIND

Just moving your lips up and down doesn't make any sense; the real art lies in speaking articulately; profoundly impressing upon your point on your hostile adversary,

Just shaking your fingers aimlessly in the air doesn't make any sense; the real art lies in embossing spell binding pieces of literature; captivating the entire nation with the unprecedented depth in your words,

Just swishing your legs waywardly in the pools of water doesn't make any sense; the real art lies in audaciously marching towards the summit of victory; conquering invincible peaks with the colossal strength they possess,

Just admiring your reflection spuriously in the transparent mirror doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in pleasing as many individuals as you can; mesmerize people around you with your stupendous beauty and seductive charisma,

Just writing books after books sitting in the cloistered interiors of your dwelling doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in propagating your work to as far and distant as you can; sharing the essence of your enchanting fantasy with people who badly needed it,

Just perspiring and appreciating your own golden globules of sweat as they trickled down doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in slogging onerously under the mid-day Sun; to enlighten the faces of infinite children who were starving on the streets without their parents,

Just sketching boundless shapes of abstract imagination on sprawling sheets of scintillating canvas doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in capturing the ultimate beauty lingering the cosmos; the lifestyles of our century old ancestors;
with the pungent bristles of the gaudy paint brush,

Just playing incessantly imprisoned within the corridors of the ghastly jail doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in stepping out in brilliant daylight; letting the poignant sunshine filter a mystical path across your dainty eyes; frolicking in glee with the rabbits on the hillside,

Just winking your eye to stimulate your own nerves umpteenth times in a day doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in fomenting kids afflicted with inexplicable disease to have a hearty laugh at your batting eyelid,

Just growing a garden of roses in your dingy little kitchen; obfuscated in entirety from the Sun and the world; doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in planting them at every cranny you tread; to spread their supremely mesmerizing fragrance in every house on this planet,

Just punching the sandbag suspended tamely from the ceiling doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in battling the evil circumventing this earth; sucking blood from innocent individuals like an venomous parasite,

Just fantasizing wildly about beauty all day doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in exploring all tantalizing form created by God on this globe; further assisting his cause in continuing the chapter of existence,

Just sleeping for unsurpassable hours on the princely couch doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in sharing it with those who hadn't a roof to sequester their scalps; ensuring that they eventually got a bit of restful slumber,

Just remembering your childhood brooding over your present in utter regret doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in walking on the sea shores again like a child; let the mighty waves of the ocean caress you; make you feel as if you were just born,

Just letting blood rampantly flow in your veins; swelling in gallons every day as you gobbled food like a glutton; doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in engendering it to flow for the person you revered; disseminating it philanthropically to all those who were wounded; who died every second in absence of it,

Just screaming at the top of your lungs standing tall and domineering at the tip of the perilously deep mountain doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in shouting for deprived women; blatantly reveal the atrocities being committed on them; the way the weaker sex was brutally assaulted,

Just swimming under the stars; splashing water lavishly around before ultimately sipping it doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in sprinkling each droplet you possessed upon the land and people struck by savage drought,

Just throbbing your heart violently in perception of the person you cared doesn't

make any sense at all; the real art lies in embracing the same in times of supreme exultation as well as morbid distress,

And just breathing every hour for times immemorial doesn't make any sense; the real art lies in deriving the maximum pleasure out of this life; living every instant for the person you loved; dedicating your life to the service of mankind

32. MONEYHOOD

Above all FATHERHOOD; the unflinchingly charismatic spirit that it perennially portrayed to this colossally propitious and spell bindingly heavenly planet,

Above all WOMANHOOD; the sensuously tantalizing garden of ingratiating fantasy; that it disseminated to every impoverished organism alive,

Above all SISTERHOOD; the godly entrenchment of sacred sharing; that it perpetuated in even the most hedonistically tyrant of skull wandering on this gigantic earth,

Above all SAINTHOOD; the perspicuously enlightening beams of hope that it unequivocally distributed; to every miserably derelict entity on this fathomless globe,

O! Yes above everything today; has risen the corpse of MONEYHOOD; O! Almighty Lord; victimizing countless innocent in its deathly swirl; wholesomely metamorphosing the pristinely untainted map of your Universe; into frigidly threadbare and decrepit currency paper.

1.

Above all BROTHERHOOD; the magically wonderful essence of symbiotic existence; that it timelessly and altruistically culminated into,

Above all NEIGHBOURHOOD; the harmoniously blissful feeling of unconquerable solidarity; uninhibitedly gushing out like unstoppable blessings from azure sky,

Above all ETERNALHOOD; the preachings of celestial contentment and mellifluous exuberance; being the mantra of every unfurling minute of vibrant life,

Above all BOYHOOD; the inexhaustibly rejuvenating odyssey of boisterous youth; towards more and more exhilaratingly enigmatic discovery,

O! Yes above everything today; has risen the mortuary of MONEYHOOD; O! Almighty Lord; lambasting boundless newborn with swords of bizarrely murderous commercialism; wholesomely metamorphosing the pristinely untainted map of your Universe; into inconspicuously worthless and sadistically stinking currency paper.

2.

Above all LIKELIHOOD; the ethereally illuminating rays of hope that congenitally came along with the most tempestuously acrimonious of adversity,

Above all MOTHERHOOD; the unending cosmos of everlasting caring that brilliantly consecrated even the most diminutive iota of viciousness on this boundless world,

Above all MANHOOD; the fearlessly patriotic streak of blazing triumph; that forever exorcized the planet of the seeds of parasitic cowardice,

Above all KINGHOOD; the regally epitomizing throne of success; that radiated like a handsomely unfettered prince; on every patch of inanely barren soil,

O! Yes above everything today; has risen the ghost of MONEYHOOD; O! Almighty Lord; indiscriminately assassinating the fabric of truth and humanity; wholesomely metamorphosing the pristinely untainted map of your Universe; into sordidly stagnant and criminally barbarous currency paper.

3.

Above all KNIGHTHOOD; that blisteringly towered into a fire of princely gallantry and crusade for the cause of benign righteousness,

Above all CHILDHOOD; that perpetually blossomed into an ocean of timeless innocence; like the angels of the creator having descended from the heart of paradise,

Above all LIVELIHOOD; that quintessentially engendered every single entity on this earth to honesty perspire; for melodiously harnessing the fruits of profligate nature,

Above all LOVELIHOOD; that panoramically enthralled even the most remorsefully alien; with the unfathomably unceasing vividness of the rhapsodically resplendent atmosphere,

O! Yes above everything today; has risen the curse of MONEYHOOD; O! Almighty Lord; unsparingly excoriating the fragrance of sensuously embellished existence; wholesomely metamorphosing the pristinely untainted map of your Universe; into uxoriously delirious and frantically penurious currency paper

33. SACRIFICE

What difference would it make to the oceans round the world; if they sacrificed a million droplets of their water?

But the same could infact; create a river for people starving below the disastrous poverty line; prove as life bestowing fluid for impoverished life in the deserts; crawling towards the tenterhooks of extinction.

What difference would it make to meadows all across the globe; if they sacrificed just a whisker of their stupendously unfathomable carpet of grass?

But the same could infact; evolve a marvelous mattress for all those orphaned slithering on cold blooded ground; transit them into a blissful slumber; relishing the mysticism of the ravishing night.

What difference would it make to gigantic buildings protruding from varied territories of the globe; if they sacrificed just an inconspicuous little brick; from their majestically towering structure?

But the same could infact; construct a magnificently luxurious dwelling; for innocently naked trembling uncontrollably on the dusty streets; deluging their uncouthly aggrieved lives with beams of optimistic happiness.

What difference would it make to the tumultuously augmenting storm; to sacrifice only a single of its royally whistling winds?

But the same could infact; entirely metamorphose the persona of the morbidly stinking dungeons; into one replete with spiffy vivaciousness and exuberance worth a lifetime.

What difference would it make to the fires roaring unrelentingly towards the cosmos; to sacrifice a diminutive flame of theirs; from the handsomely untamed inferno that penetrated charismatically into the clouds?

But the same could infact; become the ultimate candle of happiness for those existing in inexplicably treacherous darkness; mitigating them towards the corridors of a cheerful beginning.

What difference would it make to the most learned man on this Universe; to sacrifice just a trifle of his benevolent philosophies; out of the infinite ideals he

harbored?

But the same could in fact; prove as an invincible platform for the illiterate; impregnate a distinct glint of hope in their despairing eyes; to rise as the noble stalwarts of tomorrow.

What difference would it make to immortal lovers across the fathomless earth; to sacrifice just an infinitesimal iota of their love; diffuse just a fraction from their boundless repertoire of sharing and understanding?

But the same could in fact; work miracles for all those blind; maimed; deaf and horrendously mutilated; profusely rejuvenate in them the Omnipotent spirit to be alive.

What difference would it make to all those robustly alive and happy; to sacrifice a minute each day to water the soil; spare a few moments to assist the ailing; cross the boisterously bustling lanes?

But the same could in fact; transform this world into a mesmerizing green heaven; profoundly appease the God's to bless all with bountiful endowment.

And what difference would it make to all those unfathomably rich; to sacrifice just a penny from their overwhelmingly bulging pockets; part with a ludicrous fragment of their affluence; out of the gold literally reaching the skies?

But the same could in fact; relinquish all traces of deplorable poverty from all quarters of the planet; engender the ordinary to embrace the extraordinary; in a wave of united bliss; in a wave of perpetual happiness

34. LOVE ME

Talk to me; perpetrating handsomely through my spells of inexplicable gloom,

Look at me; admiring the gregarious contours of my face; making me feel that I was the Queen of the sparkling hills,

Dance with me; fomenting me to release tons of lazy energy; sweat passionately under the shimmering blanket of milky moonlight,

Sketch me; granting my impoverished identity the status of a princess; basking in the unprecedented delights of her grandiloquent palace,

Smile at me; engendering me to feel that I was indeed intriguing; had a right to rhapsodically exist on the trajectory of this planet,

Shout at me; abruptly breaking my string of invidious obsessions; maneuvering

me towards the bright side of existence,

Wink at me; flirtatiously swirling in the atmosphere; as rain drops pelted thunderously from ominous cocoons of sky,

Embrace me; igniting the blistering inferno of love to the inner most recesses of my body; catapulting me into a land of sheer and tumultuous ecstasy,

Tickle me; evoking me to burst into pools of uninhibited laughter; enjoy the journey of existence to its fullest; with the Sun dazzling mystically through the whites of my eye,

Pat me; impregnating spurts of rejuvenated confidence in my visage; to surge forward with flamboyant gusto and face life,

Pamper me; making me feel that I was an innocuous young child once again; the nostalgic days of mesmerizing childhood were still alive and perpetually afresh,

Sing for me; triggering me to escalate beyond the realms of the gigantic cosmos; feel pompously elevated when compared with the rest of the world,

Promise me; imparting my countenance an ocean of Herculean strength; giving it the astronomical reassurance of having your impregnable grace by its side,

Caress me; fondling the voluptuous strands of my hair with your heavenly fingers; making me feel that I was blissfully blessed and complete,

Pinch me; instilling that insurmountably naughty urge in my body; perpetuating me to gallop in boisterous fun behind the group of gallantly running kangaroos,

Scold me; making me realize that I wasn't the only one who had a right to exist in this Universe; as I levered my head in due reverence in front of Almighty Lord,

Imitate me; embodying in me the feeling of unsurpassable youth; the overwhelming tenacity to leap forward in enigmatic jubilation,

Cry on me; sharing my loads of unfathomable sorrow; the grief that was uncouthly trapped in my heart since the time I was born,

Accept me; tolerating my vicious circle of whims and fallacies; as I can candidly tell you; that I was profoundly human at heart,

Most importantly love me; making me feel that I was the most special person breathing on this earth; the most special person fantastically fit and alive.

35. THE BRAVE ARE DEFINITELY THOSE

Bravery is not the slightest in salaciously sucking blood; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so diabolically suck their blood; asking the Omnipotent Lord to further enlighten them with the spirit of benevolently priceless selflessness,

Bravery is not the slightest in brutally racist discrimination; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so satanically discriminate them; asking the unassailable Lord to further bless them with the winds of symbiotically infallible oneness,

Bravery is not the slightest in sacrilegiously unforgivable abuse; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so wretchedly abuse them; asking the triumphant Lord to further enrich them with mellifluously unshakable harmony,

Bravery is not the slightest in inconsolably delirious hatred; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so tyrannically hated them; asking the Omnipresent Lord to further replenish them with oceans of unsurpassable compassion,

Bravery is not the slightest in fanatically religious intolerance; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so horrendously desecrate them; asking the undefeated Lord to further sublime them with the one and only religion of humanity,

Bravery is not the slightest in devilishly deteriorating lies; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so maliciously deceive them; asking the eternal Lord to further immortalize them with the heavens of altruistic truth,

Bravery is not the slightest in inflicting pugnacious impoverishment; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so hideously make them poor; asking the ubiquitous Lord to further gift them with the insuperably redolent aura of unity,

Bravery is not the slightest in sadistically blinding; but the brave are definitely

those who still perpetually pray for all those who so ghastily blinded them; asking the Omniscient Lord to further bestow them with the light of unconquerably egalitarian optimism,

Bravery is not the slightest in perpetuating dastardly homelessness; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so gorily devastated them; asking the benign Lord to further illuminate them with the lantern of pricelessly poignant togetherness,

Bravery is not the slightest in treacherously penalizing war; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so unsparingly bombarded them; asking the ever-pervading Lord to further rejuvenate them with the endlessly victorious Universe of peace,

Bravery is not the slightest in demonically victimizing rape; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so heartlessly raped them; asking the everlasting Lord to further ameliorate them with the desire to live and let live every unfurling instant of life,

Bravery is not the slightest in disastrously poisoning with the seeds of prejudice; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so egregiously vindicated them; asking the undying Lord to further motivate them with the quintessentially perennial ingredients of humanity,

Bravery is not the slightest in cold-bloodedly massacring artistry; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so wantonly maimed their arms and legs; asking the royal Lord to further fortify them with the skies of jubilantly amiable brotherhood,

Bravery is not the slightest in ominously dumbing the tongue; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so tawdrily circumscribed their freedom of speech; asking the impregnable Lord to further reinvigorate them with the limitless melody of divine creation,

Bravery is not the slightest in truculently freezing the senses; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so hedonistically pulverized their fantasies; asking the infallible Lord to further embellish them with the unendingly amalgamated strength of majestic living kind,

Bravery is not the slightest in despicably slandering slavery; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so bigotedly incarcerated them; asking the interminable Lord to further liberate them with the

mantra of ecstatically divinely proliferation,

Bravery is not the slightest in licentiously shameful betrayal; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so cannibalistically broke their hearts; asking the bountiful Lord to further rehabilitate them with all the richness of mother nature on this fathomlessly enamoring planet,

Bravery is not the slightest in politically perverted terrorism; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those so mercilessly evaporated every trace of their felicity; asking the unchallengable Lord to further metamorphose them into the ultimate paradise of peace and humanitarian prosperity,

And Bravery is not the slightest in sinfully killing an infinite of living and mankind; but the brave are definitely those who still perpetually pray for all those who so uncouthly asphyxiated the air in their lungs; asking the Lord to further consecrate them with the immortally philanthropic atmosphere of vivid life

36. LIVE NO EVIL

Say no evil; refraining to bring even the most inconspicuous of hatred to your immaculately divine lips,

See no evil; closing your eyes as they lecherously wandered; casting their diabolical glimpse upon innocuous entities trespassing through this mighty planet,

Propagate no evil; disseminating only philanthropic benevolence from your palms; in every entity you encountered; during your impoverished existence upon Mother Earth,

Hear no evil; basking only in the glory of melodiously captivating sound; gushing like an untamed whirlwind to the faintest cry of your fellow comrades in inexplicable distress,

Sing no evil; chopping your tongue to an infinite bits of inconspicuous ash; the instant it uttered things against God's most enthrallingly mesmerizing planet,

Patronize no evil; harboring only the irrefutable essence of celestial peace profoundly within your magnanimous soul; blatantly ostracizing those who condemned wonderful humanity,

Fantasize no evil; drifting the intriguing chords of your brain towards a land more enchanting than paradise; the instant the devil tried capsizing it from all sides,

Philosophize no evil; tirelessly browsing through only textbooks of charismatic mankind; immortalizing its spirit till even centuries after; you relinquished breath and died,

Shield no evil; audaciously vanquishing every single trace of malice from the gloomy interiors of your dwelling; substituting it with an everlasting stream on perpetual love,

Paint no evil; using your fingers to uplift tyrannized humanity; sketching with them an infinite myriad of shapes; that profusely enlightened disastrously devastated lives,

Chase no evil; indefatigably embarking upon a mission to save earth from bloodshed; evacuate the most inconspicuous iota of treachery from the complexion of satanic soil,

Eat no evil; relishing the fruits of freedom every moment of your diminutive life; escalating higher than the rhapsodic clouds with your comrades by your majestic side,

Transcend no evil; perennially existing beneath the blessings of the Omnisciently divine; savoring as well diffusing harmonious happiness; to every iota of this boundlessly beautiful planet,

Confront no evil; praying intransigently to the Almighty Lord; for decimating even the most infinitesimal trace of sin; from the innocent organisms lives,

Sleep no evil; relentlessly dreaming about an island of unsurpassable unity; with the rich and poor marching towards the corridors of sweet success; alike,

Trade no evil; sharing only the essence of benign compassion with every organism on this globe; enriching its life with uninhibited smiles,

Do no evil; intransigently revolting against each part of your shivering body; till the time it alighted only for immortalizing the unflinching spirit of humankind,

Love no evil; ardently embracing only those with empathy in their hearts; bonding with their passionate beats; in every birth you took birth again,

And live no evil; unfathomably exploring; discovering; altruistically evolving each moment of your life to exist higher than the skies; endeavoring your very best to alleviate the lives of all those submerged in pain; of those drowning in a web of lies

37. TSUNAMI AFTERMATH- LIVIDLY LIVING CORPSE

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of unprecedented misery; with the wrath of the inexplicably crippling disaster transforming every trace of robust innocence into a mortuary of stinking death,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of hapless uncertainty; as boundless number of impeccable heads stared in distraught disbelief; for relentless hours towards empty sky,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of morbid blood; from which emanated the stench of pricelessly inimitable honesty hopelessly blended with the diabolical devil,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of unceasing sadness; in which perpetually floated innumerable lifeless bones of their enchanting siblings; children and immortal beloved,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of sadistic ridicule; where even the most eternally fructifying form of living kind was rendered to worthlessly lugubrious foam; salt and soap,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of parasitically ribald lechery; where man brutally asphyxiated his counterpart man; in an eventual bid to frenetically survive,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of cannibalistic hatred; from which spawned only the corridors of devilish hell; diffusing pain; pain and only intolerably inconsolable pain,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of bizarrely tawdry helplessness; where they were reduced to just infinitesimal frigid eunuchs; not able to do anything as the wave gobbled every trace of their celestial happiness,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of

frenzied deliriousness; which apocalyptically shrieked the cry of ultimate extinction; the wholesome disappearance of this symbiotic planet from the map of this bountifully redolent Universe,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of unceasing remorsefulness; with the coffins of satanic oblivion ghoulishly transcending every conceivable happening in the atmosphere,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of limitless disbelief; with every stroke of destiny seeming to treacherously unfurl from the mouth of the venomously slandering devil,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of ominously pulverizing lies; where as if sacrilegiously wanton abuse had forever overridden the brilliantly majestic scepter of emollient truth,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of wastrel nothingness; with every wave that arose; hedonistically darting towards the infinite infinity of unfathomable despair,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of endless unemployment; where even the most divinely innocent source of life; was indiscriminately weighed on the scales of carnivorous crime,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of intransigently besmirching trauma; which licentiously gave birth to the graveyards of blackness; blackness and only savagely decrepit blackness,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of emotionlessly penalizing neglect; unforgivably ripping them apart from every tangible and intangible aspect and fabric of the civilized society,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of devastating disorientation; with even the most synergistically resplendent of smiles metamorphosing into gorily inane waywardness,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of unendingly excruciating torture; with human skin and emotions being ruthlessly excoriated apart like the inadvertent shedding of the lizard's skin,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of amorphously sinful vindication; as fathomless deplorably orphaned took a solemn

pledge; never to respect Mother Nature in their lifetimes again,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of ungainly fretfulness; with the horrendously wrinkled eye dispersing nothing else but blood; blood and punitively aggrieved blood,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of unparalleled divestation; with every beat of the heart; breath and blood; being transformed forever and ever and ever; as an aftermath of the murderous Tsunami; into a lividly living corpse.

38. TSUNAMI- THE WAVE OF DEATH; DEATH AND ONLY INCONSOLABLE DEATH.

It gobbled even the most infinitesimal trace of their unfettered triumph; decimating countless innocent in its swirl of truculently unrelenting terror,

It gobbled even the most tiniest trace of their astoundingly eclectic sensitivity; ruthlessly rendering boundless orphaned and to unceasingly beg at the mortuaries of asphyxiating death,

It gobbled even the most diminutive trace of their timeless impressions; indiscriminately annihilating every tangible and intangible form of their majestic ancestral heritage,

It gobbled even the most ethereal trace of their euphorically unbridled fantasy; brutally metamorphosing every conceivable instant of their lifetime into a cadaverously unforgivable nightmare,

It gobbled even the most transient trace of their pristinely divine virility; leaving innumerable humanity and living kind; lividly impotent and deplorably divested of the exuberant elixir to lead symbiotic life,

It gobbled even the most evanescent trace of their bountifully vibrant belonging; ghastily transforming every of their inimitably prized possession into a graveyard of inanely obsolete nothingness,

It gobbled even the most ephemeral trace of their perennially fructifying desire; murderously crippling them for an infinite more lifetimes; with solely the prisons of unfathomable devastation,

It gobbled even the most mercurial trace of their blissfully synergistic kin; inexhaustibly terminating every source of their cherished memory and the seeds

of their compassionate love,

It gobbled even the most fugitive trace of their ingeniously burgeoning creativity; posing nothing else but a lifelessly diabolical wall of inexplicable misery for the remainder of their destined lifetime,

It gobbled even the most disappearing trace of their blessedly proliferating humanity; triggering an uncontrollably delirious feeling of vindication in their souls; towards the Creator for tyrannically snatching them away from their beloved kin,

It gobbled even the most feckless trace of their quintessentially emollient livelihood; permeating an irrevocable phobia in them of wholesomely discarding the things they so fervently loved; just a few seconds ago,

It gobbled even the most insipid trace of their optimistically jubilant hope; sealing every perceivable moment of their truncated destiny; with the skeletons of disastrously unending hopelessness,

It gobbled even the most fleeting trace of their enchantingly panoramic civilization; giving an altogether sinister new look; to the map of their once unflinchingly venerated motherland,

It gobbled even the most vanishing trace of their eternally righteous customs; beliefs; religions; ideals; introducing them to nothing else but an irretrievably crucifying religion of cannibalistic blood,

It gobbled even the most parsimonious trace of their invincible brotherhood and peace; rendering fathomless kilometers of their holistic land with the devilish stench of unstoppably victimizing epidemic,

It gobbled even the most inconspicuous trace of their altruistically blossoming humanity; with countless impeccable children trampling one over another; frenetically trying to identify their parents from the dead,

It gobbled even the most vacillating trace of their hunger to survive; with even the most tantalizingly royal morsels of food and currency seeming more dilapidated than the worst of lame stones; in front of their friends and beloved hedonistically killed and dead,

It gobbled even the most oblivious trace of their immortally infallible love; leaving them with a heart; vein and nostril indeed; but sinfully without the tiniest

iota of beat; blood and Omnipotent breath,

It gobbled even the most obfuscated trace of their inimitably priceless identity; unsparingly demolishing limitless trajectories of their land within lightening seconds of time; burying them an infinite feet beneath their graves; before they had even time to utter their last wish or sigh,

The TSunami was indeed the most ominously devastating wave that mankind had ever witnessed or ever could conceive; and although it was Nature's untamed fury as its very uninhibited best; it spelt; demonstrated; waved and spoke death; death and just the most haplessly aggrieved form of inconsolably endless death.

39. EVERY LOVE BRINGS ALONG

Every night brings along with it; perpetually ghastly darkness hideously descending down,

Every storm brings along with it; exuberant carpets of boisterously handsome breeze,

Every morning brings along with it; brilliantly mesmerizing and optimistic rays of light,

Every wave brings along with it; scores of bountifully tangy and vivaciously tantalizing salt,

Every flower brings along with it; a fragrance that truly captivates every corner of the pathetically dwindling soul,

Every dream brings along with it; an inexplicable feeling of excitement; that propels you to surge forward; always rejuvenated in life,

Every toy brings along with it; an immaculately bouncing child; wholesomely oblivious to the salacious vagaries of this manipulative planet,

Every wind brings along with it; an inevitable attitude of holistic change; triggering you to relinquish your past miseries; and uninhibitedly march towards your ultimate goal in life,

Every shadow brings along with it; a cloud of unfathomable mysticism; that irrevocably compels you to abdicate the chords of pragmatic reality,

Every idea brings along with it; a spirit of profound newness; which keeps indefatigably culminating into a fountain of marvelously everlasting creation,

Every devil brings along with it; a wave of treacherous devastation; which try had as it could; eventually succumbs against the stupendously Omnipotent light of God,

Every coin of currency brings along with it; an atmosphere of maniacal savagery; people diabolically sucking the blood of their own revered kin,

Every smile brings along with it; an overwhelming degree of cheer; profusely enlightening the lives of those engulfed with incomprehensible pain,

Every yawn brings along with it; an irrevocable concoction of laziness; an unhealthy desire to snore; when infact the world outside needed you desperately,

Every star brings along with it; a voluptuously velvety shine; which intrepidly maneuvers you undaunted in your mission to save humanity; even in the heart of the invidiously sinister night,

Every breath brings along with it; an augmenting ardor to survive; extract your right to exist amidst a pack of savage toothed wolves,

Every heartbeat brings along with it; an unrelenting passion to express the thoughts flowing with your crimson blood; the inexorable tenacity to make you a better human in every aspect of life,

And every love brings along with it; an unsurpassable power for the earth to live beyond its destined times; immortally fortifying its chord with the Almighty Lord; annihilating the demons best attempts to finish off his planet; like a pack of cards.

40. HUMAN - PART 2

I just couldn't make out his name; simply by looking into his innocently hazel eyes,

I just couldn't make out his religion; simply by gauging the pace of his walk; the lanes on which he traveled,

I just couldn't make out the place he might be residing; simply by staring at the color of his clothes,

I just couldn't make out the money he had incarcerated in his pocket; simply by casting a look at the back of his trouser,

I just couldn't make out the words he might be extremely fond of; simply by the shade of his lips,

I just couldn't make out his passions in life; the things he had an insatiable zeal for; simply by admiring his supreme height,

I just couldn't make out the color of blood flowing in his veins; simply by glancing a trifle at his rubicund skin,

I just couldn't make out the dreams engulfing his mind; simply by witnessing his mystical shadow,

I just couldn't make out whether he was married or not; by simply listening to his authoritative voice,

I just couldn't make out the exact size of his shoe; simply by running my fingers nimbly across his fading footprints,

I just couldn't make out the destination he was going to; simply by viewing the bag he held stubbornly in his fortified palms,

I just couldn't make out the speed of his heart; the turbulence that might going on inside; by simply casting one look beneath his shirt inundated with profuse sweat,

I just couldn't make out the abuses he had spoken a little while ago; simply by straining my ears to his present voice,

I just couldn't make out the fraternity of clothes he vehemently adored; by simply peering at his existing pair of bedraggled coat and trousers,

I just couldn't make out the insects that had stung him all throughout his life; simply by spotting the fresh bruises sprawled incoherently on his arms,

I just couldn't make out the actual strength and tenacity he possessed in his demeanor; simply by standing abreast by his side for a few racy seconds,

I just couldn't make out the taste circumventing his greedy tongue; simply by peeking a glimpse at the morsels of left over bread neatly sandwiched in his fists,

I just couldn't make out his ability to memorize; the pedigree of intelligence that lingered in his brain; simply by gawking at his bushy eyebrows and moderately square forehead,

And the more I saw him; the more frustrated I became; as I just couldn't make out head or tail about his entity; the inscrutable quandaries enveloping his life,

So at the end when there seemed no alternative; and the inexorably urge to talk to him became more prominent than the thunderously deafening clouds; I chose the simplest option; I audaciously mustered strength to call him; addressed him boldly as human

41. UNEMPLOYMENT

Unemployment is a ghastly seed; which flowers into a graveyard of sullen nothingness; for centuries immemorial,

Unemployment is an abhorrently fetid wind; which pulverizes every element of your sacred countenance; to blend with insipidly threadbare and sleazy charcoal,

Unemployment is a pathetic maelstrom of obnoxious malice; which cripples every trace of vibrant existence; till realms beyond absurd recognition,

Unemployment is the most agonizing of trauma in an organism's visage; a perfidious quarantine that remains with your silhouette once it takes even the most infidel of roots,

Unemployment is the onset of disdainful morbidity; with even the most euphorically gyrating nerves of your body; now ignominiously vomiting the last ingredient of your sagacious blood,

Unemployment is a malicious stamp of the horrendously penalizing devil; insanelly annihilating all melodiously bountiful desire from its very poignant roots,

Unemployment is a treacherously abominable parasite; malevolently extricating

even the last iota of celestially fructifying nutrition; from your wonderfully robust body,

Unemployment is the ultimate curse on all fraternity of living kind; insidiously asphyxiating the fangs of your existence; even before you could wink your eyes,

Unemployment is an avalanche of decaying neglect which unceremoniously augments with each instant of unveiling time; rendering even the most gloriously synergistic of your rudiments to baseless shit,

Unemployment is the most acrimoniously devastating nail in your coffin; unsparingly lambasting you with swords of horrific disdain; even after your veritable death,

Unemployment is an indescribable holocaust for the boundless planet; lecherously snaring its satanically ostracizing shadows towards nothing else; but a solitary dungeon of gory bloodshed and doom,

Unemployment is the most perniciously sinister abuse that you could have ever conceived; mercilessly excoriating an entity's integrity into a million infinitesimal pieces of meaninglessness,

Unemployment is an intransigently emotionless night that never ends; a gruesomely pulverizing blackness that has not even the tiniest insinuation of an optimistic tomorrow,

Unemployment is a diabolical wave of perilous remorsefulness; metamorphosing even the most capricious iota of ebullience enshrouding your soul into a corpse of overwhelming dilapidation and ominous decay,

Unemployment is an unsurpassably satanic entrenchment of preposterously sinking boredom; endlessly scarring your sacrosanct visage with the signature of utterly devastating hopelessness,

Unemployment is the most tortuously inexplicable disease; a severely pugnacious ailment which leads to nothing else but a tunnel of dimly dolorous Blackness,

Unemployment is a wasteland of acridly thwarting debilitation; propelling you to vindictively stumble into a battlefield of gory blood and bone; on every step that you transgressed,

Unemployment is a revengeful gutter of squelching stench; barbarically assassinating even the most evanescent trace of optimism encapsulating your spell binding countenance,

Unemployment is a venomously belligerent thorn that incessantly pierces the crux of your exuberant existence; triggering every element of your persona to unstoppably bleed till times beyond infinite infinity,

Unemployment is a cold-bloodedly shattered glass; which transformed even the most majestically resplendent of your contours; into the corpses of ghastily penalizing hell,

Unemployment is the most tyrannically truculent form of sparkling life; ruthlessly sapping even the most fleeting iota of enthusiasm from your unassailable body,

Unemployment is an endless tornado of ferociously repelling bullets; ghastily infiltrating every pore of your conscience with a blanket of derogatorily corrupt lies,

Unemployment is an unrelenting swirl of self inflicted destruction; transiting every speck of your inherently benign goodness; into a insanelly uncouth murderer,

Unemployment is a desert of savagely threadbare hostility; leaving a trail of blood stained avarice and discriminating prejudice on every quarter of this fathomless earth,

Unemployment is the greatest sin that you could ever be born for; a web of nonchalant drudgery that miserably crucified everything that you ardently desired,

Unemployment is the most quintessential spark that evokes indiscriminate violence; agonizingly transforming God's unconquerable fabric of humanity; into an irascible marketplace of trading death,

Unemployment is the despicably lugubrious ceasing of your heart; the dastardly dying of every harmoniously enchanting rhyme in the blissfully enthralling atmosphere,

Unemployment is the most criminally castigating snapping of your beautifully endowing breath; rendering you with nothing but an appalling expletive for this miraculously mesmerizing planet,

Therefore it is my humble plea to all those uselessly Unemployed; to passionately race forward in the full fervor of Omnipotently charismatic life; transcend past the pinnacles of bountiful prosperity to symbiotically blend with the religion of mankind,

And believe me that you would find yourself irrefutably successful once you take the initiative; for it is not I who is doing anything for you; but it will all manifest into a perpetually invincible reality by the grace of the Omnipresently Almighty Lord

42. FOOD AND ITS UNBELIEVABLE POWER.

It made a person irrefutably realize his / her true stature on this earth - which was nothing in front of the Almighty Lord - as morsels were gobbled with raw humanitarian fervor and then even the most mature of body exultated in child-like delight,

It made people forget deplorably miserly discrepancies of caste; creed; color and religion over its tantalizingly sumptuous aroma,

It naturally impregnated a wretchedly war-infested environment - with the charm of an existence replete with symbiotic health and prosperity,

It gathered hordes of hungry stomachs and palettes into uninhibited camaraderie - as they sat in compassionate unity to devour its quintessential morsels for survival,

It melted even the most indiscriminately traumatic persona which lambasted the innocent - with its succulently impeccable taste which was a harbinger of bountiful humanity,

It fascinated the young and the old with its astounding freshness and vitality - which very soon blended with the fabric of existence after the gratifying bite,

It put all hostility and that desire to ruthlessly conquer to blissful sleep - as it made its way most naturally and ravishingly into the extraordinarily emaciated intestine,

It proved the most stupendously inadvertent excuse to meet up at just about any time of the day - and that too triggering that smile of satisfaction upon the lips

relishing it,

It reinvigorated fading muscle and bone with indispensable boost to lead life
Kingsize - bond and embrace the most alien of neighbor with the power of
fortuitous love,

It metamorphosed pulverized failures into the champions of a fresh optimistic
dawn - rendering in them the unabashed fortitude to stand up for the cause of
unparalleled righteousness,

It rekindled the rays of desire in pathetically shriveled bloodstreams - as the
living kind made merry; whispered; chatted and blended into the river of love
with a new found hope to procreate,

It worked as a balm of compassionate friendship upon those haplessly aggrieved
and lamenting the loss of their near and dear - as the chapter of death inevitably
occurred when destined,

It was something that rendered all spurious demonstrations of power and wealth
on earth utterly useless - as even the richest of all humans mingled with those
begging on the roadside - to consume it; as disasters like the earthquake struck,

It not only helped people earn livelihood as they cooked; garnished; packed and
transported it - but added an indomitable aura of satisfaction to their lives as
they served it to all those in dire need of it,

It miraculously helped in mollifying the most hoarsely wailing children -
nourishing them with the gift of harmony - to evolve into the philanthropically
noble citizens of tomorrow,

It prompted dialogues of peace and benevolent betterment even before armies
could cross sides - as they preferred to arrive to a harmonious consensus of love
and togetherness - after eating to their unbridled content,

It was a universal need that naturally arose at some time or the other in
everyone irrespective of any religion or tribe; impregnably indicating that we're
all created by the same God and in front of him; nothing,

It cultivated this most wonderfully altruistic habit of eating in the same plate; as
its irresistibly appetizing grandeur instilled the basic tenets of selflessness and
humanitarian care,

Such was food and its unbelievable power.

43. TRULY MAKING A DIFFERENCE FOR GOODNESS.

The road appeared to be nervously slithering stretch of non-chalant Black,
Why not paint its surface with sparkling paint of majestic black, perpetuate its
haplessly chapped periphery with the goodness of nourishing tar curry and
handsome soot.

The chair inexorably creaked at the tiniest of weight straddling it; limping in
gruesome disdain as if it would collapse any moment,
Why not reinforce its languidly decrepit body with screws and shiny nails, spray
its exteriors and intricate interiors with that much needed coat of lubricant oil.

The computer miserably stuttered; fumbled; squandered and shut down almost
immediately after starting it; unable to bear the weight of a battalion of
programs and files installed,
Why not install the most ingenious of anti virus available in the contemporary
planet today; and then witness it bouncing back to life with uninhibited gusto and
impeccable charm.

The walls nervously trembled at the tiniest draught of wind; in bizarre
circumspection of whether ever would they witness another fresh optimistic
dawn,
Why not invincibly strengthen them with handsomely blended cement and
mortar, so that they became a bountiful fortress of vitality against the most
obnoxious of enemy attack.

The fragment of kite paper flagrantly fretted and fumed as the string attached to
it; kept tearing it all the more; every now and again as it tried to gain altitude,
Why not agglutinate its torn ends with wondrously poignant glue, and then let it
fly unabashedly high as you tugged its thread; in misty blue currents of the
royally enamoring sky.

The gaudily striped shirt resembled a shabbily attired gutter pipe; with holes of
every possible dimension besmirching its innocuous silhouette like a dreadfully
salacious parasite,
Why not make the best use of needle and articulate white thread, stitch every
gaping incongruity to perfection and then wear the same cloth - now befitting to
be worn by an undefeated prince.

The mirror reflected back a distorted heap of remorsefully mangled junk, as its

body was shattered into incongruous recesses of nothingness with passing years of neglect and street urchins hurling many a stray stone,
Why not replace it with a dazzling new glass of crystal contentment - so that it not only retained its own inimitable integrity but also displayed the candid truth in front of it.

The once upon a time King-sized and plush mahogany table now staggered towards grotesque ruination - with a layer of incorrigible dust destructively maligning its surface; legs; bottom and sides,
Why not take gargantuan swathes of coarse cloth - profoundly dip the same into a tub of stringent detergent soap - and then use the same to vigorously clean; so that the table was used for royal dinner and meeting up dignitaries from all walks of life.

The quaint scooter broke many a sturdy shoe - as it simply denied to start even after exerting Herculean pressure and persistence upon its scraggily dilapidated pedal and engine,
Why not give it for routine servicing and repair - which'd ensure it exuberantly surged forward like a rocket - and spared many impoverished pockets the ignominy of buying new footwear.

The television remote lay sulking in a sultry corner of the household - having just been tagged as an `idiot good for nothing' - banged out of sight as it refrained from changing the entertainment channels - which had become such an integral part of today's life,
Why not insert a pair of vibrantly fresh batteries into it - and then witness it become the darling of everyone - including the corporate honcho who kept it tucked tightly beside his pillow along with his mobile.

The pen vindictively tore almost a sheaf of brand new printer paper; without even embossing a word - at the end finding itself into the dustbin - which would eventually be emptied into bits of asymmetrical nothingness,
Why not adorn it with a new nib and cap to prevent it from drying when it was needed the most - and then witness it pen down the most astoundingly brilliant lines of love poetry; for lovers and friends, alike.

The blackboard looked abominably dirty and a reproachful mess - with students of all classes and sizes instantaneously shunting it; resorting to the cooler and rejuvenating confines of the canteen instead,
Why not get the duster and some plain water - scrub it thoroughly from all sides - so that it resembled a freshly laden track - awaiting to be tread.

The matchstick simply didn't muster the guts to alight into a flame - as it found itself abusively hurled into the soggiest corner of trashcan by its impatient master,

Why not compassionately pick it up - completely dry the corners of its matchbox whose wetness were preventing it from catching fire - and then watch it setting the frigid darkness ablaze with its charismatically fiery flame.

As if your doing all of this goodness - mattered even an insouciant trifle to all of these non-living objects such as the - 'road', 'chair', 'computer', 'walls', 'kite-paper', 'shirt', 'mirror', 'table', 'scooter', 'television remote', 'pen', 'blackboard', 'matchstick' - described above and several of such other non-living objects that strike your imagination impromptu, as of now,

For these objects didn't have the slightest of life - and though it'd be good if you found time to refurbish and resurrect them if they broke - it wouldn't stir any emotion in them at all - since they were dead and would remain dead,

But what would truly make a difference and would bring about a revolution in mortal existence - is your being good; kind; lovable, religiously tolerant, truthful and humanitarian in your natural capacity with those humans 'Living' around you - to bond in the religion of humanity.

44. LET THEM GET MARRIED.

A poem to sensitize those people who enter marriage ceremonies with the sarcastic intention of castigating the couple about to be blissfully wedded.

Shouldn't he have put a trifle more of powder on his cheeks - as they appeared an edge too shoddy for spinning intrigue?

Shouldn't she have dipped her face in pure lemon extract; in order to render that irresistibly profound glow over her otherwise bedraggled contours.

Shouldn't he have opted for that clandestinely charming hair dye - transforming his unruly strands from a nondescript black to a majestic red?

Shouldn't she have left her hair uninhibited and ravishingly waving in exuberant wisps of breeze - rather than stingily tying them up into an impoverished looking bun.

Shouldn't he have worn those royally swashbuckling sunglasses - that would've blown away the daylights of every nimble damsel in poignant vicinity?

Shouldn't she have left her eyes beautifully bare and in their rustic glory - rather than unnecessarily smudging them with abominable mascara.

Shouldn't he have stringently clipped the unruly strands of hair protruding from his ear - employing the services of the most contemporary of saloons?
Shouldn't she have worn earrings of aristocratically pure gold - rather than letting traditional threads of simpleton black dangle languidly and dulling the ambience which seemed already dead.

Shouldn't he have worn that pompously purple scarf round his neck - that'd have displayed his gentlemanly streak; lost as of now in the horrendously hardcore business suit?

Shouldn't she have chosen a dress which was more in snobbish satisfaction rather than the gaudy color that she now wore - unleashing her unceremoniously slapstick choice.

Shouldn't he have worn feather shaped boots perpetuating that true tryst with royalty which he richly deserved - rather than transgressing on the reception stage barefoot to create a mockery of a hype?

Shouldn't she have worn queenly slippers that vividly demonstrated her fantastically proportioned height - rather than create a pandemonium with her noisy high-heeled sandals - that made her shoot ridiculously through the roof.

Shouldn't he have worn plain rings of eclectic sizes that set the night ablaze with gaiety and style - rather than deliberately demonstrating the masculinity of his bohemian hand?

Shouldn't she have left her palms pristinely barren as she'd come into this planet - rather than embedding them with a motley of every conceivable tattoo available over the shelf - to stand out amidst the celebrities of the town.

Shouldn't he have shaved the parsimoniously extruding stubs of his beard and moustache - rather than appearing like a clown who genuinely wanted to entertain people flocked around?

Shouldn't she have puffed fragrant powder on her face at least - rather than deserting it with nonchalant soap - and then let mosquitoes find a feasible space to feast on her demure silhouette.

Shouldn't he have carried a princely pen in his waist pocket - rather than deplorably borrowing the same and then squandering in shame - to sign all associated legalities?

Shouldn't she have meticulously fitted a purse to make her attire look enthralling- and at the same time appear a perfect symbol of societal sophistication - complete.

Shouldn't he have brandished a traditional sword to blend in magnificently with his jubilant persona - rather than walk the red carpet with shoulders hunched in the unpredictability of tomorrow?

Shouldn't she have built her stage as an invincibly alluring helipad - ushering in a high powered aircraft straight into the avenue - and leaving photographers / relatives in stunned delight.

Shouldn't he have played the perfect host of melanging with the crowd which had come so optimistically from remote corners of the town - displaying some hospitality - rather than sonorously contemplating as to when these spurious formalities would come to an abrupt end?

Shouldn't she have stayed as silent as white ice that personified high class dignity at its best - rather than giving her piece of cynical advise interspersed with abuse towards those who'd come uninvited.

Shouldn't he have hugged her first - rather than fiercely tugging at his rather atrociously oversized suit - in mere apprehension of it leaving his frail silhouette anytime?

Shouldn't she also have hugged him first - rather than adjusting her morosely flattened make-up - which in the process became more pathetically beleaguered than ever before.

Hey Folks. Its time for you to involve yourself into other and better pastimes.

There they were - both of them innocently about to enter into threads of holy matrimony - least bothered about their appearances today, when the most important thing in the world to them was to marry by God's grace,

Therefore give them a break. Let them get married.

45. SALUTING THE STREET DOGS.

You unsparingly reprimanded them when they ferociously barked - mischievously chased other damsels of their fraternity and indulged in the most uncivilized of fights,

You lambasted them - instantaneously unbuckling your waist belts - for chasing your car down the quiet highway; annoyed that its flamboyant splendor was marred by the unscrupulous behavior,

You; at occasions; drove at breakneck speeds - thrusting the reason to be an emergency - and mowed through their peaceful abodes which were haphazardly

strewn across the orphaned road,

You hurled stones randomly on their innocuous bodies - on the spurious pretexts of them being besmirched with dirt and debris from the gutters - and intruding the spotless environs around you with their hapless demeanor,

You incorrigibly refused to touch them or any part of their body even an insouciant iota - scientifically quoting the fact that this could lead to rabies and a host of unceremonious disease - with statesmanly like pride,

You sprayed the most opulent of your perfume in the air if they trespassed your house walls uninvited - terming the stench that thereby emanated as abhorrently unbearable - though you yourself hadn't taken a bath since many days,

You had the best laugh of your life as they traumatically wailed on the pavement beside you - sadistically consoling yourself of emphatic victory for the day - though the boss had just nonchalantly fired you,

You took excruciating effort to find the contact details of those government vans who could uncouthly pick them up from your locality - complaining against the dirt; disease; unhygienic conditions; and waste that they spread - and surprisingly this was the only matter you found worthy in your existence to rebel,

You side-lined them as the lowest strata of the society - an irascible menace to every religion existing under the Sun; barbarically shutting the doors on their mouth - even as you rejoiced and celebrated bounteous opportunities of survival,

You took potshots at them with your freshly purchased air-gun - placing apples and other nondescriptly sized objects on their heads - as this placed you in a princely pedestal; not ever mustering the courage to sit a real throne,

You horrendously spat at them - saliva which at instances was laced with obnoxious chewing gum; tobacco; discarded food and pernicious tooth prick - as this made you feel seated behind the luxurious wheel of the limousine - though you were currently driving the laborious bicycle,

You used their name as a vindictively hurled expletive - lividly abusing your colleagues with the same - as how to react alternatively and express your emotions never crossed your prejudiced thought,

You took their photographs not to sympathize or flatter - but depict the abysmal state of poverty in your country that could go ahead and win an Oscar - and also because they were earnestly happy to oblige,

You snatched the succulently tantalizing meals they received sporadically from philanthropists - wisely declaring that these didn't befit them - when the abject reality was that the hole in your own plate had just gotten a trifle bigger,

You mercilessly beat them with approximately the same sized and complexioned stick that your counterpart had hit you with - for here there was not the tiniest of reprisal as you flaunted your non-existent bravado - and yet you felt you'd had your revenge,

You ferociously kicked them left, right and center as you walked the muddy trail - as if they were barricades of loose sand that hampered your path - at the same instant also giving you an opportunity to demonstrate your powerless might,

You bizarrely held their impeccable new born kids by their feet upside down - to worthlessly demonstrate how helpless they were in this gargantuan world - whereas God was; is and shall be; the ultimate master and invincible decision maker of his entire planet,

You brutally sold them to unsuspecting foreigners who presumed they were yours - as you artificially cuddled them in your lap - to earn that indispensable currency coin and consume that quintessential meal to survive,

Yet. And ironically. You; still salute these 'Street dogs' whom you pugnaciously abandoned and hideously punched - as they guarded you in their own inimitable natural capacity in the thick of the blackened night - and then their discordant growl was the sweetest sound to your ears; as you knew their mortal forms were there to protect you - even as the thieves crept.

46. SAVE YOUR LOVE. SAVE WATER.

You profoundly relished it when it struck the brutally emaciated pores of your impoverished skin - as you uninhibitedly rolled under the cistern that cascaded down the mountain slope,

You saluted it as it unabashedly stormed your lavatory seat - making every trace of filthiness entirely disappear in lightening traces of time - and then quietly fade as you closed the flush,

You were poignantly enamored when it fell ecstatically from the fantabulous sky - mollifying you from the tyrannically lambasting man-made adulteration; smoke; pollution and industrial heat,

You wondrously adored it whilst sprinkling it on the dust laden leaves and scorched trees - and then experience an unparalleled contentment of surviving in symbiotic glory with the royal natural habitat,

You felt modestly philanthropic as you poured it into empty glasses desperately held by orphans on the street - as serving humanity was one of the most quintessential reasons of your blessed existence,

You rhapsodically danced as you blended it with a gargantuan cube of ice and left it in a tub - for birds to bathe and feast - as the Sun flamboyantly ignited a most piously brilliant afternoon,

You felt sensuously fantastic and jubilant to strive towards success after bathing in it - as the rays of a brand new effulgent dawn ushered you to find your own benevolently inimitable identity on the planet,

You suddenly and spontaneously felt beautiful after washing your face with it - for when the tawdrily spurious layers of deplorable cream; powder; scent and lipstick peeled out - there you lay in your ravishingly unscathed charm - under the cover of a nakedly seductive night,

You ebulliently liked it - when it granted your siblings that much needed reprieve in swelteringly burning summer - as they thoroughly splashed themselves with it - and then welcomed the torching heat in invincible friendship,

You felt genuinely intrigued when you sprayed it with compassionate fury across the freshly ploughed fields - as the seasoned hosepipe in your palms exposed you to newer dimensions of kindness - and the seed inside the mud became your best friend,

You were endearingly mesmerized at the ripples that were formed on its surface - as you joyously hurled a harmless pebble on it horizontally and then witnessed it skid with artistic grace - before eventually sinking to the rock bottom,

You were magnetically enthralled when you kissed it - as it became your sincerest companion when you needed to celebrate triumph for goodness - and you hugged it in amiable brotherhood - though it inevitably slipped,

You felt an unparalleled desire to be closer to your rudiments - as you envisaged a house by its side - which though was threadbare and bohemian - but which befriended and nourished you amidst the natural wilderness with tantalizing calm,

You emphatically admired it for so tranquilly dousing the hideous flames - and becoming an instant hero amongst the hapless people assembled by their woefully burning building - and as the fire - extinguisher had despicably failed,

You victoriously applauded it for bringing about undefeated friendship - as people of all religions; castes; creed; color; faiths and tribes - unhesitatingly proceeded to dip in it and get rid of inconsequential difference,

You gratefully cherished the awe-inspiringly varied sounds it made as it filled your barren overhead tank - replacing the worthless emptiness within the lifeless walls - with one of the most indispensable mortal elixir to nourish life,

But you loved it the most when you drank it and suckled at it like a freshly born child - whether it be after your meal or before it - as it revitalized you to pursue the path of righteousness and charismatic brotherhood,

Therefore won't you protect your true lover from being destroyed; rebuked; slapped and unnecessarily spilled.

Do your naturally unfettered and earnest best. Do something good when you truly feel for it.

Save your love. Save Water.

47. GOOD THOUGHTS NEED TO BE RIGHTLY IMPLEMENTED.

For them to blossom into fields of uninhibited prosperity; as the mid-day Sun flamboyantly shone and royally enriched dreary patches of moroseness and malice,

For them to permeate the planet with earnest feelings of nicety and humanitarian friendship; bonding the multi - cultural fabric of existence under one roof; into the religion of invincibly bountiful humanity,

For them to make the human kind more amicable towards each other; optimistically endeavoring to delete the fangs of hostility and disseminate compassionate brotherhood,

For them to clamber the ladder of benevolent success; sow the seed of philanthropy which would eventually grow up to flower into the fruit of a tomorrow effusively sprinkled with love,

For them to wondrously assimilate the true potential from an eclectically varied group of individuals; who had the inimitable power to evolve their own unduplicated forms of spell-binding creativity,

For them to empower people to collectively work in their mortal capacities to bring about a renaissance in the deplorable administration; so that humans replenished the privileges of an honestly inspired existence; alongwith their counterpart mate across the fence; at the other side,

For them to witness the spectacularly original inventions of constructive science shape fresh dimensions of triumph; a sweetness that was unparalleled amongst mortals for the betterment of earth and its marvelously beautiful living beings,

For them to uncannily bewilder the most seasoned campaigner in his / her respective field; with the unabashed artistry of imagination that handsomely embedded barren canvas with truthful colors of victory,

For them to uninhibitedly carve a distinguished path in the chapter of existence; witness it garlanded and felicitated with the highest honors of the civilian world; for its jubilant contribution to various spheres of ingenious society,

For them to eradicate grotesquely penalizing methods of anarchy; bring about the onset of enthralling democracy where the most deservingly sincere representatives were chosen by the spirit of unbridled camaraderie and the right to fearlessly vote,

For them to craft some of the most astonishingly unchallengeable success stories in the ordinary household chores that women execute; those anecdotes which became mesmerizing as they were nourished with selflessness and unbiased commitment,

For them to try their charismatic best to change parental perception towards their children; treat them as one of tomorrow's best humanitarian gift; replete with the power to fantasize correctness and unleash into stupefying artistry - rather than obnoxiously subjecting them with the unceremonious pressure of having the best study grades in school,

For them to alleviate the common man's woes due to shoddily gruesome loopholes in the system of governance and jurisdiction - devising innovative schemes to make the man on the street heard for the causes he passionately supports,

For them to enlighten kids in the most obsolete rural areas with the power of education; reach sacredly motivational textbooks in their poignant tender palms - which sadly held grisly haired broomsticks and dustpans; instead,

For them to compose books of poetry or prose which supported and brought to the fore a plethora of fascinating humanitarian causes - some of the titles which further went ahead to win the most coveted privilege for literature - the Nobel Prize,

For them to campaign for saving trees and thereby the majestic environment; exhorting people of all ages and religions to come forward and plant multitudes of different saplings; to convivially exist thereby - in an unfettered environment of freshness and vitality,

For them to solemnly resolve sordidly lambasting war and terrorism; initiate talks of peace between acrimoniously fighting enemies with the balm of friendship, love, goodwill and brotherhood,

For them to bond into threads of fortuitously mollifying matrimony - relish the tantalizingly beautiful moments of life as they unfurled; and handsomely embrace the fabric of joyous victory,

Your good thoughts need to be rightly implemented.

48. INDIA

I'd like to uninhibitedly beckon you to my vivid and sacrosanct country,

Where rest the insuperable foundations of Mosques; Temples; Churches; Gurudwaras- devoutly worshipped by millions of people fearlessly following the religion of their choice and their invincible faith in God Almighty,

A land replenished with a multicultural blend of traditions and humanity.

A bountiful garden with opportunity to learn; melange; prosper and embrace myriad traditions that enrich the silhouette with color.

A landscape of uninhibited emotions which reaches to everyone; irrespective of caste; creed; color; tribe; religion- with humanism as its benevolent best,

A kaleidoscope of astounding charm and artistry which enthuses with its various rustic shades of originality; wildlife sanctuaries; virgin beaches; and amazingly innocuous craftsmanship,

A platform where even the most alien of visitor feels in the unbridled lap of compassionate home; where the scent of togetherness and brotherhood dissect all barriers of language,

A country which has produced the most brilliantly enthralling people in their own fraternities winning the Nobel Prize, the Olympic Gold Medal, the Cricket World Cup and the Oscar with mesmerizing aplomb,

A naturally endowed and eclectically blessed empire where true patriots and soldiers defend their motherland with the utmost pride and yet at the same time respect and embrace others with unfettered open arms - preferring peace over indiscriminately terrorizing war,

Welcome to India.

49. A TRIBUTE TO THE NOBEL PRIZE - MY HUMBLE SALUTATIONS

Wondrously transparent was its grandeur- which enamored the world with the charm of invincible substance- for the greatest benefit of the living kind,

Brilliantly optimistic was its presentation- rekindling fresh rays of hope and compassion in a planet usurped within the mortuaries of a meaningless war,

Majestically opulent was its flamboyant demeanor- as it ensured that truth prevailed in its own inimitable aura- and was perseveringly harnessed from its fragrant roots,

Marvelously resplendent was its victorious trail- reaching out to the absolute best and awarding symbiotic humanitarian existence with laurels of humble goodness,

Humanitarianly humble; yet astoundingly mighty were its deeds- as it accredited the true worth of success and insurmountable achievement with the honor it deserved,

Selflessly sensational were its headlines- as people of all religion; caste; creed and color united under a single roof of unparalleled love- to congratulate a fresh voice of promise,

Gloriously embracing were its altruistic palms- as it unabashedly invited the common man as well as the super celebrity to browse its website - wherein lay the most impeccable pearls of literature on the most fascinating aspects of existence,

Bounteously charismatic were its foundations - which evolved the most idealistic civilization of love; peace; friendship; dignity; integrity; peace and religious equality,

Triumphantly enriching were its medallions- which reinforced faith in the ability to pursue conviction and let it uninhibitedly fructify into the fruits of joyous positivity,

Irrefutably fearless were its decisions- as it poignantly accoladed the most deserving candidates in their respective fields wholeheartedly appreciating talent and effort where it royally lay,

Marvelously magnanimous were its ceremonies- where the most intrepid of laureates had their own inimitably natural opinions- on their chosen paths in blessed life,

Honestly unbiased were its intentions- as it ingeniously segregated human fields of achievements into the most outstanding categories defining peace; love; brotherhood and the betterment of the living kind,

Handsomely benevolent were its goals- as it patronized any form of goodness that lit up besmirched darkness with the profoundly sublime rays of togetherness and humanity,

Magnetically alluring was its charm- as it broke barriers of discomfort - facilitating inspired dialogue between you and the individual they crowned as their esteemed laureate,

Ardently persevering were its ideals- as it embarked on its zealously fulfilling mission of instilling solidarity amidst humanity- with its philanthropic commitment to mankind,

Beautifully bonding was its empowering feel- as what transpired at its prize

giving function- was the world feeling more resourcefully enriched with the goodness of creation,

Indeed it was as 'Nobel' as its name which is the Nobel Prize.

It can also be further visited at its website.

And as a true citizen of my sacrosanct motherland India - I, Nikhil Parekh, offer it my humble salutations!

50. LOVE IS THE MOST IMMORTAL.

Justice is the most stupendously grandiloquent; when sagaciously dispensed from the palms of irrefutably sparkling and unconquerable righteousness,

Scent is the most rhapsodically charismatic; when it ardently wafts from the marvelously poignant belly; of handsomely scarlet rose,

Rain is the most gloriously enthralling; when it cascades in tumultuously frenzy from the fathomlessly majestic blanket; of scintillatingly silver clouds,

Milk is the most impeccably sacrosanct; when it delectably oozes from divinely Mother cow's; blissfully untainted countenance,

Salt is the most ebulliently vivacious; when it uninhibitedly diffuses in torrentially euphoric spurts; from the gorgeously undulating waves of the; mystically resplendent ocean,

Pearls are the most incredulously enamoring; when they celestially pop out in bountifully perennial abundance; from the soul of the royally immaculate oyster,

Melody is the most wonderfully epitomized; when it eternally gyrates from the astoundingly spell binding and magnificent beak; of the sapphire crested nightingale,

Beauty is the most Omnipotently well defined; when it unequivocally radiates from the eyes of all those harmoniously innocent; synergistically surviving in the true spirit of Godly life,

Dew drops are the most voluptuously seductive; when they profusely titillate the magically tranquillandscape; of panoramically inscrutable grass,

Hope is the most unassailably priceless; when it intransigently sparks from the profoundly innocuous whites; of unflinchingly optimistic eyes,

Artistry is the most ingeniously innovative; when it intrinsically fulminates from the heavenly entrenchments of mystically boundless; Mother Nature,

Light is the most impregnably Omnipotent; when it spawns from the lap of the flamboyantly flaming; and profusely poignant island of fiery Sun,

Wind is the most exotically ravishing; when it celestially originates; from the magnanimously sensuous cocoon of; compassionately foliated and pristine tree leaves,

Honesty is the most unchallengeably candid; when it sparkingly evolves from the inner most realms of; the unsurpassably truthful conscience,

Dexterity is the most magnanimously brilliant; when it emanates from the Omnisciently impeccable breath; of the miraculously mischievous and freshly born infant,

Graciousness is the most splendidly humanitarian; when it sprouts from the perpetually redolent flower; of timelessly amiable benevolence,

Philanthropism is the most perennially rejuvenating; when it selflessly stems from the roots of everlastingly enchanting; tree of undefeatable humanity,

Breath is the most veritably vital and overwhelmingly enthralling; when it ubiquitously disseminates from the gregarious nostrils; of unequivocally compassionate sharing,

Life is the most vividly versatile and marvelously rhetoric; when it springs from all those stalwarts patriotically existing; and instilling the elements of bountiful creation; in one and all of divinely mankind; alike,

And love is the most immortally mesmerizing; when it glitters in holistically harmonious symbiosis from the inner most core; of the humanitarianly humble heart.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

The Power Of Black - Poems On Humanity, Social Cause, Poverty, Women Empowerment - Volume 2

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This Book which has 72 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 2 of the Book titled - The Power of Black - Poems on Humanity, Social Cause, Poverty, Women empowerment (400 pages) .

Prologue

The Book cardinally aims to end the negative perception and energies associated with the color black and the under-privileged sections of the society. Many a different times the utmost exhilaration spawns from a persons disability as his/her desire to achieve the impossible is several times heightened than the normal counterpart. The magical essence of Black has been epitomized to the hilt in every poetic stanza that follows-to lead to a trail of unassailable victory.

Dedicated To

This collection of poems is endlessly dedicated to the power of the color Black. Black which in common parlance is perceived to be negative and a disability to continue the chapters of life. But this very Black which has been described as the most powerful color for survival on earth. The most magical fragrance of every entities soul which continues to infatuate even beyond the dormitories of heaven and hell.

Acknowledgements

I nikhil parekh am truly grateful to every bit of Blackness enshrouding me, which has made me a magician to express the innermost realms of my soul into poetic verse on blank paper. Black is beautiful. Black triumphs till beyond eternity. Black is the most inscrutably tantalizing fabric of existence. God bless Black.

About The Poetry Book

The poet has genuinely believed that even the most inexplicable of sorrow can be projected as well as alleviated via the power of magical poetry. Wondrously implementing the same in this soothing compendium of poems-Parekh brings to the fore various evils lingering in the society and tries to cure them offering the balm of poetry. The poems contained within are starkly explicit and poignantly debate on various global social causes like female foeticide, blindness, smoking, molestation, adopting the girl child, hiv-aids . In a battle of adroit analogies the poet emphatically portrays even the tiniest of social evil and urges mankind to rise above the same. Poetically he tries to unite hearts all across the Universe in the spirit of love, oneness and compassion to give birth to a renaissance against evil and unjustness. This victorious concoction of poems would appeal to all those who've so selflessly fought for a social cause and to uproot evil forever from the fabric of society.

CONTENTS

1. GREATEST LOVE
2. FIVE STAR.
3. LETS MAKE IT EVEN BETTER
4. HOW STARVED WAS I?
5. A JOB IS A JOB
6. ON-THE-SPOT DEATH-WITHOUT A HELMET.
7. THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG
8. UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL
9. IT WAS SOLELY BECAUSE OF THAT UNABASHED FLESH
10. EVERY BREATH THAT I INHALED
11. WHY COULDN'T YOU?
12. SWEET SUCCESS
13. ITS BIZZARE BUT TRUE
14. AMALGAMATION
15. THOROUGHLY UNEMPLOYED
16. ALIVE
17. SIMPLY DENIED TO DIE
18. WE ARE TWO; OUR'S ARE ONLY TWO
19. INUNDATE
20. YOUNG AND INNOCENT AT HEART
21. I WOULD DIE; DIE; AND MOST CERTAINLY DIE
22. DON'T WORRY
23. BORN TO LOVE
24. BUT AT LEAST DON'T
25. IMMORTALLY YOURS

26. SITTING BESIDE THEM
27. ITS SIMPLY THE WAY YOU SEE IT
28. I LIVE TO SAVOR LOVE
29. MORE AND MORE CLOSER
30. IF INDEED THERE WAS ANY DEARTH
31. WHOLEHEARTEDLY
32. IF YOU REALLY WANTED
33. JUST A SINGLE BEAT -PART 2
34. FREE OF COST
35. COLORED
36. SLAVE
37. ON EVERY MORSEL OF FOOD
38. THE BEST THING
39. LOVE
40. PASSIONATE LOVE
41. THE BEST I COULD DO
42. EVERY HUMAN WAS BEAUTIFUL
43. INFINITE BIRTHS
44. BEAUTIFUL
45. WASN'T IT BETTER
46. TO ALL AFFLUENT EXISTING
47. INDIAN WIDOW
48. POLICE
49. WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT LOVE?
50. STOP FEELING SORRY
51. THIS VERY NAKEDNESS.
52. MINE NOT ME
53. WE'VE ALL BEEN SENT TO WIN.
54. DOES THAT STOP MY HEART FROM THROBBING?
55. CASTING AN IMMORTAL SPELL
56. I WILL NOT REST
57. BUT ONLY TO IRREFUTABLY ENSURE
58. LETS PRAY FOR LOVE
59. SO THAT I FORGET
60. NEVER IN MY ENTIRE LIFE
61. LOVE -PART 2
62. MORE IMMORTALLY GODLY THAN EVER BEFORE.
63. AN INFINITE TIMES BIGGER.
64. THIS VERY BLESSED INSTANT.
65. DESERVED TO BE KISSED
66. PERPETUAL PRIVILEGE
67. ME. JUST ME

68. NO MIND SHOULD NEVER EVER BE WASTED

69. NO PRE-REQUISITES

70. LOVE AFTER LOVE

71. A GENERATION WHICH NEVER LOSES. WE ARE GENERATION Y

72. THE CRY OF THE HEART

1. GREATEST LOVE

The Greatest Happiness on this Universe was in; bringing unsurpassable Happiness to the lives of all those; unfortunately divested of mesmerizing fortunes; tragically lambasted by strokes of uncouth destiny from all sides,

The Greatest Victory on this Universe was in; bringing unassailable Victory to the lives of all those; miserably slithering without their loved ones; despicably sinking deeper and deeper into the graveyard at every step; for ostensibly no fault of theirs,

The Greatest Enlightenment on this Universe was in; bringing spell binding Enlightenment to the lives of all those; ignominiously oppressed and ostracized by every quarter of the acrimoniously tyrannical society; lugubriously swooning with every unfurling instant of time,

The Greatest Empathy on this Universe was in; bringing bountiful Empathy to the lives of all those; diabolically marauding the silken fabric of immaculate atmosphere; unrelentingly staring ahead with savagely untamed hatred in their eyes,

The Greatest Melody on this Universe was in; bringing enchanting Melody to the lives of all those; wailing a billion tears of monotony a minute; obnoxiously besieged in the marketplace of bizarrely horrendous manipulation and malice,

The Greatest Euphoria on this Universe was in; bringing unconquerable Euphoria to the lives of all those; preposterously decimated by even the most evanescent trace of passing breeze,

The Greatest Benevolence on this Universe was in; bringing altruistic Benevolence to the lives of all those; maniacally incarcerated in dungeons of insane bloodshed and criminal malevolence,

The Greatest Optimism on this Universe was in; bringing unprecedented Optimism to the lives of all those; disparagingly crippling towards the aisles of inexplicably gruesome nothingness,

The Greatest Strength on this Universe was in; bringing invincible Strength to the lives of all those; being brutally tortured every unfurling second of their lives; by the hands of the mercilessly whipping devil,

The Greatest Wealth on this Universe was in; bringing endless Wealth to the lives of all those innocent messengers of the Almighty Lord; derogatorily surviving in the horrifically stinking gutter lines,

The Greatest Compassion on this Universe was in; bringing eternal Compassion to the lives of all those; miserably orphaned since the very first cry of life; abominably kicked into the corridors of salaciously stagnating poverty,

The Greatest Sparkle on this Universe was in; bringing an unflinching Sparkle to the lives of all those; opprobriously underprivileged molecules of the Lord Divine; for whom life was nothing but a corpse of remorsefully penalizing darkness,

The Greatest Humanity on this Universe was in; bringing unshakable Humanity to the lives of all those; maliciously adulterated and bereft of the divine; satanically sucking blood from even the most astoundingly similar of their kind,

The Greatest Penance on this Universe was in; bringing everlasting Penance to the lives of all those; indiscriminately massacring the impeccably holistic; ruthlessly snatching an impoverished child from the lap of its sacrosanct other,

The Greatest Solidarity on this Universe was in; bringing perpetual solidarity to the lives of all those; heinously infiltrated in the webs of spuriously raunchy commercialism; surreptitiously waiting each moment to wring their comrades neck,

The Greatest Truth on this Universe was in; bringing irrefutable Truth to the lives of all those; sordidly fretting and fuming in the dungeons of dastardly depraving lies; ghastily castigating even the most majestic elements of God's creation; with the foul spit in their mouths,

The Greatest Fantasy on this Universe was in; bringing tantalizing Fantasy to the lives of all those; lividly cursing each resplendently Omnipotent aspect of their persona; abusing existence in terminologies more condemnable than what the devil could ever conceive,

The Greatest Purpose on this Universe was in; bringing gloriously symbiotic

Purpose to the lives of all those; deliberately pulverizing each instant of their miraculously Omniscient life; with the swords of baselessly meaningless religion,

And the Greatest Love on this Universe was in; bringing immortal love to the lives of all those; frigidly wanting to embrace gory death; with a heart all right but sadly without the most diminutive of beats.

2. FIVE STAR.

On the surface it was merely a conglomerate of meticulously assembled stone and colossal pillars; extruding boundless feet from the trajectory of congenially moist soil,

But what made the castle stupendously FIVE STAR; was the majestic King; Queen and princess philandering inside; the ambience of unconquerable royalty that profusely perpetuated the air from all sides.

On the surface it was an insipid amalgamation of dry twig; streams; and fathomless kilometers of insatiably untamed wilderness,

But what made the forest irrefutably FIVE STAR; was the melodiously harmonious chirping of the spell binding nightingale; the poignantly enamoring trails of the regally mischievous lion and kin.

On the surface it was a macabre view of countless stray bones; agglutinated in articulate tandem and disdainfully abhorring every sensitive entity around,

But what made the brain Omnisciently FIVE STAR; was its unsurpassable entrenchment of compassionate fantasy; its unrelenting ability to conceive beyond the realms of the infinite infinity.

On the surface they were just overwhelmingly lanky poles of inconspicuously coagulated mud; pompously protruding towards the Mid-Day Sun,

But what made the mountains invincibly FIVE STAR; was their unflinchingly intrepid ability to confront the most acrimoniously mightiest of storm; uninhibitedly sequester one and all in swirl of gregarious belonging; handsomely alike.

On the surface it was just a flabbily gargantuan assemblage of foaming water; nervously rising and falling umpteenth number of times in a singleton minute; under the most evanescent rays of the Sun,

But what made the sea ravishingly FIVE STAR; was its miraculously rejuvenating froth; the fountains of voluptuously tangy salt that it vibrantly diffused; after clashing against the seductive rocks.

On the surface it was just a frigidly sticky and pugnaciously dribbling liquid;
shabbily corrupting all thoroughly synchronized space around,
But what made the hive enchantingly FIVE STAR; was its beautifully holistic
scores of rambunctious bees; symbiotically melanging with the spirit of effusive
existence; to disseminate ubiquitous sweetness all around.

On the surface it was just a parsimoniously molded cauldron of wax; obnoxiously
infiltrating the blissful atmosphere with its snobbishly inflated stench,
But what made the candle Omnipresently FIVE STAR; was its heavenly ability to
illuminate even the most horrendously sinister darkness; impregnate a spell of
optimistic enlightenment in the lives of those treacherously deprived....

On the surface it was just a ferocious looking fireball of blistering gases;
gruesomely charring even the most Herculean entity who dared to trespass by
its belligerently flaming side,
But what made the Sun Omnipresently FIVE STAR; was its rays of perpetually
triumphant happiness; its endless cradle of celestial light which unassailably
embraced every organism; irrespective of caste; creed or spurious rites.

On the surface he was just a haphazard synchronization of flesh and bones; with
everything being savagely engulfed by unruly hair; hair and capriciously mangled
hair,
But what made Man unchallengably FIVE STAR; was the wave of Godly
philanthropism in his commiserating eyes; the apostle of Universal benevolence
wholeheartedly pouring from his amiable palms.

On the surface it was just a disconcerting mass of mucus and derogatory
darkness; ghoulishly scaring the wits of anybody who witnessed it for the very
first time,
But what made the nostril Omnipotently FIVE STAR; was its essence of
timelessness; the tireless paradise of air that it synergistically inhaled and
exhaled; to astoundingly procreate the chapters of sacred survival.

And on the surface it was just a morbidly bubbling river of blood and infinite
nerves; thundering uncertainly into the aisles of nothingness; as each instant
unveiled,
But what made the heart perpetually FIVE STAR; was its exotically fascinating
string of humanitarian beats; immortalizing forever and ever; the spirit of God's
most priceless gift called; EXISTENCE.

3. LETS MAKE IT EVEN BETTER

The Sun dazzles brilliantly in the azure sky; profoundly illuminating pallid patches of land on earth,
Lets make it even better by standing directly beneath in it; rejuvenating our dreary senses in its austerely stringent rays.

The swirling waves of gigantic ocean clash mercilessly with rocks; escalating to phenomenal heights of froth in inclement weather,
Lets make it even better by completely submerging our silhouette in it; relishing the tanginess of water on our bare skins.

The flakes of freezing snow merrily trickled from the sky; inundating barren territories of the mountain with thick sheets of white ice,
Lets make it even better by rolling voraciously in them; hurling them frivolously in pudgy chunks; at our beloved.

The fountain pen appeared to be enamoring; with an articulately chiseled nib protruding from its slim mouth,
Lets make it even better by writing infinite lines of calligraphy with it; sketch mystical shapes out of the same; on plain sheets of sprawling canvas.

The wind blew tenaciously all day; engendering indolent clusters of leaves riveted to the tree; to gustily blow,
Lets make it even better by confronting it head on; with the mesmerizing breeze clashing blatantly against the eye.

The tea looked stupendously ravishing in the pellucid kettle; with scented wisps of smoke profusely tantalizing the nimble hair in our nostrils,
Lets make it even better by gently sipping it; emitting incoherent noises while gulping it down our throat.

The aircraft appeared astoundingly exhilarating when sighted on the Black tarmac; with twin pairs of majestic wings projecting from its sides,
Lets make it even better by inhabiting the same; soaring high in the sky; abreast the satiny clouds.

The lips looked luscious and voluptuous; with an unprecedented pink circumventing them in entirety,
Lets make it even better by uninhibitedly exploring them; tasting the sweetness imbibed; violently with our tongue's.

The gloves lying on the mantel piece appeared pretty enthralling; with bulging red sponge visible from far distance,

Lets make it even better by wearing them on our palms; judiciously testing each other's fortitude; battling it out in the heart of the boxing ring.

The two lovers looked inevitably fascinating while embracing; unrelentingly staring into each others eyes in a backdrop of panoramic waterfall,
Lets make it even better by allowing them the freedom to love; ubiquitously spreading the essence of the same; in every individual we encounter on planet earth.

4. HOW STARVED WAS I?

When I witnessed the sparkingly bountiful waterfalls; majestically cascading down the rustically undulating hills,
I suddenly remembered how overwhelmingly thirsty was I; with each frazzled nerve of my tyrannized body unfathomably yearning to be blissfully caressed.

When I witnessed the enigmatically inscrutable forests; with a spell bindingly panoramic myriad of tingling sounds and the princely lion diffusing into a royal parade of unparalleled superiority,
I suddenly how starved was I for adventure; as even the most infinitesimal bone of my body ardently desired to wholesomely blend with the insatiably untamed wilderness.

When I witnessed the mystically fabulous clouds in fathomless sky; the immaculate puffs of mesmerizing silk gliding past in unprecedented euphoria,
I suddenly remembered how uncontrollably starved was I for titillation; as each pore of my torturously lambasted skin; perennially craved to be caressed by the; unbelievably ravishing mist.

When I witnessed the mesmerizing blankets of eternally resplendent grass; the marvelously regale festoon of golden dewdrops sprouting in astounding harmony from the intricately poignant blades,
I suddenly remembered that how perennially starved was I for blissful sleep; as each traumatically monotonous contour of my countenance; inevitably slithered to blend with the celestial moistness.

When I witnessed torrentially unrelenting cloudbursts of seductive rain; the enthrallingly exuberant globules of fascinating liquid; pelting down in spell binding harmony upon truculently parched soil,
I suddenly remembered how starved was I for enchanting dance; as each restlessly impoverished contour of my body; commenced to vivaciously gyrate to the tunes of the ebulliently majestic atmosphere.

When I witnessed the blazingly Omnipotent fireball of magnificent Sun; the unassailably miraculous rays which metamorphosed even the most inconspicuous iota of sadness into a fountain of everlasting triumph,
I suddenly remembered how starved was I for ingratiating optimism; as every speck of my disastrously beleaguered eyes; ecstatically surged forward to relish and replenish the full fervor of; timeless life.

When I witnessed the indefatigably ardent fires in the heart of the wonderfully tantalizing night; with the cradle of sensuously tickling darkness casting its Omniscient spell upon one and all; handsomely alike,
I suddenly remembered how starved was I for exotic passion; as each ingredient of my maliciously besieged blood; gushed forward like an unstoppable hurricane to coalesce forever with the winds of enthralling seduction.

When I witnessed the Omnipresent whirlpool of wind exuberantly creeping towards my soul; an incomprehensibly romantic maelstrom of whispering beauty overpowering my wavering reflection,
I suddenly remembered how starved was I for unconquerable breath; as even the most capriciously fugitive space in my nostrils; intransigently sucked in boundless skies of; gregarious air.

And when I witnessed the immortal beats of her beautifully pristine heart; the irrefutable wave of jubilantly scintillating truth that disseminated on every step that she timelessly transgressed,
I suddenly remembered how starved was I for unending love; as every element of my mind; body and soul; eternally melanged with her Godly fragrance; as every part of me and beyond eternally melanged with the essence of never-dying humanity.

5. A JOB IS A JOB

Just as your job was to blasphemously abuse every religion that wasn't yours; my job was to unassailably unite the wretchedly dissipated planet once again into the religion of Omnipotent humanity,

Just as your job was to cold-bloodedly annihilate forest after jubilant forest for erecting sinister edifice; my job was to sow an infinite new seedlings of prosperity every unfurling instant of the day and shimmering night,

Just as your job was to sacrilegiously desecrate every Temple; Mosque; Church and Monastery as the greatest agnostic alive; my job was to inexhaustibly

pray—humbly bending down to the fervently Omnipresent footsteps of the Almighty Creator,

Just as your job was to ruthlessly paralyze countless a girl child right itself in the invincibly sacrosanct womb; my job was to altruistically lend every ounce of my mind; body and shoulder to those aimlessly shivering orphans without a roof,

Just as your job was to shoot an infinite invidious bullets right into the innocuous skull; my job was to heal every conceivable wound on the trajectory of this fathomless earth; with the magical ointment of brotherhood that ran inherently in each of my ardent veins,

Just as your job was to shrewdly trade everything on this globe for fecklessly meaningless money; my job was to pen down an infinite lines of mesmerizing poetry and solely follow my heart—which made me the richest organism alive,

Just as your job was to indiscriminately make fun and endlessly slander every piece of weakness in this world; my job was to become the selflessly compassionate walking stick—of all those old; infirm; haplessly staggering and maimed,

Just as your job was to unthinkably molest and trade your very own mother for a few sleazy wads of currency; my job was to become that unflinchingly faithful son of every couple who was banefully childless,

Just as your job was to interminably inundate the reservoirs of ghastly hell with more and more innocent blood; my job was to spawn paradise at every conceivable quarter of mother earth out of thin air—solely on the foundations of unconquerable love,

Just as your job was to baselessly condemn and spit upon every tangible and intangible thing that you felt and sighted; my job was to appreciate and be in due servitude of God's unceasingly effulgent and tirelessly proliferating Universe,

Just as your job was to acrimoniously scrap even the last traces of your inimitably invaluable heritage and kin; my job was to bountifully procreate an innumerable of my own—contributing my own bit towards the chapters of eternal newness and creation,

Just as your job was to flagrantly lie in every tawdrily damned word that you uttered; my job was to perseveringly evolve a whole new civilization of only truth; which was ruled solely by the unsurpassable sky of righteousness,

Just as your job was to sadistically rejoice the morbidly fetid skeleton in every of your breath; my job was to make day-to-day life of every inexplicably thwarted organism; a joyously unfettered celebration,

Just as your job was to pugnaciously maim even the most infinitesimal trace of creative in its very roots; my job was to uninhibitedly let loose every frazzled cranny of my brain—in order to replenish each aspect of my existence with the uncurbed richness of the Lord's creation,

Just as your job was to cast a spell of deplorable doomsday upon every organism rollicking in the true spirit of life; my job was to be the lantern of unparalleled optimism to each uncontrollably shivering form; by the grace of the Omniscient Creator,

Just as your job was to bombard every cognizable corner of the earth with wanton hatred and satanic war; my job was to solely disseminate the ideals of celestial peace and harmony; which was the only religion that every form of God ever taught,

Just as your job was to miserably lull in the graveyards of disastrously asphyxiating solitariness; my job was to ardently voice the sounds of mellifluous undefeated life- -ubiquitously in the ecstatically palpitating atmosphere,

Just as your job was to barbarously behead every new-born on the spuriously sacrificial altar in order to extend your own life; my job was to fearlessly fight till my very last breath—lay my life instantaneously for the sake of the glory of my venerated motherland,

B'cause please understand O! mercilessly pulverizing devil—that every job; whether indescribably bad or good; is still a job in hand; a job to be done; or as they've been saying since times immemorial that a job is a job

6. ON-THE-SPOT DEATH-WITHOUT A HELMET.

These were the same hands that compassionately traced his royally new-born smile; till the absolute ends to where it uninhibitedly stretched on his majestically enamoring face,

These were the same hands that hoisted him high and handsome into free spaces of exhilarated air; joyously reminiscing their very own childhood as they witnessed the most beautiful gift of creation blossoming to its magnificent

fullness,

These were the same hands that fervently sorted his favorite dolls and toys; from an inexhaustible marketplace of myriad accessories; strings; fresh gizmos lethargically strewn around,

These were the same hands that perspired into an infinite droplets of ardent sweat; each sweltering day and night under the sky; persevering through boundless lanes of hardships in order to give him the best of life,

These were the same hands that stood like an unflinching fortress; in the way of each pernicious impediment and storm that dared come his innocuously blessed way,

These were the same hands that stringently cleansed even the most unthinkably fetid and decayed of his bowel discharge; an umpteenth time a day; so that he forever rollicked and dreamt in his cradle of eternal happiness,

These were the same hands that mischievously tickled him to countless guffaws of unabashed laughter; stood infallibly like the rock of Gibraltar behind even the weirdest of his childish explorations,

These were the same hands that unwaveringly collected each droplet of his saliva and vomit; unceasingly cajoled and patted his pristine forehead; until he transited into profound celestial sleep,

These were the same hands that held his inconspicuously measly fingers; following him untiringly for an innumerable days and agonizing nights; until he learnt to unconquerably walk,

These were the same hands that taught him to grip a pen; legitimately scribble and write; merrily going through the endless learning motions countless a time; and bearing the most vicious of his rebellious kicks with a smile,

These were the same hands that wiped each tear of inexplicable discomfort that dribbled from his eyes; replacing them and each of his moistened eyelashes with the most victorious pearls of paradise,

These were the same hands that snatched him everytime from the jaws of gory death; as he inadvertently tended to fall into the gorge of extinction; the corpse of uncertainty time after time,

These were the same hands that adroitly guided him through each mangled pathway of inscrutable life; slowly and slowly evolving a sensible youngster out of his blabbering childhood rhetoric,

These were the same hands that perpetually entwined with his in applause and congratulations; everytime he emerged humanitarianly triumphant; amongst a pack of asphyxiating worldly wild wolves,

These were the same hands that matched his exhilarated knuckles punch for punch; as he galloped in the peak of spell-binding youth; trying to wondrously decipher his dreams amidst bits of fantastic blue sky,

These were the same hands that put his palms in the palms of his dreamgirl forever and ever and ever; blessed them both in the threads of invincibly sacrosanct marriage,

These were the same hands that once again played and passionately nourished his offsprings like they'd nurtured him several years ago; now that he'd turned proud father himself,

And unfortunately these were those very same fatherly hands that now burnt him on his inconsolable pyre; and then banged themselves into a mist of thwarted nothingness; as he met with an accident; cracked his skull which was carelessly without a helmet; and on-the-spot died.

7. THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG

There was nothing wrong even if I spoke a 1000 lies, if it brought a smile to the face of the impoverished child,

There was nothing wrong even if I clambered up the mountain slopes well past midnight, if my expedition ended with God waiting to sequester me in his arms,

There was nothing wrong even if I killed clusters of red ant, if my massacre saved the life of a sleeping angel,

There was nothing wrong even if I burnt books of revered literature, if the crackling fires generated thereby imparted warmth to the shivering patient,

There was nothing wrong even if I slapped the bustling youth, if my rebukes helped them cope better with the acrimonious society,

There was nothing wrong even if I furtively shirked crowds, if my evading them brought me at whisker lengths close to my beloved,

There was nothing wrong even if I failed miserably in the examination, if my flunking gave a chance to students more deserving,

There was nothing wrong even if I drove my car like a maniac on the streets, if my whirlwind speeding transported the unconscious soldier to the hospital,

There was nothing wrong even if I submerged my entire persona in disdainful grease, if it meant that the fish could swim in pure crystal water,

There was nothing wrong even if I dug the earth several feet with my axe, if my shoveling extricated the man brutally buried alive,

There was nothing wrong even if I acted like a clown, if my ludicrous gestures made the gloomy princess wholeheartedly laugh,

There was nothing wrong even if I refrained from sipping a single droplet of liquid, if my scorching myself gave new life to the withering deserts,

There was nothing wrong even if I reached office late everyday, if my not arriving on time gave me a chance to hear the sparrows chirp flirtatiously in the morning,

There was nothing wrong even if I clad myself in a piece of tottered robe, if my being naked saved that extra bit of cotton for the farmer,

There was nothing wrong even if I gulped a barrel full of whisky instead of tea at dawn, if my mind fantasized about all the goodness, transited into a blissful slumber thereafter,

There was nothing wrong even if I traversed on a bed of savage thorns, if it meant that my mother could sleep like a queen on the golden couch,

There was nothing wrong even if I said a blunt no when I could have gone around in fishy routes, if my being straightforward patronized my honesty,

There was nothing wrong even if I washed my eyes in a pool of blood, if my bruises could ignite the hearts of all those selfish,

And there was nothing wrong even I had to die Infinite deaths, if each breath of

mine gave birth to a million new, saw to it that life went on and so did you.

8. UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL

The solitary plant on soil shook to the most minuscule draught of wind; buckled miserably under the influence of passing breeze,
While it was the cluster of trees which appeared resilient against the most tumultuous of storm; stood like a formidable fortress as the air whizzed past their demeanor in cyclonic succession.

A single cloud in the sky looked disdainful; lingered lackadaisically without precipitating for hours on the trot,
While it was the conglomerate of dense clouds in the cosmos; that showered rain unrelentingly; inundating every barren patch on earth with exotic water.

The flame of the wax candle flickered flirtatiously; as the sultry night started to take a complete stranglehold on the day,
While it was the crackling bonfire that blazed tenaciously through the darkness; profoundly illuminating the cloistered environment with dazzling rays of hope.

The puddle of water looked contemptuous; lying desolate after the monsoons; anxiously waiting to evaporate into thin wisps of oblivion,
While it was the ocean with an ensemble of swirling waves; rising high and flamboyant towards the sky; that was able to bear the weight of ships; transport millions of passengers from one destination to another.

A single goat philandering on the hills looked pretty forlorn; aimlessly loitering around; groping wildly for the right path as the complexion of day transited into ephemeral dusk,
While it was the cluster of sheep which ambled audaciously; manipulated the meandering paths of the terrain; to reach their destination with supreme safety.

One soldier facing the marching enemies abysmally succumbed; collapsing in a petrified heap at the sight of gleaming guns and bombs,
While it was the battalion of stalwarts who fought valiantly till they relinquished breath; dexterously swishing their swords to annihilate the advancing army.

As a single eye searched for the inconspicuous needle; trying to unearth it from amidst heaps of rotten leaves and corn; the task seemed virtually insurmountable; with sighs of exasperation piercing loud and stringent through the atmosphere,
While it was only when several eyeballs rotated all around; were they able to

spot the diminutive metal camouflaged subtly beneath a green banana skin.

The manager looked disgruntled; making flagrant blunders as he buried his head in submission under a sheaf of monotonous papers; trying to run the company solely on his own,

While it was only when a team of professionals assembled together; executed their tasks to immaculate perfection; that the business prospered; became a name to cherish in the community.

And a single stick of candy snapped ludicrously into multiple fragments; the instant I applied on it the slightest of pressure,

While it was the united bundle of sticks; which incorrigibly refrained to distort an inch; Infact gained loads more of raw strength; with each attempt of mine to wholesomely decimate it.

9. IT WAS SOLELY BECAUSE OF THAT UNABASHED FLESH

It was solely because of that very tantalizing flesh; that you felt like the most exotically robust man alive for times immemorial; with every nubile goose-bump on your skin roused towards the ultimate crescendos of paradise,

It was solely because of that very effervescent flesh; that you at times forgot the most murderously asphyxiating of your disease; discarded even the most goriest of pain; like wisps of inconsequential nothingness,

It was solely because of that very succulent flesh; that you languished in the aisles of unstoppable desire; even an infinite centuries after diabolical hell had wholesomely melanged with every cranny of earth divine,

It was solely because of that very replenishing flesh; that you felt your true manhood to be blessed beyond sagacious comprehension; as you invincibly loomed over every other conceivable object in the melancholic atmosphere,

It was solely because of that very titillating flesh; that you felt even the most lugubriously dormant dormitories of your brain; burgeon into the most pricelessly inimitable whirlwinds of optimistically enlightening creation,

It was solely because of that very royal flesh; that you felt as if existence had a boundless more parameters associated to it; rather than just robotically breathe from blazing morning to stupendously enamoring night,

It was solely because of that very royal flesh; that you never ever experienced

dolorous boredom; fathomlessly exploring the most poignantly artistic shapes of beauty; which were sensuously accentuated to the ultimate hilt,

It was solely because of that very rhapsodic flesh; that you felt that the world was forever handsomely winning and proliferating; as if there palpitated just insatiably profound desire in even the most inconspicuous ingredient of the atmosphere,

It was solely because of that very serenaded flesh; that you became entirely oblivious to every ounce of your treacherously depraved impoverishment; feeling the wealthiest man alive; although bereft of a single penny in your pockets,

It was solely because of that very seductive flesh; that you felt inexhaustibly inebriated in the clouds of voluptuous longing; where every droplet of golden rain perpetually mollified every insinuation of agony and pain,

It was solely because of that very silken flesh; that you felt an unsurpassable entrenchment of enlightenment enshroud every of your dying nerve; transcending you forever and ever and ever beyond the definitions of victorious ecstasy,

It was solely because of that very jubilant flesh; that you sprang like the most unassailably volatile inferno from even an infinite kilometers beneath your corpse; and with the incredulous virility of an untamed adolescent,

It was solely because of that very miraculous flesh; that you suddenly started to feel that life was unlimitedly triumphant; and you were the most precious jewel in God's cradle of tirelessly potent creation,

It was solely because of that very ardent flesh; that you learnt to fantasize and romanticize once again like a small kid; although treacherously wrapped in the throes of daily survival and the despicably abhorrent office,

It was solely because of that very bountiful flesh; that you entirely massacred every venomous prejudice in your soul; yearned towards more and more eternally fructifying goodness; every unfurling instant of your majestic life,

It was solely because of that very mesmerizing flesh; that you experienced ubiquitous versatility at its very best; and the thunderbolt of excitement reigning perennially supreme in every visible and invisible cranny of your visage,

It was solely because of that very glorious flesh; that you thanked the Creator for

all those brilliantly exuberant moments; when every droplet of thwarted tension in your nerves; became an unconquerable fountain of blooming happiness,

It was solely because of that very ravishing flesh; that you felt your life would never ever end even after death; as the pleasure it gave every outgrowth of hair on your body; made you feel as if utopia was in every line of your outstretched palms,

It was solely because of that very effulgent flesh; that you felt your ultimate odyssey as a vagrant traveler had forever ended; upon the most ecstatically titillating apogees of unfathomable seduction,

It was solely because of that very unabashed flesh; that every iota of your decrepit impotency; suddenly burgeoned like the sword of the infallibly triumphant warrior; limitlessly ensuring that proliferation on this spell-binding planet; never had any end,

And yet you hypocritically and openly condemned that very flesh which made you feel like the most impregnable king all your life; as a Whore; as a Prostitute; just because it belonged to the body of such a woman who hadn't tied the marital thread with you as per the norms of your inanely double-standard society; just because it belonged to the body of such a woman who had euphorically devoured many more men like you; just because it belonged to the body of such a woman who wasn't your legal wife

10. EVERY BREATH THAT I INHALED

Every breath that I inhaled; deluged even the most drearily beleaguered nerve of mine; with fireballs of tantalizing euphoria; and boundlessly surreal delight,

Every breath that I inhaled; compassionately tickled each cranny of my devastatingly shattered conscience; rejuvenating me to propel indefatigably ahead; in the full and tangy fervor of vibrant life,

Every breath that I inhaled; camouflaged my profusely monotonous senses; with resplendent winds of unending romanticism; tumultuously engendering me to gloriously fantasize; beyond the realms of fantastically fragrant paradise,

Every breath that I inhaled; impregnated in me a Herculean conviction to unflinchingly confront the most acrimoniously mighty obstacles; replenishing my body with all the bountifully ravishing ingredients of mother Nature,

Every breath that I inhaled; instilled an insatiably untamed ebullience in my poignantly crimson blood; ecstatically making me philander in a paradise of overwhelming desire and fervently mesmerizing yearning,

Every breath that I inhaled; triggered in me a sensuousness to uninhibitedly love one and all on this fathomless planet; embrace voluptuously nubile maidens forever; in the vice like grip of my piquantly famished arms,

Every breath that I inhaled; drew me more closer to the Almighty Lord; made me holistically imbibe and realize my ultimate mission; in the grandiloquent splendor of magnificently shimmering life,

Every breath that I inhaled; reinvigorated in me an insurmountably relentless optimism to exuberantly lead life; patriotically march on the paths of divinely righteousness; for centuries immemorial,

Every breath that I inhaled; enchanted me into a trail of fabulously magical newness; brilliantly placating each iota of my pathetically shriveled demeanor; with waves of heavenly contentment,

Every breath that I inhaled; inexorably perpetuated me to blazingly excel in my destined tasks of existence; as I clambered to the epitome of philanthropically glittering success; to perennially serve all benevolent mankind,

Every breath that I inhaled; timelessly mystified me about the incomprehensible vastness of Omnipresent Lord's creation; as I ravishingly languished in stupendous rhapsody; under the carpet of opalescently milky stars,

Every breath that I inhaled; enlightened me with the most glitteringly veritable purpose of survival; as an overwhelming spurt of energy gushed dazzlingly through my rubicund palms; drifting me on a path of beautifully altruistic humanity,

Every breath that I inhaled; miraculously annihilated even the most infinitesimal trace of depression enveloping my dithering persona; imparting me with a sparkling tenacity to blossom like a new born seed; in vivaciously vivid life,

Every breath that I inhaled; exquisitely carved a niche for me to dexterously perform in every entangled sphere of life; blend with an unsurpassable sea of symbiotic melody and celestially endowing happiness,

Every breath that I inhaled; eclectically bloomed each part of my disastrously fading perception; as I rejoiced like a silken prince in the eloquently intriguing flavor of; royal life,

Every breath that I inhaled; divinely coalesced me with my integral rudiments of the holistically sprouting soil; sacredly bequeathing upon me the everlasting blessings of my revered ancestors; for countless more births of mine,

Every breath that I inhaled; intransigently thrust me more vociferously in my mission to save the planet; mitigate my immaculately suffering comrades; from the chains of salacious lechery; and barbarically manipulative malice,

Every breath that I inhaled; bonded me perpetually with the girl of my dreams; handsomely juxtaposing each element of my indigent existence; with her charismatically Omniscient heart,

Over and above all; Every breath that I inhaled; bestowed upon me the unassailable magnetism to be inevitably attracted by all marvelous goodness that wandered magnanimously upon this fascinating planet; bestowed upon me the spirit to live; and let alive.

11. WHY COULDN'T YOU?

If the ravishingly mesmerizing lotus could spawn from the; stinkingly sordid pond of lugubriously dolorous dirt; with nothing but an obfuscated haze of decaying scarecrows around,

Then why couldn't you exist as pristine as an immaculate angel; amidst the horrendously berserk ratrace for commercial lunatism; the tornadoes of abhorrent jealousy that pulverized countless into threadbare dust?

If the brilliantly blazing fireball of Sun could arise from behind; the prison of ominously insidious and horrifically crippling clouds,

Then why couldn't you exist as the ultimate messiah of philanthropic truth; in a world treacherously enshrouded by the winds of diabolical hatred; and abominably ruthless lies?

If the carpet of resplendently robust grass could evolve bountifully around the murderously rueful corpse; stagnating in realms of disparagingly deteriorating and delinquent oblivion,

Then why couldn't you exist as an unflinchingly innocuous patriot; whilst the planet around you parasitically sucked indefatigable reservoirs of blood; fought every moment of their lives for spuriously materialistic gains?

If Omnipotent whirlpools of golden honey could ooze from amidst the branches of the barbarically thorny hive; lecherously trying its best to dreadfully abrade its harmonious melody,

Then why couldn't you exist as a messiah bonding all humanity one and alike; even as thunderously dictatorial hell rained unsparingly everywhere around you; from the heart of hell in fathomless sky?

If rejuvenating water gloriously oozed from the belly of the savage cactus; with nothing but an entrenchment of hostile nails to penalize it every unleashing second; in the truculently scorching heat,

Then why couldn't you solely follow the inner most tunes of your passionate heart; even as the very entity of charismatic human had metamorphosed into a robotic missile; indiscriminately trampling upon one another; to maliciously catapult to the summit of bombastic prosperity?

If the resplendently euphoric voice of the nightingale could diffuse profoundly unconquerable magic in the gigantic forests; inspite of the salaciously man-eater lion; thunderously trumpeting its incoherently demonic feet,

Then why couldn't you irrefutably adhere to the principles of symbiotically benign existence; even as the entire globe around you; had invidiously transformed into a marketplace of artificiality; a graveyard of raunchy flesh trade?

If the most impeccably opalescent Moon could blossom from the heart of ghastly darkness; a torturous ambience of black heinously stabbing it from all sides,

Then why couldn't you cherish an infinite births on the sacrosanct footsteps of your divine mother; even as the entire earth around you; malevolently shrugged the ones they loved the most in their insipid conquest of earning; pugnacious money?

If unsurpassable gallons of Omnipresent breath sprouted in the aisles of bizarre nothingness; with the endless battalion of tyrannizing demons trying their absolute best to asphyxiate even the most capricious iota of blissful life,

Then why couldn't you unequivocally maneuver your conscience towards the path of eternal righteousness; even as the entire Universe around you; insanely thrived on sardonically sullen platforms of manipulation and coldblooded lies?

And if true love reigned immortally supreme everytime the earth was born; although the insurmountably lambasting cauldron of devils; massacred its priceless throne a countless times,

Then why couldn't you altruistically relinquish every trace of your life for suffering humanity on each step that you tread; even as the entire planet around you; gruesomely blinded each other in their quest of greedily sighting the first rays of dawn?

12. SWEET SUCCESS

There were no surreptitious secrets to achieve it; bask in its gloriously scintillating laurels for centuries immemorial,

There were no clandestine shortcuts to catapult to it; shimmer in its unparalleled cynosure; like no other entity on this astronomically colossal Universe,

There were no easy rides to gallop towards it; unequivocally embellish it in your forehead; for countless more births of yours yet to unveil,

There were no magical mantras to wholesomely assimilate it; irrefutably ensure that it was solely yours; from amongst infinite more on this unendingly gargantuan planet,

There were no incoherent insinuations to perpetually incarcerate it; perennially ensure that it didn't budge even an inconspicuous inch from your invincible custody,

There were no ominously nefarious means to blissfully absorb it; witness it become the unfathomably poignant radiance; that reflected profusely from your disastrous soul,

There were no dexterously ambiguous methods to lure it; unleash it from the unsurpassably limitless Universe; to make it the bountiful carpet of your stinking household,

There were no miraculous rockets to unflinchingly escalate to it; sight the entire planet as an infinitesimal insect; sitting on its majestically kingly countenance,

There were no ravishingly melodious tunes to seduce it; make it the profoundly aristocratic jewel of your impoverished eyes; while the rest of the globe envied you in utter disbelief,

There were no swords to nonchalantly pluck it; bestow it with astronomical ease in the heart of your dwindling palms; for times immemorial,

There was no tenacious breeze to swipe it entirely in one single go; proudly solemnize your severely devastated existence; with all stupendous glory that lay in the resplendent cosmos,

There were no sleazily titillating colors to tantalize it; uninhibitedly make it the celestial radiance of your frigidly capricious skin; for decades unprecedented,

There were no bombastic pools of crocodile tears to melt it; trap its divinely prosperity forever; in the swirl of your insidiously non-existent imagery,

There were no ideals of spuriously pathetic business management to grasp it; forever embed its triumphantly glittering flag on the roof of your vengefully dithering dwelling,

There were no rigid textbook incantations to seek it; gyrate in the spell of its heavenly ebullience; irrespective of ghastly night or spell bindingly sweltering day,

There were no ingeniously scientific formulas to wonderfully evolve it; preserve it without the slightest of effort; for incomprehensibly unstoppable decades on the trot,

There were no flash in the pan one-night-stands to reach it; let its marvelously enamoring intensity; descend upon every cranny of your lecherously diminutive visage,

There were no bizarrely commercial manipulations to trade it; make it the most unassailably treasured aspect of your despicable life; in exchange of fathomless treasuries of your rotting wealth,

And if there was any way to immortally reach it; divinely experience it in every philanthropic smile of your survival; then it was irrefutably and only timeless perseverance; a Sun of blazing hard work; that undisputedly leads you to the heaven of; unconquerably sweet success.

13. ITS BIZZARE BUT TRUE

The Omnipotently blazing Sun never ever complained an infinitesimal trifle; even as it indefatigably enlightened and dazzled livid earth all sweltering day, And you fecklessly nonchalant human had all the guts on this planet to discordantly groan; saying that the shine was a fraction too much for your sanctimonious bones to handle; although you were being pricelessly blessed.

The blissfully undulating sea never ever complained an inconspicuous trifle; even as it relentlessly deluged every quarter of traumatized earth; with reinvigoratingly tangy froth,
And you dastardly lackadaisical human had all the guts on this planet to cacophonically lament; saying that the exuberance was a fraction too much for your withering visage to handle; although you were being unfathomably blessed.

The bountifully iridescent forests never ever complained a diminutive speck; even as they tirelessly perpetuated the fabric of this dolorous cosmos; with beautifully unprecedented mysticism,
And you jaggedly abraded human had all the guts on this planet to sadistically fume; saying that the enchantment was a fraction too much for your beleaguered eyes to handle; although you were being limitlessly blessed.

The triumphantly crimson clouds never ever complained an ethereal inch; even as they enriched every drearily lambasted cranny of this earth with majestically sparkling rain,
And you sordidly irascible human had all the guts on this planet to nonchalantly slander; saying that the rhapsody was a fraction too much for your stupidly trembling skin to handle; although you were being indomitably blessed.

The indefatigably unconquerable mountains never ever complained an evanescent bit; even as they irrevocably illuminated the complexion of every coward on this fathomless earth; with invincibly astronomical courage,
And you meaninglessly rigid human had all the guts on this planet to lugubriously insult; saying that the strength was a fraction too much for your nimble arms to handle; although you were being inimitably blessed.

The pristinely impeccable leaves never ever complained an ephemeral voice; even as they boundlessly permeated the sullen atmosphere of earth; with unsurpassably jubilant euphoria,
And you uselessly manipulative human had all the guts on this planet to scorchingly scorn; saying that the celebration was a fraction too much for your perfidious senses to handle; although you were being heavenly blessed.

The celestially opalescent stars never ever complained a fugitive fragment; even as they inexhaustibly adorned the cushion of this atrociously blackened earth; with ebulliently twinkling shimmer and shine,
And you mercilessly marauding human had all the guts on this planet to vengefully rue; saying that the glitter was a fraction too much for your delinquent countenance to handle; although you were being gloriously blessed.

The perpetually throbbing heart never ever complained even a mercurial grain;
even as it unstoppably blessed the aridly acrimonious landscapes of this earth;
with incomprehensibly unending love,
And you belligerently venomous human had all the guts on this planet to gorily
wail; saying that the beats were a fraction too much for your profane silhouette
to handle; although you were divinely blessed.

And the Omnisciently impregnable Creator never ever complained even a
parsimonious shadow; even as he timelessly spawned mellifluously unflinching
life on this gigantically mystical earth,
And you acridly abhorrent human had all the guts on this planet to remorsefully
oppose; saying that the breath was a fraction too much for your licentious
form to handle; although you were being royally blessed.

14. AMALGAMATION

The amalgamation of clouds in the cosmos; brings tantalizing tumblers of
sparkling rain,

The amalgamation of winds from different directions; brings a tumultuously
vivacious and enigmatic storm,

The amalgamation of bedraggled fragments of cloth; evolves a fabulously
impeccable garment,

The amalgamation of minuscule pinches of sand loitering aimlessly around;
eventually culminates into a majestically handsome and fathomlessly
sprawling desert,

The amalgamation of profusely baked bricks; produces a magnanimously fortified
and sheltering wall,

The amalgamation of worthless words scattered in the dictionary; blossoms into
an emphatically mesmerizing sentence,

The amalgamation of frigidly insipid matchsticks; perpetuates into a royally
blazing fire; flaming flamboyantly towards the sky,

The amalgamation of shiny pearls extracted freshly from the oyster; harnesses
into a shimmering necklace glowing eye to eye with the crimson Sun,

The amalgamation of infinite waves undulating with ravishing froth; spawns into the boundless ocean; clashing mystically against the chain of scintillating rocks,

The amalgamation of battered looking curled hair; molds into a voluptuous eyelash; stealing your senses like streaks of thunder in the sky,

The amalgamation of variegated crinkly petals; gives rise to an exotic flower; wafting its enchanting fragrance for miles unprecedented,

The amalgamation of several solitary rooms rotting in realms of profound remorse; gives birth to a grandiloquent castle; through which transgressed the jeweled prince,

The amalgamation of countless births as divinely as the heavens; produces Man; the most incredulously intelligent creation of Almighty Lord,

The amalgamation of unfathomable emotions fulminating rampantly in the soul; triggers the chords of imagination to crop up with a festoon of unbelievable ideas,

The amalgamation of blood from all religions; produces the most indomitable of tribes; marching unflinchingly to knock the corridors of success,

The amalgamation of dusty books lost for centuries in obsolete wisps of neglected nothingness; produces a cherished library fostering a repertoire of incomprehensibly priceless literature,

The amalgamation of varied breaths unanimously as one; produces the most tenacious spirit to survive; confronting an insurmountable battalion of satanic devils without a ripple to the skin,

The amalgamation of unsurpassable sounds together; produces the most astoundingly beautiful song ever conceivable on the trajectory of this vast planet,

And the amalgamation of two passionately palpitating hearts in this Universe; produces the most worshipped gift which we all live and could unhesitatingly relinquish breath this very minute for; a gift which even the greatest of Gods salute as love.

15. THOROUGHLY UNEMPLOYED

Everyday I stared at the azure sky for long hours; admiring the fiery rays of the Sun in the morning; basking in the glory of the celestial blanket of stars well past after midnight,
While the other human of my kind; meticulously brushed their teeth with stringent toothpaste every morning; exited for monotonous office at the tick of sharp 9.

Everyday I sat on the sordid wall chewing tangy gum and tantalizing chocolate; executing an armory of flirtatious smiles at every ravishing damsel in the neighborhood who passed by,
While the other human of my kind; buried his face under a sheaf of bulky papers; listened patiently to the fleet of blatant abuse from his employer with silent remorse.

Everyday I literally counted the number of cars traversing the streets from my divine balcony railing; drunk rum with uninhibited glee profoundly engrossed in a voluptuously titillating fantasy of my own,
While the other human of my kind; incessantly engaged himself in apple polishing; ensuring that the company's profits augmented by leaps and bounds at the cost of his own life.

Everyday I rolled in green grass under the robust afternoon; gallivanted on horses through the meadows; devouring any morsel of food which was congenially offered to me by the farmers,
While the other human of my kind; evolved ingenious policies on the computer; wasted hours of time in sorting his meal with silver forks; and in the end didn't relish the slightest.

Everyday I slept till the time I wanted; waking up blissfully as the serene evening descended; leaping acrobatically with the wind as the enchanting night took a vicious stranglehold,
While the other human of my kind; started his preparations well before dawn had unveiled; hardly slept a single wink in the darkness; indefatigably worrying about his performance; and the evading salary cheques which were his only source to please his wife.

Everyday I counted boundless numbers of sheep philandering nimbly on the hills; danced in ecstatic jubilation as the peacock came from behind the trees after exotic rain,
While the other human of my kind; inexorably cribbed about his destiny; the impoverished state he was in; as his boss didn't consider him to be with the contemporary times.

Everyday I went on learning and imbibing the language which I wanted;
eccentrically penning down infinite lines of poetry the instants my mind
commanded,
While the other human of my kind; peered through the keyhole of his boss's
cabin; praying to God that his chance to enter inside came faster than the
speed of white light.

Everyday I cried uncontrollably; screamed in sheer hysteria whenever my heart
felt asphyxiated; had an insatiable urge to pour its imprisoned agony out,
While the other human of my kind; conversed in overwhelmingly soft whispers;
used the heaviest slang possible to make his bombastic presence felt amongst
the spurious crowd.

Everyday I walked barefoot; with at times torn rags engulfing my body and a
necklace of spooky crabs enveloping my neck; whistling raucously in the air as
I marched gallantly without caring two hoods for the sanctimonious society,
While the other human of my kind; found himself deluged with an unending
reservoir of tensions each unveiling hour of the day; craved miserably for an
opportunity to cling to the swanky mike; get his aching hands on the steering
wheel of that status Mercedes.

And I went where I wanted; talked what I wanted; did what I wanted with gay
abandon as I was thoroughly unemployed; treating each day as a fabulous
Sunday although it was the peak of monstrous activity time,
While the other human of my kind; perhaps had tons of more money than I did;
perhaps had insurmountable amount of pride in the society more than what I
could have ever perceived; but didn't enjoy even a single minute as the
unsurpassable years crept by; infact it was profoundly sad to state that the last
day of his life was his one and only Sunday

16. ALIVE

If I perceived myself as a king; then I was indeed perched on the embellished
throne; with a festoon of diamonds glittering royally by my side,

If I perceived myself as a panther; then I was indeed the menacing beast on the
jungle; trampling rampantly through the dense undergrowths; paving my own
inimitable way,

If I perceived myself as a mountain; then I was indeed the summit shimmering
magnificently under the flamboyant rays of Sun,

If I perceived myself as a peacock; then I was indeed a pompous bird;
blossoming my armory of vivacious feathers ingratiatingly towards the sky,

If I perceived myself as a beggar; then I was indeed the ragamuffin spreading
my hands abominably on the streets; waiting for those indispensable coins of
currency to flood my scared and impoverished hands,

If I perceived myself as a duck; then I was indeed the appeasingly dimpled
monster; floating on the serene surface of tepid water,

If I perceived myself as an infinitesimal speck; then I was indeed the diminutive
mosquito; irascibly buzzing around the divinely asleep eardrum,

If I perceived myself as the fortified castle; then I was indeed the invincible walls
of iron which shrugged off the most mightiest of attack with nonchalant ease,

If I perceived myself as the grandiloquent Sun; then I was indeed the fountain of
mesmerizing rays that illuminated every cloistered cranny of earth,

If I perceived myself as a criminal; then I was indeed the satanic hoodlum
intransigently bent upon devastating blissful mankind,

If perceived myself as dumb; then I was indeed bereft of words and speech;
stood like a retarded lunatic when in fact I had a fathomless treasury of
eloquence embedded in my soul,

If I perceived myself as a tear; then I was indeed disdainful depression
insurmountably augmenting by the unveiling second,

If I perceived myself as a magician; then I was indeed the astoundingly
inexplicable conjurer; metamorphosing all chunks of bland mud into biscuits of
gold,

If I perceived myself as garbage; then I was indeed the pile of horrendously fetid
sewage; lying dilapidated and decaying to rot,

If I perceived myself as a cloud; then I indeed a surreally fabulous fantasy;
pelting down showers of flirtatious romance,

If I perceived myself as a needle; then I was indeed the minuscule strand of
metal disgustingly poking people in their ribs,

If I perceived myself as darkness; then I was indeed a perpetually solitary ambience; enveloped from all sides by inevitably bizarre grief,

If I perceived myself as sick; then I was indeed suffering from astronomically high fever; with my forehead blazing more than blistering embers of sizzling fire,

If I perceived myself as happy; then I was indeed exuberant; embracing the absolute pinnacle of prosperity uninhibitedly with both arms,

If I perceived myself as a shark; then I was indeed the preposterously huge monster; ready to rip apart innocuous personalities into infinite bits of their original form,

If I perceived myself as fearless; then I was indeed valiantly doughty; ready to confront the most deadliest of catastrophe; without flinching or faltering the slightest,

If I perceived myself as sheep; then I was indeed the fleet footed and daintily nimble animal; celestially existing amongst boundless of my kind,

If I perceived myself as love; then I was indeed a messiah profusely dedicated to propagating its different forms; to far and distant across this colossal Universe,

If I perceived myself as hatred; then I was indeed deceitful anecdotes of malice; snapping the cherished essence of sacrosanct life,

If I perceived myself as truth; then I was indeed an irrefutable idol of honesty; assisting countless individuals trapped in the dungeon of salacious lechery; with optimism seeming an overwhelmingly far cry,

If I perceived myself as ugly; then I was indeed the unfortunate possessor of distorted features; with every organ of my body gruesomely placed and repugantly grotesque,

If I perceived myself as beautiful; then I was indeed gorgeous; with my lips portraying that voluptuously pink and robust tinge,

If I perceived myself as a blabber mouth; then I was indeed an inexorably talkative individual; chattering tirelessly all throughout the day and for marathon hours of the sultry night,

If I perceived myself as a volcano; then I was indeed a fulminating stream of lava; erupting out with brute force from the compassionate belly of soil,

If I perceived myself as a bee; then I was indeed a rambunctiously chattering fly; profoundly engrossed in evolving pools of golden honey,

If I perceived myself as poignantly piquant; then I was indeed the ardent granules of spicy salt; which the swirling waves of the ocean flung with an insatiable intensity upon the shores,

If I perceived myself as blind; then I was indeed without sight; stumbling pathetically on each pebble that came my way; inspite of having emphatic eyes,

If I perceived myself as unlucky; then I was indeed the man with a stone touch; converting each thing I caressed into rock hard boulder; when infact the stars that shone on my birth were those befitting a prince,

If I perceived myself as thunder; then I was indeed streaks of electric silver lightening ready to strike ground & tremendously terrorize,

If I perceived myself as a candle; then I was indeed the uncertainly flickering flame; deluging the dreary ambience with a beam of vibrant hope and light,

If I perceived myself as a pig; then I was indeed the incomprehensibly fat and greedy beast; ready to gobble virtually whatever that I could lay my hands upon,

If I perceived myself as a fruit; then I was indeed a rubicund sapling; ready to placate the gluttony of those who indispensably wanted food,

If I perceived myself as a reflection; then I was indeed an ethereally appearing shadow; which cropped up in brightness and vanished completely with dolorously Black light,

If I perceived myself as a bone; then I was indeed a dreadful skeleton; with absolutely not the tiniest trace of energy left in my countenance,

If I perceived myself as smile; then I was indeed an entity wholesomely blended with joy; basking in the unprecedented glory of pure ecstasy,

If I perceived myself as dead; then I was indeed buried unfathomable feet beneath soil; despite having my heart palpitating violently beyond

the boundaries of life,

And if I perceived myself as living; then I was indeed having life; irrespective of the unsurpassable battalion of hurdles that confronted me in my way; raring to ubiquitously spread the wonderful essence of my breath; raring to ubiquitously spread the most sacred word of all; called alive.

17. SIMPLY DENIED TO DIE

The royally striped lion although uncouthly imprisoned behind the bars of cage; simply denied to eat green chunks of grass,

The flamboyantly sizzling Sun although deceitfully imprisoned behind the clouds; simply denied to relinquish its dazzling rays of light,

The grandiloquently colossal ship although ruthlessly imprisoned on land; simply denied to walk,

The lethally slithering scorpion although pathetically imprisoned in a jar of water; simply denied to permeate its tail and sting,

The fabulously scented rose although gruesomely imprisoned amidst a heap of fetidly stinking garbage; simply denied to emancipate its wonderful fragrance,

The true soldier although surreptitiously imprisoned in the enemy territory; simply denied to divulge the secrets of his Motherland,

The brilliantly scintillating pearl although ominously imprisoned in a blanket of perpetual darkness; simply denied to abdicate its enchanting glimmer,

The sacrosanct mother although murderously imprisoned in the land of the devil; simply denied to feed her child satanic blood,

The boisterously vivacious bird although diabolically imprisoned behind walls of ghoulish ice; simply denied to lie on its back and sleep,

The audaciously crawling crocodile although forcefully imprisoned in a cave replete with pure vegetables; simply denied to open its armory of knife like jaws,

The overwhelmingly towering mountain although savagely imprisoned in the red ant's mole; simply denied to detach its oligarchic crown summit,

The immortally laughing clown although mercilessly imprisoned in the realms of the morbid graveyard; simply denied to shrug off his heavenly smile,

The ardently throbbing heart although barbarically imprisoned in the domains of the conventionally wretched society; simply denied to slacken the intensity of its passionately palpitating beats,

The gargantuan stomach although treacherously imprisoned in the fathomless deserts; simply denied to devour the appetizingly silver sands,

The insurmountably determined eyes although miserably imprisoned amidst an island of blood and horrendous impediments; simply denied to ooze even a droplet of tear,

The irrefutably saintly body although inevitably imprisoned under the coffin; simply denied to embrace even the tiniest of evil,

The religion of humanity although perilously imprisoned amidst spurious norms of the world outside; simply denied to sell its omnipotent dignity,

The invincible arrow of truth although disastrously imprisoned in an ocean of insatiable lechery; simply denied to drift towards the luxurious cream of blatant lies,

The astronomically resilient beams of courage although imprisoned behind black walls of despair; simply denied to succumb to the hopeless sorrow,

And the uninhibitedly divine virtue of love although cruelly imprisoned infinite feet beneath the barriers of baseless civilization; simply denied to fade away; simply denied to die.

18. WE ARE TWO; OUR'S ARE ONLY TWO

More Population; means more penalizing unemployment; baselessly victimizing even the innocent; into the webs of salacious drudgery and disparaging discontentment,

More Population; means more cold-blooded crime; as the pangs of inevitably augmenting hunger; metamorphosed even the most impeccable into an ocean of gory bloodshed,

More Population; means more insidious disease; as the seed of ghastly infection proliferated astoundingly from traumatic sordidness; afflicting even the most robustly sculptured with bizarre ailment and thunderous agony,

More Population; means more abhorrent manipulation; as people relentlessly fantasized a castle of their very own; to impregnably exist amidst an unfathomable horde of blood sucking wolves,

More Population; means more derogatory corruption; with even the most immaculately sparkling organism wholesomely blending with the winds of lechery; to ecstatically surge ahead in the chapter of life,

More Population; means more massacring war; as unsurpassable battalions of even the most holistic entities; indiscriminately fought for a speck of land; for a place to survive,

More Population; means more snobbish abuse; as the stinkingly rich irrefutably digressed from the poor; whipping them with swords of dictatorial power and overwhelmingly overpowering greed,

More Population; means more pugnacious renaissance; with heads being chopped off like brutal matchsticks; in the name of religion and meaningless discrimination of skin; caste and spurious creed,

More Population; means more invidious dissatisfaction; as each organism felt that he was savagely asphyxiated of his share of luck; while his counterparts philandered for times immemorial in the aisles of glorious paradise,

More Population; means more disastrous hunger; as the fields of blossoming corn proved to be capriciously diminutive needles for the fathomless sky of famished children; eventually manifesting into their grotesque grave,

More Population; means more uncouth freezing of blood; as countless hapless urchins; uncontrollably shivered without a single cloth to encapsulate their supple flesh; every night after the chiming of sinister midnight,

More Population; means more lethally obnoxious frustration; as even the most infinitesimal of palpable entity; felt its relentless festoon of desires being torturously suppressed by whiplashes of the; mercilessly claustrophobic atmosphere,

More Population; means more ghoulishly abominable odor; as incomprehensibly

gargantuan pools of perspiration; dribbled in painstaking tandem from drearily beleaguered and despicably staggering bodies,

More Population; means more staggering viciousness; as the graveyards of crippling fortune; led even the most harmoniously melodious of denizens to surreptitiously stab behind each other's back,

More Population; means more barbaric slaying of sensuous fantasy; as the insurmountably vengeful monotony of the world around; ruthlessly plagued even the most evanescent trace of mesmerizing serenity,

More Population; means more gruesome blackness even in the most dazzling of Sunlight; as countless children got blinded and maimed since the very first cry of sacred birth; to rot in the realms of the fetid dustbin for the remainder of their penurious lives,

More Population; means more degradation of wonderful humanity; as even the most unassailable emotions and religion; got preposterously traded for a wad of sleazily derogatory notes,

More Population; means more ghastly solitude even in the midst of veritably augmenting boisterousness; as the remorsefulness of disdainfully sullen death irrevocably overpowered everything in conceivable vicinity,

More Population; means more sordid rebuke on the quality of life; as human diabolically squelched human; in the malevolent rat race for baseless supremacy and existence,

More Population; means more despairingly bonding your spirit with the truculent devil; thrusting every iota of your celestial happiness into the mouth of ungainly anguish and horrific obsolescence,

More Population; means more ominous atrocities on spell binding mankind; tainting the fabric of eternal philanthropism with the corpse of debilitating greed and inexplicable sadness,

More Population; means more heinous discordance with the laws of resplendent existence; profusely penalizing the enchanting carpet of mother earth with an unfathomable battlefield of forlornly crippling weight,

More Population; means more tensions to survive in this already adulterated planet; where every droplet of water already had a million mouths fervently

waiting; even before it could tumble from fathomless sky,

More Population; means more horrendously regretful theft; with hell breaking free on the trajectory of scintillating earth; as man egregiously choked for vital breath to survive,

More Population; means more pathetically unprecedented stagnation; as boundless innocent bundled in a lugubriously decaying heap; without the tiniest iota of comfort or Omnipotent compassion,

More Population; means more atrociously bellicose delinquency; as survival beneath bizarre poverty lines; had rendered even the most patriotically blazing soldiers; to stoop down like defeated rats,

More Population; means more unrelenting coffins of agonizing tears; as each stage of life became an unwanted curse; without integrally quintessential elements of fodder in the miserably bereaved stomach,

More Population; means more irascible atheism; with people believing more in money than in the Almighty Lord; viewing a bundle of worthlessly small and measly paper as the ultimate messiah to live; till times beyond eternity,

More Population; means more licentious betrayal of Omnipresent Love; as every individual tirelessly kept assassinating in order to catapult to the zenith of success; wholesomely forgetting that it was impossible to do that without the essence of benevolent togetherness,

O! Yes Population explosion was an uncontrollable menace; which eventually snapped the wings of Omniscient existence forever and ever and ever; with its venom of unemployment; poverty and inconsolable hunger,

So it is my humble plea to all families out there; as well as my comrades who have blissfully supported me on my every step; to please follow the most triumphant mantra of existence today: we are two; our's are only two.

19. INUNDATE

Inundate the barren landscapes sprawling over kilometers of territory; with lush green patches of grass and blossoming flower,

Inundate pallid regions of the lackluster wall; with flamboyant strokes of scarlet color,

Inundate the arid strips of desiccated desert land; with bountiful amounts of sweet water,

Inundate the mouth of a famished squirrel; with a plethora of succulent kernel and brazen nuts,

Inundate the abysmally hollow foundation of an edifice; with an armory of bare and freshly baked bricks,

Inundate the rocky slopes of the lanky mountain; with crystal white globules of frozen snow,

Inundate empty canisters encapsulated in the car; with the aromatic elixir of petrol,

Inundate the raw bruises oozing blood from body; with fillings of stringent antiseptic powder,

Inundate the vacant spaces of white and long canvas; with panoramic scenes of view of the gorgeous valley,

Inundate gruesome darkness engulfing the tunnel; with austere beams of holistic sunlight,

Inundate the dilapidated stable of sacrosanct cow; with loads of salubrious forage and bunches of banana leaves,

Inundate the desolate and silken web suspended from between two trees; with scores of venomous spider,

Inundate the torn and disheveled persona of shirt; with heaps of thread and garish cloth,

Inundate the dying embers of red coal; with flames of a dynamic and crackling fire,

Inundate the demeanor of a rustic ring; with clusters of sparkling diamonds,

Inundate the gloomy silhouette of parched and despondent lips; with an everlasting laugh,

Inundate the forlorn and solitary streets in the city; with bustling jams of unruly traffic,

Inundate the fecund strips of black and loamy soil; with a granary of rich pudgy seeds,

Inundate the feet of your god; mother; beloved; with all the wealth you can assimilate on this earth,

And inundate the lives of all those afflicted with bizarre pain and inexplicable distress; with unprejudiced love and immortal smiles.

20. YOUNG AND INNOCENT AT HEART

The leaves of the tree withered at the onset of autumn; rendering it as bare and a pathetic sight to witness,
Although the body and trunk were still alive; did scream passionately as the wind slapped and caressed them.

The most majestic of reptile shed its skin while undergoing a metamorphosis of seasons; partially annihilating its grandeur,
Although its slithering body still traversed in circuitous routes; and its fangs were ready to strike injecting lethal venom.

The mountain sheep had their fur sheared for weaving thermal contrivances; leaving their appearance as shabbily disgraceful,
Although they still wandered in harmony on the colossal slopes; bleated in unison as dusk stealthily encroached.

The austere sun god shed its brightness as nightfall took over; resembling an insipid reflection of its original identity,
Although it still shone brilliantly the next morning; illuminating stringently every bit of cloistered gloom.

The slender iron nail lost all its gloss as monsoon showers poured incessantly from the sky; giving it a deplorable appearance,
Although it still maintained the capacity of being embodied in the wall; and still had the hostility of piercing the inflated balloon.

The fermented barrel of milk lay bereft of immaculate white color; resembling worthless chunks of flaccid curd,
Although it still produced an extremely piquant taste; had reasonably high

levels of salubrious nutrition.

The flying birds shed infinite numbers of feathers each day; looking bedraggled after being stripped of their kingly plumage,
Although they still retained the power to fly; soaring high up in the air and procreating their progeny.

The banana after peeling its intricate skin appeared as a dilapidated urchin; shivering uncontrollably in the wind,
Although it was sumptuous and relishing to eat; and its pulp caused ravishing sensations in the buds of taste.

The biscuits of gold after losing their shine; resembled the mundane coin; failed to captivate attention,
Although they still had the same value; could fetch their owners an astronomical fortune when judiciously traded.

And all the old folks traversing the streets; looked a sight to profoundly sympathize with; clinging tightly to their walking sticks,
Although they still had the power to love; the power to overwhelmingly fantasize; as they were young and innocent at heart.

21. I WOULD DIE; DIE; AND MOST CERTAINLY DIE

Be it from the most majestically compassionate palaces of glittering gold; or be it from the most acrimoniously impoverished streets; which hissed nothing else but asphyxiating poverty and treacherous dust the entire day,

Be it from the most opulently sensuous skies pregnant with rhapsodic rain; or be it from the most hedonistically torturous den of brutal scorpions; which spurted vindictive venom all night and day,

Be it from the most invincibly emollient lap of the venerated mother; or be it from the most pulverized treads of the haplessly devastated orphan; from whose eyes radiated nothing else but tears of inexplicable helplessness,

Be it from the most indomitably royal apogee of the triumphant mountain; or be it from the most deplorably shattered mirrors; from which reflected nothing else but unfathomably distorted imagery,

Be it from the most victoriously blazing of Omnipotent Sun; or be it from the most hideously sadistic cloak of devilishly crippling darkness; which sulked in the

mortuaries of remorse for times immemorial,

Be it from the most effulgently symbiotic of meadows; or be it from the most cold-bloodedly infertile rocks; which unrelentingly and heartlessly smashed an infinite bones; into inconspicuously worthless chowder,

Be it from the most Omnisciently blessed of silken palms; or be it from the most ghoulishly stinking corpses of stagnation; which did nothing else but jinx every organism alive; beyond realms of holistic recognition,

Be it from the most lusciously ignited of blossoming lips; or be it from the most thorny terrains of preposterous wilderness; upon which feared to tread even the most peerlessly invincible of soul,

Be it from the most romantically undulating seas; or be it from the most pathetically smoldering ashes of the fires; which died a miserably parsimonious death countless hours ago,

Be it from the most ubiquitously egalitarian philanthropist's eyes; or be it from the most robotically sleazy business tycoon; for whom the entire Universe just a insouciantly emotionless pendulum of tawdry give and take,

Be it from the most tantalizingly mesmerizing waterfalls of insatiable heavenliness; or be it from the most apocalyptically pugnacious cactuses of malevolently barbarous abhorrence,

Be it from the most impregnably humanitarian of chests; or be it from the most heartlessly blood-sucking mosquitoes; which knew nothing else but to slowly and painstakingly suck every ounce of vibrantly enthralling life,

Be it from the most eternally replenishing bellies of panoramic mother nature; or be it from the most ostracized land of the devil; where solely rained the holocausts of unimaginably penalizing prejudice,

Be it from the most regally insuperable streams of infallible truth; or be it from the most ominously desecrating skeletons of infidelity; from which wafted nothing else but diabolically raunchy lavatories of betrayal and lies,

Be it from the most formidably unconquerable fortresses of righteousness; or be it from the most despicably demented dungeons of debauchery; which inexorably crucified every form of undefeated life; on the pretexts of baselessly bawdy religion,

Be it from the most passionately rejuvenated tunnels of the perennial nostrils; or
be it from the most indiscriminately open jaw of the sadistically chortling ghost;
who was the absolute epitome of incarcerated unmanliness,

Be it from the most Omnipresent abodes of the perpetually blessing God's; or be
it from the most lynched labyrinth of dismally imprisoning blackness a
countless feet beneath soil; which numbed even the most ephemeral trace of
vitality and desire,

Be it from the most immortally passionate cocoons of the benign heart; or be it
from the most despondently fretful feces meaninglessly rotting on the lavatory
seat; which inevitably perpetuated the last trifle of breath to indefinitely
suffocate in the chamber of robust lungs,

O! yes; It could be from absolutely anywhere; anyplace; anyone on this
limitlessly enamoring planet; I wouldn't mind that the slightest; but I wanted
love to desperately come to me; engulf my mind; body and crucified spirit this
very instant; like the first princely rainshower of the monsoon; because without it
I knew I would die; die and most certainly die.

22. DON'T WORRY

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be blind; depriving you of indispensable
blankets of blissful sight,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with an extraordinary prowess
of hearing; making you discern even the most sensitive sounds in the
atmosphere; which your sighted counterparts had not the slightest of ability to
ever conceive.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be deaf; divesting you of the most
miraculous tenacity to intricately hear,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with an astronomical virtue of
hawk sight; engendering you to witness even the most distortedly bleary images
floating in voluptuous space; which your mates with perfect ears; had not the
slightest of ability to ever perceive.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be dumb; irrevocably refraining you to utter
even the most inconspicuously infinitesimal sound,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with an unfathomably delightful
virtue of expression; propelling you to magnificently divulge the inner most
feelings of your heart; which your supremely tongued compatriots; had not the

slightest of ability to ever imagine.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be maim; acridly crippled to the ground;
without even the most minuscule of support to march on your own feet,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with the winds of profusely
marvelous artistry; which your celestially fingered and fleet footed fellow beings;
had not the slightest of ability to ever dream about.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be incomprehensibly weak; triggering you to
collapse towards the soil every time you tried to get up; afflicted with
inexplicable disease all over the blood in your impoverished body,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with ingratiating philosophy and
an astoundingly overwhelming tenacity to face the most mightiest of
enemies; which your robustly complexioned mates; had not the slightest of
ability to ever fantasize.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be horrendously Black; coating your entire
diminutive countenance with a dungeon of hideous darkness,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with an incredulously
augmenting wave of uninhibited compassion; which your frigidly snow white
mates; had not the slightest of ability to ever possess.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be pathetically tiny; with every entity that
traversed by your side; looming like an untamed giant over your ludicrously
stooping shoulders,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with a lion hearted chest to face
the most treacherous of catastrophe that descended from the cosmos; which
your belligerently towering and pistol clad friends; had not the slightest of ability
to stand upto.

Don't worry if he had chosen you to be illiterate; swooning ridiculously towards
obdurate soil; the instant you heard an obsoletely alien accent lingering around,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with the intransigent rudiments
of unity; peace and irrefutable truth; which your bombastically stylish and
manipulatively corporate city counterparts; had not the slightest of ability to ever
inculcate.

And Don't worry if he had chosen you to be poor; penuriously surviving each day
of your unsurpassably marathon life; sporadically blending with sleazy
drawers of threadbare dust,
For at the same time he had bestowed you upon with the immortal island of love
as you passionately throbbed till beyond the island of tantalizing eternity; which

your stinkingly rich and opulently glamorous companions; had not the slightest of ability to ever belong to

23. BORN TO LOVE

Fantasizers were born to unrelentingly dream; frolic euphorically in a land of surreally fabulous seduction,

Artists were born to vibrantly evolve; diffuse the most poignant infernos fulminating in the profoundly mesmerizing recesses of their soul,

Businessmen were born to dexterously manipulate; shrewdly weave webs of astute give and profitable take,

Birds were born to boisterously chirp; enshroud each arena besieged with insurmountable gloom; with the passionate fervor of life,

Frogs were born to disdainfully croak; creepily bounce in remorsefully stagnant water; with a despondently smug smile entrenching their snouts,

Parrots were born to fantastically emulate; replicate even the most inconspicuous tunes; of their tyrannically uncouth master,

Kings were born to royally rule; govern fathomless civilizations with great vigor and aristocracy; like beads of scintillating pearls cascading from voluptuous sky,

Oceans were born to spray tangy salt and ebullience; undulate into a ravishingly ecstatic fountain of perpetual enthrallment,

Vultures were born to hedonistically pluck at innocent flesh; feast and have the time of their lives; on a mountain of abominably rotting carrion,

Cows were born to yield sacrosanct festoons of impeccable milk; pacify the wails of every new born organism; on the trajectory of this gregariously boundless planet,

Patriots were born to irrevocably defend their motherland; sequester the revered soil on which they tread; from even the most infinitesimal iota of lecherous betrayal,

Stones were born to sulk in ludicrously mock silence; remain more frozen than murderously white ice; even as the world took birth and died outside,

Roses were born to disseminate gorgeous clouds of scent; rekindle the rapidly extinguishing philanderer in insensitively plodding tycoons,

Sharks were born to irrefutably rule the sea; menacingly churn their way through hordes of small fish and fiercely turbulent rafts of white water,

Rats were born to mischievously munch at tantalizing cheese; infiltrate a myriad of scornful holes in embellished cloth and gargantuan fabric,

Leaves were born to euphorically rustle into mists of everlasting yearning; propel thunderbolts of exultating breeze; which made you soar above the realms of monotonously pragmatic space,

Rainbows were born to mystically enchant; trigger insurmountable cloudbursts of vivacious nostalgia; in your gruesomely commercial persona,

Dogs were born to intransigently bark; pierce the titillating iridescence of the night; with their unfathomably rambunctious flurry of disgruntled sound,

Nostrils were born to inhale and exhale precious air; inevitably carry on the chapter of gloriously exotic existence,

But all of us irrespective of caste; creed; or color; were born to immortally love; proliferate God's incomprehensibly bountiful planet with countless more of our kind; be integral elements of blessedly beautiful creation; be indispensable threads and religions of; unconquerable mankind

24. BUT AT LEAST DON'T

Who's ordered you to embrace all humanity; hoist each orphaned child magnanimously upon your rubicund back?

But at least don't mercilessly annihilate innocent like squashed insects; ruthlessly manipulating lives of the immaculate millions in the swirl of your barbaric malice.

Who's ordered you to worship every temple that you encountered on the streets; bowing down diligently to every impoverished beggar wailing incongruously outside?

But at least don't pulverize philanthropic civilizations with your ominously lethal bombs; blowing up the blissful world; in non-chalant wisps of derogatory smoke.

Who's ordered you to indefatigably frolic in the lap of your mother; tirelessly floating in the aisles of impeccable childhood fantasy?

But at least don't impeach treacherously upon the territories of your revered motherland; lecherously molesting the innocuous in chains of utter devastation.

Who's ordered you to dedicate your entire existence for the sake of those in inexplicable pain; apply the uninhibited ointment of your love on despicably oozing blood and wounds?

But at least don't rub salt in those eyes profusely crying; brutally lambasting those with your satanic whip; who had already relinquished breath and died.

Who's ordered you to embellish each life with your unprecedented richness; shower upon an unprecedentedly bountiful blessings upon mankind; while you miserably shivered every instant and died?

But at least don't ridicule those gruesomely maimed and blind; penalize the already deprived with your baseless webs; of manipulatively blood sucking commercialism.

Who's ordered you to transport the disastrously trembling; to places of heavenly comfort; benevolently shouldering their weight upon your lone shoulders?

But at least don't indiscriminately run your car over those impoverishedly sleeping on cold pavements; as you basked in the glory of sleazy wine and princely desire inside.

Who's ordered you to be the ultimate messiah of this planet; metamorphosing every withering soul's dream into a perpetual reality?

But at least don't stand like a demonic impediment in the way of those about to achieve the pinnacle of success; savagely sabotaging their hard earned share of ardent happiness.

Who's ordered you to bond every passionately throbbing hearts ubiquitously across the Universe; disseminate the essence of immortal love in every philanthropic entity you met?

But at least don't mercilessly break harmoniously blossoming relationships; rendering countless bodies to exist without the slightest of purpose; without the slightest of breath.

Who's ordered you to feed every famished organism on earth with appetizing morsels of food; horrendously starving while your tottering mates marvelously replenished their famished hides?

But at least don't trade their pathetically frugal skeleton of mere bones to tyrannically slave; for overflowing your treasury with a stinking wad of notes.

And who's ordered you to instill the Omnipotent panacea of life in every dead; procreating boundlessdivine with the unsurpassable potential of your countenance?

But at least don't torturously kill and corrupt God's impeccable fleet of organisms; at least don't rise taller than skies; embedding your roots more formidably every instant on the land of innocent blood

25. IMMORTALLY YOURS

Unsurpassably yours were these eyes of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to pave a way for you through the most horrendously asphyxiating of your blackness,

Sensuously yours were these lips of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to trigger an unending gorge of smiles in your tyrannically despairing life,

Compassionately yours were these fingers of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to weave an endless civilization of regally triumphant artistry through every mundanely suffocating moment of yours,

Tantalizingly yours were these eyelashes of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to embellish every drearily dwindling aspect of your existence with inimitably untamed mischief,

Blissfully yours were these shadows of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to beautifully mollify every bit of traumatically scorching agony in your frazzled soul,

Unflinchingly yours were these shoulders of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to permeate your intermittently deteriorating strength; with the fortitude of blazing existence,

Gregariously yours were these palms of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to cushion your miserably fatigued scalp; whenever it wanted to eternally rest,

Passionately yours were these bloodstreams of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to eternally coalesce your inexplicably quavering spirit with the spirit of unshakably priceless humanity,

Intriguingly yours were these brain cells of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to engender an unlimited ocean of burgeoning innovation in your haplessly dejected and hopelessly demented stride,

Lusciously yours were these skin pores of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to ignite the rays of unparalleled desire in your persona; whenever it wanted to deliriously embrace the apocalypses of invidious infertility,

Robustly yours were these cheeks of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to impregnate every disparagingly gloomy instant of your life with vividly eclectic charm and charismatic color,

Earnestly yours was this signature of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring its very best; to unassailably stand by you like an unfettered rock; whenever you felt that your identity was being pulverized to frigidly inconspicuous ash,

Melodiously yours was this voice of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring its very best; to resplendently illuminate your every torturously lambasted second; with the Omnipotent lullaby of symbiotic existence,

Peerlessly yours were these bones of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to perennially sequester your nimbly sensitive form; from even the most minuscule of atrocious vagary in the chapter of inscrutable life,

Unhesitatingly yours were these feet of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring their very best; to pave a path of gloriously majestic victory for you; when you seemed to have entirely lost direction; neither had the power to stride,

Vivaciously yours was this belly of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring its very best; to ebulliently arouse you from the very depths of your ghoulish coffin; with its immeasurably seductive rhythm in the royally star-studded night,

Irrefutably yours was this humanity of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring its very best; to metamorphose even the most diminutive trace of salaciously decrepit treachery in your soul; into a fountain of fragrantly iridescent truth,

Ardently yours was this sweat of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring its very best; to tirelessly flow and without the tiniest of reproach; while you lazed and stretched your bones till the aisles of eternal eternity,

Fierily yours was this breath of mine; inexhaustibly endeavoring its very best; to perpetuate the mantra of your survival to unrestrictedly blaze; everytime you were circumscribed by the gallows of hypochondriac death,

But Immortally yours O! Mate was this heart of mine; with its beats perpetually loving you; insuperably bonding with you; irrespective of your caste; creed or color; not only for this birth; for an infinite more births till the time the Creator wanted this earth to chime

26. SITTING BESIDE THEM

As I surveyed the area sitting like a prince on the helicopter seat; sipping with great relish; from a canister replete with chilled champagne, The scenes that struck my vision were profoundly appalling; and a silent sob escaped my breath; making me nostalgic about my blissful past.

When I trespassed the streets in the swanky Mercedes; a cavalcade of cars following me in stringent unison, I felt a cold shiver creep down my spine; disseminated a few bundles of scented currency chivalrously amongst the afflicted.

When I philandered through the village; royally seated on a horse; incessantly pulling its reins; instigating it to gallop faster, I felt nimbly moved by the situation that confronted me; made an appeasing speech to the masses to keep their calm.

While I transgressed through the hutments; masticating sumptuous delicacies; in the stupendously air-conditioned compartment of my train, I could hear stifled wails kissing my ears; and I immediately instructed my colleagues to investigate more scrupulously into the matter; act philanthropically with the tyrannized people.

As I sighted the land; soaring high in my luxurious gas balloon; with a silken ensemble of clouds caressing me voluptuously; every unleashing second, I saw a tiny conglomerate of people scampering in terror on the lanes; felt a bit petrified at the sight of disaster; which in turn fomented me to drop multiple packets of food; to sanctimoniously assist those circumvented by bizarre anguish.

When I glimpsed the houses through my field glasses; nibbling at robust chunks of apple; sitting on the deck of the majestic ship, I saw hazy shadows of blood and panic; and incoherently babbled a message

through the loud speaker; appealing to the belligerent individuals to relinquish their swords.

As I peeked at the distraught scenario; eavesdropping on the brutal proceedings from the balcony of my grandiloquent bungalow,
I ordered my guards to tighten security; instructed them to transport ladies and helpless infants to corridors of safety.

When I was apprised of the gruesome situation; after viewing it explicitly on the monstrous monitor of the planetarium,
I dictated a nation wide alert; instantaneously dispatching battalions of army and relief supply to cater to those rendered homeless.

While it was only sitting beside them; that I realized their veritable grief; the devastation they had suffered after the killer earthquake,
And what had taken me infinite expeditions to imbibe; now became as clear to me as the back of my palm; as I embraced them wholeheartedly; felt their moist tears dribble down my cheek; candidly yet emphatically portraying the aftermath of disaster.

27. ITS SIMPLY THE WAY YOU SEE IT

Some said it was empty; while some said that the glass was half full with water,

Some said that it was rising in the sky; while some said that the color of the Sun was insipid and weak,

Some said that it was standing tall and lanky; while some said that the tree was naked without leaves,

Some said that they were succulent and ravishing; while some said that the grapes were sour and had holes in them,

Some said that it was a twinkling star; while some said that it was a speck of disdainful dirt; polluting the sky,

Some said that he sang splendidly; while some said that he didn't give a chance for others to speak,

Some said that it was an exotic evening; while some said that it was an unearthly hour past midnight,

Some said that it was gorgeously flowing river; while some said that it swept along with it tones of moist earth,

Some said that it was droplets of jubilation; while some said that it was tears of sadness dribbling slowly down,

Some said that it was voluptuous wisps of air; while some that it was an ominous cloud hovering perilously around,

Some said that it was a mystical tunnel; while some said that it was a gaping and long hole in the wall,

Some said that it was a beautiful image; while some said that it was a gruesomely shattered mirror,

Some said that it was a scintillating key; while some said that it was the completely open lock,

Some said that it was mesmerizing yawn; while some said that it spread a thunderous noise in vicinity,

Some said that it was a vast reservoir of empathy; while some said that they were a squinted pair of eyes,

Some said that it was audaciously walking forward; while some said that the soldier was trampling fragile leaves and twigs,

Some said that it was irrefutable truth; while some said that it stung them like a quiver full of pugnacious arrows,

Some said that it was violently throbbing; while some said that the heart made a person weak,

Some said that she had given me birth; while some said that I had burdened the earth still further,

And it's simply the way you see it, So some said that it was wholesomely dead; while some said that its spirit was still living and bouncing alive

28. I LIVE TO SAVOR LOVE

I live to savor the eternal fruits of Natures timeless creation; the astoundingly

vivacious butterflies fluttering handsomely in fathomless bits of; majestically blue sky,

I live to savor the resplendently twinkling stars in the royal cosmos; the shimmering fountain of milky light that grandiloquently poured to enlighten the ghastly corpse of dastardly night,

I live to savor the rejuvenatingly sparkling freshness of the aristocratic waterfalls; profusely blend my mind; body and soul in the cascade of exotically heavenly waters,

I live to savor the melodiously everlasting sound of the ravishing nightingale; profoundly assimilate each of its wonderfully tantalizing sounds; in the innermost recesses of my tumultuously frazzled soul,

I live to savor the winds of exuberance blowing my way; the beautifully mesmerizing feel that they vibrantly imparted to even the most infinitesimally deadened of my nerve,

I live to savor the handsomely scintillating pearls of the enchantingly vivacious oceans; the blissfully unbelievably synergy that they instilled in every iota of my; nervously devastated demeanor,

I live to savor the bountifully bouncing kangaroos in the mischievously philandering fields; the waves of impeccable innocence that they bestowed perennially upon; my murderously manipulative visage,

I live to savor the sensuously titillating dewdrops at ethereally magnetic dawn; the essence of ebullient freshness that they showered upon; every element of my frantically beleaguered persona,

I live to savor the brilliantly flamboyant rays of the Omnipotent Sun; the unfathomable ocean of blazingly enlightening light that it ubiquitously disseminated; to every cranny of this Universe besieged with; inexplicably horrendous pain,

I live to savor the mystically enthralling whispers of the rustling trees; the unsurpassable entrenchment of exhilarating enigma that they placed me within; making me wholesomely oblivious to the preposterously snobbish vagaries; of the savagely realistic Universe,

I live to savor the royally swimming fish in the undulating sea; the ecstatically

glorious leap in their stride; that made me feel that I had once again; and irrefutably transited into a jubilantly new born child,

I live to savor the regally glistening eagles soaring handsomely in the boundless sky; the uninhibited flapping of their poignant wings; freeing me of all my waveringly bedraggled memories of disdainfully lecherous human kind,

I live to savor the torrentially pelting drops of seductively titillating rain; the globules of golden empathy which magically quelled all brutally traumatized mankind; of even the most minuscule of its pain,

I live to savor the indefatigably charismatic blanket of crimson roses; the marvelously spell binding scent that they unequivocally emanated; which perpetually pacified each remorsefully vengeful ingredient; of my vindictive blood,

I live to savor the uniquely incredulous freshness of God's evolution; the most amazingly eclectic chapter of endless procreation; that every organism on this planet was beautifully endowed with,

I live to savor the vibrantly dancing rainbows soon after the passionate rains; the blissfully symbiotic wave of unprecedented excitement that they enshrouded my entire countenance with; for infinite more births yet to come,

I live to savor the voice of patriotically unassailable truth; the unshakable royalty with which it Omnisciently sunk; deep down in the walls of my viciously wavering conscience,

I live to savor celestially impeccable forms of new birth; the immaculate cries of the freshly born; unflinchingly imparting me with the strength to scrape even the most inconspicuous iota of diabolism; from the fathomless trajectory of this planet,

I live to savor tireless gallons of enchantingly princely air; the piquant carpet of invincible life; that veritably made me embrace all mankind irrespective of creed and color; made me feel the richest being; humanitarianly alive,

And most importantly I live to savor the most immortal gift of Almighty Lord's creation called; love; intransigently try my best to diffuse its ecumenically sacrosanct essence; to every dwelling without light; to every heart without euphoric beats

29. MORE AND MORE CLOSER

As each second unfurled into a wholesome minute; the winds of time gallivanted ahead at astoundingly incomprehensible speeds,

As each minute unveiled into a wholesome hour; the painstakingly persevering needles of the clock now; chiming in spell bindingly unanimous unison,

As each hour galloped into a wholesome afternoon; the brilliantly dazzling Sun blazing its Omnipotent shine full throttle,

As each afternoon speeded into the wholesome night; the resplendent blankets of moonlight casting an spell of eternal mysticism; upon the most horrendous of blackness prevailing,

I felt more and more closer to my mission of alleviating bereaved humanity from realms of inexplicable anguish; I felt more resolutely invincible in my advancing footsteps; by the grace of Almighty Lord.

1.

As each night unraveled into a wholesome dawn; the melodiously enchanting cuckoos; enshrouding each cranny of the beleaguered atmosphere; with their celestially ingratiating sounds,

As each dawn sprinted into a wholesome week; the pragmatically meticulous routines of life now profusely consolidated to a mammoth extent,

As each week danced into a wholesome fortnight; the essence of ubiquitous sharing; now ardently creeping into the insatiably yearning quarters of the dwindling soul,

As each fortnight shot into a wholesome month; the vivaciously changing colors of the boisterous season; now imparting their profound sensuousness to the mangled conglomerate of frazzled nerves in the body,

I felt more and more closer to my mission of metamorphosing all traumatized lechery on this planet once again into a divine paradise; I felt more overwhelmingly empowered in every word that I spoke; by the grace of Almighty Lord.

2.

As each month raced into a wholesome year; the soil now astonishingly adept and handsomely blending; to the vacillating shades of flamboyant light; freezing cold; and torrential rain,

As each year escalated into a wholesome decade; the battlefields of savage bloodshed now sprouting with the plants of ravishing freedom,

As each decade blossomed into a wholesome century; the good and diabolically bad of life now nostalgically reverberating in fathomless playgrounds of open space,

As each century unfolded into a wholesome millennium; the inadvertently committed sins of past existence; now blissfully washed with the radiantly sparkling rays of a crimson tomorrow,

I felt more and more closer to my mission of irrefutably ensuring that no organism slept a famished night; I felt my conscience unassailably radiating with nothing else but truth; by the grace of Almighty Lord.

3.

As each millennium gushed into a wholesome birth; the most infinitesimal bits of lechery in the atmosphere now completely annihilated; by the cries of freshly born Divine,

As each birth sprouted into a wholesome Era; the fields of contemporary modernity now frantically searching for their; scintillatingly simplistic rudiments,

As each era whirled into a wholesome civilization; the vividly striking newness of wonderfully mesmerizing creation; now radically replacing the stagnating dormitories of rusty past,

As each civilization eventually faded into wholesome timelessness; each element of the enthrallingly supreme sky beautifully blending with; bountifully existing earth,

I felt more and more closer in my mission to save priceless humanity from the salaciously brutal clutches of the despairing devil; I felt more invincible in my perspective of sacrificing my entire life for the service of mankind; by the grace of Almighty Lord.

30. IF INDEED THERE WAS ANY DEARTH

There was no dearth of commercialism; as boundless humans salaciously paved their way ahead; insidiously suppressing countless innocuous of their own kind; today,

There was no dearth of manipulation; as literally every 3rd person alive; tried his best to perniciously trick you; towards the realms of horrendously dwindling extinction; today,

There was no dearth of prejudice; as an unrelenting reservoir of greed glinted with pompous luminosity in millions of eyeballs alike; disparagingly robbing the fabric of eternal humanity; of its most priceless rudiments of mankind; today,

There was no dearth of barbarism; as even the most civilized of organism's savagely fought for each other's blood; replenishing their sordidly disgruntled lips at the cost of vital life; today,

And sadly if indeed there was any dearth; it was of the most immortal fountain of love which had been miserably ransacked by miscreants of spurious religion; it was of compassion which had sadly metamorphosed into a lecherous devil; today.

There was no dearth of war; as virtually every continent viciously desired to be the ultimate superpower; a force even above the Omnipotent Lord Almighty; today,

There was no dearth of depression; as even the most innocuously sparkling of youth; were horrifically buried under the juggernaut of abominably suicidal education system; today,

There was no dearth of racialism; as even the most sagaciously educated of household's; murderously discriminated between humanitarian sects of rich and poor; today,

There was no dearth of crime; as the most scintillating stalwarts of irrefutable power themselves offered a flurry of unsurpassable incentives; for committing murder; extortion; blasphemous atrocities; today,

And sadly if there was indeed any dearth; then it was of the ocean of immortal love which had wholesomely evaporated in wisps of brutal adulteration; it was of priceless humanity which was tyrannically slashed even before it expelled its very first breath; today.

There was no dearth of slavery; as merciless powerhorses of bombastically infinitesimal wealth; torturously lambasted the oppressed to even the most inconspicuous of their commands; today,

There was no dearth of morbidity; as an unendingly appalling gloom descended at all quarters; over the treacherously besieged atmosphere; today,

There was no dearth of starvation; as infinite infants having just emanated the

first cry of birth; were uncouthly stuffed in garbage bins of despicable poverty for the rest of their lives; today,
There was no dearth of tragedy; as an unprecedented mass of immaculately sparkling living being; was remorsefully subjected to perilously raining bombs and gunpowder everyday; today,
And sadly if indeed there was any dearth; it was of the sky of immortal love which had been vindictively metamorphosed into the horizon of death by all those stinking corrupt; it was of an emotional empathy which had been lethally squashed to capricious pulp by artificial robots; today.

There was no dearth of revenge; as an incomprehensible ton of living beings devilishly slit their counterparts throat; just for being a shade better than them; today,
There was no dearth of politics; as the so called unflinching leaders of the society languidly slept on a consortium of innocent bone and disgustingly transient currency; all night and day; today,
There was no dearth of wailing; as virtually every dwelling under the flamboyantly sweltering and golden Sun; had become obnoxiously sensitive to its overtly fiery rays; today,
There was no dearth of death; as the most austerely abhorred tablet of preposterous suicide; had become a pragmatically routine fashion; today,
And sadly if there was any dearth; it was of the heart of immortal love which had been rendered to a sleazy machine by daggerheads of malice; it was of the invincible adoration of the divine; which had been wholesomely alienated by Nuclear war; today.

31. WHOLEHEARTEDLY

Whether it be clambering the footsteps that led to your dwelling; or whether it be exuberantly galloping to the summit of the Herculean mountain; in lightening seconds of time,

Whether it be whispering your fears into your mother's ear; or whether it be blazingly silencing the wail of derogatory corruption; with the power of unflinching righteousness in your exhilarated voice,

Whether it be plucking a singleton fruit for your existence; or whether it be indefatigably expending every element of your intrepid silhouette; to philanthropically feed all on this planet; one and alike,

Whether it be envisaging about what was going to unveil just an infinitesimal footstep beyond your body; or whether it be galloping your brain on an

unrelenting rampage; to assimilate all panoramic beauty on this earth in your wandering soul,

Whether it be stooping and cleaning every iota of dust from your kitchen window; or whether it be patriotically baring your irrefutably sparkling countenance; for the sake of your entire motherland,

Whether it be bathing your dreary bones under the measly trickle diffusing from your dilapidated tap; or whether it be gyrating in profound furor with the ravishingly undulating ocean waves,

Whether it be straining your ear towards the sounds of the majestically mellifluous nightingale; or whether it be ebulliently absorbing the ingratiating fascination of this gigantic world; like unbelievable darts of white lightening through your ears,

Whether it be tanning the patches of profuse white in your skin as the first rays of Sun shone enchantingly outside; or whether it be audaciously facing the mighty winds of the ferociously sweltering desert; singlehandedly,

Whether it be tracing the outlines of your quavering shadow with your curled fingers; or whether it be wholesomely coalescing even the most mercurial element of your mind; body and conscience with the religion of eternally insuperable mankind,

Whether it be embossing an inconspicuous alphabet on barren paper; or whether it be tumultuously inundating fathomless kilometers of disastrously bane canvas; with boundless volumes of spell binding literature,

Whether it be assisting your own kin in whatever way you could; or whether it be standing like an unconquerable fortress in the face of the most acrid adversity; for handsomely mitigating every orphaned and blessed; alike,

Whether it be feeling exultated by just a globule of rain on your impoverished caricature; or whether it be uninhibitedly wandering through the lanes of unfathomably radiant and celestial paradise,

Whether it be flirting with sensuously nubile maidens behind the sunset hills; or whether it be surrendering even the most fugitive beat of your heart to the person your implacably loved,

Whether it be licking a parsimonious glob of holistic honey; or whether it be

wanting the symbiotic sweetness of the unsurpassably iridescent atmosphere;
to nestle miraculously on the tip of your emaciating tongue,

Whether it be passing out your examinations at school to appease your revered
parents; or whether it be royally acquiring every felicitation on this boundless
planet; even beyond they could ever perceive to magnificently come,

Whether it be a capricious craving to harness artistry with your very own scarlet
blood; or whether it be a altruistic resolution to poignantly dedicate every day
of your life; to the benign service of innocuously bountiful mankind,

Whether it be an evanescent breath that you wanted to expunge from your
beleaguered nostrils; or whether it be a vibrantly impregnable determination of
your conscience to instill quintessential life in every extinguishing life; that you
encountered in your way,

Whether it be your signature for a single humanitarian life; or whether it be your
immortal pledge to take birth an infinite times; till the time you eradicated
every obnoxious trace of uxoriously depraving slavery and poverty,

Whatever benevolent you do; whether it be minuscule or whether it be more
colossal than your timeless life; do it wholeheartedly; plunging every trace of
your heart; blood; breath and body ardently into it,

And then you will find; that with the blessings of the Omnipotent Lord; there
would be no salacious devil to impede you in your way; there would be no devil
to stop you; invincibly succeed.

32. IF YOU REALLY WANTED

If you really wanted to spread ebulliently ingratiating happiness; then spread it
amidst all those torturously lambasted; inexplicably bursting into a corpse of
inconsolable sobs and traumatic misery,

If you really wanted to spread unflinchingly intrepid strength; then spread it
amidst all those horrifically infirm; being baselessly blown away like a pack of
frigid matchsticks; for ostensibly no fault of theirs,

If you really wanted to spread irrefutably sparkling truth; then spread it amidst
all those asphyxiated with parasites of derogatory corruption; inhaling each
breath of life viciously tainted with bellicose prejudice,

If you really wanted to spread Omnisciently benign light; then spread it amidst all those whose lives were brutally inebriated with malicious blackness; even in the most brilliantly eternal of Sunlight,

If you really wanted to spread effulgently mellifluous voice; then spread it amidst all those who got nothing else from life; except insidiously penalizing gunshots of cacophonically treacherous despair,

If you really wanted to spread majestically vibrant smiles; then spread them amidst all those orphans who had nothing else; but an unfathomable battalion of impediments to transcend; at every step that they staggeringly tread on coldbloodedly barren soil,

If you really wanted to spread the spirit of symbiotically united oneness; then spread it amidst all those indiscriminately perpetuating blood in the name of spurious religion; truculently beheading their very own; just to please to pot-bellied politician,

If you really wanted to spread voluptuously intoxicating sensuousness; then spread it amidst all those incarcerated within gory jailhouses of rigid monotony; mechanically monitoring even their sleep; to the fecklessly coldhearted ticking of the clock,

If you really wanted to spread gregariously resplendent scent; then spread it amidst all those inevitably fretting in the dingily diminutive lanes of the gutter; even as opprobrious superpowers snored in castles of celestial gold outside,

If you really wanted to spread articulately rhythmic dexterity; then spread it amidst all those insanely imbecile; devilishly employing every bohemian part of their visage; to salaciously destroy the essence of beautiful mankind,

If you really wanted to spread sagaciously bountiful literacy; then spread it amidst all those worthlessly whiling every unfurling instant of priceless life staring dolorously at empty sky; dreadfully sinking into the corpse at even the tiniest innuendo of signing their name,

If you really wanted to spread boundlessly opulent coin; then spread it amidst all those uxoriously emaciating on the obstreperous streets; while their rich counterparts egregiously squelched them one by one; under their pugnacious wheel,

If you really wanted to spread regally euphoric imagery; then spread it amidst all

those preposterously stagnating in the dungeons of malicious deprivation;
hysterically sobbing in self-inflicted tyranny; till the very last breath of their lives,

If you really wanted to spread poignantly tantalizing charisma; then spread it
amidst all those carnivorously bound by chains of abstruse rigidity; infinite a time
pulverizing their ravishing dreams; just because they didn't follow the path of
their decrepit ancestors,

If you really wanted to spread quintessentially scintillating employment; then
spread it amidst all those aimlessly squandering in wastrel wheelchairs;
even after possessing the most rubicund persona that the Lord could ever have
blessed,

If you really wanted to spread blazingly fearless patriotism; then spread it amidst
all those invidiously betraying their mother soil; selling every cranny of their non-
existent conscience for a capriciously sinful clutter of sanctimonious note,

If you really wanted to spread gloriously fructifying fruit; then spread it amidst all
those horrifically stunted since times immemorial; wistfully slaving at even the
most derogatory of stone viciously pelted towards their trembling skin,

If you really wanted to spread perpetually burgeoning breath; then spread it
amidst all those haplessly stuttering for life; despairingly stuttering through
coffins of gory death; even in the most pristine prime of royal life,

And if you really wanted to spread immortally unconquerable love; then spread it
amidst all those murderously slandered by every echelon of the murderous
society; and yet the insatiable desire to ardently embrace glowing brightly in
their; ruthlessly neglected eyes.

33. JUST A SINGLE BEAT -PART 2

It took an infinite droplets of frosty salt; to evolve the majestically fathomless
ocean; ravishingly undulating with unfathomable cocoons of tantalizing waves,

It took an infinite specks of salubrious soil; to evolve the unsurpassably towering
mountain; handsomely kissing the clouds with its profoundly mesmerizing
summits,

It took an infinite puffs of ebullient mist; to evolve the voluptuously crimson
conglomerate of clouds; uninhibitedly pelting down cloudbursts of rhapsodically

exuberant rain,

It took an infinite twigs of curled mysticism; to evolve the boundlessly enigmatic forests; regally harboring an indefatigable fleet of striped panthers and red ant; symbiotically alike,

It took an infinite blades of robust grass; to evolve the timelessly enchanting meadow; ingratiatingly blooming under golden rays of the; frolicking afternoon Sun,

It took an infinite pinches of fortified cement; to evolve the incomprehensibly escalating spires of the marvelously magnificent edifice; pragmatically sequestering countless corporate offices in its colossal belly,

It took an infinite drops of profusely scarlet blood; to evolve the most indispensable nerve centers of the body; incessantly perpetuate the exhilarating elixir of vibrant life,

It took an infinite repertoire of dexterous variations; to evolve the miraculous mantra for irrefutably unconquerable success; perennially blazing forward in uninhibitedly invincible glory,

It took an infinite brain cells; to evolve the most fabulously spell binding and intriguing innovations; possessing the vivacious piquancy to blissfully metamorphose the complexion of this mammoth planet,

It took an infinite threads of satiny silk; to evolve the fascinatingly titillating web; in which gloriously danced the charismatically vivid legs; of the pot-bellied tarantula,

It took an infinite rays of blistering light; to evolve the profusely fulminating island of the Sun; Omnisciently placating the traumatized agonies of one and all alike; with its unassailable festoon of brilliant hope,

It took an infinite shades of impeccable compassion; to evolve the fountain of pricelessly sacrosanct milk; royally oozing the most impregnable panacea to lead; inexplicably enthralling life,

It took an infinite sky of tumultuous spice; to evolve the endless field of euphorically green chili; inundating worthlessly lackadaisical lives; with the reinvigorating expedition of existence,

It took an infinite entrenchment of surreptitious seduction; to evolve the inscrutably ardent shadows; sweeping like the princess of eternity; across every beleaguered cranny of this gigantic Universe,

It took an infinite draughts of boisterously optimistic wind; to evolve the fabulously torrential maelstrom; encapsulating every drearily lugubrious soul; in the magic of its insatiably redolent artistry,

It took an infinite compendium of incredulous solutions; to articulately crack the tyrannically penalizing maze; rhapsodically free all incarcerated innocent from; the aisles of horrifically unprecedented treachery,

It took an infinite elements of undefeatable righteousness; to evolve the most spectacularly aristocratic fireball of glorious truth; looming unconquerably large over every other thing; on this boundless planet,

It took an infinite balloons of replenishing breath; to evolve the most divinely chapter of beautiful life; mesmerizing one and all on this unending planet with the spirit of; splendidly Omnipotent creation,

But believe me for it was not I; but the Almighty Lord who said; that it just took a single beat of the passionately palpitating heart to fall in immortal love; eternally embrace all living kind with the essence of equality and alike,

So what are you waiting for? Just open your hearts a trifle; and let all astounding beauty and heavenly love on this earth; be forever always be yours and mine.

34. FREE OF COST

I sowed a cluster of poignant seeds in the soil; digging a trench conducive in depth,
Diligently watered the mud at the onset of every dawn; and in brilliant sunshine;
sprinkling the enclosure with salubrious manure,
After a few years the tree grew tall and handsome; and showered upon me succulent fruits; free of cost.

I provided it tones of green leaf; kept a festoon of immaculate coconut in its vicinity,
Obliterated it from acerbic rays of the sun; and sweltering heat; providing it an island of hay to sleep,
In return the rustic cow bestowed upon me gallons of frosty milk; free of cost.

I manoeuvred the canvas at astronomical heights in the sky; dexterously plucking at its nimble string,
Violently tugging the same; when confronted with swashbuckling draughts of breeze,
In return the kite swayed phlegmatically in the air; gave me gargantuan gratification; free of cost.

Several of my ancestors fought gruesome battles in their lives,
Audaciously massacring prevalent evil; clashing swords to drive away the obnoxious enemy,
In return they left me marathon years of perpetual bliss and freedom to live; free of cost.

I used portable water parsimoniously in winter; preserving every droplet that I could,
Educated the society about the indispensable need to store and relinquish wastage,
In return when the tyranny of summer took its acrimonious toll; I received colossal amounts of water; free of cost.

I procured a battalion of children; playing with them for incessant hours of the day,
Incorporating their persona with the essence of humanity; teaching them to march straight without leaning their weight,
In return when they transited to youth; their philanthropic deeds spread far and wide; and they bestowed upon me the pride of being their father; free of cost.

I built mammoth sanatoriums for those afflicted with disastrous pain,
Assisted the blind; crippled; and the impoverished to cross the street; doing the best I could within my affordable means,
In return I got the benevolent and unprejudiced blessings of the same; free of cost.

I lived the entire of my life intensely loving the girl of my dreams,
Devoting Herculean amount of time towards those in tribulation; unrelentingly attempting to fulfill my earthly tasks,
In return when I relinquished life and breath; the Creator gave me a place in blissful heaven; free of cost.

35. COLORED

I was completely brown when I was born; emitted my first cry,
As my mother hoisted me high in the air towards the almighty; asking him to
bless me with fairer complexion.

I was completely brown when I matured into youth; shedding all innocence of
childhood,
And didn't possess the faintest streak of white on my demeanor; making it easy
for people to sight me in the crowd.

I was completely brown in sunlight; as acrimonious rays of the sun struck my
persona,
Refrained to impregnate a darker texture in my skin; stood unfazed as the
tumultuous heat took its tyranny.

I was completely brown when I had an attack of severe cold; with loads of mucus
dribbling down my nose,
And every unleashing minute that unfolded; prompting me to thunderously
sneeze.

I was completely brown when burglars entered my dwelling; pilfering handsome
amounts of currency,
Threatening me to divulge secrets; marauding my intricate documents placed by
the golden lamp.

And I remained completely brown when I died; relinquishing my final terrestrial
breath,
Simply didn't change color; nor did allow any other shade to blend with my
perpetual brown.

{1}

While when you were born; you had a snow white complexion of the skin,
And your mother praised you in elders with bombastic flattery; feeling blessed to
have you white.

When you matured to youth; you acquired a silken tan to contrast with
your white,
Making you the darling of furtive philanders; with a battalion of young men dying
to court with you.

When you were in dazzling light of the celestial sun; you acquired a distinctive
tan,

Coating your supple face with profound lines of black; inundating your skin with yellow freckles.

When you had an attack of severe cold; prompting you to blow your nose umpteenth times in an hour,
Your skin turned crimson red; with infinite patches in your neck developing disdainful allergy.

When nefarious burglars invaded your house; your face transited to a deathly white,
Seemed immensely pallid; with your resplendent color fading like the day unveils itself into the morbid night.

And when eventually you departed for your heavenly abode; your complexion changed to nimble blue,
Kept changing to darker perspectives of blue; with your fairness now converted to obnoxious filaments of variegated color.

and yet after all this; you had the impetuous audacity to call me colored!

36. SLAVE

In reality I felt like kicking him straight in his face; but in the end I found myself saying that You're looking amazing sir,

In reality I felt like savagely retaliating to his volley of abuse; but in the end I found myself admiring the cadence of his voice,

In reality I felt like munching the same meals laid ravishingly on his plate; but in the end I found myself sipping plain water which he had profusely used to wash his hands,

In reality I felt like wearing the same designer clothes which he adorned himself in every minute; but in the end I found myself wearing rags which he had discarded after they became a trifle tight,

In reality I felt like possessing the scintillating Mercedes nestling splendidly in his driveway; but in the end I found myself driving the same at his commands; transporting him safely to office,

In reality I felt like spraying the same scent that he used in gay abandon on his armpits; but in the end I found myself inhaling the same from kilometers apart;

busy sweeping the majestic corridors before the guests arrived,

In reality I felt like bashing him left, right and center in his belly; but in the end I found myself cleaning the dirt adhering to the lining of his shoes,

In reality I felt like strolling as domineeringly in the lawns as he did, but in the end I found myself following him at close quarters; of course as his shadow,

In reality I felt like exposing his blatant lies to the world; but in the end I found myself nodding my forehead in poignant consent to whatever he uttered,

In reality I felt like disseminating all his illegally earned wealth amongst the impoverished masses including myself; but in the end I found myself investing it prudently in ingenious schemes; to ensure him maximum returns,

In reality I felt like banging the telephone receiver on his balding head; but in the end I found myself attending to every call; and amicably transferring him the line,

In reality I felt like sitting in the conference room in his place; with the cool air of the air-conditioner putting me off to blissful slumber; but in the end I found myself serving glasses of cocktail and appetizing delicacies; at the slightest command of his crisp voice,

In reality I felt like drinking apple juice every hour as he did; but in the end I found myself peeling open the tin; for him to tantalizingly gulp the same,

In reality I felt like speaking in American slang as he did; but in the end I found myself silencing the unruly crowds around; to thereby facilitate him to speak,

In reality I felt like hurling every object in proximity as he did when agitated; but in the end I found myself collecting the shattered remains; molding them into toys again for him to break,

In reality I felt like laughing all day as he did with my lips stretched to the most extreme limits; but in the end I found myself learning new jokes everyday; in order to trigger off his smiles,

And in reality I felt like owning all what he did; but in the end I felt myself completely helpless; as I was born naked in the dustbin; thoroughly deprived of wealth; and to feed myself and my family of ten children; he would always have to remain my master; and I his obedient slave

37. ON EVERY MORSEL OF FOOD

On every morsel of food scattered in distant territories of the earth,
there lies a name inscribed of; the person about to consume it.

On every bit of fertile clay projecting from hard land,
there lies a name embossed of; wild grass about to grow.

On every bit of bare bruise sprouting on the surface of skin,
there lies a name riveted of; the magical technology of healing.

On every bit of undulating water containing tones of salt,
there lies a name embedded of; the aquatic fish and spongy coral.

On every bit of flaming sun and celestial moon,
there lies a name embodied; of the supreme creator.

On every bit of perspiration dribbling down with tenacity,
there lies a name pressed of; the onerous amount of hard work.

On every bit of succulent looking barren tree branch,
there lies a name firmly stapled of; the fresh buds about to take birth.

On every bit of crystal water plummeting from crystalline tips of the mountain,
there lies a name dogmatically printed of; the living organism dying of thirst.

On every bit of charisma inhabiting oblivious regions of the globe,
there lies a name emphatically glued of; the human eye.

On every heart that throbs with a benevolent disposition,
there lies a name imprisoned of; the person it loves.

And on every bullet of lead that ricochets after striking the air,
there lies a name of the person living; about to die.

38. THE BEST THING

The best thing that the eyes could do; was to stare indefatigably into free space;
relentlessly admire the mesmerizing treasures of this earth,

The best thing that the feet could do; was to walk tirelessly on the path leading
towards victory,

The best thing that the flower could do; was to disseminate its aroma as far and wide as the world existed,

The best thing that the clouds could do; was to pelt down furiously; gargantuan droplets of rain,

The best thing that the tongue could do; was to move vivaciously in the chamber of the throat and produce sound,

The best thing that the birds could do; was to spread their wings to wide angles; and then sweep buoyantly across the sky,

The best thing that the soil could do; was to proliferate millions of grains; evolve all the food which was necessary for existence,

The best thing that the scorpion could do; was to viciously swish its hideous fangs; and lethally strike,

The best thing that the snow could do; was to melt at lightening speeds under the celestial sun; and thereby cascade down the mountain in rivulets of sweet water,

The best thing that the sea could do; was to rise high and swirling towards the sky; impetuously crash its massive assemblage of froth on the chain of scintillating rocks,

The best thing that the sun could do; was to sizzle darkened areas on this planet with its brilliant shine,

The best thing that the dolphins could do; was to leap acrobatically in the ocean; add vibrancy and color to the otherwise pallid atmosphere,

The best thing that the telephone could do; was to passionately ring; portray the voice of the person opposite; crisp and crystal clear,

The best thing that the mosquito could do; was to hover pertinently in the vicinity of the eardrum; suckle ripe and youthful blood,

The best thing that the shirt could do; was to completely engulf the bare chest; sequester it from bizarre cold and shivering,

The best thing that the owl could do; was to keep awake all night; prudently watch the activities going on; without uttering the slightest,

The best thing that the gutter could do; was to accumulate tones of fetid sewage; diffuse a stench more obnoxious than the pig,

The best thing that the frog could do; was to gleefully skip around; croak discordantly to pollute the mystical ambience around,

The best thing that the poet could do; was to pen down infinite lines of enchanting verse,

The best thing that the stars shining in the cosmos could do; was to illuminate every person's fading night,

The best thing that the child could do; was to incessantly play; bang its innocent wrists demandingly into its mothers belly,

The best thing that the dog could do; was to bark vigilantly; petrify the ominous assailants to the last bone of their spine,

The best thing that the shoe could do; was to indiscriminately trample all that it tread upon,

The best thing that the pen could do; was chisel intricate calligraphy; emboss the surface of bonded paper with exquisite literature,

The best thing that the ball could do; was to bounce as soon as it struck the hard floor,

The best thing that the candle could do; was to profoundly brighten the atmosphere with its escalating flames,

The best thing that the spider could do; was to ooze out sticky juice from its body; spin silken threads of its web in a matter of seconds,

The best thing that the glue could do; was to stick parchments of dispersed paper into a complete and single sheet,

The best thing that the binocular could do; was to facilitate the evanescent tip of the mountain to appear like a gas balloon,

The best thing that the king could do; was to judiciously govern his empire;
drown himself into the aisles of uninhibited wine and pleasure,

The best thing that the wall clock could do; was to keep ticking all day and night;
move its hands tirelessly in round circles to depict accurate time,

The best thing that the eraser could do; was to scrap across jumbled lines of dirt;
magically transform the paper with a hundred blemishes into one; sparkling and
brand new,

The best thing that the mind could do; was to keep fantasizing; perceive the
most exotic; spinning in countless different directions; even while in deep sleep,

The best thing that the lips could do; was to stretch themselves freely; smile and
kiss,

The best thing that the muscles could do; was to swell themselves into a perfect
curve; and forcefully punch the air,

The best thing that the key could do; was to dexterously break open through the
mechanism of the iron lock,

The best thing that the diamond ring could do; was to amicably occupy a place
on the engagement finger,

The best thing that the matchstick could do; was to ignite the entire warehouse;
into a blazing ball of flames,

The best thing that the rope could do; was to hoist the pail of water from the
unfathomable depths of the well,

The best thing that the towel could do; was scrupulously scrub all the dirt and
water adhering to the skin; metamorphosing an unruly devil into an angel,

The best thing that the tortoise could do; was to recede its neck back into its
cozy shell; and live for a thousand years,

The best thing that the fountain could do; was to catapult high in the air; shower
all across into boundless droplets of delectable froth,

The best thing that the scissors could do; was to articulately chisel shapes
through cloth and paper; chop all unnecessary bits extruding out extravagantly,

The best thing that the worms could do; was to glow radiantly at night; while pertinently trespassing through the jungle,

The best thing that the saliva could do; was to rot after being spat on the ground; decay all palpable life in proximity; capsizing it in the wrath of disease,

The best thing that the drapery could do; was to sequester the castle from sweltering heat; ensure that the shadows lingered longer in acrimonious summer,

The best thing that the calculator could do; was to decipher enigmatic sums of arithmetic; evolve solutions to the most mind-boggling of puzzles,

The best thing that the toothbrush could do; was to poignantly caress the armory of teeth; extricate the last bit of dirt stuck in their cavity,

The best thing that the mouse could do; was to nibble gaping holes into the silken floss of cloth,

The best thing that the coffin could do; was to house the dead; impart heavenly peace to those tragically bereaved,

The best thing that the businessman could do; was spend hours on the floor of the stock market; adroitly contemplating the prices of rising and falling shares,

The best thing that the heart could do; was palpitate thunderously; romancing every instant of life,

And the best thing that a human could do; was to love till the time he lived; try and embody the same in each entity he confronted or was about to encounter

39. LOVE

There were various sounds in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the sound of the discordantly wailing eunuch,

There were various truths in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the inevitable arrival of death,

There were various places in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the island of ghastly hell,

There were various things in this world which you didn't like; one of them was starvation to unprecedented limits,

There were various heights in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the abnormally long height of the dinosaur,

There were various situations in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the arrival of devastating earthquake,

There were various delays in this world which you didn't like; one of them was waiting at a claustrophobic traffic signal,

There were various liquid's in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the venom oozing from tail of the scorpion,

There were various words in this world which you didn't like; one of them was a phrase that abused your mother,

There were various speeds in this world which you didn't like; one of them was that of sinking sand,

There were various holes in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the burrow which lead to the red ants,

There were various clouds in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the blackest of them all; engulfing blissful territories of this earth with overwhelming flood water,

There were various colors in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the appalling color of cold blood,

There were various birds in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the savagely croaking vulture,

There were various dreams in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the perception of a loudly laughing devil,

There were various waters in this world which you didn't like; one of them was a sea laden with a million sharks,

There were various tree's in this world which you didn't like; one of them was an

ugly cactus embedded with a battalion of pugnacious thorns,

There were various animals in this world which you didn't like; one of them was the menacing alligator,

And inspite of all this there was only one thing in this world; which I am definitely sure that all of you liked; and for those of you who didn't I really pity; for the thing I am talking about was infact the very first reason that made you read all the lines in harmony till this line; O! yes what I am about to convey; is already at the top of your minds; for it is none other than love

40. PASSIONATE LOVE

One shouldn't sleep more than necessary; as extra sleep induces paramount laziness; ruins the ability of a person to work diligently,

One shouldn't eat more than necessary; as extra food lying dumped in the stomach; reduces your ability to have fun; fantasize and sizzle in the corridors of romance,

One shouldn't dance more than necessary; as extra gyrating the body; weakens the stem of mesmerizing ideas in the brain; instilling the legs with inevitable sleep,

One shouldn't whistle more than necessary; as extra whistling causes the air in the mouth to exhaust; and makes a person falter in his speech; grasp for breath; immediately after it,

One shouldn't cry more than necessary; as extra shedding of tears makes the eye bloodshot and and swollen; rendering a person unfit to walk on the streets,

One shouldn't write more than necessary; as extra penning down of words creates a disdain for majestic art; and the fragile fingers then intractably refuse to even emboss down your name,

One shouldn't swim more than necessary; as the poignant spray of the saline sea causes erratic allergy to the entire skin; also there is always the danger of the monstrous shark creeping in,

One shouldn't drink wine more than necessary; as the alcohol has a profoundly inebriating effect on the nerves; makes a person loose complete control of his actions; body and speech; after consuming a few sips,

One shouldn't blow one's nose more than necessary; as excessive sneezing; engenders the moisture in the nostrils to amazingly evaporate; and a person ends up inhaling bellows of hostile fire; instead of compassionate air,

One shouldn't shout more than necessary; as unprecedented screaming; foments the chords in your throat to wear out; and you eventually find yourself unable to even mew as softly as the cat; after a few minutes,

One shouldn't talk more than necessary; as baseless talk yields plenty of secrets; and a person sometimes in his inexorable urge to talk; doesn't notice the bored yawns becoming eminent and clear in the vicinity,

One shouldn't clean more than necessary; as unsurpassable amount of cleaning; leads to scraping away the oils of nature; the rudiments of color which add loads of vibrancy to life,

One shouldn't spend more than necessary; as exorbitant expenditure results in dismal bankruptcy; and suddenly the accounts replenished with surplus money till yesterday; seem to be like veritable ghost towns today,

One shouldn't fight more than necessary; as incessant war leads to lots of bloodshed; and what started as just a test of nerves and skill; now ends up being a battle of blood,

One shouldn't read more than necessary; as overwhelmingly browsing through the books night and day; has disastrous aftermaths on robust sight,

One shouldn't kick more than necessary; as ferocious kicking evokes heaps of tension; perpetuates hurling of a volley of abuses at each other; and thereby disrupting the placid environment,

One shouldn't spit more than necessary; as continuous spitting produces squalid streaks of dirt in the area's you tread; and sometimes you find yourself tripping head on; in the same slime you ejected out on this earth,

One shouldn't preach more than necessary; because at times you tend to become a victim of your own ideals; rather than having an impact and changing the lives of other humans,

I think I have bored you enough with this unending list of shouldn't's, but before emancipating I would like to tell you; that there is indeed a thing that

you should do more than necessary; and which does not have anything such as necessary or unnecessary in the dictionary of its existence,

O! yes the thing I am talking about is none other than your all time favorite, and which you must be dying to proclaim at the moment as passionate love.

41. THE BEST I COULD DO

I admit that I didn't have the ability to save all those dying in the war just sitting on my couch in the dining room; but the best I could do was to sincerely pray to God in my mind; to save the innocent from brutal atrocity and death,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to predict what was going on behind the solid brick wall; but the best I could do was to try and evacuate; the person trapped therein; scared and petrified to the last bone down his spine; in an ambience enveloped with stinging scorpion and black cockroach,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to perceive whether it would be my wife or a complete stranger as I hoisted the telephone receiver; but the best I could do was to patiently listen; and then retort back with the most consummate answers that came to my conscience,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to cognize as to what depths would I strike water beneath the soil; but the best I could do was to tenaciously plough the same using both my hands; till the time my perspiration yielded those crystalline droplets I was so frantically searching for; to pacify my thirst,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to contemplate upon the exact number of apples hidden within the dense foliage of the gigantic tree; but the best I could do was to sedulously clamber up the same; dexterously use my fingers and thumb to nimbly pluck them; before consuming them with unprecedented gusto and relish,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to envisage the number of humans which the diabolical shark had chewed up alive; but the best I could do was warn as many people as possible whom I encountered on the beach; about the staying away from the perilous sea; and keeping their eyes open and wide for the big fish,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to meticulously visualize the color of the cloth stashed in the godown's; but the best I could do was to onerously rummage through all the piles one by one; in search of that perfect fabric I had always dreamt of,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to prognosticate as to who would be the first individual I would confront when commencing the first hour of my morning; but the best thing I could do was greet him with a smile and congenially say Good Morning,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to recite the exact percentage of obnoxious gases circulating perniciously in the atmosphere; but the best I could do was to grow a new tree every day; in order to blissfully exist and protect the environment,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to immediately quote the name of the author who had written the scriptures which were more than a thousand years old; but the best I could do was to scrupulously read through his verse; pay my homage and due admiration to him for the pearls he had embossed,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to decipher what exactly the mad man was saying; as he kept opening his mouth without the slightest of sound; but the best I could do was to help him express his ideas better; endeavor to understand the essence of the agony; that he might have been going through,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to forecast as to whether it would rain or not; but the best I could do was to assist my fellow beings afflicted with bizarre drought; disseminate surplus water accumulated in my backyard to as far and distant as I could; along with softly praying to the Creator,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to predict the exact second of the day; without even looking at my watch; but the best I could do was to gauge the hour with the rising positions of the Sun & Moon; thereby carry on my activities incessantly without any negligence,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to imagine as to how much cash was stored in the villagers account; but the best I could do was to safeguard it at the cost of my life; standing tall like a formidable fortress in the path of the evil and satanic eye,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to prudently discern the nature of an individual only a few seconds after I met him; but the best I could do was to establish an amicable relationship with him over a period of time; accept his pro's and con's as a part of erring humanity; and progressing life,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to accurately count all the blades of grass

protruding from the fields; but the best I could do was to free a battalion of cows and famished sheep into the same; allow them to have the time of their lives,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to know whether the milk I was about to gulp had traces of lethal poison in it or not; but the best I could do was to swallow it down my throat with my eyes blindfolded; if someone offered it to me with loads of empathy and love in his heart,

I admit that I didn't have the ability to comprehend what was lingering in her eyes; but the best I could do was to wholesomely blend with the flames of her romance; intermingle my breath completely in the swirl of her love,

And I admit that I didn't have the ability to precisely speak out my destiny; intricately know as to what event was going to unveil before my eyes at what time; but the best I could do was to execute each activity of my life with stupendous fervor;

Try and help as many people as I could in the remaining years of my future set apart by Almighty Lord; and lead life to its fullest possible; every day; every hour; every minute; every second.

42. EVERY HUMAN WAS BEAUTIFUL

Some had beautifully mesmerizing lips; with a voluptuously silken sheen enveloping their periphery,

Some had astoundingly sharp eyes; able to sight marathon distances; even in the most obfuscated and bleariest of light,

Some had robust muscled legs; running for astronomically long hours in the cold despite the armory of barricades and odds,

Some had exquisitely sculptured fingers; sketching and evolving a fleet of shapes encompassing all mankind,

Some had tenaciously hard fists; which could drill a hole through the acrid mountain; defend the country against salacious demon,

Some had a stupendously sparkling complexion; resembling the fairies and angels residing in Omnipotent realms of heaven,

Some had a delectably black color entrenching their entire face; a shade of dark

impregnated in their demeanor which made them more enchanting than every night,

Some had a height as tall as the ceiling; walking with profound authority and domination through the verdant countryside,

Some had a tongue which indefatigable spoke; sung; whistled and chirped sweeter than the melodious nightingale,

Some had a stature shorter than the shrub; appearing like divinely Moon Gods trespassing on the body of this planet,

Some had a memory as astonishing as the contemporary computer; deciphering mind boggling sums of arithmetic with incredulous efficacy,

Some had the remarkable talent to emulate any voice; entertained people for countless decades with the overwhelming manipulation of their sound,

Some had an insurmountably supreme command over vocabulary; spoke and wrote any language with ultimate command and grace,

Some had the amazing ability to acrobatically leap in the air; juggle several balls for boundless seconds at a time,

Some had the adroit skill of negotiation; were able to succeed in any professional venture of life which they decided to undertake,

Some had the prowess to cook delicious morsels of enticing food; deluging the morbidly gloomy atmosphere with the aroma of freshly baked corn,

Some had the art of imparting knowledge; taught and dexterously handled children of all ages in innocuous school,

Some had the fiery flamboyance of the Sun; propelled the air jet at lightening speeds through vibrant carpets of floating air,

Some had a passionately beating heart; which fell in love the instant it witnessed the person of its dreams; the person of its kind,

Some had breath which ardently drifted down the nostrils; ignited the still ambience in vicinity; triggering it with their unsurpassable intensity into a fireball of vivacious flames,

O! yes. Every individual was a beautiful individual in some respect or the other; in some form or the other; and I have absolutely no inhibitions whatsoever in disclosing; of course with the mutual consent of Almighty God, that every human was indeed beautiful.

43. INFINITE BIRTHS

I wanted to live till that day; when all darkness submerging the earth metamorphosed into brilliant light,

I wanted to live till that day; when all misery engulfing the people converted into immortal happiness,

I wanted to live till that day; when all the impoverished starving for food converted into Kings residing in grandiloquent palaces,

I wanted to live till that day; when all the preposterously smelling dirt in the globe converted into a bed of voluptuous roses,

I wanted to live till that day; when all deserts and patches of soil dying for water converted into gargantuan oceans,

I wanted to live till that day; when all acerbic thorns strewn randomly in the jungles converted into golden couches impregnated with silk,

I wanted to live till that day; when all fires indiscriminately gobbling the entire townships; converted into slabs of tantalizing ice,

I wanted to live till that day; when each barren patch of sky converted itself into an opalescent and rain yielding cloud,

I wanted to live till that day; when every illiterate individual converted into prudently literate,

I wanted to live till that day; when all naked flesh around was converted into a robust body with clothes,

I wanted to live till that day; when all hostility and repugnant war would convert itself into spell binding utopia,

I wanted to live till that day; when anecdotes of deliberate lechery converted

themselves into sacrosanct temples,

I wanted to live till that day; when all evil existing in this Universe converted itself into the omnipotent aura of God,

I wanted to live till that day; when all religions existing under the cosmos; converted themselves into the religion of humanity,

I wanted to live till that day; when all hearts broken and badly betrayed converted themselves into passionate and holistic love,

I wanted to live till that day; when all those people who were wholesomely blind converted into angels with sparkling sight,

I wanted to live till that day; when each horrific accident occurring converted itself into an occasion of colorful festivity,

I wanted to live till that day; when every infant who was christened as orphan; converted itself to being born in the most complete of family,

I wanted to live till that day; when all skeletons buried at unfathomable distances beneath the soil; converted themselves again into blissful living beings,

I wanted to live till that day; when the planet which had currently become a commercial hell to live today; converted back again into the enchanting paradise it was when it had been just created,

And I knew for me to witness all this in just this birth of mine was simply impossible; but don't you worry as I will take infinite births; being born in some form or the other as per the wishes of the Creator; will definitely see that paradise come again; come once again

44. BEAUTIFUL

The flower on its own looked nonchalant; an inconspicuous entity amidst infinite stalks of lanky grass and wild roots,
Although when I put it in a jar embellished with intriguing designs; plucking it gently from its roots; people admired it profoundly; fervently longed to smell its lingering redolence.

The red pails of wine bubbling in colossal drums of wood; appeared disparaging; inundating the placid air around with a ghastly odor, Although when I poured the

same into delectably chiseled glasses; the liquor sparkled magnificently under scintillating rays of the sun; and there was an insatiable urge in my body to consume the same at lightening speeds.

The dusty granules of rice incarcerated in ragamuffin bags looked appalling; a meal to obnoxious to consume,
Although when I spread it commensurately in a plate of shimmering silver; topping the same with ravishing red cherries from the forest; the food suddenly ignited dormant pangs of hunger in my famished stomach.

The opalescent fishes swimming in the ocean appeared pretty infinitesimal; when compared to the preposterously huge sharks and whales,
Although when I placed the innocuous creatures in a grandiloquent aquarium; they seemed stupendously enamouring; instantly averted the eyes the eyes of passing philanderers; to feast on the majestic movement.

The chips of gold impregnated in deep coal mines; looked grotesque; sandwiched in an ambience of hideous black walls all around,
Although when I adroitly extracted the same; molded it into a pendant of glittering yellow; the burglars outside as well as the commoners trespassing; stood nonplussed by its royal splendor.

The ruffled sprouts of cotton stashed in the cloistered godown; looked obnoxious; with incongruous threads lurking from the bundle; engendering all in vicinity to thunderously sneeze,
Although when I knitted the same into a glossy shirt; the fabric sold like hot cakes amongst the people; fetching prices one could never have envisaged.

The century old dial of wristwatch seemed outlandish; a contraption with crusts of disdainful rust,
Although when I entwined the same in an intricate chain of scintillating silver; it looked incredibly alluring; acquiring the status of being placed in the topmost shelves of the country museum.

The plain slab of ivory appeared absolutely nondescript; resembling sordid chalk powder; concealed beneath a colossal mountain of mud, Although when I washed it stringently with water; chiseled the same into a embellished statue; it was an awe-inspiring sight which unfurled; winning the hearts of the affluent as well as the poor.

The baby lying still without motion looked an island of gloom; with his lids tightly shut giving a dull look to his naked face,

Although when I flocculent silk; tickled his flabby skin making him loudly laugh; embedded his impeccable ears with a tinkling ornament; the infant looked mesmerizing; an entity to cherish in ones arms till eternity.

And life by itself appeared abysmally drab; minutes unveiling into marathon hours without the slightest trace of activity,
Although when I blended it with the color of adventure; drowned myself into the rhapsody of music; evolved my desires in the arms of my beloved; that was the time it glistened immortally; it really looked beautiful.

45. WASN'T IT BETTER

Wasn't it better to give those left over chunks of dough to the stray dogs on the street; rather than pugnaciously stuffing them into the heart of the dolorously fetid dustbin?

Wasn't it better to use those extravagantly superfluous ingredients of your wealth to enlighten the lives of all those inexplicably impoverished; rather than spuriously abandoning them to increase the weight of gold in your bathroom chair?

Wasn't it better to mold those pieces of sordid rubber to cushion some destitute scalp; rather than winding them pretentiously to make them your pompous pet cat's string?

Wasn't it better to marvelously share the bountiful beauty of your garden with the tyrannically famished Universe outside; rather than ruthlessly incarcerate the flowers to be your sanctimonious bedroom delights?

Wasn't it better to philanthropically donate your blood to all those gruesomely debilitated; rather than indiscriminately burning it in a world of satanically manipulative lechery?

Wasn't it better to uninhibitedly about all gorgeously ebullient beauty of this colossal planet; rather than insipidly wasting the dormitories of your fertile brain to the web of insanely cold-blooded drudgery?

Wasn't it better to enchantingly deluge the lives of countless disastrously orphaned with the melody in your heavenly voice; rather than uncouthly expurgating it only for irate abuse?

Wasn't it better to Omnisciently donate your eyes after you relinquished your last

iota of breath; rather than allowing them to horrendously decay infinite feet beneath your veritable grave?

Wasn't it better to embrace uncontrollably shivering organisms in the swirl of your compassionately invincible chest; rather than diabolically pulverizing innocent bones with its Herculean strength?

Wasn't it better to sagaciously utilize your knowledge to blissfully enlighten the haplessly illiterate; rather than malignantly drifting it to evolve bombs; which could mercilessly devastate the entire living kind?

Wasn't it better to allow your enchantingly shimmering shadow to celestially rejuvenate bizarrely frazzled human kind; rather than lugubriously blending with the realms of meaningless hell?

Wasn't it better to tirelessly admire the astronomically aristocratic beauty of this unsurpassably regale Universe with each of your senses; rather satanically dictating them to parasitically suck immaculate blood?

Wasn't it better to admirably use your robust shoulders to hoist unfortunate urchins and make them ecstatically fly; rather than disgustingly shrug them towards the very entities; who gave you miraculous birth?

Wasn't it better to amiably spend your spare moments in the company of those penuriously bereaved who needed you the most; rather than drain them like a lackluster skeleton in the corpse of sleazily adulterated wine?

Wasn't it better to speak the irrefutably unconquerable just once; rather than indefatigably hide your ludicrously trembling skin; under the curtain of a boundless derogatory lies?

Wasn't it better to eternally use your lips to kiss the fragrance of everlasting humanity; rather than criminally bite all with abominably proliferating hatred?

Wasn't it better to impart all your short clothes to those existing beneath the preposterously mortifying poverty line; rather than torch them in a bonfire to worthlessly tingle; your already opulent night?

Wasn't it better to Omnipresently utilize those extra puffs of your breath to revive the morbidly dying; rather than trying to impossibly store them in your lungs; in the baseless hope of surviving a countless more lives?

And wasn't it better to uninhibitedly free the beats of your heart to bond with their immortal soul mate; rather than clinically imprisoning them in the center of your chest; in the feckless fear that you might lose them?

46. TO ALL AFFLUENT EXISTING

I drenched myself with golden honey liquid, sped to jungles to feed famished insects

I had crisp currency notes stashed in cloth cellars of trouser, distributed knives with razor blades, to my fellow beings in heart breaking agony.

I slept in luxury on cushioned foam of air cooled palace, opened lock proof doors, inviting masses residing in tumbledown huts.

i wore grey linen suit studded with infinite beads of gold, shed bits of cloth, sprinkled balls of thick silver, as I trespassed through victimized regions of the globe.

I drank mammoth bottles of rich brown rum, supplied a fleet of tankers, with gallons of water, to scorched population, on dry flaming land.

I consumed pungent slices of bacon, tore greedily through chunks of chocolate bread, inaugurated a king sized food plaza, offering plain rice and curry, to those shrunk to mere skeleton skins, all throughout the day.

I roamed round the clock in bullet proof silver sedan, with an army of helicopters hovering above, I reserved glass facaded showrooms full of high powered bike, for bare feet trampling needle shaped weeds emanating from soil.

I attended school offering elite courses in management, reclined on plush chair, while copying notes, built school monasteries to educate the girl child.

I bathed in luke warm water, drizzling from multiple pores of modern shower assembly, supplied electric geysers with aluminum coil, to those freezing in chilly currents of winter wind.

this is my pledge to all affluent existing,
try and emulate, a fraction of my benevolent deeds,
the creator will bless you with more than you could ever foresee.

47. INDIAN WIDOW

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she was ruthlessly ridiculed at every
quarter of this conventionally acrid society,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she was treated worse than what people
could have treated barbaric dogs on stray streets; shrugging her entirely
from the fabric of blissful existence,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she hopelessly staggered on every step
towards a painstaking defeat; with literally every door slamming tyrannically shut
upon her impeccable persona,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she became the subject of indefatigable
abuse; with all males in vicinity; salaciously devouring every bit of her untainted
innocence,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she lost even the most infinitesimal trace
of her integrity in the air outside; with people preferring to bleed; rather
than look at her cursed face,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she frantically searched all night and day
for an unassailable friend; but what she got was the uncouthly coldblooded
whiplash instead,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she was disastrously decimated in her
conquest to be self sufficient; with powerhouses of wealth in this Country;
devilishly using her innocence to their savage advantage,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she had become a ravishingly
ingratiating persona all right; but morbidly devoid of an irrefutably moral
conscience; which led to righteously blazing light,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she had remorsefully frozen the
poignantly scarlet streams of blood in her veins; in her hopeless mission of trying
to savor empathy and blankets of compassionate love,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she had become a statue vengefully

divested of even the tiniest of emotion; as she into a life of lecherous nothingness; for times immemorial,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she had lost her pristine chastity the moments she stepped outside; with the winds of diabolical prejudice shattering her into an infinite pieces; of bizarre worthlessness,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she had become a mere commodity; being insidiously traded on the dais of depravation; to yield to the viciously abhorrent cry of the devil,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she left her immaculate children in the malicious orphanage; rather than having them witness her being gorily mutilated every unfurling second of the day,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she alighted from bed every morning all right; but with the flaming light outside; seeming to be worse than the corpses; of dolorously dead light,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she incessantly cursed her destiny all night and day; for yet keeping her so tirelessly breathing and discerningly alive,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she felt as each instant stabbing her with a whirlpool of heinous atrocity; with the word hope disappearing forever from the thesaurus of the; murderously ungainly planet,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she was exonerated from all relationships; with even those bonded by blood; snobbishly failing to recognize the blissful contours of her; innocuous face,

Without those two pinches of vermilion; she had even stopped praying to the Almighty Lord; knowing it perfectly well that she would be satanically kicked by the conventionally ritualistic priests; from the very first of the sacred Temple steps,

O! Yes for once upon a time it was indeed those two pinches of vermilion glistening profound between her hair; that had granted her the status of an embellished queen; with this same society saluting her with loads of respect,

While today she felt that the worst sin she had committed was to marry; for after her husband unfortunately quit his last breath; she had become the same treacherous word on everyone's mouth; which she forever wanted to

forget; she had become just one another in the devastatingly augmenting list of Indian widows.

48. POLICE

P stands for PATRIOTISM; an insatiably untamed gusto in the demeanor; to uninhibitedly relinquish life; for the sake of the sacrosanct motherland,
P stands for PITY; wholesomely blending with the sentiment of the tyrannically terrorized; flooding their abode with beams of astronomical courage,
Not for hideously dictatorial POWER; indiscriminate trampling of the innocuously timid; with swords of manipulative greed and beguiling prejudice.

O stands for OBEDIENCE; a flamboyantly stringent ray of discipline; to scrupulously metamorphose all deplorably malevolent lies; into the irrefutably blazing island of invincible truth,

O stands for OPERATIONAL; a perennial yearning to march on the path of righteousness and duty; be the most scintillating stalwarts of the society,
Not for barbaric OSTRACISM; overwhelmingly castigation of the oppressed tribes; ominous massacring of the deprived; to dig the foundations of spuriously glittering wealth.

L stands for LISTENING; philanthropically lending the ear to the cry of disastrously lecherous pain; gallantly marching forward to swipe all traces of crime from this colossal planet,

L stands for LEADERSHIP; being the very first to plunge into the unfathomable sea of ungainly turbulence; transforming it into an island of benevolence; with the most sagacious use of law,
Not for salacious LANGUISH; insidiously feasting on nubile flesh and opulent wine; while the destitute got soaked in ghastly blood by the diabolical demons.

I stands for INTELLIGENCE; astoundingly discerning and punishing the horde of heinous parasites; out of the gigantic civilization blissfully existing in tranquil peace,

I stands for INTREPIDITY; a never-ending spirit of confronting the bizarrely unknown; staying awake as the sentinels of peace all invidious night; while the innocent slept to their hearts delight,
Not for impudent INEPTNESS; profusely dedicated to culinary delights of the preposterously protruding stomach; while hell rained in torrentially uncontrolled frenzy; from the fathomless sky outside.

C stands for COMPASSION; a blissful synchronization with the hearts of the

common man; truly commiserating with their agony; while at the same time removing them from the disdainfully abominable muddle; of savage corruption, C stands for COMMAND; a vibrantly dynamic volcano of blistering authority; which imparts the Omnipotent fortitude to; wholesomely vanquish the most lethal of devil,
Not for cowardly CORRUPTION; accepting bribe to polish even the most infinitesimal speck of dirt on the shoe; a stain that would ironically take decades to gather.

E stands for EQUALITY; judiciously catering to the sorrows of all caste; creed; and tribes; with an insatiable fervor of sparkling benevolence; and alike,
E stands for ENERGY; an unrelenting euphoria to unitedly rise to the cause of the Nation's prosperity; tirelessly strive to eradicate the most tiniest trace of lethal doing; forever from the trajectory of this boundless earth,
Not for forced ENMITY; using the devastatingly maimed as a stick to walk forward; on the powerhouse politicians; irately meaningless demand.

49. WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT LOVE?

What is life without spell binding fantasy; the unprecedented exhilaration to incessantly dance in the valley of untamed adventure?

What is life without marvelously exotic flamboyance; the insatiably perennial desire to be none other than; magnificently bedazzling Sunshine?

What is life without mystically voluptuous enchantment; the milky rays of moon seductively enthralling; every iota of your disastrously famished skin?

What is life without tantalizing rain; golden globules of heavenly water tumbling torrentially from the fathomless sky; pacifying every iota of your devastatingly frazzled senses with overwhelming magic and serenity?

What is life without mesmerizing scent; a boundless entrenchment of blissfully celestial rose; tingling you majestically on every benign step that you took?

What is life without unrelenting charisma; the bountifully ever green fruits of Mother Nature; divinely greeting you every dawn you ravishingly awoke?

What is life without indefatigable strength; an intrinsically Herculean stamina; which tirelessly propelled you to march unflinchingly; on the path of sagacious righteousness?

What is life without intransigent perseverance; a blazing inferno of patriotic solidarity; beautifully camouflaging every iota of your; fabulously silver sweat?

What is life without your revered ancestors; the intriguing island of profuse nostalgia that they stupendously transited you into; recounting the tales of unending hundred's of years?

What is life without royally fructifying carpet of enamoring grass; the titillatingly divinely stalks; that surreptitiously flirted with the surrendering energy in your beleaguered soles?

What is life without the blissfully sacrosanct cow; the oceans of impeccable milk which she uninhibitedly oozed; to miraculously fortifying every element of your penuriously staggering countenance?

What is life without perpetually augmenting desire; an unsurpassable yearning to romance with resplendently tinkling goodness; for infinite more births yet to unfurl?

What is life without the vivaciously boisterous rainbow; the countless myriad of eclectic shades in vibrant life; which made you bask in the full glory of your priceless existence?

What is life without ebulliently compassionate artistry; the unbelievably fantastic aura of the entire Universe; so brilliantly portrayed upon the trajectory of the; emphatically silken canvas?

What is life without ingratiatingly twinkling stars; the magically opalescent fountain of shimmer that eternally radiated; after the heart of charmingly gracious midnight?

What is life without enigmatically evoking intuition; the uncanny forest of inexplicable dreams; which blended so splendidly with every ingredient of your poignant blood?

What is life without ubiquitously blooming humanity; the thread of everlastingly benevolent empathy; which so euphorically coalesced all religions; caste; creed; and tribes in whirlpools of mankind; alike?

What is life without ecstatic fireballs of breath; the astoundingly tumultuous reinvigoration which it endlessly imparted; to march forward as a messiah of invincibly divine peace?

What is life without diligently bestowing prayer; the unassailable mantras of humanity; that harmoniously metamorphosed the manipulatively bedraggled planet once again; into a Godly paradise?

And over and above all; what is life without immortally unconquerable love; which was the only Omnipotent panache to timelessly live; and let forever and ever and ever symbiotically survive.

50. STOP FEELING SORRY

If you're perennially smiling; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose innocuous cheeks were inundated with nothing else; but an unsurpassable whirlpool of tears,

If you're blazingly intrepid; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose uncontrollably quavered at even the most inconspicuous whisper of the evanescently cowardly wind,

If you're stupendously white; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose skins were jinxed with a color; more acrimoniously blacker than the most pathetically blackened of charcoal,

If you're bountifully virile; don't feel sorry at all for all those who couldn't proliferate into even a mercurial shadow of their own; even in the most astoundingly pristine of their youth,

If you're unbelievably creative; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose brains were in a state of amorously stony inertia; right since the very first cry of euphorically resplendent birth,

If you're invincibly strong; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose frigid veins disdainfully popped out of their impoverished skins; whose stomachs shriveled into recesses of nothingness forever and ever and ever,

If you're amazingly eclectic; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose robotic footsteps; led them to nowhere else but the most blasphemously delinquent graves of nonsensical monotony,

If you're incomparably wealthy; don't feel sorry at all for all those who spent every unfurling instant of their horrifically dismantled lifetime; within the lecherously incarcerated confines of the parsimonious gutterpipe,

If you're spell bindingly robust; don't feel sorry at all for all those who were afflicted with the most invidiously penalizing of cancer/aids; for whom death was the most inevitably sadistic signature of life,

If you're ebulliently athletic; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose bodies were indescribably maimed; tawdrily thwarted into disparaging oblivion for ostensibly no fault of theirs,

If you're unfathomably sensitive; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose ears weren't anything but jewels without the slightest of luster; as brutal strokes of destiny had limitlessly rendered them stone deaf,

If you're miraculously hawk-eyed; don't feel sorry at all for all those who could sight nothing but a corpse of crucifying blackness in front of their eyes; even under the most Omnipotently brilliant of Sunlight,

If you're mellifluously sweet-tongued; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose tongues blurted nothing but inanely incomprehensible balderdash; as the thorns of decrepit dumbness had stung them right in the center of their spines,

If you're beautifully sculptured; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose faces; inadvertently resembled the most preposterously distorted of dinosaurs,

If you're inevitably magnetic; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose countless zillion efforts; still miserably floundered to entice the heart of even an ethereally insouciant fly,

If you're brilliantly patriotic; don't feel sorry at all for all those who preferred to sell their mother's and souls; instead of mustering the tenacity to take the onslaught of the rampaging devil on their barren chests,

If you're altruistically sacrosanct; don't feel sorry at all for all those who spent almost every unleashing second of their devastated lives; on the ultimate precipices of mental retardation and in a dilapidated mental asylum,

If you're unassailably breathing; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose life was just for the sake of the externally worthless physical form; whose soul had died the most ghastliest of death at the hands of torturous fate; an infinite births ago,

If you're immortally in love; don't feel sorry at all for all those whose beats did

quintessentially liberate into the atmosphere like yours; but unfortunately failed to coalesce with the eternally fructifying and ultimate love of their life,

Because. The instant you started to feel the least sorry for all these kind of organisms and countless more hopelessly deprived of their kind; you'd be infact giving them an instantaneous death which would be more gory than the most goriest of death could ever be; a death caused by sympathetic disdain; a death caused by your attitude of crumbling weakness; a death caused by your feeling of sheer helplessness; a death caused by your inability to accept them as blessedly normal entities alive,

Whilst the instant you stopped feeling sorry for them; wholeheartedly embracing them instead; as just one of your blessed kind; the instant you selflessly reached out to even the most infinitesimal aspect of theirs; the instant you tried and did your very best for them blending each of your gregarious breath with theirs; that very instant and by the grace of God; you'd not only be attaining the most supreme epitome of divinity; but commencing upon an expedition united with them; to exist as the most pricelessly unconquerable form of celestial living kind.

51. THIS VERY NAKEDNESS.

Cover it with the most ethereal traces of clouds; insouciantly dying in the wisps of nonchalantly lugubrious oblivion,

Cover it with the most pathetically shriveled of twigs; sprawled in treacherous incoherence amidst the most non-existent disappearing of forests,

Cover it with most fugitive rays of the rainbow; vanishing into the realms of infinite infinity; even before they could fall on the trajectory of celestial earth,

Cover it with the most invisibly deadened of grass blades; indiscriminately trampled into wisps of parasitic nothingness; by the sacrilegiously marauding devil,

Cover it with the most ghastily painful shards of glass; which stabbed even the most infinitesimal pore of your body; at a billion kilometers per minute,

Cover it with the most disdainfully crinkled of petals; escaping faster than the speed of light; towards the valley of ruthlessly unsparing decay,

Cover it with the most sordidly ignominious gutter water; which inevitably fomented you to vomit out every ounce of your goodness; into a dustbin of

horrific animosity,

Cover it with the most incongruously shattered of blighted beaks; that impregnated such an inexplicably incurable fever in your body; which augmented beyond the realms of eternity; every unfurling minute,

Cover it with the most fecklessly inane bits of feces; which rendered you with such a squalidly bellicose odor; that you were mercilessly rejected by even the very closest of your compassionate kin,

Cover it with the most inconspicuous strands of the eyelash; which hardly possessed even the most transiently comprehensible identity of their very own,

Cover it with the infant's very first nascent cry; which perhaps needed an infinite times more of your support; rather than your sadistically leaning upon it,

Cover it with the virgin yolk of the haplessly smashed egg; venomously depriving another woman of her yet unborn child; in order to sequester your unimpeachable identity,

Cover it with the absolute epitome of the jagged mountain; even though it meant that you had indefatigably clamber up its slope; bearing the brunt of the most viciously slandering of storm and adversity; upon your diminutively shivering chest,

Cover it with the most miserably collapsing threads of the spiders web; which commenced to slip with more and more unstoppable fervor from your shoulders; even before you realized it was actually there,

Cover it with the most undesirably wastrel streams of oil; which sardonically ensured that you could never ever invincibly grip; your loved ones to your soul's content,

Cover it with most unceremoniously wailing voices of the eunuch; which made you feel an anomalously wanton mixture; of being both; pugnacious man and salacious woman,

Cover it with the most abnormally glittering caves of gold; which incarcerated every iota of your uninhibitedly ravishing sensitivity; with corpses of unlimited prejudice,

Cover it with the most cadaverously jinxed mud of the morbidly fretful

graveyard; which haunted even the most unflinchingly blazing of your premonitions; with the sole desire to die,

Cover it with most cursedly vespere feathers of the lifeless bird; which left every pore of your body almost immediately; with the tiniest draught of whistling wind,

O! Yes do whatever and even the most deliriously demented that you could; but please for heaven sake don't leave even an indefinable fragment of your flesh naked; O! sensuously blessed Woman; for it is this very voluptuously igniting nakedness of yours; that metamorphoses even the greatest of saints; philosophers; devotees; and every other old and young man on this limitless Universe; into unforgivably sinful rapists; tormentors; chauvinists and immoral devils

52. MINE NOT ME

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my creative energies; my perpetual desire to evolve unendingly magical newness; out of inanely shriveled nothingness,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my rhapsodic fantasies; my indefatigably resurgent brain; culminating into a the most celestial cistern of uninhibitedly velvety imagination,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my nubile flesh; my every endlessly emaciated strand of hair; standing up in unprecedentedly fervent anticipation; towards the triumphantly blazing sky,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my sensuously rubicund tongue; my intransigently unflinching urge to discover the apogees of excitement and unparalleled sensuality,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my intrepidly dancing feet; my timelessly fragrant valley of fearlessly fructifying adventure; at every single step that I nimbly alighted,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my ravishingly ecstatic belly; my eternally augmenting wishes; of interminably slaving at the footsteps of inimitably priceless joy,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my silken palms; my inevitably

inexplicable tryst with enigmatic destiny; the winds of change that unabashedly confronted me every unfurling minute,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my uncanny shadow; my tireless drowning into a gorge of untamed enchantment; profoundly embracing the start-studded night as my sole savior,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my poignant lips; my irrevocably undefeated ardor in life; to unshakably coalesce with the winds of lusciously compassionate belonging,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my philanthropic shoulders; my intrinsically altruistic feelings to ameliorate every fraternity and sect of living kind; from the clutches of hedonistically chauvinistic depravation,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my magnetic ears; my boundlessly intricate ability to discern even the most ethereal ounce of goodness; from amidst an unlimited corpse of diabolical ghastriness,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my bountifully glistening sweat; my undying zest to romanticize in the aisles of pristine beauty; for an infinite more births of mine,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my jubilantly unconquerable smiles; my ever-pervading spirit to remain forever cheerful; even in the face of the most goriest of extinction or massacring death,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my flirtatious eyelashes; my tendencies of mystically inborn mischief; which smooched the ultimate crescendo of intimacy as the Sun sank behind the fathomless horizons,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my virgin thighs; my cloudbursts of potent fertility; which erupted into an unassailable forest of ebullient creation; every unleashing instant of destined life,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my humanitarian blood; my uncurbed fires to conquer the ultimate epitomes of truth; undefeatedly unite every caste; creed and tribe on this earth; into the religion of mankind,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my passionate breath; my victoriously emollient desire to royally Live and Let Live; for a countless more brilliantly enlightening lifetimes,

I wanted a man who could perpetually share my immortal heartbeats; my every signature of Omnipotently true love; on the pricelessly enamoring fabric of ubiquitous virility,

O! Yes; I've always wanted a man O! Omnipresent Lord; who could perpetually share even the most infinitesimal aspect of Mine for centuries immemorial; but definitely not a man who worthlessly shared Me with a countless more of his tawdrily satanic and sacrilegiously gluttonous kind

53. WE'VE ALL BEEN SENT TO WIN.

We've all been sent on this bountifully eclectic earth; to tirelessly adventure; and not to pathetically stagnate in the corpses of miserably penalizing and delirious depression,

We've all been sent on this celestially fantastic earth; to interminably consecrate the virtues of benign goodness; and not to preposterously bend down to the indiscriminately vengeful footsteps of the massacring devil,

We've all been sent on this fantastically virile earth; to blaze in the Sun of unconquerable optimism; and not to inexplicably wither like a shriveled leaf in the mortuaries of asphyxiating blackness; without any ostensible reason or rhyme,

We've all been sent on this blessedly emollient earth; to limitlessly desire in a paradise of heavenly symbiosis; and not to be wretchedly thrashed by the wantonly non-existent gallows of maiming negativity,

We've all been sent on this vivaciously wonderful earth; to uninhibitedly embrace every caste; creed; color and race with egalitarian love; and not to relentlessly assassinate countless innocent; on spurious pretexts of feckless religion,

We've all been sent on this resplendently robust earth; to enlighten the lives of all those unfortunate with every smile of our destined existence; and not to rapaciously gobble even the last bone of their crumbling spine; to sadistically inundate our already bulging stomachs,

We've all been sent on this jubilantly fathomless earth; to indefatigably march forward in the corridors of unflinching courage; and not to let the germs of meaninglessly inscrutable fear; reign supreme on every ingredient of our blood,

We've all been sent on this gloriously unbridled earth; to invincibly unite in the threads of royal compassion; and not to uncouthly separate the very fabric of existence; and thereby be a beleaguered slave of our prejudiced brains,

We've all been sent on this unbelievably enamoring earth; to altruistically heal even the most treacherously ghastliest of wound with the wand of eternal friendship; and not to leave an unending sea of ruthless blood; at every step that we traversed,

We've all been sent on this romantically effulgent earth; to mellifluously sing the tunes of brotherhood; and not to cadaverously dumb our God gifted throats; into the hell of lugubriously intolerable decay,

We've all been sent on this spell-bindingly ardent earth; to timelessly sleep in the lap of our Omnipotent mothers; and not to dementedly rape and sell innocuously venerated women; right under the broadest of flaming daylight,

We've all been sent on this ecstatically vibrant earth; to beautifully harness; conserve and augment the fruits of pristine mother nature; and not to ruthlessly chop trees and iridescent vegetation; in order to erect tombstones of robotic monotony,

We've all been sent on this bounteously philanthropic earth; to fearlessly feed every hungry destitute stomach in whatever capacity we ever could; and not to sacrilegiously orphan boundless; right in front of their kin,

We've all been sent on this incredulously magnetic earth; to interminably continue the chapter of amazingly virile existence; and not to render ourselves meekly impotent; to even the most obsolete insinuation of the passing maelstrom,

We've all been sent on this handsomely impregnable earth; to pay due homage and respect to our elders/ancestors/heritage; and not to make our own parents sweep the threadbare household floors; whilst we abominably lazed into an inexplicable labyrinth of languid nothingness,

We've all been sent on this royally emollient earth; to nimbly prostrate in front of the power that created us all alike; which was irrefutably the Omnipresent Creator; and not to sanctimoniously consider only our ourselves; as the greatest and the most powerful of all,

We've all been sent on this magnetically poignant earth; to unstoppably relish every droplet of rain that fell from the Omnipotent skies; and not to insidiously adulterate the same with gory bloodshed and abhorrently devastating war,

We've all been sent on this spectacularly harmonious earth; to disseminate the ideals of immortal love and peace in even the most obliviously fading cranny of the Universe; and not to lethally stab each heart throbbing beside us with the poison of castrated hatred,

And we've all been sent on this fabulously sparkling earth; to timelessly triumph in a heaven of goodness and; win; and not to worthlessly succumb to the mortuary of evil; lose everything of ours even before the slightest innuendo of the devil miserably floundered to loom upon the gigantic Universe.

54. DOES THAT STOP MY HEART FROM THROBBING?

I might be perpetually blind; being wholesomely oblivious to even the most cloistered beam of optimistic light; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is ecstatically torrential and uninhibited; on this fathomlessly enamoring Universe?

I might be perpetually diseased; being lambasted by the tyrannical maelstroms of cancer since my very first cry; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is beautifully panoramic and garnished; on this ebulliently limitless Universe?

I might be perpetually maimed; inconsolably licking worthless grime and dust without those robust legs; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is symbiotically benevolent and humanitarian; on this resplendently eternal Universe?

I might be perpetually dumb; hopelessly unable to utter even the most ethereal of sound; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is seductively inebriating and royal; on this unbelievably untainted Universe?

I might be perpetually orphaned; thrown into the most acrimoniously slandering of gutter; immediately as I crawled out of the womb of my mother; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is jubilantly triumphant and righteous; on this incredulously proliferating Universe?

I might be perpetually illiterate; ludicrously using the whole of my preposterously

bohemian foot to sign when need be; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is undefeatably truthful and pristine; on this marvelously majestic Universe?

I might be perpetually deaf; not flinching the slightest even as the most atrocious bombs of death exploded right at the tip of my earlobe; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is invincibly serene and celestial; on this unassailably vivacious Universe?

I might be perpetually unfortunate; wholesomely metamorphosing even the most glittering gates of gold into tawdrily meaningless shit with my touch; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is poignantly compassionate and gregarious; on this merrily proliferating Universe?

I might be perpetually impoverished; without possessing the tiniest of robe to engulf body; even in the most ruthless of squall or unrelenting cold; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is wholeheartedly embracing and liberated; on this fantastically iridescent Universe?

I might be perpetually famished; with every cranny of my severely dilapidated intestines puking out nothing else but exasperated blood; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is benevolently ameliorating and emphatic; on this divinely unprejudiced Universe?

I might be perpetually devastated; with everyone of my kin being barbarously assassinated by terrorists right in front of my innocent eyes; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is astoundingly fresh and virile; on this timelessly burgeoning Universe?

I might be perpetually rebuked; with every caste; creed; color and fraternity on this earth spitting upon my unconventional ways; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is intrepidly exhilarating and innovative; on this endlessly ebullient Universe?

I might be perpetually floundering; miserably failing to make even the most infinitesimal of impact in every single sphere of destined life; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is candidly sparkling; on this interminably vibrant Universe?

I might be perpetually weeping; uncontrollably culminating into an unsurpassable ocean of tears as I couldn't ever forget the dead corpse of my mother; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is synergistically

fragrant and spell-binding; on this vividly emollient Universe?

I might be perpetually castrated; rendered hopelessly impotent against the inevitably unstoppable race of time; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is enchantingly twinkling and enigmatic; on this unceasingly beautiful Universe?

I might be perpetually paralyzed; not able to move my hands or feet an inconspicuous inch even in the most mesmerizing paradise; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is stupendously intimate and befriending; on this victoriously unabashed Universe?

I might be perpetually jailed; incarcerated in the prisons of maliciously unforgivable politics for no ostensible rhyme or reason; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is sensuously passionate and tantalizing; on this insuperably unfettered Universe?

I might be perpetually neglected; with not a soul on this unending globe ready to sight the contours of my inherently ugly face; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is blessedly innocuous and natural; on this Omnisciently infallible Universe?

And I might be perpetually betrayed; with every single anecdote of relationship salaciously stabbing me like a zillion venomously parasitic thorns; but does that in anyways stop my heart from throbbing for all that is Immortal love and fresh; on this gloriously holistic Universe?

55. CASTING AN IMMORTAL SPELL

The boisterously bumbling bees cast an enchanting spell upon this effulgently colossal Universe; with their royal cisterns of pristinely golden honey,

The handsomely crimson roses cast an unbreakable spell upon this beautifully panoramic Universe; with their whirlpools of uninhibitedly enamoring scent,

The resplendent festoon of stars cast an enlightening spell upon this marvelously gigantic Universe; with their gloriously eternal fountain of; ecstatically twinkling light,

The timelessly Omnipotent Sun cast an everlasting spell upon this unbelievably mystical Universe; with its unstoppably victorious beams of unflinching happiness,

The ecstatically fructifying forest cast a mesmerizing spell upon this gorgeously romantic Universe; with its endlessly astounding proliferation into a civilization of unparalleled newness,

The serenely emollient meadows of grass cast an invincible spell upon this eternally ebullient Universe; with their aristocratically heavenly river of incredulously blessing dew-drops,

The jubilantly kingly eagles cast a euphoric spell upon this boundlessly benign Universe; with their uninhibitedly altruistic and symbiotically vibrant flight,

The ingratiatingly milky Moon cast a formidable spell upon this wonderfully vivid Universe; with its indefatigably impregnable illumination of the cadaverously gory and blackened night,

The blarily wide eye owl cast its spell upon this eclectically inimitable Universe; with its tales of unsurpassably philanthropic wisdom; even after the striking of invidiously sinister midnight,

The tantalizingly undulating sea cast its spell upon this inscrutably effervescent Universe; with its magically frosty and sensuously rejuvenating waves,

The newly born infant cast its spell upon this blessedly vast Universe; with its unadulterated winks of supremely unassailable mischief; and virgin cries,

The chocolate brown deserts cast their spell upon this limitlessly enthralling Universe; with their unitedly synergistic sands charismatically glimmering for infinite more births yet to unveil,

The seductively emerald crested nightingales cast their spell upon this immaculately fathomless Universe; with their mellifluously astonishing and Omnipotently mitigating voice,

The luminescent mountains cast their spell upon this unendingly harmonious Universe; with their indomitably Herculean and tirelessly blazing peaks,

The sacrosanct cow cast its spell upon this supremely garnished Universe; with its pearly streams of quintessentially life-yielding and Omnipresent milk,

The flaming candle cast its spell upon this timelessly serenaded Universe; with its tantalizingly reinvigorating flicker of hope; amidst apocalypses of pathetically

dolorous darkness,

The compassionate tufts of sheep skin cast their spell upon this patriotically flowering Universe; with their magnetically electrifying caverns of unprecedented warmth,

The inferno of Omnisciently indispensable breath cast its spell upon this dexterously varied Universe; with its triggering of priceless princely life even in the most ghoulishly lackadaisical of graves,

And the perpetually passionate heart cast their spell upon this robustly exhilarating Universe; with its beats of immortally insuperable and selflessly infinite love.

56. I WILL NOT REST

I will not rest; until all those disastrously impoverished; kiss the unprecedentedly jubilant corridors of prosperity; until every philanthropic desire of theirs metamorphoses itself into an immortal reality,

I will not rest; until all those treacherously enslaved; uninhibitedly dance in the aisles of mesmerizing desire; handsomely soar above the clouds of bountiful prosperity; for times immemorial,

I will not rest; until all those murderously devastated; replenish their lives back with astounding tranquility and ardent belonging; blissfully bond under the resplendent blanket of gregariously twinkling stars,

I will not rest; until all those penuriously kicked and brutally lambasted; blossom into a wave of enthrallingly wonderful newness; grandiloquently dance in symbiotic unison; for boundless more births to unveil,

I will not rest; until all those ludicrously condemned and ignominiously ostracized; irrefutably retrieve back their lost integrity; rise as a marvelously united wind of togetherness; to add gloriously harmonious dimensions to; vibrant life,

I will not rest; until all those despairingly withering; flower exuberantly into euphoric spurts of vivacious existence; embracing fathomless more of their kind; in the swirl of passionate sharing,

I will not rest; until all those deplorably orphaned and disastrously rebuked;

tower to the zenith of rhapsodic happiness; deluging every cranny of their despicably dwindling countenance; with fireballs of poignantly optimistic light,

I will not rest; until all those viciously massacring at will; transform themselves benevolently into synergistic saints; becoming the ultimate harbingers of peace and ubiquitously everlasting solidarity,

I will not rest; until all those manipulatively sucking blood; learn the art of holistically surviving; lead infinite more of their kind; into caverns of gloriously celestial peace and benign happiness,

I will not rest; until all those mercilessly pulverized under diabolical footsteps of prejudice; spawn formidably from beneath the inconspicuous ashes; to harness unsurpassable civilizations of philanthropic goodwill; with their very own blood,

I will not rest; until all those baseless terrorist masterminds; bend in due obeisance before the Almighty Lord; not only asking for abnegation from their uncouth sins; but uplifting the lecherously bereaved to a world of fabulously divine enchantment,

I will not rest; until all those satanically starving urchins; were blessed with opulently charismatic fodder in their tottering stomachs; snoozed like angels of congeniality; under the golden rays of the blazing midday Sun,

I will not rest; until all those ungainly whipped with swords of bizarre commercialism; romance in the dormitories of untamed yearning; fantasize the most incredulously innovative philosophies; to emphatically change the complexion of despondent mankind,

I will not rest; until all those stinking in gutters of gloom; exuberantly bask under a carpet of unparalleled ecstasy; ebulliently gallop forward to conquer; their affably perpetual missions in life,

I will not rest; until all those innocuous squelched to a barbaric submission; patriotically gallivant with an unfathomable ardor to save their motherland in their intrepid hearts; convert all indiscriminate racialism; into the one and only Religion of Humanity,

I will not rest; until all those insidiously tainted with spots of untouchable banishment; scintillatingly sway in gorgeous unison under the vivid rainbow; imbibing and globally disseminating the eclectically never-ending colors; of perennially endowing life,

I will not rest; until all those traumatically cheated under broad daylight;
escalate as a symbiotically coalesced fabric to alleviate dolorously staggering
humanity; become a profusely bonded force to impregnable success,

I will not rest; until all those ghastily dumped under their venomous corpses;
sprout up formidably to become the absolute messiah's of humankind; evolving a
countless more altruistic lives; on every step that they graciously tread,

And I will not rest; until all those tyrannically broken and tumultuously aggrieved
hearts; bond in the chapters of unassailably heavenly love; incessantly
throbbing with a sensuousness to live; incessantly throbbing with a longing to
perpetually romance.

57. BUT ONLY TO IRREFUTABLY ENSURE

If someone slaps you viciously on your face; slap him back; but only to
irrefutably ensure; that he was never able to slap any innocently celestial cheek;
on this boundlessly poignant Universe; once again,

If someone kicks you ominously on your hindside; kick him back; but only to
irrefutably ensure; that he was never able to kick any innocuously divine
organism; on this colossally bountiful Universe; once again,

If someone bites you diabolically on your flesh; bite him back; but only to
irrefutably ensure; that he was never able to bite any frigidly impoverished
countenance; on this vivaciously mesmerizing Universe; once again,

If someone spits venom deplorably on your nape; spit back at him; but only to
irrefutably ensure; that he was never able to spit abhorrence on any
immaculately symbiotic entity; on this marvelously enchanting Universe;
once again,

If someone stabs you surreptitiously on your back; stab back at him; but only to
irrefutably ensure; that he was never able to stab any impeccably righteous
human; on this fabulously compassionate Universe; once again,

If someone ridicules you satanically on your rudiments; ridicule back at him; but
only to irrefutably ensure; that he was never able to ridicule any holistically
truthful entity; on this gloriously effulgent Universe; once again,

If someone pummels you murderously in your stomach; pummel him back; but

only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to pummel any intricately harmonious molecule of God; on this ubiquitously benign Universe; once again,

If someone incarcerates you ruthlessly in treacherous bars of heinous slavery; incarcerate him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to incarcerate any uninhibitedly symbiotic existence; on this panoramically fathomless Universe; once again,

If someone yells at you thunderously to deafen all your blissful sense of understanding; yell at him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to yell at any romantically poignant angel; on this bloomingly gigantic Universe; once again,

If someone abuses you treacherously in the name of your sacrosanct parents; abuse him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to abuse any helplessly maimed organism of Almighty Lord; on this resplendently enigmatic Universe; once again,

If someone strangulates you devilishly on your neck; strangulate him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to strangulate any unfortunately destitute orphan; on this astoundingly everlasting Universe; once again,

If someone pulverizes you to infinitesimal ash; pulverize him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to pulverize any haplessly trapped innocent individual on this Omnisciently scintillating Universe; once again,

If someone whipped you to devastatingly bizarre submission; whip him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to whip any cripplingly mutilated beggar; on this unsurpassably timeless Universe; once again,

If someone poisoned your food with lecherously lethal snake venom; poison him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to poison any morsel of indispensably priceless life; on this endlessly proliferating Universe; once again,

If someone chopped your fingers with swords of hideously manipulative commercialism; chop him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to chop any heavenly child; on this exotically flamboyant Universe; once again,

If someone blinded your eyes horrendously with rods of uncouthly blistering iron;

blind him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to blind any messiah of peace; on this brilliantly fascinating Universe; once again,

If someone starved you perilously of inevitable granules of nature's fruit; starve him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to starve any unequivocally embracing human; on this royally enamoring Universe; once again,

If someone raunchily shattered your heart into an infinite pieces; shatter him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to shatter any immortal lover's beats; on this wonderfully majestic Universe; once again,

And if someone deliberately asphyxiated the last iota of rhapsodic breath from your nostrils; asphyxiate him back; but only to irrefutably ensure that he was never able to asphyxiate any synergistically surviving organism; on this stupendously radiant Universe; once again.

58. LETS PRAY FOR LOVE

Lets pray with our fingers invincibly clasped; for UNITY; a wave of perpetual solidarity to descend charismatically all over the monotonously bedraggled planet,

Lets pray with untamed fires blazing in our eyes; for PROSPERITY; uplifting all those tottering with relentlessly acrid pain; to the ultimate realms of bountifully enamoring paradise,

Lets pray with divine obeisance enshrouding our souls; for HARMONY; the winds of celestial symbiosis to emphatically deluge; every treacherously shattered life,

Lets pray with Herculean energy in our shoulders; for RESILIENCE; an unflinching attitude to confront the most mightiest of disaster; by all those miserably shivering and pathetically deprived,

Lets pray with overwhelming bliss enveloping our senses; for PEACE; the immortal cloud of rhapsodically contented happiness; to shower its heavenly blessings; upon the rich; poor; and devastatingly orphaned; alike,

Lets pray with insatiable nostalgia in our blood; for INNOCENCE; all lecherously satanic life loitering insidiously upon this boundless Universe; to metamorphose into a garland of Godly childhood,

Lets pray with unrelenting ardor in our conscience; for TRUTH; the wholesome overshadowing of satanic evil on the trajectory of this enchanting planet; with the threads of unassailable righteousness,

Lets pray with stupendously everlasting belief in our veins; for EQUALITY; the profusely uninhibited virtue of compassion; unfathomably entrenching all souls pathetically staggering; for volatile traces of indispensably vital life,

Lets pray with insurmountable glory in our voice; for FREEDOM; an irrefutably unconquerable spirit to unequivocally exist; amidst the diabolically tyrannical lingering reflections of the bizarre devil,

Lets pray with unparalleled eloquence in our impoverished visage; for BEAUTY; an unsurpassably redolent flower of humanity; engulfing all webs of maliciously manipulative and rotten prejudice,

Lets pray with an unprecedented shimmer upon our lips; for BROTHERHOOD; all disastrously orphaned destitute coalesced synergistically together; to handsomely evolve into a wonderfully endowing and a majestically sparkling tomorrow,

Lets pray with indefatigable strength in our palms; for SYMBIOSIS; a profound melanging of all tribes; caste and religion on this fathomless planet; to scrap the very essence of ignominiously rebuking devil; from its worthlessly non-existent rudiments,

Lets pray with incomprehensibly melodious charisma in our lashes; for SOLITUDE; an irrevocably unshakable tenacity to exist in a land of supreme pacification and heavenly joy descending torrentially from all sides,

Lets pray with unfazed belonging in each pore of our skin; for WISDOM; the bells of an invincible triumph over despicably despairing sadness; ringing loud and poignantly stringent through the frigid cocoons of lackadaisical atmosphere,

Lets pray with joyously swirling desire in our blood; for BENEVOLENCE; an evergreen carpet of marvelously Omnipotent showering; upon all those entities murderously encompassed by gruesomely ominous hopelessness,

Lets pray with magnificent majesty in our shadows; for TOGETHERNESS; a spirit of pricelessly augmenting passion; to wholeheartedly circumvent all those miserably divested; of their revered mates in penalizing life,

Lets pray with altruistic faith in our innocuously glorious countenances; for SUCCESS; the pearls of sagaciously benign wisdom to perpetuate a serenely satisfying chapter of existence; in the lives of those uncouthly engulfed by savage blood; indiscriminate crime and horrific lies,

Lets pray with an intransigently sacrosanct propensity in our breaths; for LIFE; a prolific dissemination of its fathomlessly fabulous repertoire of spell binding forms; and its perpetually Omnipotent spirit to philanthropically survive; reigning supreme in every birth it was bequeathed; from the Almighty Lord,
And lets pray with an immortally royal fervor in our hearts; for LOVE; its miraculously healing touch; proving as the ultimate panacea for harmoniously surviving and blossoming into; a countless more wonderful lives.

59. SO THAT I FORGET

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to indiscriminately hate; embrace one and all in the perpetual religion of humanity; alike,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to treacherously suck blood; ubiquitously diffuse the fragrance of immortal peace; to the most fathomless quarters of this mesmerizing Universe,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to uncouthly lambaste; unite with the spirit of everlasting mankind; and wholesomely blend with the rudiments of irrefutably holistic truth,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to gorily excoriate all innocent shivering; perennially gallivant in the aisles of uninhibited rhapsody and ecstatically augmenting melody,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to ruthlessly abuse; disseminate all unequivocal goodness of the atmosphere; to all those miserably tottering hutment's; besieged with inexplicably morose hopelessness,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to barbarically exploit; swirl in a mist of ebulliently benevolent fantasy with my impeccable comrades; towards the island of blissful paradise,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to satanically murder; heal despicably wounded infants; with the ointment of unassailable caring and sharing,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to speak horrifically deplorable lies;

perennially raise the flag of invincible honesty; to blend with clouds of celestial harmony; in fathomless sky,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to manipulatively tyrannize; compassionately bond with my fellow compatriots; irrespective of their caste; color or kind,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to aimlessly loiter; indefatigably pursue the path of symbiotic righteousness in every time I was born; put in my most tumultuous endeavors to save the dwindling planet; and then leave the rest; to Almighty Lord,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to torrentially exploit; harbor all my despondently trembling mates; in blankets of unconquerably grandiloquent brotherhood,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to ignominiously castigate; profoundly appreciate the unfathomably enamoring beauty of this resplendently boundless Universe; harnessing the fruits of goodwill with my very own poignant blood,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to baselessly adulterate; march synergistically forward with countless more of my diminutive kind; to spawn a wholesomely bountiful and gregariously blossoming tomorrow,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to maniacally devastate; exist in stupendously serene patriotism with redolently fabulous nature; disburse the unprecedented richness of humanity; to all those camps flourishing with diabolical terrorists,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to worthlessly wither; resiliently contribute my best to fathomlessly proliferate God's most sacrosanct chapter of existence; procreate incomprehensible more of my impoverished kind,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to indefatigably cry; unsurpassably deluge the lives of orphaned children; with an unrelentingly endless festoon of impregnable smiles,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to ominously massacre; maneuver the heinously conventional and astronomically rigid society; to the summits of unflinchingly pristine unity,

Love me; so that I perpetually forget to break hearts; romance in the realms of

untamed desire and tantalizing fantasy; pacify the thirst of opprobriously whipped humanity; with oceans of Omnipotent light,

Over and above all; Love me; so that I perpetually forget to despairingly die; stay alive for countless more robust births yet to unfurl; but only to be a messiah of the underprivileged; an apostle of divinely peace; and an inconspicuous molecule of God but a harbinger of humanity.

60. NEVER IN MY ENTIRE LIFE

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to celestially rest; sleep still immutably refrained to blissfully perpetuate into my devastatingly beleaguered lids,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to scrumptiously relish; hunger just didn't arouse an infinitesimal spark in my traumatically subjugated stomach,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to intrepidly clamber the mountain slopes; my feet just dwindled into a disheveled trash and without the tiniest of passion towards lackadaisical soil,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to splendidly memorize; the synchronization just didn't happen articulately in my bizarrely mumbled brain; with all sagaciousness dissolving into a mayhem of meaninglessness,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to blazingly triumph; the winds of victory ran just further and further away from me; leaving me flummoxed and licking preposterously fetid garbage,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to mischievously flirt; even the most inconspicuous ant in my vicinity sported a dreadfully sonorous look; and the broomsticks of acrimonious monotony kicked me left; right and dead center,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to adventurously swim; even the most inanely mercurial of wave hurled me like a sadistically pulverized mosquito; towards the disappearing shores,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to artistically spawn; the knots in my fingers just kept curling tirelessly into a

vindictively closed fist; into a graveyard of morbid hopelessness,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to sensuously slither; every pore of my decrepit body started to chant mundane rhymes of stereotypical arithmetic; and the atmosphere around me evaporated itself into a ball of arid nothingness,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to astoundingly procreate; every part of my body found itself besieged with diabolically aggrandizing stagnation; withering into wisps of vespereid oblivion,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to earn wealth; the atrociously sodomizing whiplashes of the manipulatively commercial world; buried me an infinite feet beneath soil; although I was robustly alive,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to execute magic; each ounce of tantalizing mysticism metamorphosed into a lunch box of practicality around me; and the mysterious destiny lines on my palms started to seem like robotic squares and triangles drawn with bland chalk,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to wholesomely cleanse; obnoxiously irrevocable dirt still invidiously camouflaged my fragrant persona; at times rendering it one befitting a dreadfully unwashed pig,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to endlessly preach; my tongue intractably stuck in the deepest corner of my throat; and all that came out of my mouth was ludicrous balderdash; which attracted every fraternity of stray dog,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to intriguingly emulate; the society around me amorphously transited into a state of baffling atrophy; deserting me with none to copy except gutless air,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to mellifluously sing; it rained bombs and unprecedentedly deafening noise all around; making my voice seem like a mocking pin dropping in an ocean of uncontrollable activity,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I

could to adapt truth; the ignominiously victimizing devil deliriously infiltrated my conscience; with the wrath of profanely dilapidated lies,

Countless times in my entire life I've experienced; that try as hard as I could to bountifully breathe; the fangs of wholesomely silencing death seemed nearer and nearer to my silhouette; torturously asphyxiating me beyond the final thresholds of redemption,

But never in my entire life have I ever felt that I wasn't able to love when I've ardently and altruistically wanted to; with the Omnipotent Lord Almighty transforming every tangible and intangible object in my vicinity into a paradise of unconquerable friendship; the very instant that I merely uttered it; the very instant its beats leapt uninhibitedly from my heart

61. LOVE -PART 2

Neither did it become more stupendously extraordinary than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more flagrantly dwindling than ever before,

Neither did it become more blissfully fragrant than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more despicably cadaverous than ever before,

Neither did it become more triumphantly brilliant than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more treacherously defeated than ever before,

Neither did it become more truthfully emollient than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more sinfully satanic than ever before,

Neither did it become more exuberantly ecstatic than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more forlornly decrepit than ever before,

Neither did it become more unflinchingly unfettered than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more parasitically coward than ever before,

Neither did it become more timelessly liberating than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more hideously incarcerating than ever before,

Neither did it become more mellifluously ebullient than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more salaciously cacophonous than ever before,

Neither did it become more beautifully panoramic than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more ruthlessly ugly than ever before,

Neither did it become more royally inimitable than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more ludicrously floundering than ever before,

Neither did it become more astoundingly proliferating than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more hilariously impotent than ever before,

Neither did it become more unbelievably devoted than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more hedonistically agnostic than ever before,

Neither did it become more optimistically enlightening than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more deplorably discouraging than ever before,

Neither did it become more euphorically gallivanting than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more lugubriously morbid than ever before,

Neither did it become more beautifully evolving than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more grotesquely stagnant than ever before,

Neither did it become more resplendently radiating than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more blackened depravation than ever before,

Neither did it become more holistically learned than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more perniciously illiterate than ever before,

Neither did it become more incredulously tangy than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more lackadaisically staunch than ever before,

Neither did it become more spell bindingly passionate than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more aimlessly amorphous than ever before,

Neither did it become more eternally fructifying than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more cynically rotten than ever before,

Neither did it become more extraordinarily priceless than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more egregiously penurious than ever before,

Neither did it become more Omnipotently Life-yielding than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more gorily corpselike than ever before,

Neither did it become more jubilantly blossoming than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more pathetically disheveled than ever before,

Neither did it become more vivaciously sparkling than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more acerbically rustic than ever before,

Neither did it become more magnanimously benevolent than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more vindictively venomous than ever before,

Neither did it become more charismatically adorable than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more dismally cancerous than ever before,

Neither did it become more jauntily versatile than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more indiscriminately jinxed than ever before,

Neither did it become more fantastically artistic than yesterday; Nor did it transform into more vapidly monotonous than ever before,

There was no question of it altering itself to something "More" or something "Less" with the fading of time or "Ever Before"; There was no question of it being "More Blooming" or "More Decaying" as time sped through the chapters of Omnipotent existence or "Ever Before"; because "Love" was; is and shall perpetually remain pricelessly unconquerable; because "Love" was; is and shall forever reign every sphere of earth and altruistically symbiotic existence as "Omnipresently Immortal".

62. MORE IMMORTALLY GODLY THAN EVER BEFORE.

That very same blood which seemed so pricelessly scarlet in your veins; looked disdainfully pugnacious and unfathomably repelling; when removed from your body and sighted on lackadaisically indolent ground instead,

That very same sweat which seemed so Omnipotently golden in your armpits; looked parsimoniously orphaned and lugubriously opprobrious; when removed from your body sighted on parasitically threadbare ground instead,

That very same saliva which seemed so sensuously enticing on your tongue; looked penuriously decrepit and acrimoniously forlorn; when removed from your body and sighted on baselessly wanton ground instead,

Those very same teeth which seemed so charismatically twinkling in your mouth;
looked disastrously broken and uncontrollably shivering; when removed from
your body sighted on ethereally nonchalant ground instead,

Those very same hair which seemed so astoundingly ravishing on your scalp;
looked fretfully wanton and inanely diminishing; when removed from your body
and sighted on worthlessly barren ground instead,

That very same wax which seemed so uninhibitedly artistic in your ears; looked
disgustingly deplorable and fetidly acrid; when removed from your body and
sighted on dolorously blackened ground instead,

That very same moisture which seemed so royally Omniscient in your eyes;
looked pathetically variegated and ominously jinxed; when removed from
your body and sighted on remorsefully wasting ground instead,

Those very same bones which seemed so indomitably Herculean in your arms;
looked frigidly hapless and intractably deteriorating; when removed from your
body and sighted on despairingly delinquent ground instead,

That very same mucus which seemed so superbly befitting in your nostrils;
looked desolately cursed and deliriously ignominious; when removed from your
body and sighted on insatiably cringing ground instead,

That very same brain which seemed so ingeniously unparalleled in your skull;
looked treacherously diabolical and perilously stagnating; when removed
from your body and sighted on stupidly obdurate ground instead,

Those very same eyelashes which seemed so Omnipresently mischievous on your
eyelids; looked diminutively hopeless and brutally pulverized; when
removed from your body and sighted on fugitively identitiless ground instead,

Those very same nails which seemed so unbelievably artistic on your fingers;
looked demonically astray and despicably trembling; when removed from your
body and sighted on monotonously stony ground instead,

That very same birthmark which seemed so invincibly prestigious on your skin;
looked atrociously sinister and hedonistically isolated; when removed from your
body and sighted on tempestuously quavering ground instead,

That very same smile which seemed so Omnipresently magnificent on your lips;

looked inconsolably shriveled and disastrously fading; when removed from your body and sighted on emotionlessly crumpled ground instead,

That very same food which seemed so marvelously replenishing in your stomach; looked satanically vomiting and unforgivably stinking; when removed from your body and sighted on worthlessly balderdash ground instead,

Those very same destiny lines which seemed so unassailably resolute on your palms; looked unbearably disgruntled and vapidly excoriated; when removed from your body and sighted on horrifically bland ground instead,

That very same conscience which seemed so righteously Omnipotent in your soul; looked sadistically tyrannized and inevitably adulterated; when removed from your body and sighted on mundanely reverberating ground instead,

That very same breath which seemed so unconquerably life-yielding in your lungs; looked amorphously non-existent and invisibly wailing; when removed from your body and sighted on truculently lambasted ground instead,

Paradoxically to the above; those very beats which seemed so bountifully passionate in your heart; looked more Immortally Godly; looked more unflinchingly powerful and perpetually uniting than ever before; when removed from your body; and sighted not only on colorless ground; but even the most evanescently mercurial cranny of this Universe instead.

63. AN INFINITE TIMES BIGGER.

You might have fearlessly adventured through an infinite enigmatic "Forests" all throughout an infinite resplendent lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the swirl of the unhindered "Forests" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your impoverished life,

You might have unflinchingly encountered an infinite treacherously lambasting waves of the stormy "Ocean" all throughout an infinite effulgent lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the majesty of the untainted "Oceans" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your diminutive life,

You might have wholeheartedly replenished and relished an infinite fruits of "Mother Nature" all throughout an infinite symbiotic lifetimes of yours;

but always remember that the panorama of blissful "Mother Nature" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your truncated life,

You might have inimitably spoken an infinite pearls of blazing "Truth" all throughout an infinite triumphant lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the chapter of unassailable "Truth" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your infinitesimal life,

You might have royally inhaled an infinite puffs of the synergistic "Atmosphere" all throughout an infinite dazzling lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the enchantment of the tantalizing "Atmosphere" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your flickering life,

You might have intrepidly walked through an infinite blistering "Fires" all throughout an infinite enamoring lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the tenacity of the infallible "Fire" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your ethereal life,

You might have victoriously played an infinite types of uncanny "Games" all throughout an infinite iridescent lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the magnetism of the unfathomable "Game" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your transient life,

You might have unflinchingly absorbed an infinite rays of Omnipotent "Sunlight" all throughout an infinite bountiful lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the propensity of the Omnipresent "Sunlight" would still and forever an infinite times bigger than any form of your destitute life,

You might have unceasingly assimilated an infinite words of aristocratic "Language" all throughout an infinite synergistic lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the richness of fathomless "Language" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your slaving

life,

You might have unconquerably stared for an infinite hours into the whiteness of the "Mirror" all throughout an infinite ebullient lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the candidness of the honest "Mirror" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your subjugated life,

You might have peerlessly conquered an infinite peaks of the indomitable "Mountain" all throughout an infinite rhapsodic lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the visage of the invincible "Mountain" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your molecular life,

You might have fearlessly shed an infinite droplets of priceless "Blood" all throughout an infinite blessed lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the compassion of humanitarian "Blood" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your mercurial life,

You might have domineeringly played and slurped at an infinite globules of crystalline "Water" all throughout an infinite jubilant lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the inevitability of divine "Water" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your minuscule life,

You might have majestically whipped through an infinite lanes of untamed "Wilderness" all throughout an infinite effervescent lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the inebriation of the ravishing "Wilderness" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your parsimonious life,

You might have indefatigably romanced and philandered an infinite moonless "Nights" all throughout an infinite glorious lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the stupor of the celestial "Night" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your miserly life,

You might have been an infinite apostles of insuperable "Peace" all throughout an infinite spell binding lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the magnificence of heavenly "Peace" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your faltering life,

You might have unquestionably fertilized an infinite "Women" all throughout an infinite ubiquitous lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the motherhood of Omniscient "Women" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your extinguishing life,

You might have effortlessly tolerated an infinite cisterns of glistening "Sweat" all throughout an infinite lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the fragrance of righteously persevering "Sweat" would still and forever remain an infinite times bigger than any form of your obsolete life,

And you might have uninhibitedly romanced an infinite Immortal "Heartbeats" all throughout an infinite undaunted lifetimes of yours; but always remember that the fervor of the Godly "Heartbeat" would still and forever remain and infinite times bigger than any form of your destined life.

64. THIS VERY BLESSED INSTANT.

Show me a single candle on the trajectory of this fathomlessly enchanting Universe; which doesn't pathetically melt; when its emotionlessly obdurate wick glares and brilliantly glows?

Show me a single patch of soil on the trajectory of this boundlessly effulgent Universe; which doesn't lividly wet; even as torrential cloudbursts of rain ferociously plummeted upon it from the carpet of crimson sky?

Show me a single eyelid on the trajectory of this extraordinarily majestic Universe; which doesn't subserviently bat; as the profoundly blazing rays of the Mid-day Sun; permeated right through its impeccable whites?

Show me a single insect on the trajectory of this royally resplendent Universe; which doesn't meekly yield; even as the unsurpassably indiscriminate dinosaur wholesomely tread upon it?

Show me a single river on the trajectory of this unbelievably burgeoning Universe; which doesn't impoverishedly evaporate; as the inexhaustibly sweltering rays of acrimonious Summer fell upon it for marathon hours of the day?

Show me a single brick on the trajectory of this unfathomably mesmerizing Universe; which doesn't profusely lament all night and day for being brutally asphyxiated in the realms of the cadaverously dark foundation?

Show me a single bird on the trajectory of this miraculously ameliorating Universe; which doesn't fall on the callously stony ground; as the mercilessly tyrannical hunter shot it straight through its exuberant wings?

Show me a single vein on the trajectory of this marvelously blossoming Universe; which doesn't tawdrily freeze; when buried several feet beneath the frigidly Herculean avalanche?

Show me a single stomach on the trajectory of this limitlessly enthralling Universe; which doesn't unrelentingly cry; when flagrantly emaciated for countless hours without even an infinitesimal morsel of food?

Show me a single rock on the trajectory of this insuperably redolent Universe; which doesn't get forlornly slapped and humiliated in the midst of the ocean; as the undulatingly choppy waves unsparingly splashed against its naked black breasts?

Show me a single infant on the trajectory of this optimistically Omnipresent Universe; which doesn't unstoppably wail; when hedonistically snatched from the inimitably compassionate belly of its invincible mother?

Show me a single shard of naked iron on the trajectory of this incredulously igniting Universe; which doesn't disdainfully rust; when uninhibitedly exposed to the profusely moisture laden atmosphere?

Show me a single artist on the trajectory of this celestially stupefying Universe; who doesn't feel sacrilegiously hanged till death; when asked to work from a mechanically monotonous 9 to 9; in the coffins of the robotically commercial office?

Show me a single tortoise on the trajectory of this eclectically bountiful Universe; who doesn't tirelessly starve for priceless life; at being atrociously

kicked into the 1000 M superfast athlete race?

Show me a single soldier on the trajectory of this iridescently vivacious Universe; who doesn't feel like instantaneously committing suicide; rather than being shamefully tortured by the bombastically chauvinistic enemy camp?

Show me a single nightingale on the trajectory of this vibrantly spectacular Universe; which doesn't feel like an amorphously deadened stone; after being forced to only stay with the cacophonically groaning frogs in the well?

Show me a single sweat laden armpit on the trajectory of this incomprehensibly spell binding Universe; which doesn't shrink to the size of a lugubriously inconspicuous mosquito; as the monstrously impotent air of the artificial air-conditioner indefatigably blew over it?

Show me a single nostril on the trajectory of this fantastically proliferating Universe; which doesn't despairingly strangulate; when ruthlessly held under water without any contraption; for over a few minutes of time?

And I know it before hand; that try as hard as you may; and even if you spent an infinite lifetimes of yours dogmatically searching for the same; you would never be able to find it or for that matter reach even an inane trace near its non-existent scent,

Therefore forget it. Instead I can easily show all of you on the trajectory of this jubilantly palpitating Universe; a countless hearts still and immortally radiating the tunes of perpetual love for an infinite more births even after the physical body had veritable died; this very blessed instant.

65. DESERVED TO BE KISSED

Every summit blazing intrepidly through the satiny entrenchment of clouds; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by brilliantly golden Sunshine,

Every grass blade standing unflinchingly all throughout sweltering afternoon; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by a tantalizing festoon of celestially shimmering dewdrops; as dawn transcended all ghastly darkness,

Every patriot relentlessly fighting to save his revered motherland; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by invincibly everlasting victory,

Every flower ubiquitously disseminating the scent of unconquerable humanity;

irrefutably deserved to be kissed by exuberantly vivacious blankets of blissful breeze,

Every philanthropist intransigently diffusing the perpetual virtue of uninhibited brotherhood; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by a wave of perennial goodness and overwhelming bliss,

Every innocuous eye flickering drearily after a tumultuously fatiguing days work; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by mesmerizing curtains of heavenly sleep,

Every blind organism ebulliently endeavoring its best to relish the unfathomable beauty of this boundless Universe; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by divinely enamoring fireballs of sight,

Every orphan tenaciously fighting its righteous way through a pack of satanically hostile and manipulative wolves; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by unequivocally wholehearted success,

Every mirror candidly divulging even the most inner most arenas of the immaculate conscience; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by the impregnably Omnipotent image of vibrant honesty,

Every minuscule bone unsurpassably determined to scrap the complexion of evil from the trajectory of this fathomless planet; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by blessedly Herculean power,

Every road mystically winding into a cloud of unparalleled newness; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by the romantically philandering and fantasy traveler,

Every cake stupendously enthusiastic about consecrating the child's birthday; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by a profoundly enlightening and poignantly glistening candle,

Every ideal that harbored the perennial scent of service to devastatingly deprived mankind; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by the sparkling clock of Omniscient timelessness,

Every granule of soil undeteringly facing the onslaught of acrimonious storm and gruesomely exonerating drought; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by compassionately blossoming crop,

Every palm incomprehensibly determined to propagate the formidable rays of

peace to each iota of space lingering in pallidly uncouth darkness; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by a map of royally unfazed destiny lines,

Every lip inundating hopelessly shattered lives with overpowering words of supreme encouragement; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by a Omnipresent smile,

Every artist who incredulously fulminated even the most intricate arenas of his heart and soul to appease his lifeless audiences; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by flames of bountiful prosperity,

Every soul inherently encompassing the insatiable desire to propagate the divinity of unchallengable existence; irrefutably deserved to be kissed by never-ending seeds of majestic life,

And every heart passionately throbbing to indefatigably bequeath upon the world its beats of everlasting charisma; not only irrefutably deserved to be kissed by the immortal ocean of love; but be born infinite times once again as love; love and only love

66. PERPETUAL PRIVILEGE

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the mother; was to feed her baby; with gallons of uninhibitedly sacrosanct milk,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the flower; was to disseminate its spell binding fragrance; to those quarters of the earth; despondently besieged with horrifically despicable doom and unsurpassable gloominess,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the star; was to inundate the complexion of the drearily exhausted night; with unprecedented whirlwinds of captivating mysticism,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the clouds; was to incessantly shower upon its globules of celestial water; upon miserably slithering cocoons of ominously entrenched and overwhelmingly parched soil,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the lips; was to trigger maelstroms of invincible passion; in fatigued bodies treacherously engrossed; in digging their very own graves,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the singer; was to divinely pacify its

colossal battalion of penuriously staggering audiences; with overwhelmingly melodious music,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the dwelling; was to impregnably grant shelter to the insidiously deprived; heal the most lecherously devastated senses with the ointment of compassionate sharing,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the pen; was to emboss exquisite lines of majestic artistry upon boundlessly barren sheets of paper; weave an unsurpassable trail of magical enigma with scarlet ink incarcerated in its congenial belly,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the tree; was to bequeath an incomprehensible tunnel of bountiful fruits; upon organisms remorsefully curled in famished malice,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the sheep; was to unequivocally bestow its amiably cozy tufts of wool; engulfing all those malevolently orphaned; in blankets of poignantly swirling warmth,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the newspaper; was to ubiquitously keep its readers apprised about the latest global happenings unveiling; timelessly and all round the clock,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the mountain; was to unrelentingly tower above all on the trajectory of this mesmerizing Universe; undisputedly be the first one to kiss the golden Sun; as it marvelously blazed through; azure carpets of blissful sky,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the monkey; was to scrupulously teach its inherent art of astounding emulation; to its freshly born repertoire of flirtatiously mischievous siblings,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the soldier; was to free his immaculately revered motherland; from the clutches of insatiably murderous diabolism,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the arrow; was to strike its barbarically savage target head-on; even before it could dare to bat an infinitesimally single eyelid,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the stream; was to celestially placate

the thirst of countless bleary eyed travelers; magnificently rejuvenate every element of their bedraggled senses; propelling them to philanthropically triumph in life,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the doctor; was to benevolently cure his patients of their most inexplicable ailments and despairing pain; scrap stinking debilitation and disease; from its very non-existent roots entirely from the trajectory of this eternally infinite planet,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the saint; was to ensure that his unending entrenchment of diligent disciples; perennially disseminated the immortal essence of peace; love and sagacious truth; to even the most remotest corners of this mammoth Universe,

The most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the body; was to unsurpassably accomplish its optimum quota of benevolent deeds and desire in the tenure of its transiently stipulated life; afford the same to its fellow compatriots in irascible distress,

And the most irrefutably perpetual privilege for the heart; was to immortally shower upon its pricelessly vivacious beats of love on every soil that it handsomely gallivanted; instilling the most supremely royal gift of Almighty Lord; in every entity existing; and those yet to evolve into; fragrantly vibrant life.

67. ME. JUST ME

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from optimistic light; slithering a world of desperate malice; was the abominably vindictive scorpion for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from hedonistically decaying stench; blossoming in an atmosphere of celestially redolent harmony; was the poignantly pink Lotus for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from despairingly deteriorating lies; triumphantly dancing till times immemorial in sacred paradise; was the chapter of gloriously pristine truth for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from veritably pragmatic civilization; indefatigably trying to flagrantly jinx all blissful humanity; was the treacherously satanic ghost for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from dimly forlorn barrenness; spawning into a cloudburst of newness every unfurling instant of life; was the blessedly silken raindrop for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from fecklessly wanton boredom; enriching every ingredient of the atmosphere with the ultimate fabric of ecstasy; was the vivaciously virgin rainbow for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the chains of asphyxiating depression; cascading into an endless stream of unbelievably sensuous beauty; was the timelessly majestic waterfall for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the agonizingly traumatic teardrop; uninhibitedly plunging into a gorge of unsurpassably emollient victory; was the blissful smile for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the parasitic bombardment ghastly war; unassailably towering against the most gigantic of devils on this Universe; was the fortress of unconquerably handsome unity for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the clutches of the insanely pulverizing monster; fearlessly ruling the entire planet from within its diminutive cradle; was the new born baby infant for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the seeds of astounding fertility; wailing in unceremonious angst upon the haplessly deserted streets; was the vociferously clapping eunuch for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the desolately maiming night; magically ameliorating every tyrannized organism with its Omnipotently sizzling rays; was the exuberantly Omnipresent Sun for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from cursedly diminishing oblivion; unceasingly ticking its way with every shade of changing light on earth; was the stupendous clock of immutable reality for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the unsparingly devastating hurricane; caressing every organism with miraculously rejuvenating rest; was the heaven of wonderfully resuscitating sleep for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the horizon of spell binding memory; amazingly harnessing every untold truth and lie; every voice that floated

inconspicuously on earth; was the inscrutably boundless subconscious mind for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from the peerlessly liberated forests; heartlessly subjugating even the most pricelessly insuperable of emotion; was the manipulatively robotized corporate world for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from gorily invidious death; culminating into freshness every unfurling minute of kingly existence; was undefeatedly Omniscient breath for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from every anecdote of pugnacious savagery; limitlessly rendering invincibly compassionate warmth for an infinite more lifetimes; was the inimitably venerated lap of the Mother for you.

Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from salaciously beheading betrayal; immortally embracing one and all with unlimited power to procreate a countless lives; was the flame of godly love for you.

And Ladies & Gentlemen. Far away from mundanely decrepit reality; romancing in a whirlpool of seductively tantalizing fantasy; although there wasn't the tiniest insinuation of currency coin in my pockets; the tiniest morsel of food in my severely emaciated stomach; was me; yes me; exactly as Lord Almighty had wanted me; just for you

68. NO MIND SHOULD NEVER EVER BE WASTED

No tree; should never ever be indiscriminately felled; replacing its astoundingly symbiotic breeze and compassionate fertility; with threadbare pieces of frigidly skewed twigs; instead,

No conscience; should never ever be acridly tainted; replacing its irrefutably unassailable spirit of divine righteousness; with abominable coffins of derelict corruption; instead,

No lip; should never ever be vindictively stitched; replacing its inimitably unparalleled ocean of smiles and eternal happiness; with bizarrely dastardly sorrow; instead,

No scalp; should never ever be barbarously tonsured; replacing its sensuously vivacious flock of hair; with cadaverously invidious baldness; instead,

No finger; should never ever be horrifically curled; replacing its uninhibitedly fathomless artistry; with dungeons of claustrophobically remorseful hell; instead,

No sweat; should never ever be robotically stopped; replacing its emolliently glorious essence of perseveringly truthful existence; with the cynically emotionless ice of the monotonously mechanical air-conditioner; instead,

No blood; should never ever be perniciously distilled; replacing its unsurpassably poignant ardor; with the drudgery of unceremoniously unsympathetic manipulation; instead,

No eye; should never ever be deliberately blinded; replacing its impeccably panoramic and limitlessly holistic capacity to sight; with amorphously gory mortuaries of crippling darkness; instead,

No stomach; should never ever be torturously emaciated; replacing its robustly celestial capacity to feed the entire body; with impoverished stones of reproachfully stymied emptiness; instead,

No ear; should never ever be vituperatively deafened; replacing its unbelievably unfathomable sensitivity to every form of Lord's sounds; with horribly stagnating dilapidation till times immemorial; instead,

No eyelash; should never ever be sadistically clipped; replacing its unceasingly enchanting and flirtatiously mischievous flashing; with a inanely wastrel and traumatically iconoclastic stare; instead,

No tongue; should never ever be cold-bloodedly tied; replacing its inexhaustibly reinvigorating chirpiness; with the unbearable devils of irretrievably distraught dumbness; instead,

No Sun; should never ever be insidiously jailed; replacing its Omnipotently optimistic glimmer; with the maelstroms of sinfully debilitating darkness; instead,

No Mother; should never ever be tyrannically adulterated; replacing her fabric of Omnipresently insuperable belonging; with licentiously ribald parasites of unforgivable prostitution; instead,

No shoulder; should never ever be ruthlessly compressed; replacing its unflinchingly royal wave of selfless camaraderie; with intolerably deteriorating

debauchery; instead,

No breath; should never ever be inexorably choked; replacing its timelessly burgeoning enlightenment of effulgent life; with the gallows of depravingly ostracizing extinction; instead,

No body; should never ever be deliriously tortured; replacing its triumphantly righteous exuberance to undauntedly surge ahead; with the winds of impoverishedly crumbling and lividly maniacal worthlessness; instead,

No heart; should never ever be salaciously betrayed; replacing its immortal beats of perpetually bonding love; with infinite dinosaurs of devilishness and deceit; instead,

And No mind; should never ever be wasted; replacing its boundless cocoons of unrestrictedly silken fantasy and indefatigably proliferating innovation; with the wails of the cacophonically howling skeleton; instead.

69. NO PRE-REQUISITES

If you don't know how to swim; then please don't plunge yourself into the ferociously choppy seas; or else you'd unsparingly drown to the ominously uncouth rock bottom,

If you don't know how to spell; then please don't inexhaustibly yearn to become a writer; or else you'd be ruthlessly lambasted by whiplashes of mercilessly ignominious contempt and unfathomable disdain,

If you don't know how to fly; then please don't plummet from the summit of the indomitably Herculean mountain; or else you'd find it'll be impossible for you to collect your countless shattered bones; after you hit emotionlessly hard ground,

If you don't know how to tune; then please don't sing; or else you'd have boundless hordes of rancidly rabid dogs endlessly chasing you; pugnaciously responding to your cadaverously cacophonic wails,

If you don't know how to chew; then please don't uninhibitedly eat; or else you'd miserably choke and horrendously stutter to a terribly torturous and diabolically cold-blooded death,

If you don't know how to admire; then please don't pretentiously sight; or else

you'd be solely gobbled by corpses of prejudiced sorrow; amorphously sauntering in the earth and atmosphere,

If you don't know how to imbibe; then please don't tirelessly learn; or else you'd be wasting pricelessly limitless moments of your life staring into balderdash nothingness; whilst infinite more of your kind resplendently bloomed till times beyond eternal eternity,

If you don't know how to humanize; then please don't pray; or else you'd be righteously penalized by Omnipotent Lord Almighty; for disrespecting his quintessential principles of majestic creation,

If you don't know how to symbiotically mélange; then please don't procreate; or else you'd indiscriminately pulverized by your very own kin; in the murderous rat-race of survival of the fittest,

If you don't know how to be happy; then please don't smile; or else you'd feel like a parasitically sanctimonious leech; a hedonistically pertinent thorn in the fabric of celestially selfless jubilation,

If you don't know how to be a magnanimously philanthropic cloud; then please don't rain; or else you'd be heartlessly emptying every ingredient of scarlet blood from your body; metamorphosing into a graveyard instead,

If you don't know how to flirt; then please don't wink; or else you'd be considered a delinquently salacious and tawdry traitor; by every fraternity of holistically surviving living kind,

If you don't know how to fantasize; then please don't stretch your brain; or else you'd be wholeheartedly inviting the truculently hideous devil; to thrash you left; right and center instead,

If you don't know how to protect; then please don't adapt the haplessly orphaned; or else you'll be digging dual graves for both you and him; egregiously losing to the carnivorously maiming parasites; loitering on every side,

If you don't know how to walk; then please don't exuberantly run; or else you'd taste inanely hateful dust; even before you could dare to alight a single foot; in the most obsolete of your dreams,

If you don't know how to respect all humanity; then please don't ostentatiously preach; or else you'd become the first victim of that vituperatively blood-stained

war of racialism; that you were so pompously trying to quell,

If you don't know how to patriotically blaze for your mothersoil; then please don't declare unendingly volatile war; or else you'd be inevitably massacred by your own men; who'd embed their own flags of victory upon your bereaved throne,

If you don't know how to synergistically live; then please don't breathe; or else you'd be placed the lowest in the chain of indispensable survival; ready to be taken for the unholy devil's supper anytime,

But if you don't know anything at all on this earth; are even oblivious to your very own voice and name; then please get ready to love; for Immortal Love doesn't demand any status; caste; creed or wealth; it just perpetually embraces you making you feel the most Omnipotently blessed organism alive; and mind you; unlike everything else; it never has; ever had; or will ever have; any pre-requisite

70. LOVE AFTER LOVE

There was color after color had forever finished; when you uninhibitedly winked; under the Omnipotently steaming rays of the majestically afternoon Sun,

There was excitement after excitement had forever finished; when you paraded barefoot on sensuous mud; and commanded the clouds to inexhaustibly thunder and rain,

There was empathy after empathy had forever extinguished; when the whites of your eyes moistened in profound concern; at the tiniest cry of eternal living kind,

There was strength after strength had forever dissolved; when you unflinchingly paraded in the most vindictively devastating of maelstrom; brilliantly metamorphosing all ghoulishly subjugated misery into an immortal love paradise,

There was hope after hope had forever deteriorated; when you symbiotically smiled towards the boundless heavens; royally liberating every tense pore of your fantastically enamoring skin,

There was peace after peace had forever vanquished; when you celestially

chanted the mantra's of harmoniously proliferating existence; in blistering day and enchanting midnight; wonderfully alike,

There was fertility after fertility had forever crumbled; when you sowed the first seeds of timelessly synergistic existence; in every ingredient of the atmosphere and charismatically poignant soil,

There was optimism after optimism had forever ended; when you royally stared for just a fraction of a second; towards every conceivable dimension of haplessly staggering planet earth,

There was humanity after humanity had forever collapsed; when you compassionately embraced every organism; irrespective of caste; creed or color and perpetually in your invincibly Omnipotent swirl,

There was beauty after beauty had forever vanished; when you miraculously rejuvenated every dying leaf of mother nature; with the Omnipotently unassailable power in your redolent palms,

There was oneness after oneness had forever died; when you unequivocally hoisted even the most despicably beleaguered orphan as well as the most wealthiest of organism; in your Godly palms; Omnisciently alike,

There was triumph after triumph had forever drowned; when you ubiquitously entwined your Omnipresently unassailable fingers; with every haplessly tormented organism's palms; on this limitless earth,

There was truth after truth had forever evaporated; when you uttered even the most faintest of whisper; from the realms of your mellifluously unfettered and tirelessly blessing throat,

There was fantasy after fantasy had forever massacred; when you perennially metamorphosed even the most tiniest trifle of gory suffering; into an entrenchment of exuberantly golden dewdrops,

There was brotherhood after brotherhood had forever desecrated; when you left the impressions of your insuperably sacred persona; upon every perceivable cranny of delinquently derelict soil,

There was passion after passion had forever shriveled; when you perpetually ignited the fires of blazingly undefeatable righteousness; in every lividly flaccid and victimizingly dilapidated corner of this limitless planet,

There was belief after belief had forever faded; when you spell-bindingly expounded upon the fantastically egalitarian principles of inevitably symbiotic life and death,

There was breath after breath had forever diminished; when you miraculously mitigated every stonily dead corpse; towards the mists of eternally jubilant paradise,

There was innovation after innovation had forever gone; when you created an infinite virile and regale earth's out of sheer vapid nothingness; even as you transited into unshakably deep sleep,

And there was love after love had forever dissipated; when you ardently looked at every organism on this boundlessly effervescent Universe; letting a singleton beat of your heart; wholeheartedly and eternally spawn into a cosmos of unbreakable friendship; beauty and philanthropic desire.

71. A GENERATION WHICH NEVER LOSES. WE ARE GENERATION Y

Out of the clutches of societal desperation,

Out of the realms of spurious religious conflict,

Out of the gutters of frustratingly penalizing politics,

Out of the traditionally barbarous mindsets of the typical chauvinist,

Out of the tunnels of superficially illiterate darkness,

Out of the battlefields of fanatically baseless bombarding and war,

Out of any brutal offerings of flesh and life to the feet of the Omnipotent God,

Out of the stinkingly deplorable hell of feckless dictatorship,

Out of the monstrously malaise mansions of tyrannical rules and regulations,

Out of the sinister dungeons where definitions of 'caste', 'creed', 'color', remained jailed,

Out of any frigidly exploiting caves of 'tantra', 'yantra', 'mantra' and

astrological drama,

Out of any evil spirit trying its maniacal best to forever taint the fabric of humanity,

Out of any impractical preachings which ludicrously seemed applicable only after death,

Out of any anecdote of self inflicted loneliness which only led to dementia at its very best,

Out of mush-mushy candy floss romances which only led to shattering of the heart into an infinite pieces,

Out of the dusty roads of laziness and foolhardy stagnation,
Out of the holocaustic perverted mindset- which massacred at random in the robes of a holy priest,

Out of the non-existent shadows of anarchy—which'd cast a pall of morbid gloom across each aspect of our priceless senses,

Out of the blackness of ignorance which let us breathe only to the song of strangulating death,

We're here. We're back. We're roaring n alive as the generation of the new millennium—as the generation which never loses—as the generation of now— as Generation Y.

72. THE CRY OF THE HEART

The cry of the lion was majestically thunderous; although it died as the minutes rapidly unveiled; with the stupendous tranquility of the forests taking wholesome control,

The cry of the clouds was insatiably voluptuous; although it faded after a while; as the Sun Omnipotently enlightened even the most infinitesimal entity in neighboring vicinity,

The cry of the shark was royally piercing; although it diminished almost as soon as it had come; with the unfathomably undulating wave wholesomely drowning it into an ocean of mesmerizing froth,

The cry of the eagle was exuberantly aristocratic; although it vanished surreptitiously from the sky in an ethereal flash; as cyclonically untamed maelstroms perpetuated the canvas of the panoramic valley,

The cry of the nightingale was melodiously enchanting; although it blended with the aisles of nothingness after a while; as the triumphantly trumpeting elephants insatiably marauded the meadows; left; right and rampant center,

The cry of the gloriously unflinching warrior was supremely ecstatic; although it coalesced with threadbare mud in an ethereal instant; as an unsurpassably unending tirade of pugnacious bombs; brutally plummeted upon him from the enemy camp,

The cry of the waterfalls was harmoniously enchanting; although it dried up as quickly as flashes of lightening thunder; as the tyranny of the acrimoniously sweltering day evaporated every bit of it; into wisps of obsoletely disappearing oblivion,

The cry of the bee was boisterously swarming; although it soon mellowed to an inconspicuous trace of its original self; as the scent of the magnanimously everlasting lotus unconquerably enshrouded everything above hard ground,

The cry of the seductress was ebulliently tantalizing; although it disappeared into the ingredients of nothingness like a trice of a bullet; as the silken magic of the titillating night soon gave way to the hideously monotonous day,

The cry of the clocktower was stringently meticulous; although it quickly subsided into a corpse of morbid meaninglessness; as the lanky arm struck past the wonderfully reverberating hour,

The cry of the rainbow was resplendently vivacious; although it fleetingly hid in its shell of sequestered oblivion; as the blanket of poignantly crimson clouds soon took a insurmountably bountiful grip of the fathomless sky,

The cry of the dewdrops was beautifully exhilarating; although it pathetically evaporated into bits of open space; as soon as the Sun blazed to its domineeringly profound radiance in the boundless sky,

The cry of the leaves was mystically seductive; although it transformed into a diminutively subdued mellow; as the victoriously advancing gusty wind now became a song of charismatic love,

The cry of the newly born was Omnisciently effusive; although it became a fugitive impression of its ownself; as the years advanced and the web of inevitably insidious commercialism took disgusting control,

The cry of the brain was fantastically unfathomable and incessantly exploring; although it transited into an inferno of lackadaisical disparagement; as the savagery of uncouth society salaciously overpowered every intricate arena of survival,

The cry of the conscience was irrefutably honest; although it sporadically manipulated itself every now and again; as existence was of the most quintessentially paramount importance amidst the pack of satanically lecherous wolves,

The cry of breath was charismatically sensuous; although it veritably finished in limited amounts of unfurling time; as the strokes of destiny eventually had their unavoidably final say,

But the cry of the heart was immortally unassailable; come what may; passionately shuddering even centuries immemorial after wholesome diminishing of the bodily form; perpetually uniting with God's most pricelessly Omnipotent beats of love.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

The Power Of My Love

If you ventured to leap from unprecedented heights of the building,
the power of my love would stop you from colliding with the earth.
if you thought of consuming vials of deadly snake poison,
the power of my love would transform it into golden herbs revitalizing life.
if you planned to sever the bunch of blissful veins on your wrist,
the power of my love would replace them with impenetrable sheets of metal.
if you pondered on pursuing nefarious paths of lechery,
the power of my love would freeze your footsteps violently midway.
if you dreamt of driving your automobile at breakneck speeds,
the power of my love would impregnate your persona from all sides,
averting possible collisions and obstacles that came your way.

if you walked pompously in blistering heat waves of the Sun God,
the power of my love would imprison you in a vice like grip with blankets of
shady moisture.

if you tried and concealed from me indispensable secrets of your life,
the power of my love would prompt you to vomit the same with intense fury.

if you shivered convulsively feeling stabbed by whirlwinds of fear,
the power of my love would make you sleep with compassionate warmth flooding
every corner of your body.

if blood oozed from your slender fingers while chopping vegetable,
the power of my love would rehabilitate your bare wounds with supple skin.
if you felt tormented by irascible groups of strangers,
the power of my love would assassinate their necks from base tips of their skulls.

if you whipped yourself in isolation and sheer contempt,
the power of my love would convert your agonizing cries into those of pure
ecstasy.

if you ever thought of leaving me,
the omnipotent power of my love would annihilate all such thoughts,
before they even gained prominence in frigid pores of your mind.

Nikhil Parekh

The Power Of My Mother's Milk

I might have consumed just an infinitesimal pint of it when I was an impeccably oblivious infant; hardly acclimatizing my taste buds with its eternal fragrance,

I might have consumed just a diminutive fraction of it when I was an innocuously inarticulate infant; hardly allowing it to blend with my freshly formed streams of crimson blood,

I might have consumed just a mercurial sip of it when I was a pristinely princely infant; hardly allowing its Omnipotently heavenly goodness to settle in the corners of my discovering mouth,

I might have consumed just a parsimonious rivulet of it when I was an incongruously disheveled infant; hardly letting its miraculously insuperable iridescence pacify my remorsefully traumatized thirst,

I might have consumed just an evanescent pinch of it when I was an incoherently unruly infant; hardly absorbing its everlastingly mesmerizing goodness in the corners of my miserably asphyxiating throat,

I might have consumed just an ethereal speck of it when I was an inconspicuously measly infant; hardly feasting on its impregnably heavenly aura; to my tiny heart's content,

I might have consumed just a fleeting bead of it when I was a fretfully wailing infant; hardly savoring its astronomical majesty with my crusts of minutely formed fresh teeth,

I might have consumed just a fugitive stream of it when I was a incessantly screeching infant; hardly realizing the spirit of Omnipresently egalitarian humanity; handsomely embedded in it,

I might have consumed just a disappearing mist of it when I was an incoherently feckless infant; hardly aware of its invincibly healing touch; as I all I did was sleep all day and moonless night,

I might have consumed just an insipid globule of it when I was an indefatigably crying infant; hardly gulping it even a trifle of it properly down my teeny-weeny throat,

I might have consumed just a transient molehill of it when I was an ungainly staring infant; hardly bothered about its unconquerable nutritional value; as all that mattered to me was my toy cradle; toys and sleep,
I might have consumed just an ephemeral amount of it when I was an illiterately uncivilized infant; hardly envisaging the perennial armor of unflinching tenaciousness that it would enshroud me with; once it coalesced perfectly with my blood,

I might have consumed just a non-existent pinch of it when I was a ludicrously squealing infant; hardly comprehending the Omnipotent compassion behind its dribbling towards my toddler lips,

I might have consumed just an invisible follicle of it when I was a preposterously unsuspecting infant; hardly placating the disastrously emaciated bowels of my tiny stomach with its gloriously godly flavor,

I might have consumed just a minuscule shadow of it when I was a discordantly groaning infant; hardly allowing its Omnipresent charisma to percolate through my severely teething gums,

I might have consumed just a trailing gulp of it when I was a frantically searching infant; hardly feeling its regally marvelous goodness; enriching every pore of my newborn slimly skin,

I might have consumed just a vanishing potion of it when I was a haughtily pampered infant; hardly imbibing its timelessly blossoming resplendence; as I uncontrollably kicked every conceivable object in vicinity; with my miniature feet,

I might have consumed just a passing cascade of it when I was a quietly snoring infant; hardly having the sense to appreciate its magically formidable and euphorically endless tenacity,

O! Yes, I might have consumed just a fleeting fraction of it when I was an incoherently trembling infant; hardly feeling it as it timelessly blessed every aspect of my existence; for infinite births more of mine,

But just that diminutive droplet of it; just that unnoticeable speck of it which I had unknowingly consumed; was enough for me to metamorphose the complexion of this estranged earth once again into a paradise; was enough for

me to tower like the inferno of inimitably blazing truth for times immemorial; was enough for me to altruistically live and let live for a countless more heavenly lifetimes,

Such pricelessly immortal was the indomitable power of my; eternal mother's milk.

Nikhil Parekh

The Power Of Omnipotent Mud

You might ferociously abuse it for being monotonously threadbare; disdainfully infiltrating the whites of your eye; with the truculently blowing winds,

You might indignantly kick at it in your times of inexplicable frustration; at times profusely wounding it with the uncouthly cold-blooded tip; of your spurious shoes,

You might heinously spit on its shades of compassionate brown; barbarically trampling it left right and center; to insanely diffuse the abominable tensions circumventing your brain,

You might place its value as capriciously invidious specks of grit and stone; hardly ever casting even the most fugitive of glance towards its poignantly amiable periphery,

But remember; irrespective of your caste; creed; color; blood or race; you all will inevitably blend with its sacrosanct belly after abnegating your last breath; such was the power of unassailably Omnipotent and bountiful mud.

1.

You might ominously abhor the fact that it lay abreast your dwelling; proving a remorsefully indigent mismatch to your pillars and porch of stupendously embellished gold,

You might acridly puke out your food in utterly shocking disbelief; on the pretentiously worthless pretext of it harboring ungainly dust,

You might treacherously stab it with unrelentingly salacious strokes of your gleaming knife; frantically searching for surreptitious canopies of pricelessly glittering gold,

You might propagate it as being lugubriously meaningless; fretfully stagnating in dustbins of

forlorn isolation for centuries unprecedented,

But remember; irrespective of your caste; creed;
color; blood or race; you all will inevitably blend
with its sacrosanct belly after abnegating your last
breath; such was the power of immortally Omniscient
and spell binding mud.

2.

You might ruthlessly mold it into fathomless sizes and shapes; just to flex the
muscles of your irascibly blood soaked palms,

You might relentlessly castigate it for its despicably
impoverished demeanor; drive your cars like an untamed
prince over its innocuously wailing contours,

You might sleazily sell it to the most derogatorily manipulative strangers;
inundate your pockets with scintillating silver; while bulldozers tyrannically razed
it to construct edifices that sailed haughtily towards blue sky,

You might lackadaisically dump all your decaying feces
from your abode into its silken carpet; laughing every
side of your body out; as you triumphantly feasted
upon its victimized integrity,

But remember; irrespective of your caste; creed;
color; blood or race; you all will inevitably blend
with its sacrosanct belly after abnegating your last
breath; such was the power of pricelessly divine and
everlasting mud.

3.

You might tirelessly ostracize its sordidly ungainly
complexion; for horrendously tainting the outlines of
your spotlessly bombastic and bohemian feet,

You might christen it as dreadfully morose and perniciously ghoulish; as it
fostered your pathetically wavering shadow even in the most brilliantly sparkling
Sun,

You might at times construe it as your worst enemy; as
its unwitting undulations made you disastrously
stumble and kiss a world of despondently diminutive dirt,

You might call it blasphemously adulterated; as
organisms of all shapes and fraternities; perpetually
embraced its rudimentarily scented skin,

But remember; irrespective of your caste; creed;
color; blood or race; you all will inevitably blend
with its sacrosanct belly after abnegating your last
breath; such was the power of impregnably Omnipresent
and humanitarian mud.

Nikhil Parekh

The Punch

When I punched a bag replete with mud; overflowing to the brim with bountiful food grain,
There flew tones of dust in the still air; of which some it settled on my nose;
partially obscuring my vision.

When I punched an inflated balloon in its midriff; infinite molecules of gas
escaped in fury,
There was an obstreperous sound produced; which almost ripped apart intricate
arenas of my eardrum.

When I punched the colossal sized melon with my fists; the shell broke open
into incommensurate halves,
A myriad of fleshy splinters flew everywhere in the air; and the slimy juice
languidly cascaded down my immaculate face.

When I punched the solid baked brick; exerting tumultuous pressure against its
navel,
Shards of disdainful concrete entered my crystalline eye; along with a series of
fracture that enveloped my knuckle.

When I punched the heavyweight champion in the solar plexus; there was a
myriad of fetid sweat droplets that stung me with alacrity,
His esteem got thoroughly provoked; and he pulverized me to dust displaying his
overpowering brawn.

When I punched biscuits of pure gold; glittering impeccably in the enchanting
moonshine,
My fingers acquired faint tinges of yellow; and I profoundly regretted the
wastage
that I had produced.

When I punched the venomous reptile that hung from the tree; trying to
frivolously fondle with its skin,
The monster bared its fangs in vindication; hissing vociferously and eventually
inserting its deadly poison in my flesh.

When I punched the assembly of scintillating mirror; it diffused into a myriad
of minuscule fragments,
My reflection now appeared comically distorted; and droplets of crimson blood

oozed from my palms as an aftermath.

When I punched the power horn in the truck; applying unrelenting pressure from my wrists,

There was a deafening noise that was produced; instantly overpowering the natural ethos prevailing in atmosphere.

And finally when I punched my heart; using the full power of my hands,

There echoed only once voice; there seemed only one face; and there seemed only one God; and all of them were my mesmerizing beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

The Rain And My New Born Baby Daughter

The rain was uninhibitedly untamed; and so was my new born baby daughter; kicking left; right and center; in her diminutively blessed cradle,

The rain was Omnipotently pristine; and so was my new born baby daughter; mischievously tossing in unadulterated joy on the tufts of majestic green grass galore,

The rain was magically mitigating; and so was my new born baby daughter; miraculously ameliorating me of my most horrific despair; with her innocuously fluttering eyelashes,

The rain was eternally liberating; and so was my new born baby daughter; naughtily smiling amidst her spectrum of teddy bears; as if there was not even the most infinitesimal trace of tension on this fathomless Universe,

The rain was perennially fructifying; and so was my new born baby daughter; perpetually proliferating into unparalleled festoons of happiness; every unfurling minute of inscrutable existence,

The rain was unbelievably colorful; and so was my new born baby daughter; unfurling into the infinite shades of mystically emollient life; every time she alighted
her pristinely nimble foot,

The rain was timelessly life-yielding; and so was my new born baby daughter; perpetuating a paradise of unsurpassably undefeated newness; in every direction that she cast her immaculately dancing sight,

The rain was pricelessly inimitable; and so was my new born baby daughter; unconquerably enamoring even the most farthest quarter of heaven; with the twinkle in her rhapsodically infallible eyes,

The rain was the ultimate gift of the heavens; and so was my new born baby daughter; whose cries of stupendously charismatic freshness; spawned a civilization of boundless beauty; till times beyond infinite infinity,

The rain was the most virile cistern of optimism; and so was my new born baby daughter; unprecedentedly subliming even the most cadaverously deadened corpses; with her unflinchingly raw energy to exist,

The rain was brilliantly unfettered; and so was my new born baby daughter; expressing the innermost feeling of her heart till the ultimate pinnacle of the sky; whilst the salaciously manipulative planet moaned and miserably groaned outside,

The rain was Omnisciently blessing; and so was my new born baby daughter; altruistically wishing the greatest of success even for the most treacherously ribald of her foes; wholesomely oblivious to the sanctimonious varities of this corrupted planet,

The rain was unassailably fragrant; and so was my new born baby daughter; metamorphosing even the most capricious iota of evil into a sky of unshakably peerless truth; with the divine righteousness in her tiny soul,

The rain was eclectically artistic; and so was my new born baby daughter; weaving a cosmos of unparalleled beauty; with the egalitarian compassion in her eyes for every caste; creed; race; color and tribe,

The rain was timelessly victorious; and so was my new born baby daughter; forever winning the hearts of every conceivable entity on this unceasing planet; with her impregnably selfless love for all living kind,

The rain was ubiquitously a superstar; and so was my new born baby daughter; transcending every boundary of worthless discrimination; to tirelessly exult in the profoundly unstoppable glory of panoramic creation,

The rain was fearlessly intrepid; and so was my new born baby daughter; poignantly exploring every exhilarating path of life; interminably following nothing else but the inner most voices of her benign heart,

The rain was universally amiable; and so was my new born baby daughter; compassionately coalescing with any entity around her venerated visage; who gave her a gregarious smile,

And the rain was insuperably Immortal; and so was my new born baby daughter; disseminating only the beats of love; love and Immortally princely love; every time her godly heart throbbed in her tiny chest.

Nikhil Parekh

The Rainbow Of Love

It was as ravishing; as the black bear trampling indiscreetly through the dense foliage of the jungle,
Humming incoherent tunes in a poignantly husky; while in its quest for concealed prey.

It was as scintillating; as the crystal blue patches of the pellucid sky,
Which basked in overwhelming joy; when caressed by stringent rays of the magnificent Sun.

It was as fertile; as the lush green tendrils of spongy grass,
Which spread like wild fire in pelting showers of rain; danced vibrantly to tunes of music and air.

It was as voluptuous; as the ornately embellished pink petals of lotus,
Blossoming perennially when their counterparts died; impregnating venomous beetles in their womb.

It was as opulent; as the yellow biscuits of pure gold,
Which retained their color even at unfathomable depths beneath soil; could purchase all the tangible existing on earth.

It was as immaculate; as white pearls incarcerated in oyster shells,
Embedded since centuries immemorial in the sea; having the mystical prowess of producing a sparkle in the eye.

It was as invincible; as the colossal grey silhouette of the tropical elephant,
Decimating strong trees with its mighty trunk; pulverizing small bush and ant with its iron feet.

It was as boisterous; as the flaming red Sun in the firmament of gargantuan sky,
Fumigating disease on earth with its acerbic rays; imparting reprieve from darkness to those in tribulation.

It was as flexible; as the euphoric wings of violet butterfly,
Perching handsomely on solitary corners in the night; flying as nimbly as an aircraft all day.

It had incorporated in itself; minuscule tinges of all existing color,

And It didn't fade a bit with the unveiling of time; instead fortified to mammoth proportions as life progressed,
O! yes, the rainbow of love was the most mesmerizing thing to blend with; till the time we blissfully lived.

Nikhil Parekh

The Religion Of Humanity

There was a man named John who was born a Christian; went to the sacrosanct Church from the very first day of his life,
Scrupulously read through every page of the bible; even keeping the same beneath his pillow when he transited into a slumber,
Embellished his neck with a chrome tipped cross; the holy silhouette of Jesus embedded to perfection,
Although the blood that flowed through his veins was crimson red like his counterpart mates; and the tones of air that he expunged from his nose when he respired was no different than any human inhabiting the globe.

There was a man named Rahim who was born an Arab; diligently visited the shimmering Mosque every Friday,
Refrained to close his eyes at night without sedulously reciting his prayers; chanting the name of his god umpteenth times in a single day,
Browsed through intricate lines of the Quran-e-Sharif with nonchalant ease; keeping a photo of his god safely incarcerated in his wallet,
Although the color of his lips was same as that of his siblings in America; and the sweat that dribbled down his nape was no different than any human residing on this earth.

There was a man named Tai chi who was born a Chinese; spoke profoundly in a pure native dialect,
Fervently worshipped all the oriental Gods; a plethora of Sacerdotal symbols embossed on colossal and gray stone walls,
Was wholesomely oblivious to anything in the market except an ensemble of authentic sea food; incessantly danced to stridently rustic folk tunes,
Although the texture of his pudgy lips was as soft as his friends in the United Kingdom; and the whites of his eye was no different than any human transgressing through the world.

There was a man named Ram who was born an Indian; commenced each of his morning clambering steps of the divine temple,
Could narrate marathon passages from the Bhagwad Gita like the back of his palm; keeping it perennially wound to his chest,
Conversed in eloquent Hindi; profusely remembering his god before undertaking any activity in his life,
Although there was an insatiable urge to expurgate his bowels like his fellow beings in the Antarctica; and the conglomerate of bones in his body was no

different than any human traversing on the soil of this boundless land.

Why was it that these men had common characteristics; despite of them
believing in different gods,
Despite of them residing in varied countries; unfathomable kilometers of distance
separating them,
Barricades of language bifurcating them; colors of the skin indiscriminately
discriminating them,
Well the answer to this is as simple as the wail of a newly born child; for all of
them were perpetually bound by the religion of humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

The Religion Of Mankind

The most tenacious of threads protruding from the scalp ludicrously dithered and deteriorated; with advancing age that insidiously camouflaged them with coffins of dilapidated white,

But the threads of humanity were immortally timeless; unassailably augmenting from strength to strength; swirling as the most scintillating wave of benign togetherness; as each second crept by.

The most stupendously grandiloquent of fortresses succumbed like a pack of capriciously elastic cards; as bombs of treachery rained torrentially from the sky,

But the fortress of humanity was immortally impregnable; unflinchingly defending the entire tornado of devils bare-chested; with each of its brick entwined in the melodiously magical color of; philanthropic mankind.

The most vivacious of fruits extruding marvelously from ravishing soil; acrimoniously extinguished into winds of obsoletely horrendous oblivion; at the very first spell of salacious drought,

But the fruits of humanity were immortally bountiful; perennially flowering and spawning into a civilization of miraculously bequeathing symbiosis; even as the most fathomless of horizons; blended with impoverished earth.

The most scintillating of swords inexplicably lost their way; as the blanket of gruesome darkness took an ominous stranglehold over the brilliantly aristocratic day,

But the sword of humanity was immortally patriotic; indefatigably decimating even the most infinitesimal trace of evil forever from the morbidly remorseful atmosphere; compassionately sequestering all innocent in its humanitarian island of; ubiquitous belonging.

The most boundless of gloriously undulating oceans vindictively dried; as manipulative humans devised perniciously abominable contraptions to adulterate them all night and sweltering day,

But the ocean of humanity was immortally resplendent; perpetually pacifying the thirst of all those in barbaric devastation; Omnisciently appeasing even the most remotely frazzled nerve; with the tonic of unconquerable righteousness.

The most sagaciously sacrosanct of religion on this planet found itself engulfed by dungeons of horrific bloodshed; as uncouthly rudimentary fanatics; diabolically massacred it with a graveyard of stinking politics and gory corruption,

But the religion of humanity was immortally unshakeable; enchantingly
melanging every humble molecule of Almighty Lord; in entrenchments of
unsurpassable solidarity;
and alike.

The most dazzlingly dynamic of colors wore away into sinister whirlpools of dust;
as the blistering Sun insatiably flamed for times immemorial upon; the
murderously cracked soil,
But the color of humanity was immortally celestial; growing more and more
astoundingly passionate as the seconds rampantly zipped by; merging all
religion; caste; and spurious color; into the divine river of; unitedly priceless and
Godly existence.

The most vibrantly thunderous of voices shrunk to a pathetically mollified
mellow; as tyrannically torturous fireballs of lightening; pelted unforgivingly from
the
colossal firmament of sky,
But the voice of humanity was immortally blazing; perpetuating countless rays of
spell binding hope in all those dwellings besieged with orphaned loneliness and
infirm destitute; eventually evolving as the most irrefutably supreme sound; of
all mankind.

The most flamboyantly fiery of breaths mockingly evaporated into devilishly
hideous spaces of the ghastly corpse; when destiny and the cloudbursts of death
whippingly proclaimed; that it was time up,
But the breath of humanity was immortally living; incredulously proliferating
infinite new lives of optimistically endowing hope as the minutes unfurled;
unrelentingly pioneering a blissful waterfall of mesmerizing tomorrow's; with
winds of sensuous sharing and empathy.

And the most tumultuously throbbing hearts wholesomely relinquished every iota
of their beats; as the streams of blood intractably refrained to enter them; due to
crippling cholesterol and truculent tension,
But the heart of humanity was immortally loving; eternally entwining every
dejectedly wavering soul in an unfathomable cosmos of exuberantly ecstatic
beauty and contentment; making every innocuous organism on this Universe feel
as the richest alive; and forever embracing the religion of mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

The Rhythm Of The Creator Divine

If you truly consider life to be an extraordinarily tangy ocean of profound mysticism; feasting in its panoramically bounteous essence for times immemorial,

Then for you to condemn veritable death; was the greatest insult to the insuperable Lord Almighty; infact the most derogatorily appalling sin.

If you truly consider life to be an iridescent bed of roses; spawning into an entrenchment of stupendously enthralling newness every unfurling minute of the day,

Then for you to castigate veritable death; was the greatest insult to the perpetual Lord Almighty; infact the most ignominiously gruesome sin.

If you truly consider life to be a vivaciously versatile artist; majestically paving each of your way to drift you towards the clouds of insatiably untamed prosperity,

Then you for you to lambaste veritable death; was the greatest insult to the Omniscient Lord Almighty; infact the most insidiously decrepit sin.

If you truly consider life to be a marvelously magical civilization of happiness; ebulliently metamorphosing your every unfinished dream into an unconquerably eternal reality,

Then for you to crucify veritable death; was the greatest insult to the ever-pervading Lord Almighty; infact the most unimaginably dastardly sin.

If you truly consider life to be an unending festoon of glorious enchantment; enlightening every ingredient of your countenance with its immortal graciousness,

Then for you to abuse veritable death; was the greatest insult to the everlastingly proliferating Lord Almighty; infact the most flagrantly truculent sin.

If you truly consider life to be an exhilarating odyssey to limitless enchantment; basking in its benevolently timeless splendor every time you had an impulse to magnificently breathe,

Then for you to frown at veritable death; was the greatest insult to the unshakable Lord Almighty; infact the most hedonistically savage sin.

If you truly consider life to be a flower blossoming into profusely magical happiness; miraculously healing the agonies of one and all alike on this boundless planet; with the chivalrous elixir of humanity,

Then for you to shirk from veritable death; was the greatest insult to the impregnable Lord Almighty; infact the most treacherously bellicose sin.

If you truly consider life to be a seductively embellished fairy; tantalizing you towards an unassailable paradise of benign heavenliness and the divine,
Then for you to spit at veritable death; was the greatest insult to the Omnipotent Lord Almighty; infact the most venomously maligned sin.

If you truly consider life to be the ultimate blessing; the most fructifying symbolism of every entity trespassing on this enchantingly triumphant earth,
Then for you to bludgeon death; was the greatest insult to the Omnipresent Lord Almighty; infact the most baselessly prejudiced sin.

If you truly consider life to be a patriotically blistering success; the most uninhibitedly royal mission that every organism was sent on the Universe to wholeheartedly achieve,
Then for you to massacre veritable death; was the greatest insult to the perennial Lord Almighty; infact the most grotesquely pugnacious sin.

For when God made earth and organism; he irretrievably swung the pendulum of life and death in unrestrictedly egalitarian unison; spell bindingly replacing withering death with sparkling life every instant; yet inevitably ensuring that there was death every now and again; so that his Universe symbiotically existed,

Therefore take both life and veritable death in your stride O! penurious Human; let forever everything on this globe exist as the most fantastically vibrant rhythm of the Creator Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

The Richest Of All

When I saw her; my heart became an passionate ocean of love; throbbing more violently than the volcano fulminating mercilessly beneath hot soil,

When I saw her; my eyes became a paradise of emotions; with an insatiable propensity to wildly love now encompassing every cranny of their plain white,

When I saw her; my lips became gargantuan islands of spongy chocolate; diffusing an aroma of profuse sweetness in whatever they kissed and caressed,

When I saw her; my palms became mountains of invincible strength; ready to take on the mantle of the entire world and the most gruesomely acrid of thorns,

When I saw her; my speech became a gushing river of mesmerizing songs; capturing all the beauty entrenched in this world in the melody of its voice,

When I saw her; my teeth became a colossal fortress; with an astoundingly formidable tenacity to squelch even the most obdurate of nut into a million pieces,

When I saw her; my nose became a vivaciously flowing fountain; diffusing into a stream of enchantingly vibrant color and shades,

When I saw her; my feet became unfathomable tunnels of exotic energy; galloping at speeds never perceivable by any mankind,

When I saw her; my thoughts became a fascinating cloud of immortal romance; floating fervently through surreally alluring space,

When I saw her; my stride became a stupendously blossoming pond of lotus; sprouting into infinite petals of overwhelming fragrance and grace,

When I saw her; my muscles became the fathomless battlefield; marching forward with boisterous audacity; ready to demolish and swipe the tiniest trace of evil from the periphery of this earth,

When I saw her; my ears became the boundlessly unsurpassable sky; profoundly deciphering and imbibing every possible sound hovering in this Universe,

When I saw her; my stomach became a gigantic tree; able to handsomely

assimilate any amount of food and water visible till far and wide,

When I saw her; my cheeks became a garden of redolent roses; blushing a splendid crimson till the onset of eternity,

When I saw her; my skin became an incredulously gaudy rainbow; impregnating in it virtually all possible shades that existed on this earth,

When I saw her; my sweat became a delectable beehive inundated with divinely nectar; wafting an aroma which had the ability to placate even the most sacrosanct of angels,

When I saw her; my blood became a waterfall of voluptuous seduction; circulating rampantly and triggering a blazing trail of ardent desire all throughout my crisscrossed veins,

When I saw her; my whole body became a mirror of scintillating rays; a mirror which explicitly portrayed to me the very reason of my precious existence,

And when I saw her; my breath became even more purer than when I was just born; infact I could say with insurmountable pride; the richest of all amongst every living kind.

Nikhil Parekh

The Roof Of Immortal Love

The roof of celestially divine peace; irrefutably rested on the miraculous foundations of; bountifully symbiotic and coalesced harmony,

The roof of vivacious resplendence; irrefutably rested on the ebullient foundations of; an exuberantly intrepid and exploring survival,

The roof of perennially bestowing happiness; irrefutably rested on the charismatic foundations of; tranquilly blissful and serene contentment,

The roof of gloriously invincible triumph; irrefutably rested on the patriotic foundations of; unflinchingly unconquerable and perennial solidarity,

The roof of insatiably unprecedented thrill; irrefutably rested on the intriguing foundations of; magically tantalizing and voluptuous fantasy,

The roof of flamboyantly unstoppable glory; irrefutably rested on the benign foundations of; an unfathomably philanthropic and majestic soul,

The roof of mischievously blossoming youth; irrefutably rested on the winking foundations of; timelessly impeccable and ingratiating flirtation,

The roof of rhapsodically everlasting prosperity; irrefutably rested on the Omnipotent foundations of; impregnably handsome and unequivocal truth,

The roof of enchantingly silken beauty; irrefutably rested on pristine foundations of; a benevolently imparting and uninhibited countenance,

The roof of marvelously scintillating healing; irrefutably rested on the Omnipresent foundations of; stupendously fabulous and perpetual faith,

The roof of gorgeously dazzling success; irrefutably rested on the godly foundations of; the immaculately divine and sacrosanct mother,

The roof of astoundingly baffling enigma; irrefutably rested on the mystical foundations of; inscrutably titillating and seductive whispers,

The roof of insurmountably celestial captivation; irrefutably rested on the enamoring foundations of; unfathomably enthralling and fascinating melody,

The roof of royally undefeatable honest; irrefutably rested on the candid foundations of; the impeccably taintless and Omniscient conscience,

The roof of tantalizingly inevitable attraction; irrefutably rested on the ravishing foundations of; unsurpassably poignant and alluring seduction,

The roof of sagaciously prudent learning; irrefutably rested on the holistically pious foundations of; relentlessly dedicated and self purifying meditation,

The roof of incomprehensibly unending wealth; irrefutably rested on the Oligarchic foundations of; eternally infinite and resplendent romance,

The roof of inevitably euphoric survival; irrefutably rested on the fathomless foundations of; ecstatically cascading and compassionate breath,

And the roof of immortally spell binding love; irrefutably rested on the ubiquitous foundations of; passionately throbbing and priceless heart.

Nikhil Parekh

The Rubber Man

I erased bulky manuscripts of scribbled literature,
assassinated traces of the strongest chalk smeared on wall,
bounced with boisterous pliability on the surface of hard ground,
squirmed with nonchalant ease through tiny openings of sewage pipe,
clambered up erect walls of the edifice with scrupulous proficiency,
didn't diffuse into splinters when thrown from unprecedented heights of clock
tower,
traversed metal roads of the city at incredible speeds,
disentangled my body from the tightest rope and steel,
floated gently when laid on undulating waters of the savage ocean,
wasn't fastidious at all about the food i consumed,
neither did i get engulfed in waves of dirt; staying immaculate without
antiseptic baths,
had the uncanny ability to fit in all types of cloth,
pilfering into sealed vaults of bank; stripped of articulate keys,
i didn't bleed a trifle when pierced by gleaming jackknives,
i didn't transit to charred ash when burnt in boiling flames,
i didn't suffocate to death when strangled by barbed wire,
i didn't vanish to heavenly isolation when divested of food and water,
bubbling with robust energy even when deprived of a placid nights sleep,
working like a maniac all 24 hours of the grueling day,
i made people laugh, existing for centuries on the pious soil of earth,
a life complete with vibrant euphoria, bereft of dark shadows of ostentation,
you must be wondering; whether i was god or an celestial angel,
let me tell you folks that i was neither of the two,
i was infact made of pure slices of intricate rubber,
extracted in abundance from white streams of latex dribbling down the rubber
tree.

Nikhil Parekh

The Sacrosanct Star

The gallant star with perpetual shades of white on its coat,
Glitters through the darkness of the amicable night,
An envelope of pitch dark cosmos surrounds it,
Its blessed with a virtue of blatant intimacy,
Staying united amidst a constellation of planet,
Shy and late in announcing its presence in the sky,
The stars all in a blithe,
To give nourishing effects of gliding kites.

The earth's surface reflected on it,
Goes through the web of exotic desire,
Overcoming thunderous whirlwinds and tumblers of rain,
Standing firmly where no else dares.

The stars take position in a tinge of black and blue,
Sticking to the sky like impregnable glue,
Suction occurs through their entire structure,
The emphatic feeling yet to come.

Nikhil Parekh

The Scary Tarantula

The ambience was moistened with sweat and fresh rain,
darkness prevailed at all quarters,
soft car seat was reclined to full angularity,
cluster of lotus flower petal imparted heavenly fragrance,
lid of olive perfume bottle was left ajar,
sheets of turbulent wind had left the windows painted with dust,
plush upholstery gleamed in airtight interiors,
grocery baskets were stashed in the back seat,
a black bodied insect seemed to be crawling on the windshield,
with an army of hairy legs kissing the bullet proof glass,
the tarantula finally decided to perch for the night,
in hidden enclosures of the rear view glass panel.

she haughtily stepped in the car,
beaming at the prospect of driving through the misty valley,
switched on the sleek stereo system,
drove with the enchanting air hitting her pale skin,
drowned completely in tantalizing tunes of Caribbean music.

there was a loud honking sound, a goods caravan seemed to overtake,
she cast routine glances at the rear assembly of mirror,
the ghastly sight she witnessed sent chills down the last bone of her spine,
occasional bumps and winding turns had disturbed the spider,
jostled it wide awake from lazy realms of blissful sleep,
the foot long monster now emitted hostile stares at the young lady,
showed first signs of slow movement,
now fully alert after few hours of revitalizing rest.

she cried at the top of her weak lungs for help,
infinite goose-bumps emanated from her body,
her fingers trembled convulsively, with equal impact on her dainty feet,
the car finally swerved violently,
lost sensible degrees of control as she went into partial trance,
crashed into splinters of side hand rail,
went tumbling down the steep valley at electric speeds,
as the tarantula advanced a few inches further.

Nikhil Parekh

The Scientist

Blue lotions of liquid bubbled in gas flames,
large quantity of acid lay still in crucibles of hard plastic,
molecules of sweet sugar were scattered on the floor,
silky webs of spider clung to steep corners of the roof,
group of white mice ran helter -skelter at instants of heavy foot steps,
warm rays of the sun shone through the window pane,
silver mercury outlines looked enchanting in spiral test tubes,
finely crushed rock samples were stored in transparent carboys,
gold rimmed half glass caressed his triangular nose,
the scientist was in a spell of intense concentration,
with bulky sheets of printed paper buried under his chin.

innovative ideas shot through meticulous chambers of his mind,
scented sweat dripped from infinite pores of body,
square fingers with uncut nails worked in passionate fury,
blending a variety of volatile liquid,
melting wax paper with brittle chunks of chrome metal,
coating charred stone with aromatic spirit,
he had several inventions to his credit,
but this one was straight from top drawers of his brain,
as he smeared a long slender broomstick,
with a queer smelling ointment made from bird feather and ostrich egg,
the dead broomstick displayed first signs of newly found life,
rose a few inches from the concrete floor,
whistled past the open window glass,
high up in the clear blue sky with rollicking bursts of pumped speed.

Nikhil Parekh

The Sea Of Love

When I was drowning in a sea of grease; I felt severely asphyxiated,
Indispensable breath seemed to be relinquishing my body fast; I also felt the
unbearable stench inundate my nose.

When I was drowning in a sea of blood; I felt a sickening feeling strangulate
my intestines,
There was a deathly red color that camouflaged my vision in entirety; and the
desire to live now seemed to be dwindling in my persona.

When I was drowning in a sea of fuming acid; umpteenth pores on my skin got
horrendously charred,
I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer; the heat finally overpowered me
choking my breath.

When I was drowning in a sea of silvery sand; clogged balls of mud stuck
intransigently to my silhouette,
The colossal burden of soil seemed preposterously bulky to bear; and I
emancipated breath with loud sighs and groans.

When I was drowning in a sea of red wine; I initially relished the aroma and
ravishing taste,
However as minutes unleashed themselves rapidly; the same elixir became a
profound nuisance; and I succumbed disparagingly.

When I was drowning in a sea of obnoxious petrol; the gasoline left me
helpless with a piquant feeling,
I prayed to the creator for granting me reprieve from my plethora of misdeeds;
but in the end halted my cells from functioning after entering rampantly in my
body.

When I was drowning in a sea of pressurized gas; the vapors initially made me
dreary,
Painstakingly catapulted my demeanor to heights of complete unconsciousness;
and leading to ghastly death.

When I was drowning in a sea of white electricity; a battalion of insidious sparks
caressed me with vindication,
I got instantly electrocuted; and didn't even have the time to reminisce my past.

When I was drowning in a sea of hatred blended profusely with corruption;
nefarious deeds of the society plundering heavily on my conscience,
I forcefully closed my breath refraining to live any further; although the world did
give me a slim chance.

And eventually when I was drowning in a sea of love; her eyelashes tickling my
forehead,
The incense of her love igniting undiscovered passion in my body; I lived; and
not only did I live; I now dictated and preached the same to all I encountered in
the tenure of my life.

Nikhil Parekh

The Seeds Of Love

The Sun might inundate every cranny of this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe; with fireballs of its blazingly optimistic light; sizzling in the corridors of untamed glory for centuries immemorial,
But it was the rays of Omnipotent hope that poignantly diffused from your eyes; which metamorphosed me from a bundle of orphaned hopelessness; to the most opulently philanthropic man alive.

The flower might perpetuate every iota of this fathomlessly enchanting Universe; with its ingratiatingly voluptuous scent; triggering waves of rhapsody in the lives of those submerged with horrific despair,
But it was the insatiably marvelous fragrance that uninhibitedly disseminated from your visage; which made me rise from the inconspicuously ghastly ashes; making me impregnably feel that I was blissfully alive.

The mountains might formidably defend every organism on this majestically endless Universe; with the unbelievably Herculean strength in their towering arms,
But it was the overwhelmingly unsurpassable fortitude in your vibrant voice; which engendered me to irrefutably conquer every benign mission; in the tenure of my disastrously impoverished life.

The oceans might boundlessly pacify the thirst of one and all on this exotically gigantic Universe; with the ebulliently tangy water undulating in their timeless bellies,
But it was the unfathomable reservoir of golden sweat that profusely dribbled from your divinely skin; which landed me in waves of supremely celestial contentment;
miraculously uplifted me from dungeons of malicious depravation and ominously vicious boredom.

The forests might incomprehensibly deluge every wind on this royally resplendent Universe; with the never-ending mysticism in their; enigmatically swirling persona,
But it was the ravishingly untamed charisma that piquantly unraveled each time you swished your tantalizing hair; which made me romanticize in the aisles of unprecedented desire; for infinite more births of mine; yet to unveil.

The breeze might fantastically envelop every portion of this gorgeously titillating Universe; with magically augmenting exuberance; trapped in even the most

minuscule element of its gusty swirl,

But it was the air that gloriously fulminated from your sacrosanct nostrils; which bequeathed upon me the perennial tenacity to exist beyond my times; wonderfully bestowing upon me my ultimate status in; scintillating life.

The bees might beautifully sprinkle every space on this ubiquitously flowering Universe; with insurmountable waterfalls of melodiously appeasing honey,
But it was the heavenly sweetness in your Omnisciently harmonious voice; which granted me the most symbiotically bountiful endowment in my indigently stumbling life; made an invincible winner in every benevolent conquest of survival.

The robust fruits of Nature might tangily enshroud every trajectory on this magnificently euphoric Universe; with an ardor to ebulliently transcend over all despicable hunger and bizarre starvation,
But it was the Omnipresent philosophies of your impeccably glowing soul; which were the eternally placating food; for my lecherously monotonous and satanically rugged life.

And the heavens might endow every tangible and intangible atom on this alluringly embellished Universe; with vivacious spurts of boisterously charming life,

But it was the seeds of love in your immortally throbbing heart; which propelled me to proliferate countless more of my kind; be reborn again and again and again; every time the earth spawned out of obfuscated oblivion; to serve all humanity and living;
delightfully alike.

Nikhil Parekh

The Signature Of Immortal Love

The shadow of the palm was inevitably and of course once again; another bountifully humanitarian and innocuous palm. This shadow was unbelievably Herculean; boundlessly stretched; and indefinitely elongated.

The shadow of the eyelid was inevitably and of course once again; another mischievously fluttering and blessed eyelid. This shadow was unbelievably Herculean; unbelievably stretched; and indefinitely elongated.

The shadow of the ear was inevitably and of course once again; another astoundingly sensitive and immaculate ear. This shadow was unbelievably Herculean; boundlessly stretched; and indefinitely elongated.

The shadow of the lip was inevitably and of course once again; another poignantly beautiful and gorgeous lip. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and indefinitely elongated.

The shadow of the leg was inevitably and of course once again; another intrepidly exhilarating and galloping leg. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and indefinitely elongated.

The shadow of the cheek was inevitably and of course once again; another robustly ecstatic and blushing cheek. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and indefinitely elongated.

The shadow of the neck was inevitably and of course once again another symbiotically maneuvering and nubile neck. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the shoulder was inevitably and of course once again another philanthropically altruistic and unflinching shoulder. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the belly was inevitably and of course once again another sensuously tantalizing and virile belly. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the scalp was inevitably and of course once again another indefatigably fantasizing and royal scalp. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the nail was inevitably and of course once again another irascibly scratching and unabashed nail. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the chest was inevitably and of course once again another bounteously sculptured and titillating chest. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the tooth was inevitably and of course once again another jubilantly fortified and obdurate tooth. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the spine was inevitably and of course once again another voluptuously tingling and reverberating spine. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the hip was inevitably and of course once again another impeccably spongy and cushioned hip. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the bone was inevitably and of course once again another impregnably fearless and tenacious bone. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the Adams apple was inevitably and of course once again another triumphantly dancing and sprightly Adams apple. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the nostril was inevitably and of course once again another fiercely passionate and indispensable nostril. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

Whilst the shadow of the heart was in no way and once again the passionately palpitating heart. Infact it was; is and forever would be the most Omnipotent shadow culminating on this fathomless earth; known and chanted an infinite

times by one and all dead and alive; as the ultimate " signature of
immortal love ".

Nikhil Parekh

The Signature Of Love

The signature of the unfathomably poignant and wonderfully scarlet rose; was profusely coated with pricelessly heavenly scent,

The signature of the vivaciously foaming and ecstatically swirling ocean; was piquantly coated with spell-bindingly rejuvenating salt,

The signature of the overwhelmingly sprightly and vividly striped zebra; was fantastically coated with unsurpassably untamed exuberance,

The signature of the majestically proliferating and timelessly endowing soil; was bountifully coated with unconquerably inimitable divinity,

The signature of the capriciously infidel and venomously slaving scorpion; was egregiously coated with brutally sadistic abhorrence,

The signature of the tantalizingly beautiful and voluptuously mollifying dewdrop; was profoundly coated with limitlessly blessing sensuousness,

The signature of the unbelievably titillating and handsomely crimson clouds; was gloriously coated with magnificently iridescent enchantment,

The signature of the lecherously delinquent and laggardly salacious parasite; was invidiously coated with surreptitiously unceremonious cowardice,

The signature of the ghoulishly morbid and remorsefully lamenting ghost; was disastrously coated with vindictively feckless malice,

The signature of the indefatigably ticking and irrefutably infallible clock; was perspicaciously coated with blissfully commendable punctuality,

The signature of the lackadaisically pot-bellied and turgidly rolling tortoise; was pathetically coated with nonchalantly wanton laziness,

The signature of the Omnipotently blazing and unassailably amber Sun; was peerlessly coated with unshakably eternal victory,

The signature of ubiquitously crimson and altruistically cascading blood; was undauntedly coated with harmoniously egalitarian humanity,

The signature of the resplendently immaculate and everlastingly optimistic Moon; was innocuously coated with pristinely pearly milk,

The signature of the uncannily adventurous and timelessly old fossil; was magnetically coated with inexplicably exhilarating mystery,

The signature of the grotesquely funny and ludicrously bouncing clown; was euphorically coated with endlessly uproarious laughter,

The signature of the indomitably towering and compassionately sequestering mountain; was eternally coated with selflessly triumphant strength,

The signature of the blissfully untainted and celestially princely pearl; was tirelessly coated with royally burgeoning prosperity,

The signature of the rhapsodically effulgent and ingeniously crafted new-born brain; was spectacularly coated with holistically innovative evolution,

The signature of the demeaningly blind and hideously crooked bat; was bizarrely coated with perniciously sinister betrayal,

The signature of the unfathomably hollow and thunderously reverberating gorge; was ingratiatingly coated with tremendously unlimited mysticism,

The signature of the ferociously roaring and unnervingly sauntering lion; was irrevocably coated with boundlessly unfettered superiority,

The signature of the effusively vibrant and eclectically artistic eye; was obeisantly coated with convivially heart-rendering empathy,

The signature of unprecedentedly delirious and intransigently destructive mania; was barbarously coated with unsparingly asphyxiating depression,

The signature of the blazingly truthful and relentlessly marching warrior; was marvelously coated with magically Spartan fearlessness,

The signature of unconquerably unique and blessedly devout righteousness; was perpetually coated with fathomlessly endowing paradise,

The signature of uncouthly sweltering and miserably scorching desert; was acridly coated with raunchily pulverizing ruthlessness,

And the signature of immortally insuperable and royally emollient love; was
forever and ever and ever coated with amazingly sprouting life.

Nikhil Parekh

The Silence Of Death.

A silence. Which torturously maimed every filament of effulgently blissful imagination. Which ensured that there could exist no more spell-binding fantasy; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was dreaded even by the greatest of humanitarian saints. Which was the most ghastly penalizing meditation into the corpses of atrociously diabolical hell; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was the most meaninglessly amorphous form of tawdrily asphyxiating emptiness. Which wholeheartedly invited only the salaciously plundering devil; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was the most indescribably jinxed shit of lies. Which was swarmed with nothing else but irreparably hedonistic disease; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which doomed the most holistically prosperous of civilizations into satanic dust. Which hadn't the tiniest integrity of its own; being molested and indiscriminately marauded by an infinite devils; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which put a parasitic full stop to every ingredient of perennial love burgeoning in the atmosphere. Which miserably stifled even the most infinitesimal of desire in its very roots; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was ubiquitously loathed by one and all on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe. Which wafted a sacrilegious stench of everything horrendously burnt on this boundless earth; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which perpetuated only an indefinable number of people to hysterically cry. Which hideously evaporated every globule of inimitably priceless sensuality into an oblivion of lugubrious dread; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was more callously disheartening than chewing the most obdurately emotionless cliffs of steel. Which irrefutably proved that the whole world was nothing else but a penuriously disappearing horizon; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was the most unforgivably perverted form of sin on mystical earth. Which inevitably dissolved into an infinite pools of fetidly venomous helplessness; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which solely led to the graveyards of preposterously impoverished deliriousness. Which permeated a vindictive gloom of sadism into every innocent heart existing; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which ironically transcended all definitions of inhuman torture. Which forlornly rendered even the most iridescently euphoric aspect of existence as treacherously insane nothingness; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which incarcerated every organism existing on planet divine with a gloom of inexplicably appalling despair. Which had not even the most evanescent of rejuvenating awakening; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was the most derogatorily slandering parasite on this invincible earth. Which gruesomely blinded every eternal thought process into the gorge of ominous hopelessness; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which tyrannically devastated every tangible trace of virility into a ludicrously impotent ghost. Which perpetually loitered in the deplorable mortuaries of feckless uncertainty; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was more blacker than the most perilously cursed shades of midnight. Which deliberately debilitated each ounce of compassionate fortitude in the atmosphere to a skeleton of acrid betrayal; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which was nothing but a worthlessly stinking carrion for the vultures of hatred to pillage. Which deplorably castrated every ounce of handsome energy into the gallows of extinction; forever and ever and ever.

A silence. Which led neither to the past; present or immediately optimistic future. Which was wholesomely and wretchedly circumscribed by solely the very last breath of emollient life; forever and ever and ever.

Such was the silence of inconsolably gory and unstoppable lambasting death.

Nikhil Parekh

The Simplest Way To Please Me

The simplest way to please a bird; was to place her lost eggs right in front of her majestic beak,

The simplest way to please a dog; was to give him a juicy bone embedded with raw strands of salubrious meat,

The simplest way to please a snake; was to offer your leg; for it to greedily inject its stream of lethal venom into,

The simplest way to please a writer; was to provide him an atmosphere of blissful peace; boundless sheets of paper and a jeweled pen in his fingers,

The simplest way to please a fisherman; was to give him a net heavily laden with an amazing fraternity of fishes,

The simplest way to please a desert; was to inundate its surface with an ocean of water; a thing it hungrily absorbed within flash seconds,

The simplest way to please a crying infant; was to provide him the compassionate warmth of his mother,

The simplest way to please the doctor; was to tell him that all his patients recovered after taking his medicines,

The simplest way to please the red ant; was to lay broken crusts of bread in front of its eyes; which it painstakingly nibbled till its heart's content,

The simplest way to please the slave; was to tell him that he was your master instead,

The simplest way to please the peacock; was to keep it in an ambience with pelting droplets of rain,

The simplest way to please the ominously gleaming green crocodile; was to sprinkle its vicinity with a million chunks of meat everyday,

The simplest way to please the farmer; was to make him witness his fields blossoming with bountiful corn; each stalk of his treasured grass swaying in rubicund health with the winds,

The simplest way to please the mind; was to verbally yield to each of its fanatic fantasy; although you didn't actually execute it,

The simplest way to please the cow; was to leave it to wander in meadows of leafy foliage; engendering it to enjoy munching its favorite meal till eternity,

The simplest way to please the black cat; was to place it in a pond of frosty milk; facilitating it to gently lap at the same and thereby permeate the air around with its contented snores,

The simplest way to please a shrewd Business tycoon; was to place the blank checkbook for him to ogle in front of his eyes,

The simplest way to please a Politician; was to say that he was the greatest; and his policies had metamorphosed the earth into a veritable paradise,

The simplest way to please a soldier; was to award him for his stupendous achievement at war; with felicitation of the highest degree,

The simplest way to please God; was to diligently execute all your duties without the slightest of delinquency; procreate prolifically to continue his chapters of existence,

And the simplest way to please me; was to keep me with my beloved every second of the day; see to it that no power on this earth could ever separate us; and we remained bonded together for centuries unprecedented.

Nikhil Parekh

The Sky Of Immortal Love

Happiness galore; diffusing into waves of tumultuous rhapsody as every instant unveiled into a wholesomely tantalizing minute,
Prosperity galore; as the clouds of freedom perennially showered their endowment of eternally unfading romance; upon the trajectory of this disastrously impoverished planet,
Vivacity galore; as the marvelous festoon of resplendently twinkling stars; danced uninhibitedly in the heart of the voluptuously titillating night,
Prudence galore; as it instilled the most sagaciously pragmatic chapters of existence; in devastatingly hopeless souls,
Was the fireball of immortally fabulous love; spawning into a timeless chapter of boundlessly mesmerizing creation; in every quarter of this magnificently enamoring Universe.

Youth galore; as it blossomed into a river of enchanting newness with the unfurling of every dawn; wholesomely abnegating even the most minuscule essence of despairing solitude,
Omnipotence galore; as it intrepidly withstood the most acrimoniously tyrannical attack; profusely coalescing with every element of blissfully condoning humanity,

Attraction galore; as it inevitably straddled even the most diabolically alien in its impregnably unfettered swirl; irrespective of caste; creed or status; alike,
Beauty galore; casting a spell of unbreakably rhapsodic fantasy; upon drearily staggering and even the most treacherously satanic demons; alike,
Was the mountain of invincibly everlasting love; harboring one and all in its Godly belly; sequestering even the most diminutively pathetic in its divine shadow; to evolve into
a royally majestic tomorrow.

Resplendence galore; as it sparkled into a flaming inferno of vivid propensity to tickle the night; miraculously enlightening every abode rotting in dilapidated despondency; with unconquerably optimistic light,
Humanity galore; as it embraced the richest and even those miserably dithering beneath ghastly mud; in the aisles of perennially untamed happiness,
Faith galore; as it uprooted even the most lecherously savage fortresses of evil from their very non-existent lackadaisical roots; with its triumphant march ahead,
Boisterousness galore; as it indefatigably radiated the beats of a symbiotically priceless existence; that led to the ultimate corridors of compassionately bestowing paradise,

Was the arrow of Omnisciently unfathomable love; striking the vicious targets of malicious evil every time it was released; scrapping even the most remotest trace of hostile belligerence; from the periphery of this gigantically fascinating planet.

Titillation galore; as it ecstatically seduced even the most gruesomely devastated souls in its timelessly melodious grace; to bloom into a unshakably blessed; mankind,

Electricity galore; as it incinerated thunderbolts of insurmountable desire; even in the heart of the murderously frigid night,

Mysticism galore; as it tingled you into an entrenchment of inexplicably gorgeous wilderness; as every molecule of alluring enigma; struck a passionate chord with the ravishing complexion of night,

Bonding galore; as it indispensably melanged all those with an amicably philanthropic disposition; in cisterns of incomprehensibly incarcerating humanity,

Was the sky of unequivocally grandiloquent love; immortally existing as the queen of all turbulently passionate hearts; the irrefutably embellished king; of all magical mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

The Sky Of Unconquerable Love.

If you asked me how tall was it; I would perhaps miserably stutter; faltering an umpteenth number of times; before I could even emanate an inconspicuous whisper,

If you asked me how vivacious was it; I would perhaps stumble like ninepins on obdurate ground; ludicrously bedazzled by that extra tinge of somberly radiant light,

If you asked me how fragrant was it; I would perhaps have to frantically rummage through the records of a several thousand years; and yet eventually find myself enshrouded by dungeons of inexplicably horrendous blackness,

If you asked me how boisterous was it; I would perhaps have to furiously contemplate for hours immemorial; laboriously delving into the most inscrutably esoteric realms of my beleaguered mind,

If you asked me how piquant was it; I would perhaps gasp for fresh air literally relinquishing the last breath of my life; maniacally ripping apart my hair for an answer; that simply wasn't to be,

If you asked me how charismatic was it; I would perhaps nonchalantly stare into disgusting space for countless more births of mine; worthlessly dithering towards a horizon that irrefutably didn't have any end,

If you asked me how conspicuous was it; I would perhaps grope wildly in an entrenchment of insane dreariness; wholesomely obfuscated for direction in the island of diabolical hell,

If you asked me how harmonious was it; I would perhaps incoherently dither on the footsteps of utter devastation; lunatically running a marathon in the ungainly wild; that would never end,

If you asked me how formidable was it; I would perhaps commence to miserably slither on the ghastly ground; ghastily metamorphosing every dream of my blissfully ravishing sleep; into a perpetually gory nightmare,

If you asked me how phlegmatic was it; I would perhaps excoriate all my hair

apart in bizarre frustration; lambasting my scalp till eternity; in quest of the most sagacious of answer,

If you asked me how vivacious was it; I would perhaps pathetically stagger towards obsolete wisps of lackadaisical nothingness; eventually landing into the menacing gutters of horrific starvation,

If you asked me how immaculate was it; I would perhaps nervously flutter under the morbidly sullen carpet of the penalizing night; almost getting mercilessly straddled in the graves of tyrannical discomfort,

If you asked me how redolent was it; I would perhaps insipidly crumble into a dustbin of infinitesimal ash; preposterously disappearing into oblivion; in trying to salvage for the most veritable of solutions,

If you asked me how fast was it; I would perhaps abhorrently drift my neck in boundless directions; in the end collapsing like a pack of soggy cards; to coalesce with maliciously vindictive soil,

If you asked me how turbulent was it; I would perhaps gnaw even the last strand of my nails in utter nonchalance; stare like an imperturbable idiot into the hostile depths of the unending well,

If you asked me how melodious was it; I would perhaps blast every sanctimonious sound in my throat to juxtapose with meaningless infinity; lecherously sinking deeper and deeper into cold blooded earth,

If you asked me how rhetoric was it; I would perhaps lugubriously slip even on the most formidably handsome of grounds; profusely bleeding in exasperated confusion even in the most brilliantly bestowing of sunlight,

If you asked me how euphoric was it; I would perhaps unsteadily waver in absolutely despondent submission; trouncing every shade of overwhelming jubilation with despicable doom,

But if you asked me to execute it; then I would unequivocally unite the entire planet in its stupendously compassionate threads of priceless humanity; for it was none other than the garland of spell binding creation; the sky of unconquerable love.

The Smile On My Lips

When I smeared my lips entirely with brilliant scarlet paste,
they looked voluptuous and mesmerizing; but they produced obnoxious
blemishes on whatever I kissed.

When I applied stringent white chalk powder on the intricate periphery of my
lips,
They looked comically distorted; enticing innumerable individuals to bestow upon
me a plethora of frivolous smiles.

When I dipped my lips in an infectiously sweet mixture of molten jaggery,
They looked tantalizingly intense; with a battalion a red ant clambering with
euphoric fervor to devour the same.

As I stuck my supple lips to fresh acrylic paint projecting from the chiseled wall,
They appeared stitched to each other in a vise like embrace; depriving me of the
indispensable ability to speak.

When I applied a curry of black pungent mud on my articulately sculptured lips,
I resembled a bedraggled ragamuffin on the street; with pedestrians mistaking
my identity for a homicidal beggar.

When I rubbed my lips in lush green blades of wild grass,
They acquired a poignantly slimy texture; prompting me to obstreperously
sneeze.

When I submerged my lips in steaming hot frosty milk,
They developed peels of innocuous milk; and I looked like an organism having
just taken birth.

When I painted my luscious lips in a concentrated extract of carbon ink,
The outcome was ludicrously funny; I seemed like a novice at writing literature;
and the stains were intractably cumbersome to remove.

When I applied a blend of cement and water to my lips,
They amalgamated together like a solid rock; and it became virtually invincibly to
separate them.

And eventually when I passionately kissed the lips of my beloved,
There were thunderous fires igniting frigid arenas of my persona,

My lips now looked enchanting after marathon hours of being lackluster, and for the first time I uninhibitedly smiled.

Nikhil Parekh

The Sole And Most Ardent Slave

There's just one of the Omnipotent Sun; to timelessly illuminate even the most lugubriously ribald crannies of the earth; blaze a ray of triumphantly unfettered light for times immemorial,

There's just one of the Vivacious Sky; to perpetually harbor organisms of every caste; creed; color and tribe; with unconquerably ardent compassion in its symbiotically blessed lap,

There's just one of the Everest Peak; to indomitably transcend over all heinously evil; stand as the lone infallibly undefeated warrior; amidst a boundless Universe of salaciously crippling corruption,

There's just one of the Iridescent Rainbow; to tirelessly mesmerize countless horrendously beleaguered souls; forever drift even the most infinitesimal of their misery towards the aisles of paradise divine,

There's just one of the Royal Oyster; to unbelievably enthrall the unceasingly undulating waves of the tangy ocean; never ever let a morbid moment sweep even a transient iota; across its invincible periphery,

There's just one of the Divinely Dewdrop; to inexhaustibly bless the limitless carpet of emerald green on this fantastically redolent Universe; profoundly reinvigorate every pore of the skin with ecstatically newborn freshness,

There's just one of the Insuperable Ocean; to unendingly stupefy every tangible and intangible source of life on this ever-pervading planet; ubiquitously disseminate spice and salt into even the most haplessly devastated of breaths,

There's just one of the Princely Lion; to endlessly rule even the most ethereal corner of the enchanting forest; irrefutably enshroud every open space on ebullient earth with inimitably unparalleled supremacy,

There's just one of the Omniscient Moon; to unflinchingly enlighten every staggeringly dwindling soul; even in the most diabolically pulverizing of hour; past the coffin of treacherous midnight,

There's just one of the Virile Seed; to timelessly fructify into a gorge of astoundingly vibrant newness; bless even the most tawdrily decrepit patch of soil on earth; with victoriously Omnipresent life,

There's just one of the Inscrutable Shadow; to wonderfully placate even the most disastrously frazzled of senses; cast a spell of unbreakable fantasy in every innocuously nimble mind alike,

There's just one of the Intrepid Fossil; to amazingly depict every conceivable form of life which blissfully thrived; an infinite centuries and moments ago,

There's just one of the Triumphant Woman; to unassailably evolve the most benign creation of life; sequestering it like an impregnable fortress inside her womb; from every devilish vagary of the parasitic world outside,

There's just one of the Impudent Bumble Bee; to ooze into unlimited cisterns of mellifluously gifted honey; permeate a heaven of sweetness into even the most venomously cacophonous of life,

There's just one of the Crimson Rose; to incredulously mollify every fetidly asphyxiated nostril; with the philanthropically unbridled scent of humanity and the Creator Divine,

There's just one of the Unshakable Conscience; to assimilate every iota of unchallengably priceless truth on the trajectory of this bountiful Universe; perennially treasure the ideals of undefeated righteousness,

There's just one of the Euphoric Breath; to magnificently perpetuate eternal life into even the most fecklessly obsolete entity without compassion and quintessential life,

There's just one of the Immortal Heart; to indefatigably unite every tangibly effulgent entity on the belly of the Universe; uninhibitedly ensure that there throbbed blessedly symbiotic life; even after life,

And then there's just one of Tiny "Me"; to intricately decipher every step that she alighted towards me; to everlastingly comprehend the very essence of her Godly breath; to be the most ardent and sole slave of her humanitarian radiations; of the golden sweat that dribbled from her unconquerably celestial feet.

Nikhil Parekh

The Sole And Only Voice Of My Daughter

Of course there were billions who called me a blighted coward; not attending corporate office for even one single day in my entire life; eccentrically sequestering myself from the entire Universe; to indefatigably pen priceless poetry,

Of course there were billions who called me an ugly duckling; as virtually every conceivable cranny of my skin; was perniciously maligned with an infinite pigments of murderously cannibalistic blackness,

Of course there were billions who called me obsessively delirious; for seizing upon the most ephemerally non-existent ingredients of the atmosphere; and then inexplicably pursuing the same till the aisles of infinite infinity,

Of course there were billions who called me unceremoniously bohemian; for existing so unabashedly rustically in the heart of the extraordinarily contemporary society; even after receiving the best education of my times,

Of course there were billions who called me flagrantly doomed; for so openly castigating every established norm of the turgidly conventional society; trying to defy the mortuary of robotic shrewdness; with the clouds of immortal love,

Of course there were billions who called me an absolutely dogmatic fool; for expending every bit of my hard earned wealth; to forever unite two jilted lovers horrendously separated due to differences of the currency coin,

Of course there were billions who called me pugnaciously ballistic; as I instantaneously swished the gleaming sword from my scepter; at the tiniest insinuation of danger or gratuitous invasion to my motherland,

Of course there were billions who called me fecklessly truthful loser; as I chose to tread on the path of infallible righteousness laden with a zillion acrimonious thorns; rather than easily galloping on the shortcuts to success; which so copiously inhabited planet earth today,

Of course there were billions who called me cursedly impotent; as I had my very first child several years after marriage; and after a countless visits to every Omnipotent temple; church; monastery and mosque on this boundlessly blessed planet,

Of course there were billions who called me salaciously sinful; as I insuperably believed that perennially unshakable marriage happened the instant both hearts met; and without the tiniest of ceremony or sanctimoniously rigorous tradition,

Of course there were billions who called me bizarrely agnostic; as I didn't believe in several God's/Goddesses; but timelessly envisaged the Creator to be undefeately one,

Of course there were billions who called me blasphemously unforgivable; as I uninhibitedly philandered with a countless women all my life; profoundly and inevitably attracted to the unlimited fructification of the female kind,

Of course there were billions who called me cadaverously jinxed; as every tangible or intangible project that I undertook in the tenure of my impoverished life; treacherously landed me upside down into the most wretchedly penalizing of my grave,

Of course there were billions who called me deplorably impractical; as every decision of mine taken from the heart found me haplessly begging on the sordidly cold-blooded streets; whilst those with an articulately pragmatic mind; astutely raced forward in the most brilliantly opulent of Mercedes,

Of course there were billions who called me worthlessly artistic; as although I'd sketched an infinite paintings; yet they still lay despicably decaying under the most blazing of Sun; for severely indispensable want of true takers and connoisseurs,

Of course there were billions who called me inveterately feminine; as I unlimitedly desired to cuddle inside the compassionate interiors of my dwelling all night and day; tirelessly fantasizing and altruistically contenting myself to just household chores,

Of course there were billions who called me intolerably eccentric; as every single habit and action of mine led me further and further into the most ominously blackened labyrinths of reclusiveness; being so extraordinarily different from the rest of the world outside,

Of course there were billions who called me an escapist misanthrope; as I shrugged almost every other human on this endlessly burgeoning planet; for still being a slave of commercially diabolical politics; when infact Omnipresent Universe was created; is; and shall forever remain ecstatically free,

And then there was this sole and only voice of my new born daughter amidst all this iconoclastic mayhem; inimitably calling me "Father"; which perpetually bestowed upon me the power to unflinchingly tower over each of one of these billions; which perpetually bestowed upon me the power to outsmart each one of these billions; which perpetually bestowed upon me the power to conquer the venomous devil in each one of these billions

Nikhil Parekh

The Sole Reflection Of My Soul

How could I ever get bored even an infinitesimally insipid iota?
When I had the perpetually golden rays of the blistering midday Sun; filter a path
of
scintillatingly righteous courage; through every cranny of my disastrously
impoverished demeanor.

How could I ever get bored even an inconspicuously non-existent trifle?
When I had the gregariously cascading waterfalls of enlightening froth tickle me
profusely from all sides; trigger in me an insatiably euphoric yearning; to
gallop ecstatically forward; through the fields of mesmerizing life.

How could I ever get bored even a comically minuscule whisker?
When I had the voluptuously rustling breeze profoundly caress each of
manipulatively besieged senses; uninhibitedly freeing me to dance timelessly; till
the
boundaries of enchanting eternity.

How could I ever get bored even a diminutively frigid fraction?
When I had the melodiously ebullient nightingale singing right on my shoulder;
profusely infiltrating resplendent rays of hope; into my vindictively cold blooded
existence.

How could I ever get bored even a capriciously tiny speck?
When I had the divinely blooming flowers spinning a web of majestically
astounding artistry all across my gruesomely bereaved senses; tirelessly drifting
me towards an unfathomable ocean of blissful scent.

How could I ever get bored even a parsimoniously mercurial bit?
When I had the unfathomable caravan of boisterously buzzing bees incessantly
enshrouding my lifelessly stoical facial contours; inundate my mockingly dreary
survival with unprecedented enthrallment and tingling sweetness.

How could I ever get bored even a lackadaisically lackluster inch?
When I had the fascinatingly ingratiating Moon shimmer gorgeously on my
despondently disheveled flesh; seductively caress me with unsurpassable
fireballs of
magnificently silken delight.

How could I ever get bored even a languidly inarticulate centimeter?

When I had tantalizingly green meadows nestled with exotic dew drops to rampantly roll in; expunge each horrendously frustrated ingredient from my despairing blood; to handsomely blend with the stupendously reinvigorating soil.

How could I ever get bored even a ghoulishly asphyxiated bit?

When I had intransigently aristocratic carpets of breath embracing my savagely extinguishing nostrils; irrefutably propelling me each instant to unflinchingly disseminate the patriotic river of truth; in every corner of this gigantic earth.

And how could I ever get bored even a trivially transient second?

When I had your immortally unassailable love perennially romancing with my nervously fluttering heartbeats; when I had your marvelously humanitarian shadow; which had unconquerably become the sole reflection of my soul.

Nikhil Parekh

The Son Of My Mother.

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Businessmen; astoundingly manipulating even the most infinitesimal nuances of trade; handsomely seated on the absolute zeniths of corporate victories,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Magicians; possessing the unbelievable ability of transforming even the most tawdrily decrepit piece of junk; into unconquerably glittering gold,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Politicians; dexterously governing the pragmatic lives of countless million people; right at their surreptitiously slippery fingertips,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Warriors; altruistically shedding even the last bone of their spines for the service of their venerated motherland; whilst wholesomely capturing every element of the devil in mind; body and spirit,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Devils; the most despicably hedonistic curmudgeons of insanity; satanically massacring every thing that they encountered in vicinity; without the tiniest reason or rhyme,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Astrologers; amazingly able to portend even the most obfuscated of happenings to unfurl; centuries later than this very vivaciously breathing day; today,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Philosophers; holding boundless organisms in an unimaginably spell-bound stupor; as they indefatigably sermonized the ideals of exhilarating existence and ultimate death,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Gamblers; where an infinite currency coin first slipped from their palms like ecstatically melting; before astutely multiplying itself into fathomless more of its very own kind,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Musicians; timelessly rekindling even the most lugubriously livid parchment of the atmosphere; with victoriously unfettered rhapsody,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Sportsmen; majestically

recoining the definition of whichever game that they played; perpetually ensuring their place in the most spectacularly emollient of legend books,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Pioneers; evolving an inexhaustibly fructifying revolution; out of inanelly dying wisps of battered nothingness,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Dancers; flexing even the most obsolete crannies of their bodies to myriad colors; shapes and forms; timelessly bewitching the atmosphere of even the most monotonously deadened of night,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Fantasizers; perennially galloping in the full fervor of life in those inscrutably tingling spaces; which were beyond the definitions of infinite infinity,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Swimmers; profoundly enjoying it only when there was the most truculently devastating storm at sea; when waves as ferociously tall as the sky; intransigently whipped them on every part of their naked form,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Street-Smarts; deplorably spitting an ocean of deplorable slang; at even the most non-receptively robotic bits of concrete in the gutter can,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Robbers; wholesomely dumbfounding the law on every conceivable occasion; stupefying millions of true soldiers with the parasitically profane treachery in their glib heels,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Philanderers; flirting with an infinite women at one given moment; almost proclaiming themselves to have given birth to the entire of the limitless living kind,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Devotees; selflessly beheading the most intriguing of their scalps at the feet of the Almighty Lord; at the slightest of innuendo,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Wrestlers; indefatigably overpowering every element of perceivable weakness in the Universe; with the sheer and most ardent tenacity of their robustly bulging muscle,

Whilst I introduced myself as a hopelessly devastated and irretrievable loser in every commercial aspect of life; but nevertheless and solely as the "Son"; of my unconquerably Omnipotent and eternally compassionate

mother.

Nikhil Parekh

The Sound Of The Heart

The sound of barking dogs brought alongwith it; overwhelming morbidity; a wave of heinous viciousness; that indefatigably triggered you to explore the cannibal entrapped in your conscience,

The sound of cascading rain brought alongwith it; tantalizing spurts of rhapsody; making you euphorically gallop forward in the scintillating exuberance of vibrant life,

The sound of the whistling train brought alongwith it; the untamed spirit of exhilarating adventure; when you traversed like a king; incessantly embarking upon an expedition of sparkling newness,

The sound of the falling leaves brought alongwith it; a nostalgically forlorn feeling of dilapidation; as you uncontrollably withered in destructive imagery; regretfully shunning all corridors of optimistic hope and bountiful cheer,

The sound of the fulminating volcano brought alongwith it; a tumultuously vindictive wave of malicious prejudice; as you sizzled in the unremitting heat of abhorrent war and parasitic vice,

The sound of the melodious nightingale brought alongwith it; a wind of stupendously everlasting calm; blissfully soothing the unfathomable mountain of your bizarrely frazzled senses; with the ointment of insatiable empathy,

The sound of the winking eyelids brought alongwith it; ardent fireballs of mischievous flirtation; as you surreptitiously philandered behind the Sun soaked hills; with the seductively nubile maidens of your choice,

The sound of the roaring lion brought alongwith it; unassailably flamboyant domination; as you blazed more tenaciously than the orange oven of Sun; basking in
the unsurpassable glory of your benign success,

The sound of the chirping sparrow brought alongwith it; ebulliently ecstatic jubilation; instilling in you the uninhibited freedom to envelop yourself in fervent carpets of unending boisterousness,

The sound of the gurgling fountain brought alongwith it; harmoniously symbiotic prosperity; which unequivocally taught you to embrace all tribes irrespective of

religion; caste; creed; in synergistic unison; and alike,

The sound of the majestic eagle brought alongwith it; unprecedented puffs of enthrallment; a perennial desire in you to royally soar through the golden entrenchment of clouds; breathed in the mists of desire for times immemorial,

The sound of marching soldiers brought alongwith it; cloudbursts of irrefutably glorious patriotism; an intrinsically overpowering sensation in your persona; to unflinchingly fight for your sacrosanct motherland,

The sound of ticking clock brought alongwith it; a fathomless civilization of endless meticulousness; impregnating in you the sagacious pragmatism; to diligently execute all your duties of the enigmatically unveiling day,

The sound of the unruly crow brought alongwith it; an unrelenting ocean of mortifying disgrace; as you felt like abnegating every iota of charisma and glorious charm; forever from the innermost recesses of your impoverished demeanor,

The sound of the reverberating lightening brought alongwith it; perpetually augmenting and magnetic excitement; as you felt the inferno of titillating yearning rise like new born infant; bubbling like white fire through every ingredient of your crimson blood,

The sound of singing children brought alongwith it; impeccably satiny righteousness; profoundly incinerating in you the immaculate light of timeless innocence; to be alive as the ultimate harbinger of benign humanity,

The sound of indolent pigs brought alongwith it; fading horizons of languidly decaying and capricious nothingness; as a arrow of wastrel insignificance perpetuated you from all sides; inevitably drawing each bone of your dreary countenance; towards a world of sleep and stinkingly greasy dirt,

The sound of passionate breath brought alongwith it; an unconquerable dawn of resplendently proliferating evolution; triggering in you the most priceless desire to live; and astoundingly procreate boundless more of your own holistic kind,

And the sound of thunderous heartbeats brought alongwith it; an immortally everlasting sky of glistening love; which not only encapsulated you; but the entire living kind; in irrefutably invincible threads of ever-pervading humanity.

The Spearhead Of Love

As much as it overwhelmingly separates,
It bonds you immortally beyond the most passionate realms of your enchanting imagination.

As much as it rises like a fulminating volcano; infinite kilometers above the clouds,
It uninhibitedly embraces even the most impoverished of entity; enlightening the gloomy corridors of desperation with its glorious festoon of optimistic rays.

As much as it pacifies like white ice; to the most ultimate of the hearts content,
It ignites untamed infernos of turbulent desire; metamorphosing pathetically dwindling souls; into entities with an infinite lives.

As much as it absorbs the overwhelmingly poignant emotion lingering in the atmosphere,
It disseminates the spirit of friendship; indefatigably all across the surface of this fathomless planet.

As much as it strikes inexplicably like torrential downpours of vivacious lava,
It promises you a life more blissful than the divine; fortifying its foundations of benevolent humanity astoundingly by the unveiling minute.

As much as it makes room for every conceivable fantasy to circulate intriguingly in the mind,
It harnesses your every goal into a perpetual reality; catapulting you to the most astronomical summit of scintillating success.

As much as it perseveres unrelentingly all night and each instant of the uncouthly sweltering day,
It transits you into a land of stupendous care and empathy; a paradise where you experience the most enthralling ingredients of a complete life.

As much as it tantalizes the most pragmatic beyond the dormitories of sagacious control,
It makes you believe in every step you take; propelling you to intrepidly defend the unsurpassable battalion of obstacles that confronted you; insidiously in your way.

As much as it bequeaths upon you a tenacity of having wholesomely led

countless lives,

It takes you back to the first cry of your infantile life; making you bounce rhapsodically in the sacrosanct lap of your mother.

And as much as it melts you in the enigmatic trail of profusely charismatic seduction,

It unites you with every tangible and intangible element on this gigantic earth; granting you the ultimate status of being addressed as a human; granting you the right to love; to being loved; and being possessed by it; the spearhead of love.

Nikhil Parekh

The Speed Of Life

I wanted the speed of life to be like swashbuckling blades of the ceiling fan,
When I was bustling with euphoric fervor; in the prime of youth.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the withered leaves of autumn,
When I was imprisoned in desolation; with traces of the world far away from my
silhouette.

I wanted the speed of life to be like slowly dribbling honey,
When I felt secret avenues of energy fading; and my feet felt drearily exhausted.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the mesmerizing and eloquent cuckoo,
When I brusquely got up from sleep; at the outbreak of evanescent dawn.

I wanted the speed of life to be like slithering reptiles traversing through bushy
outgrowths of the jungle,
When I was intensely engrossed in artistry and captivating romance.

I wanted the speed of life to be like hostile blood leaking in fury; from fresh
wounds,
When I felt my persona submerged in pools of belligerence; my fists clenched
and clusters of my teeth grimaced like a formidable fortress.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the transparently reflecting mirror,
When I felt circumspect to confront loads of tumultuous sorrow.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the garrulous tongue,
When I felt like incessantly chattering; disrupting the synchrony of stillness with
my voice.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the turbulently flowing Ganges,
When I contemplated on dipping my demeanor into Luke warm water; and
having a
bath.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the plummeting showers of torrential rain,
When I set out to conquer the world barefoot; basking in the spirit of adventure.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the majestically gliding eagle in the sky,
When I envisaged about the harmony of thought; the blissful symmetry of

existence.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the shrill ringing of the telephone,
When I nostalgically reminisced the conversations I had with my beloved on
telephone.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the painstakingly trespassing desert camel,
When I was on the threshold of succumbing life; and I had relinquished the
tenacity of youth.

I wanted the speed of life to be like the brilliantly burning bulb,
When I was on the course of reaching stupendous echelons of invincible stardom.

And I wanted all speeds of life to be transferred to my fellow beings in acute
distress,
The moment I left for my heavenly abode; to rest perennially in celestial arms of
the Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

The Splinters Of Love

When a conglomerate of thunder clouds collided in the cosmos,
Infinite splinters of water pelted down in fury; gently bruising naked patches of
my skin.

When multiple balls of bulky glass clashed with tumultuous fury,
Acerbic splinters of jagged mirror pierced with hostile fervor through my skin;
prompting crimson blood to flow.

When I dexterously sliced colossal chunks of tree lumber with my serrated
pickaxe,
Pulverized splinters of saw dust flew in unsymmetrical unison; inundating my
eyeball with series of allergy.

When obdurate balls of round steel smashed tenaciously with each other,
Minuscule splinters of metal settled haphazardly on my scalp; with obstreperous
cacophony tickling my eardrum.

When I pricked the gargantuan balloon with a rusted pin; tones of air blew out at
overwhelming speeds,
Soft splinters of rubber descended down on my feet; and I slipped while walking
inadvertently on the same.

When menacing masses of ice tumbled down the mountain; they formed a
monstrous
avalanche,
Which diffused into incommensurate splinters after striking the ground; stabbing
my flesh like a quiver full of arrows.

When I shook a barrel full of fermented cream vigorously in the air,
Decayed splinters of milk splashed disdainfully across my face; with a stench of
rotten rat emanating; besieging all in proximity.

When I placed a mammoth elephant tusk in amicable contact with circulating
blades of the ceiling fan,
Bountiful splinters of powder blended with small bone infiltrated into my nostril;
making me vociferously sneeze.

When I entered the unscrupulous ambience of the darkened cloth factory,
Irascible splinters of cotton fiber camouflaged my cheek; instigating me to

voraciously scratch.

And eventually when the immaculate crystal of her splendor; burst with a bang
over my forehead,
A myriad of victimized arenas in my silhouette; relinquished pain instantly,
Wounded avenues of my heart and soul perpetually healed; after being injected
with splinters of her unprejudiced love.

Nikhil Parekh

The Sun Of Love Was Ours

The silence was solely hers; inscrutably lingering in her mesmerizing eyes,

The charisma was solely hers; uninhibitedly dribbling from each of her compassionately divine senses,

The vivaciousness was solely hers; as she bounced like a princess in the aisles of unprecedented yearning and tantalizing desire,

The enigma was solely hers; enshrouding each of her intriguingly voluptuous eyelashes; like golden rain pelting down from the skies,

But the chapter of eternal romance was ours; as we bonded our palms together; unflinchingly rising to each blissful occasion of life; with our souls perennially entwined.

The glory was solely hers; as she frolicked like a queen of unparalleled hearts through the seductively shimmering meadows of longing,

The charm was solely hers; embellishing each cranny of her stupendously majestic skin; with magnificently royal enthrallment,

The fragrance was solely hers; as she diffused the irrefutable scent of humanity; on each oligarchic step that she tread,

The intrigue was solely hers; as she blossomed into a gorgeously brilliant pearl of sunshine; even in the heart of the murderously treacherous night,

But the perpetually unconquerable understanding was ours; immortalizing the essence of everlastingly flaming existence.

The smile was solely hers; as she titillated every object in tangible and intangible vicinity; with the tinkling melody in her vibrantly harmonious throat,

The innovation was solely hers; as she evolved a fabulously fantastic web of mysterious clairvoyance; with the profuse bewilderment in the whites of her impeccable eyes,

The beauty was solely hers; when she gyrated like an ultimate seductress under the marvelously innocuous moonlight; as the enamoring majesty of the night

took
complete control,

The fire was solely hers; as the untamed passion in her tumultuously vibrant
breath; instilled new life in the most stinkingly dead,

But the mountain of invincibly unshaken belonging was ours; as we trespassed
intrepidly past; cataclysmically hideous storms and enlightenment; alike.

The honesty was solely hers; as she massacred even the most miserly trace of
evil; with the emphatically candid solidarity in her delectable conscience,

The tranquillity was solely hers; as she pacified the most traumatically agonized
of my nerves; with the Omnipotent melody in her integrally rhapsodic sound,

The grace was solely hers; as every contour of her heavenly visage; resonated
with the immaculately perfect scent of life,

The empathy was solely hers; as she diffused an unsurpassably indefatigable
ocean of compassion; embracing all those devastatingly deprived; in the religion
of ubiquitous humanity,

But the immortal Sun of love was ours; as we bonded insatiably together for
infinite more births to come; proliferating countless of our very own kind.

Nikhil Parekh

The Tale Of A Car Tyre

The inflated swell of vehicular rubber,
Was with soft rectangular indentations,
Held captive in circular hollow of the tyre,
Traversed speedily along compact metallic roads,
Crushing dry leaves; trampling unkempt wild weeds,
Fixed and stuck to metallic plates,
With radiating spikes; midget spokes of corrugated steel,
Maneuvering sharply across a landscape of barren concrete,
With deft strokes to the driving wheel,
Firm slanted pressure to the compressible gas pedal,
And skillful articulate movement of the gear shift machinery,
The tyre treads raced through wet mud roads,
Leaving behind trails of woven patterns,
Resembling dead sticks of rotten sugarcane,
As a sudden whirring noise encapsulated the atmosphere,
Tons of dust blew; silencing the crux of exuberant activity,
Brakes wailed in cacophonous unison,
Tyre chunks bled against the mass of hardened mud,
Creating asymmetrical rings of disdainful dust,
The main culprit being;
A cluster of iron pins; in hot agony,
Strewn in randomly savage proportions,
Waiting to trap innocent prey of vehicular rubber,
Inserting themselves into the thickened rubber flesh,
Squeezing out macro plumage of air mass; exhausting it to the last drop,
Rendering the spongy sheath of charismatic rubber,
Into distorted piles of mangled junk.

Nikhil Parekh

The Talking

For the blissfully fructifying trees; it was the astounding festoon of marvelously enchanting green leaves; which did the vividly mesmerizing and sprightly talking,

For the fathomlessly silken skies; it was the handsomely crimson puffs of untamed clouds; which did the inscrutably reinvigorating and compassionate talking,

For the vividly exuberant oceans; it was the spell bindingly tangy swirl of the frosty waves; which did the uninhibitedly boisterous and triumphant talking,

For the robustly harmonious body; it was the perpetually quintessential streams of scarlet blood; which did the timelessly humanitarian and victorious talking,

For the resplendently enamoring rose; it was the celestially unparalleled fragrance; which did the pricelessly unconquerable and wonderfully divine talking,

For the endlessly virile soil; it was the magically sprouting fruit; which did the unbelievably altruistic and bounteously symbiotic talking,

For the indomitably towering mountain; it was the inimitably fantastic epitome of unity; which did the unsurpassably amiable and intrepidly replenishing talking,

For the intricately nimble palms; it was the astoundingly mystical labyrinth of destiny lines; which did the inexplicably rhapsodic and ebulliently stupefied talking,

For the limitlessly royal deserts; it were the enchanting undulations of sands; which did the boundlessly surreal and tantalizingly unceasing talking,

For the ingeniously inexhaustible brain; it was the unassailable reservoir of fantasy; which did the effulgently melodious and fearlessly sensuous talking,

For the pristinely sacrosanct cow; it was the impeccably insuperable cistern of milk; which did the righteously untainted and undefeatedly truthful talking,

For the emphatically dancing eye; it was incredulously heartwarming river of affable moisture; which did the ardently coalescing and uninhibitedly blessed

talking,

For the Omnipotently blistering Sun; it was the amazingly unfettered rays of freedom; which did the brilliantly liberated and timelessly infallible talking,

For the articulately evolving Artist; it was the beautifully honest soul; which did the unfathomably majestic and pricelessly synergistic talking,
For the indefatigably patriotic Soldier; it was the virtue of perennially indomitable fearlessness; which did the victoriously jubilant and peerlessly liberated talking,

For the Omnisciently venerated Mother; it was the freshly born infant; which did the tirelessly euphoric and everlastingly enchanting talking,

For the inebriated nubile Maiden; it was the torrential cloudburst of sensuousness; which did the seductively captivating and gloriously titillating talking,

For the chapter of unendingly proliferating life; it was unconquerably endowing breath; which did the spell bindingly gracious and philanthropically ameliorating talking,

And for the Omnipresently true love; it was the unabashedly Godly heartbeat; which did the Immortally victorious and endlessly procreating talking.

Nikhil Parekh

The Tenacity Of My Love

Even If you were an obdurate stone; with loads of callousness embedded rigidly in your persona,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; transformed you into Molten wax rampantly dripping down; eventually blending with the earth.

Even if you were the dry desert; harboring a plethora of acrimonious cactus and violently blistering winds,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; inundated you with fresh water; imparting a perennial wetness to your sands.

Even if you were the satanic demon; with your armory of brutal teeth scintillating wickedly under the moon,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; brought about a dramatic metamorphosis in you; converting you into an immaculate angel.

Even if you were the incorrigible dictator; rebuking all in proximity with your volley of expletives and commands,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; pacified you overwhelmingly; exonerated the bitterness in your voice.

Even if you were deadly poison; causing instantaneous death on consumption,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; completely annihilated your venom; making you as sweet as golden nectar.

Even if you were pallid paint sticking languidly to the walls; propagating waves of disparaging gloom in the ambience,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; impregnated you with brilliantly vibrant color; made you profoundly smile.

Even if you were poignant green chili; thunderously shouting expending supreme capacity of your lungs,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; transmuted you into innocuous sugar; irrefutably sweet in taste.

Even if you were the viciously lethal reptile; baring your fangs at me with utter hostility,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; changed you into the resplendent fish; gliding sedately through the swirling ocean.

Even if you were blazing volcano; torching all those who came even centimeters near you; devouring innocent humans in your fiery belly like inconspicuous insects,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; transfigured you into the melodious stream weaving its way enchantingly through meadows of soft grass.

And even if you were the idol of horrendous hatred; ostracizing humanity severely for its benevolent deeds,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; rekindled in you the essence of sharing; the insatiable urge to caress and care.

Nikhil Parekh

The Terrorists Belonged To No Religion

They belonged to no religion. As they solely surrendered to the religion of the devil -which ruthlessly beheaded countless innocent; infirm and freshly born; in the name of sacred LORD ALMIGHTY,

They belonged to no color. As they solely pledged to the color of the devil — which wanted to invidiously incarcerate every effervescent shade of life; into the gallows of hopeless and haplessly stymied Black,

They belonged to no territory. As they solely blended with the territory of the devil -which satanically wanted to snatch; maim; bombard and eventually merge every blissful corner of mother earth into its graveyards of inconsolable blood,

They belonged to no language. As they solely hissed the language of the devil - which inexhaustibly plundered; rebuked and abused the fabric of humanity and nicety; with the jinx of baseless sacrifice and the corpse,

They belonged to no mindset. As they solely clung to the mindset of the devil —which unthinkably yearned to build the most glittering castles of Gold on the foundations of innocuous bone; gory blood and life distorted to amorphous pulp,

They belonged to no atmosphere. As they solely salivated in the atmosphere of the devil - which tirelessly feasted all night and day on the stench of innocent blood -drinking; lavishing and languishing in it to lead life Kingsize,

They belonged to no roots. As they solely squandered in the roots of the devil - which executed the most terrorizing acts on all living kind-praying to the sight of fanatically splattered blood and shattered skull; to give them the power to survive,

They belonged to no category. As they solely rotted in the category of the devil - which wanted to rule the planet clamped in a spurious little incapacitated fist; assassinating every source of life with treacherously lame cowardice,

They belonged to no caste. As they solely clung to the caste of the devil — which forlornly stymied every vibrant form of emerging life; laughed at how easily humans disintegrated into boundless bits at the tiniest of dastardly provocation,

They belonged to no character. As they solely spoke the character of the devil

—which believed the best integrity and the best survival was in rising above every conceivable soul on earth; if not by hook then by hideous crook,

They belonged to no government. As they solely stagnated in the government of the devil — which barbarously chopped off fingers, hands; feet; veins; limbs and throats of bountiful humans at the tiniest of error; and in order to assert sanctimonious superiority,

They belonged to no soil. As they solely sputtered in the soil of the devil-which constituted the granules of all hell; dungeons after dungeons of children who lay dead-just to affirm some hell of a non-existent sadistic strength,

They belonged to no Church; Temple; Monastery or Mosque. As they solely wept in the mortuary of the devil - inexhaustibly wanting to metamorphose the trajectory of this planet into insipid ash; the sinful veil of the bloodstained corpse,

They belonged to no definition. As they solely endorsed the definition of the devil — which was out on a rampage to plunder Mother earth and its children as much as it could; taking ultimate refuge within realms of the fetid carcass,

They belonged to no village. As they solely inhabited the village of the devil - where each abode was a unbearably shrieking tombstone; and the clothes that everyone wore were sequined with chopped tongues; limbs and unfinished desire,

They belonged to no forest. As they solely rummaged through the forest of the devil - where all that was seen and heard was bellows of ghoulish smoke and agonizing scream; where life was insidiously sacrificed at the altar to immortalize the self,

They belonged to no heart. As they solely slaved in the heart of the devil - which was nothing but a gorge of inexplicable sinking drudgery; and continued to meaninglessly exist without the most insouciant of beats,

They belonged to no face. As they solely deteriorated in the face of the devil - which constituted of the most ridiculously non-existent vacuum; that thrived on the curses given by everyone of those that he'd tortured and kept doing so,

Hey! Wait a minute; they were children of the same God as you and me were alright. Because after all God owns the entire Universe and all its Life,

But they chose to follow the path of the devil against God's wishes. They were infact what every single one of us in the world today hatefully addressed by the word 'Terrorists'.

Nikhil Parekh

The Thing

The thing as frigid as a dead follicle of hair; was indiscreet hatred,

The thing as disdainful as the bathroom cockroach; was illicit smuggling,

The thing as pale as the dilapidated wall; was overwhelming prejudice,

The thing as resplendent as the pearly moon; was a gregarious smile on the luscious lips,

The thing as morose as the broken branch of the tree; was tumultuous sorrow blended with grief,

The thing as transparent as the crystal mountain stream; was unsolicited truth,

The thing as bankrupt as a bedraggled beggar; was pugnacious enmity,

The thing as innocuous as the hazel eyed monkey; was the cry of a small child,

The thing as volatile as hot green chili; was immensely provoked anger,

The thing as sweet as freshly prepared nectar; was the voice of the benevolent propagating humanity,

The thing as blotted as the abysmally dark waters of the gutter; was indiscriminately brutal crime,

The thing as cold as frozen pulp of icecream; was blatant jealousy,

The thing as nostalgic as the oblivious past; was indefatigable fantasies of the brain,

The thing as sizzling as ravishing brown crustacean coffee; was stupendous exultation,

The thing as inflated as a gas balloon; was ostentatious pride,

The thing as appeasing as appetizing morsels of food; was philanthropic friendship which fortified by the minute,

The thing as vociferous as a barking dog; was insatiable hunger which arose sporadically in the stomach,

The thing as infinite as the boundaries of the emerald ocean; was ubiquitous humanity,

The thing as inevitably intoxicating as liquor; was unfathomable greed,

The thing as venomous as the sting of a scorpion; was racial discrimination,

The thing as preposterously huge as the impeccable dolphin; was empathy towards fellow beings,

The thing as starved as scorched sands of the desert; was the ominously diabolic devil,

And the thing as impeccable as white pearls impregnated in oyster shells; as effusive as thunderous rain pelting down; was perpetual love.

Nikhil Parekh

The Thing I Feared The Most

When I transgressed through the soil of scorching desert; with the sun blazing down my nape in full radiance,
The thing I feared the most was the insatiable desire for water; which kept overpowering me when I knew there were no resources available.

When I was sleeping blissfully in the night; with mystical reveries besieging my mind,
The thing I feared the most; was rambunctious noise jolting me wide awake from my celestial siesta.

When I was chopping the trunk of corrugated tree; utilizing the full tenacity of my wrists,
The thing I feared the most; was the blade of my axe acquiring incongruous rust; emancipating its sharpness.

When I was swimming through placid waters of the river; with lavender coated petals of lotus drifting past my nose,
The thing I feared the most; was turbulent waves pervading the still waters; disrupting the synchrony of my swim.

When I was traveling up the monumental edifice in an elevator; sighting spacious dwellings now as condensed matchboxes,
The thing I feared the most; was the intricate coil of lift brusquely snapping; and the contraption hurling at full speeds towards the stony ground.

When I was driving my car at swashbuckling speeds through picturesque slopes; feasting my eyes on a backdrop of panoramic waterfalls,
The thing I feared the most; was the twin brakes failing and the automobile wildly careening into the treacherous valley.

When I was nibbling rustic berries; plucking them in clusters from the vivaciously swirling jungle tree,
The thing I feared the most; was the likelihood of the fruit being savagely poisoned; having the ghastly potential of causing death.

When I embellished my persona with grandiloquent slabs of glittering gold; wore jingling necklaces studded with an armory of scintillating diamonds,
The thing I feared the most; was the brutal onslaught of robbers viciously

tearing apart my wealth.

When I diligently working on the contemporary computer; with the fluorescent light of the screen infiltrating my eyes,
The thing that I feared the most; was a host of obnoxious virus permeating the software; assassinating all the files I had scrupulously stored.

When I was shivering incessantly in winter winds; the partition of my teeth clattering inevitably,
The thing I feared the most; was the snow precipitating from the skies; exacerbating my condition still further.

And when I was with my beloved; encompassed in the warmth of her arms; the essence of her breath inundating me with unprecedented happiness,
The thing I feared the most; was the creator taking her far away from me; as I knew there was no other power existing on earth; that could try and possibly separate us.

Nikhil Parekh

The Thing I Hated The Most

When I was driving my car through the meandering hills; feasting on the panoramic view of the mystical valley,
The thing I hated the most was a incessant flurry of dense traffic; halting the unprecedented flow of fantasy in my mind.

When I was swimming exuberantly in frothy waves of the ocean; taking the sizzling rays of the sun directly on my skin,
The thing I hated the most was the onslaught of inclement weather; compounded with swirling waters; which made me return back to the shore.

When I was studying diligently under the gloomy night lamp; pouring rapidly through infinite lines of fine script,
The thing I hated the most was pertinent voices of the neighbors; the discordant cacophony of the ticking clock.

When I was jogging across the sprawling race track; stupendously relishing the cool morning breeze striking my eyes,
The thing I hated the most was obnoxious wisps of smoke in the atmosphere; and the lace of my shoe getting entangled every now and then.

When I was painting exquisite shapes of the hill on a white canvas; executing vivacious strokes with my rustic brush,
The thing I hated the most was blotches of squalid dirt smudging with the color; pelting showers of rain prompting me to conceal my work.

When I was fervently viewing my favorite television program; with my feet well rested; and a festoon of fried chips lying by my side,
The thing I hated the most was violent fluctuation in voltage; which caused the images to ludicrously flicker in the screen.

When I was consuming a barrel of red wine; slurping the elixir with animated sips of satisfaction,
The thing I hated the most was the authorities catching me red handed; evacuating the alcohol out of me; by beating me black and blue.

When I was playing an intense game of chess; articulately maneuvering my pieces through the checkered squares,

The thing I hated the most was illegal moves by my opponent; which eventually led him to win the game.

When I was about to commence on an adventurous expedition; accompanied by hordes of my class mates,

The thing I hated the most was intermittent bouts of cold and fever; which instigated my parents to incorrigibly hold me back.

When I was earnestly praying to the almighty; with my arms crossed; eyes focused in tumultuous concentration,

The thing I hated the most was uncouth criminals bombarding the vicinity; permeating the sacrosanct ambience with ghastly sounds.

And when I was with my beloved; my face nestling passionately against her broad shoulder,

The thing I hated the most was orthodox society hindering our romance; proving a deplorable barricade in the path of our immortal love.

Nikhil Parekh

The Titanic

The sheets had never been slept on,
the china ware glittered like pure gold,
the blankets were of Persian wool,
the tables were built of solid teak,
the paintings were exquisitely sketched,
the brass handles had no smudges,
the mirrors shone in brilliant radiance,
the upholstery was ergonomically plush,
the boiler rooms were a bustle of feverish activity,
the clock tower had silver needles,
the auditorium echoed with catholic rhymes,
the first class chambers were somber sophistication,
the workers room flowed with beer and dance,
the lifts well oiled, carried people graciously,
the dinner room was full of flattery and rich cigar smoke,
the alarm bells were nailed to plaster,
there was a separate floor for grotesque prison cells,
the mammoth chimneys breathed grey smoke,
the warning check post stood the tallest of all,
the vintage car hung in pride,
the coarse cloth sails cut chilly currents of Atlantic,
the steel railings formed invincible periphery,
the captains room had maneuvering controls,
skilled manpower managed electric supply,
thousands of human sailed for two days of expedition,
existed in harmony,
in handsomely furnished cubicles,
with no scope for mice and dirt,
the ship was made of unsinkable iron,
a blend of grandeur, and majestic travel,
the strongest sailing monster on water,
creating history in ship hierarchy,
with its hull biting into frozen Atlantic waters,
it was a ship of dreams,
a ship of artistically carved glamour,
with life boats suspended for mere formality,
and winged propellers marching through territories of water,
they called it the titanic

The Tree Of Immortal Humanity

No religion ever teaches you to abhorrently discriminate; pulverize the innocuously innocent to inconspicuous bits of ludicrously frigid ash,

No religion ever teaches you to maliciously murder; parasitically suck blood from the veins of the divinely immaculate; in order to appease the Goddess of blissful existence,

No religion ever teaches you to perniciously prejudice; malevolently castigate inexplicably deprived tribes; with swords of bizarre commercialism,

No religion ever teaches you to aimlessly loiter; invidiously plucking impeccable flesh at gay abandon; whenever the bowels of your languidly famished intestines; treacherously desired,

No religion ever teaches you to insidiously corrupt; adulterate the holistically celestial fabric of innocent society; with webs of meaningless manipulation,

No religion ever teaches you to heinously snatch; uncouthly divest symbiotically harmonious beings of; their daily fodder and indispensably glorious roof,

No religion ever teaches you to ignominiously abuse; vehemently ostracize the sagaciously sacrosanct ideals of a person on the path towards irrefutable righteousness; with the venom of gory lechery entrapped in your throat,

No religion ever teaches you to ruthlessly excoriate; barbarically strip the flesh of the timidly diminutive; to embellish your bodies with compassionately silken warmth,

No religion ever teaches you to mercilessly overtopple the penuriously hapless; erect your palaces of spuriously grandiloquent silver; on the foundations of their pricelessly poignant blood,

No religion ever teaches you to worthlessly sleep; ominously whiling every fantastically fragrant minute of life; staring maniacally towards the fathomless carpets of non-existent space,

No religion ever teaches you to devastatingly orphan; acrimoniously separate heavenly infants like cakes of insipid sawdust; from their Omnipotent mother's

womb,

No religion ever teaches you to tyrannically lambaste; bombard blissful civilizations in wisps of nonchalant smoke and disgruntling malice,

No religion ever teaches you to brutally besiege; savagely capture the most cherished possessions of a philanthropic traveler; to inundate your own treasuries; with loads of pompous wealth,

No religion ever teaches you to disparagingly trick; drown another person to the rock bottom of the hideously sinister grave; just to achieve your so called pinnacle of; lackadaisically glittering success,

No religion ever teaches you to diabolically lie; unsparingly annihilate your benign compatriots with daggerheads of sullen depression; just to metamorphose yourself; into a fortress of invincible power,

No religion ever teaches you to viciously dream; indefatigably fantasize about deplorably thrusting your lust upon angels frolicking in blue sky; pristine maidens philandering upon; chocolate brown crusts of soil,

No religion ever teaches you to salaciously betray; shatter princely hearts all across the Universe; with perilously gory battlefields of; caste; creed or race,

No religion ever teaches you to oppressively take breath away; decimate synergistically rhapsodic entities to corpses of infinitesimal hair; just to stuff enough air in your lungs to last you for a countless lifetimes,

And No religion on this earth; ever overshadows another religion or could be irrefutably termed as the best; in this man made rat race for insurmountable power; as they all had; have; and will forever have their roots firmly embedded; in the tree of immortal humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

The Tree Of Love

The apple tree swayed frivolously in the air; bearing crimson crested fruit peeping out from its dense foliage,
However as came freezing winter; its leaves wore a shriveled look; inevitably feeling the chill and sporadically falling to the ground.

The cherry tree looked awe inspiring and magnificent from a distance; with succulent balls of incongruous shapes clinging to its tendrils,
However as the wind blew mightily; stormy currents of air collided with it; infinite berries fell down on earth; rendering it as a pathetic sight to witness.

The coconut tree appeared domineering; standing at unprecedented heights from the mud; firmly holding its ground in the tenacious ocean breeze,
However as I shook it; exerting all my power assiduously assisted by my fellow mates; the hard shell fell with a thump on the floor; snapping apart into scores of asymmetrical halves.

The maple tree looked like an angel descended from the sky; with its golden leaves shimmering in the sunshine,
However as the vigils of autumn took over; it now resembled a threadbare urchin; shivering incessantly as the slightest of current struck its naked persona.

The mango tree appeared enticing and voluptuous; with a conglomerate of brilliant shell adhering to it faithfully,
However the same replicated and impoverished beggar; as a battalion of red ant and woodpecker; nibbled passionately at its flaccid fruit.

The fir tree looked enchanting in the moonlight; producing sweet volley of rustling voices,
However as snow fell unrelentingly from the sky; its branches drooped towards the slope; unable to bear the tyranny of ice any longer.

The Banyan tree appeared impregnable; with its century old roots dangling impeccably like compactly entwined threads,
However it developed a series of gaping holes in its silhouette; as a fleet of parasitic termites attacked it voraciously from all sides.

The Fig tree looked a sight to feast under the blistering Sun; with rubicund slices of fruit embellishing its persona,
However as the diabolical owl inhabited it at night; people shirked away from it in

utter abhorrence; as much as they had initially loved it.

The Lemon tree growing in my backyard appeared pretty phlegmatic; slowly gyrating with the breeze; bearing a bunch of poignant fruit,
However it soon dried up into a mangled heap; when I inadvertently forgot to feed it with salubrious manure and water.

And the Tree of Our Immortal Love looked the most splendid of them all; bearing perennial fruit in all seasons; unhampered by the onset of the most thunderous rain and snow; unperturbed by the pandemonium going on in the world,
It had stood the test of all times; stood as formidable as the Omnipotent Creator; for fathomless centuries; even after we had evacuated the soil of this earth.

Nikhil Parekh

The True Challenge

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to distribute exuberant air; but the true challenge lies in evolving the winds of newness; out of bizarrely preposterously bits of inane nothingness,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to clamber the slope of the mountain; but the true challenge lies in evolving indomitably unflinching patriotism; out of grains of fecklessly infinitesimal sand obsoletely sprinkled around,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to swim in the ocean; but the true challenge lies in evolving the waters of eternally mesmerizing freedom; out of unsurpassably derogatory hopelessness,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to smell the rose; but the true challenge lies in evolving the fragrance of everlasting togetherness; out of salaciously invidious brutality lingering everywhere,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to eat tantalizing food; but the true challenge lies in evolving fruits of unassailably egalitarian humanity; out of endlessly adulterated and disparagingly lackadaisical soil,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to run; but the true challenge lies in evolving the unconquerable speed of benign goodness; out of maliciously lugubrious and acridly sodomizing politics,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to sight; but the true challenge lies in evolving the lantern of perennially mesmerizing hope in the eyes of one and all alike; out of haplessly beleaguered Blackness,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to express; but the true challenge lies in evolving insuperable righteousness in every cranny of the heart; out of murderously delirious betrayal all around,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to shoot; but the true challenge lies in evolving a sky of Omnipotent honesty to forever kill the indiscriminately marauding devil; out of corpses of endlessly massacring stagnation,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to smile; but the true

challenge lies in evolving an unsurpassable heaven of happiness in every dwelling besieged with obnoxious despair; out of cold-bloodedly flagrant and unsparing diabolism around,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to dress up; but the true challenge lies in evolving the perpetual warmth of uninhibited friendship in good times and bad; out of satanically squelching maelstroms of crippling hatred around,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to measure time; but the true challenge lies in evolving a timeless township of earnestly respectful punctuality; out of dastardly delinquent and rotting laziness,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to adventure; but the true challenge lies in evolving an inimitable forest of exhilaratingly untainted enchantment; out of monotonously bizarre and truculently lambasting commercialism,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to sleep; but the true challenge lies in evolving a peerless blanket of invincibly celestial tranquility; out of frenetically disappearing nervousness,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to be seduced; but the true challenge lies in evolving a limitless sea of tantalizing euphoria; out of a desert of raunchily decrepit decay and ghastly desolation,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to dance; but the true challenge lies in evolving an boundless entrenchment of creativity in even the most penuriously diminishing of soul; out of mortuaries of nonchalantly stinking death,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to write; but the true challenge lies in evolving a treasury of unfathomably royal sensitivity; out of treacherously barren and meaninglessly blank paper,

There were an infinite ways in the modern world today to breathe; but the true challenge lies in evolving an unbreakable relationship of symbiotic humanity; out of barbarously goddamned manipulation and frigid snobbishness,

And there were an infinite ways in the modern world today to love; but the true challenge lies in evolving an immortal heartbeat of everlastingly unshakable equality; out of hedonistically cacophonous and intransigently cursing hell's

around.

Nikhil Parekh

The True Martyrs

You might have emptied unfathomable barrels of blood from your body for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you all the richness of this gigantic world; in return instead,
But the true martyrs are those who unflinchingly dare to shed even a single droplet of their inconspicuous blood; for the sake of their majestically sacrosanct motherland.

You might have unsparingly thrashed all bones of your body to pulverized curry for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you the entire wisdom of this exotic earth; in return instead,
But the true martyrs are those who lend even a diminutive iota of their altruistic shoulder; to alleviate their priceless motherland; from the clutches of bizarrely barbaric captivity.

You might have ruthlessly exploded even the last trace of your voice for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you all fascinating enchantment of this ever-pervading Universe; in return instead,
But the true martyrs are those who blazingly utter even a single word; to defend their gloriously royal motherland; against salaciously acrimonious traitors.

You might have lecherously maimed both your hand and feet for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you the Omnipotent power to conquer the entire planet; in return instead,
But the true martyrs are those who intrepidly take even a single step forward; to relinquish the last iota of life; for blissfully preserving their; fabulously indomitable motherland.

You might have vindictively burnt both your eyes for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you the spell binding power to maneuver the destinies of all on this fathomless earth; in return instead,
But the true martyrs are those who fearlessly protect even a single fraction of soil; for regally immortalizing their; beautifully divine motherland.

You might have treacherously sliced the entire network of your intestines for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you all the voluptuous charisma of the boundless globe; in return instead,
But the true martyrs are those who smilingly bear even the most lethal wounds on their chest; perpetually ensuring that no power on this Universe could ever;

invidiously intrude upon their blessed motherland.

You might have venomously poisoned your entire brain for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you all the invincibly glittering success of the unsurpassable earth; in return instead,

But the true martyrs are those who patriotically sacrifice even an infinitesimal portion of their memory; evolving the most ingenious of ideas; to wholesomely bereft their compassionate motherland; from the ignominy of extinction.

You might have ominously exonerated the entire air from your nostrils for your ownself; praying to Lord Almighty; to grant you all lives on this colossal planet and that too for infinite more births to yet unveil; in return instead,

But the true martyrs are those who uninhibitedly diffuse even a single breath of theirs; to spawn a civilization of perennial newness; on every cranny of their bountifully resplendent motherland.

And you might have tyrannically extricated every iota of caring from your heart for your ownself; praying to the Lord Almighty; to grant you the happiness of all on this unending globe; in return instead,

But the true martyrs are those who selflessly donate a single beat of their love; for embellishing every quarter of their heavenly motherland; with the spirit of timelessly proliferating existence.

Nikhil Parekh

The True Spirit Of Life

In order to bring out the true essence of rose; you need to place it in strong currents of misty breeze,

In order to bring out the true sparkle of diamond; you need to scrub it vigorously with a coarse chunk of cloth,

In order to bring out the true flavor of milk; you need to tenaciously extract the same from the sacrosanct demeanor of mother cow,

In order to bring out the true softness of scalp hair; you need to meticulously entangle the disdainful clusters; swish the hair brush animatedly all over,

In order to bring out the true aroma of swirling waves; you need to make them collide with the mammoth conglomerate of shining rocks,

In order to bring out the true color of the sky; you need to inundate it with dazzling beams of sunlight,

In order to bring out the true taste of succulent apple; you need to masticate the same with overwhelming ardor,

In order to bring out the true strength of cement; you need to sprinkle it with small pints of water everyday; granting it fortification with every hour unleashing,

In order to bring out the true heat of sands; you need to let them sizzle in hostile light rays of the afternoon,

In order to bring out the true complexion of the chameleon; you need to let it philander freely in constantly changing surroundings,

In order to bring out the true size of the preposterously huge whale; you need to place it in a pond replete with small fish,

In order to bring out the true transparency of mirror, you need to sight your reflection in the same; at an hour past unearthly midnight,

In order to bring out the true scent of nondescript mud; you need flood the same with infinite globules of fresh rainwater,

In order to bring out the true voice of the nightingale; you need to provide it with a perpetually still ambience to sing its melodious tunes,
In order to bring out the true smile of a child; you need to hoist it high in the air; kiss and tickle it voraciously in its ribs,

In order to bring out the true speed of the panther; you need to entice him with a flock of nimble footed deer galloping through the forest,

In order to bring out the true belligerence of a soldier; you need to place him against his adversary; on the merciless battlefield,

In order to bring out the true fervor of love; you need to stand by your beloved till times immemorial,

And in order to bring out the true spirit of life; you need to plunge into the sea of vivacious adventure; confront a plethora of acerbic barricades; and yet come out of
it all guns blazing.

Nikhil Parekh

The Truest King

Just philandering through the unfathomably embellished interiors of the palace; doesn't make you even one iota of a prince at all,
He who might be breathing in an infinitesimally dingy hole; but yet obeying the principles of timelessly unequivocal and synergistic simplicity; epitomizes gloriously unparalleled kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just adorning your fingers with the costliest of rings and glittering diamonds of the earth; doesn't make you even one speck of a prince at all,
He who might be walking barefoot without even a roof to sequester his scalp; but yet beautifully bonding with every fraternity of living kind handsomely alike; epitomizes brilliantly insuperable kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just unrelentingly rolling through mountains of unsurpassable gold while nonchalant snores emanated from your mouth; doesn't make you even one whisker of
a prince at all,
He who might be wandering without a cloth on his uncontrollably shivering body; but yet kissing the sacrosanct soil which had pricelessly evolved him; epitomizes unshakably royal kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just endlessly partying in under waterfalls of the most opulent of wine; cavorting with the most emolliently tantalizing fairies on this earth; doesn't make you even one shadow of a prince at all,
He who might be without a mercurial morsel of food in his stomach; but yet altruistically offering every droplet of his blood to mitigate hedonistically tyrannized humanity; epitomizes unassailably peerless kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just uncontrollably massacring everything that came into your hands; at your own whimsically eccentric will; doesn't make you one impression of a prince at all,
He who might be profusely drenched in nothing but ordinarily colorless sweat all day and night; but yet holistically frolicking with and indefatigably admiring the panoramic treasures of Nature divine; epitomizes impregnably unflinching kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just fostering a cornucopia of the most sagaciously rarest literature in the world; unceasingly smoking the highest quality cigar in your library while countless slaved for you outside; doesn't make you one grain of a prince at all,

He who might be sporadically hurled in by the unsparingly violent sea tides; but yet harnessing each alphabet of his writing with the fragrance of unconquerably blissful truth; epitomizes triumphantly eternal kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just making the entire planet dance at the tips of your snobbishly sullen fingers; using disastrously nuclear and atomic power to its vindictive best; doesn't make you one breath of a prince at all,
He who might be inevitably nearing his dreaded corpse; but yet fervently working towards uniting the acrimoniously estranged planet into the religion of unbreakable humanity; epitomizes celestially effulgent kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just adorning your spurious skin with the earth's greatest perfumes; toasting to your feckless success while countless licked the squalidness of your anarchist shoe; doesn't make you one ingredient of a prince at all,
He who might be hoisting unimaginable tonnes of garbage on his head for indispensable survival; but yet compassionately parenting every infant dreadfully orphaned on this globe; epitomizes wonderfully ebullient kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Just inhaling the most sensuously untainted flowers in your palatial gardens for a second; and then making them the mincemeat of your toweringly decrepit feet; doesn't make you one wink of a prince at all,
He who might be unstoppably bleeding under the attack of sadistically cannibalistic parasites; but yet ardently leaning forward to protect the divinely redolence of his selfless mother till his very last breath; epitomizes indomitably perpetual kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

And just floating in the aisles of silken luxury for times immemorial; liberating the hideously entrapped sensuality in your body to the most unprecedented limits; doesn't make you one cranny of a prince at all,
He who might be truculently shattered to an infinite pieces by the disparagingly conventional society; but yet solely following the innermost tunes of his heart and ubiquitously disseminating the spirit of immortal love in every organism alike; epitomizes fathomlessly perennial kingdom; is indeed the truest king.

Nikhil Parekh

The Tune Of Air.

The mystic tune of melodious air,
Shimmering brightly in perennial softness,
With breaths of insatiable desire,
Like a golden harp beside me,
Flowing past my eyes; smothering all sorrows,
Entitling its presence to my skin,
With showers of silken delight to follow.

The path of air inside me,
Imprisons me with a wave of hope,
Briskly striding over a mountain of sadness,
Subsiding every iota of pain,
Enveloping my whole being in a languid manner,
Making surplus availability of exuberant thoughts,
To say goodbye to me.

That blazing rumble of soft movement,
Tickles my conscience astride,
Offering its red hot tenacity,
To the liquid of rage inside me,
Penetrating me with slow viscosity,
Determining my fate to go,
Placing me in an abysmal dilemma,
Like the dexterous string of elastic bows.

Nikhil Parekh

The Tycoon And I

The murderously monotonous tycoon got up with a sordid groan even before the cock could crow outside his bedroom window; to nonchalantly squabble his sanctimonious appointments for the morning,
While I snored like a gentle giant all day; evading every trace of ferociously atrocious daylight; only to profusely drown myself into a paradise of celestial poetry; all throughout the voluptuously star studded night.

The indiscriminately slandering tycoon got up with in a state of inexplicably ungainly shock; treacherously preparing his every bone to walk with his corporate comrades and with only a pair of shorts on his body; in the uncontrollably trembling wind of the winter dawn,
While I unrelentingly fantasized with my eyes perennially shut all blistering day; only to insatiably churn unfathomable volumes of poetry; in the heart of the ravishingly pearly night.

The derogatorily corrupt tycoon got up as even the most mercurial of ant tickled his foot; envisaging it to be his dreadfully dastardly boss; snapping his salary for the month,
While I romantically shut my lids to the sunshine drifting down the majestic hills all day; only to intransigently fulminate into a catharsis of heart rendering poetry; in the lap of the iridescently beautiful night.

The truculently chauvinistic tycoon got up and stirred the entire household awake; even as the yawn dogmatically refrained to leave his inexorably aching mouth,
While I innocuously sang and snoozed all day with the symbiotic beats of Nature Divine; only to spawn into an entrenchment of unassailably priceless poetry; in the fabric of the sensuously enchanting night.

The maliciously grotesque tycoon got up to the first rings of his sleazily embellished mobile phone; for which he gave the most indescribable of abuse but still considered it more than his wife and the only measly mantra for his life,
While I cozily tucked myself under the caverns of unprecedented enthrallment all blazingly unstoppable day; only to magically inundate the atmosphere with eclectically vibrant poetry; in the miraculously healing rhythm of the spell bindingly panoramic night.

The perfidiously barbarous tycoon got up like frigidly colorless icecream;
wholesomely brainwashed by the chill of his state-of-the-art airconditioner; and
the
ostentatiously bizarre whisky that he had consumed to please his clients; the
evening before,
While I surreally wandered like an unhindered prince through the ebulliently
cascading waterfalls all day; only to euphorically erupt into a festoon of
sacrosanct poetry; in the everlastingly effulgent cadence of the regally rain
soaked night.

The obnoxiously white collar tycoon got up asphyxiating the throat of his
adorable wife; perceiving it to be the whiplash of his maliciously decrepit senior;
as his nightmare continued relentlessly mercilessly,
While I assimilated all benign goodness of this scintillating planet with my
eyelashes curled all day; only to timelessly gallivant with the heaven of
immaculate poetry; in the playground of the ecstatically moonlit night.

The invidiously blood sucking tycoon got up with a cleaver on his newborn's
throat; for inadvertently teaching him to uninhibitedly rest and reap,
While I fantastically obfuscated myself far away from the insipid vagaries of this
planet all day; only to remarkably revel in the aura of godly poetry; in the heart
of the ingratiatingly charismatic and vivid night.

O! Yes my life was infinite times more blessed than the satanically marauding
and hollow tycoon; for although he had all laurels and wealth in this world to
whimsically execute,
He eventually went to the Lord's hell for diffusing abhorrently prejudiced
unhappiness in every molecule around him; while I immortally lived even after
death
without even earning a single penny; in the breath of my Omnipotent poetry.

Nikhil Parekh

The Ultimate Crown

The ultimate crown of my miserably impoverished eyes; was your eternally resplendent garden of symbiotically uniting empathy,

The ultimate crown of my diminutively impoverished brain; was your fantastically endless ocean of enchantingly bountiful dreams,

The ultimate crown of my ethereally impoverished eyelashes; was your timelessly unconquerable inspiration to exuberantly surge forward in every aspect of life,

The ultimate crown of my traumatically impoverished lips; was your vivaciously untamed rainbow of eternally blessed sensuousness,

The ultimate crown of my depravingly impoverished bones; was your inexhaustible temerity to fearlessly withstand even the most treacherous apocalypses of violent hell,

The ultimate crown of my parasitically impoverished fingers; was your inimitably unparalleled festoon of tirelessly majestic artistry,

The ultimate crown of my inconspicuously impoverished veins; was the poignantly indomitable flavor of your ubiquitously uniting blood,

The ultimate crown of my haplessly impoverished palms; was the brilliantly enlightening sky of your royally infallible destiny lines,

The ultimate crown of my asphyxiatingly impoverished ears; was the impregnable ingredient of unconquerable oneness in the cadence of your selfless voice,

The ultimate crown of my preposterously impoverished throat; was the effulgently limitless sweetness of your Omnipotently ecstatic creation,

The ultimate crown of my waywardly impoverished footsteps; was the insuperably redolent path of Omnipresent righteousness; that you timelessly traversed,

The ultimate crown of my brutally impoverished intestines; was the fruits of panoramically pristine creation that you blissfully assimilated; every single

unfurling minute of your victorious life,

The ultimate crown of my impotently impoverished persona; was the countless seeds of synergistically fragrant evolution that you sowed; as every night took heavenly control of the sweltering day,

The ultimate crown of my obviously impoverished skin; was the torrential rain showers of tantalizing rhapsody; that perennially promulgated from your harmonious existence,

The ultimate crown of my squalidly impoverished conscience; was the miraculously mitigating essence of your unassailably liberating truth,

The ultimate crown of my hedonistically impoverished soul; was your perpetually philanthropic spirit of timelessly coalescing with every fragment and sect of divine humanity,

The ultimate crown of my ephemerally impoverished shadow; was your unsurpassably Omniscient jewel of unconquerably godly honesty,

The ultimate crown of my grouchily impoverished nostrils; was your immeasurably sacred breath of astoundingly proliferating newness,

And the ultimate crown of my helplessly impoverished heart; was your immortally blessed beats of unconditionally holy love; love and beautifully ardent love.

Nikhil Parekh

The Ultimate Gifts Of The Almighty Lord

Both were extraordinarily equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most handsomely unassailable cisterns of fantastic life; or whether it be the coffins of the most gruesomely asphyxiating death,

Both were celestially equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most magnetically inebriating fields of Omnipotent life; or whether it be the mortuaries of the most deplorably debilitating death,

Both were enchantingly equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most vivaciously emollient chapters of Omnipresent life; or whether it be the hell of the most gorily pulverizing death,

Both were fabulously equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most resplendently ubiquitous caverns of spell binding life; or whether it be the gallows of the most horrendously perverted death,

Both were astoundingly equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most jubilantly effervescent caravans of majestic life; or whether it be the pigstalks of the most venomously maddening death,

Both were pricelessly equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most poignantly symbiotic winds of unassailable life; or whether it be the claws of the most torturously cannibalistic death,

Both were unbelievably equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most iridescently patriotic grasslands of victorious life; or whether it be the jails of the most hideously massacring death,

Both were triumphantly equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most eternally proliferating cradles of effulgent life; or whether it be the shadows of the most perilously apocalyptic death,

Both were royally equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most optimistically enlightening skies of vivid life; or whether it be the carcasses of the most fetidly depriving death,

Both were sacredly equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most tantalizingly virile shapes of artistic life; or whether it be the doldrums of the

most amorphously crucifying death,

Both were wonderfully equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most impeccably virgin pearls of egalitarian life; or whether it be the madhouses of the most deliriously dogmatic death,

Both were sensuously equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most divinely truthful fabric of synergistic life; or whether it be the maelstroms of the most satanically annihilating death,

Both were fragrantly equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most inimitably reinvigorating thunder of undefeated life; or whether it be the thorns of the most diabolically silencing death,

Both were unshakably equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most unconquerably inimitable expression of fructifying life; or whether it be the stones of the most emotionlessly penalizing death,

Both were magnanimously equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most brilliantly unfettered rainbows of ecstatic life; or whether it be the holes of the most ominously disappearing death,

Both were heroically equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most ecumenically endowing ingredients of unsurpassable life; or whether it be the expurgations of the most sadistically incarcerated death,

Both were incredulously equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most bountifully sparkling mirrors of undauntedly righteous life; or whether it be the stench of the most horrifically stagnating death,

Both were regally equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most passionately spawning beats of immortally faithful life; or whether it be the dungeons of the most criminally indescribable death,

Both were incomparably equal; blessed and beautiful; whether it be the most inscrutably enigmatic seas of fathomlessly frosty life; or whether it be the scarecrows of the most vindictively aggrieved death,

And both would forever and ever and ever remain ebulliently equal; blessed and beautiful; for on them both was the sole control of the Omniscient Creator; for

both of them were; are and would forever remain bestowed upon all living kind alike; as the ultimate gifts of the Almighty Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

The Ultimate Hiss Of Death.

Like an infinite brutal knives inexorably stabbing every tangible space of happiness; devastating every single aspect of my existence beyond the threshold of sagacious repair,

Like infinite maelstroms of inexplicable despair; thwarting even the most infidel of my desire; to die the most excruciatingly gory death within the realms of my wailing soul,

Like an infinite nights of haplessly strangulating nightmares; each of which metamorphosed me into the ghosts of jinxed oblivion; even though I was jubilantly alive,

Like an infinite thorns of truculently beheading disease; snapping every holistic fang of my existence; with the mortuaries of unparalleled misfortune and invidious blackness,

Like an infinite skeletons of tawdrily cursing nothingness; ghastily rendering every ounce of my poignant blood; to worthlessly debilitating and infinitesimal ash,

Like an infinite oceans of deplorably slandering blood; which intransigently drowned every dimension of my skull; to the acrimoniously unsparing rock bottom,

Like an infinite gallows of deliriously inexplicable depression; which morbidly injected the vials of lecherous helplessness; into each of my veins at a speed more vicious than the most uncontrolled thunderbolts of lightning,

Like an infinite devilish snakes slithering into vindictive wilderness; maiming even the most iridescently robust of my senses; with hedonistically penalizing venom,

Like an infinite ferociously undulating waves; which made me inevitably crumble on my very own feet like a pack of lugubriously impotent matchsticks; without the tiniest of insinuation or prior warning,

Like infinite atrociously non-existent parasites; which cannibalistically devoured even the last ounce of enthusiasm from my impoverished demeanor; hopelessly

discarding me to beg on the irascibly rambunctious roads,

Like an infinite germs of indispensably asphyxiating cancer; which slowly and slowly incarcerated even the most oblivious granule of triumph; in my bountifully celestial body,

Like an infinite murderously silent dungeons of imperiling boredom; stigmatizing each victoriously jostling nerve of mine; with unstoppable whirlpools of carnivorously delinquent lechery,

Like infinite icicles of lecherously weeping lifelessness; which diabolically froze the very lastounce of virility in my blood; rendering me lividly castrated in the center of the beautifully bustling street,

Like an infinite wails of salaciously massacring meaninglessness; which ripped apart through even the most invisible fabric of my felicity; like an endless desert of maniacal victimization,

Like an infinite footsteps of unforgivably plundering crime; forever robbing every single element of my body; of its stupendously bewitching versatility,

Like an infinite cold-blooded cauldrons of esoteric perversions; subjugating my nimble form; to the coffins of the ominously marauding and sadistically torturous devil,

Like an infinite wails of the impiously strangulating witch; which gruesomely transformed even the most harmoniously spell binding of my fantasy; into the ultimate apogees of pugnacious mayhem,

Like an infinite unfaithfully barren deserts; which wholesomely evaporated even the most mercurial trace of optimism from the chapters of my priceless life; without the slightest of my fault; reason or ostensible rhyme,

Like an infinite signatures of the horrifically prejudiced demon; which ruthlessly crucified even the most insouciant trace of my masculine identity; with the alphabets of unprecedented devastation,

Was the sorrow lingering deep in the dormitories of my innocent heart and soul; was the sorrow inhabiting every stream of blood that flowed through my veins; was the sorrow unmistakably reflecting from every quarter of my eye; was the sorrow that unabashedly cursed every righteously forward footstep of mine; was the sorrow that converted each of my golden breath into the ultimate hiss of

death.

Nikhil Parekh

The Ultimate Love

My eyes were a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this gargantuan planet could read them; could explicitly decipher the emotions in their impeccable whites,

But the ultimate impression on their moistened periphery; was the immortal image of your Omnipotently blessed life.

My lips were a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this fathomless planet could read them; could fecklessly frolic and insurmountably tantalize them,
But the ultimate kiss on their rubicund contours; was the unconquerably truthful imprint of your altruistically peerless life.

My palms were a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this gigantic planet could read them; could joyously trace the sensuous folds of succulent skin curled delectably within,
But the ultimate destiny on their humble trajectory; was every perennially fructifying moment of your philanthropically symbiotic life.

My shoulders were a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this limitless planet could read them; could uninhibitedly perch upon them to give holistic reprieve to their pathetically exhausted legs,
But the ultimate strength on their obeisant bones; was the unequivocally blazing tenacity of your righteously emollient life.

My perspiration was a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this tireless planet could read it; could joyously splash it towards the regale curtains of emerald sky,

But the ultimate fragrance in its gregarious sparkle; was the benevolently persevering energy of your inexhaustibly proliferating life.

My face was a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this insuperable planet could read it; could embellish it with the jewels and paraphernalia of their choice,

But the ultimate smile on its innocuously unfettered exteriors; was the victoriously effulgent stride of your timelessly endowing life.

My skin was a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this endless planet could read it; could salaciously make it a nimble prey of their rapaciously uncontrollable desire,

But the ultimate sensation on its diminutively wrinkled persona; was the

indomitably untamed enchantment of your spell bindingly artistic and surreally titillating life.

My shadow was a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this ever-pervading planet could read it; could feast in its gloriously mollifying tranquility to shield the blistering rays of the unsparing afternoon Sun,
But the ultimate euphoria on its inscrutably elongated silhouette; were the infinite shades of tirelessly benign freshness of your marvelously aristocratic life.
My conscience and breath were a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this unstoppable planet could read them; could bask in the glory of their divinely unadulterated exhilaration for an infinite more lifetimes,
But the ultimate signature on their quintessential fabric; was the symbiotically humanitarian bonding of your pristinely unassailable life.

And my heart was a wholeheartedly open book; anyone on this countless planet could read it; could surreptitiously pilfer its passion to delightfully ignite their every salaciously impoverished night,
But the ultimate love on each of its unnervingly ardent beats; was the impregnably Godly breath of your panoramically perpetual life.

Nikhil Parekh

The Ultimate Princess.

My brain could perhaps ruthlessly expurgate you out; but what about its every unimaginably tantalizing fantasy; of which you were the most pricelessly ultimate queen,

My fingers could perhaps mercilessly shrug you out; but what about the most resplendently royal meadow of shapes that they sketched; which constituted of nothing else but your Omnisciently enchanting grace; which constituted of nothing else but only you,

My eyes could perhaps disdainfully kick you out; but what about each droplet of empathy that dribbled from them; of which you were the most Omnisciently ameliorating messiah,

My blood could perhaps obnoxiously discard you out; but what about what about its invincibly fearless fragrance; which had bonded with each perpetual element of your humanitarian soul,

My shadow could perhaps acrimoniously rule you out; but what about its unparalleled ocean of gloriously untamed seduction; on which you peerlessly danced
every redolently enrapturing night,

My signature could perhaps atrociously delete you out; but what about its inimitable waves of impeccable integrity; which maneuvered solely to your sky of sacrosanct commands,

My voice could perhaps abominably erase you out; but what about its fervently unceasing cadence; which timelessly reverberated only to the tinkling of your beautifully Omnipresent feet,

My ears could perhaps endlessly shun you out; but what about their astoundingly undefeatable sensitivity; which perpetuated into a garden of insuperable loveliness an infinite spaces above heaven; at the tiniest insinuation of your sound,

My shoulders could perhaps treacherously discard you out; but what about their unflinchingly triumphant strength; which tirelessly followed only the strings of your unassailably divine righteousness,

My feet could perhaps mercilessly pulverize you out; but what about their every magnanimous imprint; which was nothing but a manifestation of your miraculously ameliorating selflessness,

My tongue could perhaps salaciously spit you out; but what about its unceasing plethora of tastebuds; which indefatigably breathed only to relish the flavor of your celestially empowering existence,

My skin could perhaps diabolically slander you out; but what about its every ardently aroused pore; which rested in perennially heavenly contentment only after
your magically mitigating caress,

My nails could perhaps perniciously scratch you out; but what about their supreme uninhibitedness; which was solely a ramification of your undauntedly liberated persona,

My hair could perhaps perfidiously dismantle you out; but what about their incredulously mesmerizing vivaciousness; in which reflected solely your exuberantly unfettered stride,

My bones could perhaps satanically trash you out; but what about their Herculean strength; which possessed only your pristine elixir of unconquerable truthfulness to survive,

My legs could perhaps ignominiously squelch you out; but what about their tremendously unhindered exhilaration; their ecstatic gallop towards the victory line which was forever sublimed by your Omnipresent smiles,

My conscience could perhaps scurrilously scavenge you out; but what about its mirror of Omnisciently brilliant truth; in which was profoundly embedded yours and only your immaculately unprejudiced image of life,

My nostrils could perhaps hideously squirm you out; but what about their unlimited gorge of fantastically life-yielding breath; which had perpetually coalesced with every step that you alighted in the chapter of inscrutable life,

And my heart could perhaps unsparingly excoriate you out; but what about its sky of immortally ubiquitous beats; everyone of them on which you ruled as the ultimate princess for times even beyond an infinite more lifetimes.

The Ultimate Sir

We all must have called someone or the other spuriously as SIR during our lives;
in our insatiable desire to reach the zenith of prosperity,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably marvelous Creator; on whose divine
fingertips; danced the entire planet towards the path of unflinching
righteousness.

We all must have called someone or the other lackadaisically as SIR during our
lives; in our mission to shrug inexplicable poverty and be the stupendous best,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably majestic Creator; who evolved every bit
of mesmerizing beauty; wandering bountifully on this colossal Universe.

We all must have called someone or the other abhorrently as SIR during our
lives; in our yearning to catapult to overwhelming stardom and glitterati,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably perennial Creator; on whose sacrosanct
decisions; revolved the inevitable chapters of celestial life and death.

We all must have called someone or the other malevolently as SIR during our
lives; in our greed to holistically survive; extract the optimum from the corridors
of the hideously manipulative society,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably immortal Creator; on whose revered
shoulders rested the weight of this entire planet; blended with love; compassion
and mystically blooming forest.

We all must have called someone or the other pompously as SIR during our lives;
in our relentless struggle to grant the most opulently tantalizing food to our
impoverished stomachs,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably invincible Creator; who spawned
countless civilizations deluged with brilliant sunlight; within the single wink of his
eye.

We all must have called someone or the other sinfully as SIR during our lives; in
our unrelenting conquest of attaining astronomical power and fame,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably unconquerable Creator; who gave
infinite organisms a chance to exist in symbiotic harmony; with every single of
his supremely everlasting breath.

We all must have called someone or the other worthlessly as SIR during our
lives; in our intransigently augmenting search for pleasure; seduction and
alluring happiness,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably Omnipotent Creator; melanged land with

unsurpassably towering mountains as well as tantalizingly tangy sea bed soil.

We all must have called someone or the other viciously as SIR during our lives;
in our endless march forward to metamorphose each of our wishes into an
absolute reality,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably Omniscient Creator; who created man as
the most ingenious being on this enamoring planet; showered stringent
thunderbolts of lightening from the sky when the earth headed towards
devastating malice.

We all must have called someone or the other baselessly as SIR during our lives;
in our never ending aspiration of stuffing our pockets with glittering gold coin,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably impregnable Creator; who instilled the
beats of heavenly love in every heart alive; merged every religion named his
inconspicuous molecules; into the religion of impeccable humanity.

And we must have called someone or the other lecherously as SIR during our
lives; in our irrevocable urge to sail above the abundantly sparkling skies,
But the ultimate SIR was the irrefutably Omnipresent Creator; who magnificently
articulated the destinies of boundless alive; saw to it that the planet perpetually
maintained its equilibrium of good and evil; with truth and mankind eventually
and forever outnumbering the bad.

Nikhil Parekh

The United Family

water levels had dramatically receded,
The liquid had ceased to a mere trickle ceasing to flow,
The blistering sun staring like a devil upon the placid stream,
Truncating the persona of the jungle river to rivulets containing paltry water.
A crow hovering at low levels in the sky had a brilliant brainwave,
He released a cluster of tiny pebbles from his drooping beak,
Was instantly gratified at the inconsequential increase in the level of water.
The fur coated squirrel collected raw biscuit and nuts,
Fed the same in the river; noting it swell by meager fractions.
The serrated skin alligator; accumulated massive slabs of stone in its jaw,
Deposited them diligently blending with the earlier debris coagulated inside.
The wild striped zebra carried quantum loads of sand on its back,
Lowered the same in sparse assemblage of water slithering on the earth.
The long nosed elephant stashed a plethora of twigs and rustic foliage in its trunk,
Unleashing them in the river; witnessing its waters rise stealthily.

The century old tortoise bore thin crumbs of bread on its back,
Tossing its frugal contribution with all its might into the growing territory of water.

The animals selflessly sacrificed their proud possessions,
With even the red ants, spiders, and snakes devoting their perpetual best.

And aftermath's of the sweat they shed were simply stupendous,
The stingy persona of river now displayed a fresh look,
Barren regions of land were inundated with surplus water,
The level of liquid was far more than at the threadbare beginning,
There was also an obstreperous chorus of voices which flooded the air,
Emanating from the throats of animals; now bathing in their self made river as a united family.

Nikhil Parekh

The Very 1st One

Never ever 1st at emolliently fructifying artistry; delinquently squandering countless sheets of brilliantly bonded paper; and vibrantly ecstatic paint,

Never ever 1st at blissfully mellifluous whistling; preposterously bellowing like a rabid dog; instead of diffusing into stupendously mesmerizing music,

Never ever 1st at adroitly cunning business; insanely hobbling into mists of utter meaninglessness; at even the very tiniest insinuation of dexterously prejudiced manipulation,

Never ever 1st at insurmountably rapacious titillation; bizarrely floundering to be even a mercurial iota aroused; even as boundless tawdry seductresses danced in gay abandon all around,

Never 1st at the inter-college competitions; disintegrating into an infinite particles of clammy nothingness; even before alighting a single foot on the star studded stage,

Never ever 1st at ingeniously eclectic mimicry; not even able to remember the cadence of my very own voice; just an evanescent instant after I wholeheartedly spoke,

Never ever 1st at exotically tantalizing dance; penuriously ending up licking deliriously rotten dust on the floor instead; as the entire world beautifully cavorted and flirted upon the same,

Never ever 1st at fantastically enamoring magic; clumsily erasing every bit of line from my own palm; instead of marvelously portending the future of countless others instead,

Never ever 1st at exuberantly adventurous mountain-climbing; sinking an infinite feet beneath my grave; the moment I tried to clamber up the very first jaggedly ebullient stone,

Never ever 1st at spreading the essence of timeless humanity; as the instant I unfurled my mouth to lecture; indiscriminately communal racialism mercilessly perpetuated every echelon of the unsurpassably sensitive society,

Never ever 1st at engendering people to uninhibitedly laugh; with the entire

atmosphere breaking into oceans of hysterical tears; the instant I tried cracking
one
of my best mugged jokes,

Never ever 1st at brilliantly outclassing my compatriots; being ruthlessly
massacred into worthlessly inane ash; even before I could dream of venturing
into intrepidly exhilarating territory,

Never ever 1st at explicit elocutions and debates; egregiously shooing away
every speck of audience in front of me; as I disdainfully stuck on the very first
alphabet for hours immemorial,

Never ever 1st at punctiliously synchronizing my surroundings; with the
ambience around me always resembling a gutter of squalidly abhorrent and
disgustingly rotten tomatoes,

Never ever 1st at vociferously cheering my comrades; with even the most
thunderously reverberating of my voice miserably stuttering to reach even the
chamber of my sordid mouth; as the entire planet around me broke into
unequivocally untamed celebration,

Never ever 1st at replenishing my bones with luxury; as even before they
holistically stretched themselves for the same; its silken caress was already
gobbled in
entirety by a bunch of parasites around,

Never ever 1st at astoundingly memorizing; as unprecedented cloudbursts of
impregnable sleep transcended over other conceivable speck in my brain;
making me yawn till even after horizons of infinite infinity,

Never ever 1st at taking quintessentially euphoric breath into my lungs; as I
obnoxiously wavered and quavered in the race for "Survival of the
fittest";
wholesomely devoured by infinite organisms in near vicinity even before I could
blow a single whistle,

But the very 1st one in the boundlessly enchanting Universe who unassailably
conquered every beat of your heart; the very 1st one on this planet who
irrefutably
captured you in the swirl of immortally endless romance; the very 1st one on this
earth who took your magnificently philanthropic signature on every blood-drop of
mine; was I; was I; and would for infinite more births I pray and by the grace of

God; always be I.

Nikhil Parekh

The Very First Breath Is Infact Death

When the Omnipotent Sun first shines brilliantly in fathomless sky; it is infact the very first indication of satanic darkness; inevitably about to usurp every trace of conceivable light on planet divine.

When altruistic Truth first majestically descends upon inscrutable earth; it is infact the very first indication of tawdry evil; inevitably about to settle upon every tangible and intangible leaf of planet divine.

When unlimited Happiness first burgeons in the unconquerable atmosphere; it is infact the very first indication of inexplicable misery; inevitably about to capsize every free space of planet divine.

When the indomitable Lion first roars in the untamed forests; it is infact the very first indication of limitless silence; inevitably about to plummet upon the amazing labyrinth of planet divine.

When Intrepidly blazing Victory first kisses the fabric of the cosmos; it is infact the very first indication of lugubrious defeat; inevitably about to strangulate every perceivable cranny of planet divine.

When Symbiotic Humanity first unites every caste; creed; color on this earth; it is infact the very first indication of sadistic prejudice; inevitably about to divide every holistic parchment of planet divine.

When the most pricelessly inimitable Pearls first glimmer on the trajectory of this earth; it is infact the very first indication of crucifying poverty; inevitably about to dismantle the impregnable crux of planet divine.

When the Righteous Mirror first reflects your truest persona to the entire world; it is infact the very first indication of despondent haziness; inevitably about to disorient the redolent chapters of planet divine.

When the first Virile Leaf royally fructifies from lackadaisically black soil; it is infact the very first indication of hapless decay; inevitably about to quagmire even the most infinitesimal barren space of planet divine.

When the blessed Muscles first radiate into rays of unfettered strength; it is infact the very first indication of cancerous weakness; inevitably about to incarcerate every synergistic turnstile of planet divine.

When the Sensuous Clouds shower their first droplet of golden rain upon ardent earth; it is infact the very first indication of hedonistic drought; inevitably about to gobble every celestial nook & cranny of planet divine.

When the Virile Body first sprouts into unbelievably ecstatic seeds of survival; it is infact the very first indication of jinxed infertility; inevitably about to massacre every palpable speck of planet divine.

When Insuperable Blood first radiates into the unsurpassable fervor of humanity; it is infact the very first indication of amorphous meaninglessness; inevitably about to uproot the complexion of planet divine.

When the Benign Eye first diffuses into cisterns of invincible empathy; it is infact the very first indication of vicarious heartlessness; inevitably about to puncture the filament of planet divine.

When the Fathomless Brain first commences to timelessly fantasize; it is infact the very first indication of heinous deliriousness; inevitably about to disjoint the astounding articulation of planet divine.

When the Unassailable Peak of the mountain first looms large towards incredulous sky; it is infact the very first indication of mortifying downfall; inevitably about to behead every trifle of success on planet divine.

When the Effulgent Nightingale first sings its most unfathomably mellifluous tune in the crimson evening; it is infact the very first indication of acrimonious malice; inevitably about to gouge every sparkling eye of planet divine.

When the Immortal Heart throbs its first beat of rhapsodically Perpetual love; it is infact the very first indication of invidious betrayal; inevitably about to assassinate every bit of compassion on planet divine.

And when the First form of life bountifully spawns for the first time on this amazingly fragrant globe; it is infact the very first indication of inescapable death;
inevitably about to hopelessly end existence on planet divine.

Nikhil Parekh

The Very First Time

The very first time in my life when I tried to catapult to the ultimate precipice of the perilously gigantic mountain; my soul uncontrollably trembled; and almost every speck of soil under my feet gave way to a coffin of amorphous nothingness,

The very first time in my life when I tried to plunge headon into the precariously undulating and untamed sea; the hair on my skin nictitated in uncanny fear; although mentally I could very well perceive that the laws of buoyancy would keep me blissfully afloat,

The very first time in my life when I attempted to walk on ground; daggerheads of inexplicably unsolicited fear penetrated me from all sides; although by the grace of God the age was now consummate enough for me to wonderfully stand,

The very first time in my life when I left my house; indescribably sordid graveyards of uncertainty unsparingly pierced my nimble spirit; although the atmosphere outside was enlightened with nothing else but celestially unending peace,

The very first time in my life when I tried to speak; the stub of tongue in my mouth felt unfathomably circumspect about the quality of sound that was about to diffuse; although the thunderous roar of natural instincts in my body; unrelentingly urged me to unfurl my mouth,

The very first time in my life when I tried to eat; the consortium of disheveled intestines in my stomach uneasily fretted and wrenched; although pangs of inevitably crucifying hunger reverberated endlessly throughout my body,

The very first time in my life when I tried to sip; the chords in my throats unceremoniously tightened their grip; although the uncouthly sweltering heat of the afternoon Sun; rendered them grasping for more and more,

The very first time in my life when I tried to defecate; the bowels in my stomach dogmatically refrained to contract and expand; although the call of nature was too heavy upon them to bear,

The very first time in my life when I tried to smile; the contours of my diminutive lips remained haplessly frozen; although the winds of unparalleled happiness indefatigably triggered them to blossom till the aisles of exhilarating eternity,

The very first time in my life when I tried to sleep; the dormitories of my tirelessly discovering brain miserably quavered at the thought of dastardly unconsciousness; although the lids over my eyeball rolled down like a helplessly beleaguered sycophant,

The very first time in my life when I tried to hold; the humble knots on my fingers broke into disparagingly cold sweat; although the mantras of symbiotic existence timelessly coaxed me to bond them with my fellow brethren and kin,

The very first time in my life when I tried to adventure; the framework of synergistic bones in my countenance horribly diminished into mortuaries of dastardly nothingness; although the uninhibitedly effulgent fantasies in my brain inexhaustibly dictated me to flirtatiously philander,

The very first time in my life when I tried to earn my livelihood; every ingredient of my molecular persona repugnantly repelled the proposition as abhorrently bizarre; although I very well knew that every organism alive quintessentially needed to pay his rent for his destined time,

The very first time in my life when I tried to write poetry; the pen in my hands felt like an hedonistically massacring knife; although I inherently knew that it was perfectly alright even if the bountifully resplendent verse would rhyme or not rhyme,

The very first time in my life when I tried to flirt; the intrepidly emollient tenacity in my demeanor crumbled towards the corpses of feckless meaninglessness; although the urge to submerge every cranny of my flesh with innocuous mischief was more unconquerable than the limitless skies,

The very first time in my life when I tried to learn; the intricately sensitive machinery of my mind treacherously betrayed me; in the fear of being unnecessarily inundated; although the desire of philanthropically imbibe radiated regally from the innermost space of my conscience,

The very first time in my life when I tried to preach; my neck felt as if it was going to be hung on the gallows of the truculently marauding devil; although I perfectly knew that was insurmountably adequate room for harmless human error,

The very first time in my life when I tried to breathe; my lungs felt fish slithering lividly without the most capricious droplet of water; although I knew that inhaling a few puffs of air from them was my cardinal birthright for harmonious survival,

But the very first time in my life when I fell in love; I felt the most pricelessly immortal organism alive not only for this birth; but for infinite more births of mine; I could never ever give my heart to any other girl in my life; and the first time forever remained the very first time.

Nikhil Parekh

The Very First Time In My Life

Till the time I didn't have a dwelling of my own; I indefatigably kept craving for one in my every wish; irretrievably fantasizing about those moments when the roof above my head would be of compassionate wood; instead of the endlessly impersonal and fathomless sky,
But the instant the Omnipotent Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a castle even better; such was the greedily goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have a car of my own; I tirelessly kept craving for that majestically four wheeled monster; that magnanimously blissful comfort which would save the heels of my feet from getting wholesomely extinct,
But the instant the insuperable Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of an aircraft even better; such was the worthlessly goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have quintessential currency notes of my own; I irrevocably kept craving for those glorious bundles of paper; which had the power to celestially mollify my uncontrollably reverberating hunger; in the uncouth world today,
But the instant the invincible Almighty Lord gave them to me; I felt they were nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a world treasury even better; such was the frigidly goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have a watch of my own; I dogmatically kept craving for that exquisite designer dial; which would save me the tyranny of everytime looking at the position of the blistering Sun and ghoulish Moon,
But the instant the inimitable Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a politically domineering clock even better; such was the meaninglessly goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have a bathtub of my own; I immutably kept craving for those superbly antiseptic silken foam baths; those splashes of exotically perfumed water that would save me rolling unrelentingly in the criminally unsolicited gutters,
But the instant the unparalleled Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a limitless ocean even better; such was the insanely goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have a jewel of my own; I inexorably kept craving for those

moments when there would an infallible twinkle on my skin; and my disdainfully tottered rags would metamorphose into the aisles of mesmerizing paradise,
But the instant the fathomless Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a boundless rainbow even better; such was the hedonistically goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have an integrity of my own; I unceasingly craved for those priceless times; when I would walk with my head held high; arm in arm with every conceivable echelon of the conventionally civilized society,

But the instant the Omnipresent Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a perpetual heavenliness even better; such was the bizarrely goddamned parasite in me!

Till the time I didn't have breath of my own; I intractably craved for those cherished moments; when I would inhale iridescently blessed air from the atmosphere; deluge the impoverished periphery of my strangulated lungs with triumphantly impregnable

breeze,

But the instant the Omniscient Almighty Lord gave it to me; I felt it was nothing that special; and immediately commenced to dream of a countless lives even better; such was the tawdrily goddamned parasite in me!

And Till the time I didn't have love of my own; I unstoppably craved for those winds of unconquerable ecstasy; those heavens of immortal blessings that would transform me into the most ebullient organism alive; for infinite more births of mine,

But the instant the perennial Almighty Lord gave it to me; it was the very first time in my life when I relinquished every other craving; handsomely contented; miraculously mitigated and forever liberated; O! Yes it was the very first time in my life that the salaciously goddamned parasite in me; forever died!

Nikhil Parekh

The Voice Of My Divinely Baby Daughter

There was just one voice which could bring me triumphantly bouncing back; even from the dungeons of the most inexplicable desperation—where an infinite scorpions of viciously stabbed till many an eternity,

There was just one voice which could bring me blissfully bouncing back; even from the throes of the most chaotic riots and violent bloodshed—where a boundless innocent like me were baselessly trapped irrespective of religion; cast; color or race,

There was just one voice which could bring me spell-bindingly bouncing back; even from the mortuaries of acrimonious betrayal—where the most benign harbingers of peace were insidiously charred to raw and wanton ash,

There was just one voice which could bring me boisterously bouncing back; even from the most diabolical dungeons of solitariness—where perpetual silence dolorously incarcerated every ounce of activity,

There was just one voice which could bring me sensuously bouncing back; even from the most dreaded fields of subterfuge and slavery—where disdainful manipulation kept inexhaustibly sucking like an unconquerable leech,

There was just one voice which could bring me ecstatically bouncing back; even from the most truculently thwarted anecdotes of maniacal depression—were every step forward led only to the graveyards of bleary nothingness,

There was just one voice which could bring me euphorically bouncing back; even from the most cursedly moonless nights—where there vindictively paraded nothing else but an unceasing fleet of Witches and bemoaning ghosts,

There was just one voice which could bring me jubilantly bouncing back; even from the most perilously closing crocodile jaws—where there lingered nothing else but the coffin robe of wholesome death,

There was just one voice which could bring me unflinchingly bouncing back; even from the most unbearably sadistic gutters of cowardice—where Sunlight was endlessly ostracized and livid blackness fervently worshipped,

There was just one voice which could bring me undauntedly bouncing back; even from the most miserably asphyxiating of nightmares—where proliferation or

newness immutably abhorred to survive,

There was just one voice which could bring me mellifluously bouncing back; even from the most irrevocably sinking ship—where ghastly choking to death was the only writing on every innocuous palm,

There was just one voice which could bring me vivaciously bouncing back; even from the most brutally gleaming edges of the devilish knife—where wholesome extinction precariously tottered in-between a single stroke of the sardonically grinning blade,

There was just one voice which could bring me stupendously bouncing back; even from the most torturously lambasting hell's of the devil—where all that reigned supreme was an unending battalion of abuse and parasitic unrest,

There was just one voice which could bring me bountifully bouncing back; even from the most deplorably stagnant realms of the unsparing past—where there hovered the germs of such negativity- that crucified every instant of the optimistic present and tomorrow,

There was just one voice which could bring me poignantly bouncing back; even from the most irretrievably demonic thorns of poverty—where there existed nothing else but an unfathomably deteriorating atmosphere of devastating haplessness,

There was just one voice which could bring me merrily bouncing back; even from the most sinfully adulterated streets of prejudice—where every organism gallivanting was under a spell of blood-sucking doom,

There was just one voice which could bring me jauntily bouncing back; even from the most despondently excoriating gallows of failure—where the minutest ray of hope had abominably died already a billion years ago,

There was just one voice which could bring me exuberantly bouncing back; even from the most satanic crevices of wretched terrorism—where only the harmoniously impeccable organism had to pay the price of its life,

O! Yes; that voice was of none other but that of my divinely baby daughter 'Kavya'; calling me 'Daddy' more and more passionately with every unveiling instant- till the time there existed the last draught of air in my lungs—and even an infinite centuries after I'd veritably died.

The Walls Were My Very Best Friends.

The walls were my very best friends; as I boisterously conversed with them for hours immemorial; after the closest around me had turned a deaf ear to even the most brilliant of achievements; some shunting me due to lack of time; some shunting me brutally due to prejudice,

The walls were my very best friends; as I shared the most eccentric of my secrets with their invincible hardness; b'cause if I did the same with the society outside; it'd pounce and exploit me for my deficiencies to the fullest; and till the last breath
I exhaled,

The walls were my very best friends; as I adorned them with an infinite lines of spell-binding poetry; after the actual girl whom I'd written them for; preposterously ridiculed it and torched it alive,

The walls were my very best friends; as I banged my fists and legs against them an infinite times; after the pangs of livid isolation and worldly subterfuge; had thwarted me beyond any conceivable realm of sanctity,

The walls were my very best friends; as I unabashedly wept the most intricate woes of my heart against their impregnable stoicism; after my cherished near and dear; labeled me as only an emotional fool for the heartfelt moisture in my eyes,

The walls were my very best friends; as I sang a countless tunes of peace; towards their united oneness; after all I was coerced to do by my relatives; was work from 9 to 9 like a robot; in the malicious corporate world outside,

The walls were my very best friends; as they altruistically saw me for what I originally was and born; and not for money; status; sanctimonious position in the society that I'd vapidly attained,

The walls were my very best friends; as I made passionate love to them tracing even the obscurest of their contours with my roving fingers; after all that emanated from the eyes of my own beloved; was nothing else but venomous abuse,

The walls were my very best friends; as they blissfully sheltered even the most evanescent of my shadow and desire; after all that blew outside was acrimonious

wisps of smoke and pugnacious war,

The walls were my very best friends; as I wholesomely leaned upon them whilst eating my food; sleeping and tingling adventure; after the natural environment; trees and wildlife; were satanically bombarded by materialistic man outside,

The walls were my very best friends; as I uninhibitedly perpetuated them with my footprints; thumbprints and veritable signatures; after no other parchment of paper or space on this parasitic earth; was ready to accept them,

The walls were my very best friends; as I poignantly deciphered every intricate thread of my past in their fathomless recesses and darkness; after my own blood indefatigably advised me to massacre all emotions; and turn murderously practical,

The walls were my very best friends; as I embraced them wholeheartedly like a child embracing its mother; finding undefeated compassion in their egalitarian chest; after no-one else in the world dared touch my body; grievously afflicted with hiv-aids,

The walls were my very best friends; as I proclaimed even the most hidden fantasy of my heart fearlessly in front of them; after the planet outside had hedonistically trounced me as a worthless imbecile,

The walls were my very best friends; as my paintbrush treated them as the ultimate canvas of life; inexhaustibly permeating them with poignantly vivacious color; after my own envious kin wanted my fingers to be cut in broad daylight,

The walls were my very best friends; as I exercised against them for unceasing minutes of the day and night; toning each dormant muscle of my body to face the ghastliest of traitors; after every ingredient of the world outside had become the blackness of treacherous war,

The walls were my very best friends; as I sought unparalleled inspiration looking at their unshakable periphery; even in the fiercest maelstrom and rain; after every organism in this manipulative world today trying to endlessly pin me down,

The walls were my very best friends; ardently listening to each of my passionately throbbing heartbeats; after all that the alien globe gave them; was an unsurpassable graveyard of licentious betrayal,

The walls were my very best friends; unnervingly allowing me to ecstatically breathe down their naked nape; after my own revered beloved; discarded me disdainfully like reproachful shit; declaring my breath as foul.

Nikhil Parekh

The Wandering Nose

When I rubbed my nose in finely crushed extract of green chili,
fumes of opalescent white gas emanated in quick successions from my nostril.

When I submerged my nose partially in freshly moistened earth,
the exotic scent of mud sent waves in my brain catapulting to dizzy heights.

As I pressed my nose against slender slices of piquant garlic,
obnoxious shivers ran at electric speeds down my spine.

After caressing my nose with the chrome steel tip of the perfume bottle,
a host of frivolous desires crept wildly through my persona.

When I kneaded my nose through a heap of glittering gold,
ostentatious feelings of opulence flooded penurious zones of my heart.

As I kissed my nose in the rotten pulp of decaying mango,
an ocean of sheer abhorrence descended down my soul.

When I poked my nose in a dense camouflage of brilliant rose petal,
the mesmerizing fragrance of the flower held me captive for hours on the trot.

When I held my nose in proximity with paltry pinches of pungent pepper,
iterative bouts of sneezing exhausted all energy trapped in my chest.

As I opened orifices in my nose to inhale clouds of disdainful black smoke,
twin pairs of my eyes started to water emphatically.

And when I dipped my nose in precious blood oozing from my beloved,
a cluster of olfactory nerves got nostalgically revived,
I felt besieged by the overwhelming power of devotion,
was ready to relinquish all that was essential in order to sustain our love.

Nikhil Parekh

The Wave Of Love

It was a wave that besieged me with the agony of supremely passionate desire;
augmenting violently as every second unfurled,

It was a wave that embedded in me unprecedented exhilaration; fomented me to
dance ecstatically under tenacious beams of silvery moonlight,

It was a wave that uncannily struck my senses; induced in me an insatiable
yearning to stare into open space,

It was a wave that engendered me to sweat incessantly; dream bombastically all
throughout the lengthy night,

It was a wave that made me run barechested on the crowded street; shrugging
all my sanctimonious inhibitions into thin air,

It was a wave that made me completely oblivious to the unveiling of time; made
me relinquish all prospects of spurious growth in the profoundly professional and
mundane world,

It was a wave that made me bask in the glory of the stupendously cool
atmosphere; the air which I previously considered to be disastrously sultry and
hot,

It was a wave that enveloped my impoverished persona like an overwhelmingly
turbulent cyclone; gobbling me unsparingly in its impregnable swirl,

It was a wave that took away all my hunger; and yet rendered me craving for
more and more morsels of food,

It was a wave that triggered me to bathe in passionate perspiration; even in the
midst of the austere cascading snow,

It was a wave that made me abdicate all my prudence and discerning ability;
propelling me to walk enthusiastically even on the diabolically toothed shark,

It was a wave that made me wholesomely immune to the most deadliest of
snakes crawling in vicinity; fervently awaiting an opportunity to strike me with
their dangerously venomous fangs,

It was a wave which stole all my sagacious memory; made me entirely forget my delectable surrounding; my very own complete name,

It was a wave which pierced me like an electric bullet; jolted me from the thick of blissful sleep; well past after wee hours of the lonely midnight,

It was a wave which caused me to make several trips to the mental asylum; as I was utterly unable to speak any other word except one,

It was a wave which drowned me totally into an ocean of seductive fantasy; one which simply didn't seem to have a definite end,

It was a wave which blended with my blood faster than any liquid or food could coagulate; imparting me with a Herculean stamina that no force on this earth could ever dream to curb,

It was a wave which viciously increased the pace of my heart; made it audible to even the birds perched right on the summit of the colossal treetops,

It was a wave which voluptuously tantalized me till my last breath; evoked infinite goose-bumps to creep up my body as each day stumbled into fiery night,

It was a wave which mesmerized me so deeply; that I literally forgot that I had an entity of my own; that there was a melodiously enthralling voice blatantly subdued in the chamber of my moistened throat,

It was a wave which had no caste; religion; color or ostentatious creed; swept me off the ground like a frigidly timid broomstick,

It was a wave which had no dimension or length; instilled in my blood a robust cheer that amplified leaps and bounds by the unfolding minute,

It was a wave which perpetually swelled; kept on igniting the inferno of uncontrollable desire; for countless centuries to unveil in the center of my heart,

It was a wave which had made me deplorably blind; as I tripped embarrassingly on every step that I took; even before I could hoist my tender feet,

It was a wave which had no head; no tail; no significant entity; yet had the unfathomable prowess of luring me with its charm; the instant it nimbly caressed me,

It was a wave which enticed me from the pinnacle of solitary boredom; set my life to a heavenly blissful and happy pace,

It was a wave which imparted my eyes with a divinely glow; that levitated to unimaginable heights as the clock sped by,
It was a wave which made time tick past at astounding speeds; and the stages of gloomy remorse which once stabbed me like a million needles; not got replaced by
a wistful longing for more moments in every day,

It was a wave which never crashed against the chain of satanic rocks; immortally kept titillating me with its poignant ebullience,

It was a wave which made me pathetically flounder at every little aspect of life; yet emerge out victorious as the supremely unconquerable winner,

It was a wave which taught me to embrace a person; trespassing intrepidly across pompous barricades of the orthodox society,

It was a wave which initiated me to believe in things that I had nonchalantly dismissed before; more importantly made me believe in the Omnipotent aura of God,

It was a wave which had the indefatigable power to defeat the entire Universe single handed; reign supreme over all the wealth and power for times immemorial,

It was a wave which made me stagger on just one thought for eternity; exasperated all those around me; wherever I went,

It was a wave which was more fragrant than the most incredulous of scent; ardently tickled the inner most rudiments of my reckless conscience,

It was a wave which impregnated my demeanor with spell bounding magic; metamorphosing everything I felt and softly brushed into glittering gold,

It was a wave which gave me the freedom to speak what I wanted; perceive the most unconventional conditions engulfing monotonous life,

It was a wave which made me realize that I had a definite purpose to fulfill; induced in me an unsurpassable desire to lead life,

And the most special thing about it was; that it was a wave which inevitably cast its ingratiating charm on every youth of my kind; incarcerating trembling bodies in the current of its fathomless volatile energy; for it was none other than THE WAVE OF LOVE.

Nikhil Parekh

The Waves Of Immortal Love

The waves of profuse tanginess; culminated into a spray of unprecedented mischief; after clashing against the chain of rhapsodically black rocks,

The waves of insatiable nostalgia; culminated into a spray of vivaciously boisterous childhood; after clashing against the voluptuously alluring rocks,

The waves of overwhelming congeniality; culminated into a spray of blissful relationship; after clashing against the impregnable fortress of seductively scintillating rocks,

The waves of bizarre sadness; culminated into a spray of inexplicable depression; after clashing against the marvelous festoon of dynamically flamboyant rocks,

The waves of unsurpassable enigma; culminated into a spray of incredulous mysticism shimmering resplendently like the stars; after clashing against the piquantly ingratiating conglomerate of rocks,

The waves of unprecedented happiness; culminated into a spray of tantalizing joy and desire; after clashing against the summit of the handsomely majestic rocks,

The waves of horrendous bloodshed; culminated into a spray of deplorably extinguishing oblivion; after clashing against the insurmountable façade of royally sparkling rocks,

The waves of irrefutable honesty; culminated into a spray of sacrosanct righteousness; after clashing against the titillating mirror of unfathomably magnetic rocks,

The waves of unrelentingly augmenting desire; culminated into a spray of incredulously untamed passion; after clashing against the gigantic fountainhead of unequivocally ecstatic rocks,

The waves of satanic violence; culminated into a spray of pathetically maimed lechery; after clashing against the garland of astoundingly poignant rocks,

The waves of philanthropically alluring charisma; culminated into a spray of splendidly blossoming freshness; after clashing against the mesmerizing silhouette of the unsurpassably everlasting rocks,

The waves of benevolent goodwill; culminated into a spray of magnanimous mankind; after clashing against the heart of the diamond crested rocks,

The waves of spell binding melody; culminated into a spray of stupendously augmenting harmony; after clashing against the periphery of the brilliantly scarlet rocks,

The waves of maniacal frustration; culminated into a spray of treacherously menacing suicide; after clashing against the persona of the flamboyantly glistening and crystalline rocks,

The waves of perpetual solitude; culminated into a spray of bizarre devastation; trickling disastrously down the ocean bed; after clashing against the amazing complexion of the magically vibrant rocks,

The waves of uncouth lies; culminated into a spray of dastardly remorse; after clashing against the countenance of the ravishingly glittering rocks,

The waves of uninhibitedly free beauty; culminated into a spray of enchanting enthrallment; after clashing against the silken bed of the celestially pacifying rocks,

The waves of ghastly death; culminated into a spray of horrifically parasitic hell; after clashing against the surreally dancing visage of the fragrantly exotic rocks,

And the waves of immortal love; culminated into a spray of inevitably precious life for centuries immemorial; after clashing against the oligarchic entrenchment of the magnificently Omnipotent rocks.

Nikhil Parekh

The Wife And The Mistress.

The wife was like the fathomlessly barren sky; whilst the mistress was like those tantalizingly voluptuous clouds; which unrelentingly and profusely soaked aridly crippled soil; with droplets of priceless rain,

The wife was like the boundless territories of blandly open grass; whilst the mistress was like those amazingly seductive platter of dewdrops; which forever quenched the thirst of everlastingly burgeoning desire,

The wife was like the endless pond of innocuously untainted lotus's; whilst the mistress was like the stupendously unconquerable scent that wafted in every direction; titillating even the most infinitesimal hair of the nostril to stand till the ultimate cloud 9,

The wife was like the monstrously mechanized and drab car; whilst the mistress was like those golden globules of piquantly jubilant petrol; which perpetuated even the most lifelessly disgusted of wheels; to infallibly fly forward like white lightening in the sky,

The wife was like the unceasingly tranquil shores; whilst the mistress was like those ravishingly undulating waves; which fomented even the most morbidly stagnating lava's; to tempestuously explode,

The wife was like the eternally symbiotic forest; whilst the mistress was like those mischievously gallivanting leopards and perpetually melodious nightingales; which magically enlightened the sordid gloominess of the abominably claustrophobic night,

The wife was like the indomitably unshakable mountain; whilst the mistress was like those seductively enamoring peaks; which inevitably attracted countless a wanderer; into their spell-bindingly misty swirl,

The wife was like the impeccably venerated cisterns of milk; whilst the mistress was like those mouthfuls of unbelievably poignant curd; which ecstatically engendered a billion pores of the skin to interminably shout out in untamed delight,

The wife was like the unflinchingly faithful candle; whilst the mistress was like those delectably scrumptious flames of compassion; which stirred an incredulous new revolution in even the most deadened senses of nonchalant man,

The wife was like the wondrously nourishing pudding; whilst the mistress was like those effulgently scarlet topping of cherries; which so painstakingly left your tongue unfinished; even after you'd consumed an infinite more,

The wife was like the peerlessly pristine cobweb never ever changing its color with the changing shades of light; whilst the mistress was like those royally vivacious spiders; which unabashedly stabbed the vials of unending exultation into every man dead or alive,

The wife was like the unendingly blissful valley; whilst the mistress was like those exuberantly uninhibited echoes of sensuousness; which traced the most inscrutable pathway of mystique; through even the most infinitesimally intricate curve of the masculine skin,

The wife was like the eclectically utility knife; whilst the mistress was like those incredulously sharpened edges of excitement; which unremittingly pierced through even the most emotionlessly obdurate scepters of manhood,

The wife was like the earnestly unshakable foundation; whilst the mistress was like those rhapsodically fresh splashes of paint; which granted new leases of indispensable life to every hopelessly shattered man on this planet,

The wife was like the wonderfully consecrated mouth; whilst the mistress was like those effervescently inimitable whistles; which simply swept you from your beleaguered feet; transporting you to the pricelessly ultimate hilt of paradise,

The wife was like the perspicuously unconquerable vision; whilst the mistress was like those victoriously mascara coated eyelashes; which flirted with every handsomely eligible bachelor on planet divine,

The wife was like the untiringly vast; accommodating and spiceless desert; whilst the mistress was like those tirelessly seducing mirages; which made man fervently salivate more than a million kilometers barefoot; under the most acrimoniously blazing rays of the Sun,

The wife was like the unassailable virile seed sown; whilst the mistress was like those innumerable droplets of ardent sweat on soil; which perpetuated even the most lifelessly infertile of masculine skins; to relentlessly languish and roll in them; till times

beyond infinity,

And whereas the wife shall forever remain immortal as she is the insuperably ameliorating heart; the mistress would add that indispensably needed enlightenment to every shade of human existence; forever ensuring that every man always embraces none else but "Woman"; on this limitlessly enthralling Universe.

Nikhil Parekh

The Womb - Poems On Mother, Father, Children, Parenthood - Volume 1

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 1 of the Book titled - The Womb (250 pages) . A flurry of poetic concoctions dedicated to the ever-pervading woman and mother. Profoundly saluting her love, compassion and resolute grit as she evolves a diminutive infant into a powerhouse of talent, into a complete individual. The poems in the collection are humble salutations to the essence of Parenthood, to the unbelievable depths of sacrifice that a mother resorts whilst bringing up her child right since its inception in the womb. Each poem reveres the 'godly womb' as the source of all creation that has ever been. This book in itself is the most befitting tribute to the agonizing odysseys of parents as they nourish their children-and children as they grow up as the most powerful angels of God to stupefy all humanity with their inherent charm. A quintessential read for every parent or parent to be, it brings out the charm of creation since the very first breath. The verses within bountifully poeticize every unbridled mischief of a child with its beloved parents.

CONTENTS

1. WOMAN
2. FATHER AND MOTHER.
3. FOR MY ETERNAL MOTHER
4. CHILDREN ARE LIKE GOD.
5. SOLELY AN IMMORTAL MOTHER.
6. WOMB.
7. MY BABY
8. THE VOICE OF MY DIVINELY BABY DAUGHTER
9. HIS HEART WAS AS OMNIPRESENT
10. THE BRIDE
11. WHEN I WAS A CHILD

12. THE FINAL THOUGHT
13. REFLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD
14. TALE OF TRADITION
15. A CHILD SMILES
16. THERE WAS SIMPLY NO NEED
17. WHAT I DO KNOW
18. IT WAS PERFECTLY NORMAL
19. SIMPLY USELESS
20. THE GREATEST CURSE
21. GODLY WOMB
22. I LOVED THEM MORE
23. THE POWER OF MY MOTHER'S MILK
24. SINFUL IDENTITY
25. TRIUMPHANTLY GODLY LAP]
26. COME LETS WHOLEHEARTEDLY ALLOW
27. ONLY A MOTHER
28. TO THE INIMITABLY GODLY BEATS
29. INIMITABLY DIVINE MOTHER
30. MOTHER
31. GOD'S MOST PRECIOUS CREATION
32. HAVING FUN
33. RIGHTFULLY YOURS
34. O! HEAVENLY MOTHER
35. WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST OF FEAR
36. I LONGED FOR THOSE MOMENTS
37. IT WAS A FEMALE'S OMNIPOTENT WOMB
38. IN MY CHILD'S IMMORTAL EYES
39. A TRIBUTE TO MY GRANDPARENTS
40. THE PERFECT HOUSEWIFE
41. THE BEST RIDE
42. FATHER
43. LEARN TO ALTRUISTICALLY SACRIFICE
44. INTO HOW MANY PARTS WOULD YOU DIVIDE THE CHILD AFTER DIVORCE?
45. THE SOLE AND ONLY VOICE OF MY DAUGHTER
46. TRANSFORM ME INTO A CHILD
47. MOTHER AND CHILD
48. REMEMBER THAT ONE DAY
49. NEWLY BORN EYES
50. MY NEWBORN DAUGHTER

1. WOMAN

A garden of voluptuously endless scent; sprouting into a bountiful maze of tantalizing color and vibrancy; every unleashing minute of the panoramic day,

A fortress of unflinchingly impregnable solidarity; tirelessly inspiring one and all of her compassionately gregarious kin,

A fountain of resplendent graciousness; disseminating the fragrance of everlasting empathy; on every impoverished step that she majestically tread,

A cloudburst of insatiably untamed yearning; as she triggered fireballs of unsurpassably untamed desire; even in the heart of the sordidly treacherous and remorseful night,

A waterfall of astoundingly scintillating radiance; as she unveiled an unfathomable veil of regale artistry in every ingredient of the vivaciously bustling atmosphere,

A wave of perennially heartfelt emotions; ardently exploring the fathomless chapters of existence; as the Omnipotent sun bloomed full throttle in the whites of her immaculately pristine eyes,

An apostle of humanitarian bonding; embracing all spell binding goodness of this gigantic Universe; wonderfully in her compassionately amiable bosom,

A forest of eternally proliferating sensuousness; profusely oozing into unsurpassable rivulets of ingratiating enchantment; as voluptuous darkness took an invincible grip on disdainfully inclement light,

A perpetually perfect dream for any artist; as he assimilated even the most infinitesimal iota of her celestially sparkling beauty; in the fathomless embodiment of his timeless canvas,

An everlastingly Optimistic light; that maneuvers you towards a paradise of divine rhapsody and unending exuberance; when you felt your nerves being brutally annihilated by swords of bizarre manipulation,

A melodiously evergreen song; that rejuvenates every despicably dying speck of your frazzled visage; marvelously drifting you towards a sky of vividly fascinating newness,

An insurmountably poignant gorge of vibrant titillation; blissfully enrapturing even the most drearily alien; into a cocoon of mesmerizing smiles,

A harbinger of ubiquitously immortal peace; divinely soothing every invidiously adulterated web of discordant hoarseness; with the stupendously supernatural melody in her voice,

A selfless mirror of beautifully scintillating reality; uninhibitedly unleashing the corridors of her impeccable soul; to all philanthropically blending on the trajectory of this gargantuan earth,

An indefatigable saga of tumultuous passion and turmoil; wholeheartedly weathering every stage of inexplicably enigmatic existence; in harmoniously triumphant synergy with the; Almighty Divine,

A rainbow of Omnisciently perpetuating shine; inundating even the most preposterously indigent of lives; with gloriously unblemished rivers of ecstatic seduction,

A wind of fabulously reinvigorating freshness; unbelievably replenishing even the most capriciously infidel of your beleaguered senses; with the essence of Omnipresent mankind,

An unparalleled inferno of magnetically alluring breath; immortally throbbing to insatiably assimilate all love that lay boundlessly scattered; on this incomprehensibly vast planet,

And although she existed in unfathomable roles in today's society; at times a sacrosanct Mother; at times a mischievous sister; at times an enchanting seductress; at times a compassionate wife; at times an affable aunt; at times an eternal grandmother;

There was one solemnization that was unassailably common for each of her form; as she would for infinite birth's remain God's most pricelessly beautiful creation; she would forever be crowned as a resplendent woman.

2. FATHER AND MOTHER.

He celestially slept in her Godly lap for marathon hours; when the brilliantly flamboyant Sun peaked full throttle in the sky,
While to be hoisted high and handsome in euphoric air; all that he had to do was; incoherently tug at the maturely bohemian fingers; of my ebulliently anticipating palms.

He boisterously suckled milk from her sacred chest; when he felt intermittently hungry; even at the most inexplicable moments of the day and all throughout the perilous night,
While to be recounted his favorite rhymes of mystical adventure and frolic; all that he had to do was; innocuously stare at my compassionate eyes; as the rain fell in tranquilly from the fathomless skies outside.

He danced in her poignant lap with uninhibited tandem; rejoicing the most pricelessly grandiloquent moments of his freshly born life,
While to be apprised of the outside world; march on his own tiny feet outside; all he had to do was; immaculately flood my ears with his euphorically mesmerizing and incongruous sounds.

He snuggled unassailably close to her pristine belly; whenever he felt even the most inconspicuous iota of fear lingering diabolically in the atmosphere around,
While to be taught how to prudently discern words and language; all he had to do was; kiss me impeccably on my bearded cheeks; as the seductive songs of the cuckoo; greeted one and all; at gloriously ethereal dawn.

He gleefully plucked at the strands of her silken hair; joyously banging his diminutive fists into her chin; whenever he felt strung by winds of overwhelmingly uncontrollable mischief,
While to be scrupulously washed of all the abominable dirt adhering to his eternally brand new visage; all he had to do was; inarticulately wink at the ecstatically obliging contours of my face.

He fabulously emulated in front of her all the voices he had an absolute infatuation towards; nibbling her Omnipotent ears with his softly developing teeth,
While to be indefatigably tickled on his blissfully endowing ribs; all he had to do was; naughtily play hide and seek with my profoundly twinkling eyes.

He smiled the smile of the angels in her vivaciously resplendent arms; irrefutably accepting her unconquerable breath and sweat; as the sole tonic to survive,
While to be taken round every cranny of our dwelling; as well as unrelentingly explore the sprouting garden outside; all he had to do was; gently pat me on my fervently awaiting and already bent shoulders.

He intransigently adored her celestial countenance for being the most beautifully bountiful on this entire planet; immortally imprisoning her invincible picture; for infinite more births to come; in his heart; mind; and righteous conscience,
While to be bequeathed upon even the most infinitesimal of desire in his life; all

he had to do was; passionately address me by any name that he wanted; forever he would always remain as my blood; as my heavenly child.

And although he sporadically probed her for something; and at times holistically leaned upon my demeanor for that object eluding his timelessly Omnipotent senses,

He had impregnably bestowed upon both of us an honor which made us exist as the richest organisms for countless more births of ours yet to unfurl; O! yes an indescribable richness of being his only; FATHER AND MOTHER.

3. FOR MY ETERNAL MOTHER

I might have augmented in physical proportions tumultuously; towering like a giant from above chunks of infinitesimally threadbare soil,

I might have evolved a bombastically aristocratic slang; emanating the most prudently sagacious sounds from my large mouth; every time I got an opportunity to speak,

I might have encapsulated even the most minuscule cranny of my body in robes of grandiloquently ostentatious silk; majestically cascading like a prince through the lanes of irrefutably sparkling fame,

I might have escalated to the zenith of scintillating prosperity; suckling opulent wine and breathing oligarchic cigar smoke; blending with sumptuous cuisines of high society,

But for my eternally sacrosanct Mother I would forever remain her innocuously wailing infant; witnessing the alien world from her compassionately sequestering eyes; forever remain as her immortal child.

1.

I might have unassailably conquered many a treacherous army; with the overwhelming essence of patriotism; blissfully bequeathed upon me; by Lord Almighty,

I might have catapulted to the marvelously invincible mountaintop; bereft of the most inconspicuous of scaffolding or support,

I might have astoundingly discovered an unfathomable reservoir of newness; as I tread with profusely unending exuberance on every enchanting step,

I might have unfurled into an unsurpassably enamoring festoon of stupendous vivaciousness; as I danced in the uninhibitedly untamed spirit of adulthood; under the tantalizingly pelting droplets of golden rain,

But for my adorably impregnable Mother; I would forever remain her impeccable baby huddled perpetually close to her warm chest; being nourished with the Godly air in her lungs; forever remain as her immortal child.

2.

I might have rhetorically mastered the painstaking art of surviving in desolate solitude; ardently staring for hours immemorial; towards the blanket of resplendently twinkling stars,

I might have ebulliently gallivanted towards the corridors of unequivocally glittering success; profoundly basking in the insatiably fragrant glory of timeless existence,

I might have unconquerably kissed the lanes of overwhelming fame; being showered upon with an award of every conceivable denomination for my poetic artistry; by the grace of Almighty God,

I might have bloomed into a perennial flower of philanthropic mankind; disseminating the fragrance of humanity to the most fathomless quarters of this colossally mesmerizing Universe,

But for my Omnisciently divine Mother; I would forever remain her bundle of freshly delivered rhapsody; impeccably embracing her lips with my tiny hands; forever remain her immortal child.

3.

I might have magnificently placated countless dolorously dreary organisms in the atmosphere; with the mystically resplendent cadence in my poignant voice,

I might have unflinching confronted the most truculently acrimonious of disaster; without a single wink of my incredulously blazing eyes,

I might have got royally ingratiating artistry melodiously embedded in every core of my impoverished countenance; encompassing all panoramic beauty of this Universe; in the canvas of my enlightening soul,

I might have celestially procreated immaculate progeny of my own; succeeding in my pricelessly virile endeavors of continuing God's glorious chapters of harmonious creation,

But for my bountifully beautiful Mother; I would forever remain her mischievously frolicking child; the sole deity which she had harnessed with her very own flesh and blood; forever remain her immortal child.

4. CHILDREN ARE LIKE GOD.

Children are like fresh globules of tantalizing rain; which spell bindingly descend in euphoric frenzy from fathomless carpets of glorious sky,

Children are like innocuous tufts of cotton soaring ebulliently in handsome atmosphere; philandering in stupendous melody under carpets of gloriously blissful
sunshine,

Children are like the pristine rays of Omnipotent Sun; profoundly illuminating one and all; with their vibrantly intriguing imagery; alike,

Children are like the fairies of irrefutable truth dancing in the celestial heavens; with their immaculately divine consciences boundless kilometers away; from the despicable gutter of lies,

Children are like ecstatically redolent roses brazenly swaying in the afternoon winds; unfurling into majestic artistry and overwhelmingly tangy boisterousness; as each second speedily zipped by,

Children are like fulminating springs of rhapsodically untamed jubilation which erupt from the inner most core of earth; incessantly blooming into a paradise of new found energy; an insatiable euphoria to propel forward in life,

Children are like united colors of the vivaciously radiant rainbow; embracing each other in compassionate cradles of humanity; entirely oblivious to the satanic vagaries of caste; creed; religion and spurious color,

Children are like the resplendently milky beams of the innocent Moon; perennially twinkling in the unparalleled exuberance of discovery; indefatigably exploring all bountiful happiness so fantastically laden upon this colossal planet,

Children are like voluptuously nimble blades of dew drop coated grass; profusely ringing in the wholesome merriment of symbiotic existence; whistling past the meadows of inexplicably ghastly sorrow; with Omnipotent beauty in their tiny souls,

Children are like scintillatingly majestic eagles soaring royally through the silken clouds; uninhibitedly kissing all goodness that confronted them in their way; on every step that they poignantly tread,

Children are like angels of relentlessly philanthropic benevolence; donating even the most priceless of their possession; to their comrades in agonizing pain,

Children are like the sparkle of seductively ethereal dawn; deluging every disastrously bereaved household; with the ingratiatingly timeless essence of joyously beautiful existence,

Children are like steps leading to the sacrosanct Creator; unassailably fortifying your persona to face the deadliest of evil; as you clambered each foot forward,

Children are like rambunctiously revered and bushy squirrels up in the foliated trees; eternally unfolding into insurmountable enthusiasm; leaping fleet-footedly to metamorphose beleaguered earth once again into an Omniscient paradise,

Children are like unfathomable treasure hoves of captivating honey; oozing the ultimate sweetness of Godly creation; with the incredulous ardor in their heavenly voice,

Children are like charms of everlasting luck; magically transforming your despairingly deplorable survival; into a life replete with profusely endearing graciousness,

Children are like invincibly boundless mountains of faith; instilling Herculean courage in all those miserably dwindling; by just the unprecedented fervor of brilliant optimism; lingering enchantingly in the whites of their eyes,

Children are like petals of Omnipresent prosperity; ubiquitously diffusing the spirit of happiness and immortal humanity; to every penuriously ailing entity on the trajectory of this endlessly glittering planet,

And Children are like the supremely divine aura of Godhead; granting every benign desire in your heart to be perpetually true; the instant you held their beaming palms to frolic with them in the gardens of; unconquerable

togetherness.

5. SOLELY AN IMMORTAL MOTHER.

Some called her a tantalizing seductress; philandering uninhibitedly through the inscrutably rustling forests,

Some called her an angel having just descended from the sky; bountifully pacifying even the most traumatically agonized senses; with the stupendous charisma in her voice,

Some called her a poignantly tangy wave; profusely enlightening the gruesomely pallid atmosphere around; with the incredulous euphoria in her ravishing stride,

Some called her an unfathomably enigmatic wind; that mystically tingled countless of impoverished souls; in the heavenly swirl of her compassionately diffusing breath,

But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; feeding it with celestial granaries of impeccable milk; and loads of overwhelmingly silken warmth.

Some called her a gloriously alluring pack of metamorphosing cards; enthusing boundless with the magic in her triumphant smile,

Some called her an insurmountably nubile vixen; voraciously drowning even the most lecherously monotonous; in an untamed thunderbolt of never ending raw desire,

Some called her a fabulously evading mirage; captivating even the most insensitively alien; in the ingratiating aroma that lingered incomprehensibly around each of her vivacious senses,

Some called her an unsurpassable carpet of marvelously scarlet roses; profoundly illuminating every dwindling path that she tread on; with the philanthropic divinity enshrouding her immaculate conscience,

But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; cuddling its tuft of innocuously heavenly hair indefatigably throughout the day; sequestering it from the even most infinitesimal of evil every moment of the disastrously horrendous night.

Some called her an unparalleled magician; metamorphosing every shattered heart that she caressed; into an enthralling paradise which kissed the realms of eternity,

Some called her an irrefutably bestowing fairy Goddess; fulfilling every wish of the despicably shivering and miserably penurious,

Some called her an exuberantly swimming mermaid; deluging the invidiously pathetic gloom around; with her unbelievably enamoring charisma and tinkling footsteps,

Some called her a panacea for even the most devastatingly debilitated disease;

impreguably finding reprieve under nothing else on this planet; but
her magnanimously showering palms,
But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; sacrificing everything in
her life; to witness it eternally blossom into the most invincibly unflinching entity
alive.

Some called her a fantasy come true for all births; tickling the most inner most
dormitories of the ludicrously bedraggled mind; with optimistic hope and
intrepidly soaring adventure,
Some called her a neverending heartthrob; royally making them feel the most
opulent organisms ever alive; as they perpetually bonded with her flamboyantly
pulsating festoon of rhythmic beats,
Some called her a gorgeously blissful experience; rejuvenating their obsoletely
remorseful blood; with the unconquerable exhilaration of life,
Some called her reflection that triggered fathomless whirlpools of insatiable
yearning; coining a whole new chapter of mesmerizing existence,
But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; keeping it incessantly close
to her womb; bequeathing upon it all the tenacity in this world to survive; even
after she veritably died.

6. WOMB.

There was no mountain born on this Universe; which was more formidable than
it; coming even an infinitesimal iota abreast its impregnable tenacity,

There was no fire born on this Universe; which was more vivaciously flamboyant
than it; as it incessantly swirled in the aisles of vibrant compassion,

There was no color born on this Universe; which was more gorgeous than it; as it
resembled the angels in the sweltering heat of the day; as well as each instant of
the voluptuously alluring night,

There was no sky born on this Universe; which was more fathomless than it; as it
was the procreator of every tangible entity wandering merrily on this colossal
planet,

There was no flower born on this Universe; which was more fragrant than it; as it
bloomed fabulously into a scent; that caressed the souls of countless loitering
aimlessly; alike,

There was no contraption born on this Universe; which was more contemporary
than it; as it incredulously withstood the test of all times; evolving the most

ingeniously superior organism; like brilliant streaks of white electricity in blue sky,

There was no ocean born on this Universe; which was more unfathomable than it; as it ubiquitously disseminated its waves of harmony and perennial bliss; to all those shivering in torrential pain,

There was no magnet born on this Universe; which was more attractive than it; as it captivated even the most remotely alien of persona; in its stupendously divine swirl,

There was no philosophy born on this Universe; which was more sacrosanct than it; as it preached the most holistic existence; even centuries before you were born,

There was no truth born on this Universe; which was more irrefutable than it; as it triumphantly massacred the very essence of blatant lies; from even the most oblivious wind of this gigantic earth,

There was no power born on this Universe; which was more invincible than it; as it defended you against the most mightiest of attacks; within a single wink of its eye,

There was no entertainment born on this Universe; which was more efficacious than its flurry of boisterous activity; pacifying each of your overwhelmingly frazzled senses; with its miraculous enchantment and charm,

There was no Sun born on this Universe; which was more dazzling than it; as it spread the aura of its marvelously Omnipotent shine; to each house miserably staggering in ghastly blackness,

There was no star born on this Universe; which was more resplendent than it; as it filtered its charismatically symbiotic beams; to profoundly illuminate the disdainful caricature of unearthly darkness,

There was no wind born on this Universe; which was more serene than it; as it insurmountably mollified every traumatically agonized individual; in the river of its unending love,

There was no bird born on this Universe; which could fly higher than it; as it indefatigably soared higher than the satiny clouds; uplifting the impoverished into an entrenchment of celestial goodness,

There was no mysticism born on this Universe; which was more enigmatic than it; as it engulfed even the most treacherously mundane of entity in the poignantly escalating wave of its mesmerizing enthrallment,

There was no complexion born on this Universe; which was more beautiful than it; as it imparted perennial shelter to the profusely infirm; in its unbelievably passionate interiors,

There was no victory born on this Universe; which was more greater than it; as it tirelessly fought not just for itself; but for shielding the lives of boundless innocent; about to be born,

There was no tree born on this Universe; which was more bountiful than it; as it perpetually bestowed the most wonderfully priceless gift of humanity; in each hopelessly barren cranny of this gargantuan world,

There was no smile born on this Universe; which was more benevolent than it; as it magnanimously embraced even the most hideously sinister in its heavenly swirl; giving all an equal opportunity to diffuse their quota of goodness on this planet,

There was no emotion born on this Universe; which was more effusively volatile than it; as it fulminated into the most glorious catharsis of the conscience every unveiling moment; striking the chord of humanity with incomprehensible; alike,

There was no blessing born on this Universe; which was more benign than it; as it spread the sweetness of symbiotic survival; granted every philanthropic wish of yours; even before you could nimbly utter it,

There was no richness born on this Universe; which was more opulent than it; as it made you feel the most prosperous organism alive; even in infinite more births you were destined to take birth again,

There was no aroma born on this Universe; which was more Omnipresent than it; as it inhabited each dwelling where there even the most inconspicuous sign of life; relentlessly propelling the chapter of existence to continue till the time God wanted it to,

There was no enchantment born on this Universe; which was more stupefying than it; as it cast its majestically spell binding spirit; to every soul withering abominably towards the corridors of threadbare extinction,

There was no ray born on this Universe; which was more handsome than it; as it blazed a trail of ultimate splendor; even on the most pathetically dwindling paths that it caressed,

There was no energy born on this Universe; which was more everlasting than it; as it single handedly bore the brunt of all the ferociously diabolical around; unshakably rising to every ruthless disaster; like a supremely embellished princess,

There was no summit born on this Universe; which was more towering than it; as it overshadowed every shade of the invidiously evil; with its royal grace and Omniscient light,

There was no bond born on this Universe; which was more stronger than it; as it astoundingly fortified its Oligarchic grip; upon the cradle of compassionate empathy; for unbelievable more lives to come,

There was no sword born on this Universe; which was more mightier than it; as it beheaded even the most infinitesimal of devil; lingering insidiously around its innocuously frolicking children,

There was no seed born on this Universe; which was more fertile than it; as it blossomed into a festoon of newness and excitement every unfurling minute; spawning the most exotic creation of Almighty Lord,

There was no season born on this Universe; which was more ravishing than it; as it showered its virtue of ever pervading righteousness; upon each molecule of God; in an enclosure of harmonious unity and humanitarian pride,

There was no path born on this Universe which was more enticing than it; as it unrelentingly intrigued countless; with its incomprehensibly unending prowess to serve all mankind,

There was no continent born on this Universe; which was more fascinating than it; as it harbored each element of prosperous survival in its amicable corridors; ensuring that all those benevolent; reached the pinnacle of glittering success,

There was no honey born on this Universe; which was more sweeter than it; as it wholeheartedly distributed the winds of united existence; propagated the essence of solidarity in every passionate heart on this earth,

There was no rainbow born on this Universe; which was more magically striking than it; as it unfurled into an unsurpassable myriad of enriching shades; to grant all those deluged in drudgery; an absolute reprieve from sinful malice,

There was no soil born on this Universe; which was more ravishing than it; as it culminated into an emphatic breeze of friendship; in the most malevolent of storm; and harmony; alike,

There was no relationship born on this Universe; which was more amiable than it; as it offered its ubiquitous wings to all those treacherously deprived who needed it; before offering them unequivocal shelter for the freezing night,

There was no artist born on this Universe; who was more passionate than it; as it assimilated all the beauty of this globe; in its cradle of ebullient happiness,

There was no sound born on this Universe; which was more melodious than it; as it euphorically sung the tunes of a splendidly incarcerating life; mitigating all those engulfed with horrifically despicable despair,

There was no meadow born on this Universe; which was more sprouting than it; as it blissfully harnessed each enlightening attribute of existence with its own blood; reinforcing each bit of the gruesomely bad; with the irrevocable thunderbolts of divine life,

There was no reflection born on this Universe; which was more marvelous than it; as it consecrated even the most lecherous bits of dilapidated ash; with the unprecedented love lingering in its soul,

There was no magic born on this Universe; which was more alluring than it; as it unbelievably spawned the most intellectual of all organisms; to save the planet from ghastly clutches of misery and stinking mice,

There was no panacea born on this Universe; which was more effective than it; as it instilled rejuvenating life in even those; well sunken in beneath their gory graves and without the slightest trace of light,

There was no mission born on this Universe; which was more fulfilling than it; as it accomplished the greatest purpose of the Almighty; by immortally continuing his sacred chapter of existence,

There was no current born on this Universe; which was more vividly passionate than it; as it evolved a complete life from just a capriciously changing

conglomerate of cells and space; rambunctiously ensuring that there was not the tiniest of insinuation of stillness or morbid malice,

There was no idea born on this Universe; which was more incarcerating than it; as it still remained the most fascinating mechanism of chiseling a perfect organism; even in a world drowned abhorrently in robotic prejudice,

There was no fashion on this Universe; which was more versatile than it; as it acclimatized itself to the most ferociously vacillating conditions; celestially metamorphosing its intricate form; every now and again; to blend with the cry of painstakingly suffering humanity,

There was no gift on this Universe; which was more precious than it; as it manifested every person's ultimate dream into a veritable reality; gave him a reason to live with astronomical pride; even well past his own times,

There was no longing on this Universe; which was more ardent than it; as it triggered insatiable cloudbursts of craving; for all those deplorably blind; to witness their sole messiah with golden sight,

There was no line on this Universe; which was more straighter than it; as it basked in the undefeatable glory of candid honesty; diffusing the rays of a fantastically optimistic tomorrow; as each day persevering unraveled into the queenly night,

There was no boundary on this Universe; which was more boundless than it; as it encompassed all merciful living kind; in the heavenly pace that forever enveloped its sparkling form, There was no prayer on this Universe; which was more revered than it; as it was a magical wand for pioneering all forms and fraternities of vibrant life; sowing the cherishable seeds of a symbiotic existence,

O! yes; it made you feel the most invincible entity on this planet till the time you were in it; bequeathing upon you an incomprehensible ardor to lead a countless more lives; when you wonderfully came out,

It was the ultimate place that you belonged to on this earth; the very reason that you were able to read and I was able to fervently write until this line; the only cradle which gave you life; the only cradle on this globe which embraced you like an angel even after your condemnable death; infact a place none other than your own blood and signature; a place none other than your MOTHERS WOMB.

7. MY BABY

The Dinosaur perceived it to be an inconspicuous insect; a small speck of dirt lying sprawled amongst infinite others of its kind,

The red ants on the floor perceived it to be a colossal mountain; with black roots on its summit,

The clouds hovering in the cosmos perceived it to be; a passing draught of placid wind,

The yellow beaked birds floating in the pond; perceived it to be a flimsy fledgling having just hatched out,

The ominous reptiles slithering in unchopped meadows of grass; perceived it to be a gigantic worm with bulging eyes,

The fiery body of sun in the sky; perceived it to a hindrance; irascibly blocking its scintillating rays,

The rustic chimpanzees perched high on the trees; perceived it to be a tiny inclusion into their vivacious tribe,

The chameleon transgressing through the incongruous bushes; perceived it to be a gargantuan mosquito; impossible to be gobbled,

The stray dogs philandering through the desolate streets; perceived it to be a chunk of sumptuous chicken; the very sight of which made them profusely slaver at their mouths,

The obstreperously humming bees in their cat combed hives; perceived it to be an organism of their fraternity; when it incessantly cried,

The monstrous sharks in the deep ocean; perceived it to be a fragile and sticky tadpole; without its tail,

The discordantly buzzing mosquitoes; perceived it to be a blend of rich flesh and blood; a rare treat to encounter once in a while,

The silver spider entwined within the intricate threads of its web; perceived it to be a crusader; who could squelch its dwelling at any moment,

The squirrels wandering through the meandering burrows; perceived it to be a

sumptuous nut; soft and supple to nibble,

The diabolically toothed alligator in the swampy marshes; perceived it to be crunchy bread for breakfast,

The pigs ambling languidly on the streets; perceived it to be a sophisticated bundle of scented garbage,

The rats trespassing through the floors at night; perceived it to be a freshly prepared conglomerate of food,

The creator who evolved him from my womb; perceived him to be a human being; a tangible entity out of the millions he had created,

While I perceived ' MY BABY'; to be the most beautiful person in this world; the most priceless treasure ever existing on this planet; Yes your guess is as good as mine; for I was none other than his mother.

8. THE VOICE OF MY DIVINELY BABY DAUGHTER

There was just one voice which could bring me triumphantly bouncing back; even from the dungeons of the most inexplicable desperation—where an infinite scorpions of viciously stabbed till many an eternity,

There was just one voice which could bring me blissfully bouncing back; even from the throes of the most chaotic riots and violent bloodshed—where a boundless innocent like me were baselessly trapped irrespective of religion; cast; color or race,

There was just one voice which could bring me spell-bindingly bouncing back; even from the mortuaries of acrimonious betrayal—where the most benign harbingers of peace were insidiously charred to raw and wanton ash,

There was just one voice which could bring me boisterously bouncing back; even from the most diabolical dungeons of solitariness—where perpetual silence dolorously incarcerated every ounce of activity,

There was just one voice which could bring me sensuously bouncing back; even from the most dreaded fields of subterfuge and slavery—where disdainful manipulation kept inexhaustibly sucking like an unconquerable leech,

There was just one voice which could bring me ecstatically bouncing back; even from the most truculently thwarted anecdotes of maniacal depression—were every step forward led only to the graveyards of bleary nothingness,

There was just one voice which could bring me euphorically bouncing back; even from the most cursedly moonless nights—where there vindictively paraded nothing else but an unceasing fleet of Witches and bemoaning ghosts,

There was just one voice which could bring me jubilantly bouncing back; even from the most perilously closing crocodile jaws—where there lingered nothing else but the coffin robe of wholesome death,

There was just one voice which could bring me unflinchingly bouncing back; even from the most unbearably sadistic gutters of cowardice-where Sunlight was endlessly ostracized and livid blackness fervently worshipped,

There was just one voice which could bring me undauntedly bouncing back; even from the most miserably asphyxiating of nightmares—where proliferation or newness immutably abhorred to survive,

There was just one voice which could bring me mellifluously bouncing back; even from the most irrevocably sinking ship-where ghastly choking to death was the only writing on every innocuous palm,

There was just one voice which could bring me vivaciously bouncing back; even from the most brutally gleaming edges of the devilish knife—where wholesome extinction precariously tottered in-between a single stroke of the sardonically grinning blade,

There was just one voice which could bring me stupendously bouncing back; even from the most torturously lambasting hell's of the devil—where all that reigned supreme was an unending battalion of abuse and parasitic unrest,

There was just one voice which could bring me bountifully bouncing back; even from the most deplorably stagnant realms of the unsparing past—where there hovered the germs of such negativity- that crucified every instant of the optimistic present and tomorrow,

There was just one voice which could bring me poignantly bouncing back; even from the most irretrievably demonic thorns of poverty-where there existed nothing else but an unfathomably deteriorating atmosphere of devastating haplessness,

There was just one voice which could bring me merrily bouncing back; even from the most sinfully adulterated streets of prejudice—where every organism gallivanting was under a spell of blood-sucking doom,

There was just one voice which could bring me jauntily bouncing back; even from the most despondently excoriating gallows of failure—where the minutest ray of hope had abominably died already a billion years ago,

There was just one voice which could bring me exuberantly bouncing back; even from the most satanic crevices of wretched terrorism—where only the harmoniously impeccable organism had to pay the price of its life,

O! Yes; that voice was of none other but that of my divinely baby daughter 'Kavya'; calling me 'Daddy' more and more passionately with every unveiling instant—till the time there existed the last draught of air in my lungs—and even an infinite centuries after I'd veritably died.

9. HIS HEART WAS AS OMNIPRESENT

His cheeks were as pristine as the snow on the astronomical summit of the mountain; glistening to a perfect golden under brilliantly flamboyant sunlight,

His eyes were as blue as the majestically swirling ocean; darting infinite places in a minute; to savor the newness of this world,

His hair were as soft as silk which flowed in the mesmerizing heavens; culminating into a festoon of mischievous curls; which made him the unprecedented darling of all races,

His palms were as pink as the freshly blossomed lotus; imparting their stupendously immaculate odor; to every gloomy particle in the atmosphere,

His smile was as enchanting as the pearly moonlight; incarcerating even the most belligerently hostile in its impeccable grip,

His eyelashes were as poignant as the vivaciously slapping artists brush; incessantly fluttering in the midst of the stringently monotonous town,

His lips were as sweet as marvelously rejuvenating sticks of sugarcane; remaining a profuse scarlet in every conceivable shade of changing light,

His skin was as flawless as the mother's milk; granting one the tenacity to conquer any aspect of treacherous life; the instant he caressed it,

His feet were as voluptuously spongy as the bed of overwhelmingly fragrant roses; sending shivers round every cranny of the earth as he nimbly transgressed it,

His ears were as rhapsodic as globules of royally cascading honey; insurmountably intrigued by the most tiniest of sound that drifted in space,

His blood was as energetic the tumultuously showering clouds; proliferating into a mist of exuberant excitement every unleashing minute,

His voice was as naturally uninhibited as the morning cuckoo; making people towering towards the sky; bow down to his heavenly grace,

His sweat was as tangy as salt imprisoned in the undulating sea waves; making him the son of every star shimmering in cosmic space,

His teeth were as fabulously immaculate as the extruding buds of nascent cotton; with which he feasted on dainty chunks of appetizingly seductive cheese, His stomach was as sacred as the bells ringing emphatically in the celestial temple; rising and falling like a fairy as he inhaled in puffs of exhilarating air,

His tongue was as flirtatious as the cheeky chimpanzee; as he darted it out every now and again; as the world's most spuriously ostentatious business tycoons; without the slightest of restraint,

His bones were as ebulliently bouncy as the striped giraffe; galloping at a pace which left the fastest of missile behind,

His yawn was as ingratiatingly splendid as creamy dawn; instilling a reinvigorating wave of bliss in maniacally overworked entities,

His breath was as Omnipotent as the most vital signs of life; granting stupendously unfathomable tenacity to every organism who had the slightest of desire to live,

And his heart was as Omnipresent as Almighty God; irrefutably worshipped by every other heart wandering on this Universe; although he had just taken birth as a tiny little living being; a tiny little child to be more precise.

10. THE BRIDE

Shielding her eyes like a new born infant; with traditional tinges of profuse mascara embellishing her tantalizing eyelashes,

Pursing her voluptuously sculptured lips to the most unprecedented limits; beads of silver perspiration dribbling down her innocuous cheeks,

Admiring her persona profoundly; intermittently glimpsing at the mirror; which glowed all the more with her mesmerizing countenance,

Humming mystically to herself; as she restlessly tossed on the grandiloquent carpet of moist grass,

Shivering in inexplicable excitement; like the dainty globules of snow melting in poignant harmony under the dazzling Sun,

Exuberantly inhaling the scent of the gorgeously blossoming flowers; drowning herself into the heavenly fragrance that emanated; till centuries immemorial,

Giggling uncontrollably at the tiniest provocation by her friends; thoroughly astounded by her incredulously tinkling laughter resonating countless times after colliding with the walls,

Spending fathomless hours in front of her ostentatious vanity glass; adorning each part of her vivacious body; with a festoon of royally shimmering pearls,

Blushing to unfathomable limits with the ebulliently gushing breeze; chasing gaudily striped butterflies with a tenacity befitting the timeless angels,

Fidgeting with her nails in tumultuous rhapsody; an inferno of insatiable passion dancing ardently in her eyes,

Fantasizing beyond pragmatic boundaries of comprehension; philandering with the stupendously singing fairies high beyond realms of the sky,

Basking in the pearly magnificence of the midnight moon; with her hands entwined in an insurmountably compassionate stranglehold,

Whistling in inexorable ecstasy at the birds perched on the trees; tracing the intricate lines of her palms with her enchantingly glistening index finger,

Nostalgically reminiscing those moments when she first cried in the lap of her mother; and the stage now when she was about to become one,

Trespassing barefoot on the paths freshly blended with rain; with the unbelievably seductive sound of her golden anklets rousing every entity on this Universe; from the heart of deep sleep,

Indefatigably feeling higher than the sapphire ocean of clouds; although she transgressed in the fullest of her senses on bare bits of loose soil,

Intransigently wishing for time to come to an abrupt standstill; with her astronomically ravishing beauty taking complete control of the mundane atmosphere,

Awaiting with fervent anticipation for the immortally sacred marriage ceremony to unveil; bonding her forever with the mate of her every dream,

She prayed tirelessly to the Creator; to bestow every day of her life like this one; when she majestically crowned herself and proudly proclaimed to all listening; that she was indeed the bride.

11. WHEN I WAS A CHILD

When I was a child I thought of devouring immaculate chunks of white butter,
Today I contemplated the price before purchasing monetary gifts for pleasure.

When I was a child I clambered up tall trees; to pluck nutritious fruit,
Today I pondered on the various ramifications; which could possibly occur when the farmer caught me red handed.

When I was a child I played vociferously in mud; making inarticulate cakes of cow dung plaster,
Today I refrained from going near wet land; on the flimsy grounds of having my trousers coated with obnoxious dirt.

When I was a child I got up early in the morning; relishing cool air while walking towards school,
Today I woke up with startled jerks; with darkness fully camouflaged in the sun; to rush in a jiffy towards office.

When I was a child I played for incessant hours in the evening with my cluster of friends,
Today I retired in front of the television screen; with a glass of cold

beverage; at the onset of twilight.

When I was a child I demonstrated a plethora of emotions when profoundly agitated, Today I had risen to holistic degrees of self control; scrutinizing my mistakes before I cried.

When I was a child I took the supreme liberty of hiding amongst a fleet of guests arriving at our dwelling,
Today I audaciously shook hands with the same; conversed for indefatigable hours with them on matters of common parlance.

When I was a child I voraciously read a battalion of thrilling mysteries,
Today I completely engulfed myself in deciphering; intricate quotes of the stock market.

When I was a child I listened to my elders with rapt attention and intense enthusiasm,
Today I chalked policies of my own; implementing them with loads of fortified conviction.

When I was a child; beads of sweat dribbled down my nape after witnessing a ghastly scene from the movie,
Today I didn't budge an inch from my seat; after sighting the same; as I knew it was fictitious.

When I was a child I had no hesitation asking for money from my ancestors,
Today I felt thoroughly abashed; asking them to gratify my distinctly penurious state.

When I was a child I chortled into pools of uninhibited laughter; at someone awkwardly dressed,
Today I emitted out sly smiles; in order that the individual didn't feel humiliating and bad.

When I was a child I hardly had time to think about the vagaries of mystical world, Today I spent hours pondering on a jugglery of consequences that would unleash; if I wasn't careful.

When I was a child I thought the most onerous thing existing was to study,
Today I felt that it was the process of earning; that was the most cumbersome of them all.

When I was a child; those were the times I was oblivious to reality; solely living
in a world of tailor made fantasy,
While today I had crossed the realms of maturity; acclimatized to the harsh
reality; and desperately wished I was that unscrupulous child once again.

12. THE FINAL THOUGHT

Only in a world of freedom can a child unfold and bloom,
For it is his birthright not to be gloomy.

He cries and says let me go away,
For he shows corrupt masses of elderly his own natural
way.

He takes a pledge to be always free,
He expresses this thought of his with lots of glee.

He breaks an object with inanimate ease,
For to do new things he has a long lease.

A smile spreads on naughty outlines of his face,
For he is living at the will of others grace.

An anxious look creeps in his large innocent eyes,
For he is existing in a world of money sucking flies.

At last he makes one final thought,
To reject the elders who gave him broth.

13. REFLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

Those days were golden when I was a kid,
deprived of all responsibility,
divested of the urge to earn, run for fodder,
slept all night in cozy delights of my quilt,
to be woken up by the first rays of dawn,
shrill ringing bell of the portable clock,
brief shower with tap water, clad in cream uniform,
greeted by the welcome aroma of mud brown coffee,
ravishing crumbs of bread submerged in jam,
a quick glimpse at unfinished assignments,
vigorous coats of polish activating shoe shine,

meticulous combing of ruffled slept hair,
carefree manipulation of things to be purchased,
hasty packaging of school artillery in leather bag,
animated deliberation with my mother on study hours,
I now marched at fast pace towards the bus stop.

The wind was chilly, Sunlight had a role of guest
appearance,
leafy tree foliage camouflaged the road,
droplets of salt water blew from the violent sea,
exuberant birds soared high in the clouds,
lazy yawns echoed through, long van interiors,
occasional clatter of ticket punch pads,
the glass paned bus finally switched routes,
heading towards suburban areas of walled city,
braked to a halt abreast my majestic school building,
the electric school bell was ringing, catholic prayers
had just begun,
as I galloped with my friends, to my compact class room,
now engulfed profoundly with full morning Sunlight.

14. TALE OF TRADITION

Forehead coated with red vermilion,
with spreading incense of intense loyalty,
long hair parted in equal coconut oil,
body smeared with sacred halves,
greased with century old ash,
bunch of flower braids entangled in braid,
diffusing into petals of love,
circular rings piercing nose and ear,
lighting up skin lobes with glittering gold,
long threads with sandalwood beads,
tied to beautifully crafted necks,
long fingers covered with red nail paint,
steel bangles dangling from wrists,
black mascara adorning shielding eyes,
sprawled tattoos depicting religion,
engraved on large lined palms,
lips portraying tinge of natural fleshy pink,
broad shoulder bones toughened with household chores,
with embroidered silk covering every inch of flesh,

preparing appetizing delicacies in enclosed kitchens,
a saga of unending sacrifice,
and an excellent chanter of the vedic rhyme,
an autobiography of self discipline,
giving birth to offspring's like me,
and a host of eminent personalities,
is the traditional Indian woman.

15. A CHILD SMILES

Only in a world of freedom,
Can a child unfold and bloom.

Only with the Sun piercing right through the dark hut,
Can a child see the wonderful sights of this world.

Only in an ocean of unprejudiced love,
Can a child speak to its heart's content.

Only through the eyes of soft empathy,
Can a child see its true reflection.

Only in surroundings of unadulterated society,
Can a child open its mind wholesomely and dream.

Only when applauded at its tiniest achievement,
Can a child come to know its hidden potential.

Only in lanes without propagation of caste,
Can a child recognize its own identity.

Only in the cradle of happiness,
Can a child fantasize and create.

Only in vicinity of the learned,
Can a child imbibe the essentials of life.

Only in the pages of medieval history,
Can a child understand its ancestors better.

Only in unpolluted waters of the Ganges,
Can a child splash its hands and wholeheartedly swim.

Only without discrimination of gender and status,
Can a child flourish to achieve its goal.

Only in the gentle hands of its mother,
Can a child shield its eyes and sob.

And Only in an atmosphere of complete equality,
Can a child stimulate his urge for learning, prosper and smile.

16. THERE WAS SIMPLY NO NEED

There was simply no need for a bicycle; an ostentatious car to maneuver me
around,
Till the time I possessed a pair of strong feet; which robustly bore my weight;
carried me to all places I desired.

There was simply no need for an angular binocular; an array of telescopic tubes
circumventing my persona,
Till the time I had intricate pairs of glistening eyes; which placed me in
stupendous ecstasy after sighting the twinkling stars.

There was simply no need for supersonic computer; a host of modern
contrivances aligning my table,
Till the time I had fingers which could emboss beautiful calligraphy on bonded
paper; a brain of my own to use.

There was simply no need for a lifeboat to assist me choppy waters; a cavalcade
of ships to ensure my safety,
Till the time muscle bulged from under my shirt; rubicund blood circulated
through my veins.

There was simply no need for the mundane ceiling fan; suspended rigidly from
the webbed ceiling,
Till the time my body could attune itself to the outside heat; audaciously confront
droplets of poignant sweat trickling down my forehead.

There was simply no need for biscuits coated with lascivious honey; chicory
baskets replete with ravishing chocolate,
Till the time I could procure fresh fruits from nature; had an insatiable craving for
fresh water in my bowels.

There was simply no need orators preparing and delivering my speech; with me watching the scenario languishing beside the pool,
Till the time I had incarcerated in my mouth a fleshy tongue; which could swirl rampantly and eloquently speak.

There was simply no need for a mattress of swanky satin; strewn along with a fleet of immaculate white pearls,
Till the time my bones were as solid as a rock; my skull was acclimatized to sleep on the plain stone floor.

There was simply no need for the bombastic shower; nimbly diffusing few droplets of water at a time,
Till the time there existed the country river; compounded with the exuberance in my soul to bathe in it.

And there was simply no need for me to worry; take a plethora of insurmountable tensions on my head,
Till the time there existed; my celestial mother; my loving beloved; and my sacrosanct God.

17. WHAT I DO KNOW

How deep is the ocean I do not know; but what I do know is that I would extricate the oil trapped within; to make it more enjoyable for people to swim,

How colossal is the sky I do not know; but what I do know is that I would stop it being invaded by obnoxious missiles; making it a paradise for birds to fly,

How dense is the forest I do not know; but what I do know is that I would prevent innocent trees from being chopped; making it more mesmerizing for the animals to live in,

How lanky is the mountain I do not know; but what I do know is that I would terminate all mining activity on its slopes; making it more stupendous for sheep to philander on,

How vast is the desert I do not know; but what I do know is that I would placate the thirst of every organism I encountered; to grant it reprieve from the agony of scorching heat,

How acrimonious is the heat of fire I do not know; but what I do know is that I would alleviate the same by pouring pails of chilled water; thereby impeding the

surrounding environment from being torched,

How lethal is the sting of scorpion I do not know; but what I do know is that I would suck it from innocuous flesh; saving it wholesomely from jaws of savage death,

How resplendent are the colors of rainbow I do not know; but what I do know is that I would stop abhorrent gases from obscuring their ingratiating view

How dark is a blind mans life I do not know; but what I do know is I would offer him my shoulder to lean upon; comforting him in times of bizarre distress,

How eloquent is the nightingale I do not know; but what I do know is that I would prevent obstreperous noises from circulating; making its voice the solo one in the still atmosphere,

How thick is blood I do not know; but what I do know is that I would curtail it from flowing profusely; tying across it the bandage of my unadulterated love,

How disastrous is the earthquake I do not know; but what I do know is that I would mitigate the suffering prevailing; by hoisting all infants lying discarded without their mothers,

How piquant is white salt I do not know; but what I do know is that I would procure it in its purest form from the sea; to distribute among who cherish its taste,

How scintillating is the pearl I do not know; but what I do know is that I would prevent it from being mutilated and marketed commercially all around,

How black is darkness I do not know; but what I do know is that I would not let it linger for more than the night; snapping it completely with the first rays of transient dawn,

How frosty is milk I do not know; but what I do know is that I would sequester mother cow from abuse and trips to the abattoir,

How redolent is the rose I do not know; but what I do know is that I would prevent it from being plucked indiscriminately from the blossoming shrub,

How diabolical is the demon I do not know; but what I do know is that I would prevent him from disrupting the tranquility and benevolence of society,

How omniscient is the creator I do not know; but what I do know is that I would burn all fingers pointing against him; annihilate even the most minuscule trace of blasphemy enveloping his sacrosanct persona,

And how long am I going to live I do not know; but what I do know is that I would entirely dedicate every unveiling minute of my life; to my mother; my beloved and the God who endowed upon me the prowess to live and love

18. IT WAS PERFECTLY NORMAL

It was perfectly normal to burst into pools of uninhibited laughter; after witnessing a garishly painted clown,

It was perfectly normal to hysterically sob; at the death of someone you vehemently revered,

It was perfectly normal to trip head-on on your nose; after walking through a puddle of slushy grease,

It was perfectly normal to tenaciously scratch your scalp; when snow white beads of dandruff camouflaged them in entirety,

It was perfectly normal to purse your lips profusely; after swallowing a sumptuously appetizing meal,

It was perfectly normal to thunderously sneeze; when disdainful granules of incongruous dust entered your nose,

It was perfectly normal to shiver; when you stood bare chested in freezing currents of bizarre winter,

It was perfectly normal to collapse in a bedraggled heap; when you carried a mountain of mud on your slender shoulder,

It was perfectly normal to blush like a scarlet complexioned rose; when you were caught red-handed trying to blatantly flirt with a girl,

It was perfectly normal to pound your fists in raw indignation; when you were encompassed from all sides with unfathomable frustration,

It was perfectly normal to perspire; when you worked arduously under sizzling

rays of the sun,

It was perfectly normal to yawn; when your lids felt overwhelmingly heavy; your body felt drowned in waves of exhaustion,

It was perfectly normal to be insatiably greedy; when you prevailed in an ambience besieged with unprecedented poverty,

It was perfectly normal to experience tingling sensations; after you lazily philandered amidst stalks of nimble grass,

It was perfectly normal to use a volley of harsh expletives; after you were provoked to the threshold limits of tolerance,

It was perfectly normal to scowl animatedly at the class teacher; when she bored you for hours; reciting notes of century old history,

It was perfectly normal to innocuously hiccup; when you swallowed your meals at lightening speeds,

It was perfectly normal to feel stabbed by tremors of lust; when you were in the vicinity of stupendous beauty,

It was perfectly normal to scream in the middle of night; when your dwelling was struck by the vicious onslaught of an earthquake,

And It was perfectly normal to commit a plethora of blunders and errors in the course of your life as a human being; as long as you existed in blissful synergy with nature; wholesomely revered the God who created you; ardently adored the Mother who gave you birth; fervently loved the girl who made you feel you were living and breathing alive.

19. SIMPLY USELESS

A lock is simply useless without its key; the slender chip of squashed metal that unwinds it open,

An ocean is simply useless without its waves; the undulating swirl of frothy waters that rise and cascade down,

An eyeball is simply useless without its lids; the flexible folds of dainty skin that envelops them with glistening moisture,

A tree is simply useless without its basket of green leaves; the mushrooming buds of olive color that appear on it in infinite clusters,

A dog is simply useless without its bark; the crisp sounds that profoundly announce its presence when it opens its mouth,

A doll is simply useless without its silken hair; the artificial fronds of fluffy golden that extrude from its petite scalp,

A wall is simply useless without its conglomerate of compact bricks; a blend of chipped stone and lime that is inevitable to make it domineeringly stand,

A bird is simply useless without its wings; the feathers that make it soar high and handsome in the sky,

An ensemble of ominous clouds is simply useless without rain; the droplets of liquid that plummet vociferously towards the earth,

A mammoth whale is simply useless without its colossal teeth; the diabolical pair of jaws which pulverizes its prey to inconspicuous shreds of bone,

A pentagon shaped diamond is simply useless without its shine; the scintillating glimmer that grants it the stupendous status of being the king of jewels,

A sacrosanct and rollicking cow is simply useless without its milk; the frosty pearls of life that trickle from its teats,

A slithering reptile is simply useless without its venom; the lethal poison that imparts it deadly tenacity to strangulate breath,

A century old giant watch is simply useless without its long needles; the lanky strips of iron which incessantly display accurate time,

A spider is simply useless without its silken web; the mystical strands of shimmering silver; on which it remains suspended till the time it lives,

A chunk of plain bread is simply useless without dazzling butter; the tangy taste that titillates the mouth when munched passionately with the same,

A slimy frog is simply useless without its cacophonous croak; its hoarse voice that wrecks out the last ounce of blissful sleep from all those in vicinity,

A scorpion is simply useless without its pugnacious sting; the animosity in its fangs; which bursts uninhibitedly when it strikes,

A cactus is simply useless without its thorns; the knife like protrusions which prevents it from being gobbled up,

A fan is simply useless without its blades; the white metal which generates tumultuous draughts of wind,

An elephant is simply useless without its tusks; the obdurate horns of ivory which portray its majesty; which help him uproot mighty trees,

A devil is simply useless without its satanic visage; the ghastly traces of malice hidden deep within his eyes, his thunderous voice which scares scores of innocuous individuals,

And man is simply useless without the mother who gave him birth; the girl who loves him beyond limits of comprehension; who alongwith him is instrumental in delivering the next generation; the people of tomorrow.

20. THE GREATEST CURSE

The greatest curse even after the most spell bindingly fructifying rain had fallen on blissful ground; was when the soil still didn't burgeon the slightest; into the most brilliantly optimistic fruits of a resplendent tomorrow,

The greatest curse even after the most frostily undulating of waves had kissed the shores; was when the atmosphere still didn't culminate the slightest; into the most rejuvenating sprays of unparalleled tanginess,

The greatest curse even after the most rhapsodically rambunctious bees had inhabited the hives; was when the crevices still didn't scintillate the slightest; with the most poignantly enamoring cisterns of bewitching nectar,

The greatest curse even after the most blazingly dynamic of Sun had smooched the earth; was when the air still didn't evolve the slightest; into the most unflinchingly unfettered beams of a victoriously fresh beginning,

The greatest curse even after the most beautifully enchanting of meadows had bathed under profoundly invincible moonlight; was when the grassblades still didn't ooze the slightest; into the most tantalizingly euphoric of golden dewdrops,

The greatest curse even after the most candidly poignant mirror was placed beneath the pellucid afternoon Sun; was when the glass still didn't reflect the slightest; into the most irrefutably truthful images of the soul,

The greatest curse even after the most iridescently silken moon twinkled in treacherously ghastly midnight; was when the darkness still didn't dance the slightest; into the most perennially effulgent beams of enlightenment,

The greatest curse even after the most ebullient waterfalls of newborn water cascaded merrily at the rock bottom; was when the pathways still didn't flower the slightest; into the most undaunted skies of ubiquitous excitement,

The greatest curse even after the most mellifluously congenial lips heavenly opened; was when the ambience still didn't reverberate the slightest; into the most magically ameliorating tunes of compassionate togetherness,

The greatest curse even after the most altruistically benign saints endlessly sermonized the principles of peace and truth; was when the living organisms still didn't bloom the slightest; into the most uninhibitedly priceless bonds of impregnable friendship,

The greatest curse even after the most insuperable foundations of selflessness stretched to an infinite kilometers beneath soil; was when the structure still didn't waft the slightest; into the most Omnipotent apogees of unconquerable truth,

The greatest curse even after the most fearlessly peerless of patriots had shed their lives in the numbers of an infinite; was when the commoners still didn't blaze the slightest; into the most celestial ideals of concord; symbiotism and everlasting freedom,

The greatest curse even after the most incomparably venerated cows grazed for hours immemorial; was when the teats still didn't ripen the slightest; into the most infallibly impeccable globules of undefeated milk,

The greatest curse even after the most innocuously freshborn infant footsteps traversed indefinitely on ground; the pathways still didn't spawn the slightest; into the most unlimited heavens of immeasurable holiness,

The greatest curse even after the most gloriously scarlet of roses swished in the

vibrantly ecstatic breeze; the wind still didn't enlighten the slightest; into the most unbridled gorges of unbelievably victorious scent,

The greatest curse even after the most honestly compassionate of parents dedicated every instant of their life to their offsprings; was when the children didn't emanate the slightest; into the most limitlessly enthralling rainbows of unshakable gratitude,

The greatest curse even after the most eternally undying of nostrils tirelessly exhaled perpetual breath; was when the soul didn't culminate the slightest; into the most Omnipresently mesmerizing traces of vivid life,

The greatest curse even after the most immortally passionate of heart exuded a boundless beats; was when the palpitations didn't mushroom the slightest; into the most Omnipotent paradises of unadulterated love,

And the greatest curse even after the most astoundingly virile of man and woman coalesced in the threads of sacred matrimony; was when the dwelling still didn't glisten the slightest; into the most miraculously mischievous children of a quintessentially blessed God's creation

21. GODLY WOMB

It was the most cozy place on this Universe; engulfing you with poignant winds of compassionate warmth,

It was the most impregnable place on this Universe; magnificently sequestering you from every kind of acrimonious attack,

It was the most mesmerizing place on this Universe; where you had the time of your life; fantasizing in a land of impeccable fairies and mystical charm,

It was the most divinely place on this Universe; where the Omnipotent aura of Almighty lord lingered every instant,

It was the most playful place on this Universe; where you bounced and tossed wholeheartedly; to your ultimate heart's content,

It was the most courageous place on this Universe; where you took the most stupendously exhilarating of initiative; and yet emerged full guns blazing,

It was the most opulent place on this Universe; fostering the richest elements of

this planet; in its miraculous warmth,

It was the most blissful place on this Universe; where you rested in complete oblivion from the vagaries of this commercial planet; incessantly chanting the mantra of success,

It was the most spell binding place on this Universe; where each of your pious wishes manifested themselves into a perpetual reality,

It was the most vivacious place on this Universe; where you indulged in flurry of boisterously innocent activity; every unveiling second of the day; even late hours past the heart of midnight,

It was the most sparkling place on this Universe; where your diminutive soul floated; bereft of the slightest of dirt and manipulative malice,

It was the most candid place on this Universe; where you came face to face with each hidden attribute of your impoverished persona,

It was the most melodious place on this Universe; where the tunes of absolutely fabulous heaven; transited you into an unconquerably celestial slumber,

It was the most cherished place on this Universe; for which even the strongest entity alive; ardently wished to inhabit once again,

It was the most grandiloquent place on this Universe; with each of its walls; deluging you in a world of incredulous royalty and oligarchic majesty,

It was the most enticing place on this Universe; inevitably retracting you from realms of treacherously lecherous and strangulating captivity,

It was the most humble place on this Universe; relentlessly teaching you to disseminate the essence of philanthropic love and peace; to the most remotest corner of this Universe,

And it was the most immortal place on this Universe; not just harboring you for a numerical tenure of nine months; but instilling in you the unprecedented tenacity to take birth a countless times once again; and still be alive,

No it wasn't any castle; or sky; or paradise; as you might presume; but a place where you actually came from; the place now indispensable to procreate your own progeny; the place none other than the **GODLY WOMB**.

22. I LOVED THEM MORE

I might have perhaps loved just my sacrosanct Mother and eternal beloved during the tenure of my entire diminutively impoverished life; by the blessings of the Omnipotent Lord,

But I loved them more than what the sweltering deserts could ever have loved; pricelessly resplendent droplets of rhapsodically mesmerizing rain.

I might have perhaps loved just my divinely mother and bountiful beloved during each unfurling moment of my parsimoniously destitute life; by the blessings of the

unassailable Lord,

But I loved them more than what lackadaisical mud could ever have loved; beautifully dazzling ray of Godly Sunshine.

I might have perhaps loved just my heavenly mother and triumphant beloved during every crimson dawn that unraveled in my penuriously short-statured life; by the blessings of the Omnipresent Lord,

But I loved them more than what dolorously beleaguered forests could ever have loved; fantastically enigmatic titillation.

I might have perhaps loved just my compassionate mother and newly-wed beloved during every hour that fabulously swept past my mercurially timid life; by

the blessings of the everlasting Lord,

But I loved them more than what the amorously estranged sky could ever have loved; the vividly iridescent and spell binding rainbow.

I might have perhaps loved just my magnanimous mother and unflinching beloved during every shade of my inexplicably bereaved life; by the blessings of the Omniscient Lord,

But I loved them more than what the rambunctiously unruly bees could ever have loved; the timelessly redolent fragrance of the dew drop anointed and poignant rose.

I might have perhaps loved just my ubiquitous mother and seductive beloved during every wind that swept past my disastrously diminishing life; by the blessings of the unshakable Lord,

But I loved them more than what the ecstatically fluttering peacocks could ever have loved; the fathomlessly voluptuous expanse of enthrallingly silken clouds.

I might have perhaps loved just my priceless mother and inimitable beloved during every path that I tread in my stingily decrepit life; by the blessings of the unconquerable Lord,
But I loved them more than what the brutally emaciated shores could ever have loved; the ravishingly undulating swirl of jubilantly tangy waves.

I might have perhaps loved just my indomitable mother and humanitarian beloved during every breath that I exhaled in my nonchalantly oblivious life; by the blessings of the boundlessly proliferating Lord,
But I loved them more than what the remorsefully deserted mirror could ever have loved; the uninhibitedly sparkling ocean of celestial reflection.

I might have perhaps loved just my timeless mother and ingratiating beloved during every impediment that I encountered in my truculently abridged life; by the blessings of the limitlessly benign Lord,
But I loved them more than what the obnoxiously emaciated blades of sordid grass could ever have loved; the majestically shimmering cistern of tantalizing dewdrops.

And I wholeheartedly admit; that I might have perhaps loved just my blissful mother and gorgeous beloved during every beat that I throbbed in my obfuscatedly lugubrious life; by the blessings of the effulgently glowing Lord,
But I loved them more than what the devastatingly dying nostril could ever have loved; fragrantly mellifluous entrenchments of resplendently fresh breeze.

23. THE POWER OF MY MOTHER'S MILK

I might have consumed just an infinitesimal pint of it when I was an impeccably oblivious infant; hardly acclimatizing my taste buds with its eternal fragrance,

I might have consumed just a diminutive fraction of it when I was an innocuously inarticulate infant; hardly allowing it to blend with my freshly formed streams of crimson blood,

I might have consumed just a mercurial sip of it when I was a pristinely princely infant; hardly allowing its Omnipotently heavenly goodness to settle in the corners of my discovering mouth,

I might have consumed just a parsimonious rivulet of it when I was an incongruously disheveled infant; hardly letting its miraculously insuperable iridescence pacify my remorsefully traumatized thirst,

I might have consumed just an evanescent pinch of it when I was an incoherently unruly infant; hardly absorbing its everlastingly mesmerizing goodness in the corners of my miserably asphyxiating throat,

I might have consumed just an ethereal speck of it when I was an inconspicuously measly infant; hardly feasting on its impregnably heavenly aura; to my tiny heart's content,

I might have consumed just a fleeting bead of it when I was a fretfully wailing infant; hardly savoring its astronomical majesty with my crusts of minutely formed fresh teeth,

I might have consumed just a fugitive stream of it when I was a incessantly screeching infant; hardly realizing the spirit of Omnipresently egalitarian humanity; handsomely embedded in it,

I might have consumed just a disappearing mist of it when I was an incoherently feckless infant; hardly aware of its invincibly healing touch; as I all I did was sleep all day and moonless night,

I might have consumed just an insipid globule of it when I was an indefatigably crying infant; hardly gulping it even a trifle of it properly down my teeny-weeny throat,

I might have consumed just a transient molehill of it when I was an ungainly staring infant; hardly bothered about its unconquerable nutritional value; as all that mattered to me was my toy cradle; toys and sleep,

I might have consumed just an ephemeral amount of it when I was an illiterately uncivilized infant; hardly envisaging the perennial armor of unflinching tenaciousness that it would enshroud me with; once it coalesced perfectly with my blood,

I might have consumed just a non-existent pinch of it when I was a ludicrously squealing infant; hardly comprehending the Omnipotent compassion behind its dribbling towards my toddler lips,

I might have consumed just an invisible follicle of it when I was a preposterously unsuspecting infant; hardly placating the disastrously emaciated bowels of my tiny stomach with its gloriously godly flavor,

I might have consumed just a minuscule shadow of it when I was a discordantly groaning infant; hardly allowing its Omnipresent charisma to percolate through my severely teething gums,

I might have consumed just a trailing gulp of it when I was a frantically searching infant; hardly feeling its regally marvelous goodness; enriching every pore of my newborn slimly skin,

I might have consumed just a vanishing potion of it when I was a haughtily pampered infant; hardly imbibing its timelessly blossoming resplendence; as I uncontrollably kicked every conceivable object in vicinity; with my miniature feet,

I might have consumed just a passing cascade of it when I was a quietly snoring infant; hardly having the sense to appreciate its magically formidable and euphorically endless tenacity,

O! Yes, I might have consumed just a fleeting fraction of it when I was an incoherently trembling infant; hardly feeling it as it timelessly blessed every aspect of my existence; for infinite births more of mine,

But just that diminutive droplet of it; just that unnoticeable speck of it which I had unknowingly consumed; was enough for me to metamorphose the complexion of this estranged earth once again into a paradise; was enough for me to tower like the inferno of inimitably blazing truth for times immemorial; was enough for me to altruistically live and let live for a countless more heavenly lifetimes,

Such pricelessly immortal was the indomitable power of my; eternal mother's milk.

24. SINFUL IDENTITY

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so handsomely procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first infantile cry; overflowed with unfathomable oceans of glittering gold, But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I baselessly rejoiced and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; miserably dithered in my impoverished life to carve a philanthropically blissful identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so majestically

procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first baby cry; had an endless inundation of sparkling currency coin,
But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I parasitically feasted and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; pathetically staggered in my diminutive life to carve a synergistically blazing identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so wonderfully procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first incoherent cry; remained perpetually embellished with resplendently enamoring diamonds,
But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I derogatorily marauded and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; dismally stuttered in my truncated life to carve a celestially vibrant identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so marvelously procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first nimble cry; contained every speck of prosperity on this timeless planet,
But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I indiscriminately terrorized and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; meaninglessly quavered in my destined life to carve a beautifully magnanimous identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so amazingly procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first inaudible cry; had its foundations resting on an insurmountable mountain of pearls,
But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I savagely massacred and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; horrendously trembled in my penurious life to carve an iridescently kingly identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so gorgeously procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first incongruous cry; solely diffused the fragrance of everlastingly priceless richness,
But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I satanically splurged and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; gruesomely faltered in my pecuniary life to carve a spell bindingly righteous identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so divinely procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first evanescent cry; harbored countless trees from which gloriously fructified currency coin instead of leaves,
But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I ruthlessly blew and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; disdainfully lost in my flickering life to carve an

enchantingly vivacious identity of my very own.

It wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so Omnipotently procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first meek cry; was the hub of all state-of-the art businesses that unfurled on the trajectory of this fathomless planet,
But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I insanely trampled and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; flagrantly wavered in my limited life to carve an ingratiatingly altruistic identity of my very own.

And it wasn't the slightest in my hands to choose the parents who had so blessedly procreated me; nor was it my fault that the house in which I emitted my first nervous cry; was the most indefatigably serenaded castle in the entire world since times immemorial,
But it would irrefutably be the greatest sin if I cold-bloodedly spat and took all their hard-earned wealth for granted; unscrupulously dithered in my indigent life to carve a harmoniously distinct identity of my very own.

25. TRIUMPHANTLY GODLY LAP

I might have skittishly tossed and turned an unfathomable number of times in my impoverished life; fantastically replenishing every pore of my skin with the most majestically ingratiating of silk,
But it was only in the Omnisciently sacrosanct lap of my mother; that I blissfully closed my eyes to even the most remotest trace of obnoxious alien light; transited into eternally royal sleep.

I might have restlessly fidgeted and simmered an incomprehensible number of times in my destitute life; gloriously finding my way beneath a mountain of rhapsodic raspberry,
But it was only in the perpetually invincible lap of my mother; that I became oblivious to all unbearably manipulative drudgery of this satanic world; found the most blessedly heavenly of sleep.

I might have uncannily groped and wandered an endless number of times in my diminutive life; engulfing my nimble persona with the most euphorically vibrant of melody,
But it was only in the aristocratically scintillating lap of my mother; that I irrevocably shut my eardrums to all abhorrently pugnacious hostility around me;

fed my soul with the bountifully benign mantra of celestial sleep.

I might have irascibly choked and meandered a countless number of times in my feckless life; entrenching my intricate countenance with the finest of spell binding artistry,

But it was only in the effulgently priceless lap of my mother; that I huddled like an unconquerably handsome prince; slept like an angel having descended from crimson sky; for times immemorial.

I might have preposterously stumbled and trembled an insurmountable number of times in my spurious life; overwhelming every rickety bone of my body with untamed exuberance,

But it was only in the resplendently Omnipotent lap of my mother; that I wholesomely shrugged even the most ethereal insinuation of disdainful uncertainty;
embraced the cisterns of divine sleep for centuries unprecedented.

I might have inexorably wavered and quavered an indefatigable number of times in my minuscule life; feasting even the most inconspicuous bit of my flesh in the aisles of gorgeously unprecedented luxury,

But it was only in the indomitably pristine lap of my mother; that I uninhibitedly rejoiced far away from the salacious vagaries of this estranged planet; celestially surrendered all my dreariness to mellifluously enchanting sleep.

I might have perniciously sighed and grunted a limitless number of times in my insipid life; submerging all my sinister lacklusterness in the most poignantly undulating sea,

But it was only in the vividly fascinating lap of my mother; that I felt all priceless compassion on this Universe become my unassailable reflection; and my eyes forever rolled in the cradle of unhindered sleep.

I might have miserably simpered and sulked an inconceivable number of times in my mercurial life; inundating my truculently emaciated nostrils with the most divinely rose scent,

But it was only in the sacredly Omnipresent lap of my mother; that I felt reprieve from all traumatized pain and agony; catapulted towards the skies of unendingly gratifying sleep.

And I might have relentlessly floundered and squatted an unimaginable number of times in my fugitive life; exquisitely designing the most luxurious hammock in the world to placate my baseless nervousness,

But it was only in the triumphantly godly lap of my mother; that I became a

refreshingly discovering child once again; snuggling close to her inimitably mesmerizing redolence and timelessly slept

26. COME LETS WHOLEHEARTEDLY ALLOW

There's a sweet little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to majestically blossom till the pinnacle of resplendently ingratiating prosperity,

There's a mesmerizing little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to evolve into an unfathomably compassionate gorge of friendship; as tangy as the rhapsodically ebullient oceans,

There's an enchanting little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to marvelously burgeon till times beyond iridescent eternity; and enthuse even the most obfuscatedly alien of our times,

There's a euphoric little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to spawn like an insatiably fragrant flower of gorgeous companionship; as the Sun blazed vibrantly from behind the mellifluous hills,

There's a poignant little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to enthrall even the most obsoletely dithering nerves in our beleaguered bodies; to the most stupendously unprecedented limits,

There's a jubilant little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to ingratiatingly gallop to kiss the epitome of dazzling timelessness; and for centuries immemorial,

There's a victorious little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to Omnipotently transcend; over the pernicious precipices of our disastrously dwindling derogatorily manipulative souls,

There's an innocuous little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to profoundly rejuvenate our bizarrely estranged senses; with the vivaciously sacrosanct tonic of life,

There's an embellished little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to majestically drape our insipidly feckless deliriousness; with cisterns of unsurpassable sensuousness,

There's a fantastic little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to irrefutably overshadow our disparagingly deteriorating gloom; with fountains

of timeless happiness,

There's an intriguing little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to invincibly sequester us in its bountiful swirl; fathomless kilometers away from the mortuary of inexplicable despair,

There's an ecstatic little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to Omnisciently overpower our insurmountable battalion of idiosyncrasies; with the its magical ointment of godly freshness,

There's a spell binding little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to encapsulate us in its panoramically vivid embrace; bless every aspect of our haplessly shattered existence; with the gorgeously fructifying elixir of life,

There's an eclectic little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to weave the unconquerable spell of its royal artistry; upon our monotonously delinquent life,

There's a sacrosanct little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to magnanimously bless our ominously extradited rhythm; with its benevolently humanitarian beats,

There's a sparkling little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to miraculously cleanse all our dastardly cloistered dirt; with its heaven of fathomless righteousness,

There's a melodious little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to annihilate even the most mercurial trace of prejudiced paradoxism in our blood; with its tunes of celestially unassailable truth,

There's a beautiful little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to enshroud us with philanthropic graciousness; insuperably conquering the cry of the ungainly devil with the winds of perennially uninhibited freedom,

There's a mystical little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to everlastingly stupefy us with an entrenchment of impregnable newness; with the limitless enthuse of its pristine eyes,

And there's an exhilarating little child in all of us; come lets wholeheartedly allow it to inundate the song of immortal love; in our forlornly disbelieving and satanically fretful lives

27. ONLY A MOTHER

Only a mother could dress the impoverished child so insurmountably fantastically; like nobody else on this fathomlessly vibrant earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could educate the hapless child so indomitably handsomely; like nobody else on this boundlessly fragrant earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could appreciate the despairing child so insuperably amiably; like nobody else on this limitlessly serene earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could cuddle the trembling child so impeccably wonderfully; like nobody else on this endlessly enchanting earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could kiss the solitary child so blissfully compassionately; like nobody else on this beautifully vibrant earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could embrace the orphaned child so euphorically poignantly; like nobody else on this majestically exotic earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could enlighten the fretful child so royally enamoringly; like nobody else on this mystically effulgent earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could shield the decrepit child so unflinchingly invincibly; like nobody else on this fabulously mesmerizing earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could play with the discovering child so heavenly innocuously; like nobody else on this timelessly adorable earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could feed the emaciated child so ingratiatingly celestially; like nobody else on this triumphantly glorious earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could pray for the extradited child so insatiably unrelentingly; like

nobody else on this gloriously bountiful earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could bless the maimed child so Omnipotently altruistically; like nobody else on this blazingly vivacious earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could immortalize the ostracized child so indomitably miraculously; like nobody else on this victoriously ebullient earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could understand the speechless child so irrefutably Omnisciently; like nobody else on this unsurpassably magnetic earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could patronize the lambasted child so unequivocally selflessly; like nobody else on this redolently resplendent earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could embellish the bruised child so eclectically artistically; like nobody else on this mellifluously robust earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could sing for the blind child so vividly tirelessly; like nobody else on this graciously magnanimous earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could mimic the mischievous child so spell bindingly joyously; like nobody else on this astoundingly fructifying earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could pacify the wailing child so sacredly abundantly; like nobody else on this regally aristocratic earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could defend the dilapidated child so intractably handsomely; like nobody else on this exquisitely panoramic earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could revitalize the dwindling child so Omnipresently fabulously; like nobody else on this insurmountably evolving earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

Only a mother could worship the destitute child so implacably faithfully; like

nobody else on this limitlessly ardent earth; could ever dream of; or ever could,

And it was only a mother who could love the newborn child so perpetually radiantly; like nobody on this blessedly uninhibited earth; could ever dream of; or ever could.

28. TO THE INIMITABLY GODLY BEATS

My smile could perhaps have stirred you a trifle; drifting you an inconspicuous bit from your woefully tyrannical monotony,
But to her blissfully tinkling laughter; ebulliently danced the entire planet; with unsurpassable fervor; and timelessly outside.

My eyes could perhaps have punctuated you a trifle; casting an impression of transiently augmenting empathy; upon your luridly morass countenance,
But to her innocuously flirtatious winks; wonderfully cavorted the entire planet; with indefatigable mysticism; and tantalizingly outside.

My whispers could perhaps have enthralled you a trifle; ephemerally diverting your preposterously malicious mind towards an ocean of untamed enigma,
But to her mellifluously immaculate tunes; magically swayed the entire planet; with unrelenting euphoria; and vivaciously outside.

My muscles could perhaps have impressed you a trifle; capturing the crux of your imagination with the wand of miraculous machismo,
But to her divinely uninhibited selflessness; bountifully stooped the entire planet; with unparalleled obeisance; and celestially outside.

My eyebrows could perhaps have perpetuated you a trifle; engendering you to momentarily envisage the rhapsodically unknown; with their mischievously resplendent twitching,
But to her fathomlessly poignant expressions; ingratiatingly resonated the entire planet; with perennial brotherhood; and ecstatically outside.

My shadow could perhaps have stupefied you a trifle; serenely placating your barbarously lambasted nerves; with the tonic of fugitive camaraderie,
But to her Omnipotently sacrosanct aura; symbiotically marched the entire planet; with the spirit of humanitarian bonding; and vibrantly outside.

My palms could perhaps have supported you a trifle; amiably sequestering your trembling flesh from the traitors; for just an infidel instant,
But to her invincibly everlasting uninhibitedness; perpetually sang the entire

planet; with synergistically unblemished caring; and gloriously outside.

My fantasies could perhaps have enlightened you a trifle; fantastically enriching the fabric of your ignominiously dithering existence; for a few hours every day,
But to her unassailably enamoring genius; relentlessly proliferated the entire planet; with exuberantly charismatic newness; and Omnipresently outside.

My breath could perhaps have titillated you a trifle; miraculously reinvigorating your vividly deteriorating senses with the elixir of survival; for just an evanescent moment,
But to her insuperable cries of sparkling righteousness; effulgently radiated the entire planet; with undaunted resilience; and resplendently outside.

And my heart could perhaps have loved you a trifle; magnificently alleviating you of your inexplicably cancerous pain; for just an ethereal second every night,
But to the inimitably Godly beats of her newly born freshness; triumphantly throbbed the entire planet; with indomitably insatiable compassion; and immortally Outside.

29. INIMITABLY DIVINE MOTHER

Ingratiatingly heavenly scent was what majestically radiated; from the eyes of the poignantly everlasting and stupendously blossoming rose,

Fathomlessly enigmatic boundlessness was what enchantingly radiated; from the eyes of the crimson crested and regally bestowing sky,

Brilliantly shimmering graciousness was what incredulously radiated; from the eyes of the limitlessly eclectic and bountifully sparkling desert,

Immaculately blissful sacredness was what timelessly radiated; from the eyes of the vivaciously bouncing and freshly born child,

Eclectically magnificent empathy was what insatiably radiated; from the eyes of the vibrantly molding and surreally philandering artist,

Vividly tantalizing mischief was what flirtatiously radiated; from the eyes of the euphorically cavorting and rampantly swinging chimpanzee,

Ravishingly tangy boisterousness was what gregariously radiated; from the eyes of the tirelessly undulating and froth embellished sea,

Beautifully blessed sensuousness was what obeisantly radiated; from the eyes of the newly married and celestially fantasizing bride,

Fearlessly intrepid exhilaration was what patriotically radiated; from the eyes of the unflinchingly altruistic and insuperably dedicated soldier,

Rhapsodically enamoring merrymaking was what insurmountably radiated; from the eyes of the slender legged and seductively hopping grasshopper,

Invincibly innovative melody was what tirelessly radiated; from the eyes of the magically gifted and profusely sweet nightingale,

Indomitably rudimentary humility was what honestly radiated; from the eyes of the placidly charming and harmoniously fleetfooted sheep,

Flamboyantly unconquerable light was what Omnisciently radiated; from the eyes of the gloriously scarlet and benevolently enlightening Sun,

Unshakably priceless solidarity was what unassailably radiated; from the eyes of the philanthropically egalitarian and unequivocally uninhibited fortress of mankind,

Jubilantly fantastic oneness was what handsomely radiated; from the eyes of the blazingly courageous and indefatigably striving gladiator,

Charismatically unequivocal sweetness was what mellifluously radiated; from the eyes of the rambunctiously buzzing and serendipitously oozing bumble bee,

Sparklingly benevolent righteousness was what iridescently radiated; from the eyes of the impeccably selfless and perennially bonding wave of gorgeous humanity,

Immortally impregnable love was what aristocratically radiated; from the eyes of the passionately evergreen and robustly ardent lover,

And Omnipotently blessing Godliness was what unbeatably radiated; from the eyes of my blissfully sacrosanct and inimitably divine mother

30. MOTHER

To every triumphant smile of yours; she bounced like the ultimate walls of paradise; blooming like a festoon of freshly sprouting and everlastingly blissful

roses,

To every celestial snore of yours; she felt like the most invincible queen on this colossal planet; caressing her invincibly majestic fingers through your curls; so that not even the most infinitesimal of evil on this earth; could ever dream of disturbing you,

To every mischievous cavorting of yours; she felt at the most incredulous epitome of camaraderie; showering upon you every happiness of her sacrosanct soul; for infinite more births of yours yet to unveil,

To every blazingly patriotic march of yours; she felt the most astronomically privileged organism on this boundless Universe; as tears of unconquerably royal pride cascaded down her beautifully effulgent cheeks,

To every inexplicably traumatic pain of yours; she altruistically abdicated her countless nights worth of sleep; unflinchingly standing by your side; even as licentiously lascivious leeches of bizarre disease pelted upon you from; every conceivable side,

To every ardently insatiable desire of yours; she bowed down in gloriously timid acquiescence; indefatigably searching even the most diminutive cranny of this earth; to procure you all eternally unassailable bliss,

To every inquisitively blank stare of yours; she boisterously reverberated like a magically placating fairy; magnanimously bestowing every plausibly fascinating answer in your frantically outstretched and restless lap,

To every mellifluously enchanting expression of yours; she swirled in unprecedented euphoria under the poignantly dancing clouds; stupendously replenishing each of her divine senses with your wave of endlessly sparkling jubilation,

To every astoundingly emollient accomplishment of yours; she scintillating applauded till beyond the realms of infinite infinity; uninhibitedly proclaiming your commemoration; to every entity that she encountered on this limitless globe,

To every ephemerally fugitive whisper of yours; she relentlessly groped even in the meadows of the most horrifically ghastly nothingness; to try and decipher the true meaning of your insipidly infidel prattling,

To every garrulously emaciated gnarl of yours; she magnificently embellished your satanically slaving palette; with the most fabulously redolent fruits of nature's ingratiatingly panoramic creation,

To every euphorically untamed cry of yours; she liberated her sagacious persona of even the most lambastingly deleterious of tensions; tumultuously overjoyed at your blessedly momentous exultation,

To every immaculately impetuous stubbornness of yours; she gorgeously empathized with you like the Omnipotent Lord; bounteously fructifying your agonizingly wandering soul; till the last droplet of her blood flowed and shimmered into shine,

To every artistic eclecticism of yours; she beamed more celestially than Omnipresent sunshine; transpiring you to exuberantly surge forward; even as the ruthlessly conventional society outside murderously asphyxiated her of her final breath,

To every remorsefully unfinished dream of yours; she flew you on her wings of insuperably regale companionship; making you feel the most pricelessly endowed and surreally mesmerizing entity ever alive,

To every ebulliently vivacious word of yours; she implacably clapped till scarlet blood froze in her philanthropic veins; being a resplendently quintessential element of your enthusiasm in life; even as insane lunatics outside bawdily slandered at her charming graciousness,

To every disastrously financial crisis of yours; she handsomely emptied all wealth on this cosmos in your wailing palms; at times tawdrily trading her flesh to lecherously venomous thorns; in order to witness tinkling laughter on your face again,

To every insidiously inevitable betrayal of yours; she immortally inundated each beat of your gruesomely livid dereliction; with all the love that she could ever have assimilated; in this life and beyond,

And even as the uncouthly prejudiced world outside failed to recognize you even in the most brilliantly dazzling of sunlight; her Omniscient palms protected the most mercurial shades of your life from beneath her veritable grave; even before you could incongruously mumble mother.

31. GOD'S MOST PRECIOUS CREATION

I didn't know who was his mother; the irrefutably sacrosanct womb which had evolved his impeccable contours,

I didn't know who was his father; the revered principles of which; circulated faster than white lightning in his tender veins,

I didn't know what was his name; the initials he incoherently embossed with his immaculately sweet little fingers,

I didn't know what was his birthplace; the color of the cradle that must have witnessed his overwhelmingly surreal mischief,

I didn't know what religion he belonged to; the inexplicable conglomerate of scriptures that were chanted on him; when he was just born,

I didn't know the exact date of his cherished birth; the exact second when even the God's in the Universe must have inevitably stooped down to witness his Omnipotent grace,

I didn't know the words which he might have uttered just a minute ago; the rhapsodically innocent voice which must have incredulously enlightened the pallid atmosphere,

I didn't know what were his likes and dislikes; the games he adored the most; the delicacies he delectably nibbled with his freshly protruding jaws,

I didn't know what was his shoe size; the fabulously spongy rubber which tickled him voraciously on his diminutive feet,

I didn't know what were the fantasies circulating through his vulnerable mind; the dream floating ebulliently in his inconspicuously beautiful brain cells,

I didn't know who was his sister; the tiny angel who incessantly frolicked with him in the corridors of unsuspectingly playful fantasy,

I didn't know why was he crying indefatigably; the things that mattered the most to his mesmerizing heart,

I didn't know the identity of his naughty friends; the robust chinned tiny stalwarts with whom he spent countless hours every single day,

I didn't know the marks on his flesh since he emitted out his first cry; the spots which bestowed him with astronomical good luck in every unfurling aspect of life,

I didn't know the school he went too; the clay which he fondled with in his magical palms; to chisel the most alluring shapes ever conceivable on this planet,

I didn't know the hours which he went off to sleep everyday; deluging the ambience with baby snores; which were infact larger than the chapter called life,

I didn't know the amount of milk he consumed; the fraternity of taste besieging his daintily darling tongue,

I didn't know what was the dwelling he inhabited; the celestial paths he transgressed; as he bounced uninhibitedly under the flaming Sun,

I didn't know what was his destiny; the uncanny map of lines embedded on his mystically immortal palms,

And although I didn't know anything about him; I still could sacrifice my life for him and infinite more of his kind this very instant; as he was Gods most precious creation; would always be loved for centuries unprecedented as a little child.

32. HAVING FUN

When the clouds in the cosmos wanted to have some fun; they clashed playfully against each other; fomenting heavenly droplets of liquid to tumble down in rhapsodic frenzy,

When the waves in the undulating ocean wanted to have some fun; they rose and fell merrily with the exuberant breeze; culminating into a festoon of magnificently sparkling froth as they dissipated on the silver sands,

When the battalion of boisterous frogs wanted to have some fun; they bounced and frisked ebulliently after midnight; inundating the perpetually still atmosphere with their brazenly croaking voice,

When the solitary palms wanted to have some fun; they embedded themselves to unprecedented limits beneath majestic soil; thunderously clapped thereafter; to sprinkle the granules in unanimous tandem,

When the fleet of fountain pens wanted to have some fun; they sketched overwhelmingly funny contours of their masters; emptying the blotted ink wholesomely on his tyrannically wretched face,

When the bells in the dilapidated castle wanted to have some fun; they commenced to nostalgically reverberate; drowning in sheer ecstasy of the euphorically tinkling sound,

When the bland glasses of water wanted to have some fun; they deliberately stumbled when offered to the unsuspecting visitor; drenching him disdainfully from head to toe with their clammy caress,

When the sonorously serious eyelids wanted to have some fun; they winked incessantly at passerby's; making them the inevitable darling of every flirtatious heart,

When the army of mischievous red ants wanted to have some fun; they surreptitiously clambered up the mammoth elephant's trunk; evoking him to thereby collapse helplessly towards pathetically cold ground,

When the morbidly aloof spider wanted to have some fun; it indefatigably ran up and down the periphery of its web; eventually deciding to perch on the honey coated biscuit placed by the luxuriously plush bedside,

When the conglomerate of lifelessly sprawled rubber bands wanted to have some fun; they stretched themselves to the most unfathomable limits; then contracted like a bullet in the robustly soft palms,

When the telephone wanted to have some fun; it pertinently rang in wee hours of the night; wrecking the spuriously rich politician from the realms of perennial sleep,

When the scorched tongue wanted to have some fun; it rampantly blurted out a string of baseless terminologies; kept chanting a baseless volley of expletives; even as the insurmountably corrupt business tycoon beside bathed in an ocean of exasperated sweat,

When the hideously gleaming razor wanted to have some fun; it ruthlessly scraped across the sergeant's moustache when he was in deep sleep; rendering him with only minuscule bits of his most treasured possession; as he awoke to the first unfurling of the morning light,

When the obdurate cricket balls wanted to have some fun; it horrendously hurled itself towards the dacoit's window; jerking him as well as the police from the corridors of divinely relaxation,

When the hordes of timid mice wanted to have some fun; they indiscriminately nibbled through colossal bundles of currency notes; stripping the sanctimoniously nefarious minister of his evil wealth and non-existent charm,

When the coalition of rambunctiously chirping birds wanted to have some fun; they emptied their unsurpassably stuffed morning bowels; on the diabolical terrorist's breakfast plate,

When the toweringly gargantuan grandfather clock wanted to have some fun; it slipped back by a complete hour; smiled a trifle as the preposterously busy city was engulfed with a chaotic frenzy; with sane individuals running towards office in a jiffy; without a garment on their body,

And when I wanted to have some fun; all I did was to inadvertently stumble into the lap of my mother; peck on her cheeks; tie up her hair into boundless knots; then snore celestially in her palms shrugging all concerns of the mercenary world; once again embracing impeccable childhood; once again embracing those enchantingly cherished moments when I was a little child.

33. RIGHTFULLY YOURS

It was my luxury car; which I had purchased out of my own hard earned money; my countless hours of unrelenting perspiration,

It was my dungeon of glittering gold; which I had assimilated after marathon years of acrid perseverance and unending strife,

It was my palatial dwelling; which I had articulately constructed; splashing a slurry of water and soft cement with my very own hands,

It was my profusely embellished watch; which I had bought from the exotic showrooms of France; while philandering exuberantly through the intricate lanes of the intriguingly jeweled city,

It was my adorably immaculate shirt; which I had mended infinite times; so that it enveloped my skin delectably to designer perfection and charismatic grace,

It was my supremely handsome toy; which I had kept on my bedroom window; to amuse myself to unprecedented limits as I woke up from blissful sleep; with a jolt every dawn,

It was my tantalizingly alluring perfume; which I had extricated tenaciously from the roots of the ravishingly foliated rose tree,

It was my fantasy; which I perceived relentlessly day in and day out; without the slightest of respite; basking in the aisles of unfathomable desire and incomprehensible passion,

It was my tawny cat intensely embodied with silken fur; which I cuddled flirtatiously; before sleep and to thunderously spice my every night,

It was my scintillating diamond ring; which I intransigently admired for hours immemorial; sitting tranquilly beneath the enchanting beams of celestial moonshine,

It was my barrel of exorbitantly expensive rum; which I seductively sipped; to slip into a world of unsurpassable fantasy; miles away from the tyranny of this acrimonious world in the swirl of its voluptuously intoxicating charm,

It was my wardrobe of exquisitely glimmering pearls; inundating my eyes with fabulous light; when the world outside had started getting stringently appalling and hazily dim,

It was my impeccable handkerchief culminating into boundless knots; bearing the insignia of towering luminaries from all round the colossal globe,

It was my gargantuan assemblage of land; harboring a fathomless ensemble of delectable fruit and salubrious vegetable on its marvelously fecund foundations,

It was my emerald studded fountain pen; assisting me prolifically in my endeavor to write infinite lines of spell binding and wholesomely enthralling literature,

It was my consortium of contemporary factories; which manufactured and evolved the most intricate and dainty objects ever sighted on the surface of this vast planet,

It was my oligarchic ivory cigar; catapulting me vivaciously into the realms of seventh heaven; the instant I inhaled the most minuscule of its addictively titillating smoke,

It was my overwhelming inspiration and fortified tenacity; that saw me sail through the most acerbically Herculean task,

It was my resplendently silver cap which pompously augmented my inconspicuous demeanor; enticed the most seductive of damsels to come at whisker lengths from my shivering body,

It was my ostentatiously bulging tablet of luxury soap that produced the most captivating of scented froth; sent me into fits of tumultuous delight the moments I meekly caressed it on my dead skin,

And it was my perspiration; my efforts; my prudent sagaciousness; my inherent charm; my prolific prowess to .; but let me tell you O! revered Mother; this impoverished life of mine was given to me by you divinely grace; was rightfully yours for many more births yet to come.

34. O! HEAVENLY MOTHER

The battalion of servants in vicinity loved you for your chivalrous tendencies; the benevolent disposition of your heart to cater to them with an egalitarian smile,

The dog wandering on the lawns loved you for giving him a juicy bone; overwhelmingly placating his famished gluttony for the hungry day to yet unveil,

The fleet of boisterous sparrows perched on the barren rooftops loved you for deluging their bowl with sparkling globules of water; delectably pacifying their thirst in the peak of acrimoniously sweltering summer,

The Man at the grocery store loved you for your benign mannerisms; the compassionately warm thanks you uttered; as you accomplished your every purchase,

The toddler crawling innocuously on the ground loved you for your intimate softness; the vivacious innocence with which you hoisted them high and handsome towards the misty sky,

The cat sitting on the fence loved you for the ravishingly frosty milk you fed it every dawn; irrefutably ensuring that it kept smacking its rubicund tongue for countless hours thereafter,

The widow residing next door loved you for your uninhibited support; the

stupendous empathy with which you made her inexplicable tears a part of your own persevering life,

The ground through which you transgressed all day and night loved you for your voluptuously satiny caress; the unbelievably astronomical care you took to avoid the ruthless trampling of its soft granules,

The beggars trembling uncontrollably on the streets loved you for your profound sympathy; the profusely philanthropic attitude you displayed while feeding them with precious meals of bread and brime,

The succulent bunch of scarlet cherries loved you for embellishing them like a royal prince; placing them majestically on the icing of the valentine cake,

The orphans on the streets loved you for providing them with a place to rest; invincibly harboring them with loads of comforting warmth in the realms of the perilously treacherous night,

The paintbrush lying still on the mantelpiece loved you for sketching mesmerizing lines of the landscape; imparting new life to the fathomlessly barren and dull sheets of dolorously dilapidated canvas,

The festoon of garish clothes stashed in the wardrobe loved you for meticulously ironing them; washing them scrupulously in an ocean of enchantingly bubbly foam,

The clouds floating in the cosmos loved you for admiring them till eternity; drowning yourself completely into the tantalizing blanket of their unparalleled glory,

The vibrantly gaudy butterflies fluttering in free space loved you for your youthful leap; the astoundingly incredulous way in which you rejoiced with them in the aisles of rampant fun and ecstatic frolic,

The freshly born infant loved you for your mischievous smile; the peck you gave it on its robust cheeks; fomenting it inevitably to euphorically bounce forward with newly discovered life,

The irascibly pertinent rat loved you for your unsurpassable pity; the incomprehensible mercy you portrayed by leaving it to gallivant like a king in the fields; after releasing it from the horrendously obnoxious mousetrap,

The Man of the house loved you for your unprecedented sense of responsibility; the incessant stream of love that kept pouring relentlessly and without the slightest of expectation from your divinely heart,

And I loved you O! Heavenly Mother for bearing me 9 months in your sacred womb; raising me up this big with perpetual longing and care; so that I could enjoy the world in its most fullest form today; coin plans to blissfully live for infinite more tomorrows.

35. WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST OF FEAR

When I sat under fulminating beams of the Sun; I felt an insatiable urge in my body to leap in untamed exhilaration and dance,

When I sat in front of the scintillating mirror; I felt like candidly analyzing even the most minuscule part of my persona,

When I sat beside the enchantingly serene riverside; I felt like nostalgically reminiscing the innocuous flurry of moments which had wholesomely enveloped my childhood,

When I sat by the profusely foliated tree; I felt like bouncing up and down like the vivacious squirrels; wistfully awaiting for the succulent fruits to harmoniously pour down; on my famished belly,

When I sat under the conglomerate of voluptuously exotic clouds; I felt like wandering with the heavenly fairies; fantasizing my mind to the most unprecedented limits,

When I sat eye to eye with the hideously ominous snake; I felt the adrenaline building inevitably in my bowels; a horrendously ghastly sensation encapsulating the whole of my body to puke out my morning breakfast,

When I sat on the stern of the grandiloquent ship; I felt younger than a wailing child; with the exuberant waves of the ocean; impregnating Herculean loads of rejuvenating energy in my dreary bones,

When I sat on a blanket of chilly snow; I felt numbing arrows of death stabbing me from all sides; the scarlet blood running robustly through my veins; freezing into rosy ice-cream,

When I sat on the panthers back; I felt for a moment to be the king of the

jungle; although I had my heart in my bootlaces after a while had elapsed; and the beast snarled ferociously to its hearts content,

When I sat abreast a hive of swarming bees; I fantastically felt the cocoons of golden honey sandwiched handsomely in the pockets; however was soon transported several feet beneath my coffin; as the Queen maiden kissed me nimbly on my nose,

When I sat near the dolorously morbid grave; I felt tears of inexplicable agony well up my eyes; an uncanny wave of fear slowly engulf my blissful soul,

When I sat on a battalion of menacing crocodiles; I felt overwhelmingly excruciating pangs of pain; as the monsters ripped me apart till the last bone down my spine,

When I sat on the century old vacant throne; I felt like a majestically embellished royal prince; having been given the supreme reigns in my hands; to rule the township once again,

When I sat amidst an army of pot-bellied tortoise; I felt whirlpools of laziness circumvent my demeanor; an inexorably urge in my body to sleep in contentment till times immemorial,

When I sat on the splendidly striped dolphins; I felt like swirling in full fervor of boisterous life; rolling my visage in tumultuous frenzy with the splashing water,

When I sat on an island coated with disdainfully slimy oil; I felt like slipping indefatigably towards treacherous nothingness; with my grip on planet earth slackening miserably as each second unveiled,

When I sat on the summit of the astronomically towering mountain; I felt the entire world was a box of insipid matchsticks; drank air into my lungs like a man inhaling his last breath,

When I sat at whisker lengths from my beloved; I felt infernos of invincible passion entrench my countenance; an irrefutable longing in my lips to caress her rubicund cheeks,

When I sat in front of the Creator's idol; I felt blessed in every single respect of existing life; emerged victorious from behind my vicious cloudburst of gloom; to spread the true essence of happiness,

While it was only when I sat close to my mother; that I felt I was the strongest man on this earth; divulging to her whatever circulated in the inner most compartments of my heart; and it was here that my world came to an abrupt end; and it was here that I discovered my true identity; and it was here that I slept immortally without the slightest of fear.

36. I LONGED FOR THOSE MOMENTS

I longed for those moments when I was wading exuberantly in the sea; with the sun dazzling a full blossom on my animatedly rubicund skin,

I longed for those moments when I was in the heart of perpetually blissful sleep; with the stars glimmering enchantingly on my closed eyelids,

I longed for those moments when I was profoundly engrossed playing with my friends in the verdant fields; entirely oblivious to the monotonous vagaries of disillusioning routine life,

I longed for those moments when I was when I was nibbling cheese ravenously perched on my mothers lap; transiting into a divinely reverie; with her sacred palms rubbing their mesmerizing magic on my forehead,

I longed for those moments when I teased and mischievously philandered with my sister; uninhibitedly blurting out to her whatever I liked and abhorred the most; in the quota of my short life,

I longed for those moments when I was gazing at the enigmatic newness of the freshly extruding grass blades; profusely tingling the blanket of golden dewdrops; with the big toe of my feet,

I longed for those moments when I was insurmountably lost in the corridors of magnificently enchanting fantasy; the stillness of the placid evening overpowering my senses,

I longed for those moments when I sat for unrelenting hours under the blazing Sun; lazing in incomprehensible agony and fun,

I longed for those moments; when I gallivanted through the perennially dense forests; profoundly admiring the majestic spider weaving its mystical web,

I longed for those moments; when I voraciously sketched the fiercely passionate outlines of the fading Sun; absorbing its kingly beams in entirety with the whites

of my eye,

I longed for those moments; when I dug uninhibitedly through rain kissed soil; splashed a slurry of ecstatic mud all around in ebullient euphoria,

I longed for those moments; when I was fooling my stringently stern father; browsing through a myriad of fairy tales; the comic surreptitiously encapsulated within my history textbook,

I longed for those moments; when I was fabulously intrigued by the crimson colored festoon of clouds; watched the streaks of silver lightening tumble in a tantalizing flurry from the sky,

I longed for those moments; when I was feeding the protuberant crested pigeons with heavenly crusts of morning bread; chasing them as they embarked on the adventurous expedition towards the sky,

I longed for those moments; when I spent countless nights on the trot envisaging my beloved's gorgeous countenance; ardently awaiting to feel her seductive breath,

I longed for those moments; when I was caught red handed for pilfering through the labyrinth of robust apples; and the farmer gave me an amicable peck on my cheek for my mischievous attribute,

I longed for those moments; when I sang any tune that swirled turbulently in my heart; darted as the most pampered child through every nook and cranny of the palatial house,

I longed for those moments; when I was immaculately sucking my thumb; wholesomely unaware of the diabolical bloodshed; which went on indiscriminately on every trajectory of this vast planet,

And I insatiably longed for those moments when I was an impeccable child; rambunctiously bouncing in the arms of my mother; without the slightest blemish or malicious trace of the world outside; completely bereft of this battlefield of lechery and incorrigible lies; which unfortunately I as an adult today was entirely engulfed with.

37. IT WAS A FEMALE'S OMNIPOTENT WOMB

You might brutally condemn her all day and treacherous night; disdainfully

dismissing as the staggeringly weaker sex of this mystically gargantuan planet,

You might not allow her egalitarian opportunities in the fantastically contemporary world; saying that she was a lividly lousy misfit; to be working amongst machismo men,

You might bawdily stare at every of her kind; with the diabolically lunatic hunger in your eyes; at times disastrously tainting her impeccably sacred identity,

You might hedonistically lambaste her since the very first cry of her beautiful birth; unrelentingly cursing your destiny; for not giving you the crusader to continue the name of your tribe,

You might truculently gouge her mesmerizing eyes; on the spurious pretext of adding more optimism in your life; while it was hardly an issue that she forlornly groped in the blind,

You might lecherously proclaim every iota of her pristine skin as profanely adulterated to the planet outside; just so that she could inexorably slave for none other; than your unsavory stride,

You might intransigently abuse her as devastatingly illiterate; not construing the principles of management on this earth; as she swished her voluptuous hair under the profoundly blazing Morning Sun,

You might indiscriminately massacre her enchanting skull; on the feckless pretext that it had no brain; and would serve better when used as preposterous gibberish for the foolhardy pigs,

You might feed her just a single glass of parsimonious gutter water in the entire day; baselessly defending your theory that the male of the house; should extract every iota of nutrition to work; instead,

You might pay a deaf ear to her traumatized wails in her times of uncompromising duress; dismissing her to be entirely inconsequential and a piece of frigid shit; when compared to your swanky office interiors and computer files,

You might incarcerate her in fetid chains within the dustbins of your house; ruthlessly trading her flesh for a stupid wad of currency notes; that you could splurge on your champagne's and designer perfumes; instead,

You might morbidly silence her with your mordantly ferocious voice; saying that her rhythmically soft whispers were like dead rat squeals; in front of your dynamically blazing countenance,

You might grotesquely mimic her priceless sensitivity; having an untamed guffaw soon thereafter; with your senseless compatriots on the politicians desk,

You might torturously use her as only a silken ornament for your every night; disposing her into oceans of avenging acid with nonchalant phlegmatism; as the first beams of Sun crept up in the sky,

You might wholeheartedly ridicule her bountiful compassion for humanity; the unsurpassable entrenchment of effeminate sensuousness that she left; on every trail that she haplessly wandered,

You might consider her vividly heavenly form to be an unsolicited burden on the trajectory of this globe; menacingly envisaging to use her live bones; embedded in the foundations of your sinister corporate office; instead,

You might perpetually grant her the status of a maid-servant in your opulent castle; proudly telling the world as to how faithfully she licked that extra iota of grime on your boots; so that you always shimmered like a prince; every unfurling minute of the day,

You might salaciously close even the most diminutive element of her breath; thrusting your 10 ton form directly on her immaculate face; just because the ground beside you had no grass to sit,

You might ludicrously betray her of every shade of love in her impoverished life; tyrannically torching her divinely chest; just because the beats of her heart proved a trifle too loud for your nocturnal slumber,

And do you want O! Devilish Man; demonstrate your cannibalistically chauvinistic manpower to every single female on earth if you so choose; but remember that you in the first place weren't born from invisible air;

It was female's Omnipotent womb that bore you; it was a female's Omnipotent womb that harnessed your every breath; it was a female's Omnipotent womb that selflessly gave all its blood to evolve your fantastic brain; in fact it was that very female's Omnipotent womb; which gave you the power to desire; create; and what you sinfully wanted to devastate; today.

38. IN MY CHILD'S IMMORTAL EYES

My entire life I kept frantically searching for it; at times in the most majestic of castles; while at times in the steps of that led to the freshly constructed temple of simplistically pink stone,

My entire life I kept desperately searching for it; at times in tempestuously jostling streets; while at times in the winds of perpetually tranquil and nondescript silence,

My entire life I kept disorientedly searching for it; at times in vibrantly soaring kites of fathomless sky; while at times in every terrestrial flock of sheep that nimbly wandered through the valley,

My entire life I kept unrelentingly searching for it; at times in patriotically blazing battlefields of unflinching bravery; while at times in every ethereal butterfly that fluttered past my unkempt kitchen window,

My entire life I kept disconsolately searching for it; at times in the enigmatically intrepid forests; while at times in orphaned ponds of rapaciously seductive rain water,

My entire life I kept indefatigably searching for it; at times in the rhapsodically ebullient entrenchment of clouds; while at times in the brilliantly scintillating epitome of the indomitably towering mountains,

My entire life I kept tirelessly searching for it; at times in the profoundly resplendent stars; while at times in the profusely honey embellished crevices; of the rambunctiously frolicking hive,

My entire life I kept intransigently searching for it; at times in vapidly ramshackle hillocks of sordid clay; while at times in the effusively explicit reflection that emanated from the sheet of pellucid mirror,

My entire life I kept irrevocably searching for it; at times in playgrounds of humble innocuousness; while at times in the stonily inane blackness of the frigid winter night,

My entire life I kept hopelessly searching for it; at times in fathomless open spaces of crass nothingness; while at times in celestially tantalizing fairies having just descended from the cosmos,

My entire life I kept disgruntlingly searching for it; at times in regally tangy waters of the undulating ocean; while at times in vivaciously evanescent rainbows that brazenly swept across the horizons,

My entire life I kept limitlessly searching for it; at times in the ingeniously proliferating chapters of venerated earth; while at times in the transiently exotic fragrance of the fascinatingly seasonal rose,

My entire life I kept indiscriminately searching for it; at times in the blissfully untainted waters of the pristine Ganges; while at times in the uncanny stillness as crimson dusk transcended all in conceivable vicinity,

My entire life I kept restlessly searching for it; at times in the most contemporarily vivid of paraphernalia; while at times in the fantastically iridescent dew-drops lazily kissing lush green ground,

My entire life I kept timelessly searching for it; at times in meadows of propitious virility; while at times in the unitedly heavenly cluster of symbiotic mankind,

My entire life I kept frenetically searching for it; at times in uninhibitedly untamed wilderness; while at times in the most exquisitely garnished of freshly wedded brides,

My entire life I kept irretrievably searching for it; at times in unendingly silken fantasies; while at times in the fabric of the impeccably unblemished and ingratiating Moon,

My entire life I kept agonizingly searching for it; at times in mythically reverberating monasteries; while at times in the unequivocally cascading leaves of jubilantly burgeoning and magical autumn,

My entire life I kept unstoppably searching for it; at times in the paradise of incomprehensibly ardent desire; while at times in the most unfathomably emollient laps of priceless luxury,

Nonchalantly wasting countless precious hours of mine; eventually tasting the lackadaisically ghoulish corpses of defeat and maudlin disparity; for if at all I was going to find any trace of Godly truth on this Universe today; then it wasn't going to be in opulent statutes of gold and silver; neither could the so called unconquerable politicians ever dream of harboring it even in the most ephemeral reflections of their hides,

For if there was indeed God on earth today; if there was indeed the spearhead of invincible truth left brilliantly radiating on this incarcerated planet today; then it wasn't in Mother Nature which man had so mercilessly adulterated; but was infact in those mischievously darting shoulders just at whisker lengths from my body; in my newly born child's immortal eyes.

39. A TRIBUTE TO MY GRANDPARENTS

There was a time when we frivolously hid behind the rocks; gallivanted on golden sands of the beach trying to catch each other,
While at the present moment we were sitting beside the fireplace; snuggling our hands deep inside the blanket.

There was a time when we experimented with umpteenth items of food in a single day; gulping each meal with gallons of inebriating beer,
While at the present moment we commenced each morning with a plethora of vitamins; relied on crushed fruit juices for nocturnal supper.

There was a time we spent marathon hours in the sweltering day clambering steep rocks; with our feet bereft of solid footwear,
While at the present moment we thoroughly leaned on our walking sticks for aplomb; were quite content to remain confined to the cozy interiors of our obsolete bedroom.

There was a time when we used to pummel each other in the ribs; violently pluck each other's hair in intense indignation,
While at the present moment we hugged each other tightly at the slightest sign of thunder; shivered uncontrollably at hearing the word 'crime'.

There was a time when we bathed under gushing white water streams; flinging our clothes at the tiniest insinuation of rain,
While at the present moment we anxiously waited for supply of fresh water; scrupulously switching on the geyser the night before we took a bath.

There was a time when we incessantly laughed; remained in boisterous spirits even during unearthly hours of dawn,
While at the present moment we appeared as taciturn as meditating saints; nostalgically reminiscing the events and days of our life.

There was a time when we used to wear a host of gaudy clothes; swirling uninhibitedly in the aisles of bombastic glamour, flaunting our fair skin as we

transgressed the streets,
While at the present moment we were clad heavily in bulky coats and scarves;
trying to save our flesh from the most diminutive draught of cold.

There was a time when we didn't write addresses and phone numbers; priding
ourselves in possessing the stupendous ability of remembering them,
While at the present moment we made sure we jotted down the most
inconspicuous of detail; the most minuscule of information; so that we didn't
forget it the very next minute.

There was a time we could sight invisible lettering at far distances; without using
any of the visual contrivances,
While at the present moment we found our eyes camouflaged behind abysmally
thick glasses; and had to profusely screw our eyes in order to sight even the
most magnified of images.

There was a time when we could snap obdurate sticks of sugarcane into two;
with the mere caress of our formidable teeth,
While at the present moment we wore a pair of disdainful braces; thriving on
boiled extracts of spongy rice.

There was a time when we deliberately put the decibel level of the music system
to its highest; gyrating passionately under the shimmering moon,
While at the present moment we talked in inaudible whispers; shirking as far as
possible from sources of obstreperous sound.

There was a time when we were entirely dependent on our parents; reverted to
them in times of utter distress and tribulation,
While at the present moment we had grandchildren of our own; a battalion of
siblings we had procreated in this vast world.

There was a time when we had just tied the matrimonial thread; with fantasies of
unrelenting romance revolving turbulently through our minds,
While at the present moment we lay extremely old and shriveled; waiting to
abdicate breath and blend our souls with the Creator.

40. THE PERFECT HOUSEWIFE

She knew precisely when her baby would sweat; the things that perturbed him
the most,
While he was profoundly oblivious to his surroundings; diligently mulling over the
sheets of mundane office papers strewn haphazardly on his desk.

She tossed her baby high in the air; scrupulously catching him in her arms;
cuddling it with her perennial warmth,
While the moment he caressed it with his barbaric palms; it started to
obstreperously cry.

She pinched her baby dexterously on umpteenth regions of his flesh; prompting
him to inevitably smile,
While he guffawed on the phone with his business partner; made the child
tremble by the impact of his hoarse voice.

She ran waywardly in the spongy grass; trying to chase her baby; instigating him
to utilize his tiny feet,
While he admonished the toddler stringently; rebuking him for partially
dismantling the furniture.

She bathed her baby in a concoction of soft soap and tones of soapy froth;
afterwards allowing him to randomly roll in the wet mud,
While he stared unrelentingly at the computer with open mouthed consternation;

slapped the toddler when he noticed the disdainful blemishes that it had left on
the immaculate floor.

She incessantly kept her child in her arms for indefatigable hours until it slept;
chanting a blend of fairy tale and music to pacify its mind,
While he snatched him savagely from her hands; shoving him roughly in his
cradle;
ordered her to get ready for the ostentatious party.

She bought her baby a battalion of innovative toys; amusing him by ringing
jingling bells in his intricate ear,
While he yelled at her for wasting exorbitant amounts investing in the plastic;
slammed the door behind her back and retired to sleep.

She devoted marathon hours in the day; endeavoring to teach her baby to
coherently speak and write,
While he castigated her; locked the child in a room; complaining that she didn't
pay attention to his overwhelming tiredness.

She couldn't bear the tyranny of staying even a minute away from her child;
keeping him in close proximity 24 hours unleashing in the entire day,
While he would go on tours for fortnights on the trot; many a times forgetting

that he had procreated his sibling.

She had earned no money for herself; neither was she ambitious for surreal fame; her proudest possession being her innocuous toddler,
Was tenaciously involved in maintaining the plethora of tasks circumventing her household; refraining entirely to confront the monotonous world,

Yet being penurious; she proclaimed herself to be the richest in this world; as she was the perfect mother; what we could define in common parlance as the perfect housewife.

41. THE BEST RIDE

When I took a ride in the aircraft flying at unprecedented heights; I initially felt besieged by waves of tumultuous exhilaration,
I was immensely enjoying my expedition; when suddenly the plane nose-dived towards the ground; and I found myself pulverized to splinters; along with the plush upholstery.

When I took a ride in the submarine transgressing through fathomless depths of seawater; there was an overwhelming feeling of conquering the aquatic world; that circumvented my persona,
However after a while I felt uneasy envisaging the exorbitant rates that I had paid for the journey; also a trifle harried at witnessing minuscule droplets of water leaking through its body

When I took a ride in the swanky car; dictating a volley of orders to the meticulously dressed chauffeur; I felt like an uncrowned king,
Although infinite strands of hair stood up in poignant alacrity; a river of sweat descended down my cheek; when he acrimoniously retorted back compressing the accelerator to full angularity; and the automobile sky rocketed into the menacing rocks.

When I took a ride on a donkey; the innocuous creature unflinchingly compromised to my bulky weight,
But my felicity wasn't to last for long; as after a while it violently tossed me high in the air; eventually toppling me on the ground to make me lick disdainful mud from my face.

When I took a ride in the city bus; I felt insurmountably secure while at the same time paying inconspicuous rates for the travel,
However after a few minutes the atmosphere became thoroughly claustrophobic;

and there was an incessant pandemonium of unruly voices drifting in my ears.

When I took a ride sitting on the mammoth elephant; profoundly admiring the panoramic view that unleashed itself while trespassing through the dense forests; I felt stabbed by an ocean of wild rhapsody,
Although after a while when the beast got exhausted; it petulantly sprayed a fountain of water on my face; hoisting the same from the monsoon river.

When I took a ride on a primordial bicycle; in the beginning I felt spurts of robust enthusiasm rise high in my blood,
However after unrelentingly pedaling in the sun; my feet got immensely dreary and I collapsed in a bedraggled heap on the earth.

When I took a ride in the gigantic and revolving Ferris wheel; I perceived the entire world as a dancing fairy,
Although as time elapsed my head started to inevitably feel heavy; my eyes looked supremely bleary; and there were irascible sensations to puke out what I had just eaten for supper.

When I took a ride on the preposterously huge whale; clinging tightly to its magnificent back; I felt stupendous freshness of the ocean winds inundate my nostrils,
I also conceived of being in paradise; with the terrestrial planet being several miles from my sight; however my ecstasy was short lived as the fish got ravenous after a few moments and devoured me like a mosquito.

And I have now no inhibitions in divulging that the best ride; I ever had in my life was when I was a unscrupulous child tightly straddled to the back of my mother, Relishing the perennial warmth of her effeminate scent; the stringent admonitions she gave me for not consuming my morning milk; and the magical caress of her hands through thin wisps of newly formed hair

42. FATHER

Ominous clouds in the cosmos had forgotten to shower droplets of transparent rain,

Colossal deserts refrained from forming whirlpools of sand; with the blowing wind,

Swirling waters of the boundless ocean; didn't culminate into escalating waves,

Bedsheets of white snow on the mountain slopes; incorrigibly refused to melt,

Scores of boisterous birds nestled on towering treetops; shut their beaks tight even as the lion came,

Incongruous stones didn't produce the slightest of noise; when they collided with obdurate earth,

Gargantuan reptiles wandering through meadows of tranquil grass; refrained from devouring succulent prey,

Unruly dogs on the street; didn't erupt into volleys of hoarse barking,

Blossoming lotus in the pond; didn't show signs of shriveling at the onset of evanescent dusk,

Battalions of venomous mosquitoes; seemed to have temporarily lost their acrimonious sting,

Fountains of blistering lava; circulated blissfully within the crevices of earth instead of fulminating,

Waterfalls of crystal foam froze midway down the slopes; with their thunderous gurgling now transformed into stony silence,

Dense foliage of tree leaves refused to rustle; with mighty draughts of afternoon wind,

Opalescent butterflies in the garden; ceased to vivaciously flutter,

Silver crested dolphins in the pool; refrained to acrobatically somersault high towards the ceiling,

Mischievous monkeys didn't swing between trees; entwined their long tails placidly amidst the branches,

Long legged spiders refused to traverse across their periphery of intricately suspended silver cobwebs,

Time seemed to have stopped momentarily; with every second unwinding refraining to unleash into a minute further,

The entity of omnipotent God loomed large in my palms; now submerging my impoverished persona into waves of supreme exultation,

It was no miracle folks; I was overwhelmingly proud to declare that I had become a father; even as the first wails of my newly born child blended with the atmosphere.

43. LEARN TO ALTRUISTICALLY SACRIFICE

Compassion; I can understand was extremely indispensable; so that it always felt the most invincible organism alive; so that it remained close to your befriending chest; in the midst of this treacherously pulverizing planet,

Laughter; I can understand was unassailably indispensable; so that it never ever stagnated in the coffins of despicable solitariness; so that it perennially felt that life was an unconquerably cheerful flower; blossoming in your arms,

Literacy; I can understand was peerlessly indispensable; so that it was articulately well versed with the pro's and con's of inexplicable existence; so that it could walk shoulder to shoulder with tomorrows contemporarily eclectic society,

Food; I can understand was victoriously indispensable; so that it's veins indefatigably evolved into fresh blood; so that its tiny buds of arms and legs; spawned into handsome pillars of unflinching solidarity; one fine day,

Schooling; I can understand was ubiquitously indispensable; so that it triumphantly broke shackles of rustically bohemian homeliness; so that it slowly and painstakingly learnt the norms of a well-mannered and cultured civilization,

Music; I can understand was eternally indispensable; so that it rejoiced forever to the tunes of divinely mother nature; so that its inevitably frazzled brain remained timelessly rejuvenated,

Play; I can understand was poignantly indispensable; so that it perpetually floated in the silken mists of innocuous mischief; so that it forever and ever and ever remained wholesomely oblivious and far away; from the politics of fetid manipulation,

Humanity; I can understand was impregnably indispensable; so that it was tirelessly apprized of the greatest religion on planet earth; so that it was interminably acquainted with its most pricelessly inimitable rudiments,

Enlightenment; I can understand was unshakably indispensable; so that it remained inspired to the most unprecedented limits even when the world seemed to abruptly end; so that it learnt to get up as quickly as it haplessly fell,

Gifts; I can understand were beautifully indispensable; so that it always felt infallibly cared for; so that it unceasingly gallivanted like the crown prince; a status it unstoppably deserved,

Concentration; I can understand was wonderfully indispensable; so that it learnt that true dedication could melt even the most uncouthly obdurate of stones; so that it inexhaustibly strived towards perfection and its ultimate philanthropic goal,

Exercise; I can understand was bounteously indispensable; so that it exuberantly utilized the nonchalantly idle limbs in its body; so that it ecstatically pumped in fresh blood and breath into its majestic form,

Revision; I can understand was indisputably indispensable; so that it never forgot the quintessential aspects of life; so that it holistically adhered to the most sagaciously effulgent principles of existence,

Adventure; I can understand was jubilantly indispensable; so that it recharged every of its nerves with the spirit of the magnetically uncanny; so that it ebulliently crept through the inscrutably subliming treasures of mother earth,

Signature; I can understand was celestially indispensable; so that it perseveringly learnt to find its own identity; so that it embraced the winds of independence with unassailably unfettered integrity,

Sweat; I can understand was royally indispensable; so that it realized that hard work was the sole path to success; so that it forever stayed away from insidious charlatans of destiny and charts of its palmistry at birth,

Empathy; I can understand was unchallengably indispensable; so that it learnt that the greatest power on this earth was that of brotherhood; so that it learnt to commiserate with all those in intransigent trauma and pain,

Truth; I can understand was irrefutably indispensable; so that it always saw an unconquerably unprejudiced mirror of its ownself; so that it harmoniously disseminated the ideals of peace and righteousness to one and all; till its very last breath,

Love; I can understand was cardinally indispensable; so that its tiny heart was forever replete with the mantra of symbiotic unity; so that it towered above every single element of this Universe and in the flames of faithful belonging; even after an infinite deaths,

But more importantly than anything; if you wanted to give all of the above and an infinite more good in its impeccably iridescent upbringing; then if nothing else; you first and foremost have to learn to altruistically sacrifice; which is infact the other name of successfully nurturing; harnessing; and bringing up your child.

44. INTO HOW MANY PARTS WOULD YOU DIVIDE THE CHILD AFTER DIVORCE?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many insane parts would you divide your new-born child's eternal happiness; after your treacherously vindictive divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many heartless parts would you divide your new-born child's invincible freedom; after your venomously unbearable divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many ribald parts would you divide your new-born child's unsurpassable creativity; after your lethally unceremonious divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many salacious parts would you divide your new-born child's majestic destiny; after your lecherously ignominious divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many emotionless parts would you divide your new-born child's triumphant spirit; after your contemptuously debasing divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many terrorizing parts would you divide your new-born child's unbridled fantasies; after your abhorrently cadaverous divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many excruciating parts would you divide your new-born child's humanitarian blood; after your cold-bloodedly cannibalistic divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but

into how many tyrannized parts would you divide your new-born child's unconquerable artistry; after your violently besmirching divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many reproachful parts would you divide your new-born child's redolent playfulness; after your despicably devastating divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many sacrilegious parts would you divide your new-born child's impregnable mischief; after your sadistically bemoaning divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many wanton parts would you divide your new-born child's impeccable integrity; after your hedonistically carnivorous divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many ghoulish parts would you divide your new-born child's limitless fertility; after your mindlessly malicious divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many diabolical parts would you divide your new-born child's infallible innocence; after your unforgivably truculent divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many vengeful parts would you divide your new-born child's uninhibited cries; after your preposterously bigoted divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many criminal parts would you divide your new-born child's princely silkiness; after your tempestuously confounding divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many satanic parts would you divide your new-born child's tiny brain; after your barbarously ungainly divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many sadistic parts would you divide your new-born child's unlimited curiosity; after your egregiously dastardly divorce?

You might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but into how many carnivorous parts would you divide your new-born child's parental longing; after your inanely decrepit divorce?

And you might legally divide each other from the bonds of immortal marriage; but tell me; into how many goddamned parts would you divide your new-born child's immortal love; after your devilishly vituperative divorce?

45. THE SOLE AND ONLY VOICE OF MY DAUGHTER

Of course there were billions who called me a blighted coward; not attending corporate office for even one single day in my entire life; eccentrically sequestering myself from the entire Universe; to indefatigably pen priceless poetry,

Of course there were billions who called me an ugly duckling; as virtually every conceivable cranny of my skin; was perniciously maligned with an infinite pigments of murderously cannibalistic blackness,

Of course there were billions who called me obsessively delirious; for seizing upon the most ephemerally non-existent ingredients of the atmosphere; and then inexplicably pursuing the same till the aisles of infinite infinity,

Of course there were billions who called me unceremoniously bohemian; for existing so unabashedly rustically in the heart of the extraordinarily contemporary society; even after receiving the best education of my times,

Of course there were billions who called me flagrantly doomed; for so openly castigating every established norm of the turgidly conventional society; trying to defy the mortuary of robotic shrewdness; with the clouds of immortal love,

Of course there were billions who called me an absolutely dogmatic fool; for expending every bit of my hard earned wealth; to forever unite two jilted lovers horrendously separated due to differences of the currency coin,

Of course there were billions who called me pugnaciously ballistic; as I instantaneously swished the gleaming sword from my scepter; at the tiniest insinuation of danger or gratuitous invasion to my motherland,

Of course there were billions who called me fecklessly truthful loser; as I chose to tread on the path of infallible righteousness laden with a zillion acrimonious thorns; rather than easily galloping on the shortcuts to success; which so copiously inhabited planet earth today,

Of course there were billions who called me cursedly impotent; as I had my very

first child several years after marriage; and after a countless visits to every Omnipotent temple; church; monastery and mosque on this boundlessly blessed planet,

Of course there were billions who called me salaciously sinful; as I insuperably believed that perennially unshakable marriage happened the instant both hearts met; and without the tiniest of ceremony or sanctimoniously rigorous tradition,

Of course there were billions who called me bizarrely agnostic; as I didn't believe in several God's/Goddesses; but timelessly envisaged the Creator to be undefeatedly one,

Of course there were billions who called me blasphemously unforgivable; as I uninhibitedly philandered with a countless women all my life; profoundly and inevitably attracted to the unlimited fructification of the female kind,

Of course there were billions who called me cadaverously jinxed; as every tangible or intangible project that I undertook in the tenure of my impoverished life; treacherously landed me upside down into the most wretchedly penalizing of my grave,

Of course there were billions who called me deplorably impractical; as every decision of mine taken from the heart found me haplessly begging on the sordidly cold-blooded streets; whilst those with an articulately pragmatic mind; astutely raced forward in the most brilliantly opulent of Mercedes,

Of course there were billions who called me worthlessly artistic; as although I'd sketched an infinite paintings; yet they still lay despicably decaying under the most blazing of Sun; for severely indispensable want of true takers and connoisseurs,

Of course there were billions who called me inveterately feminine; as I unlimitedly desired to cuddle inside the compassionate interiors of my dwelling all night and day; tirelessly fantasizing and altruistically contenting myself to just household chores,

Of course there were billions who called me intolerably eccentric; as every single habit and action of mine led me further and further into the most ominously blackened labyrinths of reclusiveness; being so extraordinarily different from the rest of the world outside,

Of course there were billions who called me an escapist misanthrope; as I

shrugged almost every other human on this endlessly burgeoning planet; for still being a slave of commercially diabolical politics; when infact Omnipresent Universe was created; is; and shall forever remain ecstatically free,

And then there was this sole and only voice of my new born daughter amidst all this iconoclastic mayhem; inimitably calling me 'Father'; which perpetually bestowed upon me the power to unflinchingly tower over each of one of these billions; which perpetually bestowed upon me the power to outsmart each one of these billions; which perpetually bestowed upon me the power to conquer the venomous devil in each one of these billions

46. TRANSFORM ME INTO A CHILD

When I was with them; I felt as if all my tensions had waded forever into thin wisps of oblivion; profoundly enthused by their smiles,

When I was with them; I felt the most strongest entity alive; ready to plunge on into the valley of brazing adventure; with both my eyes tightly closed,

When I was with them; I felt all my unfinished longings come to a celestial rest; cuddling their marvelously innocent chin,

When I was with them; I felt as if all crime on earth had ceased; profusely blending with the Omnipotent light in their eyes,

When I was with them; I felt that there were angels wandering on every quarter of the planet; fervently captivated by the captivating enigma in their persona,

When I was with them; I felt enveloped by boundlessly enthralling colors of harmony; incredulously spell bound by the immaculate melody that drifted spontaneously from their mouths,

When I was with them; I felt as if I had washed all my sins of past life; ecstatically hoisting their eternal visages upon my shoulders,

When I was with them; I felt adorned in an ocean of mesmerizing silk; watching them rhapsodically roll and frolic in the shimmering sands,

When I was with them; I felt floating in a land of surreal enchantment; as they astoundingly rejoiced in an entrenchment of their own; far away from the world of manipulative lechery and sin,

When I was with them; I felt reborn every unfurling minute; as they blossomed into relentlessly tireless energy; exuberantly cascading into a stream of perpetual happiness,

When I was with them; I felt as if God was with me on every step I tread; insatiably lost in their rampantly innocent freedom; diffusing into a cloud of unparalleled entertainment,

When I was with them; I felt inundated with unprecedented joy; transiting back into realms of fantastically charming childhood; as they stirred the inner most chords of my heart; with the majestic harmony in their voice,

When I was with them; I felt discovering an incomprehensible battalion of excitement every instant; witnessing the everlasting newness in their souls,

When I was with them; I felt as if I belonged to the most complete family on this planet; no longer feeling that I was an impoverished again,

When I was with them; I felt all my disastrously frazzled senses replenish with the ultimate gifts of life; as they immortalized the spirit of existence with the enchantment of their hearts,

When I was with them; I felt as secure as I used too in my perished mothers lap; as they uninhibitedly embraced me; without their blood being exactly the same as mine,

When I was with them; I felt the gorgeous skies shower upon countless blessings upon mankind; as they disseminated the perennial message of Omnipresent love and peace to the most obsolete corner of this Universe,

When I was them; I felt the most irrefutably richest man alive without a penny in my ragamuffin pockets; as I held their spotlessly truthful bodies close to mine,

For these children were the best thing that could have happened to the core of vindictively fighting earth; as I ardently prayed to Almighty Lord; to once again transform me into a child.

47. MOTHER AND CHILD

Although he was pathetically diminutive; she still considered him to be the most towering entity on this fathomless planet; blessing her more than the Almighty,

Although he stammered disdainfully at every word; she still considered him to be the greatest singer ever born; with his stupendous melody invincibly enriching her devastated senses,

Although he was as black as horrendously charred charcoal; she still considered him to be more scintillating; than the ferociously flamboyant Sun; deluging her moments of despairing blackness with optimistic hope,

Although he horrifically muddled every word he wrote; she still considered him to be an overwhelmingly passionate poet; flooding every aspect of her impoverished life with unprecedented happiness,

Although he fought cats and dogs with his neighboring comrades; she still considered him to be an apostle of peace; a messiah enlightening each path of her dwindling life,

Although he stood bizarrely last in the entire class; she still considered him to be the most intelligent organism on this Universe; unrelentingly pampering even the most minuscule of his desire; with the profound compassion in her soul,

Although he always stumbled ludicrously towards the ground even on his formidably secure tricycle; she still considered him to be as incredulously winning sportsman; winning every medal for her ardently throbbing heart,

Although he was preposterously fat like a rotund tomato; she still considered him to be handsomely charismatic; the most redolent rose blossoming in her barren garden,

Although he was a disastrous failure in every aspect of life that he ventured into; she still considered him to be a profuse philanthropist; alleviating her from her corpse; to sit on the irrefutably embellished throne,

Although he was a disgustingly deplorable cook; burning each meal that he endeavored to prepare; she still considered him to be a silken angel; appeasing her traumatic hunger for centuries immemorial,

Although he was unprecedentedly mischievous; she still considered him as the most gentle individual alive; as he lit up an everlasting smile upon her severely mutilated lips,

Although he philandered aimlessly through the dusty streets; clad only in threadbare rags of jute; she still considered him to be the richest entity alive;

inundating each moment of her survival with unfathomable endowment from the heavens,

Although he was insurmountably fastidious about the everything in life; she still considered him to be a royal prince; catering to even the most inconspicuous of his commands; bouncing in perennial youth everytime she swung him in her arms,

Although he irascibly snored while fast asleep; she still considered him a celestial harbinger of perpetual peace; wading away the most tiniest of tensions from her miserably claustrophobic life,

Although he unsurpassably revolted against the conventionally monotonous society; she still considered him to be the most resplendently sparkling star in sky; illuminating the gruesomely shivering interiors of her dwelling with enchantingly Godly light,

Although he broke everything that he hoisted in his rustically bohemian palms; she still considered him to be an unshakable idol of solidarity; magnificently comforting her in her times of despondently crumbling distress,

Although he was a rampantly free bird; gallivanting at unchallengable will to even the most remotest corner of the globe; she still considered him to be the most pricelessly precious ornament of her countenance; impregnating her lost soul with tumultuous happiness,

Although he deteriorated like a pack of soggy matchsticks; even before alighting a single foot; she still considered him to be the strongest man alive; rescuing her orphaned life; replenishing it with the rhapsodic essence of existence,

And although he did everything wrong; losing all that he had in his truncated lifespan even before he had acquired it; she still considered him to be her only God; her only savior; the only power that bestowed upon her the astronomical prowess to take birth; a countless more number of times,

As she was his sacrosanct mother; and he was; and would immortally remain; forever as her immortally impeccable child.

48. REMEMBER THAT ONE DAY

Before you snobbishly kick them with your unwashed shoe; indiscriminately treat them like a piece of lackadaisically infinitesimal and threadbare shit; for not

cleaning the floors before you drunkardly arrived,
Remember that one day the strokes of inevitability
would make you as weak and agonizingly old like they way they were today; with
your kin mercilessly lambasting you more truculently than what you did to them;
dared or horrifically dreamt.

Before you torturously abuse them for not listening properly to the most
invidiously preposterous of your commands; cacophonically screaming into their
ears in
an attempt to open their ailing pores wide,
Remember that one day the infernos of inevitability would make you as deaf;
ineptly accurate and old; like the way they were today; with your kin unsparingly
pulverizing the chords of your blissful existence more criminally; than what you
did to them; dared or sinfully dreamt.

Before you flagrantly spit on them for snatching the spice from your life;
ruthlessly chaining their hands and knees; so that they didn't interfere the
slightest in your licentious merry-making; vixen and nubile wine,
Remember that one day the corridors of inevitability would make you as
debilitatingly diseased and old; like the way they were today; with your kin
blinding you beyond the realms of recognition more lethally; than what you did
to them; dared or ostracizingly
dreamt.

Before you treacherously maim them with thorns of acridly whipping hatred in
their feet; just because they disturbed your pompously pretentious sleep with
their innocuous coughing,
Remember that one day the clouds of inevitability would make you as
pathetically withering and old; like the way they were today; with your kin
sardonically feeding the last bone of your spine to the dogs more abominably;
than what you did to them; dared or heinously dreamt.

Before you vindictively terrorize them with your obnoxiously hired hoodlums; just
because their saggingly fatigued shoulders dithered to carry you all the way;
across to your silly striped Mercedes,
Remember that one day the mists of inevitability would make you as morosely
dreary and old; like the way the were today; with your kin brutally gouging your
innocent eyes more grotesquely; than what you did to them; dared or fretfully
dreamt.

Before you rebuke them like a rotting coffin of shit; thrashing them black and
blue in front of the entire world; just because they didn't give you money to

gamble; enshroud yourself with the winds of savage narcotics,
Remember that one day the dungeons of inevitability would make you as
haplessly bruised and old; like the way they were today; with your kin slitting the
veins of your throat more vengefully; than what you did to them; dared or
ignominiously dreamt.

Before you insidiously try and poison the every morsel of food that they
impeccably devoured; just because their sagaciously pious school of thought
didn't match shade by shade to your maliciously adulterated mind,
Remember that one day the rivers of inevitability would make you as
eccentrically rigid and old; like the way they were today; with your kin preferring
to consume your meat rather than that of the chickens and more insanely; than
what you did to them; dared; or penalizingly dreamt.

Before you threatening thwart the passage of their spell binding breath; just
because they cried in hysterical pain in front of you and embraced you like no one
else on this planet ever did,
Remember that one day the fortresses of inevitability would make you as
helplessly bereaved and old; like the way they were today; with your kin laying
the foundations of their castles more lecherously upon your dead body; than
what you did to them; dared; or gorily dreamt.

And before you snatch the remaining love in their already diminishing lives; just
because they compassionately uttered your name before your manipulatively
tycoon friends; in their wonderfully quavering and enigmatic voice,
Remember that one day the waves of inevitability would make you as nervously
betrayed and old; like they way they were today; with your kin maniacally
spitting on the beats of your hearts before roasting them and feeding them to the
pigs more indescribably; than what you did to them; dared; or egregiously
dreamt.

49. NEWLY BORN EYES

For them; there was simply no difference between the diminutively poor and the
unfathomably rich; as they considered both to be symbiotically blending and
alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the preposterously obese and
the parsimoniously thin; as they considered both to be gregariously melanging
and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the unprecedentedly black and

the spuriously white; as they considered both to be handsomely opulent and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the overwhelmingly tall and absurdly short; as they considered both to be impeccably charismatic and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the insurmountably dynamic and perseveringly consistent; as they considered both to be immaculately bountiful and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the stringently prudent and the unrelentingly fantasizer; as they considered both to be ubiquitously resplendent and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the incomprehensibly splurging and the timidly abstemious; as they considered both to be vivaciously bouncing and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the voluptuous rose and the acrimonious thorn; as they considered both to be philanthropically swaying and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the majestically powerful and the scraggily impoverished; as they considered both to be beautifully synergistic and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the fathomless clouds and the inconspicuous granules of mud; as they considered both to be magnetically bonding and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the brutally maimed and the robustly bouncing; as they considered both to be royally gyrating and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the regally silken and the inherently pointed; as they considered both to be ingratiatingly mystical and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the haplessly blinded and dazzling Sunshine; as they considered both to be impeccably egalitarian and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the triumphantly jubilant and

miserably defeated; as they considered both to be blissful equal and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the vivacious rainbow and silent stones; as they considered both to be God's mesmerizing creation and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the American slang and rustically indigenous; as they considered both to be ecumenically vibrant and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the unshakably powerful Politician and the unfortunately struggling poor man; as they considered both to be fantastically surviving and alike,

For them; there was simply no difference between the enchantingly breathing and the wholesomely dead; as they considered both to be nature's inevitability and alike,

O! yes; for they were none other than the most Omnipotently honest form of the Lord divine; they were none other than unconquerable fortresses of everlasting honesty; they were none other than the innocent child's newly born eyes.

50. MY NEWBORN DAUGHTER

The doll composed of fantastically embellished plastic; insensitively smiled all day and night; even when the planet outside was being brutally lambasted and indiscriminately pulverized,

But true happiness was the one that radiated from the pristine lips of my newborn daughter; which was as Omnipotent as the first rays of the unassailably golden Sun.

The doll composed of spell-bindingly opulent plastic; spuriously wore the most luxurious of frocks all day and night; even when countless organisms haplessly shivered in fetid realms of the abhorrently orphaned dustbin, But true royalty eternally blossomed from the altruistic skin of my newborn daughter; which was as invincible as the fabric of symbiotic existence on this fathomless planet.

The doll composed of gloriously regale plastic; mechanically sang all day and night; even as boundless infants were prematurely killed in the womb of their mothers; for ostensibly no fault of theirs and just because they were the girl child,

But true mischief perpetually wafted from the untainted cries of my newborn daughter; which was as impeccably divine as the sacrosanct cow's milk.

The doll composed of resplendently fabulous plastic; remained turgidly imperturbable all day and night; even as the apocalypses of sorrow rained unrelentingly outside,

But true godliness unceasingly diffused from the unconquerable silhouette of my newborn daughter; which was as truthfully symbiotic as the crown of paradise in limitless sky.

The doll composed of charismatically shimmering plastic; baselessly fasted all day and night; even as the billions of devastated urchins outside wanted to see it boisterously dance and enchantingly play,

But true devotion was the one which emanated from my newborn daughters innocently suckling mouth; which was as pure as the first droplet of fructifying rain which harmoniously tumbled from the timeless heavens.

The doll composed of marvelously redolent plastic; nonchalantly stared in mute silence all day and night; even as salaciously wanton parasites rampantly extricated blood from innocent beings outside,

But true courage brilliantly sparkled from the infallible eyes of my newborn daughter; which was as everlasting as every ingredient of peerless righteousness in the vividly bountiful atmosphere.

The doll composed of stupendously contemporary plastic; bombastically adorned an unending cornucopia of diamonds and silver all day and night; even as innumerable beggars counted their last puff of breath; unfortunately outside, But true aristocracy profusely drooled from the fearlessly cavorting eyelashes of my newborn daughter; which was as priceless inimitable as the peaks of the unfathomably indomitable Everest.

The doll composed of unbelievably environment friendly plastic; inanely snored all day and night; even as endless innocent were cannibalistically devoured in the coffins of disdainfully decrepit prejudice,

But true life spawned from the indefatigably exploring persona of my newborn daughter; which was as eclectically astounding as the iridescently euphoric rainbows in the blessedly effulgent cosmos.

And the doll composed of gorgeously perfumed plastic; artificially kissed the bed all day and night; even as virtually every organism around it helplessly wailed in the mortuaries of ghastly hell,

But true love sprouted from the immortal heartbeats of my newborn daughter;

which were as Omnipresently united as the religion of ubiquitously endowing
humanity

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

The Womb - Poems On Mother, Father, Children, Parenthood - Volume 2

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About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 60 differently titled Poems, is actually volume 2 of the Book titled - The Womb (250 pages) . A flurry of poetic concoctions dedicated to the ever-pervading woman and mother. Profoundly saluting her love, compassion and resolute grit as she evolves a diminutive infant into a powerhouse of talent, into a complete individual. The poems in the collection are humble salutations to the essence of Parenthood, to the unbelievable depths of sacrifice that a mother resorts whilst bringing up her child right since its inception in the womb. Each poem reveres the 'godly womb' as the source of all creation that has ever been. This book in itself is the most befitting tribute to the agonizing odysseys of parents as they nourish their children-and children as they grow up as the most powerful angels of God to stupefy all humanity with their inherent charm. A quintessential read for every parent or parent to be, it brings out the charm of creation since the very first breath. The verses within bountifully poeticize every unbridled mischief of a child with its beloved parents.

CONTENTS

1. THE NOBLE CITIZENS OF TOMORROW
2. THE CHAPTER OF EXISTENCE
3. TRYING TO HIDE DEEPER
4. ASTOUNDINGLY SENSITIVE - PART 2
5. DON'T YOU DARE O! DEVIL
6. TWO WOMEN
7. THE SON OF MY MOTHER.
8. AT YOUR TIMELESSLY DIVINE FEET
9. WHY NOT MOTHER'S INITIALS?
10. IMMORTAL MOTHER
11. IMMORTAL BONDING

12. I STILL PROFOUNDLY REMEMBER
13. THE FIRST CRIES
14. KAVYA -THE AFTERNOON OF 2nd APRIL
15. HER NEW BORN HEARTBEATS
16. INFATUATION
17. KAVYA- MY NEW BORN DAUGHTER
18. KAVYA
19. DEAR DADDY
20. IN THE LAP OF MY MOTHER
21. STRAIGHT ANSWERS
22. INNOCENT LIVES
- 23.9 MONTHS
24. YOU WERE THE MORTAL GREATEST DEAR BIOLOGICAL MOTHER
25. CLINGING TIGHTLY TO THE BODY OF MY MOTHER
26. CALL US MOTHER
27. NEVER SNATCH
28. STILL CRAVING FOR MORE
29. FATHERHOOD
30. ADORABLE SISTER
31. FRESHLY BORN
32. MY FIRST SON
33. GODLY PARENTS
34. I FELT THE MOST IMMORTAL WOMAN.
35. JUST TREAT HIM AS YOUR IMMORTAL SON
36. MOTHER AND WIFE
37. KEPT CALLING ME FATHER
38. MY SON
39. COMPLETE SURRENDER
40. ATLEAST DON'T DO THAT SIN
41. MOTHER & THE ARTIST.
42. OMNIPRESENT MOTHER
43. LIVING DEAD - PART 2
44. THE OMNIPRESENT MOTHER
45. SOLELY AN IMMORTAL MOTHER
46. DIVINELY MOTHER
47. REJOICING MY FIRST CRY
48. LET A CHILD SMILE
49. THE RAIN AND MY NEW BORN BABY DAUGHTER
50. JUST DOESN'T END
51. CAN NEVER EVER FORGET
52. HEAVENLY MOTHER
53. IF BEING A MAN IS ALL ABOUT

54. MRS. NAMITA SHAH-YOU MEAN THE WORLD TO MY CHILD.
55. A WOMAN'S WORLD
56. PROUD OF MY FATHER. HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.
57. MY BABY DAUGHTER'S ORIGINALITY.
58. TO MY MOTHER - BEST WISHES ON YOUR FASCINATING BIRTHDAY.
59. MY DAUGHTER'S FASCINATING PILLOW.
60. WHY WAS I AS A PARENT, AN ALL-TIME FAN OF EURO-KIDS VASTRAPUR?
(Ahmedabad, India) .

1. THE NOBLE CITIZENS OF TOMORROW

Watch them bounce in untamed exhilaration; boisterously clap their hands in unison as the sun shines high in the sky,

Watch them play gleefully in the mud; coating it uninhibitedly and with exuberant energy on their innocent faces,

Watch them splash in the sea; munching delicious cookies; embossing fabulous sandcastles in the foamy and shimmering sands,

Watch them pummel each other joyfully in the ribs; triumphantly march forward without a trace of manipulation or fear in their impeccable eyes,

Watch them sing songs in incoherent tandem; not bound by restraints of the monotonously conventional society,

Watch them fantasize to unprecedented limits; surreally swishing their chubby cheeks to a place where the most ingenious of scientists failed to reach even in mind-boggling inventions,

Watch them run behind their mothers back; emanate the most mesmerizing smile ever found on this colossal planet,

Watch them greedily gobble milk and food; make a sheer mess of their plates and clothes as they sat with overwhelming mischief besieging their facial contours for nocturnal supper,

Watch them clamber up their elders without the tiniest of embarrassment; pluck the beard of their fathers with insurmountable naughtiness,

Watch them go to school with their laces always upside down; crusts of innocuous dirt always dribbling down divinely from their nose,

Watch them immaculately emulate their siblings; run rampantly in the loose mud for their place at the winning point,

Watch them evolve incongruous words with their pens; fall asleep midway as if the load was the biggest to confront on this globe,

Watch them walk upside down with their tongues poking out in candid expression; the cotton encompassing their diminutive bodies fluttering violently with the winds,

Watch them incessantly cry in lap of their mother; make the amusingly astounding gestures with their nimble pink set of dainty jaws,

Watch them intriguingly stare at a flurry of objects in vicinity; trying their best to decipher the meaning of this alien world,

Watch them stumbling inadvertently as they walked; endeavoring to solidly consolidate their intricate footing on earth's ground,

Watch them smear ice-cream all over their robust complexioned minuscule bodies; unwitting perceiving it to be the bubbly family soap,

Watch them indefatigably decorate and feed their fairy dolls; entirely oblivious to the vagaries of this uncouthly parasitic township,

Watch them breathe and live with an ardor; that even the most mightiest of human beings floundered to achieve in infinite lives,

Watch them enjoy the privilege of being God's favorite molecules; easily superceding the most unfathomable of creations in this Universe,

And over and above all; watch these tiny angels grow in the future decades yet to unveil; harness handsomely and with irrefutable conviction into the noble citizens of tomorrow.

2. THE CHAPTER OF EXISTENCE

Just when I felt my eyes were closing; my lids incorrigibly wanting to shut down, I saw the tiny buds of rose blossoming outside; the unsurpassable grandeur of its petals engulfing the atmosphere in entirety.

Just when I felt my legs were going limp in exhaustion; the indefatigable stress of the day inevitably pinning me down,
I saw the pouch bellied kangaroo leap across with gigantic strides; traverse the marshy fields overlooking my window with uninhibited and gay abandon.

Just when I felt my tongue relinquishing taste; infinite buds on its surface had died a gruesome death,
I saw the cow philandering in the leafy meadows; munching robust chunks of grass with great relish.

Just when I felt my mouth aching; the chords in my throat abysmally parched and dry,
I saw the orchestra singing loquaciously; madmen screeching at the top of their lungs; attempting to bring the roof on earth.

Just when I felt my hands go pale; every iota of strength sapped wholesomely from the conglomerate of my bones,
I saw uncouth barbarians bludgeoning their way through the forest; annihilating gargantuan tree stalks; exerting monstrous power with their palms.

Just when I felt the skin encompassing my neck sagging profoundly; disdainful wrinkles inhabiting virtually every part of my demeanor,
I saw a cluster of young maidens with sparkling skin; boisterously bouncing on the silken couch.

Just when I felt the waves of sadness vacillate in my soul; bizarre grief stabbing me like daggers of blistering coal,
I saw the clowns of in the circus mischievously smile; with their loud guffaws thunderously piercing the atmosphere.

Just when I felt pulsating pain in my forehead; an avalanche of thorns curtailing it from perceiving further,
I saw a medieval sage reciting hymns in blissful harmony; the unperturbed expressions of his face; depicting that he was in a land of surreal fantasy.

Just when I felt that I was about to sleep; the clockwork machinery in my brain failing to tick forward,
I saw a battalion of roosters flying high in the air; permeating the crispness in the ambience around with their cacophonous sounds.

And just when I felt I was about to die; relinquish the final draught of breath; to rest in my heavenly abode,

I saw a child being born; crying innocuously in the tender palms of its mother; trying to imbibe as much as it could with its large eyes dancing around the earth; to better understand the place it was now going to exist; diligently continuing the chapter of existence.

3. TRYING TO HIDE DEEPER

No astronomically colossal wave in the ocean should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a minuscule stream of frigid water,

No pompously extruding tree in the forests should ever forget; that I was once upon a time an inconspicuously trembling seed,

No flame escalating handsomely towards the sky should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a diminutive flicker emanating from the bedraggled candle wick,

No majestic eagle soaring high in the clouds should ever forget; that it was once upon a time an infinitesimal fledgling whimpering insatiably; at the disappearing of light,

No royally grandiloquent castle should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a profoundly disheveled brick; freshly baked under raw rays of sunlight,

No winner basking in the glory of incredulously earned victory should ever forget; that he was once upon a time shivering in nervous hysteria at the starting point,

No fathomless dungeon impregnated with biscuits of glittering gold should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a obsolete hole; losing its entity each time as the winds blown,

No impregnably towering mountain should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a lump of transient mud; being trampled by every entity transgressing its way,

No boundlessly incomprehensible desert should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a granule of insipid dirt; hovering without a stature of its own; wholesomely solitary in the Universe,

No tumultuously mighty avalanche of ice should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a droplet of water almost freezing to death in the icy winds,

No blissfully blossoming fantasy should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a rustic idea; which kept dwindling infinite times even before it took ephemeral shape,

No profusely embellished skin should ever forget; that it was once upon a time; nakedly fragile; when just born,

No overwhelmingly eloquent tongue should ever forget; that it was once upon a time; babbling worse than a child; while in divinely deep sleep,

No insurmountably thundering echo should ever forget; that it was once upon a time; a disastrously squeaky voice; nimbly caressing the rocks,

No unsurpassably successful businessman should ever forget; that he was once upon a time; a wholesomely ignoramus novice; just starting to learn the tricks of the manipulative trade,

No unbelievably scented lotus should ever forget; that it was once upon a time; a tiny bud extruding from mammoth chunks of dirt all around,

No entity celestially married should ever forget; that it was once upon a time; philandering like a mosquito to manifest its romance into reality,

No invincibly powerful organism on this earth should ever forget; that it was once upon a time withheld by the Lord; in the realms of mesmerizing heaven,

And no Human; possessing even the most Herculean strength on this planet should ever forget; that once upon a time he was an uninhibitedly crying child; trying to hide deeper and deeper inside the chest of his sacrosanct mother.

4. ASTOUNDINGLY SENSITIVE - PART 2

If you taught it gruesomely ghastly crime; all it ever learnt was indeed crime; nothing else but treacherously lambasting and invidious crime,

If you taught it menacingly manipulative politics; all it ever learnt was indeed politics; nothing else but devastatingly ribald and worthless politics,

If you taught it lethally pulverizing power; all it ever learnt was indeed power; nothing else but disgustingly lecherous and unforgivable power,

If you taught it indiscriminately dividing bloodshed; all it ever learnt was indeed

bloodshed; nothing else but the most insanelly maniacal blotch on mankind called bloodshed,

If you taught it remorsefully insipid dilapidation; all it ever learnt was indeed dilapidation; nothing else but the realms of ghoulishly jejune and sordid dilapidation,

If you taught it malevolently criminal hatred; all it ever learnt was indeed hatred; nothing else but the lunatically frozen and lugubrious corpses of hatred,

If you taught it ghastily bombarding devastation; all it ever learnt was indeed devastation; nothing else but bizarrely ungainly and agonizing devastation,

If you taught it truculently devilish obsession; all it ever learnt was indeed obsession; nothing else but vindictively vociferous and meaningless obsession,

If you taught it morbidly sickening loneliness; all it ever learnt was indeed loneliness; nothing else but salaciously thrashing and rotting loneliness,

If you taught it lackadaisically wastrel sky staring; all it ever learnt was indeed sky staring; nothing else but wastefully nonchalant and decaying sky staring,

If you taught it sanctimoniously slavering sin; all it ever learnt was indeed sin; nothing else but the hell of disastrously charring and brutal sin,

If you taught it barbarically unending war; all it ever learnt was indeed war; nothing else but the vultures of dreadfully ostracizing and petty war,

If you taught it dolefully dissolute dastardliness; all it ever learnt was indeed dastardliness; nothing else but demonically cursed and dithering dastardliness,

If you taught it egregiously spurious lies; all it ever learnt was indeed lies; nothing else but viciously grotesque and dolorously dammed lies,

If you taught it miserably orphaned abuse; all it ever learnt was indeed abuse; nothing else but licentiously lascivious and discordantly distorted abuse,

If you taught it preposterously ridiculous imitation; all it ever learnt was indeed imitation; nothing else but sleazily threadbare and inconsequential imitation,

If you taught it bawdily disoriented religion; all it ever learnt was indeed religion; nothing else but cold-bloodedly diving and fanatically marauding religion,

If you taught it savagely disintegrating tyranny; all it ever learnt was indeed tyranny; nothing else but ruthlessly puerile and victimizingly venomous tyranny,

If you taught it satanically indescribable snatching; all it ever learnt was indeed snatching; nothing else but nondescriptly obsolete and flagrant snatching,

If you taught it unfathomably incarcerating greed; all it ever learnt was indeed greed; nothing else but sardonically opprobrious and disparaging greed,

If you taught it inexplicably debilitating disease; all it ever learnt was indeed disease; nothing else but heinously crippling and vengeful disease,

If you taught it traumatically dying ostentation; all it ever learnt was indeed ostentation; nothing else but salaciously notorious and livid ostentation,

If you taught it hideously crucifying torture; all it ever learnt was indeed torture; nothing else but doggedly excoriating and lascivious torture,

If you taught it severely macabre ghosts; all it ever learnt was indeed ghosts; nothing else but extinguishingly evanescent and morose ghosts,

If you taught it obnoxiously dolorous stench; all it ever learnt was indeed stench; nothing else but disdainfully impeding and thwarting stench,

If you taught it unthinkably imbroglio trash; all it ever learnt was indeed trash; nothing else but severely battering and despondent trash,

If you taught it unsurpassably irate hostility; all it ever learnt was indeed hostility; nothing else but corpulently debasing and reprimanding hostility,

If you taught it fecklessly inflated pride; all it ever learnt was indeed pride; nothing else but perilously sinister and ephemerally slithering pride,

If you taught it inconsolably terrorizing sorrow; all it ever learnt was indeed sorrow; nothing else but punitively fretting and abominable sorrow,

If you taught it pallidly insomniac degeneration; all it ever learnt was indeed degeneration; nothing else but indigenously corrupt and oblivious degeneration,

If you taught it absurdly demoralizing slang; all it ever learnt was indeed slang; nothing else but sloppily imprisoning and disappearing slang,

If you taught it horrendously stunting adultery; all it ever learnt was indeed adultery; nothing else but impudently stripping and poisonously orphaning adultery,

If you taught it impeachingly derogatory promiscuousness; all it ever learnt was indeed promiscuousness; nothing else but nefariously expurgating and maiming promiscuousness,

If you taught it abhorrently unending extinction; all it ever learnt was indeed extinction; nothing else but castigatingly devilish and slaughtering extinction,

While so astoundingly sensitive was the mind of the infant; that if you taught it immortally unassailable love; all it ever learnt was indeed love; celestially forgetting all of the above; harnessing every ingredient of its blood with nothing else but; the spirit of perpetually Godly and timeless love.

5. DON'T YOU DARE O! DEVIL

It was a bundle of overwhelmingly sparkling joy; please don't mercilessly maraud its flesh; with your obnoxiously uncouth nails,

It was a sacrosanct leaf of freshly blossoming life; please don't invidiously inundate its immaculate brain; with your horrendously truculent tales of bizarre manipulation,

It was a fairy having just descended from the heart of celestial sky; please don't gruesomely maim it with your indiscriminately cold-blooded stride,

It was the ultimate fulfilling fantasy of any two perpetual lovers; please don't heinously strangulate the last iota of breath from its innocuously Godly body; with your infernos of indescribably sordid malice,

It was a quintessentially ardent constituent in God's chapter of timeless procreation; please don't ghastily blind it forever; even before it could open its mesmerizing eyes,

It was an Omnipotent lantern illuminating countless dwellings besieged with disparaging despair; please don't ruthless snap its hands; with your fangs of vindictive hatred,

It was an unassailable harbinger of humanity; please don't venomously poison its

holistically vibrant soul; with your lecherously stinking world of politics and crime,

It was an astoundingly eclectic and unconquerable prince; please don't lay a battlefield of your pugnaciously acrid thorns in whatever path that it crawled and blissfully tread,

It was a fountain of inexorably unending happiness; please don't satanically thrash its ears; with your whips of derogatorily unforgivable savagery,

It was an everlastingly smiling doll which embraced all mankind; please don't sinfully replace its bountifully adorable laughter; with your ghoulish teardrops of torturously penalizing hell,

It was the most divine fantasy of every organism alive; please don't hideously cripple its unblemished originality; with your disparaging greed and ostracizing prejudice,

It was an unparalleled jewel of the poignant eye; please don't salaciously rip apart its skin; with your profusely blood stained and barbaric butcher knife,

It was a blessing from the cosmos to all fraternity of mankind breathing and alive; please don't trade its innocently benign flesh; for your sinister wads of debasing money,

It was the most impregnable Sun of tomorrow; a spell bindingly guiding light; please don't horrifically confound its boundless resplendence; with your cloudcovers of treacherously gory night,

It was an unfathomable cistern of perennial enchantment; please don't bawdily kick it with your bohemian toes; always sunk way beneath the graveyards of insane lifelessness,

It was the greatest star ever shining on marvelous earth divine; please don't brutally plagiarize it with corpses of illiteracy and pernicious sodomy; instead of gifting it with effulgent toys,

It was a horizon which had absolutely no end; please don't vengefully asphyxiate its chords of celestial existence; with the disdainful abhorrence for all surviving; ostensibly burgeoning in your eyes,

It was an immortal heartbeat pulsating with unstoppable life; please don't

tyrannically deprive it of all the fathomless tributaries of love; that it was destined to assimilate every unfurling minute of its beautiful life,

In the name of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord O! Devil; please don't in anyway harm the new born child; even if your desire to kill transcends everything else on this planet; you can readily take my life; but please don't harm the child; don't you dare harm the freshest outcry of newborn life

6. TWO WOMEN

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most ecstatically ravishing entities; on this fathomlessly enchanting Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most unbelievably artistic and poignantly sensitive entities; on this boundlessly enamoring Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most unsurpassably surreal and limitlessly fantasizing entities; on this timelessly enthralling Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most triumphantly sacrosanct and bountifully virile entities; on this spell bindingly ever-pervading Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most compassionately humanitarian and symbiotically melanging entities; on this unceasingly fructifying Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most vivaciously exuberant and optimistically brilliant entities; on this unbelievably symbiotic Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most intrepidly tangy and ebulliently unconquerable entities; on this spectacularly panoramic Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most jubilantly charismatic and inimitably priceless entities; on this timelessly Omnipotent Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most impeccably mollifying and ubiquitously effulgent entities; on this inexhaustibly redolent Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most iridescently vivacious and tranquilly ameliorating entities; on this unfathomably blessed Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most chirpily extravagant and unstoppably burgeoning entities; on this Omnisciently insuperable Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most truthfully undefeated and righteously bestowing entities; on this uninhibitedly heavenly Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most fantastically embellished and informally heartfelt entities; on this immaculately invincible Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most eternally liberating and blissfully vibrant entities; on this victoriously Omnipresent Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most benevolently philanthropic and wholeheartedly Samaritan entities; on this indefatigably proliferating Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most patriotically unflinching and fearlessly divine entities; on this unbeatably emollient Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most synergistically consummate and ardently affable entities; on this impregnably transcending Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in life; both of whom for me were the most dexterously molded and creatively evolving entities; on this fabulously twinkling Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in life; both of whom for me were the most eclectically adept and unshakably harboring entities; on this magically

mitigating Universe,

The first one of them was my perpetually Godly Mother who gave me birth to relish the astoundingly unlimited gifts of this planet. Whilst the second one was my Heavenly Beloved; who not only made me feel unassailably alive in this lifetime; but was the cardinal reason for my rebirth an infinite more times to enjoy an infinite more lifetimes.

7. THE SON OF MY MOTHER.

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Businessmen; astoundingly manipulating even the most infinitesimal nuances of trade; handsomely seated on the absolute zeniths of corporate victories,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Magicians; possessing the unbelievable ability of transforming even the most tawdrily decrepit piece of junk; into unconquerably glittering gold,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Politicians; dexterously governing the pragmatic lives of countless million people; right at their surreptitiously slippery fingertips,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Warriors; altruistically shedding even the last bone of their spines for the service of their venerated motherland; whilst wholesomely capturing every element of the devil in mind; body and spirit,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Devils; the most despicably hedonistic curmudgeons of insanity; satanically massacring every thing that they encountered in vicinity; without the tiniest reason or rhyme,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Astrologers; amazingly able to portend even the most obfuscated of happenings to unfurl; centuries later than this very vivaciously breathing day; today,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Philosophers; holding boundless organisms in an unimaginably spell-bound stupor; as they indefatigably sermonized the ideals of exhilarating existence and ultimate death,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Gamblers; where an infinite currency coin first slipped from their palms like ecstatically melting; before astutely multiplying itself into fathomless more of its very own kind,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Musicians; timelessly rekindling even the most lugubriously livid parchment of the atmosphere; with victoriously unfettered rhapsody,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Sportsmen; majestically recoinning the definition of whichever game that they played; perpetually ensuring their place in the most spectacularly emollient of legend books,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Pioneers; evolving an inexhaustibly fructifying revolution; out of inanelly dying wisps of battered nothingness,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Dancers; flexing even the most obsolete crannies of their bodies to myriad colors; shapes and forms; timelessly bewitching the atmosphere of even the most monotonously deadened of night,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Fantasizers; perennially galloping in the full fervor of life in those inscrutably tingling spaces; which were beyond the definitions of infinite infinity,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Swimmers; profoundly enjoying it only when there was the most truculently devastating storm at sea; when waves as ferociously tall as the sky; intransigently whipped them on every part of their naked form,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Street-Smarts; deplorably spitting an ocean of deplorable slang; at even the most non-receptively robotic bits of concrete in the gutter can,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Robbers; wholesomely dumbfounding the law on every conceivable occasion; stupefying millions of true soldiers with the parasitically profane treachery in their glib heels,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Philanderers; flirting with an infinite women at one given moment; almost proclaiming themselves to have given birth to the entire of the limitless living kind,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Devotees; selflessly beheading the most intriguing of their scalps at the feet of the Almighty Lord; at the slightest of innuendo,

Some introduced themselves as the greatest of Wrestlers; indefatigably overpowering every element of perceivable weakness in the Universe; with the sheer and most ardent tenacity of their robustly bulging muscle,

Whilst I introduced myself as a hopelessly devastated and irretrievable loser in every commercial aspect of life; but nevertheless and solely as the 'Son' of my unconquerably Omnipotent and eternally compassionate mother.

8. AT YOUR TIMELESSLY DIVINE FEET

Give me the most treacherously stagnating of lies; or give me the most triumphantly blazing Sun of gloriously unfettered truth,

Give me the most invidiously crippling of disease; or give me the most spell binding rainshowers of eternally fructifying prosperity,

Give me the most sadistically perverted of insomnia; or give me the most celestially mollifying and perpetually reinvigorating of rest,

Give me the most viciously stoning of torture; or give me the most astoundingly Omnipotent atmosphere of ubiquitous prosperity,

Give me the most obviously rotting of dilapidation; or give me the most robustly burgeoning mists of unbelievably ecstatic freshness,

Give me the most sinfully massacring coffins of betrayal; or give me the most compassionately invincible valleys of perennially liberating camaraderie,

Give me the most hedonistically delirious of slavery; or give me the perennial wings of freedom to timelessly and unabashedly discover my own identity,

Give me the most hopelessly crucifying of abuse; or give me the most unassailably proliferating of victoriously undying blessing,

Give me the most raunchily diabolical of prejudice; or give me the most impregnably benign spirit to disseminate the mantra of unconquerably symbiotic humanity; till the very last breath of my life,

Give me the most diabolically penalizing of prison; or give me the most pristinely panoramic gorges of stupendous wonderment; to tirelessly enthrall even the most infinitesimal of my senses,

Give me the most flagrantly sacrilegious of deterioration; or give me the most fantastically ameliorating of virility; which instantaneously engendered me to spawn into countless more of my kind,

Give me the most haplessly inexplicable of misery; or give me the most insuperably redolent power to portend even the most inconspicuously fragile element of my enchanting destiny,

Give me the most lethally asphyxiating of venom; or give me the most bountifully heavenly elixir to triumphantly transcend over even the most obfuscated devil in life,

Give me the most lecherously vomiting of monotony; or give me the most benevolently blessed brain; which had the unfathomable temerity to fantasize even beyond the land of infinite infinity,

Give me the most brutally tormenting of cancer; or give me the most infallibly fiery blood in my veins; which possessed the tenacity to overtopple even the mightiest of satanic devils,

Give me the most cadaverously fetid of ghost; or give me the most undefeated form of life in every of my stride; as I galloped towards the ultimate epitomes of venerated paradise,

Give me the most inevitably squelching coffin; or give me the most indomitably perpetual cistern of breath; that lit a fire of unsurpassable hope on every speck of the atmosphere that it fell,

Give me the most perniciously salacious dungeon of tawdry betrayal; or give me the most Immortally untainted sky of limitlessly blessing love,

Give me the most heinously cursed form of orphaned death; or give me the most unconquerably iridescent Universe of life; which none could ever dream to besiege,

And give me whatever you choose to O! Omnipotent Mother; I would still accept it with the most symbiotically effulgent of smile; without the tiniest of angst in my heart; soul and breath; if only you just allowed me to wholeheartedly and open-handedly receive the same at your; timelessly divinely feet

9. WHY NOT MOTHER'S INITIALS?

It was only a mother who so majestically bore you 9 months in her Omnipotent womb; nourishing every ingredient of your blessed body and bone; with her very own pricelessly inimitable blood,

It was only a mother who delivered you so celestially to the world; not letting even the most infinitesimal of scratch engulf your persona; whilst bearing the most indescribably excruciating of pain,

It was only a mother who so compassionately suckled you with her sacrosanct milk; mollifying even the most mercurial trace of your irascible hunger; although she was uncontrollably shivering in cancerous disease all the time,

It was only a mother who so holistically taught you how to walk; following and tracing even the most oblivious footstep of yours; whilst you kicked your baby feet in uninhibited abandon towards her impeccable face,

It was only a mother who so obsessively searched every cranny of this earth; to feed you with the best food and fruit available; bearing countless a whiplash of the sadistically pugnacious society in the entire process,

It was only a mother who so unsurpassably trembled in the freezing winter night; but enveloped every inch of your tiny form in the last altruistic robe adorning her venerated body,

It was a only mother who so endlessly fought against the entire planet; just so that you wholesomely followed even the most unconventionally evanescent dreams of your heart; just so that you blossomed till realms beyond infinite infinity in whatever symbiotic you chose to do,

It was only a mother who so irrefutably believed every voice that emanated from your soul; even as the entire Universe ignominiously slandered you and incarcerated you in ghoulishly crippling chains,

It was only a mother who so magnanimously condoned even the most unpardonable of your sin; infallibly believing it when you said that it had happened quite inadvertently from your demeanor,

It was only a mother who so indefatigably prayed to the Omniscient Almighty Lord for your perpetual betterment; whilst herself pathetically emaciating on a coffin of cadaverously fetid thorns,

It was only a mother who so selflessly and forever showered her countless

blessings upon your impoverished form; even though at times you rebuked her;
and lived in separated dwellings after earning your own livelihood,

It was only a mother who so brilliantly sketched even the most ethereal
ingredient of your form with the redolent blood in her veins; even in the most
diabolically crucifying of blackness,

It was only a mother who so perennially congratulated you at the even the most
fugitive of your accomplishment; whilst the entire tawdry planet unceasingly
laughed at your inanely frigid foolhardiness,

It was only a mother who so inexhaustibly stood guard by your side all day
and satanic night; invincibly safe-guarding you from even the most dreariest
voice of the devil; whilst you snored in bounteous heaven's paradise,

It was only a mother who so unabashedly sold herself to every tangible trace of
the chauvinistic male demon; just in order to earn that extra penny; which would
add an undefeated glint to each element of your survival,

It was only a mother who so indefatigably harnessed even the most fleeting trace
of your creativity; epitomizing the artist effulgently radiating from your breath;
to perpetually blend with the Omnipresent Almighty Lord,

It was only a mother who so royally ameliorated you from the dungeons of
torturous pain; metamorphosing even the most unstoppably bleeding of your
wounds into the unassailable light of the Morning Sun; with just a single of her
miraculous caress,

It was only a mother who so immortally loved you as her child; immortally
dedicated every beat of her heart to your ecstatic creation; for a countless more
of her lifetimes,

It was only a mother who so timelessly nourished every aspect of your truncated
existence with her unflinchingly godly breath; tirelessly pumping victorious life in
your mind; body; soul and spirit; even after she inevitably left for her heavenly
abode,

And yet you fecklessly decrepit human molecule overlooked everything that she'd
done for you; cannibalistically overlooked the incomparable sacrifices that she'd
made to enable you to live an unlimited number of lifetimes; ruthlessly
embossing your father's initials instead of hers between your name and
surname; just because it'd been going on since thousands of years; and just

because your spuriously stupid society said

10. IMMORTAL MOTHER

Not even the most indomitably peaking and handsomely compassionate of mountains could ever dream of perennially protecting me; as much as,

Not even the most tantalizingly tangy and intrepidly fearless of oceans could ever dream of bountifully revitalizing me; as much as,

Not even the most celestially sacrosanct and pristinely blessed of cows could ever dream of holistically purifying me; as much as,

Not even the most vivaciously virgin and indispensably mollifying droplets of rain could ever dream of victoriously liberating me; as much as,

Not even the most optimistically brilliant and unceasingly divine of Sunlight could ever dream of insuperably inspiring me; as much as,

Not even the most resplendently tranquil and irrefutably altruistic of shadows could ever dream of endlessly pacifying me; as much as,

Not even the most ebulliently mystical and impeccably benign of moonlight could ever dream of timelessly consecrating me; as much as,

Not even the most fathomlessly majestic and unsurpassably unhindered of skies could ever dream of inexhaustibly freeing me; as much as,

Not even the most Omnipotently blessed and symbiotically fortified of milk could ever dream of perpetually nourishing me; as much as,

Not even the most inscrutably enthralling and vividly embellished of forests could ever dream of forever entrancing me; as much as,

Not even the most redolently inimitable and unassailably royal of lotus's could ever dream of limitlessly befriending me; as much as,

Not even the most fantastically potent and everlastingly fructifying of seeds could ever dream of gloriously burgeoning me; as much as,

Not even the most supremely invincible and unprecedentedly vibrant of paradise could ever dream of unceasingly blessing me; as much as,

Not even the most eternally glorifying and serendipitously stupefying of rainbows could ever dream of insurmountably bewitching me; as much as,

Not even the most candidly scintillating and indefatigably honest of mirrors could ever dream of truthfully reflecting me; as much as,

Not even the most magically ameliorating and wonderfully crystalline of streams could ever dream of bounteously quenching my thirst; as much as,

Not even the most ingeniously original and boundlessly mitigating of fantasies could ever dream of miraculously alleviating me; as much as,

Not even the most unconquerably Omnipresent and ubiquitously ever-pervading of messiahs; saints; lovers and heartthrobs could ever dream of harmoniously rekindling me; as much as,

As much as my immortal mother is forever crazy about even the most infinitesimal aspect of my existence; as much as my mother protected me from even the most diminutive trace of the devil before I could emanate my very first breath; as much as my mother endlessly blesses me even in the most oblivious of her dreams; as much as my mother admires me more than what anything could have admired anything else on this fathomless Universe; as much as my mother forgives me more than what the Lord could have forgiven any organism alive on this aristocratic earth; as much as my Mother breathes my and solely my reflection in each of her breath; and in every of her lifetime.

11. IMMORTAL BONDING

Those fingers of hers might be too infinitesimally tiny for the world to comprehend; inarticulately swishing all the time; in free bits of exotic space, But each compassionate caress of theirs; imparted my disastrously dithering countenance with such marvelous rejuvenation; that no other caress on this endless Universe; could ever fathom to bequeath.

Those eyes of hers might be too incoherently flirtatious for the world to comprehend; unknowingly swirling in boundless directions; at a single time, But each resplendent twinkle of theirs; bestowed upon my manipulatively besieged visage with such majestic exhilaration; that no other twinkle on this gigantic Universe; could ever perceive to bequeath.

Those lips of hers might be too inconspicuously mumbling for the world to

comprehend; hardly able to explicitly pronounce their own identity; timelessly searching for the right word,
But each poignant kiss of theirs; flooded my murderously bereaved soul with such an unfathomable ocean of mesmerizing melody; that no other kiss on this limitless Universe; could ever envisage to bequeath.

Those feet of hers might be too ludicrously tiny for the world to comprehend; perennially tucked under the profusely silken quilt; sporadically changing their complexion with the swaying winds,
But each divine impression of theirs; overwhelmed my malevolently faltering conscience with such irrefutable righteousness; that no other impression on this fathomless Universe; could ever imagine to bequeath.

Those voices of hers might be too innocuously abstruse for the world to comprehend; sounding to some as pathetically rambunctious balderdash,
But each magical incantation of theirs; soothed my tyrannically dictatorial nerves so much blissful royalty; that no other incantation on this unsurpassable Universe; could ever conceive to bequeath.

Those ears of hers might be too frigidly soft for the world to comprehend; capriciously flapping to even the most diminutive draught of breeze,
But each inscrutable reverberation of theirs; drifted my abhorrently plagued existence so heavenly towards the aisles of exuberant rhapsody; that no other reverberation on this unprecedented Universe; could ever visualize to bequeath.

Those cheeks of hers might seem too insignificantly insipid for the world to comprehend; resembling the purest shades of white from the; ebulliently midnight moon,
But each vivacious blush of theirs; maneuvered my ungainly tottering footsteps so celestially to blazing victory; that no other blush on this mammoth Universe; could ever fantasize to bequeath.

Those freshly budding crusts of her teeth might seem too nimbly unwarranted for the world to comprehend; occasionally getting stuck with the robust pinks of her tiny tongue,
But each ardent chattering of theirs; impregnated my impoverished visage with a tenacity so invincibly resolute; that no other chattering on this gargantuan Universe; could ever dream to bequeath.

Those nostrils of hers might seem too lividly inconsequential for the world to comprehend; at times making her minuscule bundle in the cradle invisible; to even the most stringently brilliant of light outside,

But each aristocratic breath of theirs; enshrouded my lugubriously dwindling persona with such astounding exuberance; that no other breath on this scintillating Universe; could ever visualize to bequeath.

And those heartbeats of hers might seem too capriciously evanescent to the world outside; at times making it difficult for strangers to discern as to whether she was lifeless or vibrantly alive,

But each immortal bonding of theirs; made each element of my traumatically beleaguered life blossom with so much unconquerable love; that no other bonding on this tireless Universe; could ever cogitate to bequeath.

12. I STILL PROFOUNDLY REMEMBER

I still profoundly remember those moments when we had first met; with your eyelashes fervently fluttering in untamed exhilaration; under golden rays of the midday Sun,

And today you sat like a silken princess beside me; with our new born daughter cuddled compassionately in your palms; as you bounced her euphorically towards the mystical clouds; every now and again.

I still ardently remember those moments when we had first met; with an unfathomable myriad of emotions stifled a trifle in your throat; as you nervously groped for the right words to begin,

And today you stared into the whites of my eyes like the ultimate angel of my life; with our new born daughter poignantly suckling milk from your impeccable chest; as you perpetually tightened your grip; upon my impoverished palms.

I still fondly remember those moments when we had first met; with the beats of your heart throbbing more vociferously than insatiable thunderbolts of lightening in crimson sky; as you tried to sagaciously discern every element of my diminutive countenance,

And today you embraced me more impregnably than the heavens could every embrace the clouds; with our new born daughter marvelously relishing your Godly touch; as you resolved to be only mine; for a countless more lifetimes.

I still ecstatically remember those moments when we had first met; with an air of stupendously supreme consciousness; triggering you to adjust the parting of your mesmerizing hair; with even the most inconspicuous draught of air,

And today you miraculously bestowed a river of unfathomable newness upon my every disastrously traumatized nerve; with our new born daughter mischievously poking her immaculate fingers into your nose; as you kissed me like a tantalizing seductress on my cheeks.

I still eternally remember those moments when we had first met; with your ingratiating form timelessly eluding me; as you surreptitiously tried to camouflage your shivering form behind the undulating hills,
And today your ravishing hair blew perennially across the contours of my despicably languishing face; with our new born daughter blissfully sleep in your heavenly palms; as you poignantly assimilated even the most infinitesimal desire of my soul; in the ever-pervading streams of your scarlet blood.

I still fervently remember those moments when we had first met; with an unsurpassable sky of goose-bumps; creeping in inexplicable excitement upon every pore of your celestial skin,
And today your enamoring lips had forever interlocked with mine; with our new born daughter innocuously wailing in your majestic ears; as your even the remotest trace of your shadow blended with mine; for centuries immemorial.

I still passionately remember those moments when we had first met; with torrential showers of rain pelting from the sky; propelling you to shiver in uncontrollable excitement; as you regally awaited my advancing footsteps,
And today even the slightest of your gaze had taken invincible control over my heart; soul and conscience; with our new born daughter flirtatiously frolicking at your divinely feet; as you made me feel the richest organism ever alive; on the trajectory of this gigantic Universe.

I still piquantly remember those moments when we had first met; with your sensuously fulminating eyes; hardly mustering the courage to witness even the most obfuscated of my reflection,
And today you unassailably signed every beat of my romantically throbbing heart with the immortal signature of love; with our new born daughter snuggling deeper and deeper into your comforting bosom; as you became the only reason for my holistic existence.

I still proudly remember those moments when we had first met; with your words of inarticulately melodious introduction; seeming to me like the most fascinating sounds on this mammoth planet,
And today you enshrouded me from all sides with your aura of Omnipresent righteousness; with our new born daughter making us feel greater than the greatest of Gods every unfurling minute; as you impregnably intermingled each of your breath; with mine.

13. THE FIRST CRIES

It was a moment which had blissfully bestowed all astounding beauty of this colossal Universe; in our diminutively impoverished laps,

It was a moment which impregnated such an exhilarating cheer to our cheeks; that we became wholesomely oblivious; to even the most infinitesimal definition of bizarre sadness,

It was a moment which perpetually annihilated even the tiniest iota of our guilt; inundating our frantically traumatized souls; with the marvelously ingratiating melody of the; enthralling atmosphere,

It was a moment which miraculously transformed the treacherously sullen contours of our defeated faces; into the blazingly triumphant fireball; of Omnipotent sunshine,

It was a moment which bountifully transpired the most eclectic artist from our bereaved bloodstreams; articulately molding us into an entrenchment of stupendously vivacious beauty and unparalleled charm,

It was a moment which blessed us with the Herculean tenacity; to smilingly confront; even the most acrimoniously vicious disaster; in inscrutable life,

It was a moment which brought back an ocean of unbelievable empathy in our manipulatively prejudiced eyes; eternally taught us to compassionately coalesce with all resplendent mankind,

It was a moment which indefatigably triggered us to enchantingly sing and dance; exuberantly gyrate our nimble forms forever; under the voluptuously seductive curtain of; milky midnight,

It was a moment which perpetuated us to wholeheartedly laugh; magnificently express the inner most of our feelings; to symbiotically exist as one for centuries immemorial,

It was a moment which Omnisciently took away even the most horrifically remorseful of our grief; perennially enveloping us in the swirl of; divinely mesmerizing existence,

It was a moment which majestically swept us of our drearily tyrannized feet; to timelessly soar in the paradise of; ravishingly charismatic togetherness,

It was a moment which made us live each second to the most stupendously

unprecedented limits; sagaciously realize the most exotically wonderful essence;
of gloriously Omnipresent life,

It was a moment which instilled in us an untamed spirit of unconquerable pride;
a cloud of blissful contentment which even the greatest of God's in the cosmos;
found hard to believe,

It was a moment which spell bindingly redefined every languidly insidious
element of our miserable existence; fulfilling even the most evanescent of our
wishes; with the heavenly replenishment of this entire planet,

It was a moment which transited us back into realms of our very own impeccable
childhood; far away from the vagaries of this salaciously corrupt Universe; and
frolicking in the lap of our Mother to our absolute heart's content,

It was a moment which regally transformed every tear from our despicably
withering eye; into a priceless jewel of uncrowned glory; showering synergistic
prosperity on every step that we transgressed,

It was a moment which fulminated the fire of irrefutable truth in our invidiously
beleaguered conscience; tirelessly propelling us forward; to unite every scattered
thread on this gigantic planet; in the light of celestial righteousness,

It was a moment which beautifully enshrouded us with unassailable whirlwinds of
sensuously ecstatic breath; wholesomely disassociating us from the chapter
of lugubriously ghastly death,

And it was a moment which unequivocally made us the richest organisms on this
Universe; ironically without a penny in our rudimentary pockets;

As the first cries of our freshly born daughter; embedded its godly impression in
our joyous hearts; for infinite more births yet to come; and imparted us with the
ardor to exist; forever and ever and ever.

14. KAVYA -THE AFTERNOON OF 2nd APRIL

The afternoon of 2nd April was profusely bountiful; as the Sun cast its
flamboyantly Omnipotent spell; upon even the most penuriously obsolete
granules of soil,

The afternoon of 2nd April was unbelievably rhapsodic; as vivaciously striped
butterflies; melodiously philandered over the; perennially blooming lotuses,

The afternoon of 2nd April was exotically enchanting; as gorgeous waterfalls cascaded harmoniously from the mountains; euphorically titillating dreary earth,

The afternoon of 2nd April was blissfully bestowing; as fountains of ever pervading beauty; sprang in ebulliently untamed unison; from the aisles of orphaned nothingness,

The afternoon of 2nd April was blisteringly patriotic; as unflinchingly scintillating soldiers fearlessly marched forward; to impregably defend their ruthlessly imprisoned motherland,

The afternoon of 2nd April was ingratiatingly heavenly; as gigantically enamoring festoons of leaves; exotically placated all those aimlessly loitering without the most insipid of roof,

The afternoon of 2nd April was marvelously majestic; as a blanket of vividly fascinating rainbows; poignantly enshrouded the fathomless firmament of blue sky,

The afternoon of 2nd April was stupendously royal; as an unsurpassable fleet of kingly eagles; indefatigably encircled the gloriously misty cocoon of satiny clouds,

The afternoon of 2nd April was impeccably candid; as even the most disastrously beleaguered of conscience's; irrefutably drifted towards the corridors of unassailable truth,

The afternoon of 2nd April was exhilaratingly adventurous; as torrentially frosty winds of timelessness; ecstatically gushed past the unsurpassably grandiloquent landscapes,

The afternoon of 2nd April was incredulously mystical; as the endless undulations of the ravishing forests; incessantly reverberated; with an ocean of melodious nightingale sounds,

The afternoon of 2nd April was magically articulate; as an incomprehensible of gregarious spiders; rhetorically spun dwellings of pure silk; within lightening seconds of time,

The afternoon of 2nd April was insurmountably passionate; as insatiably infatuated lovers; took clandestine reprieve behind the honey drenched

meadows; to have the most tantalizing time of their lives,

The afternoon of 2nd April was overwhelmingly sacrosanct; as young ones replenished their bodies to the most unprecedented limits; amiably bouncing in the lap of their divinely mother's,

The afternoon of 2nd April was splendidly persevering; each instant of the tickling clock; unfurled into a river of marvelously well deserved sweat; and exotically gratifying hard work,

The afternoon of 2nd April was eternally vibrant; as the winds of magnanimous graciousness; compassionately embraced all those; engulfed with treacherous misery and traumatized pain,

The afternoon of 2nd April was seductively whispering; as the boundless fleet of fish and celestially rising waves; congenially kissed till times immemorial,

The afternoon of 2nd April was unshakably invincible; as Omnipresent God's in the cosmos; magnificently feasted upon all harmoniously endless bliss; upon the trajectory of this colossal planet,

And although it had embossed in it all ingredients to make it passionately special; the afternoon of 2nd April for me was immortally priceless; as there lay the most wonderful gift of the Lord's creation in my fervently outstretched palms; there lay my princely and first daughter kavya.

15. HER NEW BORN HEARTBEATS

Her impeccably wandering and emphatic eyes; were exactly like mine; mischievously fulminating into an island of unparalleled exuberance; every unfurling minute of the day,

While the charismatically wonderful lips; she had stupendously inherited from her mother; perennially blossoming into a paradise of rhapsodically untamed happiness.

Her magnificently robust and heavenly pink toes; were exactly like mine; intrepidly frolicking all the time; towards the clouds of mystical adventure, While the miraculously Omnipotent contours of her pristine feet; she had astoundingly inherited from her mother; enchantingly dancing to the tunes of the seductively milky night.

Her celestially radiant and immaculate palms were exactly like mine;

metamorphosing every thing that she blissfully caressed into an entrenchment of unfathomable empathy,
while the enamoring vivacity in her intricately poignant fingers; she had eclectically inherited from her mother; delectably swishing them to inquisitively explore even the most minuscule trace of newness; in the gloriously dazzling atmosphere.

Her bountifully twinkling and mesmerizing ears were exactly like mine;
ebulliently flapping under the first rays of the Omnisciently golden Sun,
While the melodiously enchanting voice; she had profoundly inherited from her mother; as she exotically placated even the most disastrously traumatized parts of this unending Universe; with the unsurpassable joy in her untainted sounds.

Her diminutively fragrant and triumphant neck was exactly like mine;
innocuously drifting towards all ravishingly tantalizing goodness in the vibrant atmosphere,
While the majestic silhouettes of her everlasting chest; she had incredulously inherited from her mother; beautifully assimilating all priceless humanity on this unfathomable planet; in her gloriously Omnipotent soul.

Her poignantly crimson and immaculate blood was exactly like mine; innocuously culminating into a stream of sparkling newness; every unveiling instant of the brilliantly flamboyant day,
While the magnanimously ingenious network of her virgin veins; she had ecstatically inherited from her mother; as she profusely harbored the virtues of fathomlessly glistening mankind; in every element of her regally aristocratic visage.

Her voluptuously ebullient eyelashes were exactly like mine; handsomely fluttering towards the corridors of eternity; under the milky ocean of iridescently starry twilight,
While the ravishingly priceless crusts of hazel hair on her scalp; she had scintillatingly inherited from her mother; as she philandered in the meadows of divinely playfulness; for infinite more births yet to unveil.

Her resplendently fiery and mystical breath was exactly like mine; boundlessly spawning into an entrenchment of spell binding exoticism; on every path that she enigmatically transgressed,
While the fabulously silken shapes of her nose; she had majestically inherited from her mother; as she became the irrefutably unparalleled darling; of even the most obsoletely forlorn and coldblooded devils.

Her eternally blissful and sacrosanct conscience was exactly like mine; fostering nothing but the blazing whirlwinds of Omnipresent truth,
While the freshly budding crusts of scintillating teeth; she had fascinatingly inherited from her mother; as she ingratiatingly munched the fruits of timeless creation; for centuries unprecedented.

And although she had proudly inherited some of me; while a fathomless elements of her divinely body were an astounding replication of her; heavenly mother,
Her new born heartbeats were the most purest form of the Almighty Lord; not only immortally diffusing into the chapter of perpetual love; but unconquerably proving that it was indeed the most ultimate panacea for all forms of existence; the most unassailable belonging to handsomely cherish; even centuries after invidiously ghastly death.

16. INFATUATION

Your impeccably fascinating and nimble lids; had infatuated my despicably tyrannized eyes; to such an overwhelmingly profuse extent,
That they had forgotten to disdainfully cry; shrugging the winds of brutally traumatized anguish; forever and ever and ever.

Your freshly budding crusts of immaculately clattering teeth; had infatuated my pathetically gloomy lips; to such an unimaginably unprecedented extent,
That they had forgotten even the most diminutive definition of painstaking sadness; perennially blossoming into cloudbursts of ebullient laughter.

Your rhapsodically tinkling and tranquilly dangling lobes; had infatuated my drearily dwindling ears to such a profoundly unconquerable extent,
That they had completely relinquished the ocean of diabolically manipulative sound forever; poignantly blending their fading senses; with the entrenchment of bountifully panoramic atmosphere.

Your celestially innocuous and mesmerizing dimples; had infatuated my nervously writhing neck to such an irrevocably overpowering extent,
That it incorrigibly refrained to maneuver even the slightest towards salaciously evil; fabulously enshrouding itself with the heavenly fruits of eternally ravishing creation.

Your magically resplendent and supremely tiny palms; had infatuated my penuriously staggering fingers; to such an Omnisciently miraculous extent,
That they unequivocally quit even the most infinitesimally insipid iota of evil;

invincibly bonding with all philanthropically symbiotic mankind.

Your wonderfully regale and twinkling feet; had infatuated my morbidly wavering footsteps; to such an incomprehensibly exuberant extent,
That they perpetually marched towards the path of gloriously unflinching righteousness; spawning a fascinatingly unassailable religion of humanity; on every step that they transgressed.

Your daintily enamoring and immaculate belly; had infatuated my disastrously famished stomach to such an endlessly supreme extent,
That it perennially expurgated even the most inconspicuous element of treachery miserably incarcerated within; handsomely replenishing itself with the seeds of romantically unending timelessness.

Your unchallengably godly and pristine breath; had infatuated my heinously estranged nostrils; to such a tantalizingly fathomless extent,
That they exhaled only the mantra of scintillatingly priceless truth; wholesomely abdicating even the tiniest trace of malice; for infinite more births yet to unveil.

Your melodiously poignant streams of innocent blood; had infatuated my remorsefully shrinking veins to such a holistically serene extent,
That they intractably vomited all lecherously dolorous despair; majestically assimilating the gorgeously untainted charisma; of this boundlessly beautiful Universe.

And your royal fountain of immortally new born beats; had infatuated my ludicrously extinguishing heart to such an undefeated extent,
That it not only indefatigably entwined with the cradle of glitteringly compassionate love; but ubiquitously disseminated a stream of marvelous humanity to every cranny besieged with horrendously crippling despair; passionately sequestered every devastatingly orphaned cry; in its humanitarian swirl.

17. KAVYA- MY NEW BORN DAUGHTER

I had been ardently yearning for this moment as much as fathomless fields of barren grass; passionately yearn for rain,
And today her beautifully soft palms were entwined in heavenly unison with my chest; as she astoundingly startled me with her bountifully sporadic winking.

I had been intransigently desiring this moment; as much as the unfathomably mystical forests; perennially desire resplendent fruit,

And today her celestially innocuous eyes reflected the Omnipotent charisma of the entire Universe in my face; as she gorgeously emanated her very first cry of survival.

I had been tumultuously craving for this moment; as much as the patriotically blazing soldiers crave for; irrefutably scintillating triumph,
And today her mischievous shock of ravishing hair; eternally caressed my ebulliently tear soaked cheeks.

I had been intractably perceiving this moment; as much as the Gods in the cosmos indefatigably perceive; harmoniously symbiotic brotherhood on even the most remote quarter of this Universe,
And today her divinely diminutive feet rhapsodically kicked my chin; with each profoundly pronounced line on her majestic palms; euphorically chiseling the remainder of my penurious life.

I had been irrevocably fantasizing about this moment; as much as the profusely scarlet roses fantasize about being regally kissed; by the voluptuously silken clouds,
And today her innocuously rubicund lips smiled uninhibitedly at me; putting my unsurpassable ocean of worries and anguish; to a perpetual rest.

I had been indefatigably wanting this moment; as much as dolorous solitariness wanted to be handsomely perpetuated; by a resplendently twinkling fountain of enchanting sounds,
And today her ingratiatingly sacrosanct forehead rested blissfully in my outstretched hands; as she beautifully suckled my little finger in her Godly mouth.

I had been unrelentingly cognizing this moment; as much as the freshly sown seeds incessantly cognized about being aristocratically drenched; by torrential tumblers of sparkling rain,
And today her immaculately Omniscient skin bestowed upon me not only the strength to rise from my veritable grave; but unflinchingly exist for infinite more births yet to unveil.

I had been fanatically waiting for this moment; as much as the disheveled orphans on the street optimistically waited; to be embraced by cisterns of unparalleled caring,
And today her impeccable large ears flapped in queenly tandem against my fingertips; as she incoherently whispered the magical mantra of life to my;

baselessly wandering soul.

And I had been immortally anticipating this moment; as much as gruesomely hapless darkness in the dungeons; perennially anticipate vibrant beams of vivaciously unflinching light,
And today her impregnable minuscule heart throbbed more vibrantly than the chapter of existence near my neck; with the blood running in her sacred veins the same as mine; as she was none other than my newly born daughter; kavya.

18. KAVYA

There was such an Omnipotence in those impeccably mesmerizing eyes of hers; that made even the most exuberant winds of rhapsody; wholesomely drift their course towards her charismatic contours,

There was such marvelous innocence in those immaculately silken lips of hers; that made even the most brilliantly flaming beams of the Sun; salute her in uninhibitedly unending unison,

There was such endless euphoria in those robustly crimson cheeks of hers; that made even the most voluptuously tantalizing beauty of this colossal planet; bow down in humbly unparalleled adulation,

There was such alluring enigma in those poignantly everlasting smiles of hers; that made even the most ebulliently frolicking meadows on this fathomless earth; stoop down in profusely unconquerable adoration,

There was such natural incoherence in those celestial wails of hers; that made even the most tumultuously compassionate thunderbolts of clouds in unprecedented sky; to torrentially shower down their benign blessings upon the entire human race; for times immemorial,

There was such bountiful vivacity in that vividly enamoring and innocuous stride of hers; that made even the most princely whirlpools of desire; unabashedly crown her as the ultimate mantra to eternal success,

There was such heavenly artistry in those unbelievably rhetoric and minuscule fingers of hers; that made even the most unfathomable cradles of versatility; overwhelmingly applaud her in awe-struck splendor,

There was such profound sensitivity in those delectably diminutive ears of hers; that made even the most glistening hives of enchanting honey; melodiously flow

towards her blissful circumference,

There was such irrefutable honesty in those righteously divine eyes of hers; that made even the most royal Gods in the gigantic cosmos; ecstatically clap till countless more births; yet to unveil,

There was such enamoring exhilaration in those freshly evolved tiny toes of hers; that made even the most patriotically scintillating of paths; wait in ardently augmenting anticipation; for her to perennially tread,

There was such majestic aristocracy in those exotically hazel brown hair of hers; that made even the most unsurpassable entrenchments of timelessness; enshroud her like an impregnable fortress for; limitless more decades yet to come,

There was such regale endowment in those inscrutably tiny destiny lines of hers; that made even the most ecstatically floating clouds in abundant sky; beautifully caress her with their incredulously fascinating charm,

There was such indefatigable poignancy in those vibrantly ravishing veins of hers; that made even the most seductively blossoming lotus's; to perpetually encapsulate her captivating grace; with ever-pervading fountains of ingratiating scent,

There was such wonderful intrigue in those inadvertently harmonious yawns of hers; that made even the most inscrutably ingenious waves of invention; stand in obeisant guard for decades immemorial beside her,

There was such unassailable triumph in those merrily advancing footsteps of hers; that made even the most blisteringly Omniscient rays of hope; stoop their lids in astounding acknowledgement,

There was such spell binding enthusiasm in those mischievous fantasies of hers; that made even the most fantastically panoramic gorge of proliferating newness; forever bend down in charismatically due respect,

There was such magnificence blended in those gorgeously infinitesimal fists of hers; that made even the most priceless angels in the cosmos; profusely stare till realms beyond eternity; in untamed celestial stupor,

There was such sensuous fervency embellished in those inconspicuous nostrils of hers; that made even the most fragrant lap of the heavens; miraculously bestow

vivacious life upon even the dreariest cranny of this unending planet,

There was such immortal love in those passionately palpitating beats of hers; that made even the most Omnipresent messiahs of humanity; sing in Godly praise; for unsurpassable more decades yet to come,

And I considered myself the richest organism on this boundless Universe; as she had my very own blood beautifully fulminating in her tiny veins; as the contours of her innocent face reminded me profusely of my sacrosanct childhood; as she was none other; than my new born daughter kavya.

19. DEAR DADDY

Enough has been said and appreciated about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the walls of this dwelling; would never have been able to bear the onslaught of the vengefully greedy and rigid society,

Enough has been said and admired about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the children of this dwelling; would never have been able to sleep all blissful night; in the cozy delights of the opulently silken quilt,

Enough has been said and preached about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the rooms of this dwelling; would never have been embedded with luxurious luminosity; which all members profoundly relished all their lifetime,

Enough has been said and saluted about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the driveways of this dwelling; would never have been deluged with bountiful prosperity; which celestially circulated through the hearts of one and all; alike,

Enough has been said and patronized about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the commercial ambitions of all; would never have been so sumptuously placated; imparting them with a chance to embrace even the most bizarrely remote of their dreams,

Enough has been said and advocated about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; sagacious knowledge of this Universe; would never have entered this dwelling; with the mantra of ignorance is bliss; being the only jargon till eternity,

Enough has been said and idolized about the Mother of the house; had it not

been for you dear Daddy; the infants of this dwelling; would never have been able to get the most majestic education; miserably buckling under the whirlwind of poverty and insanity,

Enough has been said and prayed about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the boundaries of this dwelling; would never have been able to bear; the acrimoniously appalling abuse of the uncouth society outside,

Enough has been said and highlighted about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the floors of this dwelling; would never have been able to so handsomely withhold; the unfathomable demands of pampered brats around,

Enough has been said and idolized about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the winds of this dwelling; would never have been so royally subjected; to an unsurpassable fortress of flamboyantly dynamic exuberance; perennially diffusing from your stride,

Enough has been said and talked about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the regal grandiloquence of this dwelling; would never have remained so invincible; with the parasitic world outside insatiably longing to devastate each of its brick,

Enough has been said and revered about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the flowers of this dwelling; would never have bloomed so radiantly; with all inevitably busy in their own conquests; failing to water them so magnificently as you did unflinchingly each day; with the Sun transcending over the rosy horizons,

Enough has been said and symbolized about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the clothes of this dwelling; would have never been so immaculately spotless; with the ruthless planet outside fervently waiting to envelop them in bloodbaths of abhorrent war,

Enough has been said and cherished about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the plates of this dwelling; would never have been so aristocratically replenished; with the ungainly famished earth outside unsparingly commencing its vicious atrocity; upon our obliviously innocent blood,

Enough has been said and sung about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the sweat in this dwelling; would never have glistened in such extraordinarily timeless perseverance; with all invidiously lazing without

realizing the actual value of life,

Enough has been said and cheered about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the enthusiasm in this dwelling; would never have been so ebulliently prolific; with the worthlessness in the air outside; being simply no match for your exhilaratingly vivacious flair; to win over the entire planet,

Enough has been said and celebrated about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the picturesque timelessness of this dwelling; would never have been so magnificently unassailable; with every lecherous organism who tried to trespass it; sinking only more and more deeper into his ultimate grave,

Enough has been said and embellished about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the breaths of all those in this dwelling; would never have flowed so uninhibitedly; feeling perpetually free even against the most mightiest of impediment that came its way,

Enough has been said and immortalized about the Mother of the house; had it not been for you dear Daddy; the hearts of all in this dwelling; would never have throbbed with such unconquerably unending passion; as and when your charismatic voice blazed forever and ever and ever; way above the dormitory of despairing death.

20. IN THE LAP OF MY MOTHER

In the lap of the road there was abundant traffic; wailing pressure horns producing discordant cacophony,

In the lap of the colossal mountain there was snow; shimmering immaculately in the sunlight; projecting shades of white,

In the lap of the garden there was green grass; sprawled rampantly on the soil; tickling me as I walked,

In the lap of a contemporary computer; there lay embossed a plethora of finely chiseled microchips; functioning scrupulously,

In the lap of the river gushing at violent speeds; there were fish of handsome sizes and shapes,

In the lap of a tree densely foliated with leaves; there lived bushy squirrels
juxtaposed with resplendent insects,

In the lap of the scorching desert extending to unfathomable limits; there was
hot sand and the rustic cactus swirling magnificently in the wind,

In the lap of the grandiloquent palace; there resided the dainty princess floating
in the aisles of ostentation and luxury,

In the lap of the refrigerator; there was succulent fruit strewn alongwith barrels
of cold wine,

In the lap of the sky; there was the brilliant sun and placid moon; blessing the
earth with light all round the clock,

In the lap of the concrete wall; there were baked bricks impregnated to provide it
fortification,

In the lap of the tropical jungle; there were wild animals; white water streams
and a scores of venomous spider,

In the lap of the fountain pen; there was colored ink; granting profound impetus
to words; molding them to beautiful calligraphy,

In the lap of the deep well; there was stagnant water; which was deftly
evacuated by humans to quench their insatiable thirst,

In the lap of prejudice; there lived disdainful hatred; which was its obvious
manifestation,

In the lap of the dictionary; there were infinite words finely embodied; granting
us
the privilege of communication,

In the lap of the city gutter; lay fetid sewage giving rise to the most unbearable
of stench,

In the lap of a cigarette there was bountiful tobacco; which produced
carcinogenic smoke when consumed,

In the lap of omnipotent God; there lay the entire universe; with a fleet of
organisms diligently executing their tasks,

And in the lap of my mother; there resided perpetual care; the love that no price on this earth could purchase.

21. STRAIGHT ANSWERS

Where do we get succulent fruit from; scores of raspberry attached to fresh green leaves,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the tall and finely corrugated tree.

Where do we get flocculent wool from; clusters of fur curled up in bountiful heaps,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the rotund and blissful mountain sheep.

Where do we get salt from; tones of white powder to impregnate favor to our meals,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the magnanimous and turbulently swirling ocean.

Where do we get milk from; immaculate curd dribbling to consume; for blissfully commencing every morning,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the sacrosanct and robust cow.

Where do we get glistening leather from; sleazy chunks of cloth to make our pocket purses,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the slithering and tantalizing reptile.

Where do we get scintillating pearls from; impeccable jewels untouched by adulteration,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the delectably molded shell of oyster.

Where do we get loads of illumination from; dazzling rays to fumigate the profusely moistened earth,
The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than celestial body of the blazing Sun.

Where do we get mesmerizing fragrance from; gorgeous scent profoundly

besieging our nostrils,

The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the crimson colored and dew drop coated lotus.

Where do we get rain from; pelting globules of liquid blended with streaks of white lightning,

The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the colossal expanse of the ominously black sky.

Where do we get bountiful blessings from; tones of unsurpassable success in every sphere of life which we undertake,

The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the omniscient Almighty.

Where do we get insurmountable love from; the exuberant spirit in life to contentedly exist,

The answer to this is simple; for it is none other than the impeccable beloved.

And where do we get an outlet to uninhibitedly express our emotions; informally blurt out the most inconspicuous problem of our mind,

The answer to this is as ubiquitous as ever; for it is none other than the divine mother.

22. INNOCENT LIVES

Lunch boxes filled with spicy delicacy,
Children dressed in neat uniform,
Stitched badges identifying institution,
Spacious coarse bags filled with textbook volumes,
On innocuous shoulders of budding youth,
Polished footwear projecting from cream pant,
Shoelace tied in immaculate fashion,
Plaits of hair brushed with coconut oil,
Red tie dangling from shirt collar,
Secured to shirt cloth with metal cufflinks,
Luminous watch dial displaying scrupulous time,
Elastic socks of white conclude attire,
As scores of children boarded the school bus.

Shouts of laughter, chorused rhymes,
Plodding of feet, biting of nails,
Twinkling smiles, comic faces full of glee,
The children were having a gala time,

With dead drunk driver hands on steering wheel,
Flashing demon smiles through rear view glass,
Meeting personal frustration on gas pedal,
As the bus sky rocketed into daylight,
Leaving whirlwinds of dust behind,
Swerving wildly like an African panther,
Ultimately crashing into the wrought iron posts,
Marking the outlines of river bridge,
Shouts of ecstasy transited to breathless horror,
Metal screeched against solid concrete,
Multiseater bus took a hundred feet plunge,
Chorused rhyme converted to imprisoned cries,
As innocent lives plummeted into the ghastly waters,
Eventually drowning into the savage waters of the Amazon

23.9 MONTHS

9 months of painstaking labor,
9 months of confinement in Luke warm recesses of womb,
9 months of parasitic nourishment from mother food,
9 months of luxury cushioning in chambers of slime,
9 months of oblivion from vagaries of life,
9 months of proximity with rich mass of intestine,
9 months of blissful sleep sheltered from light,
9 months of swim in bountiful fluid encapsulating body,
9 months of gentle caress by her hands occasionally gliding over inflated part of her belly,
9 months of complete suspension in elastic skin pouch,
9 months of developing skin and formation of calcium bone,
9 months of perpetual ecstasy moving tiny legs and hands,
9 months of incessant heat ensuring future health,
9 months of carrier comfort in perambulators of flesh,
9 months of pitch dark existence with blurred premonitions of beautiful mother,
9 months of perspiration blending profusely with gastric juice,
9 months of anxious wait for an encounter with all living and created,
the time is up; multiple day wait seems concluded,
dazzling light of the sun blinds me in entirety,
compassionate soft hands of my mother raise me to the Almighty,
as I open my eyes; emit my first incoherent scream,
silencing worldly commotion with innocent cries of fresh birth.

24. YOU WERE THE MORTAL GREATEST DEAR BIOLOGICAL MOTHER

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't clamber up the corporate ladder to success; prepared appetizing food in the domestic kitchen instead,
It doesn't matter at all if you didn't earn exorbitant heaps of money; waited with a glimmer of hope in your eyes for your husband to arrive back from office instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't pioneer spurious conferences; relaxed in the blissful shades of the lawns; catering to each plant with astronomical love and empathy instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't march towards work at electric pace 9 'O' clock every morning; profoundly engrossed yourself in meticulously cleaning the entire household instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't surf the web for hours on the trot chatting with Business magnates; acerbically scolded the Milkman for not delivering milk on time instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't enter the bank ever in your life; busied yourself safeguarding and refurbishing your husbands assets at home instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't adorn glamorous clothes and an ocean of ostentatious scent; handsomely chopped a plethora of vegetables for afternoon lunch instead,

It doesn't really matter if you didn't speak in bombastic English all day; recited sacrosanct hymns in front of the deity you worshipped instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't wander in and out of sleazy restaurants to entertain a bunch of baseless clients; nostalgically browsed through the collection of your childhood photographs instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't use pompous interjections like 'sorry'; 'excuse me'; 'thank you', 'please'; every minute; merrily played with scores of infants seated on the golden sands instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't change cars as frequently as your clothes; molded toys of delectable clay to amuse those orphaned instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't blow your entire life in extravagant clouds of cigarette smoke; narrated enchanting stories to your entire family at late night;

to ease off their tensions and put them off to tranquil sleep instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't function like clock work all throughout the day; meeting a series of deadlines, fantasized about making this Universe a paradise to live and exist instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't use manipulative jargons in your speech; displayed pure passion in your eyes to help your counterparts and siblings instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't bark orders in your sonorous voice to your team of snobbish compatriots; engaged yourself splendidly knitting for your grandchildren instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't drink inebriating pegs of scintillating whisky in the contemporary bar; fed your pet cat with loads of rich cream and milk affectionately instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't have contacts spread all over awaiting to execute your every command at the mere tap of your finger; satisfied yourself tremendously in bathing your children clean of their incorrigible dirt instead,

And It doesn't matter at all if you didn't achieve any target in your life; didn't earn even a single penny of your own irrespective of your age; remained a complete recluse without intermingling the slightest with the pompous society,

As I would still 'consider you the mortal greatest ' dear biological mother; for bearing me 9 months in your belly; evolving me to admire all the beauty that philandered in this world; making me capable of confronting any difficulty that came my way; and granting me the privilege to enjoy all that I was today

25. CLINGING TIGHTLY TO THE BODY OF MY MOTHER

I wanted to have breakfast on the Himalayas; profoundly admiring and captivated by the brilliant morning light,

I wanted to perform yogic exercise; sit with my legs crossed in blissful meditation on the 100th floor of the colossal building,

I wanted to breathe whirlwinds of exotic air; wholesomely engulfed by twinkling stars of the sky and the enigma of the night,

I wanted to dance exuberantly under the scintillating moon; swaying my body rhythmically with the mystical tunes of air,

I wanted to masticate succulent chunks of raspberry; in an ambience of dense shrub and enchanting wilderness of the mountain,

I wanted to drink gallons of reinvigorating water; standing at the base of the virgin chain of corrugated rocks,

I wanted to witness my reflection in the mesmerizing eyes of the angel; drown profusely and forever into the ocean of empathy she radiated,

I wanted to laugh standing in the midst of the steep gorge; hearing each giggle reverberate boundless number of times before striking me back in the ear,

I wanted to perspire lazing on the grass; with the majestic rays of the Sun fomenting globules of golden sweat to trickle down my skin,

I wanted to write while seated royally on the cocoon of pearly clouds; metamorphosing each fantasy of mine into a perpetual reality,

I wanted to run along with the battalion of Kangaroos; picking up spurts of speed and expending every iota of power lingering in my leg,

I wanted to give orders sitting on the Princely cushion; seeing to it that the entire nation was prudently synchronized and listened to even the most minuscule of my commands,

I wanted to play incessantly with the dolphins; fondle their ravishing snouts to feel entrenched with waves of unprecedented excitement,

I wanted to sketch and paint seated on the deck of the ship; stroking the barren sheet of canvas with resplendent shades of enamoring color,

I wanted to violently fight in the heart of the pugnacious battlefield; brandishing a shimmering sword in my palms; and an overwhelming ardor to conquer sunk deep into my blood,

I wanted to bathe in a tank of pure honey; allowing it to trickle tantalizingly through each pore of my skin,

I wanted to dig a tunnel prolifically embedded with pearls; savor the opulence

and glow that emanated as my pickaxe burrowed a way of its own,

I wanted to pray diligently to the creator; in a century old temple hidden handsomely within the murky camouflage of the dispersed coconut trees,

I wanted to love for fathomless times in the lap of my beloved; intermingling each breath of hers; each heart beat of hers that arose; completely with mine,

And in the end I wanted to sleep; rest in blissful silence far away and oblivious to the tensions of this world; escaping all death and pain; escaping all evil and satanically dark; breathing deeply and feeling invincibly secure; clinging tightly to the body of my mother.

26. CALL US MOTHER

We welcome you with tears of unprecedented empathy in our eyes; wishing you tumultuous luck and success in your future life to unveil,

We welcome you with ardor in our rubicund tongues; blessing you with sacrosanct hymns that diffused from our mouths,

We welcome you with the blistering intensity in our blood; earnestly wanting you to rise to the most astronomical limits in your life,

We welcome you with the passion profusely embedded in our bones; insatiably desire that you keep living blissfully without the slightest of scratch to your scalp,

We welcome you with uninhibited love in our hearts; ardently wanting to wholesomely blend your beats with ours,

We welcome you with our open arms open like the colossal sky; imparting your persona with all the love that we could ever savor or salvage on the circumference of this planet,

We welcome you with profound feelings lingering deep down our soul; fighting till our last breath to wade away even the most tiniest shadow of evil from around your impeccable demeanor,

We welcome you with compassionate smiles engulfing our lips; deluging your future with bountiful spurts of laughter,

We welcome you with overwhelming exuberance in our minds; with an inexorable propensity to enlighten every moment of your life to unveil,

We welcome you with fathomless gifts sandwiched in our palms; hoisting you up and down in the air; umpteenth number of times,

We welcome you with unprecedented mysticism in our voices; blessing you by singing all the divinely prayers we had imbibed till the present time,

We welcome you with clusters of silken sheets and pillows on the floor; an insurmountable yearning in our pulse to make you feel wholesomely at home,

We welcome you with a festoon of ingratiatingly scented flowers in our fists; showering them delectably over the innocuous contours of your new born face,

We welcome you with a profusely enamoring charm in our visage; tickling you playfully in your softly molded ribs,

We welcome you with boundlessly effusive feeling in our chests; casting on your quota of good luck on your spell binding and heavenly form,

We welcome you with the spirit of magnanimous sacrifice embodied in our philanthropic bodies; supporting and propelling you to move forward with all the power we possessed in our entity,

We welcome you with a nostalgic longing in our countenance; transporting ourselves way back into innocent childhood; cuddling you indefatigably in our palms,

We welcome you with all the warmth that we had amalgamated in the tenure of our short lives; disseminating it benevolently for your's as well as the prosperous growth of; several other children of your kind,

And in return to all this we don't want even the slightest of favor from your side; our only request to you is to call us 'Mother' just once perhaps in your entire lifetime; making us more happy than God could ever have been; making us forget that we could never ever have our own blood; an entity whom we could address as our very own child.

27. NEVER SNATCH

Never snatch the Omnipotent Sun; from the fathomless expanse of mesmerizing

blue sky,

Never snatch the poignantly ravishing salt; from the belly of the tantalizingly undulating ocean,

Never snatch the triumphantly scintillating tip; from the gorgeously invincible silhouette of the gigantic mountain,

Never snatch robustly crimson blood; from the boundless conglomerate of intricately bustling veins,

Never snatch the boisterously humming bee; from the heart of the resplendently blossoming flower; philandering merrily with the exuberant breeze,

Never snatch the rhapsodically ebullient melody; from the victoriously drifting and tantalizing breeze, Never snatch the immaculately Heavenly Moon; from the voluptuously titillating wilderness of the enchanting night,

Never snatch the vibrantly flamboyant wings; from the majestically soaring and uninhibitedly innocuous bird,

Never snatch the thunderously impregnable roar; from the throat of the royally ferocious and unequivocally supreme Lion,

Never snatch celestially ingratiating innocence; from the impeccably frolicking and pristinely princely child,

Never snatch eloquently magnetic voice; from the spell bindingly ravishing and sweet nightingale,

Never snatch irrefutably unconquerable pride; from the soul of the immortally departed and valiant martyr,

Never snatch poignantly glistening sands; from the panoramically sweltering landscape of the blisteringly golden desert,

Never snatch naturally proliferating virility; from a harmoniously blending and symbiotically breathing organism,

Never snatch the rustically embellished roots; from the colossally sprawling and aristocratically tree,

Never snatch the wave of sensuously titillating embarrassment; from the freshly adorned and nimbly trembling bride,

Never snatch indispensably Omniscient breath; from a man who altruistically devoted every instant of his life to the service of humanity; tirelessly endeavoring to unite the entire planet in threads of eternal mankind; perpetually alike,

Never snatch immortally unassailable love; from two hearts perennially bonded in chords of symbiotically priceless compassion,

And it is my humble plea to you O! Omnipotently Almighty Lord that no power on this Universe ever succeeds in accomplishing the above; more importantly; no power on this Universe ever succeeds in snatching a Divinely sacred mother; from her newly born and immaculate child.

28. STILL CRAVING FOR MORE

A million kisses on her mischievously magical palms; as she intriguingly darted to explore every bit of the ecstatically astounding atmosphere,

A million kisses on her flirtatiously dancing lids; as she inadvertently fluttered those diminutively silken folds; at the slightest insinuation of vibrant light,

A million kisses on her immaculately divine lips; as she Omnisciently unveiled into a festoon of enchanting smiles; after every feed of her Mother's milk,

A million kisses on her innocuously flapping ears; as she poignantly bounced to even the most inconspicuous sounds; euphorically feasting on the first rays of the Sun; like no other entity on planet alive,

And my lips still unrelentingly craved for more; such was the timeless incantation of her newly born spirit; such was the luminescence of her impeccable soul; such was the charisma of her tiny; but immortal heart.

1.

A million kisses on her sacredly minuscule forehead; as she regally stared at my alien face in innocent bewilderment,

A million kisses on her jubilantly tinkling feet; as she naughtily thrust at all that she encountered in vicinity; with her unfathomably burgeoning euphoria,

A million kisses on her royally mesmerizing neck; as she immaculately maneuvered it umpteenth number of times in a single minute; passionately searching for her mother's breast,

A million kisses on her eternally bountiful eyelashes; as she winked every now and again; demanding to be celestially hoisted towards the fathomless sky; by virtually all her by her tiny side,

And my lips still intransigently wandered for more; such was the miraculous impression of her Omnipresent soul; such was the unsurpassably resplendent radiance of her every new born footstep; such was the charisma of her tiny; but immortal heart.

2.

A million kisses on her profusely baby powder coated armpits; as she unleashed into a fountain of wonderful laughter; gleefully poking me in my ribs,

A millions kisses on her Omnipotently golden belly; as she perennially snuggled closer and closer to my chest; with the onset of the remorsefully fearful and sordid night,

A million kisses on her marvelously embellished shadow; as she enchantingly crawled towards an entrenchment of endowing goodness; every unfurling minute of the brilliantly sparkling day,

A million kisses on her microscopic yet philanthropic shoulders; as she harbored nothing but unassailable love for all mankind; bonding every element of her countenance with the religion of humanity,

And my lips still ardently prayed for more; such was the glorious essence of her perpetually amiable sharing; such was the unblemished spirit that encapsulated her newly born demeanor; such was the charisma of her tiny; but immortal heart.

3.

A million kisses on her magnificently curly hair; as she fervently suckled her big thumb to divinely appease every ingredient of her; invincibly scarlet blood,

A million kisses on her robustly ebullient tongue; as she rejuvenated life in even

the most lugubriously dead; with her inarticulately affable sky of natural cries,

A million kisses on her profoundly rubicund palms; as she frolicked in the aisles of beautifully captivating childhood; entirely oblivious to the rigors of tyrannical destiny and this satanically savage planet,

A million kisses on her freshly spawning fingernails; as she unveiled into a palace of everlasting newness; heavenly bouncing in the lap of her Godly mother,

And my lips still indefatigably sought for more; such was the benign power of her newly born soul; such was the inimitable propensity in her effusively spell binding cries; such was the charisma of her tiny; but immortal heart.

29. FATHERHOOD

Just spawning an offspring out of your wife's body; doesn't make you a father, Fatherhood is all about the poignant empathy lingering in your eyes; the astronomical pride deep in your chest; for your child.

Just conquering all the wealth in the world; incessantly chasing your aspirations beyond the realms of prudent control; doesn't make you a father, Fatherhood is all about walking shoulder to shoulder with your child; enlightening him about the unfathomable intricacies in the chapter called life.

Just embedding bombastic designation tags on your blazer; scurrying with untamed passion in your eyes towards the corridors of monotonous office; doesn't make you a father, Fatherhood is all about uninhibited sharing; understanding and profusely blending with the agony in your child's heart; to the most ultimate of your capacity.

Just greeting your progeny with a spuriously mechanical smile on your face; at the crack of dawn and every once in a while past the descending of midnight; doesn't make you a father, Fatherhood is all about supreme informality; bouncing and rampantly frolicking with your child; continuously inculcating in him the ingredients of a blissful existence.

Just dancing in meticulous precision with your unsurpassable armory of manipulative guests; guzzling opulent wine with a somberity befitting the kings; doesn't make you a father, Fatherhood is all about possessing the tenacity to shun the entire Universe for

your child; cherishing all your wealth; ambition and desires; in the whites of his impeccable eyes.

Just discussing issues with your son with a pompous air in your voice; a colossal conference table dividing you ostentatiously in a single room; doesn't make you a father,

Fatherhood is all about standing abreast your child in good times and bad; discovering his unfathomable myriad of hidden energies; to make him an invincible winner in life.

Just putting a miserly advertisement in the newspaper seeking your sons spouse; targeting your bondage with families of status; blowing their wealth like baseless cigar smoke; doesn't make you a father,

Fatherhood is all about sacrificing a lifetime for your child's happiness; exploring that immortal love that needed to encapsulate his mind; body and soul.

Just signing an incomprehensible number of checks in a single day; browsing through the most contemporarily corporatish of business magazines; doesn't make you a father,

Fatherhood is all about evacuating each droplet of blood that circulated through the conglomerate of your robust veins; to help your child manifest his every dream into a perpetual reality.

Just hardselling your cloudburst of ingenious concepts; astutely maneuvering through each hurdle of life to catapult to the summit of overwhelming fame and popularity; doesn't make you a father,

Fatherhood is all about philandering with your child through the aisles of uncurbed freedom; reliving till times beyond eternity; those instants when you were an innocent infant.

And just addressing your son as son umpteenth number of times in the sweltering day; doesn't make you a father,

Fatherhood is all about living life higher than the clouds; making your child constantly feel as if in a land of enchanting paradise; ensuring that his spirits soared more exuberantly than the angels; even after you had died

30. ADORABLE SISTER

Tangily mischievous; yet supremely compatible whenever I needed her the most,

Boisterously bouncing; yet profoundly empathizing with the myriad of difficulties

that encountered me in my way,

Incessantly chattering; yet metamorphosing to more silent than a leaf; when I needed to be in perpetual solitude,

Overwhelmingly pampered; yet ready to relinquish the last iota of her riches for saving my life,

Nostalgically childish; yet comprehending all my agonies more sagaciously than the greatest of saints; putting me off to blissful sleep,

Profusely dreaming; yet stirring me completely out of my weird reveries; tumultuously peppering me all the time to march ahead in life,

Crankily agitated; yet triggering me off into an unrelenting festoon of smiles; as I sat devastated in the corridors of gloom,

Insatiably ambitious; yet surrendering herself to incoherent bouts of frolic; to keep my spirits indefatigably soaring higher than the clouds,

Enigmatically nervous; yet standing like an invincible fortress when I came to defending my wave of stupendous integrity,

Inexorably chirpy; yet sitting by my side for hours immemorial as I fervently awaited my examination results to come,

Irrevocably stubborn; yet commiserating and earnestly blending with all what I remarked,

Cheekily extravagant; yet harboring me in realms of secure introversion; when my wounds slit apart with manipulative malice of the extraneous world,

A cyclonic whirlwind; yet waiting with insurmountable patience for me to grace every occasion of her life,

Prudently mature; yet shunning the entire Universe; endeavoring her best to uplift me from my cloistered shell of eccentric recluse,

Nimble statured; yet swirling higher than the most fulminating of volcano's at every heinous finger that dared to stretch even a trifle towards my countenance,

Euphorically artistic; yet confronting an unfathomable battalion of monotonous

vagaries in life; so that I remained enchantingly engrossed in the ocean of poetry for centuries unprecedented,

Magnetically glamorous; yet melanging perfectly with the most aboriginally rustic lifestyles; while trespassing with me on a holiday,

Candid tongued; yet pacifying the belligerent agony torrentially exploding in my heart; with her mesmerizing tunes of immortal love,

Are just frugal words; for even if I assimilated all the philanthropic goodness lingering on this planet; it would be still prove a fraction too less; to describe my sacrosanct and adorable sister

31. FRESHLY BORN

I will never kiss lips other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; incorrigibly refraining from indulging in the web of licentious desire, And if ever I did; it would only be your voluptuous armory of seductive smiles; freshly born once again.

I will never stare into eyes other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; abhorring the most gorgeous of alien eyeballs like infinitesimal strands of worthless broomstick, And if ever I did; it will only be your island of tantalizing eyelashes; freshly born once again.

I will never caress skin other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; disdainfully shrugging the very prospect of ravishing complexion under my nonchalant frowns, And if ever I did; it will only be your river of mesmerizing perspiration; freshly born once again.

I will never fondle hair other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; disregarding the most titillating conglomerate of silk; like infinite mosquitoes descending from the sky, And if ever I did; it will only be your blanket of stupendously enchanting eyebrows; freshly born once again.

I will never drown in any voice other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; massacring even the most exotic trace of sound hovering in untamed vicinity, And if ever I did; it will only be your melodious ocean of poignant tunes; freshly

born once again.

I will never frolic with a persona other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; sequestering myself in wholesome oblivion amidst the juggernaut of boisterous activity in this chaotic world,
And if ever I did; it will only be your innocuously divine progeny; freshly born once again.

I will never worship footsteps other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; perennially closing my ears to the most ravenously rhapsodic maidens in this boundless Universe,
And if ever I did; it will only be your incredulously royal shadow; freshly born once again.

I will never blend with palms other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; blowing all magnetic touch lingering in the atmosphere; under the languid yawns which entrenched my mouth,
And if ever I did; it will only be your cavalcade of profusely impeccable destiny lines; freshly born once again.

I will never mingle with breath other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; remaining as stoical as white ice; even as the most fabulous of seductresses overwhelmed me with their charismatic fragrance,
And if ever I did; it will only be your flurry of insurmountably passionate gasps; freshly born once again.

I will never love any heart other than yours till the time I breathed my last breath; standing like an invincible fortress against the most inevitable of alluring assaults,
And if ever I did; then it will only be your everlasting paradise of pulsating beats; freshly born once again.

32. MY FIRST SON

Every divinely smile of his; made me blossom into an unsurpassable paradise of astounding newness; as I ebulliently surged forward with the untamed fervor of vibrant life,

Every naughty wink of his; made me timelessly flirt behind the sun soaked hills; as I perennially felt like a immaculately new born child; in the sacrosanct lap of my mother; once again,

Every princely footstep of his; made me forever assimilate all benign goodness in the stupendously splendid atmosphere; enshrouding my life with unfathomable righteousness,

Every innocuous cry of his; made me indefatigably transpire towards transcending beyond the pinnacles of irrefutably glittering philanthropism; amiably bond in threads of humanity; with my fellow comrades in inexplicably horrendous distress,

Every delectable snore of his; made me relentlessly fantasize about the fathomlessly bountiful wonders of this magnanimous planet; trace back my very first rudiments; to the sacred lap of everlasting romance,

Every heavenly finger of his; made me ecstatically leap in an ocean of enchanting enthrallment; fantastically conceive the most incredulously grandiloquent contours of priceless mankind; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Every innocent shadow of his; made me unequivocally feel the most blessed organism on this Universe; as I felt every manipulatively beleaguered cranny of my impoverished demeanor; being sparkingly replenished each minute,

Every celestial blush of his; made me exuberantly wander in lanes of incomprehensibly boundless jubilation; as I felt I had wholesomely vanquished all sorrows of mine with the; blissful cradle of scintillating newness,

Every incoherent word of his; made me rhapsodically stumble upon an expedition of blooming optimism; discovering a profusely magical radiance in every wind of the atmosphere; that I wholeheartedly embraced,

Every melodious whisper of his; made me benevolently float with the angels of royal humanity; attune my disastrously dilapidated existence; in synergy with the principles of; benign mankind,

Every spotlessly untainted yawn of his; made me feel bereft of all my inadvertently committed sins; as I marvelously rejuvenated every iota of my famished existence; with the impregnable fervor of uninhibited togetherness,

Every poignant expression of his; made me feel rejoicingly human; as I fulminated even the innermost parts of my soul; to beautifully blend with the river of; unassailably glorious honesty,

Every innocuous maneuver of his; made me supremely drift into an

entrenchment of Omnipotently shimmering belief; as I pioneered a sparkling Sun of patriotism; on every step that I harmoniously tread,

Every droplet of his vivacious blood; made me flamingly rise to kiss the fireballs of unbelievably euphoric compassion; tirelessly disseminate the unconquerable mantras of eternal friendship; to the most fathomless parts of this earth,

Every spontaneously ingratiating frown of his; made me deeply realize that even the most greatest of humans are sporadically fallible; infact just an infinitesimally minuscule fraction of the Almighty divine,

Every freshly protruding teeth of his; made me intransigently salute God for so handsomely evolving freshness; for so aristocratically creating and molding each element of; wonderfully mesmerizing mankind,

Every piquantly tiny fist of his; made me intractably believe in my integrally inborn spirit of never dying enthusiasm; as I tirelessly diffused the rainbow of vivacious hope; in every dwelling brutally asphyxiated with murderous gloom and despair,

Every resplendently enamoring breath of his; made me forever feel that I was radiantly dancing on the carpet of blissfully unending survival; leading each instant of my existence; in holistic symbiosis with the united rays of all; living kind,

And every beat of his passionately throbbing heart; made me alive even from the corridors of despicably gory hell; more importantly love my first son; as much as the Creator loved this ravishing planet

33. GODLY PARENTS

You were the ones who cared for me; sacrificed the most minutest of your belongings to see me blossom till times beyond eternity,

You were the ones who incessantly showered gifts upon me; slept many a times without inevitable morsels in your famished stomachs,

You were the ones who safeguarded me like a formidable fortress; taking the brunt of the murderously acrimonious world; directly on your shivering chests,

You were the ones who ensured that I always smiled; weeping inexplicable tears in solitude; as the deviltried to lambaste you from all sides,

You were the ones who unrelentingly encouraged me towards my goal; when the extraneous world outside fretted and turned an uncouthly deaf ear,

You were the ones who sequestered me from every ray of sweltering heat; bathing in whirlwinds of perspiration every instant; as the fireball of Sun; blazed to its most unsurpassably vicious radiance,

You were the ones who responded to even the most faintest of my cries; lived a countless sleepless nights; while I snored to blend with realms of absolute heaven,

You were the ones who instilled in me the essence of life; ensured that my impoverished soul transcended over the boundaries of paradise; even at the cost of your precious extinction,

You were the ones who taught me how to crawl; walk; conquer every obstacle that confronted me in my way; even when the blood flowing in your veins was rapidly evaporating over the threshold of obsolete oblivion,

You were the ones who magnanimously nurtured my every desire; saw to it that I diffused the philanthropic fragrance of mankind; even when you were besieged from all quarters with the most devastating of disease,

You were the ones who passionately discerned the artist fulminating in my beats; even as the planet outside savagely massacred it with swords of macabre manipulation; even before it was born,

You were the ones who shared each unfurling second of my agony; listening to the innermost voices of my heart; even as the society around; was devouring you in its horrifically greedy belly,

You were the ones who bestowed upon me a roof to live till the times I wanted; even as you coalesced with infinitesimal bits of threadbare dust outside; to pacify my list of ever augmenting demands,

You were the ones who defended me against the most diabolical of foes; selflessly beheading your scalps; to witness me sprout into an unfathomable fountain of happiness,

You were the ones who stood with me for the love of my life; spending your entire existence in dilapidated dungeons of penance; for the plethora of misdeeds

I might have unwittingly committed in my quest for the ultimate summit,

You were the ones who laughed when I laughed; cried when I cried; relinquishing your fathomless list of personal ambitions; to make me eat the fruits that I wanted,

You were the ones who followed me like an incorrigible shadow; in good times as well as bad; even though I snubbed you sometimes with cloudbursts of irascible pertinence,

You were the ones who perpetually remained my friends for centuries incomprehensible; even as those closest to me stabbed me insidiously with dagger heads of prejudice,

You were the ones who were immortal angels; having not only given me birth and your name; but harnessing each part my persona till date; with your breath; your heart; your very own blood,

And even if I assimilated the entire wealth on this earth; it would still prove a fraction too frugal in front of your divinely countenance; instead I proudly proclaim to the entire Universe; that you would always remain; my Godly parents.

34. I FELT THE MOST IMMORTAL WOMAN.

I felt the most wonderfully ameliorated woman on this fathomless Universe; when you poignantly sketched even the most infinitesimal contour of my sensuously impoverished form,

I felt the most unbelievably liberated woman on this boundless Universe; when you flirtatiously chased me till times beyond infinite infinity; behind those voluptuously rain soaked hills,

I felt the most unassailably virile woman on this indefatigable Universe; when you passionately interlocked every pore of your naked flesh with mine; tantalizingly stroking your masculine fingers through every crevice of my nubile spine,

I felt the most fearlessly intrepid woman on this endless Universe; when you timelessly stared into the whites of my eye; exploring and magically deciphering its never-ending mysteries and astounding depth,

I felt the most eclectically endowed woman on this resplendent Universe; when you whispered a tale of inscrutable desire into my ears; gently nibbling at their lobes as the Sun slowly sunk behind the enchantingly evanescent horizons,

I felt the most impregnably honored woman on this inexhaustible Universe; when you unceasingly called my name in front of the entire planet; without the tiniest of embarrassment or uncanny fear in your profoundly muscled chest,

I felt the most jubilantly fructifying woman on this boundless Universe; when you sowed the seed of your friendship; deep into the most innermost crannies of my crimson blood and veins,

I felt the most inimitably undefeated woman on this triumphant Universe; when you unflinchingly stood by my diminutive side; in my times of inexplicably asphyxiating duress and celestial felicity; alike,

I felt the most pricelessly perennial woman on this ever-pervading Universe; when you compassionately coalesced even the most mercurial line on your palms; with the innumerable permutations and combinations of destiny on my laconic hands,

I felt the most euphorically learned woman on this everlasting Universe; when you unabashedly embossed your signature of humanitarian goodness upon both my breasts; unafraid of even the most diabolical of consequence to unfurl,

I felt the most incredulously serenaded woman on this bountiful Universe; when you timelessly conserved even the most infinitesimal droplet of my sweat; in the center of your reflection even in the most hedonistic of mayhem and maelstroms,

I felt the most victoriously accomplished woman on this limitless Universe; when you blessed me with your unconquerably divinely child; fertilizing me with your undying manhood for times and centuries immemorial,

I felt the most ubiquitously worshipped woman on this unsurpassable Universe; when you discovered the most replenishing sleep of your life on the soles of my Spartan feet; wholesomely oblivious to even the most lucratively magnetizing vagaries of this treacherously robotic planet,

I felt the most astoundingly fragrant woman on this gargantuan Universe; when you tirelessly blended every of your fierily unbridled breath with mine; at the most ethereal insinuation of Sunrise and seductive nightfall,

I felt the most unlimitedly possessed woman on this spell-binding Universe;
when you placed me as the most supreme throne in even the most obfuscated of
your fantasy; overruling even the most uncontrollably obsessive desire of your
body,

I felt the most ecstatically imaginative woman on this panoramic Universe; when
you inundated even the most transient portions of my mind; body and soul; with
the unconquerably optimistic kisses of tomorrow,

I felt the most opulently inebriated woman on this proliferating Universe; when
you unstoppably traced the hapless barrenness of my skin; with your magically
velvety tongue,

I felt the most inevitably surrendered woman on this spell-binding Universe;
when you impregnably clasped me in your fervent arms; the very first time we
proposed each other; to be insuperably bonded for an infinite more lifetimes,

And I felt the most blessedly immortal woman on this miraculous Universe; when
you loved me more than you could love any other woman on this interminable
earth; granting me not only the status of your beloved wife; but every breath
that you undefeatedly inhaled in the tenure of your truncated life

35. JUST TREAT HIM AS YOUR IMMORTAL SON

Don't try to purchase him with the unfathomable armory of your spurious wealth;
dictating to him the spurious norms of your monotonously conventional lifestyle,
Just sit by his side sharing his joy and pain; and then witness him cling
perpetually close to your heart; instead.

Don't try to intimidate him with your treacherous set of rules and bombastic
regulations; tyrannizing him to stand first in his class,
Just play with him uninhibitedly in your lap; and witness him make you feel the
richest man alive; showering his celestial smile; instead.

Don't try and teach him textbooks of manipulative corporate management
indefatigably throughout the blazing day; stringently whipping him as he made
the tiniest of mistake,
Just wholeheartedly share with him the experiences of your life; and then witness
him scrap the most inconspicuous iota of agony from your anguished blood;
instead.

Don't try and dress him up according to your pompous tastes and desires;
brutally ordering him to shake hands with your sanctimoniously attired mates in
the baseless party hall,
Just stand for what he was; wherever he wanted; and then witness him bestow
upon you an infinite lives; be only yours for centuries immemorial; instead.

Don't try and slave him to your every command; taking undue advantage of his
boisterous youth and inherent charm,
Just philander and gallivant with him rhapsodically through the mystical hills;
genuinely admiring the most diminutive of his attribute; and then witness him
bloom into your every philanthropic dream; instead.

Don't try and challenge his immaculate persona with your inevitably acquired
knowledge; ruthlessly assassinating his innocent suggestions,
Just let him pursue the dreams that he wanted; inspiring him to be the very best
in the mission of his heart; and then witness him become the unfathomable pride
of your impoverished soul; instead.

Don't scare the winds out of his Godly countenance; making him retreat in his
shivering cocoon; the minute you stepped like a white collared tycoon from
the office,
Just embrace him ardently with both arms; talk to him like the best friend of his
life; and then witness him enlighten the tunnels of frantic desperation in your
eyes; instead.

Don't penalize him for his inadvertently committed misdeeds; belting your fanatic
frustrations of the day upon his intricately tender visage,
Just free him from the chains of your parasitically congenial society; making him
feel the strongest entity alive in the warmth of your chest; and then witness him
become the jewel of your blind eyes; as well as of the entire Nation; instead.

And don't make him feel as if you were only his guardian; feeding him whenever
he desired; providing him cloth and shelter only because his veins carried
rudiments of your own blood,
Just treat him as your immortal son; a friend to him when he was mischievous; a
philosopher when he indispensably needed your vast experiences of life; and
then witness him tirelessly call you; love you; as father; instead

36. MOTHER AND WIFE

Neither could I relinquish your impeccable memories from the whites of my eye;
forgetting you for times immemorial,

Nor could I allow anyone else to be the perpetual queen of my eyelashes; except for her majestically mesmerizing countenance.

Neither could I pulverize my rubicund lips; given to me by you after countless hours of enduring turmoil,
Nor could I allow anyone else to be their ravishing smile; except for her impeccably floating gorgeous shadow.

Neither could I char all those enchanting fantasies; which you had wonderfully nourished me to witness,
Nor could I allow anyone else to be the divinely mediator of mind; except for her tantalizingly alluring voice.

Neither could I brutally abdicate your innocuously heavenly caress; that transited me every night into realms of invincible sleep,
Nor could I allow anyone else to touch me even the slightest; except for the profuse enigma that circumvented her intriguing soul.

Neither could I disobey your unfathomable battalion of benevolent commands; disgruntling the slightest before your revered grace,
Nor could I allow anyone else to enslave me; except for her magnanimously romantic aura; that blended royally with the stars in blue sky.

Neither could I change the color you'd imparted to my skin; harnessing me with scarlet streams of your very own poignant blood,
Nor could I allow anyone else to be the rhapsodic excitement of my flesh; except for her unbelievably voluptuous body; which ignite fireballs of passion in the heart of the dead night.

Neither could I savagely exonerate the mystical language; which you'd unrelentingly taught me since nascent years of immaculate childhood,
Nor could I allow anyone else to be the words of my tongue; except for her philanthropic persona; which insatiably craved to embrace all humanity.

Neither could I lead my life without your irrefutably sacred charm; propelling me each instant to be handsomely alive,
Nor could I allow anyone else to be the breath in my lungs; the passionately throbbing beats of my heart; except for her immortally augmenting flame of love.

For on one hand you were the Godly mother who gave me birth in the first place; nourishing me with your mind; body and blood; while on the other; she was the

wife who ensured that I was today; blissfully breathing each of my dreams and unconquerably alive

37. KEPT CALLING ME FATHER

It seemed you were just a pound of flesh; in the sacrosanct womb of your revered mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you stood more towering than the skies; with your eyes glistening more flamboyantly than the midday Sun; as you hoisted me on your fearless shoulders.

It seemed you were just a pound of bones; in the immaculate belly of your vivacious mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you matched me step for step as I raced towards the finishing line; entwining your fingers impregnably with mine.

It seemed you were just a pound of water; in the divine pouch of your stupendous mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you literally blew the air from my lungs; as you euphorically punched me in waves of insurmountable triumph; on heart of my chest.

It seemed you were just a pound of hair; in the Omnipotent sac of your impeccable mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you proudly intimidated me in every aspect of life; soaring above the crimson cocoon of clouds; even before you alight a single footstep.

It seemed you were just a pound of wails; in the divine cradle of your ingratiatingly alluring mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you confronted me eye to eye across the table with passionate fire blazing in your eyes; drowned in astounding fantasy; that triggered thunderbolts of lightening in clear sky.

It seemed you were just a pound of blood; in the invincibly compassionate stomach of your mesmerizing mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you signed countless Business deals every unfurling minute; blazed like an insatiable volcano; in whatever sphere of life you wholeheartedly undertook.

It seemed you were just a pound of inconspicuous jelly; in the worshipped bowl of your philanthropic mother; only fractions of seconds ago,
While today you left me panting for breath; as you clambered like an uncontrollable whirlwind to the summit of the mountain; carrying me down; as I

miserably felt short of indispensable life.

It seemed you were just a pound of diminutive emotions; in the innocent entrenchment of your twinkling mother; only fractions of seconds ago, While today you indefatigably romanced with the soul mate of your choice; conceiving and profoundly assimilating the beauty of this fathomless planet; in every beat of your thundering heart.

And it seemed you were just a pound of brain; in the celestially blissful bag of your immortal mother; only fractions of seconds ago, While today you had made me feel the richest entity on earth alive; granting me an infinite more lives to live in this single lifetime of mine; as you tirelessly kept calling me father.

38. MY SON

He was one inconspicuous entity in this entire planet; for whom I could sacrifice all the wealth which I had arduously assimilated till date,

He was one magnificent angel cuddling the silken sheets; for whom I could relinquish every iota of smile; lingering uninhibitedly in my persona,

He was one fountain of mesmerizing emotions; for whom I could remain famished without a single droplet of water; all marathon night and flaming day,

He was one impeccable bundle of overwhelming joy; for whom I could annihilate all tumultuous passion fulminating in my heart; bond with the threads of manipulative reality,

He was one angel with a glorious conscience; for whom I could lead my entire life without my pairs of robust hands and feet,

He was one immaculate cloud inundated with optimistic beams of new found hope; for whom I could walk barefoot; for centuries unprecedented on a mountain of acrid thorns,

He was one celestial marvel deluging the air around with Omnipotent light; for whom I could sip the most heinous of poison; the very first day; each time I took birth as a man once again,

He was one enthralling adventure who captivated everyone in his charismatic swirl; for whom I could blindfold myself perpetually; plunge without the slightest

of apprehension in my eyes into a valley of sinister darkness,

He was one sacrosanct idol of happiness bouncing towards the sky; for whom I could burn all my inevitable belongings into threadbare realms of ghastly hell,

He was one innocuous jewel of prosperity; for whom I could bury myself boundless kilometers beneath gigantic avalanches of white ice; without a cloth to drape my nimble body,

He was one philanthropic spirit floating in a river of majestic goodness; for whom I could stand unflinchingly amidst the most inclement of fires; till the last bone down my spine charred to an appalling death,

He was one epitome of ubiquitous solidarity; a messiah of every religion created by man; for whom I could selflessly impart every beat of my passionately palpitating heart,

He was one enchanting scent; disseminating his immortal essence wherever he crept; for whom I could confront the mightiest of disasters every unveiling second of the day,

He was one tornado of effusive empathy; more grandiloquent than the heavens when he danced; for whom I could lick the most morbidly sweltering sand; sprinkled on the uncouth rocks,

He was one Omnipresent mirror of righteousness; candidly reflecting to the world its battalion of sins; for whom I could wholeheartedly embrace the corridors of extinction; in the most magnificent stages of my life,

He was one diminutively blue eyed beauty singing in the winds of exhilarating jubilation; for whom I could emboss unsurpassable lines of poetry; even after the last droplet of blood in my veins had utterly exhausted,

He was one Omniscient ray of ethereally everlasting light; for whom I could survive till endless infinity; in a dungeon replete with hideous scorpion,

He was the most sacred fruit of our invincible love; for which me and my divinely beloved; had prayed since our several past lifetimes,

Most importantly; he was my blood, my breath; my heart; my soul; for whom I was ready to be born again only to face a countless more deaths; for infact he was none other than my ultimate identity; he was my son.

39. COMPLETE SURRENDER

A complete surrender of every iota of my exuberance; my insatiable proclivity to triumphantly surge forward in the chapter of mesmerizing life,

A complete surrender of my profoundly sensuous artistry; the miraculous power in my fingers to evolve magic out of inanely vexing nothingness; by the grace of Almighty God,

A complete surrender of my blazingly intrepid dynamism; the wave of unflinching patriotism that unassailably circumscribed my soul; to fight till my very last breath for my beautifully venerated motherland,

A complete surrender of my astoundingly vivid sensitivity; the fathomless festoon of panoramically spell binding fantasy titillating the dormitories of my brain,

A complete surrender of my uninhibitedly unlimited freedom; the boundlessly ebullient spirit of sensuous frolic and philandering; that everlasting wafted from each of my ecstatically silken nerves,

A complete surrender of every ingredient of my rhapsodically untainted blood; the indefatigable tenacity embedded in it; to kiss the aisles of insuperable unceasing prosperity,

A complete surrender of every globule of my redolently placating perspiration; after I majestically toiled under the blazing afternoon Sun; for righteously deserving my inch of Omnipotent soil,

A complete surrender of my tirelessly enamoring fantasy; the magnificently resplendent and unconquerably fructifying dreams that splendidly engulfed my mind every unraveling instant of my impoverished existence,

A complete surrender of my Herculean temerity to survive amidst a pack of hedonistically cannibalistic wolves; the mantra of survival of the fittest diffusing from even the most parsimoniously frigid of my senses,

A complete surrender of every iota of impeccable truth garnishing my conscience; the untamed fireballs of glorious resilience that I possessed to even the most obnoxiously truculent impediments of life,

A complete surrender of my insurmountably endless innovation; the countless

ideas of miraculously endowing newness; that perpetuated like pristinely regale thunderbolts of lightening in my mind,

A complete surrender of my mischievously unrelenting mysticism; the tunes of supremely tantalizing mellifluousness that that disseminated from the corners of my cavorting mouth, '

A complete surrender of my handsomely unfettered integrity; the unparalleled yearning to mitigate and blend with every echelon of ubiquitously symbiotic living kind,

A complete surrender of my brilliantly enlightening positivity; the Sun of perpetual hope that vibrantly lingered in even the most diminutive of my senses,

A complete surrender of my bewitchingly blissful aura; the mists of royal conviviality that profusely enshrouded every conceivable speck of my holistic demeanor,

A complete surrender of my whirlpool of unprecedented desires; the unfathomably ardent yearning to exist in even the most mercurial element of my nimble silhouette,

A complete surrender of my magnanimously embracing voice; the indomitably humanitarian ideals that encompassed every aspect of my truncated life,

O! Yes; A complete surrender of even the most ethereal traces of my mind; body and benign spirit; A complete surrender of all burgeoning goodness bestowed upon me by the Omniscient Almighty Lord; A complete surrender of even my most remotely obsolete of shadow,

Only at the feet of my newly born daughter; at the feet of my Goddess of love; at the feet of my sole messiah who not only taught how to live for the moment; but divinely blessed me with a limitless more immortally jubilant lives.

40. ATLEAST DON'T DO THAT SIN

We don't expect astoundingly extraordinary gifts from you; not even the most infinitesimal of bountiful commemorations,
But at least don't mercilessly trample over all the extraordinarily majestic that we tirelessly endeavor to shower upon you; at least don't do that sin to your severely ailing and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect compassionately invincible hugs from you; not even the most diminutive tear-drop of heart-rendering empathy,
But at least don't ruthlessly disown all our invincibly unshakable embraces towards you; at least don't do that sin to your inevitably decrepit and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect brilliantly insuperable victories from you; not even the most fugitive speck of altruistic martyrdom that would do us and our country proud,
But at least don't hedonistically spit on our indomitably unblemished victory of so royally procreating you; at least don't do that sin to your disastrously maimed and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect insurmountably infallible reverence from you; not even the most beguiling trace of sacrosanct dedication and honesty towards us,
But at least don't demonically desecrate over our timeless prayers for your eternal betterment; at least don't do that sin to your penuriously hapless and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect impeccably glorious truthfulness from you; not even the most evanescent trump card of unassailably burgeoning success,
But at least don't barbarously decimate our unshakably perpetual truthfulness for you; at least don't do that sin to your miserably withering and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect the entire wealth on this fathomless Universe from you; not even the most ephemeral castles of unchallengeable solidarity and heavenly ambrosia,
But at least don't insidiously annihilate the castle of royally celestial dreams that we had constructed solely for you; at least don't do that sin to your uncontrollably shivering and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect unceasingly endowing verses of symbiotic poetry from you; not even the most abstemious chunk of priceless humanity towards us,
But at least don't satanically transgress across our perennial love for you; at least don't do that sin to your helplessly staggering and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect everlastingly fragrant sharing from you; not even the most disheveled wisp of support towards us in treacherously cataclysmic apocalypses,
But at least don't lecherously chop our hands which wanted to forever exist only to regally protect you; at least don't do that sin to your impoverishedly orphaned and old parents; dear children.

We don't expect blissful rides on your exuberant shoulders; not even the most bedraggled piece of fructifying sublimation from you,
But at least don't diabolically torch our lips which knew nothing but to smile only for you; at least don't do that sin to your flagrantly disabled and old parents; dear children.

And we don't expect marvelously reinvigorating fireballs of breath from you; not even the most deteriorating corridor of optimistic light in your eyes for us,
But at least don't hedonistically snap the fangs of our life which we lived every unfurling minute solely for you; at least don't do that sin to your despairingly blinded and old parents; dear children

41. MOTHER & THE ARTIST.

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of wonderfully emollient freshness; every unfurling instant of impregnably magnificent existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of spellbindingly undefeated innocence; every unfurling instant of symbiotically pristine existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of timelessly unconquerable truth; every unfurling instant of bounteously magnanimous existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of unfathomably unfettered creativity; every unfurling instant of timelessly burgeoning existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of royally triumphant resplendence; every unfurling instant of unconquerably majestic existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of eternally exhilarating vivaciousness; every unfurling instant of redolently insuperable existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of unbelievably ameliorating optimism; every unfurling instant of marvelously benign existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of brilliantly liberated camaraderie; every unfurling instant of iridescently inscrutable existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of unshakably virgin righteousness; every unfurling instant of beautifully untainted existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of uninhibitedly heavenly frolic; every unfurling instant of tantalizingly sensuous existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of compassionately humanitarian friendship; every unfurling instant of magically mitigating existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of miraculously everlasting freshness; every unfurling instant of invincibly coalescing existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of pricelessly ubiquitous oneness; every unfurling instant of robustly blessed existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of unbreakably Omnipotent desire; every unfurling instant of victoriously effulgent existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of unceasingly reinvigorating fantasy; every unfurling minute of oignantly charismatic existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of insurmountably intrepid enchantment; every unfurling minute of rhapsodically unhindered existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of Omnisciently tranquil serenity; every unfurling instant of endlessly bestowing existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into

an infinite children of perpetually fragrant breath; every unfurling instant of Omnipresently benevolent existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of Immortally ardent love; every unfurling instant of limitlessly fructifying existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of fantastically alleviating poetry; every unfurling instant of boundlessly splendid existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of fabulously effervescent tanginess; every unfurling instant of spiritually uplifting existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of unlimitedly enlightening Sunshine; every unfurling instant of infallibly luminescent existence,

A mother might bear just a single child in 9 months; but an artist blossoms into an infinite children of immaculately godly melody; every unfurling instant of amiably melanging existence,

Because. And Only Because. A Mother is; has and shall for times immemorial remain the Greatest Sculptor of every organism on this astoundingly multiplying Universe; A Mother is the Greatest Artist.

42. OMNIPRESENT MOTHER

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a valley of stupendously exotic and tantalizingly resurgent; freshness,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a cloudburst of eternally symbiotic and pricelessly invincible; humanity,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a dynamite of unceasingly ardent and unconquerably righteous; energy,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a waterfall of indefatigably enthralling and poignantly divine; sensuousness,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into

a cocoon of immeasurably blissful and bountifully unlimited; fantasy,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a mist of magically ameliorating and timelessly coalescing; friendship,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a meadow of uninhibitedly mesmerizing and celestially unrestricted; mischief,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a cradle of inimitably artistic and insuperably fragrant; newness,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into an ocean of unsurpassably undefeated and enchantingly everlasting; desire,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a dewdrop of astoundingly unprecedented and limitlessly royal; sensitivity,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a field of unbelievably emollient and effulgently jubilant; victory,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a kaleidoscope of amazingly fructifying and unendingly subliming; color,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a fortress of altruistically philanthropic and boundlessly unbreakable; unity,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a rainbow of charismatically unfettered and ubiquitously endowing; versatility,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a fireball of handsomely augmenting and perennially passionate; longing,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a seed of indomitably glorious and marvelously proliferating; virility,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a Sun of profoundly optimistic and unstoppably blazing; enlightenment,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a pearl of unlimitedly ecstatic and vibrantly unshakable; creativity,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into

a paradise of supremely unmatched and resplendently miraculous; breath,

By the Grace of God; you were born an infinite times every unfurling instant; into a heartbeat of immortally fervent and timelessly uniting; love,

But still you just called one particular day in the entire year as your ' Happy Birthday'; as it was that very day when you'd crawled out from the womb of the Greatest source of life; it was that very day when you'd liberated from the womb of the Greatest God on this Universe; who was none other but your Omnipresent Mother.

43. LIVING DEAD - PART 2

You might perhaps not need their altruistic support anymore; as you now felt yourself to be the strongest organism on the Universe; blazing through even the most fearful of maelstroms; in the untamed effervescent flavor of youth,

You might perhaps not need their compassionate fragrance anymore; as you now had the most pricelessly opulent of scents; sanctimoniously lined up on the windshield of your majestically crimson Mercedes,

You might perhaps not need their amiably bonding house anymore; as you now resided in the most invincibly diamond studded castle; on this fathomlessly enamoring planet,

You might perhaps not need their selflessly guiding lights anymore; as you now evolved a civilization of unparalleled newness on every path you transgressed; pierced through even the most ghoulishly appalling darkness with your spell bindingly hawk-eyed sight,

You might perhaps not need their celestial nourishment anymore; as triumphant blood now flowed through your ebulliently ecstatic veins; at a speed faster than magical white lightening,

You might perhaps not need their profoundly heartwarming caress anymore; as you now merrily cavorted with the girl of your choice behind the rain soaked hills; with her hands convivially exploring every cranny of your miserably trembling skin,

You might perhaps not need their indefatigable inspiring anymore; as you now had the entire planet subliming you to unflinchingly march forward; to ubiquitously disseminate the royally unfettered power of your God-gifted artistry,

You might perhaps not need their optimistically enlightening talks anymore; as you now had perennially imbibed the good's and bad's of inscrutably fantastic existence; deep into the dormitories of your blessed soul,

You might perhaps not need their irrefutably authoritative signature anymore; as you now had majestically carved a brilliant niche for your ownself on this limitlessly mesmerizing planet; and people around knew you by your very own inimitably victorious identity,

You might perhaps not need their lighthearted jokes anymore; as you now had the power to cognize even the most funniest of anecdotes on the boundless Universe; laugh every bone of your body out on the incomprehensible parody generated,

You might perhaps not need their impeccably divinely spirit anymore; as you now had assimilated all the unconquerably Omniscient spirituality of this timelessly extemporizing planet; tirelessly meditating in front of the Immortal Lord Almighty,

You might perhaps not need their enchantingly undefeatable voice anymore; as you now had discovered that the chords of your mesmerizing throat could timelessly enthrall one and all on this boundlessly insuperable Universe; wonderfully alike,

You might perhaps not need their splendidly recharging pat on the back anymore; as you now had the most iridescently tantalizing waterfalls and maidens to unassailably ignite even the most infidel of your senses,

You might perhaps not need their uninhibitedly emotional bonding anymore; as you now had the heart of your eternally blessed lover to wholesomely lean and infallibly depend upon,

You might perhaps not need their impregnably untainted shoes anymore; as you now created an ingeniously unconquerable pathway of effulgent freshness; on even the most evanescent chunk of soil that you tread,

You might perhaps not need their perpetually heartfelt presents anymore; as every part of your diminutive persona; was now torrentially showered upon by every bit of panoramically eclectic richness on this victorious planet,

You might perhaps not need their unceasingly fertile smiles anymore; as you now had the indomitable virility to proliferate into infinite more of your kind; procreate your progeny till the time earth existed by the Grace of Omnipresent Lord Almighty,

You might perhaps not need their unsurpassably ardent breath anymore; as each time you now exhaled romancing in the elixir of youth; nothing else emanated but the fiery first rays of the Omnipotently golden Sun,

You might perhaps not need their Omnipresently throbbing hearts anymore; as you now had perennially coalesced every beat of your endowed existence with your heavenly venerated beloved,

But irrespective of whether you needed them the tiniest iota or not; without their blessings your identity wasn't even an obsolete piece of preposterously bizarre nothingness; without their blessings you stood neither in heaven and not even the most diabolical of hell; without their blessings success forever metamorphosed into gruesome failure before you could even scent it; O! Yes without the blessings of your Godly Parents you weren't just dead; but a sinfully satanic living dead.

44. THE OMNIPRESENT MOTHER

What was more sacrosanct; was it her inimitably ebullient and beautifully crimson blood; or was it her celestially invincible and victoriously unflinching; milk?

What was more compassionate; was it her uninhibitedly everlasting and blissfully bonding embrace; or was it her impregnably bountiful and victoriously heavenly; belly?

What was more beautiful; was it her impeccably artistic and timelessly emphatic eyes; or was it her philanthropically helping and magically ameliorating; palms?

What more Omnipotent; was it her pricelessly undefeated and perpetually liberating blessings; or was it her unconquerably miraculous and perennially triumphant; footprints?

What was more fragrant; was it her unceasingly royal and altruistically infallible principles of humanity; or was it her unalterably truthful and gloriously pristine; sweat?

What was more artistic; was it her innocuously nubile and divinely unbridled skin; or was it her Omnisciently curvaceous and mellifluously entwining; fingers?

What was more tranquil; was it her resplendently effulgent and blessedly synergistic lap; or was it her incredulously mollifying and unnervingly venerated; voice?

What was more blessed; was it her tirelessly fructifying and symbiotically blossoming countenance; or was it her selflessly sacrificing and limitlessly endowing; fantasies?

What was more sensitive; was it her daintily twinkling and iridescently euphoric ears; or was it her Omnisciently unimpeachable and boundlessly benign; soul?

What was more queenly; was it her intrepidly fearless and spotlessly unperturbed stride; or was it her brilliantly enriching and immaculately unconquerable; eyelashes?

What was more sheltering; was it her untiringly unhindered and courageously carrying shoulders; or was it her unfathomably mitigating and pricelessly comforting; shadow?

What was more promising; was it her jubilantly unparalleled and irrefutably unshakable signature; or was it her endlessly undying and fantastically flamboyant; aura?

What was more indomitable; was it her affably melanging and poignantly showering smile; or was it her unlimitedly ardent and astoundingly fecund; strength?

What was more accentuated; was it her peerlessly undefeated and exuberantly transcending stare; or was it her supremely affable and prudently eclectic; nose?

What was more enlightening; was it her celestially melodious and harmoniously uniting voice; or was it her fabulously spotless and charismatically honest; conscience?

What was more life-yielding; was it her unstoppably fervent and amazingly proliferating breath; or was it her ubiquitously spawning and timelessly unassailable; virility?

What was more vivacious; was it her fantastically uncurbed and spell bindingly evolving brain; or was it her innocently kissing and synergistically reviving; lips?

What was more faithful; was it her passionately throbbing and endlessly gregarious heartbeat; or was it her simplistically blessed and eternally persevering bones?

Well the answer to all of the above was a big 'nothing'; neither was anything of hers was better than something of hers; neither could anything of hers be compared to anything existing on earth and even beyond infinite infinity; as just everything; O! Yes completely and entirely everything; of her The Omnipresent mother was intransigently Immortal.

45. SOLELY AN IMMORTAL MOTHER

Some called her a tantalizing seductress; philandering uninhibitedly through the inscrutably rustling forests,

Some called her an angel having just descended from the sky; bountifully pacifying even the most traumatically agonized senses; with the stupendous charisma in

her voice,

Some called her a poignantly tangy wave; profusely enlightening the gruesomely pallid atmosphere around; with the incredulous euphoria in her ravishing stride,

Some called her an unfathomably enigmatic wind; that mystically tingled countless of impoverished souls; in the heavenly swirl of her compassionately diffusing breath,

But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; feeding it with celestial granaries of impeccable milk; and loads of overwhelmingly silken warmth.

Some called her a gloriously alluring pack of metamorphosing cards; enthusing boundless with the magic in her triumphant smile,

Some called her an insurmountably nubile vixen; voraciously drowning even the most lecherously monotonous; in an untamed thunderbolt of never ending raw desire,

Some called her a fabulously evading mirage; captivating even the most insensitively alien; in the ingratiating aroma that lingered incomprehensibly around each of her vivacious senses,

Some called her an unsurpassable carpet of marvelously scarlet roses; profoundly illuminating every dwindling path that she tread on; with the philanthropic divinity enshrouding her immaculate conscience,

But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; cuddling its tuft of innocuously heavenly hair indefatigably throughout the day; sequestering it from

the even most infinitesimal of evil every moment of the disastrously horrendous night.

Some called her an unparalleled magician; metamorphosing every shattered heart that she caressed; into an enthralling paradise which kissed the realms of eternity,

Some called her an irrefutably bestowing fairy Goddess; fulfilling every wish of the despicably shivering and miserably penurious,

Some called her an exuberantly swimming mermaid; deluging the invidiously pathetic gloom around; with her unbelievably enamoring charisma and tinkling footsteps,

Some called her a panacea for even the most devastatingly debilitated disease; impregnably finding reprieve under nothing else on this planet; but her magnanimously showering palms,

But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; sacrificing everything in her life; to witness it eternally blossom into the most invincibly unflinching entity alive.

Some called her a fantasy come true for all births; tickling the most inner most dormitories of the ludicrously bedraggled mind; with optimistic hope and intrepidly soaring adventure,

Some called her a neverending heartthrob; royally making them feel the most opulent organisms ever alive; as they perpetually bonded with her flamboyantly pulsating festoon of rhythmic beats,

Some called her a gorgeously blissful experience; rejuvenating their obsoletely remorseful blood; with the unconquerable exhilaration of life,

Some called her reflection that triggered fathomless whirlpools of insatiable yearning; coining a whole new chapter of mesmerizing existence,

But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; keeping it incessantly close to her womb; bequeathing upon it all the tenacity in this world to survive; even after she veritably died.

46. DIVINELY MOTHER

You were my first and last SMILE in life; incessantly triggering me to exist in celestial contentment; even though the clouds of abominably treacherous manipulation enshrouded me from all sides,

You were my first and last HOPE in life; profoundly enlightening vibrantly optimistic rays of desire in my impoverished existence; propelling me to kiss the aisles of astronomically benevolent success,

You were my first and last STRENGTH in life; imparting me with the overwhelmingly Herculean resilience; to unflinchingly confront even the most mightiest of insidious devil,

You were my first and last FANTASY in life; handsomely flooding each arena of my incredulously bizarre mind; with the tonic of astounding rhapsody and majestic happiness,

You were my first and last AMBITION in life; indefatigably transpiring me to blossom into the best; uninhibitedly dedicate each of my senses to the service of despicably shivering mankind,

You were my first and last ADVENTURE in life; as I poignantly soared above the charismatic clouds; exuberantly blending each ingredient of my crimson blood with unparalleled and enigmatic excitement,

You were my first and last PHILOSOPHY in life; illuminating my every night of insidiously lecherous blackness; with the irrefutably pious ideologies of immortal mankind,

You were my first and last FRIENDSHIP in life; compassionately encapsulating me like an invincible fortress from all sides; in my times of ecstasy; as well as unsurpassably hideous sadness,

You were my first and last EUPHORIA in life; landing me in waves of incomprehensible exhilaration; as I unraveled a path of supreme exultation and fragrant newness; on every step that I nimbly alighted,

You were my first and last ROYALTY in life; opulently besieging my drearily wandering eyes with your unbelievable embellishment; metamorphosing my disdainfully shriveled visage into an avalanche of princely paradise,

You were my first and last AUTHORITY in life; as I bent my head in due obeisance of your Omnipotent aura; marching on even the most infinitesimal of your heavenly commands; to save wonderfully vivacious humankind,

You were my first and last REFLECTION in life; candidly expelling out even the most subdued dormitories of my conscience; so that I blossomed into a queenly flower disseminating the everlasting redolence of humanity,

You were my first and last TRIUMPH in life; as I felt irrefutably victorious at every

stage in my diminutive survival; felt as if prosperity timelessly lingered on my inevitably orphaned doorsteps,

You were my first and last AWARD in life; blessing me beyond the realms of bountiful eternity; gifting me with the impregnable virtue to exist in synergistic harmony and equality with all mankind,

You were my first and last ENCHANTMENT in life; enthralling me to the ultimate realms of magnificent captivation and nostalgia; as I bounced in your lap like a freshly born infant; once again,

You were my first and last ENERGY in life; the boundless reservoir of emphatic ebullience in my incoherent bones; to catapult to the epitome of glittering success,

You were my first and last SONG in life; maneuvering each element of my disastrously stumbling countenance; with the ingratiating melody in your ardent voice,

You were my first and last BREATH in life; instilling in me the unprecedented ardor to exist beyond my destined times; my insurmountable tenacity to believe in truth; non-violence; humanity; even as wailing hell coalesced with immaculate night,

You were my first and last LOVE in life; passionately embracing me forever and ever and ever; everytime I took birth once again; even as the uncouth society had kicked me to insipid submission outside,

And you assumed countless proportions of; Mischievous Sister; Princely Beloved; Unconquerable Father; Sacrosanct Mother; in the tenure of my transiently shivering life;

But each iota of my visage; each ingredient of my heart; soul; body and blood; would perennially remain grateful to you not only for this life; but for fathomless more lifetimes of mine; only as mother; mother and divinely mother

47. REJOICING MY FIRST CRY

In your immaculately spell binding eyes; I found an astronomical ocean of Omnipotent light; maneuvering my every dwindling footstep towards the untamed fireballs of prosperity,

In your celestially rubicund palms; I found my impoverished destiny bloom past the corridors of eternity; spawning into a wholesomely new chapter of fabulous creation,

In your poignantly crimson and holistic blood; I found the impregnably overwhelming tenacity; to stand unflinchingly against the most acrimoniously treacherous attacks,

In your ingratiatingly sacrosanct voice; I found the rudiments of the most enthralling existence; blending my soul with ubiquitously perpetual elements of irrefutable truth and peace,

In your invincibly supreme shadow; I found a perennial river of ecstatic enchantment to lead life beyond my times; embrace one and all in the royal religion of humanity; alike,

In your stupendously profound footprints; I found a tornado of passionate nostalgia; reminiscing all those priceless moments of fantastic life; that had blissful kept me alive,

In your wonderfully intriguing mind; I found a divinely solution to relinquish all indiscriminately uncouth killing; a messiah to keep the fathomless planet harmoniously bonded; and bountifully breathing,

In your magnanimously benign shoulders; I found an uninhibitedly compassionate comfort; which even the most opulently embellished contraption on this earth; miserably dithered to provide,

In your incredulously mesmerizing signature; I found the ultimate stamp of flamboyant authority; an everlasting longing to philanthropically succeed; irrespective of the unfathomable juggernaut of impediments that dared crumble me in my way,

In your incomprehensibly godly womb; I found the most majestic proliferation of Almighty's colossal evolution; as I worshipped it indefatigably for decades immemorial,

In your impeccably cascading eyelashes; I found the most innocently heavenly charisma on this boundlessly gregarious Universe; coalescing myself for infinite more births yet to unveil; in an impregnable entrenchment of truth; non-violence and unbelievable calm,

In your innocuously alluring earlobes; I found all the Omnipresent sound of this fathomlessly overpowering earth; as I radiated like an ebullient fairy; in the mystically poignant aura of its irrefutable reverberations,

In your miraculously rejuvenating stride; I found the unimaginably resilient fervor to flamboyantly surge forward in life; fight till my last iota of breath; to free my motherland from the dungeons of lecherously manipulative captivity,

In your beautifully slender fingers; I found marvelously fulminating artistry; an incessant reservoir of solidarity to bless all those horrendously deprived; with the Omniscient powers of the divine,

In your benevolently unfettered smile; I found all unsurpassable richness of heaven in my penurious lifetime; a tumultuous transpiration to solely listen to the innermost voices of my conscience; and yet prudently survive,

In your piquantly protruding nose; I found unequivocally egalitarian philosophies leading to the path of unconquerable righteousness; an unprecedented ardor to forever blossom in; vibrant life,

In your integrally rhapsodic ideals; I found an unchallengeable conviction to patriotically sequester all devastatingly tottering mankind; rise above my graves to the tiniest insinuation of my comrades in insidious pain,

In your passionately fragrant breath; I found an unending volcano of euphorically sprouting life; a perpetual desire to exist in glorious symbiosis; with countless more of my diminutive kind,

In your immortally unparalleled heartbeats; I found the love that I had always insatiably desired; the wholesomely compassionate beams of comfort that kept every despicably wandering organism; kingly and alive,

But it was only in your gorgeously sacerdotal lap O! divine mother; that I found all the happiness of my disastrously staggering life; perennially basking in the aisles of fresh birth once again; rejoicing forever and ever and ever; the first cry of my beautifully gifted life.

48. LET A CHILD SMILE

Let a child blissfully grow,
Don't try and obstruct his natural flow.
Let a child sleep,

Don't try and break his dreams.
Let a child run,
Don't try and smack his ear-drum.
Let a child confidently walk,
Don't try and lure him with your talk.
Let a child create,
Don't try and teach him to hate.
Let a child be innocent,
Don't try and show him the art of disguise.
Let a child be naughty,
Don't try and instruct him to be haughty.
Let a child play,
Don't try and intentionally spoil his day.
Let a child make mistakes,
Don't try and show him the stick.
Let a child roam in Sunlight,
Don't try and hide him from the bright.
Let a child express his thoughts,
Don't try and be a mental block.
And let a child prosper and smile,
Don't try and expose him to worldly guiles.

49. THE RAIN AND MY NEW BORN BABY DAUGHTER

The rain was uninhibitedly untamed; and so was my new born baby daughter;
kicking left; right and center; in her diminutively blessed cradle,

The rain was Omnipotently pristine; and so was my new born baby daughter;
mischievously tossing in unadulterated joy on the tufts of majestic green grass
galore,

The rain was magically mitigating; and so was my new born baby daughter;
miraculously ameliorating me of my most horrific despair; with her innocuously
fluttering eyelashes,

The rain was eternally liberating; and so was my new born baby daughter;
naughtily smiling amidst her spectrum of teddy bears; as if there was not even
the most infinitesimal trace of tension on this fathomless Universe,

The rain was perennially fructifying; and so was my new born baby daughter;
perpetually proliferating into unparalleled festoons of happiness; every unfurling
minute of inscrutable existence,

The rain was unbelievably colorful; and so was my new born baby daughter; unfurling into the infinite shades of mystically emollient life; every time she alighted her pristinely nimble foot,

The rain was timelessly life-yielding; and so was my new born baby daughter; perpetuating a paradise of unsurpassably undefeated newness; in every direction that she cast her immaculately dancing sight,

The rain was pricelessly inimitable; and so was my new born baby daughter; unconquerably enamoring even the most farthest quarter of heaven; with the twinkle in her rhapsodically infallible eyes,

The rain was the ultimate gift of the heavens; and so was my new born baby daughter; whose cries of stupendously charismatic freshness; spawned a civilization of boundless beauty; till times beyond infinite infinity,

The rain was the most virile cistern of optimism; and so was my new born baby daughter; unprecedentedly subliming even the most cadaverously deadened corpses; with her unflinchingly raw energy to exist,

The rain was brilliantly unfettered; and so was my new born baby daughter; expressing the innermost feeling of her heart till the ultimate pinnacle of the sky; whilst the salaciously manipulative planet moaned and miserably groaned outside,

The rain was Omnisciently blessing; and so was my new born baby daughter; altruistically wishing the greatest of success even for the most treacherously ribald of her foes; wholesomely oblivious to the sanctimonious varities of this corrupted planet,

The rain was unassailably fragrant; and so was my new born baby daughter; metamorphosing even the most capricious iota of evil into a sky of unshakably peerless truth; with the divine righteousness in her tiny soul,

The rain was eclectically artistic; and so was my new born baby daughter; weaving a cosmos of unparalleled beauty; with the egalitarian compassion in her eyes for every caste; creed; race; color and tribe,

The rain was timelessly victorious; and so was my new born baby daughter; forever winning the hearts of every conceivable entity on this unceasing planet; with her impregnable selfless love for all living kind,

The rain was ubiquitously a superstar; and so was my new born baby daughter; transcending every boundary of worthless discrimination; to tirelessly exult in the profoundly unstoppable glory of panoramic creation,

The rain was fearlessly intrepid; and so was my new born baby daughter; poignantly exploring every exhilarating path of life; interminably following nothing else but the inner most voices of her benign heart,

The rain was universally amiable; and so was my new born baby daughter; compassionately coalescing with any entity around her venerated visage; who gave her a gregarious smile,

And the rain was insuperably Immortal; and so was my new born baby daughter;

disseminating only the beats of love; love and Immortally princely love; every time her Godly heart throbbed in her tiny chest.

50. JUST DOESN'T END

The job of the sensuously virile clouds perhaps ended; at showering torrential downpours of magically glistening rain; upon the trajectory of this fathomlessly enchanting earth,

The job of the beautifully bountiful lotus perhaps ended; at timelessly perpetuating the miserably rotting fabric of earth; with unbelievably insuperable scent,

The job of the vivaciously poignant ocean perhaps ended; at perpetually culminating into quintessentially frosty salt; with every swirling wave that rose high and handsome towards the royal sky,

The job of the everpervadingly fructifying seed perhaps ended; at spawning into an exuberant plant; as the clock of indispensable time gradually unveiled by and by,

The job of the voluptuously tantalizing grass blades perhaps ended; at diffusing into pristinely delightful dew every midnight; as the Omnipotent Moon crept up in impeccably wonderful sky,

The job of the rambunctiously effervescent bumble bee perhaps ended; at rendering unsurpassable tons of golden honey; in its parsimoniously catacombed

hive,

The job of the eclectically talented artist perhaps ended; at capturing the panoramically unconquerable beauty of this priceless planet; with his articulately dancing paintbrush and upon the limitlessly barren canvas of his imagination,

The job of the Omnipresently blistering Sun perhaps ended; at majestically inundating even the most infinitesimal arena of this boundless planet; with unshakably optimistic light,

The job of the effulgently blossoming leaves perhaps ended; at triumphantly permeating the carpet of the squalidly dolorous atmosphere; with rhapsodically untainted wind,

The job of the jubilantly exotic fantasy perhaps ended; at enshrouding every pore of the monotonously devastated skin; with sensations of endlessly untamed delight,

The job of the gloriously intimate apogee perhaps ended; at towering into the ultimate scepter of aristocratically unflinching courage and eternal victory,

The job of the inscrutably inexhaustible forests perhaps ended; at radiating into an unfathomably unlimited valley of profound mysticism; as each day unfurled into charismatically surreal night,

The job of the eternally iridescent waterfall perhaps ended; at heavenly revitalizing even the most drearily subjugated of venom and dirt; that came in the course of its magically gurgling cascade,

The job of the intricately blessed veins perhaps ended; at unceasingly supplying unassailably crimson blood to an infinite pores and part of the; symbiotically breathing form,

The job of the affably twinkling stars perhaps ended; at altruistically granting compassionate beams of enlightenment; in the heart of the mercilessly blackened night,

The job of the indomitably unfettered truth perhaps ended; at forever beheading the cadaverously corrupted coffins of satanically worthless lies,

The job of the harmoniously unadulterated nostrils perhaps ended; at tirelessly supplying pricelessly ecstatic draughts of life-yielding oxygen; to the penuriously

asphyxiating lungs,

The job of the perpetually beating heart perhaps ended; at promulgating the beats of Immortally unparalleled love; to the farthest quarter of this limitlessly proliferating Universe,

But the job of the Parents just doesn't end at giving birth to the innocuous infant; just doesn't end even after harnessing it with their very own blood to face the acrimonious world outside; just doesn't end even at equipping it every conceivable comfort on this Universe; just doesn't end even after they veritably died; as they continue to Omnisciently enlighten it from their heavenly abode; far away from the torturous devil and forever towards the path of amiably synergistic righteousness

51. CAN NEVER EVER FORGET

I might perhaps forget even the most sensuously untamed feel of raindrops; if they don't cascade from fathomless sky; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most mellifluously mystical voice of the nightingale; if she doesn't diffuse sound from her throat; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most fantastically unbridled royalty of the lion; if he doesn't uninhibitedly growl in the jungles; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most Omnipotently brilliant light of the Sun; if it doesn't blaze from behind the ominously treacherous clouds; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most poignantly coalescing frostiness of the wave; if it doesn't kiss the pristinely blissful shores; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most triumphantly unfettered redolence of the rose; if it doesn't profoundly blossom from the infinitesimally ethereal bud; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most altruistically philanthropic of humanity; if it doesn't embrace the innermost dormitories of my soul; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most indomitably undaunted victory; if it doesn't unfurl in front of the whites of my impeccable eyes; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most perpetually emollient paradise; if it

doesn't engulf a diminutive speck of the planet; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most salubriously robust fruit; if it doesn't perpetuate into the ghastily emaciated walls of my stomach, for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most resplendently jubilant of star; if it doesn't celestially twinkle in the aristocratically crystal blue carpet of sky; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most unassailably unparalleled voice of truth; if it doesn't transcend the mortuaries of sacrilegiously threadbare lies; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most effulgently mitigating of sensuousness; if it doesn't enshroud every conceivable pore of my drearily lambasted skin; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most quintessentially burgeoning waterfalls; if they don't cascade down the handsome mountains; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most victoriously unfettered destiny lines; if they don't inhabit the lap of my dreadfully diminishing palms; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most brilliantly unadulterated winds of honesty; if they don't wholesomely massacre every trifle of parasitically rancid corruption; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most Omnisciently life-yielding breaths; if they don't miraculously rejuvenate fresh life into my haplessly amorphous veins; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most Immortally uniting of heartbeats; if they don't eviscerate me from the coffins of salaciously pulverizing betrayal; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most fabulously scintillating of diamonds; if they don't glitter into charismatically impregnable glory; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most pricelessly unconquerable anecdotes of innocence; if they don't unflinchingly tower above the cold-bloodedly rampaging devil; for far too long,

I might perhaps forget even the most saliently symbiotic rudiments of existence; if they don't fearlessly tower above deliriously decrepit depression; for far too long,

But I can never ever forget your Omnipresently Godly womb O! Mother for an infinite more lives of mine; can never ever disown its undefeated compassion for an infinite more deaths even after the chapter of my survival had veritably ended; even after I had renounced every speck of my physical form and died

52. HEAVENLY MOTHER

There was nothing ever born on this fathomlessly majestic Universe; which was as altruistically blissful; as her unconquerably venerated lap,

There was nothing ever born on this limitlessly inscrutable Universe; which was as peerlessly invincible; as her compassionately infallible embrace,

There was nothing ever born on this unfathomably reinvigorating Universe; which was as freshening; as her philanthropically Omniscient smile,

There was nothing ever born on this countlessly endowing Universe; which was as pristinely emphatic; as the whites of her royally twinkling eyes,

There was nothing ever born on this unbelievably emollient Universe; which was as pricelessly insuperable; as her perpetually caring innocuousness,

There was nothing ever born on this stupendously endless Universe; which was as magically livening; as her impregnably poignant caress,

There was nothing ever born on this gloriously undaunted Universe; which was as benevolently burgeoning; as her timelessly blessing fantasy,

There was nothing ever born on this tirelessly proliferating Universe; which was as unflinchingly divine; as her wonderfully symbiotic friendship,

There was nothing ever born on this mystically triumphant Universe; which was as vibrantly undefeated; as her Omnipotently inherent charisma,

There was nothing ever born on this synergistically unceasing Universe; which was as harmoniously fragrant; as her immaculately perennial lap,

There was nothing ever born on this fantastically inexhaustible Universe; which

was as redolently effulgent; as her inimitably bonding swirl,

There was nothing ever born on this vividly panoramic Universe; which was as exhilaratingly innovative; as her indefinably subliming and magnanimous newness,

There was nothing ever born on this jubilantly ecstatic Universe; which was as gloriously mitigating; as her unshakably humanitarian and spell bindingly united camaraderie,

There was nothing ever born on this unlimitedly procreating Universe; which was as bountifully enamoring; as her peerlessly indefatigable spirit to fight the frigidly asphyxiating devil,

There was nothing ever born on this eclectically fabulous Universe; which was as unstoppably Samaritan; as her eternally blessed footsteps,

There was nothing ever born on this insurmountably fecund Universe; which was as symbiotically acclimatizing; as her Omnipresently untainted countenance,

There was nothing ever born on this euphorically serene Universe; which was as mellifluously mollifying; as her regally unmatched and astoundingly fertile voice,

There was nothing ever born on this holistically unprecedented Universe; which was as perpetually ardent; as her victoriously resplendent spirit of unfettered belonging,

And irrespective of whatever form and condition that she existed in; whether the disdainfully egregious gutter pipe; or a castle embellished with the costliest of jewels; whether infinite feet beneath the graveyard or in a land above unshakable paradise; whether as an infinitesimally intangible ant; or in the form of an undauntingly superior human being,

Every cranny of the earth; cosmos and beyond; including the Greatest of God's will forever salute her indomitable tenacity to protect her child against each devil of hell; will forever salute her as a heavenly mother

53. IF BEING A MAN IS ALL ABOUT

If being a man; is all about ostentatiously malicious chauvinism; indifferently blowing countless bellows of cigar smoke; into the eyes of those innocent and haplessly deprived,

If being a man; is all about ruthlessly driving the most swankiest of Mercedes over those poor children fast asleep on the shivering streets; in celebration of the senses wholesomely inebriated with the richest of wine,

If being a man; is all about sadistically rolling in gigantically fetid mountains of currency note; whilst innumerable other fellow living beings lay gruesomely starving; without the tiniest morsel of food in their stomachs,

If being a man; is all about spuriously machismo whisky replacing every ingredient of blood in the body; and then deliriously abusing the pricelessly compassionate mother soil,

If being a man; is all about indefatigably engaging in abhorrent war; inundating fathomless granaries of the inimitable Universe; with irrevocably diseased nuclear bomb,

If being a man; is all about asserting vindictive superiority upon every other conceivable organism; letting the exposed bulging muscle barbarously trample over every ounce of sensitivity,

If being a man; is all about egregiously ill-treating your very own children; heartlessly embarking upon the most senseless corporate tours of your life; leaving them inconsolably crying,

If being a man; is all about philandering with a zillion women at a time; dexterously dodging one's very own earnest wife; in worthlessly tireless search of spurious vixen and salacious wine,

If being a man; is all about fecklessly ridiculing every diminutively shriveled personality on the roads; spitting on them whatever foul was left in the compartments of the mouth; of the ghoulish day,

If being a man; is all about considering every piece of wondrously ameliorating artistry as frigidly babyish; roaring like a baselessly insensitive rhino; on a diabolical high with scotch on the rocks,

If being a man; is all about cold-bloodedly worshipping the parasitic devil; believing in the sole concept of demonstrating brute power to snatch happiness from every cranny of the fathomless planet,

If being a man; is all about deplorably disregarding the most ultimate divinely

love of the mother; for a few sleazily decrepit opportunities of quick money and fame,

If being a man; is all about betraying even the most immortally throbbing hearts for you; shattering them into an infinite pieces of nothingness; with the stone of your insanely satanic commercialism,

If being a man; is all about uttering the most unbearably sinful of abuse; in front of the most Omnipotent scepter of Godhead; just to demonstrate the nonchalant carefreeness of the slaving tongue,

If being a man; is all about committing the most venomously horrendous of crime in the name of religion; rendering countless innocuous children disastrously orphaned; staring meaninglessly at the sadistically slit throats of their parents and kin,

If being a man; is all about ruthlessly kicking every impeccably fructifying bit of vegetation left; right and center; just in order to release that extra iota of lazy energy trapped in the petulant bone,

If being a man; is all about lividly wastrel high society parties; in which billions were ghastily traded in the name of prostitution; child molestation; drugs and innumerable more offences of the kind,

If being a man; is all about portraying devilishly unsparing superiority; forever widowing your wife right on your wedding night; as you surrendered your mind; body and soul to someone else's arms; whilst she hysterically cried,

Then Thank God. And I really thank the Omnisciently triumphant God. That by his grace I was born as depicting the ultimate apogee of sensitivity and sensuality; O! Yes I was born a baby girl who would inevitably turn into a proud Woman!

54. MRS. NAMITA SHAH-YOU MEAN THE WORLD TO MY CHILD.

How can I thank you for all those bountiful values of goodness that you've so magically inculcated in my child's innocent brain?

How can I thank you for so compassionately holding my child's hand in an alien premises-when I wasn't the slightest around to hear her inconsolable cries?

How can I thank you for making the whole process of monotonous studies—such

an enchanting playground of richness for my child's eyes?

How can I thank you for so beautifully taming my child into a symbiotically civilized angel—from an unruly doll only obsessed with her very own toys?

How can I thank you for so adeptly solving each barricade in the path of my child—as she indulged the first chords of her infinite mind into the whole process called 'learning in school'?

How can I thank you for so magically triggering a smile on the face of my child—as she nervously fidgeted for her own space amidst several more of her kind?

How can I thank you for so magnanimously bearing with each bit of my child's peskiness—converting each tear that dribbled from her eyes into the most perfect nursery rhyme of life?

How can I thank you for so thoughtfully introducing my child to each new aspect of school—letting her marvelously adjust to even the remotest component in the new atmosphere—at her very own pace?

How can I thank you for guarding my child like an invincible fortress of friendship—whilst teaching her the quintessential alphabets of knowledge at the same time?

How can I thank you for untiringly being the eyes of my child as she feebly weaved her way through each bit of unknown territory- amongst the incredibly tall walls of her first school?

How can I thank you for observing even the most intricate development of my child—and then making constant persevering notes on how to improve her all round performance in the chapter called life?

How can I thank you for being the most adorable home for my child away from her real home-and being the most perfect mother for her and all her mates as well in mundane schooltime?

Well let me just start by saying Mrs. Shah -'That you mean the world to my child'.

55. A WOMAN'S WORLD

If a man was born out of a woman's divinely womb; after tossing; turning and kicking helplessly for 9 agonizingly marathon months; before tasting the first beams of light of the alien world,

If a man suckled life-yielding milk; comfort; and compassion; from the bosom of a woman; in order to perseveringly fortify each of his bone-to face the ghastly wrath of the parasitic planet outside,

If a man wailed in a woman's eclectically sensitive palms in his times of duress; felt their latent warmth as the most invincible fortress; even as the worst of hell descended on earth,

If a man fervently licked his fingers clean time and again; savoring the most succulently ravishing meals on earth even in his dreams; prepared by the artistically virile woman,

If a man flirted and philandered with a woman in iridescent twilight; in order to grant his veins the most tantalizingly unparalleled exhilaration that ever existed; in order to profoundly realize the glory of his untamed youth,

If a man kissed a woman with every ounce of passion that existed in each ingredient of his blood; in order to perpetually feel the quintessential reason of existence; as two souls royally blended to become one,

If a man took inimitably unflinching pride in introducing a woman as his better-half partner for life; thereby demonstrating his perfect symbiosis with nature and winning the unanimous applause of one and all around,

If a man started to work everyday with reinvigorated vigor to conquer life and its uncanny hardships; thanks to the fearlessly inspiring smile of a woman and the power of faith in her resplendent eyes,

If a man desperately sought a beautiful woman's face amidst a boundless crowd of other men; to enlighten his otherwise wretchedly remorseful evening with the clouds of effervescent desire,

If a man resorted to the sensuous caress of a magnetic woman-shrugging millions of the currency coin; only to feel the ultimate magic of exhaling in princely desire and unconquerably alive,

If a man desperately shouted the name of the woman who brought him to the world even before he remembered God; at the tiniest attack of the salaciously

crucifying devil,

If a man squeaked worse than an orphaned rat in front of a woman's door; to forgive him as night fell and he frantically needed a shoulder to cry upon—as the mosquitoes of worldly commercialism chased him down to the last hole,

If a man considered a woman his most eternally unshakable companion; to uninhibitedly blend with his feminist fears and tears; understand his sensitive soul to the hilt-like no-one else could ever comprehend,

If a man needed a woman to trigger an infinite colors and spectrums of desire; in his otherwise robotically routine business night; where all that was otherwise visible was plaintive cigarette smoke; tie; whisky; dubious collapse of stocks; and unbearable strife,

If a man depended on a woman to articulately assemble and sift through his disorganized life; make him feel more responsible in the chapter of existence; as he refreshingly marched forward with a purpose to serve back his own world,

If a man embraced a woman for bondings more immortal than an infinite more physical lives and veritable deaths; totally unfettered as the planet viciously abused him; locked in the arms of her ever-pervading love,

If a man secretly wanted to be fed every morsel of his food by a woman just like in innocuous childhood; in order to forever revel in the love and glory of the very best that life in its most pristinely form; had to ever offer,

If a man wholesomely leaned upon a woman to continue his race and name ahead; intransigently feel that the chapter of life had then eventually revolved a complete circle,

Then why the hell do you call it and rant about it as a 'mans earth'. For whether you agree or don't agree it always has been and always would be a womans world.

56. PROUD OF MY FATHER. HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

A dynamite of blazing optimism as the steps tread resolutely upon hapless floor,

Majestic bristles of grey engulfing a handsomely robust jawline,

Raw bundle of energy compounded with fearless streaks of adventure to clamber

the
mountain,

An unparalleled commitment to each project undertaken; to take it to an honest success,

A desire to excel in whatever stage life offered; without the tiniest of enviousness towards others who were better off,

Thorough professionalism which never got office work to home; relishing the verdant landscapes of the lawn with a rejuvenating stroll,

A flamboyant charmer with unmatched talking skills; that converted the most dogmatic No into a mesmerizing Yes,

Sheer astuteness compounded with an unbiased desire to make it independently; evolving a lavish civilization from threadbare scratch,

Rustic truth which earned hostile foes at occasions more than friends; but which culminated into royally satisfying victory at the end,

Profound love for the environment and wildlife; flourishing with mother nature in its lap; without asserting the slightest of spurious power or might,

A loyalty to spouse whose examples were cited to household's in strife; as an outstanding human saga of real life conviction, faith, understanding and forbearance,

Hailed as the Supremo of Denim in our very own Manchester of Textiles; Ahmedabad,

Most importantly a faith in God and his holy messengers which gave him his own inimitable position on mortal earth; as he happily jostled in his freshly constructed Kingsized farmhouse,

The man turns 59 years today by the grace of God.

And though I have no regrets of not following his marketing prowess and write Poetry instead. I am still proud to have him as my Father.

Here's wishing you Daddy a Happy Birthday for today, this gloriously enthralling 25th July,2009

57. MY BABY DAUGHTER'S ORIGINALITY.

Not her daintily bountiful feet- which were the source of life in its uninhibited fullest in the brilliantly sunlit household,

Not her incongruous mumbling in the middle of the night; as she restlessly tossed and turned from one periphery of the King poster bed to another,

Not her vividly carefree artistry- which splashed color and gregarious charm - resuscitating fresh life into the solitarily deadened canvas,

Not her streak for emulating fashion- earnestly trying to be a trendsetter in her own
pristine self- as she swayed joyfully under the stars in the royally moonlit night,

Not her unpredictable temperament- which flared up at the tiniest of provocation to box everyone around her and then tranquilly quell as a silent stream to eventually merge with the sea,

Not her intriguing genius that captivated the attention of the brightest in the world- as she collaged thin bits of obsolete waywardness to harness new dimensions of creativity,

Not her mischievously uninhibited smile- that led me merrily dancing in the surreal velvet of clouds - envisaging earth the most blessedly beautiful place to be,

Not her inherently philanthropic streak- her magnanimously diminutive persona which donated without inhibition- even whilst the richest of the richest sneered in contempt,

Not her gorgeously unruffled hair which marked her identity as one who loved to play and revel in the glory of enchanting music- occasionally running the hair comb through her dolls,

Not her sipper which she clung to with ecstatic fervor and unparalleled joy- whilst suckling droplets of impeccable milk at dawn,

Not her victorious enthusiasm to relish existence to its exhilarating fullest- as her sacredness was a treasured gift from Lord Almighty to do and disseminate goo around her,

Not her pedaling her cycle with new found spurts of energy- as she raced past the finishing line and immediately hugged me with invincible zeal to celebrate her monumental feat,

Not her unfettered sighs of admiration as she browsed television- garlanding her favorite actors and actresses with tiny claps in her perception,

Not her unshakeable flair for choosing the right match of food at the right time - as she was one poignant aficionado of pungent taste and spice- making her meal a vibrant delight,

Not her unbridled passion for adventure as she made new friends irrespective of caste; creed; religion or tribe- explored new and natural pathways lugged on my shoulders in a piggy-back,

Not her artistically molded fingers with which she shaped clay into the choicest shapes of intricacy- and admirably wrote in handsome calligraphy upon listless paper- in a tenacity to succeed,

Not her magnetic ability to grasp things that she liked- and then form a story of the various characters she perceived- fearlessly reciting the same to adult audience in her own unduplicated aura,

Not her rushing to me like wounded crop at the tiniest fall which happened quite inadvertently with the floor- and then I compassionately circled her in my arms showing her the fecund fields outside,

But what bowled me over. Was my baby daughter's originality.

58. TO MY MOTHER - BEST WISHES ON YOUR FASCINATING BIRTHDAY.

The lady that personified unassailable grace, treading on the most impeccable marble
of her choice,

The wife who was irrefutably loyal to her husband, in the motley situations that the exhilarating chapter of life had to offer,

The dutiful patron who embellished various spaces of her aristocratic farmhouse, with the choicest artifacts, figurines, statuettes and shrubs that she found with ease,

The daughter who skipped meals sporadically; earnestly concerned about her mother's health; which was one of her most predominant priority as of now,

The uninhibited shopper who took rhapsodic delight in replenishing the shelves of her household - with the most robustly royal fruits to devour,

The grandmother who absolutely and profoundly doted on her grandchild, fulfilling the tiniest of her demands with toys befitting a grandiose princess,

The astounding philanthropist who would often lend all her meals to brutally famished street dogs and cats - and then cuddle them as if they were an inevitable constituent of her family,

The fantasizer who granted invincibly concrete shapes to her beautiful myriad of thoughts; as she persevered in her natural capacity to salvage her very own inimitable identity on the trajectory of this planet,

The friend who patiently listened to the unprecedented agonies of her mates - empowered their lives with her intriguing jokes; wit; laughter and congenial charisma,

The aunt who was ready impromptu to shoulder responsibility of the most distant of her relatives; without the slightest trace of prejudice and malice - and as life demanded her to benevolently react,

The mother-in-law who had her share of irate squabbles with her daughter-in-law which was perfectly natural; but yet at the same time made her welcome at home as she'd come far away leaving her own abode,

And most importantly 'my mother' for whom I was the unconquered best in the world - no matter what anyone said- and her belief in my poetry being the quintessential backbone of my impoverished mortal existence,

Here's wishing you a very Happy Birthday on this joyously enthralling day of the 24th March,2010.

59. MY DAUGHTER'S FASCINATING PILLOW.

She hugged it tight to her adorably tiny chest - as fierce thunderstorms and lightening
announced the onset of the profoundly vivacious monsoon,

She carried it like the most invincibly cherished of her toys - fantastically bemused by its spongy texture and compassionate friendship - kissing its rotund periphery with her nimble lips,

She unabashedly chided it for being transiently lost - as she found it after an excruciating search from amongst her plethora of toys of multitudinal shapes and fraternities - immediately hiding it in her cup-board - so that none could inadvertently venture it out again,

She cuddled close to it like it was the best of her friends - joyously assimilating her daily dose of several varied colorful cartoon characters and films - alongwith her favorite platter of wondrously tantalizing snacks; ofcourse,

She uninhibitedly tossed it high up in the air and then darted at electric speeds to catch it safely in her impeccably dainty arms; at times also allowing it have a free fall and then burst into laughter as it timidly bounced,

She used it as one of her most creative hotspot's - scribbling and embodying its surface with every conceivable graffiti that her innocuous brain could conceive - letting her ingenious kid fingers vividly sketch upon it with color; paint; gratitude and inimitable charm,

She sporadically involved it in her impetuously playful fights - hurling it an incongruous left; right and center to differentiate her own little toy territory in her room from the rest; eventually collapsing on the floor in sheer and exuberant exhaustion,

She proudly brandished it criss-crossed in open space - as if she was a fearless soldier marching towards the corridors of victory - her very own fantasy triumph which was amiably frolicking with her parents and savoring her reinvigorating dollops of lime candy ice - cream; towards the end of the blissful day,

She mischievously patted it with all her minuscule might - to tease her pet dog as he patiently knelt on his hind legs as a mark of distinguished respect to her - and then she caressed him on his convivial ears and merrily gallivanted of to play with him on the open terrace,

She nonchalantly kicked it to express her frustration as the electricity went out - more so; since she knew that neither would it experience even the most insouciant of pain - nor would she harm herself in anyway,

She used it as her most unfettered and darling punching bag - childishly pummeling those prized fists of hers into royal cotton fabric - as she relished her earthly freedom to its natural and unfettered best,

She intermittently took it alongwith her in the car - as she leaned her full weight upon it to perch like a princess and fantasize goodness - as the vehicle majestically sped through the wilderness of the intrepid streets; interspersed with motley traffic,

She made it the most fantabulously decorated roof of her playhouse - with the walls made of rustic straw, stick, lace, plastic, cap, paper and whatever worthily intriguing object that she could lay her hands upon - as she entered her thrilling abode with her impeccably loved friend,

She sank deep within its cozily empowering recesses when tired after the evening's play - and then beautifully shrugged herself to complete her school work with utmost sincerity - greet the new tomorrow with philanthropy and astounding creativity,

She deliberately plucked at its stitching and ripped apart its cover to threadbare junk - to roll upon it; in its gloriously bohemian baldness - and then beautify it with a richly embroidered cloth of her very own stellar choice,

She narrated her different stories about her experience with it with mortally unmatched aplomb - which could almost be published as a book by some of the best publishers in the world; as she happily jostled on the tree on the absolute edge of the magnificently plush lawn,

She languished in its unparalleled serenity in her moments of silence - then came up with some of the most comic anecdotes of her trysts with existence - spontaneously rushing to hug those cherished to her as she felt earnestly versatile,

I, her father, simply adored her benevolent feelings towards it,

But she, my cute daughter, truly loved her fascinating Pillow.

60. WHY WAS I AS A PARENT, AN ALL-TIME FAN OF EURO-KIDS VASTRAPUR?
(Ahmedabad, India) .

Not because my daughter was studying in its majestically serene ambience,
Not because there stood a gigantic 'Neem' tree right in its center, enchanting

every dreary nerve with unparalleled contentment,
Not because the sky above it always seemed cheerful-with innocent children shrieks and laughter forever winning its heart,
Not because of its indisputably sparkling floor and walls-the cleanliness that was spectacular in even the remotest of its quarters,
Not because of the English Language which was spoken to the highest authority-acclimatizing hearts at their youngest, with the expression of the World,
Not because of its enormous flexibility- which uninhibitedly heard the voice and whims of every parent and unruly toddler,
Not because it was successively adjudicated the best 'Branch' of its kind-from all across its centers in Asia,
Not because it brought about a whole new freshness of ideas, concepts and curriculum, as far as modern day teaching was concerned,
Not because it was one of India's largest 'Pre-School' chains- giving concrete direction to many worried parents-who were otherwise helter-skelter in choosing the best for their blood,
Not because it bountifully showered various intriguing gifts to its students-painstakingly crafted by its 'ever-hardworking' bunch of adorable teachers,
Not because it had an amazing eye for detail-regularly maintained an accurate performance list of all its assiduous students,
Not because it magnificently helped your child to undergo the painful transition from home to school—always with a big smile,
Not because its methodology of teaching was ingeniously practical oriented-rather than loading the student with heavy school-bags-and endlessly cramming from text-books,
Not because of its beautifully personalized attention-where its tiny students never felt away from their mothers-infact started to poeticize in their alien environment,
Not because of the wonderfully patient ear-that it timelessly lended to even the tiniest of concerns or complaints from its discerning community of students and parents, alike,
But I was an all-time fan of Euro-Kids, Vastrapur (Ahmedabad, India) because it was here, that my child found a second home, away from her actual home-most importantly it was here that my child found 'Love' & 'Respect' for her in every teachers eye—which was the very reason that she longed to go to school, above all her indoor friends and toys.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

The World Outside

When I was just born; freshly emanating the first cry of my life,
The world outside seemed an obsolete haze to my eyes; which searched
frantically amidst all alien; for my place in this vast globe.

When I grew up a trifle; the bones impregnated in my persona now molding their
way beneath my skin,
The world outside seemed to be as raw as the ethereal rays of vespersed dawn;
and my eyes were lost in profusely absorbing the magnificent beauty of this
enchancing Universe.

When I bounced and frolicked in the lawns of kindergarten; just learning to
converse with my elders,
The world outside seemed to be stupendously blossoming to my eyes; and I
inadvertently stumbled upon more than a million things every unfurling minute.

When I catapulted into my teens; the crimson blood incarcerated in my veins
circulating faster than thunderbolts of white electricity,
The world outside seemed an island of untamed romance to my eyes; with my
heartbeats insatiably longing for the ultimate love of my life.

When I stepped into the corridors of robust youth; a fleet of exhilarated muscle
now leaving a poignant impression on my rubicund flesh,
The world outside seemed a manipulative playground to my eyes; with an
insurmountable desire to earn my own bread now overwhelming everything else
prevailing in the atmosphere.

When I bonded into threads of holy matrimony; taking a sacrosanct vow in front
of the Creator; to walk stepby step with my newly embellished bride,
The world outside seemed a blend of fantasy and pragmatic reality to my eyes;
with each hour at work; tumultuously reinvigorating my desire to spend
countless hours under compassionately fiery breath under pearly midnight.

When I procreated new blood of my own; a flurry of God's most mesmerizing
creation nestling innocuously on my shoulders,
The world outside seemed a fabulous paradise to my eyes; and even though I
was unfathomably penurious; the innocent voices of my children catapulted me
infinite kilometers beyond blissful heaven.

When I inevitably had to taste disdainfully crippling old age; the color of my skin

now painstakingly withering towards thin wisps of remote oblivion,
The world outside seemed an acrimonious thorn to my eyes; with the very
people whom I had fostered in my times of Herculean strength; now trampling
indiscriminately over my integrity.

And when I was about to take my last breath; horrifically writhing in
unsurpassable agony to bid my last adieu to this planet,
The world outside seemed like when I was just born to my eyes; everything so
fresh; everything so hazy; everything so me; and even though I died; I felt that
the chapter of existence had begun once again.

Nikhil Parekh

The World Outside After Bath

When I bathed my body in pure crimson blood; the world outside seemed to be horrendously appalling and ghastly as I stepped out,

When I bathed my body in an ocean of squelched garbage; the world outside seemed to be rotten fish; with all entities wandering in vicinity seeming as if unwashed since marathon years,

When I bathed my body in scintillating white and sacrosanct cow milk; the world outside seemed to be an evanescent fog; with each object striking my eye as a hazy and distorted mirage,

When I bathed my body in stupendously redolent lotus juice; the world outside seemed to be extravagantly fragrant; without the slightest trace of dirt and promiscuous stain,

When I bathed my body in a river of foaming saliva; the world outside seemed to be as slippery as the eel; the gargantuan roads appeared to be coated with tons of oil; with every single individual falling head on the ground; after unwittingly loosing his heavy grip,

When I bathed my body in a pond of talcum powder; the world outside seemed to resemble a clown; and I held the sides of my stomach incorrigibly tight; as I was a trifle afraid that they would explode out laughing,

When I bathed my body in a pool of blistering Sunlight; the world outside seemed to be burning and scalding hot; with my fingers circumspect of touching any object in fear of being gruesomely charred,

When I bathed my body in a stream of white electricity; the world outside seemed to emit pugnacious sparks; and I dared not put my foot on the earth in danger of getting wholesomely electrocuted,

When I bathed my body in a puddle of vivacious scorpion juice; the world outside seemed to be as ominous as the hideous reptile; with each person appearing to ooze lethal venom from his mouth; instead of eloquent and enchanting speech,

When I bathed my body in a film of pungent tears; the world outside seemed to be effusively crying; every man and woman appeared to be sad; and edging

towards the brink of extinction,

When I bathed my body in pulverized cactus pulp; the world outside seemed to be irritable and irascible; with people scratching their scalps every second in utter exasperation,

When I bathed my body in glittering liquid of pure gold; the world outside seemed exorbitantly rich and marvelous; with every person inundated with fancy chequebooks and chains of shimmering pearls,

When I bathed my body in crushed garlic; the world outside seemed like the decaying fish; wafting an odor that fomented me to puke out all that was trapped inside my stomach,

When I bathed my body in the floating clouds; the world outside seemed to be insurmountably windy; with man flying a few feet above the ground flapping his fleshy wings,

When I bathed my body in a fulminating tub of acid; the world outside seemed to be like a sizzling pancake simmering boisterously to erupt in hostile fumes,

When I bathed my body in silvery sands; the world outside seemed to be gradually slipping; with every visible glass and body completely engulfed with monotonous dust,

When I bathed my body in finely pulverized bone powder; the world outside seemed to be an obsolete dead corpse; with ghoulish images of ghosts wandering on the streets instead of robust individuals,

When I bathed my body in a conglomerate of satiny hair; the world outside seemed to be a mesmerizing planet; on which fairies floated and basked in the aisles of unprecedented romance,

When I bathed my body in a pool of pure shit; the world outside seemed to be a stinking dustbin; with every individual vomiting out every second instead of blissfully inhaling air and living,

When I bathed my body in silvery moonlight; the world outside seemed to be an enchanting paradise; with a fleet of tantalizing fairies eating, sipping and sleeping milk,

When I bathed my body in firewood ash; the world outside seemed to be brutally

burnt; with every object in vicinity appearing as if charred to wholesomely Black soot,

When I bathed my body in pungent acrylic paint; the world outside seemed to be freshly whitewashed; everything seemed to be newly constructed; with people's faces sparkling even after wee hours of chilly midnight,

When I bathed my body in a lake of molten wax; the world outside seemed to be melting at electric speeds; blatantly prominent outlines of the city seemed to be fading rapidly into thin wisps of oblivion,

When I bathed my body in enigmatically slithering snake skin; the world outside seemed to be hideously snaring; with pedestrians seeming to viciously bite each time they opened their mouths to speak,

When I bathed my body in a finely squelched pulp of green grass; the world outside seemed to be passionately raw; with humans inevitably tickling themselves in a state of restless frenzy,

When I bathed my body in strands of morbid spider web; the world outside seemed to be an eerie playground; with humans having unpleasantly ghoulish designs engulfing their face,

When I bathed my body in superlatively piquant tomato curry; the world outside seemed to be a delicious pizza taken out right from the sizzling oven; with all tangible and intangible sprawled around appearing to be completely red; appearing as if uninhibitedly blushing unstopably all the time,

When I bathed my body in a rivulet of vitamin tonic; the world outside seemed to be a pathetic hospital; with people holding their faces in inexplicable despair; orphans wandering on the roads with antiseptic bandages wound to their throats,

When I bathed my body in a bucket replete with foamy soap; the world outside seemed to be a profuse blanket of frothy spray; with denizens walking on an island of spongy bubbles; bursting them pompously with their fingers to clear their way,

When I bathed my body in whirlpools of pulsating rock music; the world outside seemed to be a sleazily blaring discotheque; with countless clusters of youngsters gyrating their bodies to unsynchronized beats of vibrant sound,

When I bathed my body in a shower of raunchy salt; the world outside seemed to be overwhelmingly tantalizing; with even the incomprehensibly old seeming to bounce euphorically with new found rigors of life,

When I bathed my body in plumes of black vehicle smoke; the world outside seemed to be an obfuscated blur; with visibility cutting down to almost an absolute zero and dynamic individuals hopelessly tripping their footing even before they decided to walk,

And eventually when I bathed my body in a compassionate waterfall of her moist breath; the world outside seemed to have vanished in entirety; didn't appear at all no matter how hard I strained my eyes; for all I could feel; imagine; and appreciate was her mesmerizing eyes and lips; the invincible seed of romance; now palpitating turbulently in her heart as I touched her.

Nikhil Parekh

The World Trade Center Shall Stand Tall Forever - Tribute To America, Part 4

It stood taller than any other structure in the sky; kissing the ensemble of cotton clouds as they drifted by,

It looked like a towering giant; in front of the matchbox sized houses sprawled disdainfully around,

It caused infinite number of necks to stretch to their maximum; and yet its summit eluded their eyes,

It offered spell binding views; and the privilege to witness jumbo sized planes whistling from arms length from its body,

It withstood the most tumultuous of storm; the most thunderous of rain; incorrigibly refraining to budge an inch from its original ground,

It was the first structure on which the rain fell from the sky; later cascading down in minuscule rivulets towards soil,

It was the lone warrior which loomed large above all; when the entire city was inundated by a swirling flood,

It appeared almost invincible; with its formidable strength evading the mightiest of attack,

It reflected a tinge of robust pink; even when caught unaware in the midst of escalating flames,

It was the most contemporary piece of architecture ever existing; with its ergonomic interiors offering luxury befitting a king,

It was the very first expedition that students pursuing design were taken too; while visiting the modern city,

It was a manifestation of a battalion of ingenious design; involving countless engineers from all over the planet,

It was a feast to sight for the naked human eye; with its scintillating mirrors

magnificently depicting the island of flaming Sun,

It harbored unfathomable number of royal conference rooms; golden elevators which transited you into a surreal spin; transporting you to a thousand meters above earth in fractions of seconds,

It was home for boundless individuals; evolving incredulous technology as each day crept from the horizon,

It was the nerve center for all business and trade; dictated life around the planet like nothing else did,

It was a monument about which; infinite lines had been written in the past; with the ink in the pen augmenting as each alphabet was drawn,

It was the stupendously captivating sight ever in history; fomenting every contemporary artist to ponder about,

And even today; even as each of its impregnable floor is reduced to raw ash; the perpetrators assuming themselves to be victorious have miserably failed; as its memories will live immortally in our hearts and The World Trade Center shall stand tall forever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

The Worst Thing

The worst thing that could have happened to a fish; was that it fell innocently in the midst of the sweltering desert instead of slithering voluptuously in its tank,

The worst thing that could have happened to a cockroach; was that it found itself perched at the top of a kingly throne; instead of feasting its tentacles on the foul smell of the lavatory,

The worst thing that could have happened to a loaded gun; was that it found itself hurled right into the heart of the salty sea; instead of firing a pugnacious volley of bullets,

The worst thing that could have happened to a cow; was that it was placed in an ambience engulfed with rotten garbage; instead of wandering blissfully on the pristine and green slopes,

The worst thing that could have happened to a tongue; was that it was dipped mercilessly into fuming water; instead of sipping delectable pints of herbal tea,

The worst thing that could have happened to a bee; was that it was compelled to swim in a pond replete with saliva; instead of boisterously evolving gallons of sweet honey in its hive,

The worst thing that could have happened to a soldier; was that he was stationed to feed new born children; instead of fighting valiantly in the battlefield of war,

The worst thing that could have happened to a cloud; that it was brutally dissipated by invidious space crafts; instead of coalescing into a dense conglomerate; and showering tantalizing droplets of rain,

The worst thing that could have happened to an eyeball; was getting exposed to a field of acrimonious thorns; instead of imparting it with an incessant stream of revitalizing moisture,

The worst thing that could have happened to a golden ring; was that it was gruesomely dumped several feet beneath the earth; instead of scintillating magnificently under pearly rays of the majestic moon,

The worst thing that could have happened to a priest; was drifting inevitably towards salacious desires; instead of inexorably drowning the mind, body and

soul; in the service of Almighty Lord,

The worst thing that could have happened to the feet; was to walk on blistering embers of fire; instead of stepping on a carpet of flocculent silk and Persian wool,

The worst thing that could have happened to a slab of ice; was being kept on the fire sizzling full throttle; instead of basking away in the interiors of the glorious refrigerator,

The worst thing that could have happened to a building; was that it was constructed in the zone of the devastating earthquake; instead of standing tall and fortified on chunks of healthy soil,

The worst thing that could have happened to the gargantuan bubble of soap; was that it was pierced a few seconds after it rose; instead of swelling profoundly and proliferating many other of its kind in the atmosphere,

The worst thing that could have happened to a child; was to get orphaned as soon as he took birth; instead of frolicking merrily in the arms of his mother,

The worst thing that could have happened to seasoned sticks of firewood; was bearing the brunt of unrelenting rain and culminate into a rot; instead of igniting into crackling flames in the starry night,

The worst thing that could have happened to a car; was stuttering every minute while clambering up the hills; instead of whizzing through the mystical lanes of the valley at kingly speeds,

The worst thing that could have happened to a contemporary watch; was to stop ticking; instead of accurately depicting time every unfurling second of the day,

And the worst thing that could have happened to me was; sitting like a moron in the office; browsing through a labyrinth of bulky files and papers; instead of gallivanting on the hills with my beloved; and simultaneously penning down emphatically enchanting lines of poetry.

Nikhil Parekh

Their Immortal Heartbeats

The entire Universe satanically manipulated; while their impeccable eyes unrelentingly stared at each other; with an ardor unconquerable and till times beyond eternity,

The entire Universe lecherously sucked blood; while their voluptuous lips uncompromisingly kissed each other; exploring the sweetness of God's Omnisciently divine creation,

The entire Universe brutally discriminated till fathomless miles beyond the gallows; while their sensuously intricate feet nudged each other; igniting inferno's of spell binding infatuation; in the heart of the insidiously dolorous night,

The entire Universe murderously massacred; while their immaculate palms perpetually interlocked with each other; compassionately warming even the most infinitesimally frigid iota of; frozen ice,

The entire Universe tyrannically worked from nine to nine; while their tantalizing bellies ravishingly titillated each other; eternally bonding with thunderbolts of unendingly ecstatic desire,

The entire Universe invidiously rebuked all goodness; while their seductive eyelashes incessantly tickled each other; ebulliently philandering in the mists of innocuous newness; for centuries unprecedented,

The entire Universe disdainfully counted spurious bundles of currency; while their scarlet cheeks perennially blushed with each other; nervously fidgeting like a freshly embellished bride; under Omnipotent rays of the mid-day Sun,

The entire Universe dreadfully wandered in the aisles of commercial hell; while their exuberant voices unassailably bonded with each other; in the spirit of harmoniously United existence,

The entire Universe woefully sledged the essence of peace; while their poignant streams of blood burgeoned in blissful solidarity; ubiquitously disseminating the principles of mankind; on every path that they tread,

The entire Universe mercilessly lambasted into realms of obsolete oblivion; while

their pristine necks innocuously caressed each other; vividly painting the panoramic landscape of this planet with astoundingly eclectic color,

The entire Universe savagely groped after dungeons of penalizing greed; while their sacrosanct shoulders stood holistically abreast each other; confronting the most acrimoniously torrid storms; with irrefutably supreme faith in the; Almighty Lord,

The entire Universe remorsefully sulked 24 hrs a day; while their resplendently twinkling chins gloriously coalesced with each other; as their spirit of sacred togetherness metamorphosed all evil; into a bouquet of heavenly fragrance,

The entire Universe ominously plotted against weaker living kind; while their magically mesmerizing shadows forever amalgamated as one; benevolently blessing all humanity; one and alike,

The entire Universe sadistically orphaned humanitarian goodness; while their impregnable truthful souls timelessly coagulated in an entrenchment of celestial bliss; perpetuating the symbol of mankind to the most fathomless quarter; of this gigantic earth,

The entire Universe disdainfully abhorred intrepid adventure; while their miraculous footsteps unequivocally marched towards the path of scintillating righteousness; alleviating mother earth from the hands of the hideous devil,

The entire Universe spent the remainder of their lives in bombastic society meets and worthless cigar smoke; while their enthrallingly robust tongues intransigently discovered each other; triggering fires of bountiful belonging; even in the center of the morbidly soggy lake,

The entire Universe asphyxiated their nostrils with vindictive pollution; while their Omnipresent breath beautifully exhaled out as one; graciously consecrating a civilization of optimistic hope; on every path that they traversed,

The entire Universe insidiously cheated in graveyards of maligned castigation; while their divinely untainted brains relentlessly fantasized together; fabulously inundating the complexion of this planet with unfathomable happiness,

And the entire Universe existed worthlessly in webs of prejudice and eventually died; while their immortal heartbeats lived forever and ever and ever in flames of unshakable love; harboring its majestic goodness as the sole panacea to survive;

for infinite more births yet to come.

Nikhil Parekh

Their Immortal Love

Even as the most immaculately placid rivers; truculently metamorphosed into ruthlessly lambasting fires of diabolical hell,

Even as an unfathomable corpse of lethally penalizing bullets rang inclemently all round the atmosphere; with indiscriminate devils marauding at free will,

Even as the most majestically towering mountains crumbled like a pack of frigidly insipid cards; pathetically kissing horrendous particles of threadbare dust,

Even as the fountain of salaciously treacherous lechery reigned supreme in the gigantic planet around; with the graveyard of hideous manipulation embedding itself deeper and deeper into holistic soil,

Their immortal love remained as fragrant as the pristine flower of perennial peace; perpetually glowed with the spirit of irrefutably sparkling righteousness; with the blessings of the Omniscient Almighty Lord.

1.

Even as man parasitically sucked his counterpart man; savagely devouring every ingredient of his innocuous bloodstream; to replenish his own treasuries with malicious discontent,

Even as the handsomely blistering Sun intractably refrained to shimmer; portraying its unsurpassable anger upon satanically erring mankind,

Even as pragmatic time morbidly deadened in its very roots; gruesomely convoluting with the heinoustraitors and gory death; fulminating uninhibitedly around,

Even as the most viciously tumultuous thunderstorms of acrid dust; dreadfully obfuscated the entire civilization in whirlwinds of abhorrently vengeful sledging and slandering,

Their immortal love remained as eternally sacrosanct as the celestial heavens; philanthropically radiating the religion of gloriously everlasting mankind upon one and all alike; with the blessings of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord.

2.

Even as an unfathomable entrenchment of innocent eyes; were sordidly blinded with waves of irascibly derogatory commercialism,

Even as ominously stinking gutters of bizarre ruthlessness cut loose upon the unwitting cities; ingloriously inundating every particle of the atmosphere with brutally horrific despair,

Even as avalanches of coldblooded slavery transcended past the era's of truth; as every living organism became a barbarically untamed criminal; rampantly massacring innocent lives,

Even as the torturous tyranny of fate unceremoniously penalized the fathomless world; with the essence of the devil invidiously lingering in the disparaging solitude that smarted around,

Their immortal love resplendently blossomed like the harmoniously twinkling stars in the gargantuan sky; benevolently disseminating the mantra of pricelessly effulgent existence; with the blessings of the unassailably marvelous Almighty Lord.

3.

Even as pugnacious lizards of gory infidelity stabbed their rebellious venom; into the unequivocally virgin fabric of this colossal Universe,

Even as dungeons of tyrannical desperation enveloped the limitless cosmos; with every human despicably transforming into insidiously plagiarized shit,

Even as the most diminutive bit of enchanting melody; became a perfidiously whipping expletive of disgusting extinction; excoriating all voluptuous sensuousness with the sword of conventionally robotic turgidity,

Even as heinously perilous death overruled the chapter of scintillating life; as even the most royally aristocratic of human life; became a fickle headed commodity being disdainfully pulverized; by power politics,

Their immortal love bloomed more tantalizingly than ever before; impreguably bonded in the cradle of unflinching solidarity for infinite more births yet to unveil; with the blessings of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord.

Their Kiss Was Unbreakable.

Be it the most thunderous of maelstroms; with unrelentingly unstoppable winds swiping past them at truculently tumultuous speeds,

Be it the most ominously sinister conglomerate of snakes; viciously tightening their stranglehold upon their impeccably beautiful necks,

Be it the most diabolically insane wave of lunatism; that insidiously crept towards their profusely poignant and interlocked entities,

Be it the most overpowering of thunderously cacophonous sound; that obnoxiously wanted to drown even the most infinitesimal of sound; in their handsomely celestial vicinity,

Be it the most horrendously asphyxiating of stench; lethally poisoning the blissful atmosphere enveloping their compassionately benign senses,

Be it the most perilously pernicious of bizarre darkness; abhorrently trying to abnegate their heavenly embrace; from its very formidably unassailable roots,

Be it the most unfathomably deep and preposterously treacherous waters; heinously trying to stifle the last iota of their resplendent breath; by satanically drowning them towards the threadbare rock bottom,

Be it the most ghoulishly insipid of spirits incessantly hovering around their innocuous persona; vindictively yearning to ruthlessly snap the fangs of their ardently flaming love,

Be it the most ferociously cold-blooded lions surreptitiously sauntering by their holistic side; fervently anticipating their opportunity; to salaciously slit their throats into an infinite pieces,

Be it the most torrentially intransigent cloudbursts of ballistic lightening; insurmountably desiring to electrocute their timeless souls; into inconspicuously unrecognizable ash,

Be it the most hostile superpowers of this boundless unsurpassable Universe; relentlessly raining bombs in indiscriminate tandem; upon their immaculately melanging bodies,

Be it the most raunchily bawdy seductresses; sleazily gyrating around their visage's; venomously enduring their best to drift their spell of intractable concentration,

Be it the most remorsefully morbid fleet of bellicose arrows; darting at devilish velocities towards their impeccably harmonious bodies; to uncouthly stab their divinely sparkling flesh,

Be it the most fiercely inclement blanket of thorns; stealthily waiting to bleed them towards an irrefutably ghastly death; the instant they alighted even the most capriciously fleeting sole of their nimble foot,

Be it the most lecherously lambasting of conventional society; using every iota of their Herculean strength to disintegrate their romantic sensuousness forever and ever and ever; from the trajectory of this resplendently embellished earth,

Be it the most gigantically towering of mountain tips; trying to unsparingly overwhelm every bit of gregariously scintillating empathy between their skins; with raw unprecedented power and impregnably superior force,

Be it the most dolorously dwindling dungeons of betrayal; demonically waiting to capsize their eternal friendship; in webs of nonchalantly nondescript nothingness,

Be it the most gory chapters of satanic bloodshed and death; blatantly lingering around their seductively enthralling and ebulliently dancing chests,

And come what may; even as fathomless landscapes of blue sky mercilessly blended with cocoons of ravishing soil; even as the manipulatively commercial demon

abominably overpowered all truth; even as the entire world outside greedily swooned under the scent of currency coil; their kiss grew rose more passionately towards the divine with every unfurling instant; their kiss was immortally unbreakable.

Nikhil Parekh

There And Then Itself

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the police; who could vanquish the devil within instants; if using their firepower and authority; in the most righteously efficacious manner,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the press; who could bring even the ghastliest of devil to shame; by the unflinchingly triumphant power of the pen,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the wrestler; who could easily pulverize the devil into infinitesimal nothingness; with just a punch of his unsurpassably muscled arm,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the ocean; which could entirely drown the devil in whisker lengths of time; towards the most obsolete depths of treacherously rock-bottom nothingness,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the thorns; who could brutally rip apart even the goriest of devil into inanely decrepit shreds; by their mere and pecuniary caress,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the army; who could trample the devil into non-existent wisps of feckless oblivion; by merely marching under the blazing Sun; and on the pathways of righteousness,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the dungeons; which could hopelessly asphyxiate every salacious intention of the devil; into the maiming blackness of nimble submission,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the tornadoes; which could nonchalantly sweep back the devil into its indescribably unbearable hell; within just a singleton gust of strong wind,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the saint; who could render every element of ribald drudgery in the devil to inconspicuous ash; with just a single hiss of his miraculously divine breath,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the magician; who could perpetuate the soul of the heartless devil to forever disappear from this bountiful earth; by simply touching his mystical wand over its deteriorating contours,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the Sun; who could char even the most invisible traces of the hideous devil into meaningless chowder; by simply the power of just one of its Omnipotent morning rays,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the Politician; who could ensure that the devil rotted lifelong behind morbidly sullen prison bars; by a simple ring of the phone to his unfathomable jugglery; of astutely manipulated resources,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the Butcher; who could eventually render the devil into just a ludicrous assortment of flesh and bones; lifelessly suspended from the roof of his shop; with just one stroke of his gigantically gleaming cleaver,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the forests; who could miserably confound the devil till eternity, within their unendingly painstaking labyrinths of carnivorously stabbing wilderness,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the night; who could endlessly blind even an infinite eyes of the marauding devil; with its congenitally crippling vacuum of sheer Blackness,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the mirages; who could indefatigably titillate the devil into the mortuaries of imbecile devastation; thwarting its every cadaverous effort into the realms of penurious submission,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching the graveyard; which could cast such a paralyzing jinx over the tawdry devil; that it relentlessly slithered all its life like emotionless feces,

No. I wouldn't waste time in approaching my fathers and forefathers; who could trash the devil into the corpses of wastrel decay; utilizing their experience of several hundred years and with the sword of scintillating truth,

Instead. If I find the devil; raping; tormenting; or doing anything bad to my mother; whom infact I consider my own country; my own motherland; I'll simply kill it/finish it/behead it there and then itself; without prior intimations/insinuations or justifications given to anywhere on earth; or to anyone

Nikhil Parekh

There Was A Corner Of My Mind

Even as I felt that I had sown seeds in my entire field; and felt waves of contentment wholesomely entrench my persona,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me of the barren lands nearby which were yet to ploughed.

Even as I felt that I had earned exorbitant amounts of wealth; inundating my treasury with infinite number of gold coins,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me that there were still countless number of people lying naked in the chilly cold; and who desperately needed my help.

Even as I felt that I had written unfathomable volumes of literature; simply didn't need to emboss a single word further,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me that there were innocent roaming illiterate on the streets; who needed to be taught; who needed my help to learn and write.

Even as I felt that I had walked unsurpassable distance by foot; conquering astronomical peaks of all mountains towering higher than the clouds,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me that there were boundless boys and girls who were helplessly limp; and who needed my assistance to help them to walk without sticks.

Even as I felt that I had consumed the best of food; had eaten every possible dish every existing or made in this world,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me that there were countless number of beggars crying hoarsely by the river side; starved to unprecedented; and awaiting my presence frantically to be fed.

Even as I felt that I had worn the most gorgeous of fabric; adorned my persona in the most exquisite of attire found on this globe,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me that there were innumerable number of destitutes; hiding their flesh in embarrassment from this uncouth world; and whose bodies were waiting all night and day; to be encompassed by my surplus cloth.

Even as I felt that I had gulped the most exotic of wine; drowned my body into unprecedented tremors of voluptuous excitement,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me of the millions of people scorching in the drought ridden desert; needed just few droplets
from my rivers overflowing with water.

Even as I felt that I had dated the girl of my dreams; eventually marrying her to bind us in the bonds of immortal romance,
There was a corner of my mind which didn't allow me to rest; reminding me of the thousands of impoverished hearts; who were left stranded in solitude; and who
needed me to impregnate in them just fractions of my love.

And even as I felt that I had lived life to its fullest capacity; and now needed to die blending my breath blissfully with the Creator,
There was a corner of my mind which still didn't allow me to rest; as there were unlimited numbers of children being born every second in each quarter of the globe; who were required to be fed with pearls of wisdom I had acquired in this lifetime; and who needed a pillar to support their nimble foundations which had just taken life.

Nikhil Parekh

There Was A Time

There was a time when i bludgeoned people with my rock iron fists,
now i didn't even have the vigor to raise my hands.

there was time when i drove my car at swashbuckling speeds,
now my legs quivered at mentions of automobile travel.

there was a time when drank barrels of beer with unprecedented gusto,
now i refrained from drinking even salted water.

there was a time when i cast frivolous glances at young maidens,
now i withdrew miles away from the faintest shadow of females.

there was a time when i clambered up the hill with robust spurts of euphoria,
now i stood at the base and admired the honey golden Sun; tumbling drops of rain.

there was a time when i chewed vicious petals of raw tobacco,
now i confined myself to a bland soup of banana curry.

there was a time when i shouted on the streets creating utter pandemonium,
now i talked in subtle whispers with my spouse; in imprisoned interiors of our home.

there was a time when i gnawed my teeth in the brittle body of sugarcane,
now i satisfied myself with frigid chunks of sour milk cream.

there was a time when i bathed in an avalanche of freezing water; beneath the mountain spring,
now i meticulously poured minuscule tumblers of hot water on my persona.

there was a time wrote sedulously; infinite lines of poignant literature,
now i dictated lethargic notes for my assistants to scribble down.

there was a time when i indulged in rambunctious brawls with my rivals,
now i begged them for perennial harmony with folded hands.

there was a time when there when i bore a thick shock of curly hair on my scalp,
now they had been replaced by frugal fibers of deathly white projecting timidly.

there was a time when i spotted oblivious outlines of bird in the sky,
now i wore high powered glass to distinguish my children.

there was a time when I dismantled rocks that came my way,
now I was petrified to even tread on ants that trespassed the floor.

There was a time when I sobbed at the slightest of provocation,
Now I stared in tranquil contentment even when ridiculed to bizarre limits.

There was a time when I laughed incessantly all Sunlit day,
Now I groped for inexplicably for profound reasons to smile.

There was a time when I romanticized wading through choppy waves of the
ocean,
Now I perceived loads of gratification; sitting abreast my innocent siblings.

That was decades when I was bubbling in the zeal of youth,
Whilst now I lay shriveled; discarded as a disdainful liability; in the form of an
grizzly hair man.

Nikhil Parekh

There Was God To Protect Me

There were lids to protect my eyes; shield them against the most turbulent of storm and dust,

There were lips to protect my teeth; accentuate their beauty as they flirtatiously smiled,

There was flesh to protect my bones; ensure that they stayed in perfect synchronization; and my demeanor looked robust and fine,

There was hair to protect my scalp; comfort it against body blows and buzzing fly,

There was stomach to protect my food; churn exquisite dishes from all over the continent into one stream,

There was an obdurate skull to protect my brain; thereby facilitate me to evolve ideas at lightening speeds,

There were nails to protect my fingers and toes; see to it that I defended myself in the acrid times of war,

There were clothes to protect my body; save me from bitter cold and the tiniest of embarrassment,

There were shoes to protect my feet; engendering me to walk even on the smoldering embers of scarlet fire,

There were mesmerizing flamingoes to protect my happiness; prevent me from entering into clouds of gloom,

There was rain to protect my thirst; keep my throat always moist and incredulously tender,

There was a tongue to protect my speech; make me speak the most perfect of words at the most perfect of times,

There was sweat to protect my skin; stop it from drying into a shriveled and an inconspicuous heap,

There were Sun and Moon to protect my perception of time; depict to me exactly every hour I walked on the surface of this earth,

There were mystical lines on my palm to protect my destiny; mold and harness the purpose of my existence,

There was house to protect my family; impart it with the security it overwhelmingly desired in times of fear and night,

There was beloved to protect my heart; hamper it from getting trapped into the aisles of irrevocable frustration,

There was mother to protect my senses; see to it that all my dreams manifested themselves into reality,

And there was God to protect my life; save me from all difficulties and barricades whichever came my way; see to it that I blissfully breathed & lived my full quota of life; till the purpose I had taken birth for on his land; was fully satisfied.

Nikhil Parekh

There Was No Greater Slave

There was no greater slave of your piquantly mesmerizing eyes; than my impoverished eyeballs; unrelentingly seeking your poignantly charismatic and compassionate stares,

There was no greater slave of your voluptuously seductive lips; than the contours of my fervently anticipating face; ardently desiring to witness you blossom into an unfathomable festoon of everlasting smiles; all day and morbid night,

There was no greater slave of your ravishingly silken hair; than the eclectically cogitating periphery of my scalp; incorrigibly wanting to possess your sensuously magical swish; for times and decades immemorial,

There was no greater slave of your ingratiatingly titillating footsteps; than my every growing bohemian footprints; intractably waiting to be perpetually blessed by your majestically spell binding countenance,

There was no greater slave of your stupendously magnificent voice; than my overwhelmingly parched mouth; intransigently slavering till realms beyond the eternal heavens; for your exotically marvelous melody,

There was no greater slave of your beautifully pristine fingers; than my insatiably penurious palms; irrevocably yearning to clasp them royal softness forever; and for infinite more births yet to come,

There was no greater slave of your tantalizingly enamoring belly; than my tumultuously starved stomach; irretrievably desiring to be brushed by your ravishingly enthralling fire; in the heart of the resplendent night,

There was no greater slave of your impeccably irrefutable honesty; than my manipulatively besieged conscience; unequivocally waiting for your ideals of philanthropic humanity; to invincibly enshroud it from all sides,

There was no greater slave of your regally aristocratic neck; than my swelteringly dying throat; profoundly waiting to be turbulently smooched by the same; even as hell rained viciously from the fathomless sky,

There was no greater slave of your immaculately rhapsodic ears; than my uncontrollably trembling teeth; relentlessly longing to harmoniously nibble your lobes; under the waterfalls of untamed excitement,

There was no greater slave of your poignantly scarlet blood; than my despairingly bereaved veins; incessantly wanting to upreme with your principles of mankind; your ideals of simplistically symbiotic existence,

There was no greater slave of your marvelously golden sweat; than my hungrily groping armpits; indefatigably anticipating your fountain of fragrant perseverance;
to bless its languid contours,

There was no greater slave of your vibrantly ebullient shadow; than my frantically trembling silhouette; timelessly waiting to wholesomely blend with your entrenchment of divinely sparkling righteousness,

There was no greater slave of your boisterously charming vibrancy; than my desolately wandering soul; incorrigibly yearning to profusely assimilate its impregnable fortitude; to unflinchingly confront even the most horrendous of impediment that came my way,

There was no greater slave of your profoundly mesmerizing blushing; than my turbulently bubbling cheeks; unsurpassably longing to be kissed for marathon fortnights on the trot; with the twinkling moon romantically dipping upon the kingly evening,

There was no greater slave of your astoundingly exhilarating versatility; than my restlessly drifting waves of excitement; unstoppably wishing to be passionately embedded by your priceless dexterity; on every path that I tread,

There was no greater slave of your unconquerably ecstatic magnetism; than my monotonously drubbing survival; endlessly longing for your integrally glorious shades of your uninhibited amiability,

There was no greater slave of your vivaciously vivid breath; than my hopelessly orphaned nostrils; tirelessly wanting to be unassailably encapsulated by its Omnipotent aura; to unitedly metamorphose the complexion of this disdainfully dithering planet,

And there was no greater slave of your immortally Omnipresent love; than my uxoriously throbbing heart; perennially yearning to bond with your formidable reservoir of humanitarian relationship; perennially longing to unite as a single spirit with your humbly benign countenance.

There Was No Heart Born

There was no balloon born on this Universe which did not preposterously burst;
unrelentingly diffuse into boundless fragments of gruesomely pulverized rubber;
at being pricked,

There was no desert born on this Universe which did not acrimoniously simmer;
relentlessly torch countless organisms in vicinity; to inconspicuously threadbare
fragments under the sweltering Sun,

There was no ocean born on this Universe which did not ravishingly undulate;
enchantingly disseminate into an unsurpassable mountain of mesmerizing froth;
every
unfurling minute of the night and flamboyant day,

There was no star born on this Universe which did not gregariously twinkle;
aristocratically pacify even the most inexplicably traumatic misery; with the
profoundly miraculous Omnipotence in its shine,

There was no camel born on this Universe which did not laggardly hunch;
exhilaratingly ingratiate even the most drearily alien of travelers; with its amiable
smile in all times,

There was no rose born on this Universe which did not bountifully blossom;
ubiquitously propagate the essence of wonderfully timeless equality; to even the
most remotely fathomless quarter of this Omniscient planet,

There was no cloud born on this Universe which did not celestially intoxicate;
indefatigably mesmerize all gruesomely remorseful morbidity in the atmosphere;
with infinite colors of vibrantly fulminating love,

There was no dewdrop born on this Universe which did not fabulously romance;
sensuously enlighten every treacherously whipping iota of drudgery on this
commercial globe; with an unfathomable canvas of optimistic light and artistry,

There was no eyelash born on this Universe which did not mischievously flutter;
blissfully transit even the most monotonously mechanical entities; back into
realms of impeccably heavenly childhood,

There was no mind born on this Universe which did not wildly fantasize; let itself
uninhibitedly wander in the lanes of untamed voluptuousness; fervently hoping

that this reverie didn't end for centuries immemorial,

There was no shadow born on this Universe which did not enigmatically shimmer; perpetuate every bit of dolorously vengeful space in the cosmos; with stupendously princely tranquility,

There was no truth born on this Universe which did not symbiotically unite; coalescing all thunderously powerful and diminutively timid; in threads of eternal mankind and alike,

There was no destiny born on this Universe which did not handsomely magnetize; baffling even the most sagaciously stringent norms of science and contemporary chemistry; with the unsurpassable ocean of intricacies in vivacious life, with an unsurpassable ocean of piquant vacillations in vivacious life,

There was no tortoise born on this Universe which did not tirelessly laze; feasting its unbelievably potbellied belly in overwhelmingly harmonious tandem; with the light of the simmering Sun,

There was no rainbow born on this Universe which did not vividly enthrall; bestowing a limitless entrenchment of eclectically fructifying desire upon every despicably bereaved organism; on this fascinating planet,

There was no lion born on this Universe which did not majestically roar; unconquerably reign supreme as the king of the mystical jungle; everytime this earth magnanimously proliferated and was enchanting born,

There was no woman born on this Universe which did not graciously attract; inevitably drawing even the most sonorously whiplashing of organisms; in her tumultuously tantalizing and sensuously divine swirl,

There was no breath born on this Universe which did not unstoppably bless; evolve an impregnable entrenchment of godly solidarity and charisma; on every deplorably barren cranny of this endless earth,

And there was no heart born on this Universe which did not perpetually love; bonding each of its beats with its unendingly transpiring passion; immortally following its tunes for infinite more births yet to come; irrespective of whatever might come its way.

There Was No Love Born Greater.

There was no richness born ever greater; than uninhibitedly dispensing richness itself; to all those despicably besieged with whirlwinds of penurious gloom and maudlin malice,

There was no miracle born ever greater; than Omnisciently disseminating miracles themselves; to all those disastrously orphaned and tyrannically lambasted with whiplashes of indiscriminately ominous despair,

There was no philanthropism born ever greater; than benevolently diffusing grandiloquent philanthropism itself; to even the most fathomless quarters of this enchantingly colossal Universe; uniting with one and all synergistically; in the true spirit of eternal mankind,

There was no compassion born ever greater; than unrelentingly spreading gregarious compassion itself; to all those brutally bereft of the quintessential spirit to live; those heartlessly dithering towards a gruesomely torturous extinction,

There was no happiness born ever greater; than ubiquitously sprinkling the flavor of happiness itself; to each dwelling horrendously submerged with despondently murderous doom; profoundly enlightening the bizarre darkness with optimistic rays of desire,

There was no mysticism born ever greater; than ravishingly wafting the majestic aroma of mysticism itself; to all those obsoletely infirm entities; ludicrously entangled in the miserable web of manipulatively monotonous and sinister prejudice,

There was no enthusiasm born ever greater; than showering the melody of exuberant enthusiasm itself; to all those drearily divested; and lackadaisically stumbling like a pack of soggy matchsticks; even before alighting a single stride,

There was no patriotism born ever greater; than unitedly bequeathing the magnificent splendor of righteous patriotism itself; to all those dastardly countrymen; who sadistically sold their motherland just to augment the stuffing of gold in the foundation; of their spuriously bombastic abodes,

There was no charisma born ever greater; than resplendently distributing voluptuously enamoring charisma itself; to every lip horrifically enveloped with;

pathetically dwindling sadness,

There was no strength born ever greater; than fearlessly impregnating formidable strength itself; embedding unflinching fortitude in all those torturously maim and devastatingly crippled; becoming the vibrant tornado of ebullience in each of their bones,

There was no titillation born ever greater; than the triggering the seductive thunderbolt of divine titillation itself; incinerating cloudbursts of unrelenting yearning in all those organisms; encapsulated with murderously ghastly remorse,

There was no prayer born ever greater; than unequivocally preaching the prayer for togetherness itself; Omnipotently coalescing all caste; creed; color and religion; in the fabric of humanity; and alike,

There was no flamboyance born ever greater; than relentlessly disposing the stupendously passionate wave of flamboyance itself; to all those shattered hutment's of depravation; all those nonchalant entities dying every instant in deserts of diffidence; all the time,

There was no charity born ever greater; than altruistically radiating the most regale rays of charity itself; to all those underprivileged orphaned and haplessly destitute; replenishing their tottered lives with the ointment of; unequivocal sharing,

There was no innocence born ever greater; than splendidly bestowing the Omnipresent virtue of innocence itself; to all those derogatorily heinous devils; ruthlessly bent upon beheading all princely goodness; from living kind,

There was no rhapsody born ever greater; than intractably endowing the unconquerable paradise of rhapsody itself; to all those unfortunately wandering without their loved ones; lighting the flame of jubilation in their lives; once again,

There was no innovation born ever greater; than magnificently dispersing the spirit of innovation itself; to all those being unsparingly lambasted; by whirlpools of disdainful monotony and salacious greed,

There was no life born ever greater; than bountifully gifting the chapter of vivaciously unassailable life itself; to all those immaculate creations of Almighty

Lord; painfully creeping in agonizing trauma; towards their gory corpse,

And there was no love born ever greater; than unendingly transmitting the immortal essence of love itself; to all those despairingly broken hearts; rekindling their bountiful treasury of beats once again; with the unsurpassably sweet fragrance of
kingly existence.

Nikhil Parekh

There Was No Man Born Perfect

There is no tree born on this earth which does not shed its leaves; remains inundated with complete foliage even in austere autumn and tumultuous storm,

There is no pond born on this earth which does not evaporate a trifle during blistering summer; swells towards the summit of the clouds even under fiery rays of the Sun,

There is no road born on this earth which does not get sordid as vehicles pass by; regains its sparkling and virgin complexion even as truck loads of dust traverses in disdain,

There is no flower born on this earth which does not wither; blossoms perennially even in rampant massacre and thunderous rain,

There is no muscle born on this earth which does not dwindle; remains as bulging as the colossal mountain even as perilous and old age crept in,

There is no sound born on this earth which keeps on reverberating for decades on the trot; does not lower its decibel and intensity even an iota after emanating from the mouth,

There is no bird born on this earth which keeps on soaring incessantly in the air; without showing any signs of plummeting towards the ground; drifting off to blissful sleep,

There is no eye born on this earth which does not effusively cry; remains as stoical as white ice even in bizarre affliction and inexplicable distress,

There is no cheek born on this earth which does not blush; remains as morbid as the dead corpse even when voraciously tickled by the person whom it passionately loved,

There is no fist born on this earth which incessantly keeps punching to win mighty battles that came its way; remains as hard as obdurate stone even when viciously attacked by a battalion of bombs and acerbic sword,

There is no star born on this earth which keeps on shimmering even in dazzling daylight; tries to conquer even against the most blistering ray of the Sun,

There is no lip born on this earth which does not purse; remains as horrendous as sooty charcoal even when kissed blazingly by the person of its dreams,

There is no soil born on this earth which keeps on producing fathomless clusters of tantalizing fruit; doesn't succumb like infinite others in its fraternity to the onslaught of uncouth drought,

There is no mouth born on this earth which does not yawn; keeps locked as tight as the prison door as each day unveils itself into chilly night,

There is no dog born on this earth which does not wag its bushy tail; remains dumb and impassive even after sighting its master,

There is no mosquito born on this earth which does not sting; rests as harmoniously as the immaculate angel even when surrounded by bodies of robust flesh and
rubicund demeanor,

There is no pen born on this earth which keeps on indefatigably writing; embosses volumes after volumes of books even after the last fraction of ink in its body is completely exhausted,

There is no mother born on this earth who does not care for her new born child; strangulates her baby; infact the very blood which she had painstakingly spawned,

And there is no man born on this earth who is absolutely perfect; achieving astronomical heights by the mere swish of his little finger; executing each aspect of life to envious perfection; and if indeed there is one such individual who actually had the power to metamorphose the entire Universe into enchanting paradise; then he wasn't even the slightest resemblance of man; for he was infact OMNIPRESENT GOD.

Nikhil Parekh

There Was No Price On Earth

There was no price on earth which could ever substitute; the untamed exhilaration which every pore of my body experienced; while briskly philandering through the thunderous cloudbursts of exuberant breeze,

There was no price on earth which could ever substitute; the profound wave of enlightenment that I felt on my skin; every day at the very first light of miraculously rejuvenating dawn,

There was no price on earth which could ever substitute; the irrefutable truth in the voice of the little child; incoherently gazing towards my drearily sagging demeanor,

There was no price on earth which could ever substitute; the astronomically resplendent enigma that I felt enveloped with; when I intrepidly trespassed through the wilderness of the forests and the gloriously spell binding waterfalls,

There was no price on earth which could ever substitute; the unrelenting festoon of fantasies that I dreamt all day and exotic night; the cloud of majestically sensuous titillation that bountifully enshrouded every ingredient of my blood,

There was no price on earth which could ever substitute; the uninhibitedly compassionate fabric of humanity that profusely caressed me from all sides; the spirit of symbiotically superb camaraderie that I felt in every aspect of my vibrant life,

There was no price on this earth that could ever substitute; those moments when I realized I was going to become a father; the triumphantly unending smiles on the faces of me and my wife; alike,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the poignantly pristine freshness of the ravishing oceans; which voraciously tickled me every night under the gregariously milky moon,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the fathomless sensitivity in the eyes of my beloved; the Omnipotent replenishment that I had felt on my lips; as she kissed me till the end of veritable time,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the unprecedented urge in my body to once again become an innocuously wandering child; regally frolic

with the feathers of the vivid peacock; until the Sun bid the earth a final
goodbye,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the unsurpassable
excitement that I had indefatigably experienced; as the nubile seductress
deluged the colors of her embellished artistry; in the famished whites of my
lugubrious eye,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the unconquerable faith
that I had in the paradise of righteousness; even as diabolically marauding hell
wholesomely blended with inconspicuous granules of soil,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the invincible exultation
engulfing my face; when I earned the first trace of quintessential livelihood with
my very own hands,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the limitless euphoria
that each element of my visage experienced; as I nosedived without a parachute
from the absolute summit of the beautifully snow clad hills,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the insurmountable care
showered upon me by my godly mother right since the first cry of my birth; and
even as she underwent the most horrifically gory whippings from the
conventionally inclement society,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the smile of perennial
freshness on the face of my newly born daughter; her insatiably innocent actions
to nibble everything that came her way,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the blissfully seductive
scent of the mesmerizing rose that drifted into my torturously starved nostrils;
the stupendous vivaciousness of the atmosphere; royally perpetuating me from
all ends,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; those two words of
encouragement from the haplessly withering dame; impregnating loads of
Herculean courage in my dwindling persona; even as she was just about to leave
the
planet forever and die,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the unbelievably supreme
melody of the ingratiatingly voluptuous nightingale; the Omniscient sweetness

that it instilled in my collapsing form; every time she unfurled her beak to sing
and cry,

And there was no price on earth that could ever substitute; those instants when I
fell in love at first sight; those unassailable passions in my body when we first
united; those immortal bonds of love that we had formed for infinite more births
yet to
unveil; which were still my whole and sole mantra to lead life.

Nikhil Parekh

There Was Nothing Born On Earth

There was nothing born on earth; whiter than frosty white cow milk,
There was nothing born on earth; saltier than the saline sea,
There was nothing born on earth; redder than the intensely emollient scarlet rose,
There was nothing born on earth; more green than the blades of grass protruding from fresh soil,
There was nothing born on earth; purer than crystal spray of water cascading down the mountain,
There was nothing born on earth; more pungent than piquant slices of red chili,
There was nothing born on earth; more transparent than the human eye,
There was nothing born on earth; more sensitive than the throbbing heart,
There was nothing born on earth; more rotten than raw pig manure,
There was nothing born on earth; more effusive than a flurry of tears dribbling down the cheek,
There was nothing born on earth; more tenacious than resplendently strong beams of the moon,
There was nothing born on earth; more reinvigorating than a glass of natural coconut water,
There was nothing born on earth; more supple than the skin of an innocuous infant,
There was nothing born on earth; more eloquent than the mesmerizing voice of the nightingale,
There was nothing born on earth; more sweeter than succulent sticks of farm sugarcane,
There was nothing born on earth; more handsome than the majestically swirling electric blue dolphin,
There was nothing born on earth; more provoking than a helpless cry,
There was nothing born on earth; more thorny than the king cactus extruding from silver desert mud,
There was nothing born on earth; more slippery than the glistening sand,
There was nothing born on earth; more vociferous than the growl of the panther,

There was nothing born on earth; more dominating than the inner voice of the conscience,
There was nothing born on earth; more benevolent than serving mankind,
There was nothing born on earth; more beautiful than a persons mother,
There was nothing born on earth; more powerful than the Creator,
And there was nothing born on earth; more invincible than true love.

There Was Nothing Like Office

There was nothing like stink; in the dictionary of the rose; blossoming in the mesmerizing ambience of the valley,

There was nothing like cowardice in the dictionary of the lion; roaring its way thunderously through the dense outgrowths of the jungle,

There was nothing like adulteration in the dictionary of the gushing stream; cascading down the pristine slopes of the gorgeous mountain,

There was nothing like pessimism in the dictionary of the Sun; inundating every spot of earth with blistering rays and dazzling shine,

There was nothing like stain in the dictionary of the eraser; as it ruthlessly annihilated every blemish that it came across and caressed,

There was nothing like color in the dictionary of milk; as it oozed out impeccably white from the teats of the mother,

There was nothing like laziness in the dictionary of the clock; as it ticked diligently; without gasping the slightest for breath all round the clock,

There was nothing like dryness in the dictionary of the clouds; as they showered unrelentingly; flooding scorching mass of sand with heavenly water,

There was nothing like pandemonium in the dictionary of the valley; as it reverberated its echoes sonorous and clear; piercing every nook and cranny of the atmosphere,

There was nothing like sleep in the dictionary of the owl; as it incorrigibly kept awake all night; without batting its eyelids the slightest,

There was nothing like straightness in the dictionary of a dog; as it inevitably kept curling its tail; as hard as you might try and compress it,

There was nothing like euphoria in the dictionary of a yawn; as it was a perennial indication of a person to blissfully close his eyes; snore and sleep,

There was nothing like freezing in the dictionary of the fire; which leapt in

handsome flames to try and sizzle the cosmos,

There was nothing like weakness in the dictionary of the boxer; whose swollen fists; craved inexorably to drill a hole through the wall,
There was nothing like bragging in the heart of a humanitarian; whose sole purpose in life was to uplift the downtrodden society,

There was nothing like empathy in the tears of the corrupt politician; who simply cried to gain votes and sympathy of the masses,

There was nothing like manipulation in the dictionary of the mother; as every word she uttered was in the benefit of her child,

There was nothing like devil in the dictionary of the temple; where sacrosanct bells kept ringing the essence of existence till eternity,

There was nothing like death in the dictionary of God; as he was immortal; guiding the destiny of all from the skies,

And there was nothing like office in the dictionary of my mind; as I was overwhelmingly busy in composing poetry; engrossed in poetic fantasy and entirely
oblivious to the vagaries of this mercenary world.

Nikhil Parekh

There Was Nothing Wrong

There was nothing wrong even if I spoke a 1000 lies, if it brought a smile to the face of the impoverished child,

There was nothing wrong even if I clambered up the mountain slopes well past midnight, if my expedition ended with God waiting to sequester me in his arms,

There was nothing wrong even if I killed clusters of red ant, if my massacre saved the life of a sleeping angel,

There was nothing wrong even if I burnt books of revered literature, if the crackling fires generated thereby imparted warmth to the shivering patient,

There was nothing wrong even if I slapped the bustling youth, if my rebukes helped them cope better with the acrimonious society,

There was nothing wrong even if I furtively shirked crowds, if my evading them brought me at whisker lengths close to my beloved,

There was nothing wrong even if I failed miserably in the examination, if my flunking gave a chance to students more deserving,

There was nothing wrong even if I drove my car like a maniac on the streets, if my whirlwind speeding transported the unconscious soldier to the hospital,

There was nothing wrong even if I submerged my entire persona in disdainful grease, if it meant that the fish could swim in pure crystal water,

There was nothing wrong even if I dug the earth several feet with my axe, if my shoveling extricated the man brutally buried alive,

There was nothing wrong even if I acted like a clown, if my ludicrous gestures made the gloomy princess wholeheartedly laugh,

There was nothing wrong even if I refrained from sipping a single droplet of liquid, if my scorching myself gave new life to the withering deserts,

There was nothing wrong even if I reached office late everyday, if my not arriving on time gave me a chance to hear the sparrows chirp flirtatiously in the morning,

There was nothing wrong even if I clad myself in a piece of tottered robe, if my being naked saved that extra bit of cotton for the farmer,

There was nothing wrong even if I gulped a barrel full of whisky instead of tea at dawn, if my mind fantasized about all the goodness, transited into a blissful slumber thereafter,

There was nothing wrong even if I traversed on a bed of savage thorns, if it meant that my mother could sleep like a queen on the golden couch,

There was nothing wrong even if I said a blunt no when I could have gone around in fishy routes, if my being straightforward patronized my honesty,

There was nothing wrong even if I washed my eyes in a pool of blood, if my bruises could ignite the hearts of all those selfish,

And there was nothing wrong even I had to die Infinite deaths, if each breath of mine gave birth to a million new, saw to it that life went on and so did you.

Nikhil Parekh

There Was Simply No Need

There was simply no need for a bicycle; an ostentatious car to maneuver me around,
Till the time I possessed a pair of strong feet; which robustly bore my weight;
carried me to all places I desired.

There was simply no need for an angular binocular; an array of telescopic tubes circumventing my persona,
Till the time I had intricate pairs of glistening eyes; which placed me in stupendous ecstasy after sighting the twinkling stars.

There was simply no need for supersonic computer; a host of modern contrivances aligning my table,
Till the time I had fingers which could emboss beautiful calligraphy on bonded paper; a brain of my own to use.

There was simply no need for a lifeboat to assist me choppy waters; a cavalcade of ships to ensure my safety,
Till the time muscle bulged from under my shirt; rubicund blood circulated through my veins.

There was simply no need for the mundane ceiling fan; suspended rigidly from the webbed ceiling,
Till the time my body could attune itself to the outside heat; audaciously confront droplets of poignant sweat trickling down my forehead.

There was simply no need for biscuits coated with lascivious honey; chicory baskets replete with ravishing chocolate,
Till the time I could procure fresh fruits from nature; had an insatiable craving for fresh water in my bowels.

There was simply no need orators preparing and delivering my speech; with me watching the scenario languishing beside the pool,
Till the time I had incarcerated in my mouth a fleshy tongue; which could swirl rampantly and eloquently speak.

There was simply no need for a mattress of swanky satin; strewn alongwith a fleet of immaculate white pearls,
Till the time my bones were as solid as a rock; my skull was acclimatized to sleep on the plain stone floor.

There was simply no need for the bombastic shower; nimbly diffusing few droplets of water at a time,
Till the time there existed the country river; compounded with the exuberance in my soul to bathe in it.

And there was simply no need for me to worry; take a plethora of insurmountable tensions on my head,
Till the time there existed; my celestial mother; my loving beloved; and my sacrosanct God.

Nikhil Parekh

There Was Something

There was something in those insatiably poignant eyes of hers; which said that she tumultuously craved for my unrelenting stares,

There was something in those ardently passionate lips of hers; which said that she indefatigably longed for me to kiss her; till times beyond infinite infinity,

There was something in those ravishingly tantalizing hair of hers; which said that she fervently yearned for my everlasting caress; descending like a timeless angel in each of my wandering senses,

There was something in those seductively charismatic eyelashes of hers; which said that she unfathomably desired to be tickled by my groping fingers; triggering her entire countenance into fireballs of unrelenting delight,

There was something in those titillating shadows of hers; which said that she relentlessly desired to perennially coalesce with my romantic spirit; compassionately explore every cranny of my flesh; with the untamed tenacity of a freshly born child,

There was something in those marvelously piquant feet of hers; which said that she intransigently wanted me to indefatigably chase her till beyond the summits of
eternal eternity; irrefutably conquering every iota of her majestically magical aura,

There was something in those royal expressions of hers; which said that she incorrigibly aspired to unceasingly gyrate with me under resplendent rivers of milky moonlight; sleep like an innocuously divine angel impregnably snuggling close to my chest; for centuries unprecedented,

There was something in those rhapsodic sounds of hers; which said that she unassailably longed for me to frenziedly feel each element of her jubilantly ecstatic happiness; profoundly inviting me to bond with her; fathomlessly enamoring beauty,

There was something in those ingratiatingly titillating smiles of hers; which said that she invincibly wished for me to compassionately trace the outlines of her rosy lips; forever exist with her majestically Omnipotent aura; for countless more births yet to unfurl,

There was something in those princely cheeks of hers; which immutably cried for me to mischievously pinch them; nostalgically philander with her in meadows of innocent childhood; for countless brilliant days and vibrantly ebullient nights,

There was something in those divinely ears of hers; which irrefutably sizzled for me to drift my melodiously captivating enigma into her heavenly nape; tingle even the most inconspicuous trace of her imagery; with the masculinity in my stride,

There was something in those exuberantly radiant teeth of hers; which incessantly burnt for me to profusely intertwine all my exhilaration and gloom with her fulminating soul; handsomely alike,

There was something in those enchantingly fabulous footsteps of hers; which said that she tirelessly waited for me to enter the door of her fervently trembling conscience; take complete and overwhelming control over each of her galloping thoughts,

There was something in those honeysuckle fingers of hers; which said that she insurmountably fantasized about interlocking her vivaciously intriguing destiny with mine; perpetually transposing each rivulet of my crimson blood; with her, marvelously scented veins,

There was something in those magnificently tangy birthmarks of hers; which said that she thunderously perceived me in an astounding kaleidoscope of fascinating forms; ardently stared ghastly death in its deplorable face; to savor just a single delicious
whisper from my throat,

There was something in those fulminating goose-bumps of hers; which said that she uncontrollably wanted me to celestially hug her for all sides; make her the unequivocal queen of my brain and body; alike,

There was something in those glorious paintings of hers; which said that she impregnably conceived me as the only messiah of her priceless life; intrepidly surging ahead with me; to unitedly exist for a countless more lifetimes,

There was something in those Godly breaths of hers; which said that she perennially wanted me to feel the wafts of Omnipotent air diffusing from her nostrils; timelessly survive nestling against the congenially joyous warmth of her

pristine chest,

And there was something in those passionate heartbeats of hers; which said that she wanted me to immortally love her; forever listen to the innocuous cadence of her countenance; forever follow her and make her solely mine.

Nikhil Parekh

There Was Something In Her

Her visage might not be exquisitely embellished; encapsulated in rustically plaintive clothes from nimble foot; to insatiably sacrosanct forehead,

Her visage might not be ravishingly tantalizing; divinely meditating under the mystical oak tree; profusely blending every of its holistic element; with the spirit of the celestially divine,

Her visage might not be pompously flashy; bountifully coalescing with everlastingly exotic rudiments of nature; perennially entrenching itself with the winds of profoundly simplistic nostalgia,

Her visage might not be invincibly triumphant; inadvertently erring countless times in a single day; in her innocuously drifting stride,

Her visage might not be raunchily seductive; scintillating as unequivocally candidly as the flamboyantly sweltering Sun; filtering a path of unassailable righteousness; for infinite more births yet to come,

Her visage might not be overpoweringly dictatorial; retracting like a freshly nubile bride into the corridors of resplendent reticence; at even the most mercurial insinuation of ghastly badness or penalizing crime,

Her visage might not be aristocratically princely; harmoniously sequestering itself under an unfathomable blanket of green leaves; as its sole abode to lead the uncouthly freezing night,

Her visage might not be astoundingly fragrant; onerously perspiring under the endlessly sweltering Sun; as she assiduously carved her way towards her daily livelihood,

Her visage might not be Omnisciently prognosticating; miserably dithering to perceive even an infinitesimal fraction of what was going to unfurl; an evanescent step further,

Her visage might not be indefatigably twinkling; somberly enveloping its diminutive contours; in the fabric of unwittingly fallible humanity,

Her visage might not be tirelessly smiling; sporadically erupting into

traumatically anguished cries; as the inevitability of sacrificing existence; took its insurmountably unbearable toll,

Her visage might not be ubiquitously magnanimous; insatiably confining herself to the realms of her parsimonious dwelling; stringently persevering every bit of her stingily hard-earned possessions,

Her visage might not be unrelentingly poignant; pragmatically bonding with the vagaries of this conventionally turgid society; in order to survive in holistic unison and symbiosis with the enchanting atmosphere,

Her visage might not be boundlessly unconquerable; humanely collapsing to the acrimoniously treacherous pressures of existence; at times feeling stressed beyond the threshold of inexplicably debilitating frustration,

Her visage might not be incomprehensibly magnetic; hardly being noticed a parsimonious trifle; even as she trespassed through the most lackadaisically nonchalant of crowds,

Her visage might not be aristocratically regale; bearing the shades of a normally unwitting commoner; even as cloudbursts of untamed fantasy; handsomely perpetuated her from every construable side,

Her visage might not be unsurpassably contemporary; irrefutably following the fathomlessly medieval and age old theories of existence; while the entire planet voluptuously gyrated to the rhythm of the blaring discotheque; by her window side,

Her visage might not be made for today's world; with even the most capriciously ephemeral mist of manipulation; remaining countless continents apart from her; indomitably righteous stride,

And although not even a single tune of her visage coincided with the globe outside; not even a single entity acknowledged her the slightest for her little but hard-fought accomplishments in life; not even a single cloud noticed the innocent impressions which she had left on earth during the tenure of her lifetime,

There was something in her which I found in no other woman; caste or tribe; there was something in her which rendered every moment of my survival priceless; there was something in her which heavenly blessed me even beyond my infinite lives; there was something in her which immortally became my love till even

after my
journey to heaven; hell; my breath and time.

Nikhil Parekh

There Was Something In That Voice

There was something in that voice; which made me exotically wander through the aisles of untamed fantasy; and unendingly tantalizing seduction,

There was something in that voice; which metamorphosed even the most inexplicably horrendous of my misery; into a blooming paradise of everlastingly enchanting melody,

There was something in that voice; which enthralled me beyond the dormitories of comprehension; wholesomely freed me of all my murderously monotonous apprehensions; and agonies of the uncouth planet outside,

There was something in that voice; which unrelentingly seduced me even after the heart of dolorously dreary midnight; rekindling every deadened pore of my flesh
to blend with the Almighty Divine,

There was something in that voice; which enshrouded every cranny of beleaguered soul with rhapsodic exuberance; an insatiable yearning to philanthropically bond with all my comrades; innocuous and living,

There was something in that voice; which irrefutably taught me the essence of unbiased love towards all my fellow compatriots either rich or despicably poor; taught me that service to mankind was indeed true service to the divine,

There was something in that voice; which transformed me into an invincibly blazing fortress; unflinchingly confronting every impediment that dared come my way;
to forever radiate like spell binding Sunshine,

There was something in that voice; which handsomely extricated my manipulatively besieged conscience of all its abhorrent prejudice; bestowing upon me all mesmerizing happiness that profoundly perpetuated the atmosphere,

There was something in that voice; which ebulliently elevated me from my spells of deplorable depression; impregnated a river of unfathomable enchantment in nervously circulating streams of my impoverished blood,

There was something in that voice; which made me feel like a majestic prince of all times; traversing through the lanes of grandiloquent desire; manifesting each

of my benign dream into a perpetual reality,

There was something in that voice; which marvelously brought out my humanitarian spirit; made me benevolently commiserate with all my mates; dithering towards the horizons of a ghastly extinction,

There was something in that voice; which royally replenished my frigidly disastrous lips with astoundingly blissful smiles; profusely enlightened my survival with the Omniscient enlightenment to bond with all mankind,

There was something in that voice; which resolutely told me to always follow the unassailable voices of my heart; coalesce my spirit forever with; euphorically evergreen humanity,

There was something in that voice; which perennially transpired me to transcend beyond the ultimate crescendo of magnificent artistry; never made me realize that I was dwindling all hope in vibrant life,

There was something in that voice; which made me disdainfully shun all bombastic cynosure; meditate till beyond realms of eternal eternity; in an incredulously aristocratic entrenchment of bountiful selflessness,

There was something in that voice; which unrelentingly triggered me to implore and eradicate all my devilishly hidden fallacies; philander in the ingratiatingly ravishing charisma of the majestic atmosphere,

There was something in that voice; which numbed all my trauma with its unconquerably Omnipotent aura; made me wonderfully believe in the laws of symbiotic existence; made me believe in my unlimited mountain of positive strengths,

There was something in that voice; which illuminated my perniciously withering existence with the fragrance of unshakable togetherness; made me feel as if Almighty Lord was always there to help me by my side,

There was something in that voice; which made me immortally love every graciously vivacious element of living kind; bow down in due adulation of the powers of
the Omnipresent Creator Divine,

And there was something in that voice; which gifted me a countless radiant breaths when in fact I had asked for just one; and could humbly become the very reason

for my destitute mates; to be holistically alive.

Nikhil Parekh

There Were None

There were some on the trajectory of this fathomlessly enamoring Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of treacherous hatred; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably truncated lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this inexhaustibly iridescent Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of abominably crippling discrimination; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably evanescent lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this endlessly divine Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of inexplicably penalizing illiteracy; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably fugitive lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this indefatigably fructifying Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of parasitically insouciant possessiveness; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably extinguishing lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this limitlessly enthralling Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of disdainfully decrepit loneliness; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably shortened lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this brilliantly optimistic Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of cadaverously shattering egotism; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably transient lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this timelessly extemporizing Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of sinfully paralyzing crime; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably destitute lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this gigantically endowing Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of atrociously pulverizing sadism; at some or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably curtailed lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this eclectically vivacious Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of traumatically self-inflicted isolation; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably evaporating lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this vividly Herculean Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of robotically sacrilegious corruption; at some

time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably shortened lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this bountifully burgeoning Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of ominously devastating war; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably fading lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this timelessly victorious Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of diabolically victimizing greed; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably restricted lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this interminably ameliorating Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of deliriously thwarting insomnia; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably impoverished lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this gregariously embracing Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of horrendously satanic vindication; at some or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably deteriorating lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this beautifully virile Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of wantonly feckless inebriation; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably corroding lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this unceasingly emollient Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of outrageously vehement cynicism; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably extinguishing lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this unbelievably mesmerizing Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of squalidly bawdy secrets; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably abrading lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this incredulously acquitting Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of devilishly deplorable lies; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably laconic lifetimes,

There were some on the trajectory of this fearlessly ever-pervading Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of hedonistically massacring betrayal; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably shriveling lifetime,

But there were none on the trajectory of this Omnisciently wonderful Universe;

who didn't uncontrollably burn in the fire of immortally consecrating love; at every single stage; at every single moment; at every single breath; at every single footstep; and at all times; in the tenure of their inevitably destined lifetime.

Nikhil Parekh

There Were Times

There were times when the breeze didn't need air to flow; gush in torrential fervor towards the handsome sky,

There were times when the rose didn't need fragrance to blossom; transit into the most unprecedented realms of voluptuous desire,

There were times when the tongue didn't need words to speak; express its emotions as vociferously as a new born child,

There were times when the fish didn't need water to swim; ebulliently bounce and gallivant in the full fervor of existence,

There were times when the lips didn't need a smile to be happy; exult in the grandeur of the mesmerizing beauty; lingering on this Universe all around,

There were times when the eyes didn't have to close to dream; fantasize beyond the boundaries of infinite infinity,

There were times when the church didn't need bells to ring; poignantly express the irrefutably divinely consent of the Almighty lord,

There were times when evening didn't need the Sun to set; metamorphose into overwhelmingly seductive and transient dusk; before the onset of perpetual night,

There were times when the birds didn't need wings to fly; soar astronomically high in vivacious bits of fabulously blue sky,

There were times when the palms didn't need lines to be destined; live the most incredulously wonderful existence that could ever be conceived on this earth,

There were times when the throat didn't need sound to communicate; reach the individual boundless kilometers away in lightening fractions of seconds,

There were times when the body didn't need muscle to fight; conquer the most invincible of heights with the stupendously majestic ease of a crown prince,

There were times when the storm didn't need thunderbolts of white electricity; to incarcerate the soil in its mystically enigmatic swirl,

There were times when the matchstick didn't need flames to burn; escalate the most unsurpassable limits of the cosmos; where no entity had ever tread,

There were times when the diamonds didn't need stringent light to shine; glisten gorgeously to unleash infernos of insatiable passion,

There were times when the veins didn't need blood to survive; trigger insurmountable compassion and an unequalled ardor to lead life,

There were times when the snow didn't need heat to melt; evolve into a spring of profoundly enchanting froth; blessing countless with its heavenly charm,

There were times when the nostrils didn't need air to live; exist beyond the boundaries of inevitably unfurling fate,

And there were times when the heart didn't need a voice to proclaim; dedicate its passionately palpitating flurry of fervent beats to the person it loved; the person it wanted to incarcerate for fathomless more births to come.

Nikhil Parekh

There's An Animal In Each One Of Us.

Be it in the form of the zillion ungainly abuses that blatantly drifted from our mouths; when we got provoked to the most unprecedented limits; for no ostensible reason
or rhyme,

Be it in the form of the zillion innocuous insects that we uncouthly trampled upon; in our relentless quest to reach the absolute apogees of indomitable superiority,

Be it in the form of a zillion morsels of food that we cannibalistically consumed; in order to just transiently placate the insatiable hunger of our brutally emaciated stomachs,

Be it in the form of a zillion egregiously jinxed curses that we emanated; when the resplendently embellished festoons of luck; weren't running the slightest our destined way,

Be it in the form of a zillion slaps that we ruthlessly slashed to our subjugated subordinate mates; for not punctiliously cleaning our unceremoniously dwindling leftovers,

Be it in the form of a zillion nightmares of the mercilessly trumpeting devil; that inhabited virtually every sordidly lonely night; of our impoverished lifetime,

Be it in the form of a zillion droplets of blood that we merrily feasted upon; of which was composed our most tantalizingly succulent meal of robustly marinated chicken,

Be it in the form of a zillion goose-bumps of rapaciously unstoppable desire that crept up on our skins; as we witnessed the most poignantly alluring nakedness of the nubile opposite sex,

Be it in the form of a zillion fragments of sordidly devastating lies that we shrewdly uttered; just in order to save us from the unsparingly penalizing gallows of truth,

Be it in the form of a zillion guffaws of artificiality that we culminated into; just in order to be nefariously christened as a sanctimoniously spurious ingredient of the chauvinistic high society,

Be it in the form of a zillion dastardly rapes that we fantasized about day and night; just in order to keep our nimbly peerless bodies in the most supremely invincible spirits,

Be it in the form of a zillion ghastly crucifying battles that we unrelentingly fought; erecting palaces of livid gold and silver; on the foundations of countless an innocent blood,

Be it in the form of a zillion elements of insidious adulteration that we'd unnervingly perpetuated into every quarter of this fathomless Universe; just so that our pockets always and inexhaustibly bulged with mindless prosperity,

Be it in the form of a zillion fiasco political revolutions that we tried to invent; which were just a manifestation of our crazily distorted imagery; and in the treachery of which millions suffered and inexplicably succumbed,

Be it in the form of a zillion consumptions of tawdry liquor and smoke; which we slurped at a speed faster than white light; and after which we sacrilegiously spat on every fraction of celestially venerated mother earth,

Be it in the form of a zillion molecules of whimsical deliriousness that we gave shape to; preposterously deluging every bit of the ecstatically vibrant atmosphere; with the unforgivable stench of the plundering diabolical,

Be it in the form of a zillion kicks that we gave to all those infirm; blind; maimed; poor; orphaned..etc; blasphemously using them as invisible pulleys to transport us to the destination of our sadistic choice,

Be it in the form of a zillion children that we gave birth to and then left to tirelessly beg on the obliviously dusty streets; just in order to appease the desire of our satanic flesh; in the first place,

Be it in the form of a zillion betrayals that we permeated and underwent in the tenure of our entire lifetime; miserably shattering the immortally compassionate hearts of innumerable organisms; priceless existing on this spell-bindingly rhapsodic planet,

O! yes; it could be in any infinite form; size; shape; color; intensity; but one thing's irrefutably sure; certified; irrevocable and unstoppable; that there's an unabashed animal in each one of us.

Thermometer

When I placed it in my mouth; encircling my tongue all around it completely wetting its periphery,
The mercury inside rose meticulously to a holistic degree; perfectly indicating the exact temperature prevailing in my body.

When I placed it in boiling water; cooking neatly over dried logs of timberwood,
The mercury inside shot at alarming proportions; almost tearing through its fragile body; and as an aftermath wasn't able to come down to its original position.

When I placed it amidst frozen cubes of white ice; making sure that it stood stringently upright,
The mercury inside couldn't muster the slightest of tenacity to rise; it slept in its shell as if had died decades ago.

When I placed it in ploughed soil; abreast infinite numbers of freshly sown seeds,
The mercury inside nimbly rose a few millimeters; although it vehemently opposed for being subjected to maltreatment.

When I placed it in the baking oven; besides the scores of sizzling pancakes,
The mercury inside skyrocketed out of its shell; spread all over the pastry in intense indignation.

When I placed it in a silken web; with the gallant monster curiously inspecting the scintillating contraption,
The mercury inside was partially obscured from sight; it neither rose nor fell; although was a bit circumspect when the spider caressed it with its lips.

When It unwittingly slipped from my hands; colliding with a gentle thud on the obdurate ground,
The mercury inside pathetically leaked out of the instrument; and I feasted my eyes on its silver complexion blended with a captivating shine.

When I placed It in an alligators mouth; sandwiching it scrupulously between the monsters teeth,
The mercury inside seemed as if it simply wasn't there; it had a died a fearful death even before I had opened the savage jaws of the beast.

When I placed under the palms of my beloved; letting her satiny hair cascade
over its exteriors,
The mercury inside was as enthralled as I was; and it relished the prospect of
rising to her perpetual warmth.

It was exquisitely sculptured; made of unbreakable glass; and had a handsome
bulb of silver shining handsomely under the Sunlight,
And I made it a point of carrying it everywhere I went; had wholesomely given
the task of safeguarding my health; to my robust and crystalline thermometer.

Nikhil Parekh

They Didn't Spare Me Even After My Death

When I was just born; witnessing the first rays of brilliant dawn,
swinging innocuously in my rustic cradle; with intricate bells jingling over
my forehead,
they asked me whether I wanted honey or frosty milk.

When I grew a little older; crawling onerously on my spongy pair of feet,
crying effusively; emitting volatile tears from my cheek,
They asked me whether; I wanted a toy; embracing and hoisting me high in
their arms.

When I started going to school; voraciously pedaling my dilapidated bicycle,
Chewing my crimson colored lips; which superbly blended with my babyish
white tinge,
They asked me insistently; about the marks I had secured in my arithmetic
paper.

When I scrupulously passed high school; passing with exorbitant marks in a
plethora of subjects,
The surreal days of childhood; now an evanescent memory of the past,
They asked me the arenas I was going to specialize; trying to decode my
aptitude towards life.

When I transited to realms of youth; with impetuous blood circulating in slender
veins,
Bulging muscles protruding from the flimsy fabric of my knitted shirt,
They asked me; the ways and indispensable means to perspire in the sun and
earn.

When I procreated a battalion of progeny of my own,
Devoting infinite hours of the day; catering to their boisterous demands,
They asked me; whether the children were mine or did I adopt them.

When I acquired the form of an old man; with grizzly hair encompassing my
scalp,
An ocean of bones drooping in my body; with gaping holes clearly visible as I
blatantly opened my mouth,
They asked me; how much I had achieved in the tenure of my life,
Trying to test reserve levels of my prevailing endurance.

And eventually when I departed for my heavenly abode; succumbing to
perils of old age,
The amalgamate of supple flesh and bones in my body; reduced to sacrosanct
ash,
They mercilessly asked the cause of my death; the amount of affluence I had
accumulated and now safely stored.

Nikhil Parekh

They Were Still Alive - Tribute To America, Part 3

The bellows of smoke that rose in the air; still had poignant traces of their breath,

The splinters of glass shattered all around; still had profound stains of their blood,

The gargantuan slabs of concrete lying in disarray; still had brutally pulverized fragments of their valiant bones,

The incoherently shaped mirrors poking out from the rubble; still had their terrorized reflections,

The sordid bits of paper blended with stone; still had embodiments of their last minute declarations,

The disastrously squelched telephone pieces; still had shrill recordings of their horrified and ghastly screams,

The unconsumed cakes of food adhering to the severely distorted lifts; still had vivacious traces of their saliva,

The strands of metallic junk diffusing from the broken car seats; still had the blurred photo of their beloved,

The ripped apart fragments of curtain cloth wound limply around the gleaming iron nails; still contained curled masses of their blood soaked hair,

The disdainfully beaten pieces of plaster engulfed in clouds of dust; were still impregnated with scores of their shimmering teeth,

The mud sprinkled for kilometers on the stretch; was still moist with their river of agonized tears; which must have profusely oozed out from their cheeks,

The mammoth sized pillars which once held the building one piece from beneath; were still flooded with bouquet's of bruised flowers which they had been just rewarded for their achievements,

The eagle which incessantly encircled the appalling sight; still had their expensive chains of silver in its beak,

The thoroughly dismantled upholstery buried several feet under the debris; still contained compassionate traces of their warmth,

The computer screens split apart into infinite halves; still displayed nostalgic images of their eyes,

The majestic wall paintings battered and bashed from all sides; still had animated marks of their caress,

The revolving chairs now an inconspicuous shadow of themselves; still had a fine conglomerate of chocolate powder; which they must be merrily munching a few seconds before,

The colossal chimneys which were now reduced to matchsticks; still had their countless dreams rampantly lingering around,

And who says they were dead? , for if not anybody; but it is my firm belief that they were living; as no matter how unprecedented was the tragedy; no matter how horrific their destiny had been; their hearts were palpitating louder than outside world several feet below the rubble; with each beat louder than the other and proclaiming that THEY WERE STILL BREATHING AND ALIVE.

Nikhil Parekh

Think Of The Almighty Creator

When you were exploring the mountains; think of the snow clad slopes; the colossal heights and exhilaration yet to be achieved,

When you were exploring the ocean; think of the resplendent scores of fish swimming around with uninhibited glee; the vivacious charisma of the frothy waters which struck you in boisterous tandem every minute,

When you were exploring the sky; think of the satiny conglomerate of clouds circumventing your body; the infinite number of fairies and angels residing blissfully in cosmic space,

When you were exploring the forests; think of the astounding fraternity of beasts that you were about to encounter; the boundless numbers of mystical webs which the spider had spun at every wooded inlet,

When you were exploring the corn fields; think of the farmer who had assiduously planted these countless saplings; the sporty grasshopper which played hide and seek between the weeds,

When you were exploring the dungeons; think of the perennial darkness that lingered around; the enigmatically hooded serpent that sat majestically perched on the gargantuan pile of glittering gold,

When you were exploring the swanky office; think of the spuriously smiling boss sitting camouflaged behind the revolving chair; the incomprehensible number of files and computers functioning to optimum ability all round the clock,

When you were exploring the brain; think of the incredulously charged up cells; the unfathomably exhaustive reservoir of memory and imagination that enabled a lean and rickety bodied man; to rule the entire world,

When you were exploring the royal palace; think of the kings and queens who must have adorned the diamond studded throne on their day; the legendary legacy they bequeathed to their siblings even centuries after their death,

When you were exploring the roads; think about the incessant vehicle smoke that arose; the countless battalions of cars, scooters; the innocent pedestrians

that trespassed unceasingly at every hour of the day and with every trickle of the night,

When you were exploring the gutters; think about the indefatigable number of squalid cockroach; the fat and parasitic leech which furtively oozed out from all corners to feast on innocuous blood and flesh,

When you were exploring the dictionary; think of the unsurpassable number of words that you were going to browse through; the stupendously enamoring meaning

that each page conveyed to enlighten your dreary senses,

When you were exploring the temple; think of the sacrosanct idols which were embodied inside; the omnipotent aura which they generated as you sedately passed them by,

When you were exploring the century old Banyan tree; think of the host of palpable organisms who had made it their dwelling place; the enchantingly entwined roots that dangled freely to give bored people a hearty swing,

When you were exploring the magnificently alluring building; think of the synchronized configuration of handsome bricks which fortified it from the outside;

the labyrinth of rooms and space which incorporated its strong belly,

When you were exploring the caves replete with frozen ice-cream; think of the slender icicles that were suspended languidly from the ceiling; the enormous amounts of titillating snow that that besieged every iota of free space,

When you were exploring the pugnacious battlefield; think of the valiant soldiers which beheaded their scalps for the sake of their country; fought audaciously against all odds to ensure that their countrymen slept blissfully under the quilts,

When you were exploring the handsomely sparkling glass; think of all those individuals who must have admired their reflections in the same; staring with profound fervor at their mesmerizing images which inadvertently unveiled,

When you were exploring the ship; think of the rubicund complexioned captain; the spell binding way in which it dexterously weaved through the fathomless sea,

When you were exploring the hand; think of the intricate lines bifurcating the palm in several directions; the captivating mounts embossed pompously on the

same parting stupendous meaning and significance to life,

When you were exploring the nest; think of the dainty kingfisher who inhabited it; the clusters of delectable eggs which would soon hatch into innocuous beaked fledglings; flooding the atmosphere with their incoherent chirps,

When you were exploring the album of photographs; think of the moments when they might have been snapped; the exhilaration and the profound ecstasy with which the teenagers must have danced and smiled; while being captured by the contemporary camera,

When you were exploring the embellished candle; think of the intoxicating illumination it provides at night; the slim ray of magnificent crimson that adds a smile to every life,

When you were exploring the lions den; think of the kingly beast that had irrefutably occupied it since times immemorial; the princely striped animal that paraded through the wild jungle; with every other insect worshipping its feet,

When you were exploring the medieval attic; think of the incorrigibly dusty pile of books stashed in realms of despondency; the charming utensils of pure bronze which were once used for cooking vegetables in olden times,

When you were exploring the government; think of all the ministers who manipulated decisions at electric speeds; meticulously ruled the country with supreme efficacy and pride,

When you were exploring the barbers shop; think of the unending array of gleaming blades and reinvigorating perfume; the sensitively swishing voices as pairs of scissors fine trimmed barbaric roots of unruly hair,

When you were exploring the glamorous stage; think of all the actors and actresses who transgressed it in inimitable style; the astounding glitterati that engulfed their bodies as they wandered in front of the world in gay abandon,

When you were exploring the kitchen; think of all the recipes lingering in the tantalizing air; the lanky pile of piquant spices which superfluously beamed in the refrigerator,

When you were exploring the tailors cubicle; think of the all the loosely stitched cloth sprawled around; the inconspicuous bits of fabric which evoked you to inevitably sneeze,

When you were exploring the garden; think of the armory of redolent roses that ubiquitously diffused their passionate aroma; the gawky blades of parrot green grass which tickled the body beyond unprecedented limits,

When you were exploring the lips; think of the voluptuous sensuality encompassing them; the insatiable urge they conjured to be ferociously kissed,

When you were exploring the tall chimney; think of the exhaustive plumes of black smoke that arose every second; the innocent soot deposited on the walls as the air silently crept out,

When you were exploring the eye; think of the beautiful film of tears it produced every few seconds; the inexorable spell it cast upon when deeply stared into,

When you were exploring the leather belt; think of the uncannily slithering reptile with its fangs stretched apart; mercilessly massacred and astutely sheared for glorious skin,

When you were exploring the school; think of the impeccable children inhabiting its classrooms; the youth of tomorrow who would be solely instrumental in evolving the face of unveiling mankind,

When you were exploring the steep valley; think of the thunderous echo resonating against the rocks; the incessant singing of the flamingoes which descended down with vibrant ability and grace,

When you were exploring the bunch of corrugated keys; think of the maze of locks which they would decipher through; the invincible surfaces of iron that they opened with supremely nonchalant ease,

When you were exploring the hordes of sheep; think of the robust pieces of fur that they had the prowess to yield; the compassionate warmth which the wool would generate in time of horrendously freezing winter,

When you were exploring the marshy swamps; think of the ominously menacing alligator; the fleet of olive green crocodiles languishing on the banks as the mid day Sun reached the pinnacle of its fury,

When you were exploring the song; think of the myriad of tunes which composed it; the heavenly cadence in its beats which conjured you into deep sleep,

When you were exploring the foamy bath; think of the fabulous bodies which splashed in it; the rejuvenating essence it imparted to the bleary senses to live throughout the day,

When you were exploring the paintings; think of the artist who had sculptured them; flooding the barren sheet of canvas with vivacious strokes of vibrantly rich color,

When you were exploring the heart; think of the person for whom it turbulently throbbed; the sole entity for whom it had dedicated its life to exist for,

And when you were exploring life; think of the person who had instilled blood in your veins; breath in your nose; the tenacity to survive in your arms; the power to unflinchingly move in your feet; the ability to discerningly sight in your crystalline eyes; the person who had bestowed upon you the ability to eloquently sing and speak; the person who was exactly responsible for what you were today; think of the Almighty Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Thinking Of Tomorrow

I didn't eat food today; as I wanted to wholesomely famish myself; to devour the appetizing chunks of pudding; Tomorrow,

I didn't sleep blissfully today; as I was overwhelmingly excited to run; Tomorrow,

I didn't play mischievously today; as I wanted to reserve every iota of my energy to passionately leap; Tomorrow,

I didn't drink water today; as I wanted to gulp gallons of voluptuous wine; Tomorrow,

I didn't bathe today; as I wanted to drown my persona in flamboyant waves of the salty ocean; Tomorrow,

I didn't see any object today; as I wanted to view the mesmerizing beauty of dawn; Tomorrow,

I didn't move my legs today; as I wanted to dance unrelentingly all night; Tomorrow,

I didn't revolve my fingers today; as I wanted to sketch intricate landscapes with their towering summits in the clouds; Tomorrow,

I didn't study one bit today; as I wanted to read through volumes of mystical tales; Tomorrow,

I didn't go out today; as I wanted to uninhibitedly explore through the wilderness; Tomorrow,

I didn't see the time today; as I wanted to scrupulously count every unleashing minute tomorrow,

I didn't smell the air today; as I wanted to inundate my nostrils with the enchanting perfume of lotus; Tomorrow,

I didn't speak today; as I wanted to scream hysterically for hours on the trot; Tomorrow,

I didn't reside in the house today; as I wanted to live the entire evening in the

magnificent castle; Tomorrow,

I didn't sweat today; as I wanted to bask under sizzling rays of the sun; let moisture dribble profusely from all pores of my body; Tomorrow,

I didn't sneeze today; as I wanted to thunderously blow my nostrils; emptying them in entirety; Tomorrow,

I didn't smile today; as I wanted to sway in sheer rhapsody and jubilation; tomorrow,

I didn't cry today; as I wanted to pour out rivers of heart breaking emotion; Tomorrow,

And I didn't love today; fervently anticipating to be incarcerated in the immortal embrace of my dream girl; thinking of tomorrow.

Nikhil Parekh

Thirst

When i greedily gulped saline water from sea waves,
fresh centers of thirst got doubly stimulated,
wild freckles of red rash encompassed my lips,
tingling sensations vociferously tickled dreary zones of my mouth,
amalgamated mass of my intestine puked rich chicken bone,
which i had devoured in entirety a few hours ago.

when i licked blotted pools of soiled mud water,
sedately consumed large pints of contaminated liquid,
thoroughly washing tiny morsels of food in my mouth,
scraping rigid tints of yellow from the riveted cluster of teeth,
a host of infections blossomed in my body,
rendering me insipid, feeble, prone to dire consequences of complete extinction.

when i languidly sucked translucent water from coconut shell,
extracted the last drop of juice trapped within cocoons of snow white pulp,
making guttural noises as i relished the drink,
diluted streams of blood revitalized with volatile energy,
abandoning me with poignant traces of contentment,
entrenching me in blissful boundaries of felicity.

as i opened my mouth to gulp crystal white waters of the mountain spring,
spread eagled my palms to embrace the cascading froth,
i felt tumultuous gratification engulfing my persona,
this was the purest form of water i could ever perceive of consuming,
quenching my thirst for minutes immemorial,
scrupulously mending all webs torn by the essence of substitute water.

Nikhil Parekh

Thirsty

The acrimoniously sweltering sands of the blistering desert; were perpetually thirsty for; unfathomably sparkling tumblers; of heavenly rain water,

The somberly drying stalks of obsoletely dilapidated grass; were intransigently thirsty for; a vivacious kaleidoscope; of resplendently twinkling dewdrops,

The sardonically corrugated and rotting walls of the disastrous graveyard; were insatiably thirsty for; an unsurpassably vibrant entrenchment; of perennially blossoming life,

The pathetically sullen stillness of the murderously quiet valley; was irrevocably thirsty for; an ebulliently mesmerizing cloud; of melodiously enchanting whistles,

The ludicrously scattered and orphaned nestles of the solitarily empty nest; were profusely thirsty for; an impeccable festoon; of compassionately innocuous eggs,

The diabolically worthless skeletons of bizarrely insipid bones; were relentlessly thirsty for; a veritably vital blanket; of crimson blood and boisterous life,

The preposterously gloomy and insidious dungeons; were profoundly thirsty for; an incomprehensibly endless sky; of celestially optimistic light,

The placidly derogatory surface of the lugubriously stagnant pond; was irretrievably thirsty for; an exuberantly enthusing splash; of ravishingly sparkling waves,

The mercilessly thrashed and hopelessly abraded palms; were ardently thirsty for; a marvelously royal globe; of inscrutably magnificent destiny lines,

The ominous periphery of the cloud camouflaged sky; was fervently thirsty for; a glitteringly crystalline garden; of opalescently beaming and amicable stars,

The miserably dusty attic horrendously besieged with sinister cobwebs; was indefatigably thirsty for; an aristocratically blooming civilization; of ubiquitously unending freshness,

The abominably fretting and horrifically stinking gutters; were tirelessly thirsty for; rhapsodically euphoric galleries; of ecstatically jubilant scent,

The languidly indolent and preposterously slow tortoise; were unimaginably thirsty for; tumultuously triumphant thunderbolts; of ebulliently galloping speed,

The desolately neglected and gruesomely corrugated roads; were intractably greedy for; rambunctiously bustling pyrotechnics; of flamboyantly gallivanting traffic,

The tyrannically whipped contours of haplessly bruised flesh; were unfathomably thirsty for; compassionately silken waterfalls; of priceless empathy and love,

The miserably devastated corridors of the uncouthly bedraggled brain; were unconquerably thirsty for; enthrallingly spell binding clouds; of tantalizingly serene fantasy,

The ruthlessly frozen avalanches of stringently condensed ice; were incorrigibly thirsty for; passionately overwhelming fireballs; of blazingly sparkling heat,

The gorily mutilated and savagely punctured lungs; were unstoppably thirsty for; an everlastingly evergreen garden; of exotically enamoring and evolving breath,

The salaciously corrupt and manipulatively treacherous corpses of lies; were irrefutably thirsty for; a tenaciously unflinching and philanthropic; harbinger of truth,

And the dormitories of my despondently impoverished heart; were unsurpassably thirsty for; the invincibly divine mists; of brilliantly pacifying and immortal love.

Nikhil Parekh

This Very Blessed Instant.

Show me a single candle on the trajectory of this fathomlessly enchanting Universe; which doesn't pathetically melt; when its emotionlessly obdurate wick glares and brilliantly glows?

Show me a single patch of soil on the trajectory of this boundlessly effulgent Universe; which doesn't lividly wet; even as torrential cloudbursts of rain ferociously plummeted upon it from the carpet of crimson sky?

Show me a single eyelid on the trajectory of this extraordinarily majestic Universe; which doesn't subserviently bat; as the profoundly blazing rays of the Mid-day Sun; permeated right through its impeccable whites?

Show me a single insect on the trajectory of this royally resplendent Universe; which doesn't meekly yield; even as the unsurpassably indiscriminate dinosaur wholesomely tread upon it?

Show me a single river on the trajectory of this unbelievably burgeoning Universe; which doesn't impoverishedly evaporate; as the inexhaustibly sweltering rays of acrimonious Summer fell upon it for marathon hours of the day?

Show me a single brick on the trajectory of this unfathomably mesmerizing Universe; which doesn't profusely lament all night and day for being brutally asphyxiated in the realms of the cadaverously dark foundation?

Show me a single bird on the trajectory of this miraculously ameliorating Universe; which doesn't fall on the callously stony ground; as the mercilessly tyrannical hunter shot it straight through its exuberant wings?

Show me a single vein on the trajectory of this marvelously blossoming Universe; which doesn't tawdrily freeze; when buried several feet beneath the frigidly Herculean avalanche?

Show me a single stomach on the trajectory of this limitlessly enthralling Universe; which doesn't unrelentingly cry; when flagrantly emaciated for countless hours without even an infinitesimal morsel of food?

Show me a single rock on the trajectory of this insuperably redolent Universe; which doesn't get forlornly slapped and humiliated in the midst of the ocean; as

the undulatingly choppy waves unsparingly splashed against its naked black breasts?

Show me a single infant on the trajectory of this optimistically Omnipresent Universe; which doesn't unstoppably wail; when hedonistically snatched from the inimitably compassionate belly of its invincible mother?

Show me a single shard of naked iron on the trajectory of this incredulously igniting Universe; which doesn't disdainfully rust; when uninhibitedly exposed to the profusely moisture laden atmosphere?

Show me a single artist on the trajectory of this celestially stupefying Universe; who doesn't feel sacrilegiously hanged till death; when asked to work from a mechanically monotonous 9 to 9; in the coffins of the robotically commercial office?

Show me a single tortoise on the trajectory of this eclectically bountiful Universe; who doesn't tirelessly starve for priceless life; at being atrociously kicked into the 1000 M superfast athlete race?

Show me a single soldier on the trajectory of this iridescently vivacious Universe; who doesn't feel like instantaneously committing suicide; rather than being shamefully tortured by the bombastically chauvinistic enemy camp?

Show me a single nightingale on the trajectory of this vibrantly spectacular Universe; which doesn't feel like an amorphously deadened stone; after being forced to only stay with the cacophonically groaning frogs in the well?

Show me a single sweat laden armpit on the trajectory of this incomprehensibly spell binding Universe; which doesn't shrink to the size of a lugubriously inconspicuous mosquito; as the monstrously impotent air of the artificial air-conditioner indefatigably blew over it?

Show me a single nostril on the trajectory of this fantastically proliferating Universe; which doesn't despairingly strangulate; when ruthlessly held under water without any contraption; for over a few minutes of time?

And I know it before hand; that try as hard as you may; and even if you spent an infinite lifetimes of yours dogmatically searching for the same; you would never be able to find it or for that matter reach even an inane trace near its non-existent scent,

Therefore forget it. Instead I can easily show all of you on the trajectory of this jubilantly palpitating Universe; a countless hearts still and immortally radiating the tunes of perpetual love for an infinite more births even after the physical body had veritable died; this very blessed instant.

Nikhil Parekh

This Very Moment When I Was Dying Today

The leaves withered as time passed; falling inevitably on the ground to blend with disdainful chunks of dust,

The roses blossoming radiantly in the valley; knelt their heads in meek submission as the chilly winds and nightfall took complete control,

The lines of the palm bifurcated enigmatically all over in boisterous youth; started fading and diminished to a trifle as the perils of old age took over,

The vivacious mounds of virgin clay which smiled mischievously under the Sun; looked completely battered and bashed as they were indiscriminately trampled by ongoing vehicles and metal tyre,

The eyes which were once able to intricately sort out the inconspicuous needle from the colossal haystack; now looked as specks of dirt behind a factory of thick glass; as the years descended by,

The legs which were springing and tenaciously marching forward at the ripening of dawn; now collapsed in a bedraggled heap at the onset of stark darkness and ghostly night,

The towering castle which was once the pride of the royal emperor; now was a sight in complete shambles; with broken glass and century old cobwebs the only things welcoming the predecessor's,

The image which was brighter than scintillating light in sweltering afternoon; now metamorphosed into lanky shadows; trespassing furtively through the fleeting blanket of dusk,

The footprints which were profoundly distinct as the travelers strolled; were now wholesomely erased as the turbulent draught of breeze swept by,

The waves spasmodically swirling towards the skies all throughout the evening; now appeared as placid as the singing angel; when the storm and ferocious cyclone had totally dissipated,

The tongue which was raring to shout deafeningly in open space; now resembled the dying insect; after countless hours of giving speech,

The shock of hair which was once as black as oil trapped within the belly of earth; now appeared as snow white as the man who sat astoundingly near to his grave,

The pristine air of the snow clad slopes which was stupendously clean and enchanting as the cows grazed; now transited into plumes of treacherous black smoke; as the aftermath of war took its gory toll,

The vegetables which were fresh and glowing with sparkling health as I hoisted them from the stores; now transformed into soggy and squalid as I rang the doorbell; utterly exhausted and entered home,

The time which seemed to tick faster than light during examinations; now appeared to be crawling slower than the tortoise as the summer holidays descended by,

The ape man who once could conquer invincible heights with raw muscle and unprecedented power bulging from under his shirt; now seemed to be unable to even lift a finger; as the decades unveiled in quick succession,

The candle which was burning inexorably; illuminating every cranny of the room with its profound shine; now extinguished in entirety with a single kiss of the autumn wind,

The heart which throbbed violently after witnessing the girl of its dreams for the first time; now reduced its intensity a whisker; after spending marathon times together,

But my love for her got all the more stronger as each second unfurled into a minute; as each minute sped into an hour; as each day evolved into a week; as each year evolved into a decade; and no matter how old I became; how frigid the conglomerate of bones in my body converted; I loved her more than I loved her when she first met me; I loved her more than I ever did in my passionate dreams; I loved her more than I had loved her anytime before; this very moment when I was dying today.

Nikhil Parekh

This Very Moment, Today

Yesterday was a thing of the acrimoniously disheartening past; melting insipidly into wisps of nonchalantly obsolete oblivion,
C'mon let's march unflinchingly forward with untamed fervor; blaze like the Sun of righteous ebullience; this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the remorsefully sordid past; treacherously dissolving into horizons of meaningless nothingness,
C'mon let's embrace the winds of unequivocally philanthropic humanity; coalesce all mankind irrespective of color; creed and religion; in threads of unending compassion; this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the morbidly disillusioning past; being ruthlessly annihilating by swords of indiscriminately ghastly prejudice,
C'mon let's bloom into a fountain of resplendently twinkling newness; ubiquitously wafting the scent of eternal mankind on every path that we tread; this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the devastatingly gruesome past; penalizing you to the most unprecedented of limits; for ostensibly no fault of yours,
C'mon let's magnanimously sparkle into the flower of blissful togetherness; dedicate a countless lifetimes to the service of despicably impoverished mankind; this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the dolorously tyrannical past; eventually vanquishing into the graves of desolation; like an infinitesimally wounded mosquito,
C'mon let's miraculously bequeath a civilization of celestial contentment; upon all those shivering in murderously savage malice; this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the salaciously turgid past; pathetically dissipating into a lackadaisical mirage of non-existent worthlessness,
C'mon let's dance ecstatically under the Omnisciently pearly moonlight; to harmoniously deluge all hearts bereaved and desolately disgruntled; with royal jewels of stupendous enthrallment; this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the acridly abominable past; lugubriously juxtaposing with the penuriously pertinent dungeon of indolent insects,
C'mon let's unitedly swirl into an inferno of insatiable desire; inevitably allure

fathomless orphaned in the magnetism of our unparalleled charisma; this very moment; today.

Yesterday was a thing of the wretchedly sinister past; ultimately being ruthlessly kicked like a howling devil; by every element of the spell binding atmosphere, C'mon let's profusely blend ourselves with indispensable elements of amiable mankind; metamorphose all dithering stagnation and agony into a land more bountiful than fabulous paradise; this very moment; today.

And Yesterday was a thing of the brutally shattered past; lecherously destroyed into capricious shells of rotting dilapidation; as the minutes unfurled by, C'mon let's intrepidly gallop forward with the full fervor of vivaciously fertile life; procreate countless more of our kind to continue God's most sacred chapter of existence; evolve an immortal township of love; love and only unassailable love with
our very own poignant blood; this very moment; today.

Nikhil Parekh

This Very Nakedness.

Cover it with the most ethereal traces of clouds; insouciantly dying in the wisps of nonchalantly lugubrious oblivion,

Cover it with the most pathetically shriveled of twigs; sprawled in treacherous incoherence amidst the most non-existent disappearing of forests,

Cover it with most fugitive rays of the rainbow; vanishing into the realms of infinite infinity; even before they could fall on the trajectory of celestial earth,

Cover it with the most invisibly deadened of grass blades; indiscriminately trampled into wisps of parasitic nothingness; by the sacrilegiously marauding devil,

Cover it with the most ghastly painful shards of glass; which stabbed even the most infinitesimal pore of your body; at a billion kilometers per minute,

Cover it with the most disdainfully crinkled of petals; escaping faster than the speed of light; towards the valley of ruthlessly unsparing decay,

Cover it with the most sordidly ignominious gutter water; which inevitably fomented you to vomit out every ounce of your goodness; into a dustbin of horrific animosity,

Cover it with the most incongruously shattered of blighted beaks; that impregnated such an inexplicably incurable fever in your body; which augmented beyond the realms of eternity; every unfurling minute,

Cover it with the most fecklessly inane bits of feces; which rendered you with such a squalidly bellicose odor; that you were mercilessly rejected by even the very closest of your compassionate kin,

Cover it with the most inconspicuous strands of the eyelash; which hardly possessed even the most transiently comprehensible identity of their very own,

Cover it with the infant's very first nascent cry; which perhaps needed an infinite times more of your support; rather than your sadistically leaning upon it,

Cover it with the virgin yolk of the haplessly smashed egg; venomously depriving another woman of her yet unborn child; in order to sequester your

unimpeachable identity,

Cover it with the absolute epitome of the jagged mountain; even though it meant that you had indefatigably clamber up its slope; bearing the brunt of the most viciously slandering of storm and adversity; upon your diminutively shivering chest,

Cover it with the most miserably collapsing threads of the spiders web; which commenced to slip with more and more unstoppable fervor from your shoulders; even before you realized it was actually there,

Cover it with the most undesirably wastrel streams of oil; which sardonically ensured that you could never ever invincibly grip; your loved ones to your soul's content,

Cover it with most unceremoniously wailing voices of the eunuch; which made you feel an anomalously wanton mixture; of being both; pugnacious man and salacious woman,

Cover it with the most abnormally glittering caves of gold; which incarcerated every iota of your uninhibitedly ravishing sensitivity; with corpses of unlimited prejudice,

Cover it with the most cadaverously jinxed mud of the morbidly fretful graveyard; which haunted even the most unflinchingly blazing of your premonitions; with the sole desire to die,

Cover it with most cursedly vespereed feathers of the lifeless bird; which left every pore of your body almost immediately; with the tiniest draught of whistling wind,

O! Yes do whatever and even the most deliriously demented that you could; but please for heaven sake don't leave even an indefinable fragment of your flesh naked; O! sensuously blessed Woman; for it is this very voluptuously igniting nakedness of yours; that metamorphoses even the greatest of saints; philosophers; devotees; and every other old and young man on this limitless Universe; into unforgivably sinful rapists; tormentors; chauvinists and immoral devils

Nikhil Parekh

Thoroughly Unemployed

Everyday I stared at the azure sky for long hours; admiring the fiery rays of the Sun in the morning; basking in the glory of the celestial blanket of stars well past after midnight,

While the other human of my kind; meticulously brushed their teeth with stringent toothpaste every morning; exited for monotonous office at the tick of sharp 9.

Everyday I sat on the sordid wall chewing tangy gum and tantalizing chocolate; executing an armory of flirtatious smiles at every ravishing damsel in the neighborhood who passed by,

While the other human of my kind; buried his face under a sheaf of bulky papers; listened patiently to the fleet of blatant abuse from his employer with silent remorse.

Everyday I literally counted the number of cars traversing the streets from my divine balcony railing; drunk rum with uninhibited glee profoundly engrossed in a voluptuously titillating fantasy of my own,

While the other human of my kind; incessantly engaged himself in apple polishing; ensuring that the company's profits augmented by leaps and bounds at the cost of his own life.

Everyday I rolled in green grass under the robust afternoon; gallivanted on horses through the meadows; devouring any morsel of food which was congenially offered to me by the farmers,

While the other human of my kind; evolved ingenious policies on the computer; wasted hours of time in sorting his meal with silver forks; and in the end didn't relish the slightest.

Everyday I slept till the time I wanted; waking up blissfully as the serene evening descended; leaping acrobatically with the wind as the enchanting night took a vicious stranglehold,

While the other human of my kind; started his preparations well before dawn had unveiled; hardly slept a single wink in the darkness; indefatigably worrying about his performance; and the evading salary cheques which were his only source to please his wife.

Everyday I counted boundless numbers of sheep philandering nimbly on the hills; danced in ecstatic jubilation as the peacock came from behind the trees after exotic rain,

While the other human of my kind; inexorably cribbed about his destiny; the impoverished state he was in; as his boss didn't consider him to be with the contemporary times.

Everyday I went on learning and imbibing the language which I wanted; eccentrically penning down infinite lines of poetry the instants my mind commanded,

While the other human of my kind; peered through the keyhole of his boss's cabin; praying to God that his chance to enter inside came faster than the speed of white light.

Everyday I cried uncontrollably; screamed in sheer hysteria whenever my heart felt asphyxiated; had an insatiable urge to pour its imprisoned agony out, While the other human of my kind; conversed in overwhelmingly soft whispers; used the heaviest slang possible to make his bombastic presence felt amongst the spurious crowd.

Everyday I walked barefoot; with at times torn rags engulfing my body and a necklace of spooky crabs enveloping my neck; whistling raucously in the air as I marched gallantly without caring two hoods for the sanctimonious society, While the other human of my kind; found himself deluged with an unending reservoir of tensions each unveiling hour of the day; craved miserably for an opportunity to cling to the swanky mike; get his aching hands on the steering wheel of that status Mercedes.

And I went where I wanted; talked what I wanted; did what I wanted with gay abandon as I was thoroughly unemployed; treating each day as a fabulous Sunday although it was the peak of monstrous activity time, While the other human of my kind; perhaps had tons of more money than I did; perhaps had insurmountable amount of pride in the society more than what I could have ever perceived; but didn't enjoy even a single minute as the unsurpassable years crept by; infact it was profoundly sad to state that the last day of his life was his one and only Sunday

Nikhil Parekh

Those Who Breathed It

Those who followed it; became the most blessedly bountiful entities on this fathomless planet; blending with the invincible fortress of perpetual harmony,

Those who dreamt about it; became the most fabulously surreal winds on this wonderful planet; celestially leading each moment of their compassionate lives,

Those who craved for it; became the most aspiring organisms on this mesmerizing planet; relentlessly marching forward to achieve above their defined targets in life,

Those who respected it; became the most learned idols on this boundless planet; stupendously imbibing and executing the symbiotic laws of existence,

Those who embraced it; became the most impregnably powerful lands on this astronomically extraordinary planet; defending the most treacherously mightiest battles with the tenacity in their souls,

Those who admired it; became the most ardently fabulous artists on this unfathomably wonderful planet; capturing the incomprehensible beauty lingering around; on their immaculately Omnipotent canvas,

Those who stared at it; became the most passionate philosophers on this magnificently enchanting planet; absorbing even the most infinitesimal iota of happiness lingering uninhibitedly in free space,

Those who chased it; became the most exhilaratingly adventurous fountains on this charismatically magnetic planet; plunging into a valley of mysticism as each second wholesomely unveiled itself,

Those who prayed for it; became the most Omnipotently proliferating organisms on this enigmatic planet; unitedly surging forward in the religion of humanity,

Those who worshipped it; became the most majestic endowments on this royally blooming planet; manifesting each of their benevolent dreams into a perpetual reality,

Those who saluted it; became the most bestowed organism on this insatiably gorgeous planet; transforming each instant of monotonously threadbare life into a sky diffusing resplendently opulently light,

Those who caressed it; became the most sensually romantic whirlpools on this grandiloquently princely planet; unconquerably sizzling to infernos of untamed desire; as the night unleashed into dazzling day,

Those who danced with it; became the most rhapsodically perennial butterflies on this seductively colossal planet; soaring euphorically in the skies; till times beyond eternal eternity,

Those who kissed it; became the most fantastically compassionate waterfalls on this tantalizing planet; disseminating the immortal essence of peace and love on every path they merrily philandered through,

Those who preached it; became the most sagaciously learned on this marvelously robust planet; immortalizing the essence of benevolently philanthropic existence,

Those who nostalgically reminisced it; became the most impeccable child on this wonderfully boundless planet; shrugging debilitating disease and disparaging dilapidation forever,

Those who empathized with it; became the most profusely poignant pearls on this exotically enlightened planet; enshrouding each moment of life with bountifully ecstatic paradise,

Those who breathed it; became the most voluptuously titillating whirlwind which never died; spawning countless of its kind; even as the earth outside interlocked in pugnaciously hostile war and malice,

And even the greatest of God's bowed down before it; instilling its goodness inevitably; in each organism that they splendidly created; for it was none other than LOVE; LOVE AND JUST IMMORTAL LOVE.

Nikhil Parekh

Those Who Embrace

Those who embrace exuberantly sparkling happiness,
Inevitably have to accept deplorably despicable sadness; ooze tears of
inexplicable sorrow; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace vibrantly optimistic beams of bright light,
Inevitably have to accept bizarre blackness; dungeons of horrific despair; at
some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace voluptuously exotic fragrance,
Inevitably have to accept the corridors of disdainful odor; the tyranny of fetidly
ghastly scent; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace formidable webs of profoundly glowing health,
Inevitably have to accept the storms of disgustingly decaying disease; wither
weak in tumultuous pain; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace unfathomable opulence; overwhelmed with an ocean of
golden coin,
Inevitably have to accept stark poverty; take the chill of the murderously chilly
night on their barren chests; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace cloudbursts of compassionate warmth,
Inevitably have to accept satanic nakedness; shiver uncontrollably beneath
avalanches of diabolical ice; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace stupendously charismatic beauty,
Inevitably have to accept ludicrous ugliness; get deluged by a gory entrenchment
of devilish looks; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace intriguingly glorious dawn,
Inevitably have to accept the gloominess of midnight; the sinister attack of
frantic desperation; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace unprecedented realms of ultimate victory,
Inevitably have to accept pathetic defeat; slither in miserable hopelessness
towards oblivion; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace incredulously enthralling melody,
Inevitably have to accept a prison of cacophonous croaking; savagely inundate

their souls with incoherently pugnacious voice; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace unsurpassable fireballs of ambition,
Inevitably have to accept treacherous helplessness; march on a blanket of
insidiously cold blooded snakes; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace impregnable tornadoes of Herculean power,
Inevitably have to accept appalling deterioration; reducing to grotesque
skeletons of their pompous self; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace tantalizing morsels of appetizing food each hour,
Inevitably have to accept obdurate stones; a fountain of deceptively acrimonious
thorns; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace perpetual walls of security like a prince,
Inevitably have to accept uncouth bloodbaths; indiscriminate anecdotes of
barbarism; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace caverns of immaculately shimmering perfection,
Inevitably have to accept glaring goofups; stumble ridiculously from the absolute
summit; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace passionately dear ones,
Inevitably have to accept devastating partition; a feeling of being split into an
infinite pieces; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace unfathomably startling grandeur,
Inevitably have to accept infinitesimally threadbare reality; lick the dust of the
manipulative streets; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace mesmerizing serenity and calm,
Inevitably have to accept a conglomerate of irascible mosquitoes; get stung by
the hideous hooded scorpion; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace aristocratically glittering stardom,
Inevitably have to accept a mass rejection; sighting their reflection in
inconspicuous spit; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace the clouds of uninhibited freedom,
Inevitably have to accept rusty shackles of incarceration; spending countless
hours beneath the roof of gory jail; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace a beehive of exhilarating sweetness,
Inevitably have to accept ignominious criticism; rot in the river of utter
bitterness; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace celestially medieval sainthood,
Inevitably have to accept the lechery of this conventional society; the whiplashes
of perilously commercial reality; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace insurmountably poetic softness,
Inevitably have to accept the cannibalistic maelstrom of business; blend with
horrendous rules and spurious regulations; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace divinely ideals of irrefutable truth,
Inevitably have to accept a pugnacious battlefield of condemnable lies; get
slapped by traumatic racism; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace impeccable cleanliness at each step they tread,
Inevitably have to accept derogatory bruises; gutters indefatigably overflowing
with filth; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace vivacious spurts of unequivocal enthusiasm,
Inevitably have to accept insane dullness; the daggerheads of strangulating
boredom; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace spellbinding festoons of magical tricks,
Inevitably have to accept mundane stock markets; wade through the ominously
precarious marshes; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace unrelenting philandering through the captivatingly moonlit
hills,
Inevitably have to accept the invidiously sinking sands of the deserts; the
marshy swamps laden with menacing crocodiles; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace fabulous childhood in the lap of their mother,
Inevitably have to accept the brashness of the dastardly society; tremendous
ostracism from rigid sects; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace whirlwind speeds at every turn they negotiate,
Inevitably have to accept the hindside of the tortoise; completely crippling
muteness; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace dizzy heights of success since first cry of birth,

Inevitably have to accept a mountain of mock failures; the wailing ashes of shameful defeat; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace waterfalls of thunderous excitement,
Inevitably have to accept dwindling energy; a famished cry of relinquishing desire; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace the realms of poignantly holy marriage,
Inevitably have to accept painful separation from their beloved; die a boundless death each instant while still living; at some stage of their lives.

Those who embrace robustly enchanting life,
Inevitably have to accept the perils of veritable death; resting in perpetual silence at some stage beneath the ghastly metal of their morbid grave.

But those who embrace love at each word they utter; at each foot they alight,
Inevitably have to accept only love; love and immortal love; till the time God commands them to live; and even centuries after when their perennial spirits continue to exist; although they quit breath and die

Nikhil Parekh

Threads

When I tried to cross swirling waters of the river on threads of fragile paper,
The contraption disdainfully broke midway; and I hurtled down at astounding
speeds to blend with the cold water.

When I tried to clamber up the mighty edifice on threads of molten wax,
I miserably failed in my daunting attempt; with the slurry of candle sucking me
to the ground bottom.

When I hoisted myself on long thread of burnt plastic; frigidly dangling from
unsurpassable heights of the mountain summit,
The thread snapped into multiple fragments midway; and I plummeted down,
into a concoction of wild stone and shrub.

When I tried to make merry; swaying on a swing impregnated with threads of
mushroom,
Cupid desires made me nibble at the fruit, and I fell with thunderous thuds on
the floor, intermingled with the debris of the broken swing.

When I tried to visualize my entity in coagulated threads of shattered glass,
The reflections appeared grotesquely distorted; prompting me to frivolously
laugh at my demeanour.

When I tried to incinerate a crackling fire with threads of soggy cotton,
The conflagration refrained from burning; and there arose weak flames of amber
camouflaged in clouds of smoke.

When I tried to entangle my slender wrists from a jugglery of invincible iron
thread,
The outcome was abhorrently disgusting; my hands bled prolifically pulverizing
my futile attempts of escape.

When I tried to perform the artistry of tight rope on a flaccid
thread of chocolate candy,
The cable snapped like scores of matchsticks; when caressed by
gentle draughts of air.

When I tried invade through silken threads of the rustic spider web,
Surplus arenas of my body got embossed with sticky cream; with the creature
injecting paltry vials of poison in my flesh.

And eventually when I got bonded with incorrigible threads of her love,
A plethora of apprehensions in life got mystically pacified; onerous difficulties in
life transited to lucidly simple,
My entire silhouette was draped in cloud showers of perennial love,
And let me tell you friends; this thread of our celestial love was resistant to
decay; didn't break for centuries immemorial.

Nikhil Parekh

Three Years

She was all that i ever desired,
her body was engulfed with waves of enchantment,
slender fingers smelt of heavenly nectar,
fleshy earlobes were adorned with beads of gold,
luscious lips murmured fairy tales of uncurbed desire,
angular neck swung instantly to my soft reflection,
daintily carved feet tread on a mountain of thorns,
olive skinned palms spread eagled for everlasting embrace,
silky strands of hair cascaded down her shoulder,
crystal white armory of teeth produced magical
smiles,
she was a Goddess drenching me with rain showers of eternal love.

{1}

sunlit days sped into gruesome chilly nights,
clock seconds ticked at amazing speeds,
the tyranny of time had taken its toll,
corrupted human mass had rendered me peniless,
there was no scope for employment at distant quarters of society,
strong rooms of currency were sealed with iron bars of denial,
brutal strokes of destiny levered my head down in shame,
i knew she was the queen of my heart,
bound we were going to be in threads of holy matrimony,
empty containers of food grain echoing like dead skeletons,
a labyrinth of sockets in my purse devoid of life bestowing note,
and a dreadful images of newborn offspring's dying of starvation,
slaughtered my ideas of blissful romance,
crippled me in person with spearheads of pragmatic reality,
there was no point in acquainting her with the distraught scenario,
neither did I intend to expose her to harsh territories of life,
prompting me to consume a liter of rat poison,
the venom painstakingly ending three years of our intense love

Nikhil Parekh

Through The Corner Of My Eye

The palace looked enchanting like a festoon of blossoming flowers; blended profusely with shimmering lights,
It however appeared blurred and incoherently hazy; when I attempted to see it through the corner of my eye.

The celestial moon in the sky looked like an animate ocean of white pearls,
The same appeared distorted; with slim outlines of ashen grey, when I inadvertently attempted to sight it through the corner of my eye.

The compact sedans traversing city streets; looked like silver fish in the sea with silken grace,
They however appeared like fading mirages; disappearing into a whirlwind of obnoxious dust, when I tried to visualize them through the corner of my eye.

The waterfall cascading down the mountain slope; looked stupendous; with a mesmerizing sound emanating,
It however appeared like a stingy trickle of liquid this time; when I endeavored sighting it through the corner of my eye.

The statue on its pedestal in the city square looked tall and stringently domineering,
The same appeared thoroughly minuscule; utterly inconspicuous when I sighted it through the corner of my eye.

The hands of the grandfather clock; looked saliently clear and ticking with meticulous perfection,
However I had onerous difficulty deciphering the time; when I tried to picture the same through the corner of my eye.

The silhouette of ship floating on the ocean; looked like embossed with infinite number of ivory tusks,
I however had to strain my mind to entangle; whether it was a ship or a boat, when I perspired seeing it through the corner of my eye.

Her magnanimous persona; seemed to radiate waves of indispensable love; looked
like an innocuous fairy having descended from the sky,
And let me say this explicitly friends; that it appeared all the more profound; exquisitely glorious, this time when I tried to sight her through the corner of my

eye.

Nikhil Parekh

Through The Eyes Of Newly Born Rat

Strolling masses of human looked like huge monsters,
midget sized dustbin appeared as a tank containing Grey boulders,
olive green fruit of banana struck my view as hanging bridges,
round mass of watermelon was visible as the flaming Sun with coats of green,
coins of silver struck my view as small islands of paradise,
fast moving cars I sighted as towering ships sailing on dry land,
perfume bottles on the shelf resembled transparent drums containing puffs of
white clouds,
hotel swimming pool appeared as the palatial waters of Atlantic ocean,
heaps of stray sand lying duplicated vast expanse of Appalachian mountain,
leaded sticks of match were what i could describe as short poles with Grey
light,
conical flasks of water flooded my vision as sizeable area of washing tank,
minuscule briquette's of coal seemed like big specimens of crystal rock,
leather bound volumes of book looked like brick walls of white,
colored tablets of soap replicated plush beds to lie on,
steps of the spiral staircase loomed large like steep precipices,
ornate idols of god emulated frozen giants with divine grace,
the flaming sun appeared the largest of them all,
with the silken complexioned moon a shade compressed in size,
the earth seemed a magnified place to live in,
with the only solace being my twin brother,
who was born a few seconds beside me in the body of a mouse,
we were privileged enough to visualize and see,
applauded ourselves for the same rubbing our slimy noses in unison,
what humans had perspired for decades to encounter,
scientists had racked minute corners of their brain without avail,
we could now clearly admire through our eyes as newly born baby rats.

Nikhil Parekh

Through The Pages Of My Heart

When I browsed through the pages of the sleazy magazine; all that lay there was a flurry of pretentious pictures; blended with glamorous entities displaying garish flesh,

When I browsed through the pages of the dictionary; all that lay there was infinite number of words and phrases; a mind-boggling treasury of exquisite language,

When I browsed through the pages of the history textbook; all that lay there was a chronologically synchronized table of dates; ancient tales of Kings and conquered territories,

When I browsed through the pages of the hi-tech computer; all that lay there was a plethora of mind-boggling intricate puzzles; a whole maze of stupendously baffling software; which I had no head or tail too,

When I browsed through the pages of the chequebook; all that lay there; was infinite no of blank lines; the irrefutably embossed seal of the banks involved,

When I browsed through the pages of the arithmetic notebook; all that lay there was a battalion of monotonous numbers; compounded with an insurmountable compendium of boundless problems and solutions,

When I browsed through the pages of the hotel register; all that lay there was a scrupulous order of guests that kept coming and going; fascinating information about rooms incorporated within the grandiloquent interiors,

When I browsed through the pages of the adventure novel; all that lay there was surreal representations of inanimate objects; overwhelmingly exaggerated perceptions; that had no connections with pragmatic life,

When I browsed through the pages of the botanical encyclopedia; all that lay there was exhaustive information encompassing varied plants of this Universe; blended with fathomless illustrations leading to their mesmerizing evolution,

When I browsed through the pages of the telephone directory; all that lay there was countless numbers of individuals and places; an indispensably handy reference to the demographics of several nations,

When I browsed through the pages of the family album; all that lay there were nostalgic impressions of the past; blissful memories that profusely swept across like a volatile fountain of sweltering lava; across the top most compartments of my mind,

When I browsed through the pages of the engineering handbook; all that lay there was tons of inexplicable numerals; a cavalcade of designs on which the foundations of this world could be handsomely constructed,

When I browsed through the pages of the majestic atlas; all that lay there was unfathomable depictions of this fascinating globe; intricate lines bonding continents with synchronized harmony,

When I browsed through the pages of the medical thesis; all that lay there was a scrupulous listing of life yielding medicines; a stringent smell of antiseptic permeating profoundly in the gloomy atmosphere,

When I browsed through the pages of my mothers old diary; all that was there was her rejuvenating experiences of boisterous youth; the times she had ardently labored to harness me with her very own blood and sweat,

When I browsed through the pages of the Emperors leaf; all that lay there was a royal tale of his oligarchic dictatorship; the undulating framework of good and bad that he had executed for his people in tumultuous distress,

When I browsed through the pages of enchanting fairy tales; all that lay there was an ingratiating aura that engulfed those medieval times; a voluptuously eloquent voice that roused me instantaneously from deep sleep,

When I browsed through the pages of the management presentation; all that lay there was unimaginable number of spurious manipulations; to extract the best you possibly could from a simple human being,

And when I browsed through the pages of my heart; it was there that lay the wealth of this entire planet; it was there that I found all the love and compassion I could ever have dreamt of; as each passionate beat unveiled into an infinite lives.

Nikhil Parekh

Through The Tunnels Of

Only the hideously corrupt and treacherously dastardly; could bawdily drift through the tunnels of; abhorrently ungainly manipulation,

Only the impeccably enchanting and innocuously righteous; could patriotically march through the tunnels of; unshakably irrefutable truth,

Only the raunchily infinitesimal and baselessly threadbare; could insidiously hover through the tunnels of; maliciously truculent deprecation,

Only the drearily meaningless and vindictively plotting; could ominously trespass through the tunnels of; lunatically barbaric discrimination,

Only the poignantly sensitive and ravishingly exotic; could bountifully trespass through the tunnels of; ingratiatingly tantalizing sensuousness,

Only the cold-bloodedly savage and ruthlessly slandering; could esoterically wade through the tunnels of; satanically crippling disease,

Only the unflinchingly resilient and exhilaratingly fearless; could blissfully transgress through the tunnels of; fascinatingly invincible solidarity,

Only the aristocratically artistic and surreally wandering; could gorgeously float through the tunnels of; tantalizingly proliferating newness,

Only the despicably rotting and preposterously obsolete; could aimlessly loiter through the tunnels of; flagrantly stinking failure,

Only the lethally venomous and diabolically pulverizing; could shamelessly maraud through the tunnels of; rebelliously gory bloodshed,

Only the tyrannically lambasting and purposelessly ostracizing; could horrifically step through the tunnels of; abominably castigating illiteracy,

Only the intrepidly exhilarating and exuberantly gushing; could resplendently philander through the tunnels of; beautifully spell binding adventure,

Only the freshly born and benevolent hearted; could astoundingly gyrate through the tunnels of; panoramically vivacious Godliness,

Only the sardonically conventional and spuriously high society; could remorsefully stab through the tunnels of; deleteriously gory bloodshed,

Only the vibrantly untamed and compassionately engulfing; could exotically zip through the tunnels of; ecstatically melodious romance,

Only the fabulously synergistic and holistically humane; could gregariously interweave through the tunnels of; celestially gratifying paradise,

Only the intricately effeminate and unsurpassably obsessed; could triumphantly parade through the tunnels of; regally sparkling artistry,

Only the passionately palpitating and immortally bonding; could divinely fly through the tunnels of; perpetually unconquerable love,

Only the diligently persevering and unrelentingly unstoppable; could magnanimously whistle through the tunnels of; spell bindingly scintillating fortune,

Only the patriotically brave and altruistically sacrificing; could unchallengeably wade through the tunnels of; victoriously Omnipotent immortality,

Only the mystically enigmatic and charismatically magnetic; could timelessly gallivant through the tunnels of; marvelously conjuring magic,

Only the perennially liberated and wonderfully melanging; could stupendously bounce through the tunnels of; endlessly ebullient laughter,

But every tangible organism; irrespective of caste; creed; color; stature; height or tribe; every entity harboring insurmountable love for the God's chapter of symbiotically proliferating creation; has; is and will always fantastically burgeon through the tunnels of;
eternally egalitarian and blessing humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

Through Them.

Through them; even the most acridly blistering rays of the fiery midday Sun;
seemed like angels of enchantingly whispering tranquility,

Through them; even the most morbidly remorseful sewage leaking sordidly from
the gutters; seemed like waterfalls of epitomizing harmony; wonderfully
coalescing with the fabric of eternal mankind,

Through them; even the most discordantly thundering of treacherous monsters;
seemed like messiahs of blissfully celestial peace,

Through them; even the most abominably gruesome scents; seemed like a
cloudburst of stupendously poignant fragrance; majestically diffusing a fountain
of vivacious resplendence to every traumatically parched entity around,

Through them; even the most pathetically morose graveyards; seemed like
fathomless skies of Omniscient beauty and benign grace; regally spawning into a
civilization of newness every unfurling instant of the sweltering day,

Through them; even the most insanely lunatic madmen; seemed like harbingers
of heavenly peace and humanity; disseminating an unfathomable entrenchment
of
compassion on every step that they transgressed,

Through them; even the most sullenly decaying carcasses; seemed like
philanthropically scintillating rays of the tenacious Sun; filtering a path of
astronomically aristocratic courage through corpses; of manipulative malice,

Through them; even the most lugubriously insidious morons; seemed like a
rhapsodically exuberant breeze of unrelentingly endowing smiles,

Through them; even the most invidiously bizarre thorns; seemed like hives of
unsurpassably uniting honey; spell bindingly propagating a wave of unbelievable
melody in the lives of all those horrendously deprived,

Through them; even the most acrimoniously twisted paths; seemed like
fortresses of irrefutably ingratiating solidarity; sequestering one and all;
irrespective of caste; creed and spurious color; beautifully alike,

Through them; even the most salaciously diabolical of demons; seemed like

bloomingly mesmerizing gardens of spiritual charisma; ubiquitously parading towards the path of impregnable righteousness,

Through them; even the most forlornly dilapidated spaces; seemed like winds of ebulliently enthralling ecstasy; voluptuously titillating every beleaguered traveler who inadvertently came their way,

Through them; even the most ominously impoverished and drought terrorized lands; seemed like miraculously replenishing oceans; marvelously appeasing every infinitesimal desire of your estranged soul,

Through them; even the most preposterously ugly bodies; seemed like seductively silken visages of unflinching truth; magnificently deluging every wavering conscience with rays of unconquerably Omnipotent enlightenment,

Through them; even the most ludicrously feckless tycoons; seemed like godfathers of symbiotic relationships; perennially bonding with their fabulously impeccable kin,

Through them; even the most monotonously tick-tocking clockworks; seemed like a paradise of bountifully tingling mysticism; wholesomely liberating you of your rebelliously frazzled mind,

Through them; even the most lackadaisically frozen bloodstreams; seemed like infernos of magnetically captivating beauty; indefatigably yearning to blissfully bond with the heavens; vivid and unassailably divine,

Through them; even the most horrifically charred and perpetually dead organisms; seemed like a relentlessly proliferating whirlpool of invincible breath; timelessly healing with its Omnipresent sensuousness,

And through them; even the most agonizingly lambasted of hearts; seemed like unconquerable stars of priceless togetherness; triumphantly blazing forward with the blessings of the Almighty Lord,

Such were the eyes of immortal love; forever metamorphosing even the most inexplicably penalizing of pain into jubilant happiness; forever existing as God's most glorious creation; forever symbolizing the unshakable path towards freedom and mankind.

Thunderbolts Of Rain

Normally when I started back for home; I commenced my journey languidly eating pop-corn; aimlessly kicking small stones that came in my way,
While today I tripped each time I raised my foot; relinquished all capacity to sight objects even a foot further.

Normally when I started back for home; I hummed melodious tunes; smiling flirtatiously at every girl I encountered on the way,
While today I looked at my watch a million times; grunted in exasperation as I couldn't bear to see the disdainful blotches of slush adhering all across my immaculate shirt.

Normally when I started back for home; I winked mischievously at the sun; took marathon minutes in idling my scooter to full gear,
While today I trembled in the icy winds; felt utterly miserable as my feather weight shoes; felt as heavy as heavy ships floating on the sea.

Normally when I started back for home; I waved goodbye to all my colleagues; wishing them a blissful and tranquil sleep,
While today as I stepped out in the ominous dark; I closed my ears in alarm; to shun the chaotic pandemonium of horns and blaring traffic.

Normally when I started back for home; I phoned my wife on the mobile; romancing dreamily for long minutes about our experiences of the past;
While today I emptied my pants of all contraptions and my wallet; scampered for safety like a rabbit for under gigantic branches of the tree.

Normally when I started for home; my mind wandered rampantly; envisaging all the delectable delicacies which I would consume for supper in the night,

While today the food in my stomach churned in nervous energy; almost strangulating my senses as it tried to puke out from my mouth.

Normally when I started for home; I always made it a rule to halt my vehicle at signals; thereby letting others pass peacefully before I proceeded further,
While today my foot refrained to leave the accelerator; as I sky rocketed cursing the skies; at electric speeds towards my dwelling.

Normally when I started for home; I stopped frequently in the way to munch sandwiches; smoked a cigarette or two in the crowded shopping square,
While today my sole focus was to wade myself dexterously through the rivers overflowing; protecting my cherished checkbook from getting soiled.

Normally when I started for home; I spent good amount of time choosing my favorite pen; for signing the company guestbook,
While today I virtually dropped all what I was carrying; dragged my weight outside like a charged volcano; running at full speed and at the same time yelling at the top of my breath.

And Normally when I started for home; the skies were crystal clear; with the Sun god about to set splendidly into the horizon; the birds chirping boisterously to announce the onset of cool night,
While today the reason for my behaving insane; was that there were streaks of white lightening in the sky; with thunderbolts of rain pelting in uncouth fury all over.

Nikhil Parekh

Till Death Do Us Apart

Till death do us apart; we will intransigently continue to harmoniously sing together; deluge every cranny of the gloomily frustrated atmosphere; with ebulliently euphoric sounds,

Till death do us apart; we will indefatigably continue to tantalizingly dance together; resplendently trigger the voluptuousness of the exotic night; with untamed fireballs of augmenting compassion,

Till death do us apart; we will irrevocably continue to wholeheartedly laugh together; endeavoring our best to ignite the smiles of priceless humanity; on every lecherous face inundated with remorsefully debilitating disease,

Till death do us apart; we will relentlessly continue to uninhibitedly philander together; blissfully frolicking in the aisles of rhapsodic desire and benign happiness; for centuries immemorial,

Till death do us apart; we will unitedly continue to coalesce all mankind together; try our ultimate best to melange all religions; caste; creed and tribe alike; in the sea of glittering humanity,

Till death do us apart; we will sensuously continue to fantasize together; fabulously wander in the lanes of bountifully bequeathing paradise; romancing with every element of the fathomlessly majestic beauty around,

Till death do us apart; we will immutably continue to discover together; evolving a fantastically new township of vivacious grace and incredulously astounding intrigue; on every step that we holistically tread,

Till death do us apart; we will irrefutably continue to bless together; bestowing an unfathomable whirlpool of philanthropic richness; upon every inexplicably devastated counterpart of ours; whom we encountered in our way,

Till death do us apart; we will ardently continue to cry together; unequivocally sharing our triumph as well as ghastly sorrows alike; profusely entrenched in bonds of magically Omnipotent empathy,

Till death do us apart; we will relentlessly continue to fight together; assimilating every iota of our surreptitiously entrapped courage and solidarity; to forever

drive the ominous traitors; gorily decimating our sacrosanct motherland,

Till death do us apart; we will unsurpassably continue to paint together;
delectably capturing the entire beauty of this boundless planet; in the vivacious
kaleidoscope of our piquant eyes,

Till death do us apart; we will miraculously continue to procreate together;
spawning gloriously immaculate offsprings of our very own crimson blood;
contributing
our very best in continuing God's most holy chapter of blooming existence,

Till death do us apart; we will obsessively continue to learn together; celestially
imbibing all the stupendously synergistic goodness that lingered bountifully in the
atmosphere; and then disseminating its Omniscient essence to every household
asphyxiated with gruesome darkness,

Till death do us apart; we will inexorably continue to fly together; exuberantly
surge forward with the full fervor of life; to blossom the flower of our
benevolently beautiful dreams; into a veritably sparkling reality,

Till death do us apart; we will indefatigably continue to march together; blend
our innocuously righteous palms in the walls of unassailable solidarity;
unflinchingly ready to tackle any diabolical devil; who dared stop us in our
truthful way,

Till death do us apart; we will insatiably continue to err together; inadvertently
ommit an unfathomable volley of mistakes; which would timelessly leave our
footprints on this earth as pure humans; every time it was given a chance to be
born,

Till death do us apart; we will perennially continue to eat together; relishing the
most gorgeously glorious fruits of Mother nature; cupped symbiotically in our
palms and under the seductively milky moonlight,

Till death do us apart; we will perpetually continue to breathe together; surviving
as a unconquerably single spirit; least bothered about what the acrimoniously
tyrannical society; had to spuriously comment on our eternal relationship,

And till death do us apart; we will immortally continue to love together;
impregably bonding the beats of our passionately thundering hearts in flames of
fulminating romance; drinking; eating; breathing; discovering; exploring and
preaching; only the elixir of mankind; to ecstatically survive.

Nikhil Parekh

Till The Time

Till the time there was brilliant light; there existed the spell of gruesome darkness,

Till the time there was perennial happiness; there existed the blanket of dolorous sadness,

Till the time there was voluptuous wine drowning you into enchantment; there existed stark starvation,

Till the time there was the swirling and vivacious ocean; there existed the scorching deserts,

Till the time there was the ravishing slice of pudding; there existed the blunt and disdainful mountain of stones,

Till the time there was unprecedented security and comfort; there existed nefarious theft,

Till the time there were impeccable slabs of marble which were spotlessly clean; there existed the horrendous stains of grease,

Till the time there was the king seated on the supremely embellished throne; there existed his battalion of docile slaves,

Till the time there was a wave of ultra modernization circulating in this world; there existed indigenous and rustic tribes,

Till the time there was succulent flesh and mesmerizing fraternities of skin; there existed the morbid corpse lying buried beneath the coffin,

Till the time there was alacrity and unrelenting work under the sunshine; there existed blissful and spell binding sleep,

Till the time there was obstreperous sound and thunderous noise; there existed virtue of pin drop silence,

Till the time there were tantalizing droplets of rain cascading on the earth; there existed the fury of uncouth drought,

Till the time there were tenacious and fortified slabs of colossal timber lined up towards the heavens; there existed a series of pertinent gaps and holes,

Till the time there were fields of scintillating white fur encapsulating the countryside; there existed the obnoxiously black flow of the gutter,

Till the time there were exotic dreams revolving vividly through each strata of the mind; the power to fantasize escalated to its highest; there existed complete insanity and madness,

Till the time there was pure love impregnated wildly in each iota of the body; there existed blasphemous betrayal,

Till the time there was delectable taste arising on the buds of the rosy tongue; there existed pools of colorless saliva strewn pathetically on the streets,

And till the time there was moist breath descending down the nostrils; life going on in harmony with the Creator; there existed inevitable pain and absolute death.

Nikhil Parekh

Till The Time He Commanded

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would dance; please the entire world incessantly with his tantalizingly swishing movement,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would speak; pacifying the infinite myths of people existing on this globe; with the prudent essence of his knowledge,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would write; inundating boundless number of blank paper with exquisite literature,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would sight; admiring all the mesmerizing beauty that was prevailing and embedded on this planet,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would perspire; working all day under the sweltering Sun; running for countless kilometers on the trot in heart of the gruesomely chilly night,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would love; flooding every part of the still atmosphere with the poignant fire of his romance,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would sleep; relishing the blissful calm of the breeze; the mystical enchantment of the prolifically star studded darkness,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would valiantly fight; shedding his blood without the slightest of hesitation for the sake of his sacrosanct motherland,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would smile; impart the essence of equality and unbiased brotherhood to as far and wide as possible amongst tangible mankind,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would bathe; drenching every pore of his skin with supremely ravishing water; splashing tons of it around in ecstatic frolic on little children,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would sing; captivating this monotonously strangulated world with the delectable cadence in his voice,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would run; conquering impregnable milestones at every single step he took; wave the flag of amicable victory on each chunk of visible soil,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would dig; building a dwelling for himself as well as for all those who wandered in inexplicable affliction without a roof under the colossal sky,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would joke; making overwhelmingly sad people laugh with his astoundingly hilarious and comic banter,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would earn; assimilating the entire wealth that could ever have existed on land; disseminating it judiciously amongst people who badly needed it to resurrect their lives,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would yawn; relaxing on the lush green meadows in due admiration of the Sun God; reciting a flurry of vivid tales to mercilessly orphaned children starving to loneliness without their parents,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would exotically dream; perceiving the most wonderful objects which he had evolved; the unsurpassably beautiful garden which he had spawned for human kind to live and enjoy,

Till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would thunderously cry; sharing the grief of others with a sense of equality; providing his shoulder for them to lean upon in their time of unprecedented distress,

And till the time he commanded; this molecule of his would placidly live; inhaling in air every unfurling second; trying his Herculean best to maintain this planet of his as the ultimate paradise; trying his best to metamorphose all the evil hovering into a fantasy that he the 'Creator' would really cherish; a fantasy that God had given birth to this molecule of his; to wholesomely satisfy.

Nikhil Parekh

Till The Time We Lived.

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would perpetuate each barren pore of your skin with so much exhilaration; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my ecstasy; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would tantalize your brain with so many fantasies of majestic creation; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my sensuality; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would rekindle your emptiness with so many fires of untamed virility; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my ardor; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would transform every defeat of yours into so many triumphs of infallible optimism; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my courage; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would enlighten your hapless eyes with so many shades of blazing fearlessness; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my valor; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would complete each unfinished line of your destiny with so many positive ramifications; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my fragrance; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would caress each bleeding cranny of your lips with so many befriending kisses; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my compassion; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would disentangle each miserably hackneyed sense of yours with so many mystical moments; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my bountifulness; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O!
beloved; that till the time we lived; I would impregnate each ingredient of your
alien blood with so much royal oneness; that you would immortally exist with
nothing else but my humanity; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O!
beloved; that till the time we lived; I would permeate each chord of your
monotonous eardrum with so many rhapsodic tunes; that you would immortally
exist with nothing else but my sweetness; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O!
beloved; that till the time we lived; I would heal each of your obsolete wounds
with so many panaceas of companionship; that you would immortally exist with
nothing else but my intimacy; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O!
beloved; that till the time we lived; I would nurse each of your inexplicable wails
with so many songs of mother nature; that you would immortally exist with
nothing else but my freshness; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O!
beloved; that till the time we lived; I would wipe each of your tears with so many
flames of my desire; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my
exuberance; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O!
beloved; that till the time we lived; I would guide each dwindling path of yours to
so many corridors of magical utopia; that you would immortally exist with
nothing else but my inspiration; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O!
beloved; that till the time we lived; I would befriend your inconsolably amputated
palms with so many handshakes; that you would immortally exist with nothing
else but my conviction; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O!
beloved; that till the time we lived; I would fortify each broken bone of yours
with so many threads of redolent humanity; that you would immortally exist with
nothing else but my humility; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O!

beloved; that till the time we lived; I would ameliorate your shattered soul with so many colors of this vivacious Universe; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my versatility; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would reinvigorate your asphyxiated breath with so many winds of divinely creation; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my enchantment; even after I died,

And to die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would consecrate your betrayed heart with so many beats of perpetual faith; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my love; even after I died.

Nikhil Parekh

Till The Time You Were Magnificently Alive

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely threadbare and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this fathomless Universe; were the sermons of truthfulness that you selflessly disseminated; till the time you were holistically alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely balderdash and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this boundless Universe; were the rays of righteously unparalleled optimism that you ignited on every step that you tread; till the time you were symbiotically alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely nonsensical and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this incomprehensible Universe; were the pathways of egalitarian justice that you insuperably ensured; till the time you were blissfully alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely salacious and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this limitless Universe; was the celestial instinct to live and let live that you ubiquitously preached; till the time you were unabashedly alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely rubbish and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this gregarious Universe; were the seeds of majestically virile proliferation that you sowed; till the time you were unassailably alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely evanescent and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this unceasing Universe; was the bond of philanthropically compassionate friendship that you interminably spread; till the time you were royally alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely lugubrious and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this spell binding Universe; were the hymns of mellifluously emancipating piousness that you sing; till the

time you were bounteously alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely morbid and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this triumphant Universe; was the tirelessly augmenting empathy in your eyes for every caste; creed; fraternity of living; till the time you were vivaciously alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely decrepit and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this astounding Universe; were the pathways of unflinchingly fearless humanity that you pave; till the time you were redolently alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely foolhardy and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this heavenly Universe; was the magic of benign togetherness that you invincibly hissed; till the time you were unconquerably alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely crippling and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this unfettered Universe; were those indomitably subliming smiles from your lips in good times and bad; till the time you were beautifully alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely debasing and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this gigantic Universe; were those swords of impregnable truth that you used to assassinate the ruthlessly blasphemous devil; till the time you were jubilantly alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely pulverizing and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this unfathomable Universe; were those enamoring words/symbols/drawings of immortal love that you'd so inimitably sketched; till the time you were undefeatedly alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely feckless and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this spectacular Universe; were those pearls of priceless enlightenment that you'd bestowed upon countless haplessly deprived; till the time you were indisputably alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely baseless and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this resplendent Universe; was the mirror of divine righteousness that reflected from even the most obfuscated cranny of your shadow; till the time you were fantastically alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely useless and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this unending Universe; was the foundation of fragrantly undying perseverance that you built; till the time you were handsomely alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely tawdry and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this everlasting Universe; was that you timelessly followed the innermost tunes of your heart for the betterment of all mankind; till the time you were iridescently alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely hopeless and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this mesmerizing Universe; was the innumerable orphans that you serenaded and accepted as a quintessential ingredient of your very own family; till the time you were poignantly alive.

Whether you breathed till "1" or till "Infinite" was entirely purposeless and inconsequential; what mattered above everything else on this ever-pervading Universe; were the countless hearts which you endlessly united in the threads of Immortally Omnipresent love; till the time you were magnificently alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Time

The more you tried to stringently control it; the more it rampantly slipped away from your invincible grasp,

The more you tried to irrevocably stop it; the more it uncontrollably sped past the corridors of unceasingly unfathomable infinite infinity,

The more you tried to chauvinistically govern it; the more it inevitably took an insuperable grip upon even the most inconspicuous element of your destiny,

The more you tried to irretrievably compress it; the more it rebounded back towards the aisles of boundless eternity; forever and ever and ever,

The more you tried to truculently asphyxiate it; the more it uninhibitedly gallivanted like a majestic lion; for whom sky was the only veritable limit,

The more you tried to transcend beyond it; the more it left you a billion kilometers lagging behind; the instant you dared alight your nimble foot,

The more you tried to invidiously poison it; the more it sprouted afresh in a countless rejuvenatingly new forms; from a countless directions which you could never ever perceive,

The more you tried to chauvinistically incarcerate it; the more it unequivocally flew in the skies of unparalleled freedom; for centuries and moments immemorial,

The more you tried to torturously tie it; the more euphorically it leapt towards the paradise of Omnipotently silken freedom; magnificently attuning all humanity to the pragmatic essence of blissful existence,

The more you tried to bury it fathomless feet in the graveyards of hell; the more it profoundly perpetuated its insuperable grip upon every echelon of blessed living kind,

The more you tried to hedonistically distort it; the more it evolved into its unbelievably redolent grace; with the heavens of unassailable truth written all over it,

The more you tried to abhorrently erase it; the more it unflinchingly burgeoned;

into a fountain of invincibly redolent sagaciousness,

The more you tried to uncouthly repel it; the more it intractably embedded itself to every quintessentially happening aspect of your vibrant life,
The more you tried to make it derogatorily sedentary; the more it tirelessly ticked; not resting even an ethereal instant even after every organism on this earth had wholesomely extinguished,

The more you tried to satanically bribe it; the more it unstoppably blazed into an unprecedented gorge of patriotic truth and triumphant selflessness,

The more you tried to salaciously recycle it; the more it iridescently blossomed into unending newness; for moments beyond an infinite more births yet to unveil,

The more you tried to dastardly retract it; the more it jubilantly galloped towards the chapters of victoriously enchanting proliferation; eternally continuing God's enthrallingly wonderful creation,

The more you tried to cold-bloodedly murder it; the more it spawned into bounteously everlasting prosperity; enlightening every organism alive with the magic of spell binding optimism,

The more you tried to lethally silence it; the more it boisterously permeated the true spirit of endlessly God-gifted existence; to continents fathomlessly diversified; far and wide,

O! Yes and try as hard as you could; you simply wouldn't be able control it; you simply wouldn't able to stop it till the time you breathe and even after; for that's how it has forever been; that's how it is and by the grace of God shall forever be;
O! Yes
believe it or not; but that for you is royally unconquerable time.

Nikhil Parekh

Time After Time After Time. Each Time. Everytime.

It really didn't matter to me even an infinitesimal trifle; if there wasn't the most optimistically Omnipotent of Sun outside my door; to timelessly consecrate every unfinished desire of mine; to the hilt of infinite infinity,

It really didn't matter to me even an inconspicuous trifle; if there wasn't the most vivaciously fathomless Sea outside my door; to unbelievably tantalize even the most evanescent cranny of my skin for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes,

It really didn't matter to me even an obfuscated trifle; if there weren't the most eternally invincible Mountains outside my door; to compassionately sequester every disastrously shuddering bone of my body; as diabolical hell torrentially rained down on earth,

It really didn't matter to me even a cloistered trifle; if there weren't the most enigmatically inebriating Forests outside my door; to perennially perpetuate the fragrance of symbiotic existence in every of my haplessly dying breath,

It really didn't matter to me even a fugitive trifle; if there wasn't the most resplendently bountiful Waterfall outside my door; to inexhaustibly reinvigorate my sinfully deteriorating desire to survive,

It really didn't matter to me even an ethereal trifle; if there weren't the most sensuously crimson Clouds outside my door; to unabashedly catapult me into the most ebulliently triumphant realms of paradise,

It really didn't matter to me even a fleeting trifle; if there wasn't the most unassailably ever-pervading Sky outside my door; to engender me to discover the ultimate horizons of my impoverished existence,

It really didn't matter to me even an oblivious trifle; if there wasn't the most mellifluously enchanting Sound outside my door; to unceasingly enshroud every dormitory of my frazzled life with victoriously untamed delight,

It really didn't matter to me even a mercurial trifle; if there wasn't the most seductively tranquil Shadow outside my door; to indefatigably cajole me into the wisps of celestially fructifying sleep,

It really didn't matter to me even a disappearing trifle; if there wasn't the most

bounteously virile Woman outside my door; to tirelessly prompt me to explore every rhapsodically emollient intricacy of my potent manhood,

It really didn't matter to me even a forlorn trifle; if there wasn't the most wonderfully vibrant Meadow outside my door; to invite me back into the cradle of my amazingly impeccable and uninhibited childhood,

It really didn't matter to me even a transient trifle; if there weren't the most iridescently innocuous Stars outside my door; to unshakably enlighten the complexion of my every drearily asphyxiating and treacherous night,

It really didn't matter to me even a dilapidated trifle; if there wasn't the most impregnable Heavenly Moon outside my door; to steer me through every acrimonious hurdle of my life; with the ease of a newly born silken prince,

It really didn't matter to me even a fleeting trifle; if there wasn't the most astoundingly ameliorating magicians outside my door; to liberate me of even the most ghastliest of my tribulations; transform the monotonously dull space around me; into paradise divine,

It really didn't matter to me even a feckless trifle; if there weren't the most indomitably learned philosophers/saints outside my door; to endlessly soliloquize to me the ideologies of effulgent truth; love and beauty in the chapters of my vividly enthralling life,

It really didn't matter to me even a teeny trifle; if there wasn't the most glittering caverns of pure Gold outside my door; to forever ensure that the definitions of maliciously pulverizing poverty stayed an infinite kilometers away from my diminutively robust form,

It really didn't matter to me even an indescribable trifle; if there wasn't the most mischievously jubilant flirtation outside my door; to make me feel eternally young and fantastically virile; although I stood on the absolute brink of inevitable death,

It really didn't matter to me even an insouciant trifle; if there wasn't the most Omnisciently everlasting breath outside my door; to bestow upon me the prowess to holistically survive for a countless more blessed lifetimes,

If only; whenever I did open the door of my passionately throbbing heart; whenever I did open the door of my ecstatically emancipating soul; whenever I did open the door of my euphorically searching eyes; whenever I did open the

door of my amiably unfettered dwelling; there was you and none else but you O!
Heavenly Beloved to take me in your mesmerizing arms and immortally bond
with the beats of my life; again and again and again; time after time after time;
each time; everytime.

Nikhil Parekh

Time- An Unstoppable Whirlwind

Whether you be the most triumphant vanguard of all civilization; or whether you be a mist of inimitably silken desire; sensuously enveloping every cranny of this beleaguered planet in cloudbursts of ardent desire,
Whether you be an indomitably towering mountain top; or whether you be a river of perennial enchantment; cascading down the ever-pervading Himalayas,
Whether you be a garden of celestially endowing roses; or whether you be the sky of fathomlessly invincible truth; miraculously mitigating even the most ephemeral speck of sorrow; from the periphery of this estranged Universe,
Whether you be a timelessly resplendent star; or whether you be a boundless playground of ecstatic frolic; merrily cavorting till times beyond eternity; behind the handsomely Sun soaked hills,
Time is an unstoppably inevitable whirlwind which simply doesn't stop for you or the greatest of your form if you're not the Lord; so utilize every second of it to the most unprecedentedly euphoric limits; or be swept like a frigidly inane matchstick in its unrelentingly inexorable swirl.

1.

Whether you be a cloud of exotically voluptuous titillation; or whether you be an impeccably spell binding saint; rising to the most sagaciously sacrosanct degrees of self control,
Whether you be a reindeer of unlimited prosperity; or whether you be an uninhibitedly blazing wave of indefatigably unparalleled optimism,
Whether you be a stupendously unassailable incense stick of unflinching righteousness; or whether you be an enigmatically supernatural idol; selflessly exorcising yourself from even the most infinitesimal bit of worldly desire,
Whether you be the everlastingly titillating voice of the enchanting nightingale; or whether you be an effervescently mystical kite; floating in invincibly untainted sky,
Time is an uncontrollably inevitable maelstrom which simply doesn't stop for you or the greatest of your form if you're not the Lord; so utilize every second of it to the most unbelievably ecstatic limits; or be devoured in its tirelessly unremitting wisps like the orphaned whisker of the sultry broomstick.

2.

Whether you be a tornado of uncanny exhilaration; or whether you be the ebulliently gyrating feathers of the peacock; under the very first drops of

eternally magnificent rain,

Whether you be the uncrowned King of the entire opalescent planet; or whether you be the most venerated poet of the century; mellifluously stirring trillions of hearts with the spirit of magical brotherhood and immortal love,

Whether you be a fountain of benevolently untainted innocence; or whether you be the meadows of ubiquitously untamed mischief; unraveling into Godly childhood every unfurling instant of the gloriously Sunlit day,

Whether you be a brazenly revolutionary echo that defies all murderously decrepit convention; or whether you be an unconquerably princely panther; gleefully marauding at your very own will; through the bushy undergrowths of the ravishing forest,

Time is a tirelessly inevitable waterfall which simply doesn't stop for you or the greatest of your form if you're not the Lord; so utilize every second of it to the most propitiously sensational limits; or be buried forever and ever and ever beneath your veritable corpse; losing to its undefeatable essence even before you were born.

3.

Whether you be the heavenly zephyr blissfully blowing across the panoramic landscapes; or whether you be the non-invasively surreal dewdrop amiably clinging to mother grass,

Whether you be the most eclectic entity ever born on this gigantically blessing planet; or whether you be the ultimate harbinger of all torturously bereaved and preposterously aggrieved humanity,

Whether you be that leaf on the tree which never falls; or whether you be the most opulent organism on this colossal Universe; with even the saliva oozing from your mouth being of astoundingly glittering gold,

Whether you be an apostle of timelessly impregnable peace; or whether you be an infallible chariot of unfettered success; embedding the flag of altruistically enamoring triumph on every inch of this symbiotic earth,

Time is an incredulously gushing tornado which simply doesn't stop for you or the greatest of your form if you're not the Lord; so utilize every second of it to the most insuperably royal of limits; or become just another of its haplessly prattling victim; like countless greats have already been in the past; like your raving kind.

Nikhil Parekh

Time Pass.

I meticulously counted the number of waves; rising and falling in the majestically undulating sea, I sang occasionally with the birds; humming a myriad of spell binding tunes,

I tore a sheet of lanky dilapidated paper; into measly bits of orphaned fragments,

I nonchalantly kicked each stone that confronted me in my way; hurling it high and handsome towards mystical puffs of sky,

O! yes the overwhelming burden on my shoulders seemed to be augmenting each minute; the hour incorrigibly refrained to fly; and for me at the current moment

life was nothing but a big time pass.

I shooed the birds sitting tranquilly on the jaded rocks; chasing them till the point I wholesomely collapsed in a bedraggled heap on cold ground,

I made boundless sandcastles in insurmountably slippery sand; dismantling them as they gathered the slightest of solid proportion,

I held my ear abysmally close to the hollow walls; awaiting for the tiniest of sound that simply wasn't there,

I indefatigably kept chanting a silly tune; giving it the pompously pretentious status of being the astronomical best,

O! yes the overwhelming burden on my shoulders seemed to be augmenting each minute; the hour incorrigibly refrained to fly; and for me at the current moment

life was nothing but a big time pass.

I voraciously rubbed my glasses till the time they shone vivaciously bright; although they were already sparkling more than the mid-day Sun,

I tied my handkerchief into unfathomable number of folds; spent countless moments thereafter in entangling the disdainful mess of my insane creation,

I washed my body vigorously all throughout the night; evacuating the last bit of superficial dirt that just wasn't to be seen,

I flipped through pages of the bulky history book; browsing through an unending labyrinth of dates; with beads of exasperating sweat trickling feverishly down my nape,

O! yes the overwhelming burden on my shoulders seemed to be augmenting each minute; the hour incorrigibly refrained to fly; and for me at the current moment

life was nothing but a big time pass.

I yawned like a maniacally fanatic; although the bones incarcerated in my body
rared to surge forward with spurts of exuberant enthusiasm,
I chewed slices of tangy gum for times immemorial; evolving a cocoon of bubbles
only to obnoxiously burst them,
I incoherently scribbled gargantuan tons of literature on barren paper; expending
Herculean loads of my lazy frustration on my tiny little fountain pen,
I relentlessly kept tapping my nimble feet; scowling in inexplicable disdain at
whomsoever who encountered me in my way.
O! yes the overwhelming burden on my shoulders seemed to be augmenting
each minute; the hour incorrigibly refrained to fly; and for me at the current
moment
life was nothing but a big time pass.

Nikhil Parekh

Timelessly Inseparable Talking.

If it was your lusciously mesmerizing lips that wonderfully whispered; then it was my ardently igniting kisses that would do every bit of the timelessly enthralling talking,

If it was your fantastically hazel eyes that tranquilly whispered; then it was my indefatigably vivacious eyelashes that would do every bit of the timelessly flirtatious talking,

If it was your intrepidly celestial ears that charismatically whispered; then it was my inexhaustibly exploring tongue that would do every bit of the timelessly exploring talking,

If it was your seductively redolent feet that uninhibitedly whispered; then it was my irrefutably infallible trail that would do every bit of the timelessly adventurous talking,

If it was your daintily articulate fingers that unrestrictedly whispered; then it was my magically ameliorating artistry that would do every bit of the timelessly passionate talking,

If it was your celestially symbiotic shoulders that fantastically whispered; then it was my innocuously pristine selflessness that would do every bit of the timelessly redolent talking,

If it was your enigmatically unruly armpits that seductively whispered; then it was my pricelessly golden perspiration that would do every bit of the timelessly bountiful talking,

If it was your impeccably nubile chin that ebulliently whispered; then it were my infinite enamoring goose-bumps that would do every bit of the timelessly undefeated talking,

If it was your voluptuously ardent breasts that resplendently whispered; then it was my unceasingly kneading palms that would do every bit of the timelessly unbridled talking,

If it was your iridescently embellished belly that jubilantly whispered; then it was my unstoppably machismo hunger that would do every bit of the timelessly intermingling talking,

If it was your triumphantly truthful veins that ecstatically whispered; then it was my unassailably crimson blood that would do every bit of the timelessly blessed talking,

If it was your innovatively intriguing brain that unrestrictedly whispered; then it was my astoundingly fathomless fantasy that would do every bit of the timelessly exhilarating talking,

If it was your exotically desirous thighs that spell bindingly whispered; then it was my uncannily untamed electricity that would do every bit of the timelessly fervent talking,

If it was your unbelievably mellifluous throat that gorgeously whispered; then it was my inimitably new-born voice that would do every bit of the timelessly effulgent talking,

If it was your beautifully sculptured toes that inscrutably whispered; then it was my unfathomably magical shadow that would do every bit of the timelessly endowing talking,

If it was your piquantly hissing panic button that surreptitiously whispered; then it was my mischievously nibbling teeth that would do every bit of the timelessly reinvigorating talking,

If it was your insuperably Omniscient nostrils that beautifully whispered; then it was my immortally unsinkable life that would do every bit of the timelessly united talking,

If it was your perpetually throbbing heart that clandestinely whispered; then it was my unconquerably undying love that would do every bit of the timelessly coalescing talking,

And if unfortunately; not even the most infinitesimal iota of your mind; body or soul ever whispered; then even without the tiniest of your tangible innuendo; each beat of my heart; blood and breath would still forever and ever and ever bond with every aspect of your philanthropically emollient life; would still forever and ever and ever do every bit of the timelessly inseparable talking.

Nikhil Parekh

Titanic-The Ship Of Immortal Love And Dreams.

It might have sunk like frigid ice to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where unconquerable royalty radiated from even the most infinitesimal element,

It might have sunk like non-existent air to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever consider the Titanic as a ship; where the true flavor of all fraternities of humanity; reigned emotionally charged and supreme at all times,

It might have sunk like a new born infant to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where there perennially wafted an impregnable atmosphere of pricelessly eternal compassion,

It might have sunk like an invisible speck to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the spirit of Omnipotent God was endlessly praised; in its most unassailably bestowing form,

It might have sunk like a deplorably defeated teardrop to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the heavens of the most ultimate fantasy ruled supreme; in even the most blackened corners; tapestries; cisterns and stairs,

It might have sunk like a lifeless solid to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the definition of true sacrifice was immortalized; like never before on this fathomless planet,

It might have sunk like an amorphous ant to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where there flew kisses of all sizes and shapes; in every conceivable direction; poignant and galore,

It might have sunk like besmirched sour cream to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where there was a perfect blend of people of virtually every religion; traveling to the most cherished destination of their life,

It might have sunk like disdainfully shattered glass to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where there the finest wine and cuisine were ecstatically served in one half; whilst the other; perpetually rejoiced and unabashedly danced to the tunes of rum and humanity,

It might have sunk like meaningless vacuum to the rock bottom of the ocean;
but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the longest
insatiable locking of two lips into a kiss; was ever registered on this boundless
enamoring planet,

It might have sunk like impoverished chowder to the rock bottom of the ocean;
but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the most
inimitably cherishable moments of existence; were lived by thousands; within
just two days,

It might have sunk like neglected seaweed to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I
for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the heart of the
infallibly intrepid sea; was inscrutably captured within each pristine wall,

It might have sunk like despicably thwarted ash to the rock bottom of the ocean;
but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where an insuperable
ensemble of artists; exuberantly sang till their very last breath; even as
hell unstoppably rained around,

It might have sunk like despairing oblivion to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I
for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where thousands prayed
for rhapsodic life and happiness; affably holding hand in hand and together,

It might have sunk like a fecklessly butchered whisker to the rock bottom of the
ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the
most unconquerably golden moments of passion; were captured with astounding
propensity upon the fabric of white canvas,

It might have sunk like a lackadaisical feather to the rock bottom of the ocean;
but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where even the most
gigantic structures; ceilings and obdurate iron; perennially floated around as
invincibly aristocratic silk,

It might have sunk like a lifeless corpse to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I
for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the flaming Sun
played hide-n-seek till eternity; as nubile couples mischievously cavorted up and
down the numerous rails and decks,

It might have sunk like a cadaverously hammered bone to the rock bottom of
the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where
there was nothing else to do; but interminably dream; dream and simply and

majestically dream,

It might have sunk like despondently distorted pulp to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where there everlastingly throbbed the heartbeat of immortal love; between "Jack" and "Rose";; irrespective of whether the physical forms stayed or crumbled; irrespective of whether there prevailed life or hopeless death.

Nikhil Parekh

To All Affluent Existing

I drenched myself with golden honey liquid, sped to jungles to feed famished insects

I had crisp currency notes stashed in cloth cellars of trouser, distributed knives with razor blades, to my fellow beings in heart breaking agony.

I slept in luxury on cushioned foam of air cooled palace, opened lock proof doors, inviting masses residing in tumbledown huts.

i wore grey linen suit studded with infinite beads of gold, shed bits of cloth, sprinkled balls of thick silver, as I trespassed through victimized regions of the globe.

I drank mammoth bottles of rich brown rum, supplied a fleet of tankers, with gallons of water, to scorched population, on dry flaming land.

I consumed pungent slices of bacon, tore greedily through chunks of chocolate bread, inaugurated a king sized food plaza, offering plain rice and curry, to those shrunk to mere skeleton skins, all throughout the day.

I roamed round the clock in bullet proof silver sedan, with an army of helicopters hovering above, I reserved glass facaded showrooms full of high powered bike, for bare feet trampling needle shaped weeds emanating from soil.

I attended school offering elite courses in management, reclined on plush chair, while copying notes, built school monasteries to educate the girl child.

I bathed in luke warm water, drizzling from multiple pores of modern shower assembly, supplied electric geysers with aluminum coil, to those freezing in chilly currents of winter wind.

this is my pledge to all affluent existing,
try and emulate, a fraction of my benevolent deeds,
the creator will bless you with more than you could ever foresee.

Nikhil Parekh

To Appease The Almighty Creator

No amount of wealth was enough to appease him; the boundless dungeons impregnated with glittering gold and silver; proved to be wholesomely futile,

No amount of cloth was enough to appease him; the colossal fields of blossoming cotton; the mountain of tenacious jute lying limp in the warehouses; proved to be gruesomely useless,

No amount of literature was enough to appease him; the gargantuan bundles of spell binding history; the innumerable number of scriptures portraying legendary times proved to be of simply no use,

No amount of water was enough to appease him; the supremely colossal assemblage of salty ocean waters; every globule of liquid lying scattered on this earth; proved to be overwhelmingly miserly,

No amount of sand was enough to appease him; the mammoth lands of the desert; the chunks of mud sprawled loosely all around the globe; proved to be infinitesimally incomplete to gain his attention,

No amount of ostentation was enough to appease him; the fathomless battalion of mermaids embellished with exotic flower buds; the fabulous perfume emanating in abundance from their bodies proved to be a profoundly lost chance,

No amount of light was enough to appease him; the tremendously unsurpassable blazing island of Sun; the enormous festoon of artificial silvery rays; proved a power too less to captivate his attention,

No amount of cars were enough to appease him; the entire fleet of swanky automobiles lines royally in front of the palace; every motorized engine loitering on the trajectory of this planet; proved to be more minuscule than the red ant to grab his eyes,

No amount of speech was enough to appease him; the most eloquently woven sentences; the most delectable of voices floating in every cranny of the earth; proved utterly hopeless to drift his intense concentration,

No amount of plants were enough to appease him; the entire outgrowth of the

vivaciously wild jungle; the unprecedentedly huge garden of roses enticing all with their fragrance; proved too wild to waver his Omnipotent nose,

No amount of power was enough to appease him; the Herculean strength in the bulging muscles of the boxer; the astronomical resilience that the entire township put up in coalition; proved more diminutive than the frigid straw in front of his Omniscient aura,

No amount of flattery was enough to appease him; the unsurpassable myriad of amicable phrases; infinite slaves kneeling down on his feet in meek obeisance; proved too insipid to conjure his attention,

No amount of heroism was enough to appease him; the entire galaxy of brilliantly scintillating stars; ostentatiously dressed angels walking animatedly and in voluptuous twists on the ramp; proved to frivolous and morbid to evoke his tingling excitement,

No amount of color was enough to appease him; the stupendously vivid shades of the rainbow; the billions of grandiloquent paintings embossed on the cave walls; proved too bland to match his irrefutably resplendent complexion,

No amount of space was enough to appease him; the vast expanse of azure blue sky; the incomprehensible winds of euphoric atmosphere; proved just a tiny whisker in front of his invincible power,

No amount of victory was enough to appease him; the brutal assassination of millions to become the emperor; winning the mightiest of battle that came in the way; proved too inconspicuous to lure his vision towards you,

No amount of seniority was enough too appease him; the entire ministry spear headed by the esteemed president; the government ruling the entire world; proved too infinitesimal in front of his impregnable power,

No amount of bloodshed was enough to appease him; the innumerable anecdotes of indiscriminate slaughter; the uncouth slaying of innocent heads in the quest of achieving territories beyond the greatest; proved an absolutely horrendous effort to try and make him wink,

And you didn't even have to emulate a sagacious saint or meditate incessantly in order to imprison his attention; Infact all one needed to do was to live harmoniously in synergy with nature; propagate the virtue of immortal love to as far and distant as one could; spread the essence of equality in whomsoever one encountered; and then you would see it for yourself; that what the most biggest of things had failed to have an impact; just a small little word called 'Love', was enough in order to appease the Almighty Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

To Be Hanged Till Death

Knotted chords of jute dangle from ceiling,
with large throat sized loop hole,
engulfed in perennial pitch darkness,
freezing cold bare stone walls,
a battalion of mosquitoes hovering around,
bone skeletons partially stuck to floor,
ghastly designs portraying execution,
clouds of dirt, with a backdrop of blood,
the ambience was complete with long iron lever,
compressible at instants of death command.

the courtroom was packed with audience,
uniformed guards, fool proof security,
black coated lawyers, bespectacled judge,
the murderer was in a sandalwood kiosk,
tears oozing from eyes, lips painted with fresh blood,
a volley of arguments followed pursuit,
law professionals displayed tact and eloquence,
with the killer being invited to dilapidated gallows,
ruthlessly hung, with dark hood covering face,
an aftermath of justice ink printing,
to be hanged till death

Nikhil Parekh

To Forget Her Was Impossible

The Sun may have forgotten to shine at times; leaving the Earth submerged in partial darkness,

The eyes may have forgotten to close; staring unrelentingly in the blazing fires,

The trees may have forgotten to shed their leaves; enticed to sway in the moist breeze,

The birds may have forgotten to chirp; thoroughly engrossed in building their nests,

The clouds may have forgotten to rain; drifting away submissively with the wind,

The lion may have forgotten to roar; lost in the aisles of desire and sleep,

The chameleon may have forgotten to change its color; with its jaws busy in gobbling fat caterpillars,

The diamonds may have forgotten to shine; when they were placed in a disdainful backdrop of coal,

The rose may have forgotten to diffuse scent; trying to breathe for its life amidst a heap of pungent pesticide,

The scorpion may have forgotten to sting; running haywire in a pool of slushy water,

The snow may have forgotten to melt; not wanting to leave the body of the handsome mountain,

The lips may have forgotten to smile; being besieged by day to day professionalism in society,

The ocean may have forgotten to evolve waves; yielding pathetically to the tumultuous storm,

The stars in the cosmos may have forgotten to twinkle; profoundly absorbed in watching the dainty fairies,

The deserts may have forgotten to be hot; relishing the prospects of freaking out
in the rain,

The fingers may have forgotten to write; resting lazily under the silken feathered
pillow,

The dog may have forgotten to bark; petrified for an instant by the demon
standing before him,

The infant may have forgotten to cry; bemused for a moment by the wide
ensemble of electronic toys,

The Creator inadvertently may have forgotten to look at every man; busy
chalking strategies to run the Universe,

But me Forgetting her was Impossible; as she resided in the center of my heart;
and every beat of mine wholesomely depended upon her breath that passionately
flowed.

Nikhil Parekh

To God's Hell - Tribute To America, Part 1

For the sake of all those trapped mercilessly beneath the rubble; fighting helplessly against death,

For the sake of all those wails flooding the atmosphere; the fountain of innocent blood sprayed indiscriminately around,

For the sake of all those struggling for breath; moving their arms and feet despairingly under savage concrete,

For the sake of all those attendants; buried ruthlessly under the weight of their serving trays,

The perpetrators should be penalized to the highest degree; should be sent to God's hell.

{1}

For the sake of all those cars squelched to threadbare metal; infinite shards of acrid glass sprawled satanically around,

For the sake of all those firemen buried alive; while inadvertently trying to extricate the individuals trapped; douse the unrelenting flames and smoke,

For the sake of all those chunks of limp flesh sprinkled horrendously around; the torn remnants of victims peeping out from every corner,

For the sake of all those who were maimed for life; losing their limbs under bulky rods of hot iron,

The perpetrators should be penalized to the highest degree; should be sent to God's hell.

{2}

For the sake of all that darkness that engulfed the streets; in the heart of the brilliant morning,

For the sake of unprecedented terror that had crept in everyone's souls; after the barbaric attacks,

For the sake of all those offices pulverized to inconspicuous dust; which were once the nerve center of the entire world,
For the sake of all those mourning relatives; that wept in uncontrolled hysteria as realization dawned upon,

The perpetrators should be penalized to the highest degree; should be sent to God's hell.

{3}

For the sake of unsurpassable devastation that had crept in all quarters of the planet; after the vicious attack,

For the sake of terrorizing the entire world; by committing irrevocable acts of brutality,

For the sake of all those graveyards; now brimming to capacity with lifeless mortals,

For the sake of countless numbers of wives waiting for their husbands; even when they knew that there were frugal chances of finding them alive,

And over and above all for the sake of all those lives lost; all those infants crawling without support on the ground; all those families rendered missionless after losing inevitable parts of their blood; all those mothers anxiously waiting for their son's to return with tears welling in their eyes,

The perpetrators should be penalized to the highest degree; should be sent to God's hell.

Nikhil Parekh

To Kill

Rays of glorious optimism; to kill the treacherously ghastly darkness of the sullen night,

Avalanches of tantalizing mysticism; to kill dreadful chapters of fetidly rotting monotony,

Dewdrops of philanthropic benevolence; to kill the bloody war of indiscriminate hatred,

Pearls of perpetual wisdom; to kill the famished tyranny of hopelessly debilitating illiteracy,

Cloudbursts of rhapsodic fantasy; to kill the painstaking agony of mutilating boredom,

Fountains of mesmerizing scent; to kill the disdainfully traumatic odor of manipulative prejudice,

Tornados of Herculean strength; to kill devastating laziness; slithering baselessly on chocolate brown wisps of mundane soil,

Fabulously sweet cocoons of honey; to kill ruthless animosity; parasitically sucking
all tribes,

Fireballs of untamed passion; to kill cold blooded frigidity; irrevocably refusing the web of mystique and love,

Mountains of astronomical conviction; to kill disastrous diffidence; deluged perennially in mournful remorse,

Rainshowers of irrefutable truth; to kill satanic chains of hideously ostentatious lies,

Swords of patriotic triumph; to kill traitors beheading their divinely sacrosanct motherland,

Volcano's of unprecedented ecstasy; to kill self inflicted wounds of gory sorrow; tumultuously proliferating after caressing land,

Winds of insurmountable ambition; to kill utterly nonchalant staring into murky space; for centuries immemorial,

Voices of impeccably boisterous activity; to kill everlasting hours of compellingly abominable sleep,
Nostalgic reflections of childhood; to kill inevitably advancing age; and the fear of relinquishing all energy,

Romantic clouds of majestic art; to kill savage corruption and irate blasphemy of the living; in the stringently conventional society,

Perpetually augmenting thunderbolts of love; to kill insidiously capricious and perilous hatred,

And immortal rainbows of Godly life; to kill the heart of cowardly death; even before it could even nimbly arise.

Nikhil Parekh

To Make Her Happy

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was spill some milk on the glistening floor;
wipe my nose on her immaculate apron,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I prepared appetizing lunch
for the afternoon; scrupulously with my own hands.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was rebuke her sardonically for a plethora
of her household chores,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I embellished her hair with
crimson colored rose; gently caressed her soft cheek.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was say that she wasn't looking
extravagant in her new dress,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I swirled her in my arms;
hoisting her high in the sky towards the resplendent stars.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was look pretty nonchalant when she
arrived home back from shopping,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I sprung at her with surprise
gifting her with a shining pearl; which I had evacuated myself from within the
fathomless ocean.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was asking her whether
"titanic" was indeed a ship; after she had narrated the entire story,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I honestly told her that she
was the only girl I had loved in my life; she was my "rose" of my
heart.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was to call her indescribable names,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I assisted her in washing the
tainted utensils; vigorously scrubbing the fetid clothes lying in a bedraggled
heap.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was to babble incoherently every time she
felt sleepy at night,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I massaged her dreary feet;
sung mystical rhymes to put her back into a heavenly slumber.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was refrain to budge an inch from my bed;
with brilliant sunshine circumventing our room,

And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I carried her on my back down the volley of stairs; avoiding to travel by the ostentatious elevator.

In order to annoy her all I had to; was forget our anniversary; the day we actually bound in threads of holy matrimony,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I astounded her by filling the crevice between her hair with my own blood.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was talk about a plethora of girls I had encountered on the street,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I proclaimed loudly to the outside world without the slightest of inhibition; that she was the most beautiful woman existing on this earth; the only girl that I had for many births of mine; imprisoned in my heart.

Nikhil Parekh

To Make My Heart Special

To make my eyes special; I feasted them on the unfathomable repertoire of God's astounding beauty; recounting the same to my blind mates submerged in a blanket of derogatory despair,

To make my hands special; I hoisted innocuous orphans high up in the air; escalating them towards their elstial dreams,

To make my feet special; I marched and ran indefatigable kilometers on the trot; intrepidly fighting for my tyrannized motherland,

To make my lips special; I uninhibitedly unleashed them into a benign smile; imparting perpetual rays of hope to my impoverished mates in inexplicable pain,

To make my destiny special; I wholeheartedly led each instant of my life; relishing every ray of the Golden Sun on my nimble skin; as each minute unveiled,

To make my tongue special; I sang the harmoniously philanthropic hymns of humanity; endeavoring my best to unite all alike; with the irrefutable voice of mankind,

To make my teeth special; I profoundly savored the fruits of mother nature; propagating the essence of blissful non-violence in every quarter of the manipulatively violent planet,

To make my reflection special; I used it to cast spells of rejuvenating exhilaration; upon my dreary compatriots; sinking horrendously towards obdurate soil,

To make my bones special; I indefatigably persevered all night and day to achieve the ultimate mission of my life; uplift treacherously withering humanity; to an exotic paradise,

To make my hair special; I allowed them to drift freely with the gushing breeze; not restraining them to flow into any religion or creed,

To make my mind special; I fantasized intransigently in the aisles of fabulous

desire; formidably augmenting my vision to serve planet earth; as the days unfurled,

To make my blood special; I drained it out entirely from my veins; enlightening the lives of those relinquishing breath rapidly; to blend with diabolical doomsday,

To make my shoulders special; I alighted the revered deities of my divinely parents till times immemorial; transporting them to the most; inconspicuously remote places that they had always wanted,

To make my existence special; I unflinchingly kept performing my flurry of tasks; impregnably entwining my hands with my fellow beings in traumatic distress and agonizing pain,

To make my ears special; I absorbed the unsurpassable melody in the exuberant breeze; taught the demons to relish the benign tunes of Almighty God,

To make my breath special; I planted an insurmountable battalion of trees; bonding each puff of air I exhaled; perennially with impeccable living beings,

To make my conscience special; I adopted the path of everlasting righteousness; irrevocably avoiding the temptations of salaciously lecherous desire,

To make my soul special; I left every element of its goodness to wander far and wide across this globe; illuminating unfound beams of optimism; in all lives shattered and satanically buried under mountains of utter helplessness,

And to make my heart special; I immortally loved the person of my dreams for infinite more births to come; letting the Omnipotent beats of our love; embrace and exist together with over other tangible being.

Nikhil Parekh

To My Mother - Best Wishes On Your Fascinating Birthday.

The lady that personified unassailable grace, treading on the most impeccable marble
of her choice,

The wife who was irrefutably loyal to her husband, in the motley situations that the
exhilarating chapter of life had to offer,

The dutiful patron who embellished various spaces of her aristocratic farmhouse, with the choicest artifacts, figurines, statuettes and shrubs that she found with ease,

The daughter who skipped meals sporadically; earnestly concerned about her mother's health; which was one of her most predominant priority as of now,

The uninhibited shopper who took rhapsodic delight in replenishing the shelves of her household - with the most robustly royal fruits to devour,

The grandmother who absolutely and profoundly doted on her grandchild, fulfilling the tiniest of her demands with toys befitting a grandiose princess,

The astounding philanthropist who would often lend all her meals to brutally famished street dogs and cats - and then cuddle them as if they were an inevitable constituent of her family,

The fantasizer who granted invincibly concrete shapes to her beautiful myriad of thoughts; as she persevered in her natural capacity to salvage her very own inimitable
identity on the trajectory of this planet,

The friend who patiently listened to the unprecedented agonies of her mates - empowered their lives with her intriguing jokes; wit; laughter and congenial charisma,

The aunt who was ready impromptu to shoulder responsibility of the most distant of her relatives; without the slightest trace of prejudice and malice - and as life demanded her to benevolently react,

The mother-in-law who had her share of irate squabbles with her daughter-in-law which was perfectly natural; but yet at the same time made her welcome at home as she'd come far away leaving her own abode,

And most importantly 'my mother' for whom I was the unconquered best in the world - no matter what anyone said- and her belief in my poetry being the quintessential backbone of my impoverished mortal existence,

Here's wishing you a very Happy Birthday on this joyously enthralling day of the 24th
March,2010.

Nikhil Parekh

To Pray To God Was Of Paramount Importance

To write good things was of paramount importance; what you wrote the literature with; what hand you used; was utterly inconsequential,

To admire magnificent beauty was of paramount importance; which eye you admired it with; the aperture you kept while profoundly appreciating it; was utterly inconsequential,

To smell the ravishing rose was of paramount importance; how you sniffed it; which nostril did you use; was utterly inconsequential,

To swim in the voluptuous ocean was of paramount importance; which hand and foot you used to splash about in the poignantly tangy waves; was utterly inconsequential,

To eat appetizing morsels of food was of paramount importance; what side of the mouth did you use to finely pulverize the tantalizing chunks; was utterly inconsequential,

To trample the venomously heinous scorpion was of paramount importance; whether you used your right foot or left foot to indiscriminately squelch the irate monster; was utterly inconsequential,

To sleep blissfully in the star studded night was of paramount importance; whether you slept directly beneath the opalescent moon or whether you slept in your enviously cozy dwelling; was utterly inconsequential,

To reach the pinnacle of the impregnable mountain was of paramount importance; whether you clambered up with boots or conquered it barefoot; was utterly inconsequential,

To make the mercilessly orphaned child laugh was of paramount importance; whether you made him smile by indigenously poking out your tongue or whether you achieved the same by singing ingratiating rhymes; was utterly inconsequential,

To expurgate the disdainfully inflated bowels in the morning was of paramount importance; whether you did that hiding behind the conglomerate of foliated trees

or whether you evacuated the dirt sitting on the plush lavatory seat; was utterly inconsequential,

To remember the person you adored was of paramount importance; whether you did that writing eloquently long letters or whether you managed to accomplish the

same by chanting her name incessantly in your mind; was utterly inconsequential,

To wash your body scrupulously everyday was of paramount importance; whether you did that standing under the contemporary Jacuzzi of the five star hotel;

or whether you scrubbed your skin under the rustic waterfall cascading down the mountain; was utterly inconsequential,

To construct a fortified place to live was of paramount importance; whether you erected the dwelling dressed in immaculate shirt and stringently pressed tie; or whether you slapped granules of raw cement on the wall bare chested; was utterly inconsequential,

To assassinate the hideous man eater shark was of paramount importance; whether you did that by adulterating its mammoth slices of meat; or whether you permeated its satanically thick skin with a battalion of grey bullets; was utterly inconsequential,

To emulate philanthropic ideals of your ancestors was of paramount importance; whether you imbibed them by reading through exorbitantly costly textbooks; or whether you got apprised of the same through experiences in real life; was utterly inconsequential,

To respect your mother was of paramount importance; whether you incessantly knelt down on her feet; or whether you hardly saw her when you were overseas and cherished her in your every prayer; was utterly inconsequential,

To convey the most sagaciously prudent message to the world was of paramount importance; whether you divulged the same screaming hysterically at the top of your voice; or whether you were able to disseminate the same in mollified whispers; was utterly inconsequential,

To drink salubrious water boundless times in a day was of paramount importance; whether you sipped it delectably from the amicable champagne glass; or whether you gulped it ferociously from the lap of the turbulently

gushing country river; was utterly
inconsequential,

And to pray to God was of paramount importance; whether you folded hands and
sought solace; or whether you clasped your palms openly towards the heavens
for

forgiveness; or whether you maneuvered them dexterously across your chest in
the form of a sacrosanct cross; was utterly inconsequential.

Nikhil Parekh

To The Inimitably Godly Beats

My smile could perhaps have stirred you a trifle; drifting you an inconspicuous bit from your woefully tyrannical monotony,
But to her blissfully tinkling laughter; ebulliently danced the entire planet; with unsurpassable fervor; and timelessly outside.

My eyes could perhaps have punctuated you a trifle; casting an impression of transiently augmenting empathy; upon your luridly morass countenance,
But to her innocuously flirtatious winks; wonderfully cavorted the entire planet; with indefatigable mysticism; and tantalizingly outside.

My whispers could perhaps have enthralled you a trifle; ephemerally diverting your preposterously malicious mind towards an ocean of untamed enigma,
But to her mellifluously immaculate tunes; magically swayed the entire planet; with unrelenting euphoria; and vivaciously outside.

My muscles could perhaps have impressed you a trifle; capturing the crux of your imagination with the wand of miraculous machismo,
But to her divinely uninhibited selflessness; bountifully stooped the entire planet; with unparalleled obeisance; and celestially outside.

My eyebrows could perhaps have perpetuated you a trifle; engendering you to momentarily envisage the rhapsodically unknown; with their mischievously resplendent twitching,
But to her fathomlessly poignant expressions; ingratiatingly resonated the entire planet; with perennial brotherhood; and ecstatically outside.

My shadow could perhaps have stupefied you a trifle; serenely placating your barbarously lambasted nerves; with the tonic of fugitive camaraderie,
But to her Omnipotently sacrosanct aura; symbiotically marched the entire planet; with the spirit of humanitarian bonding; and vibrantly outside.

My palms could perhaps have supported you a trifle; amiably sequestering your trembling flesh from the traitors; for just an infidel instant,
But to her invincibly everlasting uninhibitedness; perpetually sang the entire planet; with synergistically unblemished caring; and gloriously outside.

My fantasies could perhaps have enlightened you a trifle; fantastically enriching the fabric of your ignominiously dithering existence; for a few hours every day,
But to her unassailably enamoring genius; relentlessly proliferated the entire

planet; with exuberantly charismatic newness; and Omnipresently outside.

My breath could perhaps have titillated you a trifle; miraculously reinvigorating your vividly deteriorating senses with the elixir of survival; for just an evanescent moment,

But to her insuperable cries of sparkling righteousness; effulgently radiated the entire planet; with undaunted resilience; and resplendently outside.

And my heart could perhaps have loved you a trifle; magnificently alleviating you of your inexplicably cancerous pain; for just an ethereal second every night,

But to the inimitably Godly beats of her newly born freshness; triumphantly throbbed the entire planet; with indomitably insatiable compassion; and

immortally

Outside.

Nikhil Parekh

To The Service Of Mankind

Just moving your lips up and down doesn't make any sense; the real art lies in speaking articulately; profoundly impressing upon your point on your hostile adversary,

Just shaking your fingers aimlessly in the air doesn't make any sense; the real art lies in embossing spell binding pieces of literature; captivating the entire nation with the unprecedented depth in your words,

Just swishing your legs waywardly in the pools of water doesn't make any sense; the real art lies in audaciously marching towards the summit of victory; conquering invincible peaks with the colossal strength they possess,

Just admiring your reflection spuriously in the transparent mirror doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in pleasing as many individuals as you can; mesmerize people around you with your stupendous beauty and seductive charisma,

Just writing books after books sitting in the cloistered interiors of your dwelling doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in propagating your work to as far and distant as you can; sharing the essence of your enchanting fantasy with people who badly needed it,

Just perspiring and appreciating your own golden globules of sweat as they trickled down doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in slogging onerously under the mid-day Sun; to enlighten the faces of infinite children who were starving on the streets without their parents,

Just sketching boundless shapes of abstract imagination on sprawling sheets of scintillating canvas doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in capturing the ultimate beauty lingering the cosmos; the lifestyles of our century old ancestors; with the pungent bristles of the gaudy paint brush,

Just playing incessantly imprisoned within the corridors of the ghastly jail doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in stepping out in brilliant daylight; letting the poignant sunshine filter a mystical path across your dainty eyes; frolicking in glee with the rabbits on the hillside,

Just winking your eye to stimulate your own nerves umpteenth times in a day doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in fomenting kids afflicted with inexplicable disease to have a hearty laugh at your batting eyelid,

Just growing a garden of roses in your dingy little kitchen; obfuscated in entirety from the Sun and the world; doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in planting them at every cranny you tread; to spread their supremely mesmerizing fragrance in every house on this planet,

Just punching the sandbag suspended tamely from the ceiling doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in battling the evil circumventing this earth; sucking blood from innocent individuals like an venomous parasite,

Just fantasizing wildly about beauty all day doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in exploring all tantalizing form created by God on this globe; further assisting his cause in continuing the chapter of existence,

Just sleeping for unsurpassable hours on the princely couch doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in sharing it with those who hadn't a roof to sequester their scalps; ensuring that they eventually got a bit of restful slumber,

Just remembering your childhood brooding over your present in utter regret doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in walking on the sea shores again like a child; let the mighty waves of the ocean caress you; make you feel as if you were just born,

Just letting blood rampantly flow in your veins; swelling in gallons every day as you gobbled food like a glutton; doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in engendering it to flow for the person you revered; disseminating it philanthropically to all those who were wounded; who died every second in absence of it,

Just screaming at the top of your lungs standing tall and domineering at the tip of the perilously deep mountain doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in shouting for deprived women; blatantly reveal the atrocities being committed on them; the way the weaker sex was brutally assaulted,

Just swimming under the stars; splashing water lavishly around before ultimately sipping it doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in sprinkling each droplet you possessed upon the land and people struck by savage drought,

Just throbbing your heart violently in perception of the person you cared doesn't make any sense at all; the real art lies in embracing the same in times of supreme exultation as well as morbid distress,

And just breathing every hour for times immemorial doesn't make any sense; the real art lies in deriving the maximum pleasure out of this life; living every instant for the person you loved; dedicating your life to the service of mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

To Win Her Back

To win her back was as impossible; as thunder clouds in the cosmos not showering unrelenting rain,

To win her back was as impossible; as squeezing back tangy toothpaste back into the tube,

To win her back was as impossible; as scrupulously straightening a dog's incorrigibly curved tail,

To win her back was as impossible; as plummeting face down from the 100th floor; and yet desiring to stay alive,

To win her back was as impossible; as typing alphabets on the swanky computer screen without the intricately chiseled keyboard,

To win her back was as impossible; as escaping the sting of the mosquito incessantly buzzing its cacophony in the ear,

To win her back was as impossible; as trying to tenaciously sneeze without making the tiniest of noise,

To win her back was as impossible; as attempting to walk without using twin pair of feet,

To win her back was as impossible; as trying to cultivate a tree without indispensable water,

To win her back was as impossible; as trying to speed the car at erratic speeds without whisky complexioned gasoline,

To win her back was as impossible; as hunting the untamed panther without a gleaming barrel gun,

To win her back was as impossible; as making tea without actually adding pungent tea leaves,

To win her back was as impossible; as trying not to scream when consuming heaps of green farm chili,

To win her back was as impossible; as constructing the colossal edifice without a concrete foundation,

To win her back was as impossible; as standing naked amidst the frozen snow without shivering,

To win her back was as impossible; as soaring high in the sky without a pair of dexterously handsome wings,

To win her back was as impossible; as retaining consciousness even after being pierced by fangs of the venomous snake,

To win her back was as impossible; as convincing the agnostic to believe in omniscient god,

To win her back was as impossible; as holding ones ground firmly in an island of quick sand,

To win her back was as impossible; as expecting a spider to stay suspended in the air without its silken web,

To win her back was as impossible; as existing in sweltering heat of the desert without a solitary globule of water,

To win her back was as impossible; as having the sun shine inexorably all the time without any mention of night,

To win her back was as impossible; as impregnating life back into the veins of a dead man,

To win her back was as impossible; as trying to survive without inhaling gallons of fresh air,

O! Yes to win her back today was irrevocably impossible; after the dreadful fight we had in the day,

The only way I could still win her back; was wait for the gruesome night to unveil itself into another day,

Fervently hope that the new rising of dawn; made her exhaustively oblivious to the obnoxious events of the previous day.

To Win Her Heart

When I tried to reach her climbing perseveringly on the ladder; poking my head out embarrassingly; after reaching the 9th floor,
She gave me an obnoxious stare; thrust the broomstick on my face; sending me hurtling down on the ground; petrified to the last bone of my spine.

When I tried to reach her in my private helicopter; hovering it at inches from her bedroom window,
She scornfully hurled disdainful pints of vanity powder at me; thoroughly blinding me; the aftermath of which caused me to crash land in the wilderness.

When I tried to reach her masquerading my voice like a female; attempting to fool her on the telephone,
She instantaneously deciphered my tone; barked a volley of malicious expletives at me; before ruthlessly banging down the receiver.

When I tried to reach her in my swanky car; pretentiously blowing its bombastic horn outside her door,
She mercilessly emptied the garbage can on my bonnet; left me in open mouthed consternation; with flies and cockroaches from the sewage crawling all over my body.

When I tried to reach her; sending her flowery letters; embossed with romantic lines which I had copied from the Shakespeare,
She had a hearty laugh after browsing through the same; snapped it into infinite fragments; throwing it into the remotest corner of her dustbin.

When I tried to reach her via the internet; sending her a greeting card; studded with outlines of shimmering silver,
She transferred the same into the trash can simply viewing my name; let alone reading the first alphabet of the electronic message.

When I tried to reach her on a horse; gallivanting effeminately in the vicinity of her residence,
She whispered to her friends to shoo me away; which they executed with supreme efficiency; pelting me with their shoes; and whatever rotten piece of junk that came across their hands.

When I tried to reach her through a diamond set; transferring the same into her jurisdiction along with a scintillating necklace of white pearls,

She envisaged me to be a rich mans son; distributed the beads amongst the beggars howling on the streets; after scrupulously entangling them from the strings.

When I tried to reach her through television; stylishly proclaiming her name; as well as announcing a reward to anyone who would bring her alive to me, She was appalled at my maniacal tendencies; set the police hot on my trail; for pertinently blackmailing her.

While it was only when I reached her empty handed; barged through the door of her house in front of the unconventional society, audaciously blurted out 'I love you; looking deeply into her eyes, That I was able to 'WIN HER HEART' as she now perceived that I really loved her; wanted to imprison her forever in the vice like grip of my romance.

Nikhil Parekh

To Win The Love Of Your Life

In order to win the clouds; you had to become a fathomless foliage of stupendously enchanting green,

In order to win the mouse; you had to become succulent chunks of tantalizing cheese,

In order to win the deserts; you had to become boundless oceans of fabulously sparkling water,

In order to win the giant; you had to become appetizing morsels of heavenly food; compounded with celestially rejuvenating sleep,

In order to win the dog; you had to become the meaty persona of ravishing bone,

In order to win the soaring bird; you had to become the amicably cozy nest; harboring its festoon of scintillating eggs; as well as providing it a dwelling to spend the insurmountably hideous night,

In order to win the dreary eye; you had to become an island of mesmerizing beauty; assume the demeanor of all those it wholesomely revered and cherished,

In order to win the sacrosanct hooded serpent; you had to become a bowl of impeccably shimmering milk,

In order to win the tree; you had to become exuberant draughts of profusely reinvigorating breeze,

In order to win the lips; you had to become a poignantly emphatic and tumultuously alluring smile,

In order to win the night; you had to become an enigmatically lingering whisper; which propelled beads of untamed excitement to creep up on the skin,

In order to win the coffin; you had to become a perpetually still dead body, relinquishing even the most minuscule trace of life,

In order to win the spider; you had to become a grandiloquent web; woven with

threads of exquisitely voluptuous silk,

In order to win the lotus; you had to become the boisterously buzzing bee;
seducing it to the most unprecedented limits; hovering incessantly round its
famished grace,

In order to win the devil; you had to become its ingratiatingly immaculate prey,

In order to win the dictator; you had to become his unfathomably obedient and
timidly humble slave,

In order to win the mind; you had to become its relentlessly augmenting fantasy;
proliferating beyond the boundaries of pragmatic control,

In order to win the lungs; you had to become handsome bucketfuls of
exhilarating air; imparting them the irrefutably formidable tenacity to survive,

In order to win the heart; you had to become its beats; passionately palpitating
each unfurling minute of divinely bestowed life,

But in order to win the love of your life; you simply didn't need to do anything at
all; for if the Almighty Creator had granted it in your destiny; then it would
incarcerate you in its immortal swirl for times immemorial; even if you miserably
failed to hear beyond your own voice; even if you were completely blind in the
most Omnipotent of light.

Nikhil Parekh

Tobby—my Darling Everybody

Was he an angel who'd descended right from the center of the sky; to bless each ingredient of my space with unparalleled happiness—grant me the unfailing tenacity to reach closer to the most impossible of my dreams?

Was he an invincibly pristine cloud—which incessantly showered the golden rain of prosperity upon my bereaved countenance; saw to it that I came out effulgently alive- everytime I entered my corpse entirely dead?

Was he the ultimate prince of my miserably asphyxiated destiny—who metamorphosed every maelstrom of flagrant luck that dared come my way; into a fountain of perennial happiness?

Was he every mischievously uninhibited wrinkle in my otherwise livid kin—which profoundly inspired every tangible and intangible entity that I encountered on the streets—and fomented them to majestically think?

Was he the answer to every flummoxing enigma of my dreaded existence—the most perfect sound of 'yes' which unequivocally dissipated from each of my entangled heartbeat?

Was he the pricelessly ultimate valentine of my life—taking me a fathomless kilometers away from every brutally estranged reality; innocuously dancing with me all the time in God's invincible paradise?

Was he the unsurpassable confidence that empowered even the tiniest of my veins—as the battlefield of life grew more and more cannibalistic and I was subjected to the goriest devils of sadistic blood?

Was he every different word of unbridled innocence that my mouth uttered—solely epitomizing only the essence of truth in a world - otherwise deplorably swamped by a pack of manipulative wolves?

Was he the very best and untainted form of God's creation in my palms—uninhibitedly swaying from one corner to the other—and granting the most meaningful impetus to me in my impoverished life?

Was he the most unprejudiced moisture of my disdainfully shrunken eyes—genuinely leading me to the corridors of eternally magical freedom; reflecting my undying compassion for ever fraternity of living kind?

Was he the innermost voice of my inconspicuously buried soul—which earnestly strived for uniting the farthest ends of this boundless planet; into the insuperably miraculous religion of mankind?

Was he the embers of unflinching passion innately smoldering in my bruised bones—fervently clapping everytime I advanced towards any path of goodness; after crumbling into morbid soil?

Was he the impregnable fortress that fearlessly towered around each trembling part of me - safeguarding even the most infinitesimal aspect of my existence to the hilt — whilst I snored to the tunes of my very own whimsical dreams?

Was he the most faithful friend; philosopher and guide that I harbored—who stuck more unassailably to me than my very own shadow—even as I eccentrically marched the walk of ghastly death?

Was he my ultimate definition of a perfect living being—unfathomably mischievous and adventurous—yet one of the most immaculately princely pearl of God's earthly rhyme?

Was he every heartfelt tear that effusively cascaded down my eyes — as every different human chose to befriend the commercially sleazy devil from the atmosphere — rather than blend with the beats of immortal love divine?

Was he each of my ancestor and sibling at the most crucially critical of my times—lending his poignant ears to even the inconsolable of my cries—when the rest of the 'blood related' word round me had died?

Was he an inimitable magician that suddenly appeared out of nowhere in my beleaguered life—ensuring the most charismatically magnetic smile on my lips till the very end of my time?

Was he each of my heartbeat which never betrayed—considering itself the richest on this earth alive—as it loved and acquired love of one and all on this gigantic planet alike?

Was he my most infallibly perfect impression on mundane soil—as I chose to tread the path never ever taken before—upon which failure was the most certainly biggest writing on the walls?

Ah well, for others he might as well been merely a dog named 'Tobby' who had

taken birth in the same form, at the same instant that he was dead - but for me
he was; is and shall remain as my darling ' Everybody ' till I breathe my very
last and till
beyond a destined more of my nicely varied lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Today- The Most Cursed Day

Ordinarily the soles of my feet didn't bleed an infinitesimal trifle; even as I traversed over a blanket of a billion acrimoniously venomous thorns,
But today; the 3rd of April; they just disdainfully crumbled an infinite feet beneath soil; as the sound of your invincibly triumphant and gloriously impeccable footsteps; had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the hair on my skin didn't relent an inconspicuous iota; even as the most diabolical of dinosaurs and war; indiscriminately paraded around my persona,
But today; the 3rd of April; they just shriveled into pathetic oblivion at the tiniest insinuation of flaccid wind; as your uninhibitedly untamed valley of sensuousness; had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the blood in my veins didn't quaver an evanescent bit; even as the most unsparingly hedonistic apocalypses of the devil perpetuated into my soul,
But today; the 3rd of April; it just metamorphosed into a grotesquely frigid white; as your brilliantly unhindered compassion; had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the hollows of my ears didn't flutter an ethereal inch; even as unbelievably thunderous roars of vindictive lightening; flashed left; right and center from the belly of the murderously ballistic sky,
But today; the 3rd of April; they just miserably withered to each of my commands; as your inimitably divinely and beautifully unparalleled voice; had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the bones of my demeanor didn't rattle an infidel centimeter; even as the coffins of inevitable death scurrilously slandered at me a countless times,
But today; the 3rd of April; they just dissolved into fecklessly meaningless pulp at the sound of my very own voice; as your Omnipotently everlasting tenacity; had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the whites and blacks of my eye didn't wince a mercurial fraction; even as the belligerently intolerable rays of the afternoon Sun unceasingly pierced inside from all quarters,
But today; the 3rd of April; they just wholesomely blinded to the faintest of my reflection; as the miraculously mitigating contours of your face; had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the cadence of my voice didn't tremble a diminutive whisker; even as there was nothing else but iconoclastically satanic vultures plucking mouthfuls of my flesh; with gay abandon all throughout the night,

But today; the 3rd of April; it just transformed into a cadaverously stony silence; as the Omnipresent smile of your magical lips; had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the spirit of my conscience didn't stagger a minuscule hairline; even as the entire planet beside me embraced manipulative prejudice; to catapult to the pinnacle of spuriously lackadaisical success,

But today; the 3rd of April; it just dissipated into a zillion pieces of nothingness even before it could becaressed; as your trail of perennially blessing righteousness had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Ordinarily the beats of my heart didn't betray a parsimonious speck; even as egregiously perverted treachery had become everyone's morning cup of tea,

But today; the 3rd of April; they converted entirely into lifelessly delinquent stone although torrential rainshowers of love pelted all across; as your charismatically immortal shadow had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

And ordinarily the air of my nostrils didn't stutter an abstemious ounce; even as the mortuaries of hell personally descended to incarcerate me into doldrums of inane nothingness,

But today; the 3rd of April; it evaporated a countless kilometers beyond the land of decaying oblivion; although I was impregnated with robust blood; body and bone; as your pristinely unimpeachable and Unconquerably mellifluous spirit; had disappeared forever from the horizons of my veritable sight.

Nikhil Parekh

Today's The Day

Today' the day when I'd felt the most exuberant; galloping unfettered to the ultimate epitomes of success in my diminutively beleaguered life,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most uninhibitedly liberated; floating on the surreally tantalizing belly of cloud nine; for times immemorial,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most impregably sacred; commensurately coalescing each fragment of my visage and soul with the spirit of the Omnipotent divine,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most unceasingly fearless; unflinchingly ready to face the mightiest of vindictively satanic maelstroms bare-chested,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most vivaciously resplendent; unrelentingly dancing in the heavens of eternal seduction; without the tiniest trace of treacherous manipulative malice,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most brilliantly eclectic; when everything that I even nimbly caressed; metamorphosing into triumphantly celestial gold,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most unconquerably towering; inimitably looming above every other organism on the trajectory of this fathomlessly unending Universe,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most magnanimously benign; altruistically donating even the last iota of my opulence to whomsoever who inhabited my doorstep; without the slightest of whine,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most exotically sensuous; with every follicle of my skin bathing in currents of unlimited rhapsody; even as the Sun overhead unsparingly blazed to its unprecedented capacity,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most devoutly resolved; coining a whole new chapter of my impoverished existence; for an infinite more births of mine,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most unequivocally egalitarian; ubiquitously embracing every caste; creed; color and race; for them being a symbiotically quintessential element of living kind,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most tirelessly victorious; even though I'd preposterously staggered in virtually every other aspect of my life,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most magically sensitive; dissipating into a billion bits of untamed beauty; at even the most evanescent trickle of dawn light,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most blessedly harmonious; existing in perfect synergy with my wonderful environment; wholesomely irrespective of my form or finance,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most supremely passionate; igniting unassailably glorious and golden fires even in frigidly blackened streams of stagnating water,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most mellifluously romantic; timelessly humming the tunes of eternally fructifying friendship; even as hedonistically pugnacious battlefields had enshrouded every cranny of mother earth,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most enchantingly placated; as if every speck of my blood and bone could holistically exist without a morsel of food; for centuries unfathomable,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most impeccably pristine; like a new-born child having just evolved out of the womb of my godly mother; and ready to explore the Creator's unhindered Universe afresh; and full of insuperable virility,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most vividly nubile; fervently awaiting like the freshly embellished bride; to be kissed and discovered till even beyond where the horizons stretched,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most optimally useful; expending every iota of energy entrapped in my demeanor to the service of horrendously besmirched humanity,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most jubilantly charismatic; radiating an unshakable magnetic aura; which drew even the most diminutive bit of peerless righteousness towards my swirl,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most marvelously humane; gorgeously collapsing to the desires of my mind; body and soul; into an inexhaustible ocean of unbreakable camaraderie,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most astoundingly procreating; proliferating into an unbelievable shades of panoramically unrestricted mischief; spawning varied civilizations of colorful unity; with my very own blood,

And I still profoundly remember that Today's the day when we'd first met several years ago; Today's the day when each beat of our hearts made and meant for each other had immortally bonded together; Today's the day when we'd stared into each other's eyes as if there was no other earth; paradise and hell that had ever existed; O! Yes; Today's the day when we'd first fallen in perpetual love.

Nikhil Parekh

Tomorrow Never Comes

I will blossom into an island of sparkling newness; diffusing a river of profusely humanitarian empathy,
But only at the crack of marvelously voluptuous dawn; tomorrow.

I will ubiquitously waft a wave of irrefutable righteousness; annihilating every trace of salacious lechery entrapped within my persona,
But only at the first rays of ethereal Sunrise and beauty; tomorrow.

I will diligently assimilate all principles of holistically sagacious life; spawn into an eternal flower of uninhibited mankind,
But only at the primordial unfurling of brilliantly royal morning and cheer;
tomorrow.

I will flamboyantly march towards the most bedazzling targets of tranquility; incinerating the candle of humanity in every household besieged with miserably asphyxiating darkness,
But only at the unraveling of timeless sunshine and rhapsody; tomorrow.

I will exuberantly race towards the ravishingly tantalizing finishing line; wholeheartedly embracing every cloud of philanthropically glittering success,
But only at the unveiling of silken light and heavenly boisterousness; tomorrow.

I will enthusiastically adore every benevolently animate and inanimate entity; with profound empathy in my impeccable soul,
But only at the whispering of scintillating morning and exhilaration; tomorrow.

I will compassionately blaze into a perennial fireball of titillating seduction; magnificently enamoring all nubile maidens of my dreams,
But only at the fulminating of crusading brightness and patriotism; tomorrow.

I will dance with unprecedented euphoria under the blanket of resplendent stars; unequivocally surging forward with my comrades in the voice of unflinching existence,
But only at the commencement of bountifully mystical light and ecstasy;
tomorrow.

I will rhetorically encapsulate all fathomless artistry lingering in the spell binding atmosphere; on the vivacious kaleidoscope of my barren canvas,
But only at the evolution of vibrant illumination and enchantment; tomorrow.

I will celestially uplift all those bereaved and gruesomely orphaned children;
towards the corridors of gloriously unsurpassable happiness,
But only at the approaching of immaculately white light and poignant newness;
tomorrow.

I will wholesomely emancipate from even the most infinitesimal of evil;
shrugging every iota of ludicrously pathetic delinquency from my countenance,
But only at the shimmering of optimistic light and romantic fragrance; tomorrow.

I will ebulliently party with all my mates in inscrutably traumatizing pain and
withering; blissfully maneuvering them towards the footsteps of Omniscient
prosperity,
But only at the very first chirp of the melodious cuckoo and dynamism;
tomorrow.

I will flirtatiously wink behind the gorgeously Sun soaked gorges; innocuously
reminiscing my most revered moments as a child in the sacrosanct lap of my
mother;
But only at the rising of Orange light in the cosmos and torrentially endless life;
tomorrow.

I will profusely write countless lines of aristocratically Oligarchic literature;
entrenching every bit of fabulously serene beauty of this gigantic Universe,
But only at the unfolding of enthralling scintillation and incredulous transpiration;
tomorrow.

I will amicably sequester one and all under my spotless roof; wipe the tears of all
those disastrously maimed and sprouting with spurious richness alike,
But only at the radiating of miraculously Omnipotent morning and dewdrops;
tomorrow.

I will condone all those who I might previously penalized for inadvertent fallacies
of theirs; commence my humble expedition to metamorphose this planet into a
perpetual paradise,
But only at the holy shimmering of dazzling light and golden honey; tomorrow.

I will indefatigably pray with all my heart; soul and conscience; for God to bless
all those mothers having unfortunately lost their children at war,
But only at the nascent unfurling of vividly astounding brightness and melodious
tranquility; tomorrow.

I will unrelentingly dedicate each beat of my passionately palpitating heart; every instant of my beleaguered life to the service of unassailably wonderful and godly mankind,
But only at the ripening of Omnipresently healing Sunrise and limitless enthrallment; tomorrow.

And so poor man; he loitered and worthlessly killed a countless today's waiting for a tomorrow that never came; and would never ever come; as it profoundly abhorred people who wasted their majestically sparkling present; dreaming of an unfathomably uncertain future; which only God had the right to preside and decide.

Nikhil Parekh

Tomorrow- The Most Perpetually True Champion

"Yesterday"; was bizarrely pessimistic; morosely lingering into the treacherously inexplicable past; for no ostensible rhyme or reason,

"Today"; is stringently pragmatic; reminding you of your definitive set of responsibilities; towards your kin and every harmoniously spell-binding echelon of mankind,

"Just now"; is stupendously exhilarating; with the unstoppably inevitable whirlwinds of action; celestially unfurling right in front of your eyes,

But "Tomorrow" is the most perpetually true champion; is the most indomitably optimistic of them all; with invincible horizons of hope; charting undyingly brand new pathways of unfettered success; on every step that you would ever dare to undertake.

1.

"Yesterday"; was threadbarely pessimistic; fretfully reminiscing into the sinfully dolorous past; which was of the most unsurpassably nonsensical value to every living being holistically alive,

"Today" is astutely pragmatic; triggering every tangible and intangible pore of your skin; to tirelessly fight for survival of the robustly fittest,

"Just Now" is innovatively exhilarating; with the panoramically untainted valleys of adventure; profoundly romanticizing with the intrepidly vivacious whites of your eye,

But "Tomorrow" is the most perpetually true champion; is the most brilliantly optimistic of them all; with a whole new uninhibited civilization of ardent hope; knocking victoriously upon every impoverished rib of your chest.

2.

"Yesterday" was deliriously pessimistic; maniacally clinching to the

morbidly incarcerating past; which had already disappeared like the lame dogs tail; into
the sadistically sinful corpses of oblivion,

"Today" is irrefutably pragmatic; perpetuating you to solely walk forward; into the quintessential routines of the world; and as straight as the blazingly fiery rays of the Sun,

"Just Now" is fearlessly exhilarating; wherein even the most magnetic bolts of thunder from the sky; cascaded at your weary feet; before you emanate your very next breath,

But "Tomorrow" is the most perpetually true champion; is the most unassailably optimistic of them all; when every fresh ray of rhapsodically triumphant dawn; reinvigorates life into even the most hopelessly motionless and dead.

3.

"Yesterday" was diabolically pessimistic; forlornly brooding into the past; and letting its lugubrious jinx; insouciantly dull even the most ecstatically jubilant of your nerves,

"Today" is unconquerably pragmatic; confronting even the most ghastliest of situation; with the boundless valor of a poignantly unabashed warrior,

"Just Now" is amazingly exhilarating; when the winds of instantaneous romance and timelessly unbridled fantasy; swept you of your resplendent feet; like a majestically Omnipotent prince,

But "Tomorrow" is the most perpetually true champion; is the most undefeatedly optimistic of them all; wherein your every philanthropically humble desire; has an insuperable chance of metamorphosing into Omnipresent reality.

4.

"Yesterday" was hopelessly pessimistic; wantonly burrowing into the maiming past; and wholesomely allowing the most intolerably hedonistic spasms of negativity; to rule supreme in every pore of your lambasted form,

"Today" is beautifully pragmatic; giving you no option whatsoever of wailing over your battered destiny; as each stroke of oncoming wind; vociferously commands you to symbiotically acclimatize to the current moment,

"Just Now" is compassionately exhilarating; as you immediately witness all the burgeoning virile and truculently bad; unfurling right in front of your eyes; and happening handsomely live on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe,

But "Tomorrow" is the most perpetually true champion; is the most sparkingly optimistic of them all; as the chapters of everlastingly proliferating life royally replace the coffins of inevitably gory and lackadaisical death

Nikhil Parekh

Tomorrow's Of Love

Before we even knew the color of our eyes; the insatiable flurry of dreams vivaciously circulating through their handsome whites,
Our vision had immortally interlocked with each other; as we blossomed into a magnificently ravishing dream which transcended beyond the realms of unsurpassable eternity.

Before we even knew the cadence in our voice; the unfathomable myriad of likes and dislikes that encompassed our visage,
Our sound had immortally interlocked with each other; as we bloomed into an insurmountable fleet of melody; absconding euphorically to the farthest corner of this incredulously gigantic Universe.

Before we even knew the destinies that lay sandwiched beneath our closed fists; the inexplicable anecdotes about to confront us head-on in near future,
Our palms had immortally interlocked with each other; as we unrelentingly escalated as a united wave of triumph and compassion; caressing each other perennially amidst the tantalizing conglomerate of clouds.

Before we even knew the religion we belonged too; wholesomely oblivious to our fathomless repertoire of ancestral heritage,
Our names had immortally interlocked with each other; as we danced under the enchanting moonlight for times immemorial; while the uncouthly conventional society manipulatively sucked each other's blood outside.

Before we even knew the ideas that rhapsodically conquered our brains; the incomprehensible tunnel of directions our minds tirelessly ventured,
Our mission had immortally interlocked with each other; as we unflinchingly surged forward to accomplish each of our philanthropic dreams; metamorphose this planet once again into a blissful paradise.

Before we even knew the contours of our faces; the gargantuan armory of reasons for which they uninhibitedly smiled and smirked,
Our lips had immortally interlocked with each other; tumultuously swirling into the most passionate kiss ever on this planet; triggering thunderbolts of desire in miserably dead roots of soil.

Before we even knew the directions in which we were progressing; the

unsurpassable network of paths on which we liked to explore and tread,
Our footsteps had immortally interlocked with each other; as we gallivanted
exuberantly in an entrenchment of mesmerizing joy; uplifting our orphaned
mates; to help them reach their ultimate smile.

Before we even knew the compassion in the breaths that descended relentlessly
from our nostrils; the seductively enigmatic story hidden in their boundlessly
augmenting aura,
Our lives had immortally interlocked with each other; as we irrefutably pledged
not only to celestially lead this lifetime; but stay forever coalesced like an
organism and its shadow; for countless more births to come.

And before we even knew the beats entrapped and throbbing till eternity in our
 chests; the unending ocean of aspirations fulminating more vivaciously than the
Sun outside,
Our romance had immortally interlocked with each other; as our spirits rose as
one well above the monotonous discrepancies of this barbarically estranged
world; to procreate an infinite more tomorrow's of LOVE, LOVE AND ONLY LOVE.

Nikhil Parekh

Tones

When I spoke to a child; my tone was as innocuous as the nimble and newborn rabbit,

When I spoke to the politician; my tone had profound traces of cunningness; tinges of skillful imagination blended with each word,

When I spoke to the reprimanded burglar; my tone was acrid and harsh; trying to petrify the daylight from his eyes,

When I spoke to the bartender; my tone was voluptuously surreal; demanding him to serve me with delectable pegs of scarlet wine,

When I spoke to the Boss of the Company; my tone was overwhelmingly polite and splendid; flattering him each instant to secure my job,

When I spoke to the taxi driver; my tone was rustic and wandering; instructing him to drift me deep into the hills; poignantly embrace the winds of nature,

When I spoke to the Scientist; my tone had a sea of mysticism and enigma; intriguing him with the dozens of bizarre ideas; circulating rampantly through my mind,

When I spoke to the doctor; my tone radiated with robust and rubicund health; and the air that diffused from my mouth had a piquant odor of raw antiseptic,

When I spoke to the photographer; my tone was enchanting and replete with tumultuous euphoria; enticing him to capture the most mesmerizing of my pose,

When I spoke to the insane terrorists; my tone was barbarically acrid; and I blurted out every possible abuse prevalent on the planet; vehemently condemning them for their scores of misdeeds,

When I spoke to the teacher in the school; my tone was docile and completely submissive; pretending to be a diligent student; when infact I was most mischievous of the entire batch,

When I spoke to those orphaned on the streets; my tone was sympathetic and comforting; earnestly wishing them all the prosperity that ever hung in the air,

When I spoke to the washerman; my tone was as slippery as soap; as I gave him crisp orders to annihilate the last bit of dirt adhering to my shirt,
When I spoke to the man-working deep in the mines; my tone was in the form of a reverberating echo; trying to blast into his ears the same tunes he was used to; all day and night,

When I spoke to the wildly screeching mad man; my tone was sonorous and domineering; trying to pacify all the false apprehensions; taking their toll unnecessarily on his life,

When I spoke to the dog loitering aimlessly on the streets; my tone was a hoarse bark; trying to communicate with him better; in the only language he imbibed and understood,

When I spoke to my beloved; my tone was bubbling with passion and unprecedented exhilaration; as I tried to ignite the flames of my romance; with infinite times the intensity into her persona,

When I spoke to my mother; my tone resembled the boisterous chimpanzee; totally relieved of mundane and worldly tensions,

But when I tried to speak to God; there erupted no tone of mine at all; I stood transfixed and wholesomely mute in front of his divine demeanor; with my head bent in meek obeisance; and my soul drowned in the melody of his omnipotent tone forever.

Nikhil Parekh

Too Romantic Is Too Good

Too sad is too bad; as it wholesomely annihilates traces of exuberant energy from every domain of the body,

Too mysterious is too bad; as it imprisons a boundless myriad of explosive emotions deep within the fast diminishing soul,

Too angry is too bad; as it baselessly assassinates all the prudent sagaciousness lingering in your ingenious mind,

Too shy is too bad; as it indefatigably tries to conceal the truly flamboyant identity of a man,

Too dirty is too bad; as the obnoxiously hovering germs pertinently conflicted with the process of blossoming ebullience,

Too starved is too bad; as the unprecedented pangs of hunger in the stomach decimate all chances of plunging forward euphorically,

Too fast is too bad; as the Almighty Lord's mesmerizing process of evolution remains incomplete,

Too morbid is too bad; as it pulverizes the island of overwhelming bliss into wisps of treacherous nothingness,

Too smart is too bad; as it disdainfully kills the immaculate child perpetually floating in your crystalline eyes,

Too dependant is too bad; as it ruthlessly rips apart your dynamic integrity from its very indomitable roots,

Too hysterical is too bad; as it makes you uncouthly mute to sorrow; during the course of your future life to unveil,

Too negative is too bad; as it pathetically massacres the wave of irrefutable optimism immortally enveloping your righteous conscience,

Too manipulative is too bad; as it drifts you further and further away from the insurmountably sacrosanct lap of your revered mother,

Too nervous is too bad; as it foments you to commit blunders in things; which you could have irrevocably owned above the rest,

Too wealthy is too bad; as it perpetuates you to become savagely oblivious to your intrinsic rudiments of existence,

Too powerful is too bad; as it engenders you to suck the blood of your fellow compatriots; whom God had created you equal with,

Too malicious is too bad; as it relentlessly coaxes you to hate every entity possessing a shade more than you,

Too suspicious is too bad; as it triggers you to relinquish and betray the everlasting love of your life,

Too punctual is too bad; as it diabolically snaps apart the uncanny excitement descending every unfurling instant; as you walked on the streets,

But too romantic is too good; as it makes you feel alive beyond your own self; as it makes you feel alive for the most fulfilling mission for which God sent you upon on planet earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Tools

I had a fantasy to write prolifically; inundate every space of bonded paper with exquisite literature,

The only tools I had were my knotted fingers; a labyrinth of impeccable tunnels in my brain; to pen down the lines; transform my dream into tangible reality.

I had a fantasy to clamber Mount Everest; reach its Herculean summit suspended in thin wisps of clouds,

The only tools I had were my strong legs; an overwhelming tenacity in my mind to set my foot on the coveted peak.

I had a fantasy to swim amidst the swirling waves; relish the pungent spray of the ocean splashing across my cheek,

The only tools I had were my muscular arms; the exhilaration in my body propelling me to surge forward.

I had a fantasy to scratch scintillating crusts of gold; from the mammoth chain of underground rocks,

The only tools I had were my incongruously extruding nails; the pertinence in my persona to keep peeling; till I found that incorrigible glow.

I had a fantasy to drink frosty milk; sip the unadulterated elixir with great relish painstakingly down my throat,

The only tools I had were my articulate fingers to extract the same from mother cow; alongwith a canister to fill the same as it oozed out.

I had a fantasy to smell the stupendously exotic; drown in its fragrance for times immemorial,

The only tools I had were the incredibly red and redolent rose; a pair of supremely sensitive nostrils; drawn inevitably towards the flower.

I had a fantasy to ride on the majestic lion; caress my hands nimbly through the beasts nape,

The only tools I had were a stick impregnated with tanned leather; loads of unprecedented and daunting courage enveloping my demeanor.

I had a fantasy to plummet head on from the aircraft; fly uninhibitedly in the galaxy of resplendent stars; before reaching the earth,

The only tools I had were conventional strings of the parachute strapped to my back; astronomical amounts of resilience in my countenance; to descend like an

angel from the heavens.

I had a fantasy to voraciously read through a library of books; profusely blend with the history of medieval times,
The only tools I had were my insatiable ability to imbibe; crystalline and emphatic eyes bestowed upon me by the Creator.

I had a fantasy to listen to enchanting music; drift myself wholesomely towards the most mesmerizing and melodious tunes,
The only tools I had were insurmountable patience to wait for the nightingale to open its beak; hollow spaces of my eardrum to assist me grasp the rhapsody in the sound.

And I had fantasy to philander in the aisles of ravishing romance; burn passionately in the flames of immortal love and desire,
The only tools I had were my mightily pounding heart; and my impeccable yet enchanting beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Torture

They made me sit on ugly bare current chair,
clasped my hands with rusty iron wire,
strangled my neck with metal plaster,
dragged my feet in boiling effluent,
tore my scalp with steel toothed combs,
pierced my nail in halves with knife,
coated my face with acidic tar,
broke my nose with gruesome fist blows,
stitched my lips with needle and thread,
engraved designs on flesh with rusty pins,
severed bunch of veins with carpenter saw,
divested me of water for long hours,
enclosed my face in jute bags,
containing an army of African wild rat,
whipped me with leather skin dipped in salt curry,
unclothed me in the chilly night,
sprayed obnoxious petrol with large hosepipes,
punctured my features to look like a ghost,
left me hanging in dangling chains,
in dilapidated comforts of crumbling roof,
i then lost faith in the reigning creator,
who put blood in my flesh, pumped oxygen in my chest,
which now converted into complete shambles,
agony groans echoing through walls of confinement,
my eyes finally closed in submission,
ending the ordeal, sealing bleeding pores of my body.

Nikhil Parekh

Torturous Ghost

Neither could I feel the tiniest iota of thirst; Neither could I feel even an inconspicuously ethereal sensation in my lifelessly fetid skin,

Neither could I experience the slightest ounce of pain; Neither could I perceive the most remotest definition of spell-binding fantasy in my dolorously deadened brain,

Neither did I have the most transiently vanishing of desire; Neither did I feel it the slightest that I was indefatigably walking on the trajectory of this earth; greedily relishing the acrimoniously unsavory midnight,

Neither did I possess the most obfuscated of integrity; Neither did I bleed an infinitesimal trifle; even when stabbed with an infinite million knives of the rampaging devil,

Neither could I be seen by living beings celestially breathing alive; Neither could I be sighted by even the most amorphously non-existent of satanically vanquishing entities,

Neither did I exist on holistically succulent food and water; Neither did I consume even an ounce of air for times and centuries immemorial,

Neither could I procreate my own progeny; Neither did I have even the most oblivious trace of sibling; who could address me by my meaningless name,

Neither could I ever try and express myself; Neither did I let even the most cloistered spectrum of expression escape from the heart of this fathomless planet,

Neither did I ever rise even a pathetic centimeter from my grave a boundless feet beneath mud; Neither could the most contemporary super-powers of the world harm even a whisker of my wantonly blundering soul,

Neither did I smile a fraction in the tenure of my life; Neither did an emotional tear ever escape from the whites and blacks of my eye; for a countless more births of mine,

Neither could the greatest of philosophers and saints ever understand me;

Neither did the most invisible of flame rise in the sky even after I was brutally and wholesomely burnt alive,

Neither did I relent the slightest to the most abhorrently demoralizing of abuse; Neither did I possess even the most evanescent shadow of a conscience and the elements of truth,
Neither did I dissipate into a billion pieces when fed into the lethal grinding machine; Neither was I born out of any mother or father on the soil of this unflinchingly adventurous Universe,

Neither did I reminisce upon my past; present and future; Neither did the advancing of age have the most mercurial of impact upon my persona; as I towered taller than the tallest of mountains; even on my 1 millionth birthyear,

Neither did I have even the most ephemeral droplet of blood circulating through my veins; Neither did I have flesh at all; as every ingredient of my body was a ghoulishly assassinated and sacrilegious skull,

Neither was I ever successful in sighting my reflection; Neither could anybody ever get the most fugitive innuendo of my inhabitation; even though I galloped taller than the skies; in brilliantly unfettered daylight,

Neither did I have the most stingily decrepit of virility; Neither did I let even the most disappearing dimension of newness ever proliferate till limitless kilometers around me,

Neither had I the most obsolete cognition of literacy; Neither did I use my feet to move; as I lay suspended like a unabashedly wastrel scarecrow from the hell of sky; painstakingly crawling my way down the ladders of unimaginable devastation,

Neither could I ever glisten in the pink of mesmerizing health; Neither did I give the most inane chance to the chapters of righteousness; to perpetuate into the mortuaries of my unfathomably deathly deliriousness,

Neither did I breathe an infidel trifle till the time earth veritably existed and even beyond; Neither did any heart throb in my chest; as all that my body was composed of; was nothing but the pathetically diabolical gallows of death,

But if there was indeed one thing that I perennially loved to do; that was to scare the guts out of the last bone of your spine in blazing daylight; that was to asphyxiate you to such a death that even death would tremble to define; that

was to render you forever and ever and ever in the coffin of nothingness; that was to make you realize that if you indeed believed in the Omnipotent Lord Almighty; it was simply because of me the torturous ghost who couldn't be defeated by anyone else; but the voice of the Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

Touch

When I dared to touch the fiery and pugnacious ball of Sun; I got instantly electrocuted,
All the animate cells in my body got mercilessly charred; and I was decimated to a residue of finely chiseled black powder.

When I inadvertently touched acid bubbling in the dark crucible; my hands were rendered lifeless by the impact,
Loud screams of anguish echoed from my mouth; water globules rolled down my cheek; as I possessed insipid capacity to bear the pain.

When I touched red chili sprouting from the soil with my hands; there was a disdainful rash that spread on my skin,
Sizzling currents of electricity rain down my spine; succeeded by a feeling of sudden blindness in my eyes; as some of it had managed to enter the same.

When I touched bare wires of light with the rain pelting down; my body shook like a torrential volcano,
The conglomerate of my teeth chattered incessantly; and I fell down on the ground unconscious; inaudibly crying for water.

When I touched frozen ice strewn in abundance on slopes of the colossal mountain range; I felt my blood slightly freeze,
My hands went partially numb with sheer inability to move; and there was no sensation even when I punctured them with hot needles.

When I touched the aromatic elixir of petrol; there arose a deplorable stench in the air,
I was soon battling for life; encompassed in entirety by hostile flames; as someone in vicinity had alighted a matchstick.

When I gently touched the serrated green skin of the alligator; mistaking it for a jeweled fantasy island,
The beast made no mistakes; instead scrupulously dismantled my flesh from bone; before devouring me as a relishing meal.

When I touched wild blades of African grass standing tall at the equator; I felt inevitable sensations of itching besieging my persona,
Blotches of red soon enveloped my innocuous face; small rivulets of blood trickled down; as an aftermath of the raw scratching.

When I touched strongly blended white adhesive paint; presuming it to be frosty milk,
My palms irrevocably stuck to the concoction; and inspite of Herculean effort from my side; I was simply unable to free my grip.

And eventually when I touched her lips; wound my arms around her in an air tight embrace;
All my obstacles seemed to be vanquished; it was as if I was in the middle of a grandiloquent reverie; with the bond of our love growing perpetually stronger; as the minutes unleashed.

Nikhil Parekh

Towards The Hearbeat Of Omnipotent Life.

There were an infinite violently unstoppable winds; which so demonically lead you; forever towards the wind of ghastily stabbing and hedonistically sadistic death,

There were an infinite menacingly stormy seas; which so unsparingly lead you; forever towards the seas of devastatingly asphyxiating and cold-bloodedly butchering death,

There were an infinite despairingly acrid deserts; which so aridly lead you; forever towards the deserts of uncouthly barbarous and horridly irrevocable death,

There were an infinite ghoulishly wailing spirits; which so deplorably lead you; forever towards the spirits of waywardly wastrel and salaciously maiming death,

There were an infinite torridly simmering droughts; which so heartlessly lead you; forever towards the drought of parsimoniously febrile and peevishly disoriented death,

There were an infinite belligerently blood-stained thorns; which so mercilessly lead you; forever towards the thorns of diabolically stinging and indescribably venomous death,

There were an infinite sadistically perverted leeches; which so cannibalistically lead you; forever towards the leeches of unbelievably maniacal and torturously morbid death,

There were an infinite misanthropically surreptitious marshes; which so abjectly lead you; forever towards the marshes of inconsolably fetid and vindictively pugnacious death,

There were an infinite anomalously ballistic shards; which so cruelly lead you; forever towards the shards of disdainfully livid and unceremoniously ominous death,

There were an infinite fecklessly prejudiced battlefields; which so emotionlessly lead you; forever towards the battlefields of sordidly crumbling and disastrously silencing death,

There were an infinite worthlessly obsessive manias; which so wretchedly lead you; forever towards the manias of cadaverously decrepit and dolefully naked death,

There were an infinite lethally gobbling earthquakes; which so satanically lead you; forever towards the earthquakes of hideously cantankerous and brutally squelching death,

There were an infinite criminally salacious screams; which so murderously lead you; forever towards the screams of bizarrely penalizing and treacherously obnoxious death,

There were an infinite gorily demented gutters; which so stealthily lead you; forever towards the gutters of insanely decrepit and indefatigably terrorizing death,

There were an infinite sacrilegiously gleaming knives; which so licentiously lead you; forever towards the knives of perilously strangulating and poisonously atrocious death,

There were an infinite truculently lambasting nights; which so unjustly lead you; forever towards the nights of horrifically blackened and unsurpassably devilish death,

There were an infinite nefariously indigent nooses; which so horribly lead you; forever towards the nooses of perpetually stony and intolerably beheading death,

There were an infinite malevolently diseased curses; which so despondently lead you; forever towards the curses of unfathomably blighted and lecherously evaporating death,

And then there was just a single beat of her immortally throbbing heart; which so miraculously leads you; far away from the most bludgeoning gorges of death; and forever and ever and ever towards the heartbeat of Omnipotent life; even after you'd veritably surrendered your physical form and died.

Nikhil Parekh

Traces Of Adulteration

Floating specks of dirt occupied drinking water,
paltry amounts of venom seemed abundant in gelatin capsule,
the tribal liquor had extracts of sedative nicotine,
sliding door of luxury car contained an impurity of threadbare plastic,
polished chunks of pure marble had reinforcements of loose mud,
rich granules of food grain were blended with sharp glass and stone,
navy blue solution of carbon ink was filled partially with chalk,
glossy sheets of milled paper possessed tinges of raw jute,
100 percent mixture of concrete had mammoth amounts of burnt brick,
gallons of consumable milk was adulterated with tap water,
finely ironed currency note lived in harmony with its fake counterpart,
natural sea water developed traces of oil and thick grease,
round biscuits of gold reflected sparse territories of faded bronze,
meticulously printed ancient literature was remixed to music album,
fertile clay mud resembled a vast assemblage of strewn insecticide,
winter caves with drooping icicles were displayed in exhibitions,
plastic exteriors of the monsoon raincoat had invisible patches of colored cloth,
a cluster of hybrid mango tasted like acid when dissolved in salivary bud,
there was inflation prevalent in all quarters of global society,
the only thing it was unable to imprison,
was the heart pumping at full speeds, nestling in chamber rooms of true
conscience.

Nikhil Parekh

Tragedy On Four Wheels

the pungent alacrity of the air strikes me,
creating quadruples of animated breath, as i pass,

luminated signboards, suspended cables,
well lit edifices, lush green shrubs,
tainted scraps of loiter, concrete skyscrapers,
flashing signals, incoherent busstops,
sacrosanct church spires, towering clocks,
gaudy exhibitions, heavy bolt prisons,
suburban railways, thick glass aquariums,
bustling airports, chagrinned cinema halls,
glittering coffee shops, nonchalant mad houses,
exquisite monuments, sporadic manufacture of milk,
disheveled beggars, unsuspecting black hoods of crime,
plethora of beaches, desolate rumbles of junk,
mammoth emergency wards, indiscreet abattoirs of sheep,
looming textile mills, stagnant pools of fetid water,
haunted carousels, brown tarts of crisp toffee,
undulating landscape, chiselled toy shops of soft plastic,
escalating perfumed fountains, low altitude tin roofs,
black wisps of hovering clouds, crimson crested pigeon flesh,
unrelenting spikes of steel wire, landlords blessed with cupidity,
infrared power stations, chunks of gaseous evading moonlight,
salubrious machinery in gymnasiums, corrugated assemblage of pine trees,
i finally switch my way homewards,
the four wheeled metallic monster probes forward,
cutting clockwise currents of dust,
the vulcanized rubber comes to an abrupt halt,
shards of glass lay all over,
metal to metal clashes hard,
creating a screeching eerie sound,
my head submerged in pools of thick grease,
sticky and red in color,
as i breathe my last breath, utter my last syllable.

Nikhil Parekh

Trampled By Her Love

When I was trampled by an devilish horde of menacing crocodiles; invidiously clambering upon my nimble body from all sides,
All that was left of me after a while; was orphaned bits of gruesomely pulverized chowder and stray bone; with the contours of body now unfathomably beyond the
corridors of sane recognition.

When I was trampled by a savage pack of hideous eyed vultures; cold-bloodedly pecking at my poignantly intricate flesh,
All that was left of me after a while; was a mercilessly mangled mass of veins; and an endless river of gory blood pouring from all sides.

When I was trampled by an irascible fleet of satanic ants; salaciously crawling upon even the most infinitesimally naked arena of my sensitive skin,
All that was left of me after a while; was a grotesquely irate blanket of agonizing redness; an overpowering sensation to itch till centuries immemorial; even after I died.

When I was trampled by a traumatic battalion of gargantuan dinosaurs; gnawing at my trembling visage like a cherry on the minuscule pie,
All that was left of me after a while; was a whirlpool of inconspicuously threadbare sawdust; being whistled beyond the dungeons of absolution; at the slightest puff of somebody's breath.

When I was trampled by a limitless well of acrid scorpions; truculently jabbing their tail into my petite demeanor; left; right and complete center,
All that was left of me after a while; was a severely asphyxiated and butchered carcass; ghoulishly scaring every sagacious organism in near vicinity.

When I was trampled by an insurmountable mountain of swords; barbarically excoriating the fabric of my holistic existence; like the treacherous demon marauding in overwhelmingly gay abandon,
All that was left of me after a while; was a gory chunks of distorted flesh; the sockets of my eye ludicrously bouncing to blend with the island of derogatorily dilapidated hell.

When I was trampled by the licentiously sleazy corpse of manipulation; with the noose of disgusting lies strangulating me more vindictively as each instant unveiled into an entire minute,

All that was left of me after a while; was a remorsefully fretting ghost without even the most inconspicuous of stature; miserably slithering towards the mists of oblivious nothingness.

When I was trampled by an invidious graveyard of perniciously sinister spirits; with the ghosts of unfinished desire crippling me on every step that I intrepidly transgressed,

All that was left of me after a while; was an uncontrollably trembling shadow; that was indescribably ostracized and spat upon by macabre monsters wandering at will.

But when I was trampled by her immortally aristocratic grace; the fragrance of her spell binding righteousness infiltrating every famished pore of my devastatingly dithering body,

All that was left after a while; was an Omnipotently blazing Sun of eternal truth that not only overpowered all of the above; but instilled in me the unflinching tenacity to be reborn for a countless more lifetimes; as her celestial love had perpetually bonded with mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Tranquil Green Pastures

Tender green tufts of emerald green sponge,
riveted firmly to fertile landscapes of earth,
dancing to sedate tunes of swashbuckling breeze,
growing at rapid paces in a blend of manure and fresh water,
feasting on nutritious rays of unadulterated sunlight,
greedily devouring tap water sprinkled at spaced intervals of time,
glowing sedately in artificial lights of sodium bulb,
submerged in ponds of placid moonshine,
a bountiful warehouse of red ant and earth worm,
the green grass meadows were a breathtaking sight,
oblivious to the vagaries of jet paced life.

Cows grazed quietly trampling the grass cushions,
Long beaked cranes nibbled at pieces of left over corn,
Wild pigs gulped loads of untreated sewage,
Petite fleshy ducks floated in tank water,
Thoroughbred horses galloped in enclosures of wire mesh,
Athletic rabbits leaped with long strides of feet,
Wide winged eagles glided harmlessly through the sky,
It all seemed set for yet another day fading,
When finally the amber ball of sun hid behind the mountain,
Encompassing the tranquil green pastures with,
Tarpaulin covers of pitch dark night.

Nikhil Parekh

Transform Me Into A Child

When I was with them; I felt as if all my tensions had waded forever into thin wisps of oblivion; profoundly enthused by their smiles,

When I was with them; I felt the most strongest entity alive; ready to plunge on into the valley of brazing adventure; with both my eyes tightly closed,

When I was with them; I felt all my unfinished longings come to a celestial rest; cuddling their marvelously innocent chin,

When I was with them; I felt as if all crime on earth had ceased; profusely blending with the Omnipotent light in their eyes,

When I was with them; I felt that there were angels wandering on every quarter of the planet; fervently captivated by the captivating enigma in their persona,

When I was with them; I felt enveloped by boundlessly enthralling colors of harmony; incredulously spell bound by the immaculate melody that drifted spontaneously from their mouths,

When I was with them; I felt as if I had washed all my sins of past life; ecstatically hoisting their eternal visages upon my shoulders,

When I was with them; I felt adorned in an ocean of mesmerizing silk; watching them rhapsodically roll and frolic in the shimmering sands,

When I was with them; I felt floating in a land of surreal enchantment; as they astoundingly rejoiced in an entrenchment of their own; far away from the world of manipulative lechery and sin,

When I was with them; I felt reborn every unfurling minute; as they blossomed into relentlessly tireless energy; exuberantly cascading into a stream of perpetual happiness,

When I was with them; I felt as if God was with me on every step I tread; insatiably lost in their rampantly innocent freedom; diffusing into a cloud of unparalleled entertainment,

When I was with them; I felt inundated with unprecedented joy; transiting back into realms of fantastically charming childhood; as they stirred the inner most

chords of my heart; with the majestic harmony in their voice,

When I was with them; I felt discovering an incomprehensible battalion of excitement every instant; witnessing the everlasting newness in their souls,

When I was with them; I felt as if I belonged to the most complete family on this planet; no longer feeling that I was an impoverished again,

When I was with them; I felt all my disastrously frazzled senses replenish with the ultimate gifts of life; as they immortalized the spirit of existence with the enchantment of their hearts,

When I was with them; I felt as secure as I used too in my perished mothers lap; as they uninhibitedly embraced me; without their blood being exactly the same as mine,

When I was with them; I felt the gorgeous skies shower upon countless blessings upon mankind; as they disseminated the perennial message of Omnipresent love and peace to the most obsolete corner of this Universe,

When I was with them; I felt the most irrefutably richest man alive without a penny in my ragamuffin pockets; as I held their spotlessly truthful bodies close to mine,

For these children were the best thing that could have happened to the core of vindictively fighting earth; as I ardently prayed to Almighty Lord; to once again transform me into a child.

Nikhil Parekh

Transitions

Dusty demeanor of the stone transited to sparkling grey,
as big crystal drops of rain fell in frenzy from the sky,
diffusing into multiple bubbles of clear froth,
evacuating streaks of dirt from morbid exteriors,
abandoning it with glowing tinges of torrential rain.

dilapidated walls of the tumble down hut transited to fortified enclosures,
as whirlwinds of silver sands struck them with brutal force,
steel grey waves of the sea deposited gallons of water,
and coconut trees shed their leafy clothes in plenty,
enveloping bare shivering walls of the coastal mansion,
with loads of compassion and benevolent warmth.

pitchers full of frosty milk transited to solid jelly,
when injected with volatile currents of frozen air,
placed on bulky slices of transparent ice,
exposed to bitter cold conditions of alps laden with snow,
the luke warm cow milk found no remorse,
yielding to vagaries of weather, magical prowess of frozen water.

hearts in tumultuous agony transited to fainter shades of sorrow,
as a person sobbed hysterically losing refined degrees of control,
saline tears rolling down his victimized cheek,
filtering colossal burdens from spaceships of mind,
releasing a flurry of emotions cascading down as salt water,
revitalizing him of the overwhelming distress and the mountain of misdeeds,
he lay listlessly sunk deep beneath.

Nikhil Parekh

Translucent Sheath Of Luxury

The emerald green cinnamon leaf,
An undulating surface of midget proportions,
Engraved with somber white veins,
A camouflage of edibility,
Wild with rudimentary scent of nature,
Vivaciously luring tiny apertures of consumption,
Into a chewable fiesta; of spicy blended ingredients,
Prompting unanimous chorus of satisfaction,
As globules of water roll down from my crystalline eyes,
Witnessing nature's brevity at close quarters,
Tuning my mental machinery; effusive arenas of my demeanor,
To harness the gift of clay and kin.

Nikhil Parekh

Treating Each Day As A Sunday

God created all seven days of the week alike; to bask in the glory of Nature's bountiful endowment and enjoy,

It was man who embraced a festoon of spurious idiosyncrasies; frolicking in the aisles of divinely heaven only on a Sunday; while he perspired worse than a dog; on all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to poignantly blend with the mesmerizing beauty of this colossal Universe,

It was man who murdered himself with his own framework of rules; celebrating only on a Sunday; while he tossed and squirmed like an insipid worm; all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to majestically fulfill your duties; let the enchanting stream of shimmering moonlight; pacify you beyond eternal times,

It was man who disdainfully messed up life with manipulative business; ruling like an unconquerable king on a Sunday; while he literally licked the dust of the roads; on all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to philanthropically march ahead with all living kind; soar through the crimson clouds with a desire to be triumphant glittering in your eyes,

It was man who coined tyrannical definitions of his own; rejoiced and hugged his family only on a Sunday; while critically lambasting them with his frustration; on all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to dance in the aisles of uninhibited freedom; benevolently assist your ailing mates in inexplicable pain,

It was man who acted more insanely than the devastatingly insane; adventuring through the hills only on a Sunday; while he compellingly measured each of his nonchalant footsteps; on all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to test your true mettle on this planet; celestially sleep in synergy with the unveiling of the gloriously star studded night,

It was man who profoundly consulted the heinous devil; tossing his children only on a Sunday; while kicking them in the uncouth world outside to earn their own bread; on all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to rhapsodically inhale the scent of roses; romance and disseminate the gift of love; as each night descended by,
It was man who savagely chopped his own feet with his axe; feeling the richest man alive only on a Sunday; while he spat irrevocably on his own treasury of brilliant fortune; on all other days.

God created all seven days of the week alike; to explore and unite with all the exotically wonderful organisms wandering on mother earth,
It was man who wanted to consume knives instead of supper; wholeheartedly unleashing his heart out only on a Sunday; while he jailed himself and his comrades
together in a jail of claustrophobic despair; on all other days.

And if you couldn't listen to God; I know for sure you would never listen to me; even if I quit life to tell you; to live life like a king; each day of the week,
Don't worry I have better alternatives still; you remain blessed writhing like a commercial commodity all your lives; while I was definitely the wealthiest man alive; treating each day as a Sunday.

Nikhil Parekh

Tributaries Of Love

The tributaries of horrendous starvation; culminate into despairing sadness,

The tributaries of heinous malice; culminate into perpetual hatred,

The tributaries of irrefutable muteness; culminate into baseless introspection,

The tributaries of nonchalant perceptions; culminate into an island of mocking nothingness,

The tributaries of manipulatively salacious lechery; culminate into a tunnel of ghastly darkness,

The tributaries of mesmerizing fragrance; culminate into a paradise of enchanting beauty,

The tributaries of abhorrent stench; culminate into ignominiously rotting dungeons of solitude,

The tributaries of insatiable desire; culminate into a fountain of rejuvenating ecstasy,

The tributaries of intransigent conviction; culminate into the invincible summit of sweet success,

The tributaries of unrelenting fantasy; culminate into a trail of overwhelmingly ravishing seduction,

The tributaries of blissful satisfaction; culminate into fireballs of immutably exultating victory,

The tributaries of passionate art; culminate into a valley of unparalleled grandeur and stupendous enthrallment,

The tributaries of malicious discrimination; culminate into incomprehensibly deplorable corridors of satanic hell,

The tributaries of immortal unity; culminate into an impregnable fortress towering infinite kilometers above the cotton clouds,

The tributaries of retreating cowardice; culminate into the dormitories of perilously gleaming corpse; even since the first cry of fresh life,

The tributaries of blatant illiteracy; culminate into distortedly dilapidated shells of maimed existence,

The tributaries of treacherous slavery; culminate into a diabolical curse lingering for unsurpassable more births to yet unveil,

The tributaries of impeccable innocence; culminate into the ultimate heaven on the trajectory of pragmatically functioning planet,

And the tributaries of perpetual love; culminate into an everlasting relationship; to which even the greatest of Gods in the sky; bowed down too and forever blessed.

Nikhil Parekh

Triumphant Tumbler

truly adored its innocuous silhouette as it beautifully floated in near vicinity in the majestically cemented tub; without the tiniest of apprehension or disdainful malice,

was fantastically touched by its magnanimous and efficacious cost free service; as it befriended people of all religion; caste; creed; tribe with altruistically unparalleled aplomb,

admired its inimitably uncelebrated identity amidst a plethora of myriad contraptions; gaudy towel; aristocratically embroidered cloth; ravishing shampoo; fanciful broom; opulent jewelry strewn haphazardly around - as it overtook them in terms of its quintessential and astounding utility,

praised its rustically simpleton yet unbelievably tenacious demeanor; as it fearlessly served its master to cleanse the most sordidly fetid pores of his body - irrespective of the abominably dirty gutter pipe that deposited its decayed garbage just alongside,

tried my earnest best to grandiloquently beautify its ingredients of simplicity and impeccable charisma via poetry; so that it relished its handsomely cherished position at the world centerstage and adulatory celebrityhood,

veritably enamored; when the ecstatically versatile artist filled it with gargantuan proportions of paint and triumphant color - and then dipped paintbrush into its wonderfully replenishing interiors - to glorify the barrenness of the canvas with the colors of unfettered optimism,

honored - as its mere presence was a compassionately comforting factor amidst the bizarre solitariness of the forlorn walls; with not a person around in vicinity as the night exuberantly galloped towards early dawn,

saluted its altruistically victorious streak - wherein it so gorgeously nourished the recipient using it; and irrefutably ensured a profoundly fresh start to withstand the devastatingly torrid rat race for survival,

joyfully caressed its fabulously roughened exteriors which delectably lead the way to a protuberant handle - that I took the liberty of efficaciously placing upon the artistically extruding nail from the door,

positively deliberated upon its superbly reinvigorating benefits; silencing critics who wanted it dismissed from the abode instantaneously; on the spurious pretext of it dirtying the otherwise lavishly contemporary and royal ambiance,

unabashedly attracted towards its immaculately white and pearly complexion; which triggered me to rush from my seat and uninhibitedly embrace its philanthropic form; accept it in the wonderful fabric of camaraderie; as my friend,

used it as a robustly firm support to stand up to my full and humble height; after I had collapsed in a dismally disheveled heap; accidentally treading upon the stealthily orphaned banana skin strewn on the floor,

acquired it from the pallidly stagnating marketshelf and then pampered and scrubbed it with sensuously soft sponge; before it pompously adorned the tantalizingly dainty ledge beside the lavatory seat,

put my fists deep into its unpretentiously cozy recesses amidst the frozen chill that had descended around; impromptu - that gave me solace and meaningful substance to fantasize; dance; gallop and philosophize for goodness,

informally stored paraphernalia of various sizes and proportions in its robustly glorious hollowness; where they were safe and handsomely protected from the acrimoniously venomous pollution that vehicles were responsible for; outside,

consumed my juice; milk; lunch and dinner in it - when pugnaciously terrorizing war lambasted the fabric of truthfully inspired existence and the savage missiles fired didn't provide an opportunity for mesmerizing family meal,

savored its incredulous use - when the man on the street spontaneously penned his myriad of righteous thoughts upon its jaggedly princely periphery; in absence of that sheet of paper that was obviously thrown into wilderness,

but I fell in love with the Tumbler when I dipped into the pail - filled it with water and then let the jubilantly exhilarating and mortal elixir cascade down my impoverished and unkempt form - making me wholesomely oblivious to the delinquently stabbing loneliness; around.

Nikhil Parekh

Triumphantly Godly Lap

I might have skittishly tossed and turned an unfathomable number of times in my impoverished life; fantastically replenishing every pore of my skin with the most majestically ingratiating of silk,
But it was only in the Omnisciently sacrosanct lap of my mother; that I blissfully closed my eyes to even the most remotest trace of obnoxious alien light; transited into eternally royal sleep.

I might have restlessly fidgeted and simmered an incomprehensible number of times in my destitute life; gloriously finding my way beneath a mountain of rhapsodic raspberry,
But it was only in the perpetually invincible lap of my mother; that I became oblivious to all unbearably manipulative drudgery of this satanic world; found the most blessedly heavenly of sleep.

I might have uncannily groped and wandered an endless number of times in my diminutive life; engulfing my nimble persona with the most euphorically vibrant of melody,
But it was only in the aristocratically scintillating lap of my mother; that I irrevocably shut my eardrums to all abhorrently pugnacious hostility around me; fed my soul with the bountifully benign mantra of celestial sleep.

I might have irascibly choked and meandered a countless number of times in my feckless life; entrenching my intricate countenance with the finest of spell binding artistry,
But it was only in the effulgently priceless lap of my mother; that I huddled like an unconquerably handsome prince; slept like an angel having descended from crimson sky; for times immemorial.

I might have preposterously stumbled and trembled an insurmountable number of times in my spurious life; overwhelming every rickety bone of my body with untamed exuberance,
But it was only in the resplendently Omnipotent lap of my mother; that I wholesomely shrugged even the most ethereal insinuation of disdainful uncertainty;
embraced the cisterns of divine sleep for centuries unprecedented.

I might have inexorably wavered and quavered an indefatigable number of times in my minuscule life; feasting even the most inconspicuous bit of my flesh in the

aisles of gorgeously unprecedented luxury,
But it was only in the indomitably pristine lap of my mother; that I uninhibitedly rejoiced far away from the salacious vagaries of this estranged planet; celestially surrendered all my dreariness to mellifluously enchanting sleep.

I might have perniciously sighed and grunted a limitless number of times in my insipid life; submerging all my sinister lacklusterness in the most poignantly undulating sea,
But it was only in the vividly fascinating lap of my mother; that I felt all priceless compassion on this Universe become my unassailable reflection; and my eyes forever rolled in the cradle of unhindered sleep.

I might have miserably simpered and sulked an inconceivable number of times in my mercurial life; inundating my truculently emaciated nostrils with the most divinely rose scent,
But it was only in the sacredly Omnipresent lap of my mother; that I felt reprieve from all traumatized pain and agony; catapulted towards the skies of unendingly gratifying sleep.

And I might have relentlessly floundered and squatted an unimaginable number of times in my fugitive life; exquisitely designing the most luxurious hammock in the world to placate my baseless nervousness,
But it was only in the triumphantly godly lap of my mother; that I became a refreshingly discovering child once again; snuggling close to her inimitably mesmerizing redolence and timelessly slept

Nikhil Parekh

True And Immortal Lover.

You entered my disastrously impoverished veins; which were staggering on the brink of lame extinction; like the poignantly priceless and ultimate bloodstream; of my solitary existence,

You entered my gruesomely empty palms; which were quavering towards the realms of horrendous oblivion; like the invincibly unflinching and ultimate destiny; of my bedraggled existence,

You entered my haplessly diminishing eyes; which were painstakingly wailing towards the midnight of irrevocable blackness; like the victoriously undefeated and ultimate vision; of my floundering existence,

You entered my devastatingly collapsing shoulders; which were prejudiced by the castrated onslaught of the manipulative society; like the compassionately unshakable and ultimate fortitude; of my deteriorating existence,

You entered my pathetically distorted fingers; which were maimed by brutal plagiarism all around; like the triumphantly insuperable and ultimate artistry; of my invisible existence,

You entered my ghoulishly parched throat; which was dismally stuttering like a hoarsely dying frog; like the unconquerably blissful and ultimate voice; of my dwindling existence,

You entered my deliriously estranged brain; which was ruthlessly imprisoned by nothing else but a corpse of livid meaninglessness; like the beautifully silken and ultimate fantasy; of my preposterous existence,

You entered my inexplicably thwarted ears; which were fecklessly bombarded by solely the sounds of hopelessness; like the infallibly symbiotic and ultimate sounds; of my truncated existence,

You entered my drearily beleaguered feet; which were aimlessly squandering towards the mortuaries of asphyxiating hell; like the unassailably philanthropic and ultimate mission; of my evaporating existence,

You entered my penuriously trembling chest; which was barbarously orphaned by every speck of this commercially treacherous planet; like the inimitably bountiful and ultimate savior; of my incarcerated existence,

You entered my lackadaisically amorphous lips; which were divested of the tiniest affinity since decades immemorial; like the miraculously ameliorating and ultimate smile; of my waywardly existence,

You entered my severely lambasted cheeks; which were bludgeoned left; right and unsparing center by the infinite kicks of mundane society; like the wondrously enamoring and ultimate blush; of my victimized existence,

You entered my agonizingly holocaustic soul; which was cancerously enslaved by the non-existent spirit of the rampaging devil; like the ubiquitously bounteous and ultimate divinity; of my disappearing existence,

You entered my inexplicably emaciated skin; which was horrendously frozen to the last bone of the ludicrous spine; like the magically proliferating and ultimate virility; of my condensed existence,

You entered my lugubriously flailing chin; which was wantonly leaning in front of the coffins of utterly penalizing despondency; like the unshakably brilliant and ultimate hope; of my indecipherable existence,

You entered my nervously fluttering shadow; which was the most glaring exemplification of failure on this fathomless Universe; like the brilliantly unfettered and ultimate Sun; of my ragamuffin existence,

You entered my uncannily slavering tongue; which was being rapaciously coerced to slaver for all that is sinful on this parasitic globe; like the undauntedly celestial and ultimate conviction; of my minuscule existence,

You entered my maniacally gasping nostril; which inhaled nothing else but unbearably despicable corruption on this cold-blooded earth; like the perennially blossoming and ultimate freshness; of my gaunt existence,

You entered my traumatically directionless heart; which had become wholesomely oblivious to the palpitation of unceasing desire; like the resplendently Omnipotent and ultimate friendship; of my thinning existence,

And after entering each conceivable pore and cranny of my existence; made me yours and only yours forever; true and Immortal Lover.

Nikhil Parekh

True History Shall Forever Be Created

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even in the midst of the most ferociously untamed battlefield; where a zillion unflinchingly brave soldiers; were ready to shed their lives anytime for their motherland,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even in the midst of the tumultuously rattling earthquakes; which wholesomely changed the topography of this earth; with mountains and ferocious seas suddenly arising out of sheer nothingness,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even in the midst of the most revolutionary charged elections; which promised to dramatize the abysmally dwindling political scenario,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even at the ultimate summit of Mount Everest; with living bodies entirely naked; infallibly greeting the very first rays of royal dawn,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as your past; present and future were foretold; as accurately as the god's had written it; by someone whom you were meeting for the first time in your impoverished life,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as paradise engulfed every cranny of this devastated earth today; with even the most infinitesimal monument of misery transforming itself into a sky of eternal happiness,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even in the midst of romantically stormy sea; wherein each wave carried the innermost fantasy of your soul; to perennially unite with the seductively enamoring moonlight,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as it torrentially rained for endless number of nights and days; when there was just nothing else but water; to eat; breathe; sleep and exist for every organism alive,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as unparalleled gigantic Dinosaurs ruled this earth; irrefutably perpetuating their supremacy to every perceivable cranny on the globe; nonchalantly pulverizing whosoever who dared came their way; to insipid fragments of ash,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as man reached every existing planet in the cosmos; making full and judicious use of technology; and thereby spuriously

feeling as if he were just next to God,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as spiritual leaders unstopably recited the sacrosanct religious books of every religion on earth; sermonizing the verses of God to fathomless living and dead on the planet,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as every single tree on this earth was ruthlessly felled by bawdily corrupt man; to erect unceasing jungles of corporate concrete upon the foundations of innocent natural life,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even in the midst of the most apocalyptic volcanoes; when countless territories of land and innocent man; evaporated into ludicrous oblivion; under the fury of vindictively unabashed lava,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as devilishly nomadic man; beheaded innumerable live children; sacrilegiously placing their impeccable scalps in front of the deity; in order to immortalize himself with the fabric of life,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as every mirror on the trajectory of this Universe shattered into a billion pieces; as soon as you held it in front of your face; lividly demonstrating yourself to be the most venerated superpower on planet divine,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as man sadistically sold even the carcasses of his century old and dead ancestors; digging their tombs to feed their bones and skull to the monstrosly growling; witches and pigs,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as countless women unthinkably plunged themselves into burning pyres soon after their husbands; embracing voluntarily barbarous death in honor of their soul mates who were no longer alive,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as human being articulately maneuvered the nexus of almost everything in this commercial planet; on a singleton minuscule computer microchip,

Sadly, whereas it miserably failed to create the slightest in any of the above. True History was; is and shall forever be created everytime you gave the tiniest beat of your heart to others; everytime you melanged with the humanitarian spirit to survive; everytime you tried to altruistically unite the entire planet into the religion of oneness; everytime you fell in love.

Nikhil Parekh

True Love

It was sweeter than the supremely sweet chocolate candy,
It was more pungent than fresh slices of green chili,
It was shriller than the mesmerizing chirping of jungle nightingale,
It was more captivating than a thoroughly animated game of cricket,
It was darker than the most opalescent of pastel color,
Its sting was infinite times more than austere venomous beetle,
It was more obdurate than the strongest piece of rotund stone,
It was denser than the bountiful bunch of hair riveted to scalp,
It was more transparent than the most scintillating of pellucid glass,
It was thornier than the bushiest of desert cactus,
It was more sparkling than the most polished of marble floor,
It was cooler; than the most efficacious of air-conditioner,
It was saltier than the saline waves radiating from the persona of colossal ocean,

It was crisper than the most poignant of edible biscuit,
It was brighter than the golden rays of the brilliantly dazzling Sun,
It was more fragrant than the tantalizingly aromatic crimson rose,
It was more picturesque than sprawling mountain ranges embossed with
perennial
foliage,
It was more flexible than the most malleable of tree rubber,
It was whiter than the purest of pearly cow milk,
It was more vociferous than the thunderous waterfall colliding with jagged rock,
It was more stringent than the teacher slashing an innocuous student with a
leather cane,
It was softer than the satiny quilt stuffed with loads of flocculent cotton,
It was more sharp than the acerbic edges of broken glass,
It was sleeker than the articulately moulded race sedan,
It was more salubrious than the tastiest of consumable food,
It was more tenacious than sporadic currents of electricity traversing through
cable wires,
It was more handsome than a scrupulously embellished; pampered prince,
It was more volatile than the most radioactive of atom bomb,
It was more enigmatic than the most mystical of historical scripture,
It was more profound than the accepted axioms of contemporary science,
It was more prolific than the athlete with the most number of football goals,
It was more immaculate than the palpable heart of a life rendering mother,
It was more enticing than the most ravishing of malt whisky and Caribbean rum,
It was faster than the speed at which the aircraft sped through placid carpets of

cool air,

It was more intricate than the most coherently synchronized poetic verse,

It was more supple than the most succulent of ripened water melon,

It was more effusive than a stream of tears cascading down tender cheek,

It was more intense than scarlet blood trickling down raw wounds,

And it was more omnipotent than any offering made to the All-Mighty,

O! yes the thing; that has made me scribble infinite lines to describe,

Was none other than incorrigibly imprisoning true love

Nikhil Parekh

True Love Inevitably Comes To You.

Until and Unless you don't open your agglutinated eyes; you just wont be able to sight even an infinitesimal iota of Nature's panoramically fathomless beauty; the mists of bewitching enchantment profusely inundating the atmosphere all around,

Until and Unless you don't open your Spartan lips; you just wont be able to utter even the most ethereally nonchalant of sound; flood the dolorously morbid ambience around; with unbelievably spell-binding melody,

Until and Unless you don't open your dogmatic stomach; you just wont be able to accommodate even the most obsoletely feckless ingredient of food; stupendously relish the unsurpassably pristine fruits of Nature divine,

Until and Unless you don't open your clenched fists; you just wont be able to profoundly enjoy the exuberantly drifting breeze; feel the untamed exhilaration of fantastically rhapsodic air upon your lines of inevitable destiny,

Until and Unless you don't open your incorrigible hips; you just wont be able to symbiotically defecate even a fugitive iota of the unfathomable trash; miserably asphyxiating and rotting in the walls of your holistic intestine,

Until and Unless you don't open your stony ears; you just wont be able to decipher even the most transiently conspicuous of voice; wholesomely shunting yourself from the fabulously blessed decibels of synergistic worldliness,

Until and Unless you don't open your intransigent cheeks; you just wont be able to blow the bountifully stupefying whistle; permeate every cranny of mother earth with incredulously ebullient sound,

Until and Unless you don't open your vindictive conscience; you just wont be able to assimilate even a globule of irrefutably infallible truth; holistically imbibe the unconquerably emollient principles of humanity,

Until and Unless you don't open your quagmire brain; you just wont be able to fantasize beyond the monotonously ordinary; uninhibitedly dance in the wisps of unbelievably ecstatic and silken paradise,

Until and Unless you don't open your indignant toes; you just wont be able to astoundingly relax; let even the most vespered of your senses blend with the

winds of fantastically rejuvenating tranquility,

Until and Unless you don't open your incarcerated inhibitions; you just wont be able to perennially evolve; unassailably coalesce even the most the dwindling of your nerves with the heavens of miraculously ameliorating artistry,

Until and Unless you don't open your irrevocable veins; you just wont be able to ubiquitously mélange every droplet of your blessed blood; with every caste; creed; tribe and race effulgently alive,

Until and Unless you don't open your mechanized hair; you just wont be able to intrepidly adventure; let even the most forlornly livid of your wishes become an eternal petal of the exhilarating atmosphere,

Until and Unless you don't open your thwarted throat; you just wont be able to tantalizingly sip the most exotically ravishing sips of water; serenade the devastated crannies of your neck with the most vivacious elixir of life,

Until and Unless you don't open your entrapped muscles; you just wont be unflinchingly defend your diminutively impoverished persona; blossom into a wall of righteously fortified self-defense,

Until and Unless you don't open your robotic shoulders; you just wont be able to wonderfully reach out to every echelon of humanity; timelessly mitigate and altruistically hoist countless deprived orphans towards their ultimate destination in life,

Until and Unless you don't open your strangulated armpits; you just wont be able to feel the redolent trail of perseverance dribble down your body; golden globules of your hard-earned sweat make you feel more invincibly closer to the most humanitarianly blessed mission in life,

Until and Unless you don't open your imprisoned nostrils; you just wont be able to lead even an obfuscated trifle of enigmatic life; eternally rejoice in the Omnipotent supremacy of undefeatably charismatic creation,

But irrespective of whether you opened your heart the slightest in your chest or not; the true love of your destiny inevitably comes searching for you from even the most dying realms of infinite infinity; to unabashedly and immortally bond with every beat of your Omnipresently blessed existence.

True Romance

True silence is when you; profusely concentrated for hours immemorial on the mystically lingering voice of your righteous conscience,

True adolescence is when you; start feeling that you were no longer that immaculate child frolicking once upon a time; in the sacrosanct lap of your mother,

True perseverance is when you; work unflinchingly under sweltering rays of the Sun; earn your bread at the cost of your blood; amidst a pack of hostile wolves,

True effervescence is when you; voraciously splash both your hands and feet in euphorically swirling and tangy ocean water,

True diligence is when you; remain committed to your mission; even after it was successfully completed,

True obeisance is when you; humbly bow down before the people you revere; wholesomely shrugging all your pompously inflated mountain of pretensions,

True penance is when you; feel really sorry from the inner most realms of the soul; are ready to do anything to rectify your horrifically treacherous sins,

True benevolence is when you; philanthropically donate to your fellow compatriots in inexplicable pain; even you are shivering on the tenterhooks of abrupt extinction,

True disturbance is when you; keep murmuring something irascibly pertinent under your breath; while the other person is trying to profoundly emphasize upon his point of view,

True pretence is when you; act like an irrefutably unconquerable king; even when you didn't possess the capacity to hear your own voice,

True reverence is when you; insurmountably cherish the memories of your beloved; even countless centuries after their death,

True cadence is when you; rhythmically measure every beat you sing; to the most astronomical degree of perfection with the melodious wind,

True malevolence is when you; hate a person to the most unprecedented limits;
even in your ethereally fading nocturnal dreams,

True vengeance is when you; take infinite births to take revenge from the person
who traumatized you; if at all this birth proved futile,

True fragrance is when you; profusely smelt the exotically blossoming lotus; let
its redolence altruistically diffuse in every corner of this Universe,

True prudence is when you; contemplated to the fullest capacity of your
ingeniously god gifted mind; were able to perceive beyond the most fathomless
of times,

True renaissance is when you; intrepidly motivated your entire country to rise
against the lecherously evil; annihilate even the most tiniest trace of heinous evil
from the belly of mother earth,

True distance is when you; inevitably cant bond with the love of your life; even
when you lived just whisker lengths of breath away,

True existence is when you; lead each day of unveiling life to its absolute fullest;
instilled the same wave of palpably exuberant life in each of your fellow human
beings,

And true romance is when you; could do anything for the person whom you loved
on this planet; stand beside her even when she was about to enter her grace and
you
still had countless more births destined of precious life.

Nikhil Parekh

True Satisfaction

True satisfaction lies in feeding the devastatingly deprived; not in ruthlessly snatching the last morsel of food from their pathetically starved stomachs; just to tantalize your spuriously non-existent buds of baseless taste,

True satisfaction lies in educating the ludicrously illiterate; not in barbarically extricating their last iota of discerning consciousness; just to meaninglessly tingle the soles of your; sordidly treacherous feet,

True satisfaction lies in uplifting the disastrously maimed to the ultimate destination of their choice; not in savagely excoriating the mercurial conglomerate of flesh and bone on their staggering body; just to uselessly placate your skin; with bombastic warmth,

True satisfaction lies in philanthropically assisting the blind to cross the rambunctious street; not in invidiously climbing over their hapless shoulders; just in order to meet your boss on the other side; before your manipulative colleague could,

True satisfaction lies in becoming the profuse source of sound for the unfathomably deaf; not in ecstatically occupying their horrifically debilitated eardrum; just in order to profoundly mystify your commercial senses; with the carpet of darkness inside,

True satisfaction lies in speaking vociferously for the horrendously dumb; not in insidiously maneuvering their innocence towards the diabolical gallows; just in order to save your murderously stinking life,

True satisfaction lies in rescuing the innocuously orphaned infant drowning uncontrollably in the satanic waters; not in using his impeccable countenance as a lifeboat; just in order to reach invincibly to the other side of the; gloriously shimmering shores,

True satisfaction lies in placating the dreadfully dreary senses of a fatigued traveler; not in perennially resting and parasitically feasting on his wavering shadow; just to pacify the already supremely satisfied elements in his blood,

True satisfaction lies in sowing seeds of invincible peace in resplendent soil; not in mercilessly massacring fathomless forests of beauty with swords of heinous

corruption; just in order to embellish your pompous castles; with biscuits of extra silver,

True satisfaction lies in; marvelously becoming the voice of the tyrannically molested; not in ominously snatching every word before it even crept up their nimble throat; just to be thunderously heard; by all powerhouses and kingdoms in the world; alike,

True satisfaction lies in; benevolently embracing all those old and despondently struggling; not in satanically plucking out the tender hair from their witheringly fragile bodies; just in order to fill in the bald portions of your; inconspicuously frigid wig,

True satisfaction lies in; enveloping all those uncouthly trembling in bizarre cold in blankets of eternally mesmerizing humanity; not in parasitically sucking even the most infinitesimal droplet of poignant blood from their body; just in order to fill in your empty glasses of solitude,

True satisfaction lies in; disseminating unprecedented happiness in all those despicable hutments besieged with inexplicable gloom; not in extinguishing the slim flames of hope in their interiors; just in order to illuminate your disgustingly sleazy world; of ghastly lechery and crime,

True satisfaction lies in; uninhibitedly freeing all those savagely incarcerated in chains of treachery; not in tumultuously inflicting all your frustration of the day upon their miserably diminutive caricatures; just in order to spuriously relax the surplus tension; in your overwhelming agitated nerves and bones,

True satisfaction lies in; incessantly endeavoring to coalesce all discriminating religions into the immortally impregnable religion of humanity; not in perpetuating malicious feuds in civilizations melanged with symbiotic solidarity; just to snobbishly appease your taste buds; at the sight of viciously raining blood,

True satisfaction lies in; indefatigably marching on the invincible pathways of benign unity; not in maliciously shattering the fortress of mankind; just to impart that baseless bit of extra reinvigoration; to your foundations of non-existent prejudice,

True satisfaction lies in; astoundingly proliferating newness to synergistically continue God's chapter of priceless existence; not in venomously annihilating the

innocuously divine; just in order to pugnaciously survive; for a countless more lifetimes,

True satisfaction lies in; benevolently sacrificing every iota of rhapsodic breath to nourish unequivocally spell binding goodness; not in sinfully burying a robustly sparkling organism infinite kilometers beneath drab soil; just in order to stand with laughably meticulous precision; upon your own dwindling feet,

And true satisfaction lies in; perpetually bonding broken hearts all across the fabulously fathomless Universe; not in malevolently stealing passionately palpitating beats with gay abandon; just in order to keep your body; pathetically and
forever alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Truly Making A Difference For Goodness.

The road appeared to be nervously slithering stretch of non-chalant Black,
Why not paint its surface with sparkling paint of majestic black, perpetuate its
haplessly chapped periphery with the goodness of nourishing tar curry and
handsome soot.

The chair inexorably creaked at the tiniest of weight straddling it; limping in
gruesome disdain as if it would collapse any moment,
Why not reinforce its languidly decrepit body with screws and shiny nails, spray
its exteriors and intricate interiors with that much needed coat of lubricant oil.

The computer miserably stuttered; fumbled; squandered and shut down almost
immediately after starting it; unable to bear the weight of a battalion of
programs and
files installed,
Why not install the most ingenious of anti virus available in the contemporary
planet
today; and then witness it bouncing back to life with uninhibited gusto and
impeccable charm.

The walls nervously trembled at the tiniest draught of wind; in bizarre
circumspection of whether ever would they witness another fresh optimistic
dawn,
Why not invincibly strengthen them with handsomely blended cement and
mortar, so that they became a bountiful fortress of vitality against the most
obnoxious of enemy attack.

The fragment of kite paper flagrantly fretted and fumed as the string attached to
it; kept tearing it all the more; every now and again as it tried to gain altitude,
Why not agglutinate its torn ends with wondrously poignant glue, and then let it
fly
unabashedly high as you tugged its thread; in misty blue currents of the royally
enamoring sky.

The gaudily striped shirt resembled a shabbily attired gutter pipe; with holes of
every possible dimension besmirching its innocuous silhouette like a dreadfully
salacious
parasite,
Why not make the best use of needle and articulate white thread, stitch every
gaping

incongruity to perfection and then wear the same cloth - now befitting to be worn
by an undefeated prince.

The mirror reflected back a distorted heap of remorsefully mangled junk, as its
body
was shattered into incongruous recesses of nothingness with passing years of
neglect
and street urchins hurling many a stray stone,
Why not replace it with a dazzling new glass of crystal contentment - so that it
not only retained its own inimitable integrity but also displayed the candid truth
infront of it.

The once upon a time King-sized and plush mahogany table now staggered
towards
grotesque ruination - with a layer of incorrigible dust destructively maligning its
surface; legs; bottom and sides,
Why not take gargantuan swathes of coarse cloth - profoundly dip the same into
a tub of stringent detergent soap - and then use the same to vigorously clean; so
that the table was used for royal dinner and meeting up dignitaries from all walks
of life.

The quaint scooter broke many a sturdy shoe - as it simply denied to start even
after
exerting Herculean pressure and persistence upon its scraggily dilapidated pedal
and engine,
Why not give it for routine servicing and repair - which'd ensure it exuberantly
surged forward like a rocket - and spared many impoverished pockets the
ignominy of buying new footwear.

The television remote lay sulking in a sultry corner of the household - having just
been tagged as an ` idiot good for nothing' - banged out of sight as it refrained
from
changing the entertainment channels - which had become such an integral part
of
today's life,
Why not insert a pair of vibrantly fresh batteries into it - and then witness it
become the darling of everyone - including the corporate honcho who kept it
tucked tightly beside his pillow alongwith his mobile.

The pen vindictively tore almost a sheaf of brand new printer paper; without
even
embossing a word - at the end finding itself into the dustbin - which would

eventually be emptied into bits of asymmetrical nothingness,
Why not adorn it with a new nib and cap to prevent it from drying when it was
needed the most - and then witness it pen down the most astoundingly brilliant
lines of love poetry; for lovers and friends, alike.

The blackboard looked abominably dirty and a reproachful mess - with students
of all classes and sizes instantaneously shunting it; resorting to the cooler and
rejuvenating confines of the canteen instead,
Why not get the duster and some plain water - scrub it thoroughly from all sides
- so
that it resembled a freshly laden track - awaiting to be tread.

The matchstick simply didn't muster the guts to alight into a flame - as it found
itself
abusively hurled into the soggiest corner of trashcan by its impatient master,
Why not compassionately pick it up - completely dry the corners of its matchbox
whose wetness were preventing it from catching fire - and then watch it setting
the frigid darkness ablaze with its charismatically fiery flame.

As if your doing all of this goodness - mattered even an insouciant trifle to all of
these non-living objects such as the - 'road', 'chair', 'computer', 'walls', 'kite-
paper', 'shirt', 'mirror', 'table', 'scooter', 'television remote', 'pen', 'blackboard',
'matchstick' - described above and several of such other non-living objects that
strike your
imagination impromptu, as of now,

For these objects didn't have the slightest of life - and though it'd be good if you
found time to refurbish and resurrect them if they broke - it wouldn't stir any
emotion in them at all - since they were dead and would remain dead,

But what would truly make a difference and would bring about a revolution in
mortal
existence - is your being good; kind; lovable, religiously tolerant, truthful and
humanitarian in your natural capacity with those humans 'Living' around you - to
bond in the religion of humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

Truly Professional

There lay a gigantic boulder sprawled in the middle of the street,
draped with an abraded finish of sparkling steel gray,
punctured at infinite spots of its body with a host of serration's,
left solitary on the road without traces of established identity.

A carpenter passing by thought of chiseling it to fine pieces,
with incessant strokes of his tapered hostile saw.

The gardener mused on embossing it with wild cactus,
entangling it with a plethora of thorny shrub and brilliant rose.

The sharp witted pilot envisaged its appearance with wings,
applauded himself for figuring out the supreme innovation.

The watchmaker felt like studding it with a jugglery of slender needle,
reinforcing its base with innocuous amounts of clockwork machinery.

The palmist had an impulse of engraving it with fine lines,
reading aloud chivalrously the waves of destiny hovering around its persona.

The chef of the hotel had a strong stare at it,
decided to lambaste it into dainty slices of fresh salad.

The archaeologist seemed to be reeling in waves of euphoric delight,
commenced to jot down notes regarding the very source of its existence.

The police on the street viewed it with gruesome disdain,
as it obliterated their visions of the flowing traffic.

Groups of lovers paid handsome tributes, assuming it to be an sacrificial altar,
inscribing their names with white sticks of chalk, red blood,
sketching their hearts with slanting arrows ripping through the core.

The writers pen filled sheets of virgin paper with innumerable lines,
portraying the glory of the inanimate object to all.

The most professional of them all was a hungrily starved beggar,
he didn't waste a minute pondering on the stone,
instead constructed his dwelling on the island of amalgamated rock,

slept all night in unperturbed tranquil,
within the rustic interiors of his rock stone house.

Nikhil Parekh

Trust Me.

Trust me; and I'll sacrifice each iota of my blood; to witness you enchantingly smile,

Trust me; and I'll bring the resplendent festoon of stars down on earth; to enlighten each cranny of your disastrously impoverished life,

Trust me; and I'll blend all the lecherously heinous with raw bits of threadbare soil; alleviate your turbulently estranged life of its bizarre sadness,

Trust me; and I'll stand like an invincibly towering fortress beside your side; would behead my scalp but ensure that not even the most minuscule of enemy; transgressed against your blissful snores,

Trust me; and I'll help you pass all your horrendously cumbersome examinations; propelling you irrefutably to forever emerge a euphoric winner in life,

Trust me; and I'll inundate your dolorously drab life with rhapsodically everlasting fragrance; bring the most captivating of paradise on your divinely toes,

Trust me; and I'll wholeheartedly donate all my riches to your desolate soul; indefatigably carry you upon my shoulders; till you achieved your ultimate mission in life,

Trust me; and I'll be your best friend for infinite more births of yours yet to unveil; would massacre even the most infinitesimal trace of sadness; before it dared to linger near your persona,

Trust me; and I'll ignite untamed cloudbursts of desire in your pathetically dreary existence; enrich each of your dreadfully frightening nightmares; with optimistic rays of light,

Trust me; and I'll pacify each of your demands with every ingredient compassionately inhabiting my scarlet blood; weeping a countless deaths but never letting you cry,

Trust me; and I'll sequester you from the most mightiest storm and rain;

incessantly walking on a blanket of acrimonious thorns; while you danced in realms of misty sky,

Trust me; and I'll flood your every morning with the heavenly aroma of ebullient happiness; preparing for you the most ravishing meals of your choice,

Trust me; and I'll metamorphose each step you tread on into a mesmerizing cloud of tantalizing satin; becoming your emphatically poignant voice; whenever you felt like collapsing on the ground,

Trust me; and I'll save you from the clutches of the manipulatively drudged society; liberate you from the inscrutably crippling repertoire of your fearful apprehensions,

Trust me; and I'll construct a castle for you on every space you cast your impeccable sight; embellish your queenly countenance with the most majestic jewels; strewn on this boundless planet,

Trust me; and I'll perpetually become your beam of unconquerable hope; everytime you felt you were inevitably stepping into a land of; hopelessly debilitating darkness,

Trust me; and I'll solve the most astoundingly baffling enigmas of your life; perennially see to it that you bounced and blossomed into bountiful radiance; and insatiably enamoring charm,

Trust me; and I'll wash all your inadvertently sins with every element of goodness levitating in atmosphere; make you intransigently float in the ocean of seductively gorgeous fantasy,

Trust me; and I'll transform each of your philanthropic aspirations into a veritable reality; maneuvering you safely towards unprecedented richness; even after I relinquished my last breath and died,

Trust me O! Beloved; and I'll find you the ultimate love of your splendidly divine life; even though it forever meant; ruthlessly eliminating mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Truth - Part 2

Initially as much as it might sting you like a billion acrimonious thorns,
Eventually it blossomed into the most fragrant flower of prosperity; inundating
each of your senses with unprecedented happiness.

Initially as much as it might lethally pierce you like a thousand knives;
strangulating you forever in its explicitly candid swirl,
Eventually it emerged as the most Omnipotent warrior in this Universe; pacifying
your every apprehension; with its divine ointment of life.

Initially as much as it deluged you with profusely debilitating winds of despair;
stealing your last hope of blissful survival,
Eventually it put you to an eternal slumber; making you fantasize unfathomable
kilometers beyond the land of rhapsodic paradise.

Initially as much as it separated you from the ones you dearly loved; pinching
you pertinently at every step you alighted to survive,
Eventually it immortalized the spirit of your celestial existence; bonding your soul
for centuries unsurpassable; with the Omnipresent aura of the Almighty.

Initially as much as it lambasted you on your nakedly shivering skin; whilst your
manipulative comrades snored in cloud covers of opulent luxury and wine,
Eventually it granted you; your every philanthropic desire; making you the
richest man alive on the trajectory of this never ending planet.

Initially as much as it melted you like an inconspicuous pancake; whilst your
lecherous fellow mates danced in the aisles of seductive jubilation and exotic
excitement,
Eventually it enlightened every stage of your life with invincible light; savoring
for you; all the immaculate goodness that lay hidden on mother earth.

Initially as much as it slaughtered all your energy to breathe; viciously kicking
you like a dog; beyond the summit of disgruntling nothingness,
Eventually it showered upon you the entire power trespassing on soil; saw to it
that your every benevolent dream ripened into an enchanting reality.

Initially as much as it pulverized you to soggy bits of frigid ash; devouring every
iota of your conviction; like an untamed horde of ruthless crocodiles,
Eventually it cast a spell of perennially mesmerizing innocence in your eyes;
which won you the most cherished love of your life.

And initially as much as it devastated you left; right and center; reducing your robust caricature to an impoverished corpse; as the world sung and merrily laughed outside,

Eventually it ensured that you were the sole winner; towering over the monotonous definitions of a stale yesterday; ebulliently bouncing and alive to face; a countless more fantastically righteous tomorrow's.

O! yes it's upto you to believe it or not; implement the same in your lives,
But I for one live for truth all night and day; will salute it above the most influential of living kind; even centuries after I die.

Nikhil Parekh

Truth And The Devil

The devil unstoppably took pride in salaciously writing; the book of obnoxious caste-creed and venomously penalizing hatred,

The devil unstoppably took pride in acrimoniously writing; the book of indiscriminate bloodshed and disastrously traumatizing ruthlessness,

The devil unstoppably took pride in vengefully writing; the book of tyrannical devastation and lecherously bellicose orphaning,

The devil unstoppably took pride in fretfully writing; the book of vindictive war and satanically criminal holocausts,

The devil unstoppably took pride in maliciously writing; the book of coldblooded barbarism and manipulatively bizarre malice,

The devil unstoppably took pride in forlornly writing; the book of worthless ghosts and mortuaries brutally anointed with fresh blood,

T The devil unstoppably took pride in indigently writing; the book of nonchalant spuriousness and fecklessly insipid meaninglessness,

The devil unstoppably took pride in torturously writing; the book of ominous animosity and hedonistically pugnacious illwill,

The devil unstoppably took pride in dictatorially writing; the book of licentious bawdiness and insanely threadbare nothingness,

The devil unstoppably took pride in heinously writing; the book of lascivious poverty and baselessly crippling uncertainty,

The devil unstoppably took pride in savagely writing; the book of despicable defeat and lethally ballistic atrociousness,

The devil unstoppably took pride in raunchily writing; the book of dolorous delinquency and insidiously slandering betrayal,

The devil unstoppably took pride in preposterously writing; the book of scurrilous lunatism and barbarously incarcerating fiendishness,

The devil unstoppably took pride in frigidly writing; the book of jejune mockery and impudently castigating brazenness,

The devil unstoppably took pride in heartlessly writing; the book of ghastly bloodshed and indefatigably bombarding politics,

The devil unstoppably took pride in malevolently writing; the book of prurient shit and debasingly corrupt profanity,

The devil unstoppably took pride in diffidently writing; the book of impeachable slavery and tempestuously crucifying sanctity,

The devil unstoppably took pride in dreadfully writing; the book of gruesome extinction and sordidly smutty fragrance,

The devil unstoppably took pride in whippingly writing; the book of wastrel withering and invidiously jailing eccentricity,

The devil unstoppably took pride in grotesquely writing; the book of merciless decimation and countless estranged lives,

The devil unstoppably took pride in gorily writing; the book of sadistic despondency and ignominiously deteriorating mankind,

The devil unstoppably took pride in stupidly writing; the book of Goddamned solitude and murderously decrepit decay,

The devil unstoppably took pride in cacophonically writing; the book of indolent withering and agonizingly cancerous disease,

The devil unstoppably took pride in belligerently writing; the book of lost oblivion and corrosively mad lamentation,

The devil unstoppably took pride in perniciously writing; the book of stinking discrimination and dastardly languid nervousness,

But no matter what he wrote; where he did choose to write; what language he preferred to maliciously scribble; what ink he used to cold-bloodedly lambaste; what expression he made to lousily concentrate,

Even the most infinitesimally evanescent alphabet inside his books was irrefutably metamorphosed into a stream of immortally unending love; by the

intransigently blazing inferno of truth; simplicity; humanity; benevolence;
beauty; and the unassailably Almighty Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

Truth Is Always Naked

Victory is always sweet; a perpetual trouncing of the corpses of the hedonistically slandering devil; by the winds of eternally undefeated righteousness,

Honesty is always persevering; an ocean of pricelessly unflinching sweat; that eventually wins over even the most infinitesimal anecdote of treacherously prejudiced debauchery,

Friendship is always compassionate; a perennial melanging of two souls into one; irrespective of caste; creed; color or the unfurling of astoundingly zipping time,

Childhood is always pristine; an indefatigable culmination into the most innocuously unfettered fantasies of vibrant tomorrow; and a fathomless kilometers away from even the most mercurial of hideous manipulation,

Adventures are always exhilarating; an unabashedly blissful venturing into the corridors of the uncannily unknown; rejuvenating every monotonously emaciated cranny of the body with timelessly mesmerizing spice,

Beauty is always ravishing; a panoramically unbridled triumph of sensuousness over the sacrilegiously demented corpses of stagnation; for a countless more births yet to arrive,

Benevolence is always altruistic; an unendingly selfless wind of companionship; which embraces every tangible and intangible entity on this fathomless Universe; in its impregnably amiable swirl,

Creation is always artistic; an inexhaustible cistern of inimitably unparalleled energy; which burgeons into the most brilliantly optimistic shapes of an interminable tomorrow,

Smiles are always inspiring; triggering rays of unassailably bounteous hope; into the lives of all those deplorably devastated beyond the threshold of inexplicably hapless despair,

Blood is always humanitarian; coalescing the entire boundlessly effulgent Universe into a spell bindingly united mass; irrespective of whether it belonged to a;

"Hindu"; "Muslim"; "Buddhist"; or
"Christian";,

Soul is always uplifting; incessantly continuing to drift into every ounce of goodness on this endlessly fructifying earth; even after the last expunging of divinely breath,

Symbiotism is always unconquerable; an untamed inferno of mutually ebullient desire; which timelessly bonded every conceivable element of free space; in the threads of benign holiness,

Yearning is always passionate; indispensably massacring even the most raunchily indiscriminately of hurdles that ever dared come in between; its royally tantalizing way,

Hunger is always natural; perpetually differentiating us insipidly greedy living beings; from the heavens of the insuperably Omnipotent and fearless Lord,

Flirtation is always mischievous; rekindling the spirit to survive as the most effervescently beautiful organism; even when buried an infinite feet beneath insouciantly meaningless mud,

Sleep is always celestial; replenishing even the most truculently lambasted arenas of the deteriorating body; with the mists of everlastingly heavenly rest,

Shadows are always mystical; undauntedly weaving an ever-pervadingly panoramic gorge of astounding fantasy; which seductively enshrouded even the obsolete cranny of the invisible veins,

Breathing is always fiery; perpetuating an unlimited forest of desire even in the most meaninglessly wanton of spaces; perpetuating the most veritably dead to euphorically surge forward in the true fervor of life,

And "Truth is always Naked"; candidly exposing the most inconspicuous of ins and outs of your persona; like when the Omniscient Creator was writing the destiny of this undying planet; and without the tiniest twitch of the eye.

Nikhil Parekh

Truth Remains Truth Forever

Whether the inexplicably shivering beggar spoke it; or whether it diffused magnetically from the stupendously rich man's mouth,

Whether the pathetically diminutive ant spoke it; or whether it diffused roaringly from the overwhelmingly majestic lion's mouth,

Whether the horrendously ugly witch spoke it; or whether it diffused gloriously from the unequivocally beautiful princess's mouth,

Whether the pathetically slithering snake spoke it; or whether it diffused articulately from the voluptuously seductive nightingale's mouth,

Whether the ridiculously staggering clown spoke it; or whether it diffused handsomely from the valiantly fighting; and majestically patriotic soldier's mouth,

Whether the sordidly black slave spoke it; or whether it diffused opulently from the grandiloquently embellished queen's mouth,

Whether the infinitesimally wavering ant spoke it; or whether it diffused domineeringly from the royally towering elephant's mouth,

Whether the tyrannically starved orphan spoke it; or whether it diffused toweringly from the unfathomably blessed and bountiful mountain's mouth,

Whether the irrevocably hideous cactus spoke it; or whether it diffused rhapsodically from the magnanimously showering cloud's mouth,

Whether the perpetually deaf man spoke it; or whether it diffused spell-bindingly from the ingratiatingly tantalizing magician's mouth,

Whether the languidly idling tortoise spoke it; or whether it diffused dynamically from the flamboyantly zipping and dynamic fire's mouth,

Whether the intermittently pertinent mosquito spoke it; or whether it diffused synergistically from the incredulously gorgeous eagle's mouth,

Whether the brutally scorched camel spoke it; or whether it diffused poignantly from the unsurpassably Kingly ocean's mouth,

Whether the gruesomely illiterate urchin spoke it; or whether it diffused integrally from the irrefutably prudent and sacred philosopher's mouth,

Whether the devastatingly old and bedraggled grandfather spoke it; or whether it diffused exuberantly from the lusciously vivacious and enthrallingly dancing angel's mouth,

Whether the grisly haired rat spoke it; or whether it diffused celestially from the heavenly spiritual and charismatic Goddess's mouth,

Whether the ignominiously castigated artist spoke it; or whether it diffused seductively from the wonderfully captivating fairy's mouth,

Whether the hopelessly extinguished candle spoke it; or whether it diffused authoritatively from the benevolently crowned monarch's mouth,

And whether the incomprehensibly shattered heart spoke it; or whether it diffused immortally from the profusely replenished lover's mouth,

Truth would always and irrefutably remain only as TRUTH FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER; bonding all those with a philanthropically symbiotic will to survive; in thunderbolts of everlasting passion; in the blankets of impregnable humanity; alike.

Nikhil Parekh

Try And Live With It Instead

The harder you try and erase your deplorably unfortunate past from your mind; the harder it cadaverously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your blissful present; into a corpse of treacherously remorseful uncertainties,

The harder you try and erase your deliriously shocking past from your mind; the harder it fecklessly comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your burgeoning present; into a jailhouse of inexplicably inconsolable brooding,

The harder you try and erase your obsessively meaningless past from your mind; the harder it wantonly comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your fructifying present; into a coffin of intransigently stabbing miseries,

The harder you try and erase your sinful ribald past from your mind; the harder it preposterously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your resplendent present; into the gallows of acrimoniously venomous disease,

The harder you try and erase your thoughtlessly gratuitous past from your mind; the harder it wretchedly comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your synergistic present; into the most non-existent wisps of diabolical hell,

The harder you try and erase your baselessly egregious past from your mind; the harder it demonically comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your heavenly present; into haunted house of unceremoniously jinxed memories,

The harder you try and erase your abhorrently dastardly past from your mind; the harder it unrelentingly comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your royal present; into a cloudburst of unforgivably apocalyptic blood,

The harder you try and erase your dejectedly failed past from your mind; the harder it lethally comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your ecstatic present; into a pigstalk of fetid bitterness,

The harder you try and erase your sadistically incarcerated past from your mind; the harder it cannibalistically comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of your priceless present; into a rusted iron nail of worthless violence,

The harder you try and erase your criminally excoriating past from your mind;
the harder it unceremoniously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each
moment of your undaunted present; into the most sordidly stagnating oblivion,

The harder you try and erase your brutally assassinating past from your mind;
the harder it despicably comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment
of your effulgent present; into a frigidly infidel worm of nothingness,

The harder you try and erase your unbearably torturous past from your mind;
the harder it salaciously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment
of your
sacrosanct present; into an amorphously emotionless carcass of disdain,

The harder you try and erase your immutably bigoted past from your mind; the
harder it sacrilegiously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of
your victorious present; into a dungeon of barbarously blackened parasitic
confinement,

The harder you try and erase your carnivorously stinking past from your mind;
the harder it ignominiously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each
moment of your exuberant present; into a deathful madness of unsurpassable
melancholy,

The harder you try and erase your disastrously malevolent past from your mind;
the harder it vituperatively comes back to you; and metamorphoses each
moment of your unconquerable present; into a graveyard of unendingly cursed
sickness,

The harder you try and erase your fearfully dogged past from your mind; the
harder it unwontedly comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of
your
rejuvenated present; into an unfathomable gorge of vindictively despairing
sadness,

The harder you try and erase your uncouthly terrorized past from your mind; the
harder it intractably comes back to you; and metamorphoses each moment of
your
redolent present; into the ultimate apogees of satanic devastation,

The harder you try and erase your murderously inhumanitarian past from your
mind; the harder it viciously comes back to you; and metamorphoses each

moment of your impregnable present; into a trail of haplessly staggering
discontentment,

The harder you try and erase your ghoulishly pugnacious past from your mind;
the harder it reproachfully comes back to you; and metamorphoses each
moment of your peerless present; into the most unpardonable abuse of the
entire Universe,

Therefore; try and accept it as an already happened element of your existence
instead; which would never ever repeat itself in your path to presently
philanthropically victory; try and live with your past instead.

Nikhil Parekh

Try And See Instead

Don't blame the overwhelmingly blistering rays of the sweltering Sun; for the mind boggling proportions of heat it ruthlessly generated,
Try and see instead the beams of optimistic light it profoundly illuminated; in the lives of infinite souls completely deluged with hopeless despair.

Don't blame the horrendously rotting apple for emanating an obnoxious scent; corrupting the spurious bliss of the grandiloquent atmosphere,
Try and see instead the ingratiatingly blossoming effect it had on the dwindling crop; when embedded in soil as pinches of raw manure.

Don't blame the profusely spike studded shoe for abrading your dainty feet; acting as a gruesome barricade to fresh spurts of air; from seeping inside,
Try and see instead; the astronomical tenacity it offered to your nimble soles; to transgress undaunted; even through the most acrimoniously swirling fires.

Don't blame the earthquake for treacherously devastating empty buildings; engendering the waves of the fabulous ocean to escalate taller than the skies,
Try and see instead; the celestial rivulets of water it perpetuated; in the heart of miserably arid land.

Don't blame the silvery sea shores for inhabiting a battalion of venomously lethal spiders; raring to feast on immaculate chunks of innocent flesh,
Try and see instead; the unfathomable amounts of relaxation they provided to dreary adventurers; the perpetually mystical avenue they proved for lovers before tying the nuptial knot.

Don't blame the clouds in the cosmos for fomenting a thunderously cacophonous noise; clashing mercilessly against each other to produce streaks of frightening lightning,
Try and see instead; the mesmerizing droplets of rain they showered; the life yielding streams of vivacious liquid which poured in ferocious torrents on pathetically groaning soil.

Don't blame the kettle for fulminating in tumultuous heat; scalding innocuous bits of skin with hostile droplets of sizzling liquid,
Try and see instead the heavenly rejuvenation it imparted; with only infinitesimal sips of it; gently dribbling into the gloomy persona.

Don't blame the conscience for being blatantly candid; blurting out things which

could have been well camouflaged in realms of astute manipulation and malice,
Try and see instead the stupendously comforting bliss that it provided to the
countenance; the most explicit identity it endeavored to reveal of a man dying in
embarrassing despair.

And don't blame life for being tyrannical and satanically cruel; whipping you
every unfurling second with the sword of inexplicable disease compounded with
treacherous pain,
Try and see instead its irrefutably sacred virtue; the infinite buckets of
voluptuously passionate breath you inhaled to be living this very moment;
survive at your
unprecedented best in the most horrific of times.

Nikhil Parekh

Trying To Hide Deeper

No astronomically colossal wave in the ocean should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a minuscule stream of frigid water,

No pompously extruding tree in the forests should ever forget; that I was once upon a time an inconspicuously trembling seed,

No flame escalating handsomely towards the sky should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a diminutive flicker emanating from the bedraggled candle wick,

No majestic eagle soaring high in the clouds should ever forget; that it was once upon a time an infinitesimal fledgling whimpering insatiably; at the disappearing of light,

No royally grandiloquent castle should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a profoundly disheveled brick; freshly baked under raw rays of sunlight,

No winner basking in the glory of incredulously earned victory should ever forget; that he was once upon a time shivering in nervous hysteria at the starting point,

No fathomless dungeon impregnated with biscuits of glittering gold should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a obsolete hole; losing its entity each time as the winds blown,

No impregnably towering mountain should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a lump of transient mud; being trampled by every entity transgressing its way,

No boundlessly incomprehensible desert should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a granule of insipid dirt; hovering without a stature of its own; wholesomely solitary in the Universe,

No tumultuously mighty avalanche of ice should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a droplet of water almost freezing to death in the icy winds,

No blissfully blossoming fantasy should ever forget; that it was once upon a time a rustic idea; which kept dwindling infinite times even before it took ephemeral shape,

No profusely embellished skin should ever forget; that it was once upon a time;
nakedly fragile; when just born,

No overwhelmingly eloquent tongue should ever forget; that it was once upon a
time; babbling worse than a child; while in divinely deep sleep,

No insurmountably thundering echo should ever forget; that it was once upon a
time; a disastrously squeaky voice; nimbly caressing the rocks,

No unsurpassably successful businessman should ever forget; that he was once
upon a time; a wholesomely ignoramus novice; just starting to learn the tricks of
the manipulative trade,

No unbelievably scented lotus should ever forget; that it was once upon a time; a
tiny bud extruding from mammoth chunks of dirt all around,

No entity celestially married should ever forget; that it was once upon a time;
philandering like a mosquito to manifest its romance into reality,

No invincibly powerful organism on this earth should ever forget; that it was once
upon a time withheld by the Lord; in the realms of mesmerizing heaven,

And no Human; possessing even the most Herculean strength on this planet
should ever forget; that once upon a time he was an uninhibitedly crying child;
trying to hide deeper and deeper inside the chest of his sacrosanct mother.

Nikhil Parekh

Tsunami Aftermath- Lividly Living Corpse

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of unprecedented misery; with the wrath of the inexplicably crippling disaster transforming every trace of robust innocence into a mortuary of stinking death,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of hapless uncertainty; as boundless number of impeccable heads stared in distraught disbelief; for relentless hours towards empty sky,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of morbid blood; from which emanated the stench of pricelessly inimitable honesty hopelessly blended with the diabolical devil,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of unceasing sadness; in which perpetually floated innumerable lifeless bones of their enchanting siblings; children and immortal beloved,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of sadistic ridicule; where even the most eternally fructifying form of living kind was rendered to worthlessly lugubrious foam; salt and soap,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of parasitically ribald lechery; where man brutally asphyxiated his counterpart man; in an eventual bid to frenetically survive,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of cannibalistic hatred; from which spawned only the corridors of devilish hell; diffusing pain; pain and only intolerably inconsolable pain,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of bizarrely tawdry helplessness; where they were reduced to just infinitesimal frigid eunuchs; not able to do anything as the wave gobbled every trace of their celestial happiness,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of frenzied deliriousness; which apocalyptically shrieked the cry of ultimate extinction; the wholesome disappearance of this symbiotic planet from the map of this bountifully redolent Universe,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of

unceasing remorsefulness; with the coffins of satanic oblivion ghoulishly transcending every conceivable happening in the atmosphere,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of limitless disbelief; with every stroke of destiny seeming to treacherously unfurl from the mouth of the venomously slandering devil,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of ominously pulverizing lies; where as if sacrilegiously wanton abuse had forever overridden the brilliantly majestic scepter of emollient truth,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of wastrel nothingness; with every wave that arose; hedonistically darting towards the infinite infinity of unfathomable despair,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of endless unemployment; where even the most divinely innocent source of life; was indiscriminately weighed on the scales of carnivorous crime,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of intransigently besmirching trauma; which licentiously gave birth to the graveyards of blackness; blackness and only savagely decrepit blackness,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of emotionlessly penalizing neglect; unforgivably ripping them apart from every tangible and intangible aspect and fabric of the civilized society,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of devastating disorientation; with even the most synergistically resplendent of smiles metamorphosing into gorily inane waywardness,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of unendingly excruciating torture; with human skin and emotions being ruthlessly excoriated apart like the inadvertent shedding of the lizard's skin,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of amorphously sinful vindication; as fathomless deplorably orphaned took a solemn pledge; never to respect Mother Nature in their lifetimes again,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of ungainly fretfulness; with the horrendously wrinkled eye dispersing nothing else but blood; blood and punitively aggrieved blood,

Their countless tears did definitely fill an ocean all right; but it was an ocean of unparalleled divestation; with every beat of the heart; breath and blood; being transformed forever and ever and ever; as an aftermath of the murderous Tsunami; into a lividly living corpse.

Nikhil Parekh

Tsunami- The Wave Of Death; Death And Only Inconsolable Death.

It gobbled even the most infinitesimal trace of their unfettered triumph;
decimating countless innocent in its swirl of truculently unrelenting terror,

It gobbled even the most tiniest trace of their astoundingly eclectic sensitivity;
ruthlessly rendering boundless orphaned and to unceasingly beg at the
mortuaries of asphyxiating death,

It gobbled even the most diminutive trace of their timeless impressions;
indiscriminately annihilating every tangible and intangible form of their majestic
ancestral heritage,

It gobbled even the most ethereal trace of their euphorically unbridled fantasy;
brutally metamorphosing every conceivable instant of their lifetime into
a cadaverously unforgivable nightmare,

It gobbled even the most transient trace of their pristinely divine virility; leaving
innumerable humanity and living kind; lividly impotent and deplorably divested of
the exuberant elixir to lead symbiotic life,

It gobbled even the most evanescent trace of their bountifully vibrant belonging;
ghastily transforming every of their inimitably prized possession into a graveyard
of inanely obsolete nothingness,

It gobbled even the most ephemeral trace of their perennially fructifying desire;
murderously crippling them for an infinite more lifetimes; with solely the prisons
of unfathomable devastation,

It gobbled even the most mercurial trace of their blissfully synergistic kin;
inexhaustibly terminating every source of their cherished memory and the seeds
of their compassionate love,

It gobbled even the most fugitive trace of their ingeniously burgeoning creativity;
posing nothing else but a lifelessly diabolical wall of inexplicable misery for the
remainder of their destined lifetime,

It gobbled even the most disappearing trace of their blessedly proliferating

humanity; triggering an uncontrollably delirious feeling of vindication in their souls; towards the Creator for tyrannically snatching them away from their beloved kin,

It gobbled even the most feckless trace of their quintessentially emollient livelihood; permeating an irrevocable phobia in them of wholesomely discarding the things they so fervently loved; just a few seconds ago,

It gobbled even the most insipid trace of their optimistically jubilant hope; sealing every perceivable moment of their truncated destiny; with the skeletons of disastrously unending hopelessness,

It gobbled even the most fleeting trace of their enchantingly panoramic civilization; giving an altogether sinister new look; to the map of their once unflinchingly venerated motherland,

It gobbled even the most vanishing trace of their eternally righteous customs; beliefs; religions; ideals; introducing them to nothing else but an irretrievably crucifying religion of cannibalistic blood,

It gobbled even the most parsimonious trace of their invincible brotherhood and peace; rendering fathomless kilometers of their holistic land with the devilish stench of unstoppably victimizing epidemic,

It gobbled even the most inconspicuous trace of their altruistically blossoming humanity; with countless impeccable children trampling one over another; frenetically trying to identify their parents from the dead,

It gobbled even the most vacillating trace of their hunger to survive; with even the most tantalizingly royal morsels of food and currency seeming more dilapidated than the worst of lame stones; in front of their friends and beloved hedonistically killed and dead,

It gobbled even the most oblivious trace of their immortally infallible love; leaving them with a heart; vein and nostril indeed; but sinfully without the tiniest iota of beat; blood and Omnipotent breath,

It gobbled even the most obfuscated trace of their inimitably priceless identity; unsparingly demolishing limitless trajectories of their land within lightening seconds of time; burying them an infinite feet beneath their graves; before they had even time to utter their last wish or sigh,

The TSunami was indeed the most ominously devastating wave that mankind had ever witnessed or ever could conceive; and although it was Nature's untamed fury as its very uninhibited best; it spelt; demonstrated; waved and spoke death; death and just the most haplessly aggrieved form of inconsolably endless death.

Nikhil Parekh

Turn Vegetarian

Turn vegetarian; let pricelessly innocuous wildlife
marvelously blossom; perpetuating an unfathomable
fountain of astounding graciousness; in the fabric of
the eternal atmosphere,

Turn vegetarian; let the wave of perennially symbiotic
bliss pervade on even the most infinitesimal cranny of
this gigantic Universe; melanging every organism into
the entrenchment of silken togetherness;
wonderfully alike,

Turn vegetarian; let man and animal have profoundly
due respect for each other; with the Almighty Creator
showering his unconquerable blessings upon this
enchantingly synergistic planet;
for centuries immemorial,

Turn vegetarian; let the exotic vivaciousness of the
spell binding forests; remain burgeoning forever and
ever and ever; with the diabolical demon reducing to
infinitesimal ash in front of the winds of;
unbelievably astronomical solidarity,

Turn vegetarian; let even the most inconspicuously
invisible of bloodshed wholesomely cease; with the
planet perpetually romancing in the cradle of
silken innocuousness,

Turn vegetarian; let invincibly triumphant fortresses
of unity crop up at every step that you tread;
unflinchingly defending you even as; every bit of hell
in sky gruesomely blended with soil,

Turn vegetarian; let mesmerizing waterfalls of freshly
born life mushroom on even the most obsolete
trajectory of this ravishingly fathomless planet; with
the mantra of existence being epitomized to the most
unprecedentedly fascinating limits,

Turn vegetarian; let unsurpassable rainshowers of rejuvenating breath diffuse beautifully in the dolorously morbid atmosphere; Omnipotently culminating into the winds of celestial humanity,

Turn vegetarian; let sordidly manipulative treachery be annihilated forever from this earth; with the waves of holistically unparalleled harmony; taking complete control,

Turn vegetarian; let ingratiatingly jubilant majesty reign supreme in the souls of one and all handsomely alike; with the sea of resplendent existence swirling in boundless directions; and for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Turn vegetarian; let the vividness of the voluptuous oceans become more tangier than ever; with gregarious fishes of all shapes and size; gloriously unfurling into the colors of panoramically untamed fantasy,

Turn vegetarian; let the infernos of sparkling happiness in your impeccable eyes; become the scintillatingly righteous elixir of all sensuously pulsating living kind,

Turn vegetarian; let every entity on this timelessly gargantuan globe; be magically encapsulated in clouds of rhythmically melodious and incomprehensibly unending compassion,

Turn vegetarian; let the preposterously pretentious dungeons of sanctimonious spuriousness disappear into the mists of insipid nothingness; with the spirit of stupendously enthralling ecstasy reigning supreme; on even the most mercurial speck of this Universe,

Turn vegetarian; let the skies of poignant euphoria forever tumble the droplets of endless happiness; with no immaculate organism ever being salaciously befriended of its Omnisciently sacrosanct mother,

Turn vegetarian; let even the most parsimonious trace
of sinister crime refrain in its very obnoxiously
sullen roots; with the essence of everlasting
brotherhood exhilaratingly overwhelming; every quarter
of this mystical earth,

Turn vegetarian; let the ardor of innocent belonging;
eventually blossom into an unbreakably passionate
bonding; which triggered the fires of ubiquitous
ebullience even in the most cold-bloodedly torturous
and heartless night,

Turn vegetarian; let no humble be maliciously deprived
of its divinely pristinity; with every being on this
earth irrespective of caste; creed; color or racially
discriminating tribe; heavenly uniting into the river
of mankind,

And turn vegetarian; let life on Almighty God's
eclectic earth proliferate for countless more births
yet to unfurl; with man and wildlife fabulously
surging forward shoulder to shoulder; with all
happiness of this world immortally and unassailably;
assimilating in their victorious stride.

Nikhil Parekh

Turn Vegetarian- Part 2

Even if a droplet of it fell in my food; I puke out
what I had consumed in my stomach; during the tenure
of the marathon month,

Even if a droplet of it blended with the dusty road; I
wildly swerved my sedan; crashing face on against the
lanky tree; with my heart palpitating faster than
white lightening,

Even if a droplet of it got smeared inadvertently with
my pillow; I relentlessly tossed and turned all night;
fostering agonizing memories about the plight of my
fellow compatriots in suffering,

Even if a droplet of it dribbled down from my mirror;
I started to witness the entire world as disastrously
shattered; and all perceptions of mesmerizing beauty
just disappeared from my mind,

Even if a droplet of it came tumbling from the
astronomically fathomless sky; I swooned in sheer
disbelief towards the ground; terrified that the
Creator might have now decided to end this magnificent earth,

Even if a droplet of it plummeted into the gigantic
glass of water; I started to have insane
hallucinations about the sacrosanct spirit of life; to
be in grave danger,

Even if a droplet of it oozed from my beloved's face;
I had a horrendously ringing sensation in my bones;
and I found tears of profound empathy slither down my eyes,

Even if a droplet of it loitered on the periphery of
my shoe; my feet started to tremble inexplicably; and
the saliva in my throat froze brusquely midway; as I
felt helpless for mankind in hysterical grief,

Even if a droplet of it lingered close to my breath; I

felt that the gates of doomsday had suddenly unveiled themselves full throttle upon the Universe,

Even if a droplet of it stuck to the luminous dial of my watch; I commenced to conceive that time had bizarrely condensed in its roots; and a treacherously sinister glow hideously enveloped the whole planet,

Even if a droplet of it appeared on the television screen; I felt myself perpetuated with an insatiable nostalgia for my countrymen; sacrificing their lives in true patriotism; to ensure that I existed in perpetual peace,

Even if a droplet of it coalesced with the majestically shimmering stream; I felt as if the entire assemblage of water was shivering in unprecedented pain,

Even if a droplet of it fell on the immaculately plain sheet of writing paper; I felt that it was impossibly irrevocable to remove the stains with even the most incredulously powerful eraser in this world,

Even if a droplet of it sprinkled itself on tree leaves; I ruminated that wild life was pathetically deteriorating; and infinite parasites crawled on the prowl to pacify their lecherous gluttony,

Even if a droplet of it adhered to my eyeball; the world outside seemed gruesomely obfuscated; and every path on which I transgressed seemed to be leading to the corridors of satanic hell,

Even if a droplet of it spurted out from the impregnably formidable walls; I felt uncannily closer to ghastly death and decay; and the pulse of my exuberant existence remarkably slackened its pace,

Even if a droplet of it sprang up on my palms; I pondered upon the dire consequences that would savagely constrict the tenacity of my destiny; the gloomy perils that await me as I alighted my next step,

Even if a droplet of it leaked from my luscious lips;
I relinquished all sagaciously perceivable activity;
poignantly disturbed at the most vital fluid bestowed
upon by the Almighty Lord; flowing out mercilessly,

And it was simply beyond my most incomprehensible
limit of imagination; that if such a minuscule droplet
of blood fomented my sensitivity to abdicate almost
all traces of life,

Then how could people round the globe; eat; drink; and
relish it; stupendously basking in its glory over a
glass of oligarchic port wine; ruthlessly slaughtering
impeccable animals for mere satisfaction of their
nocturnal supper?

Therefore it is my humble plea to all of you on behalf
of the Omnipotent Creator; to try your best and TURN
VEGETARIAN.

Nikhil Parekh

Two Women

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most ecstatically ravishing entities; on this fathomlessly enchanting Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most unbelievably artistic and poignantly sensitive entities; on this boundlessly enamoring Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most unsurpassably surreal and limitlessly fantasizing entities; on this timelessly enthralling Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most triumphantly sacrosanct and bountifully virile entities; on this spell bindingly ever-pervading Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most compassionately humanitarian and symbiotically melanging entities; on this unceasingly fructifying Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most vivaciously exuberant and optimistically brilliant entities; on this unbelievably symbiotic Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most intrepidly tangy and ebulliently unconquerable entities; on this spectacularly panoramic Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most jubilantly charismatic and inimitably priceless entities; on this timelessly Omnipotent Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most impeccably mollifying and ubiquitously effulgent entities; on this inexhaustibly redolent Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most iridescently vivacious and tranquilly ameliorating entities; on this unfathomably blessed Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most chirpily extravagant and unstoppably burgeoning entities; on this Omnisciently insuperable Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most truthfully undefeated and righteously bestowing entities; on this uninhibitedly heavenly Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most fantastically embellished and informally heartfelt entities; on this immaculately invincible Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most eternally liberating and blissfully vibrant entities; on this victoriously Omnipresent Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most benevolently philanthropic and wholeheartedly Samaritan entities; on this indefatigably proliferating Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most patriotically unflinching and fearlessly divine entities; on this unbeatably emollient Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in my life; both of whom for me were the most synergistically consummate and ardently affable entities; on this impreguably transcending Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in life; both of whom for me were the most dexterously molded and creatively evolving entities; on this fabulously twinkling Universe,

O! Yes; there were definitely two women in life; both of whom for me were the most eclectically adept and unshakably harboring entities; on this magically mitigating Universe,

The first one of them was my perpetually Godly Mother who gave me birth to relish the astoundingly unlimited gifts of this planet. Whilst the second one was my Heavenly Beloved; who not only made me feel unassailably alive in this lifetime; but was the cardinal reason for my rebirth an infinite more times to enjoy an infinite more lifetimes.

Two Words Of Love

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives lying by the dilapidated gutters; and today they had blissfully mushroomed into unconquerable monarchs of the biggest corporate empires,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives insidiously languishing like an inconspicuous insect; and today they had blossomed into a bountifully beautiful flower; spreading their stupendous redolence; to even the most remotest corners of this devastated planet,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives stumbling incessantly even before they could alight a single foot; and today they had sprouted into the most impregnable kingdoms; of unbelievably Herculean strength,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives gruesomely submerged beneath a pile of mud and with trespassers uncouthly spitting upon their slavering skins; and today they had fructified into an unfathomable river of enchantingly everlasting melody,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives stagnating like insipid shit near the morbid graveyards; and today they had bloomed into an aristocratic empire of vibrantly unending prosperity,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives indefatigably begging on the obsolete streets; and today they had embedded their places irrefutably; upon the marvelously scintillating throne of charismatic strength,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives being tyrannically lambasted by nothing else but the most horrific of abuse; and today they had silenced the entire Universe; with the unsurpassable power of their royal artistry,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives suffering devastatingly cursed defeat; and today they had triumphantly blazed through even

the most obsolete corner of hell; regally embossing the impression of their unassailable superiority to far and wide across this planet,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives staring into despicably despondent nothingness; and today they had evolved a civilization of contemporarily invincible magic; on even the slightest of winds that they caressed,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives being an infinitesimally rotting shadow which more often than necessary disappeared into the corpse; and today they had added every glittering versatility to their; astounding repertoire of vibrant existence,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives as stray puddles of stinkingly impoverished water; and today they had pricelessly become the rain of vivaciously unrelenting charisma; for every bereaved patch of scorching earth,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives in savage destruction and abhorrent war; and today they had become the most miraculously revered surgeons of philanthropic justice; Omnisciently healing even the most inexplicably brutal of wounds,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives stealing fruits from the fields to placate their insurmountably hungry stomachs; and today they had boundless estates of their own; in which they uninhibitedly danced all night and day with the biscuits of; perpetually shimmering silver,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives hopelessly sleeping by the deserted dogs on the roads; and today they had become the most richest organisms on this planet; with even infinite hands proving a fraction too less to count their majestic gold,

There were some who commenced the very first moments of their lives being ruthlessly orphaned and kicked by the conventionally murderous society; and today they had incredulously procreated a township of their own; an entrenchment in which everything reflected traces of their poignant blood,

There were some who had commenced the very first moments of their lives being subjected to vindictively diabolical curses; and today they had celestially inculcated the power to accurately prognosticate the future of countless on their fingertips; have the entire earth encapsulated in their impregnable shadow,

There were some who had commenced the very first moments of their lives wailing in traumatized anguish without their beloved; and today they had spectacularly spun a tale of seductive romance on every entity that confronted them; reigning supreme in the souls of one and all; alike,

There were some who had commenced the very first moments of their lives frantically gasping for even a pinchful of breath; and today they had risen to that level of unchallengable divinity; wherein the solution to any dilemma lay fragrantly entrenched in their mesmerizing palms,

And there were some like me; and believe me I am not ashamed the slightest to proclaims this; who had come on this God's sacred earth with not even a penny in their penurious pockets and with two words of love; and were profoundly proud to quit it whenever he wanted; again still without a penny in their penurious pockets; and with still two words of immortal love.

Nikhil Parekh

Tyrannized Sheep

Woolen threads of cozy winter wear,
forming bundles of warm noodles,
interstitched to furry proportions,
tasteless and tailored to high degrees of bitter cold,
sheared with large cleavers,
from skins of fat mountain sheep,
wandering in abundance on hilly terrains,
in search of leafy shrub and small prey,
shielding freezing winds in their natural dress,
with woolen sprouts in clusters since birth,
long drooling ears, effusive bleats of denial,
gnarled teeth, stamping of feet on white ice,
diffusing chinaware of snow into fragments,
but alas! at last they succumb to brutal force,
of breathing hearts, and reasoning brains,
the most supreme form of godly creation,
with trillions of activated brain cells,
decades of smartest existence, as man,
utilizing animal comfort for human greed,
stripping them of their only defense,
to manufacture, snow white cardigans,
long spun robes with internal heat,
royal caps with woolen skin,
well spun socks with breathing pores,
flexible hand gloves deactivating chill,
embroidered scarves with sheets of wool,
and a host of winter wear, to numb cold,
nip it in its frozen buds,
with rich stripped wool of innocent sheep

Nikhil Parekh

Ultimate Destination

There were an infinite who lived- solely to become the best businessman of all times; adroitly using all their expertise to evolve astoundingly unbelievable and new ladders of inimitable entrepreneurship,

There were an infinite who lived- solely to become the best magician of all times; making the entire unsurpassable earth disappear as soon as it'd come; in the insurmountably baffled eyes of their spell-bound audience,

There were an infinite who lived-solely to become the best astronaut of all times; indefatigably discovering newer and newer planets alien to common man; and then blending each ingredient of their blood with quaint creatures of bedazzling space,

There were an infinite who lived- solely to become the best athlete of all times; spawning a whole new civilization of invincible fitness; which tackled even the most pernicious impediment of life with a smile,

There were an infinite who lived- solely to become the best doctor of all times; dexterously treat every tangible and intangible disease under the Sun with the miracles of contemporary science; in every quarter of this boundless planet,

There were an infinite who lived- solely to become the best environmentalist of all times; dedicating every unfurling instant of their existence to sowing a countless seeds of newness into virile soil; endeavoring their best to try and conserve the euphoric natural habitat,

There were an infinite who lived- solely to become the best politician of all times; crafting such revolutionary policies—that billions of people were ready to sacrifice their lives for them at a single wave of the infinitesimal thumb,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best Police of all times; annihilating the very dastardly worth of crime from its sacrilegious roots; digesting every ounce of irrational perversion and terror in their hearts; so that their countrymen slept tight and smiled,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best astrologer of all times; being able to prognosticate events due to happen a boundless centuries from now; with an accuracy more unbelievable than the world's greatest computer or electronic device,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best actor of all times; profoundly enrapturing their audiences and fans with such extraordinary finesse in their expressions; that they became oblivious to their very own existence and the pragmatic unleashing of time,

There were an infinite who lived-solely to become the best sportsman of all times; embracing every aspect of inexplicably enlightening life as it came; bracing for the worst of apocalypses without a trifle of doubt in their hearts,

There were an infinite who lived-solely to become the best parents of all times; compassionately expending each instant of their existence—playing and relishing with their young ones; fearlessly walking them through every stepping stone of precarious life,

There were an infinite who lived-solely to become the best ambassadors of all times; ubiquitously representing the pride and honor of their sacrosanct motherland-and spreading the ideals of peace; prosperity and togetherness; thereby,

There were an infinite who lived-solely to become the best friends of all times; leave such examples of unflinchingly priceless solidarity and loving companionship; which were immortalized till times even beyond infinite infinity,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best musicians of all times; cast a bewitchingly impregnable spell of their captivating melody; to every newborn ear born till centuries unprecedented,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best teachers of all times; trigger a spectacular new human race- majestically perpetuated with the power of enlightened learning; which would philanthropically change the complexion of this disastrously beleaguered earth today,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best poets of all times; philosophize; sermonize and fantasize about the endless chapters of creation; in each of their perpetually blessed poetic lines,

There were an infinite who lived—solely to become the best lovers of all times; immortally carving such an exemplification of their inseparable love; that it continued to be worshipped by every true lovers heart for even an infinite births after their death,

Whilst I lived every moment of my life—because I knew that as inevitably destined- I would definitely die one day; and that day when I relinquished all breath; my lifeless form would then reach its ultimate destination; be eventually buried right in front of the mosque of my Omnipotent Creator; and then never ever would desire to be born again on the periphery of this manipulatively blood-sucking earth

Nikhil Parekh

Ultimate Master

Nobody understood the incomprehensible agony in my mind; the volcanic fountain of disdainful thoughts it was encapsulated with every unveiling minute,

Nobody understood the inexplicable misery blended with my blood; traversing faster than the speed of white light as I tread on the surface of this colossal earth,

Nobody understood the wretched dreams I had even while wandering under brilliant sunshine; the insurmountable fatigue experienced by my conglomerate of frigid nerves,

Nobody understood the insane madness which destroyed my every fantasy which was stupendously beautiful; converted my blissful existence into inconspicuous bits of threadbare ash,

Nobody understood the thunderous growling of my stomach; inspite of it being inundated till the brim with a battalion of salubriously appetizing food,

Nobody understood the irascible pounding on my heart; the tumultuous fury permeating it belligerently from all sides,

Nobody understood the unsurpassable repertoire of effusive desire welling up prolifically in my soul; the uncanny wavering it underwent every unfurling moment of the day,

Nobody understood the horrendously wavering apathy in my voice; the fire balls of blood enigmatically encompassing my eyes,

Nobody understood the frantic bouts of desperation I experienced in a single night; the deplorable gloom which surfaced cyclonically on my tongue; just as I opened
my mouth to talk,

Nobody understood the cowardice in my foot steps; the incredulously augmented fear in my stride; although I trespassed directly beneath the storm and completely
bare-chested,

Nobody understood the relentless string of dilemma's I was confronted with; the

overwhelming myriad of infinite questions my mind asked me inevitably each moment,

Nobody understood the blood curling screams that punctured through the slim walls of my intricate eardrum; rendering me deaf even in the midst of the most deafening commotion and boisterously blaring traffic,
Nobody understood the fathomless island of needles fulminating in my brain; the piquantly sizzling potpourri of lunatic ideas that devastated me in sheer helplessness; standing like an infant on cold ground,

Nobody understood the unrelenting tyranny with which my body was whipped in freezing air; the invisible barricades of thorns; that kept cropping as I alighted my each step,

Nobody understood the cloudburst of crimson blood that poured on my countenance in turbulent spurts; the acrimoniously pugnacious battlefield of emotions that kept dreaming my last ounce of vital strength,

Nobody understood the mystical emptiness that engulfed my diminutive body; the satanically gleaming swords which kept ripping through my throat as time gradually unveiled,

Nobody understood the gruesome blackness which capsized me even at the onset of sweltering afternoon; the ocean of perspiration which indefatigably kept dribbling down my persona without the slightest of control or holistic respite,

Nobody understood the unprecedented blariness that entrenched my vision; the alarmingly hopeless light that awaited me with hands fully outstretched; even as the world outside walked at regular pace,

But there was indeed a person who understood me above all else in this Universe; and although I didn't possess the power to witness his Omniscient grace; Nevertheless I still considered him my best friend; an entity to whom I would always bow down in timid submission; a sacrosanct idol I would always keep praying to; as my "Ultimate Master"; my "Supreme Creator";.

Nikhil Parekh

Ultimate Messiah Of Humanity

I wanted to dedicate my diminutive eyes; solely to her majestically blooming cisterns of poignant empathy; sleep in her voluptuous eyelashes; for centuries immemorial,

I wanted to dedicate my abraded lips; solely to her aristocratically tinkling smile; be profusely assimilated in the silver saliva that she slurped; every time she compassionately pursed her mouth,

I wanted to dedicate my withering cheeks; solely to her profoundly crimson blushes; rejoicing in her ebullient whirlwind of happiness; as she ecstatically tread on satiny soil,

I wanted to dedicate my penurious palms; solely to her fabulously enigmatic destiny; rhetorically maneuvering every element of my existence; to the vivacious tunes
of her magnetic life,

I wanted to dedicate my distraught scalp; solely to her ravishingly tantalizing hair; become the marvelously scintillating swish of air that resonated; whenever she seductively swayed her head,

I wanted to dedicate my pecuniary chin; solely to her nostalgically titillating reflection; blending every iota of my holistic spirit in entirety; to her overwhelmingly magnetic persona,

I wanted to dedicate my fatigued chest; solely to her melodiously unassailable soul; coalescing every cranny of my pathetically dwindling senses; with the Omnipotent magic in her crimson blood,

I wanted to dedicate my mutilated feet; solely to her impeccable stride; wholesomely becoming every step that she trespassed on; to evolve a magnificently scintillating tomorrow,

I wanted to dedicate my famished hunger; solely to her perennially augmenting yearning for voluptuously charismatic desire; become every ingredient of her piquantly replenished and marvelously alluring grace,

I wanted to dedicate my nomadic ears; solely to her ingratiatingly rhapsodic sound; bounce with stupendous exhilaration in the garden of her perpetually

ravishing enchantment,

I wanted to dedicate my rustically wandering neck; solely to her sensuously drifting and captivatingly euphoric aura; relentlessly cuddle in the ferociously tangy warmth of her divine countenance,

I wanted to dedicate my mercurial teeth; solely to her vibrantly nubile back; igniting fireballs of tumultuous longing in every iota of her flesh; as I nibbled tenderly; till the very last of my veritable breath,

I wanted to dedicate my countless bones; solely to her irrefutably impregnable cause for philanthropic righteousness; become every vein of her never ending tenacity; to mitigate inexplicable suffering from planet earth,

I wanted to dedicate my dolorous shadow; solely to her astoundingly enigmatic and benign voice; eternally tracing the euphorically fantastic cadence; in her gloriously vivacious sounds,

I wanted to dedicate my vanquished head; solely to her bountifully sacrosanct feet; intransigently following her sagaciously Omnipotent footsteps; to every cranny of the globe that she went,

I wanted to dedicate my flirtatious shoulders; solely to her supremely princely visage; hoisting her grandiloquent body to beyond the land of infinite infinity; at the most infinitesimal of her Godly command,

I wanted to dedicate my golden sweat; solely to her untamed wave of unrelenting perseverance; mesmerizing each disastrously exhausted pore of my skin; with the celestial river of humanity fulminating profusely; from her eclectic persona,

I wanted to dedicate my truncated breath; solely to her tranquilly bequeathing life; forever become the fragrance of humanitarian righteousness; which she ubiquitously wafted; on her every mystically proliferating step,

And I wanted to dedicate my throbbing heart; solely to her immortally bestowing love; bond every beat wailing in my indiscreetly trembling chest with her Omniscient essence; to tower unequivocally as the ultimate messiah of humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

Ultimate Reality

Fantasy is a milestone,
Truth is the ultimate reality.

Whisper is a mesmerizing sedative,
Voice of the conscience is the ultimate reality.

Clouds are an ethereal fascination,
Sky is the ultimate reality.

Accidents are an evanescent bruise,
Death is the ultimate reality.

Stars are titillation of the night,
Flaming Sun is the ultimate reality.

Photograph is a magnanimous depiction,
The living are the ultimate reality.

Offsprings keep proliferating in every quarter of the Universe,
Sacrosanct mother is the ultimate reality.

Bees swarm boisterously all throughout the day,
Mesmerizing nightingale is the ultimate reality.

Flurry of blatant lies evaporates into wisps of obsolete oblivion,
Irrefutable truth is the ultimate reality.

Grandiloquent ink depicts marvelous glory,
The pages of destiny are the ultimate reality.

Tantalizing globules of sweat captivate the remotest of alien,
Persevering hardwork is the ultimate reality.

Seductive flesh is a transient sensation,
Charismatic beauty is the ultimate reality.

Flirtation melts like frigid beeswax,
Friendship is the ultimate reality.

Scents wear off as the hours unfurl,
Enchanting rose is the ultimate reality.

Kites flap gregariously and then descend,
Euphoric wind is the ultimate reality.

Sharks glide in majestic unison to pulverize their prey,
Rhapsodic ocean is the ultimate reality.

Religion ironically enthralls with its armory of countless nuances,
Philanthropic humanity is the ultimate reality.

Moonshine perpetuates through the blanket of ghastly darkness,
Marvelously enlightening dawn is the ultimate reality.

Dreams are incarcerating avalanches of ice frenziedly distorting shape,
Actions are the ultimate reality.

Teamwork is a stepping stone towards the zenith of success,
Trust is the ultimate reality.

Panthers growl instills a wave of uncanny fear,
Rampant wilderness is the ultimate reality.

Innovation is a streak of dynamic flamboyance,
Blessed intelligence is the ultimate reality.

Abuses are temporary fulminations of the mind,
The pen of the Almighty Creator is the ultimate reality.

Lightening is an inconspicuous spark of electricity in the cosmos,
The ocean of darkness is a perpetual reality.

Mosquito bite is an infinitesimally pertinent,
Compromise with existence is the ultimate reality.

The bars of prison are a hedonistic submission,
Interiors of satanic corpse are the ultimate reality.

Mountains buckle down like soggy matchsticks under earthquakes,
The summit of conviction is the ultimate reality.

Steroids stimulate traces of newfound power,
The ramifications of the heart are the ultimate reality.

Currency triggers smiles more bombastic than the heavens at times,
Wholehearted satisfaction is the ultimate reality.
Exemplifications alleviate stress to substantive degrees,
Acceptance is the ultimate reality.

Fairies dance to give you the most exotic times of your life,
The cry of the cuckoo every morning is the ultimate reality.

Glitter of gold lasts only till the last winds of night,
The compassionate caress of your mother is the ultimate reality.

Silken strands of spidery web thrill beyond the realms of exhaustion,
The lethal sting of wholesome extinction is the ultimate reality.

Cuddling your baby an infinite times revitalized your dreary senses to the
epitome of optimism,
Each act of benevolence is the ultimate reality.

Slithering bare chested on soil impregnated tremors of pleasure,
Devotion to the cause of Almighty God is the ultimate reality.

Tears are momentary radiations of profound suffering,
Sorrow is the ultimate reality.

Attraction is a vivid chain of primordial passion,
Bondage is the ultimate reality.

Skin extinguishes in entirety with advancing years of life,
The everlasting soul is the ultimate reality.

Royal imagery puts you in trance for cardinal parts of the day,
Poetry is the ultimate reality.

Advertising is a baseless spectrum of gimmicks which enthrall,
Dedication towards the divine is the ultimate reality.

Dwelling harbors you from the diabolical devil,
Enigma is the ultimate reality.

Frolicking in the meadows rekindles your diminishing energies a trifle,
The valley of exultating adventure is the ultimate reality.

Wink triggers avalanches of flirtation and naughtiness,
Concentration is the ultimate reality.

Caress embodies feelings to the most supreme core,
Uninhibited sharing is the ultimate reality.

Bornfires stupefy as they escalate towards the cosmos,
Untamed passion is the ultimate reality.

Superstitions are ephemerally efficacious,
Omnipresent Lord is the ultimate reality.

Business is a rejuvenating parasite adding spice and wealth to life,
Art is the ultimate reality.

And infatuation is storm which gradually disappears,
Immortal love is the ultimate reality.

Nikhil Parekh

Ultimate Utopia

You definitely get nothing else but diabolically stabbing hell; by venomously blinding innocuous children; just in order to make them your fortune collectors on the threadbare street; whilst you blew away their earnings in tawdry smoke and wine,

You definitely get nothing else but truculently ineffable hell; by sadistically torturing your old parents; viciously dictating them to lick the last iota of grime from your sordid floor; whilst you deliberately dirtied it once again with your plethora of misdeeds,

You definitely get nothing else but deplorably asphyxiating hell; by maiming countless helpless and infirm under your devilishly speeding car tyre; just to mollify the unbearably perverted rush of adrenalin in your persona,

You definitely get nothing else but venomously evaporating hell; by devilishly exploiting the weaknesses of all those people whom you knew; and once upon a time had made them confide in you; just to deliriously strangulate later on with their very own inevitable shortcoming,

You definitely get nothing else but blasphemously deteriorating hell; by salaciously cutting down fathomless forests and trees; just for erecting your monstrously robotic coffins of; despicably corporate concrete,

You definitely get nothing else but sinfully pulverizing hell; by pugnaciously embossing the stamp of the raunchily marauding devil; upon every impregnable venerated space of righteousness,

You definitely get nothing else but cold-bloodedly torturous hell; by unrelentingly trampling over a boundless innocent and impoverished; to uncouthly leap up the ladder; whose each step was success profusely soaked; in impeccable blood,

You definitely get nothing else but violently victimizing hell; by viciously making people slave for you; as you heartlessly incarcerated even the most infinitesimal ounce of their pristinity; in the shackles of your unforgivable drudgery,

You definitely get nothing else but parasitically demonic hell; by uncouthly spitting upon the inimitably unconquerable creativity of artists; condemning them as nothing else but ignoramus wastrels; untiringly staring into meaningless bits of sky,

You definitely get nothing else but inconsolably hideous hell; by unsparingly desecrating every Image; Idol; Church; Mosque; Temple; Monastery of Almighty Lord; just to meaninglessly prove that it was none other than you; who held the reigns of this boundlessly bestowing Universe,

You definitely get nothing else but cruelly emaciating hell; by manipulatively separating two true lovers; just because your own love could never ever fructify and eternalize in the chapter of vivacious life,

You definitely get nothing else but ghastily slaving hell; by truculently going against the laws of symbiotism and nature divine; crafting an idiosyncratically crucifying path of your very own; which eventually led to the mortuaries of ultimate oblivion,

You definitely get nothing else but licentious devastating hell; by unbearably dividing the entire spell bindingly united planet; into despondently fetid corpses of caste; creed; color; spurious tribe and kind,

You definitely get nothing else but invidiously lambasting hell; by criminally divorcing your sacrosanct spouse forever from your life; just too fulfill your satanic passions; differently every sinister midnight,

You definitely get nothing else but unthinkably torturous hell; by hedonistically raping every nubile woman that you encountered; excoriating her divinely chastity; only to emerge victorious in each of your rapacious desires,

You definitely get nothing else but penuriously devastating hell; by perpetuating the most treacherously unforgivable riots of all times; atrociously manipulating religious sentiment; to gain the political mileage of your life,

You definitely get nothing else but maliciously amorphous hell; by listening and implementing upon every derogatorily inhuman voice; whereas each ardently earnest beat of your heart; forever told you to spread the message of peace and compassionate friendship,

You definitely get nothing else but reproachfully lamenting hell; by sinfully committing dastardly suicide; closing your breath forever and without the orders of the Omniscient Almighty,

On the contrary you definitely get nothing else but ultimate utopia; in every

instant of your present and future life; with each element of gory brilliantly metamorphosing into Godly paradise; the moment you simply spoke; implemented; and perennially advocated the mantra of Immortal Love; wrote and substituted the same for the above spitefully abhorrent lines

Nikhil Parekh

Unassailable Lord Almighty

These impoverished eyes were irrefutably mine; but every ray of peerlessly benign goodness that they selflessly radiated; was that of the Omnipotent Lord Almighty,

These impoverished ears were irrefutably mine; but every sound of symbiotically united triumph that they heard; was that of the Insuperable Lord Almighty,

These impoverished lips were irrefutably mine; but every ubiquitously gregarious smile that they emanated into; was that of the boundless Lord Almighty,

These impoverished eyelashes were irrefutably mine; but every divinely unfettered sensuousness that they diffused; was that of the Omniscient Lord Almighty,

These impoverished fingers were irrefutably mine; but every ounce of majestic artistry that they culminated into; was that of the fathomless Lord Almighty,

These impoverished veins were irrefutably mine; but every droplet of synergistically humanitarian blood that they nourished; was that of the undefeated Lord Almighty,

These impoverished feet were irrefutably mine; but every step towards blazingly divine righteousness that they embarked upon; was that of the unparalleled Lord Almighty,

This impoverished brain was irrefutably mine; but every fantasy evolving timelessly untarnished newness; was that of the unconquerable Lord Almighty,

This impoverished tongue was irrefutably mine; but every sound of wonderfully egalitarian oneness that it wafted; was that of the inimitable Lord Almighty,

This impoverished throat was irrefutably mine; but every beautifully victorious globule of water that it holistically slurped; was that of the invincible Lord Almighty,

These impoverished shoulders were irrefutably mine; but every molecule of unsurpassably glorious philanthropism that they hoisted; was that of the limitless Lord Almighty,

This impoverished shadow was irrefutably mine; but every iota of celestially enamoring mollification that it provided; was that of the ever-pervading Lord Almighty,

This impoverished signature was irrefutably mine; but every trace of fearlessly unhindered authority in it; was that of the indomitable Lord Almighty,

This impoverished skin was irrefutably mine; but every speck of pristinely convivial compassion it; was that of the Omnipresent Lord Almighty,

These impoverished nostrils were irrefutably mine; but every puff of magically bonding passion that they inexhaustibly exhaled; was that of the everlasting Lord Almighty,

This impoverished heart was irrefutably mine; but every beat of Immortal love that it unstoppably palpitated; was that of the perpetual Lord Almighty,

This impoverished conscience was irrefutably mine; but every ingredient of impregnable truth profoundly embellishing it; was that of the miraculous Lord Almighty,

This impoverished sweat was irrefutably mine; but every stream of unimaginably regal honesty that it dribbled into; was that of the perennial Lord Almighty,

And this impoverished body was irrefutably mine; but every ingredient of astoundingly procreating virility which never ever let the Universe come to a horrifically abrupt standstill; was that of the unassailable Lord Almighty

Nikhil Parekh

Unassailably Right

If you thought that the entire world was your majestic stage; and you could exuberantly dance on its enigmatically marvelous platform; for centuries immemorial,

If you thought that the entire world was your resplendent stage; and you could uninhibitedly frolic on its bountifully fantastic landscape; till even beyond the aisles of infinite infinity,

If you thought that the entire world was your priceless stage; and you could unrestrictedly sleep in its celestially spell binding cradle; till infinite more births of yours yet to unveil,

If you thought that the entire world was your vivacious stage; and you could indefatigably learn in its philanthropically symbiotic lap; for decades unprecedented,

If you thought that the entire world was your eclectic stage; and you could unrelentingly fantasize in its blessed mists; for a zillion minutes,

If you thought that the entire world was your proliferating stage; and you could unstoppably kiss in its compassionate embrace; till the time mother earth synergistically existed,

If you thought that the entire world was your mesmerizing stage; and you could artistically discover on its incredibly tantalizing trajectory; for an unfathomable gorge of endless hours which none had the power to conceive,

If you thought that the entire world was your royal stage; and you could uncontrollably rejoice in its waterfalls of perennially enchanting love; for as long as the clock of life inscrutably ticked,

If you thought that the entire world was your patriotic stage; and you could unflinchingly adventure in its ship of intrepidly limitless ecstasy; till tireless fortnights galore,

If you thought that the entire world was your ingratiating stage; and you could harmoniously mélange in its swirl of invincibly unshakable brotherhood; till even beyond the veritable definitions of time,

If you thought that the entire world was your scintillating stage; and you could victoriously blaze in its spirit of sacrosanct mankind; for instants unsurpassable,

If you thought that the entire world was your pristine stage; and you could unceasingly exult in its rainbow of untainted desire; for a fathomlessly more euphoric nights,

If you thought that the entire world was your undefeated stage; and you could sensuously fulminate in its mountain of ardently unparalleled yearning; till entrenchments beyond the construable reach of voice,

If you thought that the entire world was your divinely stage; and you could titillate every slaving ingredient of your skin in its fountain of unblemished happiness; for as long as breath remained as the sole panacea for leading life,

If you thought that the entire world was your emollient stage; and you could quench your every benign yearning in its Sun of Omnipotent success; till even after the last trace of strength had extradited from your bones,

If you thought that the entire world was your inimitable stage; and you could ecstatically innovate in its fabric of supreme selflessness; till even the most mercurial decibel of sound palpitated in the atmosphere,

If you thought that the entire world was your unconquerable stage; and you could innocuously paint its vividly flocculent canvas; as long as there was Sun and Moon with equal equanimity in sapphire sky,

If you thought that the entire world was your miraculous stage; and you could immortally bond in its romantically impeccable paradise; for days and nights incomprehensible,

Then what you are thinking is unassailably right; if only you could add BY THE GRACE OF GOD to each of your holistically Samaritan thoughts; O! Yes all that you are thinking is more than a 100 % true reflection of your humanitarian soul; by the grace of the Creator Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

Unbiased Beauty

I covered my body with pure silk garment,
sprinkled wild shrub extract on countless pores of skin,
shaved my face of the minutest of hair with Flintstone,
oiled scalp root hair till they shone like gold,
massaged my arms with sandalwood paste,
bathed in perfumed water cascading from the mountain,
rubbed teeth enamel with neem tree bark,
adorned eyelashes with wax mascara,
crushed lotus petals with my feet,
polished my nails with rose nail paint,
evacuated moistened sweat with cologne tissue,
slept on king sized bed filled with iced water,
walked through dungeons dripping with grape vine rain,
cut slices of peach with diamond studded knife,
rolled wildly in heaps of talcum powder,
transforming my wheatish flesh to snow white.
licked my lips with slimy tongue,
accentuating their blood red colour,
i then stared in the mirror,
awaiting kingly handsome flashes of reflection,
the thick glass reflector vomited artificial beauty,
echoed that true splendor lies in unbiased love,
residing deep in dormitories of throbbing heart

Nikhil Parekh

Unceasingly Sizeless

Every foot on this wonderfully colossal Universe had a specific size; some as large as the untamed bohemian giants; while some as small as intricately delectable mushroom sprouts,

Every hand on this insatiably resplendent Universe had a specific size; some as large as boundlessly rustic tree-trunks; while some as small as exotically petite ice-candy cones,

Every waist on this beautifully bountiful Universe had a specific size; some as large as haplessly sailing parachutes in fathomlessly azure sky; while some as small as an infinitesimally infidel ant's nest,

Every lip on this wonderfully timeless Universe had a specific size; some as large as replenishing coconut shells; while some as small as cherries ripped apart into a zillion pieces,

Every finger on this gigantically iridescent Universe had a specific size; some as large as brilliantly towering mountain peaks; while some as small as an orphaned globule of evanescent water,

Every ear on this timelessly endowing Universe had a specific size; some as large as an uninhibitedly flapping banana leaf; while some as small as the stray cat's soggily curled whisker,

Every neck on this limitlessly luminescent Universe had a specific size; some as large as uncontrollably galloping Kangaroo; while some as small as the miserably decrepit pebble on the street,

Every head on this tirelessly triumphant Universe had a specific size; some as large as dinosaurs unblemished egg; while some as small as the boisterously buzzing bumble bee,

Every tooth on this exuberantly victorious Universe had a specific size; some as large as jagged caves of passionate snow; while some as small as the fascinatingly broken pencil tip,

Every eyeball on this exotically effulgent Universe had a specific size; some as large as fields of rampantly sprawling corn; while some as small as pinches of diminutively disappearing salt,

Every wrist on this majestically mitigating Universe had a specific size; some as large as King's patriotic army; while some as small as the caterpillar shivering inexplicably inside his shell,

Every bone on this unbelievably rhapsodic Universe had a specific size; some as large as the inscrutably undulating sea-wave; while some as small as the parsimoniously pulverized shells on the estranged shores,

Every nose on this harmoniously fructifying Universe had a specific size; some as large as the ultimate pine tree tip; while some as small as the disdainful worm slithering haplessly on cold ground,

Every personality on this gregariously opalescent Universe had a specific size; some as large as the fathomlessly sparkling sky; while some as small as the truculently battered and cacophonically wailing beggar's bowl,

Every hair on this altruistically undaunted Universe had a specific size; some as large as the waterfall of immeasurable silk; while some as small as the mercurial dot of white in the moonless night,

Every tongue on this convivially eclectic Universe had a specific size; some as large as the profoundly full blossomed plumage of the enamoring peacock; while some as small as the ethereally alluring and inconspicuously incongruous dewdrop,

Every shadow on this unlimitedly blessing Universe had a specific size; some as large as the backdrop of Mount Everest; while some as small as the passage of trapped air within the lackluster keyhole,

Every dream on this perpetually divine Universe had a specific size; some as large as the unrelenting whirlpool of freshly born desire; while some as small as the crow's obnoxiously abstemious and unsavory feather,

But every heart on this invincibly Immortal Universe was unceasingly sizeless; selflessly radiating symbiotically passionate rivers of love; till times even after life on the planet had stopped to be; and forever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

Unconquerable

Some as insatiably flaming as the flamboyant Sun; dazzling into a pool of profuse brilliance as each instant unfurled into a wholesome minute,

Some as resplendently mystical as the milky moon; ecstatically weaving a tale of unfathomable enigma; on every path that they cast their spell,

Some as boisterously buzzing as the unsurpassable hive of honey bees; piquantly diffusing an exhilarating expedition of timelessness; from their silken whites,

Some as gorgeous as the celestially cascading waterfalls; beautifully placating all traumatized anguish around; with their uninhibited wave of philanthropism,

O! yes there were literally a boundless fraternity of eyes that I had witnessed; but the Omnipotence in your impeccable whites; the aura of unparalleled humanity which enshrouded your lids; was irrefutably unconquerable.

1.

Some as rhapsodically melodious as candies of blooming sugarcane; handsomely perpetuating one and all alike; with their astounding freshness to lead life,

Some as ferocious as prowling panthers; ardently awaiting to gobble all innocuously blissful; in their gruesomely diabolical swirl,

Some as surreptitious as manipulatively sly wolves; treacherously plotting for your perennial illwill; without yielding even the tiniest of insinuation,

Some as bubbly as vivacious rainbows in the fathomless sky; unveiling into an unending festoon of versatility in glorious existence,

O! yes there were literally a boundless fraternity of eyes that I had witnessed; but the magnetism in your supremely majestic whites; the benign impressions of the entire Universe beautifully encapsulated every time you closed your divine lids; was irrefutably unconquerable.

2.

Some as winking as the uncontrollable tornado; submerged in an

incomprehensible ocean of flirtatious mischief; all blackened night and sweltering day,

Some as natural as the very first rays of Sunlight; emanating a river of royally fascinating fortitude; on every path that they harmoniously perceived,

Some as voluptuous as tantalizing seductresses in paradise; inevitably attracting even the most lecherously uncouth; in the realms of their timeless sensuousness,

Some as patriotic as the miraculous newness of creation; altruistically ready every minute to relinquish the last iota of their rays; for the sake of their sacrosanct motherland,

O! yes there were literally a boundless fraternity of eyes that I had witnessed; but the Omnipresence in your marvelously regale whites; the endless Universe of priceless justice which perpetually flowed when you opened your princely lids; was irrefutably unconquerable.

3.

Some as frigidly steely as overwhelming avalanches of white ice; not succumbing to even the most tumultuously truculent of; disparaging pain,

Some as gorgeously titillating as ebulliently enticing red wines; inevitably captivating
the immaculately nubile valentine,

Some as supremely amicable as fragrant lotus; wholesomely blending with even the most ruthlessly lambasting entity; that unfortunately came their way,

Some as turbulent as unstoppably thunderous streaks of vivid lightening in the cosmos; unrelentingly fighting till the last breath of their life; for getting their egalitarian share of rights,

O! yes there were literally a boundless fraternity of eyes that I had witnessed; but the Omniscient religion of humanity in your fabulous whites; the immortality to live; procreate infinite new enthralling lives; and to let live in your meditating lids; was irrefutably unconquerable.

Nikhil Parekh

Unconquerable Lovers

The most acrimonious of thorns came and went; trying their best to metamorphose impeccable sight into a wall of ghastly darkness,
But we still stayed immortally together; staring profoundly at each other; lost in a stupendously ravishing enthrallment of our own.

The most ominous of mental barriers came and went; incessantly endeavoring; to uncouthly exhaust the reservoir of spell binding fantasy,
But we still stayed immortally together; rolling in exhilarated tandem on the slopes; drowning in a world of everlasting titillation and supreme sensuousness.

The most bloody battles came and went; brutally slaughtering countless in the swirl of their malicious hatred,
But we still stayed immortally together; impregnable secure in our passionately divine embrace; coalescing our breath more poignantly with each other; as each second unveiled.

The most treacherously sinister storms came and went; ferociously devouring innocent; before eventually masticating them to infinitesimal ash,
But we still stayed immortally together; sleeping fearlessly under the resplendently twinkling stars; with our fingers astoundingly interlocked; as the first ray of
Sun kissed the horizons.

The most diabolical of witches came and went; stealthily targeting to cast a web of dwindling doom; as the evening bonded with the heart of midnight,
But we still stayed immortally together; compassionately kissing on the sea shores; propelling our ecstasy levels to caress; an ebulliently untamed crescendo.

The rain of crippling sorrow came and went; trying to indefatigably imprison; in chains of lecherous extinction,
But we still stayed immortally together; sighting nothing but the reflection of our perpetual relationship; in every object we sighted; in every dream we conceived.

The norms of the monotonously conventional society came and went; insidiously aiming to separate; using all the power in this Universe,
But we still stayed immortally together; profusely lost in admiring the unfathomable beauty evolved by Almighty lord; wholesomely oblivious to the mundanely manipulative vagaries of this planet.

The hideous hooded terrorists came and went; murderously blasting blissful civilizations with insurmountable hatred in their souls,
But we still stayed immortally together; seductively tracing the boundless pores of our bodies; persevering under the flamboyantly golden Sun; to enrich ourselves with the true spirit of life.

And the chapters of life and death came and went; giving birth to infinite; at the same time snatching billions in their inevitable swirl,
But we still stayed immortally together; taking birth as many times as this earth was born again; only as unconquerable lovers.

Nikhil Parekh

Unconquerably And Solely The Omniscient Lord!

For your most rustically bohemian accent; which cacophonically inundated every conceivable speck of the atmosphere with; disdainfully stinging melancholy,

For your most hoarsely impoverished state; when all that indefatigably rattled in your pockets was nothing but lackadaisically sacrilegious stone; with the planet not paying you a single penny for even the most ecstatically brilliant of your artistry,

For your most eccentrically reclusive habits; those countless baths and sensuality that you bizarrely indulged after the heart of perilous midnight; and then slept like a wastrel hog all blazingly optimistic day,

For your most painstaking bouts of nothingness; when you did nothing else but inexplicably stare at fathomless bits of open sky; till times immemorial,

For your most devastatingly impudent of tempers; wherein you simply hurled everything around you in vicinity into the realms of disdainful oblivion; stamping your foot as violently as untamed lightening in the sky,

For your most distinctively different ideologies from the entire planet; which irrefutably and tirelessly proclaimed that the greatest religion on earth was the religion of humanity; which granted egalitarian importance to the unnecessary killing of an inconspicuous ant and man; alike,

For your most excruciating principles; wherein you were prepared to sacrifice your life this very instant; rather than digress even an infinitesimal iota from whatever you'd diligently promised,

For your most precariously tottering pathways of righteousness; which 10 times out of 10 found themselves buried an infinite feet beneath threadbare mud; haplessly unable to thrive in today's world of prejudiced deceit and abhorrent malice,

For your most resolutely interminable beliefs; that there was nothing such as destiny in shaping an organism's life; as philanthropic hard work was all that escalated you to the absolute pinnacles of infallible success,

For your most uninhibitedly open beliefs; which wholeheartedly advocated that

more sparkling invincible than sanctimoniously conventional marriage; was the compassionately humanitarian relationship of symbiotic friendship,

For your most stinkingly unclothed body; whose each deplorably unwashed ingredient was miserably enveloped; with an infinite layers and tons of acrimoniously squelching grime,

For your most worthlessly unabashed habit of forgetfulness; wherein at times you forgot your very own name; so obsessively engrossed in the inscrutably tantalizing mists of fantasy,

For your most unbearably informal eating habits; wherein you demonically gobbled the entire meal of the day in just one go; preferring to remain horribly emaciated the rest of the day,

For your most foolishly intrepid patriotism; as you entered the boundless battlefield of salaciously jeopardizing manipulation; diminutively naked against countless diabolical perpetrators of violently cold-blooded hatred and lies,

For your most egregiously stabbing candor; wherein the absolute truth that you always chose to fearlessly utter; could very well give the first and last heart-attack; to just about anyone whose parasitic guilt was exposed,

For your most unflinching belief in the law of fecund proliferation; wherein you procreated limitless more like your very own on planet divine; without even a sordid penny in your pocket; and with the unstoppable laughter of the entire planet to heartlessly bear,

For your most incessantly unshakable proclamation to the planet; to selflessly serve every fraternity of despairing living kind in order to reach the Almighty Lord; rather than wasting innumerable hours and donations to polish and pray in front of his stone idol,

For your most immutably priceless ideal; that the power of Immortal Love was the most inimitably Omnipotent power on earth; when virtually everyone else on the globe today felt; that the currency coin was the other name of God,

For your most fanatically dedicated days; wherein you refrained to budge even an inch from your dwelling; endlessly writing and majestically absorbed in the craft of perennial poetry; whereas the planet outside boisterously tick-tocked from 9 to 9 earning fathomless currency coin,

O! Yes; even if after all this; there was anyone who would still accept you for whatever you were in today's sleazily monstrous planet; then it wasn't your Father; Mother; Grandfather; Grandmother; Brother; Sister; Beloved; Wife or an infinite more relations of the likes; but it was forever; unconquerably and solely the Omniscient Almighty Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

Unconquerably Virgin

Wasn't it unsurpassably amazing; that her nubile palms still remained unconquerably virgin even after my caressing them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh lines of mesmerizing destiny every unfurling instant; by the grace of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it limitlessly amazing; that her royal eyes still remained beautifully virgin even after my peering into them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh droplets of priceless empathy every unfurling instant; by the grace of the ever-pervading Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it undefeatedly amazing; that her passionate chest still remained celestially virgin even after my smooching it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh cloudbursts of spell-binding compassion every unfurling instant; by the grace of the perpetual Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it boundlessly amazing; that her tantalizing feet still remained impeccably virgin even after my teasing them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh pathways of unflinching adventure every unfurling instant; by the grace of the Omniscient Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it irrefutably amazing; that her luscious lips still remained timelessly virgin even after my kissing them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh epitomes of unparalleled sensuousness every unfurling instant; by the grace of the unshakable Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it unbelievably amazing; that her voluptuous nape still remained unimpeachably virgin even after my fondling it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh whirlwinds of inimitable titillation every unfurling instant; by the grace of the everlasting Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it interminably amazing; that her bewitching belly still remained innocuously virgin even after my nibbling it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh atmospheres of stupendous virility every unfurling instant; by the grace of the spectacular Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it unfathomably amazing; that her ravishing hair still remained immaculately virgin even after my embracing it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh reverberations of insatiable euphoria every unfurling instant; by the grace of the unquestionable Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it endlessly amazing; that her inebriating shoulders still remained insuperably virgin even after my kneading them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh mountains of bountiful friendship every unfurling instant; by the grace of the triumphant Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it unceasingly amazing; that her robust cheeks still remained inimitably virgin even after my tracing them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh caverns of incomprehensible exultation every unfurling instant; by the grace of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it inexhaustibly amazing; that her seductive armpits still remained wonderfully virgin even after my inhaling them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh skies of righteous perseverance; by the grace of the indomitable Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it eternally amazing; that her poignant ears still remained indisputably virgin even after my stroking them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh playgrounds of vivacious frolic every unfurling instant; by the grace of the unassailable Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it extraordinarily amazing; that her queenly back still remained sacredly virgin even after my licking it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh flames of unabashed exhilaration every unfurling instant; by the grace of the unfettered Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it tirelessly amazing; that her artistic fingers still remained victoriously virgin even after my interlocking with them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh gorges of bounteous creation every unfurling instant; by the grace of the unprejudiced Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it unprecedentedly amazing; that her dainty skin still remained fantastically virgin even after my exploring it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh rain-showers of unbridled sensitivity every unfurling instant; by the grace of the invincible Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it unlimitedly amazing; that her thunderous thighs still remained imperturbably virgin even after my probing them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh beads of priceless excitement every unfurling instant; by the grace of the infallible Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it unstoppably amazing; that her mellifluous mouth still remained irrefutably virgin even after my suckling it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh tunes of untainted freedom every unfurling instant; by the grace of the ubiquitous Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it fathomlessly amazing; that her effulgent nostrils still remained symbiotically virgin even after my breathing into them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh fires of seamless proliferation every unfurling instant; by the grace of the benign Almighty Lord,

And wasn't it uncontrollably amazing; that her immortal heart still remained virgin even after my loving and bonding with it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh heavens of magical togetherness; by the grace of the irreplaceable Almighty Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

Uncrowned King

Corrugated branches of live wood,
oozing bitter colored milk when sliced with axe,
sprouting from infinite spots of tree trunk,
slender, thick, long, strong,
angular sticks of dark brown,
irregular planks of breathing timber,
tapered at ends with several offshoots,
alongwith tiny buds concealed in darkness,
awaiting encounter with rustic breeze,
bearing bunches of fresh green leaves,
spiraling down towards the earth,
compressed by sheets of torrential rain water,
tumbling from black moisture laden clouds,
drenching completely foliage and tall tree,
a breeding palace for,
bushy squirrels, migratory birds,
camouflaged lizards, black ants,
sharp witted fox, night watchman owl,
red beaked parrot, grey crested pigeon,
an essential commodity for crackling firewood,
spreading its roots in deep tunnels of soil,
growing fast and wide through dispersion of seed,
a soothing sight to the human eye,
its branches whistling with the wind,
the neem tree is granted the status of the, oldest uncrowned king.

Nikhil Parekh

Undefeated Life

Every despairingly devastating darkness that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an irrefutable way; victoriously leading you to the corridor of optimistically scintillating brilliance,

Every horrendously diabolical impediment that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an unconquerable ray; blissfully unfurling into the paradise of everlastingly blossoming prosperity,

Every viciously traumatic whirlwind that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an invincible messiah; insatiably propelling you on the path of magnificently tranquil euphoria,

Every tyrannically debilitating disease that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an impregnable elixir; ebulliently making you enjoy every instant of rhapsodically redolent life,

Every stinkingly dilapidated gutter that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a reinvigorating garden; celestially inundating every aspect of your beleaguered life with insurmountably unending freshness,

Every morbidly stony wall that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a resplendent sky; vibrantly enshrouding your haplessly shattered senses with bountiful timelessness,

Every sardonically cynical abuse that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a unassailable fortress of solidarity; bestowing you with the tenacity to perennially flower in the chapter of mystically replenishing existence,

Every brutally savage kick that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an unflinching path to blazing success; embracing each iota of your miserably dwindling existence; with overwhelmingly unsurpassable fortitude,

Every satanic whirlpool of tears that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a waterfall of everlasting jubilation; perpetuating each of your drearily dolorous nerves with the; mantra of altruistic contentment,

Every dungeon of horrifically salacious boredom that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a blanket of compassionately enthralling enthusiasm; becoming your most invaluable glorious asset to; soar high each

instant of life,

Every indiscriminately uncouth rejection that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an astoundingly panoramic rainbow of triumph; with the entire Universe saluting your; inherently benevolent prowess,

Every coldblooded meal of stone that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a ravishingly eternal fruit of Nature's euphoric creation; divinely pacifying your savagely frazzled demeanor,

Every grotesquely ghastly distortion that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an island of exhilarating charisma; blessing each of your barbarically anguished veins; with magically miraculous enchantment,

Every sordidly frigid avalanche of ice that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a poignant entrenchment of amiable sharing; enlightening your life with the most gregariously sacrosanct religion of; eternal mankind,

Every worthlessly devilish slap that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be an ocean of unassailable accolade; majestically rewarding you for your; intrepidly unstoppable and benign perseverance,

Every ominously malicious hostility that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a gloriously marvelous dusk of victory; beamingly bequeathing upon you the never-dying spirit of; timeless survival,

Every painstakingly feeble globule of sweat that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be the scent of astronomical courage; unequivocally escalating you into the clouds of; bloomingly unshakable success,

Every disdainfully disgusting dirt that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a planet of irrevocable purity; beautifully cleansing every pore of your devastated countenance; with the profuse yearning to forever surge forward in life,

Every lecherously abominable hatred that you encountered in your way; eventually proves to be a fountain of pricelessly unconquerable love; unbelievably caressing each invidiously corrupt element of your soul; with the sparkling goodness of creation,

And every vindictively sullen corpse of death that you encountered in your way;

eventually proves to be a divine sky of existence; making you immortally stand up to the devil; and gloriously spawn once again; into a tale of mystically undefeated life.

Nikhil Parekh

Under The Very Broadest Of Daylight

I wanted to inconsolably sob only when it was unrelentingly raining; so that every single droplet of my ungainly hysteria went astoundingly unnoticed; in the torrentially unabashed downpour,

I wanted to uncontrollably tremble only when it was ghoulish midnight; so that every single of my dastardly apprehension went incredulously unnoticed; in the swirl of the unsurpassably pitch dark blackness,

I wanted to intransigently scream only when it was unendingly reining pugnacious war all around; so that every single of my arrogantly bigoted spark went stupendously unnoticed; in the thunderous roar of the enemy,

I wanted to pathetically urinate only when it was ferociously roaring sea all around; so that every single globule of my lividly fetid defecation went amazingly unnoticed; in the fathomlessly impregnable waters of the ocean,

I wanted to inevitably lie only when it was in the premises of the politicians dwelling; so that every single ingredient of my humanitarian fallacy went unbelievably unnoticed; in the ultimate mortuary of sacrilegiously unbearable wrongdoing,

I wanted to unceasingly bleed only when it was amidst a fathomless field of sliced watermelons all around; so that every single element of my unfathomable agony went spectacularly unnoticed; in a cosmos of endlessly enriching redness,

I wanted to vindictively spit only when it was on the frosty shores of the boundlessly undulating ocean; so that every single molecule of my worthless saliva went victoriously unnoticed; in a passionately unparalleled inferno of foaming froth,

I wanted to worthlessly yawn only when it was thunderously lightening cats and dogs all around; so that every single whisper of my lugubriously thwarted laziness went miraculously unnoticed; in the inexorably unstoppable roars of compassionate thunder,

I wanted to unabashedly groan only when it was an atmosphere being interminably inundated by the mellifluously selfless nightingale's sounds all around; so that every single penurious discrepancy of mine went magically

unnoticed; in the melody of
universally bonding togetherness,

I wanted to childishly squabble only when it was solely a world of innocuously
new born infants all around; so that every single of my ridiculous babyishness
went wholesomely unnoticed; in the incoherent wailing of uninhibitedly fresh
born life,

I wanted to humanitariously lose only when it was earth consisting of boundlessly
glistening desert all around; so that every single of my decrepit loss went
wondrously unnoticed; in the inexplicably unlimited cocoons of slippery sand,

I wanted to heartlessly massacre both plant and animal for feeding my stomach
only when it was the absolute descent of oblivion all around; so that every single
of my indispensably committed misdeed went forgivably unnoticed; in the
cadaverous vacuum of already existing nothingness,

I wanted to visit the most sensuously nubile vixens only when it was the devil's
invisible hour upon planet earth; so that every single desire of my rapaciously
titillated flesh went wondrously unnoticed; in the forest of cannibalistically
lamenting wilderness,

I wanted to pugnaciously pack a punch only when it was the epitome of Everest
ruling supreme in the atmosphere; so that every single of my bludgeoning
impetuousness went thrillingly unnoticed; in the limitlessly unconquerable peaks
of the earth,

I wanted to salaciously gamble only when it was an infinite waterfalls of
inebriating liquor cascading all around; so that every single of my insatiable
greed went uninterruptedly unnoticed; in the uncannily unending haze of
uncontrollably faltering alcohol,

I wanted to impoverishedly stagger only when it was the mightiest of mountains
crumbling down like a pack of frigid matchsticks all around; so that every single
of my wastrel faltering went beautifully unnoticed; in the unprecedentedly
hurtling ambience of failure weighing supreme,

I wanted to defeatedly abort my own child only when it was a planet of
hedonistic vultures satanically plucking stinking carrion all around; so that every
single of my dastardly misdoings went superbly unnoticed; in the unimaginably
demonic maelstrom of guttural malice,

I wanted to nimbly surrender only when it was a ludicrously eunuch like planet;
neither masculine nor feminine all around; so that every single ounce of my
unmanliness went entirely unnoticed; in the frigidly asphyxiating smoke of jinxed
impotence,

And I wanted to be captured by the spirit of Immortal Love; make fiercely
passionate love; give Omnisciently inimitable love; every unfurling instant of my
diminutively destined life; yet more specifically under the most visibly blazing
rays of the Omnipotent Sun; under the very broadest of daylight.

Nikhil Parekh

Unemployment

Unemployment is a ghastly seed; which flowers into a graveyard of sullen nothingness; for centuries immemorial,

Unemployment is an abhorrently fetid wind; which pulverizes every element of your sacred countenance; to blend with insipidly threadbare and sleazy charcoal,

Unemployment is a pathetic maelstrom of obnoxious malice; which cripples every trace of vibrant existence; till realms beyond absurd recognition,

Unemployment is the most agonizing of trauma in an organism's visage; a perfidious quarantine that remains with your silhouette once it takes even the most infidel of roots,

Unemployment is the onset of disdainful morbidity; with even the most euphorically gyrating nerves of your body; now ignominiously vomiting the last ingredient of your sagacious blood,

Unemployment is a malicious stamp of the horrendously penalizing devil; insanely annihilating all melodiously bountiful desire from its very poignant roots,

Unemployment is a treacherously abominable parasite; malevolently extricating even the last iota of celestially fructifying nutrition; from your wonderfully robust body,

Unemployment is the ultimate curse on all fraternity of living kind; insidiously asphyxiating the fangs of your existence; even before you could wink your eyes,

Unemployment is an avalanche of decaying neglect which unceremoniously augments with each instant of unveiling time; rendering even the most gloriously synergistic of your rudiments to baseless shit,

Unemployment is the most acrimoniously devastating nail in your coffin; unsparingly lambasting you with swords of horrific disdain; even after your veritable death,

Unemployment is an indescribable holocaust for the boundless planet; lecherously snaring its satanically ostracizing shadows towards nothing else; but

a solitary dungeon of gory bloodshed and doom,

Unemployment is the most perniciously sinister abuse that you could have ever conceived; mercilessly excoriating an entity's integrity into a million infinitesimal pieces of meaninglessness,

Unemployment is an intransigently emotionless night that never ends; a gruesomely pulverizing blackness that has not even the tiniest insinuation of an optimistic tomorrow,

Unemployment is a diabolical wave of perilous remorsefulness; metamorphosing even the most capricious iota of ebullience enshrouding your soul into a corpse of overwhelming dilapidation and ominous decay,

Unemployment is an unsurpassably satanic entrenchment of preposterously sinking boredom; endlessly scarring your sacrosanct visage with the signature of utterly devastating hopelessness,

Unemployment is the most torturously inexplicable disease; a severely pugnacious ailment which leads to nothing else but a tunnel of dimly dolorous Blackness,

Unemployment is a wasteland of acridly thwarting debilitation; propelling you to vindictively stumble into a battlefield of gory blood and bone; on every step that you transgressed,

Unemployment is a revengeful gutter of squelching stench; barbarically assassinating even the most evanescent trace of optimism encapsulating your spell binding countenance,

Unemployment is a venomously belligerent thorn that incessantly pierces the crux of your exuberant existence; triggering every element of your persona to unstoppably bleed till times beyond infinite infinity,

Unemployment is a cold-bloodedly shattered glass; which transformed even the most majestically resplendent of your contours; into the corpses of ghastily penalizing hell,

Unemployment is the most tyrannically truculent form of sparkling life; ruthlessly sapping even the most fleeting iota of enthusiasm from your unassailable body,

Unemployment is an endless tornado of ferociously repelling bullets; ghastily

infiltrating every pore of your conscience with a blanket of derogatorily corrupt lies,

Unemployment is an unrelenting swirl of self inflicted destruction; transiting every speck of your inherently benign goodness; into a insanely uncouth murderer,

Unemployment is a desert of savagely threadbare hostility; leaving a trail of blood stained avarice and discriminating prejudice on every quarter of this fathomless earth,

Unemployment is the greatest sin that you could ever be born for; a web of nonchalant drudgery that miserably crucified everything that you ardently desired,

Unemployment is the most quintessential spark that evokes indiscriminate violence; agonizingly transforming God's unconquerable fabric of humanity; into an irascible marketplace of trading death,

Unemployment is the despicably lugubrious ceasing of your heart; the dastardly dying of every harmoniously enchanting rhyme in the blissfully enthralling atmosphere,

Unemployment is the most criminally castigating snapping of your beautifully endowing breath; rendering you with nothing but an appalling expletive for this miraculously mesmerizing planet,

Therefore it is my humble plea to all those uselessly Unemployed; to passionately race forward in the full fervor of Omnipotently charismatic life; transcend past the pinnacles of bountiful prosperity to symbiotically blend with the religion of mankind,

And believe me that you would find yourself irrefutably successful once you take the initiative; for it is not I who is doing anything for you; but it will all manifest into a perpetually invincible reality by the grace of the Omnipresently Almighty Lord

Nikhil Parekh

Unfastening The Buttons Of Her Heart

When I unfastened the buttons of the sky; there came cloudbursts of rain
turbulently pelting down on the parched ground,

When I unfastened the buttons of the soil; all that lay there was fecund chunks
of mud blended with ravishing worm and mystical light,

When I unfastened the buttons of the towering castle; there unfolded a
grandiloquent extravaganza before my eyes; oligarchic tapestry and an
insurmountably royal
ambience was all that touched my innermost senses,

When I unfastened the button of the voluptuously brown cola; there was a
fountain of tangy spray that blasted out; to impart incomprehensible
rejuvenation to my
dreary soul,

When I unfastened the button of the gargantuan grandfather clock; the watch
abruptly stopped to function; and time seemed to come to a virtual standstill
although it was well past dawn,

When I unfastened the buttons of the majestically descending parachute; there
lay nothing but a flurry of broken bones on the ground; as I hurtled towards
the obdurate soil at a speed faster than that of white light,

When I unfastened the buttons of the ocean; there was an exquisite treasury of
coral reef and vivaciously slithering shark that left me in spells of dumbfounded
consternation,

When I unfastened the buttons of the television; a myriad of enthusing tunes and
vibrantly tantalizing pictures left me agglutinated to the silver screen for hours
unprecedented,

When I unfastened the buttons of the ancient dungeon; I found myself suddenly
encompassed by a festoon of glittering gold and biscuits of shimmering silver; as
I collided with an uncanny thud just inches beside the sacrosanct serpent
guarding them with its fangs,

When I unfastened the buttons of the delectable dwelling; my vision became all
the more sacred as I sighted my unsurpassably cherished mother,

When I unfastened the buttons of rubicund skin; poignant droplets of blood
oozed out in torrents of rampant frenzy,

When I unfastened the buttons of the colossal ship; the boat eventually lost its
synchronized balance; sank to the rock bottom of the ocean like a bullet fired
from the sky,

When I unfastened the buttons of the cloistered bedroom window; a stringent
beam of dazzling sunshine crept inside in splendid unison; shrugging off all the
languid exhaustion that had uselessly circumvented my soul,

When I unfastened the buttons of the sleeping lotus; there wafted a
stupendously seductive odor of rose in the air; deluging my morbid life with tons
of
excitement and enthralling happiness,

When I unfastened the buttons of the slippery web; a potbellied black spider
brusquely fell on my robust palms; sending me into waves of ecstatic rhapsody,

When I unfastened the buttons of the gorgeous valley; an thunderously loud
echo reverberated incessantly; piercing the soft carpet of wind to clash like
violent
sparks into the hills,

When I unfastened the buttons of my office shirt; I was left freezing on the snow
clad streets; audaciously portraying my shriveled muscle like a deplorable
skeleton pole,

When I unfastened the buttons of painstakingly creeping time; I astoundingly
found myself perched near my grave; when in fact I hadn't even matured past
the threshold of impetuous youth,

But the best happened when I unfastened the buttons of her heart; for all that I
found there was only my picture; an immortal love and craving for me
passionately pulsating; for many more centuries to blissfully unfold.

Nikhil Parekh

United Existence

Please adorn my fingers with rings of glittering gold; with the metal tightly clinging to my skin,
And the shimmer emanating profoundly illuminating the gloom lingering around;
exotically piercing through the blackness of the atmosphere.

Please embellish my earlobes with sparkling diamonds; pellucid beads of stone weaving a way through the walls of my eardrum,
And the glow disseminating voluptuously tickling your senses; making you gasp in spell bound consternation.

Please beautify my intricate feet with anklets of scintillating silver; incongruous golden threads engulfed loosely around,
And the tinkling sound making your body stagger; fomenting infinite goose bumps on your robust flesh.

Please embed my petite palms with mystical designs; coating them with a stringent extract of sandalwood powder,
And the mesmerizing aroma inevitably reviving your dead bones; causing beads of ecstatic perspiration to trickle down your nape.

Please paint my nails with gaudy color; blending alluring shades of scarlet gently on their periphery,
And the flamboyant display causing you to trip over your face; in your attempt to sight them at close quarters.

Please decorate my neck with a necklace of glistening pearls; cascading in perpetual harmony down my chest,
And the shine diffusing enticing you to come near me; caress my shoulders with your passionate breath.

Please smudge my lips with garish lipstick; rampantly applying it all over their fluffy periphery,
And the luscious color radiating compelling you forcibly; to taste their sweetness, suckle them with your tongue in entirety.

Please drench my body with emollient rose spray; the reinvigorating droplets of water splashing all over my entity,
And the enamouring smell that wafted; drawing you closer to my persona from miles apart.

Please garnish my eyelashes with piquant mascara; enveloping my lids with outlines of emerald green,
And the fiery rays that emitted placing you into a celestial stupor; drowning you wholesomely into the unfathomably deep ocean of my eyes.

Please impregnate my scalp with your blood; scrupulously bifurcating my hair into commensurate halves,
And the tenacity in our romance profoundly portrayed to the world; proclaiming us to be bond in threads of holy matrimony.

Please flood my heart with your love; filling every empty pore with the fervor in your veins,
And the essence of our love spreading far and distant; bonding us immortally in the chords of united existence.

Nikhil Parekh

United Human Kind

The sweat that flowed when you killed; was like the orphaned wings of a parasitic leech; left to devastate on its own in this fathomless Universe,

The sweat that flowed when you lied; was like a lifeless skeleton suspended in non-existent air; pulverizing to inconspicuous ash; at the tiniest insinuation of drifting wind,

The sweat that flowed when you hated; was like a crocodile slithering disastrously; without the most minuscule droplet of water; in the heart of the insurmountably sweltering deserts,

The sweat that flowed when you devilishly conspired; was like grandiloquently embellished; bereft of a single tangible soul,

The sweat that flowed when you lambasted your parents; was like a dog opening its mouth an infinite times; and yet not able to poignantly bark,

The sweat that flowed when you betrayed; was like a billion scorpions stinging a new born infant; strangulating him to death; even before he was alive,

The sweat that flowed when you condemned mankind; was like the satanic tremor of a ghastly earthquake; metamorphosing your visage to a pack of frigidly burnt cards,

The sweat that flowed when you disrupted harmony; was like a horrendously blind man; walking on the summit of the Himalayas,

The sweat that flowed when you brutally hijacked; was like a ludicrous scarecrow; melting to blend with soil; at the most obsolete of Sunshine,

The sweat that flowed when you indiscriminately whipped; was like a colossal juggernaut of stinking lizard; dancing in your stomach after your afternoon meal,

The sweat that flowed when you rebelled Almighty Lord; was like an infinitesimal mosquito surrendering; before its master even wept,

The sweat that flowed when you abusively tyrannized; was like the worst nightmare of your existence; transforming each instant of your destiny into a

countless breaths without life,

The sweat that flowed when you maliciously stabbed; was like a tree on soil since centuries unprecedented; without the most diminutive of thorn or voluptuous leaf,

The sweat that flowed when you poisoned children; was like a miserably freezing avalanche of ice; not melting even under the most austerely brilliant of Sunshine,

The sweat that flowed when you adulterated blissful society; was like an docile ant; merrily forcing the ferocious panther; to have the last run of its life,

The sweat that flowed when you slit the innocent; was like a dungeon of uncouth daggers; indefatigably lingering in the absolute center of your mouth,

The sweat that flowed when you ridiculed the celestially elderly; was like an haggardly pale stone; being kicked; tossed; kidded and decimated by all fraternity of living kind,

The sweat that flowed when you snatched happiness; was like pathetically rotting carrion; being relentlessly ripped apart by a hostile battalion of vultures and wandering wolves,

While the sweat that flowed when you loved and lived life; was like the divine taking birth as man; immortalizing this planet; with the essence of united human kind.

Nikhil Parekh

United Together

A world laden with overwhelming prosperity; touching the hearts of all living organisms alike,

A world of ubiquitous equality; disseminating the message of perpetual love in every corner submerged with ghastly darkness,

A world of insurmountably transparent simplicity; with all organisms candidly divulging the inner most feelings of their hearts,

A world of celestial unity; with the drooping; the poor; and the stinking rich; marching ahead; shoulder to shoulder,

A world of ravishing titillation; with romance being the cardinal savior under milky beams of majestic moonlight,

A world of uninhibited expression; with nobody being a slave of spuriously bombastic aristocracy,

A world of vivacious color and charisma; with each individual deluging the atmosphere; with an astounding repertoire of gifted talents,

A world of jubilant laughter and cheer; with children and the old; fulminating into a cloud of invincible happiness; alike,

A world of irrefutable altruism; with each entity contributing its best; towards the benign service of philanthropic mankind,

A world of symbiotic relationship; with people embracing each other; in times of exuberant joy; as well as disparagingly crippling pain,

A world of bountiful progress; with the amalgamated efforts of all tribes combined; yielding the sweetest fruits of magical success,

A world of pacific calm; with each living being harboring peace and goodwill in his soul; to blend wholesomely with the divine,

A world of mesmerizing beauty; with the untamed wilderness of the forests; proliferating into a fountain of newness; every unveiling second,

A world of impregnable security; with no child ever being orphaned;
immaculately sleeping for centuries immemorial; in the lap of its sacrosanct
mother,

A world of perennial goodwill; with each human ardently wishing the best for his
fellow counterpart in inexplicable misery,

A world of marvelous mysticism; with every unfurling path; blossoming into a
voluptuously enticing chapter of existence,

A world of friendship and eternal peace; healing the most horrifically gory
wounds; with the balm of unconquerable camaraderie,

And a world of immortally passionate love; profusely bonding the beats of
tangible existence; for infinite births more; till the Creator bestowed life upon
earth,

Is what I have always desired since the time I inhaled my very first breath; and
although I indefatigably pray all night and day; to the Almighty lord,

Believe me; it can wholesomely manifest into an unshakable reality; with me;
you and all of us on this colossal planet; united together.

Nikhil Parekh

United We Stand, Divided We Fall

The solitary plant on soil shook to the most minuscule draught of wind; buckled miserably under the influence of passing breeze,
While it was the cluster of trees which appeared resilient against the most tumultuous of storm; stood like a formidable fortress as the air whizzed past their demeanor in cyclonic succession.

A single cloud in the sky looked disdainful; lingered lackadaisically without precipitating for hours on the trot,
While it was the conglomerate of dense clouds in the cosmos; that showered rain unrelentingly; inundating every barren patch on earth with exotic water.

The flame of the wax candle flickered flirtatiously; as the sultry night started to take a complete stranglehold on the day,
While it was the crackling bonfire that blazed tenaciously through the darkness; profoundly illuminating the cloistered environment with dazzling rays of hope.

The puddle of water looked contemptuous; lying desolate after the monsoons; anxiously waiting to evaporate into thin wisps of oblivion,
While it was the ocean with an ensemble of swirling waves; rising high and flamboyant towards the sky; that was able to bear the weight of ships; transport millions of passengers from one destination to another.

A single goat philandering on the hills looked pretty forlorn; aimlessly loitering around; groping wildly for the right path as the complexion of day transited into ephemeral dusk,
While it was the cluster of sheep which ambled audaciously; manipulated the meandering paths of the terrain; to reach their destination with supreme safety.

One soldier facing the marching enemies abysmally succumbed; collapsing in a petrified heap at the sight of gleaming guns and bombs,
While it was the battalion of stalwarts who fought valiantly till they relinquished breath; dexterously swishing their swords to annihilate the advancing army.

As a single eye searched for the inconspicuous needle; trying to unearth it from amidst heaps of rotten leaves and corn; the task seemed virtually insurmountable; with sighs of exasperation piercing loud and stringent through the atmosphere,
While it was only when several eyeballs rotated all around; were they able to spot the diminutive metal camouflaged subtly beneath a green banana skin.

The manager looked disgruntled; making flagrant blunders as he buried his head
in submission under a sheaf of monotonous papers; trying to run the company
solely on his own,
While it was only when a team of professionals assembled together; executed
their tasks to immaculate perfection; that the business prospered; became a
name to cherish in the community.
And a single stick of candy snapped ludicrously into multiple fragments; the
instant I applied on it the slightest of pressure,
While it was the united bundle of sticks; which incorrigibly refrained to distort an
inch; Infact gained loads more of raw strength; with each
attempt of mine to wholesomely decimate it.

Nikhil Parekh

Unity

With rain; comes cheer,
With pride; comes downfall,
With satisfaction; comes richness,
With adventure; comes exuberance,
With speed; comes exhilaration,
With benevolence; comes mankind,
With religion; comes conflict,
With poverty; comes starvation,
With joke; comes laughter,
With dreamgirl; comes fantasy,
With contentment; comes prosperity,
With mission; comes ambition,
With triumph; comes fulfillment,
With dream; comes enchantment,
With flower; comes scent,
With breeze; comes serenity,
With moonlight; comes bliss,
With storm; comes passion,
With sea; comes vivaciousness,
With war; comes belligerence,
With pompousness; comes destruction,
With perseverance; comes success,
With determination; comes concentration,
With ornaments; comes embellishments,
With nightingale; comes melody,
With nonchalance; comes failure,
With rainbow; comes vibrancy,
With earthquake; comes devastation,
With togetherness; comes caring,
With earth; comes vitality,
With marriage; comes festivity,
With tea; comes rejuvenation,
With dance; comes titillation,
With fish; comes agility,
With blink; comes mischief,
With youth; comes impulse,
With manipulation; comes deploration,
With mania; comes insanity,
With interaction; comes intimacy,

With intimidation; comes fear,
With castle; comes grandiloquence,
With reptile; comes poison,
With wine; comes intoxication,
With poem; comes poignancy,
With business; comes lechery,
With dirt; comes disease,
With night; comes rhapsody,
With muscle; comes might,
With commitment; comes conviction,
With art; comes glorification,
With mountains; comes fortification,
With teamwork; comes inspiration,
With children; comes newness,
With diligence; comes achievement,
With drought; comes misery,
With cherry; comes delight,
With eloquence; comes smartness,
With acclimatization; comes versatility,
With sharing; comes bondage,
With agony; comes vindication,
With trends; comes change,
With vigor; comes flamboyance,
With beauty; comes connoisseurs,
With nostalgia; comes past,
With oldness; comes decay,
With activity; comes boisterousness,
With battle; comes bloodshed,
With belief; comes resilience,
With romance; comes dream,
With passion; comes ignition,
With salt; comes tanginess,
With diamond; comes scintillation,
With star; comes resplendence,
With caress; comes magnetism,
With prudence; comes foresight,
With aim; comes means,
With mastery; comes perfection,
With divine; comes bliss,
With brotherhood; comes immortality,
With butterfly; comes frolic,
With experience; comes maturity,

With flight; comes enthrallment,
With mirror; comes reflection,
With vibration; comes tingling,
With shadow; comes enigma,
With patriotism; comes renaissance,
With cynosure; comes glitteratti,
With dwelling; comes retreat,
With quilt; comes warmth,
With slavery; comes repugnance,
With lies; comes hate,
With lime; comes freshness,
With cowardice; comes regret,
With wolves; comes barking,
With clairvoyance; comes unpredictability,
With abeyance; comes despair,
With success; comes confidence,
With introspection; comes improvement,
With serenity; comes sedation,
With umbrella; comes shelter,
With grass; comes captivation,
With sheep; comes wool,
With bees; comes pandemonium,
With manipulation; comes mayhem,
With yearning; comes remorse,
With atheism; comes dwindling,
With cataract; comes obscurity,
With oblivion; comes dilapidation,
With sleep; comes reinvigoration,
With obsession; comes possession,
With mosquito; comes pertinence,
With vomiting; comes repulsion,
With undulations; comes mysteries,
With smiles; comes amiability,
With stagnation; comes doom,
With flair; comes dynamism,
With hugs; comes sensuousness,
With demons; comes abhorrence,
With facsimile; comes humiliation,
With flatulence; comes indigestion,
With partiality; comes desperation,
With risk; comes uncanniness,
With negligence; comes halfheartedness,

With cinema; comes entertainment,
With falsification; comes worthlessness,
With dangling; comes looseness,
With punch; comes doughtiness,
With pinch; comes naughtiness,
With birthdays; comes jubilation,
With ostentation; comes foolhardiness,
With expectations; comes longing,
With stitching; comes firmness,
With accomplishment; comes wholeness,
With target; comes focus,
With monsoons; comes mysticism,
With trespassing; comes revolt,
With bullet; comes hostility,
With sorrow; comes freezing,
With snow; comes freezing,
With rehabilitation; comes betterment,
With astuteness; comes dexterity,
With masquerade; comes concealment,
With emeralds; comes glow,
With utopia; comes perpetuality,
With ulcers; comes discomfort,
With traffic; comes congestion,
With crippling; comes debilitation,
With worms; comes acrimoniousness,
With apprehension; comes circumspection,
With command; comes authority,
With community; comes friendship,
With eccentricity; comes isolation,
With solidarity; comes divine,
With irony; comes detestation,
With shivering; comes nervousness,
With amalgamation; comes power,
With emancipation; comes salvation,
With setbacks; comes realization,
With echo; comes reverberation,
With rhyme; comes reason,
With semblance; comes normalcy,
With health; comes stamina,
With quavering; comes hypertension,
With diversion; comes adroitness,
With corpulence; comes disorders,

With resolution; comes purpose,
With elastic; comes flexibility,
With desire; comes ecstasy,
With tuberculosis; comes coughing,
With cruise; comes vastness,
With corporates; comes professionalism,
With gloom; comes deprivation,
With games; comes uninhibition,
With camel; comes perseverance,
With experience; comes expertise,
With blending; comes cuisine,
With pandemonium; comes crisis,
With halitosis; comes aversion,
With discovery; comes thrill,
With infatuation; comes longing,
With trees; comes oxygen,
With dimples; comes blushing,
With departure; comes tragedy,
With giant; comes magnification,
With fiction; comes imagination,
With etiquette; comes civilization,
With effort; comes dividends,
With sordidness; comes fever,
With surplus; comes rejection,
With routine; comes synchronization,
With globalization; comes progress,
With insects; comes pertinence,
With power; comes responsibility,
With breath; comes life,
With conscience; comes truth,
With mother; comes God,
With unity; comes humanity.

Nikhil Parekh

Unmarried

Unmarried; when we kissed; we felt the waves of untamed passion rise to the ultimate crescendo of fulfillment; whilst when after Marriage; we felt it to be just routinely boring ritual to be inevitably done; just to spuriously appease each other,

Unmarried; when we listened to each other; our eyes interlocked for hours immemorial as we became oblivious to every other sound in the atmosphere; whilst after Marriage; the words seemed to irately pound like a billion unwashed boulders; upon the extremely tempestuous chords of our eardrums,

Unmarried; when we philandered together; we almost seemed to unanimously admire and appreciate each natural creation of the Lord Almighty; whilst after Marriage; we sat taut and haughty in stony silence; even as the most majestically virile sceneries and greeneries passed by,

Unmarried; when we confronted any problem; both of us earnestly put in our the last droplet of our sweat to emerge unitedly victorious; whilst when after Marriage; each of us left it wholesomely on the other to get out of the inexplicable disaster,

Unmarried; when we sipped wine; we cheered a toast umpteenth number of times in the sensuous wilderness of the night; whilst after Marriage; each of us chimed our glasses just once for the sake of the sanctimonious society; and that too with profound abhorrence lingering in our eyes; and time and again casting sneering glances at the bottle price,

Unmarried; when we slept; we were aware and fondly traced even the tiniest creak of our bodies with our uninhibitedly wandering fingers; whilst after marriage we indifferently slept poles apart; thunderously snoring till eternity; even as either one of us was being crucified by the swords of diabolical hell,

Unmarried; when we sat to eat supper; each one of us altruistically waited for marathon moments before the other devoured to his/her hearts content; whilst after marriage both of us made a barbarous beeline for the singleton dish; at times ending with raw gashes of unsavory blood; on our profusely scratched hands and face,

Unmarried; when we wrote each others names; we felt the most pricelessly blessed organisms alive perpetually possessing each other in our hearts; whilst after marriage we never disclosed it to anyone that we even had a lifepartner; specially if it was someone of the opposite sex,

Unmarried; when we swam in the choppy ocean; even the most infinitesimal vein of our body was so perennially entwined that it was impossible to separate us even in the fiercest of storm; whilst after marriage we deliberately used each others heads as a lifeboat; drowning the other in our attempt to stay triumphantly afloat and selfishly alive,

Unmarried; when we awoke; the very first thing that we did in the morning was to bow down to each other's feet as we found our ultimate liberator in each of ourself; whilst after marriage we strangulated each other's senses for uncannily waking up early in the morning; and hideously disrupting the heavenliness of bountiful sleep,

Unmarried; when we were wounded; we compassionately ran every contour of our fervent lips to those parts which hurt till there was not the tiniest of pain; whilst after marriage all that we could hedonistically muster; was indigenous salt to apply on the agonizingly crimson streams of blood,

Unmarried; when we laughed; it was as if to trace and assimilate even the most insouciant bit of ecstasy hidden in our unconscious veins; whilst after marriage we invidiously chortled and exploited each other's idiosyncrasies; even at the cost of an infinite tears which unstoppably flowed,

Unmarried; when we sketched; all we could capture on our barren canvases was every conceivable shade of our passionately exuberant silhouettes; whilst after marriage if ever we used our drawing pens; then it was to spew blood of in tolerance and unfathomable hatred,

Unmarried; when we were lost; we rediscovered and reborn each other in our very own unassailably redolent breaths; whilst after marriage we heartlessly abandoned each other; leaping at the beams of hope who came searching us; and at the first opportunity,

Unmarried; when we sobbed for our loved ones; the innermost realms of our souls united for an infinite lifetimes to share our grief and ameliorate ourselves to the highest epitome of the Sun; whilst after marriage we sadistically used each other's tears to bathe; incase the overhead tank was empty,

Unmarried; when we created something; we mutually congratulated each other till the aisles of endless infinity whether there came or not; the tiniest of soul from the outside world; whilst after marriage the same creation became the ultimate reason in our route to divorce,

Unmarried; when we saw suffering on the streets; we selflessly extricated even the last ounce of blood from our veins; endeavoring our best to serve humanity; whilst after marriage we greedily amassed our own wealth; career; identity and fame; in order to royally exist in separate palaces of gold soaked in innocent blood,

Unmarried; when we met after office; we embraced each other with so much passion and intensity that the most gigantic of structures and creation around humbly tumbled to our toes; whilst after marriage we rapaciously preferred to frequent the prostitutes dwelling to placate our heinous desires; as well as stay forever away from our robotically boring faces,

Therefore it is my nimble plea to you O! Omnipresent Lord; to let our love forever immortalize into a cloud of unbreakable compassion; to let our love forever become the ultimate guiding beacon for every other true lover born; and thus for all this to consolidate into a timeless reality; leave us best as unmarried.

Nikhil Parekh

Unparalleled Winner

Not even when the most majestic palaces on this Universe were copiously laid in the bare of my palms; only to be blown away to infinitesimal dust; to the tiniest of my whims and aristocratic commands,

Not even when the most undefeated flamboyant Sun perennially carved a path of infallible victory for me-on every conceivable step that I tread; and even in the heart of murderously wholesome blackness,

Not even when the most ravishingly ecstatic clouds in the cosmos knelt in due obeisance at my doorstep; waiting for that single tap of my finger-which'd prompt them to rain or not to thunderously rain,

Not even when the most celestially golden dewdrops refrained to be crushed and evaporate; until I had profusely made love and uninhibitedly kissed all of them,

Not even when the most invincibly iridescent of stars altruistically became my pillow to sleep; forever transporting an infinite dormitories of my brain into the aisles of unbreakable fantasy and sheer utopia,

Not even when the most hideously acrimonious of thorns on this unending Universe—metamorphosed themselves into a carpet of seductive silk beneath my feet; and on each path that I was destined to transgress,

Not even when the most boundless gardens of sensuous roses and unabashed flowers; rose towards the highest epitomes in the sky in sheer rhapsody; as I merely exhaled my breath on their dainty stems,

Not even when the most jubilantly swaying forests of desire; endlessly showered their flurry of succulent fruit upon my forehead—so that the word 'hunger' never ever crept in the dictionary of my existence,

Not even when the most pricelessly inimitable of ornaments cascaded solely upon me and unstoppably from fathomless sky; to make me the richest organism ever to breathe upon the trajectory of planet divine,

Not even when the most cadaverously fetid of corpses; became the ultimate elixir of life; as I cast my shadow upon the morbid graveyards for just a single instant,

Not even when the most inexhaustibly ticking of time stopped when I said; and then restarted upon my tiniest insinuation from my chamber of unlimitedly eccentric dreams,

Not even when the most unassailably vivacious of rainbows; replenished every disastrously frazzled nerve of my impoverished existence; with timeless strokes of enchanting color and unconquerable charm,

Not even when the most ferociously undulating and stormy oceans; held each of my advancing footsteps like firm soil; as I ran over their waves to magically rejoice with the cotton wool of voluptuous clouds,

Not even when the most unfathomably ghastly devils on this inexhaustible Universe; disdainfully collapsed like a pack of frigid matchsticks at the most invisible of my breath,

Not even when the most imperceptible of my caress on fecund soil; gave instantaneous birth to an infinite new sapling of an optimistic tomorrow; insuperably impregnating the atmosphere with pristine and new-found life,

Not even when the most coveted honors and awards on this earth were thrown dime a dozen into my lap—kept augmenting all the more as I nonchalantly threw them one by one into the abominable slush pile,

Not even when the most dreadfully incarcerating of disease metamorphosed themselves into pure and royal nectar- -the moment that they inadvertently entered into my poignant bloodstream,

Not even when the entire map—every tangible and intangible nook and cranny of this planet; indefinitely embedded itself into my brain; as I became the world's most fastest and prodigial living computer,

But I'd definitely consider myself an unparalleled winner; when irrespective of anything superior happening or not happening to me; true love found its way right into the center of my passionate heart—and then remained there forever and ever and ever- -bountifully nourishing and connecting each pulse of my existence directly with the Omnipotent Lord.

Nikhil Parekh

Unpardonable Crime

To enter it was as easy as the wail of a freshly born child; as you suddenly escalated to the absolutely unprecedented summit; of awesome power, While you found yourself lambasted to threadbare bits of inconspicuous dust; the very instant you decided to wholesomely relinquish its; preposterously ghastly swirl.

To enter it you didn't require the slightest of guts; as the profusely overwhelming cascade of lethal guns in your hand; made you feel more powerful than the most indomitable of prince, While you transited into an infinitesimal pool of disdainful mosquito curry; the very instant you decided to quit its heinously gory swirl; for good.

To enter it you didn't need even the slightest of brainwork; as the profound feeling of raw power sunk deep into your malevolently prejudiced soul, While you had the worst nightmare of your life which incorrigibly refrained to end; the very instant you tried to spit on its derogatory web of insidious lechery.

To enter it was the most lucrative moment of your impoverished life; as you envisaged nothing but castles of glittering gold on even the most sordidly remorseful step; that you tread, While you got kicked worse than the orphaned stone; in lunatic whirlpools of your own blood; the very instant you even thought a ludicrous fraction; of relinquishing it forever and ever and ever.

To enter it was a live life kingsize dream for you; with fathomless territories of innocuously opulent land; diminutively reeling under your savagely merciless authority, While you relentlessly wailed worse than an agonizingly dying man; embedding your feet deeper and deeper into the morbid graveyard; the very instant you perceived even the tiniest of abdicating; its uncouthly barbaric swirl.

To enter it all you needed was an ungainly bunch of surreptitiously hideous contacts; as you proudly envisaged yourself to be one day seated on the throne of this entire Universe, While you had veritably no saliva left in your mouth to swallow; the very instant you resolutely planned to abnegate; its treacherously bloodstained dormitory.

To enter it you had perhaps waited all your life; conceiving silken luxury to perennially kiss your penuriously devastated footstep; and that too within the

wink of an eye,
While you found yourself devouring garbage left over by the pigs for centuries
immemorial; the very instant you eventually realized; and wanted to forever
shun
its uncouthly parasitic caress.

To enter it was the most ego satisfying time for you; as you could now ruthlessly
slap back all those who had even inadvertently scratched you; with the
unfathomably invidious power of dastardly weaponry,
While you irrefutably didn't get even the most mercurial of chance to sight the
morning Sun once again; the very instant you benevolently resolved; to abandon
its ghoulishly forlorn dungeon of meaninglessness.

And to enter it all you had to do was sporadically utter the word CRIME; and Lo!
Behold there was some salacious gangster or the other fervently waiting there to
optimally exploit your innocence to the most unsurpassable limits,

While you insensitively scrubbed your entity from this earth forever with your
own blood laden hands; the very instant you took a solemn pledge; to vanquish
its
menacingly slandering territory.

Nikhil Parekh

Unprepared

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of ecstatic scents; as well as the worst of the worst morbidly fetid stinks,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of unsurpassably optimistic illumination; as well as the worst of the worst dolorously asphyxiating darkness,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of triumphant melodies; as well as the worst of the worst torturously ghastly voices of the ghost,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of unflinchingly sparkling victories; as well as the worst of the worst scurrilously ignominious defeats,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of intriguingly exhilarating newness; as well as the worst of the worst bawdily desolate silence of the treacherous coffins,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of ubiquitously synergistic wisdom; as well as the worst of the worst myths of cadaverously pulverizing illiteracy,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of blazingly insuperable heroics; as well as the worst of the worst gallows of abysmally deteriorating dumbness,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of magically volatile sensuousness; as well as the worst of the worst amorphously listless matchboxes of tyrannical monotony,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of uninhibitedly priceless freedom; as well as the worst of the worst of apocalypses of unsparingly lambasting hell,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of opulently majestic rainfall; as well as the worst of the worst of bizarrely strangulating mortuaries of drought,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of compassionately symbiotic camaraderie; as well as the worst of the worst of venomously diabolical

parasites of malicious chicanery,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of indomitably towering courage; as well as the worst of the worst of salaciously flagrant dastardliness,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of wholeheartedly unconquerable smiles; as well as the worst of the worst of fretfully tearful and penalizing disasters,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of timelessly endowing royalty; as well as the worst of the worst sordidly begging bowls of haplessly inevitable desperation,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of altruistically benign philanthropism; as well as the worst of worst of parsimoniously lethal and indescribably penurious crime,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of spellbindingly Omnipresent virility; as well as the worst of worst of slaps that tirelessly reverberated the curse of being infertile,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of Immortally unassailable love; as well as the worst of the worst of cannibalistically vituperative betrayal,

He's perpetually prepared you for the best of the best of regally emollient life; as well as the worst of the worst of hedonistically massacring and unavoidable death,

But if there was one thing that the Lord didn't prepare you for; or never ever wanted you to prepare yourself: That was to nonchalantly accept the corpse of savagely crippling death; within the heart of his effulgently panoramic creation; within the invincible entrenchment of his endlessly procreating atmosphere; within the melody of unshakable oneness that enshrouded every of his organism and particle of earth alike; within every unbelievably jubilant moment of your blessedly proliferating and destined life

Nikhil Parekh

Unstoppable.

Unstoppable was the crimson blood circulating ecstatically through the veins; indefatigably pumping the most stupendously vivacious elements of existence in the every organisms body; symbiotically alike,

Unstoppable was the rain euphorically pelting down from fathomless sky; relentlessly inundating impoverished territories of destitute land; with globules of spell binding enchantment,

Unstoppable were the rays of the ferociously blazing Sun; fearlessly disseminating its Omnipotent shine; to even the most obfuscated cranny of this gigantically entralling Universe,

Unstoppable was the intransigently unending tick-tocking of time; gloriously throbbing with palpable life; meticulously synchronizing the entire planet; and for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Unstoppable was the swirl of the majestically undulating ocean; fulminating into a fountain of unfathomably priceless froth; even in the heart of the perilously blackened night,

Unstoppable was the flame of unassailable desire; uncontrollably proliferating till realms beyond infinite infinity; tantalizing every breathing entity in its magically compassionate incantation,

Unstoppable was the attraction between two opposite sexes; inevitably drawing all humanity close; irrespective of the barriers of caste; creed and worthless color,

Unstoppable was the thunderously volatile prowl of the famished lion; as he royally paraded through the undercurrents of the inscrutable forests; with fires of unparalleled superiority blazing in his eyes,

Unstoppable was the dream of benevolent goodness; miraculously healing even the most traumatically bereaved; with the Omniscient ointment of eternally righteous mankind,

Unstoppable was silken flight of the regally charismatic bird; as it handsomely soared through the clouds of fantastic titillation and vibrancy; magnificently kissing the mists of perennial yearning on its odyssey down towards mother

earth,

Unstoppable was the song of the impregnably princely nightingale; perpetuating even the most sordidly dreary of spaces on this colossal Universe; with triumphantly exuberant melody,

Unstoppable was the leap of irrefutably sparkling truth; as it reigned supreme as the most invincible idol alive; harmoniously transpiring the endless planet to take birth profoundly; for centuries unprecedented,

Unstoppable was the marvelously ubiquitous innocence of the newly born infant; irrefutably transcending over all richness of this unfathomable planet; bountifully embracing the spirit of uninhibitedly immaculate freedom,

Unstoppable was the wind of ebulliently unconquerable passion; metamorphosing even the most impossibly intractable of circumstances; into a celestially scintillating paradise,

Unstoppable was the cry of timeless liberation; the unbelievably resurgent force with which countless galloped forward to bond in threads of amiable friendship; far away from the dungeons of retributory malice,

Unstoppable was the jubilantly blazing patriotism of the soldier; who lived immortally in the hearts of the nation; even after relinquishing his very last breath for his sacrosanct motherland,

Unstoppable was path of fabulously victorious conscience; which unsparingly annihilated even the most capricious trace of salaciously heinous evil and lies; with the swords of truth divine,

Unstoppable was sensuously ravenous breath in the body; expunging out with a tumultuous fervor; that made even the most treacherous of devils to blend with the chords of synergistic existence,

Unstoppable was the magically Omnipotent rhythm of the passionate heart; with each of its wonderfully burgeoning beats; eternally coalescing with all love and resplendent congeniality; on this unending planet,

And unstoppable was my ardor to write poetry; flood every bit of barren space on this incomprehensibly vivid planet with the fragrance of love and humanity; spawning into an entrenchment of perpetual bliss; even after I abdicated my last droplet of blood; even after I forever shed my last breath.

Until And Unless

My eyes incorrigibly refused to move; remaining stubbornly mute for centuries immemorial,

Until and Unless; the impeccable whites of your enamoring sight; perpetually interlocked with their sporadically twinkling shine.

My toes irrevocably refused to transgress a single step; pathetically freezing like a mountain of treacherously crippled logs,

Until and Unless; the delectable tinkle of your immaculately divine feet; perpetually interlocked with their boisterous exuberance.

My lips intransigently refused to smile; resembling the murderously gory interiors of corpse; even in their celestial prime,

Until and Unless; the rubicund pink of your innocuously tantalizing cheeks; perpetually interlocked with their new found happiness.

My neck dogmatically refused to drift; ludicrously stoning itself like a lame pillar; even as the entire beauty of this wonderful planet crept by,

Until and Unless; the compassionate tenderness down your ravishing spine; perpetually interlocked with its euphoria to surge forward in vibrant life.

My fingers belligerently refused to write; ridiculously retreating into a shell of rotting nothingness; even as majestic artistry fulminated in their veins,

Until and Unless; the untamed mysticism in your seductive palms; perpetually interlocked with their resilience rising above the sky.

My stomach venomously refused to eat; starving itself to unprecedented limits; even as lecherously sank deeper and deeper into my grave,

Until and Unless; the voluptuous charm of your ambiguously titillating belly; perpetually interlocked with its uncanny urge to relish the unknown.

My brain vindictively refused to fantasize; drowning itself into a blanket of harrowing sadness; even as the most royal fantasy on this earth blissfully caressed it from all sides,

Until and Unless; the unfathomably grandiloquent reservoir of your mind; perpetually interlocked with its yearning; to blossom into euphoric radiance.

My breath tumultuously refused to diffuse; strangulating me to a countless deaths; inspite of all the oxygen on this planet lingering near my intricate nostrils,

Until and Unless; the Omnipotent aura of your mesmerizing countenance;
perpetually interlocked with its ebullient redolence; from all sides.

And my heart vehemently refused to beat; freezing to a pool of frigidly morbid
ice; even as torrential rains of insurmountable passion descended down from the
sky,
Until and Unless; the profusely poignant palpitations dancing in your Godly chest;
perpetually interlocked with its immortal urge; to disseminate the essence of
peace; humanity; brotherhood; and symbiotically survive.

Nikhil Parekh

Until You Veritably Die!

You might hide an infinite feet beneath the frostily undulating waves of the ocean; or entirely camouflage every single bone of your shivering silhouette within the untamed wilderness of the tropically unabashed forest,

You might hide in the most infinitesimally blackened corners of ghastly midnight; or seek dastardly refuge behind the bars of the most unassailably diabolical prison,

You might hide fretfully beneath an unsurpassably Herculean mountain of mud; or obfuscate even the tiniest trace of your demeanor from worldly eyes; fearfully crawling into the interiors of the artificially look alike corpse,

You might hide behind the most imperturbably thorny cactuses of the fathomless desert; or impregnate every conceivable pore of your naked skin with the most tenaciously invincible jackets of steel,

You might hide on the most intangibly remotest islands of obsolescence; or keep unrelentingly rolling in acrimoniously sweltering sand; until every part of your nimble body looked no different from those threadbare granules of mud,

You might hide in the most farthestmost dungeons of the haplessly extinct mortuary; or try and escape as far as possible from the trajectory of earth; an infinite miles beyond the clouds in the contemporary spacecraft,

You might hide in the most invisibly claustrophobic vents of the miserably deflated gutterpipe; or try and spend the remainder of your life a countless kilometers behind; unconquerably thick walls of snow,

You might hide in the wholesomely flabbergasted horizons of nothingness; or enter your entire form into the body of such a scepter; which could defend you against the most mightiest forces and enemies on earth,

You might hide in the myriad colors of the rainbow praying your very best for the shades to wholesomely overpower you; or live your entire life in deceitful disguise; disdainfully slithering in the squalid swamps alongwith the alligators,

You might hide amidst the already lifeless carcasses of dead men and women; or run faster than the speed of white lightening; to fly to the most safest place on this enigmatic Universe,

You might hide in the tallest grasses which waved their green stalks till eternity; or keep endlessly darting for unconquerable shelter here and there; till the last puff of breath exhausted in your lungs,

You might hide amidst the roots of insuperably century old tree; or cunningly sink beneath innumerable layers of unshakable iron; which could unflinchingly withstand the onslaught of every superpower on planet earth,

You might hide in the most inconsequentially forgotten events of the oblivious attic; or scream your lungs hoarse for every comprehensible source of help; on this magnetically fructifying planet,

You might hide in the comfortable hollows of the gigantically impenetrable dinosaur's ear; or bury yourself in dreadful shame under a hillock of fetid feces; of
the flaccidly squandering pig,

You might hide in the lap of your perpetually venerated mother; or cry a boundless tears every single minute; asking for more time and space in your life,

You might hide in the most obscured caverns of the demonically echoing well; or hire every single organism on earth to guard you 24 X 7; with the power of your unlimitedly scintillating wealth,

You might hide in the deepest fronds of slippery satin; or abashedly cover every contour of your face and form with the most embellished of veil; just like a newly wedded nubile bride,

You might hide in the mortuaries of hell bribing the sadistically massacring devil for transient refuge; or keep adroitly absconding from place to another; so that not even the most diminutive of your footprints could be irrefutably traced,

And go wherever you desperately wanted to; do whatever you eclectically wanted to; hide as much as you salaciously wanted to; but remember O! impoverished man; that whenever your moment to leave this planet as chosen by the Almighty Lord arrives; death will chase you; strangulate you; completely finish you; irrespective of your caste; creed; status; color or tribe; until the last puff of breath exhausts in your lungs; and until you veritably die.

Nikhil Parekh

Urges

As the amber ball of sun peeped from white puffs of clouds,
weak and languid beams of light caressed the earth,
engulfing pitch dark blackness with faint rays of dawn,
prompting abrupt closures of artificial light,
there rose sporadic urges in the body to walk past barriers of sleep.

as the football of blazing light grew colossal in size,
acid rays of light fell stringently on the ocean,
heating suspended dust and concrete tower,
illuminating the atmosphere with dazzling Sunshine,
there arose thunderous urges in the body to start work.

as the molten island of fire began sinking behind the mountain,
faded pink currents of light overpowered the day,
cool waves of air descended down the network of roads,
naturally lit multistoried offices transited to murky grey,
there arose hasty urges in the body to return back to return to the place of
dwelling.

as the golden web of steam finally disappeared from boundaries of vision,
overpowering darkness taking a stranglehold on light,
vehicular traffic now between few and sparse on the carpet of road,
gruesome blackness imprisoning every iota of land and space,
there arose an universal need in the body to hide beneath the blanket and sleep.

Nikhil Parekh

Use Your Heart

Use your nails to scratch stale paint from walls; peel off the rust from indispensable commodities for survival,

Use your toes to poke someone frivolously in the ribs; hoist intricate pieces of cloth strewn on the floor,

Use your eyes to distinguish between the sacrosanct and the devil; swirling them rampantly in all directions to grasp the beauty of the universe,

Use your fingers to scribble infinite lines of literature; seize all those in a vise like grip trying to massacre the law,

Use your legs to walk unrelentingly in the sun; indiscriminately kick all those pernicious impediments that confront your way,

Use your nose to breathe in gallons of fresh air; detect fragrance and obnoxious stench in the atmosphere with equality,

Use your arms to embrace all those afflicted with pain; profusely loving the ones you cherish,

Use your teeth to scrupulously masticate food; evacuate lethal poison from innocuous skin bitten by snake,

Use your brain to decipher baffling enigmas of life; make planet earth a better place to inhabit,

Use your lips to produce philanthropic smiles; spread the ubiquitous message of congenial friendship,

Use your affluence to lead a luxurious life; showering the same on those engulfed with tumultuous distress and pain,

Use your power to assassinate evil from its faintest trace; fighting incessantly for those oppressed in the society,

Use your ears to decode the minutest of sound; inundate barren arenas of your soul with melodious music,

Use your hair to cushion the impact of blows on your scalp; letting it glisten in the sunlight to impart warmth,

Use your blood to save someone on the threshold of death; donating it in bountiful amounts to those who require it the most,

Use your breath to tickle the grass blades; impregnate the chilly ambience with loads of passionate energy,

Use your bones to work tirelessly; executing them meticulously to their complete potential,

Use your voice to pacify the hot blooded; propagating the message of peace with tenacity,

Use your life to achieve and construct and discover; procreating your progeny to serve humanity with grace,

And use your heart to uninhibitedly love; inculcate the spirit of perpetual caring in the ones you ever encounter.

Nikhil Parekh

Uttering Her Name

When I battered my fists against the acerbic strips of glass; infinite pores on my skin started to bleed profusely,
However when I did the same uttering her name; the glass broke into an ocean of splinters; and my hand escaped unhurt without a scratch.

When I indignantly stopped my nose from inhaling breath; I let out marathon gasps after a few seconds,
However when I did the same uttering her name; I could hold on much longer in my deplorable attempt.

When I inscribed a jugglery of design with a knife on my bare chest; I felt capsized by tumultuous pain,
However when I attempted doing the same loudly chanting her name; the anguish seemed to vanish into thin wisps of oblivion.

When I tried masticating metal with my fortress of teeth; I swooned on the ground unconscious with a cluster of them strewn beside my scalp,
However when I proceeded to do the same whispering her mystical name; the disdainful metal transited to silken honey.

When I tried to pummel the wall boisterously striking my impetuous knuckles; my fingers contracted a series of multiple fracture,
However when I did the same uttering her name; the mighty wall broke and the bricks came tumbling down.

When I clambered the slippery slopes of the treacherous mountain; I lost my footing midway; hurtling down towards the earth head on,
However when I tried doing the same singing her name; the mountain summit looked like a piece of cake; and I conquered the same in flash seconds of time.

When I tried consuming vials of poison; indispensable blood froze abruptly in my veins;
my silhouette lay numb; with a deathly blue incorporating my body,
However when I drank the same uttering her name; the venom converted itself into pure milk; and I bounced merrily with resplendent euphoria.

When I leapt from unprecedented heights of the edifice; I struck the earth with tremendous velocity; staying in perpetual coma for days,
However when I committed the same feat uttering her name; the ground I

landed turned itself into spongy Dunlop; and I got rejuvenated by the through stimulation.

When I walked on blazing fires barefoot; the inner soles of my feet were rendered maim for the remainder of my life,
However when I executed the same calling her name; burning embers of the insidious fire felt like refrigerated ice; tickling my demeanor extravagantly.

I had lived all my life in blissful contentment; envisaging the beauty of her mesmerizing fragrance,
And eventually when the time came to depart for my heavenly abode; I still didn't feel the pain; as I faintly recited her sacrosanct name

Nikhil Parekh

Utterly Helpless

The cow; knew that the crow sitting on its back was a treacherous nuisance;
tickling it on umpteenth number of places; when it actually wanted to blissfully
rest,

But in the end she found herself completely helpless; as no matter how hard she
swished her tail; the bird kept sitting; without incorrigibly budging even an inch.

The Majestic edifice standing tall on the road; knew that tremors occurring during
the earthquake werereally unwanted,

But in the end it was helpless; as they inevitably kept coming; and despite the
most severest of its resilience; weakened its foundations beyond safety limits.

The gargantuan Oak tree; knew that the snakes crawling on its formidable
periphery; disrupted its serenity and tranquil shade,

But in the end it was miserably helpless; for as the years unveiled its crevices
grew; and the hooded monsters kept proliferating in dozens; although it tried its
best to kill them with its juice.

The ocean sprawled over a billion kilometers of territory; knew that the choppy
waves rising high; broke its mystical spell and dreams,

But in the end it was completely helpless; as the harder it tried the more the
waters swirled; and a tumultuous storm enveloped the entire surface; causing
the froth
erupt towards the sky.

The granules of earth sprinkled all around; knew that ploughing them would give
them agony; massacre their virginity beyond their capacity to redeem,

But in the end they found themselves disastrously helpless; as man kept digging
them with greed in his eyes; till the time he struck pitchers of glittering gold.

The hot cakes sizzling on the grills; knew that the bees hovering around would
painstakingly devour their sweetness; render their sponginess with
innumerable number of holes,

But in the end they were helpless; as try as hard as they could; the flies kept
buzzing feasting on their appetizing surface; till the time they satisfied their
gluttony.

The tongue suspended in chamber of the mouth; knew that its demeanor would
be reduced to rotten garbage; the instant it blurted out abuses,

But in the end it was totally helpless; as even after resolving in the name of

Almighty lord; it exhaled out the most abashing of bad words; when provoked by the passing pedestrian.

The clusters of blossoming rose; knew that the parasites clambering up their stalk would render them fragile and lifeless,
But in the end they were wholesomely helpless; as the more they tried to defend themselves with their sparse thorns; the more the army of leeches enjoyed in sucking them to emptiness.

And I as a poet; knew that working in office with a monotonous bunch of morons; would vanquish all my creativity; annihilate the passionate fantasy revolving in my mind from its very roots,

But in the end; I found myself stumbling at every instant of life and utterly helpless; as; If I wanted to survive in this uncouth society; I had to substitute fantasy with bulky checkbooks; chop my dreams in entirety with the sword of commercialism; in order to feed me and my wife with sumptuous food; rise with her early at dawn; to confront a new tomorrow.

Nikhil Parekh

Vehicular Rubber

the inflated swell of vehicular rubber,
with soft rectangular indentations,
help captive in circular hollow of the tyre,
traverses speedily along well binded metallic roads,
crushing dried leaves, trampling unkempt wild weeds,
fixed and stuck to metallic plates,
with radiating spikes, midget spokes of steel,
maneuvering sharply across barren concrete landscape,
with deft strokes to the driving wheel,
firm slanted pressure to the compressible gas pedal,
and coherent articulate movement of the gear shift
machinery,
the tyre treads race through wet mud roads,
leaving behind trails of woven patterns,
resembling dead sticks of unconsumed sugarcane,
a sudden whirring noise encapsulates the atmosphere,
as tonnes of dust blow,
silencing the crux of exuberant activity,
brakes wailing in cacophonous unison,
tyre chunks bleeding against mass of hardened mud,
creating asymmetrical rings of disdainful dust,
the main culprit being,
a cluster of metallic pins, in hot agony,
strewn in savage random proportions,
waiting to trap innocent preys of vehicular rubber,
inserting themselves into thickened rubber flesh,
squeezing out macro plumage of air mass, a
rendering the spongy sheath of solidified rubber,
into distorted piles of mangled junk.

Nikhil Parekh

Veritable Death Mine

My mind was like the fulminating volcano; which kept on passionately erupting;
even after the entire earth had blissfully slept,

My mind was like an uninhibitedly philandering panther; which thunderously
roared each unfurling second of the day,

My mind was like a turbulently swirling ocean; which culminated each instant into
a flurry of violent waves,

My mind was like the poignant whirlpool of sand; which evolved at cyclonic
speeds; sweeping across the fathomless deserts inevitably every afternoon,

My mind was like the blazing inferno; which kept augmenting to astronomical
heights with each nimble stroke of the brazen wind,

My mind was like the hideously savage vulture; whose hunger arose the very
next moment; after it had just devoured its previous bit of robust carrion,

My mind was like the indefatigably running spider; which didn't rest for even a
minuscule minute; entrenched and wavering amidst the silvery strands of its
web,

My mind was like streaks of white lightening which profusely enveloped the sky;
creating insanely havoc on the whatever space they fell,

My mind was like infinite clouds sprawled vindictively in the cosmos; creeping up
every day to try and camouflage vivacious rays of brilliant light,

My mind was like the unstoppably perennial stream; which leapt and swelled;
irrespective of the acrimonious battalion of barricades that confronted it in its
celestial way,

My mind was like the plane which inexorably kept flying all its life; without
stooping down a fraction; or caressing the tarmac with its spongy sheath of
wheels,

My mind was like the mystical echo which reverberated countless number of
times; after ephemerally clashing against the formidably boundless valley,

My mind was like the lethally bouncing striped shark; which unrelentingly surged forward with hostile euphoria even in the middle of the perilously gloomy night,

My mind was like the centuries old grandfather clock; which continued to tirelessly tick; irrespective of the most deadliest of holocaust or rain,
My mind was like the deafening thud of the dinosaurs foot; which kept going on and on for times immemorial; even after the monster had become remotely obsolete and wholesomely extinct,

My mind was like the globules golden sweat; which kept incorrigibly trickling down the arms; even after applying the most profound balm of stupendously redolent scent,

My mind was like the unfathomably deep well; which indeed did have an opening; but there simply seemed no end,

My mind was like the tangible population; which perpetually kept increasing as each second unveiled into a full fledged minute

In the end it is my humble plea to you; O! Almighty Creator; not to give people a mind like mine; for although I had developed an intrinsic bondage with its vagaries over a period of time; for others it could very well prove to a veritable death mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Victory Shall Forever Be

Every maelstrom of unendingly truculent misery was whiplashed upon you by the hedonistic devil; as he salaciously marauded with his fingers soaked in innocent blood,

God was irrefutably a beam of Omnipotent righteousness; who not only blessed you with the insurmountable power to conquer all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,
Giving supreme liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would be pathetically decimated to inconspicuous ash; and victory shall forever be of unassailably majestic truth.

Every corpse of ghoulishly ungainly torture and invidiousness was thrust upon you by the parasitic devil; as he indiscriminately trampled left; right and center; with brutally lascivious hunger lingering in his eyes,

God was irrefutably a Sun of unconquerably princely hope; who not only blessed you with the unsurpassable power to behead all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,
Giving uninhibited liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would be transformed into wisps of insipid nothingness; and victory shall forever be of invincibly glorious truth.

Every spirit of cadaverous desperation and malice was jinxed upon you by the savage devil; as he unsparingly plodded forward to devour all organisms alive, God was irrefutably the sky of fathomless beauty and ingratiating enchantment; who not only blessed you with the unflinching power to vanquish all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,

Giving unrestricted liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would crumble into disdainful oblivion; and victory shall forever be of altruistically patriotic truth.

Every hell of preposterously raunchy sin and bawdiness was thrashed upon you by the hideous devil; as he dogmatically barked the tunes of abhorrently despicable lies,

God was irrefutably a religion of symbiotically Omnipresent mankind; who not only blessed you with the peerless power to destroy all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,
Giving unparalleled liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would wholesomely reduce into graveyards of parsimonious nothingness; and victory shall forever be of pristinely unblemished

truth.

Every whirlwind of indescribably penalizing lechery and sodomizing torment was slapped upon you by the devastating devil; as he insanely burnt till the last bone of his spine in the coffins of unrelenting hatred,
God was irrefutably an Omniscient harbinger of everlasting peace; who not only blessed you with inimitable fortitude to blow away all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,
Giving undaunted liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would be charred to inconsequential ash; and victory shall forever be of gloriously immortal truth.

Every speck of acrimoniously cancerous and destructive disease was stabbed upon you by the incarcerating devil; as he intransigently sulked in the gallows of coldbloodedly rotten death,
God was irrefutably the priceless cosmos of perpetually royal fructification; who not only blessed you with the unchallengeable prowess to massacre all evil; but created infinite more of your kind; tirelessly every unfurling minute of the night and day,
Giving unstoppable liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would dissolve into the dustbins of extinction; and victory shall forever be of blazingly impeccable truth.

Every trace of orphaned wailing and hapless loneliness was tainted upon you by the ignominious devil; as he exhaled scorpions of remorseful prejudice even in deep
sleep,
God was irrefutably a timelessly vivacious rainbow of desire and fearless hope; who not only blessed you with the insuperable ardor to finish all evil; but created infinite more of your kind every unfurling minute of the night and day,
Giving uncontrollable liberty to the devil to do whatever he could; in whatever form he could; but in the end he would lose every element of his existence; and victory shall forever be of immaculately bountiful truth.

Nikhil Parekh

Victory Was Forever Mine.

Even the most disastrously crippled states of my persona; had in them an overwhelming scent of irrefutably sparkling and mesmerizing victory,

Even the most disdainfully beleaguered and despairingly blood shot eyes of mine; had in them an incorrigible flavor of unconquerably fascinating and indefatigably everlasting victory,

Even the most horrendously grotesque contours of my lambasted face; had in them a fathomless rainbow of vivaciously enchanting and spell bindingly blazing victory,

Even the most disparagingly staggering stride of mine; had in it an unsurpassable entrenchment of patriotically unshakable and scintillating victory,

Even the most diminutively tyrannized of voices that emanated from my throat; had in them a bountiful cloud of unbelievably supreme and blistering victory,

Even the most swelteringly unrelenting sweat that poured incessantly from my armpits; had in it an unfathomable garden of beautifully resplendent and harmonious victory,

Even the most despicably bleeding and gruesomely disintegrated nerves of mine; had in them an unsurpassable path of flamboyantly charismatic and ever-pervading victory,

Even the most treacherously mutilated and severed lips of mine; had in them a celestial paradise of stupendously smiling and enchanting victory,

Even the most drearily wavering shadows of mine; had in them an Omnipotent Sun of impregnably gratifying and majestic victory,

Even the most abominably shrunken and whipped teeth of mine; had in them a tenacious fortress of philanthropically benign and indisputable victory,

Even the most rustically bohemian and sordidly chapped feet of mine; had in them a flaming inferno of boundless glittering and timeless victory,

Even the most wretchedly torn and wholesomely threadbare pockets of mine; had in them an unassailable carpet of fabulously silken and priceless victory,

Even the most preposterously shaggy and insanely thrashed hair of mine;
had in them an jubilant castle of euphorically gorgeous and ingratiating
victory,

Even the most rickety decaying and pulverized bones of mine; had in them a
perennial cloudburst of blissfully reinvigorating and timeless victory,

Even the most traumatically besieged brain chords of mine; had in them a
perpetual heaven of regally symbiotic and sensuously overpowering victory,

Even the most rambunctiously unruly and debilitating musings of mine; had in
them a ubiquitous sky of unflinchingly uninhibited and gloriously embellished
victory,

Even the most timid voices of my severely penalized and wailing conscience; had
in them an immutable cavern of truthfully succeeding and royal victory,

And even the most torturously asphyxiated and acrimoniously beaten of my
dwindling breaths; had in them an Omniscient cosmos of ebulliently Godly and
unparalleled victory,

As wholesomely irrespective of how the murderously conventional society tried to
assassinate each iota of my body; wholesomely irrespective of the
unprecedented anguish that every pore of my countenance had to singularly
undergo; wholesomely irrespective of the curse of ghoulish death that confronted
me on every step that I tread for not adhering to the norms of salacious rigidity,

I knew I would be always triumphant; and victory would always be the
Omnipresent glint of my eyes; the ecstasy of my stride; as I followed none other
than the voices of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

Violence

Horrendously weird was not the term to describe it; speak about it even an inconspicuous trifle,

Satanically ghastly was not the image that befitted it; able to perceive it in the most faintest of its form,

Barbarically Murderous was not the expletive adept for it; hardly able to portray an evanescent glimpse of its worthless virtue,

Uncouthly indiscriminate was not the way it could be explicitly explained; discussed about even in the most ephemeral of perception prevailing and possible,

Intolerably repulsive was not the adjective that highlighted it; miserably floundering to envelop it even in its most obscurest of its treacherous shadows,

Diabolically stinking was not the odor that wafted from it; proving insurmountably miserly in front of its savage grace,

Overwhelmingly corpse like was not the depth to assign it; proving more diminutive than a mosquito in front of its fathomless valley inundated with bloody sins,

Repugnantly cacophonous was not the sound which diffused from it; got completely overshadowed when you witnessed its vindictively threatening caricature,

Utterly penurious was not the acronym fit to depict its wealth; stumbled unrelentingly when compared with its abysmally hollow ocean of brittle pearls,

Pathetically cowardly was not the attribute to christen it with; as its tales of merciless barbarism had gruesomely assassinated many a divinely smile,

Feverishly distorted was not the synonym to address it; as it was the most hideously nefarious thing that could ever have existed on this Universe,

Acrimoniously thorny was the shape to describe it; as it fell deafeningly down in its own eyes; every time it tried to hoist up from hard ground,

Brutally ill willed was not the emotion to annotate it; as it lived the entire quota of its baseless life in realms of deplorably diminishing hell,

Gloomily morbid was not the quality it harnessed; as it dug its own graveyard on every lane it transgressed,

Hopelessly frustrated was not the idea it harbored; as it oozed more tears than the whole planet weeping at a single time together,

Menacingly cruel was not the wave it spread; as it salaciously charred all who came in its swirl; into threadbare granules of black ash,

Inexorably blood thirsty was not the accolade it deserved; as it spread rivers deluged with innocuous blood across every territory of this boundlessly colossal Universe,

And the most 'Abhorrently hated of all' was a phrase still too less for it to be named with; as it was a jargon which every dictionary on this soil would gladly have liked to terminate,

O! yes the devil I am talking about; has made us kill each other like animals in our very own homes; has made us an imprisoned slave in God's most sacred paradise; has made us breathe hostile fire from our nostrils instead of blissful breath,

And even before I eventually tell you the word; I fervently wish from my heart that all of you forget it; for after all it's the worst word of all words; infact a small figment of your own stupid creation called VIOLENCE.

Nikhil Parekh

Voices

When i tried to masquerade in the voice of a woman,
tuned decibels of my voice to effeminately soft frequency,
trying to whisper like a dainty maiden boisterous in youth,
the result was abashingly bad, as all i ended up doing,
was like a eunuch wailing his woes on the vacant street.

when i tried to emulate the voice of humming bird,
attempting to chirp with emphatic authority,
mesmerizing arid patches of air with placid tunes,
drowning a majority of animals in spells of my infectious sound,
all i ended up doing was sputter like a parrot replicating its masters voice.

when i tried to duplicate the voice of a dog,
growling fiercely with spurts of tenacity and vigour,
snaring my teeth as if thoroughly infuriated,
the actual monsters on the street stared at me ambiguous suspicion,
smelt intricate parts of my body, discarding me as an outcast from their
community.

eventually when i discovered my own tongue to speak,
the effect of my sonorous voice was stupendously enchanting,
it easily surpassed the effects of all voices i tried to imitate,
thus teaching me a lesson to speak in the dialect and sound i naturally
possessed,
the voice that was 100% mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Wagon Of Love

The wagon of relentlessly enthralling enchantment; exuberantly ran on wheels of tantalizingly mesmerizing fantasy,

The wagon of compassionately heartfelt emotions; amiably ran on the wheels of symbiotically holistic togetherness,

The wagon of celestially gratifying tranquility; affably ran on the wheels of selflessly bonding contentment,

The wagon of Omnipotently miraculous healing; unitedly ran on the wheels of philanthropically glorious solidarity,

The wagon of unbelievably rhapsodic happiness; uninhibitedly ran on the wheels of ebulliently fantastic newness,

The wagon of blazingly unflinching patriotism; intrepidly ran on the wheels of flamboyantly never-dying fearlessness,

The wagon of eternally ecstatic fragrance; bountifully ran on the wheels of unfathomably priceless innocuousness,

The wagon of scintillatingly unparalleled success; blissfully ran on the wheels of irrefutably honest self-belief,

The wagon of voluptuously magnificent artistry; marvelously ran on the wheels of insatiably tantalizing discovery,

The wagon of everlastingly unconquerable prosperity; beautifully ran on the wheels of vivaciously resplendent melody,

The wagon of stupendously rejuvenating timelessness; impeccably ran on the wheels of unequivocally majestic faith,

The wagon of graciously charming color; vividly ran on the wheels of enthusiastically perennial humanity,

The wagon of invincibly Omnipresent unity; synergistically ran on the wheels of sacredly blessing mankind,

The wagon of fathomlessly reinvigorating beauty; immaculately ran on the wheels
of unassailably regale truth,

The wagon of innocently unadulterated sleep; aristocratically ran on the wheels
of bounteously milky moonlight,

The wagon of ubiquitously benevolent peace; ingratiatingly ran on the wheels
of ardently mutual sharing,

The wagon of emolliently Omniscient purity; impregnably ran on the wheels
of spotlessly magical conscience,

The wagon of vibrantly unfurling life; perpetually ran on the wheels of
charismatically unshakable breath,

And the wagon of immortally burgeoning love; divinely ran on the wheels
of passionately thundering heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Waiter Come Here Please

He served umpteenth a dish at the bark of a crisp command; with twin pair of eyes focused dead straight towards the table,

Nimbly took a plethora of orders; from famished customers to satiate their gluttony,

Made frequent rounds to the kitchen; conversing loquaciously with the rotund chef,

Greeted all those who entered the hotel; with an amicably appearing congenial smile,

Instigated his fellow counterparts; to bustle back to work; reciting to them a rustic joke,

Scrupulously cleaned the dishes after they were rampantly used; picking up the most inconspicuous of loiter from the floor,

Meticulously arranged the armory of crimson rose in their respective jars; made sure that all candles rose up to a handsome flame,

Ran instantaneously to the sound of tinkling bells over the counter; glued his vision towards the screen flashing multiple items of food,

Occasionally listened to a volley of hostile expletives from his clients; for not adhering immaculately to requirements of their taste,

Was immensely pleased at witnessing the exorbitantly affluent; envisaging the fat tips they would bestow upon his impoverished persona,

Shivered incessantly in the biting cold; clad in threadbare minimum of cloth to drape his demeanor,

Voraciously sketched a battalion of faces; sitting on his bohemian stool; in his spare time,

Swayed articulately to beats of pulsating music at intermittent intervals; to reinvigorate his dreary passengers,

Hoisted innocuous toddlers high in the air; dexterously catching them single handed; to grant ailing mothers some reprieve from the tyranny of their children,

Had gladly incorporated a list of appetizing dishes; as his daily jargon; sometimes inadvertently whispering the names of cooked items in his dreams,

Magnificently controlled his temper; trying to avoid the most minuscule of altercation if possible,

Worked like a clockwork machine; inexorably all throughout the monotonous day,

Slept in a cloistered room all chilly night; profoundly detesting the next day to unveil; the nondescript rigmarole of taking orders,

Wore a flabby cap; shielding his rubicund face; a neat tie dangling unsolicitedly from his collar,

There were tears gushing from his eyes when I addressed him by his first name; for he was literally oblivious to all other sounds; except for that dreaded voice stringently calling him waiter come here please.

Nikhil Parekh

Wake Me Up Only If

Wake me up only if; the light of the Omnipotent Sun glimmered; with brilliantly untamed flamboyance outside,

Wake me up only if; uninhibited torrents of impregnable love; pelted with indefatigable frenzy; from fathomless sky,

Wake me up only if; all horrendously manipulative ugliness; metamorphosed into a planet of perpetually priceless mankind,

Wake me up only if; heinous crime wholesomely ceased to exist on the trajectory of this planet; the innocuous were no more subjected to tyrannical malice,

Wake me up only if; inexplicably traumatized agony; miraculously metamorphosed into a festoon of; charismatically jubilant smiles,

Wake me up only if; the Moonbeams showered their pristine seduction upon the periphery of this bedraggled earth; without the slightest iota of adulterated prejudice,

Wake me up only if; an unfathomable festoon of poignant roses; ubiquitously disseminated the scent of graciously voluptuous timelessness; to every cranny of this bountifully everlasting Universe,

Wake me up only if; rhapsodic cisterns of spell binding wind; euphorically swiped all horrifically disgruntled gloom; perpetuated all lugubriously languid with the profound ebullience to lead life,

Wake me up only if; majestic rivulets of oneness oozed harmoniously; handsomely blending with the eternal fabric of symbiotically supreme living kind,

Wake me up only if; the soil outside ravishingly sprouted with the fruits of magical creation; the chapter of invincible existence; enchantingly proliferated at every space inundated with ominous grief,

Wake me up only if; the stars radiantly twinkled in exuberantly princely unison; ingratiatingly placating the souls of one and all truculently bereaved; alike,

Wake me up only if; marvelously titillating beauty unveiled on every step that I transgressed; making me entirely oblivious to the diabolical vagaries; of this

savagely commercial planet,

Wake me up only if; all morbidly sullen depression; scintillatingly transformed into a perennially bestowing entrenchment; of blissful smiles,
Wake me up only if; rainbows of magnificently regale prosperity insatiably lingered on every contour of this colossal planet; enshrouding every element of disparagingly despairing existence with the rays of; gloriously ecstatic freedom,

Wake me up only if; the irrefutably sacred spirit of perseverance; prevailed unflinchingly; across even the most laggard heart on this fathomless planet,

Wake me up only if; the unequivocally unassailable mantra of truth reigned unshakably supreme; with the corpse of hideously nonchalant lies; disappearing forever into the mists of worthless nothingness,

Wake me up only if; waves of unconquerably patriotic freedom compassionately encircled the earth from all sides; with every organism profusely exercising its right of; tirelessly benign existence,

Wake me up only if; all mercilessly satanic bloodshed refrains to happen forever; with every orphaned child amiably cuddling once again; in the lap of its sacrosanct mother,

Wake me up only if; every entity listened to nothing else; but the impeccably beautiful voice of his; undefeatably pious conscience,

Wake me up only if; a river of enthrallingly vibrant melody flowed outside my bedroom window; when every dawn greeted me wonderfully with the Omniscient scent of; ever pervading humanity,

Wake me up only if; every passionately palpitating heart on this aristocratically fascinating Universe; bonded with threads of immortally unending love,

Most importantly O! Almighty Lord; wake me up only if; you had the power to wake up my beloved from the realms of surreally ethereal heaven; so that we embarked upon our mission to wake up all those disastrously decaying; flooding our each night with so much love; that we always remained awake forever and ever and ever.

Nikhil Parekh

Walking Backwards

If humans on land started to abruptly walk backwards,
with their eyes focused towards empty spaces in the front,
they would inadvertently lose their balance tumbling like a pack of cards,
on the obdurate surface of muddy ground.

If cars powered with speed guns traversed backwards,
monumental elevations of buildings would seem fading in oblivion,
it would be eternity before one reached the place of work,
there would be embarrassing accidents at all quarters,
rendering the traffic in disdainful jeopardy.

If thoroughbred stallions galloped backwards,
execute insane behavior while carrying their possessors,
their masters would whip them black and blue,
for not obeying stringent instructions even after consuming with relish,
fresh tendrils of red radish with spicy leaves of coriander.

If saline waves of the ocean receded backwards with outrageous bursts of wind,
the sand on shores would die in parched starvation,
fishes would find it painstakingly cumbersome to swim,
there would be no ships sailing on the erratic persona of the sky blue sea.

If slender needles of the tower clock ticked backwards,
minutes, hours, days would simply fail to proceed,
the youth would exist in resplendent exuberance for decades to come,
all decayed and old would fail to wither, staying alive for times immemorial,
and there wouldn't be a fresh soul born for centuries to be confronted.

Nikhil Parekh

Walking Between Life And Death

When I sighted her from the absolute summit of the densely foliated tree; initially she appeared like the most magnificent fruit of Almighty's creation; nimbly swishing her arms under the gloriously fading light, Although the ungainly distance subdued her brilliantly royal features an inconspicuous trifle; and her divinely contours; soon faded from my vision into an alluring mirage; as she disappeared in entirety behind the ethereal horizons.

When I sighted her from the resplendently milky island of moon; initially she appeared to be a tantalizing seductress; dancing uninhibitedly under the mystically gorgeous shine, Although the murky light obfuscated her perpetual imagery an inconspicuous trifle; and her magnanimous visage; soon faded from my vision into a seductive shadow; as she inscrutably vanished in the wilderness of the rampant night.

When I sighted her from the flamboyantly scintillating mountaintop; initially she appeared to be a blazing fireball of magnetism; inevitably attracting even the most remotely alien in her spell binding swirl, Although the austere stringently glare overshadowed her marvelous trajectory an inconspicuous trifle; and her marvelous march towards triumph; soon faded from my vision into a languid siesta; as the sun transiently went behind the crimson clouds.

When I sighted her from the fabulously sandy whirlpools; initially she appeared to be a princess freshly descended from the heavens; aristocratically inundating the pathetic atmosphere around with the insatiable artistry in her voluptuous eyes, Although the dust surpassed her piquantly poignant body an inconspicuous trifle; and her stupendously invincible aura; soon faded from my vision into a rapidly fleeting image; as winds of murkiness overtook the fiery light.

When I sighted her from the heart of the ravishing ocean; initially she appeared to be the most boisterous tangy soul on this Universe; gyrating in untamed ecstasy under a cloud cover of exuberant happiness, Although the surreptitious froth camouflaged her charming smiles an inconspicuous trifle; and her celestially delectable aura; soon faded from my vision into a frigid layer of nothingness; as the tumblers of water crashed against the coldblooded rocks.

When I sighted her from the fathomless expanse of rhapsodic sky; initially she appeared to float like an overwhelmingly charismatic fairy; enchanting even the most dreariest of dying life; with the supreme Omnipotence in her benign stride, Although the pertinently hovering mists obliterated her philanthropic goodness an inconspicuous trifle; and her formidably relentless fantasy; soon faded from my vision into a hazy fog; as cloudbursts of rain started to ferociously pelt down. When I sighted her from beneath an avalanche of scintillating ice; initially she appeared to be an intricately alluring doll; harmoniously singing the most melodious tunes of holistic survival, Although the enshrouding whiteness sequestered her wholesome beauty an inconspicuous trifle; and her captivatingly compassionate embrace; soon faded from my vision into a whirlwind of inscrutable baselessness; as snow melted in sweltering afternoon sunshine.

When I sighted her from amidst the garden of incredulously titillating roses; initially she appeared to disseminate the fragrance of humanity; peace and impregnable brotherhood; to the most fathomless quarter of this boundlessly unending Universe, Although the blanket of invidiously extruding thorns shielded her ingratiating charm an inconspicuous trifle; and her immaculately divine destiny; soon faded from my vision into an ephemerally tingling memory; as the winds of intransigently unrelenting autumn tumultuously took over; with their excoriating toll.

But eventually when I sighted her from the inner most dormitories of my heart; initially she appeared to be the sole queen of my impoverishedly devastated heart, And this time she remained immortally blended as my breath; my body; my conscience; my soul; even as I indefatigably kept walking an infinite times between corridors of blissful life; and diabolically ghastly death.

Nikhil Parekh

Walking Stick

He held me solidly in his egalitarian palms; sometimes making me almost strangulate for mouthfuls of inevitable breath,

He caressed me every now and then on the cold ground; let beads of his passionate sweat dribble down my persona with nonchalant ease,

He raised me in exuberance towards the glittering blanket of stars; incessantly narrating mystical tales of this Universe to the flurry of innocuous children,

He dug inconspicuous holes with my mouth trudging soft soil; embossing intriguing shapes in the mud to amuse the dormant compartments of his weary mind,

He danced with tears of euphoria pouring down his cheeks; waving me in placid sheets of air; as he nostalgically reminisced the days when he was a cheeky child,

He banged me boundless number of times in ghastly darkness; endeavoring his best to gain an upper hand over the diabolically satanic night,

He flamboyantly marched clutching me with authority to his wrinkled fingers; attending to the battalion of alien delegates with astronomically stoical ease and inherent charm,

He polished me ardently with the most stupendous quality of wax; painted me in a festoon of vivaciously gaudy color to match his every dress,

He starved me to unprecedented limits; with the only meal that I saliently cherished being the compassionate bellow of warmth imparted by his magical hands,

He swung me violently in all directions when attacked; defending his divinely countenance with the formidable tenacity in my body,

He fidgeted indefatigably with my nose; cuddling and scratching me rampantly when confronted with disdainful bouts of perpetual boredom,

He kept me bereft of the tiniest of cloth; left me shivering with the austere winds slapping me ruthlessly at all quarters; as he silently snored in his afternoon nap,

He occasionally placed me over his colossal ocean of personal belongings; which had taken an entire lifetime for him to perseveringly amass,

He inverted my body every now and again; mischievously smiling with his lips outstretched; as I insatiably cried to once again come back up,
He sometimes inadvertently forgot to carry me; but soon realized my overwhelming importance; as fate made him stumble down on every unveiling step,

He carried me on his head time and again to replicate a circus clown; propel all in vicinity to thunderously laugh till they fell in dreary exhaustion,

He many a moment called me by the names he adored; kissing me gently on my nape as people around him had long gone,

He grasped me the first thing as he awoke at the crack of ethereal dawn; even before he advanced on his journey to the rustic lavatory,

My master was a complete hundred years of age; and for him I wasn't just a mere walking stick; but a thing he kept close to his dwindling chest all day and night; an object he considered the most cherished to his everlastingly youthful heart; a sword that would protect him from the uncouth world; just as he was about to utter his last shout.

Nikhil Parekh

Was It His Fault?

Was it his fault; that he was born horrendously blind; witnessing nothing but remorsefully crippling darkness; since the very first cry of innocuous birth?

Was it his fault; that he was born gruesomely maimed; deplorably staggering into a valley of insipid nothingness; never able to confront the Sun face-on?

Was it his fault; that he was born preposterously deaf; unknowingly smiling towards the graveyards of extinction; while his tortured kin shouted their voices hoarse; for instantaneous help?

Was it his fault; that he was born with abhorrent mental disorders; remaining as stoical as a decaying leaf; even though the planet abreast him unfurled into an unfathomable entrenchment of panoramically blissful newness?

Was it his fault; that he was born disdainfully dumb; not able to express even the most poignantly fulminating of his desires; as unsurpassable rivers of priceless blood rolled down his nimble cheeks?

Was it his fault; that he was born treacherously orphaned; with the most fantastic days of his childhood being evolved in the realms of the fetidly threadbare dustbin; while children of his age floated through castles of celestial honey?

Was it his fault; that he was born ludicrously jointed at the skull with his twin brother; with every minute of resplendent life feeling more lecherously sordid than the coffins of death; as he winced every moment in agonizingly traumatized pain?

Was it his fault; that he was born with disastrously proliferating tumor in his head; an untamed volcano of misery that kept augmenting more thunderously than white lightening in sky; even as toddlers of his age relentlessly embraced the clouds of uncontrollable euphoria?

Was it his fault; that he was born in the gutters of abominable poverty; with all that he ever got to devour being infinitesimal left overs of bread; that the dogs of the rich had abysmally abandoned?

Was it his fault; that he was born to a bawdily adulterated father; who fed him insurmountable waterfalls of venomous wine; everytime that he demanded for

immaculately sacrosanct milk?

Was it his fault; that he was born ridiculously stammering; pathetically stuttering at each word he attempted to speak; while others of his age; melodiously blended with all spell-bindingly enchanting rhyme?

Was it his fault; that he was born worthlessly lynched; being enshrouded by a ghastly incapability of not procreating his progeny; while the planet astoundingly culminated into a boundless shades of colors outside?

Was it his fault; that he was born inconspicuously midget; mushrooming into only size of a pea at adulthood; while infinite of his compatriots stood as tall as the invincible mountain chimes?

Was it his fault; that he was born as black as feckless charcoal; with even the most flamboyantly scintillating mirrors; gorily shattering into invisible ash; at even the most capricious of his reflection?

Was it his fault; that he was born with the voice of cacophonous crow; with even the most tenaciously Herculean of entities preferring to die; rather than listen to the tunes which emanated from his incongruous throat?

Was it his fault; that he was born dolorously hunchbacked; assiduously struggling with the weight of his lackadaisically doubled body; while even the criminally blood sucking vultures had been endowed a right to uninhibitedly fly in the fathomless sky?

O! Yes; But it was certainly his fault to be born amidst you all; because you were the ones who made him tirelessly realize that he was brutally deprived; although you possessed all of the above;

You were the ones who not only languished in the aisles of catigatingly castrated malice; who not only cribbed and cried even after being gifted with such a wonderful birth; who not only jeered at the inevitabilities of mesmerizing creation; but sardonically ensured that there cropped countless more of his kind.

Nikhil Parekh

Was It My Fault

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every droplet of my euphorically mesmerizing sweat; and she on the other hand torturously evaporated every ounce of happiness from my life; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every of my celestially euphoric smiles; and she on the other hand made me unjustly cry a countless tears of murderous hell; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every stream of my quintessentially life-bestowing blood; and she on the other hand in humanitariously buried me under a fathomless graveyard of her meaningless deliriousness; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every triumphantly rhapsodic fantasy of mine; and she on the other hand metamorphosed every treasured moment of mine into the most diabolically asphyxiating of nightmare; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every ingredient of my untamed sensuality; and she on the other hand heartlessly castrated me of all my virility and vitality; right in the center of the boisterous street; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every of my pricelessly untainted adventure; and she on the other hand devilishly incarcerated me in the prisons of her hedonistic sadism; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every of my inimitably seductive whisper; and she on the other hand yelled a boundless volley of abuses at me for no ostensible reason or rhyme; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every element of my altruistically infallible philanthropism; and she on the other hand criminally cremated the last bone of my spine alive; even an infinite years after we got

married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every of my royally resplendent destiny line; and she on the other hand made me sacrilegiously beg on the sordidly deplorable and orphaned streets; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every line of my perennially compassionate poetry; and she on the other hand blew me away like an obviously fictitious speck in her spuriously lecherous cigar smoke; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every poignantly enthralling sound that I heard; and she on the other hand truculently numbed each of my senses with her unrelentingly tyrannical wickedness; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every benevolent word that I uttered; and she on the other hand venomously snapped my tongue into an innumerable halves as I was solely praising her; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every molecule of my peerlessly invincible strength; and she on the other hand guffawed her heart out after insouciantly excoriating my hide and feeding it to stray pigs; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every timelessly reinvigorated goose-bump on my flesh; and she on the other hand maniacally dumped me under the most robotically fetid of junkyards; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every artistic fragrance that radiated from my nerves; and she on the other hand ruthlessly trounced and kicked me through the corpses of devastating prejudice; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every ray of

my truthfully emollient soul; and she on the other hand mercilessly torched every pore of my body with the disparaging hell of lies; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every vein of my pricelessly undefeated life; and she on the other hand left me to cadaverously shudder and die; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every of my unconquerably iridescent breath; and she on the other hand gave me the most worthlessly despicable death at her very own hands; even an infinite years after we got married?

And was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every beat of my passionately immortal heart; and she on the other hand smooched and mated for times immemorial with another man right in front of my own eyes; even an infinite years after we got married?

Nikhil Parekh

Washing Tank

Crisp cotton shirt had developed stains of spilled coffee,
parallel velvet tie was coated with grease,
white spun vests resembled coal tar dustcloth,
flower embossed handkerchief smelt like rotten fish,
massive piles of square bedsheet showed blotches of saffron oil,
a heap of bandages contained liquefied yellow pus,
wrinkle free trousers had fresh traces of sea mud,
infinite pair of woolen socks lay like decayed brown,
triangular head caps were submerged in streaks of violet sweat,
plush upholstery covers showed smudges of wet muddy feet,
the colossal mansion was in a complete mess,
with dirt converging in animosity on every visible piece of clean cloth.

i took bulky amounts of carbolic powder,
several tablets of rough textured soap,
compact biscuits of chemically charged detergent,
blended the concoction of soap and powder granule,
in a deep tank containing crystal ground water,
stirred elastic walls of the solvent with a wooden bat,
creating gargantuan amount of pungent soapy froth,
dissolved the tonnes of soiled dirt cloth,
way down in the dark slimy interiors of my ever reliable hexagonal washing tank

Nikhil Parekh

Wasn't It Better

Wasn't it better to give those left over chunks of dough to the stray dogs on the street; rather than pugnaciously stuffing them into the heart of the dolorously fetid dustbin?

Wasn't it better to use those extravagantly superfluous ingredients of your wealth to enlighten the lives of all those inexplicably impoverished; rather than spuriously abandoning them to increase the weight of gold in your bathroom chair?

Wasn't it better to mold those pieces of sordid rubber to cushion some destitute scalp; rather than winding them pretentiously to make them your pompous pet cat's string?

Wasn't it better to marvelously share the bountiful beauty of your garden with the tyrannically famished Universe outside; rather than ruthlessly incarcerate the flowers to be your sanctimonious bedroom delights?

Wasn't it better to philanthropically donate your blood to all those gruesomely debilitated; rather than indiscriminately burning it in a world of satanically manipulative lechery?

Wasn't it better to uninhibitedly about all gorgeously ebullient beauty of this colossal planet; rather than insipidly wasting the dormitories of your fertile brain to the web of insanely cold-blooded drudgery?

Wasn't it better to enchantingly deluge the lives of countless disastrously orphaned with the melody in your heavenly voice; rather than uncouthly expurgating it only for irate abuse?

Wasn't it better to Omnisciently donate your eyes after you relinquished your last iota of breath; rather than allowing them to horrendously decay infinite feet beneath your veritable grave?

Wasn't it better to embrace uncontrollably shivering organisms in the swirl of your compassionately invincible chest; rather than diabolically pulverizing innocent bones with its Herculean strength?

Wasn't it better to sagaciously utilize your knowledge to blissfully enlighten the haplessly illiterate; rather than malignantly drifting it to evolve bombs; which

could mercilessly devastate the entire living kind?

Wasn't it better to allow your enchantingly shimmering shadow to celestially rejuvenate bizarrely frazzled human kind; rather than lugubriously blending with the realms of meaningless hell?

Wasn't it better to tirelessly admire the astronomically aristocratic beauty of this unsurpassably regale Universe with each of your senses; rather satanically dictating them to parasitically suck immaculate blood?

Wasn't it better to admirably use your robust shoulders to hoist unfortunate urchins and make them ecstatically fly; rather than disgustingly shrug them towards the very entities; who gave you miraculous birth?

Wasn't it better to amiably spend your spare moments in the company of those penuriously bereaved who needed you the most; rather than drain them like a lackluster skeleton in the corpse of sleazily adulterated wine?

Wasn't it better to speak the irrefutably unconquerable just once; rather than indefatigably hide your ludicrously trembling skin; under the curtain of a boundless derogatory lies?

Wasn't it better to eternally use your lips to kiss the fragrance of everlasting humanity; rather than criminally bite all with abominably proliferating hatred?

Wasn't it better to impart all your short clothes to those existing beneath the preposterously mortifying poverty line; rather than torch them in a bonfire to worthlessly tingle; your already opulent night?

Wasn't it better to Omnipresently utilize those extra puffs of your breath to revive the morbidly dying; rather than trying to impossibly store them in your lungs; in the baseless hope of surviving a countless more lives?

And wasn't it better to uninhibitedly free the beats of your heart to bond with their immortal soul mate; rather than clinically imprisoning them in the center of your chest; in the feckless fear that you might lose them?

Nikhil Parekh

Wasn't It Unimaginably Strange?

Wasn't it incredibly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to tawdrily abuse; ghastily desecrate the fabric of impeccability to the most unprecedented limits?

Wasn't it astoundingly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to filthily spit; ignominiously taint the spotless cradle of earth; with insouciantly foul saliva?

Wasn't it unbelievably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to abhorrently curse; cadaverously meting out your personal frustration upon another of the Lord's superior living being?

Wasn't it inexplicably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to lugubriously yawn; permeate a civilization of slandering laziness into every conceivable bit of the atmosphere; thereby?

Wasn't it unsurpassably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to fervently lick dirt; in order to mollify the insurmountable whirlpool of perverted fantasy that rampantly circulated in your brain?

Wasn't it limitlessly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to blurt incoherently fetid balderdash; crippling every form of beauty and ecstatic life with your insanely meaningless talk?

Wasn't it unceasingly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to uncouthly gobble the most innocuous of living organisms; augmenting to the ultimate crescendo of sadistic pleasure as you knifed through innocent flesh and bone?

Wasn't it inexhaustibly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to deliriously gape at even the most infinitesimal trace of naked skin; at innocent boys and girls; half your age?

Wasn't it unfathomably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to indiscriminately scream your lungs out; not perturbed the tiniest by the uncontrollably bleeding eardrums of the newborn infant sleeping right in your arms?

Wasn't it uncannily strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to proclaim irrefutably ultimate death to a truthful living being; bound by several political constraints when you were the judge?

Wasn't it interminably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to mercilessly ridicule all those bereaved old men and women; blowing them like frigid matchsticks with your profusely alcoholic breath?

Wasn't it incomprehensibly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to disgustingly challenge every form of spell binding righteousness; spin unstoppable webs of maliciously manipulative drudgery?

Wasn't it indefatigably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to command the haplessly infirm to deplorably slave for you; forever remain crushed under your unabashedly bohemian foot; whilst you sky-rocketed to the epitome of Everest?

Wasn't it stupendously strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to doggedly rebuke your very own invincibly venerated parents; squandering every bit of their hard earned riches; on your idiosyncratic desires; vixen and bawdy wine?

Wasn't it tirelessly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to wretchedly exploit the honest with your glib tongue; and then spuriously proclaim that as the spirit of "Survival of the Fittest"?

Wasn't it intolerably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to inhale severely contaminated prejudice; whilst ominously roaming through the lanes of robotically lame commercialism?

Wasn't it unspeakably strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to spell; announce and expatiate upon the meaning of worthless "Death"; wherein the true essence of existence lay profoundly perpetual in sensuous breath?

Wasn't it unlimitedly strange; that you used the same mouth; perhaps an infinite times in a single lifetime; to wholesomely crucify the Sun of optimism in every righteous eyeball; with your words of wantonly opprobrious negativity?

Yes; that very same pristine orifice of pink; that very same beautiful mouth; which you didn't perhaps; but definitely used an infinite times in a single lifetime; whilst awake as well as sleeping; to speak; idolize; worship; the name of your unassailably Omnipresent Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Water

I consumed a meal consisting of crushed chili with poignant fillings of snake brown pepper,
immediately felt the urge to gulp a can full of water.

i abruptly got up from the vigils of sleep; to eructate my inflated bowels,
instantaneously felt the need for gallons of water.

i noticed corrugated blotches of stain sprawling wildly on my car windshield,
prompting me to spray it clean with refined globules of water.

i jogged incessantly through undulating landscapes of the rocky terrain,
felt appeasingly relaxed after sipping crystal water from the monsoon springs.

i woke with terrified jolts; envisaging a horrendous dream,
recieved instant gratification as i drank colossal pints of flavored water.

i scribbled painstakingly obnoxious pages of the annual exam papers,
reclined back on my rocking chair drowned in colossal pools of coconut water.

i trespassed through arid regions of the sahara desert,
intermittently wetting my tongue with infinitesimal amounts of water.

i percieved utter desolation enveloping my demeanour,
chivalrously swallowed herculean streams of melon water,
to relinquish the memory of my departed beloved.

i felt epidemic fever circulate through entangled capillaries of my body,
flooded my belly with marathon oceans of water to swipe off the deadly
infection.

i felt stinging pangs of acrimonious heat strike me in the peak of summer,
felt as if floating in paradise; minutes after drinking farm fresh sugarcane water.

i knew deep inside; that i could live without food for days on the trot,
but to remain divested of ground water even for more than an hour was
disconcertingly impossible.

Nikhil Parekh

Water Is Precious

If there was water on the surface of dry leaves; they would look superbly mesmerizing; glistening profoundly under the Sun,
If there was water on mud coated wall; there would be a ravishing scent that permeated the adulterated air,
If there was water on vegetables lying sprawled in a forlorn heap; they would bounce back to boisterous life; retrieving the plethora of minerals they had lost in the blistering heat,
If there was water on fossils languidly scattered in obsolete territories of the dormant volcano; they would perspicuously depict the mysteries of the past; besides shimmering magnificently under the moon,
If there was water on wild buds of jungle mushroom; the unruly shoots would sparkle tenaciously; drawing millions of mouths towards them to satiate their famished taste buds,
If there was water on a battalion of acrimonious thorns; their tips would get dramatically softened; making them flounder in their conquest of mercilessly puncturing soft skin,
If there was water on scalp hair; their bedraggled texture would miraculously transform into immaculately polished,
If there was water on the obdurate foam of bed; there would be an unprecedented cool that besieging the ambience; and I would find it astoundingly easy to fall into a invincible siesta,
If there was water on pairs of chapped lips; they would look irrefutably voluptuous and longing to be kissed,
If there was water on the scorched soil of arid desert; the surrounding wildlife would get substantial reprieve from sweltering storms of heat,
If there was water on rampant flames of fire ominously rising up by the zipping second; the occupants inside would be saved from the tyranny of being burnt alive,
If there was water on the elevation of dusty window panes; they would suddenly glitter in animation; explicitly exposing the panoramic view outside,
If there was water on the river bed; scores of children would gleefully toss in it; splashing it frivolously on passing pedestrians,
If there was water on clusters of scarlet rose; they would diffuse a blissful fragrance penetrating the claustrophobic environment with a reinvigorating aroma,
If there was water on feathers of the majestic peacock; it had the potential to circulate waves of rhapsody even in the veins of a dying man; when the bird unfurled its wings to a complete blossom,
If there was water on soiled cloth; incorrigible stains would be indiscriminately

exonerated; and the fabric would now resemble an impeccable white,
If there was water on the serrated skin of chameleon; it would appear more
rubicund while wandering indefatigably through the bushes,
And If there was water on the inverted eyelashes of my beloved; she would look
like a goddess bathed in exquisite gold,
And let me tell you friends it was very easy for us to unflinchingly achieve
the above mentioned; if only we learnt to save and judiciously preserve water,
As its every droplet is inevitably worth a million; for it is the source of all life
beside us; an indispensable fuel to rejuvenate the depleted reservoir of our
energy; water is precious.

Nikhil Parekh

Watermelon.

A delightfully rounded ball of wondrous green exterior; that rolled with unparalleled fervor upon any frictionless surface; with the tiniest of thrust,

A shell so spectacularly enamoring and impeccable; that it left even the most charmed of maidens to envy with its smooth periphery and robustly exuberant texture,

Fecund brown seeds adorning it unabashedly in the inside; disseminating fresh hope for existence if they were planted in unassailably bountiful earth,

Royally salubrious aroma drifting from its succulent demeanor; mesmerizing people of all religions, caste, creed and color with the profound charm of a fulfilled existence - which thrilled in myriad proportions,

Sporadically, a rejuvenating substitute for a nonchalantly mundane pillow; as you cuddled it up close to your ears; wrapping it with jagged pieces of cloth asymmetrically strewn around; as if for transient support,

A beautifully convivial ball of smoothness; magnificently illustrated as kids kissed it and nudged it with their chin - then ran around with a squeal of bewilderment as it reached the other corner of the house; rollicking on the floor within lightening seconds of time,

A marvelously tantalizing delicacy served to befit a crowned prince - mollifying you with motley fantasies of good grace as you snuggled in the royal armchair without the tiniest of apprehension on the glorious roof top terrace,

Profoundly ecstatic sponge of majestic red embodied within; incredibly enthralling and bringing about a cheer to the wisps of lackadaisical disenchantment, in the impoverished existence of a human being,

A fantabulously satisfying meal at occasions for the penniless pocket; in the absence of that quintessential platter blended with myriad spices and some of the most charismatic delicacies of the seasonal celebration,

A fabulously intriguing topic of intelligent discussion - as elders of the family expounded upon its plethora of amazing health benefits - for the younger generation to assimilate and incorporate at various stages of their life,

Resembled a big zero; but harmoniously providing the fabric of humanity a wondrous opportunity to relish one of the most sumptuously delicious and gorgeously sweet; fruit on this earth,

The most perfectly robust fruit on mortal earth to be squelched into liquid form; thereby rendering the opulently carved glass with the finesse of ebulliently scarlet juice,

One of the heaviest things to exasperatingly carry under the dynamically triumphant afternoon Sun - but an adorable darling to the taste - as a person absolved even the tiniest trace of his apprehension after consuming its natural richness,

An earnest favorite in the appetizingly varied menu list of the most stellar restaurants and found scribbled with bohemian chalk on the wall of the neighborhood highway cafeteria - with individuals cutting across barriers of caste and color; whilst savoring its ravishingly enchanting flavor,

A proud inhabitant found with predominant contingency in the deeper recesses of the refrigerator; peacefully nestled amongst an array of other vegetable; salad; cream; sauce; pizza and chocolate - but enjoying its its own inimitably imposing presence and preference as the hands affably reached out for it first; after the successful completion of a meal,

Written about with aplomb; in poetry and prose by bestseller authors and those in their nascent stages of penning something substantial; praising its astoundingly simpleton demeanor; which empowers the living race towards unbiased friendship,

A privilege for talented artists to incorporate within their paintings of the unfettered forest, depicting the trajectory of the earth on barren canvas - in its multitudes of hues and color; with one of the largest of princely fruits occupying heroic center stage,

One of the most adulated fruits at the vendor's imperiously embellished establishment,

Was the relished watermelon.

Nikhil Parekh

We Are Two; Our's Are Only Two

More Population; means more penalizing unemployment; baselessly victimizing even the innocent; into the webs of salacious drudgery and disparaging discontentment,

More Population; means more cold-blooded crime; as the pangs of inevitably augmenting hunger; metamorphosed even the most impeccable into an ocean of gory bloodshed,

More Population; means more insidious disease; as the seed of ghastly infection proliferated astoundingly from traumatic sordidness; afflicting even the most robustly sculptured with bizarre ailment and thunderous agony,

More Population; means more abhorrent manipulation; as people relentlessly fantasized a castle of their very own; to impregnably exist amidst an unfathomable horde of blood sucking wolves,

More Population; means more derogatory corruption; with even the most immaculately sparkling organism wholesomely blending with the winds of lechery; to ecstatically surge ahead in the chapter of life,

More Population; means more massacring war; as unsurpassable battalions of even the most holistic entities; indiscriminately fought for a speck of land; for a place to survive,

More Population; means more snobbish abuse; as the stinkingly rich irrefutably digressed from the poor; whipping them with swords of dictatorial power and overwhelmingly overpowering greed,

More Population; means more pugnacious renaissance; with heads being chopped off like brutal matchsticks; in the name of religion and meaningless discrimination of skin; caste and spurious creed,

More Population; means more invidious dissatisfaction; as each organism felt that he was savagely asphyxiated of his share of luck; while his counterparts philandered for times immemorial in the aisles of glorious paradise,

More Population; means more disastrous hunger; as the fields of blossoming corn proved to be capriciously diminutive needles for the fathomless sky of famished children; eventually manifesting into their grotesque grave,

More Population; means more uncouth freezing of blood; as countless hapless urchins; uncontrollably shivered without a single cloth to encapsulate their supple flesh; every night after the chiming of sinister midnight,

More Population; means more lethally obnoxious frustration; as even the most infinitesimal of palpable entity; felt its relentless festoon of desires being torturously suppressed by whiplashes of the; mercilessly claustrophobic atmosphere,

More Population; means more ghoulishly abominable odor; as incomprehensibly gargantuan pools of perspiration; dribbled in painstaking tandem from drearily beleaguered and despicably staggering bodies,

More Population; means more staggering viciousness; as the graveyards of crippling fortune; led even the most harmoniously melodious of denizens to surreptitiously stab behind each other's back,

More Population; means more barbaric slaying of sensuous fantasy; as the insurmountably vengeful monotony of the world around; ruthlessly plagued even the most evanescent trace of mesmerizing serenity,

More Population; means more gruesome blackness even in the most dazzling of Sunlight; as countless children got blinded and maimed since the very first cry of sacred birth; to rot in the realms of the fetid dustbin for the remainder of their penurious lives,

More Population; means more degradation of wonderful humanity; as even the most unassailable emotions and religion; got preposterously traded for a wad of sleazily derogatory notes,

More Population; means more ghastly solitude even in the midst of veritably augmenting boisterousness; as the remorsefulness of disdainfully sullen death irrevocably overpowered everything in conceivable vicinity,

More Population; means more sordid rebuke on the quality of life; as human diabolically squelched human; in the malevolent rat race for baseless supremacy and existence,

More Population; means more despairingly bonding your spirit with the truculent devil; thrusting every iota of your celestial happiness into the mouth of ungainly anguish and horrific obsolescence,

More Population; means more ominous atrocities on spell binding mankind;
tainting the fabric of eternal philanthropism with the corpse of debilitating
greed and inexplicable sadness,

More Population; means more heinous discordance with the laws of resplendent
existence; profusely penalizing the enchanting carpet of mother earth with an
unfathomable battlefield of forlornly crippling weight,

More Population; means more tensions to survive in this already adulterated
planet; where every droplet of water already had a million mouths fervently
waiting; even before it could tumble from fathomless sky,

More Population; means more horrendously regretful theft; with hell breaking
free on the trajectory of scintillating earth; as man egregiously choked for
vital breath to survive,

More Population; means more pathetically unprecedented stagnation; as
boundless innocent bundled in a lugubriously decaying heap; without the tiniest
iota of comfort or Omnipotent compassion,

More Population; means more atrociously bellicose delinquency; as survival
beneath bizarre poverty lines; had rendered even the most patriotically blazing
soldiers; to stoop down like defeated rats,

More Population; means more unrelenting coffins of agonizing tears; as each
stage of life became an unwanted curse; without integrally quintessential
elements of fodder in the miserably bereaved stomach,

More Population; means more irascible atheism; with people believing more in
money than in the Almighty Lord; viewing a bundle of worthlessly small and
measly paper as the ultimate messiah to live; till times beyond eternity,

More Population; means more licentious betrayal of Omnipresent Love; as every
individual tirelessly kept assassinating in order to catapult to the zenith of
success; wholesomely forgetting that it was impossible to do that without the
essence of benevolent togetherness,

O! Yes Population explosion was an uncontrollable menace; which eventually
snapped the wings of Omniscient existence forever and ever and ever; with its
venom of unemployment; poverty and inconsolable hunger,

So it is my humble plea to all families out there; as well as my comrades who
have blissfully supported me on my every step; to please follow the most

triumphant mantra of existence today: we are two; our's are only two.

Nikhil Parekh

We Aren't Afraid

We aren't afraid of the treacherous mountains; infact keep them in our back side pockets,

We aren't afraid of the freezing winds; infact sheltered them in a solitary whisker of our profusely poignant moustache,

We aren't afraid of the lethal bullets flying horrendously around; infact we face them with our chests escalating unflinchingly and handsome towards the azure sky,

We aren't afraid of the acrimoniously sweltering sands; infact caress them like a prince marching uninhibitedly towards the corridors of victory,

We aren't afraid of overwhelming thirst; infact posses the capacity to remain without a droplet of water; it the situation so demands,

We aren't afraid of mighty avalanches of snow; infact treated them like insipid broomsticks sticking innocuously to our valiant eyelashes,

We aren't afraid of indiscriminate abuse; infact let them pass like pieces of disdainful shit; from one ear of ours to the other,

We aren't afraid of the most ominous of crocodile; infact carried his live skin intrepidly; with a profound sense of equanimity on our shoulders,

We aren't afraid of tumultuously vindictive storm; infact inhaled its merciless winds with astronomical ease through our fearless nostrils,

We aren't afraid of perpetual blackness; infact stared at it in its uncouth eye; till it wholesomely disappeared into infinitesimal wisps of non-existent sky,

We aren't afraid of truckloads of blood; infact shed it with insurmountably supreme pride; to defend the soil on which we tread since our first cry,

We aren't afraid of the battalion of satanic swords gushing towards our head; infact held them like peanuts in our palms; inscribing our names with their tips on
our belligerently barren chests,

We aren't afraid of excruciating pain; infact smiled indefatigably whilst in the heart of it; and till the time our mission was blissfully accomplished,

We aren't afraid of inexplicable spirits loitering in the atmosphere; infact coined our own destinies; with sweat of sweet perseverance; flowing gloriously from our audaciously muscled shoulders,

We aren't afraid of lecherous politics; infact blow the manipulative leaders involved; with minuscule draughts of our drearily languid breath,

We aren't afraid of the most horrifically traumatic aftermaths; infact accept them with an invincible glow radiating resiliently from our eyes,

We aren't afraid of sacrificing our lives at the slightest intimation; infact ardently waited for our chance to relinquish breath; and blend our impeccable souls with the Almighty Creator,

We aren't afraid of losing our loved ones; infact had bid them adieu forever; when we plunged wholeheartedly on our path towards irrefutable righteousness,

Just one minute; before you start thinking that we were God's; let me clarify that we were not; but we definitely take unfathomable pleasure in proclaiming ourselves to be the immortal soldiers of our MOTHERLAND.

Nikhil Parekh

We Still Loved Each Other

We hurled a volley of expletives at each other; while conversing over the phone,

Severely ostracizing our movements; our conservative attitude towards society,

Threw fluffy pillows; rolling pins; scattered debris; virtually all that came in our hands at each other,

Tore apart our scalp hair in exasperation; slapping each other on the rubicund cheek,

Grimaced our teeth like the most ominous of fortress; clenching our fists in indignation,

Stared unrelentingly like diabolical demons; refraining to whisper the slightest of sound,

Spat uncouthly at each other; our hands interlocked in a vindictive brawl,

Made abhorrent designs of each other; rampantly inscribing them on the cold floor,

Kicked uncontrollably while in the car; banging our heads against the windshield,

Spilled scalding tea deliberately on each other; burning dainty pores in our skin,

Glanced indifferently towards each other; pretending to be nonchalant strangers,

Scoffed haughtily inhaling long gasps of breath; insipidly kicking small stones that confronted our way,

Wailed discordantly with fervor; looking at each others faces,

Sat poles apart on the dining table; secretly wishing to dance under the enchanting moon,

Drew lines vindictively on the sands; as we strolled languidly on the slippery beach,

Pummeled each other in the ribs; at the slightest provocation; as our tempers soared to dizzy heights,

Paced up and down the length of the house; occasionally banging the walls in intense infuriation,

Tossed and turned irritably on the king poster bed; unable to go to blissful sleep,

Deliberated for marathon hours on the trot; on inconspicuous issues; expending great energy from our intricate lungs,

But the remarkable thing was; that even after all this we still remained the best of friends; immensely enjoyed and wistfully longed for each others company,

And at the end of the acrimonious day; forgave and acutely loved each other.

Nikhil Parekh

Welcoming Her Back

Gruesome carpets of despairing blindness had set upon her magnificently sparkling countenance; enveloping her perennially in a world of bizarre darkness,

But it was my eyes that had veritably lost every iota of sight; as I stumbled like an insane lunatic in every sphere of life; tragically devastated in whirlpools of ghastly depression.

Gory leprosy had descended lecherously upon her marvelously blissful demeanor; brutally incapacitating her in wholesome entirety; for the remainder of her life, But it was my hands and feet that had veritably lost even the most tiniest of ability to hoist; as I haplessly staggered in a tornado of doom; for centuries immemorial.

Barbaric dumbness had salaciously entrenched upon her majestically royal countenance; ruthlessly chopping every cranny of her robustly melodious cadence; into a countless pieces of insipid nothingness, But it was my tongue that had veritably lost even the most remotest of ability to speak; as I pathetically slithered on remorseful spit; without the slightest sound emanating from my tyrannized throat.

Diabolical sadness had fathomlessly enveloped upon her sparkingly robust stride; penalizing her immaculate grace for absolutely no fault of hers, But it was my lips that had veritably relinquished all smiles; as I drunk tears of horrendous solitude each unfurling instant of the treacherous day; trespassing through a battlefield of vindictive prejudice soaked in ghastly blood; all my life.

Ominously irascible cancer had cascaded down upon her blisteringly flamboyant visage; murderously asphyxiating all her glorious happiness in destined life, But it was my body that veritably puked everything that I tried to ravishingly swallow; with a tinge of lecherously debilitating yellow; proliferating astoundingly; upon my hopelessly extinguishing senses.

Savage termites had crawled upon from all sides upon her magically glistening persona; barbarically attacking her with contemptuously opprobrious lechery, But it was my veins that veritably lost every ingredient of scarlet blood; as I incessantly floated like a lifeless skeleton; through the corpse of gory death and in the graveyard of malicious abhorrence.

Overpowering darkness had viciously infiltrated upon her gorgeously delectable

reflection; crippling her invidiously of all those blissfully romantic moments;
in euphorically vibrant life,
But it was my dwelling that had veritably abnegated all traces of dynamic light;
as I couldn't find even my own silhouette; decaying into wisps of worthlessly
horrific oblivion.

Perfidious paralysis had vindictively gripped her enamoringly scintillating scent
from all sides; treacherously overtoppling her from Omnipotent realms of
blissfully blessed sleep,
But it was my heart that had veritably ceased to function; ludicrously dissolving
all its passionate reservoir of beats with domains of penalizing hell; ruthlessly
massacring even the most priceless of emotion; and the chapter of immortal
love.

And devilishly unforgiving death had stooped perilously upon her daintily tinkling
royalty; rendering her meaninglessly at the last stage of her most fabulously
priceless existence,
But it was my breath that had veritably snapped in wholesome entirety from my
deplorably bleeding nostrils; as I reached heaven even before the most ethereal
of her shadow could creep through; to welcome her as her unassailable lover;
eternally and once again.

Nikhil Parekh

We're All Humans.

There wasn't a brain born on this fathomlessly enchanting Universe; which came without its share of imbecile eccentricities; at times meandering into the aisles of wholesomely decrepit meaninglessness,

There wasn't a lip born on this boundlessly captivating Universe; which came without its share of inexplicable sadness; at times solely embracing the most unprecedented apogees of lugubrious doom,

There wasn't a throat born on this endlessly enthralling Universe; which came without its share of rambunctious cacophony; at times wafting into the bitterest tunes of hedonistic oblivion,

There wasn't a finger born on this limitlessly emollient Universe; which came without its share of ludicrous anomalies; at times preposterously sketching the entire resplendently enamoring planet; wretchedly and incongruously upside down,

There wasn't a foot born on this invincibly panoramic Universe; which came without its share of delirious stamping; at times meting its entire frustration upon blissful soil; till the last granule of mud was frigidly pulverized,

There wasn't an eye born on this wonderfully ameliorating Universe; which came without its share of impoverished tears; at times inconsolably sobbing towards hysterical doom; even under the most blazingly unfettered rays of brilliant sunlight,

There wasn't a chest born on this enigmatically Herculean Universe; which came without its share of deplorable fearfulness; at times inscrutably trembling towards the most pathetically dwindling of corpse; at the tiniest whisker of sound,

There wasn't a stomach born on this pristinely uninhibited Universe; which came without its share of intermittently irascible gas; at times expurgating into the most pugnaciously fetid bellows of air; even whilst resting amidst perennially environmental bliss,

There wasn't a mind born on this bountifully fructifying Universe; which came without its share of unexplainable illiteracy; at times helplessly staring at the most sagaciously pragmatic things; even though trained to unsurpassable

epitomes of meritoriously royal education,

There wasn't a mouth born on this gloriously untainted Universe; which came without its share of ungainly abuse; at times bursting into an uncontrolled volley of thwarted malice; just the very next instant after uttering the name of the Omnipotent Lord,

There wasn't a bone born on this pricelessly inimitable Universe; which came without its share of dastardly weakness; at times bizarrely crouching an infinite feet beneath its shell; although the barbarous enemy was a million kilometers apart; and yet to arrive,

There wasn't a skin born on this gregariously compassionate Universe; which came without its share of penurious sweat; at times culminating into an ocean of disdainfully salty water; when tension rode high and unprecedented even on the tip of freezing Everest,

There wasn't a neck born on this triumphantly fearless Universe; which came without its share of restless turning; at times darting into a billion directions every instant; as if non-existent hell had rained down on planet divine,

There wasn't an ear born on this victoriously burgeoning Universe; which came without its share of anomalous insensitivities; at times pretending to be ostentatiously deaf to even the most agonizingly tyrannized cries of living kind,

There wasn't an eyelash born on this handsomely regal Universe; which came without its share of surreptitious flashing; at times unnecessarily flirting with the fairer sex at gay abandon; immediately after tying the immortal nuptial thread with godly wife,

There wasn't a persona born on this unabashedly liberated Universe; which came without its share of maiming depression; at times writhing for countless hours on obdurate floor; desperately crying for no ostensible reason or rhyme,

There wasn't a spine born on this undauntedly magnetic Universe; which came without its share of mysterious trembling; at times reverberating more ferociously than the devastating earthquake; at just a nimble touch of the nubile finger,

There wasn't a heart born on this gigantically spell-binding Universe; which came without its share of irregular throbbing; at times skipping an infinite beats in a single instant; to directly reach the penultimate beat of veritable death,

There wasn't a nostril born on this timelessly blossoming Universe; which came without its share of inexorable gasping; at times feeling indescribably asphyxiated for poignant breath; even in the most celestially iridescent of atmosphere,

And there wasn't an organism born on this unlimitedly redolent Universe; which came without its share of humanitarian errors; at times forgetting its own name and holistic identity; even though blessed in every aspect of its existence by the Omnipresent Lord,

Simply because; we're all humans; and try as hard as we could; we can never ever come even an infinitesimal fraction close to him; can never ever even dream to emulate his impregnably perfectionist ways; can never ever challenge his unassailable ways of human creation; can never ever become the Omniscient God.

Nikhil Parekh

Were You Sleeping?

Were you sleeping when countless infants were being ruthlessly orphaned; left to beg on the discordantly hapless streets; with their limbs horrendously maimed by the treacherously barbarous society?

Were you sleeping when countless soldiers were being invidiously molested; as diabolically castrated traitors imperiled them at their every step; with swords of indescribably macabre corruption?

Were you sleeping when countless trees were being cold-bloodedly slaughtered; as the hell of relentless greed insidiously transcended the paradise of symbiotically amiable bonding?

Were you sleeping when countless pilgrims were being torturously torched; as maliciously prejudiced perpetrators of mankind uncontrollably assassinated in the name of spurious religion; caste; creed and tribe?

Were you sleeping when countless entities were wandering aimlessly unemployed and illiterate; as the bane of dreadfully ignominious condemnation disastrously spread its meaningless roots worldwide?

Were you sleeping when countless grasslands of exhilarating peace; were being satanically squandered by truculently dictatorial powerhouses of hedonistic bloodshed and vindictively insane savagery?

Were you sleeping when countless consecrations of one God were being salaciously pulverized to morosely inconspicuous ash; as capriciously baseless fanatics erected a citadel of their own God upon the same?

Were you sleeping when countless voices of mellifluously ingratiating innocence; were tyrannically devoured in the grotesque cacophony of remorsefully lambasting commercialism and monotonous malice?

Were you sleeping when countless woman were being tawdrily traded; as ominously lethal beheaders of flesh weighed them in pans of sinister gold; after deleteriously excoriating every bit of their sacrosanct vermilion?

Were you sleeping when countless immaculate sheep were being sleazily annihilated in the penalizing abattoirs; as man callously smacked his imbecile lips with replenishments of pricelessly bountiful blood?

Were you sleeping when countless urchins were being dastardly sodomized; as powerhouses of atrocious weaponry; used helplessly nimble skin a sardonic retreat for their zanily whimsical outbursts?

Were you sleeping when countless sparkling eyes were being gruesomely blinded; as unfathomable jailhouses of lechery descended upon planet earth; from every conceivable quarter?

Were you sleeping when countless inevitably decrepit and invalid were being thrashed left; right and brutal center; as the brazenly impetuously tried to expedite their miserably faltering pace; even at the cost of vivaciously blissful life?

Were you sleeping when countless tons of abominably abhorrent abuse raunchily crept into the fabric of the civilized world; as man intransigently hunted down his counterpart man; on the non-existent pretext of survival of the fittest?

Were you sleeping when countless terrorists licentiously marauded harmoniously holistic households; maniacally looted; squandered; decimated and transformed all harmlessly immaculate; into a corpse of frightfully repugnant blood?

Were you sleeping when countless diminutive were being indefatigably whipped by the agonizingly aggrieved whip of poverty; as the sanctimoniously rich used biscuits of pure gold to feed their abnormally wild dogs?

Were you sleeping when countless infirm were being poked and ludicrously manhandled; as those with lividly gleaming biceps; fecklessly demonstrated their frigidly infidel power?

Were you sleeping when countless children implacably screamed and waved for help from under the drowning waters; as pompously passing politicians showered garlands of ostentatiously floral sympathy; instead of altruistically plunging in and saving lives?

And if the answer to the above is yes; then how the hell can you blame the Almighty Creator for inflicting misery upon the trajectory of this mesmerizing earth; how the hell can you blame it on the mortuaries of crippling destiny for heinously puncturing existence; how the hell can you blame today's modern times for all that was pathetically dwindling?

For the Omnipotent lord had given you and every other being of your kind
enough strength to conquer the most ferocious of devil; incarcerate even the
most unforgivably illicit of atrocity; but you still had all the guts to blame him;
instead of nimbly admitting it that you were cowardly sleeping?

Nikhil Parekh

We've All Been Sent To Win.

We've all been sent on this bountifully eclectic earth; to tirelessly adventure; and not to pathetically stagnate in the corpses of miserably penalizing and delirious depression,

We've all been sent on this celestially fantastic earth; to interminably consecrate the virtues of benign goodness; and not to preposterously bend down to the indiscriminately vengeful footsteps of the massacring devil,

We've all been sent on this fantastically virile earth; to blaze in the Sun of unconquerable optimism; and not to inexplicably wither like a shriveled leaf in the mortuaries of asphyxiating blackness; without any ostensible reason or rhyme,

We've all been sent on this blessedly emollient earth; to limitlessly desire in a paradise of heavenly symbiosis; and not to be wretchedly thrashed by the wantonly non-existent gallows of maiming negativity,

We've all been sent on this vivaciously wonderful earth; to uninhibitedly embrace every caste; creed; color and race with egalitarian love; and not to relentlessly assassinate countless innocent; on spurious pretexts of feckless religion,

We've all been sent on this resplendently robust earth; to enlighten the lives of all those unfortunate with every smile of our destined existence; and not to rapaciously gobble even the last bone of their crumbling spine; to sadistically inundate our already bulging stomachs,

We've all been sent on this jubilantly fathomless earth; to indefatigably march forward in the corridors of unflinching courage; and not to let the germs of meaninglessly inscrutable fear; reign supreme on every ingredient of our blood,

We've all been sent on this gloriously unbridled earth; to invincibly unite in the threads of royal compassion; and not to uncouthly separate the very fabric of existence; and thereby be a beleaguered slave of our prejudiced brains,

We've all been sent on this unbelievably enamoring earth; to altruistically heal even the most treacherously ghastliest of wound with the wand of eternal friendship; and not to leave an unending sea of ruthless blood; at every step that we traversed,

We've all been sent on this romantically effulgent earth; to mellifluously sing the tunes of brotherhood; and not to cadaverously dumb our God gifted throats; into the hell of lugubriously intolerable decay,

We've all been sent on this spell-bindingly ardent earth; to timelessly sleep in the lap of our Omnipotent mothers; and not to dementedly rape and sell innocuously venerated women; right under the broadest of flaming daylight,
We've all been sent on this ecstatically vibrant earth; to beautifully harness; conserve and augment the fruits of pristine mother nature; and not to ruthlessly chop trees and iridescent vegetation; in order to erect tombstones of robotic monotony,

We've all been sent on this bounteously philanthropic earth; to fearlessly feed every hungry destitute stomach in whatever capacity we ever could; and not to sacrilegiously orphan boundless; right in front of their kin,

We've all been sent on this incredulously magnetic earth; to interminably continue the chapter of amazingly virile existence; and not to render ourselves meekly impotent; to even the most obsolete insinuation of the passing maelstrom,

We've all been sent on this handsomely impregnable earth; to pay due homage and respect to our elders/ancestors/heritage; and not to make our own parents sweep the threadbare household floors; whilst we abominably lazed into an inexplicable labyrinth of languid nothingness,

We've all been sent on this royally emollient earth; to nimbly prostrate in front of the power that created us all alike; which was irrefutably the Omnipresent Creator; and not to sanctimoniously consider only our own selves; as the greatest and the most powerful of all,

We've all been sent on this magnetically poignant earth; to unstoppably relish every droplet of rain that fell from the Omnipotent skies; and not to insidiously adulterate the same with gory bloodshed and abhorrently devastating war,

We've all been sent on this spectacularly harmonious earth; to disseminate the ideals of immortal love and peace in even the most obviously fading cranny of the Universe; and not to lethally stab each heart throbbing beside us with the poison of castrated hatred,

And we've all been sent on this fabulously sparkling earth; to timelessly triumph in a heaven of goodness and; win; and not to worthlessly succumb to the mortuary of evil; lose everything of ours even before the slightest innuendo of the devil miserably floundered to loom upon the gigantic Universe.

Nikhil Parekh

What About Him

Even though you had beautifully sparkling eyes; with loads of charismatic fortitude entrapped in your bones; still you trembled at the thought of clambering up 100 floors of the colossal building without the escalator,
What about him who was perpetually blind; for whom the world was a cloud of gruesome darkness; right since innocuous childhood?

Even though you had voluptuous jewels of eye; Herculean stamina in the bulging muscle of your arm; still the very thought of crossing the jam packed chaotic road; sent inexplicable shivers down your slender spine, What about him who was perpetually blind; for whom there was nothing like brightness or light in the dictionary of the mind?

Even though you had marvelously sparkling pairs of diamond eyes; the stoical ability to confront the most disastrous situation with astronomical ease; still you severely rebelled the prospect of jumping out of the plane with a parachute strapped tightly,
What about him who was perpetually blind; for whom the world meant nothing else; but simply an amalgamation of different voice?

Even though you had supremely robust hazel eyes; an uncanny ability to solve mind boggling enigmas in split seconds; still the prospect of swimming with the menacing alligators in the marshy swamps gave you horrendous nightmares every unveiling night,
What about him who was perpetually blind, didn't have even the most infinitesimal idea as to what were twinkling stars; what was blistering Sunlight?

Even though you had opalescent rainbow complexioned eyes; the supreme agility in your legs to leap with astounding ease over boundless hurdles at a time, still you wept uncontrollably at the onset of choosing your favorite shirt amongst millions of fabric strewn around,
What about him who was perpetually blind; didn't even know as to whether the cloth engulfing his chest; was a garishly striped shirt or a trouser with swanky shine?

Even though you had mesmerizing blue eyes; invincible strength encompassing your entire demeanor; still you dreaded a trifle at the mention of going to acrimonious war,
What about him who was perpetually blind; who couldn't perceive one bit about the mammoth boulder of stinging needles; just at whisker lengths from his body?

Even though you had phlegmatically cherry red eyes; and exuberant spirit of adventure profusely embedded in your stream of crimson blood; still you flinched a little in your subconscious mind; while nose-diving your jet as straight as an arrow from the cocoon of heavenly clouds towards the periphery of hard ground,
What about him who was perpetually blind; couldn't walk a step further without leaning on his red and white cane stick?

Even though you had splendidly shimmering eyes; an insatiable yearning towards oligarchic literature; still you thought multiple times before attempting to write a million pages of poetry a day,
What about him who was perpetually blind; who didn't even know how the 'L' of language looked like; persevered all his life caressing vaguely intricate Braille?

Even though you had astoundingly emphatic eyes; an unbelievable ability to judiciously discern thoroughly embedded in your mind; still you stared uncannily into open space; pondering on how would you ever meet the girl of your divinely dreams,
What about him who was perpetually blind; who couldn't even make out whether it was a man or a woman until it stringently spoke?

And even though you had two pairs of dynamically fiery eyes; a flamboyant swirl encapsulating your visage at every step you strolled; still you weren't 100% confident of facing life; ruminated for marathon hours as to what would besiege you after your death; would there be celestial paradise or ghastly hell,
What about him who was perpetually blind; who hadn't witnessed the most minuscule trace of glow since he took his first breath; for whom the solitary silent room in which he resided; was his only paradise; his only hell?

Nikhil Parekh

What Difference Does It Make?

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I use my artistic left hand to write; or whether I voraciously emboss alphabets on barren paper with the bohemian fingers in my right?

As long as the ramification of it all; is literature which handsomely depicts the spell bindingly unassailable fragrance of bountifully burgeoning mankind.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I devoutly kneel down on the majestic steps of the fantastically embellished church; or whether I close my impoverished eyes in ardent obeisance sitting inside the abysmally forlorn gutter pipe?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the image of profoundly Omnipotent benevolence; the grace of the insuperably inimitable Lord Almighty; towering high in every philanthropic thought of mine.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I bathe in the most bombastically fudged of glittering gold bathrooms; or whether I let every element of my emaciated skin rejuvenate under rustic droplets of rain tumbling from fathomless sky?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the essence of miraculous freshness transcending over even the most infinitesimal of my dreadfully beleaguered senses; austere cleansing my sordid body of derogatorily deceased and perfidious shit.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I tirelessly embrace every conceivable religion which humans coined; or whether I chose to forever remain oblivious to any caste; creed or sect; forever remain nameless?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the river of perennially bonding symbiotism; which Omnisciently cascaded through every cranny of my molecular heart and soul.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I clad my feet in the most contemporarily designer footwear; or whether I left them threadbarely barren; with my bucolically untrimmed nails grotesquely extruding out?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the path of unflinchingly peerless righteousness; that I perennially tread upon.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I sung through the most mellifluously majestic of microphones; or whether I uninhibitedly unfurled the discordantly raucous chords of my throat; into the sheath of the simplistic

atmosphere?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the message of ubiquitously symbiotic brotherhood; handsomely perpetuating every philanthropic heart alike.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I used the most powerfully enviable of field glasses; or whether I let the whites and blacks of my eyes rampantly wander around?

As long as the ramification of it all; is that the spirit of impeccably untainted goodness; assimilated into every construable cranny of my soul and harmonious body.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I resided on the most unprecedented precipice of the gigantically impregnable mountain; or whether I exhaled air every instant of my life infinite feet beneath the bed of listlessly sedentary soil?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the mist of redolently humanitarian fantasy; embodying itself deeper and deeper into the diminutively emaciated dormitories of my mind.

And tell me what difference does it make; whether I endlessly romanced within the unfathomably luxurious walls of the Opulent castle; or whether I bonded with the most adorable companion of my life on the squalidly bedraggled streets; deluged with nothing else but the penuriously profane begging bowl?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the sacrosanct thread of Immortally blessing marriage; forever coalescing me with the wave of united existence; forever liberating me from the aisles of worthlessness; and forever and ever and ever into the unconquerably untamed sanctuary of Omnipotent love.

Nikhil Parekh

What Difference Does It Make? - Part 2

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first cry or the very last cry of my miserably impoverished life; as your robustly humanitarian cheeks; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist as the; greatest Fantasizer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first smile or the very last smile of my haplessly penurious life; as your magnanimously celestial shadow; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest Tantalizer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first signature or the very last signature of my parsimoniously truncated life; as your poignantly sacred palms; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest humanitarian,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first dwelling or the very last dwelling of my traumatically beleaguered life; as your miraculously Omnipotent and mitigating voice; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest adventurer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first dream or the very last dream of my distraughtly dreary life; as your unbelievably sensuous fragrance; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest artist,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first job or the very last job of my disgustingly decrepit life; as your mystically enamoring and voluptuously curvaceous silhouette; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest poet,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first turning or the very last turning of my lackadaisically fretful life; as your vividly euphoric countenance; reborn an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest prodigy,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first success or the very last success of my ethereally disheveled life; as your innocuously rosy

tongue; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as
the greatest
conjurer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first wink or
the very last wink of my malevolently scurrilous life; as your unassailably
majestic eyes; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to
exist; as the greatest spirit,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first whisper or
the very last whisper of my viciously slandering life; as your insuperably
magnetic aura; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to
exist; as the greatest prince,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first sweatdrop
or the very last sweatdrop of my devastatingly malicious life; as your
unconquerably iridescent footsteps; reborn me an infinite times even after the
earth had ceased to
exist; as the greatest patriot,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first dawn or
the very last dawn of my ephemerally quavering life; as your beautifully
emollient ideals; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to
exist; as the greatest
singer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first yawn or
the very last yawn of my inconspicuously. frigid life; as your impeccably redolent
skin; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the
greatest martyr,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first clap or the
very last clap of my infinitesimally withering life; as your immaculately untainted
sleep; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as
the greatest
philosopher,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first alphabet
or the very last alphabet of my indiscriminately tyrannized life; as your
sensuously fluttering eyelashes; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth
had ceased to exist; as the
greatest philanderer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first tear or the very last tear of my diminutively dastardly life; as your ecstatically tinkling feet; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest dancer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first breath or the very last breath of my sullenly baseless life; as your panoramically insuperable compassion; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist;
as the greatest friend,

And what difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first day or the very last day of my truculently lambasting life; as your immortally palpitating and harmonious heart; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest lover.

Nikhil Parekh

What Happens

What happens when branch leaves wither in freezing winter,
the tree body stands devoid of leafy clothing all day and night.

What happens when frosty cream is sucked from cow milk,
the solution rendered listless, resembles white mineral water.

What happens pure petrol is mixed with stale kerosene,
the car machinery stutters, vomits in pain, unable to budge an inch further.

What happens when a horse is kissed by fiery cigarette butt,
it throws its master topsy-turvy, galloping at mounting spurts of speed.

What happens when the vociferous sea is evacuated of water,
demonic thunder clouds of rain refrain from being formed.

What happens when children are introduced to the nefarious world of crime,
they indulge in rampant massacre, consuming human blood like stream water.

What happens when chunks of bread are left to die,
red ant and a plethora of fungus devour it rapidly.

What happens when body is drenched with rotten tobacco juice,
there develops an everlasting stench of decayed lizard.

What happens when coconut shell is slammed hard on human skull,
the fruit bursts open proving feeble against volatile energy of the brain.

What happens when we swallow a pitcher full of scotch whisky,
the inbuilt body clock remains in heavy sedation all Sunlit day.

What happens when partially blind left are to waver on the busy street,
they guide themselves adroitly, relying solely on sensory touches of touch and smell.

What happens when human beings are replaced by robots,
tasks get executed to immaculate perfection, without palpable emotions of hatred and unbiased love.

What He Actually Considered Man

For him man was not as disdainfully black as charcoal; or as white as the impeccable crusts of ice-cream,

For him man was not as tall as the mountains; or as weak as the diminutive ant,

For him man was not as rich as the royal king; or as impoverished as the beggar shivering on the streets,

For him man was not as intellectual as the ingenious scientist; or as dumb as the lunatic imprisoned within the corridors of the mental asylum,

For him man was not as strong and tenacious as the towering elephant; or as meek as the minuscule mosquito,

For him man was not as robust as the rubicund apple; or as fragile and rotten as the sprinkled garbage,

For him man was not as sacrosanct as the sagacious saint; or as hideous as the diabolical devil,

For him man was not as fast as the contemporary computer; or as lazy as the pig lying unwashed on the slopes for weeks,

For him man was not as fat as the ostentatiously inflated balloon; or as thin as the neglected strand of the broomstick,

For him man was not as educated as the literary scholar; or as illiterate as the clerk who used his thumb and toe to sign the documents,

For him man was not as beautiful as the mesmerizing fairy; or as satanic as the witch hovering around in the haunted house,

For him man was not as successful as the dynamic Business tycoon; or as maimed as the bleary eyed boy polishing boots on the street,

For him man was not as sharp as the stupendously sighted hawk; or as dark as the baby born perpetually blind,

For him man was not as supernatural as the magician executing astounding

tricks; or as normal as the student slogging overwhelmingly hard to pass his examinations,

For him man was not as impeccable as golden honey; or as appalling as the uncouth murderer wandering at will in the open valley,

For him man was not as perfect and meticulous as the invincible angel; or as prone as the inevitably erring teenager,

For him man was not as brilliant as the flamboyant body of the fiery Sun; or as morbid as the corpse slithering on earth,

For him man was not as belligerent as the gleaming knife; or as soggy as salubrious cherries nestling on the cake,

For him man was not as mature and prudent as the owl; or as imbecile as the new born infant,

For him man was not as fragrant as the incredulously voluptuous rose; or as decaying as the dead fish lying still on the shores,

For him man was not as bearded as the dense foliage of the jungle; or as clean shaven as the ducks floating on tepid pools of water,

And for the Creator man was not a 'Hindu', 'Muslim', 'Christian', 'Buddhist'; or one following 'Hinduism', 'Islam', 'Christianity', 'Buddhism'.etc.,

What he actually considered man was an entity which he had evolved as a pair of flesh and bones on this planet; a mouth to speak and two eyes to sight; who had the ability to procreate millions of his kind; who had the unflinching ability to keep his Universe moving; and over and above all one who had the uncanny ability to keep the paradise of his dreams always and immortally alive.

Nikhil Parekh

What I Do Know

How deep is the ocean I do not know; but what I do know is that I would extricate the oil trapped within; to make it more enjoyable for people to swim,

How colossal is the sky I do not know; but what I do know is that I would stop it being invaded by obnoxious missiles; making it a paradise for birds to fly,

How dense is the forest I do not know; but what I do know is that I would prevent innocent trees from being chopped; making it more mesmerizing for the animals to live in,

How lanky is the mountain I do not know; but what I do know is that I would terminate all mining activity on its slopes; making it more stupendous for sheep to philander on,

How vast is the desert I do not know; but what I do know is that I would placate the thirst of every organism I encountered; to grant it reprieve from the agony of scorching heat,

How acrimonious is the heat of fire I do not know; but what I do know is that I would alleviate the same by pouring pails of chilled water; thereby impeding the surrounding environment from being torched,

How lethal is the sting of scorpion I do not know; but what I do know is that I would suck it from innocuous flesh; saving it wholesomely from jaws of savage death,

How resplendent are the colors of rainbow I do not know; but what I do know is that I would stop abhorrent gases from obscuring their ingratiating view

How dark is a blind mans life I do not know; but what I do know is I would offer him my shoulder to lean upon; comforting him in times of bizarre distress,

How eloquent is the nightingale I do not know; but what I do know is that I would prevent obstreperous noises from circulating; making its voice the solo one in the still atmosphere,

How thick is blood I do not know; but what I do know is that I would curtail it from flowing profusely; tying across it the bandage of my unadulterated love,

How disastrous is the earthquake I do not know; but what I do know is that I would mitigate the suffering prevailing; by hoisting all infants lying discarded without their mothers,

How piquant is white salt I do not know; but what I do know is that I would procure it in its purest form from the sea; to distribute among who cherish its taste,

How scintillating is the pearl I do not know; but what I do know is that I would prevent it from being mutilated and marketed commercially all around,

How black is darkness I do not know; but what I do know is that I would not let it linger for more than the night; snapping it completely with the first rays of transient dawn,

How frosty is milk I do not know; but what I do know is that I would sequester mother cow from abuse and trips to the abattoir,

How redolent is the rose I do not know; but what I do know is that I would prevent it from being plucked indiscriminately from the blossoming shrub,

How diabolical is the demon I do not know; but what I do know is that I would prevent him from disrupting the tranquility and benevolence of society,

How omniscient is the creator I do not know; but what I do know is that I would burn all fingers pointing against him; annihilate even the most minuscule trace of blasphemy enveloping his sacrosanct persona,

And how long am I going to live I do not know; but what I do know is that would entirely dedicate every unveiling minute of my life; to my mother; my beloved and the God who endowed upon me the prowess to live and love

Nikhil Parekh

What I Eternally Desired

The tantalizingly seductive periphery of your lusciously crinkled lips; mesmerized me to only an infinitesimally fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to suckle their unbelievably triumphant and harmoniously mellifluous sweetness; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The voluptuously rubicund contours of your fantastically nubile cheeks; enchanted me to only a diminutively fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to absorb in their charismatically robust and perennially bountiful luster; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The sensuously embellished fringes of your mischievously dancing eyelashes; stupefied me to only a parsimoniously fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to become every royally untainted wink that you uninhibitedly executed; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The ravishingly enticing swirl of your pristinely black hair; reinvigorated me to only an abstemiously fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to intertwine each of my senses with their magically virgin tresses; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The stupendously fearless voice that wafted from your ardently melodious throat; enamored me to only a spartanly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to blissfully make each of your sounds as the sole elixir of my impoverished life; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The unbelievably gorgeous silhouettes of your fragrantly moistened belly; dazzled me to only a miserly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to make dwelling in its invincibly compassionate warmth; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The unconquerable tinkle of ornaments on your insuperably heavenly fingers; enlightened me to only a nimbly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to revel in their majestically unhindered cocoons of original artistry; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The effulgently resplendent sheen of your bewitchingly emollient nostrils; entranced me to only a restrictedly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to euphorically bounce in their indomitably Omnipotent breath; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The oligarchic shapes of your unflinchingly parading feet; enthralled me to only an impoverishedly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to become every ubiquitously uniting step that they tread; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The fabulously golden shades of your victoriously holistic sweat; fascinated me to only an inconspicuously fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to bathe in its essence of emolliently honest perseverance; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The beguiling sway of your daintily adorned earlobes; spell bound me to only a penuriously fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to imbibe the spirit of truth that they timelessly heard; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The vivaciously effervescent flow of your iridescently humanitarian blood; captivated me to only an ephemerally fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to blend my soul with the countless ingredients of symbiotic humanity in it; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The profoundly enigmatic vacillations of your regally unfettered shadow; mitigated me to only an ethereally fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to timelessly siesta in its unassailably philanthropic serenity; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The kingly whites of your inexhaustibly dancing eyes; mystified me to only an infidel fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to tirelessly sight my reflection in their mirror of ubiquitously unparalleled righteousness; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The limitless fleet of goose-bumps on your excitedly exuberant nape; sublimed me to only a truncatedly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to continuously maneuver to every of its passionate swirl; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The unlimited repertoire of actions that emanated from your sagaciously venerated persona; recharged me to only a fractionally fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to mélange with every flow of priceless truth and humanity that they sprouted into; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The miraculously exquisite panic button in your indefatigably ebullient belly;

pepped me to only a flaccidly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to become the nexus of its blessedly altruistic
existence; for an infinite more births yet to come.
And the unceasing throbbing of your perpetually fervent heart; impressed me to
only a lackadaisically fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to bond my mind; body; and soul with the beats of
its immortally unshakable love; for an infinite more births yet to come.

Nikhil Parekh

What I Was Unconquerably Sure About

What tomorrow would bring for me in its exhilaratingly blissful winds; I didn't care; nor did have even the tiniest of longing to know,
But what I was unconquerably sure about was that; each ingredient of my emaciated eye ardently wanted to witness your divinely silhouette this very moment; without the slightest of hindrance in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its graciously bountiful lap; I didn't care; nor did have even the most diminutive of longing to know,
But what I was unassailably sure about was that; each droplet of my trembling blood fervently wanted to blend with your philanthropically handsome goodness this very moment; without the slightest of impediments in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its ingratiatingly inexplicable horizons; I didn't care; nor did have even the most parsimonious of longing to know,
But what I was unfathomably sure about was that; each line of my impoverished palm insatiably wanted to entwine with your majestically unfurling life this very moment; without the slightest of darkness in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its royally resplendent swirl; I didn't care; nor did have even the most mercurial of longing to know,
But what I was invincibly sure about was that; each cracked contour of my lips triumphantly wanted to intermingle with your sensuously iridescent senses this very moment; without the slightest of morass in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its enigmatically philandering breath; I didn't care; nor did have even the most remote longing to know,
But what I was boundlessly sure about was that; each vein of my abysmally faltering legs zanily wanted to coalesce with your benevolently humanitarian stride this very moment; without the slightest of duress in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its celestially vibrant fabric; I didn't care; nor did have even the most oblivious longing to know,
But what I was indefatigably sure about was that; each chord of my preposterously scorched throat tumultuously wanted to slaver your Samaritan sweetness this very moment; without the slightest of treachery in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its vividly coruscated dawn; I didn't care;
nor did have even the most cloistered of longing to know,
But what I was impregnably sure about was that; each miserably bereaved bone
of mine unrelentingly wanted the compassionate caress of your magical palms
this
very moment; without the slightest of embroilment in between and the recital of
NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its spell bindingly enamoring resplendence;
I didn't care; nor did have even the most insipid of longing to know,
But what I was limitlessly sure about was that; each sordidly estranged pore of
my flesh perennially wanted to bond with your rhapsodic melody this very
moment;
without the slightest of bedlam in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its enchantingly fragrant corridor; I didn't
care; nor did have even the most infidel of longing to know,
But what I was fathomlessly sure about was that; each devastatingly diminishing
breath of mine perpetually wanted to entwine with your altruistically fearless
life this very moment; without the slightest of inhibition in between and the
recital of NO.

And what tomorrow would bring for me in its redolently euphoric wave; I didn't
care; nor did have even the most ephemeral of longing to know,
But what I was supremely sure about was that; each beat of my gratuitously
feckless heart immortally wanted to entrench with your love this very moment;
without the slightest of hesitation in between and the recital of NO.

Nikhil Parekh

What Is A Poem?

A poem is; an everlasting ocean of poignant empathy; that envelops you in winds of insatiable euphoria and tantalizingly rhapsodic caress,

A poem is; a marvelous compilation of majestic art; cascading like the most opulent river of happiness; in your times of morbidly murderous gloom,

A poem is; a cloudburst of tumultuously piquant emotions; forever and irrefutably ensuring that; you kept gallivanting ahead with the delectably pristine ardor of life,

A poem is; a fathomless canvas of vivacious color and ingratiating charm; deluging every cranny of your ludicrously impoverished existence; with all mesmerizing goodness; stupendously overpowering the atmosphere,

A poem is; a wave of glorious royalty that romantically sweeps across your dreary nerves every dawn; titillates you into fireballs of untamed imagination; all throughout the fabric of the voluptuously enchanting night,

A poem is; the most grandiloquently flaming epitome of triumph; harboring you in its invincible belly of endless fantasy; nourishing each iota of your blood; like a sacrosanct mother,

A poem is; a boisterously humming bee of ecstatic jubilation; diffusing the profound sweetness of mystical existence; on whichever path you chose to philanthropically tread,

A poem is; an unfathomable myriad of enigmatic undulations; intriguingly weaving through unsurpassable joy and inexplicable gloom in life; alike,

A poem is; the most embellished form of written expression; catapulting you to infinite kilometers above the divinely conglomerate of celestial clouds; to bask in the unprecedented glory of priceless learning,

A poem is; an incomprehensible mountain of intrepid philosophy; the most turbulently ebullient portrayal of the mind; body and blissfully philandering soul,

A poem is; a symbol of ubiquitous harmony; uniting civilizations irrespective of caste; creed or color from all across the fathomless planet; in its invincible blanket of humanity; alike,

A poem is; an unequivocal path of righteousness that transpires you to wholeheartedly pursue your gorgeous curtain spread of benevolent dreams; your spice to passionately embrace life and lifeless sleep; romantically and alike,
A poem is; an unrelenting thunderbolt of perennial desire; encapsulating your diabolically dwindling bones; with the eternal fervor to exhilaratedly leap forward in vibrant life,

A poem is; the sacrosanct constituent of a writers imagination; his intransigent propensity and heavenly fodder; to compassionately lead a countless more exotic lives,

A poem is; a boundlessly ardent craving for harmonious bliss to impregnably descend; incarcerating all those disastrously devastated; with the incredulously ingratiating melody in its rhythm,

A poem is; a resplendently twinkling sky of perpetual yearning; showering its rain of unparalleled enthusiasm; upon every quarter of this earth; besieged with horrifically debilitating darkness,

A poem is; a magical whirlpool of fervently diffusing breath; that instills Omnipotent life; even in the most languidly ungainly and satanically maimed,

A poem is; a tantalizingly seducing princess; grandiloquently culminating into a mist of fascinating desire and astoundingly bountiful grace; on every iota of space; she blessedly blended with,

Over and above all; A poem is; the innermost fulmination of the immortally throbbing heart; transcending well above the boundaries of conventionally parasitic form; rule and structure; every true artists desire to take indefatigably breath for; abnegating his last trace of life for it; only to rejoice with it perpetually in realms of Omnipresent heaven.

Nikhil Parekh

What Is It

What is it that makes us speak with eloquence,
Oscillates the fleshy organ of tongue in mouth.

What is it that makes us decipher infinite lines of condensed literature,
Lies trapped in hollow sockets of visual apparatus.

What is it that makes us sweat like an invincible river,
Exorbitantly saps reserve quotas of hidden energy.

What is it that tickles daintily stitched threads of conscience,
Vacillates with every unfolding minute of life.

What is it that makes our hair stand when bitter cold,
Causes surplus goose-bumps multiplying infectiously by the minute.

What is it that lifts our bodies from periphery of earth,
Prompts us to run fast when struck with fear.

What is it that bestows us with a satiny shadow,
Attracts us unanimously towards impeccable pillars of love.

What is it that triggers us to laugh with zeal and profound enthuse,
Imparts us with the bountiful quality of being chivalrous.

What is it that causes incoherent pressure to evacuate our bowels,
Facilitates in healing raw islands of sordid wounds.

What is it that makes us cry in bouts of agonizing hysteria,
Renders us mutilated exposed to the tyranny of life.

What is it that makes us hungry like untamed demons,
Inspires us to trample the innocent indiscreetly.

What is it that makes us oblivious to ticking hours of the clock,
Give our hearts to the person we vehemently love,
Dedicate our lives in due submission of the deity we adore and pray.

Nikhil Parekh

What Is Life Without Love?

What is life without spell binding fantasy; the unprecedented exhilaration to incessantly dance in the valley of untamed adventure?

What is life without marvelously exotic flamboyance; the insatiably perennial desire to be none other than; magnificently bedazzling Sunshine?

What is life without mystically voluptuous enchantment; the milky rays of moon seductively enthralling; every iota of your disastrously famished skin?

What is life without tantalizing rain; golden globules of heavenly water tumbling torrentially from the fathomless sky; pacifying every iota of your devastatingly frazzled senses with overwhelming magic and serenity?

What is life without mesmerizing scent; a boundless entrenchment of blissfully celestial rose; tingling you majestically on every benign step that you took?

What is life without unrelenting charisma; the bountifully ever green fruits of Mother Nature; divinely greeting you every dawn you ravishingly awoke?

What is life without indefatigable strength; an intrinsically Herculean stamina; which tirelessly propelled you to march unflinchingly; on the path of sagacious righteousness?

What is life without intransigent perseverance; a blazing inferno of patriotic solidarity; beautifully camouflaging every iota of your; fabulously silver sweat?

What is life without your revered ancestors; the intriguing island of profuse nostalgia that they stupendously transited you into; recounting the tales of unending hundred's of years?

What is life without royally fructifying carpet of enamoring grass; the titillatingly divinely stalks; that surreptitiously flirted with the surrendering energy in your beleaguered soles?

What is life without the blissfully sacrosanct cow; the oceans of impeccable milk which she uninhibitedly oozed; to miraculously fortifying every element of your penuriously staggering countenance?

What is life without perpetually augmenting desire; an unsurpassable yearning to

romance with resplendently tinkling goodness; for infinite more births yet to unfurl?

What is life without the vivaciously boisterous rainbow; the countless myriad of eclectic shades in vibrant life; which made you bask in the full glory of your priceless existence?

What is life without ebulliently compassionate artistry; the unbelievably fantastic aura of the entire Universe; so brilliantly portrayed upon the trajectory of the; emphatically silken canvas?

What is life without ingratiatingly twinkling stars; the magically opalescent fountain of shimmer that eternally radiated; after the heart of charmingly gracious midnight?

What is life without enigmatically evoking intuition; the uncanny forest of inexplicable dreams; which blended so splendidly with every ingredient of your poignant blood?

What is life without ubiquitously blooming humanity; the thread of everlastingly benevolent empathy; which so euphorically coalesced all religions; caste; creed; and tribes in whirlpools of mankind; alike?

What is life without ecstatic fireballs of breath; the astoundingly tumultuous reinvigoration which it endlessly imparted; to march forward as a messiah of invincibly divine peace?

What is life without diligently bestowing prayer; the unassailable mantras of humanity; that harmoniously metamorphosed the manipulatively bedraggled planet once again; into a Godly paradise?

And over and above all; what is life without immortally unconquerable love; which was the only Omnipotent panache to timelessly live; and let forever and ever and ever symbiotically survive.

Nikhil Parekh

What Is The Need Of?

What is the need of spuriously artificial bulb light; when we have the natural light of the majestically fulminating and Omnipotent Sun; ubiquitously disseminating perpetual rays of hope in every dwelling besieged with horrendous despair?

What is the need of capriciously artificial cologne scent; when we have the natural cocoon of vibrantly blossoming roses in the field; timelessly placating tumultuously aggrieved nerves with the magic of fragrant togetherness?

What is the need of bombastically inflated air-conditioner; when we have the natural draughts of exuberant breeze; enchantingly blowing to pave a pathway of rhapsodic ebullience; even in the most devastated of lives?

What is the need of manipulatively blended factory made sweetness; when we have unfathomable tons of natural honey delectably oozing from the grandiloquently rambunctious hives; infiltrating each beleaguered life with; astronomically priceless sweetness?

What is the need of vindictively bottled and artificial spices; when we have indefatigable fields of piquant chili; the natural waves of the gigantic ocean; profoundly perpetuating each despicably shattered life; with the poignant elixir to exotically survive?

What is the need of sleazily scintillating artificial jewelry; when we have the marvelously royal oyster; bountifully culminating into a forest of ingratiatingly euphoric pearls; enlightening every dreary heart and the gory retribution of the night; with milky innocence; alike?

What is the need of the diabolically looming fortresses of mortal and obdurately insensitive steel; when we have the natural entrenchments of perennial mankind; compassionately sequestering even the most tyrannically penurious; in its handsomely sacrosanct belly?

What is the need of insidiously gaudy color towering on each road; when we have the vivaciously natural rainbow shimmering enthrallingly in fathomless bits of sky; enlightening the life of all those miserably shattered; with beams of astounding dexterity?

What is the need of seductively raunchy and pathetically lewd films; when we have the naturally tantalizing carpet of crimson clouds floating in the sky; gorgeously titillating even the most remotely sweltering cranny of this Universe; with thunderbolts of fascinating rain?

What is the need of lethally venomous guns and an anarchic arcade of treacherous bombs; when we have the regally natural blanket of home soil; patriotically blazing in impregnably triumphant glory; above even the most diabolically infidel of traitors?

What is the need of lecherously tainted and ludicrously mechanized cloth; when we have impeccably natural fields of sprawling cotton; chivalrously shielding every orphaned and rich alike; in the heavenly enclosure of its immaculate warmth?

What is the need of bizarrely lugubrious and artificially made somber coffins; when we have the naturally celestial trenches of mud; to harbor and eternally rest the departed mind; body and soul?

What is the need of nonchalantly dolorous strips of trademarked sunglasses; when we have the pricelessly natural fold of sensuous lids blissfully encapsulating the drearily exhausted eyeball; imparting it with heavenly rejuvenation; even under the most acrimoniously belligerent fireball of Sun?

What is the need of baselessly opulent distilled water geysers; when we have the exuberantly natural cascades of the sparkling waterfalls to bathe under; profoundly reinvigorate even the most morbidly deadened arena of the crumbling skin?

What is the need of preposterously bludgeoning beats of the meaningless discotheque; when we have the naturally melodious and divinely cadence of the nightingale supremely appease; even the most veritably extinguishing organs of our body?

What is the need of dastardly computers invidiously flashing axioms of truth; when we have the innocuous wails of the freshly born infant; irrefutably proclaiming the cosmos of unassailable righteousness every unfurling minute of the day?

What is the need of nonchalantly lackadaisical tantras; mantras; and religious fanaticism; when we have the Omnisciently Natural blessings of the Almighty

Lord; to give us the unprecedented tenacity; of victoriously transcending over
the most
horrifically hostile; of path?

What is the need of worthlessly puffed up cylinders of artificial oxygen; when we
have the Omnipresently natural cisterns of unsurpassably unending air all
around; miraculously pacifying even the most gorily dying jacket of lungs?

And what is the need of insipidly bulky pacemakers incessantly trying to revive
the beats of the vanishing heart; when we have the immortally natural paradise
of unconquerable love; not only ensuring that the heart stayed young forever;
but perpetually sought love and was wonderfully alive?

Nikhil Parekh

What Is The Use

What is the use of a mirror that does not reflect pellucid images, fails to portray the true identity of an individual,

What is the use of a cow which does not give milk; keeps incessantly munching tones of green grass,

What is the use of a concrete road, which is unable to hold traffic; buckles down under the impact of vehicular load,

What is the use of a tree which does not bear succulent fruit; refrains to yield satiny shadows in order to cool dreary passengers,

What is the use of an aircraft, which stumbles to take off; let apart transport hordes of passengers,

What is the use of a pen that fails to write; inundate the spotless demeanor of bonded paper with umpteenth lines of literature,

What is the use of robust feet, which are unable to walk; transferring their possessors to their required place of destination,

What is the use of articulate fingers, which incorrigibly refuse to draw; hoist the slightest of load from ground,

What is the use of a slimy spider web that fails to imprison innocuous insects; snaps into multiple fragments at the tiniest of caress,

What is the use of car which refrains to start; stutters every unleashing second when traversing the lanes,

What is the use of a black thundercloud, which refrains to rain; sprinkle upon the parched earth bountiful droplets of water,

What is the use of a bell, which doesn't produce a shrill sound when rung; lies insipid and limp even when struck voraciously,

What is the use of a bird, which doesn't fly uninhibitedly in the sky; indolently sleeps in its nest on soil,

What is the use of teeth, which fail to chew food; grinding it scrupulously to facilitate digestion,

What is the use of a river, which does not flow; remains stagnant harboring a plethora of dead weed and dirt,

What is the use of the sun in the cosmos which does not shine; holding back its radiance and scintillating light from fumigating the earth,

What is the use of stars which do not twinkle resplendently at night; illuminate the gloomy ambience with rays of exuberant hope,

What is the use of eyes, which cannot see; admire the mesmerizing beauty of the globe,

What is the use of lips, which don't smile; effusively express feelings of warmth and congeniality,

What is the use of humans which don't procreate their progeny; fail to imbibe the essence of sharing in their counterpart mates,

What is the use of mud sprawled on the ground; unable to bear crop; blowing with the wind to settle in a bedraggled heap,

What is the use of sword, which miserably fails in protecting its master; in the end becomes an inevitable cause of his assassination,

What is the use of a lock, which opens with the most mundane of key; enabling burglars to pilfer and plunder at their free will,

What is the use of a scorpion, which is unable to sting; inject its lethal venom when it matters the most,

What is the use of life which is bereft of adventure; the philanthropic spirit to propagate peace,

And what is the use of a palpable heart which fails to beat even after witnessing true love; remains confined to realms of stringent sophistication.

Nikhil Parekh

What Made You Ever Think

What made you ever think; that you could exult in the exotic night; without slogging it out under the sweltering sun of the afternoon?

What made you ever think; that you could leap to the summit of Everest, without even being able to crawl on the ground?

What made you ever think; that you could gulp gallons of intoxicating wine, without even tasting colorless water?

What made you ever think; that you could start singing like the magnificent orchestra, when infact you had stupendous difficulty even to talk?

What made you ever think; that you could swim in the choppy sea, without even knowing how to float in the placid pool of water?

What made you ever think; that you could write infinite lines of literature; without even being able to spell primitive words?

What made you ever think; that you could become the supreme president; without even being able to execute clerical work?

What made you ever think; that you could break the gargantuan brick with a single punch of yours; when infact you didn't even possess the power to kill an inconspicuous mosquito?

What made you ever think; that you could fly the huge aircraft; without even knowing how to balance a tricycle?

What made you ever think; that you could converse articulately for hours on the trot, when infact you miserably floundered even to utter a single word?

What made you ever think; that you could stand barechested on the freezing iceberg; when infact you shivered incessantly even in the slightest draught of wind?

What made you ever think; that you could see behind solid walls; when infact you didn't even possess the capacity of recognizing magnified objects infront of your eyes?

What made you ever think; that you could walk on the tight rope with a mask camouflaging your face; when infact you couldn't even maintain your balance on the most strongest of ground?

What made you ever think; that you could sketch the mesmerizing Mona Lisa; when infact you always held the pencil upside down?

What made you ever think; that you could design an incredulous robot; when infact you mistook every chunk of wood for sparks of electricity?

What made you ever think; that you could emulate the royal prince; when infact you couldn't even hold the spoon properly in your hands?

What made you ever think; that you could be the Creator; when infact you didn't even remember your own birth date?

What made you ever think; that you could romance for times immemorial; when infact you didn't even know the first alphabet of Love?

And what on earth made you ever think; that you could grow old and die tomorrow; when infact you didn't even have the slightest of tenacity; crumbled like a pack of soggy cards every unfurling minute today?

Nikhil Parekh

What Purpose Did Life Have To Exist?

What purpose did the grass have to exist; without the astoundingly scintillating sheath of perpetual dewdrops; the mystical rejuvenation that they imparted at the crack of every ethereally ebullient dawn?

What purpose did the sky have to exist; without the crimson conglomerate of handsomely thunderous clouds; the vivacious charisma that they imparted by indefatigably clashing and culminating into torrential thunderballs of mesmerizing rain?

What purpose did the mountains have to exist; without the majestically glittering festoon of invincible peaks; the unassailable ardor that they imparted all night and sweltering day?

What purpose did the trees have to exist; without the aristocratic fountain of exotically sensuous leaves; the princely charisma that they imparted; with the serenely rustling and tranquil breeze?

What purpose did the mother have to exist; without the impeccably new born child; the godly rays of newness that it imparted; with each of its princely wails?

What purpose did the rose have to exist; without the boisterously buzzing honey bee; the unfathomable tons of nectar it blissfully secreted; nimbly perched on the ravishingly voluptuous petals?

What purpose did the castle have to exist; without its stupendously royal garland of kings and queens; the unassailable spirit of triumph that they irrefutably provided; to even the most remotely lackadaisical of its barren walls?

What purpose did the soil have to exist; without the quintessential cistern of priceless fertility; the amazingly prolific and indispensable elixir of life; which blissfully spawned endlessly vibrant life?

What purpose did the night have to exist; without the resplendently milky curtain of enthralling moonlight; the timelessly alluring beams of immaculate white; which profoundly enlightened every cranny of dolorously murderous stillness?

What purpose did the gutters have to exist; without the abominably abhorrent pigs; the savagely uncouth stomachs of theirs; which scrapped every iota of dirt forever; within lightening seconds of time?

What purpose did the deserts have to exist; without the overwhelmingly sweltering landscape of blistering sands; the disdainfully acrimonious heat that they imparted; and that too smilingly for centuries immemorial?

What purpose did the avalanches have to exist; without the austere frozen winds of winter; the deathly chill that held their gruesomely appalling contours; stoically in the most meticulous of shape?

What purpose did the web have to exist; without the inscrutably silken spider; the incomprehensible entrenchment of enthrallment that it imparted; while indefatigably interweaving through the gorgeously satiny strands?

What purpose did the eyes have to exist; without the panoramically wonderful kaleidoscope of beauty around; the spell binding reinvigoration that it uninhibitedly imparted; to one and all; holistically alike?

What purpose did the battlefields have to exist; without the patriotically marching soldiers; the intrepid waves of impregnable triumph that they imparted; while unequivocally shedding their life for the sake of their sacred countrymen?

What purpose did the treasuries have to exist; without the unlimited cistern of opulently glittering gold; the unbelievably grandiloquent aura that it imparted for the entire world to; salaciously witness?

What purpose did the mind have to exist; without the ecstatically swirling whirlpool of untamed fantasy; the divinely fascinating cloud of romantic philandering that it imparted; forever to the drearily tyrannized nerves?

What purpose did the nostrils have to exist; without the pricelessly vibrant forest of mystically piquant breath; the unconquerable jacket of oligarchic life that it imparted; to every hopelessly wandering living; inundated with turbulent distress?

And what purpose did life have to exist; without the invincible jewel of compassionate love; the Omnipotent thread of egalitarian sharing that it celestially instilled in all mankind; to bond them forever and ever and ever; in the perpetual religion of humanity?

What Reason Had You

If the small and inconspicuously tiny ant; could foment the mammoth elephant to collapse on the ground,
Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the dainty and fragile wave had the power all by itself to gradually culminate into the entire and colossal ocean,
Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the minuscule spider could spin its web again at thunderbolt speeds; even after it was viciously destroyed infinite number of times,
Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the man who was completely blind; bereft of indispensable centers of sight; could browse through boundless lines of Braille in a single day,
Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the frigid looking and slimy worm could build a mountain of mud; within just a matter of few hours; dexterously carrying small pints of sand on its back,
Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the newly born infant could win over a million hearts; without even uttering a word; just by the virtue of its innocuous smile,
Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the single and infinitesimal flame of candle could illuminate the entire cover of ghastly darkness; as it burnt waveringly inside the solitary hut,
Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the child horrendously orphaned since birth; could become the Prime Minister of his country one fine day,
Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the profoundly lazy and potbellied tortoise; could win the race even when competing with the whirlwind speed rabbit,
Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

If the miserably stone deaf beggar; could sing melodious songs of enchanting music; being oblivious to the most faintest trace of sound since his very birth,
Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

And If the person even after being dead for infinite years; be immortally present
everywhere through the spirit of his benevolent deeds,
Then tell me what reason had you to be afraid of life and lag behind?

Nikhil Parekh

What Should A Husband Do?

What should a husband do; if his wife indefatigably nagged him; tirelessly made him feel like a naked impoverished beggar; right in the center of the boisterously crowded street; and under the broadest of daylight?

What should a husband do; if his wife was more indifferent than the acrimoniously stabbing deserts; aimlessly staring towards the amorphously non-existent winds; whilst he inconsolably trembled in the most inexplicable of pain and disease?

What should a husband do; if his wife was the biggest blackmailer on the trajectory of planet divine; an entity who if once came to know of his weaknesses; would continue to backlash at him like the most venomous scorpion; at the tiniest of opportunity?

What should a husband do; if his wife preferred to talk more passionately than the Sun to every stranger and obliterated stone on the dusty street; remaining an emotionless ghost right in front of his earnest eyes?

What should a husband do; if his wife didn't ask him even once of what he did and achieved the entire day; even though he'd catapulted to such dizzy heights of philanthropic success; that none could ever perceive in the wildest of their dreams?

What should a husband do; if his wife ghoulishly went of into the realms of unbreakable sleep; whilst he was undergoing the most volatile catharsis of his heart; sharing the most latent ingredients of his soul with her persona?

What should a husband do; if his wife vindictively abused him every unfurling instant of the day and night; when every other entity on the planet loved him for the astounding records that he'd achieved; for all the endless love that he was trying to perennially spread?

What should a husband do; if his wife mischievously flirted and philandered with every other man on the Universe; even though he endeavored his very best to quench even the most evanescent of her desire?

What should a husband do; if his wife sadistically ridiculed even the most sacred of his beliefs; nonchalantly dismissed every element of his devotion; to bond as

one with the spirit of the Omnipotent God?

What should a husband do; if his wife devised an infinite ways to pull his leg and make him lick the most disdainful of dust; instead of inspiring him to unflinching face the world and rise to the most truthfully ultimate of skies?

What should a husband do; if his wife wholeheartedly supported the indiscriminate felling of trees just to impart more free space to their land; whilst he on the other hand shed a billion tears of sorrow at even the tiniest snapping of a leaf?

What should a husband do; if his wife wholesomely dictated her insane idiosyncrasies on their only child; threatening to leave him forever and go publicly to her parents house; if he dared to intervene with her suggestions for his very own heavenly offspring?

What should a husband do; if his wife guffawed like the greatest of marauding demons; at every ardently heart-rendering tear drop that dribbled from his eye; for treacherously depraved humanity?

What should a husband do; if his wife interminably preferred to read every bit of delirious balderdash written on this earth; whilst countless lines of poetry that he'd immortally dedicated and written for her; lay fretfully rotting and obsolete on his writing shelves?

What should a husband do; if his wife unstoppably sermonized him to go to a flagrantly unceremonious mental asylum; whilst he all he ever attempted to do in his life; was to help her successfully accomplish every task of hers?

What should a husband do; if his wife was severely prejudiced and his worst critic; salaciously excoriating the most inimitably priceless of his art to feckless totters; in her fits of preposterously manipulative practicality?

What should a husband do; if his wife unsparingly teamed up with her parents; to demonstrate the epitome of cadaverous rudeness towards him; for every kind and humanitarian deed that he did?

What should a husband do; if his wife felt that bearing his child was the greatest sin on the soil of this fathomless Universe; as it would satanically disproportion her body; integrity; identity and unabashed entity?

What should a husband do; if his wife's only mission was to squabble and thrash him with the mace of abhorrence; right from the first cry of dawn; for ostensibly not the slightest rhyme or reason?

Should he Kill Her? Or Should he Kill Himself? Or Should he kill both? Or Should be Divorce Her? Or Should he remarry? Or should he keep his second wife alongwith Her? Or should he abandon all worldly pleasures and go to the peak of Everest to perpetually meditate?

Well if I for one was in his shoes; then I wouldn't do any of the above. Instead just accept all what was happening around me; as a part of my inevitably regretful destiny.

Nikhil Parekh

What The Entire Wealth Couldn't Purchase

What the entire palace wasn't able to offer; with its towering rooms
Studded with scintillating jewels,
Was imparted by the dingy little seaside hut; with swirling waves of
the ocean; intermittently submerging it with coats of rejuvenating spray.

What the entire pool of water wasn't able to offer; with mesmerizing fountains
cascading all over,
Was imparted by the miserly waterfall; pacifying the thirst of wanderers in
the blistering currents of summer.

What the entire air-conditioner wasn't able to offer; gargantuan coolers blowing
at full velocity refrained from providing,
Was imparted by a single draught of wind; drifting with the rustling branches of
the forest; inundating your senses with a serene calm.

What the entire electric bulb wasn't able to offer; with a barrage of lights
flickering incessantly throughout the day,
Was imparted by solitary rays of the sun; the tenacity in its fire blazing through
the corridors of gloomy space.

What the entire magic wasn't able to offer; shows portraying the same held in
ostentatious halls; in an ambience of superfluous pomp,
Was imparted by the mystical mountain; the echoes reverberating loud and
enigmatic through its unfathomably deep gorge.

What the entire barrel of wine wasn't able to offer; sparkling mugs of beer
and elixir miserably dithered to produce,
Was imparted by a single stream of salubrious milk; oozing painstakingly from
the belly of the sacrosanct cow.

What the entire bottle of scent wasn't able to offer; the plethora of blends
floundered in making the aroma evoke,
Was imparted by a single rose; with the redolence wafting from its petals
drowning you in waves of immortal euphoria.

What the entire orphanage wasn't able to offer; the delinquent nurses deviated
from doing,
Was imparted by the impeccable mother; the gentle passion in her palms putting
the child to blissful sleep.

What the entire thesaurus on religion wasn't able to offer; the sanctimonious
priests on umpteenth occasions wavered to deliver,
Was imparted by the omniscient creator; the magnetism in his eyes; solving all
quandaries besieging life.

And what the entire wealth in this world wasn't able to offer; the dungeons
replete with glittering gold and silver failed to imprison,
Was imparted by your beloved; that every draught of her breath granting
you a thousand lives; that every beat of her heart passionately whispering in
your ears to be alive.

Nikhil Parekh

What Use ?

What use was my infinite coins; if there was none to synergistically share them with me except my own insanely decrepit self; when all that I truly needed for quintessential existence; was just a singleton chunk of them; everyday?

What use was my infinite happiness; if there was none to triumphantly experience it with me except my own prejudiced self; when all that I truly needed for holistic existence; was just a mercurial trifle of it; everyday?

What use were my infinite clothes; if there was none to convivially wear them with me except my own disdainfully dastardly self; when all that I truly needed for symbiotic existence; was just a tenacious robe of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite castles; if there was none to harmoniously live in them with me except my own viciously trembling self; when all that I truly needed for perspicacious existence; was just a robust abode of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite victories; if there was none to blazingly rejoice in them with me except my own spuriously sanctimonious self; when all that I truly needed for bountiful existence; was just an exuberant handful of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite cars; if there was none to euphorically enjoy them with me except my own remorsefully fretting self; when all that I truly needed for vibrant existence; was just an exhilarating model of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite fantasies; if there was none to fantastically admire them with me except my own obnoxiously ghoulish self; when all that I truly needed for scintillating existence; was just a sensuous dream of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite watches; if there was none to blissfully witness them with me except my own pathetically decaying self; when all that I truly needed for enamoring existence; was just a meticulous dial of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite landscapes; if there was none to celestially philander on them with me except my own drearily morose self; when all that I truly needed for heavenly existence; was just a infinitesimal contour of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite flowers; if there was none to ecstatically smell them with me except my own lunatically zany self; when all that I truly needed for priceless existence; was just a fragrant petal of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite forests; if there was none to mystically adventure in them with me except my own scurrilously withering self; when all that I truly needed for effulgent existence; was just an inconspicuous branch of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite accomplishments; if there was none to wholeheartedly relish them with me except my own nonchalantly indolent self; when all that I truly needed for beautiful existence; was just an articulate parcel of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite oceans; if there was none to ebulliently swim in them with me except my own treacherously lambasting self; when all that I truly needed for voluptuous existence; was just an undulating wave of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite memories; if there was none to nostalgically relive them with me except my own preposterously stinking self; when all that I truly needed for sparkling existence; was just a fugitive anecdote of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite Sun's; if there was none to unassailably dazzle in them with me except my own barbarously brutal self; when all that I truly needed for gregarious existence; was just a flamboyant ray of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite clouds; if there was none to compassionately bathe in them with me except my own unforgivably goddamned self; when all that I truly needed for sacred existence; was just an ephemeral mist of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite hands; if there was none to amiably intertwine with them except my own mordantly penurious self; when all that I truly needed for divinely existence; was just a few fingers of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite breaths; if there was none to timelessly coalesce with them except my own obstinately constipated self; when all that I truly needed for sustainable existence; was just a sparse entrenchment of them; everyday?

And what use were my infinite hearts; if there was none to immortally love them except my own satanically devastating self; when all that I truly needed for unconquerable existence; was just a pulsating beat of them; everyday?

Nikhil Parekh

What Use Was It?

What use was it to give an infinite exuberantly salty waves of the undulating sea; to the nimbly grazing cow; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the impregnably celestial fields of bountiful grass?

What use was it to give an infinite unending skies to the boisterously bubbling bee; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the mellifluously enchanting walls of its tiny little rhapsodic hive?

What use was it to give an infinite mists of surreally tantalizing laziness to the blisteringly patriotic soldier; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the blazing battlefield of war fearlessly fighting for his venerated motherland?

What use was it to give an infinite disdainfully monotonous and corporate clocks to the sensuously untamed poet; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the dreamland of uninhibitedly unending and ecstatic wilderness?

What use was it to give an infinite bombastically ebullient racecourses to the treacherously maimed; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but his reclusively darkened room with quintessential morsels of water; humanity and food?

What use was it to give an infinite incomprehensible scripts of aristocratically fantastic literature to the majestic bird; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but untainted bits of pristinely magnanimous sky?

What use was it to give an infinite castles of glistening gold to the newly born infant; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the Omnipotently sacrosanct lap of its heavenly mother?

What use was it to give an infinite regale deserts to the effulgently leaping fish; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the waves of the unceasingly tangy sea?

What use was it to give an infinite battalion of swanky cars to the royally parading lion; for whom the ultimate was in nothing else; but the rapaciously tantalizing outgrowths of the wonderfully arcane forests?

What use was it to give an infinite idols of the Omnipresent Lord to the

contumaciously cold-blooded murderer; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but innocent blood barbarically spewing around?

What use was it to give an infinite jars of honey to the rambunctiously slithering spider; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but resplendently silken strands of the unbelievably articulate web?

What use was it to give an infinite thrones embellished with mesmerizing diamonds to the tirelessly sauntering camel; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the vividly shimmering sands of the insatiably sweltering desert?

What use was it to give an infinite firmaments of unconquerable truth to the disgracefully delinquent politician; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the ghoulishly decrepit maelstroms of diabolical bloodshed and manipulative prejudice?

What use was it to give an infinite spiffy pop songs to the torturously estranged and kicked dog; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the cacophonous bark which emanated congenitally from his mouth; and the compassionate feet of his master?

What use was it to give an infinite harmoniously salubrious vegetables to the hideously hungry crocodile; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the scent of effusively reinvigorating and insanely pulverized human flesh and bone?

What use was it to give an infinite perspicaciously terrestrial preachings to the frigidly century old corpse; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but performing penance in the aisles of Heaven or Hell; wherever the Lord placed it with the unraveling moment?

What use was it to give an infinite well's of exquisitely immaculate curd to the hedonistic termite; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but obsoletely dilapidated pieces of orphaned and clammily deteriorating wood?

And what use was it to give an infinite civilizations of currency coin to the passionately thundering heart; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the unassailable beats of immortal love; love and solely immortal love?

What Use Was It? - Part 2

You might be having the most powerful arms on this Universe; harboring Herculean strength in their formidable biceps,
But what use were they when you utilized them to indiscriminately trample the innocent; instead of defending your fellow comrades withering towards the tenderhooks of absolutely despicable extinction?

You might be having the most mesmerizing eyes in this Universe; majestically shimmering under profusely golden rays of the Sun,
But what use were they when you utilized them to sight and blend with the evil; instead of helping innocent beings when hell rained down severely upon their spotless countenance?

You might be having the most magnificent smiles on this Universe; blossoming into a festoon of stupendous grandiloquence; as the moon cast its resplendence on mundane mud,
But what use were they when you utilized them to appease the hideously manipulative; instead of embracing orphaned children; trembling without their parents and benevolent mankind?

You might be having the most robust complexioned palms in this Universe; impregnated with a myriad of destiny lines which were veritably unconquerable from all sides,
But what use were they when you utilized them to behead immaculate scalps like frigid matchsticks; instead of wiping of the tears from all those mothers; completely shattered and devastated in life?

You might be having the most talented brain in this Universe; astoundingly remembering even the first alphabet you spoke at birth; even while you about to relinquish your last breath,
But what use was it; when you utilized it to evolve weapons of deadly destruction; instead of metamorphosing God's planet once again; into a splendid paradise?

You might be having the most spell binding voice on this Universe; engendering boundless heads to rivet towards you; the instant you unveiled your mouth,
But what use was it; when you utilized it to uncouthly abuse the old and depriving; instead of soothing the trauma in bereaved hearts with the ingratiating melody in your sound?

You might be having the most mystical shadow in this Universe; fluttering like the heavens at the onset of charismatically seductive twilight,
But what use was it; when you utilized it to stealthily creep and strangulate your impeccably sleeping mates; instead of profoundly enlightening the lives of those brutally drugged with monotonous malice?

You might be having the most tenacious conscience on this Universe; absorbing even the unfathomably sinister in your obdurately resilient swirl,
But what use was it; when you utilized it to disseminate tornado's of ungainly guilt; instead of guiding the despairing world outside towards optimistic light?

And you might be having the most passionate heart on this Universe; throbbing more ardently than the brilliantly flaming Sun,
But what use was it; when you utilized it satanically to assassinate celestially divine relationships; instead of bonding people of different tribes all across the fathomless continent; with threads of immortal love.?

Nikhil Parekh

What Was Happening Wrong

What was irrefutably right and blazing; was infinite beams of Sunlight streaming full throttle and astoundingly from the fathomless expanse of sky,
But what was happening horrendously wrong; was that people sulked in derogatorily malicious despondence despite the same; within the spuriously morbid waves
of the artificial airconditioner.

What was irrefutably right and ravishing; was enthrallingly exuberant whirlpools of breeze; which unrelentingly caressed the atmosphere all day long,
But what was happening pathetically wrong; was that people viciously leaped for each other's throat despite the same; coldbloodedly locked within cisterns of ominous manipulation.

What was irrefutably right and resplendent; was ebulliently mesmerizing and milky rays of tenaciously silken moonlight,
But what was happening disastrously wrong; was that people wailed in hopelessly greedy unison despite the same; entirely camouflaging their dwellings with
parasites of indiscriminate hatred; in the heart of the romantically marvelous midnight.

What was irrefutably right and vivacious; was perennially bubbling streams of pricelessly majestic water,
But what was happening ludicrously wrong; was that people remained lugubriously famished despite the same; mercilessly toying with the vital elixir to scrub even the most inconspicuous iota of their; sordidly bombastic floors.

What was irrefutably right and tantalizing; was unfathomable cloudbursts of torrentially titillating rain; pelting in harmonious tandem from the aristocratically crimson sky,
But what was happening maniacally wrong; was that people lambasted corpses of vindictive abuse and lechery despite the same; sank into a spell of remorsefully frustrated exasperation; although the tunes of lovebirds;
reverberated
handsomely through the air.

What was irrefutably right and melodious; was the enchantingly everlasting nightingale singing synergistically with the rhythm of the serene wind; inundating each cranny of the sultry ambience with gorgeously twinkling sound,

But what was happening brutally wrong; was that people incessantly sank into a well of despondent boredom despite the same; cacophonically pulverizing God's most panoramic elements of celestial creation.

What was irrefutably right and towering; was the mystically gorgeous mountain; philandering into boundless paths of rhapsodically intrepid adventure,
But what was happening murderously wrong; was that people had savagely constricted themselves to lanes of disdainfully ruthless monotony despite the same;
choosing to be like the abominably imperturbable stone; rather than gallop towards satiny newness.

What was irrefutably right and indispensable; was the passionately patriotic inferno of unsurpassable breath; that euphorically wafted out as each night unfurled into the brilliant day,
But what was happening diabolically wrong; was that people depicted a profuse inclination to inhale adulterated savagery despite the same; eventually asphyxiating to miserable extinction; although the spirit of pristine youth still lingered for centuries
immemorial.

What was irrefutably right and priceless; was the sky of immortally unassailable love; showering droplets of perpetual love to even the most infinitesimal iota of this gigantic planet,
But what was happening unforgivably wrong; was that people barbarically kicked the same to blend with the thorns of pernicious lies; flooded their chests with gruesomely acerbic decay; although the heart was still throbbing by the grace of God.

Nikhil Parekh

What Was There In That Body

What was there in those eyes; that drowned me in an ocean of uncontrollable ecstasy?

What was there in those lips; that made me stare in spell bound consternation for marathon hours on the trot?

What was there in those feet; that made me swoon in a bedraggled heap on the ground?

What was there in those hands; that made me long for a caress that could last till eternity?

What was there in that nose; that made me crave for oceans of moist breath taking me unaware in their swirl?

What was there in that voice; that made me wholesomely oblivious to the passing of time?

What was there in that palm; that made me see my destiny explicitly in its mystical lines?

What was there in those fingers; that flooded my mouth with a taste more sweeter than the wildest of nectar?

What was there in that neck; that made me feel incredibly lost even in the sedative solitude of the night?

What was there in those ears; that made me dream like a prince even though I was poor?

What was there in that tongue; that made me remain thirsty even under blistering heat of sun and umpteenth volcano's?

What was there in those teeth; that made me perceive night and day about the enchantment in smile?

What was there in those eyelashes; that made me hide my reflection within; even in the most tumultuous of storms?

What was there in that chest; that made me go berserk every unleashing minute for an everlasting embrace?

What was there in those nails; that made me shiver like an infant even in scorching heat of summer?

What was there in that belly; that made me trip head on the mud; even while I was walking in spiked shoes?

What was there in those hair; that strangled my throat; made me gasp for air with every contraction of my heart?

What was there in that blood; that made my pulse race a million times faster each time I felt it running through the veins?

And what was there in that body; that propelled me to love each time I saw it; that triggered my existence till date today; and for many more generations to unfurl hereafter?

Nikhil Parekh

What's Love All About?

No asphyxiating rules; not the slightest seed of ghastly terrorizing commercialism around,

No bizarre monotony; not the slightest innuendo of debilitating stagnation insidiously floating around,

No usurped definitions; not the slightest of deliriously incarcerating society; to brutally jail it in its way,

No prejudiced manipulation; not the slightest of cold-blooded barbarism stealthily lurking at clandestine crannies of wastrel civilization,

No traumatic agony; not the slightest teardrop of frustrating malice; which baselessly annihilated countless impeccable; in its cadaverously inane swirl,

No frigid infertility; not the slightest of crippling infidelity that stabbed you beyond the threshold of extinction; the instant you turned your back,

No vicarious salaciousness; not the slightest of animosity permeating vindictively into the fabric of spellbindingly enchanting humanity,

No nefarious meanness; not the slightest of derogatory inflammation perilously creeping into the synergistically benign structure of humanity,

No wreckless insomnia; not the slightest of invidious laziness disparagingly stagnating the vivacious mantra of blissfully burgeoning existence,

No tawdry indiscrimination; not the slightest of vengeful parasites satanically sucking innocuous blood from the heart of this symbiotically celestial planet,

No inexplicable hopelessness; not the slightest of disparity preposterously corrupting the spirit of unsurpassable unity inherently impregnating the pricelessly insuperable atmosphere,

No deplorable delinquency; not the slightest of vituperatively ostracizing devil; that treacherously deserted you in your times of blood-curling duress,

No squelching torture; not the slightest of fretfully ribald deterioration; indefatigably endangering the rudiments of irrefutable truth in the fathomless

planet,

No fiendish robbery; not the slightest spell of doomsday depriving holistically coalescing bodies; of their unparalleled elixir to fantastically exist,

No spurious religion; not the slightest of bawdy fanaticism; mercilessly snatching loved ones from their adorably venerated kin,

No blood-thirsty injustice; not the slightest travesty of the oceans of unconquerably glorious righteousness; the principles of ubiquitously sacrosanct friendship,

No worthless shivering; not the slightest of relentlessly shivering in the torturous cold outside; while demons of lies marauded at rampant will on this boundless planet,

No abysmal nonchalance; not the slightest of lacklusteriness cancerously weakening the crux of stupendously proliferating and timelessly blessing life,

Only immortally endowing life; Only unflinchingly united existence; Only truth blazing into eternal Omnipotence; Only perpetually fructifying bondage; Only exhilaration unprecedented culminating into the realms of everlastingly propitious paradise,

That's what 100% Love has forever taught you; that's what 100 % Love does to you every unfurling minute of your diminutively impoverished life; that's what 100% Love all about.

Nikhil Parekh

What's Most Important And Quintessential

It really doesn't matter even an infinitesimal trifle; whether you started to write from the extreme last page of the notebook; or penned the first alphabet; from the barren first,

What's most important and quintessential; is that every word you wrote fostered the spirit of oneness and brotherhood; amongst every echelon of humanity and living kind; and for times immemorial.

It really doesn't matter even an insouciant trifle; whether you shake hands with your compatriots; using your left hand or irrefutably solid right,

What's most important and quintessential; is that every handshake of yours is altruistically compassionate; brings you more closer and closer with the spirit of immortally unassailable humanity.

It really doesn't matter even an inconspicuous trifle; whether you converse in your rustically bohemian native language or use Internationally aristocratic English; to convey your uninhibited flurry of thoughts,

What's most important and quintessential; is that every word that you seamlessly utter; forever mollifies indiscriminately prejudiced war; and mélanges the entire Universe with the ocean of invincibly unfettered peace.

It really doesn't matter even an ethereal trifle; whether you sleep in the voluptuous night; or unabashedly snore every minute of the blazingly hot day,

What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you sleep; you do it solely to recharge every element of your body; to indefatigably fight against even the tiniest insinuation of evil; during the hours you were holistically awake.

It really doesn't matter even an evanescent trifle; whether you timelessly work in the plush interiors of the plush corporate office; or build tent and write poetry; inexorably staring at the Sun and iridescent Moon; out of boundless kilometers of empty space,

What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you holistically earn your livelihood; you use it to the most unprecedented limits; to exist as the most royal person alive and at the same time afford the same royalty to your fellow comrades in inexplicable agony and pain.

It really doesn't matter even a threadbare trifle; whether you alighted your left foot forward; or commenced each exhilarating expedition of yours with your right sole insuperably embedded in chocolate brown soil,

What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you dared tread on effulgent earth; each footstep of yours unflinchingly marched forward only towards the sky of inimitably priceless truth; honesty; humanity and righteousness.

It really doesn't matter even a hapless trifle; whether you pray with devoutly folded palms; or raised all your fingers in synchronized chorus towards resplendently

gargantuan bits of sky,

What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you pray; you earnestly ask for the celestial amelioration of living kind as well as yourself; from the innermost recesses of your amiable heart.

It really doesn't matter even a deteriorating trifle; whether you ate innocent blades of vivaciously whispering grass; or replenished the disastrously emaciated walls of your intestine with chicken; to mollify your hunger and inevitably survive,

What's most important and quintessential; is that everytime you eat; eat no further after your hunger subsides; and use every ingredient of fresh blood formed in your body; for the benevolently priceless service of torturously squelched humanity.

It really doesn't matter even a transient trifle; whether you married the girl of your own religion; or chose to tie the nuptial thread with an orphaned urchin residing; fathomless continents; languages; traditions; and religions apart,

What's most important and quintessential; is that whosoever you chose to marry; try and inundate that person's life with unsurpassable happiness; and spawn

a new civilization of fresh life; perennially amalgamating every bit of your virility with hers.

It really doesn't matter even a fugitive trifle; whether you were buried an infinite feet after death; or whether your body was burnt to parsimoniously obsolete and disappearing ash,

What's most important and quintessential; is that till the time you inhaled your last breath; you fruitfully and by the grace of Omnipotent God; spent every instant of your life; disseminating the message of eternal peace; and wholeheartedly embracing every form of panoramically divine life.

Nikhil Parekh

What's There In A Name

I knew a guy named 'angel'; who as his name suggests should have been as sacrosanct as gods residing in the cosmos,
However when one encountered him in pragmatic reality; he looked like an diabolical giant; with unruly strands of hair prominently cascading down his nape.

I knew a guy named 'Tarzan'; who as his name suggests should have been as strong as the rocks; with a plethora of muscles bulging through his shirt,
However when I saw him transgressing across the road; he looked as feeble as the innocuous rabbit; trying to shirk society and retreat as quickly as possible into his den.

I knew a girl named 'felicity'; who as her name suggested should have been basking in a river of perennial happiness,
However when I sat with her for marathon hours on the trot; I realized she was a misfit for her name; as she neither smiled nor moved; incessantly maintaining a face as expressionless as a stone.

I knew a guy named 'prince'; who as his name suggested should have been embellished in an armory of exquisite diamonds and silver,
However when one saw him voraciously scratching his hair; he held a threadbare container of steel to beg; wore scanty rags of paper to drape his shivering silhouette.

I knew a girl named 'honey'; who as her name suggests should have been as sweet and melodious as the nectar oozing from beehives,
However when I sat beside her across the table; she irascibly hurled at me a volley of abashing expletives; burst on me unrelentingly like a pugnacious green chili.

I knew a guy named 'love'; who as his name suggests should have been with a congenial attitude; amicably propagating the essence of friendship,
However when I stumbled upon him suddenly at the discotheque; the first thing he said was; he wanted to mercilessly kill the girl next door for rejecting his proposal of illicit romance.

I knew a girl named 'rose'; who as her name suggests should have been as mystical and enchanting as the mesmerizing flower,
However it was a fact that people shut their noses as she arrived; as she smelt of

deplorable rotten eggs; intransigently spreading her aroma wherever she went.

I knew a guy named 'crystal'; who as his name suggests should have been as scintillating as the conglomerate of silver mirrors,
However when I nudged by him on the street under the dazzling Sunlight; I could hardly believe my eyes; as he appeared blacker than the blackest piece of coal existing on this earth.

On the other hand I knew a guy named 'brownie'; who as his name suggests should have been colored as disdainful mud,
However when I saw him addressing a large assemblage of people; I realized that not only was he fair as white ice; but he had the charisma embedded in him which few residing on this globe possess.

Therefore folks this is a question I put before you; tell me all of you what's there in a name; what's there to even contemplate about a name,
When the true beauty; the incorrigible spirit to live; the celestial feeling of benevolence and unbiased love; all lies impregnated in the throbbing heart.

Nikhil Parekh

When Almighty Lord Spoke

When the garden of ravishingly crimson roses spoke; the acrimoniously miserly thorn fell completely silent,

When the colossal dungeon replete with delectable honey spoke; the vial of heinous poison fell completely silent,

When the battalion of mesmerizing nightingales spoke; the hideously soaring wailing vultures fell completely silent,

When the overwhelmingly scintillating diamond spoke; the morbid pond incessantly buzzing with pertinent mosquitoes fell completely silent,

When the sparkling pair of astoundingly fresh vegetables spoke; the decayed bread with fungus coated all over; fell completely silent,

When the gargantuan mountain towering towards the naked patches of sky spoke; the lecherously hidden hole in the ground fell completely silent,

When the boundlessly swirling ocean waters spoke; the horrendously scorching granules of the acrid desert fell completely silent,

When the majestically striped tiger thunderously spoke; the fleet of menacing scorpions and lethal reptiles fell completely silent,

When the incomprehensibly huge fortified ship spoke; the deplorably broken boat sinking inevitably towards the bottom fell completely silent,

When infinite pages profusely blended with literature spoke; the wholesomely abashing fingerprint embodied on the wall fell completely silent,

When the magnificently embellished aircraft zipping into space spoke; the pretentiously dying and lazily crawling worm fell completely silent,

When the well inundated with frosty and sacrosanct cow milk spoke; the glass of profoundly diseased water fell completely silent,

When the insurmountably fragrant leaves of pure saffron spoke; the most ghastliest of stench emanating in the atmosphere fell completely silent,

When the brilliantly flamboyant Sun spoke; the sulking camouflage of appalling darkness fell completely silent,

When the supremely silken conglomerate of royal pearls spoke; the diabolically corrugated skin of the cannibalistic crocodile fell completely silent,

When the blazing cup of ecstatically rejuvenating tea spoke; the snobbishly shivering cold fell completely silent,

When the ingeniously crafted articulate mater key spoke; the countless hurdles and doors blocked beyond the point of despair; fell completely silent,

When the tantalizing aroma of delicious food spoke; the abominable pangs of bizarre starvation fell completely silent,

And when the Omnipotent grace of Almighty Lord spoke; the satanically savage and brutal devil fell completely silent.

Nikhil Parekh

When God Opened His Mouth

When the crimson crested parrot opened its mouth,
gruff sounds; astoundingly similar to humans emanated from its beak.

when the elephant opened its mouth; hoisting its trunk to speak,
a roaring echo diffused with volatile bursts of emotion.

when the striped black leopard opened its ferocious mouth,
there came out sounds resembling thunder clashing in the sky,
silencing all animated commotion prevalent in the township of jungle.

when the slime painted frog opened its cupid mouth,
disenchanted notes of harsh music flooded the atmosphere.

when the boisterous honey bee opened her tiny mouth,
sounds of infuriating buzzing dismantled the harmony of air.
when handsomely coiled reptiles on the ground opened their venom mouths,
poignant noises of hissing pierced the alacrity of stringent breeze.

when the cow in green pastures opened her amicable mouth,
timid sounds of indolent mooing blended perfectly with the succulent grass.

when the furry sheepskin dog opened its canine tipped mouth,
gruesome growls expurgated; initiating infinite hair on body to stand.

when a bunch of humans opened their articulately shaped mouths,
there came galloping fast; tales of intellect and imagination.

and when the omnipresent personality of Godhead opened his mouth,
one could see the entire universe revolving inside,
undulating terrains, turbulent sea's, flaming persona of the sun, silver silhouette
of the moon,
dense tropical forests; sparkling waterfalls of crystal water,
the creator sparingly uttered few words of wisdom,
embodied with the supreme aura of righteousness,
which was still the magical verse centuries after he created man to live and let
live.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Listened To My Heart

When I used my mind; I sagaciously manipulated the various nuances of clambering up the treacherous mountain; as the chances of survival were bizarrely slim,

While when I listened to my heart; not only did it clamber up the jagged periphery with exhilarated zeal; but emerged triumphant on the astronomical summit; with the Sun streaming across my eyes in its dazzling shine.

When I used my mind; I contemplated several times of venturing out in the gruesome darkness; the deathly chill that awaited to incarcerate me; as I alighted my foot on the deserted streets,

While when I listened to my heart; not only did I trespass through the entire planet bare foot; but thoroughly enjoyed the exotic rhapsody of the enchantingly pearly moonlight.

When I used my mind; I ruminated till eternity before plunging into the undulating ocean; equating the chances I had to survive; amidst a battalion of hostile sharks and whales,

While when I listened to my heart; not only did I swim ebulliently against the voluptuously mesmerizing waves; but profusely admired the beauty of God's fathomless creation of froth.

When I used my mind; I trembled in inexplicable fear of wading through the dense jungles; the overwhelmingly torturous death that would come inevitably; as the Lion pulverized me to infinitesimal pieces,

While when I listened to my heart; not only did I bounce exuberantly with the Kangaroos; but inhaled in my lungs the freshest air ever; that could be found on the trajectory of this Universe.

When I used my mind; I vehemently shrugged off the prospect of standing in the rain; perceiving the cloudbursts of satanic lightening creeping diabolically to assassinate traces of my vital life,

While when I listened to my heart; not only did I bathe in the seductively tantalizing droplets; but slipped into a land of fabulously gorgeous fantasy for decades unfathomable.

When I used my mind; I felt a wave of repulsion engulfing myself; as I knew my ugly facial contours would shatter any glass when sighted into,

While when I listened to my heart; not only did I stare relentlessly into the mirror; but bowed down to the Creator in meek submission; for the

incomprehensibly beautiful looks he had bestowed me with.

When I used my mind; I deliberately closed my nose with repugnant abhorrence;
spurious ruminating upon the myriad of venomous smells that would strangulate
me to realms of perennial death,

While when I listened to my heart; not only did I breathe with a fervor more than
any entity trespassing; but insurmountably relished the unfathomably wonderful
scents that loitered in free space.

When I used my mind; I sat crouched in one obsolete dilapidated corner;
cognizing the barricades that I was likely to encounter at each stage of life; the
blanket of thorns that I would have to trespass upon to escalate to the corridors
of success,

While when I listened to my heart; not only did I stretch my persona to more
than its complete height; but metamorphosed each of my dreams into a trend-
setting reality.

When I used my mind; I always shirked from proclaiming my love to the girl I
loved; feeling myself buried boundless feet beneath my corpse; as the society
would

brutally squelch me for violating their irrefutable choice,

While when I listened to my heart; not only did I achieve the love of my life; but
bonded for times immortal in the swirl of majestically soaring passion; in the
swirl of timelessly enchanting romance.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Lost My Love

i drowned Myself in large beer cans of alcohol,
Lay the whole night on desolate sands of the beach,
Traversed bare feet through scorching territories of stone ground,
Sang nostalgic rhymes while kissing the winter breeze,
Grew strands of unruly beard on the immaculate skin of my face,
Stared unrelentingly all night at the cameo of twinkling stars,
Consumed food abstemiously with occasional sips of soiled water,
Erupted with volatile outbursts of anger at the slightest of provocation,
Walked at languid pace with the acerbic sun filtering through my eyes,
Wore pure suits of torn jute blended with cheap pieces of leather,
Lambasted myself with incessant strokes of the whiplash at dawn,
Distributed all my affluence to the needy and impoverished,
Disposed my smoke Grey sedan in fathomless waters of the ocean,
Burnt all novels which contained even minuscule traces of romance,
Refrained to cast frivolous glances the charismatic passing by,
Sequestered myself from pragmatic realities of life,
spending life like a relic in a dilapidated barn,
Ploughed the earth with my pickaxe shovel; the only means of survival,
There was a time I had bounced radiantly; blooming with life,
While at the present moment though; I sobbed all day and sinister night,
As I no longer possessed the power to win back my love,
To shrug of the obliteration's and make her forever mine.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Needed Love

When I needed loads of conviction to fight every aspect of monotonous life; I looked into your impeccably righteous eyes,

When I needed the exhilaration to surge forward after wee hours of perilous midnight; I fondled your voluptuously ravishing hair,

When I needed unrelenting stamina to clamber to the ultimate summit of the mountain; I glimpsed at your celestially exuberant smile,

When I needed that indispensable rejuvenation to forget my battalion of pragmatic worries; I fondled the rubicund pink of your mesmerizing cheeks,

When I needed a tunnel of mysticism to envelop my conscience; I peered profoundly into the lines of your daintily embellished palms,

When I needed overwhelming courage to face the hideous hooded devil; I inhaled the divinely breath diffusing compassionately from your nostrils,

When I needed the persevering ardor to indefatigably execute my duties; I basked in the glory of your gloriously golden beads of perspiration,

When I needed back my moments of nostalgic childhood; I wholesomely blended my impoverished demeanor in the folds of your sacrosanct lap,

When I needed the profuse virtue of benevolence to help my shivering fellow beings; I glanced at the immaculate integrity of your magnanimous soul,

When I needed the flame of desire to rise in my body; I kissed your enchanting lips till eternity under the resplendent ocean of moonlight,

When I needed the Herculean tenacity to trespass over a blanket of thorns; I touched your feet; for the blessings which saw me emerge victorious in each mission I undertook,

When I needed that time should tumultuously fly; I concentrated on your lightening fast flurry of mischievous winks,

When I needed sleep after struggling for sweltering days on the trot; I absorbed the rhapsodic melody in your voice; that made me snore than the richest of

kings,

When I needed my devotion to mankind culminate into a full blossom; I clasped your folded hands which prayed incessantly towards the Sun,
When I needed to forget my departed ones; I bonded your magical countenance tightly with mine; making me wholesomely oblivious to the essence of veritable death and pain,

When I needed to impregnate astounding sensitivity in my routine form; I traced the outlines of your ingratiatingly marvelous face,

When I needed to lead life to the fullest; I followed your alluring footsteps; which kept boisterously bouncing; irrespective of advancing time and age,

When I needed to die and relinquish even the most minuscule draught of air I breathed; I looked at your Omnipotent shadow; which followed me all the way to the heavens,

And when I needed immortally love; I bonded with the inner most core of your heart; and it was here that I found a perpetual gift of sharing and care; it was here that I found all the wealth I was so desperately seeking in this miserably manipulative world.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Realized

The first time I saw a blind man groping wildly in daylight; I felt like running away; profoundly appalled by the pathetic sight,
Although the next instant when I realized that I had eyes; was bestowed upon by the creator with pellucid sight; I maneuvered him benevolently to cross the crowded street.

The first time I saw a dumb man; trying to convey messages frantically waving his arms; I felt asphyxiated for breath; almost swooned heavily on the ground,
Although the next instant when I realized that I had a tongue; I opened my mouth whenever he wanted to speak; to portray his message articulately to the world.

The first time I saw a maimed woman slithering helplessly on the ground; I felt globules of water well up my eyes, started to cry hysterically,
Although the next instant when I realized that I had a robust body; spurts of exhilaration circulating rampantly through my veins; I hoisted her deftly on my shoulders; transported her safely to her destination.

The first time I saw a grizzly haired old man with an abysmally shriveled skin; the cane stick he held shivering uncontrollably in his hands; I almost puked out the meal I had consumed for breakfast,
Although the next instant when I realized that I had enough skin on my knuckles; I solidly entwined my palms in his; commanded him immediately to emancipate his walking stick.

The first time I saw a deaf girl who didn't budge an inch even after hearing the obstreperous horns of the train behind; I collapsed in a bedraggled heap; witnessing her sheer numbness to sound,
Although the next instant when I realized that I could decipher the most intricate of sound; I snatched her far away from the path of the stridently blaring train.

The first time I saw a mad man incoherently banging his fists against acrid glass; trespassing naked through the civilized streets; I cursed destiny under my breath for making him imbecile,
Although the next instant when I realized that I had a sagacious mind of my own; I draped him in somber clothes; placed him immediately under psychiatric care.

The first time I saw a leper begging with an empty container on the road; I let

out a gasp; sobbing profusely in my heart,
Although the next instant when I realized that I possessed immaculate skin; I
decided to scrape it from my body; to graft the same on him as he inevitably
needed it.

The first time I saw an injured man lying under a conglomerate of debris and
wrought iron; I felt gasps of nervous exhaustion feverishly escaping my nostrils,
Although the next instant when I realized that I had raw energy incarcerated in
my tenacious bones; I utilized it wholeheartedly for extricating him; against all
odds from the rubble.

And the first time I saw the acrimonious world; with blood sucking individuals
marauding freely around; the corrupt society depriving the destitute; I thought of
ending life there itself,
Although the next instant when I realized that the Creator had blessed me with
astronomical knowledge; the prudent ability to distinguish between the good and
evil; I decided to fight audaciously; with my heart taking two beats at a time till I
was successful in changing the complexion of this earth.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Remember You

When I remember you; I always look at the scintillating Sun; as it was in its profoundly blazing rays; that I irrefutably sighted your wonderfully Omnipotent eyes; empathizing with all humanity,

When I remember you; I always look at the vivaciously exhilarating rainbow; as it was in its intriguingly spell binding vivacity; that I irrefutably sighted your robustly princely facial contours,

When I remember you; I always look at the resplendently twinkling stars; as it was in their exotically seductive shimmer; that I irrefutably sighted your philanthropically smiling lips,

When I remember you; I always look at the timelessly evergreen meadows; as it was in their mystically exuberant dewdrops; that I irrefutably sighted your handsomely impeccable skin,

When I remember you; I always look at the enthrallingly fathomless skies; as it was in their boundlessly bountiful vastness; that I irrefutably sighted your invincibly Omnipotent form,

When I remember you; I always look at the ravishingly ebullient ocean; as it was in its tantalizingly frothy waves; that I irrefutably sighted your spirit of intrepidly magical adventure,

When I remember you; I always look at the vividly rustling breeze; as it was in its euphorically unsurpassable enthusiasm; that I irrefutably sighted your miraculously enlightening touch,

When I remember you; I always look at the unassailably towering mountains; as it was in their indomitably scintillating peaks; that I irrefutably sighted your fearlessly Omniscient stride,

When I remember you; I always look at the freshly born and innocuous infant; as it was in its incredulously impeccable wails; that I irrefutably sighted your perennially unending chapter; of blissfully timeless creation,

When I remember you; I always look at the torrentially rhapsodic rain; as it was in its perpetually endowing beauty; that I irrefutably sighted your magnanimously unprecedented blessings to one and all; living kind,

When I remember you; I always look at the ecstatically unfathomable gorge; as it was in its celestially endless enchantment; that I irrefutably sighted your Omnisciently blessing shadow,

When I remember you; I always look at the marvelously majestic fireball of truth; as it was in its unconquerably fragrant ardor; that I irrefutably sighted your benevolently princely voice,

When I remember you; I always look at the vividly bustling beehive of life; as it was in its melodiously harmonious sweetness; that I irrefutably sighted your impregnable demeanor enveloped with the scent of priceless humanity,

When I remember you; I always look at the beautifully mesmerizing roses; as it was in their stupendously righteous and triumphant scent; that I irrefutably sighted your majestically Omnipresent aura; for times immemorial,

When I remember you; I always look at the heavenly sapphire crested nightingale; as it was in its unbelievably benign and soothing voice; that I irrefutably sighted your gloriously Omnipotent and unparalleled artistry,

When I remember you; I always look at the godly cradle of uninhibited forgiveness; as it was in its divinely virtue to condone all inadvertently wrong; that I irrefutably sighted your holistically everlasting soul,

When I remember you; I always look at the sprouting of the eternally romantic seasons; as it was in their astoundingly rejuvenating newness; that I irrefutably sighted your insurmountably tireless elements of symbiotic creation,

When I remember you; I always look at the unlimited infernos of compassionately eclectic breath; as it was in their poignantly unshakable vibrancy; that I irrefutably sighted your astonishingly divine chapter of perpetual proliferation,

And when I remember you; I always look at the victoriously throbbing heart; as it was in its ardently immortal beats of love; that I irrefutably sighted your ingratiating persona; it was in its formidable passion that I sighted your wonderfully revolving Universe.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Saw Her

When I slammed my eyes shut; with vigorous tenacity,
My hands started trembling in animated ecstasy.

When I stopped my hands from shivering; pinning them down,
Infinite hair on my persona stood up in poignant alacrity.

When I soothed down dainty nodules of hair; applying Luke warm pads of heat,
Juxtaposed clusters of my teeth commenced to chatter in indignation.

When I put brakes on my teeth chattering; executing exorbitant power,
The big toe in my feet started to nostalgically reverberate.

When the big toe in my feet ceased to flutter; as I firmly pressed it on the cold
floor,
Balloons of stale air got formed in mouth chamber; inflating it disproportionately.

When my mouth transited itself to realms of synchronized normalcy,
My neck started to prolifically bleed; as if stung by a million thorns.

When my neck got rehabilitated; after plucking out a plethora of nails,
Obstreperous cacophony profoundly iterated itself in my sensitive ear.

When sensations of abhorrent sound dramatically reduced in capacity,
Fiery vibrations strangulated my fists in entirety.

When my hands pacified themselves; releasing their clenched demeanor,
Intricate cavities in my heart started to throb turbulently.

And eventually when her enchanting silhouette unfolded before my sight,
I fell in celestial stupor on her dainty feet,
With all the commotion drowned forever; in torrential rain showers of her
unrelenting love.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Saw The Sun Rising In The Sky

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt waves of unparalleled enchantment
circumvent my persona,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; nascent pores embedded in my skin sprung
up with exuberant intensity,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt waves of marathon despair deeply
embodied in me; vanish into thin wisps of oblivion,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt besieged by volatile
gushes of resplendent light,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; stale pools of air in my lungs got
profoundly reinvigorated; revitalizing my dreary senses,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt innovative perceptions about
beauty circulating wildly through intricate pores of my mind,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt newly born droplets of sweat
trickle down my nape; washing away sins of the previous day,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt golden beams of light
gently caress my obscured eyes,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt an unprecedented vigor suddenly
impregnate my feeble veins,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt a compassionate warmth engulfing
me from all sides; annihilating completely the barbaric chill I had encountered in
the night,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt my legs rhythmically sway; my ears
absorbedly focused to melodious chirping of the humming bird,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt catapulted to supreme heights of
ecstasy;
with benevolent feelings of forgiveness slowly creeping in my soul,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt the palpitations of my
heart grow faster; loads of enthusiasm embodied in my blood,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt the color of my skin
dramatically change;
it had now acquired tinges of robust crimson; profusely replacing patches of
pallid flesh,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; it made me retrospect more nostalgically
about my past; forming a pellucid picture of my entity,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I felt inundated with images of celestial
gods; hovering very near my silhouette,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I made a plethora of resolutions before
commencing nondescript activities of the day,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I pictured all my ancestors
living in
coordinated harmony as the rays emanating out,

When I saw the sun rising in the sky; I dreamt about my love which was
immortal as the perpetual shine,

And when I saw the sun rising in the sky; I conceived a new beginning to life;
felt like bestowed with another opportunity to prove my mettle in this
unsparing world.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Sliced My Heart

When I sliced volatile wire; impregnated with white currents of electricity,
It spewed out a volley of poignant sparks in tandem; I was stabbed with
several impacts of shock; falling like a lifeless pigeon on the ground.

When I sliced open obdurate tree bark; embossed with a cluster of rustic root,
A slurry of succulent white juice oozed out in emollient abundance;
and the tree wept in hidden anguish.

When I sliced the belly of the colossal mountain; infinite tones of mud leaked out
in frenzy,
A cluster of earthworm and rabbit got dismantled; and the once bombastic
structure now resembled a beggar in torn rags.

When I sliced open the skin of emerald watermelon; rosy pink juice cascaded
down with spontaneity,
The fruit looked ravishingly voluptuous like never before; with scores of brown
seeds tumbling down.

When I sliced decayed bones freshly excavated from soil; a finely crushed
chowder of calcium flew directly in my eyes,
The scenario appeared grotesquely despicable; with nostalgic memories of
centuries ago besieging the cool air.

When I sliced through the heart of a concrete wall; a series of blatant cracks
spread fast like wild fire,
The structure now looked insipid and fragile; a battalion of red baked bricks came
plummeting down; and broke my scalp.

When I sliced scintillating biscuits of yellow gold; an amber tinge incorporated
the edge of my knife,
The currency proliferated itself with each stroke of mine; and soon I had more
pieces of gold than when I commenced slicing.

When I sliced through an ocean of loose sand; the blissful assemblage got
thoroughly distorted,
Bountiful splinters of silver soil hurtled towards my eyes; and there was profuse
tearing that incorrigibly followed as an inevitable aftermath.

When I sliced open a balloon incorporated with salty cheese; and a fountain of water,
An incoherent design of white dots then inhabited my face; scores of flies and cupid ants stuck like true stalwarts to my demeanor.

And when I sliced my heart open with the most sharpest of blade; crimson blood gushed out at exhilarating speeds,
It contained bold traces of the girl I immensely loved; the celestial image of the mother from whom I was born.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Thought

When i thought about filth and dirt,
unethical images of floating sewage blended with feces capsized my mental
imagery.

when i thought about transparently luring crystal water,
panoramic visions of undulating mountains besieged me in entirety.

when i thought about finely crushed chowder of piquant salt,
rambunctious memories of the sea flooded desolate regions of my soul.

when i thought about tenaciously blowing coats of wind,
lascivious mass of dense tree foliage revolved subtly through my mind.

when i thought about bountiful springs of frosty milk,
sacrosanct images of the twin horned cow submerged me with glee.

when i thought about swaying my body in animated jubilation,
extravagant pictures of the country barn discotheque gleamed large in my eyes.

when i thought about prolific waves of acerbic heat,
charismatic demeanor of the sun god shot loud and clear all throughout cells of
my brain.

when i thought about praying to the almighty,
omniscient portraits of Christ nailed to bare wood proliferated in my memory.

when i thought about the destitute succumbing to pangs of starvation,
shriveled silhouettes of skinny children instantaneously crept up my scalp.

when i thought about exorbitant luxury with king sized dishes of food,
frivolous images of silken gold took strangle hold of my impeccable heart.

and when i thought about perennial threads of sacred matrimony,
effeminate outlines of the girl i loved delectably settled in topmost compartments
of my mind.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Thought About The World

When I thought about the world from inside a squalid gutter; with an abhorrently fetid stench permeating into my nostrils,
I perceived it to be extremely dirty; with scraps of tarnished paper inhabiting every prevalent street.

When I thought about the world soaring high in the sky; circumvented by an ambience of silken clouds and birds,
I visualized it to be a tiny place; with inconspicuous structures projecting in scores from its trajectory.

When I thought about the world from beneath unfathomable depths of the ocean; an assemblage of salty water entrenching me in entirety,
I imagined it to be a profoundly wet place; with infinite spaces of land soaked in slippery liquid.

When I thought about the world standing in middle of the desert; sweltering winds blended with sand striking my persona tenaciously,
I conceived it to be an overwhelmingly dusty place; with people sweating profusely under dazzling rays of the sun.

When I thought about the world languishing in an island of redolent flowers; the mesmerizing odor of blossoming rose tickling me to high realms of sedation,
I cognized it to be a stupendously fragrant place; with every organism lurking on its soil diffusing astronomical amounts of scent.

When I thought about the world sitting in a factory of firecrackers; incredulous contraptions of dynamite exploding intermittently all around,
I pictured it to be a tumultuously noisy place; incorporated with individuals who yelled expending full capacity of their lungs; every time they felt the urge to speak.

When I thought about the world digging a coal mine thousands of feet below the ground; a ghastly darkness sequestering me from pragmatic reality,
I envisaged it to be an utterly gloomy place; with all animate residing enveloped by depression; and the sun incorrigibly refraining to shine.

When I thought about the world; lying surreptitiously hidden within the interiors of the government treasury; boundless clusters of crisp notes making it onerous for me to breathe,

I contemplated it to be inundated with money; school children scribbling finishing their assignments on currency sheets; instead of using plain paper.

When I thought about the world gallivanting through the dense forests; slithering reptiles transgressing ominously through the bushes; lethal alligators scrawling up the marshy swamps,

I assumed it to be a place impregnated with savage men; with rustic cakes of cow-dung adhered to house walls instead of conventional plaster.

And eventually when I thought about the world incarcerated in the arms of my beloved; the moistness in her breath virtually putting me off to sleep, I imagined it to be an astounding paradise; with a harmonious synergy existing between the young; the old; and the deprived.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Touched Your Omnipresent Feet

When I shook hands with your Omnipotent grace; I felt as if I had shaken hands with the entire world,

When I ran with you on the shimmering sea shores; I felt as if I had run in harmony with the entire world,

When I conversed with you sitting on the opalescent cushion of velvety stars; I felt as if I had conversed with the entire world,

When I played hide and seek with you amidst the pugnacious body of fulminating Sun and black clouds; I felt as if I had played with the entire world,

When I ate food with you perched delectably on the sprawling tree leaf; I felt as if I had eaten food with the entire world,

When I wrote a letter to you profoundly lost in an ocean of surreal fantasy; I felt as if written letters to the entire world,

When I eloped with you after midnight to admire flamboyant fish swimming in the resplendent stream; I felt as if I had eloped with the entire world,

When I gallivanted on the horse with you at enchanting dawn; I felt as if I had gallivanted freely with the entire world,

When I whispered mysteriously in your omniscient ears; I felt as if I had whispered in the ears of the entire world,

When I smiled at your supremely sacrosanct visage; I felt as if I had smiled at the entire world,

When I admired your magnificently royal demeanor; I felt as if had admired the demeanor of the entire world,

When I sketched your unfathomably fabulous aura; I felt as if I had sketched the entire world,

When I relished your immortal caress over my serenely closed eyelids; I felt as if had relished the caress of the entire world,

When I stared unrelentingly at your spell binding countenance; I felt as if I had stared at the entire world,

When I inundated your towering body with festoons of roses and reinvigorating scent; I felt as if I had inundated the entire world,

When I sat for indefatigable number of hours in the presence of your revered company; I felt as if I had sat placidly with the entire world,

When I slept in the entrenchment of your stupendously alluring and sacred shadow; I felt as if I had slept in blissful synchrony with the entire world,

When I stood like an invincible fortress by your divinely form; audaciously prepared to take away any evil upon my miniscule stature before it tried to creep towards your Godly form; I felt as if I had stood ground for the entire world,

When I perceived your ingratiatingly boundless form incessantly in the top most compartments of my mind; I felt as if I had conceived each and every entity existing in the entire world,

When I cried uncontrollably as you abruptly disappeared without the slightest of intimation; I felt as if I had cried for the entire world,

When I left my destiny wholesomely in your palms; I felt as if I had left the destiny of the entire world,

And when I touched your omnipresent feet; kissing your divine toes for being blessed upon with the unflinching prowess to fight life; I felt as if I had touched the feet of the entire world; the entire and colossal Universe.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Wandered Through The Lane Of Love

When I philandered through the winding lanes of the mountain; I encountered an assemblage of vivacious trees and nimble rabbit,

When I strolled through lanes of the dense jungle; I encountered a maze of cloistered passage along with white water streams,

When I audaciously walked through lanes of freezing ice-cream; I encountered tenacious currents of cold; that made me shiver,

When I vehemently transgressed through lanes of roaring fire; I encountered blistering flames; which almost charred me to inconspicuous ash,

When I sedately trespassed through lanes of blossoming flower; I encountered clusters of humming bee; with a mesmerizing fragrance circumventing my nostrils,

When I skeptically languished through lanes of the mental asylum; I encountered a fleet of barbaric madmen; trying to snatch the last ounce of breath from my persona,

When I gleefully floated in the satiny lanes of the cotton clouds; I encountered brilliant sunshine blended with showers of inclement rain,

When I loitered aimlessly through sandy lanes of the desert; I encountered acrimonious heat; sapping the last resources of hidden energy from my body,

When I ambled laboriously through sequestered lanes of the gigantic tunnel; I encountered gruesome darkness that sent uncanny chills down my spine; made me nostalgically long for sunshine,

When I ran at fast pace across lanes of slippery beach sands; I encountered poignant froth juxtaposed with fiery salt smashing across my eyes,

When I gallivanted on horseback through the lanes of the rustic farm; I encountered the ravishing aroma of corn; listened attentively to the intricate dribbling of milk from cow teats,

When I crawled like a new born child through the lanes of surreal fantasy; I

encountered scores of fairies; a blissful paradise where god resided,

When I marched through the lanes of disdainful hatred; I encountered
disparaging corruption; the savage discrimination of my fellow mates,

When I pervaded across ghastly lanes of hell in the sky; I encountered satanic
demons relishing blood from dead carcass of humans,

When I intransigently marauded through lanes of the underground dungeon; I
encountered hidden gold; with a scorpion occasionally drifting down my neck,

When I jogged through crowded lanes of the mundane city; I encountered hostile
traffic; and obnoxious clouds of smoke prompting me to deafeningly sneeze,

When I roamed through lanes of illicit crime; I encountered a township of
bloodshed; brutal massacres of the innocent,

And eventually when I wandered through the lane of uninhibited love; I hereby
found the perpetual heaven that I was so frantically searching for.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Was A Child

When I was a child I thought of devouring immaculate chunks of white butter,
Today I contemplated the price before purchasing monetary gifts for pleasure.

When I was a child I clambered up tall trees; to pluck nutritious fruit,
Today I pondered on the various ramifications; which could possibly occur when
the farmer caught me red handed.

When I was a child I played vociferously in mud; making inarticulate cakes of
cow dung plaster,
Today I refrained from going near wet land; on the flimsy grounds of having my
trousers coated with obnoxious dirt.

When I was a child I got up early in the morning; relishing cool air while walking
towards school,
Today I woke up with startled jerks; with darkness fully camouflaged in the sun;
to rush in a jiffy towards office.

When I was a child I played for incessant hours in the evening with my cluster of
friends, Today I retired in front of the television screen; with a glass of cold
beverage; at the onset of twilight.

When I was a child I demonstrated a plethora of emotions when profoundly
agitated, Today I had risen to holistic degrees of self control; scrutinizing my
mistakes before I cried.

When I was a child I took the supreme liberty of hiding amongst a fleet of guests
arriving at our dwelling,
Today I audaciously shook hands with the same; conversed for indefatigable
hours with them on matters of common parlance.

When I was a child I voraciously read a battalion of thrilling mysteries,
Today I completely engulfed myself in deciphering; intricate quotes of the stock
market.

When I was a child I listened to my elders with rapt attention and intense
enthusiasm,
Today I chalked policies of my own; implementing them with loads of fortified
conviction.

When I was a child; beads of sweat dribbled down my nape after witnessing a ghastly scene from the movie,
Today I didn't budge an inch from my seat; after sighting the same; as I knew it was fictitious.

When I was a child I had no hesitation asking for money from my ancestors,
Today I felt thoroughly abashed; asking them to gratify my distinctly penurious state.

When I was a child I chortled into pools of uninhibited laughter; at someone awkwardly dressed,
Today I emitted out sly smiles; in order that the individual didn't feel humiliating and bad.

When I was a child I hardly had time to think about the vagaries of mystical world, Today I spent hours pondering on a jugglery of consequences that would unleash; if I wasn't careful.

When I was a child I thought the most onerous thing existing was to study,
Today I felt that it was the process of earning; that was the most cumbersome of them all.

When I was a child; those were the times I was oblivious to reality; solely living in a world of tailor made fantasy,
While today I had crossed the realms of maturity; acclimatized to the harsh reality; and desperately wished I was that unscrupulous child once again.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Wasn't Breathing

When I wasn't blissfully snoring; I was still inexhaustibly writing a cistern of stupendously rhapsodic and gloriously majestic Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't unsurpassably fantasizing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a garden of ingeniously magical and miraculously mitigating Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't superbly adventuring; I was still inexhaustibly writing an ocean of bountifully resplendent and timelessly undefeated Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't scrumptiously relishing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a playground of optimistically enlightening and unbelievably royal Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't limitlessly triumphing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a cascade of beautifully panoramic and effulgently liberating Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't pricelessly smiling; I was still inexhaustibly writing a lantern of unendingly vibrant and inscrutably tantalizing Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't gloriously partying; I was still inexhaustibly writing a paradise of eternally vivacious and pristinely redolent Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't unassailably inspiring; I was still inexhaustibly writing a festoon of incredulously ameliorating and perpetually compassionate Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't magnanimously feasting; I was still inexhaustibly writing a cocoon of symbiotically philanthropic and ubiquitously coalescing Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't ebulliently fornicating; I was still inexhaustibly writing a mist of wonderfully reinvigorating and blessedly burgeoning Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't flirtatiously winking; I was still inexhaustibly writing a swirl of brilliantly untainted and Omnipotently ecstatic Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't mellifluously singing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a heaven of iridescently innovative and spectacularly celestial Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't synergistically relaxing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a pearl of

unconquerably seductive and unprecedentedly enamoring Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't amiably conversing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a palette of majestically invincible and Omnipresently procreating Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't holistically earning; I was still inexhaustibly writing a canvas of inimitably untamed and fragrantly altruistic Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't unceasingly exultating; I was still inexhaustibly writing a tunnel of mystically replenishing and perennially enthralling Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't devoutly praying; I was still inexhaustibly writing a meadow of vividly glorifying and fearlessly jubilant Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't ardently dancing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a rainbow of poignantly marvelous and unshakably subliming Immortal Love Poetry,

When I wasn't unstoppably admiring; I was still inexhaustibly writing a mirror of truthfully Omnipresent and inherently revealing Immortal Love Poetry,

And when I wasn't quintessentially breathing; I was still inexhaustibly writing a cosmos of unbreakably everlasting and universally bonding Immortal Love Poetry.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Wasn't Writing Poetry.

Its like the highest summit of the Himalayas suddenly feeling disastrously pale and defeated; even in front of the most infinitesimally lackluster of squandering ants,

Its like those unlimited swarm of bumble bees suddenly feeling extremely bitter and remorseful; even in the heart of their hives—profusely inundated with nothing else but celestial honey,

Its like the flamboyantly brilliant Sun suddenly feeling as if pathetically squatting in limp darkness; even in the midst of the most tempestuously sweltering afternoon,

Its like the most towering of dinosaur suddenly feeling unable to gobble a minuscule leaf; even as several thousand of its teeth uncontrollably minced and roared to devour endless civilizations; just for morning breakfast,

Its like an infinite avalanches of the most frozen ice suddenly feeling like melting into nothingness; even as the chilliest winds of unsparing winter made mercury dip to several hundred degrees below trusted zero,

Its like the most robustly rollicking of body suddenly feeling like starving to an inconsolable death; even when sumptuously fed every hour with the best fruits and ingredients of nature divine,

Its like the most holistically inimitable brain suddenly feeling like heading towards inexplicable dementia; even when effortlessly solving the most pragmatic problems of mathematics at unbelievable speeds,

Its like the most amazingly fecund patches of timelessly proliferating earth suddenly feeling infertile; even in front of the disgracefully impotent wails of the vindictive eunuch,

Its like the stringently unstoppable needles of the clock suddenly feeling like stagnating in the mortuaries of solitariness; even as time inexhaustibly ticked forward to unveil into a revolutionary new tomorrow,

Its like the most gorgeously burgeoning of rose suddenly feeling asphyxiated from all quarters with worthless stink; even when people from all quarters of the globe were inevitably drawn solely to its invincible scent,

Its like the eternally rising sea wave suddenly feeling like the most listlessly pulverized weed; even in front of the fetid pile of slush incongruously blabbering near the lifeless gutter,

Its like the exuberantly twinkling star suddenly feeling that blackness was the sole ruler of the sadistic night; even though it filtered the most optimistic path of hope to survive in the darkness; savagely menacing around,

Its like the very first showers of ecstatically torrential rain suddenly feeling lividly desolate; even in front of the most worthlessly cringing and miserably abandoned desert sands,

Its like ebullient blood gushing through the veins suddenly feeling as if it belonged to someplace else; even as it indefatigably pumped the heart with unconquerable exhilaration,

Its like the majestic spider perched in the center of its web suddenly feeling decimated by a boundless feet on ground; even though the strands of silk absorbed it more compassionately and profound; into its own perseveringly crafted castle,

Its like the most wondrously efficacious panacea on this planet suddenly feeling that it was abhorrent venom; even though it marvelously and untiringly continued on its miraculous healing spree,

Its like the strongest foundation on soil suddenly feeling it'd worthlessly buried a countless feet under dead soil; even though it hadn't moved a whisker; in the most treacherously vengeful earthquake of the decade,

Its like the most immortal of heartbeat suddenly feeling blasphemously betrayed; even though the sky of perpetual love continued to harness and replenish the most inconspicuous of its desires,

And I can assure you, it was indeed much worse than all of the above; a feeling too unthinkably cursed to describe to even the goriest of devils out there; when though I had the entire wealth of the world—but unfortunately wasn't writing poetry.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Woke Up From Sleep

The mammoth elephants in the forest; made a thunderous noise; bellowing rambunctious wails of sound from their trunk,
Inundating the placid ambience with obstreperous cacophony; I still slept peacefully; with my hair drooling over my eyes.

The unruly traffic on the roads chugged smoke blatantly; honking unnecessarily in wee hours of the night,
Permeating the carpet of air with incongruous noise; I still slept like a horse; thoroughly lost in the realms of dreamy fantasy.

The bedraggled urchins on the street shouted vociferously; flexing their lungs to monumental capacity,
Striking the cricket ball hard; with a glass pane shattering occasionally; I still slept unperturbed; with the furry blanket over my head.

An army of obnoxious mosquitoes hovered in the vicinity of my intricate ear; buzzing incessantly tunes of insipid exasperation,
Evacuating precious blood from my succulent skin; I still slept like a prince; with innocuous saliva oozing from my mouth.

The indiscriminate party of burglars marauded my house; pilfering all the wealth they could their hands to,
Making a flurry of conspicuous sounds in the process; I still slept like a gigantic whale; with heavy snores emanating from my partially opened mouth.

Herculean drops of rain water struck against my kitchen window; accompanied by
sounds of stringent thunder and lightning,
With turbulent wind gushing right past my face; I still slept like a tortoise with its head receded way inside its stomach.

Irate trespassers punched the doorbell with passionate fervor; incessantly doing the same with renewed gusto,
Piercing the atmosphere with disdainful noises of the monotonous alarm; I still slept with an enchanting smile on my lips; thoroughly oblivious to sound.

There were communal riots going on in the street below; a plethora of shops were submerged by pugnacious fire,
Hordes of people fled their dwelling; ran berserk for their lives helter-skelter; I

still slept like a drunkard; rolling languidly in my inebriated state.

Multiple buildings shook as an aftermath of vicious tremors; infinite walls of solid concrete incorporated prominent cracks,
The entire structure reverberated with the unleashing impact of earthquake; I still slept like a dead log; with my eyes formidably shut to the proceedings.

It was at that very moment she entered my room; her perpetual fragrance tickled my conscience,
The aura of her magnificence rekindling my impoverished soul,
There took incredulous transformations in my body; and I woke up with a startled look on my face; staring unrelentingly into her mystical eyes; and I didn't sleep thereafter.

Nikhil Parekh

When I Wrote Her Name

When I wrote her name with light fountain ink; on the naked parchment of white paper,
It appeared almost invisible; failed to portray the fervent intensity of our romance.

When I inscribed her name on the walls; using exquisite quality of floral paints,
There emanated an ethereal fragrance of flower; although it failed to highlight the main ingredient of our love.

When I scribbled her name on the slippery beach sands; using a chiseled twig,
The calligraphy embossed looked amusing; although it soon got washed in entirety by the gushing waves.

When I painted her name on scintillating glass; using vibrant strokes of steel gray,
The printing was so scrupulous and neat; that it miserably failed to depict the tenacity of our relationship.

When I wrote her name on the black board; using a cylindrical stick of expensive chalk,
It appeared clear and bold; although it couldn't yet provoke even the slightest of sentiment; and the professor soon scrubbed it clean with his duster.

When I embedded her name on a triangular biscuit of gold; using my switchblade knife,
It appeared grandiloquently studded; although it gave our love a look of ostentatious flattery.

When I symmetrically carved her name on the soft tree bark; using the corrugated drill,
It appeared astoundingly clear from a far distance; although it failed to convey our immortality; as the next second a nomad chopped it down.

When I incorporated her name on the voluptuous cake; using an icing of aromatic peppermint,
It looked romantically enticing; although it couldn't display the essence of our romance; soon lost its charm as a battalion of ants and insets crawled all over.

When I painstakingly penned her name on glittering diamonds; using a solution

of shimmering silver,
It appeared kingly and aristocratic; although it failed to highlight the hardships
we had undergone to make our love an intransigent success.

And when I wrote her name on my chest; using rusty nails and a gleaming blade,

Pools of blood dribbled down my ribs; rendering me virtually unconscious; but
this time it spoke fathomless volumes of our immense dedication,
With each droplet of blood; reflecting the unconquerable tenacity of our
everlasting love.

Nikhil Parekh

When In Deep Sleep

When in deep sleep you seemed like an immaculate angel; breathing heavily with incoherent sounds emanating from your semi open lips, While the instant you awakened; you pummeled your fists against the wall; clenched your teeth in indignation.

When in deep sleep you seemed to be profoundly oblivious to your surroundings; with your lids firmly agglutinated to your eyeball, While the instant you awakened; you cast a series of despicable looks; castigating me severely for the inconspicuous smudges aligning the furniture.

When in deep sleep you changed positions umpteenth times in a minute; with your clothes strewn in a disheveled heap, While the instant you awakened you stringently made sure that I sat up straight without flinching the least; the attire that I wore was neatly creased and meticulously ironed.

When in deep sleep you mystically smiled; perhaps envisaging the fairies in the cosmos; with an enchanting glow encompassing your facial contours, While the instant you awakened you were crimson with anger; rebuked me for not scrupulously washing my face.

When in deep sleep you inadvertently caressed my hair; fondling with my cheeks as if admiring their pudgy softness, While the instant you awakened you were aghast at being late for office; slapped me hard for not braiding my hair.

When in deep sleep you unwittingly uttered all those things stored well within your heart; vanquishing all apprehensions that engulfed your silhouette, While the instant you awakened you started manipulating the words to speak; refrained from giving me the tiniest of insinuation.

When in deep sleep you sometimes walked innocuously; languishing in the aisles of romantic fantasy, While the instant you awakened you uncouthly barked orders for a cup of tea; splashed the same on the walls when it was not sizzling to the temperature you desired.

When in deep sleep you wriggled inside the cozy delights of your quilt; blissfully exploring the moisture beneath the pillow you slept,
While the instant you awakened you threw aside the covers in intense infuriation; frantically searching for your radiant watch and glistening chain.

When in deep sleep you unconsciously laughed; when I poked a thin blade of grass in your ears; gave me a celestial smile,
While the instant you awakened you barked a volley of abashing expletives; condemning me for not polishing your shoes.

When in deep sleep you were the perfect husband for whom I had heaps of adulation; while the instant you awakened I had lost all reverence for your persona,
As I wished and prayed fervently to the almighty; to transform you like the way you were when in deep sleep.

Nikhil Parekh

When In Love

Even if you slapped me hard in my cheek; mercilessly whipping the succulent flesh of my body,
I would still bow down my head in obeisance; proclaim vociferously to the world that I loved you.

Even if you spat on me loads of your tangy saliva; castigating me openly amidst scores of civilians; for the most inadvertent of my mistakes,
I would still offer you a glass of spring water to mollify your anger; say audaciously that I loved you.

Even if you starved me of food for the entire day; refraining to cast an amicable look in my direction,
I would still endeavor my best to make you frivolously smile; trying to enlighten the pallid atmosphere; declare without hesitancy that I loved you.

Even if you made me polish the dilapidated floors till they shone like mirrors; dictatorially commanded me to wipe your shoes,
I would still worship your feet in due reverence; whisper to the obdurate brick walls that I loved you.

Even if you made me iron your ostentatious clothes; dressing me in threadbare sacs of corrugated jute,
I would still engulf you with the extra rag on my body; when you were shivering; sobbing hysterically in front of you to convey that I loved you.

Even if you shut your eyes when I confronted you; smirking haughtily when I tried to utter the most diminutive of sound,
I would still carry you to your bed when your dreary toes floundered to hold their weight on the ground; kiss you gently on your lips to portray I loved you.

Even if you deliberately snapped off my car brakes; making sure I met with a ghastly accident the next time I drove,
I would still utter your name while lying submerged in pools of greasy blood; shout as hard as I could expend my lungs to say that I loved you.

Even if you wished derogatory for me night and day; ominously stared at me for no fault of mine,
I would still pray to the creator to impregnate your life with bountiful riches; ubiquitously disclose that I loved you.

Even if you pushed me from the aircraft hovering at an unprecedented altitude in the clouds; waiting anxiously to witness the scenario of my inevitable death, I would still smile compassionately at you; fervently hoping to witness your grace again in the next birth; unanimously declare to all that I loved you before I relinquished breath.

Do you want to know the secret behind my blatantly irrational behavior; the cause for my uninhibited sacrifice,
Well its simply this darling; that I had loved you intensely since the moment I first saw you,
And WHEN IN LOVE; I only knew to chivalrously give; for the moment I asked you to grant me favors in return; I would be christened as the 'biggest beggar'.

Nikhil Parekh

When My Heart Ceased To Function

When sensitive tunnels in my eardrum stopped functioning,
amicable voices of chirping birds failed to cast an impression,
stringent sounds emanating from vocal chords of my mother,
struck me as inaudibly sedative whispers of the girl i immensely loved.

as rosy pink fangs of my tongue shut down without prior notice,
there were insatiable urges to demonstrate my emotions,
my face contorted with hapless paralysis,
with my whole being plunging into opalescent fountains bereft of water.

when indispensable centers of my vision rebuked to function,
hazy blobs of grayish scarlet inundated my eyeball,
intricate outlines of the moon resembled disheveled chunks of ice-cream,
the catastrophe had marooned me on a paradise of dreams,
divested of the philanthropic power to see.

as my stolid pair of my feet brusquely froze in their advancing tread,
minuscule distances of the city; loomed menacingly as marathon race tracks,
the simplistic idea of walking seemed bizarrely austere,
infinite compartments of my body tugged me towards untimely slumber.

when clusters of my knotted fingers shunned to work,
mystical enigmas in my brain unleashed themselves at frantic pace,
flowery lines of contemporary literature seemed to erupt from my mouth,
with my manual apparatus unable to transform fantasy into written reality.

and eventually when boisterous threads of my heart relinquished vibrations,
gallons of crimson blood flowing transited to deathly blue,
rubicund complexion of my skin developed patches of febrile yellow,
my moistened breath evaporated in its rudimentary roots,
and i bid a tearful adieu to mother earth; which i had inhabited as a man for 50
long years.

Nikhil Parekh

When My Heart Felt Heavy

When my eyes felt preposterously heavy; I majestically treated them with infernos of bountifully unparalleled empathy,

When my lips felt insurmountably heavy; I fabulously treated them with an unfathomable balm of gregariously blossoming smiles,

When my ears felt satanically heavy; I resplendently treated them with a mesmerizing valley of ingratiatingly tantalizing sounds,

When my shoulders felt frantically heavy; I beautifully treated them with the miraculously rejuvenating cascade of the timelessly heavenly waterfalls,

When my palms felt murderously heavy; I philanthropically treated them with the fabric of everlastingly sacrosanct and Omnipotent mankind,

When my feet felt drearily heavy; I symbiotically treated them with unfathomable elements of celestially fascinating righteousness,

When my blood felt asphyxiatingly heavy; I divinely treated it with unsurpassable rivers of fragrantly coalescing compassion,

When my fingers felt disastrously heavy; I jubilantly treated them with unfathomably regale fireballs of unrelentingly endowing artistry,

When my brain felt devastatingly heavy; I enchantingly treated it with fathomless cloudbursts of spellbindingly exotic fantasy,

When my bones felt cripplingly heavy; I harmoniously treated them with the panoramically ebullient cradle of endlessly reinvigorating nature,

When my lids felt ominously heavy; I rhapsodically treated them with an incomprehensible immeasurable valley of eternally titillating sensuousness,

When my conscience felt treacherously heavy; I blazingly treated it with unconquerable fortresses of patriotically unflinching honesty,

When my tongue felt salaciously heavy; I melodiously treated it with a perpetual hive of invincible sweetness and sparkingly benign graciousness,

When my stomach felt thunderously heavy; I amiably treated it with the synergistically fructifying fruits of sacredly proliferating Mother Nature,

When my neck felt monotonously heavy; I holistically treated it with cushions of heavenly silk; engulfing even the most infinitesimal cranny of my visage with the blooming carpets of iridescent paradise,

When my deeds felt unbearably heavy; I philanthropically treated them with the perennially beautiful religion of priceless mankind,

When my shadow felt insidiously heavy; I victoriously treated it with the unassailable path of exhilaratingly unstoppable righteousness,

When my breath felt diabolically heavy; I fearlessly treated it with the Omnipotently scintillating Sunrays of vivaciously triumphant life,

And when my heart felt lethally heavy; I immortally treated it with the stupendously humanitarian impressions of love; love and only undefeatably true love.

Nikhil Parekh

When Ridiculed By My Very Own Beloved

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal hands; I rose like an unflinchingly peerless tiger; to defend my irrefutably untainted integrity, But when the same was unsparingly ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt hopelessly crippled; not even being able to hoist a feather with my palms; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal eyes; I rebounded back like a viciously untamed scorpion; to defend my pricelessly inimitable integrity, But when the same was brutally ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt cadaverously blind; not being able to sight even the largest of structure in the most brilliant of sunshine; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal throat; I towered like the ultimate sword of valiantly fearless war; to defend my blissfully innocuous integrity, But when the same was preposterously ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt pathetically dumb; not being able to utter a word with my exuberantly bouncing tongue; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal brain; I shot back like an inferno of insatiably endless bravado; to defend my wondrously unimpeachable integrity, But when the same was unabashedly ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt insanely paralyzed; not being able to distinguish my own voice in wholesome solitude; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal fingers; I poignantly fulminated back like the harshest ray of the midday Sun; to defend my ebulliently triumphant integrity, But when the same was indefatigably ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt miserably leper; not being able to pen a singleton alphabet; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal feet; I lashed back like a ferocious stalk of pugnacious chili; to defend my ecstatically marvelous integrity, But when the same was inexhaustibly ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt unbearably maimed; not being able to traverse an infinitesimal millimeter forward; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal spine; I fumed back like the agonizingly uncurbed embers of the bonfire; to defend my victoriously pristine integrity,
But when the same was sinfully ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt tawdrily crooked; not being able to face earth eye to eye; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal lips; I menacingly growled back like an entire forest of lions; to defend my impeccably vibrant integrity,
But when the same was sadistically ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt despondently infertile; not being able to generate the tiniest trace of passion; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal ears; I stood fearlessly unperturbed like the great wall of china; to defend my royally unfettered integrity,
But when the same was iconoclastically ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt horrendously deaf; not being able to hear even the loudest decibels of my voice; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal blood; I spat back indignantly till limits of indescribable exhaustion; to defend my bountifully symbiotic integrity,
But when the same was unreasonably ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt illegitimately orphaned; not being able to ever accept this earth; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal cheeks; I reacted as violently as the barbarously caged alligator; to defend my celestially impeccable integrity,
But when the same was deliberately ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt the ugliest person alive; not being able to face and interact with even the most ethereal organism on this Universe; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal height; I tirelessly crackled back in flames of vindication; to defend my beautifully redolent integrity,
But when the same was insidiously ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt like an invisible ghost; not being able to sight myself ever in the mirror; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal potency; I erupted back like the latently gushing volcano; to defend my incredulously altruistic integrity,
But when the same was venomously ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt like a lifeless corpse; not being able to possess the slightest of my space on

planet divine; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal signature; I flagrantly hissed back like the uncontrolled tornado; to defend my harmoniously spell-binding integrity,

But when the same was bawdily ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt like an impotent illiterate; not being able to ever decipher between innovation and balderdash; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal sweat; I unstoppably hurled back at them like the highest wave of the stormy sea; to defend my undyingly sparkling integrity,

But when the same was licentiously ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt like the laziest stone on earth; not being able to ever lift or sense my form on this globe; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal shadow; I indefinitely became the ultimate epitomes of abuse; to defend my enthrallingly robust integrity,
But when the same was satanically ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt like the coffins of oblivion; not being able to ever discover the faintest trace of life; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal passion; I snarled back like the most disastrous guffaws of hell; to defend my blissfully sacrosanct integrity,
But when the same was diabolically ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt like the vials of non-existent poison; not being able to inhale breath even in an atmosphere of sole oxygen; for an infinite more lifetimes.

And when the world laughed at my perfectly normal love; I gave them back a piece of my mind which was as sharp as the tip of a billion knives; to defend my ubiquitously unparalleled integrity,
But when the same was wretchedly ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt like a mortuary of lies; not being able to ever unite my heart with any other thing on this Universe; for an infinite more lifetimes

Nikhil Parekh

When She Abandoned Me

There was a time when she had just come into my life like thunderbolts of white lightening; igniting each pore my penuriously famished skin; with infernos of insatiably burgeoning desire,
While today when she abandoned me; I felt worse than a frigidly dying matchstick; with all scarlet blood in my veins now metamorphosing into trash more insipidly worthless; than the stinking gutters.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like a garden of bountifully blossoming roses; melodiously enlightening each element of my impoverished existence; with a fountain of ebulliently rhapsodic scent,
While today when she abandoned me; even the most infinitesimal trace of my voice froze in the center of my throat; as I felt every possible devil in this treacherous world; ruthlessly lambasting into bizarre submission; till times even beyond my grave.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like an ecstatically frolicking butterfly; triggering me to philander for times immemorial; through clouds of seductively unparalleled mysticism,
While today when she abandoned me; each iota of my bedazzling sight transformed into an entrenchment of ghastly blindness; rendering me utterly hopeless and devastated; amidst the pack of savagely blood sucking wolves.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like a boisterously golden bee; deluging even the most diminutive step that I took; with timelessly perennial sweetness,
While today when she abandoned me; all my Herculean resilience converted into an orphaned puddle of cowardice; as I trembled in uncontrollable disbelief at even the most capricious wavering of my shadow.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like an Omnipotent angel; celestially maneuvering each aspect of my manipulative existence; towards the path of irrefutably sacrosanct righteousness,
While today when she abandoned me; I found myself being pulverized more and more brutally as the Sun rose in the sky; with even the satanic vultures refraining to caress; my abhorrently decaying skeleton.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like a cloud of insurmountably blissful fantasy; engendering me to unrelentingly romanticize all spell binding goodness; on this colossal planet,
While today when she abandoned me; every ingredient of my visage abnegated even the slightest of desire to survive; as I surrendered myself wholeheartedly; to
the lap of murderously penalizing hell.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like a vivaciously tantalizing peacock; fabulously rousing me from my reverie; like a titillating mirage of pristinely nubile beauty,
While today when she abandoned me; the lines of poignant destiny abruptly vanished from my indigent palms; as I meaninglessly groped through a dungeon of traumatizing darkness; like a ghost without head or majestic feet.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like a heavenly mist of passionately enchanting breath; granting me the tenacity to unflinchingly live; and ensure that my comrades existed in harmoniously symbiotic happiness,
While today when she abandoned me; even the most remotest trace of life from my lungs raced infinite feet beneath my veritable grave; with my carcass being grotesquely kicked by all passing by; at rampant will.

And there was a time when she had just come into my life like an immortal spell of love; making my heartbeats the richest on this aristocratic Universe; as she unconquerably bonded her benign spirit with wandering existence,
While today when she abandoned me; I relentlessly cursed my survival to be the most insidious burden on planet earth; eventually slashing my nerves indiscriminately; to die and perhaps savor those few minutes of her love; once again in the next birth.

Nikhil Parekh

When She Arrived

When she arrived; the cluster of fragrant flowers in the garden bent down in meek submission,

When she arrived; the birds soaring high in the sky chirped all the more vociferously; attempting to make their presence felt,

When she arrived; warm shivers ran down through the roots of colossal trees,

When she arrived; the minuscule rivulets in the river; rose up to become swirling waves; in animated ecstasy,

When she arrived; feeble rays of the sun brilliantly shimmered; profoundly illuminating the atmosphere,

When she arrived; the insipid blades of frigid grass stood up with exhilarated alacrity,

When she arrived; fleet footed squirrels in proximity gnawed more voraciously at the nut trapped within their jaws,

When she arrived; puffs of lackadaisical clouds in the cosmos transited to tantalizing black thunder,

When she arrived; the majestic peacock uninhibitedly spread its kingly feathers to a complete blossom,

When she arrived; the reptiles slithered painstakingly emanating sizzling noises; on the periphery of semi soaked ground,

When she arrived; the bees in their hives produced more honey than ever before; inundating the still atmosphere with their incessant buzzing,

When she arrived; a plethora of frogs croaked loquaciously in the well; ostentatiously expanding the yellow sacs inhabiting their body,

When she arrived; gloomy worms crawling through the bushes radiated a resplendently brilliant shine,

When she arrived; the chameleon ebulliently changed its color; displaying shades

of mesmerizing vibrancy,

When she arrived; the multi-legged spider ran several paces faster in its silken web; bustling to and fro to devour its imprisoned prey,

When she arrived; the pair of crimson crested parrots entwined their beaks in each other; intractably refraining to separate themselves,

When she arrived; light complexioned leaves of the cactus converted to an alluring sapphire,

When she arrived; scores of monkeys gyrated on the tree tops; frivolously tossing succulent fruit on the earth,

When she arrived; all hatred circumventing the ambience was miraculously transmuted into immortal love,

When she arrived; gods in the sky forgot to do their work; admiring the form they had created in open mouthed consternation,

And when she arrived; I felt an insatiable urge to live; for the first time in my life felt like a complete man.

Nikhil Parekh

When She Blushed

When she blushed she looked as mesmerizing as the sparkling oyster shell; as impeccable as the moon,
Driving me into waves of stupendous rhapsody; inundating my persona with overwhelming exhilaration.

When she blushed she appeared as ravishing as freshly prepared crusty chocolate; as tantalizing as the crimson rose,
Catapulting me to unexplored arenas of enchantment; taking my breath away for a few seconds from its very roots.

When she blushed she looked as innocuous as a newly born child; crying incessantly for its mother,
Prompting me to shut down all other avenues of work; keep on admiring her until eternity.

When she blushed she appeared as poignant as green chili; as rustic as the primordial tree roots,
Sending a plethora of shivers right down to my veins; imparting my sullen face a prominently mystical smile.

When she blushed she looked as vivacious as the colored rainbow in the sky; as resplendent as the twinkling stars,
Impregnating in me inexplicable sensations; ones which I had never experienced in my life before.

When she blushed she appeared as pellucid as the crystal mountain stream; as innocent as an incongruous birthmark,
Making me erupt effusively with spurts of exuberance; shouting loudly as far as my voice could reach; in the middle of the dead night.

When she blushed she looked as enticing as chilled tangy juice; as majestic as the kingly peacock blossoming its feathers,
Knocking all apprehensions from top drawers of my mind; remarkably transforming the monotonous outlook of my thoughts.

When she blushed she appeared as voluptuous as the pelting rain; as perennial as the lush green blades of grass,
Placing me in a state of speechless ebullience; as she caressed me gently on my bearded cheek.

When she blushed she resembled the radiating reptile rampantly traversing
through the jungle; the scarlet winged parrot bathing in the gurgling river,
Engendering my eyes to virtually pop out of their sockets; clenching my fists to
salute her in due adulation.

When she blushed she seemed like a celestial fairy having descended from the
sky; the most perfect messenger of spontaneous love,
Making me profoundly oblivious to the disparaging world; making me clearly
cognize my sole purpose to live; having taken birth on this earth in the form of a
man.

Nikhil Parekh

When Sleep Inevitably Comes.

Be it the royal realms of the unbelievably embellished king poster bed; or be it the most treacherously barren slopes of the heartlessly cold-blooded rock which spat nothing but ostracizing disdain,

Be it the majestically silken cocoons of sensuously exhilarating clouds; or be it the unabashedly insect laden shores of the inscrutably rustic forest; bemoaning in the most unrelenting nights of wilderness,

Be it the compassionately invincible quilts of kingly fur; or be it the most fetidly disintegrating pavements; by the tawdrily asphyxiating gutter side; for which the entire world ended and started with the word dirt,

Be it the unassailably priceless lap of the timelessly venerated mother; or be it the most preposterously ghoulish of graveyard; from which nothing else wafted; but the intransigent curses of the lifeless ghosts,

Be it the triumphantly pristine meadow of lush green mesmerizing grass; or be it the most pugnaciously venomous battlefield of gruesome thorns; which solely led to the corpses of lecherous extinction,

Be it the uninhibitedly poignant soil profusely soaked in ubiquitously fresh rain; or be it the bawdily worthless carcasses; which indefatigably rattled with the sounds of ominously deteriorating hell,

Be it the invincibly celestial seat of the jubilantly crimson Mercedes; or be it the balustrades of bizarrely crippling uncertainty; which vengefully permeated with increasing proclivity into every bit of the atmosphere,

Be it the intrepidly regal deck of the insuperably kingly luxury ocean liner; or be it the insanely ribald premises of the soiled lavatory seat; from which emanated nothing but the stench of intolerably strangulating malice,

Be it the eternally relaxing interiors of the beautiful sofa set; or be it the sordidly spit laden streets; from which hurled nothing else but a flurry of disdainfully wretched impoverishment,

Be it the belly of the most charismatically undulating and frosty sea; or be it the hideously sweltering sands of the acrimonious desert; which indiscriminately torched everything to decrepit meaninglessness,

Be it the wings of unconquerably blessing desire; or be it the most disastrously apocalyptic path of delinquent hopelessness; which gave an infinite curses every unveiling instant,

Be it the pillow of magically ameliorating green leaves; or be it the most worthlessly castigating coffin of charcoal; which blackened not just the body; but irrevocably adulterated the soul,

Be it the victoriously breeze laden open roof-top terrace; or be it the most sinfully strangulating gallows of penurious prison; from which drifted solely the cries of the barbarously plundering demon,

Be it the spell-bindingly slow clad apogees of undefeated Everest; or be it the most ridiculously infinitesimal mole hills of the ant; which rendered fresh strength to the corridors of invisibility; every unraveling minute,

Be it the magically rejuvenating rockbed under the iridescently sparkling waterfall; or be it the sinister witch's abode; which intransigently screamed nothing but the most diabolical wails of death,

Be it the fields of flirtatiously liberated corn; or be it the most robotically disgruntled match-boxed offices of sheer manipulation; from which arose nothing else but the cries of haplessly dying vindication,

Be it the rhapsodically spongy cakes of insatiable prosperity; or be it the most stinkingly depraved carrion; upon which feasted an unfathomable number of inconsolably sacrilegious vultures,

Be it the perennially undefeated lion's cave; or be it the miserably clammy rats den; which was inhabited by nothing else but the derogatorily rebuking spirit of staleness,

Just doesn't matter the slightest. Because when sleep inevitably comes; it doesn't see the time; place; circumstance that you're placed in; simply and invincibly shutting your eyes to even the most evanescent consternation in the atmosphere; timelessly ensuring that whenever you awoke; you witnessed every bit of the fathomlessly undying Universe; in the most optimistically rejuvenated and Omnipotent of light.

When The Heart Erred

When the pigeons erred; not following its regular rhythm of flight as tumultuous storms overhauled the silken afternoon; they deplorably sank in a bedraggled heap; to murderously coalesce with despicably cold ground,

When the rose erred; not following its regular rhythm of swirling radiantly with the ecstatic breeze; it despondently withered in mists of rotten gloom; inexplicably diffusing painstakingly pathetic stink; instead of glorious waves of exuberant scent,

When the lion erred; not following its regular rhythm of turbulently pulverizing its succulent prey into inconspicuously raw chowder; it was ludicrously guffawed upon by even the most minuscule of ant; who instantaneously capsized upon the most mesmerizing opportunity; to feast ebulliently upon its lame ears,

When the mountains erred; not following their regular rhythm of brilliantly kissing towering beams of majestic sunlight; the brutally dumb stone finally felt contented; that it had now a gigantically frigid mate to parasitically lean and take compassionate reprieve from,

When the fish erred; not following their regular rhythm of rampantly swimming in deep waters of the choppy sea; the fishermen sitting on the shores had a gala time; pecking them like diminutively dwindling mosquitoes; at the tiniest poke of their gleaming rods,

When the kites erred; not following their regular rhythm of sailing high and handsome in the clouds; they split into a fathomless pieces; before settling as excoriated rags amidst an untamed juggernaut of branches; as the wind slowly died down,

When the nightingale erred; not following its regular rhythm of stupendously melodious sound; it fulminated into ludicrously cacophonous rhyme; triggering discordantly ungainly tumult; in magically serene bits of atmosphere,

When the dog erred; not following their regular rhythm of barking when strangers trespassed; the hoodlums made merry in flamboyant day as well as treacherous night; audaciously eloped with the booty; leaving it staggering for breath after kicking it ruthlessly in its solar plexus,

When the lids erred; not following their regular rhythm of incessantly batting upon the trajectory of the handsomely impeccable eyeball; the eyes unbelievably lamented; as they gradually slipped towards a blanket of viciously gory darkness,

When the lips erred; not following their regular rhythm of charismatically smiling upon the astoundingly glittering dais; the fathomless flock of congenial crowds; pelted unruly stone and ghastly abuse; before they embarked back upon a horrifically disgruntled retreat,

When the feet erred; not following their regular rhythm of patriotically marching forward in euphoric gusto; they uncouthly embedded themselves deeper and deeper into sullen cocoons of soil as the minutes unfurled; before becoming easily vulnerable targets for the unsurpassable battalion of hideously grinning termites,

When the ears erred; not following their regular rhythm of sagaciously discerning the most minutest of sound; they eventually found themselves savagely entrapped; in bizarre clutches of the disparagingly rampaging demon,

When the pigs erred; not following their regular rhythm of greedily gobbling through piles of fetidly abominable garbage; they paid the price of their lives; as civilians mistook them for tame dogs; enslaving them in overwhelmingly rigid collar; and taut chains,

When the rivers erred; not following their regular rhythm of profusely melanging with the boundless oceans; the barbarically tyrannical rays of the sweltering Sun; eventually dried every speck of their liquid; rendering them to freeze; under avalanches of abhorrent prejudice,

When the eggs erred; not following their regular rhythm of taking amicable shelter amidst nettles and grass laid in by their sacrosanct mothers; the venomous lizards and snakes eventually consumed them for nocturnal supper; squelching them to capriciously worthless mincemeat,

When the mind erred; not following its regular rhythm of existing in synergistic symbiosis with the extraneously bountiful planet; it found itself counting the last days of its life; in the realms of dilapidated oblivion and gruesomely stabbing

starvation,

When the conscience erred; not following its regular rhythm of harboring nothing else but the irrefutable idol of truth; it was lambasted by the whips of surreptitiously guilty hell; unfathomably penalized for the remainder of its life,

When the breath erred; not following its regular rhythm of holistically creeping in and out of the intricately enchanting nostrils; it besieged the individual with insurmountable spurts of insidiously asphyxiated tension; eventually perpetuating him to die,

But when the heart erred; not following its regular rhythm of pragmatically monitored beats; throbbing faster than the whirlwinds of divinely light; it embraced the most wonderfully immortal ocean of existence; it embraced the fireballs of everlasting love.

Nikhil Parekh

When The Heart Wasn't Throbbing

When the thunderously voluptuous clouds weren't showering golden rain; they were still wonderfully enamoring countless; in the swirl of their unsurpassably untainted sensuality,

When the poignantly scarlet roses weren't blossoming into ecstatic vitality; they were still tirelessly disseminating the scent of seduction; to every cranny of this fathomlessly blissful Universe,

When the beautifully nubile lips weren't burgeoning into a festoon of smiles; they were still amiably kissing every conceivable form of astounding desire; on the trajectory of this boundlessly iridescent earth,

When the honestly persevering armpits weren't sweating into cisterns of shimmering sweat; they were still diffusing the spirit of tirelessly unparalleled righteousness to every entity; traversing symbiotically alive,

When the effulgently victorious wind wasn't blowing into draughts of exuberantly pristine breeze; it was still enthralling countless haplessly divested organisms; with its fearlessly divine stillness,

When the robustly ecstatic mouth wasn't synergistically consuming indispensable morsels of food; it was still enlightening an infinite miserably deprived entities on planet earth; with the profound enchantment of its voice,

When the majestically unfettered mother wasn't feeding her own impeccable babies; she was still wafting an invincible atmosphere of eternal compassion to every tangible and intangible quarter of this victorious Universe,

When the unflinchingly handsome soldiers weren't valiantly fighting at war; they were still perpetuating indomitably fearless molecules of royal bravery; in every preposterously dastard heart alive,

When the poignantly blissful soil wasn't sprouting into insuperably princely grain; it was still generating thunderbolts of untamed virility; into every ounce of impotence in the lackadaisical atmosphere,

When the beautifully enamoring cheeks weren't blushing into unbelievably crimson radiance; they were still culminating into a cloudburst of sensuously priceless

mischievous; all across the interminable planet,

When the passionately emerald grass blades weren't oozing beautifully synergistic dewdrops; they were still rhapsodically culminating into a civilization of bounteously rejuvenating newness,

When the insuperably determined mountains weren't peaking towards the ultimate summits of eternity; they were still altruistically sequestering every fraternity of living kind in their fortified lap; far away from hedonistic duress,

When unbelievably blessed Man & Woman weren't tirelessly mating; they were still stupefying every patch of insouciantly barren mud that they tread on; with their undyingly untamed virility,

When the innocuously resplendent stars weren't vividly twinkling; they were still evolving into a fireball of unlimitedly fantastic and enigmatically jubilant enthuse,

When the artistically nimble veins weren't carrying poignantly crimson blood; they were still disseminating the spirit of unassailably blessing humanity; to the farthest corner of this magically ameliorating Universe,

When the ingeniously unconquerable brain wasn't insatiably fantasizing into the realms of paradise; it was still pragmatically acting to the inevitably quintessential instincts of; Survival of the fittest,

When the amazingly sensitive ears weren't dangling into the dormitories of unsurpassable stardom; they were still brilliantly sensitive to even the most infinitesimal whisker of sound,

When the victoriously pristine nostrils weren't breathing fireballs of spell-binding existence; they were still perpetuating the indispensable instinct of indefatigable life; into every organism haplessly staggering and yet alive,

And when the fathomlessly benign heart wasn't throbbing the beats of perennially fructifying love; it was still triggering the waves of priceless inimitable humanity in every bit of tangible space and organism; on this limitlessly unfettered Universe.

Nikhil Parekh

When The Time Arrived To Sleep

The venomous black beetle stung naked patches of innocuous skin; injecting paltry vials of its poison,
Was considered a deleterious hazard; had people swishing at it with entwined broomsticks,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; she took refuge in the dainty petals of crimson rose.

The alligator revealed its ghastly teeth in the brilliant Sunlight; decimated the animate and inanimate in its proximity,
Mercilessly slaughtered scores of humans; clusters of big fish,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took refuge in the sedately tranquil waters of the jungle stream.

The multilegged spider entangled innumerable insects with glow; devouring the same with tumultuous relish,
Annihilating its prey; submerging it in its piquantly bitter juice,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took refuge in the compassionate leaves of the tree; silken threads of its mesmerizing web.

The mystical reptile slithered stealthily through the bushes; furtively pilfering the eggs of the mother bird,
Raising its hood high at oblivious trespassers; striking them with its toxic fangs,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took refuge in the immaculate dark burrows of the nimble ground.

The ruffled grey lizard traversed up the wall at electric speeds,
Capsizing its prey in a vise like grip; crunching it viciously in its jaws,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took refuge in the hollow of the tree; camouflaged a little by moisture from the soil.

The impeccable little infant cried unrelentingly all day; banging his tiny fists in the cradle,
Inundating spotless sheets of cloth; with natural spray of disdainful effluent,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took blissful refuge; nestling within the warm arms of his mother.

All of us inhabiting the earth inadvertently commit a plethora of mistakes,
Sometimes not adhering to the sacrosanct norms laid by society; indignantly

stamping our feet at frugal issues,
Yet when the time arrives to perish from this earth and sleep; we all take refuge
in the magnanimous shadow of the omniscient Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

When Two Hearts Bonded Together

When the clouds in the cosmos bonded together; there pelted down showers of ferocious and sparkling rain,

When the minuscule winds in the atmosphere bonded together; there evolved a tumultuous storm that swept turbulently across the entire city,

When all the inconspicuous little ripples of water bonded together; there was formed the colossal ocean; smashing and swirling magnificently against the cold blooded rocks,

When the seed and earth bonded together; there arose a majestic tree; sprinkling scores of appetizing fruits on the famished soil,

When diminutive wisps of smoke bonded together; there blazed a Kingly fire; escalating handsomely towards the sky; imparting loads of warmth and reprieve from freezing winds winter,

When all fingers of the palm bonded together; there evolved a strength so unprecedented; that it could fight against any evil loitering on this earth,

When all loose bones strewn haphazardly on the ground bonded together; there evolved the perfectly synchronized body; which ran, ate, slept, wept, in splendid harmony,

When all pieces of stray and incongruous stones bonded together; there evolved the imposing structure of the building; which wholesomely catered to the life of thousands of individuals,

When all the small fish in the sea bonded together; there evolved a battalion of unsurpassable tenacity; easily capable of defeating the most gargantuan of whale and shark,

When the shattered petals of different creepers bonded together; there evolved a flower with the most stupendous of scent,

When all the disheveled twigs lying desolate on the ground bonded together; there evolved a mighty bridge which didn't budge an inch even in the most vicious of

storm waters,

When all tribes existing in different part of the earth bonded together; there evolved a land with no bloodshed; and laden with immortal bliss,

When varied colors existing under the Sun bonded together; there evolved a single color; that was virtually impossible to dissipate by any attack,

When all words and languages spread far and distant across the periphery of the Universe bonded together; there evolved the language of compassion; which was the richest of all,

When all minds existing on this globe bonded together; there evolved the best ideas ever imaginable; metamorphosing the continent into a paradise once again;
to unitedly live in,

When all countries bifurcated into bits and pieces bonded together; there evolved an astronomical superpower utterly invincible,

When all religions prevalent across the world bonded together; there evolved the divine religion of humanity,

When Man and Woman created by God bonded together; there came into existence the entire planet; and the world what we so profoundly admire today,

And when two hearts throbbing violently bonded together; there evolved a mountain of passionate romance; a formidable fortress of love and care; that even God found difficult to conquer and prevented others from doing so.

Nikhil Parekh

When We Fell In Love

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her eyes was profoundly compassionate innocence; whilst at the same time all that she saw in mine; was nothing else but the umpteenth reflections of palaces brilliantly lit in lamps of gold,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her lips was wondrously unbridled passion; whilst at the same time all that she unthinkably saw in mine; was nothing else but the remnants of the unfathomably costly royal fruit sticking to its nimble contours,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her palms was every infinitesimal line of my destiny; whilst at the same time all that she licentiously saw in mine; was nothing else but the royal triangles/squares/islands of infinite wealth; prosperity and fame,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her feet was intrinsically poignant and intricate wrinkles of adventure; whilst at the same time all that she tawdrily saw in mine; was nothing else but the golden dust adhering to the soles; which I'd inadvertently carried from my treasuries of gold,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her belly was the ultimate shivers of unparalleled seduction; whilst at the same time all that she flagrantly saw in mine; was nothing else but the aristocratic paste and beads of sandalwood that rose and fell with each of my breath,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her voice was an unbelievably enamoring melody of friendliness; whilst at the same time all that she diabolically saw in mine; was nothing else but the boundless number of places I divulged; wherein I'd invested each penny of my wealth,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her nape was invincibly ameliorating beads sensuality; whilst at the same time all that she carnivorously saw in mine; was nothing else but the unimaginable number of chains of pure diamond; emerald and shimmering silver,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her hair was bountifully silken webs of insatiable magic; whilst at the same time all that she lividly saw in mine; was nothing else but the unconquerably diamond studded crown; fervently alluring every organism alike,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her shoulders was innumerable vignettes of the different inscrutable shades of life; whilst at the same time all that she beguilingly saw in mine; was nothing else but the royal cloak of 'His Majesty'; that people had learnt to spuriously bow to,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her ears was a gorge of infallibly priceless sensitivity; whilst at the same time all that she treacherously saw in mine; was nothing else but the countless earrings of princely pearl; that had been so fondly draped upon me by the civilizations under my rule,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her brain was unceasingly intriguing whirlpools of voluptuous fantasy; whilst at the same time all that she salaciously saw in mine; was nothing else but the dynamic visions I harbored to forever survive as the richest man on earth divine,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her flesh was the uncanny way in which it spell-bindingly retracted upon the nimblest of my caress; whilst at the same time all that she parasitically saw in mine; was nothing else but the world's costliest ornaments incorrigibly clinging and clanging all the time,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her fingers was a sky of fathomlessly untainted artistry; whilst at the same time all that she deplorably saw in mine; was nothing else but my signature which adroitly flowed; upon each blank space of the bank and unlimited checkbook,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her forehead was the symbiotic divinity of Omnipotent creation; whilst at the same time all that she wretchedly saw in mine; was nothing else but the birthmark of being the richest; as it was visible to all on the planet except my very own impoverished self,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her underarms was an undefeated ocean of triumphant sweat; whilst at the same time all that she frigidly saw in mine; was nothing else but the fragrance emanating from the best of branded designer and kingly perfumes,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her spine was perennially rekindling electricity; whilst at the same time all that she rapaciously saw in mine; was nothing else but the undyingly glittering and star studded throne; upon which it leaned for countless a lifetime,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her blood was the fire of insuperably united existence; whilst at the same time all that she bizarrely saw in mine; was nothing else but blue blooded nobility; which inexhaustibly circulated through a network of aristocratic veins,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her breath was an inferno of longing that existed even after death; whilst at the same time all that she pathetically saw in mine; was nothing else but the domineering status and authority; to which millions in my kingdom danced all night and day,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her heart was the absolute pinnacle of Immortally celestial love; whilst at the same time all that she sadistically saw in mine; was nothing else but the unimaginable fortune I'd shower solely upon her; in my perpetual state of being an emotional fool.

Nikhil Parekh

When We Fell In Love - Part 2

It was a day; when even the most pathetically blowing and orphaned winds;
seemed like compassionately glorious tornado's of unending excitement,

It was a day; when even the most insidiously ghastly gutters; seemed like the
voluptuously blossoming roses; of unbelievably unsurpassable exhilaration,

It was a day; when even the most lackadaisically morbid of stones; seemed to be
bouncing in vivacious freshness; towards the fathomlessly crimson carpets of
brilliant sky,

It was a day; when even the most despairingly gloomy dungeons; seemed like
the blazingly scintillating and fragrant walls; of eternal paradise,

It was a day; when even the most frigidly frozen avalanches of brutal ice;
seemed like majestically compassionate fireballs of handsomely comforting light,

It was a day; when even the most maniacal bouts of inexplicable frustration;
seemed like rhapsodically jubilant and poignant happiness,

It was a day; when even the most torrentially bombing cloudbursts of insanity;
seemed like a gregariously innocuous towel of ever-pervading humanity,

It was a day; when even the most despondently despicable of failures; seemed
like irrefutably triumphant winds of a flamboyantly indomitable victory,

It was a day; when even the most painstaking boring and invidious hours of the
acrimoniously sweltering day; seemed like the most exuberantly gorgeous
moments
of princely existence,

It was a day; when even the most horrendously distorted faces of ungainly
disdain; seemed like a grandiloquently seductive princess; philandering
ebulliently in the aisles of unprecedented desire,

It was a day; when even the most perilously baffling enigmas of salaciously
uncouth survival; seemed to be the most dexterously rhetoric solutions;
wholesomely
metamorphosing the complexion of sordidly dull mankind,

It was a day; when even the most acerbically intolerable of gory maladies;
seemed like unassailable panacea's to holistically uplift; all tyrannically divested
and crippling mankind,

It was a day; when even the most horrifically disgusting maelstrom of blatant
lies; seemed to be like the marvelously Omnipresent sword of unconquerable
truth,

It was a day; when even the most conventionally lambasting fraternity of the
turgidly manipulative society; seemed like enchantingly magnanimous patrons
of; insatiably intrepid artistry,

It was a day; when even the most irascibly coldblooded monsters
indiscriminately pulverizing around; seemed like poignantly mesmerizing angels;
having just
descended from the sky,

It was a day; when even the most diabolically austere predictions of an
unwanted catastrophe; seemed like an unsurpassable showering of blessings
from the lap
of the Creator Divine,

It was a day; when even the most lugubriously dithering and delinquent snails;
seemed like ecstatically galloping martyrs of vividly enamoring patriotism,

It was a day; when even the most perfidiously obnoxious anecdotes of betrayal;
seemed like perennial entrenchments of blissfully emphatic sharing and
relationships,

It was a day; when even the most sullenly withering and mutilated bones;
seemed like vivaciously resplendent colors of the heavenly rainbow; amidst the
flamingly mystical beams of cloud and Sun,

It was a day; when even the most sardonically ghastly vials of lethally
devastating poison; seemed like profusely chivalrous and mouthwatering bars of
supreme
chocolate,

It was a day; when even the most brutally shattered and rusty glass; seemed
like the most splendidly gorgeous portrayal of harmoniously opalescent mankind,

It was a day; when even the most stonily disastrous and vindictively remorseful corpses; seemed like an incomprehensibly piquant valley of pricelessly aristocratic life,

It was a day; when even the most barbarically penalizing destiny; seemed like the most invincibly ultimate endowments from the Lord divine,

O! Yes it was unequivocally the most beautifully fragrant day of our lives; it was a day when we first came to know each other only to unite as an impregnable spirit for infinite more births yet to come; it was a day when even the most belligerent of badness had transformed into the vital elixir of life for us; O! yes it was a day when we had fallen passionately in love.

Nikhil Parekh

When We Had First Fallen In Love

It was irrevocably impossible for me to capture time; as it indefatigably tick-tocked and unstoppably unfurled into profound virility,
But the pricelessly mesmerizing moments when we had first met; would forever remain in my invincible grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was unsurpassably impossible for me to capture time; at it relentlessly tick-tocked and tirelessly unfurled into magical newness,
But the divinely immaculate moments when we had first flirted around pristinely enchanting foliage; would forever remain in my unassailable grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was irretrievably impossible for me to capture time; as it intransigently tick-tocked and inexhaustibly unfurled into resplendent freshness,
But the tantalizingly blissful moments when we had first stared into each other's eyes; would forever remain in my insuperable grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was imperceptibly impossible for me to capture time; as it intractably tick-tocked and continuously unfurled into inexplicable uncanniness,
But the wonderfully magnetic moments when we had first inhaled the fragrance of our passionate sweat; would forever remain in my undaunted grip; for not only this
birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was immutably impossible for me to capture time; as it stubbornly tick-tocked and limitlessly unfurled into brilliantly blessing day and voluptuously star-studded night,
But the majestically vivacious moments when we had first danced in the untamed rain; would forever remain in my intrepid grip; for not only this birth but an
infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was unbelievably impossible for me to capture time; as it punctiliously tick-tocked and beautifully unfurled into a cistern of unparalleled charisma,
But the stupendously exultating moments when we had first hidden ourselves into clandestine darkness far away from the boundaries of this tyrannically turgid society; would forever remain in my unshakable grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was unfathomably impossible for me to capture time; as it infallibly tick-tocked and unceasingly unfurled into a cloud of inimitably silken enchantment,
But the triumphantly unfettered moments when we had first uninhibitedly announced our relationship to the outside planet; would forever remain in my unbreakable

grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.
It was insurmountably impossible for me to capture time; as it immeasurably tick-tocked and unendingly unfurled into infernos of boundlessly unhindered compassion,

But the surreally sensuous moments when we had first invincibly embraced each other; would forever remain in my peerless grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was unprecedentedly impossible for me to capture time; as it timelessly tick-tocked and endlessly unfurled into the true spirit of magnificently effulgent existence,

But the impregnably heavenly moments when we had first interlocked our ardent breaths with each other; would forever remain in my unconquerable grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

And it was unthinkable impossible for me to capture time; as it intractably tick-tocked and perennially unfurled into the benign goodness of the Omnipotent Lord's divine,

But the immortally untainted moments when we had first fallen into the skies of Omnipresent love; would forever remain in my unalterable grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

Nikhil Parekh

When We Talk About Love

When we talk about the fiery body of sun; its magnanimous stature in the sky,

The cardinal thing that inundates our mind; is its dazzling shine; and the blistering rays that emanate indefatigably throughout the day.

When we talk about the placid persona of lake; the plethora of ripples embodied on its surface,

The salient thing that floods our mind; is the boats floating on it; the conglomerate of resplendent fish beneath its surface.

When we talk about the blossoming flowers in the garden; the wild stalks of grass circumventing them,

The chief thing that deluges our mind; is the fragrance that perennially wafts from them; the sweet nectar incarcerated in their core.

When we talk about the colossal desert; the sweltering heat permeating the ambience like dagger heads of acrimonious steel,

The conspicuous thing that overwhelms our mind; is the astronomical amounts of slippery sand; the hunchbacked camels traversing through its territory.

When we talk about the steep mountains; gigantic streams of water plummeting down their slopes,

The remarkable thing that imprisons our mind; is its summits standing abreast the clouds; the melodious gurgling sounds of liquid cascading down towards the ground.

When we talk about the tenacious wind; turbulent draughts of breeze sweeping the periphery of earth,

The prominent thing that encapsulates our mind; is rustling of the tree leaves; the loose granules of mud which fly incoherently in air.

When we talk about the preposterously huge whales; their monstrous pair of teeth which pulverize humans to chowder,

The main thing that engulfs our mind; is swirling waves of the majestic ocean; the animated aquatic life inhabiting the fathomless waters.

When we talk about the diminutive mosquito; its proliferation in pools of fetid water,

The profound thing that envelops our mind; is incessant sounds of cacophonous buzzing; the animosity in sting which painstakingly infiltrates in our flesh.

When we talk about gargantuan slices of cheese; the rich and sumptuous odor diffusing from the same,
The supreme thing that strangulates our mind; is the sacrosanct cow yielding immaculate milk; the delicious taste it would impart when we revolve it in our mouth.

And when we talk about true love; the blissful aftermath of falling in romance,
The first thing that inevitably pierces our mind; is the mesmerizing image of our beloved; the celestial reflections of her dainty feet.

Nikhil Parekh

When You Breathed

When you smiled; it seemed that a million lotuses fell on the parched territory of earth,

When you cried; the waves in the ocean clashed flirtatiously with the blazing chain of rocks,

When you sang; the birds in the jungle forgot to chirp and a celestial silence descended all over,

When you ate; the most abhorrent appearing logs of charcoal seemed like golden nectar,

When you wrote; the most nonchalant of literature seemed like a string of shimmering pearls,

When you danced; all gods in heaven gathered to watch in stunned silence,

When you yawned; there seemed to be a valley of eternal bliss right down your throat,

When you were naughty; it seemed as if the most heinous of criminals around you were small children,

When you perspired; it seemed as if the melody in your aroma pacified the most tumultuous of turmoil,

When you winked; it seemed as if springs of white froth gushed down the pristine slopes in lazy tandem,

When you walked; it seemed as if a cluster of fairies had fallen from the sky to permanently inhabit the earth,

When you slept; it seemed that the most glittering of gold was showered unrelentingly from the cosmos,

When you bathed; it seemed as if shriveled and decayed beauty in this world had taken a new birth,

When you shivered; it seemed as if the mesmerizing night had forgotten to

unveil into the sweltering day,

When you sneezed; it seemed as if lost charm and exuberance flooded back into the atmosphere,

When you blushed; it seemed as if silver bolts of lightening plummeted from the sky igniting multiple fires even in frozen water,

When you screamed; it seemed as if the profoundly gloomy ambience exploded in fury; to illuminate the blackness,

When you stared; it seemed that all the uncouth and barbaric activities were replaced by unparalleled innocence and empathy,

And when you breathed; I felt that I was re-born; and as each breath of yours caressed my skin; I felt myself more and more entangled in the bonds of your romance.

Nikhil Parekh

When You Came Into My Life

I was just a dead cubicle of ice hanging from the mountains; on the verge of breaking, with every passing draught of wind,
It was only when you came into my life; that I became a sparkling river; flowing boisterously down your slopes.

I was just a lifeless stone waiting to be kicked by the society on the road, staring hopelessly as swanky cars uncouthly trampled me with their wheels,
It was only when you came into my life; that I became a blossoming lotus; spreading my essence far and wide.

I was just a piece of garbage stashed miserably in some inconspicuous corner of the dungeon; nestled far away from the corridors of sunshine,
It was only when you came into my life; that I rose from the ashes; encompassed all tangible and intangible; in the swirl of my passionate flames.

I was just a bottle full of tears lying on the gloomy window sill; increasing in volume; as each second unfurled into a wholesome minute,
It was just when you came into my life; that I became the largest smile; imparting unprecedented happiness to whomsoever I encountered.

I was just a torn rag engulfed with dust hanging from the strings; with the holes in my body getting deeper every dawn,
It was just when you came into my life; that I became a pearl illuminating the darkness with my profound light.

I was just a worm traversing for mercy on the ground; taking shelter like a coward in the earth's belly,
It was only when you came into my life; that I became a splendid bird; flew with rapid strides across the cosmos; breathing pure exhilaration from my beak.

I was just an impoverished leper begging incessantly on the streets; with the pangs of hunger reverberating in my stomach not being satisfied by the most delectable of meal,
It was only when you came into my life; that I became a king; and my heart throbbed violently with richness of your love.

I was just a commodity wandering around without any entity; with different people I met addressing me by different names,
It was only when you came into my life; that I made my impact felt; punctuated

all sadness existing around me; with brilliant rays of hope.

And I was just a lifeless body entrenched in the coffin; simply inhaling air as I didn't have the power to die; the power to close my eyes,
It was only when you came into my life; that I got a purpose to live; felt like I was just born; felt like on the pinnacle of the sky.

Nikhil Parekh

When You Were There By My Side

When I was gruesomely lonely; overwhelmingly enshrouded by mists of perpetual solitude from all sides; I felt as if sinking more profusely beneath my grave; as
the minutes rapidly unveiled,
However I sprang up with tumultuous exhilaration to lead life; profoundly staring and mesmerized by the impeccable whites of your eye; when you were there by my side.

When I was perennially devastated; viciously besieged with lackadaisical walls of ghastly boredom; I felt as if diabolical daggerheads of depression were sapping every ounce of energy from my senses,
However I leaped ebulliently towards the bountifully voluptuous carpet of sky; ravishingly caressing and compassionately relishing the divinely warmth in your palms; when you were there by my side.

When I was loitering aimlessly on cold ground; pugnaciously relinquishing even the tiniest of desire to holistically survive; I felt as if every entity in the planet outside was nothing; but an uncouthly blood sucking parasite,
However I gallivanted in the aisles of vibrantly untamed desire; profusely mesmerized and supremely blending with the enamoring melody in your voice; when you were there by my side.

When I was staggering in the corridors of disdainfully despicable depression; intransigently weeping even as the globe blossomed into marvelous newness outside; I felt as if a painstakingly mammoth mountain of guilt was brutally excoriating my flesh with swords of satanic diabolism,
However I enlightened every path I trespassed on with fireballs of insatiable hope; passionately nibbling your neck and uxoriously coalescing with your volatile senses; when you were there by my side.

When I was perched without a penny in my penurious pockets on the austere acrimonious mountaintops; ferocious rays of blazing Sun gorily exacerbating the famished agony in the dormitories of my nimble stomach; I felt like an inconspicuously non-existent mosquito; being tyrannically lambasted by the devil,

However I raced immutably towards the most handsomely spell binding of victory; flirting mischievously with your heavenly earlobes and pecking your Omnipotent
cheeks; when you were there by my side.

When I was slithering languidly on freezing ice; worthlessly counting the incomprehensible number of stars in fathomless cosmos; I felt as if an unsurpassable fleet of savage sharks; were sucking every iota of my enthusiasm,

However I escalated above the walls of blissful eternity; as I held my ears astoundingly close to your tantalizing belly and tickling your ravishing ribs; when you were there by my side.

When I was tossing restlessly in the morbidly remorseful dungeons; voraciously scratching the stinking walls in an attempt to expend my Herculean energy; I felt as if the Universe had ignominiously castigated me for ostensibly no fault of mine; shunning me in entirety till my veritable death,
However I exuberantly galloped to metamorphose each of my philanthropic dreams into reality; bending in due obeisance at your godly feet and clasping your fingers tight; when you were there by my side.

When I was miserably incarcerated behind ominously gleaming bars of the hostile prison; an unfathomable battalion of irascible termites greedily slavering on my innocuous flesh; I felt treacherously weak and dying a countless deaths; even though life was still mine,
However I irrefutably waded past the glorious flags of patriotic victory; incessantly admiring and magnificently transposing with your sagaciously philanthropic philosophies; when you were there by my side.

And when I was ruthlessly unemployed; with every quarter of this murderously conventional society spitting upon me the frustrations of their bedraggled day; I felt as if time had come to a standstill; as I hopelessly bid the world a tearfully defeated goodbye,
However I continued to exist as the richest man alive for infinite more births of mine; immortally bonding with your Omnipresent heart; benevolent blood; and majestically unassailable breath; when you were there by my side.

Nikhil Parekh

Where Did All Your Devotion Go?

You unnervingly proclaim yourself to be a timelessly unflinching devotee of the Omnipotently endowing Lord Almighty; one of the most profoundly dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your sincere devotion go; when you lambasted a volley of unsavory abuse upon the flagrantly crippled dog; who came in front of your uncontrollably speeding car from suddenly out of the blue; and out of wisps of sheer nothingness?

You vociferously proclaim yourself to be a beautifully infallible devotee of the Unconquerably emollient Lord Almighty; one of the most ardently dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your limitless devotion go; when you ordered another of your fellow living kind to maniacally clean the dirt from your vividly grotesque floor; ignominiously lick his way till eternity; so that the interiors of your sanctimonious abode shone till infinite infinity?

You unstoppably proclaim yourself to be an indomitably embracing devotee of the Perpetually Blazing Lord Almighty; one of the most unflinchingly dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your Herculean devotion go; when you indefatigably laughed the very last ribs of your body out; at witnessing the unfortunately lame man crawling at pace slower on earth; than the most parsimoniously measly white ant?

You untiringly proclaim yourself to be a boundlessly committed devotee of the Omnipresently Effulgent Lord Almighty; one of the most altruistically dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your unbelievable devotion go; when you tirelessly washed each spuriously sulking bone of your persona with boundless gallons of impeccable milk; while the pricelessly new born infant cried loud and stringent in your ears?

You inexhaustibly proclaim yourself to be an eternally passionate devotee of the Insuperably glorious Lord Almighty; one of the most symbiotically dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your fructifying devotion go; when you indiscriminately pulverized innumerable holistic living beings under the wheels of your royally crimson Mercedes; wholesomely drenched in the obnoxiously tawdry stench of blasphemous vixen and wine?

You unlimitedly proclaim yourself to be an inseparably brilliant devotee of the
Pristinely Unfettered Lord Almighty; one of the most unendingly dedicated of his
countless disciples,
Then where did all your beautiful devotion go; when you acrimoniously ostracized
people suffering from HIV/AIDS from the fabric of normal society; ran at a speed
faster than white lightning; when you came to know that the person sitting next
to you was afflicted with the ghastly disease?

You ceaselessly proclaim yourself to be a cardinally inextricable devotee of the
Bountifully blessing Lord Almighty; one of the most endlessly dedicated of his
countless disciples,
Then where did all your triumphant devotion go; when you insanely divided
and brutally circumscribed the entire planet into corpses of caste; creed; religion
and kind; the very same planet which the Creator had perennially created as a
celestially united paradise?

You inexorably proclaim yourself to be an unbelievably fervent devotee of the
Spell bindingly proliferating Lord Almighty; one of the most innocuously
dedicated of his countless disciples,
Then where did all your earnest devotion go; when you criminally traded the
sacrosanct skins of your mothers; daughters; sisters; fellow beings; just for the
sake of treacherously asphyxiated and forlornly lifeless currency coins?

You insurmountably proclaim yourself to be an unshakably inimitable devotee
of the Omnisciently ubiquitous Lord Almighty; one of the most undeteringly
dedicated of his countless disciples,
Then where did all your priestly devotion go; when you considered your wife
to be simply a worthlessly child bearing sac; ruthlessly incarcerating her blissful
freedom; within the four walls of your chauvinistically perverted house?

You proudly proclaim yourself to be an incessantly worshipping devotee of the
Unassailably Majestic Lord Almighty; one of the most impeccably dedicated of his
countless disciples,
Then where did all your unimpeachable devotion go; when you deliberately
committed immeasurable deeds of crime; lechery; sadism; devilishness; when
you blurted an indescribable flurry of egregious lies in his name; just to
save your skin from the Sun of Truth?

You ecstatically proclaim yourself to be an exuberantly artistic devotee of
the Fearlessly Invincible Lord Almighty; one of the most holistically dedicated of
his countless disciples,

Then where did all your mesmerizing devotion go; when you illegitimately rose to the throne of ostentatiously decrepit success; laid the foundations of your ghoulishly massacring kingdom on the blood of fathomless innocent; nimble and pious; charring them to death alive?

And you uninhibitedly proclaim yourself to be an incomparably compassionate devotee of the Victoriously Blessing Lord Almighty; one of the most peerlessly dedicated of his countless disciples,

Then where did all your poignant devotion go; when you mercilessly abandoned the truest love of your life in the most disdainfully obfuscated of trash cans; violently embarked upon your devastating mission of metamorphosing the entire planet into a mortuary of betrayal; death venomous lies; satanically suffocating countless innocent human kind under your bigotically gluttonous and parasitically meaningless might?

Nikhil Parekh

Where On Earth Can I Find

Where on earth can I find a lotus flower; without the slightest of redolence,

Where on earth can I find an olive green coconut; without sweet kernel water,

Where on earth can I find an ocean; without majestically swirling waves of saline solvent,

Where on earth can I find a fleet of fat sheep; without infinite tufts of flocculent wool,

Where on earth can I find a royal horse gallivanting through the fields; without triangular shaped copper hooves,

Where on earth can I find a hooded reptile slithering through the dense forest; without lethal embodiments of poison,

Where on earth can I find a bundle of immaculate cotton; without profuse traces of softness,

Where on earth can I find an iridescent diamond; without a profoundly scintillating shine,

Where on earth can I find a stick of green chili; without a tangy and piquant flavor,

Where on earth can I find an infant; without obstreperously emanating cries,

Where on earth can I find granules of pulverized sugar; without traces of lingering sweetness,

Where on earth can I find a bird soaring high in the silken clouds; without tapered pairs of wings,

Where on earth can I find an innocuous squirrel; without a long and bushy tail,

Where on earth can I find a fulminating volcano; without producing tumultuous amounts of heat,

Where on earth can I find a mammoth elephant; without flamboyant protrusions

of wild tusks,

Where on earth can I find a rainbow in the firmament of sky; without vivacious streaks of vivid color,

Where on earth can I find an animate soul transgressing; without inhaling gallons of fresh air,

Where on earth can I find a mother; without empathy for her newly born child,

Where on earth can I find god; without a philanthropic disposition towards his disciples,

And where on earth can I find a family; which hasn't experienced the slightest of affliction; a family whose every single ancestor is yet breathing and alive?

Nikhil Parekh

Where There Is Love

Where there is bountiful grass; sprawling meadows of leafy foliage,
There roam about rustic cattle and goat; painstakingly chewing the cud; relishing
the appetizing meal.

Where there is superfluous water; rambunctious streams of crystal liquid,
There reside sweet and succulent fish; bathing incessantly in the splashing
currents; procreating several of their kind.

Where there is a nest of enmeshed twigs; fortified with slender sticks of
intricate wood and thorn,
There lives the protuberant sac bird; which pacifies its gluttony devouring
insects; lays eggs diligently with the passing seasons.

Where there is fetid sewage floating in gutter water; a conglomerate of
dilapidated debris loosely strewn about,
There lives the disdainful cockroach; spreading a host of deadly infection and
disease.

Where there is the colossal mountain with jagged slopes; a battalion of
deciduous trees projecting rampantly in tandem,
There lives the grizzly bear which dexterously glides through darkened
tunnels; along with tones of silver snow.

Where there is slippery sand on the beach; blended with multiple cocoons of
hollow space,
There lives the gray bodied venomous crab; flexing its noxious tentacles
intermittently; to sting innocuous flesh.

Where there is a jugglery of boiled sweets lying orphan on the floor; with a
tantalizing aroma wafting in the air,
There lives the red ant in infinite scores; hungrily crunching its meal;
pulverizing it to finely chiseled soft powder.

Where there is the honey combed hive sighted at unprecedented heights from
the
ground; adhering compactly to the building wall,
There lives the honeybee boisterously oozing honey from its body; blending
superbly with the golden color.

Where there is overwhelming poverty; an atmosphere of bedraggled misery
compounded with heaps of tribulation,
There live nefarious hoodlums; driven by the fervent urge to steal; due to
scarcity of funds and fodder.
Where there is darkness camouflaged with pallid gloom; the ambience
punctuated
with mystical myths,
There lives baseless fear; individuals who unwittingly shirk away from society.

And where there is perennial love; philanthropic attitude to embrace the
afflicted with thorough equanimity,
There lives god and there also lives life; ripening every unleashing minute;
creating humans impregnated with immortal bliss.

Nikhil Parekh

Where There Is No Love

Where there is no honesty; there is simply not an infinitesimal iota of prosperity; with even the most mightiest of civilizations; disdainfully squelching like a pack of frigid cards; to have a taste of forlornly threadbare dust,

Where there is no compassion; there is simply not a capricious whisker of solidarity; with the most formidably invincible of organisms; sinking infinite feet beneath their sordidly ghastly graves,

Where there is no faith; there is simply not a dolorously minuscule fraction of strength; with even the most unfathomably unconquerable army of scintillating patriots; obnoxiously pulverized to the last bone of their worthless spine,

Where there is no commitment; there is simply not a remote insinuation of success; with even the most fathomlessly rich and bountifully abundant; ludicrously abnegating every iota of their spurious wealth,

Where there is no simplicity; there is simply not a diminutive inch of bloom; with even the most fragrantly robust of humans; murderously prying for each other's throats,

Where there is no freedom; there is simply not an inconspicuously infidel centimeter of growth; with even the most vivaciously bouncing living beings miserably sweating in premature cacophony; towards their morbidly demonic graveyards,

Where there is no innocence; there is simply not an obscurely orphaned chunk of artistry; with even the most eclectically talented of individuals; horrendously rotting in realms of ghastly manipulation; for centuries unprecedented,

Where there is no color; there is simply not an parsimoniously obfuscated haze of beauty; with even the most panoramically vivid sceneries; haplessly extinguishing into the dormitories of gruesomely obsolete wilderness,

Where there is no ardor; there is simply not a whimsically tiny speck of ambition; with even the most flamboyantly dynamic fortresses of power; blowing into ridiculous nothingness at a stray mouthful of nimble wind,

Where there is no closeness; there is not a pallidly mercurial space of shelter; with even the most boundlessly gigantic and grandiloquent of castles; uncouthly

freezing you to; grotesque carcasses beyond recognition,

Where there is no will; there is simply not an inordinately tiny bit of enthusiasm; with even the most overwhelmingly dazzling beams of dynamism; lividly coalescing with the gory waters of the treacherous gutters,

Where there is no mankind; there is simply not a meaninglessly little vial of divinity; with even the most fervently praying fickle minded devotees; being austere penalized at every step that they trespassed,

Where there is no newness; there is simply not a pathetically neglected hint of evolution; with even the most prolifically proliferating organisms; despondently stagnating in brutal dungeons of despairingly nonchalant misery,

Where there is no patriotism; there is simply not a whimsically insensitive impression of triumph; with even the most indomitably well equipped of soldiers; inevitably shaking hands with preposterously laughable defeat,

Where there is no melody; there is simply not a decipherably stingy blade of sweetness; with the most exhilaratingly entertaining of idols; diabolically failing to impress even the fleeting shadows scattered scraggily around,

Where there is no spirit; there is simply not an ungainly obscured trace of charisma; with even the most inherently inborn of magnetic personalities; savagely evaporating into lackadaisically lackluster wisps of smoke,

Where there is no transparency; there is simply not a baselessly non-existent tip of conscience; with even the most unfathomably impregnable of living beings; eventually crucifying themselves under a tornado of guilt and salacious lies,

Where there is no yearning; there is simply not a remotely abominable puff of breath; with even the most indefatigably inhaling nostrils; being ruthlessly asphyxiated into dormitories; of barbarically strangulated submission,

And where there is no love; there is simply not a worthlessly negligible wind of life; with even the most passionately palpitating and perpetual beats of the heart; demonically incarcerating you in the prison of viciously vindictive dullness and death.

Nikhil Parekh

Where Were You?

Where were you when I was relentlessly slithering on freezing ground;
rapaciously fantasizing about your voluptuously silken hair?

Where were you when I eclectically sketched you in a countless shapes and
exuberant forms; envisaging you to be the most sensuously untamed female on
this colossal planet?

Where were you when I lunatically chatted with barren space for times
immemorial; insatiably wishing that my compassionately quavering voice;
reached you through thin air?

Where were you when I was tyrannically being drowned by the monstrously
cyclonic sea wave; perceiving nothing else but your magically effervescent smile;
even as preposterously diabolical sharks and water; haplessly sunk me down?

Where were you when I desperately needed fathomless skies of conviction; when
I fervently desired nothing else but your invincibly humanitarian embrace; in my
times of gruesomely bizarre dereliction?

Where were you when each devastatingly emaciated pore of my flesh;
uncontrollably sought for nothing else but your; tantalizingly ingratiating caress?

Where were you when I spent each unfurling second of the day; enigmatically
inscribing your name on every wall of my house and my ecstatically
reverberating heart?

Where were you when I euphorically penned boundless lines of perpetual poetry
on your brilliantly magnanimous grace; sporadically wailing as I unstoppably
craved for your mischievously uninhibited laughter?

Where were you when I was being truculently whipped by the indiscriminately
unforgiving and iconoclastically orthodox society; and every tear oozing from my
eye; engulfed profusely with nothing else but your immaculately divine soul?

Where were you when I was shivering even beneath the most opulently
flocculent of quilts; as every cranny of my countenance unsurpassably yearned
for nothing else; but your Omnipotently miraculous warmth?

Where were you when I frantically wandered for a countless days on the frigidly

dusty streets; fanatically searching for your Omnisciently magical essence without even knowing an alphabet from your heavenly name?

Where were you when I wholesomely surrendered my impoverished form to the satanic lions of the jungle; acquitting my form of all beautiful life; without your majestically benign fragrance?

Where were you when I deliriously screamed for help towards the enchantingly endless sky; hopelessly unable to sight your lusciously venerated lips; even in the most flamboyantly dazzling light of the afternoon?

Where were you when I unfurled like a vivacious peacock into the aisles of unceasingly vibrant desire; with even the most infinitesimal ingredient of my blood unlimitedly wanting to dedicate itself to your divinely form?

Where were you when I disconsolately wept like a new-born infant for ostensibly no reason or rhyme; inexplicably missing your congenitally blessing rhythm; in even the most evanescent puff of air that I inhaled?

Where were you when I zealously tried to stop every unraveling second on the dials of my luminescent watch; wanting every fraction of the planet to come to an absolute standstill; and only you to reign unassailably supreme?

Where were you when I inexhaustibly fantasized about you in my every dream; when the whites and black's of my eye garnished no other image; except your insuperably queenly form?

Where were you when I about to abdicate my very last breath at the impromptu command of the Omnipresent Lord; when the last wish that I breathed from my nostrils was to hear your mellifluously eternal voice?

Where were you when I timelessly proposed my immortal love for you; limitlessly wanted to propound the condition of my passionately enslaved heart in front of your indomitably fearless grace?

And where were you when I was getting Married to a complete alien on this earth; just to fulfill the last wish of my dying mother; as there was not the most diminutive trace of you in front of her weary eyes; and all that she wanted to see before she died; was me in bonded in perennially connubial bliss and blithe.

Nikhil Parekh

Whetting Appetite For Love

In order to whet appetite for food; all that was required was the tantalizing scent of heavenly corn,

In order to whet appetite for the morning; all that was required was; the boisterously bubbly chirp of the melodious cuckoo,

In order to whet appetite for beauty; all that was required was; ravishingly seductive breeze; which transited you into an indefinite stupor above the clouds,

In order to whet appetite for fantasy; all that was required was; a fabulously gorgeous valley inundated with fireballs of mystical enchantment,

In order to whet appetite for farming; all that was required was fathomless acres of ravenously pristine soil; a rhapsodic festoon of clouds deluging the horizons with stupendous mysticism,

In order to whet appetite for adventure; all that was required was; boundless kilometers of undulating terrain; the insatiably titillating waves of the poignantly gorgeous ocean,

In order to whet appetite for a kiss; all that was required was; celestially divine contours of voluptuous lips; pursing themselves ardently in the heart of the charismatic night,

In order to whet appetite for childhood; all that was required was; the irrefutably sacrosanct mother; incredulously igniting the innocuously frolicking child in your monotonously commercial eyes,

In order to whet appetite for study; all that was required was; an unparalleled ambition which had nowhere else; but the ingratiatingly mesmerizing corridors of paradise to go,

In order to whet appetite for mysticism; all that was required was; an unfathomable myriad of alluring destiny lines; that unveiled tumultuous enigma; at every encounter with pragmatic life,

In order to whet appetite for cleanliness; all that was required was; the insurmountably rejuvenating sheet of silken stars; a harmoniously captivating waterfall; handsomely culminating into vivacious froth; after clashing against the

wonderful rocks,

In order to whet appetite for artistry; all that was required was the innermost catharsis of the majestic soul; an exuberantly enthralling backdrop of scarlet roses amidst the skies,

In order to whet appetite for galloping; all that was required was; an uninterrupted race track stretching into spell binding wilderness; a royal horse compassionately neighing to be set free,

In order to whet appetite for mischief; all that was required was a fantastically emulating chimpanzee; bouncing in the aisles of free flowing fantasy and surreptitious foliage,

In order to whet appetite for marketing; all that was required was; an insurmountably exciting challenge; a market commensurately disseminated with customers of every fraternity; customers of every kind,

In order to whet appetite for romancing; all that was required was; poignant winds of perpetual stillness; a philanthropically commiserating partner of your choice,

In order to whet appetite for friendship; all that was required was; a magnanimously sharing conscience; a mate to lean upon symbiotically at all times,

In order to whet appetite for war; all that was required was a preposterously treacherous enemy; an unprecedented urge to do or die; for alleviating mankind,

And in order to whet appetite for love; all that was required was a turbulently throbbing heart; and its immortal ocean of everlasting beats; which for infinite births kept you breathing with the divine; and supremely alive.

Nikhil Parekh

While Passing By Her House

While philandering through the bustling traffic streets; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was obnoxious clouds of derogatory smoke rising in the air,

While strolling past the sea shore; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was swirling waves breaking down into infinite granules of froth after striking the rocks,

While gallivanting on a horse through the meandering mountain lanes; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was unsurpassable depth of the panoramic valley,

While ambling languidly through a lush green cricket field; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was an ensemble of polished stumps well embedded in the ground,

While trespassing through the vivacious circus grounds; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was garishly attired ludicrous clowns,

While walking gingerly on a frayed rope; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was the tall board fluttering high and highlighting finish,

While soaring at astronomical heights from the ground in an airplane; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was the boundless expanse of misty white clouds,

While penning down intricate lines of literature; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was a table of sparkling mahogany wood on which were placed the bulky sheaf of paper,

While swimming underwater with an assemblage of opalescent green permeating into my eyes; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was the preposterously huge shark gliding past at whisker lengths from my persona,

While clambering up the steep mountain; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was fiery body of sun profoundly illuminating the sky,

While sipping sizzling tea from the triangular shaped paper cup; the most

conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was the rustic brown liquid incarcerated within; in gay abandon,

While dangling from the elastic branches of a densely foliated tree; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was the catacombed hive; inhabited by the obstreperously humming bee,

While lying sprawled on a bed of pudgy and redolent grass; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was a blanket of mesmerizing stars scintillating vividly in the crystal clear sky,

While riding on a hunch backed camel tightly straddled to its sides; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was the blistering expanse of shimmering sands spreading almost till eternity,

While traversing up towards the 150th floor in a grandiloquent elevator; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was a impeccable panel of rotund buttons; with a jugglery of numerals embossed immaculately upon them,

While praying incessantly in front of the idol of the omniscient creator; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was an ingratiating aura lingering profusely around his sacrosanct forehead,

While vigorously kneading chunks of flaccid dough; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was pellucid bottles incorporated with appetizing recipes stashed neatly on the shelves,

While rolling voraciously in a pond of fetid manure; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was a fleet of pigs darting rampantly in my direction,

While wading through a tunnel engulfed by perennial darkness; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was diminutive beams of faint light flooding intermittently,

And while passing by her partially obfuscated house window panes; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was emphatic contours of her enamouring face; the stupendous beauty hidden well within her glistening eyes.

Nikhil Parekh

While Today

When she wasn't there in my life; my hands were just hands; painstakingly staggering in flagrant incoherence to engross themselves with the mundane activities of routine life,
While today; they artistically evolved a civilization of bountiful newness; sketching the unbelievable vividness of this colossal Universe even on barren bits of lackluster mud; as her magically unflinching body nestled on my chest

When she wasn't there in my life; my feet were just feet; vengefully cribbing to clamber even a single step; feeling like a fretfully unbearable mountain of stones and horrendously debilitating thorns,
While today; they euphorically surged past the ultimate epitomes of benign victory; triumphantly trampled even the most evanescent trace of evil on this planet; as her innocuously celestial eyes interlocked themselves impregnably with mine.

When she wasn't there in my life; my lips were just lips; inanely muttering lackadaisical monosyllables; to procure quintessential elements of life,
While today; they tirelessly sung the songs of everlastingly enchanting togetherness; majestically chanted the essence of Immortally spell binding love and camaraderie to the most fathomless quarters of this planet; as her altruistically humanitarian shadow; intrepidly circumscribed me from all sides.

When she wasn't there in my life; my blood was just blood; congenitally enriched with poignantly crimson shades of scarlet; but metamorphosing more and more rampantly into an amorphous coffin of tears; bearing the whiplash of the truculently conventional society,
While today; it became an untamed inferno of indomitable righteousness; invincibly towering above every other thing on this gigantic Universe; as the egalitarian fragrance of her impeccable soul; unassailably wafted into my conscience.

When she wasn't there in my life; my brain was just brain; insidiously indulging in all nefarious shortcuts to earn indispensable livelihood; wholesomely succumbing to the satanically bombarding devil,
While today; it spell bindingly fantasized to the most insuperably regal limits; beautifully assimilating every trace of humanity and goodness on this limitless globe; as her voluptuously enamoring hair surreally tantalized my naked nape.

When she wasn't there in my life; my eyes were just eyes; dreadfully sullen and morose every unfurling minute of the day; plunging themselves into a cadaverously obfuscated and disparagingly disoriented blur; with the unraveling of midnight,
While today; they vivaciously danced like the fireballs of immaculately untamed mischief; unceasingly flowed with empathy for all of my synergistic kind; as her Omnipotently mesmerizing voice conquered even the most emaciated pore of my senses.

When she wasn't there in my life; my flesh was just flesh; without even the most ethereally infidel of desire; disdainfully rotting like ghoulishly indescribable feces emanating from the pigs hindside,
While today; it incredulously catapulted beyond the walls of seventh heaven and paradise at the crack of tantalizing dawn; as her seductively rubicund fingers; traced very last impoverished bone down my spine.

When she wasn't there in my life; my ears were just ears; abjectly numbing themselves in sadness and profanity; even as the most thunderous of apocalypses resonated cannibalistically on this boundless planet,
While today; they philanthropically unfurled to even the slightest bereavement of living kind; running continents apart to the cries of the haplessly decrepit; as her unconquerably ebullient spirit lingered by my diminutive side.

When she wasn't there in my life; my breath was just breath; pathetically slavering and slithering like a treacherously rabid dog; to carry on till the time it was destined on this endlessly royal earth,
While today; it transformed into the cosmos of perennially ecstatic and undefeatable life; as her virtue of eternal truthfulness and religion of humanity; kissed me from head till the last nail of my hide.

And when she wasn't there in my life; my heart was just heart; mechanically pumping blood to every cranny of my torturously depleted countenance; as if it were the most despairingly acrimonious activity on this eclectic planet,
While today; it solely and effulgently coruscated with the beats of Immortally unshakable love; as her mantra of selflessly Godly existence; transcended over even
the most obsolete element of my mission and life.

Nikhil Parekh

Whilst Today She Had Solely Become.

There was a time when she was the most unparalleled flirtation of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the mischievously mesmerizing mascara; of my iridescently innocuous eyelashes, '

There was a time when she was the most nubile freshness of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the uninhibitedly unceasing blush; of my pristinely rubicund cheeks,

There was a time when she was the most ardent tenacity of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the unconquerably burgeoning fearlessness; of my symbiotically harmonious bones,

There was a time when she was the most unlimited fantasy of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the unabashedly glorious adventure; of my unflinchingly marching footsteps,

There was a time when she was the most priceless innovation of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the rhapsodically unfettered titillation; of my invincibly indefatigable brain,

There was a time when she was the most compassionate belonging of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the fierily clinging sweat; of my sensuously heaving and receding chest,

There was a time when she was the most enchanting tale of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the unsurpassably uninterrupted lusciousness; of my tantalizingly pursed lips,

There was a time when she was the most triumphantly effervescent element of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the magically ameliorating smile; of my blissfully synergistic demeanor,

There was a time when she was the most mystical embellishment of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the inscrutably bewitching destiny lines; of my holistically benign palms,

There was a time when she was the most humanitarian wand of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the unimpeachably philanthropic blood; of my inimitably fructifying veins,

There was a time when she was the most enamoring magician of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the celestially replenishing goose-bumps; of my poignantly intricate skin,

There was a time when she was the most astoundingly proliferating wind of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the peerlessly heavenly artistry; of my sensitively curvaceous fingers,

There was a time when she was the most mollifying moisture of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the unbelievably triumphant empathy; of my amiably wandering eyes,

There was a time when she was the most altruistically blessing molecule of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the beautifully untainted lining; of my amicably blossoming soul,

There was a time when she was the most enviable maiden of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the fantastically unbridled bride; of my inevitably destined life,

There was a time when she was the most virtuously discerning wavelength of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the impregnably enrapturing sound; of my effulgently flapping ears,

There was a time when she was the most undefeatedly mesmerizing reverberation of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the unconquerably mellifluous whisper; of my nimbly vacillating voice,

There was a time when she was the most passionately ignited spark of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the insuperably emollient breath; of my miraculously bestowed nostril,

And there was a time when she was the most perpetual beat of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the immortally redolent love; of

my timelessly flowering heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Whirlpools Of Despondence

My mental imagery fluctuates,
As beads of sweat drip down voraciously,
Spearheads of steel stab my skin,
Plucking away huge chunks of my pristine flesh,
Chopping the crux of zealous activity,
Plundering me with the waves of dormant ecstasy,
Admonishing the dexterous web of drudgery,
Impersonation tingling sensations of existence,
Scrapping my reflection from mother earth,
In permanent accordance with the Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

Whisky Complexioned Hair Wig

I was born with a thick shock of curly hair,
Silky strands of light brown cascading down my scalp,
Broad outlines of eyebrow fringe,
They were my pride; cuddled on infinite occasions by my mother,
Glistening in sunshine like pure black shoe polish paint,
Caressing minute regions of my skull in breeze blowing with high velocity,
Mingling once in a while with the delicate periphery of my inverted eyelash,
Sighted as a puffed bunch of dark cushion by all in close proximity,
I always kept them shampooed and scrupulously clean,
Sobbed hysterically in private interiors of my room,
When a cluster of school mates harmlessly plucked a few,
I was obsessed with the concept of evergreen hair growth,
Slept all night with tight fitted shower cap clinging to my garden of hair.

Those whirlwind days of youth had now faded,
Unwanted vigils of old age had crept in at amazing speeds,
Bald patches of skin now sparkled in sunlight,
Resembled rich quality pure wax in pearly light of the moon,
The hair which once inhabited my scalp,
Now lay dumped; perhaps under stagnant waters of the city sewer,
Iterative attempts of washing, scrubbing, oiling, applying medicinal balm had
proven futile,
I had finally succumbed to the tyranny of fate,
Nevertheless I still wore fluffy fibers of ant red hair,
Which neither budged nor moved an inch; in the most gustiest of breeze,
Projecting pompously from the artificial plastic of my whisky complexioned hair
wig.

Nikhil Parekh

Whispering Of Nature

The wind blows at a soft tune,
As I sit in the full light of the Sun,
Profound with the power to enchant,
Teasing tiny grass stalks with all its might,
Filling stripped cavities of my heart,
With waves of rapturous melody.

The Sun's light on the sprawling web of green,
Invades the blanket of blissful beauty,
Mesmerizing golden dew drops with its aura,
Like iterative soft caresses of a young mother,
Cuddling her baby with showers of encouragement,
Incorporated with conditions of pure love.

The gleaming sea waters in full flow,
Endowed with sparkling film of salt,
Strike colossal jet black rocks,
Translucent in their perennial strength,
Take the Sun with its dazzling yellow light,
As their constant companion.

The snow clad cliffs make a way,
Weaving their way through a valley of clouds,
Like crystalline shapes of pure wonder; encroaching and puffing solitary spaces
of the misty valley.

Nikhil Parekh

Whispers

A plethora of dark veined leaves; whispered frantically to the silhouette of plum tree,
To stand like a mountain in turbulent winds; not to succumb even when its roots were attacked by parasite.

Mammoth sculptured blue bodied whales; whispered fervently to the saline ocean,
To drench their silken skin entirely with salt; gratify their gluttony with scores of sumptuous fish.

Scorched sands of the colossal desert; whispered abusively to sapphire puffs of clouds,
To unrelentingly rain; transforming their impoverished soul into one with bountiful water.

The venomous form of rustic jungle spider; whispered incorrigibly to the threads in its intricate web,
To bear it's weight for times immemorial; entangling in a vise like grip; a battalion of succulent insect.

The obdurate stones strewn incoherently on the ground; whispered to passing pedestrians,
To trample they walked; pleading with the bystanders to kick them into remote corners of oblivion.

Dry sticks of trimmed lumber; whispered intermittently to steaming flames of fire,
To incinerate them thoroughly; transforming their composite proportion into frugal heaps of burnt chowder.

The newly born mammalian sibling; whispered pleadingly to its mother,
To feed it's famished lips; with perennial supply of salubrious milk.

The sealed demeanor of stamped envelope; whispered nostalgically in the ears of the postman,
To deliver it without further delay; into the safe hands of the person it belonged.

A fleet of orphans in the sanatorium; whispered inevitably to God,
To reveal traces of their loved ones; unite them as one again; to bring back lost

anecdotes of supreme felicity.

The articulately carved key; whispered sonorously to the lock,
To accommodate it with nonchalant ease; opening without apprehensions the
moment it caressed its periphery.

My tangible heart at the end of the monotonous day; whispered to my soul,
To grant it reprieve from misdeeds inadvertently committed in the day; forgive it
for all the evil it harnessed.

And the omniscient aura of God; whispered philanthropically to all his fellow
beings inhabiting the earth,
To extend comforting arms towards those in distress and pain; profoundly
master the art of perpetual love.

Nikhil Parekh

Whistle

It produced a melodious sound on emanating; flooding the gloomy ambience with profound tinges of rhapsody,

It awoke the squirrels fast asleep in the dense bushes; as they scampered helter-skelter to hunt for their prey,

It generated ripples amongst clusters of dead leaves; making them stand erect on their frigid tips,

It substantially pacified the uncontrollably sobbing child; fomenting a gregarious smile to spread on his innocuous face,

It engendered scores of youngsters sulking under the Sun; to dance and swirl ecstatically with the vivaciously drifting winds,

It penetrated like a sugar coated arrow through the stillness of the valley; circulating delectably through every dwelling,

It captivated the attention of every single passerby; causing them to blink their eyes in utter astonishment and disbelief,

It had an incredulous impact on the dolphins floating in the sea; causing them to somersault in animated exhilaration,

It was prolifically used amongst gangs of ominous thieves; as a subtle signal to furtively communicate,

It had a mesmerizing effect on the severely traumatized nerves of the mentally afflicted; allowing them slim moments of reprieve from their debilitating and crippling condition,

It gave the tongue a versatile opportunity to use itself; in the most dexterous way possible and to the fullest,

It proved as an excellent alternative for a person who didn't remember even a single line of the song; and yet had all the desire in the world to loudly sing it,

It had the velvety grace of a shadow; as well as the hostility of a valiant scream well blended together,

It lit an ethereal ray of hope in the eyes of the man dying; as he felt it poignantly infiltrate into his ears,
It reinstated loads of rejuvenation and confidence in a person just about to appear for an interview; as he executed it audaciously before entering the boss's cabin,

It broke all the awkwardness and formality between two politicians; once they did it before sitting to settle their country's difference,

It was infact the best and most consummate way; in which a dumb man could communicate for long distances; after using just a trifle of his wind,

And the best thing about it was; that it was the surest and sweetest signal to entice a girl's heart; when several others of its kind had miserably failed,

Now could you have ever envisaged in the most wildest of your dreams; that a thing as inconspicuous as a tiny whistle; was able to achieve what the most stupendous of remedies couldn't? Infact just an infinitesimal bellow of limp breath could have produced such a drastic effect on all mankind.

Nikhil Parekh

Who Cares

Who cares whether I slept on a furry quilt of satin or a blanket of acridly pointed thorns,

Who cares whether I ate in plates coated with scintillating silver or didn't consume food at all,

Who cares whether I used perfumed soap to scrub my persona or bathed in water leaking abundantly from the gutters,

Who cares whether I wore linen suits blended with rich denim or was wandering in unscrupulous rags on the chilly streets,

Who cares whether I studied diligently browsing through complicated literature or gallivanted through the country farm,

Who cares whether I took medicine in high fever or gulped sips of red wine to go off to sleep,

Who cares whether I played with ornately embellished soft toys or contented myself molding incongruous shapes in disdainful clay,

Who cares whether I traversed the streets in luxury sedans or spent marathon hours to reach my destination barefoot,

Who cares whether I deciphered mind boggling puzzles or smoked cigarettes incessantly on the house terrace,

Who cares whether I bought fresh fruits from the market or plucked them surreptitiously from the orchard tree,

Who cares whether I flew in the grandiloquent aircraft or swam across choppy waves of the ocean to witness the world,

Who cares whether I behaved somberly in front of my elders or barked a volley of abashing expletives at the same,

Who cares whether I clambered up stairs leading to the sacrosanct church or whiled away the whole of the day gambling for money,

Who cares whether I spent the afternoon relishing the cool air of the airconditioner or perspired like a bull under the sweltering sun,

Who cares whether I celebrated several festivals or feasted on intoxicating beer every night,

Who cares whether I trimmed my moustache scrupulously every day or let my beard grow the way it wanted; taking random roots,

Who cares whether I lead my life doing benevolent deeds or spent the remaining part of it in despicable jail,

Who cares whether I mixed in the high society or had a group of dreaded gangsters as my roommates and friends,

Who cares whether I had blissful dreams in the night or woke up with petrified jerks every ten minutes,

My parents had left when I was an innocuous kid; the treacherous tyranny of a car crash rendering them dead,

And the adulterated society in which I existed today had unanimously christened me an orphan,

Made me wholesomely numb to the spirit of love; made me forget the essence of the word care.

Nikhil Parekh

Who Could Have Ever Imagined

Who could have ever imagined that the flower so redolent and fresh in the morning; would one day collapse towards the ground in a shriveled heap?

Who could have ever imagined that the grass so green and lush in bustling autumn; would resemble a ghastly brown in the middle of inclement winter?

Who could have ever imagined that the waves swirling vivaciously in the heart of the ocean; would be frigid streams of water as they reached the silver shorelines?

Who could have ever imagined that the poignant candle flames illuminating the atmosphere; would eventually die a cowardly death with the slightest of breeze?

Who could have ever imagined that the succulent fruit of raspberry; would gruesomely rot and decay in an ambience of dead straw?

Who could have ever imagined that the immaculate and crisp fabric of shirt in the morning; would develop a plethora of blotches after undergoing the tyranny of the day?

Who could have ever imagined that the profoundly scintillating chain of white silver; would one day evolve peels of deplorable rust?

Who could have ever imagined that the milk so revitalizing and tingling; would transit into bitter cream; after a few hours of exposure in stringent light?

Who could have ever imagined that the formidable fortress constructed of exquisite quality iron and mortar; would one day lie blended with the dust; after undergoing the aftermath of a devastating earthquake?

Who could have ever imagined that the cluster of teeth so scintillating and white at dawn; would transit their demeanor into a pallid yellow after consuming the first meal of the day?

Who could have ever imagined that the crystalline gurgling stream cascading down mountain slopes in the peak of monsoon; would be a mere trickle of its original self in acerbic heat of summer?

Who could have ever imagined that crimson blood circulating rampantly through the veins; would metamorphose itself into a colorless liquid; when struck with

deadly cancer?

Who could have ever imagined that the appetizing slice of toast dipped in mesmerizing marmalade; would transform into a lackluster chunk of bread; after marathon time of proximity with the mosquitoes?

Who could have ever imagined that the jungle looking so enchanting in daylight; would be a ghastly black soon after stars appeared in the firmament of sky?

Who could have ever imagined that the luxury sedan embodied with glistening interiors and lightening speeds; would be deserted on the solitary pavement; squelched to threadbare junk after the gruesome accident?

Who could have ever imagined that the eyes so exuberant and lively in the morning; would become overwhelmingly dreary and blurred; as nightfall strangled the light in entirety?

Who could have ever imagined that stupendously melodious tunes of music emanating from the throat; would after a while become discordantly appalling when the vocal chords were exhausted?

Who could have ever imagined that sparkling and transparent patches of sky; would wholesomely lose their entity; after being inundated with ominous clouds; suddenly without any sort of prior notice?

And who could have ever imagined that man so robust and bustling in youthful fervor; would one day lie buried in his corpse; waiting for the Creator to recreate him again?

Nikhil Parekh

Who Says That The Photograph Was Lifeless?

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; unlimitedly ignited passion when we rolled on profusely rain soaked grass; as marvelously as its peerlessly infallible contours,

Nonone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; unconquerably divinely embrace under the optimistically rising Sun; as majestically as its flawlessly twinkling contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; unassailably ardent emotion as we uninhibitedly divulged the innermost arenas of our heart; as aristocratically as its victoriously unimpeachable contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; fervently tracing each pore of our skins like the greatest of artists; as its triumphantly benign contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; endlessly humming an infinite unabashed tunes of freshly found happiness; as its poignantly enthralling contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; insuperably glorious unity; when we clung to each other like never before in the profoundly tangy waves of the undulating ocean; as its inimitably undefeated contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; eternally unfettered playfulness when we poked each other in the ribs with our bohemian toe; as its regally unshakable contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; insatiably magnetic arousal; when every conceivable hair on our skin stood up till the ultimate peak of Everest; as its peerlessly innocuous contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; unwontedly exhilarating nakedness; when we tantalizingly chased each other in the rapturously moonless night; as its gregariously unbiased contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; everlastingly voluptuous intimacy; when the most luscious tinge of our lips blended with the fabric of the entire Universe; as its earnestly sparkling contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; bewitchingly unparalleled ecstasy; when we fearlessly intermingled each of our breaths in the broadest of daylight; as its affably immaculate contours,
Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; innocently unconquerable passion; when we timelessly stared into the inscrutable whites of our eyes; as its marvelously endowed contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; intrepidly emancipating adventure; when we tirelessly explored every seductively enrapturing pathway of mother nature; as its amiably mesmerizing contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; pricelessly humanitarian bonding; when we forever and ardently coalesced each finger of our palms irrespective of caste/creed/color or tribe; as its splendidly replenishing contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; triumphantly unceasing exultation; when we'd eaten the first meal of our life together in the same altruistic leaf; as its handsomely befitting contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; extraordinarily reverberating sensuousness; when we traced even the most inconspicuous bone of our shivering spines with our tongues; as its iridescently blessed contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; symbiotically redolent proliferation; when we held our new born baby daughter in our delightedly effervescent palms; as its adroitly chiseled contours,

Noone on earth had so perpetually captured that moment of our; immortally blessed love; when we'd first met and proposed in the Omnisciently unshakable realms of the mosque; as its regally harmonious contours,

And can you believe it! Even after doing so much for us; portraying our love so perpetually and in an infinite of its magical forms; to a boundless more of our future generations; the world still stupidly said; that the photograph was spinelessly emotionless and "Lifeless".

Nikhil Parekh

Who Says?

Who the senseless says that I insatiably craved for your wonderfully tantalizing smiles every instant; to blissfully lead the chapter of vivaciously beautiful life? As a matter of fact; I inexorably drowned myself in the same; to profusely enjoy ghastly death to its ultimate fullest; till times immemorial.

Who the lackadaisical says that I unrelentingly yearned for your seductively rampant senses every instant; to bountifully unfurl the unsurpassably vibrant colors of life?

As a matter of fact; I tempestuously drowned myself in the same; to insurmountably enjoy gory death to its ultimate fullest; till infinite more births yet to come.

Who the dastardly says that I unstoppably ached for your beautifully embellished eyelashes ever instant; to bask in the unshakably enthralling aura of timeless life?

As a matter of fact; I wildly drowned myself in the same; to fathomlessly enjoy macabre death to its ultimate fullest; till centuries unprecedented.

Who the feckless says that I dogmatically wished for your majestically silken caress every instant; to trigger a boundless civilization of ingratiatingly exuberant life?

As a matter of fact; I extravagantly drowned myself in the same; to limitlessly enjoy satanic death to its ultimate fullest; till moments unceasing and galore.

Who the preposterous says that I unendingly trembled for your melodiously enticing voice every instant; to uncontrollably bathe in a valley of euphorically fantastic life?

As a matter of fact; I irrevocably drowned myself in the same; to profoundly enjoy ominous death to its ultimate fullest; till countless more world's to come.

Who the idiosyncratic says that I indefatigably aspired for your charismatically electric sweat every instant; to fructify into the most eternally handsome fruits of spellbindingly enigmatic life?

As a matter of fact; I irretrievably drowned myself in the same; to regally enjoy sadistic death to its ultimate fullest; till incomprehensibly inexhaustible of times.

Who the nonsensical says that I hysterically longed for your lusciously enamoring sweetness every instant; to fabulously bloom into the paradise of marvelously fragrant life?

As a matter of fact; I unconquerably drowned myself in the same; to uninhibitedly enjoy barbaric death to its ultimate fullest; till boundaries and limits indefinable.

Who the decrepit says that I tirelessly hankered for your rhapsodically titillating blushing; to spawn into the most symbiotically emollient effulgence of blessing life?

As a matter of fact; I indomitably drowned myself in the same; to prolifically enjoy hedonistic death to its ultimate fullest; till the time existence continued to thrive.

And Who the treacherous says that I maniacally slavered for your ardently fresh-bride love; to magnificently replenish into the whirlwind of perennially compassionate life?

As a matter of fact; I irretrievably drowned myself in the same; to ravishingly enjoy bizarre death to its ultimate fullest; till earth blended wholesomely with azure sky.

Nikhil Parekh

Who The Hell Ever Said; That Sweat Stinks?

It was the most irrefutably truthful essence of your persona; the most blissfully honest fructification of your majestic soul,

It was a stream of indefatigably golden brilliance; that celestially dribbled down the skin of the richest and poorest on this fathomless planet; symbiotically alike,

It was the ultimate scent of your unconquerable righteousness; a royal cascade of iridescent tranquility; that mollified even the most traumatically frazzled of nerves,

It was the most fantastically tantalizing sensation on your skin; a feeling that transcended you beyond the meadows of paradise; as it uninhibitedly gushed from head to toe of your body; in unabashedly electric fervor,

Who the hell ever said that; Sweat was preposterously clumsy; Sweat was a worthlessly obnoxious piece of shit; Sweat was lividly repulsive; O! yes; who the hell ever said that "Sweat Stinks";.

(1) .

It was the most invisible fabric of every pore of your delectable skin; yet the most insuperably replenishing; naturally air-conditioning every of your acrimoniously agitated senses; under the ferociously blistering rays of mid-day Sun,

It was the most irretrievably sure source of your vitality; fearlessly proclaiming your inner temerity and conviction to the planet outside; at every rapidly ticking hour of the day,

It was the most holistic thing that could have ever happened to your body; in perfect symbiosis with the magically ameliorating environment and at the same time distinguishing you to be an infinite shades lesser than the Lord Almighty,

It was an emotionally fired rivulet that carried all your tensions and inexplicably motley emotions; to be eventually evaporated into the firmament of the atmosphere,

Who the hell ever said that; Sweat was tyrannically incarcerating; Sweat was a

fecklessly asphyxiating; Sweat was abysmally smelly; O! yes; who the hell ever said that "Sweat Stinks".

(2) .

It was a perennial river of compassionate brotherhood; that trickled in ever-pervading unison from the chest of every living entity on this boundless earth; unhindered and alike,

It was the most handsomely enamoring spectacle to sight; as it glistened more spectacularly than ever; under the very first rays of amber dawn and the very last rays of impeccably milky moonlight,

It was the most mute vibration on the human body; yet conveying a boundlessly unbridled civilization of emotions and feelings; like the wail of a freshly born child,

It was more mischievously tangy than the most tangiest of salt; drifting you towards an unsurpassable tunnel of profound mysticism; as you traced each of its stream with your delicate fingers; till the very end,

Who the hell ever said that; Sweat was ignominiously slavish; Sweat was amorphously licentious; Sweat was diminishingly foolish; O! yes; who the hell ever said that "Sweat Stinks".

(3) .

It was the most enchantingly transparent liquid that your body could ever exude; from which reflected the very true persevering spirit of your blessed existence,

It was the most inimitably priceless garland of silken pearls; as its globules naturally swelled in size to irrevocably cling to every aroused pore of your; uncontrollably exhilarated body,

It was more indispensable than your breath; heartbeat and soul; as in its absence you felt a tornado of haplessly disparaging frustration; boil to the tumultuous limits inside your lifelessly livid skin,

It was the most immortal of all substances tangible or intangible; as a singleton droplet of it in soil; sowed the seeds of tirelessly fragrant effort; embracing every echelon and dimension of invincible humanity,

Who the hell ever said that; Sweat was diabolically tawdry; Sweat was abnormally anomalous; Sweat was disgustingly unholy; O! yes; who the hell ever said that
"Sweat Stinks";.

Nikhil Parekh

Who The Hell Were You?

The flower while diffusing its scent didn't think even once, as to whether its fragrance was going to be inhaled by the savage beasts or by an impeccable human,

The clouds while pelting sheets of crystal rain didn't think even once, as to whether the water would drench a person who was ominously black or pure white,

The trees while shedding fruit didn't think even once as to whether the resins toppling would be consumed by road side beggar or the jeweled prince seated handsomely on the crown,

The fire while blazing full throttle didn't think even once, as to whether its flames would shelter the naked or the fully clothed; in the freezing night,

The moon shimmering majestically didn't think even once as to whether its profound glow would illuminate the house of a 'Hindu' or an orthodox 'Islam',

The river flowing perennially didn't think even once, as to whether its waters would pacify the thirst of a blind man or a girl with golden eyes,

The bees while making tones of sparkling honey didn't think even once, as to whether a mother would apply the same on her infants lips or red ants would crawl greedily from all sides,

The wind as it gustily blew didn't think even once, as to whether its harmonious flow cooled the most sophisticated or granted solace to those behind prison bars in sweltering summer,

The feather tipped pen as it wrote didn't think even once, as to whether it was held in the hands of the sanctimonious priest or a true writer embossing boundless lines of literature with his own blood,

The wet soil sprawled over million kilometers of territory didn't think even once, as to whether it was going to be used in construction of the grandiloquent castle or to raise walls of the dingy seaside hut,

The oxygen circulating freely in air didn't think even once, as to whether its was

going to instill new life in the lungs of a criminal or revive the dying prime-minister,

The tufts of immaculate cotton sprouting in fields didn't even think once, as to whether they were going to be stitched for the body of a King or would softly caress the one legged orphan,

The panoramic landscapes of Nature didn't even think once, as to whether their beauty would drown the mightiest entity or harbor the hideous beaked vulture,

The enchanting cuckoo while singing didn't think even once, as to whether its voice would appease the soldiers marching through the border or put off the ungainly burglars to tranquil sleep,

The silver granules of sweat while dribbling didn't think even once, as to whether to ooze from the armpits of a Business tycoon or roll from the bedraggled laborer working on the rooftop,

The heart while throbbing didn't think even once, as to whether it was beating in the chest of a tall man or people born as dwarfs since birth,

The passion in love didn't think even once, as to whether it was embracing the stinkingly rich or the individual trespassing in tottered trousers,

The Creator while evolving the Universe didn't think even once, as to whether there would be man or woman, the rich or poor, the black or white, the tall or short, the language of English or mystical Sanskrit,

THEN WHO THE HELL WERE YOU TO DISCRIMINATE, ATTACH
BASELESS VALUES TO SOCIETY AND CASTE, RIP APART THE
ENTIRE HUMAN KIND INTO SEGMENTS OF DIFFERENT COLOR?

Nikhil Parekh

Who Was She?

Who was she who stole my sleep; although I felt like collapsing like a dead sack; perspiring more than Sun all throughout the brilliant day?

Who was she who made me feel like a prince; although I was the poorest entity alive; rotting in stinking jute; as my comrades danced in majestic silk outside?

Who was she who tormented me beyond the point of no control; tantalizing me like a heavenly seductress; and then living me supremely replenished in my impoverished life?

Who was she who made me crave for more although I had achieved my share from my life; made me insatiably wander through uncanny lanes of the romantically unexplored?

Who was she who made me love every entity on this fathomless planet; when infact I had even forgotten to take my name with pride?

Who was she who ignited thunderbolts of unprecedented desire in my diminutive demeanor; even though it murderously snowed since centuries outside?

Who was she who came like an angel in my blood; not only mitigating it from the most deadliest of disease; but granting it an incredulously infinite more lives?

Who was she who became each word I spoke; each dream that I desired even in the most boisterous of light; stumbling on each footstep although I had the most strongest of feet?

Who was she who always invisibly comforted me the most when I needed it; ensuring I irrefutably emerged triumphant in every aspect of intrepidly challenging life?

Who was she who was the unflinching candle of my every night; who divinely guided me to my mission; the ultimate fantasies of my life; even before I could speak?

Who was she who made me witness paradise even in the midst of unruly traffic; propelled me to take birth an infinite times; till I blissfully pacified the insurmountable agony of my dwindling soul?

Who was she who made me soar through the clouds like a royal eagle;
compassionately romancing with the exotic winds that clung ardently to my
famished wings?

Who was she who engendered me to continue God's sacred chapter of never
ending life; making me procreate countless more of my kind?

Who was she who deluged my life with unsurpassable happiness;
metamorphosing each tear of mine into pearls of exuberantly enthralling joy?

Who was she who at times became my mother; my father; my sister; never
making me feel that I was uncouthly orphaned right since my first cry of
devastated life?

Who was she who made me oblivious to the most thunderous sounds in this
Universe; following her footsteps like an insane lunatic; even after the last
droplet of blood had wholesomely evaporated from my veins?

Who was she who came like a shadow in my pathetic survival; became the
insatiably voluptuous redolence of each of my senses; assuming monumental
proportions
more than the divine?

Who was she who stole each beat of my heart; made me feel the richest alive
not only in this birth; but immortalized each minuscule breath of mine?

And although I didn't meet her in this lifetime of mine; not had the tiniest of
insinuation of how her body looked; it was indeed the power of her invincible
soul; that made me break through each hell; love her forever and ever and ever
in a land of the Omnipotent God's; in a land of ultimate paradise.

Nikhil Parekh

Wholeheartedly

Whether it be clambering the footsteps that led to your dwelling; or whether it be exuberantly galloping to the summit of the Herculean mountain; in lightening seconds of time,

Whether it be whispering your fears into your mother's ear; or whether it be blazingly silencing the wail of derogatory corruption; with the power of unflinching righteousness in your exhilarated voice,

Whether it be plucking a singleton fruit for your existence; or whether it be indefatigably expending every element of your intrepid silhouette; to philanthropically feed all on this planet; one and alike,

Whether it be envisaging about what was going to unveil just an infinitesimal footstep beyond your body; or whether it be galloping your brain on an unrelenting rampage; to assimilate all panoramic beauty on this earth in your wandering soul,

Whether it be stooping and cleaning every iota of dust from your kitchen window; or whether it be patriotically baring your irrefutably sparkling countenance; for the sake of your entire motherland,

Whether it be bathing your dreary bones under the measly trickle diffusing from your dilapidated tap; or whether it be gyrating in profound furor with the ravishingly undulating ocean waves,

Whether it be straining your ear towards the sounds of the majestically mellifluous nightingale; or whether it be ebulliently absorbing the ingratiating fascination of this gigantic world; like unbelievable darts of white lightening through your ears,

Whether it be tanning the patches of profuse white in your skin as the first rays of Sun shone enchantingly outside; or whether it be audaciously facing the mighty winds of the ferociously sweltering desert; singlehandedly,

Whether it be tracing the outlines of your quavering shadow with your curled fingers; or whether it be wholesomely coalescing even the most mercurial element of your mind; body and conscience with the religion of eternally insuperable mankind,

Whether it be embossing an inconspicuous alphabet on barren paper; or whether it be tumultuously inundating fathomless kilometers of disastrously bane canvas; with boundless volumes of spell binding literature,

Whether it be assisting your own kin in whatever way you could; or whether it be standing like an unconquerable fortress in the face of the most acrid adversity; for handsomely mitigating every orphaned and blessed; alike,

Whether it be feeling exultated by just a globule of rain on your impoverished caricature; or whether it be uninhibitedly wandering through the lanes of unfathomably radiant and celestial paradise,

Whether it be flirting with sensuously nubile maidens behind the sunset hills; or whether it be surrendering even the most fugitive beat of your heart to the person your implacably loved,

Whether it be licking a parsimonious glob of holistic honey; or whether it be wanting the symbiotic sweetness of the unsurpassably iridescent atmosphere; to nestle miraculously on the tip of your emaciating tongue,

Whether it be passing out your examinations at school to appease your revered parents; or whether it be royally acquiring every felicitation on this boundless planet; even beyond they could ever perceive to magnificently come,

Whether it be a capricious craving to harness artistry with your very own scarlet blood; or whether it be a altruistic resolution to poignantly dedicate every day of your life; to the benign service of innocuously bountiful mankind,

Whether it be an evanescent breath that you wanted to expunge from your beleaguered nostrils; or whether it be a vibrantly impregnable determination of your conscience to instill quintessential life in every extinguishing life; that you encountered in your way,

Whether it be your signature for a single humanitarian life; or whether it be your immortal pledge to take birth an infinite times; till the time you eradicated every obnoxious trace of uxoriously depraving slavery and poverty,

Whatever benevolent you do; whether it be minuscule or whether it be more colossal than your timeless life; do it wholeheartedly; plunging every trace of your heart; blood; breath and body ardently into it,

And then you will find; that with the blessings of the Omnipotent Lord; there

would be no salacious devil to impede you in your way; there would be no devil to stop you; invincibly succeed.

Nikhil Parekh

Wholeheartedly Use Death

Wholeheartedly use the knife; but not to ruthlessly massacre and preposterously kill,

Irrefutably ensure that you blazingly drove the treacherously salacious devil; fathomless kilometers away from your sacrosanct motherland; with its intrepid sharpness instead.

Wholeheartedly use the thorn; but not to hedonistically puncture innocuously mesmerizing skin;

Irrefutably ensure that you poignantly carved an unfathomable flurry of mystically embellished designs in impeccably whites sands; with its explicitly blistering edge instead.

Wholeheartedly use the bludgeon; but not to lambaste immaculately intriguing scalps into infinitesimally pulverized ash,

Irrefutably ensure that you unflinching defended all those torturously divested; from the diabolical footsteps of the indiscriminately advancing devil; with its formidable strength instead.

Wholeheartedly use the abuse; but not to lecherously reproach the sacredly widowed mother,

Irrefutably ensure that you taught an ultimate lesson to the sanctimoniously sodomized politicians son; who kept even the most pricelessly divine entity alive at

the tip of his cadaverous shoe; with its resonating whiplash instead.

Wholeheartedly use the scarecrow; but not to baselessly petrify the innocently wandering and blessedly blossoming child,

Irrefutably ensure that you insuperably sequestered fathomless fields of quintessential corn; from truculently infiltrating beats; with its amorphous uncanniness instead.

Wholeheartedly use the curse; but not to baselessly jinx the enchantingly newborn and vivaciously bustling with the first cry of vibrant life,

Irrefutably ensure that you perpetually froze derogatorily frigid corruption; in its very

nonchalantly ghastly roots; with its acerbic sultriness instead.

Wholeheartedly use the venom; but not to hideously asphyxiate the staggering beggar's already dwindling breath,

Irrefutably ensure that you decimated even the most evanescent trace of evil from the fabric of the painstakingly degrading and deteriorating society; with its inevitable aftermath instead.

Wholeheartedly use the storm; but not to perniciously drown compassionately embracing friends to the invidiously grassless rock bottom and the mouth of the emaciated whale,
Irrefutably ensure that you unassailably overwhelmed even the most diminutive speck of abominable prejudice; with its rejuvenating waves instead.

Wholeheartedly use shit; but not to meaninglessly deluge the meadows of uninhibitedly righteous scent with an unsurpassable squall of preposterously ungainly stench,
Irrefutably ensure that you indefatigably painted the irately bloodsoaked castles of brutally incarcerating anarchists; with its indescribably lascivious ostracism instead.

Wholeheartedly use the acid; but not to heinously victimize and char holistic entities into capricious chunks of bizarrely threadbare absolution,
Irrefutably ensure that you extinguished the murderous existence of all those mordantly infidel molesters; with its implacably fuming fire instead.

Wholeheartedly use the vultures; but not to ludicrously pluck at the skin of organisms; unequivocally marching as the harbingers of timelessly benevolent humanity,
Irrefutably ensure that you entirely snapped the fangs of manipulatively parasitic ghosts; with theirunstoppably hunting beaks instead.

Wholeheartedly use betrayal; but not to devilishly separate two perennially coalescing and divinely bonding lovers,
Irrefutably ensure that you created unbreakable rifts between the horrific monsters of ghoulishly imprisoning hell; with its delinquently dolorous remorse instead.

And wholeheartedly use death; but not to criminally strangulate truthfully burgeoning and exhilaratingly united mankind,
Irrefutably ensure that you beautifully relieved all those inexplicably rotting in mortuaries of incurably maiming disease; with its limitless silence instead.

Wholesomely And Completely Dead.

Neither could it ever wholeheartedly laugh; even as the most unbelievably effervescent clowns danced in inarticulate unison around it; and for times beyond the realms of handsome eternity,

Neither could it ever mischievously twinkle; even as the most vivaciously nubile maidens; rapturously encircled its stupendously masculine teats and uninhibitedly rampant chest hair,

Neither could it ever unabashedly dream; even as the most tantalizingly surreal mists of heavenliness; profusely enshrouded it from every conceivable end,

Neither could it ever sensuously romanticize; even as the most voluptuously enchanting women of tomorrow; indefatigably traced every of its visibly blessed vein,

Neither could it ever merrily whistle; even as the most profoundly euphoric winds of the atmosphere; made a poignantly enthralling beeline for every bit of open space in its nostrils,

Neither could it ever sensitively hear; even as the most ecstatically thunderous sounds of mother nature; unleashed themselves on every barren quarter of this Universe; in the form of unrelentingly seductive rain,

Neither could it ever celestially eat; even as the most bounteously panoramic fruits of nature divine; vividly danced till times beyond infinity; right in front of its eyes,

Neither could it ever effusively empathize; even as the most wretchedly bizarre sufferings on innocuously untainted humanity; lambasted at whisker lengths from
its placid contours,

Neither could it ever joyously blush; even as it was ubiquitously serenaded; by every man and woman alive on the trajectory of this fathomlessly spell-binding planet,

Neither could it ever perspicaciously prognosticate; even as the most impregnably divine rays of resplendent clairvoyance; victoriously blazed through the royal whites of its eyes,

Neither could it ever jubilantly speak; even as the most mystically pin-drop
silence in the fabric of the entire earth around; fervently and solely waited for
nothing else; but being timelessly consecrated by only his voice,

Neither could it ever symbiotically embrace; even as every religion; fraternity;
color; and tribe on this gigantic earth; came invincibly close to it after forgetting
all differences of caste; creed; and perennially bonding into the religion of
priceless
humanity,

Neither could it ever ardently desire; even as the most insuperably wondrous
dewdrops of effulgent excitement; sparkled till times beyond infinity; all over its
silent and humbly obeisant bodily contours,

Neither could it ever righteously earn; even as the entire wealth on this
boundlessly enigmatic planet; was there for him to command; only if he
executed the quintessentially simple words of immortal love,

Neither could it ever potently proliferate; even as the most rapturously
enamoring ladies of mankind; were seen tirelessly squabbling with each other; to
ascertain their right to interminably mate with him first,

Neither could it ever perseveringly sweat; even as the most Omnipotently blazing
beams of the Sun; traced an infinite circles of true manhood; on its unnervingly
exposed armpits,

Neither could it ever synergistically defecate; even as the most obnoxiously
decayed elements of food and water; unstoppably swelled and reigned supreme;
in its
unmoving intestines and stomach,

Neither could it ever passionately breathe; even as the entire Universe of
exuberantly undefeated air; lay readily virgin for it; to majestically and timelessly
devour with its pair of harmonious nostrils,

Neither could it ever perpetually love; even as every beat of peerlessly
unflinching companionship on this endlessly fructifying earth; expressed its very
last wish as entering into the caverns of its fearless chest,

And how on earth could it ever do all this; as the body which once upon a time
was the most unassailably virile form on planet earth; had now been consumed

by
the coffins of remorsefully unending extinction; had now succumbed to inevitably
unbearable fate; was as a matter of fact; now; and an infinite more moments
from
now on; declared by the Omnipresent Creator; as wholesomely and completely
dead.

Nikhil Parekh

Wholesomely Emptying

When you wholesomely emptied the rhapsodically fathomless sky; all that blissfully poured out was nothing else; but an unfathomable galaxy of panoramic beauty and everlastingly Omnipotent enchantment,

When you wholesomely emptied the ravishingly undulating ocean; all that euphorically gushed out was nothing else; but a fabulously tangy gorge of poignantly exhilarating salt,

When you wholesomely emptied the ignominiously fetid gutter; all that scurrilously hurtled out was nothing else; but a vapidly morbid mortuary of sewage and preposterously cadaverous stink,

When you wholesomely emptied the mellifluously blossoming lotus; all that pristinely disseminated out was nothing else; but an invincibly celestial meadow of inimitably unparalleled scent,

When you wholesomely emptied the ghoulishly invidious corpse; all that mordantly diffused out was nothing else; but a frigidly pulverized curry of traumatically disgruntled nothingness,

When you wholesomely emptied the indomitably towering mountain; all that unitedly exploded out was nothing else; but an unstoppably eternal reservoir of handsomely Herculean and unflinching strength,

When you wholesomely emptied the nefariously gratuitous parasite; all that ballistically blasted out was nothing else; but a stream of ghastily devoured and innocently priceless blood,

When you wholesomely emptied the boisterously bubbling beehive; all that ingratiatingly dribbled out was nothing else; but a valley of fantastically exuberant energy and divine sweetness,

When you wholesomely emptied the manipulatively prejudiced politicians house; all that vicariously tumbled out was nothing else; but a sonorously decrepit graveyard of profanely clandestine devilishness,

When you wholesomely emptied the blissfully venerated cow; all that benevolently crept out was nothing else; but a fountain of impregnably enamoring and godly milk,

When you wholesomely emptied the satanically menacing dinosaurs; all that derogatorily fulminated out was nothing else; but an unrelentingly sadistic curry of preposterously squelched and uncontrollably slavering organism,

When you wholesomely emptied the belly of the inscrutably majestic forests; all that royally floated out was nothing else; but a wonderfully tantalizing breeze of exhilaratingly ecstatic adventure and timeless freshness,

When you wholesomely emptied the jubilantly newborn eyes; all that innocuously drifted out was nothing else; but an egalitarian empathy for all echelon of motley mankind; symbiotically bonding with the heavenly rudiments of existence forever and ever and ever,

When you wholesomely emptied the corporate tycoon's glass of tea; all that salaciously wafted out was nothing else; but a flagrantly surreptitious scheme to unreasonably over topple his competitor; for even the most evanescent trace of the currency coin,

When you wholesomely emptied the Omnipotently fearless Sun; all that gloriously dazzled out was nothing else; but an unsurpassably insuperable civilization of optimistic enlightenment and vividly blazing patriotism,

When you wholesomely emptied the lethally insidious scorpions den; all that devastatingly diffused out was nothing else; but threateningly acrimonious and bawdily asphyxiating poison,

When you wholesomely emptied the resplendently sparkling oyster; all that robustly culminated out was nothing else; but charismatically burgeoning rain-showers of beautifully glistening pearls and effulgent prosperity,

When you wholesomely emptied the coffins of dolorously decaying betrayal; all that hedonistically ricocheted out was nothing else; but the gallows of truculently torturous and fiendishly strangulating death,

And when you wholesomely emptied the sensitively passionate and uninhibitedly palpitating heart; all that timelessly liberated out was nothing else; but the rainbow of immortally blessing and unbreakably bonding love; love and sensuously fiery love.

Nikhil Parekh

Who's Bothered The Tiniest Of Death

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm terribly afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those divinely eyes of yours; the unparalleled empathy for every fraternity of living kind enshrouding them; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm uncontrollably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those magical palms of yours; which forever erased every sorrow from the fathomless fabric of mankind; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm indescribably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those benign ears of yours which heard and befriended every voice from the heart on this earth; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm endlessly afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those Omnipotent footprints of yours which invincibly lead all forms of altruistic goodness; to the ultimate corridors of utopian heaven,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm unfathomably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those miraculously ameliorating lips of yours—which metamorphosed every insinuation of disparity into a paradise of oneness; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm limitlessly afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those Omniscient lines of your forehead; which poignantly depicted the destiny of every palpitating organism on this Universe; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm unceasingly afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that inimitably unconquerable majesty of your caress—which took all my pains forever and ever and ever; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm terribly afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that eternally enlightening voice of yours—which silenced the mightiest shriek of the devil forever; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm unthinkablely afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember those innumerable miracles that you inexhaustibly spurned out of lifeless air; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm treacherously afraid that I'd

never ever be able to remember that divinely nose of yours which mischievously cuddled every child irrespective of caste/creed/or color—thereby giving it a brand new life; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm unexplainably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that impregnable freshness that radiated from your countenance; which perpetuated an infinite civilizations of symbiotic togetherness; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm inconsolably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember your Omnipotence fragrance; which gave a whole new direction to every despairingly flailing element of life; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm intransigently afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember your unparalleled magnetic voice—which quelled every idiosyncratically perverted imagery forever; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm irretrievably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember your astounding prowess to blend earth with sky—at a singleton swish of your godly thumb; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm maniacally afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember the unassailable silkiness of your persona—which charmed even the most hideous of devils to fall at your feet; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm overwhelmingly afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that heavenly spontaneity that profusely dribbled from your soul—uninhibitedly embracing one and all on this boundless Universe; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm inescapably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that immortal heart of yours; whose each insuperable beat blessed every cranny of this gigantic Universe with the power of truth; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but yes I'm inexorably afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that unmatched signature of yours—which forever bore the ultimate seal of this entire enchanting planet; after I die,

Who's bothered the tiniest of death; but I'm continuously afraid that I'd never ever be able to remember that eternal sparkle in even the most evanescent of your shadow—which bestowed upon the power to royally survive as the richest

organism for an infinite more lifetimes; after I die.

Nikhil Parekh

Why Are You Bothered?

You just climb the tree with a spirit of adventure drenching each of your bedraggled senses; and the winds of untamed euphoria encapsulating each of your dreary nerves,
Why are you bothered about counting the innumerable number of branches that came in between; the incomprehensibly pertinent barricade of worms and insects that you encountered in your way?

You just eat the mango wholeheartedly with stupendous relish; rhapsodically devouring its majestic skin with the ecstatic buds in your tongue,
Why are you bothered about counting the unsurpassable number of seeds incarcerated in its belly; the baseless strands of bitterness that protruded harmlessly from its body?

You just swim exuberantly across the bountifully ravishing lake; letting the heavenly waters take celestial control over the boundless battalion of frazzled parasites lingering in your insidious blood,
Why are you bothered about counting the meaningless number of ripples that floated on the surface; the innocuously drifting sea weed and frigid lumber that kissed your shriveled skin; as you drifted by?

You just bask in the aisles of unprecedentedly ebullient fantasy and desire; galloping towards the summit of unparalleled happiness as each instant unveiled by,
Why are you bothered about counting the countless number of images that stupendously enshrouded your nimble mind; the fathomless myriad of color which hovered obscurely in the interiors of your intriguingly passionate brain cells?

You just patriotically march for your motherland in all situations alike; beheading the army of lecherously blood-sucking traitors on the other side; with your invincible sword of righteousness,
Why are you bothered about counting the invidiously augmenting number of devils; the unending repertoire of insinuations that they harbored; in their murderous plot to overtopple sagacious mankind?

You just sight your bountifully endowed reflection in the profusely sparkling mirror; admiring the intricate shapes of your countenance bestowed upon you in vibrant abundance; by the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

Why are you bothered about counting the worthless sheets of dead fiber imprisoned inside the glass; the disdainful blotches of dirt falling occasionally to cast their impression upon its satiny periphery?

You just disseminate the ideals of immortal peace; love and humanity; to the most remotest parts of this boundlessly benign Universe,
Why are you bothered about counting the countless fleet of manipulative politicians and tycoons; the ropes of treacherous drudgery that they had spun upon
the crippled and enslaved; alike?

You just pursue whatever the innermost recesses of your heart dictate; passionately bonding and blending with the waves of unconquerable artistry and the Omnipresent aura of fantasy for centuries immemorial,
Why are you bothered about counting the unendingly monotonous jokers around; for whom nothing else mattered on this earth; but working like an insane clockwork from nine to nine?

And you just pursue your love in this bloomingly mesmerizing life; immortally coalescing with its Omniscient spirit every time you were bestowed upon with an opportunity to be born; robustly once again,
Why are you bothered about counting the ludicrously corrupt barriers of conventionally rigid society; the tremendously cowardly pattern that they had adopted
since the time that they had emanated their very first breath; the same dastardly pattern which they wanted you to incorrigibly follow; for ostensibly no reason or rhyme?

Nikhil Parekh

Why Couldn't You?

If the ravishingly mesmerizing lotus could spawn from the; stinkingly sordid pond of lugubriously dolorous dirt; with nothing but an obfuscated haze of decaying scarecrows around,
Then why couldn't you exist as pristine as an immaculate angel; amidst the horrendously berserk ratrace for commercial lunatism; the tornadoes of abhorrent jealousy that pulverized countless into threadbare dust?

If the brilliantly blazing fireball of Sun could arise from behind; the prison of ominously insidious and horrifically crippling clouds,
Then why couldn't you exist as the ultimate messiah of philanthropic truth; in a world treacherously enshrouded by the winds of diabolical hatred;
and abominably ruthless lies?

If the carpet of resplendently robust grass could evolve bountifully around the murderously rueful corpse; stagnating in realms of disparagingly deteriorating and delinquent oblivion,
Then why couldn't you exist as an unflinchingly innocuous patriot; whilst the planet around you parasitically sucked indefatigable reservoirs of blood; fought every moment of their lives for spuriously materialistic gains?

If Omnipotent whirlpools of golden honey could ooze from amidst the branches of the barbarically thorny hive; lecherously trying its best to dreadfully abrade its harmonious melody,
Then why couldn't you exist as a messiah bonding all humanity one and alike; even as thunderously dictatorial hell rained unsparingly everywhere around you; from the heart of hell in fathomless sky?

If rejuvenating water gloriously oozed from the belly of the savage cactus; with nothing but an entrenchment of hostile nails to penalize it every unleashing second; in the truculently scorching heat,
Then why couldn't you solely follow the inner most tunes of your passionate heart; even as the very entity of charismatic human had metamorphosed into a robotic missile; indiscriminately trampling upon one another; to maliciously catapult to the summit of bombastic prosperity?

If the resplendently euphoric voice of the nightingale could diffuse profoundly unconquerable magic in the gigantic forests; inspite of the salaciously man-eater lion; thunderously trumpeting its incoherently demonic feet,
Then why couldn't you irrefutably adhere to the principles of symbiotically benign

existence; even as the entire globe around you; had invidiously transformed into a marketplace of artificiality; a graveyard of raunchy flesh trade?

If the most impeccably opalescent Moon could blossom from the heart of ghastly darkness; a torturous ambience of black heinously stabbing it from all sides,

Then why couldn't you cherish an infinite births on the sacrosanct footsteps of your divine mother; even as the entire earth around you; malevolently shrugged the ones they loved the most in their insipid conquest of earning; pugnacious money?

If unsurpassable gallons of Omnipresent breath sprouted in the aisles of bizarre nothingness; with the endless battalion of tyrannizing demons trying their absolute best to asphyxiate even the most capricious iota of blissful life, Then why couldn't you unequivocally maneuver your conscience towards the path of eternal righteousness; even as the entire Universe around you; insanely thrived on sardonically sullen platforms of manipulation and coldblooded lies?

And if true love reigned immortally supreme everytime the earth was born; although the insurmountably lambasting cauldron of devils; massacred its priceless throne a countless times,

Then why couldn't you altruistically relinquish every trace of your life for suffering humanity on each step that you tread; even as the entire planet around you; gruesomely blinded each other in their quest of greedily sighting the first rays of dawn?

Nikhil Parekh

Why Did He

Why did he have to walk with a crippled leg,
when several of his age took part in marathon race.

Why did he beg with bruised bowls of cheap copper,
When bulk of the population sipped peach flavored chocolate rum.
Why did he travel long distance on rusty bicycle,
Silver sedans with undeserving youth clambered through dream lanes of the
valley.

Why did he quench his thirst with contaminated tap water,
His counterpart mates drank Irish spring water all night and day.

Why did he sleep with clattering teeth with threadbare sacks wrapped round his
body,
Affluent children snuggled tightly under the comfort of their Persian quilt.

Why did he spend his day begging and pulling truck load,
youth of his age swam merrily, played long tennis with cushioned racket.

Why did he place his feet on scorched tarmac,
The prince in the palace tread on Luke warm chips of scented marble.

Why did he speak in a rustic village accent,
Teenagers of his kind babbled inarticulately in different styles of slang.

Why did he wear clothes that were stained with colored spit and mud,
A fleet of school children attired in white shirt and immaculate tie.

Why did he have no one to wipe his tears with tinges of blood,
God bestowed riches on some and a mountain of horrendous difficulty on the
other

Nikhil Parekh

Why Did I Live?

Why did I live? Well perhaps for tirelessly witnessing the unabashedly innocuous giggles of my new born baby daughter; who had freshly descended from the lap of the Omnipotent Lord.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for endlessly viewing the fathomlessly barren fields; sprout into the most resplendently fructifying fruits of an optimistic tomorrow.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for stupendously appeasing even the most infinitesimal cranny of my pathetically parched throat; with the spell bindingly tantalizing raindrops of heavenly mother nature.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for uninhibitedly releasing every lugubriously frazzled ounce of energy in my skin; as I tirelessly danced under golden rays of the royal Sunset; for times immemorial.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for incorrigibly agglutinating to the venerated lap of my godly mother; fearlessly sharing all my agonies and ecstasies in the fronds of her compassionately divinely palms.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to interminably fantasize about the boundlessly enamoring beauty of this eternal universe; to sensuously cavort and mate with the most voluptuously titillating women alive.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to imbibe the ideals of unconquerably egalitarian truth and non-violence; to act as an harbinger of unceasing peace for every caste; creed; fraternity and color of humanity.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to tirelessly procreate my very own clan; impregnably ensuring that the chapter of the Omniscient lord's creation forever burgeoned; as I passionately contributed my very best.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for wholeheartedly laughing each bone of my body out; at the various parodies and enthusing inexplicabilities that the colossal atmosphere around me; had to harmoniously offer.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for perennially embracing every of my fellow comrade; which the uncouthly barbarous world had unforgivably shunted; and who was

now one quintessential ingredient of my very own blood.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to unflinchingly salute the Omnipresent Sun as it arose every morning at jubilantly effulgent dawn; to let its undefeated glory pave a path of peerless righteousness in every conceivable pore of my body.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to sight how handsomely gifted was my nimbly impoverished form in the incredulously scintillating mirror; all by the grace of the unassailably wonderful Lord.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to invincibly sleep like a freshly born infant; unshakably snapping my lips shut; at the ominously sacrilegious crackle of midnight.

Why did I live? Well perhaps for intransigently peering into the silken blue tufts of the bountiful sky; assimilating inspiration of a countless more lifetimes into my soul; as I ardently appreciated its majestic aura.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to unceasingly fall into the most poignantly humanitarian of relationships; timelessly explore the unfathomably fantastic vagaries
of the human mind.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to earn every iota of wealth ever conceived on planet earth; so that I could exist as the most royally unfettered Kind; and simultaneously afford the same right to every living organism on this blessed planet.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to be inscrutably tantalized by the umpteenth sounds of the gloriously triumphant forest; feel the sensitivity of the rhapsodically undying wind created unparalleled tremors of desire in every nubile pore of my flesh.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to unforgivingly massacre every trace of the hedonistically massacring devil on the trajectory of this globe; metamorphose this
beleaguered earth once again into the most victoriously fertile paradise.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to forever bid an irrevocable adieu to a thing called spuriously sanctimonious destiny; evolve a destiny whose foundations rested on righteously persevering hard work; instead.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to bond every passionately volatile beat of my

heart; with the immortal beats of insuperably gratifying love which were prevalent in even the most evanescent ounce of the atmosphere.

Why did I live? Well perhaps to unrelentingly relish the unbelievably fiery puff of passionate air that resurgently rushed into my nostrils every single instant; which was my sole source of all desire on this untiring Universe.

And why did I live? Definitely because the unconquerably Almighty Creator wanted me to; this very moment and till every other moment that he ordered me to symbiotically live; as the complete control over my first and very last breath; was his; his and forever and inimitably his.

Nikhil Parekh

Why Did I Love To Perpetually Love.

Why did I love eating exotically succulent fruit? Well it was solely because of the most gluttonously impoverished existence; of my pathetically tormented stomach.

Why did I love to profoundly empathize with every fraternity of despairing living kind? Well it was solely because of the most devastatingly parched existence; of my callously dried eyeballs.

Why did I love to intransigently fantasize? Well it was solely because of the most deplorably famished existence; of my robotically truculent brain.

Why did I love to interminably adventure? Well it was solely because of the most penuriously irascible existence; of my restlessly wailing knees.

Why did I love to perseveringly perspire? Well it was solely because of the most haplessly disoriented existence; of my emotionlessly fretful armpits.

Why did I love to mellifluously sing? Well it was solely because of the most preposterously tyrannized existence; of my uncontrollably quavering throat.

Why did I love to timelessly sip upon mesmerizing streams of water? Well it was solely because of the most hedonistically despondent existence; of my unsurpassably parched tongue.

Why did I love to unendingly tantalize every of my goose-bump? Well it was solely because of the most fanatically delirious existence; of my venomously victimized skin.

Why did I love to invincibly sleep? Well it was solely because of the most parsimoniously subjugated existence; of my brutally pulverized and defeated nerves.

Why did I love to tirelessly procreate? Well it was solely because of the most unbelievably petulant existence; of my unstoppably overflowing virility.

Why did I love to victoriously dance? Well it was solely because of the most unceasingly agonized existence; of my pertinently imploring and restless legs.

Why did I love to hoist orphaned urchins to their destinations of compassionate comfort? Well it was solely because of the most inexorably beseeching existence;

of my boisterously brimming shoulders.

Why did I love to unrelentingly roll in fields of rain soaked grass? Well it was solely because of the most unfathomably ignited existence; of my uxoriously lambasted thighs.

Why did I love to hear the most panoramically enigmatic sounds of mother nature? Well it was solely because of the most remorsefully bemoaning existence; of my treacherously starved ears.

Why did I love to indefatigably flirt in the aisles of pristine mischief? Well it was solely because of the most bizarrely reverberating existence; of my enthrallingly mystical eyebrows.

Why did I love to majestically sketch? Well it was solely because of the most unabashedly slithering existence; of my relentlessly teasing and impetuously resonating fingers.

Why did I love to endlessly discover till even beyond the realms of infinity? Well it was solely because of the most wretchedly incarcerated existence; of my forlornly divested and monotonous soul.

Why did I love to insatiably breathe? Well it was solely because of the most hopelessly asphyxiated existence; of my disastrously shriveled and crinkled lungs.

And why did I love to perpetually and impregnably love? Well it was solely because of the most unflinchingly ardent existence; of every part; pore and beat of your divinely sensuous body; O! Omnipotent beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Why Did You Come Into My Life?

Why did you come into my life in the first place; igniting the most uncurbed passions of my soul?

Only to eventually discard me like a piece of baseless shit; not even feeling the need to shower a single petal upon my veritable grave.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; drifting me into a spell of unbreakable fantasy; evoking me to dance tirelessly when I felt like miserably stumbling at each step?

Only to eventually romance with another man of your dreams in front of my eyes; betraying me worse than the scorpion could betray its innocent prey.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; gliding me like a majestic prince to the ultimate summit of my dreams; inundating each of my senses with profusely ingratiating charm?

Only to eventually blow me away like nonchalant wisps of your pompous cigarette smoke; murderously extinguishing each bit of smoke that emanated with the skin
of your uncouth feet.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; uniting your palms in mine; standing unflinchingly by my side even as diabolical hell descended in each ingredient of my scarlet blood?

Only to eventually close the doors of your dwelling coldbloodedly on my face; cuddling your paramour inside; as I tyrannically relinquished each of my breath.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; catapulting me to a land higher than mesmerizing paradise; leading me to the most glorious paths of my impoverished existence?

Only to eventually trip me deliberately from the pinnacle of the treacherous terrain; diffusing the most thunderous chortle of your life; as my body disintegrated into a countless pieces against the rocks.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; teaching me the essence of irrefutable humanity; evacuating my dreary visage from a web of horrendous gloom and unprecedented despair?

Only to eventually trade my flesh for a sleazy wad of currency notes; basking in the lap of insatiable luxury; as I rolled tears of blood from beneath the ghastly entrenchment of chains.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; giving me your shoulder to lean upon in my times of agony; blossoming my insensitive veins into an enchanting island of vibrant love?

Only to eventually make me the most dreaded terrorist; as I beheaded several innocent with torrential malice; as you relentlessly flirted with the rich man above.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; marvelously replenishing the void of my orphaned conscience; which lay deserted on the barbaric streets; since my first cry of birth?

Only to eventually blind my gruesomely even in the most flamboyantly dazzling sunlight; as you savagely kicked me off your life; when I needed you the most.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; frolicking with me indefatigably through optimistic meadows of hope; embracing me more perpetually than even a mother could cling to her child?

Only to eventually roast all my bones with satanic condemnation; feeding them to your dog with gusto; as your lips were encompassed with the smile of your life.

And why did you come into my life in the first place; stealing each beat of my heart; taking an immortal promise along with my soul to lead a boundless lives together?

Only to eventually leave me withering towards the corridors of ghastly extinction; stabbing me in the center of my happiness; as you eloped once again with another innocent of my kind; luring him with the sleazy titillation in your voice.

Nikhil Parekh

Why Do You?

God blessed you with such magnificently immaculate palms; why do you uncouthly massacre with them; instead of philanthropically uplifting all devastatingly deprived humanity?

God blessed you with such impeccably sparkling eyes; why do you witness the lecherously evil with them; instead of capsizing all bountifully fathomless beauty of this mesmerizing planet; in their poignantly scintillating mirrors of white?

God blessed you with such formidably impregnable teeth; why do you ruthlessly suck innocuous blood with them; instead of profoundly relishing the most voluptuously enchanting fruits of Mother Nature?

God blessed you with such an ingeniously fascinating mind; why do you maniacally pulverize it with swords of tyrannical depression; instead of relentlessly fantasizing about the astronomically benign goodness; in every quarter of this marvelous planet?

God blessed you with such tantalizingly charming lips; why do you purse them in dormitories of abhorrently despicable belligerence; instead of bequeathing all those treacherously orphaned; with an unsurpassable festoon of grandiloquent smiles?

God blessed you with such melodiously captivating voice; why do you cacophonically lambaste the handsome atmosphere with it; instead of unbelievably pacifying the traumatized agony of all those souls; brutally shattered and withering in inexplicable misery?

God blessed you with such stupendously immaculate neck; why do you diabolically drift it towards the satanically ominous; instead of ardently staring at the ravishingly synergistic; blanket of ubiquitously glistening stars?

God blessed you with such boisterously divine ears; why do you incessantly hear only unruly fracas and war with them; instead of profoundly blending them with a seductive blanket of gloriously titillating golden dewdrops?

God blessed you with such intricately silken feet; why do you indiscriminately trample the pathetically infirm with them; instead of wonderfully evolving an unflinching pathway; of irrefutable peace and benevolent righteousness?

God blessed you with such dexterously articulate nails; why do you use them to savagely extricate a dying mans food; instead of crawling with diligent assiduousness towards the pinnacle of invincibly scintillating success?

God blessed you with such a royally towering height; why do you use it to invidiously dominate all whom you encountered in your way; instead of blissfully alleviating the insurmountably crippled and maim; towards their most resplendent dreams of exuberant success?

God blessed you with such emphatically Herculean muscles; why do you use them to barbarically decimate timidly new born infants; instead of patriotically defending your motherland till the very last iota of your rhapsodic breath?

God blessed you with such mystically bedazzling destiny lines; why do you use them to snatch indispensably vital breath from all those holistically alive; instead of metamorphosing the complexion of staggeringly dilapidated staleness; into the opulently vibrant winds of tomorrow?

God blessed you with such unfathomably overwhelming fortitude; why do you use it for inflicting deliberate pain upon your handsome countenance; instead of standing unequivocally like a formidable fortress; to the celestial service of mankind?

God blessed you with such curvaceously incredulous stomach; why do you mercilessly deluge it with food of the penuriously destitute; instead of harboring insidiously dumped children; in the realms of its compassionately uninhibited swirl?

God blessed you with such enigmatically enamoring shadow; why do you use it to parasitically overshadow the chapter of goodness; instead of letting its fabulously tingling waves; miraculously soothe insanely zany minds?

God blessed you with such irrefutably honest conscience; why do you use it to pioneer the hideously unsurpassable cloud of blatant lies; instead of diffusing Omnipotent truth at every step you tread; at every darkness you profusely enlightened?

God blessed you with such majestically heavenly soul; why do you use it to worthlessly corrupt boisterously endowed civilizations with the winds of manipulative malice; instead of perennially disbursing its essence of timeless peace; to the most remotest cranny of this spell binding planet?

And God blessed you with such passionately pulsating heartbeats; why do you use them to incinerate salacious graves of ludicrously stumbling betrayal; instead of igniting the immortal cloudburst of love; love and only perpetual love.

Nikhil Parekh

Why Don't You Kill Me Forever?

I was dying a pathetically agonizing death every moment waiting for your sensuously silken fingers; why don't you just come in front of me; scratch me uninhibitedly on my cheek with them; and then forever kill me?

I was dying an inconsolably disastrous death every moment waiting for your astoundingly poignant lips; why don't you just come in front of me; kiss me unabashedly on my lips with them; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a torturously sullen death every moment waiting for your tantalizingly unparalleled belly; why don't you just come in front of me; gyrate it jubilantly like the shooting stars; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a wretchedly uncouth death every moment waiting for your profoundly unblemished eyes; why don't you just come in front of me; savor every aspect of my personality with their black's and whites; and then forever kill me?

I was dying an invidiously castrated death every moment waiting for your unbelievably ravishing hair; why don't you just come in front of me; carelessly swish them on my intricate goose-bumps; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a unforgivably penalizing death every moment; waiting for your mellifluously spell binding throat; why don't you just come in front of me; sing just a rhyme with it towards my trembling countenance; and then forever kill me?

I was dying an indescribably lamenting death every moment; waiting for your sacredly dainty feet; why don't you just come in front of me; point a path on earth with it for me to follow; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a fetidly perverted death every moment; waiting for your bountifully effulgent cheeks; why don't you just come in front of me; let them blush an infinitesimal trifle; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a treacherously gory death every moment; waiting for your inscrutably inimitable shadow; why don't you just come in front of me; let its velvetiness incarcerate each of my senses; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a barbarously asphyxiating death every moment; waiting for your

rhapsodically victorious neck; why don't you just come in front of me; nod it only once in ethereal mischief; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a horrendously vindictive death every moment; waiting for your astoundingly eclectic fingers; why don't you just come in front of me; trace them like white electricity down my unstoppably reverberating spine; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a hysterically cadaverous death every moment; waiting for your unfathomably creative mind; why don't you just come in front of me; unfurl its wildest fantasy beside my ardent breath; and then forever kill me?

I was dying an abhorrently diabolical death every moment; waiting for your wondrously stupefying armpits; why don't you just come in front of me; let their golden rivers of sweat dribble upon my fanatically waiting skin; and then forever fill me?

I was dying a satanically crucifying death every moment; waiting for your impeccably adorable ears; why don't you just come in front of me; let their magnetically titillating lobes dangle on my forehead; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a disdainfully cold-blooded death every moment; waiting for your ebulliently unassailable personality; why don't you just come in front of me; let its unconquerable fragrance wholesomely capsize each of my senses; and then forever kill me?

I was dying an unthinkably mortifying death every moment; waiting for your insuperably majestic nostrils; why don't you just come in front of me; let them fierily breathe down my enthused neck; and then forever kill me?

I was dying an unbearably remorseful death every moment; waiting for your royally nubile shoulders; why don't you just come in front of me; entwine their unlimited glory with my uncontrollably resonating chest; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a mercilessly lambasting death every moment; waiting for your priceless voluptuous bosom; why don't you just come in front of me; unravel just a fragment of its timeless compassion into my life; and then forever kill me?

And I was dying a gorily demented death every moment; waiting for your perpetually ameliorating heart; why don't you just come in front of me; let its immortal beats caress my miserably emaciated soul; and then forever kill me?

Nikhil Parekh

Why Don't You See

Why do you always gauge me just by the complexion of my lips; Why don't you see the blistering passion fulminating passionately inside?

Why do you always gauge me just by the color of my mascara; Why don't you see the overwhelming empathy lingering in my eyes?

Why do you always gauge me just by the height I possessed; Why don't you see the unsurpassably towering perceptions of your enchanting persona that circulated in my mind?

Why do you always gauge me just by texture of my skin; Why don't you see the profusely crimson blood flowing inside in my veins; the compassionate ardor impregnated within for your magnificent form?

Why do you always gauge me just by the shades of my nail polish; Why don't you see the poignantly sprouting edges ready to fight for you and defend you at any time?

Why do you always gauge me just by the wealth I had stashed; the cars I drove; Why don't you see the astronomical affluence stored in my soul; ready to help you even after my death?

Why do you always gauge me just by the gloss of my hair; Why don't you see the intricate brain embodied inside evolving fantasies concerning only you all the time?

Why do you always gauge me just by spurious slang in my voice; Why don't you see the effusive agony uncontrollably gushing out the instants I spoke?

Why do you always gauge me just by the jewelry I adorned; Why don't you see each droplet of tear which oozed out of my eye; each globule of silver sweat which dribbled from my arms; was profoundly dedicated to your divinely grace?

Why do you always gauge me just by the number of places I had traveled to by air; Why don't you see the infinite expeditions I was willing to undertake under the scorching heat of sweltering Sun; hoisting you on my bare shoulder?

Why do you always gauge me just by the bodyguards and cavalcade that relentlessly followed me; Why don't you see the life I was ready to sacrifice this

very moment; in order to save you from the tiniest of evil?

Why do you always gauge me just by the scintillating shine of my teeth; Why don't you see the ghastly shell I was ready to break and chew; so that you drank the stupendously sweet water?

Why do you always gauge me just by the design of my garish shoe; Why don't you see my feet which were ready to walk absolutely naked on a blanket of acrid thorns; so that you slept celestially on the golden couch?

Why do you always gauge me just by the contours of my swanky watch; Why don't you see my pulse that ticked faster than the speed of light; sped more turbulently than the shark in the ocean the very instant it witnessed your mesmerizing countenance?

Why do you always gauge me just by the scent I sprinkled; Why don't you see the incredulously fervent aroma that diffused from my nostrils when you were standing at whisker lengths across my shoulder?

Why do you always gauge me just by the business acumen I possessed; Why don't you see that I was ready to unflinchingly take on the mantle of this entire world; to savor a chance of perpetually hovering around your voluptuous demeanor?

Why do you always gauge me just by the fraternity of food I consumed for each meal in the day; Why don't you see the infinite hours that I was prepared to remain starved; so that you relished the tantalizing cherry of your choice?

Why do you always gauge me just by the pen I stuck to my persona; Why don't you see the overwhelming zeal in my fingers to write a book on your fascinating life; all on my own?

And why do you always gauge me just by the shirt I wore to engulf my visage; Why don't you see the madly throbbing heart inside my chest; whose each beat was profoundly yours; whose each throb wanted to immortally capture your love and make it for always mine?

Nikhil Parekh

Why Has Truth Disappeared O! Lord

More invincible than the colossal mountains; virtually impregnable from all sides,
More unfathomable than the blue skies; prevalent in billions of entities
transgressing upon the trajectory of this planet,
More mesmerizing than the voice of the nightingale; illuminating a path of
dazzling optimism in an atmosphere encroached viciously with ominous light,
More transparent than the rays of the heavenly Sun; stringently annihilating the
most minuscule trace of evil forever from this Universe,
Sadly O! Lord why has truth disappeared from earth today; why has its immortal
essence been trampled more indiscriminately than the flies?

More poignant than the crimson streams of blood in body; irrefutably silencing
the web of salacious lies with the power of its divinely voice,
More cherished than any ornament in the world; not procurable for even the
entire wealth assimilated on the planet,
More unsurpassable than the golden horizons; tenaciously standing tall engulfed
with a blanket of its own convictions,
More grandiloquent than any sight decipherable by the eye; escalating
incessantly in a majestic aura that encompassed the divine,
Sadly O! Lord why has truth disappeared from earth today; why has its immortal
essence been trampled more indiscriminately than the flies?

More piquant than the profusely salty ocean; fumigating the most inconspicuous
trace of devilish energy; with the celestial antiseptic in its persona,
More persevering than the infinite tons of sweat shed under sweltering winds of
the day; laboring all the way to repay Almighty Creator in the best possible way,
More natural than the wail of a freshly born organism; worshipped by even the
most Omnipotent for its ubiquitously sacrosanct grace,
More passionate than the handsomely amber flames; incarcerating boundless in
the swirl of its innocuous sincerity,
Sadly O! Lord why has truth disappeared from earth today; why has its immortal
essence been trampled more indiscriminately than the flies?

More straighter than the arrow; embedding the virtue of righteousness even
countless feet beneath soil,
More revered than the footsteps of the amicable mother; holding the most
supreme spot in each heart palpitating under the firmament of sky,
More enchanting than the best of ingratiating perfume; instilling its perpetually
benevolent fragrance in whosoever who even nimbly desired it,
More ancient than even the earth on which we're living on was created; infact the

only treasure with which any palpable entity was born,
Sadly O! Lord why has truth disappeared from earth today; why has its immortal
essence been trampled more indiscriminately than the flies?

Nikhil Parekh

Why Just 'happy Birthday' Once A Year?

I was amazingly born everytime; I spoke the unflinchingly peerless truth; wholesomely unperturbed and unaffected by the zillion abuses and gory atrocities meted upon me; by the fathomless planet outside,

I was ecstatically born everytime; I wholeheartedly embraced each orphan that I encountered in my way; compassionately and forever carrying him towards his ultimate destination and treating him like one of my very own blood and kin,

I was spell bindingly born everytime; I wafted the essence of eternally fructifying symbiotism from even the most inconspicuous of my senses; holistically melanged with each of my surroundings as one of its most priceless gifts of creation Divine,

I was spectacularly born everytime; I tirelessly evolved panoramically humanitarian poetry; out of wisps of sheer and pathetically dwindling nothingness,

I was ebulliently born everytime; I fearlessly set out to adventure; stumbling upon an infinite more new creations of Mother Nature; when I'd just thought that the world had now come to a virtual standstill,

I was triumphantly born everytime; I wholesomely changed the miserably jinxed destiny lines on my palms; reached the absolute zenith of philanthropic success with sheer hard work and an infinite droplets of righteous sweat,

I was exuberantly born everytime; I earnestly attempted my very best to perpetually coalesce every caste; creed; religion; color and sect under the Omnipotent Sun; into the most unconquerably supreme religion of humanity,

I was victoriously born everytime; I unabashedly proliferated into countless of my own; sowing the astoundingly virile seeds of my body; to far and wide by the grace of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord,

I was blessedly born everytime; I infallibly marched on the path of unshakable righteousness; even though it was barbarously laden with a countless agonizingly blood-stained thorns,

I was effulgently born everytime; I selflessly entered the body of each disastrously suffering organism on this planet; felt its pain as my very own; and

then tried my very best to ameliorate it towards the aisles of celestial paradise,

I was poignantly born everytime; I exuded an infinite droplets of love from every conceivable pore of my impoverished form; then used the same for the creation of a brand new civilization whose foundations rested on the bricks of immortally bounteous compassion,

I was everlastingly born everytime; I took fresh breath into my nostrils; with a perennial resolve to uproot even the most infinitesimal trace of dastardly evil; from the fabric of this conventionally sanctimonious society,

I was interminably born everytime; I uninhibitedly fantasized till even beyond the realms of unlimited eternity; about the pristine pearls of goodness forever falling and blessing the trajectory of earth divine,

I was bountifully born everytime; I euphorically propagated to every existing corner of this limitless Universe; that the religion of humanity was bigger and greater than any other blood relation thriving on this planet,

I was stupendously born everytime; I stopped the indiscriminate felling of trees; planting a countless more seedlings for every blissfully venerated tree mercilessly massacred,

I was enchantingly born everytime; I relentlessly discovered every aspect and pore of my beloved's body; culminating into the ultimate fireball of undefeately tantalizing thrill,

I was supremely born everytime; I royally replenished even the tiniest of my agony and desire; wholesomely enshrouding each of my senses with the resplendently enlightening fruits of mother nature,

I was impregably born everytime; I kissed the Omniscient feet of my mother to be further blessed; affably cuddled in her altruistic lap; to be timelessly caressed as once again her newborn child,

I was wonderfully born everytime; I made every haplessly deprived female on earth as my benign sister; invincibly protected her chastity from even the most invisible trace of the devil; and for the remainder of my life,

I was fantastically born everytime; I perpetuated beams of literate enlightenment into the lives of all those worthlessly illiterate; endlessly fought for establishing their egalitarian right in every shoulder and walk of life,

I was insuperably born everytime; the Omnipotent Almighty Lord felt that a worthlessly non-existent molecule such as me; was one amongst his countless blessed ones alive,

Then tell me; why do you wish me and an infinite like me a Happy Birthday only just once in a year; when infact we were born into a countless more undefeated lives; every single instant that we ardently committed ourselves to the unassailable chapters of humanity; goodness and symbiotic life.

Nikhil Parekh

Why Not Mother's Initials?

It was only a mother who so majestically bore you 9 months in her Omnipotent womb; nourishing every ingredient of your blessed body and bone; with her very own pricelessly inimitable blood,

It was only a mother who delivered you so celestially to the world; not letting even the most infinitesimal of scratch engulf your persona; whilst bearing the most indescribably excruciating of pain,

It was only a mother who so compassionately suckled you with her sacrosanct milk; mollifying even the most mercurial trace of your irascible hunger; although she was uncontrollably shivering in cancerous disease all the time,

It was only a mother who so holistically taught you how to walk; following and tracing even the most oblivious footstep of yours; whilst you kicked your baby feet in uninhibited abandon towards her impeccable face,

It was only a mother who so obsessively searched every cranny of this earth; to feed you with the best food and fruit available; bearing countless a whiplash of the sadistically pugnacious society in the entire process,

It was only a mother who so unsurpassably trembled in the freezing winter night; but enveloped every inch of your tiny form in the last altruistic robe adorning her venerated body,

It was a only mother who so endlessly fought against the entire planet; just so that you wholesomely followed even the most unconventionally evanescent dreams of your heart; just so that you blossomed till realms beyond infinite infinity in whatever symbiotic you chose to do,

It was only a mother who so irrefutably believed every voice that emanated from your soul; even as the entire Universe ignominiously slandered you and incarcerated you
in ghoulishly crippling chains,

It was only a mother who so magnanimously condoned even the most unpardonable of your sin; infallibly believing it when you said that it had happened quite inadvertently from your demeanor,

It was only a mother who so indefatigably prayed to the Omniscient Almighty

Lord for your perpetual betterment; whilst herself pathetically emaciating on a coffin of cadaverously fetid thorns,

It was only a mother who so selflessly and forever showered her countless blessings upon your impoverished form; even though at times you rebuked her; and lived in separated dwellings after earning your own livelihood,

It was only a mother who so brilliantly sketched even the most ethereal ingredient of your form with the redolent blood in her veins; even in the most diabolically crucifying of blackness,

It was only a mother who so perennially congratulated you at the even the most fugitive of your accomplishment; whilst the entire tawdry planet unceasingly laughed at your inanely frigid foolhardiness,

It was only a mother who so inexhaustibly stood guard by your side all day and satanic night; invincibly safe-guarding you from even the most dreariest voice of the devil; whilst you snored in bounteous heaven's paradise,

It was only a mother who so unabashedly sold herself to every tangible trace of the chauvinistic male demon; just in order to earn that extra penny; which would add an undefeated glint to each element of your survival,

It was only a mother who so indefatigably harnessed even the most fleeting trace of your creativity; epitomizing the artist effulgently radiating from your breath; to perpetually blend with the Omnipresent Almighty Lord,

It was only a mother who so royally ameliorated you from the dungeons of torturous pain; metamorphosing even the most unstoppably bleeding of your wounds into the unassailable light of the Morning Sun; with just a single of her miraculous caress,

It was only a mother who so immortally loved you as her child; immortally dedicated every beat of her heart to your ecstatic creation; for a countless more of her lifetimes,

It was only a mother who so timelessly nourished every aspect of your truncated existence with her unflinchingly godly breath; tirelessly pumping victorious life in your mind; body; soul and spirit; even after she inevitably left for her heavenly abode,

And yet you fecklessly decrepit human molecule overlooked everything that she'd

done for you; cannibalistically overlooked the incomparable sacrifices that she'd made to enable you to live an unlimited number of lifetimes; ruthlessly embossing your father's initials instead of hers between your name and surname; just because it'd been going on since thousands of years; and just because your spuriously stupid society said

Nikhil Parekh

Why Not We Forever Live In The Same Breath?

A different spoon for you and a different spoon for me; why not we forever digest with the same spoon; whose metal was made of the threads of invincibly compassionate symbiotism,

A different glass for you and a different glass for me; why not we forever drink in the same glass; whose walls were made of the fathomless entrenchments of unshakably faithful friendship,

A different vehicle for you and a different vehicle for me; why not we forever travel in the same vehicle; whose body was made of the spirit of unflinchingly unconquerable togetherness,

A different plate for you and a different plate for me; why not we forever eat in the same plate; whose base was made of the elements of Perennially fructifying humanity,

A different cloth for you and a different cloth for me; why not we forever cover our shivering bodies with the same cloth; whose fabric was made of the eternally bounteous rudiments of Mother Nature,

A different dwelling for you and a different dwelling for me; why not we forever live in the same dwelling; whose roof was made of the most unassailable skies of priceless brotherhood,

A different job for you and a different job for me; why not we forever do the same philanthropic job together; whose each conceivably working hour was for the perennial amelioration of all tyrannically deprived living kind,

A different path for you and a different path for me; why not we forever walk on the same path; whose every tangible bifurcation, fearlessly led to the ultimate epitomes of impregnable truth and sparkling righteousness,

A different tune for you and a different tune for me; why not we forever listen to the same tune; whose every decibel miraculously quelled all indiscriminate terrorism and royally led all towards the path of immortal love,

A different fantasy for you and a different fantasy for me; why not we forever delve into the same fantasy; whose silken paradise comprised of nothing else but; the ubiquitously spell binding beats of infallible love,

A different river for you and a different river for me; why not we forever bathe in the same river; whose waters eventually melanged with the unsurpassably bestowing ocean of peace,

A different country for you and a different country for me; why not we forever live in the same country; whose infinite foundations were erected on the ingredients of altruistic unity,

A different name for you and a different name for me; why not we forever embrace the same name; whose characters just spoke of nothing else but the indefatigably consecrating spirit of humanitarian oneness,

A different religion for you and a different religion for me; why not we forever befriend the same religion; whose boundless intricacies eventually and finally coalesced; with the everlasting religion of humanity,

A different inspiration for you and a different inspiration for me; why not we forever adapt the same source of inspiration; whose peerlessly optimistic rays of divine light; interminably perpetuated their way through the most despicable tunnels of asphyxiating pain and blackness,

A different shade for you and a different shade for me; why not we forever rest under the same shade; whose every reflection symbiotically unfurled the fathomless moods of vivaciously pristine Mother Nature,

A different school for you and a different school for me; why not we forever study in the same school; whose every classroom undyingly taught the principles of triumphant selflessness,

A different breath for you and a different breath for me; why not we forever survive in the same breath; whose unparalleled fieriness timelessly led towards the chapters of bounteously utopian life,

A different beat for you and a different beat for me; why not we forever love in the same heartbeat; whose every immortal palpitation brought every living being on the trajectory of this planet; closer and closer to the Omnipotent Lord divine

Nikhil Parekh

Why Should I?

Why should I embrace the satanically lecherous; with uncouth blood stained profusely on their devilish palms?

When I had her impeccable memories floating vividly; in the crystalline white of my poignant eyes.

Why should I play with the acrimonious demons; frolicking in their land inundated with treacherous sin and blood?

When I had her irrefutably sacrosanct shadow by my side; profoundly alluring me with its ravishing charisma and philanthropic charm.

Why should I bow down in front of the horrendously ghastly traitors; barbarically tyrannizing and rebuking innocent mothers?

When I had her divine persona nestling indefatigably in my soul; enriching it towards its ultimate goal; its most unfathomable richness in life.

Why should I philosophize the indiscriminately illegitimate essence of evil; harnessing coldblooded monsters to escalate higher than the clouds?

When I had her vivaciously benign dreams in my mind; her rhapsodic fragrance which tirelessly kept casting its irrevocable spell; upon each dwindling bone of my penurious countenance.

Why should I frantically search for hideous crime; assassinating blissful life diabolically from the trajectory of this celestial Universe?

When I had the magnanimous festoon of her humanitarian ideals; lingering in even the most inconspicuous ingredient of my crimson blood.

Why should I blend with the torturous winds of malice; weighing myself every instant in the heinously stinking scales of manipulative give and take?

When I had her battalion of boundless smiles incarcerated safely within the periphery of my lips; endlessly catapulting me to an island of everlasting joy and stupendous fulfillment.

Why should I entangle myself into the murderous battle for insatiable power; baselessly leading each moment of my life to achieve a stardom at the cost of ruthless bloodshed?

When I had her sacred palms perpetually united in mine; her godly feet matching my every step; as I propelled forward to scrap parasites from mankind.

Why should I commit horrifically deplorable suicide; relinquish the last breath of my life in utter hopelessness and unsurpassable despair?

When I hear incredulously melodious sounds intransigently engulfing my ears; making me desire beyond the realms of the absolute extraordinary; marvelously quenching every benevolent ambition of mine.

And why should I dream of another birth with Herculean power; blessed with a miraculous prowess to metamorphose every inconspicuous stone into glitteringly mesmerizing gold?

When I had her immortal heartbeats imprisoned in the innermost realms of my chest; granting me the insurmountable tenacity to lead an infinite more births in this single lifetime of mine; making me feel the richest man alive; even as I stood for a few seconds on the doorsteps of rotting hell.

Nikhil Parekh

Why Should I? -Part 2

Why should the desert metamorphose itself into an ocean; just because the acrimoniously slithering cactus; wanted it to?

Why should the clouds metamorphose themselves into glittering gold; just because the lecherously manipulative wandering aimlessly; wanted them to?

Why should the patriotic battlefield metamorphose itself into a shivering cocoon; just because the diminutively cowardly scared of leading life; wanted it to?

Why should the pungently intrepid thorn metamorphose itself into overwhelmingly glistening silk; just because the dastardly demons desirous for luxury; wanted it to?

Why should poignant blood fulminating ecstatically through the veins metamorphose itself into frozen ice; just because the worthlessly vindictive ghost; wanted it to?

Why should the dog metamorphose its unruly bark into a melodiously sacrosanct song; just because some fanatics of spuriously sanctimonious religion; wanted it to?

Why should the inconspicuously irascible ant metamorphose itself into a succulent deer; just because the tumultuously roaring lion; wanted it to?

Why should the overwhelmingly slushy swamp metamorphose itself into a road of formidably gripping concrete; just because those disastrously unable to find their foot; wanted it to?

Why should the preposterously gigantic shark metamorphose itself into an immaculately shimmering pearl; just because the baselessly petrified passengers on the shores; wanted it to?

Why should the boisterously bustling baby metamorphose itself into a symmetrically trimmed angel; just because the ostentatiously threadbare party; wanted it to?

Why should the lethally venomous snake metamorphose itself into hives replenishing with golden honey; just because the pretentiously philosophizing; wanted it to?

Why should the infinitesimally fluttering mosquito metamorphose itself into a paradise of unending fantasy; just because the treacherously snoring terrorist; wanted it to?

Why should the divinely smiling girl metamorphose itself into a puristic boy; just because the traditionally uncouth parents; wanted it to?

Why should the avalanches; earthquakes; tornadoes; metamorphose themselves into sparkling diamonds; just because ruthlessly penalizing mankind; wanted them to?

Why should the despicably ailing old man metamorphose himself into a ghastly corpse; just because the manipulatively parasitic sons; wanted him to?

Why should the invincibly secure lock metamorphose itself into an articulate key; just because the hideous battalion of burglars; wanted it to?

Why should the celestially placid stones metamorphose themselves into appetizing morsels of tangible food; just because horrendously lazy urchins; wanted them to?

Why should each beam of darkness metamorphose itself into the flamboyantly dazzling Sun; just because the satanically barbaric yearning for an eternal day; wanted them to?

Why should immortal love metamorphose itself into invidiously sinister betrayal; just because the rigidly extraneous world; wanted it to?

Why should sacred life metamorphose itself into pathetically gruesome death; just because some power hungry leaders; wanted it to?

And why should I; writing; breathing; fantasizing; poetry from the inner most realms of my heart; metamorphose myself into deplorably stinking office; just because the uncouthly unforgiving society around; wanted me to?

Nikhil Parekh

Why The Hell Have You Made This Ghastly Bullet?

It either lethally wounded you; brutally divesting you of even the most infinitesimal bit of your celestially burgeoning happiness,

Or it either venomously blinded you for the remainder of your life; as it mercilessly zipped past the whites of your symbiotically effulgent eyes,

Or it either indefinitely fractured your bones; dolorously rendering you to beg on one foot; till the time breath was still ardent in each heavenly nostril of yours,

Or it either indiscriminately slandered you; leaving you without the most inconspicuous trifle of water and food; right in the heart of the truculently acrimonious deserts,

Or it either baselessly tortured you to the most unprecedented limits; as at times the coffins of agony in every ingredient of your blood; seemed more Herculean than the corridors of infinite infinity,

Or it either indelibly cursed you; wherein you found that every step that you unflinchingly alighted; led only to the graveyards of death; death and inconsolably hedonistic bloodshed,

Or it either penalizingly divided you into a boundless halves; separating you forever and ever and ever from the ones you most eternally adored; embraced and loved,

Or it either unforgivably slapped you; leaving such a tawdrily cancerous indentation upon the fabric of your impeccable life; which was impossible to ever erase,

Or it either stained even the most mercurial line of your destiny with treacherous blood; the stains of which cold-bloodedly asphyxiated you for an unlimited more lifetimes,

Or it either created parasitic boundaries and differences with your neighboring symbiotic caste; creed; nationalities and tribe; lambasting every conceivable cranny of your brain with the wrath of inexplicably frustrating prejudice,

Or it either unsparingly bludgeoned you into the corpses of bizarrely forlorn extinction; before even you ever had the time to utter your wistfully fervent

breath,

Or it either treated you as if you were the greatest criminal on planet divine;
when infact you'd spent every unfurling instant of your life profoundly dedicated
to the service of ubiquitously ever-pervading living-kind,
Or it either tirelessly victimized you beyond tangible degrees of comprehension;
fomenting even the most oblivious nerve of yours to tremble in uncontrollable
abhorrence and satanic malice,

Or it either vanquished the Sun of unfettered optimism forever and ever and ever
from your gloriously priceless lifetime; leaving you sacrilegiously drenched into
solely a mortuary of baselessly crippling darkness,

Or it either ominously jinxed you for every unleashing second of your life;
wherein whatever you dared caress; bawdily metamorphosed into the most
disparagingly delinquent coal-mine,

Or it either tyrannically distorted the contours of your pristinely inimitable face;
rendering you as the most penuriously ugly organism on the trajectory of this
fathomless Universe,

Or it either vindictively stopped the influx of prosperity in your life; replacing
even the tiniest bit of happiness; with traumatically augmenting sorrow and
devastatingly devouring war,

Or it either made you as uxoriously hollow as the lifeless corpse even as you
breathed; after witnessing countless of your own innocent kin and kind;
unstoppably bleeding to the last breath of their life,

Or it either incessantly perpetuated you to lick lackadaisically ribald mud; as your
jaws got unfortunately trapped into the sadistically cannibalistic enemy camp,

Or it either hung your head in shame every time you took birth; in front of all
those whom you had meaninglessly assassinated in a trice of a second; without
any ostensible reason or rhyme and only on the pretext of war,

Or it either snatched your beloved from so perpetually far away from you; that
even the most preposterously wildest of your dreams couldn't ever imagine of
ever
reaching her,

Then why the hell have you made this ghastly " Bullet " O!

Impoverished Man; releasing it in countless numbers every unveiling instant of
Omnipotent life; when all
that was required was just one true beat of Immortal love earnestly wafting from
your heart; enough to transform this boundless Universe into a veritable
paradise; enough to enshroud even the most evanescent bit of misery into an
unconquerably blissful
entrenchment of the Creator Divine

Nikhil Parekh

Why Was I As A Parent, An All-Time Fan Of Euro-Kids Vastrapur? (Ahmedabad, India) .

Not because my daughter was studying in its majestically serene ambience,

Not because there stood a gigantic Neem tree right in its center, enchanting every dreary nerve with unparalleled contentment,

Not because the sky above it always seemed cheerful-with innocent children shrieks and laughter forever winning its heart,

Not because of its indisputably sparkling floor and walls-the cleanliness that was spectacular in even the remotest of its quarters,

Not because of the English Language which was spoken to the highest authority-acclimatizing hearts at their youngest, with the expression of the World,

Not because of its enormous flexibility- which uninhibitedly heard the voice and whims of every parent and unruly toddler,

Not because it was successively adjudicated the best Branch of its kind-from all across its centers in Asia,

Not because it brought about a whole new freshness of ideas, concepts and curriculum, as far as modern day teaching was concerned,

Not because it was one of India's largest Pre-School chains- giving concrete direction to many worried parents-who were otherwise helter-skelter in choosing the best for their blood,

Not because it bountifully showered various intriguing gifts to its students-painstakingly crafted by its 'ever-hardworking' bunch of adorable teachers,

Not because it had an amazing eye for detail-regularly maintained an accurate performance list of all its assiduous students,

Not because it magnificently helped your child to undergo the painful transition from home to school—always with a big smile,

Not because its methodology of teaching was ingeniously practical oriented-

rather than loading the student with heavy school-bags-and endlessly cramming from text-books,

Not because of its beautifully personalized attention-where its tiny students never felt away from their mothers-infact started to poeticize in their alien environment,

Not because of the wonderfully patient ear-that it timelessly lended to even the tiniest of concerns or complaints from its discerning community of students and parents, alike,

But I was an all-time fan of Euro-Kids, Vastrapur (Ahmedabad, India) because it was here, that my child found a second home, away from her actual home-most importantly it was here that my child found Love & Respect for her in every teachers eye—which was the very reason that she longed to go to school, above all her indoor friends and toys.

Nikhil Parekh

Why Was I Living

Why were you smiling spuriously; when actually you were completely shattered from inside?

Why were the trees blissfully casting their shadows; when actually they felt that they would wither away?

Why was the sun shining; when actually it felt that it would submerge into a pool of darkness?

Why was the rose blossoming handsomely towards the sky; when actually every droplet of its juice was being savagely sucked by the parasite?

Why were the birds chirping melodiously; when actually their nests were completely destroyed?

Why were the waves simmering placidly; when actually they were soon to be enveloped by a tumultuous storm?

Why was it raining; when actually the clouds had faded decades ago?

Why were the fish swimming gleefully; when actually they knew that they were going to be devoured by a hostile shark the very next moment?

Why were the eyes radiant; when they were actually going to be besieged by wholesome blindness within a few seconds?

Why was the car traversing like a prince; when actually it was going to plummet into the steep valley; as soon as it reached the bridge?

Why were the fires blazing vivaciously towards the sky; when actually they were going to blend with loose mud; as soon as the rain came down?

Why was the businessman busy in millions of dollars worth of business deals; when actually he had lost completely in matters of the heart?

Why was the rainbow shimmering bombastically in the cosmos; when it actually was going to fade away into thin wisps of oblivion; as soon as the clouds gathered in?

Why were the buildings standing fortified; tall; and domineering; when actually they were going to be reduced to inconspicuous rubble; with meager strokes of the devastating earthquake?

Why was the mosquito greedily sucking blood; when actually it was going to get perennial rest in the lizards stomach very soon?

Why was the ghost wandering in the dilapidated mansion; when he actually knew that he had left for his heavenly abode centuries ago?

Why did a human being consider himself God at times; when he actually couldn't even guess; as to what was happening just a few centimeters behind his back?

Why was the old lady shouting exuberantly at the top of her lungs; when she was actually going to relinquish breath any second; due to diminishing old age?

And why was I living; showing the world my stoical demeanor; working like a machine as if I wasn't the least affected; when in fact I actually knew that I had died long ago; and what people saw outside; was just a skeleton of mine; without mind; body and spirit?

Nikhil Parekh

Will " I Love You" Ever Do?

Will a spuriously ludicrous armory of cadaverously artificial teeth ever do; instead of the perpetually real and resplendently philanthropic smile?

Will a listless godown of debasingly artificial twigs ever do; instead of the beautifully real and enigmatically exhilarating forest ?

Will a monotonously tyrannical lexicon of boundlessly artificial words ever do; instead of the timelessly real and fantastically ebullient poetry?

Will an obnoxiously robotic geyser of listlessly artificial water ever do; instead of the wonderfully real and ingratiatingly charismatic waterfall?

Will the lugubriously deadened stacks of ridiculously artificial wool ever do; instead of the enchantingly real and compassionate amiable sheep?

Will the disdainfully mechanical arms of the emotionlessly artificial clock ever do; instead of the majestically real unfurling of the mesmerizing day and inscrutably tantalizing night?

Will the dolorously invidious air of the bombastically artificial air-conditioner ever do; instead of the blissfully real and poignantly swirling storm?

Will the monstrously demonic and flamboyantly artificial aircraft ever do; instead of the invincibly real and brilliantly unassailable apogee of the indomitable mountains?

Will the manipulatively chiseled and erroneously artificial idol ever do; instead of the Omnipotently real and everlastingly unconquerable Creator divine?

Will the lackadaisically whimpering and hedonistically artificial currency coin ever do; instead of the timelessly real and invincibly priceless spirit of Omnipresent truth?

Will the snobbishly flickering and dastardly artificial bulb ever do; instead of the indomitably real and fathomlessly ubiquitous rays of the Godly Sun?

Will the commercially decrepit and sleazily artificial feature film ever do; instead of the regally real and fragrantly bountiful anecdotes of mystically unleashing life?

Will an unscrupulously unsavory and pugnaciously artificial pandemonium of robotic lines ever do; instead of the effulgently real and spell bindingly eclectic artist's sketch?

Will the unceremoniously programmed and imperturbably artificial armor ever do; instead of the unflinchingly real and altruistically immortal soldier?

Will vindictively colored and bawdily artificial ice-cream ever do; instead of the handsomely real and ebulliently glistening avalanches of frosty ice?

Will parsimoniously mundane and egregiously artificial edifices ever do; instead of the ecstatically real and vividly mysterious interiors of the voluptuously titillating caves?

Will the brutally fudged and repugnantly artificial discotheque music ever do; instead of the insuperably real and irrefutably marvelous voice of the eternal conscience?

Will the murderously choked and penuriously artificial oxygen cylinder ever do; instead of the sensuously real fabric of Omnisciently quintessential breath?

And will the infinitesimally ethereal and transiently artificial words "I Love you" ever do; instead of the celestially real and universally bonding beats of the fearlessly divine heart?

Nikhil Parekh

Will Never Lose

The Sun might slowly and slowly lose all its ferociously blazing rays; remorsefully withering behind the languid horizons; for times immemorial,

The stars might slowly and slowly lose all their scintillating shimmer; eventually appearing as nonchalantly lackadaisical stones in the firmament of fathomlessly barren sky,

The oceans might slowly and slowly lose all their ravishingly tangy salt; sullenly metamorphosing into boundless kilometers of corrugated dry rubble and worthlessly invidious sand,

The deserts might slowly and slowly lose all their regally fascinating majesty; disdainfully transforming into obsolete mirages of derogatorily dilapidated despondence,

The mountains might slowly and slowly lose all their unconquerably shimmering peaks; being transited into capriciously fugitive dust; as ghastly earthquakes tumultuously plundered them,

The roses might slowly and slowly lose all their enchantingly enamoring redolence; limply shedding all their bountifully burgeoning petals into a livid heap; for the wastrel parasites to devour,

The forests might slowly and slowly lose all their enigmatically jubilant trees; ludicrously shriveling into a cadaverously macabre heap; as the onslaught of inclement drought austerely tightened its pugnacious grip,

The Moon might slowly and slowly lose all its resplendently milky shimmer; eventually succumbing like a diminutive mosquito; to the thunderously diabolical conglomerate of obnoxiously grey clouds,

The soldier might slowly and slowly lose all his irrefutably dazzling integrity; uxoriously yielding the secrets of his motherland; in order to save his skin from hedonistically indescribable torture,

The nightingale might slowly and slowly lose all its astoundingly mellifluous charisma; pathetically plummeting into an eternal slumber out of sheer tiredness; even as the atmosphere outside died a billion times every minute; without its golden voice,

The mirror might slowly and slowly lose all its unequivocally righteous sparkle; shattering into an infinite pieces of grotesquely cacophonous distortion; at the slightest cry of the satanically rampaging devil,
The fortress might slowly and slowly lose all its invincibly Herculean strength; obnoxiously crumbling like a pack of frigidly lugubrious cards; as its foundations inexplicably gave away,

The sky might slowly and slowly lose all its beautifully iridescent effulgence; being horrifically adulterated by monotonously venomous spacecrafts and indiscriminately pulverizing missiles,

The bones might slowly and slowly lose all their unflinchingly altruistic tenacity; eventually falling a lame prey to the vagaries of the maliciously parasitic and ruthlessly conventional society,

The clocks might slowly and slowly lose all their meticulously fantastic essence of time; as the electric pace of maligned viciousness in the colossal planet today; insatiably overshadowed them with their bane,

The clouds might slowly and slowly lose all their voluptuously tantalizing moisture; dreadfully vanishing into the corpses of insipidly fretful meaninglessness; as the blanket of panoramically fructifying green disappeared from the trajectory of this fathomless Universe,

The conscience might slowly and slowly lose all its magnificently aristocratic armor of spell binding truth; to inevitably survive amidst the pack of vengefully marauding and manipulatively decrepit wolves,

The nostril might slowly and slowly lose all its vivaciously exuberant breath; with the graveyards of truculently penalizing death perniciously creeping in from every conceivable side,

But come what may; the doors of my passionately fulminating heart will always be open for you; and even if I had to take an infinite births yet again; I will never lose even an evanescent iota of my patience; I will forever wait for you; you and till
the time you make me your breath; forever make me only you.

Nikhil Parekh

Will You Be My Valentine?

Will you be the luckiest charm of my existence; a wish of supreme fulfillment that only led to humanitarian goodness; philanthropy and selflessness- as I nimbly tread by the grace of the Creator Divine?

Will you be the vivaciously dancing butterfly of love in my garden; illuminating every dreary nerve of mine- with the charm of your poignantly exuberant flight?

Will you be the scent of immortal companionship that drifted close to my nostrils; so that I forever floated in a paradise of goodness; unfettered and bonded in a mist of friendship sublime?

Will you be the rainbow of unflinching camaraderie that I sighted in tufts of blue; that ignited my spirit of symbiotic survival on divine earth; to the very fullest?

Will you be the droplet of tantalizing rain that cascaded down my roof; triggering a perennial yearning in my heart to be kissed in a domain; beyond the definitions of clockwork time?

Will you be the uninhibited stream that sparkled down the virgin slopes; embracing every element of my impoverished existence; with a wand of bountiful endowment?

Will you be those invisible tendrils of excitement that caressed my spine; awakening me from a stupor of inane practicality; towards the effulgently whistling winds of existence?

Will you be the fairy that casts a gorge of happiness wherever you went; a perpetual mist of bliss that I embraced; as I continued my truncated odyssey on soil?

Will you be that line of destiny on my palms that solely leads to truth; a flame that keeps the true passion of my life ignited with unparalleled caring?

Will you be the song that I cherished to sing the most in this Universe; a melody whose tunes drifted from the innermost arenas of my innocuous soul?

Will you be that undaunted living form by my side; in my times of ebullience and inexplicable misfortune alike; even as abuses were intransigently hurled from the planet outside?

Will you be the tinkling laughter that engulfed my ears with new-found hope; everytime I felt the ship of my scraggily penurious existence sink to the rock bottom of hopelessness?

Will you be the nightingale that unabashedly perched upon my shoulder; drowning me into ecstatic spasms of all the sweetness- that ever formed my imperfectly humane atmosphere?

Will you be every Lilly that blossomed on the path not dared taken; but the very path I chose to celebrate every moment of my synergistically intrepid existence?

Will you be the everlasting source of my child-like bewilderment; as the magic of your spontaneity continued to enthuse the informally bohemian footsteps of my life?

Will you be the ultimate seductress that drifted me away from the worst of crisis; far away from the world of greed; manipulation and satanic barbarism—like a prince near your amiably compassionate bosom?

Will you be the reason that I found new-found optimism to survive; not only reaching the zenith myself—but reaching out the balm of unhindered love and humanity to every single of my fellow beings?

Will you be the voice that I could easily differentiate from amongst every other on the planet; as it was my own heart's cry to forever unite with my soul-mate in this life and every life hence-forth- destined?

I guess its time to propose to you now—and that's exactly what I am doing from deep within my heart O! Beloved- will you be my Valentine

Nikhil Parekh

Will You Still Accept Me As Your Husband?

Does only going to the corporate office from an exact 9 in the morning to 9 in the bewitching night; prove that a man is indeed an infallibly true husband to his jubilantly vivacious wife?

Does only possessing a perfectly sculptured masculine and virile body; prove that a man is indeed an unconquerably blessed husband to his euphorically tantalizing wife?

Does only earning infinite bundles of quintessential currency note every month; prove that a man is indeed an inimitably worthy husband to his pristinely effulgent wife?

Does only attending the world's premium cocktail parties and conferences; prove that a man is indeed a pricelessly undefeatable husband to his wondrously enthralling wife?

Does only draping each conceivable pore of the skin with the most opulent fabric; pearls; and ties available in the world; prove that a man is indeed a stupendously enamoring husband to his beautifully effervescent wife?

Does only attracting gargantuan hordes of crowds towards with the mere essence of a celebrity personality; prove that a man is indeed a deservedly smart husband to his insuperably redolent wife?

Does only unceasingly perpetuating the atmosphere with the scent of majestic cigar smoke and kingly wine; prove that a man is indeed a effulgently princely husband to his poignantly intricate wife?

Does only having an inimitably infallible signature proudly embossed on every existing check; prove that a man is indeed a regally eclectic husband to his triumphantly gyrating wife?

Does only conversing at an unbelievably adroit nineteen to the dozen in the most enviably impregnable British accent; prove that a man is indeed an amazingly fulfilling husband to his unimpeachably contemporary wife?

Does only exuding into a billion globules of perseveringly golden sweat every day; prove that a man is indeed an earnestly hard working husband to his piquantly boisterous wife?

Does only possessing supernaturally miraculous qualities of being able to fly bare-chested in freezing air; prove that a man is indeed a truly devoted husband to his eternally replenishing wife?

Does only possessing an unparalleled sense of humor wherein even the most deliriously suicidal metamorphosed into smiling saints; prove that a man is indeed a proficiently versatile husband to his robustly exhilarating wife?

Does only having a magically unwavering baritone that spell bound millions in minute seconds; prove that a man is indeed a bountifully ardent husband to His unfathomably sensuous wife?

Does only writing countless lines of "Nobel Prize Winning" literature on Immortal Love; prove that a man is indeed an uniquely pioneering husband to his unconventionally Samaritan wife?

Does only endlessly winning over every territory of the boundless earth; prove that a man is indeed a fervently unassailable husband to his magnetically enthralling wife?

Does only being inundated with infinite hair and glistening muscle on the chest; prove that a man is indeed an astonishingly audacious husband to his gregariously pretty wife?

Does only being an unequivocally svelte emperor on the world stage of unprecedented power; prove that a man is indeed a wondrously iridescent husband to his gorgeously supple wife?

Does only indefatigably gallivanting in the most scintillating of "Rolls Royce" and "Mercedes"; prove that a man is indeed an unmatched dream husband to his unfathomably vanity wife?

Does only astoundingly sketching the persona of any organism on the unceasing Universe merely by fantasizing about the same; prove that a man is indeed a jubilantly embracing husband to his charmingly benign wife?

And if didn't posses even a single quality amongst the several spell bindingly enriching ones as listed above; although each beat of my immortally throbbing heart loves you like noone else could on this tirelessly proliferating planet; will

you still accept me as your husband; O! darling wife?

Nikhil Parekh

Wings Of Love

I wanted to fly high in the blue sky on the wings of love;
Traversing through balls of white cotton clouds; listening to the mellifluous
chirping of birds,
Having a silent peep at the blazing Sun; admiring its enchanting and radiant
shine,
Bathing in the unrelenting rain pelting down; trying to catch the tiny droplets in
my palms,
Watching atrocious airplanes whizzing past me at electric speeds; invading the
serenity of the atmosphere,
Confronting chilly draughts of breeze as I proceeded; occasional flakes of snow
caressing my hair,
The horizon appearing just at arms lengths from my body; as if the Sun was
ready to gobble me for supper,
Earthly inhabitation infinite kilometers away from my sight; with a panoramic
view of the towering mountains,
The innocuous white of my skin transiting to scarlet red; as gusty winds rushed
across in fury,
A fleet of twinkling stars staring down at me in pin drop silence; preparing to
shimmer in the night,
Thunderous black clouds obliterating me completely from visions of earth,
The only food being; a blend of white and colored air inundating my mouth,
The need for water not arising; in the bitter cold and freezing sheets of wind,
With me somersaulting several times on my back; viewing the sky in ecstasy
walking upside down,
A feeling of reverence; feeling the divine Creator in whispering distances of my
silhouette,
There was no pollution; adulteration; not even the faintest trace of civilization as
I flew,
The open conglomerate of sky and space besieging me in a vice like grip,
Simply not a soul to disturb me throughout the long day; the tenacious light of
the moon engulfing me in darkness,
I remembered my close affiliates; siblings; and most importantly the spell
binding cadence of her voice,
As I flew still higher in the sky; on the wings of perpetual love.

Nikhil Parekh

With An Existence Such As This

Full of ecstatic adventure; overwhelmed with exuberant happiness,

Full of unfathomable zeal; an insatiable desire to explore to the most unprecedented limits,

Full of boisterous euphoria; an uncanny sense of adventure blended profusely with streams of scarlet blood,

Full of tangy spice; an ocean of passionate sweat trickling ferociously with the unleashing second,

Full of mystical tunes; inundated with a flurry of fabulously enchanting scent,

Full of untamed escalating spirits; the desire to love and philander lingering astronomically in the soul,

Full of inexplicable punch; deluged with doughty charisma from all possible and conceivable sides,

Full of mesmerizing beauty; replete with vivacious colors to fathomlessly imagine,

Full of an unsurpassable ability to conquer; trespassing over a blanket of acrid thorns on naked foot,

Full of tingling smiles; a tumultuously vibrant shiver that crept down nimbly through the spine,

Full of insurmountably daunting courage; an unflinching will to confront the mightiest of disaster,

Full of rustic simplicity; with the rudiments of existence replicating primordial life of the jungles,

Full of unrelenting buoyancy; always transgressing a couple of inches above soil,

Full of irresistible attraction; a relentless urge to fully explore the most voluptuous tantalizing form,

Full of blazing dynamism; an incorrigible ardor to march ahead with a perpetual longing to survive,

Full of flamboyant muscle; an incomprehensible urgency to dash forward at the slightest of provocation,

Full of marvelous memories; reminiscing incessantly about innocuously mischievous childhood,

Full of cheek and perennially augmenting spice; rampantly caressing the infinite fruits of gorgeous nature,

Full of blood-curling suspense; a thunderous virtue to swirl as high and handsome as the stormy waves,

Full of boundless enthusiasm; a voice that indefatigably blurted out never say die,

And I don't know what I was or how I might have lived in my past life; but bless me O! Almighty Lord with an existence such as this in my present life.

Nikhil Parekh

With Every Beat Of My Heart

Not even the most voluptuously sensuous of clouds; surreally wandering till eternity in fathomless cosmic space; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most tantalizingly nubile of dewdrops; profoundly shimmering in nocturnal moonlight like the ultimate queen's garland of exotic pearls; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most invincibly Herculean mountaintops; unflinchingly towering towards the heavens in the face of the mightiest of attack; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most royally undulating seas; timelessly blessing the pristine shores with gloriously unassailable froth; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most perennially overflowing of treasuries; from which rained solely a torrentially unstoppable cascade of mystically resplendent silver and gold; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most mellifluously rejuvenating of nightingales; perpetuating the unlimitedly dreary atmosphere with miraculously ameliorating sounds; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most boundlessly burgeoning of skies; celestially reflecting an ocean of bounteously virile crystalline blue; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most vivaciously cascading droplets of rain; metamorphosing every tawdrily sinister patch of aridness on earth into a paradise of mesmerizing beauty; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most ubiquitously silken strands of the inscrutable spider's web; aristocratically glimmering in opulently milky moonlight; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most amazingly vivid of rainbows; filtering fresh rays of optimism and hope in the forlornly dreary sky; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most redolently proliferating of soil; the magical virility which unfathomably multiplied in lightening seconds of time; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most beautifully poignant of roses; synergistically radiating their handsomely scarlet personality to every conceivable cranny of this boundless Universe; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most triumphantly blazing of Sunshine; blistering a path of irrefutably fearless righteousness in the most bashful face of blemishing defeat; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most victoriously iridescent of moonlight; unceasingly enlightening the sordidly hedonistic fabric of the wretchedly incarcerating night; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most effulgently undefeated of blood; indefatigably diffusing the spirit of intrepidly exhilarating camaraderie; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most boundlessly unfettered of deserts; the flamingly impregnable expanse of poignant golden granules; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most tranquilly bewitching of shadows; the uncannily titillating tinge of timeless mystery that they incessantly emanated; had the slightest of inspiration,

Not even the most fierily magnetic of breath; the endlessly insuperable cavern of seduction that it ignited in every tangible and intangible open space which it wholesomely enshrouded; had the slightest of inspiration,

Whilst with every beat of my heart; there unlimitedly triggered unconquerably sparkling fantasy in even the most obsolete dormitory of my brain; and I inevitably
and inspiringly wrote an infinite lines of Immortal Love Poetry; till even beyond the definitions of veritably ultimate and hopelessly silencing death.

Nikhil Parekh

With Great Power

With great joy; comes the great spirit of uninhibited sharing,

With great strength; comes the great virtue of fighting the treacherously evil,

With great height; comes the great deed of escalating traumatized mankind to the ultimate summit,

With great speed; comes the great act of carrying the profoundly maimed,

With great sight; comes the great perception of becoming the eyes in perilously sinister darkness,

With great voice; comes the great feeling of speaking for the irrevocably dumb,

With great complexion; comes the great fortitude of harboring the hideously distorted,

With great destiny; comes the great character to profusely illuminate the lives of helpless orphans,

With great heart; comes the great passion of bonding immortal souls; separated by the lecherously satanic society,

With great wealth; comes the great act of donating philanthropically to God's suffering living kind,

With great knowledge; comes the great justice of disseminating it sagaciously amongst brutally deprived personalities,

With great fragrance; comes the great chivalry of diffusing it to all those corners; pathetically dwindling towards obnoxious extinction,

With great enthusiasm; comes the great ardor to impregnate the same; in those mourning towards clouds of desperation,

With great innocence; comes the great inspiration of metamorphosing this manipulative planet; into an immaculate child,

With great breath; comes the great vitality to instill life in despondently solitary

entities slithering towards their graves,

With great artistry; comes the great essence of propagating mesmerizing beauty on this globe; to people thoroughly oblivious about chapters of mystical existence,

With great brain; comes the great idea of making the fathomless Universe; a better place to live in,

With great fire; comes the great ability to wholesomely devour the devil; in the swirl of Omnipotently golden flames,

And with great Power; comes the great responsibility of keeping the Almighty Lord's planet; just the way it was; when he had marvelously evolved and perpetually created it.

Nikhil Parekh

With The Blessings Of Almighty God

We met on the boisterously bustling traffic streets; casting an evanescent glimpse amidst the juggernaut of bulky truck and traffic,

We flirted on the profusely foliated tree tops; winking at each other to the most unprecedented of our hearts content,

We stared unrelentingly under the creamy moon; trying to decipher our destinies sandwiched within the sparkling whites of our eye,

We flaunted our majestically robust skins under the dazzling Sun; basking in the flamboyant glory of its festoon of magnificently enchanting rays,

We fantasized to realms beyond fathomless eternity; tossing ardently on the astronomical summit of the gigantic mountain,

We shouted till the last breath down our lungs; profoundly relishing the mystically enticing voice which reverberated past boundless continents; after clashing against the gregarious rocks,

We merrily munched through a conglomerate of tantalizing fruit; sitting beside the rambunctiously quacking ducks in the farm,

We bathed indefatigably in the seductively dribbling gorgeous waterfall; profusely enjoying it every unleashing minute; as reinvigorating pints of liquid gushed past our skins,

We danced rhapsodically in the heart of the jungle; gyrating exuberantly to the vivacious rustling of the leaves; the royally spell binding tunes of the nightingale,

We kissed in the aisles of insatiably augmenting passion; engulfing our shivering flesh with compassionate blankets of breath,

We chased each other through the incomprehensible labyrinth of enigmatic tunnels; squealing like new born infants as the blackness took a vindictive stranglehold of the light,

We euphorically pulled our hair in the poignantly undulating sea; inundating our limp bodies with tons of piquantly pepped up salt,

We philandered in gay abandon on the golden stallion; sequestering our clandestine venture to the best of our ability from the uncouthly satanic society,

We discovered each other in the perpetually solitary dungeons; understanding the inexplicably varied aspects of bountiful existence,

We mischievously slapped each other on the bed covers of grandiloquently frozen ice; instilling a frenzied ardor in our lifelessly chilled veins,

We admired each other on the temple steps; fervently incarcerated by the stupendously fabulous creation of the Almighty Lord,

We slept under the island of opalescently shimmering stars; whispering the nostalgic tales of impeccable childhood in our intricately sensitive eardrums,

We proposed to each other at the crack of surreally obscure dawn; so that the first rays of the flaming morning stood an invincible testimonial to our sacred love,

And we married in the realms of the immortally divine heavens; with the blessings of Almighty God; ensuring that we stayed united in threads of holy matrimony for times beyond what life could ever foresee.

Nikhil Parekh

With The First Rays Of Every Dawn

With the very first crackle of every sensitively aristocratic dawn; the very first thing that the fathomless deserts ardently prayed for; was blisteringly unceasing Sunshine; all throughout the tenure of the gloriously intrepid day,

With the very first rays of every ecstatically vibrant dawn; the very first thing that the gigantic mountains insatiably prayed for; was unflinchingly Herculean strength; all throughout the tenure of the blissfully harmonious day,

With the very first shimmer of every resplendently beaming dawn; the very first thing that the boisterous bees tirelessly prayed for; was mischievously cavorting fields of scarlet roses; all throughout the tenure of the symbiotically enamoring day,

With the very first unfurling of every euphorically heartening dawn; the very first thing that the uninhibited birds indefatigably prayed for; was boundless playgrounds of astoundingly crystalline sky; all throughout the tenure of the stupendously fragrant day,

With the very first smile of every bewitchingly magnificent dawn; the very first thing that the frosty waters of the sea unrelentingly prayed for; was rhapsodically myseterious undulations; all throughout the tenure of the handsomely charismatic day,

With the very first enlightening of every marvelously exotic dawn; the very first thing that the compassionately moistened leaves of the forest immutably prayed for; was enthrallingly timeless and vivacious adventure; all throughout the tenure of the unfathomably mesmerizing day,

With the very first sparkle of every ebulliently innocuous dawn; the very first thing that the impeccably wailing infant inexorably prayed for; was divinely untainted milk of its mother; all throughout the tenure of the fantastically panoramic day,

With the very first glimmer of every synergistically emollient dawn; the very first thing that the preposterously dilapidated dungeon uncontrollably prayed for; was thunderbolts of endlessly unparalleled light; all throughout the tenure of the

celestially
immaculate day,

With the very first sprinkle of every beautifully embellished dawn; the very first thing that the penuriously beleaguered eyes unlimitedly prayed for; was tantalizingly heavenly paradise; all throughout the tenure of the eternally silken day,

With the very first blessing of every wonderfully endowing dawn; the very first thing that the iridescently blooming nightingale unequivocally prayed for; was ubiquitously mollifying melody; all throughout the tenure of the majestically ingratiating day,

With the very first perpetuation of every holistically Spartan dawn; the very first thing that the murderously starved ears irrevocably prayed for; was the voice of philanthropically egalitarian humanity; all throughout the tenure of the jubilantly dazzling day,

With the very first horizon of every optimistically vibrant dawn; the very first thing that the regally roaring lion rapaciously prayed for; was the inimitable armor of unassailable kinsmanship; all throughout the tenure of the splendidly eclectic day,

With the very first spawning of every magnetically reinvigorating dawn; the very first thing that the bourgeoisie farmer infallibly prayed for; was the wholesome annihilation of even the most infinitesimal of parasite in his field; all throughout the tenure of the blessedly gregarious day,

With the very first fulmination of every sensuously rejuvenating dawn; the very first thing that the pristine pearl irretrievably prayed for; was the invincibly amiable shelter of its oyster shell; all throughout the magically destined day,

With the very first unraveling of every eloquently placating dawn; the very first thing that the altruistically fearless soldier unstopably prayed for; was veritably scintillating victory; all throughout the tenure of the mystically exhilarating day,

With the very first insinuation of every convivially embracing dawn; the very first thing that the holistically dancing fairies limitlessly prayed for; was insuperably beautiful concord; all throughout the tenure of the robustly redolent day,

With the very first illumination of every miraculously ameliorating dawn; the very first thing that the diminutively hollow nostrils quintessentially prayed for; was a

carpet of affably uninterrupted breath; all throughout the tenure of the
propitiously
artistic day,

And with the very first unveiling of every Omnipotently revolutionizing dawn; the
very first thing that every beat of my impoverished heart perpetually prayed for;
was the heaven of immortally unconquerable love; not only for the tenure of the
flamboyantly triumphant day; but for an infinite more enlightening daylights; for
an infinite more brilliantly enlightening lifetimes.

Nikhil Parekh

Without Her Hands In Mine

In order to erase my name from the soil; all I did was kick the loose sands with my feet; and it blended almost magically with the mundane mud,

In order to erase my name from my skin; all I did was wash it with stringent antiseptic; to swipe out the most minuscule trace that might be incorrigibly remaining,

In order to erase my name from my lips; all I did was to purse them passionately with my tongue; then see for myself how handsomely did the ink coalesce in entirety with my saliva,

In order to erase my name from the walls; all I did was to paint them afresh with loads of scintillating whitewash and poignant color,

In order to erase my name from the tree trunk; all I did was slice off that chunk of guilty wood; with effortless ease and incoherent strokes of my lanky pocket knife,

In order to erase my name from the birthday cake; all I did was to gobble it with an insatiable frenzy; guzzle down the most inconspicuous of ingredients adhering to my throat; over a glass of cool water,

In order to erase my name from a bonded sheet of white paper; all I did was to use a gargantuan rubber; caressing it arduously across the squalid sheet; to make the stain vanish into thin oblivion,

In order to erase my name from the transparently sparkling mirror; I applied few pints of stale liquid; got rid off the same with incredulous ease; rubbing it with a soft blanket of sponge,

In order to erase my name from the greasy kitchen table; all I did was to nonchalantly dismiss off the pool of oil; languidly towards the hollow sink,

In order to erase my name from my diabolically bald scalp; all I did was to grow a new mass of hair; which beautifully camouflaged it and shimmered magnificently
under the river of pearly moonlight,

In order to erase my name from the artificially embossed pencil tip; all I did was

to chew it phlegmatically; and at the same time triggered the dormant cells of my brain to imagine till unprecedented limits,

In order to erase my name from the passionate sea shores; all I did was wait for the waves to swirl ecstatically; joyfully slap the sands and brutally dismantle the synchronized alphabets,

In order to erase my name from the swanky car windshield; all I did was to switch on the long wipers; which swiped off even the most diminutive trace of dirt; metamorphosing its demeanor as if I had just purchased it from the showroom,

In order to erase my name from my eye; all I did was to simply wink; see for myself as to how insipidly it disappeared along with my volatile film of emphatic tears,

In order to erase my name from the regional town map; all I did was to substitute it with the initials of an entity more proficient than me; more versatile than me in all respects,

In order to erase my name from the records of heinous crime; all I did was drift my life away from the most obsolete shadow of evil; spend the remainder of my breath left in philanthropically serving all mankind,

In order to erase my name from the cheque; all I did was adroitly replicate it with the profound seal of my bohemian thumb,

In order to erase my name from my friends heart; all I did was neglected him a trifle in his times of unsurpassably hopeless distress,

In order to erase my name from the robust bone; all I did was to offer it to the famished stray dog; who pulverized it within seconds into raw chowder; with the insurmountable tenacity in his teeth,

But when I tried to erase my name from hers; that very instant I transformed into worthless streams of condemnable ash; left for my heavenly abode; brutally penalized by the Almighty; and this time without her hands in mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Without Life

Without him I was indeed a Sun; but without my fiery set of flamboyant rays,

Without him I was indeed a tree; but without my entire conglomerate of green leaves and resplendent petals,

Without him I was indeed a panther; but without my ferociously deafening roar,

Without him I was indeed a mammoth book; but without my grandiloquent set of alphabets and words,

Without him I was indeed a fire; but without my dynamically sizzling repertoire of golden flames,

Without him I was indeed a lock; but without my power and invincible grace to protect the blissful dwelling,

Without him I was indeed a mountain; but without my handsome summit; which once upon a time used to tower handsomely towards the open sky,

Without him I was indeed a bar of chocolate; but without my sweetness and delectable charisma; rotting fetidly in an obsolete heap,

Without him I was indeed a pair of rubicund lips; but without my voluptuously seductive and congenial smiles,

Without him I was indeed an ocean; but without my flurry of ravishingly mesmerizing and supremely salty waves,

Without him I was indeed a cloud; but without my globules of life yielding and sparkling rain,

Without him I was indeed a house; but without my inevitable network of fortified doors and transparent windows,

Without him I was indeed a rose; but without my stupendously alluring perfume and Kingly redolence which I used to waft every second across this boundless Universe,

Without him I was indeed a car; but without my steering wheel; maneuvering

wildly towards the valley of death as each moment unfurled by,

Without him I was indeed a butterfly; but without my hinges of opalescent wings; lying dilapidated in a remote heap; well cloistered away from blatant sight,

Without him I was indeed a desert; but without my glistening fleet of unsurpassable sands and the long line of ambling camels; which used to mark my existence,

Without him I was indeed a road; but without any direction; slithering helplessly on the ground; trying to search for my mooring under the devil's breath,

Without him I was indeed a diamond; but without my scintillating radiance and tenaciously omnipotent shine,

Without him I was indeed a mouth; but without my speech and decaying in mute oblivion for the remainder of my tyrannized life,

Without him I was indeed an eye; but without my tears; staring lifelessly and for times greater than eternity into satanic space,

Without him I was indeed a stone; but without my ability to produce thunderous noise,

Without him I was indeed a clown; but without any ability to make people leap in ecstatic melody and leap,

Without him I was indeed a sleep; but without my dreams and unprecedented realms of tantalizing fantasy,

Without him I was indeed a palm; but without my battalion of profoundly embossed and divinely destiny lines,

Without him I was indeed a heart; but without my overwhelming reservoir of passionately palpitating beats,

Without him I was indeed a soul; but without my conscience or knowing the slightest about the spirit of my existence,

And without God I was simply a Man; who although appeared to be normally breathing on the streets; but was irrefutably shivering and without life.

Without My Beloved

Every wall of this house stabbed me like a million scorpions; venomously crippling each fountain of my exquisitely bountiful thought,

Every stair of this house made me stagger like a boundless matchsticks; uncouthly pulverizing me at every step; for ostensibly no fault of mine,

Every nail of this house pierced me brutally like the corridors of hell; unrelentingly permeating deeper and deeper into my satiny flesh; playing a sadistically gory game with my disastrously wailing nerves,

Every space of this house devilishly stared at me for times immemorial; savagely lambasting every cranny of my drearily wasting persona; with remorsefully satanic morbidity,

Every picture of this house thrashed me unsparingly like a salaciously ghoulish ghost; vindictively scaring even the most infinitesimal wisps of daylight; from every bone of my shivering countenance,

Every web of this house gruesomely diseased me; lethally incarcerating even the most blissful of my energies; in a corpse of forlorn oblivion and nothingness,

Every window of this house abhorrently spewed shards of vengeful glass into my eyes; profusely staining even the most inconspicuous element of my persona; with unfathomable oceans of savage blood,

Every mirror of this house reflected a billion witches to me; ghastily inundating my impeccable soul with the; traumatically tyrannized cry of the insidious devil,

Every dust particle of this house lecherously tainted my visage forever; ominously drowning each speck of benign goodness embedded in my conscience; in the sea of coldblooded murder,

Every droplet of water in this house demonically blinded my eyes; metamorphosed me into a pool of sardonically fulminating acid; the very instant that I consumed even a fraction of it,

Every dungeon of this house barbarically imprisoned me for countless more births to unveil; murderously slashing my wrists and fingers; of their magnificently spell binding artistry,

Every tap of this house barked a volley of incoherently mortifying abuse at my righteous flesh; incessantly drifting me towards the world of bawdy raunchiness; a prison of preposterously empty skeletons and parasitic mice,

Every brick of this house horrendously squelched my innocent toes; viciously raining like a thunderbolt of endless anguish upon my senses; on every step that I trespassed ahead,

Every watch of this house vengefully threatened me with its deafening sound; as its series of tick-tocks devilishly augmented by the unfurling minute; to acridly blast even the most sensitively immaculate arenas of my eardrums,

Every curtain of this house perniciously asphyxiated me in the heart of the precariously ungainly midnight; choking even the remotest traces of humility from my demeanor; to eventually sleep with the naked crabs,

Every echo of this house indiscriminately stripped me of all my robust flesh; feasting on my gorily barren skeleton; with its teeth of dolorously debilitating doom,

Every rail of this house perennially whipped me on my silken backside; tormenting even the most holistic ingredients in my blood; to ultimately surrender to the commands of the lecherously gleaming devil,

Every thread of this house slit my throat into a countless strands of mangled flesh and bone; even before I could utter my last prayer; whisper the slightest of passionate sound,

Every currency coin in this house slit me apart into an infinite pieces of worthless shit; making it hard for the commoner to discern; between my grotesque carcass and the meat of the stinking pigs,

And believe me; this was the same house in which I had lived all my life like a priceless prince innocuously blending my soul with God and the panoramic winds of Mother nature; while today the same haunted me worse than my veritable corpse; as it lay empty without my beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Without My Priceless Beloved

The Sun outside was flaming; blistering into infinite shades of grandiloquent crimson as the clouds drifted by,
Yet the interiors of my dwelling were engulfed by a perpetual darkness; the most minuscule shimmer irrevocably refusing to enter; without my priceless beloved.

The trees outside swayed exuberantly; as the vivaciously exotic storm descended full throttle upon the dolorously gloomy atmosphere,
Yet the rooms of my dwelling were flooded with satanic globules of blood; and time catapulted back instead of ticking forward; without my priceless beloved.

The stars in the sky outside twinkled to the most unprecedented glow; illuminating every alley of the fathomless planet with profusely enchanting songs of romance,
Yet each wall of my dwelling wept tears of untamed sorrow; a ghastly solitude entrenched the handsome backdrop of furniture; traumatized by the absence of my priceless beloved.

The wind outside titillated itself to the most unfathomable horizons of heaven; as cloudbursts of sparkling rain tumbled rhapsodically from the sky,
Yet the windows of my dwelling intransigently refrained from opening; sulking in the realms of profound boredom; without my priceless beloved.

The peacocks outside on the grass danced to their ultimate hearts content; blossoming their feathers into an incredulous festoon of gorgeously vivid color,
Yet there was unsurpassable boredom in my dwelling; with an eerie wave of silence cascading till the last bone down my spine; without my priceless beloved.

The panthers outside in the jungle gallivanted majestically up the hills; with a crown of marvelous glittering royally on their heads,
Yet there was a cloud of barbaric death loitering in every corner of my dwelling; my tongue abdicated to speak even my very own name; without my priceless beloved.

The planet outside brimmed with overwhelming activity; as the wails of boundless newly born stole the hearts of the most treacherously diabolical wandering around,
Yet the floors of my dwelling culminated into a horrendously pugnacious fragrance; with even the parasitic fleet of mosquitoes not interested in sucking blood; as they inevitably missed my priceless beloved.

The battalion of soldiers outside marched invincibly forward for their country;
with an immortal spirit of glorious matrydom poignantly diffusing from their eyes,

Yet the shadows inside my dwelling immutably refused to subside; lengthening
their sinister cover even under the most dazzling of daylight; as they waited in
anticipation for my priceless beloved.

And the world outside spawned into a new beginning as each day transcended
over the resplendent night; with the prolific winds of change taking an optimistic
stranglehold on the brutality of the previous day,

Yet the oligarchic space of my dwelling kept crawling towards an inevitable
blackness; kept dying the most heinous death in a mist of fading oblivion;
without my priceless beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Without The Immortal Love Of A Woman

Every man's eye is devastatingly empty; unbearably rotting towards the dungeons of diabolical hell; without the celestially commiserating reflections of a bountiful woman,

Every man's palm is sinfully empty; barbarously rotting towards the coffins of penalizing hell; without the compassionately befriending grip of an honest woman,

Every man's vein is dreadfully empty; devilishly rotting towards the vacuum of torturous hell; without the invincibly righteous rudiments of a sacrosanct woman,

Every man's brain is deliriously empty; sadistically rotting towards the thorns of cold-blooded hell; without the unsurpassably ebullient fantasies of an eclectic woman,

Every man's lip is ghastily empty; tawdrily rotting towards the mortuaries of parasitic hell; without the wondrously igniting kisses of an ardent woman,

Every man's shadow is venomously empty; carnivorously rotting towards the skeletons of hideous hell; without the mellifluously symbiotic sweetness of a benign woman,

Every man's signature is disastrously empty; egregiously rotting towards the nothingness of hedonistic hell; without the astoundingly ameliorating reflection of a caring woman,

Every man's mission is treacherously empty; horrendously rotting towards the dirt of excoriating hell; without the pricelessly unconquerable encouragement of a blessed woman,

Every man's lung is cripplingly empty; nonsensically rotting towards the meaninglessness of asphyxiating hell; without the unassailably reinvigorating breath
of a timeless woman,

Every man's cheek is lecherously empty; salaciously rotting towards the perversions of crucifying hell; without the mischievously spell binding peck of an untamed woman,

Every man's chest is drearily empty; ignominiously rotting towards the blackness of massacring hell; without the magically reincarnating caress of a sensuous woman,

Every man's spine is lividly empty; preposterously rotting towards the holocaust of morbid hell; without the insurmountably majestic virility of an enigmatic woman,

Every man's adventure is hopelessly empty; sacrilegiously rotting towards the ghost of tormenting hell; without the inscrutably tantalizing echo of a mesmerizing woman,

Every man's skin is frigidly empty; inconsolably rotting towards the whiplash of strangulating hell; without the fathomlessly unabashed exhilaration of an intrepid woman,

Every man's soul is cursedly empty; inexplicably rotting towards the gallows of murderous hell; without the infallibly consecrating sensitivity of a vivacious woman,

Every man's shoulder is dolorously empty; blasphemously rotting towards the shards of deteriorating hell; without the amazingly unflinching unity of a blissful woman,

Every man's ear is abjectly empty; viciously rotting towards the gutters of malevolent hell; without the enchantingly unfettered voice of a mystical woman,

Every man's nostril is despondently empty; perilously rotting towards the wickedness of baseless hell; without the perennially life-yielding fragrance of an intricate woman,

And every man's heart is haplessly empty; unsparingly rotting towards the evil jinx of cannibalistic hell; without the immortally embracing love of a faithful woman.

Nikhil Parekh

Without The Slightest Of Fear

When I sat under fulminating beams of the Sun; I felt an insatiable urge in my body to leap in untamed exhilaration and dance,

When I sat in front of the scintillating mirror; I felt like candidly analyzing even the most minuscule part of my persona,

When I sat beside the enchantingly serene riverside; I felt like nostalgically reminiscing the innocuous flurry of moments which had wholesomely enveloped my childhood,

When I sat by the profusely foliated tree; I felt like bouncing up and down like the vivacious squirrels; wistfully awaiting for the succulent fruits to harmoniously pour down; on my famished belly,

When I sat under the conglomerate of voluptuously exotic clouds; I felt like wandering with the heavenly fairies; fantasizing my mind to the most unprecedented limits,

When I sat eye to eye with the hideously ominous snake; I felt the adrenaline building inevitably in my bowels; a horrendously ghastly sensation encapsulating the whole of my body to puke out my morning breakfast,

When I sat on the stern of the grandiloquent ship; I felt younger than a wailing child; with the exuberant waves of the ocean; impregnating Herculean loads of rejuvenating energy in my dreary bones,

When I sat on a blanket of chilly snow; I felt numbing arrows of death stabbing me from all sides; the scarlet blood running robustly through my veins; freezing into rosy ice-cream,

When I sat on the panthers back; I felt for a moment to be the king of the jungle; although I had my heart in my bootlaces after a while had elapsed; and the beast snarled ferociously to its hearts content,

When I sat abreast a hive of swarming bees; I fantastically felt the cocoons of golden honey sandwiched handsomely in the pockets; however was soon transported several feet beneath my coffin; as the Queen maiden kissed me

nimbly on my nose,

When I sat near the dolorously morbid grave; I felt tears of inexplicable agony well up my eyes; an uncanny wave of fear slowly engulf my blissful soul,

When I sat on a battalion of menacing crocodiles; I felt overwhelmingly excruciating pangs of pain; as the monsters ripped me apart till the last bone down my spine,

When I sat on the century old vacant throne; I felt like a majestically embellished royal prince; having been given the supreme reigns in my hands; to rule the township once again,

When I sat amidst an army of pot-bellied tortoise; I felt whirlpools of laziness circumvent my demeanor; an inexorably urge in my body to sleep in contentment till times immemorial,

When I sat on the splendidly striped dolphins; I felt like swirling in full fervor of boisterous life; rolling my visage in tumultuous frenzy with the splashing water,

When I sat on an island coated with disdainfully slimy oil; I felt like slipping indefatigably towards treacherous nothingness; with my grip on planet earth slackening miserably as each second unveiled,

When I sat on the summit of the astronomically towering mountain; I felt the entire world was a box of insipid matchsticks; drank air into my lungs like a man inhaling his last breath,

When I sat at whisker lengths from my beloved; I felt infernos of invincible passion entrench my countenance; an irrefutable longing in my lips to caress her rubicund cheeks,

When I sat in front of the Creator's idol; I felt blessed in every single respect of existing life; emerged victorious from behind my vicious cloudburst of gloom; to spread the true essence of happiness,

While it was only when I sat close to my mother; that I felt I was the strongest man on this earth; divulging to her whatever circulated in the inner most compartments of my heart; and it was here that my world came to an abrupt end; and it was here that I discovered my true identity; and it was here that I slept immortally without

the slightest of fear.

Nikhil Parekh

Without The Slightest Of Hindrance Setting In.

Before I could even realize that it was "Day"; or relish its brilliantly optimistic light; the dolorously maiming horizons of evening set in; leaving me haplessly wandering in inexplicable gloom,

Before I could even realize that they were "Shores"; or relish their tantalizingly moistened sands; the ferociously devastating waves of the sea set in; disastrously swiping me from my nimble feet; and into the stormy depths of treacherously bewildering nothingness,

Before I could even realize that it was "Night"; or relish its voluptuously enigmatic softness; the horrendous fronds of sleep disdainfully set in; plunging me into a mortuary of unprecedentedly crippling blackness,

Before I could even realize that it was "Sun"; or relish its Omnipotently flaming rays; the ominously pillaging clouds dreadfully set in; rendering me with nothing else but vividly asphyxiating pangs of depression,

Before I could even realize that it was "Candle-light"; or relish its majestically peerless grandeur; the hedonistically massacring tornadoes set in; blowing me and the flames away into inane wisps of wanton meaninglessness,

Before I could even realize that it was "Mystery"; or relish its uncannily enamoring scent; the monotonously pragmatic riddle set in; metamorphosing every of my bountifully unbridled fantasy into robotic despair,

Before I could even realize that it was "Child-birth"; or relish its astoundingly pristine mischievousness; the agonizingly bruised cry of accidental death set in; transforming me into an emotionlessly living corpse,

Before I could even realize that it was "Food"; or relish its salubriously succulent jugglery of juices; the insouciantly tawdry stream of feces set in; drifting even the most infinitesimal ounce of my mind; body and soul; into cadaverous emptiness,

Before I could even realize that it was "Ice"; or relish its royally impeccable demeanor; the vindictively unsparing beams of afternoon set in; melting every iota of my unimpeachable integrity into infinite pools of

amorphously pathetic liquid,

Before I could even realize that it was "Parenthood"; or relish its compassionately divine belonging; the cannibalistic battlefields of malicious divorce set in; wholesomely shattering every heavenly dream of mine into bizarre salaciousness,

Before I could even realize that it was "Sweat"; or relish its timelessly persevering masculinity; the inevitably tantalizing breeze of laziness set in; perpetuating me to snore like an infidel eunuch; instead of gloriously replenishing with the fruits of hard work,

Before I could even realize that it was "Humanity"; or relish its unassailably Omnipresent fragrance; the atrociously indiscriminate wail of war set in; fomenting me to tyrannically bleed till my last breath,

Before I could even realize that it was "Artistry"; or relish its unabashedly glorious sensitivity; the coffins of deplorably sacrilegious manipulation set in; gruesomely burying every ingredient of my righteousness; into the indescribably crucifying shit-pots of hell,

Before I could even realize that it was "Smile"; or relish its insuperably optimistic flavor; the preposterously languid yawn set in; lecherously dragging me into the most obviously dilapidated maelstroms of boredom,

Before I could even realize that it was "Honesty"; or relish its unconquerably unflinching mirrors of truth; the fretfully ghoulish winds of parasitic politics set in; making me rub my nose in inconspicuously worthless dust,

Before I could even realize that it was "Perfection"; or relish its undauntedly ecstatic supremacy; the inconsolably bawdy human errors set in; satanically defeating me in the most quintessential processes of my existence,

Before I could even realize that it was "Virility"; or relish its fantastically untainted atmosphere of celestial triumph; the indiscriminately trampling footsteps of the devil set in; engendering me to crumble beyond holistic degrees of recognition,

Before I could even realize that it was "Breath"; or relish its

unassailably fearless exhilaration; the unrelentingly victimizing gallows of death set in; rendering me to nothing else but an invisibly frigid whisker of worthlessness,

But before I could realize or even after I realized it; or whether I actually realized it the tiniest or not; the signature of her immortal love remained perpetually embossed in every beat of my passionate heart; for even an infinite lifetimes after this destined life of mine; and without the slightest of hindrance setting in.

Nikhil Parekh

Without These Three

Without these three I would have run, but without the slightest power or tenacity in my legs,

Without these three I would have dreamt, but those fantasies would have revolved wholesomely around ghastly death,

Without these three I would have smiled, but that tinkle on my face would have been as morbid as the buried corpse,

Without these three I would have eaten food, but each morsel would have been like a million barrels of poison,

Without these three I would have kissed, but my caress would diffuse cancerous tissues instead of spreading the bond of friendship,

Without these three I would have read, but the letters would have seemed darker than the blackest of clouds,

Without these three I would have cried, but the tears which dribbled down my cheek would be of pure blood,

Without these three I would have earned money, but the currency would have been as infinitesimal as ash for me,

Without these three I would have attended parties, but would have sequestered myself under the table, with a pool of mosquitoes hovering around,

Without these three I would have seen people wandering around, but they would appear to me as lifeless entities,

Without these three I would have heard voices, but would have forgotten to decipher the melody in the sound,

Without these three I would have gulped water, but would have remained thirsty all throughout the day,

Without these three I would have written long letters, but would perceive each word embossed as a rotten abuse,

Without these three I would have driven my vehicle, but would lose complete control of the steering wheel,

Without these three I would have worn clothes, but would have people laughing as I had worn my trousers enveloping my neck instead of my shirt,

Without these three I would have sat on the royal chair, but would have tripped head-on on the floor, disdainfully losing my balance,

Without these three I would have gone to the market, but would have spent my entire wallet on a flimsy chunk of spiceless vegetable,

Without these three I would have fought valiantly with my fists, but each punch of mine would have been like frozen ice,

Without these three I would have behaved, but only for the sake of appeasing a bunch of idiots running the family business,

Without these three I would have perhaps have existed, lived for the heck of it, but without my heart actually throbbing in my ribs,

And I know, by now you must be desperately waiting to know their names, And I have not the slightest of hesitation; in fact am proud to christen the three immortals in my life as my 'CREATOR', my 'mother' my 'beloved'.

Nikhil Parekh

Without Waiting

Without waiting for unflinching strength to peerlessly enshroud my arms; if I plunged head-on into the ferociously beheading battlefield; then the aftermath of it would be; ignominiously crippling defeat; instead,

Without waiting for priceless empathy to selflessly encircle the periphery of my eyes; if I galloped on an inexhaustible mission to embrace every echelon of brutally tyrannized humanity; then the aftermath of it would be; hapless disintegration into gruesomely cruel nothingness; instead,

Without waiting for fructifying thoughts to brilliantly spawn in my brain; if I commenced to write the most literary Herculean epic of my time; then the aftermath of it would be; baseless balderdash raunchily perspiring from everywhere; instead,

Without waiting for triumphant melody to fantastically brew up my throat; if I started to perpetuate every cranny of the fathomless Universe with a celestially enchanting song; then the aftermath of it would be; a corpse of indescribably cacophonous ghoulishness; instead,

Without waiting for effulgent smiles to uninhibitedly the contours of my lips; if I chivalrously tried to disseminate the essence of true conviviality amidst every disparagingly beleaguered organism on this planet; then the aftermath of it would be; a cloudburst of tears erupting at every step that I took; instead,

Without waiting for indispensable hunger to reverberate from the hollow of my stomach; if I devoured every sumptuously succulent delicacy on this boundless earth; then the aftermath of it would be; a vomit with such ghastly rebuke which would horridly desecrate the purest of soils; instead,

Without waiting for sleep to wholesomely relinquish my eyes; if I commenced to segregate the quintessential needle from the fecklessly looming haystack; then the aftermath of it would be; every trace of holistic sanctity metamorphosing into tawdrily suffocating deliriousness; instead,

Without waiting for blood to ecstatically rush through my veins; if I drifted into the valley of unsurpassably timeless adventure; then the aftermath of it would be; deterioration into a gutter of inanely fatigued meaninglessness; instead,

Without waiting for blazing truth to unrestrictedly permeate my conscience; if I indefatigably proceeded to teach the chapters of symbiotic humanity; then the aftermath of it would be; being brutally charred to the dungeons of hell; instead,

Without waiting for jubilant virility to consummately bless my persona; if I attempted to procreate the countless of own living kind; then the aftermath of it would be; delinquently choking stagnation forever and ever and ever; instead,

Without waiting for the waves of perennial contentment to endow my soul; if I tried to miraculously mitigate the suffering of every wounded soldier on this globe; then the aftermath of it would be; every bit of benign goodness transforming into sadistically cannibalistic blood; instead,

Without waiting for passion to tower high and handsome into my fingers; if I tried to blissfully sketch every inch of the Lord's panoramically boundless creation; then the aftermath of it would be; egregiously amorphous skeletons wailing till times immemorial; instead,

Without waiting for a surreal yawn to wonderfully besiege my mouth; if I tried to timelessly snore under my silken nocturnal quilt; then the aftermath of it would be; a night of wretchedly maniacal and diabolical desperation; instead,

Without waiting for the rhythm of marvelous pragmatism to wholesomely drape my senses; if I started to solve the inexplicably carcinogenic riddles of every dwelling in acrimonious despair; then the aftermath of it would be; vanishing like a frigid whisker even before uttering a singleton word; instead,

Without waiting for naturally inevitable pressure pounding on my bowels; if I tried to expurgate in such a way that I would never ever have to go to the lavatory for a lifetime; then the aftermath of it would be; the mortuary of insanity galore dissolving me into cadaverous emptiness; instead,

Without waiting for hair to extrude from my scalp and skin; if I valiantly subjected myself to the winds of the chilliest of winter; then the aftermath of it would be; forlornly fretting in uncontrollably emaciating pneumonia for the remainder of my life; instead,

Without waiting for inferno's of seductively untamed passion to royally enslave my silhouette; if I leapt out to ignite desire into every disconsolately decrepit organism on unceasing earth; then the aftermath of it would be; jailhouses of sleazy infertility reigning mockingly supreme; instead,

Without waiting for my lungs to harmoniously sing for quintessential oxygen; if I tried to inhale every bit of synergistically emollient air on the trajectory of this limitless Universe; then the aftermath of it would be; a ludicrously inflated balloon ready to burst into an infinite bits of infinitesimal stupidity; instead,

And without waiting for my heart to compassionately throb within my chest; if I tried to bond every of its beat with the chapters of Immortally insuperable love in this entire world; then the aftermath of it would be; vindictively vituperative and unbearable betrayal; instead.

Nikhil Parekh

Without You O! Beloved

Without you; the most tantalizing morsels of robustly sparkling food; seemed to me worse than threadbare chunks of inconspicuously insipid stone; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to wholeheartedly eat,

Without you; the most opulently woven clothes; seemed to me worse than dead leaves loitering invidiously on the morbid corpses; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to fabulously dress,

Without you; the most grandiloquent of embellished castles; seemed to me worse than miserably dwindling mosquitoes; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to compassionately exist,

Without you; the most rhapsodically crimson clouds; seemed to me worse than pathetically sweltering deserts; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to exuberantly gallop,

Without you; the most ravishingly enchanting crystalline streams; seemed to me worse than uncouthly clattering stones; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to ebulliently bathe,

Without you; the most stupendously ecstatic aircrafts; seemed to me worse than a languid ocean of remorsefully sulking tortoise; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to euphorically fly,

Without you; the most vivaciously resplendent rainbows; seemed to me worse than ludicrously pathetic wisps of distantly disappearing oblivion; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to majestically sight,

Without you; the most enchantingly spell binding literature; seemed to me worse than a rotten tomato being squelched to a ghastly death; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to poignantly read,

Without you; the most wonderfully dancing fairies; seemed to me worse than a dilapidated trench of rotten cowdung plaster; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to profoundly admire,

Without you; the most passionately thunderous thunderbolts of lightening; seemed to me worse than inconspicuously soggy matchsticks deteriorating on

obdurately cold ground; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to perspicaciously discern sound,

Without you; the most overwhelmingly fragrant roses; seemed to me worse than garbage spewed out abundantly from the gory gutters; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to artistically inhale,

Without you; the most divinely tufts of astonishingly warm wool; seemed to me worse than infinitesimal specks of disastrously shivering ice; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to gregariously relish,

Without you; the most impeccably gallivanting and boisterous children; seemed to me worse than despondently crestfallen chunks of worthless soil; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to uninhibitedly embrace,

Without you; the most handsomely flaming rays of the glorious Sun; seemed to me worse than a capriciously frigid whisker dipped in ridiculous boredom; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to royally enlighten,

Without you; the most unfathomably overflowing treasuries of glittering gold; seemed to me worse than disdainfully lackluster chalk; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to bountifully possess,

Without you; the most charismatically voluptuous smiles; seemed to me worse than an unimaginably morbid well of deplorable tears; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to uncontrollably laugh,

Without you; the most mystically ardent forests; seemed to me worse than manipulatively monotonous offices inundated with blood sucking tycoons; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to ecstatically dream,

Without you; the most fervently cascading and perennial breaths; seemed to me worse than a boundlessly shattered carcass of bones decaying since centuries immemorial beneath soil; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to irrefutably belong,

Without you; the most immortally passionate heartbeats; seemed to me worse than meaningless feathers of spuriously fading fascination; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to unequivocally love,

And without you O! Beloved; the most invincible chapters of vibrant life; seemed to me worse than a countless gruesome deaths; as I relinquished even the tiniest

of desire; to blissfully live.

Nikhil Parekh

Woman

A garden of voluptuously endless scent; sprouting into a bountiful maze of tantalizing color and vibrancy; every unleashing minute of the panoramic day,

A fortress of unflinchingly impregnable solidarity; tirelessly inspiring one and all of her compassionately gregarious kin,

A fountain of resplendent graciousness; disseminating the fragrance of everlasting empathy; on every impoverished step that she majestically tread,

A cloudburst of insatiably untamed yearning; as she triggered fireballs of unsurpassably untamed desire; even in the heart of the sordidly treacherous and remorseful night,

A waterfall of astoundingly scintillating radiance; as she unveiled an unfathomable veil of regale artistry in every ingredient of the vivaciously bustling atmosphere,

A wave of perennially heartfelt emotions; ardently exploring the fathomless chapters of existence; as the Omnipotent sun bloomed full throttle in the whites of her immaculately pristine eyes,

An apostle of humanitarian bonding; embracing all spell binding goodness of this gigantic Universe; wonderfully in her compassionately amiable bosom,

A forest of eternally proliferating sensuousness; profusely oozing into unsurpassable rivulets of ingratiating enchantment; as voluptuous darkness took an invincible grip on disdainfully inclement light,

A perpetually perfect dream for any artist; as he assimilated even the most infinitesimal iota of her celestially sparkling beauty; in the fathomless embodiment of his timeless canvas,

An everlastingly Optimistic light; that maneuvers you towards a paradise of divine rhapsody and unending exuberance; when you felt your nerves being brutally annihilated by swords of bizarre manipulation,

A melodiously evergreen song; that rejuvenates every despicably dying speck of your frazzled visage; marvelously drifting you towards a sky of vividly fascinating

newness,

An insurmountably poignant gorge of vibrant titillation; blissfully enrapturing even the most drearily alien; into a cocoon of mesmerizing smiles,

A harbinger of ubiquitously immortal peace; divinely soothing every invidiously adulterated web of discordant hoarseness; with the stupendously supernatural melody in her voice,

A selfless mirror of beautifully scintillating reality; uninhibitedly unleashing the corridors of her impeccable soul; to all philanthropically blending on the trajectory of this gargantuan earth,

An indefatigable saga of tumultuous passion and turmoil; wholeheartedly weathering every stage of inexplicably enigmatic existence; in harmoniously triumphant synergy with the; Almighty Divine,

A rainbow of Omnisciently perpetuating shine; inundating even the most preposterously indigent of lives; with gloriously unblemished rivers of ecstatic seduction,

A wind of fabulously reinvigorating freshness; unbelievably replenishing even the most capriciously infidel of your beleaguered senses; with the essence of Omnipresent mankind,

An unparalleled inferno of magnetically alluring breath; immortally throbbing to insatiably assimilate all love that lay boundlessly scattered; on this incomprehensibly vast planet,

And although she existed in unfathomable roles in today's society; at times a sacrosanct Mother; at times a mischievous sister; at times an enchanting seductress; at times a compassionate wife; at times an affable aunt; at times an eternal grandmother;

There was one solemnization that was unassailably common for each of her form; as she would for infinite birth's remain God's most pricelessly beautiful creation; she would forever be crowned as a resplendent WOMAN.

Nikhil Parekh

Womb.

There was no mountain born on this Universe; which was more formidable than it; coming even an infinitesimal iota abreast its impregnable tenacity,

There was no fire born on this Universe; which was more vivaciously flamboyant than it; as it incessantly swirled in the aisles of vibrant compassion,

There was no color born on this Universe; which was more gorgeous than it; as it resembled the angels in the sweltering heat of the day; as well as each instant of the voluptuously alluring night,

There was no sky born on this Universe; which was more fathomless than it; as it was the procreator of every tangible entity wandering merrily on this colossal planet,

There was no flower born on this Universe; which was more fragrant than it; as it bloomed fabulously into a scent; that caressed the souls of countless loitering aimlessly; alike,

There was no contraption born on this Universe; which was more contemporary than it; as it incredulously withstood the test of all times; evolving the most ingeniously superior organism; like brilliant streaks of white electricity in blue sky,

There was no ocean born on this Universe; which was more unfathomable than it; as it ubiquitously disseminated its waves of harmony and perennial bliss; to all those shivering in torrential pain,

There was no magnet born on this Universe; which was more attractive than it; as it captivated even the most remotely alien of persona; in its stupendously divine swirl,

There was no philosophy born on this Universe; which was more sacrosanct than it; as it preached the most holistic existence; even centuries before you were born,

There was no truth born on this Universe; which was more irrefutable than it; as it triumphantly massacred the very essence of blatant lies; from even the most oblivious wind of this gigantic earth,

There was no power born on this Universe; which was more invincible than it; as it defended you against the most mightiest of attacks; within a single wink of its eye,

There was no entertainment born on this Universe; which was more efficacious than its flurry of boisterous activity; pacifying each of your overwhelmingly frazzled senses; with its miraculous enchantment and charm,

There was no Sun born on this Universe; which was more dazzling than it; as it spread the aura of its marvelously Omnipotent shine; to each house miserably staggering in ghastly blackness,

There was no star born on this Universe; which was more resplendent than it; as it filtered its charismatically symbiotic beams; to profoundly illuminate the disdainful caricature of unearthly darkness,

There was no wind born on this Universe; which was more serene than it; as it insurmountably mollified every traumatically agonized individual; in the river of its unending love,

There was no bird born on this Universe; which could fly higher than it; as it indefatigably soared higher than the satiny clouds; uplifting the impoverished into an entrenchment of celestial goodness,

There was no mysticism born on this Universe; which was more enigmatic than it; as it engulfed even the most treacherously mundane of entity in the poignantly escalating wave of its mesmerizing enthrallment,

There was no complexion born on this Universe; which was more beautiful than it; as it imparted perennial shelter to the profusely infirm; in its unbelievably passionate interiors,

There was no victory born on this Universe; which was more greater than it; as it tirelessly fought not just for itself; but for shielding the lives of boundless innocent; about to be born,

There was no tree born on this Universe; which was more bountiful than it; as it perpetually bestowed the most wonderfully priceless gift of humanity; in each hopelessly barren cranny of this gargantuan world,

There was no smile born on this Universe; which was more benevolent than it; as it magnanimously embraced even the most hideously sinister in its heavenly

swirl; giving all an equal opportunity to diffuse their quota of goodness on this planet,

There was no emotion born on this Universe; which was more effusively volatile than it; as it fulminated into the most glorious catharsis of the conscience every unveiling moment; striking the chord of humanity with incomprehensible; alike,

There was no blessing born on this Universe; which was more benign than it; as it spread the sweetness of symbiotic survival; granted every philanthropic wish of yours; even before you could nimbly utter it,

There was no richness born on this Universe; which was more opulent than it; as it made you feel the most prosperous organism alive; even in infinite more births you were destined to take birth again,

There was no aroma born on this Universe; which was more Omnipresent than it; as it inhabited each dwelling where there even the most inconspicuous sign of life; relentlessly propelling the chapter of existence to continue till the time God wanted it to,

There was no enchantment born on this Universe; which was more stupefying than it; as it cast its majestically spell binding spirit; to every soul withering abominably towards the corridors of threadbare extinction,

There was no ray born on this Universe; which was more handsome than it; as it blazed a trail of ultimate splendor; even on the most pathetically dwindling paths that it caressed,

There was no energy born on this Universe; which was more everlasting than it; as it single handedly bore the brunt of all the ferociously diabolical around; unshakably rising to every ruthless disaster; like a supremely embellished princess,

There was no summit born on this Universe; which was more towering than it; as it overshadowed every shade of the invidiously evil; with its royal grace and Omniscient light,

There was no bond born on this Universe; which was more stronger than it; as it astoundingly fortified its Oligarchic grip; upon the cradle of compassionate empathy; for unbelievable more lives to come,

There was no sword born on this Universe; which was more mightier than it; as it

beheaded even the most infinitesimal of devil; lingering insidiously around its innocuously frolicking children,

There was no seed born on this Universe; which was more fertile than it; as it blossomed into a festoon of newness and excitement every unfurling minute; spawning the most exotic creation of Almighty Lord,

There was no season born on this Universe; which was more ravishing than it; as it showered its virtue of ever pervading righteousness; upon each molecule of God; in an enclosure of harmonious unity and humanitarian pride,

There was no path born on this Universe which was more enticing than it; as it unrelentingly intrigued countless; with its incomprehensibly unending prowess to serve all mankind,

There was no continent born on this Universe; which was more fascinating than it; as it harbored each element of prosperous survival in its amicable corridors; ensuring that all those benevolent; reached the pinnacle of glittering success,

There was no honey born on this Universe; which was more sweeter than it; as it wholeheartedly distributed the winds of united existence; propagated the essence of solidarity in every passionate heart on this earth,

There was no rainbow on this Universe; which was more magically striking than it; as it unfurled into an unsurpassable myriad of enriching shades; to grant all those deluged in drudgery; an absolute reprieve from sinful malice,

There was no soil born on this Universe; which was more ravishing than it; as it culminated into an emphatic breeze of friendship; in the most malevolent of storm; and harmony; alike,

There was no relationship born on this Universe; which was more amiable than it; as it offered its ubiquitous wings to all those treacherously deprived who needed it; before offering them unequivocal shelter for the freezing night,

There was no artist born on this Universe; who was more passionate than it; as it assimilated all the beauty of this globe; in its cradle of ebullient happiness,

There was no sound born on this Universe; which was more melodious than it; as it euphorically sung the tunes of a splendidly incarcerating life; mitigating all those engulfed with horrifically despicable despair,

There was no meadow born on this Universe; which was more sprouting than it; as it blissfully harnessed each enlightening attribute of existence with its own blood; reinforcing each bit of the gruesomely bad; with the irrevocable thunderbolts of divine life,

There was no reflection born on this Universe; which was more marvelous than it; as it consecrated even the most lecherous bits of dilapidated ash; with the unprecedented love lingering in its soul,

There was no magic born on this Universe; which was more alluring than it; as it unbelievably spawned the most intellectual of all organisms; to save the planet from ghastly clutches of misery and stinking mice,

There was no panacea born on this Universe; which was more effective than it; as it instilled rejuvenating life in even those; well sunken in beneath their gory graves and without the slightest trace of light,

There was no mission born on this Universe; which was more fulfilling than it; as it accomplished the greatest purpose of the Almighty; by immortally continuing his sacred chapter of existence,

There was no current born on this Universe; which was more vividly passionate than it; as it evolved a complete life from just a capriciously changing conglomerate of cells and space; rambunctiously ensuring that there was not the tiniest of insinuation of stillness or morbid malice,

There was no idea born on this Universe; which was more incarcerating than it; as it still remained the most fascinating mechanism of chiseling a perfect organism; even in a world drowned abhorrently in robotic prejudice,

There was no fashion on this Universe; which was more versatile than it; as it acclimatized itself to the most ferociously vacillating conditions; celestially metamorphosing its intricate form; every now and again; to blend with the cry of painstakingly suffering humanity,

There was no gift on this Universe; which was more precious than it; as it manifested every person's ultimate dream into a veritable reality; gave him a reason to live with astronomical pride; even well past his own times,

There was no longing on this Universe; which was more ardent than it; as it triggered insatiable cloudbursts of craving; for all those deplorably blind; to

witness their sole messiah with golden sight,

There was no line on this Universe; which was more straighter than it; as it basked in the undefeatable glory of candid honesty; diffusing the rays of a fantastically optimistic tomorrow; as each day persevering unraveled into the queenly night,

There was no boundary on this Universe; which was more boundless than it; as it encompassed all merciful living kind; in the heavenly pace that forever enveloped its sparkling form, There was no prayer on this Universe; which was more revered than it; as it was a magical wand for pioneering all forms and fraternities of vibrant life;
sowing the cherishable seeds of a symbiotic existence,

O! yes; it made you feel the most invincible entity on this planet till the time you were in it; bequeathing upon you an incomprehensible ardor to lead a countless more lives; when you wonderfully came out,

It was the ultimate place that you belonged to on this earth; the very reason that you were able to read and I was able to fervently write until this line; the only cradle which gave you life; the only cradle on this globe which embraced you like an angel even after your condemnable death; infact a place none other than your own blood and signature; a place none other than your MOTHERS WOMB.

Nikhil Parekh

Working Wonders

The exuberantly rustling whirlpools of breeze; worked stupendously miraculous wonders for the drearily morose and lugubriously fretful tree,

The torrentially tumbling blankets of ecstatic rain; worked unbelievably miraculous wonders for the hoarsely traumatized landscapes of aridly sweltering land,

The bountiful ocean of resplendent scent emanating from the scarlet rose; worked unfathomably miraculous wonders for the remorsefully forlorn atmosphere,

The meticulously synchronized tick-tocking of the timeless clock; worked irrevocably miraculous wonders for the invidiously sluggish and laggardly lazing,

The ferociously blazing rays of the Omnipotent Sun; worked unprecedentedly miraculous wonders for the disgustingly rotting and perniciously sinister graveyard,

The rhythmical jingling of the innocuously shimmering bells; worked astonishingly miraculous wonders for the indefatigably wailing and disconcertingly skittish child,

The melodiously everlasting sounds of the royally crested nightingale; worked gloriously miraculously wonders for the manipulatively besieged and bizarrely monotonous corporate buffoon,

The entrenchment of celestially immaculate peace; worked timelessly miraculous wonders for the irrefutably pious and unrelentingly meditating saint,

The compassionate arms of perpetually amiable friendship; worked spell bindingly miraculous wonders for all those torturously orphaned from the very first cry of vivacious birth,

The dexterously crafted canes of poignant red and nimble white; worked incomprehensibly miraculous wonders for the blind men crossing the boisterously rambunctious and foolhardy street,

The ravishingly appetizing meals of salubriously gratifying corn; worked unconquerably miraculous wonders for the traumatically impoverished and frantically trembling stomach,

The insurmountable titillation of the nubile seductress's footsteps; worked marvelously miraculous wonders for the man deliberately trying to dig his own corpse and without the most infinitesimal trace of euphoria for vibrant life, The harmoniously sacrosanct lap of the divinely mother; worked unassailably miraculous wonders for the freshly born and ebulliently frolicking child,

The poignantly profuse body of the fragrant photograph; worked impregnably miraculous wonders for the brutally devastated soul; which had nothing but Omnisciently gregarious memories to survive on,

The sordidly decaying crevices of the morbidly disappearing gutter; worked sensuously miraculous wonders for mountain of abominably horrific and menacingly stray parasites,

The dolorously sullen waters of the ghoulishly stagnating pond; worked bountifully miraculous wonders for the vividly enamoring and iridescently blooming lotus flower,

The waves of unflinchingly embellished righteousness; worked triumphantly miraculous wonders for the indiscriminately massacred and salaciously smoldering conscience,

The infernos of Omnipresently spawning and charismatic breath; worked ubiquitously miraculous wonders for all those innocent and diabolically whipped; at their very last thresholds of abdicating existence,

And the immortally bonding rainbows of unshakable love; worked perpetually miraculous wonders for the salaciously betrayed and a heart throbbing sadly without its pair of priceless beats

Nikhil Parekh

Worry. Worry. Worry. Infinite Times Worry.

Fatherless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to symbiotically exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally devastated; but still emerging victorious in whatever philanthropic you did; by the grace of the Omnipotent Lord Almighty,

Motherless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to peerlessly exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally drained; but still emerging victorious in whatever synergistic you did; by the grace of the unassailable Lord Almighty,

Sisterless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to pricelessly exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally flabbergasted; but still emerging victorious in whatever benign you did; by the grace of the ever-pervading Lord Almighty,

Brotherless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to holistically exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally pulverized; but still emerging victorious in whatever innocuous you did; by the grace of the everlasting Lord Almighty,

Auntless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to innovatively exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally evaporated; but still emerging victorious in whatever celestial you did; by the grace of the Omnipresent Lord Almighty,

Uncleless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to unimpeachably exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally deteriorated; but still emerging victorious in whatever innovative you did; by the grace of the unshakable Lord Almighty,

Grandmotherless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to blazingly exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally disheveled; but still emerging victorious in whatever proliferating you did; by the grace of the impregnable Lord Almighty,

Grandfatherless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to inimitably exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally slithering; but still emerging victorious in whatever eclectic you did; by the grace of the ever-pervading Lord Almighty,

Friendless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to bounteously exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally castrated; but still emerging victorious in whatever artistic you did; by the grace of the unsurpassable Lord Almighty,

Childless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to royally exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally wrecked; but still emerging victorious in whatever humanitarian you did; by the grace of the unlimited Lord Almighty,

Religionless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to insuperably exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally confounded; but still emerging victorious in whatever egalitarian you did; by the grace of the ubiquitous Lord Almighty,

Voiceless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to effulgently exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally decrepit; but still emerging victorious in whatever panoramic you did; by the grace of the invincible Lord Almighty,

Kinless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to gloriously exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally delirious; but still emerging victorious in whatever magnanimous you did; by the grace of the undefeated Lord Almighty,

Pastless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to iridescently exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally jilted; but still emerging victorious in whatever rejuvenating you did; by the grace of the eternal Lord Almighty,

Directionless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to unbelievably exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally flummoxed; but still emerging victorious in whatever discovering you did; by the grace of the unconquerable Lord Almighty,

Dimensionless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to amazingly exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally flabbergasted; but still emerging victorious in whatever truthful you did; by the grace of the perpetual Lord Almighty,

Strengthless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to spell-bindingly exist till the

very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally squelched; but still emerging victorious in whatever beautiful you did; by the grace of the Omnipresent Lord Almighty,

Clothless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to blissfully exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally disintegrated; but still emerging victorious in whatever romantic you did; by the grace of the interminable Lord Almighty,

Homeless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to ecstatically exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally squandering; but still emerging victorious in whatever righteous you did; by the grace of the Omniscient Lord Almighty,

But LoveLess. Worry. Worry. Worry and infinite times do Worry. For you're going to die this right now this very moment; as where there's no love; every ounce of destiny; breath and life closes there and then itself; by the grace of the infallibly supreme Lord Almighty.

Nikhil Parekh

Would You Ever Believe

Would you ever believe if I called a nondescript table of teakwood; as
a vivacious bird soaring high in the sky,

Would you ever believe if I called a ruffled sheet of paper; as a chunk of
glittering gold,

Would you ever believe if I called a grandiloquent watch embodied with
diamonds; as a lump of bedraggled stone,

Would you ever believe if I called a mountain of compacted mud; as a
switchboard of pugnacious electricity,

Would you ever believe if I called a resplendent rainbow in the sky; as
a broomstick with incongruous bristles,

Would you ever believe if I called a rusty canister of dilapidated
iron; as a mesmerizing rose growing in the garden,

Would you ever believe if I called a pink tablet of luxury soap; as a
mosquito hovering acrimoniously in the cloistered room,

Would you ever believe if I called a boat rollicking merrily on the
undulating waves; as a rustic jungle spider,

Would you ever believe if I called a valley profusely embedded with
snow; as an unscrupulous dog on the street,

Would you ever believe if I called a pair of luscious lips; as a disdainfully fetid
shoe,

Would you ever believe if I called a fluorescent rod of light; as a jagged bush of
cactus growing in the sweltering desert,

Would you ever believe if I called the blazing sun; as a pudgy bar of delectable
chocolate,

Would you ever believe if I called an angular sculptured bone; as acid bubbling in
a swanky bottle,

Would you ever believe if I called a scintillating oyster; as an inarticulate matchstick coated with lead,

Would you ever believe if I called a cluster of bells jingling from the ceiling; as a sordid cockroach philandering beside the lavatory seat,

Would you ever believe if I called a fruit of succulent coconut; as a dead mans morbid tooth,

Would you ever believe If I called a steaming cup of filter coffee; as gaudily colored water emanating from the street fountains,

Would you ever believe if I called the majestic statue of a revered historian; as a slab of tangy peanut butter,

Would you ever believe if I called a vibrant shirt; as a protuberant pigeon discerningly pecking its beak at grains scattered on the floor,

Would you ever believe if I called a flocculent bud of cotton; as a camouflaged lizard transgressing through wild projections of grass,

Would you ever believe if I called a photograph depicting the steep gorges; as a gutter inundated with obnoxious sewage,

Would you ever believe if I called a lanky giraffe; as a convict nefariously lurking through solitary streets of the city,

Would you ever believe if I called a pair of flamboyant sunglasses; as a weird tattoo to be adhered to the chest,

Would you ever believe if I called a chicken's egg; as logs of sooty charcoal abundantly stashed in the colossal warehouse,

Would you ever believe if I called a biscuit replete with golden honey; as a ominously slithering reptile in the jungles,

Would you ever believe if I called a bald man possessing a profoundly tonsured scalp; as a gas balloon floating in insipid air,

Would you ever believe if I called a ring embellished with crystal diamonds; as an inconspicuous and distorted metallic pin,

Would you ever believe if I called a crimson crested parrot; as a tray containing frozen ice,

Would you ever believe if I called a glass made of pallid plastic; as a gargantuan well flooded with water and dead frogs,

Would you ever believe if I called wooden beams dangling from the ceiling; as finely squelched juice of red radish,

Would you ever believe if I called an articulately painted canvas; as slime coated fossil lying in close proximity with the sea bed,

Would you ever believe if I called a diminutive tadpole; as a fortified wall commensurately aligned with burnt bricks,

Would you ever believe if I called a mammoth elephant; as rotten pulp of mango being tossed indiscriminately on the street,

Would you ever believe if I called a truck inundated with cumbersome machines; as an aromatic seed of plant,

Would you ever believe if I called a sheet of crisp paper; as a rubicund fruit of juicy plum,

Would you ever believe if I called a trouser of jaded jeans; as a greeting card fudged with scores of ostentatious lines,

Would you ever believe if I called a ravishing pair of eyelashes; as a disheveled pantry inhabited with clusters of stray mice,

Would you ever believe if I called a dazzling yellow helmet; as a preposterously huge whale of the ocean,

Would you ever believe if I called a piquant stick of chili; as an animated butterfly fluttering at low heights from the ground,

Would you ever believe if I called a hideously black rope; as a mushroom sizzling in the blistering oven,

Would you ever believe if I called a magazine of lead bullets; as an avalanche of snow plummeting down the mountain at turbulent speeds,

Would you ever believe if I called an incredibly cool air-conditioner; as a curry of

decayed cream lying obsolete in the garbage heap,

Would you ever believe if I called a scintillating tooth; as a big toe of a striped panther,

Would you ever believe if I called a jazzy strip of belt; as a corrugated assemblage of tree roots,

Would you ever believe if I called a slate of pure chalk; as a tier floating harmlessly in water,

Would you ever believe if I called a chain with infinite loops; as a graveyard sprawled with morbid coffins,

Would you ever believe if I called a pot bellied tortoise; as a languid peel of paint hanging lackadaisically from the nondescript wall,

Would you ever believe if I called a shimmering coin of currency; as a zany zebra galloping at whirlwind speeds through the desert,

Would you ever believe if I called a bottle of inebriating rum; as a frigid contact lens agglutinated to the eye,

Would you ever believe if I called sacrosanct religion; as licentious profanity,

Would you ever believe if I called candid truth; as a profoundly blatant lie,

Would you ever believe if I called the omniscient personality of god; as a perniciously diabolical devil,

And would you ever believe if I called 'true love'; as a spurious product of imagination; a frivolous case of casual infatuation.

Nikhil Parekh

Writing Poetry

Writing poetry is like the newborn draughts of ecstatic wind; kissing the innocuous cluster of green leaves; with the most uninhibited ardor and camaraderie of all times,

Writing poetry is like the soul wholesomely cleansing itself of even the most inadvertently committed of its sins; as it blended with the beats of magical verse; which transcended over every religion; caste; creed; color and tribe,

Writing poetry is like a bird exuberantly flapping its wings; having just being released from years of insidious captivity; and now ready to commence upon its most royal flight,

Writing poetry is like the queenly droplet of glistening sweat; which tantalized the skin to the nth degree of sensuousness; as it enchantingly traversed towards the most hidden corner of the big toe; and then embraced death,

Writing poetry is like a kingly magnet attracting the most inanimate objects; and then befriending them forever in a swirl of invincible togetherness; under the broadest daylight and sinister blackness of the morbid night,

Writing poetry is like a vivacious rainbow enlightening even the most drearily lambasted portions of adulterated living kind; with new found rays of courage; compassion and everlasting hope,

Writing poetry is like pristine white lightening enrapturing the entire Universe; reducing every trace of sin to infinitesimal ash; and rekindling every soul towards the path of freshly untainted optimism,

Writing poetry is like an untamed whirlpool reaching its enthralling crescendo; and devouring everything and anything that came in its vicinity; into the flames of its unabashed desire,

Writing poetry is like the ebullient scent of virgin mud after showers of unfettered rain; which evoked life of all shapes; sizes and color on the Universe; to sing and dance in the timeless rhythm of a united existence,

Writing poetry is like a cathartic revolution for something to happen from the wisps of absolute nothingness; so that every ingredient of the besmirched human atmosphere; started to reverberate with the pulsations of companionship,

Writing poetry is like the wail of freshly born life; when the cradle of undefeated innocence bonded one and all alike; in a never before celebration of infallible newness,

Writing poetry is like the crackling voice of thunder heard at a distance; tingling the corridors of the mind with mystery unprecedented; as cloudbursts of rain fervently advance in their odyssey towards simmering ground,

Writing poetry is like freshly formed globules of golden dew being dispersed into a boundless more bits of their kind; with every footstep that voluptuously caresses the blades of sensitive grass,

Writing poetry is like dazzling rays of dawn splitting into zillion rays of blessed light; illuminating every conceivable cranny of earth; with the joyously rejoicing power to survive; till destined,

Writing poetry is like a promise made and irrefutably adhered to till the end of life; upon the foundations of solidarity; truth; friendship and most importantly the religion of humanity,

Writing poetry is like a nightingale humming the sweetest songs of its life; every day a different tune; but with an unhindered intensity which kept proliferating leaps and bounds; till the time it existed,

Writing poetry is like an undefeated zealous wave; which rose yet again; victoriously undulating and high towards blue sky; even after being reduced to nothingness- clashing against the merciless grey rocks,

Writing poetry is like uninhibitedly dancing upon every chance that life offered; expending every ounce of trapped frustration in the nerve wrecked body; to blend in impregnable oneness with the fathomless atmosphere,

Writing poetry is like falling deeper and deeper into the valley of Immortal love; a love which made you feel alive without a grain of food in your body; as it became your sole reason; elixir; direction and adventure to survive.

Nikhil Parekh

Written And Rewritten An Infinite Times

Every tangible and intangible portion of my lips; had solely and nothing else but her compassionately igniting kisses written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their sordidly impoverished periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my skin; had solely and nothing else but her Omnipotently rekindling caresses written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its diminutively trembling periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my brain; had solely and nothing else but her timelessly enthralling fantasies written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its pathetically victimized periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my palms; had solely and nothing else but her majestically Omnipresent destiny written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their penuriously staggering periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my chest; had solely and nothing else but her indefatigably unconquerable sensuality written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its traumatically slaving periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my veins; had solely and nothing else but her perpetually ameliorating camaraderie written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their deplorably divested periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my eyes; had solely and nothing else but her irrefutably candid reflection written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their parsimoniously shattered periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my tongue; had solely and nothing else but her inexhaustibly bountiful melody written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its inexplicably devastated periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my neck; had solely and nothing else but her unendingly emancipating magnetism written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its pathetically quavering periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my chin; had solely and nothing else but her timelessly delectable nibbles written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its drearily subjugated periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my ears; had solely and nothing else but her perennially mellifluous sounds written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their frigidly besmirched periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my shoulders; had solely and nothing else but her Omnipresently mitigating philanthropism written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their infinitesimally pulverized periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my shadow; had solely and nothing else but her tantalizingly ravishing whisper written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its irascibly fidgeting periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my armpits; had solely and nothing else but her infallibly persevering sweat written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their miserably floundering periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my throat; had solely and nothing else but her eternally liberating melody written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its ethereally parched periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my feet; had solely and nothing else but her indomitably fathomless adventure written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their lugubriously obsolete periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my conscience; had solely and nothing else but her flames of unassailably everlasting truth written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its transiently extinguishing periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my impression; had solely and nothing else but her perpetually insuperable signature written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its nimbly fluttering periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my nostrils; had solely and nothing else but her Omnisciently ever-pervading breath written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its fervently tiny periphery,

And every tangible and intangible portion of my heart; had solely and nothing else but her Immortally unshakable love written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its compassionately throbbing periphery.

Nikhil Parekh

Yellow Beams Of Sunlight

When yellow beams of Sunlight passed through blood stained glass,
the rays transited to crimson red; with prominent tinges of pallid empathy.

when yellow beams of Sunlight permeated through a dense forage of leaves,
the rays converted to mesmerizing shadows; obfuscated from harsh light.

when yellow beams of Sunlight penetrated through pellucid pools of mountain
water,
the rays transformed to a honey golden; converging like a quiver of arrows
on clusters of fish.

when yellow beams of Sunlight filtered through daintily polished finger nails,
the rays acquired color of pink avenues of tender skin.

when yellow beams of Sunlight sneaked through morbid interiors bathing in pitch
darkness,
the rays illuminated the ghostly ambience with stringent rays of antiseptic light.

when yellow beams of Sunlight softly caressed frozen tunnels of white ice,
the rays lambasted the tyranny of savage winter; prompting the snow to melt.

when yellow beams of Sunlight fell on the clammy surface of stale tea,
the rays prompted its pallid persona to boisterously heat and sizzle.

when yellow beams of Sunlight pilfered through hollow crevices of teeth,
the rays fumigated obnoxious centers of rotten breath inhabiting in abundance.

when yellow beams of Sunlight plunged on the satiny mattress of scalp hair,
the rays reinvigorated intricate parts of brain machinery with holistic warmth.

and when yellow beams of light pierced through my heart; body; and soul,
the rays had overwhelming tasks of perpetually bonding me with my beloved,
amalgamating me and her for centuries galore; with the essence of our love
radiating its blissful fragrance.

Nikhil Parekh

Yet I Felt Lonely

I had a cavalcade of ostentatious cars following me every second; with melodious tunes emanating from the sleek music systems,
The upholstery was plush; the ambience was besieged with a pungent aroma of wild scented flower,
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one to hold my hand; make me frivolously smile.

I had a furry quilt made of the finest quality satin; adhered to a bed embossed with pure God,
Embroidered carpets sprawling on the colossal walls; with the majestic panther skin hanging limp from the ceiling,
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one to sing enchanting rhymes; tickle me in my ribs; make me go to sleep.

I had grandiloquent pool of water in the interiors of my palace; with the waters appearing emerald green in the full moonlight,
An aquarium of exquisite fish blended with crystalline pebble; with profoundly embellished life boats floating on the surface,
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one to splash water on my face; swim with rejuvenating euphoria beside me.

I had the most succulent of violet grapes lying on corrugated silver; with blood red apple juxtaposed in clusters,
Ravishing glasses of immaculate milk; the most piquant of green chili; with commensurate proportions of Italian chocolate,
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one in vicinity to converse with me; feed me the food with congenial warmth.

I had a piano studded with the most resplendent of diamond; a jugglery of musical instrument lying in exorbitant quantity,
A slender necked violin leaning on the wall; enmeshed with a myriad of chiseled wire,
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one in proximity to listen to the enchanting music when I played.

I wore a bullet proof jacket encompassing my chest; with scintillating swords protruding gallantly from my back,
A luxuriously emollient suit camouflaging the same; snake leather shoes concluding my kingly attire,

Yet I felt lonely; as there was none in the surrounding; able to listen to my throbbing heart.

I had amassed sumptuous wealth in the tenure of my life; with currency of all kind cascading down my persona,
Armed forces parading around the formidable castle I inhabited; an ocean of golden honey plummeting down from the window,
Yet I felt lonely; as I couldn't purchase her intricate heart with all the affluence I possessed; hold her captive in the prison of my gold.

Nikhil Parekh

Yet Inside

The most cataclysmically decimating atmosphere might be perpetually silent; with the only palpable sounds around being those of celestially sleeping organisms; outside,
Yet Inside; uncontrollably vicious maelstroms of frenetic desperation arose in my soul; without your beautifully symbiotic voice; O! Eternal beloved.

The most thunderously roaring of sky might be unbelievably calm; with not even the most mercurial speck of thunder and tempestuous lightening flashing around; outside,
Yet Inside; every ingredient of my blood hedonistically died a death more ghastlier than veritable death; without your impeccably bestowing eyes; O! Priceless Beloved.

The most uninhibitedly adventurous sea might be imperturbably snoozing; with not even the tiniest wave bobbing upon its fathomlessly undulating periphery; outside,
Yet Inside; every bone of my impoverished body; was slowly and slowly deteriorating into infinitesimally vituperative nothingness; without your majestically blessing palms; O! Heavenly Beloved.

The most miraculously radiating of stars might be blissfully resting; with not even the most ethereal of twinkle mischievously emanating from their tranquilly altruistic countenance; outside,
Yet Inside; devastating fires of hell were cold-bloodedly charring the fabric of my holistic existence; without your stupendously enamoring and vividly tantalizing lips; O! Omnipotent Beloved.

The most melodiously captivating nightingales might be nimbly humming themselves and their kin into invincible siesta; with the tapestry of the handsomely starless evening gradually setting in; outside,
Yet Inside; apocalypses of hapless retribution were fulminating intransigently in every pore of my conscience; without your philanthropically endowing fragrance; O! Bountiful Beloved.

The most ferociously penalizing fireball of Sun might have abjured for the day; bidding a regally transient adieu to the firmament of the exhilaratingly enchanting cosmos; till the rising of the next dawn; outside,
Yet Inside; relentlessly truculent whiplashes of inexplicably bizarre agony pierced every quarter of my truncated demeanor; without your spellbindingly mystical

dance; O! Unassailable Beloved.

The most brilliantly unprecedented epitomes of the mountains might have humbly surrendered to the mist of the seductively emollient clouds; peacefully fantasizing and drifting into the realms of insuperably glorious paradise; outside, Yet Inside; brutally barbarous cleavers sadistically knifed through even the most evanescent trace of my happiness; without your everlastingly effulgent aura; O! Timeless Beloved.

The most piquantly stinging stalks of chili might have succumbed to the gorgeously serenading raindrops; losing even the most minuscule iota of poignant consciousness to the sensuously ravishing droplets of mother nature; outside, Yet Inside; the thorns of unfathomably unceasing depression snapped the fangs of my torturous existence more vociferously every unfurling instant; without your symbiotically benign essence; O! Mellifluous Beloved.

And the most hedonistically marauding of Dinosaurs might be synergistically snoring; with even the most robustly titillating of ambrosia failing to make the slightest of indentation on their reverie; outside, Yet Inside; the corpses of cadaverously venomous meaninglessness stabbed me beyond the threshold of ultimate despair and loneliness; without your immortally blessing love; O! Omnipresent Beloved.

Nikhil Parekh

Yet. And Unbelievably Yet.

Neither did it have any color of its own; not even the tiniest tinge of distinguishable recognition; whilst floating in free bits of euphoric space,

Neither did it have any shape of its own; not even the most mercurial form of solidity; being fecklessly blown away like frigid matchsticks; with the slightest draught of powerful wind,

Neither did it have any fragrance of its own; not even the most evanescent scent of blissful triumph; with even the scent of the diminutive grass blade overruling it in all respects,

Neither did it have any identity of its own; suspended like an invisible speck of emptiness; even under the most Omnipotent rays of the sun and the most tenaciously shimmering moonlight,

Neither did it have any dimensions of its own; not even occupying even the most zillionth ounce of space; although proliferating at faster than the speed of lightening every unfurling minute,

Neither did it have any reflection of its own; miserably floundering to discern even an infinitesimal iota of itself; even when indefatigably staring into the most candidly austere of mirrors,

Neither did it have any friends of its own; as in the first case where was it to be seen even a transient trifle; for it to dare dream of compassionately socializing,

Neither did it have any ambitions of its own; remaining just the same puff of fugitively wandering atmosphere; since centuries and times immemorial,

Neither did it have any magnetism of its own; being worthlessly blown by even the most inconspicuously fragile change on this fathomless Universe; overwhelmed by every nimbly parading footstep in vicinity,

Neither did it have any voice of its own; with even the loudest of its whisper; wretchedly floundering to travel a few millimeters beyond its inexplicably non-existent feet,

Neither did it have any destiny of its own; with its life continuing with the same intensity; shape and form; right since the time this majestic earth was ever

evolved,

Neither did it have any desire of its own; maintaining the same composure since decades unprecedented; irrespective of the infinite shades of changing weather; storm; or tantalizing rain,

Neither did it have any ancestral lineage of its own; not even a single organism ever born on this boundless Universe; to lend even the most diminutive insinuation of relationship to it,

Neither did it have any power of its own; infact the very first one to uncontrollably reverberate; even though the patriotic trumpets of war blew an infinite kilometers away,

Neither did it have any influence of its own; with none able discern through its unceasing array of whispering balderdash; on the trajectory of this inexhaustibly emollient earth,

Neither did it have any virility of its own; with just an unceasing stream of impotent air; sporadically tickling and flirting with the haplessly chagrined leaves,

Neither did it have any signature of its own; with even the most mercurial elements of the atmosphere; wholesomely transcending its obsolete swirl,

Neither did it have any freedom of its own; as it existed all its life and for a countless more of its lifetimes; solely within the confines of this spectacularly ever-pervading Universe,

Yet. And unbelievably Yet. Once this very same puff of invisible breath entered the nostrils; it became the most Omnipotent power of the Creator; it became a thing more worshipped than the greatest of any wealth on this earth; it became the most ardently immortal source of all love and relationship; and it existed forever and ever and ever as the most Omnipresent gift of the Almighty Lord Divine.

Nikhil Parekh

You And I

You and I were as inseparable; as the calcium coated nail and its slender finger,

You and I were as inseparable; as the fleshy eyelid and its transparent eyeball,

You and I were as inseparable; as nostrils and their moist waves of breath,

You and I were as inseparable; as a conglomerate of entwined roots and their rustic tree stalk,

You and I were as inseparable; as perpetually pearly moon and its shine,

You and I were as inseparable; as the chamber of mouth and its crimson complexioned tongue,

You and I were as inseparable; as a person traversing the streets and his magnified shadow,

You and I were as inseparable; as the blossoming rose and its mesmerizing redolence,

You and I were as inseparable; as the colossal expanse of blue sky and its cotton wool of clouds,

You and I were as inseparable; as mammoth ocean waters and their dangerously swirling waves,

You and I were as inseparable; as the ominous looking panther and his thunderous growl,

You and I were as inseparable; as the vivaciously chirping bird and its pair of tender wings,

You and I were as inseparable; as the crusty bar of chocolate and its lingering sweetness,

You and I were as inseparable; as the fiery body of sun and its infinite numbers of dazzling rays,

You and I were as inseparable; as the robust mountain sheep and its tufts of

furry skin,

You and I were as inseparable; as the celestial fairy and the unfathomable
beauty circumventing her face,

You and I were as inseparable; as the candle and its incessantly burning flame,

You and I were as inseparable; as the loving mother and her newly born child,

You and I were as inseparable; as the venomous snake and its stream of lethal
poison,

and you and i were as inseparable; as the Omnipresent Almighty; and his lakhs
of disciples; residing in different quarters of earth.

Nikhil Parekh

You Are My Beloved

You are a mesmerizing fairy; that keeps incessantly coming in each of my dreams,

You are an innocuously sweet angel; making me bask in the glory of my blissful childhood,

You are a delectably enchanting cloud; which floats poignantly all day; encompassing each corner of my eye,

You are a star that keeps indefatigably shining in the azure sky; profusely illuminating my every single night,

You are a voluptuous carpet of scarlet roses; that wafted stupendously exotic scent for me to inhale each hour,

You are a majestically clashing ocean; which inundates every unleashing minute of my life with unprecedented ecstasy,

You are an incredible painting; which blesses my life with vivacious shades of effusively vibrant color,

You are tantalizing droplets of rain; which imparts me with an indomitable ardor to surge forward audaciously in every aspect of existence,

You are a field of impeccably shimmering cotton; that generates the sacred virtue of honesty in my wretched conscience,

You are a brilliant beam of unconquerable sunlight; that filters with divinely grace into my cloistered and gloomy heart,

You are a golden globule of honey; that makes me profoundly glisten in the sweetness of omnipotent life,

You are a ravishing peacock; that entices me every instant; into cloudbursts of fantasy as you unveiled your coat of silken feathers to a complete blossom,

You are a spring of celestial water; that pacifies my overwhelmingly parched senses; with heavenly love and perpetual care,

You are a astonishingly seductive and cheeky nightingale; which permeates my dreary soul; with enchanting tunes for times immemorial,

You are an island of rejuvenating spice; which doesn't leave any scope in my life to be the slightest despondent or dejected,

You are a festoon of royally scintillating pearls; that foments me to rhapsodically philander across every nook and cranny of this colossal earth,

You are an idol of irrefutable truth; whom I leaned upon in my times of inexplicable distress and traumatized pain,

You are an sacrosanct entity; who has nothing but unfathomable love in your turbulently palpitating heart,

But more importantly than anything; you have a distinction perhaps even more than God in my life; as YOU ARE MY BELOVED.

Nikhil Parekh

You Can Kiss Me; Only If

You can kiss me on my voluptuously rubicund cheeks all right; but only if your kiss had the power to wonderfully transcend over every other conceivable kiss drifting ominously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my seductively tantalizing nape all right; but only if your kiss had the tenacity to miraculously overpower every other conceivable kiss drifting atrociously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my rhapsodically vivacious hair all right; but only if your kiss had the temerity to supremely outshadow every other conceivable kiss drifting egregiously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my enthrallingly ebullient lips all right; but only if your kiss had the charisma to irrefutably nullify every other conceivable kiss drifting vindictively towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my bountifully emollient palms all right; but only if your kiss had the superiority to timelessly conquer every other conceivable kiss drifting baselessly towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my surreally royal forehead all right; but only if your kiss had the magic to unbelievably decimate every other conceivable kiss drifting truculently towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my daintily embellished feet all right; but only if your kiss had the magnetism to insuperably supercede every other conceivable kiss drifting salaciously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my robustly titillating belly all right; but only if your kiss had the caress to astronomically triumph over every other conceivable kiss drifting parasitically towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my uncontrollably trembling skin all right; but only if your kiss had the color to wholesomely camouflage every other conceivable kiss drifting beguilingly towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my enigmatically arcane palms all right; but only if your kiss had the fortitude to entirely sideline every other conceivable kiss drifting hedonistically towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my mellifluously dangling earlobes all right; but only if your kiss had the ardor to poignantly overrule every other conceivable kiss drifting flagrantly towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my unfathomably scented fingers all right; but only if your kiss had the righteousness to unsurpassably defeat every other conceivable kiss drifting hideously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my mischievously cavorting shadow all right; but only if your kiss had the intensity to unnervingly destroy every other conceivable kiss drifting raunchily towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my aristocratically iridescent shoulders all right; but only if your kiss had the compassion to circumscribe every other conceivable kiss drifting bizarrely towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my sensuously inebriating eyes all right; but only if your kiss had the brilliance to unprecedentedly blaze over every other conceivable kiss drifting acrimoniously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my artistically sculptured chin all right; but only if your kiss had the guts to indomitably rule over every other conceivable kiss drifting heinously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my inimitably graceful spine all right; but only if your kiss had the heavenliness to eternally outclass every other conceivable kiss drifting malevolently towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

And you can kiss me on my immortally throbbing heart all right; but only if your kiss had the kinsmanship to forever subjugate and subdue every other conceivable kiss drifting venomously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes.

You Can Never Break Our Perpetual Love

In order to break the scented flower; they crushed it indiscriminately
with their large and bohemian feet,

In order to break the fortified edifice; they blasted it with pugnacious dynamite;
to send it crumbling like a pack of silken cards towards the obdurate ground,

In order to break the inflated balloon; they pricked it with a rusty
iron pin to evacuate tones of stale air incarcerated inside,

In order to break the soft mountain of pudgy mud; they punched it hard
in the midriff; with their callous hands,

In order to break through the computer; they invented ingenious ways
and means to decipher its enigmatic password,

In order to break the solid log of dried timber wood; they used a
serrated edged metallic saw; ruthlessly slicing through its body,

In order to break the slender candle of wax; they melted it in
crackling flames; leaping rampantly from the kitchen fire,

In order to break long shards of pellucid glass; they smashed them against
jagged rocks; sending them flying into infinitesimal splinters all around,

In order to break a colossal pool of placid water; they viciously struck the same
with corrugated twigs; engendering a plethora of waves to creep up on the
surface,

In order to break stillness of air; they permeated it with strident tunes of
discordant cacophony; emanating from the loudspeaker,

In order to break the conglomerate of satiny clouds; they marauded the same
with poisonous pellets and sharp missiles,

In order to break the pointed thorn; they pulverized it to pulp; after boiling it in
sizzling water,

In order to break triangular cubes of frozen ice; they kept them under stringent
light of the sun; and then waited for the inevitable aftermath to follow,

In order to break through the fool proof house; they adroitly deactivated the incredulous burglar alarm; stepped barefoot without making the slightest of sound into the house,

In order to break the lethal snake; they snapped apart its venomous fangs; rendering it as innocuous as a domicile rabbit,

In order to break the skull; they banged it tenaciously with a crude bludgeon; dismantling it into incommensurate halves,

In order to break bonded paper stuck with adhesive glue; they weakened it substantially by applying loads of slippery saliva,

In order to break intense concentration; they flooded veins in the body with gallons of inebriating alcohol,

In order to break an individuals moral; they incessantly castigated him; made a baseless mockery of his caricature,

And in order to break our 'PERPETUAL LOVE'; they tried their best attempts possible; however miserably floundered; as it was impossible to accomplish the same without taking our lives; and even if they did that; they would yet be unsuccessful; as we would definitely be reborn again; to love each other more intensely than we ever did before.

Nikhil Parekh

You Can't Strangulate Yourself And Still Lead Life

You can't compress your fingers and still prolifically write,

You can't clench your teeth and still gregariously smile,

You can't sleep tight on the bed and still boisterously run,

You can't stand in freezing snowflakes and still sweat like a horse,

You can't stitch your lips and still loquaciously speak,

You can't stuff cotton in your ears and still hear the pin dropping on pure silk,

You can't squeeze your eyes and still witness the mesmerizing sparrow shrugging rain drops from its body,

You can't tie your hands and still swim against turbulent waves of the choppy ocean,

You can't slit your stomach with a knife; and still devour ravishing chunks of tangy butter,

You can't paint the mirror and still sight your pellucid reflection,

You can't stand on Mount Everest and still view the world as it is,

You can't consume titillating champagne and still decipher mind boggling sums of arithmetic,

You can't wear cowdung coated shoes and still smell like a supremely redolent rose,

You can't walk upside down and still shake hands amicably with your girlfriend,

You can't walk on red-hot embers of coal and still want your feet to develop extra soles,

You can't have shattered teeth and still snap through the obdurate shell of coconut in one snap,

You can't have a snow white beard extruding from your cheeks and still proclaim that you were a teenager,

You can't yawn with your Jaws wide open and still remain dry eyed,

You can't be an insane lunatic and still be able to scrupulously recite each stanza from the Shakespeare,

You can't adorn a diamond ring on your finger and still audaciously declare that you weren't engaged,

You can't get as pink as a radish and still say that you didn't blush the slightest,

You can't protrude out your tongue in anger and still convey to the world that you were a revered saint,

You can't have dark circles under your lids and still perceive yourself to be an innocuous kid,

You can't keep lying on the seashore and still feel in the midst of tingling adventure,

You can't whip the slave left, right, center and still believe that you had blessed him,

You can't act like a crazy clown and still envisage yourself to be the greatest actor,

You can't stammer and still speak with articulate proficiency on the mike,

You can't drive slow and still win the whirlwind speed motor car race,

You can't be bare eyed and still stare unrelentingly into the blazing fireball of Sun,

You can't shout deafeningly and still blow a melodious whistle,

You can't be afraid of a mosquito and still pledge to leap into the unfathomably deep valley head on,

You can't eat Cadbury chocolates and still expect smoke to diffuse ecstatically from your nostrils,

You can't drape your feet in spiked footwear and still topple on the ground like nine pins,

You can't apply mud on your hair and still experience the silken follicles shine,

You can't keep looking at the changing sun and still tell the exact minute of the day,

You can't have a badly fractured hand and still expect to challenge the mightiest wrestler,

You can't have red ants inside your trousers and still sit unperturbed throughout the business meeting,

You can't have savage blood coated on your hands and still divulge to the world that they were as sacrosanct as God,

You can't be incarcerated behind bars of the prison and still play hide-n-seek with your children in the park,

You can't wear a flimsy night suit and still stand without shivering on the frozen lake,

You can't have infinite blemishes of chicken pox and still compare yourself with the shimmering pearl,

You can't be a mundane businessman and still have a passionate penchant for poetic rhyme,

You can't be an imbecile beggar and still think of sleeping all night on the golden couch,

You can't sit in front of the man eater leopard and still recite tranquil rhymes from the holy scriptures,

You can't stick your tongue out and still say that you're well mannered and extremely cultured,

You can't be a ghastly skeleton suspended from the ceiling and still conquer the entire battle field in war,

You can't wink flirtatiously at a girl and still adroitly tell her that she was your sister,

You can't be rustic fisherman and still know the most intricate of computer virus,

You can't spell death wrongly and still have an ambition to die,

You can't simply hold the knife in your hands and still profusely bleed,

You can't open your mouth a trifle lazily and still expect thunderous tunes to blast through the frigid atmosphere,

You can't wear a necklace of glistening diamonds and still feel venomous snakes brutally strangulating your neck,

You can't be a slime coated frog and still conceive yourself to as the astonishingly beautiful crown princess,

You can't eat foul sewage floating in the gutter and still expect pearls to pop out each time you opened your mouth,

You can't tear plain paper into infinite parts and still flood its surface with unending lines of literature,

You can't have lecherous fires blazing in your eyes and still have empathy for the deprived,

You can't worry baselessly and still make people around you wholeheartedly laugh,

You can't maliciously envy your counterparts and still reach the top,

You can't drive a truck blindfolded and still be able to reach the other end of the road safely,

You can't be sitting in one corner of the dark room and still imagine yourself to be a complete man,

You can't develop nerve-wrecking stress and still have blissful peace,

You can't apply effeminate lipstick on your lips and still claim to be Tarzan inhabiting the wild,

You can't drench yourself wholesomely in the rain and still catch blazing fires the very next instant,

You can't draw incongruous lines with your feet and still visualize yourself as the greatest artist,

You can't brag like a donkey and still whisper to the society that you were unselfishly polite,

You can't keep surging down into deep waters and still view the pinnacle of the tower spiraling high towards the Sun,

You can't roll amidst heaps of glittering gold and still cry hysterically that you were poor,

You can't walk in stark darkness and still sight your shadow following you at close quarters,

You can't have black lizards slithering all over your body and still remain as stoical as frozen ice,

You can't lick hard dirt and still find your tongue as clear as the transparent mirror,

You can't run like a whirlwind volcano and still feel your heart completely dormant in your chest,

You can't sway flirtatiously sighting every girl and still convince your wife that she was the only entity you revered,

You can't be oblivious to the first alphabet of English language and still imbibe every word of the colossal dictionary,

You can't live imprisoned behind the dingy brick wall and still inhale gallons of blissful air,

You can't keep looking at your watch every minute and still announce confidently that you weren't a trifle anxious,

You can't emulate every action happening beside you and still cognize yourself to be entirely independent,

You can't sit languidly in the air-craft to smoothly glide up the hill and still bellow at the top of your lungs that you clambered up all the treacherous slope standing on your toes,

You can't deluge your mouth completely with water and still want jewels to tumble out each time you spoke,

You can't have thorns adhered to all parts of your body and still feel yourself heavily soaked in spongy jelly,

You can't be a satanic barbarian chopping raw flesh and still imagine yourself to have created new life,

You can't bathe in a river of sweet honey and still want the bees to shirk away the instant they sighted you,

You can't lie breathless in the stone clad coffin and still come out bouncing radiantly alive,

You can't have a reserved heart wandering materialistically and still fall madly in love,

And You cant strangulate your emotions; grope uncertainly in a land of cowardice and still lead life

Nikhil Parekh

You Could Yet Make Him Happy

God simply didn't need anything; as his Omnipotent aura towered gloriously over every quarter; of this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe,
You could yet make him happy; by uninhibitedly embracing his organisms in inexplicably traumatic pain; nourishing them in your compassionately philanthropic swirl.

God simply didn't need anything; as his unconquerably bountiful majesty; unrelentingly ruled even the most infinitesimal of space on this; blissfully endowing planet,
You could yet make him happy; by gregariously nourishing his underprivileged children with your own blood; never letting them feel that they were disastrously orphaned on this gigantic globe and all alone.

God simply didn't need anything; as his overpoweringly unassailable scent; ingratiatingly perpetuated through even the most obsoletely remote corner of this; fathomless earth,
You could yet make him happy; by being a benign harbinger of all humanity irrespective of caste; creed and spurious religion alike; altruistically harnessing his maimed destitute; with your very own breath.

God simply didn't need anything; as his everlastingly Omniscient radiance; profoundly illuminated even the most remorsefully darkened arenas on the trajectory of this world,
You could yet make him happy; by patriotically blazing ahead for your sacrosanct motherland; ubiquitously disseminating the mantra of perennial righteousness; to all those disdainfully withering in the web of; ghastly lies.

God simply didn't need anything; as his marvelously Omnipresent radiance; timelessly enlightened every cranny of this gigantically enchanting earth; whether it be gruesomely debilitating night or the brilliantly sweltering day,
You could yet make him happy; by wholeheartedly diffusing the humble ideals of priceless existence; to all his tyrannized molecules; groping in despondently ungainly wilderness.

God simply didn't need anything; as his invincibly supreme silhouette; irrefutably overshadowed the coagulated power on this Herculean Universe; like the sky

handsomely overshadows the diminutive flies,
You could yet make him happy; by indefatigably patronizing the religion of
mankind to the most boundless parts of this spell binding Universe; and till the
time you breathed your last breath.

God simply didn't need anything; as his resplendently Omnipotent form;
perpetually ensured that the chapter of holistic life; astoundingly proliferated on
this earth for times immemorial,
You could yet make him happy; by selflessly lending your shoulder to all those
agonizingly blind; transport them to the aisles of unshakable safety; and thereby
igniting a smile back; in their impoverished lives.

God simply didn't need anything; as his fabulously impregnable contours
blissfully marked the commencing of every new era; his ever bestowing palms
were the
very reason that countless living were still alive,
You could yet make him happy; by eternally uniting with all his tumultuously
bereaved tribes; celestially maneuvering them towards the corridors of
unflinching
success; wrapped forever in the waves of incomprehensible solidarity.

God simply didn't need anything; as his immortally undefeated persona
relentlessly ensured; that unsurpassable new replaced every inevitably dying and
dithering life,
You could yet make him happy; by compassionately liberating the chords of your
gorgeously throbbing heart; to shower upon all his miserably unfortunate
children; the torrentially unending cloudshowers of love; love and only unbiased
love.

Nikhil Parekh

You Couldn't Buy

You could purchase a pair of teeth; but you couldn't buy their scintillating shine,

You could purchase a handsome tiger; but you couldn't buy his thunderous growl,

You could purchase a glamorous rose; but you couldn't buy its mesmerizing redolence,

You could purchase the entire valley; but you couldn't buy its unfathomable depth,

You could purchase a mammoth slab of ice; but you couldn't buy its frozen coolness,

You could purchase sprawling territories of sand; but you couldn't buy their sweltering heat,

You could purchase a cluster of opalescent striped nightingales; but you couldn't buy their enchanting voice,

You could purchase boundless meadows of grass; but you couldn't buy the coat of dew drops glistening on their surface,

You could purchase the sapphire blue dolphin; but you couldn't buy its rollicking leap,

You could purchase dexterously sculptured paintings; but you couldn't buy the artist's mind,

You could purchase the colossal lake; but you couldn't buy the fish proliferating inside; every unleashing second,

You could purchase a pair of eyes from the eyebank; but you couldn't buy their emphatic rays,

You could purchase knotted fingers; but you couldn't buy the things they wrote,

You could purchase a sparkling jewel; but you couldn't buy the impact that it had

on your destiny,

You could purchase a swanky car; but you couldn't buy the speeds at which it traversed,

You could purchase a slave; but you couldn't buy the uninhibited freedom of his thoughts,

You could purchase a woman; but you couldn't buy the love residing deep in her conscience,

You could purchase an idol of God; but you couldn't buy the omnipotent power it was capable of executing,

And you could purchase a heart; but you simply couldn't buy its violently palpitating beats; the overwhelming tenacity it had to grant new life.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die

You sleep; I sleep; as we replenished our dreary bodies with astoundingly rejuvenating sleep; harmoniously together,

You eat; I eat; as we consumed ravishing food to magnificently appease the tumultuous pangs of hunger in our famished stomachs; symbiotically together,

You paint; I paint; as we sketched the marvelous glory of this mesmerizing planet on the canvas of our impeccable souls; perpetually together,

You dance; I dance; as we gyrated our persona uninhibitedly under the resplendently milky moonlight; ecstatically swaying to the beats of the seductive night; eternally together,

You smile; I smile; as we rhapsodically rejoiced each moment bequeathed upon us by the Almighty Lord; romantically together,

You adventure; I adventure; as we embarked on the most enthusiastically daunting expeditions of our life; embellishing ourselves with all tranquil treasures of
Mother Nature; amicably together,

You shout; I shout; as we sporadically lost our impeccable equilibrium to the fallacies of the human mind; fought on trivial little things only to find ourselves deeper in love; boisterously together,

You cry; I cry; as we commiserated with each other's agonies; tenaciously confronted each sorrow with our palms intermingled in a fortress of solidarity; understandingly together,

You lose; I lose; as we momentarily camouflaged our heads in the cistern of shame; after valiantly endeavoring our best to conquer our goals; synergistically together,

You win; I win; as we saluted the deity of Omnipresent Lord in fathomless sky; kissed the soil on ground for being our intransigent inspiration; patriotically together,

You flirt; I flirt; as we surreptitiously philandered in the meadows of insatiably untamed desire for times immemorial; mischievously winking as the Sun set

behind the horizons; ebulliently together,

You gallop; I gallop; as we gushed forward to embrace the winds of intrepid intrigue; mystically unwind ourselves to discover an entrenchment of perpetually flowering beauty; euphorically together,

You sing; I sing; as we melodiously unfurled the chords of our throat to pacify all bereaved humanity and kin; philanthropically together,

You fantasize; I fantasize; as we dreamt of infinite vibrantly optimistic tomorrows and blissfully fragrant civilizations; benevolently together,

You bleed; I bleed; as we trespassed on the inevitable thorns of inexplicably inscrutable life; unflinchingly together,

You speak; I speak; as we emanated the most impregnably glittering voice of humanity alongwith our patriotic comrades; perennially together,

You fret; I fret; as we painstakingly crawled through all those lugubriously empty and nonchalant moments of existence; unassailably together,

You hear; I hear; as we unfurled the closed wall of our ears to discern every sound in the spellbindingly titillating atmosphere; congenially together,

You falter; I falter; as we ludicrously stumbled every now and then upon obdurately cold ground; majestically portraying that we were none other than just humans;
gorgeously together,

You sweat; I sweat; as we unrelentingly persevered under the austerely golden rays of the midday Sun; harvesting the fruits of our timeless endurance;
gregariously together,

You freeze; I freeze; as we uncontrollably shivered under the truculently tyrannical fury of brutal maelstroms and snow; fervently waiting for the squall to subside; compassionately together,

You joke; I joke; as we triggered unequivocal streams of laughter in all those bereft of a mission and insurmountably gloomy in priceless life; bountifully together,

You breathe; I breathe; as we inhaled and exhaled unfathomable carpets of air; pledged in front of the Almighty Creator to exist for an infinite more lifetimes to

yet unveil; invincibly together,

You love; I love; as we passionately explored every nimbly nubile arena of our countenance's; radiated the unconquerable essence of timelessly existing as a single spirit; celestially together,

And most importantly; You die; I die; as we relinquished our breaths at the very first command from the divine; Omnisciently reminiscing all those sparkling memories when we had lived beautifully entwined with one another; immortally together.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 10

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 40 differently titled Poems is actually Part 10 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. AS IMPORTANT
2. IT WAS ONLY WHEN
3. JUST A SINGLE
4. INFIDELITY GALORE
5. IT DOES DEFINITELY MATTER
6. SO SACREDLY IMMORTAL

7. THERE WAS NO PRICE ON EARTH
8. THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HER
9. NO TEACHING
10. TIME AFTER TIME AFTER TIME. EACH TIME. EVERYTIME.
11. LOVE ONLY THAT GIRL.
12. HAPPY MARRIED LIFE
13. WRITTEN AND REWRITTEN AN INFINITE TIMES
14. PERPETUALLY REKINDLING ELECTRICITY.
15. OUR LOVE WOULD IMMORTALLY CONQUER.
16. TRUE LOVE INEVITABLY COMES TO YOU.
17. MAKE LOVE EVERY MOMENT; EVERY DAY
18. THE SOLE AND MOST ARDENT SLAVE
19. NO ACCOMMODATIONS.
20. HUSBAND & WIFE
21. OUR VERY FIRST WEDDING NIGHT
22. SPARE MY HEART
23. EVERY BEAT OF YOURS IS PRICELESS
24. A SPELL OF IMMORTAL HAPPINESS
25. ONLY ONE
26. MADE ONLY FOR EACH OTHER
27. I DID KNOW FOR SURE
28. WHEN IN LOVE
29. SMILE
30. IN THE EYES OF MY BELOVED
31. SHIVERS
32. I JUST WANT YOUR LOVE
33. THE MOON I POSSESSED
34. I MISSED YOU
35. I WOULD RECOGNIZE YOU
36. IMPRISONED
37. I WISHED FOR TIME TO STOP
- 38 YOU WERE INDEED MY LOVING WIFE
39. YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY ALIVE
40. SHE LOVED ME FOR MY MONEY

1. AS IMPORTANT

For me to bond with her was as important; as was disseminating flamboyant light all day to the gruesomely staggering earth; for the Omnipotent Sun,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was tirelessly showering bountiful droplets of rain upon dreadfully parched soil; for the voluptuously crimson

clouds,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was majestically oozing unfathomable tons of sparkling honey with the exuberant breeze; for the boisterously flirtatious honey bee,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was fulminating the inner most arenas of his heart and soul into an unsurpassable valley of vivacious graciousness; for the celestially wandering artist,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was replenishing itself with quintessentially ingratiating droplets of water; for the traumatically agonized and scorched throat,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was enchanting diffusing into an endless entrenchment of astoundingly spell binding rhyme; for the melodiously blessed nightingale,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was ubiquitously disseminating its scent of poignantly handsome friendship; for the vibrantly ravishing and eternally exotic rose,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was iridescently un unfurling into a river of mystically milky pearls; for the gloriously regale and fascinating stars,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was ubiquitously propagating the message of unconquerably heavenly peace; for the harbingers of egalitarian humanity,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was exultatingly jubilant and cardinally crimson blood; for the intricately sensitive veins,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was intransigently fantasizing in the realms of fabulously blessed paradise; for the walls of infinite infinity,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was towering as the most unparalleled conqueror; for the irrevocably Herculean and invincibly supreme mountain tips,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was fabulously disintegrating into a countless billion pieces; for the tumultuously descending and poignantly pristine avalanche,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was sporting an immaculate blanket of heavenly mesmerizing fur; for the timelessly humble and innocent sheep,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was portraying an unequivocally candid reflection; for the flamingly eloquent and scintillating mirror,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was gargantuan lakes of virgin water; for the impeccably gliding and heavenly fish,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was romancing in inexorably wonderful titillation; for the charismatically incarcerating eyelashes,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was the art of culminating into rhythmically incanting sound; for the rosily forked and fantastically tangy tongue,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was the unfettered sailing on gigantically stormy ocean waters; for the harmoniously crafted and brimming to capacity; passenger ship,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was the art of indispensably ardent sustenance; for the miserably slaving beggar,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was unraveling into a tale of reinvigoratingly tangy froth after clashing against the shores; for the aristocratically undulating waves,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was tranquil waves of gregariously serene and rejuvenating shade; for the preposterously dreary and horrifically staggering traveler,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was boundless rivers of unblemished mother's milk; for the freshly born and divinely wailing infant,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was enthrallingly ecstatic rainbows to spawn up in the oligarchic cosmos; after it rained euphorically under the dazzlingly profound rays of the midday Sun,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was for the spirit to holistically liberate from the immaculate body; after veritably inevitable and absolute death,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was tears of happiness to flow after witnessing its departed ones; for the wonderfully princely and emphatically eclectic eye,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was bouncing in the aisles of uncontrollably uninhibited and untamed mischief; for the incessantly winking chimpanzee,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was wholesomely freeing every iota of his irrefutably sacrosanct motherland; for the patriotically unflinching and valiantly intrepid soldier,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was the chapter of timelessly magnificent proliferation and opalescently blossoming newness; for the Omnisciently Almighty Lord,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was the dance of perennial glory in torrentially seductive rain; for the majestic winged and blissful peacock,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was inhaling limitless gallons of effulgently Omnipotent air; for the miserably impoverished and diminutive nostril,

And for me to bond with her was as important; as was unleashing into a Universe of unassailably immortal love; for the passionately thundering and compassionately honest heart.

2. IT WAS ONLY WHEN

My eyes might have innocuously closed umpteenth number of times; in the tenure of my impoverished and short life,
But it was only when they felt your celestially compassionate palms on them;
that they fell into a spell of invincibly everlasting sleep.

My lips might have wholesomely unfurled a boundless number of times; in the space of my disastrously stumbling and battered life,
But it was only when they felt your perennially unassailable kiss on their devastated contours;
that they lit up into the most stupendously philanthropic smiles.

My armpits might have diffused into an infinite globules of sweat; in the course of my disdainfully pulverized and truculently bereaved life,
But it was only when they felt your impeccably enamoring visage by their side; that they blossomed into the truly persevering essence of vibrantly mesmerizing and enigmatic existence.

My brain might have rampantly fantasized a countless number of times; in the lugubrious wandering of my aimlessly loitering life,
But it was only when it conceived and felt your divinely energy to the fullest capacity; that it transcended beyond the realms of ecstatically replenishing paradise.

My legs might have transgressed an unfathomable number of steps; in the expedition of my indefatigably vacillating and frantic life,
But it was only when they felt your bountifully silken stride beside them; that they perpetually radiated the sparkle of irrefutably unconquerable triumph; for centuries immemorial.

My persona might have exuded into an incomprehensible number of goose-bumps; in the dilapidated entrenchment of my painstakingly obsessive and penalizing life,
But it was only when it felt your ingratiatingly compassionate warmth; that it uncontrollably erupted into tremors of insatiably unparalleled excitement.

My throat might have quavered an unsurpassable number of times; in the debilitating unraveling of my obnoxiously asphyxiated and lackadaisical life,
But it was only when it felt your unbelievably sacred breath; that it beautifully bloomed into the most majestically aristocratic of patriotic tunes.

My fists might have clenched a fathomless number of times; in the vicious maelstrom of my inexplicably mystical and insanely cold-blooded life,
But it was only when they felt your Omnipotent fingers intertwined in them; that they unflinchingly rose and altruistically sacrificed themselves; for the cause of humanitarian righteousness.

And my heart might have throbbed a limitless number of times; in the inconspicuously insipid and baselessly worthless fragment of my life,
But it was only when your immortally blessing beats bonded with mine; that it not only fell in unconquerable love with you; but with every element of enchanting goodness and benign beauty; on the Almighty Creator's planet divine.

3. JUST A SINGLE

Ghosts haunted even the most infinitesimal pore of my countenance;
metamorphosing every bit of righteousness enshrouding my soul; into a carcass
of gruesomely unforgivable nothingness,

Wolves diabolically pounced upon me from every conceivable side; excoriating
my sensitive flesh apart into a billion pieces; before eventually devouring me for
nocturnal supper,

Eagles menacingly descended straight for the whites of my impeccable eye;
gorily blinding even the most inconspicuous trace of my vision; for every birth
that I was born once again,

Tigers indefatigably galloped after my penuriously diminutive form; sharing me
as a sumptuously single bone of their hearty morning breakfast,

Bulls brutally gored their horns into my intricate belly; hideously extricating even
the most mercurial iota of food that I had consumed since the very first cry of my
birth; squelching me into mists of meaningless dust,

Earthquakes disastrously shattered even the most capricious trace of my
existence; abhorrently annihilating my abode as well as the last bone down my;
uncontrollably trembling spine,

Dinosaurs ruthlessly massacred even the most fleeting shadows of my holistic
survival; treacherously tantalizing the base of their satanic palms; by
indiscriminately wringing and crunching my neck,

Cyclones mercilessly swept me like a piece of frigidly unconsumed cake; whirling
me to the highest point in the sky before horrifically smashing my nimble skull
against the lecherously jagged rocks,

Jackals dug their preposterously corrugated claws into my silken chin; making
me freeze like cubicles of insipid ice; even in the most brilliantly scintillating of
compassionate sunlight,

Leeches intransigently clung to even the most obfuscated chunks of my flesh;
parasitically suckling unfathomable oceans of macabre blood; even after I felt
devoid of the last bit of my veritable pulp,

Spiders indefatigably spun webs of ghoulish malice in the hollows of my mouth;
proliferating countless more of their kind in my immaculately melodious throat;

vengefully asphyxiating even the tiniest trace of my voice,

Scorpions merrily stabbed their cornucopia of venom on the periphery of my poignantly princely lips; infiltrating into my vacant nostrils in countless numbers; as the cry of torturously ultimate death,

Snakes viciously slithered on my bountiful scalp; unsparingly hissing the wails of salaciously derogatory hell; all over my limitlessly quavering body,

Psychopaths knived my robust Adams apple from time to time; releasing the unsurpassable reservoir of their insanely maniacal energy; upon the eclectically innocuous elements of my visage,

Politicians ignominiously manipulated with the fabric of my harmonious survival; venomously bombarding my unwitting island of celestial peace; with their dictatorially unruly power,

Cockroaches played insidiously sinister games of hide and seek with my reflection; surreptitiously crawling with countless more their kind into the cavities of my eardrum; rendering me a bizarre insomniac for the remainder of my life,

Dogs jumped hungrily upon even the most invisible of my meals; not only gobbling the same but savagely pulverizing the bones in my sagacious form; before sharing it with their compatriot pigs,

Disease despicably strangulated every step that I euphorically advanced; cancerously plaguing each blissful aspect of my existence with unsurpassably deathly pain and malicious remorse,

Betrayal was the only mate I encountered as each night unfurled into the Omnisciently golden day; with every entity on this planet kicking and lambasting me with whips of unrelenting disdain,

And just a single caress of her divinely palms; just a single beat of her immortally passionate heart; just a single stare of her heavenly eyes; just a single tune of truth that magically drifted from her throat; was enough to not only make me irrefutably conquer all of the above; but metamorphosed me into the most pricelessly gifted molecule on the soil of her love.

4. INFIDELITY GALORE

Infidelity was in every of her exotically fluttering eyelashes; as she unfurled the

most titillating colors of vibrant life; each time that flirtatiously winked,

Infidelity was in every crease of her royally voluptuous lips; as she invitingly smiled towards the skies; seductively pursing molten rain water as resplendent nightfall came by,

Infidelity was in every follicle of her ravishingly tantalizing hair; as she exuberantly swished a trail of fantastically ingratiating mysticism; through even the most alien paths that she tread,

Infidelity was in every globule of her eternally golden sweat; as she magically metamorphosed even the most lackadaisically monotonous cranny of organisms into the winds of insatiable ecstasy; with the exhilarating moisture on her nubile skin,

Infidelity was in every blister of her iridescently twinkling feet; as they radiated with everlastingly unending rhapsody; under the blanket of the fabulously mesmerizing night,

Infidelity was in every ingredient of her poignantly scarlet blood; as she magnificently enticed every religion; caste; creed and tribe alike; into the swirl of her euphorically dancing and aristocratic life,

Infidelity was in every finger of her ravenously blissful palms; as she fomented untamed fires of ever-augmenting passion in even the most lugubrious of skins; with her beautifully bountiful caress,

Infidelity was in every pore of her exotically heavenly belly; as she triggered all insane morbidity around her to blossom into a paradise of spell binding loveliness; with just a nimble jerk of her hips,

Infidelity was in every reverberation of her gorgeous yawn; as she tossed and turned and relished like a pristinely embellished princess; in the aisles of everlasting laziness,

Infidelity was in every bud of her delectably raunchy tongue; as she fervently slurped the elixir of compassionate vivaciousness; profusely coalescing each of her senses with the realms of ebullient desire,

Infidelity was in every line of her orientally silken forehead; as she adorned it with differently unique shades of vermilion; at the crack of each dawn and timelessly exhilarating night,

Infidelity was in every bit of satin robe that exquisitely draped her body; spell bindingly revealing the fructifying treasuries of mother nature; a timeless river of intoxication to surge forward in enigmatic life,

Infidelity was in every contour of her ecstatically flirting shadow; teasing even the most torturously cold-blooded parasites; like a freshly embellished bride,

Infidelity was in every emollient nerve of her gregariously bustling countenance; inevitably eluding the mists of fragrant desire to voraciously kiss her; from head to triumphant toe,

Infidelity was in every arena of her fathomlessly tireless brain; as she unrelentingly fantasized about all panoramically endowing beauty on this planet; ardently embracing the arms of exotic vividness; for centuries unprecedented,

Infidelity was in every hollow of her exultatingly heaving bosom; as she culminated into an unsurpassable gorge of embarrassing goose-bumps; everytime the wind drifted its direction solely towards her,

Infidelity was in every tune that she stupendously emanated; as she unbelievably mesmerized even the most deadened molecule in the atmosphere; with her enthrallingly enlivening huskiness,

Infidelity was in every strand of hair on her serenely enamoring flesh; standing more taller than the rock of Gibraltar and in poignant alacrity; when she victoriously emerged from the vibrantly tangy sea,

But as a matter of fact; it was the same infidelity that had attracted me; that had sensuously enraptured me beyond the realms of pragmatic imagination; that had made me a slave of her timelessly enchanting redolence; that had made me romance with her magnetic sensuousness for an infinite more births yet to unveil; that had made me immortally love her more than I could have loved my life today.

5. IT DOES DEFINITELY MATTER

Doesn't matter if you didn't astoundingly conquer; catapult to the ultimate summits of victory since the very first cry of mesmerizing birth,

Doesn't matter if you didn't alleviate all miserably dithering and traumatized humanity; with your spell bindingly Omniscient touch,

Doesn't matter if you didn't remove even the most inconspicuous ingredient of dirt from the complexion of this enchanting planet; made it bereft of all manipulation in the tenure of your destined lifetime,

Doesn't matter if you didn't ubiquitously rule like an unassailable king; unfathomably transcending above the realms of eternally gratifying prosperity for centuries immemorial,

Doesn't matter if you didn't parade like the ultimate of gods every dawn; smilingly confronting even the most ghastliest of impediment that dared come your way,

Doesn't matter if you didn't sing as melodiously as the voluptuous crested nightingale; majestically pacifying even the most truculently lambasted destitute; with the Omnipotent ardor in your rejuvenating voice,

Doesn't matter if you didn't tower like an unsurpassably inimitable mountain; sequestering every innocent life alike; in the compassionate warmth of your magnanimously bestowing belly,

Doesn't matter if you didn't fulminate into sparkling freshness every unfurling minute of the night and day; pathetically dribbled into painstakingly obnoxious perspiration instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't smell like the insurmountably unending garden of scarlet rose; becoming the eternally everlasting enchantment of every; bizarrely famished eye,

Doesn't matter if you didn't gyrate every bone of your countenance to the beats of vivaciously resplendent nature; chose to solitarily fret in the corridors of your disconcerting study room instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't emulate every personality you met with incredulous dexterity; fomented hordes of orphaned children to break out into unstoppable laughter; with the unparalleled charisma in your personality,

Doesn't matter if you didn't dress like an aristocratic prince each morning; lugubriously trespassed the squalidly empty streets enveloped in disdainfully tottered rags instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't philander in the most swankiest of mercedes;

stupefying every entity you transgressed with the sanctimonious superfluous river of your extraordinarily overwhelming wealth,

Doesn't matter if you didn't unequivocally reveal the inner most of your emotions; amiably blending your heart and soul with every fraternity of humanity; alike,

Doesn't matter if you didn't descend barechested upon the indiscriminately cold-blooded battlefield; magnificently displayed your flamboyantly sizzling heroics to all nubile maidens watching fervently in vicinity,

Doesn't matter if you didn't program every cranny of your brain to astronomical ingeniousness; evolve into a commendable festoon of versatile discovery as each instant unleashed into a wholesome minute,

Doesn't matter if you didn't float like a tantalizingly raunchy seductress; alluring even the most asphyxiatingly alien in your gorgeously magnetic swirl,

Doesn't matter if you didn't radiate shades of perennially robust crimson from your impeccable cheeks; blossoming into an entrenchment of celestial health; even as the most acrimoniously treacherous winds swept you like insipid matchsticks from your feet,

Doesn't matter if you didn't sink in duly revered obeisance at every idol of clay that you encountered in your way; supernaturally believing that every shape embossed in soil was the Omnipotently sacrosanct portrait of Almighty God,

Doesn't matter if you didn't breathe untamed passion from your nostrils; igniting even the most drearily lackadaisical speck of the atmosphere; with the Herculean tenacity in your tireless stride,

Doesn't matter if you didn't act according to the wishes of the conventionally sardonic society; paving a path of scintillating righteousness on your very own,

Doesn't matter if you didn't enshroud every iota of your immaculate conscience with the infernos of unshakable truth; inadvertently erred umpteenth number of times in a single day; instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't function like robotic machine all throughout your life; at times entirely yielding to even the most silliest of emotions that confronted you in your way,

Doesn't matter if you didn't deliver aristocratic speeches everytime you spoke; irrefutably agglutinating the populace of this gigantic planet towards the ingratiating passion in your blessed aura,

Doesn't matter if you didn't transit back into realms of innocuous childhood every now and again; shrugging penalizingly nonchalant monotony forever away from even the most remote of your shadows,

Doesn't matter if you didn't erect palaces of perpetually shimmering gold and silver on every path that you tread; existed in a rudimentary hutment inhabited by gory crabs; the whole of your life instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't know the holistic mantra to wade away all diabolical evil; bountifully consecrate every leaf of this savagely anguished planet with the symbiotically heavenly tonic of humanity,

Doesn't matter if you didn't march audaciously ahead; not even faltering the slightest; even as torturous hell rained indefatigably rained from the sky outside,

Doesn't matter if you didn't artistically inundate every patch of the barren canvas with poignant traces of vibrantly unending imagery; inhale every draught of a wind as an embellished artist the every second of your life,

Doesn't matter if you didn't shrewdly manipulate the pros and cons of everything on this Universe before attempting it; impulsively plunged into the valley of desire at the most subtle insinuation of your soul,

Doesn't matter if you didn't keep studying till the very last moment of your life; proudly inundating the dormitories of your cupboard as well as the lap of your parents; with an insurmountable reservoir of degrees and gold medals,

Doesn't matter if you didn't prolifically burgeon into a paradise of passionate sensitivity; euphorically absorbing and reacting to even the most parsimonious of vacillations in the atmosphere,

Doesn't matter if you didn't tenaciously swim against the stormy waves of the undulating ocean; fetch the garland of pristine pearls from the rock bottom within a single wink of the eye and wholesomely blindfolded,

Doesn't matter if you didn't incessantly shower the blessings of jubilant happiness upon all organisms on this gargantuan planet; deluge every

perniciously bereaved heart with the elixir of vibrantly vivid life,

Doesn't matter if you didn't synergistically interact with countless elements of the world outside; spent your life in the entrenchment of brazenly self-conceived fantasy; instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't sleep all ravishingly titillating night; incorrigibly preferred to doze under brilliant beams of sunlight and when the globe functioned to Herculean capacity outside; instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't walk barefoot towards the epitome of the scintillating mountain; when all your other counterparts preferred to reach the same in the royal aircraft; instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't salute the sky; the grave; the different religions on this bountiful planet; but chose to be the harbinger of fathomlessly fascinating mankind till the time you lived; instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't bathe under the artificially simmering taps; but profusely drenched every pore of your trembling body under the primordial waterfalls of glorious nature; instead,

Doesn't matter if you didn't agree with the philosophies of any entity on this colossal planet; endlessly kept worshipping the cradle of unbreakable humanity; instead,

But it does definitely matter if you didn't uninhibitedly unveil the chords of your passionately thundering heart; it does definitely matter if you took birth alone and died alone on this planet; it does definitely matter if you didn't proliferate God's chapter of sacred creation; it does definitely matter if you didn't romance with the magical sensuousness of creation all your life; O! yes it does definitely matter if you didn't fall into the valley of immortal love.

6. SO SACREDLY IMMORTAL

The eternal compassion that radiated from her nubile persona was so overwhelmingly fantastic; that it made me wholesomely oblivious to even the most poignantly lurking of my shadow,

The enchanting tunes that diffused from her spell binding throat were so unassailably aristocratic; that they made me stagger like piles of infinitesimally

pulverized nothingness; in due obeisance of her profoundly sacrosanct grace,

The untamed voluptuousness that drifted from her bountifully effulgent hair was so majestically vivacious; that it made me feel like an inconspicuously fleeting reflection; in front of the fathomless cosmos and panoramically wonderful world outside,

The silken smiles that blossomed from her amiably charismatic lips were so philanthropically beautiful; that they made me feel an eternally blessed constituent of gregariously blooming humanity,

The oceans of unsurpassable empathy oozing from her emphatic eyes were so effusively ardent; that they metamorphosed even the most ethereal iota of my misery; into a fountain of ebulliently unprecedented happiness,

The reverberations that emanated when she walked were so unflinchingly righteous; that they made me irrefutably salute the apostle of truth; for infinite more births of mine yet to unfurl,

The scent of unparalleled benevolence that disseminated from her soul was so fabulously eclectic; that it wholesomely swapped even the most capricious trace of malicious monotony from my life; forever and ever and ever,

The titillation that ingratiatingly wafted from her sensuous belly was so incredulously unbelievable; that it swiped me like a magical prince from my feet; to indefatigably float in the aisles of celestially rhapsodic paradise,

The unlimited spirit of ecstasy that bloomed from her golden perspiration was so regally astounding; that it made every element of my despicably dwindling countenance triumphantly surge ahead towards the; entrenchment of unshakable glory,

The whirlpools of fantasy jubilantly liberating from her nerves were so profoundly sensitive; that they perpetuated an Omnipotent mountain of hope; into my parsimonious hutments of treacherously morbid remorse,

The yawn encircling her marvelously pristine mouth was so harmoniously natural; that it entirely sacked even the most diminutive trace of ghastly manipulation from my demeanor; miraculously transforming me into just the way when I was freshly born,

The cisterns of crimson blood circulating in her veins were so benign; that they

Omnisciently granted a healing touch; to even the most disastrously sordid and horrendously mutilated wounds of mine,

The winds of flirtatious mischief gushing from her intricate skin were so vividly mesmerizing; that they transited me way back into realms of exhilarating adolescence; the times when even the most subtle mention of a woman; would transcend me to heavens beyond paradise,

The serendipitous mysticism unveiling from her artistic speech was so astonishingly magnetic; that it made me completely immune to even the worst of pain; smiling as an sleeping prince even as daggerheads of indescribable viciousness; stabbed me from all sides,

The fortress of boundless solidarity in her arms was so royally endowing; that it instilled in me the indefatigable tenacity; to unnervingly propel forward even as inevitable death replaced scintillating life,

The innocence in her timelessly fluttering eyelashes was so impeccably untainted; that it became my sole mantra to blissfully form perpetually passionate bonds with the Creator Divine,

The virgin boisterousness in her iridescent visage was so tirelessly fantastic; that it shrugged the asphyxiated ropes of tiredness forever away from my trembling body; bestowed upon me a perennially new lease to lead life,

The heavenly exultation in her breath was so victoriously vivid; that it annihilated the chapters of death forever from my rambunctiously croaking existence; aristocratically impregnated in me the ability to countlessly proliferate into handsome new life,

And the beats that popped out from her heart were so sacredly immortal; that they spawned caravans of uninhibited love on every step that I tread; symbolizing each instant of my life with a Samaritan purpose; symbolizing the thunderbolt of my life as a uniting harbinger of all mankind.

7. THERE WAS NO PRICE ON EARTH

There was no price on earth which could ever substitute; the untamed exhilaration which every pore of my body experienced; while briskly philandering through the thunderous cloudbursts of exuberant breeze,

There was no price on earth which could ever substitute; the profound wave of

enlightenment that I felt on my skin; every day at the very first light of miraculously rejuvenating dawn,

There was no price on earth which could ever substitute; the irrefutable truth in the voice of the little child; incoherently gazing towards my drearily sagging demeanor,

There was no price on earth which could ever substitute; the astronomically resplendent enigma that I felt enveloped with; when I intrepidly trespassed through the wilderness of the forests and the gloriously spell binding waterfalls,

There was no price on earth which could ever substitute; the unrelenting festoon of fantasies that I dreamt all day and exotic night; the cloud of majestically sensuous titillation that bountifully enshrouded every ingredient of my blood,

There was no price on earth which could ever substitute; the uninhibitedly compassionate fabric of humanity that profusely caressed me from all sides; the spirit of symbiotically superb camaraderie that I felt in every aspect of my vibrant life,

There was no price on this earth that could ever substitute; those moments when I realized I was going to become a father; the triumphantly unending smiles on the faces of me and my wife; alike,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the poignantly pristine freshness of the ravishing oceans; which voraciously tickled me every night under the gregariously milky moon,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the fathomless sensitivity in the eyes of my beloved; the Omnipotent replenishment that I had felt on my lips; as she kissed me till the end of veritable time,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the unprecedented urge in my body to once again become an innocuously wandering child; regally frolic with the feathers of the vivid peacock; until the Sun bid the earth a final goodbye,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the unsurpassable excitement that I had indefatigably experienced; as the nubile seductress deluged the colors of her embellished artistry; in the famished whites of my lugubrious eye,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the unconquerable faith that I had in the paradise of righteousness; even as diabolically marauding hell wholesomely blended with inconspicuous granules of soil,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the invincible exultation engulfing my face; when I earned the first trace of quintessential livelihood with my very own hands,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the limitless euphoria that each element of my visage experienced; as I nosedived without a parachute from the absolute summit of the beautifully snow clad hills,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the insurmountable care showered upon me by my godly mother right since the first cry of my birth; and even as she underwent the most horrifically gory whippings from the conventionally inclement society,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the smile of perennial freshness on the face of my newly born daughter; her insatiably innocent actions to nibble everything that came her way,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the blissfully seductive scent of the mesmerizing rose that drifted into my torturously starved nostrils; the stupendous vivaciousness of the atmosphere; royally perpetuating me from all ends,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; those two words of encouragement from the haplessly withering dame; impregnating loads of Herculean courage in my dwindling persona; even as she was just about to leave the planet forever and die,

There was no price on earth that could ever substitute; the unbelievably supreme melody of the ingratiatingly voluptuous nightingale; the Omniscient sweetness that it instilled in my collapsing form; every time she unfurled her beak to sing and cry,

And there was no price on earth that could ever substitute; those instants when I fell in love at first sight; those unassailable passions in my body when we first united; those immortal bonds of love that we had formed for infinite more births yet to unveil; which were still my whole and sole mantra to lead life.

8. THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HER

Her visage might not be exquisitely embellished; encapsulated in rustically plaintive clothes from nimble foot; to insatiably sacrosanct forehead,

Her visage might not be ravishingly tantalizing; divinely meditating under the mystical oak tree; profusely blending every of its holistic element; with the spirit of the celestially divine,

Her visage might not be pompously flashy; bountifully coalescing with everlastingly exotic rudiments of nature; perennially entrenching itself with the winds of profoundly simplistic nostalgia,

Her visage might not be invincibly triumphant; inadvertently erring countless times in a single day; in her innocuously drifting stride,

Her visage might not be raunchily seductive; scintillating as unequivocally candidly as the flamboyantly sweltering Sun; filtering a path of unassailable righteousness; for infinite more births yet to come,

Her visage might not be overpoweringly dictatorial; retracting like a freshly nubile bride into the corridors of resplendent reticence; at even the most mercurial insinuation of ghastly badness or penalizing crime,

Her visage might not be aristocratically princely; harmoniously sequestering itself under an unfathomable blanket of green leaves; as its sole abode to lead the uncouthly freezing night,

Her visage might not be astoundingly fragrant; onerously perspiring under the endlessly sweltering Sun; as she assiduously carved her way towards her daily livelihood,

Her visage might not be Omnisciently prognosticating; miserably dithering to perceive even an infinitesimal fraction of what was going to unfurl; an evanescent step further,

Her visage might not be indefatigably twinkling; somberly enveloping its diminutive contours; in the fabric of unwittingly fallible humanity,

Her visage might not be tirelessly smiling; sporadically erupting into traumatically anguished cries; as the inevitability of sacrificing existence; took its insurmountably unbearable toll,

Her visage might not be ubiquitously magnanimous; insatiably confining herself

to the realms of her parsimonious dwelling; stringently persevering every bit of her stingily hard-earned possessions,

Her visage might not be unrelentingly poignant; pragmatically bonding with the vagaries of this conventionally turgid society; in order to survive in holistic unison and symbiosis with the enchanting atmosphere,

Her visage might not be boundlessly unconquerable; humanely collapsing to the acrimoniously treacherous pressures of existence; at times feeling stressed beyond the threshold of inexplicably debilitating frustration,

Her visage might not be incomprehensibly magnetic; hardly being noticed a parsimonious trifle; even as she trespassed through the most lackadaisically nonchalant of crowds,

Her visage might not be aristocratically regale; bearing the shades of a normally unwitting commoner; even as cloudbursts of untamed fantasy; handsomely perpetuated her from every construable side,

Her visage might not be unsurpassably contemporary; irrefutably following the fathomlessly medieval and age old theories of existence; while the entire planet voluptuously gyrated to the rhythm of the blaring discotheque; by her window side,

Her visage might not be made for today's world; with even the most capriciously ephemeral mist of manipulation; remaining countless continents apart from her; indomitably righteous stride,

And although not even a single tune of her visage coincided with the globe outside; not even a single entity acknowledged her the slightest for her little but hard-fought accomplishments in life; not even a single cloud noticed the innocent impressions which she had left on earth during the tenure of her lifetime,

There was something in her which I found in no other woman; caste or tribe; there was something in her which rendered every moment of my survival priceless; there was something in her which heavenly blessed me even beyond my infinite lives; there was something in her which immortally became my love till even after my journey to heaven; hell; my breath and time.

9. NO TEACHING

The eyes didn't need to be taught how to wink; flirtatiously entice even the most

obsoletely alien of entities; in their voluptuously seductive swirl,

The lips didn't need to be taught how to smile; unfurl into an unfathomable gorge of ecstasy; amiably bonding with one and all on this planet; ravishingly alike,

The veins didn't need to be taught how to disseminate blood; triumph in the aisles of timelessly ardent desire; fantastically embracing all entities on this colossal planet; in the religion of benign humanity,

The ears didn't need to be taught how to hear; euphorically assimilate all vibrantly untamed ebullience in the melodious atmosphere; in the delectable hollow of their drum; and for centuries immemorial,

The feet didn't need to be taught how to walk; victoriously surge forward with the winds of vacillating time; indefatigably transpiring countless organisms to keep celestially progressing till the very end of their time,

The cheeks didn't need to be taught how to blush; enamoringly bequeath upon a legacy of eternally unending compassion; as the fireball of Sun gloriously faded down the resplendent horizons,

The hands didn't need to be taught how to intertwine; form impreguably everlasting friendships; bountifully enlightening the sordid ambience with the winds of philanthropic togetherness,

The tongue didn't need to be taught how to emanate sound; deluge the preposterously grave morbidity around; with vividly unparalleled boisterousness,

The shadows didn't need to be taught how to mysticize; unveil into an unsurpassable sea of enigma; as each instant sped into a wholesomely gratifying minute,

The stomach didn't need to be taught how to digest; synergistically imbibe all tantalizingly robust morsels of food; and then expurgate all invidiousness at the first light of exotically evanescent dawn,

The neck didn't need to be taught how to turn; handsomely absorb the insurmountably panoramic beauty of this fragrant Universe; drifting in countless surreal directions; one at a time,

The eyelashes didn't need to be taught how to seduce; marvelously titillate even the most obfuscatedly alien of personalities; in their stupendously ingratiating

reflection,

The conscience didn't need to be taught how to be truthful; tirelessly march on the paths of irrefutably unconquerable righteousness; even as diabolical hurricanes of hell pelted left; right and center on the periphery of this gargantuan planet,

The throat didn't need to be taught how to gulp; innocuously guzzle the melodiously convivial elixir of existence; for boundless more births yet to come,

The chin didn't need to be taught how to twinkle; iridescently fulminate into cisterns of untamed innocence; everytime it was tickled by the arms of overwhelmingly uncontrollable care,

The armpits didn't need to be taught how to sweat; aristocratically exude rivers of golden perspiration; regally bond with the holistic mantra of persevering survival; as long as the Omnipotent lord wanted them to be,

The mouth didn't need to be taught how to yawn; immaculately expressing that the opprobriously penalizing fatigue of the body; needed to be substituted by divinely rest,

The nostrils didn't need to be taught how to breathe; perennially exhale and inhale Oligarchic carpets of spell bindingly Omnipresent air; symbiotically bond with all caste; creed; religion and tribe; unassailably and alike,

And the heart didn't need to be taught how to love; immortally coalesce even the most infinitesimally ephemeral of its beat with its soul mate; right since the first cry of beautifully bestowed birth.

10. TIME AFTER TIME AFTER TIME. EACH TIME. EVERYTIME.

It really didn't matter to me even an infinitesimal trifle; if there wasn't the most optimistically Omnipotent of Sun outside my door; to timelessly consecrate every unfinished desire of mine; to the hilt of infinite infinity,

It really didn't matter to me even an inconspicuous trifle; if there wasn't the most vivaciously fathomless Sea outside my door; to unbelievably tantalize even the most evanescent cranny of my skin for an infinite more of my destined lifetimes,

It really didn't matter to me even an obfuscated trifle; if there weren't the most

eternally invincible Mountains outside my door; to compassionately sequester every disastrously shuddering bone of my body; as diabolical hell torrentially rained down on earth,

It really didn't matter to me even a cloistered trifle; if there weren't the most enigmatically inebriating Forests outside my door; to perennially perpetuate the fragrance of symbiotic existence in every of my haplessly dying breath,

It really didn't matter to me even a fugitive trifle; if there wasn't the most resplendently bountiful Waterfall outside my door; to inexhaustibly reinvigorate my sinfully deteriorating desire to survive,

It really didn't matter to me even an ethereal trifle; if there weren't the most sensuously crimson Clouds outside my door; to unabashedly catapult me into the most ebulliently triumphant realms of paradise,

It really didn't matter to me even a fleeting trifle; if there wasn't the most unassailably ever-pervading Sky outside my door; to engender me to discover the ultimate horizons of my impoverished existence,

It really didn't matter to me even an oblivious trifle; if there wasn't the most mellifluously enchanting Sound outside my door; to unceasingly enshroud every dormitory of my frazzled life with victoriously untamed delight,

It really didn't matter to me even a mercurial trifle; if there wasn't the most seductively tranquil Shadow outside my door; to indefatigably cajole me into the wisps of celestially fructifying sleep,

It really didn't matter to me even a disappearing trifle; if there wasn't the most bounteously virile Woman outside my door; to tirelessly prompt me to explore every rhapsodically emollient intricacy of my potent manhood,

It really didn't matter to me even a forlorn trifle; if there wasn't the most wonderfully vibrant Meadow outside my door; to invite me back into the cradle of my amazingly impeccable and uninhibited childhood,

It really didn't matter to me even a transient trifle; if there weren't the most iridescently innocuous Stars outside my door; to unshakably enlighten the complexion of my every drearily asphyxiating and treacherous night,

It really didn't matter to me even a dilapidated trifle; if there wasn't the most impregnable Heavenly Moon outside my door; to steer me through every

acrimonious hurdle of my life; with the ease of a newly born silken prince,

It really didn't matter to me even a fleeting trifle; if there wasn't the most astoundingly ameliorating magicians outside my door; to liberate me of even the most ghastliest of my tribulations; transform the monotonously dull space around me; into paradise divine,

It really didn't matter to me even a feckless trifle; if there weren't the most indomitably learned philosophers/saints outside my door; to endlessly soliloquize to me the ideologies of effulgent truth; love and beauty in the chapters of my vividly enthralling life,

It really didn't matter to me even a teeny trifle; if there wasn't the most glittering caverns of pure Gold outside my door; to forever ensure that the definitions of maliciously pulverizing poverty stayed an infinite kilometers away from my diminutively robust form,

It really didn't matter to me even an indescribable trifle; if there wasn't the most mischievously jubilant flirtation outside my door; to make me feel eternally young and fantastically virile; although I stood on the absolute brink of inevitable death,

It really didn't matter to me even an insouciant trifle; if there wasn't the most Omnisciently everlasting breath outside my door; to bestow upon me the prowess to holistically survive for a countless more blessed lifetimes,

If only; whenever I did open the door of my passionately throbbing heart; whenever I did open the door of my ecstatically emancipating soul; whenever I did open the door of my euphorically searching eyes; whenever I did open the door of my amiably unfettered dwelling; there was you and none else but you O! Heavenly Beloved to take me in your mesmerizing arms and immortally bond with the beats of my life; again and again and again; time after time after time; each time; everytime.

11. LOVE ONLY THAT GIRL.

Eat whatever you ever wanted to; tantalizing even the most obfuscated of your taste buds with the food of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the incessantly nagging planet outside,

Wear whatever you ever wanted to; embellishing every nakedly impoverished cranny of your skin with the fabric of your very own and sole choice;

wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the disdainfully castigating planet outside,

Dream whatever you ever wanted to; inundating every dormant arena of your brain with the fantasy of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the tyrannically overruling planet outside,

Adventure to wherever you ever wanted to; choosing even the most ethereal of destination of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the truculently slandering planet outside,

Help whosoever you ever wanted to; befriending even the most invisibly cloistered shadow of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the hedonistically chauvinistic planet outside,

Sketch whatever you ever wanted to; perennially portraying ecstatic beauty of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the mindlessly monotonous planet outside,

Swim wherever you ever wanted to; coalescing every fragment of your robotically asphyxiating skin into the liquid of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the miserably enslaved planet outside,

Wink at whatever you ever wanted to; flirtatiously signaling to the mischievous entity of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the tawdrily incarcerating planet outside,

Cry for whatever you ever wanted to; uninhibitedly letting golden globules of tear cascade down your cheeks for the organisms of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the indiscriminately insurgent planet outside,

Yearn for whatever you ever wanted to; inexhaustibly wanting to replenish even the most infinitesimal pore of your flesh with the fantasies of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the ominously conventional planet outside,

Fight for whatever you ever wanted to; entirely extinguishing even the last shadows of your life for the things of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the lackadaisically wailing planet outside,

Write whatever you ever wanted to; unceasingly embellishing even the most obliterated bits of virgin paper with the words of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the vindictively victimizing planet outside,

Invite whatever you ever wanted to; tirelessly harboring even the most evanescent ounce of happiness of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the diabolically parasitic planet outside,

Defeat whatever you ever wanted to; undyingly trouncing over even the most parsimoniously fleeting devils of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the satanically demented planet outside,

Evolve whatever you ever wanted to; spawning into the most astoundingly inimitable fecundity of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the viciously penalizing planet outside,

Sing whatever you ever wanted to; unabashedly perpetuating every bit of the atmosphere with the tunes of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the unsparingly slandering planet outside,

Silence whatever you ever wanted to; indefatigably numbing countless devilish mouths of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the nonsensically wanton planet outside,

Breathe whatever you ever wanted to; relentlessly flooding the jacket of your quintessential lungs with the vibrations of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the loquaciously pugnacious planet outside,

Believe in whatever you ever wanted to; indelibly worshipping the Omnipotent powers of your very own and sole choice; wholesomely paying a deaf ear to the fecklessly ostracizing planet outside,

But if you really wanted to feel the most unconquerably priceless entity on this boundless Universe; then love only that girl who loved you more than you could ever love your very own life; wholesomely surrendering even the most transient element of your heart; body and soul; for her to immortally bond with; whenever she wished; whenever she unflinchingly liked.

12. HAPPY MARRIED LIFE

May this day forever bestow upon you bountiful riches,

May this day forever bless you with all that is wholeheartedly benevolent,

May this day forever reinforce your life with fathomless number of living years,

May this day forever exempt you from every misdeed that you inadvertently committed,

May this day forever eradicate every ounce of hysterical agony from your heart,

May this day forever transform the bleary caricature of your monotonously devastated face, into one with sacrosanct smiles,

May this day forever freeze tears of gloom which oozed profusely from your immaculately magical eyes; transforming them into a wand of happiness,

May this day forever safeguard you invincibly against deathly mishaps and obnoxious falls,

May this day forever ensure that even the tiniest of your desires; were handsomely replenished to the most unprecedented limits,

May this day forever quench your thirst for philanthropic prosperity; with sacrosanct blessings from the Almighty Lord,

May this day forever clear all evil mists devastatingly obfuscating your impeccable demeanor; making you the most priceless entity alive,

May this day forever evacuate all those sordidly pointed thorns adhering incorrigibly to your nimble feet; annihilate every obstacle that dared come your way,

May this day forever bless you with an unassailably euphoric charisma; making you the most inimitable darling of all crowds,

May this day forever wade away even the most mercurial trace of ominously lethal; fervently waiting to snare every bit of your celestial goodness,

May this day forever place you in a royally glittering palace; an adobe which perennially flowed with the unconquerably symbiotic richness of humanity,

May this day forever revitalize your soul with rays of impregnable optimism; as the Sun dazzled infallibly every mystically brilliant dawn,

May this day forever make you feel that you'd just taken fresh birth; to enjoy and profoundly exultate in every bit of panoramic goodness of this miraculous

planet,

May this day forever give you the strength to triumph over every devil existing and beyond; make you feel the most wonderfully truthful entity alive,

May this day forever gift you with the miraculous prowess of healing the most horrifically deplorable miseries; with the Omnipotent ointment of love in your benign heart; soul; and conscience,

And I might be unfortunate enough not to be present at this heavenly occasion; but here's wishing you O! Divinely Couple; a very Prosperous and Immortal "Happy Married Life".

13. WRITTEN AND REWRITTEN AN INFINITE TIMES

Every tangible and intangible portion of my lips; had solely and nothing else but her compassionately igniting kisses written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their sordidly impoverished periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my skin; had solely and nothing else but her Omnipotently rekindling caresses written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its diminutively trembling periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my brain; had solely and nothing else but her timelessly enthralling fantasies written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its pathetically victimized periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my palms; had solely and nothing else but her majestically Omnipresent destiny written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their penuriously staggering periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my chest; had solely and nothing else but her indefatigably unconquerable sensuality written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its traumatically slaving periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my veins; had solely and nothing else but her perpetually ameliorating camaraderie written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their deplorably divested periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my eyes; had solely and nothing else but her irrefutably candid reflection written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their parsimoniously shattered periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my tongue; had solely and nothing else but her inexhaustibly bountiful melody written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its inexplicably devastated periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my neck; had solely and nothing else but her unendingly emancipating magnetism written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its pathetically quavering periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my chin; had solely and nothing else but her timelessly delectable nibbles written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its drearily subjugated periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my ears; had solely and nothing else but her perennially mellifluous sounds written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their frigidly besmirched periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my shoulders; had solely and nothing else but her Omnipresently mitigating philanthropism written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their infinitesimally pulverized periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my shadow; had solely and nothing else but her tantalizingly ravishing whisper written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its irascibly fidgeting periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my armpits; had solely and nothing else but her infallibly persevering sweat written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their miserably floundering periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my throat; had solely and nothing else but her eternally liberating melody written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its ethereally parched periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my feet; had solely and nothing else but her indomitably fathomless adventure written and rewritten an infinite times; all over their lugubriously obsolete periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my conscience; had solely and nothing else but her flames of unassailably everlasting truth written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its transiently extinguishing periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my impression; had solely and nothing

else but her perpetually insuperable signature written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its nimbly fluttering periphery,

Every tangible and intangible portion of my nostrils; had solely and nothing else but her Omnisciently ever-pervading breath written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its fervently tiny periphery,

And every tangible and intangible portion of my heart; had solely and nothing else but her Immortally unshakable love written and rewritten an infinite times; all over its compassionately throbbing periphery.

14. PERPETUALLY REKINDLING ELECTRICITY.

Every of my unbelievably ardent kiss fell on her sensuously reinvigorating lips; and each ecstatically fiery kiss of hers too; fell more fervently than ever before; on mine.

Every of my sensuously untamed sweat drop fell on her effulgently golden skin; and each uninhibited sweat drop of hers too; fell more uncontrollably than ever before; on mine.

Every of my resplendently ebullient tear fell on her pristinely inimitable chin; and each victorious tear of hers too; fell more beautifully than ever before; on mine.

Every of my intrepidly unhindered muscle fell on her artistically ameliorating shoulders; and each triumphant muscle of hers too; fell more symbiotically than ever before; on mine.

Every of my unstoppably philandering finger fell on her voluptuously naked back; and each wandering finger of hers too; fell more amazingly than ever before; on mine.

Every of my eternally mellifluous song fell on her ravishingly enamoring ears; and each majestic song of hers too; fell more ardently than ever before; on mine.

Every of my panoramically fructifying fantasies fell on her tantalizingly nubile skin; and each iridescent fantasy of hers too; fell more insuperably than ever before; on mine.

Every of my fierily proliferating desires fell on her seductively rubicund cheeks; and each passionate desire of hers too; fell more unconquerably than ever

before; on mine.

Every of my jubilantly intricate eyelashes fell on her poignantly venerated forehead; and each rousing eyelash of hers too; fell more magnetically than ever before; on mine.

Every of my harmoniously crimson blood drop fell on her irrefutably royal destiny lines; and each blossoming blood drop of hers too; fell more unassailably than ever before; on mine.

Every of my spectacularly fertile ingredient fell on her magically barren crevices of love; and each Omnipotent fertile ingredient of hers too; fell more vociferously than ever before; on mine.

Every of my unshakably everlasting embrace fell on her splendidly redolent hips; and each timeless embrace of hers too; fell more infallibly than ever before; on mine.

Every of my brazenly dancing hair fell on her enigmatically bountiful neck; and each vivacious hair of hers too; fell more poignantly than ever before; on mine.

Every of my impeccably heartfelt ideology fell on her synergistically emancipating soul; and each unflinching ideology of hers too; fell more unsurpassably than ever before; on mine.

Every of my inevitably irrevocable destiny line fell on her fabulously quavering chest; and each spell binding destiny line of hers too; fell more euphorically than ever before; on mine.

Every of my unabashedly humanitarian element fell on her innocuously divine feet; and each benign humanitarian element of hers too; fell more unbeatably than ever before; on mine.

Every of my incredulously enchanting shadow fell on her blessedly rejuvenating countenance; and each vivid shadow of hers too; fell more tenaciously than ever before; on mine.

Every of my immortally truthful heartbeat fell on her pricelessly inimitable bosom; and each subliming heartbeat of hers too; fell more faithfully than ever before; on mine.

And as all this blissfully unfurled; there insuperably sparked such a perpetually

rekindling electricity in even the most dreariest speck of this Universe; that every true lover on this altruistic earth; heaven or hell; was perennially gifted by the Omniscient Lord; an infinite more compassionate lives and lifetimes.

15. OUR LOVE WOULD IMMORTALLY CONQUER.

Our physical forms might inevitably evaporate one day; but the unbelievable melody of our united breath; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most infinitesimal speck of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably diminish one day; but the rhapsodically unfettered essence of our divinely childhood; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most obfuscated iota of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably disappear one day; but those uninhibitedly mischievous glances that we cast at each other as if the Sun had just risen from behind the hills; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most inconspicuous trace of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably collapse one day; but our bounteously unflinching camaraderie in good times and diabolically evil; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most parsimonious cranny of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably asphyxiate one day; but the unsurpassable magnetism in our eyes for each other; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most feckless fragment of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably surrender one day; but the unlimitedly ecstatic desire for each other in every pore of our skins; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most oblivious parchment of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably shatter one day; but those infallible promises which we'd committed to never ever let go our grip; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most evanescent rooftop of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably massacre one day; but each of those sensuously reinvigorating kisses which ignited us till realms beyond infinite infinity; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most transient figment of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably behead one day; but every of those symbiotically melaning fantasies that we'd dreamt together; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most invisible space of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably deteriorate one day; but every song of pricelessly inimitable righteousness that we'd sung in unabashed unison; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most fugitive fabric of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably subjugate one day; but every alphabet of the redolent poetry that we'd penned on each other; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most wavering firmament of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably crumble one day; but the indelibly unfailling mantra that we'd always harbored to triumph over the devil; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most nonchalant arena of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably vanquish one day; but the unrelenting ardor that reigned supreme in our souls to save and exist only for each other; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most lugubrious corridor of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably bury one day; but every of those iridescently heart-rendering cisterns that we'd traced on each other's flesh; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most fleeting molecule of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably fade one day; but the brilliantly unstoppable virility that we'd experienced in our bodies everytime we were together; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most remote tunnel of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably succumb one day; but our intrepidly exhilarating elixir to lead every stage of life as it unfurled; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most inane ounce of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably obliterate one day; but the insuperably

Omnipotent fire that rose to the ultimate apogee of the sky as our pulsating bodies met; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most faltering element of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably extinguish one day; but the fervently maniacal longing in each of our breaths to celestially mélange irrespective of whatever; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most disassociated scaffolding of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably char one day; but every of those ebulliently artistic dances that we'd performed on rainsoaked grass with our bodies entwined; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most orphaned patch of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably dwindle one day; but every of those seeds that we'd sowed with the united amalgamation of our poignantly crimson blood; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most fugitive leaf of this Universe; for times immemorial,

Our physical forms might inevitably disintegrate one day; but every word of Omnipresent truth that we uttered with our lips inseparably interlocked; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most lackadaisical filament of this Universe; for times immemorial,

And Our physical forms might inevitably finish one day; but that heaven of unshakably Omniscient love which had impreguably imprisoned every beat of our throbbing heart; when we'd very first met; would immortally transcend and conquer even the most minuscule trajectory of this Universe; for times immemorial.

16. TRUE LOVE INEVITABLY COMES TO YOU.

Until and Unless you don't open your agglutinated eyes; you just wont be able to sight even an infinitesimal iota of Nature's panoramically fathomless beauty; the mists of bewitching enchantment profusely inundating the atmosphere all around,

Until and Unless you don't open your Spartan lips; you just wont be able to utter even the most ethereally nonchalant of sound; flood the dolorously morbid ambience around; with unbelievably spell-binding melody,

Until and Unless you don't open your dogmatic stomach; you just wont be able to

accommodate even the most obsoletely feckless ingredient of food; stupendously relish the unsurpassably pristine fruits of Nature divine,

Until and Unless you don't open your clenched fists; you just wont be able to profoundly enjoy the exuberantly drifting breeze; feel the untamed exhilaration of fantastically rhapsodic air upon your lines of inevitable destiny,

Until and Unless you don't open your incorrigible hips; you just wont be able to symbiotically defecate even a fugitive iota of the unfathomable trash; miserably asphyxiating and rotting in the walls of your holistic intestine,

Until and Unless you don't open your stony ears; you just wont be able to decipher even the most transiently conspicuous of voice; wholesomely shunting yourself from the fabulously blessed decibels of synergistic worldliness,

Until and Unless you don't open your intransigent cheeks; you just wont be able to blow the bountifully stupefying whistle; permeate every cranny of mother earth with incredulously ebullient sound,

Until and Unless you don't open your vindictive conscience; you just wont be able to assimilate even a globule of irrefutably infallible truth; holistically imbibe the unconquerably emollient principles of humanity,

Until and Unless you don't open your quagmire brain; you just wont be able to fantasize beyond the monotonously ordinary; uninhibitedly dance in the wisps of unbelievably ecstatic and silken paradise,

Until and Unless you don't open your indignant toes; you just wont be able to astoundingly relax; let even the most vespered of your senses blend with the winds of fantastically rejuvenating tranquility,

Until and Unless you don't open your incarcerated inhibitions; you just wont be able to perennially evolve; unassailably coalesce even the most the dwindling of your nerves with the heavens of miraculously ameliorating artistry,

Until and Unless you don't open your irrevocable veins; you just wont be able to ubiquitously mélange every droplet of your blessed blood; with every caste; creed; tribe and race effulgently alive,

Until and Unless you don't open your mechanized hair; you just wont be able to intrepidly adventure; let even the most forlornly livid of your wishes become an eternal petal of the exhilarating atmosphere,

Until and Unless you don't open your thwarted throat; you just wont be able to tantalizingly sip the most exotically ravishing sips of water; serenade the devastated crannies of your neck with the most vivacious elixir of life,

Until and Unless you don't open your entrapped muscles; you just wont be unflinchingly defend your diminutively impoverished persona; blossom into a wall of righteously fortified self-defense,

Until and Unless you don't open your robotic shoulders; you just wont be able to wonderfully reach out to every echelon of humanity; timelessly mitigate and altruistically hoist countless deprived orphans towards their ultimate destination in life,

Until and Unless you don't open your strangulated armpits; you just wont be able to feel the redolent trail of perseverance dribble down your body; golden globules of your hard-earned sweat make you feel more invincibly closer to the most humanitarianly blessed mission in life,

Until and Unless you don't open your imprisoned nostrils; you just wont be able to lead even an obfuscated trifle of enigmatic life; eternally rejoice in the Omnipotent supremacy of undefeatably charismatic creation,

But irrespective of whether you opened your heart the slightest in your chest or not; the true love of your destiny inevitably comes searching for you from even the most dying realms of infinite infinity; to unabashedly and immortally bond with every beat of your Omnipresently blessed existence.

17. MAKE LOVE EVERY MOMENT; EVERY DAY

The most perfect day for "Cricket" was; when the Sun blazed indefatigably from fathomless sky; with brilliantly invincible streams of light and air transcending everything else in the atmosphere,

The most perfect day for "Adventuring" was; when the mists of unparalleled sensuousness dribbled from every conceivable leaf of the forest; when every ingredient of soil on which you tread was engulfed with tantalizingly fresh globules of rain,

The most perfect day for "War" was; when your battalion of soldiers were consummately equipped and armed; and more so when the desire to win

for their impoverished motherland reigned the most supreme in their hearts,

The most perfect day for "Chess" was; when you stretched the corridors of your imagination even beyond the uncannily extraordinary; interminably concentrating every unfurling instant; like the mid-day Sun,

The most perfect day for "Hunting" was; when stony silence overruled every trajectory of the boundless forests; fomenting you to surreptitiously approach your hedonistically man-eater prey,

The most perfect day for "Fantasizing" was; when an unsurpassable cradle of voluptuously enchanting clouds embellished every bit of barren sky; enamoring even the most fecklessly stagnating pore of your skin with unceasingly blessed rhapsody,

The most perfect day for "Dancing" was; when every blade of hair on your fantastically virile skin; stood up in effulgent exhilaration towards the astounding semi-crescent of the pearly Moon,

The most perfect day for "Kite-Flying" was; when uninhibitedly triumphant draughts of wind inundated every cranny of the atmosphere; unbelievably transported holistic thread and paper to serenaded heights of blue sky,

The most perfect day for "Football" was; when millions of fans cheered in ecstatic unison; everytime the ball headed towards the goal post under the flamboyantly sweltering rays of the mid-day Sun,

The most perfect day for "Skating" was; when even the most inconspicuous portion of soil that you tread; metamorphosed into beautifully untainted white ice,

The most perfect day for "Whistling" was; when even the most weirdest of your dreams; your every earnestly philanthropic effort in the chapter of vibrant life; seemed to be fructifying into the most blissfully unconquerable of

reality,

The most perfect day for "Bathing" was; when the ravishingly shimmering waterfall ardently invited you; to feast upon its perpetually reinvigorating spray as it cascaded victoriously and freely into the valley of bewitchingly untamed wilderness,

The most perfect day for "Wrestling" was; when even the most dolorously dying muscle of your body; insatiably urged to punch its way; to fight for its very own symbiotic right; through the fabric of this endless Universe,

The most perfect day for "Examination" was; when the person you loved; adored and worshipped the most; inexhaustibly stood by your side as your most unflinching mate; even as the planet commenced to wholesomely extinguish and subside,

The most perfect day for "Driving" was; when you felt the benign spirit of your soul blend with your car and road; when whichever trail you chose to go took you towards an epitome higher than the skies,

The most perfect day for "Partying" was; when people of all caste; creed; tribe; color and race; invincibly melanged as the most celestially endowed gathering under the Sun; united in waves of symbiotic brotherhood for times immemorial,

The most perfect day for "Swimming" was; when each wave of the sea glistened in spell-binding harmony with impregnably golden sunshine; when the shores became your ultimate abode and the majestic sea your only savior,

The most perfect day for "Living" was; when the nostrils were not just greedy for inhaling and solely flooding their individual lungs with unprecedented euphoria; but wanted to bestow happiness on countless other lives as well; altruistically exhaling out the same,

Whist the most perfect day for "Love" is every unfurling moment; every sensuous night; every blazing day; irrespective of any circumstance; situation; belonging or activity; so start to fall in love; replenish with love; blossom into love; make priceless love every beat of your immortally palpitating heart; this very moment today.

18. THE SOLE AND MOST ARDENT SLAVE

There's just one of the Omnipotent Sun; to timelessly illuminate even the most lugubriously ribald crannies of the earth; blaze a ray of triumphantly unfettered light for times immemorial,

There's just one of the Vivacious Sky; to perpetually harbor organisms of every caste; creed; color and tribe; with unconquerably ardent compassion in its symbiotically blessed lap,

There's just one of the Everest Peak; to indomitably transcend over all heinously evil; stand as the lone infallibly undefeated warrior; amidst a boundless Universe of salaciously crippling corruption,

There's just one of the Iridescent Rainbow; to tirelessly mesmerize countless horrendously beleaguered souls; forever drift even the most infinitesimal of their misery towards the aisles of paradise divine,

There's just one of the Royal Oyster; to unbelievably enthrall the unceasingly undulating waves of the tangy ocean; never ever let a morbid moment sweep even a transient iota; across its invincible periphery,

There's just one of the Divinely Dewdrop; to inexhaustibly bless the limitless carpet of emerald green on this fantastically redolent Universe; profoundly reinvigorate every pore of the skin with ecstatically newborn freshness,

There's just one of the Insuperable Ocean; to unendingly stupefy every tangible and intangible source of life on this ever-pervading planet; ubiquitously disseminate spice and salt into even the most haplessly devastated of breaths,

There's just one of the Princely Lion; to endlessly rule even the most ethereal corner of the enchanting forest; irrefutably enshroud every open space on ebullient earth with inimitably unparalleled supremacy,

There's just one of the Omniscient Moon; to unflinchingly enlighten every staggeringly dwindling soul; even in the most diabolically pulverizing of hour; past the coffin of treacherous midnight,

There's just one of the Virile Seed; to timelessly fructify into a gorge of astoundingly vibrant newness; bless even the most tawdrily decrepit patch of soil on earth; with victoriously Omnipresent life,

There's just one of the Inscrutable Shadow; to wonderfully placate even the most

disastrously frazzled of senses; cast a spell of unbreakable fantasy in every innocuously nimble mind alike,

There's just one of the Intrepid Fossil; to amazingly depict every conceivable form of life which blissfully thrived; an infinite centuries and moments ago,

There's just one of the Triumphant Woman; to unassailably evolve the most benign creation of life; sequestering it like an impregnable fortress inside her womb; from every devilish vagary of the parasitic world outside,

There's just one of the Impudent Bumble Bee; to ooze into unlimited cisterns of mellifluously gifted honey; permeate a heaven of sweetness into even the most venomously cacophonous of life,

There's just one of the Crimson Rose; to incredulously mollify every fetidly asphyxiated nostril; with the philanthropically unbridled scent of humanity and the Creator Divine,

There's just one of the Unshakable Conscience; to assimilate every iota of unchallengably priceless truth on the trajectory of this bountiful Universe; perennially treasure the ideals of undefeated righteousness,

There's just one of the Euphoric Breath; to magnificently perpetuate eternal life into even the most fecklessly obsolete entity without compassion and quintessential life,

There's just one of the Immortal Heart; to indefatigably unite every tangibly effulgent entity on the belly of the Universe; uninhibitedly ensure that there throbbed blessedly symbiotic life; even after life,

And then there's just one of Tiny "Me"; to intricately decipher every step that she alighted towards me; to everlastingly comprehend the very essence of her Godly breath; to be the most ardent and sole slave of her humanitarian radiations; of the golden sweat that dribbled from her unconquerably celestial feet.

19. NO ACCOMMODATIONS.

Just a single droplet of water; could never ever in its most eccentrically wildest of dream; envisage of filling up the entire fathomless ocean,
But the limitlessly enthralling ocean whether disdainfully empty or full; could handsomely accommodate an infinite droplets of water; even when perpetually

asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single succulent fruit; could never ever in its most bizarrely evanescent of dream; perceive of filling up the entire gigantic tree,
But the bountifully ebullient tree whether gruesomely empty or full; could majestically accommodate an infinite fruits; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single grain of brazen sand; could never ever in its most obviously staggering of dream; conceive of filling up the entire boundless desert,
But the endlessly sweltering desert whether tawdrily empty or full; could infallibly accommodate an infinite sand grains; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single virile seed; could never ever in its most obsoletely dilapidated of dream; visualize of filling up the entire inexhaustible meadow,
But the bounteously fructifying meadow whether salaciously empty or full; could unflinchingly accommodate an infinite seeds; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single hillock of mud; could never ever in its most fugitively parsimonious of dream; anticipate of filling up the entire unfathomable mountain,
But the indomitably gargantuan mountain whether hideously empty or full; could aristocratically accommodate an infinite hillocks of mud; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single ray of dazzling light; could never ever in its most obscurely extinguishing of dream; cognize of filling up the entire unconquerable Sun,
But the triumphantly Omnipotent Sun whether bawdily empty or full; could uninhibitedly accommodate an infinite rays of light; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single puff of air; could never ever in its most fecklessly disappearing of dream; contemplate of filling up the entire victorious atmosphere,
But the effulgently unending Atmosphere whether treacherously empty or full; could jubilantly accommodate an infinite puffs of air; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single iridescent star; could never ever in its most forlornly vanishing of dream; imagine of filling up the entire unfettered cosmos,
But the ever-pervadingly enigmatic cosmos whether sleazily empty or full; could symbiotically accommodate an infinite twinkling stars; even when perpetually

asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single speck of ice; could never ever in its most ethereally miserly of dream; envision of filling up the entire unassailable avalanche,
But the inscrutably Herculean avalanche whether dastardly empty or full; could incredulously accommodate an infinite specks of pristine ice; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single comprehensible word; could never ever in its most transiently diminishing of dream; contemplate of filling up the entire unceasing dictionary,
But the spectacularly sagacious dictionary whether ignominiously empty or full; could wonderfully accommodate an infinite prudent words; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single uncanny color; could never ever in its most preposterously deteriorating of dream; think of filling up the entire unbelievable rainbow,
But the stupendously fantastic rainbow whether worthlessly empty or full; could magically accommodate an infinite tranquil colors; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single ferocious lion; could never ever in his most remotely collapsing of dream; fathom of filling up the entire bewitching forest,
But the endlessly bewildering forest whether inanely empty or full; could handsomely accommodate an infinite untamed lions; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single holistic second; could never ever in its most pathetically evaporating of dream; comprehend of filling up the entire eventful year,
But the amazingly marathon year whether lividly empty or full; could blissfully accommodate an infinite punctilious seconds; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single breathing organism; could never ever in its most victimizingly flailing of dream; picture of filling up the entire enamoring earth,
But the inimitably unparalleled earth whether punitively empty or full; could ebulliently accommodate an infinite living organisms; even when perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

Just a single redolent root; could never ever in its most penuriously dwindling of dream; foresee of filling up the entire synergistic plant,
But the compassionately effervescent plant whether deliriously empty or full; could easily accommodate an infinite fragrant roots; even when

perpetually asleep and without the slightest of inhibition.

But just a single beat of immortal love; was enough to enshroud the entire passionately throbbing heart with an unlimited cistern of companionship; companionship and only eternally blossoming companionship,

Whereas the unceasingly palpitating heart; wholesomely and upfront refused to accommodate an infinite beats; as it was just that single beat of love that had spelt perpetual magic upon it; had enslaved it in Omnipotently invincible entirety; not only for this birth; but for an infinite more lives and lifetimes yet to come.

20. HUSBAND & WIFE

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most beautifully emollient girl on this fathomless Universe; whose scent of philanthropic humanity transcended me to a level greater than the Gods,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most resplendently enamoring girl on this boundless Universe; whose infallibly unflinching optimism aroused me from even the most ghastliest of my corpse,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most sensuously inebriating girl on this limitless Universe; whose tantalizingly undefeated shadows put my soul to an eternal trance,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most mellifluously vivid girl on this timeless Universe; whose royally humanitarian voice; put an abrupt end to all my satanic miseries and sorrow,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most astoundingly eclectic girl on this ebullient Universe; whose divinely splendor metamorphosed me into an atmosphere of inimitable pricelessness,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most benevolently fragrant girl on this gigantic Universe; whose altruistic simplicity perpetuated me to dedicate my entire life to the service of all living kind,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most triumphantly truthful girl on this limitless Universe; whose essence

of unparalleled righteousness granted me more and more strength to combat all parasitically evil; every unfurling minute of the day,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most endlessly enchanting girl on this unceasing Universe; whose spell bindingly innocuous eyes made me a grasshopper ardently hopping under the rain,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most artistically gifted girl on this effulgent Universe; whose unassailable virility engendered me to proliferate into infinite more of my synergistic kind,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most boisterously effervescent girl on this unconquerable Universe; whose perennially undying energy made me inexhaustibly surge forward towards the ultimate mission and epitome of my life,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most blessedly impeccable girl on this ever-pervading Universe; whose aristocratically rubicund lips wholesomely sealed every pathway of ruthless devastation in my life,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most indomitably ecstatic girl on this amazing Universe; whose one fugitive glance made me feel as if I was the richest entity on earth alive,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most inimitably enigmatic girl on this undaunted Universe; whose ravishingly nubile skin ignited tremors of unprecedented exhilaration in my mind; body and soul,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most brilliantly endowed girl on this inscrutable Universe; whose intrepidly tingling trails propelled me to adventure fearlessly bare-chested for the remainder of my life,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most pristinely unfettered girl on this iridescent Universe; whose insuperably venerated eyelashes tirelessly signaled to me to embrace the religion of egalitarian humanity,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she

was the most beautifully bountiful girl on this unbelievable Universe; whose singleton hiss of the throat made me feel as if the entire planet around; was my unshakable friend,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most indisputably faithful girl on this colossal Universe; whose Omnipotent sincerity forever made me envisage planet earth as a sky of united innovation,

I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most fierily euphoric girl on this perspicacious Universe; whose articulately celestial fingers oozed a cistern of perennial nectar on even the most hopelessly barren path that I transgressed,

And I really didn't think as to whether or not she thought about me; as for me she was the most immortally passionate girl on this unbridled Universe; whose every unconquerable heartbeat drew me more closer and closer to her divinely form; and without even me and her realizing the slightest; made us forever and ever and ever as "Husband & Wife";.

21. OUR VERY FIRST WEDDING NIGHT

It was a night for which we both had ardently waited; like the uncouthly sweltering deserts wait; for the first droplets of resplendently bountiful rain,

It was a night for which we both had timelessly waited; like the unfathomably emaciated shark in the boundless oceans waits; for plentiful scores of succulently ravishing fish,

It was a night for which we both had unlimitedly waited; like the disastrously Spartan stillness of the forests waits; for the first roars of the majestically parading and invincibly towering lion,

It was a night for which we both had unceasingly waited; like the lugubriously decaying candle-wick waits; for the infallibly dancing flames to kiss its chapped periphery,

It was a night for which we both had inexhaustibly waited; like the haplessly dying cow waits; for unsurpassably pristine meadows of bountifully unadulterated grass,

It was a night for which we both had passionately waited; like the hopelessly

asphyxiating blackness of the evening waits; for the optimistically enlightening twinkling of the impeccable stars,

It was a night for which we both had limitlessly waited; like the dreadfully morbid corpse waits; for reinvigorating traces of spell bindingly perennial life,

It was a night for which we both had unendingly waited; like the gruesomely barren sheets of lackadaisically sullen paper wait; for countless lines of exquisitely compassionate calligraphy,

It was a night for which we both had eternally waited; like the sullenly solitary epitome of the Herculean mountain waits; for a compassionately unbridled and impregnable embrace,

It was a night for which we both had untiringly waited; like the brutally parched buds of the tongue wait; for endless number of sips of gloriously Omnipotent water,

It was a night for which we both had unstoppably waited; like the unflinchingly true martyr waits; for the moment when he could altruistically shed his life for his unassailably sacrosanct motherland,

It was a night for which we both had frenetically waited; like the robustly seasoned cricket bat waits; for the first juicy full toss of the over to synergistically arrive,

It was a night for which we both had fervently waited; like the first jubilantly nubile petal of the scarlet rose waits; to be insuperably embraced and ecstatically smelt,

It was a night for which we both had indefinitely waited; like the traumatically bleeding feet wait; for being wholeheartedly welcomed by a pathway of poignant lotus's and ebulliently traversing through the same,

It was a night for which we both had indefatigably waited; like the miserably flailing wind of undefeatable righteousness waits; for the celestially victorious mirror of truth,

It was a night for which we both had intransigently waited; like the helplessly squeaking fledgling in the shattered nest waits; for its wings to ecstatically develop and wonderfully fly,

It was a night for which we both had irretrievably waited; like the remorsefully shriveled veins in the body wait; for incessantly fructifying streams of blessedly crimson blood,

It was a night for which we both had intractably waited; like the nostril ruthlessly buried an infinite feet beneath mundane earth waits; for unfathomable skies of rhapsodically fresh breath,

It was a night for which we both had undyingly waited; like the indiscriminately pulverized heart and soul in the chest wait; for even the most diminutive innuendos and beats of immortal love,

And It was a night for which we both had unimaguably waited to perpetually and wholesomely unite in mind; body; soul and breath; like every tangible organism on the planet waits for the Lord to enter its impoverished life; it was a night in which we were going to be forever bonded in the oceans of conjugal bliss; it was a night which was going to be our very first wedding night.

22. SPARE MY HEART

You could take away all my fingers; mercilessly feeding them to the unfathomable horde of satanic wolves; immediately after,
But I would still pray to you cupping my blissfully pudgy palms; unrelentingly admiring the astounding versatility of your enamoring creation; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away all my toes; barbarically evaporating them into the aisles of worthless nothingness,
But I would still pray to you standing on the heel of my rudimentary feet; intransigently saluting the celestially panoramic silhouette of your insurmountably colossal Universe; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away both my pairs of lips; disastrously penalizing their poignant pink; with infinitesimal chunks of sordid mud,
But I would still pray to you tenaciously mumbling with my rustically indigenous jaws; staring in profound adulation of your poignantly vivacious timelessness; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away every ingredient of my scarlet blood; sprinkling the same in torrential spurts over; nonchalantly lackadaisical globules of acrimoniously sweltering; desert soil,
But I would still pray to you superbly synchronizing my profusely impoverished

caricature; incessantly stopping down in due humility of your unconquerably Omnipotent power; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away all my voice; abominably blending each euphorically mesmerizing sound of mine; into the valley of despicably slandering nothingness,

But I would still pray to you; unflinchingly meditating in my mind; marvelously kissing every rhapsodically ebullient element of your priceless creation; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away both my shoulders; wholesomely squelching them to inconspicuous sawdust; before hurling them towards the famished fleet of; menacingly growling crocodiles,
But I would still pray to you; dexterously bending my feet in due obeisance of your; resplendently everlasting aura which united all mankind; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away both my eyes; gruesomely divesting me of even the most inconspicuously ethereal shade of light; for the remainder of my long life,
But I would still pray to you; perceiving the mantra of holistic existence humbly in the corridors of my tiny brain; altruistically praising your Omniscient radiance to one and all on this fathomless planet; O! Almighty Lord.

You could take away every iota of my breath; satanically thrusting me to boundless kilometers beneath my despondently ghastly corpse,
But I would still pray to you; scrupulously reminiscing all my fantastically exuberant moments on mother earth; supremely idolizing your Omnipresent grace as the sole panacea to harmoniously survive; O! Almighty Lord.

And you could take away whatever you wanted from this penuriously grotesque caricature of mine; metamorphosing me entirely into the exact color of dust that you wanted; O! Almighty Lord; but I humbly request you to spare my passionately palpitating heart,

As in its center existed the perennially vibrant melody of my immortal Beloved; whose invincible fragrance imparted me the fortitude to confront even a countless deaths in this single birth of mine; and for whose divinely form; I could relinquish this very moment; a countless more lifetimes.

23. EVERY BEAT OF YOURS IS PRICELESS

Every benign smile of yours is beautifully priceless; as it could trigger a wave of unparalleled euphoria in the morbidly sullen atmosphere; so please don't forget

to wholeheartedly smile,

Every unflinching sound of yours is blazingly priceless; as it could instill astronomical courage in the inexplicably miserable camouflage of the ghastly night; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly talk,

Every profound blush of yours is resplendently priceless; as it could perpetuate a wave of tantalizing sensuousness through the manipulatively commercial blanket of this planet; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly blush,

Every patriotic stride of yours is triumphantly priceless; as it could prove indispensably vital in relieving your sacrosanct motherland from the clutches of tyrannical devils; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly march,

Every mystical fantasy that you soliloquize is priceless; as it could enlighten a ray of blissful hope in the dolorously despondent life of the orphaned child; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly fantasize,

Every innocuous word that you majestically embossed is priceless; as it could evoke an unsurpassable reservoir of empathy in the life of all those disastrously shattered; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly write,

Every philanthropic seed that you sowed is unassailably priceless; as it could stupendously spawn a civilization of enthralling grace and togetherness; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly sow,

Every scintillating truth that you spoke is irrefutably priceless; as it could vanquish the derogatory corpse of lies forever; impregnate fresh beams of optimism in ruthlessly tyrannized lives; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly bliss,

Every enamoring shape that you evolved is unchallengably priceless; as it could ebulliently invade through the dungeon of monotonous depravation with fireballs of untamed enthusiasm; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly evolve,

Every seductive whisper of yours is unequivocally priceless; as it could inundate the vindictively mutilated ambience around; with a sea of voluptuous softness; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly whisper,

Every heartfelt blessing of yours is unfathomably priceless; as it could metamorphose the remorsefully pathetic complexion of this Universe; into a rainbow of everlastingly fulfilling righteousness; so please don't forget to

wholeheartedly bless,

Every royal yawn of yours is unbelievably priceless; as it could celestially impart eternal rejuvenation and reprieve to the satanically work deluged atmosphere; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly yawn,

Every flirtatious wink of yours is gloriously priceless; as it could miraculously transit all those diabolically besieged with whirlwinds of abhorrent prejudice; right back into their impeccable childhood; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly wink,

Every exuberant clap of yours is scintillatingly priceless; as it could handsomely permeate devastatingly sagging lives with the ecstatic river of flamboyant existence; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly clap,

Every effusive expression of yours is aristocratically priceless; as it could sparkle an ocean of poignant belonging in gruesomely maimed lives; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly express,

Every exhilarating adventure of yours is unimaginably priceless; as it could ravishingly proliferate a web of titillating discovery even in the heart of the disparagingly clinical laboratory; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly adventure,

Every droplet of your golden sweat is impregnably priceless; as it could symbiotically incinerate the flame of timeless perseverance in all those languid bones decaying towards sordidness; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly sweat,

Every redolent breath of yours is unconquerably priceless; as it could bestow vivacious cisterns of undefeated life; to even the most grotesquely distorted entities beneath the ominous coffins; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly breathe,

And every passionate heartbeat of yours is Omnisciently priceless; as it could divinely unite the entire earth in the swirl of incomprehensible compassion and perpetual mankind; so please don't forget to wholeheartedly love.

24. A SPELL OF IMMORTAL HAPPINESS

The joy perpetuated due to water cascading from the heavens was temporary; as it extinguished as soon as it had come; with the light of the flamboyantly

sweltering Sun; stringently fulminating all seductive sensuousness,
But the water effusively gushing from your impeccably sacrosanct eyes was
rhapsodically eternal; handsomely bestowing upon my disastrously frazzled
senses; a spell of immortal happiness.

The joy triggered due to fragrance of the glorious lotus's was transient; as it
soon got wholesomely obfuscated; with whirlwinds of vicious dust pulverizing the
stem forever,
But the fragrance emanating from your immaculately diminutive chest was
ebulliently enthralling; magnanimously bestowing upon my tyrannically
manipulative conscience; a spell of immortal happiness.

The joy incinerated due to vivacious rainbows in the cosmos was ethereal; as it
soon got ominously massacred; by an unfathomable carpet of sullen clouds
threateningly engulfing it from all sides,
But the rainbows of beauty that formed on your freshly born crimson cheeks
were timeless; stupendously bestowing upon my murderously sagging
countenance; a spell of immortal happiness.

The joy evoked due to the trail of the mischievous chimpanzee in the forests was
short lived; as it soon got washed into miserable oblivion; with the uncouthly
overwhelming floods turbulently besieging it from all over,
But the trail of mesmerizing enigma on your innocuously budding palms was
astoundingly divinely; bestowing upon my staggering beleaguered footsteps; a
spell of immoral happiness.

The joy radiating due to fascinating Sunlight filtering from the unsurpassable
conglomerate of scarlet clouds was ephemeral; as it soon got diabolically
encompassed by the dolorous winds of the ghastly night,
But the light uninhibitedly diffusing from your blissfully godly eyes was
perennially triumphant; bestowing upon my hideously faltering stride; a spell of
immortal happiness.

The joy stimulated due to the voice of the voluptuous nightingale was
momentary; as it soon got brutally annihilated by the roar of the; ferociously
marauding lions,
But the voice singing from your celestially tiny throat; was unbelievably ecstatic;
bestowing upon my commercially starved ears; a spell of immortal happiness.

The joy aroused due to the ravishing fruits on the branches was evanescent; as it
soon got disdainfully squelched; with the Herculean gale savagely uprooting the
tree; with every single of its leaf,

But the fruits of Godly creation merrily sprouting from each cranny of your delectably beautiful skin; were unsurpassably bountiful; bestowing upon my satanically traumatized demeanor; a spell of immortal happiness.

The joy transpired due to the marvelously placid air in the atmosphere was fugitive; as it soon drifted in another direction altogether; with the tumultuously brute force of the stormy winds,
But the air that you indefatigably disseminated from your melodious nostrils was unconquerable ingratiating; bestowing upon my scurrilously wailing soul; a spell of immortal happiness.

And the joy generated due to the love of two blending seeds was fugacious; as it soon got barbarically demolished; with the plant spawning up and then eventually withering with the passing winds,
But the ocean of unassailable love that you forever liberated from your Universally unprejudiced heart was supremely ever-pervading; bestowing upon my devastatingly diminishing life; a spell of immortal happiness.

25. ONLY ONE

There were infinite of them which you adored; because of their vibrantly unending kaleidoscope of ingratiating forms; harboring an eternal compassion for all mankind,

There were infinite of them which you saluted; because of their unflinchingly blazing patriotism; their untamed spirit to perennially surge forward in vivacious life,

There were infinite of them which you cherished; because of their uninhibited entrenchment of empathy; which sequestered all those dithering miserably in inexplicable anguish,

There were infinite of them which you revered; because of their astronomically aristocratic prowess of; enshrouding even the most dolorously insane cranny of this Universe; with unprecedented timelessness,

There were infinite of them which you worshipped; because of their Omnipotent reservoir of humanity; their incessant fulmination into the most priceless river of symbiotic sharing,

There were infinite of them which you patronized; because of their blissfully everlasting innocence; the untainted charisma that lingered in their dormitories

of gregarious companionship; for times immemorial,

There were infinite of them which you idolized; because of their supremacy over all other things on this boundless Universe; as they spread the scent of charismatic seduction; to every dwelling magnanimously wholehearted,

There were infinite of them which you respected; because of their Omnipresent command over the lives of every organism on this fathomless planet; the unparalleled magnificence that they unleashed into every ticking instant of existence,

There were infinite of them which you romanced; because of their unfathomably poignant ocean of effusive camaraderie; bonding even the most disgruntled of entities on this earth; in the spirit of impregnable togetherness,

There were infinite of them which you adulated; because of their ravishingly frosty cloud of mysticism; wonderfully flooding each aspect of brutally tyrannized survival; with the fruits of regally princely mankind,

There were infinite of them which you kissed; because of their gorgeously melodious gorge of bountiful beauty; inevitably enticing even the most horrendously alien of organism; in their intriguingly redolent swirl,

There were infinite of them which you believed; because of their invincible swirl of immutable righteousness; the unsurpassable mountain of resplendent honesty; that they had incarcerated bloomingly within,

There were infinite of them which you embraced; because of their celestially unbelievable innocence; their indefatigable tenacity to; forever stand for the cause of unshakable truth,

There were infinite of them which you immortalized; because of their marvelously pristine ability to inundate even the most remorseful of corpses; with a valley of royally ebullient colors,

There were infinite of them which you remembered; because of their tireless chapter of astounding procreation; the incredulously sparkling palpitations of newness that they instilled in every organism; worthy of priceless life,

There were infinite of them which you followed; because of their Omnisciently unassailable aura of unity; bestowing fireballs of flamboyant hope upon all those; despicably devastated in the pages of existence,

There were infinite of them which you fantasized; because of their fantastically silken grace; their miraculously healing touch which metamorphosed even the most crippling of weakness; into the island of rhapsodic paradise,

There were infinite of them which you yearned; because of their fragrantly lovely sweetness; as their song of heavenly companionship; put even the most savagely traumatizing of your worries; to an absolute rest,

But there was only one of out of those infinite hearts; which allowed you to immortally bond with each of its passionately throbbing beats; there was just one heart which imprisoned your love invincibly and for infinite more births; yet to come.

26. MADE ONLY FOR EACH OTHER

Our eyes were made only to poignantly stare at each other; with even the most boundless of Universe outside; miserably stumbling in their attempts; of breaking our profoundly spell binding compassion,

Our hands were made only to ardently intertwine with each other; with even the most countless of Universe outside; pathetically staggering; every time it tried to; disintegrate our everlastingly enchanting spirit of solidarity,

Our ears were made only to fervently listen to each other; with even the most fathomless of Universe outside; ludicrously tasting dust; every time it tried to; perpetuate our united vicinity with its unfathomable flurry of prejudiced sounds,

Our lips were made only to handsomely kiss each other; with even the most unlimited of Universe outside; disdainfully vomiting stink; every time it tried to; barbarically butcher our aisles of sensuous timelessness,

Our cheeks were made only to voluptuously tingle each other; with even the most unending of Universe outside; preposterously faltering; every time it tried to; insidiously infiltrate our immaculate virility with its vindictively ominous diabolism,

Our destinies were made only to majestically blend with each other; with even the most endless of Universe outside; digging its veritable corpse; every time it tried to; savagely permeate our existence with the clouds of commercial blackness,

Our voices were made only to euphorically sing with each other; with even the most relentless of Universe outside; sordidly sinking in its grave of doom; every time it tried to; invidiously pilfer its worthless cacophony in our impregnable rhyme of a united existence,

Our blood was made only to perennially coalesce with each other; with even the most colossal of Universe outside; becoming an inconspicuous fraction of its formidable self; every time it tried to; mélange abhorrently spurious religion in our uninhibited existence,

Our bellies were made only to tantalizingly dance with each other; with even the most gigantic of Universe outside; being pulverized to infinitesimal ash; every time it tried to; maliciously disrupt our titillating ebullience in the heart of the resplendently starry night,

Our shadows were made only to ecstatically frolic with each other; with even the most Herculean of Universe outside; retracting to insipid nothingness; every time it tried to; satanically overrule our eternal forms with its cold-blooded sardonism,

Our chins were made only to beautifully stupefy each other; with even the most everlasting of Universe outside; shrinking to an infinitesimal matchstick; every time it tried to; acrimoniously disrupt our regally priceless and exotic essence of sharing,

Our teeth were made only to mischievously nibble each other; with even the most unprecedented of Universe outside; reducing to a mocking caricature of meaninglessness; every time it tried to; brutally massacre our unshakable relationship; with venomously exonerating lechery,

Our shoulders were made only to indefatigably march abreast each other; with even the most incomprehensible of Universe outside; transforming to flagrant despair; every time it tried to; salaciously poison our blazingly benign patriotism,

Our feet were made only to triumphantly surge forward with each other; with even the most unrelenting of Universe outside; tirelessly tasting threadbare dust; every time it tried to; menacingly deluge our intrepid survival; with the dungeons of penalizing cowardice,

Our hair were made only to exhilaratingly blow together; with even the most

ever pervading of Universe outside; ridiculously retreating into its shell of unpardonable shame; every time it tried to; bombard our innocuous survival; with its entrenchments of deliberate doom,

Our skins were made only to bountifully sweat with each other; with even the most overwhelming of Universe outside; ludicrously collapsing in a heap of bedraggled non-existence; every time it tried to; numb our blistering nerves with avalanches of insane melancholy,

Our nostrils were made only to blissfully breathe with each other; with even the most unfathomable of Universe outside; shattering into an infinite pieces; every time it tried to; tyrannically penetrate into our sacrosanct fortress of perpetual sharing,

Our souls were made only to last a countless more births with each other; with even the most unshakable of Universe outside; horrifically forgetting its very own identity; every time it tried to; viciously bludgeon our belief's in the Almighty divine; with its sword of devilish manipulation,

And our hearts were made only to immortally love each other; with even the most proliferating of Universe outside; being thrashed into disparagingly despondent oblivion; every time it tried to; uncouthly massacre our enigmatic passion; with its pistols of rigid convention.

27. I DID KNOW FOR SURE

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like profusely staring only at your majestically sparkling eyes; abominably brushing aside infinite other eyes; on this bountifully colossal Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like poignantly caressing only your voluptuously sensuous lips; disdainfully trampling aside infinite other lips; on this marvelously gigantic Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like seductively fondling only your ravishingly tantalizing hair; uncouthly leaving aside infinite other hair; on the trajectory of this resplendently twinkling Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like ardently listening to only your spell bindingly Omnipotent voice; ruthlessly leaving aside infinite other voices; on this gigantically mesmerizing Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like patriotically saluting only your benevolently philanthropic ideals; wholesomely leaving aside infinite other ideals; on this astronomically aristocratic Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like irrefutably worshipping only your regally divine feet; entirely brushing aside infinite other feet; on this fathomlessly vivacious Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like irretrievably intermingling my destiny only with your immaculate palms; intransigently brushing aside infinite other palms; on this magnificently panoramic Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like timelessly dancing only with your sensuously rhapsodic form all night; unequivocally brushing aside infinite other forms; on this vividly enthralling Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like ebulliently blending only with your exuberantly glistening sweat; insipidly brushing aside infinite other sweat; on this stupendously charismatic Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like amiably bonding only with your pristine fingers; nonchalantly brushing aside infinite other fingers; on this gregariously boundless Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like divinely coalescing only with your humanitarian nature; mockingly brushing aside infinite other nature's; on this jubilantly triumphantly Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like uninhibitedly sharing only with your everlastingly enchanting soul; unsparingly brushing aside infinite other soul's; on this ingratiatingly charming Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like mischievously flirting with only your gorgeously robust cheeks; ingloriously brushing aside infinite other cheeks; on this vibrantly rhapsodic Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like immaculately nibbling only your handsomely embellished neck; rampantly brushing aside infinite other neck's; on this endlessly mesmerizing Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like fervently idolizing only your innovatively discovering brain; worthlessly brushing aside other brains; on this

unfathomably fabulous Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like tirelessly smelling only your ebullient ecstatic fragrance; snobbishly brushing aside infinite other fragrance's; on the unsurpassably enigmatic periphery of this scintillating Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like perennially melanging only with your compassionately crimson blood; phlegmatically brushing aside infinite other blood; on the garden of this exotically enticing Universe,

I really didn't know as to why did I feel like impregnably bonding only with your majestically titillating breath; indiscriminately brushing aside infinite other breath's; on this emolliently celestial Universe,

But one thing I did know for sure; as to why did I feel like immortally uniting with every beat of your passionately Godly heart; lackadaisically brushing aside infinite other hearts; on this unbelievably blooming Universe,

It was because I had started liking you more than I could ever desire my very own breath; it was because I had unconquerably transcended over all other treasures of this sparkling Universe; eventually stumbling upon the ultimate paradise called; love; love and only unassailable love.

28. WHEN IN LOVE

Even if you slapped me hard in my cheek; mercilessly whipping the succulent flesh of my body,
I would still bow down my head in obeisance; proclaim vociferously to the world that I loved you.

Even if you spat on me loads of your tangy saliva; castigating me openly amidst scores of civilians; for the most inadvertent of my mistakes,
I would still offer you a glass of spring water to mollify your anger; say audaciously that I loved you.

Even if you starved me of food for the entire day; refraining to cast an amicable look in my direction,
I would still endeavor my best to make you frivolously smile; trying to enlighten the pallid atmosphere; declare without hesitancy that I loved you.

Even if you made me polish the dilapidated floors till they shone like mirrors;
dictatorially commanded me to wipe your shoes,

I would still worship your feet in due reverence; whisper to the obdurate brick walls that I loved you.

Even if you made me iron your ostentatious clothes; dressing me in threadbare sacs of corrugated jute,
I would still engulf you with the extra rag on my body; when you were shivering; sobbing hysterically in front of you to convey that I loved you.

Even if you shut your eyes when I confronted you; smirking haughtily when I tried to utter the most diminutive of sound,
I would still carry you to your bed when your dreary toes floundered to hold their weight on the ground; kiss you gently on your lips to portray I loved you.

Even if you deliberately snapped off my car brakes; making sure I met with a ghastly accident the next time I drove,
I would still utter your name while lying submerged in pools of greasy blood; shout as hard as I could expend my lungs to say that I loved you.

Even if you wished derogatory for me night and day; ominously stared at me for no fault of mine,
I would still pray to the creator to impregnate your life with bountiful riches; ubiquitously disclose that I loved you.

Even if you pushed me from the aircraft hovering at an unprecedented altitude in the clouds; waiting anxiously to witness the scenario of my inevitable death,
I would still smile compassionately at you; fervently hoping to witness your grace again in the next birth; unanimously declare to all that I loved you before I relinquished breath.

Do you want to know the secret behind my blatantly irrational behavior; the cause for my uninhibited sacrifice,
Well its simply this darling; that I had loved you intensely since the moment I first saw you,
And when in love; I only knew how to chivalrously give; for the moment I asked you to grant me favors in return; I would be christened as the 'biggest beggar'.

29. SMILE

When the astute businessman smiled profoundly exposing his entire armory of teeth; it seemed deliberate and artificial,
I developed an instantaneous abhorrence for him; as he seemed to be having evil intentions lurking furtively in his mind.

When the power hungry politician on the stage smiled; embellished scrupulously in magnificent attire; it seemed as if he was putting in a marathon amount of effort,
He was forcing his lips wide trying to appease the boisterous crowd; when actually the interior realms of his mind wanted him to thunderously snore and sleep.

When the potbellied postman standing on the door smiled; it looked as if he was trying to conceal his intense infuriation,
The ulterior motive behind his congeniality was to extract a glass of cool water; munch at some sizzling refreshments; when he actually felt that he threw the bulky parcels on the ground and ran away.

When the stringent policeman smiled at the culprit; it seemed as if he was vehemently trying to suppress his intense indignation,
All he was doing was nimbly buckling under a threat to his family; when he knew he should be indiscriminately thrashing the criminal for his plethora of barbaric deeds.

When the waiter in the restaurant effeminately smiled; it blatantly appeared as if he was unwillingly pretending,
The bulging purses of his customers had made him adapt to unfair means; while in reality he fervently wished to splash a glass of water on their faces for rebuking and condemning him.

When the doctor in the operation theatre smiled; on first sight it seemed as if he was philanthropic and committed diligently to the impoverished society,
Although after a while I saw him guffawing loudly; while accepting a colossal sum of money for his benevolent deed.

When the drunkard man swaying rampantly on the street smiled; it appeared as if he was hiding a trail of forlorn misery,
There was an accentuated sea of anguish lingering in his inebriated eyes; and he stretched the corners of his cheek simply to pacify apprehensions regarding his health.

When the magician swirling on the stage smiled; it seemed as if it was an intentional attempt to allure the audience,
The conglomerate of his bones felt weary after performing for the entire day; and all he wanted was a cup of steaming coffee compounded with infinite hours of blissful silence.

When the omniscient creator smiled on this earth; there was no questioning the authenticity of his smile,
Although it encompassed scores of organisms; the tangible and ethereal; and I had only a minuscule fraction of his smile to preserve meticulously with me.

And when my beloved smiled staring deeply at me with her emphatic eyes; she put an abrupt end to all my quandaries regarding the world,
It was a smile, which impregnated in me a new spirit to live; a smile which was exclusively meant for me and mind you this time I wasn't ready to share.

30. IN THE EYES OF MY BELOVED

As I tried to decipher my destiny in the eyes of the horrendously slithering crocodile; confronting him face on beside the marshy swamps,
All I saw was a life blended consisting of savage deeds compounded with profound animosity; and before I could ask him a volley of questions; he gobbled me like mincemeat with his knife like jaws.

As I tried to cognize my destiny in the eyes of a frivolous chimpanzee; patting him gently on his back,
All I saw was an aboriginal life of leaping voraciously on trees; inexorably masticating a meal of succulent banana; unable to go to school like humans do.

As I tried to perceive my destiny in the eyes of the hideous lizard; blowing my breath in gasps on its serrated skinned body,
All I saw was a bleak future devouring scores of slimy insects; spending the remainder of my life in realms of despondency and circumspection.

As I tried to envisage my destiny in the eyes of a pernicious vulture; sitting in close proximity with its monstrous sized eggs,
All I saw was a brutal life plucking decayed carrion from the flesh of lifeless bodies; scaring innocuous creatures in the sky with my dreaded persona.

As I tried to visualize my destiny in the eyes of a grizzly bear; riding on his furry back through the snow clad mountains,
All I saw was a shivering life in the freezing winds; a future in which there would be absolutely no sun in the cosmos to sight.

As I tried to conceive my destiny in the eyes of a potbellied tortoise; forcing him to extrude out his slender neck,
All I saw was a life full of indolence blended with languid ease; without budging a

solitary inch for years on the trot.

As I tried to speculate my destiny in the eyes of a hunch backed camel;
endeavoring to caress its slimy nose,
All I saw was a life full of confronting sweltering sandstorms; consuming scraggy
cactus for morning breakfast as well as nocturnal supper.

As I tried to discern my destiny in the eyes of mammoth dinosaur; standing like
an inconspicuous mosquito on the ground,
All I saw was a life replete with barbaric domination; and before I could even
realize; he instantaneously pulverized me to saw dust under his diabolical feet.

As I tried to contemplate my destiny in the eyes of a scintillating dolphin; floating
beside it in the swirling ocean,
All I saw was a life diving acrobatically in the waters; occasionally being eaten by
the preposterously huge white shark.

As I tried to comprehend my destiny in the eyes of a cold blooded murderer;
standing in the firing range of his gleaming revolver,
All I saw was a life assassinating innocuous individuals; coating my palms with
their innocent blood.

And eventually as I tried to imagine my destiny in the eyes of my beloved; I felt
submerged in waves of unprecedented euphoria,
And it was here that I saw my life the most beautiful; the most ravishing; the
most exhilarating out of all of my previous lives; and I discovered a host of
blissfully fulfilling purposes to live.

31. SHIVERS

The tall silhouette of sodium light pole shivered incessantly,
When fed with Herculean amounts of white electricity.

Golden sands of the scorched desert shivered in submission,
As tumultuous currents of nocturnal breeze; swept past them at midnight.

Soggy patches of unadulterated clay shivered with nostalgia,
An aftermath of being submerged in icy rain water; after months of blistering
heat.

Phlegmatic territories of green river water shivered in ecstasy,
As they bore the brunt of rosewood boats; traversing tantalizingly through their

surface.

Naked parchment of white ivory paper shivered in agony,
After invading its harmony with a plethora of blemishes; leaking from the
fountain pen.

Pale Grey tarmac of the road shivered in incorrigible agony,
As onerous tyre treads of steel; trespassed them unrelentingly.

Glossily striped skin of the venomous reptile shivered in cupid ebullience,
The moment it saw the succulent body of fleet footed rabbit.

Undulating demeanor of the mystical mountain shivered in bewilderment,
As it was camouflaged in entirety by crispy bedsheets of brilliant snow.

The sacrosanct body of cow shivered with philanthropic gratitude,
As it was adeptly divested of large Jerry cans of milk.

And infinite arenas of my flesh shivered with a volley of squalid goose-bumps,
Which didn't disappear for decades immemorial,

Embossing my tangible heart with uncouth scars of shattered romance,
My eyes flooding with an ocean of tears at her slightest mention;
several years after the Creator took her prematurely away from my life.

32. I JUST WANT YOUR LOVE

I didn't want the grandiloquent Taj Mahal to live in,
A solitary hut with fortified walls would beautifully suffice.

I didn't want to drink chicory mugs of opulent cherry wine;
A glass of holistic water was all I needed to quench my thirst.

I didn't want ornate embellishments of cloth to drape my persona,
Jagged rags of jute; blended with firmly riveted buttons would work as a
wonderful substitute.

I didn't want mesmerizing rhymes sung by the matron; in order to sleep,
The monotonous cacophony of vehicular traffic would prove to be an adept
tranquilizer.

I didn't want flamboyant cars to traverse the Grey carpet of roads,

The non-polluting; multiple spiked bicycle would help me maintain
my circulation of blood.

I didn't want the silken floss of brush; to scrub the armory of my teeth,
Serrated sticks of medicinal neem; would render my palette with a ravishing
scent all sunlit day.

I didn't want swim in the luxuriously sculptured; glistening water pool,
Instead I wanted to feel the exhilaration while trespassing through choppy waves
of the saline ocean.

I didn't want to consume pasteurized milk; juxtaposed with flavored nuts,
Fresh droplets of milk oozing from the teats of mother cow; was the one
indispensable for my bones.

I didn't want to be exorbitantly applauded by scores of innocuous individuals;
Benevolent prayers; from within deep recesses of their heart would be
enough to make me ecstatic.

I didn't want artificial contrivance's to illuminate the atmosphere,
The dazzling light of Sun; and enchanting beams of moon were fathomless to
cherish.

I didn't want appetizing dishes of roasted almonds; with a slurry of processed
butter,
Bountiful fruits dangling from the tree; and a plethora of succulent vegetable
leaf would annihilate all indigestion.

I didn't want the luminous dial of imported watch; wound tautly against my
wrist,
The varied positions of sun god and changing patterns of light would give me an
excellent idea of time.

I didn't want battalion of flowers to be laid for my reception,
An ambience bereft dust and debris; evacuated of wild thorn would be the
enough to express gratitude.

I didn't want fat bundles of currency; with you dressed in ostentatious jewelry
as my bride,
A rustically polished face; with a cluster of inexpensive flower in your hair;
would pacify my heart,
As I would outrageously cry out in public and say 'I just want your perpetual

love'.

33. THE MOON I POSSESSED

The moon in the sky was obliterated by a cluster of ashen Grey clouds,
While the moon standing before me; was as immaculate as freshly extracted
milk.

The moon in the sky possessed disdainful blotches of dispersed powder,
While the moon standing abreast my heart; was bereft of even a solitary spot
of dirt on its body.

The moon in the sky was often invaded by a fleet of alien spaceships,
While the moon I held in close proximity; was obsessively mine.

The moon in the sky bestowed its tenacious radiance only in nocturnal hours
of the night,
While the moon caressing my lips; shone brilliantly all sweltering day; as well
as in perpetual dark.

The moon in the sky was often overshadowed by flaming rays of the sun,
While the moon lying down on my toes; stood prominently as the lone survivor
amidst infinite contestants of beauty.

The moon in the sky offered partial relief from the monotonous heat prevailing
in the air,
While the moon smiling parallel to my eyes; pacified all turbulence that arose in
my body.

The moon in the sky changed its shape with the unleashing hour,
While the moon whispering in my intricate ear; harbored the same silhouette for
marathon numbers of years.

The moon in the sky remained impassive as an obdurate stone; even when I
cried,
While the moon nestling beside me in the languid grass; wiped my tears with
sumptuous empathy.

The moon in the sky segregated its love; amongst millions of people residing on
the globe,
While the moon dwelling with me in my house; loved me as much as it feared to
abruptly die.

The moon in the sky didn't breathe a fraction of air,
While the moon staring at me in due adulation for countless hours; breathed
heavily down my neck.

And did you; know that the moon in the sky was as intangible as the withered
leaf;
While the moon I possessed in entirety in my perception; was living; being the
most beautiful girl on this earth

34. I MISSED YOU

I missed you like; the scorched deserts miss inevitable droplets of rain,

I missed you like; the innocuous orphans profoundly missed their parents,

I missed you like; the gargantuan chunks of white marble miss shine,

I missed you like; the arid mountains miss the mesmerizing cascade of the
waterfall,

I missed you like; the wild panther in the cage misses its kingly status and growl,

I missed you like; the glamorous woman, who misses streaks of flamboyant
paint on her nails,

I missed you like; the fortified lock which lies strangulated; missing its articulate
key,

I missed you like; the fishes imprisoned in the aquarium miss the ravishingly
salty sea,

I missed you like; the dilapidated stones lying on the street missed the honor of
being incorporated in the palace,

I missed you like; the grandiloquent fountain pen missing its ink,

I missed you like; the mother who misses her children when they depart for
school,

I missed you like; the leaves of the tree which thoroughly miss exuberant

draughts of breeze,

I missed you like; the silver sands of beach miss a battalion of crabs,

I missed you like; the exhausted intestine misses reinvigorating water,

I missed you like; the blotted patches of thunderous sky miss the twinkling stars,

I missed you like; the crippled man misses his strong feet,

I missed you like; the tallest summit of the mountain misses the obstreperous sounds on the earth,

I missed you like; the spider crawling wildly on the ground misses its web,

I missed you like; the criminals held captive in dingy cells miss their homes,

I missed you like; the penguins wading through frozen ice miss holistic sunshine,

I missed you like; the drunkard in the disdainful hospital misses voluptuous wine,

I missed you like; the fractured bone misses its strength to audaciously fight,

I missed you like; the blind man traversing on the crowded streets misses his eyes,

I missed you like; the bereaved wife misses her husband,

I missed you like; the bird lying injured on the debris misses its buoyant wings,

I missed you like; those afflicted with cancer miss the zest for robust life,

I missed you like; the dimly old miss their resplendent youth,

I missed you like; the once exorbitantly affluent misses all his wealth,

I missed you like; dead body of a person missed indispensable breath,

I missed you like; the omnipotent god in heaven misses earth,

Please come back to me; forgiving me for my inadvertently committed misdeeds,

As I can't exist without you; I really miss you.

35. I WOULD RECOGNIZE YOU

If I was a blind man; with indispensable jewels in my eye gruesomely scarred,
With a colossal island of darkness besieging me in entirety; prompting me to
grope like an imbecile animal on the crowded street,
I would recognize you in millions; by the cadence of your mesmerizing voice.

If I was born stone deaf; unable to decipher the most thunderous of sound,
Sitting unperturbed with tranquil ease; even after witnessing the vociferous roar
of a shattering earthquake,
I would recognize you in millions; by your articulately molded features; and your
celestial smile.

If I was existing as perpetually dumb; deprived of the ability to produce sound,
Grant stupendous impetus to words; converting them into eloquent speech,
I would recognize you in millions; by the astoundingly striking honey brown
pigments in your eye.

If I was disdainfully crippled; traversing through the scraggy streets; resting
entirely on my angular hands,
Unable to stand vertically on my mutilated feet; scrutinizing the gargantuan
building kneeling low towards the earth,
I would recognize you in millions; by the shape of your mystically carved dainty
feet.

If I was born squint eyed; with intricate arenas of my face appearing comically
distorted,
Sighting a single person as twins; being beaten up on infinite an occasion by
apathetic individuals,
I would recognize you in millions; by the softness and tenderness of your
ravishing hair.

If I had a mask camouflaging my face; obliterating my sight even from the
faintest traces of light,
With gigantic plugs of cotton stuffed uncouthly in my ears; rendering me worse
than being deaf or blind,

I would still recognize you in millions; by the fragrance of your enchanting body.

And If I was wholesomely intact; with all parts of my demeanor functioning to bountiful capacity,
Several gallons of blood circulating boisterously through my finely chiseled veins,

I would recognize you in millions; as my heart would beat turbulently the instant I passed you.

36. IMPRISONED

I had dirt imprisoned in my nails; which seemed all the more abashing when I stood in the limelight; confronting public,

I had scores of dandruff imprisoned in my scalp; prompting me to inevitably scratch;
although it blended strikingly with my black coat,

I had tumultuous strength imprisoned in my clenched fists; having stupendous power
to decimate impostors swindling the innocent,

I had eloquence imprisoned in my throat; which made me chant melodious rhymes of synchronized music,

I had tenacity imprisoned in my emphatic eyes; which possessed the prowess to melt the supremely intransigent,

I had a frivolous smile imprisoned in my luscious lips; which seemed all the more profound; when I encountered ravishing beauty,

I had a jugglery of obdurate muscle imprisoned in my legs; enabling me to traverse long distance in acerbic sun; bereft of a vehicle,

I had millions of hair imprisoned in my skin; cushioning me from uncouth blows of the society,

I had salubrious blood imprisoned in my intricate veins; instilling in me the strength to sustain life,

I had a crimson pink tongue imprisoned in my mouth; granting me the indispensable ability of speech,

I had a bulky wallet imprisoned in my trouser pocket; making me feel despicable; when I stripped it of its currency,

I had a flamboyant horse imprisoned in my stables; on which I used to sit and gallivant through the mountains,

I had infinite lines imprisoned at the back of my palm; which audaciously portrayed my destiny to unleash,

I had unfathomable cells imprisoned in my finely chiseled brain; blessing me with the capacity to decode the most baffling of enigmas,

I had golden droplets of sweat imprisoned in my armpits; inundating the placid surroundings with unbearable stench,

I had tones of air imprisoned in my inflated lungs; which made me breathe; relish every unveiling second of life,

I had yellow enamel imprisoning my teeth; making it impossible for me to smile,

I had nostalgic memories imprisoned in my subconscious mind; as I ruefully reminisced all those moments when I was young,

And most importantly; superseding all things; I had her love imprisoned in my heart; which bestowed upon me the impetus to blissfully live; fight for justice in this nonchalant world.

37. I WISHED FOR TIME TO STOP

When I was studying incessantly; trying to decode enigmatic problems of intricate arithmetic,

Concentrating onerously; putting in my stupendous best to appear in the examination,

I wistfully wished that time should whistle past; as fast as the aircraft flying in the air; and there were blissful holidays once again.

When I stood in the long queue for marathon hours; with scores of irascible passengers; shuffling across incongruously,

Disconcertingly poking sensitive avenues of my body; breathing heavily down my nape,

I wished that time should pass as quickly as a race horse; and my number

arrived
soon at the ticket counter.

When I walked barefoot on burning embers of crimson fire,
A myriad of ligaments in my tender skin; got mercilessly scalded,
I wished for the time to tick rapidly like a palpitating heart; and for the moments
when I would be perfectly rehabilitated.

When I sat on the lavatory seat; with my bowels viciously strangulated by
obnoxious constipation,
Infinite droplets of silver sweat dribbling painstakingly down my lips; irregular
contractions besieging my stomach,
I fervently wished for time to gallop like a panther; and for my lungs to be
inundated with fresh air suspended outside

When I worked unrelentingly in the office; scrutinizing bulky manuscripts for
typographical errors,
Posing a monotonous smile to all my seniors; nostalgically reminiscing my
childhood days,
I wished for the time to churn ahead like propelled boat in the sea; and for me to
reach my dwelling in one piece.

When I lay bedraggled on the streets; penurious and deprived of indispensable
amenities in life,
Pangs of hunger reverberating thunderously in my belly; with a dwindling destiny
to be confronted,
I wished for time to leap several years; placing me in the age when I would be
exorbitantly affluent; having a silken coat instead of the jute at present engulfing
my demeanor.

When I was a child; scolded on umpteenth occasions by my domineering elders,
Given parsimonious allowances to sustain life; stringently admonished not
to remain awake late in the night,
I wished time traversed as fast as the express train; transforming me into
exuberant youth; capable of dictating terms to my compatriots.

When I lay unconscious in dreaded coma; a deathly blue tinge incorporating my
body,
All fantasy replaced by distressing tribulation in my colossal brain,
I had an intense wish; for time to zip across like the fastest kangaroo; and for
me to relinquish life; forever ending the niggling agony.

And when I was in the arms of my beloved; with her ravishing hair cascading all over my body,
The supple complexion of her lips caressing my nose; with her mesmerizing voice softly striking against my eardrum,
I sincerely wished and prayed for minutes to freeze in their advancing footsteps; and this was the only occasion when I incorrigibly wanted the time to stop.

38. YOU WERE INDEED MY LOVING WIFE

You were my appetizing and delicious cake; without the tiniest globule of red cherry,

You were my stupendous palace; without the flamboyantly towering chimneys,

You were my impeccable canister of milk; without the most minuscule trace of cream,

You were my flute with mesmerizing sound; without the most inconspicuous of glamorous beats,

You were my plate of scintillating ivory; without superfluous carvings embossed in abundance,

You were my swirling ocean; without the cumbersome and bulky ships polluting it every unveiling second,

You were my sprawling meadows of fresh grass; without glistening dewdrops and obnoxious fertilizer,

You were my breathtaking aircraft in the sky; without the luxuriously adorned seats,

You were my traditional dancer; without any traces of pomp and gliteratti,

You were my cascading fountain of delectable froth; without spurious effervescence and shimmering lights,

You were my silvery pearl incarcerated within the oyster; without traces of sanctimonious gold,

You were my ensemble of voluptuous hair; without the slightest aroma of perfumed shampoo,

You were my candle of pure wax; without artificial fires blazing; emanating invidiously from your wick,

You were my romantic flamingo; without disdainful paint adhered to your wings,

You were my hard bound book of enchanting fairy tales; without any tinge of mystery and adulterated thrill,

You were my tendrils of redolent musk; without any presence of the mechanized room freshener,

You were my solid brick wall; without vivid color and pretentious graffiti,

You were my immaculate lines of literature embedded on the blackboard; without any mentions of the swanky computer,

You were my coalition of clouds in the sky; without the most infinitesimal trace of contemporary spacecraft,

And you were indeed my Loving wife; the girl of my dreams; without the slightest of embellishment; passionately breathing rustic draughts of air; smiling far away from the land of ostentation.

39. YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY ALIVE

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those leaves; which brushed past your dainty skin while you walked in wilderness,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those dreams; you saw every night when in deep sleep,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those droplets of rain; that passionately cascaded down your body; when you stood beneath the clouds,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those nostalgic memories; that reminded you about your past every unleashing minute,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those jokes; that engendered you to thunderously laugh; every time you heard them circulating in proximity,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those clothes; that you vibrantly adorned while dancing unrelentingly; till wee hours of dawn,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those patches of earth; that you inadvertently tread on while achieving your mission,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those things which you felt; transmitting you into waves of unparalleled ecstasy, when you were deserted alone,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those birds which loved your presence in the morning; singing to you their absolutely favorite rhyme,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those dolphins; which leaped in exultation; the moment they witnessed you standing near the shores,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those roses which yielded you their pristine scent; fervently awaited you to water them at dusk,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those butterflies that kissed you nimbly on your cheeks; while making their expeditions towards the open sky,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those eyes that admired every task you accomplished; bolstered your confidence every unfurling hour; in your quest to achieve supremacy,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those idols you vehemently prayed to; which made your life a blissful experience to exist on planet earth,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those people who held your hands; assisted you to cross the streets bustling with obstreperous traffic,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those cow's which fed you with milk every day; grinned at you subtly as you fed them with delectable clusters of green grass,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those draughts of wind; that incessantly imparted tenacity to your lungs to contentedly breathe and stay rejuvenated,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of the parents who evolved you; raised you this big from the stage of being an inconspicuous little child,

And more importantly than anything; you'll have to stay alive; for me, as the my heart would relinquish to palpitate; dying a ghastly death the very instant your beats separated from mine.

40. SHE LOVED ME FOR MY MONEY

I filled the bathtub to the brim; with a solution of my crystalline tears,
She entered; cleansed her blotted hands in the same; exited as phlegmatically as she had come.

I eccentrically plucked infinite hair from my scalp; throwing them in a heap on the cold floor,
She swept the same with uncouth ease; into the hollow realms of the fetid dustbin.

I peeled intricate arenas of my skin; with fresh blood oozing out from my wounds,
She roasted them with salt curry; consuming the appetizing delicacy for nocturnal supper.

I banged my fist hard against the formidable wall; developing a plethora of fractured bone,
She frigidly tread on the same; exerting unrelenting pressure from her large feet.

I inscribed her name on my bare chest; with the chiseled end of a dagger,
She laughed boisterously witnessing the same; confronting me with a volley of expletives.

I presented her with a bunch of fragrant rose; at the onset of every dawn,
She tore the petals with meticulous proficiency; saving the raw buds as natural manure for the plants.

I stripped of bulk of my clothing; to cover her in the abysmal freezing winter cold,
She shrugged of the same with intrepid nonchalance; to cover her pet sleeping peacefully beside the fire.

I ran marathon distances in the sweltering sun; to fetch her cool water,
She held the glass for a minute in her hands; spilling its contents completely to blend with disdainful mud.

I carried her unfathomable distances in the desert; when she was unconscious
and in tumultuous anguish,
However the moment she woke up; she gave me a cheeky smile; spitting loads
of saliva on my face.

I fed her like a child when she was ill; contracting lethal virus in her blood,
She bludgeoned me with poignant slaps; mutilating my persona; the moment
she acquired back her reservoir of strength.

I worshipped her like a sacrosanct deity; fantasizing about her all monotonous
day and night,
She kicked me in my rear like a slave; commanding me to kiss her toes.

There was a time when I was blessed with bountiful riches; she then loved me
like nobody else,

The tyranny of fate today had rendered me exorbitantly penurious; with meager
savings to my credit,

She had always admired me for my affluence; my insatiable gluttony for
embellishing her with gold,

And at the reigning moment when I was haplessly struggling on the solitary
streets,
She wanted me to relinquish breath; as much as she had once upon a time;
superficially loved me.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 11

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 40 differently titled Poems is actually Part 11 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. WHISPERS
2. IN THE NEXT BIRTH
3. INVINCIBLE LOVE
4. QUESTIONS
5. FOR THE SAKE OF
6. WHEN I SAW HER

7. SHE WILL HAVE TO STAY ALIVE
8. THE FIRST ONE
9. UNITED EXISTENCE
10. FOR IMPARTING NEW LIFE
11. WITHOUT THESE THREE
12. AT HER DOORSTEP
13. BIND US TOGETHER
14. NOW OR NEVER
15. WHAT WAS THERE IN THAT BODY
16. WHEN YOU BREATHED
17. I DIDN'T NEED BREATH TO LIVE
18. ON THE OTHER SIDE
19. PLEASE FORGIVE ME
20. UTTERLY HELPLESS
21. HARD TO CRACK
22. DRINKS
23. I THINK I AM IN LOVE
24. BOTH ME AND MY WIFE
25. YOURS ONLY FOREVER
26. MY LOVE FOR YOU
27. OINTMENTS
28. THE HEART STAYED YOUNG FOREVER
29. YOUR VELVETY SHADOW
30. LOOKING FORWARD TO
31. SNATCH ME INSTEAD
32. THE ONLY THING THAT MY HEART COULD BEAT FOR
33. THE MOST TREASURED THING FOR MY HEART
34. THE SIMPLEST WAY TO PLEASE ME
35. WHEN TWO HEARTS BONDED TOGETHER
36. THE FIRST THING THAT FLOODED MY MIND
37. MAXIMUM PLEASURE
38. AS LONG AS SHE WAS SITTING BESIDE ME
39. ONLY YOU O! BELOVED
40. MY BROKEN HEART NEEDED

Varied Poems

1. WHISPERS

A plethora of dark veined leaves; whispered frantically to the silhouette of plum tree, To stand like a mountain in turbulent winds; not to succumb even when its roots were attacked by parasite.

Mammoth sculptured blue bodied whales; whispered fervently to the saline ocean,
To drench their silken skin entirely with salt; gratify their gluttony with scores of sumptuous fish.

Scorched sands of the colossal desert; whispered abusively to sapphire puffs of clouds,
To unrelentingly rain; transforming their impoverished soul into one with bountiful water.

The venomous form of rustic jungle spider; whispered incorrigibly to the threads in its intricate web,
To bear it's weight for times immemorial; entangling in a vise like grip; a battalion of succulent insect.

The obdurate stones strewn incoherently on the ground; whispered to passing pedestrians,
To trample they walked; pleading with the bystanders to kick them into remote corners of oblivion.

Dry sticks of trimmed lumber; whispered intermittently to steaming flames of fire,
To incinerate them thoroughly; transforming their composite proportion into frugal heaps of burnt chowder.

The newly born mammalian sibling; whispered pleadingly to its mother,
To feed it's famished lips; with perennial supply of salubrious milk.

The sealed demeanor of stamped envelope; whispered nostalgically in the ears of the postman,
To deliver it without further delay; into the safe hands of the person it belonged.

A fleet of orphans in the sanatorium; whispered inevitably to God,
To reveal traces of their loved ones; unite them as one again; to bring back lost anecdotes of supreme felicity.

The articulately carved key; whispered sonorously to the lock,
To accommodate it with nonchalant ease; opening without apprehensions the moment it caressed its periphery.

My tangible heart at the end of the monotonous day; whispered to my soul,

To grant it reprieve from misdeeds inadvertently committed in the day; forgive it for all the evil it harnessed.

And the omniscient aura of God; whispered philanthropically to all his fellow beings inhabiting the earth,
To extend comforting arms towards those in distress and pain; profoundly master the art of perpetual love.

2. IN THE NEXT BIRTH

If I acquired the menacing form of an alligator in the next birth, I would want you to cling tightly to my persona as my serrated green skin.

If I was born in the ominous form of the jungle tiger in the next birth, I would want you to be incorporated in my body as my domineeringly authoritative growl.

If I was born as a densely foliated tree in the next birth, I would want you to be the perennial leaves that emanated from my silhouette.

If I was born as an opalescent fish in the next birth, I would want you to be saline water in which I could sustain life and swim.

If I was born as the twin horned sacrosanct cow in the next birth, I would inevitably desire you as the milk I would diffuse from my flaccid teats.

If I was born as a slithering reptile in the next birth, I would want you to be the lethal venom I possessed in my triangular fangs.

If I was born as an obnoxious donkey in the next birth, I would want you to be my hooves which swished indiscriminately at innocuous trespassers.

If I was born as perpetually blind in the next birth, I would indispensably want you to be my eyes to guide me towards dazzling light.

If I was born as being disdainfully maim; bereft of feet in the next birth, I would incorrigibly want you to be my legs to ecstatically leap in times of jubilation.

If I was born as a rustic spider with a battalion of arms in the next birth, I would want you to be mesmerizing threads of the silken web which I

inhabited night and day.

If I was born as an inconspicuous mosquito in the next birth,
I would want you to be the sting existing in my bifurcated tentacles.

If I was born as a agglomerate of sinister clouds in the next birth,
I would want you to be pelting sheets of rain tumbling down on the scorched
ground.

If I was born as a traditional dancer in the next birth,
I would desire you to be the jingling chains riveted to my anklets.

If I was born as a voluptuous chameleon in the next birth,
I would want you to be the band of colors that I changed according to my
habitat.

If I was born as a scintillating oyster in the next birth,
I would want you as the jugglery of immaculate pearls impregnated in my belly.

If I was born as a solitary camel in the blistering heat of desert,
I would inevitably desire you as barrels of pellucid water to placate my thirst.

If I was born as drummer performing at concerts in the next birth,
I would want you as the drum which would be essential for the sound to
propagate.

If I was born as the most opulent on the globe in the next birth,
I would intractably want you as the notes of currency; which I possessed in
exorbitant capacity.

If I was born as infinite blades of emerald grass in the next birth,
I would want you to be the fertile land mass of soil to provide me tumultuous
loads of nutrition.

If I was born as the frivolous monkey in the next birth,
I would want you to be my claws; facilitating me to clasp tree branches in a vice
like grip.

If I was born as an ambivalent filmmaker in the next birth,
I would want you to be every film that I directed in my reigning tenure.

If I was born as a tantalizing rose in the next birth,

I would want you to be my everlasting fragrance.

If I was born as a mundane ceiling fan in the next birth,
I would want you to be my riveted blades; circulating exuberant draughts of air.

If I was born as a boisterous honey bee in the next birth,
I would want you to be the sweet nectar I produced from my catacombed body.

If I was born as an inconspicuous nail hung to the wall; in my next birth,
I would want you to be the peels of rust I acquired on my body.

If I was born as the fibrous fruit of apple in the next birth,
I would want you to be the cluster of seeds impregnated in my belly.

If I was born as an indigenous woman in the next birth,
I would overwhelmingly desire you as the contemporary man from the city.

And if by the stroke of chivalrous fortune; I was born as a man again in the next
birth,
I would want you to be the same girl; whom I loved immensely today; existing
on this earth.

3. INVINCIBLE LOVE

Every night is empty without its resplendent festoon of shimmering stars; paving
a path of mysticism through the dreary morbidity all around,

Every desert is empty without its majestically glistening carpet of sands; royally
rising and falling with the exuberantly blowing winds,

Every road is empty without its flurry of boisterously gallivanting traffic; granting
new dimensions all the time; to its never ending repertoire of enigmatic curves
and turns,

Every day is empty without its dynamically flamboyant Sun; bedazzling even the
most remotely dilapidated corners of this Universe; with a garland of
magnetically golden light,

Every throat is empty without its harmonious melody; the captivatingly rhapsodic
sound; that catapulted even the most impoverished; to an enchanting
entrenchment beyond realms of mesmerizing eternity,

Every mountain is empty without its irrefutably towering summits; kissing the clouds unflinchingly as they seductively drifted by; proving an ultimate exemplary to all other diminutive aspects of incarcerated life,

Every mind is empty without its unrelenting fountain of enthralling fantasies; relentlessly exploring; discovering; and evolving into a waterfall of stupendous newness; as each instant unveiled,

Every cloud is empty without its tantalizing droplets of rain; the unprecedented enthrallment that it spell bindingly bestowed upon this planet; with its profusely heavenly tumblers of water,

Every palm is empty without its unfathomable myriad of tingling destiny lines; the magnanimous bifurcations which astoundingly governed; stardom and horrendous pitfalls in a mans life,

Every ocean is empty without its ecstatic fish; the voluptuously ravishing elixir that they imparted to the undulating waves; culminating into fireballs of desire before clashing against the scintillating rocks,

Every calendar is empty without its meticulous array of dates; the most euphoric depictions of days and weeks; propelling living kind on the path of radiantly blooming prosperity,

Every flower is empty without its fabulously gorgeous fragrance; the scent that handsomely pervaded even through the most heinous webs of uncouth lechery; flooding dwindling souls all across the Universe; with vibrant light,

Every forest is empty without its untamed wilderness; the unsurpassable blend of leaf and animal and stream; which weaved cloud covers of unparalleled excitement,

Every vein is empty without its scarlet rivulets of blood; the Omnipotent fuel to gush forward with insurmountable fervor in life; the only religion that bonded all human kind,

Every oyster is empty without its marvelously shimmering pearls; the incredulously embellished globule which fulminated into vivacious happiness,

Every canvas is empty without its vivid splashes of color; inundating the sullen atmosphere around with waves of poignant compassion; suddenly making drab moments of life replete with astoundingly exotic charm,

Every conscience is empty without its invincible righteousness; the sacrosanct virtue which made every organism feel as the richest alive; massacring the very essence of blatantly coward lies; from the colossal trajectory of this planet,

Every heart is empty without its perpetual beats; the everlasting rhythm which bonded all across boundless earth; in thunderbolts of insatiable passion; alike,

And every life is empty without its immortal love; the unconquerable soul mate of its dreams; which was its very reason to dream of an infinite more lives; more importantly in this lifetime; be blissfully breathing and alive.

4. QUESTIONS

I asked the road; the things that perturbed her the most,
She replied saying; that she was mutilated every unleashing minute,
By the juggernaut of trucks; and cloud showers of swollen rain.

I asked a cluster of fish in the Monsoon River; about the ultimate fantasy of their lives,
The answer that followed was studded with arduous lines of brevity,
As they unanimously dreamt of swimming in stormy waves of the ocean.

I asked the domestic lizard to narrate its tale of woes,
It didn't ponder even for a fraction of a second,
Curtly saying; that it was a paucity of succulent insect that kept her starved these days.

I asked the bleary eyed moon to impassively blurt out its agony,
The celestial figure in the sky retorted with a volley of eloquent expletive,
Blaming a fleet of monstrous spaceships; pilfering through its exquisite decorum.

I asked the merrily swaying trees; to recount me their expeditions of the blistering day,
They retaliated with traumatic screams; with white blood trickling down their entity,
Rebuking the farmer; who had sliced them down for daily fodder.

I asked the stray dogs in the street about their conditions of blissful health,
They made a gallant mockery of my question barking,
We aren't fastidious about food; all we need is a solitary place to sleep.

I then interrogated my tangible heart to disclose its candid feelings,
There were mystical vibrations which shook my entire silhouette,
Beads of cold sweat camouflaged my shock of black hair,
As it responded to my query saying; that it wanted to imprison forever,
Posses for times unfathomable; the holistic form it loved on this earth.

5. FOR THE SAKE OF

For the sake of starved territories of tarnished grass,
The crimson colored sky should sob unrelentingly and; rain.

For the sake of pallid regions of earth obliterated from bright light,
The celestial body of sun god should dazzle brilliantly; and shine.

For the sake of blind afflicted with distress and inexplicable pain,
The handsomely affluent and privileged should help them attain their goals; and aims.

For the sake of nimble footed squirrel leaping in bubbling fervor of youth,
The neem tree should emboss itself with lots of crevices; and game.

For the sake of distorted bones of broken calcium,
The sacrosanct and robust cow should ooze milk; and frosty cream.

For the sake of famished alligator lurking stealthily on nocturnal prowl,
A cluster of succulent fish should relinquish breath; and become food.

For the sake of vacant sheets of satiny white canvas,
Adroit strokes of the artist should fill it with resplendent root color.

For the sake of fortifying a lock of strong blue metal,
There should exist a master key that can wind it; rendering securely close.

For the sake of freedom of mind, body, and spirit,
There should be philanthropic harmony; blending varied races under the sun as one.

For the sake of life to proceed devoid of savage brutality,
There should be bountiful messiahs of god to impart the essence of truth.

For the sake of pictures taken with sleek camera,
There should be animate or inanimate in neighboring vicinity.

And for the sake of my heart throbbing at rollicking speeds,
There should be a solitary girl residing in this universe; who can love me
intensely; making me feel that I am alive.

6. WHEN I SAW HER

When I slammed my eyes shut; with vigorous tenacity,
My hands started trembling in animated ecstasy.

When I stopped my hands from shivering; pinning them down,
Infinite hair on my persona stood up in poignant alacrity.

When I soothed down dainty nodules of hair; applying Luke warm pads of heat,
Juxtaposed clusters of my teeth commenced to chatter in indignation.

When I put brakes on my teeth chattering; executing exorbitant power,
The big toe in my feet started to nostalgically reverberate.

When the big toe in my feet ceased to flutter; as I firmly pressed it on the cold
floor,
Balloons of stale air got formed in mouth chamber; inflating it disproportionately.

When my mouth transited itself to realms of synchronized normalcy,
My neck started to prolifically bleed; as if stung by a million thorns.

When my neck got rehabilitated; after plucking out a plethora of nails,
Obstreperous cacophony profoundly iterated itself in my sensitive ear.

When sensations of abhorrent sound dramatically reduced in capacity,
Fiery vibrations strangulated my fists in entirety.

When my hands pacified themselves; releasing their clenched demeanor,
Intricate cavities in my heart started to throb turbulently.

And eventually when her enchanting silhouette unfolded before my sight,
I fell in celestial stupor on her dainty feet,
With all the commotion drowned forever; in torrential rain showers of her
unrelenting love.

7. SHE WILL HAVE TO STAY ALIVE

She will have to laugh with pungent raptures of melody,
She will have to cry with effusive sobs of unsolicited hysteria,
She will have to nimbly dance to acrobatic leaps of the skipping rope,
She will have to crunch raw slices of blood red radish with arduous zeal,
She will have to walk upright in blistering currents of austere sun god,
She will have to smear her forehead with sacrosanct shades of vermilion,
She will have to adorn her dainty earlobe with jingling chains of white silver,
She will have to bounce with resplendent euphoria at times of felicity,
She will have to kiss the satiny tendrils of fragrant rose at the diffusion of dawn,
She will have to submerge her silhouette in salty waves of the ocean,
She will have to consume cupid mouthfuls of chocolate candy floss,
She will have to knead colossal masses of spongy dough to prepare appetizing sundries,
She will have to emboss mascara on her eyes; shielding them with traditional grace,
She will have to bathe with sheer nostalgia in pelting showers of monsoon rain,
She will have to sing in a voice replicating mesmerizing tunes of the nightingale,
She will have to perspire like a bull; while making indispensable attempts to clean the house,
She will have to break into guffaws of uninhibited laughter; when witnessing an authentic clown,
She will have to pen down enchanting lines of calligraphy; depicting rustic civilizations,
She will have to ride like a professional; on striped bare back of thoroughbred

stallion,

She will have to decipher enigmatic puzzles in life; Inevitable for survival,

She will have to sleep like an angel all throughout the perilous night,

She will have to slog in the monotonous light of the diurnal day,

I would excuse her even if she failed to execute all of the above mentioned,

If only she kept herself alive for centuries unprecedented; for me to love on this earth.

8. THE FIRST ONE

Why did you stare at me with profound hostility; trying to devour me uncouthly with your ghastly expression?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to wipe off my tears; as I hurt myself on the floor and started to cry.

Why did you kick me ruthlessly with your feet; abusing me incessantly with a volley of horrendous expletives?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to protect me; as scores of burglars attacked me viciously with their pairs of gleaming knives.

Why did you scorn at me in utter disdain; refraining to talk to me no matter how vehemently I pleaded?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to sing umpteenth number of songs melodiously in my ears; to put me off to blissful sleep.

Why did you starve me of food; hid all baskets of fruits in the house as I frantically groped for them at midnight?

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to steal appetizing food from the neighborhood; in order to satiate my taste buds; the moment I let out a string of hysterical squeals.

Why did you frown at me in overwhelming irritation; drenching my clothes completely by hoisting at them your pails of colored yolk,

When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to dress me up again; iron the garments I was about to wear to the most meticulous of

perfection.

Why did you mischievously embody the bed I was going to sleep with a flurry of thorns; leaving a fleet of red ants of dauntingly march through?
When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to apply the balm of your love on my wounds; swipe the last iota of dirt with sheer contempt outside our house.

Why did you puncture the tyre of my car as I was about to leave for office; deflating the last bit of air trapped robustly inside?
When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to carry me upon your shoulders; take me wherever I wanted; sequestering me from the acrimonious world; behind the cushion of your voluptuous hair.

Why did you insult me in a group at the riverside party; ostracizing me for not having worn clothes of the matching color?
When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to apologize to all; and then proclaiming loud and stringent to the world; that your husband was the best of all.

Why did you try and snatch my children away from me; trying to possess them more than anyone else in this world?
When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to recount to them tales of my childhood adventures; the path I undertook in life to achieve the corridors of success.

And why did you leave me; domineeringly banging the door in my face; cursing your destiny at the top of your lungs for marrying me in the first place?
When you knew that the very next instant you would be the first one to inevitably turn back with fiery love swirling in your eyes; comprehending the passion in my heart; and lock yourself in my embrace for times immemorial.

9. UNITED EXISTENCE

Please adorn my fingers with rings of glittering gold; with the metal tightly clinging to my skin,
And the shimmer emanating profoundly illuminating the gloom lingering around; exotically piercing through the blackness of the atmosphere.

Please embellish my earlobes with sparkling diamonds; pellucid beads of stone weaving a way through the walls of my eardrum,
And the glow disseminating voluptuously tickling your senses; making you gasp

in spell bound consternation.

Please beautify my intricate feet with anklets of scintillating silver; incongruous golden threads engulfed loosely around,
And the tinkling sound making your body stagger; fomenting infinite goose bumps on your robust flesh.

Please embed my petite palms with mystical designs; coating them with a stringent extract of sandalwood powder,
And the mesmerizing aroma inevitably reviving your dead bones; causing beads of ecstatic perspiration to trickle down your nape.

Please paint my nails with gaudy color; blending alluring shades of scarlet gently on their periphery,
And the flamboyant display causing you to trip over your face; in your attempt to sight them at close quarters.

Please decorate my neck with a necklace of glistening pearls; cascading in perpetual harmony down my chest,
And the shine diffusing enticing you to come near me; caress my shoulders with your passionate breath.

Please smudge my lips with garish lipstick; rampantly applying it all over their fluffy periphery,
And the luscious color radiating compelling you forcibly; to taste their sweetness, suckle them with your tongue in entirety.

Please drench my body with emollient rose spray; the reinvigorating droplets of water splashing all over my entity,
And the enamouring smell that wafted; drawing you closer to my persona from miles apart.

Please garnish my eyelashes with piquant mascara; enveloping my lids with outlines of emerald green,
And the fiery rays that emitted placing you into a celestial stupor; drowning you wholesomely into the unfathomably deep ocean of my eyes.

Please impregnate my scalp with your blood; scrupulously bifurcating my hair into commensurate halves,
And the tenacity in our romance profoundly portrayed to the world; proclaiming us to be bond in threads of holy matrimony.

Please flood my heart with your love; filling every empty pore with the fervor in your veins,
And the essence of our love spreading far and distant; bonding us immortally in the chords of united existence.

10. FOR IMPARTING NEW LIFE

For imparting life to dead granules of soil; all I did was to inundate its surface with cool buckets of water,

For generating life in pallid patches of the dilapidated wall; all I did was slapped it with several coats of vivacious color,

For instilling life in broken lips; all I did was kiss them intensely every where over their chapped periphery,

For giving life to the sad girl philandering in corridors of gloom; all I did was danced like a clown; bringing a smile to the contours of her face,

For reviving life in the lackadaisical flower; all I did was commanded the clouds to shower droplets of exhilarating rain,

For bestowing life in the shattered web; all I did was leave a cluster of spider to weave their way through the same,

For reinvigorating life in a dreary pair of eyes; all I did was vigorously rubbed them with raw extracts of pungent turmeric,

For rejuvenating life in a scorched throat; all I did was tickle it with chilled champagne,

For reinstating life in a cluster of rotten vegetables; all I did was place them in the interiors of a swanky refrigerator,

For revitalizing life in the tired soles of feet; all I did was put them on the accelerator of a flamboyant racer car,

For stimulating life in a fractured hand; all I did was to bring it near a panthers jaw; fomenting the bones to automatically reshape themselves at electric speeds,

For offering life to the voice chords of a dumb man; all I did was bring his lost

children in front of his eyes; triggering him to shout in ecstatic euphoria,

For energizing life in a lazy camel; all I did was put him under the blistering sun of the sandy desert,

For propelling life in the silhouette of a battered car; all I did was flood its belly with gallons of golden petrol,

For resurrecting life in visage of an orphan; all I did was held him close to my chest; in the comfort of my arms for times immemorial,

For fortifying life in the wrinkled skin of the abysmally old; all I did was recite to them nostalgic tales about their boisterous past,

For reanimating life in a ghastly bruise; all I did was to dress the wounds with the bond of my empathy,

For regenerating life in a dead man; all I did was blend my senses wholesomely with his soul,

And for imparting new life to a miserably devastated heart; all I did was fill its cavities with the stream of my passionate love.

11. WITHOUT THESE THREE

Without these three I would have run, but without the slightest power or tenacity in my legs,

Without these three I would have dreamt, but those fantasies would have revolved wholesomely around ghastly death,

Without these three I would have smiled, but that tinkle on my face would have been as morbid as the buried corpse,

Without these three I would have eaten food, but each morsel would have been like a million barrels of poison,

Without these three I would have kissed, but my caress would diffuse cancerous tissues instead of spreading the bond of friendship,

Without these three I would have read, but the letters would have seemed darker than the blackest of clouds,

Without these three I would have cried, but the tears which dribbled down my cheek would be of pure blood,

Without these three I would have earned money, but the currency would have been as infinitesimal as ash for me,

Without these three I would have attended parties, but would have sequestered myself under the table, with a pool of mosquitoes hovering around,

Without these three I would have seen people wandering around, but they would appear to me as lifeless entities,

Without these three I would have heard voices, but would have forgotten to decipher the melody in the sound,

Without these three I would have gulped water, but would have remained thirsty all throughout the day,

Without these three I would have written long letters, but would perceive each word embossed as a rotten abuse,

Without these three I would have driven my vehicle, but would lose complete control of the steering wheel,

Without these three I would have worn clothes, but would have people laughing as I had worn my trousers enveloping my neck instead of my shirt,

Without these three I would have sat on the royal chair, but would have tripped head-on on the floor, disdainfully losing my balance,

Without these three I would have gone to the market, but would have spent my entire wallet on a flimsy chunk of spiceless vegetable,

Without these three I would have fought valiantly with my fists, but each punch of mine would have been like frozen ice,

Without these three I would have behaved, but only for the sake of appeasing a bunch of idiots running the family business,

Without these three I would have perhaps have existed, lived for the heck of it, but without my heart actually throbbing in my ribs,

And I know, by now you must be desperately waiting to know their names, And I have not the slightest of hesitation; infact am proud to christen the three immortals in my life as my 'CREATOR', my 'mother" my 'beloved'.

12. AT HER DOORSTEP

When I was sleeping blissfully on my bed; she came intermittently in my dreams,

And as I emitted my first thunderous yawn after awakening; the dainty outlines of her visage last night struck me like bolts of lightening.

When I just bathed my disheveled persona; taking stupendous care to evacuate the last bit of dirt adhering to my eardrum,
The scent of her body tingled me beyond the point of no control; and a sly smile crept viciously across the contours of my lips.

When I thought of starting from home; her dwelling seemed far away; with several barricades separating us,
The summit of her building seemed like an ephemeral glimpse of my memory; with a desire to meet her heavily stifled due to the long distance.

When I just kicked my scooter to commence on my expedition; my heart throbbed a little,
And there was a profound glimmer of hope in my eyes; that I might salvage a chance to meet her.

When I hit the streets; traversing leisurely lost in the enchantment of the mystical surroundings,
Her voice seemed to stimulate my nerves; and the ravishing silhouette of her eyelashes propeled me to increase my speed a trifle further.

When I had to stand still in the traffic; with the lights changing brusquely to red, I wildly tried to cognize our last conversation; in the midst of chaotic pandemonium of blaring horns and exhaust smoke.

When I met her friends in the way, I gave a peevish smile; with a tiny wave of my hands,
Tried to visualize the infinite aspects which made my beloved more beautiful than her spuriously attired mate.

When I was extremely near her lawns; the blocks of her edifice now prominently

visible to my eye,

The blood in my veins ran faster; and buckets of perspiration trickled down my nape in rapid succession.

And when I reached her doorsteps; the caress of her doorbell at whisker lengths from my hands,

That was the moment; when I swooned on the floor in sheer ecstasy; and before I could knock on the wood; her mesmerizing forehead appeared before me; and her breath bonded perpetually with mine.

13. BIND US TOGETHER

The moment she was with me I shouted at her stringently; showing her my fists in indignation,

But I realized it only when she went off to sleep; that I craved to speak to her; missed the bustling noise of her footsteps.

The moment she was with me I teased her unrelentingly; scowled at her making ungainly faces,

But I realized it only when she went out shopping; that I longed for her like anything; desperately craved to hear the melody in her voice.

The moment she was with me I kept scratching my hair; hardly paying attention to the activities she recited of the day,

But I realized it only when she talked the same to her alien friends; that how inquisitive I was to hear it passionately from her mouth.

The moment she was with me I castigated all attempts of hers to tie my shoelace; portraying myself to be a perfect man,

But I realized it only when she went to mothers place; as to how inevitably I needed her; and what a child I became in her absence.

The moment she was with me I shrug the food she made; declaring it to be bland and tasteless,

But I realized it only when she fed the same lovingly to the servants; as to how much I cherished each meal she prepared.

The moment she was with me I revolted vehemently that she snored; not letting me sleep blissfully for even a single minute,

But I realized it only when she slept in the lawns; as to how much I missed her caress; the ardor in her breath that intermingled with mine.

The moment she was with me I protruded my tongue at her for not bathing;
admonishing her for flooding my nostrils with a smell like rotten tomato,
But I realized it only when she walked out of the house in anger; that I found the
most exotic of perfume to be raw dirt in front of her perspiration.

The moment she was with me I pointed fingers at her eyes; saying that she was
horrendously squint,
But I realized it only when she closed them abruptly at me; as to how
mesmerizing were her lashes; the poignant empathy that they oozed out every
unfurling second.

The moment she was with me I told her to dismiss off from my presence; leaving
me alone to delve in my world of fantasy,
But I realized it only when she exited; that my dreams ended there and then;
and each pore of my body cried for her in agony.

Therefore this is my humble plea to you O! Almighty lord; please don't separate
us ever, For she was my blood and I was her breath; and we would die a
gruesome death to take birth again as lovers; if you didn't bind us in this life
together.

14. NOW OR NEVER

When I thought of philandering with her high on the summit of the Himalayas;
feeling the icy winds dash past my stomach,
All that happened in the end was that; I ended up taking her out for a cup of
sedate tea; the instant I met her.

When I thought of kissing her wildly on her cheeks; making exotic noises while
executing the same,
All that happened in the end was that; I found myself seated in front of her in
the bullock cart; playing a pack of cards.

When I thought of drenching myself with her; profusely in the rain,
All that happened in the end was that; I found myself crunching chocolate
biscuits staring desperately into open space.

When I thought of embedding a redolent rose in her hair; letting the dense
ensemble of flower tickle me voraciously on my lashes,
All that happened in the end was that; I found myself watering the lawns with
her; the rusty lawn sprinkler sedately held in my hands.

When I thought of bathing under the fountains with her; splashing her visage
with tangy cold drink diffusing from my mouth,
All that happened in the end was that; I found myself shopping with her in the
grocery store; searching frantically for a pack of soggy matchsticks.

When I thought of painting her enamouring visage; instructing her to sit mute
without even budging a trifle from her place,
All that happened in the end was that; I found myself lighting a candle in the
church; intensely listening to the admonitions of the priest.

When I thought of applying honey on her lips; before greedily slurping the same
from the periphery with my tongue,
All that happened in the end was that; I found myself tenaciously pulverizing
medicinal herbs; to blend in the water she had to consume after her nocturnal
supper.

When I thought of embracing her tightly; in an ambience encapsulated with walls
of frozen ice,
All that happened in the end was that; she slapped me thunderously on my chin;
for gawking at her open eyed in brilliant sunlight and afternoon public.

When I thought of blowing air from my nostrils into her ears; flooding them
mercilessly with melodious tunes emanating from my mouth,
All that happened in the end was that; she engaged me in the task of swapping
every mosquito hovering around her face.

But it was only when I thought of proposing her; audaciously proclaiming in front
of the society as to how much I loved her,
Was that she smiled at me for the first time; fell in a celestial stupor on my feet;
running her hands wildly across the strands of my hair; tears of joy gushing
down her cheeks and at the same time staring deeply into my eyes; scolding me
for hiding my love till today; telling me candidly that it could have been now or
never.

15. WHAT WAS THERE IN THAT BODY

What was there in those eyes; that drowned me in an ocean of uncontrollable
ecstasy?

What was there in those lips; that made me stare in spell bound consternation
for marathon hours on the trot?

What was there in those feet; that made me swoon in a bedraggled heap on the ground?

What was there in those hands; that made me long for a caress that could last till eternity?

What was there in that nose; that made me crave for oceans of moist breath taking me unaware in their swirl?

What was there in that voice; that made me wholesomely oblivious to the passing of time?

What was there in that palm; that made me see my destiny explicitly in its mystical lines?

What was there in those fingers; that flooded my mouth with a taste more sweeter than the wildest of nectar?

What was there in that neck; that made me feel incredibly lost even in the sedative solitude of the night?

What was there in those ears; that made me dream like a prince even though I was poor?

What was there in that tongue; that made me remain thirsty even under blistering heat of sun and umpteenth volcano's?

What was there in those teeth; that made me perceive night and day about the enchantment in smile?

What was there in those eyelashes; that made me hide my reflection within; even in the most tumultuous of storms?

What was there in that chest; that made me go berserk every unleashing minute for an everlasting embrace?

What was there in those nails; that made me shiver like an infant even in scorching heat of summer?

What was there in that belly; that made me trip head on the mud; even while I was walking in spiked shoes?

What was there in those hair; that strangulated my throat; made me gasp for air with every contraction of my heart?

What was there in that blood; that made my pulse race a million times faster each time I felt it running through the veins?

And what was there in that body; that propelled me to love each time I saw it; that triggered my existence till date today; and for many more generations to unfurl hereafter?

16. WHEN YOU BREATHED

When you smiled; it seemed that a million lotuses fell on the parched territory of earth,

When you cried; the waves in the ocean clashed flirtatiously with the blazing chain of rocks,

When you sang; the birds in the jungle forgot to chirp and a celestial silence descended all over,

When you ate; the most abhorrent appearing logs of charcoal seemed like golden nectar,

When you wrote; the most nonchalant of literature seemed like a string of shimmering pearls,

When you danced; all gods in heaven gathered to watch in stunned silence,

When you yawned; there seemed to be a valley of eternal bliss right down your throat,

When you were naughty; it seemed as if the most heinous of criminals around you were small children,

When you perspired; it seemed as if the melody in your aroma pacified the most tumultuous of turmoil,

When you winked; it seemed as if springs of white froth gushed down the pristine slopes in lazy tandem,

When you walked; it seemed as if a cluster of fairies had fallen from the sky to

permanently inhabit the earth,

When you slept; it seemed that the most glittering of gold was showered
unrelentingly from the cosmos,

When you bathed; it seemed as if shriveled and decayed beauty in this world had
taken a new birth,

When you shivered; it seemed as if the mesmerizing night had forgotten to
unveil into the sweltering day,

When you sneezed; it seemed as if lost charm and exuberance flooded back into
the atmosphere,

When you blushed; it seemed as if silver bolts of lightning plummeted from the
sky igniting multiple fires even in frozen water,

When you screamed; it seemed as if the profoundly gloomy ambience exploded
in fury; to illuminate the blackness,

When you stared; it seemed that all the uncouth and barbaric activities were
replaced by unparalleled innocence and empathy,

And when you breathed; I felt that I was re-born; and as each breath of yours
caressed my skin; I felt myself more and more entangled in the bonds of your
romance.

17. I DIDN'T NEED BREATH TO LIVE

I didn't need blazing fires; as I had her flesh in intimate contact to ignite my
yearning desires,

I didn't need the turbulent ocean; as I had the river of her ecstatic tears
cascading down my neck,

I didn't need the poignantly smelling lotus; as I had her luscious lips to kiss
unrelentingly and feast upon,

I didn't need mesmerizing sights of the world viewing through my binoculars; as
I found all beauty and fantasy embedded in her curled eyelashes,

I didn't need water to drink; as the last drop of my thirst was quenched with her

mere caress,

I didn't need a spurious sequence of laughter; as her innocuous gestures when she played; made me have the smile of my life,

I didn't need dreams to inundate my mind; as my ultimate reservoir of imagination lay encapsulated in her hands,

I didn't need food to eat; as the profound empathy in her expressions made me entirely oblivious to both morning and night,

I didn't need enchanting sounds; as the melody in her voice pacified infinite infernos exploding in my mind,

I didn't need time to be acquainted with; as the enamoring complexion of her lids had cast a mystical spell on my life,

I didn't need brilliant sunlight to shimmer across my face; as I had the austere rays emanating from her persona to enlighten my darkness,

I didn't need a couch impregnated with pure gold to sleep upon; as I had the moistness in her lap to succumb to an everlasting slumber,

I didn't need salubrious vitamins to resurrect my shattered senses; as I had the tenacity of her love to guide me through every step I took,

I didn't need valleys laden with blossoming flowers to rekindle my soul; as I had the enigmatic passageway down her throat to stare at in open mouthed astonishment; till eternity,

I didn't need trees with dense foliage to sequester me from the sweltering heat; as I had her fascinating shadow; to scrape out every bit of fatigue from my tired bones,

I didn't need exotic perfumes extracted from a mountain of musk; as I had her sweat to inhale; which sent me right back into my innocent childhood,

I didn't need magicians to decipher my future and fate; as I clearly saw my destiny prominently in the lines of her soft palms,

I didn't need intoxicating cans of beer; as the sensuousness of her body stimulated my mind more than a barrel of alcohol,

And I didn't need breath to exist; as the bond of her romance had ensured that I would live beyond time; immortalize the essence of sharing for boundless decades to come.

18. ON THE OTHER SIDE

The entire land of grandiloquent palaces on one side; and me and my sweet little dwelling on the other side,

The entire ocean on one side; and me and my tangy little bottle of salt on the other side,

The entire forest replete with vivacious wild life on one side; and me and my pet cat on the other side,

The entire cosmos strewn with silken clouds on one side; and me and my pristine painting on the other side,

The entire library inundated with books on one side; and me and my romantic letter on the other side,

The entire market flooded with sizzling pizza's on one side; and me and my dainty little chunk of chocolate on the other side,

The entire fleet of aeroplanes on one side; and me and my articulately chiseled statue of rustic clay on the other side,

The entire dungeon embedded with scintillating diamonds on one side; and me and my forehead smeared with ash on the other side,

The entire well overflowing with mineral water on one side; and me and my intricate table spoon of mustard oil on the other side,

The entire theater displaying pictures from around the globe on one side; and me and my ravishing fantasies on the other side,

The entire conglomerate of emerald mattress on one side; and me and my bamboo stuffed pillow on the other side,

The entire township of lecherous evil on one side; and me and my intransigent ideals on the other side,

The entire army marching with hostile dagger heads on one side; and me and the confidence of my mother on the other side,

The entire atmosphere entrenched with abuses on one side; and me and incorrigible tenacity to recite rhymes on the other side,

The entire planet functioning monotonously on one side; and me and my island of unrelenting dreams on the other side,

The entire human race brooding unceremoniously for money on one side; and me and my passion for romance on the other side,

The entire graveyard sprawled with morbid corpses on one side; and me and my Creator standing unperturbed on the other side,

The entire society with its bombastic pretensions on one side; and me and my open hearted speech on the other side,

The entire world and its worthless norms of religion and creed on one side; and me and my beloved locked in an immortal embrace on the other side.

19. PLEASE FORGIVE ME

I know I may have pinched you several times; causing you to wince in contorted agony,

I know I may have pummeled you to the ground; hurling at you a volley of poignant abuse,

I know I may have kicked you in the stomach; made a face at you resembling a hideous demon,

I know I may have splashed your face with orange juice; soiling your impeccable clothing with infinite blemishes of black paint,

I know I may have stared at you in animosity; fomenting you to ooze tears down your glistening cheeks,

I know I may have made you trip; poking my large toe deliberately in your way,

I know I may have scowled at you umpteenth number of times; tickling you in

your ribs when you didn't want it the slightest,

I know I may have shrug off the breakfast plate in utter disdain; dictating you thunderously to make it all over again,

I know I may have sprinkled upon you freezing water; inundating your persona with frozen ice in the peak of winter,

I know I may have used my pen to thrash you; more than I might have used it to write literature,

I know I may have philandered with several girls; giving them a peck on their cheeks right in front of your eyes,

I know I may have dropped debris intermittently on the ground; just to appease myself sighting you picking them up,

I know I may have wrecked you out of tranquil sleep large no of times in the night; with a volley of my monstrous snores,

I know I may have interrogated you till eternity; asking you divulge an account of each minute; in order to pacify my suspicions,

I know I may have forgotten your birthday; not remembering to wish you on the hour which God created you,

I know I may not have written to you; even after being weeks away from you on a business trip,

I know I may have drunk boundless pegs of voluptuous wine; stumbling on half the words I uttered in front of your revered parents,

I know I may have curtailed you to household chores; refraining you from stepping out in this flamboyant world,

And I know I may have behaved like a perfect brute all these years; rebuking you on many occasions in front of the society,

But then; they were those moments when the human in me had metamorphosed into a savage animal; the tyranny of earning had crippled the innocent child in me;
annihilating all my perceptions about romance and bondage,

While let me candidly tell you today; that I have always loved you; valued your caress more than any other object existing in this world; have longed for your company more than the Sun has longed to shine; and I know that perhaps you wouldn't even prefer to look at me in this lifetime of mine; but I will still say this; as I love you more than myself; that please forgive me.

20. UTTERLY HELPLESS

The cow; knew that the crow sitting on its back was a treacherous nuisance; tickling it on umpteenth number of places; when it actually wanted to blissfully rest,

But in the end she found herself completely helpless; as no matter how hard she swished her tail; the bird kept sitting; without incorrigibly budging even an inch.

The Majestic edifice standing tall on the road; knew that tremors occurring during the earthquake werereally unwanted,

But in the end it was helpless; as they inevitably kept coming; and despite the most severest of its resilience; weakened its foundations beyond safety limits.

The gargantuan Oak tree; knew that the snakes crawling on its formidable periphery; disrupted its serenity and tranquil shade,

But in the end it was miserably helpless; for as the years unveiled its crevices grew; and the hooded monsters kept proliferating in dozens; although it tried its best to kill them with its juice.

The ocean sprawled over a billion kilometers of territory; knew that the choppy waves rising high; broke its mystical spell and dreams,

But in the end it was completely helpless; as the harder it tried the more the waters swirled; and a tumultuous storm enveloped the entire surface; causing the froth erupt towards the sky.

The granules of earth sprinkled all around; knew that ploughing them would give them agony; massacre their virginity beyond their capacity to redeem,

But in the end they found themselves disastrously helpless; as man kept digging them with greed in his eyes; till the time he struck pitchers of glittering gold.

The hot cakes sizzling on the grills; knew that the bees hovering around would painstakingly devour their sweetness; render their sponginess with innumerable number of holes,

But in the end they were helpless; as try as hard as they could; the flies kept buzzing feasting on their appetizing surface; till the time they satisfied their

gluttony.

The tongue suspended in chamber of the mouth; knew that its demeanor would be reduced to rotten garbage; the instant it blurted out abuses,
But in the end it was totally helpless; as even after resolving in the name of Almighty lord; it exhaled out the most abashing of bad words; when provoked by the passing pedestrian.

The clusters of blossoming rose; knew that the parasites clambering up their stalk would render them fragile and lifeless,
But in the end they were wholesomely helpless; as the more they tried to defend themselves with their sparse thorns; the more the army of leeches enjoyed in sucking them to emptiness.

And I as a poet; knew that working in office with a monotonous bunch of morons; would vanquish all my creativity; annihilate the passionate fantasy revolving in my mind from its very roots,

But in the end; I found myself stumbling at every instant of life and utterly helpless; as; If I wanted to survive in this uncouth society; I had to substitute fantasy with bulky checkbooks; chop my dreams in entirety with the sword of commercialism; in order to feed me and my wife with sumptuous food; rise with her early at dawn; to confront a new tomorrow.

21. HARD TO CRACK

No matter how hard I banged the tortoise shell; it simply refrained to split,

No matter how vehemently I struck the human tooth; it just didn't chap at its edge,

No matter from how high I threw the coconut down; it didn't display even a single scratch on its shell,

No matter how tenaciously I crushed the human skull; it simply didn't show any signs of snapping apart,

No matter how passionately I hammered the elephant tusk; it still remained as stoical as white ice,

No matter how stubbornly I boxed the punching bag; it didn't gasp the slightest; even after infinite punches of mine,

No matter how ruthlessly I kicked the diamond ceiling; it still seemed to have retained its perpetual shine,

No matter how many harpoons I shot at the shark; it still came back hostile and alive from beneath the waters,

No matter how much pressure I exerted on the spring; it still rebounded back with thunderbolt velocity,

No matter how viciously I thrashed then whip against the wall; it still didn't seem to have lost; even an iota of its sting,

No matter how many holes I drilled in the base of the iron ship; it simply didn't appear to sink,

No matter how hard I tried to twist the bars of the prison; they kept standing like a fortress in front of my eyes,

No matter how resiliently I tried to control the storm waters from rising; they kept swelling up; evolving into a flood like never before,

No matter how fervently I tried to chew sweets of steel; the entire armory of my teeth broke like frigid matchsticks; but the biscuits retained their silvery polish,

No matter how badly I pierced the dinosaurs eye; it didn't blink the slightest; shone brilliantly under the Sun,

No matter how wildly I squelched the walnut in my palms; it simply didn't alter its shape the slightest,

No matter how insanely I hammered the walls of my conscience; it simply didn't surrender its ideals,

No matter how pertinently I tried to control my dreams; they kept growing relentlessly; fantasizing about the entire universe every second,

And No matter how doggedly I tried to break my heart; it throbbed even more violently for the person it loved; cried incessantly for the girl it wanted to imprison in the vice like swirl of its romance; forever & ever & ever.

22. DRINKS

The scorched roots of grass sprawling wildly on the soil; were greedy to drink monstrous sized dew drops,

The car lying dilapidated and burnt in the garage; were greedy to drink gallons of golden petrol,

The eye gruesomely dry after the day's work; were greedy to drink a bottle of tears,

The scientist working ingeniously all round the clock; was greedy to drink testubes bubbling with brilliant dyes,

The bees buzzing irascibly around the rose; were greedy to drink its sweet honey,

The cluster of bedraggled and squalid hair; was to drink jar's of oil,

The unruly stubble protruding from the arid cheek; was greedy to drink a tumbler full of after shave cologne,

The pen tremendously weary after embossing a million lines of literature; was greedy to drink sapphire ink,

The armory of teeth which was decayed and yellow; were greedy to drink sparkling white toothpaste,

The infinite kilometers of blistering desert land; were greedy to drink an ocean full of saliva,

The cat philandering furtively on the streets; was greedy to drink a cupfull of milk,

The mosquitoes feasting on the rotten pile of vegetables; were greedy to drink pure blood,

The pores of skin chapped and abysmally dry in winter; were greedy to drink a river of sweat,

The prisoner's ears lying in solitary confinement for years; were greedy to drink the ecstatic melody in sound,

The penguins wandering around in dazzling sunlight; were greedy to drink frozen ice,

The thorny cactus sprouting in abundance from the jagged terrain; were greedy to drink a vase full of sweet water,

The lips severely agonized and gloomy; were greedy to drink a fountain of uninhibited passion,

The walls of the century old grave; were greedy to drink thick coats of rich paint,

The unfathomably deep crevices in the valley; were greedy to drink strident echo's,

The twin pair of nostrils in every man; were greedy to drink a tunnel full of fresh air,

The matchstick lying soggy and frigid in a pond of water; was greedy to drink hostile flames,

And my heart palpitating at lightening speeds; was greedy to drink immortal love; drown in it for eternity; while drinking the same.

23. I THINK I AM IN LOVE

What was this O! lord; that my lips refrained to speak; sung mystical tunes instead while walking on the streets?

What was this O! lord; that my fingers incorrigibly refused to write; drawing incoherent shapes in the mud instead?

What was this O! lord; that my eyes stared wildly in open space; instead of shutting down under the blistering Sun?

What was this O! lord; that the hair on my scalp itched incessantly; as if attacked by a thousand ants?

What was this O! lord; that I forgot to have my afternoon meals; when normally I was the first one to finish food in our family?

What was this O! lord; that I was engulfed wholesomely by sweat; even in the

peak of freezing winter?

What was this O! lord; that I dreamt even while signing checks; entering in mind boggling amounts; that eventually left me bankrupt?

What was this O! lord; that I filled every glass of mine with alcohol; every time I felt like sipping water?

What was this O! lord; that I erupted out in fantasies of my childhood; when infact I was supposed to give a lecture on business economics?

What was this O! lord; that I crashed head on with the waiter carrying a tray full of pastry; when infact I had already sighted him from miles apart?

What was this O! lord; that I presumed it to be brilliant afternoon; when actually it was just a little before midnight?

What was this O! lord; that I drove my car right into the hotel coffeeshop; instead of parking it outside and walking down the distance?

What was this O! lord; that I cut my hands severely while chopping vegetables; when infact there was superb synchronization between the knife and my finger?

What was this O! lord; that I gasped for breath like a dead man; when infact I had just arisen from bed after infinite hours of blissful sleep?

What was this O! lord; that a sheepish grin encompassed the contours of my face all day; when usually I was extremely stringent in my behavior?

What was this O! lord; that I reached the ghastly graveyard; when infact I was headed for attending prayers in church?

What was this O! lord; that I dipped my face in steaming acid; presuming it to be infact as sweet cakes for supper?

What was this O! lord; that I embraced an old woman on the verge of relinquishing breath; cognizing her to be the girl of my dreams?

What was this O! lord; that the blood in my veins ran at electric speeds; inspite of my medical practitioner ruling out any chance of blood pressure?

And what was this O! lord; that my heart palpitated at a million beats per

minute; although she resided continent's apart?

You know what; your guess is as good as mine; and there was simply no rhyme or reason to defy it; for I think that the inevitable has happened; I was struck by the same fever as millions of my kind are struck every day; O! yes I think I am in love.

24. BOTH ME AND MY WIFE

It was impossible to clap with a single palm; no matter how turbulently I swished it in the air,
So in order that sound be produced and noise be heard; both my palms needed to come abysmally close and strike.

It was impossible to run with a single leg; no matter how much passion I ignited in my eyes,
So in order to win the race with nonchalant ease; both my legs needed to caress the ground; and then sprint like a panther towards the finishing line.

It was impossible to see with one eye; no matter how far I stretched and revolved it without respite,
So in order to sight the entire universe; profoundly admire mesmerizing beauty on this planet; both my eyes needed to move in harmony; and capture living organisms alive.

It was impossible to hear with a single ear; no matter how alert I kept it all throughout the night,
So in order to catch each intricate voice existing; coherently decipher the mystical tunes of life; both my ears needed to pop up in exhilaration; hear the far cries before anyone else might.

It was impossible to breathe with a single nostril; no matter how hard I tried to avoid being suffocated; even with gusty bellow of wind blowing by,
So in order to blissfully inhale pristine air in vicinity; sleep like a king under the stars; both my nostrils needed to suckle in breeze and blend with the ravishing night.

It was impossible to eat food from only one corner of the mouth; no matter how incorrigibly I tried to used teeth protruding from that side,
So in order to chew the most succulent of meals; digest the most voluptuous of leaf; both my cheeks needed to participate in the process; devouring food; water and sweets with supreme contentment.

It was impossible to write with one finger; no matter the infinite number of times
I tried to hoist the jewel studded pen,
So in order to emboss boundless lines of literature; inundate every nook and
cranny of white paper with exquisite calligraphy; both my fingers needed to
dance in synchronization; race with pleasure to express their might.

It was impossible to kiss with only one lip; no matter how dexterously I tried to
rub it against my beloved,
So in order to trigger off flames of desire; exult in the aisles of fiery romance;
both my lips needed to move in fervor; explore the sweetness and taste of
offered by life.

And It was impossible for me on my own to evolve another of my kind; no matter
how many prayers and penance I offered to the Almighty,
So in order to procreate my progeny; and keep the world forever moving; both
me and my wife needed to blend together into chords of perpetual love; to
ensure that the world never ended; and there was always someone at some
point in time; breathing alive.

25. YOURS ONLY FOREVER

Who told you that you were ugly; when infact I found you to be the most
amazing and beautiful person in this world,

Who told you that you were thick skinned; when infact I considered you to be the
most tender; the most innocuously sweet,

Who told you that you were dimly fat; when infact I perceived you to be a
dainty angel; having freshly descended from the sky,

Who told you that your lips were as swollen as the hippopotamus; when infact I
cognized them to be soaked in deep cherry wine; each time I had the privilege of
kissing them,

Who told you that your hair was like unruly & long fibers diffusing from the
gutter; when infact I perceived them to be a river of golden honey; in which I
took refuge in my times of distress,

Who told you that your nostrils breathed hostile flames; when infact I felt
stupendously passionate breath drift through; whenever you stood close by my
side,

Who told you that your color was blacker than horrendous charcoal; when in fact I found it to be as resplendent as the voluptuous lotus; even under pugnacious rays of the Sun,

Who told you that your footsteps reverberated noise of an approaching dinosaur; when in fact I was mesmerized every second; as their tinkling sounds mystically announced your presence,

Who told you that your tongue stuttered on every word you spoke; when in fact I felt that your speech was astoundingly clear and ravishing,

Who told you that your fingers made a mess of every meal; when in fact I relished every item you prepared; catapulting me into the aisles of unprecedented fantasy,

Who told you that your teeth jutted out like a hideous demon; when in fact I found them like scintillating globules of snow; pelting from the sky; every time you smiled,

Who told you that your sweat smelt of rotten fish; when in fact it was the most alluring scent that I had ever inhaled; putting me off instantly into blissful sleep,

Who told you that your ears were stone deaf; when in fact I felt that they could trace the most inaudible of my whispers; listen to the tiniest of my heartbeat,

Who told you that your height was as tall as the giant; when in fact I always found you perfect and till my lips; those moments when I embraced you,

Who told you that your clothes had perennial stains of oil in them; for in fact I always found the most cleanest of my fabric; embarrassingly sordid in front of them,

Who told you that you looked like a skeleton with hardly any flesh on your body; when in fact I always saw flames of pure passion burning in your eyes; enamoring shades of pink enveloping your flesh at all times,

And even if the entire world condemned you beyond the point of redemption; I would still consider you to be the most fascinating person existing; the most lovable entity on this planet; and my heart would be purely yours; yours only forever.

26. MY LOVE FOR YOU

More passionate than the beating of my heart; the ferocity with which it throbbed all day and night,

More faster than the blink of my eye; the revitalizing moisture it provided to my rotund eyeball,

More vivacious than the hair on my scalp; the speed at which they blew in the most tumultuous of storm,

More darker than the lines on my palm; which profoundly evolved and portrayed my destiny to the outside world,

More dense than the blood which flowed through my veins; the grueling agony with which it extruded out of my skin when I was hurt,

More stronger than the tenacity of my bones; the astronomical resilience which they displayed in resisting the hostile enemy,

More acerbic than the sharpness of my nails; the poignancy which they depicted while scraping against the mosquito bites on my skin,

More luscious than the color of my lips; the voluptuous complexion that they attained when I pursed them seductively with spurts of my saliva,

More pungent than the perspiration that trickled down my nape; the tremors of excitement generated when I reached the pinnacle of success,

More potent than the lines of poetry which I had embedded till date; the unfathomable heaps of literature I had produced in the tenure of my life,

More tangy than the flavor in my mouth; the countless numbers of appetizing delicacies that I had consumed in each phase of the day,

More stupendous than the most fabulous of my dreams; the most wonderful I could ever have envisaged; while I was awake or fast asleep,

More sensitive than my ability to hear; decipher and crack the most intricate of sound prevailing in vicinity,

More wild than the most deafening of my speech; the hysterical shouting I

executed when thoroughly provoked,

More mystical than the most lankiest of my shadow; the fairies I invited every night to dine and chat with,

More infinite than the clusters of hair protruding from my scalp and arms; the millions new which took solid roots every day,

More enchanting than the breath that descended down my nostrils; unsurpassable number of times in the hour,

More intense than my empathy for any entity; ever living or dead on the trajectory of this planet, Is my love for you and only you O! beloved.

27. OINTMENTS

In order to mend the broken slabs of bedraggled building; all that was required was an ointment of rich cement and raw brick,

In order to mend the broken web of spider; all that was required was an ointment of silvery threads and slime,

In order to mend the disastrously scorched territory of soil; all that was required was an ointment of cool and revitalizing water,

In order to mend the broken links of the enigmatic jigsaw puzzle; all that was required was an ointment of pragmatic intelligence,

In order to mend the broken bits of scattered paper; all that was required was an ointment of glue and sticky adhesive,

In order to mend the broken periphery of lips; all that was required was an ointment of glossy lipstick,

In order to mend the disdainfully broken finger; all that was required was an ointment of thoroughly powdered and fine calcium,

In order to mend the broken down car; all that was required was an ointment of golden petrol,

In order to mend the broken fields of sprawling grass; all that was required was an ointment of pure and natural goat manure,

In order to mend the broken stomach; all that was required was an ointment of appetizing food and voluptuous fruit juice,

In order to mend the broken and stammering speech; all that was required was an ointment of; stupendous confidence in self,

In order to mend the broken city; all that was required was an ointment of paramount resilience; the fortitude to stand together and reconstruct the same paradise,

In order to mend the broken and age old computer; all that was required was an ointment of hi-tech software chips; and a flurry of ingenious program,

In order to mend the broken and slowly fading light; all that was required was an ointment of the blistering Sun,

In order to mend the broken eye; all that was required was an ointment of glistening moisture; and passionate fantasy revolving fanatically each second,

In order to mend the broken shirt and trousers; all that was required was an ointment of colored buttons and long spools of silken thread,

In order to mend the broken individual; all that was required was an ointment of reassurance compounded with heaps of unparalleled empathy and care,

In order to mend the broken throat; all that was required was an ointment of warm and sizzling herbal tea; a peaceful day's rest to soothe every traumatized vein,

In order to mend the broken relationship; all that was required was an ointment of perpetual and amicable understanding,

In order to mend the broken nose; all that was required was an ointment of moist and overwhelmingly compassionate breath,

And in order to mend the broken heart; all that was required was an ointment of care; an ointment that spread the immortal roots of love; whenever and wherever applied.

28. THE HEART STAYED YOUNG FOREVER

The flowers blossoming in the fields; withered away as the soil on which they stood was thoroughly stripped of water,

The leaves of the colossal tree disdainfully shriveled and fell; as the onset of autumn took its toll on the surrounding,

The mesmerizing rivers tumbling in fury from the mountains; shrunk to a mere trickle as the Sun radiated its hostile rays in full fury,

The blazing stream of lava which fulminated in tumultuous agony from the ground; cooled as a few days elapsed; and with the drifting of the placid winds,

The ominous looking black clouds reverberated thunderously in the sky; but after a while the rain pelting down reduced its agony; as the Sun filtered passageways of crystalline blue amidst all vicious dark,

The delectable and freshly painted exteriors of the edifice; slowly started to develop shades of pathetic yellow; as they blended with the smoke; and weren't cleaned meticulously every day,

The gargantuan shadows of the wandering giant; seemed to loose their entity completely as the stringent light of the day was encroached completely by night,

The mammoth cubes of frozen ice; shamefully metamorphosed into a pond of water; under sweltering heat of fiery afternoon,

The monstrous Bull ploughing valiantly through the fields all his life; one day found himself seated by the riverside; not even having the capacity to shrug away the flies sitting right on his nose; as the gradual onset of age; had exhausted every ounce of his stamina that he once upon a time proudly possessed,

The dolphin that once swam merrily in the heart of the sea; found itself now kissing the shores; as it felt supremely weary to swim,

The magnificent palace which once used to be the pride of the Royal Kings and monarchs; was now inhabited only with a battalion of cobwebs and dilapidated space; as the years and centuries unveiled by,

The biscuits of silver when extracted raw from deep within the crevices in the earth emanated a scintillating shine and shimmer; but the same transited to cheap nuggets of coal; after being used for several decades; and blending with

human oil and perspiration,

The photograph of the individual looked absolutely astounding when snapped on the first day; but the same resembled a ghost when sighted after infinite fortnights; with obnoxious crusts of dust changing him in drastic entirety,

The face of the fairy was dainty and stupendously sweet as she descended from the skies; but she hardly had the power to speak; with scores of bones protruding from her cheeks; as she lived for more than a century on planet earth,

The innocuous wails of an infant were profoundly enamoring to hear when it was just born, however they converted into a sonorous and hoarse; shooing every one away from him; a few months down the line; as he began to walk and joined college,

The battalion of vegetables appeared young and robust as they were just plucked fresh from the sprawling farm; they however turned rotten, black and blue; with an incredibly foul odor dissipating from their body; as the previous day now unfurled into the new dawn,

The dead mans body buried under the ground was embodied with lots of flesh when freshly cremated; but if you dug it up again after a few years; all that was now retrievable was just a pair of bones,

And everything seemed to wither with age; shrivel and shrink as time sped by; but there was just a single thing that gained more impetus with the passing second; got more passionate as even as everything encompassing it seemed to abdicate life; palpitated more violently as the tyranny of age crept by, or shall we say ' the heart stayed young forever '

29. YOUR VELVETY SHADOW

I was profoundly enchanted by her; relishing her soft caress till times immemorial,

I felt privileged by her presence; everytime she drifted with me standing in open mouthed consternation,

I stared at her unrelentingly all night; even as the last person on this planet had gone off to sleep,

I admired her relentlessly till my last breath; although my voice had become horrendously hoarse; and my tongue incorrigibly refrained to swish an inch further,

I kissed her infinite number of times; with smooch of mine; igniting unfathomable desires in me; to do it all over again,

I was drowning in her honey coated eyes; with the mascara in her lashes casting over me a spell impossible to break,

I clasped my hands securely over her demeanor; blocking every possible source of acerbic light striking her dainty skin,

I pacified all the uncouth pangs of hunger arising in my stomach; as I was lost in cognizing my destiny in the intricate lines of my palms,

I whistled incessantly as she glided by; flooding her ears with the inferno blazing in my tunes,

I sprinkled golden dust on her body; as she overwhelmingly enjoyed the silken powder; voluptuously tickling her skin beyond the point of no control,

I was simply mesmerized by the titillating cascade of her hair; and the grace embedded in her form; made me stumble; even before I put down my first foot to walk,

I compared her visage with the angels dancing daintily in the heavens; with the ravishing fragrance that diffused from her persona; putting me in a state of immortal bliss,

I craved all night and day for her enchanting touch; the vividly painted nails on her fingers; circulating at electric speeds through each pore of my skin,

I worshipped her feet; like I had worshipped no God; no deity that I had every encountered on the surface of this globe,

I slept even on a blanket of acrimonious thorns; as I was completely lost in the essence of what she spoke; kept iterating the same words in my mind; till the time it had eradicated all other traces of memory,

I commenced to cry worse than the newly born child; even if I missed her presence for less than a fraction of a second,

I ran as she ran; walked as she walked; halted when she halted; ate when she ate; emulated every action of hers; howsoever much it might have seemed worthless
and inconspicuous to the outside world,

I emptied all the blood running through my veins; even as she uttered the slightest of scream; even as just a small fragment of her flesh was ripped apart a trifle by the blowing wind,

And I know by now you must be burning in the aisles of jealously sweetheart!
But let me tell you that there was not any rhyme or reason for you to do so darling; as the person I have been mentioning in all the previous lines; was none other than your velvety shadow.

30. LOOKING FORWARD TO

The night looked forward to the brilliant morning; completely engulfing its chill with flamboyant light,

The deserts looked forward to rain; a billion droplets of water to quench their insatiable thirst,

The freezing slopes of the snow laden Antarctica; looked forward to a flurry of playful penguins; wandering around pompously with their protuberant necks poking out,

The dying plumes of black smoke; looked forward to fresh heat; incinerating their pathetic persona once again; into crackling flames of golden fire,

The blood shot and morbid eyes of the convict; looked forward to loads of compassionate empathy and moisture,

The solitary patches of the winding and century old road; looked forward to boisterous traffic; scores of innocuous children inundating its gloomy ambience with lots of cheer and spice,

The slaves toiling unrelentingly all night and day; looked forward to some time occupying the seat of their master; thereby metamorphosing all their imprisoned dreams into reality,

The goats philandering amidst appalling piles of rotten garbage; looked forward

to sprawling meadows of fresh grassland; blissfully munching corn and succulent vegetable,

The gang of eunuchs begging in their discordant voices on the streets; looked forward to another birth in which they were born as perfect humans; were able to exist harmoniously and procreated their progeny,

The brave soldier sleeping dormant in his bunker; looked forward to a blood curling war; fighting with all his might to protect his country,

The completely dried river bed; looked forward to tumultuous spells of rain to overwhelm its surface; yet again with scores of twinkling fish and water,

The brutally chopped tongue; looked forward to growing again; loudly speaking all the words it had perceived in its times of distress; in a single stroke of time,

The wholesomely barren streets of lanky canvas; looked forward to being embedded with rustic color; an ensemble of vivacious lines rendering it with a profoundly dynamic appearance,

The pair of scarlet crested parrots incarcerated in their metallic cage; looked forward to soaring high and handsome in the sky; relishing and enjoying a life of freedom like most of their counterparts were doing at the time,

The famished alligator nestling on the banks of the river; looked forward to the tantalizing scent of humans; crunching them into fine grains of mincemeat with its knife like jaws,

The boundless fragments of cloth lying buried under the debris; looked forward to being united as one garment of the flag; flutter in magnificent pride and glory while portraying the spirit of their nation,

The writer involved in mundane jobs of this world in order to survive; looked forward to gallivanting through the enchanting camouflage of the valley; keep writing incessantly as each day took stranglehold of the night,

The receptionist sitting idle in the ghost town; looked forward to the melodious ringing of the telephone; greeting the person on the opposite side with a crisp 'hello',

The grizzly haired lizard traversing through the lining of the concrete wall; wistfully looked forward to sleeping in the jungle; with innumerable insects

hovering seductively around its nose,

And my heart captured mercilessly in my chest; eagerly looked forward to breaking free every second from the norms and whims of this unceremonious society; basking in the heaven of burning romance; loving and embracing every moment the person it adored; the entity in the first place that it throbbed violently; several times a minute for.

31. SNATCH ME INSTEAD

If you were going to slap her in the face while she was sleeping under the stars; slap me instead,

If you were going to brutally maim her when she tripped from the 90th floor of the building; maim me instead,

If you were going to make her blind as she inadvertently pierced the sewing needle into her eyes; blind me instead,

If you were going to starve her for food as she faltered to earn her livelihood in this uncouth society; starve me instead,

If you were going to make her unconscious as her neighbors poisoned the water she daintily gulped; make me unconscious instead,

If you were going to chop her fingers when the thieves marauding the house committed the heinous crime; chop my fingers instead,

If you were going to make her perpetually dumb as she attempted to sing; make me dumb instead,

If you were going to burn her to ashes when the miscreants on the street drenched her body with a tank inundated with kerosene; burn me instead,

If you were going to make her fall from the pinnacle of the gigantic mountain as she mercilessly slipped after reaching the top; make me fall instead,

If you were going to evoke unrelenting tears from her eyes as her close siblings perished in a car accident; make me cry instead,

If you were going to overwhelmingly embarrass her as she hid her face embedded with pimples amidst her friends; embarrass me instead,

If you were going to make her abdicate her memory as she unfortunately struck her head against a bed of obdurate stones after falling down; make me lose my memory instead,

If you were going to reduce her to infinite pieces of mincemeat after the lion savagely attacked her in the forests; slaughter me to a billion pieces instead,

If you were going to leave obnoxious elements loitering on the deserted roads to stare at her with lecherous desire; leave them on me instead,

If you were going to trap her between colossal chunks of concrete and rusted metal as her house came crashing down in the tumultuous earthquake; pulverize my house and trap me instead,

If you were going to drown her in the swirling and ferocious waves of the ocean after the whale overtopped her boat; drown me to the bottom instead,

If you were going to give her inexplicable mental trauma each day making her stutter for words she once spoke with authority and pride; traumatize and madden me instead,

If you were going to make her lie in a pool of ghastly blood by the riverside as the pugnacious rays of the Sun wholesomely took upon their toll; make me ooze a sea of blood instead,

And if you were going to snatch her away from the surface of this earth forever closing the chapter of her existence; snatch me instead; as if you didn't do so Almighty Lord; then you would be taking two lives at a time; as I would inevitably join her in heaven a few moments after; whether you wanted or didn't want me too.

32. THE ONLY THING THAT MY HEART COULD BEAT FOR

The only thing that my eyes could ever sight was her mesmerizing form; whether they were open or tightly closed,

The only thing that my ears could ever hear were her daintily approaching footsteps; no matter how thunderous was the outside world and traffic,

The only thing that my nose could ever smell was the enchanting fragrance emanating from her arms; the ravishing aroma entrenched in her breath,

The only thing that my tongue could ever speak was her sacrosanct name;
fervently iterating each alphabet infinite number of times,

The only thing that my hands were ever able to touch was the contours of her
silken hair; with the passionate scent embodied therein catapulting me to the
most supreme point of ecstasy,

The only thing that my mind could ever envisage was her emphatic eyes; with I
finding myself drowning in the river of fantasy flowing perpetually inside,

The only thing that my feet were ever able to caress as they tread on earth was
her shadow; as no matter wherever I went; it followed me with incessant relent,

The only thing that my nails were ever able to scratch was the lining of flirtatious
dirt on her neck; intricately tracing in it my near future to unveil,

The only thing that my teeth were ever able to chew was her lips; painstakingly
suckling the honey from the recesses deep inside,

The only thing that my skin was ever able to feel was her velvety touch; with her
fingers groping uncontrollably across my tanned chest,

The only thing that my shoulders were ever able to carry was her delectably
body; bearing her weight with an immortal smile; even under the most sizzling
rays of the Sun,

The only thing that my sweat could ever drench was her shimmering and petite
stomach; as I curled myself like an infant to blend with its compassionate
warmth,

The only thing that my lips could ever smile for was her celestial silhouette as
she lay under the moon; appreciate for eternity the gestures she made
inadvertently while rolling deep sleep,

The only thing that my blood could ever flow for was to protect her from any
possible evil lurking around; donate it to whomsoever she ordered me to;
without the slightest of opposition,

The only thing that my efforts could ever yield was the essence of what she
taught; listening attentively at all times to the pearls of wisdom that she
showered from her mouth,

The only thing that my mouth could ever recount was the story when she was born; the unprecedented happiness she brought into my life; the day she met me,

The only thing that my lids could ever blink for was to make her smile; evacuate her out from the state of intermittent gloom; that she sometimes found herself confronted with,

And the only thing that my heart could ever beat for was her love; trying to capsize her entity in each of its palpitation; in complete; mind, body and spirit.

33. THE MOST TREASURED THING FOR MY HEART

The most treasured thing for an ocean; was its unending flurry of swirling waves,

The most treasured thing for a bird soaring astronomically high in blue sky; was her clusters of eggs handsomely stacked in the nest,

The most treasured thing for the ominous network of black clouds; was its king sized droplets of revitalizing rain,

The most treasured thing for the majestic lioness; was her tiny and mischievous little cub sleeping innocently in the den,

The most treasured thing for the eyeball; was its glistening coat of moisture; shimmering splendidly under the blazing Sun,

The most treasured thing for a cup of sizzling coffee; was its tantalizing and rejuvenating aroma,

The most treasured thing for a scorpion jumping in spurts through the bushes; was its hostile and deadly pugnacious sting,

The most treasured thing for a conventionally embellished telephonic contraption; was its loud and melodious series of rings,

The most treasured thing for a fat biscuit of gold; was its perpetual glow that emanated even in the most dullest of light,

The most treasured thing for the lips; was the kiss received from the person they

solely loved and revered,

The most treasured thing for a sheet of bonded paper; was the sensitive lining of words that imparted paramount importance to its otherwise vacant persona,

The most treasured thing for a blanket of stars studded in the plain cosmos; was its resplendent shimmer that cast a spell on anyone beneath it,

The most treasured thing for a cacophonous bee buzzing rampantly around in free air; was its serrated hives replete and oozing with stupendously golden wells of honey,

The most treasured thing for a destitute freezing to the point of extinction in the disastrous cold of winter; was the photo of his God held intimate and close to his heart; with a wistful glimmer of hope lingering profoundly in his famished eyes,

The most treasured thing for the bespectacled teacher; was her colossal reservoir of knowledge which she judiciously disseminated amongst a varied array of students,

The most treasured thing for the hollow armpits; was a passionate stream of silver sweat which flowed all around the clock,

The most treasured thing for the tongue; was its eloquent speech; the infinite bundles of currency it was able to generate; by adeptly captivating the opposite party,

The most treasured thing for the mother; was her baby bouncing flirtatiously in her compassionately and invincible arms,

The most treasured thing for Almighty God; was all his disciples; each of the tangible and intangible form that he had evolved to live on this earth,

And the most treasured thing for my heart; was her love; drowning myself wholesomely into the enchantment of her eyes; blending each beat of mine with hers for infinite more births to unveil.

34. THE SIMPLEST WAY TO PLEASE ME

The simplest way to please a bird; was to place her lost eggs right in front of her majestic beak,

The simplest way to please a dog; was to give him a juicy bone embedded with raw strands of salubrious meat,

The simplest way to please a snake; was to offer your leg; for it to greedily inject its stream of lethal venom into,

The simplest way to please a writer; was to provide him an atmosphere of blissful peace; boundless sheets of paper and a jeweled pen in his fingers,

The simplest way to please a fisherman; was to give him a net heavily laden with an amazing fraternity of fishes,

The simplest way to please a desert; was to inundate its surface with an ocean of water; a thing it hungrily absorbed within flash seconds,

The simplest way to please a crying infant; was to provide him the compassionate warmth of his mother,

The simplest way to please the doctor; was to tell him that all his patients recovered after taking his medicines,

The simplest way to please the red ant; was to lay broken crusts of bread in front of its eyes; which it painstakingly nibbled till its heart's content,

The simplest way to please the slave; was to tell him that he was your master instead,

The simplest way to please the peacock; was to keep it in an ambience with pelting droplets of rain,

The simplest way to please the ominously gleaming green crocodile; was to sprinkle its vicinity with a million chunks of meat everyday,

The simplest way to please the farmer; was to make him witness his fields blossoming with bountiful corn; each stalk of his treasured grass swaying in rubicund health with the winds,

The simplest way to please the mind; was to verbally yield to each of its fanatic fantasy; although you didn't actually execute it,

The simplest way to please the cow; was to leave it to wander in meadows of leafy foliage; engendering it to enjoy munching its favorite meal till eternity,

The simplest way to please the black cat; was to place it in a pond of frosty milk; facilitating it to gently lap at the same and thereby permeate the air around with its contented snores,

The simplest way to please a shrewd Business tycoon; was to place the blank checkbook for him to ogle in front of his eyes,

The simplest way to please a Politician; was to say that he was the greatest; and his policies had metamorphosed the earth into a veritable paradise,

The simplest way to please a soldier; was to award him for his stupendous achievement at war; with felicitation of the highest degree,

The simplest way to please God; was to diligently execute all your duties without the slightest of delinquency; procreate prolifically to continue his chapters of existence,

And the simplest way to please me; was to keep me with my beloved every second of the day; see to it that no power on this earth could ever separate us; and we remained bonded together for centuries unprecedented.

35. WHEN TWO HEARTS BONDED TOGETHER

When the clouds in the cosmos bonded together; there pelted down showers of ferocious and sparkling rain,

When the minuscule winds in the atmosphere bonded together; there evolved a tumultuous storm that swept turbulently across the entire city,

When all the inconspicuous little ripples of water bonded together; there was formed the colossal ocean; smashing and swirling magnificently against the cold blooded rocks,

When the seed and earth bonded together; there arose a majestic tree; sprinkling scores of appetizing fruits on the famished soil,

When diminutive wisps of smoke bonded together; there blazed a Kingly fire; escalating handsomely towards the sky; imparting loads of warmth and reprieve from freezing winds winter,

When all fingers of the palm bonded together; there evolved a strength so

unprecedented; that it could fight against any evil loitering on this earth,

When all loose bones strewn haphazardly on the ground bonded together; there evolved the perfectly synchronized body; which ran, ate, slept, wept, in splendid harmony,

When all pieces of stray and incongruous stones bonded together; there evolved the imposing structure of the building; which wholesomely catered to the life of thousands of individuals,

When all the small fish in the sea bonded together; there evolved a battalion of unsurpassable tenacity; easily capable of defeating the most gargantuan of whale and shark,

When the shattered petals of different creepers bonded together; there evolved a flower with the most stupendous of scent,

When all the disheveled twigs lying desolate on the ground bonded together; there evolved a mighty bridge which didn't budge an inch even in the most vicious of storm waters,

When all tribes existing in different part of the earth bonded together; there evolved a land with no bloodshed; and laden with immortal bliss,

When varied colors existing under the Sun bonded together; there evolved a single color; that was virtually impossible to dissipate by any attack,

When all words and languages spread far and distant across the periphery of the Universe bonded together; there evolved the language of compassion; which was the richest of all,

When all minds existing on this globe bonded together; there evolved the best ideas ever imaginable; metamorphosing the continent into a paradise once again;
to unitedly live in,

When all countries bifurcated into bits and pieces bonded together; there evolved an astronomical superpower utterly invincible,

When all religions prevalent across the world bonded together; there evolved the divine religion of humanity,

When Man and Woman created by God bonded together; there came into existence the entire planet; and the world what we so profoundly admire today,

And when two hearts throbbing violently bonded together; there evolved a mountain of passionate romance; a formidable fortress of love and care; that even God found difficult to conquer and prevented others from doing so.

36. THE FIRST THING THAT FLOODED MY MIND

When they said fruits; the first thing that flooded my mind was the succulent clusters of scarlet apple suspended in harmony from the tree,

When they said salt; the first thing that flooded my mind was the colossal expanse of sea leaping magnificently and without restraint towards the sky,

When they said animal; the first thing that flooded my mind was the majestic and dense furred lion; sprinting towards me at electric pace with fire in its eyes,

When they said light; the first thing that flooded my mind was the belligerent fireball of Sun; blazing a stream of unprecedented beauty; through every deserted spot on this earth,

When they said sedation; the first thing that flooded my mind was the spell binding light of the moon; the conglomerate of its pearly rays enchanting my every night,

When they said melody; the first thing that flooded my mind was the voluptuous nightingale; tingling the most dreariest of my senses with reinvigorating sound,

When they said dust; the first thing that flooded my mind was the undulating terrain of the desert; the disdainful hillocks of sand terribly scorched and crying for water,

When they said dream; the first thing that flooded my mind were the ravishing clouds of heaven; infinite number of fairies dancing in the aisles of unfathomable desire and romance,

When they said ice; the first thing that flooded my mind was the frozen slopes of the Himalayas; the sheet of snowy white which delectably enveloped the ensemble of fir trees,

When they said laughter; the first thing that flooded my mind; was the rustic

clown viciously stretching the contours of his face; until people in the audience had tears rolling down their eyes,

When they said color; the first thing that flooded my mind was the superbly resplendent rainbow; casting a mystical spell on this earth with its rhapsodic glow and shine,

When they said office; the first thing that flooded my mind; was a bunch of monotonous morons; with their noses obnoxiously buried beneath bulky sheaf of paper,

When they said poison; the first thing that flooded my mind; was the hideous looking serpent; snaring its fangs wickedly at the innocent child,

When they said speed; the first thing that flooded my mind; was the pouch bellied kangaroo; galloping at lightening pace; cutting across the whiplash of wind and entangled forest with two steps at a time,

When they said ugliness; the first thing that flooded my mind; was the gruesomely distorted face of the lanky eunuch; sending shivers down the spine of the infant newly born,

When they said beauty; the first thing that flooded my mind was the crown princess; with her eyelashes appearing as if soaked in rich nectar; and the fragrance emanating from her tantalizing form pacifying all my apprehensions,

When they said jewel; the first thing that flooded my mind was the virgin pearl; incarcerated securely in the heart of the oyster,

When they said muscle; the first thing that flooded my mind was the tanned wrestler; tenaciously rubbing oil on his legs and palms,

When they said power; the first thing that flooded my mind was the omnipotent creator; able to create and destroy at stupendous will,

When they said upbringing; the first thing that flooded my mind was my mother; who had nourished me to become what I was today; with the blood and milk in her body,

And when they said love; the first thing that flooded my mind was my beloved; her incredible entity taking complete control of my senses and my soul.

37. MAXIMUM PLEASURE

The soap derived maximum pleasure; in cleaning tons of disdainful dirt; scrupulously polishing each pore of the rotten body,

The conglomerate of ominously black clouds derived maximum pleasure; in thunderously showering down upon the earth; inundating its fathomless barren territories with sparkling water,

The obdurate and thick skinned crocodile derived maximum pleasure; in pulverizing robust and supple flesh into slender fragments of fine chowder,

The young maiden derived maximum pleasure; sighting and admiring herself infinite number of times in the mirror; combing her hair; deftly plucking the slightest of blemish that cropped up on her persona,

The fur coated unruly street dog derived maximum pleasure; barking and howling agonizingly the entire night; keeping vigil while the rest of the world slept like God's,

The eyes derived maximum pleasure; when fully open and gazing at the mesmerizing beauty wandering delectably through the mystical foliage,

The scarlet rose derived maximum pleasure; after diffusing its enchanting fragrance prolifically all around in vicinity,

The granules of silvery sand lying scattered in the parched desert derived maximum pleasure; in suckling virtually any kind of liquid; be it mineral water or ghastly cans of kerosene,

The keys on the typewriter derived maximum pleasure; when punched at electric speeds; tenaciously by fingers functioning in splendid synchronization,

The fleet of birds wading solitarily on the river waters derived maximum pleasure; when flying high and handsome in patches of crystal blue sky; relishing the caress of a cocoon of ravishing clouds as they soared by,

The gaudy complexioned shirt derived maximum pleasure; when worn on the chest of the flamboyant president; displaying itself bombastically to as many people possible in the outside world,

The fortress of teeth embodied within the lips derived maximum pleasure; in

intricately masticating rubicund morsels of glistening carrot; nibbling at the roots in lazy exultation,

The mouse derived maximum pleasure; after capturing a battalion of mice; ruthlessly imprisoning them till they were handed over to the master,

The golden elevator derived maximum pleasure; after reaching the absolute pinnacle of the building; safely transporting an armory of people to their required destinations,

The minuscule matchstick derived maximum pleasure; after igniting to a full bloom; profoundly illuminating every household lingering in a pool of morbid darkness,

The egg derived maximum pleasure; after hatching into a tiny little and wonderful fledgling,

The feather tipped pen derived maximum pleasure; in embedding million's of lines of literature; granting stupendous status to every blank sheet of paper,

The omniscient entity of God derived maximum pleasure; in creating boundless human beings and animate life; blessing all individuals with the virtue to survive and unprecedented happiness,

Every mother derived maximum pleasure; in nourishing her child with her own blood and sacred milk; harnessing its reservoir of hidden energies to the fullest,

And every heart derived maximum pleasure; in throbbing thunderously for the person it vehemently revered; living solely and fervently for the person it loved on this planet.

38. AS LONG AS SHE WAS SITTING BESIDE ME

How does it matter even if there was no shoe on my feet; incongruous nails portrayed a ghoulish and miserable picture of mine?

How does it matter even if there wasn't a penny in my pocket; the last shelf of my wallet was inundated with nothing else; but pure sand?

As long as she was sitting beside me; the mesmerizing ensemble of hair tickled my starved lips and cheeks.

How does it matter even if my clothes smelt of pugnacious onion; every corner of the garment I wore was replete with stains of obnoxious oil?

How does it matter even if the only scent that emanated from my body was one of dry sweat; the only pillow I had was that composed of truck tyre rubber?
As long as she was sitting beside me; whispering enchanting secrets of her childhood mystically into my ear.

How does it matter even if the watch I wore on my wrists didn't function; there was cowdung coated on my palms instead of the lines of my destiny?
How does it matter even if the tunnels of my eardrum were filled with chunks of loose mud; and I turned a deaf to the voice of the world?
As long as she was sitting beside me; flirtatiously pinching my nose; telling me that I was beautiful.

How does it matter even if the first two teeth of my jaws were broken in a fight; fathomless granules of pertinent dandruff grew mercilessly in my scalp?
How does it matter even if my speech faltered every instant; with my abashing inability to please anybody in the first instant?
As long as she was sitting beside me; drowning me wholesomely into the ocean of fiery passion circulating wildly in her eyes,

How does it matter even if I didn't roam about in bombastic cars; hadn't the capacity to buy even a tricycle with rusty wheels?
How does it matter even if I was gruesomely uncivilized in my actions; not being able to eat with an array of glistening spoon and fork?
As long as she was sitting beside me; entwining her fingers in mine to support me wherever I went.

How does it matter even if I hadn't a roof to live under; kept gazing at the sky for hours immemorial?
How does it matter even if I had no soap to bathe my skin; splashed water on my skin swimming with the fish instead?
As long as she was sitting beside me; making me laugh uncontrollably with her innocuous gestures and the mischievous cadence in her voice.

And how does it matter even if I was the poorest man of this earth; with the Creator blessing everybody else except me with mountains of gold and silver?
And you tell me how does it matter even if I had nobody to believe me; people shunting away from me wherever I put my foot on this soil?
As long as she was sitting beside me; blending her breath entirely with mine; taking an oath to spend infinite more lives with me together.

39. ONLY YOU O! BELOVED

For as far as my arms could stretch; extending to the most unprecedented of their capacity in free space,

For as far as my eyes could sight; opening wider than the blazing Sun,

For as far as my ears could hear; straining themselves agonizingly to decipher the most inconspicuous trace of sound; lingering for kilometers in vicinity,

For as far as my feet could run; conquering unfathomable miles of territory without buckling or flinching the slightest,

For as far as my mind could wander; perceiving even the most remotest and weirdest of things existing on this earth,

For as far as my voice could travel; expending my lungs to the most bizarre capacity,

For as far as my pen could write; inundating every barren bit of paper on this globe; with countless lines of literature,

For as far as my hands could caress; extending forward as straight as an arrow; and to fullest of their capacity,

For as far as my sweat could flow; after dribbling off painstakingly from my skin,

For as far as my neck could turn; dexterously twisting itself to sight objects even behind the back,

For as far as my hair could rise; after being voraciously tickled by the mesmerizing wind,

For as far as my fantasy could continue; dreaming about delectable fairies dancing in wonderland,

For as far as my breath could reach; chiseling a tunnel replete with passionate moisture as it blew,

For as far as my stomach could inflate; as I tried to swell it after deliberately taking in volumes of free oxygen imprisoned in air,

For as far as my lips could open; after being viciously attacked by a thunderous yawn,

For as far as my fists could punch; paving their way unrelentingly to win virgin landscapes prevailing on this planet,

For as far as my memory could capture; recognizing even the most obsolete of grass sticks after a monstrous night's sleep,

And as far as my heart could beat; incorporating all the emotions that lingered in the atmosphere; as well as those beyond the celestial heavens,

There was only one thing that I revered and loved; cared and cherished more than myself; and that was you O! beloved; Infact only you o! beloved.

40. MY BROKEN HEART NEEDED

The broken door of pure rosewood needed a carpenter to repair it; replenishing its distorted edges with loads of compassionate varnish and an array of hostile nails,

The broken slabs of building needed an engineer to refurbish it; reinforcing its surface with lanky beams and columns; fortifying its gaping string of holes with rich chunks of cement and concrete,

The broken pieces of cloth needed a tailor to stitch them; blend the scattered fragments together; to evolve the stupendous garment again,

The broken checkbooks and torn documents of financial operation needed a banker to resurrect them; spawn ingeniously manipulative policies to ensure that all business bounced back to robust normalcy,

The broken switchboards needed an electrician to configure them; intermingle the boundless conglomerate of wires to produce sparkling beams of untainted light,

The broken fields needed a farmer to plough them; sow the right concoction of seeds and manure; in order to metamorphose the gruesome sand into blossoming land of enchanting fertility,

The broken words of the book needed a writer to rearrange them; meticulously sort out the baffling jumble into magnificent lines of captivating literature,

The broken spacecraft needed the scientist to remold it; splendidly synchronize

its arms and tail; impregnate it with the most contemporary of machinery; to enable it to gush at electric speeds towards the heart of the blue sky,

The broken ornaments needed the goldsmith to reinvigorate them; chisel the shards of unruly metal into scintillating necklaces of fabulous silver,

The broken carving on the wall needed the artisan to harness it; convert its disrupted demeanor into one with astounding solidity and oligarchic magnificence,

The broken shoe lying desolate in the attic needed a cobbler to mend it; transform its mocking and dusty caricature into one with exquisite shine and abundant lace,

The broken gutter needed a plumber to renovate it; wholesomely stop the flow of spewing debris; converting the rotten stench emanating into one of placid and stringent calm,

The broken painting needed an artist to embellish it; join all the horrendously massacred shapes into mesmerizing contours of the spell binding fairy,

The broken bone needed a doctor to coalesce it; bond the severely depleted fragments together to give birth again to a rubicund entity,

The broken song needed a musician to reconstruct it; embody it with jazzy tunes and revitalizing melody; profusely recreating its stolen glory again,

The broken bird needed an ornithologist to rejuvenate it; apply balm to its torn feathers; in order to impart it with tumultuous force and propel it to fly,

The broken watch needed a watchmaker to wind it; oil its rusty coalition of springs; so that it ticked incessantly as time drifted by,

The broken law and order in the city needed a policeman to rectify it; instill a sense of impregnable security amongst citizens; with valiant acts of his dynamic bravery,

The broken democracy in the world needed a flamboyant leader to uplift it; judiciously channelize all the energy of people for the betterment of this planet,

The broken lawns sprawling disdainfully over colossal expanses of the valley needed a gardener to reinvigorate them; prudently squelch the unwanted weeds;

in order to ensure that the roses bloomed merrily without parasites,

The broken King needed a host of beautiful slaves to stimulate his dead senses; obey the most minuscule of his command; appease him thoroughly with dance; and the tantalizing cadence in their voice,

The broken marriage needed a team of counselor's to recap it; solve the infinitesimal differences that had led to the execution of this bizarre event in life,

The broken beliefs needed a sagacious saint to rebuild them; bring the abysmally lonely disciple closer to the realms of the omnipotent Ceator,

The broken snapshot needed the photographer to reframe it; meticulously arrange the solitary chunks into a complete picture; depicting once again the smiling and boisterous family,

The broken victim needed the pressman to alleviate her pain; highlight to the world in his article; about the plethora of lecherous atrocities committed on her impeccable body,

The broken stomach needed a waiter to satisfy it; serving it with mouth watering delicacies and thereby ensuring that it succumbed to blissful and contented sleep,

The broken laughter needed a clown to re-establish it; inundate its miserable life with unsurpassable amount of smile and ecstasy,

The broken web needed a spider to reweave it; embedding its mercilessly split trajectory; again with silver threads of slime,

The broken sea needed a battalion of fish and coral reefs to reform itself; relive the incredulous moment of glory when it had just been created in this Universe,

The broken discotheque needed scores of impetuous boys and girls to enliven it; flood its dreary ambience with fiery passion; pulsating dance; and voluptuous movement,

The broken history needed an archaeologist to recount it; search for the missing links and clues that once upon a time led to the formation of noble dynasties,

The broken hive needed boundless number of bees to refill it; encompass each pore its persona with their discordant buzzing; and supremely sweet streams of

honey,

The broken vegetables needed a chef to realign them; prepare appetizing delicacies out of the shoddy mass of loose grass and fruit,

The broken children needed a philanthropist to liberate them; fill their lives with all the jubilation and fantasy which they were so desperately bereft off,

The broken mind needed a psychiatrist to retrieve it; bring it to proportion with the civilized society; from the corridors of despondency and lost oblivion,

The broken ship needed a captain to coherently steer it; surge it forward with gusto and insurmountable exhilaration into the deep waters of the sapphire ocean,

The broken army needed a brave and an audacious soldier to instigate it; see to it that it emerged victorious without the slightest of blemish to its motherland,

The broken den needed the lion to enlighten it; prove it once again to the world that it harbored none other; but the irrefutable king of the jungle,

The broken morning needed the cuckoo to animate it; drive away all the gloominess prevailing in the atmosphere; with the mesmerizing rhythm in its voice,

The broken line needed a teacher to restore it; explicitly explain it to the student its symbolic meaning and astronomical importance,

The broken voice needed a ventriloquist to harness it; extract the hidden melody to the summit of its capacity; portray to entire world the euphoric essence of sound,

The broken automobile needed a mechanic to invigorate it; lubricate its dying parts; pumping tons of fresh air in its tyre; granting it the power to conquer the most treacherous of slopes,

The broken balls needed a juggler to enhance their charm; spin them at mind boggling speeds; revolving them at all angles in the breeze before delectably collapsing on the bed of pure silk,

The broken valley needed environmentalists to plant it with infinite saplings; see the inconspicuous nodules ripen into dense forests within a matter of fading

months,

The broken house needed a ensemble of detectives to find the culprits; hunt out the criminals who transformed the family living in perpetual bliss into deceased corpses buried beneath the earth,

The broken women needed faithful husbands to alleviate their tale of deprivation; making them witness a new and vibrantly optimistic face of tomorrow,

The broken lives needed a messiah from the heavens to rehabilitate them; shower their bereaved souls with immeasurable happiness,

And my broken heart needed a girl who could fully comprehend my sorrow; love me like no one else did on this globe; bonding every beat of mine with her violently throbbing heart; healing every incurable wound of mine; blending her breath with mine for times and births immemorial.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 12

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 40 differently titled Poems, is actually Part 12 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. TO FORGET HER WAS IMPOSSIBLE
2. I AM IN LOVE
3. ONLY YOU O! BELOVED
4. THIS VERY MOMENT WHEN I WAS DYING TODAY
5. THANK YOU
6. THE MAIN CULPRIT

7. THE EASIEST WAY TO PROVOKE ME
8. ENGAGED!
9. ONE WOMAN
10. THE BIGGEST VICTORY FOR ME
11. PLEASE DON'T ORDER HER TO DIE
12. ONE SIDED
13. THE COMMON FACTOR
14. THE THING I HATED THE MOST
15. WHAT IS THE USE
16. I WANTED TO BREATHE, SLEEP, LIVE WITH YOUR NAME
17. ROPE OF LOVE
18. CAN TRUE LOVE EVER DREAM OF BEING DESTROYED
19. YOU LIVED IN MY HEART
20. EQUAL EQUANIMITY
21. PLEASE COME BACK O! BELOVED
22. CHAINED PUPPET
23. THEIR IMMORTAL HEARTBEATS
24. JUMP
25. WAGON OF LOVE
26. MADE ME REALIZE
27. WHEN SHE ABANDONED ME
28. CAPABLE OF DOING
29. INVALUABLE BLOOD
30. THE WANDERING NOSE
31. FANTASTIC BEGINNING
32. THE BEST LOVER
33. NEUTRAL
34. THE SPEARHEAD OF LOVE
35. ROYALLY ALIVE
36. I MISSED YOU - PART 2
37. HEAVEN AS WELL AS HELL
38. EVERY HEART WANTED TO BATHE
39. HEARTBEAT
40. LOVING YOU MORE IMMORTALLY

1. TO FORGET HER WAS IMPOSSIBLE

The Sun may have forgotten to shine at times; leaving the Earth submerged in partial darkness,

The eyes may have forgotten to close; staring unrelentingly in the blazing fires,

The trees may have forgotten to shed their leaves; enticed to sway in the moist breeze,

The birds may have forgotten to chirp; thoroughly engrossed in building their nests,

The clouds may have forgotten to rain; drifting away submissively with the wind,

The lion may have forgotten to roar; lost in the aisles of desire and sleep,

The chameleon may have forgotten to change its color; with its jaws busy in gobbling fat caterpillars,

The diamonds may have forgotten to shine; when they were placed in a disdainful backdrop of coal,

The rose may have forgotten to diffuse scent; trying to breathe for its life amidst a heap of pungent pesticide,

The scorpion may have forgotten to sting; running haywire in a pool of slushy water,

The snow may have forgotten to melt; not wanting to leave the body of the handsome mountain,

The lips may have forgotten to smile; being besieged by day to day professionalism in society,

The ocean may have forgotten to evolve waves; yielding pathetically to the tumultuous storm,

The stars in the cosmos may have forgotten to twinkle; profoundly absorbed in watching the dainty fairies,

The deserts may have forgotten to be hot; relishing the prospects of freaking out in the rain,

The fingers may have forgotten to write; resting lazily under the silken feathered pillow,

The dog may have forgotten to bark; petrified for an instant by the demon standing before him,

The infant may have forgotten to cry; bemused for a moment by the wide ensemble of electronic toys,

The Creator inadvertently may have forgotten to look at every man; busy chalking strategies to run the Universe,

But me Forgetting her was Impossible; as she resided in the center of my heart; and every beat of mine wholesomely depended upon her breath that passionately flowed.

2. I AM IN LOVE

What was this O! Lord; that my lips refrained to speak; sung mystical tunes instead while walking on the streets?

What was this O! Lord; that my fingers incorrigibly refused to write; drawing incoherent shapes in the mud instead?

What was this O! Lord; that my eyes stared wildly in open space; instead of shutting down under the blistering sun?

What was this O! Lord; that I forgot to have my afternoon meals; when normally I was the first one to finish food in our family?

What was this O! Lord; that I dreamt even while signing checks; entering in mind boggling amounts; that eventually left me bankrupt?

What was this O! Lord; that I erupted out in fantasies of my childhood; when in fact I was supposed to give a lecture on Business Economics?

What was this O! Lord; that I crashed head on with the waiter carrying a tray full of pastry; when in fact I had already sighted him from miles apart?

What was this O! Lord; that I presumed it to be brilliant afternoon; when actually it was just a little before midnight?

What was this O! Lord; that I barged my car right into the hotel coffee shop; instead of parking it outside and walking down the distance?

What was this O! Lord; that I cut my hands severely while chopping vegetables; when in fact there was superb synchronization between the knife and my little

finger?

What was this O! Lord; that I gasped for breath like a dead man; when infact I had just arisen from bed after infinite hours of blissful sleep?

What was this O! Lord; that a sheepish grin encompassed the contours of my face all day; when usually I was extremely stringent in my behavior?

What was this O! Lord; that I reached the ghastly graveyard; when infact I was headed for attending prayers in church?

What was this O! Lord; that I embraced an old woman on the verge of relinquishing breath; cognizing her to be the girl of my dreams?

What was this O! Lord; that the blood in my veins ran at electric speeds; inspite of my medical practitioner ruling out any chance of blood pressure?

And what was this O! Lord; that my heart palpitated at a million beats per minute; although she resided continent's apart?

You know what; your guess is as good as mine; and there was simply no rhyme or reason to defy it; for I think that the inevitable has happened; I was struck by the same fever as millions of my kind are struck every day; O! Yes I think I am in love.

3. ONLY YOU O! BELOVED

For as far as my arms could stretch; extending to the most unprecedented of their capacity in free space,

For as far as my eyes could sight; opening wider than the blazing Sun,

For as far as my ears could hear; straining themselves agonizingly to decipher the most inconspicuous trace of sound; lingering for kilometers in vicinity,

For as far as my feet could run; conquering unfathomable miles of territory without buckling or flinching the slightest,

For as far as my mind could wander; perceiving even the most remotest and weirdest of things existing on this earth,

For as far as my voice could travel; expending my lungs to the most bizarre

capacity,

For as far as my pen could write; inundating every barren bit of paper on this globe; with countless lines of literature,

For as far as my hands could caress; extending forward as straight as an arrow; and to fullest of their capacity,

For as far as my neck could turn; dexterously twisting itself to sight objects even behind the back,

For as far as my hair could rise; after being voraciously tickled by the mesmerizing wind,

For as far as my fantasy could continue; dreaming about delectable fairies dancing in wonderland,

For as far as my breath could reach; chiseling a tunnel replete with passionate moisture as it blew,

For as far as my stomach could inflate; as I tried to swell it after deliberately taking in volumes of free oxygen imprisoned in air,

For as far as my lips could open; after being viciously attacked by a thunderous yawn,

For as far as my fists could punch; paving their way unrelentingly to win virgin landscapes prevailing on this planet,

For as far as my memory could capture; recognizing even the most obsolete of grass sticks after a monstrous night's sleep,

And as far as my heart could beat; incorporating all the emotions that lingered in the atmosphere; as well as those beyond the Celestial heavens,

There was only one thing that I revered and loved; cared and cherished more than myself; and that was you O! beloved; Infact only you o! beloved.

4. THIS VERY MOMENT WHEN I WAS DYING TODAY

The leaves withered as time passed; falling inevitably on the ground to blend with disdainful chunks of dust,

The roses blossoming radiantly in the valley; knelt their heads in meek submission as the chilly winds and nightfall took complete control,

The lines of the palm bifurcated enigmatically all over in boisterous youth; started fading and diminished to a trifle as the perils of old age took over,

The vivacious mounds of virgin clay which smiled mischievously under the Sun; looked completely battered and bashed as they were indiscriminately trampled by ongoing vehicles and metal tyre,

The eyes which were once able to intricately sort out the inconspicuous needle from the colossal haystack; now looked as specks of dirt behind a factory of thick glass; as the years descended by,

The legs which were springing and tenaciously marching forward at the ripening of dawn; now collapsed in a bedraggled heap at the onset of stark darkness and ghostly night,

The towering castle which was once the pride of the royal emperor; now was a sight in complete shambles; with broken glass and century old cobwebs the only things welcoming the predecessor's,

The image which was brighter than scintillating light in sweltering afternoon; now metamorphosed into lanky shadows; trespassing furtively through the fleeting blanket of dusk,

The footprints which were profoundly distinct as the travelers strolled; were now wholesomely erased as the turbulent draught of breeze swept by,

The waves spasmodically swirling towards the skies all throughout the evening; now appeared as placid as the singing angel; when the storm and ferocious cyclone had totally dissipated,

The tongue which was raring to shout deafeningly in open space; now resembled the dying insect; after countless hours of giving speech,

The shock of hair which was once as black as oil trapped within the belly of earth; now appeared as snow white as the man who sat astoundingly near to his grave,

The pristine air of the snow clad slopes which was stupendously clean and

enchanted as the cows grazed; now transited into plumes of treacherous black smoke; as the aftermath of war took its gory toll,

The vegetables which were fresh and glowing with sparkling health as I hoisted them from the stores; now transformed into soggy and squalid as I rang the doorbell; utterly exhausted and entered home,

The time which seemed to tick faster than light during examinations; now appeared to be crawling slower than the tortoise as the summer holidays descended by,

The ape man who once could conquer invincible heights with raw muscle and unprecedented power bulging from under his shirt; now seemed to be unable to even lift a finger; as the decades unveiled in quick succession,

The candle which was burning inexorably; illuminating every cranny of the room with its profound shine; now extinguished in entirety with a single kiss of the autumn wind,

The heart which throbbed violently after witnessing the girl of its dreams for the first time; now reduced its intensity a whisker; after spending marathon times together,

But my love for her got all the more stronger as each second unfurled into a minute; as each minute sped into an hour; as each day evolved into a week; as each year evolved into a decade; and no matter how old I became; how frigid the conglomerate of bones in my body converted; I loved her more than I loved her when she first met me; I loved her more than I ever did in my passionate dreams; I loved her more than I had loved her anytime before; this very moment when I was dying today.

5. THANK YOU

Thank you for providing your shoulder; for me to lean upon in my times of inexplicable distress,

Thank you for wiping my tears; when they oozed out profusely all day and night,

Thank you for camouflaging my skin under your garment; when it was wholesomely helpless and unable to face this world,

Thank you for whispering into my ears words of courage and fortitude; when the

infiltrators were just about to barge into my camp,

Thank you for standing by my stubborn attitude; sticking to my ideals; even though it meant sacrificing precious years of your life,

Thank you for serving me with appetizing delicacies; preparing food for me according to my whims; even at the middle of freezing night,

Thank you for consoling me incessantly; when dawn seemed far away; and when success was just a short-lived night,

Thank you for pacifying my anger; when in fact if you didn't; I would have landed in prison for assassinating lecherous mankind,

Thank you for caressing my raw bruises with your soft palms; impregnating in them the divine power to heal at amazing speeds,

Thank you for tolerating my flirtatious tendencies; still accepting me as your husband; inspite of my philandering whenever I got the chance,

Thank you for assisting me in taking the most prudent decision; clutching my body tightly when I felt I would swoon like dead fish on the ground,

Thank you for shaving off unruly strands of beard from my cheek every morning; massaging my scalp vigorously to impart me with Godly rejuvenation,

Thank you for patiently listening to my rebukes; cooling my frazzled senses with the ointment of your romance,

Thank you for keeping our house meticulously clean; spreading the tantalizing perfume of your passionate breath in every corridor that I tread,

Thank you for bearing my progeny; helping me continue my chapter of existence; even decades after I died,

Thank you for making me feel like a man; everytime I felt cowardly; thought of relinquishing this world,

And over and above all thank you for making all my dreams come true; inspiring me to become what the world recognized me today; a good father; a good individual; and most importantly a good human being; to light several other's gloomy day.

6. THE MAIN CULPRIT

Your voluptuous eyes were the ones that stole my sight; rendered me wholesomely blinded and staring unrelentingly at your stupendous visage,

Your luscious lips were the ones that stole my taste; tumultuously evoking me to only nibble passionately at their rubicund outline,

Your dainty hands were the ones that stole all my Herculean muscle and power; conjuring me to hold them every unfurling second on the sunlit day; marathon hours of the freezing night,

Your ravishing hair was the one that stole my senses; drowning me profoundly in the ocean of their mesmerizing fragrance,

Your poignant nails were the ones that stole my ability to scratch; driving me into a state of uncontrollable frenzy as they tantalizingly stroked their way through my scalp,

Your tinkling feet were the ones that stole my stride; compelling me to kneel in timid obeisance; revering and worshipping them incessantly,

Your scintillating teeth were the ones that stole my ungainly laughter; left me in a spell bound stupor; as I inexorably admired them in the moonlit shades of midnight,

Your velvety shadow was the one that stole my entity; making me thoroughly oblivious to each of my surroundings; victimized and enchanted by its supremely mystical grace,

Your fabulous skin was the one that stole my blood; making it abysmally freeze in my veins as I caressed your heavenly flesh,

Your majestic aura was the one that stole my memory; made me deviate from even the most rigid of my thoughts; perpetuating me to dream of nothing else but your captivating countenance,

Your immaculate ears were the ones that stole all my sensation to hear; making me stone deaf to the most volatile of explosion; as I sweetly suckled your ravishingly dangling and crimson lobes,

Your delectable neck was the one that stole my prowess to turn; riveting my face intransigently towards your tawny cheeks,

Your melodious voice was the one that stole my ability to speak; made me perpetually dumb; overwhelmingly lost in the celestial cadence of its sound; the blissful fervor in its tunes,

Your innocuous birth mark was the one that stole my destiny; as my life solely followed its enamoring contours; blended itself completely with its form and color,

Your tangy tears were the ones that stole my reflection; making me admire the astounding beauty of the world which they encapsulated; the unfathomable empathy which they explicitly reflected,

Your vivacious stomach was the one that stole my hunger; made me emancipate my demonish gluttony; as I pressed my head against it with each of its ingratiatingly rhythmic rise and fall,

Your incomprehensibly moist breath was the one that stole my life; making me a diligent slave of the seductive aroma that you exhaled infinite number of times in a single day,

But your heart was the main culprit of them all; as its every palpable beat stole my flamboyantly fiery desire; stole all the love I had; stole all the love I could ever give.

7. THE EASIEST WAY TO PROVOKE ME

The easiest way to provoke a madman; was to recount to him the incidents of his life which actually triggered off his madness,

The easiest way to provoke a politician; was to vehemently oppose the policies he proposed,

The easiest way to provoke a roadside beggar; was to keep reminding him incessantly of his poverty and impoverished state,

The easiest way to provoke a school teacher; was to give preposterously wrong answers; to every question she asked,

The easiest way to provoke a gardener; was to furtively keep plucking the fruits

from his trees; driving him beyond the point of imaginable exasperation,

The easiest way to provoke a lion; was to snatch its prey with astounding ease; right from the center of its jaws,

The easiest way to provoke the musician; was to blurt out cacophonous tunes every time he felt; that he had established himself into a perfect rhythm,

The easiest way to provoke guests entering the dwelling; was to blend your oily scalp hair; in the tea you hospitably served them,

The easiest way to provoke the mammoth elephant; was to leave a battalion of red ants next to his feet; when he was overwhelmingly relishing his meal of green leaf,

The easiest way to provoke the peon in the office; was to order him to serve you a glass of water; as soon as the poor fellow had delivered the previous one,

The easiest way to provoke the soldier; was to let the enemy pass from under his nose; camouflaged in the color of the surrounding; to evade the most ingenious of his senses,

The easiest way to provoke the monstrous shark; was to shoot its jaded body with a fleet of lanky harpoons,

The easiest way to provoke a clown; was to burst into hysterical sobs, when he performed his comic acts,

The easiest way to provoke the priest; was to disturb his profound concentration; when he was lost in reciting the name of God,

The easiest way to provoke the magician; was to steal away the wand he used to execute magic & transform all stone into gold,

The easiest way to provoke a writer; was to cynically view his work; tell him blatantly on his face; that he wouldn't earn even a penny out of the infinite volumes of literature he had taken pains to pen down,

The easiest way to provoke the Almighty creator; was to violate his laws of existence; drift on a nefarious path that eventually found him decimate you to raw ash,

And the easiest way to provoke me; was to lay eyes on my beloved; try and cast a spell on her already engaged heart; which either found me killing the person who dared to do so; or in case if I failed; bidding goodbye to this earth forever.

8. ENGAGED!

When I tried to reach her via the rusty and corroded village phone; I simply couldn't savor the chance to talk to her; as it was incessantly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via road; I simply couldn't salvage the pleasure of witnessing the mesmerizing contours of her face; as the road was bustling with boisterous traffic; the road was disdainfully engaged,

When I tried to reach her via email; the usually high speed and overwhelmingly reliable internet server; was disastrously engaged,

When I tried to reach her via mental telepathy; I found my mind intransigently busy in pondering on something inconsequential; in fact found my mind irrevocably engaged,

When I tried to reach her via local mail; I found myself confronted by an unimaginably onerous dilemma; as the entire postal authority was voraciously busy in delivering war messages and engaged,

When I tried to reach her via lightning fast air courier; the robotic jet carrying my indispensably precious message; crashed with a soft thud into the Atlantic; and all communication went morbidly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via satellite television; the white current of electricity brusquely snapped off; and the images got disdainfully engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the tenaciously thunderous loudspeaker; a family of mice ate the deliciously spongy wires; and the waves that now emanated were hoarsely engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the harmoniously flowing river; the waters suddenly brewed with a tumultuously fierce storm; were murderously engaged,

When I tried to reach her via exorbitantly paid fast taxi; the sleazy ticket counter was prolifically thronging with pedestrians; was miserably engaged,

When I tried to reach her via conventional fax; the usually synchronized and

thoroughly ingenious machine; now blurted the tunes of insipidly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the electric paced bicycle; the traffic signal abruptly metamorphosed to horrendously red; went pathetically and uncertainly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the nation wide radio; an immediate emergency got declared in all quarters of the state; the line conked out and eventually went mercilessly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via an ambulance perched on its relentlessly nictitating rooftop; a spuriously bandaged victim stopped its expedition midway; and it was rendered compulsively engaged,

When I tried to reach her via my sophisticated little mobile instrument; ready to pay even astronomical sums of money to establish rapport with her passionately divine presence; the line sounded a mockingly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the stridently blaring whistle; signaling her surreptitiously to come out in brilliant sunshine; there spewed a sandstorm in the placid atmosphere; drowning my voice in entirety; leaving it momentarily engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the contemporarily gleaming lift; I embarrassingly floundered in my attempts; as the contraption was deplorably stuck between two floors; was for the time being stubbornly engaged,

When I tried to reach her via the celestial heavens; I simply wasn't able to appease the Creator to help me in my cause; as his Omnipresent presence was busy chalking policies for the sustenance of this mighty Universe; was a trifle engaged,

And my string of bad luck didn't end here itself; when I finally did manage to reach her enchanting doorstep; I found much to my utter dismay; that she had already chosen the man of her dreams; was already engaged.

9. ONE WOMAN

I might have eaten different varieties of food every day; appeasing my gluttony with the exact taste that circulated instantaneously in my tongue,

I might have worn different clothes every day; vacillating between contemporary

and traditional fabric; to succeed in my spurious attempts of looking the best,

I might have talked in different dialects every day; maneuvering my tongue several times; to achieve that bombastic slang which I had perpetually dreamt of,

I might have wandered in different directions every day; incessantly discovering and stimulating my insatiable greed for adventure,

I might have read different books every day; profoundly engrossed in the inscrutable tales of enchanting mystery and romance,

I might have slept at different places every day; sometimes under the tenacious moonlight blending with placid grass; while sometimes on the astronomical summit of the mountain feasting on the tremendously deep pink gorge,

I might have looked in different directions every day; trying my ultimate best to decipher the intricacies of this fascinating planet,

I might have bathed in different waters every day; sometimes standing under the artificial bathroom shower; while sometimes splashing my arms in supremely poignant ocean salt,

I might have driven different cars every day; sometimes the astoundingly sleek silver Mercedes; while sometimes the battered jalopy to play a few pranks on fellow beings,

I might have adorned my wrists with different watches every day; zealously observing as the seconds ticked into oblivion with each unveiling night,

I might have admired different sights every day; fantasizing almost every minute to unprecedented realms of bizarre imagination,

I might have danced on different floors every day; sometimes on scintillating slabs of marvelous granite; while sometimes brazenly striking my bohemian foot on the muddy ground,

I might have inadvertently broken different things every day; sometimes the glittering bowls extruding from the mantelpiece; while sometimes the tiny mountains of sand that suddenly came my way,

I might have drunk different liquids every day; quenching my thirst with the

most conducive flavor that my throat cried for,

I might have sat on several different places every day; ranging from as obdurate as the stubborn stone; to the ambiguous oasis of satiny fur strewn on the hills,

I might have shaken hands with different people every day; unabashedly interacting with each section of the vast society,

I might have listened to different tunes every day; feasting my sensitive ears to a fathomless pedigree of mind bogging and profusely enthralling music,

I might have frequented different continents every day; whizzed past over boundless territories of land and water; seated like a prince on the lavish upholstery of my personal plane,

I might have bought different toys every day; in my endeavor to amuse myself profoundly; reminisce way back into memories of, memories of unadulterated and innocuous childhood,

I might have worshipped different deities every day; advocating my firm belief in each form of God existing; through far and wide in this secularly woven orthodox world,

I might have taken the blessings of different mothers every day; revering and insurmountably respecting their irrefutable tenacity to evolve new life,

But let me tell you; that although everything in my life had been different every day, I still have no inhibitions in declaring that I have loved only one woman from the bottom of my heart; the very woman whom I would continue to adore for centuries immemorial; the very woman whose essence would keep lingering around my impoverished soul even under my grave, the woman who is none other than my beloved.

10. THE BIGGEST VICTORY FOR ME

The biggest happiness on this earth for me; was your velvety string of voluptuous eyelashes,

The biggest anticipation on this earth for me; was your daintily tinkling and approaching footsteps,

The biggest beauty on this earth for me; was the ensemble of ravishing hair

cascading lusciously down your petite shoulders,

The biggest security on this earth for me; was your immortal embrace making me invincible against any attack of the hostile world,

The biggest festival on this earth for me; was your enchanting pair of lips enticing me to rise like an untamed arrow even from the midst of thunderous snore and sleep,

The biggest literature on this earth for me; was the one embossed on your heart; the one hidden in your enigmatic eyes; which I took several lives to decipher,

The biggest mysticism on this earth for me; was your stupendously alluring shadow; that made me fall with a shudder on the naked ground,

The biggest imagination on this earth for me; was the countless strokes of your rubicund tongue as you spoke; uttering the English language with great command and unprecedented supremacy,

The biggest fire on this earth for me; was the desire burning in your soul; the overwhelming passion circulating rampantly in your crimson blood,

The biggest scent on this earth for me; was your golden perspiration that dribbled unrelentingly from your arms and toes,

The biggest atmosphere on this earth for me; was the breath flowing from your nose; the compassionate air diffusing imprisoning me in inseparable bonds of love,

The biggest fame on this earth for me; was to be known by your grace; to be called umpteenth number of times by you in the unveiling day,

The biggest wealth on this earth for me; was your unfathomable reservoir of emotion; the sparkling tears of ecstasy that oozed from your eyes as you sighted me,

The biggest venom on this earth for me; was the volley of expletives you hurled at me when profoundly agitated,

The biggest bruise on this earth for me; was the short time phase when you left me and went to visit your relatives,

The biggest religion on this earth for me; was the things you revered; the message you vehemently wanted to propagate and instill in all mankind,

The biggest shock on this earth for me; was when you closed your eyes for fractions of a second; sank to the ground for just a moment in sheer exhaustion,

The biggest pleasure on this earth for me; was lying every brilliant dawn and starry night in the impregnable folds of your lap; blending wholesomely with you as the winds drifted by,

And the biggest victory on this earth for me; was your body; the way it delectably swished and moved; the way it slept and awoke; and over and above all the way it uninhibitedly admired me for all what I was; irrespective of my infinite faults and fallacies.

11. PLEASE DON'T ORDER HER TO DIE

Take away my eyes instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her blind,

Take away my voice instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her dumb,

Take away my shadow instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her disappear,

Take away my feet instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her crippled and maim,

Take away all my happiness instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her depressed and maniacally gloomy,

Take away all my wealth instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her beg on the streets,

Take away all my dreams instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't break the blissful spell of her tantalizing fantasy,

Take away all my energy instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her weak and on the point of inevitable collapse,

Take away all my clothes instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her shiver uncontrollably,

Take away every chunk of my mind instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't mentally exert her even the slightest,

Take away my fluffy bed and mattress instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her sleep on the naked floor,

Take away all my teeth instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't give her even the slightest difficulty while she chewed food,

Take away all my blood instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't alleviate her zest and enthusiasm for life,

Take away all the juice trapped sumptuously in my stomach instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't starve her to bizarre limits,

Take away every trace of beauty from my body instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her ugly and hideously wicked,

Take away each hair shimmering on my scalp instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her embarrassingly bald,

Take away all my fingers instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't make her relinquish her ability to fantastically sketch,

Take away my breath instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't carry her to the heavens,

Take away my heart beat instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't stop hers from throbbing passionately,

And take away my life instead O! Almighty Lord; but please don't order her to die.

12. ONE SIDED

I loved the Himalayas for their snow clad peaks; the thin wisps of clouds marking the silver linings of the horizon,

However I hated the freezing currents of air descending down its slopes; the gusty avalanches of ice killing millions while trying to conquer it.

I loved the pen for inundating white paper with infinite lines of literature; granting a status to words which was greater than swords,

However I hated it when it penned down the death sentence; assisted the judge in making his final decision.

I loved the clouds for showering blissful droplets of rain; instilling new life in dead weeds and parched soil,
However I hated them for deluging low lying regions near the coast; sweeping several innocent in the fury of its waves.

I loved the handkerchief for its satiny caress; the delectable pillow it formed for me to sleep in the night,
However I hated it when the insane murderer, used it as a tool to strangulate the last iota of breath.

I loved the winding road to the palace; the festoon of lights shimmering, metamorphosing it into a marvel to stare at dusk,
However I hated it when it was slippery; fomented the cars to swerve wildly and collide thunderously with each other.

I loved the dainty wrist watch for displaying time all day; apprising me diligently of the sun setting behind the sea's,
However I hated it when it candidly announced; the seconds left until my death.

I loved the tree for its lanky stalks and sprawling branches; the clusters of ravishing fruit it bore on its leaves,
However I hated it when it fell with a thud; squelching innocuous children that came under its mighty sway.

I loved the fire for its crackling flames; the loads of compassionate warmth it generated well past after midnight,
However I hated it when it capsized my beloved in its swirl; charred her body to inconspicuous ash within a matter of few minutes.

I loved eating fish entangled in a conglomerate of seaweed; roasting it to perpetual golden brown; before dipping in piquant curry,
However I hated it when one of its intricate bones stuck incorrigibly in my throat; making me greedily gasp for life.

And I loved to desire; drown myself into the ocean of love; sizzle profoundly in the corridors of romance,
However I hated it when my passion was one sided; and the person whom I could die for couldn't even recognize my body when I was alive.

13. THE COMMON FACTOR

I was as hot as blistering fire; while she was stoical as placid ice,

I was ready to plunge into the unfathomably deep gorge; while she preferred to lie down in contentment on the silken mattress,

I was crimson red in anger when provoked; while she maintained a moon white complexion even when tormented to bizarre limits,

I was thirsty every unfurling second; while she was abstemious; able to sustain a marathon period on bland chunks of bread and water,

I was bubbling with tumultuous exhilaration to clamber Mount Everest; while she sat cross-legged on the floor; passive and unperturbed,

I was incessantly fantasizing about enigmatic tunes prevailing under the deep sea; while she preferred to brood in perpetual solitude,

I was floating high and handsome in the cotton wool of clouds; while she was more inclined towards browsing through books of commercial finance,

I was inevitably fidgeting about dismantling intricate bells in vicinity; while she languished in the same position for days; without causing the slightest ruffle on the pillow she caressed,

I was tearing food with exuberant gusto; pulverizing succulent grapes into fine juice with my teeth, while she inhaled the aroma of wine for infinite minutes; before eventually savoring it down her throat,

I was passionately dying to bathe in the rain; while she was abhorrent to the most minuscule sound of thunder; relishing the safety of the shower instead; with a plastic cap engulfing her head,

I was driven by waves of impetuosity every dawn; marching at electric speeds in my quest to conquer the planet, while she woke up after the world had arisen; suckling warm tea in the camouflage of her flocculent sheepskin,

I was chucking at every mosquito trying to infiltrate into my blissful eardrum; while she let them feast on her tantalizing blood; shrugging them off phlegmatically every once in a while,

I was busy contemplating about every individual I encountered; trying to decode through vagaries of his mind, while she sat like an impeccable sheep in front of strangers; more intent on appeasing him than unveiling the cadence of his voice,

I was ardently waiting to capsize upon every opportunity; to consolidate it into a veritable reality; while she let the weeks slip into fortnights; relying overwhelmingly on destiny to deliver,

I was stupendously confident in my abilities to tackle any barricade that confronted me in my way; while she was too meek to envisage as well as bear the slightest of difficulty,

I was burning in the aisles of desire as every draught of wet wind blew past my silhouette, while she let seasons come and go; refrained from igniting the sparks of romance between our entities,

I was philandering in the playground of fun; mischievously intermingling with the children playing on mushy grass; while she knelt stern and tight-lipped on the couch; scoffing disdainfully at the unruly noises made by our child,

I was always found transgressing the roads with wild curls of my hair blowing in tandem with the wind; while she drained the shampoo to the last drop; vigorously sorting the most infinitesimal of knot in her hair,

We were different in almost every thing we did; perhaps perceived all situations circumventing our bodies wholesomely antagonistic; but at the end of the day the common factor was; that we still loved each other; prayed unrelentingly to the creator to give us the power; of relinquishing our breaths together.

14. THE THING I HATED THE MOST

When I was driving my car through the meandering hills; feasting on the panoramic view of the mystical valley,
The thing I hated the most was a incessant flurry of dense traffic; halting the unprecedented flow of fantasy in my mind.

When I was swimming exuberantly in frothy waves of the ocean; taking the sizzling rays of the sun directly on my skin,
The thing I hated the most was the onslaught of inclement weather;
compounded
with swirling waters; which made me return back to the shore.

When I was studying diligently under the gloomy night lamp; pouring rapidly through infinite lines of fine script,
The thing I hated the most was pertinent voices of the neighbors; the discordant cacophony of the ticking clock.

When I was jogging across the sprawling race track; stupendously relishing the cool morning breeze striking my eyes,
The thing I hated the most was obnoxious wisps of smoke in the atmosphere; and the lace of my shoe getting entangled every now and then.

When I was painting exquisite shapes of the hill on a white canvas; executing vivacious strokes with my rustic brush,
The thing I hated the most was blotches of squalid dirt smudging with the color; pelting showers of rain prompting me to conceal my work.

When I was fervently viewing my favorite television program; with my feet well rested; and a festoon of fried chips lying by my side,
The thing I hated the most was violent fluctuation in voltage; which caused the images to ludicrously flicker in the screen.

When I was consuming a barrel of red wine; slurping the elixir with animated sips of satisfaction,
The thing I hated the most was the authorities catching me red handed; evacuating the alcohol out of me; by beating me black and blue.

When I was playing an intense game of chess; articulately maneuvering my pieces through the checkered squares,
The thing I hated the most was illegal moves by my opponent; which eventually led him to win the game.

When I was about to commence on an adventurous expedition; accompanied by hordes of my class mates,
The thing I hated the most was intermittent bouts of cold and fever; which instigated my parents to incorrigibly hold me back.

When I was earnestly praying to the almighty; with my arms crossed; eyes focused in tumultuous concentration,
The thing I hated the most was uncouth criminals bombarding the vicinity; permeating the sacrosanct ambience with ghastly sounds.

And when I was with my beloved; my face nestling passionately against her

broad shoulder,

The thing I hated the most was orthodox society hindering our romance; proving a deplorable barricade in the path of our immortal love.

15. WHAT IS THE USE

What is the use of a mirror that does not reflect pellucid images, fails to portray the true identity of an individual,

What is the use of a cow which does not give milk; keeps incessantly munching tones of green grass,

What is the use of a concrete road, which is unable to hold traffic; buckles down under the impact of vehicular load,

What is the use of a tree which does not bear succulent fruit; refrains to yield satiny shadows in order to cool dreary passengers,

What is the use of an aircraft, which stumbles to take off; let apart transport hordes of passengers,

What is the use of a pen that fails to write; inundate the spotless demeanor of bonded paper with umpteenth lines of literature,

What is the use of robust feet, which are unable to walk; transferring their possessors to their required place of destination,

What is the use of articulate fingers, which incorrigibly refuse to draw; hoist the slightest of load from ground,

What is the use of a slimy spider web that fails to imprison innocuous insects; snaps into multiple fragments at the tiniest of caress,

What is the use of car which refrains to start; stutters every unleashing second when traversing the lanes,

What is the use of a black thundercloud, which refrains to rain; sprinkle upon the parched earth bountiful droplets of water,

What is the use of a bell, which doesn't produce a shrill sound when rung; lies insipid and limp even when struck voraciously,

What is the use of a bird, which doesn't fly uninhibitedly in the sky; indolently sleeps in its nest on soil,

What is the use of teeth, which fail to chew food; grinding it scrupulously to facilitate digestion,

What is the use of a river, which does not flow; remains stagnant harboring a plethora of dead weed and dirt,

What is the use of the sun in the cosmos which does not shine; holding back its radiance and scintillating light from fumigating the earth,

What is the use of stars which do not twinkle resplendently at night; illuminate the gloomy ambience with rays of exuberant hope,

What is the use of eyes, which cannot see; admire the mesmerizing beauty of the globe,

What is the use of lips, which don't smile; effusively express feelings of warmth and congeniality,

What is the use of humans which don't procreate their progeny; fail to imbibe the essence of sharing in their counterpart mates,

What is the use of mud sprawled on the ground; unable to bear crop; blowing with the wind to settle in a bedraggled heap,

What is the use of sword, which miserably fails in protecting its master; in the end becomes an inevitable cause of his assassination,

What is the use of a lock, which opens with the most mundane of key; enabling burglars to pilfer and plunder at their free will,

What is the use of a scorpion, which is unable to sting; inject its lethal venom when it matters the most,

What is the use of life which is bereft of adventure; the philanthropic spirit to propagate peace,

And what is the use of a palpable heart which fails to beat even after witnessing true love; remains confined to realms of stringent sophistication.

16. I WANTED TO BREATHE, SLEEP, LIVE WITH YOUR NAME

I wanted to breathe your name each time I exhaled out air; impregnating the atmosphere with your mystical fragrance,
Facilitating your entity to settle; occupying all quarters of my cloistered room.

I wanted to sight your name each time I opened my eyes; granting it a status of being blissfully omnipresent,
Making me thoroughly oblivious to the tyranny of the world; the ghastly incidences unleashing themselves on the crowded street.

I wanted to hear your name each time sound drifted into my ears; transforming all other noise into your splendor,
Making your voice my song for the brilliant morning as well as my rhyme for the freezing night.

I wanted to recite your name each time I opened my lips; circumventing my face with an inevitable smile,
Imparting rubicund color to the corners of my cheek; and an enchanting glow to the fortress of my teeth.

I wanted to imprison your name each time I clenched my fists; keeping it forever locked in my embrace,
Shielding it wholesomely from nefarious looks of the world; the lechery of savage souls existing on this globe.

I wanted to digest your name each time I consumed food; enabling me to keep you in proximity with my intestines,
Eventually becoming an indispensable constituent part of my blood; circulating rambunctiously through my veins.

I wanted to envisage your name each time I felt like dreaming; profoundly incorporating my mind with your mesmerizing images,
Catapulting me to unprecedented territories of paradise; the very instant I wanted too.

I wanted to incarcerate your name on my tongue each time I felt thirsty; to satiate the burning chords bouncing in my throat,
Celestially pacifying my desires; leading me to holistic pathways of spiritual healing.

I wanted to write your name in grandiloquent bold letters each time my fingers

itched to move; accentuating it profoundly on bonded paper,
Portraying the enlightening effect that it has; when sighted in embossed script.

And I wanted to remember your name with the first beams of evanescent dawn;
and the last minute before shutting my eyes,
Blessing me with loads of courage to fight the acerbic day; sleep as unperturbed
as God in the ominous night.

17. ROPE OF LOVE

When they tied me in ropes of slender steel; mercilessly cupping my hands in an
airtight embrace,
I felt submerged by disparaging despair in the beginning; although after a while I
used my ingenuity and managed to wriggle out completely free from my
bondage.

When they wound me in ropes of sparkling diamonds; the acerbic edges of stone
pricked me severely in my veins,
I was a blend of tribulation and supreme rhapsody at witnessing the jewels;
although after a few hours I astutely succeeded to chisel the same and hastily
absconded.

When they strangulated me in ropes of threadbare rubber; securely tying my
hands and feet,
I felt the breath imprisoned in my chest stifling every unleashing minute;
although I somehow achieved to find a rusty knife; eloped like the frisky giraffe
after chafing my ropes.

When they enmeshed me in ropes of acrimonious thorns; the stinging nettles
made me profusely bleed,
I felt an obfuscated blur encircle my eyes; although after a few determined
gasps; I opened my barricades insurmountably flexing my muscles; and
decamped surreptitiously via the boundless ocean.

When they tethered me uncouthly in ropes of live snakes; with the hooded
monster snaring its venomous fangs on my cheek,
I felt an armory of Goosebumps creep up on my skin; sweat dribbling like
torrential rain from my body; although in the end I was able to defeat my lethal
adversary; and fled for my life as fast as those tiny legs of mine could carry me.

When they enslaved me in ropes of thick tree roots; a plethora of worms and
pugnacious ants crawled on my body from the same,

I initially felt miserable with the insects abhorrently tickling my flesh; although a few minutes of intense contemplation; I was able to unwind the knots; and galloped as speedily as I could from the dense jungle.

When they captivated me in ropes of blistering iron; stuffing my mouth with tons of fetid cotton,
I thought this was going to be my last day of holistic survival; although within seconds I discovered a gas stove nearby; judiciously used the flames to snap open my chains and then transgressed through the heavy door to escape.

When they incarcerated me in ropes of coarse cloth; hanging me upside down with my feet tautly kissing the tall ceiling,
I started perceiving the world as being grotesquely distorted; although after a few breaths I used my teeth to acrobatically open my chords; and fled the disdainful scenario; leaping through partially open window.

When they bound me in ropes of crude glass pieces; stripping every bit of cloth from my persona,
I felt a stream of fresh blood oozing incessantly from my raw wounds; although I still managed to break free vehemently flinging the pointed shards from my arms.

And eventually when they imprisoned me in the 'rope of love '; with my beloved lying blissfully by my side,
I endeavored as hard as possible to scamper away; but this time though the mesmerizing essence of her entity; the invincible power of her devotion for my being; held me incorrigibly on the ground; to bask for centuries unprecedented in the glory of her widespread arms.

18. CAN TRUE LOVE EVER DREAM OF BEING DESTROYED

Can callous stones lying on the ground; ever dream of flying soaring high in the clouds abreast with the birds?

Can inclement rain pelting from the sky; ever dream of heating the land instead of profusely soaking it?

Can foliated trees swaying high and handsome with the blowing wind; ever dream
of transforming into a diminutive ant?

Can the formidably constructed fortress; ever dream of crumbling down like a

pack of cards?

Can the ground on which we traversed; ever dream of disdainfully buckling down under our inconspicuous weight?

Can the magnanimous aircraft hovering at unprecedented heights in the air; ever dream of maneuvering through the crowded city streets?

Can the dazzling sun god in the cosmos; ever dream of submerging the atmosphere with pitch dark blackness instead of scintillating light?

Can the dog philandering unscrupulously through the streets; ever dream of not wagging his curved tail?

Can the vivacious chameleon bouncing between the hedges; ever dream of not changing its enchanting color?

Can the nectar oozing our bountifully from beehives; ever dream of being as salty as the wild sea?

Can the summit of the colossal mountain; ever dream of being in close quarters with the dilapidated road?

Can the inebriating elixir of opulent wine; ever dream of being like crystalline mineral water?

Can the ominous scorpion merrily gallivanting through the jungles; ever dream of not injecting its venomous sting?

Can the greasy lubricating oil; ever dream of not impregnating the surface with a slippery sheen?

Can the penguins born and existing in the savage cold of Atlantic; ever dream of blistering heat of the uncouth desert?

Can the angular soles of feet; ever dream of eloquently singing instead of inexorably trespassing infinite miles of cold territory?

Can the fragrant and scarlet rose; ever dream of emanating a fetid odor; a pugnacious smell resembling the leaking gutters?

Can the intangible photograph suspended from the wall; ever dream of emulating

the animated actions of a live man?

Can the mammoth elephant transgressing majestically through the forest; ever dream of floundering under the onslaught of sensitive breeze?

Can the violently swirling waves of the ocean; ever dream of becoming the condensed river?

Can the freezing cold bar of icecream; ever dream of scalding ones mouth?

Can the hideously towering demon brutally massacring innocuous people; ever dream of replicating God,

And 'can true love ever dream of being destroyed '; even if there came the greatest force from society to dismantle it; the wisest man in space to rebuke it; the mightiest power on earth to decimate it?

19. YOU LIVED IN MY HEART

You lived in my intricate eyes when I saw the world; taught me to discerningly distinguish between the good and evil,

You lived in my ears when I listened to sound; made me stringently aware of the most minuscule of voice in proximity,

You lived in my feet when I traversed the parched earth; making sure that my toes remained reinvigorated at all times,

You lived in my fingers when I wrote literature; making me chisel sheer magic out of nondescript words,

You lived in my stomach when I swallowed food; assisting me to scrupulously digest the same,

You lived in my nails when I scratched the wall; imparting me with the tenacity to peel off the pallid paint,

You lived in my tongue when I spoke; blessing me with the tact of producing a melodious noise,

You lived in my nostrils when I breathed air; seeing to it that the purest part of it entered the jacket of my lungs,

You lived in my veins when they pumped crimson blood; ensuring that it flowed rambunctiously all throughout the day,

You lived in my throat when I gulped cool water; facilitating it to smoothly cascade down my neck,

You lived in my luscious lips when I smiled; making it appear profoundly incarcerating in front of the audience,

You lived in my slender bones as I grew; impregnating them with tons of calcium; making me audaciously confront the most bizarre of situation,

You lived in my armory of teeth when I masticated my meals; making sure that I crushed each obdurate morsel into silken chowder,

You lived in my mind when I tried to contemplate; providing me with the most adept solution to my baffling enigma,

You lived in my scalp every time I felt like caressing it; incorporating the follicles of my hair with resplendent shine,

You lived in the wildest of my fantasies; the most weirdest of my dreams; making it wholesomely sure that they didn't cause me any harm,

You lived in the lines embossed on the back of my palm; chalking my destiny to be as bright as possible,

You lived in my sweat as it dribbled down my cheeks; inundating it with a perennial shine,

You lived in my scent as the day unveiled itself into shivering night; embedding my persona with an everlasting essence,

And most importantly you lived in my heart invincibly imprisoned; as it had absolutely no vacancy for any other entity to exist.

20. EQUAL EQUANIMITY

When I first saw her; I felt tremors of unparalleled excitement euphorically enshroud me; till the very last bone of my spine,

While today when we had perpetually coalesced in threads of immortal love; I

had not even the most infinitesimal iota of fear; as I willingly surrendered myself to the most ghastliest of death.

When I first saw her; I felt unsurpassable torrents of ecstatic rhapsody tingle me till times beyond blissful eternity; as I uncontrollably slithered in the clouds of timelessly endless desire,
While today when we had perennially bonded in flames of impregnable love; I philandered without even the tiniest of circumspection in my eyes; ready any instant for the most torturously truculent of death.

When I first saw her; I felt unfathomable infernos of exuberance envelop every ingredient of my scarlet blood; as I unrelentingly envisaged the compassionate magic of her sensuously ravishing caress,
While today when we had invincibly bonded in mists of bountifully unassailable love; I smilingly invited the corpse of traumatic death; unflinchingly bonding my spirit with the Omnisciently divine.

When I first saw her; I felt like the most majestic prince on this colossal earth; fabulously romanticizing in the realms of stupendous aristocracy and tantalizing passion,
While today when we had unshakably blended in the entrenchment of mesmerizing love; I trespassed even the most acrimonious fires of hell barefooted; liberating my mind; body and spirit; in wholesome entirety.

When I first saw her; I felt as if all enchantingly blooming goodness of the gigantic planet; had been sumptuously bestowed on my impoverished lap,
While today when we had irrefutably intermingled in the tunes of gorgeously everlasting love; I selflessly relinquished every organ of my body for all bereaved humanity; asking the devil to squelch me instead.

When I first saw her; I felt insatiably untamed whirlpools of longing profusely encapsulate my nimble flesh; with the yearning embrace her voluptuous body; overwhelmingly towering over every other thing on this Universe,
While today when we had unequivocally united in the fortress of unbreakable love; I had not the most capricious of apprehension; in imparting bone of my body to the valley of sadistic death.

When I first saw her; I felt as if I had just discovered my truest identity in vibrant existence; astoundingly spell bound by her regally Omnipotent footsteps,
While today when we had intransigently mated in the swirl of heavenly love; I wholeheartedly welcome morbid death on my doorstep; bid adieu to this planet with grateful contentment aligning the contours of my diminutive face.

When I first saw her; I felt that the fathomless horizons were a fraction too short; as the paradise of empathy in her marvelously enthralling eyes; stretched till boundless kilometers even beyond infinite infinity,
While today when we had irrevocably melanged in the ocean of vivacious love; I altruistically bestowed every speck of my breath to all those despicably thwarted; before handing my penurious body to the scavengers of vindictive death.

And when I first saw her; I felt that the beats of my passionately thundering heart made me the most priceless scintillating entity alive; as I embarked on an expedition of impeccable truth on every step that I tread,
While today when we had divinely fused in the fragrance of symbiotically philanthropic love; I handsomely saluted the chapters of life and inexplicable death with equal equanimity; was duly prepared for both any instant; whatever the Lord had in store for me.

21. PLEASE COME BACK O! BELOVED

Every bit of fabric in this remorsefully dilapidated room; reminded me of your fabulously enchanting grace; the way you sensuously wrapped yourself in resplendent
cotton; at the first rays of ethereally marvelous dawn,

Every bit of mirror in this treacherously solitary room; reminded me of your bountifully embellished lips; as you poignantly adorned yourself like a newly embarrassed bride; replenishing the astounding parting of your hair with; spell bindingly crimson vermilion,

Every bit of paper in this desolately forlorn room; reminded me of your regally articulate fingers; as you inundated fathomless landscapes of barren canvas; with
the gregariously enamoring beauty of the Universe around,

Every bit of wall in this drearily stabbing room; reminded me of your unflinchingly intrepid solidarity; the impregnably compassionate swirl of your philanthropic shoulders round me; when the planet beside had become a ghost town,

Every bit of mysticism in this horrendously lonely room; reminded me of your unrelentingly blissful fantasies; the voluptuous garden of piquant breaths that you emanated; well past the heart of enchanting midnight,

Every bit of toy in this perniciously sullen room; reminded me of your ecstatically jubilant stride; the wonderfully benign smile on your glorious lips; as you philandered beyond the lanes of timelessness with the angels divine,

Every bit of plant in this maliciously dolorous room; reminded me of your magnanimously miraculous caress; as you stupendously quelled all traumatized agony around; with the celestial melody in your voice,

Every bit of candle in this obdurately obstinate room; reminded me of your profoundly unbelievable dexterity; as you marvelously molded threadbare clay into silken apostles of peace; with ravishingly unending euphoria in your palms,

Every bit of friction in this manipulatively morose room; reminded me of your insatiably augmenting nubile beauty; as you blazingly ignited a trail of unsurpassable excitement; even in the most lividly frozen nerve of my impoverished body,

Every bit of clock in this bizarrely abandoned room; reminded me of your incredulously impeccable meticulousness; as you symbiotically blended your Omnipotent soul; with all benevolent goodness of the earth around,

Every bit of darkness in this dogmatically lambasting room; reminded me of your seductively titillating footsteps; the thunderously streaks of ebullient lightening that you wafted; under the curtainspread of the Moonless night,

Every bit of sound in this insipidly dithering room; reminded me of your Omnisciently humanitarian voice; the heartfelt empathy that you harbored for all organisms one and alike; in each sentence that diffused from your eternal mouth,

Every bit of dust in this preposterously sordid room; reminded me of your boisterously bubbling visage; as you voraciously cleansed each ingredient of dirt; before bowing down your nimble head in front of Lord Almighty,

Every bit of sharpness in this invidiously rotting room; reminded me of your vivaciously vibrant alacrity; as you emerged resurgently victorious; even in the most devilishly sinister situation of uncouth life,

Every bit of scent in this diabolically debasing room; reminded me of your everlasting fragrance; as you sparkled into a sky of heavenly freshness; a fairy of harmonious goodwill; every unfurling minute of the day,

Every bit of bed in this salaciously demoralizing room; reminded me of your rhapsodically tantalizing sleep; as you relentlessly fomented a whirlpool of never-ending excitement; with your uninhibited nudges and turns,

Every bit of air in this vengefully asphyxiating room; reminded me of your indefatigable elixir to exuberantly surge ahead in life; tenaciously determine yourself to holistically exist for a countless more lifetimes,

And every bit of light in this murderously neglected room; reminded me of your immortally Omnipresent love; as you perpetually bonded your sacrosanct spirit forever and ever and ever; with mine,

So wherever you are; please come back O! Beloved; as each beat of my impoverished heart and this room misses you; as the roof of this dwelling would pathetically collapse without you; as without you we all were a ghastly corpse with artificial breath; as without you life would never be life; ever again.

22. CHAINED PUPPET

My love for her was like raindrops pelting in torrential frenzy from crimson sky; as I unrelentingly fantasized about her charismatically voluptuous contours; all sweltering day and even way beyond the ghastly night, While she nonchalantly brushed the excess water from her skin; spuriously suckling sleazy wine with her extravagant bunch of; vagabond friends.

My love for her was like the Omnipotent rays of Golden Sun; as I perceived the radiance in her impeccable eyes to be the most holistic panacea to perpetually exist, While she disdainfully shrugged the excess light from her persona; flirtatiously eloping beyond the surreptitious hills; everyday with a different man of her choice.

My love for her was like the vibrantly fragrant flower; as I uninhibitedly wafted the scent of my eternal passion; all around her magnificently sacred visage, While she dogmatically shut her nose in utter abhorrence to the excess aroma; sensuously cuddling the capriciously fragile chest of a man; who would leave her soon like a piece of dilapidated shit.

My love for her was like the fathomless undulating sea; having not the slightest of boundary; having not the most evanescent of end, While she lugubriously preferred to walk infinite miles away on the bombastically arid land; with a man who capriciously adored her only for her embellished

jewelry and tantalizing flesh.

My love for her was like an overwhelming avalanche of unending beauty; as I wished all unsurpassable goodness of this planet to magnanimously descend upon her till times beyond eternity,
While she dolorously spat on all excess enthrallment with vindictive malice; preferring worthlessly manipulative men; who could take her for fugitive rides; in their silver Mercedes.

My love for her was like the unfathomably melodious beehive; relentlessly consecrating every step that she transgressed with all the unconquerable sweetness of this colossal Universe,
While she pathetically lambasted all the excess harmony with her stray apron strings; partying with men who devilishly desired her; only to whet their appetite.

My love for her was like the fervently mesmerizing mists; wonderfully titillating every ravishing nerve of her famished countenance; for boundless more births yet to unveil,
While she pugnaciously neglected all the excess enigma with a remorseful frown on her lips; frigidly dancing to the clatter of currency coin; as brutal demons ogled down her spine.

My love for her was like an ardently ingratiating inferno of breath; that triggered fireballs of insurmountably unending desire; even in the heart of the morbidly deadened night,
While she half-heartedly kicked on the excess exuberance; letting her spirit drift towards a man; who incessantly viewed her only through the clouds of his derogatory cigar smoke.

And my love for her was like an immortally euphoric heartbeat; perennially bonding with even the most infinitesimal of her senses; even as; diabolical hell took a vicious stranglehold of the earth divine,
While she insidiously squelched all the excess romance infiltrating her soul; leading her entire life like a puppet chained to the tyrannical devil; just because he changed the chain every moment with meaninglessly glittering gold.

23. THEIR IMMORTAL HEARTBEATS

The entire Universe satanically manipulated; while their impeccable eyes unrelentingly stared at each other; with an ardor unconquerable and till times beyond eternity,

The entire Universe lecherously sucked blood; while their voluptuous lips uncompromisingly kissed each other; exploring the sweetness of God's Omnisciently divine creation,

The entire Universe brutally discriminated till fathomless miles beyond the gallows; while their sensuously intricate feet nudged each other; igniting inferno's of spell binding infatuation; in the heart of the insidiously dolorous night,

The entire Universe murderously massacred; while their immaculate palms perpetually interlocked with each other; compassionately warming even the most infinitesimally frigid iota of; frozen ice,

The entire Universe tyrannically worked from nine to nine; while their tantalizing bellies ravishingly titillated each other; eternally bonding with thunderbolts of unendingly ecstatic desire,

The entire Universe invidiously rebuked all goodness; while their seductive eyelashes incessantly tickled each other; ebulliently philandering in the mists of innocuous newness; for centuries unprecedented,

The entire Universe disdainfully counted spurious bundles of currency; while their scarlet cheeks perennially blushed with each other; nervously fidgeting like a freshly embellished bride; under Omnipotent rays of the mid-day Sun,

The entire Universe dreadfully wandered in the aisles of commercial hell; while their exuberant voices unassailably bonded with each other; in the spirit of harmoniously United existence,

The entire Universe woefully sledged the essence of peace; while their poignant streams of blood burgeoned in blissful solidarity; ubiquitously disseminating the principles of mankind; on every path that they tread,

The entire Universe mercilessly lambasted into realms of obsolete oblivion; while their pristine necks innocuously caressed each other; vividly painting the panoramic landscape of this planet with astoundingly eclectic color,

The entire Universe savagely groped after dungeons of penalizing greed; while their sacrosanct shoulders stood holistically abreast each other; confronting the most acrimoniously torrid storms; with irrefutably supreme faith in the; Almighty

Lord,

The entire Universe remorsefully sulked 24 hrs a day; while their resplendently twinkling chins gloriously coalesced with each other; as their spirit of sacred togetherness metamorphosed all evil; into a bouquet of heavenly fragrance,

The entire Universe ominously plotted against weaker living kind; while their magically mesmerizing shadows forever amalgamated as one; benevolently blessing all humanity; one and alike,

The entire Universe sadistically orphaned humanitarian goodness; while their impreguably truthful souls timelessly coagulated in an entrenchment of celestial bliss; perpetuating the symbol of mankind to the most fathomless quarter; of this gigantic earth,

The entire Universe disdainfully abhorred intrepid adventure; while their miraculous footsteps unequivocally marched towards the path of scintillating righteousness; alleviating mother earth from the hands of the hideous devil,

The entire Universe spent the remainder of their lives in bombastic society meets and worthless cigar smoke; while their enthrallingly robust tongues intransigently discovered each other; triggering fires of bountiful belonging; even in the center of the morbidly soggy lake,

The entire Universe asphyxiated their nostrils with vindictive pollution; while their Omnipresent breath beautifully exhaled out as one; graciously consecrating a civilization of optimistic hope; on every path that they traversed,

The entire Universe insidiously cheated in graveyards of maligned castigation; while their divinely untainted brains relentlessly fantasized together; fabulously inundating the complexion of this planet with unfathomable happiness,

And the entire Universe existed worthlessly in webs of prejudice and eventually died; while their immortal heartbeats lived forever and ever and ever in flames of unshakable love; harboring its majestic goodness as the sole panacea to survive; for infinite more births yet to come.

24. JUMP

Don't jump into the acrimoniously blazing fires; you'll get gruesomely charred to infinitesimal chunks of barbarically threadbare ash,

Don't jump into the unfathomably deep ocean; you'll mercilessly drown; become an overwhelmingly succulent bait for the diabolically menacing shark,

Don't jump from the epitome of the precariously pernicious mountain; you'll disdainfully crumble into a stack of capriciously insipid bone and mud,

Don't jump into the sleazily grimy whirlpool of mud; you'll abominably slip towards the aisles of obnoxiously disappearing oblivion; like a cavalcade of debilitating dominoes,

Don't jump into the sonorously ghastly well; you'll asphyxiate yourself to a brutal death; with discordantly croaking frogs and treacherously heinous snakes; being your only soul mates,

Don't jump into the tumultuously marauding lion's den; you'll be ruthlessly pulverized to evanescent mincemeat by his satanic jaws; for just a tantalizingly appetizing starter; to his midday meal,

Don't jump into the web of savagely derogatory lies; you'll be unsparingly lambasted into realms of torturously tyrannical hell; with each ingredient of your impeccable blood ominously metamorphosing into the gory devil,

Don't jump into the remorsefully morbid graveyard; you'll feel miserably entrenched; with an unsurpassable fleet of penalizing ghost and invidious corpse,

Don't jump into the island of coldblooded emptiness; you'll feel like a breathing statue all right; but without the most obfuscated trace of vibrant life or stupendously exhilarating breath,

Don't jump into the circus of insidious manipulation; you'll have to devour sewage more derogatorily fetid than the gutters; as each instant unfurled into a wholesome minute,

Don't jump into the rambunctiously prowling crocodile pool; you'll soon feel that the ants were much bigger than yourself in size; as the devilish monsters sucked even the last droplet of your poignant blood,

Don't jump into the hideous vulture's nest; you'll be reduced till times beyond infinite infinity; into a penuriously sullen heap of colorlessly dead carrion,

Don't jump into the uncouthly crippling world of crime; you'll soon

metamorphose into a gruesomely livid and kicked commodity; with venomous bullets the only elixir embedded deep into your immaculate skin,

Don't jump into the ghoulishly unending maelstrom of discrimination; you'll find even the most minuscule aspect of your existence; more sinful than your grave could ever be,

Don't jump into the pool of innocent blood; you'll find the unfinished cries of countless innocuous; never letting you exist in celestial peace,

Don't jump into the perilously sinister battlefield of thorns; you'll be ignominiously ripped apart like a speck of worthless shit; tasting vindictively hostile blood on every step that you; dolorously slithered

Don't jump into the sledging shackles of insane frustration; you'll reach the most veritably last day of your life; even as the very first day of your life had just commenced,

Don't jump into the land of perfidiously agonizing betrayal; you'll baselessly crucify every panoramically resplendent moment of life; transform yourself into a breathing ghost,

And if you really wanted to blissfully counter all the traumatic don'ts; then do jump forever into the cradle of perpetual love; do jump forever into the garden of uninhibited compassion; do jump forever and ever and ever; into the religion of unassailable mankind.

25. WAGON OF LOVE

The wagon of relentlessly enthralling enchantment; exuberantly ran on wheels of tantalizingly mesmerizing fantasy,

The wagon of compassionately heartfelt emotions; amiably ran on the wheels of symbiotically holistic togetherness,

The wagon of celestially gratifying tranquility; affably ran on the wheels of selflessly bonding contentment,

The wagon of Omnipotently miraculous healing; unitedly ran on the wheels of philanthropically glorious solidarity,

The wagon of unbelievably rhapsodic happiness; uninhibitedly ran on the wheels

of ebulliently fantastic newness,

The wagon of blazingly unflinching patriotism; intrepidly ran on the wheels of flamboyantly never-dying fearlessness,

The wagon of eternally ecstatic fragrance; bountifully ran on the wheels of unfathomably priceless innocuousness,

The wagon of scintillatingly unparalleled success; blissfully ran on the wheels of irrefutably honest self-belief,

The wagon of voluptuously magnificent artistry; marvelously ran on the wheels of insatiably tantalizing discovery,

The wagon of everlastingly unconquerable prosperity; beautifully ran on the wheels of vivaciously resplendent melody,

The wagon of stupendously rejuvenating timelessness; impeccably ran on the wheels of unequivocally majestic faith,

The wagon of graciously charming color; vividly ran on the wheels of enthusiastically perennial humanity,

The wagon of invincibly Omnipresent unity; synergistically ran on the wheels of sacredly blessing mankind,

The wagon of fathomlessly reinvigorating beauty; immaculately ran on the wheels of unassailably regale truth,

The wagon of innocently unadulterated sleep; aristocratically ran on the wheels of bounteously milky moonlight,

The wagon of ubiquitously benevolent peace; ingratiatingly ran on the wheels of ardently mutual sharing,

The wagon of emolliently Omniscient purity; impregnably ran on the wheels of spotlessly magical conscience,

The wagon of vibrantly unfurling life; perpetually ran on the wheels of charismatically unshakable breath,

And the wagon of immortally burgeoning love; divinely ran on the wheels

of passionately thundering heart.

26. MADE ME REALIZE

The creases burgeoning sonorously on my forehead; made me realize; that I was getting painstakingly older,

The streaks of tantalizingly white lightening in the ambience around; made me realize; that I was incessantly erupting into a fireball of untamed sensuousness,

The voluptuous entrenchment of majestic roses in the garden; made me realize; that I wanted to timelessly philander through the aisles of uninhibitedly tingling romance,

The outlines of agonizing fervency on the periphery of my impoverished lips; made me realize; that I wanted to be insatiably kissed till times well beyond eternity,

The profusely articulate lines of destiny on my diminutive palms; made me realize; that each instant of my life; had been enigmatically embellished by the Lord Almighty,

The rambunctiously discordant reverberations in my stomach; made me realize; that even the most infinitesimal element in my intestine; was uncontrollably growling for sumptuous food,

The torrential downpours of silken rain in the atmosphere; made me realize; that the fantasizing wanderer in my soul; wanted to euphorically dance till the end of my time,

The unrelentingly Omnipotent blaze of the blistering Sun; made me realize; that I wanted to ubiquitously disseminate the essence of symbiotic brotherhood; to all my fellow comrades in inexplicably shivering distress,

The uncouthly indiscriminate trampling of the satanic devil; made me realize; that I wanted to relinquish every iota my penurious breath; in my mission to perpetually save all tyrannized mankind,

The ebulliently boisterous chirping of the innocuous squirrels and birds; made me realize; that I wanted to stretch my wings of inherent freedom; and soar like a regale prince through the gates of mesmerizing paradise,

The vivaciously resplendent rainbows in the cosmos; made me realize; that there were an unsurpassable shades to my infinitesimal life; with each of them eventually blossoming into a valley of charismatic enchantment,

The vibrantly pulsating beats of the bountifully bubbling nightingales; made me realize; that there was still an innocent child in my manipulatively bizarre conscience; erupting into a fountain of untamed ecstasy; every unfurling instant of the brilliant day,

The ravishingly rejuvenating waterfalls on the slopes; made me realize; that I ardently needed to be caressed from all sides; replenishing every ingredient of my famished blood with all astronomically aristocratic beauty; that hovered in the atmosphere,

The indefatigable twitching of my uncannily exploring eyelids; made me realize; that I wanted to fervently discover every beautifully twinkling cranny of this wonderful Universe; infinite births even after my veritable death,

The relentlessly ricocheting echoes in the gorge; made me realize; that the inferno of hidden desires in me; was tumultuously urging to fulminate into wisps of magical togetherness,

The poignantly crimson color of my blood; made me realize; that there was irrefutably only one religion in the entire planet; and that was the religion of priceless humanity,

The titillating whispers of the tranquil tree leaves around; made me realize; that each pore of my indigently trembling skin; wanted to be compassionately caressed by unfathomable reservoirs of truth; and sparkling righteousness,

The gloriously piquant that wafted down my surrendering nostrils; made me realize; that life was the most enlightening endowment upon every living being; the harmoniously sacred mantra to bond with the Almighty Divine,

And the intransigently throbbing beats of my passionate heart; made me realize; that there I had fallen in love; bonding more invincibly with its heavenly swirl; as each second unveiled into a civilization of newness; as each moment brought alongwith it the perpetual blessings; of the Almighty Lord.

27. WHEN SHE ABANDONED ME

There was a time when she had just come into my life like thunderbolts of white

lightening; igniting each pore my penuriously famished skin; with infernos of insatiably burgeoning desire,
While today when she abandoned me; I felt worse than a frigidly dying matchstick; with all scarlet blood in my veins now metamorphosing into trash more insipidly worthless; than the stinking gutters.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like a garden of bountifully blossoming roses; melodiously enlightening each element of my impoverished existence; with a fountain of ebulliently rhapsodic scent,
While today when she abandoned me; even the most infinitesimal trace of my voice froze in the center of my throat; as I felt every possible devil in this treacherous world; ruthlessly lambasting into bizarre submission; till times even beyond my grave.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like an ecstatically frolicking butterfly; triggering me to philander for times immemorial; through clouds
of seductively unparalleled mysticism,
While today when she abandoned me; each iota of my bedazzling sight transformed into an entrenchment of ghastly blindness; rendering me utterly hopeless and devastated; amidst the pack of savagely blood sucking wolves.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like a boisterously golden bee; deluging even the most diminutive step that I took; with timelessly perennial sweetness,
While today when she abandoned me; all my Herculean resilience converted into an orphaned puddle of cowardice; as I trembled in uncontrollable disbelief at even the most capricious wavering of my shadow.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like an Omnipotent angel; celestially maneuvering each aspect of my manipulative existence; towards the path of irrefutably sacrosanct righteousness,
While today when she abandoned me; I found myself being pulverized more and more brutally as the Sun rose in the sky; with even the satanic vultures refraining to caress; my abhorrently decaying skeleton.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like a cloud of insurmountably blissful fantasy; engendering me to unrelentingly romanticize all spell binding goodness; on this colossal planet,
While today when she abandoned me; every ingredient of my visage abnegated even the slightest of desire to survive; as I surrendered myself wholeheartedly; to the lap of murderously penalizing hell.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like a vivaciously tantalizing peacock; fabulously rousing me from my reverie; like a titillating mirage of pristinely nubile beauty,
While today when she abandoned me; the lines of poignant destiny abruptly vanished from my indigent palms; as I meaninglessly groped through a dungeon of traumatizing darkness; like a ghost without head or majestic feet.

There was a time when she had just come into my life like a heavenly mist of passionately enchanting breath; granting me the tenacity to unflinchingly live; and ensure that my comrades existed in harmoniously symbiotic happiness,
While today when she abandoned me; even the most remotest trace of life from my lungs raced infinite feet beneath my veritable grave; with my carcass being grotesquely kicked by all passing by; at rampant will.

And there was a time when she had just come into my life like an immortal spell of love; making my heartbeats the richest on this aristocratic Universe; as she unconquerably bonded her benign spirit with wandering existence,
While today when she abandoned me; I relentlessly cursed my survival to be the most insidious burden on planet earth; eventually slashing my nerves indiscriminately; to die and perhaps savor those few minutes of her love; once again in the next birth.

28. CAPABLE OF DOING

Perched in morbid silence upon its nest; made it feel that it was a horrendous piece of obliterated shit; decaying in the dungeons of malicious boredom,
While the regale eagle realized what it was magnificently capable of doing; only when it spread its majestic wings a profound throttle; and ecstatically surged forward in fathomless puffs of; vibrantly exhilarating sky.

Lazing languidly in its cavern of forlorn darkness; made it feel that it was an inconspicuous mosquito; being ominously devoured by the unsparingly asphyxiating atmosphere around,
While the royal lion realized what it was unassailably capable of doing; only when it spread its thunderously furry legs; majestically sprinted in the boundless expanse of the mystical forests; reigning supreme for times immemorial.

Sulking miserably in its hive of disdainfully sticky mucus; made it feel that it like existing infinite feet beneath its grave; although it still possessed perfectly glorious life,
While the aristocratic bee realized what it was melodiously capable of doing; only

when it unveiled its vivaciously resplendent wings a marvelous blossom;
ecstatically hummed and buzzed on the heavenly rose; as the Sun bestowed its
bountifully golden rays.

Pathetically camouflaged behind the entrenchment of frigidly soggy clouds; made
it feel the most diminutively impoverished entity on earth alive; though it was
the nearest to the Almighty lord from all sides,
While the Omnipotent Sun realized what it was celestially capable of doing; only
when it unraveled its unconquerably scintillating artistry to the most stupendous
fullest; profusely deluging even the most infinitesimally obscure cranny of this
gigantic Universe; with spell binding hope and optimistic shine.

Lugubriously slithering on the nonchalantly reticent iceberg and cursing its
tyrannized past; made it feel as if a singleton globule of insipid water was
enough to brutally drown it towards its ungainly doom,
While the gladiator shark realized what it was resurgently capable of doing; only
when it euphorically propelled forward like white lightening through the
ravishingly choppy waters; unrelentingly exploring the mysticism of the
tantalizingly poignant sea.

Surreptitiously hiding behind the sequestering mountains; made him feel like a
pancake of ludicrous nothingness; although he had the flag of his sacrosanct
country in his hands,
While the patriotic soldier realized what he was fearlessly capable of doing; only
when he unflinchingly entered the heart of the battlefield with insatiable fires
igniting his eyes; as he relinquished even the last of his breath; for immortalizing
the glory of his divine motherland.

Rotting in the despicably delinquent dungeons; made it feel as if it was the
poorest chunk of neglected garbage; parsimoniously alive,
While the enamoring cistern of diamonds realized what they were pricelessly
capable of doing; only when they sprang up in harmonious unison of holistic
earth; marvelously enlightening the complexion of the ghastly night; with
unequivocally pristine light.

Imprisoned in realms of rigidly disgusting silence; made it feel as if was an
inexplicably wavering orphan; staggering into discordant incoherence as every
instant unleashed into a wholesome minute,
While the enchanting voice realized what it was exotically capable of doing; only
when it uninhibitedly bounced out of the throat; bloomingly perpetuating every
ingredient of the disastrously dull ambience; with sounds of cheer and
astounding solidarity.

And gruesomely incarcerated within the chest and boundaries of the conventionally lambasting society; made it feel as if it were an insidious robot being vindictively controlled every second; by reigns of bizarrely barbaric manipulation,

While the unconquerable heart realized what it was blissfully capable of doing; only when it ecstatically leaped out of the chest; immortally uniting each of its resplendently passionate beats with eternal love; love and only priceless love.

29. INVALUABLE BLOOD

Placid streams of blood trickled down my nape, forming crisscross patterns; like slithering reptiles, I had accidentally brushed against a protuberant nail, smilingly bore the aftermath of crimson blood staining crisp arenas of my cotton shirt.

Volatile springs of blood spewed from my ribs, as I bore the savage onslaught of multitudinal knives, producing sinister fountains of unseething agony, subjecting my tender skin to a plethora of ghastly bruise, I stood unperturbed; enthralled by the iridescent light of the moon, uttering inaudibly soft groans beneath cabin covers of my breath.

Segregated globules of blood cascaded down my bohemian hands, trespassing subtle barriers of blond hair emanating from my flesh, as cluster of sea blue leech sucked cupidly; from the hollow of my arm, I sordidly stood my ground; bearing tumultuous waves of agony, grimacing my teeth like a mansion with reinforced glass.

Rollicking blades of the ceiling fan, plucked splinters from my bone, as the contraption fell in full speed on my persona, there was an canal of blood that oozed from my lips, with an unrelenting flow of septic body fluids, I still refrained from submerging my eye in tears, burying my head deep within crustacean sands of earth.

I then witnessed them battering her with boomerangs of serrated metal, dismantling hair on her scalp with their plagued hands, slapping her cheek with a volley of abuse, with faint rivulets of invaluable blood drooling down her luscious lips, I couldn't bear it any longer; the endurance in me dying a stifled death,

as I leapt in vehement indignation towards the bunch of miscreants; and for the first time cried.

30. THE WANDERING NOSE

When I rubbed my nose in finely crushed extract of green chili,
fumes of opalescent white gas emanated in quick successions from my nostril.

When I submerged my nose partially in freshly moistened earth,
the exotic scent of mud sent waves in my brain catapulting to dizzy heights.

As I pressed my nose against slender slices of piquant garlic,
obnoxious shivers ran at electric speeds down my spine.

After caressing my nose with the chrome steel tip of the perfume bottle,
a host of frivolous desires crept wildly through my persona.

When I kneaded my nose through a heap of glittering gold,
ostentatious feelings of opulence flooded penurious zones of my heart.

As I kissed my nose in the rotten pulp of decaying mango,
an ocean of sheer abhorrence descended down my soul.

When I poked my nose in a dense camouflage of brilliant rose petal,
the mesmerizing fragrance of the flower held me captive for hours on the trot.

When I held my nose in proximity with paltry pinches of pungent pepper,
iterative bouts of sneezing exhausted all energy trapped in my chest.

As I opened orifices in my nose to inhale clouds of disdainful black smoke,
twin pairs of my eyes started to water emphatically.

And when I dipped my nose in precious blood oozing from my beloved,
a cluster of olfactory nerves got nostalgically revived,
I felt besieged by the overwhelming power of devotion,
was ready to relinquish all that was essential in order to sustain our love.

31. FANTASTIC BEGINNING

Currently your eyes were just eyes; casting their impeccable blacks and whites to
the very places they liked,
While I was waiting for the moment; when they would ooze poignant globules of

empathy; candidly divulge the mysticism hidden in their softness; under the glistening effulgence of the Sun.

Currently your lips were just lips; tightly pursing every now and then; whenever you were entrenched with bouts of utter frustration,
While I was waiting for the moment; when they were besieged with a stupendously charismatic smile; enlightening the pathetically morbid atmosphere; with the ingratiating aura that they possessed.

Currently your cheeks were just cheeks; scowling a trifle; as beads of perspiration and a battalion of flies buzzed incongruously against their rotund periphery,
While I was waiting for the moment; when they profusely blushed; triggering untamed mountains of sensuous flames; in the bewitching dreariness of the night.

Currently your hair were just hair; miserably incarcerated beneath a deluge of monotonous ribbon and stringent braids,
While I was waiting for the moment; when they swept ravishingly with the brazen winds; landed on my flesh; to transit me into a spell of tantalizing delight.

Currently your belly was just a belly; contentedly snoozing as your consumed the fraternity of food; which tingled your tongue the most,
While I was waiting for the moment; when it gyrated full throttle under the pearly moonshine; raving me like a shooting star from my den; boundless feet beneath the ghastly grave.

Currently your hands were just hands; lying in timid unison on soil; as the Sun silently transcended over the horizons,
While I was waiting for the moment; when your royal fingers united together in splendid harmony; making me soar like an impregnable bird over the land of infinite infinity.

Currently your voice was just a voice; rhythmically rising and falling in the air; as you inevitably unleashed the chords of your dwindling throat,
While I was waiting for the moment; when you sung the song lingering deep in your soul; inundating my baselessly hopeless life; with the tenacity to exist beyond my time.

Currently your footsteps were just footsteps; nimbly caressing the mud as you sloppily commenced your journey; to search for indispensable fodder for your life,

While I was waiting for that moment; when you philandered barefoot through the rhapsodically romantic hills; splashed your divinely countenance in water; freshly tumbling from the carpets of blue sky.

Currently your life was just a life; unveiling lackadaisically with the fading times; trudging pathetically through a land which was sinking with the gloomy second, While I was waiting for that moment; when it blissfully blossomed into a perpetual relationship; exultating in the full fledged flavor of celestial existence.

And Currently your heart was just a heart; palpitating to the tunes of survival; as you aimlessly groped into a tunnel of gruesome blackness; while the rest of the world marched outside,

While I was waiting for the moment; when your sacred chest immortally radiated the beats of love; bonded with the person it yearned for and cherished; galloping towards the rays of a fantastic beginning.

32. THE BEST LOVER

Your eyes made me the best poet in this Universe; penning down unsurpassable lines of mystical verse; profoundly lost in the tunnel of their majestic enchantment,

Your cheeks made me the best artist in this Universe; sketching the mesmerizing outlines of your shadow as you royally walked,

Your hair made me the best dancer in this Universe; gyrating enigmatically under the milky moon as they swished; drowning myself profusely in the exuberant energy that radiated from their countenance,

Your eyelashes made me the best sculptor in this Universe; molding ingratiating magic out of threadbare bits of clay; capturing the beauty of the wind in my myriad of vivacious shapes,

Your lips made me the best musician on this Universe; diffusing an incomprehensible battalion of melodious tunes; wholesomely drifting with the divinely aura lingering around your demeanor,

Your scent made me the best Doctor on this Universe; efficaciously treating the most heinous of disease with nonchalant ease; instilling in me insurmountable fortitude to rise upto every occasion of life,

Your fingers made me the best magician on this Universe; as I cast my

astounding spell on every entity who encountered me in my way; tumultuously inspired by your magnetic senses,

Your palms made me the best astrologer on this Universe; prognosticating the most inconspicuous of disaster likely to happen; remembering the rhapsodically tinkling sound of your footsteps,

Your leap made me the best athlete in this Universe; exploring every corner of the planet; with untamed euphoria engulfing the most remotest corner of my dreary bones,

Your speech made the best philosopher in this Universe; advocating the most sacrosanct ideologies of humanity; blending with the uninhibited philanthropism which flowed handsomely from your visage,

Your tenacity made me the best devotee in this Universe; supremely realizing the irrefutably invincible results of conviction in the inner self,

Your charisma made me the best achiever on this Universe; rising from a traumatized mountain of ashes; each time I tripped like a pack of devastated cards on obdurate ground,

Your soul made the best scholar on this Universe; disseminating all that I had imbibed since the first cry of nascent birth; to the most obsoletely neglected parts of this colossal earth,

Your stride made me the best conqueror on this Universe; marching unrelentingly with an unflinching glimmer in my eyes; to keep escalating even after the absolute summit of success,

Your spirit of unity made me the best humanitarian on this Universe; embracing even the most alien around me; as my revered garland of brothers and sisters,

Your smile made me the best optimist on this Universe; incinerating a sky of dazzling light; in the midst of satanically savage and despairing darkness,

Your conscience made me the most truthful being on this Universe; relinquishing the tiniest trace of evil; drifting into a paradise of impeccable righteousness,

Your breath made me the best person existing alive on this Universe; having the astronomical resilience to take birth an infinite times; till the time I metamorphosed my dreams as well as those of my mates; into an immortal

reality,

And your heart made me the best lover on this Universe; bonding with the threads of perpetual belonging; riding and sharing the wave of ebulliently swirling passion; in every form; that I took birth again and again and again.

33. NEUTRAL

Neither did she grin flirtatiously towards my countenance; winking at me intermittently to let her playful intentions known,
Nor did she scowl in utter disdain witnessing my facial contours; shrugging me off like a baseless mountain of matchstick.

Neither did she languish in the astoundingly seductive scent that wafted from my arms; clinging passionately to my shivering persona,
Nor did she kick me ruthlessly with her feet; prosecuting me to ash like an ungainly trespasser.

Neither did she appreciate the tunes that I melodiously sung in the dolorous atmosphere; nodding her head in the cadence of the alluring sound,
Nor did she push me off guard; hurtling me down the treacherously truculent slope of the deep valley.

Neither did she stare at me as the Sun unveiled magnificently from behind the horizons; absorbing my untamed passion in her eyelashes,
Nor did she cast an overwhelmingly cold shoulder as she lingered beside me; making me wholesomely disappear in the cloud of dust which emanated when she kicked.

Neither did she empathize with the agony that poured from my eyes; the whirlwind of inexplicable desire that engulfed my demeanor all night and day,
Nor did she tell her pet to lick the tears that lay disheveled on my shadow; strangulating the breath out of me with her dingy broomstick.

Neither did she realize the unprecedented river of infatuation that besieged my blood; the fulminating volcano of attraction that I harbored for her every unleashing instant,
Nor did she neglect me like paint miserably peeling from the walls; battering me into realms of absolute submission.

Neither did she ever caress me with her nails; never understanding how much I wanted to hear her whisper in my ardent ears,

Nor did she discard me in the very instance she sighted my rubicund lips;
shunting me perpetually from the tiniest iota of her ingenious memory.

Neither did she bond with the beats of my turbulently pulsating heart; exploring
its unfathomable dormitories of love; which wanted to be solely her slave,
Nor did she ever divulge any hatred for my diminutive stature on this boundless
planet; burying me infinite feet under my corpse; when I was blissfully breathing
and alive.

And neither did she love me till the time I existed; not comprehending the
compassion in my soul to be reborn a countless times; for being immortally hers,

And nor did she possess any intention to kill me like an pertinently irascible
mosquito; nor did she want that I left mother earth in an incredulous hurry.

Its definitely startling; but true; God had made several relationships like ours
which were neutral; yet unique relationships bonded by invincible threads of
humanity.

34. THE SPEARHEAD OF LOVE

As much as it overwhelmingly separates,
It bonds you immortally beyond the most passionate realms of your enchanting
imagination.

As much as it rises like a fulminating volcano; infinite kilometers above the
clouds,
It uninhibitedly embraces even the most impoverished of entity; enlightening the
gloomy corridors of desperation with its glorious festoon of optimistic rays.

As much as it pacifies like white ice; to the most ultimate of the hearts content,
It ignites untamed infernos of turbulent desire; metamorphosing pathetically
dwindling souls; into entities with an infinite lives.

As much as it absorbs the overwhelmingly poignant emotion lingering in the
atmosphere,
It disseminates the spirit of friendship; indefatigably all across the surface of this
fathomless planet.

As much as it strikes inexplicably like torrential downpours of vivacious lava,
It promises you a life more blissful than the divine; fortifying its foundations of

benevolent humanity astoundingly by the unveiling minute.

As much as it makes room for every conceivable fantasy to circulate intriguingly in the mind,
It harnesses your every goal into a perpetual reality; catapulting you to the most astronomical summit of scintillating success.

As much as it perseveres unrelentingly all night and each instant of the uncouthly sweltering day,
It transits you into a land of stupendous care and empathy; a paradise where you experience the most enthralling ingredients of a complete life.

As much as it tantalizes the most pragmatic beyond the dormitories of sagacious control,
It makes you believe in every step you take; propelling you to intrepidly defend the unsurpassable battalion of obstacles that confronted you; insidiously in your way.

As much as it bequeaths upon you a tenacity of having wholesomely led countless lives,
It takes you back to the first cry of your infantile life; making you bounce rhapsodically in the sacrosanct lap of your mother.
And as much as it melts you in the enigmatic trail of profusely charismatic seduction,
It unites you with every tangible and intangible element on this gigantic earth; granting you the ultimate status of being addressed as a human; granting you the right to love; to being loved; and being possessed by it; the spearhead of love.

35. ROYALLY ALIVE

The rays of flamboyant Sun; sizzle me beyond the threshold of ultimate ecstasy,

The rays of the resplendent stars; reinvigorate my dolorously dreary night with stupendous charm and vibrant twinkles,

The rays of untamed desire; trigger me to insatiably dream; transcending the boundless realms of enigmatic eternity,

The rays of the milky moon; catapult me into a land of tumultuous jubilation; where I romance in waves of ebullient frolic,

The rays of profuse nostalgia; transit me into realms of impeccable childhood; where I bounce with uninhibited mischief; in the sacrosanct lap of my mother,

The rays of tantalizing beauty; make me indefatigably feel that I was in incredulously enchanting paradise; blending blissfully with the divine,

The rays of irrefutable honesty; lead me to intransigently believe that there were still humans existing in today's blood sucking world,

The rays of lecherous bloodshed; make me feel like relinquishing every iota of what I had assimilated till today; whiling life in perpetual recluse; away from man's cannibalistically stinking world,

The rays of mystical enigma; propel me to ponder upon the most inexplicable of ingredients; blended exotically with the atmosphere,

The rays of voluptuous rhapsody; maneuver the most intricate of my senses across the most fathomless continents of poignantly escalating passion,

The rays of celestial peace; make me handsomely oblivious to the insurmountable battalion of manipulation; unveiling in torrential cloudbursts every succeeding minute,

The rays of invincible friendship; make me feel more fortified than the most Herculean of fortress; projecting from this planet,

The rays of wholesome freedom; foment me miraculously to realize that I was leading my life to the fullest; basking in the melodious glory of the wind to the ultimate of its capacity,

The rays of illegitimate discrimination; make me feel as if I was transgressing full throttle in the dormitories of hell; although I was still replete with robust energy and breathing alive,

The rays of ambition; inundated my persona with whirlpools of overwhelming desire to excel; achieve the most acrimoniously persevering goals; with an unstinted pride in my eyes,

The rays of heavenly wisdom; stimulated an unsurpassable myriad of benevolence in my mind; drifting me towards the summit of inevitable realization,

The rays of salaciously guilty conscience; make me crumble down like an edifice of brittle cards; although I possessed the entire wealth on this boundless globe,

The rays of betrayal; make each breath of mine overwhelmed with a billion pugnacious knives; uncouthly asphyxiating traces of my serene existence,

The rays of philanthropic unity; grant me the Omnipotent tenacity of leading an infinite lives more; in this solitarily single lifetime of mine,

And the rays which emanated from your majestic eyes; make me feel that I was in everlasting love; make me feel that I was stronger than any entity on this earth and royally alive.

36. I MISSED YOU - PART 2

There were no tears left in my eyes; wholesomely extricated of the last iota of moisture engulfing the impeccable whites,

There was no sweat left in my arms; horrendously withering towards the whirlpool of absolute extinction,

There were no emotions left in my blood; with its profusely scarlet shades metamorphosing into a lifeless slurry of dolorously colorless water,

There were no dreams left in my mind; preposterously relinquishing its most minuscule reservoir of memory forever,

There was no ambition left in my senses; miserably succumbing to the most infinitesimal matchstick of soggy dirt that encountered them in their way,

There was no color left in my lips; crumbling pathetically like avalanches of insipid ash; at the slightest of nonchalant caress,

There was no euphoria left in my veins; wavering like ludicrous threads in the atmosphere; into a well of deplorable renunciation,

There were no tunes left in my throat; drearily blending with the abysmally barren desert sands; sinking every tangible entity in the treachery of their belly,

There was no passion left in my footsteps; sounding more capricious than the nimble fledged ant; entirely disappearing beyond the horizons of oblivion even before they were born,

There was no tenacity left in my bones; transiting into frigidly squelched pulp; as the first droplet of rain cascaded from the sky,

There was no mysticism left in my shadow; sprawling like a cloud of nondescript chalk; burying itself infinite kilometers beneath the soil at the most frugal insinuation of darkness,

There was no charisma left in my speech; with all the whispers diffusing from my mouth; sounding worse than the squeak of an imprisoned mouse,

There was no rhapsody left in my actions; with each shoulder I advanced towards the sky; entrenching me perpetually in an overwhelmingly hostile arcade of venomous thorns,

There was no mischief left in my cheeks; with each dimple forming; invidiously dragging me towards the sinister island of tyrannical hell,

There was no semblance left in my persona; as I insanely stuttered towards the island of miserable doom; racing like an untamed warship towards the corridors of self extinction,

There was no inspiration left in my existence; as I collapsed like a pack of ignominious cards to blend with derogatory soil; even under the most flamboyantly sweltering sunshine,

There was no breath left in my nose; perennially annihilating every sign of life from the inner most rudiments of my disastrously mocking caricature,

And there were no beats left in my heart; as it coalesced profoundly with its grave; trudging survival like a lackluster leaf without the remotest trace of vivacity,

As I missed you more than clouds miss this earth O! enchanting Beloved; and although I trespassed every unveiling minute like a ghost with contemporary flesh and bone; my soul had united with yours O! Beloved; would immortally remain yours forever whether you slept for centuries unprecedented; or took birth as an infant once again.

37. HEAVEN AS WELL AS HELL

I was ready to bathe in a tumultuous whirlpool of tears; perpetually drowning

myself in an ocean of inexplicable sorrow,
For just an inconspicuous smile of yours; a single cheer that rhapsodically
enveloped your rubicund lips.

I was ready to puncture my eyes with the most acrimoniously deadly needles;
spending my boundless lifetimes in a blanket of macabre darkness,
For just a single twinkle in your enchantingly exotic eyes; the glimmer of
ravishing fantasy that lingered profusely in the flutter of your mystical eyelashes.

I was ready to lie on a blistering corpse of a million raving coals; wither to
infinitesimal fragments of a solitary bone,
For just a single leap of yours towards the unsurpassable cocoon of blue sky; a
wave of vivacious enthusiasm radiating from each corner of your bountiful skin.

I was ready to plunge head on into a valley of incomprehensible silence; with the
winds of diabolical trauma consuming the intricate insides of my body like fireballs
of untamed despair,
For just a single whisper which emanated from the realms of your spell binding
throat; pacifying all murderous catharsis which fulminated at the most
ephemeral crack of mayhem.

I was ready to starve till times beyond eternity; rot and dwindle pathetically like
a leaf without its veins; at the tiniest draught of wind,
For just a single dream that floated majestically in your mind; the glow of
insurmountable celestial contentment that profoundly besieged each contour of
your divinely face.

I was ready to beg on the streets for times immemorial; lick the dust on the road
till the last trace of my tongue disappeared into non-existent wisps of obsolete
oblivion,
For just a single ambition of yours; the fathomless repertoire of riches you
always desired kissing the periphery of your heavenly feet.

I was ready to shun all activity in this Universe; deaf my senses to the most
enticingly jubilating sounds,
For just a single impression of your magnanimously mystifying persona; the
inexorably fulfilling shadow which encompassed your Omnipresent form.

I was ready to transgress all my life on bedsheets of smoldering thorns; invite an
unending festoon of leech to suck the last drop of blood from within the
conglomerate of my veins,
For just a single droplet of your golden perspiration; the poignant volcano of

untamed passion which inundated your soul.

And I was ready to die an unimaginable number of deaths; surrender myself wholeheartedly into the lap of extinction before I diffused the first cry of palpable birth,

For just a single life of yours; the torrential downpour of immortal love which culminated from each pore of your visage; which made me feel exuberantly alive; both in heaven as well as hell

38. EVERY HEART WANTED TO BATHE

Every shark wanted to bathe in the gloriously undulating sea; with the profusely tangy waves catapulting it into a land of tantalizing rhapsody,

Every duck wanted to bathe in a pond of tranquil ripples; let the serenity of the resplendent stars cast a spell on its lonely night,

Every petal wanted to bathe in a blanket of dew drops; let the stupendously ravishing stream; overwhelmingly pacify its frazzled senses,

Every desert wanted to bathe in cloudbursts of rain; the titillating globules of liquid blissfully penetrating through its sheath of tyrannically traumatized agony,

Every shoe wanted to bathe in pools of stringent carbolic; ordering the pungent foam to extricate from it; the last iota of dust and disdainful grime,

Every dwelling wanted to bathe in whirlpools of fresh paint; rejuvenating its dolorously dilapidated exteriors with vivacious coats of nascent paint,

Every patient wanted to bathe in rivers of potent antiseptic; massacre the germs of inexplicable disease from their very roots; to blossom once again into rays of optimistic happiness,

Every cuckoo wanted to bathe in the winds of ephemeral dawn; wholesomely propelling it to emanate melody from the inner most recesses of its chest,

Every seed wanted to bathe in bedsheets of soil; nourishing and harnessing it to evolve into a majestically handsome planet,

Every oyster wanted to bathe in festoons of shimmering pearls; bask in the incredulously magnificent aura of royalty for centuries immemorial,

Every dungeon wanted to bathe in despondently solitary darkness; the tornado of gloomy black drowning it into the cavern of inexplicable mysticism,

Every nose wanted to bathe in a maelstrom of fascinating perfume; letting the heavenly redolence tickle its tunnels beyond the realms of mesmerizing paradise,

Every beggar wanted to bathe in torrential downpours of opulent gold coin; let the glitter of indispensable fodder enlighten his forlorn paths of bizarre starvation,

Every bee wanted to bathe in cascades of wonderfully golden honey; rambunctiously humming its flurry of animated tunes till the sun slipped gorgeously behind the horizons,

Every mouse wanted to bathe in a mirage of tangy cheese; let the mountain of salubriously robust energy; profoundly reinvigorate it to unfathomable dimensions beyond the cosmos,

Every mosquito wanted to bathe in fountains of macabre blood; feasting its famished intestines to everlasting boundaries of blissful contentment,

Every brain wanted to bathe in voluptuous fantasy; tingle the chords of unprecedented imagination a fathomless times; even after the dormitories of infinite infinity,

Every Sunday wanted to bathe in mists of uninhibited freedom; let the exhilarating spirit of holiday take complete control,

Every soul wanted to bathe in the island of immortality; cast the spell of its perennial existence on each entity it supremely revered,

And every heart wanted to bathe in breaths of its beloved; remain incarcerated forever in the entrenchment of sacrosanct empathy; which granted it a right to throb; which granted it a right to perpetually survive.

39. HEARTBEAT

Honest and Heartfelt,
Passionate and Princely,
Immaculate and Innocent,
Flamboyant and Fantastic,

Surreal and Soothing,
Voluptuous and Victorious,
Bonding and Benevolent,
Gregarious and Gallivanting,
Marvelous and Mitigating,
Alluring and Alleviating,
Wholesome and Wonderful,
Triumphant and Trustworthy,
Truthful and Tangy,
Adorning and Adorable,
Rejuvenating and Rhapsodic,
Ingratiating and Immaculate,
Incarcerating and Illustrious,
Picturesque and Phlegmatic,
Congenial and Charismatic,
Seductive and Sedating,
Playful and Profuse,
Dynamic and Delectable,
Colorful and Culminating,
Blistering and Benign,
Beautiful and Believing,
Nostalgic and Naughty,
Emphatic and Ecclesiastical,
Eloquent and Enduring,
Mystical and Majestic,
Handsome and Honorable,
Insatiable and Incredulous,
Enchanting and Enormous,
Sweet and Smiling,
Tantalizing and Tumultuous,
Vibrant and Vivacious,
Prudent and Piquant,
Fortified and Fulminating,
Pleasant and Perspicacious,
Sagacious and Sacrosanct,
Placating and Philanthropic,
Pulsating and Palpitating,
Intricate and Indispensable,
Swanky and Serene,
Continuous and Camaraderie,
Infinite and Inexplicable,
Affable and Astronomical,

Gigantic and Genial,
Sensational and Solemn,
Definite and Delightful,
Real and Regale,
Euphoric and Exultating,
Brilliant and Bountiful,
Redolent and Ravishing,
Titillating and Transcending,
Undulating and Unveiling,
Shy and Scintillating,
Volatile and Vespered,
Rampant and Remembering,
Friendly and Flirtatious,
Grandiloquent and Generous,
Steaming and Subtle,
Leading and Lascivious,
Laudable and Loving,
Intimate and Illuminating,
Altruistic and Airborne,
Enticing and Exotic,
Zany and Zealous,
Ardent and Automatic,
Fervent and Flourishing,
Blazing and Blossoming,
Auspicious and Absorbing,
Stimulating and Sensuous,
Ultimate and Utopia,
Penetrating and Puristic,
Holistic and Hundred,
Cute and Celestial,
Crisp and Cumulative,
Pungent and Peaceful,
Eclectic and Esoteric,
Quintessential and Quivering,
Unrelenting and Unfazed,
Daunting and Dancing,
Chirpy and Chivalrous,
Flaming and Fulsome,
Scholarly and Stylish,
Sedulous and Salient,
Golden and Glamorous,
Magnificent and Maneuverable,

Loquacious and Levitating,
Singing and Salty,
Invincible and Inducing,
Immortal and Imminent,
Divinely and Devotional,
Appetizing and Aboriginal,
Rudimentary and Rustic,
Silken and Salubrious,
Courageous and Cascading,
Living and Lightening,
Evolving and Eternal,
Was the tiny little and Godly Heartbeat.

40. LOVING YOU MORE IMMORTALLY

He looked salaciously at your eyes; pondering on umpteenth ways to extricate
the last iota of moisture,
While I glimpsed at them; to get wholesomely absorbed in the golden stream of
profuse empathy that cascaded down your cheek.

He looked at your flesh; fervently desiring to be torturously tempted into a
whirlpool of unending seduction,
While I glimpsed it; insatiably wanting to become an irrevocably integral
constituent of your blood.

He kept you in his dwelling; to tantalize himself beyond the realms of
unprecedented desire; manifesting his heinous intents into an optimum reality,
While I incarcerated you perpetually within the corridors of my moist breath;
making sure that you frolicked till eternity in the land of resplendent stars.

He sketched you to assimilate all the millions that lay buried on this fathomless
continent; utilizing your divinely smile to unsurpassable advantage,
While I drowned myself perennially in your sacrosanct shadow; becoming entirely
oblivious to the contours of my own body in the swirl of your mystical
enchantment.

He fed you with meals all throughout the day; so that you pacified the most
infinitesimal of his demand; executed his midnight chores; to save him from the
tyranny of the sinister night,
While I encapsulated your majestic countenance like an invincible fortress from
all sides; ensuring that you nestled in celestial bliss for countless more births to
unveil.

He forced you to tickle him torrentially as every minute unfurled; bouncing in untamed euphoria as you haplessly squirmed towards the ground,
While I always made it intransigently sure to adhere to the most extreme silhouettes of your lips; be the sole reason of your every compassionate smile.

He invidiously used you as an ingenious key to unveil the most formidable of lock; twisting you till the times your soul had no tears to cry,
While I was the passionate set of lines which evolved freshly on your palms; each time you clenched your impeccable fists to rise above the meadow of macabre blackness.

He manipulated your life like a frigid matchstick; lighting and extinguishing it hideously to enlighten his times of disdainful remorse,
While I pledged to the Creator to give me an infinite deaths; to make each life of yours a marvelously glorious paradise.

And he was one of those devils who loved you only for your flurry of grandiloquent riches; wanting to transiently taste the beauty the lord had endowed you with,
While I was there present every instant in your heart; loving you more immortally than any entity in heaven or earth; with each of your unleashing beats.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 13

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 40 differently titled Poems, is actually Part 13 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. I RESIDED
2. IRREFUTABLY PRICELESS
3. WHEN I NEEDED LOVE
4. SADLY WITHOUT ITS BEATS
5. THE SOLE REFLECTION OF MY SOUL
6. FOLLOWED

7. EVERY NIGHT OF MINE
8. KISSING
9. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, PART 2
10. DEPRESSION
11. HUMANITARIANLY ALIVE
12. SOLELY IN YOUR IMMORTAL HEART
13. IN JUST A SINGLE MINUTE
14. NO PAYMENTS
15. SHOULD I CALL YOU?
16. ULTIMATE REALITY
17. REBORN ONLY AS YOUR LOVER
18. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN
19. ROMANCING
20. THE ETERNAL KISS
21. GOD MADE ME
22. IMMORTAL LOVER
23. REMARRY
24. ITS BECAUSE THERE EXISTED YOUR PERPETUAL HEART.
25. AS I FOREVER HAD HER SUPPORT.
26. THERE WERE NONE
27. I'D JUST STARTED
28. C'MON SHOOT ME.
29. LIKE THERE WERE AN INFINITE MORE TOMORROWS
30. LOSING MY VIRGINITY
31. THE FIRST AND LAST NAME.
32. NO DIVIDERS
33. A TRUE LOVER
34. FULL STOP.
35. RETURN RUNNING BACK
36. INEVITABLY AND BOUND TO
37. THE SIGNATURE OF IMMORTAL LOVE
38. I WANTED TO BE UNCONQUERABLY SURE
39. ALL OF HER.
40. O! OMNISCIENTLY FLAWLESS BELOVED.

1. I RESIDED

I didn't miss your majestic eyes the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about their voluptuous charm,
I resided in their grandiloquent glory instead; floating in their poignant passion since centuries immemorial.

I didn't miss your seductive lips the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about their passionately rubicund mellow,
I resided in their enigmatic smiles instead; compassionately caressing their periphery every unfurling minute of the day.

I didn't miss your ravishing hair the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about their silken glory,
I resided in their trail of incomprehensible fascination instead; blossoming into exuberant newness as you swished them towards the flaming Sun.

I didn't miss your enchanting skin the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about its mesmerizing beauty,
I resided in its brilliantly ebullient streaks instead; getting tickled like an innocuous fairy each time you traced it with your nails.

I didn't miss your emphatic memory the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about your incredulously charismatic presence; which captivated even the God's,
I resided in your island of exotic dreams instead; invincibly conquering every barricade on this planet; each time you tossed like a freshly married bride; on the golden mattress.

I didn't miss your mystical shadow the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about its profound shimmering,
I resided in its satiny movement instead; dreaming beyond the ultimate paradise created by God; each time you bounced under the resplendent blanket of stars.

I didn't miss your robust complexioned palms the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about their magnetic touch,
I resided in their labyrinth of profusely enamoring lines instead; unflinchingly propelling forward as each chapter of your destiny; fabulously unleashed.

I didn't miss your ingratiatingly benevolent voice the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about its cadence which soared like an untamed seductress towards the cocoon of blue clouds,
I resided in its oligarchic origin instead; fulminating like a whirlwind of fresh emotions; each instance you opened your divinely mouth.

I didn't miss your philanthropically throbbing heart the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about the melodious rhythm it intransigently obeyed all day and night,
I resided in its unrelentingly poignant volley of beats instead; basking in the

cavern of immortal love; for infinite more births of mine.

And I didn't miss your stupendously fascinating life the slightest; didn't even think an inconspicuous trifle about the valley of extraordinary adventure it plunged into every unfurling moment; bestowed upon it by the Almighty Lord, I resided in its gloriously triumphant set of breaths; traversing incessantly through the innermost corner of your chest and soul; till the time you lived this life; and took birth for countless more lives to come.

2. IRREFUTABLY PRICELESS

The earrings which she adorned came at a price; but her voluptuously dangling earlobes; were irrefutably priceless,

The mascara which she had so scrupulously painted came at a price; but her enchantingly intriguing eyelids; were irrefutably priceless,

The anklets which she wore came at a price; but her courageously intricate feet; were irrefutably priceless,

The lipstick which she decorated her lips with came at a price; but her celestially exuberant smile; was irrefutably priceless,

The scent which she applied to her armpits came at a price; but her river of exotically golden perspiration; was irrefutably priceless,

The color which she meticulously embossed on her nails came at a price; but her daintily impeccable fingers; were irrefutably priceless,

The car in which she traversed came at a price; but her ingratiatingly magnanimous shadow; was irrefutably priceless,

The morsels of food which she consumed came at a price; but her tantalizingly swishing and flawless stomach; was irrefutably priceless,

The novels which she browsed through came at a price; but the melody in her stupendously incarcerating voice; was irrefutably priceless,

The mattress on which she slept came at a price; but her fabulously captivating repertoire of dreams; was irrefutably priceless,

The binoculars through which she sighted the fathomless beauty of this Universe

came at a price; but her poignantly divine stare; was irrefutably priceless,

The pen with which she wrote came at a price; but the conglomerate of profusely handsome lines on the back of her palms; were irrefutably priceless,

The gallons of contemporary shampoo she used came at a price; but the seductive ensemble of her whispering hair; was irrefutably priceless,

The watch she wound on her wrists came at a price; but the cherished moments which she spent with her passionate breath tingling down beside me; were irrefutably priceless,

The computer in which she recorded her data came at a price; but the incredulous mountain of conviction in her mind; was irrefutably priceless,

The shoes she camouflaged her feet with came at a price; but the innocuously immortal trail which she left on the paths she transgressed; were irrefutably priceless,

The sunglasses she encapsulated her eyes with came at a price; but her tears of incomprehensible ecstasy; were irrefutably priceless,

The shimmering chain with which she entrenched her neck came at a price; but the philanthropically impeccable boundaries of her soul; were irrefutably priceless,

And the clothes she wore to incarcerate her flesh came at a price; but her passionately throbbing heart which harbored nothing else but the spirit of perpetual love; was irrefutably priceless.

3. WHEN I NEEDED LOVE

When I needed loads of conviction to fight every aspect of monotonous life; I looked into your impeccably righteous eyes,

When I needed the exhilaration to surge forward after wee hours of perilous midnight; I fondled your voluptuously ravishing hair,

When I needed unrelenting stamina to clamber to the ultimate summit of the mountain; I glimpsed at your celestially exuberant smile,

When I needed that indispensable rejuvenation to forget my battalion of pragmatic worries; I fondled the rubicund pink of your mesmerizing cheeks,

When I needed a tunnel of mysticism to envelop my conscience; I peered profoundly into the lines of your daintily embellished palms,

When I needed overwhelming courage to face the hideous hooded devil; I inhaled the divinely breath diffusing compassionately from your nostrils,

When I needed the persevering ardor to indefatigably execute my duties; I basked in the glory of your gloriously golden beads of perspiration,

When I needed back my moments of nostalgic childhood; I wholesomely blended my impoverished demeanor in the folds of your sacrosanct lap,

When I needed the profuse virtue of benevolence to help my shivering fellow beings; I glanced at the immaculate integrity of your magnanimous soul,

When I needed the flame of desire to rise in my body; I kissed your enchanting lips till eternity under the resplendent ocean of moonlight,

When I needed the Herculean tenacity to trespass over a blanket of thorns; I touched your feet; for the blessings which saw me emerge victorious in each mission I undertook,

When I needed that time should tumultuously fly; I concentrated on your lightening fast flurry of mischievous winks,

When I needed sleep after struggling for sweltering days on the trot; I absorbed the rhapsodic melody in your voice; that made me snore than the richest of kings,

When I needed my devotion to mankind culminate into a full blossom; I clasped your folded hands which prayed incessantly towards the Sun,

When I needed to forget my departed ones; I bonded your magical countenance tightly with mine; making me wholesomely oblivious to the essence of veritable death and pain,

When I needed to impregnate astounding sensitivity in my routine form; I traced the outlines of your ingratiatingly marvelous face,

When I needed to lead life to the fullest; I followed your alluring footsteps; which kept boisterously bouncing; irrespective of advancing time and age,

When I needed to die and relinquish even the most minuscule draught of air I breathed; I looked at your Omnipotent shadow; which followed me all the way to the heavens,

And when I needed immortally love; I bonded with the inner most core of your heart; and it was here that I found a perpetual gift of sharing and care; it was here that I found all the wealth I was so desperately seeking in this miserably manipulative world.

4. SADLY WITHOUT ITS BEATS

Please let us sing together; flooding the dolorously sultry atmosphere; with the ingratiating passion in our voice,

Please let us smile together; enlightening the lives of our dwindling compatriots with optimistic rays of hope,

Please let us whistle together; piercing the sullen carpets of air with our boisterously bubbly tunes; spawning new life into the countless; as every instant unveiled,

Please let us fantasize together; conceiving the most mesmerizing beauty overwhelming this fathomless Universe; catapulting into a land as enchanting as the
divine,

Please let us evolve together; procreating our own progeny; so that we contributed our very best towards continuing your cherished chapter of existence,

Please let us eat together; appeasing the hunger of our famished stomachs; to transit thereafter into realms of majestically heavenly sleep,

Please let us pray together; asking you to alleviate us of our sins committed inadvertently; asking you to bless the entire human race with unfathomable happiness,

Please let us mischief together; frolicking in the aisles of innocuous childhood; even after crossing the threshold of manipulative maturity,

Please let us run together; accomplishing our mission of saving the planet with

invincible grit and determination; bonding our spirit with all those philanthropic;
in the true spirit of solidarity,

Please let us embrace together; incarcerating our tumultuously rising flames in
our body as one; under torrential cloudbursts of rain,

Please let us cry together; commiserating wholesomely with our pain; resiliently
proliferating from the ashes again; to challenge every aspect of acrimoniously
treacherous life,

Please let us dance together; mystically diffusing our magical incantation in every
flower that blossomed under sizzling rays of the Sun,

Please let us whisper together; portraying the most innermost feelings of our
heart to unprecedented limits beyond the sky; triggering off the marvelously
milky night with glory of our untamed romance,

Please let us swim together; conquering each diabolically swirling wave with the
insurmountable conviction in our bodies; profusely blending with the exuberant
spirit of adventure,

Please let us sketch together; encapsulating the most stupendously ravishing
beauty in this Universe in the barren canvas; that lay delectably on our palms,

Please let us drink together; assimilating all the happiness on this boundless
planet; toasting the most memorable moments of our lives in the astoundingly
silken darkness,

Please let us hear together; absorbing the unsurpassable melody in the winds;
gyrate beyond corridors of ecstasy for times immemorial,

Please let us breathe together; live each moment of existence to its
unfathomable fullest; living life higher than the clouds and affording the same for
our fellow comrades,

And please grant us death together O! Almighty Lord; for if you took one of us
away before the other; then of course the heart would definitely continue to live;
but sadly without its beats.

5. THE SOLE REFLECTION OF MY SOUL

How could I ever get bored even an infinitesimally insipid iota?

When I had the perpetually golden rays of the blistering midday Sun; filter a path of scintillatingly righteous courage; through every cranny of my disastrously impoverished demeanor.

How could I ever get bored even an inconspicuously non-existent trifle?
When I had the gregariously cascading waterfalls of enlightening froth tickle me profusely from all sides; trigger in me an insatiably euphoric yearning; to gallop ecstatically forward; through the fields of mesmerizing life.

How could I ever get bored even a comically minuscule whisker?
When I had the voluptuously rustling breeze profoundly caress each of manipulatively besieged senses; uninhibitedly freeing me to dance timelessly; till the boundaries of enchanting eternity.

How could I ever get bored even a diminutively frigid fraction?
When I had the melodiously ebullient nightingale singing right on my shoulder; profusely infiltrating resplendent rays of hope; into my vindictively cold blooded existence.

How could I ever get bored even a capriciously tiny speck?
When I had the divinely blooming flowers spinning a web of majestically astounding artistry all across my gruesomely bereaved senses; tirelessly drifting me towards an unfathomable ocean of blissful scent.

How could I ever get bored even a parsimoniously mercurial bit?
When I had the unfathomable caravan of boisterously buzzing bees incessantly enshrouding my lifelessly stoical facial contours; inundate my mockingly dreary survival with unprecedented enthrallment and tingling sweetness.

How could I ever get bored even a lackadaisically lackluster inch?
When I had the fascinatingly ingratiating Moon shimmer gorgeously on my despondently disheveled flesh; seductively caress me with unsurpassable fireballs of magnificently silken delight.

How could I ever get bored even a languidly inarticulate centimeter?
When I had tantalizingly green meadows nestled with exotic dew drops to rampantly roll in; expunge each horrendously frustrated ingredient from my despairing blood; to handsomely blend with the stupendously reinvigorating soil.

How could I ever get bored even a ghoulishly asphyxiated bit?
When I had intransigently aristocratic carpets of breath embracing my savagely extinguishing nostrils; irrefutably propelling me each instant to unflinchingly

disseminate the patriotic river of truth; in every corner of this gigantic earth.

And how could I ever get bored even a trivially transient second?

When I had your immortally unassailable love perennially romancing with my nervously fluttering heartbeats; when I had your marvelously humanitarian shadow; which had unconquerably become the sole reflection of my soul.

6. FOLLOWED

When I rampantly sprinted on the profusely snow laden hills; I was perilously followed by monstrous avalanches of ominously freezing and coldblooded; ice,

When I merrily philandered through the mystically dense forests; I was diabolically followed by the roar of the satanically treacherous and ravenously furry; lion,

When I handsomely sailed in rhapsodic mists of fathomless sky; I was romantically followed by thunderbolts of poignantly crimson and majestic; clouds,

When I painstakingly crawled through the heart of the acrimoniously boiling desert; I was truculently followed by whirlwinds of vindictively gusty and brazenly burying; dust,

When I exuberantly swam through ravishingly undulating waves of the colossally choppy ocean; I was stealthily followed by a festoon of preposterously eccentric and menacing; white sharks,

When I languidly trespassed through the mesmerizing meadows at the onset of transient dusk; I was enigmatically followed by my stupendously lanky and inscrutable; shadow,

When I valiantly kissed the soil of my revered motherland; I was patriotically followed by a wave of dynamically unflinching and philanthropic; righteousness,

When I uninhibitedly wandered through the corridors of tantalizing paradise; I was magnificently followed by the aroma of vibrantly unending and blissful; seduction,

When I ruthlessly trampled my feet in the despicable pig's den; I was intransigently followed by abominably dilapidated and worthlessly threadbare; stink,

When I harmoniously clambered up the resplendently moonlit tree; I was enchantingly followed by the sound of the melodiously marvelous and enthralling; nightingale,

When I bounced like an untamed prince in the sacrosanct lap of my mother; I was invincibly followed by the irrefutably honest and everlasting; spirit of immaculate innocence,

When I ebulliently rolled through the nectar coated garden of scarlet roses; I was grandiloquently followed by royally unconquerable and poignantly effusive; golden scent,

When I embodied boundless lines of benign poetry on barren soil; I was Omnisciently followed by the blessings of the unassailably Omnipotent and supreme; Almighty Lord,

When I gloriously flirted with the astoundingly iridescent rainbows in fathomless sky; I was mischievously followed by innocuously heavenly and jubilantly fresh; childhood,

When I inadvertently stumbled upon pools of ghastily remorseful blood; I was lecherously followed by salaciously horrific and abhorrent; retribution,

When I insidiously loitered through morbidly obsolete boundaries of extinguishing oblivion; I was brutally followed by corpses of devastatingly dithering and maliciously bizarre; stagnation,

When I greedily embarked on my expedition with vandalizing hoodlums; I was unforgivingly followed by savage daggerheads of vengefully cruel and indiscriminately heartless; no respite,

When I intrepidly marched on the path of perpetual humanity; I was celestially followed by the unequivocally glittering and priceless rays; of eternal mankind,

And when I synergistically inhaled air in my lungs to passionately lead life; and even infinite centuries after my veritable death; I was immortally followed by her voluptuously bestowing and wonderfully divine; love.

7. EVERY NIGHT OF MINE

Without your voluptuously ravishing eyelashes; the majestic unison in which they

vivaciously fluttered towards my impoverished countenance,
Without your profoundly charismatic lips; the astounding replenishment that they
bequeathed upon me; with their marvelous festoon of philanthropic smiles,
Without your daintily delectable feet; the mesmerizing motivation and patriotism
they imparted; as I tread on every acrimoniously withering step,
Without your gregariously tantalizing belly; the insurmountable fireball of
titillation it generated to each of my devastatingly beleaguered senses,
Every morning of mine was no doubt and irrefutably like the Sun; but sadly
without its golden ocean of flamboyantly fiery rays.

Without your boisterously bustling stride; the dazzling waves of exuberance
which it instilled in my pathetically dwindling demeanor,
Without your incredulously enamoring voice; the unfathomable cistern of
enchancing melody that it enshrouded every aspect of my shriveled existence
with,

Without your Omnisciently twinkling eyes; the fathomless galleries of benign
inspiration that they impregnated in my hopelessly trembling skin,
Without your royally poignant cheeks; the unsurpassable cloudburst of heavenly
mischief which they uninhibitedly sprinkled upon my cannibalistically penurious
visage,

Every afternoon of mine was no doubt and irrefutably like the blazingly
sweltering heat; but sadly without the most infinitesimal trace of congenial
compassion.

Without your impeccably blissful caress; the impregnable ardor to survive that it
marvelously inculcated in every ingredient of my waveringly crimson blood,
Without your ravishingly ravenous hair; the silken entrenchment of euphoric
paradise that they transited me wholesomely into; every time you swished them
towards the sky,

Without your intrepidly unflinching voice; the endless island of tumultuous
enthrallment that it bestowed upon my nervously frazzled footsteps,
Without your fantastically fragrant palms; the vividly versatile entrenchment of
enigmatic destiny lines embedded within; which dexterously maneuvered every
route of my morbid existence,

Every evening of mine was no doubt and irrefutably like the handsomely pink
light; but sadly without the tiniest trace of spell binding enthusiasm.

Without your articulately divine fingers; the unendingly aristocratic river of sheer
artistry; which they showered upon my manipulatively murderous countenance,
Without your insatiably piquant tongue; the candid blend of fantasy and reality
that it beautifully disseminated; upon my viciously imploding and malicious form,

Without your unassailably priceless breath; the unprecedented tenacity that it blessed upon my insipidly extinguishing body; to exist for a countless more lifetimes,
Without your immortally inimitable love; the indefatigably throbbing humanitarian beats of your chest; which unconquerably bonded with my brutally collapsing heart,
Every night of mine was no doubt and irrefutably like the resplendently charming Moon; but sadly without the most inconspicuous trace of celestially milky white.

8. KISSING

Kissing the scarlet rose profusely; made me feel as if I was timelessly wandering in bountifully fragrant paradise; wholesomely oblivious to the uncouthly monotonous vagaries of the manipulative world outside,

Kissing the undulating waves intransigently; made me feel as if I had transited back into mischievously tangy childhood; with the ravishingly frothy salt marvelously replenishing every iota of my disastrously bedraggled countenance,

Kissing the seductive clouds ethereally; made me feel as if I was romancing with the most astoundingly ultimate fantasy of my life; compassionately caressing the winds of grandiloquent majesty; for centuries immemorial,

Kissing the robustly gregarious fruits poignantly; made me feel as if I was perennially radiating in the pristine prime of youth; blissfully blossoming into a glittering ocean of untamed energy and exhilarating newness,

Kissing the scintillating pearls congenially; made me feel as if I was celestially basking in the glory of profound aristocracy; exquisitely draping each element of my impoverished countenance; with unbelievably enthralling resplendence,

Kissing the brilliant Sunshine ebulliently; made me feel as if I was blazingly surging forward even in the most savagely acrimonious of winds; blazed in torrential fireballs of benign enlightenment; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Kissing the tantalizing dewdrops ardently; made me feel as if royally feasting in the aisles of beautifully vibrant yearning; bequeathing a legacy of oligarchic fascination; on every mesmerizing step that I tread,

Kissing the vivacious rainbow boisterously; made me feel as if flamboyantly marching towards the doorsteps of irrefutably righteous triumph; dancing in the mists of unfathomable longing; with the Omnipotent shadow of the Lord as my

sole savior,

Kissing the milky moon phlegmatically; made me feel as if profoundly encapsulated with heavenly illumination from all sides; an altruistic tranquility which drifted me off; into a sparkling slumber,

Kissing the corrugated soil thunderously; made me feel as if I had unassailably discovered my priceless rudiments; irrevocably propelling me to forever exist; only as the philanthropic harbinger of humanity,

Kissing the velvety grass surreally; made me feel as if infinite dormant pores of my dwindling visage had miraculously rejuvenated once again; piquantly tingling me towards a fabulous new chapter of exuberant existence,

Kissing the frolicking butterfly wonderfully; made me feel as if ecstatically leaping on the innocuous summits of humbly bestowing creation; unsurpassably relishing and assimilating the vividly enamoring treasures of this Universe,

Kissing the ingratiating waterfalls intrepidly; made me feel as if swaying in an enchantingly melodious entrenchment of eternal sound; whispering the innermost desires of my soul; uninhibitedly to the panoramic world around,

Kissing the sweating tree stems holistically; made me feel as if perseverance was the richest of all treasures in life; ubiquitously flowering into a civilization of unprecedented togetherness,

Kissing the blistering lion fearlessly; made me feel as if I could now confront even the most tumultuously acrimonious disaster in life; tackle the worst of deadly catastrophes with prolific dexterity and spell binding rhetoric,

Kissing the impeccably virile milk emphatically; made me feel as if I was the most innocent organism alive; unequivocally washing all my inadvertently committed sins; in the aura of invincible honesty,

Kissing the candle of truth innocuously; made me feel as if a sagaciously blessed molecule of Almighty God; rendering my gorgeously selfless service; to unassailably enlighten every quarter of the miserably beleaguered society,

Kissing the sensuous evening nostalgically; made me feel as if romantically philandering in wisps of spell binding titillation and indefatigable charisma; surrendering every element of my diminutive countenance; to the artistic kaleidoscope of twilight,

And kissing you on your divinely lips unconquerably; O! beloved; made me not only feel; but immortally fall in love; harness its most stupendously ecstatic virtues; for countless more births of mine; of course with your heart; soul and breath; always and irrefutably by my side.

9. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, PART 2

Was it the seductively charismatic smile on your lips; that made me timelessly philander through the hills of; overwhelmingly rhapsodic happiness?

Was it the ingratiating titillation on your majestic eyelashes; that metamorphosed me into a profusely compassionate philosopher; incinerated the hurricane of untamed desire in my eyes; even in the heart of the disastrously deadened night?

Was it the jubilant tinges of poignant crimson on your rubicund cheeks; that tumultuously evoked me to dance relentlessly in the aisles of magnificent yearning; for times immemorial?

Was it the scarlet streams of blood in your royal veins; that intransigently made me embrace the religion of humanity; blend with all religion; caste; creed and color alike; in invincible reservoirs of mankind?

Was it the marvelously mischievous flirtation in your stride; that made me boisterously bounce in the gardens of fascinatingly nubile youth; perpetually feel that I was that immaculately silken child once again?

Was it the stupendously enchanting melody in your blissful voice; that made me frolic exuberantly under the fathomless carpet of vivacious sky; exhilaratingly enthuse every pore of my countenance; with the golden rain that thunderously pelted down?

Was it the scintillating white in your graciously charming teeth; that made me indefatigably innovate in the lanes of blossoming newness; carve a bountiful niche of my own; to blazingly exist amidst the pack of savage wolves?

Was it the aristocratic river of silver sweat dribbling celestially down your shoulders; that made me patriotically relinquish even the last iota of breath for my revered motherland; exotically relishing every passing wind of mystical life?

Was it the unsurpassable artistry in your honey coated fingers; that made me

irrefutably adore and appreciate every element of panoramic beauty on this colossal Universe; coalesce each cranny of my soul forever with God's endowment of wonderful creation?

Was it the unfathomably unending ecstasy in each quarter of your flesh; that made me romance in the fragrant cisterns of paradise for infinite more births yet to unveil; wholesomely oblivious to the murderously manipulative vagaries of this gruesomely tyrannical society?

Was it the incomprehensible titillation that tantalizingly wafted from your belly; that made me wander like an embellished prince through the lanes of incredulously grandiloquent fantasy; made me unfurl into a festoon of glorious Omnipotence?

Was it the queenly island of lines on your intricately heavenly palms; that handsomely evolved every path of my impoverished destiny; made me diffuse into a fireball of unequivocal righteousness; on every step that I tread?

Was it the insatiable euphoria that drifted from your impeccable chin; that made me fantasize beyond the realms of unprecedented imagination; magnificently transformed my gorily beleaguered persona; into an ocean of honestly divine sagaciousness?

Was it the astounding innocence in your philanthropic eyebrows; that made me fantastically perceive about the most enamoring fruits of creation; march unflinchingly forward with my comrades in impregnably synergistic oneness?

Was it the uninhibitedly divine aroma in your everlasting shadow; that made me a poet fulminating even the most infinitesimally sensitive cranny of my soul; in a glittering castle of Oligarchic writing?

Was it the ravishing vibrancy in your satiny hair; that made me inscrutably wander through the waterfalls of perennial jubilation; incorrigibly dream in the cradle of resplendence; for centuries incomprehensible?

Was it the gregarious essence of sharing in your Godly breath; that made me shrug all my spurious inhibitions; miraculously spawn Omnipresent life; on every territory of this earth that I benevolently tread?

Was it is the immortal tenacity of your beautifully benign heartbeats; that instilled in me not only the ardor to holistically exist in this lifetime; but perpetually unite every sect of living organism; one and alike?

And believe it or not; even if all of the above wasn't; I was still in love with you
O! Beloved; eternally bonding every element of my life with your sacred visage; I
was still the only one who irrefutably loved you; more than anyone on this
planet; ever could.

10. DEPRESSION

Depression; even when all the cuckoos of this Universe; boisterously chirped
around me; for hours immemorial,

Depression; even when the most enchantingly tantalizing of seductresses;
unfurled their umpteenth flavors of vibrant seduction; just abreast of my
impoverished countenance,

Depression; even when torrential cloudbursts of euphoric rain pelted down
ecstatically from the sky; profusely drenching me from head to toe; with
rhapsodic blessings of the divine,

Depression; even when a fathomless garden of rose bountifully bloomed outside
my bedroom window; insatiably wafting the scent of timeless happiness into my
penuriously sagging ears,

Depression; even when the blissfully trespassing palms of time gloriously gave
me an extra chance; for every inadvertently committed fault of mine,

Depression; even when the voluptuously enthralling blades of grass;
unrelentingly titillated every pore of my dwindling demeanor; as I nimbly
trespassed through the same at ethereal dawn,

Depression; even when the most ravishingly appetizing delicacies on this planet;
sumptuously emanated their exotically ravenous fragrance; into my
overwhelmingly famished nostrils,

Depression; even when the flags of ardently blazing patriotism compassionately
embedded their way; into the inner most recesses of my despicably deteriorating
soul,

Depression; even when the Sun flamboyantly shimmered full throttle from the
fathomless skies; wholesomely annihilating every acrimonious impediment that
confronted me in my way,

Depression; even when the most sacrosanct of sands invincibly entrenched me from all sides; infiltrating every element of my devastatingly staggering persona; with fireballs of unprecedented righteousness,

Depression; even when the resplendent Moon made itself available solely to me; vivaciously dancing in the whites of my perniciously beleaguered eyes,

Depression; even when unsurpassable treasuries of glittering gold and silver; uncontrollably cascaded upon my visage; triggering even the most obsoletely debilitated parts of my body; to twinkle more than the island of celestial paradise,

Depression; even when the majestically undulating oceans blissfully bequeathed upon me a royal legacy of tanginess and inscrutably exhilarating adventure; wrapped me like a Queen fish in its gregariously affable belly,

Depression; even when the Almighty bestowed upon me the astoundingly mesmerizing prowess of procreating infinite more of my kind; Omnisciently prognosticate the future of the entire planet,

Depression; even when all the formidable strength of this colossal Universe; fervently assimilated in my body; to make me the most unassailable organism alive,

Depression; even when my brain marvelously fantasized about the most enamoringly gorgeous things on this earth for decades unprecedented; flooding the carpet of my imagery with an incredible kaleidoscope of ebullient life,

Depression; even when the most irrefutably scintillating chapters of unconquerable truth descended down on my conscience; made me the most philanthropic entity; impeccably wandering on mystical soil,

Depression; even when charismatically victorious breath entered my lungs in magically incomprehensible amounts; as if to last me for an infinite more lifetimes,

Depression; even when each beat of my passionately palpitating heart; was blessed with an ocean of unending happiness; throbbed in an impregnable perpetual enclosure of symbiotic mankind,

O! Yes; Depression till my very last breath; and every time the Almighty Creator endowed me with brilliantly sparkling existence; as I had lost her forever to

mysterious disease; and didn't possess even the slightest of power to make her bouncing the way when she took her first breath; the way she was when heavenly alive.

11. HUMANITARIANLY ALIVE

Whether my eyes were perpetually closed; or whether they indefatigably stared towards the flamboyantly sparkling Sun; for times immemorial,

Whether my palms languidly lazed under mammoth hillocks of worthless sand; or whether they articulately evolved grandiloquently exquisite artistry every unfurling minute of my destined life,

Whether my hair dolorously stuck like insipidly parasitic worms to my gloomy scalp; or whether they ravishingly swished till beyond the realms of bountiful paradise; with the exhilaratingly brazen wind,

Whether my lips invidiously clenched into a ballistic grimace; or whether they unfurled into a perennial festoon of; voluptuously charismatic smiles,

Whether my blood ruthlessly froze in my endless conglomerate of veins; or whether it gloriously spawned countless more; of my innocuously holistic kind,

Whether my bones deliberately sagged into a disdainfully pathetic heap; or whether they euphorically galloped forward in the marvelously royal and spell binding fervor of majestic life,

Whether my shadow ominously abhorred even the most celestial entity trespassing it; or whether it embraced all religion; caste; creed and color; in opulent symposiums of mankind; blissfully and alike,

Whether my cheeks insidiously rotted with murderously debilitating disease; or whether they blushed to a scarlet more poignantly fiery than thunderous lightening in fathomless sky,

Whether my feet ludicrously slept like a demon for countless more births; or whether they astoundingly crafted a township of irrefutably priceless righteousness; on every step that they heavenly tread,

Whether my stomach remained treacherously starved without even the most minuscule element of food; or whether it replenished its delectable interiors; with all appetizing aroma and goodness of Mother Nature,

Whether my teeth radiated a gorily morbid yellow even in the most gruesome of blackness; or whether they blazed like an immaculately scintillating pearl; irrevocably clinging to the; unconquerably sacred womb of mankind,

Whether my brain transited to more a state more dumber than the salaciously penurious dustbin; or whether it gorgeously fantasized to the most unprecedented limits; weaving a tale of incredible intrigue and handsome innovation,

Whether my voice crumbled to derogatorily discordant nothingness; or whether it placated even the most tyrannically deadliest of devils; with the marvelously royal cadence in its; timelessly ebullient sounds,

Whether my sweat stunk like a boundless pulverized tomatoes and dead fish; or whether it Omnisciently shimmered; in the rhapsodically divine euphoria of vivaciously vibrant life,

Whether my ears maneuvered only towards the sounds of sleazily bawdy raunchiness; or whether they miraculously drifted towards; even the most faintest cry of horrendously inexplicable despair,

Whether my shoulders disastrously sank infinite kilometers beneath the remorseful corpse even in the pristine prime of life; or whether they hoisted all those in despicably horrific suffering; towards their abodes of eternally gratifying compassion,

Whether my conscience harbored precariously sinister spirits of the corpulently evil; or whether it culminated into an ocean of perpetually unassailable righteousness; even as hell torrentially rained from the cosmos,

Whether my breath lackadaisically contorted and cursed every moment of gorgeously bedazzling life; or whether it bequeathed mesmerizing whirlpools of sacrosanct existence; with every puff of fiery air that it exhaled,

And whether my heart morbidly pledged to relinquish each of its beats; or whether it immortally palpitated; invincibly enveloped by a wave of unconquerably endowing love,

It was you; you; and only you O! Divine Beloved; who encapsulated every cranny of my blood; body and impoverished breath; not only making me feel the richest organism on planet earth; but giving me a holistically humanitarian

reason; to be forever human; and to forever be humanitarianly alive.

12. SOLELY IN YOUR IMMORTAL HEART

When I sighted my face in the astoundingly scintillating mirror; it appeared stringently harmonious and well defined; although I soon became an obsoletely hazy blur of inconspicuous dust; as the Sun commenced on its expedition beyond the remorseful horizons,
While it was solely in your irrefutably immaculate eyes; that I profoundly radiated into sparkling newness; in the wholesomely gregarious; and spell binding fragrance of vivaciously bountiful life.

When I sighted my face in the overwhelmingly crystalline mirror; it appeared magically synchronized and pragmatically proper; although I soon became a wisp of disastrously non-existent oblivion; when flying stones shattered the glass into a countless fragments of infinitesimal ash,
While it was solely in your unflinchingly melodious and intrepid voice; that I unassailably confronted even the most treacherously acrimonious impediments of existence; became an eternally gratifying song; mystically blending with the gloriously divine.

When I sighted my face in the astronomically white mirror; it appeared monotonously routine as usual; with each contour radiating as explicitly as the Creator had evolved it; although I soon became a capriciously fleeting mirage as murderously diabolical shadows of the night took a vicious stranglehold of the flamingly sweltering day,
While it was solely in your poignantly crimson and philanthropic blood; that I embraced all humanity irrespective of caste; creed; and bombastic color; in threads of vibrantly unending compassion; and alike.

When I sighted my face in the magnificently polished mirror; it appeared a normal human caricature with lots of emphatic protrusions; although I soon disappeared into realms of dilapidated remoteness; as someone threw a pail of water upon the artificial glass,
While it was solely in your voluptuously seductive whispers; that I unrelentingly explored the unparalleled mysticism of vividly blissful survival; felt like the most blessed organism on this Universe; holistically alive.

When I sighted my face in the unfathomably glittering mirror; it reflected back an astoundingly exactreplica of my very own self; although I soon became an

infinitesimally insipid worm slithering under the corpse; as the flamboyant Sunrays played mischievous games of hide and seek with the petrified glass, While it was solely in the inscrutably royal lines of your Omnipotent palms; that I discovered my true identity; bloomed into a fathomless more ecstatic lives; of profusely symbiotic prosperity.

When I sighted my face in the scrupulously oiled and lanky mirror; it depicted an amazingly similar posture of my persona in the umpteenth ways that I maneuvered it; although I soon became a sheet of nonchalant nothingness; as rambunctiously unruly children engulfed it with coarse blankets from all sides, While it was solely in your miraculously heavenly stride; that I found an intrepidly new spirit to survive; marvelously romance with all the unsurpassably ravishing resplendence suspended in the atmosphere.

When I sighted my face in the mechanically proficient and candidly transparent mirror; it incredulously portrayed every element of my countenance as the Lord had created it; although I soon became a puff of ominously pathetic smoke; as vicious fighter jets heinously bombarded the; ingratiating atmosphere, While it was solely in your rhapsodically tantalizing cheeks; that I irrefutably towered over the entire planet as an unconquerably embellished prince; lived life to the very fullest and ultimate of its exhilarating capacity.

When I sighted my face in the dazzling trajectory of the gigantic mirror; it marvelously highlighted every visible cranny of my visage to spell binding perfection; although I soon became a ludicrously slain martyr; as belligerent soldiers trampled the glass to domains beyond veritable recognition, While it was solely in your majestically titillating breath; that I celestially culminated into the fruits of an eternally tranquil creation; unequivocally bonding with my comrades in inexplicable misery and ebulliently bouncing; alike.

And when I sighted my face in the opalescent expanse of the rustically enamoring mirror; it prudently emanated the same effulgence as that splendidly encapsulating my caricature; although I soon became a lecherously unknown piece of forlorn string; as the fleet of ungainly urchins spat condemningly on the sizzling glass, While it was solely in your immortally passionate and invincible heart; that I found the most perennially quenching love of my life; embarked on the most benign mission of live and let live; of course with your Omniscient blessings perpetually by my side.

13. IN JUST A SINGLE MINUTE

I indefatigably licked dust for centuries immemorial; when I tried to gallop to the summit of the astronomically Herculean mountain; in just a single minute,

I found myself horrifically wailing for the remainder of my devastated life; when I tried to painlessly pass all acrimonious examinations of survival; in just a single minute,

I was enveloped with an unfathomable ocean of blood and inexplicable misery; when I tried to unassailably conquer the hideous enemy camp; in just a single minute,

I was rendered insanely groping in corridors of unprecedented gloom for countless more births of mine; when I tried to salaciously snatch all happiness from the trajectory of this fathomless planet; in just a single minute,

I incessantly wailed tears of despicably horrendous frustration till times beyond eternity; when I tried to vindictively soar through the clouds of irrefutably glittering success; in just a single minute,

I frequented the abominably stagnating lavatory more than anyone else on this blissfully sagacious planet; when I tried to profoundly relish every delicacy brewing tantalizingly throughout the world; in just a single minute,

I pathetically slithered in dungeons of ominously menacing doom; when I tried to invidiously pilfer my way through walls of sacrosanct heaven; in just a single minute,

I found myself savoring heinously sinister garbage with the fleet of rambunctiously sordid pigs; when I tried to treacherously perpetuate towards the king's throne; in just a single minute,

I ludicrously trembled for many a fathomlessly diabolical nights; when I tried to hurriedly experience every spell binding fantasy of boundless lives; in just a single minute,

I found myself encapsulated by preposterously devilish whirlpools of maniacal nothingness; when I tried to lecherously conquer every marvelously beautiful element between sky and earth; in just a single minute,

I lugubriously slandered in dormitories of unsurpassable destruction and ungainly

incoherent confusion; when I tried to capture all enthralling sounds on this timeless Universe; in just a single minute,

I found myself infinite feet beneath my remorsefully bedraggled corpse and annihilated beyond prudent proportions; when I tried to tame the lethally prurient battalion of white sharks; in just a single minute,

I felt every ingredient of my blood freeze to a tumultuously gory death; as I tried to devour the unbelievably mammoth mountain of titillating ice; in just a single minute,

I found myself uncontrollably and ludicrously hiccupping under the beggar's tumbledown cot; when I tried to devilishly become the richest man on this Universe; in just a single minute,

I felt brutally electrocuted by winds of bizarre impeachment; when I tried to pruriently tried to gallivant to prosperity bearing my weight upon innocent shoulders; in just a single minute,

I found myself sinking to forever blend with infinitesimal fish and grimacing octopus; when I tried to transgress past the periphery of the gigantic ocean; in just a single minute,

I almost succumbed swooned in inexorably defeating exhaustion towards clammy soil; when I tried to greedily inhale all the billion breaths of my destined life vociferously together; in just a single minute,

I found myself lamely beating the floor in an asylum for the perpetually deaf and dumb; after I tried to reach to murderously reach my voice to the most remotest part of the globe; in just a single minute,

But I found myself immortally and perennially successful; saluting the ultimate corridors of harmoniously symbiotic triumph; when I tried to unfurl the chords of my passionately throbbing heart; diffuse its naturally uninhibited love to one and all across this majestic planet; in just a single minute.

14. NO PAYMENTS

You don't have to pay the clouds to ecstatically rain; torrentially shower golden droplets of ebullient liquid; upon fathomlessly parched territories of; desolately naked soil,

You don't have to pay the flowers to diffuse scent; blossom into romantically swirling mists of desire; to blissfully bequeath their fountain of unfathomable fragrance; to one and all; redolently alike,

You don't have to pay the soil to fructify into fruit; astoundingly spawn a civilization of bountiful prosperity; a celestial township of unitedly Herculean strength,

You don't have to pay the wind to rhapsodically blow; profoundly perpetuate each cranny of the despairingly bedraggled atmosphere; with the insurmountably vivacious elixir to triumphantly surge ahead in life,

You don't have to pay the Sun to royally rise; inundate every iota of the dolorously darkened earth; with optimistically heavenly and Omnipotent rays of dazzling light,

You don't have to pay the cow to uninhibitedly ooze milk; disseminate its irrefutably sacrosanct essence to the most remotest corner of this Universe; miraculously fortify sagging bones with its divinely aura,

You don't have to pay the Moon to resplendently shimmer; enchantingly radiate infinite streams of milky moonlight; to metamorphose every drearily beleaguered night; into the fulfilling river of paradise,

You don't have to pay the grass to exotically tingle your feet; profusely incinerate infernos of tantalizingly untamed desire in your impoverished countenance; as you gallivanted on it at the crack of ravishingly ethereal dawn,

You don't have to pay the waterfall to mystically enlighten; magically besiege every part of your monotonously staggering demeanor; with tangily inscrutable sensations of; seductively gorgeous life,

You don't have to pay the cuckoo to awaken you every morning; melodiously deluge your dwindling soul; with stupendously everlasting tunes of; harmoniously new-found excitement,

You don't have to pay the sea to impart you frosty salt; mischievously tickle every despicably despondent nerve of your manipulative form; with unprecedented adventure and exhilarating froth,

You don't have to pay the dolphins to voluptuously dance; incinerate the impeccably wandering child in your treacherously incarcerated senses; make you

delightfully sing under the blazing Sun,

You don't have to pay the deserts to compassionately warm; engender pricelessly silver beads of effulgent perspiration; to trickle handsomely down your diminutive nape,

You don't have to pay the child to indefatigably intrigue; incredulously bewilder even the most stringently commercial tycoon in you; to innocuously dream beyond the realms of infinite infinity,

You don't have to pay the Almighty Creator to endlessly evolve; as he Omnisciently maneuvered even the most inconspicuous element of your life; blessed you with the spell binding virility; to procreate countless more of your holistic kind,

You don't have to pay the conscience to unequivocally dispel sagacious righteousness; irrevocably refrained you in your salaciously advancing footsteps; every time you were greedily enticed towards the heinously wrong,

You don't have to pay your mother to bear you in her godly womb; blissfully nourish even the most minuscule bone in your visage; to see you eternally blossom into the ray of timeless happiness,

You don't have to pay breath to keep you vivaciously bouncing and beamingly alive; joyously impound every extinguishing desire of your insidiously asphyxiated body; with the unsurpassable ardor to lead glorious life,

And you don't have to pay the heart to bestow upon you the immortal love of your life; bond its unassailably majestic beats with the most gorgeously priceless mission; of your each extraordinarily jubilant lifetime.

15. SHOULD I CALL YOU?

Should I call you the most priceless necklace of my soul; or should I address you as a tantalizing fairy; having celestially descended from the vivaciously silken skies?

Should I call you a carpet of voluptuously titillating grass; or should I address you as a tantalizing globule of rain; marvelously placating each of my drearily bedraggled senses?

Should I call you an everlastingly blooming forest of enchanting seduction; or

should I address you as a resplendent fountain of timeless tradition;
encapsulating each of my nervously mystical nerves?

Should I call you a magical harp of harmoniously enthralling music; or should I
address you as a whirlwind of compassionately unending fantasy; triggering me
to dream beyond; the realms of bountiful imagination?

Should I call you a fathomless sky of limitless ecstasy and ebullient grace; or
should I address you as an insatiably ardent inferno of ever augmenting enigma?

Should I call you a majestically seductive eagle soaring handsomely through the
clouds of unprecedented desire; or should I address you as magnificent petal of
incomprehensible fascination; taking Omnipotent control of my beleaguered life?

Should I call you a tornado of exuberantly emphatic air; or should I address you
as a satiny mattress of exotically tranquil contentment; blissfully nourishing my
every unfinished desire; to the most insurmountable limits?

Should I call you a majestically sprouting fruit of ecstatic solidarity; or should I
address you as a colossal ocean of ingratiating empathy; tingling me ravishingly
all across my devastated body?

Should I call you the princess of irrefutably unconquerable beauty; or should I
address you as an unassailably priceless friend; commiserating astoundingly with
my every jubilation; and inexplicable pain?

Should I call you a garland of congenially glittering diamonds; or should I
address you as a cloudburst of perennially rising yearning; torrentially bestowing
upon me hurricanes of; poignantly exhilarating seduction?

Should I call you a mountain of unflinchingly limitless unity; or should I address
you as the ultimate panache for my philanthropic success; as you cast the spell
of your Omniscient belonging; profusely upon each element of my heart and
soul; alike?

Should I call you an eternal rainbow of delectable sensuousness; or should I
address you as vividly spell binding harmony; an impeccably nostalgic fairy; who
transited me unwittingly into the corridors of immaculate childhood?

Should I call you the epitome of fabulously enamoring enthrallment; or should I
address you as a tumultuously blazing seductress; igniting thunderbolts of

vibrant longing; in every ingredient of my extinguishing blood?

Should I call you a paradise of insurmountably titillating pearls; or should I address you as a virgin field of unceasing prosperity; with your innocuous rudiments profoundly embedded in the pores of my; trembling conscience?

Should I call you a boisterously nubile and bubbly mermaid; or should I address you as the Goddess of celestial humility; who uninhibitedly bequeathed upon me; the principles of timeless love?

Should I call you a vivid kaleidoscope of unfathomably cheerful color; or should I address you as a scintillating expanse of intriguing happiness; a perennially unfazed spirit of adventure that swiped me like torrents of white lightning; from my capriciously insipid feet?

Should I call you a royally piquant bee weaving tons of unsurpassably melodious honey; or should I address you as a intrepidly brazen nightingale; chirping the tunes of unequivocally philanthropic existence; all night and sweltering day?

Should I call you Omnipresently synergistic whirlpools of fiery breath; or should I address you as a cavern of unsurpassable excitement; perpetuating me to handsomely philander in the land of the romantically unknown?

And should I call you the immortally passionate beating of my penurious heart; or should I address you the solely irrefutably love of my life; the very reason that I was blissfully breathing; and heavenly alive?

16. ULTIMATE REALITY

Fantasy is a milestone,
Truth is the ultimate reality.

Whisper is a mesmerizing sedative,
Voice of the conscience is the ultimate reality.

Clouds are an ethereal fascination,
Sky is the ultimate reality.

Accidents are an evanescent bruise,
Death is the ultimate reality.

Stars are titillation of the night,

Flaming Sun is the ultimate reality.

Photograph is a magnanimous depiction,
The living are the ultimate reality.

Offsprings keep proliferating in every quarter of the Universe,
Sacrosanct mother is the ultimate reality.

Bees swarm boisterously all throughout the day,
Mesmerizing nightingale is the ultimate reality.

Flurry of blatant lies evaporates into wisps of obsolete oblivion,
Irrefutable truth is the ultimate reality.

Grandiloquent ink depicts marvelous glory,
The pages of destiny are the ultimate reality.

Tantalizing globules of sweat captivate the remotest of alien,
Persevering hardwork is the ultimate reality.

Seductive flesh is a transient sensation,
Charismatic beauty is the ultimate reality.

Flirtation melts like frigid beeswax,
Friendship is the ultimate reality.

Scents wear off as the hours unfurl,
Enchanting rose is the ultimate reality.

Kites flap gregariously and then descend,
Euphoric wind is the ultimate reality.

Sharks glide in majestic unison to pulverize their prey,
Rhapsodic ocean is the ultimate reality.

Religion ironically enthralls with its armory of countless nuances,
Philanthropic humanity is the ultimate reality.

Moonshine perpetuates through the blanket of ghastly darkness,
Marvelously enlightening dawn is the ultimate reality.

Dreams are incarcerating avalanches of ice frenziedly distorting shape,

Actions are the ultimate reality.

Teamwork is a stepping stone towards the zenith of success,
Trust is the ultimate reality.

Panthers growl instills a wave of uncanny fear,
Rampant wilderness is the ultimate reality.

Innovation is a streak of dynamic flamboyance,
Blessed intelligence is the ultimate reality.

Abuses are temporary fulminations of the mind,
The pen of the Almighty Creator is the ultimate reality.

Lightening is an inconspicuous spark of electricity in the cosmos,
The ocean of darkness is a perpetual reality.

Mosquito bite is an infinitesimally pertinent,
Compromise with existence is the ultimate reality.

The bars of prison are a hedonistic submission,
Interiors of satanic corpse are the ultimate reality.

Mountains buckle down like soggy matchsticks under earthquakes,
The summit of conviction is the ultimate reality.

Steroids stimulate traces of newfound power,
The ramifications of the heart are the ultimate reality.

Currency triggers smiles more bombastic than the heavens at times,
Wholehearted satisfaction is the ultimate reality.

Exemplifications alleviate stress to substantive degrees,
Acceptance is the ultimate reality.

Fairies dance to give you the most exotic times of your life,
The cry of the cuckoo every morning is the ultimate reality.

Glitter of gold lasts only till the last winds of night,
The compassionate caress of your mother is the ultimate reality.

Silken strands of spidery web thrill beyond the realms of exhaustion,

The lethal sting of wholesome extinction is the ultimate reality.

Cuddling your baby an infinite times revitalized your dreary senses to the epitome of optimism,
Each act of benevolence is the ultimate reality.

Slithering bare chested on soil impregnated tremors of pleasure,
Devotion to the cause of Almighty God is the ultimate reality.

Tears are momentary radiations of profound suffering,
Sorrow is the ultimate reality.

Attraction is a vivid chain of primordial passion,
Bondage is the ultimate reality.

Skin extinguishes in entirety with advancing years of life,
The everlasting soul is the ultimate reality.

Royal imagery puts you in trance for cardinal parts of the day,
Poetry is the ultimate reality.

Advertising is a baseless spectrum of gimmicks which enthrall,
Dedication towards the divine is the ultimate reality.

Dwelling harbors you from the diabolical devil,
Enigma is the ultimate reality.

Frolicking in the meadows rekindles your diminishing energies a trifle,
The valley of exultating adventure is the ultimate reality.

Wink triggers avalanches of flirtation and naughtiness,
Concentration is the ultimate reality.

Caress embodies feelings to the most supreme core,
Uninhibited sharing is the ultimate reality.

Bornfires stupefy as they escalate towards the cosmos,
Untamed passion is the ultimate reality.

Superstitions are ephemerally efficacious,
Omnipresent Lord is the ultimate reality.

Business is a rejuvenating parasite adding spice and wealth to life,
Art is the ultimate reality.

And infatuation is storm which gradually disappears,
Immortal love is the ultimate reality.

17. REBORN ONLY AS YOUR LOVER

A part of me in monotonous realms of satanic office; capsizing upon my share of bread; to sustain on the trajectory of this gigantic planet,

A part of me on the tantalizing seaside; profoundly relishing the tanginess of the mighty ocean; which tingled me beyond the corridors of untamed control,

A part of me in the mesmerizing garden; profusely drowned in the scent of the overwhelmingly seductive rose,

A part of me in the morbid graveyard; sadly mourning and reminiscing all those close to me; now no longer a reality in this world,

A part of me on the ergonomic dining table; savoring indispensable morsels of food; to keep me holistically running and alive,

A part of me on the evanescent horizons; frenziedly salvaging fortification to blissfully pass the menacingly treacherous night,

A part of me in the sacrosanct lap of my mother; reliving the poignant memories of impeccable childhood,

A part of me unsurpassably engrossed in bulky study books; endeavouring my best to achieve the most unprecedented in the career of my choice,

A part of me dancing vivaciously in the forests; playing hide and seek; amidst the rustling of voluptuous leaves; the silken beams of milky moonshine,

A part of me rebelling unrelentingly against traitors infiltrating my motherland; combating them with the sword of irrefutable righteousness,

A part of me gallivanting flirtatiously through the hills; philandering till times beyond eternity; until I stumbled upon the romance of my life,

A part of me persevering under whole hearted rays of the acrimonious summer;

deluged in a blanket of golden perspiration; as I slogged without the most inconspicuous of reprieve,

A part of me swimming ardently in the salty ocean; romanticizing and titillating in the majestically royal splendor of enchanting life,

A part of me with my dynamically flamboyant father; zealously aiming always to be infinite steps above the very best,

A part of me perched on the revered knees of my grandparents; fervently listening to their unfathomable myriad of adventures in real life,

A part of me astoundingly baffled by the vagaries of this uncouth society; unable to comprehend why fellow beings of human fraternity; considered themselves above divine Godhead,

A part of me humming an insurmountable battalion of spiffy tunes; to rekindle my pathetically diminishing spice in life,

A part of me indulged into disdainfully forced manipulation in order to survive; articulately maneuvering my way into the spurious treasury of power tycoons,

A part of me writing boundless lines of mystical poetry; letting my scarlet veins erupt into tumultuously rhapsodic delight,

A part of me blissfully asleep; dreaming and bouncing ebulliently in a land more enthralling than fabulous paradise,

A part of me in celestial heavens; blossoming each instant into a fountain of unconquerable happiness; bestowed upon me by the Omnipotent Lord,

A part of me in diabolically savage hell; being whipped for my plethora of misdeeds; by the heinously vicious breath of the devil,

A part of me on the sizzling Sun; admiring the incomprehensible beauty of this earth; in the most candidly vivid of its perspective,

A part of me in the dungeons of doomsday; sulking and fretting; overpowered by tornados of despairing hopelessness,

But all of me; my mind; my body; my soul; incarcerated in the passionately thundering beats of your heart; not only for this lifetime; but even after I had

quit it prematurely; to be reborn only as your lover; forever and ever and ever.

18. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN

I might be possessing an uncouthly scraggy beard; encapsulating my cheeks abominably from all sides,
But that doesn't mean; that I didn't have soft flesh on my visage; the voluptuous tinge which seduced the most glorious of angels into an absolute submission.

I might be endowed with a color which was darker than the sootiest of charcoal; repelling every entity I transgressed in my way,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't fantasize about all the beautiful maidens on this Universe; drown and coalesce myself each instant with the ultimate of marvels; infinite lands transcending the island of paradise.

I might be residing with an insatiable whirlpool of mosquito's in my dingy hut; without an iota of currency in my bedraggled pockets,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't perceive ingenious ideas in my brain; to metamorphose this lecherously manipulative society once again; into benevolent mankind.

I might be tinier than the inconspicuously diminutive ant in stature; being overwhelmingly mocked by all tangible living on this planet,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't stand of my own feet; shirk into my reclusive cocoon; when it came to defending philanthropic mankind.

I might be having a voice more horrendously disgusting than the croaking frogs; inundating the atmosphere each moment with pathetically disgruntled cacophony,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't explicitly voice my feelings; pacify the torrential agony in my soul; with the poignancy I generated through my words.

I might be bereft of eyes right since immaculate childhood; stumbling on each gloomy footstep; like a pack of frigidly soft cards,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't enlighten other's lives; cast optimistic rays of splendor and hope; in the paths of those staggering towards horrific nothingness.

I might be disastrously ugly; with every quarter of spuriously bombastic mankind; rebuking me beyond the limits of ignominious condemnation,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't impregnate heavenly fragrance in my comrades shivering beside their corpse; assist them blossom again from the

tenterhooks of hopeless extinction.

I might be utterly famished due to brutal circumstances; deprived of the most infinitesimal morsel of food since centuries immemorial,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't perceive stupendously oligarchic cuisine lingering in exotic kitchens; harness the most majestic of artistry with every droplet; of my profoundly compassionate blood.

I might be profusely decaying and old; now awaiting death any instant to embrace me in its inevitably ghastly stranglehold,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't bounce and frolick like a new born child; innocently pour out whatever enveloped the walls of my conscience to the extraneous world.

And I might be bound in devilishly blood coated chains; unable to budge even a minuscule inch over the gory imprisonment entrenching me murderously from all sides,
But that doesn't mean; that I couldn't love; romance; care; share; with the person I revered the most; bond each of my senses in the swirl of an immortal relationship; which no bloody chain on this earth could ever break.

19. ROMANCING

The rocks were romancing with the vivacious waves; enjoying the rhapsodic tanginess on their exotically bare bodied periphery,

The sheep were romancing with the voluptuous carpet of grass; rolling in untamed jubilation on its stalks; as the Sun descended over the golden horizons,

The horses were romancing with the mystical mountains; gallivanting like a jeweled prince through the unfathomable labyrinth of gorgeously twisted paths,

The cricket bat was romancing with the glistening leather ball; tossing it like a majestic eagle; deep and profound into the heart of the wonderfully enchanting clouds,

The roses were romancing with the stupendously vibrant winds; fluttering like a pampered prince; as the air profusely besieged each petal in whirlpools of exhilaration,

The eyeballs were romancing with the passionately winking lids; relishing and wholesomely embracing the compassionate coat of tingling moisture,

The fathomless deserts were romancing with the marvelously eluding mirages; being tantalized to the most unprecedented limits; as they danced the fascinating dance of their lives,

The reptiles were romancing with raunchy cocoons of soil; slithering with insurmountable frenzy; as celestial moonshine penetrated through the curtainspread of the phlegmatic night,

The bees were romancing with the impeccably sacrosanct lotus; transiting into waves of silken delight; seductively suckling the aromatic nectar incarcerated inside,

The pen was romancing with boundless sheets of bonded paper; inundating its serene trajectory with exquisite calligraphy; weaving through the essence of immortal times,

The palms were romancing with the enigmatic destiny lines; blossoming into a land of overwhelming of unparalleled mystique; as each ray crept; as each instant unveiled,

The crocodiles were romancing with the incongruous marshes; ominously pulverizing robust prey; lurking in the glory of ethereal light as mesmerizing dawn unleashed on the banks,

The valley was romancing with the royally oligarchic echoes; swirling in the enormous fountainhead of unsurpassable ecstasy and opulent charm,

The snowballs were romancing with the Omnipotent morning light; melting with unconquerable titillation into streams of gurgling melody,

The candle was romancing with the magnanimously Kingly flames; infiltrating astounding beams of optimism; in the morbid entrenchment scurried with black mice,

The mosquito was romancing with immaculate flesh; indefatigably tickling and sucking it; till the ultimate layer of its soul's contentment,

The lips were romancing with the unrelenting island of whispers; kissing the enthralling softness of their resonance; floating with their glory into a land beyond paradise,

The child was romancing with its divinely mother; bouncing in her heavenly lap; innocently reaching out to the most remotest stars in the scarlet sky,

And my mind; body and breath; were romancing with your philanthropic heart; perpetually bonding with its beats; to always emerge the triumphant winner; to add immortal dimensions to exhausted life.

20. THE ETERNAL KISS

You came as a complete stranger in my life; tantalizing me an angel with your mystical flurry of exotic smiles,
While today you had become the glistening empathy in my eyes; the tears of rhapsody that I oozed unrelentingly; as the skies showered rain on parched soil.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; seducing me every now and again; with your enchanting shadow that swept nimbly past my dwindling countenance,
While today you had become every smile that passionately besieged my crimson lips; the mesmerizing pink that perennially enveloped its tragically devastated contours.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; retreating your palms mischievously; even as I brushed past their immaculate fingers like a crown prince,
While today you had become the color of my robust skin; the incredulously dancing pores that crept on my flesh; as I rejoiced in an everlasting dance; till the realms of eternity.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; disclosing to me your ethereal glimpse; as I frantically groped and stared into the winds of remotely infinite oblivion,
While today you had become the only hope that I harbored and possessed in my life; the perpetual ray of optimistic light; which was my ultimate savior wherever I went.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; flirtatiously whispering into my ears; as the Sun gloriously dimmed its light beyond the scarlet horizons,
While today you had become each word that I explicitly spoke; the melodious fountain of wonderful rhyme; that compassionately emanated from deep within my throat.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; pinching me on my cheek; and then disappearing entirely as the winds ferociously rebelled away from my shriveled

visage,

While today you become each dream I perceived; each zenith I kept
indefatigably achieving; as the world deteriorated in morbid caverns of
manipulative malice.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; tempting me like a voluptuously
titillating mirage; into the innermost depths of untamed wilderness,
While today you had become the paths which I majestically rolled on; the silken
carpet of dewdrops that tingled me beyond the most unprecedented summit
of ecstasy; as darkness unveiled.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; igniting passionate webs of
insatiable desire; the instants I witnessed your charismatically fading form,
While today you had become every droplet of water I slurped down my mouth;
the very reason that I inhaled breath; as all in this colossal planet were inevitably
dying.

You came as a complete stranger in my life; winking at me voraciously with your
enigmatically mysterious looks,
While today you had become the irrefutably righteous voice of my conscience;
propelling me philanthropically to serve all mankind.

And you came as a complete stranger in my life; making me entirely unknown to
your religion and form; as I stumbled head on upon your footprints; towards the
obdurately treacherous ground,
While today you had become the eternal kiss of my existence; the immortal love
which entrenched my heart so formidably; that it kept throbbing; even as my
soul had bonded entirely with the Creator.

21. GOD MADE ME

God made the overwhelmingly rich; to help those disastrously begging on the
dilapidated streets,

God made the exotically beautiful; to harbor those who were ruthlessly kicked at
every quarter; for their abominable ugliness,

God made the brilliantly flamboyant day; to benevolently mitigate the suffering
of the treacherously horrendous night,

God made the stupendously fragrant rose; to embrace all those tangible entities
dwindling towards the dungeons of stinking extinction,

God made the impeccable angel; to massacre the diabolical devil; salaciously spreading its heinous roots; into pathways of blissful society,

God made the gigantically lanky mountain; to sequester the diminutively fragile ant in its belly; shielding it from the vicious onslaught of the tumultuously stormy winds,

God made the vivaciously salty sea; to rejuvenate pathetic dreariness lingering and parasitically piercing the atmosphere,

God made the mystical ocean of shadows; to break the savage monotony of manipulatively routine life,

God made the incredulously robust complexioned; to lend their hands to those pale skeletons who seemed to have completely lost their way,

God made the audaciously lion hearted; to fortify the souls of those who shivered uncontrollably; even before a single step towards the sky,

God made the thunderbolts of voluptuously charismatic electricity; to profoundly enlighten images melting into oblivion; like a battalion of white mice,

God made the unfathomably jovial; to rejuvenate souls creeping towards their corpse; even before they emitted the cry of fresh birth,

God made the ebulliently young; to lend a helping hand to the dreadfully old and crippling; stumbling for fresh air on the fathomless roads,

God made the majestically placid lakes; to pacify the inexplicable agonies fulminating traumatically towards the aisles of baseless nothingness,

God made the pragmatically ticking clock; to start a new chapter of existence every unfurling instant of the day; blossom into a fresh beginning; when dagger heads of despair had taken complete control,

God made the irrefutably sacrosanct mother; to make the most satanically demonish organisms feel; that they were an immaculately dressed child once again,

God made the invincibly truthful; to thoroughly decimate sordidly demented lies; before it embedded its gory roots,

God made royally sparkling life; to replace the tyranny of inevitably striking death,

And God made me; to love you immortally till the time I existed; bond with your divinely soul; in every birth you granted me a chance to live; a chance to love you again and again and again.

22. IMMORTAL LOVER

With the blessings of my mother profoundly lingering in my eyes,

With nostalgic reflections of my childhood; bearing down overwhelmingly on my heart,

With an insatiable desire to pen down boundless lines of poetry; drown myself into a whirlpool of seductive fantasy,

With a cloak of my divinely Creator; exuberantly inhabiting each contour of my bone,

I entered the monotonous realms of office with fireballs of rebel fulminating in my blood; irrevocably resolving to quit it; the instant I consolidated upon my poetic dreams.

With a spirit of untamed exhilaration encompassing each minuscule cranny of my demeanor; progressing me to march till eternity,

With my fathers incessant advice of being like the eternal Venus star; his effervescence of never ending dynamism embedded deep in my veins,

With a cloudburst of tantalizing fantasy fervently adhering to each pore of my skin,

With my sisters unrelenting passion for exploring the vivaciously new; hovering in the back of my brain,

I plunged head on into the stormy ocean; with an intransigent desire to gallop to the summit of the gigantic mountain; after having breakfast with the sharks.

With profusely compassionate reflections of my grandparents strolling on the verdant lawns,

With the unfathomable myriad of celestial wishes; bestowed upon me by humanitarians whom I had encountered in my way,

With a flurry of impeccably innocent duck quacks; resonating boisterously in intricate corridors of my ears,

With mystical shadows of voluptuously magnificent fairies; deluging my mind like a torrential rain of pearls,

I retired completely from the vagaries of the manipulatively treacherous day; snored like an angel; euphorically inhaling the magical tranquility of the star-studded night.

And with your mesmerizing portrait invincibly riveted to each part of my impoverished countenance,

With your divinely smile insurmountably encapsulating every yearning that emanated from my soul,

With the unsurpassable fortitude in your visage; instilling in me the astronomical fortitude to trespass unflinchingly on each diabolical thorn,

With your Godly heartbeats; bonding me in the swirl of your unconquerable romance for centuries immemorial, I wholeheartedly stepped into my corpse; embracing death with equal ebullience as life; only to be reborn infinite times again; as your immortal lover.

23. REMARRY

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal eyes; which were the only rays that propelled me to see; although I was radiantly bouncing and alive.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal lips; engendering me to smile; everytime I felt like collapsing like a bedraggled heap on worthless ground; everytime I felt as if blending with the winds of horrendous extinction.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal shadow; drowning me into aisles of unprecedented yearning and flamboyant desire; as I felt like massacring each

element of my demeanor into an infinite inconspicuous pieces.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal dreams; which made me fantasize beyond all
the monotonously ordinary; romance in the majestically sensuous land of
bountiful paradise.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal tenacity; that imparted in me the impregnable
resilience to rise up to the most invidiously treacherous anecdote; which I
encountered in tangible life.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal memories; which made me transit back into
realms of impeccable childhood; pampering the most minuscule of my senses like
a prince; when I was about to sink boundless kilometers beneath the macabre
mud of my veritable corpse.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal blood; which perpetuated me to relish life
higher than the clouds; blossom with rubicund health and happiness; when in fact
I wanted to perpetually embrace morbid disease.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal soul; which bonded me for centuries
immemorial in its invincible grip; even as I wanted to fade like a diminutive
mosquito; into wisps of meaninglessly dilapidated oblivion.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal breath; which fomented me to lead each
unveiling minute of my destined life to most unsurpassable of its capacity;
making me emerge a stupendously passionate winner; on every footstep I
transgressed.

After you were dead; I would definitely remarry once again,
But of course with your immortal heart; whose beats not only kept me alive in
the inevitable staring of hopeless death; but ensured that I ubiquitously
propagated the essence of philanthropic mankind; in every virtue I spread; in
every direction I tread.

24. ITS BECAUSE THERE EXISTED YOUR PERPETUAL HEART.

Its because there existed your spell bindingly bountiful hands; there existed my impoverished hands too; and because there forever existed our impregnably righteous hands united together; we could timelessly disseminate the essence of immortal friendship; in every barren quarter of this fathomless Universe,

Its because there existed your innocuously magical eyes; there existed my diminutive eyes too; and because there forever existed our daintily spotless eyes united together; we could timelessly commiserate with every bit of priceless humanity; on this boundlessly beautiful Universe,

Its because there existed your wonderfully rhapsodic lips; there existed my truncated lips too; and because there forever existed our inimitably unassailable lips united together; we could timelessly perpetuate every sacrilegiously gloomy cranny of this Universe; with triumphant smiles,

Its because there existed your victoriously eclectic fingers; there existed my slavering fingers too; and because there forever existed our synergistically emollient fingers united together; we could timelessly paint the canvas of this haplessly staggering Universe; with unprecedentedly replenishing prosperity,

Its because there existed your perennially venerated feet; there existed my skewed feet too; and because there forever existed our fearlessly intrepid feet united together; we could timelessly discover the unsurpassably holistic treasures of this Universe; at every step that we tread,

Its because there existed your celestially golden sweat; there existed my transparent sweat too; and because there forever existed our unassailably redolent sweat united together; we could timelessly permeate every ounce of lascivious laziness on this unceasing Universe; with the undyingly sparkling scent of hard work,

Its because there existed your flirtatiously vivacious eyelashes; there existed my fluttering eyelashes too; and because there forever existed our stupendously ameliorating eyelashes united together; we could timelessly shrug even the most diabolically ghastliest of pain on this unending Universe; in the spirit of eternal happiness,

Its because there existed your poignantly jubilant veins; there existed my solitary veins too; and because there forever existed our insuperably humanitarian veins united together; we could timelessly strive towards blissfully melanging every spurious caste; creed; color; race and tribe; into the everlasting religion of mankind,

Its because there existed your ecstatically untamed skin; there existed my nimble skin too; and because there forever existed our interminably ebullient skin united together; we could timelessly trigger infernos of endlessly extemporizing desire; in even the most hopelessly massacred leaf of the atmosphere,

Its because there existed your unbelievably sensitive ears; there existed my short ears too; and because there forever existed our astoundingly discerning ears united together; we could timelessly be receptive to even the tiniest insinuation of misery around us; indomitably tower to every cry of humanity in a singleton wink of the eye,

Its because there existed your fearlessly compassionate bones; there existed my unabashed bones too; and because there forever existed our unconquerably fortified bones united together; we could timelessly take on every unsavory devil that dared come our way; as we marched forward in truthful unison with the plane outside,

Its because there existed your incredulously reinvigorating shadow; there existed my tiny shadow too; and because there forever existed our fantastically vivid shadows united together; we could timelessly transform even the most murderously massacring of entities; into impeccable angels of the Creator Divine,

Its because there existed your seductively rubicund tongue; there existed my boisterous tongue too; and because there forever existed our ubiquitously mellifluous tongues united together; we could timelessly permeate mists of uninhibitedly proliferating virility; in even the most infertile directions that we tread,

Its because there existed your philanthropically healing shoulders; there existed my destined shoulders too; and because there forever existed our innocently helpful shoulders united together; we could timelessly hoist every fraternity of disparagingly depraved humanity; into the winds of enchanting paradise,

Its because there existed your honestly purifying conscience; there existed my evanescent conscience too; and because there forever existed our beautifully unfettered conscience's united together; we could timelessly conquer even the most infinitesimal trace of evil on this indefatigable Universe; with the scepter of unshakable truth,

Its because there existed your majestically unflinching blood; there existed my inevitable blood too; and because there forever existed our propitiously burgeoning blood united together; we could timelessly dream of spawning into an infinite forms of newness; with egalitarian equanimity on every conceivable part of this mesmerizing Universe,

Its because there existed your inexhaustibly fantasizing brain; there existed my surreal brain too; and because there forever existed our unlimitedly evolving brains united together; we could timelessly behead the most inconsolable chapters of depression; with miraculously undefeated freshness,

Its because there existed your invincibly fiery breath; there existed my indispensable breath too; and because there forever existed our passionately fructifying breaths united together; we could timelessly ensure the cisterns of royally fragrant life; even after deplorably asphyxiating death,

And its because there existed your perpetually magnificent heart; there existed my palpitating heart too; and because there forever existed our universally vibrant hearts united together; we could timelessly bless even the most hedonistically betraying ingredient of the atmosphere; with the heavens of love; love and solely immortally Omnipresent love.

25. AS I FOREVER HAD HER SUPPORT.

Every tree on this fathomlessly enamoring Universe forever went against me; as each time I alighted my foot; it fell on my nimble shoulders; pulverizing me beyond holistic degrees of sagacious comprehension,

Every mountain on this boundlessly victorious Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to clamber its slope; it mercilessly buried me to an infinite feet beneath worthlessly lackadaisical soil,

Every path on this spell bindingly bounteous Universe forever went against me; as each time I dared tread on it; it deliriously bewildered and gobbled me in such a labyrinth of confounding routes; that it was impossible for me to recognize even my very own voice,

Every sea on this inscrutably tantalizing Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to swim in it; it barbarously drowned me to the heartless bottom; before feeding even the most infinitesimal bone of my body to the diabolically emaciated shark,

Every cloud on this beautifully iridescent Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to gaze towards the sky; it inundated every conceivable iota of my eye with unsurpassable tumblers of stinging water; preposterously obfuscating my vision from every trace of tangible civilization,

Every lip on this fantastically ameliorating Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to compassionately kiss it; all it hurtled was an unceasingly lambasting volley of tawdrily devilish abuse,

Every desert on this stupendously miraculous Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to admire its vastness; it dragged me further and further into inanely salacious meaninglessness; with its beguiling mirages maniacally depriving me of my every ounce of happiness,

Every Sunray on this jubilantly mesmerizing Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to sight it; it made me to inevitably shut my eyes; into a graveyard of haplessly asphyxiating and demonic blackness,

Every particle on this blissfully reinvigorating Universe forever went against me; as each time I stepped out of my closed glass; it collided with the innocuous whites of my eye with such an intransigent velocity; that I was pathetically rendered blind for a countless more of my lifetimes,

Every color on this timelessly enchanting Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to sketch the vivacious rainbow; every line that I drew on the barren canvas; metamorphosed into sadistically gory blood,

Every word on this perennially bewitching Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to speak it aloud; it brutally transformed into the most venomously ultimate spelling of death,

Every hive on this endlessly fascinating Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to blend with its unbelievable sweetness; an indefatigable army of bees hedonistically knifed through every visible and invisible cranny of my skin,

Every finger on this unfathomably ecstatic Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to symbiotically intertwine my finger with it; it horrifically maimed me; to discordantly beg on the dusty streets,

Every dwelling on this impregnable exhilarating Universe forever went against

me; as each time I ventured to seek shelter in it; it vindictively thrust me towards the coffins of the most unsparingly crucifying of hell,

Every soil on this timelessly ebullient Universe forever went against me; as each time I passionately tread upon it; it devoured me into a mortuary of sinfully castrating and maliciously assassinating wantonness,

Every star on this tranquilly everlasting Universe forever went against me; as each time I stepped out in the majestically star-studded evening; a corpse of impoverished blindness was all that my eyes could sight; my only cynical savior for an innumerable more nights,

Every shadow on this amazingly perspicacious Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to seek solace in its silken softness; it strangled me without the tiniest of innuendo and to such a ghastly extent; that my eyeballs gorily danced out till infinite infinity,

Every breath on this limitlessly blessing Universe forever went against me; as each time I tried to inhale it in my famished lungs; it became the most torturously eventual cry of ominously devastating death,

Yet; I forever towered as the most priceless organism alive in the winds of paradise; Yet; I forever existed as the most invincibly blessed man on the trajectory of earth divine; Yet; I forever replenished even the most inconspicuous of my senses with the fruits of eternally resplendent Creation;

Yet; I forever stayed away from even the slightest of misery and reigning as the most powerful entity on this Universe; as I forever had her Omnipotent palms immortally entwined in mine; as I forever had hers and only her true support for me; even though none of the world and beyond; was ever mine.

26. THERE WERE NONE

There were some on the trajectory of this fathomlessly enamoring Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of treacherous hatred; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably truncated lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this inexhaustibly iridescent Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of abominably crippling discrimination; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably evanescent lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this endlessly divine Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of inexplicably penalizing illiteracy; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably fugitive lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this indefatigably fructifying Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of parasitically insouciant possessiveness; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably extinguishing lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this limitlessly enthralling Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of disdainfully decrepit loneliness; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably shortened lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this brilliantly optimistic Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of cadaverously shattering egotism; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably transient lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this timelessly extemporizing Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of sinfully paralyzing crime; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably destitute lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this gigantically endowing Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of atrociously pulverizing sadism; at some or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably curtailed lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this eclectically vivacious Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of traumatically self-inflicted isolation; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably evaporating lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this vividly Herculean Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of robotically sacrilegious corruption; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably shortened lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this bountifully burgeoning Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of ominously devastating war; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably fading lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this timelessly victorious Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of diabolically victimizing greed; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably restricted lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this interminably ameliorating Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of deliriously thwarting insomnia; at some

time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably impoverished lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this gregariously embracing Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of horrendously satanic vindication; at some or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably deteriorating lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this beautifully virile Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of wantonly feckless inebriation; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably corroding lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this unceasingly emollient Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of outrageously vehement cynicism; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably extinguishing lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this unbelievably mesmerizing Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of squalidly bawdy secrets; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably abrading lifetime,

There were some on the trajectory of this incredulously acquitting Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of devilishly deplorable lies; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably laconic lifetimes,

There were some on the trajectory of this fearlessly ever-pervading Universe; who uncontrollably burnt in the fire of hedonistically massacring betrayal; at some time or the other; in the tenure of their inevitably shriveling lifetime,

But there were none on the trajectory of this Omnisciently wonderful Universe; who didn't uncontrollably burn in the fire of immortally consecrating love; at every single stage; at every single moment; at every single breath; at every single footstep; and at all times; in the tenure of their inevitably destined lifetime.

27. I'D JUST STARTED

Just when my eyes thought that they'd seen every bit of panoramically resplendent beauty; on the trajectory of this fathomlessly blessing Universe, Came her astoundingly pristine face right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and see; of her timelessly endowing enchantment.

Just when my lips thought that they'd smooched every bit of sensuously ameliorating loveliness; on the trajectory of this beautifully iridescent Universe,

Came her effulgently rhapsodic tongue right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and smooch; of her endlessly euphoric fantasy.

Just when my ears thought that they'd heard every bit of victoriously artistic melody; on the trajectory of this unbelievably undefeated Universe,
Came her majestically tinkling footsteps right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and hear; of her indefatigably mystic enthrallment.

Just when my fingers thought that they'd explored every bit of magically jubilant softness; on the trajectory of this miraculously unbiased Universe,
Came her fantastically unbridled skin right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and explore; of her poignantly proliferating virility.

Just when my neck thought that it'd witnessed every bit of gorgeously mitigating space; on the trajectory of this bounteously spawning Universe,
Came her infallibly magnetic shadow right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and witness; of her unendingly royal compassion.

Just when my brain thought that it'd absorbed every bit of ubiquitously divine freshness; on the trajectory of this unsurpassably emollient Universe,
Came her mischievously dancing eyelashes right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and absorb; of her delectable ingenious aura.

Just when my blood thought that it'd melanged with every bit of altruistically fructifying symbiotism; on the trajectory of this benevolently condoning Universe,

Came her pricelessly Omnipotent aura right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and mélange; of her divinely impeccable form.

Just when my mouth thought that it'd spoken every bit of celestial goodness and inevitable badness; on the trajectory of this synergistically consecrating Universe,
Came her voluptuously rain-soaked chest right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and speak; of her fearlessly new-born freshness.

Just when my panic button thought that it'd perceived every bit of unceasingly igniting excitement; on the trajectory of this formidably resplendent Universe, Came her uncontrollably exotic dreams in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and perceive; of her enigmatically reverberating charisma.

Just when my hair thought that they'd assimilated every bit of amazingly burgeoning vivacity; on the trajectory of this unrestrictedly bestowing Universe, Came her seductively dew drop studded chin right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and assimilate; of her unconquerably untamed sensuality.

Just when my palms thought they'd lived every bit of inscrutably tingling uncanniness; on the trajectory of this insuperably blossoming Universe, Came her fragrantly liberating destiny right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and live; of her intrepidly tantalizing personality.

Just when my toes thought that they'd walked every bit of conceivably blessed space; on the trajectory of this spectacularly eclectic Universe, Came her invincibly inexhaustible signature; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and walk; of her ideals of unflinchingly truthful selflessness.

Just when my nails thought that they'd scratched every bit of stupendously exhilarating restlessness; on the trajectory of this eternally magnificent Universe,

Came her heavenly golden sweated armpits right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and scratch; of her ebulliently unbridled femininity.

Just when my bones thought that they'd imbibed every bit of aristocratically audacious fortification; on the trajectory of this boundlessly sparkling Universe, Came her Omnisciently mitigating voice right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and imbibe; of her undaunted ideals of worldwide love and peace.

Just when my shoulders thought that they'd rejoiced every bit of spell bindingly egalitarian brotherhood; on the trajectory of this magically Omnipresent Universe, Came her innocuously impregnable soul right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and rejoice; of her

timelessly bestowing humanitarian goodness.

Just when my conscience thought that it'd replenished every bit of irrefutably indomitable truth; on the trajectory of this unfathomably silken Universe, Came her indisputably transparent eyeballs right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and replenish; of her unshakably everlasting paths of unassailable righteousness.

Just when my nostrils thought that they'd inhaled every bit of jubilantly undefeated air; on the trajectory of this interminably burgeoning Universe, Came her ever-pervading virgin fragrance right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and inhale; of her perennially youthful existence.

And just when my heart thought that it'd loved every bit of compassionately sacred immortality; on the trajectory of this convivially healing Universe, Came her perpetually passionate beats right in front of me; telling me that I'd just started; and there was an infinite more to discover and love; of her joyously procreating mind; soul and fearless form.

28. C'MON SHOOT ME.

C'mon shoot me in my eye; Am ready this very minute to fearlessly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of blissfully unprejudiced and timelessly garnishing; empathy.

C'mon shoot me in my lips; Am ready this very minute to unflinchingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of eternally rhapsodic and unsurpassably unhindered; desire.

C'mon shoot me in my chest; Am ready this very minute to unrestrictedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of fantastically symbiotic and pricelessly unbridled; humanity.

C'mon shoot me in my palms; Am ready this very minute to unlimitedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of magically ameliorating and synergistically healing; friendship.

C'mon shoot me in my crotch; Am ready this very minute to uninhibitedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of stupendously proliferating and endlessly eclectic; virility.

C'mon shoot me in my feet; Am ready this very minute to unabashedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of poignantly sensuous and jubilantly exultating; adventure.

C'mon shoot me in my shoulders; Am ready this very minute to undauntedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of triumphantly bounteous and spell bindingly ever-pervading; camaraderie.

C'mon shoot me in my throat; Am ready this very minute to unremittingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of victoriously effulgent and perennially benign; melody.

C'mon shoot me in my bloodstreams; Am ready this very minute to unstoppably take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of inimitably divine and ubiquitously compassionate; brotherhood.

C'mon shoot me in my brain; Am ready this very minute to unhesitatingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of unendingly enamoring and boundlessly ecstatic; fantasy.

C'mon shoot me in my veins; Am ready this very minute to spontaneously take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of unceasingly miraculous and timelessly emancipating; solidarity.

C'mon shoot me in my nails; Am ready this very minute to unnervingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that inimitably innocuous and beautifully unadulterated; mischief.

C'mon shoot me in my ears; Am ready this very minute to uncontrollably take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of astoundingly undefeated and piquantly fabulous; sensitivity.

C'mon shoot me in my tongue; Am ready this very minute to unbendingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of vivaciously unbridled and gloriously unfettered; sensuality.

C'mon shoot me in my spine; Am ready this very minute to undyingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of unconquerably burgeoning and celestially untamed; freedom.

C'mon shoot me in my belly; Am ready this very minute to uninhibitedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of unfathomably vivid and

tantalizingly voluptuous; seduction.

C'mon shoot me in my conscience; Am ready this very minute to irretrievably take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of irrefutably indomitable and perpetually consecrating; truth.

C'mon shoot me in my eyelashes; Am ready this very minute to unperturbedly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of fathomlessly resplendent and limitlessly reborn; flirtation.

C'mon shoot me in my nostrils; Am ready this very minute to unshakably take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of perennially iridescent and ebulliently fructifying; life.

C'mon shoot me in my heart; Am ready this very minute to uncomplainingly take an infinite bullets. But each bullet should only be that of immortally Omnipotent and insuperably bonding; love.

29. LIKE THERE WERE AN INFINITE MORE TOMORROWS

I wanted you to kiss me on my tantalizingly svelte lips this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and undyingly augmenting compassion,

I wanted you to kiss me on my jubilantly intrepid forehead this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and inimitably priceless understanding,

I wanted you to kiss me on my exhilaratingly nubile feet this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and beautifully untainted adventure,

I wanted you to kiss me on my poignantly blossoming cheeks this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and spell-bindingly inebriated flirtation,

I wanted you to kiss me on my sensuously embellished eyelashes this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and profusely exemplary mischief,

I wanted you to kiss me on my intricately sensitive ears this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting

and ebulliently enlightening whispering,

I wanted you to kiss me on my irrefutably persevering sweat this very moment;
but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually
uniting and resplendently emollient righteousness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my seductively wavering nape this very moment; but
like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting
and ubiquitously unending cavorting,

I wanted you to kiss me on my fantastically unbridled belly this very moment;
but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually
uniting and triumphantly unconquerable virility,

I wanted you to kiss me on my ecstatically burgeoning bosom this very moment;
but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually
uniting and victoriously unceasing fieriness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my candidly emphatic eyes this very moment; but
like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting
and timelessly insuperable solidarity,

I wanted you to kiss me on my fearlessly unprejudiced chest this very moment;
but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually
uniting and magically ameliorating selflessness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my inexplicably cris-crossed palms this very
moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our
perpetually uniting and limitlessly enigmatic destiny,

I wanted you to kiss me on my ravishingly titillating hair this very moment; but
like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting
and vivaciously effulgent uncanniness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my altruistically Spartan hands this very moment;
but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually
uniting and eternally emancipating goodness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my magnetically enticing shadow this very moment;
but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually
uniting and indefatigably healing togetherness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my blissfully rhapsodic throat this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and tirelessly proliferating mellifluousness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my impeccably unimpeachable conscience this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and miraculously amalgamating truthfulness,

I wanted you to kiss me on my unshakably blessed heart; this very moment; but like there were going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and immortally Omnipotent love,

And I wanted you to kiss me on my unsurpassably passionate nostrils this very moment; but like there going to be an infinite more tomorrows of our perpetually uniting and symbiotically humanitarian existence.

30. LOSING MY VIRGINITY

The rhapsodically untainted leaves; lost their virginity to the tantalizingly draughts of the unstoppably ecstatic and beautifully silken breeze,

The indomitably ferocious Sun; lost its virginity to the evanescent beams of the spell bindingly eclectic and enchantingly blessed dawn,

The triumphantly fertile earth; lost its virginity to the plodding of the vibrantly obstreperous and intrusively adulterated footsteps,

The unassailably glorious mountain peak; lost its virginity to the sensuous wisps of the bountifully bestowing and celestially surreal clouds,

The stupendously undulating sea; lost its virginity to the shimmering sands of the poignantly titillating and handsomely maverick shores,

The magnanimously stupefying night; lost its virginity to the jubilant streaks of the sensuously untamed and inimitably unconquerable white lightening,

The melodiously gurgling throat; lost its virginity to the poignant streams of the irrefutably transparent and seductively slippery spit,

The astoundingly intricate veins; lost their virginity to the life-yielding rivulets of the ubiquitously crimson and blessedly sacrosanct blood,

The royally sculptured palms; lost their virginity to the inexplicable lines of enigmatically eclectic and inevitably mystical destiny lines,

The profoundly fantastic hill-slopes; lost their virginity to the exultating cascade of the blissfully ameliorating and victoriously frosty waterfall,

The altruistically barren paper; lost its virginity to the coherent embellishment of the enthusiastically fulminating and literately majestic sapphire ink,

The unbelievably rubicund lips; lost their virginity to the raging inferno of unstoppably fiery and fervently royal kisses,

The amazingly silver web; lost its virginity to the surreptitiously tingling impression of the unprecedentedly fast and multifariously talented spider,

The exuberantly blossoming rose; lost its virginity to the boisterous body of the rambunctiously raconteur and incessantly chattering bumble bee,

The exhilaratingly curved road; lost its virginity to the wanton cavalcade of the indefatigably buzzing and indiscriminately marauding vehicles,

The ebulliently robust cheeks; lost their virginity to the unabashed swirl of the incongruously unruly and uninhibitedly machismo beard,

The fabulously emollient grassblades; lost their virginity to the beauteous sprinkling of the eternally burgeoning and timelessly golden dewdrops,

The indispensably ardent nostrils; lost their virginity to the unrelenting festoon of the perennially blossoming and undyingly infallible breath,

The timelessly persevering armpits; lost their virginity to the righteous fountain of unflinchingly fragrant and philanthropically egalitarian sweat,

And I; lost my virginity not just for this birth; but for an infinite more births of mine yet to unfurl; to you and no other girl but you in this entire fathomlessly benign Universe; O! pricelessly immortal beloved.

31. THE FIRST AND LAST NAME.

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which diabolically asphyxiates every ounce of felicity; every unfurling instant of robust existence,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which criminally crucifies even the most evanescent insinuation of invincibly sparkling truth,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which unsavorily and indefatigably slanders the very crux of majestically fructifying existence,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which venomously prejudices even the most inseparable relations of sacrosanct blood,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which chauvinistically lambastes you till even beyond the realms of hedonistically devastating hell,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which annihilates even the most insouciant of your desire to compassionately befriend your mates in duress,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which renders you as the most bawdily pathetic beggar; even after you'd mastered every single virtue of unconquerable honesty,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which wholesomely pulverizes every iota of philanthropic goodness; intrinsically augmenting in your freshly born soul,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which vindictively demolishes even the most unassailably replenished of civilizations; like inanely decrepit matchsticks,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which engenders such a preposterously disgusting stench; that there spreads nothing else but a morass of incorrigibly satanic hatred,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which has its non-existent roots

profusely soaked in nothing else; but a disheveled drainpipe of blood; blood and only gorily sacrilegious blood,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which foments even the most inimitably holistic of man; to unforgivably metamorphose into an indiscriminately rampaging terrorist,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which salaciously plunders every aspect of symbiotic survival; with the coffins of unsparingly treacherous enmity,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which perpetuates even the most passionately venerated of blood; to worthlessly slaver into the aisles of wantonly pugnacious nothingness,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which no doubt allows you to parade in palaces of sanctimoniously glittering gold; but bereft of the even the tiniest beat in your god-gifted heart,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which limitlessly tortures the most invisible of your ghost; even after you abdicated veritable breath and died,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which forever transforms the most fearlessly infallible of your signature; into that of the horrifically marauding devil,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which is more insanely worthless than licentious meaninglessness; but which has the uncanny power to make every caste; creed; religion; and tribe; mercilessly bleed until death,

Today. Although the second name of Life has unfortunately become nothing else but "Currency Note"; a name which is unanimously disliked; castigated and shrugged by every form of the Omnipotent Creator; in the cosmos and Universe divine,

But ever since the time that this earth has been evolved out of obsolete air; and

by the grace of the Omniscient Lord Almighty; right until the moment it continues to enchantingly breathe; symbiotically palpitate; astoundingly proliferate; celestially bless and undauntedly survive,

The FIRST and LAST name of life; has been; is; and shall forever and ever and ever continue to be love; love and only blessedly "Immortal Love"

32. NO DIVIDERS

The highways of sadistically unending brutality; were ghastily inundated with an infinite dividers of limitlessly indiscriminate and tyrannically lambasting hatred,

The highways of anomalously manipulated lies; were hedonistically inundated with an infinite dividers of fecklessly insane and truculently pernicious reproachfulness,

The highways of chauvinistically tarnished anarchy; were treacherously inundated with an infinite dividers of ignominiously demented and vindictively invidious opposition,

The highways of gorily torturous death; were maliciously inundated with an infinite dividers of indescribably massacring and interminably agonizing misery,

The highways of unsparingly barbarous lies; were criminally inundated with an infinite dividers of ominously pulverizing and horrifically wanton sinfulness,

The highways of crazily beheading molestation; were disdainfully inundated with an infinite dividers of gruesomely opprobrious and inconsolably unsolicited suffering,

The highways of deliriously inane obsession; were pathetically inundated with an infinite dividers of penuriously tormented and haplessly dithering frustration,

The highways of lethally cold-blooded politics; were tawdrily inundated with an infinite dividers of never-endingly inexplicable and bizarrely slandering fear,

The highways of gratuitously profane slavery; were venomously inundated with an infinite dividers of horrendously dilapidated and cadaverously evanescent oppression,

The highways of preposterously robotic commercialism; were abhorrently inundated with an infinite dividers of sacrilegiously intolerable and wickedly

debasing corruption,

The highways of indolently shriveled laziness; were perennially inundated with an infinite dividers of baselessly meandering and drearily unnecessary decay,

The highways of malevolently paranoid gloom; were surreptitiously inundated with an infinite dividers of interminably withering and atrociously debilitating disease,

The highways of meaninglessly ungainly cowardliness; were nonchalantly inundated with an infinite dividers of unrelentingly castigating and licentiously floundering infertility,

The highways of parsimoniously cursed illiteracy; were inevitably inundated with an infinite dividers of unsurpassably unforgivable and diabolically stabbing unemployment,

The highways of ghoulishly lonely widowhood; were sorrowfully inundated with an infinite dividers of unfathomably obfuscated and wretchedly deteriorating belief,

The highways of bawdily excoriating adultery; were immorally inundated with an infinite dividers of unforgivably beheading and endlessly amorphous cursedness,

The highways of indefatigably penalizing war; were unfaithfully inundated with an infinite dividers of nonsensically uncalled and ferociously hateful bloodshed,

The highways of acridly maligned betrayal; were vapidly inundated with an infinite dividers of unstoppably incarcerating and distastefully demonic darkness,

Whilst the highways of pricelessly immortal and unassailably divine love; never ever had; and never ever would have; any imperiling dividers.

33. A TRUE LOVER

A true lover isn't one who fanatically chops every part of his fingers for the sake of his magical beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to invincibly fortify her blissful grip upon the limitlessly enchanting canvas of this enamoring planet; instead.

A true lover isn't one who deliriously slices every part of his brain for the sake of his eternal beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to augment her

resplendently spell-binding fantasies an infinite times more than planet infinity; instead.

A true lover isn't one who ruthlessly pulverizes every part of his foot for the sake of his bountiful beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to reinforce even the most evanescent element of her nimbly dwindling stride; instead.

A true lover isn't one who tyrannically blinds every part of his eye for the sake of his jubilant beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to unassailably drift her only towards the pathways of panoramically uninhibited righteousness; instead.

A true lover isn't one who diabolically slashes every part of his ear for the sake of his insuperable beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to timelessly discern all those devilish sounds that dared come near her; instead.

A true lover isn't one who sadistically knives every part of his chest for the sake of his redolent beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to compassionately sequester her against all truculent rain and storm; instead.

A true lover isn't one who cadaverously cuts every part of his veins for the sake of his effulgent beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to build bonds of unconquerably symbiotic humanity with her; instead.

A true lover isn't one who indiscriminately massacres every part of his tongue for the sake of his holistic beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to beautifully smother each bit of cynical dryness that insidiously crept into her persona; instead.

A true lover isn't one who hedonistically dries every part of his blood for the sake of his mesmerizing beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to humanitarianly reinvigorate her inevitably deteriorating body systems; instead.

A true lover isn't one who criminally squelches every part of his bones for the sake of his poignant beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to fearlessly reinforce newfound temerity in her; to face even the most uncouthly demonic aspect of life; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who barbarously axes every part of his lips for the sake of his tantalizing beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to make her feel the most desired woman on this fathomless Universe; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who meaninglessly crucifies every part of his arms for the sake of his iridescent beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to unflinchingly persevere with her in every philanthropically egalitarian mission of life; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who treacherously bludgeons every part of his belly for the sake of his ardent beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to cushion her lugubriously dreary scalp in each inexplicably distressing situation of hers; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who unsparingly batters every part of his teeth for the sake of his emollient beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to chew each bit of obdurately slandering cynicism that came her way; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who horrendously beheads every part of his neck for the sake of his ecstatic beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to make her unabashedly swerve in an atmosphere of ubiquitously ameliorating equanimity; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who wretchedly aborts every part of his virility for the sake of his blessed beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to indefatigably unite with her and let the chapters of holistic proliferation continue on this planet for a countless more births yet to unveil; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who sinfully erases every part of his shadow for the sake of his altruistic beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same stupendously mollify each of her acrimoniously agitated senses; instead.

A true lover isn't the one who venomously butchers every part of his nostrils for his fabulous beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to impregnate inimitable heavens of quintessential breath into each of her dying breath; instead.

And a true lover isn't the one who idiotically kills every part of his heart for his priceless beloved; but one who perpetually uses the same to immortally bond her into the passionate beats of unshakably everlasting love; instead.

34. FULL STOP.

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every ounce of diabolically demented lies; the profanely beleaguered manipulation of the tongue which was the greatest of living parasite,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every shade of pathetically impoverished racial indiscrimination; the sanctimonious boundaries of caste; creed; color and race; which irrevocably crippled resplendent earth; for an infinite more of its destined lives,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every act of heinously committed crime; those countless innocent screams which wafted till eternity and without the tiniest of respite,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every gutter of commercialism from oozing its cadaverous streams; the robotically unemotional arms of sacrilegious monotony; forever crucifying the idol of divine human sensitivity,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every insinuation of tawdrily devastating politics; the tireless mockery of priceless living beings being made; by a handful of egocentrically bald world leaders,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every salaciously ribald desert of adulteration; foolhardily wanton human contraptions; unforgivably plundering into the unconquerable virginity of mother nature,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every war that happens in the name of spurious religion; those boundless children who're mercilessly orphaned; as an aftermath of abhorrently penalizing meaninglessness,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every deliriously jinxed imagination of the sinfully satanic brain; the horrendous ramifications of inconsolably brutal bloodshed that it irretrievably led to,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every graveyard of self inflicted decay; the morass of disdainfully unbearable obsolescence; which inexorably massacres even the most infinitesimal desire to exist,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every ingredient of baselessly non-existent pride; the inevitably burying downfall that immediately followed it; without the slightest of innuendo,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every shade of fecklessly livid gloom; the vindictive daggerheads of inexplicable depression; that unsparingly ripped apart even the most sacrosanct lining of the soul,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every footstep of ludicrous insecurity; the germs of ignominiously baseless fear starting to unceasingly gobble you; even before you could alight a single foot,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every impression of dogmatic impotence; the morbidly unthinkable corpses of stagnation that arose; when you chauvinistically and selfishly conserved your seeds in your own body,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every bit of delinquent lacklusteriness on this fathomless planet; the innumerable innocuous deaths that took place every unfurling instant; in the prisons of besmirched unemployment,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every robust tree being heartlessly felled; the most preposterously unbearable metamorphosing of every meadow of celestial green; into a crematorium of inconspicuously malicious ash,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every breath of ominously squelching betrayal that surreptitiously eloped from the nostril; a indefatigably violent and mournfully pugnacious civilization that culminated therein,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every anecdote of uncouthly pulverizing the unfortunately poor; erecting castles of worthless gold on the foundations of unimpeachably truthful humanitarian blood,

Put a perpetual FULL STOP; to every submissive defeat in front of the unjustly marauding devil; those uncountable moments of castrated imprisonment whilst surrendering; whereas the head should only bow down on the feet of the Omnipotent Creator,

And then; immediately after every FULL STOP that you put; start each new sentence of your symbiotically redolent and benign life; afresh and majestically replenished with the blessings of the Omnipresent Creator and the magical words of "Immortal Love"

35. RETURN RUNNING BACK

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Destiny" in the most enchantingly celestial of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this boundless Universe; only to the periphery of the rustically bohemian palms,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Smile" in the most

spell bindingly opulent of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this fathomless Universe; only to the peripher of the altruistically compassionate lips,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Empathy" in the most beautifully unassailable of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this limitless Universe; only to the periphery of the synergistically twinkling eye,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Hunger" in the most magically untainted of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this colossal Universe; only to the periphery of the tirelessly impoverished stomach,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Truth" in the most jubilantly mesmerizing of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this gigantic Universe; only to the periphery of the synergistically burgeoning conscience,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Fantasy" in the most victoriously unfettered of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this interminable Universe; only to the periphery of the uninhibitedly gifted brain,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Humanity" in the most astoundingly sparkling of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this unceasing Universe; only to the periphery of the symbiotically enchanting veins,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Strength" in the most fantastically emollient of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this endless Universe; only to the periphery of the blessedly venerated soul,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Perseverance" in the most fabulously scintillating of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this insuperable Universe; only to the periphery of the righteously perspiring armpits,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Adventure" in the most enthrallingly undying of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this poignant Universe; only to the periphery of the nimbly dancing feet,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Optimism" in the most indisputably pristine paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this Herculean Universe; only to the periphery of the fearlessly advancing stride,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Ecstasy" in the most gloriously bewitching of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this unlimited Universe; only to the periphery of the intricately nubile skin,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Melody" in the most amazingly glistening of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this unsurpassable Universe; only to the periphery of the wonderfully vivacious throat,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Artistry" in the most resplendently enigmatic of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this unbridled Universe; only to the periphery of the magnetically embellished fingers,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Sensitivity" in the most adorably effervescent of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this ebullient Universe; only to the periphery of the bounteously unimpeachable ears,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Mystery" in the most vibrantly virile of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this unbelievable Universe; only to the periphery of the tranquilly ameliorating shadow,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Sensuality" in the most iridescently redolent of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this interminable Universe; only to the periphery of the eternally fiery nostrils,

Try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Humility" in the most ubiquitously proliferating of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this impregnable Universe; only to the periphery of the harmoniously obeisant neck,

And try as hard as you could. But even if you placed "Love" in the most incredulously bedazzling of paradise; it would inevitably and still return running back; from wherever on this magical Universe; only to the periphery of the immortally throbbing heart.

36. INEVITABLY AND BOUND TO

When two pairs of lips came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either compassionately smooched each other; or stab each other with daggerheads of maliciously prejudiced contempt,

When two pairs of eyes came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either flirtatiously wink at each other; or burn each other with the fires of unceremoniously atrocious and unlimited vindication,

When two pairs of brains came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either unite together to fantasize in the mists of eternal paradise; or plot against each other; the most demonically sinister corpses of hell,

When two pairs of feet came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either tirelessly adventure and exultate together; or kick each other with the maelstroms of chauvinistically imprisoned ego; reigning haplessly supreme,

When two pairs of nails came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either unitedly carve the most spell-bindingly artistic pathways of symbiotic hope; or uncontrollably scratch each other; till they felt every other color singularly metamorphose into the color of gory blood,

When two pairs of palms came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either amalgamate together into the bonds of perennially unflinching camaraderie; or acridly slap each other; the most resoundingly intolerable slaps of racial hatred,

When two pairs of ears came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either timelessly discern even the most infinitesimal iota of sensitivity in the celestial atmosphere; or pretend horrendously deaf to even the most sorrowfully

ghastliest of each other's cries,

When two pairs of bloodstreams came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either unassailably coalesce to give birth to an entire new river of impregnable humanity; or wage indiscriminately terrorizing war with each other till even centuries after the end of their destined time,

When two pairs of shoulders came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either philanthropically bond to ameliorate every echelon of abjectly suffering living kind; or inexorably assert thunderclaps of ignominious rebuke against each other; until both unanimously crumbled towards threadbare ground,

When two pairs of fingers came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either poignantly sketch every vein of panoramically unfettered beauty on this Universe; or deliberately poke at each other's ribs like the worst of foes,

When two pairs of tongues came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either profusely lick at each other till their hearts content; or spit the most sacrilegiously wanton streams of delirious spit; upon each other's face,

When two pairs of bellies came in close proximity; they were inevitably bound to; either sensuously bask in the unlimited glory of tantalizing touch; or disastrously try and pummel each other; well beneath ostensibly robust layers of soil,

When two pairs of shadows came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; either blissfully mélange in a cistern of unparalleled velvety softness; or surreptitiously try and trick each other into a mortuary of dreadfully profane chicanery,

When two pairs of armpits came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; either honestly persevere till the most impregnable epitomes of truthfully humanitarian success; or vengefully try to wring each other's integrity; with the ghoulishly castrated odor of corruption,

When two pairs of cheeks came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; either mischievously blush to the most unconquerably profound shades of crimson; or forever try and taint each other with the scars of disparaging infidelity,

When two pairs of spines came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; either ignite into an inferno of unstoppably jubilant desire; or venomously whiplash at each other; like the lethal scorpions ominous tongue,

When two pairs of nostrils came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; either perennially bond in the invincible entrenchment of magical breath; or hedonistically hiss at each other the winds of inconsolably cadaverous abhorrence,

When two pairs of mouth's came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; either interminably suck at each other's sweetness; or satanically blurt an infinite volley of abuses at each other without the tiniest of respite,

But when two pairs of heart's came in close proximity; they were inevitably and bound to; only immortally bond in the beats of unshakably priceless friendship; only immortally gallop through the skies of amiably inseparable belonging; and only limitlessly love; love and unconquerably love.

37. THE SIGNATURE OF IMMORTAL LOVE

The shadow of the palm was inevitably and of course once again; another bountifully humanitarian and innocuous palm. This shadow was unbelievably Herculean; boundlessly stretched; and indefinably elongated.

The shadow of the eyelid was inevitably and of course once again; another mischievously fluttering and blessed eyelid. This shadow was unbelievably Herculean; unbelievably stretched; and indefinably elongated.

The shadow of the ear was inevitably and of course once again; another astoundingly sensitive and immaculate ear. This shadow was unbelievably Herculean; boundlessly stretched; and indefinably elongated.

The shadow of the lip was inevitably and of course once again; another poignantly beautiful and gorgeous lip. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and indefinably elongated.

The shadow of the leg was inevitably and of course once again; another intrepidly exhilarating and galloping leg. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and indefinably elongated.

The shadow of the cheek was inevitably and of course once again; another robustly ecstatic and blushing cheek. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and indefinably elongated.

The shadow of the neck was inevitably and of course once again another

symbiotically maneuvering and nubile neck. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the shoulder was inevitably and of course once again another philanthropically altruistic and unflinching shoulder. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the belly was inevitably and of course once again another sensuously tantalizing and virile belly. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the scalp was inevitably and of course once again another indefatigably fantasizing and royal scalp. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the nail was inevitably and of course once again another irascibly scratching and unabashed nail. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the chest was inevitably and of course once again another bounteously sculptured and titillating chest. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the tooth was inevitably and of course once again another jubilantly fortified and obdurate tooth. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the spine was inevitably and of course once again another voluptuously tingling and reverberating spine. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the hip was inevitably and of course once again another impeccably spongy and cushioned hip. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the bone was inevitably and of course once again another impregnably fearless and tenacious bone. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the Adams apple was inevitably and of course once again another triumphantly dancing and sprightly Adams apple. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

The shadow of the nostril was inevitably and of course once again another fiercely passionate and indispensable nostril. This shadow was unbelievably large; boundlessly stretched; and preposterously elongated.

Whilst the shadow of the heart was in no way and once again the passionately palpitating heart. Infact it was; is and forever would be the most Omnipotent shadow culminating on this fathomless earth; known and chanted an infinite times by one and all dead and alive; as the ultimate " signature of immortal love ".

38. I WANTED TO BE UNCONQUERABLY SURE

I really didn't possess even the most infinitesimal of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of vivaciously enthralling and stupendously proliferating life,

I really didn't possess even the most ethereal of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of gloriously nubile and ecstatically amazing life,

I really didn't possess even the most oblivious of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of resplendently triumphant and timelessly ameliorating life,

I really didn't possess the even most parsimonious of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of unflinchingly indomitable and fearlessly blessing life,

I really didn't possess even the most fugitive of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of beautifully redolent and symbiotically undefeated life,

I really didn't possess even the most transient of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of tirelessly rejuvenating and ebulliently winning life,

I really didn't possess even the most evanescent of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of jubilantly enthralling and stupendously eclectic life,

I really didn't possess even the most mercurial of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of fragrantly unassailable and Omnisciently benign life,

I really didn't possess even the most transient of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of beautifully unceasing and eternally ameliorating life,

I really didn't possess even the most obliterated of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of handsomely unconquerable and celestially uplifting life,

I really didn't possess even the most evaporating of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of effulgently rhapsodic and interminably fathomless life,

I really didn't possess even the most non-existent of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of unbelievably mesmerizing and incredulously royal life,

I really didn't possess even the most disappearing of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of benevolently humanitarian and supremely spell-binding life,

I really didn't possess even the most dilapidated of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of fantastically enamoring and vibrantly poignant life,

I really didn't possess even the most cloistered of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of victoriously showering and insuperably unprejudiced life,

I really didn't possess even the most ephemeral of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of indomitably felicitating and eternally harmonious life,

I really didn't possess even the most inane of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of majestically parading and undyingly burgeoning life,

I really didn't possess even the most vanishing of urge to know; as to what the very next moment would bring or hold for me; in the chapter of bountifully

blossoming and holistically impregnable life,

Wholesomely contrary to the above; I wanted to be unconquerably sure every instant of my destined life; that whenever I died; whenever the Omniscient Creator had written the signature of inevitable death in my existence; it happened and solely happened; on the feet of none else; but my timelessly insuperable and perpetual beloved.

39. ALL OF HER.

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her ravishingly ecstatic eyelashes; or her vivaciously brazen hair; which timelessly blew towards the eternally blissful cosmos?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her seductively redolent lips; or her philanthropically altruistic palms; which tirelessly disseminated the essence of unprejudiced humanity?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her enigmatically enamoring destiny lines; or her intrepidly dancing feet; which tirelessly bustled with the spell-binding chimes of life?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her piquantly discerning nose; or her merrily flapping ears; which were astoundingly sensitive to even the most infinitesimal whisper of sound?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her selflessly symbiotic veins; or her fearlessly indomitable bones; which weathered even the most sadistically ghastliest of attack?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her indefatigably innovative brain; or her majestically dimpled chin; which timelessly radiated into an unparalleled gorge of invincible pricelessness?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her unabashedly artistic fingers; or her unconquerably golden perspiration; which limitlessly wafted solely the fragrance of divine righteousness?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her sensuously inebriating nape; or her jubilantly chattering tongue; which reverberated to an infinite tunes of ebulliently victorious existence?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her voluptuously nubile skin; or her impeccably sparkling teeth; which masticated not even an infidel iota more than what was profoundly necessary?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her mischievously uninhibited nails; or her unsurpassably enchanting voice; which perennially silenced even the most hedonistically vindictive of maelstroms?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her unfathomably bewitching footsteps; or her lusciously bewildering lips; which ignited insuperably undying fires even in the most hopelessly deadened of waters?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her undauntedly philanthropic chest; or her royally peerless blood; which perpetually diffused the religion of unassailable humanity; in every quarter of this fathomless Universe?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her inimitably proliferating virility; or her triumphantly dancing Adams apple; which triggered unlimited rivulets of mysticism; in even the most tyrannically robotic heartlessness?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her wonderfully tantalizing belly; or her compassionately untainted bosom; which altruistically imparted warmth to every haplessly dying organism?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her victoriously sacrosanct forehead; or her inscrutably tingling shadow; which perpetuated the brain to fathom beyond the realms of infinite infinity?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her effervescently beaming cheeks; or her impeccably undefeated signature; which unceasingly transcended over every trace of the hedonistically devouring devil?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her daintily silken toes; or her emphatically passionate eyes; which harbored unprecedented empathy in them; for every tangible echelon of benign living kind?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her magnetically electric spine; or her fierily unbridled breath; which timelessly nourished the fabric of this enchanting Universe; with the unshakable spirit of humanity?

What if I had to choose between the two of them; her beautifully ecstatic saliva; or her ardently throbbing heart; which radiated nothing else but the beats of

immortal love; to every perceivable cranny of this unending Universe?

Well I would neither choose this nor choose that; overwhelmingly differentiating and giving more importance to one part of her bountifully venerated body over another; instead I would perpetually and unabashedly choose every part of her stupendously virile form; perpetually choose all of her.

40. O! OMNISCIENTLY FLAWLESS BELOVED.

The night obviously seemed incredulously titillating to me; but its voluptuously inscrutable magnetism wholesomely created an infinite unabashed goosebumps on my skin; only when you were sitting beside me; O! eclectically beautiful beloved,

The sands obviously seemed gloriously glistening to me; but their uninhibitedly undaunted exhilarated wholesomely metamorphosed every ounce of my monotony into a festoon of unparalleled charisma; only when you were sitting beside me; O! insuperably benevolent beloved,

The deserts obviously seemed boundlessly captivating to me; but their unsurpassable grandeur wholesomely tingled every dormant lackadaisical arena of my brain; only when you were sitting beside me; O! Omnisciently flawless beloved,

The forests obviously seemed endlessly bewildering to me; but their profoundly tantalizing mysticism wholesomely ignited my most fantastically uncurbed desires; only when you were sitting beside me; O! triumphantly ubiquitous beloved,

The rose obviously seemed poignantly scarlet to me; but its stupendously mesmerizing scent wholesomely reached my nostrils; only when you were sitting beside me; O! everlastingly unflinching beloved,

The sea obviously seemed fabulously undulating to me; but its uninhibitedly tangy spray; wholesomely sank into each of my veins; when you were sitting beside me; O! magically ravishing beloved,

The rain obviously seemed ever-pervadingly bounteous; but its tantalizingly amazing virility wholesomely became a quintessential ingredient of each of my symbiotic blood drop; only when you were sitting beside me; O! redolently celestial beloved,

The wind obviously seemed passionately embracing to me; but its miraculously ameliorating softness wholesomely bewitched each of my frazzled nerve; only when you were sitting beside me; O! ravishingly effulgent beloved,

The mountains obviously seemed indomitably fearless to me; but their ingeniously impregnable valor wholesomely fortified every single of my bone; only when you were sitting beside me; O! unbelievably panoramic beloved,

The meadows obviously seemed tranquilly resplendent to me; but their timelessly victorious softness wholesomely caressed every nubile patch of my skin; only when you were sitting beside me; O! perpetually benign beloved,

The soil obviously seemed copiously blossoming to me; but its limitlessly unhindered virility wholesomely replenished each of my inexplicably diseased senses; only when you were sitting beside me; O! eternally sacrosanct beloved,

The Sun obviously seemed blazingly fiery to me; but its unconquerably Omnipotent rays wholesomely enlightened even the most oblivious trifle of negative energy in me; only when you were sitting beside me; O! interminably jubilant beloved,

The bumble bee obviously seemed indefatigably chattering to me; but its ecumenically mellifluous nectar wholesomely soothed the inferno of unprecedented frustration in me; only when you were sitting beside me; O! ecstatically charming beloved,

The oysters obviously seemed inimitably priceless to me; but their gorgeously unfettered sparkle wholesomely enlivened the corpse of dead desire in me; only when you were sitting beside me; O! undyingly effervescent beloved,

The trees obviously seemed vivaciously windy to me; but their surreptitiously fascinating rustle wholesomely dissolved into even the most intangible corner of my eardrum; only when you were sitting beside me; O! regally invincible beloved,

The rainbow obviously seemed indefinably spectacular to me; but its handsomely flirtatious shimmer wholesomely cavorted with every advancing footstep of mine; only when you were sitting beside me; O! bountifully spell-binding beloved,

The moon obviously seemed marvelously majestic to me; but its innocuously synergistic cisterns of milk wholesomely cuddled me in my times of extremely

sacrilegious duress; only when you were sitting beside me; O! Omnipotently
blessed beloved,

The snowflakes obviously seemed fabulously priceless to me; but their amazingly
seductive swirl wholesomely rejuvenated each of my agonizingly thwarted veins;
only when you were sitting beside me; O! tirelessly Omnipresent beloved,

And the heart obviously seemed passionately palpitating to me; but its
unassailably endless beats wholesomely cast their immortal spell upon every
unveiling instant of my impoverished life; only when you were sitting beside me;
O! effulgently scintillating beloved.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 14

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 40 differently titled Poems, is actually Part 14 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. IF ONLY I COULD WIN EVERY HEART
2. GREEDY
3. YOUR IMMORTAL SLAVE
4. YOU DON'T NEED TO TEACH
5. DON'T LOVE ME LIKE THAT
6. LOOKING FOR LIFE PARTNERS

7. THE FIRST THING; THE ONLY THING
8. UNCONQUERABLE LOVERS
9. NOBODY
10. SIGNING YOUR HEART
11. I INVITE YOU
12. MY ROYAL RHYTHM
13. YOUR IMMORTAL BEATS
14. DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?
15. NO CHANCE FOR TIME TO SPEAK
16. THE GREATEST HONOR FOR ME
17. JUST BECAUSE
18. FOR ME
19. WILL " I LOVE YOU" EVER DO?
20. YET INSIDE
21. GIVE ME DEATH INSTEAD
22. ATLEAST DON'T FORGET
23. INFINITE TIMES BETTER
24. A BORN LOVER
25. COMPLETELY CAPTURE
26. THE VERY FIRST TIME
27. WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?
28. ALL I ENDED UP DOING - PART 2
29. MAROONED
30. YOU CAN KISS ME; ONLY IF
31. NO SWAPPING
32. ABCD
33. WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? - PART 2
34. MY ONLY OBSESSION
35. SHE WAS THERE
36. NO HEART EXCEPT HERS
37. IMPOSSIBLE TO IMPRISON
38. JUST A MOMENT AGO
39. WHEN THE HEART ERRED
40. REBORN TO LOVE

1. IF ONLY I COULD WIN EVERY HEART

I hadn't the most infinitesimal of desire to conquer the planet with the power of sacrilegious wealth; but if only I could win every symbiotically throbbing heart on this fathomless Universe with the balm of immortal love; then I'd consider each element of my signature to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most ephemeral of desire to conquer the planet with the power of satanic wealth; but if only I could win every blissfully throbbing heart on this boundless Universe with the rainbow of immortal love; then I'd consider each of my footsteps; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most infidel of desire to conquer the planet with the power of diabolical wealth; but if only I could win every celestially throbbing heart on this gigantic Universe with the sky of immortal love; then I'd consider each word that I uttered; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most evanescent of desire to conquer the planet with the power of treacherous wealth; but if only I could win every bountifully throbbing heart on this colossal Universe with the meadow of immortal love; then I'd consider each blooddrop of mine; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most fugitive of desire to conquer the planet with the power of incarcerating wealth; but if only I could win every effulgently throbbing heart on this interminable Universe with the tree of immortal love; then I'd consider each smile that I diffused; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most insouciant of desire to conquer the planet with the power of marauding wealth; but if only I could win every harmoniously throbbing heart on this endless Universe with the rainshowers of immortal love; then I'd consider each globule of my sweat; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most obsolete of desire to conquer the planet with the power of indiscriminate wealth; but if only I could win every jubilantly throbbing heart on this unceasing Universe with the seeds of immortal love; then I'd consider each reflection of mine; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most disappearing of desire to conquer the planet with the power of cold-blooded wealth; but if only I could win every beautifully throbbing heart on this limitless Universe with the lanterns of immortal love; then I'd consider each voluntary and involuntary reflex of mine; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most absconding of desire to conquer the planet with the power of wanton wealth; but if only I could win every humanitarianly throbbing heart on this unbelievable Universe with the flames of immortal love; then I'd consider each fantasy of mine; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most receding of desire to conquer the planet with the power of

tawdry wealth; but if only I could win every victoriously throbbing heart on this unbridled Universe with the bonds of immortal love; then I'd consider each nimble bone of my mine; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most dormant of desire to conquer the planet with the power of non-existent wealth; but if only I could win every passionately throbbing heart on this unfettered Universe with the winds of immortal love; then I'd consider each pathway that I traversed; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most decrepit of desire to conquer the planet with the power of vindictive wealth; but if only I could win every poignantly throbbing heart on this synergistic Universe with the sea of immortal love; then I'd consider each sound that I heard; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most remotest of desire to conquer the planet with the power of devilish wealth; but if only I could win every wonderfully throbbing heart on this fathomless Universe with the atmosphere of immortal love; then I'd consider each patch of flesh; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most obfuscated of desire to conquer the planet with the power of remorseful wealth; but if only I could win every fantastically throbbing heart on this effervescent Universe with the mist of immortal love; then I'd consider each mission of mine; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most evaporating of desire to conquer the planet with the power of wretched wealth; but if only I could win every benevolently throbbing heart on this undefeated Universe with the wand of immortal love; then I'd consider each line of my destiny; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most mercurial of desire to conquer the planet with the power of sinful wealth; but if only I could win every compassionately amiable heart on this unassailable Universe with the syrup of immortal love; then I'd consider each pore of my skin; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most crumbling of desire to conquer the planet with the power of sadistic wealth; but if only I could win every bounteously untainted heart on this mesmerizing Universe with the epitomes of immortal love; then I'd consider each dormitory of my soul; to be perpetually blessed.

I hadn't the most extinguishing of desire to conquer the planet with the power of murderous wealth; but if only I could win every fantastically unhindered heart on this astounding Universe with the apogees of Immortal love; then I'd consider

each of my breath; to be perpetually blessed.

And I hadn't the most teeniest of desire to conquer the planet with the power of bawdy wealth; but if only I could win every spell-bindingly liberated heart on this panoramic Universe with the paradise of immortal love; then I'd consider each beat of my impoverished chest; to be perpetually blessed.

2. GREEDY

When I stood on the summit of the fabulously fathomless valley; feasting on beams of majestically pearly moonlight; as it kissed the trees and the untamed wilderness,
I was greedy for plunging into it head on; romancing with each leaf submerged in a blanket of dewdrops; and the enthralling breeze as my ultimate savior.

When I irrevocably stuck in the disdainfully claustrophobic traffic; the cacophonous horns and unruly smoke nearly asphyxiating me to veritable death,
I was greedy for possessing ebullient wings to fly; soaring high in the clouds; in an entrenchment of poignant beauty and seductive enchantment.

When I was stranded on the sands of the sweltering desert; being tyrannically lambasted by whirlwinds of turbulent dust,
I was greedy for tantalizing globules of crystal water; frantically groping in the tumultuous maelstrom; as acrid whips of mud obfuscated my vision in entirety.

When I was engulfed by perpetual silence; the ghastly graveyards of solitude strangulating the very essence of exuberance from my soul,
I was greedy for a stupendously melodious voice; miraculously pacifying my unfathomable terrain of wounded nerves; with sounds of bliss and untamed happiness.

When I sat on the doorstep of the appetizing kitchen; a boundless ocean of salubrious scent indefatigably titillating my famished nostrils,
I was greedy for rhapsodic morsels of insatiably delicious food; transiting me perennially into a sky of heavenly slumber.

When I was on the gloriously scintillating sea shores; the incomprehensibly tangy waves teasing me every now and again with their unrelenting festoon of charismatic froth,
I was greedy for a heartily voracious swim; wading across the turbulently choppy froth; into a world of bountifully ravishing excitement.

When I was in the unfathomably dark dungeons; tornado's of alluring mysticism;
tingling my impoverished countenance from all sides,
I was greedy for intransigent encounters with spell binding enigma; the hissing of
the voluptuous reptiles; catapulting me into a land above exotic paradise.

When I was in the impeccable lap of my mother; her sacrosanct palms dawdling
away all the tensions of my manipulatively monotonous life,
I was greedy to be an immaculate child once again; incessantly frolicking in her
compassionate warmth; bonding with her celestial spirit for decades immemorial.

And when I was close to your chest; the tirelessly passionate beating of your
heart; granting me the astronomical privilege to live for an infinite more lives,
I was greedy for love; immortally blending my breath with your heart; mind;
body and soul; to make me the richest entity living; and even after death
perpetually alive.

3. YOUR IMMORTAL SLAVE

When my love was on your hair; it lingered in overwhelming fascination; of your
majestic exuberance drifting royally with the compassionate winds,

When my love was on your forehead; it bonded with threads of your sacred
imagery; the mesmerizing fantasies that revolved in your mind,

When my love was on your eyebrows; it moved subtly like a crown princess;
everytime you raised them to quell; the innocent quandaries of your life,

When my love was on your eyelashes; it frolicked like a new born child;
relinquishing all apprehensions of the uncouthly manipulative society,

When my love was on your eyes; it eyes; it witnessed the extraneous earth
outside; as the most unsurpassably divine mission of existence,

When my love was on your nose; it coined new definitions of an optimistic
tomorrow; feeling stronger than any entity alive; in the swirl of your impregnable
breath,

When my love was on your cheeks; it mischievously philandered in the
mountains of desire; profusely astounded by your seductive flurry of crimson
blushes,

When my love was on your lips; it learnt the ultimate kiss of its life; exploring

the rhapsodic periphery and the fabulous pink; to the most insatiable of its heart's content,

When my love was on your teeth; it felt more secure than the impregnable fortress; as you clenched them into your immaculate smile,

When my love was on your throat; it romanced in the tunes of stupendously melodious enchantment; wholesomely lost in the cadence of unfathomably unending ecstasy,

When my love was on your Adams apple; it rejoiced in boundless moments of ebullient survival; felt like a freshly born infant; bouncing incessantly in the lap of its mother,

When my love was on your shoulders; it admired your indefatigably perseverance to be the absolute best; uninhibitedly lending your shoulders to the service of all humanity,

When my love was on your hands; it intricately traced the enigmatic lines of destiny on your impeccable palms; bonding with their philanthropic spirit for centuries unprecedented,

When my love was on your soul; it felt the closest to God on this Universe; drowning in a world of benign beauty and mankind,

When my love was on your chest; it coalesced perpetually with your passionately thundering heart; utterly spell bound by the irrefutably righteous voice of your conscience,

When my love was on your belly; it titillated itself beyond the boundaries of untamed control; as you swished your ravenous visage; to ignite fireballs of yearning in the morbidly dwindling night,

When my love was on your legs; it relentlessly marched towards the kingdom of goodness; pulverizing all diabolical demons which came its way,

When my love was on your reflection; it perennially felt the richest possession alive; embracing all on this Universe; as a united breeze of blissful existence,

And when my love was on your feet; it became your immortal slave; not only for this birth; but for infinite more life's and death you were destined to breathe; you were definite to come.

4. YOU DON'T NEED TO TEACH

You don't need to teach the voluptuous blanket of clouds; to torrentially rain,

You don't need to teach the seductively alluring rose; to disseminate its scent ubiquitously across the fathomless Universe,

You don't need to teach the desert sands; to be blistering hot; indefatigably throughout their life,

You don't need to teach the oceans to handsomely swirl; undulate charismatically as each instant unfurled,

You don't need to teach the slithering bodied snake; to ominously inundate the atmosphere with its flurry of volatile hisses,

You don't need to teach the spider to spin its web; weave of silken sheath of astounding wonder; within lightening seconds of time,

You don't need to teach the Sun to poignantly blaze; deluge every cranny of this famished planet; with exuberant energy and Omnipotent shine,

You don't need to teach the frogs to croak; bounce in ebullient euphoria through mesmerizing puddles of rain,

You don't need to teach the resplendently alluring Moon; to blossom into pearly rays of enchantingly milky shine,

You don't need to teach the menacingly gleaming crocodiles; to pulverize their prey into countless pieces of delicious chowder,

You don't need to teach the bird to handsomely fly; soar like a majestic prince amidst the silken carpet of clouds; for times immemorial,

You don't need to teach the lids to flirtatiously wink; pop down in subtle insinuations to philander and romance,

You don't need to teach the winds to drift; casting their exotic spell and unprecedented melody; upon each organism that they encountered in their way,

You don't need to teach the conscience to be irrefutably righteous; stringently

annihilate; even the most minuscule traces of the lecherously bad,

You don't need to teach the fish to magnificently swim; stay with astounding equanimity and stupendous poise; even in the heart of rampantly deep sea,

You don't need to teach seeds to sprout into gigantic trees; incredulously proliferate the gifts of nature; to perennially continue the chapter of tangible existence,

You don't need to teach avalanches of ice to tantalizingly melt; diffuse into a stream of ravishing water and supreme contentment,

You don't need to teach truth to emerge as the ultimate winner; uniting one and all alike on this planet; in the bond of philanthropic peace and love,

You don't need to teach a new born child to cry; enlighten every bit of gloomily dreary manipulation in the air; with its wonderfully rhapsodic voice,

And you don't need to teach the heart to immortally love; dedicate each of its beats to the entity it loved; in each birth that it got a chance to throb once again.

5. DON'T LOVE ME LIKE THAT

Don't keep glimpsing at me like that; flirtatiously winking your eyelashes; towards my impoverished countenance; every now and again,
Or else I would hug you insatiably till times beyond eternity; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Don't keep teasing me like that; tantalizing me like the twinkling stars; as you trespassed past my shivering skin; every now and again,
Or else I would whisk you beyond a land more mesmerizing than paradise; with each of your senses intermingled in mine; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Don't keep smiling at me like that; seducing me into your web of titillating fantasy; as you evaded me like the drifting clouds; every now and again,
Or else I would surrender all my worldly possession at your divinely feet; romance with you perennially in the fabulous clouds; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Don't keep enticing me like that; shimmering like the fading rays of the

voluptuously magnificent Sun; on my eyeballs; every now and again,
Or else I would entangle you in my arms as fireballs of thunder descended from
the sky; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately throbbing
heart; forever and ever and ever.

Don't stare at me like that; poignantly casting a spell of unconquerable
compassion; upon my dreary soul; every now and again,
Or else I would caress each cranny of your immaculately sparkling skin; drown
myself in your enchanting visage; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my
passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Don't whisper to me like that; sporadically disappearing and then taking my
breath away; with your ravishing belly; every now and again,
Or else I would drown myself for everlasting eternity in the melody of your
enthraling sound; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately
throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

Don't keep encircling me like that; stinging each of my dwindling nerves; beyond
the summit of untamed mysticism; every now and again,
Or else I would blend with your rhapsodic shadow like an famished beggar;
keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart;
forever and ever and ever.

Don't intimidate me like that; piercing me wholesomely with the insatiable
volcano's of yearning in your blood; every now and again,
Or else I would irrevocably bond with you in threads of perpetual matrimony;
coalescing completely with your righteous conscience; keeping you incarcerated
in the realms of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

And don't love me like that; appeasing my every desire like a celestial angel from
the heavenly skies; every now and again,
Or else I would simply forget to die; immortally existing in the walls of your
eternal soul; keeping you incarcerated in the realms of my passionately
throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

6. LOOKING FOR LIFE PARTNERS

Some wanted her to be extravagantly rich; disposing wealth wholeheartedly with
both hands; adorning the most stupendously grandiloquent jewels on her
countenance,

Some wanted her to be sanctimoniously beautiful; overshadowing every other

entity on this Universe; with her blushing vanity and flamingo pink,

Some wanted her to be more melodious than the nightingale; pacifying their monotonous juggernaut of ghastly apprehensions; blissfully all night and day,

Some wanted her to march forward with the times; transgressing against the most Herculean in power; with insatiable ambition lingering in her eyes,

Some wanted her to be a nimble bodied squirrel; confining and sequestering herself; in the realms of profuse tradition; far away from the lecherous eyes of the chauvinistic society,

Some wanted her to be a tool to procreate their generations; be indispensably instrumental in evolving a living replica of their own kind,

Some wanted her to cook ravishingly appetizing meals incessantly round the clock; appease their diabolical gluttony to the most unprecedented limits,

Some wanted her to keep their abodes immaculately clean; affording them a world of ostentatious serene and spotless calm,

Some wanted her to indefatigably their inferno of lustful desire; give them the everlasting happiness of their lives,

Some wanted her to be gorgeously tall; tantalizing them into a tornado of fantasy; which transcended each crescendo over the fathomless sky,

Some wanted her to be catty eyed; deluging their impoverished existence with mountains of charismatic mysticism and enigmatic charm,

Some wanted her to be utterly dumb; an object of irrefutable timidity; upon which they lambasted upon their ocean of devilishly dictatorial commands,

Some wanted her to be incredulously influential; tirelessly blending with pompously inflated party culture; winning the most formidable in the world with her; spuriously scented slang,

Some wanted her to be an invincible fortress; behind whom they could hide and save their skins; in the most torrentially treacherous of attacks,

Some wanted her to be an uninhibited comedian; infiltrating vividly through their despairing agony; with her unending repertoire of spell binding jokes and humor,

Some wanted her to be immensely educated; virtually acquiring all the degrees in the world; to support them and their insurmountably augmenting commandment of gargantuan family,

Some wanted her to be an inborn artist; majestically sketching their ludicrous visages; portraying their manipulative smile at its best to the outside world,

Some wanted her to be profoundly rustic; transiting them back into their timeless rudiments; passionately inhaling their impressions of their ancient kind,

Some wanted her to be overtly focussed; inspiring them every unleashing second in life; uplifting their bulky bodies from the ground; everytime they felt disastrously exhausted to walk,

Some wanted her to be a versatile Doctor; curing them of their inexplicable grave of dwindling disease; applying the balm of her medicine and love on their commercial wounds,

Some wanted her to be a mesmerizing psychic; forecasting their glorious destinies accurately at each step; alleviating them from the stinking pile of rubble and inconspicuous ash,

Well some wanted her like this; While some wanted her like that,

While frankly speaking; it really didn't matter to me; even if she was deaf; dumb; blind; maimed; short; thin as a bone or disdainfully fat; as long as she harbored the ideals of philanthropic humanity in her every breath; or to simply put it as long as my life partner was simply human.

7. THE FIRST THING; THE ONLY THING

When I opened my eyes; the first thing that they sighted in this entire Universe; was your charismatically mesmerizing shadow,
While after I fell fast asleep; the enigma in your swirl was the only wave that profusely entrenched me; wholesomely blending with your enthralling beauty for times immemorial.

When I opened my hands; the first thing that they caressed in this entire Universe; was your magnetically enchanting skin,

While after I clenched them into a passionate fist; the only memories that they cherished were your impeccably vibrant impressions; which granted them the unfathomable tenacity to philander for times beyond eternity.

When I opened my lips; the first thing they kissed in this entire Universe; were your voluptuously rubicund cheeks,
While after I austerely pursed them; the only reason that they smiled for; were your emphatically vivacious expressions; the everlasting melody which emanated from deep within your throat.

When I opened my nostrils; the first thing that I inhaled in this entire Universe; was your enticingly ravishing and stupendously drifting scent,
While after I perpetually closed them; the only optimism they harbored was your Omnipotently augmenting aura; lost in its mystical charm for infinite more births yet to unveil.

When I opened my hair; the first thing that I imbibed in this entire Universe; was your impregnably unending conviction,
While after I clamped them into an incarcerated heap; the only excitement that they could absorb was the tingling rhapsody of your breath; making them steer into a land of silken beauty and ecstatic enthrallment.

When I opened my ears; the first thing that they heard in this entire Universe; were your divinely footsteps; exuberantly thundering through the wilderness,
While after I pulverized them to stone deaf; they only maneuvered to your flurry of exotic commands; turning wholesomely oblivious to the tunes of the uncouthly manipulative society.

When I opened my mouth; the only thing I could savor in this entire Universe; was your insatiably proliferating and alluring freshness,
While after I stringently clenched it; the only power that propelled me to exist without a morsel of food; yet as the strongest organism alive; was your astoundingly philanthropic benevolence.

When I opened my mind; the first thing that I fantasized was about your Omnipresently Godly soul,
While after I ruthlessly shut it down; the only dream it unrelentingly perceived was that of your sacrosanct visage; which cast a perennial spell; upon every element in my blood for boundless times.

And when I opened my heart; the first thing that it relentlessly throbbed for on this entire Universe; was the cadence of your intriguingly passionate persona,

While after I irrevocably closed its doors; the only thing it immortally lived for;
was your uninhibited love; forever and ever and ever.

8. UNCONQUERABLE LOVERS

The most acrimonious of thorns came and went; trying their best to
metamorphose impeccable sight into a wall of ghastly darkness,
But we still stayed immortally together; staring profoundly at each other; lost in
a stupendously ravishing enthrallment of our own.

The most ominous of mental barriers came and went; incessantly endeavoring;
to uncouthly exhaust the reservoir of spell binding fantasy,
But we still stayed immortally together; rolling in exhilarated tandem on the
slopes; drowning in a world of everlasting titillation and supreme sensuousness.

The most bloody battles came and went; brutally slaughtering countless in the
swirl of their malicious hatred,
But we still stayed immortally together; impregnably secure in our passionately
divine embrace; coalescing our breath more poignantly with each other; as each
second unveiled.

The most treacherously sinister storms came and went; ferociously devouring
innocent; before eventually masticating them to infinitesimal ash,
But we still stayed immortally together; sleeping fearlessly under the
resplendently twinkling stars; with our fingers astoundingly interlocked; as the
first ray of Sun kissed the horizons.

The most diabolical of witches came and went; stealthily targeting to cast a web
of dwindling doom; as the evening bonded with the heart of midnight,
But we still stayed immortally together; compassionately kissing on the sea
shores; propelling our ecstasy levels to caress; an ebulliently untamed
crescendo.

The rain of crippling sorrow came and went; trying to indefatigably imprison; in
chains of lecherous extinction,
But we still stayed immortally together; sighting nothing but the reflection of our
perpetual relationship; in every object we sighted; in every dream we conceived.

The norms of the monotonously conventional society came and went; insidiously
aiming to separate; using all the power in this Universe,
But we still stayed immortally together; profusely lost in admiring the
unfathomable beauty evolved by Almighty lord; wholesomely oblivious to the

mundanely manipulative vagaries of this planet.

The hideous hooded terrorists came and went; murderously blasting blissful civilizations with insurmountable hatred in their souls,
But we still stayed immortally together; seductively tracing the boundless pores of our bodies; persevering under the flamboyantly golden Sun; to enrich ourselves with the true spirit of life.

And the chapters of life and death came and went; giving birth to infinite; at the same time snatching billions in their inevitable swirl,
But we still stayed immortally together; taking birth as many times as this earth was born again; only as unconquerable lovers.

9. NOBODY

Nobody could have loved rain more on this entire Universe; than the horrifically scorching and miserably slaving desert sands,

Nobody could have loved a child more on this entire Universe; than its magnanimously sacrosanct mother,

Nobody could have loved grass more on this entire Universe; than the timid horned and adorably nimble cow,

Nobody could have loved milk more on this entire Universe; than the freshly born impeccable infant; wailing like an angel in its cradle,

Nobody could have loved clouds more on this entire Universe; than the royally soaring flight of the majestic eagle,

Nobody could have loved light more on this entire Universe; than the despairingly stinking and morbidly dilapidated dungeons,

Nobody could have loved victory more on this entire Universe; than the immortal soldier fighting to save his motherland,

Nobody could have loved flowers more on this Universe; than the boisterously buzzing and philandering humming bee,

Nobody could have loved the silvery web more on this Universe; than the enigmatically dancing golden spider,

Nobody could have loved reflection more on this Universe; than the pellucid glass of the incredulously scintillating mirror,

Nobody could have loved nostalgia more on this Universe; than the man about to bond with veritable brink of wholesome extinction,

Nobody could have loved the well more on this Universe; than the handsomely croaking frog; bouncing as water pelted down from the sky,

Nobody could have loved sight more on this Universe; than the perpetually blind; stumbling at each step; even in the most flamboyantly brilliant of Sunshine,

Nobody could have loved fantasy more on this Universe; than the insatiably dreaming artist; profusely entrenched in the mesmerizing beauty of this planet,

Nobody could have loved the Moon more on this Universe; than the enchanting stillness of the seductively rhapsodic night,

Nobody could have loved compassionate fires more on this Universe; than sorrowfully trembling avalanches of frozen ice,

Nobody could have loved the tree trunk more on this Universe; than the flirtatiously ambling and delectably footed squirrel,

Nobody could have loved dawn more on this Universe; than the fervently anticipating cockerels; dying to inundate the atmosphere with their flurry of rambunctious sound,

Nobody could have loved the night more on this Universe; than the somberly mystical and starry eyed; grandfather owl,

Nobody could have loved loved more on this Universe; than all those orphaned and trembling with their shattered destinies on; appallingly stone-hearted streets,

And nobody could have loved you more on this Universe; than my ardently thundering heart; which had you and only you; as it's sole fantasy; as it's perpetual and ultimate cry.

10. SIGNING YOUR HEART

I wanted to embellish your poetic eyelashes; with the voluptuous excitement that

lingered profusely on each pore of my impoverished skin,

I wanted to deluge your mesmerizing hair; with the passionate moisture embracing my fervently trembling palms; wanting to mystically explore each arena of your exotic body,

I wanted to adorn your ravishing lips; with the insurmountable festoon of compassionate kisses; lingering deep within my seeking soul,

I wanted to paint your impeccable cheeks; with unfathomable reservoir of artistry in my mind; with every design of captivating enthrallment that I could envisage on planet earth,

I wanted to beautify your adorable neck; with the poignant swirl of my philandering shadow; indefatigably waiting all night and day; for your magical caress,

I wanted to bedeck your mischievous ears; with the irrefutably righteous voice of my conscience; looking for solace in your divinely countenance; since times immemorial,

I wanted to consecrate your sacrosanct forehead; with the scarlet blood in my veins; perpetually desiring to save you from even the most inconspicuous of evil; loitering in the atmosphere,

I wanted to inundate your spell binding brain; with the essence of philanthropic mankind; wanting to serve dwindling humanity; with your perennial camaraderie always by my side,

I wanted to garland your heavenly feet; with the unprecedented devotion in each cranny of my demeanor; wanting to be your slave for infinite more births; yet to unveil,

I wanted to grace your tantalizing belly; with the stamp of my everlasting exuberance; augmenting rhapsodically above the boundless sky; each time I witnessed you pass by,

I wanted to embroider your delectable fingers; with euphoric caresses of my untamed adventure; eternally romancing with your incredulous glory; in the aisles of uninterrupted desire,

I wanted to gratify each of your titillating senses; with the balm of my insatiable

longing; incarcerating you forever in the web of never ending desire,

I wanted to enlighten your sensuously volatile shoulders; with the explosive magnetism in each of my nerve; wanting to tumultuously entangle with your magnanimously charismatic visage,

I wanted to enrich your marvelously scented fragrance; with the flurry of enigmatic echoes that ardently diffused from my sound; frolicking with you till beyond the summit of ultimate ecstasy,

I wanted to pamper your every boisterous command; with the Herculean strength of my muscle; transporting you to the most remotest places you wanted; within the most feeble wink of your eyes,

I wanted to glorify your gorgeously melodious voice; with the magic that uttered from my flaming breath; igniting tremors of unparalleled mystique in your; delightfully fascinating persona,

I wanted to fortify your enchanting existence; with each invincible element of my form; forcibly snatching you from realms of veritable death; to march with the astonishingly beautiful tomorrow,

And I wanted to sign your Omnipotent heart; with the immortal seal of my love; which inevitably made us the most blissful entities alive; ubiquitously spreading a wave of happiness in all organisms engulfed with hopeless sadness; in all destitute and despairing eyes.

11. I INVITE YOU

Don't just see the voluptuous mascara adhering to the eyelashes; the seductive fountain of enticement which lingered on the lids,
I invite you to witness the stupendous beauty in the eyes; the unparalleled empathy they harbored for all fraternity of living kind; instead.

Don't just see the sleazy color encapsulating tantalizing skin; the vain fairness which spuriously glistened under artificial light,
I invite you to witness the warmth that it provided to every fraternity of religion on earth; the uninhibited compassion it disseminated in impoverished dwindling on bare soil; instead.

Don't just see the bombastic splash of cheap lipstick exotically kissing the lips; propelling them to look more titillating than the fairies,

I invite you to witness the infernos of invincible passion which they ignited;
instilling omnipotent traces of vital life in people well beneath their graves;
instead.

Don't just see the sanctimonious garland of jewels embellishing slender fingers;
the gold which attracted the most heinously lecherous towards their baseless
opulence,
I invite you to witness the magnanimous help they rendered to those without the
most infinitesimal iota of sight; alighted impeccable orphans towards the
corridors of a blissful beginning; instead.

Don't just see the overwhelmingly sensuous oil that besieged bulging muscles;
the insurmountable battalion of whistles it evoked; as it entrenched the fairer sex
in waves of absolute enthrallment,
I invite you to witness the formidable resilience which they harbored in their
bones; their intrinsically augmenting die hard tenacity to save their motherland;
instead.

Don't just see the pompous scent which cast its lackadaisical essence in the
atmosphere; miserably withering to overpower even an inconspicuous whisker
of God's beauty created,
I invite you to witness the golden shower of persevering perspiration dribbling
from the armpits; fostering the spirit of true hard work; the true colors of
vivacious life; instead.

Don't just see the ostentatiously corrupt dye inundating scalp; like a ridiculously
shoddy fabric from all sides,
I invite you to witness the mesmerizing swish of marvelous hair; the happiness
which they impregnated in disastrously famished lives; instead.

Don't just see the nonchalant bombardment of polished slang; the worthless
juggernaut of alien accent; in a desperate attempt to catapult above cloud nine,
I invite you to witness the most irrefutably truthful voice of the soul; which
annihilated all misery and suffering from planet earth forever; instead.

And don't just see the unfathomably ludicrous festoon of clothes on the body;
slithering pathetically to make an impact more vociferous than torrential
cloudbursts of heavenly rain,
I invite you to witness the most wonderful product of God's evolution; the
sacrosanct and passionately palpitating immortal heart; instead.

12. MY ROYAL RHYTHM

Your blissful happiness; was my impregnable bridge to transgress upon for centuries immemorial; even after I had died,

Your inexplicable anguish; was my invincibly augmenting revolution; to massacre every trace of malice from the trajectory of this colossal planet,

Your mesmerizing smile; was my insurmountable tenacity to trigger brilliant beams of optimistic light; in a tunnel engulfed with macabre darkness,

Your philanthropic fragrance; was my incessant source of inspiration to ubiquitously disseminate the essence of mankind; to the most remotest corners of this planet,

Your poignant empathy; was my Herculean fortitude to assist my fellow comrades; in moments of deplorably dwindling distress,

Your enchanting reflection; was my unprecedented fervor to incarcerate the stupendously alluring beauty of this gigantic universe; within the whites of my eye,

Your heavenly footsteps; were my unsurpassable strength to propel forward; exhilaratedly embrace every obstacle in life; until I succeed,

Your lecherous defeat; was my overwhelming ardor to extricate the seeds of manipulative diabolism from their very ignominious roots; behead them with the sword of irrefutable righteousness,

Your enlightening essence; was my sole tool to dedicate my entire life; profoundly towards nurturing and harboring the gift of perennial love,

Your valiant victory; was my astronomical conviction; which didn't buckle the slightest; even under the most invidiously tumultuous of storm,

Your melodious voice; was my overpowering exuberance to exist; even with my visage dreadfully sunken beneath the ghastly corpse,

Your discerning senses; were my unconquerable waves of prudence; in sagaciously discriminating between the good and the ominously bad,

Your unfathomable innocence; was my everlasting reservoir of strength to survive and bear; amongst an uncouth battalion of blood sucking tangible beings,

Your never dying spirit; was my Omnipotent whirlwind to blossom like a magnificently glorious lotus; from a pile of tragically smoldering ash,

Your explicitly candid expressions; were my cloudbursts of daunting audacity; even when hanged like an orphaned pig; on the hideously menacing gallows,

Your majestic sweat; was my tunnel of unrelenting endeavor; the insatiable compassion in my eyes; to metamorphose god's planet once again; into a wonderful
paradise,

Your impeccable conscience; was my undefeated bonding with love which grew more and more fortified; even as the boundless expanse of sky treacherously blended with mundane earth,

Your Omniscient breath; was my sacred chapter of divinely life; unveiling into an incredible myriad of new vistas every minute; making me live an infinite exotic lives; in each desire of mine,

And your immortal heart; was my royal rhythm to love; live; embrace; transcend and perpetually reign supreme over every devil that lingered in air; over every bad that dared.

13. YOUR IMMORTAL BEATS

There were infinite voices that lingered in this Universe; some as tangy as the vivacious oceans; while some blew more hoarser than the volatile dragons, But your mesmerizing tunes were the only ones I heard; catapulting me into the rhapsodically divine land of the God's.

There were infinite hair that floated in this Universe; some as hideously obdurate as the pigs skin; while some more tantalizing than the ultimate of seductresses, But your ravishing follicles were the only ones which tickled every iota of my entire demeanor; making me perpetually dream even in the most chaotic pandemonium besieging me from all sides.

There were infinite lips that kissed in this Universe; some as blunt as miserably squashed tomato curry; while some more voluptuous than the contours of the milky moon,
But your uninhibited smiles were the only ones which triggered in me blistering

infernos till the sky; giving me a new mission to exist; at every fading footstep of mine.

There were infinite shadows that fluttered in this Universe; some as mystical as the ethereal mirages; while some more tumultuously effusive than the chattering peacocks,

But your majestic reflection was the only one which cast an impregnable spell upon my countenance; as I found myself in the land of ultimate paradise; every time I rattled up from deep sleep.

There were infinite eyes that revolved in this Universe; some as seducing as the angels bouncing in the cosmos; while some more silent than morbid stones strewn rampantly near the corpse,

But your gloriously royal eyelashes were the only ones I sighted; propelling me to incessantly flirt; nostalgically drifting me back into those moments once again; when I was an innocuous child.

There were infinite hands that philandered in this Universe; some as magnetic as the lotus's caress; while some more pugnaciously harder than the toughest of bricks,

But your immaculate fingers were the only ones which impregnated in me the tenacity to defend; rise up to every occasion and obstacle in monotonously pragmatic life.

There were infinite skins that stimulated in this Universe; some as impeccable as flawless cow's milk; while some more vibrant than the unfathomable battalion of swarming bees,

But your alluring flesh was the only one which titillated me beyond realms of unlimited eternity; making me desire above all the wonderful beauty profusely deluging this planet.

There were infinite breaths that weaved in this Universe; some as fiery as the volcano's swirling frenziedly towards the clouds; while some more serene than the magnificently cushioned waters of the placid lake,

But your heavenly fragrance was the only one which I wholeheartedly inhaled; instilling in me the insurmountable capacity to live a thousand lives; in a single lifetime.

And there were infinite hearts that palpitated in this Universe; some as rhythmic as the wonderfully cascading waterfalls; while some more passionate than the flamboyant rays of the golden Sun,

But your immortal beats were the only ones which had bonded with mine even

centuries before I was born; infact the sole reason that I was breathing blissfully today; staring death in its face; and yet alive.

14. DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Do you want to know why your lips had a smile; coyly blushed as the sky blended wholesomely with the color of the moon?

Ask the passion that fulminated from my countenance; wanting to profusely encapsulate them in the swirl of agnetic desire.

Do you want to know why your eyes twinkled violently; casting an impregnable spell on every object; they lay their impeccable sight on?

Ask the rays of unprecedented desire that infiltrated from all directions into my blood; making me posses you more than the breath I lived.

Do you want to know why your shadow stretched till times beyond eternity; slithering wildly towards the realms of absolute submission?

Ask the tunes of tumultuous agony which emanated from my soul; wanting to bond with your spirit for times immemorial.

Do you want to know why your tongue felt insatiably thirsty; even after consuming fathomless droplets from the spell binding river?

Ask the overwhelming blanket of sensuousness that profoundly enveloped my flesh; desiring to caress you for centuries unsurpassable; even after the planet had come to an abrupt standstill.

Do you want to know why your hair swished in torrential fury; even though there wasn't the most inconspicuous iota of wind in the placidly frigid atmosphere?

Ask the rubicund mellow that insurmountably entrenched my palms; wanting to coalesce with each of your ravishing senses; till there seemed no difference between the royal night; and the austerely sweltering day.

Do you want to know why your feet trespassed unrelentingly on land; ; even when the most invincible of stalwarts had faded into remotely diminutive wisps of dilapidated oblivion?

Ask the compassionate whirlwind which swept through my veins; drawing each contour of your visage inevitably towards my famished demeanor.

Do you want to know why your mind fantasized relentlessly above the land of incomprehensible infinity; drowning in all the mesmerizing beauty that constituted the surface of this wonderful planet?

Ask the dream that perpetually encompassed my persona even under brilliantly

flaming rays of the Sun; igniting fireballs of longing in each molecule of doom that lingered in the air.

Do you want to know why your nostrils breathed fountains of alluring fire; seeming alive as the most possessive of entities on the carpet of voluptuously chocolate brown soil?

Ask the tremors of unconquerable mystique that arose from my eyelashes; wanting to incarcerate every cranny of your body in the avalanche of bountiful excitement.

And do you want to know why your heart palpitated more vociferously than the entire Universe; even after you had relinquished your last trace of tangible breath?

Ask the boundless love that hovered intransigently in my mind; body and soul; the love that was immortally yours till the time you were breathing; the love that snatched you back from the heavens; even after you died.

15. NO CHANCE FOR TIME TO SPEAK

We hardly had the time; to know each other's name; the fraternity of religion that the tyrannically conventional society had maliciously placed us in,

We hardly had the time; to conceive each other's fantasies; the compassionately seductive whirlpool of thoughts that circumscribed our tantalizingly nimble brains,

We hardly had the time; to gauge each other's destinies; the inscrutable configuration of lines on our palms which perhaps held the key to our enigmatically future lives,

We hardly had the time; to impregnably embrace each other; uninhibitedly feel the profoundly unconquerable sensuousness; embedded in our pristinely impeccable skins,

We hardly had the time; to perceive each other's humorous instincts; the uncannily ludicrous clown in our demeanor's; that sporadically usurped our souls,

We hardly had the time; to write marathon epic's of poetry about each other; artistically swishing our articulate fingers; in unlimitedly due admiration of our majestic senses,

We hardly had the time; to wink at each other; timelessly flirt and philander in euphorically effervescent youth; through the perennially effulgent rivers and hills,

We hardly had the time; to pamper each other's ego; profusely garnish every cranny of our countenance with the vividly panoramic goodness of the gigantic planet; around,

We hardly had the time; to clandestinely date each other; intrepidly elope on bare horseback skins; to the most exhilaratingly rhapsodic crannies of the erotically wild and deciduous forests,

We hardly had the time; to surreptitiously mischief with each other; unabashedly pull at our hair and rubicund chin; to bountifully cherish the fruits of eternally exuberant youth,

We hardly had the time; to gloriously triumph our presence; ebulliently rejoice to the most unprecedented limits; hand in hand; dancing under the iridescently milky moon,

We hardly had the time; to fathom each other's families; the societal status; prestige and relationships that our parent's had tenaciously assimilated; in the destined tenure of their lives,

We hardly had the time; to ecstatically laugh and cry; poignantly engross our personalities in an unfathomable myriad of humanitarian emotions; exploring the brilliantly sensitive side of life,

We hardly had the time; to enchantingly mesmerize each other; insuperably cast the incantation of our magically unadulterated innocence; upon our fervently dancing nerves,

We hardly had the time; to unsurpassably thank each other; for our celestially miraculous interaction; at a rambunctious corner of an contumaciously disheveled street,

We hardly had the time; to romanticize the essence of life; unassailably clasping our hands till times beyond eternal eternity; under Omnipotently spell binding rays of the afternoon Sun,

We hardly had the time; to speak our heart out; timelessly listen to the insides of our chests; palpitating more passionately than the annals of extraordinarily

benign paradise,

We hardly had the time; to comprehend each other's ambitions; the stupendously enamoring missions that we wanted to embark upon in the chapter of our beautifully blissful life,

O! Yes; Believe it or not; we really didn't find time for doing anything of any sort; as the very first instant that we witnessed each other; the beats of our hearts and soul unconquerably bonded in the garland of immortal love; our lives became one by the grace of the Omniscient Divine; without giving time the tiniest of chance to speak or intervene.

16. THE GREATEST HONOR FOR ME

It was the greatest honor for me on this fathomless planet; to forever close my lids after sighting the whites of your majestically impeccable eyes,
As in them I regally found the vividly panoramic beauty of this fathomless Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this spell-binding planet; to forever close my lips after tasting the sweetness of your sensuously effulgent cheeks,
As in them I immaculately found the rhapsodically unending triumph of this gigantic Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this limitless planet; to forever close my ears after hearing the inimitably unconquerable ebullience in your mellifluously sacrosanct voice,
As in it I unceasingly found the irrefutably impregnable righteousness of this indomitable Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this boundless planet; to forever close my palms after caressing your divinely sweet fingers,
As in them I euphorically found the eternally everlasting companionship of this gargantuan Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this unbelievable planet; to forever close my mind after profoundly absorbing myself into your timelessly emollient fantasy,
As in it I incomprehensibly found the tantalizingly astounding iridescence of this endless Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this inexhaustible planet; to forever close my veins after worshipping just an infinitesimal ingredient of your

insuperably humanitarian blood,
As in it I immutably found the jubilantly symbiotic fragrance of this redolently
burgeoning Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this victorious planet; to forever close my
feet after kissing the paths that you unflinchingly traversed on,
As in them I unshakably found the scent of fearlessly altruistic truth of this
blessing Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

It was the greatest honor for me on this ebullient planet; to forever close my
nostrils after feeling your perpetually cascading and altruistically volatile breath,
As in it I invincibly found the royal throne of undefeated life of this venerated
Universe; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

And it was the greatest honor for me on this magnetic planet; to forever close
my heart after perennially bonding with your magnanimously benign beats,
As in them I irretrievably found the enthralling sky of endlessly miraculous
love; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil.

17. JUST BECAUSE

Just because somebody calls the compassionately breathing rose a pathetically
dilapidated gutter; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its stupendously
perennial fragrance,

Just because somebody calls Omnipotently dazzling Sun a cadaverous hell of
abysmal darkness; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unconquerably
blistering flamboyance,

Just because somebody calls the impregnably luminescent mountains an inanely
frigid mosquito; doesn't mean that they wholesomely lose all their indomitably
endless temerity and unflinchingly peerless strength,

Just because somebody calls the majestically fathomless deserts a lividly
wounded traitor; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its blazingly
coruscated and timeless splendor,

Just because somebody calls the seductively dancing nightingale an
acrimoniously ballistic thorn; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its
enchantly everlasting and poignantly mesmerizing melody,

Just because somebody calls the voluptuous cloud an evaporating graveyard of

abhorrently insipid nothingness; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unprecedented whirlpool of heavenly sensuousness,

Just because somebody calls the mystically undulating wave a prison of disastrously truculent monotony; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its vivaciously exhilarating and unfathomable tanginess,

Just because somebody calls the wonderfully titillating and emolliently crafted poetry an infinitesimal trash can of hyperbolic adjectives; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses its ubiquitously everlasting essence of unfettered friendship,

Just because somebody calls the unbelievably pristine pearl a tawdrily molested corpse of unthinkable profanity; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its royal resplendence and exotically titillating charm,

Just because somebody calls the flight of uninhibitedly untainted freedom a maliciously lambasting chain of hedonistically perverted slavery; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its celestially altruistic fortitude,

Just because somebody calls the lap of the unconquerably sacrosanct mother an insidiously gratuitous carcass; doesn't mean that that it wholesomely loses all its perpetually subliming effulgence and inimitable glory,

Just because somebody calls the vividly ebullient rainbow in the boundless sky a lackadaisically venomous scorpion rotting in the dungeons of bizarre isolation; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its regally unsurpassable ocean of timeless enthrallment,

Just because somebody calls the wind of beautifully egalitarian symbiotism an indiscriminately cold-blooded eunuch tyrannically marauding every conceivable trace of life in vicinity; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its pricelessly bountiful religion of humanity,

Just because somebody calls the wails of the immaculately wailing infant an apocalypse of murderous doom; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its spell bindingly insuperable innocence and godly mischief,

Just because somebody calls the united fabric of eternal living kind an orphaned stone forlornly fretting on the vagrantly obsolete streets; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unshakably Omnipotent aura and undefeatable companionship,

Just because somebody calls the iridescently blossoming seed a curse on the trajectory of this eclectic planet; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unassailably ecstatic freshness,

Just because somebody calls the silken sensuality of paradise a devilish ghost invidiously permeating the hindside; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its indefatigably vibrant aristocracy and inexhaustibly Omniscient aura,

Just because somebody calls the sword of patriotically unchallengeable truth a dolorously disparaging coward retreating back into his egregiously worthless shell; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unceasing bravery and Omnipresent exhilaration,

Just because somebody calls the chapter of endlessly bestowing life an amorphously stuttering oblivion of treacherous death; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its astoundingly indomitable and miraculous proliferation,

And just because somebody calls our unequivocally immortal love a manipulatively sinful compromise; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its perpetually bonding beats and magnetically humanitarian swirl.

18. FOR ME

For all in the colossal Universe it was simply a shriveled pathway of; deadened twigs and incongruously mangled leaves,
But for me it was more sacred than all holiness majestically circumscribing the atmosphere; as her divinely feet had blissfully walked upon it; just an instant ago.

For all in the gigantic Universe it was simply an inconspicuously waif stream; ludicrously drying as the austerity of the midday Sun increased even an infinitesimal trifle,
But for me it was more heavenly than the walls of resplendently blessed paradise; as her bountifully enthralling lips had sipped water from it; just an instant ago.

For all in the fathomless Universe it was simply a sordidly ramshackle house; disdainfully embroiled in the wrath of miserably remorseful desolation since centuries unprecedented,
But for me it was more priceless than the blood compassionately gushing through my veins; as her miraculously humanitarian silhouette had wandered in it; just an instant ago.

For all in the unceasing Universe it was simply a lifelessly beleaguered stone;
being ruthlessly kicked left; right and center by a juggernaut of aliens as time
rapidly unraveled,
But for me it was more insuperable than every conceivable power of the sky; as
her iridescently godly palms had fondled it; just an instant ago.

For all in the mesmerizing Universe it was simply a cadaverously barren canvas;
amorphously fretting in a mist of inconsolable loneliness,
But for me it was more beautiful than the entire beauty of this panoramic beauty
compounded together; as the whites of her impeccable eyes had stared at it;
just an instant ago.

For all in the magnetic Universe it was simply a deranged bit of disillusioned
sheepskin; painstakingly withering with even the most diminutive draught of
wind pounding it on the jagged slopes,
But for me it was more ardent than the vibrant electricity of this entire earth; as
she had worn it on her enchantingly effulgent skin; just an instant ago.

For all in the Herculean Universe it was simply a lackadaisical flower; forlornly
shutting its petals at the onset of blackness; and shedding them like nine-pins at
the tiniest innuendo of storm,
But for me it was more fragrant than all righteousness that radiated from this
globe; as she had cast her invincibly peerless shadow upon it; just an instant
ago.

For all in the limitless Universe it was simply a whiff of evanescently exhaling air;
that punctuated the atmosphere like countless more of its kind,
But for me it was more unconquerable than the spirit of timelessly godly
existence on this mesmerizing earth; as she had inhaled it and made it her
enchanting breath; just an instant ago.

And for all in the boundless Universe it was simply a worthless beat that
randomly floated in the arid winds; purposelessly swirling around without any
ostensible rhythm or rhyme,
But for me it was more charismatic than the chapter of mystically endowing life;
as she had immortally made it the perennial love of her heart; just an instant
ago.

19. WILL " I LOVE YOU" EVER DO?

Will a spuriously ludicrous armory of cadaverously artificial teeth ever do; instead

of the perpetually real and resplendently philanthropic smile?

Will a listless godown of debasingly artificial twigs ever do; instead of the beautifully real and enigmatically exhilarating forest?

Will a monotonously tyrannical lexicon of boundlessly artificial words ever do; instead of the timelessly real and fantastically ebullient poetry?

Will an obnoxiously robotic geyser of listlessly artificial water ever do; instead of the wonderfully real and ingratiatingly charismatic waterfall?

Will the lugubriously deadened stacks of ridiculously artificial wool ever do; instead of the enchantingly real and compassionate amiable sheep?

Will the disdainfully mechanical arms of the emotionlessly artificial clock ever do; instead of the majestically real unfurling of the mesmerizing day and inscrutably tantalizing night?

Will the dolorously invidious air of the bombastically artificial air-conditioner ever do; instead of the blissfully real and poignantly swirling storm?

Will the monstrously demonic and flamboyantly artificial aircraft ever do; instead of the invincibly real and brilliantly unassailable apogee of the indomitable mountains?

Will the manipulatively chiseled and erroneously artificial idol ever do; instead of the Omnipotently real and everlastingly unconquerable Creator divine?

Will the lackadaisically whimpering and hedonistically artificial currency coin ever do; instead of the timelessly real and invincibly priceless spirit of Omnipresent truth?

Will the snobbishly flickering and dastardly artificial bulb ever do; instead of the indomitably real and fathomlessly ubiquitous rays of the Godly Sun?

Will the commercially decrepit and sleazily artificial feature film ever do; instead of the regally real and fragrantly bountiful anecdotes of mystically unleashing life?

Will an unscrupulously unsavory and pugnaciously artificial pandemonium of robotic lines ever do; instead of the effulgently real and spell bindingly eclectic artist's sketch?

Will the unceremoniously programmed and imperturbably artificial armor ever do; instead of the unflinchingly real and altruistically immortal soldier?

Will vindictively colored and bawdily artificial ice-cream ever do; instead of the handsomely real and ebulliently glistening avalanches of frosty ice?

Will parsimoniously mundane and egregiously artificial edifices ever do; instead of the ecstatically real and vividly mysterious interiors of the voluptuously titillating caves?

Will the brutally fudged and repugnantly artificial discotheque music ever do; instead of the insuperably real and irrefutably marvelous voice of the eternal conscience?

Will the murderously choked and penuriously artificial oxygen cylinder ever do; instead of the sensuously real fabric of Omnisciently quintessential breath?

And will the infinitesimally ethereal and transiently artificial words "I Love you" ever do; instead of the celestially real and universally bonding beats of the fearlessly divine heart?

20. YET INSIDE

The most cataclysmically decimating atmosphere might be perpetually silent; with the only palpable sounds around being those of celestially sleeping organisms; outside,
Yet Inside; uncontrollably vicious maelstroms of frenetic desperation arose in my soul; without your beautifully symbiotic voice; O! Eternal beloved.

The most thunderously roaring of sky might be unbelievably calm; with not even the most mercurial speck of thunder and tempestuous lightening flashing around; outside,
Yet Inside; every ingredient of my blood hedonistically died a death more ghastlier than veritable death; without your impeccably bestowing eyes; O! Priceless Beloved.

The most uninhibitedly adventurous sea might be imperturbably snoozing; with not even the tiniest wave bobbing upon its fathomlessly undulating periphery; outside,
Yet Inside; every bone of my impoverished body; was slowly and slowly deteriorating into infinitesimally vituperative nothingness; without your

majestically blessing palms; O! Heavenly Beloved.

The most miraculously radiating of stars might be blissfully resting; with not even the most ethereal of twinkle mischievously emanating from their tranquilly altruistic countenance; outside,
Yet Inside; devastating fires of hell were cold-bloodedly charring the fabric of my holistic existence; without your stupendously enamoring and vividly tantalizing lips; O! Omnipotent Beloved.

The most melodiously captivating nightingales might be nimbly humming themselves and their kin into invincible siesta; with the tapestry of the handsomely starless evening gradually setting in; outside,
Yet Inside; apocalypses of hapless retribution were fulminating intransigently in every pore of my conscience; without your philanthropically endowing fragrance; O! Bountiful Beloved.

The most ferociously penalizing fireball of Sun might have abjured for the day; bidding a regally transient adieu to the firmament of the exhilaratingly enchanting cosmos; till the rising of the next dawn; outside,
Yet Inside; relentlessly truculent whiplashes of inexplicably bizarre agony pierced every quarter of my truncated demeanor; without your spellbindingly mystical dance; O! Unassailable Beloved.

The most brilliantly unprecedented epitomes of the mountains might have humbly surrendered to the mist of the seductively emollient clouds; peacefully fantasizing and drifting into the realms of insuperably glorious paradise; outside,
Yet Inside; brutally barbarous cleavers sadistically knifed through even the most evanescent trace of my happiness; without your everlastingly effulgent aura; O! Timeless Beloved.

The most piquantly stinging stalks of chili might have succumbed to the gorgeously serenading raindrops; losing even the most minuscule iota of poignant consciousness to the sensuously ravishing droplets of mother nature; outside,
Yet Inside; the thorns of unfathomably unceasing depression snapped the fangs of my torturous existence more vociferously every unfurling instant; without your symbiotically benign essence; O! Mellifluous Beloved.

And the most hedonistically marauding of Dinosaurs might be synergistically snoring; with even the most robustly titillating of ambrosia failing to make the slightest of indentation on their reverie; outside,
Yet Inside; the corpses of cadaverously venomous meaninglessness stabbed me

beyond the threshold of ultimate despair and loneliness; without your immortally blessing love; O! Omnipresent Beloved.

21. GIVE ME DEATH INSTEAD

Give me death instead; the most gloriously charismatic venom wholesomely snapping the fangs of my torturously truncated existence,

Give me death instead; the most handsomely spotless fabric of amorphous white; wholesomely sealing the outlet of my bizarrely decrepit existence,

Give me death instead; the most royally fantastic of reprieve; wholesomely demolishing even the most diminutive speck of exhilaration from my insipidly lackadaisical existence,

Give me death instead; the most fascinatingly silent seduction; wholesomely making me abjure even the most capricious trace of my disgustingly perfidious worldly existence,

Give me death instead; the most blissfully permanent rest; wholesomely extinguishing even the sinful chapter of my ghoulishly bedraggled existence,

Give me death instead; the most celestially everlasting comfort; wholesomely diminishing my form forever and ever and ever from the textbooks of my egregiously manipulative existence,

Give me death instead; the most unbelievably mute fading; wholesomely swiping the reigns of my idiosyncratically insane existence,

Give me death instead; the most fragrantly ultimate standstill; wholesomely massacring the remorsefully fleeting wind of my existence,

Give me death instead; the most eventually deciding signature on life; wholesomely decimating the ominous crux of my forlornly lambasting existence,

Give me death instead; the most finally submissive consequence; wholesomely vanquishing even the most ethereally mercurial trace of prejudiced pain dreadfully circumscribing my cadaverous existence,

Give me death instead; the most ubiquitously final closure; wholesomely annihilating even the most infidel iota of my penuriously blood-sucking existence,

Give me death instead; the most unavoidably unalterable authority; wholesomely conquering even the most parsimoniously depraving wind of my parasitically besmirched existence,

Give me death instead; the most concluding connotation of life; wholesomely devastating even the most whimsical knot of my nonchalantly pugnacious and sadistically crucifying existence,

Give me death instead; the most irrefutable sign of extinction; wholesomely snatching even the most frigid whisker of my uxoriously sodomizing and vindictively ballistic existence,

Give me death instead; the most ingratiatingly dreamless sleep; wholesomely finishing even the most fecklessly stingy desire of my worthlessly malevolence and debilitatingly dastardly existence,

Give me death instead; the most explicitly truthful desecration of life; wholesomely assassinating the dungeons of my cannibalistically distraught and murderously sinful existence,

Give me death instead; the most miraculously astounding way to reach heaven/hell; wholesomely trampling even my inconspicuously disoriented and politically maiming existence,

And it is my humble request to you O! Almighty Lord to give me a death more invidiously gory than the most treacherously punitive of death instead; but please don't give me salaciously abysmal betrayal; please don't give me the most immortal love of my life for just an instant; and then betrayal for the remainder of my destined time.

22. ATLEAST DON'T FORGET

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my innocuously adorable face; explicitly proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as a maligned gutter with streaks of hedonistic black; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my redolently masculine palms; audaciously proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as ghoulishly begging bowls of vindictively victimizing prejudice; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my mischievously twinkling eyes; invidiously proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as disastrously orphaned dustbins of bizarrely amorphous white; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my bountifully silken hair; salaciously proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as parsimoniously abhorrent and frigidly blood-sucking parasites; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my unflinching camaraderie; satanically proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as an obnoxiously fretful corpse of sadistically gory betrayal; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my lusciously rubicund lips; demonically proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as a trashcan of sleazily lackluster and uxoriously forlorn invectives; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my mystically magnetic ears; barbarously proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as egregious molehills of cadaverously stagnating and lugubriously wretched feces; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my insurmountably unceasing devotion; bewitchingly proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as an agonistically murderous reflection of devastating hell; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my tantalizingly seductive sweat; ominously proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as a raucously desolate pool of venomously betraying crime; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my eclectically exotic poetry; beguilingly proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as unprecedentedly threadbare gibberish which eventually lead to the gallows of treacherous extinction; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my mellifluously enchanting voice; unceremoniously proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as a dying pig's dastardly decaying groan; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my symbiotically entwining fingers; flagrantly proclaiming them to the entire

Universe; as intolerably tyrannical thorns of apocryphally decrepit manipulation; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my perennially humanitarian smile; lividly proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as a torturously incarcerating death; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my humbly irrefutable truthfulness; ballistically proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as the lecherously maiming mortuary of crime and politics; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my insuperably passionate blood; maliciously proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as the most unholy crucifixion of mystically iridescent life; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my ardently cavorting reflection; dogmatically proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as the most feckless disappearing caricature of grotesquely penalizing nothingness; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my timelessly burgeoning fantasies; sneeringly proclaiming them to the entire Universe; as the most dreadfully tarnished scorpions of frenetically withering communalism; instead,

I won't mind it the slightest if you forever choose to wholesomely forget my immortally bonding breath; ignominiously proclaiming it to the entire Universe; as the most cold-bloodedly lambasting curse of death; instead,

And I really won't mind anything even if you unsparingly decimated me and swept me like a horrific nightmare from the chapter of your celestially venerated life,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Eternal Beloved; that at least don't forget the very first time when we proposed the expression of immortal love to each other; the very first time when we bonded our lips into the most perpetually fructifying kiss of life; the very first time when our destinies; eyes; heart and soul had unshakably bonded; the very first moment when we had heavenly met.

23. INFINITE TIMES BETTER

Infinite times better than the diminutively diminishing flicker of the sleazily

artificial bulb; was the Omnipotent blaze of the bountifully unassailable Sun,

Infinite times better than the truncated fantasies in the manipulatively estranged mind; was the unfathomably untainted paradise of poignantly seductive clouds in the sky,

Infinite times better than parsimoniously remorseful water incarcerated beneath the lavatory seat; was the thunderously untamed roar of the uninhibitedly vivacious and mischievously dancing ocean,

Infinite times better than the bawdily threadbare stone; was the insuperably majestic and timelessly sheltering swirl of the celestially compassionate mountain,

Infinite times better than the lecherously parasitic currency coin; was the river of pricelessly united and Omnipresently blessing humanity,

Infinite times better than the gaudily cadaverous crayons disparagingly sprawled on the floor; was the eternally royal rainbow and resplendently eclectic rainbow; twinkling in the firmament of azure sky,

Infinite times better than the abhorrently shattered glass; was the candidly perspicacious mirror of the impeccably unassailable and inimitably sacrosanct soul,

Infinite times better than the preposterously stuffed toys available in the manipulatively prejudiced market; was the indomitably peerless roar of the princely lion,

Infinite times better than the emotionless chips of the raunchily scintillating computer; was the unfathomably brilliant and tirelessly discovering human brain,

Infinite times better than the disgustingly miserly twig decaying in a bedraggled heap; was the unsurpassably pristine meadow of boisterously frolicking grass,

Infinite times better than the uncontrollably shivering bottle of stingily corked wine; was the uninhibitedly royal forest of divinely endowing sensuousness,

Infinite times better than the body of the forlornly decrepit air-conditioner; was the exuberantly mesmerizing kiss of the rhapsodically untamed storm,

Infinite times better than the abjectly traded idols of gold and bombastically boorish silver; was the Omnipresent reflection of the perpetual Creator; in every single ingredient of the atmosphere and beyond,

Infinite times better than the sparing shades of mechanical pencil on barren canvas; was the panoramically enamoring kaleidoscope of miraculously ameliorating nature,

Infinite times better than the banefully blaring music of the pompous discotheque; was the fathomlessly enchanting carpet of marvelously iridescent and vibrantly twinkling stars,

Infinite times better than the bizarrely squelched brick in the tyrannically rotting foundation; was the heaven of irrefutably venerated and eternally unshakable truth,

Infinite times better than the ghoulishly devastating coffin of death; was the chapter of immortally sacred and perennially blossoming life,

But ever since the first breath that the entire Universe took; and even centuries unprecedented after it vanishes into traces of amorously beleaguered oblivion; infinite times better than "Immortal Love"; was; is and shall forever be; once again only Love; Love and nothing else but the invincibly blessed fabric of "Immortal Love";

24. A BORN LOVER

Perhaps only those with eclectically passionate and tapering fingers; can be spell bindingly enamoring; artists,

Perhaps only those with glamorously flamboyant personalities; can be vividly beautiful and magnetically crowd-pulling; filmstars,

Perhaps only those with apocryphally manipulative demeanors; can be excellently domineering and abhorrently prejudiced; politicians,

Perhaps only those with rapaciously indiscriminating hunger; can be cold-bloodedly massacring and hedonistically treacherous; parasites,

Perhaps only those with mellifluously harmonious voices; can be euphorically everlasting and timelessly bestowing; singers,

Perhaps only those with indefatigably discovering brains; can be astoundingly mesmerizing and effulgently burgeoning; scientists,

Perhaps only those with wholeheartedly altruistic dispositions; can be majestically blissful and inexhaustibly bonding; humanitarian's,

Perhaps only those with ancestrally royal blood flowing through their veins; can be successful benefactors to the magnificently embellished and princely; throne,

Perhaps only those with a cornucopia of bulging muscles protruding from within their shirt; can be insuperably unflinching and peerlessly fantastic; boxers,

Perhaps only those with an uncontrollably ardent longing for the first cries of magically Omnipotent life; can be enigmatically uncanny and blessedly mischievous; children,

Perhaps only those with eternally fructifying warmth; can be immaculately undefeated and Omnisciently symbiotic; mothers,

Perhaps only those with unparalleled yearning for the unfathomably mystical; can be ubiquitously enthralling and enchantingly effulgent; snake-charmers,

Perhaps only those with unbelievably arcane proclivity towards the unknown; can be handsomely aristocratic and timelessly tantalizing; adventurers,

Perhaps only those with synergistically egalitarian attitude towards every living organism alive; can be celestially conserving and fervently dedicated; environmentalists,

Perhaps only those with abominably croaking and livid voices; can be boisterously gawking and hideously slimy; frogs,

Perhaps only those with supremely unassailable confidence in the religion of truth; can be unconquerably towering and impenetrably galloping; lions,

Perhaps only those with a preposterously ungainly dislike for priceless water; can be aridly torching and truculently lambasting; deserts,

Perhaps only those with an irrevocably overpowering mania for decimating ebullient life; can be the coffins of egregiously asphyxiating and cannibalistically excoriating; death,

But blatantly paradoxical to all of the above and an infinite more
"Perhaps"; every entity blessed with a puff of Godly air within its
lungs; every entity evolved on this fathomless Universe by the Omnipresent Lord
Almighty; every entity irrespective of spurious caste; creed; religion or
unceremonious tribe; has; is and definitely shall forever be; a born lover.

25. COMPLETELY CAPTURE

Her royally emollient eyelashes were the ones which timelessly flirted me;
eternally drowning me into an unfathomable sea of seductively untamed
mischief,

Her lusciously untainted lips were the ones which perennially kissed me; making
me unassailably romanticize in the aisles of unparalleled desire; for infinite more
births of mine,

Her fantastically rubicund cheeks were the ones which tantalizingly caressed me;
triggering rapaciously uninhibited fireballs of rhapsodic delight in every
conceivable of my vein,

Her iridescently twinkling eyeballs were the ones which wonderfully mesmerized
me; drifting me into a festoon of fathomlessly bewitching fantasy,

Her bountifully eclectic fingers were the ones which made me unflinching believe
in myself; triumphantly guiding me towards the heavens of boundlessly
enthraling enchantment,

Her impeccably victorious skin was the one which cast a spell of unbreakable
magnetism upon my agonizingly beleaguered senses; making me exult in the
glory of sensuously endowing paradise till times beyond infinite infinity,

Her regally shimmering nape was the one which conquered even the most
infinitesimal ingredient of my imagination; inundating every haplessly disastrous
dream of mine; with effulgent unceasing charisma and charm,

Her effervescently bubbling stride was the one which ignited sparks of
unprecedented ecstasy in my every staggering night; making me wholesomely
oblivious to every other monotonous activity on this Universe,

Her mystically blessing voice was the one which miraculously pacified my
every torturously asphyxiating desire; overwhelming my murderously decrepit
persona with unlimited happiness,

Her stupendously ravishing hair were the ones which timelessly enthralled every horrifically dying pore of my flesh; rekindling my vanquished to beautifully lead life,

Her mellifluously tinkling feet were the ones which taught me how to endlessly mysticize; optimistically pave the path of irrefutably peerless truth; even through the most amorously castigated of blackness,

Her inimitably golden innocence was the one which Omnipotently blessed me; eternally enshrouded every cranny of my grotesquely beleaguered existence with the fragrance of invincible humanity,

Her ingratiatingly burgeoning freshness was the one which poignantly proliferate me; limitlessly engendering me to take a countless new births; as every reinvigorating minute melodiously unraveled,

Her Omnisciently velvety shadow was the one which artistically painted my gruesomely stuttering soul; righteously decimated even the most inconspicuous trace of prejudice from my banefully vexed countenance,

Her unsurpassably intriguing brain was the one which endlessly transpired me to see the world in an enlightening spirit; to unrelentingly discover through the forests of ubiquitously princely newness,

Her benevolently impregnable spirit was the one which made me believe in splendidly egalitarian humanity; uninhibitedly embrace every living being irrespective of size; shape or spurious color,

Her ravenously inebriating silhouette was the one which made me the craziest man on this globe; but only for the winds of ebulliently panoramic and bestowing beauty,

Her perpetually sacrosanct breath was the one which instilled indomitable life in my cadaverously wastrel veins; forever transpiring me to blend with the spirit of vividly ecstatic life,

And her immortally venerated heart was the one which had completely captured every beat of my past; present and future life; even before I could emit my very first cry; even before I could commence my very first birth.

26. THE VERY FIRST TIME

The very first time in my life when I tried to catapult to the ultimate precipice of the perilously gigantic mountain; my soul uncontrollably trembled; and almost every speck of soil under my feet gave way to a coffin of amorphous nothingness,

The very first time in my life when I tried to plunge headon into the precariously undulating and untamed sea; the hair on my skin nictitated in uncanny fear; although mentally I could very well perceive that the laws of buoyancy would keep me blissfully afloat,

The very first time in my life when I attempted to walk on ground; daggerheads of inexplicably unsolicited fear penetrated me from all sides; although by the grace of God the age was now consummate enough for me to wonderfully stand,

The very first time in my life when I left my house; indescribably sordid graveyards of uncertainty unsparingly pierced my nimble spirit; although the atmosphere outside was enlightened with nothing else but celestially unending peace,

The very first time in my life when I tried to speak; the stub of tongue in my mouth felt unfathomably circumspect about the quality of sound that was about to diffuse; although the thunderous roar of natural instincts in my body; unrelentingly urged me to unfurl my mouth,

The very first time in my life when I tried to eat; the consortium of disheveled intestines in my stomach uneasily fretted and wrenched; although pangs of inevitably crucifying hunger reverberated endlessly throughout my body,

The very first time in my life when I tried to sip; the chords in my throats unceremoniously tightened their grip; although the uncouthly sweltering heat of the afternoon Sun; rendered them grasping for more and more,

The very first time in my life when I tried to defecate; the bowels in my stomach dogmatically refrained to contract and expand; although the call of nature was too heavy upon them to bear,

The very first time in my life when I tried to smile; the contours of my diminutive lips remained haplessly frozen; although the winds of unparalleled happiness indefatigably triggered them to blossom till the aisles of exhilarating eternity,

The very first time in my life when I tried to sleep; the dormitories of my

tirelessly discovering brain miserably quavered at the thought of dastardly unconsciousness; although the lids over my eyeball rolled down like a helplessly beleaguered sycophant,

The very first time in my life when I tried to hold; the humble knots on my fingers broke into disparagingly cold sweat; although the mantras of symbiotic existence timelessly coaxed me to bond them with my fellow brethren and kin,

The very first time in my life when I tried to adventure; the framework of synergistic bones in my countenance horribly diminished into mortuaries of dastardly nothingness; although the uninhibitedly effulgent fantasies in my brain inexhaustibly dictated me to flirtatiously philander,

The very first time in my life when I tried to earn my livelihood; every ingredient of my molecular persona repugnantly repelled the proposition as abhorrently bizarre; although I very well knew that every organism alive quintessentially needed to pay his rent for his destined time,

The very first time in my life when I tried to write poetry; the pen in my hands felt like an hedonistically massacring knife; although I inherently knew that it was perfectly alright even if the bountifully resplendent verse would rhyme or not rhyme,

The very first time in my life when I tried to flirt; the intrepidly emollient tenacity in my demeanor crumbled towards the corpses of feckless meaninglessness; although the urge to submerge every cranny of my flesh with innocuous mischief was more unconquerable than the limitless skies,

The very first time in my life when I tried to learn; the intricately sensitive machinery of my mind treacherously betrayed me; in the fear of being unnecessarily inundated; although the desire of philanthropically imbibe radiated regally from the innermost space of my conscience,

The very first time in my life when I tried to preach; my neck felt as if it was going to be hung on the gallows of the truculently marauding devil; although I perfectly knew that was insurmountably adequate room for harmless human error,

The very first time in my life when I tried to breathe; my lungs felt fish slithering lividly without the most capricious droplet of water; although I knew that inhaling a few puffs of air from them was my cardinal birthright for harmonious survival,

But the very first time in my life when I fell in love; I felt the most pricelessly immortal organism alive not only for this birth; but for infinite more births of mine; I could never ever give my heart to any other girl in my life; and the first time forever remained the very first time.

27. WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I use my artistic left hand to write; or whether I voraciously emboss alphabets on barren paper with the bohemian fingers in my right?

As long as the ramification of it all; is literature which handsomely depicts the spell bindingly unassailable fragrance of bountifully burgeoning mankind.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I devoutly kneel down on the majestic steps of the fantastically embellished church; or whether I close my impoverished eyes in ardent obeisance sitting inside the abysmally forlorn gutter pipe?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the image of profoundly Omnipotent benevolence; the grace of the insuperably inimitable Lord Almighty; towering high in every philanthropic thought of mine.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I bathe in the most bombastically fudged of glittering gold bathrooms; or whether I let every element of my emaciated skin rejuvenate under rustic droplets of rain tumbling from fathomless sky?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the essence of miraculous freshness transcending over even the most infinitesimal of my dreadfully beleaguered senses; austerely cleansing my sordid body of derogatorily deceased and perfidious shit.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I tirelessly embrace every conceivable religion which humans coined; or whether I chose to forever remain oblivious to any caste; creed or sect; forever remain nameless?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the river of perennially bonding symbiotism; which Omnisciently cascaded through every cranny of my molecular heart and soul.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I clad my feet in the most contemporarily designer footwear; or whether I left them threadbarely barren; with my bucolically untrimmed nails grotesquely extruding out?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the path of unflinchingly peerless righteousness; that I perennially tread upon.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I sung through the most mellifluously majestic of microphones; or whether I uninhibitedly unfurled the discordantly raucous chords of my throat; into the sheath of the simplistic atmosphere?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the message of ubiquitously symbiotic brotherhood; handsomely perpetuating every philanthropic heart alike.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I used the most powerfully enviable of field glasses; or whether I let the whites and blacks of my eyes rampantly wander around?

As long as the ramification of it all; is that the spirit of impeccably untainted goodness; assimilated into every construable cranny of my soul and harmonious body.

Tell me what difference does it make; whether I resided on the most unprecedented precipice of the gigantically impregnable mountain; or whether I exhaled air every instant of my life infinite feet beneath the bed of listlessly sedentary soil?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the mist of redolently humanitarian fantasy; embodying itself deeper and deeper into the diminutively emaciated dormitories of my mind.

And tell me what difference does it make; whether I endlessly romanced within the unfathomably luxurious walls of the Opulent castle; or whether I bonded with the most adorable companion of my life on the squalidly bedraggled streets; deluged with nothing else but the penuriously profane begging bowl?

As long as the ramification of it all; is the sacrosanct thread of Immortally blessing marriage; forever coalescing me with the wave of united existence; forever liberating me from the aisles of worthlessness; and forever and ever and ever into the unconquerably untamed sanctuary of Omnipotent love.

28. ALL I ENDED UP DOING - PART 2

Believe me I had come only to tickle your mischievously drooping eyelashes; nimbly run my fingers through their insurmountably voluptuous charisma; for just an ethereal second,
But all I ended up doing was staring into the your royally embellished eyes till times beyond infinite infinity; uninhibitedly exploring the aisles of enchantingly untainted paradise in their impeccably unassailable whites.

Believe me I had come only to experience your sensuously exotic lips; run my

rampantly emaciated tongue on their startling fronds of vivacious scarlet; for just a transient second,
But all I ended up doing was perpetually interlocking even the most infinitesimally quavering of my senses; with their unbelievably bestowing sweetness; for infinite more births of mine.

Believe me I had come only to dance with you in the sporadically rhapsodic rain; graze through the tantalizing contours of your regally titillating nape; for just a fugitive second,
But all I ended up doing was bonding each element of my mind; body and soul in your everlasting embrace; letting even the tiniest of my desire become your eternal slave; even centuries after this earth had ceased to exist.

Believe me I had come only to lightheartedly chat with your spell binding grace; surreptitiously nudge at your seductively ebullient ribs; for just an evanescent second,
But all I ended up doing was wholesomely drowning into the unconquerably mellifluous essence of your magnetic voice; tirelessly assimilating your humanitarian softness; even after the coffin of treacherously asphyxiating death had sealed the definitions of my life.

Believe me I had come only to smell your supremely inebriating fragrance; mischievously cavort with the unlocked curls of your hair; for just an ephemeral second,
But all I ended up doing was becoming a quintessential ingredient of your godly sweat; letting the spirit of your righteously Omnipotent perseverance; rule my existence till my countless more destined lifetimes.

Believe me I had come only to clandestinely flirt with your nubile ears; ecstatically nibble their iridescent lobes; for just a vespered second,
But all I ended up doing was becoming the pearls of unfathomable wisdom that they indefatigably absorbed; letting their insuperable majesty become the ultimate crown of my impoverished life; and horizons even beyond what my eyes could coherently sight.

Believe me I had come only to sight the infallibly unceasing twinkle in your magnanimous stride; lackadaisically toss with your marvelous shadow; for just an extinguishing second,
But all I ended up doing was becoming your ardently unshakable worshipper; saluting your symbiotically ever-pervading redolence; till unsurpassable more births of mine; even after abrogating my veritable last breath.

Believe me I had come only to take an autograph of your blissfully towering grace; relish your articulately synchronized handwriting; for just a non-existent second,

But all I ended up doing was making your immaculately undefeated signature the lines of my truncated palm; miraculously revolutionize the complexion of this dreadfully estranged planet; with the unflinchingly peerless tenacity of your divinely grace.

And believe me I had come only to temporarily date you; profusely smooch across your euphorically untamed flesh; for just an oblivious second,

But all I ended up doing was not only coalescing every beat of my heart with your wave of Omnipresent mankind; but forever liberating our forms forever and far away from this manipulatively beleaguered planet; into the heavens of sacrosanct marriage and the Creator Divine.

29. MAROONED

Marooned on the island of dismally obnoxious hatred; I tore the spell binding jacket of my lungs in relentless frustration; ardently desiring nothing else but exuberantly free space amidst the uninhibitedly tantalizing clouds,

Marooned on the island of treacherously sordid politics; I indefatigably kept gnawing my raw nails on the fecklessly corrugated wall; tirelessly wishing for the aisles of blissful freedom to kiss my pathetically devastated bones,

Marooned on the island of dreadfully pulverizing poverty; I vituperatively kept staring at open space; yearning for perpetual freedom on the slopes of the Omnipotently sun soaked hills,

Marooned on the island of bizarrely hapless unemployment; I deliriously punctured every construable vein of my nimble body; endlessly searching for nothing else but the gateways of everlastingly enchanting freedom,

Marooned on the island of salaciously egregious betrayal; I incessantly whimpered like a uncontrollably slaving corpse; insurmountably wishing for moments immemorial of ebulliently unshakable freedom,

Marooned on the island of obliviously cursed dilapidation; I unceasingly bit my tongue into a boundless pieces; unstoppably praying for eternally bestowing freedom to kiss the contours of my brutally emaciated lips,

Marooned on the island of boorishly baseless boredom; I vicariously licked

grotesquely fetid molehills of crippling dirt; fervently wanting the paradise of indomitably burgeoning freedom to descend upon my impoverished soul,

Marooned on the island of raunchily petulant indiscrimination; I unsparingly excoriated every trace of happiness from my soul; desperately desiring the mists of exotically iridescent freedom to forever swirl across my estranged abode,

Marooned on the island of maliciously prejudiced discontentment; I sadistically plucked the whites of my eye out of my sockets; unlimitedly hoping for the playgrounds of unequivocally priceless freedom to enshroud me from all sides,

Marooned on the island of derogatorily debilitating fever; I repugnantly snubbed at even the most emollient of fantasies that swept my brain; inexorably perceiving the meadows of celestially philanthropic freedom,

Marooned on the island of blood-sucking inequality; I broke down into an tornado of cataclysmic meaninglessness; relentlessly chasing the rainbow of perennially euphoric freedom,

Marooned on the island of invidiously amorphous atrophy; I aimlessly ran the satanic cleavers on my intricate veins; wistfully conceiving the fireballs of unsurpassably insuperable freedom,

Marooned on the island of commercial monotony; I disparagingly blew worthless saliva for hours immemorial; irrefutably wanting to hold the wand of miraculously mitigating freedom; in the center of my intrepid palms,

Marooned on the island of maniacally hypochondriac depression; I listlessly admired death to the most unprecedented limits; inveterately wishing for the march of patriotic freedom; to become my quintessential way,

Marooned on the island of fanatically religious eccentricity; I uxoriously tampered with every blissfully vivid mechanism of my body; insatiably wanting to bond with only with the essence of unassailably righteous freedom,

Marooned on the island of dastardly squelching rumors; I was confounded with the most inexplicably annihilating of cancer; eternally wanting to blend myself with the cisterns of Omnipresently enthralling freedom,

Marooned on the island of bombastically tawdry pretention; I unsavorily defecated prurient shit from every palpable pore of my body; intransigently

wanting the whitewash of effulgent freedom; to take complete control of my abhorrently beleaguered senses,

Marooned on the island of mercilessly cold-blooded ruthlessness; I banged my brain into a countless pieces against cold rock; irrevocably waiting each minute for the clouds of sensuously liberating freedom; to transcend over my flagrantly deteriorating form,

But Marooned on the island of Immortal Love was the first time in my life when I felt that freedom was everywhere I roamed; freedom had become the most Omnipotent lamp in my soul; freedom was an unparalleled spirit of united existence that would continue to exist even after this earth wholesomely ceased; and it was also the very first time in my life when I prayed to the Lord; to forever keep me marooned.

30. YOU CAN KISS ME; ONLY IF

You can kiss me on my voluptuously rubicund cheeks all right; but only if your kiss had the power to wonderfully transcend over every other conceivable kiss drifting ominously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my seductively tantalizing nape all right; but only if your kiss had the tenacity to miraculously overpower every other conceivable kiss drifting atrociously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my rhapsodically vivacious hair all right; but only if your kiss had the temerity to supremely outshadow every other conceivable kiss drifting egregiously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my enthrallingly ebullient lips all right; but only if your kiss had the charisma to irrefutably nullify every other conceivable kiss drifting vindictively towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my bountifully emollient palms all right; but only if your kiss had the superiority to timelessly conquer every other conceivable kiss drifting baselessly towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my surreally royal forehead all right; but only if your kiss had the magic to unbelievably decimate every other conceivable kiss drifting truculently towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my daintily embellished feet all right; but only if your kiss had the magnetism to insuperably supercede every other conceivable kiss drifting salaciously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my robustly titillating belly all right; but only if your kiss had the caress to astronomically triumph over every other conceivable kiss drifting parasitically towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my uncontrollably trembling skin all right; but only if your kiss had the color to wholesomely camouflage every other conceivable kiss drifting beguilingly towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my enigmatically arcane palms all right; but only if your kiss had the fortitude to entirely sideline every other conceivable kiss drifting hedonistically towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my mellifluously dangling earlobes all right; but only if your kiss had the ardor to poignantly overrule every other conceivable kiss drifting flagrantly towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my unfathomably scented fingers all right; but only if your kiss had the righteousness to unsurpassably defeat every other conceivable kiss drifting hideously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my mischievously cavorting shadow all right; but only if your kiss had the intensity to unnervingly destroy every other conceivable kiss drifting raunchily towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my aristocratically iridescent shoulders all right; but only if your kiss had the compassion to circumscribe every other conceivable kiss drifting bizarrely towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my sensuously inebriating eyes all right; but only if your kiss had the brilliance to unprecedentedly blaze over every other conceivable kiss drifting acrimoniously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my artistically sculptured chin all right; but only if your kiss

had the guts to indomitably rule over every other conceivable kiss drifting heinously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

You can kiss me on my inimitably graceful spine all right; but only if your kiss had the heavenliness to eternally outclass every other conceivable kiss drifting malevolently towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes,

And you can kiss me on my immortally throbbing heart all right; but only if your kiss had the kinsmanship to forever subjugate and subdue every other conceivable kiss drifting venomously towards my direction; for times beyond an infinite more lifetimes.

31. NO SWAPPING

I had absolutely not the most infinitesimal iota of hesitation; rampantly swapping cars with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this set of four wheels; it would be some another set of sleazily mechanical four wheels; to transport me to the destination of my choice.

I had absolutely not the most diminutive trace of circumspection; wildly swapping house with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this pair of brick walls; it would be some another fortress of bawdily embellished brick walls; to sequester me all throughout the acrimoniously frozen night.

I had absolutely not the most capricious speck of skepticism; uncontrollably swapping beds with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this mattress of sponge; it would be some another mattress embedded with lifeless dunlop; to sanctimoniously rest my monotonously beleaguered and dreadfully estranged bones.

I had absolutely not the most ethereal of deliberations; unceremoniously swapping cigarettes with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this pipe of tobacco; it would be some another pipe filled with lasciviously inebriating tobacco; to spuriously tantalize my miserably bereaved senses amidst echelons of the pompously preposterous high society.

I had absolutely not the most ephemeral of uncanniness; imperturbably swapping jewels with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this design of diamond; it would be

some other design of meaninglessly scintillating diamond; to adorn the overwhelmingly salacious and greedy pair of bones; in my worthlessly molecular body.

I had absolutely not the most evanescent of vibrations; nonchalantly swapping wine and vixen with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this flesh and intoxication it would be some another tawdrily titillating flesh and sensuousness; to make me abhorrently enliven every evening of my already; brutally devastated life.

I had absolutely not the most obsolete of repercussions; timelessly swapping pieces of land with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this patch of land then it would be some another dolorously adulterated chunk of land; to hold my vapidly quavering and treacherously indolent feet.

I had absolutely not the most minuscule of apprehensions; blatantly swapping food with you,
After what difference does it make; if not this morsel of eatery then it would be some another morsel of parasitically acquired eatery; to mollify the demonically untamed pangs of hunger; in my rancidlyribald and savagely cannibalistic stomach.

I had absolutely not the most tiniest of reservations; explicitly swapping eyes; ears; lips; legs and shadow with you,
After all what difference does it make; if not this vision; organs and senses; then it would be some another penuriously measly vision; organ and senses; to punctiliously guide me through each unfurling moment of my diminutively destined life.

But I couldn't for even the most priceless ingredient of life in me; swap the divinely womb which evolved me and the beloved who nourished my impoverished existence outside of it; for an infinite more lifetimes,
Because not only would it make a staggering difference to me if I did so; but God's entire planet would dwindle and deteriorate outside the instant I dare even think of such a dastardly act; I dare even think of raunchily swapping his two most sacrosanct gifts; his two most immortal blessings in my blood and life.

32. ABCD

To learn the abcd of spell bindingly tangy salt; I went into the heart of ravishingly undulating and frostily untainted; ocean,

To learn the abcd of tantalizing mysteriousness; I strolled through the aisles of the stupendously resplendent and profoundly moonlit; forest,

To learn the abcd of unequivocal uninhibitedness; I stood under the torrentially untamed downpour of pricelessly golden and fantastically untainted; rain,

To learn the abcd of symbiotic simplicity; I went to blissfully admire the magnanimously rejuvenating shadows of the royally invincible and benevolently burgeoning; tree,

To learn the abcd of exotically entrenching timelessness; I sailed through the bountifully silken and fathomlessly everlasting; sky,

To learn the abcd of celestially jingling happiness; I went to the vivacious canvas of the supremely dexterous and unbelievably handsome; rainbow,

To learn the abcd of peerlessly unflinching invincibility; I went to the brilliantly flamboyant epitome of the indomitably unshakable and insuperably united; mountain of mankind,

To learn the abcd of pristinely innocuous boisterousness; I went to the hives of the raucously swarming and indefatigably buzzing; bees,

To learn the abcd of quintessentially construable English; I punctiliously flipped through the pages of the colossally informative and incredulously eclectic; dictionary,

To learn the abcd of mellifluously heavenly music; I went to the impeccable nest of the divinely blessed and ubiquitously inimitable; nightingale,

To learn the abcd of astoundingly vivid imitation; I went to the cage of the miraculously sensitive and timelessly ecstatic; parrot,

To learn the abcd of unrestrictedly eternal mischief; I went to the cradle of the blissfully bouncing and perennially suckling; infant,

To learn the abcd of splendidly arcane uncanniness; I went to the den of the regally hissing and poignantly provoked; serpent,

To learn the abcd of supremely reinvigorating freshness; I frequented the perpetual cascade of the emolliently embellished and resplendently rhapsodic;

waterfall,

To learn the abcd of blazingly insuperable patriotism; I spent time with the immortally felicitated and fearlessly altruistic; soldier,

To learn the abcd of supremely unhindered compassion; I profusely drowned myself into the selflessly Omnipotent and bountifully heavenly; lap of my revered mother,

To learn the abcd of scientifically revolutionary healing; I went to the beamingly humanitarian and blessedly versatile; doctor,

But in order to learn the abcd of Immortal Love neither did I go anywhere; neither did I browse through the most gigantic of textbooks to sagaciously discern; as the beats from my heart inevitably leapt out in the planet since the very first cry of my birth; to forever bond with the goddess they already knew since an infinite previous births; to forever be possessed by that Goddess till even infinite births even after; this earth ceased to throb and exist.

33. WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? - PART 2

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first cry or the very last cry of my miserably impoverished life; as your robustly humanitarian cheeks; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist as the; greatest Fantasizer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first smile or the very last smile of my haplessly penurious life; as your magnanimously celestial shadow; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest Tantalizer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first signature or the very last signature of my parsimoniously truncated life; as your poignantly sacred palms; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest humanitarian,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first dwelling or the very last dwelling of my traumatically beleaguered life; as your miraculously Omnipotent and mitigating voice; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest adventurer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first dream or the very last dream of my distraughtly dreary life; as your unbelievably sensuous fragrance; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest artist,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first job or the very last job of my disgustingly decrepit life; as your mystically enamoring and voluptuously curvaceous silhouette; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest poet,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first turning or the very last turning of my lackadaisically fretful life; as your vividly euphoric countenance; reborn an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest prodigy,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first success or the very last success of my ethereally disheveled life; as your innocuously rosy tongue; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest conjurer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first wink or the very last wink of my malevolently scurrilous life; as your unassailably majestic eyes; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest spirit,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first whisper or the very last whisper of my viciously slandering life; as your insuperably magnetic aura; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest prince,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first sweatdrop or the very last sweatdrop of my devastatingly malicious life; as your unconquerably iridescent footsteps; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest patriot,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first dawn or the very last dawn of my ephemerally quavering life; as your beautifully emollient ideals; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest singer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first yawn or the very last yawn of my inconspicuously. frigid life; as your impeccably redolent

skin; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest martyr,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first clap or the very last clap of my infinitesimally withering life; as your immaculately untainted sleep; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest philosopher,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first alphabet or the very last alphabet of my indiscriminately tyrannized life; as your sensuously fluttering eyelashes; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest philanderer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first tear or the very last tear of my diminutively dastardly life; as your ecstatically tinkling feet; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest dancer,

What difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first breath or the very last breath of my sullenly baseless life; as your panoramically insuperable compassion; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest friend,

And what difference does it make as to whether I met you at the very first day or the very last day of my truculently lambasting life; as your immortally palpitating and harmonious heart; reborn me an infinite times even after the earth had ceased to exist; as the greatest lover.

34. MY ONLY OBSESSION

When I first met her; I was insatiably crazy about her eyes; fervently tracing the contours of her poignantly stopping eyelids with the untamed ardor in my fingers,

While today; they had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I profoundly blended my mind; body and entire spirit; with their marvelously shimmering river of ecstatic empathy.

When I first met her; I was inexorably crazy about her lips; indefatigably kissing their passionate periphery; to ignite fireballs of tantalizing seduction in the piquantly scarlet streams of my blood,

While today; they had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I commenced each dawn with exuberant gusto in my stride; simply by sighting

their fiery redness.

When I first met her; I was insurmountably crazy about her hair; sailing in their ravishing titillation; to timelessly escalate to a land above; fabulously mesmerizing paradise,
While today; they had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I danced in the aisles of serene contentment; invincibly entrapped in the stupendously magical entrenchment of their voluptuous softness.

When I first met her; I was fanatically crazy about her belly; entangling each pore of my flesh in a wave of sensuously augmenting delight; as she gyrated under the magnificently enchanting moonlight,
While today; it had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I caressed its royally gentle softness; everytime I felt that the frantically wandering world outside; unsparingly pulverized me to the soil.

When I first met her; I was ardently crazy about her eyelashes; flirtatiously philandering with her behind the honey colored hills; as she batted them with gorgeously bewildering delight,
While today; they had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I perennially slept entirely oblivious to the treacherous vagaries of this planet; with my turbulent breath profusely dancing over her; intriguingly satiny softness.

When I first met her; I was unfathomably crazy about her palms; salvaging every opportunity to tangily trace the fathomless battalion of mystical lines; embedded in their fascinating recess,
While today; they had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I bonded each element of my impoverished destiny with her; vivaciously euphoric and rhapsodically bouncing life.

When I first met her; I was stupendously crazy about her charismatically radiating chin; as I incessantly pecked her on the same; with winds of tumultuous compassion circumventing every iota of my ebulliently trembling countenance,
While today; it had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I replenished my devastatingly staggering senses; by merely sighting its; robustly enamoring grace.

When I first met her; I was unsurpassably crazy about her reflection; trying to decipher a countless more births of mine in the eternally unending chapter of her majestic footsteps,
While today; it had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I erected every

anecdote of my flamboyantly optimistic life with its shades; had no remorse whatsoever relinquishing my last breath in its ingratiating shimmering.

When I first met her; I was incomprehensibly crazy about her breath; relentlessly trying to capsize every puff of scented air that she exhaled; in the indigently destitute essence of my pathetic existence,
While today; it had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I found myself blessed with all the happiness on this boundless planet; rhythmically tracing the cadence of its everlastingly enticing swirl.

And when I first met her; I was intransigently crazy about her heartbeats; passionately discerning their marvelously pristine propensity; embracing her in the incorrigible grip of my famished arms,
While today; they had become my irrefutable and only obsession; as I handsomely bonded with their immortal tenacity to exist; felt the richest man alive; each time she granted me love; each time she granted me the most unequivocally priceless gift to survive.

35. SHE WAS THERE

She was there in every song that I heard; existing as its most stupendously melodious elements; drowning my impoverished countenance; in waves of perennially rhapsodic ecstasy,

She was there in every path that I tread; existing as a trail of seductively tantalizing enigma; to deluge me in a blanket of insatiably untamed wilderness,

She was there in every fantasy that I perceived; existing as a thunderbolt of compassionately eternal yearning; propelling me to forever surge forward in the unprecedented euphoria; to lead spell binding life,

She was there in every fruit that I consumed; existing as the most pricelessly titillating nutrition in its skin; handsomely placating my irrevocably unruly pangs of hunger; for centuries immemorial,

She was there in every word that I spoke; existing as its most vociferously emphatic impression; triggering me to triumphantly incessantly march towards the boundaries of irrefutable success,

She was there in every fabric that I wore; existing as its most majestically silken warmth; to encapsulate me with waves of tumultuously ardent passion from all sides,

She was there in every mission that I achieved; existing as its winds of sacrosanct ebullience; perpetually transpiring me to embrace all fraternities of humanity; in bonds of unrelenting sharing; alike,

She was there in every ingredient of my blood; existing as a rainbow of eclectic vibrancy; engendering me to evolve a sparkling new chapter of life; from even beneath the most goriest of ashes,

She was there in every night that enveloped me; existing as an unfathomable juggernaut of resplendently twinkling stars; flooding each arena of my pathetically devastated skin; with incomprehensible happiness,

She was there in every shadow of mine; existing as an angel of unflinching solidarity in its tiniest of caress; entrenching me in a garden of gloriously flamboyant fragrance; from all ends,

She was there in every philosophy that I preached; existing as its most impeccably righteous element; poignantly inspiring me to disseminate the impregnable essence of affable brotherhood; to the remotest corner of this boundless Universe,

She was there in every wink that cascaded over my eyes; existing as a fireball of mischievously eluding flirtation; to incinerate each of my disastrously bedraggled senses; into a planet more bountiful than gregariously twinkling paradise,

She was there in every miracle that I witnessed; existing as a harbinger of ultimate peace in each stride that I took; instigating me to spawn a fascinating civilization of uninhibited freedom and celestial togetherness,

She was there in every goodness that I cherished; existing as a mist of marvelously bequeathing humanity; that made me holistically live and let live; for infinite more births of mine,

She was there in every blooming beauty that I sighted; existing as a cradle of untamed exhilaration in my deplorably dwindling visage; to make me escalate above the definitions of staleness and a carpet of overwhelmingly staggering blackness,

She was there in every rhyme that I spun; existing as a ray of velvety voluptuousness in the immaculate whites of my eye; sensuously draping me in a world of endlessly enchanting excitement,

She was there in every race that I run; existing as a thunderbolt of unsurpassable fervor; in each of my synergistically advancing footsteps,

She was there in every breath that I inhaled; existing as a stream of intransigently fiery life; that royally enabled me to stand tall and intrepidly towering; for a countless more vivaciously ecstatic lives,

And she was there in every beat that I throbbed; existing as a Universe of immortally invincible love; bestowing me with the richness to comprehend the true richness of life; bestowing me with a festoon of boundless colors; to serve all mankind.

36. NO HEART EXCEPT HERS

No hands to caress my nape except hers; tantalizingly tingling every famished pore of my drearily exhausted and lackadaisically hanging skin,

No eyes to sight my countenance except hers; as she made me feel like a majestically unparalleled king; with each of her tumultuously ardent stares,

No lips to kiss me except hers; transiting me into a land of enchantingly fragrant paradise; as she vivaciously smooched the contours of my devastatingly dithering lips,

No ears to hear me except hers; as she made every word that I spoke more Omnipotent than the Almighty Lord; sensuously discerning the unfathomably overwhelming compassion in my rhythmic sounds,

No voice to console me except hers; as she transformed my lugubriously acrimonious visage into realms of everlasting fantasy; with the exuberantly rhapsodic melody that wafted from the innermost arenas of her fabulously ingratiating throat,

No strength to support me except hers; as she miraculously rejuvenated each of my treacherously dwindling senses; with the irrefutably patriotic ardor in her royally emphatic footsteps,

No nails to scratch me except hers; as she boisterously weaved her titillatingly teasing fingers through the impoverished caricature of my ribs; nostalgically transiting me back; into the cradle of impeccable childhood,

No teeth to nibble my skin except hers; as she triggered fireballs of untamed euphoria through every iota of my bloodstream; escalating me above the clouds of bountiful freedom; to dance with the ultimate angels of humanity,

No hair to swish me except hers; as she marvelously cascaded the fathomlessly voluptuous sheet of follicles over my rubicund cheeks; seducing me into a cavern of uninhibitedly unprecedented excitement,

No belly to dance with me except hers; resplendently gyrating with me under milky rivers of ecstatic moonlight; even as the atmosphere slept in the perpetual stillness; of the serenely star studded night,

No neck to lean upon me except hers; as she astoundingly drifted me into a world of ebulliently melodious enthrallment; mischievously flirting with me behind the ethereally dusk enveloped hills,

No destiny intertwining with me except hers; as she handsomely spawned the chapter of our holistic existence; on the paths of impregnably alluring triumph; be it brilliant day or the insurmountably forlorn night,

No whistle to intrigue me except hers; as she unfathomably incarcerated every element of my penuriously trembling demeanor; in the blanket of enigma mystically embracing her unassailably priceless soul,

No fantasy to drown me except hers; as she deluged each cranny of my devastatingly bedraggled flesh; with unconquerable infernos of; vibrantly eternal and flamboyant desire,

No whispers to seduce me except hers; as she majestically led me on a ravishingly glorious expedition of timeless beauty; bequeathing a rainbow of blissful contentment; over my deplorably extinguishing shadows,

No saliva to tickle my skin except hers; as she profusely slavered on my indigently starved skin in her divinely deep sleep; transforming me into a cloud of torrentially showering excitement and unrelenting pleasure,

No conscience to lead me except hers; as she enlightened each path that I dared to tread my painstakingly bleary foot on; with unfathomable rays of optimistically sparkling hope and beautiful belonging,

No breath to impart me life except hers; as she chivalrously bestowed upon me a countless more births to celestially survive; extricating me like a poignantly

embellished prince from beneath my gorily invidious grave,

And No heart to bond with my beats except hers; as she taught me the most irrefutably priceless lessons of truth; desire and unsurpassable romance; taught me to incessantly love and let others exist in the swirl of its immortally sacrosanct spirit.

37. IMPOSSIBLE TO IMPRISON

You could perhaps incarcerate the tree; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its euphorically exhilarating breeze; which swept in majestic unison across the blissfully enchanting atmosphere,

You could perhaps incarcerate the body; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its fathomless repertoire of righteous ideals; which shimmered in Omnipotent grandiloquence; all brilliant day and charismatically starry night,

You could perhaps incarcerate the finger; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its mystically embellished ocean of writing; the impregnable pages of truth perpetually embossed upon; the trajectory of this boundless planet,

You could perhaps incarcerate the Sun; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its scintillatingly Omnipresent shine; the rays of mesmerizing beauty and ardent splendor; which profusely enlightened every drearily sonorous space; on this wonderfully marvelous earth,

You could perhaps incarcerate the tongue; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its timelessly melodious sound; the essence of philanthropic humanity which unassailably fulminated; as it holistically chanted the mantras of a divine existence,

You could perhaps incarcerate the river; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its placidly silken empathy; the tantalizing magic that it resplendently bequeathed; upon the pathetic abhorrence of the sullen night,

You could perhaps incarcerate the rose; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its everlasting fragrance; which wafted its Omniscient redolence to even the most infinitesimally minuscule organism on this royally proliferating Universe,

You could perhaps incarcerate the witheringly devastated skeleton; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its countless waterfall of benign fantasies;

which forever reigned the most invincibly supreme; each time the world was born,

You could perhaps incarcerate the lips; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its benevolently amiable smiles; the perennially jubilant rhapsody; that inundated treacherously orphaned lives with uninhibitedly unprecedented happiness,

You could perhaps incarcerate the skull; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its unfathomably endless fountain of symbiotically harmonious dreams; that stupendously enriched every worthlessly massacred life; with optimistic beams of vibrant hope,

You could perhaps incarcerate the eyes; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison their indefatigable waterfall of bestowing goodness; the incredulous grandeur lingering in their impeccably divine whites,

You could perhaps incarcerate the relationship; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its jubilantly compassionate warmth; the bountifully radiant togetherness that disseminated from its immaculate fabric of; spell binding enchantment,

You could perhaps incarcerate the rain; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison the seductively gigantic conglomerate of crimson clouds; which celestially drifted and blissfully placated; every lugubriously rotting iota of this; astoundingly euphoric globe,

You could perhaps incarcerate blood; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its profusely passionate streams of romance; its insatiably ecstatic yearning; to spawn a countless more robustly energetic lives,

You could perhaps incarcerate the palms; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison their enigmatically glimmering destiny; which inexplicably flowered into a magnificent sky of titillating excitement,

You could perhaps incarcerate the drums; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison their tumultuously thunderous beats; the ingratiatingly ravishing rhythm that tirelessly illuminated; the blackness of the murderously sinister night,

You could perhaps incarcerate the birds; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison their vivaciously boisterous freedom; their insurmountably ebullient

urge to soar tantalizingly; above the handsomely glorious clouds,

You could perhaps incarcerate breath; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its ubiquitous entrenchment of pricelessly cascading existence; its unbelievably Herculean tenacity to survive and its Omnipotent strength,

You could perhaps incarcerate the heart; but it was irrefutably impossible to imprison its immortally turbulent beats; the unparalleled mountain of love it diffused to evolve a fantastically new chapter of existence; on every intrepidly adventurous step; that you dared to tread.

38. JUST A MOMENT AGO

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; trespassing past my backyard; as the Sun languidly prepared to settle behind the horizons,
While at present; she had become the sole mission of my disastrously bedraggled life; transpiring me to escalate above the ultimate epitomes of bountiful prosperity; with the mesmerizing cadence in her charming voice.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; confronting me inadvertently on the boisterously bustling streets; as countless other entities lackadaisically did,
While at present; she had become every fantasy that my mind could ever conceive; a marvelously unfathomable garland of resplendent brilliance; that insatiably inspired me to transcend above the stupendous best.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; sporadically appearing on my window sill; as she pragmatically made her way to the attend morning college,
While at present; she had become every iota of euphoric passion that enshrouded my profoundly exhilarated senses; imparting me with a Herculean tenacity to unflinchingly confront the most mightiest of acrimonious disaster.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; pragmatically blending her sound in; the discordantly rambunctious melee of crowd assembled; to vehemently oppose the profusely tyrannical government,
While at present; she had become the poignantly ebullient blood that cascaded handsomely through my veins; inundating my pathetically devastated senses; with the magically miraculous elixir to lead blissful life.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; shuffling through a sheaf of unsurpassable paper in the overwhelmingly murky library; as night

dolorously crawled over the sparkling day,
While at present; she had become the invincible strength encapsulating every
element of my staggering countenance; propelling me philanthropically forward;
to lead a countless more lives; in this single lifetime of mine.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; bumping across my
sagging persona quite innocuously; as we criscrossed jauntily through
the; turbulently buzzing market,
While at present; she had become every immaculately charismatic smile that
divinely besieged my lips; engendering me to be perennially happy; and
rhapsodically triumphing forward in holistic life.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; weaving her mystical
shadow capriciously past my trembling visage; as I was devastatingly loitered in
corridors of hopelessly crippling depression,
While at present; she had become the profuse wave of jubilant enchantment that
enveloped my shielding eyelashes; harboring me in an impregnably
compassionate swirl of her everlasting romance.

Just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; pummeling me
feebly in my ribs; as several of my mates did every morning; when we first met,
While at present; she had become the passionate thunderbolts of breath that
harmoniously descended from my nostrils; granting me the prowess to
assimilate and relish all the beauty of this majestically boundless Universe; in the
tenure of my ludicrously dwindling existence.

And just a moment ago; she was simply an ordinary girl for me; playing hide and
seek with me behind the bushes; as a complete stranger to even the most
infinitesimal virtue; of my ardently esoteric demeanor,
While at present; she had become the immortally sensuous beats of my
turbulently palpitating heart; an incomprehensible reservoir of divine love; that
perennially kept me celestially blessed; that irrefutably made me the richest man
breathing; and forever alive.

39. WHEN THE HEART ERRED

When the pigeons erred; not following its regular rhythm of flight as tumultuous
storms overhauled the silken afternoon; they deplorably sank in a bedraggled
heap; to murderously coalesce with despicably cold ground,

When the rose erred; not following its regular rhythm of swirling radiantly with
the ecstatic breeze; it despondently withered in mists of rotten gloom;

inexplicably diffusing painstakingly pathetic stink; instead of glorious waves of exuberant scent,

When the lion erred; not following its regular rhythm of turbulently pulverizing its succulent prey into inconspicuously raw chowder; it was ludicrously guffawed upon by even the most minuscule of ant; who instantaneously capsized upon the most mesmerizing opportunity; to feast ebulliently upon its lame ears,

When the mountains erred; not following their regular rhythm of brilliantly kissing towering beams of majestic sunlight; the brutally dumb stone finally felt contented; that it had now a gigantically frigid mate to parasitically lean and take compassionate reprieve from,

When the fish erred; not following their regular rhythm of rampantly swimming in deep waters of the choppy sea; the fishermen sitting on the shores had a gala time; pecking them like diminutively dwindling mosquitoes; at the tiniest poke of their gleaming rods,

When the kites erred; not following their regular rhythm of sailing high and handsome in the clouds; they split into a fathomless pieces; before settling as excoriated rags amidst an untamed juggernaut of branches; as the wind slowly died down,

When the nightingale erred; not following its regular rhythm of stupendously melodious sound; it fulminated into ludicrously cacophonous rhyme; triggering discordantly ungainly tumult; in magically serene bits of atmosphere,

When the dog erred; not following their regular rhythm of barking when strangers trespassed; the hoodlums made merry in flamboyant day as well as treacherous night; audaciously eloped with the booty; leaving it staggering for breath after kicking it ruthlessly in its solar plexus,

When the lids erred; not following their regular rhythm of incessantly batting upon the trajectory of the handsomely impeccable eyeball; the eyes unbelievably lamented; as they gradually slipped towards a blanket of viciously gory darkness,

When the lips erred; not following their regular rhythm of charismatically smiling upon the astoundingly glittering dais; the fathomless flock of congenial crowds; pelted unruly stone and ghastly abuse; before they embarked back upon a horrifically disgruntled retreat,

When the feet erred; not following their regular rhythm of patriotically marching forward in euphoric gusto; they uncouthly embedded themselves deeper and deeper into sullen cocoons of soil as the minutes unfurled; before becoming easily vulnerable targets for the unsurpassable battalion of hideously grinning termites,

When the ears erred; not following their regular rhythm of sagaciously discerning the most minutest of sound; they eventually found themselves savagely entrapped; in bizarre clutches of the disparagingly rampaging demon,

When the pigs erred; not following their regular rhythm of greedily gobbling through piles of fetidly abominable garbage; they paid the price of their lives; as civilians mistook them for tame dogs; enslaving them in overwhelmingly rigid collar; and taut chains,

When the rivers erred; not following their regular rhythm of profusely melanging with the boundless oceans; the barbarically tyrannical rays of the sweltering Sun; eventually dried every speck of their liquid; rendering them to freeze; under avalanches of abhorrent prejudice,

When the eggs erred; not following their regular rhythm of taking amicable shelter amidst nettles and grass laid in by their sacrosanct mothers; the venomous lizards and snakes eventually consumed them for nocturnal supper; squelching them to capriciously worthless mincemeat,

When the mind erred; not following its regular rhythm of existing in synergistic symbiosis with the extraneously bountiful planet; it found itself counting the last days of its life; in the realms of dilapidated oblivion and gruesomely stabbing starvation,

When the conscience erred; not following its regular rhythm of harboring nothing else but the irrefutable idol of truth; it was lambasted by the whips of surreptitiously guilty hell; unfathomably penalized for the remainder of its life,

When the breath erred; not following its regular rhythm of holistically creeping in and out of the intricately enchanting nostrils; it besieged the individual with insurmountable spurts of insidiously asphyxiated tension; eventually perpetuating him to die,

But when the heart erred; not following its regular rhythm of pragmatically monitored beats; throbbing faster than the whirlwinds of divinely light; it

embraced the most wonderfully immortal ocean of existence; it embraced the fireballs of everlasting love.

40. REBORN TO LOVE

She was 100 years old; yet the blood that flowed through her intricate veins; insatiably yearned to a frolic like a teenaged damsel; once again,

She was 100 years old; yet the expressions on her shriveled chin; could captivate even the most remotely alien; in a spell of exotically never ending enchantment,

She was 100 years old; yet the impeccable whites of her fading eyes; unraveled a tale of poignant nostalgia; and resplendently unprecedented charm,

She was 100 years old; yet the melody in her bountifully wavering voice; unsurpassably enshrouded traumatized hearts; with perennially rhapsodic happiness,

She was 100 years old; yet the emphatically embossed lines on her palm; celestially depicted a tale of sheer majesty to; bloomingly unfurl,

She was 100 years old; yet the tenacity in her diminutively feeble footsteps; was enough to face the acrimoniously advancing army; beautifully singlehanded,

She was 100 years old; yet the magical smile on her divinely lips; still enlightened countless paths besieged with murderously barbaric gloom; with rays of unprecedented euphoria,

She was 100 years old; yet the astounding enigma in the lines of her forehead; spoke fathomless volumes of an angel; gallivanting in unfathomable entrenchments of untamed desire,

She was 100 years old; yet the determination in her fragile bones; was irrefutably enough; to survive for a countless more births yet to poignantly unveil,

She was 100 years old; yet the ecstasy in her nascently subdued taste buds; was overwhelming enough; to taste the most appetizing morsels of eclectically titillating food,

She was 100 years old; yet the desires in her majestic soul; were a philanthropic

ocean; to ubiquitously unite and serve all; mankind,

She was 100 years old; yet the impregnable ardor of her ideals; was a miraculous rainbow of optimistic hope; Herculean strength; and an everlasting will to bless all humanity,

She was 100 years old; yet the astounding titillation of her shadow; was still as luminescent as that of a freshly born immaculate infant,

She was 100 years old; yet the overpowering effulgence that tinkled as she walked; was a garden of blissfully tranquil and exotically fragrant enchantment,

She was 100 years old; yet the impressions of her heavenly feet; were a cloud of perpetually endowing happiness,

She was 100 years old; yet the symbiotic synergy that crawled through even the most infinitesimal iota of her compassionate demeanor; was an ocean of unprecedented enthrallment; and silken charm,

She was 100 years old; yet the Omnipotent artistry in her trembling fingers; was a landscape of incredulously panoramic versatility; and ebullient color,

She was 100 years old; yet the fire in her sacrosanct breath; the unparalleled ardor in her fulminating heart; was an unconquerable fortress; of an infinite more redolent lives,

And she was 100 years old; yet the immortal love in her heart was just the same when our eyes had first met; as she unassailably took birth as my lover once again; even after she had abdicated her last puff of vital breath.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 15

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 40 differently titled Poems, is actually Part 15 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. BUSY
2. LOVE IS PRICELESS
3. MY GODLY WIFE
4. JUST LISTENING TO MY BEATS
5. THE SEEDS OF LOVE
6. THE HEART WILL FOLLOW

7. DANCING IN HER HEART
8. SUDDENLY METAMORPHOSED
9. THE TALKING
10. DO YOU HAVE A HEART AT ALL
11. THE ULTIMATE PRINCESS.
12. BLESSEDLY REBORN
13. BEFORE TWO BODIES COULD MEET.
14. LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT - PART 2
15. PLEASE COME BACK O! BELOVED - PART 2
16. IMPOSSIBLE "POSSIBLE".
17. MY BRUTALLY DEVASTATING DEVIL
18. IN THE END
19. HOW DARE DID YOU EVER THINK?
20. MINE AND ONLY MINE
21. FANATICALLY IN LOVE
22. OUR LOVE WAS THAT SPIRIT
23. THE HEAVENLY BEATS WERE MINE
24. BYE
25. IF THE HEART DANCED OUT
26. WALKING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH
27. PERPETUAL LIAISONING
28. MORSELS OF INVINCIBLE LOVE
29. WITHOUT YOU O! BELOVED
30. I FAILED
31. O! DIVINELY BELOVED
32. AFTER SHE LEFT ME
33. IMMORTALLY MINE
34. IMPOSSIBLE
35. THE ULTIMATE CROWN
36. CLEAN BOWLED
37. IRRESPECTIVE
38. WHAT I ETERNALLY DESIRED
39. OUR RELATION
40. JUST BECAUSE

1. BUSY

The clouds were mystically busy; in showering tantalizing globules of rain; upon fathomless territories of agonizingly parched soil,

The Sun was flamingly busy; in magically sizzling every cranny of this boundlessly congenial Universe; with golden beams of its optimistically

enchanting light,

The spiders were fabulously busy; in enamoringly weaving silken strands of webs; euphorically bouncing in the threads; fervently anticipating the prey of their choice,

The fires were swelteringly busy; in charring even the most infinitesimal iota of tenacious logwood; to threadbare bits of minuscule ash,

The clowns were ludicrously busy; in tumultuously evoking a festoon of unfathomable smiles; on the faces of all those besieged with cloudbursts of inexplicable gloom,

The eagles were majestically busy; in enshrouding every bit of drearily insipid space; with exuberant draughts of exotic air,

The snakes were ominously busy; in stealthily waiting for innocuously sparkling skin; ebullient chunks of flesh to venomously infiltrate their murderously sinister fangs; in,

The fortresses were invincibly busy; in compassionately sequestering all those disastrously orphaned and dithering; from the acrimoniously mighty onslaught; of the turgidly satanic society,

The clothes were amiably busy; in shielding innocently naked skin from vindictively frozen avalanches of wind; as well as tyrannically ferocious rays of; the uncouthly blistering afternoon,

The cars were boisterously busy; in rhapsodically transporting fatigued battalions of passengers; to the most resplendently placating destination of their supreme choice,

The sharks were diabolically busy; in frantically groping for immaculate prey; metamorphose a profusely robust framework of ravishing flesh and blood; into a devastatingly transposed curry of sheer nothingness,

The dogs were pertinently busy; in dolefully barking; deluging the trajectory of the gloomily treacherous night; with an incomprehensible number of their ghoulish wails,

The ghosts were insidiously busy; in casting the spell of their gorily sinister doom; devouring blissful civilizations; in the swirl of their hideously obfuscated

and grotesque countenances,

The eyes were indefatigably busy; in profoundly discerning and imbibing the fathomlessly glorious beauty of this gregariously mystical Universe; paving their way ecstatically forward to coin astoundingly new chapters of existence,

The blood was poignantly busy; in spell bindingly imparting fortitude to each arena of the staggeringly bedraggled body; rejuvenating it to unfurl refreshingly emphatic chapters of; a vividly vibrant tomorrow,

The pigs were disdainfully busy; in excoriating through lugubrious piles of garbage at lightening velocities; ruthlessly gobbling even the most worthlessly stinking piece of shit; that sleazily greeted them in their savage way,

The forests were inscrutably busy; in churning tales of unrelenting mysticism; voluptuously kissing the charismatic blanket of the stupendously glittering night; with seductive fireballs of empathy; and life,

The Gods were Omnisciently busy; in proliferating astronomical spurts of sacred life on the boundlessly beautiful planet; articulately maneuvering the destiny of each organism; rich or lecherously poor; alike,

And my Heart was perpetually busy; in incarcerating the beats of her passionately divine heart; assimilating and immortal bonding with the essence of her unparalleled love; uniting with her philanthropic will; to bless all benign mankind.

2. LOVE IS PRICELESS

Stones are lackadaisically worthless,
Gutters are preposterously baseless,
Greed is invidiously senseless,
Depression is devastatingly meaningless,
Mania's are obsessively weightless,
Enmity is salaciously bottomless,
Traitors are treacherously groundless,
Stagnation is venomously valueless,
Diabolism is vindictively useless,
Manipulation is hideously profitless,
Emptiness is ominously fruitless,
Ghosts are disconcertingly hopeless,
Frigidity is inevitably hapless,

Boredom is lethally purposeless,
Death is despairingly motionless,
Cowardice is ludicrously skulless,
Infidelity is pathetically pointless,
Oceans are bountifully fathomless,
Lies are maliciously soundless,
Fantasies are unrelentingly boundless,
Tangible are rhapsodically countless,
Expressions are poignantly dateless,
Lechery is disastrously voiceless,
Beggars are ridiculously gutless,
Sleazy are bombastically strapless,
Adventurous are exhilaratingly shoeless,
Orphaned are deplorably houseless,
Benevolence is perennially timeless,
Murderers are laughably spineless,
Excitement is incomprehensibly numberless,
Awestruck are unbelievably speechless,
Imprisoned are brutally expressionless,
Compassion is irrefutably wordless,
Butchers are satanically soulless,
Deserts are ditheringly treeless,
Corpses are insidiously passionless,
Indigenous are rustically mannerless,
Dungeons are insanely windless,
Feathers are fantastically noiseless,
Nonchalant are parsimoniously listless,
Innocent are harmoniously creaseless,
Clouds are inscrutably ceaseless,
Vegetables are celestially boneless,
Terrorists are bizarrely bloodless,
Parasites are staggeringly breathless,
Corruptive are mockingly spiritless,
Dissatisfied are overwhelming restless,
Insidious are invasively rimless,
Doleful are drearily cordless,
Maniacal are profusely airless,
Waterfalls are blissfully hairless,
Silken are immaculately seamless,
Monotonous are turgidly dreamless,
Graveyards are stinkingly toothless,
Blood-sucking are incorrigibly motherless,

Absolution is divinely painless,
Nothingness is indolently aimless,
Pompous are indigently shameless,
Sewers are immutably nameless,
Pigs are greedily brainless,
Assassins are indispensably fatherless,
Vandals are horrifically flowerless,
Cockroaches are disgustingly tuneless,
Philanthropists are unequivocally taintless,
Pretentious are horrendously cultureless,
Gloom is inexplicably colorless,
Skies are unfathomably limitless,
Demons are insidiously starless,
Barbaric are despondently seedless,
Prejudiced are ignominiously friendless,
Relationships are impregnably measureless,
Depression is tyrannically lusterless,
Capricious are staggeringly careless,
Tornado's are tumultuously gearless,
Afternoons are swelteringly moonless,
Honesty is irrefutably stainless,
Malicious are impoverishedly armless,
Birds are ecstatically footless,
Fairies are ravishingly beardless,
Impeachment is grotesquely faceless,
Entrepreneurs are intrepidly fearless,
Logs are obdurately foamless,
Enigmas are tantalizingly keyless,
Horizons are obviously clueless,
Hollowness is penalizingly handless,
Dishonest are insatiably penniless,
Lazy are waveringly jobless,
Hell is torturously heartless,
Nature is flirtatiously wireless,
Shadows are diminutively powerless,
Blood-thirsty are wholesomely artless,
Destinies are waveringly mapless,
Dare-devils are snobbishly wreckless,
Pragmatic are prudently cloudless,
Cursed are lamely childless,
Infants are perpetually faultless,
And love is immortally priceless.

3. MY GODLY WIFE

A little piquant; tangily bouncing in the aisles of untamed yearning; and a little sweet; profusely deluging the morbidly sullen atmosphere with the ingratiatingly captivating melody in her voice,

A little ecstatic; uninhibitedly philandering amidst the stars of tantalizing fantasy; and a little romantic; compassionately embracing all those disastrously bereaved that; confronted her in her majestic way,

A little vivacious; indefatigably expending her ebullient energy of goodness to the world around; and a little spell binding; incarcerating even the most alien of personality in her mystically divine swirl,

A little doughty; formidably facing the unsurpassable armory of impediments that hindered her in her royal stride; and a little dainty; exotically tingling frigid globules of soil; with her insurmountably titillating caress,

Was my invincibly mesmerizing wife; who not only bestowed upon me a countless births to survive; even in this impoverished singleton birth of mine; but was infact the sole air that I breathed in life; the very reason that I was blissfully alive.

A little shy; magnificently curling her seductive eyelashes under twinkling rays of the pearly Moon; and a little loquacious; cataclysmically divulging her soul out; when she felt the insatiable desire to express herself,

A little crimson; blushing like the blooming lilies when I first sighted her; and a little pink; snoozing and relentlessly fantasizing above the corridors of paradise; when in nostalgically deep sleep,

A little enigmatic; inscrutably wandering through a web of magical enchantment; and a little pragmatic; manipulating her daily routine to survive in this stringently conventional society; with astounding agility,

A little flirtatious; gallivanting in gay abandon behind the hills just as the Sun wholesomely blended with the horizons; and a little sonorous; admonishing unruly urchins for tainting her kitchen floor; in her fervently deep throated voice,

Was my immortally everlasting wife; who was not only my perpetual inspiration

to benevolently bond in threads of sacrosanct humanity; but was infact the sole air that I breathed in life; the very reason that I was blissfully alive.

A little dreamer; perennially lost in clouds of euphorically unending fantasy; and a little artistic; fabulously enshrouding barren bits of canvas; with the stupendously radiant artistry in her philanthropic palms,

A little patriotic; unequivocally surging forward to mitigate her motherland from the clutches of diabolically evil; and a little surreal; leaping like a fleet footed fairy; to enlighten gloom all around her; with the rays of Omnipotent mankind,

A little saintly; possessing incomprehensibly magical powers to heal the most bizarre of wounds with the ointment of her impregnable caring; and a little innocent; incessantly reminiscing those exuberant moments of fresh birth; when she was just born,

A little ubiquitous; tirelessly functioning as a benign messiah of all deprived humanity; and a little tantalizing; igniting my every frigidly devastating night with; unrelenting fireballs of tumultuous passion,

Was my unassailably heavenly wife; who not only; magnanimously fulfilled every benevolent desire of my heart; with the melody in her stride; but was infact the sole air that I breathed in life; the very reason that I was blissfully alive.

A little surreptitious; concealing the inexplicable miseries that she was uncouthly subjected to; entirely to herself; and a little volatile; fulminating into an boundless kaleidoscope of resplendently gregarious color; as the Sun gloriously crept up in the sky,

A little flamboyant; blazing a path of irrevocably scintillating triumph on every humanitarian mission she embarked; and a little timid; succumbing to every innocuous longing that vociferously diffused from my mouth,

A little blissful; marvelously pacifying even the most barbarically frazzled nerves with the river of her fascinating entertainment; and a little ardent; passionately coalescing with every beat of my ferociously palpitating heart; till times immemorial,

A little sporadic; intermittently bursting into spurts of divinely philosophies to holistically survive in the conquest of life; and a little motherly; soothing my unfathomable battalion of anguished tensions; with the aura of her Omnisciently celestial senses,

Was my impregnably Godly wife; who not only showered me with eternally transpiring and contenting happiness; but was infact the sole air that I breathed in life; the very reason that I was blissfully alive.

4. JUST LISTENING TO MY BEATS

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably gauge the profound sadness enshrouding my countenance; by just ethereally glimpsing at my shielding eyelashes,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably prognosticate the hunger in my stomach; by just sighting me restlessly gnawing at my bohemian nails,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably sense the maniacal desperation in my trembling visage; by just the infinitesimally changed tone; in the nimble cadence of my voice,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably comprehend the wave of bizarre mortification enveloping my soul; by just the capricious tinge of poignant scarlet; on my impoverished cheeks,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably narrate the experiences of my day; by just feeling the transiently cringed lines; on my diminutively frazzled forehead,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably guess the thunderbolts of tumultuous anger encapsulating my blood; by just witnessing that inconspicuous iota of frantic vacillation in my dwindling stride,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably feel the insatiably nostalgic child in me; by just gently caressing my innocuously vivacious lips,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably soliloquize the first day of my birth; by just kissing my rampantly fluttering and daintily gorgeous eyelashes,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably understand the diabolically obsessive agony in my life; by just sighting the augmented redness in the interiors of my palm; and withering body skin,

She hadn't give me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably analyze the state of intriguingly inexplicable mind; by just staring for mock seconds; at the ludicrously staggering curvature of my spine,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably construe the vibrant philosopher entrenching my senses from all sides; by just inhaling the scent that drifted; from my profusely wandering countenance,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably conceive the insurmountable reservoir of fantasy circulating in my blood; by just kneading my pulse a minuscule trifle,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably perceive the tumultuous electricity in my compassionate visage; by just the poignant magnetism that radiated on every step that I gently tread,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably apprehend the unfathomable carpet of dreams in my eyes; by just witnessing the resplendently shimmering twinkle that lay; therein,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably assimilate the unrelenting euphoria in each element of my persona; by just tracing the tiny globules of sweat; that ran down my chest,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably discern the ardent believer in my body; by just witnessing the resiliently unflinching contours of my chin,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably grasp the artist fulminating inexorably in my ecstatic veins; by just feeling the astronomical propensity in my fireballs of passionate breath,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably realize my uncontrollably escalating desire; by just cuddling the fantastically zealous moistness; which engulfed every trajectory of my flesh,

And she hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably define my immortal love for her divinely grace; by just listening to the marvelously impregnable beats of my small; but perpetually craving heart.

5. THE SEEDS OF LOVE

The Sun might inundate every cranny of this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe;
with fireballs of its blazingly optimistic light; sizzling in the corridors of untamed
glory for centuries immemorial,
But it was the rays of Omnipotent hope that poignantly diffused from your eyes;
which metamorphosed me from a bundle of orphaned hopelessness; to the most
opulently philanthropic man alive.

The flower might perpetuate every iota of this fathomlessly enchanting Universe;
with its ingratiatingly voluptuous scent; triggering waves of rhapsody in the lives
of those submerged with horrific despair,
But it was the insatiably marvelous fragrance that uninhibitedly disseminated
from your visage; which made me rise from the inconspicuously ghastly ashes;
making me impregnably feel that I was blissfully alive.

The mountains might formidably defend every organism on this majestically
endless Universe; with the unbelievably Herculean strength in their towering
arms,
But it was the overwhelmingly unsurpassable fortitude in your vibrant voice;
which engendered me to irrefutably conquer every benign mission; in the tenure
of my disastrously impoverished life.

The oceans might boundlessly pacify the thirst of one and all on this exotically
gigantic Universe; with the ebulliently tangy water undulating in their timeless
bellies,
But it was the unfathomable reservoir of golden sweat that profusely dribbled
from your divinely skin; which landed me in waves of supremely celestial
contentment;
miraculously uplifted me from dungeons of malicious depravation and ominously
vicious boredom.

The forests might incomprehensibly deluge every wind on this royally
resplendent Universe; with the never-ending mysticism in their; enigmatically
swirling persona,
But it was the ravishingly untamed charisma that piquantly unraveled each time
you swished your tantalizing hair; which made me romanticize in the aisles of
unprecedented desire; for infinite more births of mine; yet to unveil.

The breeze might fantastically envelop every portion of this gorgeously titillating
Universe; with magically augmenting exuberance; trapped in even the most
minuscule element of its gusty swirl,
But it was the air that gloriously fulminated from your sacrosanct nostrils; which

bequeathed upon me the perennial tenacity to exist beyond my times;
wonderfully bestowing upon me my ultimate status in; scintillating life.

The bees might beautifully sprinkle every space on this ubiquitously flowering
Universe; with insurmountable waterfalls of melodiously appeasing honey,
But it was the heavenly sweetness in your Omnisciently harmonious voice; which
granted me the most symbiotically bountiful endowment in my indigently
stumbling life; made an invincible winner in every benevolent conquest of
survival.

The robust fruits of Nature might tangily enshroud every trajectory on this
magnificently euphoric Universe; with an ardor to ebulliently transcend over all
despicable hunger and bizarre starvation,
But it was the Omnipresent philosophies of your impeccably glowing soul; which
were the eternally placating food; for my lecherously monotonous and satanically
rugged life.

And the heavens might endow every tangible and intangible atom on this
alluringly embellished Universe; with vivacious spurts of boisterously charming
life,
But it was the seeds of love in your immortally throbbing heart; which propelled
me to proliferate countless more of my kind; be reborn again and again and
again; every time the earth spawned out of obfuscated oblivion; to serve all
humanity and living; delightfully alike.

6. THE HEART WILL FOLLOW

If you indefatigably dream of the radiantly glistening sky; the flamboyantly
blistering Sun; will inevitably follow,

If you relentlessly dream to float in the magnificently voluptuous clouds; the
astronomically unprecedented summits; will inevitably follow,

If you intransigently dream to irrefutably succeed; thunderbolts of vibrantly
mesmerizing prosperity; will inevitably follow,

If you incorrigibly dream of everlasting happiness; the blanket of unconquerably
uninhibited philanthropism; will inevitably follow,

If you timelessly dream of invincibly immortal peace; the web of divinely
sacrosanct wisdom; will inevitably follow,

If you timelessly dream of the piquantly ravishing ocean; the gloriously impregnable festoon of royal sharks; will inevitably follow,

If you tirelessly dream of the voluptuously majestic night; the garland of exotically glittering and seductive stars; will inevitably follow,

If you unequivocally dream of flirtatiously divine mischief; the realms of stupendously impeccable childhood; will inevitably follow,

If you immutably dream of euphoric poignancy; the incredulously emphatic mirrors of the scintillating eye; will inevitably follow,

If you irrevocably dream of charismatically tantalizing smiles; the marvelously unassailable impressions of innocuous lips; will inevitably follow,

If you incorrigibly dream of perpetual beauty; the celestial lap of your Omnipotent mother; will inevitably follow,

If you endlessly dream of unsurpassably augmenting melody; the voice of the bountifully enthralling nightingale; will inevitably follow,

If you unceasingly dream of perennially Omnipresent fragrance; the flower of astoundingly symbiotic mankind; will inevitably follow,

If you insatiably dream of ingratiatingly exquisite calligraphy; the feather tipped pen dipped in wonderfully scarlet ink; will inevitably follow,

If you intractably dream of vivaciously unraveling compassion; the stupendously incomprehensible wave of humanity; will inevitably follow,

If you uncompromisingly dream of intriguingly enigmatic flirtation; the spell binding hills of boisterously robust youth; will inevitably follow,

If you eternally dream of immaculately glittering triumph; the spirit of overwhelmingly transpiring patriotism; will inevitably follow,

If you boundlessly dream of unflinchingly Omniscient light; the rays of formidably benign hope; will inevitably follow,

If you perpetually dream of ubiquitously bonding brotherhood; the Omnipresent religion of Godly humanity; will inevitably follow,

If you inexhaustibly dream of enamoringly blooming life; the fireballs of tenaciously ardent breath; will inevitably follow,

And if you incessantly dream of fabulously everlasting love; the immortal beats of the sensitively beautiful heart; will inevitably follow.

7. DANCING IN HER HEART

When I danced on the ultimate summit of the astronomically colossal mountain; initially I felt waves of stupendously ingratiating exhilaration deluge me from all sides,
Although as time rapidly unleashed; and the Sun austerely gleamed to sweltering radiance; my nimble feet trembled uncontrollably upon the treacherous slopes; and I found the conglomerate of my robust bones metamorphose to inconspicuous chowder; as I yelled my last before smashing against the cold-blooded rocks.

When I danced on the fathomlessly tangy ocean; frolicking in the heart of the marvelously poignant waves; initially I felt the gregariously rhapsodic froth transit me into realms of tantalizing heaven,
Although as the minutes crept by; and the Sun commenced to languidly kiss the horizons; an intransigently vicious pain enveloped my entire countenance; as a malicious battalion of pugnacious sharks dragged me barbarically to blend me with the rock bottom.

When I danced on the ethereally spell-binding clouds; kissing the mesmerizing mists as they floated past my rubicund cheeks; initially I felt as if I had witnessed every iota of enchanting beauty upon the trajectory of the boundlessly bountiful Universe,
Although as the day unfurled itself into hideous night; and the Moon refrained to creep up in the sky; I found myself taking the greatest plunge of my life; sinking down to find devastated refuge with pertinent worms; infinite kilometers beneath soil.

When I danced on a pile of incomprehensible gold coin; feeling an unfathomable barrage of scintillating silver cascade down my neck; initially I felt as if I was the most flamboyantly opulent man alive,
Although a few seconds later; and as vindictive witches of hell descended down on earth; all celestial empathy vanished uncouthly from my disastrously shriveled persona; to ruthlessly snap the eternal chapter of my romantic life.

When I danced on a shimmering garland of blissful sand; ravishingly tickling my

soles with the resplendent granules of enthrallment trapped within; initially I felt as if all sorrow had abnegated forever from my life,
Although a few moments later; and as dusk seemed to advance its ominous stranglehold over brilliant light; I ludicrously slipped worse than nine-pins to lick worthless dust; with a cluster of irascibly heinous ant playing hide and seek; with my lame ears.

When I danced on an unfathomable horde of crocodiles; intrepidly caressing my big toe nails in exuberant gusto against their majestically serrated skin; initially I felt the bravest man on earth; applauding my Herculean feat by staring mockingly towards the heavens,
Although as the hour changed its dimensions; and the beasts started to belligerently shrug their afternoon siesta; I found no difference between my brain and feet; disappearing into threadbare oblivion for centuries immemorial.

When I danced on royally flaming fires; trespassing intractably across the sizzling embers all day and murderous night; initially I felt winds of supremely uninhibited compassion enshroud my penuriously dithering visage; for countless more births of mine,
Although as the clock fervently ticked; and as the overwhelmingly traumatized agony of heat proliferated multifold; I soon transformed into ashes of insipid nothingness; to coalesce with corridors of lecherously lambasting hell.

When I danced on the land of nostalgically impeccable souls; ebulliently juxtaposing with their timeless essence; initially I felt all richness and endless grace on this planet being showered upon me in unequivocal plenty,
Although as days sped into painstaking fortnights; and as even the most minuscule beam of hope immutably denied to linger in the devastatedly sinister atmosphere; every iota of my invincibly looming persona; soon evaporated into non-existent trails of the satanic ghost.

When I danced in the heart of my divinely beloved; bonding each beat of my miserably palpitating heart with the insurmountably perennial river of her immortal love; initially I felt an Omnipotent endowment to lead a countless more ecstatic lives,
And I can state it with irrefutable pride this time; that as the moments unfolded into a sparkling tomorrow; I was reborn again and again and again; as the most powerful entity on this marvelously enamoring Universe; the power which was none else but the fragrance of her impregnably unceasing love.

8. SUDDENLY METAMORPHOSED

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like frigidly decrepit chunks of unsolicited manure; but when it came to sequestering you from the clutches of the salaciously marauding devil; my hands suddenly metamorphosed into the most invincibly unshakable power on this fathomless Universe,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like parsimoniously squashed and squalid contours of the pig-stalk; but when it came to enlightening you from the aisles of inexplicable morbidity; my lips suddenly metamorphosed into the most redolently Omnipotent smile on this boundless Universe,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like hopelessly crumbling matchsticks of scurrilous disdain; but when it came to peeling every layer of sugarcane skin for you; my teeth suddenly metamorphosed into a fortress of unbreakably fantastic temerity,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like haplessly cancerous parasites egregiously fretting even in the most brilliant of sunlight; but when it came to compassionately carrying you to your destination; my shoulders suddenly metamorphosed into a rock of unflinchingly Herculean solidarity,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like inconspicuously mortified ants; but when it came to indefatigably galloping to quench your every dream; my feet suddenly metamorphosed into a dynamite of endlessly springing freshness,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like lugubriously extinguishing horizons; but when it came to searching you in the most blackened of night; my eyes suddenly metamorphosed into a Sun of unceasingly triumphant light,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like lifeless twigs of dangling uncertainty; but when it came to sketching your benign silhouette; my fingers suddenly metamorphosed into the most artistically bounteous paradise of panoramic beauty,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like a pertinently evanescent mosquito fluttering every now and again; but when it came to uninhibitedly cavorting with you behind the pristinely rain soaked hills; my eyelashes suddenly metamorphosed into an undefeatable sky of blissful mischief,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; it might otherwise seem like an apocalypse of

wanton dumbness; but when it came to singing in your divinely praise; my throat suddenly metamorphosed into a heaven of sensuously mellifluous nightingales,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like a corpse of meaninglessly indolent sleep; but when it came to impregnably safeguarding you while you celestially slept; my eyelids suddenly metamorphosed into a volcano of insuperable alacrity,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; it might otherwise seem like a penuriously pulverized ladder of nothingness; but when it came to uprooting even the most infinitesimal trace of evil surrounding you; my spine suddenly metamorphosed into an unassailably majestic cosmos of intrepid strength,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; it might otherwise seem like a desperately flailing flea of bizarre emptiness; but when it came to tranquilly caressing every pore of your estranged persona in the acrimoniously unsparing mid-day Sun; my shadow suddenly metamorphosed into a cistern of magnificently bountiful harmony,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like flaccidly flagrant caterpillars loathing towards fulsome extinction; but when it came to wounding any organism who dared to diabolically tease you; my nails suddenly metamorphosed into the sharpest sword of vindication on this eternal Universe,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like a desolately slavering stream of balderdash jelly; but when it came to withstanding any warrior on earth who tried to ruthlessly snatch you; my bones suddenly metamorphosed into wall of unbreakably peerless determination,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; it might otherwise seem like lividly colorless and cadaverously cursing saliva; but when it came to coalescing every ingredient of your life with the religion of humanity; my blood suddenly metamorphosed into a heaven of eternally interminable oneness,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; it might otherwise seem like a non-existent gutter of derogatory raunchiness; but when it came to disseminating your voice of everlasting truth to the farthest quarter of this planet; my conscience suddenly metamorphosed into an unstoppable fire of royal righteousness,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem like languidly senseless cockroaches extruding from my diminutive scalp; but when it came to tantalizing every pore of your remorsefully depressed skin; my hair suddenly

metamorphosed into a cascade of timelessly silken togetherness,

Don't you worry O! Beloved; it might otherwise seem like a pugnaciously massacring mirage of death; but when it came to miraculously resuscitating your lifeless form; my breath suddenly metamorphosed into an Omnipresently effulgent caravan of sparkling life,

And don't you worry O! Beloved; they might otherwise seem infidel palpitations of dismally deteriorating oblivion; but when it came to inimitably inundating every aspect of your life with Immortal friendship; my heartbeats suddenly metamorphosed into the Creator of Omniscient love.

9. THE TALKING

For the blissfully fructifying trees; it was the astounding festoon of marvelously enchanting green leaves; which did the vividly mesmerizing and sprightly talking,

For the fathomlessly silken skies; it was the handsomely crimson puffs of untamed clouds; which did the inscrutably reinvigorating and compassionate talking,

For the vividly exuberant oceans; it was the spell bindingly tangy swirl of the frosty waves; which did the uninhibitedly boisterous and triumphant talking,

For the robustly harmonious body; it was the perpetually quintessential streams of scarlet blood; which did the timelessly humanitarian and victorious talking,

For the resplendently enamoring rose; it was the celestially unparalleled fragrance; which did the pricelessly unconquerable and wonderfully divine talking,

For the endlessly virile soil; it was the magically sprouting fruit; which did the unbelievably altruistic and bounteously symbiotic talking,

For the indomitably towering mountain; it was the inimitably fantastic epitome of unity; which did the unsurpassably amiable and intrepidly replenishing talking,

For the intricately nimble palms; it was the astoundingly mystical labyrinth of destiny lines; which did the inexplicably rhapsodic and ebulliently stupefied talking,

For the limitlessly royal deserts; it were the enchanting undulations of sands; which did the boundlessly surreal and tantalizingly unceasing talking,

For the ingeniously inexhaustible brain; it was the unassailable reservoir of fantasy; which did the effulgently melodious and fearlessly sensuous talking,

For the pristinely sacrosanct cow; it was the impeccably insuperable cistern of milk; which did the righteously untainted and undefeatedly truthful talking,

For the emphatically dancing eye; it was incredulously heartwarming river of affable moisture; which did the ardently coalescing and uninhibitedly blessed talking,

For the Omnipotently blistering Sun; it was the amazingly unfettered rays of freedom; which did the brilliantly liberated and timelessly infallible talking,

For the articulately evolving Artist; it was the beautifully honest soul; which did the unfathomably majestic and pricelessly synergistic talking,

For the indefatigably patriotic Soldier; it was the virtue of perennially indomitable fearlessness; which did the victoriously jubilant and peerlessly liberated talking,

For the Omnisciently venerated Mother; it was the freshly born infant; which did the tirelessly euphoric and everlastingly enchanting talking,

For the inebriated nubile Maiden; it was the torrential cloudburst of sensuousness; which did the seductively captivating and gloriously titillating talking,

For the chapter of unendingly proliferating life; it was unconquerably endowing breath; which did the spell bindingly gracious and philanthropically ameliorating talking,

And for the Omnipresently true love; it was the unabashedly Godly heartbeat; which did the Immortally victorious and endlessly procreating talking.

10. DO YOU HAVE A HEART AT ALL

She venomously told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most ardent of my obsessions for her magnetically vivacious silhouette; the majestic swish of her hair with every puff of exuberant wind,

She raunchily told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most inimitably benign sacrifices that I'd done; to ensure that she perpetually blazed in the heaven
of eternally fructifying prosperity,

She impeachingly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most mellifluously heartfelt songs; that I'd indefatigably penned for her astoundingly mesmerizing grace,

She unforgivably told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most impeccably endless of my prayers to the Almighty Lord; to miraculously alleviate her from the corpses of inexplicably asphyxiating cancer and disease,

She ominously told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most blazingly unfettered triumphs; that I had perennially secured to keep her an infinite kilometers away from the hedonistically sodomizing devil,

She truculently told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most wonderfully royal artistry; that I had tirelessly assimilated from the fathomlessly unceasing Universe; to solely blend with the sacred imprints of her feet,

She ruthlessly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most fervent of my palpitations; my every beat which'd throbbled for none other on this boundless Universe; but her divinely grace,

She uncouthly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most sincere of my efforts to keep awake all treacherously esoteric night; so that she snored in the aisles of invincibly heavenly paradise,

She brashly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most unlimited of my therapies to magically mollify her brutally estranged existence; with the wings of timelessly liberated sensuousness,

She horrifically told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most philanthropic of my attempts; to forever blend every ingredient of her priceless blood with the unassailable religion of mankind,

She lividly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most undefeatable of my feelings for her wholesome wellness; every tyrannically distraught tear of hers blissfully metamorphosed into a gorge of unshakable happiness,

She pugnaciously told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most spell bindingly unparalleled of my infatuations for her; the countless nights of hell in which I'd miserably writhed and grunted; just to ethereally capture a singleton of her enamoring smiles,

She emotionlessly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most unbreakable winds of timeless friendship; which I'd forever wanted to celestially enshroud her with,

She unabashedly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most sacredly potent of my virility; the seeds of everlastingly beautiful compassion that I had unflinchingly sown into her innocuous soul,

She vindictively told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most jubilantly effulgent of my expressions; everytime when I sighted her unconquerably enchanting shadow,

She unsparingly told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most earnest of my possessiveness for her; unimaginably strangulating myself every instant with parasitically alien poison; just so that she unchallengably ruled every iota of the environment like the ultimate princess of her time,

She vituperatively told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most supremely optimistic things that I had done; to enlighten every pore of her despairingly bereaved flesh; towards a sky of vivaciously silken ecstasy,

She obnoxiously told me; that her heart had never ever loved even the most Omnisciently Immortal covering of my breath for her; when she was haplessly tottering on the coffins of inevitably squelching death,

And whilst she mercilessly told me that she hated me an infinite times in her heart for the infinite things of godly goodness that I'd countlessly showered upon her; I humbly asked her as to whether in the first place; she did indeed "Have a Heart at all".

11. THE ULTIMATE PRINCESS.

My brain could perhaps ruthlessly expurgate you out; but what about its every unimaginably tantalizing fantasy; of which you were the most pricelessly ultimate queen,

My fingers could perhaps mercilessly shrug you out; but what about the most

resplendently royal meadow of shapes that they sketched; which constituted of nothing else but your Omnisciently enchanting grace; which constituted of nothing else but only you,

My eyes could perhaps disdainfully kick you out; but what about each droplet of empathy that dribbled from them; of which you were the most Omnisciently ameliorating messiah,

My blood could perhaps obnoxiously discard you out; but what about what about its invincibly fearless fragrance; which had bonded with each perpetual element of your humanitarian soul,

My shadow could perhaps acrimoniously rule you out; but what about its unparalleled ocean of gloriously untamed seduction; on which you peerlessly danced every redolently enrapturing night,

My signature could perhaps atrociously delete you out; but what about its inimitable waves of impeccable integrity; which maneuvered solely to your sky of sacrosanct commands,

My voice could perhaps abominably erase you out; but what about its fervently unceasing cadence; which timelessly reverberated only to the tinkling of your beautifully Omnipresent feet,

My ears could perhaps endlessly shun you out; but what about their astoundingly undefeatable sensitivity; which perpetuated into a garden of insuperable loveliness an infinite spaces above heaven; at the tiniest insinuation of your sound,

My shoulders could perhaps treacherously discard you out; but what about their unflinchingly triumphant strength; which tirelessly followed only the strings of your unassailably divine righteousness,

My feet could perhaps mercilessly pulverize you out; but what about their every magnanimous imprint; which was nothing but a manifestation of your miraculously ameliorating selflessness,

My tongue could perhaps salaciously spit you out; but what about its unceasing plethora of tastebuds; which indefatigably breathed only to relish the flavor of your celestially empowering existence,

My skin could perhaps diabolically slander you out; but what about its every

ardently aroused pore; which rested in perennially heavenly contentment only after your magically mitigating caress,

My nails could perhaps perniciously scratch you out; but what about their supreme uninhibitedness; which was solely a ramification of your undauntedly liberated persona,

My hair could perhaps perfidiously dismantle you out; but what about their incredulously mesmerizing vivaciousness; in which reflected solely your exuberantly unfettered stride,

My bones could perhaps satanically trash you out; but what about their Herculean strength; which possessed only your pristine elixir of unconquerable truthfulness to survive,

My legs could perhaps ignominiously squelch you out; but what about their tremendously unhindered exhilaration; their ecstatic gallop towards the victory line which was forever sublimed by your Omnipresent smiles,

My conscience could perhaps scurrilously scavenge you out; but what about its mirror of Omnisciently brilliant truth; in which was profoundly embedded yours and only your immaculately unprejudiced image of life,

My nostrils could perhaps hideously squirm you out; but what about their unlimited gorge of fantastically life-yielding breath; which had perpetually coalesced with every step that you alighted in the chapter of inscrutable life,

And my heart could perhaps unsparingly excoriate you out; but what about its sky of immortally ubiquitous beats; everyone of them on which you ruled as the ultimate princess for times even beyond an infinite more lifetimes.

12. BLESSEDLY REBORN

When I kissed you on your marvelously rubicund lips; I felt as if floating in the bountifully pristine paradise; with every bit of happiness on this fathomless planet; mine and perpetually mine,

When I kissed you on your ingeniously sculptured forehead; I felt as if even the most inconspicuously infidel ingredient of my blood; had forever metamorphosed into a lake of insuperably divine righteousness,

When I kissed you on your daintily artistic fingers; I felt as if even the most

insidiously diabolical of monotony on this boundless earth; had transformed into a fountain of perennially unhindered rhapsody,

When I kissed you on your sensuously moistened throat; I felt the most blessed organism on this gargantuan Universe; unsurpassably culminating into a fireball of unceasingly effulgent delight,

When I kissed you on your ebulliently newborn eyelashes; I felt that the entire newness of this miraculously ameliorating planet; was now embedded for times immemorial; profoundly into the dormitories of my soul,

When I kissed you on your tantalizingly nubile belly; I felt as to why was the entire planet unrelentingly engaged in ruthlessly bombarding war; when ultimate victory was just a compassionate caress away,

When I kissed you on your majestically seductive cheeks; I felt as if the most torrentially blessing rainfall was cascading from the Omnipotent skies; magically mitigating me of the most inexplicably cancerous of my disease,

When I kissed you on your astoundingly sensitive ears; I felt as if everything around me had come to an intractable standstill; with the most thunderously demonic screams miserably floundering to have the tiniest of impact on my celestially everlasting reverie,

When I kissed you on your jubilantly ravishing nape; I felt every puff of the atmosphere to be an unbelievably charismatic flower of solidarity; enlightening every aspect of my lugubriously plaintive existence with unlimitedly benign care,

When I kissed you on your optimistically venerated feet; I felt as if my search for the Omniscient divine had ended here itself; with even the most infinitesimally faulty aspect of my survival now replaced with the infallibly invincible armor of eternal truth,

When I kissed you on your affably glistening armpits; I felt even the most ethereal pore of my skin transcend the aisles of infinite infinity; sing in ever-pervading unison with the laws of pricelessly symbiotic existence,

When I kissed you on your eclectically vivacious shadow; I felt as there was not the most diminutive trace of depression on this limitless planet; as if my body was evolved just to unfathomably fantasize and rest,

When I kissed you on your resplendently enamoring tongue; I felt timelessly

philandering in a heaven of incredibly unending enchantment; where my thirst for every pricelessly panoramic thing of life was quenched to the most unprecedented limits,

When I kissed you on your altruistically philanthropic shoulders; I felt closer than ever to every fraternity of unassailable humanity; synergistically blending with its myriad infinite colors of unshakable togetherness,

When I kissed you on your magnificently inebriating chin; I felt cloudbursts of unfettered exhilaration ignite in even the most evanescent of my senses; as I intrepidly galloped through the seas of never-ending adventure,

When I kissed you on your freshly bathed bosom; I felt myself to be the most astoundingly virile man on the trajectory of this unending Universe; proliferating into timelessly endowing newness in just one singularly truncated lifetime,

When I kissed you on your enigmatically euphoric panic-button; I felt the highest apogee of every source of vibrantly palpitating life; plummeting face-on into such a valley of unparalleled excitement; which had simply no end,

When I kissed you on your fierily breathing nostrils; I felt the most passionately impregnable entity alive; even an infinite feet beneath my morbidly delinquent corpse,

And when I kissed you on your immortally victorious heart; I felt as if the Omnipresent Creator had granted me a countless more lives in a single lifetime; as if I had freshly arisen from the graveyard of the most ghastliest of death; to be blessedly reborn.

13. BEFORE TWO BODIES COULD MEET.

Before two eyes could perpetually meet; it was tirelessly indispensable that their majestically unfettered and symbiotically convivial empathy; should forever and blissfully meet,

Before two lips could perpetually meet; it was boundlessly indispensable that their sensuously proliferating and timelessly igniting passion; should forever and impreguably meet,

Before two palms could perpetually meet; it was insurmountably indispensable that their beautifully benign and inexhaustibly philanthropic selflessness; should forever and unassailably meet,

Before two bloodstreams could perpetually meet; it was limitlessly indispensable that their celestially unfettered and inimitably brilliant fragrance; should forever and ecstatically meet,

Before two fingers could perpetually meet; it was unceasingly indispensable; that their wonderfully emollient and royally blessing artistry; should forever and triumphantly meet,

Before two skins could perpetually meet; it was irrefutably indispensable; that their pristinely burgeoning and unfathomably astounding mischief; should forever and enchantingly meet,

Before two brains could perpetually meet; it was unconquerably indispensable; that their panoramically liberated and marvelously humanitarian fantasies; should forever and ever-pervadingly meet,

Before two shadows could perpetually meet; it was unsurpassably indispensable; that their fathomlessly mesmerizing and mellifluously mollifying tranquility; should forever and insuperably meet,

Before two shoulders could perpetually meet; it was unlimitedly indispensable; that their magically mitigating and benevolently Herculean strength; should forever and exuberantly meet,

Before two feet could perpetually meet; it was indomitably indispensable; that their spectacularly brazen and uncannily tantalizing adventures; should forever and vividly meet,

Before two ears could perpetually meet; it was poignantly indispensable; that their gloriously untainted and supremely Omnipotent sensitivity; should forever and blessedly meet,

Before two tongues could perpetually meet; it was irrevocably indispensable; that their aristocratically unbridled and jubilantly enlightening melody; should forever and eternally meet,

Before two conscience's could perpetually meet; it was inexorably indispensable; that their miraculously ameliorating and effulgently optimistic truths; should forever and resplendently meet,

Before two eyelashes could perpetually meet; it was immutably indispensable;

that their spell-bindingly nubile and beautifully synergistic flirtations; should forever and victoriously meet,

Before two bellies could perpetually meet; it was immeasurably indispensable; that their unbelievably charismatic and magnificently rhapsodic titillations; should forever and unshakably meet,

Before two bones could perpetually meet; it was wholesomely indispensable; that their ebulliently enamoring and untiringly sacrosanct ambitions; should forever and indisputably meet,

Before two breaths could perpetually meet; it was interminably indispensable; that their passionately Omnipresent and unrestrictedly augmenting sensualities; should forever and undefeatedly meet,

Before two hearts could perpetually meet; it was fundamentally indispensable; that their immortally unstoppable and Omnisciently faithful beats; should forever and heavenly meet,

And before two bodies could perpetually meet; it was infallibly indispensable; that their profoundly impeccable and bountifully emancipating souls; should forever and invincibly meet.

14. LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT - PART 2

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; smelling the most tantalizingly redolent and supremely pristine of rose,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; adventuring into the most stupendously exhilarating and inscrutably pristine forests,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; tasting the most majestically sensuous and beautifully replenishing wine,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; sighting the most panoramically blissful and fathomlessly endowing treasures of this Universe,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; dancing under the most vivaciously blistering and brilliantly unfettered rays of the enamoring morning Sun,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; uttering the most

pricelessly unconquerable and bountifully blessing elements of truth,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; celebrating the most sacredly ameliorating and irrefutably benevolent victory to unprecedented limits,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; wholesomely blending even the most infinitesimal pore of their miserably estranged conscience; with the winds of unparalleled righteousness,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; bathing under the most invincibly celestial and timelessly exuberant of waterfall,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; excoriating every bit of ruthlessly incorrigible and parasitically delinquent dirt from their nubile skins,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; procreating just one of their handsome kin; and thereby becoming an integrally indispensable benefactor of symbiotically godly proliferation,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; indomitably signing with their robust palms; on the chapters of enchantingly emollient and unbelievably ecstatic life,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; transiting their fretfully beleaguered bodies into heavenly slumber; during the royally twinkling night,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; accepting the fact that they were indeed born from the womb of their Omnisciently compassionate and eternally sparkling mother,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; enshrouding every bone of their forlornly amorphous bodies; with the fabric of insuperably uniting humanity,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; listening to the most impeccably glorious and undefeatedly replenishing voices of their hearts,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; synergistically plunging into the ocean of unflinchingly pious and ever-pervadingly Omnipotent;

fertility,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; inhaling inimitably natural and unconquerably rhapsodic air,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; lighting a parsimoniously singular candle; to magnificently enlighten the complexion of the cadaverously hedonistic and brutally stinging night,

There were some who thought an infinite times even before; accepting the fact that they were harmoniously existent on the periphery of this boundless Universe; although they had the power to explicitly envisage the same in the first place,

But there was none on this impregnably endless earth who thought even an obfuscated once before falling in love; letting every beat of their heart immortally bond with the soul mate of their destined life; letting every beat of their heart become unshakably one with the most Omnipresent gift of creation; letting every beat of their heart become a perpetual victim of "Love at first sight".

15. PLEASE COME BACK O! BELOVED - PART 2

Appallingly crippling blackness; even in the most Omnipotently blazing of Sunlight; as the most triumphant of Sun unflinchingly blazed upon the trajectory of this fathomlessly enchanting Universe,

Ghoulishly invidious blackness; even in the most everlastingly mesmerizing meadows of brilliantly unfettered freshness and newness,

Criminally stabbing blackness; even in the most triumphantly blistering pathways of freedom and royally magical liberation of the soul,

Hopelessly asphyxiating blackness; even in the most ecstatically vibrant rainbows; dancing in the aisles of unsurpassably unceasing exhilaration,

Deplorably cadaverous blackness; even in the most mellifluously rhapsodic moments of boundlessly spell binding life; even as every iota of bitterness was beautifully metamorphosed into exuberant paradise,

Satanically strangulating blackness; even in the most pricelessly victorious of artistry; even as dewdrops of Omnipotent virility cascaded uninhibitedly from every speck of the limitless sky,

Ominously deteriorating blackness; even in the most innocuously endowing playgrounds of blessed childhood; even as there blossomed nothing else but enthralling innovation in every ingredient of the ebullient atmosphere,

Sinfully sodomizing blackness; even as infinite couples around coalesced into the eternally unbreakable wedlock; even as the winds of symbiotically infallible compassion reigned supreme till times immemorial,

Remorsefully condemning blackness; even as every iota of the most hideously cannibalistic crime on this earth transformed into a paradise of unassailable friendship and global brotherhood,

Incorrigibly cancerous blackness; even in the heart of the most vivaciously unfettered sea; even as waves timelessly clashed against the rocks to diffuse into an unparalleled gorge of frosty tanginess,

Truculently victimizing blackness; even at the steps of the most sacredly Omniscient temple; church; mosque; monastery; even as countless impregnably replenished themselves with everlasting blessings of the Almighty Lord,

Hopelessly staggering blackness; even as the scepter of Omnipresent truth reigned as the only power on this boundless Universe; forever ending the dismally salacious mortuary of tawdry lies,

Unsurpassably annihilating blackness; even as godly angels magically descended from the miraculously ameliorating heavens; perennially applying the balm of happiness on even the most infinitesimal trace of lambasted misery around,

Forlornly incarcerating blackness; even in the most wonderfully celestial downpour of beautifully effulgent rain; even as an unconquerable blanket of perpetual green spawned from threadbarely lackadaisical soil,

Carnivorously crippling blackness; even as the entire wealth of the unceasing planet lay uninhibitedly in the garden outside; even as there was nothing else but benign goodness in each platelet of the atmosphere,

Acrimoniously knifing blackness; even in the most inscrutably tantalizing forests of sensuousness; even as the elements of poignant romance were the only constituents that were found in crimson blood,

Inconsolably pugnacious blackness; even as the most unstoppably marauding of

demons were wholesomely trounced to inconspicuous ash; even as the most diminutive shadow of the badness transited into the epitomes of insuperable optimism,

Flagrantly whiplashing blackness; even as the Creator blessed every source of life that he'd evolved on this unending planet; with eclectically never-ending life,

Venomously sadistic blackness; even as unlimited skies of divine blissfully wafted from the nostrils; even as the definition of every death had wholesomely disappeared from the dictionary of symbiotic creation,

Yes; there was just blackness and nothing else but deplorably asphyxiating blackness without you O! Beloved; even in the most brilliantly enlightening lights and life; even in the most pricelessly indomitable breaths of existence; even in the most inimitably blessed ingredient of my blood as it gushed all around,

And if you really wanted my blackness to forever end; if you really wanted my blackness to forever embrace the wisps of non-existence; if you really wanted my blackness to fructify into new light; then please come back to me from wherever you are right now; please come back to me and hold my hands which were; are and shall forever remain your ultimate slave; on this terrestrial ground.

16. IMPOSSIBLE "POSSIBLE";.

It was impossible for me to live without her eyes; as I was tirelessly enamored by their beautifully impeccable whites; the fathomless wonderment of the inscrutable Universe that tirelessly reflected from them,

And it was impossible for me to live with her eyes; as they diffused nothing else but vindictively treacherous fire for every aspect of my existence; disconsolately sighted me as a piece of infinitesimally frigid shit.

It was impossible for me to live without her lips; as I obsessively wanted to trace their resplendently sensuous contours all night and day; and even as the most decimating apocalypses of hell descended upon planet divine,

And it was impossible for me to live with her lips; as they wafted into nothing else but an unsurpassable ocean of sordid expletives for even the most philanthropic deeds I did; perennially ostracizing me into worthlessly disastrous oblivion.

It was impossible for me to live without her palms; as it was only in their bountifully poignant destiny lines that I found the ultimate fragrance of my

impoverished life,

And it was impossible for me to live with her palms; as whenever they did move in her life; it was only to mercilessly thrash the last ounce of exhilaration entrapped in each of my bones; bludgeon me to a pulp more torturous than veritable death in the prime of my life.

It was impossible for me to live without her skin; as I indefatigably wanted to smooch its unfathomably unparalleled sensuality; jubilantly bite through every of its pricelessly igniting goose-bump of sensitivity till centuries even beyond the end of my time,

And it was impossible for me to live with her skin; as it clandestinely betrayed me behind my back; surrendering in timid weakness to every conceivable masculine aroma on the trajectory of this unbelievably unceasing planet.

It was impossible for me to live without her hair; as in their majestically ravishing swirl I found hidden the entire beauty of this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe; sequestered myself forever and ever and ever from the insurmountable animosity of this horrifically robotic world,

And it was impossible to live with her hair; as their sole purpose in life was to uncouthly slap me left; right and center for ostensibly no fault of mine; hedonistically strangulate me like a death rope into the corpses of bizarrely unforgivable extinction.

It was impossible for me to live without her ears; as in their daintily twinkling lobes; I found a sweetness so mellifluously unconquerable; that uninhibitedly liberated me of all my worries for a countless more lifetimes,

And it was impossible to live with her ears; as they were preposterously insensitive to even the most crippling hoarse of my cries; wholesomely shunted me even as they heard the most fiercest of thunder gruesomely extraditing me from the chapter of blissful life.

It was impossible for me to live without her voice; as it was solely in it that I found the melody of irrefutably infallible truth; as it was my sole inspiration to fearlessly confront even the most obstinately bellicose impediments in the pathways of enigmatic life,

And it was impossible for me to live with her voice; as whenever it arose from the solar plexus of her throat; it was just for unendingly ridiculing me in front of the entire globe; it was just for criminally numbing each of my royal senses to egalitarian pleasure and pain; alike.

It was impossible for me to live without her fingers; as it in their inimitably heavenly artistry that I tasted nectar in the heart of the iridescently charismatic

night; it was in their invincible grip that I felt possessed by the most impregnably interminable of eternal companionship,
And it was impossible for me to live with her fingers; as all they could sketch whenever they eclectically put paint paper; was nothing else but the most morbidly incarcerated shapes of my unabashedly shriveled carcass and dead form.

It was impossible for me to live without her feet; as it was solely in their benign impressions; that I could find the most gloriously unfettered ideals of this timelessly procreating Universe,
And it was impossible for me to live with her feet; as whenever she alighted them from her state of indolent inertia; it was only to salaciously kick me like a chunk of neglected feces; to the furthestmost coffins of diabolically besmirching hell.

It was impossible for me to live without her shoulders; as their altruistically benevolent strength to hoist every deprived orphan; was my undefeated sublimation to timelessly triumph in the odyssey of endowing life,
And it was impossible for me to live with her shoulders; as unrelentingly surged forward at the cost of my desires and pride; ruthlessly massacring my integrity to inconspicuously wanton dust; countless a times.

It was impossible for me to live without her brain; as her ingeniously innovative swirl to evolve insatiably blessing magic out of desperate nothingness; was what had indeed become an indispensable ingredient of my blood,
And it was impossible for me to live with her brain; as I knew that it harbored nothing else but limitless abhorrence for my diminutive form; it dreamt of nothing else but pulverizing me into my venomous grave; alive.

It was impossible for me to live without her conscience; as solely in its spirit of Omnipotent honesty; was I able to explicitly sight and admire God's panoramic creation to the most unprecedented limits,
And it was impossible for me to live with her conscience; as it relentlessly discarded me as an unceremoniously forlorn speck of meaninglessness; perceived even the most righteous of my deed to be the coffin of ominously disparaging death.

It was impossible for me to live without her blood; as I perpetually wanted to mélange the elixir of my existence with each of her blessedly unassailable veins; thereby feel the most pricelessly gifted organism alive,
And it was impossible for me to live with her blood; as it ferociously expurgated even the most cloistered rudiment of my existence from its exuberant swirl;

cognizing it to be the most satanically lambasting venom of its time.

It was impossible for me to live without her shadow; as I transcended every level of spell binding fantasy in its enchantingly tranquil sheath; attaining the most beautifully unbridled rest of my life in its astoundingly heavenly coolness, And it was impossible for me to live with her shadow; as from it immorally radiated the images of those innumerable men; whom she'd sadistically utilized to quench her carnal thirst; with whom she'd tawdrily slept.

It was impossible for me to live without her sweat; as solely in its fabulously unhindered scent of perseverance; did I discover my mission to succeed in the journey of bounteously virile life, And it was impossible for me to live with her sweat; as for it I was just an unbearably pernicious mosquito; disconsolately perpetuating my cries of ghastly extinction into its marvelously golden persona.

It was impossible for me to live without her belly; as it unceasingly tantalized me till even beyond the corridors of magnificently replenishing paradise; as solely in its incredulously victorious softness did I realize that I was tirelessly proliferating and handsomely virile, And it was impossible for me to live with her belly; as it wholeheartedly cuddled even the most belligerent dustbin of ghoulish trash; but unstopably rejected even the remotest of my sight.

It was impossible for me to live without her freshness; as it was my sole reason for being incessantly enlightened in my already desolately depraving life; as it metamorphosed even the most dolorously invidious of my night into brilliantly Omnipresent sunshine, And it was impossible for me to live with her freshness; as it acrimoniously considered me as the most stagnantly disconcerting dribble of dirt on this Universe; as it considered even the most ebulliently ecstatic smile of mine as delinquently decrepit and stale.

It was impossible for me to live without her tongue; as it was solely while nibbling at its untamed tanginess; did I find the kindergartens of mischievously unconquerable childhood; innocuously enshroud me once again till the very end of my time, And it was impossible for me to live with her tongue; as it libidiously spat on me all night and sweltering day; just as if I was a singular dustpan for cleansing it of all its unsolicited extremities.

It was impossible for me to live without her breath; as it was solely the only

thing on earth that could've granted me effulgent life even after lurid death;
made me feel the most wonderfully richest entity on earth even when I was
robustly alive,

And it was impossible for me to live with her breath; as it intractably refrained to
inhale even when a countless feet near me; as it proclaimed to the entire world
that I profusely smelt of nothing else but disgustingly collapsing cowardice.

It was impossible for me to live without her heart; as it was solely in every of its
passionately queenly beat; that I felt as if everything around me was God's
amiably bonding paradise; that I felt that I was insuperably and immortally alive,

And it was impossible for me to live with her heart; as it raunchily betrayed me
right in front of my staring eyes; forever blending with the beats of the
fantastically ameliorating Universe; but tirelessly dragging me towards the gory
devil's shrine.

And to top all of this it was even impossible for me to end my own life; as I didn't
want to trespass the laws of his symbiotically kingly creation; ardently desired
that the last iota of my breath be solely controlled by the Omniscient divine,

So eventually I adopted one more impossible to end it all; and that was to
pragmatically metamorphose each of my impossibly "Impossibles"
above into an
impossible "Possible"; till the time I dreamt and breathed; till the
time I was bustling with impossibly unshakable life.

17. MY BRUTALLY DEVASTATING DEVIL

On surface you might see me wholeheartedly laughing the corners of my mouth
out; but that was just to hide the inexplicable germs of agony indefatigably
encircling my soul,

On surface you might see me triumphantly gyrating even the most inconspicuous
bone of my body; but that was just to hide the perennial blows of flagrant defeat
that had just mercilessly bludgeoned me from all sides,

On surface you might see me exuberantly slurping unsurpassable sips of
pristinely victorious Alp water; but that was just to hide the unfathomably
despicable dryness that had circumscribed every of my veins; since centuries
immemorial,

On surface you might see me incessantly chattering like the boisterously

untamed bumble bee; but that was just to hide the ghoulishly crucifying
solitariness that unrelentingly stabbed every ingredient of my scarlet blood,

On surface you might see me passionately kissing even the most infinitesimal
draught of air; but that was just to hide tears of inevitably strangulating disease
transcending every other thing in my body,

On surface you might see me timelessly involved in one philanthropic mission
or another; but that was just to hide the insurmountably treacherous
lacklusterness parasitically eviscerating every ounce of my enthusiasm from the
fabric of my life,

On surface you might see me mellifluously humming the most unbelievably
blessed of tunes; but that was just to hide the corpses of disdainfully cacophonous
cynicism which had incarcerated me since many a lifetime,

On surface you might see me uninhibitedly blessing countless a humanity; but
that was just to hide the uncontrollably raving devil; salaciously slandering every
conceivably naked pore of my impoverished flesh,

On surface you might see me beautifully cleansing every wound of my body
with the balm of rhapsodically unfettered Mother Nature; but that was just
to hide the limitless mortuaries of inane artificiality; which had haplessly
hollowed every cranny of my existence,

On surface you might see me earnestly promising in every sphere of life; but that
was just to hide the mercilessly robotic falseness; which had unfortunately
become the very solar plexus of my survival,

On surface you might see me surreally closing my eyes as if forever fantasizing
in the mists of brilliantly unhindered paradise; but that was just to hide the
insidiously delirious mania that had ruthless estranged every iota of my
unsparingly crippled brain,

On surface you might see me tirelessly evolving into an invincible entrenchment
of mesmerizing newness; but that was just to hide the venom of ghastily
pulverizing infertility bizarrely lambasting the complexion of my existence,

On surface you might see me like a magically charismatic prince gallivanting in
the corridors of eternal freedom; but that was just to hide the egregiously
sadistic whiplashes of unsolicited trauma that inexhaustibly disintegrated me into
an infinite bits of meaninglessness,

On surface you might see me blazing like the most undauntedly sizzling Sun;
but that was just to hide the countless nights of appallingly criminal darkness;
that had besieged me since the very first cry of virgin birth,

On surface you might see me profoundly engrossed in the canvas of miraculously
ameliorating artistry; but that was just to hide the horrifically untouchable
staleness; that lugubriously trailed along with every incorrigible shadow of mine,

On surface you might see me robustly bouncing in the prime of celestial youth;
but that was just to hide the fathomless gallons of sinful liquor that had already
vaporized my liver in its wholesome entirety,

On surface you might see me chanting the rhymes of symbiotically priceless
existence; but that was just to hide the tornados of inexorably massacring
vindication; restlessly brewing up in every crevice of my conscience,

On surface you might see me fierily breathing like the most intrepidly ebullient of
adventurer; but that was just to hide the hell of unlimitedly penalizing death that
had already imprisoned me; an infinite births ago,

And On surface you might see me embracing every living being in the swirl of
Immortal friendship; but that was just to hide the poison of satanically
asphyxiating betrayal that had irrevocably infiltrated every nerve of my persona;
as the ultimate gift from the girl I'd once upon a time unstoppably loved; the girl
to whom I'd selflessly dedicated every instant of my life once upon a time; but
the very girl whom I today proclaim as my brutally devastating Devil.

18. IN THE END

It might indefatigably roam in a countless directions on this fathomless Universe;
but in the end the mellifluously bumble bee came back only to its resplendently
harmonious hive,

It might unendingly roam in a countless directions on this boundless Universe;
but in the end the scepter of altruistically fearless truth came back only to the
cradle
of unflinchingly eternal righteousness,

It might unnervingly roam in a countless directions on this gargantuan Universe;
but in the end the victoriously unhindered lion came back only to the peerlessly
snuggled den in the forests,

It might unceasingly roam in a countless directions on this colossal Universe; but in the end the poignantly undulating wave came back only to the heart of the choppily untamed sea,

It might tirelessly roam in a countless directions on this unbelievable Universe; but in the end the granule of obviously invisible sand came back only to the bed of the royally glistening desert,

It might unstoppably roam in a countless directions on this celestial Universe; but in the end the beautifully uninhibited butterfly came back only to the brilliantly sunlit petals of the incredibly aristocratic sunflower,

It might uncontrollably roam in a countless directions on this enchanting Universe; but in the end the penuriously slithering worm came back only to the cocoons of zealously passionate and mysteriously darkened soil,

It might frenetically roam in a countless directions on this spell-binding Universe; but in the end the mischievously cavorting infant came back only to the lap of its convivially caring and divinely mother,

It might incessantly roam in a countless directions on this blessing Universe; but in the end the fantastically adventuring bird came back only to the recesses of the heart-warmingly cozy and sequestered nest,

It might zanily roam in a countless directions on this fascinating Universe; but in the end the ecstatically unparalleled fantasy came back only to the dormitories of the superbly intriguing and innovative brain,

It might limitlessly roam in a countless directions on this unconquerable Universe; but in the end the chapter of triumphantly unshakable humanity came back only to the palms of benign simplicity,

It might unrestrictedly roam in a countless directions on this boundless Universe; but in the end the exhilaratingly beautiful smile came back only to the periphery of the sensuously rubicund lips,

It might irretrievably roam in a countless directions on this enigmatic Universe; but in the end the irrefutably faithful wag came back only to the dog's gregariously curved tail,

It might impudently roam in a countless directions on this jolly Universe; but in

the end the uncannily surreptitious spider came back only to the strands of the gloriously satiny and royally pristine web,

It might unendingly roam in a countless directions on this euphoric Universe; but in the end the mist of unadulterated peace came back only to the soul of majestically unbridled innocence,

It might randomly roam in a countless directions on this uninterrupted Universe; but in the end the droplet of quintessential blood came back only to the robustly burgeoning network of veins,

It might undauntedly roam in a countless directions on this spectacular Universe; but in the end the rainbow of profound sensitivity came back only to the poignantly trembling poet,

It might frivolously roam in a countless directions on this Omnipotent Universe; but in the end the puff of inevitably vibrant breath came back only to the lifelessly choking nostrils,

And it might unstoppably roam in a countless directions on this Omnipresent Universe; but in the end the beat of Immortal Love came back only to the caverns of the perpetually throbbing and unassailably Godly heart.

19. HOW DARE DID YOU EVER THINK?

She was infact the most exuberantly tireless half of your voice; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a loudspeaker of acridly penalizing balderdash and atrociously dumb?

She was infact the most blissfully ravishing half of your appetite; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a lavatory of criminal cockroaches and pathetically lame?

She was infact the most insuperably compassionate half of your fertility; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a thorn of disdainfully crippling infertility and diabolically impotent?

She was infact the most gloriously unconquerable half of your consanguinity; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but an inferno of infidelity and hedonistically betraying?

She was infact the most irrefutably unflinching half of your conscience; how dare

did you ever think that she was nothing else but a slandering gutter of lies and vituperatively ghoulish?

She was infact the most dazzlingly vibrant half of your success; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a morass of treacherous defeat and hopelessly asphyxiated?

She was infact the most unbelievably impeccable half of your integrity; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a parasite sucking blood in sadistic delight and lecherously wastrel?

She was infact the most brilliantly optimistic half of your eyes; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a graveyard of blindness and hideously stuttering?

She was infact the most resplendently bountiful half of your skin; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a debilitatingly diseased trash can and perniciously impaired?

She was infact the most enchantingly celestial half of your smile; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing but a remorsefully ghoulish pool of stench and ghastily aggrieved?

She was infact the most blazingly unfettered half of your personality; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a haplessly subjugated tomato hurled towards the coffins of nothingness and miserably incarcerated?

She was infact the most ingeniously spell binding half of your brain; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a rotting mortuary of worthless stones and deliriously ill?

She was infact the most vivaciously infallible half of your strength; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a germ of deathly cancer and heinously enslaved?

She was infact the most effulgently sparkling half of your fair color; how dare did you ever thing that she was nothing else but a pigstalk of dolorously satanic meaninglessness and ghoulish black?

She was infact the most sensuously untamed half of your adventure; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a dungeon of ignominiously sleazy expletives and inanely robotic?

She was infact the most redolently honest half of your perspiration; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a ditch of rebuking foolishness and perverted blasphemy?

She was infact the most timelessly fructifying half of your blood; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but a slurry of amorphous feces and evastatingly diminishing?

She was infact the most symbiotically harmonious half of your survival; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but an unsurpassable debauchery of existence and salaciously distorted?

She was infact the most inextricably majestic half of your signature; how dare did you ever think that she was nothing else but sinful insect of illiteracy and egregiously failed?

And she was infact the most inevitably immortal half of the chapter of your life; your blessed wife; then how dare did you ever think that she nothing else but a hell of nonsensical lifelessness and eccentrically dead?

20. MINE AND ONLY MINE

She could either indiscriminately slap me; or could embrace me more invincibly than the first rays of dawn could ever dream of embracing the fabric of hopelessly castrated darkness; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either brutally bury me an infinite feet beneath earth; or could worship me as the ultimate savior of her inimitably priceless identity; every unfurling instant
of her destined lifetime,

She could either torturously stab me a countless times on my chest; or could apply the balm of miraculously mitigating companionship on even the most infinitesimal pore of my impoverished skin; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either ruthlessly spit on my persona; or could unflinchingly drink every globule of golden sweat that sprouted uninhibitedly from my armpits; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either diabolically blind both the whites of my eyes; or could make me

the undisputed crown of her vivaciously fluttering eyelids; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either suck every ingredient of my blood to feed it to her dogs; or could sacrifice every meal of her existence to even the most infidel of my demands; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either ghastily excoriate every speck of my skin to use as the doormat of her dingy abode; or could ardently cleanse every pore of her olive complexioned skin with the acridly gratuitous dirt stuck between my toes; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either lasciviously snap the buds of my tongue into a boundless billion halves; or could inexhaustibly tremble and slaver for even the slightest trace of her persona to emanate from my fervent breath; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either discard me from every aspect of her survival; or could triumphantly sleep with every cranny of her body impregnably intermingled with mine; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either unabashedly ostracize me in front of the entire planet; or could tirelessly consecrate even the most devilishly sacrilegious thing that I did; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either unsparingly use every bone of my body to spice up her inanely colorless soup; or could fall on my feet as my ultimate slave even though I kicked her till infinite infinity; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either wholesomely ignore even the most passionately reverberating of my screams; or could kiss me with such an untamed ardor in her lips that even the most blazing of fires would plummet to shame; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either incessantly ridicule me as the most impotent organism ever on this fathomless Universe; or could be a fecund mother to an endless battalion of my children for a countless lives; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either cadaverously incarcerate me in whiplashes of fetid monotony; or could be the most tantalizingly sensuous woman of my dreams; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either devastated even the most evanescent trace of my happiness to raw ash; or could be every tear of victoriously effulgent happiness that cascaded from my eyes; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either treat me as a bawdily lecherous male mascot to the demands of her nubile flesh; or could forever bond with me in threads of triumphantly holy matrimony; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

She could either scurrilously abhor me like no one else did on the planet; or could Immortally love me as the sole messiah of her every dream; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

And she could either devilishly assassinate the chapter of my existence from planet divine; or could make every breath that I exhaled as the sole and most unassailable elixir of her life; every unfurling instant of her destined lifetime,

But the infallible truth of the matter is; that no matter whether the earth ceases to exist; no matter whether every bit of devastating hell perpetually blends with lackadaisical ground; no matter whether every ounce of unconquerable breath was forever snatched from the atmosphere; she would always be associated with me; she would always remember and remain with me in some form or the other; she would never ever leave me and would always be mine; mine and none other's but mine.

21. FANATICALLY IN LOVE

I didn't know whether she was a tantalizing fairy; or whether she bounced like an impeccable angel; in the corridors of my horrendously devastated life,

I didn't know whether she was an ingratiatingly redolent flower; or whether she was voluptuously resplendent moonshine; that enshrouded every iota of my despicable existence; with unparalleled mysticism and charm,

I didn't know whether she was a gorgeously titillating waterfall; or whether she was the rustling leaves of the forest; that triggered me to envisage; beyond the realms of ultimate paradise,

I didn't know whether she was an ocean of tangy froth; or whether she incessantly shimmered like a fabulous pearl; illuminating the morbidly saddened arenas of my pathetically stumbling existence,

But what I did know was that I was fanatically in love with her immortal eyes as

each instant unleashed itself into a wholesome minute; profoundly blending with their marvelously impeccable whites.

I didn't know whether she was a majestically perennial dewdrop; or whether she rained indefatigably as nectar from the fathomless sky; flooding my despicably frazzled senses with the harmony of vibrant life,

I didn't know whether she was a cloudburst of unfettered desire; or whether she blossomed into a fountain of royal beauty as the night descended; suppressing my suicidal tendencies with her web of unsurpassable yearning,

I didn't know whether she was a magnificently glistening shore; or whether she was the handsomely princely sunset; that placidly tingled me into ecstatic submission,

I didn't know whether she was a vivaciously leaping zebra; or whether she flamed beyond the walls of eternal eternity; blazing an irrefutable path of optimism through my every ludicrously shivering midnight,

But what I did know that I was fanatically in love with her seductively fluttering shadow; coalesced for infinite more births of mine; with its exotically silken and profuse caress.

I didn't know whether she was a vividly striped butterfly; or whether she rolled incessantly on the meadows of fascinating enchantment; to spice up each moment of my drearily lackadaisical life,

I didn't know whether she was a candidly scintillating mirror; or whether she was the unequivocal queen of my mind; body and soul; casting her unbreakable spell upon devastatingly penurious life,

I didn't know whether she was a candle of unending imagery; or whether she healed every hopeless wound on my nimble body; with the perpetual ointment of ebulliently blooming romance,

I didn't know whether she was an emolliently boisterous hive; or whether she surreptitiously seduced every cranny of my extinguishing visage; to clamber the fortress of ebullient compassion,

But what I did know that I was fanatically in love with her ravishingly glorious fragrance; immortally bonding with the gorgeous stream of golden perspiration that wafted bountifully from her sacrosanct arms.

I didn't know whether she was a wildly gyrating dance; or whether she swirled above the skies in the winds of incomprehensible fantasy; to bless me on every acrimonious step that I tread on,

I didn't know whether she was a celestially united civilization; or whether her impregnable chest; harbored my ridiculously disappearing and mockingly afraid countenance,

I didn't know whether she was a wonderfully blooming morning; or whether harnessed each sprouting bone of my deflated visage; with the poignantly crimson blood that eternally ran through her blessed veins,

I didn't know whether she was the Omnipotent Goddess of passion and enigma; or whether she was an invincible flavor; that each element of my bedraggled demeanor; wanted to relish all its life,

But what I did know was that I was fanatically in love with her unrelentingly Omnipresent mountain of godly heartbeats; uniting all that I possessed by God's grace and all what I was about to proudly have; with her philanthropically benevolent life.

22. OUR LOVE WAS THAT SPIRIT

Our love was that summit of the astronomically impregnable mountain; which immortally kissed the island of Sun,

Our love was that cloud in the fathomlessly vivacious cosmos; which immortally showered thunderbolts of seductively compassionate rain,

Our love was that flower protruding from majestic soil; which immortally blossomed into a countless petals of enigma; diffusing its scent to the most remotest cranny of this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe,

Our love was that royal scalp; which immortally kept blooming into perennial youth and ravishing majesty,

Our love was that ocean frolicking on mundane land; which immortally undulated into a cloudburst of everlasting fantasy and desire; disseminating the froth of humanity to every quarter of this planet besieged with venomous malice,

Our love was that branch of the gregarious tree; which immortally flowered into

countless more; standing unflinchingly like an invincible fortress in the mightiest of rain and storm,

Our love was that harmoniously captivating song; which immortally escalated beyond the skies; even as the hideously blood sucking civilization came to a veritable end,

Our love was that vibrantly pulsating dance; which immortally cast its spell upon one and all; alike,

Our love was that marvelous souvenir of art; which immortally portrayed truth; benevolence; humanity; in the most unfathomable of its stupendously grandiloquent forms,

Our love was that writing on the unconquerable walls; which immortally showed way to the path of unflinching righteousness; even in the most heinously perilous dark,

Our love was that wind of exuberant compassion; which immortally kept augmenting irrespective of any season that unleashed; any diabolical catastrophe; that dared tried come and stop it in its way,

Our love was that ray of optimistically Omnipotent light; which immortally filtered a valley of sacrosanct newness; scrapping the very essence of abominable violence from its very roots,

Our love was that jewel in the embellished king's crown; which immortally glistened in the corridors of bountiful enthrallment and irrefutable solidarity,

Our love was that dimension of uninhibited sharing; which immortally expanded even as sinister hell pelted on soil; embracing all irrespective of caste; creed; color; in the religion of humanity; alike,

Our love was that destiny line of the intricate palm; which immortally prospered into a garden of inevitably fabulous attraction; enveloping every iota of the devastated atmosphere with magnetic happiness,

Our love was that door of success; which immortally unveiled into a festoon of sacredly Omniscient learning; indefatigably exploring the endlessly glorious shapes of ecstatic life,

Our love was that principle of triumph; which immortally enlightened more

ferociously than the flaming Sun; charring even the most infinitesimal bit of betrayal; with the swords of undeterred unity,

Our love was that rainbow of overwhelmingly insatiable vivacity; which immortally bloomed in the aisles of emollient belonging; even after rain and blistering shine; had wholesomely disappeared from the sky,

And our love was that spirit of unshakeable passion; which immortally took birth as a single breath; as a single divinely heart; every time the Creator bestowed upon it a chance; to be born and blissfully spawn; once again.

23. THE HEAVENLY BEATS WERE MINE

The marvelously impeccable eyes were hers; while the unprecedented excitement that shimmered relentlessly in them; was solely and immortally mine,

The immaculately divine palms were hers; while the enigmatically inscrutable lines profusely incarcerated within; were solely and immortally mine,

The intricately voluptuous feet were hers; while the seductively gorgeous trail of footprints that they left; were solely and immortally mine,

The majestically tantalizing belly was hers; while the unparalleled titillation that it triggered all night and day; was solely and immortally mine,

The gregariously heavenly lips were hers; while the smile that they celestially generated; was solely and immortally mine,

The enarmoringly ravishing hair were hers; while the mesmerizing trail of rhapsodic fantasy that they swirled into; was solely and immortally mine,

The gorgeously charismatic earlobes were hers; while the unfathomable repertoire of mystical reverberations that they evolved; were solely and immortally mine,

The spotlessly sacrosanct conscience was hers; while the rainbow of irrefutably unflinching ideals that they radiated; were solely and immortally mine,

The conglomerate of impregnable convivial teeth were hers; while the ebullient tenacity with which they ardently masticated; was solely and immortally mine,

The alluringly resplendent cheeks were hers; while the compassionate flurry of poignant blushes that they erupted into; were solely and immortally mine,

The ecstatically princely fingers were hers; while the royal artistry that they fulminated into every unleashing minute of the day; was solely and immortally mine,

The passionately crimson and volatile blood was hers; while the perennially new life that it bestowed upon whomsoever it cascaded; was solely and immortally mine,

The ingratiatingly golden dew drops of perspiration were hers; while the incomprehensibly ebullient scent that they culminated into; was solely and immortally mine,

The boisterously bouncing adams apple was hers; while the insurmountable melody that it bloomed into; was solely and immortally mine,

The philanthropically intrepid shoulders were hers; while the unimaginable benevolence that they hoisted; was solely and immortally mine,

The majestically shimmering shadow was hers; while the tale of indefatigable nostalgia that it eternally weaved; was solely and immortally mine,

The invincibly euphoric soul was hers; while the fabulously emphatic triumph that it disseminated; was solely and immortally mine,

The delectably innocuous nostrils were hers; while the perpetually passionate breath that they blissfully exhaled; was solely and immortally mine,

And the fervently throbbing heart was hers; while the heavenly beats that it magnetically expelled to blend with the rising Sun; were solely and immortally mine.

24. BYE

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to shatter me beyond realms of pragmatic imagination; making me the most horrendously penurious man on this boundless Universe,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to engender me to slither like profusely maim on cold ground; although I proudly possessed; blissful pairs of

robust palms and feet,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to ruthlessly extricate every iota of happiness from my vibrant life; rendering me to worthlessly stagger in disdainful winds of disappearing oblivion,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to treacherously freeze all celestial streams of blood in my poignant veins; diabolically paralyzing every part of my body; till my death,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to make all harmoniously sparkling food entrapped in my bowels; metamorphose into heinously preposterously skeletons beneath the corpse,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to make me relinquish even the most infinitesimal iota of my splendid sight; groping in a sea of despairing darkness for centuries immemorial,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to slit my throat into an infinite bits of incoherently threadbare chowder; snapping the very essence of melodious sound; from the inner most recesses of my mouth,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to make me lecherously stumble in a bedraggled heap towards sleazy cocoons of soil; lick pathetically devastating dust; as breakfast for the morning; the sole supper to lead the invidiously threatening night,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to make me indefatigably sulk in the aisles of perpetual solitude; with the contours of the extraneous world; evaporating in an obfuscated blur; far away from my overwhelmingly staggering vision,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to slash satanically through my conglomerate of divine veins; ripping my entire caricature apart into non-existent wisps degradable nothingness,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to bombard the unfathomable repertoire of royal fantasies in my brain; to insipidly ominous pulp and fetid gutter water,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to cremate me alive in a dungeon insurmountably brimming with venomous scorpion; shrug me to a ridiculous

stage; where I lost all count of my incongruously decimated bones,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to trigger me to indefatigably cry;
weep more than a countless deaths; in just a single lifetime of mine,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to scrap all my fame and opulence
in a single shot; as acerbically wild hell rained in traumatized agony from the
blankets of scarlet sky,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to starve me for infinite more
births yet to unveil; tottering towards the corridors of despondent extinction;
although the conventionally murderous society sighted me; with a spurious smile
uncompromisingly lingering on my face,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to impregnate my wonderfully
resplendent existence; with the inexplicable ghost of profound sorrow and
abominably cacophonous wailing,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to capsize me in chains of
insatiable depravation; incarcerating each of my enthralling mind; body and
senses in perilously pernicious; prisons of bloodshed,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to asphyxiate my breath to
veritably sinister nothingness; as I inhaled the last puff of exhilarated air into my
dying lungs,

Just three minuscule alphabets; were enough to lambaste my heart with
whirlpools of loneliness; annihilating each of its beats with swords of murderously
uncouth diabolism,

O! yes it was indeed unbelievable but irrefutably true; that just three minuscule
alphabets; made me instantaneously blend with winds of abhorrent hell; as she
slipped from my invincible grip; to bid me a final good bye.

25. IF THE HEART DANCED OUT

If the eyes danced out of their sockets for times immemorial; morbidly bouncing
in the untamed wilderness; with a ominous juggernaut of pugnacious snakes,
The impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but frantically groping
in a whirlpool of meaninglessly threatening; and sinister darkness.

If the teeth danced out of their sockets for decades unfathomable; insipidly

blending with pathetically lambasted chunks of flattened soil,
The impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but starving to an
unprecedentedly murderous extinction every instant; remorsefully missing
tantalizing morsels of nature's priceless fruit.

If the fingers danced out of their sockets for centuries unsurpassable; resting in
disdainful contentment; within the interiors of the horrifically abominable pigs
stomach,
The impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but ludicrously slaving
on brutally tyrannized ground; without the tiniest of ability to defend itself.

If the hair danced out of their sockets for times unfathomable; taking perfidious
pride in becoming the witch's morning breakfast; as well as supper for the
perilously invidious night,
The impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but ridiculously
castigated and ignominiously looked down upon; as a battalion of white mice
feasted on the; scintillatingly barren scalp.

If the blood danced out of its sockets for countless years; satanically hosting an
insurmountable fleet of lecherous parasites,
Then the impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but only as a
infinitesimally diminutive skeleton; tottering towards the brink of extinction; even
in the heart of vivaciously vibrant life.

If the legs danced out of their sockets for unimaginable moments; to melt like
frigidly opprobrious pulp; even as the most minuscule beam of sunshine; filtered
its way through the crimson clouds,
Then the impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but without any
ambition to wholesomely succeed; disastrously staggering to juxtapose with
deplorable despair; even before it could alight a nimble foot.

If the brain danced out of its sockets for fathomless fortnights; to be consumed
timidly by grazing goats and sporadically loitering tiny worms,
Then the impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but without even
an inconspicuous iota of fantasy and desire; witnessing each little part of its
being insidiously massacred; in hopelessly dumb submission.

If the conscience danced out of its sockets for infinite millennium's; to reside with
the savage scorpions; as they diabolically feasted upon its irrefutably righteous
visage,
Then the impoverished body would continue to exist no doubt; but without the
most remotest element of truth; miserably succumbing to the web of disgustingly

capricious lies.

Paradoxically to all of the above; if the Heart danced out of its sockets for infinite more births to unveil; philandering indefatigably behind the handsome hills; as the golden Sun kissed the evanescent horizons,
Then the impoverished body would not only continue to exist; but would immortally continue to exist and evolve; into an invincibly romantic cloud of everlasting love; love; and only passionate love.

26. WALKING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

When I sighted her from the absolute summit of the densely foliated tree; initially she appeared like the most magnificent fruit of Almighty's creation; nimbly swishing her arms under the gloriously fading light,
Although the ungainly distance subdued her brilliantly royal features an inconspicuous trifle; and her divinely contours; soon faded from my vision into an alluring mirage; as she disappeared in entirety behind the ethereal horizons.

When I sighted her from the resplendently milky island of moon; initially she appeared to be a tantalizing seductress; dancing uninhibitedly under the mystically gorgeous shine,
Although the murky light obfuscated her perpetual imagery an inconspicuous trifle; and her magnanimous visage; soon faded from my vision into a seductive shadow; as she inscrutably vanished in the wilderness of the rampant night.

When I sighted her from the flamboyantly scintillating mountaintop; initially she appeared to be a blazing fireball of magnetism; inevitably attracting even the most remotely alien in her spell binding swirl,
Although the austerely stringent glare overshadowed her marvelous trajectory an inconspicuous trifle; and her marvelous march towards triumph; soon faded from my vision into a languid siesta; as the sun transiently went behind the crimson clouds.

When I sighted her from the fabulously sandy whirlpools; initially she appeared to be a princess freshly descended from the heavens; aristocratically inundating the pathetic atmosphere around with the insatiable artistry in her voluptuous eyes,
Although the dust surpassed her piquantly poignant body an inconspicuous trifle; and her stupendously invincible aura; soon faded from my vision into a rapidly fleeting image; as winds of murkiness overtook the fiery light.

When I sighted her from the heart of the ravishing ocean; initially she appeared

to be the most boisterous tangy soul on this Universe; gyrating in untamed ecstasy under a cloud cover of exuberant happiness,
Although the surreptitious froth camouflaged her charming smiles an inconspicuous trifle; and her celestially delectable aura; soon faded from my vision into a frigid layer of nothingness; as the tumblers of water crashed against the coldblooded rocks.

When I sighted her from the fathomless expanse of rhapsodic sky; initially she appeared to float like an overwhelmingly charismatic fairy; enchanting even the most dreariest of dying life; with the supreme Omnipotence in her benign stride,
Although the pertinently hovering mists obliterated her philanthropic goodness an inconspicuous trifle; and her formidably relentless fantasy; soon faded from my vision into a hazy fog; as cloudbursts of rain started to ferociously pelt down.
When I sighted her from beneath an avalanche of scintillating ice; initially she appeared to be an intricately alluring doll; harmoniously singing the most melodious tunes of holistic survival,
Although the enshrouding whiteness sequestered her wholesome beauty an inconspicuous trifle; and her captivatingly compassionate embrace; soon faded from my vision into a whirlwind of inscrutable baselessness; as snow melted in sweltering afternoon sunshine.

When I sighted her from amidst the garden of incredulously titillating roses; initially she appeared to disseminate the fragrance of humanity; peace and impregnable brotherhood; to the most fathomless quarter of this boundlessly unending Universe,
Although the blanket of invidiously extruding thorns shielded her ingratiating charm an inconspicuous trifle; and her immaculately divine destiny; soon faded from my vision into an ephemerally tingling memory; as the winds of intransigently unrelenting autumn tumultuously took over; with their excoriating toll.

But eventually when I sighted her from the inner most dormitories of my heart; initially she appeared to be the sole queen of my impoverishedly devastated heart,
And this time she remained immortally blended as my breath; my body; my conscience; my soul; even as I indefatigably kept walking an infinite times between corridors of blissful life; and diabolically ghastly death.

27. PERPETUAL LIAISONING

The sky had a perpetual liaisoning with the satiny conglomerate of silken clouds; harboring a festoon of marvelously voluptuous mists in its profusely azure belly,

The ocean had a perpetual liaisoning with the ravishingly undulating waves; watching in profound pride as they disseminated into majestic froth; after clashing against the royal rocks,

The forests had a perpetual liaisoning with inscrutably tingling wilderness; rustling in vivaciously rampant fervor; as the Moon cast upon its impeccably milky shine,

The dog had a perpetual liaisoning with the overwhelmingly meaty bone; insatiably groping in the brilliant daylight; as well as well past after the heart of treacherous night; till the time he capsized his jaws on it,

The cow had a perpetually liaisoning with glistening grass; relentlessly munching it; feasting upon its tantalizing blanket of dewdrops as every ethereal dawn; transcended poignantly over the starry skies,

The fortress had a perpetual liaisoning with handsomely burnt bricks; standing unflinchingly to even the most acrimoniously ghastly attack; upon its formidable foundations of raw conviction and strength,

The oyster had a perpetual liaisoning with stupendously shimmering pearls; clinging tightly to their magnanimously scintillating persona; for centuries immemorial,

The artist had a perpetual liaisoning with the boundlessly ingratiating canvas; inundating its fathomlessly barren contours; with vibrant strokes of resplendently tinkling color and astounding charm,

The pig had a perpetual liaisoning with the unsurpassable pile of hideously stinking garbage; rummaging its way indefatigably through the filth; even after veritably relinquishing every iota of its contaminated breath,

The bird had a perpetual liaisoning with the seductively enthralling carpets of blissful air; flapping its wings unrelentingly as it crept boisterously towards; the ebulliently enchanting horizons,

The Sun had a perpetual liaisoning with the flamboyantly blistering afternoon; as it ferociously blazed a trail of uninhibited freedom through the rambunctiously sweltering atmosphere,

The palm had a perpetual liaisoning with the romantically domineering destiny

lines; encapsulating every instant of unfathomably exuberant life as the each instant unveiled into a wholesomely celestial minute,

The writer had a perpetual liaisoning with the enamoringly feather tipped pen; dipping it in passionate whirlpools of scarlet ink; before he spun an oligarchic web of supreme artistry; with his fragrant garden of words,

The teacher had a perpetual liaisoning with his battalion of innocuously sacrosanct students; showering upon them a lake of sagaciously divine philosophies; propelling them to blossom wholesomely into the chapter called precious life,

The finger had a perpetual liaisoning with its lanky army of nails; dexterously manipulating its slender contours; even through the most acridly treacherous oceans of dithering discomfort,

The poem had a perpetual liaisoning with enigmatically esoteric verse; culminating superbly into unfettered rhyme; as it fabulously weaved its way through a mountain of enchantingly augmenting fantasy,

The leaves had a perpetual liaisoning with the euphorically rhapsodic breeze; fluttering ardently like an untamed king every minute; tirelessly desirous to be caressed on their magnificently alluring trajectory,

The soul had a perpetual liaisoning with unfinished yearning; intransigently lingering around the skeleton; until it irrefutably catapulted to the most astronomical summit of its belonging,

The nose had a perpetual liaisoning with compassionate thunderbolts of breath; existing in harmonious unison with the planet outside; as each godly puff of air exhaled out in synergistically symbiotic tandem,

And the heartbeat had a perpetual liaisoning with the immortal chapter of love; unconquerably evolving into life; invincibly proliferating into the everlasting bloom of existence; impregnably marching ahead to commence a whole new chapter of heavenly survival.

28. MORSELS OF INVINCIBLE LOVE

Gregarious morsels of ravishing clouds; to feed the lap of the fathomlessly spell binding sky; inundate its barren persona with satiny charm and compassionate grace,

Heavenly morsels of mesmerizing scent; to feed the overwhelmingly sullen atmosphere; enshroud it with waves of unparalleled enlightenment,

Indispensable morsels of robust food; to feed the impoverished walls of the treacherously famished intestines; flood the stomach with beams of blissful contentment,

Patriotic morsels of vibrant energy; to feed the unsurpassably exhausted soldier; fighting relentlessly; to free his motherland; from the corridors of diabolical captivity,

Impeccable morsels of boisterous rhyme; to feed the incessantly wailing child; embed a twinkle on his dreary face; as he commenced his first hours of the brilliant day,

Irrefutable morsels of sacrosanct truth; to feed the indiscriminately blood sucking parasites; consecrate their abominably castigated lives with celestial joy,

Philanthropic morsels of benign peace; to feed the lecherously satanic enshrouded by whirlpools of manipulation; trigger them to wholesomely blossom in the supremely ecstatic spirit of vivacious life,

Immaculate morsels of placid grass; to feed the divinely cow mother; as she pacified the thirst of millions with her marvelously revered milk,

Mystical morsels of esoteric enchantment; to feed the fanatically groping magician; tickle his unsurpassable armory of tricks with overwhelmingly new found excitement,

Bountiful morsels of melodious honey; to feed the garrulously quarreling insipid politicians; profoundly illuminate their miserably shivering lives; with the ointment of majestic happiness,

Immutably morsels of holistic non-violence; to feed the murderously vicious terrorists; entrench their despicably horrendous countenances; with the Omnipotent light of symbiotic existence,

Inscrutable morsels of bewildering effulgence; to feed the voluptuously tantalizing night; perpetually fulfill its thirst for the unknown; till decades immemorial,

Unconquerable morsels of unflinching courage; to feed the disastrously orphaned and maimed; propel them to surge forward exuberantly in every aspect of their ditheringly devastated lives; to eventually kiss the ultimate dormitories of sparkling success,

Embellished morsels of stupendous charisma; to feed the unrelentingly tossing bride; grant her every philanthropic desire; to blend with the clouds of marvelously proliferating eternity,

Flamboyant morsels of blistering sunshine; to feed the astronomically wonderful summit of the gargantuan mountain; perennially ensure that it bathed in glorious fountains of; princely light,

Eclectic strokes of ingratiating paint; to feed the trajectory of the hopelessly barren canvas; profusely emboss every iota of its pathetically trembling visage; with unprecedented hope and ebullient cheer,

Enamoring morsels of innocuous leaves; to feed the army of aimlessly wandering squirrels and scarlet striped parrots; engendering them to vividly incinerate the abysmal stillness of the staggering night,

Inevitable morsels of Omniscient breath; to feed the caverns of stupefying nostrils; flood them with the impregnable elixir; to handsomely lead every moment of bestowing life,

Blossoming morsels of fascinating newness; to feed the disastrously stale arenas of frenziedly extinguishing life; sprinkle its parasitically fatigued contours; with the exuberant color to exist; beyond its destined times,

And invincible morsels of immortal love; to feed the tumultuously throbbing blankets of the sensuous heart; granting it the most divinely reprieve from its inadvertently committed sins; of past; present; and future life; rendering it as eternally alive.

29. WITHOUT YOU O! BELOVED

Without you; the most tantalizing morsels of robustly sparkling food; seemed to me worse than threadbare chunks of inconspicuously insipid stone; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to wholeheartedly eat,

Without you; the most opulently woven clothes; seemed to me worse than dead leaves loitering invidiously on the morbid corpses; as I relinquished even the

tiniest of desire; to fabulously dress,

Without you; the most grandiloquent of embellished castles; seemed to me worse than miserably dwindling mosquitoes; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to compassionately exist,

Without you; the most rhapsodically crimson clouds; seemed to me worse than pathetically sweltering deserts; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to exuberantly gallop,

Without you; the most ravishingly enchanting crystalline streams; seemed to me worse than uncouthly clattering stones; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to ebulliently bathe,

Without you; the most stupendously ecstatic aircrafts; seemed to me worse than a languid ocean of remorsefully sulking tortoise; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to euphorically fly,

Without you; the most vivaciously resplendent rainbows; seemed to me worse than ludicrously pathetic wisps of distantly disappearing oblivion; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to majestically sight,

Without you; the most enchantingly spell binding literature; seemed to me worse than a rotten tomato being squelched to a ghastly death; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to poignantly read,

Without you; the most wonderfully dancing fairies; seemed to me worse than a dilapidated trench of rotten cowdung plaster; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to profoundly admire,

Without you; the most passionately thunderous thunderbolts of lightening; seemed to me worse than inconspicuously soggy matchsticks deteriorating on obdurately cold ground; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to perspicaciously discern sound,

Without you; the most overwhelmingly fragrant roses; seemed to me worse than garbage spewed out abundantly from the gory gutters; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to artistically inhale,

Without you; the most divinely tufts of astonishingly warm wool; seemed to me worse than infinitesimal specks of disastrously shivering ice; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to gregariously relish,

Without you; the most impeccably gallivanting and boisterous children; seemed to me worse than despondently crestfallen chunks of worthless soil; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to uninhibitedly embrace,

Without you; the most handsomely flaming rays of the glorious Sun; seemed to me worse than a capriciously frigid whisker dipped in ridiculous boredom; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to royally enlighten,

Without you; the most unfathomably overflowing treasuries of glittering gold; seemed to me worse than disdainfully lackluster chalk; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to bountifully possess,

Without you; the most charismatically voluptuous smiles; seemed to me worse than an unimaginably morbid well of deplorable tears; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to uncontrollably laugh,

Without you; the most mystically ardent forests; seemed to me worse than manipulatively monotonous offices inundated with blood sucking tycoons; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to ecstatically dream,

Without you; the most fervently cascading and perennial breaths; seemed to me worse than a boundlessly shattered carcass of bones decaying since centuries immemorial beneath soil; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to irrefutably belong,

Without you; the most immortally passionate heartbeats; seemed to me worse than meaningless feathers of spuriously fading fascination; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to unequivocally love,

And without you O! Beloved; the most invincible chapters of vibrant life; seemed to me worse than a countless gruesome deaths; as I relinquished even the tiniest of desire; to blissfully live.

30. I FAILED

Without you; I was no doubt able to hold the bouquet of redolently mesmerizing flowers in my palms; capsizing them forcefully with my tiny fists,
But try as hard as I could; I miserably failed; every time I probed to smell; even an inconspicuous iota of their wonderfully enchanting and exotically tingling essence.

Without you; I was no doubt able to uplift my diminutively impoverished body from cold ground; formidably ensuring the grip of my soles with loose chunks of orphaned soil,
But try as hard as I could; I pathetically failed; every time I attempted to walk; collapsing worse than a pack of soggy cards to lick dust; even before I could alight an infinitesimal bit of foot.

Without you; I was no doubt able to put food in the interiors of my miserably slavering mouth; vehemently pushing it from all sides,
But try as hard as I could; I indefatigably failed; every time I endeavored to swallow; vomiting every morsel with ignominious castigation out of my belly; even before it could venture a lackadaisical trifle down my famished throat.

Without you; I was no doubt able to witness the passionately singing nightingale; using the most contemporarily robotic contraptions to keep my eyes wide open,
But try as hard as I could; I ludicrously failed; every time I insatiably craved to hear; with all rhapsody metamorphosing into dumb nothingness; fathomless kilometers before it reached my ears.

Without you; I was no doubt able to sleep; inundating my withering bloodstream; with an unsurpassable battalion of profusely sedating drugs,
But try as hard as I could; I penuriously failed; every time I maneuvered my mind to fantasize; with each dream of mine transiting into nightmares more diabolical than what hell could be; stabbing me to a ghastly absolution.

Without you; I was no doubt able to march amidst overwhelmingly bustling crowds; trudging my insidiously lackluster countenance past them at snails pace,
But try as hard as I could; I irrevocably failed; every time I wanted to discerningly acknowledge; with the planet outside seeming a devastatingly crippled blur; eventually disappearing into the aisles of obsolete nothingness.

Without you; I was no doubt able to witness glorious sunlight shimmering on my dreary skin; as I lay curled like an aimless serpent; waiting to be treacherously squelched by all mankind,
But try as hard as I could; I immutably failed; every time I desired to enjoy the sensuous warmth; shivering in devastated submission; although it was now well past mid-afternoon.

Without you; I was no doubt able to lackadaisically breathe; with an unsurpassable battalion of conventional equipment pricking each of my bleary nerve; a hostile fleet of antiseptic needle finding their way in; well beneath my

ridiculously shriveled veins,
But try as hard as I could; I embarrassingly failed; every time I wanted to
exuberantly soar; with the brilliantly shimmering world outside; transforming for
me into a black wall; of despicably barbaric worthlessness.

And without you O! Beloved; I was no doubt pulsating with fragile heartbeats;
taking fathomless gallons of air in my hopelessly punctured lungs; enshrouded
with a boundless army of life support systems from all sides,
But try as hard as I could; I irrefutably failed; every time I wanted to love and
live; embedding my entire visage deeper and deeper beneath my gory grave;
with each unveiling instant of my artificially vibrant life.

31. O! DIVINELY BELOVED

When truculent cloudbursts of rain pelted violently from crimson blankets of sky;
treacherously flooding immaculately nimble earth with viciously stormy water,
And acrimonious rays of the devastatingly sweltering Sun; scorched everything
blissful on the trajectory of this boundless Universe,
When demons ruled in uninhibited tandem; insidiously casting their spell of
unsurpassably diabolical doom upon every cranny of this wonderful earth; that
they satanically trespassed,
And uncouth avalanches of freezing ice; crushed countless innocent in their
ferociously ghastly swirl,
Your mesmerizing voice was the only power O! priceless Beloved; that made me
wholesomely oblivious to all sinister hell raining around me; profoundly drowning
me into a world of exotically voluptuous enchantment and supreme peace.

When dungeons of hideously venomous scorpions ran in torrential frenzy; to
spread inexplicably shivering terror; and savagely sting,
And barbarically horrific fires augmented to vindictive glory every unleashing
minute; disastrously charring everything blissful; in nature's bountiful vicinity,
When winds of bizarre nothingness profusely enveloped every harmonious
dwelling; perpetuating fangs of doomsday in entities synergistically alive,
And lecherously tumultuous gutter waters; gushed in frenziedly; to drown
immaculate children in their deadly swirl,
Your incomprehensibly enchanting smile was the only entrenchment O!
sacrosanct Beloved; that sequestered me impregably in its charismatic waves;
propelling me to take a countless more births once again; even as crippling
debilitation cascaded gorily from every quarter of the sky.

When unsparingly ominous earthquakes rattled celestial civilizations like a pack
of deteriorated matchsticks; mercilessly pulverizing even the most formidable of

fortresses to juxtapose with raw ash,
And unfathomable battalions of lethally prejudiced snakes danced in uncanny excitement at midnight; asphyxiating boundless innocuous to death; under cold rays of the Moon;
When fathomlessly sprawling oceans of tangy water; ruthlessly evaporated to a capriciously inconspicuous globule of saw dust;
And an endless sky of heinously perilous vultures descended down; to pluck out robust flesh from bodies divinely alive,
Your heavenly eyes were the only rays O! Omniscient Beloved; that deluged each cranny of my impoverished life with Omnipotent light; an unparalleled optimism to emerge perpetually victorious in every philanthropic act of mine; even as jails of the devil had incarcerated one and all; alike.

When fireballs of breath seemed to be miserably dwindling from my body; every symbiotically blessed space around me; metamorphosing into a land of perennially stinking cowardice,
And an unfathomable barricade of hurdles confronted me in my way; triggering me to collapse countless kilometers beneath the ground; even before I commenced my holistically handsome walk;
When all food on this marvelously royal planet; transformed into threadbare chunks of ludicrously dumb stone,
And life on the majestically endowed sphere of land; was brutally tyrannized to gruesome submission; by abominably oppressed traitors of hell,
Your immortal love was the only gift O! divinely Beloved; which bonded my despicably trembling beats with the spirit to unflinchingly survive; take birth an infinite more times; as the ultimate harbinger of benign humanity.

32. AFTER SHE LEFT ME

When she was with me; incorrigibly adhering to every element of my disastrously shivering countenance; I had taken her immaculately divine ears for granted; feeling no formality to whisper in them; all the time,
However it was only after she left for the heavens; that I relentlessly spoke about her; insatiably longed all day and night; to make every element of her benevolent soul; forever as mine.

When she was with me; irrevocably clinging to my diminutively stumbling body; I had taken her robustly sparkling lips for granted; feeling no formality to kiss them; all the time,
However it was only after she extinguished for eternity like a timid shadow; that I tumultuously yearned to caress each pore of her marvelously scintillating persona; unrelentingly admire her charismatic grace; till times beyond infinite

infinity.

When she was with me; intransigently following me like an irrefutable shadow; I had taken her heavenly palms for granted; feeling no formality in augmenting my grip on them; all the time,
However it was only after she melted in perpetual mind; body and spirit; from the trajectory of this boundless planet; that I inexorably felt like dancing with her tantalizing visage till countless more births descended by; witnessing her magnanimous grace in every object that flooded my hopelessly despairing vision.

When she was with me; compassionately embracing me in whatever situation I confronted; I had taken her compassionately innocuous breath for granted; feeling no formality to relish the same; all the time,
However it was only after she had wholesomely coalesced with inconspicuous ash; that I incessantly lamented her philanthropically astounding presence; incessantly prayed to the Almighty Lord; to bestow her back in my devastatingly shattered life.

When she was with me; immutably staring into my eyes; whether they horrifically wept or blossomed into a festoon of profoundly transpiring enchantment; I had taken her poignantly protruding nose for granted; feeling no formality to peck her on the same; all the time,
However it was only after she had disappeared like a dying mirage; well beyond the horizons of non-existent oblivion; that I overwhelmingly missed her ecstatically exuberant stride; kept indefatigably pondering over and over again; upon the words that she had enamoringly spoken; when we had last met.

When she was with me; standing by my unfathomable repertoire of ideals; supporting me wholeheartedly in every pursuit of my famished life; I had taken her melodiously ravishing voice for granted; feeling no formality to listen to it; all the time,
However it was only after she had vanished completely above the crescendo of worthless nothingness; that I frantically searched for her tantalizingly inscrutable trail even in the wilderness of the sinister night; oblivious to the dungeon of unsurpassable scorpions on my body; as she became the heart of my every fantasy.

When she was with me; invincibly perched upon my staggering shoulders; boisterously accompanying me even as I transgressed across the most treacherous of mountains; I had taken her ingratiating warmth for granted; feeling no formality to fondle her skin; all the time,
However it was only after she perpetually evaporated like a droplet of water from

soil; that I perennially desired for her spell binding charisma; the insurmountable empathy for mankind; that lingered uninhibitedly in her sacrosanct eyes.

When she was with me; escalating like an untamed thunderbolt of sensuous desire; to passionately trigger off my every dreary dusk; I had taken her celestially magical shadow for granted; feeling no formality to blend with it; all the time,

However it was only after her corpse was covered with an impregnable layer of black mud; that I nostalgically reminisced all those pricelessly golden moments that we had rejoiced together; fanatically longing for her to smooch me on my shriveled; put me to sleep for the remainder of the lecherously unsuspecting night.

And when she was with me; incomprehensibly love my dejectedly despondent persona; for all the goodness that it inevitably possessed; I had taken her immortally everlasting love for granted; feeling no formality of acknowledging it; all the time,

However it was only after she had abnegated her last iota of wonderful breath; that I died an infinite times every minute; even though handsomely alive; pledged to Almighty Lord; to grant me every birth hereafter; with her never-ending heartbeats; bonded perpetually with mine.

33. IMMORTALLY MINE

Call me lame; treacherously incapacitated to hoist even a frigidly floating whisker; in my venomously devastated palms,

Call me dumb; irrevocably shunning all quarters of conventionally bombastic society; spending my life like a wholesome recluse; in cocoons of pathetically rustic wilderness,

Call me blind; not able to sight even my own reflection in the most brilliantly sweltering sunlight; and after possessing handsome pairs of immaculately shimmering eyes,

Call me deaf; sleeping like an uncouth devil even in the most tumultuously lambasting sound; languidly crawling towards the caverns of inexplicable doom, But come what may; I will keep loving her till countless more births yet to unfurl; irrespective of what the spuriously monotonous society said and although the clouds blended with threadbare soil; as she was irrefutably and immortally mine.

Call me stupid; not possessing even the most infinitesimal of tenacity to fantasize beyond my voice; stumbling like a pack of bizarre cards; at the tiniest stroke of intelligence,

Call me lackadaisical; relinquishing every iota of exuberance to wholesomely

blend with the winds of gruesome nothingness; snoozing worse than a capriciously stinking pig even as the first rays of Sun; flamboyantly caressed the ground,
Call me venomous; inflicting astronomical misery and horrific pain upon every cranny of soil that I tread; poisoning the fathomless fabric of celestial mankind with the satanic hostility in my deleterious blood,
Call me manipulative; ominously epitomizing the deplorably ghastly chapter of give and take; enviously plotting behind my very own kin's back,
But come what may; I will keep loving her till the last droplet of blood circulated in my impoverished veins; irrespective of what the murderously rigid society said and although hell rained uninhibitedly from colossal skies; as she was unassailably and immortally mine.

Call me esoteric; a sleazily withering entity abstrusely hard to comprehend; rotting profusely towards the aisles of abominable condemnation,
Call me diminutive; even more disastrously inconspicuous than parasitic white mice; whiling away my entire lifetime sucking innocent blood from this mesmerizing planet,
Call me insane; aimlessly wandering like a diabolical lunatic through an endless labyrinth of meaninglessly dusty streets; diffusing unprecedented terror in innocuous households with my devilish deeds,
Call me fanatic; obsessively chanting just a single mantra all day and sinister night; excoriating even the slightest of relation with the extraneous world,
But come what may; I will keep loving her each time God bequeathed upon me a chance to philanthropically survive; irrespective of what the lecherously corrupt society said and although the earth heinously split even before I could alight a single foot; as she was unequivocally and immortally mine.

Call me shy; astoundingly mortified by even the most infidel speck of breeze that dared blow my side; indefatigably licking dust for breakfast; lunch and dinner; due to my extreme inhibition to melange with the eclectic world outside,
Call me a mosquito; incessantly buzzing my unfathomable repertoire of pertinently cacophonous rhyme; before I was eventually exonerated to boundless bits; with the descending hands of my master,
Call me far-fetched; perceiving the most unsurpassably worthless things in the tenure of my destined life; trying to clamber upon a mountain of dreams; that never did exist,
Call me beggar; inexorable spreading my fingers for decades immemorial; and yet not able to pacify the astronomical pangs of hunger in my miserably bedraggled stomach,
But come what may; I will keep loving her till the last puff of air; till the last heartbeat ebulliently lingered in my chest and although the witches of doomsday

vindictively augmented their stranglehold upon all mankind; as she was perennially and immortally mine.

34. IMPOSSIBLE

I could perhaps snap her photograph into a countless halves of inane nothingness; screaming the last breath out of my lungs to express my unlimited exasperation,

I could perhaps pulverize her engagement ring into the furthestmost realms of the trash can; happily adorning my fingers with bucolic cow-dung instead,

I could perhaps feed every morsel of tantalizing food that she'd prepared for me; to the frigidly wastrel pigs near the fetid lavatory seat,

I could perhaps ruthlessly excoriate all the compassionate sweaters that'd she'd spun for me; incessantly imploring me to wear the same; everytime we met in our flirtatiously clandestine days,

I could perhaps abjectly spit on every nimble footprint that she made; dismissing it into inconspicuous oblivion and far away from my sight; that very instant when she left,

I could perhaps brutally ransack her delectably punctilious wardrobe; ominously staining every impeccable fabric that she wore; with atrociously disillusioning rust,

I could perhaps hide her spectacles at a corner where she'd never be able to discover; leaving her groping in the asphyxiating dark; for cynically condemning the artistic profession that I had undertaken,

I could perhaps curse her to the most unprecedented limits of hell; for eloping at the slightest opportunity that she could conceive; to her parent's place,

I could perhaps make the most hideously distorted face of the morbid devil in her bathroom mirror; uninhibitedly using her favorite bar of tawdrily crimson lipstick,

I could perhaps astutely lay a feckless banana skin on every path that she would traverse upon; so that she plunged head-on towards cold floor; even before she could alight a single foot,

I could perhaps lay a surreptitious handful of red ants beneath the very mattress that she slept; so that her entire night went in vituperatively groaning and scratching raw; whilst I celestially snored,

I could perhaps give her the tightest of slap on her pristine cheek; for impudently pestering upon me to buy every beautiful thing on the limitless Universe; when infact all that rattled in my pockets were infinitesimally worthless stones,

I could perhaps solely pinpoint upon her molehill of ludicrously staggering deficiencies; making her indefatigably feel the most depressed entity on earth alive,

I could perhaps proclaim her as the most perfidiously nonchalant girl on this Universe; to the entire society where we lived; for making ostensible passes at every handsome hunk that passed her step,

I could perhaps pay a deaf ear to even the most of her hoarsely anguished cries; as she was the one who'd started it all; by baselessly poisoning the mind of my child towards my every decision in vibrant life,

I could perhaps blend sleeping pills into her morning milk; so that she peacefully slept all day; and I remained wholesomely bereft of the tiniest of her perniciously slandering sarcasms; for apparently no fault of mine,

I could perhaps viciously stamp her irascibly writhing foot in glaring public; as she started to shed every bit of her integrity like the withering leaf; in the center of the jauntily crowded street,

I could perhaps uncontrollably kick her left; right and dead center; for deliberating sending me off on a unnecessary household errand; whilst she established new norms of infidelity; smooching every stranger she met; till unceremonious passions galore,

But no matter how angry was I on her; for not living up to my expectations; for not being the ideal wife I had perceived; for mercilessly violating my spirit of truth and egalitarian humanity; for this umpteenth reason or that; it was impossible to erase memories of those poignantly fragrant moments when we'd first met; it was impossible to erase those words of Immortal Love which we'd confessed while we courted; it was impossible to erase even a minuscule fraction of her from my passionately throbbing heart; for an infinite more destined lives and lifetimes.

35. THE ULTIMATE CROWN

The ultimate crown of my miserably impoverished eyes; was your eternally resplendent garden of symbiotically uniting empathy,

The ultimate crown of my diminutively impoverished brain; was your fantastically endless ocean of enchantingly bountiful dreams,

The ultimate crown of my ethereally impoverished eyelashes; was your timelessly unconquerable inspiration to exuberantly surge forward in every aspect of life,

The ultimate crown of my traumatically impoverished lips; was your vivaciously untamed rainbow of eternally blessed sensuousness,

The ultimate crown of my depravingly impoverished bones; was your inexhaustible temerity to fearlessly withstand even the most treacherous apocalypses of violent hell,

The ultimate crown of my parasitically impoverished fingers; was your inimitably unparalleled festoon of tirelessly majestic artistry,

The ultimate crown of my inconspicuously impoverished veins; was the poignantly indomitable flavor of your ubiquitously uniting blood,

The ultimate crown of my haplessly impoverished palms; was the brilliantly enlightening sky of your royally infallible destiny lines,

The ultimate crown of my asphyxiatingly impoverished ears; was the impregnable ingredient of unconquerable oneness in the cadence of your selfless voice,

The ultimate crown of my preposterously impoverished throat; was the effulgently limitless sweetness of your Omnipotently ecstatic creation,

The ultimate crown of my waywardly impoverished footsteps; was the insuperably redolent path of Omnipresent righteousness; that you timelessly traversed,

The ultimate crown of my brutally impoverished intestines; was the fruits of panoramically pristine creation that you blissfully assimilated; every single unfurling minute of your victorious life,

The ultimate crown of my impotently impoverished persona; was the countless seeds of synergistically fragrant evolution that you sowed; as every night took heavenly control of the sweltering day,

The ultimate crown of my obliviously impoverished skin; was the torrential rain showers of tantalizing rhapsody; that perennially promulgated from your harmonious existence,

The ultimate crown of my squalidly impoverished conscience; was the miraculously mitigating essence of your unassailably liberating truth,

The ultimate crown of my hedonistically impoverished soul; was your perpetually philanthropic spirit of timelessly coalescing with every fragment and sect of divine humanity,

The ultimate crown of my ephemerally impoverished shadow; was your unsurpassably Omniscient jewel of unconquerably godly honesty,

The ultimate crown of my grouchily impoverished nostrils; was your immeasurably sacred breath of astoundingly proliferating newness,

And the ultimate crown of my helplessly impoverished heart; was your immortally blessed beats of unconditionally holy love; love and beautifully ardent love.

36. CLEAN BOWLED

It was the poignantly unparalleled empathy in your divinely eyes; that clean bowled the stumps of lecherously coldblooded insanity; in my miserably disoriented life,

It was the resplendently symbiotic flavor of your unconquerable lips; that clean bowled the stumps of manipulatively baseless prejudice; in my diminutively forlorn life,

It was the effulgently humanitarian caress of your Omnipotent palms; that clean bowled the stumps of sacrilegiously victimizing greed; in my inconspicuously staggering life,

It was the ubiquitously heavenly artistry of your blissful fingers; that clean bowled the stumps of maniacally debauch monotony; in my penuriously

truncated life,

It was the mischievously pristine flap of your Omniscient ears; that clean bowled the stumps of morbidly contaminated remorsefulness; in my disastrously bedlam life,

It was the unassailably priceless bloodstreams in your perennial veins; that clean bowled the stumps of sanctimoniously crippling artificiality; in my sinfully extinguishing life,

It was the triumphantly righteous swirl of your Omnipresent feet; that clean bowled the stumps of tawdrily asphyxiating corruption; in my impoverishedly livid life,

It was the inimitably mollifying enthrallment in your eternal voice; that clean bowled the stumps of vindictively insidious desperation; in my threadbarely evanescent life,

It was the unsurpassably compassionate ardor of your undefeated persona; that clean bowled the stumps of lethally wastrel nothingness; in my raunchily deteriorating life,

It was the unbelievably philanthropic devotion of your sacred soul; that clean bowled the stumps of tyrannically venomous deliriousness; in my waywardly idiosyncratic life,

It was the universally affable scent of your truthful perspiration; that clean bowled the stumps of pathetically isolated laziness; in my frigidly contemptuous life,

It was the unflinchingly fearless shadow of your impeccable ideals; that clean bowled the stumps of vituperatively slinking cowardliness; in my thoughtlessly recoiling life,

It was the magically eclectic power of your unshakable shoulders; that clean bowled the stumps of mundanely decrepit depression; in my sadistically cannibalistic life,

It was the inexhaustibly infallible utopia of your victorious creation; that clean bowled the stumps of ignominiously impeding infertility; in my criminally nonchalant life,

It was the miraculously symbiotic essence of your insuperable shadow; that clean bowled the stumps of penalizingly pulverizing confinement; in my ethereally solitary life,

It was the timelessly healing melody of your unbreakable grip; that clean bowled the stumps of carnivorously crippling lies; in my transiently feckless life,

It was the gloriously majestic truth of your unbridled conscience; that clean bowled the stumps of satanically sinister lies; in my despondently delinquent life,

It was the perennially life-yielding fire of your indomitable breath; that clean bowled the stumps of disparagingly meaningless death; in my lugubriously quagmire life,

And it was the immortally bonding love of your royal heart; that clean bowled the stumps of maliciously strangulating betrayal; in my despairingly egregious and truculently tortured life.

37. IRRESPECTIVE

People might say that you have a nose; that most consummately befits; only the senselessly braying and meaninglessly inane; donkey,

People might say that you have eyes; that most consummately befit; only the grotesquely blinded and horrifically screeching; bat,

People might say that you have ears; that most consummately befit; only the preposterously corpulent and flaccidly wastrel; elephant,

People might say that you have a tongue; that most consummately befits; only the vindictively licentious and tawdrily snaring; lizard,

People might say that you have eyelashes; that most consummately befit; only the laggardly ambling and desolately delinquent; camel,

People might say that you have palms; that most consummately befit; only the rustically untamed and bawdily mimicking; chimpanzee,

People might say that you have feet; that most consummately befit; only the diabolically parading and deliriously pulverizing; dinosaur,

People might say that you have a belly; that most consummately befits; only the obsoletely obese and sluggishly slandering; tortoise,

People might say that you have hair; that most consummately befit; only the irascibly hairy and unsurpassably leech laden; gorilla,

People might say that you have lips; that most consummately befit; only the ominously excoriating and boundlessly victimizing; shark,

People might say that you have fingers; that most consummately befit; only the hideously rotting and abhorrently fetid; skeleton,

People might say that you have a voice; that most consummately befits; only the ludicrously discordant and importunately sobbing; frog,

People might say that you have a hindside; that most consummately befits; only the lividly squandering and miserably derelict; snail,

People might say that you have a brain; that most consummately befits; only the ephemerally living and infinitesimally non-existent; ant,

People might say that you have a shadow; that most consummately befits; only the ethereally stagnating and invisibly ridiculous; thread,

People might say that you have bones; that most consummately befit; only the reproachfully invidious and spinelessly hissing; snake,

People might say that you have a temper; that most consummately befits; only the terribly petrified and slyly sinking; crabs,

People might say that you have a scalp; that most consummately befits; only the abysmally bald and lecherously ribald; egg,

People might say that you have thighs; that most consummately befit; only the frigidly lackadaisical and penuriously impotent; sands,

People might say that you have a personality; that most consummately befits; only the morbidly sulking and indefatigably cursing; graveyard,

People might say that you have breasts; that most consummately befit; only the amorphously cadaverous and forlornly deteriorating; carcass,

People might say that you have shoulders; that most consummately befit; only the surreptitiously indolent and mercilessly traitor; fox,

People might say that you have blood; that most consummately befits; only the libidiously groaning and gratuitously cold-blooded; parasite,

People might say that you have a signature; that most consummately befits; only the timelessly sinking and horribly failure; ship,

People might say that you have breath; that most consummately befits; only the inexhaustibly lambasting and apocalyptically bellowing maelstroms of; hell,

But irrespective of whatever anyone said or perceived on fathomless earth; for me you were the most priceless organism of the Omnipotent Lord's Creation; as every beat of your heart tirelessly coalesced with nothing else but eternally symbiotic creation; tirelessly prayed for nothing else but Omnipresent goodness; tirelessly throbbed for nothing else but Immortal Love.

38. WHAT I ETERNALLY DESIRED

The tantalizingly seductive periphery of your lusciously crinkled lips; mesmerized me to only an infinitesimally fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to suckle their unbelievably triumphant and harmoniously mellifluous sweetness; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The voluptuously rubicund contours of your fantastically nubile cheeks; enchanted me to only a diminutively fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to absorb in their charismatically robust and perennially bountiful luster; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The sensuously embellished fringes of your mischievously dancing eyelashes; stupefied me to only a parsimoniously fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to become every royally untainted wink that you uninhibitedly executed; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The ravishingly enticing swirl of your pristinely black hair; reinvigorated me to only an abstemiously fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to intertwine each of my senses with their magically virgin tresses; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The stupendously fearless voice that wafted from your ardently melodious throat; enamored me to only a spartanly fleeting extent,

What I eternally desired was to blissfully make each of your sounds as the sole elixir of my impoverished life; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The unbelievably gorgeous silhouettes of your fragrantly moistened belly; dazzled me to only a miserly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to make dwelling in its invincibly compassionate warmth; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The unconquerable tinkle of ornaments on your insuperably heavenly fingers; enlightened me to only a nimbly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to revel in their majestically unhindered cocoons of original artistry; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The effulgently resplendent sheen of your bewitchingly emollient nostrils; entranced me to only a restrictedly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to euphorically bounce in their indomitably Omnipotent breath; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The oligarchic shapes of your unflinchingly parading feet; enthralled me to only an impoverishedly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to become every ubiquitously uniting step that they tread; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The fabulously golden shades of your victoriously holistic sweat; fascinated me to only an inconspicuously fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to bathe in its essence of emolliently honest perseverance; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The beguiling sway of your daintily adorned earlobes; spell bound me to only a penuriously fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to imbibe the spirit of truth that they timelessly heard; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The vivaciously effervescent flow of your iridescently humanitarian blood; captivated me to only an ephemerally fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to blend my soul with the countless ingredients of symbiotic humanity in it; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The profoundly enigmatic vacillations of your regally unfettered shadow; mitigated me to only an ethereally fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to timelessly siesta in its unassailably philanthropic serenity; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The kingly whites of your inexhaustibly dancing eyes; mystified me to only an infidel fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to tirelessly sight my reflection in their mirror of ubiquitously unparalleled righteousness; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The limitless fleet of goose-bumps on your excitedly exuberant nape; sublimed me to only a truncatedly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to continuously maneuver to every of its passionate swirl; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The unlimited repertoire of actions that emanated from your sagaciously venerated persona; recharged me to only a fractionally fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to mélange with every flow of priceless truth and humanity that they sprouted into; for an infinite more births yet to come.

The miraculously exquisite panic button in your indefatigably ebullient belly; pepped me to only a flaccidly fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to become the nexus of its blessedly altruistic existence; for an infinite more births yet to come.
And the unceasing throbbing of your perpetually fervent heart; impressed me to only a lackadaisically fleeting extent,
What I eternally desired was to bond my mind; body; and soul with the beats of its immortally unshakable love; for an infinite more births yet to come.

39. OUR RELATION

Our relation was just as profoundly perpetual as that between the Ocean and the Shores; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's pristine grace,

Our relation was just as celestially perpetual as that between the Sun and the Earth; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's fructifying grace,

Our relation was just as blessedly perpetual as that between the Lotus and the Raindrop; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's redolent grace,

Our relation was just as sacredly perpetual as that between the Tree and the Breeze; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's vivacious grace,

Our relation was just as emolliently perpetual as that between the Rose and the Bumble Bee; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's unadulterated grace,

Our relation was just as brilliantly perpetual as that between the Oyster and the Pearl; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's royal grace,

Our relation was just as unbelievably perpetual as that between the Soldier and the Sword; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's blistering grace,

Our relation was just as insuperably perpetual as that between the Grass and the Dew; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's blissful grace,

Our relation was just as indomitably perpetual as that between the Cow and the Meadow; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's venerated grace,

Our relation was just as truthfully perpetual as that between the Peacock and the Monsoon; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's enamoring grace,

Our relation was just as symbiotically perpetual as that between the Clouds and the Horizons; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's eternal grace,

Our relation was just as infallibly perpetual as that between the Desert and the Mirage; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's silken grace,

Our relation was just as unshakably perpetual as that between the Moon and the Night; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's enchanting grace,

Our relation was just as fantastically perpetual as that between the Crop and the Soil; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved

each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's burgeoning grace,

Our relation was just as mellifluously perpetual as that between the Breast and the Milk; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's Omniscient grace,

Our relation was just as interminably perpetual as that between the Mind and the Dream; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's adventurous grace,

Our relation was just as sensuously perpetual as that between the Nostril and the Breath; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's poignant grace,

Our relation was just as divinely perpetual as that between the Martyr and the Mud; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's altruistic grace,

And our relation was just as ubiquitously perpetual as that between the Heart and the Beat; which never ever could marry and become one; but yet immortally loved each other; couldn't stay an instant without each other's benign grace.

40. JUST BECAUSE

Just because somebody calls the compassionately breathing rose a pathetically dilapidated gutter; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its stupendously perennial fragrance,

Just because somebody calls Omnipotently dazzling Sun a cadaverous hell of abysmal darkness; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unconquerably blistering flamboyance,

Just because somebody calls the impregnably luminescent mountains an inanely frigid mosquito; doesn't mean that they wholesomely lose all their indomitably endless temerity and unflinchingly peerless strength,

Just because somebody calls the majestically fathomless deserts a lividly wounded traitor; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its blazingly coruscated and timeless splendor,

Just because somebody calls the seductively dancing nightingale an acrimoniously ballistic thorn; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its enchantingly everlasting and poignantly mesmerizing melody,

Just because somebody calls the voluptuous cloud an evaporating graveyard of abhorrently insipid nothingness; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unprecedented whirlpool of heavenly sensuousness,

Just because somebody calls the mystically undulating wave a prison of disastrously truculent monotony; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its vivaciously exhilarating and unfathomable tanginess,

Just because somebody calls the wonderfully titillating and emolliently crafted poetry an infinitesimal trash can of hyperbolic adjectives; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses its ubiquitously everlasting essence of unfettered friendship,

Just because somebody calls the unbelievably pristine pearl a tawdrily molested corpse of unthinkable profanity; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its royal resplendence and exotically titillating charm,

Just because somebody calls the flight of uninhibitedly untainted freedom a maliciously lambasting chain of hedonistically perverted slavery; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its celestially altruistic fortitude,

Just because somebody calls the lap of the unconquerably sacrosanct mother an insidiously gratuitous carcass; doesn't mean that that it wholesomely loses all its perpetually subliming effulgence and inimitable glory,

Just because somebody calls the vividly ebullient rainbow in the boundless sky a lackadaisically venomous scorpion rotting in the dungeons of bizarre isolation; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its regally unsurpassable ocean of timeless enthrallment,

Just because somebody calls the wind of beautifully egalitarian symbiotism an indiscriminately cold-blooded eunuch tyrannically marauding every conceivable trace of life in vicinity; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its pricelessly bountiful religion of humanity,

Just because somebody calls the wails of the immaculately wailing infant an apocalypse of murderous doom; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its spell bindingly insuperable innocence and godly mischief,

Just because somebody calls the united fabric of eternal living kind an orphaned stone forlornly fretting on the vagrantly obsolete streets; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unshakably Omnipotent aura and undefeatable companionship,

Just because somebody calls the iridescently blossoming seed a curse on the trajectory of this eclectic planet; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unassailably ecstatic freshness,

Just because somebody calls the silken sensuality of paradise a devilish ghost invidiously permeating the hindside; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its indefatigably vibrant aristocracy and inexhaustibly Omniscient aura,

Just because somebody calls the sword of patriotically unchallengeable truth a dolorously disparaging coward retreating back into his egregiously worthless shell; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its unceasing bravery and Omnipresent exhilaration,

Just because somebody calls the chapter of endlessly bestowing life an amorphously stuttering oblivion of treacherous death; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its astoundingly indomitable and miraculous proliferation,

And just because somebody calls our unequivocally immortal love a manipulatively sinful compromise; doesn't mean that it wholesomely loses all its perpetually bonding beats and magnetically humanitarian swirl.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 16

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 26 differently titled Poems, is actually Part 16 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. I PROMISE
2. I REALLY, TRULY AND SHALL FOREVER LOVE YOU
3. NOT THE SLIGHTEST OF IMPACT
4. GHOST OF LOST LOVE
5. ALL I COULD DO!
6. THE WIFE AND THE MISTRESS.

7. TITANIC-THE SHIP OF IMMORTAL LOVE AND DREAMS.
8. I DO DEFINITELY KNOW; AND HAVE ALWAYS KNOW.
9. LOVE & DIVORCE
10. UNMARRIED
11. WHEN RIDICULED BY MY VERY OWN BELOVED
12. EVEN IN THE DEEPEST SLEEP OF YOUR DEATH
13. WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME FOREVER?
14. LEAVING ME OPEN-MOUTHED.
15. WITHOUT THE IMMORTAL LOVE OF A WOMAN
16. WHAT SHOULD A HUSBAND DO?
17. FIND ME A GIRL?
18. TILL THE TIME WE LIVED.
19. INTO THE SHOES OF A TRUE LOVER.
20. AN EARNEST PRAYER FOR EVERY OTHER HUSBAND ON THIS EARTH.
21. MY SILENCE WILL SPEAK TO YOU
22. REDDER THAN THE REDDEST OF ROSE—MY VALENTINE.
23. IF THERE WAS ANYTHING THAT COULD BITE A MAN
24. WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE?
25. SHE REALLY LOVED YOU.
26. BECAUSE SHE HAD MADE MY FOOD WITH LOVE.

1. I PROMISE

Embrace me like I've forever wanted to embrace every pore of your sensuously poignant silhouette; and I promise I'll embrace you till times beyond infinite infinity; embrace you even more than ever before,

Nibble me like I've forever wanted to nibble the pungently robust outlines of your radiantly rubicund ears; and I promise I'll nibble you till times beyond infinite infinity; nibble you even more than ever before,

Kiss me like I've forever wanted to kiss every swirl of untamed passion on your insuperably scarlet lips; and I promise I'll kiss you till times beyond infinite infinity; kiss you even more than ever before,

Tease me like I've forever wanted to tease your impeccably uninhibited persona; and I promise I'll tease you till times beyond infinite infinity; tease you even more than ever before,

Tantalize me like I've forever wanted to tantalize the redolently cavorting goosebumps on your skin; and I promise I'll tantalize you till times beyond infinite infinity; tantalize you even more than ever before,

Encircle me like I've forever wanted to sacredly encircle every benign goodness that drifted from your altruistic soul; and I promise I'll encircle you till times beyond infinite infinity; encircle you even more than ever before,

Enchant me like I've forever wanted to enchant every pathway that you tread in the tenure of your convivially symbiotic life; and I promise I'll enchant you till times beyond infinite infinity; enchant you even more than ever before,

Enlighten me like I've forever wanted to enlighten even the most infinitesimally dolorous aspect of your blessed existence; and I promise I'll enlighten you till times beyond infinite infinity; enlighten you even more than ever before,

Date me like I've forever wanted to date even the most diminutive element of your majestically heavenly form; and I promise I'll date you till times beyond infinite infinity; date you even more than ever before,

Bewitch me like I've forever wanted to bewitch each of your centripetally shy senses; and I promise I'll bewilder you till times beyond infinite infinity; bewilder you even more than ever before,

Spell bind me like I've forever wanted to spell bind even the tiniest of vivacious hair extruding from your regally virgin skin; and I promise I'll spell bind you till times beyond infinite infinity; spell bind you even more than ever before,

Fantasize me like I've forever wanted to fantasize every shade of your royal existence in a boundless myriad of forms and shapes; and I promise I'll fantasize you till times beyond infinite infinity; fantasize you even more than ever before,

Preach me like I've forever wanted to preach every unwittingly dwindling nerve of your sporadically jittery persona; and I promise I'll preach you till times beyond infinite infinity; preach you even more than ever before,

Suckle me like I've forever wanted to suckle in your everlastingly unassailable warmth; and I promise I'll suckle you till times beyond infinite infinity; suckle you even more than ever before,

Accompany me like I've forever wanted to accompany you as your undaunted comrade in whatever direction you choose to adventure; and I promise I'll accompany you till times beyond infinite infinity; accompany you even more than ever before,

Stare me like I've forever wanted to stare at the unlimitedly panoramic and profoundly humanitarian depth in your innocuous eyes; and I promise I'll stare you till times beyond infinite infinity; stare you even more than ever before,

Pat me like I've forever wanted to pat you at the most ephemeral of your accomplishment; and I promise I'll pat you till times beyond infinite infinity; pat you even more than ever before,

Sketch me like I've forever wanted to sketch every fragrant rendezvous with your Omnipotently endowed grace; and I promise I'll sketch you till times beyond infinite infinity; sketch you even more than ever before,

Breathe me like I've forever wanted to breathe every ubiquitously philanthropic goodness that emanated from your eternally resplendent creation; and I promise I'll breathe you till times beyond infinite infinity; breathe you even more than ever before,

But Love me OR don't Love me like I've forever and ever and ever and unconquerably loved you; and I still promise to love you till times beyond infinite infinity; irrespective of your unjustifiable abhorrence for me; love you even more than ever before.

2. I REALLY, TRULY AND SHALL FOREVER LOVE YOU

And I liked the way you uninhibitedly chattered; caring an infinitesimal damn about the acrimoniously uncouth planet outside,

And I liked the way you sensuously ambled; tantalizing even the dreariest blade of grass of threadbarely barren soil; to the most unprecedented limits,

And I liked the way you flirtatiously winked; inevitably inviting even the most lackadaisically vindictive skies; to torrentially rain till times beyond infinite infinity,

And I liked the way you unflinchingly paraded; as if the every speck of majestically virile earth; irrefutably belonged to you and solely you,

And I liked the way you ardently stared; perpetually feasting your eyes on even the most inconspicuously obsolete ingredient of the Lord's panoramically enamoring creation; all day and night,

And I liked the way you wholeheartedly laughed; wholesomely exhausting even

the minutest trace of your miserably entrapped energy; towards the
aisles of vivaciously dancing paradise,

And I liked the way you unconsciously snored; even as the tawdrily corrupt high
society around; slept asphyxiating frozen under their frigidly air-conditioned
quilts,

And I liked the way you intrepidly galloped; fantastically discovering profoundly
blessing newness; the golden dewdrops of untainted fantasy at every step that
you victoriously tread,

And I liked the way you fearlessly wrote; expressing your philanthropically
benign thoughts with such candour; which was visible only in the regally
steaming rays of the Midday Sun,

And I liked the way you inexhaustibly fought for anti terrorism; exhaled every
breath of yours; solely to unite the ghoulishly estranged planet once again; into
the threads of invincible brotherhood,

And I liked the way you tackled adversity; staring it right into its pugnaciously
imperiling eye; as if a newborn child Omnipotently stares into iridescently milky
space,

And I liked the way you said goodbye when it mattered the most; sacrificing
your umpteenth personal kin; for limitlessly serving your sacrosanct mother
soil,

And I liked the way you earnestly prayed; not believing in any spuriously
indiscriminating religion; but obeisantly bending down to the religion of
humanity; even centuries after the last breath of your life,

And I liked the way you spiritedly danced; liberating unbelievable spurts of
magically rejuvenating energy into the sullenly reproachful atmosphere; igniting
fireballs of passion even in the most lugubriously penalizing of night,

And I liked the way you nimbly surrendered; altruistically donating each priceless
ingredient of your blessed existence; to save the life of your haplessly staggering
compatriots,

And I liked the way you tirelessly preached; unequivocally advocating the
sermons of amiably embracing camaraderie; even as every single organism on
this earth cold-bloodedly laughed you out,

And I liked the way you undauntedly embraced all fraternity of life; as if there existed no diabolical power on this fathomless Universe; which could ever squander your impregably harmonious grip,

And I liked the way you impeccably cavorted under the first rays of dawn; just as the mischievous infant bounced in the lap of its unconquerably divine mother,

And I liked the way you sporadically angered; letting vent to the fallibly molecular human within you; which was as sensitive as the royally emerald globule of rain; of the very first monsoon,

And I liked the way you unshakably promised; as if the virtue of your Samaritan commitment would forever shine; even as cadaverous mortuaries of hell blended with pragmatically spawning soil,

And I liked the way you miraculously breathed; as if the gallows of the most ghastliest of death; had been entirely transcended by the effulgently effervescent whirlpools of life,

And I really loved you in whatever form; shape; color; fraternity; continent; that the Omnipresent Creator had created you in; in whatever stage of life that you met me; in whatever stage of death that your soul bonded with mine; O! Yes; irrespective of whatever yesterday; today or tomorrow that I ever confront; I really; truly and shall forever love you.

3. NOT THE SLIGHTEST OF IMPACT

Countless full-fledgedly floated in the clouds every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most infinitesimal of impact upon their sensuously untainted and perennially enchanting swirl,

Countless full-fledgedly swam in the ocean every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most diminutive of impact upon its rhapsodically undulating and ebulliently pristine waves,

Countless full-fledgedly smelt the rose every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most ethereal of impact upon its spell bindingly effulgent and effulgently triumphant fragrance,

Countless full-fledgedly philandered on the mountain peak every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most minuscule of impact upon its

indomitably unflinching and peerlessly Herculean strength,

Countless full-fledgedly feasted on the golden dewdrop every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most ephemeral of impact upon its everlastingly mesmerizing and victoriously unfettered shine,

Countless full-fledgedly clambered the tree every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most parsimonious of impact upon its magnificently burgeoning and poignantly tempestuous virility,

Countless full-fledgedly sighted the Sun every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most fugitive of impact upon its Omnipotently perpetual and insuperably blazing radiance,

Countless full-fledgedly transgressed upon the surface of earth every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most inconspicuous of impact upon its Omnipresently bountiful and marvelously fructifying sacredness,

Countless full-fledgedly admired the rainbow every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most mercurial of impact upon its unbelievably enthralling and unsurpassably mellifluous vivaciousness,

Countless full-fledgedly relished the milk of the cow every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most tiniest of impact upon its inimitably unparalleled and unrestrictedly beautiful Omniscience,

Countless full-fledgedly frolicked in the desert every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most evanescent of impact upon its unfathomably royal and timelessly iridescent sands,

Countless full-fledgedly tossed the infant every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most disappearing of impact upon its insuperably redolent and timelessly undying integrity,

Countless full-fledgedly caressed the leaves every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most obsolete of impact upon their profoundly exuberant and ecstatically vivid breeze,

Countless full-fledgedly embraced the night every unveiling instant; but that still didn't have even the most obfuscated of impact upon its impeccably wonderful and incredulously everlasting milkiness,

Countless full-fledgedly caught rain in their palms every unveiling instant; but that didn't have even the most cloistered of impact upon its uninhibitedly liberating and pricelessly divine freshness,

Countless full-fledgedly talked about blood every unveiling instant; but that didn't have even the most measly of impact upon its inexhaustibly consecrating and gloriously symbiotic aura,

Countless full-fledgedly cuddled in their respective mother's lap every unveiling instant; but that didn't have even the most truncated of impact upon its limitlessly fragrant and compassionately unconquerable godliness,

Countless full-fledgedly inhaled air into their nostrils every unveiling instant; but that didn't have even the most nonchalant of impact upon its tirelessly unhindered and emolliently revitalizing newness,

And countless full-fledgedly explored the heartbeat every unveiling instant; but that didn't have even the most unremarkable of impact upon its blessedly emollient and unshakably unflinching immortality.

4. GHOST OF LOST LOVE

The worst of treacherously asphyxiating and cold-bloodedly crippling darkness too; get miraculously healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably magnificent time,

The worst of sadistically horrific and hideously incarcerating obsessions too; get wonderfully healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably royal time,

The worst of inexplicably haunting and cadaverously imperiling diseases too; get beautifully healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably emollient time,

The worst of deliriously raunchy and devastatingly subjugating manias too; get celestially healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably princely time,

The worst of haplessly shivering and hedonistically inflicted agonies too; get fantastically healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably pragmatic time,

The worst of murderously indiscriminate and savagely terrorizing racialism too; gets symbiotically healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably glorious time,

The worst of hysterically sobbing and tempestuously troubled eyes too; get serenely healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably pristine time,

The worst of disastrously frazzled and brutally butchered nerves too; get triumphantly healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably immaculate time,

The worst of painstakingly debilitating and hopelessly strangulating depression too; gets ebulliently healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably unflinching time,

The worst of ominously atrocious and ignominiously slandering vindication too; gets bounteously healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably peerless time,

The worst of disjointedly crooked and satanically victimizing minds too; get harmoniously healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably charismatic time,

The worst of egregiously bleeding and horrendously broken bones too; get efficaciously healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably fascinating time,

The worst of uncontrollably pernicious and ferociously flagrant tempers too; get wonderfully healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably resplendent time,

The worst of uncouthly unsparing and salaciously tormenting dictators too; get synergistically healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably brilliant time,

The worst of miserably whiplashed and relentlessly bleeding wounds too; get victoriously healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably twinkling time,

The worst of remorsefully cursing and wretchedly wailing spirits too; get unassailably healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably unnerving time,

The worst of hypochondriacally baseless and inanely unsolicited fears too; get insuperably healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably candid time,

The worst of indefatigably gasping and cumbersomely dragged breaths too; get effulgently healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably undefeated time,

The worst of ghastily crucifying and tawdrily infertile sadisms too; get ecstatically healed with the inevitable passing of unstoppably iridescent time,

But the wound of lost love; stabs deeper and more immutably deeper in the corridors of the heart for even an infinite births and deaths after veritable death and with the inevitable passing of unstoppably unfettered time,

Therefore O! Mate; never betray the person whom you Immortally love; never leave the person whom you truly love; never disobey the person whom you unconquerably love; and if you still dare; then be ready to become a timelessly and tirelessly penalized ghost of lost love.

5. ALL I COULD DO!

The hatred in my eyes for her was so hedonistically blazing; that it could veritably and venomously char even the most invincibly unfathomable structure on this planet; to inconspicuous ash within just a single instant,

The hatred in my palms for her was so uncontrollably ferocious; that it could veritably and criminally smash even the most Herculean mountains on this planet; to ludicrously infidel chowder within just a single instant,

The hatred in my shadow for her was so gorily sinister; that it could veritably and diabolically curse even the most fearless organism on this earth who came in its swirl; for an infinite more lifetimes, and within just a single instant,

The hatred in my voice for her was so insatiably demonic; that it could veritably and brutally deafen even the most unstoppably cold-blooded thunderstorms on this planet; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my arms for her was so unrelentingly barbarous; that it could veritably and murderously pulverize even the most invincible stone walls on this planet; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my blood for her was so intractably acrimonious; that it could veritably and hideously asphyxiate even the most impregnably uninhibited of atmospheres on this planet; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my tongue for her was so indefatigably lethal; that it could veritably and satanically condemn even the most righteous man on this planet towards the vituperative gallows of death; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my skull for her was so nefariously untamed; that it could veritably and ferociously bang even the most insuperable walls on this planet to pathetic extinction; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my teeth for her was so unbearably delirious; that it could veritably and horrifically squelch even the most obdurate on this planet into ephemerally ludicrous nothingness; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my bones for her was so inexorably untiring; that it could veritably and sadistically cause any organism on this planet to incessantly yelp in inexplicable pain; with just a single nudge; and within just a single instant,

The hatred in my feet for her was so abominably perverted; that it could veritably and sacrilegiously kick even the most amazing superpowers on this planet to the mortuaries of non-existence; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my spine for her was so irretrievably intolerable; that it could veritably and devastatingly crunch even the most ominously blood-stained thorns on this planet to wholesome extinction; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my nails for her was so uncouthly tormenting; that it could veritably and carnivorously make even the most audaciously toughened skins on this planet unstoppably bleed; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my mouth for her was so vindictively unprecedented; that it could veritably and tyrannically gobble even the most pugnaciously treacherous battlefields on this planet; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my nostrils for her was so unsurpassably demented; that it could veritably and truculently exhale the spell of death upon even the most fearless of organisms on this planet; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my brain for her was so torturously unceasing; that it could veritably and profanely devastate even the most fathomless civilizations on this planet with unparalleled genius; and within just a single instant,

The hatred in my soul for her was so reproachfully blood-curling; that it could veritably and parasitically jinx even the most peerlessly truthful dimensions of this planet; within just a single instant,

The hatred in my heart for her was so unforgivably inconsolable; that it could veritably and forever destroy and poison even the most perpetually bonding relationships on this planet; within just a single instant,

But it was really amazing! That inspite of all this; whenever she came infront of

me; all I could do was fall in unlimitedly spell bound stupor upon her dainty feet; all I could do was timelessly admire every aspect of her effulgent persona as if the most unconquerable of Kings were accolading the queens; all I could do was propose each beat of my passionately throbbing heart to her and say I Love You.

6. THE WIFE AND THE MISTRESS.

The wife was like the fathomlessly barren sky; whilst the mistress was like those tantalizingly voluptuous clouds; which unrelentingly and profusely soaked aridly crippled soil; with droplets of priceless rain,

The wife was like the boundless territories of blandly open grass; whilst the mistress was like those amazingly seductive platter of dewdrops; which forever quenched the thirst of everlastingly burgeoning desire,

The wife was like the endless pond of innocuously untainted lotus's; whilst the mistress was like the stupendously unconquerable scent that wafted in every direction; titillating even the most infinitesimal hair of the nostril to stand till the ultimate cloud 9,

The wife was like the monstrously mechanized and drab car; whilst the mistress was like those golden globules of piquantly jubilant petrol; which perpetuated even the most lifelessly disgusted of wheels; to infallibly fly forward like white lightening in the sky,

The wife was like the unceasingly tranquil shores; whilst the mistress was like those ravishingly undulating waves; which fomented even the most morbidly stagnating lava's; to tempestuously explode,

The wife was like the eternally symbiotic forest; whilst the mistress was like those mischievously gallivanting leopards and perpetually melodious nightingales; which magically enlightened the sordid gloominess of the abominably claustrophobic night,

The wife was like the indomitably unshakable mountain; whilst the mistress was like those seductively enamoring peaks; which inevitably attracted countless a wanderer; into their spell-bindingly misty swirl,

The wife was like the impeccably venerated cisterns of milk; whilst the mistress was like those mouthfuls of unbelievably poignant curd; which ecstatically engendered a billion pores of the skin to interminably shout out in untamed delight,

The wife was like the unflinchingly faithful candle; whilst the mistress was like those delectably scrumptious flames of compassion; which stirred an incredulous new revolution in even the most deadened senses of nonchalant man,

The wife was like the wondrously nourishing pudding; whilst the mistress was like those effulgently scarlet topping of cherries; which so painstakingly left your tongue unfinished; even after you'd consumed an infinite more,

The wife was like the peerlessly pristine cobweb never ever changing its color with the changing shades of light; whilst the mistress was like those royally vivacious spiders; which unabashedly stabbed the vials of unending exultation into every man dead or alive,

The wife was like the unendingly blissful valley; whilst the mistress was like those exuberantly uninhibited echoes of sensuousness; which traced the most inscrutable pathway of mystique; through even the most infinitesimally intricate curve of the masculine skin,

The wife was like the eclectically utility knife; whilst the mistress was like those incredulously sharpened edges of excitement; which unremittingly pierced through even the most emotionlessly obdurate scepters of manhood,

The wife was like the earnestly unshakable foundation; whilst the mistress was like those rhapsodically fresh splashes of paint; which granted new leases of indispensable life to every hopelessly shattered man on this planet,

The wife was like the wonderfully consecrated mouth; whilst the mistress was like those effervescently inimitable whistles; which simply swept you from your beleaguered feet; transporting you to the priceless ultimate hilt of paradise,

The wife was like the perspicuously unconquerable vision; whilst the mistress was like those victoriously mascara coated eyelashes; which flirted with every handsomely eligible bachelor on planet divine,

The wife was like the untiringly vast; accommodating and spiceless desert; whilst the mistress was like those tirelessly seducing mirages; which made man fervently salivate more than a million kilometers barefoot; under the most acrimoniously blazing rays of the Sun,

The wife was like the unassailable virile seed sown; whilst the mistress was like those innumerable droplets of ardent sweat on soil; which perpetuated even the

most lifelessly infertile of masculine skins; to relentlessly languish and roll in them; till times beyond infinity,

And whereas the wife shall forever remain immortal as she is the insuperably ameliorating heart; the mistress would add that indispensably needed enlightenment to every shade of human existence; forever ensuring that every man always embraces none else but "Woman"; on this limitlessly enthralling Universe.

7. TITANIC-THE SHIP OF IMMORTAL LOVE AND DREAMS.

It might have sunk like frigid ice to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where unconquerable royalty radiated from even the most infinitesimal element,

It might have sunk like non-existent air to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever consider the Titanic as a ship; where the true flavor of all fraternities of humanity; reigned emotionally charged and supreme at all times,

It might have sunk like a new born infant to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where there perennially wafted an impregnable atmosphere of pricelessly eternal compassion,

It might have sunk like an invisible speck to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the spirit of Omnipotent God was endlessly praised; in its most unassailably bestowing form,

It might have sunk like a deplorably defeated teardrop to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the heavens of the most ultimate fantasy ruled supreme; in even the most blackened corners; tapestries; cisterns and stairs,

It might have sunk like a lifeless soldier to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the definition of true sacrifice was immortalized; like never before on this fathomless planet,

It might have sunk like an amorphous ant to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where there flew kisses of all sizes and shapes; in every conceivable direction; poignant and galore,

It might have sunk like besmirched sour cream to the rock bottom of the ocean;

but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where there was a perfect blend of people of virtually every religion; traveling to the most cherished destination of their life,

It might have sunk like disdainfully shattered glass to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where there the finest wine and cuisine were ecstatically served in one half; whilst the other; perpetually rejoiced and unabashedly danced to the tunes of rum and humanity,

It might have sunk like meaningless vacuum to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the longest insatiable locking of two lips into a kiss; was ever registered on this boundless enamoring planet,

It might have sunk like impoverished chowder to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the most inimitably cherishable moments of existence; were lived by thousands; within just two days,

It might have sunk like neglected seaweed to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the heart of the infallibly intrepid sea; was inscrutably captured within each pristine wall,

It might have sunk like despicably thwarted ash to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where an insuperable ensemble of artists; exuberantly sang till their very last breath; even as hell unstoppably rained around,

It might have sunk like despairing oblivion to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where thousands prayed for rhapsodic life and happiness; affably holding hand in hand and together,

It might have sunk like a fecklessly butchered whisker to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the most unconquerably golden moments of passion; were captured with astounding propensity upon the fabric of white canvas,

It might have sunk like a lackadaisical feather to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where even the most gigantic structures; ceilings and obdurate iron; perennially floated around as invincibly aristocratic silk,

It might have sunk like a lifeless corpse to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where the flaming Sun played hide-n-seek till eternity; as nubile couples mischievously cavorted up and down the numerous rails and decks,

It might have sunk like a cadaverously hammered bone to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where there was nothing else to do; but interminably dream; dream and simply and majestically dream,

It might have sunk like despondently distorted pulp to the rock bottom of the ocean; but I for one would forever remember the Titanic as a ship; where there everlastingly throbbed the heartbeat of immortal love; between "Jack"; and "Rose";; irrespective of whether the physical forms stayed or crumbled; irrespective of whether there prevailed life or hopeless death.

8. I DO DEFINITELY KNOW; AND HAVE ALWAYS KNOW.

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we used to jauntily fly kites from each other's terraces; deliberately interlock the strings of our mischief for times immemorial,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we bathed in the torrential rain together; with even the most infinitesimal element of our bodies timelessly intertwining into a fireball of infallibly unending passion,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we wholeheartedly used to compliment each other for the tiniest of our achievements; even as the entire world outside sighted us with the eyes of unbearable prejudice,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we unrelentingly peered into each other's eyes in the heart of chaotic street and disabling war; indefatigably discovering the sincerity of creation; even as countless were freshly born and countless died,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we tirelessly chased each other through umpteenth unkempt branches and inscrutable paths of the enchanting forest; with the wind as our only savior and profound sensuality dripping from our souls,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we inarticulately babbled even the most preposterous balderdash that came to our minds; in sheer informality whilst courting each other,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we gave our friendship the truest of meaning; enlightening each of our horrendous agony into brilliant hope; as we uninhibitedly shared the same with each other,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we had our first smooch; when for the first time the melody in our inflamed lips became perpetually singular; bringing alongwith it every tangible speck of happiness on this planet,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we slept intrepidly bare-chested on the cold-blooded rocks; with nothing to do but stare at the moonless sky; with the tyrannically conventional society discarding us like bits of frigid nothingness,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we audaciously proclaimed to our parents that we'd never marry the ones that they'd chosen for us on this fathomless planet; when it was infact the last hour of our wedding day,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we absorbed every ray of the blazingly undefeated morning sun; hugging each other with so much intensity; as if this was the very last moment of life on earth divine,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we unabashedly flirted in the broadest of daylight; endlessly uttering nothing else but words of Immortal love even in the heart of the insidiously robotic corporate empire,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we forever coalesced our palms into a fortress of solidarity; although each line of our destiny lines ran in the most opprobrious opposite directions,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we ardently tongued our way across each other's uncontrollably shivering bodies; possessed each pore of our sensitive skins more impregnably than what God

could have possessed earth,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we'd seen each other the first time on the sordidly heartless street; yet seemed to know each other since centuries unprecedented; without even knowing our names,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we wholesomely satisfied every of our needs ourselves; just the two of us; without even the most oblivious of help from the satanically whipping world outside,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when we unstoppably rubbed our nostrils in wondrous unison; let the breath of our eternal compassion; overwhelm and overrule every other stench of hatred in the boundless atmosphere,

I really don't know the slightest as to whether it all started from the time; when our hearts throbbed louder than the most untamed of volcano's for each other; although we sat unnoticed; untouched; unexplored; indefinable continents apart,

But I do definitely know and have always known; that I've always loved you and only you since even before my very first breath; since even before Omniscient God had created this magically ameliorating earth; since even before there evolved the tiniest definition of heavenly life; in the womb of this untiring Universe.

9. LOVE & DIVORCE

It took an infinite brutally famished nights and days; endless emaciating moments of penance in front of the Omnipotent Lord Almighty; in order to unite two passionately interlocked and true lovers,

It took an infinite odysseys through the most venomously untamed outgrowths of wilderness; in order to unite two bountifully redolent and true lovers,

It took an infinite anecdotes of unflinchingly challenging the most unthinkably impossible; in order to unite two innocuously resplendent and true lovers,

It took an infinite moments of stony silence; at times unlimited hours of patiently peering into haplessly cloudless sky; in order to unite two ardently blessed and

true lovers,

It took an infinite bleeding footsteps whilst transgressing through an unceasing pathway of fiendishly stabbing thorns; in order to unite two jubilantly intricate and true lovers,

It took an infinite droplets of bloodshed; whilst undergoing war against the truculently unforgivable devil; in order to unite two unassailably cheerful and true lovers,

It took an infinite nightmarish nights of confronting the cold-bloodedly sinister ghost face to face; in order to unite two bountifully triumphant and true lovers,

It took an infinite instances of wading through the battlefields of horrifically slandering bad luck; in order to unite two jauntily effulgent and true lovers,

It took an infinite bangs of the skull against the heartlessly conventional wall of the diabolically manipulative society; in order to unite two blissfully frolicking and true lovers,

It took an infinite bones soaked in valiantly fearless blood; whilst fighting against the perpetrators of chauvinism; in order to unite two exuberantly spell binding and true lovers,

It took an infinite gallows of inconsolably deafening misery and eventually asphyxiating death; in order to unite two compassionately silken and true lovers,

It took an infinite graveyards of invidiously maiming silence; submission and wholesome oblivion; in order to unite two fervently ecstatic and true lovers,

It took an infinite rivers of hard earned sweat; whilst trying to explain and unveil each intricate thread of righteousness to the outside world; in order to unite two symbiotically ebullient and true lovers,

It took an infinite screams of everlasting permeating through the coffins of deplorably diminishing hell; in order to unite two wondrously enchanted and true lovers,

It took an infinite ticks of the painstakingly thwarting clock; whilst waiting for the most consummately royal moment to strike; in order to unite two enchantingly gorgeous and true lovers,

It took an infinite inexplicably tormenting riddles to uninhibitedly confront and decipher; in order to unite two beautifully amiable and true lovers,

It took an infinite flagrantly slit throats; whilst bare-bodiedly opposing the mortuary of lies; in order to unite two holistically melanging and true lovers,

It took an infinite unbelievable sacrifices; which rendered even the most resilient of physical form into the most desperately sullen carcass; in order to unite two ubiquitously charismatic and true lovers,

And Yet. Paradoxically Yet. It took those same two lovers just uttering that heinous word thrice; or just putting a legal application in the court; or just walking in different directions altogether; to vindictively "Divorce" each other; to get ruthlessly separated for a lifetime; after they had so immortally and altruistically met.

10. UNMARRIED

Unmarried; when we kissed; we felt the waves of untamed passion rise to the ultimate crescendo of fulfillment; whilst when after Marriage; we felt it to be just routinely boring ritual to be inevitably done; just to spuriously appease each other,

Unmarried; when we listened to each other; our eyes interlocked for hours immemorial as we became oblivious to every other sound in the atmosphere; whilst after Marriage; the words seemed to irately pound like a billion unwashed boulders; upon the extremely tempestuous chords of our eardrums,

Unmarried; when we philandered together; we almost seemed to unanimously admire and appreciate each natural creation of the Lord Almighty; whilst after Marriage; we sat taut and haughty in stony silence; even as the most majestically virile sceneries and greeneries passed by,

Unmarried; when we confronted any problem; both of us earnestly put in our the last droplet of our sweat to emerge unitedly victorious; whilst when after Marriage; each of us left it wholesomely on the other to get out of the inexplicable disaster,

Unmarried; when we sipped wine; we cheered a toast umpteenth number of times in the sensuous wilderness of the night; whilst after Marriage; each of us chimed our glasses just once for the sake of the sanctimonious society; and that

too with profound abhorrence lingering in our eyes; and time and again casting sneering glances at the bottle price,

Unmarried; when we slept; we were aware and fondly traced even the tiniest creak of our bodies with our uninhibitedly wandering fingers; whilst after marriage we indifferently slept poles apart; thunderously snoring till eternity; even as either one of us was being crucified by the swords of diabolical hell,

Unmarried; when we sat to eat supper; each one of us altruistically waited for marathon moments before the other devoured to his/her hearts content; whilst after marriage both of us made a barbarous beeline for the singleton dish; at times ending with raw gashes of unsavory blood; on our profusely scratched hands and face,

Unmarried; when we wrote each others names; we felt the most pricelessly blessed organisms alive perpetually possessing each other in our hearts; whilst after marriage we never disclosed it to anyone that we even had a lifepartner; specially if it was someone of the opposite sex,

Unmarried; when we swam in the choppy ocean; even the most infinitesimal vein of our body was so perennially entwined that it was impossible to separate us even in the fiercest of storm; whilst after marriage we deliberately used each others heads as a lifeboat; drowning the other in our attempt to stay triumphantly afloat and selfishly alive,

Unmarried; when we awoke; the very first thing that we did in the morning was to bow down to each other's feet as we found our ultimate liberator in each of ourself; whilst after marriage we strangulated each other's senses for uncannily waking up early in the morning; and hideously disrupting the heavenliness of bountiful sleep,

Unmarried; when we were wounded; we compassionately ran every contour of our fervent lips to those parts which hurt till there was not the tiniest of pain; whilst after marriage all that we could hedonistically muster; was indigenous salt to apply on the agonizingly crimson streams of blood,

Unmarried; when we laughed; it was as if to trace and assimilate even the most insouciant bit of ecstasy hidden in our unconscious veins; whilst after marriage we invidiously chortled and exploited each other's idiosyncrasies; even at the cost of an infinite tears which unstoppably flowed,

Unmarried; when we sketched; all we could capture on our barren canvases was

every conceivable shade of our passionately exuberant silhouettes; whilst after marriage if ever we used our drawing pens; then it was to spew blood of in tolerance and unfathomable hatred,

Unmarried; when we were lost; we rediscovered and reborn each other in our very own unassailably redolent breaths; whilst after marriage we heartlessly abandoned each other; leaping at the beams of hope who came searching us; and at the first opportunity,

Unmarried; when we sobbed for our loved ones; the innermost realms of our souls united for an infinite lifetimes to share our grief and ameliorate ourselves to the highest epitome of the Sun; whilst after marriage we sadistically used each other's tears to bathe; incase the overhead tank was empty,

Unmarried; when we created something; we mutually congratulated each other till the aisles of endless infinity whether there came or not; the tiniest of soul from the outside world; whilst after marriage the same creation became the ultimate reason in our route to divorce,

Unmarried; when we saw suffering on the streets; we selflessly extricated even the last ounce of blood from our veins; endeavoring our best to serve humanity; whilst after marriage we greedily amassed our own wealth; career; identity and fame; in order to royally exist in separate palaces of gold soaked in innocent blood,

Unmarried; when we met after office; we embraced each other with so much passion and intensity that the most gigantic of structures and creation around humbly tumbled to our toes; whilst after marriage we rapaciously preferred to frequent the prostitutes dwelling to placate our heinous desires; as well as stay forever away from our robotically boring faces,

Therefore it is my nimble plea to you O! Omnipresent Lord; to let our love forever immortalize into a cloud of unbreakable compassion; to let our love forever become the ultimate guiding beacon for every other true lover born; and thus for all this to consolidate into a timeless reality; leave us best as unmarried.

11. WHEN RIDICULED BY MY VERY OWN BELOVED

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal hands; I rose like an unflinchingly peerless tiger; to defend my irrefutably untainted integrity, But when the same was unsparingly ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt hopelessly crippled; not even being able to hoist a feather with my palms; for an

infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal eyes; I rebounded back like a viciously untamed scorpion; to defend my pricelessly inimitable integrity,
But when the same was brutally ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt cadaverously blind; not being able to sight even the largest of structure in the most brilliant of sunshine; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal throat; I towered like the ultimate sword of valiantly fearless war; to defend my blissfully innocuous integrity,
But when the same was preposterously ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt pathetically dumb; not being able to utter a word with my exuberantly bouncing tongue; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal brain; I shot back like an inferno of insatiably endless bravado; to defend my wondrously unimpeachable integrity,

But when the same was unabashedly ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt insanely paralyzed; not being able to distinguish my own voice in wholesome solitude; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal fingers; I poignantly fulminated back like the harshest ray of the midday Sun; to defend my ebulliently triumphant integrity,

But when the same was indefatigably ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt miserably leper; not being able to pen a singleton alphabet; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal feet; I lashed back like a ferocious stalk of pugnacious chili; to defend my ecstatically marvelous integrity,
But when the same was inexhaustibly ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt unbearably maimed; not being able to traverse an infinitesimal millimeter forward; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal spine; I fumed back like the agonizingly uncurbed embers of the bonfire; to defend my victoriously pristine integrity,
But when the same was sinfully ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt tawdrily crooked; not being able to face earth eye to eye; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal lips; I menacingly growled back

like an entire forest of lions; to defend my impeccably vibrant integrity,
But when the same was sadistically ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt
despondently infertile; not being able to generate the tiniest trace of passion; for
an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal ears; I stood fearlessly
unperturbed like the great wall of china; to defend my royally unfettered
integrity,
But when the same was iconoclastically ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt
horrendously deaf; not being able to hear even the loudest decibels of my voice;
for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal blood; I spat back indignantly till
limits of indescribable exhaustion; to defend my bountifully symbiotic integrity,
But when the same was unreasonably ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt
illegitimately orphaned; not being able to ever accept this earth; for an infinite
more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal cheeks; I reacted as violently
as the barbarously caged alligator; to defend my celestially impeccable integrity,
But when the same was deliberately ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt
the ugliest person alive; not being able to face and interact with even the most
ethereal organism on this Universe; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal height; I tirelessly crackled
back in flames of vindication; to defend my beautifully redolent integrity,
But when the same was insidiously ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt
like an invisible ghost; not being able to sight myself ever in the mirror; for an
infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal potency; I erupted back like the
latently gushing volcano; to defend my incredulously altruistic integrity,
But when the same was venomously ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt
like a lifeless corpse; not being able to possess the slightest of my space on
planet divine; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal signature; I flagrantly hissed
back like the uncontrolled tornado; to defend my harmoniously spell-binding
integrity,
But when the same was bawdily ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt like
an impotent illiterate; not being able to ever decipher between innovation and
balderdash; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal sweat; I unstoppably hurled back at them like the highest wave of the stormy sea; to defend my undyingly sparkling integrity,

But when the same was licentiously ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt like the laziest stone on earth; not being able to ever lift or sense my form on this globe; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal shadow; I indefinitely became the ultimate epitomes of abuse; to defend my enthrallingly robust integrity,

But when the same was satanically ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt like the coffins of oblivion; not being able to ever discover the faintest trace of life; for an infinite more lifetimes.

When the world laughed at my perfectly normal passion; I snarled back like the most disastrous guffaws of hell; to defend my blissfully sacrosanct integrity,

But when the same was diabolically ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt like the vials of non-existent poison; not being able to inhale breath even in an atmosphere of sole oxygen; for an infinite more lifetimes.

And when the world laughed at my perfectly normal love; I gave them back a piece of my mind which was as sharp as the tip of a billion knives; to defend my ubiquitously unparalleled integrity,

But when the same was wretchedly ridiculed by my very own beloved; I felt like a mortuary of lies; not being able to ever unite my heart with any other thing on this Universe; for an infinite more lifetimes

12. EVEN IN THE DEEPEST SLEEP OF YOUR DEATH

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to inundate every cranny of your brain with so many spell binding fantasies; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your perpetually silencing death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to enlighten every outline of your lips with so many eternally rhapsodic smiles; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your gruesomely tyrannizing death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to mesmerize each vacant pore of your eardrum with so many spell bindingly humanitarian tunes; that you'd remember nothing else but your

time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your ominously victimizing death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to tantalize every nerve of your spine with so many feathers of uninhibitedness; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your ghoulishly penalizing death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to paint every bit of whiteness in your eye with so many astounding colors of nature divine; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your hideously tormenting death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to appease your stomach with so many vividly amazing fruits of nature on this boundless planet; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your treacherously devastating death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to enchant your nostrils with so many scents of compassionate friendship; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your satanically asphyxiating death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to stupefy each of your intricate veins with so many shades of unabashedly sparkling creativity; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your diabolically castrated death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to embellish every freckle of your neck with so many petals of invincible togetherness; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your sinfully stony death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to rejuvenate every impression on your fingers with so many undying passions of unconquerable artistry; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your miserably obliterated death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to ignite each crevice on your toes with so many pathways of inimitably enriching adventure; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your hopelessly nonchalant death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to delight the enamel of your teeth so many flavors of unparalleled symbiotic creation; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your bizarrely crucifying death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to mollify every chord of your throat with so many mantras of everlasting peace; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your brutally non-existent death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to bless your tongue with so many hymns of unassailable unity; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your preposterously hackneyed death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to worship your breath with so many rays of the fearlessly optimistic Sun; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your irrevocably delirious death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to impregnate your bosom with so many whispers of ardently fascinating excitement; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your inconsolably venomous death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to patronize your shadow with so many rays of insuperably glorious truth; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your horrendously stifling death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to arouse every conceivable cranny of your skin with so many whiskers of unprecedented ecstasy; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your tawdrily maiming death,

One day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I lived; I wanted to fortify each of your bones with so many apogees of universally unshakable brotherhood; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your agonizingly amorphous death,

And one day as destined I know both of us would inevitably die; but as long as I

lived; I wanted to perpetuate each beat of your heart with so many lifetimes of immortal love; that you'd remember nothing else but your time on earth; even in the deepest sleep of your heartlessly evaporating death.

13. WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME FOREVER?

I was dying a pathetically agonizing death every moment waiting for your sensuously silken fingers; why don't you just come in front of me; scratch me uninhibitedly on my cheek with them; and then forever kill me?

I was dying an inconsolably disastrous death every moment waiting for your astoundingly poignant lips; why don't you just come in front of me; kiss me unabashedly on my lips with them; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a torturously sullen death every moment waiting for your tantalizingly unparalleled belly; why don't you just come in front of me; gyrate it jubilantly like the shooting stars; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a wretchedly uncouth death every moment waiting for your profoundly unblemished eyes; why don't you just come in front of me; savor every aspect of my personality with their black's and whites; and then forever kill me?

I was dying an invidiously castrated death every moment waiting for your unbelievably ravishing hair; why don't you just come in front of me; carelessly swish them on my intricate goose-bumps; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a unforgivably penalizing death every moment; waiting for your mellifluously spell binding throat; why don't you just come in front of me; sing just a rhyme with it towards my trembling countenance; and then forever kill me?

I was dying an indescribably lamenting death every moment; waiting for your sacredly dainty feet; why don't you just come in front of me; point a path on earth with it for me to follow; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a fetidly perverted death every moment; waiting for your bountifully effulgent cheeks; why don't you just come in front of me; let them blush an infinitesimal trifle; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a treacherously gory death every moment; waiting for your inscrutably inimitable shadow; why don't you just come in front of me; let its

velvetiness incarcerate each of my senses; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a barbarously asphyxiating death every moment; waiting for your rhapsodically victorious neck; why don't you just come in front of me; nod it only once in ethereal mischief; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a horrendously vindictive death every moment; waiting for your astoundingly eclectic fingers; why don't you just come in front of me; trace them like white electricity down my unstoppably reverberating spine; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a hysterically cadaverous death every moment; waiting for your unfathomably creative mind; why don't you just come in front of me; unfurl its wildest fantasy beside my ardent breath; and then forever kill me?

I was dying an abhorrently diabolical death every moment; waiting for your wondrously stupefying armpits; why don't you just come in front of me; let their golden rivers of sweat dribble upon my fanatically waiting skin; and then forever fill me?

I was dying a satanically crucifying death every moment; waiting for your impeccably adorable ears; why don't you just come in front of me; let their magnetically titillating lobes dangle on my forehead; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a disdainfully cold-blooded death every moment; waiting for your ebulliently unassailable personality; why don't you just come in front of me; let its unconquerable fragrance wholesomely capsize each of my senses; and then forever kill me?

I was dying an unthinkably mortifying death every moment; waiting for your insuperably majestic nostrils; why don't you just come in front of me; let them fierily breathe down my enthused neck; and then forever kill me?

I was dying an unbearably remorseful death every moment; waiting for your royally nubile shoulders; why don't you just come in front of me; entwine their unlimited glory with my uncontrollably resonating chest; and then forever kill me?

I was dying a mercilessly lambasting death every moment; waiting for your priceless voluptuous bosom; why don't you just come in front of me; unravel just a fragment of its timeless compassion into my life; and then forever kill me?

And I was dying a gorily demented death every moment; waiting for your perpetually ameliorating heart; why don't you just come in front of me; let its immortal beats caress my miserably emaciated soul; and then forever kill me?

14. LEAVING ME OPEN-MOUTHED.

I saw her pristine lips only for just an infinitesimal instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of voluptuously untamed desire to cherish; for an infinite more of my bountiful lifetimes,

I saw her ravishing hair only for just an evanescent instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of gloriously unfettered uninhibitedness to cherish; for an infinite more of my enchanting lifetimes,

I saw her rubicund cheeks only for just a mercurial instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of royally untainted mischief to cherish; for an infinite more of my bedazzling lifetimes,

I saw her nubile fingers only for just an ethereal instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of spellbindingly infallible fantasy to cherish; for an infinite more of my enthusing lifetimes,

I saw her heavenly eyelashes only for just an impoverished instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of unconquerably poignant sensitivity to cherish; for an infinite more of my triumphant lifetimes,

I saw her titillating spine only for just a transient instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of unabashedly crimson passion to cherish; for an infinite more of my eclectic lifetimes,

I saw her ecstatic feet only for just an obfuscated instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of ebulliently unfettered adventure to cherish; for an infinite more of my blessed lifetimes,

I saw her enigmatic goose-bumps for just a feckless instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of inimitably priceless exultation to cherish; for an infinite more of my effulgent lifetimes,

I saw her golden sweat for just an oblivious instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of royally righteous perseverance to cherish; for an infinite more of my blissful lifetimes,

I saw her impeccable nose for just an evaporating instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of impregnably bounteous sensuality to cherish; for an infinite more of my benign lifetimes,

I saw her mesmerizing tongue for just a fleeting instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of mellifluously majestic desire to cherish; for an infinite more of my sparkling lifetimes,

I saw her rhapsodic shadow for just a fugitive instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of symbiotically silken charisma to cherish; for an infinite more of my ignited lifetimes,

I saw her venerated ears for just a non-existent instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of unbelievably eternal freedom to cherish; for an infinite more of my vivacious lifetimes,

I saw her euphoric neck for just an inane instant; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of wonderfully enthralling compassion to cherish; for an infinite more of my victorious lifetimes,

I saw her seductive hips for just a frigid instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of astoundingly fructifying virility to cherish; for an infinite more of my intriguing lifetimes,

I saw her queenly palms for just a disappearing instant; but they left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of inscrutably unveiling destiny to cherish; for an infinite more of my tranquil lifetimes,

I saw her amiable bosom for just a worthless moment; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of invincibly divine creation; for an infinite more of my effervescent lifetimes,

I saw her fiery breath for just an infertile moment; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of tirelessly amazing proliferation; for an infinite more of my undying lifetimes,

And I saw her fervent heart for just a castrated moment; but it left me open-mouthed with boundless fantasies of immortally replenishing love; for an infinite more of my piquant lifetimes

15. WITHOUT THE IMMORTAL LOVE OF A WOMAN

Every man's eye is devastatingly empty; unbearably rotting towards the dungeons of diabolical hell; without the celestially commiserating reflections of a bountiful woman,

Every man's palm is sinfully empty; barbarously rotting towards the coffins of penalizing hell; without the compassionately befriending grip of an honest woman,

Every man's vein is dreadfully empty; devilishly rotting towards the vacuum of torturous hell; without the invincibly righteous rudiments of a sacrosanct woman,

Every man's brain is deliriously empty; sadistically rotting towards the thorns of cold-blooded hell; without the unsurpassably ebullient fantasies of an eclectic woman,

Every man's lip is ghastily empty; tawdrily rotting towards the mortuaries of parasitic hell; without the wondrously igniting kisses of an ardent woman,

Every man's shadow is venomously empty; carnivorously rotting towards the skeletons of hideous hell; without the mellifluously symbiotic sweetness of a benign woman,

Every man's signature is disastrously empty; egregiously rotting towards the nothingness of hedonistic hell; without the astoundingly ameliorating reflection of a caring woman,

Every man's mission is treacherously empty; horrendously rotting towards the dirt of excoriating hell; without the pricelessly unconquerable encouragement of a blessed woman,

Every man's lung is cripplingly empty; nonsensically rotting towards the meaninglessness of asphyxiating hell; without the unassailably reinvigorating breath of a timeless woman,

Every man's cheek is lecherously empty; salaciously rotting towards the perversions of crucifying hell; without the mischievously spell binding peck of an untamed woman,

Every man's chest is drearily empty; ignominiously rotting towards the blackness of massacring hell; without the magically reincarnating caress of a sensuous woman,

Every man's spine is lividly empty; preposterously rotting towards the holocaust of morbid hell; without the insurmountably majestic virility of an enigmatic woman,

Every man's adventure is hopelessly empty; sacrilegiously rotting towards the ghost of tormenting hell; without the inscrutably tantalizing echo of a mesmerizing woman,

Every man's skin is frigidly empty; inconsolably rotting towards the whiplash of strangulating hell; without the fathomlessly unabashed exhilaration of an intrepid woman,

Every man's soul is cursedly empty; inexplicably rotting towards the gallows of murderous hell; without the infallibly consecrating sensitivity of a vivacious woman,

Every man's shoulder is dolorously empty; blasphemously rotting towards the shards of deteriorating hell; without the amazingly unflinching unity of a blissful woman,

Every man's ear is abjectly empty; viciously rotting towards the gutters of malevolent hell; without the enchantingly unfettered voice of a mystical woman,

Every man's nostril is despondently empty; perilously rotting towards the wickedness of baseless hell; without the perennially life-yielding fragrance of an intricate woman,

And every man's heart is haplessly empty; unsparingly rotting towards the evil jinx of cannibalistic hell; without the immortally embracing love of a faithful woman.

16. WHAT SHOULD A HUSBAND DO?

What should a husband do; if his wife indefatigably nagged him; tirelessly made him feel like a naked impoverished beggar; right in the center of the boisterously crowded street; and under the broadest of daylight?

What should a husband do; if his wife was more indifferent than the acrimoniously stabbing deserts; aimlessly staring towards the amorphously non-existent winds; whilst he inconsolably trembled in the most inexplicable of pain and disease?

What should a husband do; if his wife was the biggest blackmailer on the trajectory of planet divine; an entity who if once came to know of his weaknesses; would continue to backlash at him like the most venomous scorpion; at the tiniest of opportunity?

What should a husband do; if his wife preferred to talk more passionately than the Sun to every stranger and obliterated stone on the dusty street; remaining an emotionless ghost right in front of his earnest eyes?

What should a husband do; if his wife didn't ask him even once of what he did and achieved the entire day; even though he'd catapulted to such dizzy heights of philanthropic success; that none could ever perceive in the wildest of their dreams?

What should a husband do; if his wife ghoulishly went off into the realms of unbreakable sleep; whilst he was undergoing the most volatile catharsis of his heart; sharing the most latent ingredients of his soul with her persona?

What should a husband do; if his wife vindictively abused him every unfurling instant of the day and night; when every other entity on the planet loved him for the astounding records that he'd achieved; for all the endless love that he was trying to perennially spread?

What should a husband do; if his wife mischievously flirted and philandered with every other man on the Universe; even though he endeavored his very best to quench even the most evanescent of her desire?

What should a husband do; if his wife sadistically ridiculed even the most sacred of his beliefs; nonchalantly dismissed every element of his devotion; to bond as one with the spirit of the Omnipotent God?

What should a husband do; if his wife devised an infinite ways to pull his leg and make him lick the most disdainful of dust; instead of inspiring him to unflinching face the world and rise to the most truthfully ultimate of skies?

What should a husband do; if his wife wholeheartedly supported the indiscriminate felling of trees just to impart more free space to their land; whilst he on the other hand shed a billion tears of sorrow at even the tiniest snapping of a leaf?

What should a husband do; if his wife wholesomely dictated her insane

idiosyncrasies on their only child; threatening to leave him forever and go publicly to her parents house; if he dared to intervene with her suggestions for his very own heavenly offspring?

What should a husband do; if his wife guffawed like the greatest of marauding demons; at every ardently heart-rendering tear drop that dribbled from his eye; for treacherously depraved humanity?

What should a husband do; if his wife interminably preferred to read every bit of delirious balderdash written on this earth; whilst countless lines of poetry that he'd immortally dedicated and written for her; lay fretfully rotting and obsolete on his writing shelves?

What should a husband do; if his wife unstoppably sermonized him to go to a flagrantly unceremonious mental asylum; whilst he all he ever attempted to do in his life; was to help her successfully accomplish every task of hers?

What should a husband do; if his wife was severely prejudiced and his worst critic; salaciously excoriating the most inimitably priceless of his art to feckless totters; in her fits of preposterously manipulative practicality?

What should a husband do; if his wife unsparingly teamed up with her parents; to demonstrate the epitome of cadaverous rudeness towards him; for every kind and humanitarian deed that he did?

What should a husband do; if his wife felt that bearing his child was the greatest sin on the soil of this fathomless Universe; as it would satanically disproportion her body; integrity; identity and unabashed entity?

What should a husband do; if his wife's only mission was to squabble and thrash him with the mace of abhorrence; right from the first cry of dawn; for ostensibly not the slightest rhyme or reason?

Should he Kill Her? Or Should he Kill Himself? Or Should he kill both? Or Should be Divorce Her? Or Should he remarry? Or should he keep his second wife alongwith Her? Or should he abandon all worldly pleasures and go to the peak of Everest to perpetually meditate?

Well if I for one was in his shoes; then I wouldn't do any of the above. Instead just accept all what was happening around me; as a part of my inevitably regretful destiny.

17. FIND ME A GIRL?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your amazingly bohemian behavior; without the tiniest of slang or ostentation adorning your nakedly rustic demeanor?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your vivaciously uninhibited spontaneity; without the most infinitesimal of shrewdness or malice tarnishing your soul?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your timidly plaintive personality; without the most minuscule of brawn or dominance brilliantly shouldering your personality?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for the scent of your righteously hard earned sweat; without the most inane trace of contemporary machismo radiating from your countenance?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your unabashedly mischievous and uncut nails; without the most insipid tinge of suaveness beautifying your shadow?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your vivaciously unpretentious laughter; without the most oblivious insinuation of restraint engulfing your form?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your state of glaring nothingness; without the most infidel presence of the currency note in entire of your destined existence?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your open-heartedness- your devoting your entire life to humanity instead of praising her; without the most obfuscated tinge of manipulation in your stride?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your wholesome renunciation of desire; without the most evanescent inferno of longing running through your intricate veins?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your everlasting evolution of an infinite poetic forms; without the most ethereal ingredient of profit enshrouding your destiny lines?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your maniacal faithfulness; without the most transient shades of partying; merry-making and socializing; circumscribing your existence?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your spirit of tirelessly unflinching patriotism; without the most ephemeral innuendo of homeliness surrounding your silhouette?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your untamed footprints; without the most feckless imagery of pragmatic worldly direction evoking your brain?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for the immortal love throbbing in your heart; without the most orphaned trace of religion; nationality; caste; creed; ever associated with your persona?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your insatiably uncurbed fantasies; without the most fugitive beam of earthly saneness; enveloping your identity?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your honestly unrestricted tears; without the most invisible trace of contemporary sun-glasses stylishly sequestering your eyes?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for the pricelessly insuperable humanity in your blood; without the most disappearing ounce of racially discriminating commercialism fortifying your bones?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your inimitably unique and profound personality; without the most evaporating iota of spell-binding magic descending down your spine?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your pristinely untainted breath; without the most vanishing firmament of state-of-the-art perfume wafting from the pores of your skin?

Find me a girl in today's world; who loves you solely for your perennially compassionate heartbeats; without the most threadbare whiff of stardom and cynosure revolving round your palms?

And if you did in some impossible way or the other succeed in finding such a girl; then first and foremost prove it to me that she was actually an ordinary

human being like everyone of us on this gigantic planet; and not the Omniscient Lord in disguise?

18. TILL THE TIME WE LIVED.

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would perpetuate each barren pore of your skin with so much exhilaration; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my ecstasy; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would tantalize your brain with so many fantasies of majestic creation; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my sensuality; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would rekindle your emptiness with so many fires of untamed virility; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my ardor; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would transform every defeat of yours into so many triumphs of infallible optimism; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my courage; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would enlighten your hapless eyes with so many shades of blazing fearlessness; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my valor; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would complete each unfinished line of your destiny with so many positive ramifications; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my fragrance; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would caress each bleeding cranny of your lips with so many befriending kisses; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my compassion; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would disentangle each miserably

hackneyed sense of yours with so many mystical moments; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my bountifulness; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would impregnate each ingredient of your alien blood with so much royal oneness; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my humanity; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would permeate each chord of your monotonous eardrum with so many rhapsodic tunes; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my sweetness; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would heal each of your obsolete wounds with so many panaceas of companionship; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my intimacy; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would nurse each of your inexplicable wails with so many songs of mother nature; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my freshness; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would wipe each of your tears with so many flames of my desire; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my exuberance; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would guide each dwindling path of yours to so many corridors of magical utopia; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my inspiration; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would befriend your inconsolably amputated palms with so many handshakes; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my conviction; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would fortify each broken bone of yours with so many threads of redolent humanity; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my humility; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would ameliorate your shattered soul with so many colors of this vivacious Universe; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my versatility; even after I died,

To die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would reinvigorate your asphyxiated breath with so many winds of divinely creation; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my enchantment; even after I died,

And to die together was perhaps impossible in this birth; but I promise you O! beloved; that till the time we lived; I would consecrate your betrayed heart with so many beats of perpetual faith; that you would immortally exist with nothing else but my love; even after I died.

19. INTO THE SHOES OF A TRUE LOVER.

Does love mean; being extraordinarily possessive about your beloved; not leaving her even for an infinitesimal instant; from the ardently obsessive fixation of your sight?

Does love mean; giving your beloved the freedom to pursue anything and everything she wants; although at times she might transgress the fine line of your poignant emotions and desire?

Does love mean; overtly forgiving your beloved; even if she blatantly and obnoxiously pulverized the principles of existence; intermittently spat directly on the naked space of your face; at the tiniest of exasperation?

Does love mean; inundating every conceivable skin pore of your beloved with so many kisses; that she could hardly feel any other sensation of the Universe on her nimble flesh?

Does love mean; standing like a perpetually unflinching citadel abreast your beloved; knocking the last breaths out of any alien man; who dared to flirt with her?

Does love mean; profusely kissing every footprint made by your amiable beloved; keep slavering upon obdurately cold ground; with your tongue fervently wagging and till the time that she walked?

Does love mean; expecting your beloved to idolize none other than you; every unfurling instant of the day; and perceiving none other than your countenance all throughout the bewitchingly starless night?

Does love mean; unthinkably putting every perceivable part of your body forward; to each vicious arrow that dared come the way of your beloved; sacrifice your life at the slightest innuendo of danger to her smiles?

Does love mean; emaciating yourself to the most extreme levels of gruesome extinction; just in order to witness your beloved replenish even the most evanescent of her shadow; with all the richness of this planet?

Does love mean; deriving fathomless happiness at witnessing your beloved flourish in her career and pursuits; whilst you abandoned everything so that the feeling of competition never arose; and to forever see her smile?

Does love mean; unstoppably embracing your beloved in your invincibly vice like grip; from which there wasn't the tiniest of escape; for an infinite more lifetimes?

Does love mean; penning countless lines of immortal poetry on your majestic beloved; unrelentingly staring into the rustic whites of her eye; all day and in the ravishing stupefaction of the night?

Does love mean; emulating even the most obsolete action of your beloved; going to the most painstakingly ridiculous heights in copying her bit by bit; and at the same time bearing with the laughter from the society outside?

Does love mean; in all totality surrendering even the last droplet of blood in your veins; to the most ethereal command of your beloved; perpetually re-christening yourself as her soul-mate as well as chained slave?

Does love mean; wholesomely obfuscating and shutting your ears to the outside world; romanticize till times immemorial in the voluptuous bosom of your beloved; even as the planet ghastily deteriorated and crumbled outside?

Does love mean; prostrating forever at the feet of your sacrosanct beloved; considering them as the ultimate god; the ultimate heaven and hell on this globe; and for a boundless destinations beyond?

Does love mean; timelessly kissing your beloved on her blissful lips; mollifying every bit of hunger and thirst in your ravenous body; by only savoring the

compassionate sweetness of her redolent creation?

Does love mean; letting each sensuous breath of your beloved; be the only oxygen for your penuriously asphyxiated lungs; as you royally embellished each naked arena of her flesh; with the untamed virility of your creation?

Does love mean; forever and ever and ever bonding each beat of your passionate heart with your beloved; letting two bodies exist as an unconquerably fragrant 'one' for as long as the earth lived?

Well. If I for one were to step into a true lover's shoes; then love for me would mean all of the above; impregnably implemented at some stage or the other; in the chapter of my mellifluously destined life.

20. AN EARNEST PRAYER FOR EVERY OTHER HUSBAND ON THIS EARTH.

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the general condition of the environment around; and as every source of media proclaimed it to be on the ghastly brink of extinction,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the brand new recipes that she'd voraciously browsed through; in every cook-book that she could lay her effervescent hands upon,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the epidemic that'd taken sinister proportions in the society; the horrendously agonizing anecdotes of several in her invincibly close-knit kin,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the overall weather being one of the most acrimonious in the country; and her plans to liberate at the fastest possible to a cherished utopian land,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the current trends of fashion and opulence in the society; and how miserably divested was she of virtually everything on this vast planet,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; how obsolete she perceived me to be-though I was glowing with hard-earned success; just because I'd tread on the path never ever taken before on this planet divine,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; every move and decision that her revered parents took; at times going to unfathomable depths to

solve any familial misunderstandings; whilst I sulked in raw sunshine,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; what an indescribable revolution she would bring in the life of every divested soul alive; by impartially distributing the entire wealth of this planet to all alike,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the gravely unsurpassable amounts of dirt that she'd most tenaciously extricated; from the most obsolete crannies of our already spic-span home,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the inexhaustible myriad of soap operas-game shows-spell binding documentaries; which she'd watched in each spare moment of hers,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the headlines; gossips; spiritual sayings which she'd read in every bookshop; as reading was one of her alltime favorite pastime,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; all those established celebrities and luminaries; all those upon whom the media was extravagantly onto; silencing all in vicinity whilst listening to her favorite star interview,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; every like and dislike of our kids; wanting them to accomplish only her unfinished dreams; as she considered every of my talents and works as disdainfully imbecile,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; me being a complete misanthrope and wretched misfit for the society; wholesomely lost and absorbed in my own poetically fantasizing musings,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; my ruining every element of her otherwise victorious life; indescribably denigrating me to lifeless ash whilst comparing me to other husbands in her sight,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; fossils; shells; and virtually every mystical and artificial carving on this Universe; going to painstaking depths to study the elaborate etymology of the same,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; her father's once upon a time 9 to 9 unsparing life; the innumerable droplets of sweat that he'd shed to raise her; whilst all I knew in comparison was staring at insouciant bits of

blue sky,

Nineteen to the dozen and an infinite lines did she talk about; the stories that her friends; followers and well wishers had recounted to her; and how desperately did she want to make an enlightenment into every aspect of their bizarrely hapless and solitary lives,

And whilst I appreciated and respected all her talk; O! how I wished and wished and wished; that atleast a line out of the infinite she spoke to me was asking me as to what I did in the entire day; asking me to recite the fervent lines of my poetry on all creations of the Lord; asking me as to how the rhythm of my tender heart felt?

Anyways; though I knew it was virtually impossible for it to happen this way - naturally and of her own accord in this life; I earnestly pray to you O! Omnipotent Lord; to make it happen in every other impoverished husband's life; so that unlike my sole urge to die this very instant out of sheer indifference; he feels more ardently than ever before; to be reborn again and again and again.

21. MY SILENCE WILL SPEAK TO YOU

Never ever would I cause you the most inconspicuous of harm; if you preferred to relinquish every ounce of your life for a complete stranger; whilst neglecting me like a heap of fetid rubbish-in the farthest corner of the trash can,

Never ever would I cause you the most invisible of harm; if you indulged in senseless gossip with your friends for hours immemorial; and then blaming time for not asking me how I lead my entire day,

Never ever would I cause you the most deteriorating of harm; if you admired every insignificant achievement of your close kin; whilst treating each world record of mine as some orphaned jinx fallen from the sky,

Never ever would I cause you the most baseless of harm; if you neatly clipped every piece of literature you'd read all day; whilst proclaiming the infinite lines of my poetry as just a disdainful squandering of time,

Never ever would I cause you the most ethereal of harm; if you spuriously supported me for every weakness of mine; only to outrageously reveal the same to the world outside; blackmailing me for the tiniest loss of my temper,

Never ever would I cause you the most floundering of harm; if you viciously

abused and slapped me in front of my own blood; just because I'd fearlessly expressed my individualistic point of view in closed doors,

Never ever would I cause you the most oblivious of harm; if you sanctimoniously entwined your arms in mine; and then cavorted for major part of life with the charismatic clinician of your choice—as I turned behind,

Never ever would I cause you the most insipid of harm; if you blatantly declared each ounce of my passion for my favorite things in life; as insane madness of the highest degree,

Never ever would I cause you the most limpid of harm; if you unsparingly ridiculed me for my gluttony when I was hungry; whereas you plucked countless living leaves of the tree time and again—for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

Never ever would I cause you the most infinitesimal of harm; if you started to snore like a boundless combined monsters; the instant I tried to uninhibitedly pour the past and present of my heart; beside your collapsing stride,

Never ever would I cause you the most forgetful of harm; if you ignominiously slandered the way I solely listened to my heart and got bankrupt; whilst you assimilated coin over perspiring coin—were an ardent fan of every astute brain who went on to built an emotionless empire,

Never ever would I cause you the most languid of harm; if you diabolically retaliated as if to wholesomely behead me; to just a spurt of my anger which only went to show I was human and not God,

Never ever would I cause you the most frigid of harm; if you laughed louder than the planet outside on each of my follies; showing me the sadistic shade of the devil whilst staying close to my breath all my life,

Never ever would I cause you the most obsolete of harm; if you continued to sleep as the thieves came in and made merry; and then rebuked me for being a coward and not confronting them—thought I was at a distant place that time,

Never ever would I cause you the most non-existent of harm; if you inexhaustibly hummed praises of your close kin though they discarded you; whilst I was the one who came running to the faintest of your cries,

Never ever would I cause you the most disappearing of harm; if you clapped for the very politicians who sat on power thrones; whose foundations gorily rested

on innocent blood of my pristine brothers, sisters and benign kin,

Never ever would I cause you the most insouciant of harm; if you cursed me from the innermost ingredients of your blood to die each instant of my destined life—only because I opposed you and your conventionally tyrannical society for lighting venomous crackers to greet and appease the Gods,

Never ever would I cause you the most evanescent of harm; if you tied the nuptial knot with me solely to get a handsome roof to live under—and thereby absolve your kin from the excruciating agonies of an added existence,

Nevertheless wife. Though I would never ever harm even the most mercurial hair on your skin in any manner whatsoever—but for every painful beat of my heart that you were responsible— My silence will speak to you.

22. REDDER THAN THE REDDEST OF ROSE—MY VALENTINE.

Redder than the reddest of rose was your ecstatically silken shadow; sensuously engulfed under the unparalleled flaming rays of Sun—as you gleefully scampered up the mystically barren cliff,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your voluptuously scarlet lips; profusely coated with mischievous shades of dancing scarlet; as you painstakingly devoured each ounce of the betel leaf; bit by tantalizing bit,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your bountifully robust palms; as you grazed them uninhibitedly against every strand that spawned from soil; in your unceasing gestures of embracing all exhilaration on the planet,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your dainty forehead; as you passionately knelt it for several hours against plaintive floor; in your invincible obeisance to the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your daintily gratifying feet; as you jubilantly dug them in and out of chunks of rustic mud; that was compassionately heavenly after the first thundershowers this season,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your seductively undefeated cheeks; as you blushed more naively than the first rays of dawn; perceiving the prince charming of your blissful life with surreal stars in your eyes,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your nectar laden fingers; as you weaved

them more zealously than ever before in oceans of myriad color; suddenly illuminating white canvas with the boundless enigmas of your soul,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your perpetually benign blood; which graciously embraced the religion of humanity at every step you tread; in each of its unflinchingly everlasting ingredient,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your ebulliently shimmering nails; as you inexhaustibly gnawed at them in a child like innocence; whilst pondering over the infinite unsolved mysteries of this fathomless Universe,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your astoundingly curious ears; instantaneously rising to the hilt of heaven to the tiniest of appreciation and then burying themselves under countless feet of soil—at sarcasm as it humanely came,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your affably poignant bosom; heaving and falling like the pristine ebbs and tides of the great majestic sea; as each current of the eclectically fickle wind caressed it with new-found electricity,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your regally titillating eyelashes; as you let them unabashedly absorb the most fervent streaks of lightening as well as nimble sunset; with indescribable stunning panache,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your royally galloping legs; as you ran far beyond the horizons of sunset to shake hands with the utterly unknown; pumping raw exhilaration at every step that you dared tread,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your implacably nubile skin; metamorphosing into a fantastic crimson with each scorching draught of the summer wind and as the freezing breeze of winter bit in with all its fury,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your artistically charmed nose; as you nuzzled it across every gregarious tree stalk in vicinity; exploring your rudiments of a countless inscrutable lifetimes,

Redder than the reddest of rose were your ravishingly swaying hair; cascading till well below your hips in an inimitable glory of their own; resembling a simmering ravine of half-baked emotions as the rainbow appeared in the sky,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your magically mollifying nape; as you rolled on a bed of natural thorns time and again to explore your whacky side;

with the moonless night as your sole savior,

Redder than the reddest of rose was your eternally sacrosanct womb; which had the power of to start the process of all blessedly rubicund creation; with the orders of the Omniscient Almighty Lord,

Therefore who needs an incoherently lifeless rose to celebrate 'Valentines Day'- Instead; every beautiful soul out there on the planet-redder than the reddest of rose; will you be my companion for life and beyond-this Valentine.

23. IF THERE WAS ANYTHING THAT COULD BITE A MAN

Not the deadliest sting of the venomously dancing scorpion; perpetually waiting to crawl on naked skin and pierce its hindside deep down into streams of innocuous scarlet blood,

Not even the menacingly insatiable army of ants; ardently dreaming of nothing else but triggering a volcano of unbearable redness; as they stealthily clambered upon the most invisible patches of skin,

Not even the most savagely gleaming knives; who yearned to sadistically chop anything and everything in vicinity; into a trillion pieces of livid meaninglessness,

Not even the most despairingly morose dungeons; who wanted to devour every conceivable source of life in the blooming atmosphere; forever into a graveyard of demonic blackness,

Not even the most ominously parasitic leeches; who started to hideously slither as if starved since a thousand centuries; at sighting the most orphaned droplet of blood splattered on the grave,

Not even the most invidiously smoldering embers of the bonfire; whose sole mission in life was to burn every trespassing soul to an unrecognizable death; a most perfect vindication for their dreadfully miserly state of now,

Not even the most incapacitated of oblivious rusty iron nails; who knew they could cause many an inexplicably traumatizing disease; apart from a corpse of woeful blood; once they pugnaciously stung,

Not even the most perilously sinister sheets of sinking mud; who wretchedly suckled you to the rock bottom of incarcerated darkness; with an ease as

inanimate as a ghost passing unscathed through the wall,

Not even the most forlornly thwarting silence; a web of preposterously crucifying loneliness trying its best to trap every life of bustling energy; only to be eaten by the spiders of hell,

Not even the gullibly hissing snakes; whose singleton kiss of the lips on pristine life; led to the most irrevocably silencing mortuaries of death; an agonizing extinction which brutally paralyzed all existence,

Not even the most tyrannical wells of unending sarcasm; which plagued every creatively brilliant spark that rose from the mind and soul; with the devil's altar of jinxed negativity,

Not even the most disdainfully lethal smokescreens of adulteration; which yearned every unveiling instant to usurp everyone on earth; in their murderously cancerous swirl,

Not even the most abysmal gorge of hopeless desperation; which perpetuated every sane entity on the trajectory of the planet; to become a maniac who asymmetrically plundered for raw flesh and blood,

Not even the most dreadfully conniving satans of hell; who devised endless insidious ways and means to torture you after you died; and were sent to their custody in your fecklessly frigid after life,

Not even the most despondently amorphous walls of monotony; which unsparingly marauded every infinitesimal ounce of newness around with carcasses of penalizing routine,

Not even the most heartless cauldrons with meat butchered into a zillion pieces; where the most priceless of emotions were hacked to the most indescribably torturous death; shockingly alive,

Not even the most ominously wailing streams of blistering lava; launching an assault of an unimaginably distorted and instant death; as it fervently prayed for the very first living step to transgress its way,

Not even most ghoulishly jangling skeletons of nothingness; whose sole purpose lay in scaring the daylights of optimism from the innermost realms of your soul; make you one of their own even in the pinnacle of your robust life,

But if there was anything that could indeed bite a Man till beyond an infinite of his lives and deaths-Then it was only the infidelity of the woman whom he'd given his heart; the woman whom he truly loved.

24. WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE?

Will you be the luckiest charm of my existence; a wish of supreme fulfillment that only led to humanitarian goodness; philanthropy and selflessness- as I nimbly tread by the grace of the Creator Divine?

Will you be the vivaciously dancing butterfly of love in my garden; illuminating every dreary nerve of mine- with the charm of your poignantly exuberant flight? Will you be the scent of immortal companionship that drifted close to my nostrils; so that I forever floated in a paradise of goodness; unfettered and bonded in a mist of friendship sublime?

Will you be the rainbow of unflinching camaraderie that I sighted in tufts of blue; that ignited my spirit of symbiotic survival on divine earth; to the very fullest? Will you be the droplet of tantalizing rain that cascaded down my roof; triggering a perennial yearning in my heart to be kissed in a domain; beyond the definitions of clockwork time?

Will you be the uninhibited stream that sparkled down the virgin slopes; embracing every element of my impoverished existence; with a wand of bountiful endowment?

Will you be those invisible tendrils of excitement that caressed my spine; awakening me from a stupor of inane practicality; towards the effulgently whistling winds of existence?

Will you be the fairy that casts a gorge of happiness wherever you went; a perpetual mist of bliss that I embraced; as I continued my truncated odyssey on soil?

Will you be that line of destiny on my palms that solely leads to truth; a flame that keeps the true passion of my life ignited with unparalleled caring?

Will you be the song that I cherished to sing the most in this Universe; a melody whose tunes drifted from the innermost arenas of my innocuous soul?

Will you be that undaunted living form by my side; in my times of ebullience and inexplicable misfortune alike; even as abuses were intransigently hurled from the planet outside?

Will you be the tinkling laughter that engulfed my ears with new-found hope; everytime I felt the ship of my scraggily penurious existence sink to the rock bottom of hopelessness?

Will you be the nightingale that unabashedly perched upon my shoulder; drowning me into ecstatic spasms of all the sweetness- that ever formed my imperfectly humane atmosphere?

Will you be every Lilly that blossomed on the path not dared taken; but the very

path I chose to celebrate every moment of my synergistically intrepid existence?
Will you be the everlasting source of my child-like bewilderment; as the magic of
your spontaneity continued to enthuse the informally bohemian footsteps of my
life?

Will you be the ultimate seductress that drifted me away from the worst of crisis;
far away from the world of greed; manipulation and satanic barbarism—like a
prince near your amiably compassionate bosom?

Will you be the reason that I found new-found optimism to survive; not only
reaching the zenith myself—but reaching out the balm of unhindered love and
humanity to every single of my fellow beings?

Will you be the voice that I could easily differentiate from amongst every other
on the planet; as it was my own heart's cry to forever unite with my soul-mate in
this life and every life hence-forth- destined?

I guess its time to propose to you now—and that's exactly what I am doing from
deep within my heart O! Beloved- will you be my Valentine

25. SHE REALLY LOVED YOU.

She irrefutably loved it when you lavishly admired her toes; adroitly fitted them
with the most tantalizingly silver amulets - that lent sensuous charm to her
impoverished existence,

She unbelievably loved it when you gently held her palms - eclectically traced her
destiny lines on her velvety skin - added unparalleled meaning to her life with
your ecstatic charisma,

She wondrously loved it when you snuggled close to her during when the
earthquake struck - were her invincible pillar of support and royally replenished
her desire with friendship,

She profoundly loved it when you admired the artistry that unfolded as she
descended the rustic steps - and more so because you said that in front of several
of your other girlfriends - magnanimously deserving,

She unhesitatingly loved it when you ran your fingers through her ravishing hair
just moistened by fresh first thundershowers of the monsoon - and which ignited
her to feel the ecstasy in the wind blowing gustily around,

She truly loved it when you exhorted her to sit down amidst the bountifully green
environs - and then sketched the most immaculately bewildering portrait of her -
that all your talent could ever muster,

She uninhibitedly loved it when you shared meal with her in the same plate - which though disintegrated and bohemian - enthralled with the variedly ebullient ingredients of companionship,

She unabashedly loved it when you audaciously shouted at any human who acted deplorably with her - took her far away from the pandemonium of the congested streets - within the fantabulous wilderness of the hills,

She innocuously loved it when you embraced her unassailably close to your chest - humming her most favorite song as your pristine lips grazed her astoundingly gregarious ears,

She compassionately loved it when you mischievously pecked her on the cheek and ran away - soon returned back to dance with her - breaking barriers of caste; creed; color and tribe - to revel in the flames of seductive romance,

She indisputably loved it when you called her amazingly versatile for those inconspicuous toys of different shapes and sizes; that she'd crafted of clay - empowering the lives of disastrously abandoned children with mellifluous triumph,

She joyously loved it when you penned an impromptu poem on her - emanating like the natural currents of the frostily virgin waterfall - as she placidly perched herself on the meadow of desire and fantasized for goodness,

She effulgently loved it when you wholesomely shrugged off all your stringent societal formalities in front of her; divulging your true and unrestricted self to her - which was in fact her greatest richness to cherish on this beautiful planet,

She brilliantly loved it when you instantaneously tore a part of your expensive shirt to wrap around her fresh wound - informally carried her on your philanthropic shoulders to her dwelling as she amiably wrapped her arms around you,

She splendidly loved it when you proposed her out for the best date of her life - and then instead of presenting her with spuriously costly and feckless jewelry - gifted her a letter conveying your truest feelings for her - just as the Sun royally set and the magnificently phlegmatic night arrived,

She adorably loved it when you sincerely applauded her inimitably melodious voice - which won over prejudice with its naturally articulate tune of love -

mesmerized the fabric of humanity towards an optimistically benevolent tomorrow,

She fabulously loved it when you fearlessly and most gladly traversed with her to the places she wanted - rendering her the most vibrantly faithful company that she could ever perceive of - and your artistic wittiness ensuring that she merrily jostled towards undefeated positivity,

She unquestionably loved it when you kissed her - and the enamoring sweetness of your togetherness - which then propounded a unique proposal in front of the world - that which was of the, Religion of humanity,

But in spite of all this - she would still hate you if you didn't say the real thing pretty soon - those majestically unconquerable words to solemnize your sincerity and truthful relationship - those unmatched pearls of joy which were one of the most ultimate mortal gifts in a girl's existence - those blissfully bonding words that so gloriously resuscitated the various desolate pathways of life - those alphabets which were of course - I Love you.

26. BECAUSE SHE HAD MADE MY FOOD WITH LOVE.

It definitely wasn't because of the tantalizingly appetizing aroma that graciously wafted through mundane wisps of nothingness - fomenting a new found hunger to greedily gobble till the very last non - existent bit,

It irrefutably wasn't because of the ravishingly royal appearance that engulfed it with a princely charm to swoon for - the succulent layers of nutrition that made the tongue salivate longingly in anticipation of the tiniest of contact,

It intransigently wasn't because of the fact that the day had been overwhelmingly exhausted and famished - prompting an ecstatic push for the dining table as soon as the footsteps reached the threshold of gregariously sweet home,

It dogmatically wasn't because of the sumptuous fillings of delicately dribbling curry that painstakingly cascaded from the main course - suddenly empowering the desire to symbiotically exist with counterpart man on earth,

It irretrievably wasn't because of the multitude of culinary embellishments that adorned its periphery - making it resemble a platter served in the choicest of castles and to the most magnificently invincible of Kings and Queens on planet earth,

It certainly wasn't because it triggered an optimistically artistic desire of sketching unparalleled beauty around you - with its lavishly grand helpings sensitively strewn and blended raw with rustic fruit,

It intractably wasn't because of its astoundingly rich nutritious value highly recommended by the best in their respective fields - that could wonderfully replenish and gorgeously harness the deteriorating bones of aged existence,

It truly wasn't because its enamoring recipe had won virtually every conceivable International award and felicitation - before pompously filling in the barren recesses of the famished plates laid rather nonchalantly on the dinner table,

It irrevocably wasn't because of hype and mystery enshrouding it that had culminated perseveringly as the day had unveiled - with inconspicuous tid - bits and chatter from family members of what was in store for supper adding exorbitantly to the already charged up atmosphere,

It earnestly wasn't because it had thrown monotonous strictness out of the window - as the most sonorously disciplined of adults - ravenously indulged into tearing it apart into minuscule pieces of digestion - before eventually swallowing it with unabashed glee,

It simply wasn't because it profoundly inspired you to become a poet - interweave and embody verse of the highest perceivable imagination in praise of its compassionate aura; dainty structure; texture and transiently adorable charm,

It sagaciously wasn't because of the impromptu occasion that transpired because of it being gloriously laid - as members of the family rejoiced and reveled in each other's company sitting across the table - as the night unfurled in its majestically voluptuous color,

It obstinately wasn't because of the uninhibited feast that it provided to fantasizing entities around - as they experienced sheer tranquility after having consumed it - pacifying the most ethereal of their apprehensions with the enrichment of taste,

It solidly wasn't because of the spectacular vitality that it permeated the lividly exasperated body with - the same physical form which had decayed into a disheveled heap a little while ago - out of sheer agony and hunger triggered by the parasitic meanness of the mortal world,

It undoubtedly wasn't because of the goodwill and extraordinary hospitality that it successfully generated - even as the uncalled for neighborhood urchins were fantastically drawn towards it and ate it; as if there wasn't going to be a meal in near future,

It incorrigibly wasn't because of the flattery and the untainted adoration that diligently admired my hard work - to be able to earn such a succulent princely spread of eatery at the fag end of the assiduously hard earned day,

It promisingly wasn't because of that contented handshake that came from the other side as soon as the meal got over - rendering me in indescribable rhapsody as all measly past differences with my friend were now resolved - and this is exactly what a thoroughly reinvigorating meal had the power to do,

It really wasn't because it was a part of that sporadic celebration that happened in moment of joyous triumph - bringing distant family and outsiders irrespective of caste, creed, color and tribe - to relish the marvelously salubrious chunks of home cooked delicacy,

But I merrily had it, relished it, romanticized about it, savored it to absolute glory - because she had made my food with love.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 2

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually Part 2 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. TRUE AND IMMORTAL LOVER.
2. OUR DIVINELY HONEYMOON.
3. WHEN WE FELL IN LOVE
4. ONLY IN MY MEMORIES.
5. AS YOU FELL INTO THE GORGE OF IMMORTAL LOVE
6. COMMIT THIS SIN. AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN.

7. IN RETURN.
8. TRUE HISTORY SHALL FOREVER BE CREATED
9. THE DRESS IN PURE AND POWERFUL BLACK
10. TOO ROMANTIC IS TOO GOOD
11. THE MOST IMMORTAL OF THEM ALL
12. SOMETIMES
13. I WAS SURE TO FALL IN LOVE
14. NEVER SAY DIE
15. JUST A MINUTE AGO
16. PLEASE COME SOON
17. MY HEART DICTATED ME
18. MORE THAN GOD COULD HAVE MISSED EARTH
19. BIND US TOGETHER
20. WHEN I LOST MY LOVE
21. WHEN IN LOVE
22. IN ORDER TO REPAIR
23. THE ARROW OF LOVE
24. GLASS OF LOVE
25. THE TENACITY OF MY LOVE
26. YOU LIVED IN MY HEART
27. ROPE OF LOVE
28. THE FIRST TIME
29. POLISH
30. IF I WERE TO CHOOSE
31. WHEN WE TALK ABOUT LOVE
32. THE ONLY PERSON
33. I WOULD STILL CONSIDER MYSELF THE RICHEST
34. WOULD YOU EVER BELIEVE
35. WHILE PASSING BY HER HOUSE
36. YOU CAN NEVER BREAK OUR PERPETUAL LOVE
37. NOSTALGIA
38. ONE MUST LEARN
39. YOU WERE MY HEART BEAT
40. TOOLS
41. THE ONLY BEAT I POSSESSED
42. INCOMPLETE
43. LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT
44. I LOVED YOU AND STILL HATED YOU
45. WHAT THE ENTIRE WEALTH COULDN'T PURCHASE
46. BROKEN HEARTS
47. I NEEDED TO DIE
48. ONE INSTANT

49. SHE WASNT BOTHERED.

50. INSPIRED ME ALL THE MORE.

1. TRUE AND IMMORTAL LOVER.

You entered my disastrously impoverished veins; which were staggering on the brink of lame extinction; like the poignantly priceless and ultimate bloodstream; of my solitary existence,

You entered my gruesomely empty palms; which were quavering towards the realms of horrendous oblivion; like the invincibly unflinching and ultimate destiny; of my bedraggled existence,

You entered my haplessly diminishing eyes; which were painstakingly wailing towards the midnight of irrevocable blackness; like the victoriously undefeated and ultimate vision; of my floundering existence,

You entered my devastatingly collapsing shoulders; which were prejudiced by the castrated onslaught of the manipulative society; like the compassionately unshakable and ultimate fortitude; of my deteriorating existence,

You entered my pathetically distorted fingers; which were maimed by brutal plagiarism all around; like the triumphantly insuperable and ultimate artistry; of my invisible existence,

You entered my ghoulishly parched throat; which was dismally stuttering like a hoarsely dying frog; like the unconquerably blissful and ultimate voice; of my dwindling existence,

You entered my deliriously estranged brain; which was ruthlessly imprisoned by nothing else but a corpse of livid meaninglessness; like the beautifully silken and ultimate fantasy; of my preposterous existence,

You entered my inexplicably thwarted ears; which were fecklessly bombarded by solely the sounds of hopelessness; like the infallibly symbiotic and ultimate sounds; of my truncated existence,

You entered my drearily beleaguered feet; which were aimlessly squandering towards the mortuaries of asphyxiating hell; like the unassailably philanthropic and ultimate mission; of my evaporating existence,

You entered my penuriously trembling chest; which was barbarously orphaned by

every speck of this commercially treacherous planet; like the inimitably bountiful and ultimate savior; of my incarcerated existence,

You entered my lackadaisically amorphous lips; which were divested of the tiniest affinity since decades immemorial; like the miraculously ameliorating and ultimate smile; of my waywardly existence,

You entered my severely lambasted cheeks; which were bludgeoned left; right and unsparing center by the infinite kicks of mundane society; like the wondrously enamoring and ultimate blush; of my victimized existence,

You entered my agonizingly holocaustic soul; which was cancerously enslaved by the non-existent spirit of the rampaging devil; like the ubiquitously bounteous and ultimate divinity; of my disappearing existence,

You entered my inexplicably emaciated skin; which was horrendously frozen to the last bone of the ludicrous spine; like the magically proliferating and ultimate virility; of my condensed existence,

You entered my lugubriously flailing chin; which was wantonly leaning in front of the coffins of utterly penalizing despondency; like the unshakably brilliant and ultimate hope; of my indecipherable existence,

You entered my nervously fluttering shadow; which was the most glaring exemplification of failure on this fathomless Universe; like the brilliantly unfettered and ultimate Sun; of my ragamuffin existence,

You entered my uncannily slaving tongue; which was being rapaciously coerced to slaver for all that is sinful on this parasitic globe; like the undauntedly celestial and ultimate conviction; of my minuscule existence,

You entered my maniacally gasping nostril; which inhaled nothing else but unbearably despicable corruption on this cold-blooded earth; like the perennially blossoming and ultimate freshness; of my gaunt existence,

You entered my traumatically directionless heart; which had become wholesomely oblivious to the palpitation of unceasing desire; like the resplendently Omnipotent and ultimate friendship; of my thinning existence,

And after entering each conceivable pore and cranny of my existence; made me yours and only yours forever; true and Immortal Lover.

2. OUR DIVINELY HONEYMOON.

Never before did our lips kiss each other with such unconquerable intensity; unstoppably exploring each other's profoundly exhilarating ravines of sweetness; as if there wasn't going to be another instant to live,

Never before did our eyes stare at each other with such unparalleled fervor; celestially deciphering a countless inscrutable enigmas in the ocean of innocuously fluttering white and mesmerizing black,

Never before did our fingers intertwine in each other with such unbreakable tenacity; uniting for a boundless more lifetimes yet to unveil; just in those fugitive instants of time,

Never before did our cheeks abrade against each other with such unlimited yearning; turn a shade more crimson than the sensuously setting Sun; to yearn even more than infinity for each other,

Never before did our napes feel each other with such unfathomable ardor; gloriously plunging into the deepest gorges of untamed exhilaration; to evolve a whole new civilization of companionship,

Never before did our navels intermingle in each other with such unmatched yearning; brilliantly transcending over every other conceivable definition of pleasure and pain; on this eternally blessed earth,

Never before did our spines lean against each other with such insuperable magic; letting every damned inhibition liberate forever and ever and ever into fathomless bits of reinvigorating blue sky,

Never before did our bloodstreams crave for each other with such undefeated vigor; wanting to unite as a singleton signature of unabashed humanitarian compassion; for times beyond an infinite lifetimes,

Never before did our eyelashes long for each other with such unshakable temerity; perennially wanting to keep only each other's reflection entrapped within the silken hair; so that even the most tantalizing of alien distraction crumbled to inane ash,

Never before did our chests caress each other with such triumphant fire; letting an ocean of overpoweringly undying ecstasy; blissfully mélange with every perceivable ingredient of existence,

Never before did our feet tickle each other with such infallible mischief;
fomenting us to explode into uninterrupted skies of laughter; even in the most
staring face of inexplicable misery and duress,

Never before did our elbows nudge each other with such wondrous enthrallment;
adroitly executing every cognizable insinuation under the sky; to perpetually
attract our spirits to become one,

Never before did our palms lock into each other with such unshakable
camaraderie; allowing only the lines of our invincibly everlasting friendship;
become the ultimate bifurcations of our destiny,

Never before did our tongues lap each other with such unending desire; savoring
the inimitable melody of our distinct creations; to give fresh birth to even the
most wildest dreams of our impoverished lives,

Never before did our Adams apple bump into each other with such insatiable
madness; leading every moment of life as the very best of mates; standing
unflinchingly and laughing against the most ferocious of holocausts,

Never before did our shoulders hug each other with such unbridled magnetism;
assimilating every miraculously palpable warmth of destined life; in the invisible
gap between our breathless bosoms,

Never before did our thighs crush each other with such untamed rampancy;
exuding into an unsurpassable inferno of untapped virility; romancing till the last
star twinkled in the wee hours of dawn,

Never before did our nostrils inhale each other with such victorious enthusiasm;
wholesomely making the inherent scents of our personalities; the sole mantra
and inspiration to fearlessly live and die,

Never before did our hearts palpitate for each other with such uncontrollable
excitement; with each beat immortalizing the essence of our love towards the
furthest epitome of god's paradise,

As they did and perennially continued to do; on our very first and
divinely honeymoon.

3. WHEN WE FELL IN LOVE

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her eyes was profoundly compassionate innocence; whilst at the same time all that she saw in mine; was nothing else but the umpteenth reflections of palaces brilliantly lit in lamps of gold,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her lips was wondrously unbridled passion; whilst at the same time all that she unthinkably saw in mine; was nothing else but the remnants of the unfathomably costly royal fruit sticking to its nimble contours,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her palms was every infinitesimal line of my destiny; whilst at the same time all that she licentiously saw in mine; was nothing else but the royal triangles/squares/islands of infinite wealth; prosperity and fame,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her feet was intrinsically poignant and intricate wrinkles of adventure; whilst at the same time all that she tawdrily saw in mine; was nothing else but the golden dust adhering to the soles; which I'd inadvertently carried from my treasuries of gold,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her belly was the ultimate shivers of unparalleled seduction; whilst at the same time all that she flagrantly saw in mine; was nothing else but the aristocratic paste and beads of sandalwood that rose and fell with each of my breath,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her voice was an unbelievably enamoring melody of friendliness; whilst at the same time all that she diabolically saw in mine; was nothing else but the boundless number of places I divulged; wherein I'd invested each penny of my wealth,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her nape was invincibly ameliorating beads sensuality; whilst at the same time all that she carnivorously saw in mine; was nothing else but the unimaginable number of chains of pure diamond; emerald and shimmering silver,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her hair was bountifully silken webs of insatiable magic; whilst at the same time all that she lividly saw in mine; was nothing else but the unconquerably diamond studded crown; fervently alluring every organism alike,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her shoulders was innumerable vignettes of the different inscrutable shades of life; whilst at the same time all that she

beguilingly saw in mine; was nothing else but the royal cloak of 'His Majesty'; that people had learnt to spuriously bow to,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her ears was a gorge of infallibly priceless sensitivity; whilst at the same time all that she treacherously saw in mine; was nothing else but the countless earrings of princely pearl; that had been so fondly draped upon me by the civilizations under my rule,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her brain was unceasingly intriguing whirlpools of voluptuous fantasy; whilst at the same time all that she salaciously saw in mine; was nothing else but the dynamic visions I harbored to forever survive as the richest man on earth divine,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her flesh was the uncanny way in which it spell-bindingly retracted upon the nimblest of my caress; whilst at the same time all that she parasitically saw in mine; was nothing else but the world's costliest ornaments incorrigibly clinging and clanging all the time,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her fingers was a sky of fathomlessly untainted artistry; whilst at the same time all that she deplorably saw in mine; was nothing else but my signature which adroitly flowed; upon each blank space of the bank and unlimited checkbook,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her forehead was the symbiotic divinity of Omnipotent creation; whilst at the same time all that she wretchedly saw in mine; was nothing else but the birthmark of being the richest; as it was visible to all on the planet except my very own impoverished self,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her underarms was an undefeated ocean of triumphant sweat; whilst at the same time all that she frigidly saw in mine; was nothing else but the fragrance emanating from the best of branded designer and kingly perfumes,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her spine was perennially rekindling electricity; whilst at the same time all that she rapaciously saw in mine; was nothing else but the undyingly glittering and star studded throne; upon which it leaned for countless a lifetime,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her blood was the fire of insuperably united existence; whilst at the same time all that she bizarrely saw in mine; was nothing else but blue blooded nobility; which inexhaustibly circulated through a network of aristocratic veins,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her breath was an inferno of longing that existed even after death; whilst at the same time all that she pathetically saw in mine; was nothing else but the domineering status and authority; to which millions in my kingdom danced all night and day,

When we fell in love; all I could sight in her heart was the absolute pinnacle of Immortally celestial love; whilst at the same time all that she sadistically saw in mine; was nothing else but the unimaginable fortune I'd shower solely upon her; in my perpetual state of being an emotional fool.

4. ONLY IN MY MEMORIES.

She was a girl; who wouldn't ever dream of exploiting all those weaknesses of mine; that she'd inevitably come to know after clinging close to my compassionate chest all these years,

She was a girl; who knew exactly what to speak to me at the right moment; never even once thwarting my senses with inexplicably stabbing taunts and comments,

She was a girl; who wiped each of my tears with her everlasting kisses; standing unflinchingly beside me; in my times of disaster and duress; never making me feel that men hadn't the right to cry,

She was a girl; who adroitly knew how to mollify my ravenous palette; cooking every known delicacy under the Sun; to eventually share the same with me; befriending me forever in her silken lap,

She was a girl; who never even once criticized me for my bizarrely dwindling finances; stood abreast me like the rock of Gibraltar; when the entire world outside had pounced upon me like an insipid mouse,

She was a girl; who listened patiently for hours immemorial to even the most oblivious whisper of my heart; inexhaustibly appreciating me for what I originally was; and not for what the world had made of me in my moments of strife,

She was a girl; who idolized my feeling of self respect; never reaching out to even the closest of our kin for help; even though we continued to survive on fragments of rotten measly bread and in the gutter pipe,

She was a girl; who left all riches; relatives and everything else on this

fathomless Universe; wanting nothing but to only bond with each beat of my fervently wailing heart,

She was a girl; who never minded my idiosyncratic shunting of the society and my preposterously eccentric lifestyle; truly commiserating as to what it was like being a fulltime artist and evolving fresh poetic rhyme,

She was a girl; who wholeheartedly joined me in my mission of reaching out to every fraternity of living kind; donating even the last ounce of our blood to the betterment of all those breathing under the sky,

She was a girl; who wasn't afraid in voicing her opinion if I was unwittingly drifting towards malice; enlightening every subjugated aspect of my existence; with the triumphantly optimistic cadence of her voice,

She was a girl; who ardently worshipped me as I did to her; immediately after our prayers first to the Omnipotent Almighty Lord; and to our respective parents who bestowed us with the first scream of life,

She was a girl; who would never dream of telling me a lie; never betray me even though I was severely maimed and blind; even as the closest of my blood relation left me for exploring more exciting new vistas of life,

She was a girl; who could amazingly comprehend the tiniest of my desires; by glimpsing just for a fraction of a second; into the twinkling whites of my roving eye,

She was a girl; who instead of ridiculing me everytime I floundered in life; gave me the invincible Herculean temerity; the inspiration to forever massacre the devil with the undying flame of truth in my soul,

She was a girl; who never retaliated even once at the angriest of my outburst; understanding my sporadic frustration; and covering my lips with a billion kisses to metamorphose my fierceness into a cloud of symbiotic love,

She was a girl; who gracefully acknowledged my deep and insuperable love for my mother; perfectly knowing that her place was always reigning supreme in each of my immortally volatile heartbeats,

She was a girl; who inseparably bonded each breath of hers with mine; whilst it was victoriously living; and even when it started to uncannily stutter to enter into the graveyards of death,

She was a girl; who shared my passion of giving birth to as many offsprings as we could; contributing our very best in the newness and ecstatically uninhibited proliferation of the gigantic Universe,

She was a girl; who couldn't exist even a minute without my heartbeat close to hers; who most certainly died alive even if I unknowingly drifted my mischievous stare towards another of her kind,

She was a girl; who could recognize me wholesomely blindfolded; amongst zillions of other men strolling silently around; just by my fleeting stride; just by the aroma of the most diminutive droplet of sweat on my arms,

Unfortunately she was a girl; and would always remain a girl who existed only in my memories-as my ideal life-partner; in today's sacrilegiously robotic and commercially discriminating world outside.

5. AS YOU FELL INTO THE GORGE OF IMMORTAL LOVE

It made you feel as if you were reborn a countless times out of inane nothingness; as the most unassailably euphoric king of all times and with the reins of your compassion brilliantly harnessing the entire planet,

It made you feel as if the Sun never ever dolefully set; with the astoundingly ameliorating brightness of exuberant life; perpetually prevailing over every nook and cranny of this majestic planet,

It made you feel as if there were fires of untamed passion; profoundly rekindling the surface of lividly limp and frigid water; swirling unfettered towards the highest epitome of fathomless blue sky,

It made you feel as if even the most wee hours of morbid midnight; bountifully chanted the mantra of ever-pervading fertility; replenishing each impoverished nerve of existence with the enchantment of creation galore,

It made you feel as if each denomination of currency and wealth on the globe was trapped in your outstretched palms; whereas there was nothing but maimed devastation to confront till boundless kilometers of your visage; in pragmatic reality,

It made you feel as if even the most aridly acrimonious patches of the desert; bloomed perennially with priceless roses and lilies; and unceasing springs of

sparkling water; merrily sprouted from each granule of sweltering sand,

It made you feel as if the very definition of inexplicable misery; had forever been erased from the complexion of this boundless earth; although countless of your kind suffered in the agony of horrendous solitariness; just beside your every stride,

It made you feel as if there was nothing but the religion of humanity conquering everything on planet earth; although innumerable spat hostile blood on your face every minute; thoroughly quagmired with the discrepancies of religion; caste; creed and kind,

It made you feel that there was no significance at all of the word 'I' on this motley planet; when infact there was so much to learn and imbibe; from the triumphant goodness lingering in each organisms life,

It made you feel that time had come to an absolute standstill; and the most adorable moments of your childhood and life; came galloping back once again to you; to stay for a countless lifetimes,

It made you feel that irrespective of whether or not you'd achieved even a single stone in your entire lifetime; you still were the richest organism existing; for speaking the truth and just being your very own original impeccable self,

It made you feel the most uncannily inscrutable shivers of adventure; even in the broadest of sweltering daylight; and with the most unscrupulous battalion of cars; traffic and robotically venomous smoke hovering around,

It made you feel as if the form of Omnipotent God could be witnessed on every branch; nook; cranny and pebble on earth; though the irrevocably religious society had confined him only to the constraints of the Church; Monastery; Temple and Mosque,

It made you feel as if each streak of thunderously silver lightening which fell from sky; reborn you for an infinite births and with the most victorious of visage; wherein all it did was to numb you there and then itself to death before your time,

It made you feel as if there was unparalleled sensuality lingering in even the most deadened of corpses; which were nothing but a conglomerate of ghoulishly jinxed bones; fouling in the wretchedly wastrel graveyard,

It made you feel as if the entire world ran on the fingertips of the freshly born child; and it was the sheer power in his Omniscient eyes which could melt any heaven or hell; in fractions of seconds alike,

It made you feel as if the whole planet was nothing but ramifications of compassion; the voluptuous amalgamation of the male and female form; intertwined invincibly in waves of lust; for centuries unprecedented,

It made you feel as if there was nothing beyond your very own breath; as you burnt to a countless tantalizingly excruciating deaths and evolved into a countless forms of benign life; simply in its Omnipotent fire,

O! Yes. That's exactly how you and an infinite like you felt; whilst for the first time as you fell; fell and undyingly kept falling into the gorge of Immortal Love.

6. COMMIT THIS SIN. AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN.

O! Yes. Entirely and Unstoppably passionate was I. After the inscrutably teasing tresses in your ravishing hair; which inevitably compelled my fingers to come near; caress and timelessly disentangle,

O! Yes. Entirely and Fervently passionate was I. After your lusciously inviting lips; which rekindled the fire to live in my scraggily impoverished veins; even as I was buried a countless feet under heartless snow,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unsurpassably passionate was I. After your articulately heavenly fingers; which spawned an undefeated gorge of artistry in the complexion of my otherwise robotically bedraggled life,

O! Yes. Entirely and limitlessly passionate was I. After the insuperable compassion that enshrouded every ingredient of your blood; for every fraternity and dimension of pricelessly inimitable humanity,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unconquerably passionate was I. After your voluptuously enamoring hips; that made even the tiniest element of my persona ecstatically sway; under the impeccably tenacious moonlight,

O! Yes. Entirely and Tirelessly passionate was I. After each footprint that you embossed on pristinely moistened soil; which carved the most victoriously infallible trail for me to follow in my penurious life,

O! Yes. Entirely and Inexhaustibly passionate was I. After your tantalizingly

gyrating belly; which drew me out of my deathly corpse; and into the untamed wilderness to once again sniff freshly exuberant life,

O! Yes. Entirely and Irrevocably passionate was I. After your mellifluously tinkling laughter; which made me feel like a prince effortlessly floating in the amiable clouds; for a countless more births of mine,

O! Yes. Entirely and Insanely passionate was I. After each droplet of silver sweat that dribbled from your arms; in the transparent mirror of which I could relentlessly stare into the candid intricacies of my life,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unrelentingly passionate was I. After each sensuous whisper that emanated from your throat; which quelled even the most truculently unbearable of my misery; into the magical heartbeat of existence,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unceasingly passionate was I. After the invincible warmth of your magnetic bosom; in which I found divinely solace; amidst the most tumultuously hideous apocalypses and storms,

O! Yes. Entirely and Endlessly passionate was I. After each uncanny goose-bump on your reverberating skin; which triggered the most unassailable infernos of fertility; in all my brain; body and soul,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unimaginably passionate was I. After your bountifully Omnipotent palms; in each fold and line of which; was written and rewritten every aspect of my destiny; yet to royally unfurl,

O! Yes. Entirely and Bizarrely passionate was I. After your mysteriously intrepid shadow; that fomented me to fantasize beyond the realms of extraordinary utopia; in its shades of insatiably evoking lust,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unfathomably passionate was I. After every pinch of soil that you caressed; applying the same consecrated ash now on each of my wounds; to grant them eternal liberation and rest,

O! Yes. Entirely and Undyingly passionate was I. After your rustically enchanting simplicity; which forever led me in search of nothing else; but the absolute truth nestling in each ingredient of the planet divine,

O! Yes. Entirely and Imperceptibly passionate was I. After your honey laden nape; which made me feel the wealthiest man alive; as I gently nibbled through its nimble catacombs of profound womanhood,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unreasonably passionate was I. After your fierily ebullient breath; which never ever let me quit my life; forever enveloping it with rhapsodic desire; blessing it with the invincible essence to survive amongst a pack of wolves,

O! Yes. Entirely and Unshakably passionate was I. After every beat that leapt uninhibitedly from your immortal heart; which taught me that there was nothing else but love; in the starting and ending alphabet of life,

And now if the worthless world outside says; that falling into passion was committing a dreadfully unpardonable and inconsolable sin; then I for one was ready to commit this sin; again and again and again and again.

7. IN RETURN.

I didn't the slightest expect even the most iridescently undefeated of mountaintops; the ultimate apogees of infallibly glittering success; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most majestically twinkling of stars; the unconquerably amiable glimmer that beautifully crowned the night; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most astoundingly proliferating of soil; the tirelessly spawning seeds of eclectically virile freshness; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most inscrutably roaring of oceans; the fathomless swirl of the undyingly towering and insuperable waves; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most torrentially blessing showers of rain; the globules of unparalleled magnificence which mollified every ingredient of emaciated soil; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most tantalizingly nubile seductresses; the rhapsodic wave of enigma which incessantly tingled even the most infinitesimal of my veins; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most indescribably mind-boggling miracles; the amazing evolution of an infinite new civilizations out of sheer and vapid nothingness; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most blazingly unfettered of Sun; the countless rays of Omnipotent light which vanquished every bit of inexplicable disaster; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most boundless granaries of nectar; the exotically unparalleled sweetness which harmoniously quelled every agonizing fire of life; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most unsurpassable stretch of the heavenly sky; the truest miracle depicting the vastness of God's Omnipresent creation; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most endless landscapes of pristine ice; the impeccable garland of priceless white that quintessentially adorned the mountain side; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most inimitably enamoring of pearls; the ecstatically virgin shimmer that granted bounteous fantasy for an unfathomable more lifetimes, in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most gloriously unchallengeable of laurels; the perpetual tunes of plaudits drifting left; right; center and in every conceivable pore of atmosphere; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most unimaginably gigantic territories of land; the footsteps of uninhibited romance emanating from every direction; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most unshakably powerful of fortresses; the rawness of united power demonstrated magnificently at every step; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most undyingly replenished of treasures; the signature of stinking wealth which could virtually buy anything on this planet today; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most immortal spells of life; the heaven where there was absolutely not the tiniest trace of gorily asphyxiating death; in return for it,

I didn't the slightest expect even the most blessedly kingly destiny lines of life;

the magical routes which led to nothing else but sparkling prosperity; in return for it,

If only; you gave me each beat of your immortally compassionate heart; in return for every corresponding beat of my heart; which inexhaustibly throbbed for you and only you; forever and ever and ever in my chest's goldmine.

8. TRUE HISTORY SHALL FOREVER BE CREATED

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even in the midst of the most ferociously untamed battlefield; where a zillion unflinchingly brave soldiers; were ready to shed their lives anytime for their motherland,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even in the midst of the tumultuously rattling earthquakes; which wholesomely changed the topography of this earth; with mountains and ferocious seas suddenly arising out of sheer nothingness,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even in the midst of the most revolutionary charged elections; which promised to dramatize the abysmally dwindling political scenario,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even at the ultimate summit of Mount Everest; with living bodies entirely naked; infallibly greeting the very first rays of royal dawn,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as your past; present and future were foretold; as accurately as the god's had written it; by someone whom you were meeting for the first time in your impoverished life,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as paradise engulfed every cranny of this devastated earth today; with even the most infinitesimal monument of misery transforming itself into a sky of eternal happiness,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even in the midst of romantically stormy sea; wherein each wave carried the innermost fantasy of your soul; to perennially unite with the seductively enamoring moonlight,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as it torrentially rained for endless number of nights and days; when there was just nothing else but water; to eat; breathe; sleep and exist for every organism alive,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as unparalleled gigantic Dinosaurs ruled

this earth; irrefutably perpetuating their supremacy to every perceivable cranny on the globe; nonchalantly pulverizing whosoever who dared come their way; to insipid fragments of ash,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as man reached every existing planet in the cosmos; making full and judicious use of technology; and thereby spuriously feeling as if he were just next to God,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as spiritual leaders unstoppably recited the sacrosanct religious books of every religion on earth; sermonizing the verses of God to fathomless living and dead on the planet,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as every single tree on this earth was ruthlessly felled by bawdily corrupt man; to erect unceasing jungles of corporate concrete upon the foundations of innocent natural life,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even in the midst of the most apocalyptic volcanoes; when countless territories of land and innocent man; evaporated into ludicrous oblivion; under the fury of vindictively unabashed lava,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as devilishly nomadic man; beheaded innumerable live children; sacrilegiously placing their impeccable scalps in front of the deity; in order to immortalize himself with the fabric of life,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as every mirror on the trajectory of this Universe shattered into a billion pieces; as soon as you held it in front of your face; lividly demonstrating yourself to be the most venerated superpower on planet divine,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as man sadistically sold even the carcasses of his century old and dead ancestors; digging their tombs to feed their bones and skull to the monstrosly growling; witches and pigs,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as countless women unthinkably plunged themselves into burning pyres soon after their husbands; embracing voluntarily barbarous death in honor of their soul mates who were no longer alive,

No. It wasn't created the slightest. Even as human being articulately maneuvered the nexus of almost everything in this commercial planet; on a singleton minuscule computer microchip,

Sadly, whereas it miserably failed to create the slightest in any of the above. True History was; is and shall forever be created everytime you gave the tiniest beat of your heart to others; everytime you melanged with the humanitarian spirit to survive; everytime you tried to altruistically unite the entire planet into the religion of oneness; everytime you fell in love.

9. THE DRESS IN PURE AND POWERFUL BLACK

The dress to unsurpassably thrill her; lift her to infinite altitude from her nimble feet; as she was plaintively traversing through bland patches of erratically cut green grass,

The dress to uncannily excite her; metamorphose even the most disparagingly infertile of her moods; into a eternally ardent and royal proliferation,

The dress to timelessly enchant her; rouse even the most cadaverously limp follicle of hair on her skin; to beyond the epitome of Everest; in the revitalizing stillness of the atmosphere,

The dress to majestically silence her; quell even the most insouciant of her apprehensions; with the invincible magic of profound charisma and compassionate royalty,

The dress to perennially magnetize her; perpetuate even the most ephemerally fluttering of shadow; to follow and forever entwine with the essence of your personality,

The dress to inimitably impress her; tirelessly evoke the most inscrutable tingling in her flesh; an unstoppable yearning in her chest to embrace every quarter of your demeanor,

The dress to uncontrollably triumph her; attain perpetual victory over her silken countenance; as she nimbly surrendered even the most ethereal of her intimate senses to your unconquerably handsome swirl,

The dress to timelessly conquer her; leave an intransigent impression of your wondrously fervent personality; upon every globule of fiery sweat that dribbled down her ecstatic skin,

The dress to effortlessly liberate her; wholesomely emptying even the most disastrously maiming of her tensions into sheer nothingness; as she solely floated in the aisles of untamed desire,

The dress to inadvertently capture her; eventually gather complete control over even the most oblivious insinuations of her shadow; as she helplessly melted deeper and deeper into the blacks of your piercing eyes,

The dress to inexplicably provoke her; trigger the dormant labyrinths of creative energy entrapped in her spirit; to unlimitedly fulminate into an unceasing festoon of miraculous innovation,

The dress to undyingly fascinate her; foment her to fantasize beyond the realms of the mundane; and till the last cloud that hovered on the blissfully golden horizons,

The dress to unchallengably win her; infallibly draw even the most imperturbable part of her persona towards your undefeated masculinity; even in the most invisibly flickering of light,

The dress to pricelessly cast a spell on her; make her minutely feel even the most unexplored of your vibrant imagery; through heart-renderingly poignant telepathy,

The dress to reincarnate the artist in her; granting fresh life to the haplessly dead tombs of virility in her soul; as she unabashedly let nectar to slip from each pore of her body; and blend with every single ingredient of the atmosphere,

The dress to effulgently impregnate her; replenish every aspect of her drearily impoverished existence; with everything that was beautifully and merrily abounding on this uninhibited planet,

The dress to insuperably propose her; with a surety of nothing else but 'yes' rebounding back from the swish of her tongue; as majestically kissed the farthest finger of her queenly hands,

The dress to phlegmatically reborn her; inevitably make her rise from her languid corpse; unfathomably flustered by the sheer size and enigmatic shades of your larger than life personality,

Was. O! Yes undoubtedly was. The Dress in Pure and Powerful Black. In the Pure blackness of the voluptuously embellished and sensuously blessed night.

10. TOO ROMANTIC IS TOO GOOD

Too sad is too bad; as it wholesomely annihilates traces of exuberant energy from every domain of the body,

Too mysterious is too bad; as it imprisons a boundless myriad of explosive emotions deep within the fast diminishing soul,

Too angry is too bad; as it baselessly assassinates all the prudent sagaciousness lingering in your ingenious mind,

Too shy is too bad; as it indefatigably tries to conceal the truly flamboyant identity of a man,

Too dirty is too bad; as the obnoxiously hovering germs pertinently conflicted with the process of blossoming ebullience,

Too starved is too bad; as the unprecedented pangs of hunger in the stomach decimate all chances of plunging forward euphorically,

Too fast is too bad; as the Almighty Lord's mesmerizing process of evolution remains incomplete,

Too morbid is too bad; as it pulverizes the island of overwhelming bliss into wisps of treacherous nothingness,

Too smart is too bad; as it disdainfully kills the immaculate child perpetually floating in your crystalline eyes,

Too dependant is too bad; as it ruthlessly rips apart your dynamic integrity from its very indomitable roots,

Too hysterical is too bad; as it makes you uncouthly mute to sorrow; during the course of your future life to unveil,

Too negative is too bad; as it pathetically massacres the wave of irrefutable optimism immortally enveloping your righteous conscience,

Too manipulative is too bad; as it drifts you further and further away from the insurmountably sacrosanct lap of your revered mother,

Too nervous is too bad; as it foments you to commit blunders in things; which you could have irrevocably owned above the rest,

Too wealthy is too bad; as it perpetuates you to become savagely oblivious to your intrinsic rudiments of existence,

Too powerful is too bad; as it engenders you to suck the blood of your fellow compatriots; whom God had created you equal with,

Too malicious is too bad; as it relentlessly coaxes you to hate every entity possessing a shade more than you,

Too suspicious is too bad; as it triggers you to relinquish and betray the everlasting love of your life,

Too punctual is too bad; as it diabolically snaps apart the uncanny excitement descending every unfurling instant; as you walked on the streets,

But too romantic is too good; as it makes you feel alive beyond your own self; as it makes you feel alive for the most fulfilling mission for which God sent you upon on planet earth.

11. THE MOST IMMORTAL OF THEM ALL

The Sun might be flamboyant; sizzling dilapidated portions of the earth with its festoon of grandiloquently blistering rays; but you are the most flamboyant of them all,

The flower might be fragrant; diffusing its stupendously exotic redolence to thoroughly dwindling souls; but you are the most fragrant of them all,

The stars might be fabulously resplendent; shimmering their pearly rays in the ocean of perpetual darkness; but you are the most resplendent of them all,

The thunderbolts of white lightning might be vivacious; impregnating infernos of insatiable desire into lifeless souls; but you are the most vivacious of them all,

The crimson clouds in the boundless cosmos might be mystical; as one sighted them nostalgically reminiscing times of immaculate birth; but you are the most mystical of them all,

The protuberant crested sparrow might be boisterous; frolicking in the aisles of uninhibited rhapsody; but you are the most boisterous of them all,

The sheets of impeccably glistening ice might be seductive; melting into a

melodious stream of voluptuous water; but you are the most seductive of them all,

The mountain of unsurpassable salt embodied in the undulating waves might be tangy; disseminating into a fountain of exuberant froth as it bounced on the shores; but you are the most tangy of them all,

The summit of the hill might be incredulously fascinating; overlooking into a fathomless myriad of breathtaking scenery; but you are the most fascinating of them all,

The fortress of pure stone might be invincible; withstanding the most acrimonious of onslaughts with astounding solidarity; but you are the most invincible of them all,

The royally oligarchic castle might be unfathomably majestic; with its walls radiating a profusely captivating sheen under milky moonlight; but you are the most majestic of them all,

The shadow might be enigmatically enchanting; incarcerating even the most morose in its inexplicably tingling swirl; but you are the most enigmatic of them all,

The sprawling meadows of verdant grass might be romantic; surreptitiously fostering two lovers away from the monotonous world; but you are the most romantic of them all,

The webs of golden honey trickling from the beehive might be profoundly sweet; marvelously pacifying the most scorchingly traumatized throats; but you are the most sweetest of them all,

The dream might be fantastically innovative; supremely rejuvenating the horrendously dreary nerves of the exhausted brain; but you are the most innovative of them all,

The child might be innocent; with his overwhelmingly mischievous smile imprisoning the hearts of even the most diabolically dictatorial; but you are the most innocent of them all,

The dog might be incomprehensibly faithful to his master; incessantly following him wherever he went irrespective of his mind-boggling poverty; but you are the most faithful of them all,

The breath might be insurmountably Omnipotent; instilling traces of indispensably volatile life in every organism tangible and alive; but you are the most Omnipotent of them all,

The Mother might be sacrosanct; bearing me 9 months in her celestial womb so that I could be what I was today; but you are the most sacrosanct of them all,

And the heart might be immortal; refraining to cease its fulminating battalion of beats even centuries after its death; but let me tell you O! beloved; that you were the most immortal of them all.

12. SOMETIMES

Sometimes more tender than a new born child; nostalgically remembering those moments when it was just born,

Sometimes as ferocious as thunderbolts of lightening in the sky; capsizing everyone around; in the tumultuous agony of its insatiable desire.

Sometimes more mystical than the dungeons infinite feet beneath obdurate soil; harboring a festoon of secrets impossible to comprehend,

Sometimes as candid as a mirror; blurting out its innermost of feelings like a parrot on a talking spree.

Sometimes more colorful than the resplendent rainbow in the cosmos; disseminating its myriad of boundless colors to every entity on this planet,
Sometimes as dolorous as the dying soul; painstakingly withering away towards its inevitably horrendous grave.

Sometimes more blistering than the fulminating volcano; casting its enchanting spell on every philanthropic being on this globe,
Sometimes as cowardly as the worm; disappearing into its diminutive den; as the slightest insinuation of fading light.

Sometimes more fast than the cyclonic whirlwind; instilling a wave of ebullient euphoria in every pathetically diminishing body,
Sometimes as reticent as the infinitesimally silent whisper; which even it didn't possess the capacity to hear.

Sometimes more fathomless than the entire richness of this world; sharing its priceless forms with all who badly needed it,
Sometimes as slithering miserly in the caves of nothingness; begging for mercy;

to whomsoever who came its way.

Sometimes more invincible than the most ultimate point of existence;
sequestering the righteous from each conceivable acrimonious storm,
Sometimes as collapsing like a pack of burnt cards; even before the wind blew a
trifle its way.

Sometimes more divinely than the Creator who evolved it; incarcerating all the
mesmerizing beauty of this planet in its inner most core,
Sometimes as dastardly as the diabolical devil; advancing menacingly towards
the destruction of living kind.

O! yes the HUMAN HEART, was Sometimes more passionate than the gift called
life; perpetually bonding those who loved each other for immortal times,
While Sometimes as treacherous as the satanic scorpion; betraying its own
beats; which it once upon a time irrefutably adored.

13. I WAS SURE TO FALL IN LOVE

I was scared to look into your eyes; as I was sure drown in the river of their
mesmerizing enchantment,

I was scared to look at your lips; as I was sure to blend with their tantalizingly
seductive softness,

I was scared to look at your hair; as I was sure to float with their exuberantly
vivacious caress,

I was scared to look at your cheeks; as I was sure to kiss their rubicund
sweetness till times beyond eternity,

I was scared to look at your lashes; as I was sure to flirt in the aisles of desire;
till the time I wholesomely forgot my own entity,

I was scared to look at your palms; as I was sure to make your euphorically
adventurous destiny; each part of my life,

I was scared to look at your sweat; as I was sure to run my fingers in rampant
frenzy through the mystical trails it traversed,

I was scared to look at your feet; as I was sure to bow down in timid obeisance
till the time I relinquished my most minuscule of air,

I was scared to look at your forehead; as I was sure to abdicate all memory and learning; relentlessly trying to decipher the lines between your brow,

I was scared to look at your yawn; as I was sure to transit into a unfathomably heavenly reverie; catapulting to the times right back when I was an impeccable child,

I was scared to look at your drifting voice; as I was sure to bury myself infinite feet beneath the earth; profoundly absorbed in its enthralling melody,

I was scared to look at your belly; as I was sure to emancipate all my appetite for food; indefatigably feeling the enigmatic rhythm of your skin as it celestially rose and fell,

I was scared to look at your shadow; as I was sure to leave my soul forever; bonding with its stupendously mystical aura for moments beyond imagination,

I was scared to look at your ears; as I was sure to sketch their milky rhapsody in the inner most walls of my conscience; with the blood that surged with newness through my veins,

I was scared to look at your neck; as I was sure to wholesomely forget the art of turning; irrefutably agglutinated by the trail of unprecedented fascination it left as it moved,

I was scared to look at your smile; as I was sure to become a complete alien to the pragmatic realities of monotonous life; profusely admiring its gorgeously mischievous contours that ran till the sky,

I was scared to look at your footprint; as I was sure to cherish it as the most sacred wealth in this Universe; following it till I met my ultimate grave,

I was scared to look at your breath; as I was sure to then stop breathing from the atmosphere; inhaling its divinely aroma instead,

And I was scared to look at your heart; as I was sure that I would fall in love; which got immortally deeper and deeper as each second unveiled.

14. NEVER SAY DIE

Say that I was a coward; running faster than the speed of white light; at the

most minuscule premonition of danger,

Say that I looked horrendously ugly; repugnantly wading off even my reflection away from my entity,

Say that I was overwhelmingly penurious; starving to unprecedented limits; in the realms of my dilapidated hutment,

Say that I was oblivious of the art of love; staring like an insane moron into bare bits of disdainfully monotonous space,

Say that I was astronomically dirty; dissipating an ocean of treacherous filth on every path I tread,

Say that I was an inconspicuous mosquito; a transiently fleeting reflection which disappeared even before it had appeared,

Say that I was salaciously lecherous parasite; sucking blood indiscriminately from whomsoever who encountered me in my way,

Say that I was mockingly blind in the most dazzling of sunlight; tripping pathetically towards remote wisps of oblivion,

Say that I was full of malevolent fantasies; wishing insidiously evil as soon as people turned their innocuous backs,

Say that I was insurmountably haggard; resembling a hoarsely whimpering beggar; even in the most majestic of my suit,

Say that I was appallingly dumb; without a voice of my own; even though provoked beyond the point of satanic control,

Say that I was an unscrupulous rascal; philandering aimlessly on the streets; when in reality I toiled even after midnight; to assimilate fodder for the entire house,

Say that I was a diabolical assassin; rampantly massacring innocent scalps; for frugal wads of sleazy money,

Say that I was a replica of the preposterously fat elephant; evoking everyone to laugh as they sighted my erratically funny caricature,

Say that I was an acrimonious desert; without harboring the slightest trace of love or poignant empathy,

Say that I was a decayed stalk of shriveled mushroom; being blown worse than a whisker; down the slopes of the lanky mountain,

Say that I was a hideously menacing drunkard; mumbling incoherently for times immemorial; even though I drank nothing but pure water all my life,

Say that I was the most torturous of all husbands; meting my personal frustration on your rubicund skin; when infact you had incarcerated me in a blanket of blood coated chains; since the time we had tied the nuptial thread,

Say that I didn't know the way to live; howling like an imbecile dog; tearing my hair in the heart of the boisterously bustling lane,

And say anything you like O! beloved; condemning me beyond the boundaries of incomprehensible imagination; give me infinite deaths crucifying me with daggers of your hatred; BUT FOR HEAVEN SAKE NEVER SAY DIE.

15. JUST A MINUTE AGO

Just a minute ago you were bouncing merrily in my palms; shouting euphorically with the full cry of life,
While at the present moment you lay without budging a single inch; staring in mute silence towards clouds drifting solitarily in open space.

Just a minute ago you were smiling to your heart's content kissing me profusely on my lips; pinching my cheeks in flirtatious excitement,
While at the present moment you transited into an invincible slumber; with your mouth partially open; rampantly inhaling all dirt suspended in the gloomy atmosphere.

Just a minute ago you were recounting to me innocuous tales of your childhood; the moments of mischief that had their mystical spell forever on your vivacious countenance,
While at the present moment you incorrigibly refrained to speak at all; as pools of ghastly saliva dribbled from the corner of your mouth.

Just a minute ago you were chanting your cloud of fantasies to me; the dwelling which you so inexorably wished for both of us to stay in together,
While at the present moment you stared for eternity into my eyes; with the toys

held in your fingers tumbling in incoherent unison on the cold ground.

Just a minute ago you were pummeling me in my ribs; cheekily cracking the most weirdest of jokes you could salvage from your repertoire,
While at the present moment you embraced the soil like a lackluster leaf; with your conglomerate of hair sprawled into a gruesomely bedraggled heap.

Just a minute ago you sang in magnificent tandem with the exuberantly drifting wind; blending your sound superbly with each beat of mine,
While at the present moment you wholesomely failed to respond the most thunderous of my shouts; as the color of your skin metamorphosed from a rubicund pink to a gory yellow.

Just a minute ago you were rampantly perceiving the names of our first child; with the bulky book depicting the same unveiled handsomely in your petite fingers,
While at the present moment you collapsed with a sigh on your knees; with an overwhelmingly heavy layer of dust settling on your enchanting face.

Just a minute ago you were proudly assimilating your hard earned possessions; basking in the glory of the scintillating jewelry that adorned your immaculately voluptuous skin,
While at the present moment you lay like a scarecrow with ominous vultures in vicinity hovering above you; and the urges in your body now coalescing perpetually with obsolete wisps of oblivion.

And just a minute ago you were securely alive in my compassionate arms; with your tantalizingly soft breath drowning me into whirlpools of exotic desire; with your ravishing demeanor stupefying me to the most unprecedented limits,
While at the present moment you had left me forever to rest in the land of Almighty Creator; and no matter how much I cried; I knew you'd only be in my dreams; and not by my side.

16. PLEASE COME SOON

Sheets of fascination wholesomely blinded my eyes; engulfing them with thunderbolts of exotic excitement,

Waves of insurmountable passion flowed rampantly through my blood; permeating me every minute like a quiver full of stinging arrows,

An ocean of enchantment lingered insatiably in the corridors of my mind;

transiting me into a state of rhapsodic slumber,

Springs of sweet honey dribbled tantalizingly down my throat; titillating me beyond the point of no control,

Cloudbursts of mesmerizing fantasy enveloped my persona from head to toe; imprisoning me in the swirl of tumultuously poignant desire,

A river of perspiration trickled passionately down my chin; escalating me to a place infinite kilometers over paradise,

A garden of stupendously fabulous scent descended ferociously down my nostrils; virtually swiping my feet in a surreal dream from the surface of earth,

Clouds of overwhelmingly fervent longing encircled my eyelashes; fomenting them to drool down in timid submission,

Fountains of astronomical mysticism embedded my soul; drowning me inevitably into a lake of alluring enigma and incomprehensible charm,

An inexorable tenacity to explore encapsulated my fists and fingers; evoking me to draw boundless myriad of incoherent forms; with frenzied movements on the glistening sands,

A beehive of captivating mirages deluged my imagination; engendering me to think beyond the fathomlessly extraordinary,

rainbows of compassion entrenched my conscience; enticing me at a velocity faster than that of light; towards the entirely unknown,

Tornado's of unbelievable attraction blew towards my facial contours; making me wholesomely oblivious to the rapid unfurling of time,

Pearls of untamed jubilation danced euphorically in my belly; reaching an ultimate crescendo; as I caressed my body lazily on the chocolate brown ground,

Dagger heads of poignant belonging drifted down my rubicund cheeks; inundating them with a tinge more voluptuous than the supremely redolent rose,

An island of uncanny emotions placidly nestled in my veins; welling up thunderously towards eternity as each second speedily zipped by,

A meadow of emphatically seductive feelings possessed every action I executed;
propelling me to surge forward with unrestricted exhilaration,

And each beat of my violently palpitating heart; cried aloud to witness your
ingratiatingly royal countenance,

Please do come soon; for I was about to exhale my last breath without you;
Please do come soon; bond your breath with mine O! Beloved.

17. MY HEART DICTATED ME

My legs dictated me to run; chase her reflection till the point it became entirely
invisible; blending with the ethereally fading horizons,

My eyes dictated me to sight; admire her mesmerizing countenance for hours
immemorial; drown myself into the river of voluptuous charm that lay trapped
beneath her skin,

My lips dictated me to sing; keep on incessantly evolving rhymes and tunes to
stupendously please her enamoring visage,

My hands dictated me to caress; run rampantly through her mass of supremely
seductive hair; shiver with inexplicable excitement as they brushed across her
immaculate complexion,

My ears dictated me to listen; profoundly blend myself with her enthralling voice;
stretch myself to the most mightiest of limits to decipher even the faintest traces
of rhapsodic ecstasy in her sound,

My mind dictated me to fantasize; try and conceive her in the most incredulous
forms that existed on this Universe; philander uninhibitedly with her majestic
grace; through mystical lanes sandwiched well beneath the towering mountains,

My teeth dictated me to inexorably chatter; tremble in unsurpassable trepidation
crouched like a potato on her divinely doorstep; ardently waiting for her to arrive
in timid submission,

My nose dictated me to smell; profusely coalesce myself with her enchanting
fragrance; fill my appetite for marathon hours that unveiled in the day; inhaling
the ravishing that wafted from her impeccable countenance,

My bones dictated me to dexterously move; in order to save her sacrosanct

visage; from the minutest of evil suspended in the air circumventing her,

My eyelashes dictated me to bat; render myself in innocuous submission; in front of her heavenly demeanor; transiting me way back into joyfully innocent childhood,

My tongue dictated me to lick; clean every iota of path she was about to tread on and celestially purify; with my stream of passionately dribbling and volatile saliva,

My nails dictated me to probe; nimbly trail down her nape; to thunderously ignite the waves of unconquerable compassion between our blessed entities,

My arm dictated me to dig; adroitly pave the foundations of our dwelling; construct it with formidable brick and stone; for us to blissfully reside during the remainder of our destined life,

My shoulders dictated me to carry her philanthropically magnanimous body; protect her from even the most inconspicuous shadow of danger; perilously lurking behind her ravishing form,

My throat dictated me to leap and bounce; gasp in incomprehensible ebullience; with its Adams apple swirling more vivaciously than the volcano; the moment it witnessed her fabulously fascinating grace,

My lungs dictated me to stay silent; create an ambience of perpetual solitude; so that she didn't get disturbed the slightest in her spell of unimaginably intense concentration,

My skin dictated me to tremble in boisterous excitement; shiver more hysterically than freezing snow in the peak of blazing summer; in order to welcome her Kingly persona with diminutive humility,

My conscience dictated me to immortally bond with her sacred soul; stand taller than the skies beside her; whenever she needed me,

And my heart dictated me to love her; embed this existing life of hers with so much care; that it was more than what anybody could ever possibly muster; even in infinite lives.

18. MORE THAN GOD COULD HAVE MISSED EARTH

Your voice seemed to me a supremely obfuscated blur; although you were standing at whisker lengths from my body; screaming hysterically into my sensitive eardrum,

Your footsteps seemed to me like a frigidly lazy yawn; although you were tumultuously banging your bohemian feet across the savagely metallic floor,

Your laughter seemed to me like lame ducks floating on the docile pond; although you were thunderously chortling into loud guffaws as you watched the clown fall down,

Your eyes seemed to me like dark clouds hovering in dull consternation; although you were staring ferociously towards my visage as if planning to eat me for nocturnal supper,

Your dance seemed to me like the dead squirrel lying on the stone since ages; although you were vivaciously swishing your bones to stridently blaring sleazy music,

Your hands seemed to me like flimsy spider webs; although you were clapping them ardently under the mid day Sun,

Your clothes seemed to me like vaguely obsolete shadows; although you had adorned your demeanor in fabulously glittering attire,

Your lips seemed to me like squelched and frivolously light pulp; although you had embellished them with garish lipstick; were pursing them indefatigably as each minute unveiled by,

Your hair seemed to me like decayed strands of the morbid broomstick; although you flirtatiously fluttered them at thin distances from my cheeks,

Your fingers seemed to me like evanescently buried fossils; although you had flooded them with incredulous strings of scintillating diamonds and pearls,

Your tongue seemed to me like lifeless tiger skin suspended dolorously from the ceiling; although you cheekily moved it inside your mouth umpteenth number of times in a single minute,

Your sweat seemed to me like a transiently fading mirage melting at electric speeds as the seconds unfurled by; although you let it pour poignantly upon my

eye as you conversed boisterously by my side,

Your feet seemed to me like the miserably evaporating waterfall lasting for only frugal periods after the monsoons; although you had encompassed them in alluring chains of white silver; audaciously struck your big toe in the center of my chest,

Your skin seemed to me like fermented milk rotting in open space since ages; although you had inundated it with overwhelmingly austere rose scent; and it glowed more tenaciously than the moon had ever shone,

Your nails seemed to me like old frogs croaking in timid submission just before their death; although you had pruned them meticulously with contemporary times;
vibrantly cuddled my soft cheeks with your piquantly painted nail polish,

Your ears seemed to me like colorless pools of saliva loitering on the dusty street; although you had decorated their dainty periphery with opulent jewelry; dangled them seductively before my face,

Your belly seemed to me like charred firewood; nimbly smoldering embers of subsiding fire; although you had enveloped it in mesmerizing silk; gyrated it voluptuously to captivate my attention,

Your height seemed to me like the diminutively inconspicuous dwarfs; although you trespassed on spiffy heels; stood at a handsome stature from the nonchalantly flat ground,

Your bangles seemed to me like infinitesimal beads of orphaned cotton; although you shook them vehemently near my ears; permeating the still ambience around with volcanic noise,

And I am profoundly sorry to say O! beloved that all I was able to make out of you was a blurred and a slim mosquito; unable to appreciate your alluring charisma and royal grace,

As I gawked at your persona in open mouthed amazement; missing you perhaps more than God could have missed this earth when you were gone; was infact meeting you after 3 torturously complete days.

19. BIND US TOGETHER

The moment she was with me I shouted at her stringently; showing her my fists
in indignation,
But I realized it only when she went off to sleep; that I craved to speak to her;
missed the bustling noise of her footsteps.

The moment she was with me I teased her unrelentingly; scowled at her making
ungainly faces,
But I realized it only when she went out shopping; that I longed for her like
anything; desperately craved to hear the melody in her voice.

The moment she was with me I kept scratching my hair; hardly paying attention
to the activities she recited of the day,
But I realized it only when she talked the same to her alien friends; that how
inquisitive I was to hear it passionately from her mouth.

The moment she was with me I castigated all attempts of hers to tie my
shoelace; portraying myself to be a perfect man,
But I realized it only when she went to mothers place; as to how inevitably I
needed her; and what a child I became in her absence.

The moment she was with me I shrug the food she made; declaring it to be
bland and tasteless,
But I realized it only when she fed the same lovingly to the servants; as to how
much I cherished each meal she prepared.

The moment she was with me I revolted vehemently that she snored; not letting
me sleep blissfully for even a single minute,
But I realized it only when she slept in the lawns; as to how much I missed her
caress; the ardor in her breath that intermingled with mine.

The moment she was with me I protruded my tongue at her for not bathing;
admonishing her for flooding my nostrils with a smell like rotten tomato,
But I realized it only when she walked out of the house in anger; that I found the
most exotic of perfume to be raw dirt in front of her perspiration.

The moment she was with me I pointed fingers at her eyes; saying that she was
horrendously squint,
But I realized it only when she closed them abruptly at me; as to how
mesmerizing were her lashes; the poignant empathy that they oozed out every
unfurling second.

The moment she was with me I told her to dismiss off from my presence; leaving

me alone to delve in my world of fantasy,
But I realized it only when she exited; that my dreams ended there and then;
and each pore of my body cried for her in agony.

Therefore this is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Lord; please don't separate us ever,
For she was my blood and I was her breath; and we would die a gruesome death to take birth again as lovers; if you didn't BIND US IN THIS LIFE TOGETHER.

20. WHEN I LOST MY LOVE

i drowned myself in large beer cans of alcohol,
Lay the whole night on desolate sands of the beach,
Traversed bare feet through scorching territories of stone ground,
Sang nostalgic rhymes while kissing the winter breeze,
Grew strands of unruly beard on the immaculate skin of my face,
Stared unrelentingly all night at the cameo of twinkling stars,
Consumed food abstemiously with occasional sips of soiled water,
Erupted with volatile outbursts of anger at the slightest of provocation,
Walked at languid pace with the acerbic sun filtering through my eyes,
Wore pure suits of torn jute blended with cheap pieces of leather,
Lambasted myself with incessant strokes of the whiplash at dawn,
Distributed all my affluence to the needy and impoverished,
Disposed my smoke Grey sedan in fathomless waters of the ocean,
Burnt all novels which contained even minuscule traces of romance,
Refrained to cast frivolous glances the charismatic passing by,
Sequestered myself from pragmatic realities of life,
spending life like a relic in a dilapidated barn,
Ploughed the earth with my pickaxe shovel; the only means of survival,
There was a time I had bounced radiantly; blooming with life,
While at the present moment though; I sobbed all day and sinister night,
As I no longer possessed the power to win back my love,
To shrug of the obliteration's and make her forever mine.

21. WHEN IN LOVE

Even if you slapped me hard in my cheek; mercilessly whipping the succulent flesh of my body,
I would still bow down my head in obeisance; proclaim vociferously to the world that I loved you.

Even if you spat on me loads of your tangy saliva; castigating me openly amidst

scores of civilians; for the most inadvertent of my mistakes,
I would still offer you a glass of spring water to mollify your anger; say
audaciously that I loved you.

Even if you starved me of food for the entire day; refraining to cast an amicable
look in my direction,
I would still endeavor my best to make you frivolously smile; trying to enlighten
the pallid atmosphere; declare without hesitancy that I loved you.

Even if you made me polish the dilapidated floors till they shone like mirrors;
dictatorially commanded me to wipe your shoes,
I would still worship your feet in due reverence; whisper to the obdurate brick
walls that I loved you.

Even if you made me iron your ostentatious clothes; dressing me in threadbare
sacs of corrugated jute,
I would still engulf you with the extra rag on my body; when you were shivering;
sobbing hysterically in front of you to convey that I loved you.

Even if you shut your eyes when I confronted you; smirking haughtily when I
tried to utter the most diminutive of sound,
I would still carry you to your bed when your dreary toes floundered to hold
their weight on the ground; kiss you gently on your lips to portray I loved you.

Even if you deliberately snapped off my car brakes; making sure I met with a
ghastly accident the next time I drove,
I would still utter your name while lying submerged in pools of greasy blood;
shout as hard as I could expend my lungs to say that I loved you.

Even if you wished derogatory for me night and day; ominously stared at me for
no fault of mine,
I would still pray to the creator to impregnate your life with bountiful riches;
ubiquitously disclose that I loved you.

Even if you pushed me from the aircraft hovering at an unprecedented altitude
in the clouds; waiting anxiously to witness the scenario of my inevitable death,
I would still smile compassionately at you; fervently hoping to witness your
grace again in the next birth; unanimously declare to all that I loved you before I
relinquished breath.

Do you want to know the secret behind my blatantly irrational behavior; the
cause for my uninhibited sacrifice,

Well its simply this darling; that I had loved you intensely since the moment I first saw you,
And WHEN IN LOVE; I only knew to chivalrously give; for the moment I asked you to grant me favors in return; I would be christened as the 'biggest beggar'.

22. IN ORDER TO REPAIR

In order to repair the broken door; what was required was a plethora of finely chiseled nails; along with an adroit carpenter,

In order to repair the tumbledown television; what was required was a maze of intricate wires; and the services of a technician,

In order to repair the severely corrugated road; what was required was bountiful amounts of fresh mud; to be scrupulously compacted by the gigantic bulldozer,

In order to repair the shoddy shoe; what was required was strong spools of thread; and a metallic bodkin to meticulously stitch the same,

In order to repair the fragile economy of the country; what was required was a stringent dictator; who thoroughly refrained from indulging into the most inconspicuous of malpractice; shirked his face away from taking bribe,

In order to repair the houses flooded with the onslaught of stormy coastal waves; what was required was to evacuate the afflicted from the tyranny of sea,

In order to repair the dilapidated car; what was required was a host of scintillating spare parts; and a drum replete with lubricant oil,

In order to repair the punctured tier; what was required was a few bellows of compressed air; which lay incarcerated in the hand pump,

In order to repair the contemporary timepiece; what was required was a pair of lead batteries; engendering white current to flow,

In order to repair the shattered mirror; what was required was long pieces of pellucid glass; along with a rotund bottle of sticky glue,

In order to repair the disheveled painting; what was required was an artist blending it with vibrant colors from his brush; transforming its complexion into virtually new,

In order to repair raw wounds oozing blood; what was required was a sprinkle of emollient antiseptic,

In order to repair the gaping hole in the wall; what was required was articulately sculptured bricks; which could fill the same to perfection,

In order to repair the discarded aircraft; what was required was to refuel it with gasoline; strengthen its tapered wings,

In order repair burnt hair adorning the scalp; what was required was to tonsure the scalp entirely; to facilitate brand new clusters to grow,

In order to repair the torn parchment of bonded paper; what was required was adhesive tape which held the sheet in a vice like grip,

In order to repair the earthquake stricken edifices; what was required was to dismantle them completely; replacing them with fresh ones having superior resistance to shock,

In order to repair the smashed web of the spider; what was required was to feed the beast with lots of insect; thereby granting it strength to spin other one,

In order to repair wholesome darkness prevailing on this earth; what was required was the omnipotent light of courage shining unrelentingly,

And in order to repair my broken heart; what was required was a girl who could love me intensely; make me oblivious to the horrendous anecdotes and my miseries of the past.

23. THE ARROW OF LOVE

When an arrow of barbaric iron struck me on my chest; rivulets of blood trickled down rampantly,
Soft portions of flesh were brutally invaded; and I emitted loud screams of anguish under my vanishing breath.

When an arrow of glittering gold struck me perilously close to my ribs; I initially felt elated at witnessing the opulence embedded,
However after a while the beats of my heart reduced dramatically; and
An uncanny numbness seemed to be encompassing my persona.

When an arrow of acrimonious thorns struck me in my eye; I felt a sudden gush of blindness encroach upon my silhouette,
The world now seemed an obfuscated blur of its original self; and I now sighted the dazzling sun in the sky as gruesomely black.

When an arrow of piquant chili struck me in the center of my nostrils;
I experienced fuming sensations engulf my breath,
Eloped as fast as my skinny legs could carry me; to dip my burnt skin in revitalizing water.

When an arrow of obnoxious tobacco struck me on my lips; the derogatory odor made me inevitably cough,
Some of the derogatory powder had also entered my intricate intestines;
and I vomited out the poisonous extract with my inebriated eyes feebly closing down.

When an arrow of resplendent silver struck me in my legs; I at the onset appreciated the gleam and accentuated shine,
Although after a few seconds had elapsed; collapsed in a bedraggled heap on the stony floor; unable to bear the tyranny anymore.

When an arrow of pointed glass struck me in my face; indiscriminately permeating through my cheek,
I felt as if stabbed by millions of scorpion tails; lost holistic consciousness instantaneously succumbing to the mighty onslaught.

When an arrow of golden honey struck me on my rotund stomach; this time I felt no pain not even the slightest of discomfort,
However with rising of the next dawn; a conglomerate of parasites and leech had camouflaged my skin from the world; greedily sucking the nectar as well as long pieces of my bone.

When an arrow of charred wood struck me in my shoulder; it mercilessly ripped apart the protruding muscle,
Made sooty indentations on my sparkling complexion; sapping away exuberant sources of energy from my demeanor.

And eventually when the 'ARROW OF LOVE' struck me in the middle of my forehead; I felt mystical sensations inundate my soul,
There was a revolutionary stirring which occurred in my heart; making me completely forgetful to the heaps of tribulation I had suffered just minutes before,

Drowning me into an ocean of celestial harmony; a land where there existed nothing else but an insatiable spirit to romantically exist and care.

24. GLASS OF LOVE

When I drank water in a glass of composite mud; the liquid tasted ravishing; with my reflection wavering erratically in it,
However it contained tinges of dissolved sand; and was a trifle salty for my liking.

When I drank water in a glass of deplorable copper; the liquid appeared blurred in the prevailing darkness,
And when I sipped it; it had a stale odor of the rusty surface it had adhered to for many hours.

When I drank water in a glass of pure bamboo; the liquid looked glistening and mesmerizing under the sun,
Although even after consuming it completely; I still felt that my bowels were yet famished and incorrigibly demanded more.

When I drank water in a glass of yellow molded gold; the liquid inside displayed a scintillating shine; dazzling brilliantly in the most sequestered of room,
However it miserably floundered to pacify my thirst; as I was heavily circumspect in devouring the costly water.

When I drank water in a glass of hardened plastic; the liquid seemed to be overwhelming still without the slightest of ripple,
But the tangy flavor was blatantly absent; and I didn't relish one sip of what I had just swallowed.

When I drank water in a glass of bombastic diamonds; the liquid looked as if shimmering profusely under the moon,
Although an uncanny feeling enveloped my stomach; a feeling as if I had Eaten the glittering diamonds.

When I drank water in a glass of pencil lead; the liquid inside looked obnoxiously black; readily acquiring the color of its vessel,
And I felt like puking it out with ferocious intensity; after having dubiously gulped it.

When I drank water in a glass of broad green leaf; the liquid inside resembled the perennial pastures sprawling over the valley,

But alongwith it there entered a fleet of invisible insects in my throat; and I shivered inadvertently envisaging the aftermath of disease.

When I drank water in a glass of heavy stone; the liquid pretty normal to drink,

However lifting the glass proved to be a bit cumbersome; and I felt a bit perturbed by the flimsy effort.

And eventually when I drank water in the 'GLASS OF OUR LOVE'; blending it with a concoction of her heavenly tears,

The water tasted as sweet as never before; as impeccable as sacrosanct god; as exotic as the gyrating fairies in the sky; and it instantly put me into an inevitable slumber.

25. THE TENACITY OF MY LOVE

Even If you were an obdurate stone; with loads of callousness embedded rigidly in your persona,

I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; transformed you into Molten wax rampantly dripping down; eventually blending with the earth.

Even if you were the dry desert; harboring a plethora of acrimonious cactus and violently blistering winds,

I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; inundated you with fresh water; imparting a perennial wetness to your sands.

Even if you were the satanic demon; with your armory of brutal teeth scintillating wickedly under the moon,

I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; brought about a dramatic metamorphosis in you; converting you into an immaculate angel.

Even if you were the incorrigible dictator; rebuking all in proximity with your volley of expletives and commands,

I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; pacified you overwhelmingly; exonerated the bitterness in your voice.

Even if you were deadly poison; causing instantaneous death on consumption,

I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; completely annihilated your venom; making you as sweet as golden nectar.

Even if you were pallid paint sticking languidly to the walls;

propagating waves of disparaging gloom in the ambience,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; impregnated you with
brilliantly vibrant color; made you profoundly smile.

Even if you were poignant green chili; thunderously shouting expending
supreme capacity of your lungs,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; transmuted you into
innocuous sugar; irrefutably sweet in taste.

Even if you were the viciously lethal reptile; baring your fangs at me
with utter hostility,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; changed you into the
resplendent fish; gliding sedately through the swirling ocean.

Even if you were blazing volcano; torching all those who came even
centimeters near you; devouring innocent humans in your fiery belly like
inconspicuous insects,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; transfigured you into
the melodious stream weaving its way enchantingly through meadows of soft
grass.

And even if you were the idol of horrendous hatred; ostracizing
humanity severely for its benevolent deeds,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; rekindled in you the
essence of sharing; the insatiable urge to caress and care.

26. YOU LIVED IN MY HEART

You lived in my intricate eyes when I saw the world; taught me to
discerningly distinguish between the good and evil,

You lived in my ears when I listened to sound; made me stringently
aware of the most minuscule of voice in proximity,

You lived in my feet when I traversed the parched earth; making sure
that my toes remained reinvigorated at all times,

You lived in my fingers when I wrote literature; making me chisel sheer
magic out of nondescript words,

You lived in my stomach when I swallowed food; assisting me to
scrupulously digest the same,

You lived in my nails when I scratched the wall; imparting me with the tenacity to peel off the pallid paint,

You lived in my tongue when I spoke; blessing me with the tact of producing a melodious noise,

You lived in my nostrils when I breathed air; seeing to it that the purest part of it entered the jacket of my lungs,

You lived in my veins when they pumped crimson blood; ensuring that it flowed rambunctiously all throughout the day,

You lived in my throat when I gulped cool water; facilitating it to smoothly cascade down my neck,

You lived in my luscious lips when I smiled; making it appear profoundly incarcerating in front of the audience,

You lived in my slender bones as I grew; impregnating them with tones of calcium; making me audaciously confront the most bizarre of situation,

You lived in my armory of teeth when I masticated my meals; making sure that I crushed each obdurate morsel into silken chowder,

You lived in my mind when I tried to contemplate; providing me with the most adept solution to my baffling enigma,

You lived in my scalp every time I felt like caressing it; incorporating the follicles of my hair with resplendent shine,

You lived in the wildest of my fantasies; the most weirdest of my dreams; making it wholesomely sure that they didn't cause me any harm,

You lived in the lines embossed on the back of my palm; chalking my destiny to be as bright as possible,

You lived in my sweat as it dribbled down my cheeks; inundating it with a perennial shine,

You lived in my scent as the day unveiled itself into shivering night; embedding my persona with an everlasting essence,

And most importantly you lived in my heart invincibly imprisoned; as it had absolutely no vacancy for any other entity to exist.

27. ROPE OF LOVE

When they tied me in ropes of slender steel; mercilessly cupping my hands in an airtight embrace,
I felt submerged by disparaging despair in the beginning; although after a while I used my ingenuity and managed to wriggle out completely free from my bondage.

When they wound me in ropes of sparkling diamonds; the acerbic edges of stone pricked me severely in my veins,
I was a blend of tribulation and supreme rhapsody at witnessing the jewels; although after a few hours I astutely succeeded to chisel the same and hastily absconded.

When they strangled me in ropes of threadbare rubber; securely tying my hands and feet,
I felt the breath imprisoned in my chest stifling every unleashing minute; although I somehow achieved to find a rusty knife; eloped like the frisky giraffe after chafing my ropes.

When they enmeshed me in ropes of acrimonious thorns; the stinging nettles made me profusely bleed,
I felt an obfuscated blur encircle my eyes; although after a few determined gasps; I opened my barricades insurmountably flexing my muscles; and
decamped surreptitiously via the boundless ocean.

When they tethered me uncouthly in ropes of live snakes; with the hooded monster snaring its venomous fangs on my cheek,
I felt an armory of Goosebumps creep up on my skin; sweat dribbling like torrential rain from my body; although in the end I was able to defeat my lethal adversary; and fled for my life as fast as those tiny legs of mine could carry me.

When they enslaved me in ropes of thick tree roots; a plethora of worms and pugnacious ants crawled on my body from the same,
I initially felt miserable with the insects abhorrently tickling my flesh; although a few minutes of intense contemplation; I was able to unwind

the knots; and galloped as speedily as I could from the dense jungle.

When they captivated me in ropes of blistering iron; stuffing my mouth with tones of fetid cotton,
I thought this was going to be my last day of holistic survival;
although within seconds I discovered a gas stove nearby; judiciously used the flames to snap open my chains and then transgressed through the heavy door to escape.

When they incarcerated me in ropes of coarse cloth; hanging me upside down with my feet tautly kissing the tall ceiling,
I started perceiving the world as being grotesquely distorted; although after a few breaths I used my teeth to acrobatically open my chords; and fled the disdainful scenario; leaping through partially open window.

When they bound me in ropes of crude glass pieces; stripping every bit of cloth from my persona,
I felt a stream of fresh blood oozing incessantly from my raw wounds;
although I still managed to break free vehemently flinging the pointed shards from my arms.

And eventually when they imprisoned me in the 'ROPE OF LOVE'; with my beloved lying blissfully by my side,
I endeavored as hard as possible to scamper away; but this time though the mesmerizing essence of her entity; the invincible power of her devotion for my being; held me incorrigibly on the ground; to bask for centuries unprecedented in the glory of her widespread arms.

28. THE FIRST TIME

The first time when I swam in fathomless waters of the Atlantic; my legs felt dreary with feverish exhilaration; my heart palpitated 100 beats faster,
There was an incredulous feeling of confronting the storm; floating abreast the opalescent fish; caressing the drifting corals as I plunged down.

The first time when I ate freezing icecream; infinite buds of taste stood up on my tongue in bewildered alacrity,
I greedily gulped the blend of protuberant cherry and cream inadvertently smearing some of it on my nose; to satiate my thirst in the scorching winds of summer.

The first time when I witnessed an accident; the lifeless form of an innocuous

pedestrian lying in a river of crimson blood,
Uncanny shivers ran down my spine at swashbuckling speeds; a dark blur
obliterated my eyes; and I swooned in a disheveled heap on the ground.

The first time when I saw a crackling fire; heaps of logs being incinerated by
a tiny matchstick,
I felt besieged by waves of curiosity; unwittingly poking my fingers in the
sapphire blue flames; although I quickly withdrew them before my flesh
got charred to soot.

The first time when I smoked a cigarette; I felt something vindictively
burning in my throat,
There were incessant bouts of coughing; succeeded by clouds of grey air
wafting from my mouth.

The first time when I drove my car; I felt tumultuous power
encompassing me; as I could increase the speed at a mere kiss to the
accelerator,
However when I did so; the automobile sky rocketed towards the sky;
eventually crashing into the bakery full of rotten eggs and cakes.

The first time when I sat in the aircraft; I felt overwhelmed by the ostentatious
interiors; the trays of plum juice being served in kingly fashion,
I thought of opening the translucent glass window as I usually did as I
got up from sleep; this time though I was rebuked by the airhostess from doing
so; as it could mean a difference between life and death.

The first time when I drank peach flavored wine; there was a massive cyclone
that engulfed my mind,
I seemed to have lost refined degrees of sophistication; barked a volley of
malicious expletives looking my employer straight in his eyes.
The first time when I heard the tiger growl in the jungle; the sonorous screeching
of the owl; I felt clusters of hair stand like needles on my skin,
Also I didn't need to find a plush lavatory; as I had performed the call of
nature in my pants.

The first time I attended a bombastic party; with a conglomerate of sparkling
lights falling in dispersed beams; I felt awkward reverberations entrench me
from all sides,
And my situation exacerbated; when my parents introduced me to the ensemble
of dignitaries; who sipped beer as casually as they had mineral water from their
glass.

The first time I held a gun in my hands; they unrelentingly shivered with cold sweat dribbling down my forehead,
I knew I had to kill my adversary to save my own life; but in the end succumbed to the tyranny of fate; as I couldn't muster the tenacity to fire.

The first time when I heard my name; the voice of my mother stringently addressing me in her domineering,
I felt as impregnable as god in the sky; as I had now been bestowed supreme recognition to my otherwise neglected entity.

And the first time when I saw her; sighting her silken hair blowing with the wind; I instantly fell in the dungeon of love,
Wanting to be incarcerated with her celestial form; away from the nuances of the world for ever and ever and ever.

29. POLISH

I polished my shoe using a blend of molten wax and color; exerting onerous strokes with my hands,
As an aftermath they shone brilliantly under the sun; however after a few hours of transgressing through the streets; they were completely covered with squalid mud.

I polished the nondescript wall using a canister full of turpentine oil; painting the same with shades of sparkling white,
As a result it appeared a stupendous treat to the eye; however after a while I noticed abashing chocolate smudges which the children must have left while playing.

I polished the necklace of lackluster silver by dipping it in pure milk; vigorously kneading its periphery applying stringent lemon,
As a manifestation it shimmered magnificently under the beams of moon; however when I sighted it after a few days it had again acquired incorrigible stains of black juxtaposed with perspiration.

I polished my plate of food submerging it in a bath of foam; then scrubbing it with a cloth of flocculent silk,
It glistened marvelously as if brand new; however after consuming my meal of rice and curry; it again got coated with blemishes of black and blue.

I polished the windscreen of my car drenching it in tepid water; then

massaging it till it emanated a screeching sound,
The effect was so incredulous that I could almost spot stars sleeping
behind the sun; however after few minutes of driving the glass again looked
tainted with a sheet of nascent dust lining its borders.

I polished my finger nails using scarlet nailpolish; meticulously
applying it to engulf the entire surface,
The effect was pretty exotic as they conspicuously glimmered under the
lights; however after a fortnight the color seemed to as evanescent as the
passing storms.

I polished my teeth using a fat smear of tangy toothpaste; resolutely
stroking the brush umpteenth times on their surface,
As a consequence the armory of my enamel radiated like scintillating
pearls; however as the day unveiled itself into night; I saw a host of germ and
bacteria sticking merrily to them.

I polished my attire using an antiseptic bar of detergent; brushing
away the most minuscule particle of dust from my collar,
As a result of which I got profoundly noticed in public; however after
a few minutes a speeding car sprayed a drizzle of fetid water while passing;
and my immaculate demeanor was now converted to mere shambles.

I polished the floor all day using all sorts of modern contrivances;
even going to the extent of licking it clean with my tongue,
As an inevitable outcome it emitted brilliant ramifications of purity;
however after sometime was rendered indescribable; as unruly strangers entered
with their dirty feet.

But as far as my beloved was concerned she didn't need the slightest of
sparkle; the slightest of ostentation to project her persona,
The inner beauty of her heart perennially shone; irrespective of
changing seasons and the unleashing of time,
She was the only person who by my perception was the most beautiful;
the one who didn't need the slightest of polish.

30. IF I WERE TO CHOOSE

If I were to choose from; speeding in a motorboat to swimming against
choppy waves of the ocean,
I would prefer wading across the stormy waters profusely moving my
arms; rather than the insipid journey in the cruise liner.

If I were to choose from; languishing on the flocculent couch to sleeping on the stone cold floor,
I would prefer to caress the ground; roll wildly in unparalleled exuberance; rather than the effeminate comfort of the bed.

If I were to choose from; transgressing the desert barefoot to riding on profoundly hunched camel back,
I would prefer to walk feeling the tenacity of blistering sun on my back; rather than petulantly torture the innocuous beast.

If I were to choose from; reaching the pinnacle of the mountain top on cable car to clambering up using a knotted rope,
I would prefer to onerously scramble my way to the top basking in the spirit of paramount adventure; rather than descending on my destination without flexing the slightest of my muscle.

If I were to choose from; drinking opulent wine floating in swanky glasses to crystalline liquid extracted from the belly of earth,
I would prefer rapidly gulping the scintillating water; rather than collapsing in a disheveled heap on the ground after devouring the inebriating elixir.

If I were to choose from; inhaling artificial air from the compact cylinder of oxygen to breathing directly from the atmosphere,
I would prefer to expand my lungs to their full capacity in my chest drawing in ravishing puffs of oxygen; rather than respiring the adulterated surroundings.

If I were to choose from; watching television to voraciously reading infinite lines of literature,
I would prefer to exorbitantly exert my eyes trying to innovatively perceive in the dormitories of my mind; rather than indolently viewing gaudy images flickering on the silver screen.

If I were to choose from; dancing in the sleazy discotheque in an ambience of bombastic lights to swirling on the vast ground,
I would prefer to rambunctiously gyrate under the dazzling sun god; rather than consciously moving my body in the realms of nimble sophistication.

If I were to choose from; residing in the grandiloquent palace to the rustic interiors of a tumbledown hut,

I would prefer to live in the ramshackle barn with boisterous droplets of rain cascading freely through blatantly gaping holes; rather than having a fleet of bodyguards parading around my impoverished persona.

If I were to choose from; staying secure in custody of the corrupt leaders den to flinging my life away for the sake of my country, I would prefer; to indiscriminately shed my blood on the battlefield rather than keep leading a life of opprobrious contempt.

And if I were to choose from; my beloved and boundless notes of white currency, I would definitely prefer her compounded with our penurious condition to live; rather than leading a lackluster life divested of the desire to struggle; a life utterly bereft of the zeal to live.

31. WHEN WE TALK ABOUT LOVE

When we talk about the fiery body of sun; it's magnanimous stature in the sky,
The cardinal thing that inundates our mind; is its dazzling shine; and the blistering rays that emanate indefatigably throughout the day.

When we talk about the placid persona of lake; the plethora of ripples embodied on its surface,
The salient thing that floods our mind; is the boats floating on it; the conglomerate of resplendent fish beneath its surface.

When we talk about the blossoming flowers in the garden; the wild stalks of grass circumventing them,
The chief thing that deluges our mind; is the fragrance that perennially wafts from them; the sweet nectar incarcerated in their core.

When we talk about the colossal desert; the sweltering heat permeating the ambience like dagger heads of acrimonious steel,
The conspicuous thing that overwhelms our mind; is the astronomical amounts of slippery sand; the hunchbacked camels traversing through its territory.

When we talk about the steep mountains; gigantic streams of water plummeting down their slopes,
The remarkable thing that imprisons our mind; is its summits standing abreast the clouds; the melodious gurgling sounds of liquid cascading down towards the ground.

When we talk about the tenacious wind; turbulent draughts of breeze
sweeping the periphery of earth,
The prominent thing that encapsulates our mind; is rustling of the tree
leaves; the loose granules of mud which fly incoherently in air.

When we talk about the preposterously huge whales; their monstrous pair
of teeth which pulverize humans to chowder,
The main thing that engulfs our mind; is swirling waves of the majestic
ocean; the animated aquatic life inhabiting the fathomless waters.

When we talk about the diminutive mosquito; its proliferation in pools of fetid
water,
The profound thing that envelops our mind; is incessant sounds of cacophonous
buzzing; the animosity in sting which painstakingly infiltrates in our flesh.

When we talk about gargantuan slices of cheese; the rich and sumptuous
odor diffusing from the same,
The supreme thing that strangulates our mind; is the sacrosanct cow
yielding immaculate milk; the delicious taste it would impart when we revolve it
in our mouth.

And when we talk about true love; the blissful aftermath of falling in romance,
The first thing that inevitably pierces our mind; is the mesmerizing image of
our beloved; the celestial reflections of her dainty feet.

32. THE ONLY PERSON

Even If an inconspicuous particle of dust entered your eye; making you
wildly scratch with your tender palms,
That very moment I would go completely blind; wholesomely abdicating
the ability to perspicuously see.

Even if you tripped inadvertently on the floor; slightly bruising the
skin on your fragile shoulders,
That very moment I would collapse on the ground; developing a series of
multiple fracture in my feet.

Even if you coughed a trifle; as an aftermath of poignant pepper encompassing
your nostrils,
That very moment I would have unrelenting bouts of rapid breathing; incessantly
sneeze till the time my eyes popped out of their sockets.

Even if you perceived a baseless fear; of drizzling rain water disdainfully
drenching you,
That very moment I would gruesomely drown in the colossal ocean; incorrigibly
refraining to steer my way up the surface.

Even if you tossed and turned petulantly on the bed for a few minutes;
before falling into a sound slumber,
That very moment I would irrevocably stare into black space; keeping
awake the entire night like a dreaded insomniac.

Even if you banged your robust fists softly into the wall; expressing
your profound indignation at getting late for office,
That very moment I would put my hands under the springing axe;
pulverizing them into infinite splinters of bone.

Even if you contracted a minuscule infection; with the imbalance in
your body disappearing within a few hours of stringent medication,
That very moment I would have astronomically high levels of tribal
fever; with the entire of my silhouette burning like a piece of red coal.

Even if you got an iota pierced; by the irascible mosquito
unceremoniously hovering around,
That very moment I would be bitten by swarms of stinging bees;
inserting their venomous tentacles into my cheeks.

Even if you felt a little suffocated; wading through the claustrophobic
queues for the railway ticket,
That very moment I would relinquish breath in perpetual entirety; and
my heart would cease to throb in its cavity.

All this is because you are the only person I have profoundly loved
in my life sweetheart; the only deity I worship and adore,
And as every breath of yours unleashes; mine gets automatically a million times
faster.

33. I WOULD STILL CONSIDER MYSELF THE RICHEST

Even if you possessed a plethora of thoroughbred horses; galloping
handsomely through moist paddy fields,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of
drowning my persona into the cascade of her silken hair.

Even if you had a palace profusely embedded with gold; dungeons replete with scores of glittering diamonds,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I could tickle the mesmerizing skin of her cheek; sending inexplicable shivers down my spine.

Even if you possessed swanky cars to philander across the countryside; a fleet of helicopters following you at close quarters,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had her ravishing breath caressing my neck; catapulting me into waves of tumultuous rhapsody.

Even if you possessed a private swimming pool; impregnated with crystal spring water from the mountains to bathe in,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of sighting my reflection in her glistening tears.

Even if you possessed a pair of fur coated shoes; with exquisite leather studded commensurately at all quarters,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of lying in complete surrender at the pair of her dainty feet.

Even if you possessed a flurry of maids to serve you dinner; ornate glasses embellished with pearls to drink opulent wine,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of masticating boiled rice prepared fresh by her sacrosanct hands.

Even if you had a colossal assemblage of people spuriously worshipping you; applauding you wholesomely for your most minuscule of deed,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of witnessing her ingratiating smile; which grew distinctly large as she spotted me.

Even if you had a conglomerate of effeminate statues; sculptured to immaculate perfection; molded out of molten wax and draped with the richest quality of silk,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of embracing her impeccable demeanor in entirety.

Even if you had a sword embodied with iridescent jewels; which you placed in a scabbard made of rustic panther skin,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the audacity to confront any power in this world; simply uttering your enchanting name.

Even if you had a gargantuan basket of roses; extravagantly stashed with flowers from all round the globe,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of absorbing the essence of golden sweat which dribbled from her body.

Even if you possessed flamboyant pairs of sunglasses; embodied with jugglery of enthusing designs; and gaudy strips of plastic,
I would still consider myself the richest; as I had the privilege of viewing my reflection in her emphatic eyes.

Even if you possessed the tangiest of toothpaste; incorporated in garish interiors of an ostentatious bottle,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of appreciating the scintillating armory of her teeth.

Even if you possessed a golden band fudged with sapphire emeralds; dipped in an ocean of honey,
I would still consider myself as the richest; as I had the privilege of being slapped by her delectable hands.

And even if you procured the entire wealth in this world; owning every dwelling protruding from the surface of earth,
I would still consider myself the richest man on earth; as your affluence miserably floundered to purchase her; while I had the privilege of possessing her in mind; body and soul; perpetually till the time she tangibly existed.

34. WOULD YOU EVER BELIEVE

Would you ever believe if I called a nondescript table of teakwood; as a vivacious bird soaring high in the sky,

Would you ever believe if I called a ruffled sheet of paper; as a chunk of glittering gold,

Would you ever believe if I called a grandiloquent watch embodied with diamonds; as a lump of bedraggled stone,

Would you ever believe if I called a mountain of compacted mud; as a switchboard of pugnacious electricity,

Would you ever believe if I called a resplendent rainbow in the sky; as a broomstick with incongruous bristles,

Would you ever believe if I called a rusty canister of dilapidated iron; as a mesmerizing rose growing in the garden,

Would you ever believe if I called a pink tablet of luxury soap; as a mosquito hovering acrimoniously in the cloistered room,

Would you ever believe if I called a boat rollicking merrily on the undulating waves; as a rustic jungle spider,

Would you ever believe if I called a valley profusely embedded with snow; as an unscrupulous dog on the street,

Would you ever believe if I called a pair of luscious lips; as a disdainfully fetid shoe,

Would you ever believe if I called a fluorescent rod of light; as a jagged bush of cactus growing in the sweltering desert,

Would you ever believe if I called the blazing sun; as a pudgy bar of delectable chocolate,

Would you ever believe if I called an angular sculptured bone; as acid bubbling in a swanky bottle,

Would you ever believe if I called a scintillating oyster; as an inarticulate matchstick coated with lead,

Would you ever believe if I called a cluster of bells jingling from the ceiling; as a sordid cockroach philandering beside the lavatory seat,

Would you ever believe if I called a fruit of succulent coconut; as a dead mans morbid tooth,

Would you ever believe If I called a steaming cup of filter coffee; as gaudily colored water emanating from the street fountains,

Would you ever believe if I called the majestic statue of a revered historian; as a slab of tangy peanut butter,

Would you ever believe if I called a vibrant shirt; as a protuberant pigeon discerningly pecking its beak at grains scattered on the floor,

Would you ever believe if I called a flocculent bud of cotton; as a camouflaged lizard transgressing through wild projections of grass,

Would you ever believe if I called a photograph depicting the steep gorges; as a gutter inundated with obnoxious sewage,

Would you ever believe if I called a lanky giraffe; as a convict nefariously lurking through solitary streets of the city,

Would you ever believe if I called a pair of flamboyant sunglasses; as a weird tattoo to be adhered to the chest,

Would you ever believe if I called a chicken's egg; as logs of sooty charcoal abundantly stashed in the colossal warehouse,

Would you ever believe if I called a biscuit replete with golden honey; as a ominously slithering reptile in the jungles,

Would you ever believe if I called a bald man possessing a profoundly tonsured scalp; as a gas balloon floating in insipid air,

Would you ever believe if I called a ring embellished with crystal diamonds; as an inconspicuous and distorted metallic pin,

Would you ever believe if I called a crimson crested parrot; as a tray containing frozen ice,

Would you ever believe if I called a glass made of pallid plastic; as a gargantuan well flooded with water and dead frogs,

Would you ever believe if I called wooden beams dangling from the ceiling; as finely squelched juice of red radish,

Would you ever believe if I called an articulately painted canvas; as slime coated fossil lying in close proximity with the sea bed,

Would you ever believe if I called a diminutive tadpole; as a fortified wall commensurately aligned with burnt bricks,

Would you ever believe if I called a mammoth elephant; as rotten pulp of mango being tossed indiscriminately on the street,

Would you ever believe if I called a truck inundated with cumbersome machines;
as an aromatic seed of plant,

Would you ever believe if I called a sheet of crisp paper; as a rubicund fruit
of juicy plum,

Would you ever believe if I called a trouser of jaded jeans; as a greeting card
fudged with scores of ostentatious lines,

Would you ever believe if I called a ravishing pair of eyelashes; as a disheveled
pantry inhabited with clusters of stray mice,

Would you ever believe if I called a dazzling yellow helmet; as a preposterously
huge whale of the ocean,

Would you ever believe if I called a piquant stick of chili; as an animated
butterfly fluttering at low heights from the ground,

Would you ever believe if I called a hideously black rope; as a mushroom sizzling
in the blistering oven,

Would you ever believe if I called a magazine of lead bullets; as an avalanche of
snow plummeting down the mountain at turbulent speeds,

Would you ever believe if I called an incredibly cool air-conditioner; as a curry of
decayed cream lying obsolete in the garbage heap,

Would you ever believe if I called a scintillating tooth; as a big toe of a striped
panther,

Would you ever believe if I called a jazzy strip of belt; as a corrugated
assemblage of tree roots,

Would you ever believe if I called a slate of pure chalk; as a tier floating
harmlessly in water,

Would you ever believe if I called a chain with infinite loops; as a graveyard
sprawled with morbid coffins,

Would you ever believe if I called a pot bellied tortoise; as a languid peel of paint
hanging lackadaisically from the nondescript wall,

Would you ever believe if I called a shimmering coin of currency; as a zany zebra galloping at whirlwind speeds through the desert,

Would you ever believe if I called a bottle of inebriating rum; as a frigid contact lens agglutinated to the eye,

Would you ever believe if I called sacrosanct religion; as licentious profanity,

Would you ever believe if I called candid truth; as a profoundly blatant lie,

Would you ever believe if I called the omniscient personality of god; as a perniciously diabolical devil,

And would you ever believe if I called 'true love'; as a spurious product of imagination; a frivolous case of casual infatuation.

35. WHILE PASSING BY HER HOUSE

While philandering through the bustling traffic streets; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was obnoxious clouds of derogatory smoke rising in the air,

While strolling past the sea shore; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was swirling waves breaking down into infinite granules of froth after striking the rocks,

While gallivanting on a horse through the meandering mountain lanes; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was unsurpassable depth of the panoramic valley,

While ambling languidly through a lush green cricket field; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was an ensemble of polished stumps well embedded in the ground,

While trespassing through the vivacious circus grounds; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was garishly attired ludicrous clowns,

While walking gingerly on a frayed rope; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was the tall board fluttering high and highlighting finish,

While soaring at astronomical heights from the ground in an airplane; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was the boundless expanse of misty white clouds,

While penning down intricate lines of literature; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was a table of sparkling mahogany wood on which were placed the bulky sheaf of paper,

While swimming underwater with an assemblage of opalescent green permeating into my eyes; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was the preposterously huge shark gliding past at whisker lengths from my persona,

While clambering up the steep mountain; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was fiery body of sun profoundly illuminating the sky,

While sipping sizzling tea from the triangular shaped paper cup; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was the rustic brown liquid incarcerated within; in gay abandon,

While dangling from the elastic branches of a densely foliated tree; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was the catacombed hive; inhabited by the obstreperously humming bee,

While lying sprawled on a bed of pudgy and redolent grass; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was a blanket of mesmerizing stars scintillating vividly in the crystal clear sky,

While riding on a hunch backed camel tightly straddled to its sides; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was the blistering expanse of shimmering sands spreading almost till eternity,

While traversing up towards the 150th floor in a grandiloquent elevator; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was a impeccable panel of rotund buttons; with a jugglery of numerals embossed immaculately upon them,

While praying incessantly in front of the idol of the omniscient creator; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was an ingratiating aura lingering profusely around his sacrosanct forehead,

While vigorously kneading chunks of flaccid dough; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was pellucid bottles incorporated with appetizing recipes stashed neatly on the shelves,

While rolling voraciously in a pond of fetid manure; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was a fleet of pigs darting rampantly in my direction,

While wading through a tunnel engulfed by perennial darkness; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was diminutive beams of faint light flooding intermittently,

And while passing by her partially obfuscated house window panes; the most conspicuous thing that caught my eye; was emphatic contours of her enamouring face; the stupendous beauty hidden well within her glistening eyes.

36. YOU CAN NEVER BREAK OUR PERPETUAL LOVE

In order to break the scented flower; they crushed it indiscriminately with their large and bohemian feet,

In order to break the fortified edifice; they blasted it with pugnacious dynamite; to send it crumbling like a pack of silken cards towards the obdurate ground,

In order to break the inflated balloon; they pricked it with a rusty iron pin to evacuate tones of stale air incarcerated inside,

In order to break the soft mountain of pudgy mud; they punched it hard in the midriff; with their callous hands,

In order to break through the computer; they invented ingenious ways and means to decipher its enigmatic password,

In order to break the solid log of dried timber wood; they used a serrated edged metallic saw; ruthlessly slicing through its body,

In order to break the slender candle of wax; they melted it in crackling flames; leaping rampantly from the kitchen fire,

In order to break long shards of pellucid glass; they smashed them against jagged rocks; sending them flying into infinitesimal splinters all around,

In order to break a colossal pool of placid water; they viciously struck the same with corrugated twigs; engendering a plethora of waves to creep up on the surface,

In order to break stillness of air; they permeated it with strident tunes of discordant cacophony; emanating from the loudspeaker,

In order to break the conglomerate of satiny clouds; they marauded the same with poisonous pellets and sharp missiles,

In order to break the pointed thorn; they pulverized it to pulp; after boiling it in sizzling water,

In order to break triangular cubes of frozen ice; they kept them under stringent light of the sun; and then waited for the inevitable aftermath to follow,

In order to break through the fool proof house; they adroitly deactivated the incredulous burglar alarm; stepped barefoot without making the slightest of sound into the house,

In order to break the lethal snake; they snapped apart its venomous fangs; rendering it as innocuous as a domicile rabbit,

In order to break the skull; they banged it tenaciously with a crude bludgeon; dismantling it into incommensurate halves,

In order to break bonded paper stuck with adhesive glue; they weakened it substantially by applying loads of slippery saliva,

In order to break intense concentration; they flooded veins in the body with gallons of inebriating alcohol,

In order to break an individuals moral; they incessantly castigated him; made a baseless mockery of his caricature,

And in order to break our 'PERPETUAL LOVE'; they tried their best attempts possible; however miserably floundered; as it was impossible to accomplish the same without taking our lives; and even if they did that; they would yet be unsuccessful; as we would definitely be reborn again; to love each other more intensely than we ever did before.

37. NOSTALGIA

The fish slithering in the claustrophobic swimming tank; had a nostalgia for swirling waters of the gargantuan ocean,

The flower sprouting from the cloistered pot; had a nostalgia for growing in farm soil; with an ambience of wind blowing tenaciously,

The spider crawling in dingy corners of the dilapidated mansion; had a nostalgia for traversing through vivacious threads of web; dangling from trees in the amazon forest,

The crimson beaked bird incarcerated in grilled cage; had a nostalgia for flapping its wings exuberantly in the sky,

The blistering lava imprisoned at unprecedented depths beneath the ground; had a nostalgia to fulminate into infinite fountains in fresh air,

The globules of fat moisture trapped in ominous thunder clouds; had a nostalgia for cascading down rampantly in the form of glistening rain,

The biscuits of glittering gold embedded in dilapidated dungeons; had a nostalgia for; people admiring them in dazzling rays of the sun,

The lifeless panther embodied in the mammoth photograph; had a nostalgia for coming out alive; open his jaws in a domineering growl,

The blind man traversing on the streets with a disdainful stick; had a nostalgia for sighting the world; fantasizing it in its most stupendous form ever,

The battalion of frogs in the solitary and deep well; had a nostalgia for bathing in pools of monsoon water,

The hunch backed camel trespassing through the crowded city streets; had a nostalgia for wandering languidly in the sandy desert,

The diminutive flames of wax candle stifling with the slightest of breeze; had a nostalgia for being the escalating flames of a crackling fire,

The granules of white salt jailed tightly in pellucid bottles; had a nostalgia for being sprawled on the saline sea shores,

The scientists stalling for time on marshy soil; had a nostalgia every minute for inhabiting the opalescent moon,

The tones of noxious gas encapsulated in an inflated balloon; had a nostalgia for whistling past the air at lightening speeds,

The pallid milk stored in canisters of rusty iron; had a nostalgia for oozing out from blossoming teats of the sacrosanct cow,

The people residing in alien countries; had a nostalgia for returning back as quickly as possible to blend with their native mud,

The orphaned child wailing incoherently on the dusty roads; had a nostalgia for embracing his departed mother,

And every palpable entity treading on this earth; had a nostalgia for finding its soul mate; languishing in the aisles of desire and perpetual relationship; till the time it inhaled air and blissfully existed.

38. ONE MUST LEARN

In order to taste the sweet kernel of coconut; one must learn to break open its obdurate shell,

In order to experience the ravishing aroma of waves; one must learn to tenaciously swim in the choppy waters,

In order to imbibe the splendor of the desert; one must learn to traverse audaciously on the blistering hot silver sands,

In order to relish the coolness of ice; one must learn how to scrupulously masticate it,

In order to savor the flavor of milk; one must learn to adroitly squeeze it from blossoming cow teats,

In order to enjoy the scent of lotus flower; one must learn to bathe in a pond replete with a curry of slushy mud; blended commensurately with creepers sprawling in all directions,

In order to hear strident tunes of music; one must learn to keep his ears in close affinity with the rustic country discotheque,

In order to bask in pure light; one must learn to sit perseveringly under fiery golden rays of the sun,

In order to extract exorbitant amounts of gold; one must learn to dig till

unfathomable depths; with hostile blade of pickaxe intermittently brazing against the knee,

In order to embellish the body with serrated crocodile skin; one must learn to kill the ferocious beast; then adroitly strip its skin from its diabolical network of bones,

In order to uninhibitedly smile; one must learn to flex ones lips profoundly; stretching the cheeks as far as possible,

In order to sip delectable tea; one must learn to burn his taste buds profusely; as the steaming liquid came in proximity with the tongue,

In order to witness exuberant wails of an innocuous infant; one must learn to deliver the same after undergoing months of painstaking agony,

In order to sketch mesmerizing shapes of the hills; one must learn to commensurately blend root color; vivaciously swishing the brush on sprawling sheets of plain white canvas,

In order to envisage celestial fairies and angels; one must learn to exert the tendons of his brain to fullest capacity; and then dream,

In order to get bountiful crops; one must learn to sow the right proportion of salubrious seeds,

In order to make the morbid surface of walls sparkle; one must learn to whitewash them; with mammoth chunks of chalk powder and paint,

In order to feel tangy perspiration trickle down the nape; one must learn to clamber up the mountain barefoot in sweltering waves of heat,

In order to survive; one must learn to stand unflinching against the hostile vagaries of this world; prove his true mettle in every sphere of life,

And in order to love; one must learn to unselfishly sacrifice; wholesomely dedicate his mind; body and soul to the deity he reveres; the person who made him feel every unveiling minute of the day; that he was breathing; he was alive.

39. YOU WERE MY HEART BEAT

I was the jewel of your mystical eyes; the infinite clusters of eyelashes drooping

down from your lids,
While you were my ability to see; my omnipotent power of sight.

I was the glow that encapsulated your lips; the luscious color that made them
poignantly scarlet,
While you were tinkling laughter; the smile that besieged the contours of my face
till eternity.

I was the unprecedented number of cells that lingered in your brain; the network
of membranes that made it function blissfully,
While you were my virtue to prudently discriminate; the immortal strength of my
memory.

I was your rubicund tongue; the gallons of free saliva circulating ecstatically in
your palette,
While you were my mesmerizing voice; my invincible prowess of eloquent
speech.

I was your intricate veins; the dainty flesh that entrenched them in entirety,
While you were the golden droplets of sweat that oozed from my arms; the
crimson blood traversing ferociously through my body.

I was your ears; the globules of impeccable flesh dangling nimbly across your
cheek,
While you were my ability to decipher the most ethereal of sound; my tenacity to
hear and tolerate ignominious rebukes of the society.

I was your stomach; the conglomerate of intestines incoherently entwined inside,

While you were the sumptuous food residing there; putting me contentedly into
a tranquil slumber.

I was your dainty feet; the spongy toes protruding symmetrically from within
deep recesses of your supple skin,
While you were my energy to surge forward; my unrelenting fervor to bounce
ahead in life.

I was your hands; the delectable armory of fingers which harmoniously moved to
accomplish scores of Herculean tasks,
While you were the lines embedded in the center of my palm; the path which
portrayed and executed my destiny.
And I have no inhibitions revealing that I was your heart; the air which you

inhaled; the breath that escaped with an exhilarated gasp from your nostrils,
While you were the beats that made my heart violently throb; the pulse that
trembled placidly in my wrists; the very purpose for which I was breathing and
alive this second; and would retain life for many more hours to unwind.

40. TOOLS

I had a fantasy to write prolifically; inundate every space of bonded paper with
exquisite literature,
The only tools I had were my knotted fingers; a labyrinth of impeccable tunnels
in my brain; to pen down the lines; transform my dream into tangible reality.

I had a fantasy to clamber Mount Everest; reach its Herculean summit suspended
in thin wisps of clouds,
The only tools I had were my strong legs; an overwhelming tenacity in my mind
to set my foot on the coveted peak.

I had a fantasy to swim amidst the swirling waves; relish the pungent spray of
the ocean splashing across my cheek,
The only tools I had were my muscular arms; the exhilaration in my body
propelling me to surge forward.

I had a fantasy to scratch scintillating crusts of gold; from the mammoth chain of
underground rocks,
The only tools I had were my incongruously extruding nails; the pertinence in my
persona to keep peeling; till I found that incorrigible glow.

I had a fantasy to drink frosty milk; sip the unadulterated elixir with great relish
painstakingly down my throat,
The only tools I had were my articulate fingers to extract the same from mother
cow; alongwith a canister to fill the same as it oozed out.

I had a fantasy to smell the stupendously exotic; drown in its fragrance for times
immemorial,
The only tools I had were the incredibly red and redolent rose; a pair of
supremely sensitive nostrils; drawn inevitably towards the flower.

I had a fantasy to ride on the majestic lion; caress my hands nimbly through the
beasts nape,
The only tools I had were a stick impregnated with tanned leather; loads of
unprecedented and daunting courage enveloping my demeanor.

I had a fantasy to plummet head on from the aircraft; fly uninhibitedly in the galaxy of resplendent stars; before reaching the earth,
The only tools I had were conventional strings of the parachute strapped to my back; astronomical amounts of resilience in my countenance; to descend like an angel from the heavens.

I had a fantasy to voraciously read through a library of books; profusely blend with the history of medieval times,
The only tools I had were my insatiable ability to imbibe; crystalline and emphatic eyes bestowed upon me by the Creator.

I had a fantasy to listen to enchanting music; drift myself wholesomely towards the most mesmerizing and melodious tunes,
The only tools I had were insurmountable patience to wait for the nightingale to open its beak; hollow spaces of my eardrum to assist me grasp the rhapsody in the sound.

And I had fantasy to philander in the aisles of ravishing romance; burn passionately in the flames of immortal love and desire,
The only tools I had were my mightily pounding heart; and my impeccable yet enchanting beloved.

41. THE ONLY BEAT I POSSESSED

The only sound I heard all day; was your mesmerizing voice,

The only color that I fantasized all night; was that of your luscious lips,

The only objects I saw; were what you unrelentingly perceived,

The only skin that I wanted to kiss till infinity; was the one engulfing your crimson cheek,

The only writing I ardently adored; was one that exquisitely flowed from your delectable fingers,

The only relation that I profoundly acknowledged; was your magnificent and immaculate visage,

The only food that I yearned to consume; was the one already pulverized with your scintillating teeth,

The only scent that drowned me into waves of perpetual ecstasy; was one emanating from your ravishing hair,

The only tunes I danced too; were the passionate clapping of your dainty hands,

The only air I breathed; was the one rampantly diffusing from your nostrils,

The only mantra I chanted incessantly; was your irrefutably sacrosanct name,

The only reflection I witnessed; was the one pouring harmoniously from your impeccable eyes,

The only agony I felt; was saline streams of water trickling down your cheek,

The only nostalgia I had for; was poignant memories of your innocuous childhood,

The only shadow that submerged me; was one that radiated majestically from your persona,

The only exhilaration in my life; was tinkling gasps of your vivacious laughter,

The only rest I had; were your fingers silently caressing my forehead,

The only obsession I had; was your everlasting fragrance sending shivers of rhapsody down my spine,

And the ONLY BEAT I POSSESSED; was the heart incarcerated in your chest; throbbing turbulently the instant it sighted me; bonding me immortally in the invincible grip of your romance.

42. INCOMPLETE

Every cloud in the cosmos was incomplete without rain; the water that instilled signs of life in the dead; after cascading down,

Every wave in the sea was incomplete without raw salt; the granules of tanginess embedded, that granted it a ravishing aroma,

Every pearl incarcerated within the slimy oyster was incomplete without its shine; the scintillating glow that crowned it the king of all gems,

Every flower protruding from the soil was incomplete without its petals; the intricate furls of crimson that inundated the air with a rejuvenating fragrance,

Every bird soaring in the sky was incomplete without its wings; the slender flaps of skin that engendered it to fly,

Every patch of earth was incomplete without mushy grass; the tendrils of enchanting green; which voluptuously tingled the feet,

Every mountain was incomplete without its summit; the towering peaks that profoundly distinguished it from the ordinary lumps of mud,

Every lion transgressing through the dense jungle was incomplete without its growl; the thunderous sound that petrifies all animals in vicinity; to the last bone of their spine,

Every desert was incomplete without its sands; the golden crystals of slippery soil that flew rampantly in the air with the rustic breeze,

Every star in the sky was incomplete without its twinkle; the omnipotent shimmer diffusing from its demeanor,

Every dungeon was incomplete without darkness; the appalling gloom that encompassed it in entirety,

Every cactus extruding from scorched mud was incomplete without its thorns; the acrimonious bristles; which stabbed like infinite burnt needles when caressed,

Every snake slithering through the marshy swamps was incomplete without its venom; the poison impregnated in its fangs that strangulated its victim to ghastly death,

Every fire burning was incomplete without its flames; the leaping wisps of blistering smoke that wafted out as an aftermath,

Every man was incomplete without a moustache; the black bush of hard hair embodied stringently to his lips,

Every temple was incomplete without god; the omnipresent aura inhabiting each space, that created us all,

Every mother was incomplete without her child; the innocuous infant that suckled milk from her chest,

Every heart was incomplete without its vivacious beat; the throbbing pulse embedded that unleashed life,

And every life was incomplete without love; the person who made it feel special; the person who made it feel the reason to be blissfully alive

43. LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

I didn't know who she was; what was her veritable name,

I had no idea how she looked; the most minuscule perception of her shadow,

I was completely oblivious to the color of her hair; the shade of mascara she applied to her eyes,

I didn't know where she lived; the slightest of insinuation regarding her religion,

I was wholesomely unaware of the cadence of her voice; the tone in which she spoke,

I miserably dithered in guessing her true age; wasn't apprised the least of the course she was studying,

I failed to conceive whether she was rich or indigent; the hierarchy that possessed her,

I never could imagine the silhouettes of her lips; the freckles prevalent in tandem on her face,

I hadn't the slightest premonition about her nature; whether she was tranquil or loved to menacingly shout,

I couldn't contemplate the people she liked; the hobbies that entrenched her life in her pastime,

I had never visualized her stature; whether she was tall or abnormally midget,

I didn't know the rings that adorned her fingers; the texture of the fabric that

embellished her countenance,

I was at a profound loss of her words to describe her dreams; the things which she fantasized about the most,

I appeared imbecile when someone queried me about her looks; whether she was ominous as the diabolical monster; or was a replica of godly white,

I hadn't the slightest idea of the food she liked; the appetizing delicacies that titillated her appetite,

I was badly befuddled; at a loss for words; when quizzed about the places she adored; the animals she liked,

I couldn't cogitate the least regarding her hair; whether it cascaded down till the floor; or she had it as short as a man,

I didn't know where she last came from; the next step she was going to tread in town,

Yet when we met; banging inadvertently against each other on the crowded street; our eyes seemed locked till infinite times; the words I Love You; just mumbled out themselves; and we were proud to proclaim that it was indeed 'LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT'.

44. I LOVED YOU AND STILL HATED YOU

I loved your eyes for they were mesmerizing and beautiful; globules of empathy trickling down their periphery; the instant they witnessed someone in agony and pain,

At the same time I hated them for wandering around unwittingly; trying To explore and admire beautiful faces except mine.

I loved your hands as they were masculine and tough; caressed through the satiny ensemble of my hair; drowning me into an ocean of perpetual ecstasy, At the same I hated them for inadvertently brushing across someone in the crowd; entwining in a vice like grip with alien fingers; occasionally during the day in a handshake.

I loved your smile as it was delectably amicable; making me gasp in utter bewilderment,

At the same time I hated it when you flashed the same at cocktail parties;
greeted every person on the door with it spreading infectiously across our facial
contours.

I loved your sonorous voice; the crisp yet enchanting sounds which emanated
when you opened your mouth to utter my name,
At the same time I hated it when you used the same to appease your
confederates; addressed colossal gatherings; emphatically on the mike.

I loved your revitalizing aroma; the scent of perspiration that dribbled profusely
from your body,
At the same time I hated it; when your overwhelming charisma crowned you the
king in the office; insatiably drifted your female counterparts in intimate contacts
with your persona.

I loved your unsurpassable sense of concern; the umpteenth number of times of
times you slept on the cold floor; for me to relish the warmth of the fire,
At the same time I hated it; when you displayed it to others; went out of your
way to gratify their demands.

I loved your ears; the flaccid globes of flesh dangling majestically across your
neck swaying nimbly in the air,
At the same time I hated them for listening attentively to intricate sounds;
instead of being wholesomely engrossed in mine.

I loved your hair; the jet black strands of follicles that profoundly embellished
your scalp,
At the same time I hated them; when they blew rampantly in the direction of
wind blowing from the opposite side.

I loved your breath; the passion it ignited when it plummeted down the bare skin
of my cheek,
At the same I hated it; when an infinitesimal portion of it struck the earth;
instead of blending completely with my soul.

And I loved your heart; was simply enamored to hear it throb turbulently against
my palms,
At the same time I hated it; as the girl next door wanted to imprison it as badly;
as perhaps I could die for it.

45. WHAT THE ENTIRE WEALTH COULDN'T PURCHASE

What the entire palace wasn't able to offer; with its towering rooms
Studded with scintillating jewels,
Was imparted by the dingy little seaside hut; with swirling waves of
the ocean; intermittently submerging it with coats of rejuvenating spray.

What the entire pool of water wasn't able to offer; with mesmerizing fountains
cascading all over,
Was imparted by the miserly waterfall; pacifying the thirst of wanderers in
the blistering currents of summer.

What the entire air-conditioner wasn't able to offer; gargantuan coolers blowing
at full velocity refrained from providing,
Was imparted by a single draught of wind; drifting with the rustling branches of
the forest; inundating your senses with a serene calm.

What the entire electric bulb wasn't able to offer; with a barrage of lights
flickering incessantly throughout the day,
Was imparted by solitary rays of the sun; the tenacity in its fire blazing through
the corridors of gloomy space.

What the entire magic wasn't able to offer; shows portraying the same held in
ostentatious halls; in an ambience of superfluous pomp,
Was imparted by the mystical mountain; the echoes reverberating loud and
enigmatic through its unfathomably deep gorge.

What the entire barrel of wine wasn't able to offer; sparkling mugs of beer
and elixir miserably dithered to produce,
Was imparted by a single stream of salubrious milk; oozing painstakingly from
the belly of the sacrosanct cow.

What the entire bottle of scent wasn't able to offer; the plethora of blends
floundered in making the aroma evoke,
Was imparted by a single rose; with the redolence wafting from its petals
drowning you in waves of immortal euphoria.

What the entire orphanage wasn't able to offer; the delinquent nurses deviated
from doing,
Was imparted by the impeccable mother; the gentle passion in her palmsputting
the child to blissful sleep.

What the entire thesaurus on religion wasn't able to offer; the sanctimonious
priests on umpteenth occasions wavered to deliver,

Was imparted by the omniscient creator; the magnetism in his eyes; solving all quandaries besieging life.

And what the entire wealth in this world wasn't able to offer; the dungeons replete with glittering gold and silver failed to imprison,
Was imparted by your beloved; that every draught of her breath granting you a thousand lives; that every beat of her heart passionately whispering in your ears to be alive.

46. BROKEN HEARTS

In order to resurrect the broken nose; one needed to perform adroit surgery,

In order to recondition broken hair; one needed to scrub them profusely with silken shampoo,

In order to mend the broken mirror; one needed to reinforce it with pellucid strips of glass,

In order to remold the broken mountain; one needed to impregnate it abundantly with giant chunks of loose mud,

In order to reform the broken sentence; one needed to harness it articulately with coherent words,

In order to recharge the broken lake; one needed inundate it open-heartedly with sparkling water,

In order to rehabilitate the broken house; one needed to embed its hollow spaces with commensurately burnt bricks,

In order to refurbish the broken orchard; one needed to plant foliated trees; embody every barren patch of soil with salubrious seedlings,

In order to restore the broken web; one needed to let loose in it an armory of venomous spiders,

In order to revitalize broken eyes; one needed to dip them in a tissue drenched with tangy cologne,

In order to revive the broken mind; one needed to fantasize unrelentingly night and day,

In order to repair the broken nest; one needed to stuff it with a conglomerate of corrugated sticks,

In order to reconstruct the broken watch; one needed to synchronize it meticulously with needles and machinery,

In order to reform the broken city; one needed to work in tandem and perfect synergy to accomplish this Herculean task,

In order to rebuild the broken bones; one needed to consume astronomical amounts of solid calcium,

In order to rejuvenate the broken senses; one needed to listen to enchanting music; dance animatedly under the resplendent moon,

In order to remake broken clay; one needed to knead it dexterously into marvelous silhouettes,

In order to reshape the broken gutter; one needed to fumigate the fetid rivulets of sewage; under stringent rays of the sun,

In order to rekindle broken relations; one needed to live in harmony with evergreen nature,

And In order to reinstate a BROKEN HEART; one needed to impart it the love it perpetually desired; blend its pulsating beats with the person whom it longed for; the entity whom it uninhibitedly loved.

47. I NEEDED TO DIE

So that you could sleep blissfully all night; languish in the aisles of desire with an enchanting yawn engulfing your face,
I needed to wake up with my eyes incorrigibly open; fighting valiantly against the most inconspicuous of evil hovering around.

So that you could eat appetizing food; masticate ravishing chunks of poignant butter with stupendous relish,
I needed to sustain life on bland slices of bread and water; remain famished with a large bandanna stringently encapsulating my stomach.

So that you could bathe in crystalline water dribbling from the alps;

apply the most bombastic of shampoo on your dainty skin,
I needed to be content rolling in a slush of dirty rain water; remained
unwashed on the trot; sometimes for days.

So that you could fly kites high and princely in the sky; tugging the
strings ecstatically with your petite hands,
I needed to run helter-skelter in vicinity; trying to capsize all the
broken ones entangled on trees; for you to continue your extravaganza.

So that you could play in a cool ambience of air-conditioner; caress
soft toys and view astounding cartoons,
I needed to traverse through the blistering deserts; bear the brunt of
disdainful sands right on my face.

So that you could wear the best of clothes; embellish you entire flesh
with beads of glittering gold,
I needed to gallivant naked in the freezing cold; bereft of a single
cloth on my body.

So that you could watch exhilarating pictures; inundate your ears with
enigmatic tunes,
I needed to tear every hair from my scalp; in evolving innovative ideas
for you to view.

So that you could laugh wholeheartedly; smile with passionate charisma
all round the clock,
I needed to slog it out against the uncouth world; shed tears of
scarlet blood in my unrelenting battle to win.

So that you could talk loquaciously; flamboyantly announce your presence in
bustling crowds,
I needed to inevitably keep myself subdued; stay completely lackluster and
dumb in public.

So that you could fantasize incessantly; day-dream rampantly about all the
wonderful lurking in this mystical world,
I needed to exist in pragmatic reality; transgress through a valley of rusted
thorns; for you to romanticize in the corridor of pleasure.

And So that you could live life like a princess; rule the entire universe with
the power of your wealth,
I needed to abdicate breath instantaneously; to metamorphose all your dreams

into perpetual reality; O! yes I NEEDED TO DIE.

48. ONE INSTANT

One instant we were scratching wildly; deeply embedding unruly nails in our skins,
While the next moment we embraced each other tightly; placidly lying down on the couch.

One instant we were pulling our hair; almost uprooting each strand firmly adhered to its scalp,
While the next moment we fondled each others palms; intricately tracing the lines that lay deeply embodied therein.

One instant we were pummeling ourselves in the stomach; hurling a volley of abashing expletives at one another,
While the next moment we stared unrelentingly into each others eyes; drowning ourselves wholesomely into an ocean of mesmerizing dreams.

One instant we were kicking frantically; tickling ourselves voraciously in the ribs; and our hands coated with piquant chili powder,
While the next moment we whispered nimbly in each others ears; reciting enchantingly true and passionate tales of fantasy.

One instant we were making obnoxious faces; scowling at one another with our tongues audaciously peeking out,
While the next moment we assisted each other in the kitchen; to harmoniously prepare appetizing delicacies; for nocturnal supper.

One instant we were screeching rampantly like savage tigers; inundating our eardrums with thunderous sound,
While the next moment we went off to blissful sleep; safely and securely in each others arms.

One instant we were rolling in a slush of squalid mud; splashing dirty water fervently on our bare skins,
While the next moment we sang in unison with the nightingale; drifted our minds towards sedative sounds; emanating from the dense undergrowths of the jungle.

One instant we were brandishing swords on our bodies; clanging them incoherently against each other,

While the next moment we sprinkled dying plants with water; sipping the same gently from our hands.

One instant we were fighting like cats and dogs; banging the pillow at one another; till the fluff whizzed out in a frenzy,
While the next moment we kissed each other on the forehead; applying antiseptic creams on our bruises.

And one instant we looked at one another in sheer hatred; with rays of contempt emitting belligerently from our eyes,
While the next moment we confessed that we were madly in love; prayed to the Creator to keep us bonded in the strings of immortal romance.

49. SHE WASNT BOTHERED.

She wasn't bothered an infinitesimal trifle; if I didn't look at the most seductive of her form; even once in a marathon day; preferred to view the scurrilously untamed growls of manipulative wilderness; instead,

She wasn't bothered an ephemeral speck; if I didn't accolade her even for the most triumphantly brilliant of her accomplishments; leant a cold shoulder amidst all other glitterati that she was enshrouded with,

She wasn't bothered a transient iota; if I didn't caress the outlines of her ignited lips; nonchalantly looked the other side; even as she burnt infinite times in the inferno of unbridled love,

She wasn't bothered an evanescent ounce; if I didn't accompany her to the most important destinations in her life; worthlessly engaged myself in tawdrily licking the floor instead,

She wasn't bothered a fugitive bit; if I didn't wish her on her cherished birthday and anniversaries; spuriously pretended to be too entangled in the process of earning money; and thereby forgetting the priceless moments of her life,

She wasn't bothered a parsimonious morsel; if I didn't comply the tiniest with even the most brilliantly sagacious of her decisions; drifted on the pathways of sheer and emotional impracticality instead,

She wasn't bothered an invisible degree; if I didn't impregnate her glorious existence with my seeds; happily leading her entire life with her maiden prim and trim form with great pleasure instead,

She wasn't bothered an impoverished scrap; if I didn't query her regularly about her likes and dislikes; thereby on numerous an occasion trespassing against her wishes; quite innocuously and inadvertently,

She wasn't bothered a mercurial shadow; if I didn't devoutly intertwine my fingers fervently within hers; taking vows to lead life compassionately united together; for an infinite more lifetimes,

She wasn't bothered a feckless crumb; if I didn't understand and commiserate with her for what she originally was; for every righteous desire lingering passionately in the innermost realms of her soul,

She wasn't bothered a diminutive fragment; if I didn't humbly bow down to her knees; even once in my entire lifetime; profoundly thanking her for blessing every conceivable aspect of my measly existence,

She wasn't bothered an oblivious tidbit; if I didn't attend to her even in the most inexplicably ghastliest of agony; took her for as much granted as the blue bits of mundanely unending sky,

She wasn't bothered a vanishing fleck; if I didn't live up to my promise of being a true lover; after so ardently proposing to her the infinite vows of true love; once upon a time,

She wasn't bothered an obliterated freckle; if I didn't invincibly mélange each of my breath with hers; as the most diabolical of maelstroms descended upon us; unexpectedly at each quarter of life,

She wasn't bothered a worthless grain; if I didn't embrace her boundless propensities and passions in life; belittling them in my obsessive whirlpool of unparalleled corporate ambition,

She wasn't bothered an evaporating smidgen; if I didn't behave properly with the nearest of her kin; deliberately made sure that I was not the tiniest of involved in any of her so called social community groups and gatherings,

She wasn't bothered a pathetic tad; if I didn't take her for an intrepid expedition of the entire planet; although was a passenger of every flight that left the ground; than of the scorching land,

She wasn't bothered a lackadaisical trice; if I didn't utter her name for countless

years on the trot; summoned her most brusquely; by a battalion of uncannily indecipherable gestures instead,

And neither was she ever bothered even a teeny trifle to know the cause of my silence, my anger; my indifference; my nonchalance towards her; as long as I kept giving her every comfort of life; as long as she relished the most sanctimoniously extravagant pleasures of life; as long as she saw the desire to become the richest man on this planet lingering unassailably in my eyes; as long as she kept getting her inevitable share of money as my wife.

50. INSPIRED ME ALL THE MORE.

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your relentless kicks of ridicule towards my impoverished form; inspired me all the more; to give invincible fortitude to all those infirm on this planet; haplessly deteriorating on every step they tread,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your contemptuously ostracizing stare towards my creative fantasizing; inspired me all the more; to evolve into a whole new unlimited gorge of regurgitating freshness,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your unsparingly lambasting every ingredient of my unparalleled sensitivity; inspired me all the more; to perennially stir the chords of compassion amongst all those with an inexplicably shattered soul,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your snobbishly ignoring even the most genuine screams of my agony; inspired me all the more; to lend a commiserating ear; to all those who had none else than the walls to converse,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your unfathomable disdain towards my writing my own books of poetry at home; inspired me all the more; to spawn rejuvenating verse for all those miserably circumscribed by the walls of the inevitable fodder-yielding; robotic corporate office,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your stony silence towards even the greatest of my triumphs and accomplishments; inspired me all the more; to ebulliently pat my fellow compatriots; as they inched towards their ultimate philanthropic paths in life,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your using me and every ounce of my cherishable assets; inspired me all the more; to unrelentingly look out for all those patrons on this fathomless Universe; who inherently admired me solely for what I was; and as I was born,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your vindictively exploiting some of my inadvertently acquired weaknesses; inspired me all the more; to encourage all those flagrantly depressed; to perpetually conquer the devil in them; with their in-born souls of divine righteousness,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your tyrannical blackmailing me to mollify even the most infinitesimal of your desire; inspired me all the more; to extend my healing hands to all those sinfully divested of the joys and rhapsodies of miraculously vibrant life,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your lividly don't-care attitude towards each act of my poignantly overwhelming concern for you; inspired me all the more; to tirelessly render every ingredient of my existence to the selfless service of all miserably extinguishing and jailed humanity,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your spurious cleansing of the dust over my heart-felt poems instead of reading them; inspired me all the more; to perpetuate their timeless essence to even the further-most cranny of this boundlessly effulgent Universe,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your envying me from the core of your heart whilst others of your kind kept incessantly chatting of their hobbies; inspired me all the more; to appreciate the richest of the richest philanthropists on this earth; with the greatest of humility,

Don't your worry sweetheart. Your viciously abusing me right in front of my very own kin for my sheer innocence of commercial life; inspired me all the more; to become the voice of all those diabolically oppressed by the uncanny vagaries of the uncouth planet,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your lackadaisically turning your head to the direction of the dustbin at every sensuous whisper of mine; inspired me all the more; to coalesce every ingredient of my mind; body and soul; with the ravishingly spell-binding landscapes of mother nature,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your finding time to read and admire even the most meaningless piece of balderdash on this Universe-while making a worthless stool of my priceless poetry to sit upon; inspired me all the more; to recite each line of my heart-rendering verse to the Almighty Lord in the sky,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your unabashedly devouring the most appetizing

morsels of food on this earth whilst merrily watching me starve; inspired me all the more; to disseminate every penny of my wealth towards the blissful fulfillment of every haplessly deteriorating living kind,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your lifelessly switching over to the other side of the bed -everytime I came with an inferno of unbridled compassion in my eyes; inspired me all the more; to inexhaustibly romance with the voluptuously igniting fabric of the beautiful night,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your over-indulgence in every other conceivable activity on earth-except looking towards my passionate form; inspired me all the more; to uninhibitedly languish on the open streets; indefatigably searching for my ultimate soul mate in life,

Don't you worry sweetheart. Your unthinkably divorcing me- just in order to lead a life of unprecedented luxury-seducing the richest kings of your choice; inspired me all the more; to forever surrender each instant of my life to the Creator; marry the innermost tunes of my heart; which were unbreakable and inseparable for an infinite more lifetimes.

The End

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 3

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually Part 3 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. HOLY MARRIAGE
2. I WANTED TO LOVE
3. THE MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT
4. THINKING OF TOMORROW
5. TO WIN HER HEART
6. BUT IMMORTALLY FEARLESS LOVE.

7. THAT EXACTLY AND PERPETUALLY MEANT
8. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA?
9. WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST OF HINDRANCE SETTING IN.
10. AFTER WE DIE.
11. IT WAS INDEFINITELY IMPOSSIBLE.
12. WHILST TODAY SHE HAD SOLELY BECOME.
13. STARK NAKED
14. UNCONQUERABLY VIRGIN
15. HOW I WANTED OUR VERY FIRST KISS TO HAPPEN
16. OUR LOVE STORY WAS BEING PERPETUALLY WRITTEN
17. BACK IN BUSINESS.
18. THE FRUIT OF EVER-PERVADINGLY FRUCTIFYING LOVE.
19. WAS IT MY FAULT
20. ROYAL LOVE ITSELF.
21. YOU. YES IT WAS ONLY YOU O! BELOVED
22. TO MAKE MY HEART SPECIAL
23. NO REPLACEMENTS
24. LOVE IS NOT JUST A DREAM
25. SADLY NO BEATS
26. WELCOMING HER BACK
27. ULTIMATE MESSIAH OF HUMANITY
28. DEVoured
29. THE MOST PRICELESS THING
30. TILL DEATH DO US APART
31. LOVED BY HER LOVE
32. LOVE HAD NEVER SEEMED SO IMMORTAL
33. PAINT MY HEART
34. IMMORTALY RULED
35. STILL THE RICHEST
36. FLAMES OF MIRACULOUS LOVE
37. DIVORCE
38. EACH BEAT OF MY HEART
39. EVERY HEART DREAMT OF
40. IMMORTALLY AFRAID
41. LIGHTING THE LANTERN OF MY LOVE
42. THERE WAS SOMETHING
43. FOR ME TO BE EVER POSSESSED
44. THE ROOF OF IMMORTAL LOVE
45. BLESSEDLY ALIVE
46. TANTALISING MY HEART
47. TRUE ROMANCE
48. I PREFERRED TO CALL

49. BRINGING A SMILE ON YOUR FACE

50. DON'T TALK TO TWO LOVERS

1. HOLY MARRIAGE

Every thunderstorm in the sky; was accompanied by pelting rain,

Every festival celebrated on earth; was accompanied with loads of vibrant color,

Every bird flapping its wings in the atmosphere; was accompanied by revitalizing draughts of free air,

Every wave clashing against the rocks; was accompanied by gallons of silken froth,

Every irritation in the intricate eye; was accompanied by a disdainful redness enveloping its crystalline white,

Every tiger transgressing through jungle territory; was accompanied by his thunderous growl,

Every entity walking through the land in light; was accompanied by its lanky shadow,

Every delicious meal devoured with relish; was accompanied by a discordant burp,

Every midnight after a hectic days work; was accompanied by an everlasting yawn,

Every slab of ice placed on a granary of sand; was accompanied by sweating of water,

Every watch adorned smartly on the wrists; was accompanied by the ticking of its slender needles,

Every jewel embellished on the ring; was accompanied by magnificent shine,

Every camel gallivanting languidly through the deserts; was accompanied by its obnoxious yet delectable hunch,

Every stream placidly situated amidst the mountains; was accompanied by a few ripples,

Every car sky rocketing into daylight; was accompanied by the whirring noise of its tiers,

Every spurt of wholehearted laughter; was accompanied by gregarious smiles,

Every altercation; hurling of contemptuous abuse; was accompanied by hostile war,

Every spell of rain in blistering sunlight; was accompanied by the opalescent rainbow,

Every flame of blazing fire; was accompanied by inconspicuous wisps of frigid smoke,

Every mother inhabiting the surface of this globe; was accompanied by her darling children,

Every god residing in Heaven; was accompanied by omnipotent power,

And every anecdote of true love; unprecedented desire for each other; was accompanied by 'HOLY MARRIAGE'.

2. I WANTED TO LOVE

I wanted to sleep in a land where there sprang the first rose; the tranquility in the atmosphere pacifying my agitated senses,

I wanted to dream in a land where there lingered the first cloud; celestial fairies were bouncing delectably around,

I wanted to eat food in a land where there hung the first fruit; the reinvigorating aroma of fresh grass fomenting pangs of raw hunger in my stomach,

I wanted to yawn in a land where there twinkled the first star; its placid shimmer; drowning me into waves of enchantment and siesta,

I wanted to trespass through a land where there was embedded the first layer of soil; virgin twigs and a conglomerate of fluffy leaves fervently awaiting to be trampled by my feet,

I wanted to breathe air in a land where there floated the first draught of breeze; the unadulterated wind besieging me with overwhelming rhapsody; every unfurling second,

I wanted to view scenic nature in a land where there flew the first flamingo; mammoth eggs of the ostrich about to hatch; mold and harness themselves into magnificent fledglings,

I wanted to play in a land where there hung the fist chimpanzee; clusters of innocuous rabbits merrily traversed in perfect harmony and unison,

I wanted to scratch my skin blood red in a land where there hovered the first mosquito; petulant lizards and robust worms wandering about in gay abandon,

I wanted to swim in a land where there swelled the first sea; its silken and tangy froth; profoundly rejuvenating my dreary soul,

I wanted to chew inebriating leaves in a land where there sprouted the petal of tobacco; languish in the meadows with the aftermath; placing me into a blissfully sedative fantasy,

I wanted to sketch mesmerizing lines in a land where there stood the first mountain; its towering summit blending with sky; impregnating an insatiable itching in my fingers to draw,

I wanted to dance in a land where there was gyrating the first dolphin; the mysticism in its eyes propelling me to add strides to my pace; move incessantly to the beats of hissing snakes,

I wanted to study in a land where there meditated the first saint; the omnipotent power of his ideals metamorphosing me into the strongest entity,

I wanted to smile in a land where there laughed the first clown; the comic distortions of his face inevitably triggering uncontrollable guffaws from my persona,

I wanted to fight in a land where there marched the first soldier; the true spirit of freedom in his eyes; and the armor in his hands; annihilating the most minuscule trace of fear from my cowardly visage,

I wanted to sing in a land where there appeared the first shadow; the enigma in

its obscure silhouette; engendering me to convert my subdued whispers into melodious tunes,

I wanted to work in a land where there existed the first mother; the tenacity of her blessings igniting the real stalwart hidden inside me,

And 'I WANTED TO LOVE' in a land where there lived the first girl; the very first woman who wholesomely loved me; blended her heart; soul and desire with mine.

3. THE MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

The most embarrassing moment for a barber was when he inadvertently annihilated all traces of the bushy moustache; alongwith scrupulously trimming scalp hair,

The most embarrassing moment for a pilot was when he dozed off for split seconds; only to witness his spacecraft nose-diving towards gruesome blackness,

The most embarrassing moment for a doctor was when he unwittingly dispensed the wrong medicine; treated the patient for a running nose; although he was suffering from stomach infection,

The most embarrassing moment for a teacher was when she was caught red handed; for giving full marks to a student who had jotted a romantic picture story instead of solving mind boggling sums of arithmetic,

The most embarrassing moment for a businessman was when he signed a blank check; presuming it to contain a parsimonious amount of money,

The most embarrassing moment for a tailor was when he stitched cloth upside down; evolved a night pant out of the fabric which was supposedly meant for an office shirt,

The most embarrassing moment for an acrobat was when he toppled head on from the slender string; collapsed on the obdurate ground like a school kid having just started to learn rope walking,

The most embarrassing moment for a tea taster was when he certified inebriating whisky as royal tea; having a mesmerizing aroma and a delectably crackling flavor,

The most embarrassing moment for a baby sitter was when she dropped the infant on the ground; envisaging it to be a piece of chocolate wrapped in soft candy paper,

The most embarrassing moment for a jeweler was when he added scintillating pearls to his tea; perceiving them to be crystals of sweet sugar,

The most embarrassing moment for an electrician was when he insipidly handed live current wires in the hands of his customer; instead of giving them the compactly molded switch,

The most embarrassing moment for a zookeeper was when he opened the cage of the ferocious lion; expecting innocuous birds to fly out in tandem,

The most embarrassing moment for a model was when she traversed on the ramp; with disdainful blotches of sewage adhering stringently to her face,

The most embarrassing moment for a artist was when he painted the sun effeminate blue and the landscape blood red; lost in passionate fantasy while incoherently swishing his brush,

The most embarrassing moment for a singer was when she sang in a tune befitting a crow; the aftermath of a sore throat; drawing squeals of condemnation from the packed audience,

The most embarrassing moment for a car rallyist; was when his vehicle intractably refrained to budge an inch further; no matter how hard he tried to compress the accelerator at the start of race,

The most embarrassing moment for a cobbler was when he stitched the lace alongwith the threadbare holes in the shoe; profoundly engrossed in viewing the swanky cars passing by,

The most embarrassing moment for a photographer was when he snapped the clergymen encircling the ministers; instead of capturing the domineering demeanor of the president,

The most embarrassing moment for a writer was when the ink in his pen exhausted; as he started to emboss the very first page of his book,

And the most embarrassing moment for a person in love was when an alien girl pecked him frantically on his cheek; boldly embraced him in front of his cherished and angry beloved.

4. THINKING OF TOMORROW

I didn't eat food today; as I wanted to wholesomely famish myself; to devour the appetizing chunks of pudding; Tomorrow,

I didn't sleep blissfully today; as I was overwhelmingly excited to run; Tomorrow,

I didn't play mischievously today; as I wanted to reserve every iota of my energy to passionately leap; Tomorrow,

I didn't drink water today; as I wanted to gulp gallons of voluptuous wine; Tomorrow,

I didn't bathe today; as I wanted to drown my persona in flamboyant waves of the salty ocean; Tomorrow,

I didn't see any object today; as I wanted to view the mesmerizing beauty of dawn; Tomorrow,

I didn't move my legs today; as I wanted to dance unrelentingly all night; Tomorrow,

I didn't revolve my fingers today; as I wanted to sketch intricate landscapes with their towering summits in the clouds; Tomorrow,

I didn't study one bit today; as I wanted to read through volumes of mystical tales; Tomorrow,

I didn't go out today; as I wanted to uninhibitedly explore through the wilderness; Tomorrow,

I didn't see the time today; as I wanted to scrupulously count every unleashing minute tomorrow,

I didn't smell the air today; as I wanted to inundate my nostrils with the enchanting perfume of lotus; Tomorrow,

I didn't speak today; as I wanted to scream hysterically for hours on the trot;
Tomorrow,

I didn't reside in the house today; as I wanted to live the entire evening in the
magnificent castle; Tomorrow,

I didn't sweat today; as I wanted to bask under sizzling rays of the sun; let
moisture dribble profusely from all pores of my body; Tomorrow,

I didn't sneeze today; as I wanted to thunderously blow my nostrils; emptying
them in entirety; Tomorrow,

I didn't smile today; as I wanted to sway in sheer rhapsody and jubilation;
tomorrow,

I didn't cry today; as I wanted to pour out rivers of heart breaking emotion;
Tomorrow,

And I didn't love today; fervently anticipating to be incarcerated in the
immortal embrace of my dream girl; thinking of tomorrow.

5. TO WIN HER HEART

When I tried to reach her climbing perseveringly on the ladder; poking my head
out embarrassingly; after reaching the 9th floor,
She gave me an obnoxious stare; thrusting the broomstick on my face; sending
me hurtling down on the ground; petrified to the last bone of my spine.

When I tried to reach her in my private helicopter; hovering it at inches from her
bedroom window,
She scornfully hurled disdainful pints of vanity powder at me; thoroughly
blinding me; the aftermath of which caused me to crash land in the wilderness.

When I tried to reach her masquerading my voice like a female; attempting to
fool her on the telephone,
She instantaneously deciphered my tone; barked a volley of malicious expletives
at me; before ruthlessly banging down the receiver.

When I tried to reach her in my swanky car; pretentiously blowing its bombastic
horn outside her door,
She mercilessly emptied the garbage can on my bonnet; left me in open
mouthed consternation; with flies and cockroaches from the sewage crawling all
over my body.

When I tried to reach her; sending her flowery letters; embossed with romantic lines which I had copied from the Shakespeare,
She had a hearty laugh after browsing through the same; snapped it into infinite fragments; throwing it into the remotest corner of her dustbin.

When I tried to reach her via the internet; sending her a greeting card; studded with outlines of shimmering silver,
She transferred the same into the trash can simply viewing my name; let alone reading the first alphabet of the electronic message.

When I tried to reach her on a horse; gallivanting effeminately in the vicinity of her residence,
She whispered to her friends to shoo me away; which they executed with supreme efficiency; pelting me with their shoes; and whatever rotten piece of junk that came across their hands.

When I tried to reach her through a diamond set; transferring the same into her jurisdiction alongwith a scintillating necklace of white pearls,
She envisaged me to be a rich mans son; distributed the beads amongst the beggars howling on the streets; after scrupulously entangling them from the strings.

When I tried to reach her through television; stylishly proclaiming her name; as well as announcing a reward to anyone who would bring her alive to me,
She was appalled at my maniacal tendencies; set the police hot on my trail; for pertinently blackmailing her.

While it was only when I reached her empty handed; barged through the door of her house in front of the unconventional society, audaciously blurted out 'I love you; looking deeply into her eyes,
That I was able to 'WIN HER HEART' as she now perceived that I really loved her; wanted to imprison her forever in the vice like grip of my romance.

6. BUT IMMORTALLY FEARLESS LOVE.

Eternally unshakable "Truth" can only; holistically spawn;
astoundingly proliferate; timelessly lead; unassailable diffuse; and impeccable transpire; into nothing else but; Omnipotent "Truth" itself,

Unconquerably righteous "Honesty" can only; enchantingly spawn;
unstoppably proliferate; indefatigably lead; majestically diffuse; and beautifully

transpire; into nothing else but; enamoring "Honesty" itself,

Pristinely unfettered "Artistry" can only; bountifully spawn;
interminably proliferate; irrefutably lead; aristocratically diffuse; and amazingly
transpire; into nothing else but; poignant "Artistry" itself,

Pricelessly inimitable "Humanity" can only; stupendously spawn;
unabashedly proliferate; magnificently lead; jubilantly diffuse; and resplendently
transpire; into nothing else but; ubiquitous "Humanity" itself,

Symbiotically benign "Innovation" can only; brilliantly spawn;
undyingly proliferate; insuperably lead; triumphantly diffuse; and beamingly
transpire; into nothing else but; ingenious "Innovation" itself,

Iridescently spell binding "Innocence" can only; celestially spawn;
unflinchingly proliferate; indomitably lead; royally diffuse; and victoriously
transpire; into nothing else but; bounteous "Innocence" itself,

Fantastically unbridled "Passion" can only; synergistically spawn;
continuously proliferate; redolently lead; forever diffuse; and uninhibitedly
transpire; into nothing else but; unbelievable "Passion" itself,

Altruistically ardent "Bravery" can only; handsomely spawn;
compassionately proliferate; fabulously lead; ebulliently diffuse; and
ecumenically transpire; into
nothing else but; untainted "Bravery" itself,

Well-deservedly truthful "Perseverance" can only; regally spawn;
convivially proliferate; Omnisciently lead; emolliently diffuse; and tirelessly
transpire;
into nothing else but; undefeated "Perseverance" itself,

Unfathomably sparkling "Melody" can only; ecstatically spawn;
seductively proliferate; wholesomely lead; gorgeously diffuse; and indispensably
transpire; into nothing else but; ravishing "Melody" itself,

Invincibly unparalleled "Candor" can only; beautifully spawn;
instantaneously proliferate; serenely lead; magnanimously diffuse; and
quintessentially transpire; into nothing else but; magnetic "Candor"
itself,

Impreguably harmonious "Simplicity" can only; profusely spawn;

undeniably proliferate; vivaciously lead; selflessly diffuse; and inevitably transpire; into nothing else but; Omnipresent "Simplicity" itself,

Gloriously blazing "Virility' can only; profoundly spawn; unsurpassably proliferate; vividly lead; serendipitously diffuse; and heavenly transpire; into nothing else but; unlimited "Virility" itself,

Unceasingly virgin "Mischief" can only; ecstatically spawn; romantically proliferate; eclectically lead; winningly diffuse; and surreally transpire; into nothing else but; unhindered "Mischief" itself,

Innocuously mesmerizing "Beauty" can only; fathomlessly spawn; steadily proliferate; symbiotically lead; heartily diffuse; and perennially transpire; into nothing else but; effulgent "Beauty" itself,

Sensuously fiery "Breath" can only; limitlessly spawn; blissfully proliferate; plausibly lead; universally diffuse; and perpetually transpire; into nothing else but; voluptuous "Breath" itself,

Fantastically undeterred "Determination" can only; adroitly spawn; incessantly proliferate; gorgeously lead; effervescently diffuse; and passionately transpire; into nothing else but; intransigent "Determination" itself,

Magically ameliorating "Holiness" can only; indisputably spawn; undauntedly proliferate; magnetically lead; robustly diffuse; and divinely transpire; into nothing else but; unblemished "Holiness";,

But Immortally fearless "Love" has; is and shall forever; mystically spawn; uncontrollably proliferate; effulgently lead; marvelously diffuse; and sacredly transpire; into all of the above and an infinite more than the imperceptible definitions of enigmatic infinite infinity.

7. THAT EXACTLY AND PERPETUALLY MEANT

I wasn't the most infinitesimal iota sad; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was enshrouded by cloudbursts of untamed ecstasy; and was invincibly happy,

I wasn't the most parsimonious iota negative; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was indefatigably embracing the Sun of unflinchingly unbridled optimism; and was triumphantly positive,

I wasn't the most minuscule iota impotent; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was proliferating into astoundingly victorious newness every unfurling instant of the day; and was unassailably virile,

I wasn't the most mercurial iota defeated; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was kissing the most royal epitomes of insuperable success; and was unbelievably victorious,

I wasn't the most infidel iota ugly; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was unceasingly blessed with the heavens of celestial resplendence; and was inimitably beautiful,

I wasn't the most vanishing iota diminishing; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was the most unconquerable crusader of tomorrow; and was eternally blossoming,

I wasn't the most diminutive iota hapless; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was serendipitously bestowed in every singleton aspect of destined life; and was impregably fortunate,

I wasn't the most invisible iota weak; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was boundlessly impregnated with the most undaunted of calcium; and was fearlessly strong,

I wasn't the most fugitive iota sacrilegious; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was the most untainted apostle of sacredness; and was Omnipotently divine,

I wasn't the most abstemious iota wayward; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was unshakably parading towards the path of symbiotic righteousness; and was indisputably straight,

I wasn't the most oblivious iota criminal; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was the most unconquerable harbinger of humanity; and was miraculously philanthropic,

I wasn't the most inconspicuous iota cacophonous; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was incessantly bouncing in the aisles of harmonious rhapsody; and was gloriously mellifluous,

I wasn't the most obsolete iota invisible; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was seen on every tangible and intangible cranny of this fathomless Universe at the same time; and was majestically Omnipresent,

I wasn't the most eloping iota dirty; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was perched on the most unshakably bountiful apogee of hygiene; and was Omnisciently clean,

I wasn't the most surreptitious iota abhorrent; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was tirelessly embracing every echelon of humanity till my very last veritable breath; and was limitlessly egalitarian,

I wasn't the most evaporating iota nostalgic; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was inexorably galloping on the Spartan roads of quintessential livelihood; and was profoundly pragmatic,

I wasn't the most vespereed iota parasitic; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was wholeheartedly donating every fraction of my wealth with both my hands; and was timelessly benevolent,

I wasn't the most obfuscated iota delirious; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was blissfully nestling in the nests of magically uplifting calmness; and was effulgently calm,

I wasn't the most dilapidated iota ribald; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was tirelessly floating in castles of unsurpassably glittering gold and silver and was incomparably royal,

I wasn't the most evanescent iota lying; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was the most indomitable ray of eternally enlightening righteousness; and was bounteously truthful,

I wasn't the most ethereal iota lazy; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was wafting into the sweat of timelessly righteous symbiotism all night and day; and was undyingly persevering,

I wasn't the most transient iota devastating; but that doesn't exactly mean that I was evolving unlimited skies of synergistic miracles on every pathway that I tread; and was unstoppably magical,

But although I wasn't the most ephemeral iota "Dead"; yet that exactly and perpetually meant; that every beat of my immortal soul would forever continue to love; you; you and only you; every unraveling instant of my enchanting life; and would continue to be "Alive"; for you; and only you; O! poignantly Godly

Beloved; even an infinite centuries after my treacherously gory death.

8. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the scent of the poignantly scarlet rose; when mercilessly trapped a countless feet beneath the vituperatively fetid gutter line?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the voluptuously tantalizing globules of rain water; when haplessly licking acrimoniously heartless desert sand; for an infinite kilometers on the trot?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the celestially tranquil meadows of jubilant grass; when traversing via an intransigently vengeful field of blood-soaked thorns?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the Omnipotently blazing Sun; when ruthlessly buried an infinite feet beneath demonically asphyxiating and blackened mud?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the innocuously spell binding lines of untamed artistry; when haplessly incarcerated within the walls of the sacrilegiously robotic and wantonly commercial office?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed impeccably bountiful childhood; when venomously enshrouded by the invidiously crippling battlefields; of manipulative pragmatism?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the ravishingly unabashed waves of the mesmerizing sea; when helplessly sealed in the parsimoniously mosquito laden crevice of the dingy wall?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the indefatigably boisterous noises of the enigmatic forest; when dismally seated beside the inexplicably wailing and inconsolably cadaverous corpse?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the triumphantly twinkling stars; when inexorably tyrannized by the murderously ghoulish blackness; and in the heart of the despondently stabbing moonless night?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the quintessential feel of the

beautiful currency coin; when tirelessly begging for every morsel of food; on the lecherously dilapidated road?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the heavenly fantasies of a brilliantly unfettered tomorrow; when barbarously jailed in shackles of heartlessly flaming iron; for not the tiniest fault of mine?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the caverns of victoriously unblemished sleep; when wandering like a deliriously wayward maniac; through the corridors of baselessly sinful prejudice?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the seeds of timelessly proliferating virility; when satanically placed amidst unlimitedly shriveled mortuaries of just lies; lies and forlornly despairing lies?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the brazenly unbridled ardor of enamoring youth; when both my worthlessly old and delinquent legs; uncontrollably trembled only towards lackadaisical soil?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the prayers of mellifluously divinely peace; when carnivorously dragged into the vindictively slandering precipices of ghastly war?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the amiably inimitable lap of Omnipresent mother; when the entire planet started to savagely scourge; even the most holistically nimble of my forward stride?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the pristinely silken flakes of rejuvenating snow; when the winds of unsparingly demonic summer; had torridly scorched every single leaf in conceivable vicinity?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the impregnably altruistic dwelling; when the devilishly profane darkness of the night; had taken wholesomely deplorable control of each of my nerves?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed the miraculously ameliorating waterfalls; when every pore of my body was truculently forced to wither and ignominiously slither amongst the worms of ominously ribald nothingness?

Do you have any idea; as to how much I missed immortally benign love; when each beat of my heart was unrelentingly castrated by the corpses of unforgivably hedonistic betrayal?

And do you have any idea; as to how much I missed my Omnisciently beautiful beloved; when every of my breath was purposelessly leading every instant of impoverished life; just to fill in the number of years that destiny had impotently planned for my head.

9. WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST OF HINDRANCE SETTING IN.

Before I could even realize that it was "Day"; or relish its brilliantly optimistic light; the dolorously maiming horizons of evening set in; leaving me haplessly wandering in inexplicable gloom,

Before I could even realize that they were "Shores"; or relish their tantalizingly moistened sands; the ferociously devastating waves of the sea set in; disastrously swiping me from my nimble feet; and into the stormy depths of treacherously bewildering nothingness,

Before I could even realize that it was "Night"; or relish its voluptuously enigmatic softness; the horrendous fronds of sleep disdainfully set in; plunging me into a mortuary of unprecedentedly crippling blackness,

Before I could even realize that it was "Sun"; or relish its Omnipotently flaming rays; the ominously pillaging clouds dreadfully set in; rendering me with nothing else but vividly asphyxiating pangs of depression,

Before I could even realize that it was "Candle-light"; or relish its majestically peerless grandeur; the hedonistically massacring tornadoes set in; blowing me and the flames away into inane wisps of wanton meaninglessness,

Before I could even realize that it was "Mystery"; or relish its uncannily enamoring scent; the monotonously pragmatic riddle set in; metamorphosing every of my bountifully unbridled fantasy into robotic despair,

Before I could even realize that it was "Child-birth"; or relish its astoundingly pristine mischievousness; the agonizingly bruised cry of accidental death set in; transforming me into an emotionlessly living corpse,

Before I could even realize that it was "Food"; or relish its salubriously succulent jugglery of juices; the insouciantly tawdry stream of feces set in; drifting even the most infinitesimal ounce of my mind; body and soul; into cadaverous emptiness,

Before I could even realize that it was "Ice"; or relish its royally impeccable demeanor; the vindictively unsparing beams of afternoon set in; melting every iota of my unimpeachable integrity into infinite pools of amorphously pathetic liquid,

Before I could even realize that it was "Parenthood"; or relish its compassionately divine belonging; the cannibalistic battlefields of malicious divorce set in; wholesomely shattering every heavenly dream of mine into bizarre salaciousness,

Before I could even realize that it was "Sweat"; or relish its timelessly persevering masculinity; the inevitably tantalizing breeze of laziness set in; perpetuating me to snore like an infidel eunuch; instead of gloriously replenishing with the fruits of hard work,

Before I could even realize that it was "Humanity"; or relish its unassailably Omnipresent fragrance; the atrociously indiscriminate wail of war set in; fomenting me to tyrannically bleed till my last breath,

Before I could even realize that it was "Artistry"; or relish its unabashedly glorious sensitivity; the coffins of deplorably sacrilegious manipulation set in; gruesomely burying every ingredient of my righteousness; into the indescribably crucifying shit-pots of hell,

Before I could even realize that it was "Smile"; or relish its insuperably optimistic flavor; the preposterously languid yawn set in; lecherously dragging me into the most obviously dilapidated maelstroms of boredom,

Before I could even realize that it was "Honesty"; or relish its unconquerably unflinching mirrors of truth; the fretfully ghoulish winds of parasitic politics set in; making me rub my nose in inconspicuously worthless dust,

Before I could even realize that it was "Perfection"; or relish its undauntedly ecstatic supremacy; the inconsolably bawdy human errors set in; satanically defeating me in the most quintessential processes of my existence,

Before I could even realize that it was "Virility"; or relish its fantastically untainted atmosphere of celestial triumph; the indiscriminately trampling footsteps of the devil set in; engendering me to crumble beyond holistic degrees of recognition,

Before I could even realize that it was "Breath"; or relish its unassailably fearless exhilaration; the unrelentingly victimizing gallows of death set in; rendering me to nothing else but an invisibly frigid whisker of worthlessness,

But before I could realize or even after I realized it; or whether I actually realized it the tiniest or not; the signature of her immortal love remained perpetually embossed in every beat of my passionate heart; for even an infinite lifetimes after this destined life of mine; and without the slightest of hindrance setting in.

10. AFTER WE DIE.

If the acrimonious world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; wretchedly separating our sensuously titillating lips; perennially bonded in the kiss of effulgently untamed passion,

If the salacious world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; diabolically separating our jubilantly effervescent cheeks; perennially bonded in the flavor of inseparably righteous togetherness,

If the atrocious world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; truculently separating our resplendently tinkling feet; perennially bonded in the spirit of indefatigably untainted adventure,

If the demented world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; hedonistically separating our unbelievably tantalizing bellies; perennially bonded in the most compassionately unsurpassable fires of virility,

If the tyrannically world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; torturously separating our enchantingly holistic nostrils; perennially bonded in the spell binding euphoria of timelessly infallible existence,

If the carnivorous world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; sadistically separating our gloriously synergistic palms; perennially bonded in the most inscrutably fructifying winds of destiny,

If the ominous world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; cannibalistically separating our bountifully blossoming napes; perennially bonded in the atmospheres of tirelessly unbridled poignancy,

If the delirious world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; tawdrily

separating our immaculately vibrant ears; perennially bonded in the aisles of
celestially unparalleled sensitivity,

If the sacrilegious world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
salaciously separating our intricately seductive spines; perennially bonded in
the whirlpools of unassailably fascinating intrigue,

If the parasitic world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; bawdily
separating our uninhibitedly truthful sweat; perennially bonded in the flames of
limitlessly ardent perseverance,

If the cynical world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
licentiously separating our mischievously unabashed eyelashes; perennially
bonded in the valleys of surreally pristine fantasy,

If the inane world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive; devilishly
separating our inscrutably triumphant destiny lines; perennially bonded in the
swirl of fervently unceasing magnetism,

If the foolhardy world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
forlornly separating our invincibly scarlet blood; perennially bonded in the
paradise of impregnably altruistic humanity,

If the amorphous world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
dreadfully separating our gloriously artistic fingers; perennially bonded in a
boundless entrenchment of amiable charisma,

If the lambasting world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
heinously separating our bounteously suckling tongues; perennially bonded in a
fortress of insuperably virile and unabashedly augmenting desire,

If the lecherous world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
horrifically separating our undyingly symbiotic shoulders; perennially bonded in a
civilization of beautifully benign philanthropism,

If the dogmatic world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
profanely separating our nimbly emollient souls; perennially bonded in a festoon
of unflinchingly fearless camaraderie,

If the unsparing world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
inexorably separating our compassionately heaving chests; perennially bonded in
a meadow of eternally unshakable passion,

If the meaningless world didn't want us to become one whilst we were alive;
satanically separating our immortally priceless heartbeats; perennially bonded in
the caverns of royally undaunted love,

Don't worry; for if not in blessedly unconquerable life; we'll still forever and ever
and ever become one for an infinite more births yet to unveil; as we'd
drag our bodies far far away from the enthrallment of existence; shake hands
with the corpse of death; and then lets see who stops us from being
unconquerably one; after we die.

11. IT WAS INDEFINITELY IMPOSSIBLE.

It wasn't the most infinitesimal iota impossible to imagine a sensuously sensitive
poet do an infinite things more; other than just writing volumes after volumes of
perpetually proliferating poetry,

It wasn't the most diminutive iota impossible to imagine a manipulatively shrewd
businessman do an infinite things more; other than just quintessentially
pragmatic commercial dealings,

It wasn't the most mercurial iota impossible to imagine an altruistically benign
philanthropist do an infinite things more; other than just tirelessly reaching out
to every conceivable echelon of blessed humanity,

It wasn't the most ephemeral iota impossible to imagine a righteously
persevering cobbler do an infinite things more; other than just efficaciously
stitching and mending pairs of sordidly disgruntled shoes,

It wasn't the most ethereal iota impossible to imagine a bountifully gifted artist
do an infinite things more; other than just profusely inundating barren sheets of
insouciant paper; with unlimitedly enchanting sketches of mother nature,

It wasn't the most oblivious iota impossible to imagine an unabashedly vivacious
dancer do an infinite things more; other than just inexorably illuminating the
complexion of the drearily ignominious night; with her enchantingly inscrutable
tread on nimble soil,

It wasn't the most obfuscated iota impossible to imagine an uninhibitedly fearless
entrepreneur do an infinite things more; other than just ingeniously innovating
the winds of an brilliantly unfettered tomorrow,

It wasn't the most parsimonious iota impossible to imagine an intriguingly uncanny palmist do an infinite things more; other than just perspicaciously deciphering through the countless mysteries of the human palm,

It wasn't the most fugitive iota impossible to imagine an indomitably victorious scientist do an infinite things more; other than just spell-bindingly harnessing the boundlessly replenishing resources of nature divine,

It wasn't the most mercurial iota impossible to imagine an irrefutably righteous teacher do an infinite things more; other than just tirelessly disseminating the venerated source of knowledge in the bulky textbooks,

It wasn't the most inconspicuous iota impossible to imagine a fearlessly patriotic warrior do an infinite things more; other than just unflinchingly brandish his sword and valor; to even the most treacherously unsparing of enemies,

It wasn't the most invisible iota impossible to imagine a bounteously untainted singer do an infinite things more; other than just unrelentingly flexing the chords of his throat; to perpetuate every ounce of remorse around with the tunes of blissfully rehabilitating music,

It wasn't the most impoverished iota impossible to imagine an eclectically spirited chef do an infinite things more; other than just endlessly tantalizing the salivary buds of countless; with his inimitably awe-inspiring delicacies,

It wasn't the most measly iota impossible to imagine a humanitarianly unprejudiced doctor do an infinite things more; other than just curing even the most inexplicably tormenting wounds of the haplessly devastated patient,

It wasn't the most disappearing iota impossible to imagine a jubilantly effervescent sportsman do an infinite things more; other than just ebulliently galloping like an untamed panther upon the poignant race-track,

It wasn't the most abstemious iota impossible to imagine a humbly learned saint do an infinite things more; other than just unceasingly sermonizing the hymns of eternally fructifying creation and priceless humanity,

It wasn't the most vanishing iota impossible to imagine an effulgently unparalleled adventurer do an infinite things more; other than just philandering through the labyrinths of flirtatious mischief and the enigmatically unknown,

It wasn't the most inane iota impossible to imagine an astutely phlegmatic judge

do an infinite things more; other than just limitlessly dispensing the most triumphantly unchallengeable epitomes of invincible justice,

It wasn't the most transient iota impossible to imagine a stupendously virile man & woman do an infinite things more; other than just infallibly procreate into a countless more of their own kind; and thereby inexhaustibly continue the chapters of this heavenly Universe,

But it was indefinitely impossible to imagine an immortally true lover do anything else; except just inhaling; exhaling and timelessly assimilating the skies of love; love and perennially compassionate love; for an infinite more lives and benignly blessed lifetimes.

12. WHILST TODAY SHE HAD SOLELY BECOME.

There was a time when she was the most unparalleled flirtation of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the mischievously mesmerizing mascara; of my iridescently innocuous eyelashes, '

There was a time when she was the most nubile freshness of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the uninhibitedly unceasing blush; of my pristinely rubicund cheeks,

There was a time when she was the most ardent tenacity of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the unconquerably burgeoning fearlessness; of my symbiotically harmonious bones,

There was a time when she was the most unlimited fantasy of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the unabashedly glorious adventure; of my unflinchingly marching footsteps,

There was a time when she was the most priceless innovation of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the rhapsodically unfettered titillation; of my invincibly indefatigable brain,

There was a time when she was the most compassionate belonging of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the fierily clinging sweat; of my sensuously heaving and receding chest,

There was a time when she was the most enchanting tale of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the unsurpassably uninterrupted lusciousness; of my tantalizingly pursed lips,

There was a time when she was the most triumphantly effervescent element of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the magically ameliorating smile; of my blissfully synergistic demeanor,

There was a time when she was the most mystical embellishment of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the inscrutably bewitching destiny lines; of my holistically benign palms,

There was a time when she was the most humanitarian wand of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the unimpeachably philanthropic blood; of my inimitably fructifying veins,

There was a time when she was the most enamoring magician of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the celestially replenishing goose-bumps; of my poignantly intricate skin,

There was a time when she was the most astoundingly proliferating wind of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the peerlessly heavenly artistry; of my sensitively curvaceous fingers,

There was a time when she was the most mollifying moisture of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the unbelievably triumphant empathy; of my amiably wandering eyes,

There was a time when she was the most altruistically blessing molecule of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the beautifully untainted lining; of my amicably blossoming soul,

There was a time when she was the most enviable maiden of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the fantastically unbridled bride; of my inevitably destined life,

There was a time when she was the most virtuously discerning wavelength of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the impregnably enrapturing sound; of my effulgently flapping ears,

There was a time when she was the most undefeatedly mesmerizing reverberation of the entire atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the unconquerably mellifluous whisper; of my nimbly vacillating voice,

There was a time when she was the most passionately ignited spark of the entire

atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the insuperably emollient
breath; of my miraculously bestowed nostril,

And there was a time when she was the most perpetual beat of the entire
atmosphere; whilst today she had solely become the immortally redolent love; of
my timelessly flowering heart.

13. STARK NAKED

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally austere uniform
of the disciplinarian policeman; which contained not even the most infinitesimal
insinuation of a salaciously decrepit blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally checkered
uniform of the Spartan taxi-driver; which contained not even the most insouciant
insinuation of a diabolically slaving blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally impeccable
uniform of the persevering butler; which contained not even the most
lackadaisical insinuation of a penuriously tawdry blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally shrewd uniform
of the negotiating politician; which contained not even the most intangible
insinuation of a bawdily ghoulish blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally simplistic
uniform of the emotionless waiter; which contained not even the most invisible
insinuation of a wretchedly tyrannical blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally hygienic uniform
of the clinical doctor; which contained not even the most inconspicuous
insinuation of a dingily flagrant blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally stretchable
uniform of the unflinching athlete; which contained not even the most
parsimonious insinuation of a devilishly imbecile blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally flannel uniform
of the laconic clerk; which contained not even the most infidel insinuation of a
vindictively truculent blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally navy-blue

uniform of the impoverished sweeper; which contained not even the most transient insinuation of a licentiously incoherent blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally professional uniform of the unnerved business magnate; which contained not even the most etherealinsinuation of a satanically incongruous blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally straightened uniform of the stringent school teacher; which contained not even the most ephemeral insinuation of a pugnaciously devastating blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally sanctimonious uniform of the artificial air-hostess; which contained not even the most evanescent insinuation of a devilishly treacherous blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally crisp uniform of the reticent barber; which contained not even the most fugitive insinuation of a wickedly sacrilegious blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally brackish uniform of the obdurate fisherman; which contained not even the most disappearing insinuation of a nonchalantly unsolicited blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally plaintive uniform of the mechanical ombudsman; which contained not even the most oblivious insinuation of a hedonistically lambasting blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally calibrated uniform of the robotic engineer; which contained not even the most obfuscated insinuation of a preposterously delirious blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally grey uniform of the perfectionist cobbler; which contained not even the most diminishing insinuation of a hideously sadistic blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally labeled uniform of the tireless concierge; which contained not even the most sequestered insinuation of a sinfully sordid blemish,

You might wholesomely engulf the chest with the most formally scented uniform of the nonplussed priest; which contained not even the most obsolete insinuation of a dastardly balderdash blemish,

But yet; and inevitably yet; irrespective of the caste; creed; religion; race or the most unsurpassably undefeated aura of the formal uniform adorning it; the heart beneath it was unabashedly free; the heart beneath it was unbelievably emotional; the heart beneath it was insuperably humanitarian; O! yes the heart beneath the chest was stark naked.

14. UNCONQUERABLY VIRGIN

Wasn't it unsurpassably amazing; that her nubile palms still remained unconquerably virgin even after my caressing them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh lines of mesmerizing destiny every unfurling instant; by the grace of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it limitlessly amazing; that her royal eyes still remained beautifully virgin even after my peering into them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh droplets of priceless empathy every unfurling instant; by the grace of the ever-pervading Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it undefeatedly amazing; that her passionate chest still remained celestially virgin even after my smooching it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh cloudbursts of spell-binding compassion every unfurling instant; by the grace of the perpetual Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it boundlessly amazing; that her tantalizing feet still remained impeccably virgin even after my teasing them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh pathways of unflinching adventure every unfurling instant; by the grace of the Omniscient Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it irrefutably amazing; that her luscious lips still remained timelessly virgin even after my kissing them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh epitomes of unparalleled sensuousness every unfurling instant; by the grace of the unshakable Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it unbelievably amazing; that her voluptuous nape still remained unimpeachably virgin even after my fondling it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh whirlwinds of inimitable titillation every unfurling instant; by the grace of the everlasting Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it interminably amazing; that her bewitching belly still remained innocuously virgin even after my nibbling it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh atmospheres of stupendous virility every unfurling instant; by

the grace of the spectacular Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it unfathomably amazing; that her ravishing hair still remained immaculately virgin even after my embracing it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh reverberations of insatiable euphoria every unfurling instant; by the grace of the unquestionable Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it endlessly amazing; that her inebriating shoulders still remained insuperably virgin even after my kneading them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh mountains of bountiful friendship every unfurling instant; by the grace of the triumphant Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it unceasingly amazing; that her robust cheeks still remained inimitably virgin even after my tracing them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh caverns of incomprehensible exultation every unfurling instant; by the grace of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it inexhaustibly amazing; that her seductive armpits still remained wonderfully virgin even after my inhaling them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh skies of righteous perseverance; by the grace of the indomitable Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it eternally amazing; that her poignant ears still remained indisputably virgin even after my stroking them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh playgrounds of vivacious frolic every unfurling instant; by the grace of the unassailable Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it extraordinarily amazing; that her queenly back still remained sacredly virgin even after my licking it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh flames of unabashed exhilaration every unfurling instant; by the grace of the unfettered Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it tirelessly amazing; that her artistic fingers still remained victoriously virgin even after my interlocking with them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh gorges of bounteous creation every unfurling instant; by the grace of the unprejudiced Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it unprecedentedly amazing; that her dainty skin still remained fantastically virgin even after my exploring it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh rain-showers of unbridled sensitivity every unfurling instant; by the grace of the invincible Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it unlimitedly amazing; that her thunderous thighs still remained imperturbably virgin even after my probing them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh beads of priceless excitement every unfurling instant; by the grace of the infallible Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it unstoppably amazing; that her mellifluous mouth still remained irrefutably virgin even after my suckling it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh tunes of untainted freedom every unfurling instant; by the grace of the ubiquitous Almighty Lord,

Wasn't it fathomlessly amazing; that her effulgent nostrils still remained symbiotically virgin even after my breathing into them a countless times; as they evolved into an infinite fresh fires of seamless proliferation every unfurling instant; by the grace of the benign Almighty Lord,

And wasn't it uncontrollably amazing; that her immortal heart still remained virgin even after my loving and bonding with it a countless times; as it evolved into an infinite fresh heavens of magical togetherness; by the grace of the irreplaceable Almighty Lord.

15. HOW I WANTED OUR VERY FIRST KISS TO HAPPEN

With the unsurpassably tangy waves of the fabulous sea wholesomely dictating each of my impoverished senses; and the uninhibitedly pristine shores as my sole and most undaunted savior,

With the unbelievably handsome apogees of the timeless mountains wholesomely dictating each of my beleaguered senses; and the intrepidly exhilarating winds as my sole and most fearless savior,

With the inscrutably magnetic swirl of the enigmatic forests wholesomely dictating each of my dwindling senses; and the iridescently sporadic twilight as my sole and most inimitable savior,

With the unabashedly brazen currents of the stupendous afternoon breeze wholesomely dictating each of my languid senses; and the interminably blazing Sun as my sole and most Omnipotent savior,

With the fantastically unfettered swirl of the virgin waterfalls wholesomely dictating each of my deteriorating senses; and the atmosphere of poignant freshness as my sole and most rejuvenating savior,

With the pricelessly unconquerable fabric of insuperable oneness wholesomely dictating each of my oblivious senses; and the winds of egalitarian humanity as my sole and most effulgent savior,

With the bountifully pungent alacrity of the vivacious rainbows wholesomely dictating each of my inebriated senses; and the gloriously fathomless sky as my sole and most triumphant savior,

With the intriguingly inscrutable storms of mesmerizing artistry wholesomely dictating each of my deadened senses; and the mystical labyrinths of mellifluous music as my sole and most victorious savior,

With the incredulously mollifying chords of benign selflessness wholesomely dictating each of my evanescent senses; and the chapters of irrefutably unassailable truth as my sole and most jubilant savior,

With the tirelessly bewitching cisterns of the enigmatic night wholesomely dictating each of my remorseful senses; and the optimistic beams of the celestial moon as my sole and most impeccable savior,

With the magnificently majestic lines of the profound palm wholesomely dictating each of my penurious senses; and the seductively alluring trails of inexplicable mystery as my sole and most adventurous savior,

With the timelessly stupefying serendipity of the euphoric meadows wholesomely dictating each of my thwarted senses; and the rhapsodically undefeated entrenchment of golden dewdrops as my sole and most fascinating savior,

With the royally unbridled gush of the ravishing clouds wholesomely dictating each of my parsimonious senses; and the torrential downpour of handsome rain as my sole and most enchanting savior,

With the unshakably potent fructification of the blissful seed wholesomely dictating each of my devastated senses; and the amazingly indomitable virility of black soil as my sole and most burgeoning savior,

With the incomparably tantalizing reverberations of voluptuous lightening wholesomely dictating each of my cloistered senses; and the immeasurable exultation of dusk as my sole and most effervescent savior,

With the unprejudiced heavenly mists of sparkling innocence wholesomely dictating each of my vespered senses; and the indefatigably altruistic harbingers

of humanity as my sole and most ebullient saviors,

With the unflinchingly perennial bellow of Omniscient breath wholesomely dictating each of my obfuscated senses; and the cloudbursts of unceasingly brilliant life as my sole and most unbiased savior,

With the incessantly trumpeting beats of the immortal heart wholesomely dictating each of my dawdling senses; and the bounteously spell binding elixir of infallibly true love as my sole and most liberated savior,

Was how I exactly wanted our very first kiss to passionately happen O! blessedly nubile beloved; of course and wholesomely all by the grace of the Omnipresently eternal Almighty Lord.

16. OUR LOVE STORY WAS BEING PERPETUALLY WRITTEN

The celestially emollient perspiration might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! spell binding beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our timelessly impeccable perseverance; was being perpetually written by the unassailably Omnipotent Lord Almighty,

The lusciously seductive lips might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! magnetic beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our tirelessly insatiable passion; was being perpetually written by the insuperably Omnipresent Lord Almighty,

The innocuously untainted eyes might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! beautiful beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our bountifully burgeoning empathy; was being perpetually written by the royally unshakable Lord Almighty,

The mischievously flirtatious eyelashes might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! virile beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our uninhibitedly rhapsodic flirtation; was being perpetually written by the infallibly brilliant Lord Almighty,

The inscrutably silken palms might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! pristine beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our majestically unfettered destiny; was being perpetually written by the indomitably Omniscient Lord Almighty,

The poignantly crimson blood might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! heavenly beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our unconquerably humanitarian relationship; was being perpetually written by the victoriously mesmerizing Lord Almighty,

The fearlessly unflinching bones might be undoubtedly yours and mine O!
everlasting beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our peerlessly faithful
strength; was being perpetually written by the unendingly fructifying Lord
Almighty,

The artistically nubile whispers might be undoubtedly yours and mine O!
enchanted beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our mellifluously
impregnable romance; was being perpetually written by the undefeated
spectacular Lord Almighty,

The unbelievably ecstatic goose-bumps might be undoubtedly yours and mine O!
redolent beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our unrelentingly amazing
excitement; was being perpetually written by the benevolently undaunted Lord
Almighty,

The blissfully intriguing virility might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! eternal
beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our euphorically innocent children;
was being perpetually written by the unchallengably priceless Lord Almighty,

The effusively restless feet might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! sacrosanct
beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our enigmatically blessed
adventure; was being perpetually written by the triumphantly unfettered Lord
Almighty,

The ravishingly fluttering hair might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! poignant
beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our bewitchingly unparalleled
sensuality; was being perpetually written by the ubiquitously egalitarian Lord
Almighty,

The tenderly nectar-laden fingers might be undoubtedly yours and mine O!
undying beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our incomparably utopian
artistry; was being perpetually written by the invincibly ever-pervading Lord
Almighty,

The seductively rain-soaked napes might be undoubtedly yours and mine O!
effulgent beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our divinely rekindling
electricity; was being perpetually written by the interminably benign Lord
Almighty,

The congruously exuberant whistles might be undoubtedly yours and mine O!
regale beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our unlimitedly boundless

happiness; was being perpetually written by the magnanimously Herculean Lord Almighty,

The stupendously panoramic brains might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! adorable beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our insuperably unceasing fantasies; was being perpetually written by the ardently venerated Lord Almighty,

The fascinatingly reverberating spines might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! resplendent beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our endlessly enthralling titillation; was being perpetually written by the unconquerably truthful Lord Almighty,

The fiery passionate breaths might be undoubtedly yours and mine O! inimitable beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our iridescently spell-binding life; was being perpetually written by the perennially ameliorating Lord Almighty,

And the fathomlessly compassionate hearts be undoubtedly yours and mine O! tantalizing beloved; but fortunately for us; the story of our immortally fragrant love; was being perpetually written by the marvelously all-powerful Lord Almighty.

17. BACK IN BUSINESS.

As soon as the rain came tumbling tempestuously from crimson sky; the acrimoniously scorching desert sands were blissfully back in business,

As soon as tendrils of scrumptiously green grass came upon the treacherously barren slopes; the miserably divested cow was radiantly back in business,

As soon as the spellbindingly boisterous bee came to uninhibitedly philander in the disparagingly lambasted garden; the derogatorily squandered rose was ingratiatingly back in business,

As soon as invincible blankets of iron came to majestically blend with conspicuously frigid mud; the pathetically emaciated iron was astoundingly back in business,

As soon as rhapsodic undulations of sea water came to monotonously nondescript land; the flagrantly slaving fish were celestially back in business,

As soon as untamed whirlpools of ebulliently ravishing breeze came to the lugubriously still atmosphere; the egregiously devastated birds were bountifully back in business,

As soon as exuberantly iridescent rainbows came to the fathomlessly lackadaisical skies; the disastrously dwindling peacocks were euphorically back in business,

As soon as mystically luminescent nightfall came to the torturously bereaved forests; the disdainfully silent snakes were triumphantly back in business,

As soon as fireballs of unlimited compassion came to the fabric of manipulatively estranged planet; the derogatorily deteriorating artist was royally back in business,

As soon as the mists of relentlessly cavorting mischief came to the sonorously morbid atmosphere; the forlornly trembling butterfly was connubially back in business,

As soon as streams of mellifluously vibrant beauty came to every cranny of this murderously bellicose planet; the fantastically fantasizing and holistic brain was gloriously back in business,

As soon as the resplendently twinkling circus came to the ghoulishly beleaguered mortuary; the truculently whipped clowns were enthusiastically back in business,

As soon as winds of luxuriously opulence came to every dilapidated street of this impoverished planet; the hoarsely extradited beggars were victoriously back in business,

As soon as mirrors of unassailably egalitarian selflessness came to this venomously lecherous earth; the traumatically extinguishing flames of truth and pristinely untainted unity; were jubilantly back in business,

As soon as shadows of intriguingly princely silkiness came to the jaggedly corrugated periphery of earth; the dementedly delirious fairies were wholeheartedly back in business,

As soon as the corridors of unshakable hope came to the corpses of horrendously maiming stagnation; the despondently fading beams of enlightenment were unflinchingly back in business,

As soon as fearlessly exotic air came to the gruesomely stuttering jacket of penurious lungs; the diabolically shivering bloodstreams were timelessly back in business,

As soon as undefeated infernos of impeccable integrity came to the politically corrupt civilization; the rapidly sagging Sun of patriotism was unconquerably back in business,

And as soon as fathomless gorge's of immortal love came to the preposterously sinful coffins of ghostly betrayal; the haplessly silent and unfortunate heart was perpetually back in business.

18. THE FRUIT OF EVER-PERVADINGLY FRUCTIFYING LOVE.

A one to one with her majestically emphatic eyes; and I felt as if dancing in the aisles of pristinely burgeoning paradise; for an infinite more births of mine,

A one to one with her lusciously redolent lips; and I felt as if uninhibited exhilaration couldn't have been ever better; with my desire to survive now more insuperably profound; than the entire wave of existence on this fathomless planet,

A one to one with her impeccably royal conscience; and I felt as if there was the Sun of Omnipotent truth; on even the most infinitesimally fugitive cranny of this colossal Universe,

A one to one with her magically resplendent palms; and I felt as if I was united in the cosmos of everlasting humanity for times immemorial; as if I was destined to forever bond with every conceivable fraternity of mankind,

A one to one with her robustly effulgent cheeks; and I felt as if timelessly singing in the caverns of immaculately unadulterated childhood; wonderfully assimilating every ounce of heavenly mischief from the spell-binding atmosphere,

A one to one with her iridescently twinkling feet; and I felt as if unlimitedly fantasizing in the raindrops of untamed sensuality; with life seeming to be the ultimate dance of enriching optimism,

A one to one with her flirtatiously winking eyelashes; and I felt as if revived from countless feet beneath my cadaverously morbid grave; with every quintessential life as fresh as vividly poignant ocean salt,

A one to one with her euphorically passionate veins; and I felt as if the most emolliently empathizing organism on this boundless earth; invincibly coalescing with every celestial stream of living kind,

A one to one with her ravishingly cascading hair; and I felt every ounce of excitement on earth and endless kilometers beyond; had thunderously descended down in glorious unison; upon the treacherously emaciated pores of my dying skin,

A one to one with her tantalizingly exotic belly; and I felt as if the unsurpassably enchanting fabric of seductive night had blessedly arrived; even as acrimoniously blistering rays of the Sun stabbed me in the whites and blacks of my eyes,

A one to one with her mellifluously endowing voice; and I felt as if the most unprecedentedly ebullient epitomes of mesmerizing paradise; blissfully enshrouded me from every construable side,

A one to one with her miraculously benevolent shadow; and I felt as if I had been wholesomely absolved of even the tiniest of my sins in past and present life; unassailably wrapped in the belly of unflinching compassion for centuries unfathomable,

A one to one with her artistically eclectic fingers; and I felt as if the mantra of "United We Stand"; was the only sermon to panoramically survive for a countless births beyond my truncated time,

A one to one with her endlessly subliming camaraderie; and I felt as if the power of gregariously bonding oneness; was an ardor greater than the greatest of wealth on this inexhaustibly charming globe,

A one to one with her fantastically evolving brain; and I felt as if perennially priceless life spawned out of bizarrely tawdry nothingness; jubilantly embellishing every cranny of the lackadaisically corrupt world; with the fragrance of triumphant fantasy,

A one to one with her gloriously golden sweat; and I felt as if the essence of unconquerable honesty; timelessly transcended over even the most infidel whisker of the devil; frivolously transgressing venerated mother soil,

A one to one with her Omnipresently godly soul; and I felt as if holistically consecrated by the winds of divine disarmament; with every trace of haplessly deteriorating terrorism; forever and ever and ever evaporating into the coffins of

hell,

A one to one with her melodiously sweet nape; and I felt as if rainshowers of torrential virility erupted from even the most deadened pores of my skin; as I unstoppably surged forward to continue the Lord's sacrosanct chapters of procreation,

A one to one with her unbelievably exultating bosom; and I felt as if my body was nothing but a gorge of endlessly augmenting desire; harmoniously placated by virgin milk in the kingly atmosphere,

A one to one with her victoriously fiery breath; and I felt as if the unshakably intrepid elixir of life could never ever end; with even the most disastrously penalizing trauma on this planet; wonderfully metamorphosing into a cloud of revitalizing happiness,

And a one to one with her immortally throbbing heartbeats; and I felt as I was born to do nothing; to say nothing; to dream nothing; to spawn nothing; but just the fruit of ever-pervadingly fructifying love; love and only beautiful love.

19. WAS IT MY FAULT

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every droplet of my euphorically mesmerizing sweat; and she on the other hand torturously evaporated every ounce of happiness from my life; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every of my celestially euphoric smiles; and she on the other hand made me unjustly cry a countless tears of murderous hell; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every stream of my quintessentially life-bestowing blood; and she on the other hand in humanitarianly buried me under a fathomless graveyard of her meaningless deliriousness; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every triumphantly rhapsodic fantasy of mine; and she on the other hand metamorphosed every treasured moment of mine into the most diabolically asphyxiating of nightmare; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every

ingredient of my untamed sensuality; and she on the other hand heartlessly castrated me of all my virility and vitality; right in the center of the boisterous street; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every of my pricelessly untainted adventure; and she on the other hand devilishly incarcerated me in the prisons of her hedonistic sadism; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every of my inimitably seductive whisper; and she on the other hand yelled a boundless volley of abuses at me for no ostensible reason or rhyme; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every element of my altruistically infallible philanthropism; and she on the other hand criminally cremated the last bone of my spine alive; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every of my royally resplendent destiny line; and she on the other hand made me sacrilegiously beg on the sordidly deplorable and orphaned streets; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every line of my perennially compassionate poetry; and she on the other hand blew me away like an obviously fictitious speck in her spuriously lecherous cigar smoke; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every poignantly enthralling sound that I heard; and she on the other hand truculently numbed each of my senses with her unrelentingly tyrannical wickedness; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every benevolent word that I uttered; and she on the other hand venomously snapped my tongue into an innumerable halves as I was solely praising her; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every molecule of my peerlessly invincible strength; and she on the other hand guffawed her heart out after insouciantly excoriating my hide and feeding it to

stray pigs; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every timelessly reinvigorated goose-bump on my flesh; and she on the other hand maniacally dumped me under the most robotically fetid of junkyards; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every artistic fragrance that radiated from my nerves; and she on the other hand ruthlessly trounced and kicked me through the corpses of devastating prejudice; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every ray of my truthfully emollient soul; and she on the other hand mercilessly torched every pore of my body with the disparaging hell of lies; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every vein of my pricelessly undefeated life; and she on the other hand left me to cadaverously shudder and die; even an infinite years after we got married?

Was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every of my unconquerably iridescent breath; and she on the other hand gave me the most worthlessly despicable death at her very own hands; even an infinite years after we got married?

And was it my fault that I loved her more than I could have ever loved every beat of my passionately immortal heart; and she on the other hand smooched and mated for times immemorial with another man right in front of my own eyes; even an infinite years after we got married?

20. ROYAL LOVE ITSELF.

O! Yes; it was none other Omnipotent love solely by itself and in its most gloriously unimpeachable form; which majestically conquered an infinite more meadows of resplendently burgeoning love,

O! Yes; it was insuperable love solely by itself and in its most compassionately unfettered form; which undyingly harnessed an infinite more skies of immortally interminable love,

O! Yes; it was royal love solely by itself and in its most charismatically poignant

form; which triumphantly suckled an infinite more droplets of sensuously nubile love,

O! Yes; it was virgin love solely by itself and in its most pristinely unadulterated form; which irresistibly mated with an infinite more rainbows of vivaciouslycavorting love,

O! Yes; it was timelessly eternal love solely by itself and in its most ubiquitously untainted form; which unsurpassably evolved an infinite more cisterns of wonderfully emollient love,

O! Yes; it was victoriously mellifluous love solely by itself and in its most iridescently magnanimous form; which indefatigably patronized an infinite more harbingers of spell-bindingly heavenly love,

O! Yes; it was bountifully ecstatic love solely by itself and in its most euphorically fructifying form; which inevitably invited an infinite more cosmos's of perennially ameliorating love,

O! Yes; it was universally blessing love solely by itself and in its most rhapsodically divine form; which tirelessly perpetuated an infinite more gorges of metaphorically copious love,

O! Yes; it was wonderfully Omnipresent love solely by itself and in its most bountifully extemporizing form; which aristocratically transpired an infinite more atmosphere's of harmoniously egalitarian love,

O! Yes; it was unbelievably redolent love solely by itself and in its most humanitarianly priceless form; which ardently worshipped an infinite more temples of unassailably venerated love,

O! Yes; it was unceasingly serendipitous love by itself and in its most gorgeously unshakable form; which intriguingly sketched an infinite more natural landscapes of stupendously inscrutable love,

O! Yes; it was ever-pervadingly young love by itself and in its most robustly impregnable form; which limitlessly sung an infinite more songs of beautifully virile love,

O! Yes; it was everlastingly seductive love by itself and in its most Omnisciently potent form; which magnetically exuded into an infinite more reverberations of unflinchingly indomitable love,

O! Yes; it was blissfully emancipating love by itself and in its most thunderously compassionate form; which irrefutably signed an infinite more bonds of indisputably benevolent love,

O! Yes; it was symbiotically fragrant love by itself and in its most spectacularly multiplying form; which infallibly united with an infinite more fortresses of peerlessly fathomless love,

O! Yes; it was mystically enamoring love by itself and in its most perpetually invincible form; which unchallengably reincarnated an infinite more mists of celestially endless love,

O! Yes; it was magically reinvigorating love by itself and in its most supremely innocuous form; which unstopably spawned into an infinite more seeds of regally fearless love,

O! Yes; it was ebulliently fiery love by itself and in its most rejoicingly transcending form; which perennially breathed an infinite more breaths of passionately godly love,

O! Yes; it was surreally tantalizing love by itself and in its most immorally faithful form; which unabashedly tied the nuptial thread with an infinite more brides of effervescently boisterous love.

21. YOU. YES IT WAS ONLY YOU O! BELOVED

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose wonderfully luscious lips; invincibly started and ended; my every passionately ignited and bountifully iridescent; kiss;

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose rhapsodically emancipating eyes; spell-bindingly started and ended; my every royally unfettered and victoriously poignant; fantasy,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose intricately silken feet; ecstatically started and ended; my every intrepidly titillating and timelessly reinvigorating; adventure,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose sensuously reverberating spine; unbelievably started and ended; my every interminably voluptuous and beautifully euphoric; caress,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose victoriously effulgent palms; stupendously started and ended; my every stroke of joyously unbridled and inscrutably bewitching; destiny,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose ravishingly titillating hair; handsomely started and ended; my every unabashedly liberating and vivaciously blessed; dance,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose gorgeously seductive nape; inebriatingly started and ended; my every immaculately wondrous and regally ameliorating; nibble,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose uninhibitedly dimpled chin; marvelously started and ended; my every anecdote of pristinely sparkling and insatiably charismatic; mischief,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose ravenously effervescent belly; potently started and ended; my every fierily unending and fabulously exultated; lick,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose rapturously blushing cheeks; poignantly started and ended; my every odyssey of inimitably undying and victoriously unprecedented; excitement,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose blissfully sweat-laden armpit; irrefutably started and ended; my every trail of truthfully emollient and indefatigably insuperable; perseverance,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose mellifluously holistic fingers; ecstatically started and ended; my every impeccably benign and unsurpassably altruistic; artistry,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose flirtatiously flapping ears; indomitably started and ended; my every timelessly augmenting and mystically groping; desire,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose compassionately roused bosom; unflinchingly started and ended; my every vial of peerlessly fecund and blessedly magnetic; virility,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose densely enamoring brow; vividly

started and ended; my every enigmatically evoking and serenely serendipitous;
whisper,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose thunderously electric thighs;
uncontrollably started and ended; my every humanely ardent and eternally
emaciated; longing,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose magically ameliorating soul;
harmoniously started and ended; my every act of wonderfully egalitarian and
unconquerably symbiotic; humility,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose incomprehensibly perennial
nostrils; aristocratically started and ended; my every expedition of romantically
princely and unimaginably heroic; life,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose immortally throbbing heart;
perpetually started and ended; my every beat of divinely blossoming and
insuperably uniting; love.

22. TO MAKE MY HEART SPECIAL

To make my eyes special; I feasted them on the unfathomable repertoire of
God's astounding beauty; recounting the same to my blind mates submerged in
a
blanket of derogatory despair,

To make my hands special; I hoisted innocuous orphans high up in the air;
escalating them towards their elestial dreams,

To make my feet special; I marched and ran indefatigable kilometers on the trot;
intrepidly fighting for my tyrannized motherland,

To make my lips special; I uninhibitedly unleashed them into a benign smile;
imparting perpetual rays of hope to my impoverished mates in inexplicable pain,

To make my destiny special; I wholeheartedly led each instant of my life;
relishing every ray of the Golden Sun on my nimble skin; as each minute
unveiled,

To make my tongue special; I sang the harmoniously philanthropic hymns of
humanity; endeavoring my best to unite all alike; with the irrefutable voice of
mankind,

To make my teeth special; I profoundly savored the fruits of mother nature;
propagating the essence of blissful non-violence in every quarter of the
manipulatively violent planet,

To make my reflection special; I used it to cast spells of rejuvenating
exhilaration; upon my dreary compatriots; sinking horrendously towards
obdurate soil,

To make my bones special; I indefatigably persevered all night and day to
achieve the ultimate mission of my life; uplift treacherously withering humanity;
to an exotic paradise,

To make my hair special; I allowed them to drift freely with the gushing breeze;
not restraining them to flow into any religion or creed,

To make my mind special; I fantasized intransigently in the aisles of fabulous
desire; formidably augmenting my vision to serve planet earth; as the days
unfurled,

To make my blood special; I drained it out entirely from my veins; enlightening
the lives of those relinquishing breath rapidly; to blend with diabolical doomsday,

To make my shoulders special; I alighted the revered deities of my divinely
parents till times immemorial; transporting them to the most; inconspicuously
remote places that they had always wanted,

To make my existence special; I unflinchingly kept performing my flurry of tasks;
impregably entwining my hands with my fellow beings in traumatic distress and
agonizing pain,

To make my ears special; I absorbed the unsurpassable melody in the exuberant
breeze; taught the demons to relish the benign tunes of Almighty God,

To make my breath special; I planted an insurmountable battalion of trees;
bonding each puff of air I exhaled; perennially with impeccable living beings,

To make my conscience special; I adopted the path of everlasting righteousness;
irrevocably avoiding the temptations of salaciously lecherous desire,

To make my soul special; I left every element of its goodness to wander far and

wide across this globe; illuminating unfound beams of optimism; in all lives shattered and satanically buried under mountains of utter helplessness,

And to make my heart special; I immortally loved the person of my dreams for infinite more births to come; letting the Omnipotent beats of our love; embrace and exist together with over other tangible being.

23. NO REPLACEMENTS

Rhapsodic joy replaced; agonizing anecdotes of despairing sadness,

Opulent wealth replaced; disastrously impoverished caricatures of; miserably slithering poverty,

Impeccably sparkling light replaced; deplorably fetid darkness; a dungeon of parasitic gloom since centuries unprecedented,

Tornados of Herculean strength replaced; despicably withering bodies; tottering towards the corridors of extinction,

A festoon of torrentially amicable smiles replaced; morbidly frustrating boredom; pulverizing you to raw ash each instant,

Voluptuously charismatic blankets of mysticism replaced; stringent monotony; augmenting more hideously than the devils as time unveiled,

Nostalgic childhood replaced; lecherous incidents of ghastly manipulation; tyrannizing you to the realms of ultimate doomsday,

Incessantly ticking clock replaced; baseless laziness; perpetually massacring the last iota of exuberant energy from your robust body,

Invincible conviction replaced; entities stuttering at every step they took; eventually collapsing like a pile of inconspicuous matchsticks,

Persevering hard work replaced; lackadaisically nictitating mice; surrendering in meek submission; even before the mission commenced,

Prudently sagacious education replaced; hopeless caverns of pathetic illiteracy; pulverizing a person like mincemeat; in today's acrimonious society,

Irrefutable truth replaced; gory corpses of blatant lies; infiltrating like a pertinent

leech into blissful quarters of society,

Immaculate skies of honesty replaced; heartbreaking encounters of betrayal;
utterly devastating an individual to lead a shamefully crippled life,

Indefatigable cloud covers of innovation replaced; abhorrent stagnation; rotting
treacherously towards the satanic atmosphere of hell,

Insatiable simplicity replaced; the unfathomable webs of bizarre complication;
uncouthly stabbing each asset of preciously gifted life,

Enchanting rain's of fantasy replaced; frigidly heinous commercial reality;
profusely incapacitating man from; enriching with God's grace,

Resplendently twinkling stars replaced; anguished wounds in inexplicable pain; a
terrorizing darkness that enveloped like perilous swords from all sides,

Ravishingly exotic ocean's of fragrance replaced; insurmountably decaying stench
of the gutters; inundated with crime; lies and derogatory messengers of
mankind,

The innocent voice of the conscience replaced; all sinister sins of past; present
and future lives,

But there was no replacement for Love; as the moment you tried to replace it; it
only got substituted by more formidable equations of immortal love; for as long
as life on the planet existed; for as long as it took birth again; and again and
again.

24. LOVE IS NOT JUST A DREAM

Love is not just a definition,
It is a boundless reservoir of empathy; not yielding the slightest even in the most
acrimonious of storm.

Love is not just a word,
It is an impregnable fortress; which withstands the most mightiest of
condemnation and torrential attack.

Love is not just a desire,
It is an immortal relationship; blossoming into a festoon of benign goodness as
each instant unveiled.

Love is not just an infatuation,
It is an astounding rainbow inundated with infinite colors and charm; bonding in threads of a perpetual relationship for centuries immemorial.

Love is not just a gift,
It is the summit of ultimate ecstasy in every living beings life; escalating like an untamed inferno; seductively over the starry skies.

Love is not just a philosophy,
It is a perennially sacred verse; which miraculously alleviates the most gruesome of suffering; by its mere incantation from the periphery of the lips.

Love is not just a spark,
It is an everlasting desire which astonishingly proliferates as time passes; transcending over the worst of boredom; misery and pain.

Love is not just a titillation,
It is an enchanting caress which makes you feel the richest entity alive; embracing all religion and mankind; in the swirl of its Omnipotent aura.

And love is not just a dream,
It is an immortal reality which has been there even before this earth was created; bonding hearts all across the trajectory of this boundless Universe in its enthralling entrenchment; giving them a reason to beat.

25. SADLY NO BEATS

The most disgraceful thing for the skies; was to have their gorgeously fathomless periphery; savagely encrypted by a battalion of ominously heinous clouds,

The most disgraceful thing for the dog; was to have its handsomely harmonious body; brutally kicked by its charismatically revered master,

The most disgraceful thing for the deserts; was to have their boundlessly celestial carpet of glistening sands; inundated with Herculean tons of capriciously insipid water,

The most disgraceful thing for the discotheque; was to have its bombastically sleazy interiors; holistically invaded by blissfully sacrosanct prayer and painstakingly persevering rhyme,

The most disgraceful thing for the forests; was to have their mystically romantic and profusely scented surroundings; heinously perpetuated by obnoxiously acrimonious gas; become a commercial warehouse for monotonously vindictive business magnates,

The most disgraceful thing for the sharks; was to impregnate their preposterously mammoth mouths with diminutively worthless vegetables; slither incessantly on frigid soil amidst a mountain of; lackadaisically nonchalant seaweed,

The most disgraceful thing for the cow; was to perennially ooze opulently spurious wine from its overwhelmingly divinely teats; replenish its stomach with parsimonious garbage left overs; left by the uncouthly barbaric society for its nocturnal meal,

The most disgraceful thing for the ocean; was to have its ravishingly undulating and timeless expanse of waves; salaciously pervaded upon by hideously gargantuan tankers of morbidly murderous oil,

The most disgraceful thing for the birds; was to have their rhetorically nimble and flamboyantly boisterous demeanor's incarcerated behind appalling prison bars; being treacherously bereft of galloping flight,

The most disgraceful thing for the old; was to have their devastatingly ailing bodies being treated like pieces of insanely threadbare shit; being opprobriously castigated from their own dwellings; by their irascibly impudent kin,

The most disgraceful thing for the corpse; was to have its dolorously dreary interiors sagaciously infiltrated by vivaciously sparkling life; bloom into miraculous resplendence; the very word which was a lethal venom for its perilously sinister ears,

The most disgraceful thing for the teacher; was to be belligerently rebuked by his unsurpassable horde of immaculate students; being boycotted with the tag of "Liar";, for ostensibly no fault of his,

The most disgraceful thing for the athlete; was to disastrously stumble into obdurately mortifying soil; the instant he alighted his robustly sparkling foot; in electric exuberance from the starting line,

The most disgraceful thing for the writer; was to have his most pricelessly countless volumes of spell binding literature; menacingly excoriated apart into a

trillion specks of lackluster dust; the very alphabets which he had so ardently harnessed with his very own; crimson blood,

The most disgraceful thing for the stomach; was to meaninglessly puke out even the last iota of food synergistically entrapped within; after consuming the most harmoniously blessed ingredients of Mother Nature,

The most disgraceful thing for the shadow; was to have its stupendously enigmatic contours lecherously punctured by maniacally concrete civilizations of rigidity; have its silken grace manipulatively trespassed by greedy tycoons,

The most disgraceful thing for the conscience; was to be incomprehensibly burdened by a dungeon of blatantly abhorrent lies; wholesomely vanquish its spirit of irrefutably godly righteousness; at the slightest of greedy provocation,

The most disgraceful thing for existence; was to be indefatigably enshrouded by precarious hurricanes of stagnating death; perpetually relinquish its Omnipotent aura; to the deplorable hell of non-existence,

And the most disgraceful thing for love; was diabolically bellicose betrayal; being viciously slapped by the person it had uninhibitedly devoted its countless lifetimes; being left to wander with solely a remorseful heart; but sadly no beats.

26. WELCOMING HER BACK

Gruesome carpets of despairing blindness had set upon her magnificently sparkling countenance; enveloping her perennially in a world of bizarre darkness,

But it was my eyes that had veritably lost every iota of sight; as I stumbled like an insane lunatic in every sphere of life; tragically devastated in whirlpools of ghastly depression.

Gory leprosy had descended lecherously upon her marvelously blissful demeanor; brutally incapacitating her in wholesome entirety; for the remainder of her life, But it was my hands and feet that had veritably lost even the most tiniest of ability to hoist; as I haplessly staggered in a tornado of doom; for centuries immemorial.

Barbaric dumbness had salaciously entrenched upon her majestically royal countenance; ruthlessly chopping every cranny of her robustly melodious cadence; into a countless pieces of insipid nothingness, But it was my tongue that had veritably lost even the most remotest of ability to

Speak; as I pathetically slithered on remorseful spit; without the slightest sound emanating from my tyrannized throat.

Diabolical sadness had fathomlessly enveloped upon her sparkingly robust stride; penalizing her immaculate grace for absolutely no fault of hers,
But it was my lips that had veritably relinquished all smiles; as I drunk tears of horrendous solitude each unfurling instant of the treacherous day; trespassing through a battlefield of vindictive prejudice soaked in ghastly blood; all my life.

Ominously irascible cancer had cascaded down upon her blisteringly flamboyant visage; murderously asphyxiating all her glorious happiness in destined life,
But it was my body that veritably puked everything that I tried to ravishingly swallow; with a tinge of lecherously debilitating yellow; proliferating astoundingly; upon my hopelessly extinguishing senses.

Savage termites had crawled upon from all sides upon her magically glistening persona; barbarically attacking her with contemptuously opprobrious lechery,
But it was my veins that veritably lost every ingredient of scarlet blood; as I incessantly floated like a lifeless skeleton; through the corpse of gory death and in the graveyard of malicious abhorrence.

Overpowering darkness had viciously infiltrated upon her gorgeously delectable reflection; crippling her invidiously of all those blissfully romantic moments; in euphorically vibrant life,
But it was my dwelling that had veritably abnegated all traces of dynamic light; as I couldn't find even my own silhouette; decaying into wisps of worthlessly horrific oblivion.

Perfidious paralysis had vindictively gripped her enamoringly scintillating scent from all sides; treacherously overtoppling her from Omnipotent realms of blissfully blessed sleep,
But it was my heart that had veritably ceased to function; ludicrously dissolving all its passionate reservoir of beats with domains of penalizing hell; ruthlessly massacring even the most priceless of emotion; and the chapter of immortal love.

And devilishly unforgiving death had stooped perilously upon her daintily tinkling royalty; rendering her meaninglessly at the last stage of her most fabulously priceless existence,
But it was my breath that had veritably snapped in wholesome entirety from my deplorably bleeding nostrils; as I reached heaven even before the most ethereal of her shadow could creep through; to welcome her as her unassailable lover;

eternally and once again.

27. ULTIMATE MESSIAH OF HUMANITY

I wanted to dedicate my diminutive eyes; solely to her majestically blooming cisterns of poignant empathy; sleep in her voluptuous eyelashes; for centuries immemorial,

I wanted to dedicate my abraded lips; solely to her aristocratically tinkling smile; be profusely assimilated in the silver saliva that she slurped; every time she compassionately pursed her mouth,

I wanted to dedicate my withering cheeks; solely to her profoundly crimson blushes; rejoicing in her ebullient whirlwind of happiness; as she ecstatically tread on satiny soil,

I wanted to dedicate my penurious palms; solely to her fabulously enigmatic destiny; rhetorically maneuvering every element of my existence; to the vivacious tunes of her magnetic life,

I wanted to dedicate my distraught scalp; solely to her ravishingly tantalizing hair; become the marvelously scintillating swish of air that resonated; whenever she seductively swayed her head,

I wanted to dedicate my pecuniary chin; solely to her nostalgically titillating reflection; blending every iota of my holistic spirit in entirety; to her overwhelmingly magnetic persona,

I wanted to dedicate my fatigued chest; solely to her melodiously unassailable soul; coalescing every cranny of my pathetically dwindling senses; with the Omnipotent magic in her crimson blood,

I wanted to dedicate my mutilated feet; solely to her impeccable stride; wholesomely becoming every step that she trespassed on; to evolve a magnificently scintillating tomorrow,

I wanted to dedicate my famished hunger; solely to her perennially augmenting yearning for voluptuously charismatic desire; become every ingredient of her piquantly replenished and marvelously alluring grace,

I wanted to dedicate my nomadic ears; solely to her ingratiatingly rhapsodic sound; bounce with stupendous exhilaration in the garden of her perpetually

ravishing enchantment,

I wanted to dedicate my rustically wandering neck; solely to her sensuously drifting and captivatingly euphoric aura; relentlessly cuddle in the ferociously tangy warmth of her divine countenance,

I wanted to dedicate my mercurial teeth; solely to her vibrantly nubile back; igniting fireballs of tumultuous longing in every iota of her flesh; as I nibbled tenderly; till the very last of my veritable breath,

I wanted to dedicate my countless bones; solely to her irrefutably impregnable cause for philanthropic righteousness; become every vein of her never ending tenacity; to mitigate inexplicable suffering from planet earth,

I wanted to dedicate my dolorous shadow; solely to her astoundingly enigmatic and benign voice; eternally tracing the euphorically fantastic cadence; in her gloriously vivacious sounds,

I wanted to dedicate my vanquished head; solely to her bountifully sacrosanct feet; intransigently following her sagaciously Omnipotent footsteps; to every cranny of the globe that she went,

I wanted to dedicate my flirtatious shoulders; solely to her supremely princely visage; hoisting her grandiloquent body to beyond the land of infinite infinity; at the most infinitesimal of her Godly command,

I wanted to dedicate my golden sweat; solely to her untamed wave of unrelenting perseverance; mesmerizing each disastrously exhausted pore of my skin; with the celestial river of humanity fulminating profusely; from her eclectic persona,

I wanted to dedicate my truncated breath; solely to her tranquilly bequeathing life; forever become the fragrance of humanitarian righteousness; which she ubiquitously wafted; on her every mystically proliferating step,

And I wanted to dedicate my throbbing heart; solely to her immortally bestowing love; bond every beat wailing in my indiscreetly trembling chest with her Omniscient essence; to tower unequivocally as the ultimate messiah of humanity.

28. DEVoured

In the bizarre wilderness of the relentlessly dense forests; I intransigently felt as if I was being profoundly devoured; in a world of unending mysticism and uninhibited enigma,

In the dolorously dooming graveyard; I incessantly felt as if I was being morbidly devoured; in whirlpools of remorsefully disastrous depression,

In the heart of the resplendently ravishing ocean; I euphorically felt as I was being tanigly devoured; by unfathomable spurts of frosty exuberance,

In the satiny cover of the opalescently majestic night; I tranquilly felt as if I was being ebulliently devoured; by impregnably enamoring and fabulously fascinating peace,

In the unsurpassably redolent garden of gorgeously scarlet roses; I enchantingly felt as if I was being fragrantly devoured; by insurmountable fireballs of royal scent,

In the monotonously manipulative domains of the corporate office; I unrelentingly felt as if I was being malevolently devoured; by endless waves of horrendously stagnating boredom,

In the entrenchment of discerningly scintillating mirrors; I optimistically felt as if I was being candidly devoured; by the innermost voices of my righteously entrapped conscience,

In the ghastly pool of horrifically diabolical crocodiles; I insidiously felt as if I was being salaciously devoured; by gruesomely acrimonious savagery,

In the panoramic kaleidoscope of the gorgeously blooming gorge; I timelessly felt as if I was being bountifully devoured; by a whole new civilization of astounding newness,

In the impeccably bustling kindergarten of new born infants; I rhapsodically felt as if I was being blissfully devoured; by incomprehensibly compassionate tornado's; of magnificently divine energy,

In the branches of the inscrutably rustling tree; I intriguingly felt as if I was being profusely devoured; by seductively tantalizing carpets of perennially escalating desire,

In the flames of the unremittingly blazing fire; I dynamically felt as if I was being

ardently devoured; by flames of eternally fathomless passion,

In the wings of the overwhelmingly zipping aircraft; I ecstatically felt as if I was being spell bindingly devoured; by a majestically volatile fervor to gallop resurgently; throughout the tenure of my diminutively impoverished life,

In the light of the tantalizingly flickering candle; I ardently felt as if I was being uxoriously devoured; by cisterns of intimately infidel electricity; clinging fanatically close to the visage of my blossoming dreamgirl,

In the disdainfully abominable pigs hutch; I abhorrently felt as if I was being devastatingly devoured; by sordidly forlorn filth and rotting piles of worthless nothingness,

In the land of poetically celestial justice; I romantically felt as if I was being fascinatingly devoured; by limitless caverns of harmoniously tingling contentment; an insatiably philanthropic desire to wholesomely blend with the threads of priceless humanity,

In the midst of the vivaciously gregarious rainbow; I magically felt as I was being splendidly devoured; by holistically iridescent beams of voluptuous innovation; as sparkling hurricanes of fresh energy enveloped each cranny of my; beleaguered countenance,

In the boundless fountain of mesmerizing breath; I Omnisciently felt as I was being miraculously devoured; by infinite more blessed lives; of my very own amiable kind,

And in the unassailably vivid eyes of my ravishing beloved; I immortally felt as I was being beautifully devoured; by the Sun of unequivocally bequeathing love; the rays of a perpetually everlasting relationship; which vehemently refused to die.

29. THE MOST PRICELESS THING

The most priceless thing that my mother could ever have bequeathed upon me; was her unconditional support and compassion; even in my times of acrimoniously devastating survival,

The most priceless thing that my sister could ever have bequeathed upon me; was a kaleidoscope of astoundingly intriguing mischief; making me perennially feel that I was that; unscrupulous child once again,

The most priceless thing that my father could ever have bequeathed upon me; was an unrelenting dynamism to propel forward come what may; blaze more ferociously than the midday Sun; even in the heart of the perniciously insidious midnight,

The most priceless thing that my grandmother could ever have bequeathed upon me; was a fabulously ingratiating tale of my sparkingly revered ancestors; an unparalleled urge in me to trace back my aboriginal rudiments; till the last breath I that I inhaled,

The most priceless thing that my neighbors could ever have bequeathed upon me; was an ecstatic spirit of never-dying unity; coalescing every benevolent step of theirs with my; unflinchingly revolution towards righteousness,

The most priceless thing that my friends could ever have bequeathed upon me; was an unprecedented ardor to gyrate in mesmerizing boisterousness; shrug all tensions of the monotonously sweltering day; to wholeheartedly romance with the winds of the ravishing night,

The most priceless thing that my children could ever have bequeathed upon me; was profound whirlpools of immaculate newness; that led me to intransigently grope for fascinating enchantment; on every mesmerizing path that I tread,

The most priceless thing that my shadow could ever have bequeathed upon me; was a cloud of voluptuously titillating excitement; enveloping me in a whirlwind of seductively princely imagination; for decades unfathomable,

The most priceless thing that my echo could ever have bequeathed upon me; was a bountifully ringing ebullience; an unassailable magnet of mysticism that profusely entrenched each of my drearily bedraggled nerves,

The most priceless thing that my pet could ever have bequeathed upon me; was an irrevocably sacerdotal feeling of timeless faith; a fortress of impregnable solidarity to believe forever; in all philanthropic living kind,

The most priceless thing that my dwelling could ever have bequeathed upon me; was enchantingly blissful support in my times of disastrously stagnating isolation; a synergistically placating vivaciousness; that kept me bereft of all debilitation and murderous disease,

The most priceless thing that my pen could ever have bequeathed upon me; was ubiquitously enthralling words of candid humanity; an astoundingly amiable fountain of gregarious relationships; which grew even more formidable in times of dooming distress,

The most priceless thing that my eyes could ever have bequeathed upon me; was the marvelous artistry on the canvas of the fathomless Universe; the gloriously Aristocratic beauty hidden in each tranquil particle; of the handsome atmosphere,

The most priceless thing that my ancestors could ever have bequeathed upon me; was such miraculously Omnipotent parents; whose fragrance of stupendously enlightening existence; is what I will always cherish in every diminutive birth of mine,

The most priceless thing that my God could ever have bequeathed upon me; was an incessant river of boundless creativity; an unsurpassable energy to magically conceive; beyond the intriguingly extraordinary,

The most priceless thing that my conscience could ever have bequeathed upon me; was the immutably unconquerable sword of divine truth; wholesomely extinguishing the very rudiments; of the chapter called lecherous lies,

The most priceless thing that my breath could ever have bequeathed upon me; was a tireless ardor to holistically survive; sensuously fantasize beyond the realms of tantalizing paradise; as each puff of ravishing air entered into my famished nostrils,

The most priceless thing that my heart could ever have bequeathed upon me; was a thunderous obsession to chase the innermost voices lingering in my soul; indefatigably resonate in the beats of a majestically melodious existence,

And the most priceless thing that my beloved could ever have bequeathed upon me; was an unending ocean of immortal love; relentlessly teaching me to affably share and desire; relentlessly teaching me to be always helping humanity; and enthusiastically alive.

30. TILL DEATH DO US APART

Till death do us apart; we will intransigently continue to harmoniously sing together; deluge every cranny of the gloomily frustrated atmosphere; with ebulliently euphoric sounds,

Till death do us apart; we will indefatigably continue to tantalizingly dance together; resplendently trigger the voluptuousness of the exotic night; with untamed fireballs of augmenting compassion,

Till death do us apart; we will irrevocably continue to wholeheartedly laugh together; endeavoring our best to ignite the smiles of priceless humanity; on every lecherous face inundated with remorsefully debilitating disease,

Till death do us apart; we will relentlessly continue to uninhibitedly philander together; blissfully frolicking in the aisles of rhapsodic desire and benign happiness; for centuries immemorial,

Till death do us apart; we will unitedly continue to coalesce all mankind together; try our ultimate best to melange all religions; caste; creed and tribe alike; in the sea of glittering humanity,

Till death do us apart; we will sensuously continue to fantasize together; fabulously wander in the lanes of bountifully bequeathing paradise; romancing with every element of the fathomlessly majestic beauty around,

Till death do us apart; we will immutably continue to discover together; evolving a fantastically new township of vivacious grace and incredulously astounding intrigue; on every step that we holistically tread,

Till death do us apart; we will irrefutably continue to bless together; bestowing an unfathomable whirlpool of philanthropic richness; upon every inexplicably devastated counterpart of ours; whom we encountered in our way,

Till death do us apart; we will ardently continue to cry together; unequivocally sharing our triumph as well as ghastly sorrows alike; profusely entrenched in bonds of magically Omnipotent empathy,

Till death do us apart; we will relentlessly continue to fight together; assimilating every iota of our surreptitiously entrapped courage and solidarity; to forever drive the ominous traitors; gorily decimating our sacrosanct motherland,

Till death do us apart; we will unsurpassably continue to paint together; delectably capturing the entire beauty of this boundless planet; in the vivacious kaleidoscope of our piquant eyes,

Till death do us apart; we will miraculously continue to procreate together;

spawning gloriously immaculate offsprings of our very own crimson blood;
contributing our very best in continuing God's most holy chapter of blooming
existence,

Till death do us apart; we will obsessively continue to learn together; celestially
imbibing all the stupendously synergistic goodness that lingered bountifully in the
atmosphere; and then disseminating its Omniscient essence to every household
asphyxiated with gruesome darkness,

Till death do us apart; we will inexorably continue to fly together; exuberantly
surge forward with the full fervor of life; to blossom the flower of our
benevolently beautiful dreams; into a veritably sparkling reality,

Till death do us apart; we will indefatigably continue to march together; blend
our innocuously righteous palms in the walls of unassailable solidarity;
unflinchingly ready to tackle any diabolical devil; who dared stop us in our
truthful way,

Till death do us apart; we will insatiably continue to err together; inadvertently
ommit an unfathomable volley of mistakes; which would timelessly leave our
footprints on this earth as pure humans; every time it was given a chance to be
born,

Till death do us apart; we will perennially continue to eat together; relishing the
most gorgeously glorious fruits of Mother nature; cupped symbiotically in our
palms and under the seductively milky moonlight,

Till death do us apart; we will perpetually continue to breathe together; surviving
as a unconquerably single spirit; least bothered about what the acrimoniously
tyrannical society; had to spuriously comment on our eternal relationship,

And till death do us apart; we will immortally continue to love together;
impregably bonding the beats of our passionately thundering hearts in flames of
fulminating romance; drinking; eating; breathing; discovering; exploring and
preaching; only the elixir of mankind; to ecstatically survive.

31. LOVED BY HER LOVE

My proudest desire; was to be relentlessly desired by her mystically voluptuous
eyes; whether they stared lamely into exotic space; or whether they shut
themselves into a boundlessly celestial reverie,

My proudest possession; was to be intransigently possessed by her seductively enamoring arms; the compassionate whirlpools of fragrant moisture; that tumultuously encapsulated the inside of her palms,

My proudest fantasy; was to be insatiably fantasized by her intriguingly spell binding brain; become an integral part of her every sensuously titillating dream,

My proudest philosophy; was to be ardently philosophized by her philanthropically benign countenance; as she disseminated every element of goodness in my impoverished soul; to the most fathomless corners of this enchanting earth,

My proudest voice; was to be indefatigably voiced by her melodiously blissful throat; become the poignant rudiments of every sound; that emanated from her rubicund tongue,

My proudest certificate; was to be irrefutably certified by her impeccably majestic grace; as she not only made me feel the opulently blessed organism alive; but marvelously vanquished even the most inadvertently committed sins; of my past life,

My proudest symbol; was to be unequivocally symbolized by her piquantly perpetual senses; as she tirelessly traced every disastrously trembling contour of my body; till infinite kilometers beyond the land of; bountifully everlasting paradise,

My proudest charm; was to be miraculously charmed by her Omnipotent presence; blend every element of my staggeringly debilitated persona; with her magnetically sacrosanct; religion of humanity,

My proudest aspiration; was to be irrevocably aspired by her seductively dancing footsteps; become every silken path on which she tread her; fabulously fervent grace,

My proudest poetry; was to be unrelentingly poeticized by her ecstatically gushing tears of unprecedented happiness; become every landscape of fantastically flowering beauty; which she magnificently sketched on the; gloriously barren canvas,

My proudest obsession; was to be overwhelmingly obsessed by every droplet of Omnisciently crimson blood that traversed like thunderbolts of white lightning through her veins; become everything that she caressed in the tenure of her;

blissfully endowed lifetime,

My proudest purification; was to be sagaciously purified by her patriotically marching stride; as she conquered even the most diminutive speck of evil in the atmosphere; with the unfathomable river of empathy; in her mesmerizing conscience,

My proudest feeling; was to be incessantly felt by her harmoniously godly fingers; escalate to the most eternal clouds of steaming romance; as she magically spun the web of her untamed yearning; around every famished pore of my dreary silhouette,

My proudest perception; was to be timelessly perceived by the unsurpassable flames of belonging in her redolent chest; gyrate as the only angel of her life; in the immaculate whites of her eyes,

My proudest teaching; was to be prudently taught by her magnanimously righteous grace; become every ubiquitously priceless principle of mankind; that she diffused like a Goddess; to the remotest corner of this colossal planet,

My proudest light; was to be magnetically lighted by the lamp of her perennially augmenting ebullience; as she uncontrollably fulminated into cloudbursts of sheer euphoria; at the tiniest of my caress,

My proudest reflection; was to be emphatically reflected in every glimmer that marvelously radiated from her flamboyantly bedazzling sweat; become every line of destiny wonderfully besieging her Omnipresent hands,

My proudest breath; was to be impregnably breathed by her ardently blazing nostrils; become every iota of ravishing air which she inhaled; into the realms of her innocuously heaving chest,

My proudest love; was to be immortally loved by her unassailably charismatic heart; perpetually live and die; with its handsomely palpitating beats; alike.

32. LOVE HAD NEVER SEEMED SO IMMORTAL

Food had never seemed better than it did today; when I was profusely famished to the last core of my bedraggled intestines; frantically dithering in dungeons of bizarre starvation,

The valley had never seemed so mesmerizing than it did today; when I found

every cranny of my devastatingly monotonous countenance; wholeheartedly breaking free; from chains of tyrannical deprivation,

Sleep had never seemed so grandiloquent than it did today; when I was indefatigably exhausted to the last bone of my treacherously withering spine; and every beleaguered bone of my body; intransigently refused to go even a step further,

Poetry had never seemed so sparkling than it did today; when I uninhibitedly unveiled the disastrously manipulative arenas of my commercially stringent brain; into a fathomless world of fantasy and tantalizingly never-ending desire,

Fur had never seemed so compassionate than it did today; when I uncontrollably trembled in the desolate chill; with nothing but ungainly solitariness; camouflaging me insidiously from all sides,

Roses had never seemed so exotic than they did today; when I pathetically staggered on every step I alighted; insurmountably asphyxiated by the winds of bizarre bloodshed and satanically vicious lechery,

Tears had never seemed so heartwarming than they did today; when I witnessed my long lost mate in robustly blissful form and resplendently bouncing; after centuries immemorial,

Artistry had never seemed so exquisite than it did today; when I frolicked in the garden of voluptuous enchantment; far away and wholesomely oblivious to the parasitic vagaries; of this blood sucking planet,

The ocean had never seemed so reinvigorating than it did today; when I voraciously blended each pore of my disdainfully squalid body with the tangy waves; after almost a decade of rotting in the viciously dilapidated gutters,

Speed had never seemed so exhilarating than it did today; when I reached the dwelling of my perniciously extinguishing kin; just flash seconds before they could bid a royal adieu; to the overwhelming mysticism of this perpetual earth,

Light had never seemed so Omnipotent than it did today; when I despondently transgressed through a tunnel of gruesome blackness; with the lids of my eyes savagely sealed by chains of dolorous prejudice,

The pen had never seemed so priceless than it did today; when I churned an unfathomable epic of poignant emotions with its embellished nib; candidly baring

out the inner most recesses of my aimlessly loitering soul,

Smiles had never seemed so gratifying than they did today; when I felt gorily constipated in a web of blatantly hideous lies; burying my face deep down in dust; to chat with the remorsefully diminutive worms in black soil,

Rainbows had never seemed so vivacious than they did today; when I venomously stagnated in the aisles of insatiably penalizing depression; counting the last days of my life even in the absolute prime of; scintillating nubile youth,

Whistles had never seemed so replenishing than they did today; when I frenziedly groped for the right direction; wholesomely lost amidst the terrorizing maze of; stoically impersonal space age robots,

Mirrors had never seemed so congenial than they did today; when I ardently waited for an invincibly philanthropic friend to lean upon; amusing my impoverished senses with my very own minuscule reflection; for infinite more births of mine yet to come,

Butterflies had never seemed so frolicking than they did today; when I lay penuriously maimed in corridors of devilishly lambasting hell; irrevocably entrenched by a wall of invidious nothingness,

Breath had never seemed so Omnipotent than it did today; when I was miserably slithering on the ground without the most infinitesimal trace of heavenly air; about to completely abnegate my senses forever; to disappear into non-existent wisps of tragic oblivion,

And love had never seemed so immortal than it did today; when my heart was tumultuously throbbing for the girl whom I had perennially desired; the soul mate for which each beat intensely flaming in my chest; could die this very instant for.

33. PAINT MY HEART

Paint the fathomless kaleidoscope of barren sky; with resplendently ingratiating and vivid clouds,

Paint boundless kilometers of devastated land; with effulgent roses and bountifully blossoming seeds,

Paint countless expanses of lackadaisically dying deserts; with majestic oceans of

gigantic cactus and insatiably passionate streams of golden water,

Paint pathetically withering and staggeringly leafless trees; with an unfathomable forest of sparkling fruit and melodiously exuberant cheer,

Paint uncouthly wastrel and brutally kicked stones; with enamoring charisma; and voluptuously tingling exoticism,

Paint acrimoniously ghastly and bloodsucking battlefields; with the miraculously philanthropic ointment of benign humanity,

Paint devastatingly orphaned and penuriously stumbling lives; with perennially unsurpassable blankets of compassionate love,

Paint ungainly devilish and insanely cold blooded parasites; with an eternally everlasting fragrance of benevolent mankind,

Paint the insidiously maverick and doggedly diabolical rocks; with ecstatically tangy spray of the ravishing sea's,

Paint the squeamishly distorted and deplorably cowardish traitors; with brazenly intrepid winds of patriotically scintillating bravery,

Paint the obsoletely dilapidated and turgidly monotonous walls; with vivacious streaks of fabulous color and overwhelmingly sporting frolic,

Paint the rambunctiously unruly well of stinking frogs; with the curtainspread of blissfully tranquil peace and harmonious synergy,

Paint the souls of all those tyrannically commercial; with symbiotic fountains of uninhibitedly gratifying relationships,

Paint pugnacious arrows of satanically evil; with irrefutably priceless elements of honesty and astoundingly opulent humanity,

Paint the morbidly sullen and remorsefully obnoxious cradle of atmosphere; with an unimaginably Herculean valley of tantalizing sounds,

Paint truculently dictatorial and stringently treacherous brains; with passionately romantic flames of graciously seductive fantasy,

Paint the inevitably guilty and ghastily lying walls of the conscience; with the

perpetually blistering fabric of sagaciously glittering truth,

Paint insurmountably vast graveyards of sordidly dead; with poignantly iridescent waterfalls of vibrantly tingling life,

And paint my fanatically wandering and relentlessly restless heart O! Almighty Lord; with the divinely immortal and the most celestial religion existing in this world; called UNASSAILABLE LOVE.

34. IMMORTALY RULED

Fathomless carpets of voluptuous forests; might be ruled by the royally roaring lions,

But it was her ingratiatingly seductive cocoon of compassionate smiles; that irrefutably and immortally ruled; every iota of my scorchingly parched lips.

Boundless winds of vividly free space; might be ruled by the blazingly uninhibited eagles,

But it was her voluptuously tantalizing aroma; that invincibly and immortally ruled; every cranny of my frigidly dithering senses.

Astronomically towering summits of the mountains; might be ruled by fantastically sweltering and golden sunlight,

But it was her impeccably everlasting shine; that unassailably and immortally ruled; my drearily beleaguered and sagging eyes.

Unfathomable expanses of the ravishingly salty oceans; might be ruled by handsomely gargantuan; and scintillatingly silver striped sharks,

But it was her perennial river of enchanting fantasy; that tangily and immortally ruled; every space of my maniacally deprived brain.

Countless kilometers of blistering desert mud; might be ruled by the indefatigably stout and adorably humble hunch backed camel,

But it was her astounding kaleidoscope of spell binding newness; that endlessly and immortally ruled; every path of my indolently painstaking existence.

Immeasurably colossal sheets of immaculately white canvas; might be ruled by the rhetorically dexterous artist,

But it was her intricately divine fingers; that timelessly and immortally ruled; every part of my languidly stooping flesh.

Unsurpassable blankets of tingling darkness; might be ruled by the Omnisciently

milky and mesmerizing moon,
But it was her melodiously enigmatic voice; that blissfully and immortally ruled;
every dwindling wave of my impoverished soul.

Countless trajectories of civilizations and synergistic townships; might be ruled
by the righteously Godly fireball of unending truth,
But it was her impeccably Omnipotent conscience; that miraculously and
immortally ruled; every element of my lugubriously lecherous survival.

Unimaginably ecstatic walls of paradise; might be ruled by seductively silken and
stupendously exhilarating fairies,
But it was her vivaciously boisterous breath; that astoundingly and immortally
ruled; every vein of my timidly extinguishing countenance.

And the entire Universe boundless and limitless; might be ruled by the grace of
the Omnipresent Almighty Lord,
But it was her passionately everlasting love; that relentlessly and immortally
ruled; every beat of my capriciously disappearing heart.

35. STILL THE RICHEST

Not a single cloth to camouflage my devastatingly tottering body; as I trespassed
like a ghoulishly grotesque ghost; through the uncouthly chilly winds of
vengefully freezing winter,

Not a single penny in my brutally bedraggled pockets; as I insanely loitered like a
barbaric lunatic; through the lanes of overwhelmingly stinking poverty;
and depraving cowardice,

Not a single sound in my satanically rotting throat; as I groped like a
parsimoniously dumb rat; through the painstakingly debilitated corridors; of
dolorous doom and deprivation,

Not a single hair to envelop my penuriously gleaming scalp; as I became an
unsurpassable mountain of deplorable ridicule for the rich and rustically
impoverished; alternatively and alike,

Not a single shade to entrench my hopelessly deadened facial contours; as I
pathetically stumbled on every step; into a dungeon of ghastly depression and
horrendous prejudice,

Not a single blush encompassing my haplessly beleaguered cheeks; as I frigidly

slithered like colorlessly asphyxiated water; through the deserts of sweltering solitude,

Not a single jewel embellishing my capriciously dithering flesh; as I got inevitably spat upon; by even the most despicably nonchalant of pigs,

Not a single smile encapsulating my unfathomably cracked and sleazy lips; as I fulminated into an unending volley of remorseful tears; even in the most vibrantly ecstatic moments of vivid life,

Not a single fantasy in my lecherously manipulative brain; as I parasitically sucked whatever I could lay my hands upon; to holistically survive,

Not a single line on my insidiously lackadaisical palms; as I maniacally groped without the slightest of direction; destiny and ambition; for centuries immemorial,

Not a single twinkle in my treacherously withering eyes; as I invidiously sighted nothing but hideously commercial corruption; even in the most majestic land of the handsomely divine,

Not a single muscle in my abominably delirious arms; as I got wholesomely pulverized by even the most minuscule ants; the instants that they nimbly brushed by my disgustingly flailing side,

Not a single morsel of food in my tyrannically famished stomach; as I approached veritable extinction more vociferously by the unfurling minute; with a cloud of abhorrent darkness incorrigibly lingering around my bizarrely annihilated persona,

Not a single shadow emanating from my profusely penalized countenance; as I aimlessly wandered without an entity of my own; through the lanes of murderously crippling doom,

Not a single cheer in my severely deprived demeanor; as I embraced the walls of lugubrious nonchalance; to be worthlessly squelched to piles of inconspicuous ash; on every path that I tread,

Not a single fortification in my savagely strangulated senses; as I disappeared into wisps of non-existent oblivion; at the tiniest puff of air that wafted; from the irascibly pertinent mosquitoes mouth,

Not a single enchantment in my devilishly maimed veins; as I blended with threadbare granules of insipid dust on the baseless streets; devouring obdurately dreary stones hurled at me by the entire planet; and from every possible side,

Not a single breath in my sullenly constipated nostrils; as I relinquished even the most infinitesimal desire to survive; even as I was in the pristine prime of everlasting youth,

But still the most richest man on this Universe; as I had her pricelessly invincible heartbeats; the immortal river of her Godly love; perpetually imprisoned in the inner most arenas of my chest; fulminating like a princess unassailable; and forever mine.

36. FLAMES OF MIRACULOUS LOVE

Her unsurpassable voice; was as tangy as the melodiously swaying oranges; drifting every element of my devastatingly sagging countenance; towards a world of fantastically spell binding enchantment,

Her timeless shadow; was as ravishing as a voluptuously seductive cistern of mesmerizing fern; inundating each cranny of my slitheringly monotonous soul; with unparalleled exuberance to gustily surge forward in vivacious life,

Her intricate eyelashes; were as silken as the enigmatically swirling clouds in resplendent cosmos; fanatically propelling me to chase the entrenchment of beauty and inexorable charisma; for times immemorial,

Her fiery nostrils; were as piquant as boundless farms of ingratiatingly poignant chili; insatiably triggering me to intrepidly leap into the valley of ebullient adventure; be the untamed warrior of philanthropic patriotism; whenever the dungeon of diabolical lechery took its debilitating toll,

Her marvelous eyes; were as impeccable as waterfalls of innocuously cascading cotton from the heart of the fathomless skies; nostalgically instilling in me the unprecedented euphoria; to be that untainted infant once again,

Her incomprehensible odor; was as redolent as the tantalizingly crimson rose; profusely titillating me into a paradise of blissfully blossoming and perpetually gratifying prosperity,

Her nimble toes; were as vibrant as the astoundingly iridescent rainbows;

filtering beams of optimistic hope; in my existence plagued with horrifically despairing and inexplicably hopeless gloom,

Her pristine lips; were as incredulously rubicund as the blooming apples; splashing every arena of my impoverished existence; with an unfathomable kaleidoscope of color and fabulously eternal charm,

Her magnificent fingers; were as scintillating as the flamboyantly ferocious fingers; incinerating fireballs of everlasting passion; even in the heart of my every insidiously deadened night,

Her golden perspiration; was as enchanting as gloriously celestial honey; enshrouding each pore of my overwhelmingly bedraggled demeanor; with the lantern of jubilantly melodious happiness,

Her bedazzling stride; was as heavenly as the boisterously rhyming sparrows; engendering me to forever march ahead in my times of immeasurable ecstasy; and dolorous doom; alike,

Her intriguing memory; was as fantastically charming as the milky moon; inexorably transpiring me to irrefutably remember; the most benevolently divine contributions; of my revered ancestors,

Her delectable belly; was as mystically rejoicing as the poignantly undulating oceans; igniting thunderbolts of flirtatious lightening in every ingredient of my bones besieged with; morbidly despicable sadness,

Her magical hair; were as ravishingly delightful as satiny angels frolicking in walls of invincible heaven; perpetuating me to perennially philander in the most grandiloquent palaces; fortified with the religions of ubiquitous humanity and tenacious solidarity,

Her twinkling palms; were as magnanimous as the blessedly torrential showers of majestic rain; irrefutably teaching me the art of disseminating the art of ever-pervading mankind; to even the most infinitesimally remote parts of this astoundingly fragrant Universe,

Her wonderful cheeks; were as joyous as the virgin shores of shimmering righteousness; indefatigably telling me to solely follow; nothing else but only the inner most fulminations of my passionate heart,

Her Godly neck; was as priceless as those droplets of water amidst the

acerbically sweltering desert sands; unequivocally encouraging me to wholesomely become; the sounds of those tyrannically deprived,

Her tumultuous breath; was as compassionate as the royally roaring lions of steaming romance; embracing every iota of my disastrously trembling visage; with the tornados of an unassailably vivid existence,

And her passionate heart; was as immortal as the countless pathways of Omnisciently bequeathing heavens; not only reinvigorating every space of my persona with the unconquerable fortitude to lead life; but bonding me forever and ever and ever; in the flames of miraculous love.

37. DIVORCE

There was a time when you welcomed me with untamed passion in your eyes into our redolent dwelling; magically applying the ointment of your stupendously ingratiating melody on my; disastrously frazzled forehead,
While today there was belligerent viciousness in your eyes as you sighted me; ominously kicking me like strands of orphaned broomstick; into the mountain of baseless shit outside the kitchen window.

There was a time when you incessantly chanted my name; all brilliantly Sunlit day and even more euphorically in the heart of satanic midnight; ardently waiting for me to transit into a celestial reverie before you dared to shut your eyes the slightest,
While today you ruthlessly ripped apart every cherished possession of mine; left me to devastatingly wander on the uncouth streets; without even a single cloth on my impoverished body.

There was a time when you tirelessly fantasized about the contours of my fanatic persona in despicably solitary gloom; and even the center of the boisterously bustling and overwhelmingly rambunctious marketplace; alike,
While today you contemptuously spat on every trace of my fading reflection; compassionately philandering with another man; right in front of my poignantly staring eyes.

There was a time when you intransigently embraced me with insatiable fire wafting from each of your voluptuous senses; following me like an incorrigible shadow; in my moments of jubilation and inexplicable distress; alike,
While today you brutally excoriated every cranny of my flesh with your swords of pugnacious malice; roasting them to wholehearted satisfaction; before you sumptuously fed them to stray cats and dogs; alike.

There was a time when you immutably stared in the whites of my piquant eyes; mystically flirting and romancing with my drooping eyelashes; till times beyond eternity,

While today you vindictively hurled me like a speck of frigid thread from the unfathomably towering mountaintop; pursing your lips profusely in supreme satisfaction; as my caricature disintegrated into a billion fragments; before eventually become an integral ingredient of the diabolical rocks.

There was a time when you unflinchingly supported me in the course of every acrimonious impediment that I bizarrely confronted; hugging invincibly to my nimble demeanor like a child entwined tightly; to its mother's bosom,

While today I was the most debilitating parasite for you in your blessed life; as you hired dexterous gunmen from all over the planet; to lethally squelch me into my inconspicuous grave.

There was a time when you conceived me as the most beautiful organism on this entire Universe; profoundly enthused by even the most rustically bohemian gestures that were an intrinsic part of my every footstep,

While today you overwhelmingly admired even the most satanically lecherous man on the street; commanding me to scrupulously extricate every iota of abominable grime; from his devilish shoes.

There was a time when you fervently waited for countless hours on the trot; just to hear even an ephemeral trace of my wavering voice; bouncing in unprecedented ecstasy; as I staggeringly stepped back from yet another heinous day in the monotonous office,

While today you dictatorially used each part of my shivering flesh to scrub the floors of your ostentatious castle; savagely dumping me into the garbage bin; before you slapped the lid with chains of unsurpassable prejudice.

There was a time when your every expedition was incomplete without me; as you royally frolicked on my shoulders; as I weaved us gloriously through the resplendently enamoring forests,

While today you maliciously left me unguarded amidst the battalion of bellicose sharks; almost chortledevery organ of your body out; as the monsters thanked you for receiving the best prey of their insidious life.

And there was a time when you were just freshly MARRIED to me; bonding your heart; soul and body in flames of immortal love; pledging to take birth again

with my impoverished grace; everytime the planet salvaged a chance to be born;
once again,
While today you snobbishly paraded through the grandiloquent palaces of the
uxorious King; ordering his guards to bury even the last of my veins alive; as
you invidiously yelled the dreaded word DIVORCE.

38. EACH BEAT OF MY HEART

Each part of my disastrously dithering fingers; lived solely for your magical
palms; ardently anticipating those cherished moments; when you clasped me in
your divinely warmth,

Each pore of my devastatingly impoverished skin; lived solely for your
compassionately pristine sweat; relentlessly wanting to blend with your scent of
timeless perseverance; for centuries unfathomable,

Each follicle of my ludicrously sagging eyelashes; lived solely for your
marvelously exhilarating flirtation; relishing fathomless moments of rhapsodic
jubilation; profusely enthused by the majestic leap in your charismatic stride,

Each tinge on my pathetically imprisoned lips; lived solely for your bountifully
celestial smiles; indefatigably floating in a magical entrenchment of your
voluptuously eluding senses,

Each cranny of my bizarrely dwindling toes; lived solely for your gloriously
heavenly footprints; ardently dreaming all day and sensuously starry night; of
kissing the paths your most philanthropically tread,

Each tear of my gruesomely blinded eyes; lived solely for your blissfully poignant
and benevolent soul; eternally wanting to sight your reflection in the tenure of
my destined life; and even till countless births after my veritable death,

Each reverberation of my dolorously dangling ears; solely lived for your
unsurpassable ocean of resplendently twinkling sounds; piquantly deluging
every aspect of my manipulatively tyrannical existence; with unprecedented
vibrancy and emphatic cheer,

Each ingredient of my viciously asphyxiated blood; solely lived for your
irrefutably triumphant tenacity to unflinchingly face even the most acrimonious of
obstacle in life; your spell binding spirit to unitedly survive embracing the religion
of priceless mankind,

Each shade of my despicably withering cheek; solely lived for your innocuously Godly kiss; which transited me into a paradise infinite kilometers higher than the seductive clouds; triggering fireballs of untamed ebullience; all throughout my feeble persona,

Each chord of my ghastily cacophonous throat; solely lived for your immaculately gorgeous yawns; nostalgically catapulting me back into realms of impeccable childhood; when I bounced uninhibitedly and without the slightest of apprehension; in the sacrosanct lap of my mother,

Each element of my nervously fluttering shadow; solely lived for your marvelously imposing and tantalizing countenance; the irrevocably unending spell of ecstatic enchantment that you ravishingly diffused; every time you alighted your nimble foot,

Each curvature of my deplorably pulverized spine; solely lived for your irrefutably Omnipotent touch; wholesomely mitigating me of all my inexplicable sorrow; rendering me speechless in a world of everlasting newness and unbelievably swirling happiness,

Each wrinkle on my treacherously crinkled skin; solely lived for your stupendously blossoming and piquantly iridescent freshness; as you unfurled into an infinite colors of vivacious life; on every path that your enchantingly tread,

Each iota of my murderously depleted and dilapidated muscle; solely lived for your tireless tenacity to surge forward in titillating life; rhetorically maneuvering me from a dungeon of delinquently stagnant darkness into a civilization of eternally gratifying light,

Each bone of my lecherously extinguishing body; solely lived for your unbelievably humanitarian cadence; your undaunted struggle to alleviate crippling suffering; incessantly pioneer to uplift all those deprived; in the impregnable chapter of your life,

Each wave of my excruciatingly incarcerated soul; solely lived for your miraculously intrepid exultation to synergistically lead life; disseminate the essence of mankind to every dwelling besieged with agonizing pain; and gory darkness,

Each corridor of my manipulatively commercial conscience; solely lived for your irrevocably invincible ideals of truth and non-violence; the winds of ubiquitous solidarity on which you unassailably floated; every time the earth was born; once

again,

Each puff of my staggeringly barbaric breath; solely lived for your melodiously tinkling vivacity; the fearless tranquility on your redolently untainted face; even when you were just about to relinquish your last bit of sagaciousness; and enter your horrific grave,

And each beat of my pathetically dying heart; solely lived for your immortally passionate love; the insatiable propensity in your unconquerable chest; that not only granted me a countless benign lives; but didn't let me die even after my death.

39. EVERY HEART DREAMT OF

Every kite; whether gigantic or diminutively short; incessantly dreamt of soaring through the blanket of mesmerizing clouds; melodiously embracing the panoramic festoon of glorious paradise,

Every frog; whether monstrous or harmlessly tiny; irretrievably dreamt of swimming in the morbidly cloistered well; croaking to the fullest of its nimble heart's content; as torrential tumblers of water descended from the sky,

Every grass blade; whether lanky or pathetically withering; dreamt of being compassionately kissed by a blanket of unfathomably glistening dewdrops; voraciously tingling it till times beyond realms of marvelous eternity; every majestic dawn,

Every lion; whether gargantuan or minuscule cub; relentlessly dreamt of sucking satanic rivers of crimson blood; surreptitiously hoisting the impeccable infant; to profusely titillate its taste buds; at the crack of sinister midnight,

Every butterfly; whether huge or infinitesimally babyish; dreamt of mischievously flirting in magically Omnipotent beams of poignant sunshine; disseminating a wave of unparalleled jubilation in every puff of wind; that it exuberantly caressed,

Every wave; whether mammoth or ludicrously infantile; tirelessly dreamt of passionately smooching the silver streaked shores; culminating into rhapsodically froth; after handsomely blending with the vibrant sands,

Every mosquito; whether big or irascibly inconspicuous; indefatigably dreamt of hovering around the silken angel's eardrum; ominously stabbing its pernicious

hood in robust skin; salvaging even the tiniest of opportunity when the master fell transiently asleep,

Every leaf; whether colossal or miserably parsimonious; intransigently dreamt of swinging in ebullient draughts of vivacious breeze; royally experiencing the ravishing winds piquantly tickle its pristinely barren periphery,

Every army; whether Herculean or meagerly paltry; immutably dreamt of kicking the viciously diabolical traitors forever from its sacred motherland; patriotically sacrificing its life for its soil; to be immortally crowned as valiant martyrs,

Every magician; whether towering or frigidly gawky; inexorably dreamt of enthraling his audience with an endless flurry of spellbinding tricks; solely diffusing simply insatiably inimitable artistry from his dexterously gifted fingers,

Every egg; whether colossal or sullenly cramped; dreamt of beautifully evolving into a magnificently scintillating fledgling; being the darling of all race and tribes; with its innocuously blissful mannerisms,

Every snake; whether long or ludicrously tiny; dreamt of savagely slithering its way through the cradle of shimmering innocence; stealthily devouring new born offsprings; lethally swishing its abominably poisonous hood,

Every writer; whether imposing or rustically bohemian; marvelously dreamt of diffusing the impregnable essence of his cherished words to the most fathomless corner of this Universe; be recognized by every color; religion and age; alike,

Every eyeball; whether expanded or despicably half shut; unendingly dreamt of witnessing exotically resplendent beauty; assimilating the unsurpassable multitude of eclectic flavors; wandering celestially upon the trajectory of this boundless planet,

Every mountain; whether domineering or obsoletely extinct; continuously dreamt of basking in the full and profoundly untamed glory of the flamboyant Sun; enjoying the ferociously sizzling rays full throttle; before they eventually reached the lackluster earth,

Every cuckoo; whether towering or timidly petite; eternally dreamt of inundating every particle of the gloomily desolate atmosphere with its fragrantly blooming tunes; ecstatically enshroud the air with supreme enlightenment; as vespere beams of light crept from the east,

Every cloud; whether enormous or ridiculously insignificant; timelessly dreamt of
fulminating into tumultuous blankets of golden rain; deluging every single cranny
of dreadfully sweltering soil; with the unbelievably soothing magic of heavenly
liquid,

Every demon; whether massive or incongruously muddled; insurmountably
dreamt of parasitically annihilating holistically harmonious living race; placating
his treacherous gluttony with honest fountains of; unerring blood,

Every soul; whether impregnable or lackadaisically wandering; irrefutably dreamt
of tracing back its fascinating roots; having a blessed glimpse into the space;
from where it mystically emanated,

And every heart; whether young or miserably old; invincibly dreamt of finding
the most immortal love its life; engendering it to survive as the richest entity
alive; triggering it to spawn a civilization of astoundingly optimistic light in the
absolute center of death and malicious demise.

40. IMMORTALLY AFRAID

I wasn't afraid of inexplicably gloomy darkness; as I unflinchingly embraced it
with the profuse enlightenment to fanatically exist; lingering impregnably in my
eyes,

I wasn't afraid of diabolically satanic thorns; as I tread over them without batting
a single eyelid; with an overwhelming yearning to survive exuberantly
encapsulating each of impoverished senses,

I wasn't afraid of morbidly remorseful solitude; as I blazingly confronted each
acrimonious obstacle that dared trespass me in my way; with a wave of
unrelenting optimism; encompassing me like an invincible fortress from all sides,

I wasn't afraid of treacherously devastating destiny; as I wholeheartedly
accepted the winds of tyrannical doom in my ebulliently gallant stride; kissed the
heavens of robust life with an unsurpassable ardor to exist turbulently
fulminating; in each iota of my blood,

I wasn't afraid of treacherously blood soaked roads; as I coined a path of benign
righteousness on every lane that I tread; with an ocean of unfathomable
majesty descending enthrallingly; over single of my enthusiastic bone,

I wasn't afraid of morbidly forlorn boredom; as I enamoringly embraced the

curtainspread of vivacious freedom even in my times of malicious prejudice; to triumphantly pioneer a holistic new chapter of fulfilling life,

I wasn't afraid of manipulatively distorted ugliness; as I sculptured immaculately benevolent townships with the blessings of the grandiloquently Omnipotent Lord; astoundingly unfurling into a fascinating kaleidoscope of heavenly color; in timeless life,

I wasn't afraid of horrendously despicable crippling; as I formidably stored a platform of irrefutable truth for centuries immemorial; ecstatically rejoicing and replenishing in the full spirit of; graciously bequeathing life,

I wasn't afraid of parasitically satanic demons sucking blood; as I dexterously dispersed them singlehandedly from mammoth crowds of innocuous peace; flamboyantly marching ahead; with the incomprehensible ardor of existence,

I wasn't afraid of disastrously freezing and cold blooded avalanches; as I profoundly engrossed my mind; body and spirit in unprecedented clouds of meditation; enveloping each ingredient of my crimson blood with untamed glory; and spell binding fascination,

I wasn't afraid of devastatingly scorching heat; as I magnificently pacified each of my tumultuously withering nerves; with the blissful melody of gorgeously captivating existence,

I wasn't afraid of hideously snobbish and ulterior malice; as I celestially blossomed into unfathomable newness on every rhapsodic hill that I trespassed through; voluptuously caressing every mesmerizing ingredient of fathomless beauty; philandering on this gregarious planet,

I wasn't afraid lecherously savage corruption; as I incorrigibly traversed on the path of harmonious solidarity; existing in divine synergy with the waterfall of euphoric love,

I wasn't afraid of heinously penalizing beasts; as I endeavored my best to maneuver them back on the road to symbiotic intermingling; with an unsurpassable fervor to clamber to the epitome of philanthropically scintillating success; transpiring me ahead; in charismatic life,

I wasn't afraid of gloomily wavering undulations; as I intransigently adhered to all the simplistically redolent philosophies of godly existence; solely and profoundly listening to the inner most voices of my heart,

I wasn't afraid of brutally despairing blindness; as I brilliantly culminated into a tornado of stupendous energy and royalty; wholesomely clinging to the invincible tree; of piquantly vibrant life,

I wasn't afraid of deplorably horrific poverty; as I supremely placated each vein and reflection of mine with the perennially everlasting fruits of magical nature; sleeping under the blanket of bountifully bestowing life,

I wasn't even afraid of rampantly slipping and gruesomely massacring breath; as I was inevitably prepared to face even the most lecherous tryst with gory death; only to perpetually rest in wonderfully Omniscient entrenchment of Almighty God; for times immemorial,

But I was immortally afraid of losing her majestically silken grace; of losing her impeccably timeless voice; as I would incessantly chant; experience; explore and blend with bloody death every unveiling minute without her; although I was in the prime of pristine youth; and had countless more years of sparkling life.

41. LIGHTING THE LANTERN OF MY LOVE

I might have miserably floundered to metamorphose wild roots of bohemian tree; into the astronomical summits of the flamboyantly scintillating mountain,

I might have ludicrously stumbled in my attempts to; scrupulously blend every iota of fathomless sky; with inevitably priceless granules of patriotic soil,

I might have made a pathetic mockery of myself; while incessantly endeavoring to convert the heinously treacherous crocodile; into a celestially fragrant saint,

I might have insanely dithered to illuminate the devastatingly ulterior interiors of the gutter; into a garden of bountifully fragrant and voluptuously everlasting rose,

But I still felt like the most blessed organism on this boundlessly gregarious Universe; as I had triggered the fire of my unassailable love in her impeccable eyes; perpetually bonding with her mind; body and philanthropic spirit; for fathomless more births yet to unveil.

I might have staggered like a grotesquely cacophonous clown; while inundating every granule of swelteringly acrimonious desert soil; with fountains of resplendent water,

I might have crumbled more ludicrously than a pack of insipid cards; as I indefatigably endeavored to quell the most diabolically perilous of hurricane; with the wavering harmony in my impoverished voice,

I might have relentlessly hung on the branches of sinister desolation; as I unflinchingly attempted to profoundly rejuvenate; graveyards deluged with a countless corpse,

I might have despicably sung the tunes of worthless nothingness; while irrevocably trying to mélange all religions across the mesmerizing Universe; into the unequivocal religion of humanity,

But I still felt like the most blessed organism on this endlessly ebullient Universe; as I had impregnably become every element of her marvelously enigmatic destiny; perpetually bonding with her mind; body and philanthropic spirit; for fathomless more births yet to unveil.

I might have tasted venomously inconspicuous dust; while leaping from the spacecraft bare chested; to frolic like an angel in the realms of unprecedented desire; after hitting the uncouthly obdurate ground,

I might have been pulverized into indolent bits of infinitesimal tomato curry; while brazenly attempting to stop the satanic tornado of lechery; with the unsurpassable resilience lingering in my patriotic stride,

I might have horrendously torched all my fingers into savagely lambasted ash; as I tried to enamoringly sketch the most gorgeously charismatic forms on this planet; on barren landscapes of crinkled paper,

I might have withered into a pool of invidiously ghastly blood; while benevolently trying my best; to revive profusely debilitated orphans; from their graves of bizarrely inexplicable prejudice,

But I still felt like the most blessed organism on this euphorically timeless Universe; as I could miraculously sight her Omnipotent countenance each time I opened my eyes and in deep sleep; alike; perpetually bonding with her mind; body and philanthropic spirit; for fathomless more births yet to unveil.

I might have intransigently failed in every examination of mine; being ruthlessly kicked like a frigidly disgruntled matchstick; on the lanes of remorsefully abhorrent malice,

I might have reduced to a droplet of diminutively indecipherable ice; as I explicitly tried to envisage the contours of magnanimously astounding beauty; in the entrenchment of glimmering mirrors; leaning by the ferocious fireside,

I might have obsoletely reconciled to live with the pertinently slithering worms; after being deplorably ostracized by all conventional norms and philosophies; of the murderously morbid society,

I might have crucified myself on nails of despondently rotting depression; ignominiously castigated and insidiously rebuked by all fraternities of mankind; as I tried to diffuse the waves of uninhibitedly synergistic freedom; in monotonously slaving tribes,

But I still felt like the most blessed organism on this Omnisciently exotic Universe; as I had eternally succeeded in lighting the lantern of my perennial love in the corridors of her immortal heart; perpetually bonding with her mind; body and philanthropic spirit; for fathomless more births yet to unveil.

42. THERE WAS SOMETHING

There was something in those insatiably poignant eyes of hers; which said that she tumultuously craved for my unrelenting stares,

There was something in those ardently passionate lips of hers; which said that she indefatigably longed for me to kiss her; till times beyond infinite infinity,

There was something in those ravishingly tantalizing hair of hers; which said that she fervently yearned for my everlasting caress; descending like a timeless angel in each of my wandering senses,

There was something in those seductively charismatic eyelashes of hers; which said that she unfathomably desired to be tickled by my groping fingers; triggering her entire countenance into fireballs of unrelenting delight,

There was something in those titillating shadows of hers; which said that she relentlessly desired to perennially coalesce with my romantic spirit; compassionately explore every cranny of my flesh; with the untamed tenacity of a freshly born child,

There was something in those marvelously piquant feet of hers; which said that she intransigently wanted me to indefatigably chase her till beyond the summits

of eternal eternity; irrefutably conquering every iota of her majestically magical aura,

There was something in those royal expressions of hers; which said that she incorrigibly aspired to unceasingly gyrate with me under resplendent rivers of milky moonlight; sleep like an innocuously divine angel impregnably snuggling close to my chest; for centuries unprecedented,

There was something in those rhapsodic sounds of hers; which said that she unassailably longed for me to frenziedly feel each element of her jubilantly ecstatic happiness; profoundly inviting me to bond with her; fathomlessly enamoring beauty,

There was something in those ingratiatingly titillating smiles of hers; which said that she invincibly wished for me to compassionately trace the outlines of her rosy lips; forever exist with her majestically Omnipotent aura; for countless more births yet to unfurl,

There was something in those princely cheeks of hers; which immutably cried for me to mischievously pinch them; nostalgically philander with her in meadows of innocent childhood; for countless brilliant days and vibrantly ebullient nights,

There was something in those divinely ears of hers; which irrefutably sizzled for me to drift my melodiously captivating enigma into her heavenly nape; tingle even the most inconspicuous trace of her imagery; with the masculinity in my stride,

There was something in those exuberantly radiant teeth of hers; which incessantly burnt for me to profusely intertwine all my exhilaration and gloom with her fulminating soul; handsomely alike,

There was something in those enchantingly fabulous footsteps of hers; which said that she tirelessly waited for me to enter the door of her fervently trembling conscience; take complete and overwhelming control over each of her galloping thoughts,

There was something in those honeysuckle fingers of hers; which said that she insurmountably fantasized about interlocking her vivaciously intriguing destiny with mine; perpetually transposing each rivulet of my crimson blood; with her, marvelously scented veins,

There was something in those magnificently tangy birthmarks of hers; which said

that she thunderously perceived me in an astounding kaleidoscope of fascinating forms; ardently stared ghastly death in its deplorable face; to savor just a single delicious whisper from my throat,

There was something in those fulminating goose-bumps of hers; which said that she uncontrollably wanted me to celestially hug her for all sides; make her the unequivocal queen of my brain and body; alike,

There was something in those glorious paintings of hers; which said that she impregnably conceived me as the only messiah of her priceless life; intrepidly surging ahead with me; to unitedly exist for a countless more lifetimes,

There was something in those Godly breaths of hers; which said that she perennially wanted me to feel the wafts of Omnipotent air diffusing from her nostrils; timelessly survive nestling against the congenially joyous warmth of her pristine chest,

And there was something in those passionate heartbeats of hers; which said that she wanted me to immortally love her; forever listen to the innocuous cadence of her countenance; forever follow her and make her solely mine.

43. FOR ME TO BE EVER POSSESSED

Bond your divinely hands so immortally with my disastrously impoverished fingers; that it was incorrigibly impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other hands on this boundless Universe; for centuries immemorial,

Bond your magical feet so immortally with my rustically bohemian toes; that it was irrevocably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other feet on this fathomless Universe; for decades unfathomable,

Bond your heavenly eyes so immortally with my pathetically devastated lids; that it was intransigently impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other eyes on this tantalizing Universe; for times unsurpassable,

Bond your philanthropic smiles so immortally with my ludicrously morbid lips; that it was unbelievably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other smiles on this endless Universe; for limitless fortnights,

Bond your ingratiating melody so immortally with my devastatingly dithering throat; that it was immutably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other melody on this fascinating Universe; for countless more years to unveil,

Bond your tantalizing fantasies so immortally with my treacherously monotonous mind; that it was irrefutably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other fantasy on this everlasting Universe; for relentless days and nights unprecedented,

Bond your ravishing tongue so immortally with my ridiculously cacophonous throat; that it was impregnably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other tongue on this timeless Universe; for infinite more births of mine,

Bond your rhapsodic hair so immortally with penuriously entangled scalp; that it was unconquerably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other hair on this majestic Universe; for incomprehensible more moments to tranquilly descend,

Bond your twinkling ears so immortally with my brutally punctured lobes; that it was intractably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other ear's on this flamboyant Universe; for as long as the earth existed,

Bond your uninhibited philanthropism so immortally with lecherously manipulative demeanor; that it was unassailably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other philanthropism on this mesmerizing Universe; for endless more moments to unfurl,

Bond your titillating shadow so immortally with my horrifically remorseful reflection; that it was unequivocally impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other shadow on this glorious Universe; for indefatigable more instants yet to be born,

Bond your seducing enigma so immortally with my indigently commercial countenance; that it was perennially impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other enigma on this compassionate Universe; for unending more civilizations; yet to evolve,

Bond your voluptuous charisma so immortally with my miserably shivering and orphaned senses; that it was perpetually impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other charisma on this panoramic Universe; for countless kilometers; even beyond my veritable grave,

Bond your benevolent philosophy so immortally with my despondently greedy visage; that it was eternally impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other philosophy on this mystical Universe; for immeasurable days; even after I was

blended with specks of dust,

Bond your unflinching strength so immortally with my insipidly sagging and languid bones; that it was doggedly impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other strength on this euphoric Universe; for even after; the sky had wholesomely blended with threadbare mud,

Bond your poignant blood so immortally with my heinously adulterated and decaying veins; that it was irreversibly impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other blood on this ecstatic Universe; for billions of kilometers; even after the Sun had set,

Bond your Omnipotent aura so immortally with my nonchalantly lackadaisical persona; that it was unimaginably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other aura on this spell binding Universe; for unthinkable more spaces; even beyond the land of infinite infinity,

Bond your Omnipresent breath so immortally with my morosely extinguishing existence; that it was inexorably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other breath on this blissful Universe; for unending more seconds; even after the clock had completely ceased to tick,

And bond your passionate heart so immortally with my capriciously betraying beats; that it was indomitably impossible for me to be ever possessed by any other heart on this marvelous Universe; for countless more heavens; even after I reached the island of hell.

44. THE ROOF OF IMMORTAL LOVE

The roof of celestially divine peace; irrefutably rested on the miraculous foundations of; bountifully symbiotic and coalesced harmony,

The roof of vivacious resplendence; irrefutably rested on the ebullient foundations of; an exuberantly intrepid and exploring survival,

The roof of perennially bestowing happiness; irrefutably rested on the charismatic foundations of; tranquilly blissful and serene contentment,

The roof of gloriously invincible triumph; irrefutably rested on the patriotic foundations of; unflinchingly unconquerable and perennial solidarity,

The roof of insatiably unprecedented thrill; irrefutably rested on the intriguing

foundations of; magically tantalizing and voluptuous fantasy,

The roof of flamboyantly unstoppable glory; irrefutably rested on the benign foundations of; an unfathomably philanthropic and majestic soul,

The roof of mischievously blossoming youth; irrefutably rested on the winking foundations of; timelessly impeccable and ingratiating flirtation,

The roof of rhapsodically everlasting prosperity; irrefutably rested on the Omnipotent foundations of; impregnably handsome and unequivocal truth,

The roof of enchantingly silken beauty; irrefutably rested on pristine foundations of; a benevolently imparting and uninhibited countenance,

The roof of marvelously scintillating healing; irrefutably rested on the Omnipresent foundations of; stupendously fabulous and perpetual faith,

The roof of gorgeously dazzling success; irrefutably rested on the godly foundations of; the immaculately divine and sacrosanct mother,

The roof of astoundingly baffling enigma; irrefutably rested on the mystical foundations of; inscrutably titillating and seductive whispers,

The roof of insurmountably celestial captivation; irrefutably rested on the enamoring foundations of; unfathomably enthralling and fascinating melody,

The roof of royally undefeatable honest; irrefutably rested on the candid foundations of; the impeccably taintless and Omniscient conscience,

The roof of tantalizingly inevitable attraction; irrefutably rested on the ravishing foundations of; unsurpassably poignant and alluring seduction,

The roof of sagaciously prudent learning; irrefutably rested on the holistically pious foundations of; relentlessly dedicated and self purifying meditation,

The roof of incomprehensibly unending wealth; irrefutably rested on the Oligarchic foundations of; eternally infinite and resplendent romance,

The roof of inevitably euphoric survival; irrefutably rested on the fathomless foundations of; ecstatically cascading and compassionate breath,

And the roof of immortally spell binding love; irrefutably rested on the ubiquitous

foundations of; passionately throbbing and priceless heart.

45. BLESSEDLY ALIVE

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet fathomless and unfathomably majestic; uncouthly scowled at me; disparagingly disapproving the most celestial of my impeccable gestures,
If you smiled at me just an infinitesimal trifle; triggering untamed fireballs of optimistic desire; in my mind; body and devastatingly dithering spirit.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet gregarious and resplendently bountiful; treacherously plotted against me; to vindictively incarcerate me in; webs of diabolical depravation and manipulative malice,
If you just stood unflinchingly for a minute by my side in brilliantly flamboyant light as well as remorsefully ghastly darkness; transpiring me to metamorphose every wish of my impoverished heart; into an impregnable eternal reality.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet boundless and stupendously magical; barbarically nailed me to my morbidly morose grave; although I rhapsodically galloped forward; in the vibrantly pristine prime of life,
If you just caressed me tenderly on my forehead with your miraculously fragrant palms; propelling me to soar above the clouds of philanthropic fantasy for times immemorial; take a countless more births amidst benign mankind; in this single lifetime of mine.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet ravishing and intriguingly fathomless; didn't crown me with a single accolade; brutally condemning and castigating me; for the most priceless piece of art that diffused from my poignant veins,
If you just said "Well Done" from your invincibly Omnipotent mouth; making me feel the most irrefutably opulent man alive; with all assimilated richness
lingering on this planet; blissfully descending over each of my disastrously despicable senses.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet timeless and marvelously fabulous; ruthlessly kicked me to realms of deplorably nonchalant submission; relentlessly making me lick nothing but threadbare mountains of dirt; from rotting soil,
If you just gave me an inconspicuous iota of space in your divine lap; not only pacifying my tyrannized agony of a countless years; but perpetually ensuring that I unequivocally mitigated the suffering; of all inexplicably shivering

mankind.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet boundless and ingratiatingly glorious; satanically spat on my debilitated countenance; worse than a vulture excoriating apart its gruesomely stinking carrion,
If you bequeathed upon me the honor; of feeling just your single breath; which instantaneously transited me into an unconquerably euphoric slumber; making me wholesomely oblivious to the unsurpassably sinister vagaries; of the commercial world outside.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet infinite and voluptuously majestic; mercilessly stole all my incomprehensible ocean of fantastic dreams; drowning me insidiously into a hurricane of despondently conventional rules and regulations,
If you just winked for an instant with your Omnisciently beautiful eyelids; ebulliently transiting me back into realms of impeccable childhood; when uninhibitedly philandered and frolicked; in the divinely warmth of my only goddess; who was my royal mother.

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet perpetual and grandiloquently everlasting; parasitically sucked the last iota of blood from my body; and then left me to die in a dungeon of menacing scorpions; while they rejoiced in crimson wine and vixen; merrily outside,
If you kissed me just once with your Omnipresently sacred lips; which annihilated the very essence of obsolete sorrow and crippling misery; forever from the chapter of my painstakingly staggering life.

And I really wouldn't mind it the slightest even if the entire planet twinkling and ecstatically gigantic; hated and treated me worse than they could treat their own shit; ominously pulverizing every innocuously benign deed of mine; with bizarre swords of heinous prejudice,
If you just gave me a single heartbeat of your immortally palpitating and enchantingly sacrosanct heart; blessing me with unassailable virtue of shedding my life tirelessly for my immaculately afflicted comrades; and yet towering tall from the ashes; as exuberantly bouncing; and BLESSEDLY ALIVE.

46. TANTALISING MY HEART

Tantalizing my impoverished eyes; was her ingratiatingly ravishing belly; as she swished like the ultimate seductress of ecstatic fantasy; through the glorious curtainspread of the pristine forests,

Tantalizing my diminutive lips; was her fabulously enamoring smile; as she majestically bequeathed upon her magical grace; upon every step that she royally trespassed through,

Tantalizing my indigently bedraggled palms; was her sensuously titillating flesh; as she blossomed like an impeccable fairy; disseminating the essence of humanity on every particle of the rhapsodic atmosphere; that she tenderly caressed,

Tantalizing my rustically bohemian feet; were her unsurpassably delectable fingertips; as she weaved a trail of poignantly euphoric compassion; to magnificently metamorphose my treacherously beleaguered life,

Tantalizing my blearily exhausted eardrum; was her exotically spell binding voice; as she marvelously whispered the secrets of a charismatically enigmatic existence; at the crack of every seductively ethereal dawn,

Tantalizing my devastatingly dithering teeth; was her immaculately shimmering nape; as she swirled piquantly in a garden of unfathomably gregarious rose; surrendering herself in wholesome totality to the mists of unprecedented desire,

Tantalizing my uncouthly estranged tastebuds; was the captivating softness in her melodious touch; as she bounced exhilaratingly on the carpet of untamed yearning; for centuries incomprehensible,

Tantalizing my staggeringly famished veins; was her unassailable ardor to propel forward in life; patriotically march towards the corridors of irrefutable triumph; to spawn and sparkle a holistically vibrant tomorrow,

Tantalizing my painstakingly withering tongue; was her candidly explicit speech; as she divulged the innermost recesses of her heart; to bloom into a fountain of ubiquitous honesty and unequivocal humanity,

Tantalizing my pathetically shriveled spine; was her voluptuously sizzling reflection; as she spun the tale of our everlastingly mesmerizing romance; to blend with the paradise of bountiful glory in blue sky,

Tantalizing my ludicrously barren scalp; was the rhythmic cadence of her daintily plodding footsteps; as she frolicked like an impeccable angel behind the inscrutably starlit gorges; with each of her flaming senses; profusely intertwined with mine,

Tantalizing my lecherously exhausted brain; was her relentless repertoire of tingling fantasies; as she vivaciously danced in a fathomless myriad of blissful forms; in every divinely dream of mine,

Tantalizing my ridiculously sagging shoulders; was her insatiable fervor to unflinchingly confront the most acrimonious of obstacles; tower tall as the fortress of philanthropism for countless more births to fantastically unveil,

Tantalizing my worthlessly sinking destiny; was her benign disposition to embrace one and all alike in inexplicable misery; as she dedicated each instant of her immaculately heavenly life; to the service of dwindling mankind,

Tantalizing my cacophonically rickety legs; was her profound vigor to stand by the path of impregnable righteousness; as she chanted the miraculous mantras of a united existence; till the time she abnegated her last breath,

Tantalizing my despondently dejected conscience; was the invincibly truthful glow in the whites of her Omnipotent eyes; as she sacrificed herself to a billion bizarre deaths; just to wonderfully diffuse the priceless scent of goodness,

Tantalizing my worthlessly wandering soul; was her unconquerable imagery of timelessly coalesced brotherhood; as she harmoniously galloped forward with her comrades in distress; bonded in threads of perennial solidarity,

Tantalizing my gloomily disappearing breath; was her unbelievable fortitude to excel in every benevolent sphere of life; as she blazed like an ebullient inferno of unstoppable newness; defying the baseless norms of the murderously conventional society,

And tantalizing my nonchalantly disgruntled heart; was her ocean of immortally celestial love; as she incarcerated me forever in the realms of her resplendent chest; taught me forever to love; love and boundlessly exist; only for the sacrosanct spirit of holy love.

47. TRUE ROMANCE

True silence is when you; profusely concentrated for hours immemorial on the mystically lingering voice of your righteous conscience,

True adolescence is when you; start feeling that you were no longer that immaculate child frolicking once upon a time; in the sacrosanct lap of your mother,

True perseverance is when you; work unflinchingly under sweltering rays of the Sun; earn your bread at the cost of your blood; amidst a pack of hostile wolves,

True effervescence is when you; voraciously splash both your hands and feet in euphorically swirling and tangy ocean water,

True diligence is when you; remain committed to your mission; even after it was successfully completed,

True obeisance is when you; humbly bow down before the people you revere; wholesomely shrugging all your pompously inflated mountain of pretensions,

True penance is when you; feel really sorry from the inner most realms of the soul; are ready to do anything to rectify your horrifically treacherous sins,

True benevolence is when you; philanthropically donate to your fellow compatriots in inexplicable pain; even you are shivering on the tenterhooks of abrupt extinction,

True disturbance is when you; keep murmuring something irascibly pertinent under your breath; while the other person is trying to profoundly emphasize upon his point of view,

True pretence is when you; act like an irrefutably unconquerable king; even when you didn't possess the capacity to hear your own voice,

True reverence is when you; insurmountably cherish the memories of your beloved; even countless centuries after their death,

True cadence is when you; rhythmically measure every beat you sing; to the most astronomical degree of perfection with the melodious wind,

True malevolence is when you; hate a person to the most unprecedented limits; even in your ethereally fading nocturnal dreams,

True vengeance is when you; take infinite births to take revenge from the person who traumatized you; if at all this birth proved futile,

True fragrance is when you; profusely smelt the exotically blossoming lotus; let its redolence altruistically diffuse in every corner of this Universe,

True prudence is when you; contemplated to the fullest capacity of your ingeniously god gifted mind; were able to perceive beyond the most fathomless of times,

True renaissance is when you; intrepidly motivated your entire country to rise against the lecherously evil; annihilate even the most tiniest trace of heinous evil from the belly of mother earth,

True distance is when you; inevitably cant bond with the love of your life; even when you lived just whisker lengths of breath away,

True existence is when you; lead each day of unveiling life to its absolute fullest; instilled the same wave of palpably exuberant life in each of your fellow human beings,

And true romance is when you; could do anything for the person whom you loved on this planet; stand beside her even when she was about to enter her grace and you still had countless more births destined of precious life.

48. I PREFERRED TO CALL

I preferred to call smoke; ONLY SMOKE; as it was disdainfully dirty and horrendously polluted the serene carpets of atmosphere,

I preferred to call the stone ONLY STONE; as it was bereft of the slightest of empathy; stared in morbid silence for hours immemorial towards the blanket of stars,

I preferred to call the pig ONLY PIG; as it prolifically disseminated and perpetuated filth in every mesmerizing path it transgressed,

I preferred to call the knife ONLY KNIFE; as it harbored the virtue of indiscriminate blood; ghastily ripped through innocent flesh at diabolical will,

I preferred to call a chunk of obnoxious sewage ONLY SEWAGE; as it punctuated the rhapsodic air with an unfathomably repulsive perfume,

I preferred to call a tornado ONLY TORNADO; as it mercilessly annihilated the most minuscule trace of life existing on this planet,

I preferred to call an earthquake ONLY EARTHQUAKE; as it gobbled up immaculate entities in the swirl of its viciously reverberating tremors,

I preferred to call an avalanche ONLY AVALANCHE; as it impregnated an inexplicable wave of deathly chill in all those tangible scattered around; treacherously engulfed heavenly children in cloudbursts of satanic snow,

I preferred to call the thorn ONLY THORN; as it invidiously pierced unsuspecting skin; propelled a flurry of hysterical tears to dribble down the cheeks,

I preferred to call the footprint ONLY FOOTPRINT; as it triggered in me an inexorable nostalgia for the past; faded into obsolete wisps of nothingness with the tiniest draught of wind,

I preferred to call the frown ONLY FROWN; as it embodied a cloud of pathetic gloom in blissful entities seated around; dreadfully disrupted the harmony of God's divinely creation,

I preferred to call vulture ONLY VULTURE; as it insidiously plucked the flesh of my revered compatriots who had celestially relinquished breath to depart for their heavenly abode,

I preferred to call the dustbin ONLY DUSTBIN; as it profusely fostered overwhelmingly crumpled fragments; which decimated traces of exuberant energy,

I preferred to call the dungeon ONLY DUNGEON; as it ruthlessly abdicated all forms of vivaciously blistering sunlight; rotting in perennial darkness; bringing euphoric man closer to his grave,

I preferred to call bombastic slang ONLY SLANG; as it hideously overpowered the rustically holistic rudiments of an individual; made him wholesomely oblivious to even the place where he was born,

I preferred to call poison ONLY POISON; as it snapped the fangs of precious existence; with its lethally abominable venom,

I preferred to call the devil ONLY DEVIL; as he dared the audacity to raise his savagely senseless head in front of my Omnipresent Creator,

But I preferred to call my Mother; as Mom; Mamma; Mummy; Mommy; Ma and an infinite other names from the repertoire of God; as she was the entity who had given me birth to witness and relish this fabulous world,

And I preferred to call my Beloved; as sweetheart; darling; revered wife; dreamgirl; poetry; and an infinite other names in the treasury of Almighty Lord; as she was the very reason that I was breathing life this very moment; in fact would continue to live even if the planet failed to be born again.

49. BRINGING A SMILE ON YOUR FACE

The doctor brought a smile on your face; by his flurry of boisterously potent medicines,

The magician brought a smile on your face; by his fathomless myriad of stupendously enchanting tricks,

The clouds brought a smile on your face; by showering upon your impeccable persona; with glistening globules of euphoric rain,

The farmer brought a smile on your face; by sharing with you a festoon of majestically sparkling rubicund fruit,

The grandiloquent pen brought a smile on your face; by embossing boundless lines of exquisite calligraphy on sheets of your treacherously barren exam paper,

The birds brought a smile on your face; by soaring vivaciously amidst exuberantly blue bits of silver sky,

The waves brought a smile on your face; by dissipating into a cloudburst of poignantly tangy forth; clashing against the chain of cold blooded rocks in overwhelmingly rhapsodic frenzy,

The Sun brought a smile on your face; by playing hide and seek with your immaculately fluttering eyelashes; striking your innocuous eyeballs with its marvelously dazzling light,

The nightingale brought a smile on your face; by its ingratiatingly captivating voice; filtering a path of irrefutable melody in the vicinity of your intricate ears,

The pilot brought a smile on your face; by transporting you through the blissfully ecstatic clouds; with profusely pearly rays of the moon now at whisker lengths from your countenance,

The cow brought a smile on your face; by impregnating your demeanor with

astronomical spurts of invincible fortification,

The lotus brought a smile on your face; by dissipating its incredulously rejuvenating fragrance to every corner of your thoroughly flabbergasted bones,

The watchman brought a smile to your face; by guarding you like an unconquerable fortress; while you snored in the realms of mesmerizing fantasy all night,

The bee brought a smile to your face; by inundating your palms with unfathomably gorgeous streams of ebullient honey,

The horse brought a smile to your face; by embarking you upon your exhilarating expedition; of the supremely verdant and enigmatic countryside,

The appetizing morsels of steaming broth brought a smile on your face; by wholesomely placating pangs of hunger fulminating more abnormally than the volcano; every second in your stomach,

The pair of voluptuously seductive lips brought a smile on your face; by igniting infernos of insatiable desire in your body; as they brushed across your chest,

The mother brought a smile on your face; by giving you birth and the tenacity to unflinchingly confront the most diabolical aspect of tyrannical existence,

The Almighty Lord brought a smile on your face; by granting you a right to celestially survive as one of his infinite molecules,

And the Beloved brought a smile on your face; by her irrefutably sacred virtue of immortal love; that kept you always smiling for countless more births even after your death.

50. DON'T TALK TO TWO LOVERS

Don't talk to the boundlessly barren bits of sky; talk to its garlands of vivaciously mystical clouds; instead,

Don't talk to the fathomlessly deep ocean; talk to its majestically swirling waves; instead,

Don't talk to the lackadaisically stretched desert; talk to its royally blossoming festoon of cactus; instead,

Don't talk to the monotonously sprawled blankets of mirror; talk to its enigmatically alluring reflection; instead,

Don't talk to the gigantically curved stoical tree; talk to its conglomerate of stupendously enchanting leaves; instead,

Don't talk to the sonorously snobbish artist; talk to his myriad of incredulously absorbing paintings; instead,

Don't talk to the insurmountably timid twin horned cow; talk to its pail of impeccably shimmering milk; instead,

Don't talk to the unfathomably tired and grizzly haired old man; talk to his insatiable nostalgia and overwhelming yearning for the past; instead,

Don't talk to the hideously sinister spider; talk to its mesmerizing strands of silken web which swayed exuberantly with the breeze; instead,

Don't talk to the stringently suspended coat of thick skin; talk to its relentless infernos of unsurpassable desire; instead,

Don't talk to the shriveled petals of the indiscriminately trampled lotus; talk to their
irrefutably exotic scent that still drifted for times immemorial in the atmosphere;
instead,

Don't talk to the country sandwiched as a rigidly aligned dot on the map; talk to its people who transpired its freedom; instead,

Don't talk to the gruesomely morbid and perilous night; talk to its resplendent coat of seductively tantalizing stars; instead,

Don't talk to the rustically indigenous and shaggily attired soldier; talk to his tales of immortal triumph; instead,

Don't talk to the indefatigably treacherous mountain slopes; talk to its grandiloquently sculptured summit; glistening under the golden Sun; instead,

Don't talk to the battalion of inexorably bored and lackluster twigs, talk to their flamboyantly crackling flames of rhapsodic fire; instead,

Don't talk to the monstrously diabolical chameleon; talk to its unbelievable barrage of vividly changing colors instead,

Don't talk to the dictatorial definitions of pragmatic life; talk to its labyrinth of exhilarating anecdotes; instead,

And don't talk to two lovers absconding unrelentingly from the barricades of this miserably conventional society; talk to their poignantly staring eyes; talk to their ardently sensuous breath; talk to their passionately throbbing hearts; which had all bonded for infinite births as one; instead.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 4

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually Part 4 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. BUT YOU LOOKED THE BEST
2. LET YOUR HEART
3. BUT I COULD STILL LOVE
4. POWERLESS
5. WHEN I LISTENED TO MY HEART
6. I WAS STILL SKEPTICAL TO LEAVE YOU OUTSIDE

7. THEIR IMMORTAL LOVE
8. NO PERMISSIONS
9. YOU JUST FALL IN LOVE
10. LOVE WAS IN THE AIR
11. REFERENCE
12. ALL THAT WE COULD DO
13. NOBODY AS PASSIONATE
14. I REALLY DON'T KNOW
15. O! IMMORTAL BELOVED.
16. BUT YET I SURRENDERED
17. YOUR GODLY SWEAT
18. WHAT I WAS UNCONQUERABLY SURE ABOUT
19. PLEASE DON'T EVER LEAVE ME
20. NO EXPERIMENTATION
21. JUST SO THAT
22. MY LIFE WITHOUT YOU
23. NO POWER EVER BORN
24. RELAX
25. REMARRIAGE
26. ON THE STATION OF LOVE
27. IMMORTALLY OVERPOWERING
28. IF YOU REALLY LOVED HER
29. SAME REQUIREMENT
30. WILL NEVER LOSE
31. I'D DEFINITELY COMMIT SUICIDE
32. JUST ONE GIRL
33. THE VERY 1ST ONE
34. BELIEVABLE
35. EVERY TIME I TOOK BREATH
36. GRAVE PROBLEMS
37. THE IRRETRIEVABLE CULPRIT
38. STOP
39. A DEATH MORE TREACHEROUS
40. DEAD BEYOND DESCRIPTION
41. SOLELY MINE
42. AT YOUR GODLY FEET
43. FOREVER IN LOVE
44. STILL SEARCHING FOR THE LOVE OF MY LIFE
45. BLESSEDLY IMMORTAL
46. WITHOUT MY PRICELESS BELOVED
47. ONE STEP FORWARD
48. HOW CAN I EVER LOVE?

49. PRICELESS LOVE

50. WITH THE BLESSINGS OF ALMIGHTY GOD

1. BUT YOU LOOKED THE BEST

You looked more ravishing than the fairies; when I sighted you under
flamboyantly fiery rays of dazzling sunlight,

You looked more mesmerizing than the heavenly waterfalls; when I sighted you
under milky beams of resplendent moonlight,

You looked more innocuous than the freshly born infant; when I sighted you
under ethereally evanescent shadows of dawn,

You looked more tantalizing than the full blossomed vivacious peacock; when I
sighted you in the overwhelmingly murky camouflage of dusk,

But you looked the best; seated naturally by my side; profoundly lost in your
eternal dreams; with every beat of yours bonding immortally with mine.

You looked more celestial than the angels; when I sighted you frolicking
flirtatiously in the ocean waves,

You looked more enchanting than the myriad of profusely poignant rose; when I
sighted you blushing in untamed embarrassment,

You looked more seductive than the most voluptuous of nights; when I sighted
you gallivanting euphorically upon your golden horse,

You looked more immaculate than the crusts of pristine snow; when I sighted you
spreading your lips into a spell binding smile,

But you looked the best; seated naturally by my side; profoundly lost in your
eternal dreams; with every beat of yours bonding immortally with mine.

You looked more surreally fabulous than the most unfathomable of dream; when
I sighted you soaring through the handsomely misty clouds,

You looked more exuberant than the thunderously gushing breeze; when I
sighted you wholesomely drenched in ebullient globules of fresh rain,

You looked more astonishing than royally crackling flames of fire; when I sighted

you embellished in a festoon of silver oyster pearls,

You looked more fragrant than the field of newly sprouted lotus; when I sighted you philandering barefoot in the wilderness of the enigmatic midnight,

But you looked the best; seated naturally by my side; profoundly lost in your eternal dreams; with every beat of yours bonding immortally with mine.

You looked more sagacious than any prudent entity on this planet; when I sighted you communicating with the flock of impeccable pigeons; perched majestically on
your rubicund palms,

You looked more alluring than the incredulously striped rainbow in the sky; when I sighted you whistling and staring unrelentingly into exotically open space,

You looked more dense than most fathomless of forests; when I sighted you batting your eyelids towards the mirror; an infinite times,

You looked more special than anybody else on this planet; when I sighted tears of poignant philanthropism; dribble down from your irrefutably sacred eyes,

But you looked the best; seated naturally by my side; profoundly lost in your eternal dreams; with every beat of yours bonding immortally with mine.

2. LET YOUR HEART

Let your eyelids flutter viciously; flirting with all the mesmerizing beauty encapsulated in this Universe to the most unprecedented limits,

Let your sweat dribble profusely down your nape; basking the true glory of assiduous perseverance and the true spirit of life,

Let your throat sing till fathomless infinity; inundating the morbidly gloomy atmosphere with exuberant beats of pulsating music,

Let your nose smell till the most remotest corners of this planet; inhaling the most ravishing scent harbored by mother nature,

Let your feet gallop in untamed exhilaration; embossing a path of irrefutable triumph on every soil they tread,

Let your fingers write to most unsurpassable boundaries of creation; penning down the myriad of enchanting shades in cosmotic space,

Let your lips uninhibitedly smile; profoundly relish the glorious sights; which the Omniscient Lord had bestowed upon this earth with,

Let your teeth inexorably chew; savor the most tantalizingly succulent fruits of nature in their impregnable grip,

Let your cheeks overwhelmingly blush to a poignant crimson; compassionately rekindle the diminishing urges of your dying skin,

Let your tongue speak to its ultimate hearts content; effusively portraying its most candid emotions; as white thunder pelted down ferociously from the skies,

Let your hands wander indefatigably through the silver sands; groping for that stupendously reinvigorating cool that voluptuously incarcerated within,

Let your mind fantasize incessantly beyond the skies; unrelentingly exploring all the divinely goodness that could ever have been conjured on earth,

Let your hair ecstatically embrace the ravishing breeze; dance in rhapsodic fervor as each instant of time unveiled,

Let your blood flow faster than the speed of light in your veins; making you feel boisterously alive; even countless centuries after death,

Let your eyebrows bounce and fall ardently on your forehead; insurmountably relish the tunnels of inexplicable intrigue generated,

Let your shadow swirl as turbulently as the majestically undulating sea; entrench the boundless trajectory of the glistening desert; with mystically seductive darkness,

Let your conscience fulminate its inner most feelings; maneuver your countenance through the realms of wrong and right,

Let your soul wander ubiquitously through every cranny of this astronomically colossal Universe; propagate its benign happiness in every entity it encountered,

And let your heart palpitate more thunderously than anything else in this world; besiege even the most uncouth organism in the wave of its immortal passion;

love; love and simply continue to love.

3. BUT I COULD STILL LOVE

I might be living on bare chunks of threadbare soil; with hardly a roof to cover my dilapidated scalp,

But I could still perceive infinite kilometers above the sky; to the most unprecedented limits of mesmerizing imagination; in my dreams.

I might be adorned in abysmally tottered clothes; with obnoxious streaks of dirt and disease creeping with sinister effusiveness from my skin,

But I could still relentlessly fantasize about the most innocuously ingratiating complexion on this Universe; drown myself perpetually in a paradise of surreally enchanting silk; in my dreams.

I might be incomprehensibly diminutive in stature; being ridicules beyond boundaries of sagacious control by every individual transgressing on the streets, But I could still dance indefatigably with the angels in the sky; basking with them inexorably under satiny rays of the Sun; in my dreams.

I might be horrendously blind; with cloud covers of ghastly darkness engulfing me from all sides; even in the most ferocious of sunlight,

But I could still glimpse the most enchanting of angels; incessantly witness the most profoundly Omnipotent light which my sighted counterparts could never even imagine; in my dreams.

I might be inexplicably unfortunate not to get my share of luck in this world; staggering umpteenth number of times as the ruthless society brutally kicked me,

But I could still philander in gay abandon through the interiors of the unfathomably grandiloquent castle; explore the most spell binding places on this planet; in my dreams.

I might be wholesomely lonely; with people preferring the most inconspicuous of job; to my abhorrently repulsive facial contours,

But I could still talk till times immemorial with the entity I desired; incarcerate even the most alien in the swirl of my untamed passion; in my dreams.

I might be an unsurpassably ancient fossil; lying buried for centuries unprecedented beneath layers of obsolete sand,

But I could still gyrate with the most overwhelmingly contemporary form of life; be a part of profusely fascinating and pragmatic present; in my dreams.

I might be an infinitesimally humble personality; withering away worse than a broken leaf at the tiniest draught of gloomy breeze,
But I could still win over the heart of every single organism in this world;
impregnate my irrefutably truthful impression in their eyes for decades unlimited; in my dreams.

And I might be deprived of the love that I had taken birth for on this most wonderful earth of God; being insidiously betrayed by the girl whom I could give my life for,

But I could still love her; not only for this life; but for countless more births even after my death; ebulliently blossom and romance with her in the aisles of insatiable desire; in my dreams.

4. POWERLESS

Powerful to smile; as I heard something abysmally resonating in ludicrous vicinity,

Powerful to fight; as I confronted the mightiest of disaster with astronomical fortitude and tenacity,

Powerful to sleep; as I snored more thunderously than the demons; resting in overwhelmingly celestial contentment,

Powerful to admire; as I sighted the mesmerizing puffs of clouds floating passionately in azure sky,

Powerful to sketch; as I masterfully captured the labyrinth of picturesque sights which majestically dotted the fathomless gorge,

Powerful to sing; as I inundated the gloomy atmosphere with everlasting waves of seductively rhapsodic melody,

Powerful to mimic; as I possessed the incomprehensibly fascinating virtue to emulate a boundless myriad of voice,

Powerful to write; as I deluged a mountain of disdainfully barren paper; with exquisite lines of oligarchic literature,

Powerful to fantasize; as I triggered the chords of enigmatic imagination to the most ebulliently unprecedented limits,

Powerful to speak; as I silenced unrelentingly menacing mobs of fanatic people;
with the domineering authority in my voice,

Powerful to dance; as I gyrated my body in insatiable agony under profusely
milky rays of enchanting moonlight,

Powerful to run; as I galloped like the vivacious panther; through the mystical
forests at the unveiling of each ephemeral dawn,

Powerful to flirt; as I had this inexplicable tenacity to incarcerate any alien in the
swirl of my indefatigable mischief,

Powerful to dig; as I impregnated a tunnel of vibrantly optimistic hope; in layers
of obdurately infidel soil,

Powerful to stare; as I relentlessly looked the sweltering sun without flinching the
slightest; for hours immemorial,

Powerful to chew; as I masticated the most resilient morsels of food into
handsome bits of pulverized chowder,

Powerful to forsee; as I perspicaciously tackled each aspect of pragmatically
monotonous life; measuring each step of mine as I walked,

Powerful to breathe; as I lived each moment of life to its most unbelievable
capacity; with the euphoria to perennially discover fervently besieging me,

But powerless to face her; as I wholesomely submitted my humble countenance
to the wave of her turbulently swirling love; bonding my heart; body and soul
with the immortal essence of her sacred existence.

5. WHEN I LISTENED TO MY HEART

When I used my mind; I sagaciously manipulated the various nuances of
clambering up the treacherous mountain; as the chances of survival were
bizarrely slim,

While when I listened to my heart; not only did it clamber up the jagged
periphery with exhilarated zeal; but emerged triumphant on the astronomical
summit; with the Sun streaming across my eyes in its dazzling shine.

When I used my mind; I contemplated several times of venturing out in the

gruesome darkness; the deathly chill that awaited to incarcerate me; as I alighted my foot on the deserted streets,
While when I listened to my heart; not only did I trespass through the entire planet bare foot; but thoroughly enjoyed the exotic rhapsody of the enchantingly pearly moonlight.

When I used my mind; I ruminated till eternity before plunging into the undulating ocean; equating the chances I had to survive; amidst a battalion of hostile sharks and whales,
While when I listened to my heart; not only did I swim ebulliently against the voluptuously mesmerizing waves; but profusely admired the beauty of God's fathomless creation of froth.

When I used my mind; I trembled in inexplicable fear of wading through the dense jungles; the overwhelmingly torturous death that would come inevitably; as the Lion pulverized me to infinitesimal pieces,
While when I listened to my heart; not only did I bounce exuberantly with the Kangaroos; but inhaled in my lungs the freshest air ever; that could be found on the trajectory of this Universe.

When I used my mind; I vehemently shrugged off the prospect of standing in the rain; perceiving the cloudbursts of satanic lightening creeping diabolically to assassinate traces of my vital life,
While when I listened to my heart; not only did I bathe in the seductively tantalizing droplets; but slipped into a land of fabulously gorgeous fantasy for decades unfathomable.

When I used my mind; I felt a wave of repulsion engulfing myself; as I knew my ugly facial contours would shatter any glass when sighted into,
While when I listened to my heart; not only did I stare relentlessly into the mirror; but bowed down to the Creator in meek submission; for the incomprehensibly beautiful looks he had bestowed me with.

When I used my mind; I deliberately closed my nose with repugnant abhorrence; spurious ruminating upon the myriad of venomous smells that would strangle me to realms of perennial death,
While when I listened to my heart; not only did I breathe with a fervor more than any entity trespassing; but insurmountably relished the unfathomably wonderful scents that loitered in free space.

When I used my mind; I sat crouched in one obsolete dilapidated corner; cognizing the barricades that I was likely to encounter at each stage of life; the

blanket of thorns that I would have to trespass upon to escalate to the corridors of success,
While when I listened to my heart; not only did I stretch my persona to more than its complete height; but metamorphosed each of my dreams into a trend-setting reality.

When I used my mind; I always shirked from proclaiming my love to the girl I loved; feeling myself buried boundless feet beneath my corpse; as the society would brutally squelch me for violating their irrefutable choice,
While when I listened to my heart; not only did I achieve the love of my life; but bonded for times immortal in the swirl of majestically soaring passion; in the swirl of timelessly enchanting romance.

6. I WAS STILL SKEPTICAL TO LEAVE YOU OUTSIDE

Even if the gigantic tree shrunk miserably in size; metamorphosing into an inconspicuously shivering seedling,

Even if the colossal oceans swirling handsomely towards the sky; reduced to a solitary stream; trickling more lackadaisically than the tortoise,

Even if the conglomerate of sinister clouds in the cosmos; condensed to bare bits of dilapidated plain sky,

Even if the incomprehensibly colossal edifice; converted into a wretchedly fluttering and crying stone,

I was still skeptical to leave you outside; for the moment you caressed your stupendously enchanting foot on soil; the silent world would come alive again; and I feared to loose you amidst the infinite tangible organisms; trying to cast their spell on your impeccably charismatic grace.

Even if the flamboyantly escalating fire; became a piece of forlorn and thoroughly obsolete coal,

Even if the insurmountably towering mountains; transformed into a festoon of ants with disdainfully fractured legs,

Even if the indefatigably unending fantasy; got pathetically pulverized into monotonous bits of pragmatic reality,

Even if the profoundly poignant streams of scarlet blood; reduced to insipid bits of overwhelmingly stale water,

I was still skeptical to leave you outside; for the moment you caressed your stupendously enchanting foot on soil; the silent world would come alive again; and I feared to lose you amidst the infinite tangible organisms; trying to cast their spell on your impeccably charismatic grace.

Even if the diabolically charging striped panther; changed dramatically into a pair of decayed and light weight bones,

Even if the unsurpassably huge swarming battlefield; became a breeding ground for diminutive glow worm and mice,

Even if the richest entities transgressing upon this Universe; ironically started begging bare chested on the rampantly busy streets,

Even if the unfathomable flock of satanic vultures; were now just stripped to a bizarrely mocking caricature of balding feathers,

I was still skeptical to leave you outside; for the moment you caressed your stupendously enchanting foot on soil; the silent world would come alive again; and I feared to lose you amidst the infinite tangible organisms; trying to cast their spell on your impeccably charismatic grace.

Even if the boisterously bouncing Kangaroos; became infinitesimally stony reflections embodied deep within clammy cocoons of soil,

Even if the incredulously redolent lotus flower; now became a shriveled petal being kicked viciously farther and farther away; with every draught of timid wind,

Even if the most mesmerizing of voices on this planet; reduced to dying whispers; profusely battered to complete absolute in the atmosphere,

Even if the entire globe functioning dynamically under the sweltering Sun; came to an abrupt halt; changing wholesomely into obscure dew drops trapped inside an obnoxiously corked bottle,

I was still skeptical to leave you outside; for the moment you caressed your stupendously enchanting foot on soil; the silent world would come alive again; and I feared to lose you amidst the infinite tangible organisms; trying to cast

their spell on your impeccably charismatic grace.

7. THEIR IMMORTAL LOVE

Even as the most immaculately placid rivers; truculently metamorphosed into ruthlessly lambasting fires of diabolical hell,

Even as an unfathomable corpse of lethally penalizing bullets rang inclemently all round the atmosphere; with indiscriminate devils marauding at free will,

Even as the most majestically towering mountains crumbled like a pack of frigidly insipid cards; pathetically kissing horrendous particles of threadbare dust,

Even as the fountain of salaciously treacherous lechery reigned supreme in the gigantic planet around; with the graveyard of hideous manipulation embedding itself deeper and deeper into holistic soil,

Their immortal love remained as fragrant as the pristine flower of perennial peace; perpetually glowed with the spirit of irrefutably sparkling righteousness; with the blessings of the Omniscient Almighty Lord.

1.

Even as man parasitically sucked his counterpart man; savagely devouring every ingredient of his innocuous bloodstream; to replenish his own treasuries with malicious discontent,

Even as the handsomely blistering Sun intractably refrained to shimmer; portraying its unsurpassable anger upon satanically erring mankind,

Even as pragmatic time morbidly deadened in its very roots; gruesomely convoluting with the heinoustraitors and gory death; fulminating uninhibitedly around,

Even as the most viciously tumultuous thunderstorms of acrid dust; dreadfully obfuscated the entire civilization in whirlwinds of abhorrently vengeful sledging and slandering,

Their immortal love remained as eternally sacrosanct as the celestial heavens; philanthropically radiating the religion of gloriously everlasting mankind upon one and all alike; with the blessings of the Omnipotent Almighty Lord.

2.

Even as an unfathomable entrenchment of innocent eyes; were sordidly blinded with waves of irascibly derogatory commercialism,

Even as ominously stinking gutters of bizarre ruthlessness cut loose upon the unwitting cities; ingloriously inundating every particle of the atmosphere with brutally horrific despair,

Even as avalanches of coldblooded slavery transcended past the era's of truth; as every living organism became a barbarically untamed criminal; rampantly massacring innocent lives,

Even as the torturous tyranny of fate unceremoniously penalized the fathomless world; with the essence of the devil invidiously lingering in the disparaging solitude that smarted around,

Their immortal love resplendently blossomed like the harmoniously twinkling stars in the gargantuan sky; benevolently disseminating the mantra of pricelessly effulgent existence; with the blessings of the unassailably marvelous Almighty Lord.

3.

Even as pugnacious lizards of gory infidelity stabbed their rebellious venom; into the unequivocally virgin fabric of this colossal Universe,

Even as dungeons of tyrannical desperation enveloped the limitless cosmos; with every human despicably transforming into insidiously plagiarized shit,

Even as the most diminutive bit of enchanting melody; became a perfidiously whipping expletive of disgusting extinction; excoriating all voluptuous sensuousness with the sword of conventionally robotic turgidity,

Even as heinously perilous death overruled the chapter of scintillating life; as even the most royally aristocratic of human life; became a fickle headed commodity being disdainfully pulverized; by power politics,

Their immortal love bloomed more tantalizingly than ever before; impreguably bonded in the cradle of unflinching solidarity for infinite more births yet to unveil; with the blessings of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord.

8. NO PERMISSIONS

The clouds didn't need even the most capricious of permission whatsoever; to torrentially diffuse into unrelenting thunderbolts of ecstatically golden rain,

The rose didn't need even the most infinitesimal of permission whatsoever; to grandiloquently culminate into a fountain of ebullient scent; stupendously mystify every iota of the bedraggled atmosphere,

The grass didn't need even the most spurious of permission whatsoever; to euphorically tingle traumatically dreary soles; miraculously metamorphose all swelteringly dolorous into a cistern of rhapsodic freshness,

The sheep didn't need even the most mercurial of permission whatsoever; to leave behind a trail of immaculate belonging; profusely inundate the disastrously commercial arena with meadows of glorious innocuousness,

The stars didn't need even the most parsimonious of permission whatsoever; to resplendently twinkle all night; timelessly deluge the ghastly curtainspread of sullen darkness; with whirlwinds of optimistic light,

The Sun didn't need even the most diminutive of permission whatsoever; to flamboyantly blaze through every quarter of this colossal Universe; ubiquitously disseminate its spell of enchanting optimism to every dwelling besieged with horrendous despair,

The mountains didn't need even the most tiniest of permission whatsoever; to compassionately sequester the infirm in their affable belly; tower majestically as harbingers of irrefutable solidarity; for centuries immemorial,

The bees didn't need even the most obfuscated of permission whatsoever; to evolve into royal whirlpools of bountiful honey; infiltrate the lugubrious complexion of the dusty afternoon; with melodiously spell binding honey,

The waves didn't need even the most insignificant of permission whatsoever; to culminate into tantalizingly reinvigorating froth; unrelentingly ooze a ravishing entrenchment of poignantly heartfelt salt,

The nightingale didn't need even the most measly of permission whatsoever; to stupendously titillate each dying nerve of the disdainfully frazzled body; with an ocean of unsurpassably everlasting enchantment,

The squirrel didn't need even the most oblivious of permission whatsoever; to frolic impeccably through the mists of untamed desire; uninhibitedly fulminate into an astounding kaleidoscope of vivacious color as it gallivanted through the handsome trees,

The leaves didn't need even the most nonchalant of permission whatsoever; to seductively rustle into silken carpets of exuberant breeze; profusely solemnize the complexion of the disastrously decaying air; with reflections of insatiably unending happiness,

The hands didn't need even the most insipid of permission whatsoever; to wholeheartedly clap at every blissful occasion of existence; effusively express their jubilant enthrallment to the most unprecedented limits,

The waterfalls didn't need even the most non-existent of permission whatsoever; to ingratiatingly placate drearily scorched travelers; bequeath a legacy of sparkling togetherness upon all those murderously pinched by the corpse of bizarre commercialism,

The butterflies didn't need even the most evanescent of permission whatsoever; to gorgeously flutter in exotically regale sunshine; manifest into an unfathomable sky of eternal mischief all marathon day,

The true martyrs didn't need even the most ethereal of permission whatsoever; to audaciously fight for their sacrosanct motherland; relinquish every iota of their breath for the sake of their beautifully revered country,

The rainbows didn't need even the most transient of permission whatsoever; to Omnisciently engulf every withering cranny of this Herculean planet; with fabulous infernos of ardent companionship,

The infant didn't need even the most remotest of permission whatsoever; to holistically savor divine milk from the chest of its Godly mother; unleash into a string of Omnipotently incoherent wails; as the Sun disappeared in wholesome entirety from blue sky,

And the Heart didn't need even the most microscopic of permission whatsoever; to ecstatically liberate its incomprehensible river of passionate beats; immortally bond them with the soul mate of its existence; perpetually unite them with the entity it solely loved.

9. YOU JUST FALL IN LOVE

There was no age stringently defined to fall in its heavenly swirl; embrace its cistern of majestic enchantment for centuries unprecedented,

There was no time irrevocably defined to experience its exuberant timelessness; catapult to the ultimate summit of its gloriously enthralling victory,

There was no color intransigently defined to entice its stupendous aroma; possess its magically augmenting wave of sensuousness; for as long as earth was destined to exist,

There was no moment intractably defined to savor its glorious titillation; exotically be the most integral element of its ravishingly tantalizing stride,

There was no mantra incorrigibly defined to incarcerate its compassionate caress; preserve its incredulously immaculate touch close to your soul; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

There was no religion conventionally defined to bond with its ubiquitous essence; relentlessly bathe in its marvelously voluptuous pool of ebullient belonging,

There was no trail irrefutably defined to chase its magnificently silken charm; be its ecumenically gorgeous cascade of spell binding prosperity,

There was no entrenchment precisely defined to conquer its spirit of everlasting seduction; wholeheartedly embrace its kaleidoscope of boundlessly ingratiating color,

There was no price inexorably defined to purchase its romantic incantation; be incessantly spell bound by its spell of redolently dancing vivaciousness,

There was no boundary austerely defined to achieve its scintillatingly handsome peak; bask in the unbelievably majestic scent of its optimistically healing breath,

There was no voice inclemently defined to impress its impeccably frolicking embodiment; unassailably imprison its holistically sacrosanct beauty; in the center of your impoverished chest,

There was no direction monotonously defined to follow its mystically unconquerable splendor; be the most ultimate slave of its celestially resplendent shadow,

There was no dimension dogmatically defined to measure its fathomless ardor; beautifully enshroud every element of your penuriously dwindling existence; with its royal beads of profuse togetherness,

There was no power concisely defined to snatch its Omnipotent crown; be the sole jewel of its profound fervor to regally lead life; to bounce exuberantly in placating paradise,

There was no portrait irretrievably defined to highlight its exquisite treasury of amiable symbiosis; poignantly divulge its astronomically endless goodness; to the entire Universe traumatically crippled outside,

There was no blood meticulously defined to belong to its Godly countenance; melange with its stream of ubiquitously glistening humanity; for unsurpassable more decades yet to come,

There was no breath punitively defined to inhale its panoramically eclectic contours; exclusively relish its astoundingly princely tale of unending exhilaration,

There was no heart specifically defined to possess its marvelously Omnipresent beats; be the only one to eternally dance to its tunes of melodiously blessing mankind,

And there was no preparation specifically defined to execute its lovely rhythm; as you just inadvertently stumble into its immortal light of goodness; you just unknowingly accept it at some stage of life as the greatest elixir for survival; YOU JUST FALL IN LOVE.

10. LOVE WAS IN THE AIR

Every rose in the bountiful gardens profoundly bloomed with it; blissfully assimilating its enchanting goodness in each of its vivaciously redolent petals,

Every beam of the miraculously Omnipotent Sun profusely blazed with it; triumphantly pronouncing its unflinchingly spell binding impression upon the colossal Universe,

Every droplet of the ravishingly mesmerizing waterfall marvelously glimmered with it; casting an irrefutably unconquerable spell of divine exoticism upon each organism alive,

Every leaf of the mystically corrugated tree exuberantly swirled with it; ebulliently leaping towards celestial paradise; in the swirl of its compassionately poignant caress,

Every seductively tantalizing nightingale timelessly sung it; gorgeously portraying its astoundingly unfathomable charisma; to the entire beleaguered planet outside,

Every enamoring rainbow in the fathomless cosmos danced euphorically to its tunes; culminating into an incredulously amazing kaleidoscope of panoramic beauty; and rejuvenating color,

Every blade of harmoniously nimble grass ecstatically swayed to it; innocuously fulminating its sensuous cascade of golden dewdrops; as vibrant dawn overtook the complexion of the ghastly night,

Every ingratiatingly silken web insurmountably dazzled with it; divinely dissipating its unassailably Omnipotent glow; to all those miserably dithering towards the aisles of treacherous nothingness,

Every exotically crimson cloud torrentially showered it; engulfing bizarrely barren landscapes of malicious prejudice; with incomprehensibly unending spurts of holistic symbiosis,

Every amiably philandering meadow gregariously harbored it; harnessing the tree of invincible humanity; with its perennial tributaries of uninhibited freedom,

Every wonderfully soaring bird affably encapsulated it; flooding each element of the dolorously sultry atmosphere around; with waves of unbelievably Omniscient charisma,

Every mystically chanting cuckoo majestically whispered it; ubiquitously disseminating its relentless glory; to the most obscurely ethereal regions of this limitless planet,

Every voluptuously scented root proudly possessed it; unequivocally depicting to one and all alike; that it was the most quintessential rudiment of every organism to survive,

Every boisterously bubbling bee made it the honey of its hive; ecumenically oozing its entrenchment of perpetual sweetness; overtoppling the hideous devil with its melody of; everlasting togetherness,

Every serenely pacifying dusk pricelessly encompassed it; entirely metamorphosing every heinously barbaric into an apostle of peace; with its impregnable chapters of eternal contentment,

Every rhapsodically drifting wind intransigently embraced it; basking in the unprecedented aura of its timeless sensuousness; for centuries immemorial,

Every holistically truthful soul indefatigably lived it; naturally letting its immaculately godly elements; take wholesomely gratifying control for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Every resplendently jubilant breath stupendously relished it; insatiably suckling unsurpassable fireballs of inspiration from its Omnipresent grace; to forever emerge a philanthropic winner in the chapter of vivid existence,

O! Yes love was profusely there in the air; Love was profusely there in every synergistically beautiful element of this gigantic earth; Love was profusely there in every human poignantly existing,

And more exclusively than anything; Love had taken an immortal bondage of their hearts tonight; with their innocent spirits amalgamating as a singleton idol of unconquerable timelessness; under the milky downpour of the sacrosanct Moon.

11. REFERENCE

The most priceless thing that the clouds in fathomlessly crimson sky could ever refer you to; was tantalizing globules of golden rain,

The most priceless thing that sweltering sands of the desert could ever refer you to; was acrimonious tornadoes of painstakingly persevering heat,

The most priceless thing that the unfathomably voluptuous blades of grass could ever refer you to; was an enchantingly everlasting carpet of silken dewdrops,

The most priceless thing that the bountifully rustling leaves could ever refer you to; was unrelenting entrenchments of euphorically exotic breeze,

The most priceless thing that the indomitably scintillating mountain peaks could ever refer you to; was the Omnipotently ferocious blaze of the majestic Sun,

The most priceless thing that the inscrutably untamed forests could ever refer you to; was the profoundly regale crest; of the thunderously poignant lion,

The most priceless thing that the insurmountably choppy ocean could ever refer you to; was a profusely tangy waterfall; of spell bindingly rejuvenating salt,

The most priceless thing that the flame of sparkling truth could ever refer you to; was the unassailably grandiloquent religion of mankind,

The most priceless thing that the seductively titillating rose could ever refer you to; was a relentless fountain of stupendously endowing scent,

The most priceless thing that the fascinatingly pristine oyster could ever refer you to; was a gloriously delectable whirlpool of resplendently mesmerizing pearls,

The most priceless thing that the disdainfully impoverished beggar could ever refer you to; was indispensable morsels of divinely appetizing food,

The most priceless thing that the marvelously iridescent rainbow could ever refer you to; was the emphatically boisterous spirit of supremely astounding vivaciousness,

The most priceless thing that the penuriously orphaned could ever refer you to; was the compassionately sequestering walls of the harmoniously placating dwelling,

The most priceless thing that the silver droplets of redolent sweat could ever refer you to; was unendingly persevering timelessness,

The most priceless thing that the charismatically sensuous lips could ever refer you to; was an incredulously gregarious sky of fabulously fantastic smiles,

The most priceless thing that the indefatigable patriots could ever refer you to; was the flag of unconquerably magnificent; and triumphantly blazing victory,

The most priceless thing that the fleet footed squirrel could ever refer you to; was an insatiably unbelievable river of ebullient frolic,

The most priceless thing that the marvelously rubicund nostrils could ever refer you to; was intransigently passionate maelstroms of reinvigoratingly tingling breath,

And the most priceless thing that the perpetually bountiful heart could ever refer you to; was an immortally royal Universe of impregnable love; love and only celestial love.

12. ALL THAT WE COULD DO

The color of her impeccably radiant eyes had already formed in the womb; with even the most intricately poignant of their shades having taken irrefutably consolidated proportions,

All that we could do was profusely embellish them with the astronomical beauty of this gargantuan Universe; inculcating in them profound empathy towards the religion of humanity.

The shape of her immaculately divine fingers had already formed in the womb; with even the most infinitesimal of nails sprouting up holistically from the nimble edges,

All that we could do was poignantly paint them with the stupendous charisma of this spell binding Universe; impregnate in them the solidarity to confront even the most acrimonious of impediments that dared come their way.

The contours of her amiably princely lips had already formed in the womb; with even the most capriciously evanescent tinges of red piquantly reflecting at her innocuous birth,

All that we could do was indefatigably make them smile; triumphantly caress all bountifully heavenly goodness; that sumptuously encapsulated the enchanting atmosphere.

The pristine curvatures of her resplendent feet had already formed in the womb; with even the most sensitively pointed of her toes taking wholesome proportions,

All that we could do was Omnisciently maneuver them towards the path of scintillating righteousness; teaching her to traverse shoulder to shoulder; with all mankind; one and ubiquitously alike.

The complexion of her robustly blossoming skin had already formed in the womb; with even the most inconspicuously enamoring of her dimples glistening like fireballs of the Sun; as she emanated her first breath,

All that we could do was perpetually ensure that it remained untainted like that for times immemorial; timelessly enshroud her cheeks with all gregarious benevolence that uninhibitedly floated in the atmosphere.

The cadence of her emphatically unblemished voice had already formed in the womb; with even the most incoherently inherent of her expressions magically visible; as she winked open her eyes to salvage the first sights of this planet, All that we could do was pragmatically teach her to use it for philanthropic humanity; disseminate its ingratiatingly vibrant melody; to each quarter of this Universe enveloped with bizarre solitude.

The trajectory of her immaculately godly ears had already formed in the womb; with even the most inaudible nerves of her lobes; miraculously visible as she gyrated in her cradle to the first sounds of this globe, All that we could do was perennially ensure that even the slightest trace of diabolism stayed infinite kilometers from her impeccable visage; and all that she could ever hear was the tunes of beautifully egalitarian mankind.

The lines on her Omnipresently innocent palms had already formed in the womb; with even the most ethereal insinuations in her life explicitly highlighted; as she ecstatically bounced in the lap of her grandmother, All that we could do was celestially drift her towards the lanes of unprejudiced righteousness; evolve her into being the ultimate messiah of all disastrously anguished humanity.

And the rhythm of her heavenly heartbeats had already formed in the womb; with even the most tiny palpitations of her chest throbbing with effervescent intensity; as she diffused her very first breath, All that we could do was unassailably embody them with the spirit of immortal love; unequivocally ensure that they coalesced with nothing else but sparkling truth till the time they lived; and even countless births that they exuberantly took life once again; thereafter.

13. NOBODY AS PASSIONATE

There was nobody on this fathomless Universe as passionate about poignant rain; as the thunderously reverberating conglomerate of crimson clouds,

There was nobody on this colossal Universe as passionate about sweltering sands; as the majestically sprawling islands of the tenaciously glistening deserts,

There was nobody on this gigantic Universe as passionate about exuberant wind; as the vivaciously rustling leaves of the magnificently blossoming tree,

There was nobody on this boundless Universe as passionate about piquantly rejuvenating salt; as the unsurpassably glorious and ravishingly undulating

oceans,

There was nobody on this unfathomable Universe as passionate about astoundingly bedazzling light; as the tumultuously fulminating fireball of golden Sun,

There was nobody on this gregarious Universe as passionate about silken scent; as the enchantingly everlasting rose; unveiling its whirlpool of untamed artistry; under the resplendent light of the milky moon,

There was nobody on this unending Universe as passionate about handsomely gurgling froth; as the mystically wonderful waterfall; mesmerizing one and all in the swirl of its princely cascade,

There was nobody on this Herculean Universe as passionate about regale evening; as the ethereally inscrutable horizons; diffusing the essence of synergistic equality to far and wide across this celestial earth,

There was nobody on this amiable Universe as passionate about slithering mysticism; as the marvelously gliding serpent; rhetorically coiling into surreptitious folds; to entice the heart of the night,

There was nobody on this limitless Universe as passionate about innocuous mischief; as the impeccably vibrant child; unrelentingly discovering an incomprehensible entrenchment of newness on every step that it charismatically tread,

There was nobody on this eclectic Universe as passionate about wavering enigma; as the uncannily vivid shadow; aristocratically tingling every sagging visage; with cisterns of exotic wonderment,

There was nobody on this divinely Universe as passionate about sacrosanct motherland; as the patriotically blazing soldier; unflinchingly towering upon the diabolical traitors; till the very last iota of his blessed breath,

There was nobody on this timeless Universe as passionate about united strength; as the tenaciously towering mountains; symbiotically withstanding the most acrimonious of storms; sequestering millions of innocent masses from agonizing pain,

There was nobody on this redolent Universe as passionate about expressing emotions; as the compassionately heartfelt writer; incredulously weaving a tale

of superbly effusive artistry; portraying the inner most feelings of his heart,

There was nobody on this charismatic Universe as passionate about the freshly born baby; as the godly mother; who miraculously nourished it with her very own blood; for a persevering 9 months,

There was nobody on this astronomical Universe as passionate about immaculate milk; as the sacredly munching cow; surviving itself on nimble grass; to bequeath upon the world the most priceless elixir of life,

There was nobody on this endowing Universe as passionate about scintillating pearls; as the fantastically pristine oyster; harboring it for centuries immemorial; from even the most diminutive trace of malice,

There was nobody on this vast Universe as passionate about spell binding breath; as the chapter of tirelessly ebullient life; sprouting into a fountain of melody as each instant royally unleashed by,

And there was nobody on this twinkling Universe as passionate about immortal love; as the ardently throbbing heart; unassailably bonding each of its magical beats with beauty and freshness; sensuously lighting the trail of an insatiably uncurbed romance.

14. I REALLY DON'T KNOW

I don't know what else could I have so stupendously cherished for; without your majestically seductive and iridescently twinkling eyelashes?

I don't know what else could I have so wonderfully fantasized for; without your fantastically vibrant and timelessly sensuous stride?

I don't know what else could I have so bountifully felt for; without your compassionately divine and spell bindingly blissful caress?

I don't know what else could I have so unrelentingly wished for; without your celestially fragrant and supremely sacrosanct lips?

I don't know what else could I have so intransigently aspired for; without your philanthropically enchanting and invincibly mellifluous essence of symbiotic mankind?

I don't know what else could I have so timelessly yearned for; without your

magnificently shimmering and flamboyantly fiery inferno's of passionate desire?

I don't know what else could I have so unstoppably leapt for; without your beautifully fluttering and vivaciously mischievous shadow?

I don't know what else could I have so uncontrollably slavered for; without your everlastingly heavenly and pristinely poignant; gorge of sweetness?

I don't know what else could I have so endlessly strived for; without your synergistically godly and ebulliently extraordinary spirit of righteousness?

I don't know what else could I have so fanatically obsessed for; without your majestically handsome and marvelously resplendent smiles?

I don't know what else could I have so indomitably hoped for; without your perennially ecstatic and aristocratically opalescent artistry?

I don't know what else could I have so boundlessly prayed for; without your magnanimously humanitarian and magically blessing ideals?

I don't know what else could I have so fathomlessly endured for; without your ubiquitously unlimited and synergistically fructifying voice?

I don't know what else could I have so ardently dreamt for; without your enigmatically uncanny and princely philandering demeanor?

I don't know what else could I have so patriotically blazed for; without your altruistically unflinching and fearlessly impeccable conscience?

I don't know what else could I have so effulgently sung for; without your freshly embellished and newborn bride; crimson cheeks?

I don't know what else could I have so perpetually loved for; without your charismatically incarcerating and pricelessly infinite heartbeats?

I don't know what else could I have so immortally exhaled for; without your Omnipotently reviving and optimistically enlightening; fireballs of breath?

And I really don't know what else could I have so unconquerably lived for; without your undefeatedly godly and Omnisciently benign life?

15. O! IMMORTAL BELOVED.

My humble salutations to you O! Tantalizing Beloved; for so magnanimously tolerating my eccentrically esoteric repertoire of idiosyncrasies; my marathon hours of sky gazing in the heart of spell bindingly ravishing midnight,

My eternal salutations to you O! Beautiful Beloved; for so chivalrously toleration my congenital habits of challenging conventional society; my unsurpassable ocean of intrepid opinions; which were solely and profusely my very own,

My priceless salutations to you O! Eternal Beloved; for so open heartedly tolerating my inherent tendencies to flirt and philander; romanticize in the aisles of surreally tantalizing desire; till infinite more births of mine,

My unflinching salutations to you O! Pristine Beloved; for so handsomely tolerating my bizarre antagonism from the conventionally turgid society; my principles irrevocably discarding every other religion on this planet; except the religion of unconquerably Omnipotent mankind,

My endless salutations to you O! Celestial Beloved; for so pioneeringly tolerating my sporadic bouts of exasperating nonchalance; my wholesome delineation from the monotonously outside world,

My boundless salutations to you O! Majestic Beloved; for so blissfully tolerating my infuriatingly lambasting anger; my unsurpassable mountain of baseless whims and uxoriously incarcerating habits,

My indefatigable salutations to you O! Inimitable Beloved; for so astoundingly tolerating my disparagingly crucifying agonies; my horrendously harrowing nightmares which at times rendered me worse than lividly cadaverous mortuaries; even in the shimmer of the brilliantly sunlit day,

My intransigent salutations to you O! Mellifluous Beloved; for so magically tolerating my dictatorially chauvinistic ego; my lecherously bohemian demeanor and shaggily uncut toenails,

My unfathomable salutations to you O! Heavenly Beloved; for so miraculously tolerating my disdainfully abusive tongue; my incongruously abstruse babbling like a newborn child; as I snored in the aisles of profoundly solitary sleep,

My triumphant salutations to you O! Immaculate Beloved; for so regally tolerating my fastidiously pernicious obsessions; my unendingly esoteric titillations and tastes of the tongue,

My everlasting salutations to you O! Unblemished Beloved; for so magnificently tolerating my abhorrently prejudiced odor; my outlandishly obsolete way of dressing even as I trespassed amidst the imperially exquisite society,

My timeless salutations to you O! Gorgeous Beloved; for so enchantingly tolerating my ominously dribbling perspiration; my inscrutably inexplicable aura which enshrouded me like a draught of irrevocable wind from all ends,

My ubiquitous salutations to you O! Adorable Beloved; for so patiently tolerating my disastrously stuttering and maimed stride; my hands that smelt of ghoulishly foul fish all day; as I aimlessly sauntered amongst the piles of lifeless crabs and desolate sand,

My godly salutations to you O! Effulgent Beloved; for so wonderfully tolerating my irascibly sneezing nose; my perennial fits of discontentment; which never ever got placated even with the most aristocratic of wealth,

My victorious salutations to you O! Iridescent Beloved; for so fragrantly tolerating my disastrously penurious demeanor; my rotten juggernaut of hollow luck; which venomously marauded my pockets with more and more holes; as the instants zipped by,

My spell binding salutations to you O! Sacrosanct Beloved; for so sagaciously tolerating my uninhibitedly exotic fearlessness; my uncanny slips into the unfettered wilderness from time to time; without even leaving the tiniest of innuendo behind,

My ardent salutations to you O! Unconquerable Beloved; for so opulently tolerating my erotically decrepit fantasies; my unstoppably brute masculine force; which at times was more tempestuous than raw thunderbolts of lightening to confront,

My convivial salutations to you O! holistic Beloved; for so remarkably tolerating my inevitably decaying breath; my viciously cancerous presence all day and even after the clock hours gallivanted well past; the strokes of invidiously sinister midnight,

And my tireless salutations to you O! Immortal Beloved; for so synergistically tolerating me as your diminutively impoverished husband; bonding even the most infinitesimal element of your heart; soul and conscience with mine; even though I was just an undeservingly scurrilous stranger trying to parasitically

creep into your blessed life.

16. BUT YET I SURRENDERED

The most pernicious of mountains on this Universe miserably failed to deter me; as I euphorically surged like an untamed prince; without batting even an infinitesimal eyelid; beyond the summits of eternal paradise,

The most lecherous of oceans on this Universe disdainfully failed to drown me; as I vivaciously flew like an inimitably majestic eagle; over the fathomlessly priceless carpet of this astoundingly panoramic earth,

The most abstruse of forests on this Universe pathetically failed to scare me; as I uninhibitedly raced like an impregnable panther through the poignantly regale paths; of the spell bindingly sunlit hills,

The most vindictive of cannibals on this Universe ludicrously failed to devour me; as I timelessly slept in the caverns of unprecedented exhilaration; enchantingly fantasizing about the fathomless treasures of solidarity; for infinite more births of mine,

The most avaricious of parasites on this Universe lugubriously failed to suck me; as I tirelessly sang like a mellifluously golden nightingale all exotic night; only to embrace realms of profoundly unassailable sleep; the entire swelteringly sunlit day,

The most diabolical of prisons on this Universe harrowingly failed to incarcerate me; as I sailed in harmoniously princely unison with the gorgeously gregarious atmosphere; blending even the most diminutive of my senses with the religion of symbiotically priceless mankind,

The most fetid of traitors on this Universe disparagingly failed to harm me; as I bountifully blazed in an unrelenting saga of immortal bravery; altruistically serving my sacrosanct mother soil; till I abdicated my very last breath,

The most simpering of deserts on this Universe stupidly failed to scorch me; as I celestially floated in a paradise of magnanimously unending goodness; uniting tumultuously estranged souls across this boundless planet; in the threads of irrevocably handsome truth,

The most licentious of venoms on this Universe preposterously failed to asphyxiate me; as I radiantly proliferated into a river of sensuously enamoring

happiness; every unfurling minute of my diminutively delineated lifetime,

The most acrimonious of thorns on this Universe ingloriously failed to perpetuate me; as I galloped like thunderbolts of profusely vibrant lightening; through the corridors of blissfully heavenly prosperity,

The most sinister of witches on this Universe insipidly failed to jinx me; as I unconquerably permeated through even the most ephemerally treacherous norm of the acridly abhorrent society; metamorphosing every bit of salaciously derogatory lies into the island of; blessed righteousness,

The most tumultuous of sunrays on this Universe repeatedly failed to stifle me; as I fearlessly blossomed into the most rhapsodically effulgent fruits of God's creation; since the very first cry of my beautiful birth,

The most unfathomable of superpowers on this Universe disastrously failed to tame me; as I irrefutably vanquished even the most evanescent trace of evil on this globe; philanthropically crusading for the cause of symbiotic peace; by the grace of the Almighty Lord,

The most hedonistic of maelstroms on this Universe ridiculously failed to shake me; as I exhaled into a fireball of intransigently dazzling exuberance; optimistically enlightening the lives of one and all; aristocratically alike,

The most truculent of scorpions on this Universe flagrantly failed to sting me; as I triumphantly emerged from the aisles of inconspicuously obsolete nothingness; as the ultimate harbinger of resplendently robust humanity,

The most remorseful of graveyards on this Universe stupefyingly failed to haunt me; as I culminated into the rainbow of holistically gifted existence; indefatigably kissing the freshly formed golden dew,

The most adverse of tyrannical agonies on this Universe grotesquely failed to overpower me; as I spawned into an unsurpassably benign entrenchment of happiness; diffusing the mantra of contentment on every path that I nimbly tread,

The most devilish of deaths on this Universe dastardly failed to annihilate me; as I mushroomed into an endless festoon of eclectically wonderful lives; every unleashing instant on this earth and beyond,

O! Yes; All of the above and incomprehensibly more was unquestionably there

with me by the grace of the Omnipotent Lord; But yet I fell on her divinely feet like a speck of frigidly parsimonious wind; But yet I uncontrollably shivered like a diminishing destitute in her perpetual palms; But yet I lost all direction of my life in her impeccably twinkling eyes; But yet I forever surrendered myself as the ultimate slave of her immortally beating heart.

17. YOUR GODLY SWEAT

Just an infinitesimal droplet of its mesmerizing golden upon my lips; was enough to irrefutably perpetuate the corridors of ardently untamed longing in my diminutively disheveled persona,

Just an inconspicuous droplet of its enchanting golden upon my eyelashes; was enough to catapult me beyond the aisles of unprecedented fantasy; for centuries pricelessly immemorial,

Just a mercurial droplet of its spell binding golden upon my palms; was enough to bless me as the most unconquerably symbiotic human existing; disseminating the essence of eternal truth on every quarter of this fathomless Universe,

Just a parsimonious droplet of its glorious golden upon my tongue; was enough to celestially reinvigorate each of my drearily dying and estranged nerves; replenish my countenance with the mantra of synergistically divine existence,

Just an evanescent droplet of its exotic golden upon my cheeks; was enough to metamorphose the most traumatically tyrannized suffering of my survival; into a rivulet of unsurpassably unending happiness,

Just an ephemeral droplet of its timeless golden upon my ears; was enough to resplendently enlighten my despondently quavering sensitivity; into a sky of unassailably bountiful dreams,

Just a fugitive droplet of its handsome golden upon my fingers; was enough to enthrall me more iridescently than the vivaciously dancing peacocks; as if the entire exuberance of this panoramic planet had become the whites of my impeccable eye,

Just a disappearing droplet of its stupendous golden upon my belly; was enough to unfathomably evolve me into an entrenchment of unlimited sensuousness; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Just an obsolete droplet of its ebullient golden upon my tongue; was enough to

make me wholesomely oblivious to even the most impregnably enticing titillation on the trajectory of this boundless Universe; profusely drowning every bone of my body into an ocean of heavenly tanginess,

Just an insipid droplet of its bounteous golden upon my shadow; was enough to limitlessly tingle me till the epitome of unparalleled voluptuousness; as I tirelessly slavered on the slippery sand; feasting every pore of my skin in the milky moonlight,

Just a fleeting droplet of its ingratiating golden upon my nape; was enough to perennially drift me towards the cocoons of inimitably jubilant ecstasy; every unveiling instant of my impoverished life,

Just an infidel droplet of its majestic golden upon my shoulders; was enough to beautifully transpire me to incessantly augment the threshold of my artistry; unceasingly replenish my every bone with the countless treasures of this wonderfully holistic Universe,

Just a minuscule droplet of its rhapsodic golden upon my conscience; was enough to enrich my depravingly beleaguered existence; with the perpetually magnificent colors of unshakable solidarity,

Just an effervescent droplet of its everlasting golden upon my chest; was enough to triumphantly tantalize till even after the veritable end of my time; and as every ingredient of niceness around me withered and obnoxiously died,

Just an incongruous droplet of its emollient golden upon my foot; was enough to instill in me the insurmountably intrepid tenacity of an unflinching adventurer; as I patriotically blazed like an inferno of scintillating righteousness; upon every prejudiced trace of the devil,

Just an inarticulate droplet of its supreme golden upon my soul; was enough to make me ardently persevere for the cause of benevolent humanity; decimate even the most frigid speck of indiscriminate racialism; forever and ever and ever from this innocuously vivid planet,

Just a fugacious droplet of its ever-pervading golden upon my nostrils; was enough for me to assimilate all felicity of a limitless more lifetimes; exist as an undefeated prince even in the most satanically devilish of winds,

Just an obfuscated droplet of its poignant golden upon my heart; was enough for me to fathomlessly feel the astounding freshness of life to its most indomitable

fullest; palpitate more thunderously than the unequivocal clouds; now for the ultimate love of my life,

O! Yes; such was the Omnipotent power of just that ethereally vanishing droplet of heavenliness that dribbled from your newly wedded skin; such was the incomprehensibly eternal fragrance of just that incoherent droplet which oozed from your immaculate arms; such was the efficacious effulgence of just that tiny droplet of your Godly sweat

18. WHAT I WAS UNCONQUERABLY SURE ABOUT

What tomorrow would bring for me in its exhilaratingly blissful winds; I didn't care; nor did have even the tiniest of longing to know,
But what I was unconquerably sure about was that; each ingredient of my emaciated eye ardently wanted to witness your divinely silhouette this very moment; without the slightest of hindrance in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its graciously bountiful lap; I didn't care; nor did have even the most diminutive of longing to know,
But what I was unassailably sure about was that; each droplet of my trembling blood fervently wanted to blend with your philanthropically handsome goodness this very moment; without the slightest of impediments in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its ingratiatingly inexplicable horizons; I didn't care; nor did have even the most parsimonious of longing to know,
But what I was unfathomably sure about was that; each line of my impoverished palm insatiably wanted to entwine with your majestically unfurling life this very moment; without the slightest of darkness in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its royally resplendent swirl; I didn't care; nor did have even the most mercurial of longing to know,
But what I was invincibly sure about was that; each cracked contour of my lips triumphantly wanted to intermingle with your sensuously iridescent senses this very moment; without the slightest of morass in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its enigmatically philandering breath; I didn't care; nor did have even the most remote longing to know,
But what I was boundlessly sure about was that; each vein of my abysmally faltering legs zanily wanted to coalesce with your benevolently humanitarian stride this very moment; without the slightest of duress in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its celestially vibrant fabric; I didn't care; nor did have even the most oblivious longing to know,
But what I was indefatigably sure about was that; each chord of my preposterously scorched throat tumultuously wanted to slaver your Samaritan sweetness this very moment; without the slightest of treachery in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its vividly coruscated dawn; I didn't care; nor did have even the most cloistered of longing to know,
But what I was impregnably sure about was that; each miserably bereaved bone of mine unrelentingly wanted the compassionate caress of your magical palms this very moment; without the slightest of embroilment in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its spell bindingly enamoring resplendence; I didn't care; nor did have even the most insipid of longing to know,
But what I was limitlessly sure about was that; each sordidly estranged pore of my flesh perennially wanted to bond with your rhapsodic melody this very moment; without the slightest of bedlam in between and the recital of NO.

What tomorrow would bring for me in its enchantingly fragrant corridor; I didn't care; nor did have even the most infidel of longing to know,
But what I was fathomlessly sure about was that; each devastatingly diminishing breath of mine perpetually wanted to entwine with your altruistically fearless life this very moment; without the slightest of inhibition in between and the recital of NO.

And what tomorrow would bring for me in its redolently euphoric wave; I didn't care; nor did have even the most ephemeral of longing to know,
But what I was supremely sure about was that; each beat of my gratuitously feckless heart immortally wanted to entrench with your love this very moment; without the slightest of hesitation in between and the recital of NO.

19. PLEASE DON'T EVER LEAVE ME

Even if you didn't glimpse an infinitesimal iota towards me the entire sweltering day; neglecting me like a chunk of threadbare shit; as you wholeheartedly flirted with your surreptitious paramour right in front of my eyes,

Even if you didn't appreciate my worldclass accomplishments an inconspicuous trifle; sadistically preferring to feed the wood on my scintillating trophies; to your

fleet of obnoxiously indolent termites,

Even if you didn't cuddle my innocuously trembling chin an infidel bit;
blasphemously drenching my impoverished persona with acrimonious cauldrons
of diabolical acid,

Even if you didn't clap for me the slightest as I triumphantly kissed the glorious
pinnacles of Everest; ignominiously ridiculed me for looking like a frigid
scarecrow; from the point where she sighted me on robust earth,

Even if you didn't kiss me on my passionately slavering cheeks; satanically
diverting all gruesomely grisly lizards of the house; to insidiously crawl on them
instead,

Even if you didn't mischievously cavort with me through the bountifully sun
soaked hills; truculently lambasting my nimbly shivering skin with whiplashes of
devilish hatred instead,

Even if you didn't regally cajole me in my times of disparagingly deteriorating
duress; using my tears instead of table salt; for titillating your spuriously roasted
meat; instead,

Even if you didn't rejoice with me as I assimilated every speck of celestial
enlightenment on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe; heinously
preferring to clandestinely gallop with ghoulish corpses in sinister darkness;
instead,

Even if you didn't respect the most benevolent of my deeds an ephemeral trace;
saluting the lascivious dungeon of sleazy parasites with profound admiration in
your eyes; instead,

Even if you didn't pay heed to the most despairingly traumatic of my cries;
uninhibitedly dancing to the tunes of my horrific agony; violently smooching your
boyfriend; instead,

Even if you didn't empathize the tiniest with my overwhelmingly dreary bones
after I acridly faced the onslaught of the remorsefully manipulative society;
gagging a mortuary of torching needles into my mouth as I holistically snored,

Even if you didn't fantasize about my regally brandishing sword and patriotic
scepter; ludicrously chortling your breath out; as I valiantly stepped into the
rampaging battlefield; to defend my very own sacrosanct motherland,

Even if you didn't relentlessly walk by my side as I trespassed through all the good and sordidly bad in life; vengefully laid the most lecherously bawdy barricades in every of my advancing paths; instead,

Even if you didn't cook tantalizing morsels of food for my miserably emaciated stomach; ruthlessly extricated my mass of intricately poignant intestines; to feed the cacophonically wailing eunuchs outside; instead,

Even if you didn't mesmerize my uxoriously livid nerves with mellifluously ebullient sound; mercilessly left the horde of salaciously victimizing wolves upon my naked flesh; when I was snoozing; instead,

Even if you didn't believe one bit in the most sagaciously righteous of my preachings; maliciously blowing the rambunctiously blowing horns of your car full throttle; the instant I attempted to open my nimble mouth,

Even if you didn't like it an evanescent speck if I took your name; barbarously slashed the rosy pink of my lips with the malevolently prejudiced butcher's knife; if I dared to praise your enamoring countenance,

Even if you didn't respect me an ethereal iota for all my immortally compassionate love; tirelessly kept expurgating your feces upon my skull; envisaging it to be your favorite lavatory seat,

Nevertheless; Your mere presence itself has and will forever inspire me; making me feel the most pricelessly blessed entity alive; miraculously metamorphosing every element of my grief into a paradise of unconquerable happiness,

So therefore it is my humble request to you O! eternal beloved; execute whatever conceivable torture you could upon my diminutive persona; crucify me with all the badness that exists on this Universe; blind me with all the hatred in your life; but please don't leave me to lead a life more penalizing than death; please don't ever leave me.

20. NO EXPERIMENTATION

I indefatigably experimented with my clothes; at times aimlessly wandering in skimpily bedraggled shorts; while at times majestically embellishing even the most lackadaisical bone of my impoverished body; with a paradise of unendingly coruscating satin,

I unrelentingly experimented with my food; at times plaintively surviving on

inconspicuously threadbare morsels of dolorous bread; while at times regally titillating my emaciated taste buds with Imperial slices of Italian cheese and sensuously exotic champagne,

I limitlessly experimented with my dwelling; at times ludicrously residing in preposterously stinking gutter pipes; while at times enchantingly snoring in castles of exquisitely Oriental gold and resplendently twinkling pearls,

I tirelessly experimented with my makeup's; at times coating my diminutively trembling skin with sleazily libidinous mascara; while at times vivaciously painting my entire visage with celestially voluptuous blackberry juice,

I relentlessly experimented with my slang's; at times conversing in an incongruously unruly rustic accent which only the dogs could understand; while at times unassailably silencing one and all on this gigantic planet; with the power of my eloquently mesmerizing speech,

I unfathomably experimented with my temperament's; at times laconically floating like a cadaverously silent graveyard in the aisles of insipid nothingness; while at times tempestuously fulminating into a boundless cosmos of insatiably heart-rendering passion,

I incessantly experimented with my footwear; at times nonchalantly trespassing through the eccentrically skewed dungeons barefoot; while at times encapsulating my ebulliently protruding toes; with the most exorbitantly supreme snake leather skins,

I continuously experimented with my perfumes; at times smudging every speck of my languishing demeanor with a bizarre concoction of tomatoes and indolent mushrooms; while at times bathing in a heavenly pond of blissful musk till times immemorial,

I unstoppably experimented with my languages; at times fanatically absorbing myself into the fathomless literary volumes of my very own native tongue; while at times ubiquitously disseminating the essence of global peace and eternal brotherhood in; iridescently International English,

I unlimitedly experimented with my toothbrushes; at times ruthlessly brushing across the consortium of my decaying yellow with stringently inclement tree twigs; while at times using a myriad of contemporarily world class brands to bounteously enlighten the bedraggled cavities in my mouth,

I zanyly experimented with my smells; at times disastrously snoozing the entire day inhaling squalidly rebuked attic air; while at times triumphantly dancing till spaces beyond eternity; to the redolently mesmerizing scent of the divinely atmosphere,

I unsparingly experimented with my women; at times losing all interest in life with girls full of sardonically barbarous criticism; while at times jubilantly dancing with the ultimate nubile angels having descended from the lap of beautifully blessed heaven,

I countlessly experimented with my jewelry; at times wearing esoterically jinxed necklace's of gruesomely infidel bones; while at times handsomely draping my shivering persona with aristocratically poignant cascades of brilliant diamond,

I ardently experimented with my desires; at times withering away like a stoically feckless leaf even in the most spellbindingly rhapsodic of winds; while at times uncontrollably spawning into a thunderbolt of insuperably blistering passion; swiping every trajectory of mother earth with everlastingly unfettered energy,

I obsessively experimented with my colors; at times choosing the most dirties shade of brown to woefully lambaste my penalizing coffin; while at times blossoming into eclectic rainbows of glorious prosperity; for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil,

I unceasingly experimented with my titillations; at times using monotonous rockets of fretful paper to stimulate my treacherously dying pores; while at times wonderfully assimilating the most panoramically exotic treasures of this earth; to blend with the invincible enthuse of my bloodstreams,

I timelessly experimented with my fantasies; at times tyrannically envisaging only about matchbox shaped corporate offices with potbellied tycoons wasting marathon hours in sonorous cigar smoke and the robotically disdainful mobile phone; while at times intransigently dreaming all day and night about the chapters of enriching proliferation and philanthropic goodness on the fabric of this gigantic Universe,

I uninhibitedly experimented with my philosophies; at times conceiving the prejudiced manipulation was quintessential to exist amidst the pack of horrifically bloodsucking wolves today; while at times pioneering the mantra of selfless sacrifice in even the most mercurial quarter of this world,

And if there was indeed one thing on this planet; which I never did or would ever want to experiment with; then it was our immortal love; for my heart was forever yours O! Godly Beloved; right since the time it first euphorically leapt out for you; and till the time death do us apart; without the slightest of baffling experimentation in between.

21. JUST SO THAT

I endlessly kept committing a pathetic graveyard of flagrant idiosyncrasies; just so that you could correct me; with the eternally magical righteousness in your bountiful voice,

I endlessly kept tossing and turning on the coldbloodedly laconic floor; just so that you could put me to heavenly sleep; with the compassionately timeless sensuousness in your tantalizing fingers,

I endlessly kept speaking derogatorily insipid lies; just so that you could Omnipotently enlighten me; with the essence of unassailably glorious truth in your unflinching stride,

I endlessly kept myself egregiously emaciated; just so that you could majestically placate my every desire; with the fortress of invincible camaraderie in your impeccable eyes,

I endlessly kept nonchalantly staring at meaningless bits of barren sky; just so that you could stupefy me to the most unprecedented limits; with the mesmerizing cadence in your magnetic senses,

I endlessly kept maliciously abusing whosoever I encountered in my way; just so that you could teach me to be civilized; with the principles of priceless humanity ubiquitously disseminating from your every breath,

I endlessly kept fretting and fuming at everything that was laid my way; just so that you could marvelously quell all my lunatic restlessness; with the regally silken charisma of your soul,

I endlessly kept executing the most abashing of spelling mistakes; just so that you could aristocratically enrich me; with your insuperably magnificent power of linguistics,

I endlessly kept myself drearily dirty and languishing like a chunk of insipid shit;

just so that you could rejuvenate even the most infinitesimal of my traumatized senses; with the insatiable exuberance in your victorious leap,

I endlessly kept bruising myself without the slightest rhyme or reason; just so that you could perennially anoint my disastrously slavering wounds; with the religion of impregnable humanity in your divinely palms,

I endlessly kept agnostically repenting every beautiful moment of my life; just so that you could ingratiatingly drift me towards the skies of the unconquerably Omniscient Lord; with your spirit of patriotically blazing freedom,

I endlessly kept impudently slandering my revered elders; just so that you could royally mitigate me from the crutches of crucifying mercilessness; with the unbelievably altruistic tranquility enshrouding your humble existence,

I endlessly kept ridiculing the most handsomely symbiotic ideals of creation; just so that you could make me blend with the celestial rudiments of my creation; with the goodness of your magnanimously sacred spontaneity,

I endlessly kept skeptically surmising about even the most harmonious of saints; just so that you could beautifully filter the acrimonious dirt from my mind; with your undauntedly untamed conviction,

I endlessly kept sadistically victimizing my own self; just so that you could perpetually guide me towards the most wonderfully replenishing salvation of my life; with the carpet of your resplendently embellished desires,

I endlessly kept uncontrollably shivering under the deathly chill of the scurrilously vindictive night; just so that you could entwine me in your splendidly humanitarian warmth; with the inferno of boundless desire rampantly simmering in every pore of your skin,

I endlessly kept preposterously indulging myself into a plethora of imperiling vices; just so that you could metamorphose my entire personality into that of a synergistically innocuous organism; with the mantra of ebullient triumph radiating unstoppably from your eyelashes,

I endlessly kept forgetting even the most quintessentially vital things; just so that you could pamper the child in me to the most unfathomable fullest; inundate my diminutively impoverished life with the limitless happiness in your everlasting soul,

And I endlessly kept trying to extinguish every speck of my beleaguered existence; just so that you could incarcerate my penuriously quavering senses in the entrenchment of your immortally blessing love; blissfully uniting our lives in holy matrimony; for times even after infinite more births of ours yet to come.

22. MY LIFE WITHOUT YOU

My life without you; was like the resplendently exotic rose left disdainfully estranged; amidst an acrimonious battalion of ballistically pugnacious cactus,

My life without you; was like the brilliantly vibrant eye left penuriously staggering; amidst a venomous graveyard of invidiously sinister darkness,

My life without you; was like the astoundingly aristocratic Sun left miserably sulking; behind a treacherously penalizing coffin of shaggily disheveled and adulterated clouds,

My life without you; was like the regally bountiful pearls left inexorably fretting; in the sordidly gory interiors of the raunchily fetid gutter pipe,

My life without you; was like the exuberantly triumphant bird left hopelessly wailing; behind the diabolically victimizing and satanically gleaming prison bars,

My life without you; was like the pinnacle of the unassailable mountain left dreadfully defeated; under a frigidly threadbare avalanche of feckless ice,

My life without you; was like the patriotically blazing warrior left relentlessly cursing his luck; amidst the manipulatively parasitic politicians,

My life without you; was like the euphorically victorious ocean left to lugubriously slaver; amidst the dastardly cockroaches of the diminutively soiled lavatory seat,

My life without you; was like the fantastically eclectic artist left to unstoppably asphyxiate; obnoxiously imprisoned within the walls of the monotonously matchbox shaped and wastrel office,

My life without you; was like the newly embellished bride left hysterically sobbing; amidst insurmountably punitive layers of cadaverously widowed white,

My life without you; was like the blissfully wedded couple left to enjoy their iridescent honeymoon; amidst the rambunctiously dusty and discordantly

begging streets,

My life without you; was like the intrepidly young man left to miserably deteriorate; amidst heavy numbered glasses; forlorn crutches and a bedraggled walking stick,

My life without you; was like timelessly ticking clock left to vindictively weep; amidst the infinitesimally worthless dwelling of the invisible ghosts,

My life without you; was like the exquisitely redolent and feather tipped pen left to become delirious; amidst the mordantly corrugated periphery of the jaggedly cold-hearted rocks,

My life without you; was like the unflinchingly handsome panther left to disparagingly growl; amidst lackluster blades of nimbly vegetarian and teasingly evanescent grass,

My life without you; was like the unfathomably mellifluous nightingale left to bang its beak; amidst the brutally stuttering horde of the hedonistically stone deaf,

My life without you; was like irrefutably scintillating truth and humanity left to march; in the land of the ignominiously scurrilous and baselessly devilish hell,

My life without you; was like rhapsodically insatiable breath left to perniciously wither; under the hood of the dolorously damned and strangulating coffin of extinction,

And my life without you O! Eternal beloved; was like the passionately immortal heart heartlessly left; amidst the sadistically unsavory scorpions of severely jinxed betrayal.

23. NO POWER EVER BORN

They could perhaps ruthlessly snatch our eyes; horrifically blinding us with their derogatory barbarism; for the remainder of our impoverished lives,

But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine; who could snatch the unfathomable whirlpools of compassionate empathy; that we harbored for each other; in our everlastingly insuperable and brilliant hearts.

They could perhaps mercilessly snatch our ears; lecherously annihilating them

from our face; with their satanically blood stained swords,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the unprecedented fascination that we harbored for each other;
in our bountifully timeless and philanthropic hearts.

They could perhaps indiscriminately snatch our bellies; deliriously extricating
even the last bit of our intricately blissful intestines,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the insurmountable magnetism that we harbored for each
other; in our beautifully vivid and eclectic hearts.

They could perhaps perfidiously snatch our legs; tyrannically incarcerating and
maiming us in chains of maliciously unending torture; till the time we
relinquished our last breath,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the inexorable passion that we harbored for each other; in our
resplendently twinkling and unconquerable hearts.

They could perhaps lethally snatch all our dreams; truculently bludgeoning our
brains on coldblooded rock; replenishing their parasitic stomachs with the
gruesomely grotesque and pulverized curry,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the unflinching solidarity that we harbored for each other; in
our iridescently burgeoning and panoramic hearts.

They could perhaps irascibly snatch our arms; hedonistically forcing us to
discordantly beg on the threadbare streets; so that their pockets perennially
glittered with sanctimoniously sleazy silk and gold,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the tirelessly ardent longing that we harbored for each other;
in our gloriously effulgent and diligent hearts.

They could perhaps salaciously snatch our smiles; venomously infiltrating even
the most inconspicuous iota of our happiness; with perverted mortuaries of
uxoriously sadistic prejudice,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine;
who could snatch the majestically royal camaraderie that we harbored for each
other; in our sensuously galloping and impeccable hearts.

They could perhaps brutally snatch our shadows; ignominiously extraditing us
from the civilization outside; just to lick the floors of their already spick and span
dwelling,

But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine; who could snatch the spirit of sacrifice that we harbored for each other; in our passionately impregnable and unparalleled hearts.

And they could perhaps gorily snatch our wealth; rendering us to stagger in the aisles of uncouth nothingness; while they spuriously cavorted in the glory of our perseveringly righteous prosperity,
But there was no power ever born on earth and sky except the Almighty Divine; who could snatch the immortally inimitable love that we harbored for each other; in our magnetically bonded and celestial hearts.

24. RELAX

RELAX. Let the whole world outside crazily Run. As you're the only one who's eventually destined to bond with her perpetually sacrosanct fragrance; by the grace of the Omnisciently Almighty Lord,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside desperately Run. As you're the only one with whom she had insatiably desired to bond; since the very first cry of her everlastingly mesmerizing birth,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside bizarrely Run. As you're the only one who care's for her; more than anyone else on this gigantic earth could ever cogitate; or ever could,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside pugnaciously Run. As you're the only one whom she unrelentingly fantasized about; all blisteringly sunlit day and every unfurling minute past the heart of fantastically voluptuous midnight,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside disastrously Run. As you're the only one whom she congenitally likes to court; keep perennially embedded as the most priceless jewel in the center of her impeccable eyes,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside ludicrously Run. As you're the only one who's dedicated to even the most infinitesimally fugacious cause of her vibrant life; embracing every obnoxious impediment that came her way without a tear in your victorious eye,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside lunatically Run. As you're the only one whom she intransigently prayed for since she emanated her very first breath; immortalizing you as her eternal mate even before her brain had the power to think,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside fanatically Run. As you're the only one whom she tirelessly sketched on the pristine seas shores; even as the truculent waves irritatingly swiped your impressions umpteenth times in a single minute,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside disparagingly Run. As you're the only one whom she considered as revered as her godly parents; to bountifully harness the chapter of her iridescently beautiful life,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside deliriously Run. As you're the only one whom she indefatigably serenaded; even as the most hedonistically torrential of maelstroms; lambasted the earth from every construable side and space,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside preposterously Run. As you're the only one whom she irrefutably considered her every destiny line; the fascinating litany of events timelessly unveiling in her blessed life,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside egregiously Run. As you're the only one whose name she chanted even in the realms of unconsciously deep sleep; Omnisciently witnessing your portrait in every goodness that she poignantly caressed,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside insipidly Run. As you're the only one whom she unflinchingly patronized; even as corpses of bawdily indescribable savagery asphyxiated her from all sides,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside baselessly Run. As you're the only one whom she envisaged as the ultimate prince of her destitute life; unassailably enlightening the lamps of her fretfully withering existence,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside superfluously Run. As you're the only one whom she sensuously cavorted with in every wink that she mischievously took,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside remorsefully Run. As you're the only one whom she marvelously solemnized for your articulately astounding versatility; insuperably blending with the blood that flowed through your artistic veins,

RELAX. Let the whole world outside fecklessly Run. As you're the only one whom she impregnably wanted to be a quintessential ingredient of her existence; the pinnacle of successful fragrance in her truncated life,

RELAX. Let the whole world tyrannically Run outside. As you're the only one

whom she had perpetually coalesced with even the most mercurial breath that she diffused; for infinite more births yet to unleash,

And RELAX. Let the whole world barbarously Run outside. As you're the only one whom she had immortally given all her heart and love to; unconquerably enveloping herself in your embrace so passionate; that even the God's considered it sinful to break.

25. REMARRIAGE

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the majestically tantalizing shadow; of my eternally enchanting wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the impeccably embellished smile; of my bountifully spawning wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the Omnipotently blazing stride; of my amiably enthralling wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the unflinchingly altruistic solidarity; of my compassionately cuddling wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the ingratiatingly fantastic charisma; of my eclectically panoramic wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the Omnisciently exotic splendor; of my immaculately heavenly wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the ubiquitously unending timelessness; of my exhilaratingly ebullient wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the philanthropically benign graciousness; of my ecstatically triumphant wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with

the jubilantly spell binding vivaciousness; of my astoundingly sacred wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the boundless fascinating fantasies; of my iridescently perennial wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the euphorically vivid aura; of my sensuously celestial wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the intrepidly brazen chested spirit; of my ecumenically effulgent wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the profoundly intoxicating enigma; of my limitlessly enthusing wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the exultatingly marvelous fragrance; of my gloriously mysterious wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the beautifully vibrant synergy; of my fantastically humanitarian wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the symbiotically harmonious ramifications; of my congenially intriguing wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the irrefutably unassailable transparency; of my charmingly mellifluous wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the romantically blessing breath; of my innovatively princely wife; once again,

O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the unshakably godly demeanor; of my pristinely piquant wife; once again,

And O! Yes; I was wholeheartedly prepared to remarry an infinite times; but only with the unconquerably immortal heart; of my unabashedly loving wife; once again.

26. ON THE STATION OF LOVE

The train of profoundly spine tingling mysticism stopped only on the station; of astoundingly fantastic and uncannily tantalizing bewilderment,

The train of symbiotically coalescing philanthropism stopped only on the station; of eternally resplendent and timelessly bountiful mankind,

The train of poignantly unending compassion stopped only on the station; of perpetually unshakable and gloriously unconquerable friendship,

The train of blazingly truthful expression stopped only on the station; of majestically blissful and implacably kingly artistry,

The train of altruistically uninhibited sharing stopped only on the station; of perennially burgeoning and euphorically triumphant happiness,

The train of mischievously philandering flirtation stopped only on the station; of enchantingly ebullient and serendipitously clandestine seduction,

The train of unflinchingly intrepid bravery stopped only on the station; of boundlessly revered and unconquerable immortality,

The train of panoramically eclectic beauty stopped only on the station; of stupendously benevolent and undefeated graciousness,

The train of Omnipotently scintillating optimism stopped only on the station; of gloriously embellished and impregnably inimitable victory,

The train of intransigently exploring intrigue stopped only on the station; of ingratiatingly mesmerizing and ecstatically vibrant innovation,

The train of synergistically united existence stopped only on the station; of irrefutably invincible and jubilantly unlimited righteousness,

The train of divinely sacrosanct worship stopped only on the station; of congenitally blessed and indomitably Omniscient motherhood,

The train of beautifully unblemished sacrifice stopped only on the station; of profusely fascinating and unsurpassably regale benevolence,

The train of harmoniously creative energy stopped only on the station; of vividly burgeoning and immaculately unassailable newness,

The train of insatiably untamed passion stopped only on the station; of unequivocally limitless and fantastically effulgent embrace,

The train of innocently heart rendering playfulness stopped only on the station; of unrestrictedly iridescent and gorgeously oblivious childhood,

The train of indefatigably experimenting style stopped only on the station; of radiantly fructifying and ubiquitously blossoming freshness,

The train of Omnipotently blessed life stopped only on the station; of bounteously spawning and magically unfurling adventure,

And train of unstoppably throbbing hearts stopped only on the station; of immortally godly and wonderfully uninhibited love.

27. IMMORTALLY OVERPOWERING

Immortally overpowering; were her majestically seductive and ingratiating lips; over the lackadaisically chapped contours; which were diminutively mine,

Immortally overpowering; were her tantalizingly ravishing and swirling hair; over the uncontrollably trembling scalp; which was parsimoniously mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her stupendously fragrant and bountiful belly; over the insatiably starved folds; which were humbly mine,

Immortally overpowering; were her poignantly crimson and Omnipotent cheeks; over the pathetically freckled skin; which was stingily mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her celestially mellifluous and rhapsodic voice; over the uncannily quavering cadence; which was miserly mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her fantastically embellished and articulate neck; over the ruggedly penurious flesh; which was emaciatingly mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her royally philanthropic and timeless graciousness; over the rampantly vacillating emotions; which were quintessentially mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her irrefutably insuperable and unflinching faith;
over the fabric of untamed sensuality; which was ethereally mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her enchantingly spell bindingly and glorious
fragrance; over the onerously oozing armpits; which were intricately mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her charismatically magical and unassailable
grace; over the incessantly shivering goose-bumps; which were nostalgically
mine,

Immortally overpowering; were her fascinatingly dangling and immaculate
earlobes; over the obsoletely deafened senses; which were minutely mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her divinely mesmerizing and vivacious dance;
over the profusely famished rhythm; which was nonchalantly mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her beautifully heavenly and enigmatic shadow;
over the desolately destitute stride; which was haplessly mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her benevolently egalitarian and sacrosanct
humanity; over the maliciously manipulated whisper; which was sleazily mine,

Immortally overpowering; were her miraculously healing and unconquerable
feet; over the nervously skittish uncertainty; which was sporadically mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her blazingly altruistic and self made destiny
lines; over the despicably withering frigidity; which was hopelessly mine,

Immortally overpowering; were her magnanimously bestowing and patriotic
shoulders; over the tumultuously proliferating uncanniness; which was inherently
mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her intransigently righteous and innocuous
conscience; over the web of derogatory malice; which was forcibly mine,

Immortally overpowering; was her magnetically invincible and Omniscient
breath; over the unsurpassably asphyxiating hollowness; which was truculently
mine,

And Immortally overpowering; was her perpetually magnificent and endless love;
over the preposterously diminishing heart; which was ungainly mine.

28. IF YOU REALLY LOVED HER

Don't try to ruthlessly imprison her majestic eyes; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally ooze uninhibited rivulets of insurmountably ecstatic and bountiful empathy; solely for you instead,

Don't try to baselessly imprison her poignant lips; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally fulminate into a festoon of compassionately eternal and vibrant smiles; solely for you instead,

Don't try to derogatorily imprison her bountiful cheeks; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally twinkle into an astoundingly effulgent and fructifying camaraderie; solely for you instead,

Don't try to maliciously imprison her spell binding eyelids; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally flutter into an unfathomable gorge of irrefutable adulation; solely for you instead,

Don't try to abhorrently imprison her unflinching footsteps; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally advance like avalanches of unfettered and unconquerable passion; solely for you instead,

Don't try to truculently imprison her sensuous shadow; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally grope like an eternally silken and nubile princess; solely for you instead,

Don't try to diabolically imprison her harmonious thoughts; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally tower like the clouds of mesmerizing and supreme timelessness; solely for you instead,

Don't try to perniciously imprison her regale smiles; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally flow in a river of impregnable and priceless solidarity; solely for you instead,

Don't try to disastrously imprison her altruistic identity; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally blaze into a fathomless sky of Omnipotent and everlasting shine; solely for you instead,

Don't try to hedonistically imprison her mellifluous voice; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally sing an unsurpassable entrenchment of amiably bonding and effervescent rhyme; solely for you instead,

Don't try to savagely imprison her ecstatic sweat; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally exude into a fountain of fantastic and enigmatic vivaciousness; solely for you instead,

Don't try to bizarrely imprison her heavenly fingers; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally grope into whirlwinds of uncontrollably untamed and implacable passion; solely for you instead,

Don't try to satanically imprison her egalitarian neck; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally attune itself towards a fortress of invincibly magnificent and fearless solidarity; solely for you instead,

Don't try to treacherously imprison her ravishing senses; if you really loved her; let them free; let them naturally cavort ebulliently and in insatiable energy; solely for you instead,

Don't try to hedonistically imprison her impeccable conscience; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally spawn into a sky of euphorically triumphant and blessed righteousness; solely for you instead,

Don't try to salaciously imprison her unparalleled exuberance; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally evolve into an incomprehensibly gorgeous reservoir of victorious exultation; solely for you instead,

Don't try to brutally imprison her unequivocal freedom; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally bounce in every construable and panoramically exotic direction; solely for you instead,

Don't try to dictatorially imprison her celestial breath; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally waft till times beyond infinite infinity and tirelessly; solely for you instead,

Don't try to devilishly imprison her unblemished pristinity; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally yearn and sizzle in royally intransigent desire; solely for you instead,

And don't try to chauvinistically imprison her immortal heart; if you really loved her; let it free; let it naturally liberate and endlessly throb; solely for you instead.

29. SAME REQUIREMENT

Different requirements of food for infinite stomachs; some preferring gargantuan

mountains of ingratiatingly appeasing fruit; while some blissfully satiating themselves with rustically plain bread and brine,

Different requirements of bravery for infinite chests; some preferring Herculean amounts of unflinching fortitude; while some wholesomely content whiling away their lives in the realms of disdainfully dastardly dilapidation,

Different requirements of empathy for infinite souls; some preferring to be uncontrollably deluged with the chapters of compassionately eternal togetherness; while some wanting to be let obnoxiously aloof even as maelstroms of hell vindictively blended with the trajectory of earth,

Different requirements of embellishment for infinite demeanor's; some preferring to be profusely adorned with unfathomably iridescent jewelry; while some loving to be left obsoletely plaintive on the lackadaisically barren hills,

Different requirements of hearing for infinite ears; some preferring to be indefatigably enshrouded with naturally enchanting rhyme; while some wanting to tirelessly lambaste themselves with thunderously unending euphoria of the sleazy discotheque,

Different requirements of moisture for infinite eyeballs; some preferring to be amiably flooded with unsurpassable rivers of celestially sparkling moisture; while some phlegmatically shrugging apart the excess liquid into wisps of insipid nothingness,

Different requirements of strength for infinite shoulders; some preferring to embrace the whirlwinds of boundlessly augmenting tenacity; while some wanting to languish in dungeons of moderate timidity; for the remainder of their lives,

Different requirements of hair for infinite scalps; some preferring to be relentlessly enshrouded with silken carpets of unsurpassable black; while some utterly disdainful about unruly outgrowths projecting sanctimoniously from their heads,

Different requirements of blood for infinite skins; some preferring a turbulently uninhibited catharsis of it incessantly in their body; while some wanting the wonderfully scarlet elixir to serenely flow like fading sunshine,

Different requirements of fantasy for infinite brains; some preferring to panoramically dream about even the most diminutively capricious element of existence; while some austerely incarcerating their minds in graveyards of

abhorrently manipulative monotony,

Different requirements of destinies for infinite palms; some preferring to have an astoundingly insurmountable repertoire of forks and lines on the back of their hand; while some insatiable desirous of a life more plainer than the horrendously flat hills,

Different requirements of voice for infinite throats; some preferring to fulminate into an exuberantly unending and evergreen song every unfurling minute of the day; while some more inclined towards a nonchalantly laconic reverie; even as life didn't give them a second chance,

Different requirements of air for different armpits; some preferring an intransigently endless blast of ebulliently reinvigorating breeze till the very last step of existence; while some inexorably wanting to break into tornado's of cold-bloodedly insane sweat,

Different requirements of saliva for different mouths; some preferring to incessantly slaver into fructifying whirlpools of untamed ecstasy; while some wanting themselves as dry as horrifically grassless and squelched charcoal,

Different requirements of truth for different conscience's; some preferring to irrefutably blaze into an insuperable inferno of righteousness for infinite more births yet to unveil; while some inevitably falling prey to the corpse of scurrilously invidious lies,

Different requirements of flirtation for infinite eyelashes; some preferring to mischievously culminate into a flurry of surreptitious winks every now and again; while some reticently agglutinated to the brow in dogmatic sternness and indomitable concentration,

Different requirements of breath for infinite nostrils; some preferring to effulgently inhale as much of resplendent air as conceivable on this Universe till the time majestic life palpitated; while some deliriously snapping the very fangs of existence; with their very own parasitically deleterious hands,

But same requirement of immortal love for infinite organisms; with every religion; caste; creed; color; sect and tribe limitlessly wanting to encompass every step that they alighted with its Omnipotently heavenly radiance; limitlessly wanting to make its vividly majestic rhythm the sole beats of their impoverished lives.

30. WILL NEVER LOSE

The Sun might slowly and slowly lose all its ferociously blazing rays; remorsefully withering behind the languid horizons; for times immemorial,

The stars might slowly and slowly lose all their scintillating shimmer; eventually appearing as nonchalantly lackadaisical stones in the firmament of fathomlessly barren sky,

The oceans might slowly and slowly lose all their ravishingly tangy salt; sullenly metamorphosing into boundless kilometers of corrugated dry rubble and worthlessly invidious sand,

The deserts might slowly and slowly lose all their regally fascinating majesty; disdainfully transforming into obsolete mirages of derogatorily dilapidated despondence,

The mountains might slowly and slowly lose all their unconquerably shimmering peaks; being transited into capriciously fugitive dust; as ghastly earthquakes tumultuously plundered them,

The roses might slowly and slowly lose all their enchantingly enamoring redolence; limply shedding all their bountifully burgeoning petals into a livid heap; for the wastrel parasites to devour,

The forests might slowly and slowly lose all their enigmatically jubilant trees; ludicrously shriveling into a cadaverously macabre heap; as the onslaught of inclement drought austerely tightened its pugnacious grip,

The Moon might slowly and slowly lose all its resplendently milky shimmer; eventually succumbing like a diminutive mosquito; to the thunderously diabolical conglomerate of obnoxiously grey clouds,

The soldier might slowly and slowly lose all his irrefutably dazzling integrity; uxoriously yielding the secrets of his motherland; in order to save his skin from hedonistically indescribable torture,

The nightingale might slowly and slowly lose all its astoundingly mellifluous charisma; pathetically plummeting into an eternal slumber out of sheer tiredness; even as the atmosphere outside died a billion times every minute; without its golden voice,

The mirror might slowly and slowly lose all its unequivocally righteous sparkle; shattering into an infinite pieces of grotesquely cacophonous distortion; at the slightest cry of the satanically rampaging devil,

The fortress might slowly and slowly lose all its invincibly Herculean strength; obnoxiously crumbling like a pack of frigidly lugubrious cards; as its foundations inexplicably gave away,

The sky might slowly and slowly lose all its beautifully iridescent effulgence; being horrifically adulterated by monotonously venomous spacecrafts and indiscriminately pulverizing missiles,

The bones might slowly and slowly lose all their unflinchingly altruistic tenacity; eventually falling a lame prey to the vagaries of the maliciously parasitic and ruthlessly conventional society,

The clocks might slowly and slowly lose all their meticulously fantastic essence of time; as the electric pace of maligned viciousness in the colossal planet today; insatiably overshadowed them with their bane,

The clouds might slowly and slowly lose all their voluptuously tantalizing moisture; dreadfully vanishing into the corpses of insipidly fretful meaninglessness; as the blanket of panoramically fructifying green disappeared from the trajectory of this fathomless Universe,

The conscience might slowly and slowly lose all its magnificently aristocratic armor of spell binding truth; to inevitably survive amidst the pack of vengefully marauding and manipulatively decrepit wolves,

The nostril might slowly and slowly lose all its vivaciously exuberant breath; with the graveyards of truculently penalizing death perniciously creeping in from every conceivable side,

But come what may; the doors of my passionately fulminating heart will always be open for you; and even if I had to take an infinite births yet again; I will never lose even an evanescent iota of my patience; I will forever wait for you; you and till the time you make me your breath; forever make me only you.

31. I'D DEFINITELY COMMIT SUICIDE

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was infertile; not able to bear my innocuously blissful progeny till the time she existed,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was preposterously maimed; with her severely mutilated feet; not even able to move an infinitesimally ethereal inch ahead,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was cannibalistically non-vegetarian; excoriating apart through impeccable sheep and chicken; to mollify her rapaciously thunderous gluttony,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was disgustingly dumb; not able to transcend past the oundaries of junior school; even after an infinite attempts,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was surreptitiously criminal; malevolently coalescing with atrociously vulgar smugglers; to catapult to unprecedentedly dizzy heights of stardom,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was stone deaf; not able to hear the most ferocious thunderballs of desperation emanating from her throat; wholesomely oblivious to the essence of sound,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was cold-bloodedly heartless; indiscriminately trampling over literally anything that came in her dogmatically tyrannical way,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was treacherously sullen faced; not culminating into the most ethereal of smile; even as the invincible mists of paradise were laid at her celestially nimble feet,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was obnoxiously prejudiced; salaciously trying to overtopple every entity beside her; to forever feel like the very best,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was horrifically cacophonous; shoing away even the most obsolete trace of life around her; the instant she opened her amorphously livid mouth,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she indefatigably hurled a gutter of invectives every unveiling second; at even the most holistic of entity for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she unceremoniously started to

curse life; since the very first instant that she opened her snobbishly swollen eyes,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was egregiously enshrouded by a sea of disgruntling nonchalance; preferring to diabolically snore even in the most brilliantly fructifying of sunlight,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she smelt of acridly dilapidated feces all day and night; intractably refrained to take quintessential bath; as every other being in the civilization took,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she baselessly wailed every unfurling second; vicariously acted as if the entire planet castigated her with whiplashes of devilishness; while in actuality they perennially showered nothing but symbiotic harmony,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she aimlessly loitered without the tiniest of mission in life; kept sky gazing for hours immemorial; while the rest of the planet galloped in unparalleled exuberance outside,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she sporadically broke into fits of maniacal depression and epilepsy sporadically; deliriously smashing even the most costliest object around her in her bouts of irascibly uncontrollable anger,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she sadistically taunted me on even the most triumphantly blazing step that I took; dismissing me like a non-existent speck of tawdrily threadbare dust from the top drawers of her memory,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was as diminutive as a miserably slaving rat in stature; going always unnoticed in the pragmatic marketplace of sensuously burgeoning human beings,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she was morbidly blinded since the very first cry of her birth; not possessing the tenacity to alight even a single step; as the planet round her was nothing but a graveyard of heinously obfuscated darkness,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she her face was more hideously distorted than the cadaverously parasitic spirit; not a soul on this colossal Universe; could dare to come abreast of her demonically pulverizing countenance,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she snored more ferociously than an ominously upbraiding panther; sordidly disrupting my every enchantingly celestial night; beyond the most unsurpassable limits,

I really wouldn't mind it the slightest; even if she asphyxiated the very last breath out of my nimble body; just because I compassionately sequestered her from the most nefariously unbearable of maelstrom and torrential rain,

But I'd definitely commit suicide that very instant I knew she was flagrantly infidel; merrily flirting and cavorting with boundless men behind my back; after wholeheartedly acknowledging that she loved none other but me on this fathomless planet; after bonding every beat of her heart; immortally with mine.

32. JUST ONE GIRL

There were an infinite fraternities of scents available to wonderfully mollify just one of my disdainfully agitated armpit; wholesomely transcend over the dreadfully preposterous stench emanating,

There were an infinite shades of mascara available to stupendously enthrall just one of my obnoxiously beleaguered eyelash; engender it to marvelously outshine every maelstrom; tornado or the fiercest of inexorable rain,

There were an infinite colors of lipstick available to fantastically embellish just one my fretfully grotesque lip; grant it the status of a gloriously uncrowned fairy; for centuries unprecedented,

There were an infinite shapes of swords available to majestically brandish my just one of my disparagingly bereaved bone; make it feel like patriotically blazing and invincible warriors; even against the most acrimoniously cannibalistic of attack,

There were an infinite synchronizations of music available to sensuously titillate just one of my hedonistically emaciated eardrum; replenish its compassionate hollows with the most unbelievably mellifluous and rhapsodically tantalizing sounds,

There were an infinite textbooks of sagaciously perspicacious literature available to beautifully enlighten just one my horrendously illiterate senses; blissfully metamorphose even the most inconspicuous trace of lecherous nothingness in my soul; into a fountain of Omnipotent learning,

There were an infinite varieties of exotically iridescent pearls available to handsomely adorn just one of the gorily sinister contours of my hapless neck; transform it into a royal queen's necklace for as long as this planet existed,

There were an infinite curvatures of sun-glass available to incredulously sequester just one of my truculently blood-shot eye; hypnotize it into a paradise of arcane seduction; even under the most savagely blistering rays of the sweltering mid-day Sun,

There were an infinite forms of titillating wine available to liberate just one of my satanically incarcerated senses; foment me to uninhibitedly express my miserably lambasted inner self,

There were an infinite fabulous dreams available to profoundly rekindle my just one part of my hedonistically whipped mind; catapult me to a land more higher and handsome than unbelievably celestial paradise,

There were an infinite scrumptious delicacies available to marvelously placate just one pang of rapaciously growling hunger in my stomach; making me feel as the most pricelessly contented organism on this Universe; after I consumed the same with untamed gusto,

There were an infinite dials of luminously trendy watches available to regally adorn just one of my uncontrollably quavering wrist; enthrallingly binding it in the righteously punctilious definitions of discerning time,

There were an infinite silhouettes of bewitchingly titillating vixens available to timelessly arouse just one cranny of my drearily despondent flesh; transport me into the corridors of Kingly cloud nine; for countless more births of mine,

There were an infinite molds of aristocratic candles available to beautifully enlighten just one of my disparagingly dolorous and ignominiously slandering night; make me feel like the ultimate silken Moon shimmering brilliantly on the trajectory of boundless earth,

There were an infinite cylinders of quintessentially artificial blood and breath available to Omnipotently reinvigorate just one of my horrendously dying form; bestow me upon with cardinal pints of divinely life,

There were an infinite brands of astounding blades available to stringently scrap just one whisker of unceremoniously bedraggled beard from my cheeks;

rendering them more immutably sparkling than the candidly scintillating mirrors,

There were an infinite springs of redolent water available to bathe and amazingly quench just one element of my sordidly disheveled skin; annihilate even the most mercurial speck of unsolicited alien dirt from my disgustingly crumbling persona,

There were an infinite types of state-of-the-art fabric available to compassionately embrace just one of my impoverishedly trembling caricature; impregnate in it the tenacity to face even the most wretchedly freezing of circumstance,

Paradoxically; just one girl on this entire unending Universe; none other but just one girl out of countless girls symbiotically existing; was available; was enough to bless and insuperably bond with an infinite beats of my unsurpassably passionate and relentlessly wandering heart; for an infinite more births of mine.

33. THE VERY 1ST ONE

Never ever 1st at emolliently fructifying artistry; delinquently squandering countless sheets of brilliantly bonded paper; and vibrantly ecstatic paint,

Never ever 1st at blissfully mellifluous whistling; preposterously bellowing like a rabid dog; instead of diffusing into stupendously mesmerizing music,

Never ever 1st at adroitly cunning business; insanely hobbling into mists of utter meaninglessness; at even the very tiniest insinuation of dexterously prejudiced manipulation,

Never ever 1st at insurmountably rapacious titillation; bizarrely floundering to be even a mercurial iota aroused; even as boundless tawdry seductresses danced in gay abandon all around,

Never 1st at the inter-college competitions; disintegrating into an infinite particles of clammy nothingness; even before alighting a single foot on the star studded stage,

Never ever 1st at ingeniously eclectic mimicry; not even able to remember the cadence of my very own voice; just an evanescent instant after I wholeheartedly spoke,

Never ever 1st at exotically tantalizing dance; penuriously ending up licking

deliriously rotten dust on the floor instead; as the entire world beautifully cavorted and flirted upon the same,

Never ever 1st at fantastically enamoring magic; clumsily erasing every bit of line from my own palm; instead of marvelously portending the future of countless others instead,

Never ever 1st at exuberantly adventurous mountain-climbing; sinking an infinite feet beneath my grave; the moment I tried to clamber up the very first jaggedly ebullient stone,

Never ever 1st at spreading the essence of timeless humanity; as the instant I unfurled my mouth to lecture; indiscriminately communal racialism mercilessly perpetuated every echelon of the unsurpassably sensitive society,

Never ever 1st at engendering people to uninhibitedly laugh; with the entire atmosphere breaking into oceans of hysterical tears; the instant I tried cracking one of my best mugged jokes,

Never ever 1st at brilliantly outclassing my compatriots; being ruthlessly massacred into worthlessly inane ash; even before I could dream of venturing into intrepidly exhilarating territory,

Never ever 1st at explicit elocutions and debates; egregiously shooing away every speck of audience in front of me; as I disdainfully stuck on the very first alphabet for hours immemorial,

Never ever 1st at punctiliously synchronizing my surroundings; with the ambience around me always resembling a gutter of squalidly abhorrent and disgustingly rotten tomatoes,

Never ever 1st at vociferously cheering my comrades; with even the most thunderously reverberating of my voice miserably stuttering to reach even the chamber of my sordid mouth; as the entire planet around me broke into unequivocally untamed celebration,

Never ever 1st at replenishing my bones with luxury; as even before they holistically stretched themselves for the same; its silken caress was already gobbled in entirety by a bunch of parasites around,

Never ever 1st at astoundingly memorizing; as unprecedented cloudbursts of impregnable sleep transcended over other conceivable speck in my brain;

making me yawn till even after horizons of infinite infinity,

Never ever 1st at taking quintessentially euphoric breath into my lungs; as I obnoxiously wavered and quavered in the race for "Survival of the fittest";

wholesomely devoured by infinite organisms in near vicinity even before I could blow a single whistle,

But the very 1st one in the boundlessly enchanting Universe who unassailably conquered every beat of your heart; the very 1st one on this planet who irrefutably captured you in the swirl of immortally endless romance; the very 1st one on this earth who took your magnificently philanthropic signature on every blood-drop of mine; was I; was I; and would for infinite more births I pray and by the grace of God; always be I.

34. BELIEVABLE

Unbelievable. Were her gorgeously embellished eyelashes; tantalizing even the most deadened of corpses; with their magnetically flirtatious and celestially nubile swirl,

Unbelievable. Were her lusciously charismatic lips; weaving a tale of unsurpassably unceasing seduction; as they enthrallingly stroked even the most infinitesimal pore of my body,

Unbelievable. Was her majestically unflinching stride; as she unassailably marched on the pathways of Omnipotent humanity; peerlessly facing even the most Herculean of Holocausts that dared come her way,

Unbelievable. Was her incredulously mellifluous voice; perpetuating a wave of ubiquitously divine harmony; in even the most salaciously beleaguered ingredient of the atmosphere,

Unbelievable. Was her blissfully redolent sweat; timelessly radiating the essence of truthfully insuperable perseverance; wonderfully coalesced with quintessentially sacrosanct yearning to euphorically surge forward in life,

Unbelievable. Was her sensuously artistic nape; awakening me like a new-born infant from realms of my invincible sleep; as she magnetically swished it in the profoundly pearly moonlight,

Unbelievable. Were her bounteously dangling ears; triggering infernos of

unlimited desire as they royally fluttered; with the passionately untamed and ebullient breeze,

Unbelievable. Were her intricately silken feet; regally purifying every speck of treacherously adulterated soil; that they fearlessly tread upon,

Unbelievable. Were her synergistically emollient palms; perennially bonding with one and all alike; in the unassailable bond of pricelessly impeccable humanity,

Unbelievable. Was her marvelously mollifying shadow; miraculously placating even the most disastrously delirious of my urges; with the balm of timelessly blessing friendship,

Unbelievable. Was her uninhibitedly cavorting silhouette; as she tirelessly bounced like an angel descended from the heavens; on the aristocratically rain soaked hills,

Unbelievable. Was her endlessly fantasizing brain; harnessing the most brilliantly fructifying of camaraderie; out of inconspicuously worthless and decaying bits of lackadaisical space,

Unbelievable. Was her unfathomably titillating belly; as she brilliantly metamorphosed even the most inanely colorless liquid in my veins into poignantly crimson blood; with her enchanting midnight dance,

Unbelievable. Were the immaculately twinkling whites of her eye; radiating an unending ocean of unconquerable honesty; even as unstoppable maelstroms of hell blended with raw soil,

Unbelievable. Was the exhilaratingly rubicund tinge in her cheeks; perpetuating a cistern of never-ending freshness in every bit of fathomless sky and earth,

Unbelievable. Was her infallibly unfettered attitude towards inexplicably arcane life; greeting even the most acridly satanic moment of her destined time; with wholeheartedly ecstatic enthusiasm,

Unbelievable. Was her symbiotically fragrant breath; making me feel as impreguably triumphant and alive as I felt at the very first cry of my life; even when I was inevitably dying,

Unbelievable. Was every of her perpetually bonding heartbeat; invincibly coalescing in wholesome entirety with the spirit of my impoverished existence;

even though I was hiding infinite continents apart,

But Believable. Dependable. Reliable. Was her Immortally heavenly love; whose godly scent had not only nurtured me so far in my life; but whose relentlessly sacred belief; whose Omnisciently proliferating timelessness; would forever let me live as the most pricelessly blessed organism; without an iota of disbelief and for infinite more births of mine.

35. EVERY TIME I TOOK BREATH

I remembered exotically scrumptious food; only when unceremoniously thunderous pangs of hunger reverberated louder than the apocalypses of hell; in my disdainfully impoverished stomach,

I remembered stupendously reinvigorating bath; only when the squalidly distorted pores of my diminutive body; started to exude treacherously horrendous and grotesquely vituperative dirt,

I remembered perennially golden droplets of rain; only when I felt every miserably beleaguered bone of my body; rotting in the dungeons of sadistically lambasting monotony,

I remembered Omnipotently mellifluous voice; only when my ears felt brutally desolate; entrapped in a mortuary of estranged politics and salaciously pulverizing prejudice,

I remembered unsurpassably titillating seductresses; only when each bizarrely emaciated pore of my skin; intransigently cried to be timelessly caressed; to be mollified to the most unprecedented limits; in the silken camouflage of the surreptitiously moonlit night,

I remembered compassionately rhapsodic sheepskin and wool; only when mercilessly whipping snow pelting all around me; made me uncontrollably shiver till the very invisibly last bone of my spine,

I remembered aristocratic mugs foaming with uninhibitedly euphoric beer and wine; only when I'd returned home blazingly triumphant; and in the midst of an everlasting fiesta with my kin and friends,

I remembered vivaciously enthralling kites and gaudy strings; only when the breeze eternally blew in ebulliently gusty currents; and every gruesomely bereaved nerve in my palms rapaciously rared to soar in handsomely pristine

sky,

I remembered celestially fragrant sleep; only when the pressure on my drearily fatigued lids; seemed to be more crippling than the maelstroms of disgustingly penalizing hell,

I remembered convivially never-ending boisterousness; only when ribald corpses of forlorn nothingness; invidiously asphyxiated me beyond the threshold of horrifically unbearable pain,

I remembered ingratiatingly mesmerizing pearls and the best of exquisite jewelry; only when I surrendered myself like a relentlessly yearning bride; on my very first wedding night,

I remembered the most morbidly appalling of invectives; only when someone stared lasciviously at the grace of my divinely invincible mother,

I remembered the most gloriously fructifying moments of my truncated existence; only when I was about to abdicate the very last breath of my life; was about to inevitably die,

I remembered to endlessly scratch; only when the inconspicuously pernicious battalion of mosquitoes; clandestinely attacked me on my robustly supple flesh,

I remembered to unrelentingly cry; only when my near and dear kin and mates suffered the wrath of this acrimonious planet; whenever pricelessly everlasting humanity was manipulated like a worthless currency coin,

I remembered to voluptuously whisper; only when the cisterns of sensuousness played hide and seek with my uncontrollably throbbing soul; in the merrily twinkling curtainspread of the emolliently jubilant midnight,

I remembered to unflinchingly walk; only when the coffins of unemployment and gory meaninglessness; had commenced to indiscriminately squelch my bones after sucking the last iota of blood from my intricate veins,

I remembered to victoriously breathe; only when the disastrously shrunken jacket of my lungs; was just about to plunge into the gorge of abysmally decrepit extinction,

I remembered to patriotically brandish and blaze; only when the venomously hedonistic enemy camp; ruthlessly molested the Omnipresently sacred soil of my

revered motherland,

But I remembered you every time I took breath; I remembered you with even the most non-existent beat of my heart; I remembered you at every step that I alighted and slept; I remembered you every time my eyes unavoidably flashed themselves; I remembered you every unfurling instant of my life and an infinite births even after reaching the mists of heaven; O! Perpetual Beloved.

36. GRAVE PROBLEMS

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to bathe; scrupulously scrub every pore of your nimble skin; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to speak; vehemently inundate the silent granaries of the atmosphere with your obstreperously indignant voice; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to admire; tirelessly hum praises about Natures enthrallingly bountiful gifts; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to joke; sadistically tyrannize all those disparagingly suffering with your unceremoniously cacophonous guffaws; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to blaze; unflinchingly brandish the most supreme tips of swords on your belly; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to manipulate; astutely extract the optimum benefit from conceivably every echelon of the society; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to flirt; philander with ten titillating vixens at a single time; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to sleep; thunderously perpetuate the celestial air with your never-ending snores; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to wink; cavort beyond the realms of infinite infinity with alien seductresses; every once

in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to triumph; blisteringly gallop past the boundaries of castrated malice; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to eat; monstrously deluge the inexorably rapacious tank of your stomach with the most tantalizing of delicacies; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to innovate; intrepidly evolve a civilization of unfathomably fascinating intrigue; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to brush; punctiliously cleanse the periphery of your already scintillating teeth; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to astoundingly memorize; cram spell binding lines of literature and mathematics to the most unprecedented of your capacity; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to walk; mercilessly pulverize fathomless molecules of holistic mud as you marched; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to mesmerize; stupendously enchant every cranny of this Universe with your inborn talents; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to splurge; lasciviously proclaim your overwhelming affluence to the entire planet outside; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to drink wine; insatiably inebriate even the most ethereally oblivious of your senses with vivid elixirs; every once in 24 hours,

There was not the slightest of problem at all if you didn't remember to breathe; greedily trying to capture every speck of air in the atmosphere into your lungs; every once in 24 hours,

But there were grave problems; infact there were the most treacherous apocalypses of extinction waiting to devour you; there were the most sinister hell's of deceitful lies and preposterously decaying chicanery waiting to rip you apart into a countless pieces; if you didn't love an infinite times in a single day; diffuse its Immortal essence to one and all of your kind; ubiquitously alike.

37. THE IRRETRIEVABLE CULPRIT

It was not the unbelievably long road that criminally tired you; the grain of nonchalantly sluggish sand in your dastardly shoe; was the quintessential culprit instead,

It was not the fathomlessly endless sky that parasitically nonplussed you; the cloud of decrepit isolation in your fecklessly spurious brain; was the cardinal culprit instead,

It was not the limitlessly sweltering desert that disdainfully charred you; the heat of treacherously pulverizing prejudice in your soul; was the dogmatic culprit instead,

It was not the unfathomably towering mountain that entirely gobbled you; the slope of baselessly slaving fear in your bones; was the invidious culprit instead,

It was not the inexhaustible wind of winter that disastrously squelched you; the chill of deathly isolation in every ingredient of your blood; was the irrevocable culprit instead,

It was not brilliantly unending sunshine that tanned and perplexed you; the ray of worthless snobbishness in every of your stride; was the immutable culprit instead,

It was not the boundless swirl of the ocean that preposterously drowned you; the salt of acrimoniously lecherous hatred in the dormitories of your conscience; was the vituperative culprit instead,

It was not the unceasing graveyard that venomously jinxed you; the ghost of balderdash fear in your fretfully quavering persona; was the untamed culprit instead,

It was not inexhaustibly overwhelming midnight that insidiously frightened you; the blackness of uxoriously insane insecurity in front of your eyes; was the

massacring culprit instead,

It was not continuously barren land that ludicrously withered you; the infertility of holistic expression enshrouding your countenance; was the intransigent culprit instead,

It was not relentlessly vociferous storms that derogatorily uprooted you; the cataclysmically uncontrollable spirit of betrayal in your reflection; was the clandestine culprit instead,

It was not the jet black fleet of cats that unstoppably cursed you; the meow-meow of sleazy superstition in every aspect of your existence; was the incarcerating culprit instead,

It was not the unsurpassably arcane forest that defeated you; the wilderness of salaciously cannibalistic desire in your imagination; was the diabolical culprit instead,

It was not the stupendously tall lavatory seat that shooed you; the stink of maniacally decrepit politics in each globule of your unceremonious sweat; was the barbarous culprit instead,

It was not the indefatigably revolving ceiling fan which unsparingly excoriated you; the blades of depravingly sadistic chauvinism in the center of your chest; were the murderous culprit instead,

It was not tirelessly diffusing sound that decimated you; the noise of deliriously obsessive idiosyncrasy radiating from every element of your conscience; was the notorious culprit instead,

It was not inexorably patriotic war that swiped you; the battlefield of hedonistically decrepit corruption on which you stupidly transgressed; was the surreptitious culprit instead,

It was not timelessly unfurling life which crippled you; the breath of untruthfully tyrannical deceit emanating from your beleaguered nostrils; was the cowardly culprit,

And it was not fathomlessly never-ending love that lethally melted you; the beat of maliciously profane betrayal lingering in your vindictively bellicose heart; was the irretrievable culprit instead.

38. STOP

To stop the raucously speeding train; all you needed to do was to pull the stringently wound up chain,

To stop the uncontrollably advancing river; all you needed to do was to close the impregnably stolid gates of the dam; to the maximum of their capacity,

To stop the disastrously scorching desert of acrimonious sands; all you needed to do was to sprinkle a bountiful cistern of tantalizing water; under the roof of the celestially fathomless sky,

To stop the menacingly growling lion; all you needed to do was to place a playground full of blood red meat; right in front of his salaciously rapacious and gruesomely squandering eyes,

To stop the rebelliously augmenting avalanche; all you needed to do was to place a lackadaisically flat and inanely nimble road; at the rock bottom of the perilously diabolical hill,

To stop the watch from tirelessly tick-tocking; all you needed to do was to austere remove its pair of punctiliously revolving needles; forever and ever and ever,

To stop the ferociously slapping seawaves; all you needed to do was to put a chain of unsurpassably regale rocks in their way; as they rose high and handsome to a triumphantly ultimate crescendo,

To stop the demonically cold-blooded criminal; all you needed to do was to metamorphose even the most infinitesimal trace of vengeance in his brutally estranged conscience into a gorge of compassionately unparalleled love,

To stop the venomously hissing and satanic snake; all you needed to do was to let loose the astoundingly fleet footed mongoose upon him; like a trice of white lightning diffusing from crimson sky,

To stop the viciously swerving car; all you needed to do was to sagaciously compress its pair of twinbrakes; to the most unprecedented of your body capacity,

To stop the unsavory traitors and beguiling enemy; all you needed to do was to transcend over every aspect of their disparagingly treacherous identity; with the

mantra of unflinchingly fearless righteousness,

To stop the parasites from unstoppably wailing; all you needed to do was to place them in a mortuary of ghoulishly fretful and perfidiously rotting skeletons,

To stop destructively advancing technology; all you needed to do was to transport the uncouthly marauding devils; into the sacrosanct lap's of their heavenly mothers,

To stop lecherously lazy sleep; all you needed to do was to keep your eyes wide open solely towards the most symbiotically benign mission of your diminutively impoverished life,

To stop unceremoniously devilish stench; all you needed to do was to inclemently usurp every bit of its disgruntled persona with the fragrance of priceless humanity; even before it could arise,

To stop indiscriminately squelching torture; all you needed to do was to ubiquitously apply the balm of philanthropically miraculous empathy and untainted brotherhood,

To stop the freshly born and inexhaustibly weeping infant; all you needed to do was to feed in its mother's eternally mollifying breast,

To stop gorily crucifying death; all you needed to do was to perpetually continue god's chapter of blessed procreation; proliferate into infinite more of your humble kind,

And to stop the perennially overflowing heart; all you needed to do was to find another heart with whom its beats uninhibitedly bonded; and then remained united as the apogee of altruistic companionship; for countless more births to come.

39. A DEATH MORE TREACHEROUS

Till the time you told the mountain to invincibly defend; it felt as if the most pricelessly blessed entity on this fathomlessly enamoring planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a civilization of manipulatively estranged and decrepit politicians; it died a death more treacherous than what the most insidiously ghastliest of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the sea to tantalizingly undulate; it felt as if the most euphorically fascinating entity on this bountifully exhilarating planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a boundlessly sweltering desert; it died a death more diabolical than what the most treacherously torturous of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the star to resplendently twinkle; it felt as if the most blissfully unconquerable entity on this timelessly endowing planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a whirlpool of relentlessly blistering heat; it died a death more morbid than what the most satanically shriveled of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the rose to eternally disseminate royal scent; it felt as if the most poignantly mollified entity on this fathomlessly burgeoning planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a monotonously concrete jungle of bricks; it died a death more sordid than what the most parasitically cannibalistic of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the dog to cacophonically bark; it felt as if the most miraculously mitigated entity on this unbelievably limitless planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a mellifluously voluptuous nightingale; it died a death more hedonistic than what the most demonically truculent of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the soldier to patriotically blaze; he felt as if the most divinely ameliorated entity on this wonderfully enigmatic planet,
But the instant you dictated him to metamorphose into cisterns of languidly squandering sleep; he died a death more savage than what the most perfidiously rampaging of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the mother to altruistically feed; she felt as if the most Omnipotently insuperable entity on this boundlessly exotic planet,
But the instant you dictated her to metamorphose into tawdrily lackadaisical damsel; she died a death more horrific than what the most devastatingly indiscriminate of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the eye to panoramically sight; it felt as if the most sensuously placated entity on this regally entrancing planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into venomously paralyzing blindness; it died a death more pathetic than what the most barbarously terrorizing of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the conscience to irrefutably diffuse the wave of ubiquitously undaunted truth; it felt as if the most triumphantly ebullient entity on this limitlessly eclectic planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a corpse of gorily crucifying and squalidly debilitating lies; it died a death more remorseful than what the most lecherously unworthy of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the nostril to inhale uninhibited air; it felt as if the most blessedly emollient entity on this timelessly enchanting planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into lifelessly amorphous skeleton; it died a death more deplorable than what the most pugnaciously rancid of death; could ever perceive to be.

Till the time you told the dew-drop to fantastically mesmerize; it felt as if the most unsurpassably kingly entity on this unfathomably majestic planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into uncouthly chauvinistic blood; it died a death more sadistic than what the most deliriously lambasting of death; could ever perceive to be.

And till the time you told the heart to immortally love and let live; it felt as if the most perpetually undefeatable entity on this beautifully redolent planet,
But the instant you dictated it to metamorphose into a mortuary of forlornly cursed betrayal; it died a death more insane than what the most raunchily threadbare of death; could ever perceive to be.

40. DEAD BEYOND DESCRIPTION

Dead beyond description are those living eyes; which tirelessly harbor the swords of indiscriminately terrorizing hatred and satanic prejudice,

Dead beyond description are those living ears; which rapaciously yearn to hear the brutally asphyxiated cries of the priceless innocent; every unfurling minute of the day as well as in the ingredients of blackened night,

Dead beyond description are those living lips; which remain as frozen as heartlessly white ice; even as enchantingly golden rays of the blazing Sun; compassionately embraced every organism on earth; handsomely alike,

Dead beyond description are those living feet; which ludicrously rot in the corpses of cowardice; even as the earth on which they tread was being unsparingly molested by hedonistically torturous traitors of mankind,

Dead beyond description are those living fingers; which mercilessly strangulate the divinely silhouette of newborn life; in order to reign spuriously supreme for an infinite more non-existent lifetimes,

Dead beyond description are those living teeth; which barbarously pulverize wonderfully evolving life of the womb; on the sadistic pretext of it not belonging to their vindictively castigating religion,

Dead beyond description are those living veins; which salaciously betray even the most perpetually bonding of relationships; for just an infinitesimally tawdry bundle of feckless currency notes,

Dead beyond description are those living shoulders; which listlessly while away every blessed moment of their existence; carrying the coffins of unsurpassably massacring lies,

Dead beyond description are those living eyelids; which bat down in due obeisance to the world of anarchically decrepit corruption and the mortuary of wickedly wastrel politics,

Dead beyond description are those living shadows; which devilishly pretend as parasitically delinquent ghosts; scurrilously scaring holistically breathing mankind without any ostensible reason or rhyme,

Dead beyond description are those living nails; which diabolically erase every effulgently mesmerizing destiny line of the palm; with insidiously traumatizing slavery of the most unprecedented degree,

Dead beyond description are those living cheeks; which metamorphose into fretfully lackadaisical and amorphously decaying skeletons; even when embraced by the most perennially coalescing of camaraderie,

Dead beyond description are those living intestines; which solely feast on other's happiness; menacingly waiting their moment to devour every trace of unparalleled ebullience into the unforgiving pyre of murderous hell,

Dead beyond description are those living nostrils; which waft venomously pugnacious blood; endlessly wanting to curse even the most mercurial speck of civilization with worthless insanity and ominously castigated malice,

Dead beyond description are those living tongues; which relentlessly wail for the cause of vituperatively bawdy injustice; egregiously marauding the fabric of

eternally resplendent truth from every conceivable side,

Dead beyond description are those living skins; which are unimaginably numb to even the most effusively heart-rendering cries of whipped humanity; celebrating till fathomless heights above the heavens even as the closest of their kin evaporated,

Dead beyond description are those living souls; which unrelentingly foster the spirit of cannibalistic war and rampant bloodshed; uncouthly baying for their compatriot's blood; even when the Creator afforded them with a majestic survival to thrive,

Dead beyond description are those living arms; which intransigently dig graves of malevolently treacherous fanaticism all day; instead of gloriously perspiring under the Omnipotently golden Sun,

And dead beyond description are those living hearts; which throb unceasingly and till the very end of their destined times all right; but from whom culminated only the beats of savagely slandering betrayal; in whom there resided nothing but vultures of emotionless hell.

41. SOLELY MINE

I insatiably loved the fragrance of the ingratiatingly ebullient rose; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my diminutively penurious kind,

I ardently loved the euphorically uninhibited chirp of the celestial nightingale; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my treacherously tottering kind,

I insurmountably loved the mystically inscrutable rustle of the vivid forests; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my disastrously staggering kind,

I unsurpassably loved the effulgently undulating waves of the untamed sea; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my ethereally obsolete kind,

I limitlessly loved the unflinchingly blazing patriotism of the peerless soldiers; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my remotely disappearing kind,

I eternally loved the corridors of resplendently untainted and majestic paradise; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my preposterously slaving kind,

I unconditionally loved the first showers of Omnipotently mitigating rain; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my horrifically thirsty kind,

I tirelessly loved the vivaciously effervescent rainbow in fathomless sky; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my monotonously decrepit kind,

I relentlessly loved the indomitably towering apogees of the intrepidly glorious mountain; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my ludicrously dastardly kind,

I irrevocably loved the Omnisciently nascent sparkle of victorious dawn; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my abjectly depressed kind,

I immutably loved the quintessentially heavenly droplets of the sacrosanct cow's milk; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my vindictively diseased kind,

I intransigently loved the blissfully cavorting terrain of the pristine countryside; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my remorsefully subservient kind,

I endlessly loved the impeccably shimmering stars in the heart of blackened midnight; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my dreadfully decaying kind,

I unconquerably loved even the tiniest innuendo's of magnificently burgeoning freshness and innovation; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my manipulatively usurped kind,

I selflessly loved all those horrendously bereaved and torturously lambasted; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my mercurial Samaritan kind,

I irretrievably loved the timelessly panoramic valleys and their exhilarating

echoes; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my brutally emaciated kind,

I unequivocally loved the fabulously unfettered birds royally soaring in the cosmos; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my unceremoniously incarcerated kind,

I unfathomably loved Medieval heritage and anecdotes of handsome Kinsmanship; however after an instant soon realized that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my surreally discovering kind,

I intractably loved irrefutably righteous breath; happiness and perennially bestowing life; however after an instant soon realized that the same were also loved as much; by an infinite more of my boundlessly greedy kind,

And I immortally loved the redolently blossoming girl next door; but although after realizing an instant later that the same was also loved as much; by an infinite more of my forlornly isolated kind; I could for the first time in my life see that the love wonderfully spawning in each beat of her unassailable heart was solely for me; wanted to insuperably imprison only me; was forever of none other xyz's but solely mine.

42. AT YOUR GODLY FEET

Profusely embracing the resplendently glistening stars; perpetually feasting in the inimitably unparalleled glory for times immemorial,

Uninhibitedly embracing the fathomlessly blessing skies; letting the exuberantly romantic clouds weave valleys of exhilaration in every bereaved cranny of my diminutive body,

Timelessly embracing the panoramically sensuous meadows; endlessly cavorting with the beautifully golden dewdrops; for centuries unprecedented even after my very last breath,

Irrevocably embracing the magically rejuvenating waterfalls; astoundingly blending each of my deliriously deranged nerves with stupendously unsurpassable ecstasy,

Unassailably embracing the slopes of immaculately mollifying ice; bestowing Omnipotent reprieve to my brutally scorched and pathetically sweltering senses,

Unceasingly embracing opulently inebriating majesty; letting the fabric of silken royalty evolve me into a civilization of magnificently unlimited charisma,

Unstoppably embracing inscrutably tantalizing forests; tirelessly frolicking in the ravishingly euphoric entrenchment of bountifully untainted wilderness,

Unlimitedly embracing peerlessly brilliant rays of the Omnipresent Sun; beautifully enlightening every flagrantly blackened arena of my life with the rays of undefeatedly ebullient optimism,

Immutably embracing ubiquitously egalitarian humanity; melanging even the most infinitesimal ingredient of my crimson blood with the perpetually emollient religion of pricelessly unconquerable mankind,

Entirely embracing marvelously amber hives of innocuous honey; slowly slurping the miraculously heavenly sweetness till an infinite unfettered births of mine,

Indomitably embracing unflinchingly altruistic patriotism; proudly brandishing every cranny of my penurious countenance; with the armor of honesty to forever serve my motherland,

Unfathomably embracing Omnisciently transcending tranquility; mitigating even the most ethereal speck of my monotonously decrepit persona; with the mists of eternally placating solitude,

Irretrievably embracing uncannily tingling smog's; letting the inexplicably unknown fantastically perpetuate into my manipulatively commercial and torturously turgid soul,

Unprecedentedly embracing the celestially pelting globules of silvery rain; letting every trajectory of my emaciated flesh; effulgently sparkle with the ultimate blessings of Omniscient Almighty God,

Intransigently embracing the caverns of fabulously blooming seduction; galloping through the lanes of unhindered mischief; with countless triumphantly nubile maidens by my impoverished side,

Unrestrictedly embracing the songs of everlastingly regale unity; coalescing every conceivable beat of my existence with the spirit of invincibly compassionate camaraderie,

Victoriously embracing benign goodness in its every construable form;

unequivocally enabling the oceans of selflessness to majestically diffuse from each pore of my magnanimously blessed silhouette,

Impreguably embracing quintessentially radiant breath; wonderfully letting whirlpools of charismatically free air; drift into my ephemerally asphyxiating nostrils,

Immortally embracing the chapters of unconquerable love; embossing their unshakable signature upon every beat of my unrelentingly throbbing heart,

But forever and ever and ever at your Omnipotent toes; leading each aspect of my destined life as well as abnegating the very last trace of air in my disdainfully stuttering lungs; solely at your Godly feet O! Divinely Beloved; O! Pristinely Priceless Beloved.

43. FOREVER IN LOVE

Once a failure; not necessary that always a gorily disoriented failure; being lambasted in the aisles of horrendous nothingness,

Once a loss; not necessary that always a hideously unsavory loss; crucifying you beyond the realms of pricelessly impregnable existence,

Once an abusing; not necessary that always a derogatorily unceremonious abusing; brutally kicking you like an infinitesimally frigid matchstick; towards the coffins of morbid hell,

Once an isolation; not necessary that always a remorsefully dastardly isolation; abjectly obfuscating you from the quintessentially glorious fabric of the symbiotic planet outside,

Once a sidelining; not necessary that always a preposterously delinquent sidelining; incarcerating you in chains of disastrously ominous despair while the entire earth uninhibitedly freaked outside,

Once a torture; not necessary that always a sadistically cacophonous torture; making every unfurling instant of your fantastically embellished existence worse than a countless hapless deaths,

Once a betrayal; not necessary that always a fretfully tyrannizing betrayal; burying you wholesomely alive in the parasitically decaying grave,

Once a criminal; not necessary that always a vindictively insane criminal;
cadaverously perpetuating into the sky of fathomlessly invincible truth,

Once a cannibalistic; not necessary that always a turgidly decrepit cannibalistic;
ruthlessly excoriating apart innocuously celestial flesh; into a boundless bits of
inconspicuous oblivion,

Once a backbencher; not necessary that always a lugubriously inane
backbencher; unsurpassably yawning in indolent ignominy while the earth
burgeoned into a spell bindingly golden tomorrow,

Once a tail; not necessary that always an egregiously shy tail; curled a limitless
kilometers inside the legs; at even the most ethereal innuendo of enchanting
thunder,

Once a laggard; not necessary that always a licentiously heinous laggard;
slavering like a salacious leech at every aspect of inscrutably resplendent life,

Once an unemployed; not necessary that always a fragrantly baseless
unemployed; nonchalantly staring into lackadaisical bits of skull-less space for
hours immemorial,

Once a corpse; not necessary that always a treacherously ghoulish corpse;
fecklessly quavering in the mortuaries of intransigently endless and dimly
asphyxiating despair,

Once a stone; not necessary that always an languidly lackluster stone; crumbling
in lecherously dumb silence till the last puff of enchantingly iridescent life,

Once a curmudgeon; not necessary that always a scornfully wailing curmudgeon;
irrevocably tossing and turning in uncontrollably maniacal frustration and
clamminess,

Once an impotent; not necessary that always a vituperatively laconic impotent;
squelching the brakes of the perfidiously whipping devil upon the Omnipotent
Lord's chapters of; unbelievably blessing creation,

Once a teardrop; not necessary that always a banefully agonizing teardrop;
carnivorously circumscribed by a gutter of misery throughout every unleashing
moment of fantastically effulgent life,

But once in love; means forever and ever and ever embracing its immortality

altruistic swirl; means forever and ever and ever letting the winds of its magically mitigating goodness caress your impoverished soul; means forever and ever and ever existing as the most priceless organism ever alive; means forever and ever and ever and for an fathomless more births of yours; always in LOVE.

44. STILL SEARCHING FOR THE LOVE OF MY LIFE

Her views for me; were like the reproachful views of the hideously cold-blooded snake; for the swiftly articulate and timelessly boisterous mongoose,

Her views for me; were like the cannibalistic views of the gorily invidious gutter; for the valley of enchantingly mesmerizing cleanliness,

Her views for me; were like the acrid views of the vindictively emaciating desert' for the untamed cloudbursts of relentlessly blessing and celestially mollifying rain,

Her views for me; were like the pugnaciously indescribable views of treacherous blood; for the Omnipotently endowing rays of the majestically unassailable and righteous Sun,

Her views for me; were like the unceremonious views of the lazily wastrel tortoise; for the indefatigably tick-tocking arms of the punctiliously infallible clock,

Her views for me; were like the ghastly views of salaciously asphyxiating terrorism; for the mists of symbiotically ecstatic and vivaciously effulgent happiness,

Her views for me; were like the parasitic views of horrifically crippling blackness; for the brilliantly unfettered and unconquerably blazing day,

Her views for me; were like the malevolent views of the satanically abominable cockroach; for the unsurpassably ebullient redolence of the tantalizingly fresh rose,

Her views for me; were like the prejudiced views of the fecklessly dumb stone; for the insuperably regale strings of the uninhibitedly soaring kite,

Her views for me; were like the inconsolable views of the amorously terrorizing corpse; for the chapters of marvelously benevolent and inimitably unparalleled life,

Her views for me; were like the ribald views of acrimoniously strangulating venom; for the impeccably wonderful and quintessentially fortifying cow's milk,

Her views for me; were like the rabid views of the inanely dastardly ghost; for the limitless civilization of euphorically chirping living beings,

Her views for me; were like the tawdry views of intolerably squelched infertility; for the skies of boundlessly enthralling and invincibly enlightening procreation,

Her views for me; were like the slandering views of the diabolically corrupt politicians; for the irrefutably glorious and altruistically truthful man,

Her views for me; were like the vengeful views of nonchalantly drugged perspiration; for the unflinchingly peerless and perennially fructifying sword of patriotism,

Her views for me; were like the heinous views of dogmatically incarcerating glue; for the explicitly emollient mirror of perpetually radiating truth,

Her views for me; were like the derogatory views of insidiously crucifying betrayal; for the heart of immortally glorifying and magnanimously blessing love,

Her views for me; were like the chauvinistic views of the manipulatively mechanized robots; for the fathomless cornucopia of God's astoundingly created emotionally responsive organisms,

And though we had been forcefully married for a countless lifetimes; and within the devoutly conventional norms of the tyrannically whipping world outside; she was nothing else than my incessantly cursing and fault-finding wife; while remember O! adorably nubile maidens outside; that I was still resplendently young and searching for the true love of my life!

45. BLESSEDLY IMMORTAL

If you stretched the already magnanimously inflated balloon beyond a point; it would vindictively burst; perpetuating the incredibly celestial atmosphere with unrelentingly thunderous gasps and treacherously cacophonous moans,

If you stretched the already fathomlessly roaring ocean beyond a point; it would ominously drown quintessentially breathing trajectories of civilization in

mortuaries of salt and extravagant froth,

If you stretched the already boundlessly sweltering desert beyond a point; they would acrimoniously scorch the fabric of compassionately moistened existence; into inanely threadbare ash,

If you stretched the already mercilessly overworked body beyond a point; it would traumatically disintegrate into graveyards of treacherously evaporating nothingness,

If you stretched the already fantastically discovering artist beyond a point; he would lamely surrender the unsurpassably endless creative energies of his brain to the doldrums of disparagingly lecherous commercialism,

If you stretched the already vividly iridescent rainbow beyond a point; it would ludicrously distort into a pit of amorphously decrepit meaninglessness,

If you stretched the already patriotically blazing soldier beyond a point; he would lugubriously collapse to blend with lackluster worthlessness; instead of peerlessly marching for his insurmountably sacrosanct mother soil,

If you stretched the already magnanimously milking cow beyond a point; it would start to ooze torturously flagrant blood and worthless water; instead of diffusing into a cistern of inimitably unparalleled milk,

If you stretched the already tirelessly ticking clock beyond a point; it would abruptly cease to function; miserably staggering in the hell of inexplicably maniacal insecurity,

If you stretched the already ferociously roaring lion beyond a point; it would vituperatively vomit out the most scrumptiously tantalizing of its prey; in utterly unbearable frustration,

If you stretched the already spellbindingly blossoming tree beyond a point; it would abhorrently diffuse the stench of bizarre rottenness; nonchalantly shedding its fruit by the dozen; instead of evolving into a heaven of glorious freshness,

If you stretched the already wholesomely blackened night beyond a point; it would waft nothing else but a maelstrom of despairingly penalizing misery; in every symbiotically living organism alike,

If you stretched the already rhapsodically mellifluous nightingale beyond a point; it would culminate into nothing else but dolorously beleaguered cacophony for an infinite more moments yet to unveil,

If you stretched the already earnestly perspiring body beyond a point; it would resort to a plethora of shortcuts to thrive ensure its survival as the fittest; amongst the devilishly cannibalistic pack of wolves,

If you stretched the already intransigently flaming candle beyond a point; it would insipidly melt into a pool of capriciously wanton wax; repulsively shirking away from even the most mercurial trace of light,

If you stretched the already unfathomably embellished castle beyond a point; it would belligerently transform into a corpse of satanically monotonous boredom and inexorable hopelessness,

If you stretched the already beautifully ripened mango beyond a point; it would raucously excoriate apart into a countless bits of meaningless pulp; tirelessly cursing the stupidly bizarre environment around,

If you stretched the already smiling face beyond a point; it would luridly dissolve into livid prejudice; spreading nothing but preposterously castigating enmity around,

If you stretched the already irrefutably righteous conscience beyond a point; it would inadvertently make way for a hurricane of hideously derogatory lies,

But if you stretched the already handsomely breathing spirit of love beyond a point; it would altruistically envelop countless more in its compassionately Godly swirl; it would become a cascade of perennial enlightenment for every organism symbiotically existing; it would unconquerably metamorphose even the most evanescent iota of pain into a fountain of resplendently blessed happiness; it would forever and ever and ever become BLESSEDLY IMMORTAL.

46. WITHOUT MY PRICELESS BELOVED

The Sun outside was flaming; blistering into infinite shades of grandiloquent crimson as the clouds drifted by,
Yet the interiors of my dwelling were engulfed by a perpetual darkness; the most minuscule shimmer irrevocably refusing to enter; without my priceless beloved.

The trees outside swayed exuberantly; as the vivaciously exotic storm descended

full throttle upon the dolorously gloomy atmosphere,
Yet the rooms of my dwelling were flooded with satanic globules of blood; and
time catapulted back instead of ticking forward; without my priceless beloved.

The stars in the sky outside twinkled to the most unprecedented glow;
illuminating every alley of the fathomless planet with profusely enchanting songs
of romance,
Yet each wall of my dwelling wept tears of untamed sorrow; a ghastly solitude
entrenched the handsome backdrop of furniture; traumatized by the absence of
my priceless beloved.

The wind outside titillated itself to the most unfathomable horizons of heaven; as
cloudbursts of sparkling rain tumbled rhapsodically from the sky,
Yet the windows of my dwelling intransigently refrained from opening; sulking in
the realms of profound boredom; without my priceless beloved.

The peacocks outside on the grass danced to their ultimate hearts content;
blossoming their feathers into an incredulous festoon of gorgeously vivid color,
Yet there was unsurpassable boredom in my dwelling; with an eerie wave of
silence cascading till the last bone down my spine; without my priceless beloved.

The panthers outside in the jungle gallivanted majestically up the hills; with a
crown of marvelous glittering royally on their heads,
Yet there was a cloud of barbaric death loitering in every corner of my dwelling;
my tongue abdicated to speak even my very own name; without my priceless
beloved.

The planet outside brimmed with overwhelming activity; as the wails of
boundless newly born stole the hearts of the most treacherously diabolical
wandering around,
Yet the floors of my dwelling culminated into a horrendously pugnacious
fragrance; with even the parasitic fleet of mosquitoes not interested in sucking
blood; as they inevitably missed my priceless beloved.

The battalion of soldiers outside marched invincibly forward for their country;
with an immortal spirit of glorious martyrdom poignantly diffusing from their eyes,
Yet the shadows inside my dwelling immutably refused to subside; lengthening
their sinister cover even under the most dazzling of daylight; as they waited in
anticipation for my priceless beloved.

And the world outside spawned into a new beginning as each day transcended

over the resplendent night; with the prolific winds of change taking an optimistic stranglehold on the brutality of the previous day,

Yet the oligarchic space of my dwelling kept crawling towards an inevitable blackness; kept dying the most heinous death in a mist of fading oblivion; without my priceless beloved.

47. ONE STEP FORWARD

When I took one step forward towards the Sun; I fell back like thunderbolts of lightening; charred to an inconspicuous speck in the swirl of its stringently sizzling rays,

When I took one step forward towards the Moon; I transited into a stupendously ravishing reverie in its profound shimmer; staggering inevitably towards realms of inevitable unconsciousness,

When I took one step forward towards the volcano; I wafted into infinitesimal corridors of remote oblivion; thoroughly whipped by its gruesomely fulminating aura,

When I took one step forward towards the well; I abruptly found myself engulfed by a fleet of hostile crocodile; the diabolically forlorn waters trying to strangle my body from all sides,

When I took one step forward towards the mirage; I soon realized I had been horrendously tricked; and all that I was able to capsize was sultry currents of sweltering blank atmosphere,

When I took one step forward towards the thorn; I pierced the intricately rubicund skin of my foot; and a stream of crimson blood began to profusely ooze from
my despairing caricature,

When I took one step forward towards the ghost; I was encapsulated by a severely debilitating fever; with a wave of inexplicable disease lingering incessantly around my innocuous persona,

When I took one step forward towards the dinosaur; he pulverized me till my last bone had blended wholesomely with soil; blowing my existence forever from this planet; like bristles of the broomstick,

When I took one step forward towards sinking sand; I felt myself plummeting down towards the innermost belly of satanic mud; before even I had time to speak; the names of whom I overwhelmingly loved,

When I took one step forward towards the waves; I inadvertently stumbled into the tumultuously violent storm; and soon witnessed the menacing jaws of shark marching down my throat,

When I took one step forward towards the rainbow; I found myself so profoundly entrenched by an infinite myriad of colors; that I almost forgot my original identity in pragmatic life,

When I took one step forward towards the shattered glass; I glimpsed all contours of my countenance distorted hideously beyond the realms of ugliness; propelling me to swoon on the ground in sheer disbelief,

When I took one step forward towards the evening; I discovered nothing but morbid darkness; and an uncouthly eerie silence that confronted me; in whichever direction I transgressed,

When I took one step forward towards treacherous lies; after a while I found myself so pathetically entangled by the blanket of heinous lechery; that I even forgot to pronounce my name correctly,

When I took one step forward towards the serpents den; the blood in my veins froze in its very roots; as the venomous monster slapped me viciously with its mystical tongue,

When I took one step forward towards the ant; the diminutive parasite suddenly coalesced with infinite more of its kind; metamorphosed the skin of my cheeks into a perpetual crimson; making my head bow down before my teacher in shame,

When I took one step forward towards the whispering leaves; each part of my visage was inundated with unfathomable frustration; as I simply couldn't make head or tail of the message they were trying to convey,

When I took one step forward towards the grave; I rebounded back countless feet in fraction seconds; as the unbearable agony of seeing my loved ones buried; made me relinquish all traces of life,

While when I took one step forward towards my beloved; it was for the first time

that each step of mine transformed into boundless more; and I kept marching with an invincible conviction; chanting the virtue of immortal love; till the last breath from my body flowed.

48. HOW CAN I EVER LOVE?

How can I ever hear anybody else's voice; when infact I have wholesomely surrendered all my power of hearing to your enchanting melody, when infact I sighted my face in your eyes; indefatigably all day and night,

How can I ever emulate anybody else's movements; when infact I irrevocably followed your intricate footsteps; right since the time I uttered my first cry,

How can I ever sketch anybody else's countenance; when I had immortally embossed your sacrosanct visage in the inner most arena of my chest,

How can I ever embrace anybody else's body; when infact I was an indispensable part of your every majestically royal caress,

How can I ever dream about anybody else's reflection; when infact I floated in the swirl of your stupendously passionate and charismatic breath,

How can I ever smile for anybody else's looks; when infact you were perennially perched all over the contours of my rubicund lips,

How can I ever wait for anybody else to arrive; when infact your incredulously enamoring footprints were all that I could recognize,

How can I ever kiss anybody else's cheeks; when infact your sacrosanct body was all that I took breath for,

How can I ever frolic with anybody else's hair; when infact I was each minuscule portion; which entirely encapsulated your magnanimous forehead,

How can I ever write poetry for anybody else's life; when infact you were poignantly present in every alphabet that unfolded from my tongue and hands,

How can I ever hoist anybody else's belongings; when infact your intriguingly innocuous visage clung compassionately to my shoulders since decades immemorial,

How can I ever cry for anybody else's absence; when infact my eyes had forgotten to flutter beside your impeccably startling persona,

How can I ever yearn for anybody else's presence; when infact even the most infinitesimal globule of your golden perspiration; meant to me more than my life,

How can I talk with anybody else's face; when infact I was left dumbfounded forever witnessing your ravishingly Omnipotent grace,

How can I ever sing about anybody else's demeanor; when infact your name was all that diffused like thunderbolts of volatile lightening; whenever I made the most inconspicuous of effort to open my lips,

How can I ever breathe; in anybody else's anticipation; when infact your mesmerizing benevolence was all that unrelentingly flowed through my jacket of tenderly handsome lungs,

How can I ever live for anybody else's whim and fancies; when infact I was the blood which transgressed through your veins; as the Sun flamed and faded the unfathomable expanse of blue sky,

And how can I ever love anybody else's body; when infact your incomprehensible beauty poured out from each of my heart beat; metamorphosing each portion of earth it cascaded on; into a celestial paradise.

49. PRICELESS LOVE

Drink it; or become a droplet of its enchantingly golden wave,

Climb it; or become a rock of its fabulously mesmerizing slope,

Admire it; or become a jewel of its philanthropically magnanimous beauty,

Whisper it; or become an echo of its ubiquitously spreading poignant aroma,

Follow it; or become a footprint of its seductively enigmatic trail,

Worship it; or become an idol of its invincibly immortal blessings,

Feel it; or become an entrenchment of its voluptuously satiny and profoundly magnetic caress,

Succumb to it; or become the ethereal contours of its majestically enlightening shadow,

Philander with it; or become the winds of its ravishingly exhilarated and unconquerable journey,

Dream it; or become a cloud of its beautifully everlasting fantasy,

Preach it; or become a chapter of its divinely sacrosanct and perpetually fragrant philosophies,

Proliferate it; or become a molecule of its perennially multiplying creation,

Relish it; or become a comrade of its tantalizingly euphoric countenance,

Dance with it; or become the rhythm of its never ending infinite beats,

Embrace it; or become the shyness of its unrelentingly bonding caress,
Smile at it; or become the lips of its exuberantly tingling and rhapsodic laughter,

Consecrate it; or become a grandiloquent bell in its irrefutably sacred shrine,

Sacrifice for it; or become the ideal of its unflinching undefeated convictions,

Breath it; or become a minuscule draught of its stupendously Omnipotent air,
And live it; or live for its unfathomable Godly spirit; and remember it till the last time you ever saw this planet; and even centuries thereafter; as PRICELESS LOVE.

50. WITH THE BLESSINGS OF ALMIGHTY GOD

We met on the boisterously bustling traffic streets; casting an evanescent glimpse amidst the juggernaut of bulky truck and traffic,

We flirted on the profusely foliated tree tops; winking at each other to the most unprecedented of our hearts content,

We stared unrelentingly under the creamy moon; trying to decipher our destinies sandwiched within the sparkling whites of our eye,

We flaunted our majestically robust skins under the dazzling Sun; basking in the

flamboyant glory of its festoon of magnificently enchanting rays,

We fantasized to realms beyond fathomless eternity; tossing ardently on the astronomical summit of the gigantic mountain,

We shouted till the last breath down our lungs; profoundly relishing the mystically enticing voice which reverberated past boundless continents; after clashing against the gregarious rocks,

We merrily munched through a conglomerate of tantalizing fruit; sitting beside the rambunctiously quacking ducks in the farm,

We bathed indefatigably in the seductively dribbling gorgeous waterfall; profusely enjoying it every unleashing minute; as reinvigorating pints of liquid gushed past our skins,

We danced rhapsodically in the heart of the jungle; gyrating exuberantly to the vivacious rustling of the leaves; the royally spell binding tunes of the nightingale,

We kissed in the aisles of insatiably augmenting passion; engulfing our shivering flesh with compassionate blankets of breath,

We chased each other through the incomprehensible labyrinth of enigmatic tunnels; squealing like new born infants as the blackness took a vindictive stranglehold of the light,

We euphorically pulled our hair in the poignantly undulating sea; inundating our limp bodies with tons of piquantly pepped up salt,

We philandered in gay abandon on the golden stallion; sequestering our clandestine venture to the best of our ability from the uncouthly satanic society,

We discovered each other in the perpetually solitary dungeons; understanding the inexplicably varied aspects of bountiful existence,

We mischievously slapped each other on the bed covers of grandiloquently frozen ice; instilling a frenzied ardor in our lifelessly chilled veins,

We admired each other on the temple steps; fervently incarcerated by the stupendously fabulous creation of the Almighty Lord,

We slept under the island of opalescently shimmering stars; whispering the nostalgic tales of impeccable childhood in our intricately sensitive eardrums,

We proposed to each other at the crack of surreally obscure dawn; so that the first rays of the flaming morning stood an invincible testimonial to our sacred love,

And we married in the realms of the immortally divine heavens; with the blessings of Almighty God; ensuring that we stayed united in threads of holy matrimony for times beyond what life could ever foresee.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 5

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually Part 5 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. JUST MARRYING HER
2. FOR ME TO BREATHE
3. LOVE, LOVE AND ONLY LOVE
4. ONE HEART
5. COUNTLESS LIVES
6. A HEART PALPITATING WITH MINE

7. AFTER MARRIAGE
8. FOREVER ALIVE
9. UNFASTENING THE BUTTONS OF HER HEART
10. THE ONLY DON'T
11. BUT AT LEAST ALLOW ME
12. STAMP
13. YOU ARE MY BELOVED
14. LIKE NOBODY ELSE
15. COMPLETE CONTROL
16. TEARS OF IMMORTAL LOVE
17. EXCEPT THE GIRL
18. LOVE; LOVE AND SIMPLY LOVE
19. FOR INFINITE LIVES
20. BUT YOU WOULD STILL FAIL
21. FIERY PASSIONATE
- 22.3 COMPLETE DAYS,3 COMPLETE NIGHTS
23. YOUR LOVE FOR ME
24. STEALING MY HEART
25. THE PERFECT MALE ATTIRE
26. ALL THAT I COULD EVER DREAM OF
27. YOUR HEART WAS THE BEST
28. SIMPLY NOT ENOUGH
29. LIVING DEAD
30. YOU WERE REALLY VERY BEAUTIFUL
31. PASSIONATE
32. JUST ONE STARE OF HERS
33. THE CAVITY WAS PURELY MINE
34. I KNEW HER BETTER THAN I KNEW MY BREATH
35. GAME OF LOVE
36. IN ORDER TO SIGN THE BOND OF LOVE
37. THE WAVE OF LOVE
38. I WANTED TO IMMORTALLY RESIDE
39. THE NIGHT WAS STILL ALIVE
40. YOU WERE IN MY EVERY HEARTBEAT
41. I STILL FAILED
42. HAD LEFT ME FOREVER
43. LETS FORGET THIS SOCIETY
44. IMMORTAL LOVERS
45. WHY DON'T YOU SEE
46. THE RICHEST OF ALL
47. ALL THAT I WANTED TO SEE
48. PASSING THROUGH HER HEART

49. PLATFORM OF LOVE
50. ALL DAY AND NIGHT

1. JUST MARRYING HER

Just touching her skin; doesn't mean that you were brutally forcing her,

Just winking at her doesn't mean; that you were perpetually proposing her,

Just playing with her voluptuous hair; doesn't mean that you compassionately cared about her,

Just staring into her rubicund eyes; doesn't mean that you understood every iota of her pain,

Just sitting beside her enchanting grace; doesn't mean that you audaciously shouldered all her miseries in life,

Just tightly clasping her dainty palms; doesn't mean that you understood what she actually desired from life,

Just mischievously pinching her skin; doesn't mean that you were making her feel like an immaculate child,

Just taking her out in your swanky car; doesn't mean that you were pacifying every need of her existence,

Just inscribing her name with a knife on your chest; doesn't mean you were more passionate about her; than the angels in the sky,

Just uttering her name umpteenth number of times in a minute; doesn't mean that you made her every dream manifest into a reality,

Just traversing behind her like a shadow; doesn't mean that you could read what was incessantly going on in her heavenly mind,

Just philandering with her on the romantic mountains; doesn't mean that you were the greatest lover born on this earth,

Just gifting her with some conventionally sleek contraptions; doesn't mean that you had veritably stolen her heart forever,

Just pacing around her seductive countenance; engulfed by a river of nervous sweat; doesn't mean that you could wholesomely commiserate with her proliferating sorrow,

Just wishing her the earliest on her birthday; doesn't mean that you topped her list of boundless admirers,

Just wholesomely applauding her melodiously captivating voice; doesn't mean that you comprehended the agony besieging her soul,

Just frequenting her dwelling insurmountable number of times in the day; doesn't mean that you were the closest to her; till the time she breathed,

Just emulating her every impeccable action; doesn't mean that you were her greatest connoisseur,

And just marrying her in the most grandiloquent fashion on this earth; doesn't mean that you really loved her; had made her yours for times even beyond; what you could contemplate.

2. FOR ME TO BREATHE

For me to smile; it was indispensable that her laughter punctuated profoundly beyond; the realms of fathomless sky,

For me to transiently think; it was indispensable that she unrelentingly fantasized; transgressed through the corridors of profusely enigmatic enchantment,

For me to read; it was indispensable that she had mastered all the scriptures on this boundless planet; already written the wordings of handsome tomorrow,

For me to chew; it was indispensable that she had tasted the most voluptuously exotic fruits that were laden on the trees; filling her majestic belly; bountifully beyond the realms of unprecedented contentment,

For me to win; it was indispensable that she was the invincible emperor; incarcerating every living being in the swirl of her celestially captivating countenance,

For me to whisper; it was indispensable that she sang the most stupendously ingratiating rhymes of the forest; mesmerized infinite entities on earth with her

rhapsodically mesmerizing voice,

For me to flirt; it was indispensable that she loved till times beyond this globe existed; languished in the aisles of insatiable desire with her soul mate,

For me to walk; it was indispensable that she had exuberantly explored every cranny of astronomically gigantic cosmos; tread her dainty foot on the most tantalizing blankets of vibrant yearning,

For me to clap; it was indispensable that she euphorically thumped the air infinite number of times; incessantly bounced on the drums of palpable life for centuries immemorial,

For me to admire; it was indispensable that she had captured all incredulously fabulous beauty on land in her impeccable eyes; nostalgically reminisced those moments when she took her first cry as a child,

For me to enjoy; it was indispensable that she relentlessly floated on cloudbursts of mystically surreal imagination; far away from the vagaries of this uncouthly monotonous society,

For me to run; it was indispensable that she fell like streaks of royally white lightening from the sky; instilling a wave of insurmountable passion in every entity lifelessly withering away towards the grave,

For me to feel good; it was indispensable that she relished every unfurling minute of spell binding existence; lived the day to countless hours even beyond the inevitable sunset,

For me to be innocent; it was indispensable that she perennially remained that immaculate angel; ebulliently playing in her mothers lap,

For me to wish; it was indispensable that she acquired all richness that lay embedded in the colossal atmosphere; metamorphosed her every evanescent perception into reality,

For me to adore; it was indispensable that she was the nearest to the Almighty Creator; thoroughly astounded by his unsurpassably vast chapters of creation,

For me to rest; it was indispensable that she possessed the magical prowess of sleeping even when entrenched by heinous viciousness; perpetually remained in a heavenly slumber; which none around could ever break,

For me to foresee; it was indispensable that she was the ultimate master of her own destiny; lead each instant of her life; to the most unprecedented of her hearts content,

And for me to breathe; it was indispensable that she lived for unfathomable more lives even if I failed to take birth again; benevolently consolidated my attempts of making this earth a better place to live in; even after I lay stone lipped in my grave.

3. LOVE, LOVE AND ONLY LOVE

When I was trespassing through the profusely verdant lawns; I waited for the rain to pelt down in tumultuous fury; drench every agonized pore of my skin with mesmerizing globules of water,

When I was wandering through the dungeons; I waited for the serpent to crawl up my nape; mystically whisper its tales of ingratiating enchantment into the chords of my sensitive eardrum,

When I was loitering through the aisles of the grandiloquent hotel; I waited for my fellow compatriot waiter to serve me dinner; and invite me wholeheartedly inside,

When I was lying on the temple doorstep; I waited for the sacrosanct bells to ring; God's approbations to the new expeditions of my unveiling life,

When I was digging sandcastles on the shores; I waited for the tangy waves to engulf me in entirety; catapult and wholesomely encapsulate in the realms of exuberant fantasy,

When I was contemplating on the 100th floor of the colossal edifice; I waited for the conglomerate of voluptuously seductive clouds to majestically sweep past my rubicund cheeks,

When I was pathetically strangulated in the monotonous office; I waited for those moments when I would race out like a volcano; thump my fists in unprecedented exhilaration towards blissful carpets of breeze,

When I was tossing in inexplicable nervousness on my king poster bed; I waited for my revered mother to give me a peck on my cheek; make me feel like the most invincible entity on this Universe,

When I was incarcerated by the winds of thunderously snoring sleep; I waited for unfathomably gorgeous dreams to perpetuate into my mind; transport me into a land of insatiable ecstasy,

When I was haplessly brooding over my brutal destiny on the cold ground; I waited for my mischievous sister to pummel me in the ribs; make me shrug all responsibility to be a new born child once again,

When I was on the astronomically mammoth summit of the mountain; I waited for the first rays of the Omnipotent Sun to kiss me; completely annihilate even the most minuscule trace of devil lingering in my countenance,

When I was in the heart of the jungle; I waited for the royally undaunted lion to arrive; instill in me loads of incomprehensible conviction; with just his single solitary roar,

When I was overwhelmingly tense and frazzled beyond capacity under the mind-boggling work load; I waited for a magnanimous yawn; releasing me uninhibitedly from corridors of desperation,

When I was seated abreast the golden mellow of the ornate candle; I waited for infinite lines of romantic poetry to flow in torrential downpours from my fingers; encompassing all the fragrant beauty whispering on this planet,

When I was staring unrelentingly towards the cosmos; I waited for the resplendent moon to arrive; illuminate the profound darkness of my soul with its festoon of immaculately shimmering rays,

When I was relentlessly marching on my path to save dwindling humanity; I waited for blessings to shower from the sky; to metamorphose my humble mission into a perpetual reality,

When I was dozing under the gigantic tree; I waited for the coconut to trip down; pacifying the traumatized valleys in my throat with its stupendously rejuvenating water,

When I robustly inhaling and alive; I waited for the divine light to prudently guide me; engender me to sacrifice my life for irrefutable justice to every living kind,

When I was traversing past the morbid graveyard; I waited for breath to

relinquish me in entirety; bond me forever with my mates sleeping blissfully
beneath the soil,

And when I was in front of my immortal beloved; I waited for her to say I LOVE
YOU, making me entirely oblivious to the most treacherous of pain on my body;
making me speak, worship; and die for; LOVE, LOVE AND ONLY LOVE.

4. ONE HEART

Bestow me with infinite hands to conquer; invincibly incarcerate every area on
the trajectory of this earth in my vice like grip,

Bestow me with infinite eyes to sight; admire every single bit of enchanting
charisma embodied in this colossal planet,

Bestow me with infinite legs to walk; reach even the most far off places in this
world; explore and ebulliently wander to the most unprecedented limits of my
minds content,

Bestow me with infinite fingers to write; so that I could emboss the most
boundless scriptures that people couldn't conceive; even in the most rampantly
frenzied of their nocturnal dreams,

Bestow me with infinite brains to fantasize; fomenting me to perceive what lay
camouflaged within the exotic conglomerate of voluptuously silken clouds,

Bestow me with infinite tongues to talk; so that I could converse in an
unsurpassable myriad of eclectic languages at once; with just a inconspicuously
tiny stroke of my mouth,

Bestow me with stomach's to eat; so that I could unrelentingly keep on
devouring appetizing food; strewn in bountiful abundance and on every lane I
tread,

Bestow me with infinite bones to fight; valiantly stand beneath the ferociously
blazing Sun; annihilate treacherous evil all across the world into threadbare ash,

Bestow me with infinite lips to smile; congenially spread the message of
philanthropic humanity; to far and distant across the mighty Universe,

Bestow me with infinite droplets of sweat to romance; so that I could bask in the
untamed glory of ecstatically exuberant and handsomely escalating passion,

Bestow me with infinite eyelashes to flirt; engendering me to inevitably wink at the most beautiful damsels; gallivanting with gay abandon on varied parts of this earth,

Bestow me with infinite noses to smell; propelling me to submerge myself into incredulous exoticism; sniffing even the most diminutive of fragrance emanating in bliss from the beneath soil,

Bestow me with infinite ears to hear; deciphering the melody in countless voices at a time; with an abruptly nonchalant nod of my head,

Bestow me with infinite necks to dance; gyrate under milky rays of the moon; for centuries immemorial without the slightest of fatigue or exasperated respite,

Bestow me with infinite teeth to chew; masticate succulent berries laden on each area of the gigantic mountain with overwhelmingly astounding joy and blissful relish,

Bestow me with infinite shadows to mystique; drown myself into an unfathomable island of enigma and tantalizing mystery,

Bestow me with infinite nails to scratch; defend myself and my fellow beings against the most diabolical power that trespassed on the surface of this fathomless Universe,

Bestow me with infinite breaths to survive; exist beyond the most deplorable gloom that had precariously engulfed this colossal planet,

But make sure you bestow me with only One Heart to live O! Omnipotent Creator; and over and above all do make sure that you gave it only to the ultimate girl of my dreams; the entity whom I would love forever and immortally know as my beautiful beloved.

5. COUNTLESS LIVES

It takes countless droplets of liquid to fill the empty bucket; grant its disdainfully dilapidated persona the stature of heavenly water,

It takes countless beams of sunlight to stringently fumigate the entire planet; deluge a myriad of shattered lives with rays of optimistic hope and blissful happiness,

It takes countless streams of crimson blood; to make the body celestially function; surge forward with unsurpassably arduous vigor in life,

It takes countless pinches of golden sands; to evolve the awe-inspiring and colossally magnificent royal desert,

It takes a countless battalion of voluptuously swirling waves; to evolve the boundlessly majestic and saline ocean,

It takes countless alphabets to write a book; mystically portray the spirit of adventure lingering perpetually for fathomless times to unveil,

It takes countless steps of overwhelming tenacity; to reach the astronomically towering pinnacle of gigantic mountain,

It takes countless roots embedded formidably under loose soil; to form an incomprehensibly tall and brazenly Oligarchic tree,

It takes countless blades of seductively green grass; to evolve a fathomlessly mesmerizing and divinely meadow,

It takes countless number of blood stained tears; to achieve what you really want in currently treacherous existence,

It takes countless petals of poignantly scented flower; to evolve a harmoniously synchronized and grandiloquent garland,

It takes a countless artillery of articulate bones; to dexterously manipulate the intricate movements of robustly transgressing human body,

It takes countless seconds of the rhythmically ticking clock; before the austerely blazing fireball of Sun; actually unfurls into the heart of the stupendously enchanting night,

It takes countless births before we actually dream of taking birth as insurmountably blessed man; having the privilege of being crowned the most superior in the fraternity of living kind,

It takes countless dreams and an unfathomable ocean of relentless fantasy; before waking up in absolute tranquil harmony at the crack of ephemeral dawn,

It takes countless hours of indefatigable turmoil; to achieve unprecedented corridors of meticulous perfection,

It takes countless draughts of exuberant air; to metamorphose the diminutively burning candle into an incredulously handsome fire escalating unstoppably towards bits of blue sky,

It takes countless days of innocuous childhood; to mature and harness into professional youth,

And it takes countless lives to find the sacrosanct love of your heart; the love that makes you feel immortally breathing; the love that imparts in you an irrevocable desire; to be forever alive.

6. A HEART PALPITATING WITH MINE

I have never seen eyes more mesmerizing than yours; the majestic seduction with which they fluttered under brilliant sunlight,

I have never seen lips more rubicund than yours; the way they smiled unceasingly even in the most bizarre of affliction they were circumvented with,

I have never seen hair more voluptuous than yours; the stupendously ravishing swirl in which they imprisoned every onlooker who transgressed by,

I have never seen a skin more resplendent than yours; the way it immaculately sparkled right since the first ray of ephemeral dawn; to the deathly hour even well past after chilly midnight,

I have never seen a nose more piquant than yours; the astounding ability it was bestowed upon to smell; profusely relish and enjoy each fragrance in the placid atmosphere,

I have never seen sweat more passionate than yours; the astronomically alluring vivacity it was endowed with; to drive away somebody's breath; like a meteor shot from the blue sky,

I have never seen cheeks more flirtatious than yours; titillating me to the most unprecedented limits and even beyond fathomless eternity,

I have never seen a voice more melodious than yours; the ingratiating aura which it radiated profoundly as it rose and fell with the silken clouds drifting in

the sky,

I have never seen a shadow more fascinating than yours; the enchanting trail of mysticism it left for centuries incomprehensible; as it lingered on even after the Herculean day had subsided,

I have never seen a smile more gorgeous than yours; the incredulously ecstatic virtue in it; that made it the irrefutable darling of all tribes,

I have never seen a conviction more firmer than yours; the tumultuously resilient ease; with which you rose up dauntingly to every task of life,

I have never seen hands more impeccable than yours; the dainty caress with which they spread their magic to every object they laid oligarchic demeanor on,

I have never seen a stomach more pristine than yours; the overwhelmingly fabulous way in which it nimbly swished; as the moist carpet of grass made you wonderfully yawn,

I have never seen a character more spotless than yours; the insurmountably floating unbiased empathy in your spell binding conscience,

I have never seen a mind more ingenious than yours; relentlessly fantasizing every unleashing minute; perceiving the most celestial of angels infinite feet above the cosmos,

I have never seen blood more crimson than yours; euphorically traversing through your body at lightening speeds; imparting all surrounding you with spurts of boisterous life,

I have never seen ears more enamoring than yours; the delectable string of feathery sounds they had this uncanny ability to decipher; while the world outside just kept delving into monotonous business,

I have never seen breath more fiery than yours; the unsurpassable ardor and tenacity with which it flowed like a fulminating volcano down your nostrils; bonding me inseparably with its royal grace,

And let apart seeing; I am sure that there doesn't exist a heart more compassionate than yours; a heart which loves me above all entities trespassing through this Universe; a heart which has since times immemorial always remained and palpitated with mine.

7. AFTER MARRIAGE

Before marriage she used to keep me handsomely like a king on her lids; dancing them every now and again to rejuvenate my overwhelmingly harried senses, While after marriage she hardly opened her eyes; kept sleeping like an untamed monster all day; despite the most passionate of my appeals.

Before marriage she harbored me like the most prized ring on her finger; scrubbing it umpteenth number of times with the ointment of her sensuous love, While after marriage she locked her ornament in her dilapidated rusty safe; leaving me in the realms of obsolete oblivion to contend with the dust and demons.

Before marriage she possessed me like a cherished rose in vase of her heart; harnessing me with the crimson blood that flowed profusely through her veins, While after marriage she ruthlessly ripped me apart; left me to decay with the stinking pile of garbage and the sweeper blowing me in nonchalant disdain; with the bristles of his threadbare broomstick.

Before marriage she chanted my name infinite times in a single minute; refraining to commence any activity without its irrefutably sacred presence on her lips,

While after marriage she stared like a complete stranger into my innocuous eyes; austerely asking who I indeed was with an unheard abuse.

Before marriage she offered me a place to sit; even if that meant that she stood for mind-boggling hours on the trot, While after marriage she sat on top of me with her battalion of fat friends; started to thunderously laugh without the slightest of gasp or respite.

Before marriage she remained starved till the time I didn't eat; famishing her dainty persona to unprecedented limits till the moment I fed her the first morsel of food with my very own fingers, While after marriage she finished breakfast; lunch; dinner at a single shot; made me run for my life before she decided to set her gigantic intentions on my robust skin.

Before marriage she hummed mesmerizing tunes in my ear before I went off to sleep; blessing my dreary countenance with divinely reinvigoration and celestial peace,

While after marriage she woke me the very next instant with her volcanic flurry of snores; commanded me to stand guard on the shivering gate to guard her until
she awoke sometime past brilliant afternoon.

Before marriage she bathed under the heavenly springs; adorned her neck with the most stupendously scented flowers; to astonishingly take my breath away from its very roots,
While after marriage she kept stubbornly lying like a corpse at one place; ordering me to snap the flies wandering past her month long unwashed cheeks.

Before marriage she imprisoned me in her breath like the most precious jewel that ever existed; immortally holding me close to her chest as it rose and fell harmoniously; in blissful tandem with the wind,
While after marriage she blew me away like a speck of inconspicuous dirt; attaching a price tag to my neck for auctioning me in the commercial junkyard.

Before marriage she kept compassionately kissing me till eternity; igniting dormant infernos in my visage to leap upto the fathomless sky,
While after marriage I made a dash for safer havens with my tail beneath my legs; as I sighted the entire jugglery of kitchen forks menacingly tighten in her hands.

And Before marriage she made me feel like the King of the Universe; applauding me insurmountably even for the most blatant blunder that I might have committed,
While after marriage she gave her heart to the stone miserably wailing on the streets; wholesomely kept me only to convert it specially for her; into a fountain of new life.

8. FOREVER ALIVE

It was in the light of the candle; that I found mystical enchantment,
It was under the austere rays of Sunlight; that I found my lost ardor to exist,

It was in the realms of the gurgling waterfall; that I found heavenly rejuvenation and an everlasting bliss,

It was under pearly beams of moonshine; that I found overwhelming threads of voluptuous fantasy,

It was in the immortal stillness of the forest; that I found my most intricate of

senses,

It was with the resurgent winds of autumn; that I found my mesmerizing prowess to sing,

It was within the dungeons infinite feet beneath; that I found baffling enigmas striking me at astounding speeds,

It was sighting the vivacious peacock; that I found my lost ability to animatedly leap and ecstatically dance,

It was in the island of pearls; that I found majestically royal fantasy of the most astronomical decree,

It was on the summit of the towering mountain; that I found my valor to audaciously confront evil beings,

It was in the tawny cats coat of fur; that I found nostalgic childhood; an insurmountable wave of heavenly mischief,

It was in the blanket of perennially green meadows; that I found an insatiable urge to shut my eyes tightly and celestially sleep,

It was in the heart of the rhapsodically leaping fire; that I found flames of untamed passion and wild romance,

It was in the wisps of satiny clouds; that I found my desire to reside forever in the lap of Almighty lord,

It was in the foundation of the mammoth building; that I found Herculean strength; an inevitable invincibility to single handedly take on the entire world,

It was riding on the back of a fox; that I found uncanny cunningness; the adroit manipulation to exist in this uncouth world,

It was beneath the shell of the tortoise; that I found incomprehensible laziness; a thunderous propensity to rest for several lives,

It was in the sacred lap of my mother; that I found that I was always young; without a trace of fatigue in my severely bloodshot eyes,

And It was in the arms of my beloved; that I found that I was breathing; I was

still living after gruesome death; I was forever exuberant and alive.

9. UNFASTENING THE BUTTONS OF HER HEART

When I unfastened the buttons of the sky; there came cloudbursts of rain
turbulently pelting down on the parched ground,

When I unfastened the buttons of the soil; all that lay there was fecund chunks
of mud blended with ravishing worm and mystical light,

When I unfastened the buttons of the towering castle; there unfolded a
grandiloquent extravaganza before my eyes; oligarchic tapestry and an
insurmountably royal ambience was all that touched my innermost senses,

When I unfastened the button of the voluptuously brown cola; there was a
fountain of tangy spray that blasted out; to impart incomprehensible
rejuvenation to my dreary soul,

When I unfastened the button of the gargantuan grandfather clock; the watch
abruptly stopped to function; and time seemed to come to a virtual standstill
although it was well past dawn,

When I unfastened the buttons of the majestically descending parachute; there
lay nothing but a flurry of broken bones on the ground; as I hurtled towards
the obdurate soil at a speed faster than that of white light,

When I unfastened the buttons of the ocean; there was an exquisite treasury of
coral reef and vivaciously slithering shark that left me in spells of dumbfounded
consternation,

When I unfastened the buttons of the television; a myriad of enthusing tunes and
vibrantly tantalizing pictures left me agglutinated to the silver screen for hours
unprecedented,

When I unfastened the buttons of the ancient dungeon; I found myself suddenly
encompassed by a festoon of glittering gold and biscuits of shimmering silver; as
I collided with an uncanny thud just inches beside the sacrosanct serpent
guarding them with its fangs,

When I unfastened the buttons of the delectable dwelling; my vision became all
the more sacred as I sighted my unsurpassably cherished mother,

When I unfastened the buttons of rubicund skin; poignant droplets of blood oozed out in torrents of rampant frenzy,

When I unfastened the buttons of the colossal ship; the boat eventually lost its synchronized balance; sank to the rock bottom of the ocean like a bullet fired from the sky,

When I unfastened the buttons of the cloistered bedroom window; a stringent beam of dazzling sunshine crept inside in splendid unison; shrugging off all the languid exhaustion that had uselessly circumvented my soul,

When I unfastened the buttons of the sleeping lotus; there wafted a stupendously seductive odor of rose in the air; deluging my morbid life with tons of excitement and enthralling happiness,

When I unfastened the buttons of the slippery web; a potbellied black spider brusquely fell on my robust palms; sending me into waves of ecstatic rhapsody,

When I unfastened the buttons of the gorgeous valley; an thunderously loud echo reverberated incessantly; piercing the soft carpet of wind to clash like violent sparks into the hills,

When I unfastened the buttons of my office shirt; I was left freezing on the snow clad streets; audaciously portraying my shriveled muscle like a deplorable skeleton pole,

When I unfastened the buttons of painstakingly creeping time; I astoundingly found myself perched near my grave; when in fact I hadn't even matured past the threshold of impetuous youth,

But the best happened when I unfastened the buttons of her heart; for all that I found there was only my picture; an immortal love and craving for me passionately pulsating; for many more centuries to blissfully unfold.

10. THE ONLY DON'T

Do abuse me every unfurling second; blurting a string of unheard expletives; for apparently no fault of mine,

Do slap me hard on my cheeks every day as I got up in the morning; spilling blistering tea deliberately on my daintily nimble skin,

Do thrust your foot vindictively in my way; bursting into a volley of thunderous laughter; as I fell head-on on my rubicund nose,

Do stash all your foul garbage as my pillow; evoking me to inevitably sneeze and cough all enchanting night,

Do poke out your tongue in disdainful cynicism; spitting blatantly on my scalp in front of all who wandered with alacrity on the boisterously brilliant streets,

Do shout to your absolute hearts content in my intricate ears; ruthlessly rupturing all my senses to hear and decipher melodious sound,

Do add overwhelming pints inebriating shrub in my coffee at dawn; so that I slept like a giant the entire day; while you gallivanted like a vamp through the lanes displaying your flamboyant flesh,

Do keep incessantly humming irascible tunes; disrupting my spells of intense concentration; engendering me to forget even the last work which I had spoken; just a moment ago,

Do hurl green chili in my crystalline eyes; making me intransigently emancipate blissful shades of life yielding sight,

Do pummel me hard in my robust stomach; trying your newly learnt boxing skills on me; making me gasp for huge breathfulls of precious life,

Do embarrass me to unprecedented limits as I sat in the midst of the mammoth crowd; savagely snatching the mike away from my palms; as I started to utter the first word of my speech,

Do sever the brakes of my car as I was just about to commence for my exhilarating expedition; triggering my wagon to explode into a ball of pugnaciously golden flames; charring me to raw saw dust; as I plunged like an inconspicuous mosquito into the perilously unfathomable valley,

Do make me polish the shoes of all your friends till they glistened profoundly under sun shine; giving me only stale chunks of threadbare bread to consume for lunch as well as midnight dinner,

Do emboss your dog's name on my naked chest with your satanically gleaming kitchen knife; rubbing potent doses of salt on my wounds; even before they could heal the slightest,

Do lambaste me wickedly with a scorpion whip; causing me to shriek in inexplicable anguish; making my day a treacherous nightmare along with my every night,

Do whistle flirtatiously to other boys in the street; with a mischievous twinkle on your face; even as I stared in utter disbelief,

Do give me your worn out clothes to wear; sending people in the town into uncontrollable guffaws; as they perceived me to be half a muscular man; half a ravishing woman,

Do emulate my signature; withdrawing my entire armory of unsurpassable wealth at a single stretch from the banks; rendering me penurious; begging and bizarrely homeless on the streets,

O.K. and while I would infact tolerate the most astronomically long and unending list of your diabolical do's; it would be on a singular condition of my ONE AND ONLY DON'T, For that is actually not me; but my heart saying; 'PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME'.

11. BUT AT LEAST ALLOW ME

I won't mind it at all if you didn't allow me inside with you; when you went to attend the glamorous party,
But at least allow me to sit outside on the steps; engross myself rhapsodically in your faint tunes; that nimbly floated in the atmosphere.

I won't mind it at all if you didn't offer me a ride behind your flamboyant bike; zipped ahead like an untamed tornado without slackening your speed or respite,
But at least allow me to watch you from my window; pray for you relentlessly to God; asking him to wade off the tiniest of evil that might be transgress viciously across your persona.

I won't mind it at all if you didn't invite me for dinner; when infact you had called even the most bedraggled of beggars to attend the bombastic fiesta,
But at least allow me to collect the left over's of your food; cherish and enjoy your ethereal essence for times immemorial.

I won't mind it at all if you didn't speak my name even once in your entire lifetime; remained profusely lost and captivated in wholesomely surreal fantasy of your own,

But at least allow me to chant yours till the time I died; overwhelmingly remember your fabulous countenance till I inhaled my last breath.

I won't mind it at all if you miserably failed to recognize me even when I passed at whisker lengths from your body; made an insurmountably scornful face; shrugging your nose in disdain towards open space,
But at least allow me to keep a blurred photograph of yours close to my heart; perceive you in the most stupendous forms possible every unleashing minute of the sweltering day.

I won't mind it at all if you spat ruthlessly on my face; kicked me in my rear like a football; trying to hurl me in a hurry towards my ultimate place in the heavens,

But at least allow me to admire the sweat that trickled prolifically from your nape; in your ominous attempts to make me disappear forever from this planet.

I won't mind it at all if you turned your back in dreariness as soon as you saw me; instead talked to unprecedented limits with the other man who was perpetually blind,
But at least allow me to caress your mesmerizing and fleeting shadow; which lingered transiently for a while; and then thoroughly lost itself in the granules of earth.

I won't mind it at all if you charred my bones to inconspicuous raw ash; punctured my robust body with a flurry of pugnaciously hostile bullets,
But at least allow me to sketch your enchanting contours on slippery sea soil; savor your incredulously glorious memories all my life.

I won't mind it at all if you barbarically blinded me; piercing my intricate eyeballs with gleaming rods of scarlet fire,
But at least allow me to feel the winds that kissed you while drifting; not only imparting me with the unsurpassable exuberance to lead the day; but to audaciously face my entire life.

And I won't mind it at all if you didn't give me a position in your heart; blowing me off like an infinitesimal speck of dirt into obsolete oblivion,
But at least allow me to listen to your passionately palpitating beats; which I had an irrefutable feeling would someday throb only for me; would someday be always mine.

12. STAMP

Every envelope needed a stamp of indispensable denomination; in order to successfully deport and proficiently reach its consummate place of destination,

Every writer needed a stamp of his publisher as well as his consortium of ardent admirers; in order to gain profound inspiration and surge ahead with flamboyance in life,

Every mountain needed the stamp of blistering Sun; in order to feel pompously elated and tower handsomely towards open patches of blue sky,

Every dog needed the stamp of its master; in order to incessantly wag its tail in exuberant happiness; loyally guard colossal property that lay perilously vulnerable all throughout the treacherous night,

Every mother needed the stamp of her innocuous child; in order to make her life complete in all respects; in order to make her realize that she was indeed the richest woman alive,

Every palm needed the stamp of enigmatic lines; in order to provide it the unfathomably mystical and rich luxury of destiny,

Every horse needed the stamp of its rider; in order to gallop majestically through undulating expanse of boundless land; win the race amidst countless other of its kin and kind,

Every pen needed the stamp of its manufacturer; in order to optimistically emboss unsurpassable lines of exquisite literature; keep indefatigably writing with tumultuous confidence,

Every ocean needed the stamp of its vivaciously swirling waves; in order to portray to the world that it was turbulently tangy and a stupendously magnificent sight,

Every chest needed the stamp of impeccable fabric; in order to accentuate its robustly bulging contours to the outside world; present itself congenially and blend superbly with the intricacies civilized society,

Every day needed the stamp of date; in order to depict its overwhelmingly vital significance; keep in tandem with the exact unleashing of whirlwind time,

Every meadow of green grass needed the stamp of the sacrosanct cow; in order to prove that it was indeed the most exotic food found on this planet; had

encompassed in its blades all the inevitable ingredients to sustain life,

Every web woven with slimy thread needed the stamp of the long legged spider; in order to cast its mystically enigmatic impression on the aliens who faintly witnessed it,

Every boat needed the stamp of a captain; in order maneuver adroitly through the stormy waters; transport its scores of insurmountably nostalgic passengers; safely to the welcome shores,

Every jeweled throne needed the stamp of a prince; in order to continue its lineage of oligarchic legacy; look incredulously royal even under the most diminutive rays of moonlight,

Every skeleton needed the stamp of rubicund flesh; in order to tenaciously move; rise up with inexorable resilience to each horrendous barricade of life,

Every kettle needed the stamp of reinvigorating sizzling brown tea; in order that people caressed its glistening periphery with loads of compassionate warmth,

Every shoe needed the stamp of bohemian foot; in order to kick rhapsodically in ebullient atmosphere; hurl itself with rampant freedom to every nook and cranny that it liked,

Every eye needed the stamp of sparkling vision; in order to profusely engross and admire the unfathomable number of sights that existed bountifully in this world,

Every tongue needed the stamp of commanding voice; in order to make its presence felt amongst a horde of wolves; and celestially survive,

And every heart needed the stamp of immortal love; to passionately palpitate not only in life; but even infinite years after inevitable death.

13. YOU ARE MY BELOVED

You are a mesmerizing fairy; that keeps incessantly coming in each of my dreams,

You are an innocuously sweet angel; making me bask in the glory of my blissful childhood,

You are a delectably enchanting cloud; which floats poignantly all day;
encompassing each corner of my eye,

You are a star that keeps indefatigably shining in the azure sky; profusely
illuminating my every single night,

You are a voluptuous carpet of scarlet roses; that wafted stupendously exotic
scent for me to inhale each hour,

You are a majestically clashing ocean; which inundates every unleashing minute
of my life with unprecedented ecstasy,

You are an incredible painting; which blesses my life with vivacious shades of
effusively vibrant color,

You are tantalizing droplets of rain; which imparts me with an indomitable ardor
to surge forward audaciously in every aspect of existence,

You are a field of impeccably shimmering cotton; that generates the sacred
virtue of honesty in my wretched conscience,

You are a brilliant beam of unconquerable sunlight; that filters with divinely grace
into my cloistered and gloomy heart,

You are a golden globule of honey; that makes me profoundly glisten in the
sweetness of omnipotent life,

You are a ravishing peacock; that entices me every instant; into cloudbursts of
fantasy as you unveiled your coat of silken feathers to a complete blossom,

You are a spring of celestial water; that pacifies my overwhelmingly parched
senses; with heavenly love and perpetual care,

You are a astonishingly seductive and cheeky nightingale; which permeates my
dreary soul; with enchanting tunes for times immemorial,

You are an island of rejuvenating spice; which doesn't leave any scope in my life
to be the slightest despondent or dejected,

You are a festoon of royally scintillating pearls; that foments me to rhapsodically
philander across every nook and cranny of this colossal earth,

You are an idol of irrefutable truth; whom I leaned upon in my times of inexplicable distress and traumatized pain,

You are an sacrosanct entity; who has nothing but unfathomable love in your turbulently palpitating heart,

But more importantly than anything; you have a distinction perhaps even more than God in my life; as YOU ARE MY BELOVED.

14. LIKE NOBODY ELSE

I admired your immaculate eyes every unleashing minute; for drowning me in the glory of their stupendously emphatic moisture,

I caressed your voluptuous coat of black hair for times immemorial; feeling their softness tingle me till the last bone down my spine,

I entwined my palms with your heavenly fingers; bonding my impoverished soul with yours for centuries unfathomable,

I passionately kissed your seductively rosy lips; absorbing their sweetness with relentless ardor and charm,

I floated handsomely in your tantalizing dreams; philandering audaciously on cloud nine with your countenance resting on my shoulders,

I ardently smelt the fiery breath that descended like a volcano from your nostrils; feeling that unprecedented enthusiasm swelling prolifically in your pulse,

I profoundly engrossed myself into the cadence of your mesmerizing voice; blending completely with the mystical enigma that enveloped your every stride,

I ran like an untamed panther behind your enchanting shadow; intricately following its contours till I collapsed on the hard ground in a drearily bedraggled heap,

I lay on your stomach for marathon hours of the day and for every instant of the tumultuously stormy night; my head rising and falling with each breath of yours which was now wholesomely mine,

I stood like an invincible fortress by your side; trying my Herculean best to wade off the most minuscule of evil hovering by your divinely side,

I wrote your name with my blood infinite times in a single day; making it an immortal epitome for every lover transgressing fanatically on the trajectory of this planet,

I voraciously rubbed your fabulously silken skin in freezing whirlwinds of snow; imparting your majestic visage with incomprehensible loads of compassionate warmth,

I stared like a child into the contours of your vivacious face; exploring something new and incredulously rejuvenating; as you winked innocuously under the milky moonlight,

I worshipped your celestial feet every dawn; as the first beam of sunlight timidly filtered through my gloomily obfuscated window,

I tickled you uncontrollably in your ribs; supremely relishing the astoundingly tinkling charisma in your tangy laughter,

I patiently waited for your footsteps to arrive; completely lost in a gorgeously romantic fantasy; moving my head nimbly towards the handsomely setting amber Sun,

I confided to you even the most weirdest perceptions of my mind; sharing with you each embarrassing moment of my life,

I sketched enamoring shapes of your oligarchic persona with articulate strokes of my paint brush; imprisoning your unparalleled beauty on the blank canvas of my body,

And I loved your heart LIKE NOBODY ELSE could ever dare to do; not only in this birth; but for fathomless more births to unfold and evolve into new life.

15. COMPLETE CONTROL

I didn't want to capture her eyelashes; the ostentatious mascara delectably embellishing her nimble lids,

I didn't want to capture her skin; which glowed to an overwhelmingly voluptuous crimson under the impact of garishly personified talcum powder,

I didn't want to capture her lips; which had profuse coating of pretentiously

sleazy lipstick,

I didn't want to capture her hair; which had bombastic coatings of contemporary hair dye,

I didn't want to capture her waist; which danced tantalizingly enveloped by chains of haughty silver,

I didn't want to capture her earlobes; swishing daintily with opulent emeralds of sapphire green; procured fresh from the sea,

I didn't want to capture her palms; embossed with mystical designs available rampantly in the contemporary market,

I didn't want to capture her breath; which was now blended with the most alluring of artificial sandalwood perfume,

I didn't want to capture her fingers; which were adorned with a myriad of pompously glittering rings,

I didn't want to capture her voice; which had profound traces of a deliberately pernicious slang embedded in it,

I didn't want to capture her teeth; which had prominent encapsulations of the most expensive paste adhering them,

I didn't want to capture her muscle; which had evolved over a period of time; after her voracious consumption of exorbitantly costly steroids,

I didn't want to capture her shadow; as it meekly coalesced with obsolete oblivion without the most minuscule of prior notice,

I didn't want to capture her sweat; which was incredulously scented with the boundless repertoire of body lotions she used; literally every unfurling minute of the marathon day; every time before she closed her eyes for the sultry night,

I didn't want to capture her cheeks; which were indiscriminately inundated with truck loads of pertinent chemical sprays,

I didn't want to capture her saliva; which had obnoxious traces of foreign chewing gum and cherry,

I didn't want to capture her nails; which were painted with the most gaudily conventional nail polish available in the trendy market,

I didn't want to capture her conscience; which had inevitably become manipulative; as she struggled for her existence in this uncouth world,

Although each part of her body appeared artificial; there was definitely one thing that I wanted to capture; and that was her heart; longing and thunderously throbbing wilder than the most wildest of storm; more importantly than anything rendering me the complete control of its passionate beats.

16. TEARS OF IMMORTAL LOVE

When I saw the ocean swirling ecstatically towards the sky; trying to touch the Sun in its profoundly untamed glory;
There were tears of sheer adventure that dribbled from my eyes; transiting me into a land of fabulously enchanting fantasy.

When I saw the moon creeping nimbly into vibrantly blue cosmos; making way for the magnificently star studded night,
There were tears of placid contentment that trickled from my eyes; and my whole body commenced to prepare itself for a celestially satisfying nocturnal sleep.

When I saw the silhouette of the preposterously diabolical giant menacing full throttle towards me; ready to gobble upon my innocuous form,
There were tears of uncanny fear that oozed from my eyes; as each part of my skin got engulfed with profusely nervous sweat.

When I saw my fellow compatriots in tumultuous pain; with uncouth wounds of hopeless despair encompassing the periphery of their cracked lips,
There were tears of inexplicable sorrow that poured from my eyes; as I took a resolution to once again transform God's created earth into a veritable paradise.

When I saw the potbellied spider fall infinite times; yet rise again to eventually accomplish weaving its cozy web,
There were tears of fortified conviction that flowed from my eyes; as each bone in my impoverished demeanor; got ready to confront the most mightiest of challenge on this planet.

When I saw the boundless conglomerate of pigeons pecking each other

passionately; in wee hours of the wonderfully ravishing night,
There were tears of uninhibited passion that crept out of my eyes; as a
cloudburst of insatiable desire shot through cabin compartments of my brain.

When I saw the festoon of red ants clambering on the towering elephant;
fomenting him to fall like a box of soggy matchsticks on obdurate ground,
There were tears of awe inspiring self confidence that gushed out of my eyes; as
I realized suddenly that true power lies solely in the mind.

When I saw the sacrosanct virtue of truth being massacred indiscriminately on all
quarters of this Universe; being weighed with a platter of spurious currency all
the time,
There were tears of utter hopelessness that shot out of my eyes; as I spat my
wholesome best on disastrously dwindling mankind.

When I saw the divinely countenance of my mother parading by my side;
bustling around in thorough anticipation of my well being,
There were tears of overwhelming gratitude that drizzled from my eyes; as I
touched her feet in due obeisance; poignantly kissed her palms for bringing me
into this fathomless world.

And when I saw the vivaciously enchanting visage of my beloved; her
incomprehensibly alluring fragrance that took complete control over my every
breath,
There were tears of immortal love that cascaded from my eyes; as I embraced
her perpetually in my arms; obscuring our entities forever from this
manipulatively blood thirsty planet.

17. EXCEPT THE GIRL

The mesmerizing tunes of the voluptuous nightingale; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which emanated from my breath; were heard by none; except the
girl who came every unfurling minute in my ocean of dreams.

The boisterously buzzing tunes of the queen bee; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which diffused from my breath; were heard by none; except the
girl who tantalized me unrelentingly with the fragrance of her mystical breath.

The melodious tunes spiraling handsomely from the delectable piano; were heard
by everybody,
But the tunes which oozed from my breath; were heard by none; except the girl
who cast an enigmatic spell on each path I tread.

The cacophonous tunes of croaking frogs; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which flowed from my breath; were heard by none; except the girl
who left me astoundingly dumbfounded; with the crimson color of her innocuous
cheeks.

The tunes of tumultuous thunder pouring from sky; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which sky rocketed from my breath; were heard by none; except
the girl who conjured me into a spell of celestially unending sleep.

The treacherously satanic tunes of the monster approaching; were heard by
everybody,
But the tunes which cascaded from my breath; were heard by none; except the
girl who maneuvered me into a land of incomprehensibly beautiful fantasy.

The vivacious tunes of the giant drum; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which descended from my breath; were heard by none; except the
girl who granted me the astronomical conviction to confront every aspect of life.

The ominous tunes of the hideously hissing snake; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which shot from my breath; were heard by none; except the girl
who made me feel perpetually young; with insurmountable mischief lingering on
her face.

The passionate tunes of the ocean clashing against the rocks were heard by
everybody,
But the tunes which dribbled from my breath; were heard by none; except the
girl who drowned me profusely in the ingratiating aura of her divinely voice.

And the vital tunes of existence on this planet; were heard by everybody,
But the tunes which crept from my breath; were heard by none; except the girl
who impregnated new life every second in my impoverished persona; the girl
who infact I proudly called my beloved.

18. LOVE; LOVE AND SIMPLY LOVE

I couldn't talk non stop; for after a while; the chords of my intricate throat
started to hurt; and a gruesome hoarseness besieged my persona,

I couldn't walk non stop; for after a while; the soles of my feet started to ache;
and the conglomerate of dreary bones in my body demanded celestial rest,

I couldn't write non stop; for after a while; my fingers swelled like a plump tomato; and the disdainful sweat on my palms started to drip obnoxiously on barren sheets of white paper,

I couldn't stare non stop; for after a while; my voluptuously soft cushion of lids fell down with a sigh; and the whites of my eye were desperate to get rid of the tumultuous stinging,

I couldn't eat non stop; for after a while; the tunnels of my stomach threatened to puke; and the buds of my tongue abhorrently repulsed the most exotic of taste,

I couldn't dance non stop; for after a while; the fantasy in my mind wholesomely subsided; and I inevitably collapsed on soil for my nocturnal slumber under the resplendent stars,

I couldn't plough non stop; for after a while; the acrimonious rays of the Sun stabbed me like a billion needles; and the gallons of golden sweat which dribbled; made me loose holistic degrees of control,

I couldn't swim non stop; for after a while; the tenacity in my arms seemed to be diminishing; and the fathomless expanse of waters made me return back to the heavenly shores,

I couldn't party non stop; for after a while; the pretentious smoke of cigar took its toll on my natural nerves; and the sonorously manipulative style of talking; assassinated all my raw exuberance in its premature buds,

I couldn't study non stop; for after a while; beads of exasperation began to entrench me from all sides; and life became nothing but a series of disastrously monotonous equations to confront,

I couldn't sing non stop; for after a while; all tunes existing seemed to be puncturing me like fulminating volcano's; and I lost complete identity of my very own voice,

I couldn't dream non stop; for after a while; the pragmatic realities of life started to pinch me overwhelmingly; and the penurious conditions which currently engulfed me; obstructed me in my path of transforming all my perceptions into a perpetual reality,

I couldn't fight non stop; for after a while; realization dawned upon me that it

was all baseless; and I needed to contribute something towards deteriorating mankind,

I couldn't sleep non stop; for after a while; I felt the blistering mid day sunshine filtering unbearably through my eyes; and the framework of my countenance became restless to be on the move,

I couldn't drive non stop; for after a while; the world outside became an incessantly revolving whiz; and I frantically wanted to trespass at normal speeds once again,

I couldn't rule non stop; for after a while; I felt as if I was completely losing my indigenous identity; and the voice of my conscience commanded me to rest blissfully in the lap of my revered mother,

I couldn't focus non stop; for after a while; the insurmountably restless urges in my soul got the better of me; and I found myself pondering on everything else; other than what I was supposed to concentrate,

I couldn't play non stop; for after a while; the will to majestically survive made me march dynamically towards the summit; slither with uninhibited passion; to achieve all my goals in life,

I couldn't hate non stop; for after a while; the inexorably omnipotent voice of my mind condemned me for my cowardly behavior; and the blood circulating in my veins fomented me to embrace my fellow mates in pain,

I couldn't lie non stop; for after a while; an astronomically ardent desire to disentangle myself from this web of lechery; and my tongue candidly conveyed its explicit set of ideals,

But there was only one virtue which I could do non stop; and which not only I; but every entity with a throbbing heart has been doing since centuries immemorial; a virtue which even the greatest of God's have bowed down too; a virtue which has its immoral essence dissipated in every nook and cranny of this boundless planet; O! yes I feel the richest man on this earth to proclaim it as LOVE; LOVE AND SIMPLY LOVE.

19. FOR INFINITE LIVES

Let a magician come in front of you; trying to cast a spell on your mesmerizing countenance; with his unfathomable flurry of ingenious tricks,

Let the clouds be attracted inevitably towards your voluptuous voice; trying their best to impress you upon with tantalizing globules of rain,

Let a battalion of handsome snakes slither around you; endeavoring to entrench you in the swirl of their mystically enchanting hood,

Let the mightily colossal waves of the ocean clash against your divinely form; trying to engulf you in the aura of tumultuously tangy froth,

Still come what may; nobody on this earth could ever touch you; as your immortal love would not only be for this life; but for infinite lives; always be mine.

Let the desert sands fly in rampant frenzy; insatiably wishing to stick on your immaculately glowing skin,

Let majestic eagles in the sky build their nest above your dwelling; trying to have a surreptitious glimpse of you; after pearly midnight,

Let the turbulent breeze deliberately kiss you as it passed; basking in the glory of its spuriously passionate rendezvous,

Let the needles of the grandiloquently colonial clock stop in anticipation of you to awaken; tick at wild velocities when you wanted time to fly,

Still come what may; nobody on this earth could ever touch you; as your immortal love would not only be for this life; but for infinite lives; always be mine.

Let the Sun try and incarcerate you in its web of flamboyantly fiery rays; trying to blind you wholesomely with the astronomical tenacity of its light,

Let the grass voluptuously tickle your soles; secretly enjoying your ravishing warmth as you trespassed like an angel through its green stalks,

Let the owl stare unrelentingly at you for hours immemorial; trying to hypnotize you with its enigmatically crystalline eyes,

Let the avalanche of snow melt in torrential frenzy; to evoke sympathy; as you cast your impeccable eyes upon its manipulative demeanor,

Still come what may; nobody on this earth could ever touch you; as your immortal love would not only be for this life; but for infinite lives; always be mine.

Let all the mouths on this planet shout to their hearts content; trying to win you by the overwhelming domination in their tone,

Let the society starve you to unprecedented limits; in order to enforce upon you; the partner of their dictatorial choice,

Let the streams cascading down from the mountains change their direction; to flow across the sacred paths you celestially tread,

Let every activity on this Universe come to an abrupt standstill; every tangible eyeball rivet to your irrefutably poignant visage; trembling in uncontrollable agony to make you the queen of their hearts,

Still come what may; nobody on this earth could ever touch you; as your immortal love would not only be for this life; but for infinite lives; always be mine.

20. BUT YOU WOULD STILL FAIL

You could mercilessly snatch my eyes; engender a blanket of gruesomely debilitating darkness to wholesomely engulf me till eternity,

You could make me dismally dumb; with my tongue refraining to utter even the most tiniest of sound,

You could maim me worse than a dying dog; fomenting me to slither pathetically on the ground; as I tried to surge the slightest of distance forward,

You could starve me more brutally than the scorching desert; savagely drying the last drop of blood circulating in my body,

But you would still fail to make me forget her; unwind me from the web of her supremely invincible love; unwind me from the place in her heart that was perpetually mine.

You could make me haplessly beg on the boisterous streets; shiver uncontrollably in the freezing night; adorning me in rags of disdainful barbed wire,

You could satanically smash my scalp into infinite fragments; making me swoon in a bloody heap towards profusely dusty ground,

You could incarcerate me in a dungeon replete with lethal scorpion; and even the most obscure beam of Sunlight; being an insurmountably far cry,

You could make me treacherously transgress over a blanket of sizzling embers; making me inevitably shrug holistic degrees of blissful control,

But you would still fail to make me forget her; unwind me from the web of her supremely invincible love; unwind me from the place in her heart that was perpetually mine.

You could throw me diabolically from the fathomless sky; laugh to your hearts content; as nobody on this earth could now recognize me in my unfathomably broken form,

You could blend the most heinous poison in the water that I sipped; watching me horrendously gasp for mammoth breathfulls of serene air,

You could strip me uncouthly of all the wealth I possessed; leave me to confront my destiny; abreast an island of serrated skinned alligators,

You could shoot me right through the head; with a battalion of boundless bullets hurling at unsurpassable speeds from your murderously gleaming revolver,

But you would still fail to make me forget her; unwind me from the web of her supremely invincible love; unwind me from the place in her heart that was perpetually mine.

You could crucify me to bodily submission; nailing my nimble persona with an incomprehensible armory of barbaric thorns,

You could use me as food for the preposterously gigantic whale; tossing me like a chunk of dilapidated vegetable; right into the moaning monsters mouth,

You could squelch me to inconspicuous pulp against the chain of blood curling rocks; before eventually dumping me countless kilometers beneath my corpse,

You could make every step of my life more tyrannical than infinite hell's combined together; stabbing me every unfurling second with astronomical amount of unbearable pain,

But you would still fail to make me forget her; unwind me from the web of her supremely invincible love; unwind me from the place in her heart that was perpetually mine.

21. FIERY PASSIONATE

The color of the moon was pure white; with its pearly rays illuminating the profoundly ghastly night,

The color of the sky was crystalline blue; with its conglomerate of silken clouds playing hide and seek with the sunlight,

The color of the lips was rosy pink; with their voluptuous periphery making even the most diabolical of entity succumb to their knees,

The color of the night was gruesome black; with its enchantment casting a mystical spell on all animate and inanimate hovering around,

The color of gold was glittering yellow; and its glow besieging every eye that sighted it with an immortal longing for impregnable supremacy,

The color of the rainbow was vivaciously vivid; with the world staring at it in unfathomable fascination,

The color of the deserts was timidly brown; with its colossal expanse of sands absorbing unsuspecting travelers in its slippery swirl,

The color of hair was as dark as the eerie tunnel; with its boundless fibers swishing in waves of enigmatic euphoria,

The color of farm chili was parrot green; with its piquant spice fomenting tears to ooze at random from the eyes,

The color of blood was handsomely scarlet; with its stains irrefutably refraining to erase once applied,

The color of the ocean was royally sapphire; with its ravishing waves striking gleefully against the jagged chain of glistening rocks,

The color of the infant was amicably pearly; with its incessant cries making it the unconquerable darling of all who passed by,

The color of the savage convict was steel grey; with his eyes burning fire and profuse vindication at being jailed for long years,

The color of soil was majestically bronze; with its stupendous layers of fertility blossoming into robust crop; ensuring that mankind never dwindled; never died,

The color of the mother was sacredly frosty; sequestering her baby from the most inconspicuous of evil lurking about in this world,

The color of the fish was delectably silver; gliding its way tantalizingly through the deep expanse of obscure waters,

The color of ice was stringently transparent; with its astounding prowess to cool providing reprieve to millions of adventurers in scorching heat,

The color of water was austere plain; with its sparkling globules pacifying the thirst of fathomless beings every unleashing second of the day,

The color of fire was incredulously golden; with its crackling flames imparting unsurpassable warmth to every human shivering on the streets in acerbic winter,

The color of the creator was a blend of all colors existing on this earth; the most magnificent shade of them all; silencing everyone his supremely Omnipotent power and invincible grace,

And the color of love was FIERY PASSIONATE; imprisoning every human; imprisoning every breathing organism in the flame of its agony; the cloud of its incomprehensible desire.

22.3 COMPLETE DAYS,3 COMPLETE NIGHTS

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; I dreadfully shivered; collapsing in utter nervousness on the obdurate ground,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; I forgot to normally blink; stared unrelentingly into open space as if somebody had stabbed me in my chest; the entire world outside had come to an

abrupt end,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; I felt all hunger die a ghastly death in my stomach; with my body refusing all food and tepid water,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; the blood flowing through my veins froze midway; with the hair on my body standing up in unfathomable gloom,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; my skull relinquished all memory; floundered to function harmoniously with the commercial world outside; wholesomely lost in the realms of your mesmerizing fantasy; the compassionate moistness in your breath that used to flow when you were close by my side,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; all words tumbled mumble-jumble from my mouth; with a severely debilitating coma crippling each corner of my brain; and my heart palpitating like a missile about to deafeningly explode,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; my body started perspiring more than the most tumultuous of storm; an ocean of tears welled up my eye; poured indefatigably beyond the most sagacious of my control; my soul went berserk with incomprehensible hysteria, And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; my teeth started to inexorably clatter even in the most acerbic of Sunlight; infinite goose-bumps crept up on my palm in morbid exhilaration; everything outside my window seemed to be diabolical and profusely poisoned,

And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; all my fantasies and dreams got buried boundless feet beneath the corpse; every part of me started to vehemently hate the society; with a feeling of assassinating every entity traversing on this earth slowly creeping in my persona; as my bouts of boiling anger rose to the peak,
And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

Even when the thought of leaving you for a mere 3 seconds in the day came to my mind; I abdicated even the most tiniest of urge to live further; forcefully closed my eyes and breath to blend my heart and soul with the Omnipotent Creator,
And today you were blatantly telling me in my face; that you planned to leave me for 3 complete days; 3 complete nights.

23. YOUR LOVE FOR ME

Your love for me was not like the disloyally changing shape of the Moon; which blatantly metamorphosed its pearly body at the onset of every night,
Infact I have profound pride in stating; that it was like the resplendent blanket of shimmering stars which shone for countless decades; illuminating my gloomy household with enchanting light.

Your love for me was not like the tumultuous storm; which devoured even the minutest of entity in its thunderous swirl,
Infact I have profound pride in stating; that it was like the delectable draught of wind; which arose every evening; mystically tingling the camouflage of dense leaves with its dainty charm and grace.

Your love for me was not like the poignantly burning candle; which diminished wholesomely; a few minutes after ferociously igniting into a ball of flames,
Infact I have profound pride in stating; that it was like the fire which burnt unrelentingly towards the sky; becoming more and more passionate as the pinnacle of darkness encroached every space.

Your love for me was not like the swanky bottle of expensive scent; which started to rot away soon after initially flooding every bit of scorched atmosphere,
Infact I have profound pride in stating; that it was like the stupendously fragrant

lotus; which spread its essence without distinction; captivated me for many births yet to unveil in the aura of its enigmatic redolence.

Your love for me was not like the callous bird mother; who deserted her children a few days after they had hatched from the egg; and after adeptly teaching them to fly high,

Infact I have profound pride in stating; that it was like the human mother; who harnessed and nourished her baby for marathon years even after he attained maturity; catered to the most inconspicuous of his demand till the time she found herself on her inevitable deathbed.

Your love for me was not like pelting drops of violent rain; which gave just momentary pleasure to my flesh and then left me dry and mourning as the blistering Sun crept up in the sky,

Infact I have profound pride in stating that; it was like the colossal ocean with piquantly escalating waves; which provided warmth and rejuvenation to my dirty body; at the unleashing of dawn every morning.

Your love for me was not like a sleazy television commercial; which sent ravishing chills down my spine as the instant I viewed it; and then left me longing for more as the boring news came by,

Infact I have profound pride in stating that; it was like the mesmerizing fable that had an unprecedented impact on my destiny; bequeathed a moral to my life.

Your love for me was not like slippery granules of sand; which seductively caressed my skin for fraction of seconds; and then unavoidably trickled onto the boiling soil,

Infact I have profound pride in stating that; it was like the century old Banyan tree which had its roots firmly impregnated in ground; was almost invincible to dismantle even when the entire army tried to tear it down.

Your love for me was not like the swashbuckling aircraft which transported the passenger at electric speeds from one destination to another; made him feast on the magnificent cocoon of white clouds as he sipped wine seated on the plush upholstery; before eventually leaving him to crawl miserably towards his destination on naked feet,

Infact I have profound pride in stating that; it was like the divine fairy wandering in the cosmos; who inundated my senses every unfurling second with all the pleasure and fantasy that existed on this planet.

And your love for me was not like the throbbing heart which palpitated beyond the point of no control at one instant, and relinquished breath the other;

abandoning me in a condition of complete disbelief and disarray;
Infact I have profound pride in stating that; it was like the soul which was
timeless; which would continue to live for unfathomable number of years even
after the last entity on this earth had died; which strangulated me entirely in its
perpetual grip; which gave my life a new beginning every time I felt I was dead.

24. STEALING MY HEART

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my car; whizzed past
the meandering slopes of the valley at roaring speeds; and blended profusely
with the spirit of adventure,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my swanky perfume
bottle; flooded your entire entity by prolifically sprinkling the same; basked in
the aisles of unsurpassable fragrance that emanated as a ramification,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my shoes;
audaciously clambered up the mountains; tightly fitting them to your nimble
skinned soles,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my drum replete with
glistening jewels; embellished your entire body with scintillating garments
portraying them bombastically to the outside world,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my appetizing
morsels of food; feasted on the same sipping delectable pints of red wine on the
verdant slopes of the ecstatic waterfall,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my entire wardrobe
of clothes; philandered through the rustic fields adorned in cowboy boots;
audaciously brandishing your tomboyish attire,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my feather tipped
pen; sketched exquisite shapes of the voluptuous stars lingering in the cosmos;
emptied all the ink entrapped within to sign the bulky chequebooks,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my books; had a
smashing time in browsing through the majestic ensemble of beautiful words;
drowning yourself wholesomely into the tantalizing fantasy imprisoned within,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my colossal dwelling;
leaving me scorched and dry on the streets to uncertainly weave my way around,

It didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my children; frolicked and enjoyed with them on the sea shores; while I brooded incessantly in moments of gruesome silence,

It didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my diamond studded sword; swished it violently around; pretentiously pretending to inhabit the royal throne,

It didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my bushy beard and moustache; tossing my hair around in unprecedented glee; after plucking them from my skin furtively in the night,

It didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole every single penny of my wealth; absconded away with the gargantuan conglomerate of currency that I had perspired for all my life,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my entire fleet of teeth; adroitly removing them after injecting me with unfathomable doses of sedation; giving them as a special bone to your pet dog to relish and chew,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my fame; perfidiously bad mouthed about me to as far and wide as you possibly could in this world; trying to abysmally look me down in front of people whom I irrefutably revered and adored,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my infectious smile; whipping me indefatigably with your acerbic string of sardonic comments; made me cry by hurling at me abuses which I had never come across in the most wildest of my dreams,

It really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my ideals; inevitably compelling me to act against my own wishes; blackmailing me indiscriminately by exploiting my supremely sensitive points,

And it really didn't matter to me the slightest; even if you stole my life; made me relinquish precious breathing; secretly poisoning the water I gulped; viciously adulterating my big tumbler of morning milk with snake venom,

As all these things were too trivial to bother me; for you had already committed a robbery even greater than this stealing my heart when you met me several

years ago; making me a slave of your immortal love;

And today whatever else you stole did not impact me the slightest; simply and miserably failed to bother me at all.

25. THE PERFECT MALE ATTIRE

Gloves of sensuality; to caress the skin with unprecedented relish; send shivers of untamed exhilaration down the spine,

Shoes of invincible victory; marching on the remotest of land; waving the flag of triumph in flamboyant spurts of fervor,

A tie blended with flirtatious mischief; used to blindfold the eyes in wholesome entirety,

A watch of incessant speed; ticking indefatigably round the clock; in wee hours of the midnight; as well as in the peak of the brilliantly sunlit day,

A shirt of stupendously woven designs; ruffled majestically at the collar; to captivate the attention of every ravishingly wandering damsel,

A necklace of daintily scintillating pearls; extracted freshly from the oyster; drowning every entity in the ocean of its profoundly pearly shine,

A pair of astoundingly stitched socks; imparting compassionate warmth to the feet; enticing every eye towards the petite leg,

A tantalizing shade of mystical mascara; conjuring every breathing soul around with the magic in its enigmatic charm,

A trouser of pure jute; with mesmerizing rings of denim and golden buttons to engulf the sensuous belly,

Rings of holistic diamond shimmering in tandem on the finger; painstakingly luring every fairy in the unfathomable resplendence of its shine,

A perfume of exotic sandalwood shrub; wafting a supremely seductive aura from the perspiring armpits,

An oil that glistens even under placid rays of the moon; radiates boisterously in pugnacious daylight,

A belt studded profusely with delectable biscuits of opalescent silver; granting the visage a terrifically marvelous shape, keeping the entire demeanor in perfectly synchronized condition,

Sunglasses embodied with vivid fossil shells; engendering females to gasp in open mouthed consternation; metamorphosing the acerbic color of polluted air into enchanting green,

An oligarchic coat embellished with royally sculptured beads; standing out incredulously amongst the group the wild gypsies,

A fountain of redolent rose powder; lingering voluptuously on the robust cheeks; flooding the nose with a poignantly tangy freshness,

An overwhelmingly spiffy hairstyle; and each follicle of the scalp impregnated with rudimentary grass root oil,

Ornamental cufflinks to bond the sleeves; sometimes an alluring tool for visitors to sight their own reflection; admire themselves till timeless eternity,

A grandiloquent pen fitted dexterously to the waist coat pocket; a symbol of unprecedented sophistication; and signing a plethora of autographs on every lady's hands,

Was all that I required to dress in from head to inconspicuous toe; encompass my body in the most fascinating clothing that I could ever dream off or intransigently perceive; infact what I would like to term succinctly as THE PERFECT MALE ATTIRE.

26. ALL THAT I COULD EVER DREAM OF

When I lived in the beer bottle; all that I could ever dream of was an ocean of inebriating alcohol; streams of frothy booze putting me to everlasting sleep,

When I lived in the conventional television; all that I could ever dream was a myriad of sleazy characters; uttering a festoon of ostentatious dialogues; trying their best to trigger the gloomy audience into hilarious smiles,

When I lived on the pugnacious fire body of the blazing Sun; all that I could ever dream of was unprecedented heat; sizzling rays of golden light stringently

entrenching every iota of my skin,

When I lived in the refrigerator; all that I could ever dream of was frozen crusts of white ice; silver streams of chilled liquid cascading down painstakingly over my naked chest,

When I lived in the steep well; all that I could ever dream of was morbid darkness; the slime coated frog bouncing euphorically; flooding the solitary ambience around with its discordant croaks,

When I lived in the birds nest; all that I could ever dream of was a cocoon of shimmering white eggs; pairs of innocuous young fledglings squealing ecstatically in new born life,

When I lived in the ocean; all that I could ever dream of was gargantuan loads of salt and frothy spray; scores of delectable fish gliding vivaciously gliding past my nose; spreading unfathomable waves of fantasy in my heart,

When I lived in the veins; all that I could ever dream of was crimson blood; gushing in sheer rhapsody through the conglomerate of tender bone and dainty flesh,

When I lived in the country gutter; all that I could ever dream of was fetid sewage; the horrendously obnoxious stench of decaying garbage infiltrating every instant in my nose,

When I lived in the deserts; all that I could ever dream of was unsurpassable territories of sweltering hot sands; the belligerent thorns of cactus staring in animosity at the travelers who traversed by,

When I lived in the handle of the gleaming butcher knife; all that I could ever dream of was the merciless assassination of several innocent sheep; shearing apart their succulent body in order to appease the demons gluttony,

When I lived in the fields of fathomless cotton; all that I could ever dream of was immaculate pieces of silken cloth; an infinite ensemble of gaudy cloth hung tantalizingly in the showrooms,

When I lived in the voluptuous coagulation of ominous black clouds; all that I could ever dream of was tumultuous streaks of thunder lightening; ferocious droplets of sparkling rain pelting incessantly on the trajectory of this earth,

When I lived in the pristine oyster; all that I could ever dream of was the boundless assembly of glowing pearls; the exorbitant opulence and glamour encapsulating the neck of every princess,

When I lived in the scalp; all that I could ever dream of tons of animated hair drifting in the direction of the breeze; incomprehensible granules of disdainful dandruff feasting merrily on the skull,

When I lived in raw mud; all that I could ever dream of was clusters of grass sprouting out in rampant tandem; the hideous snakes and worms crawling furtively into their respective burrows at night,

When I lived in the automobile tyre; all that I could ever dream of was several bellows of freshly trapped air; electric speeds enveloping me every second as the car galloped into the jagged necklace of hills,

When I lived in the lap of my mother; all that I could ever dream of was my nostalgic childhood; the moments of inexorable mischief that I had executed while pulling her nose; incorrigibly refraining to study when she scolded me,

When I lived in the Omnipotent statue of the Almighty creator; all that I could ever dream of was the entire Universe; the magnificent beauty that he had evolved to admire; the astounding prowess that he had endowed upon every human being to create an entity possessing his own blood,

And when I lived in the heart of my beloved; all that I could ever dream was pure love; drowning in the aisles of her ravishing romance; blending my impoverished soul in the stream of her passionate breath to exist blissfully in this life; as well as many more lives to come.

27. YOUR HEART WAS THE BEST

Your hair were as vivacious as the pelting drops of rain; cascading tantalizingly over your petite shoulders,

Your eyes were as voluptuous as freshly extracted red wine; drowning me in an ocean of unparalleled enchantment,

Your feet were as intricate as the daintily glistening stars; engendering me to worship them incessantly in meek obeisance,

Your hands were the sole source of my destiny; with their resplendent softness

sending shivers down my spine as they gently caressed me,

Your lips were like mesmerizing fountains of golden honey; putting me into a celestial stupor with their fleet of enigmatic tunes,

Your skin was as silken as pure cow milk; metamorphosing into tinges of passionate scarlet as you strolled past my side,

Your fingers were as beautiful as the rudimentary tree roots; exotically igniting unburned fires in my persona as they weaved through my scalp,

Your teeth were a formidable fortress of magnificent ivory; prominently depicting the most fascinating of smiles that I had ever perceived in this world,

Your voice was sweeter than the most melodious of cuckoo; pacifying my conglomerate of profoundly agitated nerves better than the best of painkiller,

Your cheeks were as tangy as the ravishing cluster of crimson cherries; portraying your incredulously sweet aura even in the most horrendously appalling darkness,

Your neck was as flexible as the undulating waves of the ocean; turning instantaneously to even the most minuscule of my command,

Your sweat was as golden as the glittering slabs of gold; sparkling gorgeously under belligerent rays of the fiery Sun,

Your stomach was as sensuous as the bathing shark; fomenting me to wake up in utter bewilderment; even from the midst of impregnably deep sleep,

Your ears were as sharp as the mystically beaked owl; intricately deciphering even the most incoherent of my whispers,

Your armpits were like the entrance to divine heaven; enticing me incorrigibly to take shelter under their stupendously alluring grace,

Your tongue was like the fabulously redolent rose; flooding my dead veins with inexorable exhilaration as it slurped white pints of titillating champagne,

Your blood was like the flamboyant island of Sun; incinerating the inferno of love simmering in my veins to animatedly leap towards the sky,

Your countenance was like the Royal princess; immortally bonding me in the invincible arms of your unfathomable desire,

And your heart was the best in the entire cosmos; throbbing indefatigably without the slightest of rest; throbbing relentlessly even in the most gruesomely dismal of situation; more importantly than all; throbbing louder than ferocious thunder in the sky when it witnesses me; as it only and irrefutably mine.

28. SIMPLY NOT ENOUGH

When I held a fat slab of wax in blistering fire; it painstakingly melted as the passionate flames kissed its dainty periphery; eventually reducing to a pool of solitary liquid,

When I held a trunk of seasoned wood in blazing waves of orange fire; the timber mercilessly charred into embers of raw ash; as the seconds unveiled by and the heat augmented to tumultuous proportions,

When I held a mountain of blank paper in the menacing swirl of the pugnacious fire; all that was left of them was profoundly black soot; inconspicuous threads of fluff as the vicious plumes licked them from all sides,

When I held a field of silky cotton in the sweltering ball of fire; the magnificent cloth evaporated into a thick cloud of white smoke; blended with the open sky as the fire galloped at the fire galloped at fierce pace,

When I held a dungeon of gold biscuits and jewels in the belligerent hell of fire; all that remained after a few seconds; was a golden stream of orphaned pale yellow; that floated unceremoniously through the granules of soil,

When I held a cluster of ravishing fruits and succulent berries in the heart of the vindictively escalating fire; there was onerous difficulty to search even for the seeds; a few minutes after the hostile flames attacked from all sides,

When I held a conglomerate of coiled wires in the ominous conflagration of unrelenting fire; all that was left after a while was dilapidated fragments of shattered metal; overwhelmingly disrupted by the towering heat,

When I held a cabin of scintillating glass in the forest of inexorably savage fire; the same people who used to throng it incessantly to admire their tantalizing silhouettes; now ran miles away after sighting their horrendously distorted

reflection,

When I held a fleet of swanky automobile in the center of the whirlwind speed fire; there was a deafeningly thunderous bang that occurred; and what once seemed to be the princely cavalcade of cars now exploded and disappeared into plumes of black smoke,

When I held a festoon of scarlet roses in the repugnant blanket of brutal fire; all that remained after fractions seconds of time was inconspicuous globules of ash; and the scent which was once supremely redolent now resembled that emanating from the morbid graveyard,

When I held an ocean of sweet milk in flamboyant wisps of fire; an obnoxiously burnt stench blended with the still atmosphere; and the solvent which once was ubiquitously known all round the globe for its superlatively salubrious properties; the impregnable strength it imparted after consuming it; now appeared like threateningly dark paint dribbling down slowly from the walls,

When I held a sac of robust potatoes in the thick of fulminating fire; all that I got to eat after an hour was gruesomely charred stone; pathetic slices of dust that arose in bountiful amounts all around,

When I held the majestic tusks of elephant in the throes of the animatedly leaping fire; all that remained after a day was diminutive shells of utterly hopeless despair; being swept away with even the most tiniest draught of wind,

When I held the royal castle in the middle of the agonizingly volatile fire; the place replicated a barren farmland after a few days; and people trespassing around thought that something fresh needed to be constructed; that some crops needed to be freshly sowed,

When I held the exorbitantly opulent bank in the agitated island of springing fire; the unfathomable notes of currency wailed in inevitable gloom; and what was once a colossal storehouse for satisfying the most infinitesimal of people's needs; now lay buried several feet beneath the dust,

When I held an insurmountably long rope of tangy toothpaste in the entrenchment of boiling fire; there initially wafted an incomprehensibly poignant aroma in the air; soon to be replaced by winds of rotten fish scent,

When I held a mammoth box of matchsticks in the body of venomously rising fire; there reverberated a noise that was greater than a thousand bombs; as the

sticks incinerated instantaneously into a cloudburst of unending flames;
irrevocably refraining to subside,

When I held a billion follicles of mesmerizing hair in the belly of acrimoniously
stringent fire; the resultant fibers that came out were so profoundly scarred; that
even the ghoulish faced witch refrained to adorn them,

But when I held me and my beloved in the core of the same treacherous fire; its
flames no doubt pulverized our bodies to a pair of frugal bones; but were simply
not enough make even the slightest of dent on our immortal love; the perpetual
harmony and bliss in which our souls existed for unsurpassable times together;
even after our death.

29. LIVING DEAD

Blind me gruesomely for life; emptying the entire canister of piquant red chili
powder into my innocuous eyes,

Cut each of my fingers mercilessly; with the hostile pair of cleavers gleaming
menacingly beside the kitchen sink,

Ridicule me severely in public; ostracizing me for my plethora of misdeeds;
stripping me naked in the heart of the city,

Break a bulky cluster of rotten eggs on my scalp; giving me dead scorpion
stuffed between stale bread; to forcefully munch for breakfast,

Snap the brakes of my car deliberately before I left in the morning; so that the
automobile plummeted horrendously into the steep valley; eventually exploding
and charring me into a cloud of black plumes,

Hurl a battalion of abuses at me every night before I drifted into tranquil sleep;
addressing me by ghastly names that I had never envisaged in the wildest of my
dreams,

Spit at me all the saliva loitering freely in your mouth; vomiting on my face all
the foul food which you had consumed for lunch last afternoon,

Put a slab of pugnacious thorns beneath my head; instead of the fir coated and
silken pillow,

Give me acid to drink instead of mineral water; uncouthly assassinating the

intricate intestines encompassed within my stomach,

Completely empty my bank account; spending each penny of my hard earned money on bombastic clothes you cherished and adored,

Kick me in my rear like a stray dog wandering on the streets; ordering me to run to the most minuscule of your commands even after midnight,

Pummel me brutally in my stomach; banging your fists relentlessly into my chest; just a minute after I was released from the operation room,

Slash my wrists with your heinous nails; ordering me to speak for you every time you opened your mouth,

Pour boiling tea directly on my tender lap; instead of letting it harmoniously cascade into the cup stringently clasped in my hands,

Sketch mortifying cartoons of my visage on the walls; displaying them proudly to every visitor who frequented our dwelling,

Keep inscrutably smiling at me when I was inundated with work; hiding my importantly indispensable files far away from sight,

Scream hysterically in my ears; fomenting them to rip apart in barbaric disarray; puncturing austere through my sensitive membranes,

Corrupt the mind of my child against me with appalling tales; telling him that I was a cold blooded criminal; when in fact I was an ordinary sage,

Try and strangulate my neck umpteenth number of times in a day; endeavoring your best to extricate the last iota of breath trapped in my lungs,

Whip me for indefatigable number of hours with your broomstick; commanding me to walk upside down with my hands clinging to my ears,

But please O! beloved, don't ever leave me and go; for this painful ordeal that I underwent every day was far less than the living dead I would become; if you suddenly left me.

30. YOU WERE REALLY VERY BEAUTIFUL

Everyday I admired your enchanting lips a 1000 times; wholesomely drowning

myself into the voluptuous sheen of their luscious excitement,

Everyday I admired your silken hair a 1000 times; profoundly lost in their ravishing swirl as they mystically swished,

Everyday I admired your dainty fingers a 1000 times; envisaging them to be the sweetest honey ever existing or found on the trajectory of this earth,

Everyday I admired your rosy tongue a 1000 times; perceiving its supremely tantalizing taste; the tons of tangy saliva it encapsulated in its delectable chamber,

Everyday I admired your emphatic eyes a 1000 times; witnessing my reflection as pellucid as scintillating diamonds in their compassionate moistness,

Everyday I admired your seductive voice a 1000 times; thoroughly astounded by the unsurpassable eloquence in your words; the stupendous cadence in your sound,

Everyday I admired your immaculate ears a 1000 times; possessing an insatiable urge to whisper into them gently as time unveiled,

Everyday I admired your captivating belly a 1000 times; exploring its titillating contours voraciously with my slender hands,

Everyday I admired your incomprehensibly alluring eyelashes a 1000 times; kissing them nimbly with my lips; their incessant fluttering engendering me to go right back into my nostalgic childhood,

Everyday I admired your petite toes a 1000 times; incredulously relishing the tinkling sound of your silver chains; the moon white disposition of your majestic nails,

Everyday I admired your celestially sculptured shadow a 1000 times; bathing my impoverished persona in the enamoring intrigue it generated as soon as I transgressed it by,

Everyday I admired your superlatively piquant nose a 1000 times; adored it for indefatigable number of hours; blending myself wholesomely with the moist breath that fervently flowed across my cheek,

Everyday I admired your compassionately tiny fists a 1000 times; trying to

decipher my destiny in the lines impregnated firmly within,

Everyday I admired your inevitably magnificent skin a 1000 times; sighting your flesh metamorphose from stark white to profusely crimson; on boundless number of occasions in a single day,

Everyday I admired your ingratiatingly imprisoning stare a 1000 times; locking my eyes for eternity into the ocean of invincible agony that you harbored,

Everyday I admired your majestically royal yawn a 1000 times; besieging my cowardly demeanor with waves of unparalleled excitement; as infinite shivers passed down my spine,

Everyday I admired your irrefutably golden sweat a 1000 times; relishing its poignant odor to the pinnacle of my hearts content,

Everyday I admired your flirtatiously dimpled chin a 1000 times; enticing me like a shooting star from the galaxy; to uncontrollably plummet down from the sky,

Everyday I admired your natural perfume a 1000 times; basking in its glorious aroma till I transited into a heavenly stupor; waking up only to find it tickling me all over again,

Everyday I admired your heartbeat a 1000 times; unprecedentedly enthralled at the turbulent flames they evoked in my chest,

And I have no inhibitions whatsoever in saying that as I got up the next day; I still admired your beautiful countenance a 1001st time; as you were the only girl of my dreams; you were really very beautiful.

31. PASSIONATE

The dog was passionate after the bone; could run any degree of distance to capsize it in his greedy mouth,

The fish was passionate after salty water; was ready to fight the preposterously mighty shark in order to swim in an ambience of coral and glistening coral weeds,

The squirrel was passionate after the succulently delicious nut; nibbling it with great fervor after she had firmly entangled it between her famished jaws,

The vulture was passionate after satanic chunks of dead meat; soared unrelentingly in circles over the morbid graveyard; all throughout the day and each minute of the starlit night,

The ant was passionate after orphaned bits of fermented bread; crawling on the same with a whole army of its friends; tearing apart its body with untamed gusto,

The desert sands were passionate after sparkling water; made the ominous conglomerate of black clouds their best friends; wailed in unison to shower upon their disastrously parched surface; with torrential sheets of rain,

The pen was passionate after pools of sapphire blue fountain ink; harbored a perennial desire to embed barren paper with boundless lines of free verse,

The bird was passionate after its cluster of innocuous eggs; inexorably stayed awake the entire night guarding them against the tiniest of evil; imparting them the compassionate warmth to hatch into mesmerizing fledglings,

The watch was passionate after its pairs of needles; which incessantly ticked all day and night; producing a daintily gurgling sound as each second unleashed by,

The chimpanzee was passionate after the raw sheaf of green bananas; peeling a second one of its salubrious pulpy skin; even before he had properly gobbled down the first one down,

The cat was passionate after its bowl of frosty milk; surreptitiously waited in the dark ceiling; for its chance to guzzle down the liquid at insane speeds,

The mongoose was passionate after the venomous snake; tremendously relishing even the slightest of opportunity to imprison one in its jaws; rip apart the diabolical hood and the river of venom; to have a feast under the tenacious moon,

The veins were passionate after scarlet streams of blood; wanted them at any cost to circulate rampantly through their body; render them with robust health and overwhelming gratification,

The tongue was passionate after voice; had this insatiable urge to speak every minute; bask in the pompous glory of the flurry of sounds it generated,

The sky was passionate after its iridescent blanket of stars; wanted every

divinely night of its to be studded with infinite shimmering jewels of their kind,

The witch was passionate after new born children; slurped its mouth in unfathomable ecstasy when she saw a healthy baby being born on this globe,

The drunkard was passionate after opulent bottles of cherry wine; banging his feet; uncouthly tearing his head apart in frustration when he was denied access to his favorite elixir,

The mosquito was passionate after ripe flesh; indefatigably tyrannizing blissfully sleeping angels with its obnoxiously repelling sting,

The cow was passionate after leafy mountains of green grass; painstakingly munching it all throughout the day to wholesomely appease its sacrosanct senses,

The mother was passionate after her child; starving her stomach to unprecedented limits; in order to feed her impeccable infant,

The Creator was passionate after this entire Universe; articulately synchronizing and governing the movement of each tangible and intangible being; ensuring that the essence of life remained for immortal times,

And I was passionate after my beloved; wildly captivated in the bonds of her flamboyantly fiery love; blending with her moist breath since countless births gone; and countless more births to unveil.

32. JUST ONE STARE OF HERS

Just one smile of hers; was enough to make me forget my ocean of unprecedented sorrow,

Just one tear of hers; was enough to make me melt in meek submission on the cold ground,

Just one word of hers; was enough to make me perceive the entire Universe; drown into an ocean of boundless enchantment,

Just one dimple of hers; was enough to make me profoundly admire beauty; uninhibitedly engulf myself into a fabulous paradise,

Just one shadow of hers; was enough to make me solve all enigmas of life;
immensely simplify my incredulously complicated existence,

Just one finger of hers; was enough to make me become oblivious to my entire
body; become completely immune to the most bizarre of pain,

Just one hair of hers; was enough to make me imagine the most spell binding
images incarcerated in this world; the ravishing softness and poignant melody
lingering in the atmosphere,

Just one lip of hers; was enough to make me swirl in tumultuously passionate
desire; make me perpetually long for sweet nectar entrapped in the golden
beehives,

Just one shout of hers; was enough to make me forget all my fears; stand like an
invincible fortress in the way of whatever was trying to invidiously harm her,

Just one leg of hers; was enough to make me astoundingly gasp; ignite dormant
infernos sleeping lazily in my soul,

Just one whistle of hers; was enough to make me ecstatically dance; gyrate my
body uncontrollably under the pearly midnight moon,

Just one tongue of hers; was enough to make me gruesomely famished; long for
all the tantalizing food that sizzled on this planet,

Just one fist of hers; was enough to make me envisage about all the muscle that
wandered on this globe; generated impregnable power in my supremely dreary
bones,

Just one eye of hers; was enough to make me indulge in astronomically
flirtatious mischief; tease the grass stalks and whatever else came my way; as I
languidly trespassed on chocolate brown soil,

Just one look of hers; was enough to make me to forget my reflection; profusely
blend myself with the titillating mascara adorning her lashes,

Just one scent of hers; was enough to make me to condemn all other perfume;
inhale her enamoring persona for fathomless decades to unleash,

Just one breath of hers; was enough to make me swoon on the ground;
transform into a celestial reverie for times immemorial,

Just one heart beat of hers; was enough to make me overwhelmingly love;
gather all the strength and tenacity required to fight for existence,

And just one stare of hers; was enough to make me relinquish palpable life; pack
my bag for the royal heavens and die.

33. THE CAVITY WAS PURELY MINE

Each building had boundless floors; but for me the best floor was the floor on
which she resided; danced in tireless exuberance and untamed passion every
unfurling hour,

Each city had boundless roads; but for me the best road was the one on which
she trespassed; purifying the soil on which she tread with her sacrosanct
footsteps,

Each garden had boundless roses; but for me the best rose was the one she
caressed; left her exotic perfume lingering mystically upon its enchanting
persona,

Each tree had boundless branches; but for me the best branch was the one on
which she sat; imparting it her compassionate warmth and stupendously
charismatic grace,

Each dictionary had boundless words; but for me the best word was the one she
uttered; explicitly pronounced it with majestic authority,

Each cloud in the cosmos showered boundless droplets of rain; but for me the
best droplet was the one that drenched her completely; made her look even
more voluptuous in the creamy shine of the moonlit night,

Each kite had boundless strings; but for me the best string was the one which
she adroitly pulled; fomenting the canvas to escalate with handsome supremacy
in the boisterous packet of fervent air,

Each day had boundless minutes; but for me the best minute was the one in
which she smiled; profoundly illuminated the abysmally dreary atmosphere with
the rhapsody circulating in her countenance,

Each light had boundless rays; but for me the best ray was the one which fell on
her gorgeously hazel eyes; providing my miserably defeated body with the

inevitable rejuvenation and tenacity it badly wanted,

Each mountain had boundless slopes; but for me the best slope was the one on which she ebulliently wandered; metamorphosing its barren demeanor into one with fecund and bountiful fertility,

Each bank had boundless notes; but for me the best note was the one which she hoisted; granting it the magical prowess of proliferating at electric speeds on its very own,

Each river had boundless streams; but for me the best stream was the one in which she bathed; sending uncontrollable shivers down my spine when I sighted her tantalizingly ravishing hair,

Each cactus had boundless thorns; but for me the best thorn was the one she inadvertently pricked; as I got an infinitesimally minuscule chance; the supreme privilege of bonding with her droplet of poignantly crimson blood,

Each train had boundless windows; but for me the best window was the one in which she sighted her royal reflection; gave a new definition to beauty as she uninhibitedly admired the fabulously fleeting scenery,

Each hand had boundless lines; but for me the best line was the one she traced; deciphered its deeply enigmatic meaning; the bearing it would have on future life,

Each rainbow had boundless shades; but for me the best shade was the one which she adored; bounced with unprecedented jubilation as it pilfered in through her pellucid bedroom glass,

Each school had boundless children; but for me the best child was the one she lifted in her egalitarian arms; deluging its innocuous ears with tales of mystical mankind,

Each skin had boundless hair; but for me the best hair was the one she ardently stroked; triggering a catharsis of fiery emotions to naturally emit out,

Each showroom had boundless clothes; but for me the best fabric was the one she wore on her superlatively impeccable body; the one which diffused her mesmerizing fragrance for centuries unsurpassable,

And each heart had boundless cavities; but for me the best cavity was the one which immortally incarcerated her love; and as a matter of fact I was irrefutably proud to state that in this case; the cavity belonged only to me; the cavity was purely mine.

34. I KNEW HER BETTER THAN I KNEW MY BREATH

I knew her better than I knew the lines of my palm; which I sighted unrelentingly each minute of the day,

I knew her better than I knew my ability to voraciously talk; explicitly uttering more than a million sentences a day,

I knew her better than I knew the complexion of my skin; the rubicund tinge and the robust glow that I had overwhelmingly enjoyed since many years,

I knew her better than I knew my shadow; the inscrutably enchanting form that had been following me since eternity; in brilliant shades of sunlight,

I knew her better than I knew the food trapped in my dainty stomach; the appetizing blend of roasted vegetables and fruit juice that I had consumed just a few minutes ago,

I knew her better than I knew my conglomerate of fortified bones; incorporating loads of impregnable strength,

I knew her better than I knew my eyes; the unfathomable hours they could remain awake; sight and prudently discern astounding beauty wandering in this vast Universe,

I knew her better than I knew my crimson blood; the voluptuous stream that painstakingly gushed out; when I scraped against an acrimonious thorn,

I knew her better than I knew my legs; the robust pinches of exhilaration encapsulated inside; the fervent longing besieging them to shrug all inhibitions and thunderously run,

I knew her better than I knew my silver sweat; the rhapsodic perspiration that ran down my arms; everytime I conquered new summits in life,

I knew her better than I knew my mystical whisper; the hushed tones in which I furtively communicated with my sacrosanct Creator every morning as I woke

up from sedate sleep,

I knew her better than I knew my deafening yawn; the laziness that rampantly permeated my persona; after toiling the entire day under sweltering rays of the pugnacious Sun,

I knew her better than I knew my ambitions; the insatiable urge in my demeanor to blatantly trespass over acrid milestones,

I knew her better than I knew my luscious lips; the tantalizing charm that camouflaged them; made them the darling of whomsoever who caressed their lingering softness,

I knew her better than I knew my fortress of scintillating teeth; the inevitable tenacity they possessed to scrupulously crunch the meal of their choice,

I knew her better than I knew my ability to relentlessly write; emboss spell binding verses of blossoming poetry every early morning and late night,

I knew her better than I knew the noise produced when I clapped; harmoniously united both hands of mine to inundate the still ambience with triumphant sound,

I knew her better than I knew my heart beat; the infinite number of times in a day it turbulently palpitated; the volatile energy it imparted to my dreary soul to inch forward and holistically survive,

And I knew her better than I knew my breath; the very minuscule draught of air which I had inhaled unsurpassable number of times since the time I was born; infact the very reason that I was merrily writing and living today.

35. GAME OF LOVE

I played a game of soccer; kicking the rotund football with rampant frenzy; when I felt the muscles in my feet were pertinently aching,

I played a game of cricket; swishing the cherry shaped ball boundless feet out of the oval ground; when I felt that the disdainful cluster of knots building up in my hands were raring to be wholesomely released,

I played a game of basketball; levitating my feet countless inches from the ground to find the sweet spot of the crisscrossed net; when I felt an insatiable urge in my persona to be as tall as the lanky building,

I played a game of cards; manipulatively dealing the resplendent paper across the furry table; when I felt that the currency in my pocket was rapidly diminishing; and I didn't want to slog it under the sweltering heat of the midday Sun,

I played a game of long tennis; articulately maneuvering my gaudy racket all round the court; when I felt that an unrelenting urge to defeat my horrendous adversary,

I played a game of wind sailing; dexterously steering my long clothed boat against a battalion of turbulently tangy ocean waves; when I felt the exhilaration evaporating at swashbuckling speeds from my veins; an incorrigible spell of dull sleep besieging my slender framework of bones,

I played a game of chess; ingeniously moving my pieces on the enigmatically checkered board; when I felt that the dead cells in my mind; the dolorous stagnancy in my demeanor needed that captivating rejuvenation,

I played a game of hide and seek; flirtatiously camouflaging myself behind the bushes away from the sight of my girl; when I felt mystical pangs of naughty mischief mildly caress my soul,

I played a game of table tennis; bashing the hollow plastic with fervent intensity virtually into my opponents face; when I felt that my ears were dying to hear that ping pong sound which so delectably made them oblivious to this mundane world,

I played a game of swimming; passionately waving my arms to emulate a silver dolphin in the pool; when I felt that the skin enveloping my body was dying a premature death; the hair on my back had slept long ago,

I played a game of long jump; escalating my whole body to stupendous heights over the flimsy bar; when I felt a tingling sensation in my mind to conquer the acrimonious flurry of hurdles,

I played a game of hockey; careening the round marble with my stick right into the heart of the goal; when I felt that the food in my stomach was rotting to hell; needed some indispensable activity to be harmoniously digested,

I played a game of ice skating; gliding as smoothly as a white eagle across the frozen coat of scintillating snow; when I felt that an celestial urge to cover

marathon miles without a single walk or run,

I played a game of sword fighting; audaciously clanging pugnacious metal with metal under the pearly rays of the full moonlight; when I felt that my senses wanted to duplicate the royal king; adopt his supremely oligarchic techniques to savor the flavor of majestic life,

I played a game of crossword puzzle; meticulously synchronizing and arranging a fleet of alphabets in chronological rows in order to make prudent sense; when I felt that I needed to inevitably brush up my fading vocabulary; before it entirely disappeared with the passing clouds,

I played a game of staring; looking inexorably into my partners eyes till God himself descended on this earth ordered them to close; when I felt that the tenacity in vision was getting hazier by the unfurling minute; the lazy obscurity could almost make me blind,

I played a game of billiards; stroking the white beacon handsomely with my rosewood stick; when I felt wanted to uninhibitedly feast my eyes on the island of fur coated green; make the table compassionately resonate under the weight of my magnificent ivory rod,

I played a game of whistling; melodiously deluging the perpetually still ambience with a compendium of ravishing tunes; when I intransigently felt that my lips do the talking instead of my fat tongue,

I played a game of screaming; shouting explosively over the contemporary mike; when I felt that my nimble voice took decades to be heard; and people turned an abysmally deaf ear; everytime I spoke,

I played a game of snakes and ladders; wistfully tossing the dice to climb the perilous mountain; when I felt that I had become overwhelmingly mature; needed to revive my nostalgic memories; go right back into innocuous childhood,

And I played a game of love; ardently embracing my beloved; drowning myself in mind; body; spirit and soul into the cloud of her enchanting romance; to live life blissfully; allow several others of my kind to do the same in the infinite moments yet to unveil; the years still to come.

36. IN ORDER TO SIGN THE BOND OF LOVE

In order to sign the bombastic chequebook; I used an ink resembling pure sapphire pearls,

In order to sign the hotel guestbook; I used an ink suckled from freshly tantalizing Mountain mud,

In order to sign the dreaded terrorist's death sentence; I used an ink extracted from venomous reptile skins,

In order to sign the blissful peace treaty between neighboring continents; I used an ink extracted from poignantly delectable raspberry,

In order to sign my best friends palm; I used an ink withdrawn from astoundingly tangy lemon,

In order to sign on the innocuous student's annual examination paper; I used an ink extracted from the austerely scarlet rose,

In order to sign in the official company register; I used an ink of nimble light blue,

In order to sign on the ragged village wall; I used an ink suckled from indigenous cowdung,

In order to sign on the baby's cheeks; I used an ink of wholesomely impeccable and sacrosanct cow milk,

In order to sign on the dead man's will; I used an ink extracted from the perpetually silent and ghoulish owl,

In order to sign on the ingeniously written scientist's thesis; I used an ink of contemporary silver and slippery mercury,

In order to sign on the celestially embossed marriage invitation; I used an ink extricated from the fabulously gorgeous pink lotus,

In order to sign on my salary increment application; I used an ink of intractably adhering black paint,

In order to sign on the overwhelmingly confidential presidential document; I used an ink of glittering emerald green; evacuated from the fossils loitering in tandem on the century old ocean bed,

In order to sign the artist's majestic painting; I used an ink extracted from royally curled oligarchic peacock quills,

In order to sign the horrendously corrupt politician's ordeal; I used an ink of exorbitantly cheap and stinking gutter water,

In order to sign the aristocratically woven recommendation letter; I used an ink imprisoned in the heart of the marvelously radiating oyster,

In order to sign the gardeners pending bills; I used an ink extracted from ravishingly fresh green grass,

In order to sign the feeble patient's crisp hospital vouchers; I used an ink of the most stringent antiseptic,

In order to sign the film star's swanky autobiography; I used an ink resembling glamorous diamonds sparkling tenaciously in the garish showroom,

In order to sign the birth certificate of the immaculate tied orphan for securing admission in playtime nursery; I used an ink extracted from the vividly vivacious cluster of red cherry,

In order to sign the magicians insurmountably enigmatic visiting card; I used an ink extracted from mystical blueberry herb,

And in order to sign the bond of love; the pact of immortal romance between me and my beloved; I used an ink of my very own and profusely passionate crimson blood.

37. THE WAVE OF LOVE

It was a wave that besieged me with the agony of supremely passionate desire; augmenting violently as every second unfurled,

It was a wave that embedded in me unprecedented exhilaration; fomented me to dance ecstatically under tenacious beams of silvery moonlight,

It was a wave that uncannily struck my senses; induced in me an insatiable yearning to stare into open space,

It was a wave that engendered me to sweat incessantly; dream bombastically all

throughout the lengthy night,

It was a wave that made me run barechested on the crowded street; shrugging all my sanctimonious inhibitions into thin air,

It was a wave that made me completely oblivious to the unveiling of time; made me relinquish all prospects of spurious growth in the profoundly professional and mundane world,

It was a wave that made me bask in the glory of the stupendously cool atmosphere; the air which I previously considered to be disastrously sultry and hot,

It was a wave that enveloped my impoverished persona like an overwhelmingly turbulent cyclone; gobbling me unsparingly in its impregnable swirl,

It was a wave that took away all my hunger; and yet rendered me craving for more and more morsels of food,

It was a wave that triggered me to bathe in passionate perspiration; even in the midst of the austerely cascading snow,

It was a wave that made me abdicate all my prudence and discerning ability; propelling me to walk enthusiastically even on the diabolically toothed shark,

It was a wave that made me wholesomely immune to the most deadliest of snakes crawling in vicinity; fervently awaiting an opportunity to strike me with their dangerously venomous fangs,

It was a wave which stole all my sagacious memory; made me entirely forget my delectable surrounding; my very own complete name,

It was a wave which pierced me like an electric bullet; jolted me from the thick of blissful sleep; well past after wee hours of the lonely midnight,

It was a wave which caused me to make several trips to the mental asylum; as I was utterly unable to speak any other word except one,

It was a wave which drowned me totally into an ocean of seductive fantasy; one which simply didn't seem to have a definite end,

It was a wave which blended with my blood faster than any liquid or food could

coagulate; imparting me with a Herculean stamina that no force on this earth could ever dream to curb,

It was a wave which viciously increased the pace of my heart; made it audible to even the birds perched right on the summit of the colossal treetops,

It was a wave which voluptuously tantalized me till my last breath; evoked infinite goose-bumps to creep up my body as each day stumbled into fiery night,

It was a wave which mesmerized me so deeply; that I literally forgot that I had an entity of my own; that there was a melodiously enthralling voice blatantly subdued in the chamber of my moistened throat,

It was a wave which had no caste; religion; color or ostentatious creed; swept me off the ground like a frigidly timid broomstick,

It was a wave which had no dimension or length; instilled in my blood a robust cheer that amplified leaps and bounds by the unfolding minute,

It was a wave which perpetually swelled; kept on igniting the inferno of uncontrollable desire; for countless centuries to unveil in the center of my heart,

It was a wave which had made me deplorably blind; as I tripped embarrassingly on every step that I took; even before I could hoist my tender feet,

It was a wave which had no head; no tail; no significant entity; yet had the unfathomable prowess of luring me with its charm; the instant it nimbly caressed me,

It was a wave which enticed me from the pinnacle of solitary boredom; set my life to a heavenly blissful and happy pace,

It was a wave which imparted my eyes with a divinely glow; that levitated to unimaginable heights as the clock sped by,

It was a wave which made time tick past at astounding speeds; and the stages of gloomy remorse which once stabbed me like a million needles; not got replaced by a wistful longing for more moments in every day,

It was a wave which never crashed against the chain of satanic rocks; immortally kept titillating me with its poignant ebullience,

It was a wave which made me pathetically flounder at every little aspect of life;
yet emerge out victorious as the supremely unconquerable winner,

It was a wave which taught me to embrace a person; trespassing intrepidly
across pompous barricades of the orthodox society,

It was a wave which initiated me to believe in things that I had nonchalantly
dismissed before; more importantly made me believe in the Omnipotent aura of
God,

It was a wave which had the indefatigable power to defeat the entire Universe
single handed; reign supreme over all the wealth and power for times
immemorial,

It was a wave which made me stagger on just one thought for eternity;
exasperated all those around me; wherever I went,

It was a wave which was more fragrant than the most incredulous of scent;
ardently tickled the inner most rudiments of my reckless conscience,

It was a wave which impregnated my demeanor with spell bounding magic;
metamorphosing everything I felt and softly brushed into glittering gold,

It was a wave which gave me the freedom to speak what I wanted; perceive the
most unconventional conditions engulfing monotonous life,

It was a wave which made me realize that I had a definite purpose to fulfill;
induced in me an unsurpassable desire to lead life,

And the most special thing about it was; that it was a wave which inevitably cast
its ingratiating charm on every youth of my kind; incarcerating trembling bodies
in the current of its fathomless volatile energy; for it was none other than THE
WAVE OF LOVE.

38. I WANTED TO IMMORTALLY RESIDE

I didn't want a place in your ostentatiously embellished fabric; I infact wanted to
immortally reside in your violently throbbing heart instead,

I didn't want a place in your voluptuously lingering mascara; I infact wanted to
immortally reside in your mesmerizing eye instead,

I didn't want a place in the pompous vermilion coated on your forehead; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your ingenious brain instead,

I didn't want a place in your sleazily glittering nail polish; I infact wanted to immortally reside in the center of your palm instead,

I didn't want a place in the delectably fluffs of shampoo overflowing seductively from your scalp; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your tantalizingly black and ravishing hair instead,

I didn't want a place in the resplendent chain encapsulating your belly; I infact wanted to immortally reside in the cushioned interiors of your robust stomach instead,

I didn't want a place in the golden glasses of wine which were kept on your mantelpiece; I infact wanted to immortally reside in the stupendously fragrant sweat which oozed down your arms instead,

I didn't want a place in your alluringly deceptive lipstick; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your lusciously pink lips instead,

I didn't want a place in your slender network of boundlessly huge veins; I infact wanted to reside in the crimson streams of your blood instead,

I didn't want a place in the smoke that engulfed you at all times of the day; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your ardently passionate breath instead,

I didn't want a place in your exorbitantly costly designer shoe; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your celestial feet instead,

I didn't want a place in your opalescent pair of vanity earrings; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your daintily dangling ears instead,

I didn't want a place in the armory of diamonds which incessantly glowed on your petite fingers; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your tightly clasped and fervent fists instead,

I didn't want a place in the voice that floated from your persona for a few seconds and then disappeared into obsolete oblivion; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your incredulously rosy tongue instead,

I didn't want a place in the shimmering chain of silver enveloping your elongated

neck; I infact wanted to immortally reside in the profoundly mystically valley of your throat instead,

I didn't want a place in the grandiloquently jewel studded watch camouflaging your wrists; I infact wanted to immortally reside in the pulse that indefatigably palpitated beneath your sparkling skin instead,

I didn't want a place in the astoundingly appetizing granules of food you consumed several times in a single day; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your immaculately scintillating teeth instead,

I didn't want a place in the spuriously spongy car seat in which you sat; I infact wanted to immortally reside in the most volatile of your fantasy; the most fabulously titillating of your dreams instead,

And I didn't want a place in every person whom you encountered on the streets in your struggle for existence each day and night; I infact wanted to immortally reside in your euphorically palpable life instead.

39. THE NIGHT WAS STILL ALIVE

The butter was still fresh; with adorable crusts of cream oozing poignantly from its molten persona,

The rose was still blossoming; with its ravishing redolence reinvigorating everything around in dull atmosphere,

The stream was still gushing at electric speeds; with its gurgling waters diffusing into spell binding froth after clashing against the chain of ecstatic rocks,

The peacock was still dancing; with its feathers spread wildly wide to a completely full and exotically animated plumage,

The grass blades were still awake; with glistening dew drops now enigmatically caressing their intricate visage,

The stars still twinkled in the sky; with the magnificent white beams of light casting a majestic spell on the body of pathetically scorched earth,

The leaves still vibrantly rustled with the wind; inscrutably whispering their nostalgic tales of day; their stupendously enamoring anecdotes of the past,

The lion still roared euphorically; puncturing the sedate ambience with an uncanny thrill that was never experienced before,

The nightingale still sang its melodious rhymes; captivating every tangible and intangible entity with the fascinating melody in its sound,

The clouds still collided in the sky; pelting droplets of rejuvenating rain in tumultuous fury,

The ducks still floated in the serene pond; fomenting blissful ripples to spread infectiously around; profoundly enlightening the night with their flurry of boisterous quacks,

The chameleon still fluttered its ominous tail; tantalizingly changing color; splendidly blending with the surrounding it went,

The mammoth stacks of green chili were still flaming; violently embodying the area around with a distinctly piquant odor; a scent that could bring life into the dead,

The Moon still shone a tenacious white; with its creamy rays filtering a path through the stringently dolorous darkness,

The chill still lingered pertinently; perpetuating infinite goose-bumps to inevitably creep up the body,

The horde of impeccable rabbits still frolicked in their burrows; playing hide and seek with the drifting clouds and shine,

The preposterously fat python still slithered through the marshes; furtively awaiting to gobble its prey; in the clandestine darkness concealing his belly,

The spider still spun its web; running at astounding speeds from one end to the other; producing marvelously shimmering silk with its slime,

C'mon let's enjoy ourselves to the fullest O! beloved; bask in the aisles of uninhibited desire and romance; for the night was still young; the darkness had set blazing fire to our senses; the night was still alive.

40. YOU WERE IN MY EVERY HEARTBEAT

You were in every step that I took; caressing the earth softly with my

indigenously sculptured feet,

You were in every smile that I executed; spreading a wave of unprecedented cheer in an atmosphere laden heavily with inexplicable gloom,

You were in every promise that I made; impregnating impoverished demeanor's with heaps of fortification and rejuvenating assurance,

You were in every challenge that I undertook; unequivocally proving my flamboyantly Herculean mettle in this world,

You were in every kiss that I blew; deluging the drearily starved ambience with an ocean of passionate fantasy and fiery romance,

You were in every image that I witnessed; marvelously embellishing and adorning even the most hideously insipid of sights wandering on this planet,

You were in every yawn that I produced lazily at ethereal dawn; fomenting me to start the heavenly day with unparalleled exuberance in my body,

You were in every word that I embodied with my own blood; making it more valuable than any amount of wealth ever found on this globe,

You were in every tear that I shed; blissfully purifying the area you fell with the irrefutably philanthropic essence lingering in your soul,

You were in every line that I sung; driving the last ounce of despair from my miserably shriveled and exhausted life,

You were in every mischief that I played; transiting me back to my days of innocuous childhood; the unfathomable naughtiness circumventing my persona even today,

You were in every punch that I imparted with my palms; augmenting my strength to astounding limits when I faced the ominously vicious and bad,

You were in every tale that I had to recite; intransigently captivating the most ruthless of personality in the fervent intensity of our immortal love,

You were in every droplet of my blood that flowed through my veins; giving it the status of being more cherished than the most boundless of ocean; more revered than the most holiest of liquid trickling in this Universe,

You were in every dream that I envisaged; making me the richest man on soil;
sitting merely on my dingy hut's doorstep,

You were in every scripture that I imbibed in life; metamorphosing me from a
simple illiterate; to the most knowledgeable entity ever born,

You were in every morsel of food that I ate in my quota of limited years;
placating my uncontrollable hunger; with the mesmerizing grace of your
tantalizing charm,

You were in every breath that I inhaled; deluging and wholesomely encapsulating
my lungs with the ardor to live,

And you were in every beat that my heart took almost infinite times in a single
day; triggering me with the insurmountable tenacity to fight life; find a place of
my own to live amongst the pack of wolves that surrounded me every instant;
the acrimonious bed of thorns surreptitiously waiting to gobble me; the moment
I tread.

41. I STILL FAILED

To get out of the towering building; I used the golden escalators; slipping down
like a harmoniously dying fountain,

To get out of the dingily dark well; I used a thick rope as a tenacious pulley to
hoist me from the imprisoned ambience into tangy free air,

To get out of the flying aircraft; I used a buoyant parachute to blissfully cascade
down on the verdant and perpetually green lawns,

To get out of diabolical prison; I used an ingeniously intricate key to open the
impregnable looming and savagely gleaming doors,

To get out of the treacherous cave; I used the slim ceiling outlet timidly visible
like frugal specks of dirt; from the place where I hopelessly crawled,

To get out of the miserably stranded shores; I used a boat of overwhelmingly
strong wood; and a swift pair of maneuverable oars,

To get out of the blazing flames of blistering fire; I used umpteenth pails of water
to douse them in rapid succession,

To get out of the labyrinth of enigmatic tunnels and halls; I used the profoundly distinct chalk markings embossed on the walls; the shimmering magnetic compass which I held securely in my palms,

To get out of the commercially busy and boisterous market; I used an ergonomically molded squashed bicycle to escort me into free space at astounding speeds,

To get out of the spell binding ocean of sedative fantasy; I used a pail of abysmally freezing water to splash on my wholesomely lost and dreamy face,

To get out of the baffling web of incredulous complications; I used the idol of my Sacrosanct Creator as the last and final respite,

To get out of the obnoxiously hurting pair of claustrophobic shoes; I dexterously decoded the onerous armory of black lace lingering from its body,

To get out of the perennial state of gloom hovering incorrigibly around my body; I used pulsating music to inundate my forlorn life with unprecedented ebullience and cheer,

To get out of the repetitive chain of thoughts which incessantly kept stabbing my mind like a million volcano's; I blurted a simple word called 'No'; banging it vociferously into the atmosphere,

To get out of the intractably dark stains of dirt adhering to my flawless skin; I used a stringent carbolic to evaporate them into the land of worthless nothingness,

To get out of the bottom of the deep ocean; save myself from the tyranny of ruthless drowning; I used my hands and legs prolifically to adroitly manipulate my way; smile merrily and swim,

To get out of the bountifully blossoming scent of passionate rose; I used my nostrils to optimum effect; closing them intransigently with my fingers; to block my nose to the most inconspicuous of fragrance,

To get out of this planet forever; I used a gleaming knife to slit my throat; eternally end the chapter of my baseless existence,

But no matter how hard I tried; implemented infinite steps of veritable barbarism

including the ones mentioned above; I still failed to get her out of my mind; and for each time I tried to forget her; her image became a million times more embedded in the very center of my mind; the very center of my life.

42. HAD LEFT ME FOREVER

The fires outside might be blazing ferociously towards the sky; charring even the most inconspicuous particle around in its tumultuously scorching swirl,
But the fire inside my blood was simply unbearable; made me inevitably collapse towards the hard ground every minute.

The temperature engulfing the atmosphere might be freezing below abysmally low limits; with ominous avalanches of snow hurtling like an augmenting balloon down the treacherous mountain slopes,
But the enveloping my bones was simply unbearable; numbing me disastrously in every single aspect of blissful life.

The thorns laden on the jungle soil might be staring acridly towards the dark blue sky; furtively awaiting innocuous feet to inadvertently trample over them; bleed and hurt,
But the thorns in my chest were simply unbearable; viciously trying to strangulate me into ghastly emptiness every second.

The voices lingering in the island of hell might be too appalling to describe; permeated the boundless expanse of cosmos with the wail of gruesomely wicked and salacious beasts,
But the voices circulating in my mind were simply unbearable; fomented me to disdainfully stutter a billion times; on every thought I perceived; on every sentence I spoke.

The images radiating out of the morbidly shattered mirror might be horrendous depictions of the diabolical devil; ready to pounce upon and uncouthly rip through innocent mankind,
But the images that barbarically encompassed my brain were simply unbearable; drowned me into an ocean of blood; a sea of inexplicable misery; which I found virtually impossible to swim in and save my life.

The darkness savagely embracing the day might be an unavoidable form of Gods creation; besieging the mesmerizing sights on this planet in its satanic shades of monstrous black,
But the darkness which entrenched my eyes was simply unbearable; made me lead my days worse than the most severely blind; even though I had the most

incredulously brilliant and perfect sight.

The smell emanating from the perpetually dead body might be profoundly stinking; causing one to vomit out all what he had consumed in the tenure of his life,

But the smell encapsulating my rubicund skin was simply unbearable; suffocating me this very instant; when infact doctors had proclaimed me to be in perfect health; and for apparently no sin of mine.

The businessman might have suffered gargantuan losses as the economy abruptly crashed down; sadly parting with his fathomless treasury of wealth; all what he had earned in life; within flash instants of time,

But the losses that I incurred were simply unbearable; having all the wealth of the world stored in my castle's overflowing with biscuits of gold; and yet crawling in hopeless despair on the streets; starving for tranquility more horribly than the most impoverished of beggar.

And perhaps the man buried infinite feet beneath the earth in his coffin might be without breath; celestially smiling in the arms of the Omniscient Creator,

But the tyranny that I underwent inspite of living infinite feet above earth was simply unbearable; killing my soul every moment; piercing me like a thousand knives through my hollow heart; as the entity whom I had loved more than my life no longer existed; the person who was more important to me than anything else on this planet had left me forever.

43. LETS FORGET THIS SOCIETY

We were just a stone throw distance away from each other in reality; yet the norms and spurious pretensions of this orthodox society; separated us like clouds and the boundless earth,

We were just talking distance away from each other in reality; yet the staunch attitude of this supremely conventional society; separated us like the deserts and sparkling water,

We were just whisker lengths away from each other in reality; yet the disgustingly narrow focused attitude of this hollow society; separated us like remote continents on the body of the globe,

We were just a fine thread away from each other in reality; yet the rigidly baseless definitions of this hierarchical society; separated us like a compassionate mother and her dead son,

We were just a breath away from each other in reality; yet the horrendously disdainful perceptions of the acrid society; separated us like the blistering Sun and the celestially placid Moon,

We were just a single step away from each other in reality; yet the stringent rules and regulations of this uncouth society; separated us like the morbid graveyard and the stupendously blossoming fresh rose,

We were just a slim shadow away from each other in reality; yet the incorrigibly gruesome views of this monotonous society; separated us like the passionately fulminating volcano and the tunnel engulfed in perpetual gloom,

We were just an emphatic tear away from each other in reality; yet this overwhelmingly prejudiced society; separated us like the summit of the towering mountain and the worm slithering miserably on the ground,

We were just a feeble pulse away from each other in reality; yet the stubborn and tyrannical ideologies of this ruthless society; separated us like truly crimson volatile blood and colorless water,

We were just a thin eyelash away from each other in reality; yet this profusely dictatorial and sanctimoniously religious society; separated us like appalling sadness and unprecedented joy,

We were just at colliding distance away from each other in reality; yet the vicious swirl of meaningless formalities which this society was preaching since years; separated us like the pulverized bone and the athlete who had already crossed over the finishing line,

We were just minute centimeters away from each other in reality; yet the treacherous boundaries which this ostentatious society had set since centuries; separated us like fantasy and the acrimonious present,

We were just embracing lengths away from each other in reality; yet the sardonic opinions and diabolical tones of this bombastic society; separated us like the resplendently twinkling stars and austere daylight,

We were just kicking distance away from each other in reality; yet the cavalcade of inflated philosophies of this dismal society; separated us like the animatedly roaring Dinosaur and the shuddering piece of small twig,

We were just sighting distance away from each other in reality; yet the prison of nonexistent policies which this society had evolved; separated us like the hungry dog and his piece of meaty bone,

We were just a ravishing lip away from each other in reality; yet the emotionless and cold blooded society; separated us like the crown prince and the beggar counting his last minutes on cold street,

We were just a languidly incomplete yawn away from each other in reality; yet the domineeringly unyielding society; separated us like impeccably silken white and dilapidated blocks of black,

We were just a frigid swish away from each other in reality; yet the barbaric inclination of this perilously ominous society; separated us like the handsomely soaring speedy bird and the pathetically slow tortoise,

We were just a heart beat away from each other in reality; yet the ulterior motives and incessant manipulations of this callous society; separated us like Omnipotent God and the ruthlessly satanic devil,

So c'mon O! beloved; lets once and for all forget this unfathomably idiotic society; come lets unite together in an invincible fortress of our own; come lets unite together in an unconquerable paradise of our romance; where there was only you; me and our immortal love bonded forever.

44. IMMORTAL LOVERS

As long as we smile; I promise you that we will both smile together; profoundly admiring the glory of the stupendously brilliant Sun,

As long as we play; I promise you that we will both play together; poking each other innocuously in the tender ribs,

As long as we eat; I promise you that we will both eat meals together; masticating a basket replete with succulent cherries with gay abandon and unprecedented relish,

As long as we rest; I promise you that we will both rest together; entwining our arms invincibly and stare unrelentingly at the pearly island of Moon,

As long as we run; I promise you that we will both run together; exuberantly galloping through the verdant countryside; voraciously exploring and discovering

the unfathomably colossal Natural life,

As long as we punch; I promise you that we will both punch together; caressing silken draughts of air with tons of vibrant energy; exhilarating in the aisles of uncanny excitement,

As long as we write; I promise you that we will both write together; flooding page after page with the essence of whatever we had sagaciously imbibed and gathered on the trajectory of this planet,

As long as we sing; I promise you that we will both sing together; permeating the gloomy ambience; with the enthrallingly buoyant cadence in our voice,

As long as we dance; I promise you that we will both dance together; violently gyrating our bodies in ecstatic jubilation to the hidden tunes that lingered in the air,

As long as we study; I promise you that we will both study together; memorize cumbersome stanzas; solve mind boggling enigmas of routine life; with our minds focused single focusedly to achieve our sole mission,

As long as we cry; I promise you that we will both cry together; mutually sharing the unsurpassable agony that uncouthly besieged our souls,

As long as we scream; I promise you that we will both scream together; inundating the perennially still ambience with the stringent roar that fulminated in our throats,

As long as we teach; I promise you that we will both teach together; unequivocally propagating the religion of humanity in whomsoever we encountered in the tenure of our lives,

As long as we yawn; I promise you that we will both yawn together; lazily languish in the realms of surreal fantasy till the first rays of ethereal dawn furtively crept up from the sky,

As long as we lick; I promise you that we will both lick together; greedily slurping sparkling streams of water from the boundlessly deep well,

As long as we climb; I promise you that we will both climb together; assiduously clamber up the treacherous slopes with our bodies leaning stunningly close to each other; and the resplendent festoon of stars maneuvering us towards the

incomprehensibly towering summits,

As long as we dream; I promise you that we will both dream together; fantasize the most bizarre possible of things ever perceived on this planet; philander every second into a garden overwhelmed with poignantly scented roses,

As long as we joke; I promise you that we will both joke together; erupting into a volley of tangy laughter which voluptuously struck the air,

As long as we breathe; I promise you that we will both breathe together; inhale blissful wind; incessantly deluging our lungs with all the fresh breath that we could salvage from the atmosphere,

And as long as we take birth on this soil; I promise you that we will both take birth together; continue to exist as immortal lovers not only in this birth; but for many more births together.

45. WHY DON'T YOU SEE

Why do you always gauge me just by the complexion of my lips; Why don't you see the blistering passion fulminating passionately inside?

Why do you always gauge me just by the color of my mascara; Why don't you see the overwhelming empathy lingering in my eyes?

Why do you always gauge me just by the height I possessed; Why don't you see the unsurpassably towering perceptions of your enchanting persona that circulated in my mind?

Why do you always gauge me just by texture of my skin; Why don't you see the profusely crimson blood flowing inside in my veins; the compassionate ardor impregnated within for your magnificent form?

Why do you always gauge me just by the shades of my nail polish; Why don't you see the poignantly sprouting edges ready to fight for you and defend you at any time?

Why do you always gauge me just by the wealth I had stashed; the cars I drove; Why don't you see the astronomical affluence stored in my soul; ready to help you even after my death?

Why do you always gauge me just by the gloss of my hair; Why don't you see

the intricate brain embodied inside evolving fantasies concerning only you all the time?

Why do you always gauge me just by spurious slang in my voice; Why don't you see the effusive agony uncontrollably gushing out the instants I spoke?

Why do you always gauge me just by the jewelry I adorned; Why don't you see each droplet of tear which oozed out of my eye; each globule of silver sweat which dribbled from my arms; was profoundly dedicated to your divinely grace?

Why do you always gauge me just by the number of places I had traveled to by air; Why don't you see the infinite expeditions I was willing to undertake under the scorching heat of sweltering Sun; hoisting you on my bare shoulder?

Why do you always gauge me just by the bodyguards and cavalcade that relentlessly followed me; Why don't you see the life I was ready to sacrifice this very moment; in order to save you from the tiniest of evil?

Why do you always gauge me just by the scintillating shine of my teeth; Why don't you see the ghastly shell I was ready to break and chew; so that you drank the stupendously sweet water?

Why do you always gauge me just by the design of my garish shoe; Why don't you see my feet which were ready to walk absolutely naked on a blanket of acrid thorns; so that you slept celestially on the golden couch?

Why do you always gauge me just by the contours of my swanky watch; Why don't you see my pulse that ticked faster than the speed of light; sped more turbulently than the shark in the ocean the very instant it witnessed your mesmerizing countenance?

Why do you always gauge me just by the scent I sprinkled; Why don't you see the incredulously fervent aroma that diffused from my nostrils when you were standing at whisker lengths across my shoulder?

Why do you always gauge me just by the business acumen I possessed; Why don't you see that I was ready to unflinchingly take on the mantle of this entire world; to savor a chance of perpetually hovering around your voluptuous demeanor?

Why do you always gauge me just by the fraternity of food I consumed for each meal in the day; Why don't you see the infinite hours that I was prepared to

remain starved; so that you relished the tantalizing cherry of your choice?

Why do you always gauge me just by the pen I stuck to my persona; Why don't you see the overwhelming zeal in my fingers to write a book on your fascinating life; all on my own?

And why do you always gauge me just by the shirt I wore to engulf my visage; Why don't you see the madly throbbing heart inside my chest; whose each beat was profoundly yours; whose each throb wanted to immortally capture your love and make it for always mine?

46. THE RICHEST OF ALL

When I saw her; my heart became an passionate ocean of love; throbbing more violently than the volcano fulminating mercilessly beneath hot soil,

When I saw her; my eyes became a paradise of emotions; with an insatiable propensity to wildly love now encompassing every cranny of their plain white,

When I saw her; my lips became gargantuan islands of spongy chocolate; diffusing an aroma of profuse sweetness in whatever they kissed and caressed,

When I saw her; my palms became mountains of invincible strength; ready to take on the mantle of the entire world and the most gruesomely acrid of thorns,

When I saw her; my speech became a gushing river of mesmerizing songs; capturing all the beauty entrenched in this world in the melody of its voice,

When I saw her; my teeth became a colossal fortress; with an astoundingly formidable tenacity to squelch even the most obdurate of nut into a million pieces,

When I saw her; my nose became a vivaciously flowing fountain; diffusing into a stream of enchantingly vibrant color and shades,

When I saw her; my feet became unfathomable tunnels of exotic energy; galloping at speeds never perceivable by any mankind,

When I saw her; my thoughts became a fascinating cloud of immortal romance; floating fervently through surreally alluring space,

When I saw her; my stride became a stupendously blossoming pond of lotus;

sprouting into infinite petals of overwhelming fragrance and grace,

When I saw her; my muscles became the fathomless battlefield; marching forward with boisterous audacity; ready to demolish and swipe the tiniest trace of evil from the periphery of this earth,

When I saw her; my ears became the boundlessly unsurpassable sky; profoundly deciphering and imbibing every possible sound hovering in this Universe,

When I saw her; my stomach became a gigantic tree; able to handsomely assimilate any amount of food and water visible till far and wide,

When I saw her; my cheeks became a garden of redolent roses; blushing a splendid crimson till the onset of eternity,

When I saw her; my skin became an incredulously gaudy rainbow; impregnating in it virtually all possible shades that existed on this earth,

When I saw her; my sweat became a delectable beehive inundated with divinely nectar; wafting an aroma which had the ability to placate even the most sacrosanct of angels,

When I saw her; my blood became a waterfall of voluptuous seduction; circulating rampantly and triggering a blazing trail of ardent desire all throughout my crisscrossed veins,

When I saw her; my whole body became a mirror of scintillating rays; a mirror which explicitly portrayed to me the very reason of my precious existence,

And when I saw her; my breath became even more purer than when I was just born; infact I could say with insurmountable pride; the richest of all amongst every living kind.

47. ALL THAT I WANTED TO SEE

All that the fish wanted to see; was a colossal assemblage of salty water inundated with a flurry of undulating and tangy waves,

All that the bird wanted to see; was the gigantic expanse of blue sky packed with an voluptuous ensemble of misty clouds,

All that the crocodile wanted to see; was disdainfully garbled slurry of mud; a

profoundly sticky track on which people slipped even before they could have walked,

All that the rat wanted to see; was a tunnel engulfed with perennial darkness; a pile blended with sewage; cheese and garbage lying scattered on the streets,

All that the mountain summit wanted to see; was a festoon of ominous clouds; with sometimes glimpses of brilliantly sizzling hot sunshine,

All that the carrot wanted to see; was a blanket of clammy mud; varied piles of debris coalesced perfectly with soil,

All that the miserly caterpillar wanted see; was a trail of fresh farm crops; sprouting in splendid harmony on farm land; for it to nibble and chew,

All that the ducks wanted see; was placid pools of water around; an enchanting serenity lingering profusely in the atmosphere,

All that a starved dog wanted see; was a meaty piece of bone; crumbs of delicious bread left inadvertently on the bakery window,

All that the lizard wanted see; was a battalion of slimy insects pertinently hovering around the artificially dingy and dim light,

All that the mighty elephant wanted to see; was a stream of exotic water; which it could splash with heavenly strokes of its trunk on its parched body,

All that the bull wanted to see; was a fiery red cloth; evoking it to ferociously charge and wade forward unrelentingly,

All that the deserts wanted to see; was thunderous cloudbursts of rain; gargantuan droplets of water majestically caressing their brutally scorched demeanor,

All that the spider wanted to see; was a valley of silken thread; on which it could rampantly philander and dance under enchanting beams of moonlight,

All that the shivering skin wanted to see; was compassionate rolls of furry cloth; lanky strands of resilient fabric which would protect it from austerely chilly winds of winter,

All that the blinded eye wanted to see; was the faces of the ones around who

stood by it in times of inexplicable distress; the sacrosanct palms of the mother who gave it birth,

All that the mind wanted to see; was the mesmerizing beauty of this boundless Universe; the stupendously vivacious traces of life that existed in bountiful on this fathomless planet,

All that the vividly striped peacock wanted to see; was royally oligarchic sunset blended astoundingly with frugal globules of rain; fomenting it to spread its wings to a full blossom under the sky,

All that the fleet of irascibly loitering mosquitoes wanted to see; was supple and succulent pockets of ripe skin; inevitably inviting them to perch upon and suckle blood to their hearts content,

All that the badly tied stomach wanted to see; was heaps of appetizing food; transiting it into waves of tumultuous rhapsody and uncontrollable euphoria,

All that the dilapidated dungeons wanted to see; was mammoth boxes of scintillating diamonds and silver permeating their eerie dark and profound gloominess,

All that the elderly grandparents wanted to see; was their little children bouncing with ebullience and fresh signs of robust life,

All that the burnt tongue wanted to see; was tantalizingly pulverized white slabs of freezing ice,

All that the overwhelmingly feverish body wanted to see; was stringent cabinets replete with powerful antiseptic; magically healing its gruesomely ailing parts,

All that the Creator wanted to see; was the earth that he had evolved blissfully functioning; human beings of each race and fraternity embracing each other in the spirit of unbiased brotherhood,

And all that I wanted to see; was her ravishing form every second; every minute; every hour; every day; every fortnight; every year; for countless more centuries and births to unveil.

48. PASSING THROUGH HER HEART

As I tried to pass through the flamboyant Sun; its blistering rays wasted no time

at all in charring me to inconspicuous bits of stray ash,

As I tried to pass through the pearly Moon; its tenacious beams permeated through my spell of profound concentration; and it was difficult for me to recognize my own entity as I got out,

As I tried to pass through the valley of silken clouds; I had tumultuous difficulty in opening my eyes; miserably failed to recognize my cherished ones in the obfuscated haze that engulfed me in wholesome entirety,

As I tried to pass through pugnacious plumes of black smoke; I wildly vomited all what I had consumed for breakfast at dawn and succulent supper at night,

As I tried to pass through a river of bubbling acid; all what I found was a conglomerate of my own pulverized bones after exuberantly reaching the banks,

As I tried to pass through the morbidly dark tunnel; I felt my voice ghoulishly echo; fomenting the last hair down my spine to stand in electric unison,

As I tried to pass through the virgin sea shores; I winced in tumultuous anguish as an obnoxious cluster of crabs stung my flesh with deadly poison,

As I tried to pass through the densely camouflaged jungles; my heart and soul nearly sank into my boots; and I found my trousers profusely wetted as the thunderous roar of the tiger crept stunningly close to my skin,

As I tried to pass through the pitch dark street; I experienced the worst encounter of my life; when a gang of thieves satanically stole all my possessions; left me stranded without a single cloth on my body,

As I tried to pass through the sliding lift doors; I felt a sudden spasm in my hand; and before realization could dawn upon the barbaric metal had already taken several of my innocuous fingers,

As I tried to pass through the scintillating mirror door; infinite shards of acrimonious glass hurtled out in frenzy; and I settled with a terrified gasp on the floor with blood oozing from virtually every cranny of my body,

As I tried to pass through a cotton factory; I found myself sneezing unrelentingly with deafening snorts; as invisible threads voraciously tickled sensitive arenas of my robust nose,

As I tried to pass through lanky slopes laden with overwhelming avalanches of snow; I felt my teeth rattling like a woodpecker; and each bone of mine died a gory death punctured by the vicious cold,

As I tried to pass through the sooty coal mine; my complexion metamorphosed to worse than a black cat; and people around me ran helter-skelter; envisaging me to be an dreadful alien from the third world,

As I tried to pass through the freshly constructed wall; the end result found me wearing a coat of obdurate cement on my face; half a brick on my scalp; with a mountain of mud burying me without prior notice into my grave,

As I tried to pass through completely full cylinders of heavy gas; after a while I found countless bits of my flesh blown away like specks of compressed dirt in the atmosphere; the ingenious cavities of my brain shooting like an untamed fountain towards the sky,

As I tried to pass through the overflowing bath of fragrant shampoo; I found myself sputtering and stuttering without control; and gigantic balloons of froth wafted from my mouth everytime I ventured to open my mouth,

As I tried to pass through the wire entrenched walls of the formidable fortress; I catapulted like an insipid butterfly for miles on the trot; and the shock that occurred nearly electrocuted to ghastly death,

But when I tried to pass through her enchanting heart; I found myself trapped for immortal times bonded with threads of invincible love; and not only did I regain back my previous one; but was bestowed upon with fathomless more blissful and spell binding lives.

49. PLATFORM OF LOVE

When I tried running on a platform of white ice; I scornfully slipped; and in the end all that I was able to taste was incredulously frozen water,

When I tried running on a platform of tangy salt; I inevitably lost my footing; and there was nothing but vivaciously ominous powder all over my trembling skin,

When I tried running on a platform of brilliantly yellow and pure butter; I hurled forward with a stifled gasp after some time; with the follicles of my hair incorrigibly sticking to each other like the gigantic tree and its flimsy roots,

When I tried running on a platform of scintillating glass; I abysmally floundered; tripped head on to have my supple skin ruthlessly punctured and in pools of ghastly blood,

When I tried running on a platform of feathered silk; I dismally broke the bones of my dainty nose; and my eyeballs popped out like bouncy springs reverberating incessantly in free space,

When I tried running on a platform of silver sands; I collapsed with a thunderous thud on the obdurate floor; with my shoe flying over my shoulder and all my expensive pair of clothes ripping apart mercilessly at their sensitive seams,

When I tried running on a platform of slimy oyster shells; I heard a deafeningly banging noise inundate the atmosphere; winced in incomprehensible amount of agony after twisting my knee to unprecedented limits,

When I tried running on a platform of astoundingly smooth talcum powder; I fell 10 steps backward instead of marching towards realms of irrefutably victory,

When I tried running on a platform of disdainful grease; I kept intractably jogging at a single spot for hours on the trot; while in fact all my adversaries had already reached the voluptuous strings of the finishing line,

When I tried running on a platform of satiny white paper; there were infinite obstreperous and unruly voices that deluged the soft ambience; and all that resulted as an outcome was prominently gaping holes in the body of the sheet which now fitted snugly on my scalp,

When I tried running on a platform of rolling marbles; all that was heard after a while was my horrifically petrified screams and gasps as I found myself plunging towards an ocean of gruesome blackness blended with dilapidated nothingness,

When I tried running on a platform of freshly green banana skins; I banged on my hindside with a force greater than the force of Nature; and the complexion of my cheeks metamorphosed to an embarrassingly childish crimson,

When I tried running on a platform of spongy rubber balls; I successfully managed to crush a few in my initial conquests of reaching my mission; but soon shuddered overwhelmingly before kissing dust on the ground; dug partial graves for myself in loose soil,

When I tried running on a platform of lifeless whale skin; I inadvertently shouted

beyond hysterical boundaries as if the monster was alive; collided terribly on my ribs as I took just a few steps forward,

When I tried running on a platform of insurmountably red cherries; all I accomplished doing was finely pulverizing the succulent fruit; while the inconspicuously tiny seeds fomented me to tremble hopelessly towards the cold floor,

When I tried running on a platform of pure Cadbury chocolate; my feet primordially enjoyed transgressing through the supremely soft bed; but after a while got horrendously entangled in the mess; felt as if deplorably sinking into the valley of death,

When I tried running on a platform of glittering diamonds; in the beginning I felt insatiably delighted at possessing such lavish amounts of opulence; but soon regretted my decision tremendously; as their pointed surface uncouthly infiltrated into my heart; satanically assassinating the tiniest traces of tangible life,

When I tried running on a platform of congenital lies; I landed up in such a hell; that it was profoundly sickening to bear with the aftermath's that unleashed thereafter in my life,

When I tried running on a platform of salacious lechery and malice; I ended up being imprisoned in my own sinful trap; a prison which infact had a gleaming lock without a single key,

While it was only when I tried running on a platform of immortal love; that my life gained full fledged momentum; irrevocably refrained to look backwards; transited to blissfully bouncing and wholesomely alive.

50. ALL DAY AND NIGHT

The deserts waited all day and night; for fat globules of mesmerizing rain; crystalline streams of water to pacify their overwhelmingly parched belly,

The dog waited all day and night; for a meaty chunk of bone; masticating the sumptuous meat to appease the pangs of hunger thunderously knocking his tiny stomach,

The ocean waited all day and night; for the rampant maelstrom; swirling its vivacious waves high and handsome towards the sky; clashing with stupendous passion against the black chain of rocks,

The beggar waited all day and night; for that inevitable rush of swanky cars; desperately anticipating a flurry of shimmering coin to cascade into his hollow bowl,

The camel waited all day and night; for a thorny shrub to appear before its eyes; perennially rest on dry soil; painstakingly chewing the thorns of its choice,

The shark waited all day and night; for a gigantic ship to sail above its head; so that it could satanically pulverize innocent flesh in its jaws; wretchedly overturning the boat without the slightest of thought or respite,

The valley waited all day and night; for a deafening echo; producing an eerie sound that horrendously jolted the entire planet,

The snow waited all day and night; for blistering sunshine; perpetuating into streams of divinely water; basking in the glory of compassionate warmth and velvety grace,

The doctor waited all day and night; for the speedy recovery of his patients; incessantly praying to the Creator to cure them of inexplicable pain,

The lizard waited all day and night; for a festoon of mosquitoes; greedily gobbling them with untamed relish and unprecedented gusto,

The shoe waited all day and night; for its master to adorn it; audaciously kick it in free space; to generate colossal draughts of exuberant breeze,

The dungeons waited all day and night; for the most minuscule ray of light; illuminating its dreary caricature with astoundingly optimistic beams of boisterous brightness,

The lips waited all day and night; for an incomprehensibly mystical kiss; triggering waves of vibrant euphoria in their ardently starved and pinkish persona,

The mother bird waited all day and night; for her innocuous cluster of eggs to hatch; the manifestation of her very own blood to soar uninhibitedly through the open sky,

The soldier waited all day and night; for his country to indispensably win; penalize the perilous traitors to the most unfathomable degree; for spreading

violent terror in his blissful territory,

The cow waited all day and night; for meadows of bountifully green grass; slowly ambling with its irrefutably sacrosanct form through the carpet of sedate soil,

The bomb waited all day and night; for someone to release its menacingly glistening pin; for it murderously explode into a fountain of unsurpassable devastation,

The writer waited all day and night to be ubiquitously recognized by the world; harmoniously propagate the essence of his work to masses far and distant on this earth,

The dreadfully empty coffin waited all day and night; for a person to breathe his last; occupy its interiors as it savagely sank down to unimaginable depths beneath soil,

And my heart waited all day and night; for the girl of my dreams to say 'I love you'; jump infinite feet far from its imprisoned chest; to profoundly bond with the chords of immortal love; the chords of immortal romance.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 6

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually Part 6 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. WITHOUT HER HANDS IN MINE
2. IF YOU LISTENED TO MY HEART
3. IN THE REALMS OF SACROSANCT MARRIAGE
4. MELTED
5. LEAVING MY PAST WELL BEHIND
6. I'M THE ONE

7. MY HEART RELIED ON
8. GIVE HER MY LIFE
9. KEEPING HER LOVE
10. IF THE HEART EVER HAD A TONGUE
11. I SALUTE YOU
12. FOR EVERY BEAT OF HERS
13. THERE WERE TIMES
14. POWERLESS
15. NO HEART SHOULD EVER MISS
16. CANDID IMPRESSION
17. LADEN
18. LOVE; LOVE AND SIMPLY LOVE
19. I PREFERRED TO CALL
20. BRINGING A SMILE ON YOUR FACE
21. NO COMBATS
22. HAD ROOM FOR NONE ELSE
23. LICENSE TO LOVE
24. AT LEAST ONCE
25. MR. AND MRS. OMNIPOTENT LOVE
26. UNCEASINGLY SIZELESS
27. LOVE - A PERPETUAL POISON
28. FOREVER AND ONLY YOURS
29. WHOLESOMELY EMPTYING
30. EXPECTATIONS MASSACRE LIFE
31. DYING IN YOUR PERPETUAL LAP
32. ON THE GALLOWS OF
33. WHAT USE WAS IT?
34. WHERE WERE YOU?
35. IS ANYBODY LISTENING?
36. WHILE TODAY
37. LOVE PERPETUALLY
38. MARRIED
39. WHEN SHE BLUSHED
40. TO WIN HER BACK
41. DON'T YOU WORRY SWEETHEART
42. PROMISE ME
43. THE TENACITY OF MY LOVE
44. IMMORTAL LOVE
45. I WANTED YOU TO LIVE FOR A THOUSAND CENTURIES
46. LOVE YOU
47. I WANTED TO DIE WITH YOU
48. HOW COULD YOU EVER FORGET

49. WHEN SHE ARRIVED

50. YOU WERE LIKE THAT OMNIPRESENT GOD IN MY LIFE

1. WITHOUT HER HANDS IN MINE

In order to erase my name from the soil; all I did was kick the loose sands with my feet; and it blended almost magically with the mundane mud,

In order to erase my name from my skin; all I did was wash it with stringent antiseptic; to swipe out the most minuscule trace that might be incorrigibly remaining,

In order to erase my name from my lips; all I did was to purse them passionately with my tongue; then see for myself how handsomely did the ink coalesce in entirety with my saliva,

In order to erase my name from the walls; all I did was to paint them afresh with loads of scintillating whitewash and poignant color,

In order to erase my name from the tree trunk; all I did was slice off that chunk of guilty wood; with effortless ease and incoherent strokes of my lanky pocket knife,

In order to erase my name from the birthday cake; all I did was to gobble it with an insatiable frenzy; guzzle down the most inconspicuous of ingredients adhering to my throat; over a glass of cool water,

In order to erase my name from a bonded sheet of white paper; all I did was to use a gargantuan rubber; caressing it arduously across the squalid sheet; to make the stain vanish into thin oblivion,

In order to erase my name from the transparently sparkling mirror; I applied few pints of stale liquid; got rid off the same with incredulous ease; rubbing it with a soft blanket of sponge,

In order to erase my name from the greasy kitchen table; all I did was to nonchalantly dismiss off the pool of oil; languidly towards the hollow sink,

In order to erase my name from my diabolically bald scalp; all I did was to grow a new mass of hair; which beautifully camouflaged it and shimmered magnificently under the river of pearly moonlight,

In order to erase my name from the artificially embossed pencil tip; all I did was to chew it phlegmatically; and at the same time triggered the dormant cells of my brain to imagine till unprecedented limits,

In order to erase my name from the passionate sea shores; all I did was wait for the waves to swirl ecstatically; joyfully slap the sands and brutally dismantle the synchronized alphabets,

In order to erase my name from the swanky car windshield; all I did was to switch on the long wipers; which swiped off even the most diminutive trace of dirt; metamorphosing its demeanor as if I had just purchased it from the showroom,

In order to erase my name from my eye; all I did was to simply wink; see for myself as to how insipidly it disappeared along with my volatile film of emphatic tears,

In order to erase my name from the regional town map; all I did was to substitute it with the initials of an entity more proficient than me; more versatile than me in all respects,

In order to erase my name from the records of heinous crime; all I did was drift my life away from the most obsolete shadow of evil; spend the remainder of my breath left in philanthropically serving all mankind,

In order to erase my name from the cheque; all I did was adroitly replicate it with the profound seal of my bohemian thumb,

In order to erase my name from my friends heart; all I did was neglected him a trifle in his times of unsurpassably hopeless distress,

In order to erase my name from the robust bone; all I did was to offer it to the famished stray dog; who pulverized it within seconds into raw chowder; with the insurmountable tenacity in his teeth,

But when I tried to erase my name from hers; that very instant I transformed into worthless streams of condemnable ash; left for my heavenly abode; brutally penalized by the Almighty; and this time without her hands in mine.

2. IF YOU LISTENED TO MY HEART

If you sighted my shadow; which had nonchalantly formed under sweltering rays

of Sunlight,

Then you'd come to know how tumultuously it wavered; the insatiable longing in its contours to trespass past your stupendous grace.

If you glimpsed my lips; which glistened incredulously into vivacious shades of lotus pink,

Then you'd come to know how solitary they were; the unprecedented urge in them to kiss your divinely name.

If you heard my voice; which rose and fell with an uncanny mysticism in the perpetually still air,

Then you'd come to know how hopeless it was; how much it wanted you by its side; searching for you frantically in the fathomless wilderness.

If you felt my tears; which trickled down all day and night through my cheeks, Then you'd come to know how lifeless they were; the overwhelming desire in them to occupy an immortal position beside your tinkling feet.

If you caressed my skin; which resembled a frigidly lackluster ashen white, Then you'd come to know how freezing it was; how much it longed for your company; to trigger it vehemently into astronomical loads of compassionate warmth.

If you stood beside my breath; which morbidly cascaded down my nostrils; Then you'd come to know how lackadaisical it was; the thunderously volatile intensity lingering in it; to drift down your fabulous nape.

If you ran your fingers through my scalp; which pathetically slept even under a wave of unimaginably blistering heat that encompassed it from all sides, Then you'd come to know how much it wanted to be majestically massaged; the unsurpassable agony in it to be kissed by your heavenly form.

If you peered deep down into my eyes; which had lost their ability to see; even though they were blissfully alive,

Then you'd come to know how much they were clouded with inexplicable sadness; how inexorably they missed you and craved for you to whisper and dream by their side.

And if you listened to my heart; which uncontrollably palpitated without the tiniest of respite; whether I walked or lazily slept on the star studded night, Then you'd come to know how much it remembered you every unleashing second; the invincible tenacity pounding upon it to imprison you forever; in each

of its everlasting beats.

3. IN THE REALMS OF SACROSANCT MARRIAGE

There was a time when we talked in hushed whispers behind the bushes;
endeavoring our best to camouflage our bodies from the extraneous world,
While today we sat closely beside each other under brilliant daylight; entwining
our palms formidably against each other; blatantly in the midst of the bustling
streets.

There was a time when we waited for marathon hours to meet; anxiously
anticipating the sun to set down in the hills before we started for our clandestine
expeditions,
While today we spent each moment together; with our breaths drifting down
passionately without the slightest of synchronized control.

There was a time when we painstakingly craved to hear each others voices;
trying to frantically search our memory as far as possible to salvage the last word
we spoke,
While today we indefatigably talked till our tongues ached; conversed about the
weirdest topics in this world; our eyes locked immortally with each other.

There was a time when we cordially smiled in front of the society; to depict that
we were nothing else but good friends of after school,
While today we laughed to our hearts content philandering euphorically through
the labyrinth of mystical valleys; leaving the civilized planet forever; well behind
our times.

There was a time when we yearned to see all rays relinquish completely in our
dwellings; so that we could surreptitiously meet and sight each other for a short
while under milky moonbeams,
While today we admired each other to the most unprecedented capacity of our
minds; in tenaciously fiery and flamboyant full house lights.

There was a time when we witnessed each other with stooping eyes; profoundly
mortified by each others presence in front of our revered elders,
While today we danced in ebullient energy even after midnight; with our lids
incorrigibly refusing to bat the tiniest; gazing wide open till unsurpassable
times.

There was a time when we ate our food in separate plates; ardently
remembering each other; with tears welling up in our eyes as we nostalgically

reminisced our playful times,
While today we fed each other with our own hands; sat at whisker length
distances with our lips profusely intermingled; entirely oblivious to the unfurling
of rapid time.

There was a time when we were petrified to see to each other without prior
permissions; as we knew that the ramifications of that could be punishment upto
the highest decree,
While today we waved at everybody on the roads with uninhibited freedom;
audaciously proclaiming to the world the tales of our invincible romance.

And there was a time when we had newly met; said 'I Love you' to each other;
were groping to find our veritable places; blend with the Herculean struggle to
blissfully survive in this colossal globe,
While today we had just tied the nuptial thread; bonding our mind; body; soul
for centuries immemorial; drifting in a world wholesomely of our own; in the
realms of sacrosanct marriage.

4. MELTED

The candlewax castle melted like a pack of soft cards; under blistering rays of
flamboyantly fiery sunshine,

The panther melted at its mouth; when it sighted a robust fleet of deer galloping
rampantly through the wilderness,

The desert sands inevitably melted in scorching summer; at the sight of the
celestially rejuvenating pool of shimmering mirage,

The clouds in the cosmos melted thunderously; as they hovered over a blanket of
profusely green trees and mystical shrub,

The dog's tongue melted insatiably; as it cast its greedy eyes upon the juicy
chunk of bone poking alluringly from its masters pocket,

The beggar melted in mind; body and soul; as he perceived a dungeon inundated
with opulently glittering gold in his nocturnal dreams,

The lips melted in unsustainable passion; as they saw the person of their most
stupendous conceptions; right before their rubicund periphery,

The giant melted in wholesome entirety; as it witnessed the colossal kingdom of

fleshy molecules wandering helplessly without an iota of caution or sagacious calm,

The mirror melted in a million pieces; as it confronted the ghastly skeleton of a man; who once upon a time used to admire himself in the same,

The snow melted on the boundless hills; as fireballs of pugnacious light caressed it vindictively; from every conceivable side,

The voice melted into a trickle of its original self; as an atmosphere of satanic terror; abruptly snapped the melody of its heart,

The conglomerate of gigantic leaves melted to bits of inconspicuous raw ash; as flames of pugnaciously golden fire escalated high and handsome towards the sky,

The thunderously deafening echo melted into gruesome nothingness; as it clashed umpteenth number of times against the chain of cold blooded rocks,

The blatantly audacious footsteps melted into infinitesimally remote space; as they were besieged by the blood curling sound of menacing death,

The slabs of brilliantly sparkling yellow butter melted into a curry of slim grease; when brutally spread with a gleaming knife on the periphery of supremely handsome and sizzling toast,

The pair of vivaciously emphatic eyes melted into diminutively shrunk plastic; as they sighted the lifeless body of the person they vehemently adored and loved,

The boisterous chirping of sporty birds melted submissively; as the last beam of brightness disappeared brusquely behind the cocoon of scarlet sky,

The life of a tangible individual melted in wholesome entirety; as and when the Creator waved his hand and wanted,

And my heart melted into an island of tumultuously tantalizing paradise; at the tiniest whisper of my beloved; the most faintest cry of her enchantingly everlasting romance.

5. LEAVING MY PAST WELL BEHIND

Just give me your hand; and I'll get ready to face the mightiest of challenge;

with an irrefutable scent of victory lingering profusely in my every stride,

Just give me your hand; and I'll escalate higher than the azure skies; to snatch the festoon of overwhelmingly glittering stars for the delights of your impeccable lap,

Just give me your hand; and I'll become an inferno blazing with the most omnipotent of light; refraining to dwindle a trifle even in thunderous rain and bizarre storm,

Just give me your hand; and I'll stay awake to euphorically dance all day and night; relinquish the last iota of gloomy dreariness from my bleary pair of eyes,

Just give me your hand; and I'll spawn a mesmerizing fountain in the heart of the sweltering desert; pacify infinite granules of gruesomely parched sand with supremely rejuvenating water,

Just give me your hand; and I'll illuminate even the most horrendous patch of morbidly despairing space; with profound beams of stringent light,

Just give me your hand; and I'll stand taller than the clouds even as the earth reverberated; staring intransigently into your countenance as you danced in my palms,

Just give me your hand; and I'll transit back into exuberantly nostalgic childhood; intrepidly ride on the striped panthers back; without a single strip of cloth on my barren chest,

Just give me your hand; and I'll conjure stupendous magic on every path I transgressed; metamorphosing dead chunks of stinking wood into monumental pillars of glistening gold,

Just give me your hand; and I'll levitate to the summit of the mountain in one step; ebulliently breathe with insurmountable compassion; and dynamic light filtering through the frightened whites of my eye,

Just give me your hand; and I'll float till eternity like a fragrant petal in the air; wafting my exotic redolence to whomsoever who needed it the most,

Just give me your hand; and I'll trespass bare soled even on blistering red embers of flamboyant fire; swallow the most treacherous droplets of misery without the slightest gasp in my throat,

Just give me your hand; and I'll ignite vivacious flames even in a lifeless pond of water; instill traces of immortal love in the ghastliest of entities entrenching me,

Just give me your hand; and I'll ecstatically bounce as if the richest man in this Universe; doughtily wade past even an ocean of fulminating acid to achieve the most unbelievable of my dreams,

Just give me your hand; and I'll leap into the valley of death; rise inexorably high above the ashes with optimistic traces of breath invincibly incarcerated within the dormitories of my heart,

Just give me your hand; and I'll make a grandiloquent castle out of obsoletely thin air; evolve a paradise for all humans to exist; in the midst of satanic barbarism that inundated each part of the atmosphere,

Just give me your hand; and I'll sing till times immemorial; granting reprieve to countless entities from their unrelenting string of tyrannical woes,

Just give me your hand; and I'll blend all fabulous beauty with mundane mud; transform this sacred land of Almighty God; into a veritable paradise,

And just give me your hand O! enchanting beloved; and I'll rise as the most powerful human from infinite feet beneath the corpse; surge forward with an insatiable ardor in my bones; reinstating a smile back in whomsoever I encountered in my way; leaving my hopeless past well behind; to celestially lead boundless more Sunlit days.

6. I'M THE ONE

I'm one who's crazy about you; fantasizing you in the most stupendously fabulous forms ever conceivable,

I'm the one who's passionate about you; insatiably craving to blend your heart with mine till times immemorial,

I'm the one who's greedy about you; wanting to incessantly witness your enchanting grace as each second unfurled into a complete minute,

I'm the one who's supremely overwhelmed by you; unable to perceive about anything else except your twin pairs of magnificently sparkling eyes,

I'm the one who's fanatically ardent about you; sitting for indefatigable hours by your side; to hear the tales of your innocuous childhood,

I'm the one who's insurmountably sensitive about you; would try every feasible method existing on this Universe to make you mine,

I'm the one who's always ready for you; uninhibitedly accepting you in the invincible swirl of my arms; even when the planet had rejected you,

I'm the one who's relentlessly working for you; endeavoring my absolute best to sketch you in the most enamoring repertoire of forms; lingering bountifully in the cosmos,

I'm the one who's immortally desiring you; giving you a position grater than the Ultimate Creator; in the realms of my palpitating heart,

I'm the one who's unprecedentedly impressed by you; intransigently iterating your string of benevolently exotic virtues to whomsoever I encountered,

I'm the one who's inexorably possessive about you; mercilessly annihilating the minutest trace of salacious spirit; hovering stealthily round the contours of your impeccable face,

I'm the one who's wholesomely stupefied by you; drowning myself till times beyond eternity into the mesmerizing cadence of your heavenly voice,

I'm the one who's profoundly sympathetic with you; unequivocally commiserating with you; even as the society outside savagely kicked you for no fault of your immaculate soul,

I'm the one who's perpetually remembering you; incorrigibly sealing my mind to all thoughts; other than your incredulously alluring smile,

I'm the one who's unsurpassably pampering you; ensuring that the most inconspicuous of your wail; was compassionately catered to,

I'm the one who's optimistically wistful about you; wishing you nothing less than the very best in every aspect of your life; the days in your destiny yet to blissfully unveil,

I'm the one who's frantically searching for you; not sparing even the most darkest corner of earth; in my incomprehensible attempts to retrieve you,

I'm the one who's tirelessly fighting for you; in order to irrefutably ensure you assimilated the maximum happiness; in God's creation of boundless paradise,

And I'm the one; infact the only one who loves you; dedicating each of my tumultuously throbbing beats to your celestial form; bonding you forever with the body above my bones; and the soul underneath; which had already given its love to you.

7. MY HEART RELIED ON

The tree relied overwhelmingly on soil; those trapped granules of spell binding moisture; to make it bountifully blossom towards the Kingly Sun,

The tongue relied inevitably on slippery saliva; basked in the glory of voluptuous softness for times immemorial; as it pursed itself passionately on the scarlet lips,

The ocean relied insurmountably on its undulating festoon of ravishing waves; the tantalizing globules of wild salt incarcerated within; which propelled it to swirl in uninhibited frenzy,

The watch relied indispensably on its pair of slender needles; to indefatigably traverse round the clock; portray explicit shades of accurate time,

The eyeball relied inevitably on its lids; the rejuvenating blankets of tears they oozed; with poignant intensity every unfurling second,

The pencil relied tumultuously on its handsomely bonded lead; to emboss boundless lines of exquisite literature; deluge the surface of barren paper with exotic calligraphy,

The dog relied profusely on its tail; to portray its flurry of candid emotions; the state of being which it was blatantly circumvented with,

The envelope relied irrevocably on its set of contemporary stamps; the meticulous strings of denomination riveted on its body; that transported it at swashbuckling speeds to far and distant across the globe,

The mountain relied intransigently on its towering summits; which ensured that it leapt in vivacious glory towards azure bits of golden sky; majestically loomed large above everything else in vicinity,

The whale relied incorrigibly on its battalion of pugnacious jaws; which bestowed upon it the power to rip apart the most mightiest of entities into inconspicuous bits of pulverized chowder,

The boat relied profoundly on its twin set of oars; to dexterously maneuver it like a price even in the most ominously turbulent of storm,

The lips relied compassionately on a gregarious smile; the ingratiating aura which it imparted to their pathetically parched demeanor,

The spider relied unsurpassably on silken strands of its velvety web; running to its hearts content across the labyrinth of threads without the slightest of shame or respite,

The peacock relied unrelentingly on droplets of sparkling rain; the heavenly water which cascaded from the sky; evoking it to spread its oligarchic feathers into a royal bloom and dance,

The arms relied incomprehensibly on bulging bits of muscle; to impregnate in them the power to doughtily fight; the power to audaciously survive,

The brain relied unfathomably on memory; those nostalgic reminisces of the past; which triggered it to gain unstoppable momentum and surge forward with ecstatic reflections lingering enchantingly for times,

The diamond relied tirelessly on shine; that queenly glint which made it the unprecedented darling of all tribes,

The body relied perpetually on tangible breath; which instilled in it the tenacity to valiantly fight for its rights; and blissfully survive,

And my heart relied solely on immortal love; the omnipotent essence of which made it passionately throb even centuries after veritable death.

8. GIVE HER MY LIFE

Give her each droplet of blood flowing rampantly through my body; rejuvenating her persona with indispensable energy,

Giver her each smile that encapsulated my lips; deluging her majestically mesmerizing countenance with astronomical happiness,

Give her each dream that circulated fabulously in the corridors of my brain;
catapulting her into a land of ecstasy and unfathomable paradise,

Give her each ray of hope that engulfed my existence; stupendously enlightening
her string of infinite more unveiling tomorrows,

Give her each droplet of poignant empathy that lingered insatiably in my eyes;
impregnating in her the essence of benevolent mankind,

Give her each muscle embedded indomitably in my arms; imparting her with the
tenacity to resiliently encounter the most disastrous situation in life,

Give her each ounce of mysticism that enveloped my shadow; overwhelming her
life with enigmatic spice and divinely happiness,

Give her each wave of my voice; bestowing upon her the power to indefatigably
express herself; at all moments of the adventurously unveiling day,

Give her each iota of luck that encompassed my silhouette; manifesting her
every unfinished dream into a perpetual reality,

Give her each trace of vivaciousness that entrenched my conglomerate of bones;
propelling her to ecstatically bounce forward with exuberant enthusiasm in life,

Give her each globule of tumultuous rhapsody that permeated my skin; making
her experience the myriad of vibrant colors in existence,

Give her each sigh of immortal satisfaction that circumvented my conscience;
fomenting her to perceive that her flurry of tasks were accomplished with
supreme gratification,

Give her each bit of cloth that intricately sequestered my entire visage;
embodying her impeccable demeanor with loads of compassionate warmth,

Give her each source of wealth that I had assimilated in the tenure of my life;
facilitating her to purchase the most exotic things of her very own choice,

Give her each morsel of food that was destined to be masticated by my mouth;
granting celestial peace to the famished realms of her thunderously resonating
stomach,

Give her each whistle that emanated from my lips; blessing her existence with unsurpassable euphoria on every step which she ebulliently alighted,

Give her each fantasy that I kept envisaging about even in the heart of the brilliantly blistering day; keeping her spirits escalating towards the sky; till times immemorial,

Give her each beat that passionately palpitated every unfurling instant in my heart; imparting her with the unrelenting ardor to relish life to its most incomprehensible capacity,

Give her each breath that diffused in magnificent unison from my nostrils; engendering her to lead even my quota of destined life,

For although I possessed all the sagacious qualities described above O! Lord; I was still of no use to this colossal world and society; being viciously strangulated every instant by the horrendous lechery of my mind; while angels like her needed forever to exist; needed forever to be alive.

9. KEEPING HER LOVE

I kept the reinvigorating pints of soda securely in a transparent bottle; tightly clasping the lid with screws of scintillating steel,

I kept the cubes of exotically transparent ice; in the inner most dormitories of the freezing refrigerator; overwhelmingly engulfed by a chilling calm,

I kept the conglomerate of stupendously redolent flowers in a grandiloquent vase; as they wafted their heavenly scent to every cranny of my profusely amicable dwelling,

I kept the battalion of gaudy shirts in cloistered interiors of my bedroom closet; wholesomely sequestered from even the most minuscule trace of alien light,

I kept the festoon of glittering jewels in the invincible realms of the bank locker; ensuring their perpetual safety against the deadliest of invasion,

I kept the bulky wallet in the back pocket of my handsomely jaded trousers; meticulously safe guarding the crisply bundled notes of currency; against disdainful dirt and storm,

I kept the swanky automobile in the delectably compact garage; shielding it from

salaciously ogling eyes and acrimonious beams of sweltering Sunshine,

I kept the germicidal tablet of stringent soap in proximity with the lavatory seat; to wholesomely annihilate even the last bit of stench adhering intransigently to my palms,

I kept scattered sheaf of random papers compiled safely in a cardboard file; ensuring that they appeared in a scrupulously chronological order; whenever the whites of my eye tried to glimpse them,

I kept the obnoxious butts of ash extruding from my cigar in an emerald ashtray; insurmountably seeing to it that the smoke died a ghastly death; there in itself,

I kept the fabulously studded designer belt on the shimmering hook; gliding like a majestic snake; kissing carpets of seductive air as it cascaded down like an angel,

I kept the cartons of appetizing fruit pulp on the sparkling kitchen slab; feasting my eyes profoundly on the bunch; each time I felt even the tiniest pang of hunger reverberate in my stomach,

I kept the sounds of the melodiously chirping cuckoo; impreguably imprisoned in my ears; cherishing the mesmerizing tunes in my mind; in times of unfathomable distress,

I kept the pet rabbits in their amicably warm kennel; sheltering them from the vicious onslaught of wildly frenzied wolves,

I kept the gruesomely orphaned eggs in the compassionately moist nest; for them to blossom into blissful fledglings of vibrant tomorrow,

I kept the mystically enamoring and checkered chessboard close to the lawns; maneuvering the royally embellished pieces while transgressing through a blanket of glistening dew drops,

I kept the sachet of tangy peppermints in the topmost compartment of my shirt; popping a pill every now and again into my mouth; to impart that reinvigorating spice to my monotonously treacherous life,

I kept the idol of my sacrosanct mother in my conscience and my mind; leaning upon it in my times of insurmountably escalating tension; times when I was about to embark on any new expedition in life,

And I kept her love always deep inside my heart; bonding my impoverished soul with hers for countless more births; bonding my breath with hers for fathomless more lives to unveil.

10. IF THE HEART EVER HAD A TONGUE

If the broken wall ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about the disdainfully inferior quality of cement used in its construction; that had fomented it to crumble appallingly towards soil,

If the mercilessly chopped down tree ever had a tongue; then the first thing it uttered; would be about the barbaric humans; who ruthlessly cut it down to illuminate their every superficial night,

If the hazy river waters ever had a tongue; the first thing they uttered; would be about the tyrannically obnoxious industries; which polluted their heavenly persona profusely every unleashing second,

If the orphaned tooth ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about diabolical monsters who had so uncouthly ripped it apart from the cozy realms of its masters mouth,

If the sands of the tumultuously blistering desert ever had a tongue; the first thing they uttered; would be about the horrendous life they were bestowed upon with; without the most minuscule droplet of sparkling water,

If the shattered petal ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about the cowardly satanic way in which the flower shed it; when confronted with the tiniest wind of storm,

If the pathetically deflated balloon ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about its royally oligarchic times in the sky; the acrimonious bullet which pierced it through its protuberant belly; rendering it sadly into the corpse which it currently was,

If the overwhelmingly bashed egg ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about the ominously wretched snake which stole it surreptitiously when its mother was fast asleep; splitting apart its nimble body into infinite halves,

If the rusty piece of jewelry ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would

be about its hideously vain mistress; who hurled it to rot in the sinister dungeons; meting out her insurmountable frustration on its impeccable demeanor,

If the disheveled rags of cloth ever had a tongue; the first thing they uttered; would be about the treacherous rioters who grappled them devilishly; disorienting them from their handsomely stoical posture,

If the brutally trampled whisker ever had a tongue; then the first thing it uttered; would be about its majestic times while embedded to the lion's snout; the nonchalant way in which it had fallen on the ground; when the beast was thunderously snoring,

If the bone lying morbidly in the interiors of the obsolete castle ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about the robust body of the prince it once upon a time inhabited; the gory moment when its master breathed his very last; to leave it decaying even centuries after his death,

If the disastrously melting mountains of ice-cream ever had a tongue; the first thing they uttered; would be about the acerbically dictatorial rays of the Sun which had compelled them to completely lose their identity,

If the dismally corroded mouse-trap ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about how much it abhorred imprisoning filthily stinking mice; how much it desired to be placed in flamboyantly dazzling sunshine,

If the sleazily colored bundles of cotton ever had a tongue; the first thing they uttered; would be about the unfathomably commercial farmer; plucking them indiscriminately from their immaculate buds; selling them at a price when in fact they were priceless,

If the blanket of grass blades ever had a tongue; the first thing they uttered; would be about the demons transgressing indefatigably on their voluptuous carpet; pulverizing their silken softness with indigenous feet,

If the splattered splinters of glass lying forlorn on the floor ever had a tongue; the first thing they uttered; would be about the pertinently irascible hordes of children; who had made them taste dust; with their obdurate cricket balls,

If the solitarily wandering soul ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about the inexplicable agony it was besieged with; the utter helplessness that it was thoroughly engulfed with; when it simply couldn't help

its loved ones in distress,

And if the broken heart ever had a tongue; the first thing it uttered; would be about how much it craved to be loved; how much it craved for that immortal love in its life once again; which it unfortunately couldn't get.

11. I SALUTE YOU

I salute you for your majestic speech; the authoritative flurry of spell binding words which emanated royally from your mouth,

I salute you for your impeccable stride; the magnanimous poise in your stature that portrayed you irrefutably as the greatest,

I salute you for your astoundingly mesmerizing sight; your uncanny ability to decipher the most inconspicuous of evil loitering ominously in the crowd,

I salute you for your ravishingly rubicund complexion; the ingratiating aura you generated on every piece of soil you voluptuously caressed,

I salute you for your insurmountably stoical passiveness; the unsurpassable equanimity with which you confronted the deadliest of disaster without a ruffle to your whiskers,

I salute you for your unflinching sense of responsibility; the ghastliest of times you had borne; just to see a smile lighten up on the face of your compatriots,

I salute you for your astute acumen of dealing dexterously with the uncouth world; marching relentlessly on your path to undeniable success,

I salute you for your inexorably poignant eyes; the heart rendering empathy you harbored within; for your fellow beings in inexplicably horrendous distress,

I salute you for your incomprehensibly adjusting temperament; the incredulous way in which you slept even on bare brick walls; if the hour so commanded,

I salute you for your stupendously reinvigorating aroma; the blissful waves of sheer ecstasy it spread ubiquitously to every cranny of this planet,

I salute you for your streams of passionately circulating crimson blood; the unfathomable ardor they generated in lifeless souls wandering solitarily around,

I salute you for the vivacious laughter that entrenched your lips; the cloud of benign congeniality it propagated in whomsoever it cast; even an ethereal glimpse,

I salute you for your nose; which smelt only the profoundly good from even amidst a dilapidated pile of horrifically fetid garbage,

I salute you for your bohemian feet; which kept traversing indefatigably to reach their ultimate goal; even in the most acerbic of storm and murderous rain,

I salute you for your incredibly alluring charisma; the mystically enigmatic look in your eyes which attracted the most alien at your doorstep; even from the most obsolete corner of the globe; like a trice of a bullet,

I salute you for your resolutely undeterred determination; the insatiable fervency in your demeanor to stand only by what you felt was right,

I salute you for your tumultuously adventurous zeal; the spirit of conquering the unknown profusely embedded in your brain; placing you an eternal shade above the rest,

I salute you for your tremendously transparent conscience; the sacrosanct feeling of righteousness which lingered around it for centuries immemorial,

And my wholehearted salutations to you O! beloved! ! for your ability to uninhibitedly love; your incessant endeavor to make this planet of God once again a paradise; blessing each molecule of his creation with the greatest wealth you could ever possess; your greatest virtue called 'The religion of mankind'.

12. FOR EVERY BEAT OF HERS

I wanted to live for each smile of hers; the laughter that uninhibitedly emanated from her throat; that made me feel greater than the God's,

I wanted to live for each tear of hers; the poignant river of empathy which oozed from her mesmerizing eyes; catapulting me into a paradise beyond realms of mundane earth,

I wanted to live for each word of hers; the majestic sounds that wafted from her mouth when she spoke; propelling me to float in the surreal clouds with the cadence of her seductive voice,

I wanted to live for each whim of hers; the fastidious festoon of intricacies that enveloped her persona; making me admire her for her profoundly babyish attitudes,

I wanted to live for each footstep of hers; the stupendously exotic rhythm that drifted as she caressed the soil; making me oblivious to all other sounds that existed in this Universe,

I wanted to live for each finger of hers; the rubicund tinge which encompassed her dainty fists; that fomented me to stare wildly till times beyond eternity,

I wanted to live for each wink of hers; the uncannily enigmatic way in which her eyelashes fluttered flirtatiously; inundating my life with waves of insurmountable ecstasy and the dance of sheer euphoria,

I wanted to live for each dream of hers; the cloudbursts of vivacious fantasy in her eyes as each minute unveiled; which made me blinded to the most brilliantly dazzling Sunlight,

I wanted to live for each passion of hers; the unrelenting ardor that besieged her countenance with as she marched towards triumph; making me rise above the ashes to discover my soul,

I wanted to live for every vein of hers; the tumultuous fervency with which an ocean of scarlet blood flowed through her body; making my conviction in self more fortified than the colossal mountains,

I wanted to live for every shadow of hers; the mystical way in which her contours nictitated with changing shades of light; wrecking the last iota of sleep from my insatiably wandering sight,

I wanted to live for every cry of hers; the insurmountable innocence that reflected profusely in her voice; transiting me way back to the times when I had just tread my first foot on mother earth,

I wanted to live for every yawn of hers; the ravishingly ingratiating aura that encapsulated her visage; which made me collapse like a box of lifeless matchsticks on blankets of cold ground,

I wanted to live for every sigh of hers; the supreme contentment that celestially settled on each pore of her body; which made me relinquish all my volcano of

overwhelming greed in life,

I wanted to live for every dance of hers; the tantalizing way in which she swished her heavenly demeanor in torrential rain; making me exist far beyond my destined quota of years,

I wanted to live for every snore of hers; the delectably immaculate island of fairies which resided in her luscious lips; flooding my life with unsurpassable ebullience and cheer,

I wanted to live for every nod of hers; the irrefutably assertiveness with which she said 'no'; augmenting my tenacious determination to face each hurdle of acrimonious life,

I wanted to live for every breath of hers; the Omnipotent grace with which it diffused from her nostrils; instilling in me an invincible power to live,

And over and above all I wanted to live for every beat of hers; the indefatigable number of times her heart palpitated passionately; fortifying my faith in dying existence; fortifying my faith in dying mankind.

13. THERE WERE TIMES

There were times when the breeze didn't need air to flow; gush in torrential fervor towards the handsome sky,

There were times when the rose didn't need fragrance to blossom; transit into the most unprecedented realms of voluptuous desire,

There were times when the tongue didn't need words to speak; express its emotions as vociferously as a new born child,

There were times when the fish didn't need water to swim; ebulliently bounce and gallivant in the full fervor of existence,

There were times when the lips didn't need a smile to be happy; exult in the grandeur of the mesmerizing beauty; lingering on this Universe all around,

There were times when the eyes didn't have to close to dream; fantasize beyond the boundaries of infinite infinity,

There were times when the church didn't need bells to ring; poignantly express

the irrefutably divinely consent of the Almighty lord,

There were times when evening didn't need the Sun to set; metamorphose into overwhelmingly seductive and transient dusk; before the onset of perpetual night,

There were times when the birds didn't need wings to fly; soar astronomically high in vivacious bits of fabulously blue sky,

There were times when the palms didn't need lines to be destined; live the most incredulously wonderful existence that could ever be conceived on this earth,

There were times when the throat didn't need sound to communicate; reach the individual boundless kilometers away in lightening fractions of seconds,

There were times when the body didn't need muscle to fight; conquer the most invincible of heights with the stupendously majestic ease of a crown prince,

There were times when the storm didn't need thunderbolts of white electricity; to incarcerate the soil in its mystically enigmatic swirl,

There were times when the matchstick didn't need flames to burn; escalate the most unsurpassable limits of the cosmos; where no entity had ever tread,

There were times when the diamonds didn't need stringent light to shine; glisten gorgeously to unleash infernos of insatiable passion,

There were times when the veins didn't need blood to survive; trigger insurmountable compassion and an unequalled ardor to lead life,

There were times when the snow didn't need heat to melt; evolve into a spring of profoundly enchanting froth; blessing countless with its heavenly charm,

There were times when the nostrils didn't need air to live; exist beyond the boundaries of inevitably unfurling fate,

And there were times when the heart didn't need a voice to proclaim; dedicate its passionately palpitating flurry of fervent beats to the person it loved; the person it wanted to incarcerate for fathomless more births to come.

14. POWERLESS

Powerful to smile; as I heard something abysmally resonating in ludicrous vicinity,

Powerful to fight; as I confronted the mightiest of disaster with astronomical fortitude and tenacity,

Powerful to sleep; as I snored more thunderously than the demons; resting in overwhelmingly celestial contentment,

Power to admire; as I sighted the mesmerizing puffs of clouds floating passionately in azure sky,

Powerful to sketch; as I masterfully captured the labyrinth of picturesque sights which majestically dotted the fathomless gorge,

Powerful to sing; as I inundated the gloomy atmosphere with everlasting waves of seductively rhapsodic melody,

Powerful to mimic; as I possessed the incomprehensibly fascinating virtue to emulate a boundless myriad of voice,

Powerful to write; as I deluged a mountain of disdainfully barren paper; with exquisite lines of oligarchic literature,

Powerful to fantasize; as I triggered the chords of enigmatic imagination to the most ebulliently unprecedented limits,

Powerful to speak; as I silenced unrelentingly menacing mobs of fanatic people; with the domineering authority in my voice,

Powerful to dance; as I gyrated my body in insatiable agony under profusely milky rays of enchanting moonlight,

Powerful to run; as I galloped like the vivacious panther; through the mystical forests at the unveiling of each ephemeral dawn,

Powerful to flirt; as I had this inexplicable tenacity to incarcerate any alien in the swirl of my indefatigable mischief,

Powerful to dig; as I impregnated a tunnel of vibrantly optimistic hope; in layers of obdurately infidel soil,

Powerful to stare; as I relentlessly looked the sweltering sun without flinching the slightest; for hours immemorial,

Powerful to chew; as I masticated the most resilient morsels of food into handsome bits of pulverized chowder,

Powerful to foresee; as I perspicaciously tackled each aspect of pragmatically monotonous life; measuring each step of mine as I walked,

Powerful to breathe; as I lived each moment of life to its most unbelievable capacity; with the euphoria to perennially discover fervently besieging me,

But powerless to face her; as I wholesomely submitted my humble countenance to the wave of her turbulently swirling love; bonding my heart; body and soul with the immortal essence of her sacred existence.

15. NO HEART SHOULD EVER MISS

No bird should ever miss the exuberant breeze; the unsurpassable bits of vivacious sky; which triggered it to shrug all inhibitions and perpetually fly,

No panther should ever miss the exotic wilderness of the fathomless jungle; the kingly ambience of the royal den which passionately awaited its oligarchic personality,

No butterfly should ever miss flamboyant sunlight; those vividly boisterous rays that unveiled its grandiloquent beauty; fomented it to gleefully fun and frolic,

No fish should ever miss the ravishingly swirling sea; the unfathomable depths of emerald water which made them magnificently glide like a prince; till times ahead of eternity,

No cloud in the cosmos should ever miss the torrential fountain of rain; the incomprehensible sea of golden water which tumbled down in ecstatic frenzy; upon disastrously parched ground,

No mother should ever miss playing with her most cherished child; tossing it amicably in air; after harnessing it with her blood and milk,

No glowworm should ever miss the stupendously alluring night; the voluptuous blanket of blackness that aptly propelled it to emanate its dazzling glow,

No eyelid should ever miss a flirtatious wink; the infinitesimally inconspicuous action which sparked of; a flurry of mischievously animated smiles,

No lip should ever miss an insatiably passionately kiss; the ardent caress which made it float in realms of impregnably fascinating fantasy,

No tortoise should ever miss the sprawling meadow of plush grass; the astoundingly remarkable bliss it was blessed to laze in; along with pecking at a festoon of innocuous insects wandering carelessly around,

No pen should ever miss to marvelously scribble and write; the insurmountable grandiloquence it imparted to simple words; granting them a stature beyond the kings,

No fruit should ever miss the tantalizing bedcover of succulent leaves; the boundless network of chocolate brown tendrils which sequestered it from the most turbulent storm and rain,

No serpent should ever miss guarding an unprecedentedly colossal treasury of gold biscuits; protecting perseveringly earned wealth with the power of its irrefutably sacred hood,

No valley should ever miss the ingratiatingly spell binding echo; the enigmatic tunnel of reverberations that diffused thereafter; the captivating tunes which had so much to say,

No mind should ever miss a relentlessly proliferating fantasy; the indefatigably enchanting reverie it placed the body in; to exist even beyond infinite births,

No ear should ever miss the fabulously gorgeous tunes of the nightingale; the overwhelmingly seductive melody in the rhapsodic sound; which made the soul oblivious to all inexplicable misery and sadness,

No throat should ever miss heavenly mountain water; the divinely liquid that cascaded down gently from the pristine slopes; imparting ultimate contentment to the viciously struggling conscience,

No nostrils should ever miss compassionately volatile breath; the cloudbursts of rejuvenating air flowing incessantly into the lungs; pioneering fresh traces of life every unfurling instant,

And no heart should ever miss the immortal river of love; which made just one

singular life of tangible existence; equivalent to countless more lifetimes.

16. CANDID IMPRESSION

When I asked the serrated skinned crocodile to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a gruesomely pulverized shape of my celestial form,

When I asked the clouds in the cosmos to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; making an evanescent image of my countenance; which faded sooner than it had evolved,

When I asked the lecherously silken spider to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making an inconspicuous thread like image; of my huge visage,

When I asked the profusely buried tree roots to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; making an overwhelmingly blotted caricature of my entity; strewn with fathomless tons of dust,

When I asked the hideous vultures in the sky to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; adding a pair of diabolical wings to my body; which made people around me run for their lives,

When I asked the army of abominable rats to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; making cocoons of fetidly stinking cheese; of my magnanimously philanthropic facial contours,

When I asked the ominously savage stray dog to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a deliciously meaty bone of my exorbitantly heavy weight body,

When I asked the vivaciously striped croaking frog to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a lanky blade of wild grass and blackness; of my robustly sculptured agile framework,

When I asked the infinitesimally diminutive mosquito to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a squalidly diseased form; of my supremely redolent demeanor,

When I asked the resplendent blanket of stars to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; making a wildly flickering flame; of my emphatically sonorous presence,

When I asked the mammoth plumes of ghastly bellowing smoke to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; making a unbelievably hostile portrait; of my impeccable persona,

When I asked the gigantic elephant to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making an insurmountably opprobrious mushroom; of my majestically domineering form,

When I asked the satanically wading sharks in the ocean to sketch me; all they ended up doing was; making an enigmatic octopus; of my most unsurpassably pragmatic form,

When I asked the melodiously ticking cuckoo clock to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making an incomprehensibly pathetic numeral; of my insatiably mystical and surreal brain,

When I asked the seed scattered rampantly on soil to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a magical tree producing more of its kind; of my irrefutably pristine visage,

When I asked the thunderously roaring panther to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a spuriously blowing whisker; of my boundless conglomerate of authoritative bones,

When I asked the obnoxiously thorny cactus to sketch me; all it ended up doing was; making a gruesomely blistering desert; of my lusciously blossoming body,

When I asked my inimitably sacrosanct mother to sketch me; all she ended up doing was; making an innocuously sleeping child; of my completely grown up form,

But when I asked my divinely immortal beloved to sketch me; she didn't sketch me at all; ripped apart her heart instead; to show me my candid impression; which had been there since centuries unfathomable; and which she was sure would be always there; everytime she took birth as a human again.

17. LADEN

The tree in the pristine forest; was laden with overwhelming quantities of succulent berry and rhapsodic fruit,

The fathomless expanse of barren sky; was laden with an enchanting conglomerate of seductively silken clouds,

The flower extruding from the delectable farm; was laden with bountiful petals; blossoming into a myriad of tantalizingly colorful forms,

The incomprehensibly huge dictionary; was laden with a battalion of exquisite words; explicitly portraying infinite situations of pragmatic life,

The magnificently shimmering egg; was laden with life yielding yolk; which evolved over a period of time into a mesmerizing offspring,

The trajectory of the majestically swirling ocean; was laden with a festoon of voluptuously undulating waves; spraying profusely handsome salt on the rocks as well as the shores,

The toweringly colossal mountains; were laden with bed sheets of ingratiatingly scintillating ice; cascading into waterfalls of melodious froth as the Sun flamed to its full shine,

The boisterously swarming beehive; was laden with golden honey; dribbling in splendid harmony towards chocolate brown territories of soil,

The grandiloquently striped flamingoes perched on the river banks; were laden with a sheath of fabulously satin feathers; propelling them to soar like a pompous prince in the sky,

The flamboyantly escalating fire; was laden with a flurry of poignant flames; which profoundly illuminated the morbidly dreary and starless night,

The incredulously oligarchic castle; was laden with scores of intricately alluring furniture; an extravagantly jeweled throne on which sat the crown king,

The framework of articulately dexterous bones; was laden with rubicund layers of flesh; granting it thereby the formidable tenacity to surge forward in unprecedented exuberance,

The valiant landscape of the pugnacious battlefield; was laden with innumerable soldiers; ready to sacrifice their life any instant for the sake of their revered motherland,

The boundlessly glistening blackboard; was laden synchronized lines of raw

chalk; portraying vital points of survival to earnestly learning students,

The robust periphery of tongue; was laden with gallons of euphoric saliva;
instilling in it tangy traces of exotic taste,

The fathomless land of the desert; was laden with infinite tons of stupendously
sparkling sand,

The flamboyantly vivacious calendar; was laden with an armory of months and
dates; candidly divulging the extraordinary rapid unveiling of time,

The dome sculptured crystalline scalp; was laden with silken curls of voluptuous
hair; which imparted a compassionate cushioning against repugnantly vindictive
blows,

The profoundly impregnable conscience; was laden with optimistically
enlightening ideals; that provided astronomical tenacity to the persona to
ecstatically plunge forward in life,

And the passionately palpitating heart; was laden with invincible love; which kept
proliferating towards the sky as the seconds unfurled; kept getting more and
more fortified with each stroke of palpable existence.

18. LOVE; LOVE AND SIMPLY LOVE

I couldn't talk non stop; for after a while; the chords of my intricate throat
started to hurt; and a gruesome hoarseness besieged my persona,

I couldn't walk non stop; for after a while; the soles of my feet started to ache;
and the conglomerate of dreary bones in my body demanded celestial rest,

I couldn't write non stop; for after a while; my fingers swelled like a plump
tomato; and the disdainful sweat on my palms started to drip obnoxiously on
barren sheets of white paper,

I couldn't stare non stop; for after a while; my voluptuously soft cushion of lids
fell down with a sigh; and the whites of my eye were desperate to get rid of the
tumultuous stinging,

I couldn't eat non stop; for after a while; the tunnels of my stomach threatened
to puke; and the buds of my tongue abhorrently repulsed the most exotic of
taste,

I couldn't dance non stop; for after a while; the fantasy in my mind wholesomely subsided; and I inevitably collapsed on soil for my nocturnal slumber under the resplendent stars,

I couldn't plough non stop; for after a while; the acrimonious rays of the Sun stabbed me like a billion needles; and the gallons of golden sweat which dribbled; made me loose holistic degrees of control,

I couldn't swim non stop; for after a while; the tenacity in my arms seemed to be diminishing; and the fathomless expanse of waters made me return back to the heavenly shores,

I couldn't party non stop; for after a while; the pretentious smoke of cigar took its toll on my natural nerves; and the sonorously manipulative style of talking; assassinated all my raw exuberance in its premature buds,

I couldn't study non stop; for after a while; beads of exasperation began to entrench me from all sides; and life became nothing but a series of disastrously monotonous equations to confront,

I couldn't sing non stop; for after a while; all tunes existing seemed to be puncturing me like fulminating volcano's; and I lost complete identity of my very own voice,

I couldn't dream non stop; for after a while; the pragmatic realities of life started to pinch me overwhelmingly; and the penurious conditions which currently engulfed me; obstructed me in my path of transforming all my perceptions into a perpetual reality,

I couldn't fight non stop; for after a while; realization dawned upon me that it was all baseless; and I needed to contribute something towards deteriorating mankind,

I couldn't sleep non stop; for after a while; I felt the blistering mid day sunshine filtering unbearably through my eyes; and the framework of my countenance became restless to be on the move,

I couldn't drive non stop; for after a while; the world outside became an incessantly revolving whiz; and I frantically wanted to trespass at normal speeds once again,

I couldn't rule non stop; for after a while; I felt as if I was completely losing my indigenous identity; and the voice of my conscience commanded me to rest blissfully in the lap of my revered mother,

I couldn't focus non stop; for after a while; the insurmountably restless urges in my soul got the better of me; and I found myself pondering on everything else; other than what I was supposed to concentrate,

I couldn't play non stop; for after a while; the will to majestically survive made me march dynamically towards the summit; slither with uninhibited passion; to achieve all my goals in life,

I couldn't hate non stop; for after a while; the inexorably omnipotent voice of my mind condemned me for my cowardly behavior; and the blood circulating in my veins fomented me to embrace my fellow mates in pain,

I couldn't lie non stop; for after a while; an astronomically ardent desire to disentangle myself from this web of lechery; and my tongue candidly conveyed its explicit set of ideals,

But there was only one virtue which I could do non stop; and which not only I; but every entity with a throbbing heart has been doing since centuries immemorial; a virtue which even the greatest of God's have bowed down too; a virtue which has its immoral essence dissipated in every nook and cranny of this boundless planet; O! yes I feel the richest man on this earth to proclaim it as LOVE; LOVE AND SIMPLY LOVE.

19. I PREFERRED TO CALL

I preferred to call smoke; ONLY SMOKE; as it was disdainfully dirty and horrendously polluted the serene carpets of atmosphere,

I preferred to call the stone ONLY STONE; as it was bereft of the slightest of empathy; stared in morbid silence for hours immemorial towards the blanket of stars,

I preferred to call the pig ONLY PIG; as it prolifically disseminated and perpetuated filth in every mesmerizing path it transgressed,

I preferred to call the knife ONLY KNIFE; as it harbored the virtue of indiscriminate blood; ghastily ripped through innocent flesh at diabolical will,

I preferred to call a chunk of obnoxious sewage ONLY SEWAGE; as it punctuated the rhapsodic air with an unfathomably repulsive perfume,

I preferred to call a tornado ONLY TORNADO; as it mercilessly annihilated the most minuscule trace of life existing on this planet,

I preferred to call an earthquake ONLY EARTHQUAKE; as it gobbled up immaculate entities in the swirl of its viciously reverberating tremors,

I preferred to call an avalanche ONLY AVALANCHE; as it impregnated an inexplicable wave of deathly chill in all those tangible scattered around; treacherously engulfed heavenly children in cloudbursts of satanic snow,

I preferred to call the thorn ONLY THORN; as it invidiously pierced unsuspecting skin; propelled a flurry of hysterical tears to dribble down the cheeks,

I preferred to call the footprint ONLY FOOTPRINT; as it triggered in me an inexorable nostalgia for the past; faded into obsolete wisps of nothingness with the tiniest draught of wind,

I preferred to call the frown ONLY FROWN; as it embodied a cloud of pathetic gloom in blissful entities seated around; dreadfully disrupted the harmony of God's divinely creation,

I preferred to call vulture ONLY VULTURE; as it insidiously plucked the flesh of my revered compatriots who had celestially relinquished breath to depart for their heavenly abode,

I preferred to call the dustbin ONLY DUSTBIN; as it profusely fostered overwhelmingly crumpled fragments; which decimated traces of exuberant energy,

I preferred to call the dungeon ONLY DUNGEON; as it ruthlessly abdicated all forms of vivaciously blistering sunlight; rotting in perennial darkness; bringing euphoric man closer to his grave,

I preferred to call bombastic slang ONLY SLANG; as it hideously overpowered the rustically holistic rudiments of an individual; made him wholesomely oblivious to even the place where he was born,

I preferred to call poison ONLY POISON; as it snapped the fangs of precious existence; with its lethally abominable venom,

I preferred to call the devil ONLY DEVIL; as he dared the audacity to raise his savagely senseless head in front of my Omnipresent Creator,

But I preferred to call my Mother; as Mom; Mamma; Mummy; Mommy; Ma and an infinite other names from the repertoire of God; as she was the entity who had given me birth to witness and relish this fabulous world,

And I preferred to call my Beloved; as sweetheart; darling; revered wife; dreamgirl; poetry; and an infinite other names in the treasury of Almighty Lord; as she was the very reason that I was breathing life this very moment; infact would continue to live even if the planet failed to be born again.

20. BRINGING A SMILE ON YOUR FACE

The doctor brought a smile on your face; by his flurry of boisterously potent medicines,

The magician brought a smile on your face; by his fathomless myriad of stupendously enchanting tricks,

The clouds brought a smile on your face; by showering upon your impeccable persona; with glistening globules of euphoric rain,

The farmer brought a smile on your face; by sharing with you a festoon of majestically sparkling rubicund fruit,

The grandiloquent pen brought a smile on your face; by embossing boundless lines of exquisite calligraphy on sheets of your treacherously barren exam paper,

The birds brought a smile on your face; by soaring vivaciously amidst exuberantly blue bits of silver sky,

The waves brought a smile on your face; by dissipating into a cloudburst of poignantly tangy forth; clashing against the chain of cold blooded rocks in overwhelmingly rhapsodic frenzy,

The Sun brought a smile on your face; by playing hide and seek with your immaculately fluttering eyelashes; striking your innocuous eyeballs with its marvelously dazzling light,

The nightingale brought a smile on your face; by its ingratiatingly captivating

voice; filtering a path of irrefutable melody in the vicinity of your intricate ears,

The pilot brought a smile on your face; by transporting you through the blissfully ecstatic clouds; with profusely pearly rays of the moon now at whisker lengths from your countenance,

The cow brought a smile on your face; by impregnating your demeanor with astronomical spurts of invincible fortification,

The lotus brought a smile on your face; by dissipating its incredulously rejuvenating fragrance to every corner of your thoroughly flabbergasted bones,

The watchman brought a smile to your face; by guarding you like an unconquerable fortress; while you snored in the realms of mesmerizing fantasy all night,

The bee brought a smile to your face; by inundating your palms with unfathomably gorgeous streams of ebullient honey,

The horse brought a smile to your face; by embarking you upon your exhilarating expedition; of the supremely verdant and enigmatic countryside,

The appetizing morsels of steaming broth brought a smile on your face; by wholesomely placating pangs of hunger fulminating more abnormally than the volcano; every second in your stomach,

The pair of voluptuously seductive lips brought a smile on your face; by igniting infernos of insatiable desire in your body; as they brushed across your chest,

The mother brought a smile on your face; by giving you birth and the tenacity to unflinchingly confront the most diabolical aspect of tyrannical existence,

The Almighty Lord brought a smile on your face; by granting you a right to celestially survive as one of his infinite molecules,

And the Beloved brought a smile on your face; by her irrefutably sacred virtue of immortal love; that kept you always smiling for countless more births even after your death.

21. NO COMBATS

In order to combat the arrow of abhorrently maiming prejudice; I used the wave

of bountifully compassionate and beautifully celestial; companionship,

In order to combat the arrow of baselessly dastardly fear; I used the mountains of unsurpassably fearless and peerlessly unblemished; courage,

In order to combat the arrow of libidiously penalizing raunchiness; I used the scent of righteously scintillating and divinely benign; humanity,

In order to combat the arrow of venomously acrid manipulation; I used the sword of exuberantly unflinching and altruistically blistering; patriotism,

In order to combat the arrow of lasciviously terrorizing drought; I used the cloud of inimitably crimson and gregariously perennial; rain,

In order to combat the arrow of fecklessly frigid depression; I used the sea of rhapsodically untamed and fragrantly effervescent; happiness,

In order to combat the arrow of turgidly brutal monotony; I used the sky of fathomlessly ingratiating and timelessly triumphant; freedom,

In order to combat the arrow of egregiously fetid laziness; I used the mist of spell bindingly exhilarating and blessedly proliferating; newness,

In order to combat the arrow of irrationally indiscriminating greed; I used the mantra of eternally fantastic and benevolently tranquil; selflessness,

In order to combat the arrow of hedonistically salacious slavery; I used the rainbow of vivaciously victorious and irrefutably unassailable; freedom,

In order to combat the arrow of deliriously diabolical insanity; I used the inferno of harmoniously seductive and perpetually symbiotic; mankind,

In order to combat the arrow of lackadaisically directionless dereliction; I used the Sun of timelessly ticking and everlastingly blazing; truth,

In order to combat the arrow of torturously tormenting chauvinism; I used the meadows of holistically placating and impregnably priceless; simplicity,

In order to combat the arrow of vindictively fretful debauchery; I used the tunes of uninhibitedly embracing and ubiquitously uniting; poetry,

In order to combat the arrow of bizarrely estranged commercialism; I used the

panacea of vividly efficacious and invincibly bonding; brotherhood,

In order to combat the arrow of treacherously asphyxiating boredom; I used the cisterns of fantastically fantasizing and tantalizingly silken; sensuousness,

In order to combat the arrow of invidiously incarcerating betrayal; I used the tonic of irretrievably unending and tirelessly unfettered; faith,

In order to combat the arrow of poisonously pernicious death; I used the carpet of surreally enigmatic and bounteously heavenly; life,

But in order to combat the arrow of immortally unshakable love; I didn't use; not did I ever wanted to use even the most infinitesimal of defense; as I let it wholeheartedly pierce the corridors of my penuriously slaving heart; let it liberate me forever and ever and ever; from the tensions of greedy life; from the aftermaths of ghastly death.

22. HAD ROOM FOR NONE ELSE

Even if the entire world disdainfully shrugged you; dismissing you as a piece of inconspicuously threadbare shit,

Even if the entire world lecherously whipped you; mercilessly hurtling you in a dungeon of ominous scorpions for ostensibly no fault of yours,

Even if the entire world impugned you of being bawdily adulterated; although your soul was as pristine as the godly mother's milk,

Even if the entire world indefatigably jeered at you; for solely following the voices of your immaculate conscience,

The beats of my heart still throbbed more passionately for you even as the whole planet outside cruelly lambasted and castigated; and the corridors of my impoverished life had room for no other organism on earth but you; you and only you O! Eternal beloved.

1.

Even if the entire world hedonistically spat on your sparkling honesty; ghoulishly yearning to jinx every righteous step that you tread,

Even if the entire world fretfully blinded your immaculate integrity; with corpses

of acrimoniously pugnacious manipulation,

Even if the entire world salaciously molested every trace of your sacrosanct shadow; relentlessly trying to metamorphose all your insatiable jubilation into a wisp of infidel nothingness,

Even if the entire world invidiously obfuscated your path to philanthropism; wanting you to perilously coalesce with the mortuary of delinquent politics instead,

The beats of my heart throbbed more passionately for you even as the whole planet outside satanically cursed and wailed; and the corridors of my truncated life had room for no other organism on earth but you; you and only you O! Priceless beloved.

2.

Even if the entire world incessantly shrugged at you in bizarre skepticism; impugning you of the most cannibalistic crimes; which you had never ever dreamt or committed,

Even if the entire world treated you as a diminutively feckless dustbin; giving you only lackadaisical stone to eat; while they profusely bathed in waterfalls of crimson wine,

Even if the entire world heinously hissed at your innocuous dwelling; making each unfurling instant of your existence; more venomously diabolical than the scorpion sting,

Even if the entire world horrendously slashed your stupendously mellifluous voice; with parasitically blood-stained chains of delirious immorality,

The beats of my heart throbbed more passionately for you even as the whole planet outside baselessly crucified and burnt; and the corridors of my destined life had room for no other organism on earth but you; you and only you O! Omnipotent beloved.

3.

Even if the entire world barbarously torched you to the last bone of your spine; meting out their dastardly graveyards of frustration; upon your innocently shimmering skin,

Even if the entire world mordantly toyed with your river of uninhibitedly spell
binding emotions; maliciously exploiting your irrevocable honesty; to construct
the foundations of their hideous cowardliness,

Even if the entire world ghastily tormented you beyond the thresholds of
sagacious sanity; overshadowing the wave of your blazing patriotism with
opprobrious
retribution,

Even if the entire world lethally adulterated every aspect of your brilliantly
beautiful life; incarcerating you like a miserably chained puppet; in the dungeons
of disparaging depravation,

The beats of my heart throbbed more passionately for you even as the whole
planet outside sadistically tyrannized and mutilated; and the corridors of my
minuscule life had room for no other organism on earth but you; you and only
you O! Immortal beloved.

23. LICENSE TO LOVE

It was none other than the stupendously enamoring and timeless fragrance of
the crimson roses; that beautifully gave me the license to uninhibitedly smell,

It was none other than the enchantingly gregarious and celestial festoon of
bountiful clouds; that exuberantly gave me the license to uninhibitedly fly,

It was none other than the flirtatiously tantalizing and insatiably seductive
mountain tip; that euphorically gave me the license to uninhibitedly fantasize,

It was none other than the rhapsodically undulating and enigmatically leaping
ocean; that resplendently gave me the license to uninhibitedly adventure,

It was none other than the melodiously chirping and enchantingly voluptuous
nightingales; that beautifully gave me the license to uninhibitedly romanticize,

It was none other than the unflinchingly blazing and Omnipotently golden Sun;
that limitlessly gave me the license to uninhibitedly triumph,

It was none other than the uncannily vibrant and blissfully tranquil forest; that
unrestrictedly gave me the license to uninhibitedly dance,

It was none other than the magnetically alluring and unfathomably titillating seductress; that gave me the license to uninhibitedly enchant,

It was none other than the impeccably milky and fathomlessly iridescent Moon; that fascinatingly gave me the license to uninhibitedly sleep,

It was none other than the indomitably heavenly and sacrosanct Mother; that perennially gave me the license to uninhibitedly frolic,

It was none other than the patriotically undaunted and intrepidly righteous soldier; that altruistically gave me the license to uninhibitedly blaze,

It was none other than the majestically parading and fearlessly Galloping lion; that impregnably gave me the license to uninhibitedly express,

It was none other than the convivially twinkling and mischievously sensuous star; that fantastically gave me the license to uninhibitedly enlighten,

It was none other than the artistically extraordinary and spellbindingly mollifying cradle; that unimaginably gave me the license to uninhibitedly reminisce,

It was none other than the brilliantly emulating and immaculately ingenious chimpanzee; that wonderfully gave me the license to uninhibitedly innovate,

It was none other than the panoramically Omniscient and endlessly proliferating chapter of life; that divinely gave me the license to uninhibitedly discover,

It was none other than the irrefutably righteous and unassailably spotless conscience; that aristocratically gave me the license to uninhibitedly consecrate,

It was none other than the poetically charismatic and unshakably unstoppable breath; that perpetually gave me the license to uninhibitedly live,

And it was none other than the passionately thundering and effulgently rhythmic heart; that immortally gave me the license to uninhibitedly love.

24. AT LEAST ONCE

It really doesn't matter whether you dressed up like a majestically unconquerable prince an infinite number of times; or whether you indolently wandered into the aisles of fecklessness without the most infinitesimal of fabric to drape your

trembling form,

It really doesn't matter whether you digested the most scrumptiously tantalizing meals an infinite number of times; or whether you torturously emaciated every single of your intestine; till the last iota of breath that you exhaled,

It really doesn't matter whether you indefatigably sailed in the most swankiest of aircrafts an infinite number of times; or whether you preposterously slithered on obdurately cold-blooded ground; pathetically decaying every day of your existence like a frigidly orphaned leaf,

It really doesn't matter whether you insatiably fantasized about the fathomlessly unending beauty of this Universe an infinite number of times; or whether you deliriously stared into a corpse of jinxed baselessness for centuries immemorial,

It really doesn't matter whether you uninhibitedly danced in the heart of the vivaciously moonlit night an infinite number of times; or whether you withered like an infidel piece of insipid chalk at the most diminutive draught of wind,

It really doesn't matter whether you philanthropically smiled at your every comrade who came your way an infinite number of times; or whether you despicably fretted and fumed in your cocoon of insanely mundane commercialism,

It really doesn't matter whether you restlessly innovated a valley of unsurpassable freshness an infinite number of times; or whether you decrepitably stagnated in the dungeons of hedonistically prejudiced malice,

It really doesn't matter whether you supremely embellished every cranny of your persona with an unfathomable ocean of pearls an infinite number of times; or whether you bathed in disdainful cowdung curry as the minutes painstakingly unveiled by,

It really doesn't matter whether you enchantingly sang till endless eternity for an infinite number of times; or whether you discordantly croaked in the graveyards of ignominiously rebuking oblivion for ostensibly no reason or rhyme,

It really doesn't matter whether you forever stood first in even the most evanescent of tasks that you attempted an infinite number of times; or whether you disastrously stuttered to nimbly amble a single step,

It really doesn't matter whether you astoundingly nurtured every aspect of your life to irrevocably inimitable perfection an infinite number of times; or whether you callously pillaged and blundered on even the most easiest of lanes that greeted you in your way,

It really doesn't matter whether you made patriotically blazing victory your daily cup of reinvigorating morning tea an infinite number of times; or whether you collapse like a pack of incongruously livid pancakes; morbidly within the realms of your sleep,

It really doesn't matter whether you indefatigably chased newer dimensions of prosperity an infinite number of times; or whether you dastardly discarded every moment of your survival; aimlessly admiring the delinquently irascible ants,

It really doesn't matter whether you philandered amongst the highest echelon of society an infinite number of times; or whether you lackadaisically shriveled in the dungeons of purposelessly solitary oblivion,

It really doesn't matter whether you celestially snored under the rhapsodically voluptuous quilts an infinite number of times; or whether you haplessly salivated on the dusty streets; with the salacious begging bowl outstretched from your unruly bohemian palms,

It really doesn't matter whether you compassionately garnered International acclaim and cynosure of the highest degree an infinite number of times; or whether you insidiously retreated in your shattered cocoon at the tiniest ray of alien light,

It really doesn't matter whether you spawned into a rainbow of invincible versatility an infinite number of times; or whether you lead every unraveling second of your life; like a penuriously middle-class man,

And it really doesn't matter whether you joyously executed an infinite number of things in the odyssey of your enigmatic life for an infinite number times or whether you nonchalantly discarded your every hour into the mortuaries of barren nothingness,

But it is my humble plea to one and all of you on this colossal Universe alike; that do unassailably dedicate every passionate beat of your heart to the person you love at least once in your life; do definitely fall and gloriously fructify into the branches of immortal love; at least once in your entire lifetime.

25. MR. AND MRS. OMNIPOTENT LOVE

When Miss Voluptuously Enchanting Rain met Mr. Spell Bindingly Effulgent Earth; they insuperably became; Mr. & Mrs. Eternal fructifying Prosperity,

When Miss Boisterously Frolicking Bumble Bee met Mr. Unbelievably Fragrant Louts; they perpetually became; Mr. & Mrs. Eternally Sparkling Vivaciousness,

When Miss Ingratiatingly Royal Sensitivity met Mr. Uninhibitedly Fulminating Freedom; they impregnably became, Mr. & Mrs. Unflinchingly Unbelievable Patriotism,

When Miss Exhilaratingly Timeless Fantasy met Mr. Unsurpassably Eternal Seduction; they perennially became; Mr. & Mrs. Tantalizingly Effulgent Proliferation,

When Miss Charismatically Symbiotic Smiles met Mr. Effeminately Poignant Valley; they unassailably became; Mr. & Mrs. Ubiquitously Unparalleled Artistry,

When Miss Intimately Convivial Sweetness met Mr. Holistically Symbiotic Wind; they unshakably became; Mr. & Mrs. Regally Priceless Mankind,

When Miss Ferociously Austere Anger met Mr. Profusely Unlimited Honey; they timelessly became; Mr. & Mrs. Eclectically Vivid Tanginess,

When Miss Enthrillingly Pristine Blackness met Mr. Flamboyantly Flaming Sun; they tirelessly became; Mr. & Mrs. Exuberantly Mollifying Evening,

When Miss Marvelously Insatiable Compassion met Mr. Fearlessly Altruistic Fortitude; they irrevocably became; Mr. & Mrs. Everlastingly Unblemished Unity,

When Miss Surreptitiously Philandering Mist met Mr. Bewitchingly Esoteric Adventurer; they indomitably became; Mr. & Mrs. Fathomlessly Stupefying Enigma,

When Miss Unrestrictedly Expressive Tigress met Mr. Phlegmatically Reticent Air; they unstoppably became; Mr. & Mrs. Celestially Pleasant Atmosphere,

When Miss Aristocratically Ingenious Rainbow met Mr. Artistically Fantastic Poetry; they harmoniously became; Mr. & Mrs. Unrelentingly Exotic Adventure,

When Miss Inexorably Profound Concentration met Mr. Limitlessly Luminiscent

Dedication; they exultatingly became; Mr. & Mrs. Inimitably Ecstatic Victory,

When Miss Resplendently Discovering Freedom met Mr. Dazzlingly Unconquerable Truth; they unceasingly became; Mr. & Mrs. Supremely Enamoring Paradise,

When Miss Astoundingly Ingenious Punctuality met Mr. Incomprehensibly state-of-the-art Precision; they infallibly became; Mr. & Mrs. Gloriously Unassailable Picture-Perfect,

When Miss Panoramically Virgin Beauty met Mr. Mellifluously Priceless Rudiments; they invincibly became; Mr & Mrs. Sensuously Heavenly Mother-Nature,

When Miss Fascinatingly Relentless Dreamer met Mr. Gregoriously Synergistic Philosopher; they inevitably became; Mr. & Mrs. Unbreakably Unlimited Friend,

When Miss Vibrantly Untamed Breath met Mr. Passionately Vivid Enthusiasm; they unrestrictedly became; Mr. & Mrs. Sacredly Blessing Life,
And when Miss Divinely Thundering Heart met Mr. Unimaginably Burgeoning Freshness; they immortally became; Mr. & Mrs. Endlessly Omnipotent Love.

26. UNCEASINGLY SIZELESS

Every foot on this wonderfully colossal Universe had a specific size; some as large as the untamed bohemian giants; while some as small as intricately delectable mushroom sprouts,

Every hand on this insatiably resplendent Universe had a specific size; some as large as boundlessly rustic tree-trunks; while some as small as exotically petite ice-candy cones,

Every waist on this beautifully bountiful Universe had a specific size; some as large as haplessly sailing parachutes in fathomlessly azure sky; while some as small as an infinitesimally infidel ant's nest,

Every lip on this wonderfully timeless Universe had a specific size; some as large as replenishing coconut shells; while some as small as cherries ripped apart into a zillion pieces,

Every finger on this gigantically iridescent Universe had a specific size; some as large as brilliantly towering mountain peaks; while some as small as an orphaned globule of evanescent water,

Every ear on this timelessly endowing Universe had a specific size; some as large as an uninhibitedly flapping banana leaf; while some as small as the stray cat's soggily curled whisker,

Every neck on this limitlessly luminescent Universe had a specific size; some as large as uncontrollably galloping Kangaroo; while some as small as the miserably decrepit pebble on the street,

Every head on this tirelessly triumphant Universe had a specific size; some as large as dinosaurs unblemished egg; while some as small as the boisterously buzzing bumble bee,

Every tooth on this exuberantly victorious Universe had a specific size; some as large as jagged caves of compassionate snow; while some as small as the fascinatingly broken pencil tip,

Every eyeball on this exotically effulgent Universe had a specific size; some as large as fields of rampantly sprawling corn; while some as small as pinches of diminutively disappearing salt,

Every wrist on this majestically mitigating Universe had a specific size; some as large as King's patriotic army; while some as small as the caterpillar shivering inexplicably inside his shell,

Every bone on this unbelievably rhapsodic Universe had a specific size; some as large as the inscrutably undulating sea-wave; while some as small as the parsimoniously pulverized shells on the estranged shores,

Every nose on this harmoniously fructifying Universe had a specific size; some as large as the ultimate pine tree tip; while some as small as the disdainful worm slithering haplessly on cold ground,

Every personality on this gregariously opalescent Universe had a specific size; some as large as the fathomlessly sparkling sky; while some as small as the truculently battered and cacophonically wailing beggar's bowl,

Every hair on this altruistically undaunted Universe had a specific size; some as large as the waterfall of immeasurable silk; while some as small as the mercurial dot of white in the moonless night,

Every tongue on this convivially eclectic Universe had a specific size; some as

large as the profoundly full blossomed plumage of the enamoring peacock; while some as small as the ethereally alluring and inconspicuously incongruous dewdrop,

Every shadow on this unlimitedly blessing Universe had a specific size; some as large as the backdrop of Mount Everest; while some as small as the passage of trapped air within the lackluster keyhole,

Every dream on this perpetually divine Universe had a specific size; some as large as the unrelenting whirlpool of freshly born desire; while some as small as the crow's obnoxiously abstemious and unsavory feather,

But every heart on this invincibly Immortal Universe was unceasingly sizeless; selflessly radiating symbiotically passionate rivers of love; till times even after life on the planet had stopped to be; and forever and ever and ever.

27. LOVE - A PERPETUAL POISON

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again; as a valley of unendingly rhapsodic freshness,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again; as an enamoringly miraculous prince; of symbiotically fragrant togetherness,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again; as an impregnable civilization of propitious beauty and unfathomably unceasing charisma,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again; as a radiantly bounteous garden of; limitlessly altruistic scent,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again; as a vivaciously euphoric rainbow; of unconquerable timelessness,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again; as an eternal fairy of divine graciousness; ardently embracing one and all; redolently alike,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again; as a rapaciously untamed inferno of unparalleled sensuousness; profoundly enlightening every cranny of your despairingly macabre life,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as a cloud of vibrantly inebriating desire; ubiquitously showering the blessings of
philanthropic mankind; till even beyond you abnegated your last breath,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as thunderbolts of unsurpassable excitement; with the untamed ecstasy to
discover lingering profusely in the whites of your impeccable eyes,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as a mist of endlessly silken yearning; fervently blending you with winds of
uncontrollably exuberant triumph,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as an insurmountably tantalizing seductress; unraveling a sky of fathomless
enchantment; on every step that you tread,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as the epitome of gloriously unfettered prosperity; and for a countless more
rhapsodically unconquerable lifetimes,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as the ultimate darling of all tribes; with the magic of effulgent harmony;
coalescing you forever and ever and ever with every holistic ingredient of the
atmosphere,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as an insuperably majestic harbinger of priceless truth and humanity; to unite
every speck of disgruntled hatred with the knots of unflinching solidarity,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as a poignantly undulating sea of exhilarating adventure; a benevolent fantasy
that unstoppably culminates into dewdrops of unrestricted sensuality,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as the most charismatically favorite molecule of Omnipotent Lord Almighty; the
most prized possession next to the sacred toe of his ever-pervading feet,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;
as an undefeated Sun of optimistically blazing hope; in the corridor of every
despairingly shattered and traumatic life,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again;

as a boundless Universe of everlasting proliferation; the magically untainted tenacity to evolve infinite more of your own synergistic kind,

Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again; as a selflessly immortal soldier; timelessly mitigating your venerated motherland; from the clutches of salaciously incarcerating prejudice,

And Love is a perpetual poison that kills all right; but only to reborn you once again; as a breath of blessedly fantastic life; such a fearlessly invincible existence that not even the most diminutive of devil on this entire Universe; could ever dream to destroy or devilishly dismantle.

28. FOREVER AND ONLY YOURS

One minute I may be perched well above the blazing island of Omnipotent Sun; while the very next instant I may find myself slaving penuriously on dead soil,

One minute I may be rhapsodically adventuring in a valley of exuberantly burgeoning flowers; while the very next instant I may find myself brutally incarcerated in chains of ghoulishly abhorrent prejudice,

One minute I may be floating in the aisles of desire like a majestically uncrowned prince; while the very next instant I may find myself buried amidst inconspicuously infidel and vicious garbage trash,

One minute I may be royally consecrated for my artistic accomplishments; while the very next instant I may find myself being satanically kicked; by unceremoniously dastardly parasites,

One minute I may be ingeniously contriving plans to blissfully change the complexion of all flagrantly estranged mankind; while the very next instant I might find myself trembling naked; under unsparing avalanches of frigidly cold-blooded ice,

One minute I may be articulately channelizing congenitally brilliant talent on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe; while the very next instant I might find myself hopelessly staggering in graveyards of defeat; at a profound loss of words to express even my own name,

One minute I may be bountifully garnering all enchanting cynosure that lay on this boundless planet; while the very next instant I might find myself in vindictive clutches of depravation and dereliction; asphyxiating the breath out of me for

times immemorial,

One minute I may be prolifically penning down countless lines of exotically triumphant poetry; while the very next instant I might find myself slithering beside the venomously delirious scorpions,

One minute I may be embracing the winds of vividly euphoric timelessness; while the very next instant I might find myself imprisoned by unfathomable coffins of darkness and miserable solitude,

One minute I may be handsomely liberating myself of all agony on the wings of unstoppably enamoring sensuousness; while the very next instant I might find myself preposterously swallowing blood stained thorns; as my only lunch and indigent breakfast,

One minute I may be swirling like a whirlwind of unflinchingly inimitable success; while the very next instant I might find myself in shambles of egregiously derogatory nervousness; hardly able to alight a singleton foot from cold ground,

One minute I may be uninhibitedly dancing under the magically venerated milk of resplendent moonlight; while the very next instant I might find myself; uncouthly slitting my veins in intolerably devastating desperation,

One minute I may be innocuously cavorting with nubile maidens of my choice on the ingratiatingly rain soaked hills; while the very next instant I might find myself begging on the discordantly rambunctious streets; with the skeleton of my impoverished form being attacked by hedonistically unscrupulous termites,

One minute I may be unrelentingly fantasizing beneath the regally opulent delights of my compassionate quilt; while the very next instant I might find myself mordantly chained next to the stray dog's collar; for not coagulating with my employer's whims and insane delights,

One minute I may be weighed in gargantuan mountains of aristocratically glistening gold and silver; while the very next instant I might find myself sinking deeper and deeper into the coffins of quaintly obsolete and horrifically decaying nothingness,

One minute I may be outclassing every other organism on this gigantic Universe with the enlightening dynamism in my countenance; while the very next instant I might find myself frenetically struggling for breath; like an infinitesimal mosquito in the mouth of the diabolical shark,

One minute I may be blossoming as a harbinger of ubiquitous solidarity and humanity; while the very next instant I might find myself profanely plagiarized and attacked by the devil for ostensibly no fault of mine; nor reason nor rhyme,

One minute I may be undauntedly soaring in miraculously Omnipotent clouds; while the very next instant I might find myself being grotesquely manipulated like a lame puppet; in the hands of blood-sucking politicians and forlorn malice,

One minute I may be spawning into an inscrutably fructifying forest of invincibly glorious life; while the very next instant I might find myself bizarrely depleted of every single layer of oxygen in my lungs; ardently wanting nothing else but the signature of ghastly death,

O! Yes; Life is a tumultuously arcane odyssey; and I really don't know where its going to take me; in what form was I going to unfurl every cascading minute of my survival; and what lay exactly forward for me in my destiny,

But this is my eternal promise to you O! Immortal Beloved; that wherever I am; in whatever shape the Lord wanted me to exist; my compassion will forever continue to throb in your priceless heart; our spirits shall forever be one even infinite births after I cease to physically exist; AND MY LOVE WAS; IS AND WILL FOREVER REMAIN YOURS; YOURS; AND ONLY YOURS.

29. WHOLESOMELY EMPTYING

When you wholesomely emptied the rhapsodically fathomless sky; all that blissfully poured out was nothing else; but an unfathomable galaxy of panoramic beauty and everlastingly Omnipotent enchantment,

When you wholesomely emptied the ravishingly undulating ocean; all that euphorically gushed out was nothing else; but a fabulously tangy gorge of poignantly exhilarating salt,

When you wholesomely emptied the ignominiously fetid gutter; all that scurrilously hurtled out was nothing else; but a vapidly morbid mortuary of sewage and preposterously cadaverous stink,

When you wholesomely emptied the mellifluously blossoming lotus; all that pristinely disseminated out was nothing else; but an invincibly celestial meadow of inimitably unparalleled scent,

When you wholesomely emptied the ghoulishly invidious corpse; all that mordantly diffused out was nothing else; but a frigidly pulverized curry of traumatically disgruntled nothingness,

When you wholesomely emptied the indomitably towering mountain; all that unitedly exploded out was nothing else; but an unstoppably eternal reservoir of handsomely Herculean and unflinching strength,

When you wholesomely emptied the nefariously gratuitous parasite; all that ballistically blasted out was nothing else; but a stream of ghastily devoured and innocently priceless blood,

When you wholesomely emptied the boisterously bubbling beehive; all that ingratiatingly dribbled out was nothing else; but a valley of fantastically exuberant energy and divine sweetness,

When you wholesomely emptied the manipulatively prejudiced politicians house; all that vicariously tumbled out was nothing else; but a sonorously decrepit graveyard of profanely clandestine devilishness,

When you wholesomely emptied the blissfully venerated cow; all that benevolently crept out was nothing else; but a fountain of impregnably enamoring and Godly milk,

When you wholesomely emptied the satanically menacing dinosaurs; all that derogatorily fulminated out was nothing else; but an unrelentingly sadistic curry of preposterously squelched and uncontrollably slaving organism,

When you wholesomely emptied the belly of the inscrutably majestic forests; all that royally floated out was nothing else; but a wonderfully tantalizing breeze of exhilaratingly ecstatic adventure and timeless freshness,

When you wholesomely emptied the jubilantly newborn eyes; all that innocuously drifted out was nothing else; but an egalitarian empathy for all echelon of motley mankind; symbiotically bonding with the heavenly rudiments of existence forever and ever and ever,

When you wholesomely emptied the corporate tycoon's glass of tea; all that salaciously wafted out was nothing else; but a flagrantly surreptitious scheme to unreasonably over topple his competitor; for even the most evanescent trace of the currency coin,

When you wholesomely emptied the Omnipotently fearless Sun; all that gloriously dazzled out was nothing else; but an unsurpassably insuperable civilization of optimistic enlightenment and vividly blazing patriotism,

When you wholesomely emptied the lethally insidious scorpions den; all that devastatingly diffused out was nothing else; but threateningly acrimonious and bawdily asphyxiating poison,

When you wholesomely emptied the resplendently sparkling oyster; all that robustly culminated out was nothing else; but charismatically burgeoning rain-showers of beautifully glistening pearls and effulgent prosperity,

When you wholesomely emptied the coffins of dolorously decaying betrayal; all that hedonistically ricocheted out was nothing else; but the gallows of truculently torturous and fiendishly strangulating death,

And when you wholesomely emptied the sensitively passionate and uninhibitedly palpitating heart; all that timelessly liberated out was nothing else; but the rainbow of immortally blessing and unbreakably bonding love; love and sensuously fiery love.

30. EXPECTATIONS MASSACRE LIFE

It was only when you started to insatiably expect; that every stranger on the street would wholeheartedly smile; altruistically enshroud each dreary aspect of your beleaguered existence with unprecedented happiness,
That it terribly hurt you; when he unsparingly abused you; excoriating you apart like inconspicuously frigid shit; for ostensibly no reason or plausible rhyme; instead.

It was only when you started to inexorably expect; that the conglomerate of voluptuous clouds in the cosmos; perpetually inundated every emaciated cranny of parched earth with enchantingly golden rain,
That it unsurpassably hurt you; when they immutably refrained to shower even an evanescent trickle even after drifting centimeters close to soil;
metamorphosed every conceivable tuft of exotic green; into a graveyard of bizarrely disparaging sand; instead.

It was only when you started to rapaciously expect; that the boisterously cavorting bee; would handsomely bless and enlighten the drearily lambasted roses around you,
That it limitlessly hurt you; when it acrimoniously hurtled right towards the

whites of your impeccable eye and vengefully stung you; instead.

It was only when you started to endlessly expect; that the neighbor would chivalrously reciprocate your congenital kindness; unflinching standing by you in your times of horrendously inexplicable and cancerous distress,
That it hedonistically hurt you; when he ghoulishly smattered every speck of preposterous dirt in his dwelling; with lethal disdain on your face; instead.

It was only when you started to unbelievably expect; that every inch of soil that you timelessly transgressed; would seductively tantalize and compassionately greet the haplessly staggering soles of your fatigued feet,
That it intransigently hurt you; when the ground perpetuated you to fretfully bleed and crumble; transforming into a battalion of cadaverously acerbic thorns even before you could alight a single foot; instead.

It was only when you started to tirelessly expect; that the very first rays of brilliantly Omnipotent Sun next morning; would miraculously mitigate you of even the most infinitesimal iota of your torturous agony,
That it tyrannically hurt you; when the mordantly main and viciously livid smog; hazily obfuscated every trace of light; instead.

It was only when you started to passionately expect; that the indomitably intrepid mountains; would perpetually sequester you in their unshakably peerless aura,
That it unimaginably hurt you; when they ignominiously buried you alive under an avalanche of incongruously untamed ice; instead.

It was only when you started to unconquerably expect; that the immaculate woman on the turnstiles; would invincibly treat you like her venerated son,
That it disconsolately hurt you; when she lasciviously crept towards you and tawdrily offered you her profanely sundry body; instead.

It was only when you started to unceasingly expect; that every wave of the undulatingly frosty ocean; would transcend you to above the realms of veritably blissful paradise,
That it traumatically hurt you; when the waters savagely drowned you to the rock bottom without giving you the tiniest of subtle innuendo; instead.

And it was only when you started to unrelentingly expect; that the girl for which your heart throbbed more everlastingly than the corridors of eternal eternity; would irrefutably become the sole partner of your existence,
That it intolerably hurt you; when she came to tantalizingly kiss you every

moonlit evening; and then bonded in threads of perennial matrimony with your most dreaded enemy; choosing you for the night and him for life; instead.

31. DYING IN YOUR PERPETUAL LAP

An honor more indomitable for me; than euphorically catapulting to the most handsomely embellished summit of the invincible Himalayas,

An honor more Herculean for me; than resplendently relishing every ingredient of my blood; with the eternally fructifying fruits of venerated mother nature,

An honor more unsurpassable for me; than engendering the entire gigantic Universe to nimbly dance; on my harmoniously symbiotic fingertips,

An honor more unlimited for me; than assimilating every conceivable trace of affluence; from the panoramically mesmerizing treasuries of this fathomless planet,

Was breathing the last breath of my impoverished life in your divinely arms
O! Eternal Beloved; profoundly reminiscing those ardent moments when we had just first met; and then dying in your beautiful lap only to be reborn; as yours and only yours IMMORTAL LOVER.

1.

An honor more unfathomable for me; than rejoicing my life as a rapaciously embellished prince; every unfurling minute that I insuperably lived,

An honor more limitless for me; than imbibing every bit of ingenious proliferation; that bountifully flowered on the trajectory of this unbelievably eclectic Universe,

An honor more boundless for me; than leading every instant of my existence as the wind of aristocratically blazing patriotism and philanthropic selflessness,

An honor more momentous for me; than being consecrated as a temple of heavenly righteousness; for my indefatigable pioneering of the religion of humanity,

Was breathing the last breath of my truncated life close to your enchanting lips
O! Enamoring Beloved; poignantly reminiscing our clandestine flirtation away from all conventionally tyrannical society; and then dying in your perennial lap;

only to be reborn as yours and only yours IMMORTAL LOVER.

2.

An honor more victorious for me; than reigning as an inferno of unassailably unflinching authority; over every construable bit of space on this relentlessly unceasing earth,

An honor more unending for me; than being worshipped as an irrevocably altruistic martyr; by all echelon of iridescently motley mankind,

An honor more memorable for me; than impregnably illuminating as a singular flame of Omnipotently optimistic hope; in every household besieged with ghoulishly disparaging despair,

An honor more enlightening for me; than relentlessly feasting my eyes on the corridors of peerlessly undefeatable and blissfully timeless paradise,

Was breathing the last breath of my destitute life staring into your ingratiatingly pristine eyes O! Bountiful Beloved; compassionately reminiscing those moments when our lips met in torrentially ecstatic frenzy for the very first time; and then dying in your inimitable lap; only to be reborn as yours and only yours IMMORTAL LOVER.

3.

An honor more tremendous for me; than unrelentingly drenching myself in the rain of tirelessly blessing prosperity,

An honor more versatile for me; than being prolifically written about; serenaded to the most unprecedented limits of cynosure; all across the hi-tech world,

An honor more towering for me; than being christened as the most splendidly sacred; humanitarian saint alive,

An honor more fragrant for me; than coalescing even the most mercurial cranny of my countenance with the blessedly untainted religion of unshakable mankind,

Was breathing the last breath of my unsolicited life nibbling at your silken ears O! benign Beloved; effusively reminiscing that instant when we were bonded by all religions in threads of connubial matrimony; and then dying in your ubiquitous lap; only to be reborn as yours and only yours IMMORTAL LOVER.

32. ON THE GALLOWS OF

On the gallows of blisteringly everlasting patriotism; hung the unflinchingly venerated; martyr,

On the gallows of disastrously unforgiving hell; hung the mercilessly massacring and ruthlessly cold-blooded; tyrant,

On the gallows of brutally delirious insanity; hung the disdainfully dilapidated and reclusively shunting loner,

On the gallows of perpetually glistening truth; hung the blissfully iridescent and beautifully blessed; harbinger of humanity,

On the gallows of disheveled dastardliness; hung the viciously decrepit and salaciously invidious parasite,

On the gallows of eternally fructifying pricelessness; hung the shadows of celestially invincible and euphorically triumphant; simplicity,

On the gallows of ominously disappearing non-existence; hung the indiscriminately pulverizing and heartlessly victimizing; murderer,

On the gallows of flagrantly orphaned stink; hung the mortuaries of sadistically torturous and debasingly criminal; bigotry,

On the gallows of cadaverously sinister ignominy; hung the graveyards of perniciously bizarre and lividly maiming; retribution,

On the gallows of venomously besmirched treachery; hung the vapid coffins of hideously vituperative and fecklessly banal; laziness,

On the gallows of intransigently egregious abuse; hung the ghost of criminally derogatory and atrociously simpering; lies,

On the gallows of pathetically diminishing insult; hung the baselessly abysmal skull of the worthlessly deteriorating and horrifically manipulative; politician,

On the gallows of severely asphyxiating accident; hung the carcasses of ruggedly infidel and demonically callous; carelessness,

On the gallows of unstoppably victimizing boredom; hung the parsimoniously unsavory crevices of penalizingly truculent and indefatigably iconoclastic; poverty,

On the gallows of infinitesimally two-pence sordidness; hung the ant hole of maliciously adulterated and preposterously decadent; chicanery,

On the gallows of continuously stabbing misery; hung the dungeon of unsparingly molesting and heinously beheading; crime,

On the gallows of lethally sinful banishment; hung the thorn of obsoletely contumacious and pruriently disillusioning; racialism,

On the gallows of stonily wastrel death; hung the jinxed hood of jejune jailing and haplessly disorienting; atheism,

And on the gallows of gloriously fragrant immortality; hung the silhouette of Omnipresently endowing and divinely enamoring; love; love and only immortal love.

33. WHAT USE WAS IT?

What use was it to give an infinite exuberantly salty waves of the undulating sea; to the nimbly grazing cow; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the impregnably celestial fields of bountiful grass?

What use was it to give an infinite unending skies to the boisterously bubbling bee; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the mellifluously enchanting walls of its tiny little rhapsodic hive?

What use was it to give an infinite mists of surreally tantalizing laziness to the blisteringly patriotic soldier; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the blazing battlefield of war fearlessly fighting for his venerated motherland?

What use was it to give an infinite disdainfully monotonous and corporate clocks to the sensuously untamed poet; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the dreamland of uninhibitedly unending and ecstatic wilderness?

What use was it to give an infinite bombastically ebullient racecourses to the treacherously maimed; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but his reclusively darkened room with quintessential morsels of water; humanity

and food?

What use was it to give an infinite incomprehensible scripts of aristocratically fantastic literature to the majestic bird; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but untainted bits of pristinely magnanimous sky?

What use was it to give an infinite castles of glistening gold to the newly born infant; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the Omnipotently sacrosanct lap of its heavenly mother?

What use was it to give an infinite regale deserts to the effulgently leaping fish; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the waves of the unceasingly tangy sea?

What use was it to give an infinite battalion of swanky cars to the royally parading lion; for whom the ultimate was in nothing else; but the rapaciously tantalizing outgrowths of the wonderfully arcane forests?

What use was it to give an infinite idols of the Omnipresent Lord to the contumaciously cold-blooded murderer; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but innocent blood barbarically spewing around?

What use was it to give an infinite jars of honey to the rambunctiously slithering spider; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but resplendently silken strands of the unbelievably articulate web?

What use was it to give an infinite thrones embellished with mesmerizing diamonds to the tirelessly sauntering camel; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the vividly shimmering sands of the insatiably sweltering desert?

What use was it to give an infinite firmaments of unconquerable truth to the disgracefully delinquent politician; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the ghoulishly decrepit maelstroms of diabolical bloodshed and manipulative prejudice?

What use was it to give an infinite spiffy pop songs to the torturously estranged and kicked dog; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the cacophonous bark which emanated congenitally from his mouth; and the compassionate feet of his master?

What use was it to give an infinite harmoniously salubrious vegetables to the

hideously hungry crocodile; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the scent of effusively reinvigorating and insanely pulverized human flesh and bone?

What use was it to give an infinite perspicaciously terrestrial preachings to the frigidly century old corpse; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but performing penance in the aisles of Heaven or Hell; wherever the Lord placed it with the unraveling moment?

What use was it to give an infinite well's of exquisitely immaculate curd to the hedonistic termite; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but obsoletely dilapidated pieces of orphaned and clammily deteriorating wood?

And what use was it to give an infinite civilizations of currency coin to the passionately thundering heart; for whom the ultimate paradise was in nothing else; but the unassailable beats of immortal love; love and solely immortal love?

34. WHERE WERE YOU?

Where were you when I was relentlessly slithering on freezing ground; rapaciously fantasizing about your voluptuously silken hair?

Where were you when I eclectically sketched you in a countless shapes and exuberant forms; envisaging you to be the most sensuously untamed female on this colossal planet?

Where were you when I lunatically chatted with barren space for times immemorial; insatiably wishing that my compassionately quavering voice; reached you through thin air?

Where were you when I was tyrannically being drowned by the monstrously cyclonic sea wave; perceiving nothing else but your magically effervescent smile; even as preposterously diabolical sharks and water; haplessly sunk me down?

Where were you when I desperately needed fathomless skies of conviction; when I fervently desired nothing else but your invincibly humanitarian embrace; in my times of gruesomely bizarre dereliction?

Where were you when each devastatingly emaciated pore of my flesh; uncontrollably sought for nothing else but your; tantalizingly ingratiating caress?

Where were you when I spent each unfurling second of the day; enigmatically

inscribing your name on every wall of my house and my ecstatically reverberating heart?

Where were you when I euphorically penned boundless lines of perpetual poetry on your brilliantly magnanimous grace; sporadically wailing as I unstoppably craved for your mischievously uninhibited laughter?

Where were you when I was being truculently whipped by the indiscriminately unforgiving and iconoclastically orthodox society; and every tear oozing from my eye; engulfed profusely with nothing else but your immaculately divine soul?

Where were you when I was shivering even beneath the most opulently flocculent of quilts; as every cranny of my countenance unsurpassably yearned for nothing else; but your Omnipotently miraculous warmth?

Where were you when I frantically wandered for a countless days on the frigidly dusty streets; fanatically searching for your Omnisciently magical essence without even knowing an alphabet from your heavenly name?

Where were you when I wholesomely surrendered my impoverished form to the satanic lions of the jungle; acquitting my form of all beautiful life; without your majestically benign fragrance?

Where were you when I deliriously screamed for help towards the enchantingly endless sky; hopelessly unable to sight your lusciously venerated lips; even in the most flamboyantly dazzling light of the afternoon?

Where were you when I unfurled like a vivacious peacock into the aisles of unceasingly vibrant desire; with even the most infinitesimal ingredient of my blood unlimitedly wanting to dedicate itself to your divinely form?

Where were you when I disconsolately wept like a new-born infant for ostensibly no reason or rhyme; inexplicably missing your congenitally blessing rhythm; in even the most evanescent puff of air that I inhaled?

Where were you when I zealously tried to stop every unraveling second on the dials of my luminescent watch; wanting every fraction of the planet to come to an absolute standstill; and only you to reign unassailably supreme?

Where were you when I inexhaustibly fantasized about you in my every dream; when the whites and black's of my eye garnished no other image; except your insuperably queenly form?

Where were you when I about to abdicate my very last breath at the impromptu command of the Omnipresent Lord; when the last wish that I breathed from my nostrils was to hear your mellifluously eternal voice?

Where were you when I timelessly proposed my immortal love for you; limitlessly wanted to propound the condition of my passionately enslaved heart in front of your indomitably fearless grace?

And where were you when I was getting Married to a complete alien on this earth; just to fulfill the last wish of my dying mother; as there was not the most diminutive trace of you in front of her weary eyes; and all that she wanted to see before she died; was me in bonded in perennially connubial bliss and blithe.

35. IS ANYBODY LISTENING?

I am relentlessly asphyxiating in a world of derogatorily stinking politics; with sinfully dastard manipulation invidiously creeping like an inevitable parasite; into the poignantly fresh blood of my veins. Is anybody Listening?

I am being ruthlessly stabbed by preposterously banal maelstroms of boredom; with the gutter of bizarrely unending corruption; transforming me into a hapless eunuch; although I was born as blazing as the Omnipotently blistering Sun. Is anybody Listening?

I am feeling like a frigidly inconspicuous mendicant of gruesome shit; in the atmosphere adulterated with venomous cigarette smoke and heinously vicious dust outside. Is anybody Listening?

I am penuriously depleted of even the most ethereally infinitesimal of my desires; as brutally tyrannical savagery and crime incessantly kept excoriating; priceless life around. Is anybody Listening?

I am vindictively stagnating even in the most opulently garnished of castles; as every stone on which its foundation lay was devilishly erected on innocuously pristine blood. Is anybody Listening?

I am uncouthly reeling under conventionally chauvinistic malpractices; with macabre demons indiscriminately trampling over my nimble form; to transcend beyond the skies of fathomlessly ultimate success. Is anybody Listening?

I am hedonistically drowning under the waters of blatantly maladroit lies and

insane perfidiousness; with absolutely none on this earth today radiating a philanthropically truthful smile. Is anybody Listening?

I am squirming intransigently on diabolically shivering ground; with my naked skin being satanically lambasted by cleavers of barbaric corruption. Is anybody Listening?

I am experiencing each unraveling instant of priceless life through the eyes of an insane lunatic; with the germs of cold-blooded communalism being abjectly perpetuate into every cranny of my impoverished soul. Is anybody Listening?

I am worthlessly wasting precociously innovative moments of my life staring meaninglessly at the abysmal skies; as the chains of indigently ostracizing unemployment strangulated one and all alike on this colossal planet today. Is anybody Listening?

I am helplessly slaving on unlimited trash cans of orphaned garbage; frantically searching for those quintessential droplets of compassionate empathy; in eyes which had become sadistically estranged and dried. Is anybody Listening?

I am inexplicably deteriorating like a diminutively extinguishing matchstick on lackadaisical soil; circumscribed and uxoriously castrated by the bawdiness of spurious religion today. Is anybody Listening?

I am inexhaustibly begging on the acrimoniously wastrel streets; fervently waiting for those symbiotically unconquerable bonds of brotherhood which had so pathetically diminished from the planet today. Is anybody Listening?

I am being obnoxiously blown like a molecule of besmirched dust; by powerhouses of wealth; wine; vixen and rapaciously decrepit greed. Is anybody Listening?

I am being subjected to the most horrifically apocalypses even under brilliantly fearless sunshine; as man roasted another of his blissfully harmonious kind; for just parsimonious wads of tawdry currency coin. Is anybody Listening?

I am being truculently marred by iconoclastically debasing debauchery from every conceivable end on this gigantic planet; disdainfully stuttering towards ominously flagrant dereliction on every prejudiced step that I transgressed. Is anybody Listening?

I am fraught with unceasingly maiming anxiety; with the dreadfully ungainly

monotony of threadbarely pulverizing office paralyzing every ounce of exhilaration in my bones. Is anybody Listening?

I am uncontrollably weeping beside the unfortunate graves of my parents and kin; with raw blood dribbling from my eyes as I reminisced the ghastly mob who torched them alive in the name of religious fanaticism and martyrdom. Is anybody Listening?

And I am exhaling the very last puffs of breath in my life; as the girl to whom I had immortally dedicated every beat of my passionately thundering heart; left me forever for a man who had a coin extra in his pocket than mine. Is anybody Listening?

36. WHILE TODAY

When she wasn't there in my life; my hands were just hands; painstakingly staggering in flagrant incoherence to engross themselves with the mundane activities of routine life,
While today; they artistically evolved a civilization of bountiful newness; sketching the unbelievable vividness of this colossal Universe even on barren bits of lackluster mud; as her magically unflinching body nestled on my chest

When she wasn't there in my life; my feet were just feet; vengefully cribbing to clamber even a single step; feeling like a fretfully unbearable mountain of stones and horrendously debilitating thorns,
While today; they euphorically surged past the ultimate epitomes of benign victory; triumphantly trampled even the most evanescent trace of evil on this planet; as her innocuously celestial eyes interlocked themselves impregnably with mine.

When she wasn't there in my life; my lips were just lips; inanely muttering lackadaisical monosyllables; to procure quintessential elements of life,
While today; they tirelessly sung the songs of everlastingly enchanting togetherness; majestically chanted the essence of Immortally spell binding love and camaraderie to the most fathomless quarters of this planet; as her altruistically humanitarian shadow; intrepidly circumscribed me from all sides.

When she wasn't there in my life; my blood was just blood; congenitally enriched with poignantly crimson shades of scarlet; but metamorphosing more and more rampantly into an amorphous coffin of tears; bearing the whiplash of the truculently conventional society,
While today; it became an untamed inferno of indomitable righteousness;

invincibly towering above every other thing on this gigantic Universe; as the egalitarian fragrance of her impeccable soul; unassailably wafted into my conscience.

When she wasn't there in my life; my brain was just brain; insidiously indulging in all nefarious shortcuts to earn indispensable livelihood; wholesomely succumbing to the satanically bombarding devil,
While today; it spell bindingly fantasized to the most insuperably regal limits; beautifully assimilating every trace of humanity and goodness on this limitless globe; as her voluptuously enamoring hair surreally tantalized my naked nape.

When she wasn't there in my life; my eyes were just eyes; dreadfully sullen and morose every unfurling minute of the day; plunging themselves into a cadaverously obfuscated and disparagingly disoriented blur; with the unraveling of midnight,
While today; they vivaciously danced like the fireballs of immaculately untamed mischief; unceasingly flowed with empathy for all of my synergistic kind; as her Omnipotently mesmerizing voice conquered even the most emaciated pore of my senses.

When she wasn't there in my life; my flesh was just flesh; without even the most ethereally infidel of desire; disdainfully rotting like ghoulishly indescribable feces emanating from the pigs hindside,
While today; it incredulously catapulted beyond the walls of seventh heaven and paradise at the crack of tantalizing dawn; as her seductively rubicund fingers; traced very last impoverished bone down my spine.

When she wasn't there in my life; my ears were just ears; abjectly numbing themselves in sadness and profanity; even as the most thunderous of apocalypses
resonated cannibalistically on this boundless planet,
While today; they philanthropically unfurled to even the slightest bereavement of living kind; running continents apart to the cries of the haplessly decrepit; as her unconquerably ebullient spirit lingered by my diminutive side.

When she wasn't there in my life; my breath was just breath; pathetically slavering and slithering like a treacherously rabid dog; to carry on till the time it was destined on this endlessly royal earth,
While today; it transformed into the cosmos of perennially ecstatic and undefeatable life; as her virtue of eternal truthfulness and religion of humanity; kissed me from head till the last nail of my hide.

And when she wasn't there in my life; my heart was just heart; mechanically pumping blood to every cranny of my torturously depleted countenance; as if it were the most despairingly acrimonious activity on this eclectic planet, While today; it solely and effulgently coruscated with the beats of Immortally unshakable love; as her mantra of selflessly Godly existence; transcended over even the most obsolete element of my mission and life.

37. LOVE PERPETUALLY

Run exuberantly and with such unprecedentedly untamed exhilaration in every conceivable of your veins today; as perhaps there might not be even the most diminutive insinuation of brilliant tomorrow; to run once again,

Sing tirelessly and generating such ebulliently unfathomable enchantment in the dolorously decrepit atmosphere today; as perhaps there might not be even the most infinitesimal unfurling of optimistic tomorrow; to sing once again,

Work indefatigably and with such unsurpassable ardor in each globule of your endlessly dribbling sweat today; as perhaps there might not be even the most inconspicuous horizon of enlightening tomorrow; to work once again,

Fantasize unrelentingly and with such extreme enthusiasm in every ingredient of your brain today; as perhaps there might not be even the most ethereal unraveling of spell binding tomorrow; to fantasize once again,

Philander unceasingly and with such unparalleled gusto through the landscapes of resplendently panoramic nature today; as perhaps there might not be even the most minuscule mention of unflinching tomorrow; to philander once again,

Smile unlimitedly and with such stupendously fervent yearning in the rubicund periphery of your lips today; as perhaps there might not be even the most evanescent ray of inimitable tomorrow; to smile once again,

Achieve inexorably and with such ecstatically insatiable temerity in every of your valiant bones today; as perhaps there might not be even the most frigid shadow of celestial tomorrow; to achieve once again,

Discover unstoppably and with such profoundly unconquerable euphoria in every ingredient of scarlet blood that flowed handsomely through your veins today; as perhaps there might not be even the most obsolete feather of royal tomorrow; to discover once again,

Learn unhindered and with such Omnipotently untainted diligence in your soul today; as perhaps there might not be even the most wastrel innuendo of bountiful tomorrow; to learn once again,

Triumph impreguably and with such blazingly fearless patriotism in your conscience today; as perhaps there might not be even the most dilapidated shell of heavenly tomorrow; to triumph once again,

Concentrate irrevocably and with such fathomlessly blessing dedication today; as perhaps there might not be even the most cloistered realm of majestic tomorrow; to concentrate once again,

Donate philanthropically and with such altruistically impeccable godliness today; as perhaps there might not be even the most disappearing caress of priceless tomorrow; to donate once again,

Mesmerize eloquently and with such victoriously magnetic sensuousness today; as perhaps there might not be even the most inane burgeoning of blazing tomorrow; to mesmerize once again,

Sleep tranquilly and with such compassionately invincible coziness in your countenance today; as perhaps there might not be even the most fugitive complexion of benevolent tomorrow; to sleep once again,

Joke inexhaustibly and with such unequivocally bounteous freedom in every nerve of your persona; as perhaps there might not be even the most ephemeral voice of dazzling tomorrow; to joke once again,

Express poignantly and with such artistically undaunted effusiveness in every element of your visage today; as perhaps there might not be even the most transient sunrise of flamboyant tomorrow; to express once again,

Flirt tantalizingly and with such boundlessly overpowering rapaciousness behind the honey draped hills today; as perhaps there might not be the even the most shimmering iota of insuperable tomorrow; to flirt once again,

Breathe an infinite billion times and with such unimaginable greed in your nostrils today; as perhaps there might not be even the most vagabond speck of miraculous tomorrow; to breath once again,

But Love perpetually and with the inferno of uncontrollably effulgent desire towering slowly and slowly to an unassailably fantastic crescendo; as by the

grace of Omnipresent Almighty Lord; for love there were not only an infinite more undefeated tomorrows; but an infinite glorious poetic rhymes; an infinite heavens of benign paradise; an infinite more immortal lives.

38. MARRIED

When the tender skinned cub was innocuous and small; he played frivolously all day in his cage; sequestered from the ominous attack of vicious predators,
However when the same kid matured into the majestic lion; it was indispensable to leave him in the dense jungle.

When the buds were minuscule in size; they were kept in clusters in the contemporary vase; shielding them from the tenaciously blowing wind,
However when they blossomed into crimson flowers; proliferating at amazing speeds by the unveiling day; it was indispensable to let them spread on sprawling acres of farmland.

When the river was new oozing parsimonious rivulets of water intermittently; it inhabited the obscure regions between the valley,
However as torrential rain unrelentingly pelted down; the stream swelled astronomically in size; and it was now indispensable to blend the same with the colossal ocean.

When the fish were small; they were scrupulously kept in a grandiloquent tank; impregnated with loads of coral and sea food,
However when they speedily augmented in size; it was indispensable to place them beside the preposterously huge whale.

When the eggs were pearly white with their shells wholesomely intact; the mothers sat on them incessantly harnessing them with their effeminate warmth,
However when they hatched out into slender beaked fledglings; it was indispensable to teach them the art of flying high in the sky.

When the pup was just born wailing incoherently in the air; it slept like an angel leaning against the belly of its mother,
However when it started frisking around the garden; it was indispensable to make him realize the importance of his bark.

When the venomous spider aimlessly loitered on the ground; it took shelter for many hours in cocoons of wet mud,
However the minute it had spun its web; it was indispensable for it to trap its prey; before strangulating the same with its slimy juices.

When the honeybee just took its first breath; it buzzed inexorably against the eardrum of its queen mother,
However as it developed its wings rampantly flying in the air; it was indispensable for it to produce fresh honey.

When the child lay in its cradle he emulated the most impeccable form of life existing on this earth; effusively crying for milk and attention,
However when he grew up into a complete individual; it was indispensable for him to earn his own bread; exploring different arenas of the monotonous world.

And when two lovers witnessed each other; they were incorrigibly mesmerized by each others presence; romanced and languished in the aisles of desire,
However after a marathon period had elapsed; and their relationship had culminated into one of perpetual understanding; it was indispensable for them to get united into threads of holy matrimony; to eventually get married

39. WHEN SHE BLUSHED

When she blushed she looked as mesmerizing as the sparkling oyster shell; as impeccable as the moon,
Driving me into waves of stupendous rhapsody; inundating my persona with overwhelming exhilaration.

When she blushed she appeared as ravishing as freshly prepared crusty chocolate; as tantalizing as the crimson rose,
Catapulting me to unexplored arenas of enchantment; taking my breath away for a few seconds from its very roots.

When she blushed she looked as innocuous as a newly born child; crying incessantly for its mother,
Prompting me to shut down all other avenues of work; keep on admiring her until eternity.

When she blushed she appeared as poignant as green chili; as rustic as the primordial tree roots,
Sending a plethora of shivers right down to my veins; imparting my sullen face a prominently mystical smile.

When she blushed she looked as vivacious as the colored rainbow in the sky; as resplendent as the twinkling stars,
Impregnating in me inexplicable sensations; ones which I had never experienced

in my life before.

When she blushed she appeared as pellucid as the crystal mountain stream; as innocent as an incongruous birthmark,
Making me erupt effusively with spurts of exuberance; shouting loudly as far as my voice could reach; in the middle of the dead night.

When she blushed she looked as enticing as chilled tangy juice; as majestic as the kingly peacock blossoming its feathers,
Knocking all apprehensions from top drawers of my mind; remarkably transforming the monotonous outlook of my thoughts.

When she blushed she appeared as voluptuous as the pelting rain; as perennial as the lush green blades of grass,
Placing me in a state of speechless ebullience; as she caressed me gently on my bearded cheek.

When she blushed she resembled the radiating reptile rampantly traversing through the jungle; the scarlet winged parrot bathing in the gurgling river,
Engendering my eyes to virtually pop out of their sockets; clenching my fists to salute her in due adulation.

When she blushed she seemed like a celestial fairy having descended from the sky; the most perfect messenger of spontaneous love,
Making me profoundly oblivious to the disparaging world; making me clearly cognize my sole purpose to live; having taken birth on this earth in the form of a man.

40. TO WIN HER BACK

To win her back was as impossible; as thunder clouds in the cosmos not showering unrelenting rain,

To win her back was as impossible; as squeezing back tangy toothpaste back into the tube,

To win her back was as impossible; as scrupulously straightening a dog's incorrigibly curved tail,

To win her back was as impossible; as plummeting face down from the 100th floor; and yet desiring to stay alive,

To win her back was as impossible; as typing alphabets on the swanky computer screen without the intricately chiseled keyboard,

To win her back was as impossible; as escaping the sting of the mosquito incessantly buzzing its cacophony in the ear,

To win her back was as impossible; as trying to tenaciously sneeze without making the tiniest of noise,

To win her back was as impossible; as attempting to walk without using twin pair of feet,

To win her back was as impossible; as trying to cultivate a tree without indispensable water,

To win her back was as impossible; as trying to speed the car at erratic speeds without whisky complexioned gasoline,

To win her back was as impossible; as hunting the untamed panther without a gleaming barrel gun,

To win her back was as impossible; as making tea without actually adding pungent tea leaves,

To win her back was as impossible; as trying not to scream when consuming heaps of green farm chili,

To win her back was as impossible; as constructing the colossal edifice without a concrete foundation,

To win her back was as impossible; as standing naked amidst the frozen snow without shivering,

To win her back was as impossible; as soaring high in the sky without a pair of dexterously handsome wings,

To win her back was as impossible; as retaining consciousness even after being pierced by fangs of the venomous snake,

To win her back was as impossible; as convincing the agnostic to believe in omniscient God,

To win her back was as impossible; as holding ones ground firmly in an island of quick sand,

To win her back was as impossible; as expecting a spider to stay suspended in the air without its silken web,

To win her back was as impossible; as existing in sweltering heat of the desert without a solitary globule of water,

To win her back was as impossible; as having the sun shine inexorably all the time without any mention of night,

To win her back was as impossible; as impregnating life back into the veins of a dead man,

To win her back was as impossible; as trying to survive without inhaling gallons of fresh air,

O! Yes to win her back today was irrevocably impossible; after the dreadful fight we had in the day,

The only way I could still win her back; was wait for the gruesome night to unveil itself into another day,

Fervently hope that the new rising of dawn; made her exhaustively oblivious to the obnoxious events of the previous day.

41. DON'T YOU WORRY SWEETHEART

I couldn't afford to embellish you in ornaments of pure gold; with chains of scintillating silver dangling from your neck,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would dive deep into the fathomless ocean; thread you a necklace of immaculate pearls; I extracted from the slippery oyster.

I couldn't afford to take you long distances in an ostentatious car; with the air conditioner blowing a full blast in your face,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would place both your legs on my shoulders; and carry you adroitly under the unrelenting sun; with your warm breath caressing my hair.

I couldn't afford to buy you exquisite eateries from the market; satiate your taste buds with appetizing caramel,

But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would dexterously knead rustic dough into bread; blend it with ravishing tomatoes; I specially grew for you in the backyard.

I couldn't afford to make you sleep on a silken mattress juxtaposed with diamonds; with cozy ambience of the palace engulfing you from all sides,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would inundate your ears with mystical rhymes; be there with you on your side under the twinkling stars; until you drifted into deep sleep.

I couldn't afford to talk with you on contemporary telephone for marathon hours; punching a jugglery of soft buttons on the intricate laptop,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would emboss letters to you with a river of my precious blood; never failing to miss the most inconspicuous of detail.

I couldn't afford to take you on a cruise of the ocean; sitting in the grandiloquent luxury liner with its knotted masts fluttering in the salty breeze,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would chisel a plain boat of strong wood; row you all throughout the choppy sea; despite of the monstrous waves trying to drown us down.

I couldn't afford to drape your persona in opulently embroidered cloth; a host of artificial contrivances accentuating your features,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would stitch you a cloak of pure cotton; embodied with the essence of our immortal love.

I couldn't afford to offer you crystalline mineral liquid to drink; an incessant supply of crimson colored plum juice,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would fetch you water from the gurgling mountain springs; preserve it for you in my cupped hands till the hour you felt thirsty.

I couldn't afford to purchase expensive books for you; impregnated with the most panoramic of graphics,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would perceive the wildest of fantasy scrutinizing dormant arenas of my brain; and then recite the same to you.

I couldn't afford to buy the sky for you; with magnanimous gods residing in castles of unprecedented glory,
But don't you worry sweetheart; as I would transform every inch of soil which you tread on into paradise; present the most invincible sky of our romance at your celestial feet.

42. PROMISE ME

Promise me you wont change like the seasons; leaving me solitary and dilapidated wandering aimlessly on the mountains,

Promise me you wont transform your color like the vivacious chameleon; betraying me when I had started loving you the most,

Promise me you wont swirl away like the passing winds; abandoning me in a state of inexplicable despair and tears,

Promise me you wont gallivant unscrupulously with another man; besieging me with waves of bizarre shock; freezing my blood in its veins,

Promise me you wont philander the ominous streets at night incarcerating me in chains; causing me to wait with my eyes wide open until you returned back,

Promise me you wont disappear like the moon in the cosmos; leaving me insurmountably anguished bereft of your presence,

Promise me you wont strangulate me like a reptile; for it is not the deadly venom I would fear; rather would feel extremely disillusioned by the concept of immortal love,

Promise me you wont vanish away from my sight like the ephemeral rainbow; for I will stand unrelentingly till I saw you again,

Promise me you wont metamorphose your shape with enhancing age; for I wanted you just like the innocuous child I met several years ago,

Promise me you wont evaporate like the floating clouds; leaving me midway in my insatiable quest to conquer life,

Promise me you wont radiate intermittently like the uncanny stars; for I desired you to be my perennial source of shine,

Promise me you wont retreat your neck back like the protuberant tortoise; for I needed you as my tumultuous inspiration when on the battlefield,

Promise me you wont fall like the fruit when subjected to the onslaught of a mighty cyclone; for I would not possess the slightest power to pick you up and witness your lifeless face,

Promise me you wont dry like the monsoon river; for I wholesomely depended on the stirrings of your soul to pacify my thirst,

Promise me you wont get erased like the pencil marks do when scrubbed by a rubber; for my life would collapse in disdainful shambles if you weren't here,

Promise me you wont fly away like birds do in hibernation; leaving me sobbing hysterically; thumping my hands against the wall; until they bled,

Promise me you wont shirk furtively away from my presence; for I would be left with no other option but ripping apart my throbbing heart,

Promise me you wont get carried away by all the glamour and graffiti; for I might miserably flounder to provide you with all the ostentation; all I could do was inundate you with true love from my persona,

Promise me you wont elope like the bees into different houses; for I needed you indispensably to apply sweet honey on my lips,

And promise me you'll never leave me come what may in the tenure of our lives; for I would relinquish breath the second you did so; not possessing the tenacity to survive without your celestial body.

43. THE TENACITY OF MY LOVE

Even if you were an obdurate stone; with loads of callousness embedded rigidly in your persona,

I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; transformed you into molten wax rampantly dripping down; eventually blending with the earth.

Even if you were the dry desert; harboring a plethora of acrimonious cactus and violently blistering winds,

I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; inundated you with fresh water; imparting a perennial wetness to your sands.

Even if you were the satanic demon; with your armory of brutal teeth scintillating wickedly under the moon,

I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; brought about a dramatic metamorphosis in you; converting you into an immaculate angel.

Even if you were the incorrigible dictator; rebuking all in proximity with your

volley of expletives and commands,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; pacified you overwhelmingly;
exonerated the bitterness in your voice.

Even if you were deadly poison; causing instantaneous death on consumption,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; completely annihilated your
venom; making you as sweet as golden nectar.

Even if you were pallid paint sticking languidly to the walls; propagating waves of
disparaging gloom in the ambience,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; impregnated you with brilliantly
vibrant color; made you profoundly smile.

Even if you were poignant green chili; thunderously shouting expending supreme
capacity of your lungs,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; transmuted you into innocuous
sugar; irrefutably sweet in taste.

Even if you were the viciously lethal reptile; baring your fangs at me with utter
hostility,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; changed you into the
resplendent fish; gliding sedately through the swirling ocean.

Even if you were blazing volcano; torching all those who came even centimeters
near you; devouring innocent humans in your fiery belly like inconspicuous
insects,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; transfigured you into the
melodious stream weaving its way enchantingly through meadows of soft grass.

And even if you were the idol of horrendous hatred; ostracizing humanity
severely for its benevolent deeds,
I would make sure that the tenacity of my love; rekindled in you the essence of
sharing; the insatiable urge to caress and care.

44. IMMORTAL LOVE

When I sighted it standing over the celestial body of sun; it appeared profoundly
dazzling shimmering in the vibrant rays,

When I sighted it from the iridescent land of moon; it glistened enchantingly
propagating ramifications of congeniality,

When I sighted it from pinnacle of the lanky mountain; it appeared blissfully panoramic; thoroughly enlightening the pallid atmosphere,

When I sighted it from the fetid gutter philandering through the obnoxious sewage; it looked all the more enticing; incarcerating me with waves of jubilation,

When I sighted it sitting solitarily on the temple steps; it appeared as sacrosanct as omnipotent God,

When I sighted it riveted to my seat belt in the inexorably speeding car; it looked prominently distinct amidst hazy outlines of the obscure countryside,

When I sighted it through the candle flame; it looked as innocuous as an untainted angel,

When I sighted it from between rustling branches of the jungle tree; it appeared as pellucid as the scintillating mirror in the ambience of torrential thunderstorm,

When I sighted it riding on bare horseback; it looked magnanimous in the backdrop of paddy fields,

When I sighted it from the charcoal laden speeding train; it appeared as immaculate as the silver oyster in the clouds of venomous black smoke,

When I sighted it from swanky interiors of the blaring discotheque; it looked as sagacious as the newborn child,

When I sighted it while snoozing under the sequestered blankets; it appeared as vivid as the resplendent rainbow,

When I sighted it standing on the corrupt politician's dais; it looked as loyal as the beheaded martyr,

When I sighted it while traversing on sweat soaked grass; it appeared as astounding as globules of water pelting from the sky,

When I sighted it from within the brutal murderer's den; it looked as impeccable as frosty cow milk,

When I sighted it from a thousand feet beneath the cloistered earth; it appeared as vivacious as the flames of crackling fire,

When I sighted it from within the irrevocably forlorn dead coffin; it looked robust and exuberantly gyrating with life,

When I sighted it from within the interiors of a sunken ship; it appeared as glorious as the monumental whale,

When I sighted it while ambling on the island of pernicious hell; it looked like a fairy having just taken bath in mountain water,

It had presented itself as stupendously flawless; no matter where I attempted sighting it from; the creator in the cosmos called it love; while we had gone one step further christening it as immortal love.

45. I WANTED YOU TO LIVE FOR A THOUSAND CENTURIES

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every century unfolding; having a million years,
The smile on your luscious lips profoundly enlightening the pallid atmosphere.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every year unleashing; having a million months,
The charisma of your immaculate demeanor; incarcerating me thoroughly in its divine grace.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every month unveiling; having a million fortnights,
The empathy in your intricate eyes; making me oblivious to this monotonous world.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every fortnight releasing; having a million weeks,
The fragrance of your silhouette; tickling my conscience with inevitable strokes of attraction.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every week blossoming; having a million days,
The overwhelming melody in your voice inundating the atmosphere with supreme rhapsody; putting me to celestial sleep.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every day ripening; having a million hours,

The mystical aura of your blissful presence; entrenching me in entirety;
catapulting me into surreptitious realms of heaven.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every hour passing; having a
million minutes,
The tenderness of your silken touch; making me exorbitantly realize that I was
alive.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every minute discharging;
having a million seconds,
The satiny cascade of your tantalizing hair; encompassing every arena of my
body.

I wanted you to live for a thousand centuries; with every second zipping; by
having a million passionate breaths,
The throbbing of your heart amalgamating with mine; making me practically
invincible from all sides.

I wouldn't mind if all fantasies of my life miserably failed; but it my humble plea
to you O! Omnipresent creator,
To convert this fantasy of mine into a perpetual reality; Bonding us together for
times and centuries immemorial.

46. LOVE YOU

When she looked at me; glancing mildly at the hidden contours of my face,
I perceived overwhelming waves of euphoria thunderously pound on my chest;
suddenly felt as handsome as the jeweled prince.

When she came face to face with my persona; at the contemporary shopping
store,
I inadvertently lost my balance; tripping down towards the floor in dumbfounded
consternation; with the contents of my shopping bag rampantly dispersing all
over.

When she discussed about me in hushed voices; profoundly aggrandizing facts
about my demeanor amidst her friends,
I felt tumultuously exhilarated; felt as if I had conquered the highest summit in
my non-illustrious career.

When she waved to me from across the bustling street; blatantly displaying the
rubicund skin of her intricate palms,

I worked with a rejuvenated vigor at office; meticulously executed all tasks in half the time I usually took.

When she chivalrously offered to share her umbrella; in a voluptuous ambience of torrential rain pelting down,
I felt ravishing sensations stab my body; insurmountable gratitude towards her engulf my conscience.

When she assisted me to up pick my handkerchief from the muddy ground; our eyes locked for marathon seconds of time,
I felt inexplicable shivers run down my spine; and there seemed to be mystical reverberations that echoed clear and strident through my mind.

When she talked with me on telephone; the captivating melody in her voice seemed to be drowning me in waves of rhapsody,
And I had to ask her to iterate her message at the end of the conversation; as I was irrevocably involved all the time in grasping the sweetness in her sound;

When I opened her letter under enchanting light of the moon; I was mesmerized sighting her exquisite handwriting,

The frenzy in my blood was so accentuated; that I swooned on the ground blissfully falling into a slumber with her writing resting on my eyes.

When she addressed me by my name; I felt the conglomerate of bones in my legs transform into ethereal paper,
I could hardly believe my ears; and pleaded with her to say it incessantly until her mouth ached.

And the most memorable moment of my life came when she said to me I love you, whispering it while nimbly brushing across my cheek,
It was one instant of my life, which I will perpetually remember; one instant that the entire wealth in this world could fail to purchase.

47. I WANTED TO DIE WITH YOU

I wanted to dance with you on the sun; with its dazzling rays profoundly basking us all day,

I wanted to walk with you through the deserts; with the golden sands weaving enchanting trails of our footsteps,

I wanted to sit with you on the placid green meadows; incessantly admiring the rustic cattle; scores of flocculent mountain sheep,

I wanted to gallivant with you on bare horseback; with your mesmerizing hair rampantly blowing with the air and tingling my cheek,

I wanted to leisurely philander with you across the amusement park; taking an exhilarating spin with you on the roller coaster train,

I wanted to raucously play with you in the swirling ocean; splashing infinite droplets of water on your face,

I wanted to talk with you on telephone for marathon hours of time; solely infatuated by the melodious cadence in your voice,

I wanted to sleep with you on the open terrace; with the tenacious rays of moon infiltrating into our eyes,

I wanted to eat with you in your plate; feeding you delectable morsels of food with my very own hands,

I wanted to stand with you on the summit of the monumental building; drearily sight the world as an obfuscated blur some thousand feet below,

I wanted to see all movies on the silver screen with you; entwining my palms with your compassionate fingers,

I wanted to entangle my wrists with yours; giving you the pleasure of easily defeating me,

I wanted to kneel beside your frail persona when you were ill; scrupulously feeding you your medicines despite your vehement resistance,

I wanted to bathe with you in the Jungle River; with frothy water profusely tickling against our shivering backs,

I wanted to sip bubbling coffee with you beside the fireplace; relish the warmth of your breath wafting in the air,

I wanted to infuriate you to the threshold of irritation; then massage your sacrosanct feet till they felt rejuvenated,

I wanted to hoist you high and handsome towards the sky; asking the creator to

bestow upon you my share of felicity,

I wanted to assist you prepare our supper for the night; frivolously spraying upon you fresh tomato juice to hear your animated squeals,

I wanted to ensure that you remained invincibly safe at all moments; hovering like a shadow behind you; not abdicating from your presence even if you rebuked me,

I wanted to attain the power of clairvoyance; satiating the most minuscule of your demands before you even uttered them,

I wanted to kiss you unrelentingly; for as long as indispensable air lasted in our lungs,

And I wanted to relinquish my terrestrial pleasures blending my blood with you; leave for my destination to heaven; the instant god decided to take you from me in his arms.

48. HOW COULD YOU EVER FORGET

How could you ever forget the steaming cups of coffee we shared beside the fireplace; with snowdrops pelting in tumultuous fury outside,
The passion in our breaths; making us virtually oblivious to unveiling time.

How could you ever forget those shopping sprees, in which we were together; with me holding all those slippery vegetables,
The bags in our hands stashed with indispensable amenities of life; yet our palms entwined in each other.

How could you ever forget the marathon walks we had on the sea shores; with our feet dabbling into slimy cocoons of sand,
The salty froth of the ocean slapping us tenderly on our cheeks; with the exquisite backdrop of the sun setting in evanescent horizon.

How could you ever forget those bare horseback rides; where we went gallivanting through the steep mountains,
With intermittent showers of rain cascading down; drawing us all the more closer in perpetual reality.

How could you ever forget those times when we felt sleepless at nights; tossing and turning rampantly on the bed,

Eventually falling asleep with your heart throbbing close to mine; in due admiration of the twinkling stars.

How could you ever forget the moments when we studied together; unrelentingly browsing through a conglomerate of fine lines,
Trying our best to decipher baffling enigmas; inspiring each other to put in our very best.

How could you ever forget the exhilaration we had while attempting to catch each other; running wildly in the grass,
The mischievous squeals that emanated from your mouth; the instant I apprehended you.

How could you ever forget those cooking sessions that we had in the kitchen; with both of us being perfect amateurs to the art,
Haphazardly trying to slice through fruit; producing inarticulate slices of the melon as an inevitable aftermath.

How could you ever forget those sporadic outbursts of jealousy that we had; profusely condemning and rebuking each other,
The times when we mixed with aliens; tried to indulge in frivolous relationships with the same.

How could you ever forget the way you blushed; the first time I proposed you,
The felicity in our eyes; the rhapsody that engulfed our persona; when we knew we were going to be bonded together.

You were smiling and there with me till yesterday; until the creator uncouthly snatched you away from me,
Please come back to me my mesmerizing sweetheart; for I have not the power to erase our memories; will definitely relinquish breath without you.

49. WHEN SHE ARRIVED

When she arrived; the cluster of fragrant flowers in the garden bent down in meek submission,

When she arrived; the birds soaring high in the sky chirped all the more vociferously; attempting to make their presence felt,

When she arrived; warm shivers ran down through the roots of colossal trees,

When she arrived; the minuscule rivulets in the river; rose up to become swirling waves; in animated ecstasy,

When she arrived; feeble rays of the sun brilliantly shimmered; profoundly illuminating the atmosphere,

When she arrived; the insipid blades of frigid grass stood up with exhilarated alacrity,

When she arrived; fleet footed squirrels in proximity gnawed more voraciously at the nut trapped within their jaws,

When she arrived; puffs of lackadaisical clouds in the cosmos transited to tantalizing black thunder,

When she arrived; the majestic peacock uninhibitedly spread its kingly feathers to a complete blossom,

When she arrived; the reptiles slithered painstakingly emanating sizzling noises; on the periphery of semi soaked ground,

When she arrived; the bees in their hives produced more honey than ever before; inundating the still atmosphere with their incessant buzzing,

When she arrived; a plethora of frogs croaked loquaciously in the well; ostentatiously expanding the yellow sacs inhabiting their body,

When she arrived; gloomy worms crawling through the bushes radiated a resplendently brilliant shine,

When she arrived; the chameleon ebulliently changed its color; displaying shades of mesmerizing vibrancy,

When she arrived; the multi-legged spider ran several paces faster in its silken web; bustling to and fro to devour its imprisoned prey,

When she arrived; the pair of crimson crested parrots entwined their beaks in each other; intractably refraining to separate themselves,

When she arrived; light complexioned leaves of the cactus converted to an alluring sapphire,

When she arrived; scores of monkeys gyrated on the tree tops; frivolously
tossing succulent fruit on the earth,

When she arrived; all hatred circumventing the ambience was miraculously
transmuted into immortal love,

When she arrived; gods in the sky forgot to do their work; admiring the form
they had created in open mouthed consternation,

And when she arrived; I felt an insatiable urge to live; for the first time in my life
felt like a complete man.

50. YOU WERE LIKE THAT OMNIPRESENT GOD IN MY LIFE

You were like that crimson rose in my life; which seldom lost its fragrance;
inundating the atmosphere with its heavenly smell,

You were like that rain cloud in my life; which incessantly showered rain;
nourishing the earth profoundly with its caress,

You were like that concrete wall in my life; which didn't break under the most
onerous of load; remained unperturbed under the most deafening of dynamite
explosion,

You were like that gigantic ocean in my life; which never reduced its level;
swirled magnificently in the ravishing breeze,

You were like that foliated tree in my life; which never shed a single leaf; gave a
perennial supply of succulent fruit,

You were like that sea blue nightingale in my life; which unrelentingly chirped
notes of mesmerizing music,

You were like that sacrosanct cow in my life; which yielded a salubrious supply of
immaculate milk,

You were like that twinkling star in my life; which radiated for indefatigable
hours; was first to appear in the sky,

You were like that exquisite fountain ink in my life; which kept on embossing
intricate lines of calligraphy; granting overwhelming empathy to words,

You were like that inflated balloon in my life; which soared abreast the kingly eagles in proximity of the satiny clouds; didn't lose its balance and stoicism even in the most turbulent of storm,

You were like that colossal whale in my life; which left millions in a stupor after witnessing its form; ruled the ocean for centuries immemorial,

You were like that impeccable color in my life; which didn't develop an iota of blemish; even when ruthlessly dipped in the most acrid of paint,

You were like that blade of grass in my life; which remained as green as ever; even when its counterparts withered under the acrimonious tyranny of the sun,

You were like that tower clock in my life; whose needles never stumbled and stopped; despite of the cells being exhausted,

You were like that pack of soft cards in my life; which always seemed to incredibly win,

You were like that wonderful lane in my life; which never seemed to end; transforming mundane life into ebullient spirit of adventure,

You were like that blissful dream in my life; which catapulted me to unprecedented heights of jubilation,

You were like that scarlet blood circulating through my body; which reinvigorated my heart and dreary bones; every unleashing minute,

You were like that celestial fairy in my life; circumventing me with waves of enchantment and robust energy,

And you were like that omnipresent God in my life; whom we christen by different names; but in the end bow our heads low under his supreme grace.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 7

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems is actually Part 7 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. I WANTED TO BREATHE, SLEEP, EAT WITH YOUR NAME
2. TO MAKE HER HAPPY
3. THE MILLION DOLLAR KISS
4. BELOVED
5. WOULD YOU EVER BELIEVE
6. PLEASE DON'T MIND

7. IN ORDER TO BREAK THE MONOTONY
8. NOSTALGIA
9. CAN YOU FIND ME
10. WHEN I THOUGHT ABOUT THE WORLD
11. YOU AND I
12. UTTERING HER NAME
13. SOMEWHERE
14. COMPASSIONATELY IN LOVE
15. THE THING
16. IMPRISONED
17. I WOULD CONSIDER MYSELF THE RICHEST
18. THE PLATE OF LOVE
19. USE YOUR HEART
20. WE STILL LOVED EACH OTHER
21. WHERE THERE IS LOVE
22. THE THING I FEARED THE MOST
23. THE BISCUIT OF LOVE
24. WHEN I WANDERED THROUGH THE LANE OF LOVE
25. IF I WERE YOUR HEART
26. BREAKING BARRIERS
27. ASK MY LIFE
28. AS IF THE MOST ULTIMATE OF KINGS.
29. WHY DID I LOVE TO PERPETUALLY LOVE.
30. NO NEW DEFINITIONS
31. I'D PREFER TO LIVE; THAN DIE WITH ALONGWITH YOU.
32. HOMELESS- IN ALL MY MIND; BODY AND SOUL.
33. IMMORTAL LOVE- IS IN GIVING HAPPINESS.
34. AS ALL THE HEART EVER KNEW.
35. SHE REALLY, TRULY AND IMMORTALLY LOVED YOU.
36. WORRY. WORRY. WORRY. INFINITE TIMES WORRY.
37. I'D STILL INSTANTANEOUSLY DIE.
38. UNDER THE VERY BROADEST OF DAYLIGHT
39. TOWARDS THE HEARBEAT OF OMNIPOTENT LIFE.
40. LOVER'S EYE.
41. OUR RELATIONSHIP.
42. WILL YOU STILL ACCEPT ME AS YOUR HUSBAND?
43. LETS FOREVER STAY; SOLELY AND ONLY AS IMMORTAL LOVERS.
44. LOVE STORIES ARE IMMORTAL
45. THE GARLAND OF IMMORTAL LOVE
46. AS MUCH AS I LOVED HER
47. THE MOST BLESSED
48. YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE

49. I WOULD STILL CONTINUE TO LOVE HER

50. CLINGING TO MY BELOVED

1. I WANTED TO BREATHE, SLEEP, EAT WITH YOUR NAME

I wanted to breathe your name each time I exhaled out air; impregnating the atmosphere with your mystical fragrance,
Facilitating your entity to settle; occupying all quarters of my cloistered room.

I wanted to sight your name each time I opened my eyes; granting it a status of being blissfully omnipresent,
Making me thoroughly oblivious to the tyranny of the world; the ghastly incidences unleashing themselves on the crowded street.

I wanted to hear your name each time sound drifted into my ears; transforming all other noise into your splendor,
Making your voice my song for the brilliant morning as well as my rhyme for the freezing night.

I wanted to recite your name each time I opened my lips; circumventing my face with an inevitable smile,
Imparting rubicund color to the corners of my cheek; and an enchanting glow to the fortress of my teeth.

I wanted to imprison your name each time I clenched my fists; keeping it forever locked in my embrace,
Shielding it wholesomely from nefarious looks of the world; the lechery of savage souls existing on this globe.

I wanted to digest your name each time I consumed food; enabling me to keep you in proximity with my intestines,
Eventually becoming an indispensable constituent of my blood; circulating rambunctiously through my veins.

I wanted to envisage your name each time I felt like dreaming; profoundly incorporating my mind with your mesmerizing images,
Catapulting me to unprecedented territories of paradise; the very instant I wanted too.

I wanted to incarcerate your name on my tongue each time I felt thirsty; to satiate the burning chords bouncing in my throat,
Celestially pacifying my desires; leading me to holistic pathways of spiritual

healing.

I wanted to write your name in grandiloquent bold letters each time my fingers itched to move; accentuating it profoundly on bonded paper,
Portraying the enlightening effect that it has; when sighted in embossed script.

And I wanted to remember your name with the first beams of evanescent dawn;
and the last minute before shutting my eyes,
Blessing me with loads of courage to fight the acerbic day; sleep as unperturbed
as God in the ominous night.

2. TO MAKE HER HAPPY

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was spill some milk on the glistening floor;
wipe my nose on her immaculate apron,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I prepared appetizing lunch
for the afternoon; scrupulously with my own hands.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was rebuke her sardonically for a plethora
of her household chores,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I embellished her hair with
crimson colored rose; gently caressed her soft cheek.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was say that she wasn't looking
extravagant in her new dress,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I swirled her in my arms;
hoisting her high in the sky towards the resplendent stars.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was look pretty nonchalant when she
arrived home back from shopping,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I sprung at her with surprise
gifting her with a shining pearl; which I had evacuated myself from within the
fathomless ocean.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was asking her whether
"titanic" was indeed a ship; after she had narrated the entire story,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I honestly told her that she
was the only girl I had loved in my life; she was my "rose" of my
heart.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was to call her indescribable names,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I assisted her in washing the

tainted utensils; vigorously scrubbing the fetid clothes lying in a bedraggled heap.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was to babble incoherently every time she felt sleepy at night,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I massaged her dreary feet;
sung mystical rhymes to put her back into a heavenly slumber.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was refrain to budge an inch from my bed;
with brilliant sunshine circumventing our room,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I carried her on my back down
the volley of stairs; avoiding to travel by the ostentatious elevator.

In order to annoy her all I had to; was forget our anniversary; the day we
actually bound in threads of holy matrimony,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I astounded her by filling the
crevice between her hair with my own blood.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was talk about a plethora of girls I had
encountered on the street,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I proclaimed loudly to the
outside world without the slightest of inhibition; that she was the most beautiful
woman existing on this earth; the only girl that I had for many births of mine;
imprisoned in my heart.

3. THE MILLION DOLLAR KISS

When she saw me; she made me feel that I was the most handsome man on this
earth,
I felt as if God had cast his omnipotent eyes on me; granting my persona an
impeccable status to survive.

When she talked to me; she made me feel that I was tangible and existing,
I felt as if God had whispered mystically in my dreams; making me imbibe the
essence of life.

When she smiled at me; she made me feel that I was someone extra special,
I felt as if God had granted me reprieve from my plethora of sins; inundated my
soul with loads of happiness.

When she ran her fingers through my hair; she made me feel that I was a
messenger of love,

I felt as if God had blessed me with his sacrosanct palms; impregnated in my visage the tenacity to live and let live.

When she held my hands; she made me feel that I had a fortress to lean upon, I felt as if God had endowed me with unsurpassable resilience; his shadow to seek solace in my times of bizarre distress.

When she fed me with ravishing food; she made me feel that I was never hungry,
I felt as if God had perpetually filled my stomach; stuffed it with the most sumptuous meal available in this world.

When she tickled me frivolously in my ribs; she made me feel the stupendous exultation of existence,
I felt as if God had returned me back my innocuous childhood; placed upon an immortal bed of dreams.

When she put me to sleep; she made me feel that I was blissfully breathing, I felt as if God had exorbitantly rewarded me for my day; showering upon my dreary eyes the virtue of eternal rest.

And when she kissed me; she made me feel that I had infinite reasons to live, I felt as if God had given me the greatest treasure of my life; made me the richest person in past and pragmatic present; to be alive.

4. BELOVED

In an ambience of rustic jungle trees; with their branches dangling incongruously towards the ground,
In a backdrop of colossal mountains; with their summits sailing handsomely in the clouds,
In a cloistered environment; sequestered partially from the blazing sun,
In an island of marshy swamps; inundated with a plethora of languidly drifting logwood; puddles of muddy slush bountifully dispersed,
Resides the ominous and hideous; serrated skinned alligator.

In an atmosphere of golden dew drops; shimmering vividly under the moon,
In a conglomerate of satiny puffs of sky; stooping effeminately down,
In a mesmerizing lake; circumvented from all sides by the steep valley,
In a stony silence prevailing eternally; with the only sound being evanescent ripples caused by wading birds,
Resides the redolently pink and supremely voluptuous; fragrant lotus.

In a camouflage of broken twigs; and incommensurate stalks of dried grass,
In a compactly hollow space; neatly imprisoned by slender tower walls,
In a whiplash of heavy wind; incessantly blowing in tenacious draughts,
In a congenial warmth; provided indefatigably by the bird mother,
Resides the palpable egg blended with yolk; of the hostile vulture.

In a citadel constructed of savage stone; reinforced with umpteenth bars of
strong metal,
In an enclosure of acrimonious glass; scattered in hostile shards all around,
In a jugglery of iron chains; viciously strapped around all parts of the body,
In a room completely obfuscated from the most minuscule beam of light;
threadbare chunks of rotten bread being the only solace for nocturnal meal,
Resides the longhaired and diabolically toothed; nefarious convict.

In the vicinity of tubular corals; swirling waves intermittently dismantling the
tentacles of potbellied octopus,
In an ingratiating serene provided by the unrelenting froth; gently permeating
the sands,
In an ensemble of entwined bushes; with protruding and spongy thorns,
In a myriad of rising bubbles; trying incessantly to reach the surface of gigantic
sea,
Resides the scintillating and slime coated; incorrigibly virgin oyster.

In an ocean of honey; with sticky droplets of pure nectar oozing out,
In a network of dilapidated pillars; sometimes profoundly tall trees,
In direct confrontation with stringent light from the sun; uncouthly heating its
periphery,
In a constant pandemonium; of cacophonous noise compounded with incoherent
buzzing,
Resides the delectably boisterous and poignant; small bodied humming bee.

In a surrounding of indiscriminate violence; massacring of the impeccably
innocent,
In the hearts of ruthless assassins; butchering the needy for fat wads of
currency,
In a nation with incidences of rampant bloodshed; headed by a fleet of power
hungry politicians,
In a world where there are nuclear wars; on the spurious grounds of caste and
creed,
Resides a feeling of utter abhorrence; embedded with the perennial virtue of
hatred.

In the sacrosanct walls of heaven; emollient with the scent of divinity,
In the dormitories of unprejudiced justice; profusely besieged by equality
towards all,
In a land replete with mystical fairies; an immortal paradise to exist forever,
In the visage of omnipotent power; unprecedented empathy towards distressing
pain,
Resides the stupendously omnipresent who created this earth; the one whom we
christen by the sacerdotal name of creator.

And in the aisles of desire; languishing in the corridor of blissful romance,
In the tunnel of unceasing fascination; juxtaposed with webs of unparalleled
imagination,
In a cascade of silken follicles; nimbly caressing her holistic back,
In the cage of uninhibited pleasure; drowning me incredulously in the moistness
of her breath,
Resides my ravishing and marvelously enchanting; immaculate beloved.

5. WOULD YOU EVER BELIEVE

Would you ever believe if I called a nondescript table of teakwood; as a vivacious
bird soaring high in the sky,

Would you ever believe if I called a ruffled sheet of paper; as a chunk of
glittering gold,

Would you ever believe if I called a grandiloquent watch embodied with
diamonds; as a lump of bedraggled stone,

Would you ever believe if I called a mountain of compacted mud; as a
switchboard of pugnacious electricity,

Would you ever believe if I called a resplendent rainbow in the sky; as a
broomstick with incongruous bristles,

Would you ever believe if I called a rusty canister of dilapidated iron; as a
mesmerizing rose growing in the garden,

Would you ever believe if I called a pink tablet of luxury soap; as a mosquito
hovering acrimoniously in the cloistered room,

Would you ever believe if I called a boat rollicking merrily on the undulating

waves; as a rustic jungle spider,

Would you ever believe if I called a valley profusely embedded with snow; as an unscrupulous dog on the street,

Would you ever believe if I called a pair of luscious lips; as a disdainfully fetid shoe,

Would you ever believe if I called a fluorescent rod of light; as a jagged bush of cactus growing in the sweltering desert,

Would you ever believe if I called the blazing sun; as a pudgy bar of delectable chocolate,

Would you ever believe if I called an angular sculptured bone; as acid bubbling in a swanky bottle,

Would you ever believe if I called a scintillating oyster; as an inarticulate matchstick coated with lead,

Would you ever believe if I called a cluster of bells jingling from the ceiling; as a sordid cockroach philandering beside the lavatory seat,

Would you ever believe if I called a fruit of succulent coconut; as a dead mans morbid tooth,

Would you ever believe If I called a steaming cup of filter coffee; as gaudily colored water emanating from the street fountains,

Would you ever believe if I called the majestic statue of a revered historian; as a slab of tangy peanut butter,

Would you ever believe if I called a vibrant shirt; as a protuberant pigeon discerningly pecking its beak at grains scattered on the floor,

Would you ever believe if I called a flocculent bud of cotton; as a camouflaged lizard transgressing through wild projections of grass,

Would you ever believe if I called a photograph depicting the steep gorges; as a gutter inundated with obnoxious sewage,

Would you ever believe if I called a lanky giraffe; as a convict nefariously lurking

through solitary streets of the city,

Would you ever believe if I called a pair of flamboyant sunglasses; as a weird tattoo to be adhered to the chest,

Would you ever believe if I called a chicken's egg; as logs of sooty charcoal abundantly stashed in the colossal warehouse,

Would you ever believe if I called a biscuit replete with golden honey; as a ominously slithering reptile in the jungles,

Would you ever believe if I called a bald man possessing a profoundly tonsured scalp; as a gas balloon floating in insipid air,

Would you ever believe if I called a ring embellished with crystal diamonds; as an inconspicuous and distorted metallic pin,

Would you ever believe if I called a crimson crested parrot; as a tray containing frozen ice,

Would you ever believe if I called a glass made of pallid plastic; as a gargantuan well flooded with water and dead frogs,

Would you ever believe if I called wooden beams dangling from the ceiling; as finely squelched juice of red radish,

Would you ever believe if I called an articulately painted canvas; as slime coated fossil lying in close proximity with the seabed,

Would you ever believe if I called a diminutive tadpole; as a fortified wall commensurately aligned with burnt bricks,

Would you ever believe if I called a mammoth elephant; as rotten pulp of mango being tossed indiscriminately on the street,

Would you ever believe if I called a truck inundated with cumbersome machines; as an aromatic seed of plant,

Would you ever believe if I called a sheet of crisp paper; as a rubicund fruit of juicy plum,

Would you ever believe if I called a trouser of jaded jeans; as a greeting card

fudged with scores of ostentatious lines,

Would you ever believe if I called a ravishing pair of eyelashes; as a disheveled pantry inhabited with clusters of stray mice,

Would you ever believe if I called a dazzling yellow helmet; as a preposterously huge whale of the ocean,

Would you ever believe if I called a piquant stick of chili; as an animated butterfly fluttering at low heights from the ground,

Would you ever believe if I called a hideously black rope; as a mushroom sizzling in the blistering oven,

Would you ever believe if I called a magazine of lead bullets; as an avalanche of snow plummeting down the mountain at turbulent speeds,

Would you ever believe if I called an incredibly cool air-conditioner; as a curry of decayed cream lying obsolete in the garbage heap,

Would you ever believe if I called a scintillating tooth; as a big toe of a striped panther,

Would you ever believe if I called a jazzy strip of belt; as a corrugated assemblage of tree roots,

Would you ever believe if I called a slate of pure chalk; as a tier floating harmlessly in water,

Would you ever believe if I called a chain with infinite loops; as a graveyard sprawled with morbid coffins,

Would you ever believe if I called a pot bellied tortoise; as a languid peel of paint hanging lackadaisically from the nondescript wall,

Would you ever believe if I called a shimmering coin of currency; as a zany zebra galloping at whirlwind speeds through the desert,

Would you ever believe if I called a bottle of inebriating rum; as a frigid contact lens agglutinated to the eye,

Would you ever believe if I called sacrosanct religion; as licentious profanity,

Would you ever believe if I called candid truth; as a profoundly blatant lie,

Would you ever believe if I called the omniscient personality of God; as a perniciously diabolical devil,

And would you ever believe if I called True Love; as a spurious product of imagination; a frivolous case of casual infatuation

6. PLEASE DON'T MIND

Please don't mind if I visited your dwelling wearing battered shoes; with my lace obnoxiously sprawled across and a myriad of holes blatantly visible in my socks, As I had poignant reflections of your face circulating in my dreams; was prepared to leap in blistering fires at the slightest of insinuation you gave me.

Please don't mind if the shirt clinging tautly to my silhouette had a plethora of wrinkles; abhorrent blotches of black sweat appeared on the collar, As I perceived you to be the most wonderful person in the world; would take all those daggers hurled at you; directly on my bare chest.

Please don't mind if my hands were coated with slimy grease; incongruous stubs of nails extruded from my fingers, As I uttered your celestial name with the first rays of evanescent dawn; was wholesomely ready to bear the brunt of rebukes passed on you by the uncouth society.

Please don't mind if I didn't possess dexterous eloquence to speak; the charisma of a prince incarcerated in my demeanor, As I unrelentingly fantasized about your mesmerizing voice all day; would consume even obdurate stones; if that is what you decided to serve me for nocturnal supper.

Please don't mind if my lips were profusely chapped; my teeth didn't display a scintillating shine, As I could spot your ingratiating smile amidst millions; would perennially stay close to your feet even if you mercilessly whipped me.

Please don't mind if I had unshaven cheeks; with clusters of incongruous hair protruding out in misalignment, As I would try my stupendous best to sequester you from the slightest of dust blowing; engulf your persona from all sides to protect you from the piercing cold.

Please don't mind if I walked incoherently; unable to emulate the articulate steps
of a jeweled prince,
As I would make sure your dainty feet refrained to touch the tainted earth;
carrying you wherever you went on my rubicund shoulders.

Please don't mind if I didn't embellish my neck with pearls; adorn my fingers with
dazzling gold,
As I would discriminate you from all opulent existing in this world; decimate all
those individuals who ever tried to purchase you.

Please don't mind if I didn't wear flamboyant sun shades over my eyes; went
rampantly philandering through undulating mountain slopes and wild territory,
As I would like you to use them as a pellucid mirror; every time you had the
insatiable urge to sight your face.

Please don't mind if I was oblivious to pulverizing my food with forks and knives;
blending and kneading it with my raw hands,
As I would make sure you ate the best of delicacies; would prepare delectably
appetizing meals for you with my very own hands.

Please don't mind if I emitted rambunctious snores while in deep slumber;
inundating the atmosphere with a profoundly sounding cacophonic buzz,
As I would see to it that you slept like a queen all night; safeguarding you
against ominous evil lurking in close proximity.

And please don't mind If I didn't have exorbitant wealth; biscuits of gold to eat
for breakfast; pools replete with resplendent silver to submerge my visage in,
As I would famish myself to bizarre limits; wholesomely ensuring you were
gratified every moment; tears of unprecedented ecstasy dribbled incessantly
from your eyes; till the time you existed

7. IN ORDER TO BREAK THE MONOTONY

In order to break the monotony of the straight brick wall; aligned
commensurately with immaculately polished stone,
What I did was; to emboss its surface with vivid graffiti; pillage it with holes for
fresh air to ventilate through.

In order to break the monotony of the corrugated bar of steel; embedded deep in
the ground,
What I did was; to simply curve its periphery to a high pitched angularity; let my

saliva dribble over its surface to make it glisten.

In order to break the monotony of the newly ironed shirt; suspended from the drawers; with buttons tightly imprisoned,
What I did was; to crumple it in a heap; submerge it in a pool of perspiration for the natural scent to take over.

In order to break the monotony of plaited hair; stringently incarcerated beneath a plastic bag,
What I did was; to shampoo them vigorously till my hands ached; dexterously use my scissors to chisel them into incoherent shapes.

In order to break the monotony of nondescript chunks of clay; lying amalgamated in colossal heaps,
What I did was; to adroitly mould a swanky statue out of them; then painting the same with gaudy color.

In order to break the monotony of bland food lying solitary on the table; with a cluster of disdainful flies buzzing around,
What I did was; to impregnate it by adding pinches piquant chili; heaps of pulverized rock salt for imparting the meal with a ravishing flavor.

In order to break the monotony of rectangular granules of sugar; stashed agglutinated to each other in the pellucid bottle,
What I did was; finely crush them into crystalline powder; sprinkling them on molten ice; making them shimmer under the moon.

In order to break the monotony of the nonchalant room; well embellished with exquisite carpets; and mammoth curtain shades camouflaging the windowpanes,
What I did was; to install wacky gizmos all around the ambience; and let sizzling rays of sunshine fumigate the cloistered interiors.

In order to break the monotony of incessant sheets of glass; riveted firmly to the silhouette of dressing table,
What I did was; shatter them into multiple fragments using a sharp stone; then ludicrously laughed at my grotesquely distorted reflection, which emanated.

In order to break the monotony of the placid river; flowing languidly from bank to bank,
What I did was; to voraciously move my fishing rod in the water; thereby producing a flurry of mesmerizing ripples.

In order to break the monotony of work; unrelenting browsing through scores of office records,
What I did was; to take a brisk walk along the seaside; with the frothy waves delectably striking my weary eyes.

And in order to break the monotony of my heart; palpitating at regular speeds all throughout the sweltering day,
What I did was; to marry the girl of my dreams; and then philander with her in a space rocket; exuberantly making it throb a hundred beats faster.

8. NOSTALGIA

The fish slithering in the claustrophobic swimming tank; had a nostalgia for swirling waters of the gargantuan ocean,

The flower sprouting from the cloistered pot; had a nostalgia for growing in farm soil; with an ambience of wind blowing tenaciously,

The spider crawling in dingy corners of the dilapidated mansion; had a nostalgia for traversing through vivacious threads of web; dangling from trees in the amazon forest,

The crimson beaked bird incarcerated in grilled cage; had a nostalgia for flapping its wings exuberantly in the sky,

The blistering lava imprisoned at unprecedented depths beneath the ground; had a nostalgia to fulminate into infinite fountains in fresh air,

The globules of fat moisture trapped in ominous thunder clouds; had a nostalgia for cascading down rampantly in the form of glistening rain,

The biscuits of glittering gold embedded in dilapidated dungeons; had a nostalgia for; people admiring them in dazzling rays of the sun,

The lifeless panther embodied in the mammoth photograph; had a nostalgia for coming out alive; open his jaws in a domineering growl,

The blind man traversing on the streets with a disdainful stick; had a nostalgia for sighting the world; fantasizing it in its most stupendous form ever,

The battalion of frogs in the solitary and deep well; had a nostalgia for bathing in pools of monsoon water,

The hunch backed camel trespassing through the crowded city streets; had a nostalgia for wandering languidly in the sandy desert,

The diminutive flames of wax candle stifling with the slightest of breeze; had a nostalgia for being the escalating flames of a crackling fire,

The granules of white salt jailed tightly in pellucid bottles; had a nostalgia for being sprawled on the saline sea shores,

The scientists stalling for time on marshy soil; had a nostalgia every minute for inhabiting the opalescent moon,

The tones of noxious gas encapsulated in an inflated balloon; had a nostalgia for whistling past the air at lightening speeds,

The pallid milk stored in canisters of rusty iron; had a nostalgia for oozing out from blossoming teats of the sacrosanct cow,

The people residing in alien countries; had a nostalgia for returning back as quickly as possible to blend with their native mud,

The orphaned child wailing incoherently on the dusty roads; had a nostalgia for embracing his departed mother,

And every palpable entity treading on this earth; had a nostalgia for finding its soul mate; languishing in the aisles of desire and perpetual relationship; till the time it inhaled air and blissfully existed.

9. CAN YOU FIND ME

Can you find me a wave; which does not wet the sandy shores even after nimbly striking them,

Can you find me a lavender lotus; which does not emanate fragrance even after ripening to a full blossom,

Can you find me a solitary patch of cloud in the sky; which does not shower inclement rain; even after acquiring shades of hideous black,

Can you find me a stone; which does not produce a clanging noise even after colliding thunderously with the obdurate ground,

Can you find me a snake; which does not bare its venomous fangs; even after getting intensely provoked,

Can you find me a chunk of rosewood; which does not decay; even after being submerged incessantly in fetid water,

Can you find me a leech; which does not suck blood; even after clinging to naked patches of skin,

Can you find me a balloon; which does not get deflated; even after being pricked by a pointed iron needle,

Can you find me a crystal diamond; which does not shine; even after being vigorously polished,

Can you find me a globule of white sugar; which does not impart a sweet taste; even after being tenaciously chewed,

Can you find me a spider; which does not spin its silken web; even after being placed in a cozy ambience of densely foliated trees,

Can you find me a cardigan; which does not provide warmth in winter; even after being stitched with fibers of pure sheep wool,

Can you find me a spring; which incorrigibly refrains to compress; even after application of unrelenting pressure,

Can you find me a matchstick; which flounders to ignite; even after brushing against the surface of acerbic crusty paper,

Can you find me a shoe; which does not leave a footprint; even after scrupulously transgressing the wet earth,

Can you find me a tomato; which does not erupt into multiple fragments of red; even after squashing it savagely with feet,

Can you find me a rotund marble; which does not roll; even after being left on an impeccably smooth floor,

Can you find me a pellucid mirror; which does not reflect beams of white light; even after holding it stringently beneath the scintillating sun,

Can you find me a building; whose foundations do not dither; even after facing the onslaught of the tumultuous earthquake,

Can you find me a river; which does not rambunctiously flow; even after plummeting down from the slope of the colossal mountain,

And can you find me a heart; which does not turbulently throb; even after witnessing the love of its life; the person it profoundly believes in.

10. WHEN I THOUGHT ABOUT THE WORLD

When I thought about the world from inside a squalid gutter; with an abhorrently fetid stench permeating into my nostrils,
I perceived it to be extremely dirty; with scraps of tarnished paper inhabiting every prevalent street.

When I thought about the world soaring high in the sky; circumvented by an ambience of silken clouds and birds,
I visualized it to be a tiny place; with inconspicuous structures projecting in scores from its trajectory.

When I thought about the world from beneath unfathomable depths of the ocean; an assemblage of salty water entrenching me in entirety,
I imagined it to be a profoundly wet place; with infinite spaces of land soaked in slippery liquid.

When I thought about the world standing in middle of the desert; sweltering winds blended with sand striking my persona tenaciously,
I conceived it to be an overwhelmingly dusty place; with people sweating profusely under dazzling rays of the sun.

When I thought about the world languishing in an island of redolent flowers; the mesmerizing odor of blossoming rose tickling me to high realms of sedation,
I cognized it to be a stupendously fragrant place; with every organism lurking on its soil diffusing astronomical amounts of scent.

When I thought about the world sitting in a factory of firecrackers; incredulous contraptions of dynamite exploding intermittently all around,
I pictured it to be a tumultuously noisy place; incorporated with individuals who yelled expending full capacity of their lungs; every time they felt the urge to speak.

When I thought about the world digging a coal mine thousands of feet below the ground; a ghastly darkness sequestering me from pragmatic reality,
I envisaged it to be an utterly gloomy place; with all animate residing enveloped by depression; and the sun incorrigibly refraining to shine.

When I thought about the world; lying surreptitiously hidden within the interiors of the government treasury; boundless clusters of crisp notes making it onerous for me to breathe,
I contemplated it to be inundated with money; school children scribbling finishing their assignments on currency sheets; instead of using plain paper.

When I thought about the world gallivanting through the dense forests; slithering reptiles transgressing ominously through the bushes; lethal alligators scrawling up the marshy swamps,
I assumed it to be a place impregnated with savage men; with rustic cakes of cow-dung adhered to house walls instead of conventional plaster.

And eventually when I thought about the world incarcerated in the arms of my beloved; the moistness in her breath virtually putting me off to sleep,
I imagined it to be an astounding paradise; with a harmonious synergy existing between the young; the old; and the deprived.

11. YOU AND I

You and I were as inseparable; as the calcium coated nail and its slender finger,

You and I were as inseparable; as the fleshy eyelid and its transparent eyeball,

You and I were as inseparable; as nostrils and their moist waves of breath,

You and I were as inseparable; as a conglomerate of entwined roots and their rustic tree stalk,

You and I were as inseparable; as perpetually pearly moon and its shine,

You and I were as inseparable; as the chamber of mouth and its crimson complexioned tongue,

You and I were as inseparable; as a person traversing the streets and his magnified shadow,

You and I were as inseparable; as the blossoming rose and its mesmerizing redolence,

You and I were as inseparable; as the colossal expanse of blue sky and its cotton wool of clouds,

You and I were as inseparable; as mammoth ocean waters and their dangerously swirling waves,

You and I were as inseparable; as the ominous looking panther and his thunderous growl,

You and I were as inseparable; as the vivaciously chirping bird and its pair of tender wings,

You and I were as inseparable; as the crusty bar of chocolate and its lingering sweetness,

You and I were as inseparable; as the fiery body of sun and its infinite numbers of dazzling rays,

You and I were as inseparable; as the robust mountain sheep and its tufts of furry skin,

You and I were as inseparable; as the celestial fairy and the unfathomable beauty circumventing her face,

You and I were as inseparable; as the candle and its incessantly burning flame,

You and I were as inseparable; as the loving mother and her newly born child,

You and I were as inseparable; as the venomous snake and its stream of lethal poison,

and you and i were as inseparable; as the Omnipresent Almighty; and his lakhs of disciples; residing in different quarters of earth.

12. UTTERING HER NAME

When I battered my fists against the acerbic strips of glass; infinite pores on my skin started to bleed profusely,

However when I did the same uttering her name; the glass broke into an ocean

of splinters; and my hand escaped unhurt without a scratch.

When I indignantly stopped my nose from inhaling breath; I let out marathon gasps after a few seconds,
However when I did the same uttering her name; I could hold on much longer in my deplorable attempt.

When I inscribed a jugglery of design with a knife on my bare chest; I felt capsized by tumultuous pain,
However when I attempted doing the same loudly chanting her name; the anguish seemed to vanish into thin wisps of oblivion.

When I tried masticating metal with my fortress of teeth; I swooned on the ground unconscious with a cluster of them strewn beside my scalp,
However when I proceeded to do the same whispering her mystical name; the disdainful metal transited to silken honey.

When I tried to pummel the wall boisterously striking my impetuous knuckles; my fingers contracted a series of multiple fracture,
However when I did the same uttering her name; the mighty wall broke and the bricks came tumbling down.

When I clambered the slippery slopes of the treacherous mountain; I lost my footing midway; hurtling down towards the earth head on,
However when I tried doing the same singing her name; the mountain summit looked like a piece of cake; and I conquered the same in flash seconds of time.

When I tried consuming vials of poison; indispensable blood froze abruptly in my veins; my silhouette lay numb; with a deathly blue incorporating my body,
However when I drank the same uttering her name; the venom converted itself into pure milk; and I bounced merrily with resplendent euphoria.

When I leapt from unprecedented heights of the edifice; I struck the earth with tremendous velocity; staying in perpetual coma for days,
However when I committed the same feat uttering her name; the ground I landed turned itself into spongy Dunlop; and I got rejuvenated by the through stimulation.

When I walked on blazing fires barefoot; the inner soles of my feet were rendered maim for the remainder of my life,
However when I executed the same calling her name; burning embers of the insidious fire felt like refrigerated ice; tickling my demeanor extravagantly.

I had lived all my life in blissful contentment; envisaging the beauty of her
mesmerizing fragrance,
And eventually when the time came to depart for my heavenly abode; I still
didn't feel the pain; as I faintly recited her sacrosanct name

13. SOMEWHERE

Somewhere in the boundless stacks of golden hay; there lies incorporated an
intricately pointed needle,

Somewhere in the sprawling fields of wild creepers; there exists the poignantly
scented rose,

Somewhere in the enormous barrels of lethal poison; there lies impregnated;
frugal pinches of profoundly sweet honey,

Somewhere in the arid land of the colossal desert; there lies a shimmering pool
of slippery oasis,

Somewhere in the ominous castle with dilapidated interiors; there lives the
mesmerizing and celestial fairy,

Somewhere in bland chunks of food; there lies embedded parsimonious fillings of
piquant salt,

Somewhere in the vast expanse of black charcoal board; there lies embodied
conspicuous lines of white chalk,

Somewhere in the midst of the mammoth ocean; there exists the preposterously
huge whale,

Somewhere in the conglomerate of disdainfully dusty stones; there lies
encapsulated the lustrous white pearl,

Somewhere in the field of hideously snaring reptiles; there exists an fur skinned
innocuous rabbit,

Somewhere in the assemblage of utensils producing a discordantly clanging
noise; there exists a perpetually silent pigeon feather,

Somewhere in the disheveled heap of blotted cloth; there lies a garment of

impeccable and glistening silk,

Somewhere in the mangles debris of blistering lava; there exists a ravishingly cool spring of crystalline water,

Somewhere amidst the ensemble of dead bodies incarcerated in stone coffins; there exists sporadic incidences of fresh life,

Somewhere in the midst of bedraggled urchins incessantly begging for alms; there lives a jeweled prince,

Somewhere in the smoldering ashes of crackling fire; there exists the newly born child,

Somewhere in the thick of intense corruption; abysmal incidences of unsurpassable lechery; there exists a solitarily honest man,

Somewhere in gruesome darkness for a million kilometers in the jungle; there exists a minuscule beam of stringent light,

Somewhere amidst a consortium of satanic devils trying to destroy the earth; there exists the omniscient creator,

And somewhere in this mundane world; with blood sucking individuals inhabiting every nook and cranny; there exists an unbiased girl who can love me like no one else ever did; making me feel every unfurling minute that I was alive.

14. COMPASSIONATELY IN LOVE

I saw her mesmerizing face in the walls; while pouring sizzling tea in my cup,
Although I soon realized that I was rampantly fantasizing; as the steaming liquid burnt my skin; spilling over the immaculate material of my trousers.

I saw her magnanimous silhouette in the rocks; while driving my car through circuitous routes of the valley,
Although I soon realized that it was a figment of my imagination; as the car swerved violently colliding with the hand rail; overlooking a few thousand feet into panoramic space.

I saw her jelly blue eyes while walking on each vehicle; while walking through the congested street,

Although I soon realized that I was dreaming under the sun; as compact cars whizzed inches from my body; leaving clouds of black smoke for me to inhale.

I saw her honey coated red lips in the wall; as I languidly strolled through the interiors of the mystical palace,

Although I soon realized that I was out of tangible senses; as I violently barged against the iron doors; tripping neatly over a jugglery of intricate furniture.

I saw her dainty feet embedded with jingling bells; as I sat peacefully at the precarious edge of the bridge,

Although I soon realized that I was drowned in a reverie; as I plummeted down; losing my stoical composure to blend with the chilly waters of the river.

I saw her ravishing hair flowing in the gentle breeze; as I ruminated on my past while cooking food,

Although I soon realized that I was romanticizing a bit too much; when eerie whistle of the pressure cooker inundated my sensitive ears.

I saw her smiling revealing her magnanimous teeth; while playing cricket with the sun god shining above my head,

Although I soon realized that I was in seventh heaven; when the hard ball struck me on my chin; giving my face a ghastly black swollen look.

I saw the vivacious outlines of her eyebrows; while writing my examinations,

Although I soon realized that I was wistfully perceiving; when the slender cane of my professor lashed stringently on my scalp.

I saw her rubicund cheeks embossed with blemishes; while lifting bulky weights in the gym,

Although I soon realized that I was intensely dreaming in the day; when the heavy bars landed with an abrupt thud on my chest.

I saw her in part and whole; throughout the monotonous day; in my dreams; and

in every person I met; irrespective of caste and creed,

Yes O! divine creator; you know as well as I do; the only reason behind my absurd behavior; was that I was compassionately in love.

15. THE THING

The thing as frigid as a dead follicle of hair; was indiscreet hatred,

The thing as disdainful as the bathroom cockroach; was illicit smuggling,

The thing as pale as the dilapidated wall; was overwhelming prejudice,

The thing as resplendent as the pearly moon; was a gregarious smile on the luscious lips,

The thing as morose as the broken branch of the tree; was tumultuous sorrow blended with grief,

The thing as transparent as the crystal mountain stream; was unsolicited truth,

The thing as bankrupt as a bedraggled beggar; was pugnacious enmity,

The thing as innocuous as the hazel eyed monkey; was the cry of a small child,

The thing as volatile as hot green chili; was immensely provoked anger,

The thing as sweet as freshly prepared nectar; was the voice of the benevolent propagating humanity,

The thing as blotted as the abysmally dark waters of the gutter; was indiscriminately brutal crime,

The thing as cold as frozen pulp of icecream; was blatant jealousy,

The thing as nostalgic as the oblivious past; was indefatigable fantasies of the brain,

The thing as sizzling as ravishing brown crustacean coffee; was stupendous exultation,

The thing as inflated as a gas balloon; was ostentatious pride,

The thing as appeasing as appetizing morsels of food; was philanthropic friendship which fortified by the minute,

The thing as vociferous as a barking dog; was insatiable hunger which arose sporadically in the stomach,

The thing as infinite as the boundaries of the emerald ocean; was ubiquitous humanity,

The thing as inevitably intoxicating as liquor; was unfathomable greed,

The thing as venomous as the sting of a scorpion; was racial discrimination,

The thing as preposterously huge as the impeccable dolphin; was empathy towards fellow beings,

The thing as starved as scorched sands of the desert; was the ominously diabolic devil,

And the thing as impeccable as white pearls impregnated in oyster shells; as effusive as thunderous rain pelting down; was perpetual love.

16. IMPRISONED

I had dirt imprisoned in my nails; which seemed all the more abashing when I stood in the limelight; confronting public,

I had scores of dandruff imprisoned in my scalp; prompting me to inevitably scratch; although it blended strikingly with my black coat,

I had tumultuous strength imprisoned in my clenched fists; having stupendous power to decimate impostors swindling the innocent,

I had eloquence imprisoned in my throat; which made me chant melodious rhymes
of synchronized music,

I had tenacity imprisoned in my emphatic eyes; which possessed the prowess to melt the supremely intransigent,

I had a frivolous smile imprisoned in my luscious lips; which seemed all the more profound; when I encountered ravishing beauty,

I had a jugglery of obdurate muscle imprisoned in my legs; enabling me to traverse long distance in acerbic sun; bereft of a vehicle,

I had millions of hair imprisoned in my skin; cushioning me from uncouth blows of the society,

I had salubrious blood imprisoned in my intricate veins; instilling in me the strength to sustain life,

I had a crimson pink tongue imprisoned in my mouth; granting me the indispensable ability of speech,

I had a bulky wallet imprisoned in my trouser pocket; making me feel despicable; when I stripped it of its currency,

I had a flamboyant horse imprisoned in my stables; on which I used to sit and gallivant through the mountains,

I had infinite lines imprisoned at the back of my palm; which audaciously portrayed my destiny to unleash,

I had unfathomable cells imprisoned in my finely chiseled brain; blessing me with the capacity to decode the most baffling of enigmas,

I had golden droplets of sweat imprisoned in my armpits; inundating the placid surroundings with unbearable stench,

I had tones of air imprisoned in my inflated lungs; which made me breathe; relish every unveiling second of life,

I had yellow enamel camouflaging my teeth; making it impossible for me to smile,

I had nostalgic memories imprisoned in my subconscious mind; as I ruefully reminisced all those moments when I was young,

And most importantly; superseding all things; I had her love imprisoned in my heart; which bestowed upon me the impetus to blissfully live; fight for justice in this nonchalant world.

17. I WOULD CONSIDER MYSELF THE RICHEST

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed the eyes of truth,

Able to judiciously discriminate between; the good and obnoxiously evil inhabiting remote corners of the globe.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed egalitarian arms,
Ready to embrace those in severe affliction; without the baseless fear of getting stained and dirty.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed the power of mystical clairvoyance,
Able to prognosticate the ominous events to unveil; saving the earth from possible disaster.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed a phlegmatic voice,
Capable of pacifying those engulfed with inexplicable distress; put all children without parents to sleep.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I could leap from astronomical heights of the bridge into the river,
Save scores of innocuous children from drowning; embed their terrorized faces with mischievous smiles.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed feet which could withstand the most onerous of load,
Carry the ones crippled; making them witness the most mesmerizing avenues of the world.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed clusters of teeth capable of extracting venom;
Evacuating the most lethal of poison from the body of the dying; rejuvenating them with fresh doors of hope.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I possessed the prowess of assassinate the most evanescent of corruption prevailing,
Liberating the impoverished from impregnable clutches of slavery; granting them the supreme distinction of breathing free air.

I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I could stay awake all night;
Incessantly guarding those who were philanthropic; ever ready to propagate the benevolent cause of humanity.

And I would consider myself the richest man on earth; if I could possess and incarcerate the love I so vehemently desired,

Help all residing on land; to get the dream partner of their own choice.

18. THE PLATE OF LOVE

When there was appetizing fruit placed on a plate of scintillating silver; I didn't feel like eating,
I was a trifle too busy contemplating the price of the plate; though there was nothing wrong with the food.

When I was served immaculately ravishing noodles on a plate of pure gold; I didn't feel like eating,
I was afraid of impregnating blotches on the plate; when I caressed it with my bohemian hands; though there were pangs of hunger reverberating in my stomach.

When I was served a blend of Italian cheese and cucumber on a plate of crystal studded with diamonds; I didn't feel like eating,
I was intensely absorbed in decoding my reflection in the glistening jewels; though the sight of the delicacy made my mouth water.

When I was served a steaming curry of pungent soup on a plate of intricately chiseled marble; I didn't feel like eating,
I was heavily circumspect on staining the marble in the process of eating; though the concoction looked immensely sumptuous.

When I was served roasted almonds juxtaposed with honey on a plate of pure sapphire; I didn't feel like eating,
I was completely lost admiring the dazzling radiance of stone; though there were insatiable desires to tenaciously chew the same.

When I was served sliced onions wound with blood red radish on a plate of flocculent satin; I didn't feel like eating,
I was skeptical that its contents would spill over the sheets; though there was a niggling pain in my fingers to snatch the food.

When I was served a bunch of succulent violet grapes on a plate of exquisite rosewood; I didn't feel like eating,
I was mesmerized by the plethora of designs embossed in the wood; though there were grinding sensations in my fortress of teeth.

When I was served a chocolate brown plum cake strewn with cherry on a plate of

voluptuous lotus; I didn't feel like eating,
I was lost in the heavenly fragrance of the flower; though my mouth watered
unrelentingly like a starved pig.

When I was served simmering chicken transposed with green leaf on a plate of
snake leather; I didn't feel like eating,
I was enchanted by the satiny complexion of the skin; though my eyes popped
out of their sockets at witnessing the food.

And eventually when I was served a nutritious agglomerate of curd and rice on
a plate stitched with threads of our impregnable love; my beloved feeding me
with her dainty fingers,
I cupidly gobbled the same in no time; compensating for my previous failures;
food had never tasted so tasty before,
As it did when she fed me recounting tales of her childhood.

19. USE YOUR HEART

Use your nails to scratch stale paint from walls; peel off the rust from
indispensable commodities for survival,

Use your toes to poke someone frivolously in the ribs; hoist intricate pieces
of cloth strewn on the floor,

Use your eyes to distinguish between the sacrosanct and the devil; swirling
them rampantly in all directions to grasp the beauty of the universe,

Use your fingers to scribble infinite lines of literature; seize all those in
a vise like grip trying to massacre the law,

Use your legs to walk unrelentingly in the sun; indiscriminately kick all
those pernicious impediments that confront your way,

Use your nose to breathe in gallons of fresh air; detect fragrance and
obnoxious stench in the atmosphere with equality,

Use your arms to embrace all those afflicted with pain; profusely loving the
ones you cherish,

Use your teeth to scrupulously masticate food; evacuate lethal poison from
innocuous skin bitten by snake,

Use your brain to decipher baffling enigmas of life; make planet earth a better place to inhabit,

Use your lips to produce philanthropic smiles; spread the ubiquitous message of congenial friendship,

Use your affluence to lead a luxurious life; showering the same on those engulfed with tumultuous distress and pain,

Use your power to assassinate evil from its faintest trace; fighting incessantly for those oppressed in the society,

Use your ears to decode the minutest of sound; inundate barren arenas of your soul with melodious music,

Use your hair to cushion the impact of blows on your scalp; letting it glisten in the sunlight to impart warmth,

Use your blood to save someone on the threshold of death; donating it in bountiful amounts to those who require it the most,

Use your breath to tickle the grass blades; impregnate the chilly ambience with loads of passionate energy,

Use your bones to work tirelessly; executing them meticulously to their complete potential,

Use your voice to pacify the hot blooded; propagating the message of peace with tenacity,

Use your life to achieve and construct and discover; procreating your progeny to serve humanity with grace,

And use your heart to uninhibitedly love; inculcate the spirit of perpetual caring in the ones you ever encounter.

20. WE STILL LOVED EACH OTHER

We hurled a volley of expletives at each other; while conversing over the phone,

Severely ostracizing our movements; our conservative attitude towards

society,

Threw fluffy pillows; rolling pins; scattered debris; virtually all that came
in our hands at each other,

Tore apart our scalp hair in exasperation; slapping each other on the rubicund
cheek,

Grimaced our teeth like the most ominous of fortress; clenching our fists in
indignation,

Stared unrelentingly like diabolical demons; refraining to whisper the
slightest of sound,

Spat uncouthly at each other; our hands interlocked in a vindictive brawl,

Made abhorrent designs of each other; rampantly inscribing them on the cold
floor,

Kicked uncontrollably while in the car; banging our heads against the
windshield,

Spilled scalding tea deliberately on each other; burning dainty pores in our
skin,

Glanced indifferently towards each other; pretending to be nonchalant
strangers,

Scoffed haughtily inhaling long gasps of breath; insipidly kicking small
stones that confronted our way,

Wailed discordantly with fervor; looking at each others faces,

Sat poles apart on the dining table; secretly wishing to dance under the
enchanted moon,

Drew lines vindictively on the sands; as we strolled languidly on the slippery
beach,

Pummeled each other in the ribs; at the slightest provocation; as our tempers
soared to dizzy heights,

Paced up and down the length of the house; occasionally banging the walls in intense infuriation,

Tossed and turned irritably on the king poster bed; unable to go to blissful sleep,

Deliberated for marathon hours on the trot; on inconspicuous issues; expending great energy from our intricate lungs,

But the remarkable thing was; that even after all this we still remained the best of friends; immensely enjoyed and wistfully longed for each others company,

And at the end of the acrimonious day; forgave and acutely loved each other.

21. WHERE THERE IS LOVE

Where there is bountiful grass; sprawling meadows of leafy foliage,
There roam about rustic cattle and goat; painstakingly chewing the cud; relishing the appetizing meal.

Where there is superfluous water; rambunctious streams of crystal liquid,
There reside sweet and succulent fish; bathing incessantly in the splashing currents; procreating several of their kind.

Where there is a nest of enmeshed twigs; fortified with slender sticks of intricate wood and thorn,
There lives the protuberant sac bird; which pacifies its gluttony devouring insects; lays eggs diligently with the passing seasons.

Where there is fetid sewage floating in gutter water; a conglomerate of dilapidated debris loosely strewn about,
There lives the disdainful cockroach; spreading a host of deadly infection and disease.

Where there is the colossal mountain with jagged slopes; a battalion of deciduous trees projecting rampantly in tandem,
There lives the grizzly bear which dexterously glides through darkened tunnels; along with tones of silver snow.

Where there is slippery sand on the beach; blended with multiple cocoons of hollow space,

There lives the gray bodied venomous crab; flexing its noxious tentacles intermittently; to sting innocuous flesh.

Where there is a jugglery of boiled sweets lying orphan on the floor; with a tantalizing aroma wafting in the air,
There lives the red ant in infinite scores; hungrily crunching its meal; pulverizing it to finely chiseled soft powder.

Where there is the honey combed hive sighted at unprecedented heights from the ground; adhering compactly to the building wall,
There lives the honeybee boisterously oozing honey from its body; blending superbly with the golden color.

Where there is overwhelming poverty; an atmosphere of bedraggled misery compounded with heaps of tribulation,
There live nefarious hoodlums; driven by the fervent urge to steal; due to scarcity of funds and fodder.

Where there is darkness camouflaged with pallid gloom; the ambience punctuated with mystical myths,
There lives baseless fear; individuals who unwittingly shirk away from society.

And where there is perennial love; philanthropic attitude to embrace the afflicted with thorough equanimity,
There lives god and there also lives life; ripening every unleashing minute; creating humans impregnated with immortal bliss.

22. THE THING I FEARED THE MOST

When I transgressed through the soil of scorching desert; with the sun blazing down my nape in full radiance,
The thing I feared the most was the insatiable desire for water; which kept overpowering me when I knew there were no resources available.

When I was sleeping blissfully in the night; with mystical reveries besieging my mind,
The thing I feared the most; was rambunctious noise jolting me wide awake from my celestial siesta.

When I was chopping the trunk of corrugated tree; utilizing the full tenacity of my wrists,
The thing I feared the most; was the blade of my axe acquiring incongruous rust; emancipating its sharpness.

When I was swimming through placid waters of the river; with lavender coated petals of lotus drifting past my nose,
The thing I feared the most; was turbulent waves pervading the still waters;
disrupting the synchrony of my swim.

When I was traveling up the monumental edifice in an elevator; sighting spacious dwellings now as condensed matchboxes,
The thing I feared the most; was the intricate coil of lift brusquely snapping; and the contraption hurling at full speeds towards the stony ground.

When I was driving my car at swashbuckling speeds through picturesque slopes; feasting my eyes on a backdrop of panoramic waterfalls,
The thing I feared the most; was the twin brakes failing and the automobile wildly careening into the treacherous valley.

When I was nibbling rustic berries; plucking them in clusters from the vivaciously swirling jungle tree,
The thing I feared the most; was the likelihood of the fruit being savagely poisoned; having the ghastly potential of causing death.

When I embellished my persona with grandiloquent slabs of glittering gold; wore jingling necklaces studded with an armory of scintillating diamonds,
The thing I feared the most; was the brutal onslaught of robbers viciously tearing apart my wealth.

When I diligently working on the contemporary computer; with the fluorescent light of the screen infiltrating my eyes,
The thing that I feared the most; was a host of obnoxious virus permeating the software; assassinating all the files I had scrupulously stored.

When I was shivering incessantly in winter winds; the partition of my teeth clattering inevitably,
The thing I feared the most; was the snow precipitating from the skies; exacerbating my condition still further.

And when I was with my beloved; encompassed in the warmth of her arms; the essence of her breath inundating me with unprecedented happiness,
The thing I feared the most; was the creator taking her far away from me; as I knew there was no other power existing on earth; that could try and possibly separate us.

23. THE BISCUIT OF LOVE

When I consumed a fat biscuit of mud; trying to masticate it fervently with my angular teeth,
I simply failed to succeed; the mud impregnated a bitter taste in my mouth;
and I inevitably puked out the curry with anguished sighs and gasps.

When I devoured a biscuit of stone; gulping It down with a glassful of mineral water,
My stomach felt a trifle uneasy trying hard to accept this alien food; and it finally came out intact and composite; a few hours after I painstakingly expurgated my bowels.

When I chewed a biscuit of royal gold; endeavoring to soften it with the slimy layer of my saliva,
Horrendous feelings of wasting currency engulfed my mind; and I immediately spewed out the biscuit; trying to retain its natural contour and shine.

When I ate a rotund biscuit of condensed chocolate; replete with bountiful fillings of sweet candy,
I felt good in the beginning; but my felicity soon transited into dismay; when the blood report indicated that I had astronomically high levels of sugar.

When I tasted a piquant biscuit of green chili; blended commensurately with garlic powder,
I rampantly screamed as if stabbed by a thousand burnt needles; scampered like never before to the nearest source of portable water.

When I put a biscuit of almond soap in my mouth; there was gargantuan froth produced as a manifestation,
Infinite bubbles elastic in texture now emanated whenever I opened my mouth; and there was an insurmountable urge in my persona to thoroughly cleanse my tongue.

When I languidly placed a biscuit of frozen snow in my mouth; the complexion of my face transformed to a scarlet crimson,
Unfathomable clusters of taste died there itself; and I felt gruesome shivers cascading down my spine.

When I attempted to gnaw at a biscuit of rusty iron; there was tumultuous force exerted on my teeth,

They finally buckled under the intractable pressure; leaving rivulets of sticky blood oozing from my lips.

When I feverishly tried to eat a biscuit of compressed honey; there was an infectious sweetness that enveloped my mouth,
But when I got up in the morning after a contended nights sleep; there was a battalion of red ant crawling all over; inserting their tiny pincers in my flesh.

And eventually when I consumed the biscuit of love; which was stitched meticulously by her; with threads of our perpetual love,
My body felt profoundly rejuvenated; all the dreariness seemed to have evaporated into thin air; and it was now that I felt that I was invincible; beyond the inexplicable limits of this world.

24. WHEN I WANDERED THROUGH THE LANE OF LOVE

When I philandered through the winding lanes of the mountain; I encountered an assemblage of vivacious trees and nimble rabbit,

When I strolled through lanes of the dense jungle; I encountered a maze of cloistered passage along with white water streams,

When I audaciously walked through lanes of freezing ice-cream; I encountered tenacious currents of cold; that made me shiver,

When I vehemently transgressed through lanes of roaring fire; I encountered blistering flames; which almost charred me to inconspicuous ash,

When I sedately trespassed through lanes of blossoming flower; I encountered clusters of humming bee; with a mesmerizing fragrance circumventing my nostrils,

When I skeptically languished through lanes of the mental asylum; I encountered a fleet of barbaric madmen; trying to snatch the last ounce of breath from my persona,

When I gleefully floated in the satiny lanes of the cotton clouds; I encountered brilliant sunshine blended with showers of inclement rain,

When I loitered aimlessly through sandy lanes of the desert; I encountered acrimonious heat; sapping the last resources of hidden energy from my body,

When I ambled laboriously through sequestered lanes of the gigantic tunnel; I encountered gruesome darkness that sent uncanny chills down my spine; made me nostalgically long for Sunshine,

When I ran at fast pace across lanes of slippery beach sands; I encountered poignant froth juxtaposed with fiery salt smashing across my eyes,

When I gallivanted on horseback through the lanes of the rustic farm; I encountered the ravishing aroma of corn; listened attentively to the intricate dribbling of milk from cow teats,

When I crawled like a new born child through the lanes of surreal fantasy; I encountered scores of fairies; a blissful paradise where god resided,

When I marched through the lanes of disdainful hatred; I encountered disparaging corruption; the savage discrimination of my fellow mates,

When I pervaded across ghastly lanes of hell in the sky; I encountered satanic demons relishing blood from dead carcass of humans,

When I intransigently marauded through lanes of the underground dungeon; I encountered hidden gold; with a scorpion occasionally drifting down my neck,

When I jogged through crowded lanes of the mundane city; I encountered hostile traffic; and obnoxious clouds of smoke prompting me to deafeningly sneeze,

When I roamed through lanes of illicit crime; I encountered a township of bloodshed; brutal massacres of the innocent,

And eventually when I wandered through the lane of uninhibited love; I hereby found the perpetual heaven that I was so frantically searching for.

25. IF I WERE YOUR HEART

If I were the blood circulating through your veins; I would incessantly flow without respite,
Unrelentingly purifying contaminated zones of your body; ensuring that you were perennially in a state of blissful health.

If I were your intricate ears; I would make sure you heard the most inconspicuous of sound as long as the sun shone in the sky,
Would inundate your mind with melodious sounds; mesmerizing reveries; the

moment you went off to sleep.

If I were your emphatic eyes; I would make sure that you discriminate between the omnipresent good and evil,
Would make you stringently aware of the perils lurking beside you; bestow upon you the power to prognosticate the future yet to unveil.

If I were your pair of dainty feet; I would make sure you traversed scrupulously through the entire globe,
Saw the most astounding of palaces; the most enticing of sapphire oceans; without suffering from the slightest of exhaustion.

If I were your robust hands; I would make sure that you successfully clambered up the colossal mountain,
Wrote exquisite lines of enchanting music; tenaciously decimated all those who ever tried to torment you.

If I were your rotund belly; I would make sure you digested your food to meticulous perfection,
Bore a battalion of impeccable children as you desired; without the tiniest of anguish and tribulation.

If I were your silken hair; I would make sure that I glistened ravishingly in full rays of the sun,
Keep myself bereft of abhorrent dandruff flakes; so that you never felt the need to vehemently scratch.

If I were your rosy tongue; I would make sure that you spoke with a perfect blend of eloquence,
Sedately swishing inside your mouth; saving you on umpteenth occasions from the tyranny of your chiseled teeth.

If I were your conglomerate of bones; I would make sure that you never felt dreary; even after marathon hours of work,
Fought like an indefatigable soldier; when the question arose of defending your persona your true integrity.

And by magnanimous stroke of fortune If I were your heart; I would command you to throb; only when you witnessed me,
Instruct you to love me as uninhibitedly; as much as I fanatically wanted to possess you.

26. BREAKING BARRIERS

In order to reach the stupendously astronomical summit of the mountain; you needed to break the barriers of skepticism,

In order to achieve the unlimited; you needed to break the barriers of pompously inflated ego,

In order to swim intrepidly against the treacherously swirling storm; you needed to break the barriers of curled introversion,

In order to nose dive from the realms of the clouds without a parachute on your skin; you needed to break the barriers of inexplicably lingering fear,

In order to trespass through a blanket of vindictively flaming thorns; you needed to break the barriers of trembling nervousness,

In order to sing in front of the threateningly menacing dinosaur; you needed to break the barriers of profuse timidity,

In order to put your fingers into the sharks mouth; you needed to break the barriers of insurmountable pain,

In order to beg on the boisterously streaming streets; you needed to break the barriers of profound embarrassment,

In order to drink back tears of poignant blood; you needed to break the barriers of devastating sadness,

In order to inundate a barren ocean of paper with infinite lines of supremely spell binding literature; you needed to break the barriers of inferiority complex; embedded in the veins,

In order to meditate relentlessly all night and day in front of the Almighty Lord; you needed to break the barriers of unfathomably overpowering desire,

In order to dig your own grave when in fact you were blissfully living; you needed to break the barriers of greedy existence,

In order to talk like an unflinching prince in front of the prolifically augmenting audience; you needed to break the barriers of pertinently incessant retrospection,

In order to confront the unprecedented battalion of demons singlehanded; you needed to break the barriers of inevitably quavering hopelessness and despair,

In order to masticate the biscuits of obdurately impregnable steel; you needed to break the barriers of helpless apprehension,

In order to survive holistically amidst a planet deluged with barbaric wolves; you needed to break the barriers of pretentiously ostentatious dignity,

In order to breathe in an atmosphere bereft of the most inconspicuous trace of air; you needed to break the barriers of your punctured conscience,

In order to live up perpetually to the occasion called beautiful life; you needed to break the barriers of vehemently thoughtless denial,

And in order to love for times immemorial; immortally coalesce with the web of everlasting romance; you needed to break the barriers of the fluttering heart.

27. ASK MY LIFE

Ask my eyes; how much they missed her ingratiatingly mischievous smile,

Ask my nose; how much it missed her stupendously incarcerating and heavenly fragrance,

Ask my lips; how much they missed her voluptuously tangy tears,

Ask my hands; how much they missed her tantalizingly rubicund cheeks,

Ask my soul; how much it missed her majestically grandiloquent shadow,

Ask my hair; how much it missed the satiny caress of her divinely magical palms,

Ask my ears; how much they missed her incredulously melodious and mesmerizing voice,

Ask my brain; how much it missed her everlasting and profusely poignant festoon of memories and fantasies,

Ask my blood; how much it missed her unrelentingly volcanic desire; the infernos

of insatiable passion that she ignited; when she was at whisker lengths from my body,

Ask my tongue; how much it missed the insurmountably delectable outlines of her vivaciously boisterous nape,

Ask my abysmally fading countenance; how much it missed her unprecedented inspiration to propel unflinchingly forward in life,

Ask my signature; how much it missed her unfathomably charming impression; the tinge of her magnanimous authority between each impeccable alphabet,

Ask my bones; how much they missed her mystically intriguing footsteps; the astronomical rejuvenation they imparted to its deteriorating caricature,

Ask my sweat; how much it missed her rhapsodic heat; the flames of unparalleled desire which she evoked with just a single solitary stare,

Ask my stomach; how much it missed her unsurpassably celestial meals; the fathomless myriad of delicacies she prepared within flashes of minuscule seconds,

Ask my beard; how much it missed her euphorically fabulous nails; the astounding rawness with which she trace a trail of seduction through my unruly flesh,

Ask my breath; how much it missed her indomitable ardor to survive; her tenacity to face life; even in the most disastrously acrimonious of times,

Ask my heart; how much it missed her indefatigably throbbing beats; the tumultuous fervor in her pulse; that made me take infinite steps at a time,

And ask my life; how much it missed her immortal love; which was the sole reason that didn't let me die; even after she today; wasn't alive.

28. AS IF THE MOST ULTIMATE OF KINGS.

It might have been to viciously slander me; venomously dissolve me like a piece of frigid shit; an infinite kilometers well beneath the murderous corpses of all times,

It might have been to reproachfully lambaste me; treacherously blow me forever

and ever and ever away; into the graveyards of lethally stabbing and shriveled oblivion,

It might have been to sadistically comment upon my impoverished form; perennially ensure that it floated like the most lackadaisically frazzled carcass of misery; in between heaven and disparaging hell,

It might have been to decimate me beyond realms of holistic recognition; before devilishly feeding every ounce of my wretchedly decaying carrion; to the hideously scavenging and cold-blooded vultures,

It might have been to wholesomely defeat every trace of my tangible existence; compassionately beseech the most uncouthly truculent demons to excoriate me into a boundless bits of disastrously terrorizing nothingness,

It might have been to wantonly taint even the most unassailably righteous fabric of my harmonious survival; with the pathetically asphyxiating grime of dastardly lies,

It might have been to announce my loss in mind; body and jubilant form; to the trajectory of this fathomlessly enchanting planet; whereas I still exuberantly paraded in the aisles of indefatigably fructifying utopia,

It might have been to ghoulishly bemoan every bit of philanthropic goodness that I divulged into; salaciously dragging my name into the coffins of hedonistically flagrant corruption,

It might have been to deliriously torture every bounteously fantasizing fragment of my brain; with the inconsolably weeping broomsticks of tyrannizing malice,

It might have been to Spartanly order every rabid dog on this poignantly ubiquitous planet; to summon as quickly as possible near my innocuous face; and then intransigently bite the same as if there wasn't the slightest of sunset,

It might have been to unstopably ridicule me; make a blatantly intolerable parody about each of my weaknesses; to every organism effulgently breathing on planet divine,

It might have been to satanically deafen even the most infinitesimal of my senses; numb every gloriously conceivable movement of my nimble body; with the cries of outrageously maniacal extinction,

It might have been to unrelentingly drag me to the gallows of heartlessly maiming confinement; impugning me of the highest treason ever committed on earth; which I never ever die or could dream to do,

It might have been to mercilessly pounce upon every imaginable penny of my unflinching perseverance; wickedly burn the same into parasitically sordid flames of lecherous hatred,

It might have been to timelessly jinx every euphorically benign aspect of my existence; with the brutally ominous chains of nothingness and the lull of melancholic debauchery; which suddenly arouse after blissful life,

It might have been to violently molest every ingredient of my unimpeachable virginity; with the acrimoniously fetid dagger-heads of garrulously rancid war,

It might have been to metamorphose every bit of pricelessly inimitable truth in my soul; into the most atrociously degradable mortuary of sinfully beheading lies,

It might have been to perpetually snap the fangs of my symbiotically enthralling existence; and then bawdily suck all lifeless blood from my veins to be the most sanctimoniously strongest organism alive,

And I really didn't have the tiniest of insinuation as to what were your intentions everytime you opened your mouth for uttering my name; but believe me; everytime when you did actually whisper my name in your sensuously unparalleled voice; I felt the most pricelessly insuperable man alive; as if the most ultimate of Kings; on this unshakably limitless earth divine.

29. WHY DID I LOVE TO PERPETUALLY LOVE.

Why did I love eating exotically succulent fruit? Well it was solely because of the most gluttonously impoverished existence; of my pathetically tormented stomach.

Why did I love to profoundly empathize with every fraternity of despairing living kind? Well it was solely because of the most devastatingly parched existence; of my callously dried eyeballs.

Why did I love to intransigently fantasize? Well it was solely because of the most

deplorably famished existence; of my robotically truculent brain.

Why did I love to interminably adventure? Well it was solely because of the most penuriously irascible existence; of my restlessly wailing knees.

Why did I love to perseveringly perspire? Well it was solely because of the most haplessly disoriented existence; of my emotionlessly fretful armpits.

Why did I love to mellifluously sing? Well it was solely because of the most preposterously tyrannized existence; of my uncontrollably quavering throat.

Why did I love to timelessly sip upon mesmerizing streams of water? Well it was solely because of the most hedonistically despondent existence; of my unsurpassably parched tongue.

Why did I love to unendingly tantalize every of my goose-bump? Well it was solely because of the most fanatically delirious existence; of my venomously victimized skin.

Why did I love to invincibly sleep? Well it was solely because of the most parsimoniously subjugated existence; of my brutally pulverized and defeated nerves.

Why did I love to tirelessly procreate? Well it was solely because of the most unbelievably petulant existence; of my unstoppably overflowing virility.

Why did I love to victoriously dance? Well it was solely because of the most unceasingly agonized existence; of my pertinently imploring and restless legs.

Why did I love to hoist orphaned urchins to their destinations of compassionate comfort? Well it was solely because of the most inexorably beseeching existence; of my boisterously brimming shoulders.

Why did I love to unrelentingly roll in fields of rain soaked grass? Well it was solely because of the most unfathomably ignited existence; of my uxoriously lambasted thighs.

Why did I love to hear the most panoramically enigmatic sounds of mother nature? Well it was solely because of the most remorsefully bemoaning existence; of my treacherously starved ears.

Why did I love to indefatigably flirt in the aisles of pristine mischief? Well it was

solely because of the most bizarrely reverberating existence; of my enthrallingly mystical eyebrows.

Why did I love to majestically sketch? Well it was solely because of the most unabashedly slithering existence; of my relentlessly teasing and impetuously resonating fingers.

Why did I love to endlessly discover till even beyond the realms of infinity? Well it was solely because of the most wretchedly incarcerated existence; of my forlornly divested and monotonous soul.

Why did I love to insatiably breathe? Well it was solely because of the most hopelessly asphyxiated existence; of my disastrously shriveled and crinkled lungs.

And why did I love to perpetually and impregnably love? Well it was solely because of the most unflinchingly ardent existence; of every part; pore and beat of your divinely sensuous body; O! Omnipotent beloved.

30. NO NEW DEFINITIONS

When our lusciously poignant lips met; there were invincibly new definitions which were coined; of unconquerably triumphant and bountifully unlimited; desire,

When our immaculately benign eyes met; there were spell-bindingly new definitions which were coined; of pricelessly impregnable and beautifully untainted; empathy,

When our harmoniously eclectic fingers met; there were majestically new definitions which were coined; of victoriously enamoring and resplendently impeccable; artistry,

When our unabashedly blushing cheeks met; there were insuperable new definitions which were coined; of marvelously unprejudiced and piquantly unparalleled; excitement,

When our astoundingly sensitive eyelashes met; there were unbelievable new definitions which were coined; of wondrously unadulterated and pristinely immaculate; mischief,

When our effulgently burgeoning brains met; there were spectacular new definitions which were coined; of unconquerably redolent and timelessly evolving; fantasy,

When our uninhibitedly tantalizing feet met; there were unassailable new definitions which were coined; of ebulliently wild and inimitably discovering; adventure,

When our fantastically rubicund tongues met; there were incredulous new definitions which were coined; of imperially rekindling and indomitably endless; electricity,

When our incomparably princely palms met; there were revolutionary new definitions which were coined; of symbiotically enthralling and inscrutably titillating; destiny,

When our intricately flapping ears met; there were jubilant new definitions which were coined; of interminably enamoring and fabulously reinvigorating; sensitivity,

When our profoundly charged thighs met; there were undisputed new definitions which were coined; of undyingly mesmerizing and undefeatedly sparking; thunder,

When our voluptuously nubile navels met; there were unfettered new definitions which were coined; of unlimitedly charismatic and ubiquitously unshakable; sensuousness,

When our stupendously ravishing hair met; there were unbreakable new definitions which were coined; of serenely serendipitous and perennially seductive; heavenliness,

When our effervescently tender necks met; there were unchallengable new definitions which were coined; of everlastingly fructifying and universally melanging; compassion,

When our righteously humanitarian bloodstreams met; there were undefeated new definitions which were coined; of perpetually transcending and fragrantly spawning; humanity,

When our unprecedentedly aroused bellies met; there were irrefutable new definitions which were coined; of incorrigibly exuberant and handsomely

unperturbed; magnetism,

When our tenderly resonating spines met; there were intransigent new definitions which were coined; of tirelessly faithful and aristocratically augmenting; belonging,

When our passionately electrified bodies met; there were ever-pervading new definitions which were coined; of stupendously affable and unstoppably immeasurable; virility,

Whilst when our immortally throbbing hearts met; there were not the tiniest of new definitions coined; as our love was not a new thing at all for this human birth of ours; but had its most Omnipotent rudiments embodied deep within our innermost heartbeats; since an infinite previous births of ours; which had been in an unimaginably different spectrum of shapes and forms.

31. I'D PREFER TO LIVE; THAN DIE WITH ALONGWITH YOU.

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my sight; rather than maniacally blind both my eyes alongwith you; only so that I could sight ever single bit of panoramic space that we'd so blissfully frequented when we'd just triumphantly proposed; till I exhaled my very last and ardently philanthropic breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my artistry; rather than brutally chopping all my fingers alongwith you; only so that I could sketch you in your most royally resplendent shape and form; till I exhaled my very last and passionately ecstatic breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my voice; rather than lecherously massacre my throat alongwith you; only so that I could interminably sing and inundate the atmosphere with the praises of your eternally fructifying soul; till I exhaled my very last and poignantly enamoring breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my smile; rather than sacrilegiously marauding both my lips alongwith you; only so that I could bestow an indefatigably invincible volley of kisses upon every of footprint you left behind; till I exhaled my very last and effulgently handsome breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my perseverance; rather than preposterously freeze every droplet of my sweat alongwith you; only so that

I could endlessly strive forward to disseminate the ideals of your benign peace and love; till I exhaled my very last and iridescently effusive breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my hearing; rather than wretchedly slain both my ears alongwith you; only so that I could fervently hear the enchantingly inimitable cadence of your voice again and again; till I exhaled my very last and exuberantly redolent breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my tranquility; rather than wantonly surrender my soul alongwith you; only so that I could celestially imbibe the everlasting sweetness of our unshakably humanitarian relationship; till I exhaled my very last and supremely exultated breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my virility; rather than ridiculously massacre my genitillia alongwith you; only so that I could tirelessly impregnate every conceivable part of my flesh with your perennially venerated footprints; till I exhaled my very last and unbelievably ebullient breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my humanity; rather than insanely puke every droplet of my blood alongwith you; only so that I could embrace every tangible ounce of your beautifully lingering goodness; till I exhaled my very last and wondrously eclectic breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my adventure; rather than insidiously pulverize both my feet alongwith you; only so that I could wholeheartedly explore every fragrantly unconquerable trail that you left on planet divine; till I exhaled my very last and supremely undying breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my palms; rather than uncouthly erase my destiny lines alongwith you; only so that I could treasure every of my bounteously compassionate moment with you in my existence; till I exhaled my very last and victoriously blessed breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my hair; rather than barbarously tonsure my scalp alongwith you; only so that I could ravishingly float in the heavens of your silken sensuality; till I exhaled my very last and fantastically enamoring breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my titillation; rather diabolically silence every of my goose-bump alongwith you; only so that I could sense your miraculously ameliorating caress from even a billion kilometers away; till I exhaled my very last and emphatically mesmerizing breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my fantasies; rather than sinfully squelch my brain alongwith you; only so that I could perceive your majestically undefeatable form in an infinite different ways; till I exhaled my very last and unconquerably emollient breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my thirst; rather than devilishly torch my tongue alongwith you; only so that I could quell even the most inconspicuous of my desire by unstoppably uttering your name; till I exhaled my very last and unfathomably symbiotic breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my reinvigoration; rather than unthinkably asphyxiate my breath alongwith you; only so that I could celebrate the sky of your untainted freshness every unfurling instant; till I exhaled my very last and uninhibitedly jubilant breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my love; rather than indiscriminately behead each of my heartbeat alongwith you; only so that I could perpetually garner empathy in my eyes for every bit of your insuperable selflessness; till I exhaled my very last and magically mollifying breath,

I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my truth; rather than sadistically sell my conscience alongwith you; only so that I could infallibly propagate the simplicity of your benevolent existence; till I exhaled my very last and magnetically exultated breath,

And I'd irrefutably prefer to remain wholesomely intact with my life; rather than depressingly plunge into the mortuary of death alongwith you; only so that I could savor the unassailable valor of your princely existence; till I exhaled my very last and stupendously voluptuous breath.

32. HOMELESS- IN ALL MY MIND; BODY AND SOUL.

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my invincibly compassionate eyes; but strangely this left me haplessly and gruesomely blind in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my inimitably priceless lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my poignantly enamoring lips; but strangely this left me brutally and heartlessly infertile in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my bountifully celestial lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my indefatigably fantasizing

brain; but strangely this left me hopelessly and venomously robotic in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my spell-bindingly fructifying lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my unassailably masculine shoulders; but strangely this left me devastatingly and irretrievably weak in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my marvelously jubilant lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my majestically burgeoning destiny; but strangely this left me forlornly and lividly chanceless in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my triumphantly eclectic lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my effervescently chattering tongue; but strangely this left me torturously and unbearably silent in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my ecstatically infallible lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my euphorically adventurous feet; but strangely this left me worthlessly and wantonly monotonous in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my victoriously beautiful lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my vivaciously artistic shadow; but strangely this left me treacherously and tawdrily delirious in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my vibrantly inscrutable lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my ravishingly tantalizing belly; but strangely this left me blasphemously and egregiously famished in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my mystically resplendent lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my golden globules of sweating perseverance; but strangely this left me inexplicably and fetidly meaningless in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my unendingly exhilarating lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my mellifluously ardent throat; but strangely this left me maniacally and obliviously thirsty in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my fathomlessly exuberant lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my sensuously virile nape; but strangely this left me pathetically and forlornly impotent in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my eclectically magnanimous lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my symbiotically unconquerable blood; but strangely this left me disastrously and despicably inhuman in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my fantastically effulgent lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my mischievously unabashed eyebrows; but strangely this left me morbidly and amorphously paralyzed in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my spectacularly innovative lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my uninhibitedly liberated chest; but strangely this left me despondently and horrifically imprisoned in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of mysplendidly iridescent lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my extraordinarily sensitive ears; but strangely this left me gruesomely and intolerably deaf in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my blessedly enthralling lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my insuperably emollient conscience; but strangely this left me horribly and inconsolably lying in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my blissfully venerated lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my fierily undaunted nostrils; but strangely this left me intractably and forever dying in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my eternally undefeated lifetimes,

It was you who infact abruptly went away from my immortally unflinching heart; but strangely this left me hopelessly and horrendously infidel in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my beamingly chivalrous lifetimes,

And it was you who infact went away from my impregnably peerless dwelling; but strangely this left me perennially and unforgivably homeless in all my mind; body and soul; for an infinite more of my royally unfettered lifetimes.

33. IMMORTAL LOVE- IS IN GIVING HAPPINESS.

If indefatigably possessing your lover; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally fructifying love,

If stringently monitoring your lover at every step; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally compassionate love,

If giving unabashed freedom to your lover to do what she wants; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally burgeoning love,

If incarcerating your lover in chains of your fervently one-tracked obsession; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally truthful love,

If tirelessly dancing with your lover under the iridescently utopian moonlight; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally unshakable love,

If inconsolably weeping alongwith your lover whenever she felt distressed; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally invincible love,

If eating every meal of yours shared in your lover's rustic plate; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally transcending love,

If staying an infinite miles away on persevering work to earn for your lover; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally mollifying love,

If ardently admiring every aspect of your lover for times immemorial; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally unassailable love,

If speaking everytime for your lover whenever the desire to express arose in her throat; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally ameliorating love,

If unstoppably fornicating with your lover in the aisles of ecstasy; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally blessing love,

If not waiting for your lover the slightest even if she didn't come back after an infinite births; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally reinvigorating love,

If timelessly staring into the intimate eyes of your lover; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of

Immortally vivacious love,

If allowing your lover to work shoulder to shoulder in this overwhelmingly masculine society; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally majestic love,

If dragging behind your lover like your sole shadow wherever and whenever and for whatever you went; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally Omnipotent love,

If not expecting the tiniest from your lover even though she was wholeheartedly robust and in the prime of youth and health; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally fragrant love,

If commanding your lover to unquestioningly dedicate her entire life at your humanely feet; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally ubiquitous love,

If letting your lover bond the beats of her passionate heart with an infinite more of your kind alongwith you; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally miraculous love,

If overpowering your lover at every step; wholesomely and forever representing her entire personality like her ultimate bodyguard; is what makes her perpetually happy; then that's exactly according to me; the definition of Immortally bewitching love,

For Immortally Omnipresent love is in everything by which you give happiness to your lover; whenever; wherever and for whatever reason that he/she wants it; and not in dictatorially finding your very own happiness; like a greedy ghost fortunately and quickly slipping out of its corpse.

34. AS ALL THE HEART EVER KNEW.

Neither did it know any religion; the most royally invincible epitomes of the venerated Church/Temple/Mosque/Monastery; or the most haplessly oblivious alleys of inexplicably thwarting blindfaith,

Neither did it know any color; the most pricelessly impeccable of scintillating white; or the most perilously bemoaning shades of sadistic black,

Neither did it know any height; the most majestically infallible apogees of unimpeachable victory; or the most despondently skulking and parsimoniously threadbare stones; lying on lackadaisically lugubrious soil,

Neither did it know any beauty; the most voluptuously aristocratic reflections of the perennial castle; or the most hideously grotesque faces; of the devils of cannibalistic hell,

Neither did it know any power; the most demonically menacing of politicians; or the most pathetically mercurial of ants; which got barbarously pulverized by the billions; at the rise of a singleton foot,

Neither did it know any wealth; the most unsurpassably sumptuous treasuries of undefeated glittering gold; or the most lecherously inconsolable beggars; parasitically clinging forever and ever and ever to the fabric of celestial society,

Neither did it know any versatility; the most brilliantly unassailable skies of spell binding talent; or the most nonchalantly immutable of bricks; which dogmatically refrained to budge even an inch forward; even as the ghastliest of hell inclemently rained down on earth,

Neither did it know any scripture; the most victoriously bestowing pages of undefeated literature; or the most despicably besmirched mortuaries of fetidly livid illiteracy,

Neither did it know any boundary; the most insuperably blazing borders of the sanctimoniously dictatorial society; or the most disdainfully dingy confinements of sacrilegiously vindictive jail,

Neither did it know any shape; the most ubiquitously ever-pervading forms of unalterable superiority; or the most inconspicuously dithering and digressing worms of derogatory hatred,

Neither did it know any culture; the most ostentatiously flavored parties of profusely smoke-laden baselessness; or the most rustically bohemian impressions of the flagrantly uncivilized thumb,

Neither did it know any influential; the most charismatically enchanting of luminaries; or the most hopelessly dumb carrions of inane meaninglessness; which did nothing else but inundate the atmosphere with dastardly stench,

Neither did it know any magic; the most miraculously victorious metamorphosis of all poverty into a cloudburst of torrentially unrelenting currency coin; or the most irately burnt; unproductively infidel and cursed soil,

Neither did it know any fertility; the most indefatigably proliferating chapters of precocious civilization; or the most profanely impotent corpses of bizarrely devastating stagnation,

Neither did it know any fear; the most ominously massacring graveyards of the unsparingly jinxed spirit; or the most wretchedly plagued carcasses of the worthlessly wanton devil,

Neither did it know any victory; the most dynamically resurgent trouncing of the enemy at war; or the most forlornly lamenting losses of the gallows of wickedly annihilating lies,

Neither did it know any fragrance; the most spell-bindingly tantalizing aroma of the poignantly scarlet rose; or the most unbearably melancholic odor of the abominable village gutter,

Neither did it know any language; the most blessedly sacrosanct of virile dialects; or the most vituperatively lambasting tongues of abhorrently truculent contemptuousness

As all the heart ever knew on the trajectory of this fathomlessly iridescent Universe and ever since this earth was conceived and created; was to immortally throb for the unshakably burgeoning spirit of love; love and perpetual love; in fact the only word upon which its dictionary of insatiable passion; started and indefinitely ended.

35. SHE REALLY, TRULY AND IMMORTALLY LOVED YOU.

When you possessed the most wealth in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because of the lure of forever and ever and ever; leading a majestically luxurious and opulent life,

When you possessed the most impregnably conspicuous muscles in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they knew that there was none other than you; who could protect them from even the most diabolical of catastrophe,

When you possessed the most inimitably gifted sense of humor in the world;

perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they perennially wanted to be unabashedly tickled in their funny bone; even when uncontrollable mayhem reigned supreme upon the planet divine,

When you possessed most rare gift of magical clairvoyance in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they thought they'd lead a sparkling life forever; wholesomely averting every ghastly disaster that came their way; pre-warned by your miraculous aura,

When you possessed the most hypnotically mellifluous voice in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they thought that they'd eternally float in the aisles of paradise; as you sang the most sensuously romantic of songs,

When you possessed the biggest birthmark in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they felt that timelessly being with you; would also ensure that their otherwise jinxed and jilted destinies; would suddenly metamorphose into the most burgeoning flower of good luck,

When you possessed the most pricelessly embellished poems in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because of wanting their beauty to be transcended to the ultimate epitomes of superiority; as you indefatigably immortalized them in your verse,

When you possessed the most number of Nobel prizes for peace in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they thought that they'd never get a man more tranquil and tame than you; to infallibly exist for a countless more lifetimes,

When you possessed the most slavish nature in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they could make you lick the grime from their boots all day and night; victoriously keep the chains of every aspect of your life in their tiny fist,

When you possessed the most unassailably scented body in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they could forever drift away from the ghoulish stink of sanctimonious worldliness; compassionately mollify their nostrils till their very last breath,

When you possessed the most insuperably masculine form in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely because they could then give vent to the most uninhibitedly uncurbed of their desires; ravenously cuddling up the

electrified hair on your brilliantly sculpted chest,

When you possessed the most terrorist organizations in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely to trade their tantalizingly seductive flesh; for every moment of their vividly undefeated life,

When you possessed the most number of Kingdoms in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely to unconquerably control the lives of boundless countrymen; as the invincibly unbridled queen of all times,

When you possessed the most intriguingly innovative brain in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely to be discovered of a limitless intricate emotions of theirs; which were otherwise deplorably spat upon by the sleazily commercial planet,

When you possessed the most poignantly sensuous lips in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely to be endlessly kissed and thereby culminate into a untamed fireball of unfettered passion; for as long as this earth exists,

When you possessed the most artistically blessed fingers in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely so that even the most infinitesimal part of their body could be admired and sketched; at the tiniest of their commands; and in every conceivable shade of light,

When you possessed the most unshakable fame in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely so that even the most untrimmed cranny of their bohemian fingernails; became the perpetually 24 X 7 X 365 talk of every single organisms mouth; on this unceasing globe,

When you possessed the most sharp vision in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely so that that they could put their foot into every possible profitable venture existing; and then exit whenever the odds were astutely foreseen by you,

When you possessed the most loudly throbbing heart in the world; perhaps an infinite women came to you; solely assuming that here was where they could get the ultimate fructification and friendship of their otherwise; wantonly infidel lives,

But when you didn't possess any of the above; and if yet there was just a single woman who came to you on the trajectory of this fathomlessly bewitching Universe; then it was solely and solely because she really; truly and immortally

loved you; for what you were in your most natural form; just as the Almighty Lord had bountifully sent you.

36. WORRY. WORRY. WORRY. INFINITE TIMES WORRY.

Fatherless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to symbiotically exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally devastated; but still emerging victorious in whatever philanthropic you did; by the grace of the Omnipotent Lord Almighty,

Motherless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to peerlessly exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally drained; but still emerging victorious in whatever synergistic you did; by the grace of the unassailable Lord Almighty,

Sisterless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to pricelessly exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally flabbergasted; but still emerging victorious in whatever benign you did; by the grace of the ever-pervading Lord Almighty,

Brotherless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to holistically exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally pulverized; but still emerging victorious in whatever innocuous you did; by the grace of the everlasting Lord Almighty,

Auntless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to innovatively exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally evaporated; but still emerging victorious in whatever celestial you did; by the grace of the Omnipresent Lord Almighty,

Uncleless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to unimpeachably exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally deteriorated; but still emerging victorious in whatever innovative you did; by the grace of the unshakable Lord Almighty,

Grandmotherless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to blazingly exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally disheveled; but still emerging victorious in whatever proliferating you did; by the grace of the impregnable Lord Almighty,

Grandfatherless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to inimitably exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally slithering; but

still emerging victorious in whatever eclectic you did; by the grace of the ever-pervading Lord Almighty,

Friendless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to bounteously exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally castrated; but still emerging victorious in whatever artistic you did; by the grace of the unsurpassable Lord Almighty,

Childless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to royally exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally wrecked; but still emerging victorious in whatever humanitarian you did; by the grace of the unlimited Lord Almighty,

Religionless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to insuperably exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally confounded; but still emerging victorious in whatever egalitarian you did; by the grace of the ubiquitous Lord Almighty,

Voiceless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to effulgently exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally decrepit; but still emerging victorious in whatever panoramic you did; by the grace of the invincible Lord Almighty,

Kinless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to gloriously exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally delirious; but still emerging victorious in whatever magnanimous you did; by the grace of the undefeated Lord Almighty,

Pastless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to iridescently exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally jilted; but still emerging victorious in whatever rejuvenating you did; by the grace of the eternal Lord Almighty,

Directionless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to unbelievably exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally flummoxed; but still emerging victorious in whatever discovering you did; by the grace of the unconquerable Lord Almighty,

Dimensionless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to amazingly exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally flabbergasted; but still emerging victorious in whatever truthful you did; by the grace of the perpetual Lord Almighty,

Strengthless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to spell-bindingly exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally squelched; but still emerging victorious in whatever beautiful you did; by the grace of the Omnipresent Lord Almighty,

Clothless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to blissfully exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally disintegrated; but still emerging victorious in whatever romantic you did; by the grace of the interminable Lord Almighty,

Homeless. Don't worry. You'd definitely continue to ecstatically exist till the very end of your destined breath and time; perhaps emotionally squandering; but still emerging victorious in whatever righteous you did; by the grace of the Omniscient Lord Almighty,

But LoveLess. Worry. Worry. Worry and infinite times do Worry. For you're going to die this right now this very moment; as where there's no love; every ounce of destiny; breath and life closes there and then itself; by the grace of the infallibly supreme Lord Almighty.

37. I'D STILL INSTANTANEOUSLY DIE.

If she said that she would tie the nuptial thread with me after some years; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear the inexorably demonic tyranny of having to endlessly wait; for the immortally ultimate love of my life,
And even if she said that she wanted to perennially bond every of her breath with mine; I'd still instantaneously die; as the thunderbolt of untamed exhilaration; reached to the ultimate crescendo in every conceivable pore of my body.

If she said that she thought unceasingly ill about me; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear the venomously jilted attitude of a girl towards me; whom I infact loved the most on this fathomlessly enchanting planet,
And even if she said that she solely longed for nothing else on this earth but my masculine caress; I'd still instantaneously die; as the volcano of fanatic desire in every ingredient of my blood; would fanatically explode.

If she said that she wanted to date an infinite men right under my snaring nose; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear the dying beats of my venomously dying soul; which had nothing else but her princely image timelessly embedded,
And even if she said that she truly and profoundly admired my unflinchingly peerless bravado; I'd still instantaneously die; as the Sun of the most ultimate

praise in my life; charred me to my inevitably destined corpse.

If she said that she wanted to inexhaustibly use me only for my money; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear her salaciously parasitic brain; her persona which I'd once upon a time considered the most priceless reflection of the Omnipotent Lord,
And even if she said that she hadn't seen another organism as poignantly artistic as me; I'd still instantaneously die; unstopably ignited within the countless fervent lines of servitude that I'd sketched to depict her incomparably unbridled beauty.

If she said that she'd always wanted to torturously slave me till the ultimate graveyards of sadism; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear the despicable wickedness of her brain; which I'd once upon a time considered at the most epitomizing cradle of creation in this entire Universe,
And even if she said that she interminably adored my unconquerably royal virility; I'd still instantaneously die; limitlessly erupting into the most vociferous expression of unfettered ecstasy; towards the highest peak of the impregnable sky.

If she said that she wanted to satanically crucify me right in front of the entire world; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear the diseased words that wafted from her mouth; those sacrosanct lips which I incessantly worshipped all sweltering day and sensuous night,
And even if she said that I was her most truthful harbinger on this unassailable planet; I'd still instantaneously die; as every conceivable bone of mine dissolved into nothingness; whilst living up to the fire of extremely immortalizing righteousness.

If she said that I was the last person on this earth who ever struck her mind; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear her prejudiced pompousness; whilst I considered even the most infinitesimal line on her resplendent palms; as my irrefutable destiny,
And even if she said that I was redolently altruistic humanitarian on this unceasing globe; I'd still instantaneously die; as I renounced even the last ounce of breath from my lungs; to eternally live up to her benign proclamations about my impoverished soul.

If she said that I was the most cowardly living being on planet earth; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear her wanton sniggering; in spite of me invincibly safeguarding her against the most pugnaciously terrorizing of devil; at her every step,

And even if she said that I was the ultimate messiah of the Omnipresent Lord on this astoundingly proliferating Universe; I'd still instantaneously die; in trying to prove to her that I fearlessly sacrificed my life; so that every other fraternity of living kind could triumphantly survive.

If she said that she wanted to unstoppably suck blood from my veins everytime she felt hungry and emaciated; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear her heartlessly cold-blooded deliriousness; specially when every of her breath was the ultimate signature of my penuriously diminutive life,
And even if she said that I was the most beautifully replenished organism on earth; I'd still instantaneously die; spuriously bloating in her praise; till the tallest apogees of infinite infinity.

If she said that she had always loved someone else since her very first cry; I'd instantaneously die; unable to bear her devilish infidelity; after I'd taken birth an infinite times; just to be an integral impression of every of her queenly footstep,
And even if she said that I was immortally throbbing in every of her passionately pristine heartbeat; I'd still instantaneously die; out of sheer exhaustion; endlessly triggered by her complete acceptance of my originally uninhibited form.

38. UNDER THE VERY BROADEST OF DAYLIGHT

I wanted to inconsolably sob only when it was unrelentingly raining; so that every single droplet of my ungainly hysteria went astoundingly unnoticed; in the torrentially unabashed downpour,

I wanted to uncontrollably tremble only when it was ghoulish midnight; so that every single of my dastardly apprehension went incredulously unnoticed; in the swirl of the unsurpassably pitch dark blackness,

I wanted to intransigently scream only when it was unendingly reining pugnacious war all around; so that ever single of my arrogantly bigoted spark went stupendously unnoticed; in the thunderous roar of the enemy,

I wanted to pathetically urinate only when it was ferociously roaring sea all around; so that every single globule of my lividly fetid defecation went amazingly unnoticed; in the fathomlessly impregnable waters of the ocean,

I wanted to inevitably lie only when it was in the premises of the politicians dwelling; so that every single ingredient of my humanitarian fallacy went unbelievably unnoticed; in the ultimate mortuary of sacrilegiously unbearable wrongdoing,

I wanted to unceasingly bleed only when it was amidst a fathomless field of sliced watermelons all around; so that every single element of my unfathomable agony went spectacularly unnoticed; in a cosmos of endlessly enriching redness,

I wanted to vindictively spit only when it was on the frosty shores of the boundlessly undulating ocean; so that every single molecule of my worthless saliva went victoriously unnoticed; in a passionately unparalleled inferno of foaming froth,

I wanted to worthlessly yawn only when it was thunderously lightening cats and dogs all around; so that every single whisper of my lugubriously thwarted laziness went miraculously unnoticed; in the inexorably unstoppable roars of compassionate thunder,

I wanted to unabashedly groan only when it was an atmosphere being interminably inundated by the mellifluously selfless nightingale's sounds all around; so that every single penurious discrepancy of mine went magically unnoticed; in the melody of universally bonding togetherness,

I wanted to childishly squabble only when it was solely a world of innocuously new born infants all around; so that every single of my ridiculous babyishness went wholesomely unnoticed; in the incoherent wailing of uninhibitedly fresh born life,

I wanted to humanitarily lose only when it was earth consisting of boundlessly glistening desert all around; so that every single of my decrepit loss went wondrously unnoticed; in the inexplicably unlimited cocoons of slippery sand,

I wanted to heartlessly massacre both plant and animal for feeding my stomach only when it was the absolute descent of oblivion all around; so that every single of my indispensably committed misdeed went forgivably unnoticed; in the cadaverous vacuum of already existing nothingness,

I wanted to visit the most sensuously nubile vixens only when it was the devil's invisible hour upon planet earth; so that every single desire of my rapaciously titillated flesh went wondrously unnoticed; in the forest of cannibalistically lamenting wilderness,

I wanted to pugnaciously pack a punch only when it was the epitome of Everest ruling supreme in the atmosphere; so that every single of my bludgeoning impetuosity went thrillingly unnoticed; in the limitlessly unconquerable peaks

of the earth,

I wanted to salaciously gamble only when it was an infinite waterfalls of inebriating liquor cascading all around; so that every single of my insatiable greed went uninterruptedly unnoticed; in the uncannily unending haze of uncontrollably faltering alcohol,

I wanted to impoverishedly stagger only when it was the mightiest of mountains crumbling down like a pack of frigid matchsticks all around; so that every single of my wastrel faltering went beautifully unnoticed; in the unprecedentedly hurtling ambience of failure weighing supreme,

I wanted to defeatedly abort my own child only when it was a planet of hedonistic vultures satanically plucking stinking carrion all around; so that every single of my dastardly misdoings went superbly unnoticed; in the unimaginably demonic maelstrom of guttural malice,

I wanted to nimbly surrender only when it was a ludicrously eunuch like planet; neither masculine nor feminine all around; so that every single ounce of my unmanliness went entirely unnoticed; in the frigidly asphyxiating smoke of jinxed impotence,

And I wanted to be captured by the spirit of Immortal Love; make fierily passionate love; give Omnisciently inimitable love; every unfurling instant of my diminutively destined life; yet more specifically under the most visibly blazing rays of the Omnipotent Sun; under the very broadest of daylight.

39. TOWARDS THE HEARBEAT OF OMNIPOTENT LIFE.

There were an infinite violently unstoppable winds; which so demonically lead you; forever towards the wind of ghastily stabbing and hedonistically sadistic death,

There were an infinite menacingly stormy seas; which so unsparingly lead you; forever towards the seas of devastatingly asphyxiating and cold-bloodedly butchering death,

There were an infinite despairingly acrid deserts; which so aridly lead you; forever towards the deserts of uncouthly barbarous and horridly irrevocable death,

There were an infinite ghoulishly wailing spirits; which so deplorably lead you;

forever towards the spirits of waywardly wastrel and salaciously maiming death,

There were an infinite torridly simmering droughts; which so heartlessly lead you; forever towards the drought of parsimoniously febrile and peevishly disoriented death,

There were an infinite belligerently blood-stained thorns; which so mercilessly lead you; forever towards the thorns of diabolically stinging and indescribably venomous death,

There were an infinite sadistically perverted leeches; which so cannibalistically lead you; forever towards the leeches of unbelievably maniacal and torturously morbid death,

There were an infinite misanthropically surreptitious marshes; which so abjectly lead you; forever towards the marshes of inconsolably fetid and vindictively pugnacious death,

There were an infinite anomalously ballistic shards; which so cruelly lead you; forever towards the shards of disdainfully livid and unceremoniously ominous death,

There were an infinite fecklessly prejudiced battlefields; which so emotionlessly lead you; forever towards the battlefields of sordidly crumbling and disastrously silencing death,

There were an infinite worthlessly obsessive manias; which so wretchedly lead you; forever towards the manias of cadaverously decrepit and dolefully naked death,

There were an infinite lethally gobbling earthquakes; which so satanically lead you; forever towards the earthquakes of hideously cantankerous and brutally squelching death,

There were an infinite criminally salacious screams; which so murderously lead you; forever towards the screams of bizarrely penalizing and treacherously obnoxious death,

There were an infinite gorily demented gutters; which so stealthily lead you; forever towards the gutters of insanely decrepit and indefatigably terrorizing death,

There were an infinite sacrilegiously gleaming knives; which so licentiously lead

you; forever towards the knives of perilously strangulating and poisonously atrocious death,

There were an infinite truculently lambasting nights; which so unjustly lead you; forever towards the nights of horrifically blackened and unsurpassably devilish death,

There were an infinite nefariously indigent nooses; which so horribly lead you; forever towards the nooses of perpetually stony and intolerably beheading death,

There were an infinite malevolently diseased curses; which so despondently lead you; forever towards the curses of unfathomably blighted and lecherously evaporating death,

And then there was just a single beat of her immortally throbbing heart; which so miraculously leads you; far away from the most bludgeoning gorges of death; and forever and ever and ever towards the heartbeat of Omnipotent life; even after you'd veritably surrendered your physical form and died.

40. LOVER'S EYE.

Through the lovers eye; even the most fetidly repugnant of gutters; suddenly seemed like the most enchantingly glistening streams of jubilantly victorious paradise,

Through the lovers eye; even the most devastatingly burning forests of hell; suddenly seemed like the most unflinchingly blazing beams of the eternally undefeated Sun,

Through the lovers eye; even the most tauntingly hapless of failures; suddenly seemed like the most invincibly glorifying epitomes of inimitably unparalleled success,

Through the lovers eye; even the most morosely tear stained cheeks; suddenly seemed like the most robustly ecstatic toffees of perennially fructifying happiness,

Through the lovers eye; even the most cadaverously perverted of spirits; suddenly seemed like the most infallibly wondrous warriors of an optimistically effulgent tomorrow,

Through the lovers eye; even the most deliriously cacophonous madhouses;
suddenly seemed like the most ultimate paradise's of spell bindingly ameliorating
symbiotism,

Through the lovers eye; even the most acridly fathomless deserts; suddenly
seemed like the most tantalizingly replenishing gardens of; majestically
bestowing heaven,

Through the lovers eye; even the most cold-bloodedly excoriating of blood-
coated thorns; suddenly seemed like the most torrentially pristine rain of royally
ecstatic pearls,

Through the lovers eye; even the most disastrously orphaned of infants;
suddenly seemed to be the most unconquerably aristocratic prince and
princesses; of every conceivable space and time,

Through the lovers eye; even the most cursedly ghoulish houses; suddenly
seemed to be the most invincibly compassionate dwellings in which resided
countless families; of pricelessly humanitarian togetherness,

Through the lovers eye; even the most sadistically gleaming bars of prison;
suddenly seemed to be the most blessedly fecund cradles of all-round prosperity;
where there existed not the tiniest trace of feckless malice,

Through the lovers eye; even the most despondently impotent of barren soil;
suddenly seemed to be the most infallibly burgeoning cloud of unchallengable
fertility,

Through the lovers eye; even the most irascibly squabbling of organisms;
suddenly seemed to be the most ubiquitously harmonious harbingers of
Omniscient truth and peace,

Through the lovers eye; even the most lecherously demonic parasites; suddenly
seemed to be the most holistically surviving lanterns and mists of unprecedented
joy,

Through the lovers eye; even the most laconically nonchalant entrenchments of
oblivion; suddenly seemed to be the most vividly boisterous playgrounds
of uninhibitedly iridescent frolic,

Through the lovers eye; even the most satanically plundering of traitors;
suddenly seemed to be the most rhapsodically gyrating fairies; just descended

from the womb of heaven divine,

Through the lovers eye; even the most venomously gory battlefields of prejudice and lies; suddenly seemed to be the most blissfully mollifying rainbows of impregnable universal peace,

Through the lovers eye; even the most lethally unbearable anecdotes of infidelity; suddenly seemed to be the most amiably bonding mists of eternally victorious love,

And I just wished and wished and incessantly wished and prayed; that each one of us living beings who have so derogatorily become robotically commercial stonepieces these days; fall in true love this very instant irrespective of our age; caste; creed; status; color or tribe; and then forever and ever and ever possess the Immortal "Lovers Eye".

41. OUR RELATIONSHIP.

Our relationship was extraordinarily distinguished into an infinite infallible layers:

At times that of an obedient disciple and symbiotically sermonizing teacher; whilst blissfully imbibing the chapters of resplendently victorious life,

At times that of an impetuously screaming brother and wildly scratching sister; whilst squabbling over the most infinitesimally unwonted things; existing on the trajectory of earth divine,

At times that of brutally parched soil and lackadaisically dying grass blades; whilst thirstily suckling even the most inconspicuous globule of priceless rain water; that unabashedly tumbled from fathomless sky,

At times that of a ferociously chasing lion and nimbly scampering deer; whilst frenetically searching for those quintessential morsels of life-bestowing food; in the day,

At times that of sacredly ameliorating soul and righteously palpitating conscience; whilst unconquerably assimilating the principles of the most royally undefeated truth,

At times that of a desperately groping man and adroitly sharp pickaxe; whilst exhaustibly digging for those indispensably luminescent coins of

glittering gold,

At times that of an inscrutably dancing pen and impeccably triumphant paper;
whilst fervently penning down eternally burgeoning lines of Omnipotent poetry,

At times that of the intriguingly electric brain and sensuously magical eyes;
whilst unstoppably fantasizing beyond the aisles of victoriously ebullient desire,

At times that of a ubiquitously nourishing mother and uninhibitedly expressing
child; whilst flagrantly hurt from countless pernicious elements of the
atmosphere,

At times that of a prudently guiding father and impudently argumentative son;
whilst making the most poignantly sensitive decisions of vibrant life,

At times that of a blissfully snoring master and inevitably persevering slave;
whilst the demands of unceasingly strenuous life; demanded commensurate
portions of rest and ardent activity,

At times that of insuperably redolent blood and ecstatically blessed veins; whilst
being immortally bonded into the most invaluable unshakable religion of
humanity,

At times that of the eclectically sculptured masculine palm and inexplicably
intrepid destiny lines; whilst handsomely rising up to even the most intangible
challenge posed by enchanting life,

At times that of a compassionately invincible nest and wholeheartedly sprawling
tree; whilst jubilantly trying to safeguard diminutively innocent infants; from
every precariously stabbing element of life,

At times that of an indomitably towering edifice and impregnably unflinching
foundation; whilst trying to timelessly maintain the most peerlessly undefeated
equilibrium of existence,

At times that of frostily effervescent milk and royal toppings of enamoring
cream; whilst passionately trying to savor even the most imperceptibly seductive
flavor of survival,

At times that of an immortally passionate heart and unassailably throbbing
beats; whilst freshly falling into the gorges of everlastingly epitomizing love,

And at times that of a stupendously virile husband and ravishingly potent wife; whilst invincibly wrapped in conjugal rhapsody in the fronds of the naked mattress; and making fearlessly untamed love.

42. WILL YOU STILL ACCEPT ME AS YOUR HUSBAND?

Does only going to the corporate office from an exact 9 in the morning to 9 in the bewitching night; prove that a man is indeed an infallibly true husband to his jubilantly vivacious wife?

Does only possessing a perfectly sculptured masculine and virile body; prove that a man is indeed an unconquerably blessed husband to his euphorically tantalizing wife?

Does only earning infinite bundles of quintessential currency note every month; prove that a man is indeed an inimitably worthy husband to his pristinely effulgent wife?

Does only attending the world's premium cocktail parties and conferences; prove that a man is indeed a pricelessly undefeatable husband to his wondrously enthralling wife?

Does only draping each conceivable pore of the skin with the most opulent fabric; pearls; and ties available in the world; prove that a man is indeed a stupendously enamoring husband to his beautifully effervescent wife?

Does only attracting gargantuan hordes of crowds towards with the mere essence of a celebrity personality; prove that a man is indeed a deservedly smart husband to his insuperably redolent wife?

Does only unceasingly perpetuating the atmosphere with the scent of majestic cigar smoke and kingly wine; prove that a man is indeed a effulgently princely husband to his poignantly intricate wife?

Does only having an inimitably infallible signature proudly embossed on every existing check; prove that a man is indeed a regally eclectic husband to his triumphantly gyrating wife?

Does only conversing at an unbelievably adroit nineteen to the dozen in the most enviably impregnable British accent; prove that a man is indeed an amazingly fulfilling husband to his unimpeachably contemporary wife?

Does only exuding into a billion globules of perseveringly golden sweat every day; prove that a man is indeed an earnestly hard working husband to his piquantly boisterous wife?

Does only possessing supernaturally miraculous qualities of being able to fly bare-chested in freezing air; prove that a man is indeed a truly devoted husband to his eternally replenishing wife?

Does only possessing an unparalleled sense of humor wherein even the most deliriously suicidal metamorphosed into smiling saints; prove that a man is indeed a proficiently versatile husband to his robustly exhilarating wife?

Does only having a magically unwavering baritone that spell bound millions in minute seconds; prove that a man is indeed a bountifully ardent husband to His unfathomably sensuous wife?

Does only writing countless lines of "Nobel Prize Winning" literature on Immortal Love; prove that a man is indeed an uniquely pioneering husband to his unconventionally Samaritan wife?

Does only endlessly winning over every territory of the boundless earth; prove that a man is indeed a fervently unassailable husband to his magnetically enthralling wife?

Does only being inundated with infinite hair and glistening muscle on the chest; prove that a man is indeed an astonishingly audacious husband to his gregariously pretty wife?

Does only being an unequivocally svelte emperor on the world stage of unprecedented power; prove that a man is indeed a wondrously iridescent husband to his gorgeously supple wife?

Does only indefatigably gallivanting in the most scintillating of "Rolls Royce" and "Mercedes"; prove that a man is indeed an unmatched dream husband to his unfathomably vanity wife?

Does only astoundingly sketching the persona of any organism on the unceasing Universe merely by fantasizing about the same; prove that a man is indeed a jubilantly embracing husband to his charmingly benign wife?

And if didn't posses even a single quality amongst the several spell bindingly

enriching ones as listed above; although each beat of my immortally throbbing heart loves you like noone else could on this tirelessly proliferating planet; will you still accept me as your husband; O! darling wife?

43. LETS FOREVER STAY; SOLELY AND ONLY AS IMMORTAL LOVERS.

Marriages. Mostly lead to a battalion of unceremoniously shameful expletives; hurled at each other in the very broadest of daylight; and with the sane world outside laughably watching,

Marriages. Mostly lead to severe difference of opinions; which many a times perpetuates the most sadistically gory bloodbath; profusely soaked in the savage devil's voice,

Marriages. Mostly lead to an infinite reproachful frustrations; with either partner unrelentingly tossing and turning in insatiably blood-curling malice; whilst the other slept celestially all throughout the royal night,

Marriages. Mostly lead to unsurpassably unbearable exhaustion; with either partner working unrelentingly and round the clock; to prove it to each other; as to how earnest they were in the process of sustaining indispensable life,

Marriages. Mostly lead to unfoundedly abashing fear; with either partner deplorably crouching down in deteriorating submission; to the other's chauvinistically venomous ways and commands,

Marriages. Mostly lead to unwontedly suicidal situations; with either partner many a times; found at the ultimate crumbling tip of the gigantically steep mountain; or with an inexhaustible barrel of poison in his hands,

Marriages. Mostly lead to wretchedly lambasting mental trauma; as both partners incessantly kept on pinpointing at the congenital weaknesses of the other; without the tiniest of ostensible reason or rhyme,

Marriages. Mostly lead to uncouthly tormenting blackness; as each beam of blazing optimism was brutally and iteratively crucified; as each partner irascibly dug up the obviously sinful past; as the ultimate panacea to mollify the soul,

Marriages. Mostly lead to the diabolically vindictive coffins of squelching hell; as either partner so maliciously inflicted the same upon their destinies; executing infinite devilishly cursed acts in the tenure of their destined lifetime,

Marriages. Mostly lead to cannibalistically demented war; with each partner surreptitiously harboring the deadliest lethal contraptions of battle; to proclaim the commencement of disastrously consequential fierceness,

Marriages. Mostly lead to that preposterously meaningless court of justice; where the deliverance of an impartial verdict is impossible; as each partner equally shouted till eternity of the torture meted out to him; by the other,

Marriages. Mostly lead to the graveyards of satanically whipping emptiness; as each partner unstopably surged forward to pursue his/her own goals; whilst miserably floundering to culminate into a heaven of compassionately united love,

Marriages. Mostly lead to perennially sacrilegious hatred; as either partner was pathetically unable to meet upto the expectations of the other; puking abhorrence as the sole vent to express unfinished desire,

Marriages. Mostly lead to flagrantly biased accusations; as either partner pugnaciously blamed the other; for not being able to parent a child; or a boundless other trivially inexplicable issues; of the kind,

Marriages. Mostly lead to hideously cadaverous prison; as either partner inevitably truculently faces the cold-blooded gallows of condemnation; for ruthlessly asphyxiating the other from his/her life,

Marriages. Mostly lead to intolerably criminal isolation; with either partner hail and heartily present at centimeters from each other; but yet preferring to wantonly stare into open space for hours immemorial; rather than amiably talk,

Marriages. Mostly lead to ignominiously incarcerating slavery; with either partner having to stoop down to the most inhumanitarian limits; and dementedly lick each ounce of grime on cold ground; to bring a smile of utter dictatorship to the other,

Marriages. Mostly lead to salaciously malevolent betrayal; as either partner at some or other stage in his/her life; gleefully absconded with the partner of his/her choice; overwhelmingly fed-up with the robotically dictatorial relationship,

So sweetheart! . Lets forever discover even the most inconspicuous aspects of our personalities with unabashedly endless fervor. Lets forever unite our priceless souls in the bonds of compassionate love; liberating it for all

responsibilities. Lets forever stay; solely and only as the most Immortally embracing of lovers.

44. LOVE STORIES ARE IMMORTAL

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the art of uninhibitedly poignant sharing; devoting every element of your destined life; to the custody of your immaculate partner,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the wave of stupendously supreme faith; a perpetual trust in the character of your impeccable partner,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is a tornado of tumultuous newness unleashing every instant; flooding the soul with boundless colors of vibrant spice,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the idol of impregnable belief; an unimaginably everlasting trust in your partners ability to emerge ebulliently triumphant; in every path of fabulously enamoring life,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are winds of immaculately robust nostalgia; perpetuating both partners to float in the aisles of innocent desire; and forever be exuberantly alive,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are mountains of astronomically vivacious courage; defending the sacrosanct essence of mesmerizing relationship; for centuries immemorial,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are rays of unassailably optimistic hope; overshadowing all those penuriously devastating moments in life; with the light of enchanting happiness,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are intermittently transient beams of mischievous flirtation; reinvigorating your relationship with the astounding colors of piquant existence,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are pillars of mutually synergistic support; which harmoniously weave the stupendously supreme fabric of oligarchic romance,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the spirit

of escalating belonging; which makes both partners feel forever young and boisterously gyrating to embrace radiantly handsome survival,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are fathomless milestones of insurmountably tingling newness; incinerating each pore of your abominably frazzled body; with unfathomably celestial melody,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are the fruits of eternally flamboyant caring; deluging each ingredient of scarlet blood; with the panacea to survive against the most treacherously acrimonious of times,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; are clouds of tantalizingly voluptuous craving; which make both partners wholesomely oblivious to the lecherously manipulative vagaries; of this manipulatively blood sucking society,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the sky of incomprehensible possession; which impregnably bonds both partners; in threads of amicably symbiotic brotherhood,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the unequivocal shelter of bountiful compassion; sequestering both partners; in an inexorable fortress of everlasting solidarity,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the flower of eternally fragrant humanity; invincibly ensuring that both partners benevolently embraced all their immaculate counterparts; irrespective of caste; creed and religion; alike,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the cradle of divinely romance; transpiring both partners to bond with realms of sacrosanct heaven; for centuries immemorial,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the fabric of unsurpassably heavenly empathy; which indefatigably coalesces both partners; in threads of rhapsodically contented symbiosis,

Love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the resplendent fountain of forgiveness; uplifting the honest conscience to entirely melange with Omniscient Godhead,

And love stories are immortal; but what makes them irrefutably succeed; is the ocean of ardently never ending heartbeats; spawning infinite new lives of perpetual yearning at every step; altruistically ensuring that God's most revered entrenchment of creation; forever and unconquerably stayed alive.

45. THE GARLAND OF IMMORTAL LOVE

Not the slightest of apprehensions at all; basking in a land of gloriously flamboyant sunlight and wonderfully tantalizing imagery,

Not the slightest of cynicism at all; unequivocally marching forward in the melodiously blissful triumph of unfettered success,

Not the slightest of tears at all; smiling wholeheartedly as each instant of life unveiled;
whether in acrimoniously menacing storm; or whether in blissful valleys with grandiloquent moonshine bountifully pelting down,

Not the slightest of lechery at all; with every cloud of horrifically augmenting despair; automatically metamorphosing into a fountain of perennially blooming happiness,

Not the slightest of defeat at all; with unparalleled victory kissing you at every step you alighted; invincibly paving its way toward an unconquerable tomorrow; centuries immemorial,

Not the slightest of manipulation at all; uninhibitedly bouncing in a world of eternally cascading richness; and tranquilly resplendent calm,

Not the slightest of desperation at all; perpetually relishing the unfathomably gorgeous reservoir; of natures magnificent sparkle; compassionately dancing with the impeccably descending fairies,

Not the slightest of shame at all; congenially embracing and bonding with all religions; caste; creed on this planet; alike,

Not the slightest of hesitation at all; plunging like a majestically silken fairy; into an unsurpassably mystical valley; of endlessly exhilarating adventure,

Not the slightest of fanaticism at all; ubiquitously disseminating the immortal essence of peace and harmonious love; to the most remotest corner of this

enthralingly fathomless Universe,

Not the slightest of debilitation at all; with all Herculean power on this boundlessly Omnipotent planet; becoming your integral strength to face even the most mightiest of inexplicable disaster,

Not the slightest of disease at all; indefatigably sprouting into a paradise of mesmerizing fantasy; and voluptuously seductive charm,

Not the slightest of nervousness at all; audaciously catapulting to the absolute zenith of prosperity; walking shoulder to shoulder with the winds of courage; fortitude and scintillating bravado,

Not the slightest of fracas at all; celestially flowering into the most stupendously divine world of overwhelming calm,

Not the slightest of dullness at all; unrelentingly spawning into a curtainspread of vibrantly vivacious perception; an insurmountably magical festoon of royal boisterousness,

Not the slightest of morbidity at all; perennially proliferating into a sky of everlasting youth as time thunderously unleashed; irrevocably ensuring that the sacrosanct essence of life; never had a chance to end,

Not the slightest of dumbness at all; relentlessly humming the most marvelously enlightening tunes on this colossal globe; evolving into heavenly rays of freedom and unprecedented optimism,

Not the slightest of hopelessness at all; forever gushing with the incomprehensibly untamed ebullience of existence; bestowing the winds of peace and priceless humanity; upon one and all,

And Not the slightest of discrimination at all; incarcerating every organism with a passionately throbbing heart; in the fabulously impregnable ocean of enigma and romantic passion,

Such was the garland of immortal love; which was the very reason that you were breathing alive today; and would continue to exist as the most blessed for countless more births to come; everytime the Creator waved his little finger for you to be born once again.

46. AS MUCH AS I LOVED HER

As much as I loved her lips beyond anything else on this mesmerizing Universe;
profoundly enthralled by the voluptuous sheen that encapsulated their royal
periphery,

I incessantly prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless them with the tenacity to
survive against inexplicable gloom; which I knew was an inevitable impediment
at some stage or the other; of everybody's vibrantly synergistic life.

As much as I loved her eyes beyond anything else on this boundlessly beautiful
Universe; relentlessly staring into their impeccable whites; as she traversed
like a fairy in my barren garden of nothingness,

I indefatigably prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless them with the fortitude to
survive against devastatingly crippling tears; which I knew were an
inevitable hindrance at some stage or the other; of everybody's rhapsodically
blooming life.

As much as I loved her hair beyond anything else on this sparkingly colossal
Universe; intransigently drowning in their fabulous glory for times immemorial,
I irrevocably prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless them with the resilience to
survive against ludicrously withering whiteness; which I knew was an inevitable
decay; at some stage or the other; of everybody's bountifully charismatic life.

As much as I loved her voice beyond anything else on this majestic Universe;
profusely blending each step of my impoverished existence with the stupendous
magic of her heavenly tunes,

I unfathomably prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless it with the solidarity to
survive against ridiculously wavering cacophony; which I knew was an inevitable
obstacle at some stage or the other; of everybody's ecstatically vivacious life.

As much as I loved her cheeks beyond anything else on this gregariously
wonderful Universe; compassionately kissing them under the pearly mysticism of
milky moon; till times beyond veritable eternity,

I tirelessly prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless them with the courage to survive
against obnoxiously abominable wrinkles; which I knew were an inevitable
barricade at some stage or the other; or everybody's enchantingly blissful life.

As much as I loved her ears beyond anything else on this wonderfully ravishing
Universe; suckling heavenly peace from their pricelessly dangling lobes,
I perpetually prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless them with the conviction to
survive against mockingly turbid deafness; which I knew was an inevitable hurdle
at some stage or the other; in everybody's euphorically galloping life.

As much as I loved her stomach beyond anything else on this congenially symbiotic Universe; being captivated in a tantalizing entrenchment of seductive thrill each time she nimbly swished her divinely countenance,
I perennially prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless it with the ardor to survive against unprecedented pangs of hunger; which I knew was an inevitable blockade at some stage or the other; in everybody's celestially blessed life.

As much as I loved her feet beyond anything else on this unsurpassably enigmatic Universe; passionately kissing every mark that they left on bedraggled bits of soil,
I forever prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless them with the fervor to survive against acrimoniously ghastly thorns; which I knew were an inevitable criminal at some stage or the other; in everybody's sacredly contented life.

As much as I loved her shadow beyond anything else on this fathomlessly mystical Universe; basking in the inscrutably delectable enigma of her gorgeously alluring reflection,
I incorrigibly prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless it with the resolution to survive against ethereally surreptitious extinction; which I knew was an inevitable culprit at some stage or the other; in everybody's wonderfully sprouting life.

And as much as I loved her breath beyond anything else on this gigantically poignant Universe; taking birth a countless more times with the incomprehensibly unparalleled life that she exhaled,
I constantly prayed to the Almighty Lord to bless it with the realization to survive against diabolically sinister death; which I knew was an inevitable end at some stage or the other; in everybody's ubiquitously redolent life.

47. THE MOST BLESSED

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single jewel in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she incessantly led me through a trail of unrelenting fantasy and insurmountable yearning; making me blossom into profoundly enamoring newness with the profuse captivation in her enamoring lips.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single moment of happiness in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she compassionately stared at me till times beyond conceivable eternity.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single cloth in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she cast her invincible magic through each element of my impoverished blood and diminishing senses.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single roof to survive in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she enigmatically teased me into a land more majestic than bountifully resplendent paradise.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single space to enjoy in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she titillated me indefatigably; to ebulliently arouse me out of my ghastly corpse; every time I tried to sleep; in the heart of pernicious midnight.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single talent in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she pacified all my murderously hedonistic apprehensions; with the ingratiating melody in her voice.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single fantasy in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she instilled the virtue of uninhibited sharing and brotherhood; in each ingredient of my severely decayed blood.

Even if you didn't bestow upon me a single adventure in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of my heart; as she made me perceive the most voluptuously ravishing sights on this fathomless planet; with the impeccable softness embedded in her marvelous eyes.

And even if you didn't bestow upon me a single droplet of water; a single morsel of food in this entire lifetime of mine; I would still consider myself the most blessed man on earth,
Because I had her immortally priceless love incarcerated well within the beats of

my heart; as she danced like a celestial fairy to grant me a countless more lives; enshrouding my diminutively bedraggled existence with the Omnipotent light of humanity; a mellow greater than the handsomely divine.

48. YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE

My life was a languid lake of nothingness; evaporating at tumultuous speeds at each second unleashed itself into a wholesome minute,
You were the only one to step in it; ignite cloudbursts of insatiably untamed desire; as you sighted it with the Omnipotent fire in your heavenly eyes.

My life was a wisp of extinguishing smoke; subsiding to worthless nothingness even before the most insipid of flames could arise,
You were the only one to step in it; metamorphose its dreary complexion to a land above paradise; as you caressed it with your majestically divine feet.

My life was a bedraggled cloth; disdainfully tattered at umpteenth number of places; and the ungainly holes augmenting horrendously on each impoverished step that I tread,
You were the only one to step in it; add boundless glittering stars to its miserably grotesque demeanor; with the tantalizing cadence in your stupendous voice.

My life was a stinking gutter; with the savagely uncouth world stuffing its surplus dirt in my devastated belly; each time it passed by,
You were the only one to step in it; transform it into an everlasting ocean of uninhibited passion; with the unfathomable poignancy in your crimson blood.

My life was a pathetically squelched flower; with beasts indiscriminately trampling over it; to eventually make it blend with infinitesimal specks of morbid dust,
You were the only one to step in it; enshroud it with a perpetual fragrance of humanity from all sides; with the ravishing melody in your magnanimously enchanting stride.

My life was an ultimate disaster; stubbornly staggering to coalesce with inexplicable pain every instant; even before I could alight a single foot,
You were the only one to step in it; evolve it into a fountain of blossoming rhapsody and tangy happiness; with your benevolently charming smile; that escalated above the starry skies.

My life was a treacherously sinister wave; indefatigably shattering against the rocks of horrific despair; even before it could culminate into the minutest of

ecstatic froth,

You were the only one to step in it; impregnate its sordidly fading contours with unrelenting enigma; as you bounced perennially in a garden seductive excitement; compassionately embracing the winds of newness.

My life was an infertile battalion of seeds; ludicrously stagnating and stifling to a remorseful death; beneath the soil of worthlessly manipulative malice,
You were the only one to step in it; engendering it to bear the most unsurpassable repertoire of fruit on this boundless Universe; as you weaved a trail of irrefutable truth and sharing; across its haggardly crumbling swirl.

And my life was a scorching desert withering towards veritable extinction; as the Sun blazed a trifle extra in the sweltering afternoon skies,
You were the only one to step in it; enlighten it immortally with love; feeling; a spirit to unflinchingly survive; with your gloriously relentless heartbeats forever bonding with mine.

49. I WOULD STILL CONTINUE TO LOVE HER

Even if you massacred both my eyes; gruesomely blinding me for the remainder of my pathetically devastated life,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my ears; ensuring that the tiniest insinuation of danger stayed countless miles away from her overwhelmingly mesmerizing countenance.

Even if you assassinated both my ears; diabolically slashing my dangling lobes apart into a ludicrously pulverized curry of sinister flesh and bone,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my cheeks; compassionately grazing across her divinely forehead; witnessing her bloom in a corridor of perpetual ecstasy for times immemorial.

Even if you bombarded both my cheeks; exonerating their profusely rubicund cheer into disastrously barbaric sadness,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my nostrils; instilling fireballs of unsurpassable passion in every breath of hers; that she magnetically exhaled.

Even if you barbarically stabbed both my nostrils; satanically decimating them to infinitesimal specks of languid ash,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my lips; becoming the majestic smile that besieged her perennially; in times of gloom as well as unprecedentedly untamed happiness.

Even if you devilishly thrashed both my lips with chains of acrimonious hatred; transformed their complexion into a ghastly fountain of invidiously fulminating blood,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my shoulders; carrying her to the most invincible places of safety; to the ultimate paradise of her royal choice.

Even if you annihilated both my shoulders; extinguishing them gorily with ferocious strokes of the savagely scintillating sword,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my palms; uninhibitedly bestowing each element of my prosperous destiny upon her; marvelously embellished and sacrosanct life.

Even if you mercilessly chopped both my palms; transposing their conglomerate of flesh and bone with the inner most recesses of the remorsefully morbid grave,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my legs; galloping at a velocity faster than white lightning in the sky; to grant her the most insatiable euphoria of her magnanimously blessed life.

Even if you crippled both my legs; uncouthly squashing the most intricate of their nerves with hideously monstrous tyres of the speeding truck,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my shadows; mystically enshrouding every cranny of her seductively tantalizing existence.

And even if you blended the unfathomably deplorable island of hell with both my shadows; murderously extricating every bit of their stupendous charisma and grace,
I would still continue to love her immortally with my heart; soul and conscience; which try as much you could; you wouldn't be able to ever conquer; as they proliferated indefatigably even after this planet had ceased to exist; poignantly bonded with the OMNIPOTENCE OF HER LOVE.

50. CLINGING TO MY BELOVED

When I clung to the body of the preposterously huge shark; it made sure within the next few seconds; that I would never be able to cling on any tangible or intangible surface; once again,

When I clung to the body of the satanically serrated crocodile; the beast relished this as the chance of its life; pulverizing me to nascent mincemeat; before he had time to wink his large eyes,

When I clung to the body of the pompously inflated gas balloon; the plastic

snapped deliberately some thousand feet above the ground; leaving me literally counting my every breath; before I eventually disintegrated to minuscule pieces with the stones,

When I clung to the body of seductively silvery snake; the monster savagely hissed all tales of his private life into my intricate ears; before venomously sealing the tale of my impoverished existence,

When I clung to the body of the diabolical dinosaur; it gazed at me contemptuously like a grizzly haired lizard; the finally christened me a worthless mosquito; before stamping the last breath out of my shivering chest; with his gigantic feet,

When I clung to the body of the tumultuously enraged bull; it nastily stared at my uncontrollably trembling countenance for a few instants; before goring insidiously treacherous holes in each part of my skin,

When I clung to the body of the crazily dancing tarantula; it supremely enjoyed spinning a web all across every part of my body; before injecting its pernicious venom deep down my slavering throat,

When I clung to the body of the drearily exhausted traveler; he hurled me into the gory well without any second thoughts; commanding me to fetch him his inevitably golden pail of water; from amidst hostile fish; century old tortoise and slimy frog,

When I clung to the body of the fulminating volcano; the maelstrom tossed me like a piece of infinitesimally meaningless cake; before charring me to threadbare bits of miserly white ash,

When I clung to the body of the voluptuously tantalizing seductress; she extracted all the happiness she could from my clattering skeleton; before dumping me amidst invidiously wandering ghosts in the morbid graveyard,

When I clung to the body of the ludicrously guffawing clown; he first and foremost tossed me like elastic candy to appease his famished spectators; and then made me laugh out my entire breath out of my lungs; tickling me voraciously with his sleazy wand,

When I clung to the body of the ravishingly slippery creeper; I dozed harmoniously under the milky moon for a few minutes; before I eventually realized that devilish leeches hovering around; had consumed the last drop of my

blood and flesh,

When I clung to the body of the spell binding magician; he ardently stared at me for marathon hours; before metamorphosing my rubicund demeanor into a burnt matchstick; which he then proudly flung into his cheering crowd,

When I clung to the body of the lethally black scorpion; it frantically wandered all over my skin; before finally deciding to vindictively stab me; right in the center of my eye,

When I clung to the body of the Herculean boxer; he suspended me at perilous inches from the ceiling; using the frigidly curled intestines of my stomach; as his ultimate boxing bag,

When I clung to the body of the indiscriminately conquering devil; he made it irrefutably sure; that I resided in the island of penalizing hell; in every birth I got a chance to be born,

When I clung to the body of the incongruously unruly butcher; he held me upside down seizing my writhing feet; massacring the hair on my scalp; before masticating me to pungently delicious and high calorie meat,

When I clung to the body of the body of the betraying soldier; he threw me as a titillating bait for his hedonistically marching enemy; then rested in celestial harmony; as they bombarded me to absolution with their; incomprehensible flurry of tanks and grenades,

And finally when I clung to the body of my sacrosanct beloved; it was here that I was reborn once again; for countless more times than I had lost life previously; immortally bonding with the passionate heat of her heart; mind and soul; to blissfully change the complexion of commercially strangled human kind.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 8

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems is actually Part 8 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. ONCE AGAIN
2. ALIVE AS A GHOST
3. DEFINITELY NOT ONE OF THOSE
4. THE ONLY PANACEA
5. THOSE WHO BREATHED IT
6. PLACE ME IN HER IMMORTAL FEET

7. JUST KEEP LOVING ME
8. THE ONLY MISSION
9. OR ELSE BECOME
10. DESTINED TO LOVE
11. THERE WAS NO HEART BORN
12. PREGNANT
13. RENUNCIATION
14. PERPETUAL WERE THE MOMENTS
15. I WASN'T PREPARED
16. OPENLY
17. LOVE IS BLIND
18. EVEN AFTER THIS EARTH; WAS NO LONGER MINE
19. IMMORTAL ELECTRICITY
20. LOVE ME
21. ALL THAT WAS NEEDED
22. TRAMPLED BY HER LOVE
23. THAT WOMAN
24. THE MOST FERVENT SLAVE
25. PLEASE NEVER FREE ME
26. DON'T BREAK MY HEART
27. EXCEPT THE DIVINE
28. ONLY IN YOUR PRICELESS HEART
29. YOUR KISS
30. BUT ALL THAT HARDLY MATTERED
31. CHASE
32. TOMORROW'S OF LOVE
33. GIVE ALL MY LIFE TO HER
34. SUCH WAS THE POWER OF IMMORTAL LOVE
35. THE WAVES OF IMMORTAL LOVE
36. ONLY FOR YOUR IMMORTAL BEATS
37. WHY DID YOU COME INTO MY LIFE?
38. WHY SHOULD I?
39. SHARE WITH ME
40. MAXIMUM COMFORT
41. MY LOVE STILL LAY IN YOUR HEART
42. YOUR HEART SAID IT ALL
43. WHO WAS SHE?
44. IMMORTAL WIFE
45. PARADISE
46. BREAKING THE STUMPS
47. LOVE IS MAGIC
48. NOBODY'S EVER STOPPED YOU

49. JUST FORGET IT BUDDY

50. BUT WHAT TO DO WITH THIS HEART

1. ONCE AGAIN

After witnessing your ravishingly enamoring eyes; I felt as if as bountiful feathers of beauty had descended upon this impoverished planet; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your fabulously congenial lips; I felt as if the drearily dilapidated winds had suddenly commenced to vivaciously sing; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your tantalizingly delectable belly; I felt as if stars in the sky had profoundly enlightened every cranny of this ludicrously gloomy planet; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your immaculately golden cheeks; I felt as if the withering summits had ebulliently escalated well above the corridors of azure sky; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your voluptuously bushy eyebrows; I felt as if the monotonously bedraggled Universe had embraced the aisles of uninhibited freedom; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your ingratiatingly mesmerizing voice; I felt as if the blanket of manipulatively bizarre apprehensions had metamorphosed into an enchanting paradise; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your immaculately compassionate palms; I felt as if streams of tingling melody cascaded through the agonizingly scorching sands; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your stupendously brazen hair; I felt as if the unfathomable battalion of sullen peacocks; danced the best dance of their lives; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your profusely inscrutable shadow; I felt as if each ray of the majestic Sun scintillated in magnificent brilliance; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your marvelously ecstatic earlobes; I felt as if milky moonlight

seductively chased all beauty on this fathomless earth; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your gloriously gyrating belly; I felt as if angels had plummeted down from the cosmos to frolic; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your unbelievably inebriating redolence; I felt as if the lackadaisical evening blazed through the corridors of untamed exhilaration; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your intriguingly sprouting nostrils; I felt as if every treacherously tyrannized stone on this earth had metamorphosed into celestial life; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your incredulously glistening fingers; I felt as if a carpet of astounding enthrallment had settled miraculously on every dwelling besieged with inexplicable pain; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your supremely divinely sound; I felt as if all those tottering pathetically towards the tunnels of abominable extinction had got a reason to live; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your majestically poignant feet; I felt as if a fantastically euphoric garden of roses had spawned on every desolately capricious path; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your astonishingly sparkling perspiration; I felt as if the clouds of prosperity had caressed the globe's feet; once again; after centuries immemorial,

After witnessing your passionately diffusing breath; I felt as if the perpetual essence of peace and unity had ubiquitously disseminated to every quarter of the staggering planet; once again; after centuries immemorial,

And after witnessing your immortally beating heart; I felt as if every invidiously sinister anecdote of uncouth betrayal had transformed into the chapter of eternal love; love and only love; once again; after centuries immemorial.

2. ALIVE AS A GHOST

Even though I was in the heart of a crucial business meeting; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her immaculately ravishing eyes; the glow

that immortalized their stupendous glory; beyond the corridors of eternity,

Even though I was in the center of the acrimonious battlefield; with arrows and bullets venomously ricocheting from all sides; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her voluptuously smiling lips,

Even though I was eating my meal after a thousand days; desperately trying to rejuvenate my drearily dried intestines; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her celestially tinkling and inscrutable feet,

Even though I was trespassing over a dungeon of hideously lethal reptiles; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except the compassionate warmth which diffused poignantly from her philanthropic palms,

Even though I was being brutally thrashed with barbaric glass; each pore of my skin bleeding towards submission; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her tantalizingly slender neck; which made me insatiably wild,

Even though I was thrown uncouthly from the aircraft; without a parachute strapped on my back; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her charismatically alluring eyelashes,

Even though I was given poison to drink; with each iota of the diabolical liquid treacherously forced into my tiny throat; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except the insurmountable titillation of her majestic belly,

Even though I was scorching miserably; orphaned till times beyond infinity in the midst of the heinously sweltering desert; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her mystically enchanting and incredulously enthralling shadow,

Even though I had a few seconds left before being pulverized by the satanic dinosaur; as his preposterously pernicious form closed upon my chest; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her voluptuously rubicund cheeks,

Even though I was tossed like a matchstick in the sky; after a deadly juggernaut of trucks collided head on with my ribs; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her magnanimously benevolent stride,

Even though I was indiscriminately tyrannized as a slave; lecherously forced to lick the saliva of my master as he vomited pools of it with every sneeze; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her ingratiatingly melodious voice,

Even though I was ripped apart into a countless halves by the savagely speeding tornado; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her tumultuously rhapsodic freedom; the supreme enchantment in her eyes,

Even though I was whipped with waves of despicable desolation; with all the richness of this planet kicking me like a piece of adulterated shit; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her vivaciously bouncing hair,

Even though I was gruesomely burnt alive; with the conventionally murderous society hurling every ounce of petrol in their dwellings upon my impoverished form; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else except her unbelievably rosy and delectable tongue; the gorgeous cadence that wafted from her voice,

Even though I was sinking to the bottom of the gargantuan ocean; with a fleet of rebellious shark darting at whisker lengths from my body; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her seductively charming adams apple,

Even though I was being absorbed by the island of flagrantly devastating hell; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her exquisitely embellished and artistic fingers,

Even though I was being ruthlessly asphyxiated with threadbare rope; a horde of criminals trying their best to slit every portion of my throat; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except her astoundingly dangling and surreally fantastic earlobes,

Even though I was staggering on each path of life; licking dust even before I could alight a single foot of mine; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else; except the tumultuously fiery breath that cascaded beautifully from your nostrils,

And even though I had died centuries ago; without a single trace of me or my rudiments now to be found on this boundlessly majestic Universe; I still couldn't fantasize about anything else except her passionately immortal heartbeats; her immortal love that had kept me ebullient and alive; even as an insipid ghost.

3. DEFINITELY NOT ONE OF THOSE

I might be just a minuscule speck of dust loitering aimlessly under the fathomless belt of sky; shivering inexplicably every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got devoured pathetically with the

tiniest draught of electric wind.

I might be just a grizzly haired rat; poking my nose pertinently at every smudge of cheese; playing hide and seek with my scornful master; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got ruthlessly got trapped within the diabolical mousetrap; surreptitiously laid at every corner to besiege me.

I might be just a cube of insipidly frigid ice; cold-bloodedly reacting to all the tumultuous heat enshrouding me; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who melted into horrendously tame submission; as the Sun shone a trifle more than its usual self.

I might be just an obdurately infinitesimal stone; uncouthly bereft of the slightest of emotion; gruesomely stumbling in life; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got satanically kicked beyond the realms of obsolete oblivion; even before the infant could raise its nimble foot.

I might be just a diminutively stray droplet of water; reflecting the profound staleness in the lecherously corrupt atmosphere; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got evaporated into baseless wisps of ridiculous nothingness; as the season of sweltering summer; overtook the cold winds in the sky.

I might be just a rotten fruit; swishing capriciously with the viciously swirling breeze; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got devilishly pulverized; even as the giant transgressed boundless kilometers away from my body.

I might be just an insurmountably torn cloth; dissipating into a countless fragments as people walked; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got ripped apart into tyrannical extinction; as the menacing pigs rampaged to appease their murderous gluttony.

I might be just a tiny alphabet inscribed gently on shimmering sands;
disgruntling my shape horrifically as the waves struck the shores; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who blew past the corridors of deplorably stinking hell; each time the dictator exhaled his light breath.

And I might be just a profoundly devastated beat; vacillating between the tenterhooks of life and death; every now and again,
But I was definitely not one of those; who got swiped in entirely from the

trajectory of this planet; witnessing the girl of my dreams slip from my heart; to bond with the boy whom I considered an irascible pest.

4. THE ONLY PANACEA

There was medicine available to kill the hideously parasitic rats; savagely corrupting the robust pile of salubriously sparkling apples,
But the only panacea to wholesomely decimate treacherous terrorism from its very non-existent roots; was immortally united harmony.

There was medicine available to kill the ominously slithering reptile; trying to invidiously infiltrate its lethal fangs into delectable curtains of impeccable flesh,
But the only panacea to wholesomely massacre the web of ghastly lies from every quarter of this planet; was unflinchingly irrefutable truth.

There was medicine available to kill the flurry of obnoxious termites; disdainfully crawling upon immaculately shimmering wood,
But the only panacea to wholesomely annihilate malicious prejudice from insidiously dilapidated hearts; was the ocean of perennially uninhibited sharing.

There was medicine available to kill the mountain of devastating ants; capitalizing on every opportunity to pertinently suck and feast on gloriously radiant blood,
But the only panacea to wholesomely assassinate monotonous manipulation from the lecherous society; was the unfathomable fortress of compassionate belonging.

There was medicine available to kill dogs on the road; diffusing the deadly germs of rabies in every innocent pedestrian wandering around,
But the only panacea to wholesomely scrap barbaric bloodshed and indiscriminate racialism; was the irrefutably everlasting religion of humanity.

There was medicine available to kill miserably pathetic dysentery; metamorphose overwhelmingly drained bodies into one with sparkling charm and astounding charisma,
But the only panacea available to wholesomely slaughter senselessly orphaned greed; was the ointment of perpetually wholehearted and unequivocal acceptance.

There was medicine available to kill the savagely diabolical vultures; perniciously trying to pluck out immaculately glistening eyes,
But the only panacea available to wholesomely destroy traitors from the

complexion of soil; was the intrepidly flamboyant spirit of eternal bravery.

There was medicine available to kill the abominably repelling cockroaches;
loitering in countless numbers beside the sullen lavatory seat,
But the only panacea to wholesomely swipe ungainly death forever from this
colossal Universe; was vivaciously Omnipotent and sacred life.

And there was medicine available to kill the irascibly hovering mosquito;
infuriatingly disrupting celestially delightful snores of; ravishing nocturnal sleep,
But the only panacea to wholesomely finish horrifically crippling betrayal from
poisoned souls; was the cloudburst of impregnably IMMORTAL LOVE.

5. THOSE WHO BREATHED IT

Those who followed it; became the most blessedly bountiful entities on this
fathomless planet; blending with the invincible fortress of perpetual harmony,

Those who dreamt about it; became the most fabulously surreal winds on this
wonderful planet; celestially leading each moment of their compassionate lives,

Those who craved for it; became the most aspiring organisms on this
mesmerizing planet; relentlessly marching forward to achieve above their defined
targets in life,

Those who respected it; became the most learned idols on this boundless planet;
stupendously imbibing and executing the symbiotic laws of existence,

Those who embraced it; became the most impregnably powerful lands on this
astronomically extraordinary planet; defending the most treacherously mightiest
battles with the tenacity in their souls,

Those who admired it; became the most ardently fabulous artists on this
unfathomably wonderful planet; capturing the incomprehensible beauty
lingering around; on their immaculately Omnipotent canvas,

Those who stared at it; became the most passionate philosophers on this
magnificently enchanting planet; absorbing even the most infinitesimal iota of
happiness lingering uninhibitedly in free space,

Those who chased it; became the most exhilaratingly adventurous fountains on
this charismatically magnetic planet; plunging into a valley of mysticism as each
second wholesomely unveiled itself,

Those who prayed for it; became the most Omnipotently proliferating organisms on this enigmatic planet; unitedly surging forward in the religion of humanity,

Those who worshipped it; became the most majestic endowments on this royally blooming planet; manifesting each of their benevolent dreams into a perpetual reality,

Those who saluted it; became the most bestowed organism on this insatiably gorgeous planet; transforming each instant of monotonously threadbare life into a sky diffusing resplendently opulently light,

Those who caressed it; became the most sensually romantic whirlpools on this grandiloquently princely planet; unconquerably sizzling to infernos of untamed desire; as the night unleashed into dazzling day,

Those who danced with it; became the most rhapsodically perennial butterflies on this seductively colossal planet; soaring euphorically in the skies; till times beyond eternal eternity,

Those who kissed it; became the most fantastically compassionate waterfalls on this tantalizing planet; disseminating the immortal essence of peace and love on every path they merrily philandered through,

Those who preached it; became the most sagaciously learned on this marvelously robust planet; immortalizing the essence of benevolently philanthropic existence,

Those who nostalgically reminisced it; became the most impeccable child on this wonderfully boundless planet; shrugging debilitating disease and disparaging dilapidation forever,

Those who empathized with it; became the most profusely poignant pearls on this exotically enlightened planet; enshrouding each moment of life with bountifully ecstatic paradise,

Those who breathed it; became the most voluptuously titillating whirlwind which never died; spawning countless of its kind; even as the earth outside interlocked in pugnaciously hostile war and malice,

And even the greatest of God's bowed down before it; instilling its goodness inevitably; in each organism that they splendidly created; for it was none other

than LOVE; LOVE AND JUST IMMORTAL LOVE.

6. PLACE ME IN HER IMMORTAL FEET

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a dinosaur would brutally pulverize me; or whether the electric bolts of lightening would strike me head-on from the ominous sky,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and blend with gruesomely pathetic cocoons of soil.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a sword would rip me apart to infinite pieces; or whether the lion would swallow me without a single yawn,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and settle down forever in the interiors of my abominably ghastly corpse.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a speeding truck would satanically crush my bones; or whether a dungeon of venomous snakes would stab each part of my eye,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and coalesce with stinkingly grizzly walls of my murderous coffin.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether an earthquake would devastate me to raw ash; or whether a forest of wild elephants would break each bone of my tender spine,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and melange forever with horrendous worm and termite countless kilometers beneath soil.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a battlefield of hostile vultures would pluck my heart out; or whether the roof would suddenly collapse on my

skull; metamorphosing me into an inconspicuous fly,

But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and bond with wisps of worthlessly non-existent oblivion.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a violently cataclysmic sea would drown me; or whether the horde of cold-blooded wolves would make a

curry out of me; for their nocturnal delights,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and forever sink into the trajectories of imprisoning nothingness.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a bullet would explode the most intricate arenas of my brain; or whether the ominously satanic witches would sacrifice me like white mice,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and leave for my expedition of irrevocably ultimate disaster.

I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether a shock would treacherously electrocute each ingredient of my body and blood; or whether the mountain of lethal scorpions would pierce my innocuous flesh; like barbaric chicken fry,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and disparagingly disappear without leaving; even a single trace of mine.

And I didn't want to know how I was going to die; whether the land of mesmerizing heaven sent its harbingers to take me; or whether uncouthly lecherous hell descended on every step that I tread by,
But it is my humble plea to you O! Almighty Creator; to place me in the immortal feet of my beloved; just as I was about to relinquish my last breath; and sleep like ghost in my grave; with no medicine able to open my dead eyes.

7. JUST KEEP LOVING ME

Just keep looking at me till eternity; as you exactly did so innocently; when you witnessed my impoverished grace; the very first time you met me,

Just keep embracing me till eternity; as you exactly did so passionately; when you brushed past my inexplicably shivering countenance; the very first time you met me,

Just keep smiling at me till eternity; as you exactly did so impeccably; when you came face to face with the ardent contours of my face; the very first time you met me,

Just keep blushing at me till eternity; as you exactly did so fervently, when you kissed me on my insatiably famished cheeks; the very first time you met me,

Just keep holding my palms till eternity; as you exactly did so tenaciously; when you marched past compassionately across my penuriously wavering shadow; the very first time you met me,

Just keep supporting me till eternity; as you exactly did so resiliently; when you perpetually united with my philanthropic cause to save mankind; the very first time you met me,

Just keep staring at me till eternity; as you exactly did so incorrigibly; when you sighted my frantically groping visage; the very first time you met me,

Just keep flirting with me till eternity; as you exactly did so magically; when you played hide and seek with my drifting shadow; the very first time you met me,

Just keep titillating me till eternity; as you exactly did so ravishingly; when you teased each iota of my drearily devastated senses; the very first time you met me,

Just keep inspiring me till eternity; as you exactly did so intransigently; when you focussed me relentlessly to achieve my benign missions of life; the very first time you met me,

Just keep frolicking with me till eternity; as you exactly did so enchantingly; when you triggered the child in my soul to blossom beyond the skies; the very first time you met me,

Just keep singing with me till eternity; as you exactly did so royally; when you wholesomely coalesced your sound with mine; the very first time you met me,

Just keep fantasizing with me till eternity; as you exactly did so magnificently; when you instilled the dreams of tantalizing paradise in my bedraggled persona; the very first time you met me,

Just keep caressing me till eternity; as you exactly did so voluptuously; incinerating infernos of untamed desire in each ingredient of my poignant blood; the very first time you met me,

Just keep talking to me till eternity; as you exactly did so stupendously; impregnating meadows of unfathomably astronomical courage in my nervously fluttering heart; the very first time you met me,

Just keep tickling me till eternity; as you exactly did so mischievously; when you made me erupt into whirlpools of uninhibited laughter; the very first time you met me,

Just keep surging with me till eternity; as you exactly did so irrefutably; when you profusely melanged your mind; body and spirit with mine; the very first time you met me,

Just keep breathing with me till eternity; as you exactly did so unconquerably; when you pledged to live and die with my diminutive form; the very first time you met me,

And just keep loving me till eternity; as you exactly did so invincibly; when you immortally bonded each of your heartbeats with the tumultuously throbbing ones that were mine; the very first time you met me.

8. THE ONLY MISSION

The only mission that my hands were born for; was to defend your magnificently enchanting entity; from the most inconspicuous iota evil lingering around,

The only mission that my legs were born for; was to transport you invincibly safe; to the most splendidly rejuvenating destination of your choice,

The only mission that my eyes were born for; was to enshroud your life with brilliantly majestic sight; enlightening your every disparagingly gloomy path with profoundly optimistic light,

The only mission that my tongue was born for; was to flood each aspect of your monotonously languid existence; with the sound of enamoringly melodious happiness,

The only mission that my lips were born for; was to trigger an everlasting smile upon the impeccable contours of your face; kiss you till times beyond eternal infinity,

The only mission that my teeth were born for; was to perspicaciously disentangle the thorns from the fruits you ate; pulverize all the gruesome impediments that came your way,

The only mission that my shadow was born for; was to entrench your royal countenance from all sides; with incredulously fabulous enigma; and mystically

tingling excitement,

The only mission that my neck was born for; was to dexterously drift for you in an infinite directions; finding you the ultimate clouds of paradise; which you had perennially desired,

The only mission that my fingers were born for; was to maneuver you like an invincible fortress even in the most treacherous of darkness; even in the most insidiously bizarre moments of life,

The only mission that my ears were born for; was to indefatigably massacre those diabolical voices trying to ghastily perpetuate through your pristine surroundings; decimate even the most infinitesimal trace of obnoxious sound before it could arise,

The only mission that my blood was born for; was to impregnate all those despairingly lackluster moments of your bedraggled life; with an insurmountably overpowering aroma; more poignant than the rain pelting down,

The only mission that my versatility was born for; was to marvelously fulminate the artist lingering profusely in each of your ecstatically royal senses; engender you to erupt into an unfathomable myriad of bountiful directions,

The only mission that my mind was born for; was to propel you to tirelessly fantasize; dream in an ocean of incomprehensibly silken charm; oblivious to the manipulative vagaries of the uncouth world outside,

The only mission that my lashes were born for; was to ignite the flirtatious child in your charismatic persona; make you feel every instant as if blooming with the freshest cry of blissful life,

The only mission that my patriotism was born for; was to unrelentingly march forward till the time you achieved your absolute goal in life; wholesomely evict the flurry of disastrously abominable traitors hovering around your divine countenance,

The only mission that my skin was born for; was to sequester your immaculately shivering visage; from the acrimonious rays of midday Sun; as well as avalanches of gruesomely freezing winter,

The only mission that my soul was born for; was to perpetually ensure that your irrefutably heavenly spirit continued to robustly exist; even centuries after you

had died,

The only mission that my breath was born for; was to make you forever live with the astronomical fervor of life; witness you magnificently blossom into a fountain of resplendently dancing moonlight,

And the only mission that my heart was born for; was to immortally grant you the love of your destined life; not only for this; but fathomless more exotically vibrant lifetimes.

9. OR ELSE BECOME

Either give all those impoverished; their relentless festoon of dreams; granting every blissful fantasy of theirs lingering in their hearts,

Or become a majestic pearl of imagination yourself; diffusing royally grandiloquent thoughts from your innermost soul.

Either give all those feebly dithering towards extinction; their lost quota of invincibly formidable strength,

Or become a perpetual mountain of power yourself; sequestering the disastrously infirm; from every uncouthly treacherous onslaught of manipulatively stinking mankind.

Either give all those shivering in gruesome blackness; their oligarchic tunnels of brilliantly flamboyant light,

Or become a perennially everlasting inferno of flames yourself; compassionately healing inexplicably oozing wounds; with the Omnipotence in your senses.

Either give all those ruthlessly famished; their tantalizingly appetizing morsels of robust food,

Or else become a fountain of gloriously rubicund fruit yourself; appeasing inevitable pangs of life-threatening hunger; with the indispensable nutrients in your scarlet blood.

Either give all those pathetically sad; their share of unprecedentedly blossoming happiness,

Or else become a garland of wholehearted smiles yourself; incessantly metamorphosing diabolical gloom into rhapsodically exuberant joy.

Either give all those barbarically orphaned; their indispensable winds of unequivocal sharing and warmth,

Or else become a river of bountiful endowment yourself; uplifting the

treacherously deprived till the time they reached the ultimate paradise; that they had always intrinsically desired.

Either give all those with maimed arms and feet; their insatiable exhilaration to gallop forward ebulliently in every aspect of enigmatic life,
Or else become a messiah of unfathomable peace and love yourself; enlightening all satanically devastated lives; with the ingratiatingly gorgeous aura of your countenance.

Either give all those mentally retarded; their naturally nascent ocean of incredulous creativity,
Or else become a cloud of fragrant intelligence yourself; ubiquitously disseminating the spirit of fabulous newness in every township besieged with lackadaisically dumb boredom.

And either give all those having lost romance; their unsurpassable sky of ecstatically ravishing happiness,
Or else become an immortally unceasing idol of sacrosanct love; showering the essence of philanthropic humanity; passionately bonding every tumultuously bereaved heart that you witnessed.

10. DESTINED TO LOVE

Perhaps he was destined to relentlessly swim in the poignantly tangy oceans; tirelessly wading across the unsurpassably stormy waves all sweltering day and resplendently star studded night,
While perhaps she was destined to laze like a princess on the surreally untamed mountaintop; with the mystical entrenchment of clouds majestically tantalizing every iota of her voluptuously nubile skin.

Perhaps he was destined to trespass on a battalion of indiscriminately satanic thorns; unrelentingly oozing into an ocean of ghastly blood; more rampantly as the instants unfurled into wholesome minutes,
While perhaps she was destined to blend with the fragrance of heavenly goodness all her life; coalescing even the most infinitesimal iota of her regale countenance; with the winds of unbelievably benevolent tranquility.

Perhaps he was destined to guzzle preposterously ominous venom; incarcerating every ingredient of his immaculate blood with the coffins of horrifically asphyxiating torture,
While perhaps she was destined to float in the aisles of unparalleled desire for infinite more births yet to unveil; coalescing every element of her vivacious life

with the stupendously ingratiating melody of this enchanting planet.

Perhaps he was destined to abominably rot in the dungeons of condemnation; with every entity trespassing him; rebukingly whipping his nimble body with swords of diabolical exasperation,

While perhaps she was destined to timelessly philander on unfathomable meadows of pure silk; uninhibitedly freeing each of her impeccable senses to perennially bond with the divine.

Perhaps he was destined to transgress through only disastrously gory impediments every unleashing second of his life; sardonically bearing the brunt of the conventionally turgid and ruthless society,

While perhaps she was destined to embrace the waves of irrefutably invincible triumph since the moment she opened her celestial eyes; wonderfully assimilating all spellbinding righteousness lingering in the magical atmosphere.

Perhaps he was destined to deplorably loiter in dolorously fetid lavatories of baseless lies; exploding into a graveyard of licentious manipulation even as he was about to exhale his very last breath,

While perhaps she was destined to be the ultimate harbinger of eternally sacrosanct truth; propagate the unconquerable essence of symbiotic humanity; to even the most obsolete cranny of this limitless planet.

Perhaps he was destined to be uxoriously torched into realms of worthless extinction; indefatigably be pulverized by the truculent maelstrom of treacherously trampling demons,

While perhaps she was destined to replenish even the most inconspicuous speck of her soul; with the unendingly eclectic artistry of this gigantically exuberant earth.

Perhaps he was destined to taste meaninglessly atrocious dust and stone; even before he could tread a single step; even before he could execute the most mercurial puff of his disdainfully staggering breath,

While perhaps she was destined to unveil into a fabulous festoon of boundlessly beautiful colors; romance in the sensuously fathomless entrenchment of enigmatic life; for times immemorial.

Perhaps he was destined to unsparingly burn under the ferociously blazing inferno of debilitatingly persevering summer; having to climb mountains as Herculean as the Omnipotent Sun; for moistening his lips with even a single droplet of water,

While perhaps she was destined to ebulliently frolic in the lanes of heavenly

mischievousness; leading each moment of her blessed life like an ecstatically newborn princess.

But one thing was unassailably; one thing was what even the Omniscient grace of the Almighty Lord couldn't ever deny,
That they were both destined to immortally love; marvelously bonding the rhythm of their compassionately throbbing hearts; with the beats of impregnable existence; with the spirit of everlasting living kind.

11. THERE WAS NO HEART BORN

There was no balloon born on this Universe which did not preposterously burst; unrelentingly diffuse into boundless fragments of gruesomely pulverized rubber; at being pricked,

There was no desert born on this Universe which did not acrimoniously simmer; relentlessly torch countless organisms in vicinity; to inconspicuously threadbare fragments under the sweltering Sun,

There was no ocean born on this Universe which did not ravishingly undulate; enchantingly disseminate into an unsurpassable mountain of mesmerizing froth; every unfurling minute of the night and flamboyant day,

There was no star born on this Universe which did not gregariously twinkle; aristocratically pacify even the most inexplicably traumatic misery; with the profoundly miraculous Omnipotence in its shine,

There was no camel born on this Universe which did not laggardly hunch; exhilaratingly ingratiate even the most drearily alien of travelers; with its amiable smile in all times,

There was no rose born on this Universe which did not bountifully blossom; ubiquitously propagate the essence of wonderfully timeless equality; to even the most remotely fathomless quarter of this Omniscient planet,

There was no cloud born on this Universe which did not celestially intoxicate; indefatigably mesmerize all gruesomely remorseful morbidity in the atmosphere; with infinite colors of vibrantly fulminating love,

There was no dewdrop born on this Universe which did not fabulously romance; sensuously enlighten every treacherously whipping iota of drudgery on this commercial globe; with an unfathomable canvas of optimistic light and artistry,

There was no eyelash born on this Universe which did not mischievously flutter; blissfully transit even the most monotonously mechanical entities; back into realms of impeccably heavenly childhood,

There was no mind born on this Universe which did not wildly fantasize; let itself uninhibitedly wander in the lanes of untamed voluptuousness; fervently hoping that this reverie didn't end for centuries immemorial,

There was no shadow born on this Universe which did not enigmatically shimmer; perpetuate every bit of dolorously vengeful space in the cosmos; with stupendously princely tranquility,

There was no truth born on this Universe which did not symbiotically unite; coalescing all thunderously powerful and diminutively timid; in threads of eternal mankind and alike,

There was no destiny born on this Universe which did not handsomely magnetize; baffling even the most sagaciously stringent norms of science and contemporary chemistry; with the unsurpassable ocean of intricacies in vivacious life, with an unsurpassable ocean of piquant vacillations in vivacious life,

There was no tortoise born on this Universe which did not tirelessly laze; feasting its unbelievably potbellied belly in overwhelmingly harmonious tandem; with the light of the simmering Sun,

There was no rainbow born on this Universe which did not vividly enthrall; bestowing a limitless entrenchment of eclectically fructifying desire upon every despicably bereaved organism; on this fascinating planet,

There was no lion born on this Universe which did not majestically roar; unconquerably reign supreme as the king of the mystical jungle; everytime this earth magnanimously proliferated and was enchanting born,

There was no woman born on this Universe which did not graciously attract; inevitably drawing even the most sonorously whiplashing of organisms; in her tumultuously tantalizing and sensuously divine swirl,

There was no breath born on this Universe which did not unstoppably bless; evolve an impregnable entrenchment of godly solidarity and charisma; on every deplorably barren cranny of this endless earth,

And there was no heart born on this Universe which did not perpetually love; bonding each of its beats with its unendingly transpiring passion; immortally following its tunes for infinite more births yet to come; irrespective of whatever might come its way.

12. PREGNANT

He made my eyes spell bindingly pregnant; with insurmountable mountains of perennially compassionate empathy; the unrelentingly fantastic tunnels of desire hovering in his life,

He made my lips magnetically pregnant; with an unlimited festoon of poignantly amiable smiles; the winds of boundlessly triumphant euphoria that indefatigably circumvented his existence,

He made my skin resplendently pregnant; with a valley of fathomlessly nubile goose-bumps; handsomely disseminating the charismatic electricity of his majestic persona; wholesomely into mine,

He made my hair astoundingly pregnant; with an unsurpassable ocean of stupefying exhilaration; permeating them ravishingly with the ebulliently magical caress that lay in his princely palms,

He made my ears exotically pregnant; with waterfalls of everlasting melody; blissfully enshrouding the baseless hollowness of my life with his tunes of vibrantly victorious existence,

He made my mouth beautifully pregnant; with an endlessly fructifying garden of harmonious scent; enthrallingly imparting the fragrance of his eternally flamboyant survival entirely into mine,

He made my blood passionately pregnant; with untamed infernos of ecstatically scintillating yearning; celestially diffusing his spirit of philanthropically divine mantra of life; profusely into even the most inconspicuous of my stride,

He made my pulse ingratiatingly pregnant; with the waves of intrepidly unflinching adventure; sensuously bestowing his mystically emphatic touch all over my uncontrollably trembling body,

He made my shadow fascinatingly pregnant; with magnificent cisterns of fantastically unending enigma; bestowing upon his cradle of unbelievably royal voluptuousness on every cranny of my drearily lambasted skin,

He made my teeth blazingly pregnant; with limitless skies of bountifully scintillating shine; gorgeously bequeathing the legacy of his aristocratically patriotic footsteps; upon the fabric of my shattered life,

He made my fingers dexterously pregnant; with unfathomable shades of regale artistry; chivalrously blending the reservoir of gargantuan sensitivity of his senses; in unshakable entirety with mine,

He made my chest fearlessly pregnant; with fortresses of solidarity and invincible courage; altruistically imparting the magnanimously pristine goodness of his soul; to every bit of inadvertently malicious lies in the chapter of my life,

He made my conscience pregnant; with unassailable fireballs of godly truth; marvelously wafting the astonishingly proliferating and righteous scent of his stride; into my miserably withering life,

He made my cheeks pregnant; with an unending entrenchment of bountifully embellished scarlet blushes; magically pouring the reverberations of his overwhelmingly sensitive visage; into the meaninglessly wavering crux of heartless existence,

He made my hands gloriously pregnant; with an impregnably ubiquitous canvas of aristocratic destiny lines; timelessly maneuvering even the most mercurial iota of my existence with the winds of uninhibited freedom; that incessantly emanated from his demeanor,

He made my brain fabulously pregnant; with unlimited aisles of thunderously overpowering fantasy; the enthrallingly heavenly rhythm of his existence being the ultimate dream that I tirelessly perceived,

He made my breath pricelessly pregnant; with insatiably untamed whirlpools of vibrantly eclectic life; miraculously healing even the most inexplicably cancerous of my wounds; with his melody of benign mankind,

He made my belly sacredly pregnant; with his mischievously bouncing child; making me feel as the most richest organism on this Universe; without even a penny in my pocket and for infinite more births of mine,

And he made my heart immortally pregnant; with his tale of jubilantly iridescent love; a perpetual bonding which none on the planet could ever conquer; even after the planet itself came to a veritably ghastly end.

13. RENUNCIATION

Renunciation from dolorously heinous stagnation; the corpses of crippling decay that had so vindictively strangulated every aspect of my impoverished existence,

Renunciation from preposterously dastardly stench; the unfathomably abominable filth of bizarre manipulation; that had so treacherously pulverized me on every step that I dared to tread,

Renunciation from despicably claustrophobic monotony; the knives of insane bloodshed and gory war; pugnaciously stabbing me from all sides,

Renunciation from indefatigably squelching dreariness; the seeds of invidious laggardness; making me disdainfully collapse like a pack of frigid matchsticks; even before I alight a single step,

As I perpetually blended myself with the unsurpassably exotic petals of the poignantly proliferating nature; solely inhaling its Omnipotently philanthropic fragrance; for infinite more births of mine yet to handsomely unveil.

1.

Renunciation from tyrannically lambasting slavery; the blood-stained chains of malevolent dictatorship which had so brutally excoriated the shades of my vivaciously resplendent existence,

Renunciation from robotically corporate machinery; the pompously spurious and ghastly walls of ignominiously castigating office; which had so indiscriminately incarcerated me from nine to nine,

Renunciation from graveyards of fretful cowardliness; the ghosts of baselessly horrific fear; venomously poisoning my immaculately fantastic mind all the time,

Renunciation from the shells of grotesquely sinister diffidence; the feckless hypochondriac that tried to annihilate me with its swords of unrelenting viciousness; every unfurling minute of the day and the bountifully star studded night,

As I surrendered every ingredient of my mind; body and soul; to the invincibly Omnipresent inferno of spell binding righteousness; coalescing with the fabric of unflinching truth till the Lord had destined the very last breath of my life.

3.

Renunciation from the conventionally meaningless society; the derogatorily sinful wisps of sleazy cigar smoke and sanctimonious slang; which had rendered my survival more exacerbated than the wounds of a wailing dog,

Renunciation from the tornadoes of gory war; the rain of innocent blood that poured unstopably on my countenance; as countless lost their lives in battles of color and tribe,

Renunciation from the gutters of unforgivable corruption; the raunchy wad of salacious notes; indefatigably trying to weigh every ingredient of my holistically blessed survival,

Renunciation from disastrously stray loneliness; the winds of murderously rebuked isolation; overwhelmingly overpowering me; for ostensibly not the slightest fault of mine,

As I wholeheartedly embraced the religion of eternally endowing humanity; blissfully burgeoning in its swirl to continue God's most sacred chapter of creation; perpetually bonding with every synergistically living organism and its kind.

4.

Renunciation from shattered glasses of asphyxiated boredom; the whiplashes of irascibly pernicious and anomalous sodomy that truculently impeded me; on every stage of my life,

Renunciation from the web of transiently surreptitious desire; the untamed infernos of insurmountably bawdy delight that sporadically crept up from nowhere in clear space; into my wandering soul,

Renunciation from the tunnels of abhorrently sordid betrayal; the pathetically reverberating edifices of prurient prejudice; parasitically deteriorating the beats of my marvelously celestial existence,

Renunciation from inexplicably slandering misery; the incomprehensibly livid ant holes of cancerous disease; which so tumultuously augmented in every part of my sensitive blood and skin,

As I immortally bonded every beat of my heart with hers forever and ever and ever; with the unassailably unparalleled fires between our bodies miraculously quelling all agonizing pain not only for this birth; but each time the Creator gifted this earth to eclectic mankind.

14. PERPETUAL WERE THE MOMENTS

Golden were the moments; when I gallivanted through the rain soaked hills; with the boisterous chirping of the sparrows being my everlastingly exhilarating rhyme,

Golden were the moments; when I swam uninhibitedly in the marvelously undulating sea; with an unfathomable cascade of tangy froth; insurmountably tantalizing each of my monotonously dreary senses,

Golden were the moments; when I unrelentingly whispered with the enigmatically rustling trees; profusely blending even the most infinitesimal of my senses with the winds of inimitably ebullient ecstasy,

Golden were the moments; when I poignantly danced with the resplendent peacocks; euphorically relishing every bit of majestically crimson cloud; in the fathomless firmament of blue sky,

Golden were the moments; when I indefatigably floated in the aisles of unsurpassable fantasy; tirelessly conceiving the exuberantly unending beauty of this bountifully boundless earth,

Golden were the moments; when I was an immaculate child; wholesomely bereft of even the most inconspicuous vagaries of existence; blissfully bouncing in the lap of my divinely sacrosanct mother,

Golden were the moments; when I had first stepped into the dormitories of school; ingratiatingly relishing the camaraderie of my mates; erupting into compassionate whirlpools of laughter at even the tiniest of provocation,

Golden were the moments; when I felt the blazingly beautiful rays of the morning Sun; Omnisciently healing even the most inexplicable trace of disease; invidiously enshrouding my nimble countenance,

Golden were the moments; when I relentlessly rolled on gregariously fresh grass; sensuously inhaling the tantalizing aroma of glistening dewdrops; as the Moon glimmered to its most profound radiance in the cosmos,

Golden were the moments; when I suckled honey from the melodiously brimming hives; embellishing my impoverished visage with the astronomically aristocratic sweetness of the Mother Nature,

Golden were the moments; when I clambered like an untamed chimpanzee upon the mystically philandering hills; drifted in surreal unison with the romantically gorgeous clouds; for centuries unprecedented,

Golden were the moments; when I smelt the unbelievably effulgent lotus; profusely drowning my mind; body and wavering soul; into an unsurpassable ocean of chivalrously fabulous scent,

Golden were the moments; when I played with the rollicking crabs on the pristine seashores; with the majestic froth of the titillating sea handsomely tingling each of my haplessly staggering breath,

Golden were the moments; when I innocuously flirted with ravishingly nubile maidens in the realms of ardent desire; igniting fires of unconquerable passion; even in the heart of the morbidly insipid night,

Golden were the moments; when I earnestly prayed to the Almighty Lord; philanthropically serving all fraternities of harmoniously holistic living kind,

Golden were the moments; when I reminisced my past with my eternal parents; irrefutably saluting all insurmountably endless perseverance that they had displayed to bring me up; every instant of their hard-fought life,

Golden were the moments; when I unfurled into a meadow of fascinatingly limitless artistry; vivaciously painting the infinite shades of existence; on the barren canvas of my devastatingly wandering life,

Golden were the moments; when I gallivanted barefoot under the enchantingly streaming moonlight; beautifully submerging my entire persona in impeccable cisterns of emollient milk,

Golden were the moments; when I regally expunged my every breath; was triumphantly endowed by a chance from the Almighty Lord; to celestially diffuse into fabulously voluptuous and vibrant shades of eclectic life,

Golden were the moments; when I divinely penned down gorgeously symbiotic poetry; profusely reveling the countless shades of charismatic enchantment; that

were a stupendous gift from the Lord Almighty,

Golden were the moments; when I thoroughly enthralled even the most intricate of my senses; intensely listening to the enigmatically astounding reverberations of the; thunderously echoing valley,

Golden were the moments; when I amiably communicated with different tribes; caste and creed; feeling the niceness of wonderfully royal humanity; heavenly perpetuate every shade of my dwindling survival,

Golden were the moments; when I traced the piquant outlines of my palms; resplendently endeavoring to decipher the eluding trajectories of spell binding destiny,

Golden were the moments; when I timelessly lay at the feet of my revered mother; incorrigibly following her paths of unshakable righteousness; on every sphere of the earth that she humbly tread,

Golden were the moments; when I feasted my penuriously blinded eyes; on the magically proliferating winds of glorious nature; witnessed in awe-struck splendor; as innocent fledglings hatched in mesmerizing tandem from their crystalline eggs,

Golden were the moments; when I patriotically marched forward to unflinchingly lead life; resolutely pledged to unite all mankind one and alike; even as the most treacherously ghastly impediments tried to brutally thwart me on my way,

But perpetual were the moments; when I fell in love; immortally bonding every ingredient of my blood with her godly life; as she led me like a priceless prince through the corridors of magnificent newness; through the fortresses of a friendship which would continue taking birth; even after the entire earth had come to a gruesomely stuttering end.

15. I WASN'T PREPARED

I was prepared to wait for robust health; spending many a limitless decade; miserably entwined in the dungeons of decaying debilitation,

I was prepared to wait for fascinating desire; worthlessly whiling countless hours on the trot; in the mists of disparagingly dolorous monotony,

I was prepared to wait for enchanting prosperity; remorsefully stagnating on

infinitesimally threadbare soil; with my haplessly tattered rags splitting more obnoxiously than ever before; under the sweltering Sun,

I was prepared to wait for unflinching camaraderie; staggering like a worthless urchin on the desolate streets; with only insidiously parasitic mosquitoes perched in unfathomable quantities on my lambasted chin,

I was prepared to wait for scintillating righteousness; wasting the entire tenure of my impoverished life; truculently besieged by the graveyard of delinquently deteriorating lies,

I was prepared to wait for voluptuous desire; meaninglessly trespassing through the aisles of nothingness and crippling lackluster stoicism; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

I was prepared to wait for triumphant happiness; horrendously kissing the corpses of ghastly malice and defeat; till the time I traumatically tread on the trajectory of this earth,

I was prepared to wait for insatiable ecstasy; derogatorily rotting in unsurpassably pallid doomsday; letting my entire visage metamorphose into a gutter of criminally sucking leeches,

I was prepared to wait for unconquerable glory; meekly subjugating my body to the whiplashes of the society; pathetically collapsing like a pack of soggy matchsticks; even before a soul could raise his voice,

I was prepared to wait for dazzling flamboyance; stupidly diffusing every unfurling instant of my life; into a coffin of delinquently gruesome morbidity,

I was prepared to wait for Herculean strength; withering away like an insipidly insulted porcupine; at even the most diminutive draught of parsimonious wind,

I was prepared to wait for majestic eloquence; barking like a disastrously cacophonous and wounded crow; till the last breath I ghoulishly exhaled,

I was prepared to wait for unequivocally explicit candidness; substituting the chapter of my life; with the webs of satanically bizarre manipulation instead,

I was prepared to wait for patriotic victory; baselessly pulverizing myself every unleashing moment of my life; with the threadbare smoke of derogatorily dastardly defeat,

I was prepared to wait for exhilarating mysticism; deliberately enshrouding my agonizingly trembling demeanor; with maliciously devilish monotony from all sides,

I was prepared to wait for prolific success; nonchalantly swallowing the tail of thwarting failure; everytime I exuded into even the most infidel of movement,

I was prepared to wait for spell binding aristocracy; lecherously staggering on each path of my life; abhorrently dedicating each second of my time; swapping flies on the walls of my sordidly stinking hutment,

I was prepared to wait for ravishingly perpetual breath; insanely offering every element of my mind; body and soul; to the thunderously marauding demon and the hell of torturous death,

And I was prepared to wait for every conceivable comfort and richness on this fathomless earth O! Almighty Lord; but I wasn't the slightest prepared to wait for her ecstatically vibrant caress; I wasn't the slightest prepared to wait for her celestially immortal and bountiful love.

16. OPENLY

Secretly she admired my fluttering eyelashes; insatiably wanting to trap every element of her magnetic countenance; forever and wholesomely with mine,

Secretly she insatiably romanticized about my patriotic stride; relentlessly wanting me to trespass through her gateways of unparalleled romance,

Secretly she unrelentingly dreamt about intermingling her fingers with mine; compassionately incarcerating even the most infinitesimal ingredient of my countenance; with her bountiful rhyme,

Secretly she timelessly perceived about philandering with me behind the gloriously sun soaked hills; mischievously nibbling the barren regions of my chest; as frosty winds of winter embraced us from all sides,

Secretly she intransigently fantasized about wandering with me through the aisles of boundless desire; basking in the untamed glory of my ardently blazing perspiration,

Secretly she limitlessly conceived herself to be perennially sandwiched within my

frantically outstretched arms; replenishing even the most mercurial of her senses; with the scent of unprecedented brazenness that enshrouded my visage,

Secretly she insurmountably pictured herself in my lap on the absolute summit of the moonlit hills; profoundly relishing the ravishing beams of the moon; as my breath poignantly cascaded on her tantalizing skin,

Secretly she indefatigably visualized my rollickingly fluttering earlobes; fervently desiring to peck them with her sensuous teeth; all sweltering day and night,

Secretly she continuously envisaged the periphery of my charismatically rubicund lips; triumphantly wishing to enigmatically kiss me; till the very end of my time,

Secretly she fathomlessly wanted to encapsulate the irrefutably sparkling honesty of my soul; exotically blending with the fragrance that diffused from my masculine armpits,

Secretly she endlessly daydreamt about my swirling hair; irrevocably wanting to run her poignantly intricate fingers through my boundless garden of silken strands,

Secretly she ingratiatingly gallivanted with my ethereally sensuous shadow; eternally coalescing with my fantastically wandering impressions for decades immemorial,

Secretly she blissfully gyrated with my nimbly compassionate visage; pulsating with the persevering rhythm of my life; on even the most acrimoniously disastrous step that I tread,

Secretly she uxoriously lay at my rustically bohemian feet; drowning into a world of unfathomable enchantment; celestially enthralled as I innocuously snored,

Secretly she irrefutably philosophised even the most diminutive cadence that I uttered; unflinchingly believing in whatever I decided to undertake in the chapter of my vibrantly mesmerizing life,

Secretly she found me the ultimate prince of even the most evanescent of her dreams; divinely patronizing the essence of my ideals to even the most fathomless quarters of this colossal Universe,

Secretly she kept me forever in the innermost realms of her conscience and breath; sacredly cherished even the most inconspicuous iota of my aura in the

very center of her majestic chest,

Secretly she remained imprisoned in the whites of my eye for infinite more births of mine yet to unveil; immortally bonding every aspect of her existence forever with my every stride,

But OPENLY she loved me; transcending over all caste; creed; spurious religion and tribe on the trajectory of this fathomless Universe; and OPENLY she disclosed it to one and all on this earth and beyond; that I was hers and would always remain like that till the end of time.

17. LOVE IS BLIND

It could be overpoweringly uncompromising; with its magnetic swirl transcending over every conceivable organism in holistic vicinity,

It could be profoundly one sided; with the unfathomable chariots of ardent desire chasing the mesmerizing mists of eluding seduction; day in and day out,

It could be brutally unforgiving; with even the most mercurial iota of suspicion; disastrously ruining its silken fabric; till times beyond infinite infinity,

It could be unflinchingly exhilarating; with even the truculently mighty of maelstroms disintegrating like a pack of frigid matchsticks; in front of its invincibly divine caress,

It could be majestically passionate; with its kiss of timeless voluptuousness becoming an Omnipotent glow; even as the gallows of disparaging hell wholesomely coalesced with sacred earth,

It could be ebulliently promiscuous; with its spell of inevitably everlasting sensuousness; diffusing amongst entities even before the perpetual bondage of sacred marriage,

It could be endlessly jittery; with even the most minuscule of event unfurling; engendering a boundless flutter in its whirlpool of fathomless sensitivity,

It could be euphorically triumphant; with its unassailably fragrant spirit; blazingly emerging as the ultimate messiah of amiable togetherness; even from the coffins of treacherously thwarting death,

It could be unconquerably resplendent; with every other color in the boundless

atmosphere; proving a shade too dolorously dull; in front of its ravishingly spell binding vivaciousness,

It could be uxoriously timid; succumbing in wholesome entirety to even the most poignantly intricate commands of its partner; howsoever baselessly worthless that they might have seemed,

It could be flamboyantly blistering; irrefutably dominating even the most contemporarily gracious styles; with its aura of Omniscient symbiotism and enthrallingly enchanting beauty,

It could be indefatigably tantalizing; engulfing the gigantic planet in mists of unendingly vivid compassion; fabulously pacifying the voice of murderous monotony with the mantra of unshakable companionship,

It could be Omnipresently philanthropic; bonding every religion; caste; creed; and tribe; in the beats of perennially beautiful and melanging mankind,

It could be relentlessly dreamy; with even the most torturously devastating winds of gory bloodshed and crime; miserably failing to have the tiniest of impact on its gregariously fantasizing demeanor,

It could be tirelessly penalizing; as one partner altruistically bore the brunt of the other's pompous idiosyncrasies; still garnering all love on this planet for his lambasting rhyme,

It could be thunderously sensuous; with its rays of eternally gratifying compassion; ubiquitously overpowering even the heart of the most exotically ecstatic night,

It could be indomitably truthful; with its reflection of undefeatably sparkling righteousness; pricelessly disseminating to even the most forlornly fretful and malicious quarters of this gargantuan earth,

It could be unbelievably sacrificing; with both partners blissfully ready every unfurling minute to relinquish the last iota of their breath; for timelessly saving each other,

But one thing was profusely indisputable and for sure; that love knew no religion; boundaries or limits; Love was an uninhibited bird soaring higher than the skies for times immemorial; Love was a thread which none could break except the Gods; Love was bold; Love was Berserk; Love was beautiful; Love was bountiful,

Love was boundless, O! Yes, Love is BLIND.

18. EVEN AFTER THIS EARTH; WAS NO LONGER MINE

Some loved her for her ravishingly sensuous lips; insatiably wanting to feast on their enchantingly mesmerizing softness,

Some loved her for her tantalizingly seductive smiles; tirelessly wanting to become every tinkle of rapturous laughter; that she ebulliently diffused from her poignant throat,

Some loved her for her exotically glistening sweat; salaciously wanting to titillatingly suckle it; till the very end of their times,

Some loved her for her rhapsodically heaving bosom; treacherously wanting to incarcerate its voluptuous contours; in the delights of their cold-bloodedly bohemian palms,

Some loved her for her ravishingly tantalizing hair; perennially wanting to feel its exhilarating cascaded; upon their brutally impoverished lap's,

Some loved her for her enticingly melodious voice; unsurpassably wanting to be the every tune that she so majestically wafted; from within the inner most realms of her soul,

Some loved her for her ingratiatingly flapping ears; satanically wanting to nibble their gloriously tingling sweetness; till times beyond infinite infinity,

Some loved her for her fascinatingly intoxicating belly; indefatigably wanting to nestle in its compassionate softness; every unfurling instant of the sweltering and well past the heart of vibrantly vivacious midnight,

Some loved her for her euphorically reverberating legs; uxoriously wanting to dance with her triumphant form; and their bodies wholesomely intermingled with her compassionate rhyme,

Some loved her for her charmingly silken palms; devilishly wanting to coalesce every element of their destiny with hers; hide their ungainly faces in her invincibly unflinching fists,

Some loved her for her immaculately scintillating teeth; tyrannically wanting to make them their nimbly listening slave; chattering in obeisant submission to

even the most mercurial of their commands,

Some loved her for her spell bindingly heavenly fragrance; timelessly wanting to captivate its miraculous freshness; in their truculently manipulative repertoire,

Some loved her for her royal sensitivity; forcefully wanting to forever melange with her astoundingly celestial artistry; to fantastically alleviate their haplessly shattered lives,

Some loved her for her impeccably blessing stride; unrelentingly wanting to incarcerate every step on which she tread; to irrefutably uplift themselves in all aspects of mystically unveiling life,

Some loved her for her aristocratically fluttering eyelashes; inexorably wanting to flirt with her playfully rollicking countenance; gloriously catapulting them back into the realms of their innocent childhood,

Some loved her for her unfathomably satiny gentleness; endlessly wanting to assimilate all the sweetness of her survival; in the horrifically spurious masks of their satanic crime,

Some loved her for her unassailably priceless honesty; intransigently wanting to capture her indomitably humanitarian spirit; in the whites of their pathetically dwindling eyes,

Some loved her for her stupendously exultating breath; irrevocably wanting to deluge their disdainfully lugubrious and worthlessly cacophonous corpses; with the Omnipresent elixir of her magically endowing existence,

While I loved her for her divinely immortal heart; for the uninhibited reservoir of togetherness that she spread on every direction that she holistically traversed; for the Omnipotent purpose that she had so optimistically illuminated in my slithering life; for the perpetual love which she had so selflessly showered upon me; bonding her beats with me even after this earth was no longer mine.

19. IMMORTAL ELECTRICITY

When their wandering eyes met; indefatigably stared at each other even under the most flamboyantly blazing rays of the midday Sun,
The electricity generated was flirtatiously profound; enveloping the atmosphere with the astronomical magnetism of symbiotic existence.

When their blushing cheeks met; unrelentingly stroked each other even as the most thunderous of maelstroms truculently crept from all sides,
The electricity generated was astoundingly poignant; igniting an unsurpassable inferno of spell binding desire; in the heart of disastrously frozen death.

When their nubile fingers met; invincibly bonded with each other; even as the most diabolically Herculean impediment tried to pulverize them; into infinitesimal chunks of raw mincemeat,

The electricity generated was stupendously unflinching; charismatically enlightening every agonizingly bereaved section of the society; with the light of Omniscient companionship.

When their sensuous lips met; frenziedly discovered each other; even as the whiplashes of the barbarically conventional society tried to insidiously thwart them into the aisles of nothingness,
The electricity generated was voluptuously mesmerizing; triggering sparks of unprecedented excitement; in all witheringly ailing and the monotonously young; handsomely alike.

When their innocuous shadows met; unassailably coalescing with each other; even as unfathomable whirlwinds of abhorrent malice tried to invidiously infiltrate into their holistic stride,
The electricity generated was unbelievably harmonious; aristocratically blending all religion; caste; creed and spurious color alike; into the religion of unbreakable mankind.

When their trembling chests met; bountifully romancing in eternal glory; even as the coffins of ghoulishly crippling loneliness brutally stabbed them into relinquishing their last iota of breath,
The electricity generated was majestically ravishing; beautifully commemorating every trace of despicable disease in vicinity around; with the spirit of timelessly unending brotherhood.

When their enchanting toes met; amiably intermingling in the silken sands; even as the most abominably lecherous parasites tried to relentlessly suck their pristinely youthful blood,
The electricity generated was insurmountably tantalizing; inevitably fomenting every trace of dilapidated absolutism to erupt into a thunderball of unlimited ecstasy.

When their fecund breaths met; regally blending with each other's divinely

fragrance; even as the tyrannical stench of horrendously dictatorial superpowers tried to tumultuously overwhelm; every iota of their benign goodness,
The electricity generated was impregnably patriotic; insatiably urging every venomously corrupt organism; to forever kiss the gregariously redolent rudiments of his existence.

And when their passionate hearts met; rhythmically pulsating as a united beat for centuries immemorial; even as hell rained from the fathomless carpets of sky and the earth slapped all traces of holistic existence,
The electricity generated was immortally Omnipotent; celestially metamorphosing all gory bloodshed; pain and malevolent war; into a township of undefeated love; forever and ever and ever.

20. LOVE ME

Caress me; triggering every part of my diminutively impoverished countenance; to fulminate into a thunderstorm of sensuously exhilarating fantasy,

Kiss me; wildly igniting every dormant pore of my pathetically dwindling skin; to erupt into a paradise of everlastingly mesmerizing beauty,

Tickle me; making me mischievously reminisce all innocuously glorious moments of my philandering childhood; engulfing the mists of disparaging desperation enshrouding my forehead with the hills of rollicking playfulness,

Pat me; compassionately consoling even the most infinitesimal pore of traumatized agony in my trembling soul; profoundly reinvigorating every step that I transgressed with the light of Omnipotent togetherness,

Cuddle me; resplendently tracing the murderously exhausted outlines of my sagging ribs; with the insatiably enchanting magic in your divinely fingers,

Enlighten me; Omnisciently filtering a path of magically proliferating righteousness in the chapter of my disastrously disappearing and faltering life,

Refresh me; voluptuously painting the canvas of my baselessly treacherous existence; with the colors of your panoramically spell binding enchantment,

Bless me; inundating the insidiously shattering threads of my life; with the untamed fires of perpetual truth; majestically blazing in your unflinching eyes,

Titillate me; indefatigably melanging the tantalizing rivulets of golden sweat in

your ravishing visage; with the unparalleled heat that diffused from my form; all the time,

Fascinate me; unfurling into an unsurpassable entrenchment of exotically harmonious newness; marvelously awakening me from my despairing coffin of brutally sullen remorsefulness,

Pinch me; flirtatiously carving an unfathomable tunnel of desire through my obsoletely drifting senses; metamorphosing every diffidently deteriorating pore of my body into a fathomlessly regale valley of perennial poetry,

Inspire me; incessantly urging me to intrepidly keep marching ahead; evolve into the Sun of unconquerably humanitarian victory on every step that I nimbly tread,

Drown me; profusely encapsulating even the most inconspicuous element of my truculently extradited demeanor; with the mantra of ecstatically symbiotic sharing,

Tempt me; inevitably evoking even the most dolorously deadened arena of my lackluster body; to timelessly coalesce with the profoundly unsurpassable artistry diffusing from your breath,

Unwind me; uninhibitedly freeing every ingredient of asphyxiating manipulation from my countenance for centuries unprecedented; endowing a wind of eternal bliss upon every droplet of my invidiously evaporating blood,

Tame me; holistically blending the merciless prejudice ruthlessly ingrained in my worthless persona; with the pricelessly aristocratic rudiments of mother nature,

Embrace me; wholesomely bonding even the most feeble part of your magnetic body forever with mine; letting your amiably Omnipresent warmth; be my most faithful friend till the end of my time,

Tease me; being the ultimate angel of my indigently cursed life; fomenting me to ebulliently explode into an insurmountably endless gorge of endless cries,

And love me; immortally uniting the beats of your philanthropically palpitating heart forever with mine; irrefutably making sure that not even the most minuscule of ghost or spirit could ever invade; our tireless rhyme.

21. ALL THAT WAS NEEDED

To fill in the crevices of fathomlessly barren sky; all that was needed was an unfathomable conglomerate of ravishingly crimson clouds,

To fill in the crevices of the gigantically corrugated mountain; all that was needed was a fragrant concoction of freshly mesmerizing mud,

To fill in the crevices of the baselessly empty hive; all that was needed was a spell binding waterfall of poignantly harmonious honey,

To fill in the crevices of the lackadaisically sultry edifice; all that was needed was a stream of sparkingly harmonious and rich cement,

To fill in the crevices of meaninglessly insidious lies; all that was needed was the Omnipotently flaming Sun of irrefutable truth,

To fill in the crevices of horrifically debilitating weakness; all that was needed was an inferno of timelessly unassailable strength,

To fill in the crevices of the drearily hollow pen; all that was needed was a gloriously sapphire fountain of artistically aristocratic ink,

To fill in the crevices of the disastrously broken friendship; all that was needed was a perpetually unshakable bond of unflinching trust,

To fill in the crevices of traumatically bizarre agony; all that was needed was an unsurpassable river of everlastingly triumphant happiness,

To fill in the crevices of devastatingly gory bloodshed; all that was needed was a boundless sky of unbreakably scintillating unity,

To fill in the crevices of inexplicably miserable disease; all that was needed was the mantra of eternally celestial compassion,

To fill in the crevices of the truculently scorching desert; all that was needed was bountiful droplets of enchantingly sparkling rain,

To fill in the crevices of the forlornly decaying tree; all that was needed was a flirtatiously frolicking horde of innocuously bushy squirrels,

To fill in the crevices of agonizingly bereaved humanity; all that was needed was an invincible entrenchment of beautifully Omniscient togetherness,

To fill in the crevices of abominably abhorrent prejudice; all that was needed was a unendingly silken fabric of symbiotic existence,

To fill in the crevices of the disparagingly blinded eye; all that was needed was a mirror of unequivocally priceless sight,

To fill in the crevices of the haplessly shattered bone; all that was needed was an impregnable fortress of holistically resilient calcium,

To fill in the crevices of the worthlessly deadened nostril; all that was needed was a mystically enlightening forest of Omnipresent breath,

To fill in the crevices of the ominously besieged conscience; all that was needed was an Omnipotently blazing arrow of undefeatable truth,

And to fill in the crevices of the pathetically shattered and broken heart; all that was needed was a limitless reservoir of love; love and only miraculously heavenly love.

22. TRAMPLED BY HER LOVE

When I was trampled by an devilish horde of menacing crocodiles; invidiously clambering upon my nimble body from all sides,
All that was left of me after a while; was orphaned bits of gruesomely pulverized chowder and stray bone; with the contours of body now unfathomably beyond the corridors of sane recognition.

When I was trampled by a savage pack of hideous eyed vultures; cold-bloodedly pecking at my poignantly intricate flesh,
All that was left of me after a while; was a mercilessly mangled mass of veins; and an endless river of gory blood pouring from all sides.

When I was trampled by an irascible fleet of satanic ants; salaciously crawling upon even the most infinitesimally naked arena of my sensitive skin,
All that was left of me after a while; was a grotesquely irate blanket of agonizing redness; an overpowering sensation to itch till centuries immemorial; even after I died.

When I was trampled by a traumatic battalion of gargantuan dinosaurs; gnawing at my trembling visage like a cherry on the minuscule pie,
All that was left of me after a while; was a whirlpool of inconspicuously

threadbare sawdust; being whistled beyond the dungeons of absolution; at the slightest puff of somebody's breath.

When I was trampled by a limitless well of acrid scorpions; truculently jabbing their tail into my petite demeanor; left; right and complete center,
All that was left of me after a while; was a severely asphyxiated and butchered carcass; ghoulishly scaring every sagacious organism in near vicinity.

When I was trampled by an insurmountable mountain of swords; barbarically excoriating the fabric of my holistic existence; like the treacherous demon marauding in overwhelmingly gay abandon,
All that was left of me after a while; was a gory chunks of distorted flesh; the sockets of my eye ludicrously bouncing to blend with the island of derogatorily dilapidated hell.

When I was trampled by the licentiously sleazy corpse of manipulation; with the noose of disgusting lies strangulating me more vindictively as each instant unveiled into an entire minute,
All that was left of me after a while; was a remorsefully fretting ghost without even the most inconspicuous of stature; miserably slithering towards the mists of oblivious nothingness.

When I was trampled by an invidious graveyard of perniciously sinister spirits; with the ghosts of unfinished desire crippling me on every step that I intrepidly transgressed,
All that was left of me after a while; was an uncontrollably trembling shadow; that was indescribably ostracized and spat upon by macabre monsters wandering at will.

But when I was trampled by her immortally aristocratic grace; the fragrance of her spell binding righteousness infiltrating every famished pore of my devastatingly dithering body,
All that was left after a while; was an Omnipotently blazing Sun of eternal truth that not only overpowered all of the above; but instilled in me the unflinching tenacity to be reborn for a countless more lifetimes; as her celestial love had perpetually bonded with mine.

23. THAT WOMAN

Every tree flooded the atmosphere with vibrantly exhilarating breeze; blissfully impregnating a wave of enchantment in the dolorously deadened atmosphere around,

But my eyes were intransigently searching for that tree which yielded compassionate shade; engulfing even the most infinitesimal iota of my monotonous dreariness; with astoundingly heavenly tranquility.

Every cloud in the fathomless sky looked vividly enchanting; celestially drifting into boundless bits of satiny space,
But my eyes were uncompromisingly searching for that cloud which would torrentially rain; entrench every dying pore of my countenance with ecstatic tumblers of; divinely ravishing rain water.

Every wave in the gigantic ocean was gloriously undulating; disseminating into a festoon of enamoring froth after clashing against the chain of majestically ragged rocks,
But my eyes were unrelentingly searching for that wave which would reach the shores of my tyrannically tortured life; Omnisciently enlightening it with unconquerable optimism and tanginess.

Every flower marvelously blossomed at the crack of bountifully fascinating dawn; regally lighting the complexion of the mystically resplendent valley,
But my eyes were indefatigably searching for that flower which would deluge the withering coffin of my existence with unassailable fragrance; handsomely perpetuate each aspect of my life with the sacred spirit of mankind.

Every shadow beautifully lengthened after the ball of flaming Sun disappeared behind the horizons; eventually blending with the fabric of the royally twinkling night,
But my eyes were irrevocably searching for that shadow which would wholesomely drape my diminutively trembling form; with an unprecedentedly enthralling maelstrom of eternal sensuousness.

Every trail unfurled into a mystically appeasing entrenchment; an uncanniness that was a challenge for the living organism to dexterously tackle,
But my eyes were relentlessly searching for that trail which would perennially lead me into the aisles of amiable togetherness; where I could uninhibitedly bond with life; irrespective of spurious caste; creed; color of tribe.

Every ray of the Omnipresent Sun ingratiatingly sizzled the earth; blazing its way through even the most clammiest crannies of disparagingly darkened malice,
But my eyes were unfathomably searching for that ray which would trigger a sky of benign goodness in my brutally lambasted life; maneuver me towards the meadows of irrefutably princely righteousness.

Every breath that diffused pumped quintessential life into the abysmally collapsing form; rejuvenating the undefeatedly unparalleled elixir of survival to the most unsurpassable limits,
But my eyes were inexhaustibly searching for that breath which would be my timeless companion for infinite more births to come; never making me feel that I was treacherously solitary; orphaned and alone.

And every woman on this colossal globe was inherently beautiful; possessing the most pricelessly tender characteristics of the Lord's symbiotic creation,
But my eyes were tirelessly searching for that woman who would bond the beats of her heart forever with mine; forever love me more than I could ever love my own life.

24. THE MOST FERVENT SLAVE

Tantalizing were her beautiful eyelashes; as I danced in the aisles of insatiable ecstasy; to even the most infinitesimal of her mischievously spell binding flutter,

Tantalizing were her compassionate lips; as I catapulted to the scintillating walls of ravishingly supernatural heaven; to even the most diminutive of her magnetic pursing,

Tantalizing were her silken ears; as I poignantly reminisced all those sacrosanct moments of my philandering childhood; to even the most inconspicuous of her sensuous swishing,

Tantalizing were her iridescent cheeks; as I fructified into an unfathomable island of panoramic color and charm; to even the most fugitive of her blissful blushing,

Tantalizing were her exhilarating legs; as I exuberantly galloped forward in the wholesomely profound fervor of life; to even the most evanescent of her nimble stride,

Tantalizing were her charismatic palms; as I replenished each of my disastrously dwindling senses to the ointment of philanthropic humanity; to even the most ethereal of her magnanimous claps,

Tantalizing was her resplendent belly; as I profusely engulfed myself into an unsurpassable township of gorgeous sensuousness; to even the most fleeting of her ecstatic thrusts,

Tantalizing were her ravenous hair; as I discovered the priceless rudiments of my

impoverished existence; to even the most minuscule of her volatile vivaciousness,

Tantalizing was her everlasting righteousness; as I jubilantly escalated to the epitome of irrefutably unconquerable companionship; to even the most tiniest of her sagacious footsteps,

Tantalizing were her enchanting eyebrows; as I triumphantly transcended past the boundaries of exotic mysticism; to even the most non-existent of her innocuous twitches,

Tantalizing was her fascinating brain; as I Omnipotently lit the lanterns of seductive desire in my eyes; to even the most mercurial of her glorious fantasy,

Tantalizing were her melodious fingers; as I imbibed the vividly enamoring sweetness of this fathomless planet; to even the most parsimonious of her celestial strokes,

Tantalizing was her harmonious throat; as I ingratiatingly experienced the Omniscient charisma of existence; to even the most capricious of her gregarious sounds,

Tantalizing was her scintillating sweat; as I enthrallingly blended with the true essence of timeless perseverance; to even the most invisible diffusing of her unbelievably unending ardor,

Tantalizing were her reinvigorating smiles; as I boundlessly assimilated all poignant jubilation on this tireless planet; to even the most intricate unfurling of her heavenly lips,

Tantalizing was her unassailable conscience; as I learnt to unflinchingly confront every acrimonious element of survival; to even the most intangible aura of her celestial existence,

Tantalizing was her unshakable breath; as I fulminated into a fireball of resilience to lead a countless more lifetimes; to even the most ephemeral of her victorious exhalations,

Tantalizing was her undefeatable humanity; as I relinquished all spurious caste; creed and tribe to perennially coalesce with the religion of mankind; to even the most transient of her Godly impressions,

But Immortal was her ubiquitous heart; as I unabashedly fell in eternally limitless love; became the most fervent slave of her Omniscient aura; to even the most momentary of her passionately proliferating beats.

25. PLEASE NEVER FREE ME

You could free me this very instant from my eyes; but please never free me of that everlastingly bountiful entrenchment of beauty; that they had so marvelously witnessed; during the tenure of my impoverished life,

You could free me this very instant from my shoulders; but please never free me of the unflinching in which they had so handsomely blazed; during the tenure of my truncated life,

You could free me this very instant from my lips; but please never free me of the philanthropic festoon of smiles that they had so gregariously executed; during the tenure of my traumatically shortened life,

You could free me this very instant from my feet; but please never free me of the exhilarating adventure that they had so gorgeously experienced; during the tenure of my disastrously dithering life,

You could free me this very instant from my eyelashes; but please never free me of the unfathomable seduction that they had so tantalizingly blended with; during the tenure of my indigently curtailed life,

You could free me this very instant from my ears; but please never free me of the magnanimously enthralling sounds that they had so ravishingly heard; during the tenure of my preposterously ungainly life,

You could free me this very instant from my fingers; but please never free me of the spell binding artistry that they had so majestically diffused; during the tenure of my pathetically slithering life,

You could free me this very instant from my blood; but please never free me of the religion of humanity that it had so royally coalesced with; during the tenure of my timidly disappearing life,

You could free me this very instant from my voice; but please never free me of the unparalleled righteousness that it had so regally exhibited; during the tenure of my sordidly despicable life,

You could free me this very instant from my skin; but please never free me of the unconquerable titillation that it had so wonderfully felt; during the tenure of my dolorously bereaved life,

You could free me this very instant from my brain; but please never free me of the unfathomably enchanting fantasy that it had so seductively perceived; during the tenure of my fugitively destitute life,

You could free me this very instant from my hair; but please never free me of the unassailable ecstasy that they had so ebulliently been a part of; during the tenure of my ethereally nonchalant life,

You could free me this very instant from my teeth; but please never free me of the intrepid resilience that they had so magnificently oozed; during the tenure of my insipidly dwindling life,

You could free me this very instant from my perspiration; but please never free me of the persevering essence that it had so resplendently disseminated; during the tenure of my ghoulishly asphyxiating life,

You could free me this very instant from my bones; but please never free me of the astronomical resilience that they had so flamboyantly displayed; during the tenure of my profoundly lambasted life,

You could free me this very instant from my shadow; but please never free me of the voluptuous softness that it had so fantastically diffused; during the tenure of my agonizingly fluttering life,

You could free me this very instant from my conscience; but please never free me of the irrefutably sparkling righteousness that it had so tirelessly wafted; during the tenure of my manipulatively besieged life,

You could free me this very instant from my soul; but please never free me of the humanitarian goodness that it had so bountifully liberated; during the tenure of my monotonously obsolete life,

You could free me this very instant from my breath; but please never free me of the timeless sensuousness that it had so Omnisciently perpetuated; during the tenure of my lugubriously faltering life,

And you could free me this very instant from my heart O! Almighty Creator; but please never free me of the immortal love that it had so blissfully bonded with;

during the tenure of my diminutively relinquishing life.

26. DON'T BREAK MY HEART

Play insidiously with my eyes; eventually smashing them into a boundless halves; and then feeding them to the pack of savagely diabolical wolves,

Play uncouthly with my fantasies; eventually metamorphosing them into a web of cold-blooded drudgery and sinfully disparaging monotony,

Play ruthlessly with my palms; eventually pulverizing them to disdainfully squashed curry; and then stashing them into the indescribably gory coffins,

Play invidiously with my lips; eventually snatching away even the most infinitesimal iota of their smiles; stoning them with whiplashes of utter abhorrence for centuries immemorial,

Play heinously with my voice; eventually transforming it into a graveyard of ominously crippling silence; evicting it in gruesomely wholesome entirety from the innermost realms of my throat,

Play grotesquely with my neck; eventually reducing it to a pile of inconspicuously mangled shit; and then feeding it to the rambunctiously unruly pigs,

Play raunchily with my ears; eventually bombarding them like miserably orphaned stones; making them incessantly bleed till times beyond infinite infinity,

Play disastrously with my memory; eventually rendering me the most penuriously kicked entity on this gigantic Universe; making me obnoxiously oblivious to even the reflection of my very own countenance,

Play barbarically with my intestines; eventually adulterating them profoundly with threadbare gasoline; and then inviting the unfathomable horde of vultures to have their ultimate feast,

Play indiscriminately with my cheeks; eventually excoriating their exhilarating blush into the graveyards of penalizing nothingness; and then mercilessly disintegrating them bit by bit; like an edifice of soggy cards,

Play ghoulishly with my conscience; eventually poisoning every bit of its irrefutably sparkling righteousness; into a lackadaisically decaying dungeon of

manipulatively bizarre lies,

Play devilishly with my flamboyance; eventually converting it into an entrenchment of remorsefully trembling timidness; making me lick fetid dirt even before I could alight a single foot,

Play fiendishly with my patriotism; eventually rendering me as the most lecherously disgusting traitor on this unsurpassable globe; with every corner of the society brutally whipping me for my plethora of horrific misdeeds,

Play bewitchingly with my innocence; eventually dragging me into the salaciously sleazily markets; where infinite parasites traded me for my innocuously resplendent flesh,

Play unsparingly with my hair; eventually converting my enchanting scalp into a cacophonically bald egg; with pedestrians spitting on it in livid nonchalance; as they merrily trespassed by,

Play demonically with my feet; eventually chopping them with sordid strokes of the treacherous cleaver; and then witnessing the entire world wholeheartedly guffaw; as I staggered like a mercurial ant on every step,

Play abominably with my soul; eventually converting its path of unassailable philanthropism; into a despicably wandering ghost without the slightest of purpose or mission in vibrantly vivacious life,

Play lethally with my breath; eventually asphyxiating the fangs of my priceless existence with the blood stained hands of hell; removing even the most evanescent trace of my survival from the trajectory of this fathomless planet,

And you could play and eventually smash any part of my body; my mind; my soul; as I still had the insurmountable tenacity to lead mesmerizing life; but please don't break my heart; please don't lackadaisically play with the immortal paradise of my true love for you O! Beloved; as then I wouldn't even be accepted by the chapter of death.

27. EXCEPT THE DIVINE

It was perhaps my despairing misfortune; that I couldn't embellish even the most infinitesimal iota of your body with a fountain of unfathomably extravagant silk,

It was perhaps my criminal misfortune; that I couldn't assimilate all titillating delicacies of this fathomless planet; into your outstretched palette,

It was perhaps my penalizing misfortune; that I couldn't tirelessly inundate even the most diminutive space round your majestic countenance; with the unsurpassable treasury of wealth on this gigantic planet,

It was perhaps my debilitating misfortune; that I couldn't deluge every step that you royally transgressed; with an insurmountable festoon of gloriously scintillating cars,

It was perhaps my lambasting misfortune; that I couldn't fly you on my shoulders to kiss the profound Moon; snatch every star from the sky to perpetually become the grace of your sacred lap,

It was perhaps my treacherous misfortune; that I couldn't adorn your fantastically nubile skin; with all incomprehensible glitter and diamonds; bountifully studded on the periphery of this mesmerizing Universe,

It was perhaps my salacious misfortune; that I couldn't gift you the most opulently golden mirror every morning; for you to sensuously appreciate every iota of your ravishing countenance; till times beyond infinite infinity,

It was perhaps my ominous misfortune; that I couldn't embed each step that you aristocratically transgressed; with a boundless entrenchment of spell binding gold,

It was perhaps my invidious misfortune; that I couldn't engulf your heavenly sleeping body; with unending blankets of ingratiatingly resplendent pearls,

It was perhaps my slithering misfortune; that I couldn't caress even the most fleeting speck of your visage; with feathers of everlasting paradise; every unfurling minute of the sweltering day and even after the heart of enchantingly fabulous midnight,

It was perhaps my preposterous misfortune; that I couldn't incarcerate every bit of melody on this limitless earth; to unrelentingly shower upon your vivacious grace; for times immemorial,

It was perhaps my pugnacious misfortune; that I couldn't buy you the most extraordinarily expensive nailpolish on this unprecedented globe; paint the immaculate budding crusts of your toes with regally beautiful color,

It was perhaps my prejudiced misfortune; that I couldn't irrevocably light the lanterns of your celestial eyes; with flames of unassailable and never-ending prosperity,

It was perhaps my tyrannical misfortune; that I couldn't mold the most Orientally exquisite figurines for you on this indefatigable planet; at the tiniest flutter of your marvelously rubicund lips,

It was perhaps my ruthless misfortune; that I couldn't erect a palace of fascinatingly charismatic silver on every path that you philandered; on even the most obsolete chunk of land that you cast your poignant sight,

It was perhaps my indiscriminate misfortune; that I couldn't metamorphose every inadvertently malevolent element of your innocent conscience; into the sky of unconquerably truthful righteousness,

It was perhaps my indescribable misfortune; that I couldn't commemorate every breath that you exhaled; as the ultimate throne on this eclectically vibrant Universe,

But believe me even if there was somebody who could grant you all of the above at the most mercurial wink of your eye; he still couldn't infiltrate a fraction into your Omnipotent life; or possess you as much as I,

For although I might be disastrously penurious; the immortal beats of my heart loved you more than any organism on this earth could ever conceive; my love for you was that undefeated spirit that none could conquer; except the divine.

28. ONLY IN YOUR PRICELESS HEART

It was only in your heavenly eyes; that I could see tales of my unprecedented mischief; the mists of untamed desire through which I tirelessly philandered till I relinquished the very last iota of my breath,

It was only in your voluptuous lips; that I could see the insatiable inferno of my poignant desire; sensuously blooming every time that you eternally smiled,

It was only in your bountiful blood; that I could see my irrefutably inseparable rudiments; the most impregnable elixir of my existence; which perennially kept me coalesced with the trajectory of mother earth,

It was only in your titillating stride; that I could see my spirit of exhilaratingly ebullient adventure; unfurling into a cloud of everlasting newness; everytime you gyrated your ravishing body under the milky moon,

It was only in your divinely palms; that I could see even the most infinitesimal ingredient of my mystically vacillating destiny; Omnisciently maneuvering every path that I dared to tread in the chapter of life,

It was only in your majestic brain; that I could see the unrelenting cloudburst of my fervent fantasies; celestially culminating into a paradise of unbelievably fecund enthrallment,

It was only in your Omnipotent voice; that I could see my indefatigably unflinching tenacity; which grew more stronger and stronger; as you sacredly chanted the mantra of righteousness; forever and ever and ever,

It was only in your silken shadow; that I could see my unsurpassable entrenchment of spell binding dreams; which unfurled into an unassailable reality as you compassionately embraced the romantically swirling winds,

It was only in your ravishing eyelashes; that I could see my fountains of boundless empathy; my integral desire to perpetually bond with all mankind; irrespective of caste; creed or spurious color; philanthropically and alike,

It was only in your articulate fingers; that I could see my unfathomable reservoir of triumphant artistry; the infinite vivaciously panoramic shades of this Universe; lurking royally in my soul,

It was only in your seductive cheeks; that I could see my lanterns of unparalleled excitement; ecstatically enlightening into a sky of fathomlessly ingratiating togetherness,

It was only in your tantalizing toes; that I could see my final odyssey in vibrant life; feel the overpowering reverberations of time that relentlessly surged me forward to blend with the oneness of all living kind,

It was only in your nubile skin; that I could see my flirtatiously prowling childhood; the countless droplets of freshness that I exuded into; at the crack of every melodiously replenishing dawn,

It was only in your dimpled chin; that I could see my profoundly effeminate impressions; the insurmountably unbelievable sensitivity in each of my senses;

that magically bonded with every iota of benevolence in the atmosphere,

It was only in your magnanimous shoulders; that I could see my benign virtues to serve all despicably beleaguered humanity; miraculously mitigate all those tyrannically deprived to the corridors of perennial prosperity,

It was only in your sparkling conscience; that I could see my mirrors of unequivocally marvelous truth; the pages of unconquerable innocence that kept turning one after another; in the journey of my penurious life,

It was only in your mesmerizing belly; that I could see my uninhibitedly endless horizons of gyrating freedom; the forests of aristocratic enthrallment which encapsulated me from all sides,

It was only in your Omnipresent breath; that I could see every aspect of my impoverished life beautifully evolving; blooming into a valley of endless euphoria even after my veritable death,

And it was only in your priceless heartbeats; that I could see my immortal love; the true and most blessed gift of the Creator; compassionately throb for infinite more births of yours and mine.

29. YOUR KISS

Your Kiss; was like sensuous droplets of fresh rain water; magnificently caressing the petals of the majestically blossoming rose,

Your Kiss; was like the marvelously young fledglings pecking on their mothers compassionately silken breast; enveloping my frigidly trembling countenance with the warmth of miraculously Omniscient togetherness,

Your Kiss; was like untamed streaks of flamboyant thunder in fathomless sky; igniting sparks of unparalleled enchantment on every step that I nimbly transgressed,

Your Kiss; was like a splendidly burgeoning inferno of everlasting happiness; engulfing even the most traumatically anguished cranny of my life with unfathomably unending triumph,

Your Kiss; was like an avalanche of unsurpassably augmenting yearning; triggering me to take a countless more births to relish its wonderful softness again and again,

Your Kiss; was like a mirror which solely reflected the mesmerizing entrenchment of resplendent paradise; blissfully inundating even the most famished pore of my existence with unbelievably gorgeous exultation,

Your Kiss; was like a fairy dancing tirelessly in the aisles of tantalizing graciousness; painting the lugubriously remorseful canvas of my life with; vivaciously magical colors of symbiotic existence,

Your Kiss; was like the Omnipresently eternal blessings of Almighty Lord; holistically replenishing each aspect of my life with the aristocratically supreme embellishment of; unconquerable mankind,

Your Kiss; was like a romantically poignant expedition that never ended; uncontrollably metamorphosing me more and more into a cloud of insatiable fantasy; as the Sun rolled down the hills,

Your Kiss; was like a relentlessly marching unflinching soldier who never knew what it was to look back; perpetuating each element of my bedraggled visage with the vibrantly charismatic melody of enchanting life,

Your Kiss; was like an uninhibited bird soaring through the endless cosmos; celestially liberating even the most insidiously lambasted vein of body; into a cloudburst of limitless ecstasy,

Your Kiss; was like gregariously unfurling dewdrop of beauty; handsomely transpiring me to blend with even the most mercurial rudiments of my past time,

Your Kiss; was like the royally galloping panther with a mischievous smile; making me gorgeously reminisce all my moments of exuberant childhood; flirtatiously rollicking in the caverns of timelessness,

Your Kiss; was like unassailable flames of blazingly crimson fire in the heart of the deadened lake; irrefutably making me realize that life was to be led each moment like a prince; no matter what adversities did acrimoniously stab me in my way,

Your Kiss; was like the vividly eclectic feathers of the ravishingly titillating peacock; superbly deluging the fabric of my morbidly vengeful life with inimitable dexterity and astoundingly undefeated charm,

Your Kiss; was like the most unshakably heavenly walls of sparkling truth that spawned on this gigantic Universe; Omnipotently substituting even the most parsimonious fraction of lechery in my demeanor with the mantra of humanitarian righteousness,

Your Kiss; was like an ebulliently tangy wave which never crashed; transporting every pore of my flesh higher and higher into the clouds of exotic ecstasy as each instant rapidly unleashed into a wholesome minute,

Your Kiss; was like a priceless forest of aristocratically panoramic breath; perpetually ensuring that the beats of my existence forever blended with the chapters of proliferation; even as hell blended with earth at every step,

And Your Kiss; was like the ingratiating cry of immortal love; unbelievably emancipating me of all my loneliness in mystical life; making me experience the everlasting shine of the divine; on even the most disparagingly obfuscated path of mine.

30. BUT ALL THAT HARDLY MATTERED

Disillusioned were my distraught eyes; traumatically agonized by all bizarrely inflicted misery that they witnessed umpteenth number of times in a single day,

Disillusioned were my parched lips; insidiously appalled by the gory scent of grotesque manipulation; in every morsel of food that they tasted,

Disillusioned was my beleaguered brain; truculently lambasted by the indefatigable whirlpools of insane corruption and treacherously abhorrent prejudice,

Disillusioned were my dwindling fingers; solely feeling only morbidly robotic space on every speck of atmosphere that they ardently caressed,

But all that hardly mattered to me; as by the Grace of Omnipotent Lord; every beat of my heart bonded more immortally with my beloved with the unfurling of time;

and I found myself wholesomely blended with her shadow of eternally resplendent truth; forever and ever and ever.

1.

Disillusioned were my trembling bones; ghastily collapsing as the winds of

parasitically unsparing savagery; struck them from every quarter of this Universe,

Disillusioned were my beleaguered ears; intransigently shutting themselves for centuries immemorial; as all they heard were boundless screams of the innocently deprived; the only beats that reached them were the sound of the mercilessly marauding devil,

Disillusioned were my flailing arms; as all that they ever got a chance to hoist were corpses grotesquely disproportioned; by frenziedly indiscriminate bloodshed on this satanically uncouth globe today,

Disillusioned were my withering hair; as cold-blooded demons ruthlessly tore on them from everywhere; with the breeze whipping them eventually metamorphosing into cloudbursts of remorseful blood,

But all that hardly mattered to me; as by the Grace of Omnipresent Lord; every beat of my heart bonded more immortally with my beloved with the unfurling of time; and I found myself in due obeisance on her divinely feet; as she perpetually drifted my soul towards the path of priceless righteousness.

2.

Disillusioned was my asphyxiating neck; as the swords of disdainfully fretful lechery tried their venomous best; to annihilate it into an infinite pieces of undecipherable shit,

Disillusioned were my crumbling palms; as even the most pristine droplets of sacrosanct inspiration that they touched; had been invidiously adulterated by the acrimoniously power hungry society outside,

Disillusioned were my bleeding feet; as every path that they holistically transgressed; had the thorns of malicious hatred ardently awaiting to maim them for a countless more lifetimes,

Disillusioned was my terrified reflection; as the entity I sighted in my mirror of my own conscience; had now been transformed into a murderous ghost; by inevitable circumstances and the emotionless world outside,

But all that hardly mattered to me; as by the Grace of Omniscient Lord; every beat of my heart bonded more immortally with my beloved with the unfurling of time;

and I found myself blissfully assimilating every iota of her heavenly sensuousness; perennially suckling the majestic artistry that bountifully showered from her vivacious bosom.

3.

Disillusioned were my tortured intestines; as even the most infinitesimal granule of fodder that I consumed; was greedily evicted by the spuriously pompous society that vengefully followed my stride,

Disillusioned was my shivering spine; as every draught of air that hit my countenance; had in it the cries of my despairingly penalized siblings; the barbarically orphaned children of my kind,

Disillusioned were my frigid eyelashes; as the unrelentingly pugnacious war on this colossal planet; had horrifically crippled them of even the slightest of their mischievously flirtatious fluttering,

Disillusioned was my dreary breath; as every ingredient of air that entered my diminutive nostrils; brutally strangulated me towards the last visible nail of my veritably preposterous coffin,

But all that hardly mattered to me; as by the Grace of unconquerable Lord; every beat of my heart bonded more immortally with my beloved with the unfurling of time; and I found myself tirelessly dancing as her only slave; to the tunes of her everlastingly humanitarian existence.

31. CHASE

The sweltering sands of blistering desert; unrelentingly chased tantalizing globules of golden rain; pelting ferociously from the crimson sky,

The ominously slithering scorpion; insatiably chased innocuous flesh; dying to infiltrate its nefarious hood deep within; robustly glistening skin,

The merrily gallivanting crab; intransigently chased the slimy shores of the sea; so that it invidiously cropped up every now and again; playing hide and seek with the marvelously fading light,

The gruesomely dilapidated gutter; fervently chased ravishing scent; to transform its stinkingly impoverished caricature into one replete with heavenly goodness,

The miserably shivering night; ardently chased flamboyant streaks of brilliant sunshine; passionately wanting to bask in the magnificently untamed glory of the mesmerizing day,

The disdainfully stammering parrot; intractably chased the melodiously chirping nightingale; relentlessly envying its stupendous articulation and inherent charm,

The obnoxiously rusty nail; tirelessly chased the boisterously sweet beehive; wanting to deluge each iota of its abominable periphery with unprecedented streams of harmonious honey,

The ludicrously fat pig; irrevocably chased the sagaciously bountiful saint; wanting to inundate its preposterously ridiculed persona with charismatic knowledge; gait and grace,

The uncouthly barking dog; incessantly chased the alluringly meaty slab of gigantic bone; to celestially pacify the overwhelmingly fanatic pangs of hunger in its savage stomach,

The enigmatically crawling spider; indefatigably chased the outlines of its silvery web; endeavoring to make its grip more invincible than ever; upon its sole dwelling throughout existence,

The piquantly pepped up racer car; euphorically chased the astronomical summit of the towering mountain; wanting to ecstatically triumph amongst the gorgeously mystical clouds,

The obsessively augmenting ambition; uncontrollably chased its royal festoon of sparkling dreams; wanting to metamorphose as soon as possible; into the pinnacle of veritable reality,

The tawny eyed clever cat; astutely chased the bowl of immaculately scintillating milk; stealthily creeping upon the kitchen sink; after its mistress had retired for the marathon night,

The infinitesimally diminutive ant; belligerently chased the might elephant; profoundly enjoying him collapse like a hill of cards; at just a single swish of its tiny mouth,

The cold-blooded icebergs; insidiously chased innocently lurking ships; insurmountably wanting to pulverize them to threadbare chowder; before

eventually discarding beneath deep sea,

The horrendously starved fisherman; incessantly chased even the smallest of fish; desperately wading his net for countless hours; in the turbulently cataclysmic waters,

The manipulatively white collared executive; inexorably chased his boss all night and day; applying mountains of spurious butter upon his face and feet; surrendering all his benevolence for sleazily paltry notes of corrupt currency,

The fantastically fabulous artist; incomprehensibly chased beauty to the most supremest of its form; trying to assimilate all passionate goodness wandering amicably on this vast planet; in the vivaciously poignant strokes of his paint brush,

The newly born infant; inevitably chased its mother till the last bit of enthusiasm left in its bones; frantically searching for that divinely comfort; the ultimate messiah which had bestowed it with vibrant life,

And each beat of my thunderously throbbing heart; immortally chased your magnanimously philanthropic love; not resting a single breath until it impregably bonded with your love; to propagate the essence of humanity for a fathomless more lifetimes.

32. TOMORROW'S OF LOVE

Before we even knew the color of our eyes; the insatiable flurry of dreams vivaciously circulating through their handsome whites,
Our vision had immortally interlocked with each other; as we blossomed into a magnificently ravishing dream which transcended beyond the realms of unsurpassable eternity.

Before we even knew the cadence in our voice; the unfathomable myriad of likes and dislikes that encompassed our visage,
Our sound had immortally interlocked with each other; as we bloomed into an insurmountable fleet of melody; absconding euphorically to the farthest corner of this incredulously gigantic Universe.

Before we even knew the destinies that lay sandwiched beneath our closed fists; the inexplicable anecdotes about to confront us head-on in near future,
Our palms had immortally interlocked with each other; as we unrelentingly escalated as a united wave of triumph and compassion; caressing each other

perennially amidst the tantalizing conglomerate of clouds.

Before we even knew the religion we belonged too; wholesomely oblivious to our fathomless repertoire of ancestral heritage,
Our names had immortally interlocked with each other; as we danced under the enchanting moonlight for times immemorial; while the uncouthly conventional society manipulatively sucked each other's blood outside.

Before we even knew the ideas that rhapsodically conquered our brains; the incomprehensible tunnel of directions our minds tirelessly ventured,
Our mission had immortally interlocked with each other; as we unflinchingly surged forward to accomplish each of our philanthropic dreams; metamorphose this planet once again into a blissful paradise.

Before we even knew the contours of our faces; the gargantuan armory of reasons for which they uninhibitedly smiled and smirked,
Our lips had immortally interlocked with each other; tumultuously swirling into the most passionate kiss ever on this planet; triggering thunderbolts of desire in miserably dead roots of soil.

Before we even knew the directions in which we were progressing; the unsurpassable network of paths on which we liked to explore and tread,
Our footsteps had immortally interlocked with each other; as we gallivanted exuberantly in an entrenchment of mesmerizing joy; uplifting our orphaned mates; to help them reach their ultimate smile.

Before we even knew the compassion in the breaths that descended relentlessly from our nostrils; the seductively enigmatic story hidden in their boundlessly augmenting aura,
Our lives had immortally interlocked with each other; as we irrefutably pledged not only to celestially lead this lifetime; but stay forever coalesced like an organism and its shadow; for countless more births to come.

And before we even knew the beats entrapped and throbbing till eternity in our chests; the unending ocean of aspirations fulminating more vivaciously than the Sun outside,
Our romance had immortally interlocked with each other; as our spirits rose as one well above the monotonous discrepancies of this barbarically estranged world; to procreate an infinite more tomorrow's of LOVE, LOVE AND ONLY LOVE.

33. GIVE ALL MY LIFE TO HER

Give all my blood to her; imparting each vital constituent entrapped within its profusely crimson persona,
So that her disastrously severed nerves got splendidly revived; the instants she felt that she was about to coalesce with winds of obsolete extinction.

Give all my sound to her; donating each iota of the captivating melody in its passionate cadence,
So that her pathetically dwindling voice; harmoniously united with tantalizing paradise above the clouds; for enchantingly everlasting times.

Give all my embellishment to her; chivalrously bequeathing each ornamental characteristic of my rubicund countenance,
So that her gruesomely shivering body; got enveloped with the winds of indispensable compassion; as she sought her sole solace amidst the uncouthly treacherous world.

Give all my strength to her; extricating each trace of power entrenched beneath my conglomerate of flesh and bones,
So that she handsomely alighted every time she fell; marched towards her philanthropic festoon of dreams; with a perpetual smile spreading on her boisterous lips.

Give all my fragrance to her; evacuating each element of benevolent goodness incarcerated in my persona,
So that she bountifully blossomed in her times of murderous distress; reached the absolute zenith of her life; magnanimously helping and embracing all humankind.

Give all my nostalgia to her; draining me wholesomely of each poignant imagery that floated compassionately in my mind,
So that she completely shrug all the insane lunatism that had imprisoned her treacherously from all sides; frolicked in realms of her impeccable childhood; till times beyond immaculate eternity.

Give all my enthusiasm to her; sapping each virtue of ebullience from my relentlessly racing pulse,
So that she triumphantly emerged from her cocoon of ghastly sadness; euphorically gallivanting towards the impregnable corridors of sweet paradise.

Give all my soul to her; wholesomely extracting each thread of irrefutable righteousness from deep within my conscience,
So that she gathered herself from the devastating ashes strewn all around;

bloomed into an unsurpassable flurry of dreams; in a single lifetime.

Give all my heart to her; benevolently taking away each of its passionately throbbing beats,

So that she never felt that she was that despicable orphan deprived of immortal love; dissipating the magical spirit of sharing; in every neglected corner of this fathomless Universe.

And give all my life to her; emptying it to the most unprecedented degree of its color and ingratiating charm,

So that she existed as the most blissful entity alive till the time she wanted; metamorphosing each of her fantasies into a veritable reality; wholesomely forgetting the chapter of death and abominable malice.

34. SUCH WAS THE POWER OF IMMORTAL LOVE

It made you uninhibitedly laugh; triggering you to escalate perennially above a land of unparalleled happiness,

It made you turbulently cry; candidly divulging the inner most voices of your soul; in each iota of ebullient atmosphere around,

It made you melodiously sing; emanate the most harmonious tunes from your despairing throat; although you miserably stuttered to spell your very own name,

It made you bounce rhapsodically on mists of enchanting paradise; till the last droplet of blood in your veins compassionately flowed,

O! yes such was the power of immortal love; that it made you feel the richest entity alive; perpetually bonding your immaculate spirit with angels above the divine.

It made you wholeheartedly embrace; shrugging all your abominable apprehensions; despicably discriminating united humanity,

It made you bask in the glory of unrelentingly untamed fantasy; surreally floating in a magical entrenchment of everlasting excitement,

It made you stand like an impregnable fortress; weather the most acrimonious of storm with astronomical fire blazing in your eyes,

It made you philander like an innocent child; exploring and blossoming into exhilarating newness; as each instant unveiled philosophically outside,

O! yes such was the power of immortal love; that it made you feel like an embellished prince; perpetually bathing in the scent of voluptuous lotus; on cloud nine.

It made you believe in yourself; reaffirming your faith in every sect of wonderful human kind,

It made you break the estranged monotony of your bedraggled life; reminisce in the enthrallment of all those beautiful moments that you had encountered in adventurous life,

It made you soar like a majestic eagle through the fathomless expanse of exuberant sky; even as you made the most nimblest of effort to walk,

It made you successful in whatever philanthropic you undertook; enveloping your drearily diminishing persona; with tornado's of unsurpassable delight,

O! yes such was the power of immortal love; that not only did it make each moment of your present life a veritable paradise; but granted you the unconquerable tenacity to exist for an infinite more lifetimes.

It made you attempt the unbelievably alluring; yet emerge out triumphant without a scar to your robust smiles,

It made you tirelessly dream; perceiving and evolving the most wonderfully mesmerizing feelings; lingering bountifully on the trajectory of this colossal planet,

It made you benevolently empathize for your fellow comrades in inexplicable agony; treat every element of their pain as your very own,

It made you desire beyond the realms of pragmatically conventional imagination; incinerating whirlpools of passionate electricity in each of your indolently dormant veins,

O! yes such was the power of immortal love; that it blessed you with the most blissful characteristics to be alive; took you the closet to your ultimate mission in life and Almighty Lord; alike.

35. THE WAVES OF IMMORTAL LOVE

The waves of profuse tanginess; culminated into a spray of unprecedented mischief; after clashing against the chain of rhapsodically black rocks,

The waves of insatiable nostalgia; culminated into a spray of vivaciously boisterous childhood; after clashing against the voluptuously alluring rocks,

The waves of overwhelming congeniality; culminated into a spray of blissful relationship; after clashing against the impregnable fortress of seductively scintillating rocks,

The waves of bizarre sadness; culminated into a spray of inexplicable depression; after clashing against the marvelous festoon of dynamically flamboyant rocks,

The waves of unsurpassable enigma; culminated into a spray of incredulous mysticism shimmering resplendently like the stars; after clashing against the piquantly ingratiating conglomerate of rocks,

The waves of unprecedented happiness; culminated into a spray of tantalizing joy and desire; after clashing against the summit of the handsomely majestic rocks,

The waves of horrendous bloodshed; culminated into a spray of deplorably extinguishing oblivion; after clashing against the insurmountable façade of royally sparkling rocks,

The waves of irrefutable honesty; culminated into a spray of sacrosanct righteousness; after clashing against the titillating mirror of unfathomably magnetic rocks,

The waves of unrelentingly augmenting desire; culminated into a spray of incredulously untamed passion; after clashing against the gigantic fountainhead of unequivocally ecstatic rocks,

The waves of satanic violence; culminated into a spray of pathetically maimed lechery; after clashing against the garland of astoundingly poignant rocks,

The waves of philanthropically alluring charisma; culminated into a spray of splendidly blossoming freshness; after clashing against the mesmerizing silhouette of the unsurpassably everlasting rocks,

The waves of benevolent goodwill; culminated into a spray of magnanimous

mankind; after clashing against the heart of the diamond crested rocks,

The waves of spell binding melody; culminated into a spray of stupendously augmenting harmony; after clashing against the periphery of the brilliantly scarlet rocks,

The waves of maniacal frustration; culminated into a spray of treacherously menacing suicide; after clashing against the persona of the flamboyantly glistening and crystalline rocks,

The waves of perpetual solitude; culminated into a spray of bizarre devastation; trickling disastrously down the ocean bed; after clashing against the amazing complexion of the magically vibrant rocks,

The waves of uncouth lies; culminated into a spray of dastardly remorse; after clashing against the countenance of the ravishingly glittering rocks,

The waves of uninhibitedly free beauty; culminated into a spray of enchanting enthrallment; after clashing against the silken bed of the celestially pacifying rocks,

The waves of ghastly death; culminated into a spray of horrifically parasitic hell; after clashing against the surreally dancing visage of the fragrantly exotic rocks,

And the waves of immortal love; culminated into a spray of inevitably precious life for centuries immemorial; after clashing against the oligarchic entrenchment of the magnificently Omnipotent rocks.

36. ONLY FOR YOUR IMMORTAL BEATS

My hands lived only for your philanthropic destiny lines; the magnanimous essence of humanity which they encapsulated in their enigmatic myriad of terminations,

My eyes lived only for your astoundingly charismatic form; the Omnipotent aura it marvelously radiated; even in the most gloomiest of dwindling light,

My skin lived only for your majestically royal caress; the unprecedented tremors of unbelievable excitement it ignited; the instant it sensuously stroked my impoverished flesh,

My lips lived only for your stupendously rhapsodic melody; the torrential globules

of voluptuous passion; which cascaded down like an angel from your nape,

My blood lived only for your grandiloquently everlasting smiles; the insatiable compassion that enveloped your silhouette; as you alighted your each benign step,

My cheeks lived only for your mystically ravishing shyness; the astoundingly bountiful empathy; which profusely disseminated from your impeccable soul,

My tongue lived only for your incredulously benevolent disposition; the uninhibited fountain of freedom which gushed from your supreme visage; rendering it obediently wagging for more,

My brain lived only for your fabulously unfathomable reams; the land of stupendous titillation on which you tread every instant; the perpetual fantasies that you harbored to alleviate all suffering from dithering mankind,

My conscience lived only for your irrefutably divine righteousness; the immaculate ideals entrenching each iota of your persona; annihilating every bit of heinously lecherous dirt; from the complexion of this gigantic planet,

My voice lived only for your unprecedentedly tantalizing shadow; bewildering me like a new born infant; everytime it appeared and then vanished into realms of never ending enchantment,

My bones lived only for your supremely heavenly gait; the impregnable conviction with which; you maneuvered tottering mankind towards thunderbolts of unitedly bright light,

My ears lived only for your celestially exuberant sound; putting an end to the most inconspicuous of misery with its everlasting cadence; the untamed ardor in its romantically enthralling swirl,

My nerves lived only for your ecstatically twinkling feet; the unflinching fervor with which they marched forward; making countless a slave of their unending mission to transpire the religion of humanity,

My fingers lived only for your magnificently fulminating art; exploring every inch of its incomprehensible richness; getting perennially entangled in the ocean of its inimitably Oriental charm,

My neck lived only for your fantastically alluring belly; dexterously manipulating

boundless turns a minute; in order to trace its most diminutively seductive movement,

My eyebrows lived only for your unbelievable festoon of countless forms; at times a baby clinging to the lap of your mother; while at times towering above all the diabolical; to metamorphose uncouth bloodshed into a blissful paradise,

My soul lived only for your unconquerable spirit; instilling the most astronomically emphatic elements of vivacious life; in organisms even infinite kilometers beneath their graves,

My nostrils lived only for your passionately turbulent breath; the resplendence of Omnipresent humanity that it wholeheartedly diffused; to the most farthest corner of this shivering Universe,

And my heart lived only for your immortal beats; the mesmerizing rhythm with which they flowed while existing higher than the clouds; and affording the same to their fellow compatriots aimlessly wandering around.

37. WHY DID YOU COME INTO MY LIFE?

Why did you come into my life in the first place; igniting the most uncurbed passions of my soul?

Only to eventually discard me like a piece of baseless shit; not even feeling the need to shower a single petal upon my veritable grave.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; drifting me into a spell of unbreakable fantasy; evoking me to dance tirelessly when I felt like miserably stumbling at each step?

Only to eventually romance with another man of your dreams in front of my eyes; betraying me worse than the scorpion could betray its innocent prey.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; gliding me like a majestic prince to the ultimate summit of my dreams; inundating each of my senses with profusely ingratiating charm?

Only to eventually blow me away like nonchalant wisps of your pompous cigarette smoke; murderously extinguishing each bit of smoke that emanated with the skin of your uncouth feet.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; uniting your palms in mine; standing unflinchingly by my side even as diabolical hell descended in each ingredient of my scarlet blood?

Only to eventually close the doors of your dwelling coldbloodedly on my face;
cuddling your paramour inside; as I tyrannically relinquished each of my breath.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; catapulting me to a land higher
than mesmerizing paradise; leading me to the most glorious paths of my
impoverished existence?

Only to eventually trip me deliberately from the pinnacle of the treacherous
terrain; diffusing the most thunderous chortle of your life; as my body
disintegrated into a countless pieces against the rocks.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; teaching me the essence of
irrefutable humanity; evacuating my dreary visage from a web of horrendous
gloom and unprecedented despair?

Only to eventually trade my flesh for a sleazy wad of currency notes; basking in
the lap of insatiable luxury; as I rolled tears of blood from beneath the
ghastly entrenchment of chains.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; giving me your shoulder to lean
upon in my times of agony; blossoming my insensitive veins into an enchanting
island of vibrant love?

Only to eventually make me the most dreaded terrorist; as I beheaded several
innocent with torrential malice; as you relentlessly flirted with the rich man
above.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; marvelously replenishing the
void of my orphaned conscience; which lay deserted on the barbaric streets;
since my first cry of birth?

Only to eventually blind my gruesomely even in the most flamboyantly dazzling
sunlight; as you savagely kicked me off your life; when I needed you the most.

Why did you come into my life in the first place; frolicking with me indefatigably
through optimistic meadows of hope; embracing me more perpetually than
even a mother could cling to her child?

Only to eventually roast all my bones with satanic condemnation; feeding them
to your dog with gusto; as your lips were encompassed with the smile of your
life.

And why did you come into my life in the first place; stealing each beat of my
heart; taking an immortal promise along with my soul to lead a boundless lives
together?

Only to eventually leave me withering towards the corridors of ghastly extinction;
stabbing me in the center of my happiness; as you eloped once again with

another innocent of my kind; luring him with the sleazy titillation in your voice.

38. WHY SHOULD I?

Why should I embrace the satanically lecherous; with uncouth blood stained profusely on their devilish palms?

When I had her impeccable memories floating vividly; in the crystalline white of my poignant eyes.

Why should I play with the acrimonious demons; frolicking in their land inundated with treacherous sin and blood?

When I had her irrefutably sacrosanct shadow by my side; profoundly alluring me with its ravishing charisma and philanthropic charm.

Why should I bow down in front of the horrendously ghastly traitors; barbarically tyrannizing and rebuking innocent mothers?

When I had her divine persona nestling indefatigably in my soul; enriching it towards its ultimate goal; its most unfathomable richness in life.

Why should I philosophize the indiscriminately illegitimate essence of evil; harnessing coldblooded monsters to escalate higher than the clouds?

When I had her vivaciously benign dreams in my mind; her rhapsodic fragrance which tirelessly kept casting its irrevocable spell; upon each dwindling bone of my penurious countenance.

Why should I frantically search for hideous crime; assassinating blissful life diabolically from the trajectory of this celestial Universe?

When I had the magnanimous festoon of her humanitarian ideals; lingering in even the most inconspicuous ingredient of my crimson blood.

Why should I blend with the torturous winds of malice; weighing myself every instant in the heinously stinking scales of manipulative give and take?

When I had her battalion of boundless smiles incarcerated safely within the periphery of my lips; endlessly catapulting me to an island of everlasting joy and stupendous fulfillment.

Why should I entangle myself into the murderous battle for insatiable power; baselessly leading each moment of my life to achieve a stardom at the cost of ruthless bloodshed?

When I had her sacred palms perpetually united in mine; her godly feet matching my every step; as I propelled forward to scrap parasites from mankind.

Why should I commit horrifically deplorable suicide; relinquish the last breath of my life in utter hopelessness and unsurpassable despair?

When I hear incredulously melodious sounds intransigently engulfing my ears; making me desire beyond the realms of the absolute extraordinary; marvelously quenching every benevolent ambition of mine.

And why should I dream of another birth with Herculean power; blessed with a miraculous prowess to metamorphose every inconspicuous stone into glitteringly mesmerizing gold?

When I had her immortal heartbeats imprisoned in the innermost realms of my chest; granting me the insurmountable tenacity to lead an infinite more births in this single lifetime of mine; making me feel the richest man alive; even as I stood for a few seconds on the doorsteps of rotting hell.

39. SHARE WITH ME

Share with me your eyes; not because I was horrendously blind,
But because I am sure; that together our sight combined; would alleviate all our blind compatriots towards corridors of indispensably optimistic light.

Share with me your breath; not because my lungs abhorred to breathe the disdainfully polluted air outside,
But because I am sure; that together our passion combined; would ignite fireballs of untamed rhapsody; in the heart of the cold blooded night.

Share with me your hands; not because all my fingers felt insipidly weak; to hoist even a minuscule object from soil,
But because I am sure; that together our fortitude combined; would scrap every iota of evil; march unflinchingly towards a celestially blissful humankind.

Share with me your mind; not because my brain stared like a baseless idiot into fathomless expanses of empty space,
But because I am sure; that together our intelligence combined; would mitigate all indiscriminate racialism from hateful souls lingering on the planet;
philanthropically assist all those dreadfully maimed; to the euphoric winds of cloud nine.

Share with me your legs; not because my feet melted like a ludicrously pathetic ant; under the most nimble rays of sunshine,
But because I am sure; that together our stride combined; would evacuate all parasitic traitors from the periphery of our motherland; trigger cloudbursts of resilience in all lackadaisical living kind.

Share with me your ears; not because I showed no reaction at all; even as devastating earthquakes rattled civilizations to raw ash,
But because I am sure; that together our hearing combined; would empathize with each morbidly shivering organism in this world; bring those to absolute justice; who were incessantly tyrannizing mankind.

Share with me your voice; not because I stammered like an intermittently nervous shadow; on each word that stumbled from my mouth,
But because I am sure; that together our sound combined; would inundate this fathomless globe with ingratiating melody; profusely enriching the lives of all those engulfed with inexplicable despair.

Share with me your shoulders; not because I didn't possess an iota of muscle in my arms; collapsing like a pack of frigid cards; at the tiniest insinuation of the capricious winds,
But because I am sure; that together our power combined; would deluge the lives of those miserably orphaned since childhood with courageous light; transporting them to a land more beautifully enticing than paradise.

Share with me your soul; not because my deplorably empty entity; wavered uncertainly between the aisles of gorgeous heaven; and malicious hell,
But because I am sure; that together our benevolence combined; would; instill the fabulously wonderful elements of existence in waywardly loitering organisms; catapult them back to their most enthralling rudiments of cherished life.

And share with me your heart; not because the beats in mine sporadically fluttered towards the caverns of obsolete oblivion; tottering infinite kilometers beneath the grave; even while robustly alive,
But because I am sure; that together our love combined; would; invincibly immortalize the spirit of uninhibited freedom; the divinely spirit to live and let live; bonding for times immemorial; the rich; poor; and impoverished; alike.

40. MAXIMUM COMFORT

A writer found maximum comfort in his pen; indefatigably penning and exploring with it the mystical vagaries of this astoundingly colossal planet,

A frog found maximum comfort in the well; philandering and rhapsodically bouncing in the morbidly smelling interiors for centuries immemorial,

A lotus found maximum comfort in the sewage pond; disseminating its fragrance

to the most remotest corner of this enigmatically wavering Universe; blossoming into captivating melody as the first rays of Sun kissed the clouds,

A philosopher found maximum comfort in his unsurpassable repertoire of philanthropic books; blending each ingredient of his blood profusely; with the patriotically spell binding literature,

A shark found maximum comfort in the ocean; gliding like a majestic prince through its profoundly incomprehensible waters; furtively waiting for its chance to pulverize immaculate prey,

A dog found maximum comfort in his masters feet; voraciously wagging its tail as it witnessed the magnanimous entity who fed it with bread; invincibly guarding all throughout the treacherous night; as its guardian snored in ravishing delight,

An eagle found maximum comfort in the sky; exuberantly soaring higher than the euphoric winds; nestling in the aisles of untamed royalty and ecstatic flight,

A corporate tycoon found maximum comfort in his office; astutely ordering and manipulating people like inconspicuous insects; to catapult to unbelievably dizzy heights,

A bee found maximum comfort in its hive; feasting and culminating into magnificently golden honey; diffusing its profuse melody; to all those deplorably deprived,

A snake found maximum comfort in its gloomy den; loitering in ghastly darkness for decades unprecedented; slithering ominously as surreptitious darkness; wholesomely overshadowed brilliant light,

A crocodile found maximum comfort in the overwhelmingly swampy marshes; menacingly writhing its impoverished caricature; twitching its eyes with a sinister gleam; as it saw humans approaching its lethal side,

A barber found maximum comfort in his saloon; chopping unruly masses of diabolical hair; with the astounding dexterity of his piquantly pepped up knife,

A politician found maximum comfort in his blood stained chair; embedding it deeper and deeper by the unveiling minute upon innocent organisms alive; to shake his uncouth hands with the stars twinkling in emerald sky,

A mouse found maximum comfort in his island of tantalizing cheese; delectably nibbling its poignantly appetizing periphery; then smacking its diminutive lips; and sleeping upon the same in blissful pride,

A mechanic found maximum comfort with his indispensable tools; feeling like the richest man alive; as he fixed the most perplexing of broken machinery; in lightening thunderbolts of time,

A spider found maximum comfort in its charismatically silver web; weaving it relentlessly as the world killed and fought outside; clinging to its slimy strands; like the infant irrefutably embracing his mothers lap,

A painter found maximum comfort in his fathomlessly spotless canvas; deluging its silken persona; with vivaciously titillating strokes of the enthralling countryside,

A cockroach found maximum comfort near the lavatory seat; dancing in a wonderful kingdom of his own; as time swept well past the unearthly hour of cold-blooded midnight,

A child found maximum comfort in the lap of his divinely mother; perpetually resting in her lap; as the planet turned upon him like a ruthless warrior from all sides,

A nightingale found maximum comfort in the ethereal mists; surreally solitary; as it cast the unconquerable spell of its stupendous melody; upon all those baselessly shivering by the graveside,

And my heart found maximum comfort bonding with your immortal beats; and I felt that I had witnessed infinite heavens in a single lifetime; with each of your passionate breath; unitedly diffusing with mine.

41. MY LOVE STILL LAY IN YOUR HEART

I might have reached the astronomical summit of bountiful prosperity; assimilating unfathomable wealth in the tenure of my short life,
But my childhood still lay profoundly in your impeccable eyes; frolicking uninhibitedly with you behind the trees; wholesomely oblivious to the manipulative vagaries of mankind.

I might have created magic; registering my name in the ultimate records; insatiably conquering towering conquests by Gods grace,

But my destiny still lay in the lines of your immaculately ravishing palms;
clinging incorrigibly to your majestic shadow; as you led me through the
ravishingly undulating terrain of life.

I might have become a cherishable constituent of all society; with people
insurmountably craving for my compassionate company; to any other richness in
this gigantic Universe,

But my desires still lay in your voluptuously wandering skin; tantalizing me
beyond the point of untamed control; as I fulminated into fireballs of ecstatic
passion; high and handsome towards blue sky.

I might have attained the realms of prudent maturity; perhaps faster than any
tangible being; leading life higher than the clouds every unleashing instant of the
flamboyant day,

But my ambitions still lay in your magnanimous soul; which propelled me
indefatigably; to sacrifice every moment of impoverished existence; to the
service of dwindling humanity.

I might have successfully accomplished the unimaginably impossible; winning the
accolades of the overwhelmingly rich; and horrendously poor; alike,

But my artistry still lay hidden in your compassionate veins; unrelentingly
making me blossom into a fountain of versatile magic; making me explore the
entire beauty of this fathomless planet; as the Sun rose fragrantly in the sky;
once again.

I might have irrefutably won countless a battle; wholesomely freeing my
motherland; from the onslaught of the most acrimoniously treacherous traitors,

But my inspiration still lay hidden in your intrepidly unflinching gait; triggering
me to leap a boundless steps completely blind; and yet emerge out of the most
horrific of fires; as perfectly exuberant and alive.

I might have rewritten the parameters of history; inundating the periphery of
mesmerizing earth; with my unsurpassable repertoire of intriguing inventions,

But my dedication still lay in your delectably sacrosanct feet; bowing down to
your heavenly grace as your immortal slave; and then winning every race in the
world; like thunderbolts of ebullient lightening; falling from the sky.

I might have survived for innumerable centuries; transcending over all mortals
as an angel; who irrevocably refused to pathetically die,

But my breath still lay in your euphorically fiery nostrils; passionately living for
all living kind; incessantly bonding with all those alleviating pain; with the
blessings of Omniscient lord by our side.

And I might have led an infinite lives in a single lifetime; proving an exemplary for all those tottering towards nervous extinction; as a messiah that never cried, But my love still lay incarcerated in your immortal heart; and your invincible ocean of throbbing beats; miraculously giving me all the energy to metamorphose monotonously sinister earth once again; into a veritable paradise.

42. YOUR HEART SAID IT ALL

You don't have to utter a single word; your mesmerizing eyes said it all; when they winked like the goddess of everlasting eternity,

You don't have to utter a single word; your voluptuous lips said it all; when they ardently kissed; transiting me to space above cloud nine,

You don't have to utter a single word; your rubicund cheeks said it all; when they flirtatiously blushed; igniting fireballs of untamed desire in my soul,

You don't have to utter a single word; your dainty feet said it all; when they tinkled in the enchantment of the ravishing night,

You don't have to utter a single word; your enchanting shadow said it all; when it swept past my dreary persona; making me feel the richest man breathing; the happiest soul alive,

You don't have to utter a single word; your tantalizing hair said it all; when they seductively swished; rekindling my faith in horrendously withering mankind,

You don't have to utter a single word; your magnanimous palms said it all; when they exotically caressed my shivering skin; incinerating tremors of uncanny excitement; in my scarlet blood,

You don't have to utter a single word; your tantalizing belly said it all; when it rhapsodically danced under the enigmatic wilderness of alluring twilight,

You don't have to utter a single word; your gorgeous smile said it all; making me consolidate upon my ultimate mission of fervent life,

You don't have to utter a single word; your voluptuously rosy ears said it all; standing up in ecstatic exhilaration as I whispered; the most inconspicuously feeble of sound,

You don't have to utter a single word; your pristine charisma said it all; as it ingratiatingly lured me towards each of your ardently escalating senses,

You don't have to utter a single word; your titillating neck said it all; as it rose and fell in unprecedented mysticism; with the unfurling of vivacious dawn,

You don't have to utter a single word; your vibrantly divine fingers said it all; when they romantically sketched the most minuscule of my mischievous facial contours,

You don't have to utter a single word; your enamoring skin said it all; when it culminated into an infinite goose-bumps; as I trespassed even countless kilometers away from its heavenly periphery,

You don't have to utter a single word; your fabulous forehead said it all; as it triggered insatiable fantasy in my mind; staring at me even centuries after my death,

You don't have to utter a single word; your astronomical conviction said it all; inspiring me to face the most acrimoniously deadly hurdles of life; without a the slightest shiver down my spine,

You don't have to utter a single word; your immaculate soul said it all; making me feel as if I was just born; as if I had just commenced the chapter of existence; even as I was about to die,

You don't have to utter a single word; your fierily passionate breath said it all; making me believe in all mankind; making me feel every instant as I was forever alive,

And you don't have to utter a single word; your heart said it all; incarcerating me in its immortally sacrosanct beats; inundating each aspect of my existence with unfathomable love; making me forever its perpetual slave.

43. WHO WAS SHE?

Who was she who stole my sleep; although I felt like collapsing like a dead sack; perspiring more than Sun all throughout the brilliant day?

Who was she who made me feel like a prince; although I was the poorest entity alive; rotting in stinking jute; as my comrades danced in majestic silk outside?

Who was she who tormented me beyond the point of no control; tantalizing me like a heavenly seductress; and then living me supremely replenished in my impoverished life?

Who was she who made me crave for more although I had achieved my share from my life; made me insatiably wander through uncanny lanes of the romantically unexplored?

Who was she who made me love every entity on this fathomless planet; when infact I had even forgotten to take my name with pride?

Who was she who ignited thunderbolts of unprecedented desire in my diminutive demeanor; even though it murderously snowed since centuries outside?

Who was she who came like an angel in my blood; not only mitigating it from the most deadliest of disease; but granting it an incredulously infinite more lives?

Who was she who became each word I spoke; each dream that I desired even in the most boisterous of light; stumbling on each footstep although I had the most strongest of feet?

Who was she who always invisibly comforted me the most when I needed it; ensuring I irrefutably emerged triumphant in every aspect of intrepidly challenging life?

Who was she who was the unflinching candle of my every night; who divinely guided me to my mission; the ultimate fantasies of my life; even before I could speak?

Who was she who made me witness paradise even in the midst of unruly traffic; propelled me to take birth an infinite times; till I blissfully pacified the insurmountable agony of my dwindling soul?

Who was she who made me soar through the clouds like a royal eagle; compassionately romancing with the exotic winds that clung ardently to my famished wings?

Who was she who engendered me to continue God's sacred chapter of never ending life; making me procreate countless more of my kind?

Who was she who deluged my life with unsurpassable happiness; metamorphosing each tear of mine into pearls of exuberantly enthralling joy?

Who was she who at times became my mother; my father; my sister; never making me feel that I was uncouthly orphaned right since my first cry of devastated life?

Who was she who made me oblivious to the most thunderous sounds in this Universe; following her footsteps like an insane lunatic; even after the last droplet of blood had wholesomely evaporated from my veins?

Who was she who came like a shadow in my pathetic survival; became the insatiably voluptuous redolence of each of my senses; assuming monumental proportions more than the divine?

Who was she who stole each beat of my heart; made me feel the richest alive not only in this birth; but immortalized each minuscule breath of mine?

And although I didn't meet her in this lifetime of mine; not had the tiniest of insinuation of how her body looked; it was indeed the power of her invincible soul; that made me break through each hell; love her forever and ever and ever in a land of the Omnipotent God's; in a land of ultimate paradise.

44. IMMORTAL WIFE

At times an innocuous child; transiting me way back into profound nostalgia; as she teased and frolicked on my lap,

At times a romantic philosopher; teaching me the unfathomable forms of love; as she danced tantalizingly under the blanket of majestically twinkling stars,

At times a voracious busy body; brewing for me the most sumptuous meals of my life; as she perspired like a bull under disdainful smoke that emanated from the kitchen stove,

At times an eternal friend; standing by my side like an invincible fortress in my hour of dilapidated distress; as she kissed all my apprehensions away with her voluptuous lips,

At times a meticulous matron; imparting me a right to exist in the cleanest of heaven; as she enchantingly purified my home and soul; alike,

At times an ultimate seductress; igniting my life with thunderbolts of insatiable passion; as she floated like an exotic fairy in each of my ravishing dream,

At times a Goddess of perpetual love; ensuring that I breathed to my fullest each unleashing minute of life; as she inundated every aspect of my existence with her stupendously royal caress,

At times a bird of uninhibited freedom; making me drift far away from monotonous reality; embracing me tirelessly in a land of mesmerizing rose and paradise,

At times a magically silken angel; annihilating even the most tiniest of thorn from my life; as she encapsulated me from all sides; with the philanthropic warmth of her soul,

At times a sacrosanct mother; seeing to it that I stringently accomplished all my assignments of the day; as she became the insurmountable tenacity in my eyes; the astronomical conviction in my heart,

At times a revered teacher; maneuvering me with astounding dexterity through each aspect of persevering life; as she herself sacrificed all wonderful ecstasy in life,

At times a sharing father; defending me against all treachery lingering around; as she listened and profoundly commiserated with my unfortunate tale of woes,

At times a mischievous sister; incessantly teasing me till I fulminated into unrelenting laughter; as she bounced and vivaciously radiated into a festoon of bubbly smiles,

At times a thorough professional; stirring me out from my horrendously baseless fantasies which led to nothingness; as she marched forward to unflinchingly enjoy every aspect of existence,

At times an ardent fanatic; perpetuating me to drown into realms of unending fantasy; as she indefatigably swished under milky rays of impeccable moonlight,

At times a magnanimous messiah; teaching me to bow down to humanity irrespective of religion; caste or creed; as she benevolently donated all her riches to impoverished mankind in pain,

At times the epitome of beauty; deluging my survival with enthralling entrenchment and stupendous charm; as she gallivanted merrily on the aisles of

augmenting desire glistening as splendidly as the Sun,

At times a gentle draught of wind; granting me that eternal peace that I had always desired; as she herself underwent all the miseries of salaciously treacherous life,

At times this; and At times that; the list is endless but still a fraction too frugal to describe her divinely countenance; as she was everything for me in my impoverished life; she was my immortal wife.

45. PARADISE

Paradise was in your eyes; if they unsurpassably harbored the feeling of philanthropic benevolence for all mankind,

Paradise was in your lips; if they gave a smile to your impoverished comrades in inexplicable pain; flooding their tottering lives with unprecedented happiness,

Paradise was in your voice; if it disseminated the essence of immortal peace; pacified the tyrannized agony of the innocent deprived; with the benign melody in your sound,

Paradise was in your shoulders; if they hoisted all those orphaned shivering disastrously on barren streets; towards the ultimate summit of bountiful prosperity,

Paradise was in your palms; if they blessed all those destitutes obnoxiously battered in life; molding their vibrant destinies; with the insurmountable tenacity of your fingers,

Paradise was in your ears; if they profoundly heard the disastrously augmenting wails of the impeccable in distress; gushing like an untamed whirlwind; to be their messiah in their hour of tumultuous discomfort,

Paradise was in your emotions; if they were fulminated turbulently for withering mankind; profusely commiserating with both ecstasy as well as pain,

Paradise was in your fantasy; if it incessantly revolved round making this planet a better place to exist; culminated into a fountain of astronomical sacrifice and goodwill,

Paradise was in your lids; if they enlightened the lives of the deplorably

frustrated; winking and thereby triggering insatiable cloudbursts of desire,

Paradise was in your shadow; if it overwhelmingly calmed down irascible discrimination; sequestered dying man in its compassionate swirl,

Paradise was in your flesh; if it ignited fireballs of intransigent passion; in the lives of those frigidly hovering like ghastly ghosts; without their soul mates,

Paradise was in your bones; if they magnanimously bore the load of tangible organisms in pain and traumatic torture; carrying them indefatigably; till the time they acquired the fortitude to construct their own abode in life,

Paradise was in your wealth; if it was unequivocally used to alleviate dwindling humanity; scrap the essence of malnourishment and stinking poverty; from the trajectory of this fathomless Universe,

Paradise was in your blood; if it flowed uninhibitedly for your countrymen in horrendous despair; becoming the unfathomable resilience of their bodies; to fight against evil infiltrating their serene kind,

Paradise was in your soul; if it existed for centuries immemorial; combating the devil with its irrefutable spirit of truth; every time that it dared to vindictively arise,

Paradise was in your conscience; if it fought for unconquerable righteousness all night and day; towering above the clouds like an embellished prince; after affording the same to all its fellow beings; incarcerated in webs of malice,

Paradise was in your breath; if it ardently instilled life in the immaculately lifeless; reinvigorate devastatingly shattered lives with the scent of exuberant newness,

And paradise was in your heart; if it took an infinite more births for the person it loved; ensuring that the waves of immortal love; formed invincible bonds; uniting the rich and poor alike; from even the most remotest corners of this boundless planet.

46. BREAKING THE STUMPS

In order to break the stumps of the boundless cricket field; all that was required was a brilliantly scarlet and royally red ball,

In order to break the stumps of the dolorously murky sky; all that was required was gloriously rhapsodic rays of flamboyant light,

In order to break the stumps of heinously stagnating depression; all that was required was a philanthropically charismatic smile,

In order to break the stumps of uncouth treachery; all that was required was perpetual empathy; which inundated every soul with unprecedented bliss and celestial happiness,

In order to break the stumps of painstakingly sweaty boredom; all that was required was exuberantly escalating cheer; towering unflinchingly above the blue sky,

In order to break the stumps of morbid blackness; all that was required was an optimistic rays of enchanting light,

In order to break the stumps of insanely maniacal depression; all that was required was astronomical conviction in your abilities; a never ending spirit to surge forward in life,

In order to break the stumps of impoverished malice; all that was required was uninhibited goodwill; the winds of benevolence which embrace one and all; alike,

In order to break the stumps of indiscriminate hatred; all that was required was the sacred virtue of sharing; which made you feel the richest organism on earth; alive,

In order to break the stumps of the hideously tyrannizing glass; all that was required was a diminutive chunk of stone; compounded with a dexterously astute hurl of the palm,

In order to break the stumps of the satanic devil; all that was required was an inconspicuous puff of the irrefutably divine; ordinary mankind uniting in the mission to scrap crime from this planet alike,

In order to break the stumps of the frigidly shivering parasitic ice; all that was required was golden beams of intrepid Sunlight; metamorphosing the ominous avalanche into heavenly streams of harmonious liquid,

In order to break the stumps of baseless fear; all that was required was surmountable faith in your senses; the patriotic warrior lingering intrinsically in

your poignant blood,

In order to break the stumps of malevolent disdain; all that was required was transparent voices of the conscience; blessing all with the Omnipotent power to distinguish between the good and bad,

In order to break the stumps of diabolical stinginess; all that was required was a magnanimously open heart; wholeheartedly diffusing the Omnipresent essence of humanity,

In order to break the stumps of self inflicted sorrow; all that was required was a bountifully blooming festoon of crimson rose; sprouting into the majestic winds of a new found beginning,

In order to break the stumps of criminal disease; all that was required was a impeccably benign society; which harbored the most diminutively perspiring entities; for simply what they were,

In order to break the stumps of perilously rotting yesterday; all that was required was an insatiably untamed desire; to blossom into countless more tomorrow's,

And in order to break the stumps of my fervently throbbing heart; all that was required was your immortal love; which gave it the sole reason to beat for centuries immemorial; more importantly a tireless mission to beat for all mankind.

47. LOVE IS MAGIC

Devils are hideously diabolic,

Children are impeccably nostalgic,

Miseries are inexplicably traumatic,

Waves are voluptuously charismatic,

Cuckoos are stupendously rhetoric,

Mothers are inevitably sympathetic,

Clouds are torrentially colic,

Mobs are unrelentingly toxic,
Flowers are wonderfully exotic,
Villagers are tirelessly nomadic,
Humans are diminutively mimic,
Dungeons are despicably claustrophobic,
Winds are exuberantly rhapsodic,
Emotions are poignantly automatic,
Benevolent are royally aristocratic,
Manipulative are spuriously melodramatic,
Perfectionists are meticulously systematic,
Lava's are pugnaciously volcanic,
Maelstrom's are violently cyclonic,
Parasites are insidiously dogmatic,
Vampires are treacherously gothic,
Earthquakes are dangerously seismic,
Fantasies are astoundingly oligarchic,
Ambitious are unsurpassably workaholic,
Dinosaurs are incomprehensibly gigantic,
Lakes are beautifully pacific,
Butchers are uncouthly barbaric,
Critics are ignominiously sardonic,

Emblems are sagaciously symbolic,
Bombastic are insanelly idiotic,
Politicians are ludicrously ironic,
Murderers are devilishly satanic,
Passionate are surreally alcoholic,
Forests are boundlessly enigmatic,
Trendsetters are mysteriously psychic,
Angels are immaculately magnetic,
Deaths are horrendously tragic,
Traitors are invidiously horrific,
Pastimes are intriguingly mystic,
Nightingales are melodiously music,
Arithmetic is insatiably logic,
Rocks are mystically geologic,
Madmen are abnormally sadistic,
Prudent are practically phlegmatic,
Achievers are ebulliently pragmatic,
Blissful are diligently yogic,
Believers are differently eccentric,
Visionaries are masterfully fantastic,
Kangaroos are uninhibitedly frolic,

Divinely are philanthropically holistic,
Stones are harmoniously stoic,
Stalwarts are blazingly heroic,
Hair are spellbindingly static,
Roots are tantalizingly aromatic,
Prejudiced are irrefutably rheumatic,
Stars are resplendently cosmic,
Clowns are ridiculously comic,
Cherries are supremely scholastic,
Silks are gloriously majestic,
Clouds are enchantingly romantic,
Deploration is dangerously attic,
Lecherous are astutely parasitic,
Rich are opulently fanatic,
Pungent are beautifully turmeric,
Orientally veiled are handsomely Arabic,
Forces are effusively cubic,
Morons are derogatorily zombic,
Adventurers are enthrallingly maverick,
Housewives are sometimes sarcastic,
Soldiers are immortally titanic,

Scarecrows are frigidly plastic,
Specialists are targetedly specific,
Clocks are everlastingly tic-tic,
Workaholics are monotonously hectic,
Mornings are dynamically optimistic,
World is fathomlessly scenic,
Suspicious are dolorously pessimistic,
Wounds are disastrously septic,
Anthems are spiritedly patriotic,
Show-offers are temporarily cosmetic,
Trustworthy are overwhelmingly phonetic,
Mannerisms are prominently genetic,
Innocent are impregnably photogenic,
Christians are staunchly catholic,
Aggrieved are unavoidably acidic,
Vindictive are explosively ballistic,
Philosophers are brilliantly poetic,
Organisms are astoundingly symmetric,
Rainshowers are perennially exotic,
Smugglers are inherently narcotic,
Survival is celestially synergistic,

Frogs are disdainfully cacophonous,

Cowards are pathetically laconic,

Valleys are fabulously panoramic,

Hearts are puristically intrinsic,

And love is universally magic.

48. NOBODY'S EVER STOPPED YOU

Nobody's ever stopped you from profoundly relishing enchanting beams of poignantly brilliant sunlight; just because there already existed the murderously ghoulish night;

Nobody's ever stopped you from insatiably feasting upon the scent of the compassionately scarlet rose; just because there already existed the grotesquely fetid and abhorrently stinking gutter,

Nobody's ever stopped you from triumphantly blazing in the fields of unflinching righteousness; just because there already existed ignominiously ostracizing and manipulative deceit,

Nobody's ever stopped you from intrepidly exultating on the ultimate summit of benign strength; just because there already existed the infinitesimally abysmal coffin of cowardliness,

Nobody's ever stopped you from embedding even the most diminutive cranny of your persona with the petals of simplicity; just because there already existed the gallows of pompously pulverizing prejudice,

Nobody's ever stopped you from inexhaustibly drinking the elixir of perpetual truth; just because there already existed the unsurpassably gory mortuary of meaninglessly decrepit lies,

Nobody's ever stopped you from uninhibitedly romancing with the winds of boundlessly victorious freedom; just because there already existed the treacherously vindictive and agonizingly chauvinistic whip of slavery,

Nobody's ever stopped you from uniting the brutally estranged planet with the thread of oneness; just because there already existed the satanic web of

indiscriminately parasitic politics,

Nobody's ever stopped you from indefatigably being a harbinger of all humanity; just because there already existed the delirious devil gobbling humans; animals and living organisms; pugnaciously alike,

Nobody's ever stopped you from mellifluously perpetuating the atmosphere with the hymns of global brotherhood; just because there already existed the salaciously diabolical cacophony of severely self destructive selfishness and malice,

Nobody's ever stopped you from timelessly catapulting to newer summits of spell bindingly intriguing innovation; just because there already existed the clammily monotonous hole in the belly of slaving soil,

Nobody's ever stopped you from tirelessly dancing in the mists of sensuously untamed mischief; just because there already existed the lasciviously incarcerating graveyard of monotonous chicanery,

Nobody's ever stopped you from boisterously chirping with the full and unparalleled fervor of blessed life; just because there already existed the preposterously stagnated and withering dungeon of stony silence,

Nobody's ever stopped you from philanthropically liberating your fellow comrades in unimaginably horrific despair; just because there already existed cannibalistic anarchy in every corner of the sleazily commercial world,

Nobody's ever stopped you from endlessly procreating an infinite more virile of your own kind; just because there already existed the spuriously criminal droplet of perilously impairing infertility,

Nobody's ever stopped you from continuously fantasizing into the land of the Omnipotently endowing; just because there already existed the cobwebs of scurrilously obsolete and obfuscated dilapidation,

Nobody's ever stopped you from forever coalescing with the wave of unshakable oneness; just because there already existed a myriad of indiscriminatingly separating religion on the trajectory of this Universe,

Nobody's ever stopped you from holistically cleansing every frazzled pore of your demeanor with the waterfall of bountifully symbiotic life; just because there already existed the dirt of unbearably venomous dastardliness,

Nobody's ever stopped you from inhaling and exhaling boundless galleries of exotically fresh air; just because there already existed nonchalantly asphyxiating and despairing lifelessness,

And nobody's ever stopped you from immortally dedicating every beat of your heart to the person you love; just because there already existed the shadows of torturously slandering and flagrantly ghastly betrayal.

49. JUST FORGET IT BUDDY

You might have sprinkled the most opulent fragrance of holistic sandalwood on even the most infinitesimal pore of your body; since a countless moments before the crackle of fugitive dawn,

You might have profusely pursed your lips with the most rhapsodically ecstatic sugarcane juice; till the time they radiated a majestically perpetual scarlet,

You might have adorned your wrists with the most spell-bindingly royal wrist-watch; whose untamed effervescence could singlehandedly illuminate the complexion of the ghoulishly frigid night,

You might have brandished the most blazingly fearless sword on your countenance; unflinchingly portraying you to be a true soldier of your sacrosanct mother soil,

But. Just Forget it buddy. For if her heart really didn't beat for you; then do whatever conceivable you could; dress so dynamically that the fathomless sky irrefutably blended with threadbare ground; and she'd still commit a countless suicides; rather than betray her heartbeats to love and marry you.

1.

You might have embellished your eyelashes with a mascara so overwhelmingly sensuous; that even the most treacherously dumb stones sprang to vivaciously enamoring life,

You might have scrubbed your skin with the most stringent antiseptic; making it glow more brilliantly than the blistering afternoon Sun,

You might have developed your muscles more effusively than the most indomitably towering mountain peaks; as they came the unrelenting desire of

every nubile maiden alive,

You might have adorned your charismatic persona in the most fashionably awe-inspiring denim suit; with an aura of unceasing silk ubiquitously diffusing from your pricelessly exquisite demeanor,

But. Just Forget it buddy. For if her heart really didn't beat for you; then do whatever conceivable you could; dress so enchantingly that even the most languidly barren patches in sky showered torrential rain; and she'd still commit a countless suicides; rather than betray her heartbeats to love and marry you.

2.

You might have uninhibitedly rolled in a river of Olive Oil; to marvelously accentuate each cranny of your countenance; to the most unprecedentedly enthralling limits,

You might have unsurpassably fudged your nape with the costliest chains of gold and silver; twinkling like a resplendently gregarious star even in the most cadaverously blackened night,

You might have sequestered your bohemian feet within the most luxuriously regale ivory shoes; engendering the earth to thunder as you gloriously marched in impeccable integrity,

You might have shielded the whites and blacks of your eyes with the most magnetically pristine shades of Sun glass; through which the entire planet appeared as an insuperably compassionate romantic mist,

But. Just Forget it buddy. For if her heart really didn't beat for you; then do whatever conceivable you could; dress so triumphantly that every miserably incarcerated ingredient of the atmosphere liberated towards eternal freedom; and she'd still commit a countless suicides; rather than betray her heartbeats to love and marry you.

3.

You might have swirled the hair on your scalp to such unbelievably remarkable degrees of jazzy contemporariness; that every eyeball as you wandered on the streets; stayed agglutinated towards you for times immemorial,

You might have galloped in such lightening fast cars; that the pulse of every

exuberant girl on this planet; felt like climaxing to its best in the land of
celestially unfettered paradise,

You might have sung such inimitable tunes of effulgent melody; that even the
most salacious trace of despairing prejudice in bereaved quarter of mother earth;
metamorphosed into a garden of mesmerizing newness,

You might have entwined such an unimaginably fascinating snake leather belt
in your trouser; that the most enviably tantalizing damsels on this globe;
obeisantly bowed down to even the most ethereal of your commands,

But. Just Forget it buddy. For if her heart really didn't beat for you; then you
could do whatever conceivable you could; dress so handsomely that the planet
outside felt bizarrely naked without a cloth on its body; and she'd still commit a
countless suicides; rather than betray her heartbeats to love and marry you.

50. BUT WHAT TO DO WITH THIS HEART

I could perhaps control my brain; diverting it to a billion other directions of
mesmerizing beauty and unparalleled enchantment,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats unrelentingly bounced to an infinite
kilometers beyond the horizons of emptiness in clear sky; without her magically
royal shadow by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; profusely sedating it without listening to a trifle
of its choice; with the most efficaciously inclement tranquilizers,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats reverberated more thunderously
than the most untamed lightening and storm; without her unbelievably
mellifluous voice by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; maliciously poisoning it against the most
ethereal of emotion on this Universe; everytime it commenced to inexplicably
cry,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats lost every trace of direction; went
ludicrously haywire even in the most brilliantly explicit Sunlight; without her
magnanimously bestowing palms by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; treacherously rebuking it to such an
ignominiously contemptuous threshold; that it became oblivious to its very own
voice,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats drowned a zillion feet beneath the
coffin of nothingness; without the rhapsodically effulgent sweetness of her

existence by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; mechanically attuning it to the mundane vagaries of survival; dictating upon it that the mantra of survival of the fittest was the only mantra that it should profoundly realize,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats dimmed to a lackadaisical singleton in the entire day; without her miraculously alleviating aura by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; whiplashing it with the severest of medicinal injection; so that it couldn't conceive an iota beyond the aisles of mundane practicality,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats withered more faster than preposterously slippery quick sand; without her innocuously righteous stare by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; splitting it apart into an unsurpassable halves; as it started to reminisce those moments when we first divinely met,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats shook hands with murderous apocalypses of hedonistic hell; without her pristinely humanitarian stride by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; metamorphosing its structure surgically; from one that remained obsessed solely with her desire; to one that nonchalantly moved
step by step with the ruthlessly robotic planet outside,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats uncompromisingly cried tears of raw blood for an infinite more lifetimes; without her fructifying dynamite of blissful energy by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; neutralizing even the most evanescent of its intricate emotionality; with the salaciously cold-blooded poison of current world commercialism and inevitable corruption,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats trembled more vociferously than the tremors of the most devastating earthquake; without her timelessly blossoming fragrance by their side.

I could perhaps control my brain; inexhaustibly subjugating it with chains of concentratedly Spartan meditation; whenever it wandered towards memories of gloriously triumphant past,
But what to do with this heart; whose beats were rendering me an unfathomable billion torturous deaths even though I was veritably alive; without the spirit of her immortally Omnipotent love by their side.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Love Poems - Part 9

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 40 differently titled Poems is actually Part 9 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. DON'T MESS WITH LOVE
2. RATHER THAN BETRAY
3. WHEN WE HAD FIRST FALLEN IN LOVE
4. TODAY'S THE DAY
5. ALL I ENDED UP DOING
6. BEWARE

7. IF YOUR LOVE WAS TRUE
8. THE SIGNATURE OF LOVE
9. EVERYWHERE
10. AM I UNFORGIVINGLY UNJUST?
11. IF YOU DARE TO DREAM
12. THE LANGUAGE OF MY HEART
13. DOESN'T STOP YOU
14. NO TRAINING
15. ITS ALL THERE IN YOUR HEART
16. LETS LOVE EACH OTHER
17. HER SLAVE, HER ADMIRER, HER LOVER
18. BORN ONLY TO
19. WITHOUT MY BELOVED
20. THERE WAS NO GREATER SLAVE
21. IMPRESSED
22. CAPS
- 23.2 HEARTS
24. WHEN WE FELL IN LOVE - PART 2
25. WHEN I REMEMBER YOU
26. THIRSTY
27. FOREVER AND PRICELESSLY ONE
28. I'LL KEEP TRYING HARD
29. IMPREGNABLY MARRIED
30. PLEASE SAY SOMETHING ATLEAST
31. CRUELLY STARVED
32. ONLY THOSE
33. AT HER OMNIPRESENT FEET
34. IF YOU THOUGHT
35. WHAT USE?
36. YOU SIMPLY COULDN'T HIDE
37. EXPRESSING LOVE
38. GODDAMNED ARE THOSE
39. ONE DAY
40. EVERY HEART

1. DON'T MESS WITH LOVE

Don't mess with lies; it would hedonistically massacre you with its fangs of vindictively flagrant prejudice,

Don't mess with the scorpion; it would so ballistically permeate its venomously curled tail into your nimble flesh; that you'd never be able to raise your hindside,

Don't mess with the Sun; it would burn you to infinitesimal moles of inane ash; which wouldn't be accepted even by the land of disastrously disappearing oblivion,

Don't mess with the Shark; it would pulverize every element of your countenance to such a pulverized chowder; that wouldn't be visible with even the most contemporarily high powered telescope,

Don't mess with the avalanche; it would treacherously bury you an infinite feet beneath your corpse; a place so scurrilously asphyxiating beneath the earth; where even darkness dreaded to dare,

Don't mess with obsession; it would maniacally frazzle every sensuously sensitive vein of your persona; reduce you to such a bundle of delirious meaninglessness that even the coffins of hell would blatantly refuse,

Don't mess with the ghost; it would wretchedly jinx you beyond the comprehensions of infinite infinity; torturing you to such an extent; that you vomited raw blood everytime you witnessed the contours of your face,

Don't mess with the storm; it would inexhaustibly lambaste you against cold-blooded stone; till the time your bones felt that wholesomely gruesome extinction was a better alternative instead,

Don't mess with the knife; it would slice you into so many unsparing countless bits; that even the most hideously barbaric vultures would find it bizarrely gory to digest,

Don't mess with the lion; it wouldn't given you even the most evanescent chance to fulfill your last wish; before it gobbled you like a robust mosquito for its afternoon lunch,

Don't mess with corruption; it would make every step of your blissfully resplendent existence; more egregiously strangulating than the werewolves of ghoulishly satanic hell,

Don't mess with the vampish seductress; she would firstly tantalize you to realms beyond supremely ecstatic paradise; only to mercilessly excoriate apart every bit of your skin; for stitching her compassionate night-coat,

Don't mess with the gallows; they would surreptitiously creep upon you in your celestially contented slumber; to make it nefariously and irretrievably permanent,

Don't mess with the bat; it would so barbarously pluck the whites and blacks of your beautiful eyes; that your face would dissolve into laconically inconspicuous space for times immemorial,

Don't mess with the mirage; it would satiate the chords of your agonizingly charred throat till beyond eternal eternity; before eventually making you lick granules of dry sand with acidulous thorns embedded inside; instead,

Don't mess with lightening; it would numb the quintessential nexus of your existence to such a threshold; that even the most cannibalistic swords massacring your head would seem to you as a flutter of a seductive eyelash,

Don't mess with symbiotism; it would sodomize the chapters of your harmonious survival in such a way; that traumatic incarceration would become your sole mantra to whimperingly exist,

Don't mess with blood; it would abandon you forever in the gutterpipe of ostracizing deceit; beheading you as a lecherously parasitic alien; although you were its cardinally very own,

And don't mess with love; it would grant you such a diabolical death for betraying and tampering with its insuperably Omnipotent spirit; that life in any form; shape or fraternity; would never ever in even the most obsolete of birth; accept you once again.

2. RATHER THAN BETRAY

It was countless times better to relentlessly stagger in the sweltering heat outside; with the ferociously hedonistic rays of the afternoon Sun making me slaver like a dog on flaming soil,
Rather than betray the irrefutably truthful voice of my conscience; and lie like an unemployed laggard in the caverns of blackened nothingness.

It was countless times better to unflinchingly walk on a platform of acrimoniously pernicious thorns; surrender the nimble soles of my feet to uncouthly uncontrollable bleeding,
Rather than betray the majestically truthful voice of my conscience; and

surreptitiously steal onto the sheets of unfathomable luxury; with a nefariously wicked glint in my eye.

It was countless times better to shiver bare-chested in the ruthlessly annihilating blizzard outside; letting each bone of my body nervously reverberate till times beyond infinite infinity,
Rather than betray the pricelessly truthful voice of my conscience; and indiscriminately force my cumbersome form into someone else's emolliently hard-earned dwelling.

It was countless times better to be unsparingly excoriated by the demonic sword of the turgidly truculent society; abnegating even the most infinitesimal trace of worldly pleasure forever and ever and ever,
Rather than betray the peerlessly truthful voice of my conscience; and nod my head like a disgracefully dastardly rat to the gutterpipe of flagrant lies.

It was countless times better to scorch to an indescribably ghastly death; letting the chords of my throat scurrilously burn in unbearably agonizing turmoil,
Rather than betray the symbiotically truthful voice of my conscience; and lackadaisically lap at the pool of venomously malicious water in the treacherously profane enemy camp.

It was a countless times better to lasciviously sell each part of my worthless body; let hideously untamed vultures of cowardly malice rip apart my flesh to their vapid heart's delight,
Rather than betray the bountifully truthful voice of my conscience; and trade my sacrosanct mother for ensuring few breaths of my worthlessly decrepit existence.

It was a countless times better to be buried under fathomless masses of cold-bloodedly slandering rock; find my veritable corpse an infinite feet beneath mud even as I exhaled air in the pristine prime of my life,
Rather than betray the regally truthful voice of my conscience; and order my impeccable child to carry the load of the corrupt planet; so that I could snore and pugnaciously survive.

It was a countless times better to deliriously loiter on the streets without a cloth to engulf my rickety form; become the endlessly laughing stock of every single cranny of this limitless globe,
Rather than betray the triumphantly truthful voice of my conscience; and wear the skin of my father like a cannibalistically satanic parasite all my life.

It was a countless times better to metamorphose wholesomely into blind;

entirely shut the fangs of my existence to even the most ethereally flickering
beam of light,
Rather than betray the eternally truthful voice of my conscience; and keep
staring into fecklessly wastrel corpses of nothingness; inspite of being blessed
with two brilliantly bright eyes.

It was a countless times better to rot in the mortuaries of unceasingly squelching
hell; let the most unsurpassably excruciating torture in the devil's land
deteriorate me into a scarecrow of insipid meaninglessness,
Rather than betray the beautifully truthful voice of my conscience; and break the
heart of my immortal beloved; for sensuously alien flesh and vituperatively
tantalizing raunchiness.

3. WHEN WE HAD FIRST FALLEN IN LOVE

It was irrevocably impossible for me to capture time; as it indefatigably tick-
tocked and unstoppably unfurled into profound virility,
But the pricelessly mesmerizing moments when we had first met; would forever
remain in my invincible grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births
even after I veritably died.

It was unsurpassably impossible for me to capture time; at it relentlessly tick-
tocked and tirelessly unfurled into magical newness,
But the divinely immaculate moments when we had first flirted around pristinely
enchanted foliage; would forever remain in my unassailable grip; for not only
this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was irretrievably impossible for me to capture time; as it intransigently tick
tocked and inexhaustibly unfurled into resplendent freshness,
But the tantalizingly blissful moments when we had first stared into each other's
eyes; would forever remain in my insuperable grip; for not only this birth but an
infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was imperceptibly impossible for me to capture time; as it intractably tick-
tocked and continuously unfurled into inexplicable uncanniness,
But the wonderfully magnetic moments when we had first inhaled the fragrance
of our passionate sweat; would forever remain in my undaunted grip; for not
only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was immutably impossible for me to capture time; as it stubbornly tick-tocked
and limitlessly unfurled into brilliantly blessing day and voluptuously star-studded
night,

But the majestically vivacious moments when we had first danced in the untamed rain; would forever remain in my intrepid grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was unbelievably impossible for me to capture time; as it punctiliously tick-tocked and beautifully unfurled into a cistern of unparalleled charisma,
But the stupendously exultating moments when we had first hidden ourselves into clandestine darkness far away from the boundaries of this tyrannically turgid society; would forever remain in my unshakable grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was unfathomably impossible for me to capture time; as it infallibly tick-tocked and unceasingly unfurled into a cloud of inimitably silken enchantment,
But the triumphantly unfettered moments when we had first uninhibitedly announced our relationship to the outside planet; would forever remain in my unbreakable grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was insurmountably impossible for me to capture time; as it immeasurably tick-tocked and unendingly unfurled into infernos of boundlessly unhindered compassion,
But the surreally sensuous moments when we had first invincibly embraced each other; would forever remain in my peerless grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

It was unprecedentedly impossible for me to capture time; as it timelessly tick-tocked and endlessly unfurled into the true spirit of magnificently effulgent existence,
But the impregnably heavenly moments when we had first interlocked our ardent breaths with each other; would forever remain in my unconquerable grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

And it was unthinkable impossible for me to capture time; as it intractably tick-tocked and perennially unfurled into the benign goodness of the Omnipotent Lord's divine,
But the immortally untainted moments when we had first fallen into the skies of Omnipresent love; would forever remain in my unalterable grip; for not only this birth but an infinite more births even after I veritably died.

4. TODAY'S THE DAY

Today' the day when I'd felt the most exuberant; galloping unfettered to the

ultimate epitomes of success in my diminutively beleaguered life,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most uninhibitedly liberated; floating on the surreally tantalizing belly of cloud nine; for times immemorial,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most impregnably sacred; commensurately coalescing each fragment of my visage and soul with the spirit of the Omnipotent divine,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most unceasingly fearless; unflinchingly ready to face the mightiest of vindictively satanic maelstroms bare-chested,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most vivaciously resplendent; unrelentingly dancing in the heavens of eternal seduction; without the tiniest trace of treacherous manipulative malice,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most brilliantly eclectic; when everything that I even nimbly caressed; metamorphosing into triumphantly celestial gold,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most unconquerably towering; inimitably looming above every other organism on the trajectory of this fathomlessly unending Universe,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most magnanimously benign; altruistically donating even the last iota of my opulence to whomsoever who inhabited my doorstep; without the slightest of whine,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most exotically sensuous; with every follicle of my skin bathing in currents of unlimited rhapsody; even as the Sun overhead unsparingly blazed to its unprecedented capacity,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most devoutly resolved; coining a whole new chapter of my impoverished existence; for an infinite more births of mine,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most unequivocally egalitarian; ubiquitously embracing every caste; creed; color and race; for them being a symbiotically quintessential element of living kind,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most tirelessly victorious; even though I'd preposterously staggered in virtually every other aspect of my life,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most magically sensitive; dissipating into a

billion bits of untamed beauty; at even the most evanescent trickle of dawn light,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most blessedly harmonious; existing in perfect synergy with my wonderful environment; wholesomely irrespective of my form or finance,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most supremely passionate; igniting unassailably glorious and golden fires even in frigidly blackened streams of stagnating water,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most mellifluously romantic; timelessly humming the tunes of eternally fructifying friendship; even as hedonistically pugnacious battlefields had enshrouded every cranny of mother earth,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most enchantingly placated; as if every speck of my blood and bone could holistically exist without a morsel of food; for centuries unfathomable,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most impeccably pristine; like a new-born child having just evolved out of the womb of my godly mother; and ready to explore the Creator's unhindered Universe afresh; and full of insuperable virility,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most vividly nubile; fervently awaiting like the freshly embellished bride; to be kissed and discovered till even beyond where the horizons stretched,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most optimally useful; expending every iota of energy entrapped in my demeanor to the service of horrendously besmirched humanity,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most jubilantly charismatic; radiating an unshakable magnetic aura; which drew even the most diminutive bit of peerless righteousness towards my swirl,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most marvelously humane; gorgeously collapsing to the desires of my mind; body and soul; into an inexhaustible ocean of unbreakable camaraderie,

Today's the day when I'd felt the most astoundingly procreating; proliferating into an unbelievable shades of panoramically unrestricted mischief; spawning varied civilizations of colorful unity; with my very own blood,

And I still profoundly remember that Today's the day when we'd first met several years ago; Today's the day when each beat of our hearts made and meant for each other had immortally bonded together; Today's the day when we'd stared into each other's eyes as if there was no other earth; paradise and hell that had ever existed; O! Yes; Today's the day when we'd first fallen in perpetual love.

5. ALL I ENDED UP DOING

I went to the tree to get blessed with scrumptiously robust fruit; but after witnessing it already threadbarely barren to the ghastliest of limits; all I ended up doing was giving it the last iota of meal entrapped within the intestines of my stomach,

I went to the clouds to get blessed with resplendently tantalizing rain; but after witnessing them turn a listlessly lackadaisical blue; all I ended up doing was giving them every droplet of compassionate moisture circulating within the whites of my eyes,

I went to mountain to get blessed with indomitably Herculean strength; but after witnessing its peaks crumbling under the impact of nuclear war; all I ended up doing was giving it every ounce of enthusiasm fulminating in my nimble bones,

I went to the shadow to get blessed with profoundly enamoring mysticism; but after witnessing it torturously slaving without the tiniest of respite; all I ended up doing was giving it every whisper of enthrallment embedded in the pores of my humble persona,

I went to the beehive to get blessed with insatiably unparalleled boisterousness; but after witnessing it metamorphosed into a grotesquely remorseful corpse; all I ended up doing was giving it every grain of unfettered tanginess in my voice,

I went to the Sun to get blessed with brilliantly insuperable enlightenment; but after witnessing it perfidiously invaded by monstrously demeaning spacecrafts; all I ended up doing was giving it every trace of optimism majestically circulating in each of my senses,

I went to the meadow to get blessed with uninhibitedly untainted frolic; but after witnessing it rotting in a jungle of concretely heartless commercialism; all I ended up doing was giving it every memory of my impeccably pristine childhood,

I went to the rainbow to get blessed with vibrantly mesmerizing color; but after witnessing it reduced to an amorphous graveyard as the clouds encircled in; all I ended up doing was giving it every ingredient of happiness effervescently brimming in my veins,

I went to the gorge to get blessed with perpetually blissful silence; but after witnessing it indiscriminately marauded by trumpets of savagely belligerent war; all I ended up doing was giving it every reflection of bliss from the innermost realms of my soul,

I went to the ocean to get blessed with limitlessly ecstatic froth; but after witnessing it shriveled into an obnoxiously sweltering desert; all I ended up doing was giving it every droplet of priceless blood euphorically gurgling under my skin,

I went to the avalanche to get blessed with astoundingly spell-binding coolness; but after witnessing it melting into rivulets of explicitly warm water; all I ended up doing was giving it every granary of refreshing iciness in my laconic countenance,

I went to the eagle to get blessed with unequivocally regale freedom; but after witnessing it lying saddeningly maimed without its wings; all I ended up doing was giving it every centimeter of liberation encompassing my stride,

I went to the soil to get blessed with unbelievably unceasing virility; but after witnessing it treacherously adulterated by salaciously power-hungry living beings; all I ended up doing was giving it every essence of my timelessly bounteous proliferation,

I went to the rose to get blessed with unlimitedly exotic scent; but after witnessing it gruesomely withered to its ashes in the truculently unsparing storm; all I ended up doing was giving it every irrefutably righteous fragrance of my diminutive existence,

I went to the bonfire to get blessed with compassionately insuperable passion; but after witnessing it dying into wisps of ethereally disconsolate oblivion; all I ended up doing was giving it every milligram of my unfettered raw energy,

I went to the castle to get blessed with inherently celestial royalty; but after witnessing it rattled to worse than the pauper's gutterpipe in the devastating earthquake; all I ended up doing was giving it every trifle of my truncated opulence

I went to the clock to get blessed with stringently scrupulous punctuality; but after witnessing its needles having to come to a lividly hopeless standstill; all I ended up doing was giving it every definition of my honest punctiliousness,

I went to the saint to get blessed with cisterns of philanthropically unflinching righteousness; but after witnessing him entwining hand in hand with the murderously corrupt politicians; all I ended up doing was giving him every bit of selfless truth from the dormitories of my conscience,

And I went to her to get blessed with a sky of immortal love; but seeing that she was pompously rejoicing in someone else's spuriously transient love; all I ended up doing was giving every beat of my unconquerable love to both of them; so that they eternally loved; loved and only loved; and I left for my heavenly abode; to salvage a chance to get her love; if the Creator ever reborn me again; gave me another blessedly beautiful birth.

6. BEWARE

Beware of the light which barbarously blinds; without the most infinitesimal of insinuation or warning; and for times beyond a whole lifetime,

Beware of the sweetness which stealthily poisons; making you irrevocably insensitive to every benign goodness of the Omnipotent Creator divine,

Beware of the silence which unsparingly devastates; uncouthly trouncing you like a pack of frigid matchsticks; when you thought that the entire planet had come to a celestially tranquil rest,

Beware of the silk which mercilessly strangulates; catching you unsuspectingly in the most mellifluously enchanting of your dreams; and as you felt the heavens of sensuality to the most unprecedented limits in your persona,

Beware of the sand which treacherously sinks; burying you an infinite feet beneath your veritable grave; when you thought that you were rolling on paradise; in uninhibitedly rhapsodic delight,

Beware of the ice which salaciously chokes; making you perilously gasp for every priceless breath; when you thought that the tempestuous ordeal of acrimoniously sweltering summer had long ended,

Beware of the truth which endlessly burns; irrespective of the fact that you were

the only one on the trajectory of the fathomless Universe; unflinchingly galloping on the path of altruistically blazing righteousness,

Beware of the night which satanically dissolves; evaporating you towards the coffins of hell; when you thought that unfathomably voluptuous blackness was the only rhythm of your blood,

Beware of the seductress which furtively beheads; indiscriminately pulverizing you for parsimonious wads of sleazy currency; when you thought that you were floating on the ultimate epitome of tantalizing cloud nine,

Beware of the star which truculently stones; engendering you to dream beyond glittering paradise at the outset; and then perfidiously blending you with inconspicuously belittling ash,

Beware of the dream which salaciously incarcerates; lethally trapping you in dungeons of gory hopelessness; when you thought you were the most blissfully innovative fantasizer on this boundless planet,

Beware of the smile which torturously tears; giving the most triumphantly eternal happiness of your life for just an evanescent instant; and then perpetuating you to horrifically weep for an infinite more lifetimes,

Beware of the power which morosely weakens; manipulatively making you the monarch of the entire world by hook or by crook; and then ruthlessly stripping you of even the most mercurial of your laurel; before limitlessly hanging you from the cadaverous gallows,

Beware of the diamond which demonically impoverishes; rendering you as the most disastrously orphaned organism on this unceasing earth; even as you had the power to purchase anything on your nimble fingertips,

Beware of the brilliance which abjectly devastates; maliciously metamorphosing your delectably natural treasures; into monstrosly mechanized and lifeless scientific invention,

Beware of the clarity which forlornly obfuscates; unveiling such explicitly mortifying facts of life; that transits you in a perpetually dogmatic and inexplicably crucifying haze,

Beware of the soul which wretchedly hollows; extinguishing even the most diminutive trace of your persona forever from the entrenchment of this earth;

when you thought that you had achieved the most invincible state of
"Nirvana";,

Beware of the breath which baselessly kills; drowning you in a world of endlessly
strangling nothingness; when you thought that your passionate embrace
was more impregnably interlocked than the walls of blessed paradise,

And beware of the heart which murderously betrays; bestowing upon you a life
more ghastly than a countless disparagingly dastardly deaths; when you thought
that you were insuperably perched on the scepter of immortally resplendent love.

7. IF YOUR LOVE WAS TRUE

In less than a single fraction of a second; she would come to you from even the
most unconquerable epitome of the Herculean and invincibly towering mountain,

In less than a single flicker of your eye; she would come to you from even the
most remotest rock bottom of the unfathomably undulating and unimaginably
deep sea,

In less than a single yawn of your mouth; she would come to you from even the
most obsolete corner of the fathomlessly mighty and impregnably pristine clouds,

In less than a single whisper of your voice; she would come to you from even the
most sequestered hole infinite feet beneath lackadaisically dead and
treacherously obdurate soil,

O! Yes; if your love was true from the innermost core of your heart; then
irrespective of where she was; irrespective of the mightiest of barricade
separating the both of you; she would immortally be yours and only yours; in
less than an inconspicuous instant,

But if there was even an infinitesimal whimper of betrayal maligning your soul;
then keep frenetically searching for her like a maimed dog; but you won't find
the tiniest insinuation of her reflection; for your life beyond an infinite more
lifetimes.

1.

In less than a single blush of your cheeks; she would come to you from even the
most egregiously silencing and endlessly asphyxiating coffins of ghastly death,

In less than a single flutter of your little finger; she would come to you from even the most treacherously blackened and wholesomely deadened fabric of the ghoulish night,

In less than a single tap of your foot; she would come to you from even the most farthest corner of the limitlessly iridescent and majestically pearly Moon,

In less than a single unfurling of your lips; she would come to you from even the most blazingly indomitable and intransigently fuming inferno's,

O! Yes; if your love was true from the innermost core of your heart; then irrespective of where she was; irrespective of the most acrimonious apocalypses separating the both of you; she would immortally be yours and only yours; in less than an infidel instant,

But if there was even an infinitesimal whimper of betrayal maligning your soul; then keep dogmatically searching for her like a wounded vulture; but you won't find the tiniest insinuation of her reflection; for your life beyond an infinite more lifetimes.

2.

In less than a single radiation of your brain; she would come to you from even the most unbelievably disappearing and evanescently inane mists of nothingness,

In less than a single snore of your sleep; she would come to you from even the most menacingly unsparing and cold-bloodedly squelching jaws of the indiscriminately massacring lion,

In less than a single desire of your soul; she would come to you from even the most aridly charred corner of the unsurpassably sweltering and boundless desert,

In less than a single swish of your palms; she would come to you from even the most unimaginably resplendent and endlessly fructifying corridors of perpetually priceless paradise,

O! Yes; if your love was true from the innermost core of your heart; then irrespective of where she was; irrespective of the most tyrannically turgid boundaries chaining you; she would immortally be yours and only yours; in less

than an inconspicuous instant,

But if there was even an infinitesimal whimper of betrayal maligning your soul; then keep rapaciously searching for her like a worthless skeleton; but you won't find the tiniest insinuation of her reflection; for your life beyond an infinite more lifetimes.

3.

In less than a single nod of your head; she would come to you from even the most unfathomably stretched ends of inexplicably bizarre and surreally titillating imagination,

In less than a single juggling of your fists; she would come to you from even the most inconceivably inexplicable and abstrusely imperceptible places between heaven and hell,

In less than a single beat of your heart; she would come to you from even the most profoundly incarcerating and impossibly unconquerable wells of solitude,

In less than a single breath of your nostrils; she would come to you from even the most intangibly ethereal and voluptuously tantalizing cringes of the enamoring rainbow,

O! Yes; if your love was true from the innermost core of your heart; then irrespective of where she was; irrespective of the most gorily invidious battlefield between the both of you; she would immortally be yours and only yours; in less than an inconspicuous instant,

But if there was even an infinitesimal whimper of betrayal maligning your soul; then keep baselessly searching for her like a needle in the endless haystack; but you won't find the tiniest insinuation of her reflection; for your life beyond an infinite more lifetimes.

8. THE SIGNATURE OF LOVE

The signature of the unfathomably poignant and wonderfully scarlet rose; was profusely coated with pricelessly heavenly scent,

The signature of the vivaciously foaming and ecstatically swirling ocean; was piquantly coated with spell-bindingly rejuvenating salt,

The signature of the overwhelmingly sprightly and vividly striped zebra; was fantastically coated with unsurpassably untamed exuberance,

The signature of the majestically proliferating and timelessly endowing soil; was bountifully coated with unconquerably inimitable divinity,

The signature of the capriciously infidel and venomously slaving scorpion; was egregiously coated with brutally sadistic abhorrence,

The signature of the tantalizingly beautiful and voluptuously mollifying dewdrop; was profoundly coated with limitlessly blessing sensuousness,

The signature of the unbelievably titillating and handsomely crimson clouds; was gloriously coated with magnificently iridescent enchantment,

The signature of the lecherously delinquent and laggardly salacious parasite; was invidiously coated with surreptitiously unceremonious cowardice,

The signature of the ghoulishly morbid and remorsefully lamenting ghost; was disastrously coated with vindictively feckless malice,

The signature of the indefatigably ticking and irrefutably infallible clock; was perspicaciously coated with blissfully commendable punctuality,

The signature of the lackadaisically pot-bellied and turgidly rolling tortoise; was pathetically coated with nonchalantly wanton laziness,

The signature of the Omnipotently blazing and unassailably amber Sun; was peerlessly coated with unshakably eternal victory,

The signature of ubiquitously crimson and altruistically cascading blood; was undauntedly coated with harmoniously egalitarian humanity,

The signature of the resplendently immaculate and everlastingly optimistic Moon; was innocuously coated with pristinely pearly milk,

The signature of the uncannily adventurous and timelessly old fossil; was magnetically coated with inexplicably exhilarating mystery,

The signature of the grotesquely funny and ludicrously bouncing clown; was euphorically coated with endlessly uproarious laughter,

The signature of the indomitably towering and compassionately sequestering mountain; was eternally coated with selflessly triumphant strength,

The signature of the blissfully untainted and celestially princely pearl; was tirelessly coated with royally burgeoning prosperity,

The signature of the rhapsodically effulgent and ingeniously crafted new-born brain; was spectacularly coated with holistically innovative evolution,

The signature of the demeaningly blind and hideously crooked bat; was bizarrely coated with perniciously sinister betrayal,

The signature of the unfathomably hollow and thunderously reverberating gorge; was ingratiatingly coated with tremendously unlimited mysticism,

The signature of the ferociously roaring and unnervingly sauntering lion; was irrevocably coated with boundlessly unfettered superiority,

The signature of the effusively vibrant and eclectically artistic eye; was obeisantly coated with convivially heart-rendering empathy,

The signature of unprecedentedly delirious and intransigently destructive mania; was barbarously coated with unsparingly asphyxiating depression,

The signature of the blazingly truthful and relentlessly marching warrior; was marvelously coated with magically Spartan fearlessness,

The signature of unconquerably unique and blessedly devout righteousness; was perpetually coated with fathomlessly endowing paradise,

The signature of uncouthly sweltering and miserably scorching desert; was acridly coated with raunchily pulverizing ruthlessness,

And the signature of immortally insuperable and royally emollient love; was forever and ever and ever coated with amazingly sprouting life.

9. EVERYWHERE

There were an infinite places on this colossal earth where you could place the uninhibited smile; but it looked the most celestially nicest; only on the periphery of the philanthropically robust lips,

There were an infinite places on this gigantic earth where you could place the brilliant light; but it looked the most invincibly nicest; only on the Omnipotent persona of the blazingly unparalleled Sun,

There were an infinite places on this fathomless earth where you could place the newborn infant; but it looked the most impeccably nicest; only in the lap of unconquerably divine mother,

There were an infinite places on this limitless earth where you could place the pristine dewdrop; but it looked the most spellbindingly nicest; only on the tantalizingly burgeoning blade of the voluptuously whispering grass,

There were an infinite places on this boundless earth where you could place the boisterous bee; but she looked the most immaculately nicest; only in the majestically compassionate and catacombed hive,

There were an infinite places on this unceasing earth where you could place the ravishing clouds; but they looked the most seductively nicest; only on the belly of the endlessly bestowing sky,

There were an infinite places on this tireless earth where you could place the inimitably priceless diamond; but it looked the most regally nicest; only in the necklace of the timelessly effulgent queen,

There were an infinite places on this unsurpassable earth where you could place the brilliant peak; but it looked the most unassailably nicest; only on the indomitably thundering mountain,

There were an infinite places on this resplendent earth where you could place the poignant pinch of salt; but it looked the most triumphantly nicest; only on the magnetic swirl of the intrepidly undulating wave,

There were an infinite places on this palatial earth where you could place the exhilarating wind; but it looked the most ebulliently nicest; only on the jacket of the enthrallingly chocolate brown lungs,

There were an infinite places on this uninterrupted earth where you could place the humanitarian blood; but it looked the most blessedly nicest; only in the unfathomably intriguing labyrinth of quintessential veins,

There were an infinite places on this undefeated earth where you could place the

idol of synergistic truth; but it looked the most charismatically nicest; only in the realms of the unflinchingly righteous and peerless conscience,

There were an infinite places on this benign earth where you could place the granule of sand; but it looked the most handsomely nicest; only in the cradle of the astronomically glistening desert,

There were an infinite places on this perpetual earth where you could place unadulterated curd; but it looked the most Omnisciently nicest; only in the symbiotically truthful palms of the euphorically frolicking child,

There were an infinite places on this fecund earth where you could place the uncontrollably reverberating lion; but it looked the most unshakably nicest; only in the arms of the inscrutably bountiful and unrestrictedly mellifluous forest,

There were an infinite places on this rhapsodic earth where you could place never-dying patriotism; but it looked the most insurmountably nicest; only on the chest of the perennially loyal and fearless soldier,

There were an infinite places on this consecrated earth where you could place the flirtatious twinkle; but it looked the most unquestionably nicest; only on the persona of the enchantingly vibrant star,

There were an infinite places on this harmonious earth where you could place the pearls of wisdom; but they looked the most sacredly nicest; only on the harbingers of wonderfully united humanity,

There were an infinite places on this mysterious earth where you could place inevitable re-incarnation; but it looked the most eternally nicest; only on the holistic substance of the miraculously ameliorating soul,

There were an infinite places on this sparkling earth where you could place the Spartan stone; but it looked the most marvelously nicest; only on the bed of the merrily bubbling brook,

There were an infinite places on this Herculean earth where you could place the lines of the destiny; but they looked the most meaningfully nicest; only on the intrinsic folds of the unabashedly satiny palm,

There were an infinite places on this redolent earth where you could place the iridescently wondrous feathers; but they looked the most fruitfully nicest; only on the skeleton of the unequivocally soaring bird,

On the contrary there were more than an infinite places on this unbelievable earth where you could place the breeze of eternal love; and it still looked the most immortally nicest; wherever you placed it; for whatever duration you placed it; for whomsoever you placed it; if only you placed it from the innermost realms of your truthfully passionate heart.

10. AM I UNFORGIVINGLY UNJUST?

Am I uncouthly unjust in asking the Omnipotently golden Sun; to grant me a just a single of its optimistic ray; that would brilliantly illuminate the chapters of my dolorously decaying life?

Am I brutally unjust in asking the fathomlessly frosty ocean; to grant me just a single of its poignantly tangy wave; that would enchantingly rejuvenate my hedonistically tyrannized and monotonously prejudiced senses?

Am I acrimoniously unjust in asking the impregnably boundless mountain; to grant me just a single of its compassionate cave; that would enable me to sequester my uncontrollably slaving form; from the cold-bloodedly freezing night?

Am I ominously unjust in asking the mystically limitless forest; to grant me just a single of its tantalizingly voluptuous whisper; that would wholesomely liberate me from my apocalypses of lividly dastardly nervousness?

Am I truculently unjust in asking the astoundingly vivacious rainbow; to grant me just a single of its effulgently glistening band; that would blissfully embellish my disastrously stagnated life with unstoppably unparalleled enlightenment?

Am I horrifically unjust in asking the ebulliently victorious rose; to grant me just a single pinch of its blessedly charismatic fragrance; that would drift me far away from the world of abominably fretful sin; into a heaven of unshakably silken togetherness?

Am I preposterously unjust in asking the torrentially showering clouds; to grant me just a single droplet of celestially mollifying rain; that would perennially placate the intransigently sadistic scorching in the realms of my impoverished throat?

Am I murderously unjust in asking the unbelievably mellifluous nightingale; to grant me just a single of its eternally symbiotic tune; that would splendidly

ameliorate me from my corpses of treacherous desperation; to benevolently blossom in my truncated life?

Am I turgidly unjust in asking the majestically unsurpassable Moon; to grant me just a single of its marvelously pearly beam; that would handsomely engulf my every parasitically beleaguered night with caverns of jubilant ecstasy?

Am I scurrilously unjust in asking the gigantically unceasing atmosphere; to grant me just a single of its exuberantly effervescent wind; that would make me devotedly gallop towards the aisles of uninhibitedly regale freedom?

Am I unfathomably unjust in asking the tirelessly pristine waterfalls; to grant me just a single of their magically sensuous stream; that would amazingly metamorphose even the most infinitesimal bit of abhorrence in my blood into a paradise of symbiotically everlasting freshness?

Am I salaciously unjust in asking the inexhaustibly effervescent ensemble of soil; to grant just a single of its truthfully sacred particle; that would immortalize the egregiously corrupt fabric of my existence with a sky of Omnipresent righteousness?

Am I flagrantly unjust in asking the boundlessly untainted meadow; to grant me just a single whisker of its gloriously unequivocal frolic; that would transit my manipulatively decrepit countenance into realms of impeccably princely childhood?

Am I heinously unjust in asking the timelessly unflinching battlefield; to grant me just a single iota of its peerlessly invincible patriotism; that would instill in me the fortitude to face the ignominiously diabolical and bad?

Am I lividly unjust in asking the fruits of perpetual Mother Nature; to grant me just a single trifle of their burgeoning enthusiasm; that would forever squelch the insect of dastardly laggardness in every despicably evaporating bone of my silhouette?

Am I indiscriminately unjust in asking the supremely venerated cow; to grant me just a single cuplet of its miraculously fructifying milk; that would embody in my frenetically extinguishing form; the Herculean tenacity to stand unperturbed even in the most devilishly unsparing of maelstroms?

Am I venomously unjust in asking the unendingly emollient festoon of air; to grant me just a single puff of its quintessentially vital exhilaration; that would

transform me from a cadaverously ostracizing mortuary into a breath of victoriously exultating life?

Am I invidiously unjust in asking the Omnisciently Almighty Lord; to grant me just a single chance of his paradise of infinite chances; which would provide me an opportunity to disseminate benign goodness till the very end of my time; and thus reverse every of my inadvertently committed sin?

And am I unforgivingly unjust in asking the countless billion rhythms of your unassailable heart O! Beloved; to grant me just a single immortal beat; that would coalesce me forever and forever and ever with the religion of unbreakable humanity; that would make me feel forever and ever and ever the most pricelessly gifted organism alive?

11. IF YOU DARE TO DREAM

If you dare to dream of catapulting to the unfathomable epitome of the mountain barefoot; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of a disastrously stumbling fall,

If you dare to dream of unflinchingly conquering the most thunderously roaring waves of the tumultuously stormy sea; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of drowning to the threadbare rock bottom,

If you dare to dream of eternally radiating the essence of impregnable truth; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of more than a billion lies truculently asphyxiating you,

If you dare to dream of indefatigably traversing fathomless kilometers on soil; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of belligerently ballistic thorns; perniciously permeating you at your every stride,

If you dare to dream of evolving a civilization of undefeatable newness every unfurling minute of your existence; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of treacherously maligned exhaustion sapping every ingredient of temerity in your brain,

If you dare to dream of unequivocally uniting the entire planet in the religion of ubiquitously symbiotic humanity; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of indiscriminately massacring fanaticism salaciously impeding you left; right and center,

If you dare to dream of entirely dedicating every unveiling instant of your life to inexhaustibly writing spell-binding poetry; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of pragmatically explicit reality orphaning you for the remainder of your life,

If you dare to dream of merrily frolicking in majestic white lightening; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of being scorched to threadbarely inane particles of obsolete dust,

If you dare to dream of fearlessly living in the mortuary yard all alone and bare-chested; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of sadistically sardonic ghosts imperiling your progress every now and again,

If you dare to dream of royally marching on the trajectory of the blazingly Golden Sun; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of being unsparingly burnt to the very last bone of your nimble spine,

If you dare to dream of incessantly singing like the triumphantly mellifluous nightingale; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of being viciously attacked by the discordantly croaking owls and frogs,

If you dare to dream of peerlessly existing an infinite feet beneath hard ground; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of facing the onslaught of horrendously maiming blackness and indescribably ignominious gloom,

If you dare to dream of singlehandedly brandishing your sword towards victory in the unsurpassably menacing battlefield; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of flagrantly castrated defeat staring right into the whites of your eye,

If you dare to dream of metamorphosing every bit of impoverishedly dying desert into lush green meadows of perennially unparalleled happiness; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of licentiously slippery sand sinking you down towards your grave,

If you dare to dream of sketching everything on this colossal Universe till the end of your time; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of tears of untamed agony; welling ferociously up the

dormitories of your soul,

If you dare to dream of relentlessly meditating the hymns of everlasting symbiotism every cascading breath of your life; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of libidinous diabolism sporadically perpetuating your mind and soul,

If you dare to dream of being the most righteously wealthiest organism on this boundless earth; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of dastardly prejudiced corruption crucifying you to the goriest thresholds of hell,

If you dare to dream of unstoppably marching towards the peaks of invincibly benign success; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of raunchily incarcerating sleep intermittently obfuscating your senses and eyes,

And if you dare to dream of timelessly falling in pricelessly perpetual love; then be also wholesomely prepared for every tangible and intangible likelihood of lasciviously sodomizing betrayal; hurling you right back to the very point you had compassionately kissed and started.

12. THE LANGUAGE OF MY HEART

The language of my lips was uninhibited happiness; compassionately nibbling every element of rhapsodic goodness; that euphorically swam in the panoramic atmosphere,

The language of my eyes was unceasing empathy; a perennially untainted desire to amalgamate my impoverished being; with every conceivable fraternity of living society,

The language of my chin was endless mischief; eternally frolicking with countless nubile maidens on the pristine sea shores; enlightening even the most inane iota of morbid gloom in the atmosphere,

The language of my cheeks was tantalizingly embarrassed euphoria; erupting into a fathomless gallery of nimble goose-bumps; as when the ebulliently fantastic winds of unadulterated autumn gushed in upon the freshly embellished bride,

The language of my shoulders was altruistic philanthropism; tirelessly hoisting

my fellow comrades in inclement distress; towards the paradise of their very own choice,

The language of my fingers was untamed artistry; insatiably evolving a glorious civilization of panoramic beauty; out of inconspicuously threadbare wilderness,

The language of my armpits was emolliently hard earned perspiration; the feeling of unsurpassably mollifying contentment of having relentlessly strived forward to blissfully conserve my diminutive existence,

The language of my feet was timelessly inexhaustible adventure; tirelessly philandering upon even the most evanescent cranny of god's wonderfully enchanting creation,

The language of my stomach was inevitably symbiotic hunger; marvelously replenishing the egregiously tyrannized intestines inside; with the bounteously scrumptious fruits of eternal mother nature,

The language of my brain was fathomlessly never-ending fantasy; with not the slightest bit of jejune treacherous monotony daring to perpetuate it for times immemorial,

The language of my bones was unflinchingly blazing patriotism; expending the last ounce of energy trapped within them to the service of their limitlessly sacrosanct motherland,

The language of my shadow was satiny sensuousness; tantalizing even the most parasitically alien into an unending whirlpool of astoundingly invincible ecstasy,

The language of my palms was unavoidably unraveling destiny; transcending above every aspect of my incessant struggle for propitiously mesmerizing existence,

The language of my eyelashes was mischievously flirtatious winking; rejoicing the unassailably divine moments of newborn infancy; even when I had nurtured into perilous greyness of complete manhood,

The language of my blood was pricelessly impregnable humanity; celestially coalescing with every construable element of living kind; for an infinite more births yet of mine,

The language of my throat was synergistic melody; tranquilly inundating every

lugubriously nonchalant particle of the atmosphere; with the undefeatable chorus of uninhibitedly united brotherhood,

The language of my persona was amazing procreation; endeavoring my very best in continuing God's chapter of venerated evolution; till the absolutely irrevocable end of my breath,

The language of my conscience was irrefutably unshakable truth; perpetually traversing on the path of egalitarian silken righteousness; even as holocausts of hell viciously stabbed the soil of earth,

The language of my nostrils was quintessentially life-yielding breath; compassionately embracing every living organism in whirlpools of vivaciously beautiful desire,

And the language of my heart was immortally Omnipotent love; forever and ever and ever bonding with the beats of my unconquerable beloved; till centuries unprecedented even after my this birth and the destined corpse of my death.

13. DOESN'T STOP YOU

Just because you weren't able to unassailably transcend beyond the epitome of the brilliantly flaming Sun; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast euphorically feasting in the mystically frolicking beam of light; outside your terrestrially bucolic bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to handsomely sail on the trajectory of the rhapsodically turbulent sea's; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast mischievously splashing in the resplendently shimmering oasis; outside your terrestrially holistic bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to triumphantly catapult to the most unfathomable apogee of Everest; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast merrily philandering on the ebulliently rain-soaked meadow; outside your terrestrially simplistic bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to inimitably memorize every ounce of sacred literature on this fathomless planet; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast deciphering the randomly motley elements of benign goodness; outside your terrestrially altruistic bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to majestically over-topple even the most ethereal

iota of evil from the trajectory of this boundlessly burgeoning planet; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast unsparingly pulverizing each salaciously blood-sucking parasite; outside your terrestrially diminutive bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to unconquerably disseminate the essence of perennially blessing truth to the farthest corner of the Universe; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast perpetuating the heaven of unflinching righteousness into every dastardly beleaguered soul; outside your terrestrially mercurial bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to aristocratically liberate the entire emolliently effulgent earth from the clutches of diabolical slavery; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast wonderfully ameliorating the haplessly tyrannized and gruesomely crying; outside your terrestrially inconspicuous bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to unshakably coalesce the tirelessly proliferating earth in the religion of humanity; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast compassionately embracing every fraternity of religion alike; outside your terrestrially insignificant bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to inexhaustibly run faster than the speed of electric white lightening; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast selflessly transporting every single destitute orphan to the destination of its choice; outside your terrestrially evanescent bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to perpetually embed your footsteps on the paradise of unlimited happiness; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast igniting an uninhibitedly wholehearted smile on the faces of all those unfortunately emaciating; outside your terrestrially tiny bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to undauntedly surpass the richest on this endlessly augmenting Universe; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast symbiotically assimilating the priceless treasures of mother nature; outside your terrestrially clandestine bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to be an astoundingly unparalleled exemplary in every conceivable facet of life; in your very first go,

Doesn't stop you from atleast diffusing the uniqueness of your blessed creation to every venomously extinguishing; outside your terrestrially cloistered bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to royally chew indomitable rocks of steel; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast mollifying the unsurpassably famished intestines of your stomach with the fruits of divine nature; outside your terrestrially obfuscated bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to pass charismatically unscathed through the most unfathomably blistering of fires; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast blissfully uplifting despairingly terrorized civilization; outside your terrestrially subjugated bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to sight the unbelievably everlasting wonders of this limitless Universe; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast convivially enlightening all those despondently blind; outside your terrestrially sandwiched window.

Just because you weren't able to magnetically spell bound the indefatigably blossoming planet with the power of your voice; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast timelessly singing for all those inevitably nearing their corpse; outside your terrestrially robotic bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to become the most invincibly towering entity on this mystically sacrosanct earth; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast benevolently protecting the rights of all those hedonistically divested; outside your terrestrially slaving bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to peerlessly write the destiny of this unlimitedly redolent globe; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast sagaciously educating all those treacherously illiterate; outside your terrestrially cornered bedroom window.

Just because you weren't able to unrestrictedly lead an infinite more lives; in your very first go,
Doesn't stop you from atleast exhaling a single unabashedly humanitarian breath; outside your terrestrially fugitive bedroom window.

And just because you weren't able to impregably acquire every speck of love on this fragrantly jubilant Universe; in your very first go,

Doesn't stop you from atleast immortally bonding the beats of your heart with a single truthfully vibrant girl; outside your terrestrially small bedroom window

14. NO TRAINING

Train your mind in such a way; that whenever it fantasized; it was only a river of altruistically ameliorating goodness; effulgently basking in the amazingly panoramic colors of living kind,

Train your hands in such a way; that whenever they rose; it was only for invincibly defending every fraternity of humanity; and even after they sunk an infinite feet beneath their morbid graves,

Train your lips in such a way; that whenever they handsomely stretched; it was only for disseminating a wave of eternally fructifying happiness; in every dolorously usurped ingredient of the tyrannized atmosphere,

Train your feet in such a way; that whenever they traversed; it was only for pulverizing even the most infinitesimal trace of parasitic diabolism; with the scepter of blazingly unparalleled righteousness,

Train your stomach in such a way; that whenever it growled; it was only for consuming the propitiously plentiful fruits of everlastingly proliferating mother nature; without shedding a droplet of cannibalistically macabre blood,

Train your eyes in such a way; that whenever they opened; it was only for sighting God's incredulously eclectic beauty of creation; gregariously empathizing with every symbiotically breathing living being; celestially alike,

Train your fingers in such a way; that whenever they wrote; it was only the message or irrefutably unconquerable truth; the message of priceless togetherness which touched the hearts of one and all alike,

Train your tongue in such a way; that whenever it unfurled; it was only for singing in holistic synergy with the countless tunes of the timelessly blessing atmosphere; mollifying even the most traumatized of agony with unbelievably ecstatic melody,

Train your shoulders in such a way; that whenever they hoisted; it was only for mitigating boundless devastated urchins from the corpses of hedonistic slavery; to the paradise of compassionately unceasing oneness,

Train your conscience in such a way; that whenever it whispered; it was only for immortalizing the heaven of truth; without the tiniest innuendo of devilishly decrepit guilt,

Train your eyelashes in such a way; that whenever they winked; it was only for cavorting with their innocuously pristine counterparts; in perfect tandem with the vivaciously shimmering rays of the Omnipotently orange Sun,

Train your shadow in such a way; that whenever it wafted; it was only for providing unsurpassably bounteous reprieve to the drearily lambasted traveler; for magically restoring the equanimity of lugubriously estranged mankind,

Train your eyebrows in such a way; that whenever they danced; it was only for profoundly enlightening several besieged with gorily cancerous disease; amuse the tawdrily fretting corridors of monotony to the most unprecedented limits,

Train your ears in such a way; that whenever they sprang; it was only for imbibing the tunes of brilliantly victorious unity; synergistically assimilating every speck of coalescing consanguinity on this earth around,

Train your bones in such a way; that whenever they itched; it was only for endlessly preserving the majestically unfathomable treasures of Lord's creation; for bonding into a mountain of insuperably philanthropic friendship,

Train your soul in such a way; that whenever it yearned; it was only for being insurmountably magnetized by the exhilaration of sacrosanct existence; culminating into a wind of eternal freshness even after veritable death,

Train your throat in such a way; that whenever it wailed; it was only for beautifully slurping the mists of tantalizing sensuousness; which would keep it magnificently young even as its burial in the dastardly grave,

Train your nostrils in such a way; that whenever they exhaled; it was only for perpetuating a sky of unflinchingly patriotic camaraderie; in every speck of ghastily barren space on this lecherously deteriorating globe,

But leave the emollient beats of your passionate heart perpetually free; for if you trained them they would learn to manipulate and cheat; while freedom would allow them to spread love; love and only immortal love; as fathomlessly as the Creator had created them to be

15. ITS ALL THERE IN YOUR HEART

Something as sweet as hot chocolate; delectable crusts of cherry pudding strewn bountifully on shoots of fresh green grass,

Something as mystical as the densely foliated jungles; wild outgrowths of rampant creepers scintillating under the tenacious beams of pearly moonlight,

Something as gentle as the cascading waterfall; bursting into a billion droplets of tantalizing froth after nimbly clashing against the cold chain of rocks,

Something as turbulent as the fulminating volcano; sprouting into infinite shades of emerald light,

Wait! Wait! Wait! . You don't have to visit heaven for all that; for believe me; its all there neatly trapped in your heart!

Something as soft as pure velvet strings dangling merrily in the air; a couch embedded profusely with mesmerizing fluff,

Something as tangy as vivacious ocean salt; the poignant granules of silver sands found in abundance on the silken shores,

Something as opulent as the entire dungeon inundated with shimmering pearls; radiating austere in the eerie blanket of darkness,

Something as flamboyant as the blistering Sun; blazing its way ferociously through the dolorous doom hovering in every remotely obsolete corner of the earth,

Wait! Wait! Wait! You don't have to visit heaven for all that; for believe me; its all there passionately wandering in your heart!

Something as colorful as the resplendent rainbow; casting its astoundingly spell binding spell in the colossal sky,

Something as animatedly boisterous as pelting globules of rain; thunderclouds in space engulfed with streaks of crimson lightning,

Something as effusive as a river of sparkling tears gushing down rubicund cheek; basking in the glory of inner most emotions encompassing nostalgic childhood,

Something as invincible as the wall of immortal love; perpetually safe against

any hostile attack ever conceivable in this world,

Wait! Wait! Wait! You don't have to visit heaven for all that; for believe me; its all there swelling cyclonically in your heart!

Something faster than the speed of light; traversing across the globe like infinite bullets whizzing past at a time,

Something more seductive than the most ravishing of fruit; more delicious crusts of honey to gulp and consume,

Something as aromatic as the scarletly robust rose; profusely disseminating its scent with overwhelming equanimity in the dolorously dull wind drifting around,

Something larger than any dimension; richer than any individual; stronger than any evil towering till the cosmos; as sacred as God who evolved the first human; unsolicitedly harboring all the love that was ever prevalent in this Universe,

Wait! Wait! Wait! You don't have to visit heaven for all that; for believe me; its all there naturally and blissfully proliferating every second in your heart!

16. LETS LOVE EACH OTHER

Lets pay a deaf ear to the monotonous society; sing and dance in the aisles of incomprehensible desire,

Lets clamber up the remote hills entirely sequestered from this world; taste the fruits of nature with untamed relish,

Lets swim uninhibitedly in the swirling oceans abreast the dolphins; shrugging off all norms of this mercenary planet,

Lets clear a path of our own through the dense forests; bid adieu forever to this pompously civilized society,

Lets roll in the slippery mud with rampant frenzy; bond our hearts for centuries unfathomable; oblivious from the beats of this spurious township,

Lets speak to our hearts content in the most thunderous of our rustic voices; not perturbed the slightest by the globe's sanctimoniously sophisticated sounds,

Lets gallivant like dreamy philanderers through the glamorous farm fields;

leaving the vain adornment and bombastic décor of the city entirely to its own,

Lets stare at each other for hours immemorial; not floundering the tiniest by manipulative citizens collecting currency coins below,

Lets sob effusively in the realms of unsurpassable ecstasy; sharing our joy and wholesomely untouched by the orthodox bickering of this narrow minded society,

Lets perpetually entwine our fingers with each other; stand audaciously to confront the most mightiest challenge of dispersed humanity,

Lets kiss passionately till times greater than infinity; as the conventional world looked dumbfounded and abused us for violating their baseless string of hollow ethics,

Lets stay awake all night admiring the resplendent blanket of stars with our breaths descending compassionately on each other; and the society fast asleep adhering to its worthless set of norms,

Lets keep tirelessly laughing till our jaws ached; enjoying each moment of life bestowed upon us by Almighty lord; while the world outside frantically searched for more avenues of growth and greedy popularity,

Lets walk on our heads upside down relishing the cool air wildly slap past our naked chests; far apart from the society which thought boundless times; even before walking on solid foot,

Lets tear apart food with our immaculate fingers; sip water from the springs with rejuvenated gusto; while the world outside wasted countless hours; lost in a myriad of shimmering forks and spoons,

Lets splash our bodies with garishly striped gypsy paint; while the society sighed in exasperation to find the pretentious cotton of their choice,

Lets suckle our thumbs like new born infants; nostalgically reminiscing memories of our innocent childhood; while the world whispered drearily trying to incessantly replicate Royal tunes,

Lets perch like the boisterous sparrows on escalating treetops; profoundly fantasize about the creation of this mesmerizing Universe; while the society glued itself to insurmountably boring politics on giant television,

Lets sleep by the river side with the waves gently lapping to our toes; while the world stuffed itself under an armory of sheep skin and obnoxiously bulky quilts,

Most importantly lets love each other; locked immortally in the boundaries of invincible romance; no matter what the extraneous world said or did; no matter how brutally we were whipped for not following rules of the society; no matter how pathetically the entire planet ended with man gobbling man on the pretext of religion and entity.

17. HER SLAVE, HER ADMIRER, HER LOVER

Although I hoisted my hands to emboss the scriptures of tomorrow; incorrigibly taking a pledge to pen down all the mesmerizing beauty of this Universe,
However all I ended up doing was; inundating infinite sheets of paper with her irrefutably sacrosanct name.

Although I opened my lips to sing the most enchanting song on this planet;
emulate the mesmerizing nightingale to evolve a river of melodious tunes,
However all I ended up doing was; chanting her virtues till times immemorial;
falling in an unrelenting reverie on the ground; with volcano's of her voluptuous grace fulminating at the back of my mind.

Although I pulled my eyes open to wander in boundless directions in this world;
explore the most enigmatically swirling fantasies rising handsomely towards the sky,
However all I ended up doing was; riveting them on her dwelling; profusely admiring her sleeping like an celestially innocuous angel under the blanket of resplendently twinkling stars.

Although I opened my mouth to relish the festoon of succulent cherries strewn majestically in the fields; languish in the aisles of untamed desire; after sipping sparkling stream water,
However all I ended up doing was; chewing my own fingers in profuse anticipation; as I anxiously waited for her stupendously royal shadow to sweep past the contours of my face.

Although I alighted my foot from domains of insurmountable laziness; to trespass through each cranny of this fathomless globe; lead my life to most excitingly unprecedented limits,
However all I ended up doing was; incessantly circle around her house all night and day; trying my best to annihilate even the slightest insinuation of evil

lingering in vicinity.

Although I unleashed my ears to hear the fathomless myriad of sounds hovering nimbly in the atmosphere; decipher the intriguing puzzles of mother nature,
However all I ended up doing was; target all my senses profoundly to the cadence of her voice; wholesomely dedicate each birth of mine to every word she uttered.

Although I unveiled my mind to tackle the most mystical battles offered by pragmatic life; coin solutions to the inexorably inexplicable problems loitering around,
However all I ended up doing was; dreaming about her euphorically boisterous countenance till decades unfathomable; entwine myself in mind; body and soul with her immortal spirit.

Although I ripped apart my heart; trying to share all its philanthropic goodness with each organism created in harmonious unison by the Almighty Creator,
However all I ended up doing was; incarcerate her divinely image in for times beyond existence in each of its thunderous beat.

And although I unfurled my breath in passionate exultation to lead each instant of destined life; persevere to the most astronomical heights; to achieve the ambitions of my holistic survival,
However all I ended up doing was; surrendering in wholesome entirety to her impeccably heavenly feet; remaining her slave; her admirer; her lover; for countless more births yet to come.

18. BORN ONLY TO

Both of us were born only to play with each other, uninhibitedly philander in the aisles of timeless beauty and insatiable desire; behind the honey soaked meadows of the eternal hills,

Both of us were born only to discover each other; unrelentingly bond ourselves in the mists of untamed sensuousness; as tumblers of torrentially golden rain pelted mystically from the fathomless sky,

Both of us were born only to caress each other; intransigently envelop our nimbly shivering bodies with the winds of perennially augmenting passion; seductively arouse the most morbidly deadened pores of my crimson skin,

Both of us were born only to admire each other; stoop down in due adulation of

God's most ravishingly blessed creation; perpetually surging ahead in life under the carpet of golden sunshine,

Both of us were born only to share with each other; amicably exploring all the versatility hidden in our benign souls; ubiquitously disseminating the same to even the most obliviously remote corner of this gigantic Universe,

Both of us were born only to wink at each other; mischievously reminisce the most gloriously cherished memories of our blissful childhood; timelessly gallivant through the aisles of innocently unlimited fantasy,

Both of us were born only to surge forward with each other; triumphantly conquer every obstacle that came our way; to escalate to the summits of philanthropically benevolent success,

Both of us were born only to feed each other; synergistically replenishing our diminutive conscience's; with the fruits of irrefutable truth and heavenly timelessness,

Both of us were born only to support each other; impregnably unite in the waves of unassailable solidarity; to scrap even the tiniest trace of invidiously evil from the trajectory of this fathomless earth,

Both of us were born only to inspire each other; spawn a civilization of celestial goodness on every step that we tread; diffuse our unsurpassable repertoire of humanity; to all those disparagingly deprived of jubilant happiness,

Both of us were born only to glorify each other; weave an entrenchment of exotically voluptuous beauty; on even the most infinitesimally disappearing speck of solitude; that confronted us in our ebullient way,

Both of us were born only to defend each other; stand as an invincibly towering fortress in the face of even the most devastatingly crippling disaster; to sequester all innocent humanity from the hands of the vicious devil,

Both of us were born only to listen to each other; bask full throttle in the glory of melodiously enchanting sound; innocuously assimilate even the most minutest cadence of euphoria; from the ingratiatingly Omnipotent atmosphere,

Both of us were born only to embrace each other; interlock our bodies in the sacrosanct swirl of unending passion; to spawn a freshly optimistic tomorrow; with our very own scarlet blood,

Both of us were born only to stare at each other; marvelously decipher the infinite labyrinths of seductive enthrallment; that sprouted bloomingly from the inner most arenas of our heart and soul,

Both of us were born only to kiss each other; perennially intermingle our lips in the handsome fire of an everlasting relationship; profuse devour the sweetness of beautifully resplendent creation,

Both of us were born only to fantasize of each other; unfathomably perceiving the most exotically enamoring ingredients of blessed creation; transpiring the world to coalesce forever; into the religion of priceless humanity,

Both of us were born only to breathe with each other; majestically exhaling and inhaling ecstatic air together; to humbly proliferate a sea of humanitarian empathy; on every quarter of the globe besieged with tyrannically uncouth commercialism,

And both of us were born only to love each other; immortally bond the beats of our tirelessly beating hearts in the winds of unshakable passion and enigma; till the last moment we lived; and infinite more births yet to come.

19. WITHOUT MY BELOVED

Every wall of this house stabbed me like a million scorpions; venomously crippling each fountain of my exquisitely bountiful thought,

Every stair of this house made me stagger like a boundless matchsticks; uncouthly pulverizing me at every step; for ostensibly no fault of mine,

Every nail of this house pierced me brutally like the corridors of hell; unrelentingly permeating deeper and deeper into my satiny flesh; playing a sadistically gory game with my disastrously wailing nerves,

Every space of this house devilishly stared at me for times immemorial; savagely lambasting every cranny of my drearily wasting persona; with remorsefully satanic morbidity,

Every picture of this house thrashed me unsparingly like a salaciously ghoulish ghost; vindictively scaring even the most infinitesimal wisps of daylight; from every bone of my shivering countenance,

Every web of this house gruesomely diseased me; lethally incarcerating even the most blissful of my energies; in a corpse of forlorn oblivion and nothingness,

Every window of this house abhorrently spewed shards of vengeful glass into my eyes; profusely staining even the most inconspicuous element of my persona; with unfathomable oceans of savage blood,

Every mirror of this house reflected a billion witches to me; ghastily inundating my impeccable soul with the; traumatically tyrannized cry of the insidious devil,

Every dust particle of this house lecherously tainted my visage forever; ominously drowning each speck of benign goodness embedded in my conscience; in the sea of coldblooded murder,

Every droplet of water in this house demonically blinded my eyes; metamorphosed me into a pool of sardonically fulminating acid; the very instant that I consumed even a fraction of it,

Every dungeon of this house barbarically imprisoned me for countless more births to unveil; murderously slashing my wrists and fingers; of their magnificently spell binding artistry,

Every tap of this house barked a volley of incoherently mortifying abuse at my righteous flesh; incessantly drifting me towards the world of bawdy raunchiness; a prison of preposterously empty skeletons and parasitic mice,

Every brick of this house horrendously squelched my innocent toes; viciously raining like a thunderbolt of endless anguish upon my senses; on every step that I trespassed ahead,

Every watch of this house vengefully threatened me with its deafening sound; as its series of tick-tocks devilishly augmented by the unfurling minute; to acridly blast even the most sensitively immaculate arenas of my eardrums,

Every curtain of this house perniciously asphyxiated me in the heart of the precariously ungainly midnight; choking even the remotest traces of humility from my demeanor; to eventually sleep with the naked crabs,

Every echo of this house indiscriminately stripped me of all my robust flesh; feasting on my gorily barren skeleton; with its teeth of dolorously debilitating doom,

Every rail of this house perennially whipped me on my silken backside; tormenting even the most holistic ingredients in my blood; to ultimately surrender to the commands of the lecherously gleaming devil,

Every thread of this house slit my throat into a countless strands of mangled flesh and bone; even before I could utter my last prayer; whisper the slightest of passionate sound,

Every currency coin in this house slit me apart into an infinite pieces of worthless shit; making it hard for the commoner to discern; between my grotesque carcass and the meat of the stinking pigs,

And believe me; this was the same house in which I had lived all my life like a priceless prince innocuously blending my soul with God and the panoramic winds of Mother nature; while today the same haunted me worse than my veritable corpse; as it lay empty without my beloved.

20. THERE WAS NO GREATER SLAVE

There was no greater slave of your piquantly mesmerizing eyes; than my impoverished eyeballs; unrelentingly seeking your poignantly charismatic and compassionate stares,

There was no greater slave of your voluptuously seductive lips; than the contours of my fervently anticipating face; ardently desiring to witness you blossom into an unfathomable festoon of everlasting smiles; all day and morbid night,

There was no greater slave of your ravishingly silken hair; than the eclectically cogitating periphery of my scalp; incorrigibly wanting to possess your sensuously magical swish; for times and decades immemorial,

There was no greater slave of your ingratiatingly titillating footsteps; than my every growing bohemian footprints; intractably waiting to be perpetually blessed by your majestically spell binding countenance,

There was no greater slave of your stupendously magnificent voice; than my overwhelmingly parched mouth; intransigently slaving till realms beyond the eternal heavens; for your exotically marvelous melody,

There was no greater slave of your beautifully pristine fingers; than my insatiably penurious palms; irrevocably yearning to clasp them royal softness forever; and

for infinite more births yet to come,

There was no greater slave of your tantalizingly enamoring belly; than my tumultuously starved stomach; irretrievably desiring to be brushed by your ravishingly enthralling fire; in the heart of the resplendent night,

There was no greater slave of your impeccably irrefutable honesty; than my manipulatively besieged conscience; unequivocally waiting for your ideals of philanthropic humanity; to invincibly enshroud it from all sides,

There was no greater slave of your regally aristocratic neck; than my swelteringly dying throat; profoundly waiting to be turbulently smooched by the same; even as hell rained viciously from the fathomless sky,

There was no greater slave of your immaculately rhapsodic ears; than my uncontrollably trembling teeth; relentlessly longing to harmoniously nibble your lobes; under the waterfalls of untamed excitement,

There was no greater slave of your poignantly scarlet blood; than my despairingly bereaved veins; incessantly wanting to upreme with your principles of mankind; your ideals of simplistically symbiotic existence,

There was no greater slave of your marvelously golden sweat; than my hungrily groping armpits; indefatigably anticipating your fountain of fragrant perseverance; to bless its languid contours,

There was no greater slave of your vibrantly ebullient shadow; than my frantically trembling silhouette; timelessly waiting to wholesomely blend with your entrenchment of divinely sparkling righteousness,

There was no greater slave of your boisterously charming vibrancy; than my desolately wandering soul; incorrigibly yearning to profusely assimilate its impregnable fortitude; to unflinchingly confront even the most horrendous of impediment that came my way,

There was no greater slave of your profoundly mesmerizing blushing; than my turbulently bubbling cheeks; unsurpassably longing to be kissed for marathon fortnights on the trot; with the twinkling moon romantically dipping upon the kingly evening,

There was no greater slave of your astoundingly exhilarating versatility; than my restlessly drifting waves of excitement; unstoppably wishing to be passionately

embedded by your priceless dexterity; on every path that I tread,

There was no greater slave of your unconquerably ecstatic magnetism; than my monotonously drubbing survival; endlessly longing for your integrally glorious shades of your uninhibited amiability,

There was no greater slave of your vivaciously vivid breath; than my hopelessly orphaned nostrils; tirelessly wanting to be unassailably encapsulated by its Omnipotent aura; to unitedly metamorphose the complexion of this disdainfully dithering planet,

And there was no greater slave of your immortally Omnipresent love; than my uxoriously throbbing heart; perennially yearning to bond with your formidable reservoir of humanitarian relationship; perennially longing to unite as a single spirit with your humbly benign countenance.

21. IMPRESSED

The roots unrelentingly wanted to impress the fertile cocoons of chocolate brown soil; by embedding themselves to astronomical limits; and as deep as possible,

The flowers profusely wanted to impress the tranquilly splendid atmosphere; by disseminating their marvelously majestic scent; to even the most fathomless quarters of this colossal Universe,

The squirrels profoundly wanted to impress the boisterously swirling tree trunks; by vivaciously gallivanting through their sensuous labyrinth of roots and tendrils; as the Sun blazed full throttle in the firmament of fathomless sky,

The crocodiles relentlessly wanted to impress the wildly swampy marshes; by menacingly slithering in them under the sinister winds of midnight; fervently waiting with a glint of diabolism in their eyes; to pulverize innocuous prey into an infinite pieces,

The dew drops ardently wanted to impress the frolicking grass blades; by compassionately caressing their lush green stalks; fantasizing and romancing on their bodies for times immemorial,

The clouds endlessly wanted to impress parched granules of scorchingly sweltering soil; by indefatigably culminating into an exquisite festoon of unstoppable rain; pelting the most fructifying blessings of the creator; in bountiful abundance,

The mice incorrigibly wanted to impress the hungrily prowling cat; by obediently scratching its irascibly unruly and fidgety skin; while it snored till beyond the realms; of scintillating paradise,

The fish intransigently wanted to impress the ravishingly undulating oceans; by jubilantly leaping up in astoundingly mesmerizing tandem with the tantalizing froth; rhetorically weaving its way ahead as the stars shone enchantingly in the resplendent sky,

The termites mightily wanted to impress the lackadaisically withering bones; by biting uninhibitedly through their deathly carcass; smacking their lips thereafter after the stupendously relishing meal,

The Sun perpetually wanted to impress the boundless entrenchment of mystical sky; by fulminating into a poignant fireball of blistering shine at the first crack of dawn; majestically enlightening all horrendously bereaved in vicinity; with the unsurpassable aristocracy in its golden rays,

The prince perennially wanted to impress the royally grandiloquent and exotically embellished castle; by irrefutably emanating the tunes of irrefutable righteousness from his bedazzling throne; dispensing justice to the poor and unassailably rich; from the realms of his chamber; alike,

The mirror unbelievably wanted to impress its discerningly staring beholder; by always portraying his most stringently candid reflection; depicting to him his most explicitly precise measure; of robust weight and towering height,

The gun irretrievably wanted to impress the diabolically satanic devil; by uncouthly permeating through innocent flesh; barbarically ripping apart life forever from the chest; at the tiniest insinuation of releasing the trigger,

The birds timelessly wanted to impress the exuberantly magnificent atmosphere; by handsomely soaring through the winds of happiness; gregariously embracing the air in the spell binding carpet of its flight,

The cow bountifully wanted to impress the empty pail; by inundating its pathetically barren periphery with gallons of rejuvenating milk; imparting it with the most sacrosanct elixir to holistically lead life,

The Moon invincibly wanted to impress the sultry blackness of the ghastly night; with its unassailably priceless beams of serene light; uniting one and all alike; in

the unconquerable aura of equanimity,

The soldiers impreguably wanted to impress the beleaguered rudiments of their imprisoned motherland; by triumphantly blazing into the rainbow of victory everytime they fought; eternally freeing the soil with the sacred blood of their valiant martyrdom,

The breath incessantly wanted to impress the heavenly bifurcating nostril; by inhaling and exhaling out a countless times each day and as the faintest traces of light submerged with the gruesome night; providing the most tenacious resilience to the gloomy corpses of death,

And my heart passionately wanted to impress the beats of its immortal beloved; with the most beautifully seductive rays of sharing; caring; with the most supreme endowment from the heavens; called LOVE; LOVE AND GODLY LOVE.

22. CAPS

When I wore a cap of profusely lambasted eggs; all that my brain could ever envisage; was pathetically strangulated and disgustingly sullen boredom,

When I wore a cap of ravishingly seductive lotus; all that my brain could ever conceive; was exotically voluptuous fragrance; sensuously flirting in the aisles of untamed desire; for times immemorial,

When I wore a cap of gorily squelched thorns; all that my brain could ever perceive; was brutally acrimonious disaster; with my entire countenance perennially enshrouded by vindictive cloudbursts of vengeful war,

When I wore a cap of disdainfully pulverized butter; all that my brain could ever contemplate; was miserably horrendous grease; my entire visage trembling in a pool of lividly despicable frustration,

When I wore a cap of profoundly scintillating pearls; all that my brain could ever imagine; was dancing in the corridors of everlasting prosperity; with aristocratically nubile maidens of my choice,

When I wore a cap of ravishingly rudimentary mud; all that my brain could ever visualize; was patriotically surging ahead to blissfully free my savagely incarcerated and sacrosanct motherland,

When I wore a cap of beautifully mesmerizing silk; all that my brain could ever

comprehend; was a timelessly sensuous entrenchment of enchanting fairies; the angels of seductive romance forever casting a spell binding spell,

When I wore a cap of daintily rhetoric nightingale feather; all that my brain could ever cogitate; was a stupendously enthralling gorge of celestially placating sounds; divinely blessing each of my tumultuously frazzled senses,

When I wore a cap of unfathomably eternal dewdrops; all that my brain could ever ponder; was a wonderfully majestic civilization of impregnably united harmony; a blending of all goodness into the religion of mankind,

When I wore a cap of disgustingly decaying mushrooms; all that my brain could ever ruminate; was mercurial fractions of ungainly obsolescence; the lackadaisically morbid stones strewn laggardly on the dusty ground,

When I wore a cap of boisterously buzzing and rampant honey bees; all that my brain could ever wonder; was holistically vibrant sweetness; the astounding kaleidoscope of vivacious colors in marvelous life,

When I wore a cap of hi-tech and overwhelmingly contemporary computer microchips; all that my brain could ever fantasize; was aliens descending in torrential frenzy from fathomless carpets of space; to extraordinary metamorphose the complexion of this; ludicrously dull planet,

When I wore a cap of poignantly tangy lemons; all that my brain could ever dream; was intrepidly swimming through the heart of the ecstatically choppy sea; thunderously feasting every bedraggled pore of my anguished skin; with the flamboyant shimmer of the midday Sun,

When I wore a cap of mystically slithering snakes; all that my brain could ever think; was lethally venomous danger indefatigably encircling my penurious life; an inscrutable grandeur that sent a chill to even the last bone down my naked spine,

When I wore a cap of sordidly ominous charcoal; all that my brain could ever hypothesize; was abominably faltering dirt; a dungeon of despondently treacherous blackness; drifting me towards the aisles of gruesome nothingness,

When I wore a cap of irrefutably unassailable and priceless truth; all that my brain could ever romanticize; was unconquerably glittering triumph; an unsurpassable urge to ardently exist with infinite more innocuous of mind; for centuries immemorial,

When I wore a cap of pricelessly benevolent solidarity; all that my brain could ever believe; was that there was no strength greater than the fortress of celestially amalgamated humanity; which confronted even the most tyrannically uncouth of impediments; with the grace of a victoriously brandishing prince,

When I wore a cap of exuberantly exhilarating air; all that my brain could ever feel; was that the chapter of life perpetually proliferating upon this boundless planet; the royally Omnipotent desire to forever live; and let live,

And when I wore a cap of my immortally sacred beloved; all that my brain could ever think; was the perennially Omnipresent garden of amiable sharing; the most invincible element of creation; called timeless love.

23.2 HEARTS

Just because 2 scarlet clouds clashed vehemently with each other in the firmament of fathomless sky; doesn't inevitably apply; that torrential cloudbursts of rain would pelt down in ferocious tandem; left; right and center,

Just because 2 exotically fragrant roses kissed each other under dazzling rays of the Sun and exuberant breeze; doesn't inevitably apply; that even the most remotest cranny of gigantically colossal Universe; was besieged with profusely overpowering scent,

Just because 2 crimson skins poignantly intermingled with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that all disdainful discrimination round the earth; uninhibitedly mélanges with the religion of humanity,

Just because 2 virile seeds romantically juxtaposed with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that every cranny of the famished earth; would blossom into perennial prosperity and unassailable happiness,

Just because 2 undulating waves ebulliently swirled with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that unfathomable fireballs of piquant salt; ubiquitously sprinkled across all disastrously beleaguered quarters of this endless Universe,

Just because 2 fervent helmets crashed with unsurpassable ardor with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that sparks of boundless euphoria flew upon every lackadaisical corner; of the discordantly wailing graveyard,

Just because 2 frigid avalanches of ice beautifully caressed each other; doesn't

inevitably apply; that ever iota of acrimoniously sweltering heat; metamorphosed into a astoundingly placated goodness,

Just because 2 philanthropic palms impregnably united in threads of profound martyrdom; doesn't inevitably apply; that all barbaric bloodshed on this manipulatively savage planet; transforms into symbiotically glittering harmony,

Just because 2 impeccable eyes indefatigably stared at each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that tumultuous thunderbolts of insatiable compassion; are generated in every morbidly solitary corpse; of the pugnaciously stinking graveyard,

Just because 2 rhapsodic rivers amicably merged with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that all murderously fighting tribes across the planet; bountifully coalesced into strings of perpetually sparkling humanity,

Just because 2 flaming rays intractably adhered to each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that every pathetically tyrannized speck of blackness on this astronomically incomprehensible earth; would convert into spell binding light and righteousness,

Just because 2 ecstatic voices unflinchingly merged with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that even the most obviously sordid bout of despondent silence; culminates into ardently awe inspiring and melodiously enchanting artistry,

Just because 2 resplendently shimmering pearls bounced against each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that even the most ghastliest of sinister darkness; is perennially illuminated with majestically scintillating shine,

Just because 2 intriguingly intrepid brains amalgamated with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that every stagnating curtain of disastrously vengeful gloom on this globe; fulminates into a mountain of invincible freshness,

Just because 2 colossal treasuries chivalrously mixed with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that all abominably crippling poverty in the savagely lambasted atmosphere; culminated into a paradise of gorgeously blazing enthrallment,

Just because 2 humanitarian streams of enthusiastic blood blended with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that all horrendously racial discrimination and parasites on the globe; would incredulously foster the principles of eternal mankind,

Just because 2 volatile bits of truth rhetorically shook hands with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that even the most salaciously bereaved conscience's on monotonously diabolical soil; blossomed into irrefutably sacrosanct islands of benevolence,

Just because 2 ingratiating pools of breath synergistically bonded with each other; doesn't inevitably apply; that even the most devilishly diseased of organisms; perpetually continued to exist for centuries immemorial,

But Just because 2 passionately palpitating hearts immortally entrenched in the fireball of unending togetherness; it does inevitably apply; that all dastardly cowardliness on this earth comes to an abrupt end; all ominously bad is eventually decimated by the Omnipotent light of love; love and only unconquerable love.

24. WHEN WE FELL IN LOVE - PART 2

It was a day; when even the most pathetically blowing and orphaned winds; seemed like compassionately glorious tornado's of unending excitement,

It was a day; when even the most insidiously ghastly gutters; seemed like the voluptuously blossoming roses; of unbelievably unsurpassable exhilaration,

It was a day; when even the most lackadaisically morbid of stones; seemed to be bouncing in vivacious freshness; towards the fathomlessly crimson carpets of brilliant sky,

It was a day; when even the most despairingly gloomy dungeons; seemed like the blazingly scintillating and fragrant walls; of eternal paradise,

It was a day; when even the most frigidly frozen avalanches of brutal ice; seemed like majestically compassionate fireballs of handsomely comforting light,

It was a day; when even the most maniacal bouts of inexplicable frustration; seemed like rhapsodically jubilant and poignant happiness,

It was a day; when even the most torrentially bombing cloudbursts of insanity; seemed like a gregariously innocuous towel of ever-pervading humanity,

It was a day; when even the most despondently despicable of failures; seemed like irrefutably triumphant winds of a flamboyantly indomitable victory,

It was a day; when even the most painstaking boring and invidious hours of the acrimoniously sweltering day; seemed like the most exuberantly gorgeous moments of princely existence,

It was a day; when even the most horrendously distorted faces of ungainly disdain; seemed like a grandiloquently seductive princess; philandering ebulliently in the aisles of unprecedented desire,

It was a day; when even the most perilously baffling enigmas of salaciously uncouth survival; seemed to be the most dexterously rhetoric solutions; wholesomely metamorphosing the complexion of sordidly dull mankind,

It was a day; when even the most acerbically intolerable of gory maladies; seemed like unassailable panacea's to holistically uplift; all tyrannically divested and crippling mankind,

It was a day; when even the most horrifically disgusting maelstrom of blatant lies; seemed to be like the marvelously Omnipresent sword of unconquerable truth,

It was a day; when even the most conventionally lambasting fraternity of the turgidly manipulative society; seemed like enchantingly magnanimous patrons of; insatiably intrepid artistry,

It was a day; when even the most irascibly coldblooded monsters indiscriminately pulverizing around; seemed like poignantly mesmerizing angels; having just descended from the sky,

It was a day; when even the most diabolically austere predictions of an unwanted catastrophe; seemed like an unsurpassable showering of blessings from the lap of the Creator Divine,

It was a day; when even the most lugubriously dithering and delinquent snails; seemed like ecstatically galloping martyrs of vividly enamoring patriotism,

It was a day; when even the most perfidiously obnoxious anecdotes of betrayal; seemed like perennial entrenchments of blissfully emphatic sharing and relationships,

It was a day; when even the most sullenly withering and mutilated bones;

seemed like vivaciously resplendent colors of the heavenly rainbow; amidst the flamingly mystical beams of cloud and Sun,

It was a day; when even the most sardonically ghastly vials of lethally devastating poison; seemed like profusely chivalrous and mouthwatering bars of supreme chocolate,

It was a day; when even the most brutally shattered and rusty glass; seemed like the most splendidly gorgeous portrayal of harmoniously opalescent mankind,

It was a day; when even the most stonily disastrous and vindictively remorseful corpses; seemed like an incomprehensibly piquant valley of pricelessly aristocratic life,

It was a day; when even the most barbarically penalizing destiny; seemed like the most invincibly ultimate endowments from the Lord divine,

O! Yes it was unequivocally the most beautifully fragrant day of our lives; it was a day when we first came to know each other only to unite as an impregnable spirit for infinite more births yet to come; it was a day when even the most belligerent of badness had transformed into the vital elixir of life for us; O! yes it was a day when we had fallen passionately in love.

25. WHEN I REMEMBER YOU

When I remember you; I always look at the scintillating Sun; as it was in its profoundly blazing rays; that I irrefutably sighted your wonderfully Omnipotent eyes; empathizing with all humanity,

When I remember you; I always look at the vivaciously exhilarating rainbow; as it was in its intriguingly spell binding vivacity; that I irrefutably sighted your robustly princely facial contours,

When I remember you; I always look at the resplendently twinkling stars; as it was in their exotically seductive shimmer; that I irrefutably sighted your philanthropically smiling lips,

When I remember you; I always look at the timelessly evergreen meadows; as it was in their mystically exuberant dewdrops; that I irrefutably sighted your handsomely impeccable skin,

When I remember you; I always look at the enthrallingly fathomless skies; as it was in their boundlessly bountiful vastness; that I irrefutably sighted your invincibly Omnipotent form,

When I remember you; I always look at the ravishingly ebullient ocean; as it was in its tantalizingly frothy waves; that I irrefutably sighted your spirit of intrepidly magical adventure,

When I remember you; I always look at the vividly rustling breeze; as it was in its euphorically unsurpassable enthusiasm; that I irrefutably sighted your miraculously enlightening touch,

When I remember you; I always look at the unassailably towering mountains; as it was in their indomitably scintillating peaks; that I irrefutably sighted your fearlessly Omniscient stride,

When I remember you; I always look at the freshly born and innocuous infant; as it was in its incredulously impeccable wails; that I irrefutably sighted your perennially unending chapter; of blissfully timeless creation,

When I remember you; I always look at the torrentially rhapsodic rain; as it was in its perpetually endowing beauty; that I irrefutably sighted your magnanimously unprecedented blessings to one and all; living kind,

When I remember you; I always look at the ecstatically unfathomable gorge; as it was in its celestially endless enchantment; that I irrefutably sighted your Omnisciently blessing shadow,

When I remember you; I always look at the marvelously majestic fireball of truth; as it was in its unconquerably fragrant ardor; that I irrefutably sighted your benevolently princely voice,

When I remember you; I always look at the vividly bustling beehive of life; as it was in its melodiously harmonious sweetness; that I irrefutably sighted your impregnable demeanor enveloped with the scent of priceless humanity,

When I remember you; I always look at the beautifully mesmerizing roses; as it was in their stupendously righteous and triumphant scent; that I irrefutably sighted your majestically Omnipresent aura; for times immemorial,

When I remember you; I always look at the heavenly sapphire crested nightingale; as it was in its unbelievably benign and soothing voice; that I

irrefutably sighted your gloriously Omnipotent and unparalleled artistry,

When I remember you; I always look at the godly cradle of uninhibited forgiveness; as it was in its divinely virtue to condone all inadvertently wrong; that I irrefutably sighted your holistically everlasting soul,

When I remember you; I always look at the sprouting of the eternally romantic seasons; as it was in their astoundingly rejuvenating newness; that I irrefutably sighted your insurmountably tireless elements of symbiotic creation,

When I remember you; I always look at the unlimited infernos of compassionately eclectic breath; as it was in their poignantly unshakable vibrancy; that I irrefutably sighted your astonishingly divine chapter of perpetual proliferation,

And when I remember you; I always look at the victoriously throbbing heart; as it was in its ardently immortal beats of love; that I irrefutably sighted your ingratiating persona; it was in its formidable passion that I sighted your wonderfully revolving Universe.

26. THIRSTY

The acrimoniously sweltering sands of the blistering desert; were perpetually thirsty for; unfathomably sparkling tumblers; of heavenly rain water,

The somberly drying stalks of obsoletely dilapidated grass; were intransigently thirsty for; a vivacious kaleidoscope; of resplendently twinkling dewdrops,

The sardonically corrugated and rotting walls of the disastrous graveyard; were insatiably thirsty for; an unsurpassably vibrant entrenchment; of perennially blossoming life,

The pathetically sullen stillness of the murderously quiet valley; was irrevocably thirsty for; an ebulliently mesmerizing cloud; of melodiously enchanting whistles,

The ludicrously scattered and orphaned nestles of the solitarily empty nest; were profusely thirsty for; an impeccable festoon; of compassionately innocuous eggs,

The diabolically worthless skeletons of bizarrely insipid bones; were relentlessly thirsty for; a veritably vital blanket; of crimson blood and boisterous life,

The preposterously gloomy and insidious dungeons; were profoundly thirsty for; an incomprehensibly endless sky; of celestially optimistic light,

The placidly derogatory surface of the lugubriously stagnant pond; was irretrievably thirsty for; an exuberantly enthusing splash; of ravishingly sparkling waves,

The mercilessly thrashed and hopelessly abraded palms; were ardently thirsty for; a marvelously royal globe; of inscrutably magnificent destiny lines,

The ominous periphery of the cloud camouflaged sky; was fervently thirsty for; a glitteringly crystalline garden; of opalescently beaming and amicable stars,

The miserably dusty attic horrendously besieged with sinister cobwebs; was indefatigably thirsty for; an aristocratically blooming civilization; of ubiquitously unending freshness,

The abominably fretting and horrifically stinking gutters; were tirelessly thirsty for; rhapsodically euphoric galleries; of ecstatically jubilant scent,

The languidly indolent and preposterously slow tortoise; were unimaginably thirsty for; tumultuously triumphant thunderbolts; of ebulliently galloping speed,

The desolately neglected and gruesomely corrugated roads; were intractably greedy for; rambunctiously bustling pyrotechnics; of flamboyantly gallivanting traffic,

The tyrannically whipped contours of haplessly bruised flesh; were unfathomably thirsty for; compassionately silken waterfalls; of priceless empathy and love,

The miserably devastated corridors of the uncouthly bedraggled brain; were unconquerably thirsty for; enthrallingly spell binding clouds; of tantalizingly serene fantasy,

The ruthlessly frozen avalanches of stringently condensed ice; were incorrigibly thirsty for; passionately overwhelming fireballs; of blazingly sparkling heat,

The gorily mutilated and savagely punctured lungs; were unstoppably thirsty for; an everlastingly evergreen garden; of exotically enamoring and evolving breath,

The salaciously corrupt and manipulatively treacherous corpses of lies; were irrefutably thirsty for; a tenaciously unflinching and philanthropic; harbinger of

truth,

And the dormitories of my despondently impoverished heart; were unsurpassably thirsty for; the invincibly divine mists; of brilliantly pacifying and immortal love.

27. FOREVER AND PRICELESSLY ONE

When we first met under blazing rays of the Afternoon Sun; you should have seen the ardently unsurpassable fire in our eyes,
Which was so invincible that it became intransigently impossible for the most thunderous of whipping squall; to make even the slightest of indentation; upon our compassionately uninhibited swirl.

When we first met in the romantically philandering lanes of the mystical forest; you should have seen the insatiably unflinching smile on our lips,
Which was so unassailable that it became irrevocably impossible; for the most diabolical of misery; to invidiously infiltrate even the tiniest; into our entrenchment of perennial jubilation.

When we first met on the scintillatingly pristine sea shores; you should have seen the spell binding river of ecstasy on our bountiful flesh,
Which was so unfathomable that it became incorrigibly impossible; for the most horrendous of abhorrent boredom; to sulk even a capricious whisker; into our sky of eternal romance.

When we first met under the resplendently enamoring and beaming Moon; you should have seen the virgin innocence on our innocuously robust cheeks,
Which was so impregnable that it became irrefutably impossible; for even the most treacherously savage manipulation; to cast even a diminutive fraction of its lecherous spell; upon our perpetually impeccable enthrallment.

When we first met in the inscrutably tingling meadows of grass; you should have seen the spell binding mysticism encapsulated profoundly in our ravishing palms,

Which was so bountiful that it became irretrievably impossible for the most monotonously murderous parasites; to permeate even an infinitesimal speck; into our streams of celestially bonded blood.

When we first met under the vivaciously dancing rainbows; you should have seen the contours of heavenly newness on our impoverished faces,
Which were so blissfully revolutionary that it became dogmatically impossible for the most dilapidated dungeons of stagnation; to hover even a ludicrously remote

fraction; over our fortress of unconquerable solidarity.

When we first met in the playgrounds of rhapsodically frolicking college; you should have seen the ardently crimson blushes on our majestic cheeks, Which were so poignant that it became unimaginably impossible for the most satanic cisterns of gory bloodshed; to pry even a pathetically minuscule iota; around our cloud of ever augmenting and timeless camaraderie.

When we first met on the boisterously bustling road; you should have seen the stupendously magical infatuation in our magnetically exhaling gasps, Which was so royal that it became incomprehensibly impossible for the most sinister spirits of ghastly corruption; to even infiltrate a sleazily parsimonious inch; into our web of everlastingly golden relationship.

And when we first met in our delectably new born cradles standing face to face; you should have seen the immortally unending love in our hearts, Which was so perpetual that it became unrelentingly impossible for the most insidiously coldblooded chapters of cowardly death; to sprinkle even a frigidly negligible portion of its blackness; upon our life; which had united for infinite more births yet to unveil and by the grace of God; as FOREVER AND PRICELESSLY ONE.

28. I'LL KEEP TRYING HARD

I'll keep trying hard; incessantly and till the time; the last iota of crimson blood incarcerated within my poignant veins; doesn't dry beyond the aisles of infinitesimal nothingness,

I'll keep trying hard; relentlessly and till the time; the last bone down my tenaciously lanky spine; doesn't fatigue beyond the corridors of irrevocable hopelessness,

I'll keep trying hard; indefatigably and till time; the last line of destiny on my brazenly intrepid palms; doesn't abrade into the dormitories of wholesomely bizarre extinction,

I'll keep trying hard; insatiably and till the time; the last muscle of my patriotically unassailable shoulders; doesn't blend completely with threadbare mud,

I'll keep trying hard; unrelentingly and till the time; the last hair of my overwhelmingly glistening scalp; doesn't wither into inconspicuous wisps of

insipid oblivion,

I'll keep trying hard; intransigently and till the time; the last tooth of my overwhelmingly formidable jaws; doesn't crumble into horrendously barbaric powder,

I'll keep trying hard; irrefutably and till the time; the last strand of my unflinchingly intrepid flesh; doesn't vanish into realms of horrific banishment,

I'll keep trying hard; intransigently and till the time; the last smile of my charismatically bountiful lips; doesn't stutter towards an inexplicably gory end,

I'll keep trying hard; tirelessly and till the time; the last globule of empathy of my resplendently fearless eyes; doesn't fully evaporate into ungainly tornado's of nothingness,

I'll keep trying hard; incorrigibly and till the time; the last blush of my robustly scarlet cheeks; doesn't fade with the winds of obsoletely despicable dilapidation,

I'll keep trying hard; unfathomably and till the time; the last fringe of my valiantly intriguing eyelashes; doesn't plummet down in infuriated exasperation; to coalesce with the soggy ponds of slush on muddy ground,

I'll keep trying hard; irretrievably and till the time; the last iota of my piquantly galloping shadow; doesn't juxtapose into worthlessly baseless dust; with the treacherously Ominous descent of sinister midnight,

I'll keep trying hard; euphorically and till the time; the last whisper down my philanthropically scintillating throat; doesn't stifle to a timidly capricious mellow; eventually transposing with dungeons of disdain,

I'll keep trying hard; unendingly and till the time; the last morsel of enthusiasm in my vivaciously bouncing caricature; doesn't inevitably snap into pernicious rivers of painstaking perspiration,

I'll keep trying hard; irrevocably and till the time; the last ingredient of profusely aristocratic artistry in my fingers; doesn't disappear into disgustingly insane lunatism,

I'll keep trying hard; unfettered and till the time; the last maneuver of my rhetorically swirling neck; doesn't embed itself for times immemorial; beneath the grave of ludicrously mocking desperation,

I'll keep trying hard; unconquerably and till the time; the last speck of gloriously sparkling truth in my conscience; doesn't assassinate into countless pieces of derogatorily pulverized ash,

I'll keep trying hard; unassailably and till the time; the last millimeter of breath in my emphatically inhaling lungs; doesn't drain out at the order of the Creator; to perpetually abdicate life,

And I'll keep trying hard; immortally and till the time; the last beat of my passionately palpitating heart; doesn't succumb to the viciously malevolent whirlpools of betrayal; to the hands of the barbarically pulverizing devil.

29. IMPREGNABLY MARRIED

The instant you blended every iota of your crimson blood forever with hers; melanging each element of your pricelessly benevolent goodness with her enchantingly sacred spirit,

The instant you coalesced every puff of your passionate breath forever with hers; beautifully bonding the vibrantly vivacious elixir of your existence with her majestic stride,

The instant you intertwined each of your philanthropic fingers forever with hers; unflinchingly clasping her nubile visage irrespective of the most truculently hedonistic of storm,

The instant you intermingled each contour of your tantalizing shadow forever with hers; harmoniously letting unfathomable shades of your magnetic artistry become the perpetual embellishment of her magnificent eyes,

The instant you mixed every regale emotion of your glorious existence forever with hers; altruistically persevering with her at every step that she tread; although the earth slipped completely from under your feet a countless times,

The instant you transposed every rhythm of your fantastically mellifluous voice with hers; unitedly becoming the tenacity of all tumultuously aggrieved mankind; with her ingratiating shoulders by your side,

The instant you juxtaposed every speck of your gloriously glistening sweat forever with hers; royally letting the essence of your sparkling perseverance become the empathy in her fructifying eyes,

The instant you amalgamated every follicle of your bountifully burgeoning hair forever with hers; sensuously tickling her famished skin with your wave of intrepidly enthralling adventure,

The instant you infused every droplet of your patriotically blazing tears forever with hers; perennially witnessing the marvelously eclectic beauty of this planet; through the impeccable whites of her immaculate eyes,

The instant you coagulated every smile of your chivalrously bestowing lips forever with hers; transcending even the most inexplicably stuttering aspect of her life; with the fathomless sky of your unfettered ebullience,

The instant you combined every step that you unstoppably tread forever with hers; profoundly relishing the resplendent blanket of life; unassailably cuddled with her incredulously blessed grace,

The instant you compounded every bone of your resilient visage forever with hers; facing even the most ghoulishly murderous of adversity to protect your eternal camaraderie; although the world scurrilously snapped at you from all sides,

The instant you agglutinated every irrefutable fortress of your truth forever with hers; handsomely swirling as the most unconquerable wave of ubiquitous peace; with her spell bindingly enamoring melody by your side,

The instant you connected every bit of your charismatically gregarious radiance forever with hers; ecumenically blossoming as the pinnacle of compassionate togetherness; which none on this earth could ever dream to invade,

The instant you united every trace of everlasting righteousness in your soul forever with hers; symbiotically surviving with the redolent petals on her twinkling feet; magically transiting you into celestial siesta,

The instant you linked every prosperously blissful mannerism of yours forever with hers; considering yourself to be the richest organism on this Universe as you sipped Omnipotent water from her divine palms; although your pockets were torn from both sides,

The instant you joined every emphatically triumphant moment of your life forever with hers; assimilating an unfathomable ocean of happiness; as she stared like a new born princess into the obeisant fluttering of your eyes,

The instant you bonded every beat of your wonderfully uninhibited heart forever with hers; immortally loving her magnanimously humanitarian grace; more than breath could ever have loved euphoric life,

Believe me; that very Omnipresent instant itself and without even the most ephemerally parsimonious of ceremony; church; temple; mosque; monastery; monk or myth; in the eyes of the Almighty Lord as well as in perfect synergy with his rules of life; you were impregnably married.

30. PLEASE SAY SOMETHING ATLEAST

It might be the most insanely balderdash and deteriorating rhyme on this enchantingly fathomless earth; I still wont mind it even an infinitesimal trifle,

It might be the most perniciously sinister and abhorrent abuse on this spell bindingly colossal earth; I still wont mind it even a diminutive iota,

It might be the most savagely distorted and feckless mumble-jumble on this redolently unassailable earth; I still wont mind it even a mercurial inch,

It might be the most truculently perverted and sordid imagery on this charismatically blessed earth; I still wont mind it even a minute whisper,

It might be the most satanically incarcerated and preposterous rhyme on this endlessly enthralling earth; I still wont mind it even an invisible speck,

It might be the most grotesquely ghoulish and cacophonous on this timelessly mesmerizing earth; I still wont mind it even an obsolete fraction,

It might be the most remorsefully fretful and dolorous monologue on this iridescently majestic earth; I still wont mind it even an inconspicuous bit,

It might be the most notoriously atrocious and sanctimonious slang on this magically Omnipotent earth; I still wont mind it even an insipid chunk,

It might be the most rambunctiously garrulous and irascible sound on this gigantically eclectic earth; I still wont mind it even a diminishing periphery,

It might be the most indescribably hoarse and irate word on this bountifully burgeoning earth; I still wont mind it even a nonchalant component,

It might be the most treacherously invidious and quavering wail on this stupendously triumphant earth; I still wont mind it even a parsimonious firmament,

It might be the most derogatorily nonsensical and disdainful shit on this boundlessly gregarious earth; I still wont mind it even an evanescent centimeter,

It might be the most villainously decrepit and tawdry fantasy on this unsurpassably gargantuan earth; I still wont mind it even an ephemeral trace,

It might be the most luridly heinous and prejudiced animosity on this magnificently celestial earth; I still wont mind it even a fugitive figment,

It might be the most indiscriminately lambasting and unrelenting litany of complaints on this beautifully convivial earth; I still wont mind it even a non-existent speck,

It might be the most ludicrously staggering and exhausted adieu on this gloriously flamboyant earth; I still wont mind it even a infidel step,

It might be the most uncontrollably ferocious and devastating echo on this magnetically enigmatic earth; I still wont mind it even an obfuscated segment,

It might be the most dwindlingly asphyxiated and tortured beat on this Omnisciently sacrosanct earth; I still wont mind it even an fleeting section,

But please O! eternal Beloved; for God's sake O! Heavenly Beloved; howsoever absurd and inconsequential it may be; I really wont mind it the least; but say something atleast,

For I could bear an infinite deaths smilingly and without the slightest of complaints; rather than witnessing you as silent as a stone in the ghastly grave; so for heaven sake please; please; please say something atleast.

31. CRUELLY STARVED

Brutally starved were my staggering eyes; frantically groping for those rainbows of eternal prosperity; which had become so ghoulishly amorphous and obsolete; in the world today,

Pathetically starved were my lambasted lips; rapaciously wandering for those

hives of perennial sweetness; which had parsimoniously evaporated into corpses of lackadaisical abhorrence; in the world today,

Horrendously starved were my tortured fingers; unrelentingly searching for those uninhibited bits of free space; which had so luridly metamorphosed into salacious jailhouses of the sinister devil; in the world today,

Preposterously starved were my tottering cheeks; intransigently loitering for those whirlwinds of ingratiating passion; which had transited into penalizingly inclement commercialism; in the world today,

Despondently starved were my numbed ears; indefatigably straining for those sounds of everlastingly mellifluous harmony; which had so bizarrely drowned in obstreperously maladroit traffic; in the world today,

Truculently starved was my monotonous brain; timelessly stretching for those precociously exhilarating forests of astounding innovation; which had converted so deplorably into coffins of ribald hell; in the world today,

Flagrantly starved were my beleaguered eyelashes; relentlessly glimpsing for those dew drops of unfathomably sensuous ecstasy; which had so fanatically fulminated into insanely tyrannical bloodshed and crime; in the world today,

Lecherously starved was my aggrieved throat; desperately searching for those raindrops of pristine exhilaration; which had so egregiously adulterated themselves with derogatory corruption; in the world today,

Lasciviously starved were my fetid toes; agonizingly penetrating for those meadows of irrefutably silken honesty; which had so disparagingly converted themselves into a gutter of ghastly lies; in the world today,

Despairingly starved were my deprived palms; tirelessly fumbling for those entrenchments of aristocratic artistry; which had so perniciously disappeared into the dungeons of miserably fermented doom; in the world today,

Unsparingly starved were my staggering veins; limitlessly stuttering for those waves of unflinching solidarity; which had so barbarously unfurled into carcasses of bludgeoning viciousness; in the world today,

Licentiously starved was my convoluted neck; greedily swirling for those pinnacles of impregnably majestic brotherhood; which had so uncouthly divided into sleazily spurious boundaries of religion; caste; creed and color; in the world

today,

Ludicrously starved were my trembling teeth; maniacally chattering for those winds of patriotically blazing courage; which had so raunchily extinguished into scurrilously dastardly betrayal; in the world today,

Painstakingly starved were my dreary bones; rampantly galloping for those blissfully placating shades of symbiotism; which had so hedonistically become warehouses of morbidly libidinous trade; in the world today,

Unsurpassably starved was my crumbling spinal chord; wildly staring for those clouds of compassionate embrace; which had so bawdily perpetuated into mirages of worthless meaninglessness; in the world today,

Criminally starved was my terrorized shadow; restlessly meandering for those unequivocally glorious rivers of freedom; which had so treacherously dwindled into maelstroms of political racialism; in the world today,

Indiscriminately starved was my incoherent signature; implacably ambling for those stamps of heavenly righteousness; which had so tawdrily exploded into surreptitiously gratuitous profanity; in the world today,

Forlornly starved was my asphyxiated breath; intractably gasping for those fireballs of vivaciously unending titillation; which had so obnoxiously become castrated graveyards of marauding lynchpins; in the world today,

And cruelly starved was my deteriorating heart; endlessly feeling for those beats of immortally regale love; which had so baselessly extradited into gallows of indescribably crucifying emptiness; in the world today.

32. ONLY THOSE

Its Omnipotent light can be felt by one and all on this colossal Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly attain its resplendently sparkling majesty,

Its eternally fantastic fragrance can be felt by one and all on this gigantic Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly blend with its perpetually ecstatic rudiments,

Its timeless enthrallment can be felt by one and all on this Herculean Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly imbibe its poignantly burgeoning intricacies,

Its perennial seduction can be felt by one and all on this unassailable Universe alike; but only those Who fall in love; can truly experience its rainbow of compassionate togetherness,

Its magnanimously bountiful philanthropism can be Felt by one and all on this limitless Universe alike; But only those who fall in love; can truly become the fabric of its boundless sensuousness,

Its bounteously proliferating reverberations can Be felt by one and all on this fathomless Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly embrace its winds of unconquerably supreme righteousness,

Its unflinchingly marvelous solidarity can be felt By one and all on this endless Universe alike; but Only those who fall in love; can truly perch on the Throne of impregnable prosperity,

Its ingratiatingly holistic charisma can be felt by one and all on this unsurpassable Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly revel in its inimitably unparalleled glory for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Its waves of heavenly royalty can be felt by one And all on this relentless Universe alike; but only Those who fall in love; can truly swim in its ocean of ebulliently eclectic color,

Its waves of jubilant rhapsody can be felt by one and all on this unending Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly imbibe its impeccably ubiquitous swirl for centuries immemorial,

Its patriotically altruistic soul can be felt by one and all on this boundless Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly mélange with its winds of invincible mankind,

Its resonations of Samaritan goodness can be felt by one and all on this insurmountable Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly become an inseparable ingredient of its indomitable stride,

Its Omnisciently beautiful radiance can be felt by one and all on this limitless Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly enrapture every famished pore of their dwindling skin with its ointment of silken companionship,

Its mists of enamoringly titillating enigma can be felt by one and all on this

bounteous Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly replenish even the most diminutive aspect of their existence with its magical wand,

Its entrenchment of timelessly agglutinating unity can be felt by one and all on this blooming Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly march shoulder to shoulder with its essence of amiably ecumenical oneness,

Its vibrations of irrevocably scintillating righteousness can be felt by one and all on this Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly assimilate its regale splendor to divinely bless every instant of their pristine lives,

Its indefatigably pulsating rhythm can be felt by one and all on this Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly float in its sacrosanct cradle of dreams and blessing paradise,

Its streams of aristocratically timeless gratification can be felt by one and all on this Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly gallop on its satiny cloud of mystical mellifluousness,

Its insuperably exhilarating breath can be felt by one and all on this vivid Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly bond even the most capricious iota of their soul with the Omnipresent iridescence of the Lord Divine,

And its breathtakingly plentiful illumination can be felt by one and all on this tireless Universe alike; but only those who fall in love; can truly coalesce with its beats of immortally poignant camaraderie and glimmering graciousness.

33. AT HER OMNIPRESENT FEET

Not the slightest impressed did I feel; even as every cranny of my countenance; enshrouded itself with the most resplendently shimmering silk,

Not the slightest enchanted did I feel; even as an unsurpassable sky of ingratiatingly mellifluous nightingales; majestically perpetuated caverns of unbelievably rhapsodic melody in my life,

Not the slightest influenced did I feel; even as the most unprecedentedly wise philosophers; uninhibitedly showered the essence of symbiotically ecstatic life; upon my treacherously bereaved soul,

Not the slightest overwhelmed did I feel; even as an endless tornado of glittering gold; landed like a regal prince; right in the heart of my sordidly dilapidated

household,

Not the slightest appeased did I feel; even as the most stupendously sweet hives of ebullient honey; timelessly charmed my preposterously cacophonous and truculently scorching throat,

Not the slightest silenced did I feel; even as the magnificently sensuous carpet of voluptuous night; unassailably transited me into wonderfully blissful siesta,

Not the slightest exhilarated did I feel; even as the most impeccably divine fairies descended from the cosmos; to perennially occupy the barren space of my disastrously sagging shoulders,

Not the slightest frolicking did I feel; even as the Omnipotent Sun burgeoned a profound throttle from behind the rain soaked hills; and a cluster of vibrantly innocuous butterflies invited me to dance till times beyond infinite infinity,

Not the slightest intriguing did I feel; even as the most tantalizing of seductresses ecstatically danced in my miserably quavering way,

Not the slightest pragmatic did I feel; even as the most articulately methodical of classrooms; handsomely perpetuated in my tyrannically famished eyes,

Not the slightest adventurous did I feel; even as an unfathomable gorge of fascinating mysticism; enticed me in its ravishingly bountiful belly button; from all sides,

Not the slightest triumphant did I feel; even as every cranny of celestial land on this limitless planet; blessed itself like a royal prince; into the diminutive folds of my clenched fists,

Not the slightest stimulated did I feel; even as every speck of gorgeously titillating beauty on this planet; unrelentingly tickled my flaccid skin with winds of indomitably vibrant desire,

Not the slightest romantic did I feel; even as the regal propensity of exuberant air; compassionately embraced me with eternal rain; on every exhaustedly beleaguered step of mine,

Not the slightest placated did I feel; even as the most scrumptiously fructifying meals on this boundless Universe; ardently waited to kiss my tongue; choosing only me as the sole consumer for countless more births of mine,

Not the slightest enthused did I feel; even as the ingeniously impregnable synchronizations entered my insane brain; rendering me with the insatiable power to wholesomely metamorphose the complexion of this dastardly earth,

Not the slightest rejuvenated did I feel; even as untamed waterfalls of heavenly prosperity; ubiquitously descended upon my despondently asphyxiated persona,

Not the slightest vivacious did I feel; even as immortal whirlpools of quintessentially emollient breath; bestowed upon me a timeless legacy to exist; celestially transcending all hedonistic pain and pugnacious crime,

Not the slightest eclectic did I feel; even as congenitally inherent artistry copiously exuded from each element of my fantastic demeanor; right since the first time; that I uninhibitedly cried,

Not the slightest tenacious did I feel; even as incomprehensibly inexorable fortresses of unflinching power; left the entire world to be the perpetually scintillating impressions of my nimble stride,

Not the slightest honored did I feel; even as every single bit of imperially aristocratic accomplishment on this gregarious planet; became the immutably perennial jewel of my eyes,

Not the slightest boisterous did I feel; even as an insurmountably relentless mountain of exotic energy; jubilantly crawled into the piquantly intricate network of my veins,

Not the slightest enamored did I feel; even as the entire fabric of philanthropically synergistic harmony on this Omniscient planet; became the revered necklace of my tireless existence,

Not the slightest certified did I feel; even as the most professionally enviable degrees in this exotic world; unfurled like a pack of vividly rejoicing cards into my outstretched lap,

Not the slightest innovative did I feel; even as the lines of my palms were unbelievably gifted to spawn a river of infinite newness; on every pristinely naked twig of the tree; that they delicately caressed,

But I would feel the richest man on this gargantuan earth O! Almighty Lord; if you gave me death at her pricelessly sacrosanct feet; made irrefutably sure that

I breathed my very last breath perhaps premature; but with her Omnipresent palms forever intertwined in mine.

34. IF YOU THOUGHT

If you thought that I'd perpetually love you; even after you brutally slandered me on my hindside with your murderous kitchen knife; just because I fervently showed my eagerness to assist you in the best way I could,

If you thought that I'd unassailably love you; even after you indefatigably rebuked me for irrefutably following the sparkling pathways of eternally unflinching truth,

If you thought that I'd bountifully love you; even after you indiscriminately plucked out every intricate vein of my body; to feed your cacophonically favorite puppy dog,

If you thought that I'd timelessly love you; even after you barbarously barked the most perniciously heinous abuse in my ears; for obeisantly lying at your feet all day like an innocuous prince,

If you thought that I'd unrelentingly love you; even after you cadaverously wished me all the bad luck that truculently lingered on this Universe; although I worshipped you like the ultimate angel of my dreams,

If you thought that I'd sensuously love you; even after you parasitically sucked the most infinitesimal droplet of my blood; like a venomously flagrant parasite,

If you thought that I'd miraculously love you; even after you treacherously whipped my savagely exonerated chest with lethally coldblooded snakes; just because I had compassionately lit the candles of your morosely blackened room,

If you thought that I'd impregnably love you; even after you preposterously laid a mortuary of hedonistic thorns on every path that I tread; and then tantalizingly titillated the raunchy model of your lascivious dreams,

If you thought that I'd handsomely love you; even after you paid a satanically deaf ear to the most poignantly uncontrollable of my cries; deliberately unfurled a pack of diabolical wolves; right towards the impeccable whites of my eyes,

If you thought that I'd majestically love you; even after you indefatigably tortured me in devilish coffins of hell; just because I ardently polished the tip of

your sanctimonious shoe; a trifle too much,

If you thought that I'd unflinchingly love you; even after you invidiously gave me pig's feces to eat; for robustly scintillating breakfast as well as to wade through the chapter of the drearily morbid night,

If you thought that I'd unsurpassably love you; even after you mercilessly cut each of my silken finger; simply in order to wholesomely liberate the irately petulant itch in your effusively dancing nerves,

If you thought that I'd insurmountably love you; even after you ruthlessly pulverized every bone of my righteous countenance under your uncouthly speeding Mercedes; just because you ghastily wanted to check the durability of your obnoxiously bohemian tyre,

If you thought that I'd inimitably love you; even after you charred every iridescent contour of my demeanor with sweltering acid; just because I insatiably endeavored my best to enlighten the frowns of franticness on your dwindling face,

If you thought that I'd profusely love you; even after you perfidiously chopped my tongue from my immaculate throat; sporadically using it to tickle the squalidly demonic soles of your disparagingly despicable feet,

If you thought that I'd uncontrollably love you; even after you perilously metamorphosed even the most infantile of my fantasy into nightmares of horrendous nothingness; just because I unequivocally squandered every evil glance that wandered itself; towards your beautifully sacrosanct grace,

If you thought that I'd perpetually love you; even after you unsparingly decimated all efforts of my lifetime like pieces of frigid matchsticks right in front of my eyes; and then luridly enshrouded them with your scurrilous spit,

Then I am sorry that you're in for the most fathomlessly unthinkable shock of your life; for I would still love you more immortally than ever before; I would still love you more than this earth could have ever loved even the most vivacious form of life,

For when I gave my heart to you; neither did I see your religion; neither did I see your outlook towards life; as my love was; is and would for infinite more births always remain unconditional; would always remain tirelessly blind.

35. WHAT USE?

What use was my infinite coins; if there was none to synergistically share them with me except my own insanely decrepit self; when all that I truly needed for quintessential existence; was just a singleton chunk of them; everyday?

What use was my infinite happiness; if there was none to triumphantly experience it with me except my own prejudiced self; when all that I truly needed for holistic existence; was just a mercurial trifle of it; everyday?

What use were my infinite clothes; if there was none to convivially wear them with me except my own disdainfully dastardly self; when all that I truly needed for symbiotic existence; was just a tenacious robe of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite castles; if there was none to harmoniously live in them with me except my own viciously trembling self; when all that I truly needed for perspicacious existence; was just a robust abode of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite victories; if there was none to blazingly rejoice in them with me except my own spuriously sanctimonious self; when all that I truly needed for bountiful existence; was just an exuberant handful of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite cars; if there was none to euphorically enjoy them with me except my own remorsefully fretting self; when all that I truly needed for vibrant existence; was just an exhilarating model of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite fantasies; if there was none to fantastically admire them with me except my own obnoxiously ghoulish self; when all that I truly needed for scintillating existence; was just a sensuous dream of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite watches; if there was none to blissfully witness them with me except my own pathetically decaying self; when all that I truly needed for enamoring existence; was just a meticulous dial of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite landscapes; if there was none to celestially philander on them with me except my own drearily morose self; when all that I truly needed for heavenly existence; was just a infinitesimal contour of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite flowers; if there was none to ecstatically smell them

with me except my own lunatically zany self; when all that I truly needed for priceless existence; was just a fragrant petal of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite forests; if there was none to mystically adventure in them with me expect my own scurrilously withering self; when all that I truly needed for effulgent existence; was just an inconspicuous branch of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite accomplishments; if there was none to wholeheartedly relish them with me except my own nonchalantly indolent self; when all that I truly needed for beautiful existence; was just an articulate parcel of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite oceans; if there was none to ebulliently swim in them with me except my own treacherously lambasting self; when all that I truly needed for voluptuous existence; was just an undulating wave of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite memories; if there was none to nostalgically relive them with me except my own preposterously stinking self; when all that I truly needed for sparkling existence; was just a fugitive anecdote of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite Sun's; if there was none to unassailably dazzle in them with me except my own barbarously brutal self; when all that I truly needed for gregarious existence; was just a flamboyant ray of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite clouds; if there was none to compassionately bathe in them with me except my own unforgivably goddamned self; when all that I truly needed for sacred existence; was just an ephemeral mist of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite hands; if there was none to amiably intertwine with them except my own mordantly penurious self; when all that I truly needed for divinely existence; was just a few fingers of them; everyday?

What use were my infinite breaths; if there was none to timelessly coalesce with them except my own obstinately constipated self; when all that I truly needed for sustainable existence; was just a sparse entrenchment of them; everyday?

And what use were my infinite hearts; if there was none to immortally love them except my own satanically devastating self; when all that I truly needed for unconquerable existence; was just a pulsating beat of them; everyday?

36. YOU SIMPLY COULDN'T HIDE

You simply couldn't hide the maliciously decrepit savagery in your prejudiced lips; just by profusely embellishing them with poignantly crimson shades of exotically blissful lipstick,

You simply couldn't hide the unprecedentedly pugnacious abhorrence in your sinister eyes; just by aristocratically adorning them with radiantly resplendent and tantalizing mascara,

You simply couldn't hide the insanely lambasting tyranny in your devilish throat; just by tirelessly painting it with ebulliently pristine and sweetly mellifluous honey,

You simply couldn't hide the petulantly unruly urges to indiscriminately massacre in your unsparing feet; just by dexterously camouflaging them with marvelously articulate sports shoes,

You simply couldn't hide the coldblooded parasites on your blood-stained palms; just by surreptitiously sequestering them under a vivaciously sleazy coat of vibrantly titillating graffiti,

You simply couldn't hide the volcano's of devastatingly lunatic emaciation in your bellicose stomach; just by stealthily enveloping it with timidly obeisant and flaccid apron strings,

You simply couldn't hide ribald maelstroms of vindictive misery in your esoteric brain; just by nonchalantly entrenching it by insurmountably gigantic triangular straw hats,

You simply couldn't hide satanically biting urges in your diabolical teeth; just by ardently painting them with the most brilliantly effulgent of; reinvigoratingly robust toothpaste,

You simply couldn't hide licentiously lascivious desires in your sleazy skin; just by bawdily covering it with unsurpassably sanctimonious robes of slippery silk,

You simply couldn't hide the lethally belligerent venom in your worthless sweat; just by baselessly sprinkling it with stupendously rejuvenating cologne,

You simply couldn't hide the preposterous desires to kill in your diseased bones; just by aimlessly enshrouding them with grotesquely punctured mimicry of

ubiquitous saintly robes,

You simply couldn't hide the whirlpools of unrelentingly iconoclastic chauvinism in your beleaguered shoulders; just by disastrously impregnating them with uninhibitedly princely bird wings,

You simply couldn't hide libidiously corrupt desires of your fecklessly tawdry soul; just by incessantly chanting the mantra of eternally symbiotic mankind,

You simply couldn't hide the irately opprobrious manipulation in your dwindling countenance; just by indefatigably bouncing like an ecstatically exultating kangaroo; in the heart of the tropically iridescent forests,

You simply couldn't hide your morbidly macabre spirit to devour innocent humans alive; just by coherently disguising your speech with a string of holistic pearls; like the ambiguously beguiling politician,

You simply couldn't hide your intrinsically maligned desire to uncouthly snatch; just by spuriously donating the sordidly fetid leftovers of your kitchen; to ghosts lingering insidiously in the cacophonous graveyard,

You simply couldn't hide the inevitable onset of age on your dastardly trembling persona; just by worthlessly adorning your demeanor with flamboyantly pulsating and sleazily short teenage clothes,

You simply couldn't hide the incomprehensibly limitless graveyard of derogatory lies in your conscience; just by brandishing the immortal martyrs sword upside down; in your pathetically quavering arms,

You simply couldn't hide your already deadened and meaninglessly laconic form; just by deliberately expunging boundless gallons of squeamish air; from your obsoletely asphyxiated nostrils,

And you simply couldn't hide the pernicious battlefield of salacious betrayal in your threadbare heart; just by despicably attaching a pacemaker to it; and then fulminating into an untamed fireball of worthlessly robotic beats.

37. EXPRESSING LOVE

My eyes expressed their profoundly unending love; by culminating into an astoundingly glistening festoon of triumphant tears; as her pristinely heavenly form unfurled from behind the sun soaked hills,

My lips expressed their profusely inexorable love; by igniting thunderstorms of unrelenting desire in her majestic body; poignantly tracing the beautifully blossoming outlines of her mellifluous skin,

My forehead expressed its unrelentingly mischievous love; by flirtatiously colliding with her nubile chin; celestially brushing against her marvelously heaving chest; as resplendently enamoring beams of the moon took complete control,

My cheeks expressed their bountifully timeless love; by blushing a shade more incomprehensibly voluptuous crimson than the torrentially thundering clouds; at even the most inconspicuously evanescent of her caress,

My fingers expressed their insatiably indomitable love; by tirelessly groping in rampant strokes through her sensuously ravishing hair; invincibly clasping her sacrosanct fingers in mine; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

My belly expressed its euphorically unlimited love; by indefatigably matching the divine cadence of her silhouette step for step; reverberating as her ultimate slave in even the most ephemeral of her queenly shadow,

My shoulders expressed their unflinchingly audacious love; by perpetually sequestering her enchantingly vivacious grace in their compassionate warmth; uplifting her innocuous visage above the realms of spell binding paradise; even as nothing but hell vomited hedonistically from blue sky,

My eyelashes expressed their tantalizingly endless love; by sporadically fluttering against her royally exuberant nose; making her feel like a new born princess; even in her times of inexplicably traumatizing distress,

My ears expressed their ecstatically perennial love; by perspicaciously assimilating even the tiniest rhythm of her glorious stride; ardently listening to her ebulliently rhapsodic laughter; even centuries unfathomable after their veritable time,

My tongue expressed its intransigently dedicated love; by assiduously suckling the sweetness of her golden sweat; punctuating rivulets of untamed felicity in her countenance with its marvelously sensitive strokes,

My feet expressed their immutably unshakable love; by incessantly following her blissfully immaculate trails wherever she went; intermittently evoking her to

fulminate into inimitable laughter poking her with my bohemian toe,

My throat expressed its ecumenically impeccable love; by relentlessly singing praises of her eternally righteous soul; unequivocally voicing its unstinted support for her everlasting grace; even as the entire world charged her with licentiously bawdy profanity,

My chest expressed its unconquerably benign love; by unassailably guarding her stupendously aristocratic form; taking every heinously adulterated arrow that dared come her royal away; upon its astronomically tenacious consortium of barren bones,

My palms expressed their impregnably volatile love; by altruistically borrowing all forks of flagrant difficulty from her hands; blessing even the most inconsequential aspect of her life with their quota of destined happiness,

My shadow expressed its unshakably unending love; by irrevocably entrenching her melodiously jubilant form from all sides; timelessly ensuring that even the most fugitive jinx or spirit wanting to infiltrate her; instead becoming my devastating rhyme,

My mind expressed its fantastically unsurpassable love; by endlessly fantasizing about her enthrallingly exhilarating aura; implacably replacing every other thought in my life with the fragrance of her unblemished companionship,

My veins expressed their vehemently intractable love; by emptying even the last iota of priceless blood from their silken conglomerate; to unendingly witness her blossom into eclectically fructifying life,

My breath expressed its irretrievably unbreakable love; by boundless cascading down her vividly imperial neck; being the insurmountably undefeated elixir; whenever she wanted to uninhibitedly gallop forward in vibrant life,

And my heart expressed its immortally unparalleled love; by bountifully bonding every of its passionate beat with her essence of irrefutably undaunted truth; indomitably coalescing with her spirit of oneness and humanity; even after the earth had disdainfully ceased to exist.

38. GODDAMNED ARE THOSE

Goddamned are those who baselessly criticize; treacherously impede the majestically burgeoning artist; like a morosely ghastly nail in each of his stride,

Goddamned are those who insanely murder; ruthlessly choose innocuously regal human flesh; as a grotesque delicacy to bizarrely tantalize their nocturnal delights,

Goddamned are those who monotonously survive; crucifying every iota of divine sensuousness in the atmosphere around; with swords of derogatorily debasing rigidity and lunatic corruption,

Goddamned are those who indiscriminately divide; disparagingly dissecting the mantra of eternally symbiotic mankind; into sleazy caste; creed; religion and ominously ungainly tribe,

Goddamned are those who coldbloodedly snatch; sinfully divesting mothers of their newborn children; egregiously massaging their bald scalps with the blood of the innocently dying,

Goddamned are those who lure impetuous youth into the gallows of unforgivably lurid crime; invidiously manipulating organisms like puppets; so that the scent of decrepit high society cigarette on their carcasses never died,

Goddamned are those who satanically devastate blissful environment; devilishly decimating trees to enlighten their abodes of horrifically contagious filth and abhorrent malice,

Goddamned are those who mercilessly slit impeccable throats; roasting Almighty Lord pricelessly sacred life; to lasciviously blend with their raunchy caverns of vixen and nubile and wine,

Goddamned are those who formidably support the stigma of lugubrious illiteracy; fiendishly terrorizing every sagacious entity who dared to get wonderfully employed,

Goddamned are those who delinquently betray their revered mother land; barbarically selling the very womb from which they were born; to ghosts of hell and gutters of utterly disgruntling grime,

Goddamned are those who perniciously gamble; meaninglessly waste monumental treasuries of currency on personal prejudice; while countless emaciatingly orphaned children outside had not a morsel to eat and died,

Goddamned are those who viciously adulterate; indefatigably contaminating

fathomless fields of ebullient corn and life; with the venom of profanely gratuitous politics,

Goddamned are those who salaciously imperil the growth of wildlife; implacably poaching all night and sunlit day; just to release that extra itch insanely circumlocuting their snobbish stride, '

Goddamned are those who engender asphyxiating war; disseminate insidiously preposterous bloodshed on every conceivable cranny of this gigantic planet,

Goddamned are those who acerbically lead every moment of their life to the rigidly ticking clock; brutally massacring even the most poignantly effusive of their emotions to the conventionally atrocious society,

Goddamned are those who cheat their very own conscience; pugnaciously deluging it with an unsurpassably unending gutter of deleterious corruption,

Goddamned are those who inexorably terrorize in the name of law and order; ruthlessly kill countless innocent under the macabre pretext of spuriously dwindling justice,

Goddamned are those who ridicule euphonically beautiful voice; gruesomely metamorphosing it into; an unfathomable ocean of cacophonically maniacal rioting and slandering bloodshed,

Goddamned are those who prattle disdainfully about celestial existence; making the most quintessential agenda of their lives to lambaste triumphantly euphoric happiness,

Goddamned are those who pretentiously sob; dissolutely culminating into a cloudburst of fecklessly crocodile tears; just to evoke currency and apathy for their decayingly obsolete and wearily wastrel life,

Goddamned are those who ambiguously change color; despairingly inflict the fabric of the harmoniously spell binding society; with the germs of castigating cowardice,

Goddamned are those who sardonically torture their own form; putting heinously regretful brakes; upon the Lord's most blessed chapter of timelessly proliferating creation,

Goddamned are those who surreptitiously plot against mankind; ghoulishly

wishing to bombard each of its scintillatingly righteous fraternity; with coffin houses of uxoriously depraving slavery,

Goddamned are those who spit at the old; cold-bloodedly extricate them out of their ostentatious homes; as infidel pieces of amorphous shit,

Goddamned are those who immutably want bad for every section of humanity; lunatically desirous of replenishing their torn pockets; with their comrade's blood; bone and vibrant life,

Goddamned are those who pathetically squander the landscapes of gorgeously uninhibited freedom; abominably whipping the ailingly weak to scrub the distortedly squalid floors of their; demonic retreat,

Goddamned are those who don't listen to the voices of their immortal heart; falling like uncontrollably wavering mincemeat; for every non-existent trace of lecherously evil around their souls,

Goddamned are those who iconoclastically torch their own wives; tawdrily rejoice with baselessly libidinous maidens; even as their own children begged discordantly on the sordidly imbecile streets,

Goddamned are those who blatantly lie; forlornly maneuvering their way through a mortuary of countless sins; just to save their sordidly trembling and corpulently stinking skin,

Goddamned are those who maliciously rebuke their parents; licentiously overpowering their every sparkling trace of compassion; to manifest their hideously tainted goals in life,

Goddamned are those who uncouthly snatch the stick of the debilitatingly old; just in order to extra fortify their already glittering foundations of gold and sanctimonious silver,

Goddamned are those who lividly kick when asked for desperate help; drowning themselves in whirlpools of bombastic cigar smoke and ravenous chicken; even as immaculate urchins were being torturously stoned to veritable death outside,

And Goddamned are those who lethally snap the wings of perpetual love; cast their vindictively demented eyes upon its exotically everlasting fabric; breathe each inconsequential breath of their existence; to bawdily squelch vibrant life.

39. ONE DAY

Even if it takes an infinite lifetimes; an unsurpassable decade of overwhelmingly sweltering days and mercilessly chilly nights; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite mountains; a boundless number of treacherously jagged slopes and acrimoniously deep gorges; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite thunderstorms; fathomlessly unrelenting cloud showers of treacherously acrid blood rain; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite parasites; satanically pulverizing and indiscriminately marauding monsters; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite wars; lethally penalizing abhorrence and graveyards of salaciously excoriating prejudice; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite gutters; brutally squelching shit and unsurpassable dungeons of criminally unforgiving oppression; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite ghosts; truculently cadaverous spirits trying to gruesomely devour even the most infinitesimal trace of happiness; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite nightmares; an unfathomable graveyard of livid carcasses that jinxed every aspect of existence; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite thrashings; lecherously heinous chains of cold-blooded barbarism and remorseful manipulation; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite abuses; every element of the obnoxiously conventional society assassinating the spirit of uninhibitedly timeless compassion; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite thorns; countless beds of torturously smoldering coal venomously baying trap on every conceivable path of the Universe; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite infernos; incomprehensibly gargantuan maelstroms of gorily scorching lava; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite kicks; a diabolically proliferating populace of dissolute devils decimating every construable constituent of amiability to invisible ash; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite sacrifices; an inexplicably tyrannically coffin of cancerous disease wholesomely asphyxiating every cell of the holistic body; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite dust storms; inexorably terrorizing heat ghastily evaporating the very last trace of blissful civilization burgeoning around; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite tickings of the grandfather clock; a limitless number of chimes of the indefatigably sweeping long arm; in between,

Even if it takes an infinite mockeries; insurmountably condemning slang raunchily trying to drown the wave of eternal friendship; in between,

And even if it takes an infinite deaths; the depraving dungeons of hell entirely swiping holistic traces of invincible life; in between,

One day we will unite in bonds of immortally sacred marriage; One day we will everlastingly illuminate every cranny of the miserably besieged atmosphere with the essence of our triumphantly blended breath; O! Yes One day our love will win over every superfluous idiosyncrasy of this planet; with only the Almighty Lord to bless; bless and unassailably bless.

40. EVERY HEART

No two eyes on this Universe were ever the same; with some chasing ingratiatingly bountiful beauty; while some maliciously wandering after the aimlessly slithering and diabolical devil,

No two scalps on this Universe were ever the same; with some sporting a festoon of exuberantly ravishing hair; while some horrifically sulking under a gutter of dolorously pathetic leeches,

No two skins on this Universe were ever the same; with some as charming as the fascinatingly colossal skies; while some more lugubriously empty than threadbare bits of preposterously dried charcoal,

No two nose's on this Universe were ever the same; with some as pristinely piquant at profoundly blossoming lotus; while some more abominably expressionless than the dissolutely pulverized stones,

No two lips on this Universe were ever the same; with some as majestically rubicund as the poignantly scarlet rose; while some more pretentiously snobbish than the lackadaisically withering leaf,

No two ears on this Universe were ever the same; with some celestially deciphering even the most infinitesimally diminutive of evanescent sound; while some more viciously blending than the demons; with unrelentingly coercing thunderballs of malice,

No two chins on this Universe were ever the same; with some as resplendently twinkling as the regally enlightening stars; while some more devastatingly shattered than non-existent treacherous and gorily bombarded townships,

No two palms on this Universe were ever the same; with some unflinchingly evolving an intrepidly exhilarating path of their very own; while some more idiosyncratically dependant on an inconspicuously worthless corpse of crosses and wavering destiny lines,

No two bellies on this Universe were ever the same; with some as tantalizing as the fathomlessly surreal mists of unparalleled heaven; while some more drably corpulent than the decaying tortoise; spending its entire life nondescriptly staring at the sky and by the riverside,

No two voices on this Universe were ever the same; with some as charismatically philanthropic as the harbingers of humanity; while some more disparagingly stifled than the venomously lurking shadows of the sinister coffins,

No two fingers on this Universe were ever the same; with some as royally eclectic as the gloriously iridescent and perennially unfurling skies; while some more truculently lambasting than the remorseful scorpions of; sanctimonious lies,

No two tongues on this Universe were ever the same; with some fostering sweetness as melodious as the marvelously benign nightingale; while some more vengefully bitter than the satanic roots of penalizing hell,

No two minds on this Universe were ever the same; with some unsurpassably fantasizing in the aisles of optimistically enlightening goodness; while some more sardonic than ghoulishly sodomizing graveyards of emaciating loneliness,

No two personalities on this Universe were ever the same; with some as blazingly flamboyant as the Omnipotently rising Sun; while some more

invidiously blacker than the insipidly dastardly winds of devilish midnight,

No two necks on this Universe were ever the same; with some gustily elongated and enthusing drifting towards the realms of surreally everlasting sensuousness; while some more shorter than miserably squelched cigarette butts and turgidly staring into entrenchments of; bizarre nothingness,

No two shoulders on this Universe were ever the same; with some resiliently towering tall in the face of even the most debilitatingly slaughtering of disaster; while some more disdainfully collapsing than hillocks of bland chalk; under the tiniest draught of ephemeral wind,

No two perspiration on this Universe were ever the same; with some intransigently radiating the scent of assiduously well deserved struggle; while some more worthless than trashloads of orphaned faeces flying from the lazing monsters roof,

No two shadows on this Universe were ever the same; with some mystically reinvigorating every acridly barren patch of earth that they caressed with unfathomable cisterns of compassion; while some more ruthlessly propagating the barriers of religion; caste; creed and color; than the indiscriminately squandering vultures,

No two perceptions were ever the same; with some as wonderfully unprejudiced as the ebullient breeze that embraced one and all alike; while some more grotesquely distorted than the malicious politicians; unworthy cartoon,

No two feet on this Universe were ever the same; with some unassailably marching on the pathways of irrefutable truth; while some more mercilessly trampling every new life born with their gruesomely bohemian and macabre toes,

No two accents on this Universe were ever the same; with some purisitically coalescing with the rudiments of integral rusticity and originality; while some more derogatorily feckless than the baying of the uncontrollably sweating pig,

No two appetites on this Universe were ever the same; with some holistically replenishing the harmonious body with the eternally effulgent and symbiotic fruits of creation; while some more cadaverously ferociously than the lethally snapping crocodiles,

No two thumbs on this Universe were ever the same; with some as stupendously

flexible as the aristocratically vacillating season winds; while some more irately rigid than water despicably stagnating in the obsoletely orphaned gutterlines; not prepared the slightest to even budge a mercurial inch,

No two adam's apple on this Universe were ever the same; with some as ebulliently frolicking as the intriguingly blooming fairies in crimson sky; while some more hideously solitary than the forlorn ghost; wailing the cry of death as even the most blessed of water synergistically slurped down the slavering throat,

No two postures on this Universe were ever the same; with some as bountifully streaming into newness as the morning Sun God; while some more fetidly mourning infinite feet beneath the earth; than what worms could be,

No two signatures on this Universe were ever the same; with some ubiquitously depicting the patriotic persona with unprecedentedly unlimited pride; while some fading into mortuaries of indescribable oblivion; even as the first droplets of nimble rain pelted down from the velvety sky,

But every heart on this Universe is; was and would be always the same; as each beat that it immortally diffused; each resonance profusely fulminating from its inner most core; each beautiful dream that it timelessly throbbed for; unconquerably bonded with the boundless sky of love; love and only everlasting love.

The End.

Nikhil Parekh

You Die; I Die - Part 1 - 50 Poems For Soul Stirring Love

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About The Poetry Book -

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems, is actually Part 1 of the Book titled - You die; I die - Love Poems (1600 pages) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

CONTENTS

1. YOU'RE MY BREATH
2. FLAMES BETWEEN THEIR HEARTS
3. A SINGLE HEARTBEAT OF HERS.
4. ALL I WANTED TO DO

5. JUST A SINGLE BEAT.
6. AFTER MEETING HER
7. SUDDENLY.
8. I WILL ALWAYS BE THERE WITH YOU.
9. DO YOU KNOW?
10. THE SUN OF LOVE WAS OURS
11. EACH HEART.
12. PARADISE OF LOVE.
13. TRUST ME.
14. LOVE STORY.
15. OCEANS OF LOVE.
16. FROM THE TOOTHBRUSH OF.
17. VICTORY WAS FOREVER MINE.
18. RELIVING.
19. NO UPDATES.
20. THEIR KISS WAS UNBREAKABLE.
21. WORKING WONDERS
22. NEVER EVER BEFORE.
23. THE HEART AND THE MANNEQUINS.
24. I AM ONLY; MY HEART'S SLAVE
25. LET IMMORTAL LOVE FOREVER STAY.
26. THE ONLY KISS.
27. SEARCHING TRUE LOVE.
28. A SINGLE BEAT.
29. LOVE IS.
30. YOU DIE; I DIE
31. A WORLD OF UNITED EXISTENCE
32. LIKE THE SACROSANCT HEAVENS
33. IMPREGNABLY SOAKED
34. COMPANION.
35. IMPOSSIBLE TO HIDE.
36. BUT NOT WITHOUT!
37. MY ROYAL RHYTHM.
38. IF ANYONE TRIED TO STEAL HER
39. LIVING DEAD
40. SINCE THE TIME
41. NOT MADE, BUT UNCONTROLLABLY MAD
42. UNPARALLELED WINNER
43. AND THEN I MET HER
44. THE GREATEST SHOCK OF MY LIFE
45. 24 X 7 X 365
46. HOW ON EARTH?

47. BUT STILL LOVING YOU AND ONLY YOU
48. SHE LAUGHED AND LAUGHED AND LAUGHED TO DEATH
49. SOLITARINESS.
50. IF ONLY YOU'D SPENT A SINGLE MINUTE

The Poems

1. YOU'RE MY BREATH

You're the answer to all my riddles in life; miraculously healing all my traumatized agonies; with the insatiable magic in your voice,

You're the voice that makes me celestially rest; shrugging all my frazzled vagaries into non-existent wisps of oblivion,

You're a mountain of invincible strength that I needed when I disdainfully collapsed; incessantly inspiring me to add vibrant dimensions to every tomorrow that blissfully unfurls,

You're an incredulous magical wand; that metamorphoses all my staggering impossible's; into the winds of irrefutably blazing triumph,

You're a cloud of innocent angels; that always made me feel I was that euphorically bouncing child once again; even as I treacherously slipped towards the corridors of extinction,

You're a bountiful paradise of newness; triggering me to indefatigably fantasize all brilliant day; and even while embracing the mists of diabolical midnight,

You're an idol of astoundingly philanthropic benevolence; instilling in me the indispensable ingredients of everlasting mankind,

You're a river of perpetual harmony that cascaded past my window; making me wholesomely bask in the stupendous glory of natures mystical endowment,

You're a bow of astronomical courage; relentlessly transpiring me to unflinchingly fight for my ruthlessly incarcerated tribe,

You're a marvelously glistening shore that harbors all impoverished in your compassionate warmth; teaching me to forever salute the immortal religion of humanity,

You're a fountain of divinely peace; bestowing my famished existence; with pearls of royal wisdom and unconquerable unity,

You're a tantalizing seductress dancing in the aisles of untamed desire; compelling me to take an infinite births; as every minute unveiled into delightfully charismatic light,

You're a rainbow of vivaciously versatile diversity; propelling me to intransigently discover and explore; the unfathomably wonderful beauty of this sacrosanct planet,

You're an Omnipotent flame of never-ending hope; enlightening each aspect of my depravingly sinister existence; with the stupendous optimism of your heavenly stride,

You're a magnanimous reflection of poignant empathy; wonderfully pacifying the devastated rebel in my veins; with the benign smile on your majestic lips,

You're an enigmatic tunnel of unbelievable enthrallment; that never lets me exhaust in my conquest for success; fomenting me to plunge every instant; into the valley of unsurpassable adventure,

You're an epitome of beautifully revered sharing; nourishing each element of my lecherously debilitated existence; with the passion in your godly soul,

You're a township that keeps proliferating into newness all the time; massacring even the most inconspicuous trace of rust; frustration; dilapidation; from my penurious life,

Over and above all; you're the girl whom I have not just simply loved; but an Omniscient messiah who was my breath; my body; my blood; every time God had granted me life on this earth.

2. FLAMES BETWEEN THEIR HEARTS

The flames on ground; died a miserable death with the slightest draught of insipid wind,

But the flames between their philandering eyes; rose higher than the majestic skies; even in the most tumultuously overwhelming of rain and storm.

The flames on ground; subsided to wisps of absolute nothingness; at even the tiniest insinuation of flood approaching,

But the flames between their passionate chests; transcended well beyond the realms of fascinating eternity; even as the unfathomable battalion of satanic demons; tried to kill them.

The flames on ground; tried their best to elude the insurmountably overpowering tornado; squealing like new born mice as they heard the brazen leaves rustle the slightest,

But the flames between their voluptuous lips; kissed the ultimate crescendos of untamed liberation; even as the entire planet parasitically sucked blood and lecherously manipulated outside.

The flames on ground; soon metamorphosed to frigidly wincing embers; unable to bear the onslaught of leaf and clouds,

But the flames between their eternal feet; interlocked themselves into an entrenchment of unsurpassable belonging; even as cloudbursts of uncouth diabolism pelted from realms of hell.

The flames on ground; shirked disdainfully into their devastated cocoons; as the horde of whistling wolves trampled them indiscriminately,

But the flames between their ardent bellies; transformed all lackadaisical dreariness on this earth into bountiful paradise; even as a mountain of treacherous monsters stabbed them ruthlessly on their necks.

The flames on ground; vacillated in ungainly confusion; even before the fireball of Sun could silently slip behind the dolorously languid horizons,

But the flames between their ravishingly charismatic palms; united for fathomless more births yet to unveil; even as the murderously conventional society tried to exonerate them with their commercial swords.

The flames on ground; incessantly feared of being washed away by the most infedile of froth; although the ocean was a billion kilometers away,

But the flames between their seductively alluring cheeks; tantalized perpetually in the aisles of vibrant desire; even as civilizations collapsed outside; like a pack of soggy cards.

The flames on ground; had absolutely no entity of their own; drifting miserably in the direction that the somber wind took them,

But the flames between their fervently reverberating bodies; evolved into the most wonderfully enigmatic morning of tomorrow; even as sky disastrously blended with every cranny of earth outside.

And The flames on ground; sometimes sunk well beneath their ghastly corpse;

even before they could moderately rise to their one inch height,
But the flames between their immortally throbbing heart; proliferated into
boundless more streams of royal love; even as the hideously sinister world came
to a veritable end; outside.

3. A SINGLE HEARTBEAT OF HERS.

A single smile of hers triggered so much magic; that the entire conglomerate of
magicians on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single thought of hers perpetuated so much benevolence; that the entire
juggernaut of sagacious philosophers on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single wink of hers propelled so much flirtation; that the entire army of
tantalizing seductresses on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single tear of hers engendered so much empathy; that the entire conglomerate
of pamperdly wailing children; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single sound of hers fomented so much melody; that the entire arena of
eclectically talented musicians on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single clap of hers produced so much exhilaration; that the entire zoo of
boisterous bees rhapsodically buzzing on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single belief of hers spawned so much harmony; that the entire ocean of
baselessly unending religion on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single stare of hers evolved so much concentration; that the entire string of
pompously lecherous meditators on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single step of hers generated so much enchantment; that the entire whirlpool
of fantasizers on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single swish of hers incinerated so much passion; that the entire battalion of
tantalizing dancers on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single shadow of hers instilled so much enigma; that the entire compendium of
fairy tales on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single nod of hers incited so much assurance; that the entire river of promises
lingering on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single sketch of hers inspired so much artistry; that the entire flurry of manipulatively greedy artists on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single ingredient of her blood motivated so much life; that the entire jungle of austere antibiotic and balm on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single cheek of hers stimulated so much enthrallment; that the entire blanket of the mystical valley on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single palm of hers radiated so much compassion; that the entire process of contemporarily fast healing on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single soul of hers fulminated so much yearning; that the entire valley of stupendously charismatic gifts on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

A single breath of hers spurred so much tenacity; that the entire fortress of doctors; nurses; patriots; on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke,

And a single heartbeat of hers inflamed so much love in my impoverished life; that the entire meadow of countless opulence; wealth; and belonging on this earth; unitedly failed to evoke.

4. ALL I WANTED TO DO

I didn't want to gruesomely blind you; ripping apart your eyeballs like ninepins from their fabulously elastic sockets,
All I wanted to do was share your astonishingly gorgeous sight; immortally become the stupendously grandiloquent jewel of your eyes.

I didn't want to ruthlessly massacre your lips; pulverizing their pungent softness to infinitesimal bits of morbidly stinking ash,
All I wanted to do was share your splendidly rejuvenating smile; immortally become the compassionate wave that enveloped your lips.

I didn't want to assassinate your mind; disintegrating each element of your fantastically fathomless mind; to pathetically thirsty desert sands,
All I wanted to do was share your everlasting ocean of fantasy; immortally become the sacrosanct dream that fulminated tirelessly in your glorious brain.

I didn't want to savagely chop your palms; barbarically decimating your fingers to blend with inconspicuous specks of insipid dust,

All I wanted to do was share your immaculately philanthropic benevolence;
immortally become the destiny lines of your sacrosanct palms.

I didn't want to diabolically steal the blanket of happiness perpetually lingering in
your soul; reduce you to a worthlessly ghoulish ghost hovering around
the corpse,

All I wanted to do was share the exhilarating cheer deluging your senses;
immortally become the benign goodness; besieging every contour of your
majestic countenance.

I didn't want to slice your tongue; tyrannically pull out each iota of your mouth to
coalesce with rotting junkyards outside,

All I wanted to do was share the overwhelmingly insatiable euphoria in your
sound; immortally become the ingratiatingly captivating melody of your voice.

I didn't want to treacherously maim you; ruthlessly devastate your heavenly feet
to countless fragments of cripplingly orphaned coal,

All I wanted to do was share the humanitarian tenacity in your legs; immortally
become the path of sagacious righteousness; on which your soles forever tread.

I didn't want to starve you to unprecedented limits; satanically evicting even the
most minuscule iota of food from your robustly titillating stomach,

All I wanted to do was share the blossoming newness sprouting enchantingly in
your belly; immortally become the poignantly crimson blood that cascaded
merrily through your veins.

I didn't want to pugnaciously pluck your rubicund ears; ferociously bludgeon your
daintily dangling lobes to squelch them to disastrously baseless pulp,

All I wanted to do was share the marvelously tinkling reverberations that
enslaved your inherently embellished ears; immortally become the harmoniously
blissful voice that you always heard; all day and stringent night.

I didn't want to lethally poison your heart; gruesomely bombard your impeccably
pristine chest to capricious puffs of smoke; and horrifically shattered stone,

All I wanted to do was share your passionate inferno of romantically seductive
desire; immortally become the glorious love; invincibly incarcerated in each of
your turbulently royal beats.

5. JUST A SINGLE BEAT.

Just a single word you emanated from your divinely mouth; was enough for me
to silence all ghastly terrorism on this planet; with winds of ubiquitous solidarity,

Just a single step you marched forward with your immaculately tinkling feet; was enough for me to reach each part of the globe where my comrades in inexplicable pain; really needed me,

Just a single smile on your perpetually shimmering lips; was enough for me to magically disseminate the spirit of perennial brotherhood; to all quarters of this gigantic Universe besieged with bizarre suffering and pain,

Just a single resolution of your innocuously uninhibited mind; was enough for me to unflinchingly win all acrimonious battles; stand as an invincible fortress; in the way invidiously devastating hatred and malice,

Just a single wink of your enigmatically angel eyes; was enough for me to pacify each tyrannically frazzled entity on this planet; with the winds of nostalgically romantic flirtation,

Just a single effort of your majestically enamoring countenance; was enough for me to propagate the essence of true perseverance; blossoming into the most wonderful fruits of existence; till far and wide,

Just a single dream of your panoramically fantastic mind; was enough for me to trigger those enshrouded with ludicrously gloomy darkness; to fantasize beyond the land of mesmerizing paradise,

Just a single caress of your ravishingly voluptuous palms; was enough for me to incinerate flames of untamed passion; even in the heart of the frigidly soggy and saddened lake,

Just a single whisper diffusing from your tantalizing tongue; was enough for me to magnanimously flood the complexion of this lackadaisically drab planet; with unending enchantment and delightful excitement,

Just a single yearning of your holistically vibrant soul; was enough for me to impregnate countless disparagingly staggering lives; with rays of new found optimism and enthralling hope,

Just a single ingredient of your poignantly scarlet blood; was enough for me to infiltrate through the irrevocably pathetic wall of discrimination; unite all those with a philanthropic heart; in the religion of humanity,

Just a single stare of your bountifully emphatic eyes; was enough for me to rise

with formidable conviction; resiliently face the most disastrously lecherous battles of undulating life,

Just a single snore that languidly crept from your symbiotic throat; was enough for me to teach all overwhelmingly overworked corporate tycoons; the art of serene relaxation; which was infact the greatest virtue in today's insurmountably manipulative times,

Just a single tear that dribbled intricately down your rubicund cheeks; was enough for me to diffuse the power of blissful empathy; to all those souls who had devastatingly become dumb to all aspects of poignant humankind,

Just a single stroke that you sketched on handsome paper; was enough for me to inundate this monotonously drab planet; with incredulously gorgeous charm; and the unconquerable magic of artistry,

Just a single orphan you hoisted on your philanthropic shoulders; was enough for me to wholeheartedly embrace my fellow compatriots in shivering agony; celestially melange with all caste; creed; and tribes; alike,

Just a single trace of righteousness in your sacrosanct conscience; was enough for me to indefatigably ring the bells of victory; ensure that even the most diminutive bit of condemnable corruption was replaced by irrefutable honesty,

Just a single breath that descended down piquantly from your nostrils; was enough for me to live for a boundless more lifetimes; replenish and bask in the glory of each moment of wonderfully bestowed life,

And just a single beat that fulminated euphorically from your immortal heart; was enough for me to bond each viciously shattered soul with the other; see to it that everlasting love prevailed on each cranny of this earth; each time God wanted it to be born again.

6. AFTER MEETING HER

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my dreams; in the whites of her immaculately sacrosanct eyes; as she glided like a voluptuously euphoric wind; swiping me like a fragrant petal from the complexion of this earth,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my smiles; in the voluptuous contours of her ravishingly rubicund lips; surrendering my impoverished entity wholesomely to her divine senses,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my embarrassment; in the robust pink of her seductively gorgeous cheeks; as I stood awestruck; stupendously fascinated by the glory of her fabulous scent,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my voice; in the realms of her melodiously glorious throat; wholesomely embracing her mesmerizing shadow,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my innocence in her marvelously impeccable eyelashes; blooming in the tantalizing aura that radiated profusely from her skin,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my perceptions in her incredulously fantastic brain; profoundly coalescing with the fountain of excitement that drifted from even the most intricate of her veins,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my strength in her majestically formidable shoulders; which alleviated every fraternity of despicably shivering humanity with indispensable ingredients of philanthropism; in her poignant blood,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my opulence in the magnanimous domains of her benign soul; feeling Omnipotently alive each instant; as I complimented her benevolent stride; step for step,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my exhilaration in her enchantingly royal footsteps; as she galloped like a princess through a valley of exuberantly fantastic adventure,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my enigma in her tumultuously throbbing pulse; as she swept like an inscrutably titillating whirlwind; through an entrenchment of ebullient resplendence,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my yearning in her insatiably fervent palms; cuddling her magnetically divine skin till times beyond absolute eternity,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my obsession in her compassionately flaming caress; triggering thunderbolts of unsurpassable desire in my countenance; even in the heart of the drearily impoverished night,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my hunger in the ingratiatingly delectable interiors of her magnificent belly; as she swished like an everlasting

seductress; with Omniscient moonlight descending fabulously from blue sky,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my aspirations in the astonishingly animated lines of her palm; as she floated like a wonderful fairy; through the corridors of astronomical solidarity,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my belongings in the unbelievably intriguing melody of her voice; enslaving myself in meek obeisance with the profuse sweetness; that enshrouded her from all sides,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my versatility in her stupendously dexterous fingers; as she articulately molded even the most threadbare of clay into bountiful fields of scintillating paradise,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my righteousness in her irrefutably godly conscience; as she slained herself an infinite times; only to be reborn yet again as the idol of perpetual truth and mankind,

After meeting her; I immortally forgot all my passion in her piquantly passionate blood; melanging each constituent of my persona with the religion of humanity in her magnanimous grace,

And after meeting her; I immortally forgot my reservoir of unending love in her marvelously ecstatic heart; bonding each beat of my penuriously staggering life; with her celestially cascading romance; which had forever become my breath; forever had become mine and only mine.

7. SUDDENLY.

Suddenly my lips blossomed into a celestial smile; overshadowing all the bizarre apprehensions that I was confronted with; just few seconds ago,

Suddenly my eyes blended with an unfathomable fountain of dreams; relinquish every iota of gruesome blindness that had uncouthly besieged me since years,

Suddenly my hair stood up in ecstatic exhilaration; almost uprooting the scalp as they danced the dance of their lives; without a trace of diminutive wind,

Suddenly my blood galloped like infinite tornado's through my veins; massacring all signs of devastating disease that had so irrevocably enveloped each of my senses,

Suddenly my palms started to indefatigably clap; rising with the profoundly exuberant breeze; in their perennial desire to kiss the mystical cocoon of glorious clouds,

Suddenly my teeth commenced to relentlessly chatter; and my throat sung the most fabulous song of its enslaved life,

Suddenly my ears erupted out of their spell of hopeless deafness; compassionately drifted to even the most infinitesimally exotic sound lingering around,

Suddenly my stomach reverberated with insatiable pangs of hunger; resolving to remain famished till eternity; even though I consumed the most appetizing morsels of food on this planet,

Suddenly my shadow fluttered in ebullient enthrallment; surreally stretching its realms; beyond the land of seductively gyrating fairies,

Suddenly my fingers united to write boundless lines of poetry; sketching the fathomlessly mesmerizing contours of the enigmatic gorge; even though they were brutally paralyzed,

Suddenly my neck enchantingly wandered in all directions; frantically searching for that slim ray of unparalleled excitement,

Suddenly my feet intransigently galloped through the romantically bountiful meadows; diffusing incomprehensible spurts of enthusiastic energy; on every step they tread,

Suddenly my cheeks blushed astoundingly to a volatile crimson; inevitably attracting even the most insipid of dead grass blades; in their splendidly rubicund swirl,

Suddenly my skin developed countless royal goose-bumps; tantalizingly experiencing and basking in the glory; of magnificently vacillating weather,

Suddenly my pulse raced like a star shooting majestically from gregarious sky; even though I sat cross-legged; in the sullen heart of my ghastly corpse,

Suddenly my mind fantasized above the corridors of the incredulously extraordinary; perceiving the most mystically grandiloquent forms of this Universe; even when despondently enshrouded with treacherously deadly tumor,

Suddenly my soul united with the Omnipresently divine; and I felt that I had attained godly heaven; for fathomless more births of mine,

Suddenly I felt my heart throb passionately for all that was philanthropically beautiful on this earth; immortally bonding its beats with the ultimate soul mate of its dreams,

And suddenly I fell in love even before I could shrug the dreariness of the previous night; perpetually embracing the beloved who added optimistic dimensions to my impoverished life; more importantly the girl who made me feel alive beyond my destined time.

8. I WILL ALWAYS BE THERE WITH YOU.

In devastating despair leading to absolute hell; as well as a river of perpetual happiness,

In treacherous malice charring you to raw ash; as well as a cloud burst of bountifully tantalizing rain,

In bizarre winds of acrimonious winter; as well as golden sunshine melodiously bestowing from the silver skies,

In gruesomely crippling paralysis; as well as robust exhilaration triumphantly galloping towards the corridors of unparalleled success,

I will always be there with you O! Beloved; even if it meant blending each element of my countenance; with debilitatingly threadbare soil.

In inexplicable sadness perpetuating doomsday; as well as a celestial reservoir of unflinchingly Herculean strength,

In acridly sweltering deserts; as well as oceans of perennial harmony blossoming into a fountain of mesmerizing resplendence,

In ghastly blackness enshrouding you from all sides; as well as flamboyantly brilliant light proving a messiah at each step you tread,

In moments of lecherously pathetic boredom; as well as profoundly enchanting newness blooming into a festoon of united humankind,

I will always be there with you O! Beloved; even if the devil uncouthly blinded my eyes; thoroughly maimed me without respite.

In gutters rotting towards horrendous extinction; as well as a blanket of magically emollient rose strewn astoundingly in the pristine fields outside,

In tragically crippling instants which lamented the bereaved; as well as fresh signs of rhapsodically blessed birth,

In ludicrously stone dumb silence; as well as the majestically shimmering island of ultimate paradise,

In webs of malicious infidelity breaking your heart; as well as torrential thunderbolts of incredulously vivacious desire,

I will always be there with you O! Beloved; even if cold-blooded avalanches of manipulation; brutally pulverized me like an ant; well before my destined time.

In miserably slithering cocoons of defeat; as well as the summit of the handsome mountains towering well above the voluptuous clouds,

In rustically nomadic realms of impoverished illiteracy; as well as the royally embellished throne; marvelously epitomizing the Oriental castle,

In profusely famished corridors of the vociferously wailing stomach; as well as fathomless platters of gold inundated with the most magnificent jewels on this planet,

In corpses of invidiously flagrant betrayal; as well as winds of immortally passionate heartbeats and love,

I will always be there by your side O! Beloved; even if every iota of sky blended with black soil; and every tomorrow died even before the previous night could arise.

9. DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know how much I missed you; unrelentingly fantasizing about you all day; and unsurpassable hours even past the lonely winds of midnight?

Do you know how much I cared for you; incorrigibly following you like a shadow; ensuring that even the tiniest of enemy stayed boundless kilometers; away from

your heavenly stride?

Do you know how much I wept for you; those instants when you were enshrouded by thunderbolts of inexplicable pain; when devastating fever capsized each ingredient of your crimson blood?

Do you know how much I reminisced your celestial smiles; drowning myself profusely; in the mesmerizing ocean of your melodiously tinkling laughter?

Do you know how much I revered you; considering you the sole saint of my life; the sole philosophy that I uttered every time I had a chance; to be born once again?

Do you know how much I cherished your memories; intransigently basking in the glory of those times when you whispered in my ears; even as the entire planet treacherously fought outside?

Do you know how much I was obsessively mad about you; making you the only princess; taking complete control over my mind; body and wandering soul?

Do you know how much I dreamt about you; perceiving you in the most grandiloquent forms ever existing; wholesomely oblivious to the manipulative vagaries of the vindictive earth; fighting for breath?

Do you know how much I wanted you every moment; insatiably craving for your tantalizing caress; to erupt like a fireball of untamed compassion; well beyond the realms of blue sky?

Do you know how much I prayed for you; relentlessly asking the Creator to grant you even my quota of eternal happiness; before I eventually took celestial reprieve in your Godly feet?

Do you know how much I envied those flirtatiously invidious people talking to you; clobbered myself to almost a ghastly extinction; each time even when the winds blowing away from you; tried to entice you?

Do you know how much I perennially longed to see your face; the first thing when I woke up at the crack of dawn; sleep like a king with its ravishing titillation; all throughout the uncouthly perilous night?

Do you know how much I liked you; irrefutably shirking every opulently pleasurable in this world; just to savor a single moment by your marvelously

benign side?

Do you know how much I praised you; indefatigably erupting into a fountain of adoration for your enamoring countenance; each time I heard your name being called outside?

Do you know how much I fought with the diabolically belligerent society; just to make them understand the wonderfully stupendous artist fulminating in each of your veins; the poignant enigma hidden magnificently in your glorious voice?

Do you know how much I admired your majestic sound; enlightening each arena of my despairing life with its pungent cadence; like a slave liberating from his satanic cage?

Do you know how much I was attracted towards you; drifting like an untamed volcano in every direction you swished; massacring my very entity from this planet; even at the most inconspicuous of your command?

Do you know how much I died without you; extinguishing like a frigidly soggy matchstick into wisps of remote oblivion; every time you left me to slither aimlessly on my own?

Do you know how much I trembled without you; pathetically devastated at every step I tread; sinking infinite feet beneath my grave; as you disappeared like a miraculous mirage from my sight?

And do you know how much I loved you; immortally bonding with your everlasting Universe of vibrant beats ever since my first cry of birth; even though you kicked me nonchalantly away; like a speck of dust from your sacrosanct side?

10. THE SUN OF LOVE WAS OURS

The silence was solely hers; inscrutably lingering in her mesmerizing eyes,

The charisma was solely hers; uninhibitedly dribbling from each of her compassionately divine senses,

The vivaciousness was solely hers; as she bounced like a princess in the aisles of unprecedented yearning and tantalizing desire,

The enigma was solely hers; enshrouding each of her intriguingly voluptuous

eyelashes; like golden rain pelting down from the skies,

But the chapter of eternal romance was ours; as we bonded our palms together; unflinchingly rising to each blissful occasion of life; with our souls perennially entwined.

The glory was solely hers; as she frolicked like a queen of unparalleled hearts through the seductively shimmering meadows of longing,

The charm was solely hers; embellishing each cranny of her stupendously majestic skin; with magnificently royal enthrallment,

The fragrance was solely hers; as she diffused the irrefutable scent of humanity; on each oligarchic step that she tread,

The intrigue was solely hers; as she blossomed into a gorgeously brilliant pearl of sunshine; even in the heart of the murderously treacherous night,

But the perpetually unconquerable understanding was ours; immortalizing the essence of everlastingly flaming existence.

The smile was solely hers; as she titillated every object in tangible and intangible vicinity; with the tinkling melody in her vibrantly harmonious throat,

The innovation was solely hers; as she evolved a fabulously fantastic web of mysterious clairvoyance; with the profuse bewilderment in the whites of her impeccable eyes,

The beauty was solely hers; when she gyrated like an ultimate seductress under the marvelously innocuous moonlight; as the enamoring majesty of the night took complete control,

The fire was solely hers; as the untamed passion in her tumultuously vibrant breath; instilled new life in the most stinkingly dead,

But the mountain of invincibly unshaken belonging was ours; as we trespassed intrepidly past; cataclysmically hideous storms and enlightenment; alike.

The honesty was solely hers; as she massacred even the most miserly trace of evil; with the emphatically candid solidarity in her delectable conscience,

The tranquillity was solely hers; as she pacified the most traumatically agonized

of my nerves; with the Omnipotent melody in her integrally rhapsodic sound,

The grace was solely hers; as every contour of her heavenly visage; resonated with the immaculately perfect scent of life,

The empathy was solely hers; as she diffused an unsurpassably indefatigable ocean of compassion; embracing all those devastatingly deprived; in the religion of ubiquitous humanity,

But the immortal Sun of love was ours; as we bonded insatiably together for infinite more births to come; proliferating countless of our very own kind.

11. EACH HEART.

Each ear on this gigantically colossal Universe; was bonded by the beautifully vespersed essence; of ingratiatingly alluring sound,

Each nose on this marvelously fantastic Universe; was bonded by a overwhelmingly poignant whirlpool; of enamoringly evoking scent,

Each eye on this fathomlessly mystical Universe; was bonded by a fabulously emphatic ocean; of everlasting empathy,

Each lip on this astronomically mystical Universe; was bonded by a voluptuously mesmerizing battlefield; of tantalizing smile,

Each stomach on this incomprehensibly eclectic Universe; was bonded by insatiably augmenting pangs; of frenziedly ecstatic hunger,

Each palm on this fantastically gorgeous Universe; was bonded by an inexplicably vibrant flurry of; profusely poignant destiny lines,

Each bone on this invincibly boundless Universe; was bonded by a formidably integral mountain; of incredulously resilient strength,

Each skin on this bountifully endowing Universe; was bonded by a enthrallingly ebullient meadow; of vacillatingly glorious color,

Each finger on this ravishingly seductive Universe; was bonded by an intransigently amicable platform; of philanthropic friendship,

Each mind on this wonderfully serene Universe; was bonded by an unrelentingly

rhapsodic blanket; of euphorically flaming fantasy,

Each blood on this eternally harmonious Universe; was bonded by the irrefutably ubiquitous religion; of marvelously benign humanity,

Each shadow on this vivaciously resplendent Universe; was bonded by an enchanting spell; of inexorably unending enigma,

Each throat on this celestially endowing Universe; was bonded by a blissfully divine wave; of effusively ardent sound,

Each lung on this insurmountably sacred Universe; was bonded by an indispensably exuberant cloud; of passionately embracing wind,

Each eyelid on this stupendously tingling Universe; was bonded by a unbelievably flirtatious radiance; of innocuous charm and frolic,

Each armpit on this unsurpassably intrepid Universe; was bonded by a perseveringly golden avalanche; of seductively sizzling sweat,

Each nostril on this compassionately united Universe; was bonded by a fervent cloudburst; of inevitably vital breath,

Each conscience on this vociferously blazing Universe; was bonded by an irrevocable whiff; of perpetual righteousness,

Each voice on this perennially spawning Universe; was bonded by an exhilarating inferno; of inscrutably eluding enthrallment,

And each heart on this astoundingly Godly Universe; was bonded by immortally unconquerable threads; of ecstatically proliferating love.

12. PARADISE OF LOVE.

How could I ever feel sad; let even the most minuscule iota of gloom linger insidiously near my sensitive senses?

As my life blossomed into a garden of voluptuously fragrant roses; each time I uttered your sacrosanct name.

How could I ever feel deprived; stumble inexplicably in a land of frustration and parasitically venomous malice?

As my life lit up into a billion candles of optimistic hope; each time I glimpsed

your perennially charismatic smiles.

How could I ever feel an insane lunatic; deliriously chasing the maniacal tunnel of nothingness; which led into the ghastly graveyard?

As my life became a playground of mesmerizing fun and frolic; each time I heard the passionate pulsations; of your seductively heavenly voice.

How could I ever feel without an entity of my own; staggering ludicrously in the corridors of abominably orphaned dilapidation?

As my life escalated to the most spectacularly compassionate summits kissing the clouds; each time I sighted you trespassing like a silken angel; through the mystical hills.

How could I ever feel rotting in the aisles of devastating stagnation; not reaching a single milestone; even though I galloped a countless steps?

As my life glowed more blazingly than the Omnipotently golden Sun; each time I stared innocuously into the poignantly rhapsodic empathy; engulfing your enchanting eyes.

How could I ever feel that I was disastrously penurious; with hostile rats circulating in my pant pockets; instead of shimmering currency coin?

As my life culminated into richest treasure on this earth alive; each time I kissed you ardently; on your marvelously everlasting lips.

How could I ever feel that I was gruesomely blind; with even the most feeble rays of light; irrevocably refraining from entering into my lame eyes?

As my life fulminated into a fountain of invincible happiness; each time your gorgeously tantalizing breath; blended wholesomely with mine.

How could I ever feel that I was an uncouth murderer of mankind; inevitably surviving in a world profusely entrenched with manipulative and mortifying cowardice?

As my life bloomed into an apostle of celestial peace; each time I bonded my wayward senses; with the magnanimous benevolence enshrouding each element of your immaculate countenance.

How could I ever feel aimlessly loitering; without a single target accomplished in the destined tenure of my impoverished life?

As my life basked in the glory of unparalleled success; each time I took divine refuge; in the magnetically alluring shadows of your stupendous feet.

And how could I ever feel kicked barbarically by the monotonously conventional

society; for apparently no fault of mine; and simply because I stuttered to coalesce with their lecherous spirit?

As my life spawned into the ultimate PARADISE OF LOVE; each time I let the beats of your immortal heart; enslave me for fathomless times.

13. TRUST ME.

Trust me; and I'll sacrifice each iota of my blood; to witness you enchantingly smile,

Trust me; and I'll bring the resplendent festoon of stars down on earth; to enlighten each cranny of your disastrously impoverished life,

Trust me; and I'll blend all the lecherously heinous with raw bits of threadbare soil; alleviate your turbulently estranged life of its bizarre sadness,

Trust me; and I'll stand like an invincibly towering fortress beside your side; would behead my scalp but ensure that not even the most minuscule of enemy; transgressed against your blissful snores,

Trust me; and I'll help you pass all your horrendously cumbersome examinations; propelling you irrefutably to forever emerge a euphoric winner in life,

Trust me; and I'll inundate your dolorously drab life with rhapsodically everlasting fragrance; bring the most captivating of paradise on your divinely toes,

Trust me; and I'll wholeheartedly donate all my riches to your desolate soul; indefatigably carry you upon my shoulders; till you achieved your ultimate mission in life,

Trust me; and I'll be your best friend for infinite more births of yours yet to unveil; would massacre even the most infinitesimal trace of sadness; before it dared to linger near your persona,

Trust me; and I'll ignite untamed cloudbursts of desire in your pathetically dreary existence; enrich each of your dreadfully frightening nightmares; with optimistic rays of light,

Trust me; and I'll pacify each of your demands with every ingredient compassionately inhabiting my scarlet blood; weeping a countless deaths but

never letting you cry,

Trust me; and I'll sequester you from the most mightiest storm and rain;
incessantly walking on a blanket of acrimonious thorns; while you danced in
realms of misty sky,

Trust me; and I'll flood your every morning with the heavenly aroma of ebullient
happiness; preparing for you the most ravishing meals of your choice,

Trust me; and I'll metamorphose each step you tread on into a mesmerizing
cloud of tantalizing satin; becoming your emphatically poignant voice; whenever
you felt like collapsing on the ground,

Trust me; and I'll save you from the clutches of the manipulatively drugged
society; liberate you from the inscrutably crippling repertoire of your fearful
apprehensions,

Trust me; and I'll construct a castle for you on every space you cast your
impeccable sight; embellish your queenly countenance with the most majestic
jewels; strewn on this boundless planet,

Trust me; and I'll perpetually become your beam of unconquerable hope;
everytime you felt you were inevitably stepping into a land of; hopelessly
debilitating darkness,

Trust me; and I'll solve the most astoundingly baffling enigmas of your life;
perennially see to it that you bounced and blossomed into bountiful radiance;
and insatiably enamoring charm,

Trust me; and I'll wash all your inadvertently sins with every element of
goodness levitating in atmosphere; make you intransigently float in the ocean of
seductively gorgeous fantasy,

Trust me; and I'll transform each of your philanthropic aspirations into a
veritable reality; maneuvering you safely towards unprecedented richness; even
after I relinquished my last breath and died,

Trust me O! Beloved; and I'll find you the ultimate love of your splendidly divine
life; even though it forever meant; ruthlessly eliminating mine.

14. LOVE STORY.

It was a story of untamed passion; which escalated higher than the skies; as they kissed each other till eternity; with the Sun descending down the obsolete horizons,

It was a story of astounding enthrallment; as they stared relentlessly at each other; for centuries immemorial,

It was a story of wonderfully surreptitious flirtation; as they gallivanted in brazen exhilaration behind the misty hills,

It was a story that profoundly tantalized even the most dreariest of leaves; as they enveloped their bodies in whirlpools of seductive caress,

It was a story of immaculate innocence; as they blossomed into merrily tinkling laughter; stupendously intrigued as the tiniest of petals bloomed into happiness,

It was a story that captivated even the most uncouthly manipulative in its divine swirl; as they unrelentingly fantasized in a mystical entrenchment of their own,

It was a story of ravishing titillation; as they gyrated their compassionate bodies; cataclysmically under the radiantly shimmering moon,

It was a story of unparalleled enigma; as they wandered inscrutably through the dense forests; their shadows evading the satanic world outside; like the voluptuously rustling tree leaves,

It was a story of benevolent sharing; as they stood unflinchingly like an invincible rock; in times of distress and supreme joy; alike,

It was a story of insatiable dreaming; as they wandered in the land of gloriously golden paradise; profusely teasing the grass blades with their mischievous toes; as they walked,

It was a story of irrefutable triumph; as they perpetually coalesced their spirits as one; defying the acrimoniously lecherous society,

It was a story of inexorably euphoric melody; as they let their voices drift ecstatically; into handsome cocoons of free sky,

It was a story of astronomical faith in the divine; as they endeavored their best to alleviate shivering humanity; wholeheartedly embracing their fellow comrades in pain,

It was a story of profound companionship; as they uninhibitedly laughed and cried together; emphatically expressing their most inner most feelings of existence,

It was a story of spell binding faith; as they wholesomely massacred even the most inconspicuous element of evil; trying to venomously perpetuate into their blissfully charming relationship,

It was a story that diffused respect for all philanthropic; as they gorgeously blended their impeccable souls; with all those benign marching in this world,

It was a story of inexplicably evoking vacillations; as they emerged undefeated; wading through a sea of unfathomable adversities; that viciously attacked them from all sides,

It was a story that sprung into a perennially new beginning every time you thought that it had ended; as they took birth an infinite times; to live for one another; once again,

Most importantly; it was a story that bonded two throbbing hearts in an aura of Omnipotent love; it was a story of their gloriously sacrosanct passion that caused even the mightiest in the heavens to bow down at their feet; it was their IMMORTAL LOVE STORY.

15. OCEANS OF LOVE.

A handful of salt to impregnate flavor in my lackadaisical food; relish the most tantalizingly exotic meal of my life; for centuries immemorial,

A handful of smiles to enlighten the trajectory of my derogatorily sullen lips; punctuate my lugubriously dreary entrenchment of solitude; with triumphantly ebullient cheer,

A handful of empathy to marvelously pacify my treacherously disheveled eyes; inundate their regretfully stony whites with unfathomable charisma and voluptuous charm,

A handful of muscle to stupendously refurbish my flailing arms; grant them the sparkling tenacity to exuberantly surge forward with profound gusto of life,

A handful of pristine water to gorgeously placate my traumatically agonizing

throat; bountifully replenish even the most infinitesimal of my senses with the most ingratiating gift of God,

A handful of flirtation to mischievously titillate my monotonously beleaguered soul; handsomely mitigate me of my apprehensions in the chapter of monotonously uncouth life,

A handful of blood to astoundingly rejuvenate my pathetically diminishing nerves; trigger even the most vividly devastated arenas of my visage; on a voyage of poignantly crimson fire,

A handful of cloth to fantastically embellish my disastrously shriveled body; beautifully instill a wave of amiable compassion in each of my devastatingly debilitating senses,

A handful of fragrance to divinely mesmerize my penuriously staggering countenance; metamorphose me forever and ever and ever into a cloud of mystically ravishing paradise,

A handful of inebriation to magnificently tranquilize my preposterously rambunctious voice; blend my disdainfully wavering spirit with the rhythmic pulsations of the divine,

A handful of resilience to add boundless sparks to my abominably defeated stride; majestically instilling in me the ability to confront the most horrendously acrimonious of impediments that came my side,

A handful of mascara to vibrantly illuminate my dismally drooping eyelashes; perpetuating me to erupt into an unrelenting festoon of fantasy and spell bindingly gracious rhyme,

A handful of truth to irrefutably bless my salaciously pulverized conscience; Omnisciently flood its woefully fretting and stagnating dormitories with the mantra of symbiotic existence,

A handful of artistry to regally stimulate each deliberately indolent nerve of my nimble demeanor; deluge the fathomlessly barren canvas of my life; with the profusely fascinating essence of blissful existence,

A handful of playfulness to celestially unfurl my ruthlessly mature and tyrannical senses; unbelievably bring out the princely child ardently clinging to each element of my passionate countenance,

A handful of river for me to royally bathe off the remorseful disease from my lambasted skin; perennially reinvigorate the manipulatively besieged conglomerate of my bones to coalesce with the rudiments of my sacred existence,

A handful of sensuousness to miraculously engulf each cranny of my vengeful brain; with an unsurpassable reservoir of enthrallingly euphoric and vivacious fantasy,

A handful of breath to Omnipotently enshroud my forlornly extinguishing nostrils; invincibly bestow my lungs with the charismatically ecstatic chapters of undefeated life,

But unfathomable oceans of love to Omnipresently liberate my heart; perpetually bond its beats with the winds of procreation; togetherness; mankind; pricelessly immortalizing the meaning of my impoverished life.

16. FROM THE TOOTHBRUSH OF.

Bristles of pathetically nonchalant lacklusteriness; insidiously disseminated from the toothbrush of invidiously ghoulish boredom,

Bristles of morbidly lackadaisical remorsefulness; abhorrently diffused from the toothbrush of desolately forlorn decay and stagnation,

Bristles of spell bindingly ravishing enchantment; bountifully emanated from the toothbrush of unsurpassably overwhelming beauty,

Bristles of abominably despicable salaciousness; gruesomely wafted from the toothbrush of diabolically lecherous manipulation,

Bristles of indiscriminately unending bloodshed; gorily sprouted from the toothbrush of spuriously non-existent and uncouthly biased racialism,

Bristles of ubiquitously enamoring fascination; exotically flowered from the toothbrush of the resplendently intoxicating and gracious night,

Bristles of unconquerably unparalleled optimism; irrefutably blazed from the toothbrush of the Omnipotently flamboyant and golden Sun,

Bristles of insatiably supreme majesty; poignantly bloomed from the toothbrush

of uninhibitedly regale and timeless benevolence,

Bristles of indefatigably fathomless ecstasy; stupendously cropped up from the toothbrush of vibrantly tantalizing and melanging compassion,

Bristles of jubilantly sensuous wholeheartedness; incredulously sprang up from the toothbrush of philanthropically embellished and triumphantly scintillating humanity,

Bristles of intrepidly exhilarating fearlessness; sparkingly bounced from the toothbrush of irrevocably unshakable and altruistic patriotism,

Bristles of seductively enthralling and rhapsodic fantasy; ebulliently fulminated from the toothbrush of tantalizingly reinvigorating paradise,

Bristles of insanely preposterous melancholia; savagely diffused from the toothbrush of heinously treacherous and ominously disparaging crime,

Bristles of horrendously inclement despair; coldbloodedly culminated from the toothbrush of lugubriously slithering discontentment,

Bristles of barbarically penalizing and dreary stress; perilously oozed from the toothbrush of bizarrely besieging and satanically crippling monotony,

Bristles of disastrously impoverished and measly stink; perniciously blasted from the toothbrush of hideously dictatorial and viciously adulterated politics,

Bristles of unbelievably debilitating and orphaned poverty; miserably dispersed from the toothbrush of ignominiously castigating and pugnacious prejudice,

Bristles of perpetually everlasting prosperity and happiness; incessantly luminated from the toothbrush of celestially ever-pervading life,

Bristles of Omnisciently sacred enlightenment; marvelously radiated from the toothbrush of eternally unassailable and regally glorious truth,

And Bristles of immortally sacrosanct and unconquerable love; timelessly spawned from the toothbrush of resplendently throbbing and passionately philanthropic heart.

17. VICTORY WAS FOREVER MINE.

Even the most disastrously crippled states of my persona; had in them an overwhelming scent of irrefutably sparkling and mesmerizing victory,

Even the most disdainfully beleaguered and despairingly blood shot eyes of mine; had in them an incorrigible flavor of unconquerably fascinating and indefatigably everlasting victory,

Even the most horrendously grotesque contours of my lambasted face; had in them a fathomless rainbow of vivaciously enchanting and spell bindingly blazing victory,

Even the most disparagingly staggering stride of mine; had in it an unsurpassable entrenchment of patriotically unshakable and scintillating victory,

Even the most diminutively tyrannized of voices that emanated from my throat; had in them a bountiful cloud of unbelievably supreme and blistering victory,

Even the most swelteringly unrelenting sweat that poured incessantly from my armpits; had in it an unfathomable garden of beautifully resplendent and harmonious victory,

Even the most despicably bleeding and gruesomely disintegrated nerves of mine; had in them an unsurpassable path of flamboyantly charismatic and ever-pervading victory,

Even the most treacherously mutilated and severed lips of mine; had in them a celestial paradise of stupendously smiling and enchanting victory,

Even the most drearily wavering shadows of mine; had in them an Omnipotent Sun of impreguably gratifying and majestic victory,

Even the most abominably shrunken and whipped teeth of mine; had in them a tenacious fortress of philanthropically benign and indisputable victory,

Even the most rustically bohemian and sordidly chapped feet of mine; had in them a flaming inferno of boundless glittering and timeless victory,

Even the most wretchedly torn and wholesomely threadbare pockets of mine; had in them an unassailable carpet of fabulously silken and priceless victory,

Even the most preposterously shaggy and insanely thrashed hair of mine; had in them an jubilant castle of euphorically gorgeous and ingratiating

victory,

Even the most rickety decaying and pulverized bones of mine; had in them a perennial cloudburst of blissfully reinvigorating and timeless victory,

Even the most traumatically besieged brain chords of mine; had in them a perpetual heaven of regally symbiotic and sensuously overpowering victory,

Even the most rambunctiously unruly and debilitating musings of mine; had in them a ubiquitous sky of unflinchingly uninhibited and gloriously embellished victory,

Even the most timid voices of my severely penalized and wailing conscience; had in them an immutable cavern of truthfully succeeding and royal victory,

And even the most torturously asphyxiated and acrimoniously beaten of my dwindling breaths; had in them an Omniscient cosmos of ebulliently Godly and unparalleled victory,

As wholesomely irrespective of how the murderously conventional society tried to assassinate each iota of my body; wholesomely irrespective of the unprecedented anguish that every pore of my countenance had to singularly undergo; wholesomely irrespective of the curse of ghoulish death that confronted me on every step that I tread for not adhering to the norms of salacious rigidity,

I knew I would be always triumphant; and victory would always be the Omnipresent glint of my eyes; the ecstasy of my stride; as I followed none other than the voices of my passionately throbbing heart; forever and ever and ever.

18. RELIVING.

Her bountifully sprouting and vividly tiny lips; made me relive all timeless sweetness that I had ever experienced in the tenure of my penuriously holistic life,

Her impeccably glistening and mischievously darting eyes; made me relive all irrefutable innocence that I had ever experienced in the expedition of my timidly wavering life,

Her innocuously rubicund and minuscule cheeks; made me relive all heavenly freshness that I had ever experienced in the entrenchment of my nimbly trespassing life,

Her poignantly pudgy and silken fingers; made me relive all everlasting compassion that I had ever experienced in the adventure of my tantalizingly vacillating life,

Her vivaciously princely and marvelous eyelashes; made me relive all regally unending charisma that I had ever experienced in the path of my celestially persevering life,

Her Omnisciently diminutive and fragrant belly; made me relive all gregarious royal softness that I had ever experienced in the undulating terrain of my enchantingly vacillating life,

Her irrefutably heavenly and inconspicuously flapping ears; made me relive all unfathomable beauty that I had ever experienced in the fabric of my tirelessly fascinating life,

Her resplendently sacred and symbiotic feet; made me relive all Samaritan goodness that I had ever experienced in the travails of my mystically unveiling life,

Her insurmountably captivating and invincibly immaculate voice; made me relive all blissfully unending melodies that I had ever experienced in the fountain of my astoundingly dexterous life,

Her innocently eclectic and poignant frown; made me relive all ingratiatingly boundless humanity that I had ever experienced in the rainbow of my enigmatically unfurling life,

Her divinely synergistic and restlessly exploring neck; made me relive all sparkling righteousness that I had ever experienced in the cauldron of my dramatically unfolding life,

Her unconquerably sacrosanct and beautifully radiating forehead; made me relive all wonderfully enchanting fantasies that I had ever experienced in the palette of my panoramically seductive life,

Her infinitesimally non-invasive and profusely philanthropic chest; made me relive all impregnably truthful anecdotes that I had ever experienced in the tunnel of my relentlessly surging life,

Her gregariously frosty and satiny tongue; made me relive all affably melanging

brotherhood that I had ever experienced in the footsteps of my ebulliently enthralling life,

Her piquantly chiseled and snow white nose; made me relive all brazenly flamboyant impetuousness that I had ever experienced in the chords of my blisteringly volatile and high strung life,

Her unbelievably soft and rampantly uninhibited hair; made me relive all eternally majestic vibrations that I had ever experienced in the centerspread of my unsurpassably sensitive life,

Her unequivocally impeccable and victorious conscience; made me relive all unflinchingly spotless moments that I had ever experienced in the arena of my wonderfully exhilarating life,

Her perpetually proliferating and Omnipotent breath; made me relive all ecstatically gratifying embellishment that I had ever experienced in the trajectory of my intricately animated life,

And her immortally unassailable and Godly heart; made me relive all majestically unbreakable love that I had ever experienced in the tirelessly endeavoring journey of my vibrant life.

19. NO UPDATES.

The walls of even the most majestic of castle needed updations from time to time; to replenish their disdainfully grisly surface with coats of vivaciously bountiful paint,

The bed of even the most sparkingly celestial river needed updations from time to time; to evict it of manmade adulterations and decaying strands of drifting seaweed,

The floors of even the most holistic of abodes needed updations from time to time; stringently scrubbing them of the inevitably abominable carpet of dust sprawled around; extricating the blotches of food and oil that might have inadvertently soiled them,

The skins of even the most accomplished of sages needed updations from time to time; harmoniously rejuvenating them with spell bindingly princely water and the balms of fragrantly holistic mother nature,

The dogs of even the most aristocratically resplendent pedigree needed updations from time to time; stringently innoculating their fleet footed bodies; with contemporary doses of anti-rabies,

The edifices harboring even the most ultra modern amenities needed updations from time to time; blissfully refurbishing their quaint infrastructure with the marvels of astoundingly robotic space age,

The lips of even the most robust organism needed updations from time to time; embellishing them with the astoundingly gregarious sweetness of Mother Nature and her bountiful fruits divine,

The profiles of even the most impregnably blue chip companies needed updations from time to time; dexterously keeping them in meticulous synergy with the tumultuously vacillating market conditions,

The soil of even the most bloomingly fecund of gardens needed updations from time to time; enveloping their trajectory with latest seed and fertilizer; to miraculously optimize their sparkling output,

The shoes of even the most fathomlessly rich tycoons needed updations from time to time; replacing their sordidly worn out soles; with fresh linings of tenacious rubber and majestic grace,

The hair of even the most blissfully amiable entities needed updations from time to time; symbiotically abnegating them of horrendously savage outgrowths; harmoniously civilizing them with poignant pints of musk oil,

The songs of even the most greatest of musicians needed updations from time to time; vibrantly remixing them with an unfathomable reservoir of passionately pulsating beats; and the rhythm of the enchanting night,

The photographs of even the most scintillating dimensions needed updations from time to time; placing them into exotically regale albums to enthrallingly capture the moments of beautifully relishing past,

The interiors of even the most stupendously conventional cars needed updations from time to time; refurbishing them with ultra-modern gadgets and silken upholstery; to magnanimously enhance the ebulliently exhilarating drive,

The ears of even the most perspicaciously wandering organisms needed updations from time to time; explicitly extricating them of obnoxiously unwanted

wax and daily debris; ecstatically adorning them with tantalizing earrings and voluptuous vivacity,

The armory of even the most accomplished of doctors needed updations from time to time; jubilantly apprising them of latest technology and miraculously blessing research; to metamorphose all traumatically inexplicable pain into a fountain of everlasting happiness,

The shirts of even the most impeccably glorious cotton needed updations from time to time; concisely scrubbing them of disdainful blotches and sweat stains; embodying them with an unfathomable myriad of floral design; to celestially enlighten the complexion of the morbidly dreary night,

The nostrils of even the most fearlessly philandering organisms needed updations from time to time; poignantly deluging them with fountains of euphorically revitalizing breath; from all sides,

And if there was one thing on this Universe that didn't need the most minuscule of updation; it was irrefutably the immortally palpitating heart; as its beats continued to perpetually love with the same intensity; even after it had entered its mortal grave.

IR KISS WAS UNBREAKABLE.

Be it the most thunderous of maelstroms; with unrelentingly unstoppable winds swiping past them at truculently tumultuous speeds,

Be it the most ominously sinister conglomerate of snakes; viciously tightening their stranglehold upon their impeccably beautiful necks,

Be it the most diabolically insane wave of lunatism; that insidiously crept towards their profusely poignant and interlocked entities,

Be it the most overpowering of thunderously cacophonous sound; that obnoxiously wanted to drown even the most infinitesimal of sound; in their handsomely celestial vicinity,

Be it the most horrendously asphyxiating of stench; lethally poisoning the blissful atmosphere enveloping their compassionately benign senses,

Be it the most perilously pernicious of bizarre darkness; abhorrently trying to

abnegate their heavenly embrace; from its very formidably unassailable roots,

Be it the most unfathomably deep and preposterously treacherous waters; heinously trying to stifle the last iota of their resplendent breath; by satanically drowning them towards the threadbare rock bottom,

Be it the most ghoulishly insipid of spirits incessantly hovering around their innocuous persona; vindictively yearning to ruthlessly snap the fangs of their ardently flaming love,

Be it the most ferociously cold-blooded lions surreptitiously sauntering by their holistic side; fervently anticipating their opportunity; to salaciously slit their throats into an infinite pieces,

Be it the most torrentially intransigent cloudbursts of ballistic lightening; insurmountably desiring to electrocute their timeless souls; into inconspicuously unrecognizable ash,

Be it the most hostile superpowers of this boundless unsurpassable Universe; relentlessly raining bombs in indiscriminate tandem; upon their immaculately melanging bodies,

Be it the most raunchily bawdy seductresses; sleazily gyrating around their visage's; venomously enduring their best to drift their spell of intractable concentration,

Be it the most remorsefully morbid fleet of bellicose arrows; darting at devilish velocities towards their impeccably harmonious bodies; to uncouthly stab their divinely sparkling flesh,

Be it the most fiercely inclement blanket of thorns; stealthily waiting to bleed them towards an irrefutably ghastly death; the instant they alighted even the most capriciously fleeting sole of their nimble foot,

Be it the most lecherously lambasting of conventional society; using every iota of their Herculean strength to disintegrate their romantic sensuousness forever and ever and ever; from the trajectory of this resplendently embellished earth,

Be it the most gigantically towering of mountain tips; trying to unsparingly overwhelm every bit of gregariously scintillating empathy between their skins; with raw unprecedented power and impregnably superior force,

Be it the most dolorously dwindling dungeons of betrayal; demonically waiting to capsize their eternal friendship; in webs of nonchalantly nondescript nothingness,

Be it the most gory chapters of satanic bloodshed and death; blatantly lingering around their seductively enthralling and ebulliently dancing chests,

And come what may; even as fathomless landscapes of blue sky mercilessly blended with cocoons of ravishing soil; even as the manipulatively commercial demon abominably overpowered all truth; even as the entire world outside greedily swooned under the scent of currency coil; their kiss grew rose more passionately towards the divine with every unfurling instant; their kiss was immortally unbreakable.

21. WORKING WONDERS

The exuberantly rustling whirlpools of breeze; worked stupendously miraculous wonders for the drearily morose and lugubriously fretful tree,

The torrentially tumbling blankets of ecstatic rain; worked unbelievably miraculous wonders for the hoarsely traumatized landscapes of aridly sweltering land,

The bountiful ocean of resplendent scent emanating from the scarlet rose; worked unfathomably miraculous wonders for the remorsefully forlorn atmosphere,

The meticulously synchronized tick-tocking of the timeless clock; worked irrevocably miraculous wonders for the invidiously sluggish and laggardly lazing,

The ferociously blazing rays of the Omnipotent Sun; worked unprecedentedly miraculous wonders for the disgustingly rotting and perniciously sinister graveyard,

The rhythmical jingling of the innocuously shimmering bells; worked astonishingly miraculous wonders for the indefatigably wailing and disconcertingly skittish child,

The melodiously everlasting sounds of the royally crested nightingale; worked gloriously miraculously wonders for the manipulatively besieged and bizarrely monotonous corporate buffoon,

The entrenchment of celestially immaculate peace; worked timelessly miraculous wonders for the irrefutably pious and unrelentingly meditating saint,

The compassionate arms of perpetually amiable friendship; worked spell bindingly miraculous wonders for all those torturously orphaned from the very first cry of vivacious birth,

The dexterously crafted canes of poignant red and nimble white; worked incomprehensibly miraculous wonders for the blind men crossing the boisterously rambunctious and foolhardy street,

The ravishingly appetizing meals of salubriously gratifying corn; worked unconquerably miraculous wonders for the traumatically impoverished and frantically trembling stomach,

The insurmountable titillation of the nubile seductress's footsteps; worked marvelously miraculous wonders for the man deliberately trying to dig his own corpse and without the most infinitesimal trace of euphoria for vibrant life,

The harmoniously sacrosanct lap of the divinely mother; worked unassailably miraculous wonders for the freshly born and ebulliently frolicking child,

The poignantly profuse body of the fragrant photograph; worked impregnably miraculous wonders for the brutally devastated soul; which had nothing but Omnisciently gregarious memories to survive on,

The sordidly decaying crevices of the morbidly disappearing gutter; worked sensuously miraculous wonders for mountain of abominably horrific and menacingly stray parasites,

The dolorously sullen waters of the ghoulishly stagnating pond; worked bountifully miraculous wonders for the vividly enamoring and iridescently blooming lotus flower,

The waves of unflinchingly embellished righteousness; worked triumphantly miraculous wonders for the indiscriminately massacred and salaciously smoldering conscience,

The infernos of Omnipresently spawning and charismatic breath; worked ubiquitously miraculous wonders for all those innocent and diabolically whipped; at their very last thresholds of abdicating existence,

And the immortally bonding rainbows of unshakable love; worked perpetually
miraculous wonders for the salaciously betrayed and a heart throbbing sadly
without its pair of priceless beats

22. NEVER EVER BEFORE.

She might be disastrously penurious; treacherously begging with her bizarrely
mutilated palms on the solitary streets,
But the whites of her impeccably Godly eyes; harbored such vibrantly unending
compassion for my diminutive persona; that was never ever witnessed on this
gigantic earth before.

She might be tyrannically deprived; haplessly slithering on ruthlessly cold ground
without even the most inconspicuous stroke of wonderful fortune,
But the contours of her magnanimously bountiful lips; harbored such ebullient
jubilation for my resiliently advancing footsteps; that was never ever witnessed
on this fathomless earth before.

She might be horrendously maimed; gruesomely victimized by unscrupulously
torturous elements of the acrimoniously conventional society,
But the resplendent festoon of her seductively enamoring eyelashes; harbored
such irrefutably unshakable empathy for my wavering soul; that was never ever
witnessed on this boundless earth before.

She might be appallingly blinded since the very first cry of her birth; pathetically
tip-toeing at every juncture of life; at times horrifically staggering to coalesce
with threadbare mud,
But the miraculously unflinching chords of her voice; harbored such impregnable
conviction for my unconventionally righteous deeds; that was never ever
witnessed on this limitless earth before.

She might be disdainfully timid; a merely insipid caricature of mercurially
minuscule bones; as she sadly stuttered at even the most inconspicuous draught
of wind,
But the Omnisciently immaculate streams of blood in her body; harbored such
affection for even the most evanescent of my shadow; that was never ever
witnessed on this gargantuan earth before.

She might be more blacker than abominably sooty charcoal in complexion; with
every quarter of the turgidly lambasting society; spitting on her in sardonic
nonchalance,
But the invincibly pristine aura circumventing every part of her demeanor;

harbored such astronomical respect for my deserted countenance; that was never ever witnessed on this mesmerizing earth before.

She might be as deaf as a stone; with the world outside unstopably abusing her; as they knew she would still continue to stoically smile at their demonish faces,

But the intricately sensuous conglomerate of veins in her sacrosanct visage; harbored such poignancy for my resurgently galloping stride; that was never ever witnessed on this relentless earth before.

She might be rustically indigenous and simplistic; with even the most capricious iota of glamour being unsurpassable miles away from her rudimentary persona, But the unassailable fireballs of perpetual breath in her nostrils; harbored such indefatigable support for each of my philanthropic mission; that was never ever witnessed on this Herculean earth before.

And yes; she might be existing in a tumbledown shack of frigid seaweed; right since the moment she emanated her very first breath; during the course of being uncouthly whipped by the inclement planet outside; and till the last instant that she bid the earth a final goodbye,

But the glorious river of unconquerable beats in her heart; harbored such immortal love for my life and beyond; that was never ever witnessed on this eclectic earth before.

23. THE HEART AND THE MANNEQUINS.

Mannequins of idiosyncratically insipid nothingness; to relentlessly satiate the minds of all those insanely purposeless and pathetically lunatic,

Mannequins of salaciously unending treachery; to insatiably titillate the appetites of all those; uncouthly besieged in the graveyards of bizarrely unforgivable manipulation,

Mannequins of sordidly lecherous dust; to intransigently appease the gluttony of all those; lackadaisically slithering in the aisles of nonchalantly debilitating boredom,

Mannequins of ludicrously collapsing and frigid matchsticks; to sleazily placate the souls of all those; abhorrently prejudiced in the ruthlessly parasitic shackles of greed,

Mannequins of fecklessly worthless and ungainly insomnia; to intractably titillate

the eyes of all those; devilishly slandering and massacring; without the most infinitesimal of purpose in vibrant life,

Mannequins of cheaply glittering corruption; to surreptitiously trigger the bloodstream's of all those; tyrannically beheading to catapult to the zenith of baseless power and prosperity,

Mannequins of forlornly fretful obsolescence; to incorrigibly pamper the footsteps of all those; deliberating inflicting torturous pain on self and everlasting humanity,

Mannequins of satanically decaying blood; to demonishly charm the senses of all those; indiscriminately trampling the trajectory of mother earth; with unsurpassably obnoxious drudgery,

Mannequins of blatantly discordant and heinous lies; to dogmatically pump the silhouettes of all those; regretfully incarcerated in whirlwinds of abominably abashing cowardice,

Mannequins of egregiously stony silence; to irretrievably pacify the visages of all those; wasting every unfurling moment of their lives; disconcertingly smarting in the gutters of wastrel neglect,

Mannequins of diabolically perverted and pugnacious stink; to irrefutably tranquilize the tongues of all those; barbarically wanting to gobble immaculately truthful skin,

Mannequins of savagely lambasting and cacophonous abuse; to truculently please the skins of all those; drifting the spell bindingly fathomless Universe into the corpse of murderously threadbare politics,

Mannequins of penalizingly mocking laughter; to irrevocably stimulate the cells of all those; trying to invidiously infiltrate into the web of ingratiatingly celestial peace and unflinching solidarity,

Mannequins of traumatically desensitizing death; to disparagingly inebriate the persona's of all those; wholesomely indifferent to the magnanimously blissful proceedings of this enthralling planet,

Mannequins of disastrously impoverished and gory skeletons; to unrelentingly enlighten the bodies of all those; horrifically unbelieving in the chapters of vivaciously mesmerizing existence,

Mannequins of inexplicably salacious and unprecedented starvation; to inexorably please the spirits of all those; ghoulishly entangled in webs of insidiousness; without a mind; body or soul,

Mannequins of acrimoniously sinister darkness; to indefatigably gratify the ego's of all those; sinking deeper and deeper into the preposterously ghastly crematorium of hideous crime,

Mannequins of lugubriously indolent non-existence; to incessantly cajole the nerves of all those; who cursed even the most bountifully resplendent beauty of God; from their very first cry,

But an unassailable garden of love; love and only sensuously timeless love; to perennially immortalize the heartbeats of all those; uninhibitedly wanting to wander in a world of freedom; uninhibitedly wanting to breathe forever in a world of philanthropically unending togetherness.

24. I AM ONLY; MY HEART'S SLAVE

I might not earn even an infinitesimal penny in the entire of my lifetime; discordantly wailing on the preposterously penurious streets,

I might get ruthlessly kicked at every quarter of the acridly conventional society; for paving an irrefutably sparkling path of my very own,

I might disdainfully stumble on every step that I tread; staggering in the aisles of remorseful nothingness as I valiantly followed the path of irrefutably philanthropic righteousness,

I might not savor even the most inconspicuous of accolade throughout the tenure of my entire life; being brutally squelched into my grave by the tyrannically thwarted world,

Come what may; but I will still keep solely following the inner most tunes of my heart; forever remain a slave of its invincibly mesmerizing and timeless beats; do exactly what it says.

1.

I might treacherously lose even the most capricious iota of my voice; torturously overpowered by the uncouth globe from all sides,

I might get unsparingly maimed for the remainder of my life; as the rampantly marauding devils; snapped the fangs of my existence even before I could emanate my first breath,

I might spend every unfurling second of the day in gruesomely morbid darkness; as the parasites of hell invidiously gouged my eyes; for ostensibly no fault of mine,

I might find myself incarcerated behind the diabolically sordid prison bars; as all superpowers of the earth incarcerated me for not blending with corridors of spurious ostentation and manipulative malice,

Come what may; but I will still keep solely following the inner most tunes of my heart; forever remain a slave of its poignantly seductive and unconquerable beats; do exactly what it says.

2.

I might pathetically coalesce with ominously threadbare dust for times immemorial; dissipating into an infinite fragments as the planet outside massacred me left; right and sensitive center,

I might disappear forever into realms of nonchalantly lackadaisical oblivion; as elements of the barbarically ostracizing society didn't tolerate the waves of uninhibited freedom; perpetually enshrouding my soul,

I might have to devour savagely coldblooded stones for each of my meals; as the planet preferred to give even the most fetid leftovers of their food; to the dogs in the street instead,

I might inadvertently cause anguish to all around me; as they couldn't bear to see an organism not blending with their barrels of sleazy wine and pompously pretentious cigar smoke,

Come what may; but I will still keep solely following the inner most tunes of my heart; forever remain a slave of its triumphantly exhilarating and godly beats; do exactly what it says.

3.

I might confront boundless wars of gory prejudice; with the entire world outside endeavoring their best to horrifically pulverize even the most non-existent bone of my nimble spine,

I might not even get a place to sequester my scalp in the heart of freezing midnight; with every conceivable dwelling on this fathomless earth; scornfully thrusting the door in my solitary face,

I might find myself deeper and deeper into my coffin as the minutes unveiled; with even the most intricate of my veins truculently ripped apart by watchdogs of the whipping society,

I might waft the last breath of my destined life; with my pockets harboring nothing else but unparalleled love; worthless dust and indescribable poverty,

Come what may; but I will still keep solely following the inner most tunes of my heart; forever remain a slave of its tantalizingly fascinating and immortal beats; do exactly what it says.

25. LET IMMORTAL LOVE FOREVER STAY.

Let majestically glistening sands forever stay; only in the regally colossal and timelessly sweltering deserts,

Let enigmatic whispers forever stay; only in the mystically reverberating and sensuously enchanting forests,

Let vivacious rainbows forever stay; only in the center of the fathomlessly resplendent and tantalizingly dazzling sky,

Let unblemished innocence forever stay; only in the impeccably divine and exuberant eyes of the righteous child,

Let voluptuous seduction forever stay; only in the lap of the marvelously titillating and ravishingly enchanting night,

Let embarrassing embellishment forever stay; only in the stupendously enthralling eyelashes of the freshly adorned and nervously nimble bride,

Let vibrant boisterousness forever stay; only in the fleet footed visage of the wonderfully frolicking and poignantly delectable squirrel,

Let streaks of thunderous lightening forever stay; only in the unfathomably crimson conglomerate of ferociously clashing and rhapsodic clouds,

Let whirlpools of fascinating seduction forever stay; only in the charismatically blooming bosom of a gloriously nubile and alluring maiden,

Let ingratiating melody forever stay; only in the scarlet crested throat of the magnificently bountiful and everlastingly resplendent nightingale,

Let iridescently twinkling stars forever stay; only in the boundlessly silken and astoundingly placating cosmos,

Let stupendously enthralling fragrance forever stay; only in the gorgeously blossoming petals; of the harmoniously sprouting and ebullient rose,

Let unprecedented euphoria forever stay; only in the beautifully spawning and Omnisciently blessing body of the piquantly salubrious seed,

Let blazing immortality forever stay; only in the unflinchingly intrepid chest of the patriotically heroic and selflessly benign soldier,

Let philanthropic humanity forever stay; only in the fabric of eternally replenishing and perpetually melanging mankind,

Let celestial equanimity forever stay; only in the winds of serenely endowing and incredulously placating evening,

Let innocuous mischief forever stay; only on the inimitable face of the fabulously frolicking and astonishingly dexterous monkey,

Let unparalleled Omnipotence forever stay; only in the holistically sacrosanct and impregnable womb of the Godly mother,

Let spell binding sensuousness forever stay; only in the magnetic fireballs of uninhibitedly royal and unending passionate breath,

And let immortal love forever stay O! Almighty Lord; only in the unassailable beats of the invincibly palpitating and unconquerably ecstatic heart.

26. THE ONLY KISS.

Benign was the rhythm of eternal mankind; Omnipotently diffusing the fragrance

of unflinching solidarity; for times immemorial,

Melodious was the rhythm of the dainty waterfall; disseminating into an island of unbelievably rhapsodic froth; every unfurling instant of the day,

Omniscient was the rhythm of the flamboyantly blistering Sun; filtering a path of vibrant optimism; through the life of even the most derogatorily shivering organism alive,

Cacophonous was the rhythm of the discordantly croaking frogs; perniciously infiltrating the blissful atmosphere; with an ominous web of disparagingly dissatisfied sounds,

Impoverished was the rhythm of the treacherously coldblooded devils; savagely massacring holistic civilizations; to spuriously satiate their tastebuds with innocuously sacred blood,

Ruthless was the rhythm of the unsparingly slicing knife; uncouthly excoriating even the most immaculate of entities; to insidiously gleam well past the heart of devilish midnight,

Ingratiating was the rhythm of the stupendously redolent flower; blossoming into a festoon of marvelously exotic scent; every unleashing minute under perennially golden sunshine,

Ubiquitous was the rhythm of gloriously altruistic humanity; unassailably bonding every human irrespective of caste; creed or worthless color; in the stream of compassionate sharing; charismatically alike,

Phlegmatic was the rhythm of the reticently pot-bellied tortoise; languidly feasting under the profoundly enchanting rays of Sun; blissfully snoozing under its obdurate shell; even in the most horrendously vicious of maelstroms,

Rebellious was the rhythm of the brutally incarcerated scorpion; venomously swirling its tail in infinite circles; to whomsoever who dared glimpse its gruesomely tyrannized form,

Enigmatic was the rhythm of the flirtatiously dancing spider; interweaving a tale of majestic artistry; crisscrossing through a paradise of boundless silk and sheen,

Blazing was the rhythm of the patriotically intrepid soldier; fearlessly embarking upon a mission to relinquish even the very last iota of his breath; for the sake of

his magnificently sacrosanct motherland,

Garrulous was the rhythm of the indefatigably chattering monkey;
rambunctiously perpetuating tranquil carpets of the resplendent forests; with an
unfathomable valley of vivacious sounds,

Shrewd was the rhythm of the manipulative tycoon; who hideously weaved a trail
of artificially sardonic sweetness round all his employees; to eventually extricate
the maximum of his bombastic choice,

Panoramic was the rhythm of the vividly whistling clouds; euphorically surging
forward to jubilantly bask in the glory; of unprecedentedly satiny timelessness,

Impeccable was the rhythm of the freshly born child; divinely replenishing even
the most sordidly shattered of hearts; with the Omnipresent mantra of vibrantly
titillating life,

Tantalizing was the rhythm of the chirpily nubile maiden; culminating into a
downpour of torrentially everlasting sensuousness; on every nimble step that
she sacredly tread,

Perpetual was the rhythm of fabulously fecund breath; astoundingly spawning a
township of ever-pervading newness; in each cranny of the earth that it
magically spread,

Irrefutable was the rhythm of unequivocally Godly truth; pioneering a Universe of
unending prosperity; in the soul of whomsoever who unflinchingly harbored
it,

Passionate was the rhythm of the unconquerable thundering heart; fulminating
into a sky of amiable togetherness more vociferously; as the day sped into the
regally iridescent night,

And immortal was the rhythm of symbiotically melanging love; existing as the
most priceless flame of life; existing as the only kiss that could invincibly kick
death forever away.

27. SEARCHING TRUE LOVE.

There were infinite on this boundless Universe; who intransigently searched for
fugitive gold; insatiably wanting to replenish even the whites of their eye with
the spuriously glittering biscuit,

There were infinite on this colossal Universe; who tirelessly searched for tantalizing beauty; tumultuously wanting to embrace every voluptuous vixen on this earth; in their murderously uncouth grip,

There were infinite on this gregarious Universe; who relentlessly searched for uninhibited freedom; irrevocably wanting to blend the innermost of their senses with all vivaciously enchanting titillation in the atmosphere,

There were infinite on this boundless Universe; who unendingly searched for opulent wine; barbarically wanting to deluge every bit of their disastrously impoverished persona; with the avarice of inebriation all day and night,

While my treacherously betrayed heart; perennially searched for true love; unsurpassably wanting to melange every iota of my despairingly dying senses with the magic of heavenly relationship.

1.

There were infinite on this unconquerable Universe; who incorrigibly searched for bizarre manipulation; insidiously wanting to extract the optimum they could from the earth; in the tenure of their truncated lives,

There were infinite on this aristocratic Universe; who dogmatically searched for uncouth crime; salaciously wanting to reach the epitome of unprecedented prosperity; by brutal massacre and beheading tribes,

There were infinite on this enamoring Universe; who irretrievably searched for ravishing fragrance; limitlessly wanting to incarcerate every element of stupendous intoxication; impregnably inside their chest,

There were infinite on this charismatic Universe; who frantically searched for sleazy entertainment; ethereally wanting to titillate their morbidly withering skin with the reverberations of; gaudily embellished skin,

While my forlornly fretting heart; perpetually searched for true love; irrefutably wanting to bond with the essence of sparkling truth; irrefutably wanting to be the beats of rhythm divine.

2.

There were infinite on this princely Universe; who unrelentingly searched for

mind-boggling enigmas; unequivocally wanting to deluge their ingenious minds into an untamed flurry of rhapsodic activity,

There were infinite on this gargantuan Universe; who traumatically searched for negativity; insanely wanting to lambaste all innocuous civilization; with the devil hovering ghoulishly in their soul,

There were infinite on this benign Universe; who holistically searched for symbiotic proliferation; vehemently wanting to mate with the partner of their choice; to handsomely bequeath a civilization of ebullient freshness even after their veritable death,

There were infinite on this vivacious Universe; who Omnisciently searched for mesmerizing peace; intractably wanting to enshroud every aspect of their truculently traumatic survival; with bountifully benevolent solidarity,

While my invidiously thwarted heart; indefatigably searched for true love; miraculously wanting to coalesce with the fabric of eternal goodness; with the spirit of timelessly invincible mankind.

3.

There were infinite on this synergistic Universe; who ungainly searched for savagely raw power; pruriently wanting to manipulate the lives of countless innocent; with whiplashes of domineeringly threadbare force,

There were infinite on this mammoth Universe; who satanically searched for appetizing mutton; uncontrollably wanting to placate their taste buds with palpably bloody meat and immaculate flesh,

There were infinite on this Omnipotent Universe; who voluptuously searched for grandiloquent artistry; endlessly wanting to paint the canvas of their existence; with the victoriously gorgeous colors of God's creation,

There were infinite on this unsurpassable Universe; who exhaustively searched for sagacious wisdom; pragmatically wanting to implement all principles of revitalizing life; in each hour of their progressing survival,

While my unsparingly whipped heart; humbly searched for true love; unprecedentedly wanting to accept it as the most Omnipresent panacea to lead this; and a countless more spell binding lifetimes.

28. A SINGLE BEAT.

Just a single smile of her delectably diminutive lips; the heavenly way in which she unveiled those wonderfully impeccable contours,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all traumatically manipulative agony of this planet; the tyrannically lambasting devil who coldbloodedly corrupted the civilization; left; right and full center.

Just a single wink of her marvelously majestic eyelashes; the immaculately celestial empathy that poignantly reflected from them; all sweltering day and enchanting night,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all brutally salacious lechery on this boundless planet; the terrorizing web of bizarre manipulation; which truculently asphyxiated from all sides.

Just a single wave of her immaculately waving palms; that ingratiatingly diminutive fist of hers which she effusively punched through euphoric air,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all morbidly remorseful sadness on this fathomless planet; the diabolically agonizing dungeons of disparaging boredom; which despicably crippled one and all; insidiously alike.

Just a single twinkle of her divinely minuscule feet; the trail of unsurpassably bountiful innocence that she left behind on every step that she holistically tread,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all pugnaciously menacing massacre on this colossal planet; the savage avalanche of blood that barbarically besieged every element of benign goodness in the world outside.

Just a single nod of her infinitesimally sacrosanct forehead; the vivaciously triumphant festoon of ebullience that she diffused; robustly frolicking her pudgy neck,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all acrimoniously penalizing treachery on this gigantic planet; the invidious stem of ominously derogatory lies that had embedded its nails profoundly; into the fabric of the spell binding society.

Just a single blush of her regally charismatic cheeks; the tinge of profusely exuberant scarlet that encapsulated her tiny visage from all sides,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all dolorously decaying despair on this gargantuan planet; the winds of insanely maniacal solitude that gruesomely proliferated; without the slightest of sagacious consent.

Just a single flap of her magically miraculous ears; the inconspicuously

Omnipotent lobes of sparkling freshness that dangled from her face,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all vindictive staleness on this endless planet; the pathetically slithering corpse of hideously surreptitious avarice and greed.

Just a single breath of her ubiquitously godly nose; the stupendously Omniscient fireball of vibrant life that it generated; with every mercurial puff of air that it symbiotically exhaled,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all horrendously slandering pain on this unfathomable planet; the riotous abuse of mankind by disdainfully abominable powerhouses of dictatorial greed.

And just a single beat of her Omnipresently unassailable heart; those royally humanitarian reverberations so pricelessly sparkling with timelessly unflinching life,
Was enough for me to wholesomely forget all ghoulishly perilous death on this perpetual planet; the graveyard of extinction that inevitably snapped the fangs of blissfully enamoring life.

29. LOVE IS.

Love is that eternally compassionate fire which never subsides; unrelentingly triggering untamed fireballs of insatiable desire; in every caste; creed; and religion; thunderously alike,

Love is that voluptuously silken sky which never ends; torrentially pelting its droplets of divine brotherhood; upon even the most infinitesimally remote cranny of beleaguered earth,

Love is that timelessly priceless flower which never withers; ubiquitously wafting its scent of perpetually invincible harmony; to the most fathomless parts of this gigantically mesmerizing planet,

Love is that marvelously melodious bird which never plummets; perennially soaring through the clouds of grandiloquently majestic empathy; blessing all those tyrannically deprived; for centuries immemorial,

Love is that unassailably towering mountain which never crumbles; intrepidly annihilating even the most minuscule trace of sinister evil; entrenching all those with an impeccable soul in the mists of enchanting symbiosis,

Love is that robustly enamoring fruit which never decays; magnificently placating

the traumatized agony of the entire earth; with its seeds of celestially unending procreation,

Love is that tantalizingly heavenly shadow which never fades; astoundingly weaving a web of spell binding enigma; upon all those brutally asphyxiated with a miserably monotonous and manipulative life,

Love is that royally aristocratic feather which never deteriorates; metamorphosing your dreary caricature into one besieged with rhapsodic delight; perennially placing you in clouds above the island of titillating paradise,

Love is that impregnable philanthropic fortress which never falls; sequestering all those savagely lambasted in its Omnipotent belly; irrefutably waving the flag of mesmerizing mankind; for infinite more births to unveil,

Love is that wonderfully seductive whisper which never vanishes; fabulously instilling in you the beautifully eclectic art of sharing; intransigently teaching you to respect and adore; all impeccably existing living kind,

Love is that Omnisciently royal angel which never wrongs; blissfully bequeathing the carpet of benign goodness; upon all those with a will to tranquilly and synergistically survive,

Love is that amicably blossoming light which never extinguishes; perpetuating every dwelling stagnating in horrifically ghastly doom and misery; with the rays of optimistically Omnipotent hope,

Love is that resplendently fascinating sparkle which never dulls; candidly portraying to you your innermost self; bestowing the ominously prejudiced parts of your conscience; with the magical rainbow of divine righteousness,

Love is that flamboyantly brilliant Sun which never sets; unfathomably blazing a path of radiant courage and everlasting bloom; upon all those disastrously dwindling towards lackadaisical despair,

Love is that enchantingly vibrant fantasy which never finishes; abundantly granting all those despicably orphaned an egalitarian right to holistically survive; incinerating a blaze of ardent innovation; even in the heart of the sordidly deadened night,

Love is that unshakably patriotic soldier which never staggers; forever glittering like the God's in the sky in the spirit of proliferating newness; veritably ensuring

that life spawned gorgeously; on every advancing footstep,

Love is that poignantly crimson blood which never discriminates; blending every single organism across this boundlessly gregarious planet; in the threads of ever pervading humanity,

Love is that sensuously passionate breath which never dies; brilliantly evolving the most benevolently formidable of lives; unconquerably ensuring that every immaculate organism bonded with the; Omnipresently divine,

And love is that ardently throbbing heart which never stops; immortally uniting all those with a fervent will to live and let live; in an ocean of gratifying togetherness; in a garland of the fragrant divine.

30. YOU DIE; I DIE

You sleep; I sleep; as we replenished our dreary bodies with astoundingly rejuvenating sleep; harmoniously together,

You eat; I eat; as we consumed ravishing food to magnificently appease the tumultuous pangs of hunger in our famished stomachs; symbiotically together,

You paint; I paint; as we sketched the marvelous glory of this mesmerizing planet on the canvas of our impeccable souls; perpetually together,

You dance; I dance; as we gyrated our persona uninhibitedly under the resplendently milky moonlight; ecstatically swaying to the beats of the seductive night; eternally together,

You smile; I smile; as we rhapsodically rejoiced each moment bequeathed upon us by the Almighty Lord; romantically together,

You adventure; I adventure; as we embarked on the most enthusiastically daunting expeditions of our life; embellishing ourselves with all tranquil treasures of Mother Nature; amicably together,

You shout; I shout; as we sporadically lost our impeccable equilibrium to the fallacies of the human mind; fought on trivial little things only to find ourselves deeper in love; boisterously together,

You cry; I cry; as we commiserated with each other's agonies; tenaciously confronted each sorrow with our palms intermingled in a fortress of solidarity;

understandingly together,

You lose; I lose; as we momentarily camouflaged our heads in the cistern of shame; after valiantly endeavoring our best to conquer our goals; synergistically together,

You win; I win; as we saluted the deity of Omnipresent Lord in fathomless sky; kissed the soil on ground for being our intransigent inspiration; patriotically together,

You flirt; I flirt; as we surreptitiously philandered in the meadows of insatiably untamed desire for times immemorial; mischievously winking as the Sun set behind the horizons; ebulliently together,

You gallop; I gallop; as we gushed forward to embrace the winds of intrepid intrigue; mystically unwind ourselves to discover an entrenchment of perpetually flowering beauty; euphorically together,

You sing; I sing; as we melodiously unfurled the chords of our throat to pacify all bereaved humanity and kin; philanthropically together,

You fantasize; I fantasize; as we dreamt of infinite vibrantly optimistic tomorrows and blissfully fragrant civilizations; benevolently together,

You bleed; I bleed; as we trespassed on the inevitable thorns of inexplicably inscrutable life; unflinchingly together,

You speak; I speak; as we emanated the most impregnably glittering voice of humanity alongwith our patriotic comrades; perennially together,

You fret; I fret; as we painstakingly crawled through all those lugubriously empty and nonchalant moments of existence; unassailably together,

You hear; I hear; as we unfurled the closed wall of our ears to discern every sound in the spellbindingly titillating atmosphere; congenially together,

You falter; I falter; as we ludicrously stumbled every now and then upon obdurately cold ground; majestically portraying that we were none other than just humans; gorgeously together,

You sweat; I sweat; as we unrelentingly persevered under the austerely golden rays of the midday Sun; harvesting the fruits of our timeless endurance;

gregariously together,

You freeze; I freeze; as we uncontrollably shivered under the truculently tyrannical fury of brutal maelstroms and snow; fervently waiting for the squall to subside; compassionately together,

You joke; I joke; as we triggered unequivocal streams of laughter in all those bereft of a mission and insurmountably gloomy in priceless life; bountifully together,

You breathe; I breathe; as we inhaled and exhaled unfathomable carpets of air; pledged in front of the Almighty Creator to exist for an infinite more lifetimes to yet unveil; invincibly together,

You love; I love; as we passionately explored every nimbly nubile arena of our countenance's; radiated the unconquerable essence of timelessly existing as a single spirit; celestially together,

And most importantly; You die; I die; as we relinquished our breaths at the very first command from the divine; Omnisciently reminiscing all those sparkling memories when we had lived beautifully entwined with one another; immortally together.

31. A WORLD OF UNITED EXISTENCE

When I wasn't looking at her ravishingly tantalizing hair; the vivaciously marvelous strands of silk on her priceless scalp; that royally swayed with the grandiloquent breeze,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still profusely admired her sacrosanct forehead; the irrefutably indefatigable creases of determination; that euphorically sprawled all over.

When I wasn't looking at her majestically sculptured forehead; the princely way in which it drifted with the enchantingly satiny winds,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still ecstatically admired her piquantly poignant nose; the stupendous exhilaration that she miraculously generated; with every exotic breath of hers.

When I wasn't looking at her boisterously pristine nose; the impeccably charming embellishments of bountiful beauty; that it had inherently adorned,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still unfathomably admired her voluptuously tantalizing lips; the infernos of untamed desire that she

triggered; with just a single kiss.

When I wasn't looking at her incredulously seductive lips; the cloud of relentless fascination that they weaved; on even the most dolorously languid winds of the atmosphere that they caressed,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still intransigently admired her wonderfully blushing cheeks; the crimson streaks of celestial passion that they transited into; with just a single run my groping fingers.

When I wasn't looking at her marvelously aristocratic cheeks; the overwhelmingly scarlet tinges of innocence embedded within; that unequivocally made her the most beautiful woman on this Universe,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still intractably admired her beautifully immaculate neck; the extraordinarily sensuous wave of imagination that enveloped her Omniscient grace; from all sides.

When I wasn't looking at her blissfully ingratiating neck; the magnetically queenly charisma that fabulously wafted; every time she delectably maneuvered it; to the tunes of the ebulliently cascading rain,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still uninhibitedly admired her divinely Omnipotent chest; the unflinching thunderbolts of patriotism in her nimble visage; to wholesomely free her murderously besieged motherland.

When I wasn't looking at her handsomely exotic chest; the oceans of charismatically unending intrigue that overwhelmingly radiated; from her innocently untainted countenance,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still irrevocably admired her tantalizingly rhetoric belly; as she compassionately gyrated it till times immemorial; under the alluringly pearly beams of resplendent moonlight.

When I wasn't looking at her unsurpassably titillating belly; the unstoppable sparks of vibrant electricity emanating; that profoundly enlightened even the most the remorseful of morbid graves,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still incessantly admired her philanthropically heavenly palms; the unprecedented reservoir of gorgeous destiny lines encapsulated inside; that formidably evolved every aspect of my impoverished existence.

When I wasn't looking at her sagaciously candid palms; the fathomless sea of sparkling humanity; that they altruistically disseminated for centuries immemorial; and every time this earth was born,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still exuberantly admired her

scintillatingly Godly feet; the unshakably glittering path of humanitarian righteousness that they spawned; on every squalid patch of earth they tread.

And when I wasn't looking at her miraculously ubiquitous feet and any element of her demeanor at all; the astronomical benevolence that diffused magically; in every scented word that she spoke,
Every part of my heart; soul; and conscience; still immortally admired her gloriously Omnipresent reflections of unassailable love; her unconquerable fragrance of mankind; that eternally transpired the entire planet; towards a township of endless beauty; towards a world of united existence.

32. LIKE THE SACROSANCT HEAVENS

Like a romantically drifting cloud; indefatigably playing hide and seek with the swelteringly simmering Sun,
Was her magnificently mischievous and stupendously wandering wink; as she flirted with me in the aisles of untamed desire; behind the majestically moonlit hills.

Like a voluptuously silken angel; descending magically from the island of bountifully wonderful paradise,
Was her royally magnificent and ecstatically euphoric stride; as she swished like an ebulliently embellished fairy towards my; mortifyingly impoverished countenance.

Like a melodiously chirping sparrow; boisterously deluging the sullen atmosphere with the sounds of; profusely rhapsodic happiness,
Was her sparkingly scintillating and delectable footsteps; as she poignantly galloped with profound empathy in her soul; towards my diminutively impoverished countenance.

Like an innocuous freshly spawned infant; enshrouding every dilapidated cranny of this colossal Universe; with its insatiably jubilant wails,
Was her marvelously seductive and ravishingly enthralling smile; as she unfurled the silken cocoon of her lips; uninhibitedly showering her charisma upon my pathetically beleaguered demeanor.

Like an eternally fragrant rose; tantalizingly diffusing its astoundingly ingratiating redolence; to even the most fathomless quarters of this boundless planet,
Was her graciously celestial and timelessly priceless sleep; as she unrelentingly fantasized about the mystical aspects of endowing creation and me; in every of her gloriously fantastic dreams.

Like a hive of splendidly golden honey; incessantly oozing the Omnisciently
miraculous sweetness of blissful creation,
Was her resplendently twinkling and beautiful finger; as she vehemently
entwined her palms; for times immemorial and unassailably with mine.

Like torrential cloudbursts of rain pelting enigmatically; from the overwhelmingly
handsome carpet of fathomless sky,
Were her spectacularly panoramic and piquantly rubicund cheeks; as she
fantastically blushed in the corridors of uncontrollable yearning; ethereally
sighting the contours of my; shimmeringly obfuscated shadow.

Like a compassionate fireball of belonging; astronomically augmenting in
proportion as each second thunderously zipped by,
Was her unfathomably grandiloquent and impeccably harmonious kiss; as she
profusely pecked every iota of my; nervously fluttering cheeks.

Like an impregnable fortress of unflinching solidarity; towering tall and
aristocratic even against the most ungainly acrimonious of storms,
Was her incredulously bestowing and benevolently gratifying embrace; as she
intractably clung to my violently throbbing demeanor; more perpetually than a
Mother clinging to her new born child.

And like the irrefutably sacrosanct entrenchment of Heaven; radiating for
countless more births yet to unveil; with the Omnipotent aura of Almighty Lord,
Was her immortally wonderful and gloriously enamoring love; as she perennially
bonded every beat of her heart; every philanthropism of her conscience with me;
and to be forever mine; mine and only mine.

33. IMPREGNABLY SOAKED

The gorgeously gigantic hills; were profusely soaked with golden fireballs; of
melodiously tantalizing Sunlight,

The inscrutably mesmerizing forests; were marvelously soaked with an
unendingly bountiful flurry; of rhapsodically voluptuous sounds,

The fathomless carpets of gregariously silken sky; was ecstatically soaked in an
astounding kaleidoscope; of exuberantly twinkling stars,

The rambunctiously slithering and vivacious fish; were ebulliently soaked in an
undulating ocean of; ravishingly titillating waves and euphoric salt,

The endless framework of bones in body; were indispensably soaked in a salubrious river of; exotically scarlet and blissfully bequeathing blood,

The aristocratically rubicund pair of royal lips; were celestially soaked in a whirlpool of charismatically exhilarating smiles and enamoring charm,

The countless blades of amiably blossoming grass; were profoundly soaked in an Omnipotent cistern of; majestically shimmering and perpetual dewdrops,

The enchantingly seductive garden of roses; was piquantly soaked in a exquisitely timeless mist of; overwhelmingly compassionate and divinely scent,

The diminutively impoverished palms; were inevitably soaked in an enigmatically inexplicable cloud of; mystically fabulous destiny lines,

The uninhibitedly dancing clown; was unsurpassably soaked in a torrentially limitless downpour; of cacophonous comedy and joyously jubilant laughter,

The ecstatically frolicking butterfly; was enthusiastically soaked in a fireball of perennially diffusing happiness; and an unfathomable tenacity to vividly soar,

The immaculate coat of sparkingly untainted eyes; was insatiably soaked in a compassionate whirlwind of; unequivocally Kingly moisture,

The robustly chattering and loquaciously bubbly tongue; was delectably soaked in ingratiatingly frothy oceans of; inherently tranquil saliva,

The unflinchingly marching and fearlessly intrepid army; were soaked in an irrefutably immortal entrenchment of; unassailably unshakable patriotism,
The magnificently serrated and rustic stemmed tree; was serenely soaked in an abundantly replenishing waterfall of; congenially sequestering leaves,

The incessantly wandering and animatedly sensitive ears; were boundlessly soaked in a eclectically grandiloquent symposium; of eternally drifting sounds,

The romantically philandering brain; was endlessly soaked in a tornado of fantastically ardent and gorgeously fulfilling sky of; glittering everlasting fantasies,

The twin gallery of vividly vibrant nostrils; were rhetorically soaked in an incomprehensibly fathomless volcano of; piquantly blissful breath,

And my tumultuously throbbing and fervent heart; was impregnably soaked in the blessings of your; immortally humanitarian and priceless love.

34. COMPANION.

The flamboyantly blazing rays of the marvelously royal Sun; were my passionately piquant companions; for the perseveringly sweltering day,

Ravishing beams of mystically resplendent moonlight; were my eternally gratifying companions; for the voluptuously silken night,

The tree leaves rustling in spell binding vivaciousness; were my most blissful companions in my times of; disastrously sordid loneliness,

Springs of Omnisciently cascading water; were my bountifully quelling companions; when I dreadfully sulked in a whirlpool of abominably horrendous dirt,

Pristine shores incessantly rumbling with tantalizingly undulating waves; were my ravishingly tangy companions; in my times of drearily despicable depression,

Fathomless carpets of enchantingly grandiloquent skies; were my timelessly invincible companions; in my times of lackadaisically crippling boredom,

Hives of melodiously sweet and glitteringly golden honey; were my beautifully enamoring companions; in my times of gruesomely malevolent bitterness,

Truculently vibrant tornados of patriotism; were my unflinchingly intrepid companions; in my times of remorsefully morbid stagnation and doleful malice,

Innocuously Omnipotent and divinely children; were my unequivocally benign companions; in my times of horrendously manipulative distress,

Enigmatically slithering and charismatic snakes; were my enchantingly evoking companions; in my times of maniacally commercial monotonousness,

Redolently everlasting and incredulously profuse roses; were my integrally handsome companions; in my times of despairingly staggering melancholy,

Whirlwinds of untamed exuberance; were my perpetually bestowing companions; in my times of nonchalantly dwindling towards my gorily sinister corpse,

Aristocratically silken and mesmerizing feathers; were my magically symbiotic companions; in my times of irascibly disdainful nervousness,

Rhapsodically raining marshmallows of azure clouds; were my torrentially dynamic companions; in my times of penalizingly sorrowful banishment,

Tantalizingly boisterous and fascinating fairies; were my ingratiatingly iridescent companions; in my times of disgustingly orphaned prejudice,

Rivers of impeccably glistening milk; were my celestially profound companions; in my times of murderously abhorrent fanaticism,

Omnipresently sacrosanct steps of the princely mosque; were my pricelessly ultimate companions; in my times of inexplicably unending and tyrannizing trauma,

Fireballs of insatiably untamed breath; were my tumultuously compassionate companions; in my times of dastardly extinguishing into winds of cowardly oblivion,

But your immortally impregnable and ebullient heart; was my Omnipotently eternal companion; for each impoverished moment of my present; and countless more optimistically scintillating lifetimes.

35. IMPOSSIBLE TO HIDE.

The way your glorious eyes stared at me; unrelentingly piercing me with their tumultuously electric and untamed fervor,
It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my profusely rubicund lips; as they trembled uncontrollably in euphorically insatiable frenzy; all sweltering and scintillatingly silver night.

The way your miraculous hands caressed me; tirelessly radiating their astoundingly stupendous compassion; frantically wandering with the insurmountably royal ardor of a tantalizing lioness,
It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my overwhelmingly mortified flesh; which had nimbly metamorphosed into a perpetual crimson; with an unsurpassable mountain of goose-bumps enveloping it from all ends.

The way your enamoring ears ardently heard me; maniacally maneuvering every iota of their poignantly intricate chords like a ferociously swirling inferno towards

me,

It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my waveringly effusive voice; perennially longing to be magically smooched by the mystical winds of euphoric timelessness.

The way your enchanting toes intransigently tickled me; invincibly straddling their seductive stranglehold over each speck; of my pathetically famished demeanor,

It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my violently throbbing chest; as it drifted like a magnetically romantic wind; towards the marvelously titillating land of bountiful paradise.

The way your charismatic belly nudged me; ravishingly dancing for centuries unprecedented; in amazing synergy with my frigidly lackluster countenance, It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my cataclysmically erratic stride; as I fulminated into thunderbolts of never ending desire; under voluptuous rays of the milky moon.

The way your vivacious tongue licked me; incessantly raving like an embellished princess; through even the most infinitesimal hair of my body,

It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my ecstatically leaping adams apple; as I ebulliently philandered on the waves of fulfilling eternity; for countless more births yet to unveil.

The way your immaculate fingers cuddled me; ingratiatingly tracing my sensuously shrunken contours; to the most incomprehensible levels of spell binding fantasy,

It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my rhapsodically augmenting fountain of mesmerizing blood; as I felt like an unassailably majestic King; seated Omnisciently on the throne of boundless prosperity.

The way your intriguing brain relentlessly fantasized about me; indefatigably perceiving every iota of my demeanor in an unsurpassable repertoire of; vividly resplendent forms,

It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my vibrantly swirling whirlpool of unconquerable happiness; as I felt like the most pricelessly blessed organism alive; uxoriously slaving her dynamically fragrant and opalescent breath.

And the way your immortal breath descended over my penuriously staggering nape; gorgeously devouring every element of my persona; in the profound philanthropism of your gregariously bequeathing soul,

It became irrefutably impossible for me to hide my perpetually throbbing heart;

as I forever pledged to blend each beat of mine with yours; in every birth I got a chance to take birth as your divine lover; again and again and again.

36. BUT NOT WITHOUT!

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; vanquishing every part of my body into countless bits of; frigidly threadbare ash,
But not without her magically celestial smiles; keeping me immortally happy; even after sadistically ghastly and rotten death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; pulverizing every holistic bone in my persona; topathetically insidious and infinitesimal; squelched mosquito curry,
But not without her immaculately Omnipotent voice; which insatiably propelled me to fantasize beyond realms of bountifully eternal eternity; even after morbidly remorseful and tyrannical death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; brutally smashing the poignantly intricate arenas of my countenance; against the chain of satanically blood coated rocks,
But not without her ravishingly satiny grace; which made me feel like the most blessedly blissful man alive; even after dolorously vindictive and lecherous death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; pugnaciously decimating each iota of my blood and vein; into obsolete wisps of devastated chowder,
But not without her ardently silken shadow; which made me gloriously assimilate the fathomless treasures on this radiantly unfathomable Universe; even after abominably abhorrent and viciously battering death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; heinously deluging even the non-existent parts of my demeanor; with a dungeon of ludicrously crippling darkness,
But not without her seductively majestic stride; which made me perennially yearn for languishing in the arms of flaming passion; even after torturously appalling and gory death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; barbarically exploding my robust body; into unsurpassable corpses of unprecedented suffering,
But not without her gorgeously priceless scent; which made me like an irrefutable prince of ubiquitous philanthropism; even after sardonically penalizing and cursed death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; lambasting every pore of my skin; with infinite swords of venomously deadly scorpion,
But not without her rustically timeless tradition; which made me handsomely cling to my humanitarian rudiments for times immemorial; even after atrociously bitter and debilitating death.

Take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; maliciously blending every bit of my ecstatic jubilation; with inconspicuously perilous ghosts wandering freely in the island of hell,
But not without her puffs of vibrantly spell binding breath; which made me feel as if I was reborn a countless times in order to uninhibitedly love; even after disastrously prurient and cold blooded death.

And take me away this very moment O! Almighty Lord; snapping the fangs of my precious existence; without the tiniest of insinuation; horrifically donating my flesh thereafter to the unsurpassable fleet of diabolical devils,
But not without her unassailably passionate heartbeats; which made me feel perpetually bouncing and wholesomely dedicated to the cause of spawning gregariously new life; even after mockingly mortifying and absolute death.

37. MY ROYAL RHYTHM.

Your blissful happiness; was my impregnable bridge to transgress upon for centuries immemorial; even after I had died,

Your inexplicable anguish; was my invincibly augmenting revolution; to massacre every trace of malice from the trajectory of this colossal planet,

Your mesmerizing smile; was my insurmountable tenacity to trigger brilliant beams of optimistic light; in a tunnel engulfed with macabre darkness,

Your philanthropic fragrance; was my incessant source of inspiration to ubiquitously disseminate the essence of mankind; to the most remotest corners of this planet,

Your poignant empathy; was my Herculean fortitude to assist my fellow comrades; in moments of deplorably dwindling distress,

Your enchanting reflection; was my unprecedented fervor to incarcerate the stupendously alluring beauty of this gigantic universe; within the whites of my eye,

Your heavenly footsteps; were my unsurpassable strength to propel forward;
exhilaratedly embrace every obstacle in life; until I succeed,

Your lecherous defeat; was my overwhelming ardor to extricate the seeds of
manipulative diabolism from their very ignominious roots; behead them with the
sword of irrefutable righteousness,

Your enlightening essence; was my sole tool to dedicate my entire life;
profoundly towards nurturing and harboring the gift of perennial love,

Your valiant victory; was my astronomical conviction; which didn't buckle the
slightest; even under the most invidiously tumultuous of storm,

Your melodious voice; was my overpowering exuberance to exist; even with my
visage dreadfully sunken beneath the ghastly corpse,

Your discerning senses; were my unconquerable waves of prudence; in
sagaciously discriminating between the good and the ominously bad,

Your unfathomable innocence; was my everlasting reservoir of strength to
survive and bear; amongst an uncouth battalion of blood sucking tangible beings,

Your never dying spirit; was my Omnipotent whirlwind to blossom like a
magnificently glorious lotus; from a pile of tragically smoldering ash,

Your explicitly candid expressions; were my cloudbursts of daunting audacity;
even when hanged like an orphaned pig; on the hideously menacing gallows,

Your majestic sweat; was my tunnel of unrelenting endeavor; the insatiable
compassion in my eyes; to metamorphose god's planet once again; into a
wonderful paradise,

Your impeccable conscience; was my undefeated bonding with love which grew
more and more fortified; even as the boundless expanse of sky treacherously
blended with mundane earth,

Your Omniscient breath; was my sacred chapter of divinely life; unveiling into an
incredible myriad of new vistas every minute; making me live an infinite exotic
lives; in each desire of mine,

And your immortal heart; was my royal rhythm to love; live; embrace; transcend and perpetually reign supreme over every devil that lingered in air; over every bad that dared.

38. IF ANYONE TRIED TO STEAL HER

I might appear to be a diminutive mosquito; but mind you I could stand taller than the colossal mountain; defend myself against the mightiest of attacks; if anyone tried to hurt her in her blissful way,

I might appear to be an inconspicuous blade of creased grass; but mind you I could gain proportions befitting the diabolical dinosaur; if anyone sighted her with licentious desire,

I might appear to be an infinitesimally squashed mushroom; but mind you I had the unfathomable capacity to become the entire forest deluged with acerbic thorns; if anyone tried to plot heinously evil behind her immaculate back,

I might appear to be a non-existent speck of dirt; but mind you I could rise menacingly and more towering than the blue skies; if anyone tried to perilously barge in while she was celestially asleep,

I might appear to be a droplet of blotted gutter water lying dilapidated in a remotely obsolete heap; but mind you I had the tenacity to become more tumultuous than the rampantly swirling oceans; if anyone tried to dangerously ogle at her; even within boundless kilometers of her sacrosanct vicinity,

I might appear to be a harmlessly distorted chunk of plain glass being ruthlessly kicked on the desolate streets; but mind you I had the overwhelming capacity to become more mammoth than the impregnable fortress; if anyone tried to pummel her to the ground with his fists,

I might appear to be just a disdainfully neglected rusty iron nail; but mind you I could become the entire battlefield inundated with pugnaciously hostile arrows; if anyone tried to vindictively embed his unruly nails into her voluptuously dainty skin,

I might appear to be just an insipid follicle of hair waiting miserably on the ground to blend with miserably shivering dust; but mind you I possessed the prowess to metamorphose into all tigers of the jungle; savagely trying to rip apart entities into infinite fragments; if anyone tried to perniciously mess up with her sacred life,

I might appear to be a profusely crinkled petal of the flower being blown further and further every instant with each draught of exuberant wind; but mind you I had the capacity to become the viciously circulating cyclone of the deserts; if anyone tried to forcefully blow his satanic breath down her mesmerizing nape,

I might appear to be a torn rag of cloth being mercilessly thrashed every day on the washing floor; but mind you I had the capacity to become a demon with barbarically bloodshot eyes; if anyone tried to hamper her divinely progress; refrain her from boisterously surging forward in life,

I might appear to be a shattered shell; seeming to be mystically lost amongst the unsurpassable blanket of sands sprawled on the shores; but mind you I had the capacity to become a belligerent battlefield of crabs; ready to stab lethal amounts of poison with my tentacles; if anyone tried to shout murderously loud into her intricately tinkling ears,

I might appear to be an frigidly rotting matchstick without flames; but mind you I had the capacity to become a blazing conflagration soaring astronomically high to blend with the clouds; if anyone tried to surreptitiously aim a bullet at her from behind the sleazy bushes,

I might appear to be an invisible blob of miserly paint adhering to the ghost walls; but mind you I had the capacity to become the incomprehensibly long python; raring to pulverize succulent prey into bits of bashed mincemeat; if anyone tried to cast a spell of detrimental voodoo upon her impeccably charismatic grace,

I might appear to be staggering wisps of smoke coalescing every unfurling second with open space; but mind you I had the capacity to become the meadow embodied with countless gleaming knives; if anyone tried to touch her without her prior consent,

I might appear to be a strand of pathetically broken web; but mind you I had the capacity to become a fathomlessly deep dungeon replete with stinging scorpions; if anyone tried to intentionally trespass her in her irrefutably heavenly path,

I might appear to be a dismally flickering beam of frivolous light; disappearing in meek submission after daylight; but mind you I had the capacity to become the entire godown stuffed with venomous gas; ready to explode and char individuals to ethereal ash; if anyone ventured to forcefully invade into her

dwelling after midnight,

I might appear to be a soiled banana skin waiting for my time to be dumped into the deplorable dustbin; but mind you I had the capacity to transform into a treacherously malicious gorge; insidiously devouring all who came into my swirl; if anyone tried to slap her rubicund flesh,

I might appear to be a deflated tyre tube gasping like a new born infant for tons of fresh air; but mind you I had the capacity to become a fleet of menacingly moving maniacal trains; squelching even the most smallest particle that came my way; if anyone tried to dictate his spurious set of terms upon her spell binding countenance,

And I might appear to be just a worthless molecule; awaiting to get brutally trampled as pedestrians walked gently on the lanes; but mind you I had the capacity to become all the united strength of this Universe in one go; bury living beings with ruthlessly proliferating ease well beneath their coffins; if anyone tried to steal her from me; even perceived the faintest to make her anything other than mine.

39. LIVING DEAD

Blind me gruesomely for life; emptying the entire canister of piquant red chili powder into my innocuous eyes,

Cut each of my fingers mercilessly; with the hostile pair of cleavers gleaming menacingly beside the kitchen sink,

Ridicule me severely in public; ostracizing me for my plethora of misdeeds; stripping me naked in the heart of the city,

Break a bulky cluster of rotten eggs on my scalp; giving me dead scorpion stuffed between stale bread; to forcefully munch for breakfast,

Snap the brakes of my car deliberately before I left in the morning; so that the automobile plummeted horrendously into the steep valley; eventually exploding and charring me into a cloud of black plumes,

Hurl a battalion of abuses at me every night before I drifted into tranquil sleep; addressing me by ghastly names that I had never envisaged in the wildest of my dreams,

Spit at me all the saliva loitering freely in your mouth; vomiting on my face all the foul food which you had consumed for lunch last afternoon,

Put a slab of pugnacious thorns beneath my head; instead of the fir coated and silken pillow,

Give me acid to drink instead of mineral water; uncouthly assassinating the intricate intestines encompassed within my stomach,

Completely empty my bank account; spending each penny of my hard earned money on bombastic clothes you cherished and adored,

Kick me in my rear like a stray dog wandering on the streets; ordering me to run to the most minuscule of your commands even after midnight,

Pummel me brutally in my stomach; banging your fists relentlessly into my chest; just a minute after I was released from the operation room,

Slash my wrists with your heinous nails; ordering me to speak for you every time you opened your mouth,

Pour boiling tea directly on my tender lap; instead of letting it harmoniously cascade into the cup stringently clasped in my hands,

Sketch mortifying cartoons of my visage on the walls; displaying them proudly to every visitor who frequented our dwelling,

Keep inscrutably smiling at me when I was inundated with work; hiding my importantly indispensable files far away from sight,

Scream hysterically in my ears; fomenting them to rip apart in barbaric disarray; puncturing austerely through my sensitive membranes,

Corrupt the mind of my child against me with appalling tales; telling him that I was a cold blooded criminal; when in fact I was an ordinary sage,

Try and strangulate my neck umpteenth number of times in a day; endeavoring your best to extricate the last iota of breath trapped in my lungs,

Whip me for indefatigable number of hours with your broomstick; commanding me to walk upside down with my hands clinging to my ears,

But please O! beloved, don't ever leave me and go; for this painful ordeal that I underwent every day was far less than the living dead I would become; if you suddenly left me.

40. SINCE THE TIME

Since the time I sighted your mesmerizing eyes; their emphatic blackness shimmering incessantly,
I have simply forgotten all darkness; become oblivious to the descending of every night.

Since the time I sighted your voluptuous lips; the stupendous pink embodied profoundly on their silhouette,
I have simply forgotten all color; have become blind to the millions of scarlet rose protruding from soil.

Since the time I sighted your cascading hair; the silken sheen majestically glimmering from them in brilliant sunlight,
I have simply forgotten all softness; have become embarrassingly unaware of the fluffy robes that draped my persona.

Since the time I sighted your intricate nails; the way you scratched them into your skin when agitated,
I have simply forgotten all ornaments; have become completely numb to the most poignant of caress and touch.

Since the time I sighted your cheeks; the enchanting tinge of crimson circumventing your skin,
I have simply forgotten all complexion; become a perfect alien to the blood circulating in my veins.

Since the time I sighted your nose; the moist air diffusing from your nostrils mystically enlivening the dead atmosphere,
I have simply forgotten all breeze; the very breath that circulated in my lungs; kept me alive.

Since the time I sighted your rosy tongue; the incredulously melodious voice that drifted each time you opened your mouth,
I have simply forgotten all sound; have become deaf to the most thunderous of voice permeating into my eardrum.

Since the time I sighted your palm; the enigmatic lines bifurcating it splendidly to

portray your destiny,
I have simply forgotten all designs; treat with abhorrent contempt the most
marvelous of painting suspended from royal walls of the palace.

Since the time I sighted your scintillating earring; the tinkling noise it made each
time you gently nodded your head,
I have simply forgotten all shine; was wholesomely drowned into the glow it
emanated for times immemorial.

Since the time I sighted your heart; the way it violently throbbed every time you
confronted me,
I have simply forgotten all entities on earth; thoroughly lost in the intensity of its
beat; the tremors it ignited on each occasion; and the language of my mind it
spoke; as I held it near.

41. NOT MADE, BUT UNCONTROLLABLY MAD

Their eyes weren't just MADE for each other; but were uncontrollably MAD for
each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to timelessly disentangle
the tantalizing enigmas of life; in each other's affable whites,

Their lips weren't just MADE for each other; but were insatiably MAD for each
other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to perpetually interlock with
each other; and then savor the ultimate sweetness of Omnipotent creation,

Their fingers weren't just MADE for each other; but were unceasingly MAD for
each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to unassailably entwine
with each other; and then trounce every devil with the power of unshakable
compassion,

Their palms weren't just MADE for each other; but were unthinkably MAD for
each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to irrevocably print each
other's destiny; on the back of their rudimentary hands,

Their nape's weren't just MADE for each other; but were unfathomably MAD for
each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to endlessly turn in unison
to even the tiniest trace of poignant sensitivity; and then unitedly decipher each
intricate strand of time,

Their veins weren't just MADE for each other; but were inexhaustibly MAD for
each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to perennially coalesce
with each other; and then give birth to one single stream of invincibly

humanitarian blood,

Their foreheads weren't just MADE for each other; but were intransigently MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to unflinchingly strike each other; and then to drift into a fantasy of unbreakable togetherness for an infinite more lives yet to unveil,

Their ears weren't just MADE for each other; but were intractably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to incessantly tingle each other; and then get roused to the absolute hilt of desire; with the most diminutive flutter of breeze,

Their feet weren't just MADE for each other; but were incorrigibly MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to tread each conceivable step together; and pave of path of celestial yearning wherever they went,

Their tongues weren't just MADE for each other; but were unequivocally MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to ardently suckle each other; and then savor the impregnable harmony of existence; for an infinite lifetimes,

Their bellies weren't just MADE for each other; but were unstoppably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to undyingly seduce each other; so that the profuse virility of life stayed alive; even in the coffin of death,

Their throats weren't just MADE for each other; but were unsurpassably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to mélange into the voice of bounteously undefeated oneness; and then supercede each wail of the hedonistic devil,

Their hair weren't just MADE for each other; but were unlimitedly MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to rapaciously intermingle with each other; and then rejoice forever in the ravenous hunger to make love,

Their skins weren't just MADE for each other; but were unabashedly MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to trigger unprecedented euphoria in each other's pores; and then to witness every sensuousness of creation mischievously seeping in,

Their shoulders weren't just MADE for each other; but were inconsolably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to hoist every hapless orphan on their united platform; towards the Sun of optimistically blessed light,

Their arms weren't just MADE for each other; but were inexorably MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to insuperably embrace each other's shivering form; stay like this—most infallible and unperturbed even in the mightiest of storms,

Their souls weren't just MADE for each other; but were unendingly MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to blissfully overlap each other; even countless centuries after the veritable evaporation of the physical form,

Their breaths weren't just MADE for each other; but were untiringly MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to undauntedly explore each other's fieriness; and then culminate into the immortally uncurbed volcano's of raw passion,

Their hearts weren't just MADE for each other; but were perpetually MAD for each other; wanting nothing else on this Universe; but to bond together and forever and ever and ever into a Heaven of Omnipotent love.

42. UNPARALLELED WINNER

Not even when the most majestic palaces on this Universe were copiously laid in the bare of my palms; only to be blown away to infinitesimal dust; to the tiniest of my whims and aristocratic commands,

Not even when the most undefeated flamboyant Sun perennially carved a path of infallible victory for me-on every conceivable step that I tread; and even in the heart of murderously wholesome blackness,

Not even when the most ravishingly ecstatic clouds in the cosmos knelt in due obeisance at my doorstep; waiting for that single tap of my finger-which'd prompt them to rain or not to thunderously rain,

Not even when the most celestially golden dewdrops refrained to be crushed and evaporate; until I had profusely made love and uninhibitedly kissed all of them,

Not even when the most invincibly iridescent of stars altruistically became my pillow to sleep; forever transporting an infinite dormitories of my brain into the aisles of unbreakable fantasy and sheer utopia,

Not even when the most hideously acrimonious of thorns on this unending Universe—metamorphosed themselves into a carpet of seductive silk beneath my

feet; and on each path that I was destined to transgress,

Not even when the most boundless gardens of sensuous roses and unabashed flowers; rose towards the highest epitomes in the sky in sheer rhapsody; as I merely exhaled my breath on their dainty stems,

Not even when the most jubilantly swaying forests of desire; endlessly showered their flurry of succulent fruit upon my forehead—so that the word 'hunger' never ever crept in the dictionary of my existence,

Not even when the most pricelessly inimitable of ornaments cascaded solely upon me and unstoppably from fathomless sky; to make me the richest organism ever to breathe upon the trajectory of planet divine,

Not even when the most cadaverously fetid of corpses; became the ultimate elixir of life; as I cast my shadow upon the morbid graveyards for just a single instant,

Not even when the most inexhaustibly ticking of time stopped when I said; and then restarted upon my tiniest insinuation from my chamber of unlimitedly eccentric dreams,

Not even when the most unassailably vivacious of rainbows; replenished every disastrously frazzled nerve of my impoverished existence; with timeless strokes of enchanting color and unconquerable charm,

Not even when the most ferociously undulating and stormy oceans; held each of my advancing footsteps like firm soil; as I ran over their waves to magically rejoice with the cotton wool of voluptuous clouds,

Not even when the most unfathomably ghastly devils on this inexhaustible Universe; disdainfully collapsed like a pack of frigid matchsticks at the most invisible of my breath,

Not even when the most imperceptible of my caress on fecund soil; gave instantaneous birth to an infinite new sapling of an optimistic tomorrow; insuperably impregnating the atmosphere with pristine and new-found life,

Not even when the most coveted honors and awards on this earth were thrown dime a dozen into my lap—kept augmenting all the more as I nonchalantly threw them one by one into the abominable slush pile,

Not even when the most dreadfully incarcerating of disease metamorphosed themselves into pure and royal nectar—-the moment that they inadvertently entered into my poignant bloodstream,

Not even when the entire map—every tangible and intangible nook and cranny of this planet; indefinitely embedded itself into my brain; as I became the world's most fastest and prodigial living computer,

But I'd definitely consider myself an unparalleled winner; when irrespective of anything superior happening or not happening to me; true love found its way right into the center of my passionate heart—and then remained there forever and ever and ever—bountifully nourishing and connecting each pulse of my existence directly with the Omnipotent Lord.

43. AND THEN I MET HER

I'd encountered countless women who said they were unimaginably tired—that they'd certainly collapse into an abominable heap; even after getting up from a boundless number of hours of celestial rest and revitalizing sleep,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were brutally emaciated—that the pangs of hunger would certainly kill them; even after gobbling virtually every succulent delicacy on this fathomless earth,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were miserably shy—that they'd certainly swoon in front of the tiniest of mosquito; even after bathing each conceivable pore of their body; mind and soul under the Sun for times immemorial,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were egregiously drowning—that they'd most certainly asphyxiate their last breath under water; even after the endless chain of waves had miraculously and flawlessly transported her to the safe shores,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were sinful untouchables—that their religion would never enable them to mélange with the rest of the planet; even after the Lord had himself descended before them and told them that all religions on this earth are equal and one,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were abysmally purposeless—that their life would just evaporate into nothingness as it came; even after each royal stroke of destiny unveiled an infinite vistas of newness and

opportunity in front of them,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were dismally directionless—that their existence was like the hackneyed pauper till their grave; even after the Omnipotent light paved a way clearer than their soul on every step they dared tread,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were flagrantly scorched—that their throats would certainly turn to charcoal of thirst; even after merrily guzzling down-infinite a can of fruit beer; wine and spring water on the trajectory of this earth,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were inexplicably thwarted—that their life would end this very instant of depression; even after every tangible and intangible happiness of existence was copiously fed to them in a golden spoon each minute,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were agonizingly suffocating—that they'd almost forgotten the scent of fresh air; even after inexhaustibly floating in the clouds of desire—where there blew nothing else but the unstoppable wind of euphoric life,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were deplorably incomplete—that they'd dolefully look forward now only to the next birth; even after being blessed with an immaculate husband; children and an unendingly boisterous jugglery of kin,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were hideously exploited—that their livid bodies would now never fetch heaven; even after being worshipped as nothing else but—daughter; wife; mother; aunt and all the conceivable sacred relations that the planet was bound to,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were ignominiously ugly—that they always sequestered their maudlin grotesque face under the cloak to weep; even after ecstatically winning the ultimate glory crown of 'Miss Universe' for every successive year,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were tawdrily second hand—that they wanted to commit suicide rather than being the consolation prizes of their husbands; even after wantonly philandering themselves with every handsome on the globe—whilst their husbands just stared and tolerated in humble submission,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were unfinished wombs—that they unrelentingly cried to seek the blessings of the Creator; even after giving birth to so many a beautiful and bountiful baby girl child,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were irretrievably blind—that they saw nothing else but devilish darkness capsizing their innocence every instant; even after astoundingly differentiating the nth shade of their choice-for the fabric they planned to adorn on top of their skimpy outfit,

I'd encountered countless women who said they were mercilessly abandoned—that they'd been left amidst a pack of savage wolves to find their non-existent way; even after haughtily ordering a countless of their slaves to lick their floors and walls clean of the last speck of grime,

I'd encountered countless women who said they had abruptly ended—that they'd never ever been given a second chance by the chapters of acridly harsh life; even after an infinite heavens of glorious newness had opened at each bit of goodness that they did,

And then I met her—who gave up on everything even before anything opportune could happen to her; even before the tiniest insinuation of happiness could bless her; even before the mantra of goodness and miracle could try and help her; even before she could alight a single foot to try and test her true worth on this Omniscient soil.

44. THE GREATEST SHOCK OF MY LIFE

When I brought her a blissfully bedazzling star; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire fathomless cosmos; perennially studded with a countless amiable stars,

When I brought her a beautifully serene leaf; she instantaneously demanded from me entire gigantic tree; ravishingly swaying with a countless enchantingly enigmatic leaves,

When I brought her an ingratiating pinch of rain-soaked mud; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire boundless earth; bountifully blessed with countless fields of sensuously virile mud,

When I brought her an unbelievably rejuvenating droplet of froth; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire unceasing ocean; ecstatically undulating with a countless droplets of poignant froth,

When I brought her a profusely exhilarated epitome of the hillock; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire unfathomable Everest; impregnably fortified with a countless inimitable hillocks and unconquerable epitomes,

When I brought her a priceless note of soothing melody; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire ubiquitous atmosphere; burgeoning every royal instant with countless waves of stupendously ameliorating music,

When I brought her a profoundly original sketch; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire affable landscape; inherently curled with a countless Omnipotent sketches of mother nature divine,

When I brought her an unflinchingly golden ray of light; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire Omnipresent Sun; permeating every ounce of the lugubrious earth with countless rays of optimism; hope and shine,

When I brought her a whisper of undefeated sensuality; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire voluptuous night; vividly enriched with a countless flavors and shapes of enthralling sensuality,

When I brought her a granule of insuperably glistening sand; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire majestic desert; magically sizzling every sorrow under the blistering Sun; and with a countless granules of inscrutable sand,

When I brought her a spell-bindingly romantic poem; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire timeless nature; from which sprouted a countless lines of heavenly poetry-every unfurling instant of the day and magnetic night,

When I brought her a compassionately perpetual beat; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire wondrous heart; indefatigably throbbing to the pulse of a countless bonding beats,

When I brought her a puff of jubilantly thunderous cloud; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire undefeated sky; bounteously laden with a countless puffs of miraculously enamoring clouds,

When I brought her an impeccably frozen cubicle; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire pristine avalanche; adroitly intertwined with a countless frozen cubicles of intrepidly thrilling ice,

When I brought a tranquilly fantasizing dewdrop; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire untamed grassland; rejoicing in the true spirit of life at the crack of midnight; and with a countless rivulets of golden dew,

When I brought her a bewitchingly scarlet petal of rose; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire everlasting garden; where there swished a countless ebullient rose-breathless in anticipation of every stroke of the invincibly virile breeze,

When I brought her an immaculately unparalleled pearl; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire silken moon; perennially enlightening every ounce of perilous blackness with countless pearls of milky light,

When I brought her a triumphantly scintillating crown; she instantaneously demanded from me the entire infallible kingdom; the complete queenly control over countless ordinary lives and crowns,

Thus, thoroughly familiar with her insatiably greedy mentality—I in advance brought her the entire love on this endlessly fructifying Universe- but this time I got the greatest shock of my life—as she instantaneously demanded from me only mine- and forever and ever and ever; only mine.

45.24 X 7 X 365

Neither and only when the most astoundingly vivacious of rainbow engulfed each bit of voluptuous sky; with the handsome Sun peeping occasionally to compassionately warm the atmosphere,

Neither and only when the most miraculously mellifluous of nightingale; perpetuated every ingredient of sensuous air; with a tune that immortalized the spirit of a royally united existence,

Neither and only when the most resplendently beaming stars twinkled to their full might; illuminating the fabric of the frigidly dreary night; with the rays of Omnipresent happiness,

Neither and only when the most effulgently bounteous roses; mischievously bloomed under the first rays of the Sun; mesmerizing countless an impoverished nostril on this earth with their scent of insuperable togetherness,

Neither and only when the most poignantly intrepid waves of the ocean majestically clashed against the enigmatic rocks; dissipated into such a froth

which reinvigorated life back in each corpse stifled in the morose graveyard,

Neither and only when the most seductively gregarious of leaves uninhibitedly swished in every conceivable direction; to evolve a whole new unconquerable civilization; of just breeze; breeze and exuberantly blessing breeze,

Neither and only when the most unabashedly inimitable globules of rain cascaded from the belly of sky; celestially mollifying the agonizing cry of every obviously thwarted molecule lying limp on cracked soil,

Neither and only when the most inexplicably amorous forests; indefatigably rustled to their heart's content; tickling the carpet of golden dew strewn all around till unassailable eternity,

Neither and only when the most perennially affable clouds formed an invincible cocoon in bald patches of sky; stretching every cognizable horizon of the impoverished brain; to beyond the realms of spell-binding utopia,

Neither and only when the most untamed streaks of white lightening blended with mundane soil; magnificently fomenting each deadened pore of the skin to stand up in electric alacrity; towards the furthestmost point in the heavens,

Neither and only when the most philanthropic streams of blood floated on the boundless Universe; when each religion; caste; creed; sect and tribe; forever melanged into a-singleton impregnable color of humanity,

Neither and only when the most spectacularly pristine puffs of brilliant snow copiously rolled down the hills; growing and growing larger in size till it almost resembled an unfathomable cosmos of unflinching purity,

Neither and only when the most bewitchingly silver of horizons tantalizingly faded from veritable sight; leaving the earth with a desire greater than ever to witness the next princely sunset,

Neither and only when the most divinely virile of seeds sprouted into their very first new leaf; which wondrously captivated every eyeball on this gigantic planet; with its unbreakable mantra of Omnipotent freshness,

Neither and only when the most fearless swords of truth beheaded even the tiniest insinuation of the devil; wholesomely scrapping every bit of demonic bawdiness from earth-with the soul of righteousness,

Neither and only when the most timelessly alluring of mirages drew hordes of organisms from the farthest quarter of the earth; making them ebulliently sing and unrestrictedly sway-in the swirl of unparalleled queenly sand,

Neither and only when the most fierily unblemished breath; triumphantly inundated every conceivable cranny of the atmosphere; with undying gorges of fresh optimism and dazzling hope,

Neither and only when the most unprecedented pulse of sensitivity completely coalesced with every ounce of existence on this globe; spawning an unbelievable firmament of gloriously inseparable brotherhood,

But; I wanted to make unrestricted; unparalleled; unsurpassable love to you O! Beloved; every instant of ethereal dawn/eternal afternoon/sensuous evening and star studded night; which forever remained till the time I survived- as 24 X 7 X 365.

46. HOW ON EARTH?

My money could separate her from you-make her legally mine; but how on earth could I extricate your infinite reflections from the whites of her eyes; which were the sole sublimation of her otherwise impoverished life?

My money could separate her from you-make her legally mine; but how on earth could I erase your infinite fronds of desire from her sensuous lips; which were the sole reason behind her every uninhibited smile?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I remove your infinite whispers of adventure from her intricate ears; which were the sole ounces of enlightenment in her otherwise hackneyed way?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I evaporate your infinite praises from her mellifluous voice; which were the sole pillars of strength in her otherwise devastated existence?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I abolish your infinite fantasies from her astoundingly evolving brain; which were the sole panacea of her otherwise slowly diminishing life?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I scrap your infinite infernos of yearning from her amiably resonating spine; which were the sole sensitivities in her otherwise robotically mundane

existence?

My money could separate her from you-make her legally mine; but how on earth could I annihilate your infinite impressions of destiny from the insides of her blissfully tinkling palms; which were the sole glimmer of hope in the fabric of her otherwise inexplicably withering life?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I behead your infinite compassionate pecks from her unabashed ardent cheeks; which were her sole sensations to forever triumph; in the otherwise fading horizons of her existence?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I massacre your infinite epitomes of artistry from her wondrously wandering fingers; which were the sole insinuations of companionship in her otherwise obfuscated life?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I trounce your infinite shades of humanity from her insuperably celestial blood; which were the sole lanterns of friendship in her otherwise miserably betrayed existence?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I assassinate your infinite pillars of tenacity from her altruistically affable bones; which were the sole Sun of fearlessness in her otherwise despicably slaving life?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I vanquish your infinite spell-binding imageries from her innocuously pristine mind; which were the sole spots of untamed brilliance in her otherwise penuriously incarcerated existence?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I pulverize your infinite recesses of warmth from her voluptuous bosom; which were the sole flames of friendship in her otherwise treacherously obsolete life?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I lynch your infinite fragrances of optimism from her impregnably fiery nostrils; which were the sole heavens of victory in her otherwise subserviently defeated existence?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I extradite your infinite images of truth from her undaunted conscience; which were the sole harbingers of eternal bliss in her otherwise deliriously distorted life?

My money could separate her from you- make her legally mine; but how on earth could I exonerate your infinite impressions of solidarity from her impeccably unbridled soul; which were the sole skies of ultimate freedom in her otherwise gruesomely penalizing existence?

My money could separate her from you-make her legally mine; but how on earth could I slaughter your infinite droplets of healing moisture from her stupendously magnetic eyelashes; which were the sole mists of unexpected miracles in her otherwise deplorably traumatized life?

My money could separate her from you-make her legally mine; but how on earth could I eliminate your infinite ecstatically ever-pervading shadows from her passionate breath; which were the sole rainbows of untainted exhilaration in her otherwise disdainfully slithering existence?

And my money could separate her from you-make her legally mine; but how on earth could I terminate your infinite beats of immortal love from her thunderously throbbing heart; which were the sole rays of contentment in her otherwise fatally premature and truncated life

47. BUT STILL LOVING YOU AND ONLY YOU

Strip all the inimitably bountiful melody from my voice; heartlessly leaving me to wander; through the aimless streets of cacophonous incongruity and thwarted obstreperousness,

Strip all the immaculately enriched artistry from my fingers; uncouthly leaving me to claw my way; through a robotic matchbox of maniacally manipulative and corporate darkness,

Strip all the spirit to philanthropically hoist from my shoulders; diabolically leaving me without a singleton mission on this earth; and shirking further and further away from the fabric of miraculous humanity,

Strip all the unfathomably passionate yearning from my eyes; parasitically leaving me in a dungeon of vindictive blackness; where all I could sight were the ghosts of monotonous give and take,

Strip all the undaunted compassionate from my chest; sinfully leaving me in a slush-pile of pathetically lame meaninglessness; wildly groping in every conceivable direction for the warmth of fresh creation,

Strip all the exultating rhythm of adventure from my feet; disastrously leaving me to follow the same treacherous route to shame; every monstrous day and viciously marauding night,

Strip all the insuperable temerity from my teeth; hopelessly leaving me to wantonly suck every ounce of benign achievement; from every fathomable bosom that I encountered my way on the trajectory of soil,

Strip all the victoriously bedazzling romance from my skin; morbidly leaving me in a coffin of hateful lamentation; with even the most sensuously hilted knives floundering to have the tiniest effect on my soul,

Strip all the ubiquitously enthralling fantasy from my brain; grievously leaving me to squander an infinite miles; under the treacherously acrimonious rays of the afternoon Sun; and crippling sinking sand beneath my feet,

Strip all the zealous tenacity from my bones; abysmally leaving me to fret and ludicrously regret; tossing like an impotent idiot as the hideous devil massacred and violently rampaged through my motherland,

Strip all the untamed ardor from my sweat; preposterously leaving me like the ultimate beggar of my time; unrelentingly staggering on obdurate ground; without the most infinitesimal wings of desire,

Strip all the unparalleled sensitivity from my spine; abjectly leaving me to squeak till death; in the gutters of fetid moroseness and deliriously beheading practicality,

Strip all the spell-binding humanitarian valor from my blood; wretchedly leaving me to solely sight my reflection in mud; seek solace in the utmost hell's of obscurity; far from the most invisible cry of eternal living kind,

Strip all the burgeoning virility from my loins; mercilessly leaving me in victimizing morasses of incarceration; unable to blissfully emboss even a footprint of mine on earth; even after an infinite births and deaths,

Strip all the enlivening rhapsody from my lips; agonizingly leaving me to

squabble and sob; even as the most unassailable epitomes of success and happiness; profusely kissed my doorstep,

Strip all the unshakably divine truth from my conscience; unsparingly leaving me to confront each instant of passing life; abominably entangled in a jailhouse of blood-stained chicanery and thorns,

Strip all the unconquerable fieriness from my breath; banefully leaving me to unceasingly gape amongst lividly infertile patches of sky; with the true elixir of my existence evaporating; even before it could be born,

Strip all the perpetually passionate ardor of my heart; cursedly leaving me in the graveyards of baselessly penalizing war; where the only diet that existed day and night; was that of symbiotic blood and human breath,

And you'll eventually get my body- living the life of a gruesomely dead corpse; but still loving you and only you O! heavenly beloved; and with an intensity which was an infinite times even greater; than when I was naturally and perfectly alive.

48. SHE LAUGHED AND LAUGHED AND LAUGHED TO DEATH

When I chattered a nineteen to the dozen about each of my child's astoundingly spell-binding brainwaves; she laughed at me as loudly as the clouds thunderously colliding in the sky,

When I snored like a dinosaur the entire sunlit day and inexhaustibly fantasized with my eyes wide open in the night; she laughed at me as loudly as the roaring waves clashing against the cold-blooded demonic rocks,

When I voiced even the slightest of my apprehension about casualties that could inevitably occur in today's adulterated world; she laughed at me as loudly as the bombs exploding into fathomless bits of unending atmosphere,

When I at times uninhibitedly divulged my pertinently asphyxiating idiosyncrasies; she laughed at me as loudly as the unabashedly screeching power horns in the overwhelmingly traffic laden street,

When I indefatigably secluded myself from the rest of the planet to pen an infinite lines of immortal love poetry; she laughed at me like a countless demons marauding the innocent with their unstoppably bohemian feet,

When rivers of unceasing tears cascaded from my eyes at the tiniest leaf being ruthlessly chopped; she laughed at me like the endlessly triumphant roar of the mercilessly parading lion,

When I crazily followed even the most invisible of her reflection all day and marathon night; she laughed at me like the untamed crackling flames of the vindictively scarlet fire,

When I stood like the most impregnable of fortress in front of her-to protect her against the ghastliest of impediment; she laughed at me like the earth uncouthly separating into a boundless craters whilst an earthquake,

When I lived each instant of my life like an emotional fool-wholesomely enshrouded by shrewd practicality from all ends; she laughed at me like a witch casting her wicked spell over many an innocuous civilization and life; alike,

When I granted true love an importance greater than any denomination of money on this planet; she laughed at me like the unsparingly diabolical rocks; which tumbled unmanageably from the absolute epitome of the hill,

When I got up with innumerable beads of frigid sweat all over my chest—after the barbarous nightmare; she laughed at me like devilish volcano which vomited itself in violent spurts from the belly of the earth; and towards the highest cranny of the sky,

When I solely listened to the tunes of my passionate heart-though the commercial world gorily stabbed each bone of my persona; she laughed at me like the ghosts unashamedly dancing in the jinxed graveyard,

When I pledged in the name of each droplet of my blood- to exist with her for an infinite more lifetimes; she laughed at me like the insatiably carnivorous barking of thunder; before the advent of the actual storm,

When I proclaimed my desire to procreate a boundless more of my own kind—stringently adhering to the laws of nature divine; she laughed at me like the broken stars listlessly plunging down a boundless kilometers; from the moonless sky,

When I earnestly expressed whatever had happened with me in the course of the tyrannical day; she laughed at me like the unimaginably murderous storm that surreptitiously struck the heart of the effervescent sea,

When I fondled my adorable pet as he lapped my face—thanking me profusely for being his master; she laughed at me like the earth shattering scream of the wantonly plundering and pillaging devil,

When I told her to heartlessly behead me instead of ruthlessly exploiting several of my sensitivities; she laughed at me like the cannibalistic striking of uncountable blood-stained swords; in the ghoulish battlefield of war,

When I skipped many a meal and activity—unbelievably engrossed in my work; which was all for the amelioration of humanity; she laughed at me like the infinite heart-wrenchingly cadaverous cries of hell,

When I austerely expressed my desire to divorce her as life had become a sorrow greater than death—with her; she laughed at me like the torrential downpours of blood from freshly split skulls,

And when I eventually died not able to take her unbearably heartless nonsense anymore; she died too—losing both her life and balance—uncontrollably laughing now at my lifeless carcass; like the most insane shivering of the corpse.

49. SOLITARINESS.

Some married for just insatiable financial gain; profoundly exploiting every ounce of the unending wealth of their girl; to replenish each of their desire with everlasting mountains of silver and glittering gold,

Some married for just timelessly proliferating their dying kin; so that the sensuous freshness of two bodies; paved the way forward for many a more civilization; of their own blood,

Some married for just wholesome and uninterrupted obsession; chasing even the most infinitesimal desire of their girl to the most unprecedented limits; listening to nothing else but the subtlest of her whispers; on this gigantic planet,

Some married for just uncannily enthralling recreation; sighting an unfathomable cistern of newness in their girl's face; everytime they needed to refresh themselves from the tyranny of the manipulative corporate world,

Some married for just blissfully mollifying fulfillment; catapulting to the absolute realms of seventh heaven; as each impoverished pore of two bodies met; in a thunderously untamed unison,

Some married for just celestial recuperation; splendidly healing the most inexplicable wounds of their past with the unconquerable melody in their girl's voice; the magical tunes of inspiration that she sang in their bereaved ears,

Some married for just spurious societal status; so that they had a sanctimoniously doll like feminine partner hand in hand with them; at every cocktail and political toast; that they had to attend,

Some married for just a perfectly meticulous housekeeper; so that the Spartan hands of their girl forever exonerated those invisible cobwebs and untidiness; gave them the most astoundingly organized life that they'd always dreamt,

Some married for just wondrous psychological healing; so that their medically trained girl; slowly and slowly unwinded the disastrously mangled nerves of their brain; to make them overcome their baseless fears; and then rise like the rock of Gibraltar to face any damned obstacle on earth,

Some married for just appeasing their perennially starved bowels; with their girl who was an absolute blessing from the heavens; tantalizing the most dwindling of their taste buds; with the aroma of an infinite new dishes and recipes that she cooked every enlightening dawn,

Some married for just mere companionship; as all they wanted from the chapter of robotic life; was a girl who could triumphantly break their corpses of mundane solitariness,

Some married for just releasing the animal within; utilizing the robust flesh of their girl whenever uncontrolled demonic desire arose; and then disposing her off like pieces of invisible shit,

Some married for just an exposure to the opposite sex; after confining almost every single routine day of their treacherous lives; within the precincts of home; school; college and office,

Some married for just appeasing countless other members of close kin; placating the unsurpassably frazzled nerves of perennially worrying mothers and staunch grandmothers; by tying the thread with the girl of their choice,

Some married for just unrelenting domination; wherein their girl never ever raised her eyebrows even once; though subjected to their infinite acts of dastardly chauvinism; their tyrannical outbursts of thwarted masculine strength,

Some married for just the dungeons of esoteric perversion; ruthlessly implementing the most sadistic of their fantasies upon their girl; in the most blackened and whipping corners of this earth; far away from the tiniest scent of living kind,

Some married for just emotional security; seeking a perpetual shoulder to lean upon and indefatigably cry—the unending list of their listlessly wastrel and livid idiosyncrasies,

Some married for just true and passionate love; paying a deaf ear to even the most inconsolably deplorable abuses of the conventional society; rising as the most powerful force on earth for a humanitarian cause with their girl; at the footsteps of the Lord,

Whilst I feel that I married my girl—only to be forever cursed by a spell of undyingly asphyxiating and murderously abominable 'Solitariness'.

50. IF ONLY YOU'D SPENT A SINGLE MINUTE

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of your hours; which you dedicated wholesomely to our child; at times deliberately stirring the mischievous devil within it,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of your hours; which you meaninglessly wasted staring into blank bits of space; which led solely to the mortuaries of nothingness,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you obsessively spent ruthlessly scraping and scrubbing those floors; which were already sparkling clean,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you worthlessly whiled reading every ounce of spicy and gossipy news; inundated on the front covers of sensational newspapers and magazines alike,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent ardently listening to the travails and woes; of even the most listlessly decayed bones strewn haplessly on the dusty streets,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent indefatigably searching for the ultimate

panacea of happiness and fruition; in your impoverished life,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you dedicated to excessively celestial rest and sleep; which you relished the most; because you could rampantly dream,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent in the kitchen burning your fingers unsuccessfully; in trying to learn every conceivable recipe under the flaming Sun,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of thousands of hours; which you fervently devoted to satisfying every religious ritual and spurious ceremony; of the so-called sanctimonious society,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent scrupulously tracking every thread of success; of the richest men and women on this fathomless Universe,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent conversing; releasing your frustration; against the solitary walls and laconic bits of sky,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent in triumphantly proving even the most invisible of your point; even though you were the unabashed ridiculer and were wrong,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent admiring your very ownself; as sitting on the throne of; and reigning as the ultimate queen of nail-on-the-head practicality,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent aimlessly speaking with your friends; relatives and close kin; igniting myriad topics out of sheer nothingness; when there was nothing profound left to talk,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent trying to explore an indefinite number of talents; existing incognito in your brain,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent taking marathon walks and jogs; in order to keep your already agile body; roaring in the topmost gear,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent in gross indifference and preposterous shrewdness; towards the chapters of mundane life,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours; which you spent in making fun of even the most evanescent of my idiosyncrasies; upon which you'd accidentally tumbled; in knowing me all these long years,

If only you'd spent only a single minute reading my poetry; out of those thousands of hours you spent wholeheartedly laughing on the other side; whilst I flashed the mightiest tears of my sorrow away; cursed by a spell of perennial loneliness,

Then. I'd have loved you more invincibly than I loved anyone on this gigantically inscrutable Universe; as poetry was all I had; all I was made up of in each of my veins; bone and breath; and what I penned was exactly what I thought; was exactly how I was; was exactly my truest identity; irrespective of any caste; creed; status or tribe.

The End

Nikhil Parekh

You Don't Need To Teach

You don't need to teach the voluptuous blanket of clouds; to torrentially rain,

You don't need to teach the seductively alluring rose; to disseminate its scent ubiquitously across the fathomless Universe,

You don't need to teach the desert sands; to be blistering hot; indefatigably throughout their life,

You don't need to teach the oceans to handsomely swirl; undulate charismatically as each instant unfurled,

You don't need to teach the slithering bodied snake; to ominously inundate the atmosphere with its flurry of volatile hisses,

You don't need to teach the spider to spin its web; weave of silken sheath of astounding wonder; within lightening seconds of time,

You don't need to teach the Sun to poignantly blaze; deluge every cranny of this famished planet; with exuberant energy and Omnipotent shine,

You don't need to teach the frogs to croak; bounce in ebullient euphoria through mesmerizing puddles of rain,

You don't need to teach the resplendently alluring Moon; to blossom into pearly rays of enchantingly milky shine,

You don't need to teach the menacingly gleaming crocodiles; to pulverize their prey into countless pieces of delicious chowder,

You don't need to teach the bird to handsomely fly; soar like a majestic prince amidst the silken carpet of clouds; for times immemorial,

You don't need to teach the lids to flirtatiously wink; pop down in subtle insinuations to philander and romance,

You don't need to teach the winds to drift; casting their exotic spell and unprecedented melody; upon each organism that they encountered in their way,

You don't need to teach the conscience to be irrefutably righteous; stringently annihilate; even the most minuscule traces of the lecherously bad,

You don't need to teach the fish to magnificently swim; stay with astounding equanimity and stupendous poise; even in the heart of rampantly deep sea,

You don't need to teach seeds to sprout into gigantic trees; incredulously proliferate the gifts of nature; to perennially continue the chapter of tangible existence,

You don't need to teach avalanches of ice to tantalizingly melt; diffuse into a stream of ravishing water and supreme contentment,

You don't need to teach truth to emerge as the ultimate winner; uniting one and all alike on this planet; in the bond of philanthropic peace and love,

You don't need to teach a new born child to cry; enlighten every bit of gloomily dreary manipulation in the air; with its wonderfully rhapsodic voice,

And you don't need to teach the heart to immortally love; dedicate each of its beats to the entity it loved; in each birth that it got a chance to throb once again.

Nikhil Parekh

You Just Fall In Love

There was no age stringently defined to fall in its heavenly swirl; embrace its cistern of majestic enchantment for centuries unprecedented,

There was no time irrevocably defined to experience its exuberant timelessness; catapult to the ultimate summit of its gloriously enthralling victory,

There was no color intransigently defined to entice its stupendous aroma; possess its magically augmenting wave of sensuousness; for as long as earth was destined to exist,

There was no moment intractably defined to savor its glorious titillation; exotically be the most integral element of its ravishingly tantalizing stride,

There was no mantra incorrigibly defined to incarcerate its compassionate caress; preserve its incredulously immaculate touch close to your soul; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

There was no religion conventionally defined to bond with its ubiquitous essence; relentlessly bathe in its marvelously voluptuous pool of ebullient belonging,

There was no trail irrefutably defined to chase its magnificently silken charm; be its ecumenically gorgeous cascade of spell binding prosperity,

There was no entrenchment precisely defined to conquer its spirit of everlasting seduction; wholeheartedly embrace its kaleidoscope of boundlessly ingratiating color,

There was no price inexorably defined to purchase its romantic incantation; be incessantly spell bound by its spell of redolently dancing vivaciousness,

There was no boundary austerely defined to achieve its scintillatingly handsome peak; bask in the unbelievably majestic scent of its optimistically healing breath,

There was no voice inclemently defined to impress its impeccably frolicking embodiment; unassailably imprison its holistically sacrosanct beauty; in the center of your impoverished chest,

There was no direction monotonously defined to follow its mystically unconquerable splendor; be the most ultimate slave of its celestially resplendent

shadow,

There was no dimension dogmatically defined to measure its fathomless ardor; beautifully enshroud every element of your penuriously dwindling existence; with its royal beads of profuse togetherness,

There was no power concisely defined to snatch its Omnipotent crown; be the sole jewel of its profound fervor to regally lead life; to bounce exuberantly in placating paradise,

There was no portrait irretrievably defined to highlight its exquisite treasury of amiable symbiosis; poignantly divulge its astronomically endless goodness; to the entire Universe traumatically crippled outside,

There was no blood meticulously defined to belong to its Godly countenance; melange with its stream of ubiquitously glistening humanity; for unsurpassable more decades yet to come,

There was no breath punitively defined to inhale its panoramically eclectic contours; exclusively relish its astoundingly princely tale of unending exhilaration,

There was no heart specifically defined to possess its marvelously Omnipresent beats; be the only one to eternally dance to its tunes of melodiously blessing mankind,

And there was no preparation specifically defined to execute its lovely rhythm; as you just inadvertently stumble into its immortal light of goodness; you just unknowingly accept it at some stage of life as the greatest elixir for survival; **YOU JUST FALL IN LOVE.**

Nikhil Parekh

You Just Perpetually Continue

Victory or Defeat are merely and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to fearlessly march forward; on the path of eternally spell-binding righteousness,

Victory or Defeat are inconspicuous and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue in your mission to metamorphose every bit of arid stagnation on this planet; into a valley of enchantingly fructifying green,

Victory or Defeat are immaterial and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to disseminate the essence of insuperably redolent peace; on every conceivable path you dared tread,

Victory or Defeat are insouciant and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to tirelessly sermonize the mantras of unassailably pristine humanity; to every tangible cranny of the planet and even beyond,

Victory or Defeat are infinitesimal and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to embrace organisms of every caste; creed; color; religion and tribe; as compassionately as one of your invincible kin,

Victory or Defeat are inconsequential and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to behead even the most non-existent trace of the vituperative devil; with your sword of unconquerable truth,

Victory or Defeat are fugitive and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to reign supreme as the ultimate harbinger of blissfully peerless humanity,

Victory or Defeat are ephemeral and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to soar high and handsome in the skies of heavenly fantasy with each of your holistically breathing mates; and with Lord as your ultimate savior,

Victory or Defeat are unimportant and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to unabashedly continue the chapters of venerated proliferation; using every ounce of indomitable virility trapped in your royal stride,

Victory or Defeat are transient and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to sleep in the lap of your Omnipotent mother; although the entire Universe outside spat and indefatigably ridiculed at your childish hide,

Victory or Defeat are inveterate and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to evolve into a fountain of everlastingly synergistic goodness; although all that showered around you was nothing else but the truculently victimizing devil's rain,

Victory or Defeat are penurious and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to optimistically enliven even the most infidel iota of brutally ignominious monotony; with your philanthropic smiles,

Victory or Defeat are preposterous and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to be the triumphantly guiding beacon; for every drearily lambasted traveler; in the throes of the ghastly midnight,

Victory or Defeat are secondary and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to bring an unflinchingly blazing renaissance in every perversely subjugated sphere of life; timelessly ensuring that every echelon of living kind; forever and ever and ever liberated into the gloriously free skies,

Victory or Defeat are intermittent and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to be the sole magician in every haplessly devastated orphans soul and ecstatically ameliorating his disastrously empty life,

Victory or Defeat are feckless and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to altruistically render even the most oblivious cranny of your mind; body and soul; to the unshakable service of your celestially blessed motherland,

Victory or Defeat are evaporating and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to become the sight of all those who were hopelessly blind; undyingly drifting them towards a freshly blazing Sun of hope,

Victory or Defeat are absconding and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to sow the seeds of divinely truth; on every vindictively barren patch of soil on this fathomless planet,

Victory or Defeat are inexplicable and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to garland the ideals of simplicity; and make them an integral element of your conscience; breath; soul and life,

Victory or Defeat are ethereal and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to fight for the cause of egalitarian justice; with bounteous non-violence as the only weapon of your nimbly prostrating shadow,

And Victory or Defeat are evanescent and only two sides of the coin; you just perpetually continue to immortally throb for the winds of selfless love; and thereby let each impregnable beat of your heart; forever bond with every bit of panoramic goodness on this unshakably captivating earth.

Nikhil Parekh

You Lived In My Heart

You lived in my intricate eyes when I saw the world; taught me to discerningly distinguish between the good and evil,

You lived in my ears when I listened to sound; made me stringently aware of the most minuscule of voice in proximity,

You lived in my feet when I traversed the parched earth; making sure that my toes remained reinvigorated at all times,

You lived in my fingers when I wrote literature; making me chisel sheer magic out of nondescript words,

You lived in my stomach when I swallowed food; assisting me to scrupulously digest the same,

You lived in my nails when I scratched the wall; imparting me with the tenacity to peel off the pallid paint,

You lived in my tongue when I spoke; blessing me with the tact of producing a melodious noise,

You lived in my nostrils when I breathed air; seeing to it that the purest part of it entered the jacket of my lungs,

You lived in my veins when they pumped crimson blood; ensuring that it flowed rambunctiously all throughout the day,

You lived in my throat when I gulped cool water; facilitating it to smoothly cascade down my neck,

You lived in my luscious lips when I smiled; making it appear profoundly incarcerating in front of the audience,

You lived in my slender bones as I grew; impregnating them with tones of calcium; making me audaciously confront the most bizarre of situation,

You lived in my armory of teeth when I masticated my meals; making sure that I crushed each obdurate morsel into silken chowder,

You lived in my mind when I tried to contemplate; providing me with the most adept solution to my baffling enigma,

You lived in my scalp every time I felt like caressing it; incorporating the follicles of my hair with resplendent shine,

You lived in the wildest of my fantasies; the most weirdest of my dreams; making it wholesomely sure that they didn't cause me any harm,

You lived in the lines embossed on the back of my palm; chalking my destiny to be as bright as possible,

You lived in my sweat as it dribbled down my cheeks; inundating it with a perennial shine,

You lived in my scent as the day unveiled itself into shivering night; embedding my persona with an everlasting essence,

And most importantly you lived in my heart invincibly imprisoned; as it had absolutely no vacancy for any other entity to exist.

Nikhil Parekh

You Only Tell Me What To Do; O! Almighty Lord.

On one hand you say; that I should indefatigably worship my parents; more than I could've worshipped the greatest of Gods,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who pulverized and ruthlessly massacred Mother Nature for simply no ostensible reason or rhyme; nor should I ever dare do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they mercilessly massacred trees and mother nature;
just to spuriously clean their dwellings of untamed wild and natural outgrowths.

On one hand you say; that I should interminably worship my parents feet night and day; no matter how much hell ruthlessly rained upon planet divine,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who consider haplessly orphaned children as pieces of worthless shit; nor should I ever dare do
the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they disdainfully discarded every other wailing child on this Universe except their very own; based on the spurious pretext that their child was the most beautiful of them all.

On one hand you say; that I should limitlessly worship even the tiniest reflection of my parents; make it the sole mantra and breath of my impoverished destined life,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who in this free planet who despicably made others hoarsely scrub their lavatories and floors; nor should I ever dare do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they made countless slave for them all throughout their existence; at times dictating even uneducated innocent youth to extricate the last bit of grime from beneath their lavatory seat; and then justifying their unbearable actions by paying few wads of currency note.

On one hand you say; that I should dedicatedly worship my parents for whatever they were; howsoever they were; just for bringing me blissfully onto this victoriously unbridled planet,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who fetidly discriminate between one religion/caste/creed and the other; nor should I ever dare to do the same myself,

Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they vehemently and wholeheartedly ostracized other religions and tribes as terrorists; proclaiming their own religion to be the most celestially unconquerable and blessed of them all.

On one hand you say; that I should tirelessly worship my parents above all existing truth and righteousness on this planet; till even after I exhaled my very last breath,

On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who shrewdly manipulate their way in life to the absolute top; nor should I ever dare to do the same myself,

Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they sacrilegiously lied at several occasions with living kind and society; for invincibly adding that extra bit of glimmer to their already hoisted flag of unfettered success.

On one hand you say; that I should perpetually worship my parents; taking even the most intangible word that they uttered; as the ultimate command of my truncated existence,

On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who refrain from philanthropically reaching out to despairing humanity; nor should I ever dare to do the same myself,

Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they unnecessarily splurged countless of their wealth

in sanctimonious society formalities; parties; their own children's marriages; without benevolently donating even a bygone penny for the betterment and amelioration of penuriously strangulated mankind.

On one hand you say; that I should unstopably worship even the most obfuscated footprint left by my parents on soil; make it the sole path of heavenly enlightenment in my humble life,

On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who heartlessly believed in adhering to the principles of baselessly tyrannizing formality; nor should I ever dare do the same myself,

Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they let the perverted norms of formality in this world; force their very own children to pursue things on this earth that they never desired or wanted.

On one hand you say; that I should relentlessly worship even the most oblivious wrinkle on my parent's forehead; find the ultimate destinations and epitomes of my life; in the unassailable whites of their eyes,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who ruthlessly and deliberately killed innocuous organisms and insects without a pang of hunger in their stomachs; nor should I ever dare to do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; when infact at times; they barbarously killed countless ants; flies; bees; rats; cockroaches and the likes within their house; so that it exactly resembled like the spic and span aisles of infallible paradise.

On one hand you say; that I should unflinchingly worship even the last iota of spit which my parents wafted; savoring it as the most priceless blessing upon me on this fathomlessly enchanting earth,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who clearly heard every cry of despair from the planet and yet remained silent; nor should I ever dare to do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; who infact at times; wholesomely heard the inexhaustibly maiming wails of
of
humanity; but yet closed their doors impregnably shut; partly because of the fear that they'd land up behind bars if they helped; and partly because their routine sleep was too dear for them to lose.

On one hand you say; that I should eternally worship even the most inconspicuous globule of sweat of my parents; treasuring it as the most inimitably unconquerable good luck charm of my life,
On the other hand you say; that neither should I ever worship those who solely propagated the axiom of "Live Like a king" and not "Live and Let live like a king";
nor should I ever dare to do the same myself,
Then you only tell me O! Almighty Lord; that should I ever worship my parents or not; who infact at times; couldn't selfishly see anyone else but their own kin and themselves in the mirror of the world; and who tirelessly wanted only these few to "Live like a King".

Nikhil Parekh

You Resembled The Creator Divine

When you wholeheartedly smiled; you resembled the unconquerably Omnipotent rays of Sun; in poignantly fathomless sky,

When you mischievously cavorted; you resembled the enigmatically spell binding rustle of the majestic forests; profusely soaked in resplendently enchanting moonlight,

When you relentlessly fantasized; you resembled shades of compassionate crimson; prolifically abounding the voluptuously rain bearing cloud,

When you uninhibitedly danced; you resembled the waterfalls perennially cascading from the pristine slopes of the Himalayas; miraculously placating every traumatically dreary throat with their untainted exuberance,

When you uncannily slithered; you resembled the mystically sacrosanct serpents; devoutly guarding the timelessly sparkling treasures; abreast the statue of the Omniscient Lord,

When you flirtatiously philandered; you resembled the ebulliently bubbling bumble bee; gloriously playing hide-n-seek with the marvelously outstretched petals; of
the fabulously inebriating lotus,

When you inscrutably hummed; you resembled the bountiful blades of grass ingratiatingly embellished with golden dew; peerlessly gazing under priceless rays of the beautiful afternoon,

When you royally winked; you resembled the unbelievably impeccable festoon of twinkling stars in the cosmos; profoundly enlightening the trajectory of morbidly monotonous and indiscriminating earth,

When you altruistically embraced; you resembled the infernos of unassailably righteous patriotism; fearlessly blazing their way through a world of acrimoniously vindictive and cold-blooded hostility,

When you ardently yearned; you resembled the absolute epitome of impregnable Everest; uncontrollably trembling all night; to be handsomely kissed by the first beams of tantalizing dawn,

When you celestially snored; you resembled fantastically virgin shores laden with immaculately charismatic pearls; brilliantly shimmering in the unparalleled elixir of life,

When you restlessly discovered; you resembled the amazingly proliferating fields of hazel corn; sprouting into an unprecedented gorge of freshness; every unraveling minute of the blessed day,

When you philanthropically mitigated; you resembled a heavenly flower disseminating its fragrance to one and all; irrespective of caste; creed; tribe; religion; regally and alike,

When you nimbly shied; you resembled the divinely adorned bride; trying to hide her blushing cheeks; deeper and deeper into her innocuously silken veil,

When you inadvertently yawned; you resembled the satiny carpet of languidly ambling autumn wind; symbiotically quenching the disastrously frazzled nerves of the decrepitiy staggering traveler,

When you ingeniously proliferated; you resembled the magnetically undulating waves of emerald sea; indefatigably dancing to the tunes of inimitable freshness; till infinite more births yet to unveil,

When you iridescently sang; you resembled the unfathomably seductive cluster of blissful nightingales; mollifying even the most diabolically dreaded of monsters; with the fervently untamed effervescence in their voice,

When you passionately breathed; you resembled the ultimate gifts of vividly exhilarating life; eternally spawning into a civilization of oneness and peace; as every morning wonderfully transcended over sonorous night,

But when you perpetually loved; you resembled the Omnipresent Creator Divine; who knew of no religion other than the religion of oneness; unity and invincible mankind; who knew of no other power greater on this planet of his except love; to love; love and timelessly bless in its indomitable shine.

Nikhil Parekh

You Simply Couldn't Hide

You simply couldn't hide the maliciously decrepit savagery in your prejudiced lips; just by profusely embellishing them with poignantly crimson shades of exotically blissful lipstick,

You simply couldn't hide the unprecedentedly pugnacious abhorrence in your sinister eyes; just by aristocratically adorning them with radiantly resplendent and tantalizing mascara,

You simply couldn't hide the insanely lambasting tyranny in your devilish throat; just by tirelessly painting it with ebulliently pristine and sweetly mellifluous honey,

You simply couldn't hide the petulantly unruly urges to indiscriminately massacre in your unsparing feet; just by dexterously camouflaging them with marvelously articulate sports shoes,

You simply couldn't hide the coldblooded parasites on your blood-stained palms; just by surreptitiously sequestering them under a vivaciously sleazy coat of vibrantly titillating graffiti,

You simply couldn't hide the volcano's of devastatingly lunatic emaciation in your bellicose stomach; just by stealthily enveloping it with timidly obese and flaccid apron strings,

You simply couldn't hide ribald maelstroms of vindictive misery in your esoteric brain; just by nonchalantly entrenching it by insurmountably gigantic triangular straw hats,

You simply couldn't hide satanically biting urges in your diabolical teeth; just by ardently painting them with the most brilliantly effulgent of; reinvigoratingly robust toothpaste,

You simply couldn't hide licentiously lascivious desires in your sleazy skin; just by bawdily covering it with unsurpassably sanctimonious robes of slippery silk,

You simply couldn't hide the lethally belligerent venom in your worthless sweat; just by baselessly sprinkling it with stupendously rejuvenating cologne,

You simply couldn't hide the preposterous desires to kill in your diseased bones;

just by aimlessly enshrouding them with grotesquely punctured mimicry of ubiquitous saintly robes,

You simply couldn't hide the whirlpools of unrelentingly iconoclastic chauvinism in your beleaguered shoulders; just by disastrously impregnating them with uninhibitedly princely bird wings,

You simply couldn't hide libidiously corrupt desires of your fecklessly tawdry soul; just by incessantly chanting the mantra of eternally symbiotic mankind,

You simply couldn't hide the irately opprobrious manipulation in your dwindling countenance; just by indefatigably bouncing like an ecstatically exultating kangaroo; in the heart of the tropically iridescent forests,

You simply couldn't hide your morbidly macabre spirit to devour innocent humans alive; just by coherently disguising your speech with a string of holistic pearls; like the ambiguously beguiling politician,

You simply couldn't hide your intrinsically maligned desire to uncouthly snatch; just by spuriously donating the sordidly fetid leftovers of your kitchen; to ghosts lingering insidiously in the cacophonous graveyard,

You simply couldn't hide the inevitable onset of age on your dastardly trembling persona; just by worthlessly adorning your demeanor with flamboyantly pulsating and sleazily short teenage clothes,

You simply couldn't hide the incomprehensibly limitless graveyard of derogatory lies in your conscience; just by brandishing the immortal martyrs sword upside down; in your pathetically quavering arms,

You simply couldn't hide your already deadened and meaninglessly laconic form; just by deliberately expunging boundless gallons of squeamish air; from your obsoletely asphyxiated nostrils,

And you simply couldn't hide the pernicious battlefield of salacious betrayal in your threadbare heart; just by despicably attaching a pacemaker to it; and then fulminating into an untamed fireball of worthlessly robotic beats.

Nikhil Parekh

You Were In My Every Heartbeat

You were in every step that I took; caressing the earth softly with my indigenously sculptured feet,

You were in every smile that I executed; spreading a wave of unprecedented cheer in an atmosphere laden heavily with inexplicable gloom,

You were in every promise that I made; impregnating impoverished demeanor's with heaps of fortification and rejuvenating assurance,

You were in every challenge that I undertook; unequivocally proving my flamboyantly Herculean mettle in this world,

You were in every kiss that I blew; deluging the drearily starved ambience with an ocean of passionate fantasy and fiery romance,

You were in every image that I witnessed; marvelously embellishing and adorning even the most hideously insipid of sights wandering on this planet,

You were in every yawn that I produced lazily at ethereal dawn; fomenting me to start the heavenly day with unparalleled exuberance in my body,

You were in every word that I embodied with my own blood; making it more valuable than any amount of wealth ever found on this globe,

You were in every tear that I shed; blissfully purifying the area you fell with the irrefutably philanthropic essence lingering in your soul,

You were in every line that I sung; driving the last ounce of despair from my miserably shriveled and exhausted life,

You were in every mischief that I played; transiting me back to my days of innocuous childhood; the unfathomable naughtiness circumventing my persona even today,

You were in every punch that I imparted with my palms; augmenting my strength to astounding limits when I faced the ominously vicious and bad,

You were in every tale that I had to recite; intransigently captivating the most ruthless of personality in the fervent intensity of our immortal love,

You were in every droplet of my blood that flowed through my veins; giving it the status of being more cherished than the most boundless of ocean; more revered than the most holiest of liquid trickling in this Universe,
You were in every dream that I envisaged; making me the richest man on soil; sitting merely on my dingy hut's doorstep,

You were in every scripture that I imbibed in life; metamorphosing me from a simple illiterate; to the most knowledgeable entity ever born,

You were in every morsel of food that I ate in my quota of limited years; placating my uncontrollable hunger; with the mesmerizing grace of your tantalizing charm,

You were in every breath that I inhaled; deluging and wholesomely encapsulating my lungs with the ardor to live,

And you were in every beat that my heart took almost infinite times in a single day; triggering me with the insurmountable tenacity to fight life; find a place of my own to live amongst the pack of wolves that surrounded me every instant; the acrimonious bed of thorns surreptitiously waiting to gobble me; the moment I tread.

Nikhil Parekh

You Were Indeed My Loving Wife

You were my appetizing and delicious cake; without the tiniest globule of red cherry,

You were my stupendous palace; without the flamboyantly towering chimneys,

You were my impeccable canister of milk; without the most minuscule trace of cream,

You were my flute with mesmerizing sound; without the most inconspicuous of glamorous beats,

You were my plate of scintillating ivory; without superfluous carvings embossed in abundance,

You were my swirling ocean; without the cumbersome and bulky ships polluting it every unveiling second,

You were my sprawling meadows of fresh grass; without glistening dewdrops and obnoxious fertilizer,

You were my breathtaking aircraft in the sky; without the luxuriously adorned seats,

You were my traditional dancer; without any traces of pomp and gliteratti,

You were my cascading fountain of delectable froth; without spurious effervescence and shimmering lights,

You were my silvery pearl incarcerated within the oyster; without traces of sanctimonious gold,

You were my ensemble of voluptuous hair; without the slightest aroma of perfumed shampoo,

You were my candle of pure wax; without artificial fires blazing; emanating invidiously from your wick,

You were my romantic flamingo; without disdainful paint adhered to your wings,

You were my hard bound book of enchanting fairy tales; without any tinge of mystery and adulterated thrill,

You were my tendrils of redolent musk; without any presence of the mechanized room freshener,

You were my solid brick wall; without vivid color and pretentious graffiti,

You were my immaculate lines of literature embedded on the blackboard; without any mentions of the swanky computer,

You were my coalition of clouds in the sky; without the most infinitesimal trace of contemporary spacecraft,

And you were indeed my Loving wife; the girl of my dreams; without the slightest
of embellishment; passionately breathing rustic draughts of air; smiling far away from the land of ostentation.

Nikhil Parekh

You Were Like That Omnipresent God In My Life

You were like that crimson rose in my life; which seldom lost its fragrance; inundating the atmosphere with its heavenly smell,

You were like that rain cloud in my life; which incessantly showered rain; nourishing the earth profoundly with its caress,

You were like that concrete wall in my life; which didn't break under the most onerous of load; remained unperturbed under the most deafening of dynamite explosion,

You were like that gigantic ocean in my life; which never reduced its level; swirled magnificently in the ravishing breeze,

You were like that foliated tree in my life; which never shed a single leaf; gave a perennial supply of succulent fruit,

You were like that sea blue nightingale in my life; which unrelentingly chirped notes of mesmerizing music,

You were like that sacrosanct cow in my life; which yielded a salubrious supply of immaculate milk,

You were like that twinkling star in my life; which radiated for indefatigable hours; was first to appear in the sky,

You were like that exquisite fountain ink in my life; which kept on embossing intricate lines of calligraphy; granting overwhelming empathy to words,

You were like that inflated balloon in my life; which soared abreast the kingly eagles in proximity of the satiny clouds; didn't lose its balance and stoicism even in the most turbulent of storm,

You were like that colossal whale in my life; which left millions in a stupor after witnessing its form; ruled the ocean for centuries immemorial,

You were like that impeccable color in my life; which didn't develop an iota of blemish; even when ruthlessly dipped in the most acrid of paint,

You were like that blade of grass in my life; which remained as green as ever;

even when its counterparts withered under the acrimonious tyranny of the sun,
You were like that tower clock in my life; whose needles never stumbled and
stopped; despite of the cells being exhausted,

You were like that pack of soft cards in my life; which always seemed to
incredibly win,

You were like that wonderful lane in my life; which never seemed to end;
transforming mundane life into ebullient spirit of adventure,

You were like that blissful dream in my life; which catapulted me to
unprecedented heights of jubilation,

You were like that scarlet blood circulating through my body; which reinvigorated
my heart and dreary bones; every unleashing minute,

You were like that celestial fairy in my life; circumventing me with waves of
enchantment and robust energy,

And you were like that omnipresent god in my life; whom we christen by
different names; but in the end bow our heads low under his supreme grace.

Nikhil Parekh

You Were My Creator

Even if you crippled me for life; horrendously maiming both my arms and feet,

Even if you made me blind; snatching inevitable centers of vision from my body,

Even if you kicked me at every corner of life; making me taste the dirt on the dusty streets,

Even if you stripped my flesh off; whipping me incessantly with the brutal strokes of destiny,

Even if you made me dismally stutter; not enabling me to express myself the slightest,

Even if you snatched my dreams; inundating all my nights with ghastly perceptions of the devil,

Even if you made me walk on sizzling embers of fire; scorching the soles of my foot to unprecedented limits,

Even if you chopped my body into infinite pieces; fed each of them to the satanically wandering vultures,

Even if you stole the smiles from my face; engulfing me in the appalling corridors of gloom for the entire of my life,

Even if you left a battalion of ferocious lions; thundering their way towards me; to pulverize me to mincemeat,

Even if you inflicted upon me the most incurable of deadly disease; killing me every second with tumultuous pain,

Even if you failed me miserably; making me dither abysmally in every sphere of life,

Even if you compelled me to beg on the streets; starve and shiver in agonizing cold of the winter night,

Even if you made people around me spit their saliva on my face; thrash me on my cheek to unleash their personal frustration,

Even if you showered only me with acrimonious acid; while you pelted upon others droplets of mesmerizing rain,
Even if you made me pathetically stumble at every step I took; always kept me sulking at the bottom of the mountain; while infact my mates had conquered it several number of times,

Even if you made me slither helplessly on the ground; unable and extremely weak to utter even the most tiniest of sound,

And even if you flooded my mind with negative thoughts; trying your level best to make me hate you; let me tell you that although you might have succeeded on all the previous occasions; but this time you would miserably fail; for I will always love you; and each beat of my heart; each word that I spoke; each breath that I inhaled; would immortally say; that you were the person i adored the most; you were my Creator.

Nikhil Parekh

You Were My Heart Beat

I was the jewel of your mystical eyes; the infinite clusters of eyelashes drooping down from your lids,
While you were my ability to see; my omnipotent power of sight.

I was the glow that encapsulated your lips; the luscious color that made them poignantly scarlet,
While you were tinkling laughter; the smile that besieged the contours of my face till eternity.

I was the unprecedented number of cells that lingered in your brain; the network of membranes that made it function blissfully,
While you were my virtue to prudently discriminate; the immortal strength of my memory.

I was your rubicund tongue; the gallons of free saliva circulating ecstatically in your palette,
While you were my mesmerizing voice; my invincible prowess of eloquent speech.

I was your intricate veins; the dainty flesh that entrenched them in entirety,
While you were the golden droplets of sweat that oozed from my arms; the crimson blood traversing ferociously through my body.

I was your ears; the globules of impeccable flesh dangling nimbly across your cheek,
While you were my ability to decipher the most ethereal of sound; my tenacity to hear and tolerate ignominious rebukes of the society.

I was your stomach; the conglomerate of intestines incoherently entwined inside,
While you were the sumptuous food residing there; putting me contentedly into a tranquil slumber.

I was your dainty feet; the spongy toes protruding symmetrically from within deep recesses of your supple skin,
While you were my energy to surge forward; my unrelenting fervor to bounce ahead in life.

I was your hands; the delectable armory of fingers which harmoniously moved to

accomplish scores of Herculean tasks,
While you were the lines embedded in the center of my palm; the path which
portrayed and executed my destiny.

And I have no inhibitions revealing that I was your heart; the air which you
inhaled; the breath that escaped with an exhilarated gasp from your nostrils,
While you were the beats that made my heart violently throb; the pulse that
trembled placidly in my wrists; the very purpose for which I was breathing and
alive this second; and would retain life for many more hours to unwind.

Nikhil Parekh

You Were My Only Human

The whole world is a swirling ocean; while you were my comforting shore,

The whole world is the hostile island of sun; while you were my brilliant rays,

The whole world is an uncivilized jungle; while you were my majestically roaring lion,

The whole world is a treacherous mountain; while you were my towering peak,

The whole world is a colossal patch of barren sky; while you were my rain bearing cloud,

The whole world is a pugnacious battlefield; while you were my cherished victory,

The whole world is a garden with wild weeds; while you were my perennially blossoming rose,

The whole world is a rampantly spread beehive; while you were my delectable and sweet nectar,

The whole world is gargantuan ship; while you were my valiant captain,

The whole world is a lifeless body on the verge of dying; while you were my precious and passionate breath,

The whole world is volumes of books embedded with boring literature; while you were the line that evolved my creativity,

The whole world is an enigmatic puzzle; while you were my 100% solution,

The whole world is a river of gloomy tears; while you were my everlasting smile,

The whole world is perpetually blind; while you were my mesmerizing vision,

The whole world is a violent abuse; while you were my stupendously enchanting song,

The whole world is an arid desert; while you were my sweet spring of bubbling

water,

The whole world is licentious desire; while you were my sacrosanct mosque,

The whole world is crisp notes of pretentious currency; while you were my checkbook,

The whole world is a cannibalistic vulture; while you were my royal and princely feather,

The whole world is a stubborn lock; while you were my dainty and intricate key,

The whole world is a devastating infection; while you were my immortal source of potent medication,

And the whole world is a blood sucking leech; while you were my only human.

Nikhil Parekh

You Were Nothing

Whether you were stinkingly rich; or whether you spent your entire lifetime begging discordantly on the bizarrely impoverished streets; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be majestically equal,

But one thing was for unconquerably sure; that in front of his Omnipotently Supreme grace; you were nothing but a coffin of frigidly crumbling and egregiously disoriented matchsticks.

Whether you were indomitably overpowering; or whether you slithered like a maim dog to catch even the most strident parts of your shadow; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be spell bindingly equal,

But one thing was for immutably sure; that in front of his Royally Unshakable empire; you were nothing but a dustbin orphaned with inconspicuously lackadaisical flies.

Whether you were innovatively brilliant; or whether you slept like a dumb tubelight even under the most flamboyantly exhilarating of Sun; for the Lord Almighty you and other every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be bountifully equal,

But one thing was for irrefutably sure; that in front of his Omnipresently iridescent paradise; you were nothing but a carcass of ethereally rotting bones.

Whether you were as white as a sensuously silken angel; or whether you chugged like hedonistically black charcoal even in the blackness of the wholesomely obfuscated night; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be resplendently equal, But one thing was for unchallengably sure; that in front of his unassailably fathomless aura; you were nothing but a molecule in the mist of nothingness; that was never going to be born.

Whether you were taller than impregnably charismatic Everest peaks; or whether you shorter than the preposterously tiny ant's eggs; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be inimitably equal,

But one thing was for irrevocably sure; that in front of his unshakably boundless form; you were nothing but a measly droplet of stray water; rapidly drying even before the day could unveil out.

Whether you were an everlasting apostle of blissfully symbiotic peace; or whether you stared in decrepit haplessness all your life towards abysmal sky; for the Lord Almighty you and every other living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be regally equal,
But one thing was for invincibly sure; that in front of his Perpetually Omniscient fragrance; you were nothing but a trashcan of disillusioned invectives; disastrously trembling under your unsavory grave.

Whether you were like a stupendously boisterous bee; or whether you castrated each unraveling instant of your life in the corpses of treacherously remorseful loneliness; for the Lord Almighty you and every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be fantastically equal,
But one thing was for insuperably sure; that in front of his magnanimously bestowing heart; you were nothing but a gutter of repugnantly untreated sewage; rotting like waif feces without the slightest integrity of your own.

Whether you conversed in the most aristocratically impregnable of English; or whether you dolorously stagnated in the dungeons of illiteracy with belligerent rats; for the Lord Almighty you and every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be celestially equal,
But one thing was for triumphantly sure; that in front of his unlimitedly divine form; you were nothing but a puff of nonchalant dust; disintegrating into a billion particles of meaninglessness with the tiniest draught of breeze.

Whether you were greatest leader of devout religious spirituality; or whether the womb that bore you 9 months was that of a wastrel prostitute; for the Lord Almighty you and every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be harmoniously equal,
But one thing was for unendingly sure; that in front of his Victoriously Ebullient Kingdom; you were nothing but a fecklessly diseased ghost; cadaverously wandering without the slightest of entity or coruscated form.

And whether you were the most immortally cherished lover; or whether you were horribly maimed and blinded since the very first cry of inscrutable life; for the Lord Almighty you and every living being that he had created; was; is and shall forever be beautifully equal,
But one thing was for irretrievably sure; that in front of his Glory of limitless righteousness and truth; you were nothing but a parsimoniously slaving lacunae of dirt; drowning more and more rapidly into the mortuary of hopelessly evaporating hell.

You Were Really Very Beautiful

Everyday I admired your enchanting lips a 1000 times; wholesomely drowning myself into the voluptuous sheen of their luscious excitement,

Everyday I admired your silken hair a 1000 times; profoundly lost in their ravishing swirl as they mystically swished,

Everyday I admired your dainty fingers a 1000 times; envisaging them to be the sweetest honey ever existing or found on the trajectory of this earth,

Everyday I admired your rosy tongue a 1000 times; perceiving its supremely tantalizing taste; the tons of tangy saliva it encapsulated in its delectable chamber,

Everyday I admired your emphatic eyes a 1000 times; witnessing my reflection as pellucid as scintillating diamonds in their compassionate moistness,

Everyday I admired your seductive voice a 1000 times; thoroughly astounded by the unsurpassable eloquence in your words; the stupendous cadence in your sound,

Everyday I admired your immaculate ears a 1000 times; possessing an insatiable urge to whisper into them gently as time unveiled,

Everyday I admired your captivating belly a 1000 times; exploring its titillating contours voraciously with my slender hands,

Everyday I admired your incomprehensibly alluring eyelashes a 1000 times; kissing them nimbly with my lips; their incessant fluttering engendering me to go right back into my nostalgic childhood,

Everyday I admired your petite toes a 1000 times; incredulously relishing the tinkling sound of your silver chains; the moon white disposition of your majestic nails,

Everyday I admired your celestially sculptured shadow a 1000 times; bathing my impoverished persona in the enamoring intrigue it generated as soon as I transgressed it by,

Everyday I admired your superlatively piquant nose a 1000 times; adored it for

indefatigable number of hours; blending myself wholesomely with the moist breath that fervently flowed across my cheek,

Everyday I admired your compassionately tiny fists a 1000 times; trying to decipher my destiny in the lines impregnated firmly within,

Everyday I admired your inevitably magnificent skin a 1000 times; sighting your flesh metamorphose from stark white to profusely crimson; on boundless number of occasions in a single day,

Everyday I admired your ingratiatingly imprisoning stare a 1000 times; locking my eyes for eternity into the ocean of invincible agony that you harbored,

Everyday I admired your majestically royal yawn a 1000 times; besieging my cowardly demeanor with waves of unparalleled excitement; as infinite shivers passed down my spine,

Everyday I admired your irrefutably golden sweat a 1000 times; relishing its poignant odor to the pinnacle of my hearts content,

Everyday I admired your flirtatiously dimpled chin a 1000 times; enticing me like a shooting star from the galaxy; to uncontrollably plummet down from the sky,

Everyday I admired your natural perfume a 1000 times; basking in its glorious aroma till I transited into a heavenly stupor; waking up only to find it tickling me all over again,

Everyday I admired your heartbeat a 1000 times; unprecedentedly enthralled at the turbulent flames they evoked in my chest,

And I have no inhibitions whatsoever in saying that as I got up the next day; I still admired your beautiful countenance a 1001st time; as you were the only girl of my dreams; you were really very beautiful.

Nikhil Parekh

You Were The Mortal Greatest Dear Biological Mother

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't clamber up the corporate ladder to success; prepared appetizing food in the domestic kitchen instead,
It doesn't matter at all if you didn't earn exorbitant heaps of money; waited with a glimmer of hope in your eyes for your husband to arrive back from office instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't pioneer spurious conferences; relaxed in the blissful shades of the lawns; catering to each plant with astronomical love and empathy instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't march towards work at electric pace 9 'O' clock every morning; profoundly engrossed yourself in meticulously cleaning the entire household instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't surf the web for hours on the trot chatting with Business magnates; acerbically scolded the Milkman for not delivering milk on time instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't enter the bank ever in your life; busied yourself safeguarding and refurbishing your husbands assets at home instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't adorn glamorous clothes and an ocean of ostentatious scent; handsomely chopped a plethora of vegetables for afternoon lunch
instead,

It doesn't really matter if you didn't speak in bombastic English all day; recited sacrosanct hymns in front of the deity you worshipped instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't wander in and out of sleazy restaurants to entertain a bunch of baseless clients; nostalgically browsed through the collection of your childhood photographs instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't use pompous interjections like 'sorry'; 'excuse me'; 'thank you', 'please'; every minute; merrily played with scores of infants seated on the golden sands instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't change cars as frequently as your clothes; molded toys of delectable clay to amuse those orphaned instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't blow your entire life in extravagant clouds of cigarette smoke; narrated enchanting stories to your entire family at late night; to ease off their tensions and put them off to tranquil sleep instead,
It doesn't matter at all if you didn't function like clock work all throughout the day; meeting a series of deadlines, fantasized about making this Universe a paradise to live and exist instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't use manipulative jargons in your speech; displayed pure passion in your eyes to help your counterparts and siblings instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't bark orders in your sonorous voice to your team of snobbish compatriots; engaged yourself splendidly knitting for your grandchildren instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't drink inebriating pegs of scintillating whisky in the contemporary bar; fed your pet cat with loads of rich cream and milk affectionately instead,

It doesn't matter at all if you didn't have contacts spread all over awaiting to execute your every command at the mere tap of your finger; satisfied yourself tremendously in bathing your children clean of their incorrigible dirt instead,

And It doesn't matter at all if you didn't achieve any target in your life; didn't earn even a single penny of your own irrespective of your age; remained a complete recluse without intermingling the slightest with the pompous society,

As I would still 'consider you the mortal greatest ' dear biological mother; for bearing me 9 months in your belly; evolving me to admire all the beauty that philandered in this world; making me capable of confronting any difficulty that came my way; and granting me the privilege to enjoy all that I was today

Nikhil Parekh

You Were The Only One

My life was a languid lake of nothingness; evaporating at tumultuous speeds at each second unleashed itself into a wholesome minute,
You were the only one to step in it; ignite cloudbursts of insatiably untamed desire; as you sighted it with the Omnipotent fire in your heavenly eyes.

My life was a wisp of extinguishing smoke; subsiding to worthless nothingness even before the most insipid of flames could arise,
You were the only one to step in it; metamorphose its dreary complexion to a land above paradise; as you caressed it with your majestically divine feet.

My life was a bedraggled cloth; disdainfully tattered at umpteenth number of places; and the ungainly holes augmenting horrendously on each impoverished step that
I tread,
You were the only one to step in it; add boundless glittering stars to its miserably grotesque demeanor; with the tantalizing cadence in your stupendous voice.

My life was a stinking gutter; with the savagely uncouth world stuffing its surplus dirt in my devastated belly; each time it passed by,
You were the only one to step in it; transform it into an everlasting ocean of uninhibited passion; with the unfathomable poignancy in your crimson blood.

My life was a pathetically squelched flower; with beasts indiscriminately trampling over it; to eventually make it blend with infinitesimal specks of morbid dust,
You were the only one to step in it; enshroud it with a perpetual fragrance of humanity from all sides; with the ravishing melody in your magnanimously enchanting stride.

My life was an ultimate disaster; stubbornly staggering to coalesce with inexplicable pain every instant; even before I could alight a single foot,
You were the only one to step in it; evolve it into a fountain of blossoming rhapsody and tangy happiness; with your benevolently charming smile; that escalated
above the starry skies.

My life was a treacherously sinister wave; indefatigably shattering against the rocks of horrific despair; even before it could culminate into the minutest of ecstatic froth,

You were the only one to step in it; impregnate its sordidly fading contours with unrelenting enigma; as you bounced perennially in a garden seductive excitement; compassionately embracing the winds of newness.

My life was an infertile battalion of seeds; ludicrously stagnating and stifling to a remorseful death; beneath the soil of worthlessly manipulative malice,
You were the only one to step in it; engendering it to bear the most unsurpassable repertoire of fruit on this boundless Universe; as you weaved a trail of irrefutable truth and sharing; across its haggardly crumbling swirl.

And my life was a scorching desert withering towards veritable extinction; as the Sun blazed a trifle extra in the sweltering afternoon skies,
You were the only one to step in it; enlighten it immortally with love; feeling; a spirit to unflinchingly survive; with your gloriously relentless heartbeats forever bonding with mine.

Nikhil Parekh

You Weren't Condemning The Black Cat. You Were Infact Condemning God Who Evolved It In The First Place

You weren't condemning the black cat; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the hideous looking and ruffled owl; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the ominously looking alligator; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the dismally wailing eunuch; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the disheveled and bedraggled African spider; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the corrugated and stinking lizard; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the venomous and blood sucking mosquitoes buzzing in the vicinity of your ears; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the thorny and acrimonious cactus extruding from the deserts; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the porcupine with a thousand needles impregnated on its body; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the lethal tailed scorpion awaiting its moment to sting; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the satanic crop of opium which emanated from the mud; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the squalid cockroach wandering around the lavatory

seat; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the despicable looking slithering reptile; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the abhorrent and multi-legged octopus; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the blind and hostile bats; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning lava which fulminated in fury from beneath the earth; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the grizzly haired crabs roaming lavishly on the shores; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

You weren't condemning the orphan lying dilapidated like a bundle of garbage in the dustbin; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

And you weren't condemning man for treading his heavy foot on this earth; you were infact condemning God who had evolved it in the first place,

So the next time beware! when you thought of condemning an entity tangible or intangible; for you would be condemning God who had evolved it in the first place.

Nikhil Parekh

You. Yes It Was Only You O! Beloved

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose wonderfully luscious lips; invincibly started and ended; my every passionately ignited and bountifully iridescent; kiss;

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose rhapsodically emancipating eyes; spell-bindingly started and ended; my every royally unfettered and victoriously poignant; fantasy,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose intricately silken feet; ecstatically started and ended; my every intrepidly titillating and timelessly reinvigorating; adventure,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose sensuously reverberating spine; unbelievably started and ended; my every interminably voluptuous and beautifully euphoric; caress,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose victoriously effulgent palms; stupendously started and ended; my every stroke of joyously unbridled and inscrutably bewitching; destiny,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose ravishingly titillating hair; handsomely started and ended; my every unabashedly liberating and vivaciously blessed; dance,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose gorgeously seductive nape; inebriatingly started and ended; my every immaculately wondrous and regally ameliorating; nibble,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose uninhibitedly dimpled chin; marvelously started and ended; my every anecdote of pristinely sparkling and insatiably charismatic; mischief,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose ravenously effervescent belly; potently started and ended; my every fierily unending and fabulously exultated; lick,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose rapturously blushing cheeks; poignantly started and ended; my every odyssey of inimitably undying and victoriously unprecedented; excitement,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose blissfully sweat-laden armpit; irrefutably started and ended; my every trail of truthfully emollient and indefatigably insuperable; perseverance,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose mellifluously holistic fingers; ecstatically started and ended; my every impeccably benign and unsurpassably altruistic; artistry,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose flirtatiously flapping ears; indomitably started and ended; my every timelessly augmenting and mystically groping; desire,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose compassionately roused bosom; unflinchingly started and ended; my every vial of peerlessly fecund and blessedly magnetic; virility,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose densely enamoring brow; vividly started and ended; my every enigmatically evoking and serenely serendipitous; whisper,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose thunderously electric thighs; uncontrollably started and ended; my every humanely ardent and eternally emaciated; longing,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose magically ameliorating soul; harmoniously started and ended; my every act of wonderfully egalitarian and unconquerably symbiotic; humility,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose incomprehensibly perennial nostrils; aristocratically started and ended; my every expedition of romantically princely and unimaginably heroic; life,

You. Yes it was only you O! Beloved. At whose immortally throbbing heart; perpetually started and ended; my every beat of divinely blossoming and insuperably uniting; love.

Nikhil Parekh

You'd Definitely Have To Come Back 'tobby' Darling

So that each morsel of food that I consumed perfectly assimilated into each ingredient of my blood once again—instead of only wanting to vomit out with the fiercest tenacity the instant it entered my inconsolable intestine,

So that each passing draught of freezing wind fomented me to uninhibitedly shiver once again—instead of me facing it bare-chested like an amorphous piece of lifeless junk,

So that each holocaust of unfathomably bizarre pain evoked a tear in my eye once again—instead of just emotionlessly staring at blank bits of endless sky and languidly passing by,

So that each bit of happiness profoundly brimming in the atmosphere brought a smile to my lips once again—instead of them biting viciously and unstoppably against patches of desolate nothingness,

So that every ray of unfettered dazzling Sun illuminated the pathway of my truncated life once again—instead of drowning me deep and more ghastily deeper into a mortuary of forlornly plaguing darkness,

So that each ounce of jubilant honey brought sweetness into the fabric of my existence once again—instead of dreadfully embittering every conceivably innocuous beat of my soul,

So that each droplet of sensuous rain cascading from the sky tantalized me once again—instead of insensitively charring me down till the very last bone of my already deadened spine,

So that each infinitesimal bit of vividly blooming life made me a poet once again—instead of perpetuating the non-existent devil in me to incongruously curse under my breath,

So that each bountiful flower spread its majestic fragrance into the inane vacuum of my life once again—instead of becoming an intolerably decrepit stench which treacherously led me to the trench of gory death,

So that each tingling adventure impregnated that beautiful enthrallment into my survival once again—instead of dulling me into the most sadistically jinxed graveyards of monotonousness,

So that every vivacious rainbow in the sky ecstatically differentiated the boundless colors of my life once again—instead of maiming me for forever and ever and ever into a coffin of estranged blackness,

So that every exhilarating space around me granted me that spirit of untamed freedom once again—instead of barbarously suffocating me to the gallows of indescribably sinister death,

So that each element of desire aroused me to the most unprecedented hilt once again—instead of uncouthly silencing the last cry of my joyousness to stonily devastating hell,

So that every globule of aristocratic dew punctuated each nerve of mine with unparalleled fantasy once again—instead of becoming an unsurpassable ocean of blood for me to vividly float on,

So that each anecdote of true friendship made me immortally realize the beauty of life once again—instead of becoming the unbearably black stamp of hedonistic betrayal which stabbed left; right and dead center,

So that invincibly united strength taught me the ultimate chapters of humanity once again—instead of venomously chopping the entire planet into spurious differentiations of caste; creed; color and tribe,

So that every tangible trace of life which sprouted on the Universe made me believe in God once again—instead of maniacally driving towards the dungeons of insanely plundering devil,

So that every day for me became a 'valentines day'; wherein I ndefatigably breathed the essence of peace; love and friendship in one & all—instead of strangulating every pore of my body to horrific death this very cursed instant,

You would definitely have to come back to me 'Tobby' darling—for I knew no more life and love beyond you—you'd always be the ultimate hero of my eyes after God—and now alone without you; I can think of nothing else but death; death and wholesomely silencing death.

Nikhil Parekh

You'll Have To Stay Alive

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those leaves; which brushed past your dainty skin while you walked in wilderness,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those dreams; you saw every night when in deep sleep,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those droplets of rain; that passionately cascaded down your body; when you stood beneath the clouds,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those nostalgic memories; that reminded you about your past every unleashing minute,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those jokes; that engendered you to thunderously laugh; every time you heard them circulating in proximity,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those clothes; that you vibrantly adorned while dancing unrelentingly; till wee hours of dawn,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those patches of earth; that you inadvertently tread on while achieving your mission,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those things which you felt; transmitting you into waves of unparalleled ecstasy, when you were deserted alone,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those birds which loved your presence in the morning; singing to you their absolutely favorite rhyme,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those dolphins; which leaped in exultation; the moment they witnessed you standing near the shores,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those roses which yielded you their pristine scent; fervently awaited you to water them at dusk,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those butterflies that kissed you nimbly on your cheeks; while making their expeditions towards the open sky,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those eyes that admired every task you accomplished; bolstered your confidence every unfurling hour; in your quest

to achieve supremacy,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those idols you vehemently prayed to;
which made your life a blissful experience to exist on planet earth,
You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those people who held your hands;
assisted you to cross the streets bustling with obstreperous traffic,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those cow's which fed you with milk
every day; grinned at you subtly as you fed them with delectable clusters of
green grass,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of all those draughts of wind; that
incessantly imparted tenacity to your lungs to contentedly breathe and stay
rejuvenated,

You'll have to stay alive for the sake of the parents who evolved you; raised you
this big from the stage of being an inconspicuous little child,

And more importantly than anything; you'll have to stay alive; for me, as the my
heart would relinquish to palpitate; dying a ghastly death the very instant your
beats separated from mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Young And Innocent At Heart

The leaves of the tree withered at the onset of autumn; rendering it as bare and a pathetic sight to witness,
Although the body and trunk were still alive; did scream passionately as the wind slapped and caressed them.

The most majestic of reptile shed its skin while undergoing a metamorphosis of seasons; partially annihilating its grandeur,
Although its slithering body still traversed in circuitous routes; and its fangs were ready to strike injecting lethal venom.

The mountain sheep had their fur sheared for weaving thermal contrivances; leaving their appearance as shabbily disgraceful,
Although they still wandered in harmony on the colossal slopes; bleated in unison as dusk stealthily encroached.

The austere sun god shed its brightness as nightfall took over; resembling an insipid reflection of its original identity,
Although it still shone brilliantly the next morning; illuminating stringently every bit of cloistered gloom.

The slender iron nail lost all its gloss as monsoon showers poured incessantly from the sky; giving it a deplorable appearance,
Although it still maintained the capacity of being embodied in the wall; and still had the hostility of piercing the inflated balloon.

The fermented barrel of milk lay bereft of immaculate white color; resembling worthless chunks of flaccid curd,
Although it still produced an extremely piquant taste; had reasonably high levels of salubrious nutrition.

The flying birds shed infinite numbers of feathers each day; looking bedraggled after being stripped of their kingly plumage,
Although they still retained the power to fly; soaring high up in the air and procreating their progeny.

The banana after peeling its intricate skin appeared as a dilapidated urchin; shivering uncontrollably in the wind,
Although it was sumptuous and relishing to eat; and its pulp caused ravishing sensations in the buds of taste.

The biscuits of gold after losing their shine; resembled the mundane coin;
failed to captivate attention,
Although they still had the same value; could fetch their owners an astronomical
fortune when judiciously traded.

And all the old folks traversing the streets; looked a sight to profoundly
sympathize with; clinging tightly to their walking sticks,
Although they still had the power to love; the power to overwhelmingly
fantasize; as they were young and innocent at heart.

Nikhil Parekh

Your Best Company, Is You Yourself

Nobody on earth could eat for you other than you yourself; in order to blissfully mollify all those thwarting pangs of hunger; which if left untreated—would render you soon into a brutally disheveled corpse,

Nobody on earth could walk for you other than you yourself; in order to magically ease the wretchedly restless energy circumventing your bored feet; as they fervently stamped earth and kissed the oncoming exuberant draughts of air,

Nobody on earth could talk for you other than you yourself; in order to give voice to all those quintessentially simmering thoughts; inevitably wanting to be poured outside the barren chest,

Nobody on earth could watch a film for you other than you yourself; in order to fantasize and emotively feel beyond realms of the extraordinary; which mundane life otherwise never allowed you to dare,

Nobody on earth could smile for you other than you yourself; in order to feel bounteously happy from the innermost realms of your soul; for living every moment in the true pulse of bountifully enamoring life,

Nobody on earth could sleep for you other than you yourself; in order to render every cranny of your drearily impoverished countenance that heavenly respite; and gallop once again towards effulgent righteousness the instant you opened your eyes,

Nobody on earth could dream for you other than you yourself; in order to visualize the most inscrutable enigmas and colors on this Universe; and then express them in myriad forms like poetry; paintings; music by the grace of the Almighty Lord,

Nobody on earth could wash for you other than you yourself; in order to be bereft of all incorrigibly adulterated grease; and then emerge into dazzling fresh Sunshine to unabashedly enjoy for a countless more lifetimes,

Nobody on earth could sing for you other than you yourself; in order to perpetuate obsolete wisps of fleeting atmosphere; with the passionate fire of melody enveloping your innocuous soul,

Nobody on earth could swallow for you other than you yourself; in order to let

breath flow like an uninhibited river of happiness; and at the same ensure that the stomach solely sung the hymns of contentment,

Nobody on earth could kiss for you other than you yourself; in order to melange the avalanche of your ignited emotions with another soul; and thereby perpetually evolve with an unconquerably new fragrance of life,

Nobody on earth could dance for you other than you yourself; in order to let every incarcerated vindication of your monotonous bones; liberate into the surreal pulse of rhythmically palpitating night,

Nobody on earth could express for you other than you yourself; in order to perpetuate every fragment of the atmosphere around; with your very own inimitable identity which radiated even after veritable death,

Nobody on earth could achieve for you other than you yourself; in order to grant every nerve under your skin the essence of unparalleled contentment; and charting your own infallible course to victory amidst a pack of satanic wolves,

Nobody on earth could embrace for you other than you yourself; in order to timelessly coalesce every fabric of your existence with the religion of living kind; and thus feel the most insuperably blessed entity alive,

Nobody on earth could procreate for you other than you yourself; in order that you played your own distinctively significant part in continuing God's chapter of creation; in perfect symbiosis with the beats of nature divine,

Nobody on earth could hear for you other than you yourself; in order to form your very own unduplicated perception of everything happening around you; undetted by the tyrannical bigotry of the planet outside,

Nobody on earth could die for you other than you yourself; in order that you quit breath solely on the commands of the Omnipresent Almighty Lord; and made way for a fresher new civilization of magical goodness,

Nobody on earth could live for you other than you yourself; in order to be an integral element of the drapery of this effervescent planet; and further embellish each step that you tread on with the spirit of immortal love,

Then why do you keep weeping that you were all alone; when you had infact the most invincibly blessed company on earth to disseminate love; friendship and undying charm—which was by the Grace of God none other; but you yourself.

Nikhil Parekh

Your Godly Sweat

Just an infinitesimal droplet of its mesmerizing golden upon my lips; was enough to irrefutably perpetuate the corridors of ardently untamed longing in my diminutively disheveled persona,

Just an inconspicuous droplet of its enchanting golden upon my eyelashes; was enough to catapult me beyond the aisles of unprecedented fantasy; for centuries pricelessly immemorial,

Just a mercurial droplet of its spell binding golden upon my palms; was enough to bless me as the most unconquerably symbiotic human existing; disseminating the essence of eternal truth on every quarter of this fathomless Universe,

Just a parsimonious droplet of its glorious golden upon my tongue; was enough to celestially reinvigorate each of my drearily dying and estranged nerves; replenish my countenance with the mantra of synergistically divine existence,

Just an evanescent droplet of its exotic golden upon my cheeks; was enough to metamorphose the most traumatically tyrannized suffering of my survival; into a rivulet of unsurpassably unending happiness,

Just an ephemeral droplet of its timeless golden upon my ears; was enough to resplendently enlighten my despondently quavering sensitivity; into a sky of unassailably bountiful dreams,

Just a fugitive droplet of its handsome golden upon my fingers; was enough to enthrall me more iridescently than the vivaciously dancing peacocks; as if the entire exuberance of this panoramic planet had become the whites of my impeccable eye,

Just a disappearing droplet of its stupendous golden upon my belly; was enough to unfathomably evolve me into an entrenchment of unlimited sensuousness; for infinite more births yet to unveil,

Just an obsolete droplet of its ebullient golden upon my tongue; was enough to make me wholesomely oblivious to even the most impregnably enticing titillation on the trajectory of this boundless Universe; profusely drowning every bone of my body into an ocean of heavenly tanginess,

Just an insipid droplet of its bounteous golden upon my shadow; was enough to limitlessly tingle me till the epitome of unparalleled voluptuousness; as I tirelessly slavered on the slippery sand; feasting every pore of my skin in the milky moonlight,

Just a fleeting droplet of its ingratiating golden upon my nape; was enough to perennially drift me towards the cocoons of inimitably jubilant ecstasy; every unveiling instant of my impoverished life,

Just an infidel droplet of its majestic golden upon my shoulders; was enough to beautifully transpire me to incessantly augment the threshold of my artistry; unceasingly replenish my every bone with the countless treasures of this wonderfully holistic Universe,

Just a minuscule droplet of its rhapsodic golden upon my conscience; was enough to enrich my depravingly beleaguered existence; with the perpetually magnificent colors of unshakable solidarity,

Just an effervescent droplet of its everlasting golden upon my chest; was enough to triumphantly tantalize till even after the veritable end of my time; and as every ingredient of niceness around me withered and obnoxiously died,

Just an incongruous droplet of its emollient golden upon my foot; was enough to instill in me the insurmountably intrepid tenacity of an unflinching adventurer; as I patriotically blazed like an inferno of scintillating righteousness; upon every prejudiced trace of the devil,

Just an inarticulate droplet of its supreme golden upon my soul; was enough to make me ardently persevere for the cause of benevolent humanity; decimate even the most frigid speck of indiscriminate racialism; forever and ever and ever from this innocuously vivid planet,

Just a fugacious droplet of its ever-pervading golden upon my nostrils; was enough for me to assimilate all felicity of a limitless more lifetimes; exist as an undefeated prince even in the most satanically devilish of winds,

Just an obfuscated droplet of its poignant golden upon my heart; was enough for me to fathomlessly feel the astounding freshness of life to its most indomitable fullest; palpitate more thunderously than the unequivocal clouds; now for the ultimate love of my life,

O! Yes; such was the Omnipotent power of just that ethereally vanishing droplet

of heavenliness that dribbled from your newly wedded skin; such was the incomprehensibly eternal fragrance of just that incoherent droplet which oozed from your immaculate arms; such was the efficacious effulgence of just that tiny droplet of your Godly sweat

Nikhil Parekh

Your Heart Said It All

You don't have to utter a single word; your mesmerizing eyes said it all; when they winked like the goddess of everlasting eternity,

You don't have to utter a single word; your voluptuous lips said it all; when they ardently kissed; transiting me to space above cloud nine,

You don't have to utter a single word; your rubicund cheeks said it all; when they flirtatiously blushed; igniting fireballs of untamed desire in my soul,

You don't have to utter a single word; your dainty feet said it all; when they tinkled in the enchantment of the ravishing night,

You don't have to utter a single word; your enchanting shadow said it all; when it swept past my dreary persona; making me feel the richest man breathing; the happiest soul alive,

You don't have to utter a single word; your tantalizing hair said it all; when they seductively swished; rekindling my faith in horrendously withering mankind,

You don't have to utter a single word; your magnanimous palms said it all; when they exotically caressed my shivering skin; incinerating tremors of uncanny excitement;
in my scarlet blood,

You don't have to utter a single word; your tantalizing belly said it all; when it rhapsodically danced under the enigmatic wilderness of alluring twilight,

You don't have to utter a single word; your gorgeous smile said it all; making me consolidate upon my ultimate mission of fervent life,

You don't have to utter a single word; your voluptuously rosy ears said it all; standing up in ecstatic exhilaration as I whispered; the most inconspicuously feeble of sound,

You don't have to utter a single word; your pristine charisma said it all; as it ingratiatingly lured me towards each of your ardently escalating senses,

You don't have to utter a single word; your titillating neck said it all; as it rose and fell in unprecedented mysticism; with the unfurling of vivacious dawn,

You don't have to utter a single word; your vibrantly divine fingers said it all; when they romantically sketched the most minuscule of my mischievous facial contours,

You don't have to utter a single word; your enamoring skin said it all; when it culminated into an infinite goose-bumps; as I trespassed even countless kilometers away from its heavenly periphery,

You don't have to utter a single word; your fabulous forehead said it all; as it triggered insatiable fantasy in my mind; staring at me even centuries after my death,

You don't have to utter a single word; your astronomical conviction said it all; inspiring me to face the most acrimoniously deadly hurdles of life; without a the slightest shiver down my spine,

You don't have to utter a single word; your immaculate soul said it all; making me feel as if I was just born; as if I had just commenced the chapter of existence; even as I was about to die,

You don't have to utter a single word; your fierily passionate breath said it all; making me believe in all mankind; making me feel every instant as I was forever alive,

And you don't have to utter a single word; your heart said it all; incarcerating me in its immortally sacrosanct beats; inundating each aspect of my existence with unfathomable love; making me forever its perpetual slave.

Nikhil Parekh

Your Heart Was The Best

Your hair were as vivacious as the pelting drops of rain; cascading tantalizingly over your petite shoulders,

Your eyes were as voluptuous as freshly extracted red wine; drowning me in an ocean of unparalleled enchantment,

Your feet were as intricate as the daintily glistening stars; engendering me to worship them incessantly in meek obeisance,

Your hands were the sole source of my destiny; with their resplendent softness sending shivers down my spine as they gently caressed me,

Your lips were like mesmerizing fountains of golden honey; putting me into a celestial stupor with their fleet of enigmatic tunes,

Your skin was as silken as pure cow milk; metamorphosing into tinges of passionate scarlet as you strolled past my side,

Your fingers were as beautiful as the rudimentary tree roots; exotically igniting unburned fires in my persona as they weaved through my scalp,

Your teeth were a formidable fortress of magnificent ivory; prominently depicting the most fascinating of smiles that I had ever perceived in this world,

Your voice was sweeter than the most melodious of cuckoo; pacifying my conglomerate of profoundly agitated nerves better than the best of painkiller,

Your cheeks were as tangy as the ravishing cluster of crimson cherries; portraying your incredulously sweet aura even in the most horrendously appalling darkness,

Your neck was as flexible as the undulating waves of the ocean; turning instantaneously to even the most minuscule of my command,

Your sweat was as golden as the glittering slabs of gold; sparkling gorgeously under belligerent rays of the fiery Sun,

Your stomach was as sensuous as the bathing shark; fomenting me to wake up in utter bewilderment; even from the midst of impregnably deep sleep,

Your ears were as sharp as the mystically beaked owl; intricately deciphering even the most incoherent of my whispers,

Your armpits were like the entrance to divine heaven; enticing me incorrigibly to take shelter under their stupendously alluring grace,

Your tongue was like the fabulously redolent rose; flooding my dead veins with inexorable exhilaration as it slurped white pints of titillating champagne,

Your blood was like the flamboyant island of Sun; incinerating the inferno of love simmering in my veins to animatedly leap towards the sky,

Your countenance was like the Royal princess; immortally bonding me in the invincible arms of your unfathomable desire,

And your heart was the best in the entire cosmos; throbbing indefatigably without the slightest of rest; throbbing relentlessly even in the most gruesomely dismal of situation; more importantly than all; throbbing louder than ferocious thunder in the sky when it witnesses me; as it only and irrefutably mine.

Nikhil Parekh

Your Immortal Beats

There were infinite voices that lingered in this Universe; some as tangy as the vivacious oceans; while some blew more hoarser than the volatile dragons,
But your mesmerizing tunes were the only ones I heard; catapulting me into the rhapsodically divine land of the God's.

There were infinite hair that floated in this Universe; some as hideously obdurate as the pigs skin; while some more tantalizing than the ultimate of seductresses,
But your ravishing follicles were the only ones which tickled every iota of my entire demeanor; making me perpetually dream even in the most chaotic pandemonium
besieging me from all sides.

There were infinite lips that kissed in this Universe; some as blunt as miserably squashed tomato curry; while some more voluptuous than the contours of the milky moon,
But your uninhibited smiles were the only ones which triggered in me blistering infernos till the sky; giving me a new mission to exist; at every fading footstep of mine.

There were infinite shadows that fluttered in this Universe; some as mystical as the ethereal mirages; while some more tumultuously effusive than the chattering peacocks,
But your majestic reflection was the only one which cast an impregnable spell upon my countenance; as I found myself in the land of ultimate paradise; every time I rattled up from deep sleep.

There were infinite eyes that revolved in this Universe; some as seducing as the angels bouncing in the cosmos; while some more silent than morbid stones strewn rampantly near the corpse,
But your gloriously royal eyelashes were the only ones I sighted; propelling me to incessantly flirt; nostalgically drifting me back into those moments once again; when I was an innocuous child.

There were infinite hands that philandered in this Universe; some as magnetic as the lotus's caress; while some more pugnaciously harder than the toughest of bricks,
But your immaculate fingers were the only ones which impregnated in me the tenacity to defend; rise up to every occasion and obstacle in monotonously

pragmatic
life.

There were infinite skins that stimulated in this Universe; some as impeccable as flawless cow's milk; while some more vibrant than the unfathomable battalion of swarming bees,
But your alluring flesh was the only one which titillated me beyond realms of unlimited eternity; making me desire above all the wonderful beauty profusely deluging this planet.

There were infinite breaths that weaved in this Universe; some as fiery as the volcano's swirling frenziedly towards the clouds; while some more serene than the magnificently cushioned waters of the placid lake,
But your heavenly fragrance was the only one which I wholeheartedly inhaled; instilling in me the insurmountable capacity to live a thousand lives; in a single lifetime.

And there were infinite hearts that palpitated in this Universe; some as rhythmic as the wonderfully cascading waterfalls; while some more passionate than the flamboyant rays of the golden Sun,
But your immortal beats were the only ones which had bonded with mine even centuries before I was born; infact the sole reason that I was breathing blissfully today; staring death in its face; and yet alive.

Nikhil Parekh

Your Immortal Slave

When my love was on your hair; it lingered in overwhelming fascination; of your majestic exuberance drifting royally with the compassionate winds,

When my love was on your forehead; it bonded with threads of your sacred imagery; the mesmerizing fantasies that revolved in your mind,

When my love was on your eyebrows; it moved subtly like a crown princess; everytime you raised them to quell; the innocent quandaries of your life,

When my love was on your eyelashes; it frolicked like a new born child; relinquishing all apprehensions of the uncouthly manipulative society,

When my love was on your eyes; it eyes; it witnessed the extraneous earth outside; as the most unsurpassably divine mission of existence,

When my love was on your nose; it coined new definitions of an optimistic tomorrow; feeling stronger than any entity alive; in the swirl of your impregnable breath,

When my love was on your cheeks; it mischievously philandered in the mountains of desire; profusely astounded by your seductive flurry of crimson blushes,

When my love was on your lips; it learnt the ultimate kiss of its life; exploring the rhapsodic periphery and the fabulous pink; to the most insatiable of its heart's content,

When my love was on your teeth; it felt more secure than the impregnable fortress; as you clenched them into your immaculate smile,

When my love was on your throat; it romanced in the tunes of stupendously melodious enchantment; wholesomely lost in the cadence of unfathomably unending ecstasy,

When my love was on your Adams apple; it rejoiced in boundless moments of ebullient survival; felt like a freshly born infant; bouncing incessantly in the lap of its mother,

When my love was on your shoulders; it admired your indefatigably

perseverance to be the absolute best; uninhibitedly lending your shoulders to the service of all humanity,

When my love was on your hands; it intricately traced the enigmatic lines of destiny on your impeccable palms; bonding with their philanthropic spirit for centuries unprecedented,

When my love was on your soul; it felt the closest to God on this Universe; drowning in a world of benign beauty and mankind,

When my love was on your chest; it coalesced perpetually with your passionately thundering heart; utterly spell bound by the irrefutably righteous voice of your conscience,

When my love was on your belly; it titillated itself beyond the boundaries of untamed control; as you swished your ravenous visage; to ignite fireballs of yearning in the morbidly dwindling night,

When my love was on your legs; it relentlessly marched towards the kingdom of goodness; pulverizing all diabolical demons which came its way,

When my love was on your reflection; it perennially felt the richest possession alive; embracing all on this Universe; as a united breeze of blissful existence,

And when my love was on your feet; it became your immortal slave; not only for this birth; but for infinite more life's and death you were destined to breathe; you were definite to come.

Nikhil Parekh

Your Kiss

Your Kiss; was like sensuous droplets of fresh rain water; magnificently caressing the petals of the majestically blossoming rose,

Your Kiss; was like the marvelously young fledglings pecking on their mothers compassionately silken breast; enveloping my frigidly trembling countenance with the warmth of miraculously Omniscient togetherness,

Your Kiss; was like untamed streaks of flamboyant thunder in fathomless sky; igniting sparks of unparalleled enchantment on every step that I nimbly transgressed,

Your Kiss; was like a splendidly burgeoning inferno of everlasting happiness; engulfing even the most traumatically anguished cranny of my life with unfathomably unending triumph,

Your Kiss; was like an avalanche of unsurpassably augmenting yearning; triggering me to take a countless more births to relish its wonderful softness again and again,

Your Kiss; was like a mirror which solely reflected the mesmerizing entrenchment of resplendent paradise; blissfully inundating even the most famished pore of my existence with unbelievably gorgeous exultation,

Your Kiss; was like a fairy dancing tirelessly in the aisles of tantalizing graciousness; painting the lugubriously remorseful canvas of my life with; vivaciously magical colors of symbiotic existence,

Your Kiss; was like the Omnipresently eternal blessings of Almighty Lord; holistically replenishing each aspect of my life with the aristocratically supreme embellishment of; unconquerable mankind,

Your Kiss; was like a romantically poignant expedition that never ended; uncontrollably metamorphosing me more and more into a cloud of insatiable fantasy; as the Sun rolled down the hills,

Your Kiss; was like a relentlessly marching unflinching soldier who never knew what it was to look back; perpetuating each element of my bedraggled visage with the vibrantly charismatic melody of enchanting life,

Your Kiss; was like an uninhibited bird soaring through the endless cosmos;
celestially liberating even the most insidiously lambasted vein of body; into
a cloudburst of limitless ecstasy,
Your Kiss; was like gregariously unfurling dewdrop of beauty; handsomely
transpiring me to blend with even the most mercurial rudiments of my past time,

Your Kiss; was like the royally galloping panther with a mischievous smile;
making me gorgeously reminisce all my moments of exuberant childhood;
flirtatiously
rollicking in the caverns of timelessness,

Your Kiss; was like unassailable flames of blazingly crimson fire in the heart of
the deadened lake; irrefutably making me realize that life was to be led each
moment like a prince; no matter what adversities did acrimoniously stab me in
my way,

Your Kiss; was like the vividly eclectic feathers of the ravishingly titillating
peacock; superbly deluging the fabric of my morbidly vengeful life with inimitable
dexterity and astoundingly undefeated charm,

Your Kiss; was like the most unshakably heavenly walls of sparkling truth that
spawned on this gigantic Universe; Omnipotently substituting even the most
parsimonious fraction of lechery in my demeanor with the mantra of
humanitarian righteousness,

Your Kiss; was like an ebulliently tangy wave which never crashed; transporting
every pore of my flesh higher and higher into the clouds of exotic ecstasy as
each instant rapidly unleashed into a wholesome minute,

Your Kiss; was like a priceless forest of aristocratically panoramic breath;
perpetually
ensuring that the beats of my existence forever blended with the chapters of
proliferation; even as hell blended with earth at every step,

And Your Kiss; was like the ingratiating cry of immortal love; unbelievably
emancipating me of all my loneliness in mystical life; making me experience the
everlasting shine of the divine; on even the most disparagingly obfuscated path
of mine.

Your Love For Me

Your love for me was not like the disloyally changing shape of the Moon; which blatantly metamorphosed its pearly body at the onset of every night,
Infact I have profound pride in stating; that it was like the resplendent blanket of shimmering stars which shone for countless decades; illuminating my gloomy household with enchanting light.

Your love for me was not like the tumultuous storm; which devoured even the minutest of entity in its thunderous swirl,
Infact I have profound pride in stating; that it was like the delectable draught of wind; which arose every evening; mystically tingling the camouflage of dense leaves with its dainty charm and grace.

Your love for me was not like the poignantly burning candle; which diminished wholesomely; a few minutes after ferociously igniting into a ball of flames,
Infact I have profound pride in stating; that it was like the fire which burnt unrelentingly towards the sky; becoming more and more passionate as the pinnacle
of darkness encroached every space.

Your love for me was not like the swanky bottle of expensive scent; which started to rot away soon after initially flooding every bit of scorched atmosphere,

Infact I have profound pride in stating; that it was like the stupendously fragrant lotus; which spread its essence without distinction; captivated me for many births yet to unveil in the aura of its enigmatic redolence.

Your love for me was not like the callous bird mother; who deserted her children a few days after they had hatched from the egg; and after adeptly teaching them to fly high,
Infact I have profound pride in stating; that it was like the human mother; who harnessed and nourished her baby for marathon years even after he attained maturity; catered to the most inconspicuous of his demand till the time she found herself on her inevitable deathbed.

Your love for me was not like pelting drops of violent rain; which gave just momentary pleasure to my flesh and then left me dry and mourning as the blistering
Sun crept up in the sky,
Infact I have profound pride in stating that; it was like the colossal ocean with

piquantly escalating waves; which provided warmth and rejuvenation to my dirty body; at the unleashing of dawn every morning.

Your love for me was not like a sleazy television commercial; which sent ravishing chills down my spine as the instant I viewed it; and then left me longing for more as the boring news came by,
Infact I have profound pride in stating that; it was like the mesmerizing fable that had an unprecedented impact on my destiny; bequeathed a moral to my life.

Your love for me was not like slippery granules of sand; which seductively caressed my skin for fraction of seconds; and then unavoidably trickled onto the boiling soil,
Infact I have profound pride in stating that; it was like the century old Banyan tree which had its roots firmly impregnated in ground; was almost invincible to dismantle even when the entire army tried to tear it down.

Your love for me was not like the swashbuckling aircraft which transported the passenger at electric speeds from one destination to another; made him feast on the magnificent cocoon of white clouds as he sipped wine seated on the plush upholstery; before eventually leaving him to crawl miserably towards his destination
on naked feet,
Infact I have profound pride in stating that; it was like the divine fairy wandering in the cosmos; who inundated my senses every unfurling second with all the pleasure and fantasy that existed on this planet.

And your love for me was not like the throbbing heart which palpitated beyond the point of no control at one instant, and relinquished breath the other;
abandoning
me in a condition of complete disbelief and disarray;
Infact I have profound pride in stating that; it was like the soul which was timeless; which would continue to live for unfathomable number of years even after the last entity on this earth had died; which strangulated me entirely in its perpetual grip; which gave my life a new beginning every time I felt I was dead.

Nikhil Parekh

Your Velvety Shadow

I was profoundly enchanted by her; relishing her soft caress till times
immemorial,

I felt privileged by her presence; everytime she drifted with me standing in open
mouthed consternation,

I stared at her unrelentingly all night; even as the last person on this planet had
gone off to sleep,

I admired her relentlessly till my last breath; although my voice had become
horrendously hoarse; and my tongue incorrigibly refrained to swish an inch
further,

I kissed her infinite number of times; with smooch of mine; igniting
unfathomable desires in me; to do it all over again,

I was drowning in her honey coated eyes; with the mascara in her lashes casting
over me a spell impossible to break,

I clasped my hands securely over her demeanor; blocking every possible source
of acerbic light striking her dainty skin,

I pacified all the uncouth pangs of hunger arising in my stomach; as I was lost in
cognizing my destiny in the intricate lines of my palms,

I whistled incessantly as she glided by; flooding her ears with the inferno blazing
in my tunes,

I sprinkled golden dust on her body; as she overwhelmingly enjoyed the silken
powder; voluptuously tickling her skin beyond the point of no control,

I was simply mesmerized by the titillating cascade of her hair; and the grace
embedded in her form; made me stumble; even before I put down my first foot
to walk,

I compared her visage with the angels dancing daintily in the heavens; with the
ravishing fragrance that diffused from her persona; putting me in a state of
immortal bliss,

I craved all night and day for her enchanting touch; the vividly painted nails on her fingers; circulating at electric speeds through each pore of my skin,

I worshipped her feet; like I had worshipped no God; no deity that I had every encountered on the surface of this globe,

I slept even on a blanket of acrimonious thorns; as I was completely lost in the essence of what she spoke; kept iterating the same words in my mind; till the time it had eradicated all other traces of memory,

I commenced to cry worse than the newly born child; even if I missed her presence for less than a fraction of a second,

I ran as she ran; walked as she walked; halted when she halted; ate when she ate; emulated every action of hers; howsoever much it might have seemed worthless

and inconspicuous to the outside world,

I emptied all the blood running through my veins; even as she uttered the slightest of scream; even as just a small fragment of her flesh was ripped apart a trifle by the blowing wind,

And I know by now you must be burning in the aisles of jealously sweetheart!
But let me tell you that there was not any rhyme or reason for you to do so darling; as the person I have been mentioning in all the previous lines; was none other than your velvety shadow.

Nikhil Parekh

You're My Breath

You're the answer to all my riddles in life; miraculously healing all my traumatized agonies; with the insatiable magic in your voice,

You're the voice that makes me celestially rest; shrugging all my frazzled vagaries into non-existent wisps of oblivion,

You're a mountain of invincible strength that I needed when I disdainfully collapsed; incessantly inspiring me to add vibrant dimensions to every tomorrow that blissfully unfurls,

You're an incredulous magical wand; that metamorphoses all my staggering impossible's; into the winds of irrefutably blazing triumph,

You're a cloud of innocent angels; that always made me feel I was that euphorically bouncing child once again; even as I treacherously slipped towards the corridors of extinction,

You're a bountiful paradise of newness; triggering me to indefatigably fantasize all brilliant day; and even while embracing the mists of diabolical midnight,

You're an idol of astoundingly philanthropic benevolence; instilling in me the indispensable ingredients of everlasting mankind,

You're a river of perpetual harmony that cascaded past my window; making me wholesomely bask in the stupendous glory of nature's mystical endowment,

You're a bow of astronomical courage; relentlessly transpiring me to unflinchingly fight for my ruthlessly incarcerated tribe,

You're a marvelously glistening shore that harbors all impoverished in your compassionate warmth; teaching me to forever salute the immortal religion of humanity,

You're a fountain of divinely peace; bestowing my famished existence; with pearls of royal wisdom and unconquerable unity,

You're a tantalizing seductress dancing in the aisles of untamed desire; compelling me to take an infinite births; as every minute unveiled into

delightfully charismatic light,

You're a rainbow of vivaciously versatile diversity; propelling me to intransigently discover and explore; the unfathomably wonderful beauty of this sacrosanct planet,

You're an Omnipotent flame of never-ending hope; enlightening each aspect of my depravingly sinister existence; with the stupendous optimism of your heavenly stride,

You're a magnanimous reflection of poignant empathy; wonderfully pacifying the devastated rebel in my veins; with the benign smile on your majestic lips,

You're an enigmatic tunnel of unbelievable enthrallment; that never lets me exhaust in my conquest for success; fomenting me to plunge every instant; into the valley of unsurpassable adventure,

You're an epitome of beautifully revered sharing; nourishing each element of my lecherously debilitated existence; with the passion in your godly soul,

You're a township that keeps proliferating into newness all the time; massacring even the most inconspicuous trace of rust; frustration; dilapidation; from my penurious life,

Over and above all; you're the girl whom I have not just simply loved; but an Omniscient messiah who was my breath; my body; my blood; every time God had granted me life on this earth.

Nikhil Parekh

Yours Only Forever

Who told you that you were ugly; when infact I found you to be the most amazing and beautiful person in this world,

Who told you that you were thick skinned; when infact I considered you to be the most tender; the most innocuously sweet,

Who told you that you were dismally fat; when infact I perceived you to be a dainty angel; having freshly descended from the sky,

Who told you that your lips were as swollen as the hippopotamus; when infact I cognized them to be soaked in deep cherry wine; each time I had the privilege of kissing them,

Who told you that your hair was like unruly & long fibers diffusing from the gutter; when infact I perceived them to be a river of golden honey; in which I took refuge in my times of distress,

Who told you that your nostrils breathed hostile flames; when infact I felt stupendously passionate breath drift through; whenever you stood close by my side,

Who told you that your color was blacker than horrendous charcoal; when infact I found it to be as resplendent as the voluptuous lotus; even under pugnacious rays of the Sun,

Who told you that your footsteps reverberated noise of an approaching dinosaur; when infact I was mesmerized every second; as their tinkling sounds mystically announced your presence,

Who told you that your tongue stuttered on every word you spoke; when infact I felt that your speech was astoundingly clear and ravishing,

Who told you that your fingers made a mess of every meal; when infact I relished every item you prepared; catapulting me into the aisles of unprecedented fantasy,

Who told you that your teeth juttred out like a hideous demon; when infact I found them like scintillating globules of snow; pelting from the sky; every time you

smiled,

Who told you that your sweat smelt of rotten fish; when infact it was the most alluring scent that I had ever inhaled; putting me off instantly into blissful sleep,

Who told you that your ears were stone deaf; when infact I felt that they could trace the most inaudible of my whispers; listen to the tiniest of my heartbeat,

Who told you that your height was as tall as the giant; when infact I always found you perfect and till my lips; those moments when I embraced you,

Who told you that your clothes had perennial stains of oil in them; for infact I always found the most cleanest of my fabric; embarrassingly sordid in front of them,

Who told you that you looked like a skeleton with hardly any flesh on your body; when infact I always saw flames of pure passion burning in your eyes; enamoring shades of pink enveloping your flesh at all times,

And even if the entire world condemned you beyond the point of redemption; I would still consider you to be the most fascinating person existing; the most lovable entity on this planet; and my heart would be purely yours; yours only forever.

Nikhil Parekh

Yours Truly In Dirt

Short stubs of sharp black hair,
Sprouting from skin pores of unshaven flesh,
Long hair with untrimmed side locks,
Bearing heaps of white dandruff powder,
Corn dried lips chapped at sides,
Nostrils emitting hardened mass of mucus,
Eardrums filled with coats of sordid yellow wax,
Streaks of dirt lining angular neck,
Pus cells activated in lower eye,
Broken eyebrows curled in disarray,
Uncut fingernails adhered to mud,
Armpits spreading undesirable stench,
White teeth pearls dulled to chocolate brown,
Scribbled writing on all quarters of palm,
Tightly fit bedraggled clothes,
With gaping holes in shirt and vest,
Ants gnawing at chunks of stuck honey,
On projecting wide shoulder bone,
Sports shoe lining coated with coal tar,
I moan in utter dismay and lost hope,
As I stare at my unwashed demeanor; my unpolished body in the mirror.

Nikhil Parekh